

PRIMITIVE BAPTIST
Hymn and Tune Book

BY

John R. Daily & J. Harvey Daily

SING UNTO THE LORD, O YE SAINTS OF
HIS, AND GIVE THANKS AT ALL REMEM-
BRANCE OF HIS HOLINESS. --Ps. xxx. 4.

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M. A. Winner



WESTCOTT
LITHO



PRIMITIVE BAPTIST

HYMN AND TUNE BOOK,

A COLLECTION OF SACRED HYMNS AND TUNES
ARRANGED TO SUIT ALL OCCASIONS OF
PUBLIC OR PRIVATE WORSHIP.

BY

JOHN R. DAILY

AND

J. HARVEY DAILY

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But I will sing of thy power;
yea, I will sing aloud of thy mercy
in the morning: for thou hast been
my defence and refuge in the day of
my trouble. Ps. 59: 16.

PREFACE.

In the preparation of this Hymn and Tune Book we have been actuated by a desire to encourage and promote pure, devotional singing in the church of God and the homes of His people. The utility of sacred music in awakening and strengthening our devotional affections has been demonstrated in every age by the happy experience of those whose hearts were tuned by the Spirit of God to the praise of the Redeemer's name.

A crying complaint is made by the inhabitants of Zion that the old, well-tried, heart-stirring melodies are being displaced by new pieces, many of which have little else than novelty to recommend them. We have endeavored, therefore, to revive and preserve many of the old tunes, that tend to arouse emotions of love and praise in the soul, believing that the music of the Christian church and home should move the pure affections of the spiritual mind rather than gratify the fancy of the carnal taste.

This book was originally prepared, with the exception of the rudimental part, by John R. Daily, E. W. Thomas taking a half interest in a financial way. The department of Rudiments of Music has now been prepared and arranged by the former, which completes the book. J. Harvey Daily having purchased E. W. Thomas' interest, becomes a partner with John R. Daily. In its original, incomplete form, the book contained thirty-two pages of Rudiments of Music, Voice Culture, and Graded Lessons, which was the work of Profs. J. H. Hall and J. H. Ruebush, of Dayton, Va. In finishing the book we have devoted only thirteen pages to Rudimental instruction, which we are sure is sufficient for a book of this kind. This has given room for several pages of additional hymns, which is a great improvement over the book as originally issued.

Our highest aspirations in regard to this book will be attained if it should be favored with the blessing of our divine Master and meet with the approbation of his people. It is our aim in life, we are sure, to serve Him and them. The hearty reception with which the book has already met on the part of our beloved friends encourages us to send this completed work forth with the confident belief that they will welcome it with joy.

To the children of God everywhere, the faithful in Christ Jesus, who are only pilgrims here but heirs of glory above, is this work respectfully dedicated.

September, 1907.

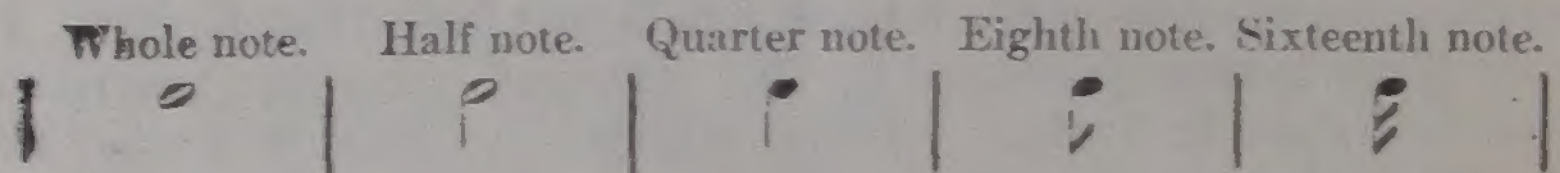
JOHN R. DAILY.
J. HARVEY DAILY.

RUDIMENTS OF MUSIC.

Lesson I.

1. A Tone is a musical sound. It is the only sound in which pitch is perceptible.
2. A Tone has four essential properties, Length, Pitch, Power and Quality.
3. By the Length of a Tone is meant its duration, or the time it is sounded.
4. By the Pitch of a Tone is meant its highness or lowness.
5. By the Power of a Tone is meant its loudness or softness.
6. By the Quality of a Tone is meant its character or kind; as clear or somber, joyous or plaintive.
7. The Rudiments of music are divided into three departments: Rythmics, Melodies and Dynamics.
8. Rythmics treats of the length of tones; Melodies, of the pitch of tones; and Dynamics, of the power and quality of tones.
9. The relative lengths of tones are represented by characters called Notes.
10. There are five kinds of Notes in common use as shown in the following table:

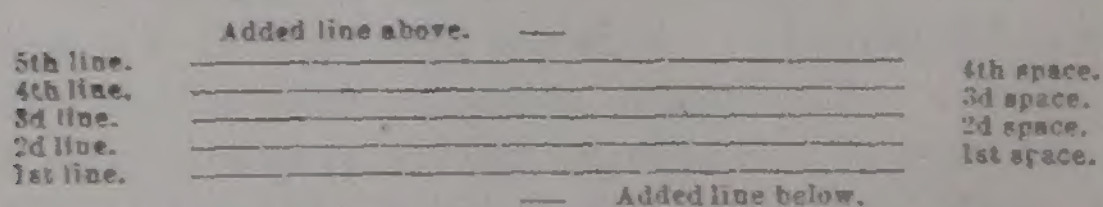
EXAMPLE 1. SHOWING NOTES.



Lesson II.

11. The Pitch of Tones is represented by a character called the Staff.
12. The Staff consists of five lines and four spaces. Each line and each space is called a degree.
13. The staff is enlarged by adding short lines above and below.

EXAMPLE 2. THE STAFF.



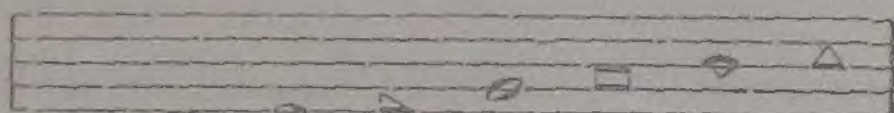
14. The Scale is a series of eight tones.
15. The tones of the Scale are named after the first eight numerals, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.
16. The syllable names, Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Ti, Do, are applied to the tones of the Scale in singing the notes.
17. The position a tone occupies in the scale is called its relative pitch.

RUDIMENTS OF MUSIC.

18. Absolute pitch is the fixed, unchangeable position of a tone, independent of scale relation. Absolute tone-pitch is determined or ascertained by instrumental aid.

19. Absolute pitch is named from the names of the first seven letters of the alphabet, A, B, C, D, E, F, G.

EXAMPLE 3. SCALE REPRESENTED ON STAFF.



Numeral names.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8.
Pitch names.	C	D	E	F	G	A	B	C.
Syllable names.	Do	Re	Mi	Fa	Sol	La	Ti	Do.
Pronounced.	Doe	Ray	Mee	Fah	Sole	Lah	Tee	Doe.

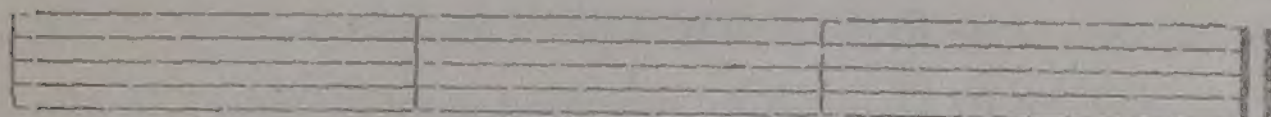
Lesson III.

20. A Measure is a division of music represented by the space between two perpendicular lines drawn across the staff, called Bars.

21. Measures are subdivided into smaller portions called Beats or Pulses.

EXAMPLE 4. MEASURES AND BARS.

Measure. Bar. Measure. Bar. Measure. Close.



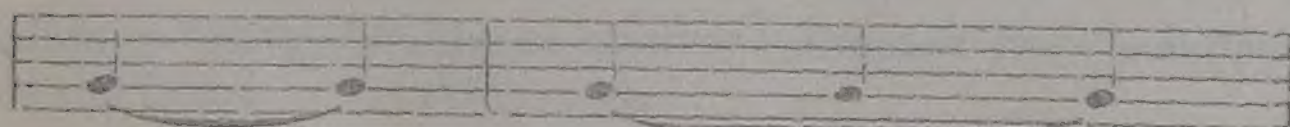
22. Accent is a slight stress upon a certain beat to mark its position in a measure. Thus there are two kinds of beats, accented and unaccented.

23. Music causes its beats to group into two forms, viz: An accented beat followed by an unaccented beat, and an accented beat followed by two unaccented beats.

24. Beating time is indicating each beat of a measure by a certain motion of the hand. This may be performed mentally without any motion.

EXAMPLE 5. SHOWING SINGLE GROUPS BETWEEN THE BARS.

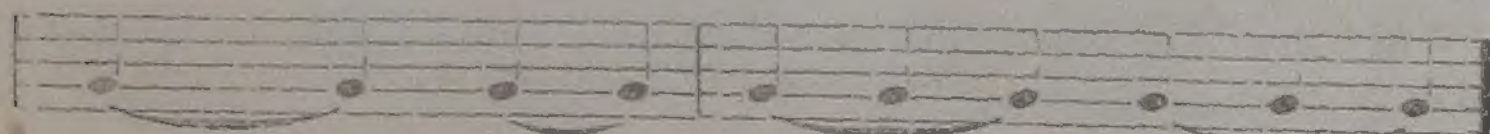
Accented, unaccented, accented, unaccented, unaccented.



Live - - ly. Peace - ful - - ly.

EXAMPLE 6. SHOWING DOUBLE GROUPS BETWEEN THE BARS.

Accented, unaccented, A. u-a. A. u-a. u-a. A. u-a. u-a.



Gen - - tle show - ers. Fall - ing so peace - ful - ly.

25. Double Measure is a measure having two beats. It is indicated by counting ONE, two, or by two motions of the hand, DOWN, up.

26. Triple Measure is a measure having three beats. It is indicated by counting ONE, two, three, or by three motions of the hand—DOWN, left, up.

27. The accent in Double and Triple Measure is on the first beat.

28. Quadruple Measure is a measure having four beats. It is indicated by counting ONE, two, three, four, or by four motions of the hand—DOWN, left, right, up.

29. There are two accents in Quadruple Measure; strong upon the first beat, and light upon the third.

30. Sextuple, or Compound Double Measure, is a measure having six beats. It is indicated by counting *One*, two, three, *four*, five, six, or by six motions of the hand—*Down*, left, left, *right*, up, up, or by two motions—*Down*, up,—comprehending three pulsations to each motion.

31. There are two accents in Sextuple Measure; strong upon the first beat, and light upon the fourth.

32. Compound Triple Measure is a measure having nine beats. It is indicated by three motions, comprehending three pulsations to each motion. It is accented upon the first, fourth and seventh beats.

33. Compound Quadruple Measure is a measure having twelve beats. It is indicated by four motions, comprehending three pulsations to each motion. It is accented upon the first, fourth, seventh and tenth pulsations.

34. The different kinds of measure are designated by figures in the form of a fraction. The upper figure denotes the number of beats in the measure, and the lower figure denotes the kind of a note that is reckoned to each beat.

EXAMPLE 7. MEASURE SIGNATURES.

Double measure. Triple measure. Quadruple measure. Sextuple measure. Compound triple measure. Compound quadruple.

$\frac{2}{2}$	$\frac{3}{3}$	$\frac{4}{4}$	$\frac{6}{6}$	$\frac{9}{8}$	$\frac{12}{8}$
$\frac{2}{4}$	$\frac{3}{4}$	$\frac{4}{8}$	$\frac{6}{8}$	$\frac{9}{8}$	$\frac{12}{8}$

Lesson IV.

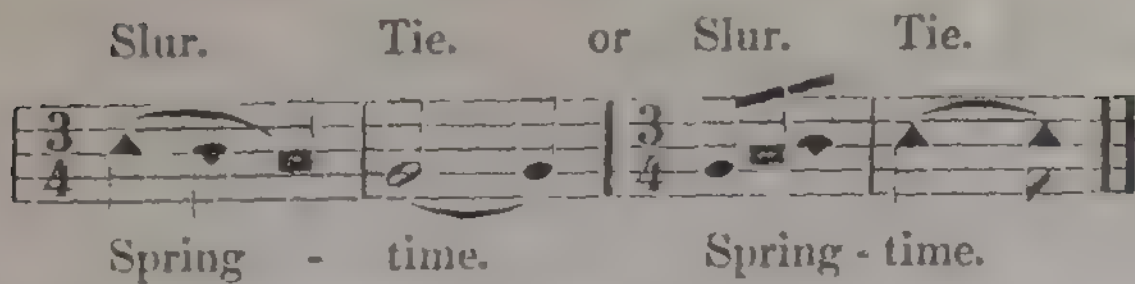
35. In applying words to music, one word or syllable should be applied to each note.

36. A Tie is the union of two or more tones of the same pitch, and is represented by a curved line connecting the notes.

37. A Slur is the union of two or more tones differing in pitch, and is represented by a curved line connecting the notes.

38. When the tie or slur occurs, one word or syllable should be applied to as many notes as are thus connected.

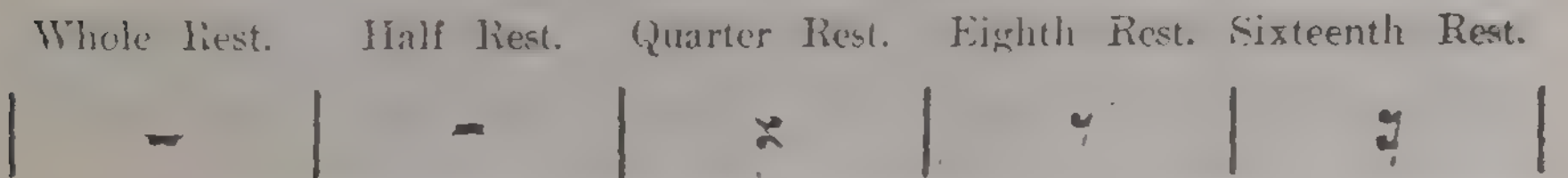
EXAMPLE 8. SLUR AND TIE.



39. Rests are characters indicating silence.

40. There are five kinds of rests in common use; the Whole rest, the Half rest, the Quarter rest, the Eighth rest and the Sixteenth rest. As regards duration these correspond to notes of the same denomination.

EXAMPLE 9. RESTS.



41. A dot placed after a note or rest adds one-half to the length of the note or rest after which it is placed. A second dot adds one half to the first dot.

EXAMPLE 10. DOTS.



42. A Hold or Pause (◡) denotes that the tone indicated is to be prolonged at the option of the leader, without regard to time.

Lesson V.

43. Human voices are generally divided into four classes: Soprano, Alto, Tenor and Bass.

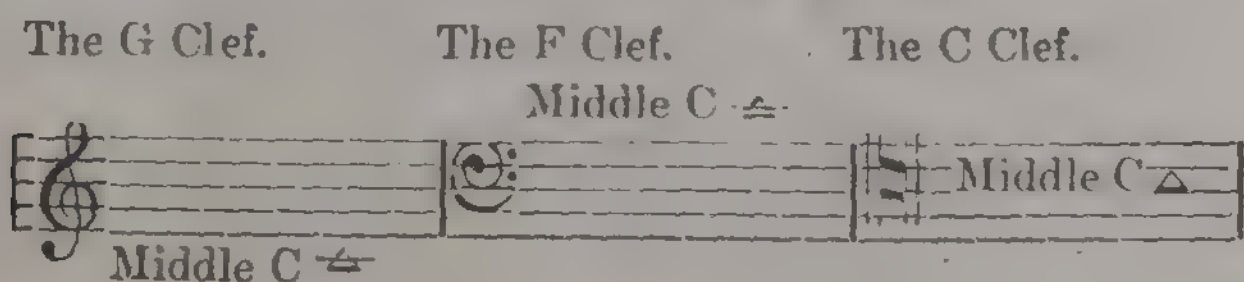
44. Women's and children's voices are naturally an octave higher than men's voices.

45. Middle C is the pitch C which all voices have in common. Ladies can sing as many tones above it as gentlemen can sing below it. It is a low tone for women and a high tone for men.

46. A Clef is a character used to locate the letters and determine the pitch of tones as represented by the staff.

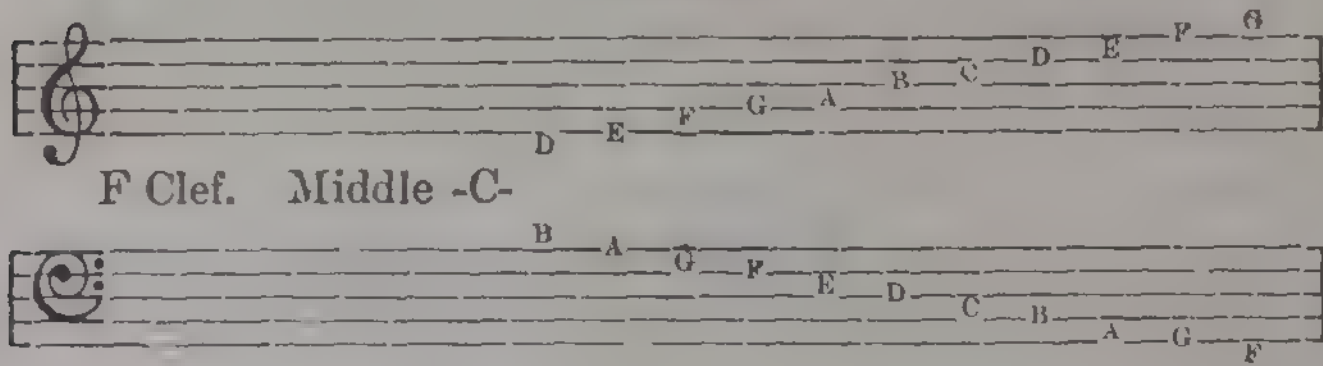
47. The clefs in general use are the G clef, the F clef, and the C clef. The G clef fixes Middle C on the added line below, the F clef on the added line above, and the C clef on the third space.

EXAMPLE 11. THE CLEFS.



EXAMPLE 12.

POSITION OF THE LETTERS ON THE STAFFS, WITH G AND F CLEFS.
G Clef.

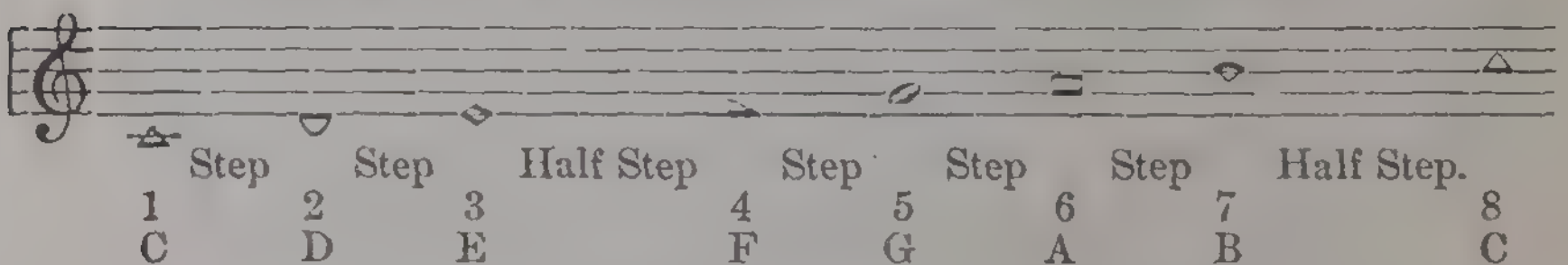


48. An Interval is the difference in pitch between two tones.

49. There are two kinds of intervals called Steps and Half-steps.

50. The Major scale contains seven intervals, five steps and two-half steps. The half-steps are from 3 to 4, and from 7 to 8, or between the letters E and F, B and C.

EXAMPLE 13. ORDER OF INTERVALS IN THE SCALE.



51. An interval that embraces in its representation two adjoining degrees of the staff is called a Second. An interval that embraces three degrees, a Third; four degrees, a Fourth; five degrees, a Fifth; six degrees, a Sixth; seven degrees, a Seventh; eight degrees (the entire scale), an Octave.

Lesson VI.

52. A Key is a family of tones bearing a certain fixed relation to each other.

53. The Key-note or Key-tone is the tone from which all the other tones of the key are reckoned. In the Major scale the Key-note is One or Do.

54. A key is named from the letter that is taken as the key-note.

55. The different keys, except C, are indicated by Sharps (\sharp) or Flats (\flat) placed on the staff. Such sharps or flats are called the Signatures of the key.

56. A Sharp makes a degree upon which it is placed represent a tone a half-step higher than it would without the sharp.

57. A Flat makes a degree upon which it is placed represent a tone a half-step lower than it would without the flat.

58. The position of the letters on the staff never changes, because they represent absolute pitch. The scale of notes may be changed to any position because they represent relative pitch. Changing the scale of notes from one position or key to another is called transposing it.

59. In the key of C, One or Do is always located on the same degree of the staff on which C is located; that is, on the added line below and third space. In the key of G, One or Do is located on the same degree of the staff on which G is

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located; that is, on the second line and first added space above. The same is true of all the other keys; that is, the key-note of any key is located on the same degree of the staff on which that letter is located.

60. Transposing the scale from the key of C to the key of G is called transposing by fifths. It is so called because pitch Five of the key of C is taken as One of the key of G.

EXAMPLE 14.

Key of C.					Key of G.							
1	2	3	4	5	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
C	D	E	F	G	G	A	B	C	D	E	F#	G
1	2	3	4	5	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
C	D	E	F	G	G	F#	E	D	C	B	A	G

61. In the above example it will be observed that the half-step between E and F, in the key of G, should be between F and G to correspond with the scale of notes. For that reason F is sharpened to raise it one-half step. So the signature of the key of G is one sharp. In each transposition by fifths a new sharp is added, which is placed on the same degree of the staff on which the letter stands that is sharpened.

EXAMPLE 15. SIGNATURES AND KEY-NOTES IN MAJOR KEYS. (SHARPS.)

Key of C.	Key of G.	Key of D.	Key of A.	Key of E.	Key of B.	Key of F#

Lesson VII.

62. Transposing the scale from C to F is called transposing by fourths. It is so called because pitch Four of the key of C is One of the key of F.

EXAMPLE 16.

Key of C.				Key of F.							
1	2	3	4	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
C	D	E	F	F	G	A	Bb	C	D	E	F
1	2	3	4	8	7	6	5	4	3	2	1
C	D	E	F	F	E	D	C	Bb	A	G	F

63. Observe that in the above example the half-step between B and C, in the key of F, should be between A and B to correspond with the scale of notes. For that reason B is flatted to lower it one-half step. So the signature of the key of F is one flat. In each transposition by fourths a new flat is added, which is placed on the degree of the staff on which the letter stands that is flatted.

EXAMPLE 17. SIGNATURES AND KEY-NOTES IN MAJOR KEYS. (FLATS.)

Key of C. Key of F. Key of B♭. Key of E♭. Key of A♭. Key of D♭. Key of G♭.

Two staves of musical notation showing scales for various keys. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in alto clef. Each staff contains seven measures, each representing a different key signature: C major, F major, B-flat major, E-flat major, A-flat major, D-flat major, and G-flat major. The notes are written as whole notes with appropriate accidentals (flats) to indicate the key signature.

Lesson VIII.

64. The tones which form the regular members of a key, the eight tones of the scale, are called Diatonic Tones.

65. Between the tones of the scale which form the interval of a step, an intermediate tone may be introduced: viz: between One and Two, Two and Three, Four and Five, Five and Six, and Six and Seven.

66. The intermediate tones are called Chromatic Tones.

67. The scale composed of the Diatonic tones only, is called the Diatonic Scale.

68. The scale composed of all the tones, both Diatonic and Chromatic, is called the Chromatic Scale.

69. The Chromatic Scale consists of thirteen tones, with intervals of a half-step each.

EXAMPLE 18. CHROMATIC SCALE ASCENDING.

Musical notation for an ascending chromatic scale in treble clef. The scale consists of thirteen notes, each a half-step higher than the previous one. Below the staff, the notes are labeled with letter names, solfège syllables, and a mnemonic: C (Do, Doe), C# (Di, Dee), D (Re, Ray), D# (Ri, Ree), E (Mi, Mee), F (Fa, Fah), F# (Fi, Fee), G (Sol, Sole), G# (Si, See), A (La, Lah), A# (Li, Lee), B (Ti, Tee), and C (Do, Doe).

EXAMPLE 19. CHROMATIC SCALE DESCENDING.

Musical notation for a descending chromatic scale in treble clef. The scale consists of thirteen notes, each a half-step lower than the previous one. Below the staff, the notes are labeled with letter names, solfège syllables, and a mnemonic: C (Do, Doe), B (Ti, Tee), Bb (Te, Tay), A (La, Lah), Ab (Le, Lay), G (Sol, Sole), Gb (Se, Say), F (Fa, Fah), E (Mi, Mee), Eb (Me, May), D (Re, Ray), Db (Ra, Rah), and C (Do, Doe).

70. A Natural (♮) is a mark used to make a sharped degree represent a pitch a half-step lower (thus acting like a flat),—or to make a flatted degree a half-step higher (thus acting like a sharp.) It is called Natural because it means a degree in its natural pitch.

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71. A Double Sharp (\times) is used on a degree that is under the influence of a single sharp, and makes it represent a pitch a half-step higher than the sharped degree.

72. A Double Flat ($\flat\flat$) is used on a degree that is under the influence of a single flat, and makes it represent a pitch a half-step lower than a flatted degree.

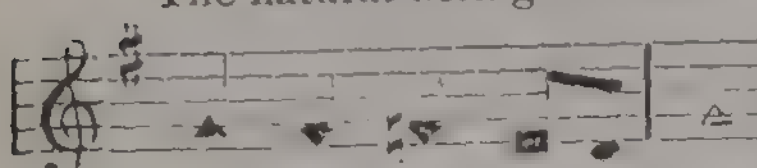
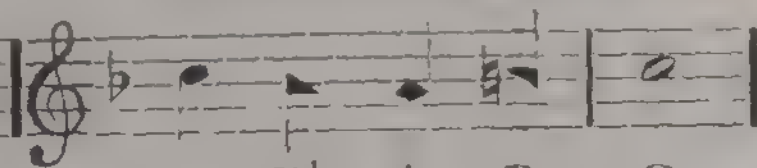
73. Sharps, Flats, Double Sharps, double Flats and Naturals, when occurring in a piece of music, are called Accidentals.

74. An Accidental affects only the degree upon which it is placed, and its influence extends throughout the measure in which it occurs, unless it is changed by another accidental.


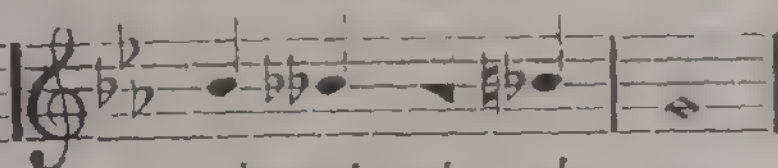
75. The effect of a double sharp is restored to the effect of a single sharp thus: ($\sharp\sharp$).

76. The effect of a double flat is restored to the effect of a single flat thus: ($\flat\flat$.)

EXAMPLE 20.

The natural acting as a flat.	The natural acting as a sharp.
	
G F# F E D G.	C Bb A B C.
Do Ti Ta La Sol Do.	Sol Fa Mi Fi Sol.

EXAMPLE 21.

Double sharps restored.	Double flats restored.
	
G# F* G# F# E.	Bb Bbb Ab Bb G.
Mi Ri Mi Re Do.	Sol Sa Fa Sol Mi.

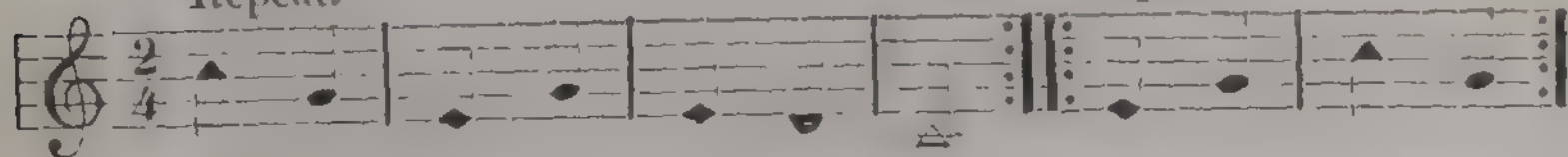
Lesson IX.

77. A brace is a character connecting two or more staves.

78. Repeat Marks are dots placed across the staff, and show that the music is to be repeated, either from the beginning, or between the two rows of dots.

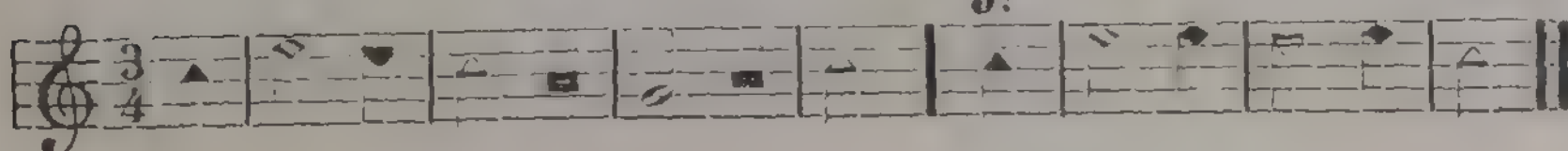
79. Da Capo, or D. C., means return to the beginning and close at Fine.

EXAMPLE 22.

Repeat.	FINE.	Repeat.	D. C.
			

80. Dal Segno, or D. S., means return to the sign (S) and close at Fine.

EXAMPLE 23.

	S	FINE.
		

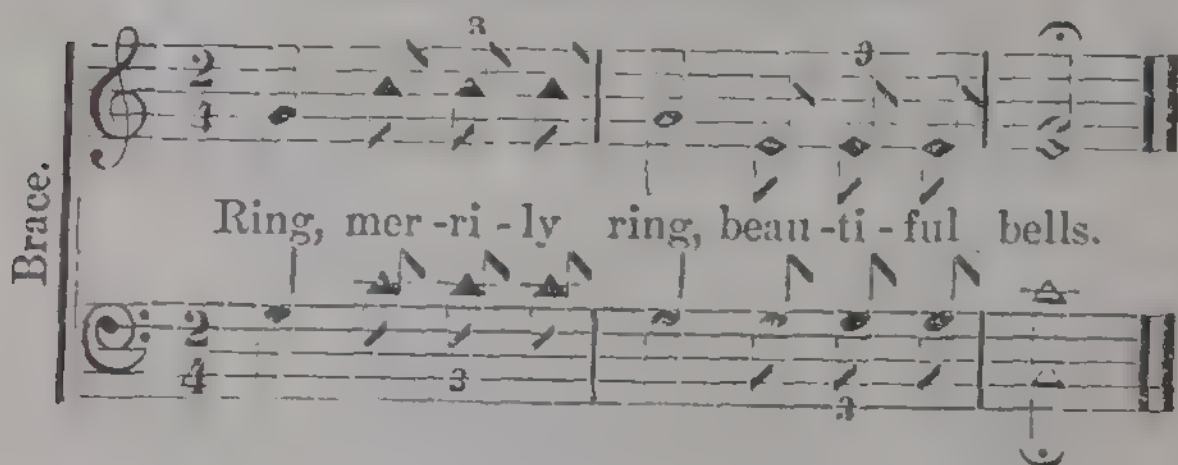


81. A triplet is a group of three notes performed in the time of two of the same kind, and is indicated by the figure 3.

82. A unison passage is one in which two or more parts sing the same tones.

EXAMPLE 24.

UNISON PASSAGE AND TRIPLETS.

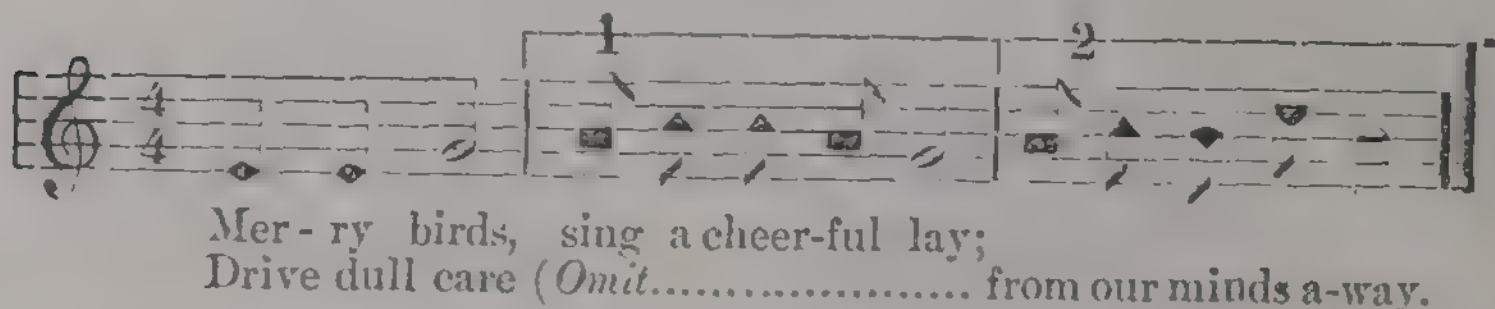


83. The enclosed

1st time.	2d time.
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 has reference to first and second endings, and in the repeat, omit 1st time and pass to 2d time.

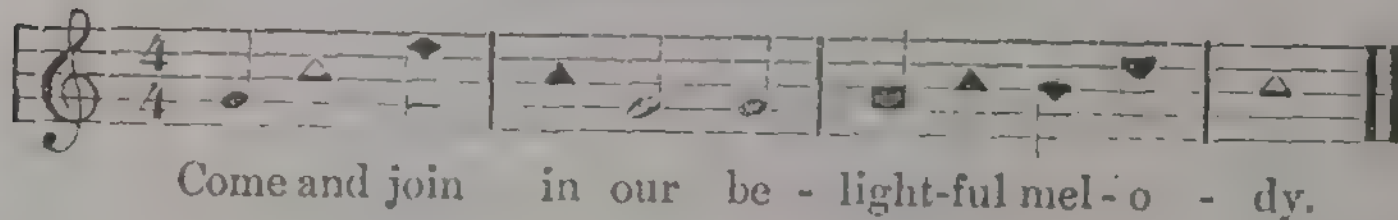
EXAMPLE 25.



84. Syncopation is commencing a tone on an unaccented beat and continuing it into the following accented beat, thereby temporarily changing the accent.

EXAMPLE 26.

SYNCOPIATION.



Lesson X.

85. The scale already explained is called the Major Scale. There is another called the Minor Scale. Its key-note is La.

86. The order of intervals in the minor scale is as follows: Steps (major seconds) occur between 1 and 2, 3 and 4, and 4 and 5; half steps (minor seconds) occur between 2 and 3, 5 and 6, and 7 and 8; while from 6 to 7 must be a step-and-a-half (augmented second), and 7 of this form of the minor scale is always sharpened by an accidental.

87. This form of the minor scale is the one most frequently used and is called the Harmonic Minor. There are also the Natural and Melodic forms.

88. The minor scale or key is usually the one chosen to give expression to emotions of sadness, fear, awe, reverence, etc.

89. Six of each major scale is taken as one of its relative minor scale, and three of each minor scale is taken as one of its relative major scale. Both scales, or keys, have the same signature.

EXAMPLE 27.

HARMONIC MINOR SCALE.



1, step	2, half	3, step	4, step	5, half	6, step and a	7, half	8.
A	B step	C	D	E step	F half-step	G# step	A
La	Ti	Do	Re	Mi	Fa	Si	La

LESSON XI.

90. By power of tone is meant the degree of stress or force used in producing it.

91. There are five principal degrees of power. They are called, (1) Pianissimo, or pp; meaning very soft. (2) Piano, or p; meaning soft. (3) Mezzo, or m; meaning medium. (4) Forte, or f; meaning loud. (5) Fortissimo, or ff; meaning very loud.

92. Movement means the rate of speed at which a piece of music sounds best.

93. There are five principal degrees of speed. They are called, (1) Moderato, meaning moderate speed. (2) Allegro, meaning fast. (3) Presto, meaning very fast. (4) Andante, meaning slow. (5) Adagio, meaning very slow.

94. Crescendo, (cres-shendo), or cres., or < , means gradually increasing in power. Diminuendo, or dim., or > , means gradually diminishing in power. Sforzando, or > , means with strong force, explosive. Ritard, or rit. means slower. Staccato, or ••••• , means detached, short and distinct. Semi-Staccato, or ••••• , means not so short as staccato. Swell, or < > , means increasing and diminishing in power.

GRADED LESSONS.

No. 1.—Explain Staff, Scale, Quarter Notes, and Close.

Scale of C.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	8	7	6	5	4	3	2	1
C	D	E	F	G	A	B	C	C	B	A	G	F	E	D	C
Do	Re	Mi	Fa	Sol	La	Ti	Do	Do	Ti	La	Sol	Fa	Mi	Re	Do

GRADED LESSONS.

No. 2.—Explain Measure, Bar, Double bar, and Double Measure time.

Mu-sic, mu-sic, source of pleas-ure, Soft and smooth it flows a - - long;

Sing with care each flow-ing meas-ure, And you will not sing it wrong.

No. 3.—Explain the G, or Treble Clef, and half notes.

Now we have the treb - le cleff. Let us climb to up - per C.

C and B and A and. G F E D C, don't you see?

No. 4.—“An ounce of theory to a pound of practice.”

One two three one three one three; Come and skip this third with me.

No. 5.—Explain Quadruple Measure.

1 2 3 4 5, 1 5, 5 1 5; Aft-er wisdom let us strive, let us strive.

No. 6.—Explain Quarter Rest and Skips.

Do mi sol go up to do; Get the pitch of sol mi do.

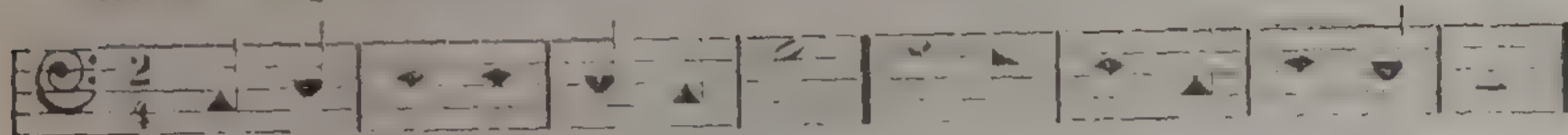
No. 7.—Explain Triple Measure.

Skip - ping just as we please, On the lines, here we go;

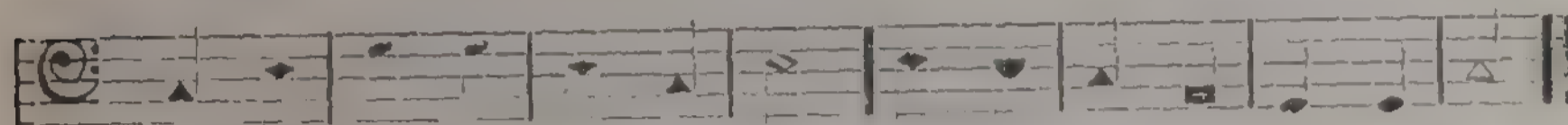
Spa - ces now, fa la do, Look out there, sol mi do.

GRADED LESSONS.

No. 8.—Explain the F clef.



Now we take an - oth - er step, In - tro - duc - ing something new;



Stud - y this new clef with care, Nev - er slight a thing you do.

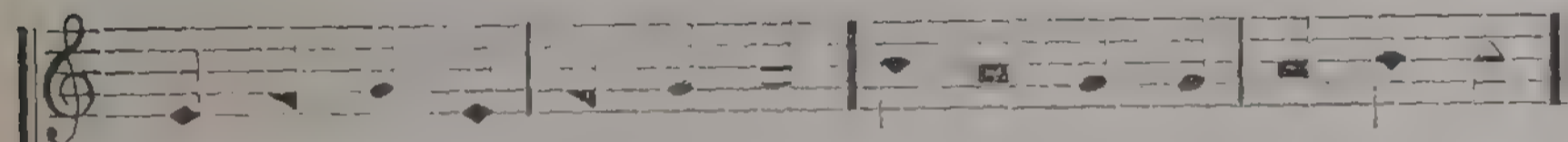
No. 9.—Explain the Brace and Duet, Soprano and Bass.



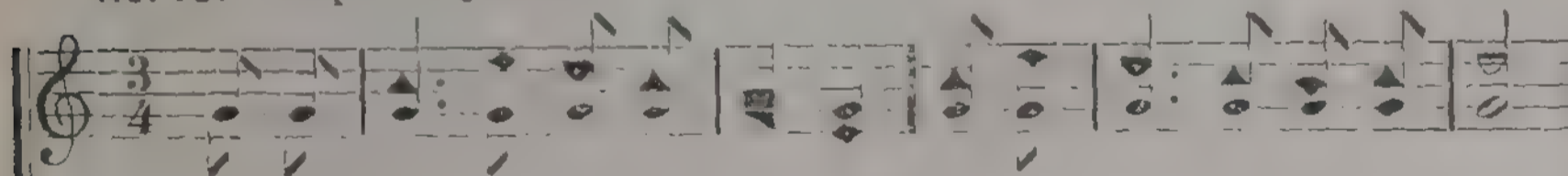
We are hap - py all the day, Mat - ters not what peo - ple say;



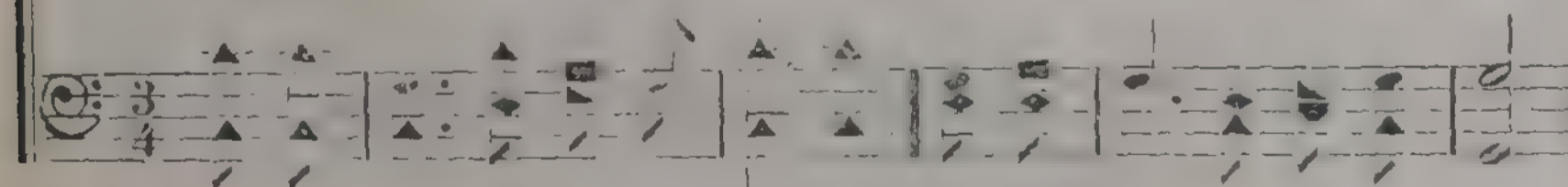
Work - ing, sing - ing as we go, Mount - ing o - ver ev - 'ry foe.



No. 10.—Explain Quartet.



Thou, of life and light, Cre - a - tor, In our deep - est dark - est rise;



Scat - ter all the night of na - ture, Pour the light up - on our eyes.



No. 11.—Explain Key of G.

Win - ter Hours are glid - ing fast, The spring will soon be here;
Sweet in - deed the gen - tle spring, When earth is rob'd in Flow'rs;

The groves with mu - sic will re - sound, The wa - ters spark - le clear.
And beau - ti - ful the sum - mer day, With all its leaf - y bow'rs.

No. 12.—Explain Key of F, Repeat, D. S. and Fine.

1. { I am pass - ing down the val - ley that they say is so lone,
'Tis to me the vale of Beau - lah, 'tis a beau - ti - ful way,

But I find that all the path - way is with flow'rs o - ver grown. }
For the Sav - iour walks be - side me my com - pan - ion each day. }

D.S.—For the love - ly land of Ca - naan, In the dis - tance I see.

CHORUS. }
Vale of Beau - lah, vale of Beau - lah, Thou art pre - cious to me, }

HYMNS OF PRAISE.

1

Old Hundred. · L. M.

L. Bourgeois.

1. Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here below;

Praise Him above, ye heav'nly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost.

2

L. M. WATTS.

- 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 are His people: ye His care—
Our souls, and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to Thy name?
- 4 We'll crowd Thy gates, with thankful
 songs.
High, as the heaven, our voices raise;
And earth, with all her thousand
 tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding
 praise.
- 5 Wide as the world is Thy command;
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as the rock Thy truth shall stand,
When rolling seas shall cease to move.

3

L. M. B. FRANCIS.

- 1 Before Thy throne, eternal King,
Thy ministers their tribute bring—
Their tribute of united praise,
For heavenly news and peaceful days.
- 2 We sing the conquest of Thy sword,
And publish loud Thy healing word;
While angels sound Thy glorious
 name,
Thy saving grace our lips proclaim.
- 3 Thy various service we esteem
Our sweet employ, our bliss supreme;
And, while we feel Thy heav'nly love,
We burn like seraphim above.
- 4 Still in Thy work would we abound,
Still prune the vine, or plough the
 ground;
Thy sheep with welcome pasture feed,
And watch them with unwearied heed.
- 5 Thou art our Lord, our life, our love,
Our care below, our crown above;
Thy praise shall be our best employ,
Thy presence our eternal joy.

4

Nettleton. 8s. & 7s. D.

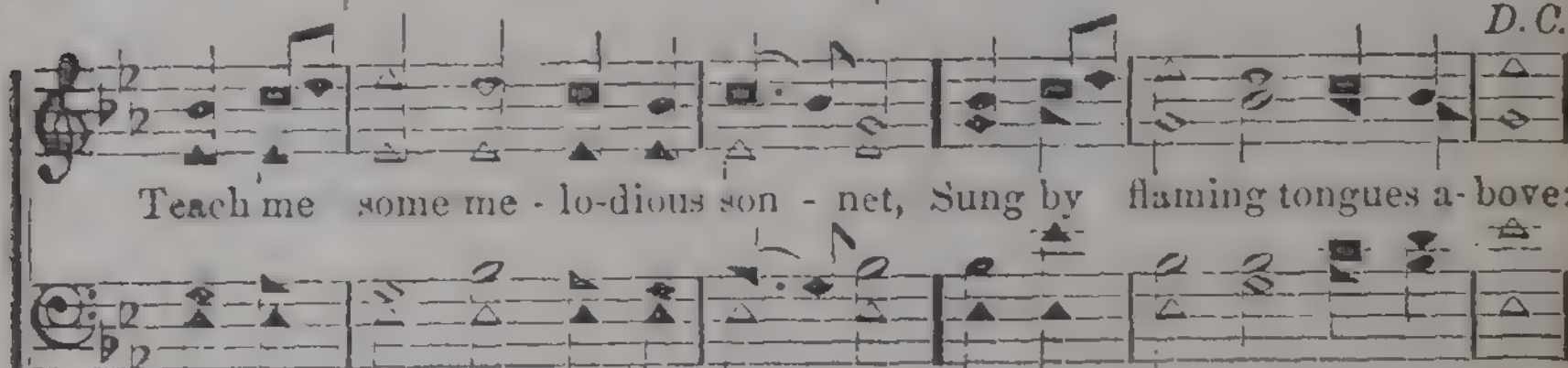
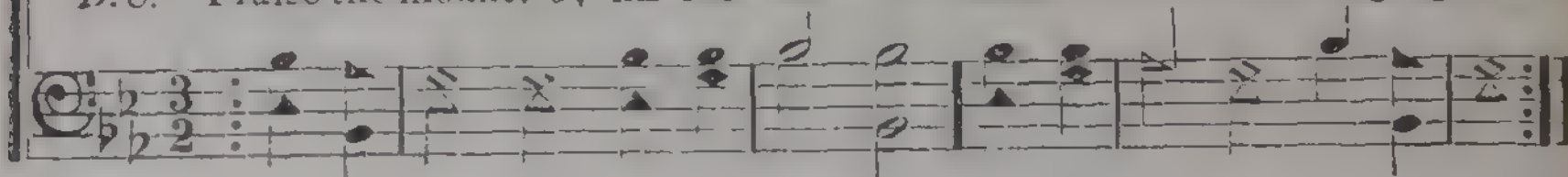
Robinson.

J. Wyeth's Coll.

FINE.



1. { Come, Thou Fount of ev-'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace! }
 { Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing. Call for songs of loudest praise. }
 D. C.—Praise the mount! O, fix me on it! Mount of God's unchanging love.



Teach me some me-lo-dious son-net, Sung by flaming tongues a-bove:

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer;
 Hither by Thy help I'm come;
 And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home.
 Jesus sought me, when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God;
 Ho, to save my soul from danger,
 Interposed His precious blood!

3 O to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrained to be:
 Let Thy grace, Lord, like a fetter,
 Bind my wandering heart to Thee.
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it!
 Prone to leave the God I love!
 Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it;
 Seal it for Thy courts above!

5

Silver Street. S. M.

Watts.

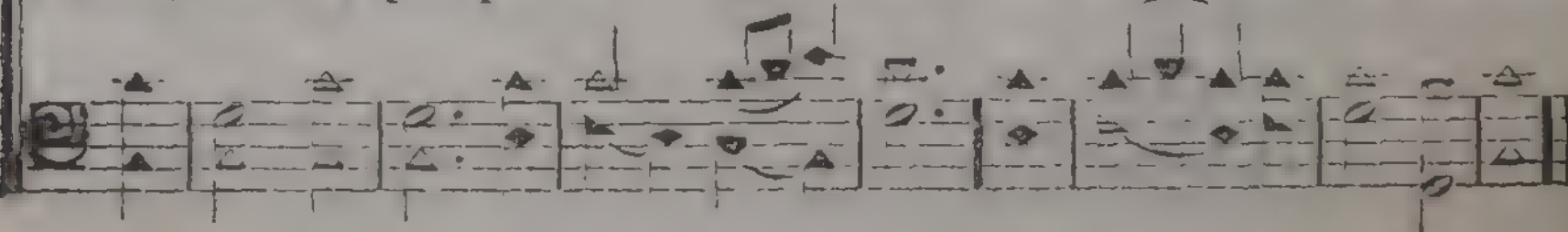
L. Smith.



1. Come, sound His praise a-broad, And hymns of glo-ry sing;
 2. He form'd the deeps un-known, He gave the seas their bound;
 3. Come, wor-ship at His throne, Come, bow be-fore the Lord;
 4. To-day at-tend His voice, Nor dare pro-voke His rod;

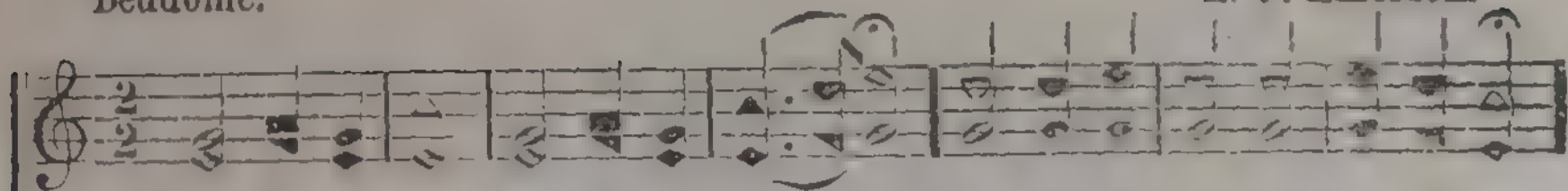


Je-ho-vah is the sov-'reign God, The u-ni-ver-sal King.
 The wa-t'ry worlds are all His own, And all the sol-id ground.
 We are His work, and not our own—He form'd us by His word.
 Come, like the peo-ple of His choice, And own your gracious God.

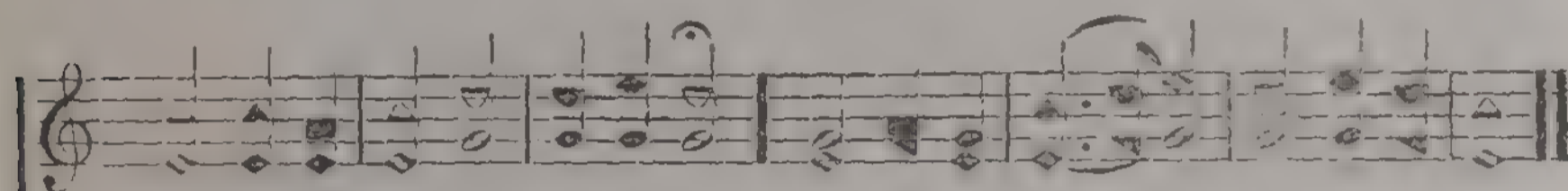
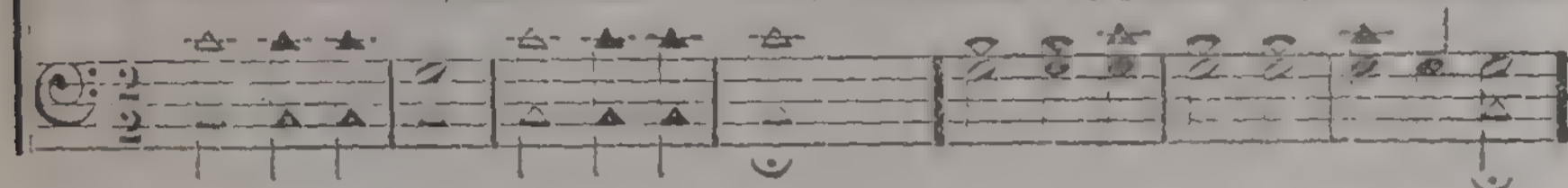


Beddome.

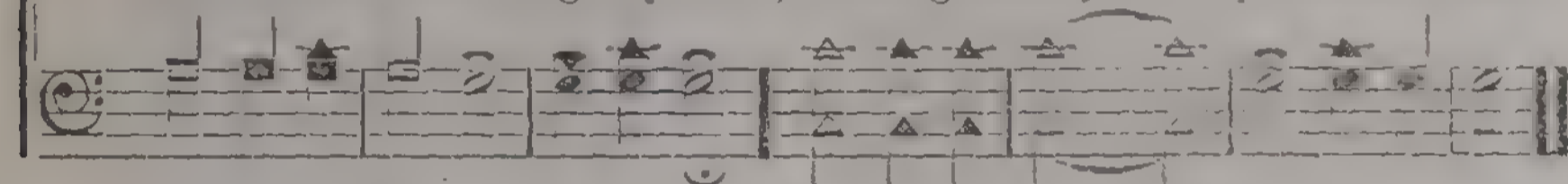
L. O. Emerson.



- | | |
|--|--|
| 1. Je-sus, Thou ev - er-last-ing King, | Accept the tribute which we bring, |
| 2. Let ev-'ry act of worship be, | Like our espousal, Lord, to Thee; |
| 3. The gladness of that hap-py day, | O may it ev - er, ev - er stay! |
| 4. Each following minute as it flies, | Increase Thy praise, improve our joys, |



- | | |
|--------------------------------------|--|
| Accept Thy well deserved renown, | And wear our prais - es as Thy crown. |
| Like the blest hour when from above, | We first re - ceived the pledge of love. |
| Nor let our faith for-sake its hold, | Nor hope de - cline, nor love grow cold! |
| Till we are rais'd to sing Thy name, | At the great sup - per of the Lamb. |



7

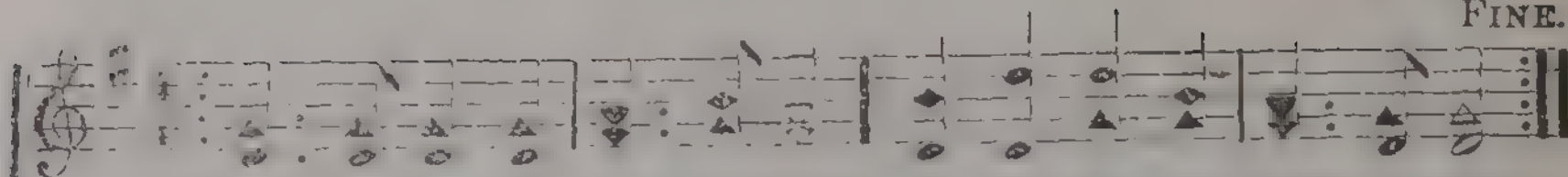
L. M. JOHN R. DAILY.

- 1 I love to meet with saints and sing
The praises of my heavenly King,
Rejoicing in the hope of life
Beyond this world of mortal strife.
- 2 Oh! blessed season, happy time,
Of all occasions most sublime,
When in His name we meet to raise
Our voices in His holy praise.
- 3 I love to join with them in prayer,
The blessed privilege to share,
And hold with God communion sweet,
While bowing humbly at His feet.
- 4 The gospel sound I love to hear;
Oh, how it does my spirit cheer!
Proclaiming Christ the only way
To realms of everlasting day.
- 5 Indeed, a glorious feast is this,
To mingle in such heavenly bliss,
To taste the sweets of love divine
And feel that endless joys are mine.
- 6 If fellowship is such below
Where we in part alone can know,
What shall we say of that sweet rest
Where we shall be forever blest?
- 7 No sin will there disturb our joy,
No grievous cares or pain annoy,
With bliss untold our voice we'll raise
In one harmonious song of praise.

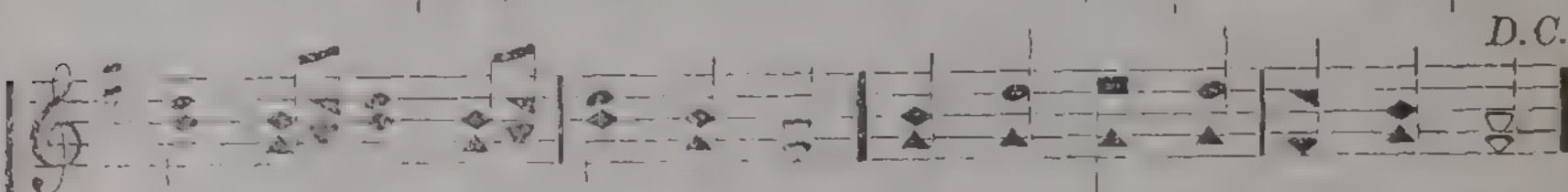
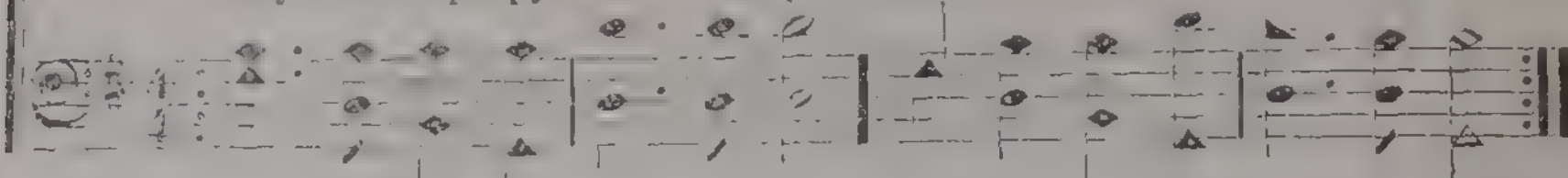
8

L. M. JOHN R. DAILY.

- 1 Jesus, in humble, grateful praise,
Our feeble voices now we raise;
Of Thy sweet name we love to sing,
Our precious Saviour and our King.
- 2 Oh! fill our hearts with love divine,
And let Thy Spirit in us shine;
Remove the clouds, bid darkness flee,
That we may truly worship Thee.
- 3 The best devotion we bestow,
Is only vain and formal show,
Unless Thy presence, Lord, we feel,
Inspiring us with holy zeal.
- 4 Our frail attempts are all in vain,
Communion sweet with Thee to gain;
We cannot penetrate the gloom,
Nor into Thy sweet presence come.
- 5 We cannot raise ourselves above
The dark, cold state in which we rove;
We cannot, in humility,
Present our poor, vain hearts to Thee.
- 6 O Saviour, come, to us draw near.
And banish every doubt and fear,
Our table spread. Thy grace bestow,
And cause our cups to overflow.



1. { Chil - dren of the heav'n-ly King, As you jour-ney, sweet-ly sing; }
 { Sing your Saviour's wor-thy praise, Glorious in His works and ways. }
 D.C.—They are hap - py now, and ye Soon their hap - pi - ness shall see.



Ye are trav - 'ling home to God, In the way the fa-ther's trod;



2 O, ye banished see!, be glad!
 Christ our Advocate is made:
 Us, to save, our flesh assumes,
 Brother to our souls becomes.
 Shout, ye little flock, and blest!
 You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
 There your seat is now prepared—
 There your kingdom and reward.

3 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
 On the borders of your land;
 Christ, your Father's elder Son,
 Bids you undismayed go on.
 Lord! submissive make us go,
 Gladly leaving all below;
 Only Thou our Leader be,
 And we still will follow Thee.



1. To our Re-deem-er's glo-ri-ous name, A-wake the sa-cred song!
 2. He left His ra-diant throne on high, Left the bright realms of bliss,
 3. Dear Lord, while we a-dor-ing pay Our hum-ble thanks to Thee,
 4. O may the sweet, the bliss-ful theme, Fill ev-'ry heart and tongue:



O may His love, im - mor - tal flame, Tune ev - 'ry heart and tongue.
 And came to earth to bleed and die!—Was ev - er love like this?
 May ev - 'ry heart with rap-ture say, "The Sav-iour died for me,"
 Till stran-gers love Thy charming name, And join the sa - cred song,



O may His love, im-mor-tal flame, Time ev-'ry heart and tongue,
 And came to earth to bleed and die!—Was ev-er love like this?
 May ev-'ry heart with rap-ture say, "The Sav-iour died for me."
 Till stran-gers love Thy charming name, And join the sa-cred song.

11

America. S. M.

Wetmore.
 Whose anger is so

1. My soul repeat His praise, Whose mercies are so great; Whose

Whose anger is so slow to rise, Whose

slow to rise, So read-y to a-bate.

an-ger is so slow to rise, So read-y to a-bate.
 Whose an-ger is so slow to rise.

an-ger is so slow to rise,

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 God will not always chide:
 And when His strokes are felt,
 His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
 And lighter than our guilt.</p> <p>3 High as the heavens are raised,
 Above the ground we tread,
 So far the riches of His grace,
 Our highest thoughts exceed.</p> <p>4 His power subdues our sins;
 And His forgiving love,
 Far as the east is from the west,
 Doth all our guilt remove.</p> <p>5 The pity of the Lord,
 To those that fear His name</p> | <p>Is such as tender parents feel;
 He knows our feeble frame.</p> <p>6 He knows we are but dust,
 Scattered with every breath;
 His anger, like a rising wind,
 Can send us swift to death.</p> <p>7 Our days are as the grass,
 Or like the morning flower;
 If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
 It withers in an hour.</p> <p>8 But Thy compassions, Lord,
 To endless years endure;
 And children's children ever find,
 Thy words of promise sure.</p> |
|---|---|

Coronation. C. M.

Perronet.

(First Tune.)

Oliver Holden.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall:
 2. Crown Him, ye mar - tyrs of our God, Who from His al - tar call;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all:
 Ex - tol the stem of Jes - se's rod, And crown Him Lord of all:

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
 Ex - tol the stem of Jes - se's rod, And crown Him Lord of all.

- 3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
 A remnant weak and small!
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
 And crown Him Lord of all.
- 4 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
 The wormwood and the gall;
 Go—spread your trophies at His feet,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

- 5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
 On this terrestrial ball,
 To Him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown Him Lord of all.
- 6 O that, with yonder sacred throng,
 We at His feet may fall;
 We'll join the *everlasting* song,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

Diadem.

(Second Tune.)

Arr.

1 All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall:

FINE.

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
D.S. - Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.

D.S.

And crown Him Lord of all, And crown Him Lord of all.

13

Balerna. C. M.

R. Simpson.

1. When all Thy mer - cies, O my God, My ris - ing soul sur - veys,
 2. Un - num - ber'd com - forts on my soul Thy ten - der care bestow'd;

'Trans - port - ed with the view I'm lost In won - der, love and praise.
 Be - fore my in - fant heart conceiv'd From whom those comforts flow'd.

3 When in the slippery paths of youth,
 With heedless steps I ran,
 Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe
 And led me up to man.

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

5 'Through every period of my life
 Thy goodness I'll pursue;
 And after death in distant worlds,
 'The glorious theme renew.

6 Through all eternity, to Thee
 A grateful song I'll raise;
 But O, eternity's too short
 To utter all Thy praise.

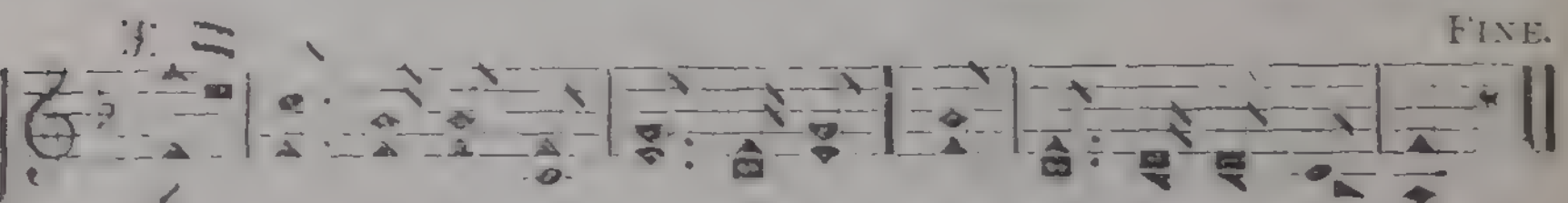
Scotch Air.



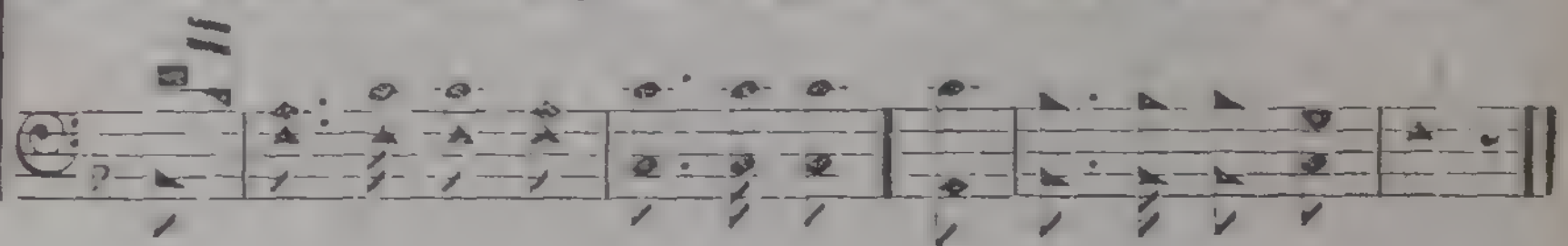
1. Sweet is the mem'-ry of Thy grace, My God, my heav'nly King;
2. God reigns on high, but ne'er confines His good-ness to the skies;
3. How kind are Thy com-passions, Lord! How slow Thine an-ger moves!



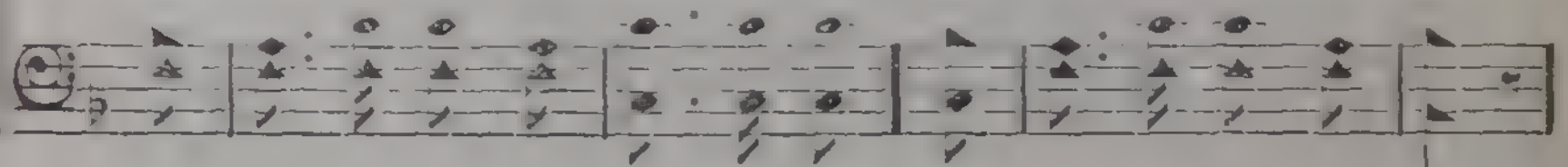
FINE.



- Let age to age Thy righteousness, In songs of glo-ry sing.
D.S.—But saints that taste Thy rich-er grace, De-light to bless Thy name.
 'Thro' the whole earth His bounty shines And ev-'ry want sup-plies.
D.S.—Thy lib-'ral hand provides their meat, And fills their mouths with good
 But soon He sends His pard'ning word To cheer the souls He loves.
D.S.—But saints that taste Thy rich-er grace, De-light to bless Thy name.

*D.S.*

- Crea-tures with all their end-less race, Thy pow'r and praise pro-claim;
 With long in-g eyes Thy creat-ures wait, On Thee for dai-ly food,
 Crea-tures with all their end-less race, Thy pow'r and praise pro-claim;



15

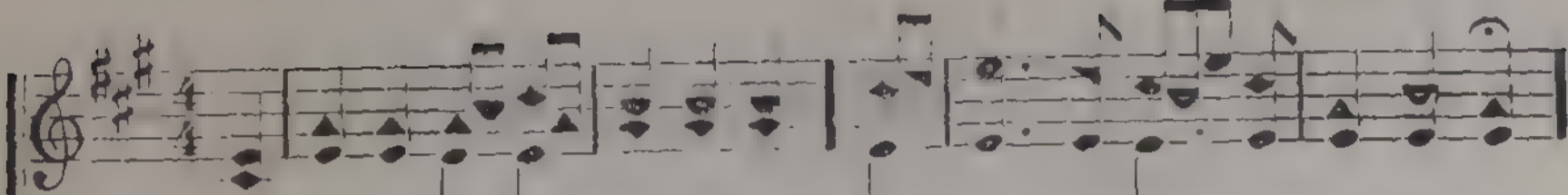
C. M.

BARLOW.

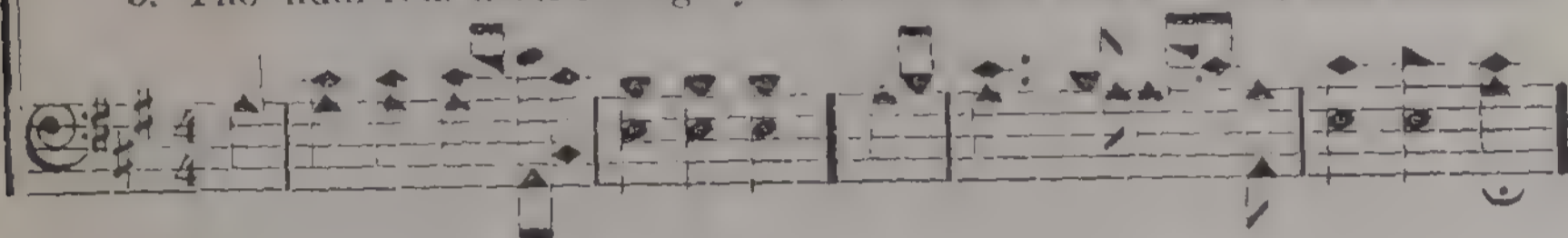
- | | |
|---|---|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1 Awake my soul to sound His praise,
Awake my harp to sing.
Join all my powers the song to raise,
And morning incense bring. 2 Among the people of His care,
And through the nations round,
Glad songs of praise will I prepare,
And there His name resound. | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 3 Be Thou exalted, O my God,
Above the starry frame;
Diffuse Thy heavenly grace abroad,
And teach the world Thy name. 4 So shall Thy chosen ones rejoice,
And through Thy courts above,
While sinners hear Thy pard'ning voice
And taste redeeming love, |
|---|---|

Loving Kindness. L. M.

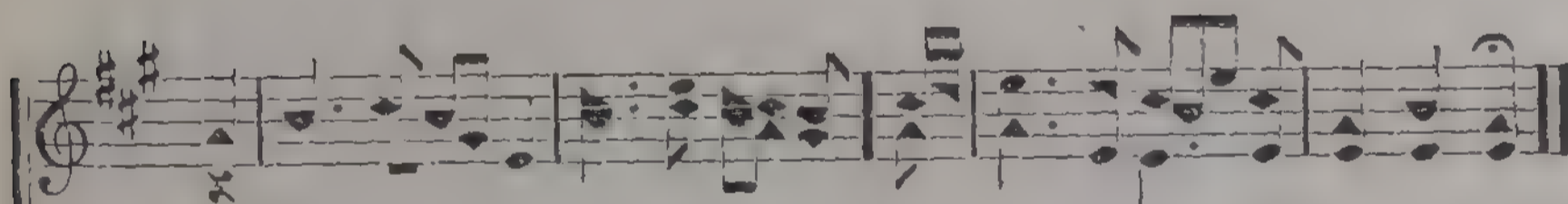
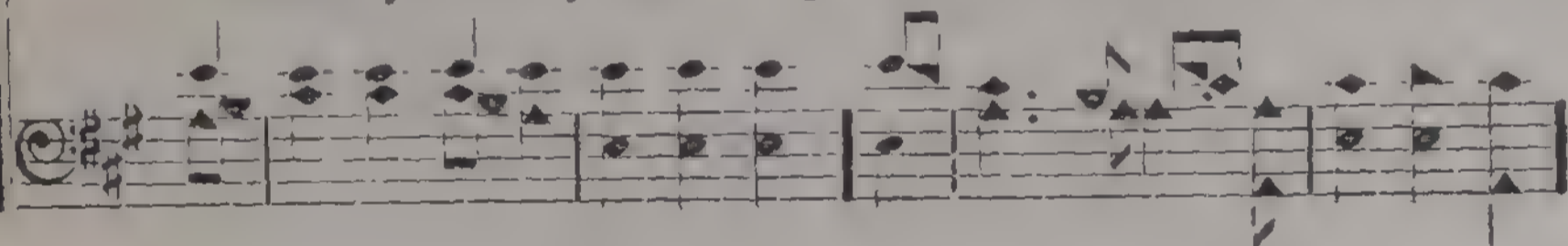
Wm. Caldwell.



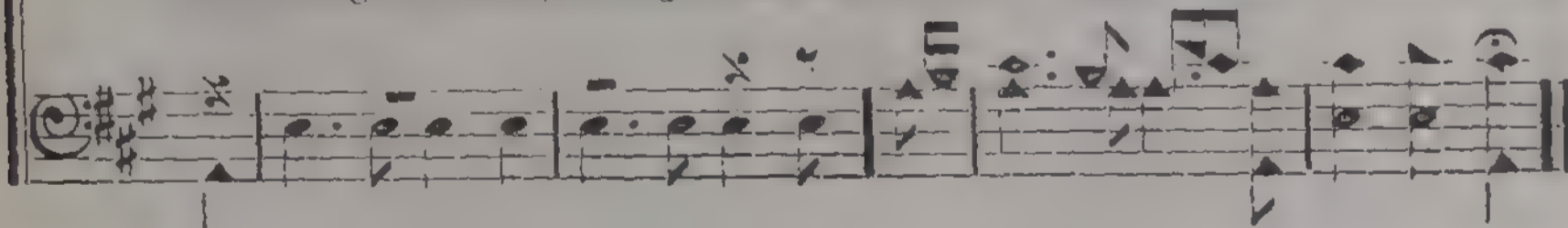
1. A-wake, my soul, in joy ful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
2. He saw me ruined in the fall, Yet loved me not-with-stand-ing all;
3. Tho' num'rous hosts of mighty foes, Tho' earth and hell my way oppose,



He just - ly claims a song from me! His lov - ing kind-ness, O how free!
 He saved me from my lost es-tate, His lov - ing kindness, O how great!
 He safe - ly leads my soul a - long; His lov - ing kindness, O how strong!



His loving kindness, loving kindness, His lov - ing kindness, O how free!
 His loving kindness, loving kindness, His lov - ing kindness, O how great!
 His loving kindness, loving kindness, His lov - ing kindness, O how strong!



4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
 Has gather'd thick and thunder'd loud,
 He near my soul has always stood;
 His loving kindness, O how good!

5 Often I feel my sinful heart
 Prone from my Jesus to depart;
 But though I have Him oft forgot,
 His loving kindness changes not.

6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
 Soon all my mortal pow'rs must fail
 O! may my last expiring breath
 His loving kindness sing in death.

7 Then let me mount and soar away
 To the bright world of endless day,
 And sing, with rapture and surprise,
 His loving kindness in the skies.

Steele.

Dr. Thomas Arne.

1. Ye humble souls, approach your God With songs of sacred praise.

For He is good, immensely good, And kind are all His ways.

2 All nature owns His guardian care,
In Him we live and move;
But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of His love.

3 He gave His Son, His only Son,
To ransom rebel worms;
'Tis here He makes His goodness known
In its diviner forms.

4 To this dear refuge, Lord, we come;
'Tis here our hope relies;
A safe defense, a peaceful home,
When storms of trouble rise.

5 Thine eye beholds, with kind regard,
The souls who trust in Thee;
Their humble hope Thou wilt reward
With bliss divinely free.

18

C. M.

WATTS.

1 Great is the Lord; His works of might
Demand our noblest songs;
Let His assembled saints unite
Their harmony of tongues.

2 Great is the mercy of the Lord,
He gives His children food;
And ever mindful of His word,
He makes His promise good.

3 His Son, the great Redeemer, came
And sealed His covenant sure:
Holy and Reverend is His name,
His ways are just and pure.

4 They that would grow divinely wise,
Must with His fear begin;
Our fairest proof of knowledge lies
In hating every sin.

19

C. M.

WATTS.

1 My God, my portion and my love,
My everlasting All,
I've none but Thee in heaven above,
Or on this earthly ball.

2 What empty things are all the skies,
And this inferior clod!
There's nothing here deserves my joy,
There's nothing like my God.

3 To Thee we owe our wealth, and friends,
And health and safe abode:
Thanks to Thy name for meaner things,
But they are not my God.

4 How vain a toy is glittering wealth,
If once compared to Thee;
Or what's my safety or my health
Or all my friends to me?

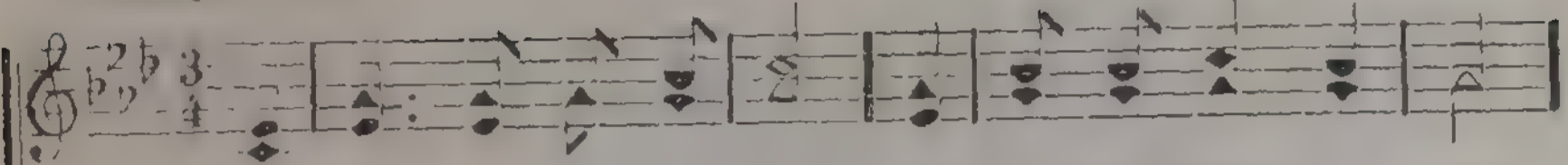
5 Were I possessor of the earth,
And called the stars my own,
Without Thy graces and Thyself
I were a wretch undone.

6 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore;
Grant me the visits of Thy face,
And I desire no more.

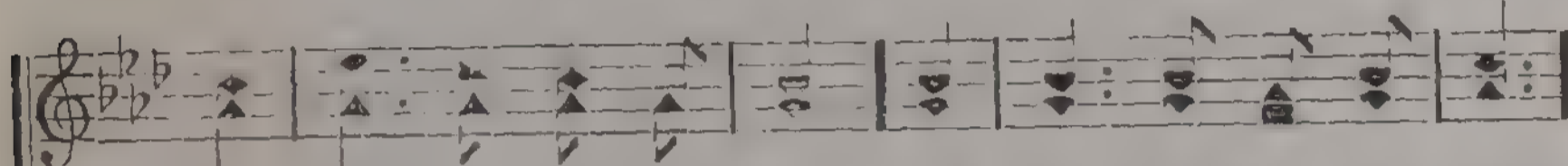
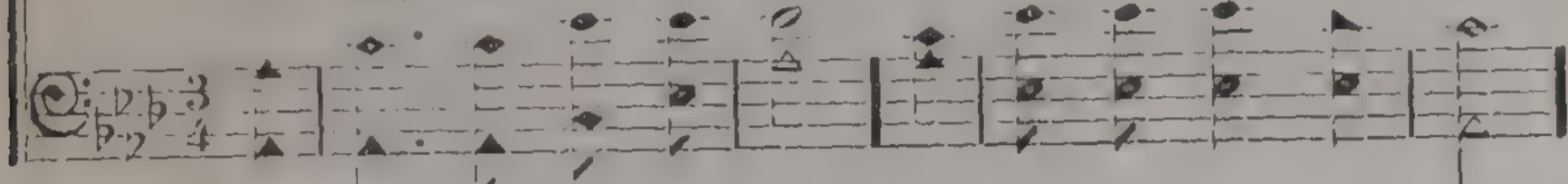
Fredericksburg. H. M.

Gadsby's Coll.

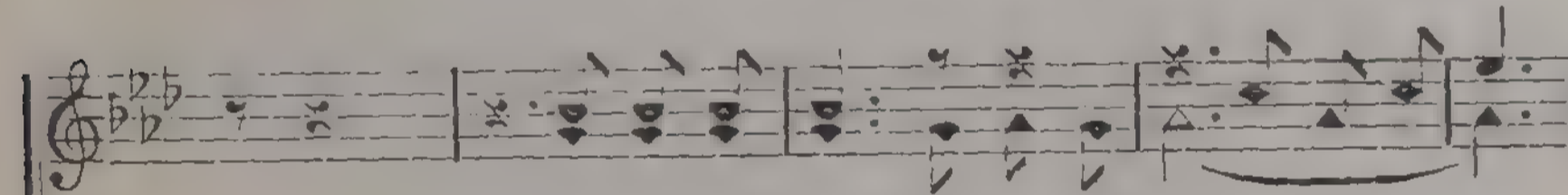
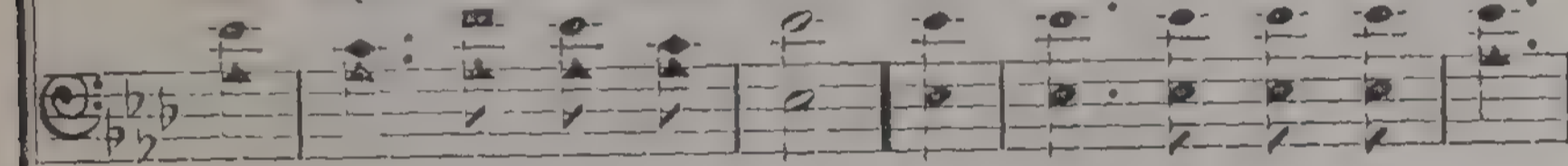
By per. R. M. McIntosh.



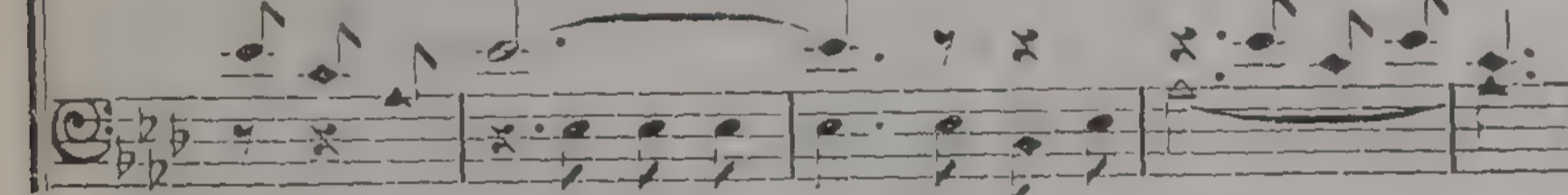
1. Re - joice, the Lord is King; Your God and King a - dore;
 2. Re - joice, the Sav - iour reigns; The God of truth and love;
 3. His king - dom can - not fail; He rules o'er earth and heav'n;



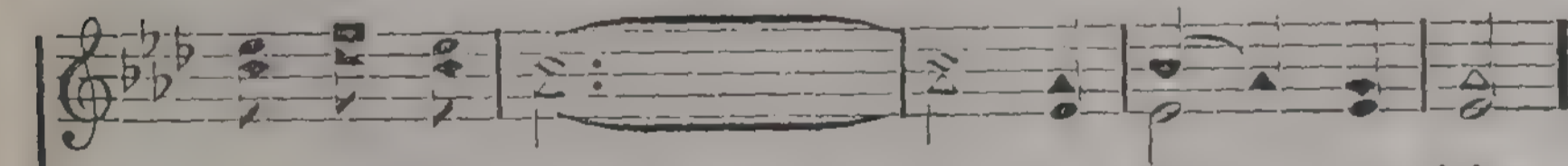
Mor - tals, give thanks and sing, And tri - umph ev - er - more!
 When He had purg'd our stains, He took His seat a - bove:
 The keys of death and hell Are to our Je - sus giv'n:



Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,.....
 Lift up the heart,..... Lift up the voice,



Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,.....



Re - joice a - loud,..... ye saints, re - joice.



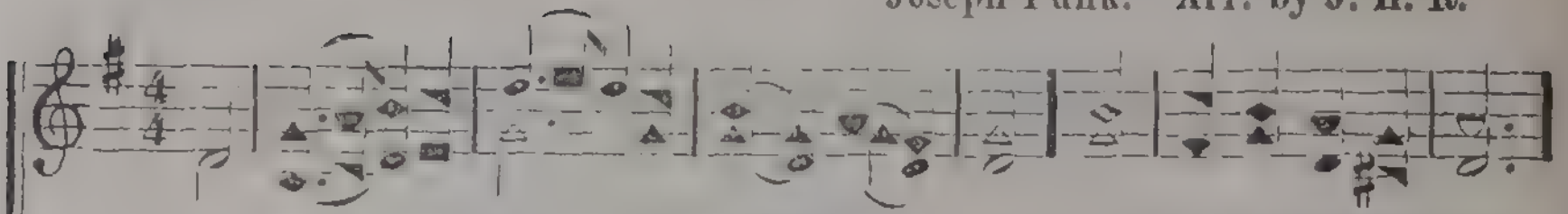
Re - joice a - loud, ye saints, re - joice.

4 He all His foes shall quell;
 Shall all our sins destroy;
 And every bosom swell
 With pure seraphic joy:
 Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
 Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

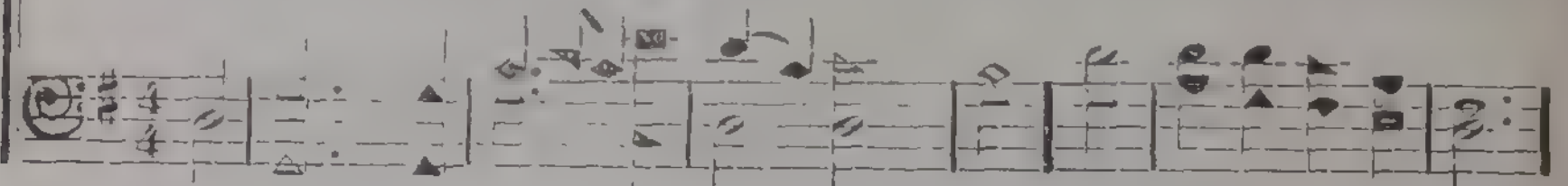
5 Rejoice in glorious hope,
 Jesus the Judge shall come,
 And take His servants up
 To their eternal home: [voice:
 We soon shall hear the Archangel's
 The trump of God shall sound, rejoice.

Lingham. C. M.

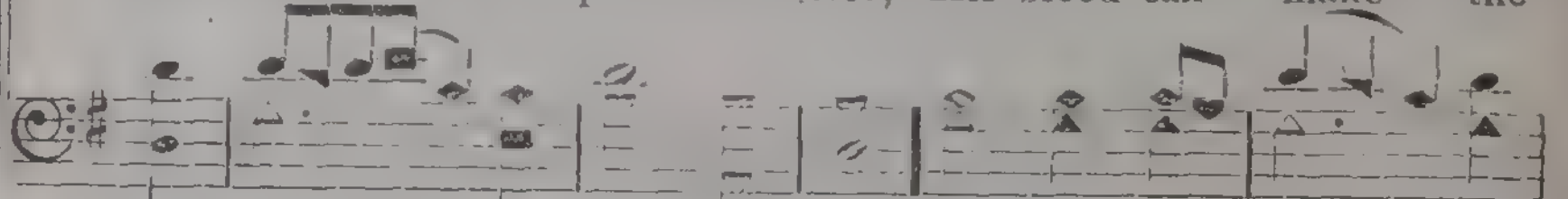
Joseph Funk. Arr. by J. H. R.



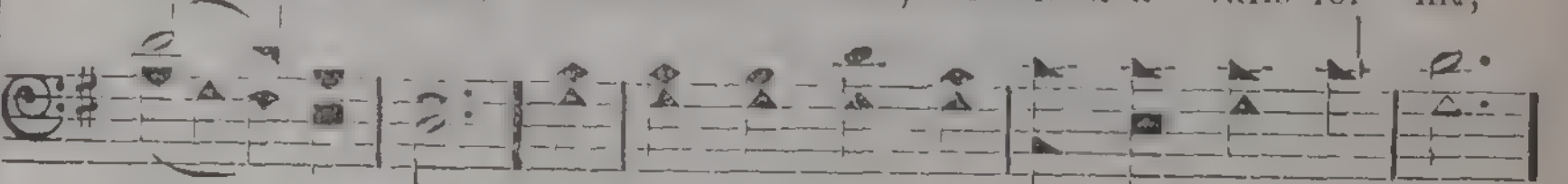
1. O for a thou - sand tongues to sing My great Redeemer's praise,
2. My gra - cious Mas - ter and my God, As - sist me to pro - claim,
3. Je - sus, the name that calms our fears, That bids our sorrows cease,
4. He breaks the pow'r of can - cel'd sin, He sets the pris'ner free,



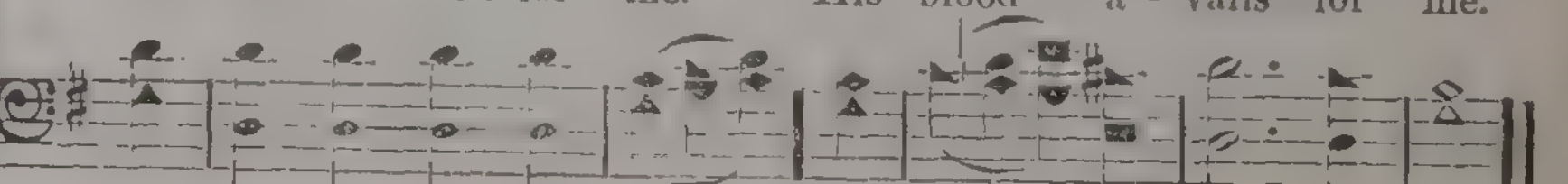
My great..... Re - deem - er's praise; The glo - ries of..... my
 As - sist..... me to pro - claim, To spread thro' all..... the
 That bids..... our sor - row's cease, 'Tis mu - sic in..... the
 He sets..... the pris - 'ner free; His blood can make the



God and King, The triumphs of, the triumphs of His grace,
 earth a - broad, The hon - ors of, the hon - ors of Thy name,
 sin - ner's ears, 'Tis life and health, 'tis life and health and peace,
 foul - est clean, His blood a - vails, His blood a - vails for me,



The triumphs of His grace, The tri - umphs of His grace!
 The hon - ors of Thy name, The hon - ors of Thy name.
 'Tis life and health and peace, 'Tis life and health and peace.
 His blood a - vails for me. His blood a - vails for me.

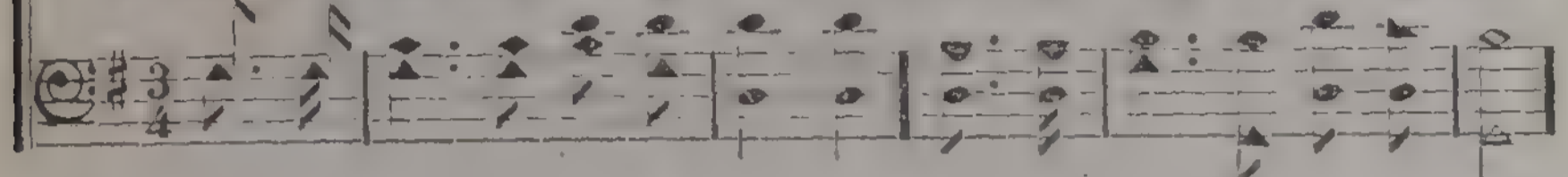


Thos. Kelly.

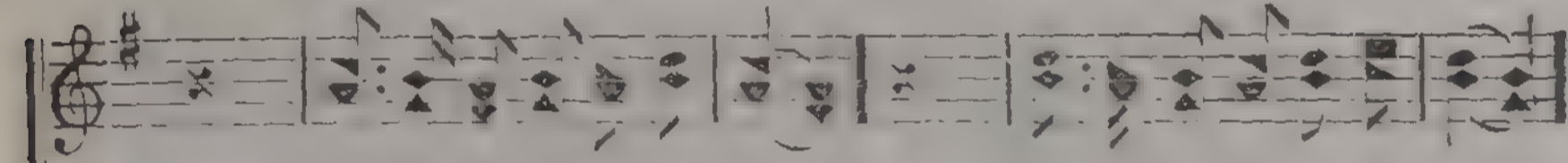
Lowell Mason.



1. Hark! ten thousand harps and voices sound the notes of praise above;
 2. Je - sus, hail! whose glory brightens All above, and gives its worth;
 3. King of glo - ry, reign for - ev - er, Thine an ev - er - last - ing crown;
 4. Sav - iour, hasten Thine ap - pear - ing; Bring, O bring the glorious day,

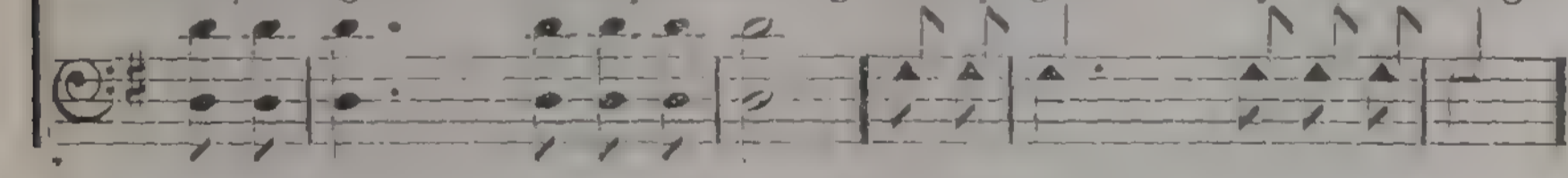


Je - sus reigns, and heav'n re-joic - es— Je - sus reigns, the God of love.
 Lord of life, the smile en-light-ens, Cheers and charms, Thy saints on earth.
 Noth - ing from Thy love shall sever Those whom Thou hast made Thy own.
 When, the aw - ful summons hear - ing, Heav'n and earth shall pass a - way.

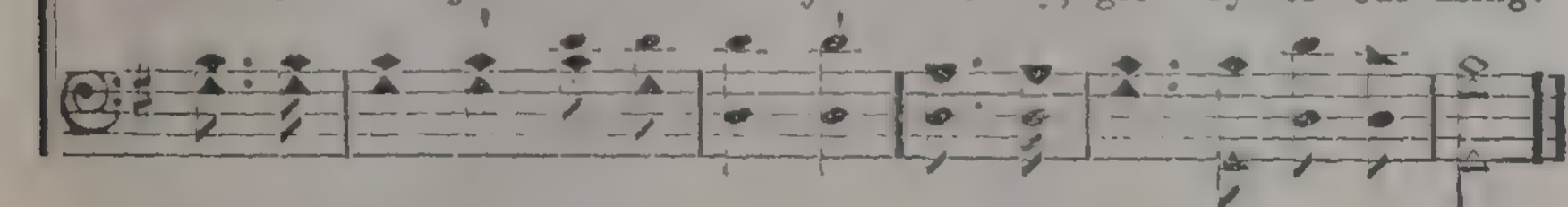


See, He sits on yonder throne;	Jesus rules the world a - lone.
When we think of love like Thine,	Lord, we own it love di - vine.
Happy objects of Thy grace,	Destin'd to behold Thy face.
Then, with golden harps, we'll sing,	"Glo - ry, glo - ry to our King!"

See, He sits	on yonder throne;	Je - sus rules	the world a - lone.
When we think	of love like Thine,	Lord, we own	it love di - vine.
Hap - py ob -	jects of Thy grace,	Destin'd to	behold Thy face.
Then, with gold	- en harps, we'll sing,	"Glo - ry, glo	- ry to our King!"



Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus rules the world a - lone.
 Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Lord, we own it love di - vine.
 Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Destin'd to be - hold Thy face.
 Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry to our King!

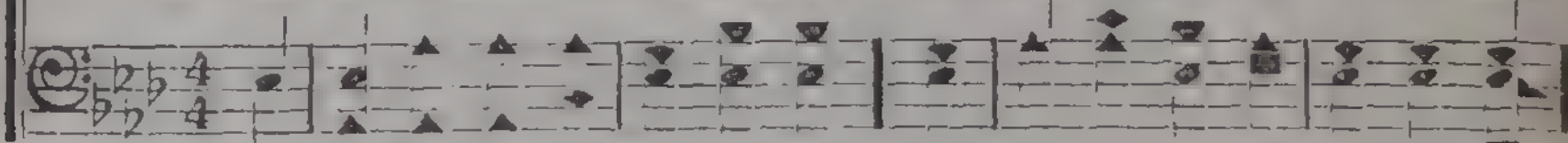


Isaac Watts.

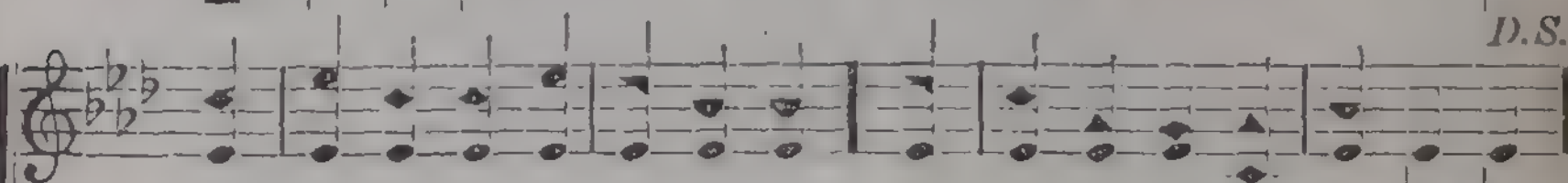
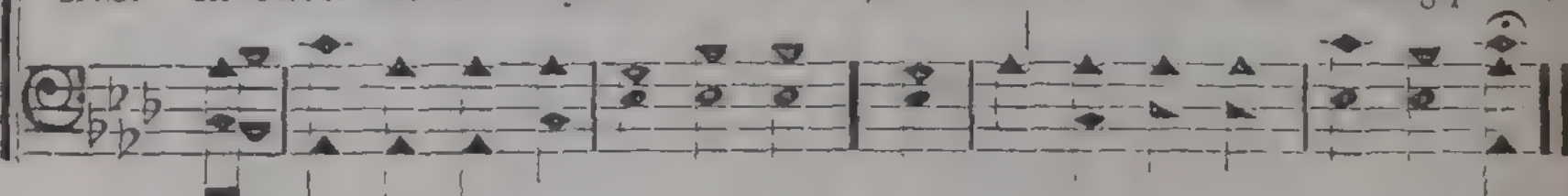
George Coles.



1. From all that dwell below the skies, Let the Cre-a-tor's praise a - rise;
 3. Your loft-y themes, ye mortals, bring, In songs of praise di-vine-ly sing;



- Let the Redeemer's name be sung Thro' ev - 'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.
D.S.—Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore Till sun shall rise and set no more.
 The great sal-va-tion loud proclaim, And shout for joy the Saviour's name.
D.S.—In cheer-ful sounds your voices raise, And fill the world with sounding praise



2. E - ter-nal are Thy mer-cies, Lord; E - ter-nal truth attends Thy word;
 4. In ev - 'ry land he-gin the song, To ev - 'ry land the strains belong;



24

L. M. DODDRIDGE.

- 1 Ye sons of men with joy record,
 The various wonders of the Lord;
 And let His power and goodness sound
 Thro' all your tribes the earth around.
- 2 Let the high heavens your songs invite,
 Those spacious fields of brilliant light;
 Where sun, and moon, and planets roll,
 And stars that glow from pole to pole.
- 3 Sing, earth, in verdant robes arrayed—
 Its herbs and flowers, its fruits and
 shades;
 Peopled with life of various forms,
 Of fish, and fowl, and beasts, and worms.
- 4 View the broad sea's majestic plains.
 And think how wide its Maker reigns,
 That band remotest nations joins,
 And on each wave His goodness shines.
- 5 But oh! that brighter world above,
 Where lives and reigns incarnate love!
 God's only Son, in flesh arrayed,
 For man a bleeding victim made.
- 6 Thither, my soul, with rapture soar,
 There, in the land of praise, adore;
 The theme demands an angel's lay—
 Demands an everlasting day.

25

L. M.

- 1 Lord, I will bless Thee all my days,
 Thy praise shall dwell upon my
 tongue;
 My soul shall glory in Thy grace,
 While saints rejoice to hear the song.
- 2 Come, magnify the Lord with me,
 Come, let us all exalt His name;
 I sought th'eternal God, and He
 Has not exposed my hope to shame.
- 3 I told Him all my secret grief,
 My secret groaning reached His ears;
 He gave my inward pains relief,
 And calmed the tumult of my fears.
- 4 To Him the poor lift up their eyes,
 With heavenly joy their faces shine;
 A beam of mercy from the skies,
 Fills them with light and joy divine.
- 5 His holy angels pitch their tents,
 Around the ones who serve the Lord;
 O fear and love Him, all ye saints,
 Taste of His grace, and trust His word.
- 6 The wild young lions, pinch'd with pain
 And hunger, roar thro' all the wood;
 But none shall seek the Lord in vain,
 Nor want supplies of real good.

PERFECTIONS OF GOD.

26

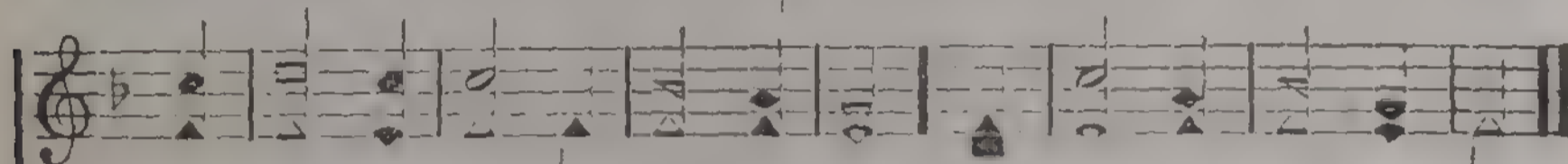
Mear. C. M.

Cowper.

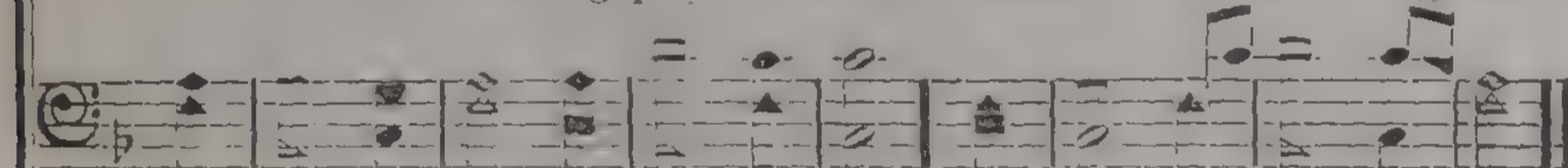
Welsh Air. A. Williams.



1. God moves in a mys-ter-i-ous way, His won-ders to per-form;
 2. Deep in un-fath-om-a-ble mines Of nev-er-fail-ing skill,
 3. Ye fear-ful saints, fresh courage take, The clouds ye se much dread
 4. Judge not the Lord by fee-ble sense, But trust Him for His grace;



- He plants His foot-steps in the sea, He rides up-on the storm.
 He treas-ures up His bright de-signs, And works His sov-'reign will.
 Are big with mer-cy, and shall break In bless-ings on your head.
 Be-hind a frowning prov-i-dence He hides a smil-ing face.



- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
 Unfolding every hour;
 The bud may have a bitter taste,
 But sweet will be the flower.

- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
 And scan His work in vain;
 God is His own interpreter,
 And He will make it plain.

27

C. M.

- 1 Amid the splendors of Thy state,
 My God, Thy love appears;
 With the soft radiance of the moon,
 Among a thousand stars.
 2 Nature, through all her ample round,
 Thy boundless power proclaims,
 And in melodious accents speaks
 The goodness of Thy name.
 3 Thy justice, holiness, and truth,
 Our solemn awe excite;
 But the sweet charms of sovereign grace
 O'erwhelm us with delight.
 4 Sinai, in clouds, and smoke, and fire,
 Thunders Thy dreadful name;
 But Zion sings in melting notes
 The honors of the Lamb.
 5 In all Thy doctrines and commands,
 Thy counsels and designs,
 In ev'ry work Thy hands have fram'd
 Thy love supremely shines.

- 6 Angels and men the news proclaim,
 Through earth and heaven above,
 The joyful and transporting news
 That God the Lord is love!

28

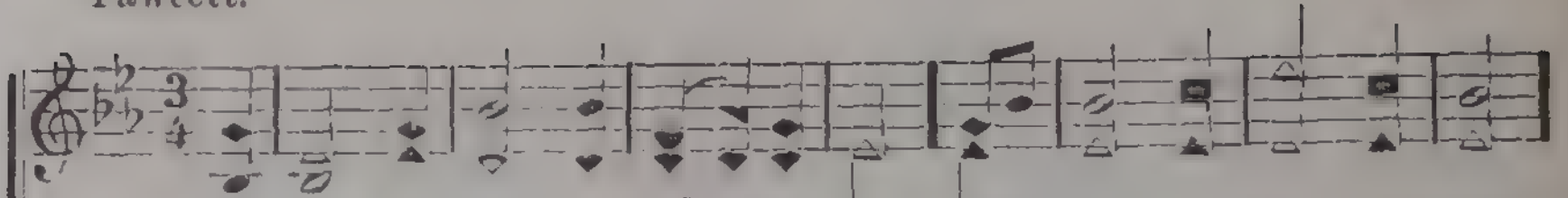
C. M.

WATTS.

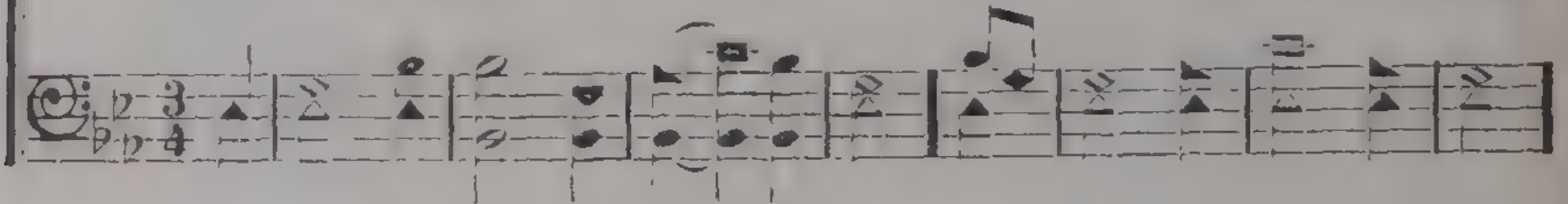
- 1 Great God, how infinite art Thou!
 What worthless worms are we!
 Let the whole race of creatures bow
 And pay their praise to Thee.
 2 Thy throne eternally has stood,
 Ere seas or stars were made;
 Thou art the ever-living God,
 Were all the nations dead.
 3 Nature and time quite naked lie
 To thine immense survey,
 From the formation of the sky
 To the great burning day.
 4 Eternity, with all its years,
 Stands present in Thy view;
 To Thee there's nothing old appears,
 Great God, there's nothing new.
 5 Our lives thro' various scenes are drawn,
 And vexed with trifling cares;
 While Thine eternal tho'ts move on
 Thine undisturbed affairs.
 6 Great God, how infinite art Thou!
 What worthless worms are we!
 Let the whole race of creatures bow
 And pay their praise to Thee.

Fawcett.

Arr.



1. Thy way, O God! is in the sea; Thy paths I can - not trace;
2. Here the dark veils of flesh and sense My cap - tive soul sur - round;
3. When I be - hold Thy aw - ful hand My earth - ly hopes de - stroy,
4. As thro' a glass, I dim - ly see The won - ders of Thy love;
5. 'Tis but in part I know Thy will; I bless Thee for the sight;
6. With rap - ture shall I then sur - vey Thy prov - i - dence and grace;



Nor com - pre - hend the mys - te - ry Of Thy un - bound - ed grace.
 Mys - te - rious deeps of Prov - i - dence My wond'ring thoughts confound.
 In deep as - ton - ish - ment I stand, And ask the rea - son, why?
 How lit - tle do I know of Thee, Or of the joys a - bove!
 When will Thy love the rest re - veal, In glo - ry's clear - er light?
 And spend an ev - er - last - ing day In won - der, love and praise.



30

C. M. TATE & BRADY.

- 1 Through endless years Thou art the same,
O Thou eternal God!
Ages to come shall know Thy name
And tell Thy works abroad.
- 2 The strong foundations of the earth
Of old by Thee were laid;
By Thee the beauteous arch of heaven
With matchless skill was made.
- 3 Soon shall this goodly frame of things,
Formed by Thy powerful hand,
Be, like a vesture, laid aside,
And changed at Thy command.
- 4 But Thy perfections all divine,
Eternal as Thy days,
Through everlasting ages shine
With undiminished rays.
- 5 Thy children's children, still Thy care.
Shall own their Fathers' God;
To latest times thy favor share
And spread Thy praise abroad.

31

WATTS.

- 1 In all my vast concerns with Thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun Thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of Thyne eye.
- 2 Thy all surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.
- 3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord
Before they're formed within:
And ere my lips pronounce the word
He knows the sense I mean.
- 4 Oh, wondrous knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within Thy circling arms I lie,
Enclosed on every side.
- 5 So let Thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sovereign love.

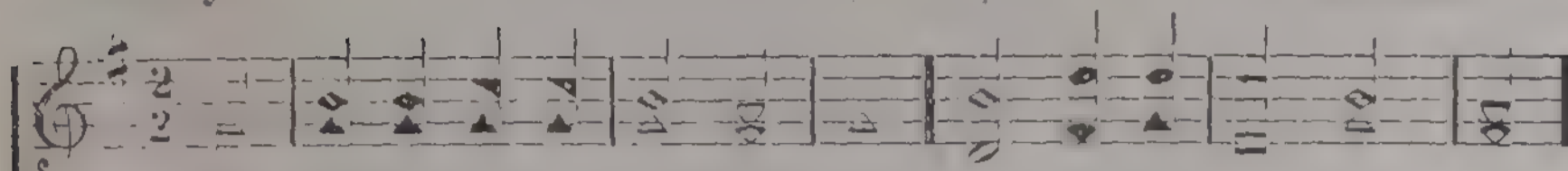
TRUST IN GOD.

32

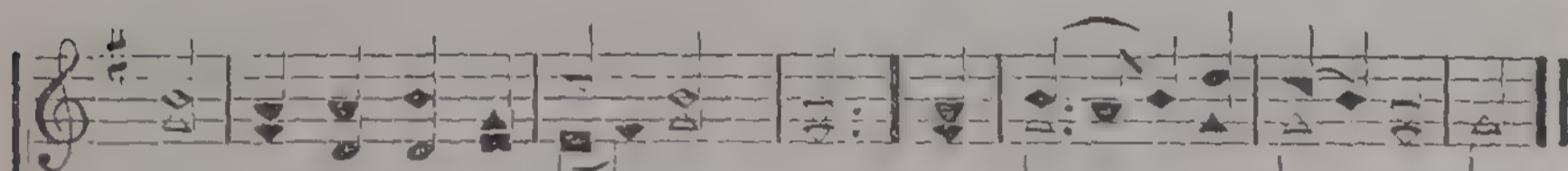
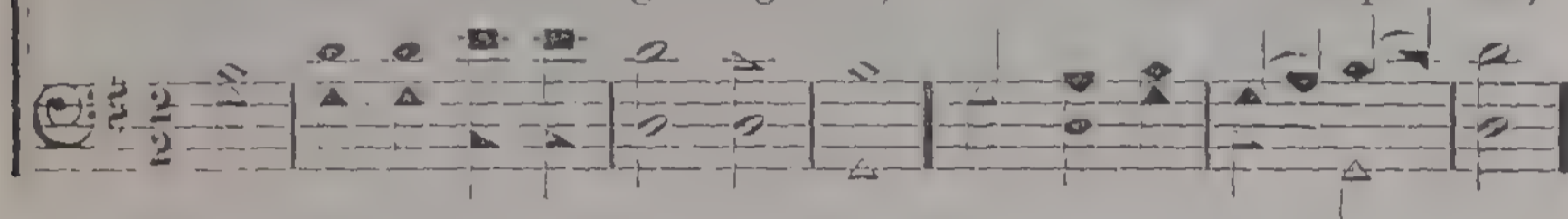
Peterborough. C. M.

Medley.

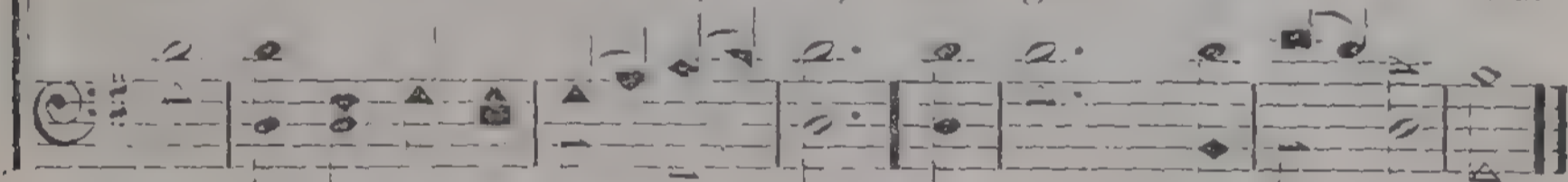
R. Harrison.



1. God shall a-lone the ref - uge be, And comfort of my mind;
2. In all His ho - ly, sov'reign will, He is, I dai - ly find,
3. When I the tempter's rage en - dure, 'Tis God sup-ports my mind;
4. What tho' I can't His go - ings see, Nor all His foot - steps find,



- Too wise to be mis-tak - en, He, Too good to be un-kind.
 Too wise to be mis-tak - en, still, Too good to be un-kind.
 Too wise to be mis-tak - en, sure, Too good to be un-kind.
 Too wise to be mis-tak - en, He, Too good to be un-kind.



33

C. M.

- 1 The cause that is for me too hard,
I'll make to Jesus known;
I'll cast my burdens on the Lord,
And leave them at His throne.
- 2 He will His cheering grace impart,
And ease my anxious breast;
His love can heal my wounded heart,
And bring my soul to rest.
- 3 The judge supreme, must needs do right,
Whoe'er should me condemn;
He'll bring my judgment to the light,
And clear my injured name.
- 4 He calls me by His precious word,
And bids me not to fear;
The cause that is for me too hard,
My gracious God will bear.

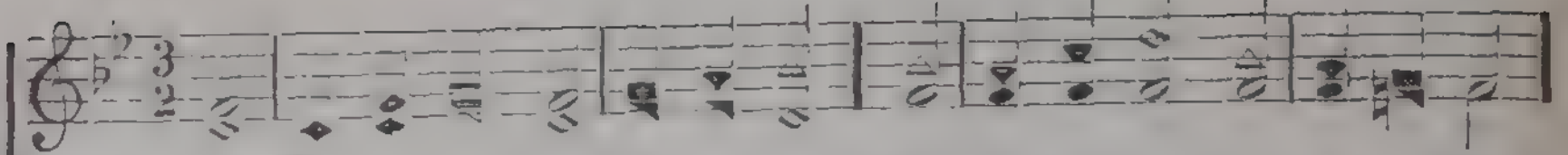
34

C. M.

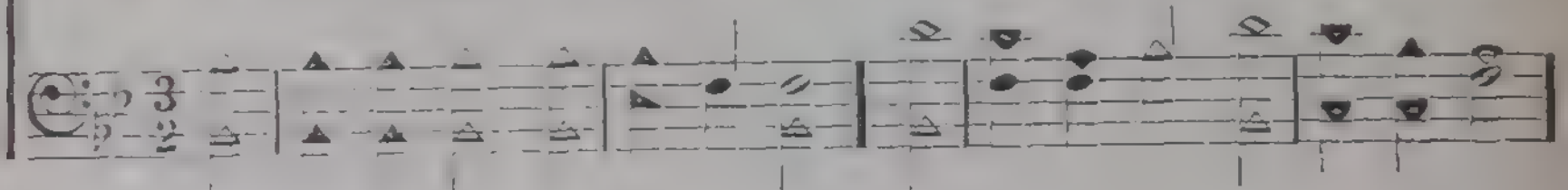
- 1 No change of time shall ever shock
My trust, O Lord, in Thee;
For Thou hast always been my Rock,
A sure defense to me.
- 2 Thou our deliverer art, O God,
Our trust is in Thy power;
Thou art our Shield from foes abroad,
Our Safeguard and our Tower.
- 3 To Thee will we address our prayer,
To whom all praise we owe;
O may we by Thy watchful care
Be saved from every foe.
- 4 Then let Jehovah be adored,
On whom our hopes depend;
For none except the mighty Lord
His people can defend.

Watts.

Dr. L. Mason.



1. Thus far the Lord has led me on; Thus far His pow'r prolongs my days;
2. Much of my time has run to waste, And I, per-haps, am near my home;
3. I lay my bod - y down to sleep; Peace is the pil - low for my head,
4. In vain the sons of earth or hell, Tell me a thousand frightful things,



- And ev 'ry evening shall make known Some fresh memorials of His grace.
 But He for gives my fol lies past; He gives me strength for days to come.
 While well-appointed an-gels keep Their watchful stations round my bed.
 My God in safe - ty makes me dwell Beneath the shad-ow of His wings.



36

L. M.

FAWCETT.

- 1 Thus far my God hath led me on,
 And made His pow'r and mercy known;
 My hopes and fears alternate rise,
 And comforts mingle with my sighs.
- 2 Thro' this wide wilderness I roam,
 Far distant from my blissful home;
 Lord let Thy presence be my stay,
 And guard me in this dangerous way.
- 3 Temptations everywhere annoy,
 And sins and snares my peace destroy;
 My earthly joys are from me torn,
 And oft an absent God I mourn.
- 4 My soul with various tempests tossed,
 Her hopes o'erturned, her projects
 crossed,
 Sees every day new straits attend,
 And wonders where the scene will end.
- 5 Is this, dear Lord, that thorny road
 Which leads us to the mount of God?
 Are these the toils Thy people know,
 While in this wilderness of woe?

6 'Tis even so: Thy faithful love

Doth all Thy children's graces prove;
 'Tis thus our pride and self must fall,
 That Jesus may be all in all.

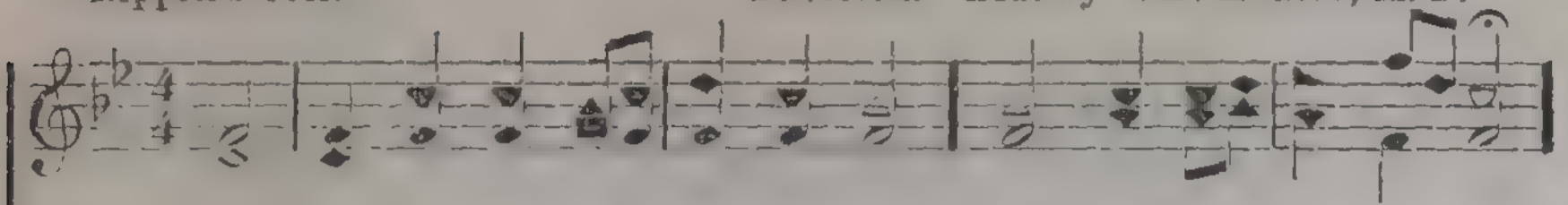
37

L. M.

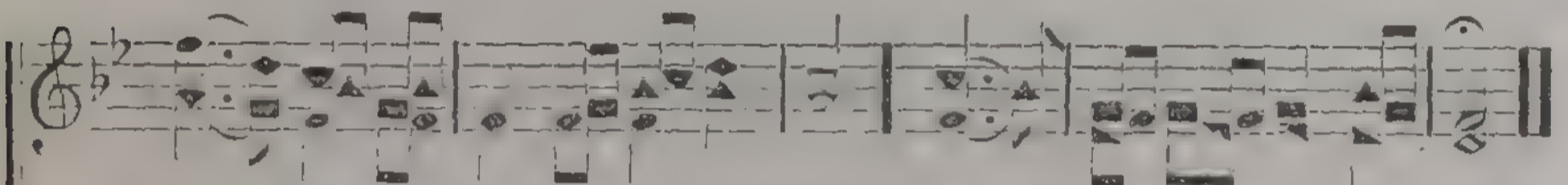
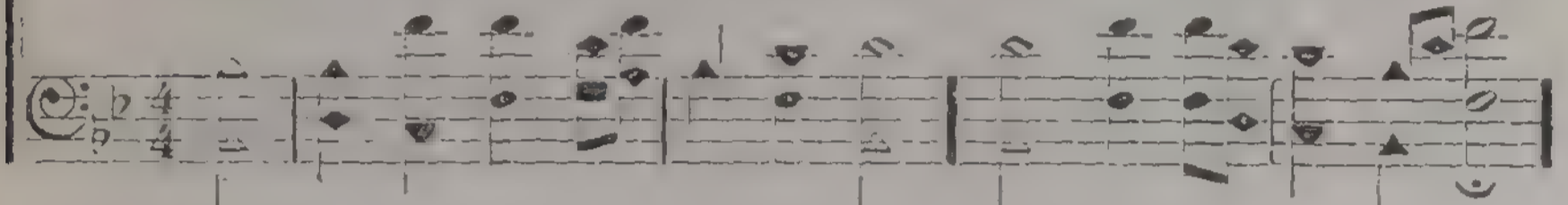
- 1 Why, O my soul, those anxious cares?
 Why thus cast down with doubts and
 fears?
 How canst thou want if God provide,
 Or lose thy way with such a Guide?
- 2 When first before His mercy seat,
 'Thou didst to Him thy all commit,
 He gave the warrant from that hour,
 To trust His wisdom, love and power.
- 3 Did ever trouble yet befall,
 And He refuse to hear thy call?
 And has He not His promise passed
 That thou shalt overcome at last?
- 4 He who has helped me hitherto,
 Will help me all my journey through,
 And give me daily cause to raise
 New Ebenezers to His praise.

Rippon's Coll.

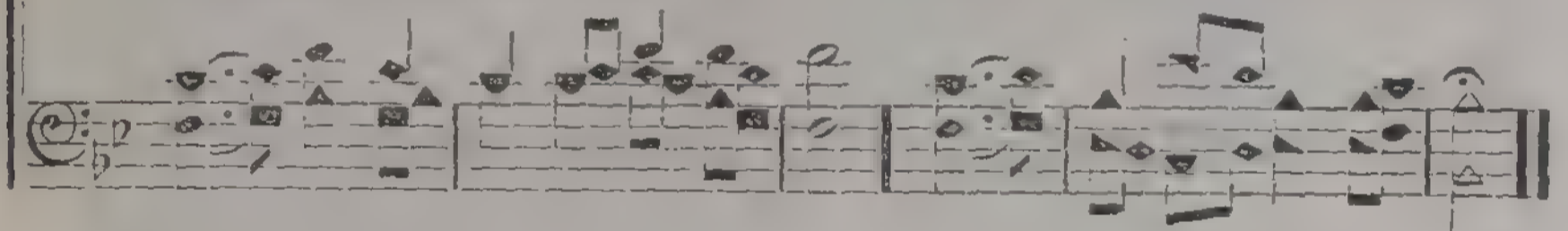
Davisson. Arr. by Wm. Hauser, M. D.



1. Dear Lord, why should I doubt Thy love, Or dis - be - lieve Thy grace?
2. Thy smiles have freed my heart from pain, My droop - ing spirits cheered;
3. Dost Thou re - pent? wilt Thou de - ny The gifts Thou hast bestowed?
4. Lord, let not groundless fears de - stroy The mer - cies now possessed;



- Sure Thy com - pas - sions ne'er remove, Al - though Thou hide Thy face.
 And wilt Thou not ap - pear a - gain, Where Thou hast once appeared?
 Or, are those streams of mer - cy dry, Which once so free - ly flowed?
 I'll praise for bless - ings I en - joy, And trust for all the rest.



39

C. M. NEEDHAM.

- 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 What tho' my griefs are not removed,
Yet why should I despair?
While my kind Saviour's arms support,
I can the burden bear.
- 4 Jesus, my Saviour, and my Lord,
'Tis good to trust Thy name:
Thy pow'r, thy faithfulness, and love,
Will ever be the same.
- 5 Weak as I am, yet through Thy grace
I all things can perform;
And, smiling, triumph in Thy name
Amid the raging storm.

40

C. M. BEDDOME.

- 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 honors flee:
Sure, He who giveth me himself,
Is more than these to me.
- 4 If He is mine, I'll boldly pass
Through death's tremendous vale:
He is a solid comfort, when
All other comforts fail.
- 5 Oh, 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.

Watts.

Samuel McFarland.

1. My God, the spring of all my joys, The life of my de - lights,
 2. In dark-est shades if He ap-pear, My dawning is be - gun;
 3. 'The op'ning heav'ns a - round me shine With beams of sa - cred bliss,
 4. My soul would leave this heav-y clay At that trans port-ing word,
 5. Fear-less of hell and ghastly death I'd break thro' ev - 'ry foe;

The glo-ry of my brightest days, The com-fort of my nights.
 He is my soul's sweet morning star, And He my ris - ing sun.
 While Je-sus shows His heart is mine, And whispers I am His!
 Run up with joy the shin-ing way To embrace my dear-est Lord.
 The wings of love, and arms of faith, Should bear me con-q'ror thro'.

42

C. M.

BEDDOME.

- 1 My times of sorrow and of joy,
Great God! are in Thy hand;
My choicest comforts come from Thee,
And go at Thy command.
- 2 If Thou shouldst take them all away,
Yet would I not repine;
Before they were possessed by me,
They were entirely Thine.
- 3 Nor would I drop a murmuring word,
Though the whole world were gone;
But seek enduring happiness
In Thee, and Thee alone.
- 4 What is the world, with all its store?
'Tis but a bitter sweet;
When I attempt to pluck the rose,
A prickly thorn I meet.
- 5 Here perfect bliss can ne'er be found,
The honey's mixed with gall;
Midst changing scenes, and dying
friends,
Be Thou my All in all.

43

C. M.

WATTS.

- 1 Let others boast how strong they be,
Nor death nor danger fear;
But we'll confess, O Lord, to Thee,
What feeble things we are.
- 2 Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,
And flourish bright and gay:
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
And fades the grass away.
- 3 Our life contains a thousand springs,
And dies if one be gone:
Strange! that a harp of thousand
strings,
Should keep in tune so long.
- 4 But 'tis our God supports our frame,
'The God that built us first;
Salvation to th' Almighty name
That reared us from the dust.
- 5 While we have breath, or use our tongues,
Our Maker we'll adore;
His spirit moves our heaving lungs,
Or they would breathe no more.

Moderato.

1. To God the on - ly wise, Our Sav - iour and our King,
 2. 'Tis His al - might - y love, His coun - sel, and His care,
 3. He will pre - sent His saints, Un - blem - ish'd and com - plete,
 4. Then all the chos - en race Shall meet a - round the throne,
 5. To our Re - deem - er, God, Wis - dom and pow'r be - long,

Let all the saints be - low the skies Their hum - ble prais - es bring.
 Pre - serves us safe from sin and death, And ev - 'ry hurt - ful snare.
 Be - fore the glo - ry of His face, With joy di - vine - ly great.
 Shall bless the con - duct of His grace, And make His wonders known.
 Im - mor - tal crowns of ma - jes - ty, And ev - er - last - ing songs.

45

S. M.

TOPLADY.

- 1 Your harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take,
Loud to the praise of Christ, our Lord,
Bid every string awake.
- 2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home,
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.
- 3 His grace shall to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.
- 4 The time of love will come,
When we shall clearly see,
Not only that He shed His blood,
But each shall say, "For me."
- 5 Tarry His leisure then,—
Wait the appointed hour;
Wait till the Bridegroom of your souls
Reveal His love with power.
- 6 Blest is the man, O God!
That stays himself on Thee;
Who waits for Thy salvation, Lord,
Shall Thy salvation see.

46

S. M.

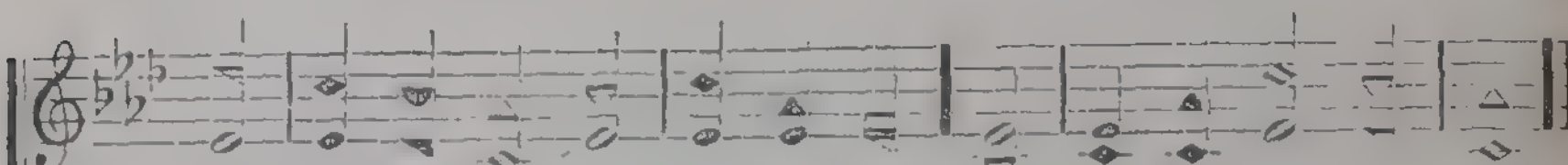
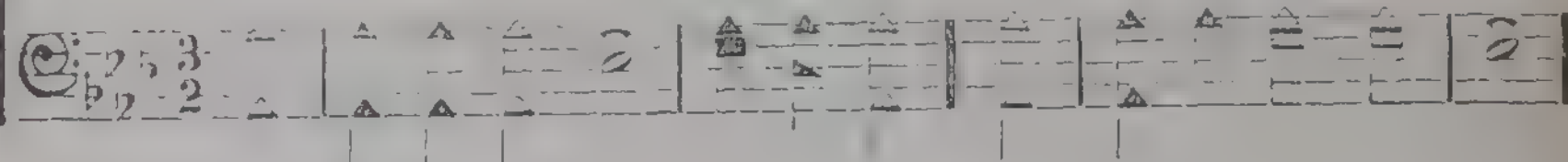
- 1 And are we yet alive,
And see each others face?
Glory and praise to Jesus give
For His redeeming grace.
- 2 Preserved by power divine,
To see salvation here,
Again in Jesus' praise we join,
And in His sight appear.
- 3 What troubles have we seen,
What conflicts have we passed,
Fighting without and fears within,
Since we assembled last!
- 4 But out of all, the Lord
Hath brought us by His love!
And still He doth His help afford
And hide our life above.
- 5 Then let us make our boast
Of His redeeming power,
Which saves us to the uttermost,
Till we shall sin no more.
- 6 Let us take up the cross
Till we the crown obtain,
And gladly reckon all things loss,
So we but Jesus gain.

Watts.

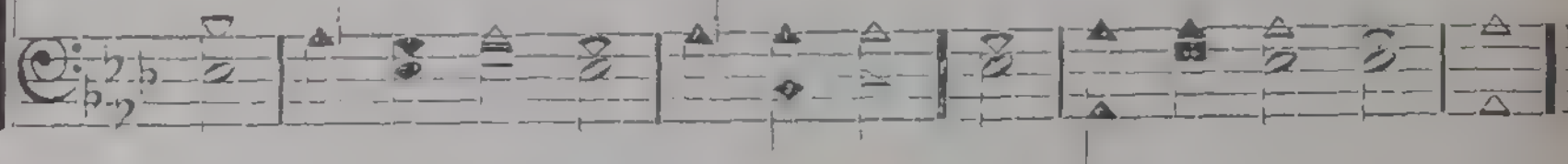
Rev. W. H. Havergal.



1. Firm as the earth Thy gospel stands, My Lord, my hope, my trust;
2. His hon- or is en- gag'd to save The meanest of His sheep;
3. Nor death nor hell shall e'er re move His fav'rites from His breast;

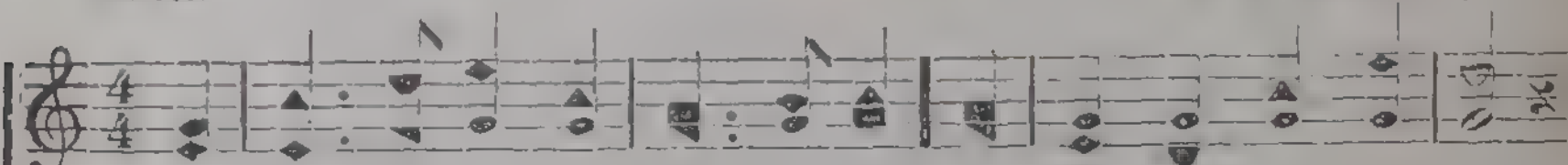


If I am found in Je- sus' hands, My soul can ne'er be lost.
 All that His heav'nly Father gave, His hands se- cure - ly keep.
 In the dear bos - om of His love They must for - ev - er rest.

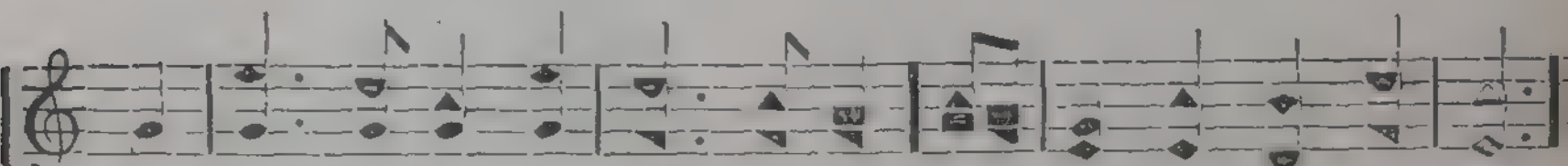
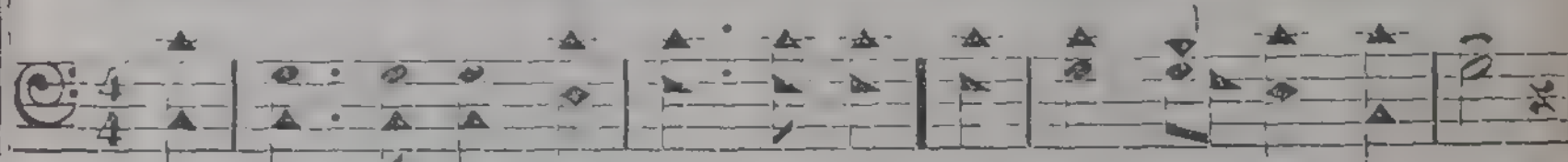


Watts.

W. B. Bradbury.



1. To heav'n I lift my wait - ing eyes, There all my hopes are laid;
2. Their steadfast feet shall nev - er fall Whom He de - signs to keep;
3. Is - rael, re-joice and rest se- cure; Thy keep - er is the Lord;
4. He guards thy soul, He keeps thy breath. Where thickest dan - gers come;

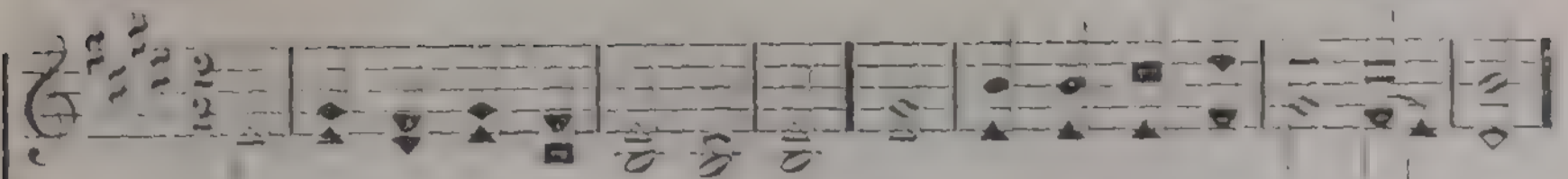


The Lord who built the earth and skies Is my per - pet - ual aid.
 His ear attends their hum - ble call, His eye can nev - er sleep.
 His wake - ful eyes em - ploy His pow'r, For thine e - ter - nal guard.
 Go and re - turn, se - cure from death, Till God shall call thee home.

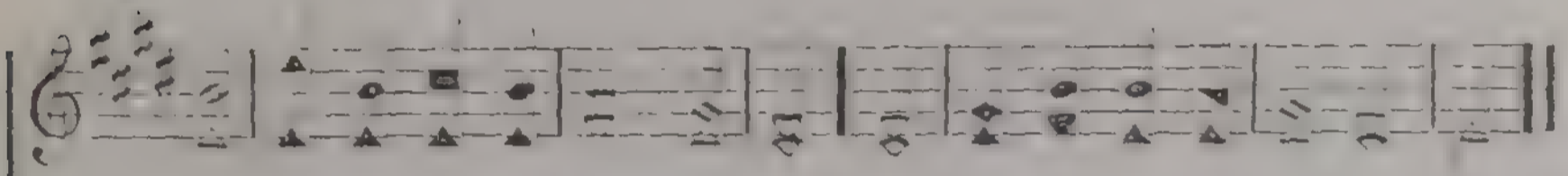
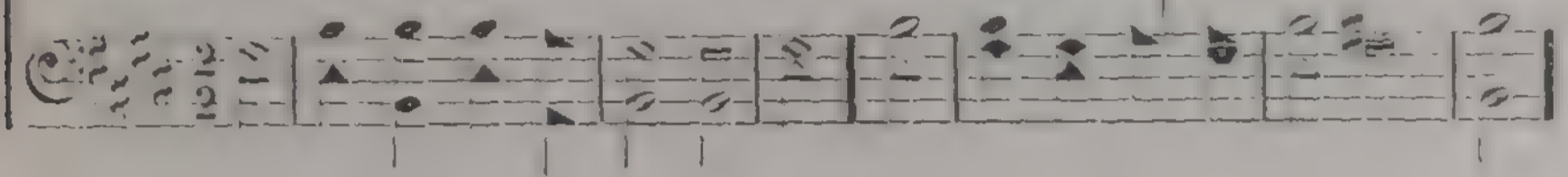


Watts.

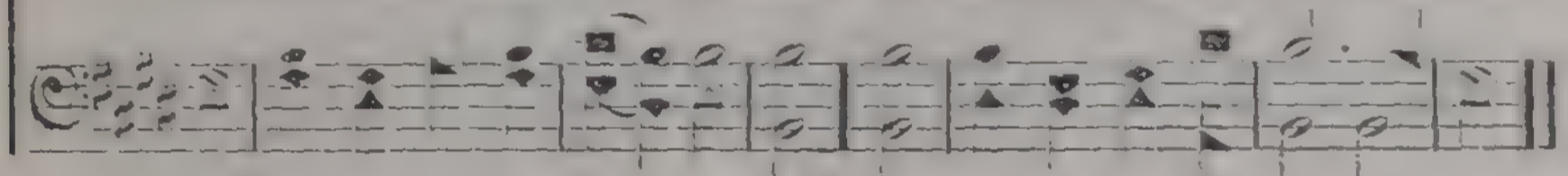
Dr. L. Mason.



1. No more, my God, I boast no more, Of all the du-ties I have done;
2. Now for the love I bear His name, What was my gain I count my loss,
3. Yes, and I must and will es-teen All things but loss for Je-sus' sake;
4. The best o-be-dience of my hands Dares not ap-pear before Thy throne:



I quit the hopes I held be-fore; To trust the merits of Thy Son.
 My former pride I call my shame, And nail my glo-ry to His cross.
 O may my soul be found in Him, And of His righteousness par-take.
 But faith can answer Thy demands, By pleading what my Lord has done.



50

L. M.

- 1 Where is my God; does He retire
 Beyond the reach of humble sighs?
 Are these weak breathings of desire
 Too languid to ascend the skies?
- 2 No, Lord, the breathings of desire,
 The weak petitions, if sincere,
 Is not forbidden to aspire,
 But reaches Thy all gracious ear.
- 3 Look up, my soul, with cheerful eye,
 See where the Great Redeemer
 stands;
 The Glorious Advocate on high,
 With precious incense in His hands.
- 4 He sweetens every humble groan,
 He recommends each broken prayer;
 Recline thy hope on Him alone,
 Whose power and love forbid despair.
- 5 Teach my weak heart, O gracious Lord
 With stronger faith to call Thee
 mine;
 Bid me pronounce the blissful word,
 My Father, God, with joy divine.

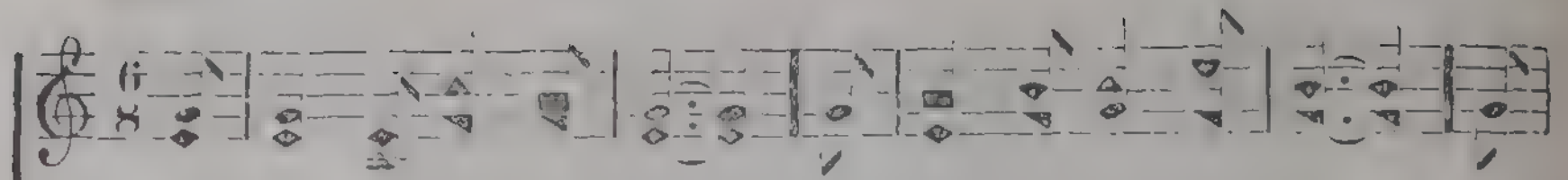
51

L. M. Parkinson's Selec.

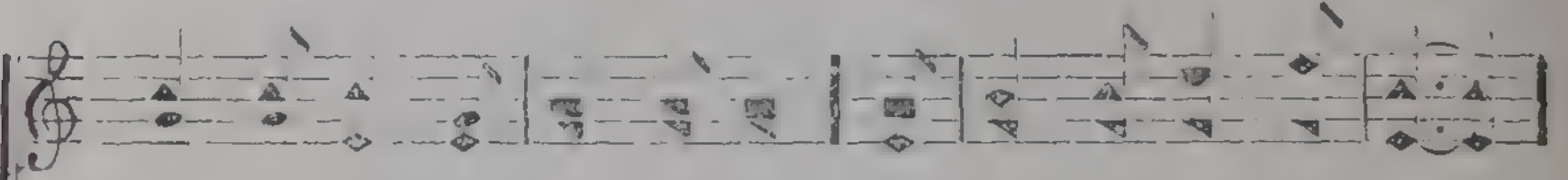
- 1 Lord, how mysterious are thy ways!
 How blind we are! how mean our praise!
 Thy steps no mortal can explore;
 'Tis ours to wonder and adore!
- 2 Thy deep decrees, from creature sight,
 Are hid in shades of awful night;
 Amid the lines, with curious eye,
 Not angel minds presume to pry.
- 3 Great God, I would not ask to see
 What in futurity shall be;
 If light and bliss attend my days,
 Then let my future hours be praise.
- 4 Is darkness and distress my share,
 Then let me trust Thy guardian care;
 Assured I am that love divine
 At length through every cloud will
 shine.
- 5 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!

Kent.

Arr.



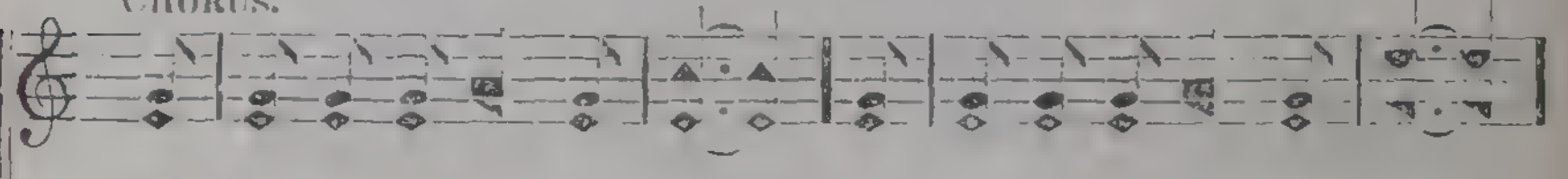
1. What cheer-ing words are these? Their sweet ness who can tell? In
 2. In ev - 'ry state se - cure, Kept by Je - ho-vah's eye, 'Tis
 3. 'Tis well when joys a - rise. 'Tis well when sor-rows flow, 'Tis
 4. 'Tis well when on the mount They feast on dy - ing love, And
 5. 'Tis well when at His throne They wres - tle, weep and pray; 'Tis



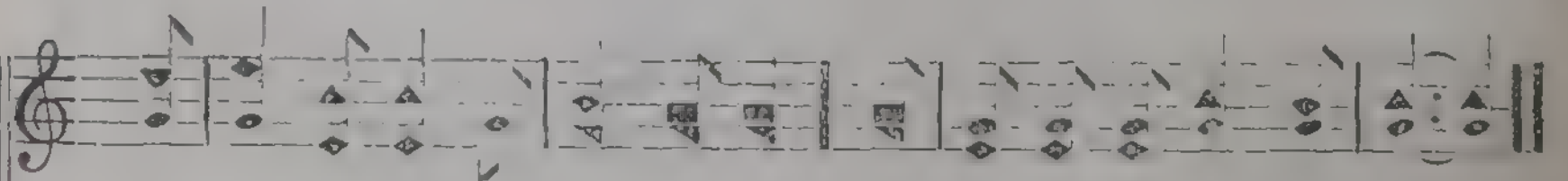
time, and to e - ter - ni - ty, 'Tis with the right-eous well.
 well with them while life en-dures, And well when called to die.
 well when dark ness veils the skies, And strong tempta - tions blow.
 'tis as well, in God's ac-count, When they the fur - nace prove.
 well when at His feet they groan, Yet bring their wants a - way.



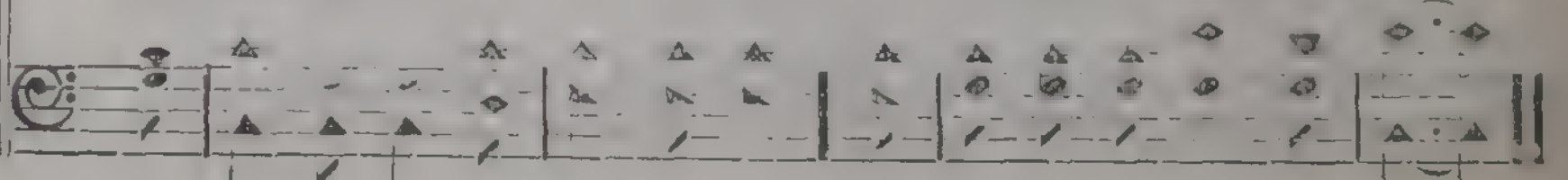
CHORUS.



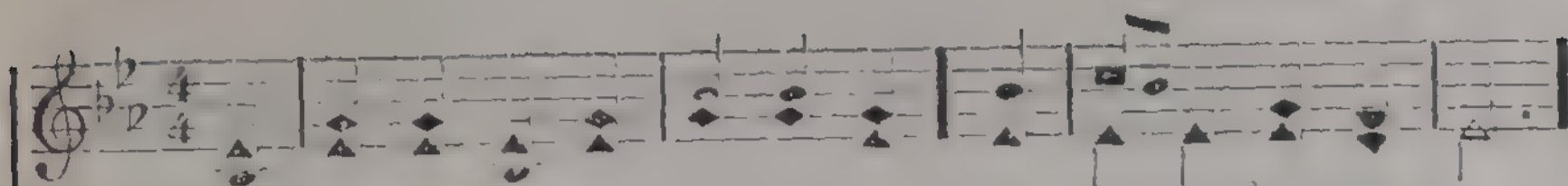
It is with the righteous well, It is with the righteous well;



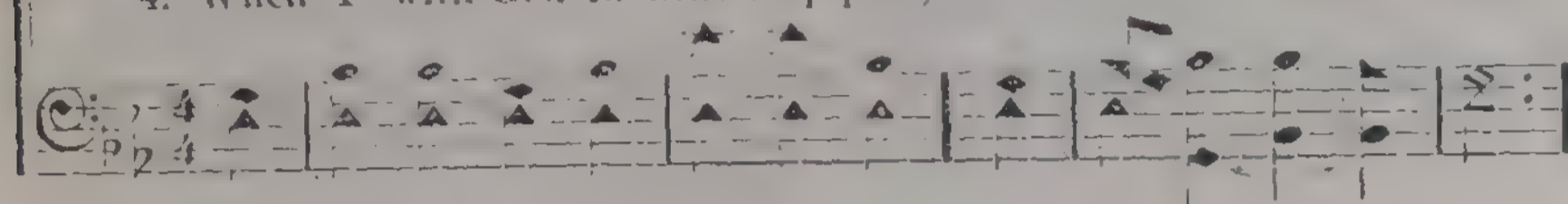
In time and to e - ter - ni - ty, It is with the righteous well.



John R. Daily.



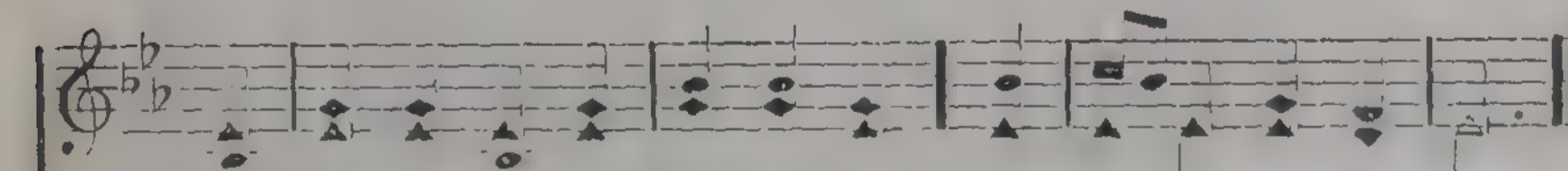
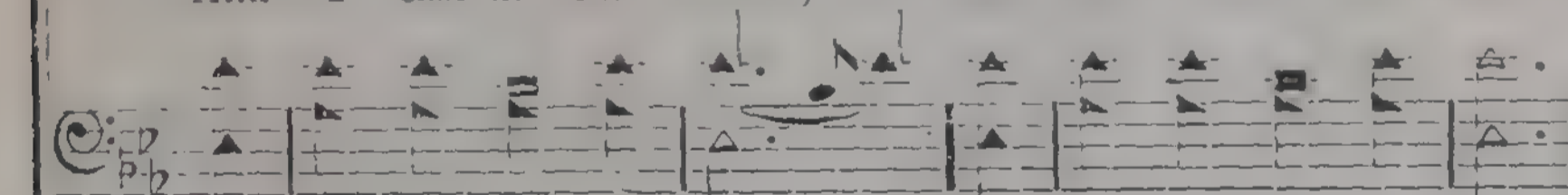
1. Now in Thy praise, e - ter - nal King. Be all my tho'ts em-ployed;
2. Oft the u - ni - ted pow'rs of hell My soul have sore an-noyed;
3. In all the paths thro' which I've pass'd. What mercies I've en-joyed,
4. When I with God in heav'n ap-pear, There shall I Him a - dore;



While of this pre cious truth I sing. "Cast down but not de-stroyed."
 And yet I live, this truth to tell. "Cast down but not de-stroyed."
 And this shall be my song at last, "Cast down but not de-stroyed."
 De-stroyed shall be my sin and fear, And I cast down no more.

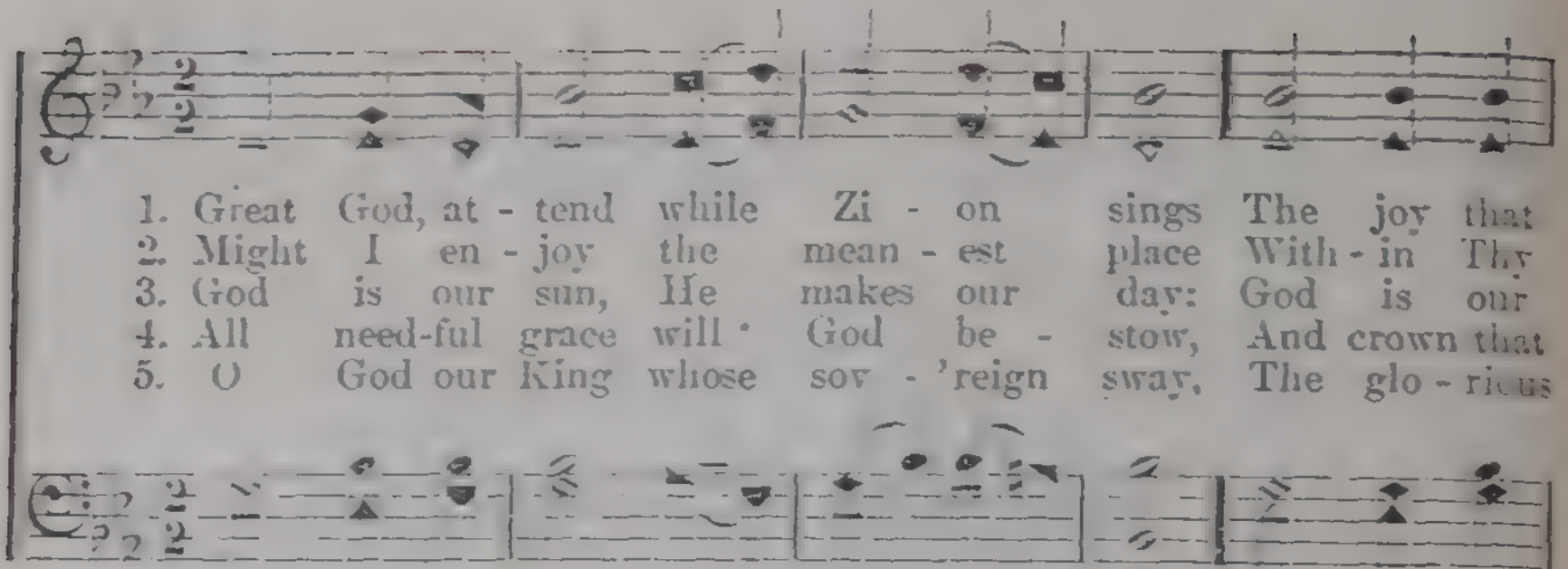


"Cast down but not de - stroyed," "Cast down but not destroyed."
 "Cast down but not de - stroyed," "Cast down but not destroyed."
 "Cast down but not de - stroyed," "Cast down but not destroyed."
 And I cast down no more, And I cast down no more.

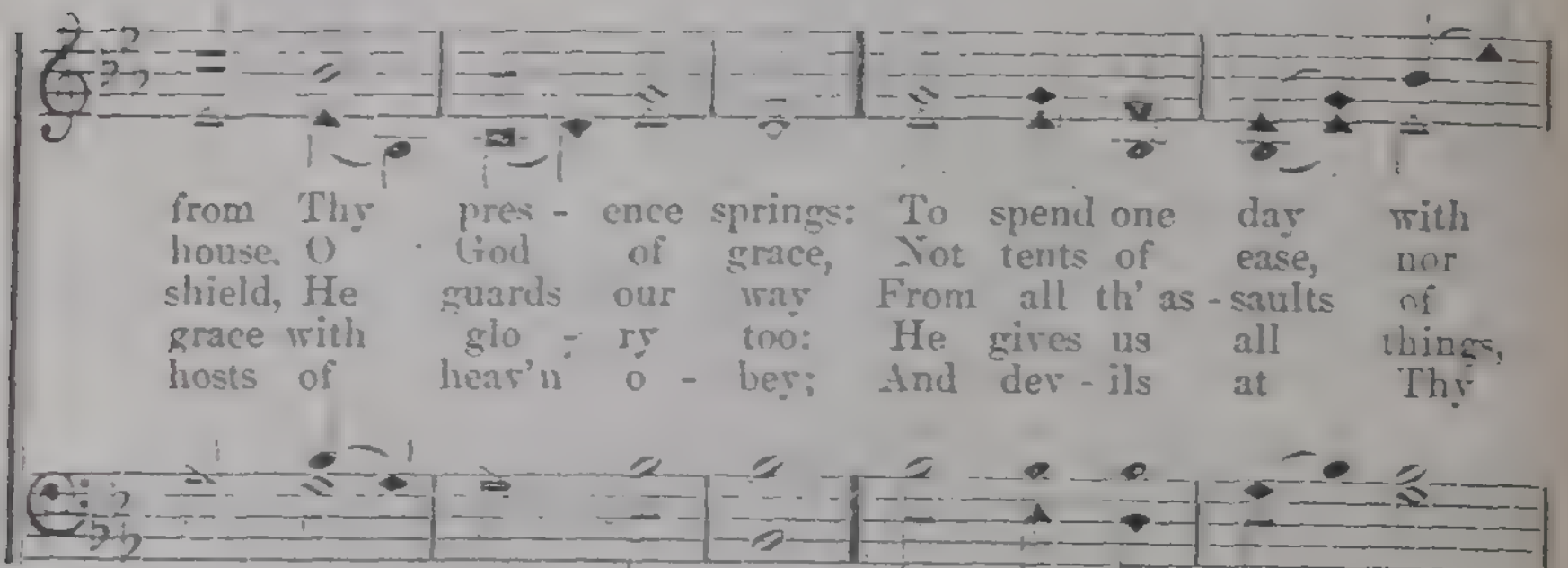


While of this pre cious truth I sing, "Cast down but not de-stroyed."
 And yet I live, this truth to tell, "Cast down but not de-stroyed."
 And this shall be my song at last, "Cast down but not de-stroyed."
 De-stroyed shall be my sin and fear, And I cast down no more.

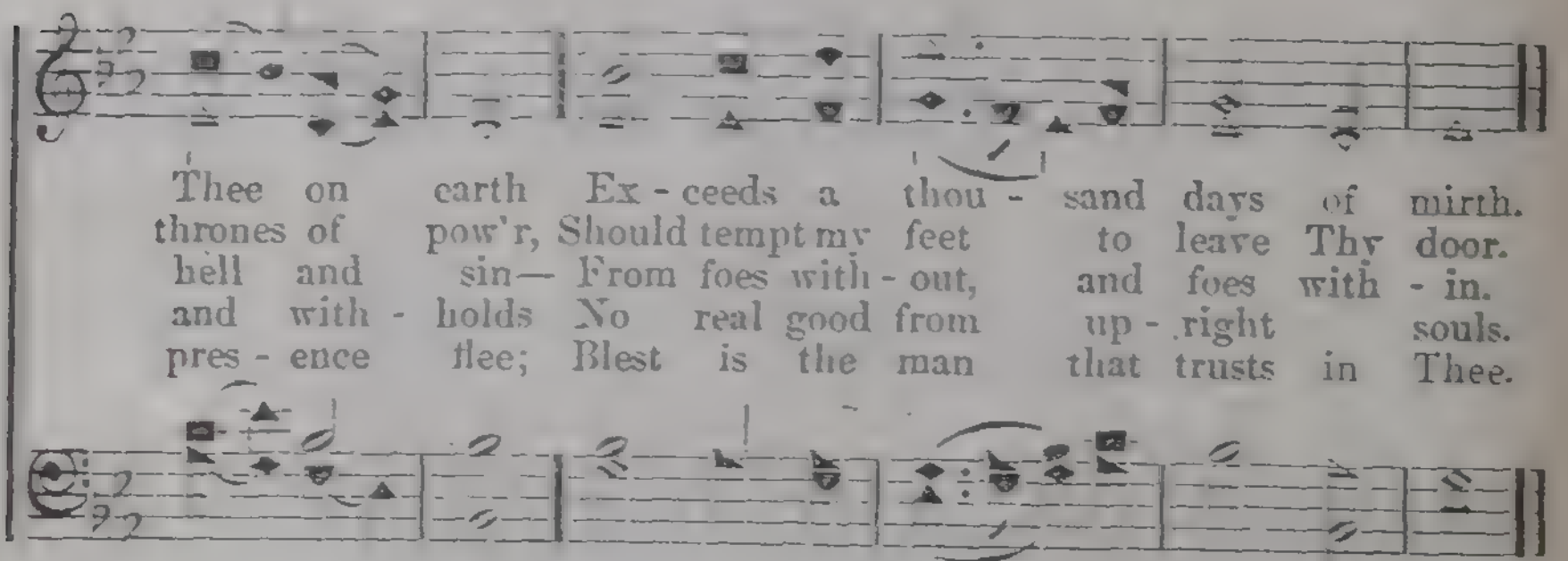




1. Great God, at - tend while Zi - on sings The joy that
 2. Might I en - joy the mean - est place With - in Thy
 3. God is our sun, He makes our day: God is our
 4. All need-ful grace will God be - stow, And crown that
 5. O God our King whose sov - 'reign sway, The glo - rious



from Thy pres - ence springs: To spend one day with
 house. O God of grace, Not tents of ease, nor
 shield, He guards our way From all th' as - saults of
 grace with glo - ry too: He gives us all things,
 hosts of heav'n o - bey; And dev - ils at Thy



Thee on earth Ex - ceeds a thou - sand days of mirth.
 thrones of pow'r, Should tempt my feet to leave Thy door.
 hell and sin— From foes with - out, and foes with - in.
 and with - holds No real good from up - right souls.
 pres - ence flee; Blest is the man that trusts in Thee.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Thou only sovereign of my heart,
 My refuge, my Almighty Friend,
 And can my soul from Thee depart,
 On whom alone my hopes depend?</p> <p>2 Whither, ah! whither shall I go,
 A wretched wanderer from my Lord?
 Can this dark world of sin and woe
 One glimpse of happiness afford?</p> <p>3 Eternal life Thy words impart,
 On these my fainting spirit lives;
 Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart
 Than all the round of nature gives.</p> | <p>4 Let earth's alluring joys combine,
 While Thou art near in vain they call;
 One smile, one blissful smile of Thine,
 My dearest Lord, outweighs them all.</p> <p>5 Thy name my inmost powers adore,
 Thou art my life, my joy, my care;
 Depart from Thee—'tis death—'tis
 more,
 'Tis endless ruin, deep despair!</p> <p>6 Low at Thy feet my soul would lie,
 Here safety dwells, and peace divine:
 Still let me live beneath Thine eye,
 For life, eternal life is Thine.</p> |
|--|--|

1 Beset with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand:
Saviour divine, diffuse Thy light,
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

2 Engage this roving, treacherous heart
To fix on Christ, the better part:
To scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that none can take away.

3 Then let the wildest storms arise,
Let tempests mingle earth and skies;
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear.

4 If Thou, my Jesus, still be nigh,
Cheerful I live and joyful die:
Secure when mortal comforts flee:
To find a thousand worlds in Thee.

Steele.

Hugh Wilson.



1. Dear Ref-uge of my wea - ry soul, On Thee, when sor - rows rise,
2. To Thee I'll tell each ris - ing grief, For Thou al - lone canst heal;
3. But O, when gloom-y doubts pre - vail, I fear to call Thee mine.



On Thee, when waves of trou - ble roll, My faint - ing hope re - lies.
Thy word can bring a sweet re - lief For ev - 'ry pain I feel.
The springs of com - fort seem to fail, And all my hopes de - cline.



4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust,
And still my soul would cleave to Thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.

5 Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy face?
And shall I seek in vain?
And can the ear of sovereign grace
Be deaf when I complain?

6 No, still the ear of sovereign grace
Attends the mourner's prayer;
O, may I ever find access
To breathe my sorrows there!

7 Thy mercy-seat is open still,
Here let my soul retreat,
With humble hope attend Thy will,
And wait beneath Thy feet.

HOLY SPIRIT.

58

Ortonville. C. M.

Watts.

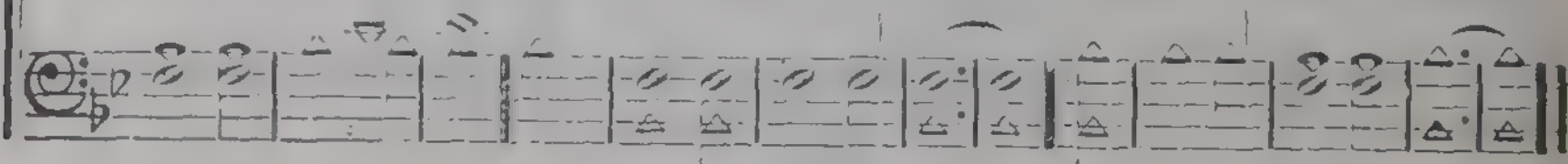
Thomas Hastings.



1. Not all the outward forms on earth, Nor rites that God has giv'n, Nor will of



man, nor blood, nor birth, Can raise a soul to heav'n, Can raise a soul to heav'n.



2 The sov'reign will of God alone
Prepares the heirs of grace,
Born in the image of His Son,
A new, peculiar race.

3 The Spirit, like some heav'nly wind,
Blows on the sons of flesh;
Renews the spirit of the mind,
And forms the man afresh.

4 Our quickened souls awake and rise
From the long sleep of death;
On heav'nly things we fix our eyes,
And praise employs our breath.

59

C. M.

WATTS.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,
With all Thy quick'ning powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love,
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord! and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,
With all Thy quick'ning powers,
Come shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

60

C. M.

KENT.

1 Arise, my thoughts, and trace the spring
From whence salvation came:
Do Thou, celestial Spirit, bring
Thy soul-expanding flame.

2 'Twas settled in Jehovah's grace,
That deep the most profound,
Before He gave the hills their place,
Or fixed creation's bound.

3 Great God! how deep Thy counsels lie!
Supreme in power art Thou;
All things to Thine omniscient eye
Are one eternal now.

4 Thy thoughts of peace to Israel's race
From everlasting flow'd;
And when Thou hid'st Thy lovely face,
Thou still art Israel's God.

5 In ties of blood, and nothing less,
We claim Thee as our own;
And God th' eternal Spirit bless,
Who makes the kindred known.

5 Long as the covenant shall endure,
Made by the Great Three One,
Salvation is forever sure
To every blood-bought son.



1. Come, Ho-ly Spir-it, calm my mind, And fit me to approach my God;
2. Hast Thou im-part-ed to my soul A liv-ing spark of ho-ly fire?
3. A brighter faith and hope im-part, And let me now my Saviour see;



Remove each vain, each earthly thought, And lead me to Thy blest abode.
 O, kin-dle now the sacred flame, And make me burn with pure desire.
 O soothe and cheer my burden'd heart, And bid my spir-it rest in Thee.



62

L. M. Rom. viii, 14.

- 1 Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be Thou our guardian, Thou our guide!
O'er every thought and step preside.
- 2 Conduct us safe, conduct us far
From every sin and hurtful snare:
Lead to Thy word that rules must give
And teach us lessons how to live.
- 3 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose Thy way:
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.
- 4 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 pastures stray.
- 5 Lead us to God, our final rest,
In His enjoyment to be blest;
Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

63

BEDDOME.

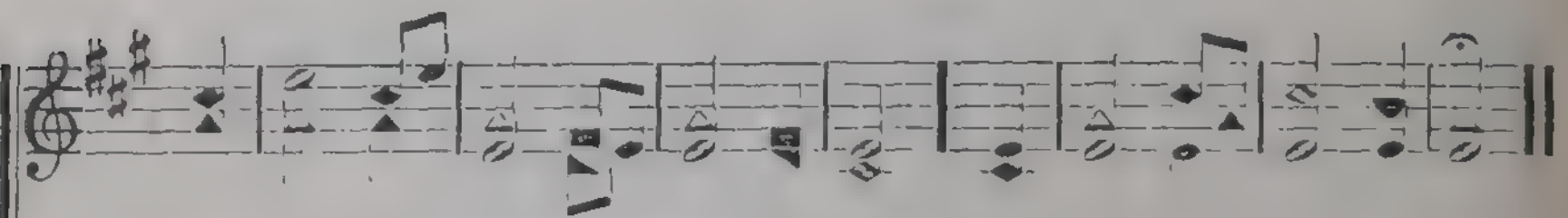
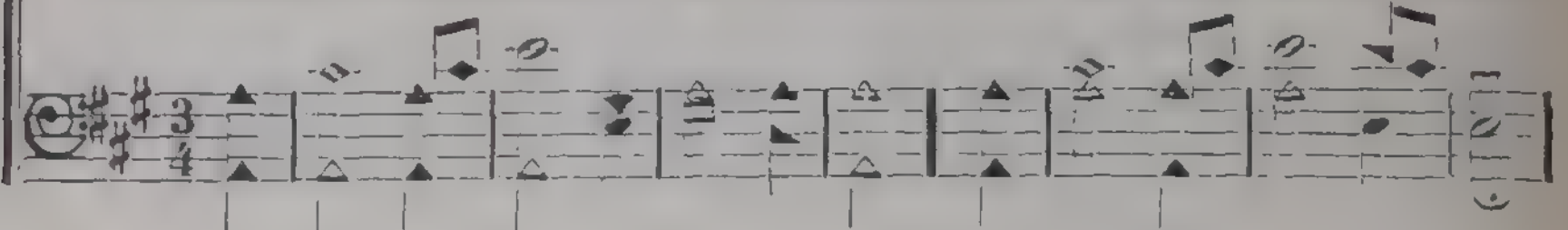
- 1 Come, blessed Spirit! source of light!
Whose power and grace are uncon-
fined,
Dispel the gloomy shades of night,
The thicker darkness of the mind.
- 2 To mine illumined eyes display
The glorious truth Thy words reveal;
Cause me to run the heavenly way,
Make me delight to do Thy will.
- 3 Thine inward teaching make me know,
Thy 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;
O show the dangers of the way,
And guide my feeble steps to God.
- 5 Let Thy kind Spirit in my heart
Forever dwell, O God of love;
And light and heavenly peace impart,
Sweet earnest of the joys above.

Watts.

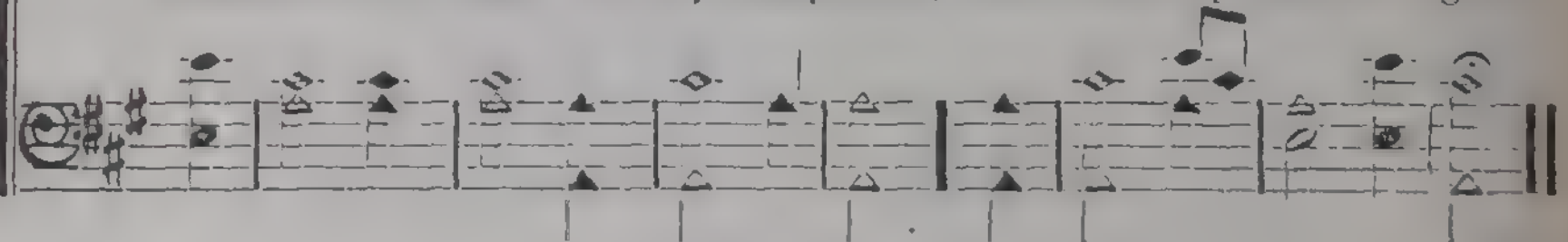
Chapin.



1. Why should the chil-dren of a King Go mourning all their days?
2. Dost Thou not dwell in all Thy saints, And seal them heirs of heav'n?



- Great Com-fort - er, de - scend and bring Some tok - ens of Thy grace.
When wilt Thou ban - ish my complaints, And show my sins for - giv'n?



- 3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear Thy witness with my heart
That I am born of God.
- 4 Thou art the earnest of His love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And Thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

65 C. M. 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, eternal Spirit, Thine,
To form the heart anew.
- 3 'Tis Thine the passions to recall,
And upwards bid them rise,
And make the scales of error fall
From reason's darkened eyes.
- 4 To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live;

A beam of heaven, a vital ray,
'Tis Thine alone to give.

- 5 O change these wretched hearts of ours
And give them life divine;
Then shall our passions and our pow'rs,
Almighty Lord, be Thine.

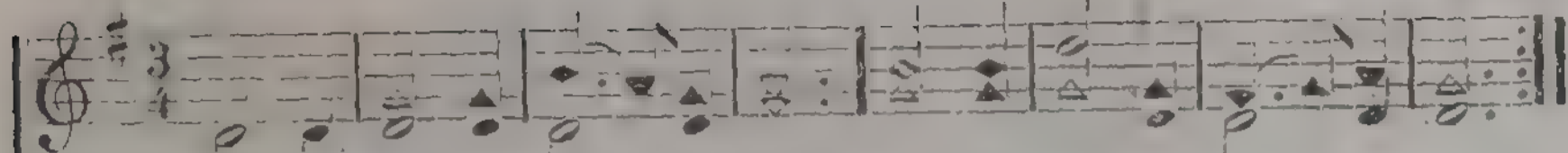
66 C. M. BEDDOME

- 1 The blessed Spirit, like the wind,
Blows when and where He please;
How happy are the men who feel
The soul enlivening breeze.
- 2 He moulds the carnal mind afresh,
Subdues the power of sin,
Transforms the heart of stone to flesh
And plants His grace within.
- 3 He sheds abroad the Father's love,
Applies redeeming blood,
Bids both our guilt and fear remove,
And brings us home to God.
- 4 Lord, fill each dead, benighted soul
With light, and life, and joy;
None can Thy mighty power control
Or shall Thy work destroy.

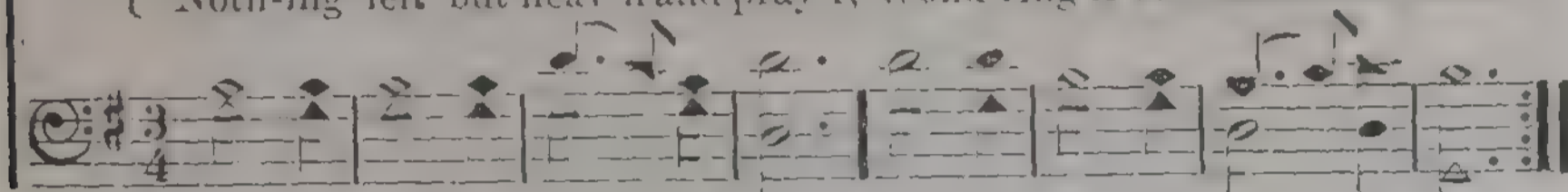
M. M. Wells.

Marcus Morris Wells.

FINE.



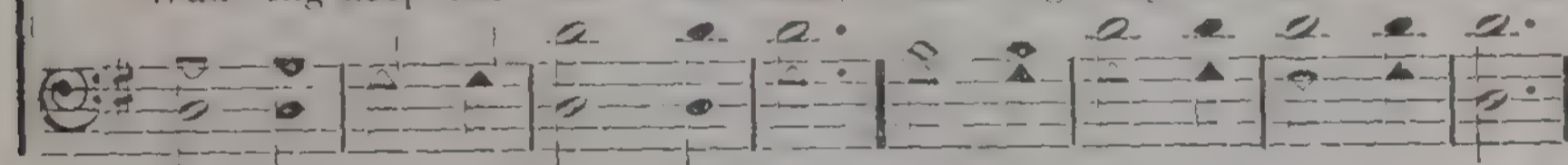
1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful guide, Ev - er near the chris - tian's side, }
Gen - tly lead us by the hand, Pil - grims in a des - ert land. }
2. Ev - er pres - ent, tru - est friend, Ev - er near, Thine aid to lend, }
Leave us not to doubt and fear, Gro - ping on in dark - ness drear. }
3. When our days of toil shall cease, Wait - ing still for sweet re - lease. }
Noth - ing left but heav'n and pray'r, Wond'ring if our names were there. }



D.C.—Whis - per soft - ly, wan - d' rer, come! Fol - low Me, I'll guide thee home.

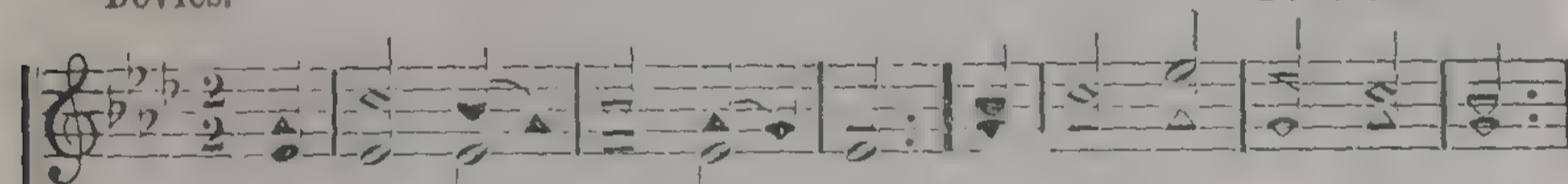


Wea - ry souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweetest voice,
When the storms are rag - ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er
Wad - ing deep the dis - mal flood, Plead - ing nought but Je - sus' blood,

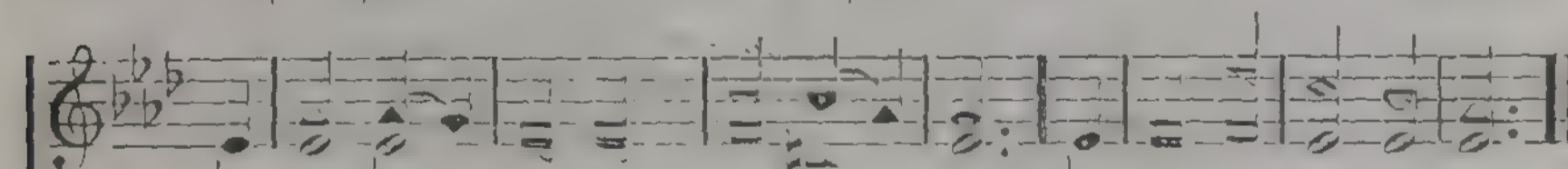


Devies.

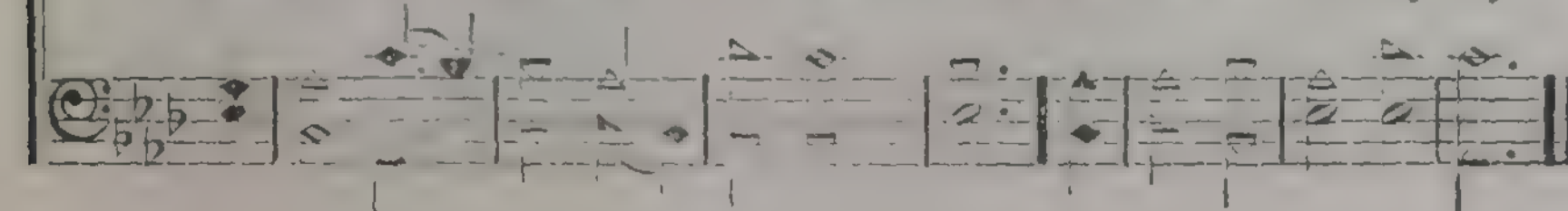
R. Harrison.



1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come, With en - er - gy di - vine,
2. From the ce - les - tial hills, Life, light and joy dis - pense,
3. Melt, melt this froz - en heart, This stub - born will sub - due,
4. Mine will the prof - it be, But Thine shall be the praise,



And on this poor be - night - ed soul With beams of mer - cy shine.
And may I dai - ly, hour - ly feel Thy quick'ning influence.
Each e - vil pas - sion o - ver - come, My in - ward pow'rs renew.
And un - to Thee I will de - vote The remnant of my days.

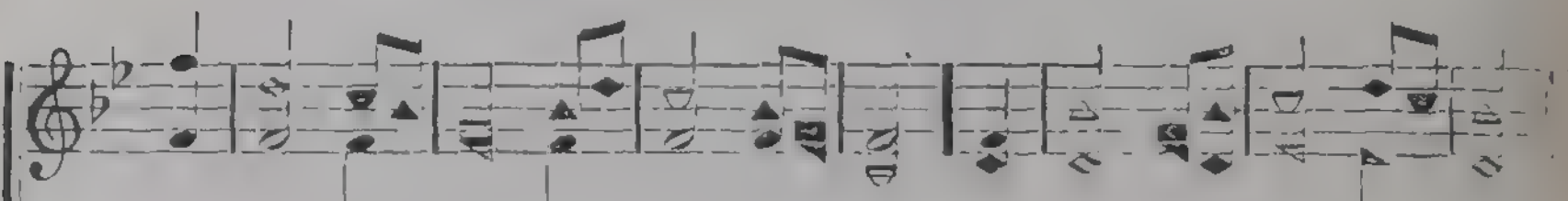
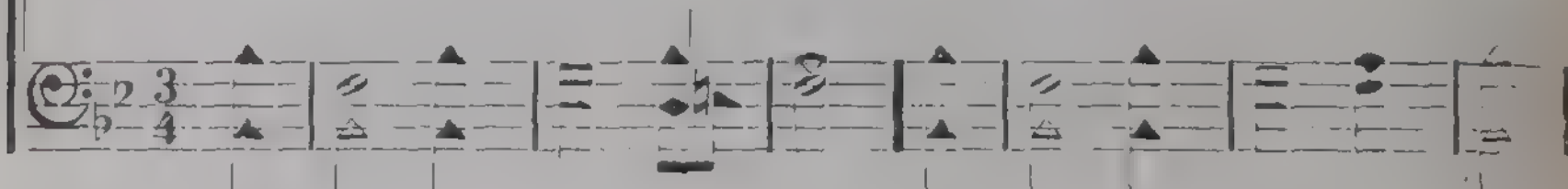


Hart.

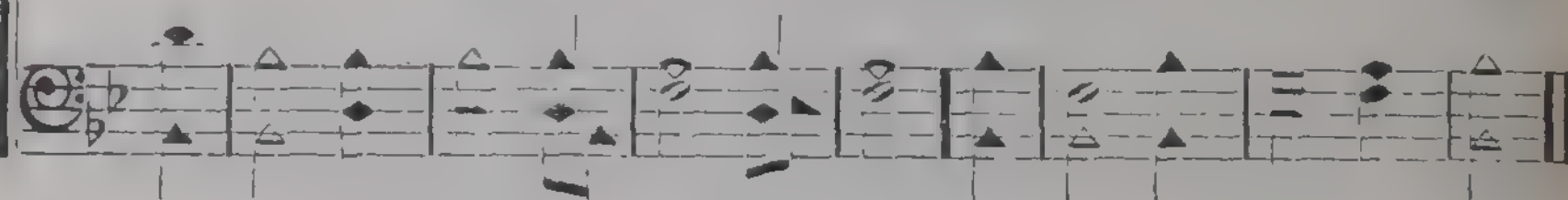
Ingalls.



1. Come, gra - cious Spir - it, now, Let Thy bright beams a - rise;
2. Con - vince us of our sin, Then lead to Je - sus' blood,
3. Re - vive our droop - ing faith, Our doubts and fears re - move,
4. 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart, To sanc - ti - fy the soul,



- Dis - pel the sor - row from our mind The dark - ness from our eyes.
 And to our wand'ring eyes re - veal The se - cret love of God
 And kin - dle in our hearts the flame Of nev - er - dy - ing love.
 To pour fresh life in ev - 'ry part And new cre - ate the whole.



70

S. M.

- 1 Blest Comforter divine,
Let rays of heavenly love
Amid our gloom and darkness shine,
And guide our souls above.
- 2 Turn us, with gentle voice,
From every sinful way,
And bid the mourning saints 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
The blessings of Thy grace.

71

S. M.

- 1 Prepare me, gracious God,
To stand before Thy face;
Thy Spirit must the work perform,
For it is all of grace.
- 2 In Christ's obedience clothe,
And wash me in His blood;
So I shall lift my head with joy,
Among the sons of God.
- 3 Do Thou my sins subdue,
Thy sovereign love make known;
The spirit of my mind renew,
And save me in Thy Son.
- 4 Let me attest Thy power,
Let me Thy goodness prove,
Till my full soul can hold no more
Of everlasting love.

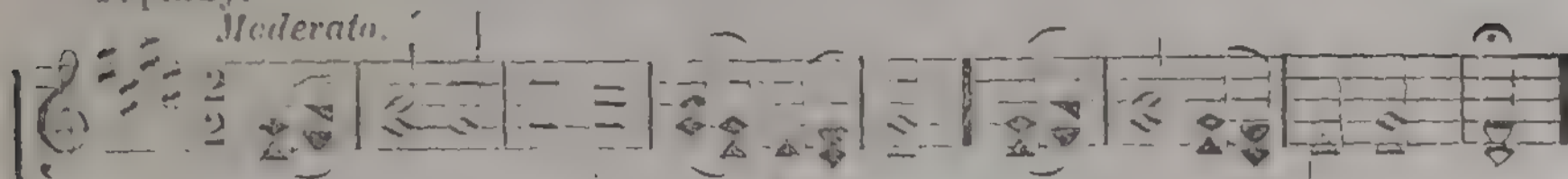
CHRIST.

72

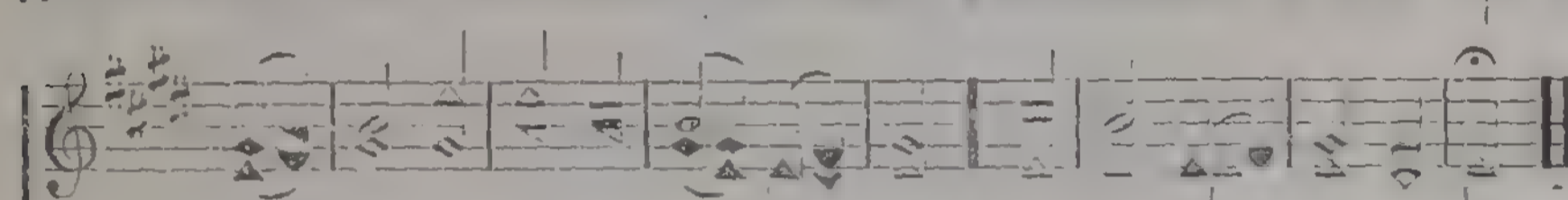
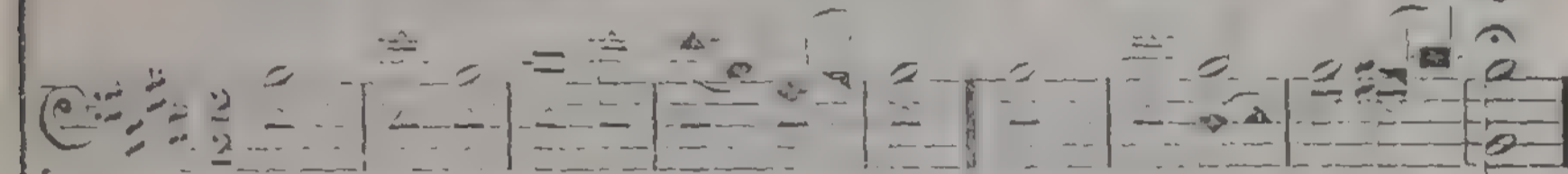
Sabbath Evening. C. M.

Top lady.

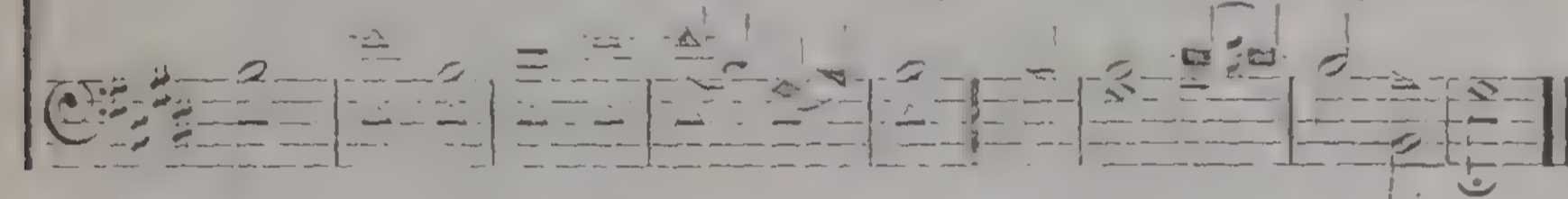
Moderato.



- | | |
|--|--------------------------------|
| 1. Compared with Christ, in all be - side | No com - li - ness I see! |
| 2. The sense of Thy re - deem - ing love | In - to my soul con - vey; |
| 3. Less than Thyself will not suf - fice | My com - fort to re - store; |
| 4. Loved of my God, for Him a - gain, | With love in - tense I'd burn: |
| 5. What - e'er consists not with Thy love. | O teach me to re - sign; |



The one thing needful, dear - est Lord,	Is to be one with Thee.
Thy - self be - stow, for Thee a - lone,	My All in all, I pray.
More than Thyself I can - not crave;	And Thou can'st give no more.
Cho - sen of Thee, ere time be - gan,	I'd choose Thee in re - turn.
I'm rich to all in - tents of bliss,	If Thou, O God, art mine.



73

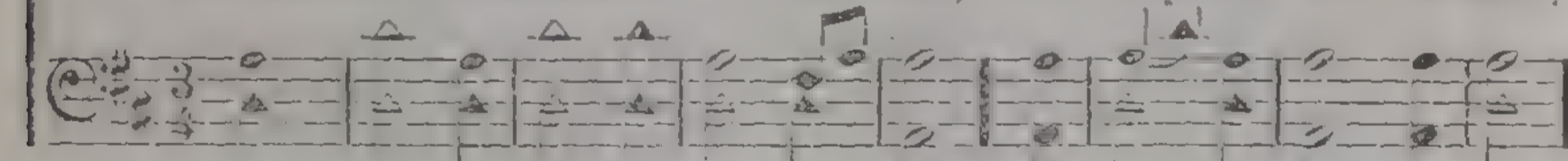
Siloam. C. M.

I. B. Woodbury.

With gentleness.



- | | |
|--|---------------------------------|
| 1. By faith my Christ I now be - hold | On von - der gloom - y tree. |
| 2. O see the bleed - ing Prince of Life | On Calv'ry's mount ex - pire; |
| 3. Stretch'd on the cross thy Sav - iour hung, | Sus - tained thy heav - y load. |
| 4. Now in this con - se - cra - ted road, | Oh! may we ev - er move. |



He bleeds to put my sins a - way—	He died, my soul, for thee.
Muse on the won - drous scene of love,	And reign - ing grace admire.
Wash'd all thy dreadful crimes a - way	In streams of rich - est blood.
Till heav'nly an - thems fill our souls	In the pure realms a - bove.



Adapted by R. Simpson.

Spanish Melody.

1. Hark, the glad sound, the Sav- iour comes, The Saviour prom- ised long;
2. On Him the Spir- it, large- ly pour'd, Ex- erts His sa- cred fire;

Let ev - 'ry heart pre- pare a throne, And ev - 'ry voice a song.
Wis- dom and might, and zeal and love, His ho - ly breast in- spire.

3 He comes the prisoner to release
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

4 He comes from thickest films of vice,
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyes oppressed with night,
To pour celestial day.

5 He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of His grace,
To enrich the humble poor.

6 Our glad hosannas Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy beloved name.

75

C. M.

STEELE.

1 The Saviour! O, what endless charms,
Dwell in that blissful sound!
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads delight around.

2 Here pardon, life, and joy divine
In rich profusion flow,
For guilty rebels, lost in sin,
And doomed to endless woe.

3 The mighty Former of the skies
Descends to our abode,
While angels view with wondering
eyes,
And hail th' incarnate God.

4 How rich the depths of love divine,
Of bliss, a boundless store;
Dear Saviour, let me call Thee mine;
I cannot wish for more.

5 On Thee alone my hope relies;
Beneath Thy cross I fall;
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
My Saviour and my all.

76

C. M.

STENNETT.

1 Yonder—amazing sight!--I see
The incarnate Son of God
Expiring on the fatal tree,
And weltering in His blood.

2 Behold a purple torrent run
Down from His hands and head;
The crimson tide puts out the sun,
His groans awake the dead.

3 The trembling earth, the darkened sky,
Proclaim the truth aloud,
And with the amazed centurion cry,
"This is the Son of God."

4 So great, so vast a sacrifice,
May well my hope revive;
If God's own Son thus bleeds and dies,
The sinner sure may live.

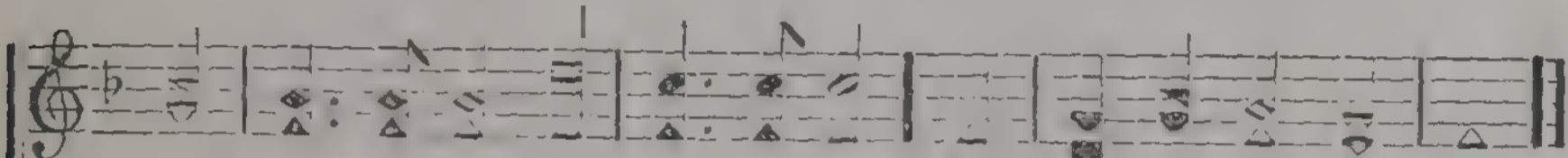
5 O, that these cords of love divine
Might draw me, Lord, to Thee;
Thou hast my heart, it shall be
Thine—
Thine it shall ever be!

Dobell's Selec.

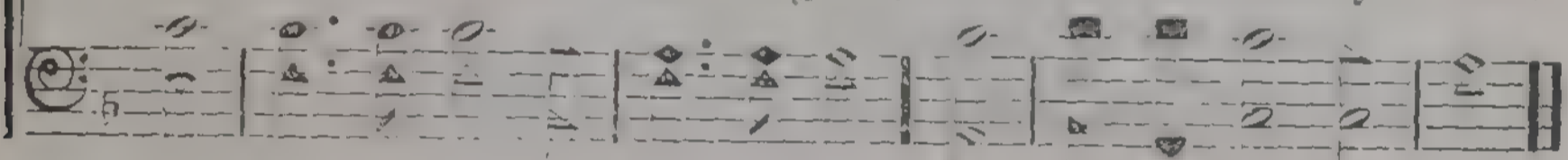
Arr. from Thomas A. Arne.



1. Christ is the way to heav'nly bliss, And Christ the on - ly door;
2. 'Tis thro' this door, and this a - lone. That thou art led to God;
3. Je - sus will guide thee on to heav'n And give thee en - trance in;



My soul, pur-sue no way but this, For this a - lone is sure.
Then rest on what Thy Lord has done, And plead His precious blood.
And God will own Thy sins for-giv'n, How - ev - er vile they've been.



78

C. M.

STEELE.

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

79

C. M.

STEELE.

- 1 Come, ye that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known,
The sovereign of your heart proclaim,
And bow before the throne.
- 2 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.

- 3 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.

- 4 Oh, happy period! glorious day!
When heaven and earth shall raise,
With all their powers, the raptured lay,
To celebrate Thy praise.

80

C. M.

WATTS.

- 1 I sing my Saviour's wondrous death;
He conquer'd when He fell;
" 'Tis finished," said His dying breath,
And shook the gates of hell.
- 2 " 'Tis finished," our Immanuel cries,
Thy dreadful work is done;
Hence shall His sovereign throne arise,
His kingdom is begun.
- 3 His cross a sure foundation laid
For glory and renown,
When through the regions of the dead
He press'd to reach the crown.
- 4 Exalted at His Father's side
Sits our victorious Lord;
To heaven or hell His hands divide
The vengeance or reward.

Watts.

1 When I survey the wondrous cross, On which the Prince of glory died,
2 Thy death my Lord, that I should boast, Save in the cross of Christ, my guilt,
3 From His head, His hands, His feet, Scarce and love flow mingled down!

4 His dying crimson, like a rain,
5 My sinners' guilt, I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
6 All that you things that charm me most, I see-ri-tee them to His blood,
7 And for sinners and sinners meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown!

4 His dying crimson, like a rain,
5 Spreads o'er His body on the tree:
6 Then am I dead to all the world,
7 And all the globe is dead to me.

5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
6 That were a present far too small;
7 Love so amazing, so divine,
8 Demands my soul, my life, my all.

5 O, that I thus could always feel!
6 Lord, more and more Thy love reveal!
7 Then my glad tongue shall loud pro-
8 claim,
9 The grace and glory of Thy name.

6 Thy name, Lord, is my guilt and fears,
7 Revives my heart, and charms my ear,
8 Affords a balm for every wound,
9 And Satan trembles at the sound.

82

L. M.

- 1 When on the cross my Lord I see,
2 Bleeding and dying for my sake,
3 Satan and sinners both depart,
4 For I am all dissolved in love.
- 2 His thorns and nails pierce through my
3 heart,
4 In every cross I bear a part,
5 I view His wounds with streaming eyes,
6 But see, He bows His head and dies!
- 3 O cannot I view the Lamb of God,
4 Wounded and dead, and bathed in
5 blood,
6 Behold His side, and venture near,
7 The well of endless life is here.
- 4 Here I forget my pains and pains,
5 I drink, yet still my thirst remains:
6 Only the fountain-head above,
7 Can satisfy the thirst of love.

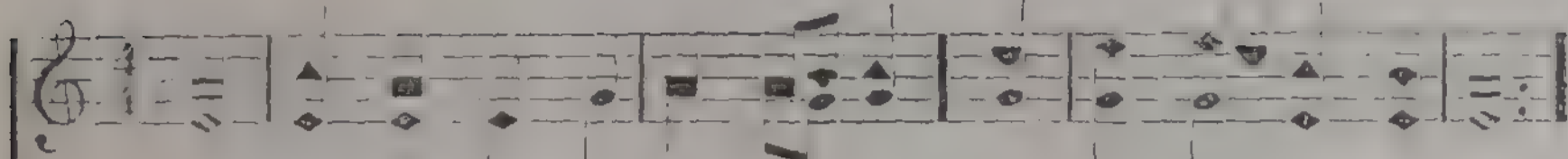
83

L. M.

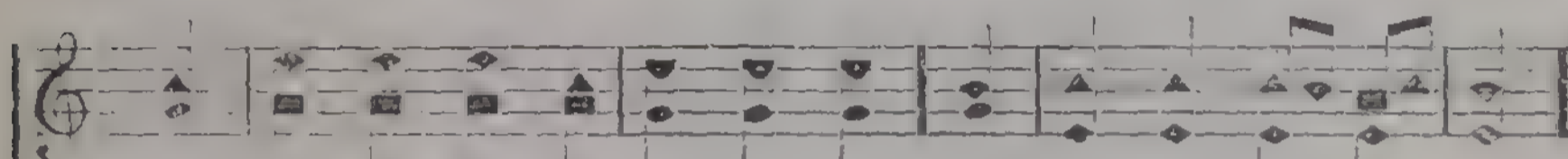
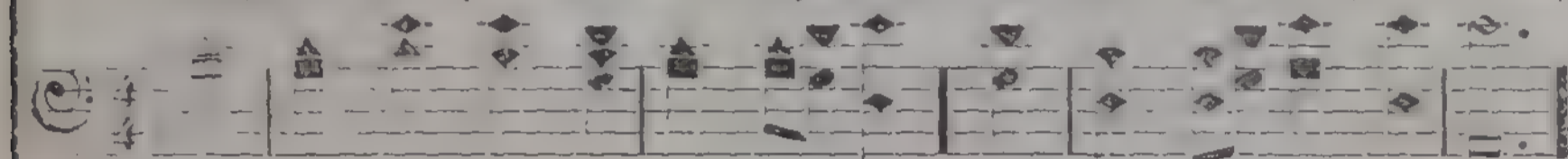
- 1 'Tis midnight! and on Olive's brow,
2 The star is dimmed that lofty shone:
3 'Tis midnight! in the garden now,
4 The suffering Saviour prays alone.
- 2 'Tis midnight! and from all removed,
3 Emmanuel wrestles lone with fears:
4 On the disciple that He loved,
5 Heeds not his Master's grief and
6 tears.
- 3 'Tis midnight! and for other's guilt,
4 The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood:
5 Yet He that bath in anguish knelt,
6 Is not forsaken by His God.
- 4 'Tis midnight! from the heavenly
5 plains,
6 Is borne the song that angels know,
7 Unheard by mortals on the strand,
8 That sweetly soothe the Saviour's
9 woe.

Doddridge.

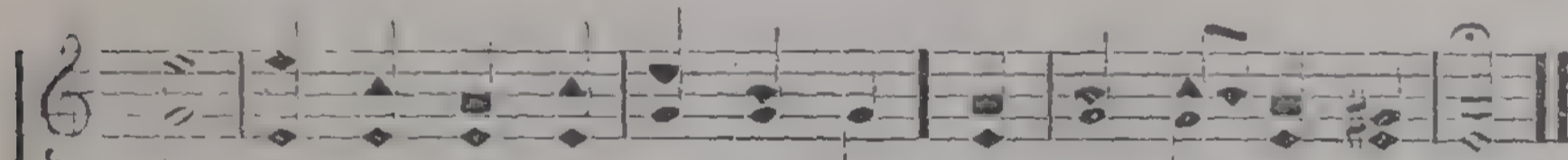
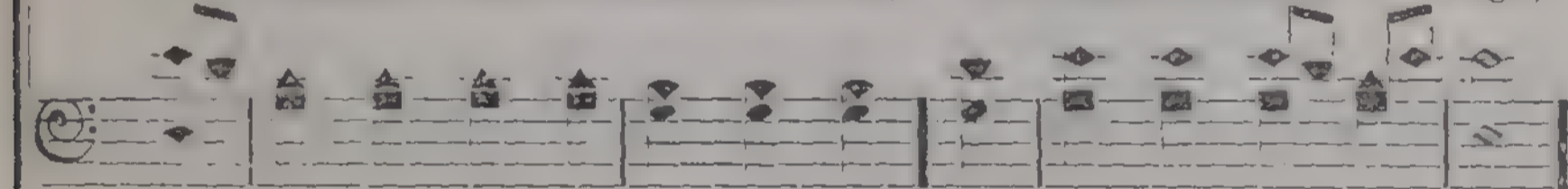
Hitchcock.



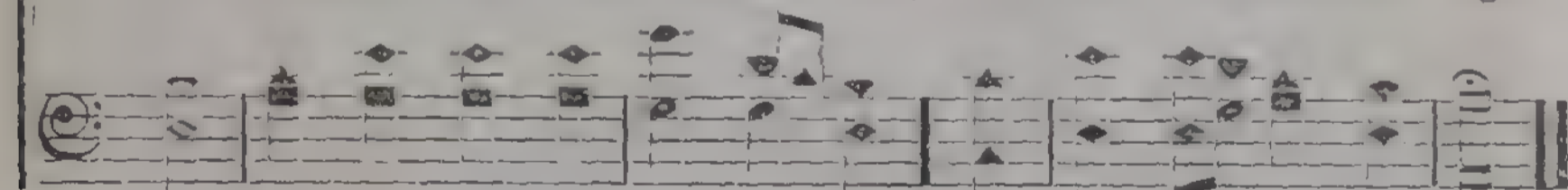
1. Sav - iour of men, and Lord of love, How sweet Thy gra - cious name!
2. While all Thy own an - gel - ic bands Stood wait - ing on the wing,
3. For us, mean, wretched, sin - ful men, Thou laid'st that glo - ry by;
4. Bought with Thy serv - ice and Thy blood, We doub - ly, Lord, are Thine;



- With joy that er - rand we re - view, On which Thy mer - cy came,
 Charmed with the hon - or to o - bey, Their great e - ter - nal King,
 First, in our mor - tal flesh to serve, Then in that flesh to die,
 To Thee our lives we would de - vote, To Thee our death re - sign,



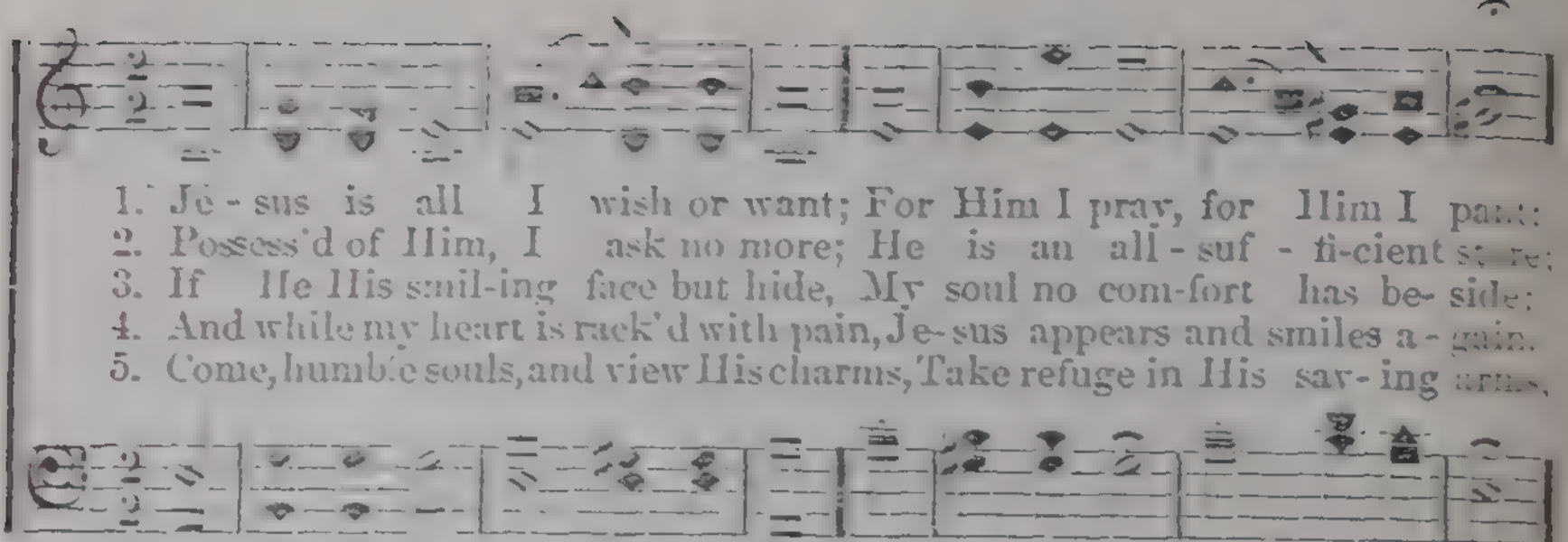
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 First, in our mor - tal flesh to serve, Then in that flesh to die.
 To Thee our lives we would de - vote, To Thee our death re - sign.



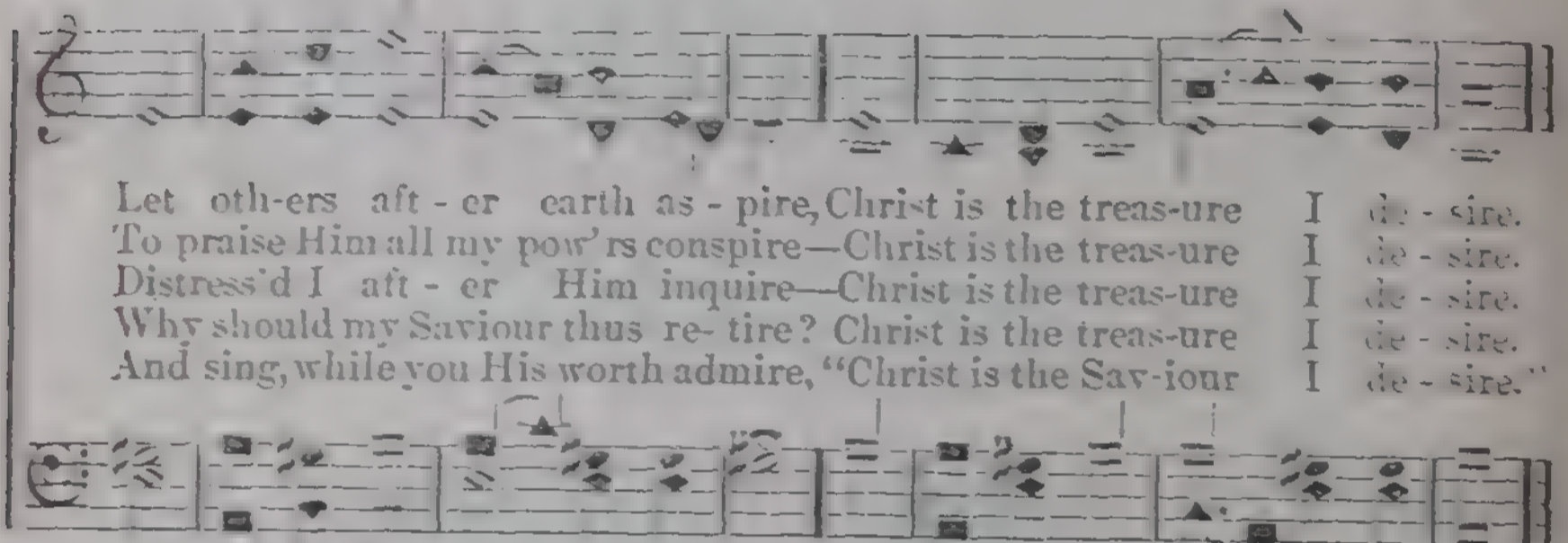
C. M.

WATTS.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Let worldly minds the world pursue,
 It has no charms for me;
 Once I admired its trifles too,
 But grace has set me free.</p> <p>2 Its pleasures now no longer please,
 No more content afford;
 Far from my heart be joys like these;
 Since I have known the Lord.</p> <p>3 As by the light of op'ning day
 The stars are all concealed,
 So earthly pleasures fade away
 When Jesus is revealed.</p> | <p>4 Creatures no more divide my choice,
 I bid them all depart;
 His name, and love, and gracious voice,
 Have fixed my roving heart.</p> <p>5 Now, Lord, I would be Thine alone,
 And wholly live to Thee;
 But may I hope that Thou wilt own
 A worthless worm like me?</p> <p>6 Yes! though of sinners I'm the worst,
 I can not doubt Thy will;
 For if Thou hadst not loved me first,
 I had refused Thee still.</p> |
|---|--|



1. Je - sus is all I wish or want; For Him I pray, for Him I pant:
 2. Possess'd of Him, I ask no more; He is an all - suf - ficient store;
 3. If He His smil - ing face but hide, My soul no com - fort has be - side;
 4. And while my heart is rack'd with pain, Je - sus appears and smiles a - gain.
 5. Come, humble souls, and view His charms, Take refuge in His sav - ing arms.



Let oth - ers aft - er earth as - pire, Christ is the treas - ure I de - sire.
 To praise Him all my pow'rs conspire—Christ is the treas - ure I de - sire.
 Distress'd I aft - er Him inquire—Christ is the treas - ure I de - sire.
 Why should my Saviour thus re - tire? Christ is the treas - ure I de - sire.
 And sing, while you His worth admire, "Christ is the Sav - iour I de - sire."

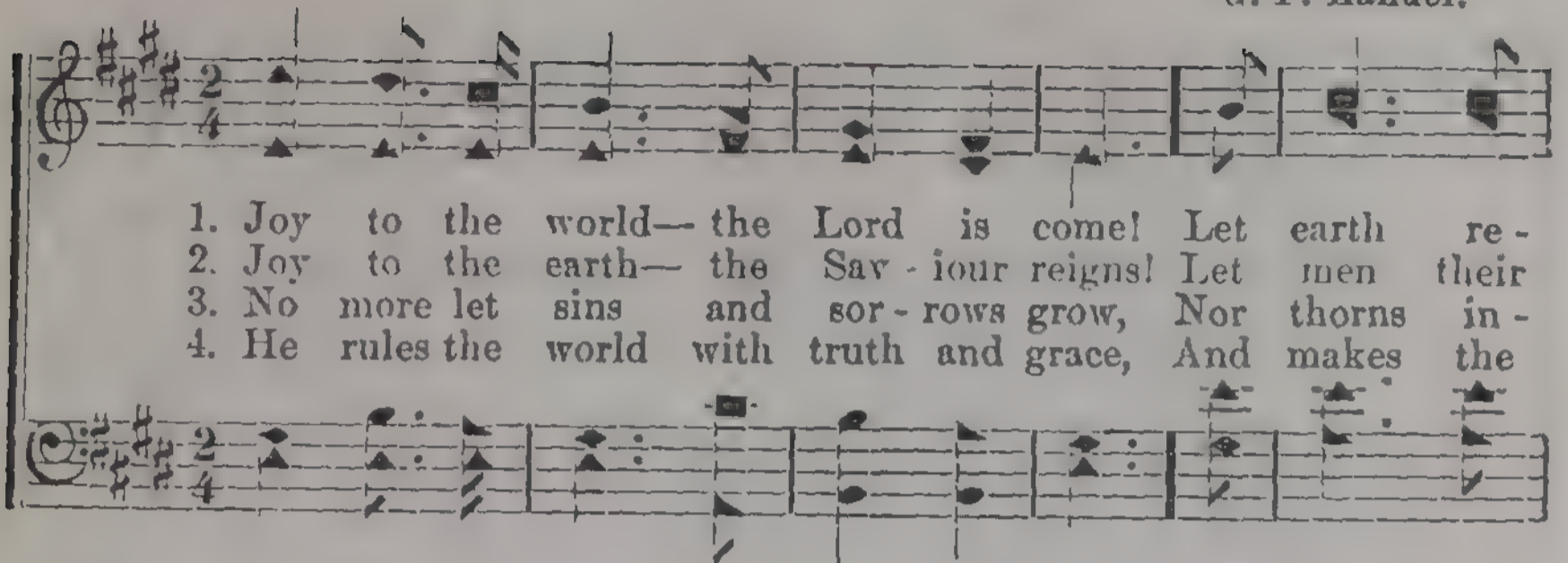
- 1 Jesus and shall it ever be,
 A mortal man ashamed of Thee!
 Ashamed of Thee, when angels praise,
 Whose glory shines through endless
 days.
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus, sooner far
 Let evening blush to own a star.
 He sheds the beams of light divine
 O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus, just as soon
 Let midnight be ashamed of noon!
 'Tis midnight with my soul till He,
 Bright Morning Star, bid 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 fear to quell, no soul to save.
- 6 Till then, nor is my boasting vain:
 Till then I boast a Saviour's name,
 And oh! may this my glory be,
 That Christ is not ashamed of thee.

- 7 His institutions would I prize,
 Take up my cross, the shame despise,
 Dare to defend His noble cause,
 And yield obedience to His laws.

- 1 He lives, the great Redeemer lives.
 What joy the blest assurance gives:
 And now before His Father, God,
 Pleads the full merits of His blood.
- 2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
 And justice, armed with frowns,
 appears;
 But in the Saviour's lovely face,
 Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.
- 3 Hence, then, ye black, despairing
 thoughts,
 Above our fears, above our faults,
 His powerful intercessions rise,
 And guilt recoils, and terror dies.
- 4 In every dark, distressful hour,
 When sin and Satan join their power,
 Let this dear hope repel the dart,
 That Jesus bears us on His heart.
- 5 Great Advocate, Almighty Friend,
 On Him our humble hopes depend;
 Our cause can never, never fail,
 For Jesus pleads, and must prevail!

Antioch. C. M.

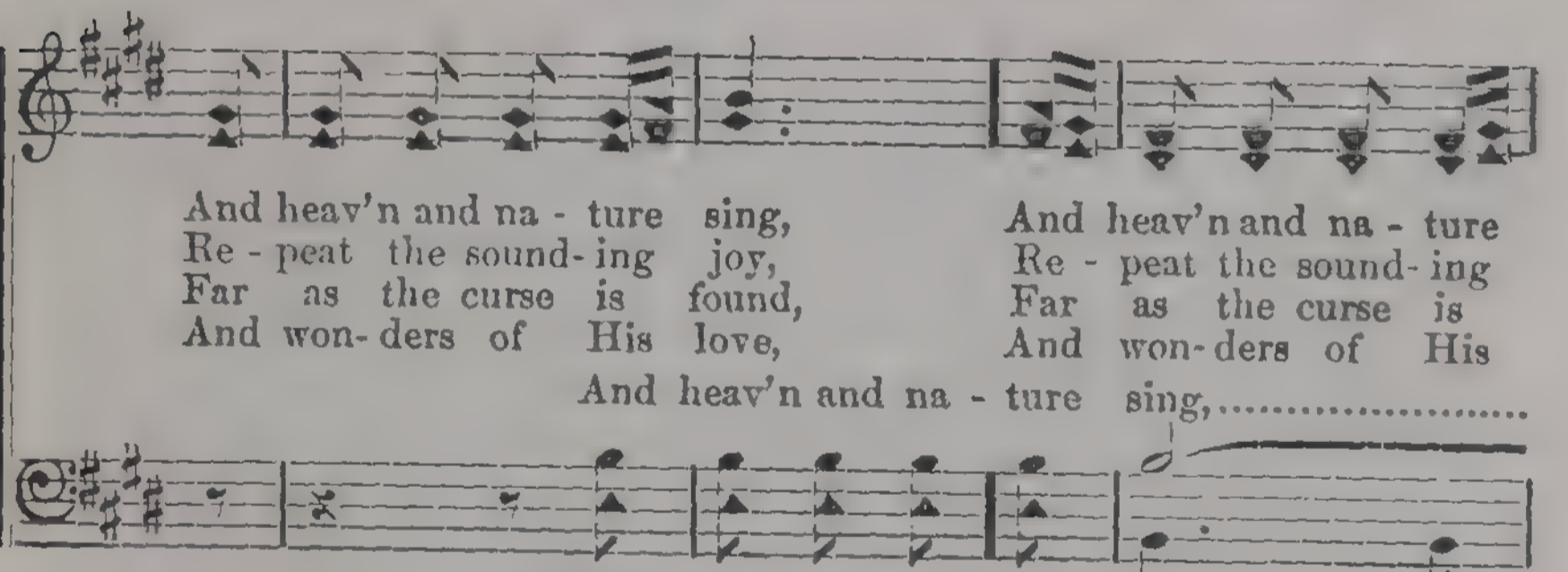
G. F. Handel.



1. Joy to the world—the Lord is come! Let earth re-
 2. Joy to the earth—the Sav-our reigns! Let men their
 3. No more let sins and sor-rows grow, Nor thorns in-
 4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the

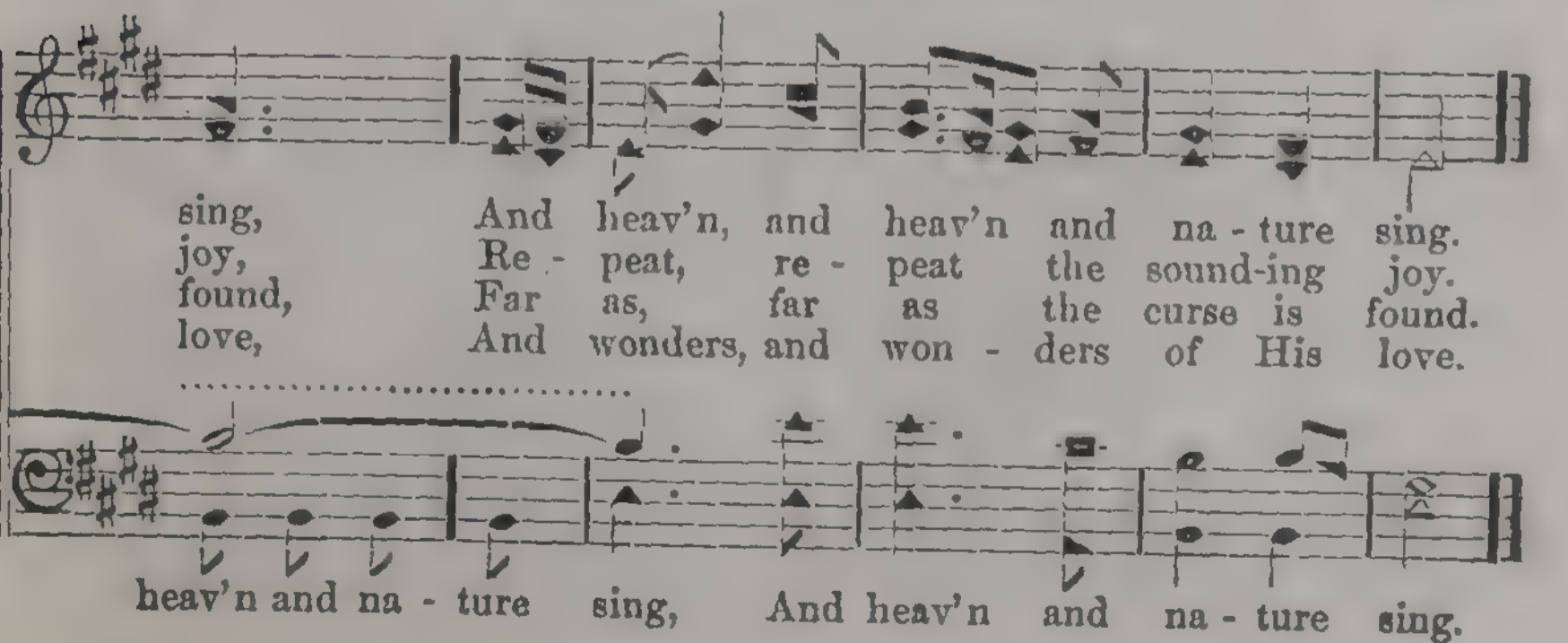


ceive her King; Let ev-'ry heart pre-pare Him room,
 songs em-ploy; While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,
 fest the ground: He comes to make His bless-ings flow,
 na-tions prove The glo-ries of His right-eous-ness,



And heav'n and na-ture sing, And heav'n and na-ture
 Re-peat the sound-ing joy, Re-peat the sound-ing
 Far as the curse is found, Far as the curse is
 And won-ders of His love, And won-ders of His
 And heav'n and na-ture sing,.....

And heav'n and na-ture sing, And



sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na-ture sing.
 joy, Re-peat, re-peat the sound-ing joy.
 found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
 love, And wonders, and won-ders of His love.

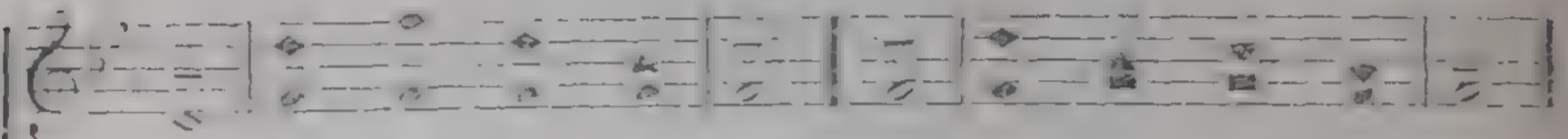
heav'n and na-ture sing, And heav'n and na-ture sing.

Altered by Toplady.

Lenox. H. M.



1. A - rise, my soul a - rise, Shake off Thy guilt - y fears.
 2. Five bleed - ing wounds He bears, - Re - ceived on Cal - va - ry.
 3. The Fa - ther hears Him pray, His dear a - noint - ed One.
 4. Now I am rec - on - ciled, His pard - ning voice I hear.



The bleed - ing sac - ri - fice In my be - half ap - peals,
 They pour ef - fect - ual pray'rs, They strong - ly plead for me.
 He can - not turn a - way The pres - ence of His Son.
 He owns me for a child, I can no lon - ger fear.



Be - fore the throne my sure - ty stands, Be - fore the throne my
 For - give Him, O, for - give, they cry, For - give Him, O, for -
 His Spir - it an - swers to the blood His Spir - it an - swers
 With con - fi - dence I now draw nigh, With con - fi - dence I



sure - ty stands, My name is writ - ten on His hands
 give, they cry, Nor let the ran - somed sin - ner die
 to the blood And tells me I am born of God.
 now draw nigh, And Fa - ther, Ab - ba Fa - ther, cry.



Newton.

1. One there is a - bove all oth - ers, Well deserves the name of Friend:
 2. Which of all our friends, to save us, Could, or would, have shed his blood?
 3. When He lived on earth a - bas - ed, Friend of sin - ners was His name;
 4. O for grace our hearts to soft - en! Teach us, Lord, at length to love,

His is love be - yond a broth - er's, Cost - ly, free, and knows no end!
 But our Je - sus died to have us Rec - on - ciled, in Him, to God.
 Now, a - bove all glo - ry rais - ed, He re - joic - es in the same.
 We, a - las, for - get too oft - en What a Friend we have a - bove.

John Newton.

S. B. Marsh.

FINE.

1. Ma - ry to the Saviour's tomb Hast - ed at the ear - ly dawn; }
 } Spice she bro't, and sweet perfume; But the Lord she loved had gone. }
D.S.—Trembling, while a crystal flood Is - sued from her weep - ing eyes.

For a - while she ling - 'ring stood, Filled with sorrow and sur - prise;

2 Jesus who is always near,
 Though too often unperceived,
 Came, her drooping heart to cheer,
 Kindly asking why she grieved.
 Though at first she knew Him not.
 When He called her by her name,
 She her heavy griefs forgot;
 For she found Him still the same.

3 And her sorrows quickly fled.
 When she heard His welcome voice—
 Christ has risen from the dead;
 Now He bids her heart rejoice.
 What a change His word can make—
 Turning darkness into day!
 You who weep for Jesus' sake,
 He will wipe your tears away.

Frederick Whitfield.

Lowell Mason.

1. There is a name I love to hear, I love to speak its worth;
 2. It tells me of a Sav-iour's love, Who died to set me free;
 3. Je - sus! the name I love so well, The name I love to hear;
 4. This name shall shed its fragrance still A - long this thorny road;

It sounds like mu - sic in mine ear— The sweet-est name on earth.
 It tells me of His pre-cious blood. The sin - ner's per - feet plea.
 No saint on earth its worth can tell. No heart can-ceive how dear.
 Shall sweetly smel the rag-ged hill That leads me up to God.

Philip Doddridge.

Arr. from Mendelssohn.

1. Je - sus, I love Thy charming name; 'Tis mu - sic to my ear:
 2. Yes, Thou art pre-cious to my soul, My trans-port and my trust:
 3. All that my ar - dent soul can wish. In Thee doth rich - ly meet;
 4. Thy grace shall dwell up - on my heart, And shed its fragrance there—

Fain would I send it out all land, That all the earth might hear.
 Jewels as these are such - as these, And gold is ser - vil dust.
 Not for my eyes is light so dear, Nor friendship half so sweet.
 The most precious of all its words, The cor - dial of its care.

THE GOSPEL.

95

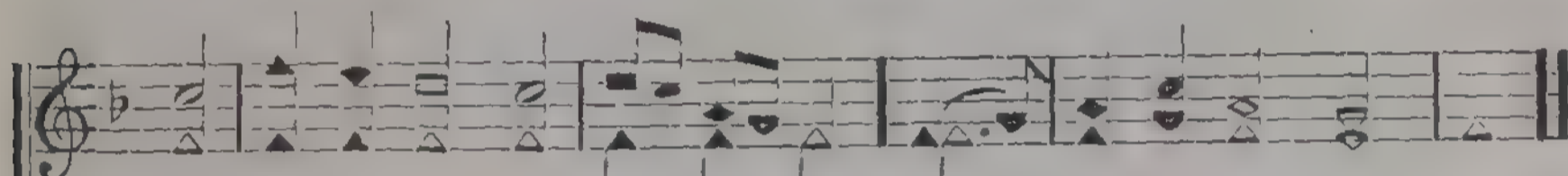
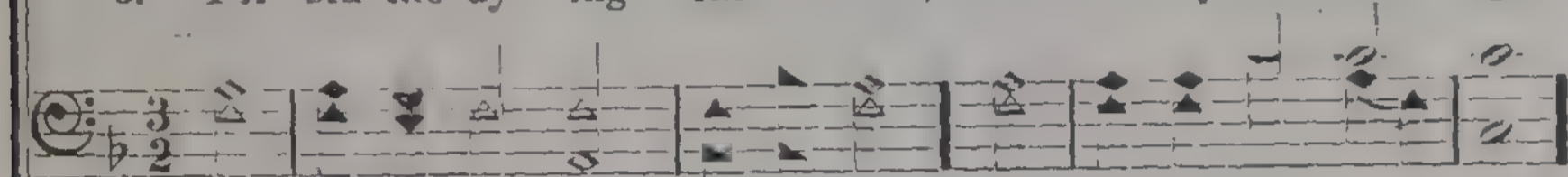
Dunlap. C. M.

Kent.

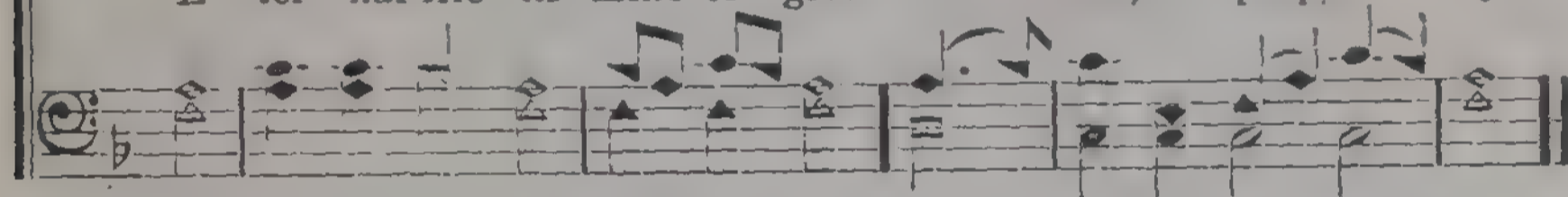
Sam'l McFarland,



1. While in the vale of vis-ion dead, The house of Is - rael lie,
2. "Go thou, nor reas-'ning scrup-les make, Be-cause the bones are dry;
3. "I'll bid the dy - ing sin - ner live, To lift my name on high;



- Je - ho-vah to the prophet said—"Go thou, and proph-e - sy.
 My voice shall bid the dead a - wake; Go thou, and proph-e - sy.
 E - ter - nal life 'tis mine to give— Go thou, and proph-e - sy.



4 "Preach Jesus as He's brought to view,
 And thither point their eye;
 'Tis I must give to will and do—
 Go thou, and prophesy.

5 "From stones, to celebrate my grace,
 While mercy's tidings fly,
 My arms shall raise a numerous race,—
 Go thou, and prophesy."

6 Let Zion's watchmen ne'er refrain
 Her silver trump to blow;
 For Jesus can, with feeblest strain,
 His richest grace bestow.

4 When Uzza stretched his puny hand,
 Behold his awful fall;
 The shaking ark secure shall stand,
 When God designs it shall.

5 If 'tis of works and not of grace,
 No crown shall mortals have;
 Not all the good of Adam's race,
 A single soul can save.

6 To God, the Father's love divine,
 The Spirit, and the Son,
 Let everlasting honors shine
 While years eternal run.

96

C. M.

KENT.

1 The glorious gospel of our God,
 Is joyful news from heaven—
 Salvation free in Jesus' blood,
 And life eternal given.

2 'Tis not the gospel's joyful sound,
 Nor silver trump we hear,
 When Sinai's terrors men confound,
 With Zion's beauties fair.

3 He needs no creature power or skill,
 His finished work to mend,
 But works His own eternal will
 As wisdom did intend.

97

C. M.

WATTS.

1. Blest are the souls that hear and know
 The gospel's joyful sound;
 Peace shall attend the paths they go,
 And light their steps surround.

2. Their joy shall bear their spirits up
 Through their Redeemer's name:
 His righteousness exalts their hope,
 Nor Satan dares condemn.

3. The Lord, our glory and defence,
 Strength and salvation gives;
 Israel, thy King forever reigns,
 Thy God forever lives.

Kent.

Stephen Jenks.

1. 'Tis the gos - pel's joy - ful tidings, Full sal - va - tion sweet - ly sounds;
2. Are thy sins be - yond recounting, Like the sand the o - cean laves?
3. Love's a - byss there's no exploring, 'Tis be - yond the ser - aph's ken;

Grace, to heal thy foul backslidings, Sin - ner, flows from Je - sus' wounds.
Je - sus is of life the fountain—He un - to the ut - most saves.
Pros - trate at Thy feet a - dor - ing, We re - vere Thy love to men.

4 Hail the Lamb who came to save us,
Hail the love that made Him die!
'Tis the gift that God hath given us,
We'll proclaim His honors high.

5 When we join the general chorus
Of the royal blood-bought throng,
Who to glory went before us,
Saved from every tribe and tongue;

6 Then we'll make the blissful regions
Echo to our Saviour's praise;
While the bright angelic legions
Listen to the charming lays.

99

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 lustre 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.

100

8s & 7s.

BAKEWELL

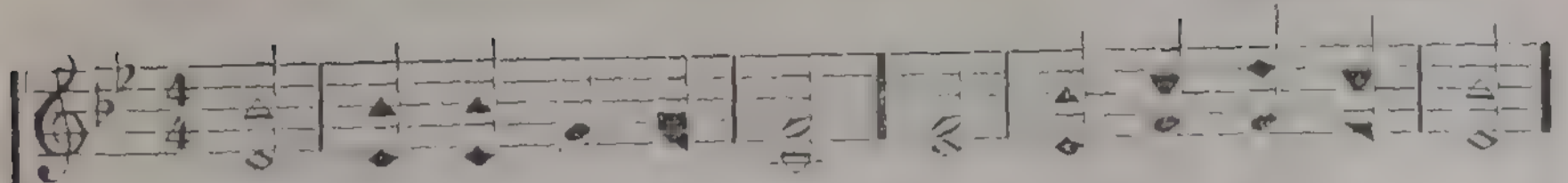
1 Hail! Thou once despised Jesus,
Hail, Thou Galilean King!
Thou didst suffer to release us;
Thou didst free salvation bring.

2 Hail, Thou agonizing Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame!
By Thy merits we find favor,
Life is given through Thy name.

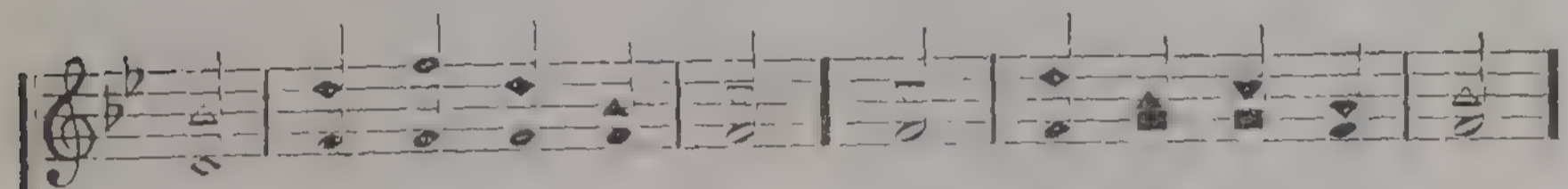
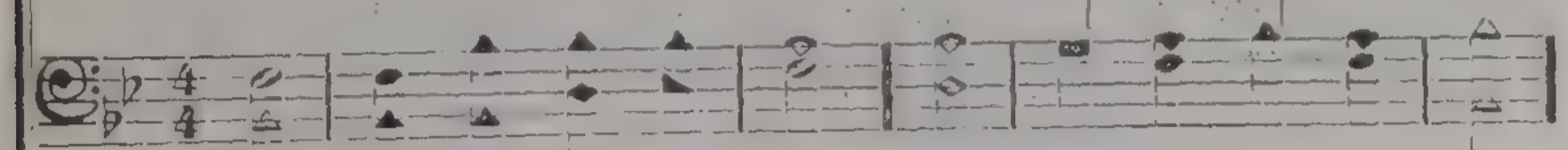
3 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on Thee were laid;
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.

4 All Thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of Thy blood;
Opened is the gate of heaven;
Peace is made 'twixt us and God.

5 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide!
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side.



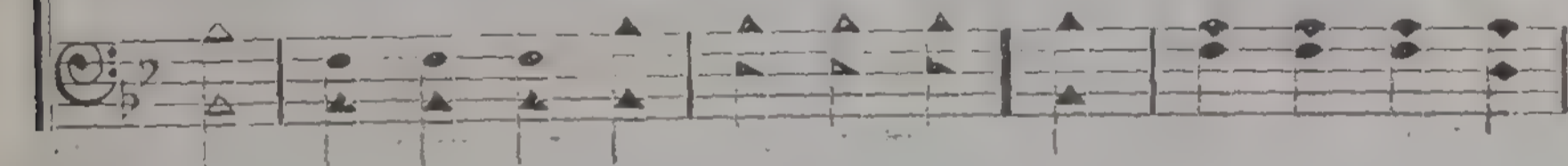
1. Blow ye the trum-pet, blow The glad-ly sol-lemn sound!
 2. Ex - alt the Lamb of God, The sin - a - ton - ing Lamb;
 3. Ye bank-rupt debt-ors, know The sov'reign grace of heav'n;
 4. The gos - pel trum-pet hear, The news of pard'ning grace;
 5. Je - sus, our great High Priest, Has full a - tone-ment made;



Let all the na-tions know, To earth's re-mot-est bound,
 Re - demp-tion by His blood Through all the lands pro - claim:
 Though sums im-mense we owe, A free dis-charge is giv'n:
 Ye hap - py souls draw near, Be - hold your Saviour's face:
 Ye wea - ry spir - its, rest; Ye mournful souls, be glad!



The year of Ju - bi - lee is come; The year of Ju - bi -



lee is come; Re - turn, ye ransom'd sin - ners, home.

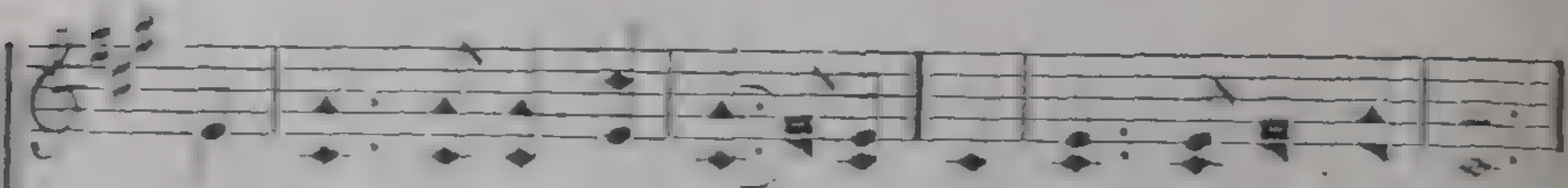


John R. Daily.

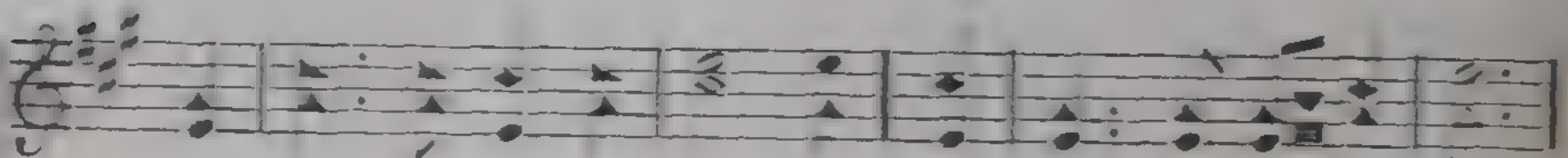
Arranged by John R. Daily.



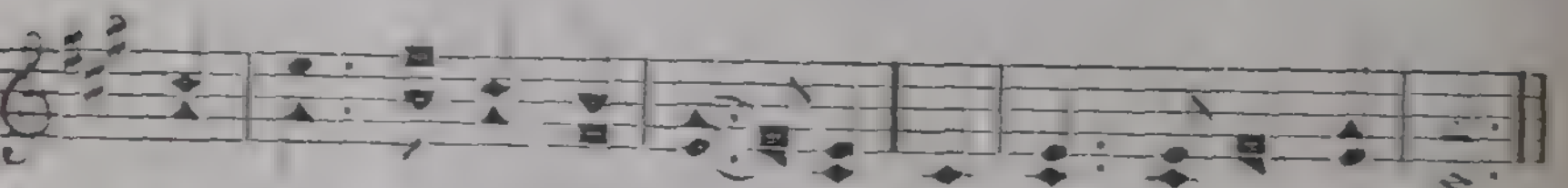
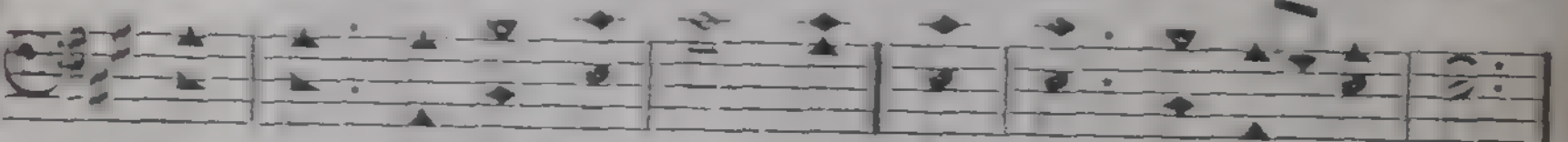
1. One bright and love-ly morn - ing, While pass-ing thro' a grove.
2. While thus with peace en - rap - tur'd False teach-ers came to mind:
3. With sin - cere in - ter - ces - sion My heart was mov'd to plead:
4. In an - swer to this plead - ing A small voice seem'd to say:



My theme of med - i - ta - tion Was Je - sus and His love:
 I thought how ma - ny lead - ers Are ig - no - rant and blind,
 "Lord, send out faith - ful ser - vants In this dark hour of need:
 "Would you, if you were chos - en, Be will - ing to ob - bey:



His name to me was pre - cious, His glo - rious presence sweet,
 They pre - sume to re - lig - ion, False doc - trines they pro - claim,
 At - tain them by Thy Spir - it, And aid them to pro - claim
 Would you be one to pub - lish The gos - pel full and free.



While an - gels seem'd to join me His prais - es to re - peat,
 And cause so ma - ny chris - tians To fol - low in the same.
 Thy ev - er - last - ing gos - pel And glo - ri - fy Thy name,
 To put the world be - hind you And fol - low af - ter me!"



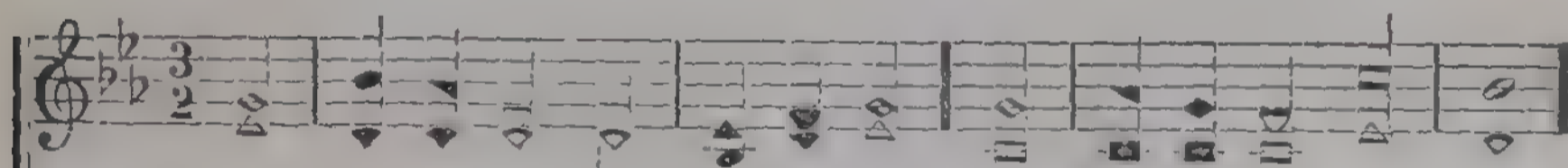
Gospel Trumpet. Concluded.

- 5 With sad surprise I answered,
 "O this can never be!
 That such a holy calling
 Is meant for one like me!
 I am so weak and sinful,
 My talents are so small,
 I fear that none will heed me
 If on them I should call."
- 6 At once the Lord assured me
 That I should never fear;
 That in my every trial
 His presence would be near;
 That He would not forsake me,
 But aid me to proclaim
 His everlasting gospel
 And glorify His name.
- 7 The burden was so heavy,
 My weakness was so great,
 My Saviour I entreated
 To rid me of the weight:
 But Christ said, "I'll go with you,
 And aid you to proclaim
 My everlasting gospel
 And glorify my name!"

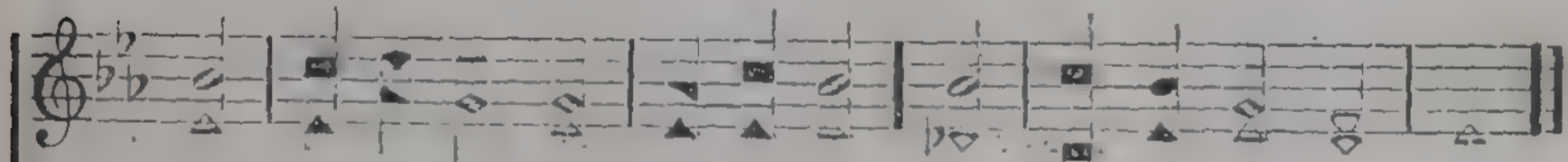
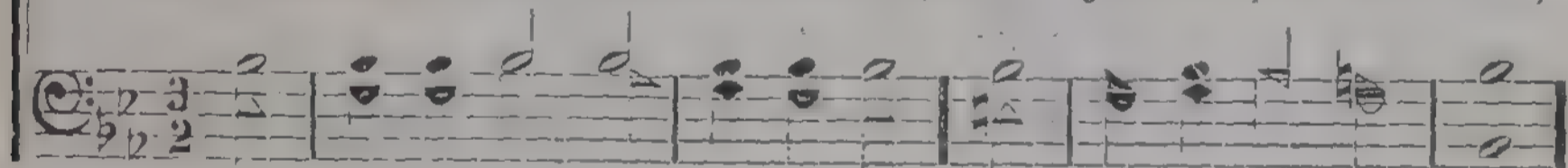
- 8 For many months that followed
 These strange impressions came,
 Until at length I yielded
 To publish Jesus' name:
 Though oft I made excuses
 I no relief could find,
 I could not cast the burden
 From off my troubled mind.
- 9 Since then I've tried in weakness
 To preach the precious word;
 Where ever I'm directed
 My trembling voice is heard:
 'Mid trials and temptations
 I've labored to proclaim
 His everlasting gospel
 And glorify His name.
- 10 Oftimes in gloom and sorrow
 I've gone away from home,
 And parted from my loved ones
 In distant parts to roam:
 In all my weary wand'rings
 It's been my only aim
 To preach the precious gospel
 And glorify His name.

103

Wrest. C. M.



1. Je - sus, I sing Thy matchless grace That calls a worm Thine own;
 2. Al - lied to Thee, our vit - al Head. We act, and grow, and thrive;
 3. Thy saints on earth, and those a - bove, Here join in sweet ac - cord;

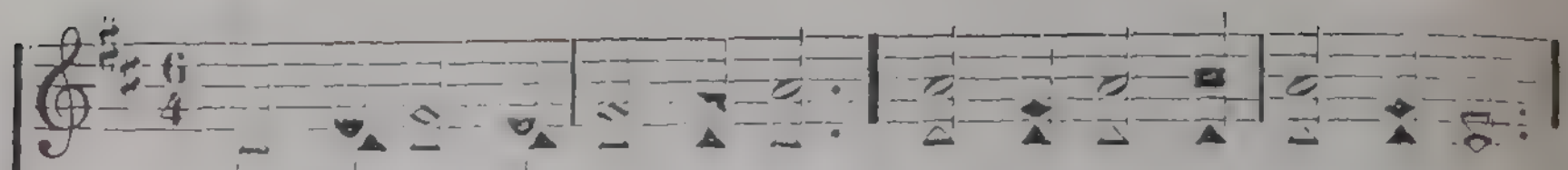


- Give me among Thy saints a place To make Thy glo - ries known.
 From Thee di - vi - ded, each is dead, When most he seems a - live.
 One bod - y all in mu - tual love, And Thou our com - mon Lord.

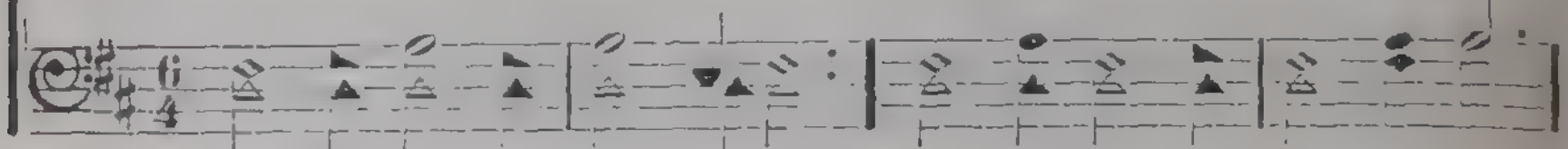
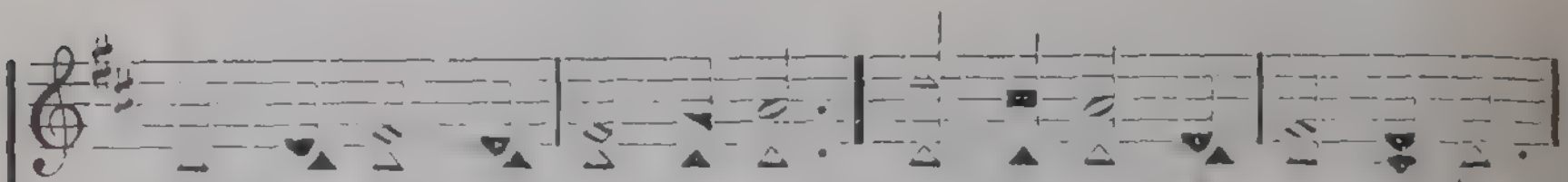


Bowring.



L. Mason.




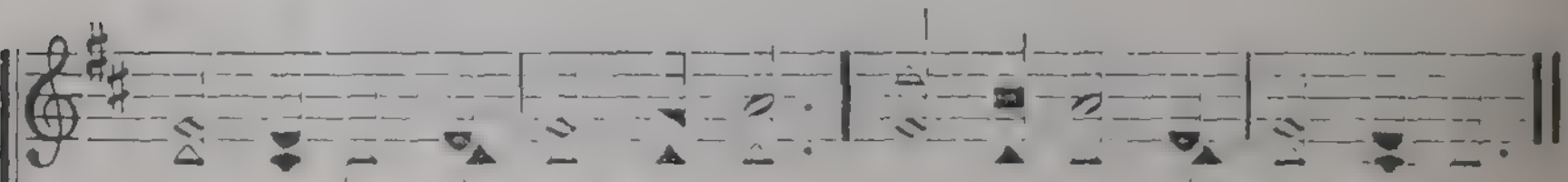
1. Watchman, tell us of the night, What its signs of prom - ise are.
 2. Watchman, tell us of the night; High - er yet that star as - cends.
 3. Watchman, tell us of the night, For the morn - ing seems to dawn.

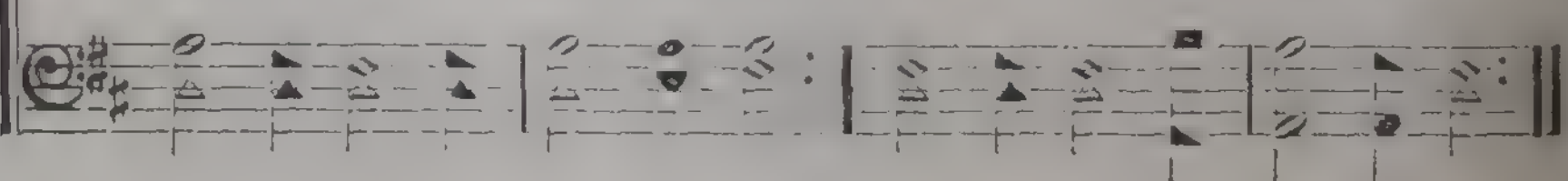
Trav - 'ler o'er yon mountain's height See that glo - ry beam - ing star!
 Trav - 'ler, bless - ed - ness and light, Peace and truth its course portends.
 Trav - 'ler, dark - ness takes its flight, Doubt and ter - ror are with - drawn.

Watch - man, does its beauteous ray Aught of hope or joy fore - tell?
 Watch - man, will its beams a - lone Gild the spot that gave them birth?
 Watch - man, let thy wand'ring cease; Hie thee to thy qui - et home!

Trav - 'ler, yes; it brings the day, Promised day of Is - ra - el.
 Trav - 'ler, a - ges are its own; See, it bursts o'er all the earth!
 Trav - 'ler, lo, the Prince of peace, Lo, the Son of God is come!



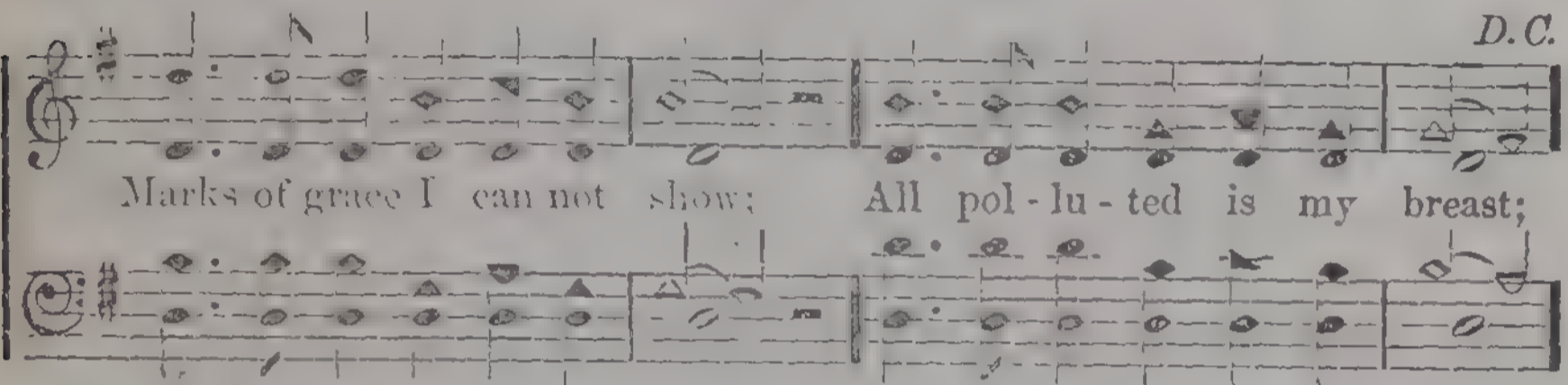
Newton.

Dr. L. Mason.

FINE.



1. { Does the gos - pel word proclaim Rest for those who wea - ry be? }
 { Then, my soul, put in thy claim; Sure, that promise speaks to thee. }
 D.C.—Yet I wea - ry am, I know, And the wea - ry long for rest!



D.C.

Marks of grace I can not show; All pol - lu - ted is my breast;

2 Burdened with a load of sin;
 Harassed with tormenting doubt;
 Hourly conflicts from within;
 Hourly crosses from without:
 All my little strength is gone;
 Sink I must without supply;
 Sure upon the earth there's none
 Can more weary be than I!

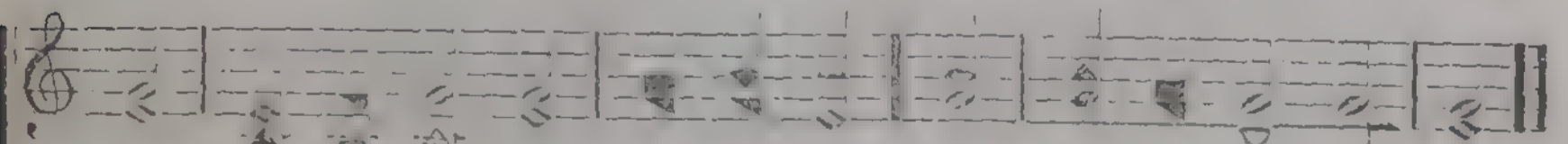
3 In the ark the weary dove
 Found a welcome resting-place;
 Thus my spirit longs to prove
 Rest in Christ, the ark of grace.
 Tempest-tossed I long have been,
 And the flood increases fast;
 Open, Lord, and take me in,
 Till the storm be overpast.

Newton.

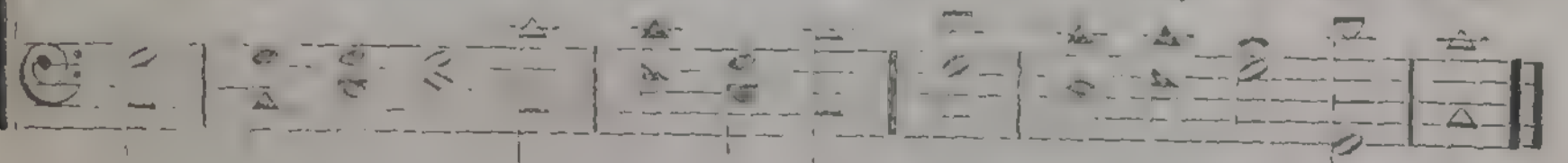
L. Mason.

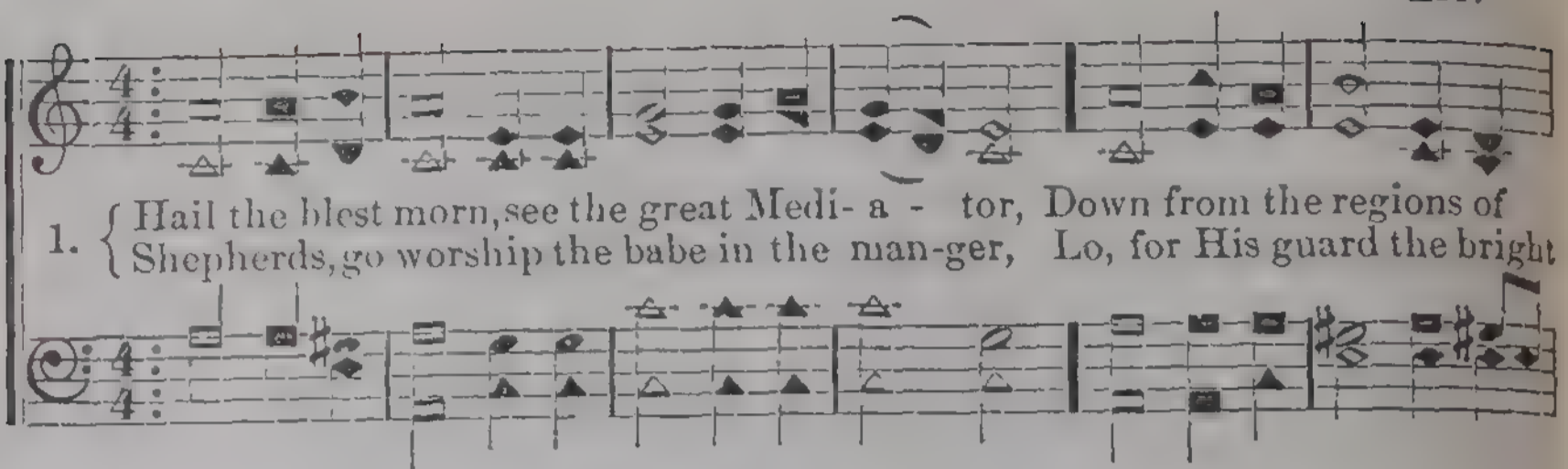


1. Hun - gry, and faint, and poor, Be - hold us, Lord, a - gain
 2. Thy word in - vites us nigh, Or we must starve in - deed;
 3. The food our spir - its want Thy hand a - lone can give;



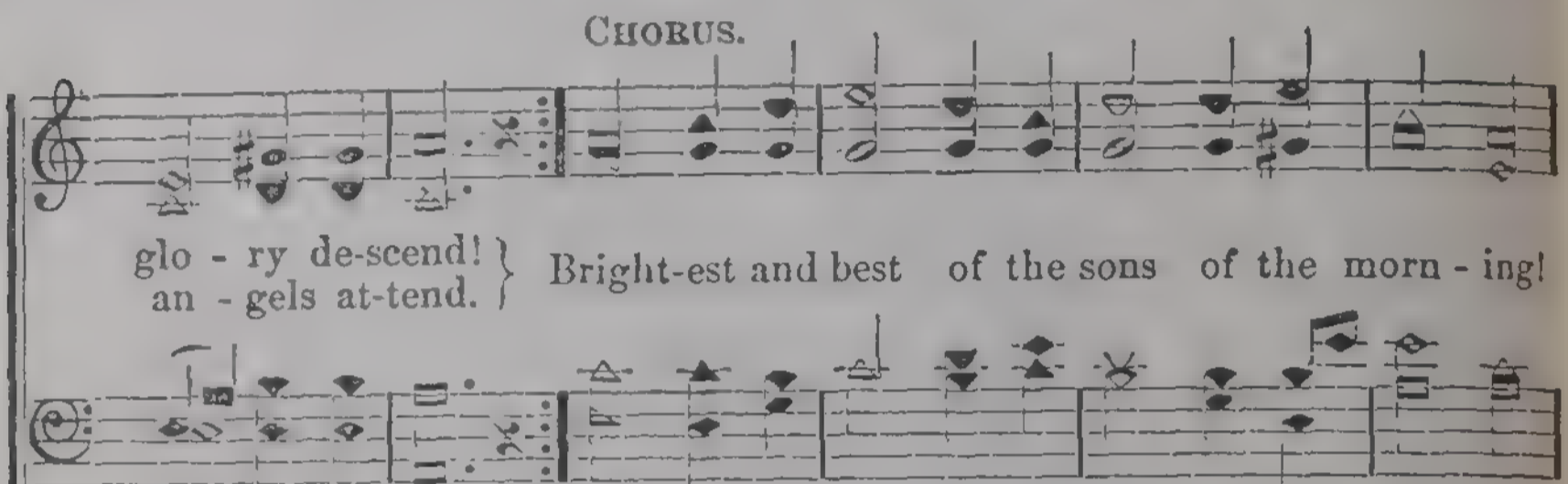
As - sem - bled at Thy mer - cy's door, Thy boun - ty to ob - tain.
 For we no mon - ey have to buy, No right - eous - ness to plead.
 Oh! hear the pray'r of faith, and grant That we may eat and live.



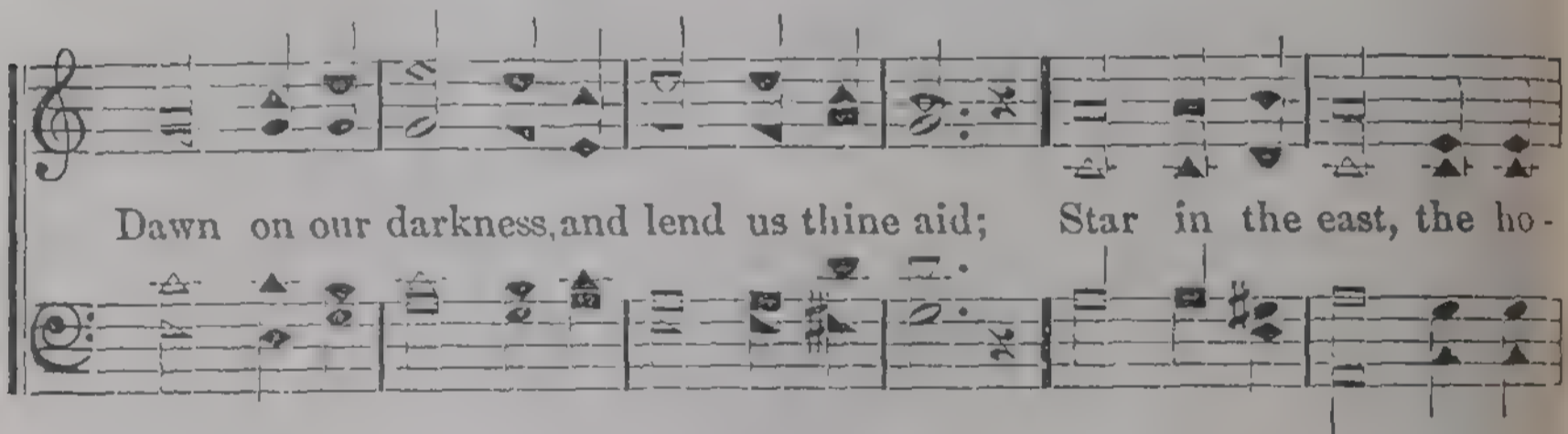


1. { Hail the blest morn, see the great Medi- a - tor, Down from the regions of
Shepherds, go worship the babe in the man-ger, Lo, for His guard the bright

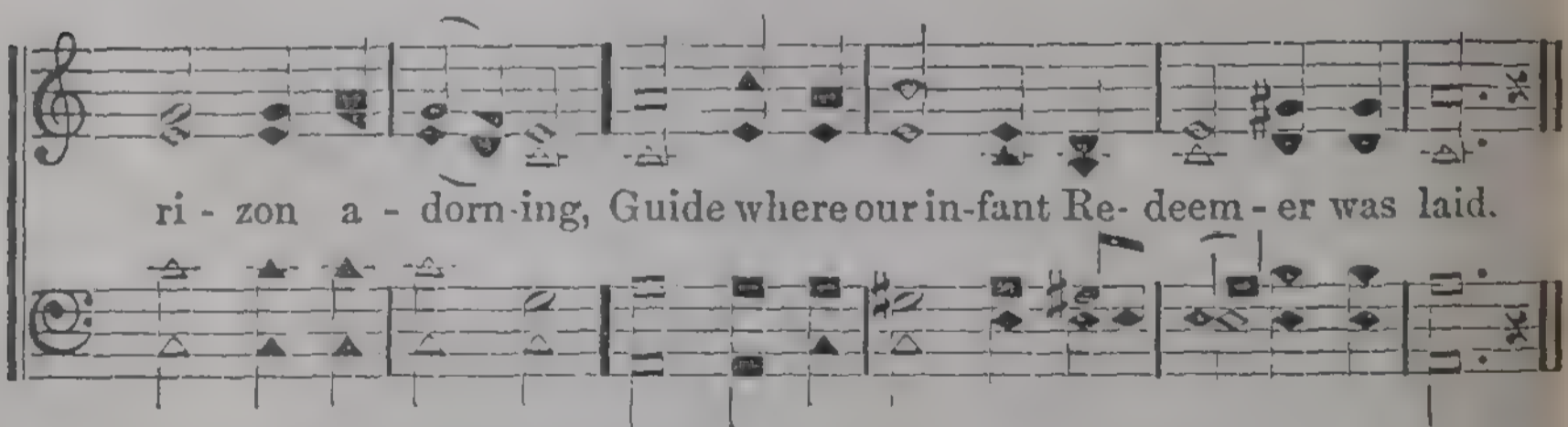
CHORUS.



glo - ry de-scend! } Bright-est and best of the sons of the morn - ing!
an - gels at-tend. }



Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid; Star in the east, the ho-



ri - zon a - dorn-ing, Guide where our in-fant Re-deem-er was laid.

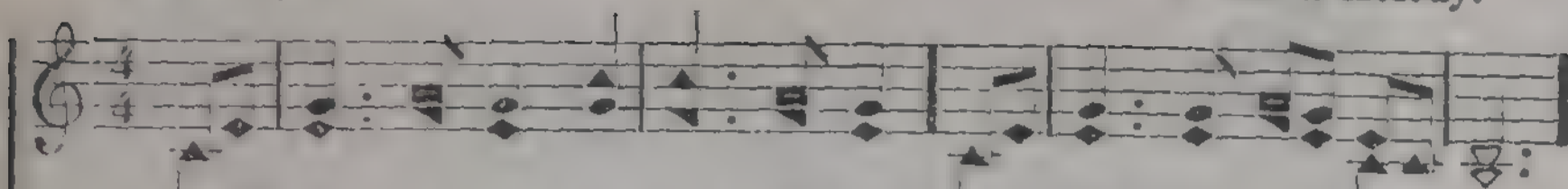
2 Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining;
Low lies His head, with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him, in slumbers reclining,
Wise men and shepherds before Him do fall.

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

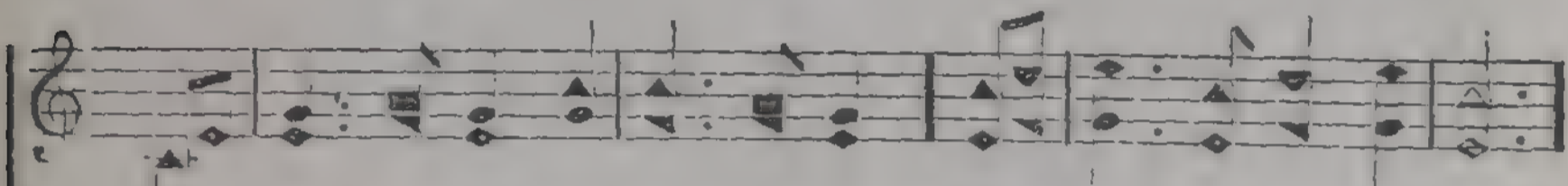
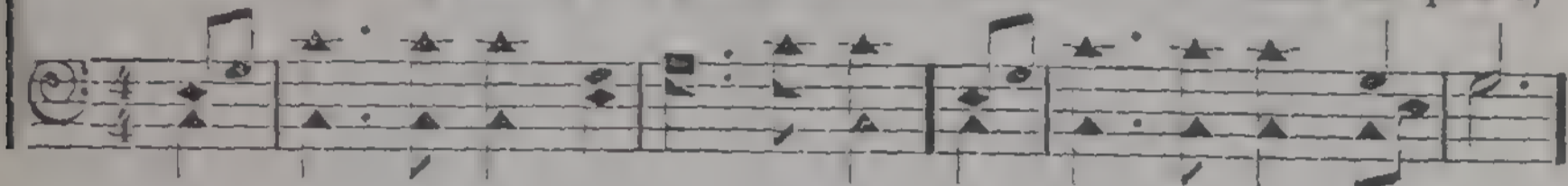
4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gold would His favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration:
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Wm. Cowper.

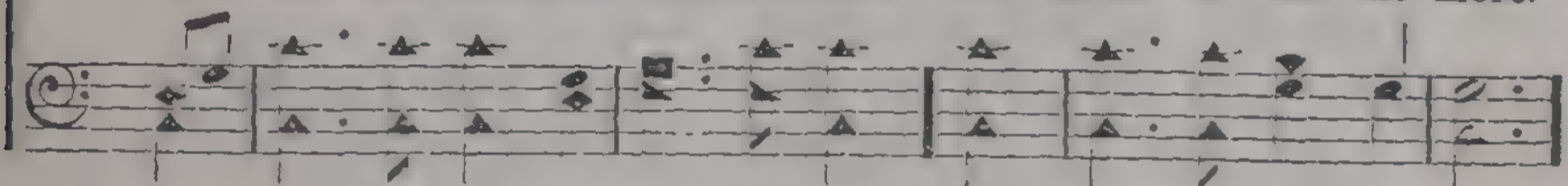
Western Melody.



1. There is a fount-ain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
 2. The dy - ing thief re-joiced to see That fount-ain in his day;
 3. Dear, dy - ing Lamb, Thy precious blood Shall nev - er lose its pow'r,



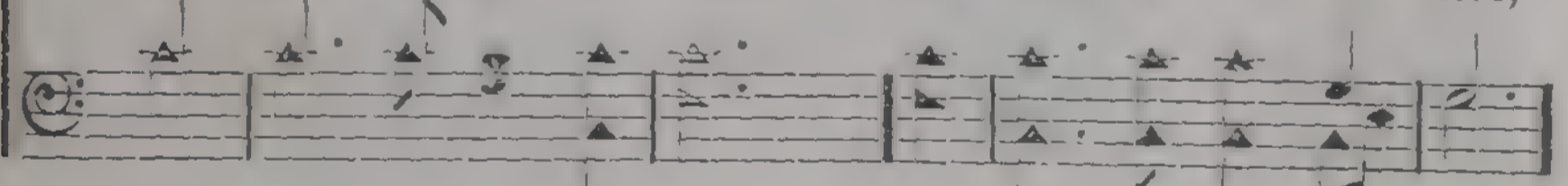
And sin - ners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.
 And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.
 Till all the ransomed church of God Be saved to sin no more.



REFRAIN.



Lose all their guilt - y stains,... Lose all their guilt-y stains;
 Wash all my sins a - way,..... Wash all my sins a - way;
 Be saved to sin no more,..... Be saved to sin no more;



And sin-ners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.
 And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.
 Till all the ransomed church of God Be 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.

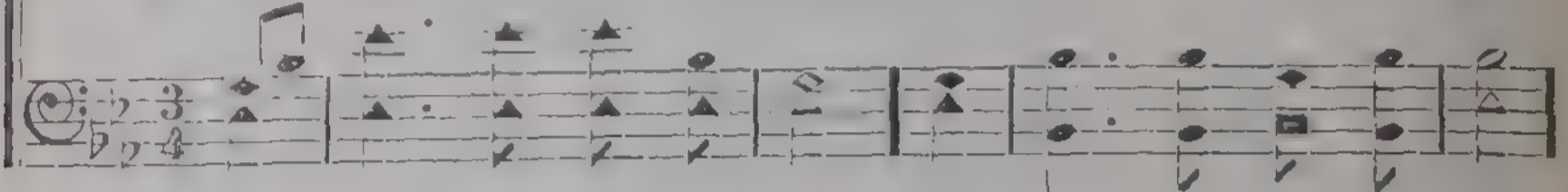
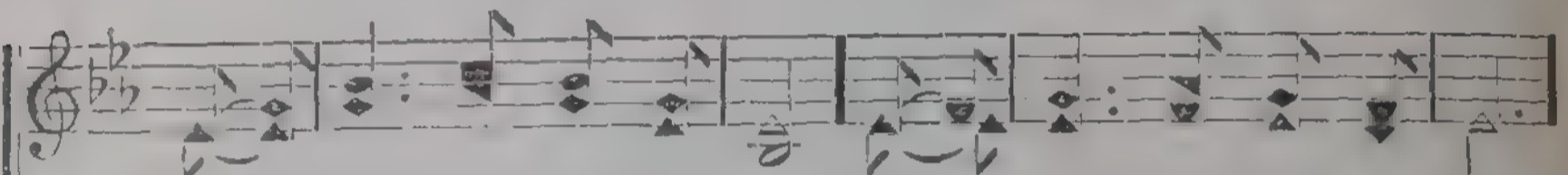
5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song
 I'll sing Thy power to save, [tongue
 When this poor, lisping, stammering
 Lies silent in the grave.

Mrs. Elvina M. Hall.


John T. Grape, by per.




1. I hear the Sav-iour say, Thy strength in - deed is small:
 2. Lord, now in - deed I find Thy pow'r, and Thine a - lone,
 3. For noth - ing good have I Where-by Thy grace to claim;
 4. When from my dy - ing bed My ran - som'd soul shall rise,
 5. And when be - fore the throne, I stand in Him com - plete,


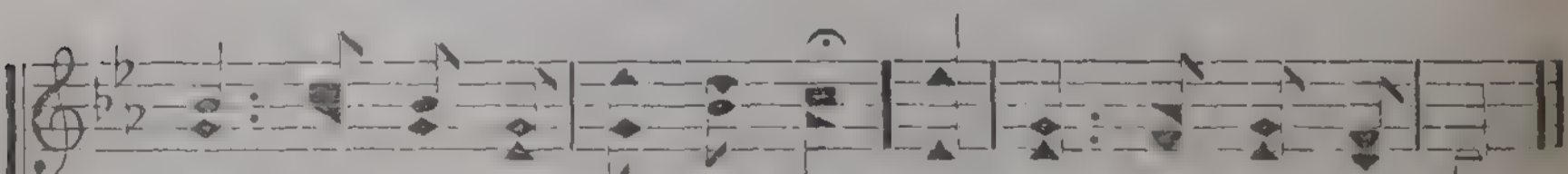
Child of weak-ness, watch and pray, Find in Me thine All in all.
 Can change the lep - er's spots, And melt the heart of stone.
 I'll wash my gar - ment white In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.
 Then "Je - sus paid it all" Shall rend the vault - ed skies.
 I'll lay my tro - phies down, All down at Je - sus' feet.



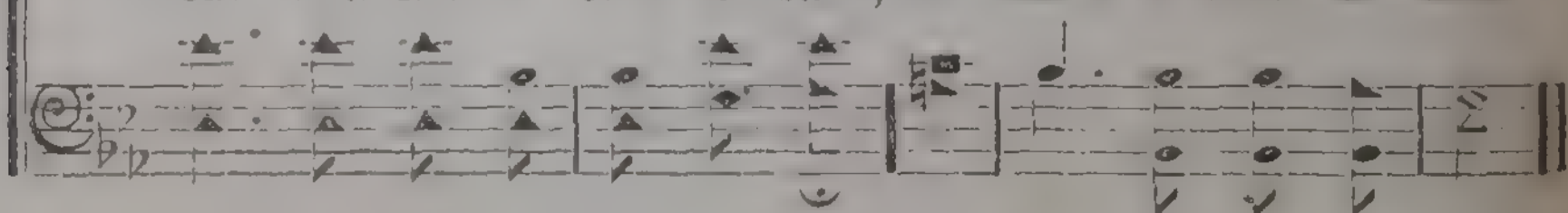
CHORUS.



Je - sus paid it all; All to Him I owe,

Sin had left a crim - son stain; He wash'd it white as snow.



J. J. Rousseau.

FINE.

1. Sweet the moments, rich in blessing, Which be-fore the cross I spend,
 Life and health and peace possessing From the sin-ner's dying Friend.
 2. Truly bless-ed is this sta-tion, Low be-fore His cross to lie;
 While I see di-vine com-pas-sion Float-ing in His lan-guid eye.
 3. Love and grief my heart di-vid-ing, With my tears His feet I bathe;
 Con-stant still in faith a-bid-ing, Life de-riv-ing from His death.

D.C. — Precious drops my soul be-dew-ing, Plead and claim my peace with God.
D.C. — Love I much—I've much for-giv-en; I'm a mir-a-cle of grace.
D.C. — Prove His wounds each day more healing, And Himself more deep-ly known.

D.C.

Here I'll sit, for ev-er view-ing Mer-cy stream-ing in His blood:
 Here it is I find my heav-en, While up-on the Lamb I gaze:
 May I still en-joy this feel-ing, In all need to Je-sus go;

111

8s & 7s.

C. WESLEY.

- 1 Light of those whose dreary dwelling
 Borders on the shades of death,
 Come! and, Thy dear self revealing,
 Dissipate the clouds beneath;
- 2 The new heaven's and earth's Creator,
 In our deepest darkness rise!
 Scattering all the night of nature,
 Pouring day upon our eyes.
- 3 Still we wait for Thine appearing,
 Life and joy Thy beams impart,
 Chasing all our fears, and cheering
 Every poor benighted heart;
- 4 Come, and manifest the favor
 Thou hast for the ransomed race:
 Come, Thou dear exalted Saviour!
 Come, and bring Thy gospel grace.
- 5 Save us in Thy great compassion,
 O Thou mild pacific Prince!
 Give the knowledge of salvation,
 Give the pardon of our sins:
- 6 By Thine all sufficient merit,
 Every burdened soul release:
 By the influence of Thy Spirit,
 Guide us into perfect peace.

112

8s & 7s.

KENT.

- 1 Jesus heals the broken-hearted,
 Oh! how sweet that sound to me!
 Once beneath my sin He smarted,
 Groaned, and bled, to set me free.
- 2 By His sufferings, death and merits,
 By His Godhead, blood and pain,
 Broken hearts or wounded spirits,
 Are at once made whole again.
- 3 Broken by the law's loud thunder,
 To the cross for refuge flee:
 O'er His pungent sorrows ponder,
 'Tis His stripes that heal thee.
- 4 Oil and wine, to heal and cherish,
 Jesus still to Israel gives;
 Nor shall e'er a sinner perish,
 Who in His dear name believes.
- 5 In His righteousness confiding,
 Sheltered safe beneath His wing,
 Here they find a sure abiding,
 And of covenant mercy sing;
- 6 Seek, my soul, no other healing,
 But in Jesus' balmy blood;
 He, beneath the Spirit's sealing, [God.
 Stands the great High Priest with

Joseph B. Moon.

1. { Where must a wea-ry sin - ner go, But to the sinner's friend?
He on-ly can re-lieve my woe, And bid my sor - - rows end.

2. { Thou art, O Lord, my resting-place, The promised land I see,
And long to live up - on Thy grace, And lose myself in Thee.

CHORUS.

Oh, let me mount and soar a - way, I'll lay my arm-or down;

To that bright world of end-less day, I'll lay my arm - or down.

3 A glimpse of Thee, and Thy sweet store,
Thou dost to me impart;
But kindly shew me more and more,
Till Thou dost fill my heart.

4 The wilderness I cannot bear,
So far from Thee to stand;
Nor yet from Pisgah's top to stare,
Upon the promised land.

5 I want to eat and drink my fill
Of Canaan's milk and wine;
Let Moses die upon the hill,
And I be wholly Thine.

6 'Tis self, that legal thing and base,
Which keeps me from my rest;
Me from myself let Christ release,
And soon I shall be blest.

2 Jesus, who on His glorious throne
Rules heaven, and earth, and sea,
Is pleased to claim me for His own,
And give Himself to me.

3 His person fixes all my love,
His blood removes my fear;
And while He fills His throne above,
His arm preserves me here.

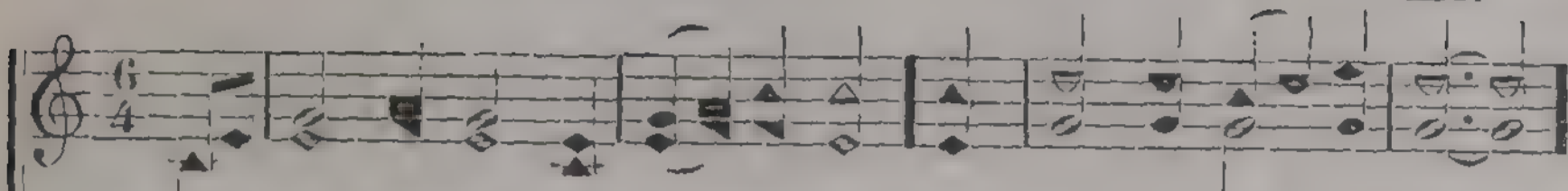
4 His word of promise is my food,
The Spirit is my guide;
Thus daily is my strength renewed,
And all my wants supplied.

5 For Him I count as gain each loss,
Disgrace for Him renown;
Well may I glory in His cross,
While He prepares my crown!

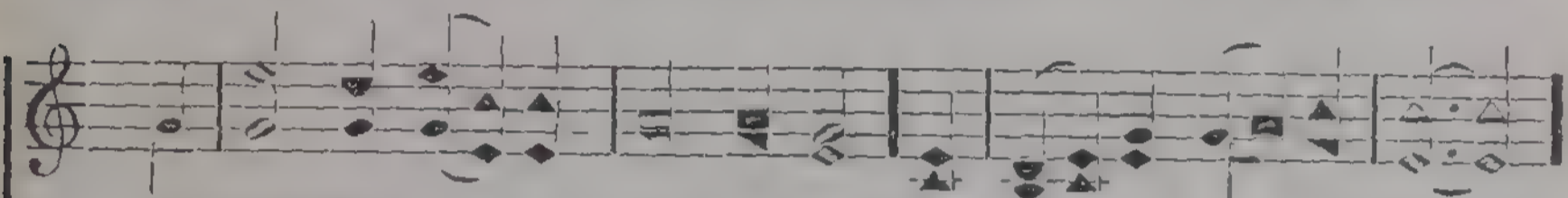
1 From east to west let others roam,
And search in vain for bliss;
My soul is satisfied at home;
The Lord my portion is.

6 Let worldlings then indulge their boast,
How much they gain or spend;
Their joys must soon give up the ghost,
But mine shall know no end.

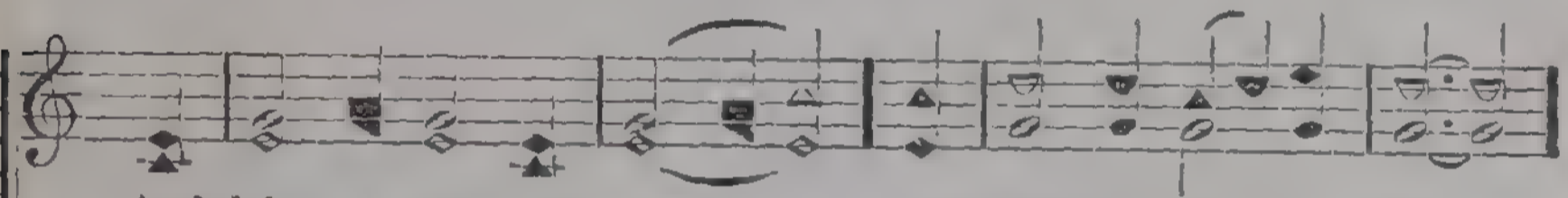
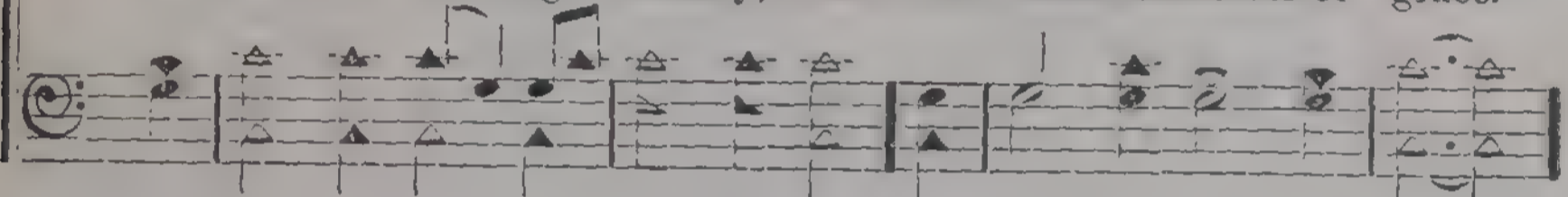
Arr.



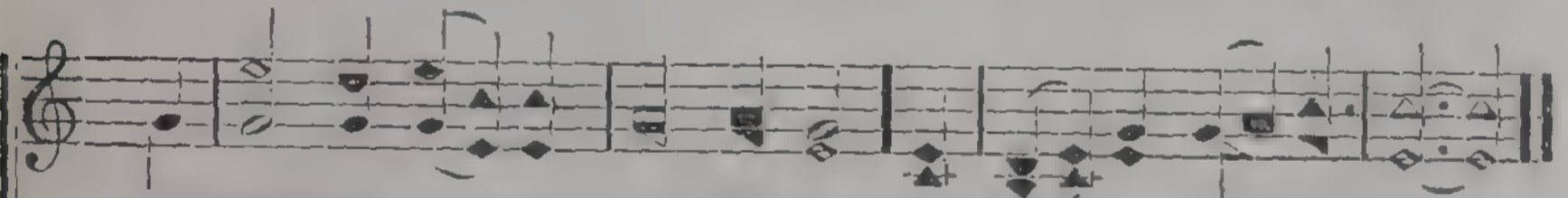
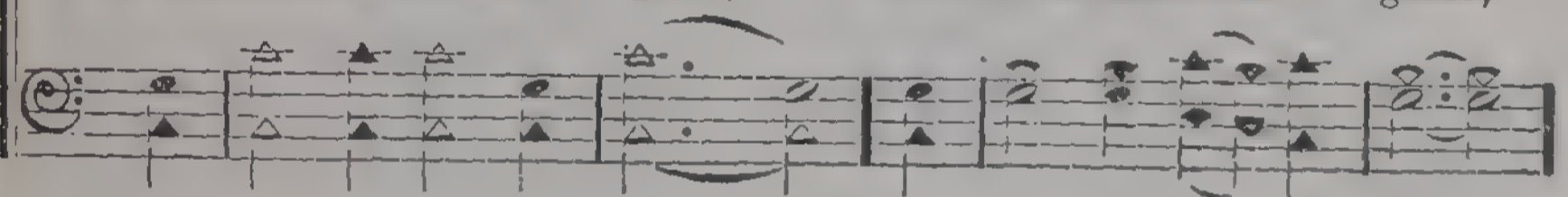
1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds, In a be - liev - er's ear!
2. It makes the wound-ed Spir - it whole, And calms the troub-led breast;
3. Dear name! the rock on which I build My shield and hid - ing place;



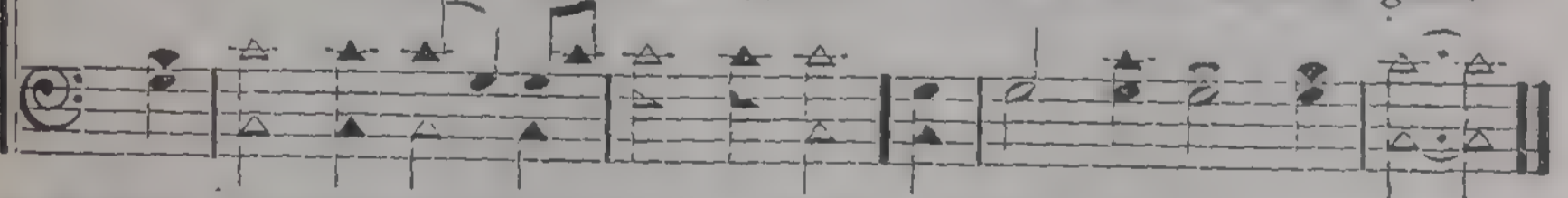
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear.
 'Tis man - na to the hun - gry soul, And to the wea - ry, rest.
 My nev - er - fail - ing treasury, filled With boundless stores of grace.



And drives a - way his fear,..... And drives a - way his fear;
 And to the wea - ry, rest,..... And to the wea - ry, rest;
 With boundless stores of grace,... With boundless stores of grace;



It soothes his sor - rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear.
 'Tis man - na to the hun - gry soul, And to the wea - ry, rest.
 My nev - er - fail - ing treasury, filled With boundless stores of grace.



4 By Thee my prayers acceptance gain,
 Although with sin defiled;
 Satan accuses me in vain,
 And I am owned a child.

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

6 Weak is the effort of my heart,
 And cold my warmest thought;
 But when I see Thee as Thou art,
 I'll praise Thee as I ought.

7 Till then I would Thy love proclaim,
 With every fleeting breath;
 And may the music of Thy name
 Refresh my soul in death.


CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

116


New Concord. 6s & 9s.

Charles Wesley.


Popular Melody.



1. O how hap - py are they Who their Sav - iour o - bey,
 2. That sweet com - fort was mine When the fav - or di - vine
 3. 'Twas a heav - en be - low The Re - deem - er to know,



And whose treasures are laid up a - bove! Tongue can - not ex - press
 I first found in the blood of the Lamb: When my heart first believ'd,
 And the an - gels could do nothing more Than to fall at His feet,



The sweet com - fort of peace Of a soul in its ear - li - est love.
 O what joy I re - ceiv'd! What a heaven in Je - sus' name!
 And the sto - ry re - peat, And the Sav - iour of sin - ners a - dore!

4 Jesus, all the day long,
 Was my joy and song;
 O that more His salvation might see;
 He hath loved me, I cried;
 He hath suffered and died
 To redeem such a rebel as me.

5 On the wings of His love
 I was carried above,
 All sin and temptation and pain;
 And I could not believe
 That I ever should grieve,
 That I ever should suffer again.

6 I then rode on the sky,
 Freely justified I,
 Nor envied Elijah his seat;
 My glad soul mounted higher
 In a chariot of fire,
 And the world was put under my feet.


7 O! the rapturous height
 Of that holy delight
 Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
 Of my Saviour possessed,
 I was perfectly blessed,
 Overwhelmed with the fulness of God.

8 What a mercy is this,
 What a heaven of bliss!
 How unspeakably favored am I!
 Gathered into the fold,
 With believers enrolled,
 With believers to live and to die!


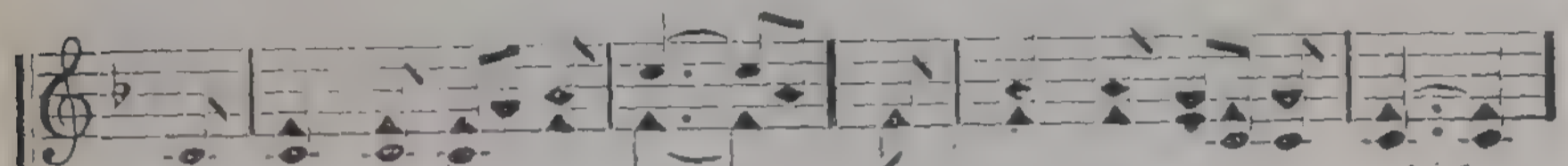
9 Now, my remnant of days
 Would I spend to His praise,
 Who hath died my poor soul to redeem,
 Whether many or few,
 All my years are His due,
 May they all be devoted to Him.

S. Occom.

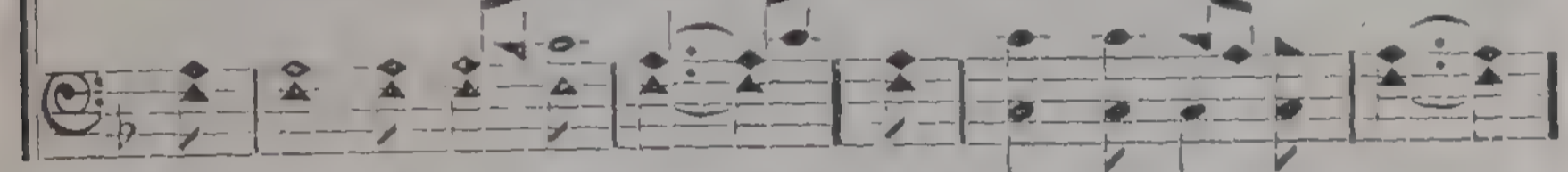

J. Ingalls.



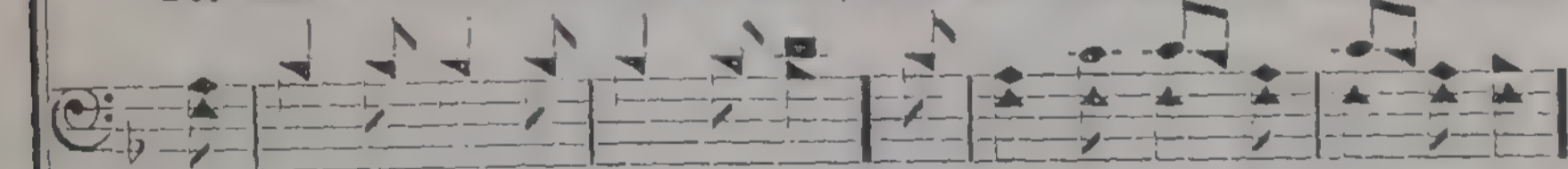

1. A-wak'd by Si - nai's aw - ful sound, My soul in guilt and thrall I found,
 2. A-maz'd I stood, but could not tell Which way to shun the gates of hell,
 3. The saints I heard with rap-ture tell How Jesus conquer'd death and hell,

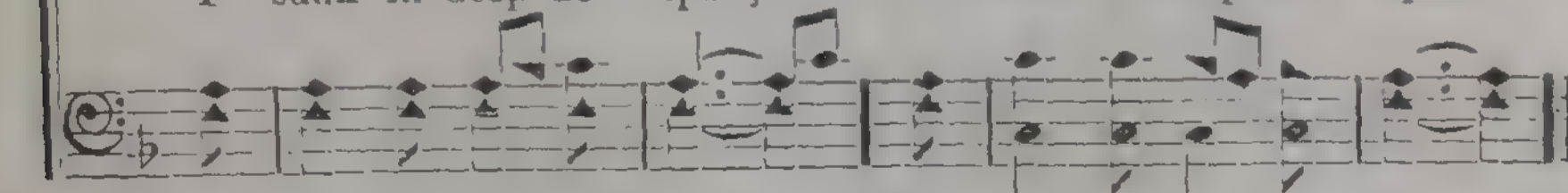
And knew not where to go,..... And knew not where to go:
 For death and hell drew near,... For death and hell drew near;
 And broke the fowl-er's snare,... And broke the fowl-er's snare;

O'erwhelm'd in sin, with anguish slain, 'Twas said I must be born a - gain,
 I strove in deed, bur strove in vain; The sin - ner must be born a - gain,
 Yet when I found this truth re-main, The sin - ner must be born a - gain,

Or sink in end-less woe,..... Or sink in end-less woe.
 Still sound-ed in my ear,..... Still sound-ed in my ear.
 I sunk in deep de - spair,..... I sunk in deep de - spair.

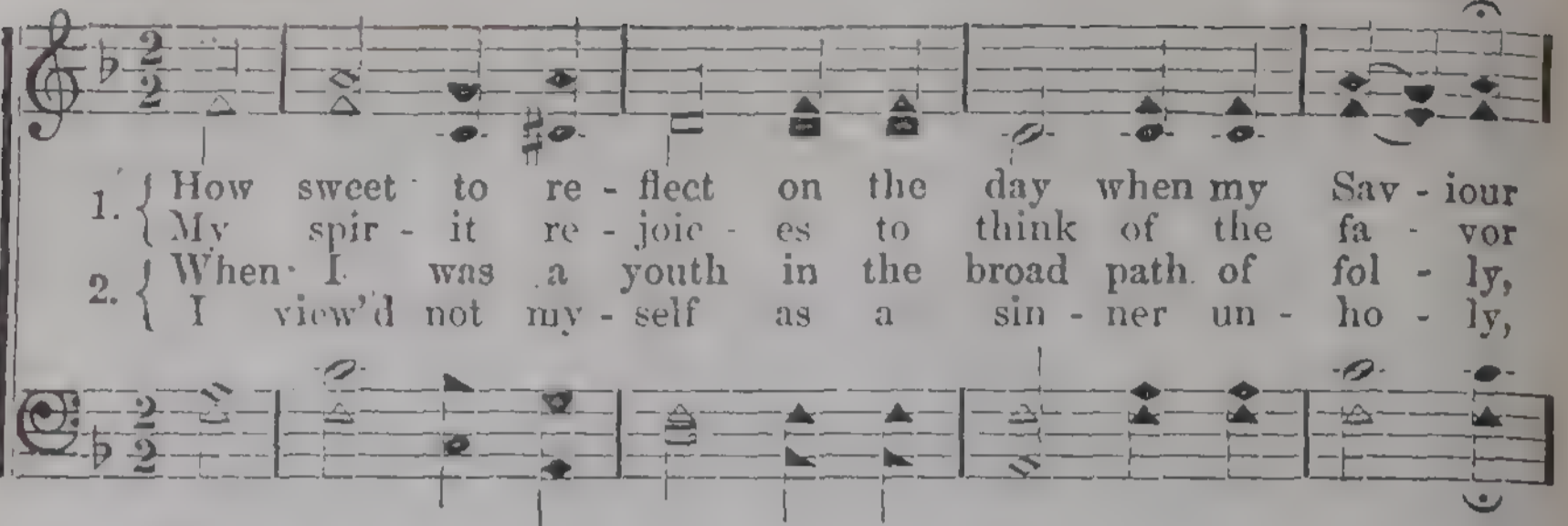


4 But while I thus in anguish lay,
 Jesus of Nazareth passed that way;
 ||: It was the time of love: ||
 He then relieved me from my pain,
 By showing me I was born again,
 ||: To dwell with Him above. ||

5 To heaven my joyful praises flew,
 Singing that song forever new,
 ||: To Christ my voice did raise: ||
 All hail the Lamb that once was slain,
 Unnumbered millions born again
 ||: Shall shout Thine endless praise. ||

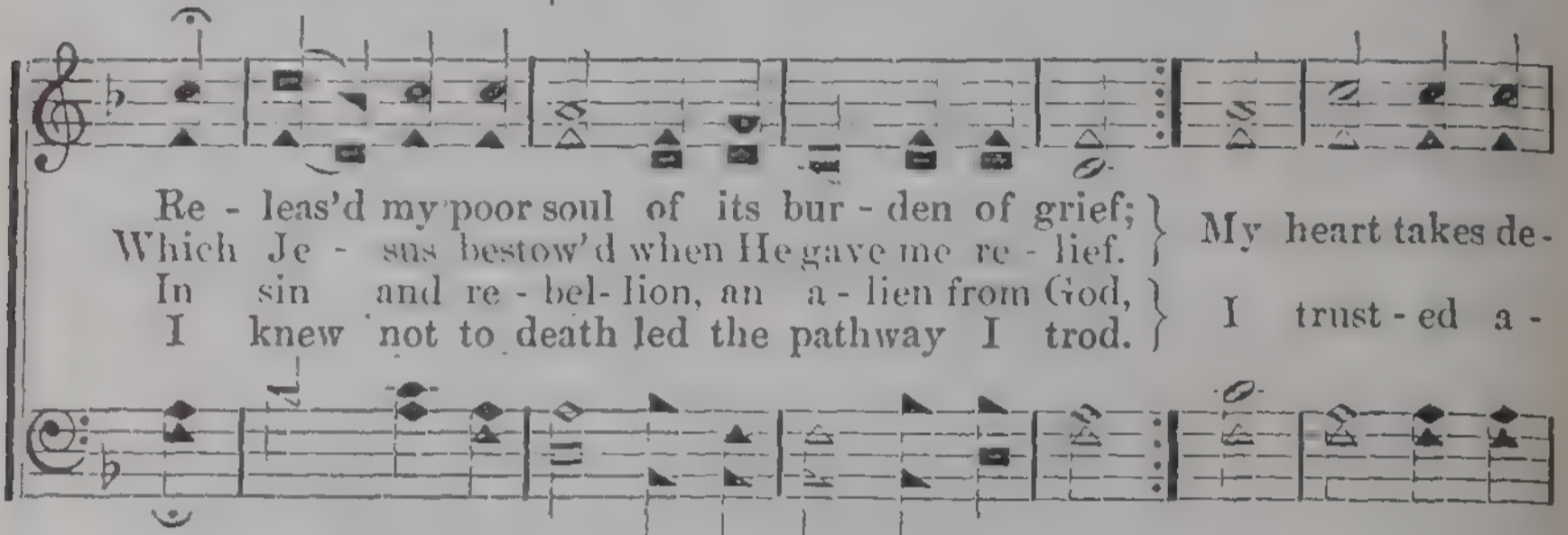
John R. Daily.

Arranged.

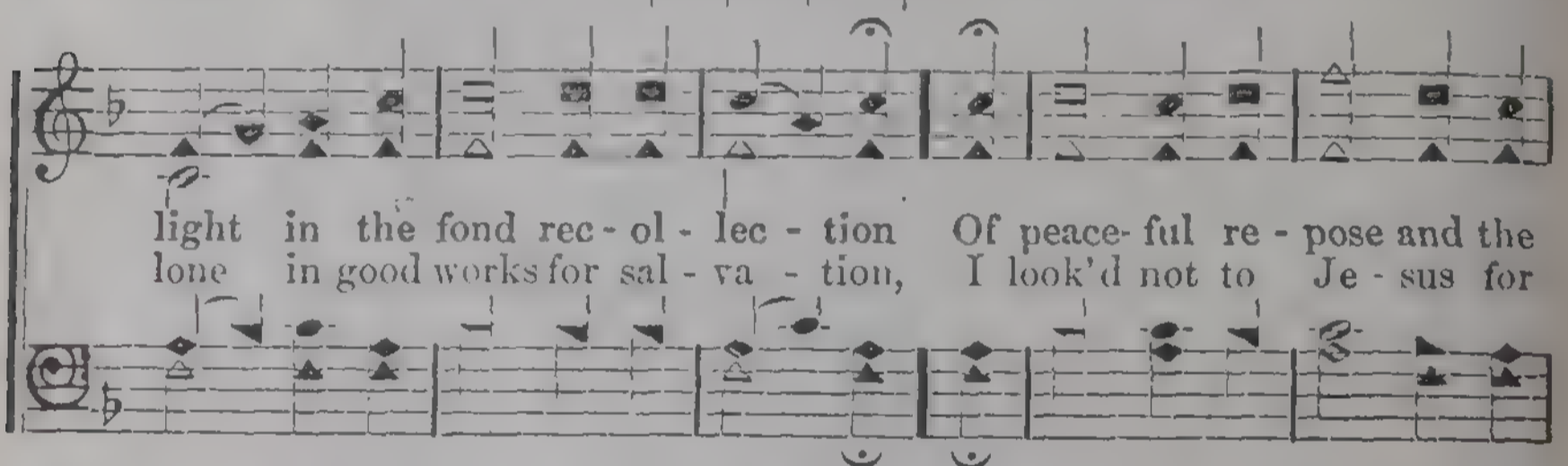


1. { How sweet to re - flect on the day when my Sav - iour
My spir - it re - joic - es to think of the fa - vor

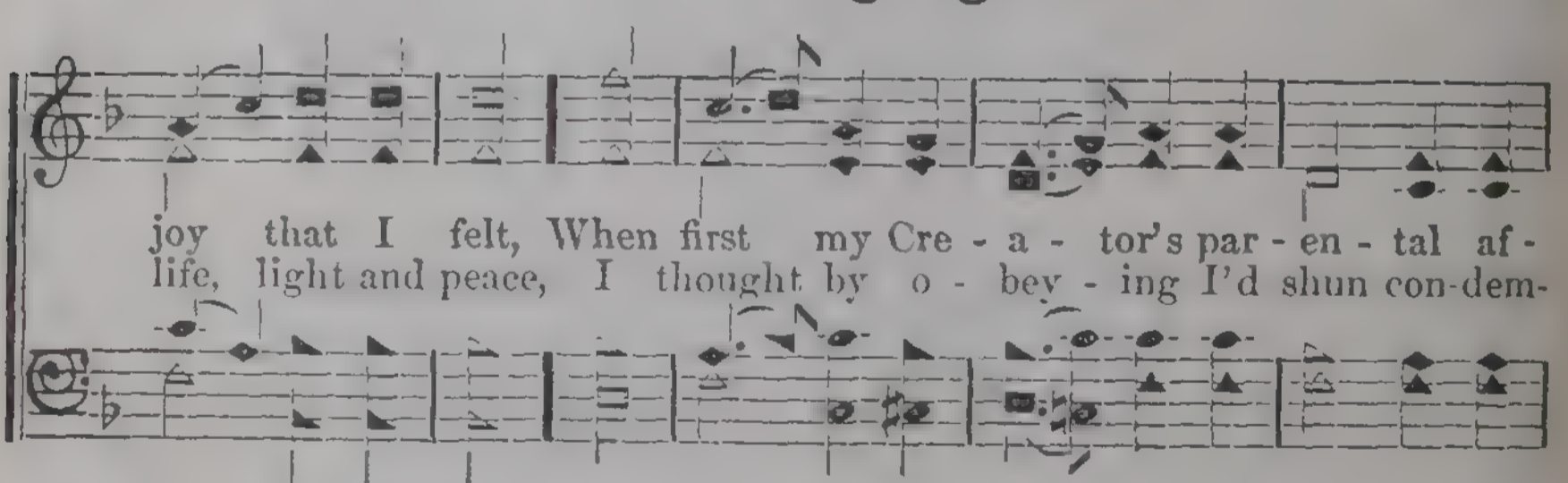
2. { When I was a youth in the broad path of fol - ly,
I view'd not my - self as a sin - ner un - ho - ly,



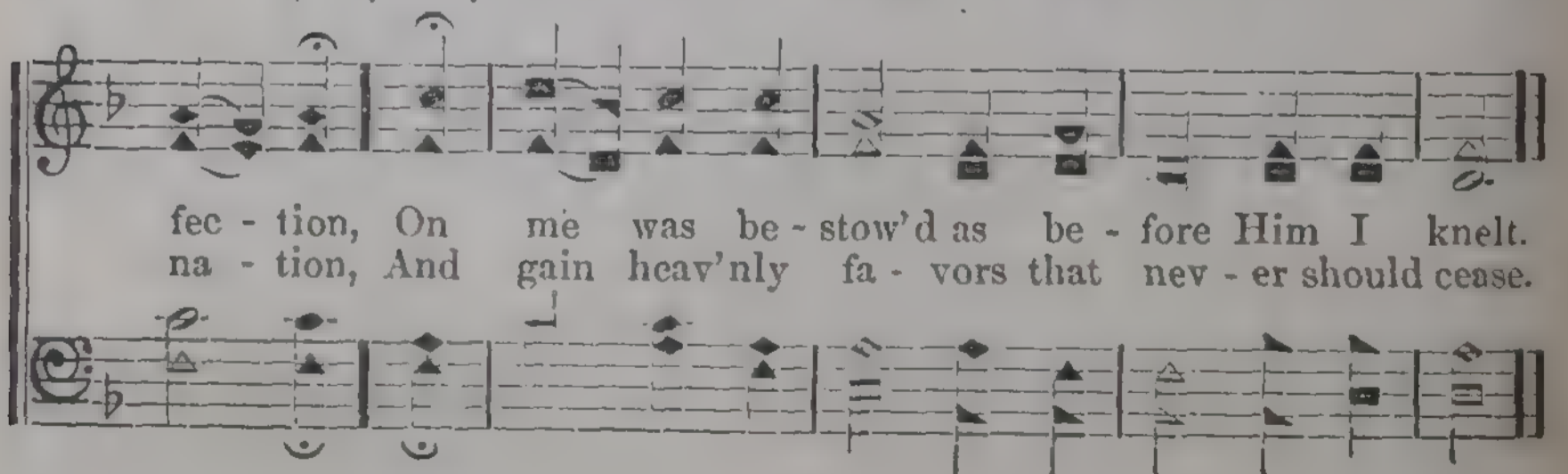
Re - leas'd my poor soul of its bur - den of grief; } My heart takes de -
Which Je - sus bestow'd when He gave me re - lief. }
In sin and re - bel - lion, an a - lien from God, } I trust - ed a -
I knew not to death led the pathway I trod. }



light in the fond rec - ol - lec - tion Of peace - ful re - pose and the
lone in good works for sal - va - tion, I look'd not to Je - sus for



joy that I felt, When first my Cre - a - tor's par - en - tal af -
life, light and peace, I thought by o - bey - ing I'd shun con - dem -



fec - tion, On me was be - stow'd as be - fore Him I knelt.
na - tion, And gain heav'nly fa - vors that nev - er should cease.

Experience. Concluded.

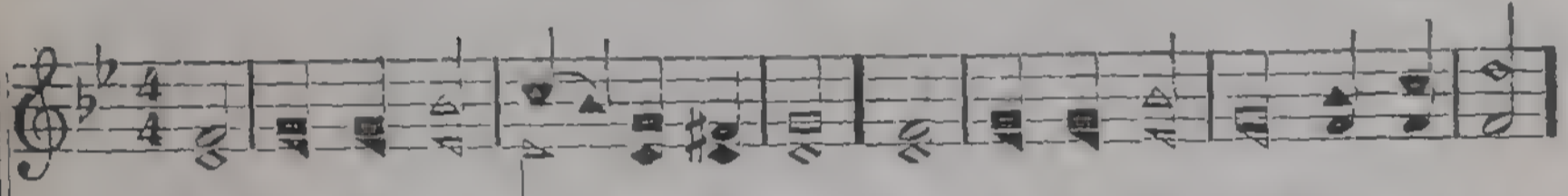
3 But when my dear Lord, in His sweet loving kindness,
 Revealed unto me my condition in sin,
 I found I had always been dwelling in blindness,
 Contrary to God had my steps ever been.
 I found I was left in a helpless condition,
 My sins all arose like a vast gloomy cloud,
 My heart sank within me in humble contrition,
 To God for assistance I shouted aloud.

4 I cried in despair, if Thou canst, Lord, have mercy,
 A light shone within me—the tempest was calm;
 I arose singing praises to God for His mercy,
 I shouted, “Oh, glory to God and the Lamb!”
 My burden was gone and my sorrow was ended,
 My spirit rejoiced in the love of the Lord,
 I felt that my heart with His people was blended,
 And claimed the sweet promises found in His word.

119

Conflict. L. M.

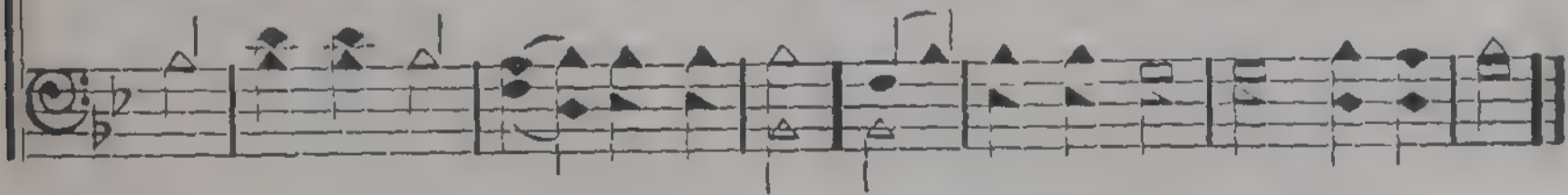
Arr.



1. I am a stran-ger here be-low, And what I am 'tis hard to know;
 2. When I ex-per-i-ence call to mind, My un-der-stand-ing is so blind,
 3. I find my-self out of the way; My thoughts are often gone a-stray;
 4. It's sel-dom I can ev-er see My-self as I would wish to be;



I am so vile, so full of sin, I fear that I'm not born a-gain.
 All feeling sense seems to be gone, Which makes me fear that I am wrong.
 Like one a-lone I seem to be—Oh! is there a - ny one like me?
 What I de-sire I can't at-tain, From what I hate, I can't re-frain.



5 So far from God I seem to lie,
 Which makes me often weep and cry:
 I fear at last that I shall fall;
 For if a saint—the least of all.

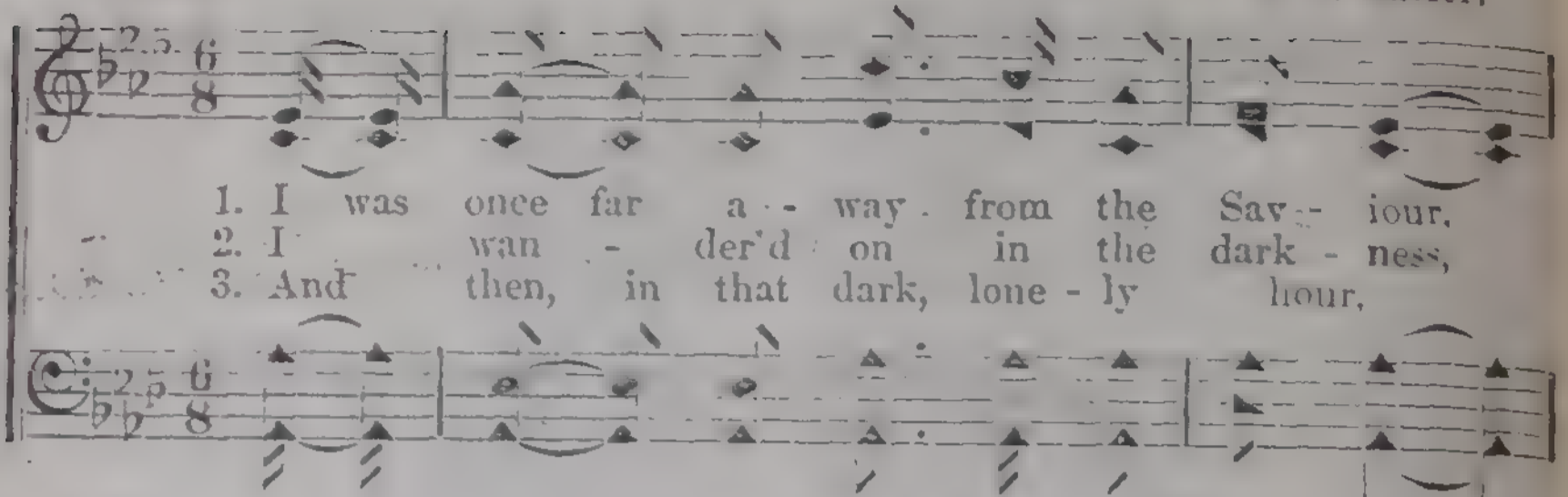
6 I seldom find a heart to pray,
 So many things step in my way;
 Thus, filled with doubt, I ask to know—
 Come, tell me—is it thus with you?

7 So, by experience, I do know
 There's nothing good that I can do;
 I cannot satisfy the law,
 Nor hope, nor comfort from it draw.

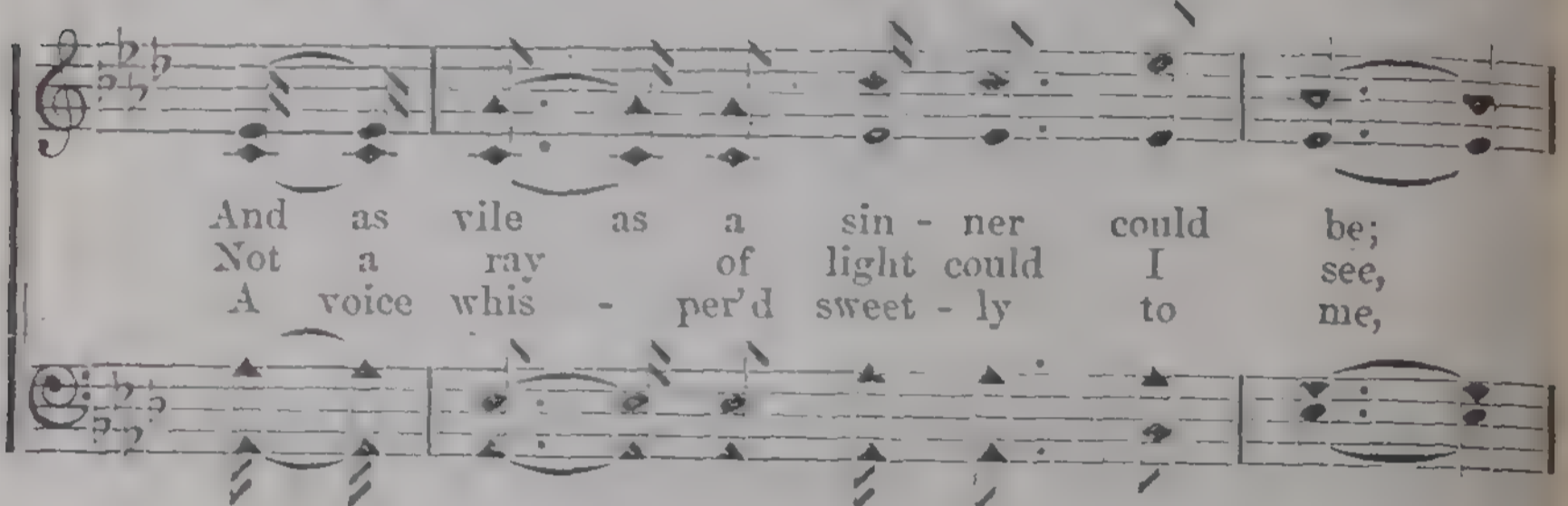
8 My nature is so prone to sin,
 Which makes my duty so unclean,
 That when I count up all the cost—
 Without free grace I know I'm lost.

C. J. B.

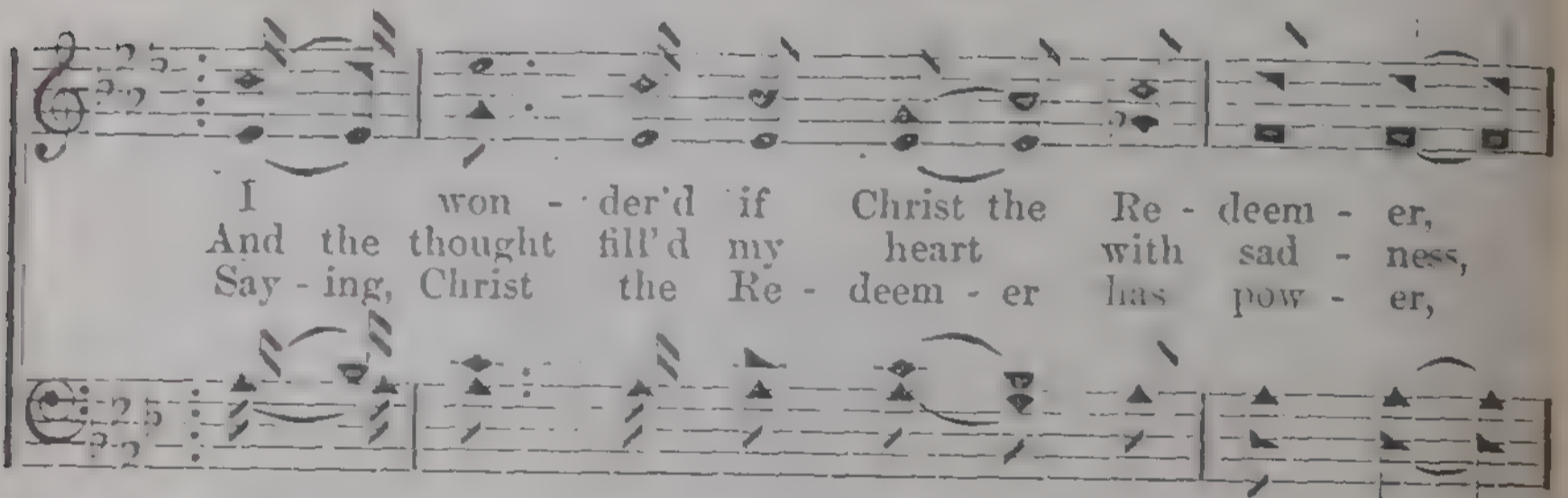
C. J. Butler.



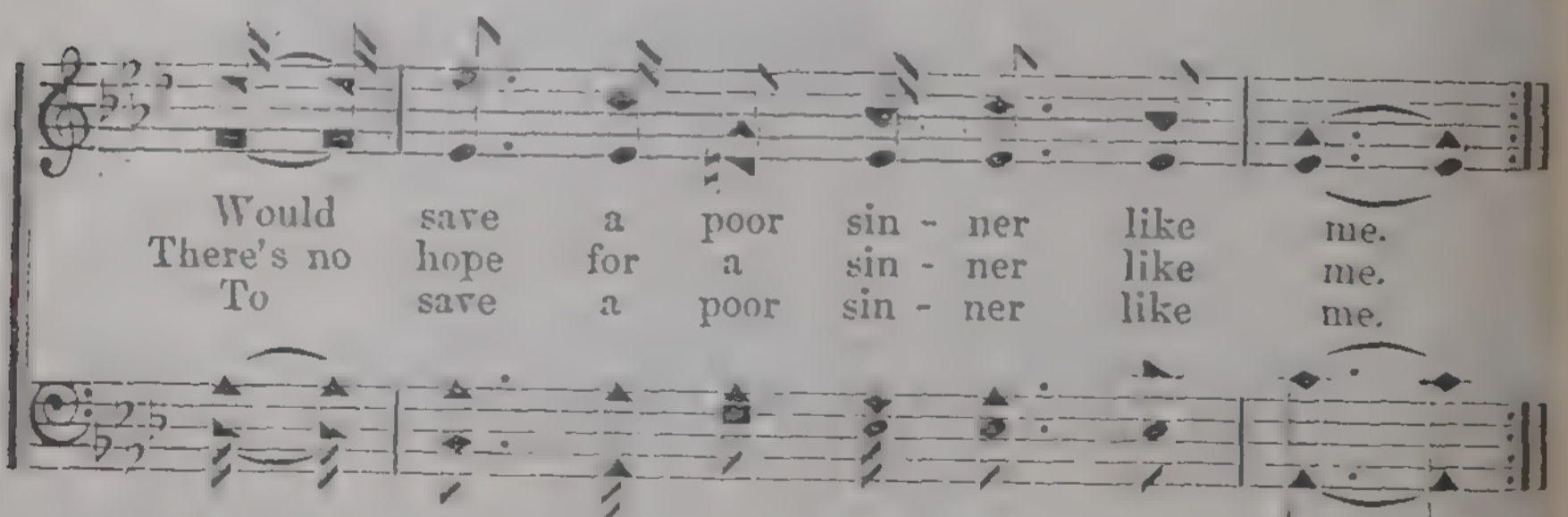
1. I was once far a - way from the Sav - iour,
 2. I wan - der'd on in the dark - ness,
 3. And then, in that dark, lone - ly hour,



And as vile as a sin - ner could be;
 Not a ray of light could I see,
 A voice whis - per'd sweet - ly to me,



I won - der'd if Christ the Re - deem - er,
 And the thought fill'd my heart with sad - ness,
 Say - ing, Christ the Re - deem - er has pow - er,



Would save a poor sin - ner like me.
 There's no hope for a sin - ner like me.
 To save a poor sin - ner like me.

4 I listened, and lo! 'twas the Saviour
 That was speaking so kindly to me;
 I cried, I'm the chief of sinners,
 Thou canst save a poor sinner like me.

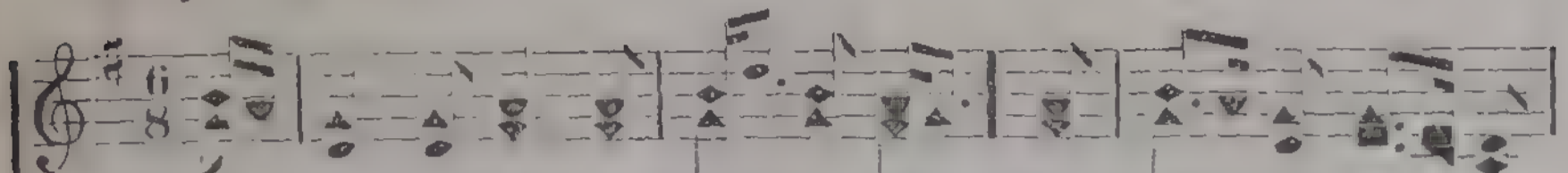
5 I then fully trusted in Jesus,
 And O what a joy came to me;
 My heart was filled with His praises,
 For saving a sinner like me.

6 No longer in darkness I'm walking,
 For the light is now shining on me,
 And now unto others I'm telling
 How He saved a poor sinner like me.


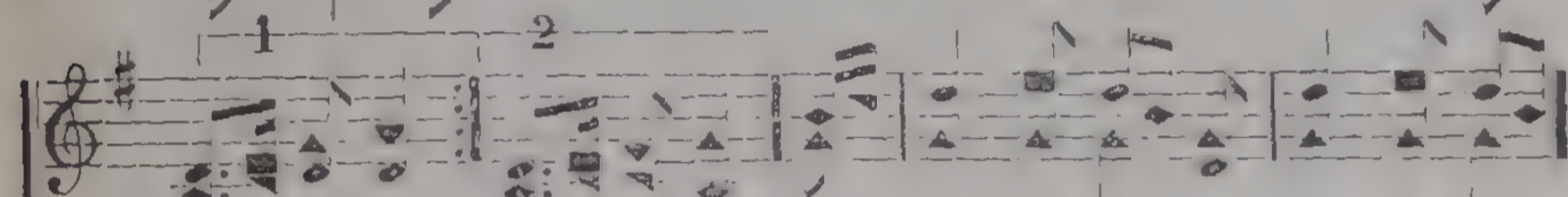
7 And when life's journey is over,
 And I the dear Saviour shall see,
 I'll praise Him forever and ever,
 For saving a sinner like me.

Henry Kirke White.

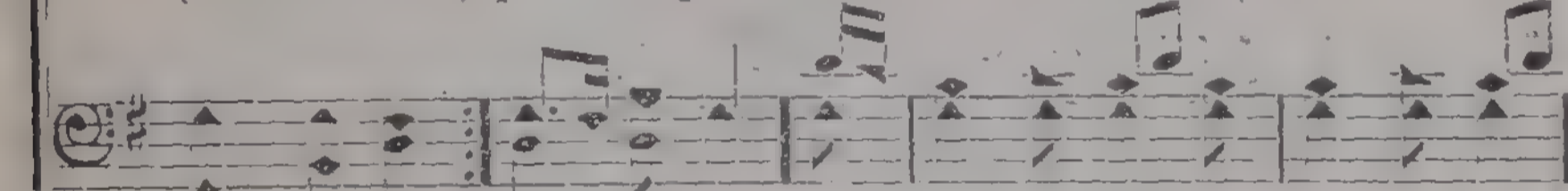

James Miller.



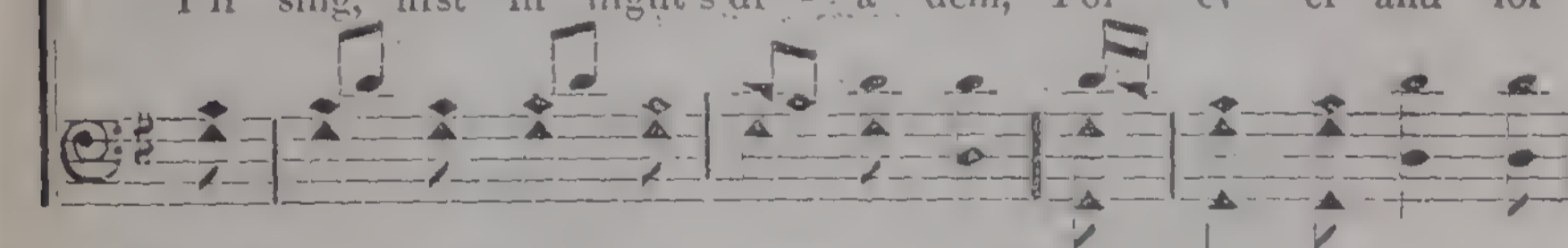

1. { When marshall'd on the night-ly plain, The glitt'ring host il -
 { One Star a-lone, of all the train. Can fix the sin - ner's
 2. { Once on the rag - ing seas I rode. The storm was loud, the
 { The o - cean yawn'd, and rude - ly blow'd The wind that toss'd my
 3. { It was my Guide, my Light, my All, It bade my dark fore -
 { And thro' the storm and dan - ger's thrall, It led me to the

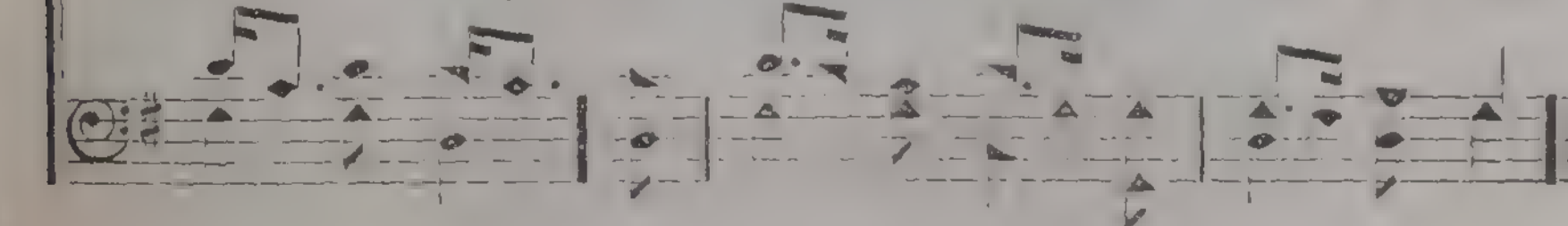
lume the sky,
 (*Omit.....*) wand'ring eye. Hark! hark! to God the cho - rus breaks,
 night was dark,
 (*Omit.....*) found'ring bark. Deep hor - ror then my vi - tals froze,
 bod - ings cease;
 (*Omit.....*) port of peace. Now safe - ly moor'd, my per - ils o'er,

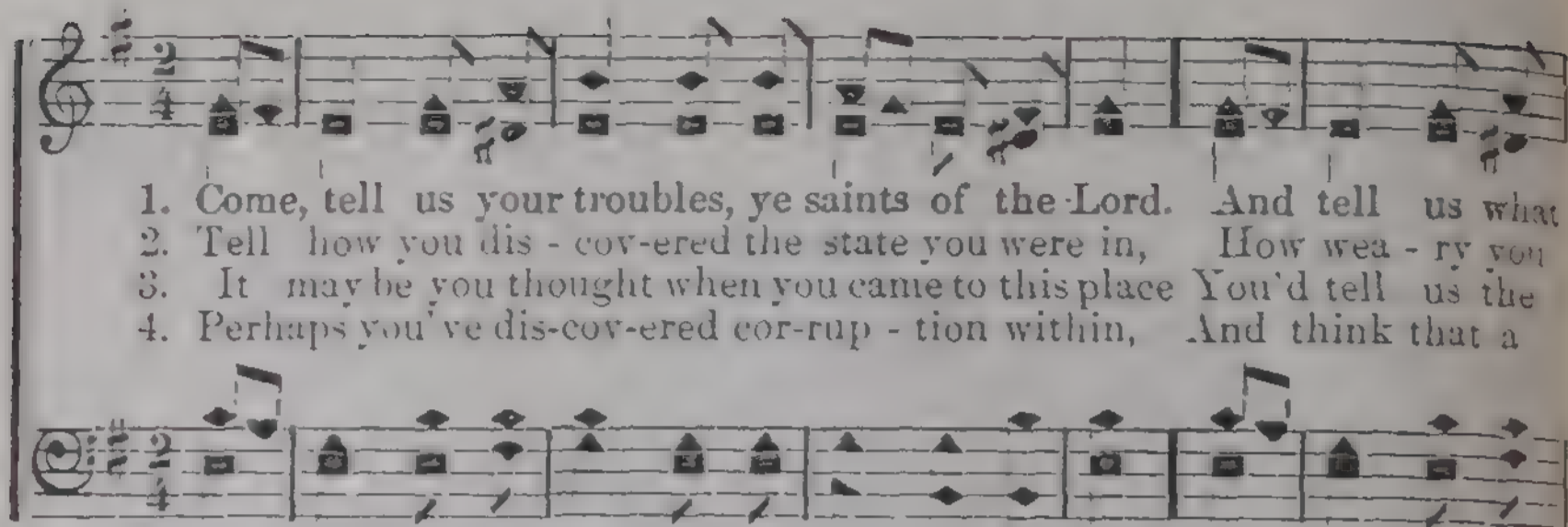



From ev - 'ry host, from ev - 'ry gem; But one a - lone the
 Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem, When sud - den - ly a
 I'll sing, first in night's di - a - dem, For ev - er and for

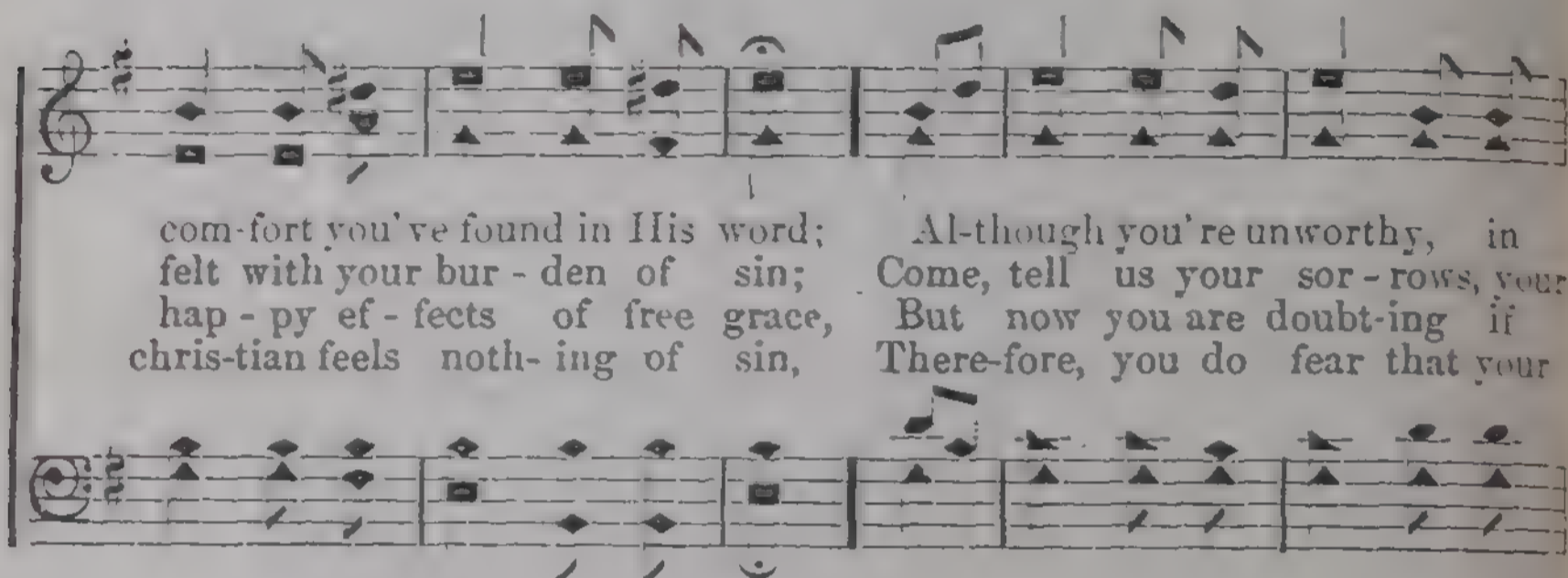



Sav - iour speaks, — It is the Star of Beth - le - hem.
 star a - rose, It was the Star of Beth - le - hem.
 ev - er more, The Star, the Star of Beth - le - hem.

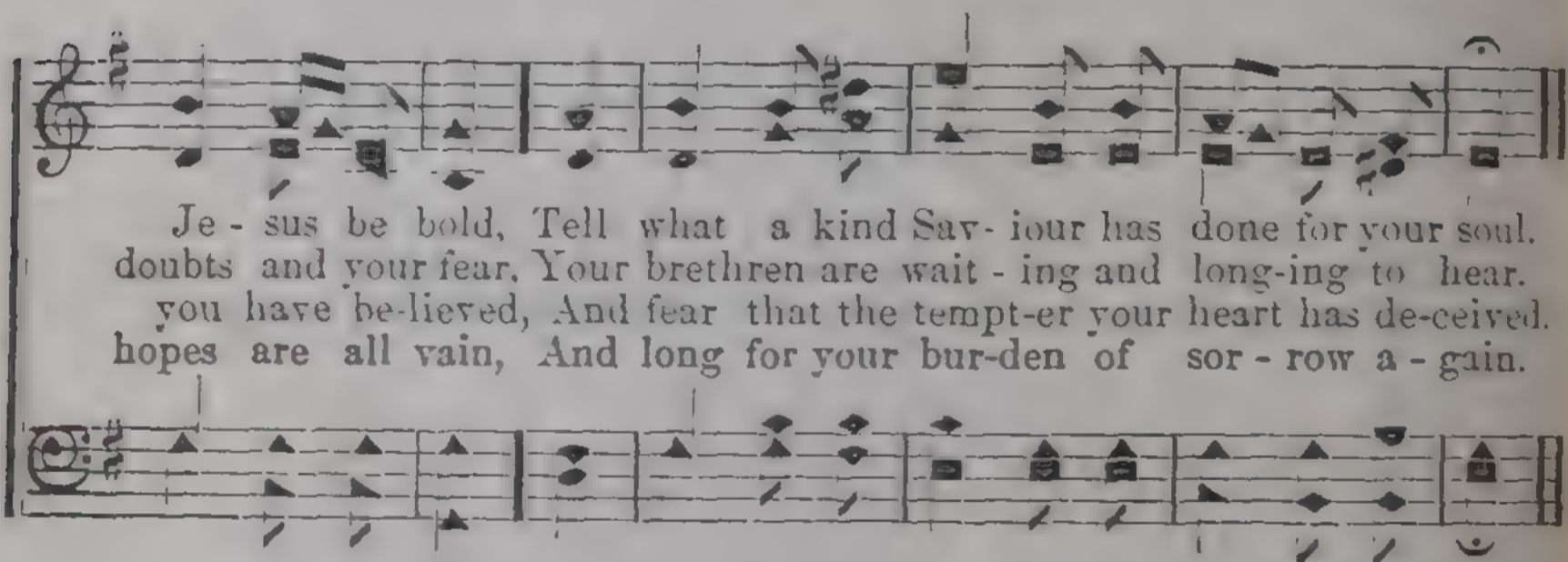




1. Come, tell us your troubles, ye saints of the Lord. And tell us what
 2. Tell how you dis-cov-ered the state you were in, How wea-ry you
 3. It may be you thought when you came to this place You'd tell us the
 4. Perhaps you've dis-cov-ered cor-rup-tion within, And think that a



com-fort you've found in His word; Al-though you're unworthy, in
 felt with your bur-den of sin; Come, tell us your sor-rows, your
 hap-py ef-fects of free grace, But now you are doubt-ing if
 chris-tian feels noth-ing of sin, There-fore, you do fear that your



Je-sus be bold, Tell what a kind Sav-iour has done for your soul.
 doubts and your fear, Your brethren are wait-ing and long-ing to hear.
 you have be-lieved, And fear that the tempt-er your heart has de-ceived.
 hopes are all vain, And long for your bur-den of sor-row a-gain.

5 Perhaps you are fearful if you should relate
 Your little experience and your present state,
 Through weakness you could not your feelings explain,
 And as a deceiver you'd meet with disdain.

6 If these be your feelings do not fear to tell,
 The lovers of Jesus remember them well;
 For as with the heart man believes, it is said,
 So unto salvation confession is made.

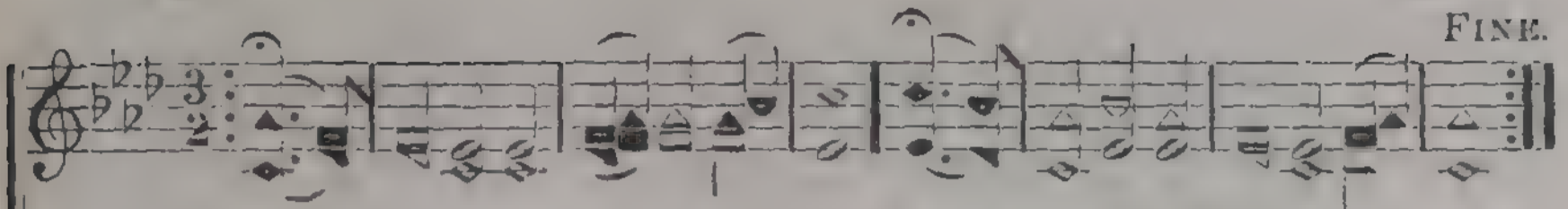
7 We look not for knowledge or anything great,
 Experience alone we would have thee relate;
 The meek and the humble are those that we love,
 And these are the spirits our Lord doth approve.

8 Come, now we'll attend to the glorious news,
 Plead not your unworthiness for an excuse,
 But come while we try to assist you by prayer,
 And the angels in heaven will joyously hear.

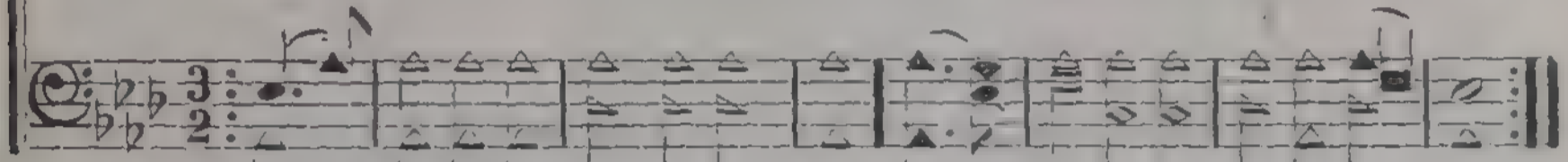
Newton.

Arr.

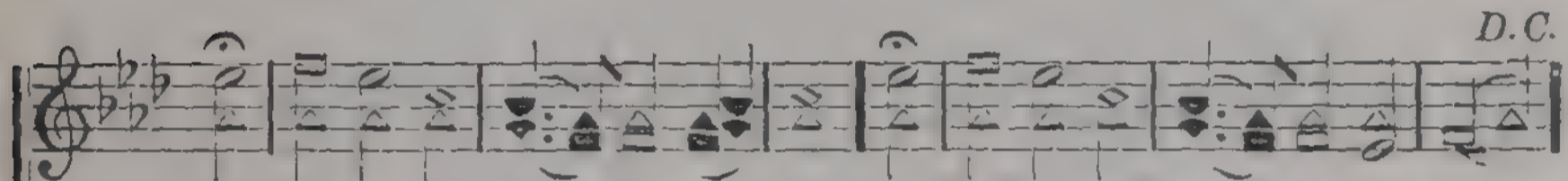
FINE.



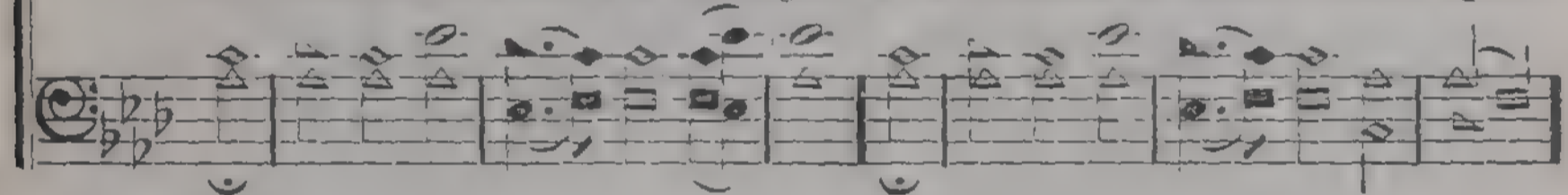
1. { Constrained by their Lord to embark, And venture without Him to sea, }
 { The season tem-pestu-ous and dark, How griev'd the disciples must be! }
 2. { We, like the dis-ci-ples, are tossed By storms on a per-i-ous deep; }
 { But can-not be pos-si-bly lost, For Jesus has charge of the ship. }



D.C.—They still were as safe as be-fore, And e-qual-ly un-der His care.
D.C.—This pi-lot His word has engaged, To bring us in safe-ty to port.

*D.C.*

But tho' He re-mained on the shore, He spent the night for them in pray'r;
 Tho' billows and winds are en-raged, And threaten to make us their sport,



- 3 If sometimes we struggle alone,
 And He is withdrawn from our view,
 It makes us more willing to own
 We nothing without Him can do:
 Then Satan our hopes would assail,
 But Jesus is still within call;
 And when our poor efforts quite fail,
 He comes in good time, and does all.
- 4 Yet, Lord, we are ready to shrink,
 Unless we Thy presence perceive,
 O save us, we cry, or we sink;
 We would, but we cannot believe.
 The night has been long and severe;
 The winds and the seas are still high;
 Dear Saviour, this moment appear,
 And say to our souls, "It is I!"
- 2 Shine, Lord, and my terror shall cease;
 The blood of atonement apply:
 And lead me to Jesus for peace,
 The Rock that is higher than I:
 Speak, Saviour, for sweet is Thy voice;
 Thy presence is fair to behold;
 I thirst for Thy Spirit, with cries
 And groanings that cannot be told.
- 3 If sometimes I strive as I mourn,
 My hold of Thy promise to keep,
 The billows more fiercely return,
 And plunge me again in the deep:
 While harassed and cast from Thy
 sight,
 The tempter suggests with a roar,
 "The Lord hath forsaken thee quite;
 Thy God will be gracious no more."

- 1 Encompassed with clouds of distress,
 And tempted all hopes to resign,
 I pant for the light of Thy face,
 That I in Thy beauty may shine;
 Disheartened with waiting so long,
 I sink at Thy feet with my load:
 All plaintive I pour out my song,
 And stretch forth my hands unto God.
- 4 Yet, Lord, if Thy love hath designed
 No covenant blessing for me,
 Ah, tell me, how is it I find
 Some sweetness in waiting for Thee?
 Almighty to rescue Thou art,
 Thy grace is immortal and free;
 Lord, succor and comfort my heart,
 And make me live wholly to Thee.

Montgomery.

Arr.

1. Out of the depths of woe To Thee, O Lord! I cry; Dark-
2. Then hearken to my voice, Give ear to my complaint; Thou

ness sur-rounds me, but I know, That Thou art ev - er nigh.
bidst the mourn-ing soul re - joice, Thou com-fort - est the faint.

3 I cast my hope on Thee,
Thou canst, Thou wilt forgive;
Wert Thou to mark iniquity,
Who in Thy sight could live?

4 Glory to God above!
The waters soon will cease:
For, lo! the swift returning dove
Brings home the sign of peace.

5 Though storms His face obscure,
And dangers threaten loud,
Jehovah's covenant is sure,
His bow is in the cloud.

5 At length to God I cried,
He heard my plaintive sigh;
He heard, and instantly He sent
Salvation from on high.

6 My drooping head He raised;
My bleeding wounds He healed;
Pardoned my sins, and with a smile
The gracious pardon sealed.

7 Oh! may I ne'er forget
The mercy of my God;
Nor ever want a tongue to spread
His loudest praise abroad.

126

S. M.

STENNETT,

1 Come, ye that fear the Lord,
And listen while I tell
How narrowly my feet escaped
The snares of death and hell.

2 The flattering joys of sense
Assailed my foolish heart,
While Satan, with malicious skill,
Guided the poisonous dart.

3 I fell beneath the stroke,
But fell to rise again;
My Lord for me laid down His life,
And purged away my sin.

4 Darkness, and shame, and grief
Oppressed my gloomy mind;
I looked around me for relief,
But no relief could find.

127

S. M.

NEWTON,

1 Beside the gospel pool
Appointed for the poor,
From time to time my helpless soul
Has waited for a cure.

2 How often have I seen
The healing waters move,
And others round me, stepping in,
Their efficacy prove.

3 But my complaints remain,
I feel the very same;
As full of guilt, and fear, and pain,
As when at first I came.

4 O would the Lord appear,
My malady to heal: [here,
He knows how long I've languished
And what distress I feel.

5 How often have I thought,
Why should I longer lie?
Surely the mercy I have sought
Is not for such as I.

6 But whither can I go?
There is no other pool
Where streams of sovereign virtue flow,
To make a sinner whole.

7 Here, then, from day to day,
I'll wait, and hope, and try:
Can Jesus hear a sinner pray,
Yet suffer him to die?

8 No! He is full of grace,—
He never will permit
A soul that fain would see His face,
To perish at His feet.

128

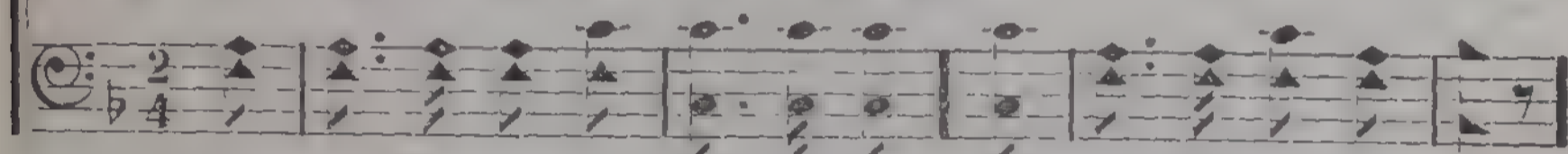
Fair Haven. C. M.

Newton.
Slow.

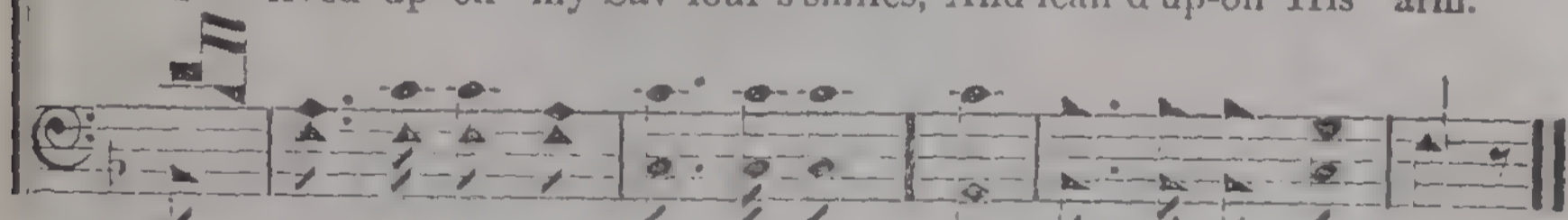
Scotch Air.



1. Sweet was the time when first I felt The Sav-iour's pard'ning blood,
2. In vain the tempter spread His wiles, The world no more could charm;



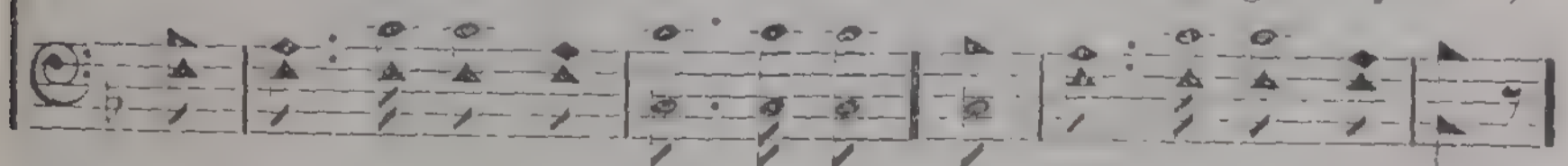
Ap - plied to cleanse my soul from guilt, And bring me home to God.
I lived up-on my Sav-iour's smiles, And lean'd up-on His arm.



D.S.—And when the eve'ning shades prevailed, His love was all my song.
D.S.—And when I read His ho - ly word, I called each promise mine.



Soon as the morn the light revealed, His prais - es tuned my tongue,
In pray'r my soul drew near the Lord, And saw His glo - ry shine,



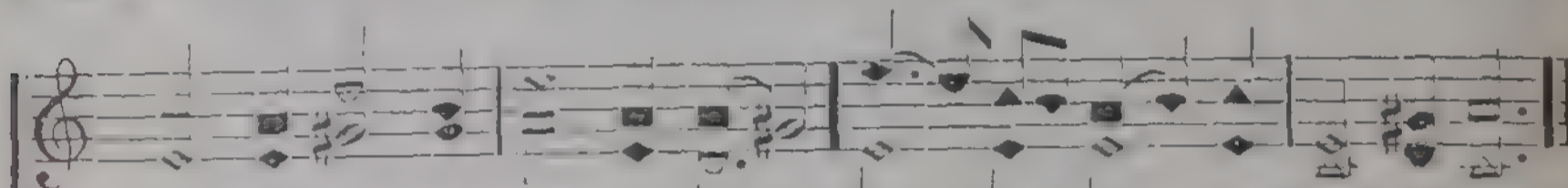
3 Then to His saints I often spoke
Of what His love had done,
But now my heart is almost broke,
For all my joys are gone.
Now, when the evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns,
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

4 My prayers are now a chattering noise,
For Jesus hides His face;
I read, the promise meets my eyes,
But will not reach my case.
Now Satan threatens to prevail,
And make my soul His prey,
Yet, Lord, Thy mercies cannot fail,
Oh, come without delay!

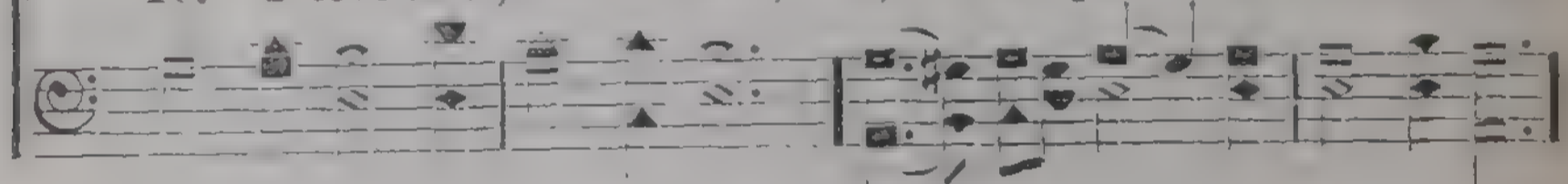
Cowper.



1. Hark, my soul, it is the Lord; 'Tis the Sav - iour, hear His word;
2. "I de - liv - er'd thee, when bound. And when bleeding, heal'd thy wound;
3. "Can a woman's ten - der care Cease to - ward a child she bare?
4. "Mine is an un - changing love, High - er than the heights a - love;
5. "Thou shalt see my glo - ry soon, When the work of grace is done;
6. Lord, it is my chief complaint, That my love is weak and faint;



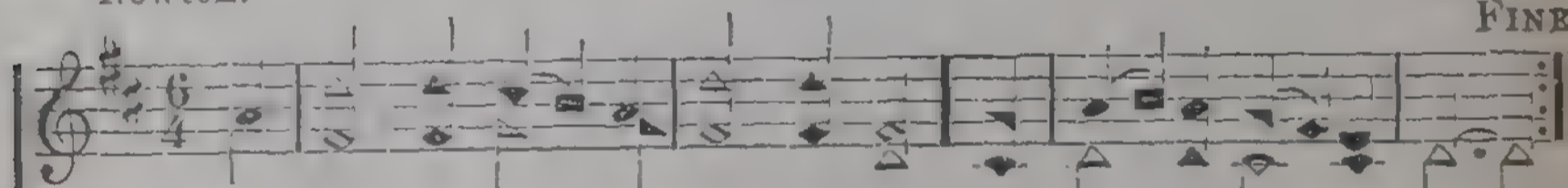
Je - sus speaks, and speaks to Thee: "Say, poor sin - ner, lov'st thou Me?
Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right, Turn'd thy dark - ness in - to light.
Yes, she may for - get - ful be. Yet will I re - mem - ber thee.
Deep - er than the depths be - neath— Free and faith - ful—strong as death.
Part - ner of my throne shall be, Say, poor sin - ner, lov'st thou Me?"
Yet I love Thee, and a - dore; O, for grace to love Thee more!



Newton.

Arr.

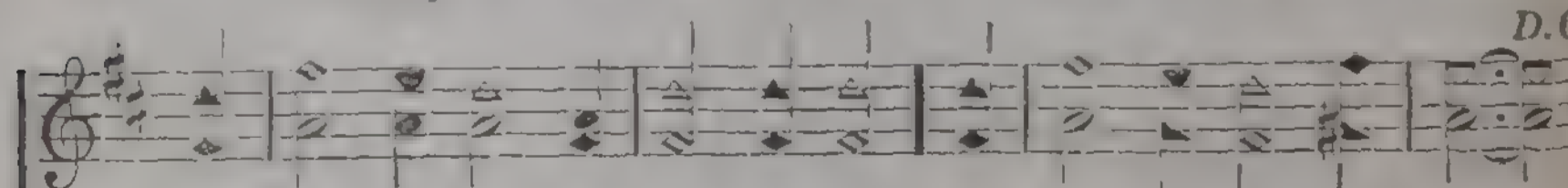
FINE.



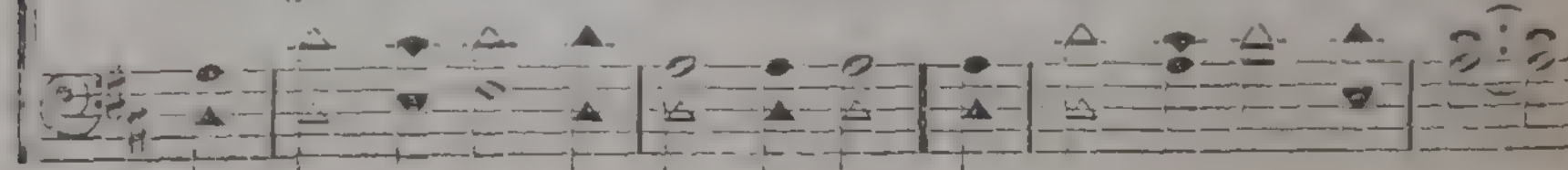
1. Af - flic - tions, tho' they seem se - vere, In mer - cy oft are sent; }
{ They stopp'd the Prod - i - gal's ca - reer, And forc'd him to re - pent. }
2. "What have I gain'd by sin," he said, "But hunger, shame, and fear; }
{ My fa - ther's house a - bounds with bread While I am starv - ing here. }



D.C.—His stubborn heart be - gan to melt When famine pinch'd him sore.
D.C.—Un - worth - y to be call'd his son, I'll seek a servant's place."



Although he no re - lent - ing felt Till he had spent his store,
U'll go and tell him all I've done And fall be - fore his face;



The Prodigal. Concluded.

3 His father saw him coming back,
 He saw, and ran, and smiled,
 And threw his arms about the neck
 Of his rebellious child.
 "Father, I've sinned, but, oh, forgive!"
 "Enough," the father said;
 "Rejoice, my house, my son's alive,
 For whom I mourned as dead.

4 "Now let the fatted calf be slain,
 And spread the news around;
 My son was dead, but lives again,
 Was lost, but now is found."
 'Tis thus the Lord His grace reveals,
 To call poor sinners home;
 More than a father's love He feels,
 And welcomes all that come.

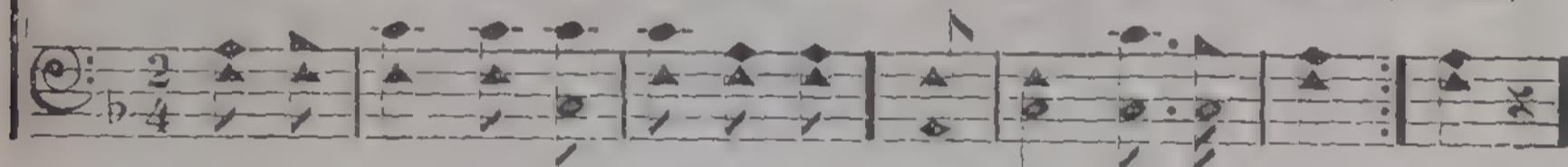
131

Unfading Joy. 8s, 5s, 7s, 4s.

Arr.



1. { I have sought round the verdant earth, For un-fad-ing joy,
 I have tried ev-'ry source of mirth, But all, all will (Omit.) cloy;
 2. { I have wander'd in ma-zes dark, Of doubt and dis-tress,
 I have not had a kind-ly spark My spir-it to (Omit.) bless;



Lord be-stow on me, Grace to set my spir-it free,
 Cheer-less un-be-lief Fill'd my la-b'ring soul with grief;



Thine the praise shall be, Mine, mine the joy.
 What shall give re-lief? What shall give peace?



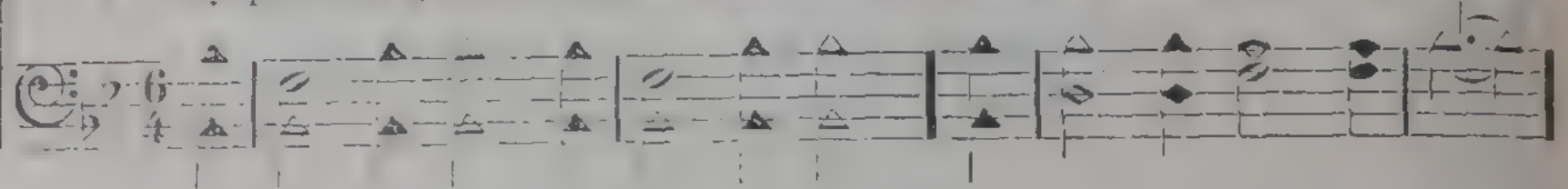
3 I turned to Thy gospel, Lord,
 From folly away,
 I trusted in Thy holy word,
 Which taught me to pray;
 Here I found release,
 Wearied spirit here found peace,
 Hopes of endless bliss,
 Eternal Day.

4 I'm a stranger and pilgrim here
 In this world of woe,
 But I find my Redeemer near
 As onward I go;
 Jesus is my friend,
 He'll be with me to the end,
 And from foes defend
 My path below.

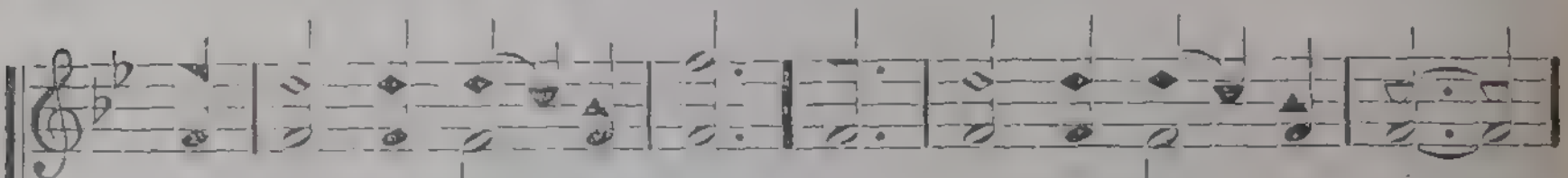
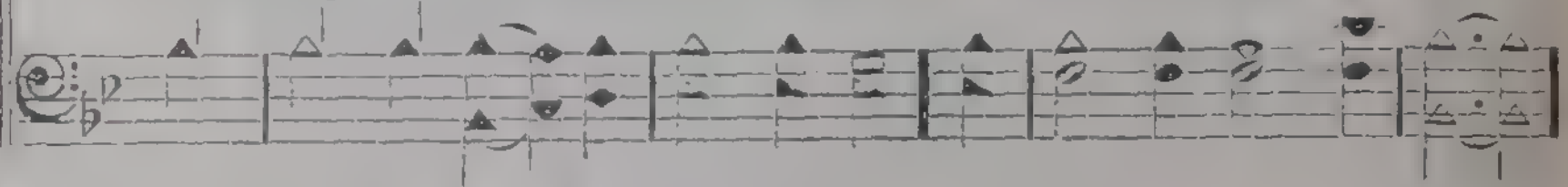
Steele.



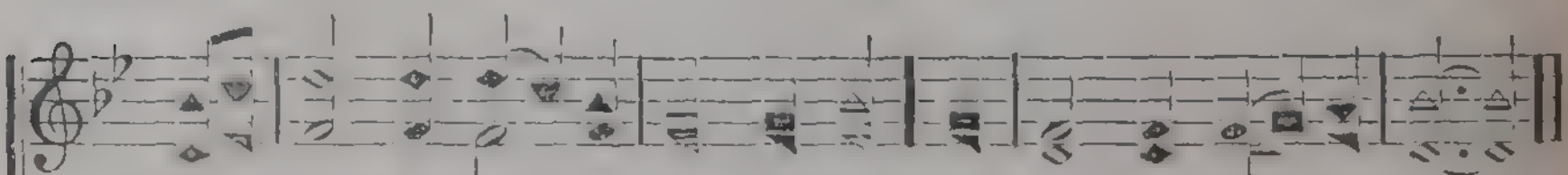
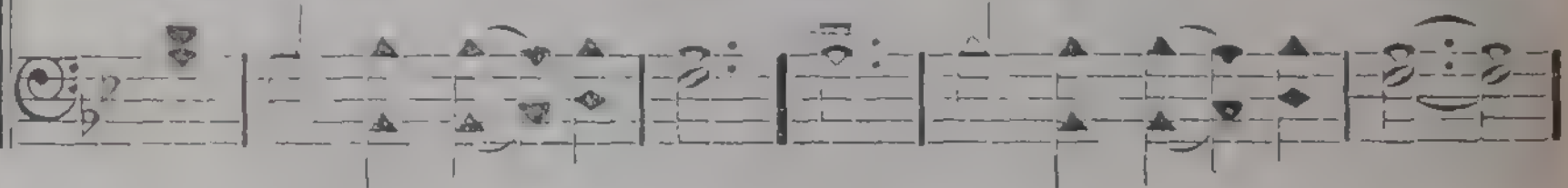
1. How oft, a - las! this wretched heart Has wander'd from the Lord;
 2. Yet sov'reign mer - cy calls re - turn, Dear Lord and may I come?
 3. And canst Thou, wilt Thou yet for - give, And bid my crimes re - move?
 4. Al - mighty grace Thy heal - ing pow'r How glorious, how di - vine!
 5. Thy pard'ning love, so free, so sweet, Dear Sav - iour, I a - dore;



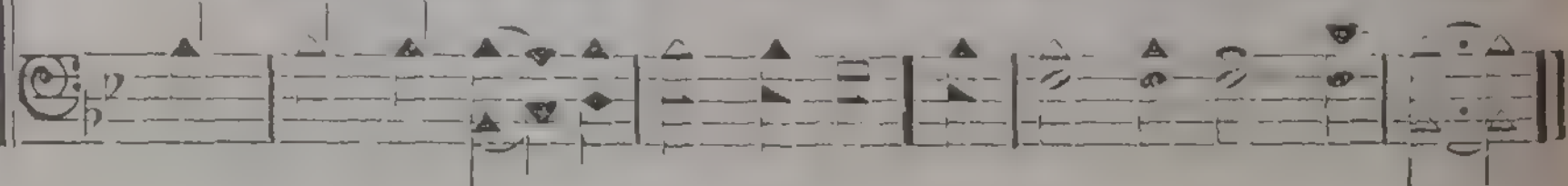
How oft my rov - ing thoughts depart, For - get - ful of His word!
 My vile in - grat - i - tude I mourn; O, take the wand'rer home.
 And shall a pardon'd reb - el live To speak Thy wondrous love?
 That can to life and bliss re - store So vile a heart as mine.
 O, keep me at Thy sa - cred feet, And let me rove no more.



For - get - ful of His word! For - get - ful of His word!
 O, take the wand'rer home, O, take the wan - d'rer home.
 To speak Thy wondrous love? To speak Thy won - drous love?
 So vile a heart as mine, So vile a heart as mine.
 And let me rove no more, And let me rove no more.



How oft my rov - ing thoughts depart, For - get - ful of His word!
 My vile in - grat - i - tude I mourn; O, take the wand'rer home.
 And shall a pardon'd reb - el live To speak Thy wondrous love?
 That can to life and bliss re - store So vile a heart as mine.
 O, keep me at Thy sa - cred feet, And let me rove no more.



J. R. D.

John R. Daily.

1. The voice of my Be-lov-ed spake And sweetly said to me,
 "A-rise, my love, the world for-sake, And come a-way with me."

2. For lo! the win-ter now is past, The chilling rains are o'er,
 The sweet spring-time has come at last, The sun shines out once more."

- 3 "The flowers now are sending out
 The breath of sweet perfume,
 The hill-sides echo with a shout,
 The birds their songs resume.
- 4 "The turtle dove lifts up her voice
 To sing her Maker's praise;
 Come now and let your heart rejoice,
 Your voice in rapture raise.
- 5 "The fig tree putteth forth her figs
 The vines with grapes abound;
 The buds adorn the tender twigs,
 The hills with grass are crowned.
- 6 "Arise, my love, and come away
 My fair one, hear My voice,
 In darkness now no longer stay,
 In holy light rejoice."
- 7 At these sweet words my heart did melt
 In tenderness and love,
 His arms in kind support I felt,
 My soul was raised above.
- 8 In holy ecstasy I cried,
 "The Saviour now is mine;
 To save me He was crucified,
 I can no more repine."

- 9 I bless His holy, precious name.
 For mercy shown to me;
 My liberty He did proclaim,
 He set my spirit free.
- 10 In His sweet presence I rejoice,
 His name I do adore,
 Oh! may it be my happy choice
 To serve Him evermore.
- 11 How sweet to have my hand in His,
 And feel His hand in mine,
 To walk where His sweet presence is,
 And taste His love divine!
- 12 He leads me by the waters still,
 And o'er the pastures green,
 While my poor heart He makes to
 With love and joy serene. [thrill
- 13 'Tis my desire to dwell below
 With Him my Husband, Friend;
 And when from this vain world I go,
 To His abode ascend.
- 14 There, there, amid that holy throng,
 I hope to find a place,
 While endless ages roll along,
 To rest in His embrace.

A. R. Cousin.

Wm. Walker.

FINE.

1. { O when shall I see Je - sus, And reign with Him a - bove,
 { And from the flowing fount - ain, Drink ev - er - last - ing (Omit.) love?

D. C. — And with my blessed Je - sus, Drink end - less pleas - ure in?

When shall I be de - liv - ered From this vain world of sin.....

- 2 But now I am a soldier,
 My Captain's gone before,
 He's given me my orders,
 And bid me not give o'er;
 His promises are faithful,
 A crown of life He'll give,
 And all His valiant soldiers
 Eternally shall live.
- 3 Through grace He will support me,
 To conquer though I die,
 And then away to Jesus
 On wings of love I'll fly;
 Farewell to sin and sorrow,
 I bid you both adieu;
 And, O my friends, still trust Him,
 And on your way pursue.
- 4 Whene'er you meet with troubles
 And trials on the way,
 Cast all your care on Jesus,
 And don't forget to pray:
 Gird on the gospel armor
 Of faith, and hope, and love;
 And when the combat's ended
 He'll carry you above.
- 5 O do not be discouraged,
 For Jesus is your friend,
 And if you want more knowledge,
 He'll not refuse to send:
 Neither will He upbraid you,
 Though often you request;
 He'll give you grace to conquer,
 And take you home to rest.
- 6 And when the last, loud trumpet
 Shall rend the vaulted skies,
 And bid the entombed millions
 From their cold beds arise,
 Our ransomed dust, revived,
 Bright beauties shall put on,
 And soar to the blest mansion
 Where our Redeemer's gone.
- 7 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 glories
 Of our immortal King.

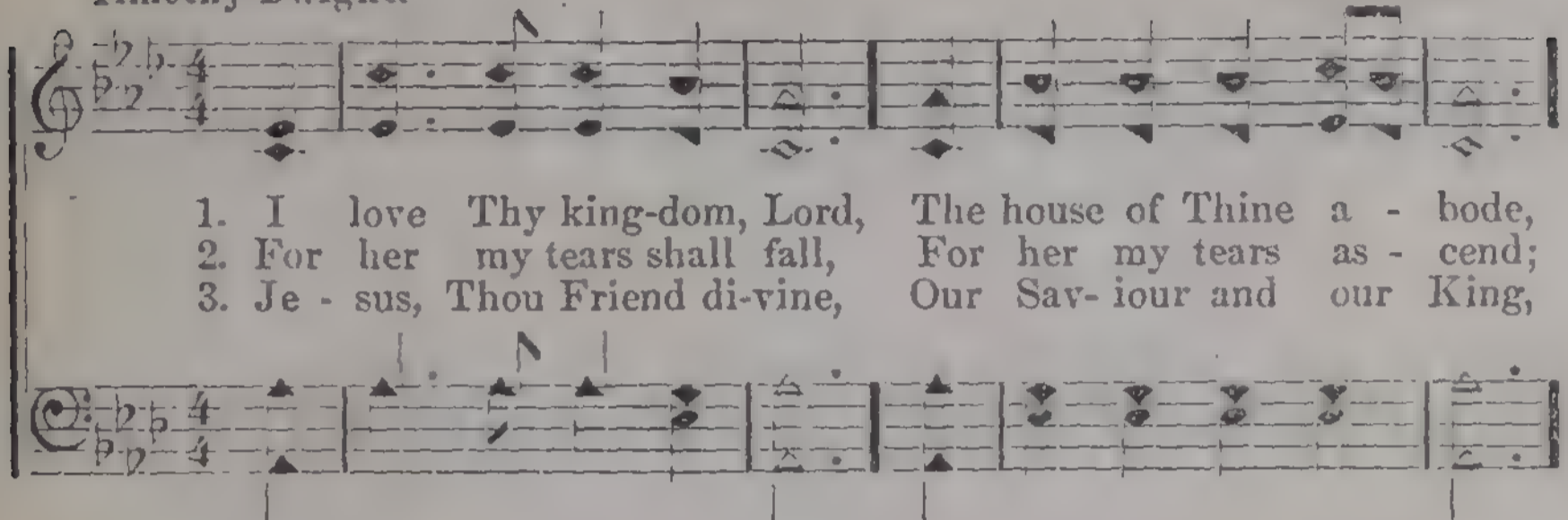
THE CHURCH.

135

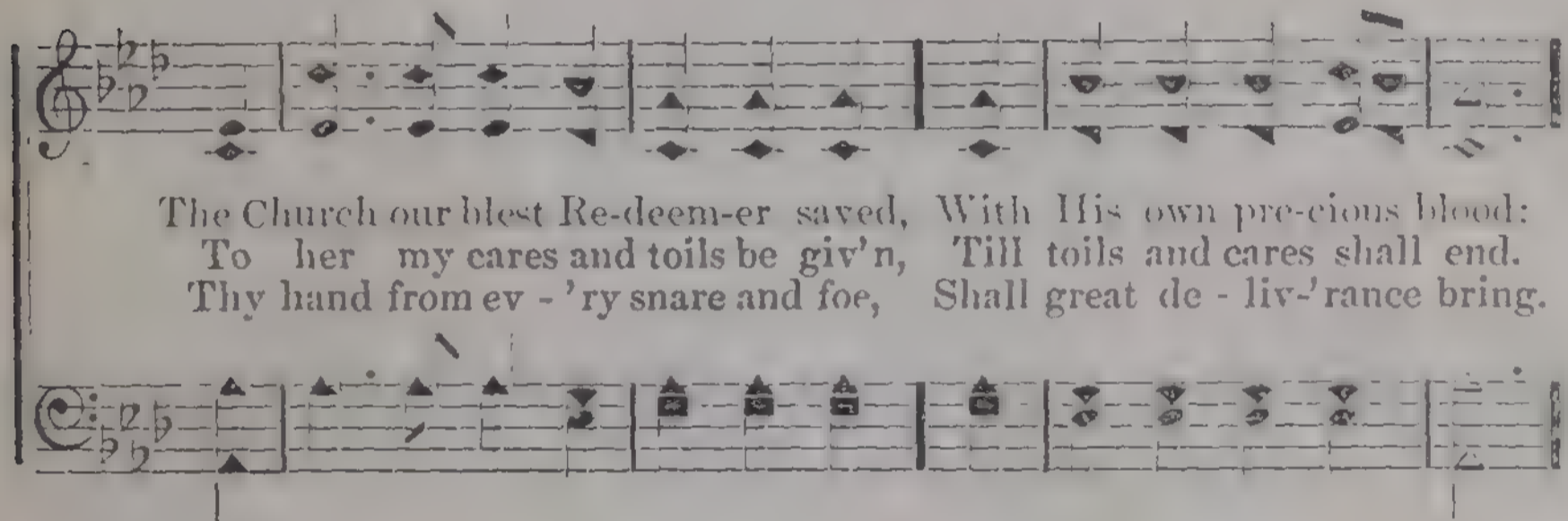
I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

Timothy Dwight.

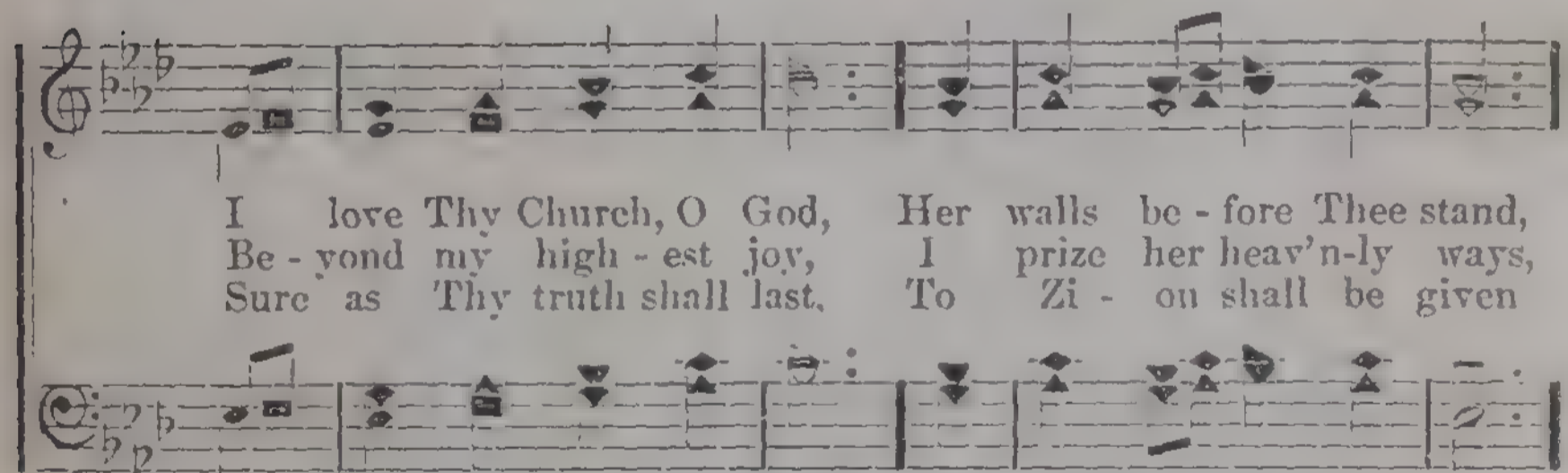
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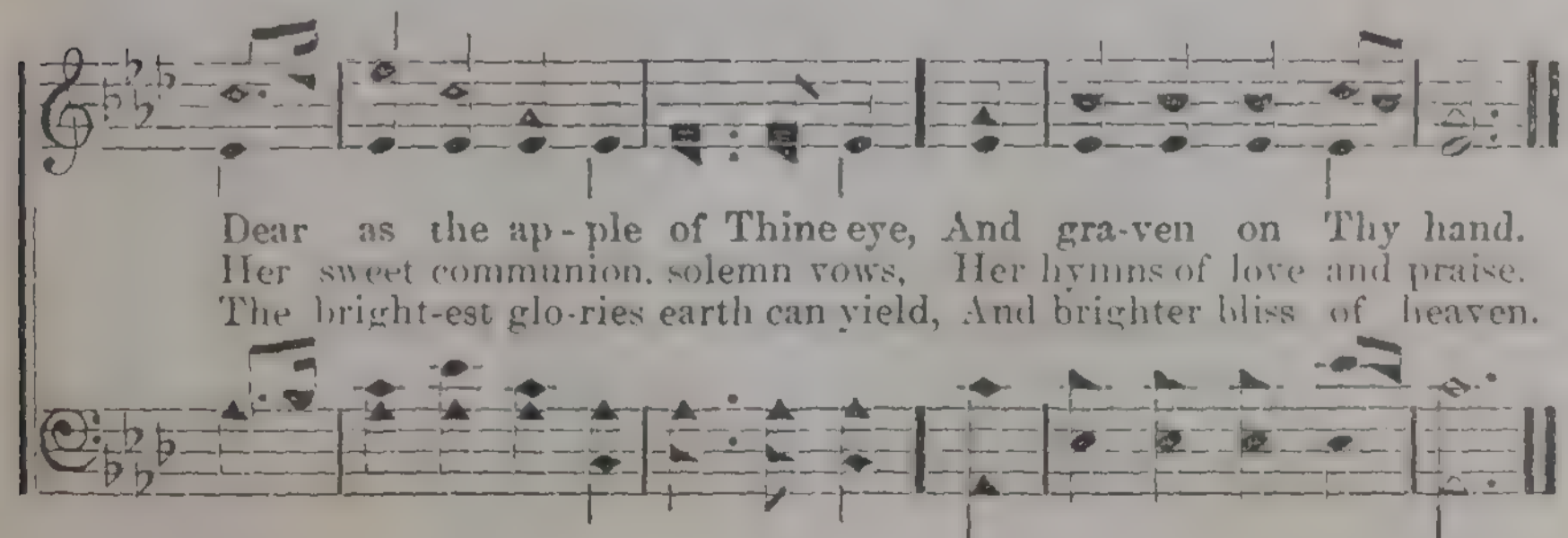
1. I love Thy king-dom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode,
 2. For her my tears shall fall, For her my tears as - cend;
 3. Je - sus, Thou Friend di-vine, Our Sav-iour and our King,



The Church our blest Re-deem-er saved, With His own pre-cious blood:
 To her my cares and toils be giv'n, Till toils and cares shall end.
 Thy hand from ev - 'ry snare and foe, Shall great de - liv-'rance bring.



I love Thy Church, O God, Her walls be - fore Thee stand,
 Be - yond my high - est joy, I prize her heav'n-ly ways,
 Sure as Thy truth shall last, To Zi - on shall be given



Dear as the ap-ple of Thine eye, And gra-ven on Thy hand.
 Her sweet communion, solemn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.
 The bright-est glo-ries earth can yield, And brighter bliss of heaven.

Austin Lane.

1. { You may sing of the beau - ty of mount - ain and dale, }
 { Of the sil - ver - y stream - let and flow'rs of the vale; }

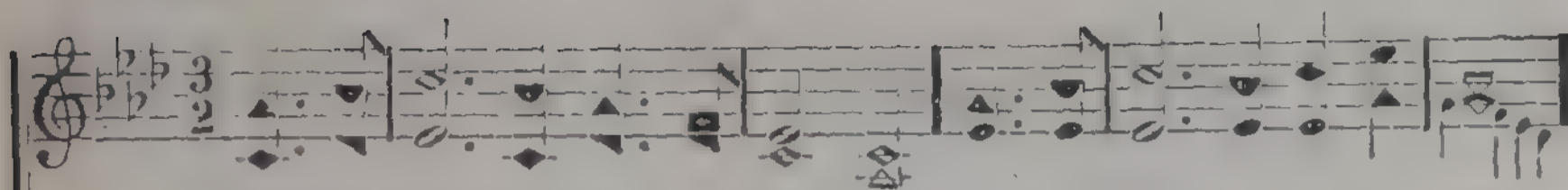
But the place most de - light - ful this earth can af - ford,

Is the place of de - vo - tion—the house of the Lord.

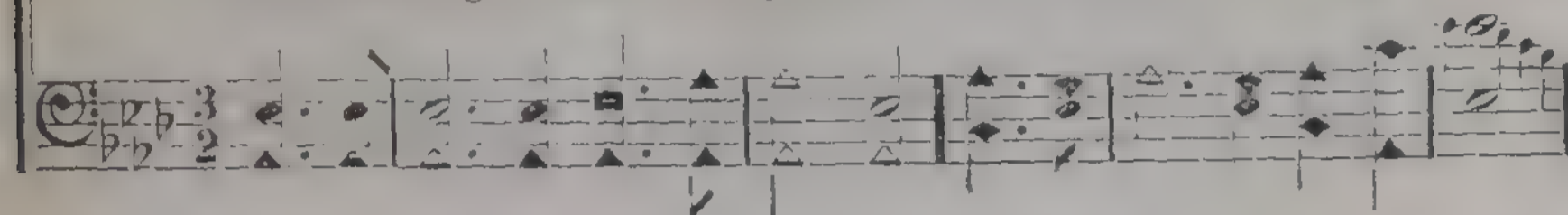
- 2 You may boast of the sweetness of day's early dawn,
 Of the sky's softening graces when the day is just gone;
 But there's no other season or time can compare
 With the house of devotion—the season of prayer.
- 3 You may value the friendships of youth and of age,
 And select for my comrades the noble and sage;
 But the friends that most cheer me on life's rugged road,
 Are the friends of my Master—the children of God.
- 4 You may talk of your prospects of fame or of wealth,
 And the hopes that oft flatter the fav'rites of health;
 But the hope of bright glory—of heavenly bliss!
 Take away every other, and give me but this.
- 5 Ever hail, blessed temple, abode of my God,
 I will turn to thee often to hear from His word;
 I will walk to the altar with those that I love,
 And delight in the prospect revealed from above.

Newton.

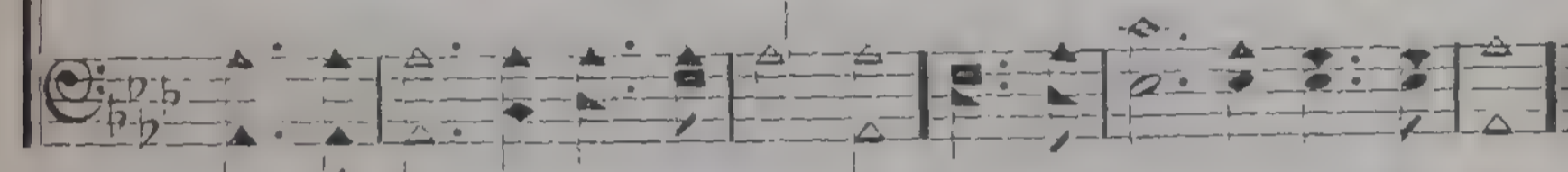
Spanish.



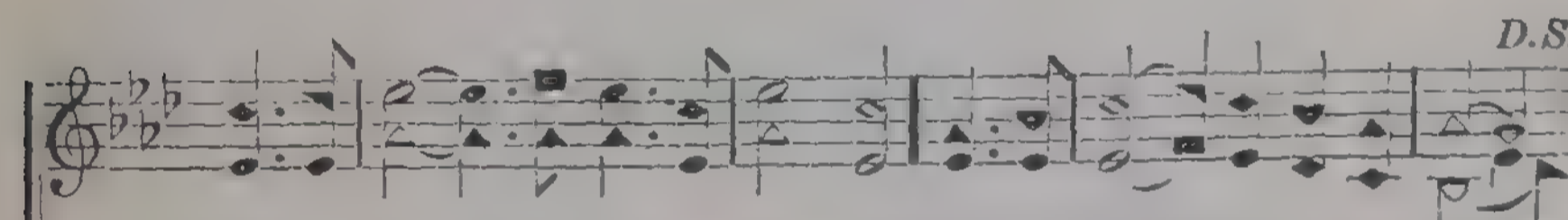
1. Glorious things of thee are spok-en, Zi-on, cit-y of our God!



He whose word can-not be brok-en, Form'd thee for His own a-bode.



D.S.—With Sal-va-tion's walls surrounded, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes



On the Rock of A-ges founded, What can shake thy sure re- pose?



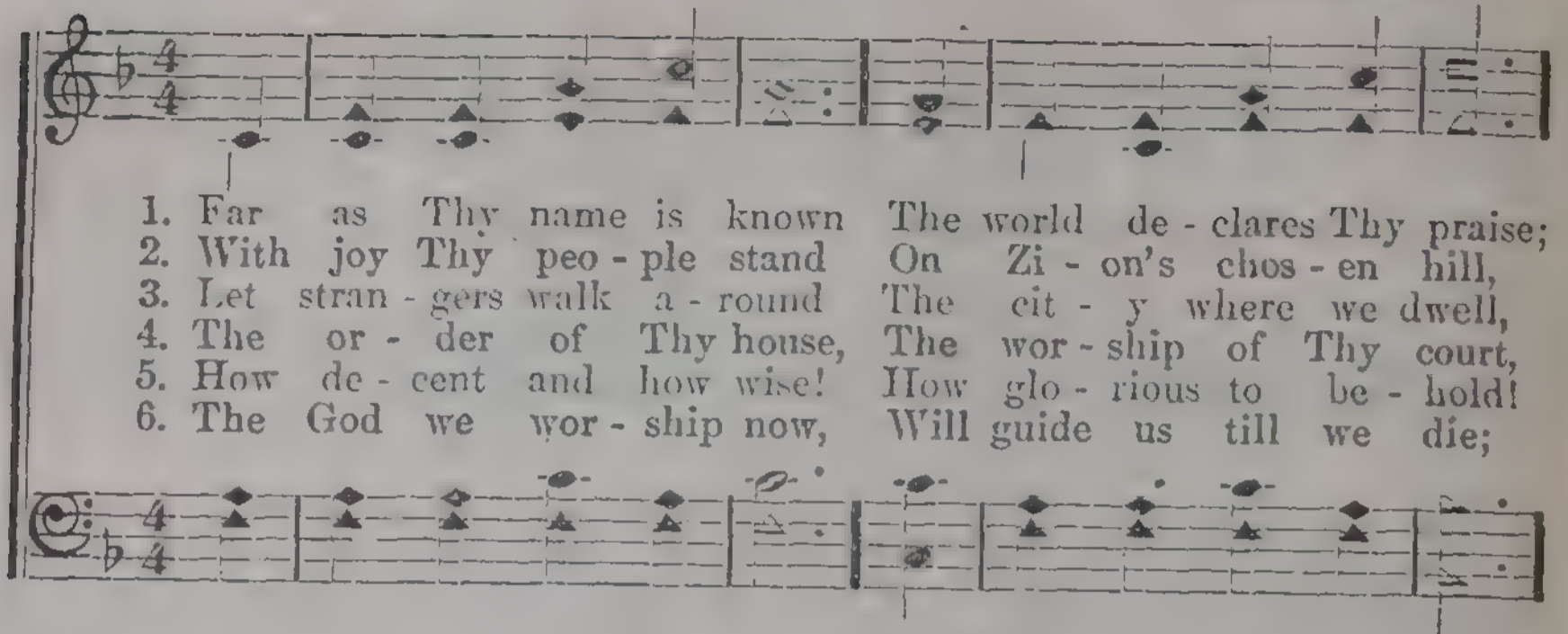
2 See the streams of living waters
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t'assuage?
Grace, which like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hov'ring,
See the cloud and fire appear!
For a glory and a cov'ring,
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.

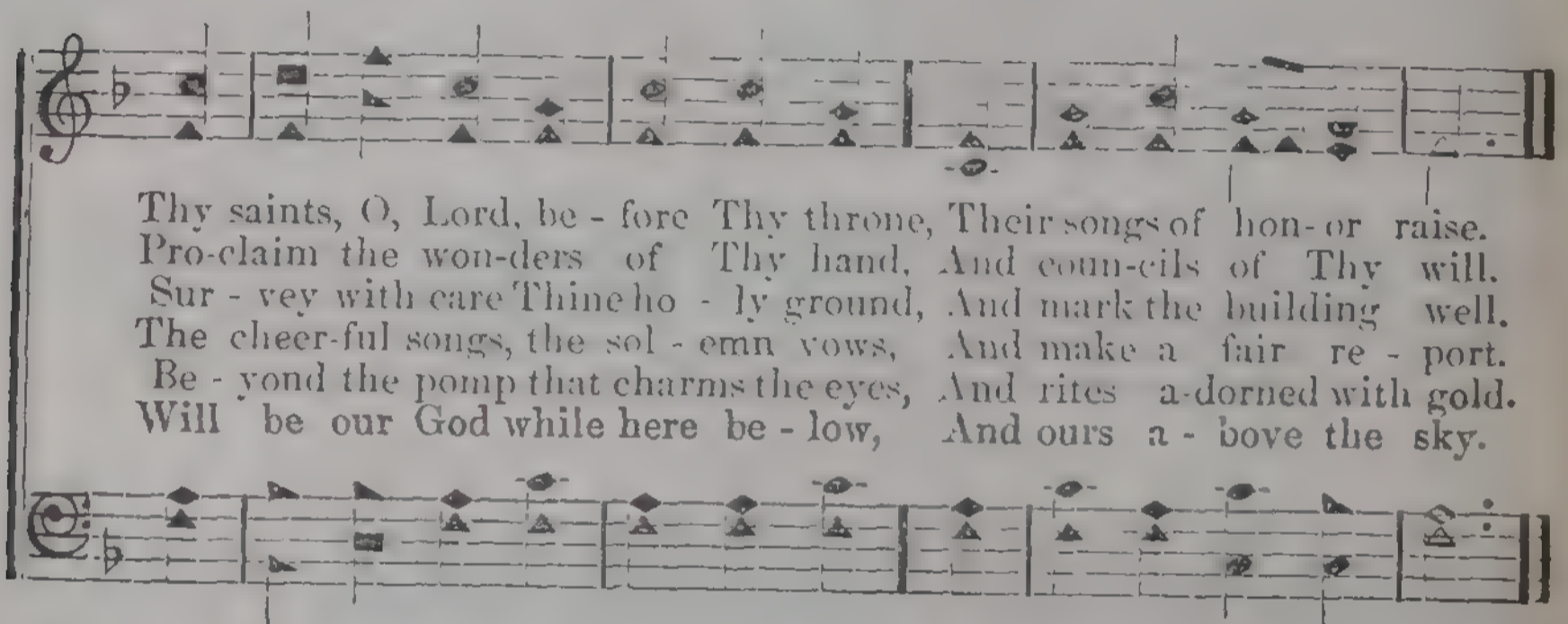
4 Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Wash'd in the Redeemer's blood!
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to
God;
'Tis His love His people raises
Over self to reign as kings,
And as priests, His solemn praises
Each for a thank-off'ring brings.

5 Saviour, if of Zion's city
I, through grace, a member am;
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in Thy name:
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
Solid joys and lasting treasure,
None but Zion's children know.

John R. Daily.

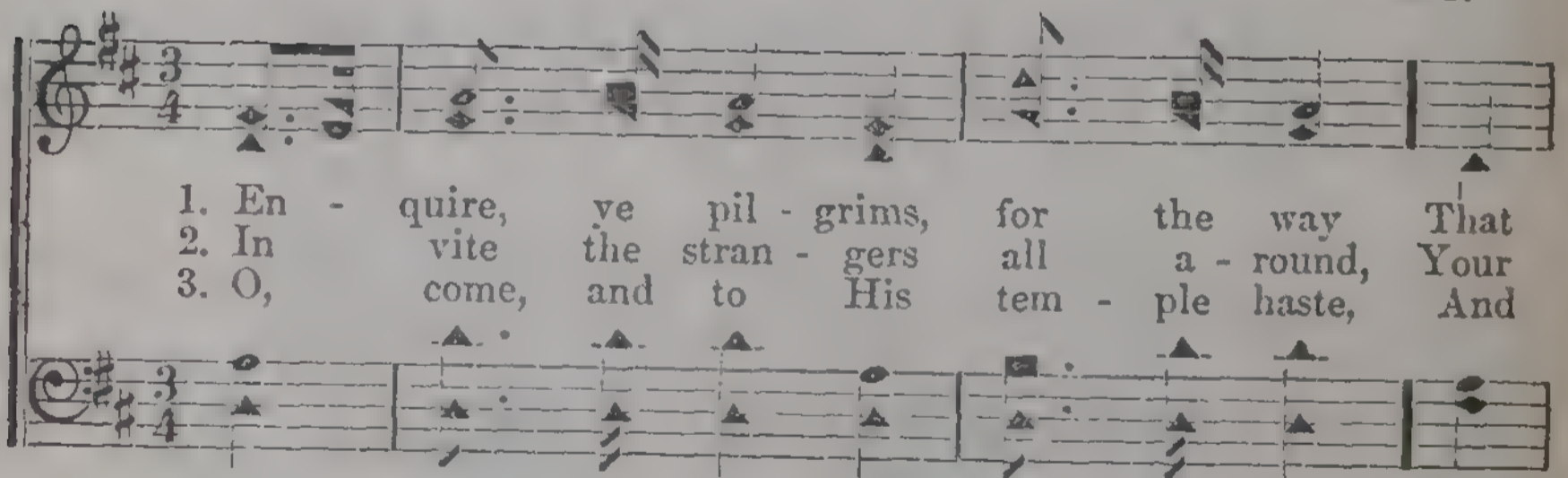


1. Far as Thy name is known The world de - clares Thy praise;
 2. With joy Thy peo - ple stand On Zi - on's chos - en hill,
 3. Let stran - gers walk a - round The cit - y where we dwell,
 4. The or - der of Thy house, The wor - ship of Thy court,
 5. How de - cent and how wise! How glo - rious to be - hold!
 6. The God we wor - ship now, Will guide us till we die;

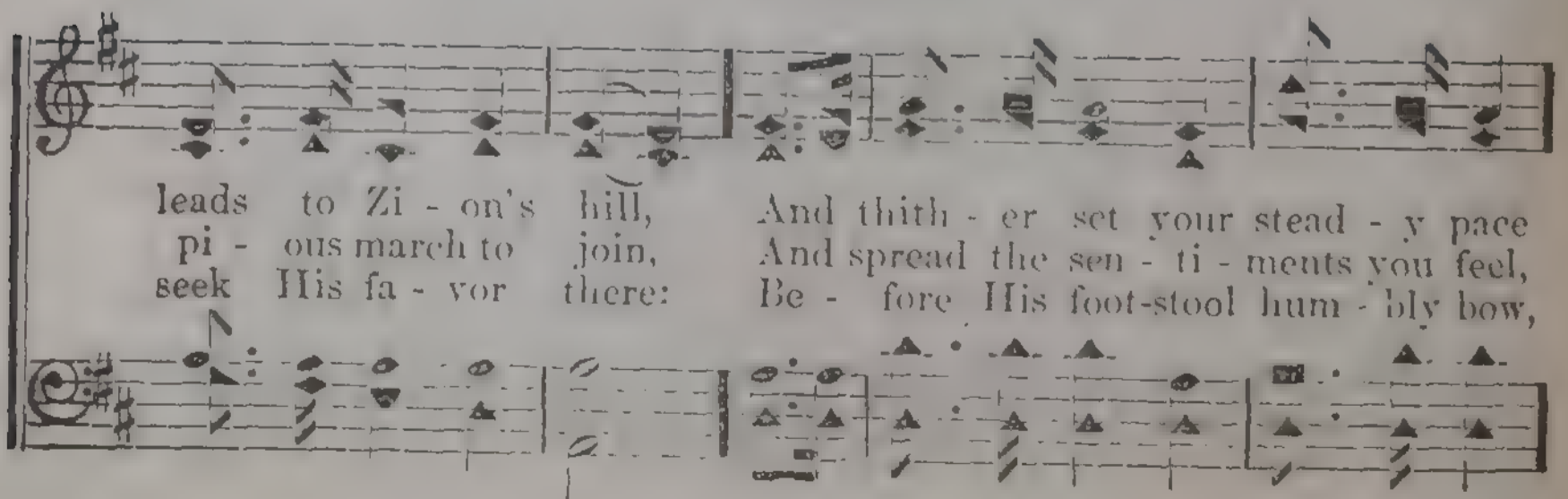


Thy saints, O, Lord, be - fore Thy throne, Their songs of hon - or raise.
 Pro - claim the won - ders of Thy hand, And coun - cils of Thy will.
 Sur - vey with care Thine ho - ly ground, And mark the building well.
 The cheer - ful songs, the sol - emn vows, And make a fair re - port.
 Be - yond the pomp that charms the eyes, And rites a - dorned with gold.
 Will be our God while here be - low, And ours a - bove the sky.

Arr.



1. En - quire, ye pil - grims, for the way That
 2. In vite the stran - gers all a - round, Your
 3. O, come, and to His tem - ple haste, And



leads to Zi - on's hill, And thith - er set your stead - y pace
 pi - ous march to join, And spread the sen - ti - ments you feel,
 seek His fa - vor there: Be - fore His foot - stool hum - bly bow,

Doddridge. Concluded.

With a de - ter - mined will, With a de - ter - mined will.
 Of faith and love di - vine, Of faith and love di - vine.
 And pour your fer - vent pray'r, And pour your fer - vent pray'r.

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Evening Shade. S. M.

Stephen Jenks.

Slowly.

1. The church of God is fair; Her fame of old was known:

And Christ will dwell for ev - er there,.....

And Christ will dwell for ev - er there,

And Christ will dwell for - ev - er there,.....

And Christ will dwell for ev - er there, And claim her for His own.

2 Here His affections rest,
 Nor shall from hence remove;
 'Tis His delight to make her blest,
 And live upon His love.

3 Her worthless name is found,
 Deep 'graven on His hand,
 In characters of grace profound,
 That shall for ever stand.

4 Though oft with tempest tost,
 Ne'er from her anchor drove;
 This chosen vessel can't be lost,
 Secured by covenant love.

5 Her bulwarks and her walls
 Are all the promises,
 Founded in potent wills and shall
 In oaths and firm decrees.

Watts.

FINE.

1. { Ear - ly, my God, without de - lay, I haste to seek Thy face; }
 { My thirs-ty spir-it faints a - way With-out Thy cheering grace. }
 3. { I've seen Thy glo-ry and Thy pow'r, Thro' all Thy Temple shine; }
 { My God, re-peat that heav'nly hour, That vis-ion, so divine. }
 5. { Not life it-self, with all its joys, Can my best passions move, }
 { Or raise so high my cheer-ful voice, As Thy for-giv-ing love. }

D. C.—Long for a cool-ing stream at hand, And they must drink, or die.
D. C.—As when Thy rich-er grace I taste, And in Thy presence dwell.
D. C.—Thus will I lift my hands to pray, And tune my lips to sing.

2. So pil-grims on the scorching sands, Be - neath a burn-ing sky,
 4. Not all the blessings of a feast Can please my soul so well,
 6. Thus, till my last ex-pir-ing day, I'll bless my God and King;

142

C. M. C. WESLEY.

- 1 Come, let us join our friends above,
 Who have obtained the prize,
 And on the eagle wings of love,
 To joys celestial rise.
- 2 Let saints below in concert sing
 With those to glory gone;
 For all the servants of our King
 In heaven and earth are one.
- 3 One family, we dwell in Him;
 One church above, beneath,
 Though now divided by the stream—
 The narrow stream—of death.
- 4 One army of the living God,
 To His command we bow;
 Part of the host have crossed the flood,
 And part are crossing now.
- 5 E'en now to their eternal home
 Some happy spirits fly;
 And we are to the margin come;
 And soon expect to die.

- 6 O, Saviour, be our constant guide;
 Then, when the word is given,
 Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,
 And land us safe in heaven.

143

C. M. WATTS.

- 1 Lo! what an entertaining sight
 Are brethren that agree,
 Brethren whose cheerful hearts unite
 The bonds of purity!
- 2 Where streams of love from Christ, the
 Spring,
 Descend to every soul,
 And heavenly peace, with balmy wing,
 Shades and bedews the whole.
- 3 'Tis like the oil, divinely sweet,
 On Aaron's priestly head,
 The trickling drops perfumed his feet
 And o'er his garments spread.
- 4 'Tis pleasant as the morning dews
 That fall on Zion's hill,
 Where God His mildest glory shows,
 And makes His grace distill.

Vanmeter.

Arr.



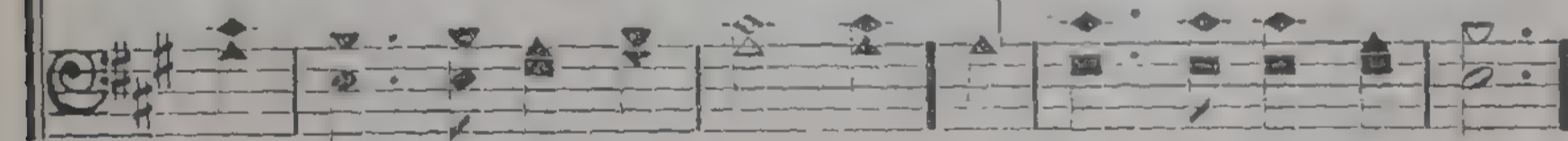
1. Be - hold the mount of Zi - on, The cit - y of our God!
2. Thro' ev - er - last - ing a - ges This house shall stand se - cure;
3. The Rock on which it's found - ed Will last without de - cay;
4. Nor storms nor per - se - cu - tions Shall ev - er beat it down;



The beau - ty of cre - a - tion, And place of His a - bode.
 The Lord for it en - ga - ges His wis - dom, love and pow'r;
 With walls it is sur - round - ed, Which guard it ev - 'ry way.
 Nor floods of trib - u - la - tion Shall move a sin - gle stone.



Christ is the great foun - da - tion On which the building stands;
 Nor shall the hosts of Sa - tan A - gainst it e'er pre - vail,
 Each stone is wise - ly pol - ish'd; And fit - ted to its place;
 With Christ they all shall tri - umph O'er sin and death and hell,



He rear'd for His own glo - ry This tem - ple, with - out hands.
 Tho' kingdoms be de - mol - ish'd, And heav'n and earth should fail.
 And all are well ce - ment - ed With God's re - deem - ing grace.
 And with Him in His glo - ry They shall for - ev - er dwell.



INVITATION HYMNS.

145

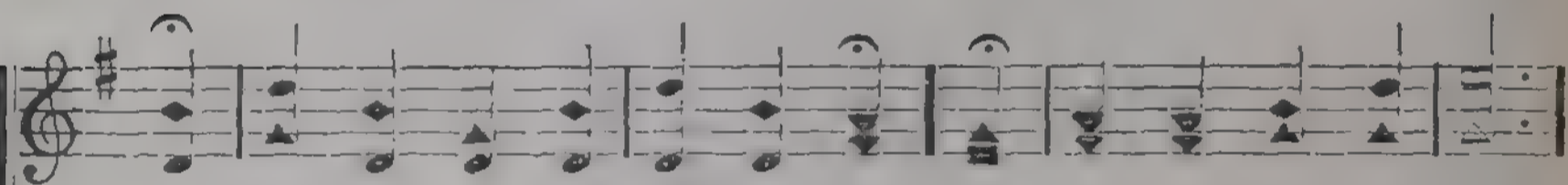
Salvation. C. M.

Edmond Jones.

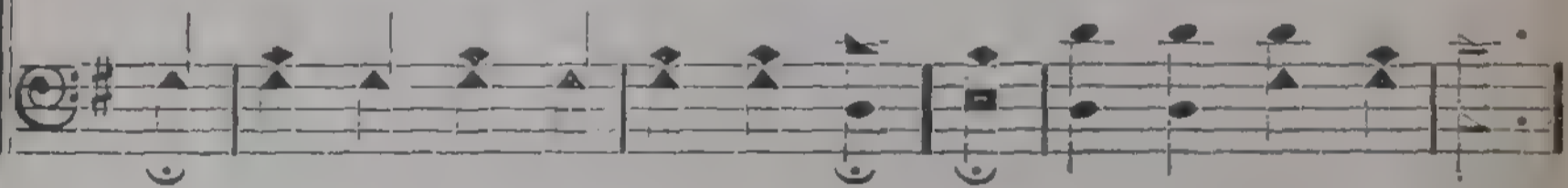
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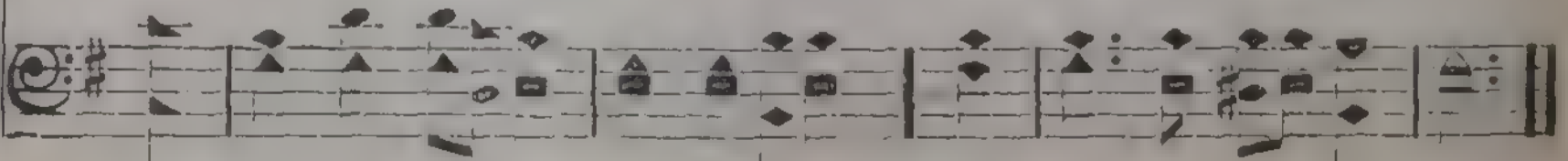
1. { Come, hum-ble sin-ner, in whose breast A thousand thoughts revolve; }
 { Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed, And make this last re-solve. }
2. { "Pros-trate I'll lie be-fore His throne, And there my guilt con-fess; }
 { I'll tell Him I'm a wretch un-done, With-out His sov'reign grace. }
3. { "Per-haps He will ad-mit my plea, Per-haps will hear my pray'r; }
 { But if I per-ish, I will pray, And per-ish on-ly there. }



"I'll go to Je-sus, tho' my sin Hath like a mount-ain rose;
 I'll to the gra-cious King ap-proach, Whose scepter par-don gives;
 I can but per-ish if I go; I am re-solved to try;



I know His courts, I'll en-ter in, What-ev-er may op-pose.
 Per-haps He may command my touch, And then the suppliant lives.
 For if I stay a-way, I know I must for-ev-er die."

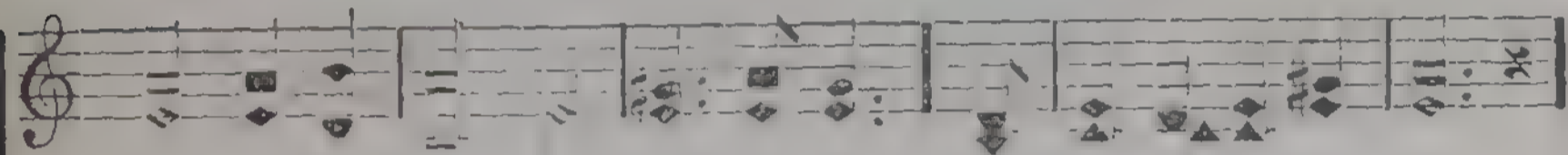
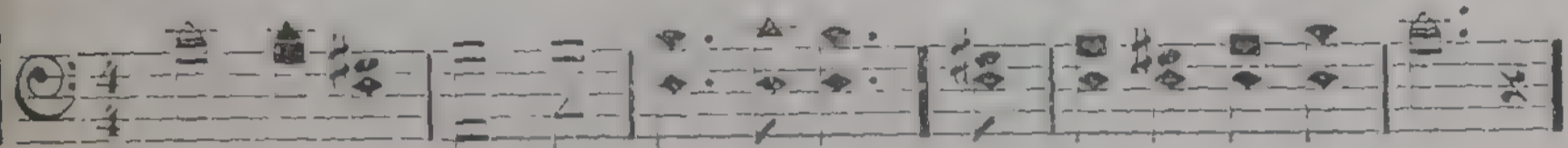


Watts.

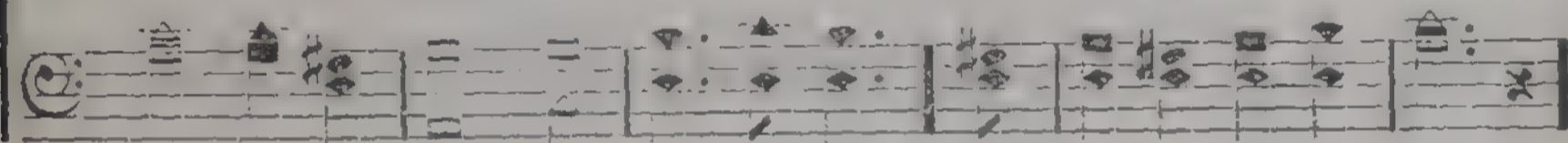
Arr.



1. I'm not ashamed to own my Lord, Or to de-fend His cause,
 2. Firm as His throne His promise stands, And He can well se - cure



Main-tain the hon - or of His word, The glo - ry of His cross.
 What I've com-mit - ted to His hands, 'Till the de-cis-ive hour.



Je - sus, my God, I know His name, His name is all my trust;
 Then will He own my worthless name, Be - fore His Fa-ther's face,

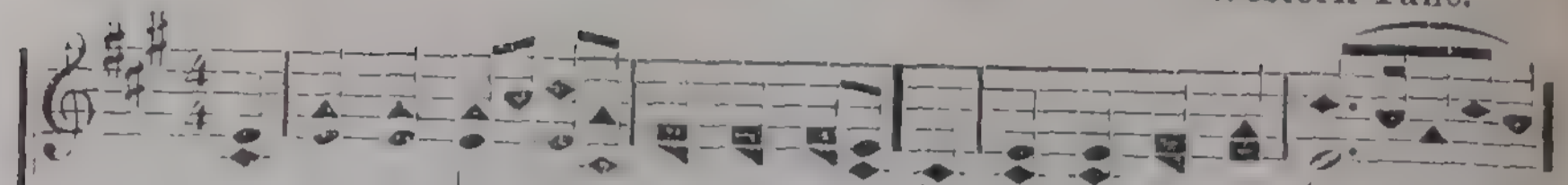


Nor will He put my soul to shame, Or let my hope be lost.
 And in the new Je - ru - sa - lem Ap-point my soul a place.

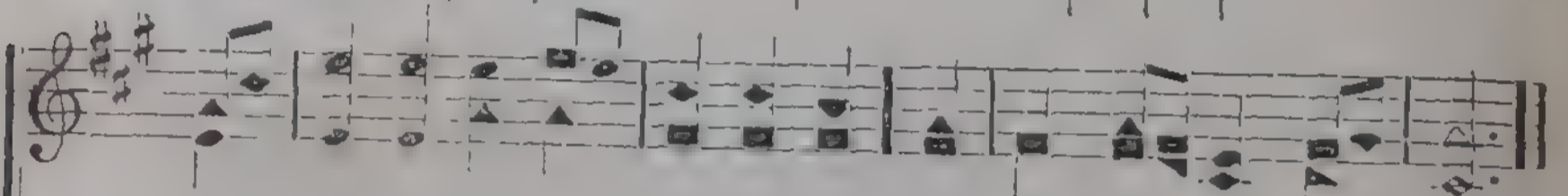


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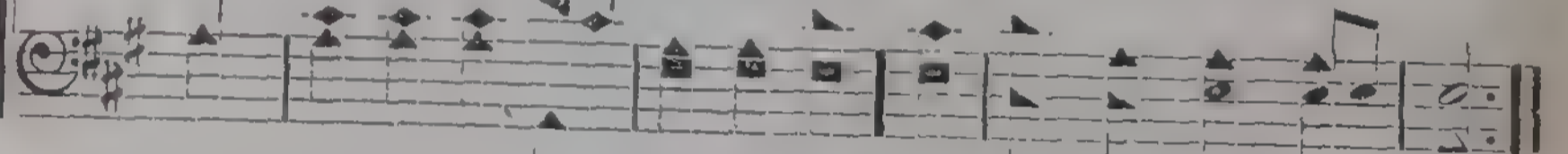
Western Tune.



1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A foll'wer of the Lamb?.....
2. Must I be car-ried to the skies, On flow'ry beds of ease;.....
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?.....
4. Sure I must fight if I would reign; Increase my courage, Lord!.....



- And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
 While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sail'd thro' bloody seas?
 Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
 I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup-port-ed by Thy word.



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

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

148

C. M.

MEDLEY.

- 1 Oh, what amazing words of grace
 Are in the gospel found!
 Suited to every sinner's case
 Who knows the joyful sound.
- 2 Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls
 Are freely welcome here;
 Salvation like a river rolls,
 Abundant, free, and clear.
- 3 Come, then, with all your wants and
 wounds,
 Your every burden bring;
 Here love, unchanging love, abounds,
 A deep celestial spring!
- 4 Whoever will (oh, gracious word!)
 Shall of this stream partake;
 Come, thirsty souls, and bless the Lord,
 And drink for Jesus' sake!

5 Millions of sinners vile as you
 Have here found life and peace;
 Come, then, and prove its virtues too,
 And drink, adore, and bless.

149

C. M. Dossey's Selec.

- 1 As, by the light of opening day,
 The stars are all conceal'd,
 So earthly objects fade away
 When Jesus is reveal'd.
- 2 Its pleasures, now, no longer please,
 No more content afford;
 Far from my heart be joys like these,
 Since I have seen the Lord.
- 3 Creatures no more divide my choice;
 I bid them all depart;
 His name, and love, and gracious
 voice
 Have fix'd my roving heart.
- 4 Now, Lord, I would be Thine alone,
 And wholly live for Thee;
 But may I hope that Thou wilt own
 A worthless worm like me?
- 5 Yes! though of sinners I'm the worst,
 I cannot doubt Thy will,
 For if Thou hadst not loved me first,
 I had refused Thee still.

Lyte.

Mozart.

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

Nak - ed, poor, despis'd, for - sak - en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.

D.S.—Yet how rich is my con - di - tion. God and heav'n are still my own!

Per - ish, ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hop'd, or known,

2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive
me—

Thou art not, like them, untrue;
Oh! while Thou dost smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me,
Show Thy face, and all is bright.

3 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast,
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest!
Oh! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me;
Oh! 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

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

5 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Arm'd by faith, and winged by pray'r!
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 full fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

BAPTISM.

151

Baptism. C. M.

Ryland,

1. In all my Lord's ap-point-ed ways, My jour-ney I'll pur - sue;
 2. Thro' floods and flames, if Je - sus lead, I'll fol - low where He goes;
 3. Thro' du - ty, and thro' tri - als too, I'll go at His com-mand;
 4. And when my Sav-iour calls me home, Still this my cry shall be,

Hin-der me not, ye much-lov'd saints, For I must go with you.
 Hin-der me not shall be my cry, Tho' earth and hell op - pose.
 Hin-der me not, for I am bound To my Im-man-uel's land.
 Hin-der me not, come wel-come death, I'll glad-ly go with thee.

152

C. M. J. B. COOK.

- 1 Jesus, we own Thy Sovereign sway,
 For Thou art good and just;
 Help us Thy precepts to obey,
 And in Thy name to trust.
- 2 Taught by Thy Spirit and Thy word,
 We in Thy truth confide.
 Regardless of a frowning world,
 Who oft Thy saints deride.
- 3 Wast Thou in Jordan's flood baptized,
 Our great and glorious Head?
 Oh, may we follow, though despised,
 And in Thy footsteps tread!
- 4 Buried beneath the yielding wave,
 O Jesus, would we be;
 Arising from the liquid grave,
 We'd live, O Lord, to Thee.
- 5 Thus, when the great archangel's voice
 Shall wake our sleeping dust,
 Released from death, we'll then rejoice,
 And dwell among the just.

153

C. M. STENNETT.

- 1 Thus, was the great Redeemer plung'd
 In Jordan's swelling flood,

To show He must be soon baptized
 In tears, and sweat, and blood.

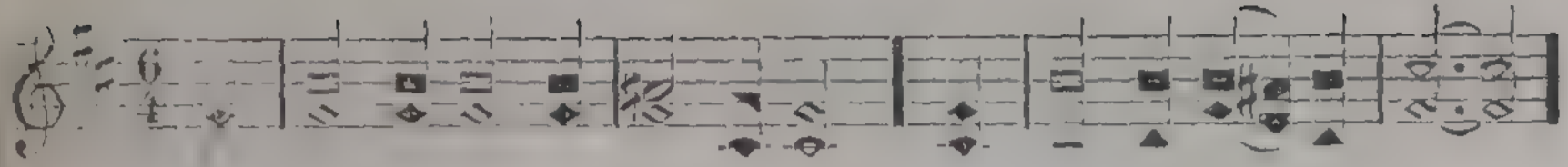
- 2 Thus was His sacred body laid,
 Beneath the yielding wave;
 Thus was His sacred body raised
 Out of the liquid grave.
- 3 Lord, we Thy precepts would obey,
 In Thy own footsteps tread;
 Would die, be buried, rise with Thee,
 Our ever-living head.

154

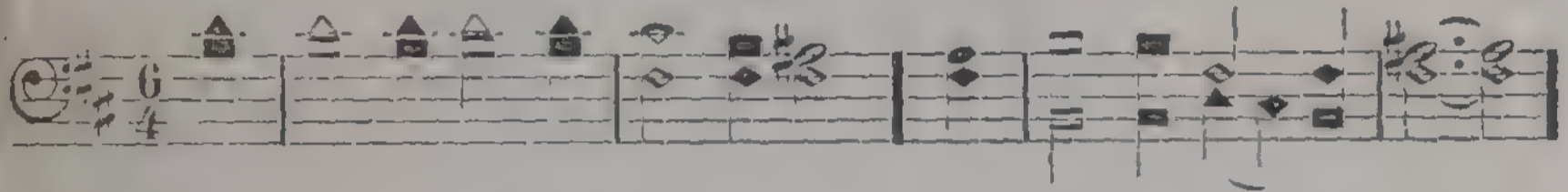
C. M.

- 1 Buried beneath the yielding wave
 The great Redeemer lies;
 Faith views Him in the watery grave,
 And thence beholds Him rise.
- 2 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.
- 3 Now, blest Redeemer, we to Thee
 Our grateful voices raise;
 Washed in the fountain of Thy blood,
 Our lives shall be Thy praise.

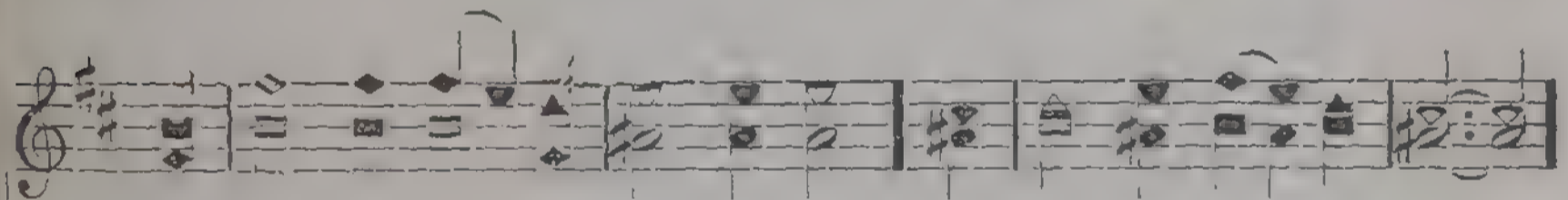
Arr.



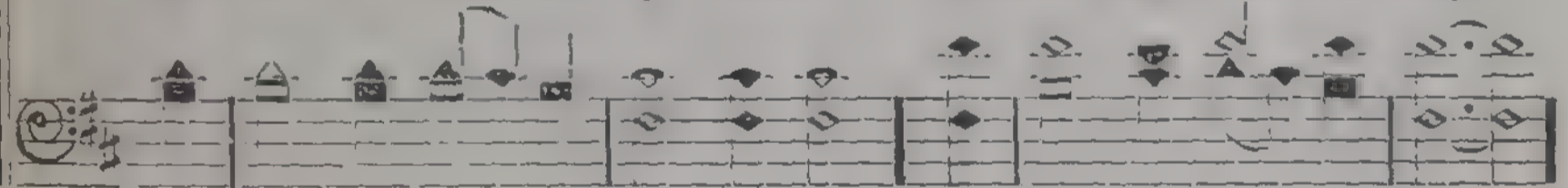
1. Didst Thou, dear Je-sus, suf - fer shame, And bear the cross for me?
 " Let mockers scoff, let men de-fame, And treat me with dis - dain;



And shall I fear to own Thy name, Or Thy dis - ci - ple be?
 Still may I glo - ri - fy Thy name, And count their slan-der gain."



In-spire my soul with life di-vine, And make me tru - ly bold;
 To Thee I cheer-ful - ly sub-mit, And all my pow'rs re - sign;



Let knowledge, faith, and meekness shine, Nor love, nor zeal grow cold.
 Let wis-dom point out what is fit, And I'll no more re - pine.



Daniel.

Arr. FINE.



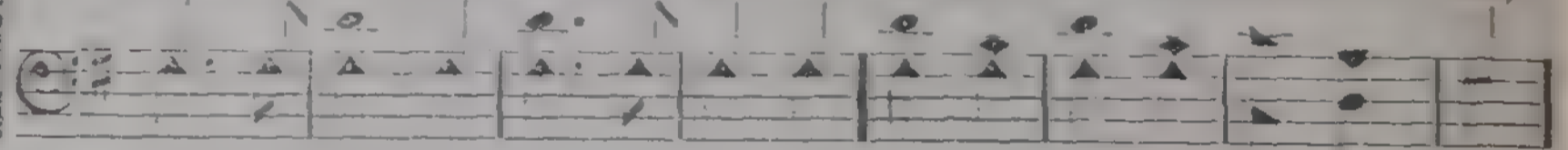
1. I bow in humble, sweet sub-mis-sion, Here we meet to fol-low Thee,)
 Trusting in Thy great sal-va-tion, Which a-lone can make us free.)
2. Yet we come in Christian du-ty, Down beneath the wave to go;)
 O that I kiss the heavenly beau-ty! Christ the Lord was bur-ied so.)
3. Is there here a weep-ing Ma-ry, Wait-ing near the Saviour's tomb,)
 Heavy in-dur, sick and wea-ry, Cry-ing, "O that I could come!")



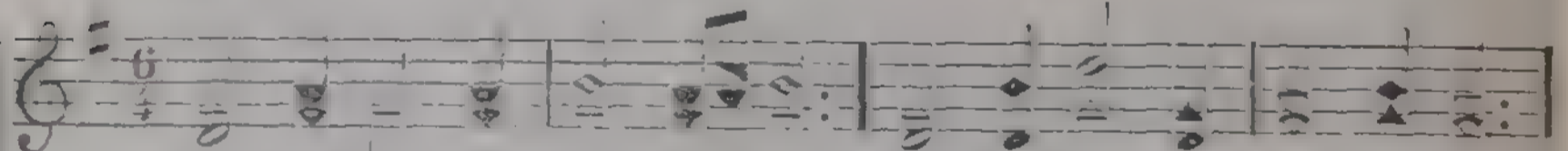
D.C.—Can no crown of life in-her-it; All the praise to Thee is due.
 D.C.—Thine is His res-ur-rec-tion, And proclaim His pow'r to save.
 D.C.—Venture wholly on the Sav-iour, Come, and with His peo-ple go.



Naught have we to claim as mer-it; All the du-ties we can do
 Come, ye chil-dren of the king-dom. Fol-low Him be-neath the wave,
 Wel-come, all ye friends of Je-sus, Welcome in His church be-low;



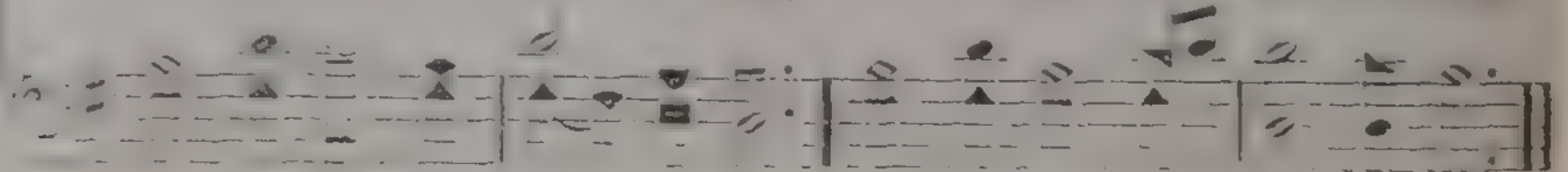
Leeland.



1. Christians, if your hearts are warm, Ice and snow can do no harm;
2. Je-sus drank the gall for you, Bore the curse for sin-ners due;



If by Je-sus you are priz'd, Rise, be-lieve, and be baptiz'd.
 Children, prove your love to Him, Nev-er fear the froz-en stream.



Cook. 7s. Concluded.

3 Never shun the Saviour's cross,
All on earth is worthless dross;
If the Saviour's love you feel
Let the world behold your zeal.

4 Fire is good to warm the soul,
Water purifies the foul;
Fire and water both agree
Winter soldiers never flee.

5 Ev'ry season of the year,
Let your worship be sincere;
When the storm prevents your roam,
Serve your gracious Lord at home.

6 Read His sacred word by day,
Ever watching, always pray;
Meditate His law by night,
This will give you great delight.

158

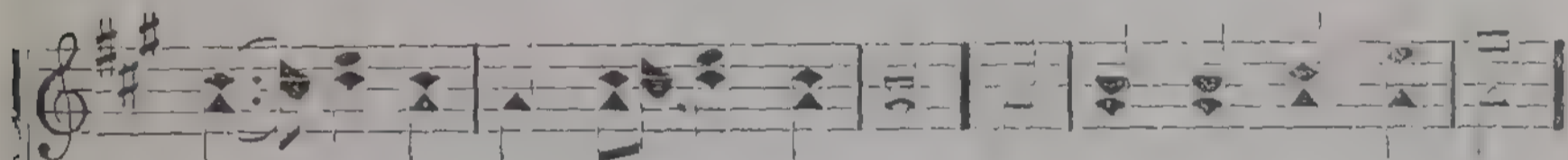
Salvation. C. M. D.

Beddome.

R. A. Boyd.



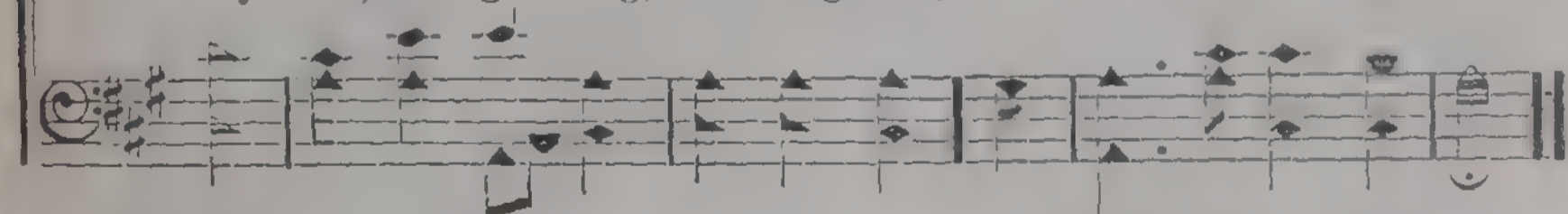
1. (How great, how solemn is the work Which we at-tend to-day!)
{ Now for a ho-ly, sol-enn frame, O God, to Thee we pray. }



2. O may we feel as once we felt, When pain'd and griev'd at heart,



Thy kind, for-giv-ing, melt-ing look, Re-liev'd our ev-'ry smart.



3 Let graces then in exercise
Be exercised again;
And, nurtured by celestial power,
In exercise remain.

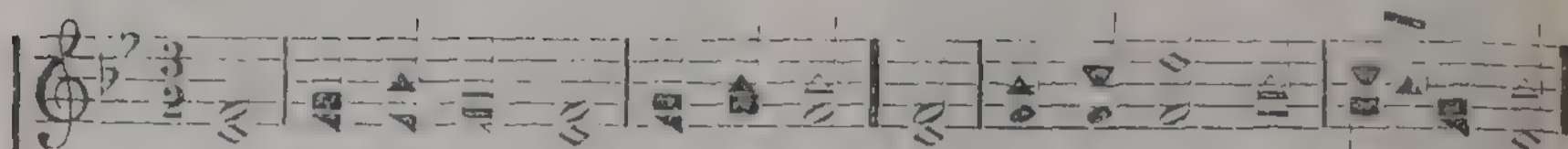
4 Awake, our love, our fear, our hope,
Wake, fortitude and joy;
Vain world, begone; let things above
Our happy thoughts employ.

5 Whilst Thee, our Saviour and our God,
To all around we own;
Drive each rebellious rival lust,
Each traitor, from the throne.

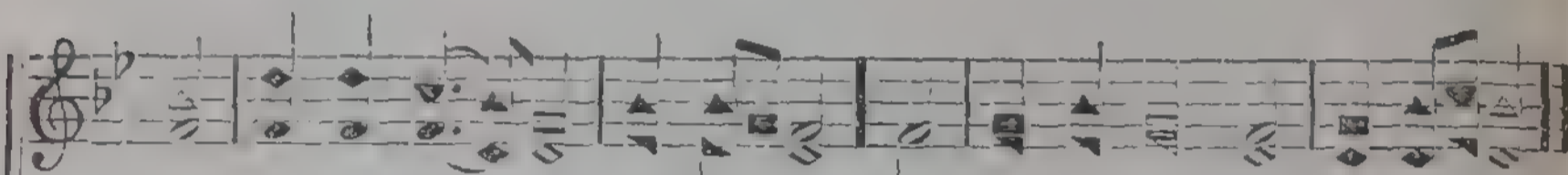
6 Instruct our minds, our wills subdue,
To heaven our passions raise,
That hence our lives, our all, may be
Devoted to Thy praise.

Daniel.

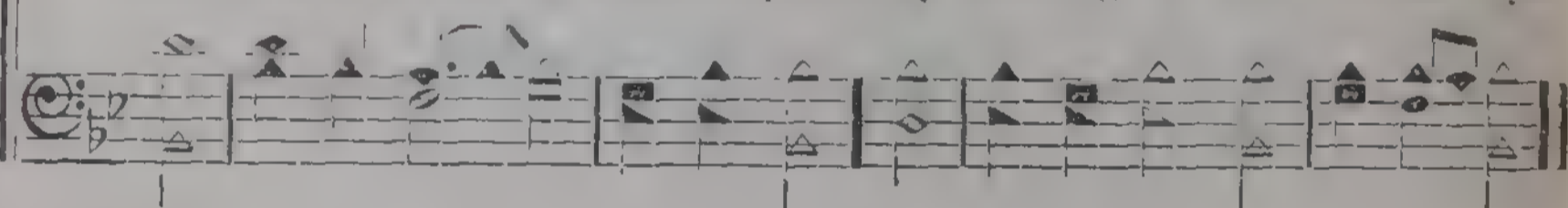
Old Southern Melody.



1. What love-ly band is this I see, All singing in sweet har-mo-ny,
2. These are the foll'wers of the Lamb; Here they are come to own His name;
3. This brings to view the ancient days, When first the gospel church was rais'd,
4. Bap-tiz'd in - to the Saviour's death, A - ris - ing liv'd the life of faith;



- U - ni - ted round the wa-ter side, And praising Je - sus cru - ci - fied?
 Their humble strains as-cend the skies, In faith they're come to be baptized.
 No oth-er mode was then devis'd— Be-liev-ing souls were thus baptized:
 Giv - ing to Christ, the Lord, the praise, By walk ing in His humble ways.



160

L. M.

- 1 Jesus, behold Thy children here
Met in Thy name, do Thou draw near
Remember Jordan, dearest Lord,
And gracious influence now afford.
- 2 Thy footsteps, O incarnate God,
Direct us in this pleasant road;
Nor would we e'er forsake this way,
Whatever friends or foes may say.
- 3 Though we this watery grave descend,
We on Thy death alone depend,
And while ascending up again,
Thy resurrection would proclaim.
- 4 Thus in a figure here we see
The gospel's glorious mystery;
Christ dead and buried, raised again,
And all to save rebellious men.
- 5 In memory of this blessed theme,
We thus react this solemn scene,
And so proclaim to dying man,
Our only hope in Christ the Lamb.

161

L. M.

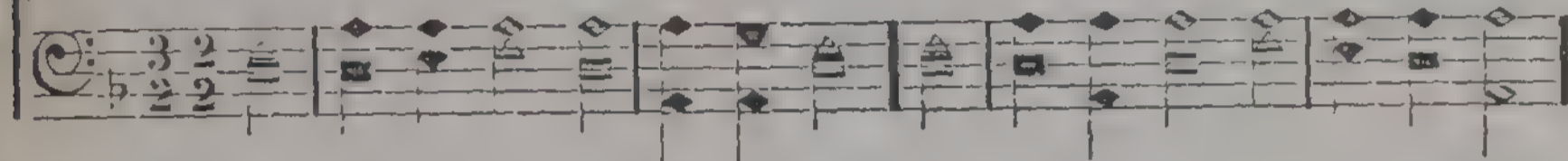
- 1 Come, all ye sons of God, and view
Your bleeding Saviour's love to you;
Behold Him sink with heavy woes,
And give His life to save His foes.
- 2 Here, in the pure baptismal wave,
You see the emblem of His grave:
Come all who would His laws obey,
And view the place where Jesus lay.
- 3 When you ascend above the flood,
Then call to mind your rising Lord,
Ye saints, lift up your joyful eyes—
Exulting see your Saviour rise.
- 4 Ye too are buried with the Lord,
Who in the water own His word,
And joyfully perceive therein
An emblem of your death to sin.
- 5 Ascending from the stream behold
An emblem of your life restored;
Live unto Him who died for you,
And all His just commandments do.

Fellows.

Daniel Read.



1. Great God, we in Thy name appear. With humble joy and ho - ly fear,
2. Great things, O ev - erlasting Son, Great things for us Thy grace hath done;
3. Here at the wa - ter side we stand, O - bedient to Thy great command;
4. The Word, the Spirit, and the Bride, Must not command and be de-nied;
5. Thus we, dear Saviour, own Thy name; Are buried with Thee in the stream;



- Thy wise in-junc-tion to o - bey; Let saints and an-gels hail the day.
 Constrained by Thy al-might-y love, Our will-ing feet to meet Thee move.
 The liq-uid stream is full in view, And Thy sweet voice commands us thro.
 Was not the Lord, who came to save, Bap-tized in such a liq - uid grave?
 Then to Thy ta - ble let us come, And dwell in Zi - on as our home.



163

L. M.

JUDSON.

- 1 Come, Holy Spirit, Dove divine,
On these baptismal waters shine,
O teach our hearts, in highest strain,
To praise the Lamb for sinners slain.
- 2 We love Thy name, we love Thy laws,
We joyfully embrace Thy cause;
We love Thy cross, the shame, the pain,
O Lamb of God, for sinners slain.
- 3 We're plung'd beneath the mystic flood;
Oh, plunge 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!

164

L. M.

RIPPON.

- 1 Come, ye redeemed of the Lord,
Come and obey His sacred word;
He died and rose again for you,
What more could the Redeemer do?

- 2 We to this place are come to show
What we to boundless mercy owe;
The Saviour's footsteps to explore,
And tread the path He trod before.

- 3 Eternal Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
On these baptismal waters move,
That, rising from the watery tomb,
Our souls may go rejoicing home.

165

L. M.

- 1 Jesus we come at Thy command,
Now on the water's brink we stand,
Ready to walk into the wave,
A lively emblem of the grave.
- 2 Let neither shame, nor fear, nor pride,
Divert our steady feet aside;
'Tis by appointment in Thy name
We venture down into the stream.
- 3 Lord of the universe, look down
And make Thy great salvation known;
Teach every sinner to obey,
And follow Jesus in "the way."

1. Humble souls, who seek sal - va - tion Thro' the Lamb's redeeming blood,
 2. Fol - low Him, your on - ly Sav - iour, In His might - y name con - fide;
 3. Hear the blest Re - deem - er call you; List - en to His gra - cious voice;
 4. Je - sus says, "Let each be - liev - er Be bap - tiz - ed in My name;
 5. Plain - ly here His foot - steps trac - ing, Fol - low Him with - out de - lay;

Hear the voice of rev - e - la - tion, Tread the path that Je - sus trod.
 In the whole of your be - hav - iour, Own Him for your sovereign guide.
 Dread no ills that can be - fall you, While you make His ways your choice.
 He Him - self, in Jor - dan's riv - er, Was im - mersed be - neath the stream.
 Glad - ly His command em - brac - ing; Lo! your Cap - tain leads the way.

1. Come, saints and sinners, now be - hold, How Je - sus was baptized of - old;
 2. We here are come the world to tell How Jesus saved our souls from hell;
 3. The Saviour's grave be - fore us lies, From whence He did triumphant rise;
 4. Then would our grateful hearts ex - press His ways are ways of pleas - ant - ness;
 5. Come, ye that love the Lord, and say, We will no longer dis - o - bey;

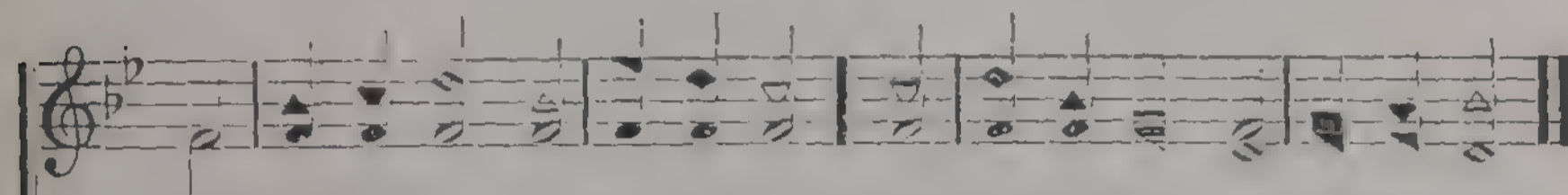
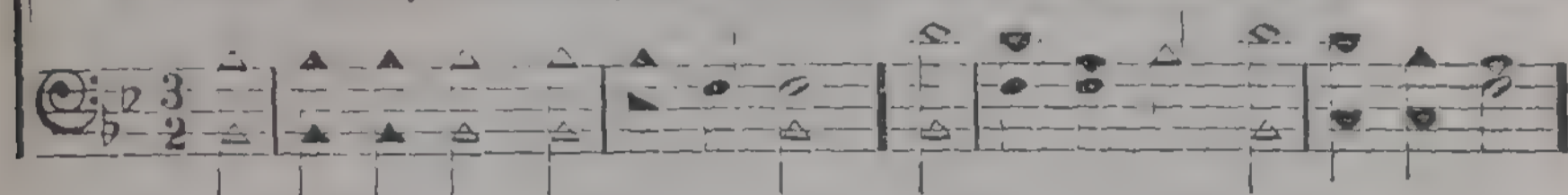
Like Him we now despise the shame To be baptized in His dear name.
 And shall we not His love proclaim, And be baptized in His dear name?
 We cheer - ful venture thro' the same, And rise baptized in His dear name.
 Our souls would feel a joy - ful frame, And lie baptized in His dear name.
 If love di - vine your souls in - flame, Come be baptized in Je - sus' name!

Dossey's Selec.

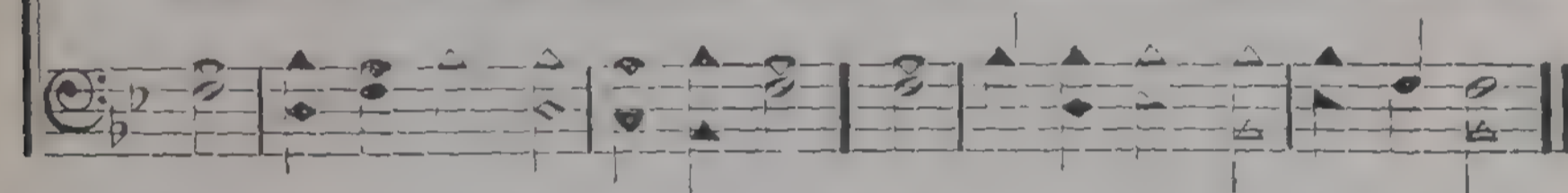
Lowell Mason.



1. Go, teach the na-tions and baptize, A loud the ascending Je-sus cries:
2. Commission'd thus by Zi-on's King, We to the wa-ter humbly bring
3. When in Thy house they seek Thy face! Oh, bless them with peculiar grace!

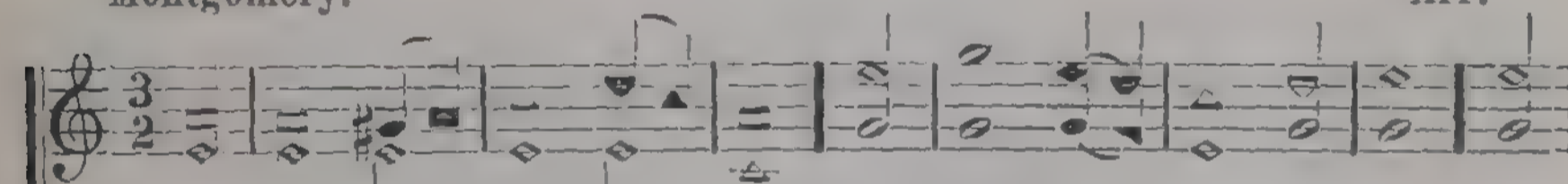


His glad a postles took the word, And round the nations preach'd their Lord.
 These happy converts, who have known And trust-ed in His grace a-lone.
 Re-fresh their souls with love di-vine; Let beams of mercy round them shine.

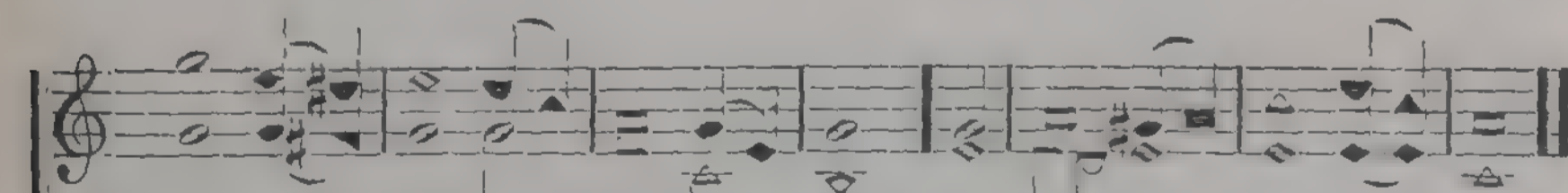
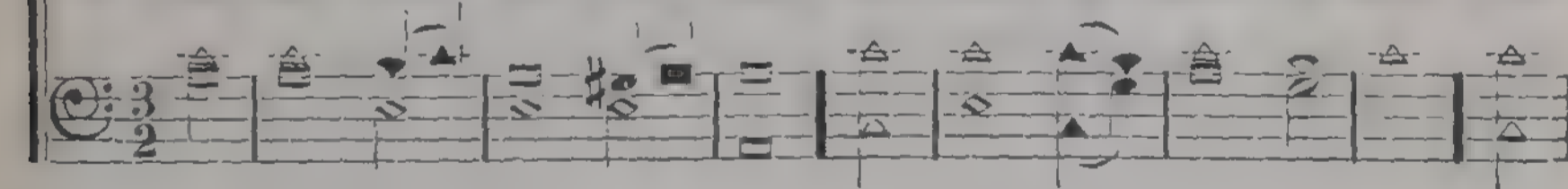


Montgomery.

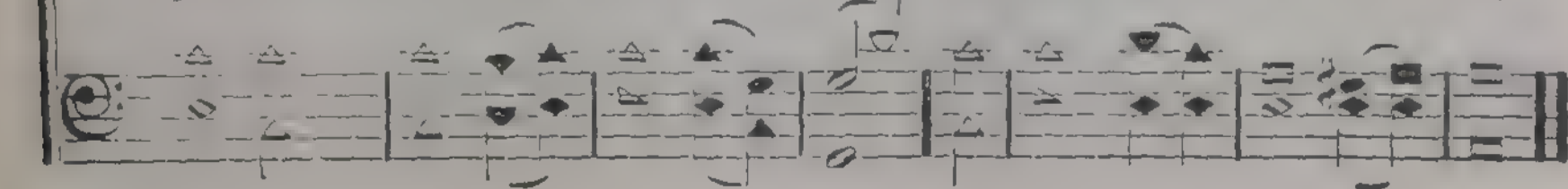
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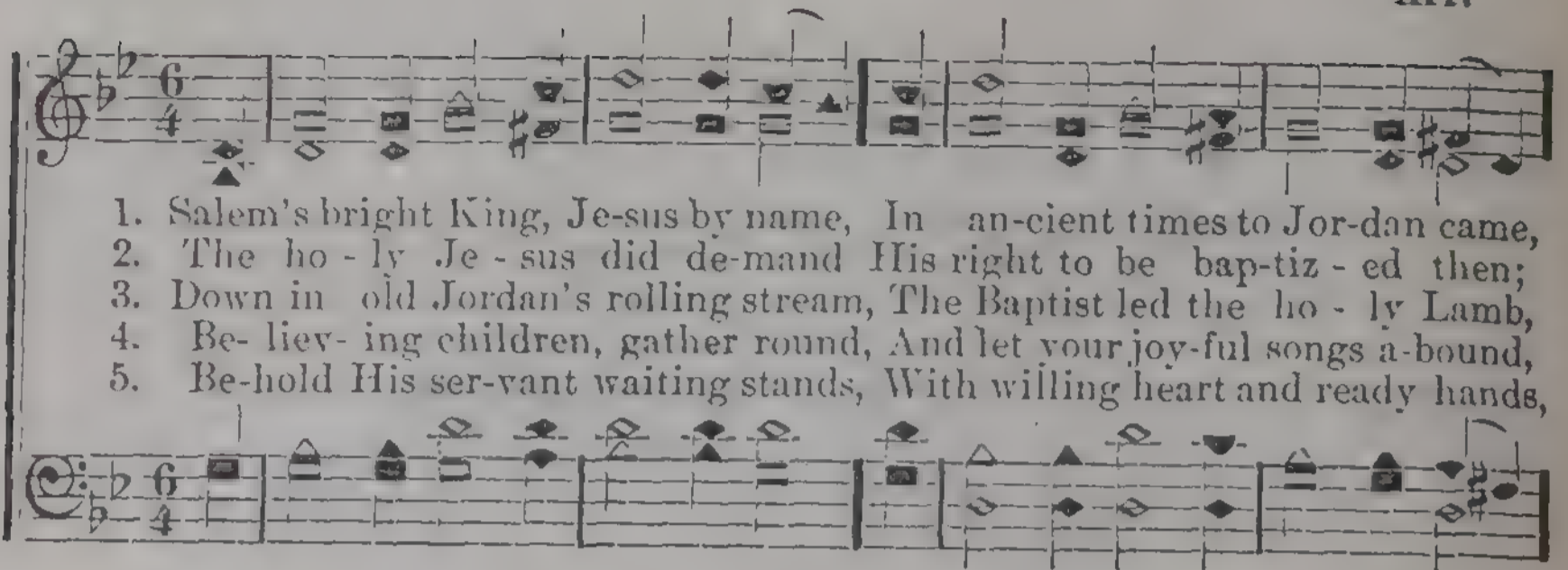
1. Down to the sa-cred wave The Lord of life was led; And
2. He taught the sol-lemn way, He-fixed the ho-ly rite; He
3. The Ho-ly Ghost came down The bap-tism to ap-prove; The
4. Dear Sav-iour, we will tread In Thine ap-point-ed way; Let



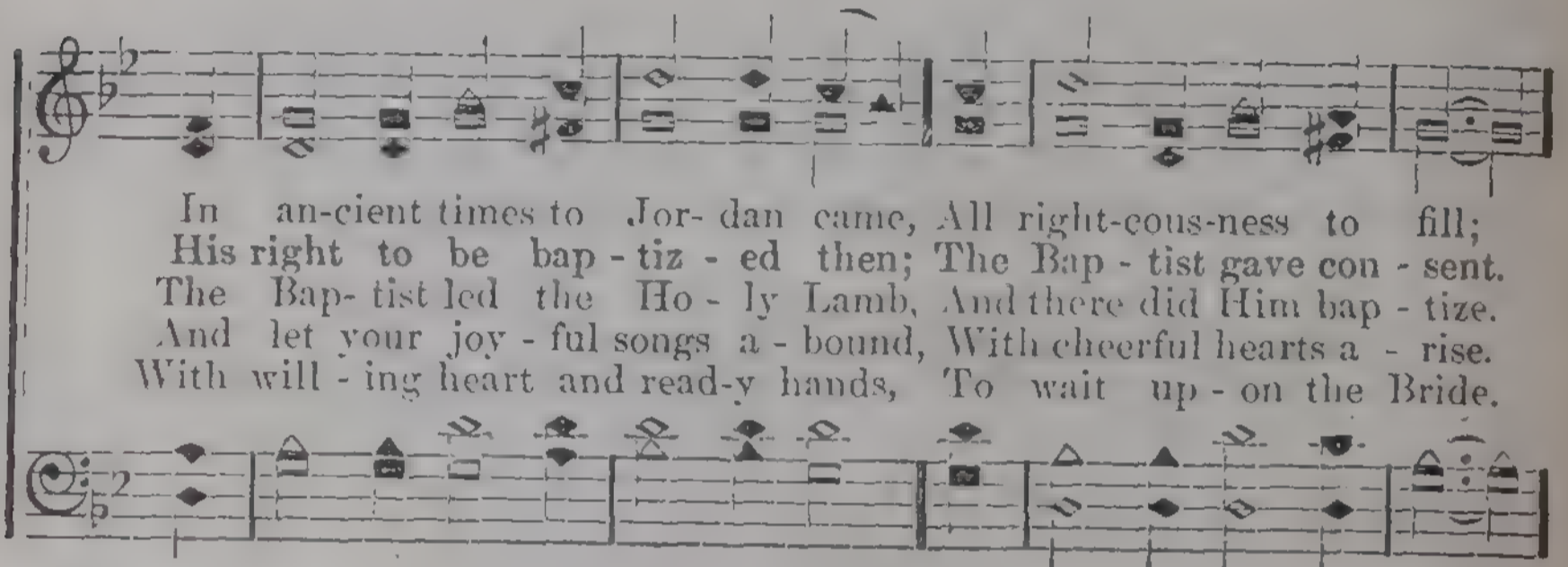
He who came our souls to save, In Jor-dan bowed His head.
 bade His ran-somed ones o-bey, And keep the path in sight.
 or-di-nance of Christ to crown, And stamp it with His love.
 glo-ry o'er these scenes he shed, And smile on us to-day.



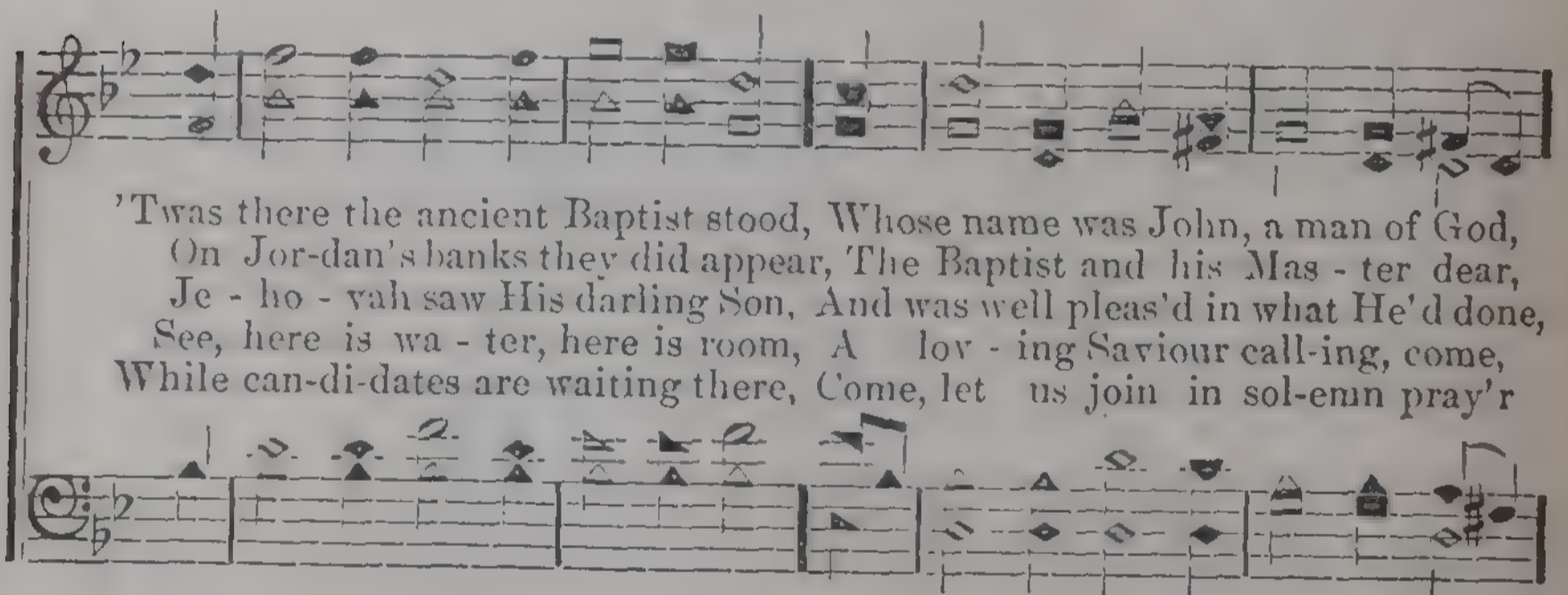
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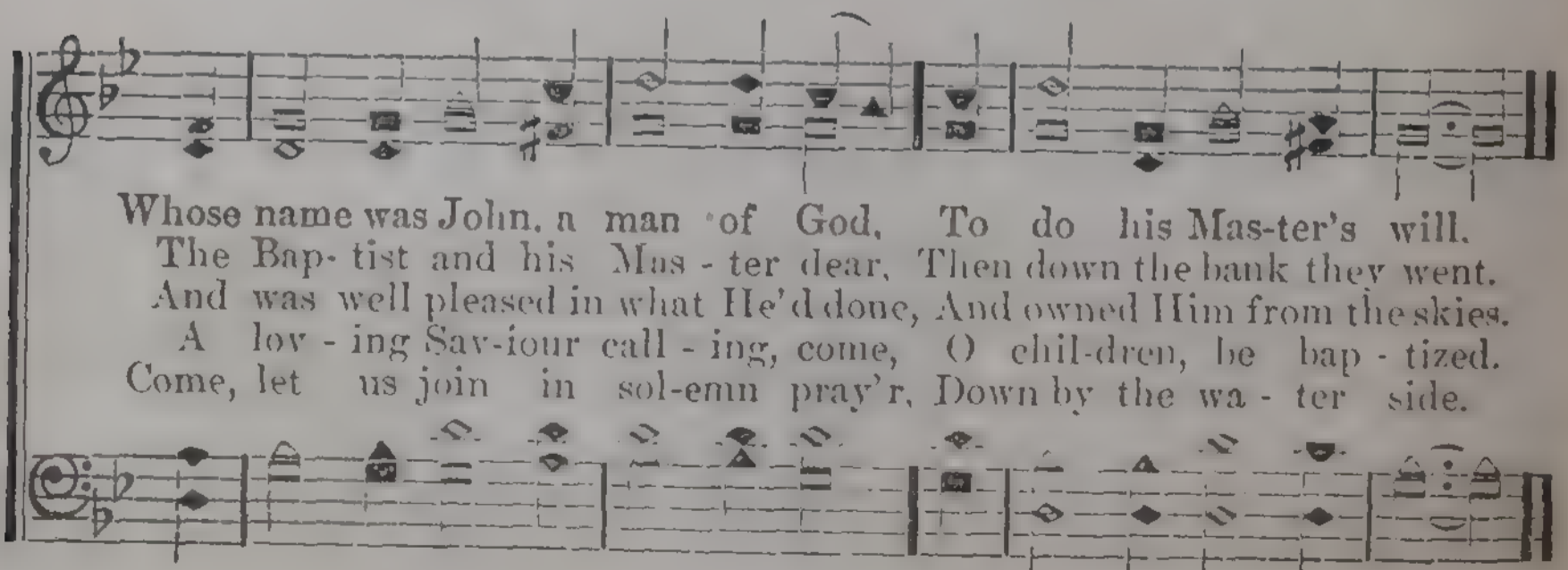
1. Salem's bright King, Je-sus by name, In an-cient times to Jor-dan came,
2. The ho-ly Je-sus did de-mand His right to be bap-tiz-ed then;
3. Down in old Jordan's rolling stream, The Baptist led the ho-ly Lamb,
4. Be-liev-ing children, gather round, And let your joy-ful songs a-bound,
5. Be-hold His ser-vant waiting stands, With willing heart and ready hands,



In an-cient times to Jor-dan came, All right-cous-ness to fill;
His right to be bap-tiz-ed then; The Bap-tist gave con-sent.
The Bap-tist led the Ho-ly Lamb, And there did Him bap-tize.
And let your joy-ful songs a-bound, With cheer-ful hearts a-rise.
With will-ing heart and read-y hands, To wait up-on the Bride.



'Twas there the ancient Baptist stood, Whose name was John, a man of God,
On Jor-dan's banks they did appear, The Baptist and his Mas-ter dear,
Je-ho-vah saw His dar-ling Son, And was well pleas'd in what He'd done,
See, here is wa-ter, here is room, A lov-ing Sav-our call-ing, come,
While can-di-dates are wait-ing there, Come, let us join in sol-emn pray'r



Whose name was John, a man of God, To do his Mas-ter's will.
The Bap-tist and his Mas-ter dear, Then down the bank they went.
And was well pleased in what He'd done, And owned Him from the skies.
A lov-ing Sav-our call-ing, come, O chil-dren, be bap-tized.
Come, let us join in sol-lemn pray'r, Down by the wa-ter side.

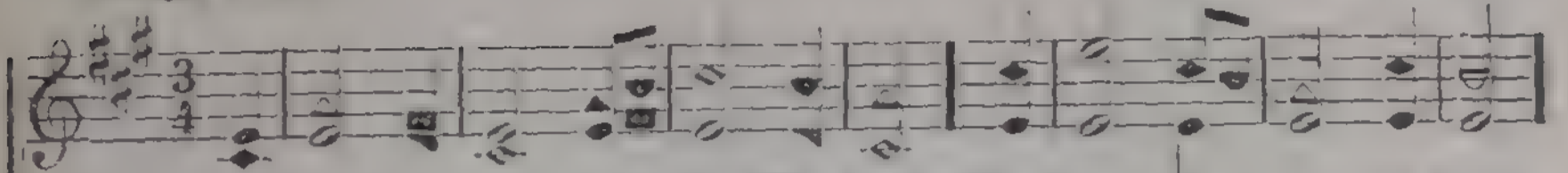
THE LORD'S SUPPER.

171

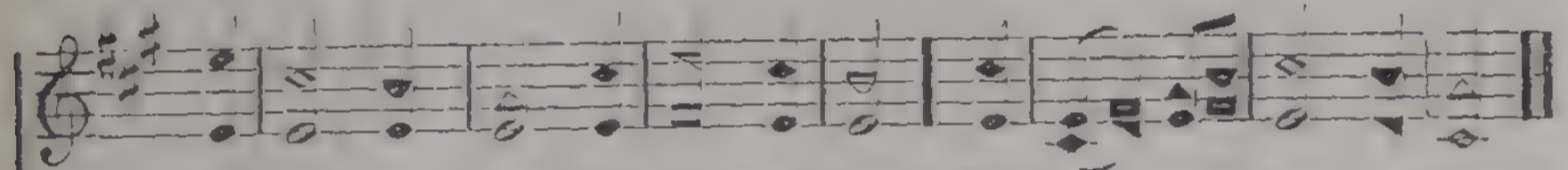
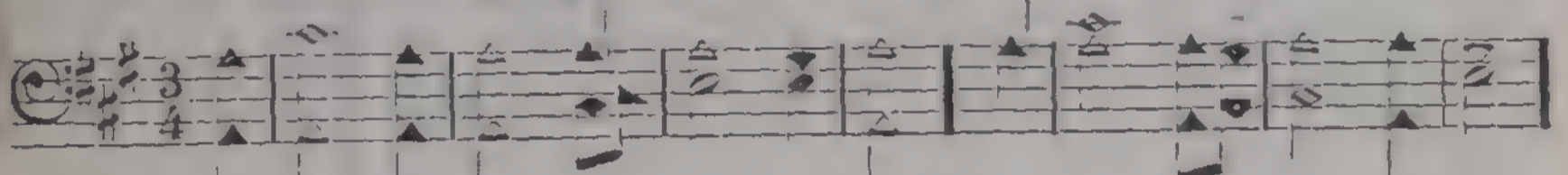
Avon. C. M.

Joseph Hart.

Hugh Wilson.



1. That dread-ful night be - fore His death, The Lamb, for sin-ners slain,
2. To keep the feast, Lord, we have met, And to re-mem-ber Thee;
3. Thy suff' rings, Lord, each sa - cred sign To our re-membrance brings;
4. O tune our tongues, and set in frame Each heart that pants for Thee.



Did al - most with His dy - ing breath, This sol - emn feast or-dain.
 Help each re-deemed one to re-peat, "For me, He died for me!"
 We eat the bread, and drink the wine, But think on no - bler things.
 To sing, Ho - san - na to the Lamb! The Lamb that died for me!



172

C. M.

- 1 How sweet and awful is the place,
 With Christ within the doors,
 While everlasting love displays
 The choicest of her stores.
- 2 While all our hearts and all our songs
 Join to admire the feast,
 Each of us cries with thankful tongue.
 "Lord, why was I a guest?"
- 3 Why was I made to hear Thy voice,
 And enter while there's room,
 While thousands make a wretched
 choice,
 And rather starve than come?
- 4 'Twas the same love that spread the
 feast
 That gently drew us in;
 Else we had still refused to taste,
 And perished in our sin.
- 5 Pity the nations, O, our God!
 Constrain the earth to come;
 Send Thy victorious word abroad,
 And bring the strangers home.
- 6 We long to see Thy churches full,
 That all the chosen race
 May with one voice, and heart, and soul,
 Sing Thy redeeming grace.

173

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

- 1 The King of heaven His table spreads,
 His dainties crown the board;
 Not paradise with all its joys
 Could such delight afford.
- 2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
 And endless life are given
 Through the rich blood that Jesus
 shed
 To raise the soul to heaven.
- 3 Ye hungry poor that long have stray'd
 Through sin's dark mazes, come;
 Come from your most obscure re-
 treats
 And grace shall find you room.
- 4 Millions of souls in glory now,
 Were fed and feasted here;
 And millions more still on the way,
 Around the board appear.
- 5 Yet is this house and heart so large
 That millions more may come,
 Nor could the whole assembled church
 E'er fill the spacious room.
- 6 All things are ready, come away,
 Nor weak excuses frame;
 Crowd to your places at the feast
 And bless the founder's name.

Higginbotham.

Wm. Cole.

1. { To Thee, my Shepherd and my Lord, A grate - ful song I'll raise; }
 { O let the mean-est of Thy flock, At-tempt to sing Thy praise. }
 3. { Love, that could bring Thy willing feet From that blest world on high, }
 { From Thy great Father's dear embrace, To suf - fer, bleed, and die! }

2. Vain the attempt! what tongue can speak A sub - ject so di - vine?
 4. My life, my joy, my hope, I owe To this a - maz - ing love;

Do jus - tice to so vast a theme, And praise a love like Thine.
 Ten thous-and thous-and com-forts here, And no - bler bliss a - bove.

Watts.

Davisson. Arr. by Wm. Hauser, M. D.

1. How con - de - scend - ing and how kind Was God's ex - alt - ed Son!
 2. When jus - tice, by our sins pro - voked, Drew forth his dread - ful sword,
 3. His was com - pass - ion like a God, That when the Sav - iour knew
 4. Now tho' He reigns ex - alt - ed high, His love is still as great:
 5. Here we re - ceive re - peat - ed seals Of Je - sus' sav - ing love,
 6. Here let our hearts be - gin to melt, While we His death re - cord,

Condescension. Concluded.

Our mis-'ry reached His heav'nly mind, And pity brought Him down.
 He gave His soul up to the stroke, With - out a murr'ring word.
 The way of par - don was His blood, His pi - ty ne'er with-drew.
 Well He re - mem - bers Cal - va - ry, Nor lets His saints for - get.
 Hard is the wretch that nev - er feels, One soft af - fec - tion move.
 And with our joy for pardoned guilt Mourn that we pierced the Lord.

176

Ascension.

Arr.

1. { He dies! the friend of sinners dies! Lo, Salem's daughters weep around! }
 { A solemn darkness veils the skies, A sudden trampling shakes the ground. }
 2. { Here's love and grief beyond degree— The Prince of glory dies for men; }
 { But lo! what sudden joys we see! Je - sus the dead re - vives again. }
 3. { Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell How high your great Deliv'rer reigns; }
 { Sing how He spoiled the hosts of hell, And led the monster death in chains. }

Come, saints, and drop a tear or two For Him who groaned beneath your load;
 The ris - ing King forsakes His tomb, Up to His Father's courts He lies;
 Say, "Live for - ev - er, wond'rous King! Born to redeem, and strong to save;"

He shed a thousand drops for you, A thous - and drops of rich - est blood.
 Cher - ub - ic leg ions guard Him home, And shout Him welcome to the skies.
 Then ask the monster, "Where's thy sting?" And "Where's thy victory - basting grave?"

177 The Cross of Christ. C. M. 8 lines.

L. P. Breedlove.
Alto by Wm. Walker.

1. { The cross of Christ in-spires my heart, To sing re-deeming grace;
A-wake, my soul, and bear a part In my Redeemer's praise! }
3. { When at the ta - ble of the Lord We hum-bly take our place,
The death of Je - sus we re - cord, With love and thankful - ness. }

D. C.—This is my dear de - light-ful theme, That Je - sus died for me.
D. C.— My soul believes and feels it true, That Je - sus died for me.

2. Oh, what can be com-pared to Him, Who died up - on the tree?
4. These emblems bring my Lord to view Up - on the blood - y tree;

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>5 His body broken, nailed and torn,
And stained with streams of blood;
His spotless soul was left forlorn,
Forsaken of His God.</p> <p>6 'Twas then His Father gave the stroke
That justice did decree;
All nature felt the dreadful shock,
When Jesus died for me.</p> <p>7 My guilt was on my surety laid,
And therefore He must die;
His soul a sacrifice was made
For such a worm as I.</p> <p>8 Was ever love so great as this?
Was ever grace so free?
This is my glory, joy and bliss,
That Jesus died for me.</p> | <p>2 His crimes with inward grief and shame
The penitent confess'd;
Then turned his dying eyes to Christ,
And thus his prayer addressed.</p> <p>3 Jesus, Thou Son and Heir of heaven,
Thou spotless Lamb of God,
I see Thee bathed in sweat and tears,
And weltering in Thy blood.</p> <p>4 Yet quickly from these scenes of woe
In triumph Thou shalt rise,
Burst thro' the gloomy shades of death,
And shine above the skies.</p> <p>5 Amid the glories of that world,
Dear Saviour, think of me,
And in the victories of Thy death,
Let me a sharer be.</p> |
|--|--|

178

C. M. STENNETT.

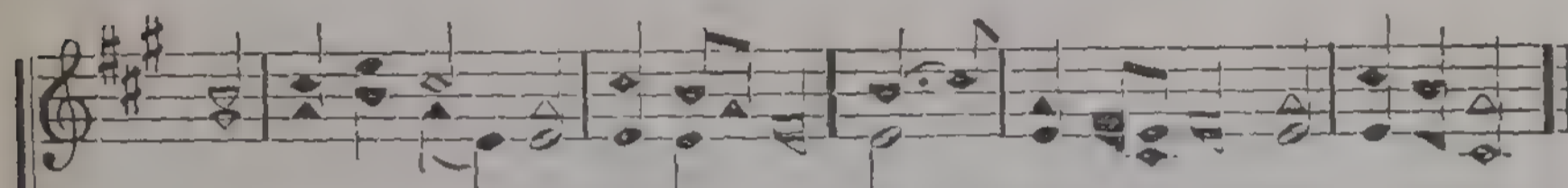
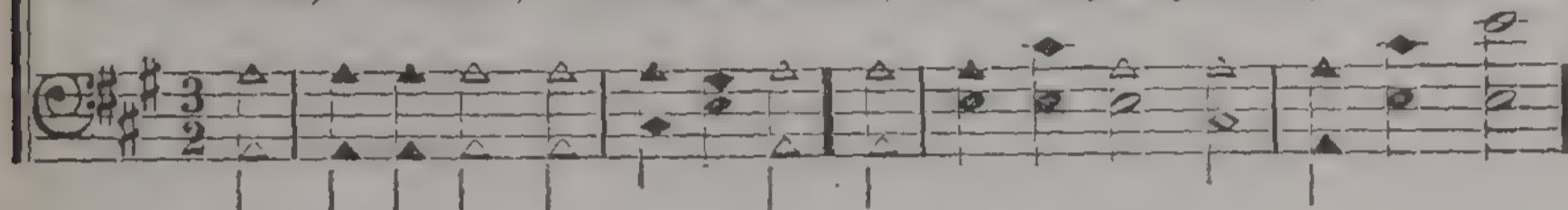
- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 As on the cross the Saviour hung,
And wept, and bled and died,
He poured salvation on a wretch
That languished at His side.</p> | <p>6 His prayer the dying Jesus hears,
And instantly replies—
To-day thy parting soul shall be
With Me in paradise.</p> |
|--|---|

Watts.

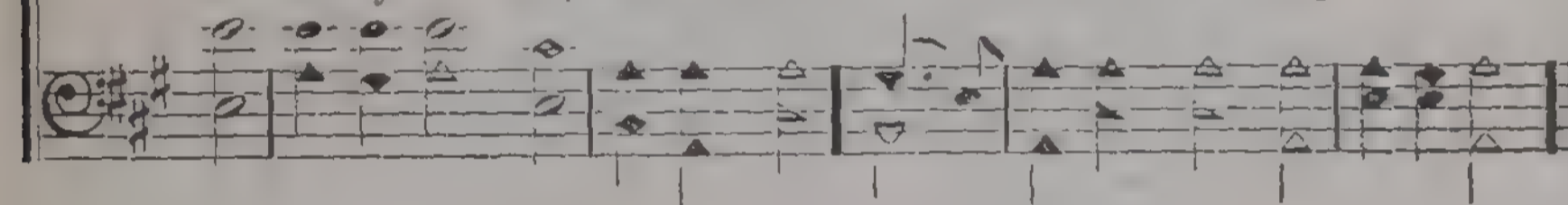
Arr. by J. R. D.



1. 'Twas on that dark, that doleful night, When pow'rs of earth and hell a-rose
2. Be - fore the mournful scene began, He took the bread, and bless'd, and brake:
3. "This is my bod - y, broke for sin; Receive, and eat the liv - ing food;"
4. "Do this," He cried, "till timeshall end, In memory of your dy - ing friend;



Against the Son of God's delight, And friends betray'd Him to His foes.
 What lovethro' all His ac-tions ran! What wondrous words of grace He spake!
 Then took the cup and bless'd the wine; "'Tis the new covenant in my blood."
 Meet at my ta - ble, and re-cord The love of your departed Lord."



180

L. M.

STEELE.

- 1 In Christ I've all my soul's desire,
His Spirit does my heart inspire
With boundless wishes, large and high,
And Christ will all my wants supply.
- 2 Christ is my hope, my strength and
guide; [died;
For me He bled, and groaned, and
He is my sun, to give me light,
He is my soul's supreme delight.
- 3 Christ is the source of all my bliss,
My wisdom and my righteousness;
My Saviour, Brother, and my Friend,
On Him alone I now depend.
- 4 Christ is my King, to rule and bless,
And all my troubles to redress;
He's my salvation and my all,
Whate'er on earth shall me befall.
- 5 Christ is my strength, and portion, too;
My soul in Him can all things do;
Thro' Him I'll triumph o'er the grave,
And death and hell my soul outbrave.

181

L. M.

WATTS.

- 1 Jesus is gone above the skies,
Where our weak senses reach Him not;
And carnal objects court our eyes
To thrust our Saviour from our tho't.
- 2 He knows what wandering hearts we
have,
Apt to forget His lovely face;
And to refresh our minds He gave
These kind memorials of His grace.
- 3 The Lord of life this table spread
With His own flesh and dying blood;
We on the rich provision feed,
And taste the wine, and bless our God.
- 4 Let sinful sweets be all forgot,
And earth grow less in our esteem;
Christ and His love fill every thought,
And faith and hope be fixed on Him.
- 5 Whilst He is absent from our sight,
'Tis to prepare our souls a place,
That we may dwell in heavenly light,
And live forever near His face.

Watts.

Arr.

1. A - las! and did my Sav-iour bleed, And did my Je - sus die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up-on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut His glo - ries in;
4. Thus might I hide my blushing face, While His dear cross ap-pears;
5. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe;

CHO.— *Oh, the Lamb, the Lov-ing Lamb! The Lamb of Cal - ra - ry!*

- D. C. Chorus.*
- Would He de-vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?
 A - maz - ing pi - ty, grace unknown, And love be - yond de - gree!
 When Christ, the mighty Sav-iour died, For man, the Creature's sin.
 Dis - solve my heart in thank-ful-ness, And melt mine eyes in tears.
 Here, Lord, I give my - self a-way; 'Tis all that I can do.

The Lamb was slain, but lives a-gain, To in - ter-cede for me.

183

C. M.

NEWTON.

- 1 To those who know the Lord, I speak,
Is my beloved near?
Jesus, my friend; my soul doth seek—
Oh! when will He appear?
- 2 Tho' once a man of grief and shame,
Yet now He fills a throne;
And bears the greatest, sweetest name,
That earth or heav'n have known.
- 3 Grace flies before, and love attends
His steps where'er He goes:
Tho' none can see Him but His friends,
And they were once His foes.
- 4 He speaks—obedient to His call
Our warm affections move;
If sinners did but know His love,
They all would love Him, too.
- 5 Such Jesus is, and such His grace,
O, may He shine on you!
And tell Him when you see His face,
I love to see Him too.

184

C. M.

STENNETT.

- 1 Here at Thy table, Lord, we meet
To feed on food divine;
Thy body is the bread we eat,
Thy precious blood the wine.
- 2 He that prepares the rich repast,
Himself comes down and dies!
And then invites us thus to feast
Upon the sacrifice.
- 3 Here peace and pardon sweetly flow,
O what delightful food!
We eat the bread and drink the wine
But think on nobler good.
- 4 The bitter torments He endured
Upon the shameful tree,
Each welcome guest may truly say,
Were borne from love to me.
- 5 Sure there was never love so free,
Dear Saviour, so divine; [me,
Well Thou mayst claim that heart of
Which owes so much to Thine.

PRAYER.

185

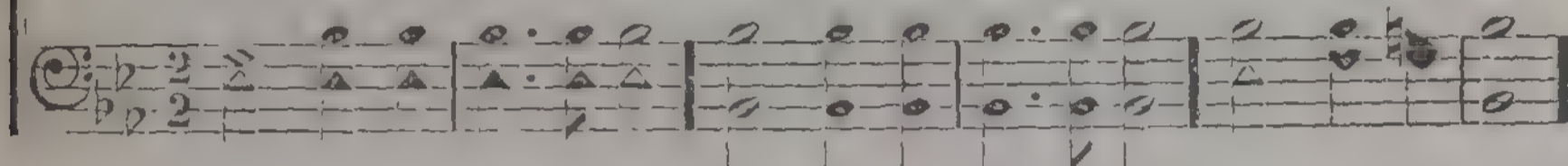
Olivet. 6s & 4s.

Ray Palmer.

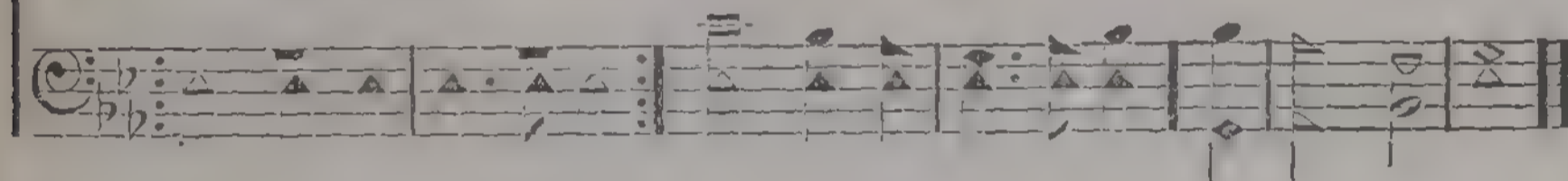
Lowell Mason.



1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal-va ry, Sav-iour di-vine:



{ Now hear me while I pray; } Oh, let me, from this day, Be whol-ly Thine.
{ Take all my guilt a-way; }



2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be—
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

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

Now from Thy home so fair
Give me, while pressed with care,
This most effective prayer,
The silent tear.

2 Keep me from open sin,
Cleanse Thou my heart within,
Fill me with love.
That I may boldly say,
In this accepted day,
'Tis not in vain to pray
To Thee above.

3 Oh, Saviour, Friend divine,
Do make Thy light to shine
My pathway o'er,
To guide my feet aright,
Through all this tedious night,
Till I arrive in sight
Of heaven's shore.

4 And when my race is run,
When life's great work is done,
Then on Thy breast,
May an unworthy worm,
Saved from destruction's storm,
Find in Thy loving arms
An endless rest.

186

6s & 4s. GEO. A. BRETZ.

1 Dear Lord, prepare me now
Before Thy throne to bow
With holy fear.

E. Hopper.

J. E. Gould.

FINE.



1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem-pest-u-ous sea;
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When, at last, I near the shore, And the fear - ful break-ers roar



D.C. - Chart and com - pass came from Thee: Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.

D.C. - Wondrous Sovereign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.

D.C. - May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not: I will pil - ot thee!"

*D.C.*

Unknown waves before me roll, Hid-ing rock and treacherous shoal;
Boisterous waves o-bey Thy will When Thou say'st to them, "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest, Then, while leaning on Thy breast,

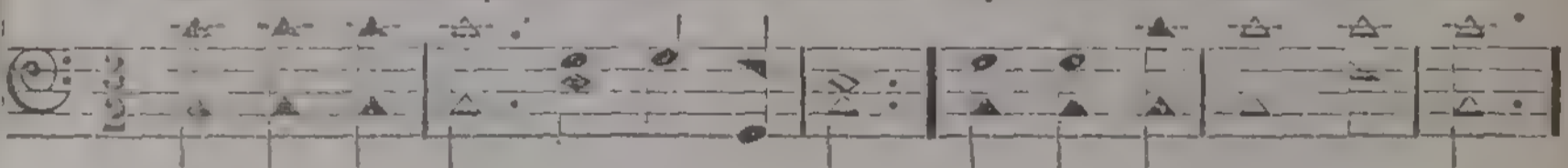


Steele.

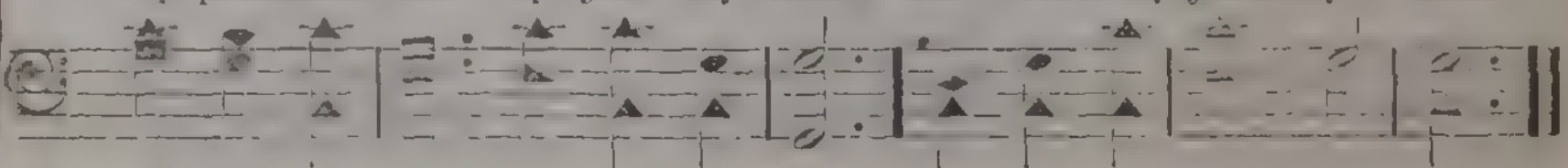
I. C. Everett.



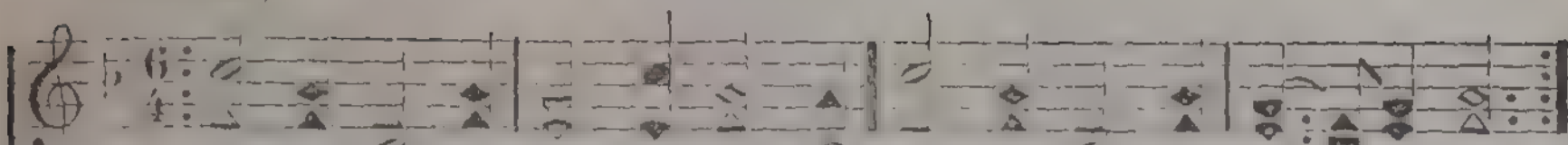
1. Fa-ther, what-e'er of earth-ly bliss Thy sovereign will de - nies,
2. Give me a calm, a thank-ful heart, From ev - 'ry mur - mur free;
3. Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine, My life and death at - tend;



Ac-cept-ed at Thy throne of grace Let this pe - tit - ion rise.
The blessings of Thy grace im-part, And make me live to Thee.
'Thy pres-ence thro' my jour-ney shine, And crown my jour-ney's end.



Robinson,

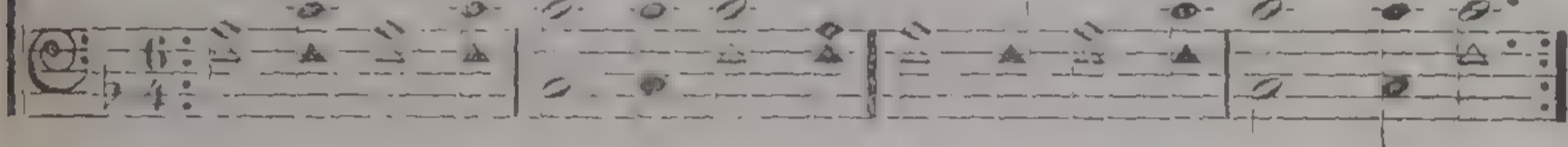
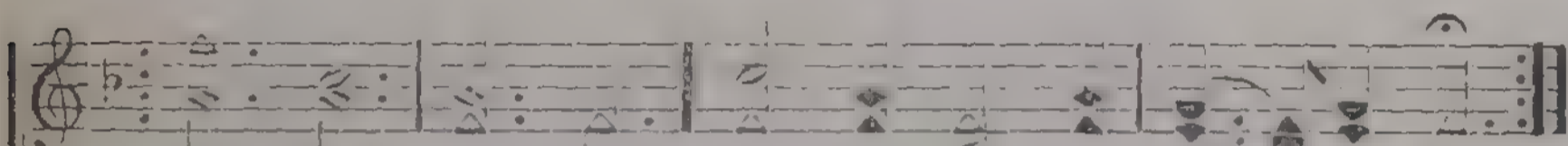


1. Guide me, O, Thou Great Je-ho-vah, Pil-grim thro' this bar-ren land;
 I am weak, but Thou art mighty, Hold me with Thy pow'rful hand.

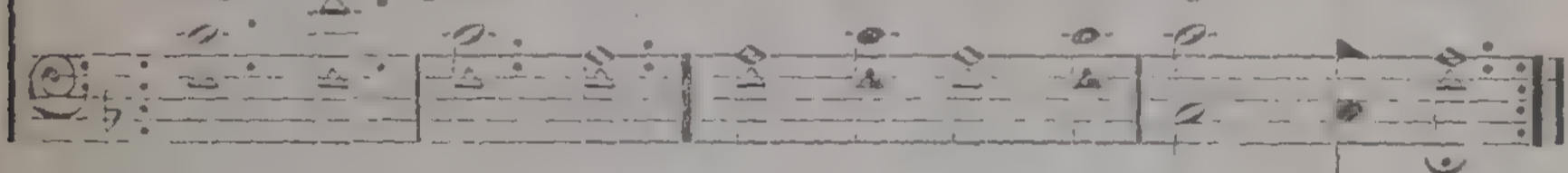
2. O-pen Thou the crys-tal fountains, Whence the healing streams do flow;
 Let the fier-y, cloud-y pil-lar Lead me all my jour-ney thro'.

3. Feed me with the heav'nly man-na, In this bar-ren wil-der-ness;
 Be my sword, and shield, and banner, Be my robe of righteous-ness,

4. When I tread the verge of Jor-dan, Bid my anx-ious fears sub-side;
 Death of deaths, and hell's destruction, Land me safe on Canaan's side.





Bread of heav-en, Feed me till I want no more.
 Strong De-liv-er. Be Thou still my strength and shield.
 Fight and con-quer All my foes by sov-ereign grace.
 Songs of prais-es I will ev-er give to Thee.




Beddome.

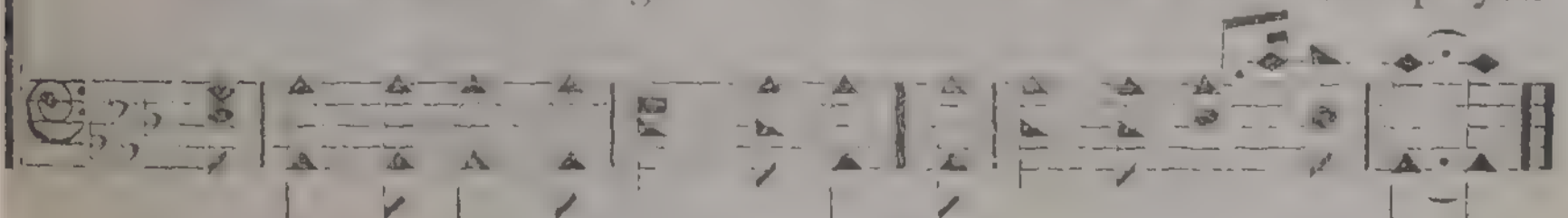
Griggs.

Moderato.


1. Prayer is the soul's sin-cere de-sire, Un-ut-tered or ex-pressed,
 2. Prayer is the bur-den of a sigh, The fall-ing of a tear,
 3. Prayer is the sim-plest form of speech That in-fant lips can try;
 4. Prayer is the christ-ian's vi-tal breath, The christ-ian's native air,



The mo-tion of a hid-den fire, That trembles in the breast.
 The up-ward glancing of an eye, When none but God is near.
 Prayer the sub-lim-est strains can reach The maj-est-y on high.
 His watch-word at the gate of death—He en-ters heav'n with prayer.



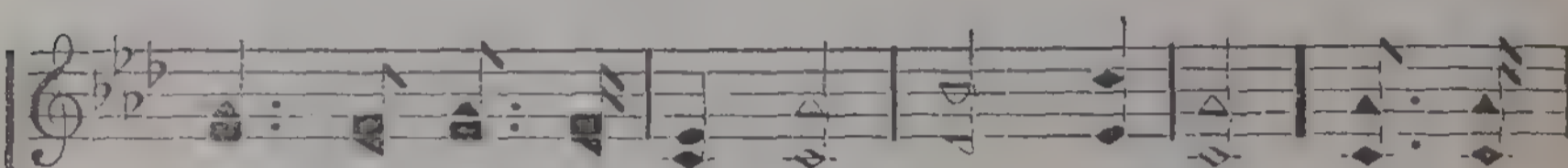
Hide Thou Me.

Fanny J. Crosby.

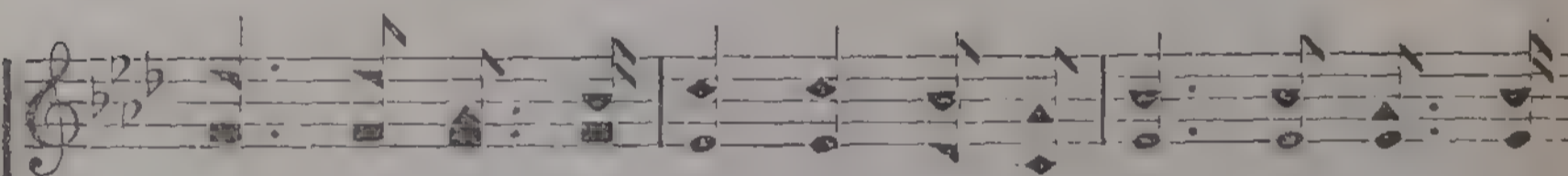
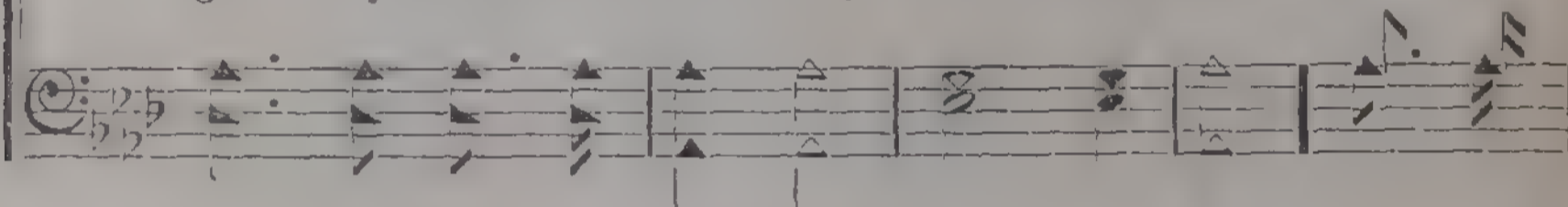
Rev. Robert Lowry.



1. In Thy cleft, O Rock of A - ges, Hide Thou me; When the
2. From the snare of sin - ful pleas - ure, Hide Thou me; Thou, my
3. In the lone - ly night of sor - row, Hide Thou me; Till in



fit - ful tem - pest ra - ges, Hide Thou me; Where no
soul's e - ter - nal treas - ure, Hide Thou me; Wnen the
glo - ry dawns the mor - row, Hide Thou me; In the



mor - tal arm can sev - er From my heart Thy love for -
world its pow'r is wield - ing, And my heart is al - most
sight of Jor - dan's bil - low, Let Thy bo - som be my



ev - er, Hide me, O Thou Rock of A - ges, Safe in Thee.
yield - ing, Hide me, O Thou Rock of A - ges, Safe in Thee.
pil - low, Hide me, O Thou Rock of A - ges. Safe in Thee.



What a Friend We Have in Jesus.

Rev. H. Bonar.

Charles C. Converse, by per.



1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear;
 2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there trou - ble a - ny - where?
 3. Are we weak and heav - y - la - den, Cumber'd with a load of care?



What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer.
 We should never be dis - cour - aged; Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Pre - cious Saviour, still our ref - uge, Take it to the Lord in prayer.



Oh, what peace we oft - en for - feit; Oh, what need - less pain we bear;
 Can we find a friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sorrows share?
 Do thy friends despise, forsake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;



All be - cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer.
 Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak - ness; Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 In His arms He'll take and shield Thee, Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.



Arr.

1. My God, my life, my love, To Thee, to Thee I call; I can - not
 2. The smil-ings of Thy face, How am-ia-ble they are! 'Tis heav'n to
 3. To Thee, and Thee a-lone, The an-gels owe their bliss; They sit a -
 4. Thou art the sea of love, Where all my pleasures roll, The cir - cle

live if Thou remove, For Thou art all in all. I can - not
 rest in Thine embrace, And no-where else but there. 'Tis heav'n to
 round Thy gracious throne, And dwell where Jesus is. They sit a -
 where my pas-sions move, And cen-ter of my soul. The cir - cle

live if Thou re - move, For Thou art all in all.
 rest in Thine em - brace, And no-where else but there.
 round Thy gra - cious throne, And dwell where Jesus is.
 where my pas - sions move, And cen-ter of my soul.

1 My Father and my God,
 O, teach me to draw near,
 And may I feel a child-like love,
 And not a slavish fear.

2 O let my soul be filled
 With Thy paternal grace,
 While in humility I come
 And stand before Thy face.

3 A rebel I have been,
 And still remain the same,
 But Thou hast bid me come to Thee
 In Jesus' worthy name.

4 Lord, in His name I come,
 And praise Thee for Thy grace;
 Unworthy as I know I am,
 I love to see Thy face.

W. W. Walford.

By per. Wm. B. Bradbury.



1. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a
 2. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! Thy wings shall my pe-
 3. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! May I thy con-so-



D.C.—And oft es-caped the temp-ter's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet
D.C.—I'll cast on Him my ev-'ry care And wait for thee, sweet
D.C.—And shout, while pass-ing thro' the air, Fare-well, fare-well, sweet

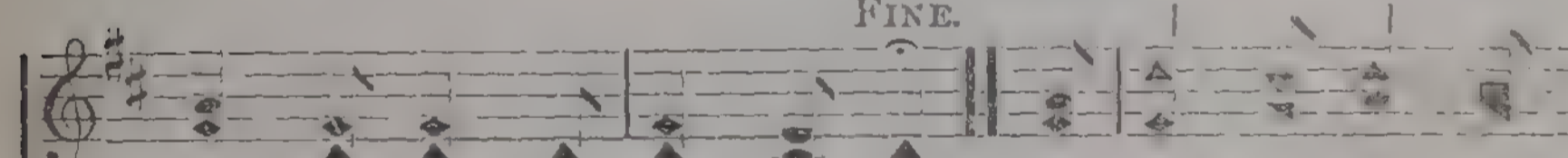


world of care, And bids me at my Fa-ther's throne, Make
 ti-tion bear To Him whose truth and faith-ful-ness, En-
 la-tion share, Till from Mount Pis-gah's loft-y height, I

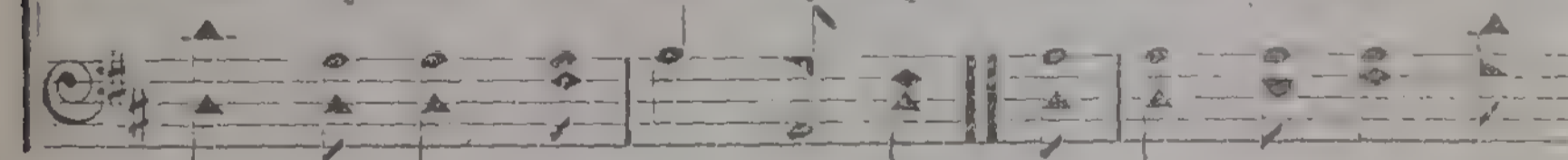


hour of prayer, And oft es-caped the temp-ter's snare, By
 hour of prayer! I'll cast on Him my ev-'ry care And
 hour of prayer! And shout while pass-ing thro' the air, Fare-

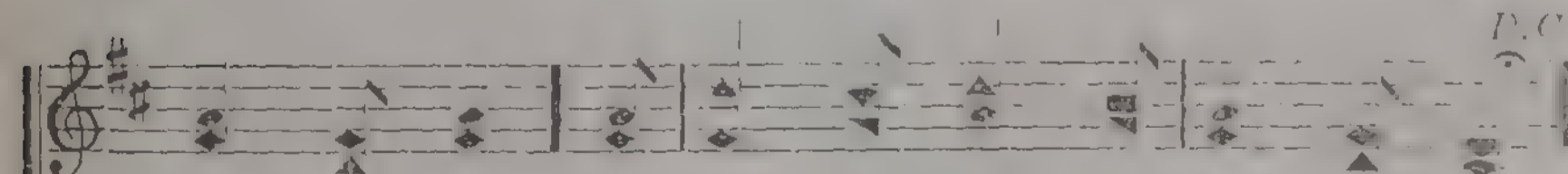
FINE.



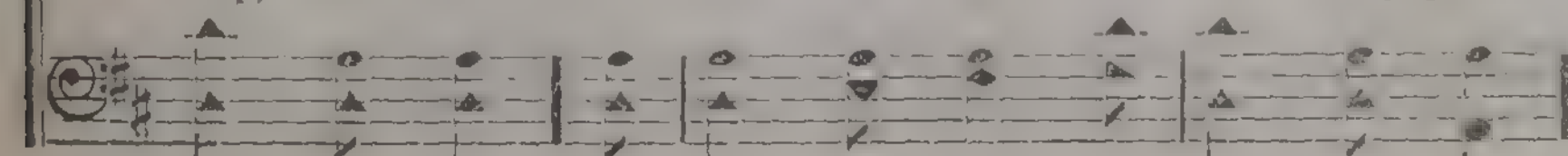
all my wants and wish-es known: In sea-sons of dis-
 gage the wait-ing soul to bless. And since He bids me
 view my home and take my flight: This robe of flesh I'll



thy re-turn, sweet hour of prayer.
 wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!
 well, fare-well, sweet hour of prayer!



tress and grief, My soul has oft-en found re-lief,
 seek His face, Be-lieve His word, and trust His grace,
 drop, and rise To seize the ev-er-last-ing prize;



D.C.

Thomas Moore, alt, and Thomas Hastings.

Samuel Webbe.

1. Come, ye dis - con - so - late, wher - e'er ye lan - guish; Come to the
 2. Joy of the des - o - late, light of the stray - ing, Hope of the
 3. Here see the bread of life; see wa - ters flow - ing. Forth from the

mer - cy seat, fer - vent - ly kneel; Here bring your wound - ed hearts,
 pen - i - tent, fade - less and pure, Here speaks the Com - fort - er,
 throne of God, pure from a - bove; Come to the feast of love;

here tell your an - guish; Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot heal.
 ten - der - ly say - ing, "Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot cure."
 come, ev - er know - ing Earth has no sorrow but heav'n can remove.

1. "Mer - cy, O Thou Son of Da - vid," Thus blind Bar ti - me - us cried;
 2. Till his gra - cious Sav - iour bid him, "Come and ask me what you will,"
 3. Mon - ey was not what he want - ed, Though by beg - ging used to live;
 4. "Lord, remove the griev - ous blind - ness, Let mine eyes be - hold the day;"

Bartimeus. Concluded.

"Oth - ers by Thy grace are sav-ed, O vouch-safe to me Thine aid."
 For his cry - ing ma - ny chid him, But he cried the loud - er still.
 Yet he asked, and Je - sus granted Alms that none but He could give:
 Straight he saw, and won by kindness, Fol-lowed Je - sus in the way.

5 Now methinks I hear him praising,
 Publishing to all around;
 "Friends, is not my case amazing?
 What a Saviour I have found!"

6 Oh! that all the blind but knew Him,
 Or could be advised by me!
 Sure if they were brought unto Him,
 He would cause them all to see.

7 Now I gladly leave my garments,
 Follow Jesus in the way;
 He'll direct me by His counsel,
 Bring me to eternal day.

8 There I shall behold my Saviour,
 Spotless, innocent, and pure;
 There to reign with Him forever,
 For His promises are sure.

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Merrick. 8s & 7s.

Arr.
FINE.

1. { Sav- iour, vis- it Thy plan- ta- tion, Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain! }
 { All will come to des - o - la - tion, Un - less Thou re - turn a gain: }
 2. { Keep no lon - ger at a dis - tance, Shine up - on us from on high; }
 { Lest, for want of Thine as - sistance, Ev'ry plant should droop and die. }
 3. { Sure - ly once Thy garden flourished, Ev'ry plant looked gay and green; }
 { Then Thy word our spir - its nourished, Hap - py seasons we have seen. }

D.C.—Lord, re - vive us, Lord, re - vive us; All our help must come from Thee!

Lord, re - vive us, Lord, re - vive us; All our help must come from Thee.

4 But a drought has since succeeded,
 And a sad decline we see;
 Lord, Thy help is greatly needed;
 Help can only come from Thee.

5 Some in whom we once delighted,
 We shall meet no more below;
 Some, alas! we fear are blighted;
 Scarce a single leaf they show.

6 Let our mutual love be fervent,
 Make us prevalent in prayers;
 Let each one esteemed Thy servant,
 Shun the world's bewitching snares.

7 Break the tempter's fatal power,
 Turn the stony heart to flesh;
 And begin from this good hour
 To revive Thy work afresh.

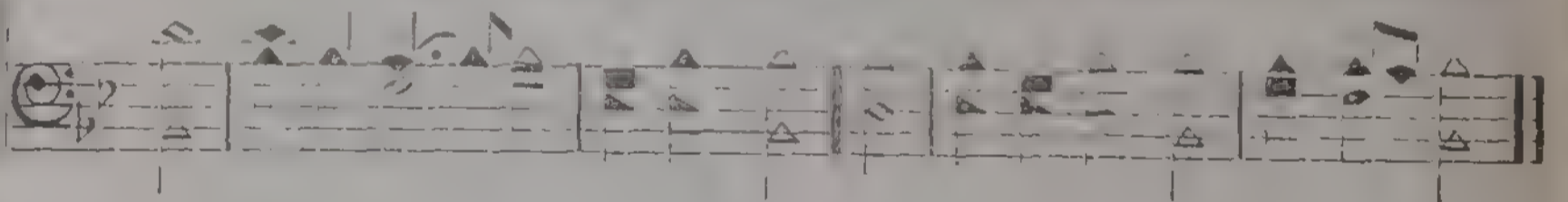
Kent.



1. When overwhelmed with doubts and fear, Great God, do Thou my spir-it cheer;
2. When storms of sin and sor-row beat, Lead me to this di-vine re-treat;
3. When guilt lies heavy on my soul, And waves of fierce temp-ta-tion roll,
4. When called the vale of Death to tread, Then to this Rock may I be led;



Let not mine eyes with tears be fed, But to the Rock of A-ges led.
 Thy perfect righteous-ness and blood. My Rock, my Fortress, and my God.
 I'll to the Rock for shel-ter flee, And take my refuge, Lord, in Thee.
 Nor fear to cross that gloomy sea, Since Thou hast tasted death for me.



Mrs. STEELE.

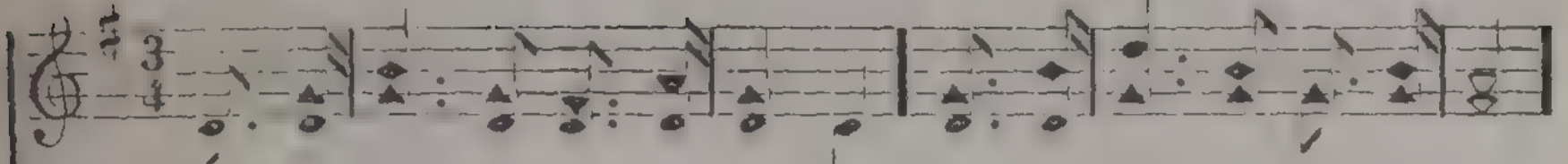
Mrs. STEELE.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 When sins and fears prevailing rise,
 And fainting hope almost expires,
 Jesus, to Thee, I lift my eyes—
 To Thee I breathe my soul's desires.</p> <p>2 Art Thou not mine, my living Lord?
 And can my hope—my comfort die?
 Fixed on Thy everlasting word; [sky?
 That word which built the earth and</p> <p>3 If my immortal Saviour lives,
 Then my immortal life is sure;
 His word a firm foundation gives;
 Here let me build and rest secure.</p> <p>4 Here let my faith unshaken dwell;
 Immovable the promise stands;
 Not all the powers of earth or hell,
 Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.</p> <p>5 Here, O my soul, thy trust repose!
 If Jesus is for ever mine,
 Not death itself, that last of foes,
 Shall break a union so divine.</p> | <p>1 Jesus, the spring of joys divine,
 Whence all our hopes and comforts
 Jesus, no other name but Thine [flow;
 Can save us from eternal woe.</p> <p>2 In vain would boasting reason find
 The way to happiness and God;
 Her weak directions leave the mind
 Bewildered in a dubious road.</p> <p>3 No other name will heaven approve;
 Thou art the true, the living way,
 Ordained by everlasting love,
 To the bright realms of endless day.</p> <p>4 Here let our constant feet abide,
 Nor from the heavenly path depart:
 O let Thy Spirit, gracious Guide!
 Direct our steps, and cheer our heart.</p> <p>5 Safe lead us through this world of night,
 And bring us to the blissful plains,
 The regions of unclouded light,
 Where perfect joy for ever reigns.</p> |
|--|--|

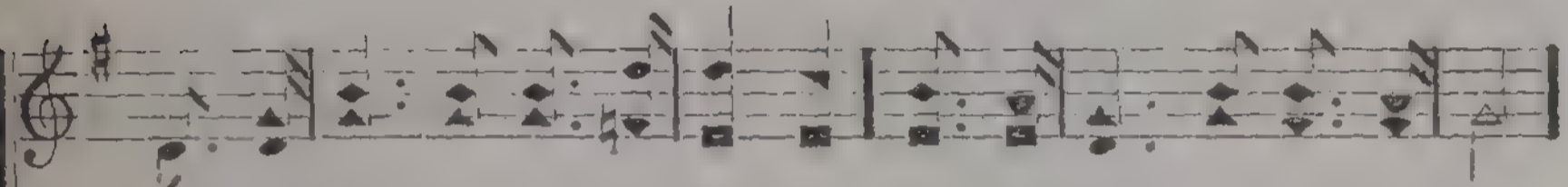
Close to Thee.

Fanny J. Crosby.

S. J. Vail, by per.



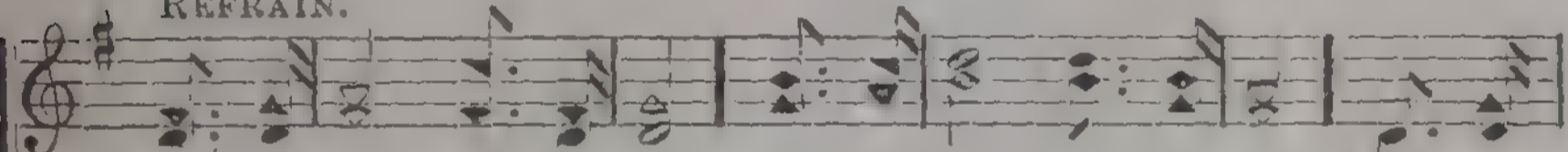
1. Thou my ev - er - last - ing por - tion, More than friend or life to me,
2. Not for ease or world ly pleas - ure, Nor for fame my prayer shall be;
3. Lead me thro' the vale of shad - ows, Bear me o'er life's fit - ful sea,



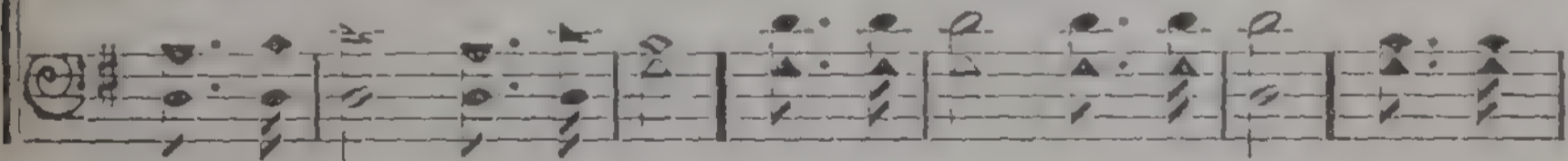
All a - long my pil - grim jour - ney, Sav - iour, let me walk with Thee.
 Glad - ly will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with Thee.
 Then the gate of life e - ter - nal, May I en - ter, Lord with Thee.



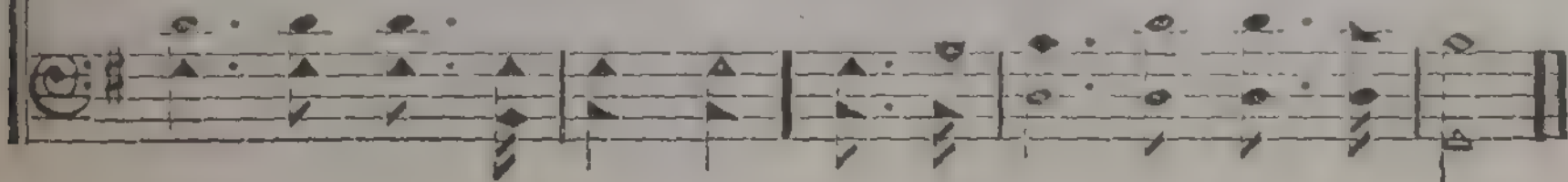
REFRAIN.



Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee; All a -
 Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee; Glad - ly
 Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee; Then the



long my pil - grim jour - ney, Sav - iour, let me walk with Thee.
 will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with Thee.
 gate of life e - ter - nal, May I en - ter, Lord with Thee.



1. { Come, Thou long-expect-ed Je - sus! Born to set Thy peo-ple free; }
 { From our sins and fears re - lease us, Let us find our rest in Thee: }
 2. { Born Thy peo-ple to de - liv - er; Born a child, and yet a King; }
 { Born to reign in us for - ev - er, Now Thy gracious kingdom bring. }

D.C.—Dear de-sire of ev - 'ry na - tion, Joy of ev - 'ry long-ing heart.
D.C.— By Thy all suf - fi - cient mer - it, Raise us to Thy glo - rious throne. *D.C.*

Is-rael's strength and con-so la - tion, Hope of all Thy saints Thou art;
 By Thy own e - ter - nal Spir - it, Rule in all our hearts a - lone;

1. { Je - sus, Lord, we look to Thee; Let us in Thy name a - gree: }
 { Show Thyself the Prince of Peace; Bid all jars for - ev - er cease. }

D.C.—Each to each u - nite, en - dear; Come and spread Thy banner here. *D.C.*

2. By Thy rec - on - cil - ing love, Ev - 'ry stumbling-block re-move;

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 each for other care;
 Each another's burden bear;
 To Thy church the pattern give;
 Show how true believers live.

5 Let us then with joy remove
 To the family above;
 On the wings of angels fly;
 Show how true believers die.

6 Thus in life and death shall we
 Give the glory all to Thee,
 Living in sweet union here,
 Dying in Thy holy fear.

Stennett.

Arr. by J. R. D.

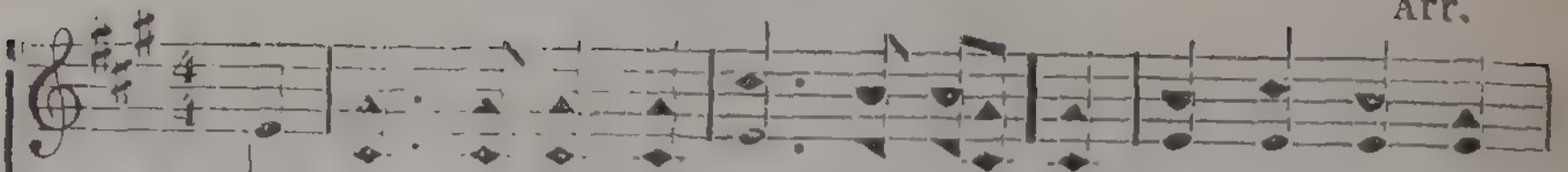
1. Pros-trate, dear Je - sus, at Thy feet, A guilt - y reb - el lies;
 2. O, let not jus - tice frown me hence, Stay, stay the dreadful storm!
 3. If tears of sor - row would suf - fice To pay the debt I owe,
 4. But no such sac - ri - fice I plead, To ex - pi - ate my guilt,
 5. Think of Thy sor - rows, dear - est Lord, And all my sins for - give;

And up - ward to Thy mer - cy - seat Pre - sumes to lift his eyes.
 For - bid it that Om - nip - o - tence Should crush a fee - ble worm.
 Tears should from both my weep - ing eyes In cease - less torrents flow.
 No tears but those which Thou hast shed, No blood, but Thou hast spilt.
 Jus - tice will well ap - prove Thy word, That bids the sin - ner live.

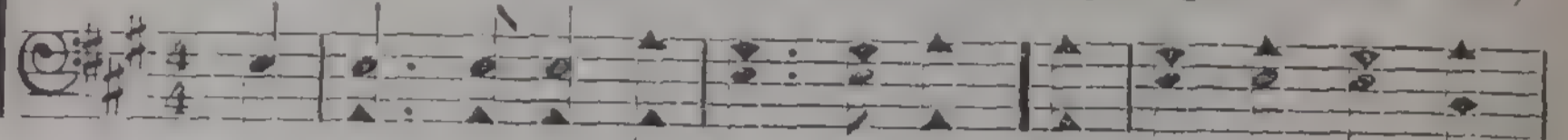
Arr.

1. Be - hold, a sin - ner, dearest Lord, En - couraged by Thy gracious word,
 2. Do not the hum - ble suit de - ny Of such a guilt - y wretch as I:
 3. I am a sin - ner, Lord, I own: By sin and guilt I am un - done;

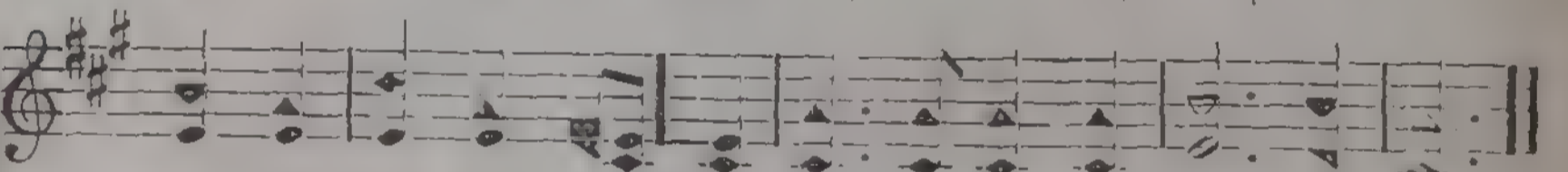
Would venture near to seek that bread, By which Thy children here are fed.
 But let me feed on crumbs tho' small, Which from Thy children's table fall.
 Yet I would wait, and plead, and pray, Since none are empty sent a - way.



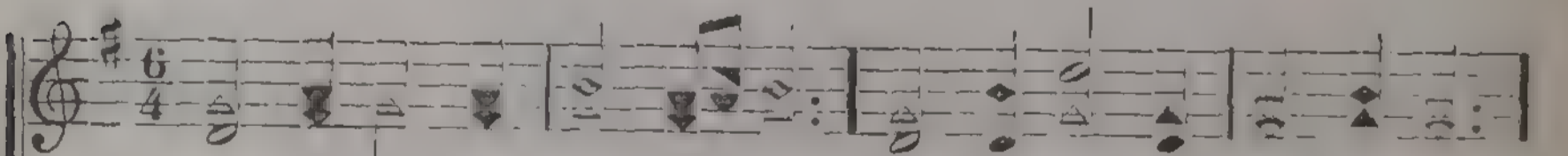
1. From ev - 'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev - 'ry swell-ing
2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The oil of glad - ness
3. 'There is a scene where spir - its blend, Where friend holds fel-low-
4. Ah! whith - er could we flee for aid, When tempt-ed, des - o -
5. There, there on ea - gles' wings we soar, And sin and guilt seem
6. O let my hand for - get her skill, My tongue be si - lent,



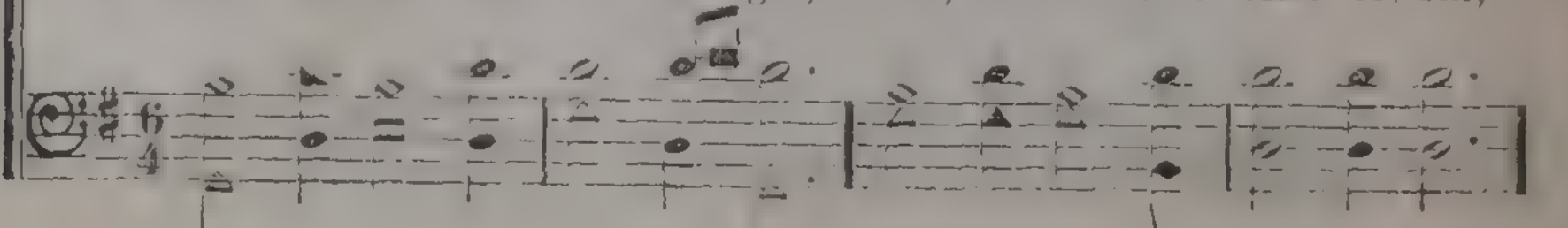
tide of woes, There is a calm; a sure re - treat—'Tis found be -
 on our heads; A place of all on earth most sweet, It is the
 ship with friend; Tho' sun - dered far, by faith they meet A - round one
 late, dis - mayed? Or how the hosts of hell de - feat, Had suff - ring
 there no more; And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, And glo - ry
 cold, and still; This bounding heart for - get to beat, If I for -



neath the mer - cy - seat. 'Tis found be - neath the mer - cy - seat.
 blood - bought mer - cy - seat. It is the blood - bought mer - cy - seat.
 com - mon mer - cy - seat. A - round one com - mon mer - cy - seat.
 saints no mer - cy - seat? Had suff - ring saints no mer - cy - seat?
 crowns the mer - cy - seat. And glo - ry crowns the mer - cy - seat.
 get the mer - cy - seat. If I for - get the mer - cy - seat.



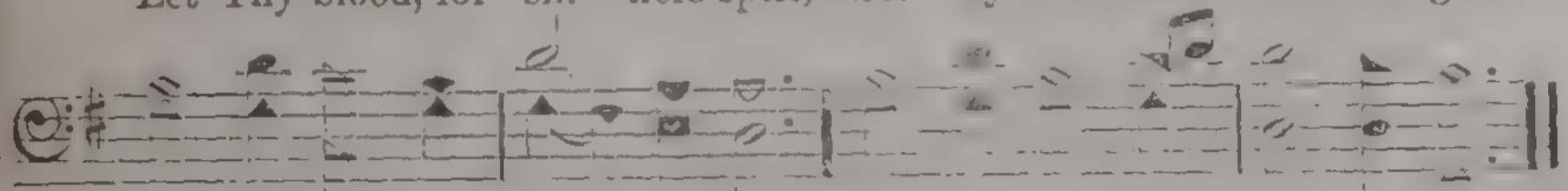
1. Come, my soul, thy suit pre pare, Je - sus loves to an - swer pray'r;
2. With my bur - den I be - gin, Lord, re - move this load of sin;



Cook. 7s. Concluded.



He Himself has bid thee pray, Rise and ask with - out de - lay.
Let Thy blood, for sin - ners spilt, Set my con-science free from guilt.



3 Lord, I come to Thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast; [tain,
There Thy blood-bought right main
And without a rival reign.

4 As the image in the glass
Answers the beholder's face:
Thus unto my heart appear,
Print Thine own resemblance there.

5 While I am a pilgrim here
Let Thy love my spirit cheer:
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

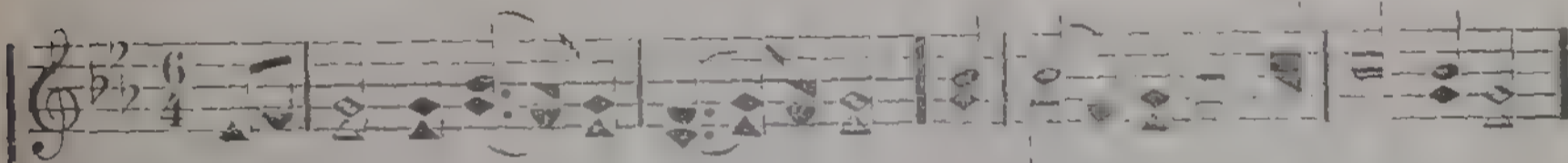
6 Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew:
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die Thy people's death.

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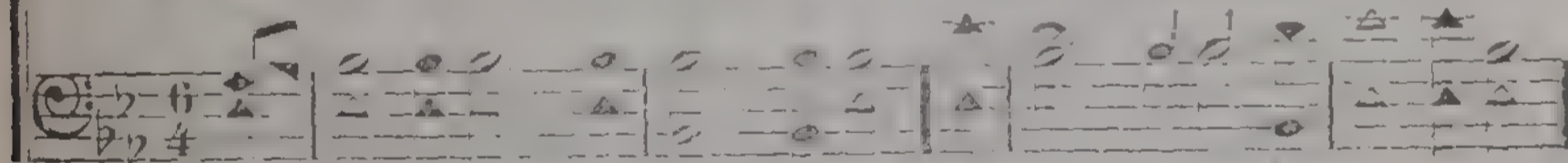
Woodworth. L. M.

Charlotte Elliott.

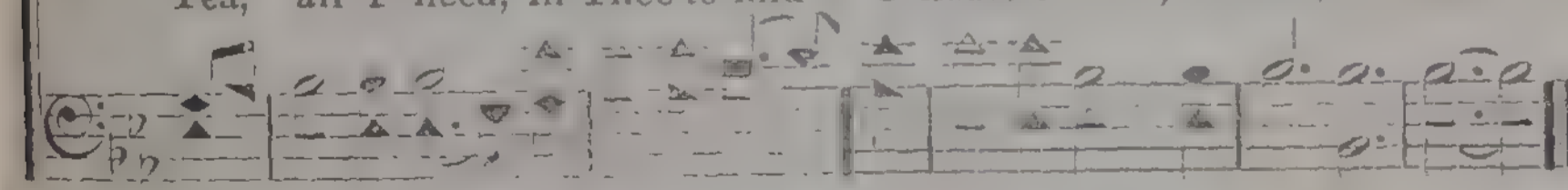
Wm. B. Bradbury.



1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot;
3. Just as I am, tho' tossed a-bout With many a conflict, many a doubt;
4. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,—Sight, riches, healing of the mind,



And that 'Thou bid'st me come to Thee. O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
With fears with-in, and foes with-out— O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find— O Lamb of God, I come, I come.



5 Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because Thy promise I believe—
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

6 Just as I am—Thy love unknown,
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

PILGRIMAGE.

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Shining Shore. 8s & 7s.

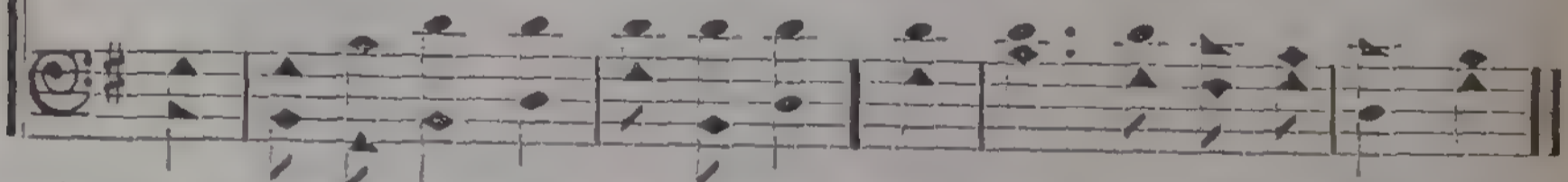
By per. G. F. Root.



1. My days are glid - ing swiftly by, And I, a pilgrim stranger,
2. We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear, Our heav'n-ly home dis - cern - ing;
3. Should coming days be cold and dark, We need not cease our sing - ing;
4. Let sorrow's rud - est tempest blow, Each chord on earth to sev - er,



Would not de-tain them as they fly, Those hours of toil and dan - ger.
Our ab-sent Lord has left us word, Let ev - 'ry lamp be burn - ing.
That per-fect rest naught can molest Where gold - en harps are ring - ing.
Our King says come, and there's our home, For - ev - er! Oh, for - ev - er!



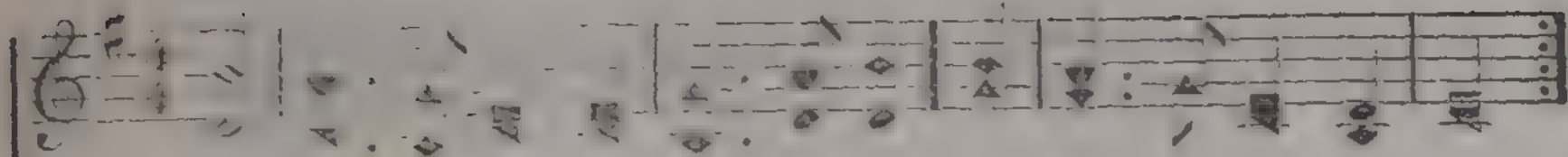
D.S.—just be-fore the shin-ing shore We may almost dis-cov - er.

CHORUS.

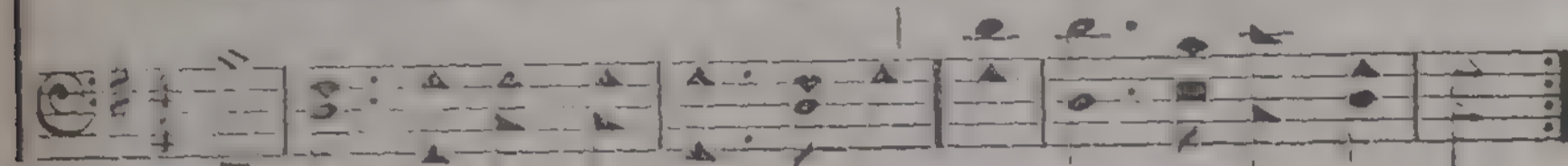


For now we stand on Jordan's strand, Our friends are passing o - ver; And

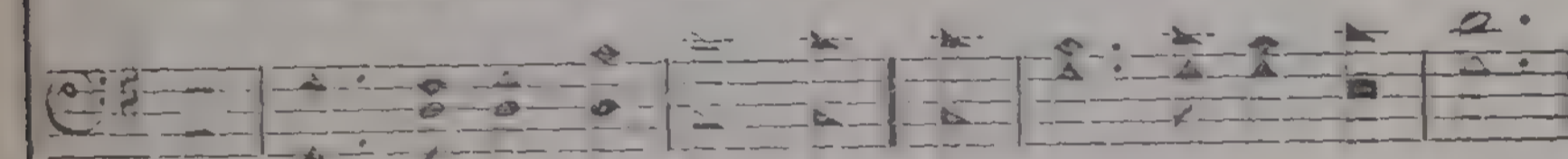




1. } Come all ye mourning pilgrims dear, Who're bound for Canaan's land, }
 { Take courage and fight valiantly, Stand fast with sword in hand; }



Our Captain's gone before us, Our Father's on - ly Son,



Then, pilgrims dear, pray, do not fear, But let us fol - low on.



2 We have a howling wilderness,
 To Canaan's happy shore,
 A land of death, and pits, and snares,
 Where chilling winds do roar.
 But Jesus will be with us,
 And guard us by the way;
 Though enemies examine us,
 He'll teach us what to say.


3 The pleasant fields of paradise,
 So glorious to behold,
 The valleys clad in living green,
 The mountains paved with gold:
 The tree of life with heavenly fruit,
 Behold how rich they stand;
 Hov, gentle dews, and bear my soul
 To Canaan's happy land.

4 Sweet rivers of salvation all
 Through Canaan's land do roll,
 The beams of day bring glittering scenes
 Illuminate my soul;
 There's ponderous clouds of glory
 All set in diamonds bright;
 And there's my smiling Jesus,
 Who is my heart's delight.


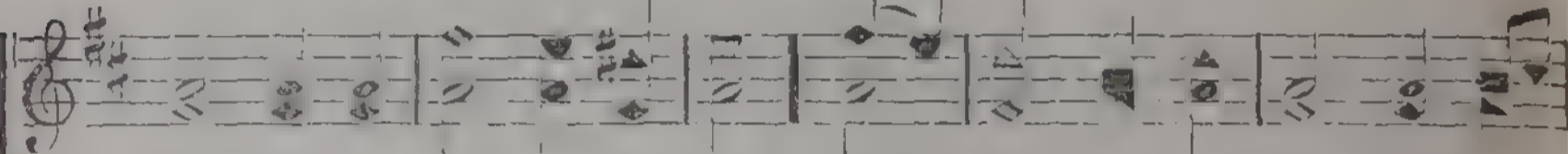
5 Already to my raptured sight,
 The blissful fields arise,
 And plenty spreads her smiling stores,
 Inviting to my eyes.
 O sweet abode of endless rest,
 I soon shall travel there,
 Nor earth nor all her empty joys
 Shall long detain me here.

Fowler.



Commack.




1. Ye pil - grims of Zi - on, and chos - en of God, Whose
 2. As Je - sus, in cov - e - nant love, did en - gage A
 3. This truth, like its Au - thor, e - ter - nal shall stand, Tho'
 4. They may on the main of temp - ta - tion be toss'd; Their
 5. Sur - round - ed with sor - rows, temp - ta - tions, and cares, This

spir - its are filled with dis - may, Since ye have e - ter - nal re -
 full - ness of grace to dis - play, The pow - ers of dark - ness in
 all things in na - ture de - cay; Up - held by Je - ho - vah's om -
 sor - rows may swell as the sea; But none of the ran - somed shall
 truth with de - light we sur - vey, And sing, as we pass thro' this





demp - tion thro' blood, Ye can - not but hold on your way.
 mal - ice may rage. The right - eous shall hold on his way.
 nip - o - tent hand, The right - eous shall hold on his way.
 ev - er be lost; The right - eous shall hold on his way.
 val - ley of tears, The right - eous shall hold on his way.




Charles Wesley.

Southern Melody.



1. Go on, ye pil - grims, while below, In the sure paths of peace,
 2. Ob - serve your lead - er, fol - low Him; He thro' this world has been



New Britain. C. M. Concluded.



De - ter-mined nothing else to know. But Je - sus and His grace.
Oft - en re - viled, but like a Lamb Did ne'er re - vile a - gain.



3 O, take the pattern He has given,
And love your enemies;
And learn the only way to heaven
In self-denial lies.

5 Contend for nothing but the truth
That feeds the immortal mind;
For fruitless leaves no more dispute
But leave them to the wind.

4 Remember you must watch and pray,
While journeying on the road,
Lest you should fall out by the way,
And wound the cause of God.

6 Go on rejoicing every day,
Your crown is yet before;
Defy the trials of your way,
The storm will soon be o'er.

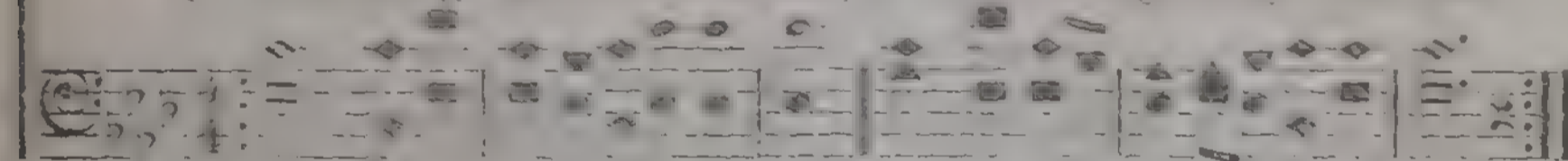
214

Amboy. L. M.

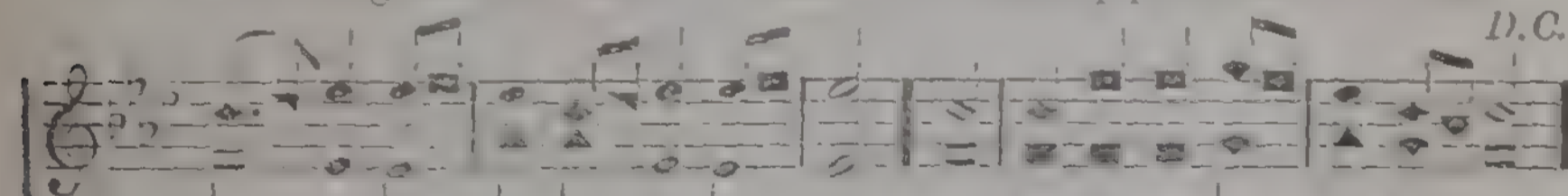
Arr. FINE.



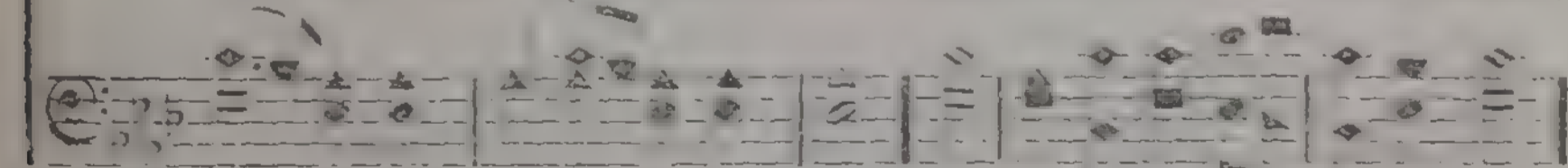
1. Say now, ye love-ly so-cial band, Who walk the way to Canaan's land; t
Ye who have fled from Sodom's plain, Say, would you now return a-gain? t
2. Be ware of pleasure's si-ren song: A-las' it can't be so true you long; t
It can not quiet Jordan's wave, Nor cheer the dark and silent grave. t
3. There's on the glorious hosts on wing, And hear the heav'nly scriphs sing! t
The shining ranks in order stand, Or move like lightning at command. t



D.C. — And shall they fall with dread arms, Compel you now to ground your arms?
D.C. — Explore by faith the heavenly field, And hark the fruit that Canaan yields.
D.C. — While an-gels circle round His seat, And worship prostrate at His feet.



Have you just ventured to the field, Well arm'd with helmet, sword and shield,
O let your thoughts delight to soar Where earth and time shall be no more;
Je-ho-vah there reigns not a-lone, The Saviour shares His Father's throne,



4 Behold! I see, among the rest,
A host in richer garments dress'd;
A host that near His presence stands,
And palms of victory grace their hands,
Say, who are these I now behold,
With blood-washed robes and crowns
of gold?

This glorious host is not unknown
To Him who sits upon the throne.

5 These are the followers of the Lamb;
From tribulation great they came;
And on the hill of sweet repose
They bid adieu to all their woes.
Soon on the wings of love you'll fly,
To join them in that world on
high:—

O make it now your chiefest care
The image of your Lord to bear.

1. { When for e - ternal worlds we steer, And seas are calm, and skies are clear; }
 { And faith in live - ly ex - er - cise, And distant hills of Canaan rise. }
 2. { With cheerful hope her eyes explore Each landmark on the distant shore; }
 { The tree of life, the pastures green, The golden streets, the crystal stream— }
 3. { The nearer still she draws to land, More eager all her powers expand; }
 { With steady helm and free bent sail, Her anchor drops with-in the veil, }

The soul for joy then spreads her wings, And loud her love - ly
 A - gain for joy she spreads her wings, And loud her love - ly
 And now for joy she folds her wings, And loud her love - ly

son - net sings, Vain world a - dieu! Vain world a - dieu— And
 son - net sings, I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home, And
 son - net sings, I'm safe at home, I'm safe at home, And

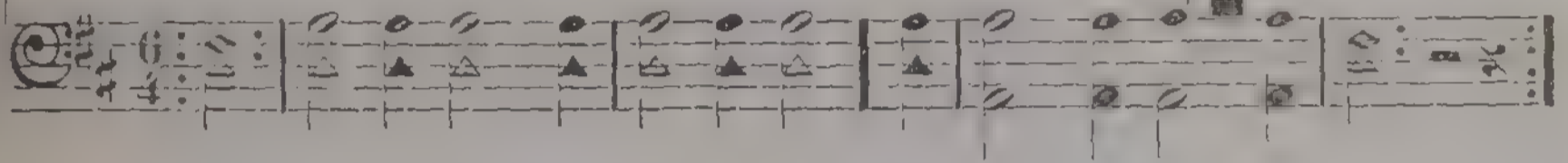
loud her love - ly son - net sings, Vain world a - dieu!
 loud her love - ly son - net sings, I'm go - ing home.
 loud her love - ly son - net sings, I'm safe at home.

John R. Daily.

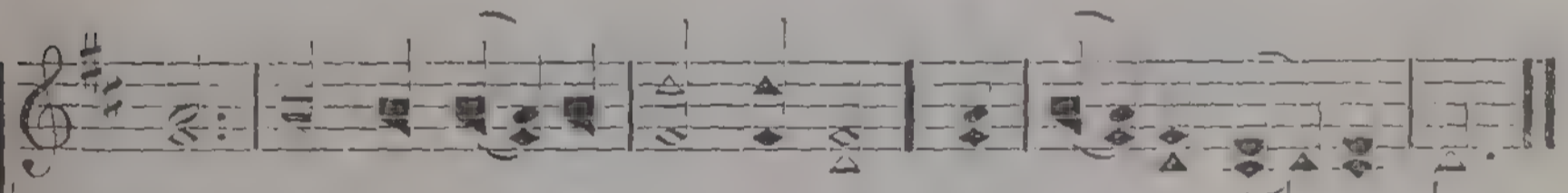
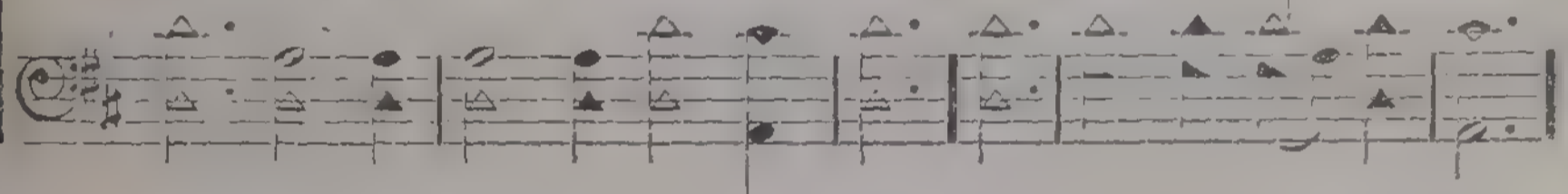
Wm. Nicholson.



1. { I'm but a wand'ring pilgrim here, This world is not my home: }
 { I seek a rest be-yond this sphere, A cit - y yet to come. }
 3. { My journey thro' this vale of tears Is fraught with tri-als sore: }
 { My heart is oft - en filled with fears As dan-gers hov - er o'er. }



2. Be - yond the veil by faith I see A calm and heav'nly rest,
 4. Tho' thus op-pressed with grievous cares, At times the Lord ap-pears.

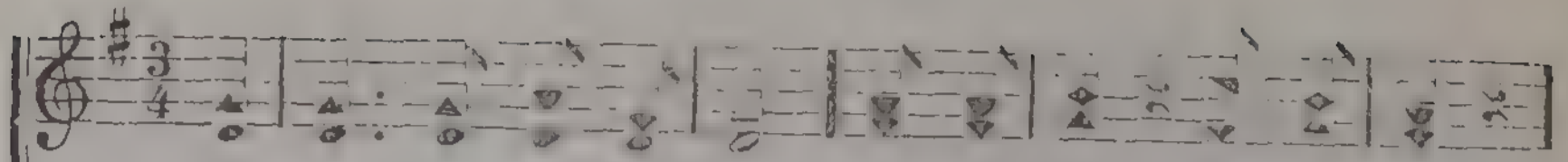


Where I shall be e - ter - nal - ly With saints and an - gels blest.
 De - liv - ers from the tempter's snares, And drives a - way my fears.

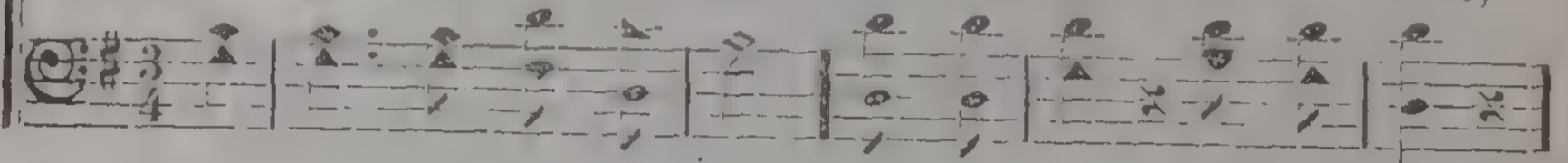



- 5 Sometimes dark clouds shut out the
 light,
 And gloomy is the hour;
 My way is hid, and I seem quite
 O'ercome by Satan's power.
- 6 Though for awhile my way I grope
 In darkness and dismay,
 Returning light restores my hope,
 And drives my doubts away.
- 7 Sometimes my pathway seems to lie
 Through deserts bleak and drear;
 For want of sustenance I sigh
 And death seems very near.
- 8 Yet now and then a fertile place
 Where living waters flow,
 Assures me that redeeming grace
 Meets all my wants below.
- 9 But soon I'll reach that heavenly
 land
 My journey will be o'er,
 And with the ever blissful band
 I'll dwell forevermore.
- 10 Eternal rest in heaven above,
 From sin and sorrow free!
 I there shall bask in seas of love,
 In blest eternity.

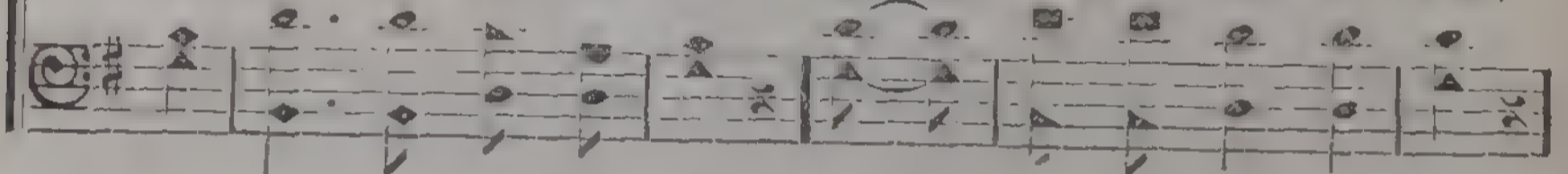

Bright Glory. P. M.



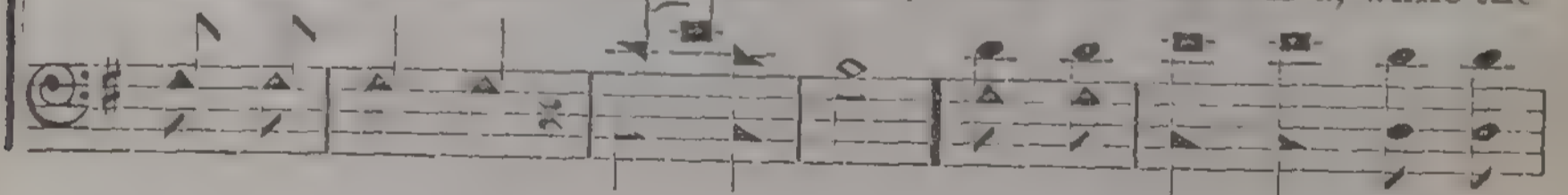

1. Our bond - age here shall end By and by— by and by;
 2. When our De - liv - 'rer comes, By and by— by and by;
 3. Tho' strong our foes ap - pear, We'll go on— we'll go on;
 4. By Ma - rah's bit - ter streams We'll go on— we'll go on;
 5. And when to Jor-dan's flood We are come— we are come;

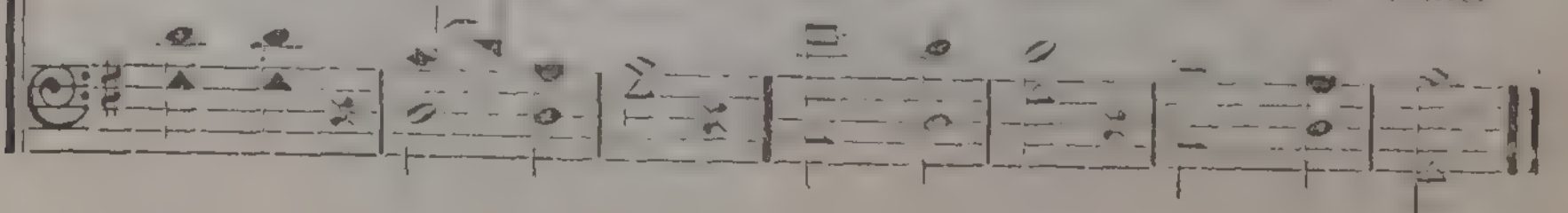
Our griefs shall van-ish then, With our three score years and ten,
 From E - gypt's yoke set free, We will hail our Ju - bi - lee,
 Our hearts shall know no fear, For Is - ra - el's God is near—
 Tho' Ba - ca's vale be dry, The Rock shall yield sup - ply—
 Je - ho - vah rules the tide And the wa - ters will di - vide,

And bright glo - ry crown the day, And bright glo - ry, and bright
 And to Ca - naan all re - turn, And to Ca - naan, and to
 While the fie - ry pil - lar moves, While the fie - ry, while the
 To a land of corn and wine, To a land of, to a
 While the ran - som'd host shall shout, While the ran - som'd, while the

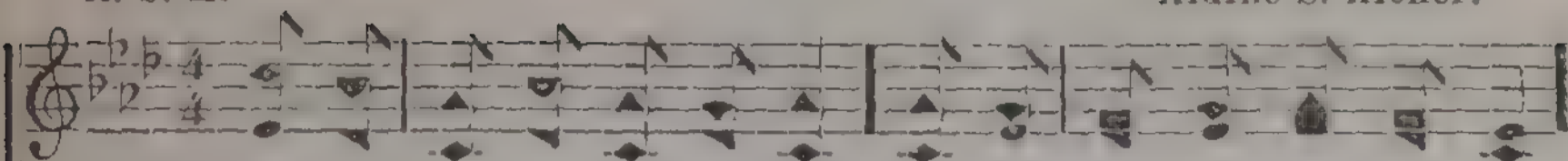
glo - ry crown the day, By and by— by and by.
 Ca - naan all re - turn, By and by— by and by.
 fie - ry pil - lar moves, We'll go on— we'll go on.
 land of corn and wine, We'll go on— we'll go on.
 ran - som'd host shall shout, "We are come— we are come."



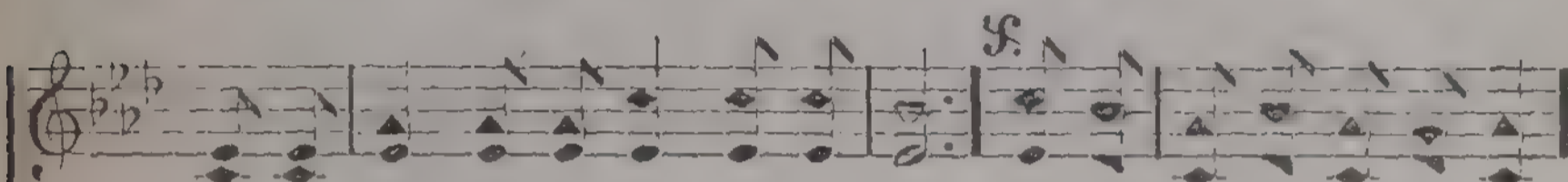
A Pilgrim Song.

A. S. K.

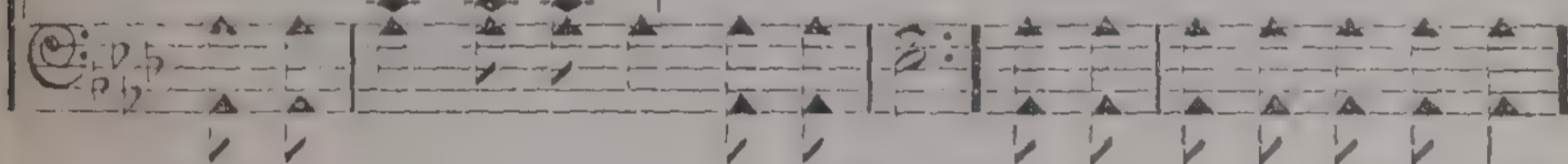
Aldine S. Kieffer.



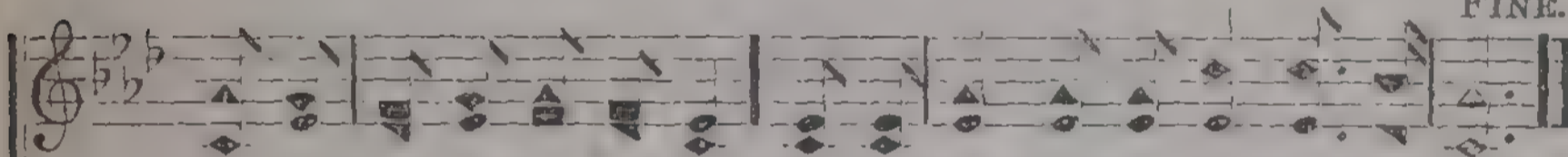
1. I'm a lone-ly pil-grim here, Vex'd with many a doubt and fear,
 2. Here the des-ert wilds ex-pand Round a-bout on ei-ther hand,
 3. When the wil-der-ness is past, And I reach that land at last,



As I jour-ney a-long by the way; But I hope at last to stand
 But I'm near-ing the Jor-dan, you see! And beyond that narrow stream,
 Oh, how hap-py my poor soul will be! With the glo-ri-fied to stand,



D.S.—Thro' the stil-ly hours of night,

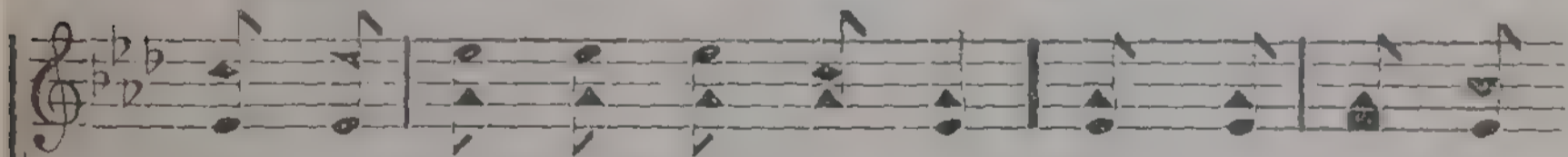


On fair Canaan's peaceful land, Free from sorrow, from doubt and dismay.
 Endless bow'rs of blessing beam, And they're blooming for you and for me.
 On that glitt'ring, glo-ry-land, And the Sav-iour, my Sav-iour, to see.

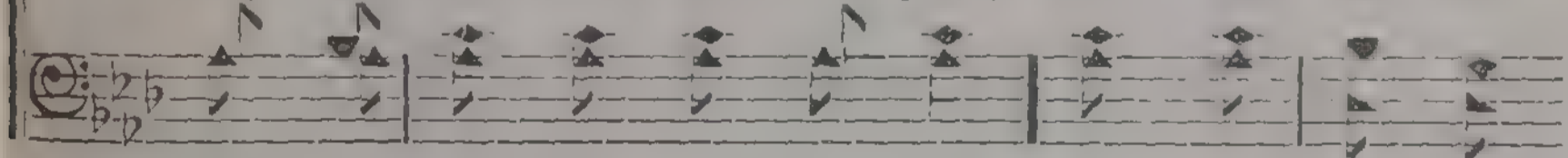


From the plains of endless light, Spir-it voic-es oft whisper to me.

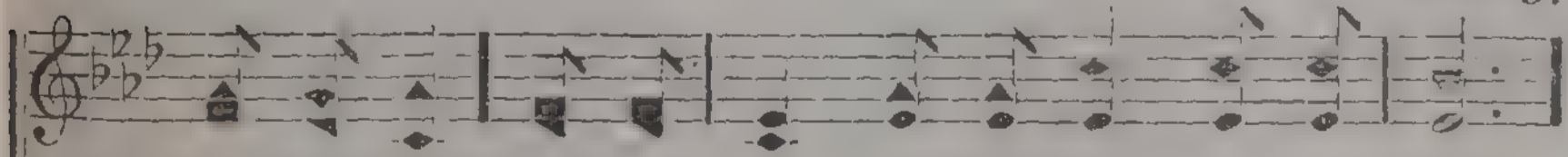
CHORUS.



Oh, I know there's rest be-yond, That some oth-er



D.S. f



souls have found, For in vis-ions their fac-es I see;



HEAVEN AND HOME.

219 Time is Winging Us Away. 7s & 6s.

Arr.

1. Time is winging us a-way To our e-ter-nal home;
2. Time is wing-ing us a-way To our e-ter-nal home;

Life is but a win-ter's day, A jour-ney to the tomb.
Life is but a win-ter's day, A jour-ney to the tomb.

FINE.

D.S.—All that's mor-tal soon will be En-clos'd in death's cold arms
D.S.—Far be-yond the world's al-loy, Se-cure in Je-sus' love.

Youth and vig-or soon will flee, Blooming beau-ty loose its charms;
But the christian shall en-joy Health and beau-ty soon a-bove;

D.S.

220 Heaven is my Home. C. M.

Thos. R. Taylor.

Dr. Lowell Mason.

1. { I'm but a stranger here,—Heav'n is my home; }
{ Earth is a desert drear,—Heav'n is my home; } Danger and sorrow stand

Heaven is My Home. Concluded.

Round me on ev - 'ry hand; Heav'n is my fatherland, — Heav'n is my home.

2 What though the tempest rage?
 Heaven is my home;
 Short is my pilgrimage,
 Heaven is my home:
 Time's cold and wintry blast
 Soon will be over-past,
 I shall reach home at last, —
 Heaven is my home.

3 There at my Saviour's side, —
 Heaven is my home;
 I shall be glorified, —
 Heaven is my home:
 There are the good and blest,
 Those I love most and best,
 There, too I soon shall rest, —
 Heaven is my home!

221

Iowa. 8s.

A. D. Fillmore, by per.

1. We speak of the realms of the blest, That coun - try so
 2. We speak of the path - way of gold, Of its walls deck'd with
 3. We speak of its free - dom from sin. From sor - row, temp -
 4. We speak of its serv - ice of love, Of the robes which the
 5. Dear Lord, a - mid sor - row and woe, My spir - it for


bright and so fair; And oft are its glo - ries con - fessed,
 jew - els so rare, Of its won - ders and pleas - ures un - told,
 ta - tion and care; From tri - als with - out and with - in,
 glo - ri - fied wear, Of the church of the First-born a - bove,
 heav - en pre - pare, That short - ly I, al - so, may know

But what must it be to be there? But what must it be to be there?
 But what must it be to be there? But what must it be to be there?
 But what must it be to be there? But what must it be to be there?
 But what must it be to be there? But what must it be to be there?
 And feel what it is to be there, And feel what it is to be there.



Sweet By-and-By.

S. Fillmore Bennett.

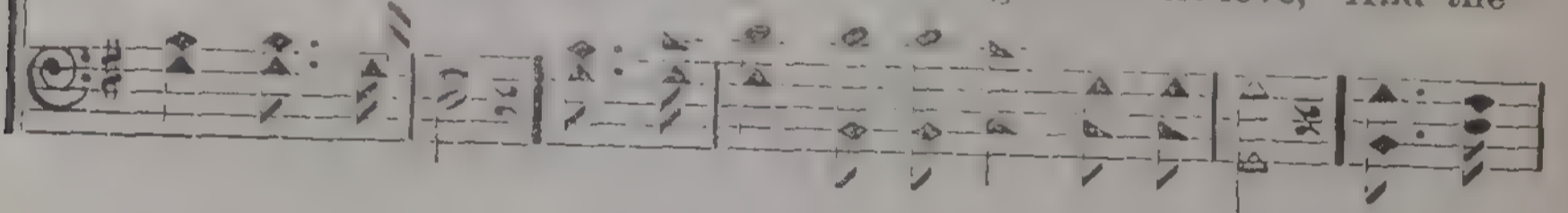
Jos. P. Webster, by per,



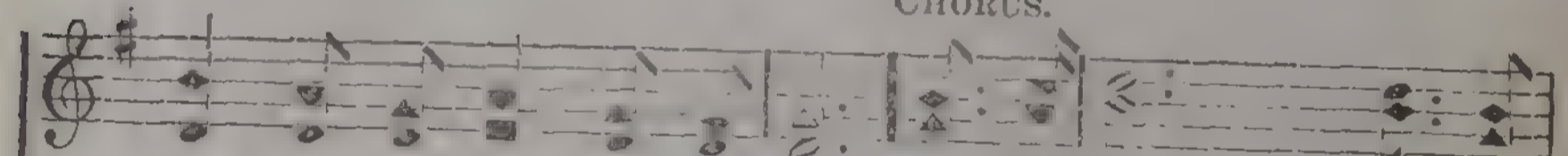
1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can
 2. We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore The me - lo - di - ous
 3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer our



see it a - far; For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way, To pre -
 songs of the blest, And our spir - its shall sor - row no more, Not a
 tri - bute of praise, For the glo - ri - ous gift of His love, And the



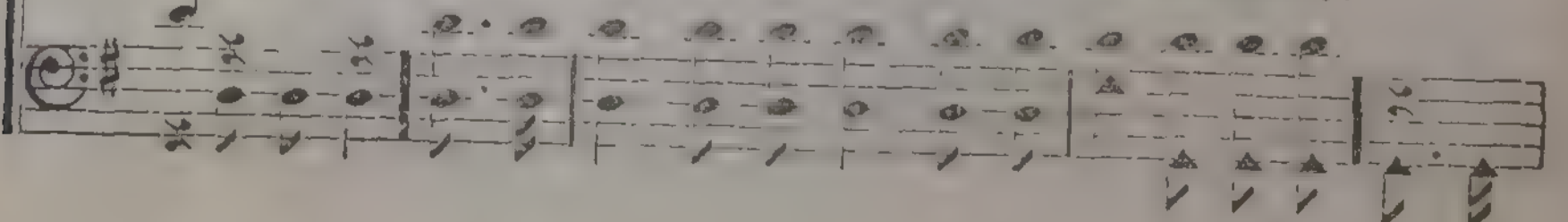
CHORUS.



pare us a dwell - ing place there. } In the sweet by - and
 sigh for the bless - ing of rest. }
 bless - ings that hal - low our days. } In the sweet

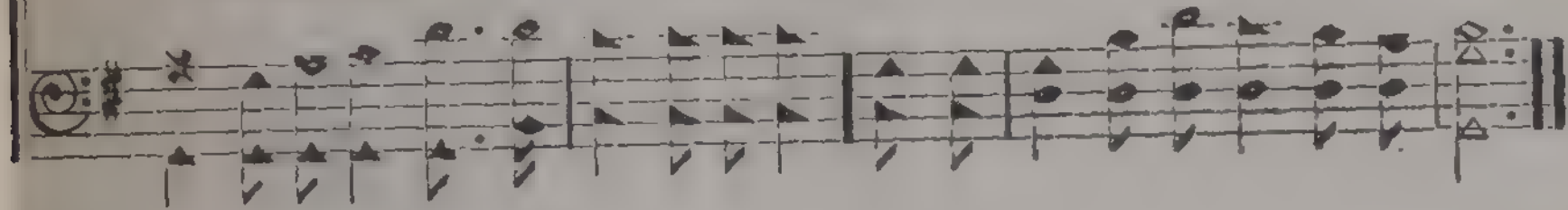
by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore, In the
 by-and-by, by-and-by,



Sweet By-and-By. Concluded.



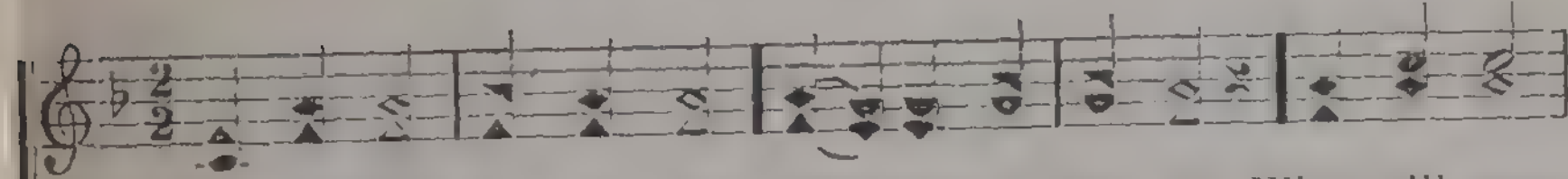
sweet by- and- by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore.
by-and-by, by-and-by,



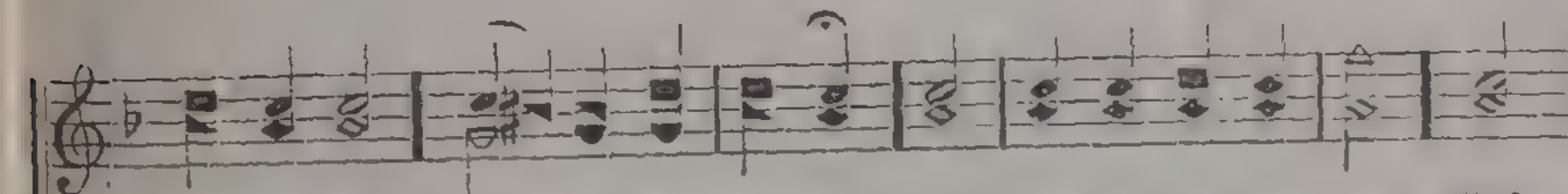
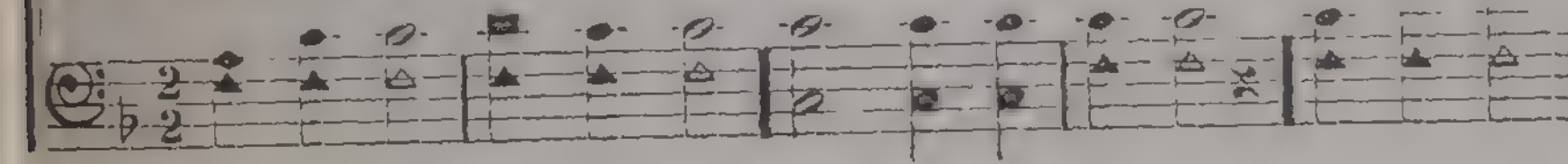
223

We'll Meet Again.

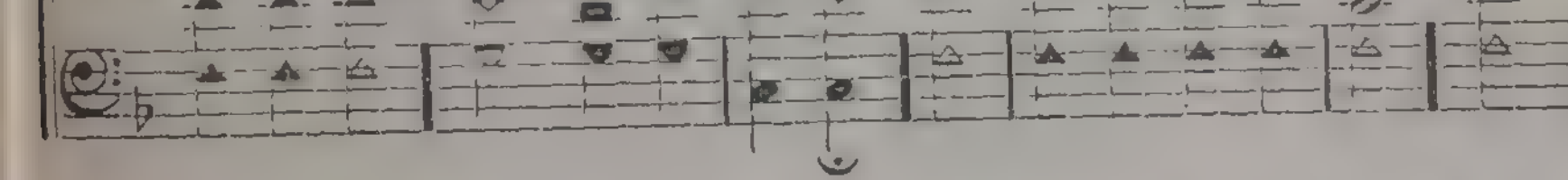
Arr.



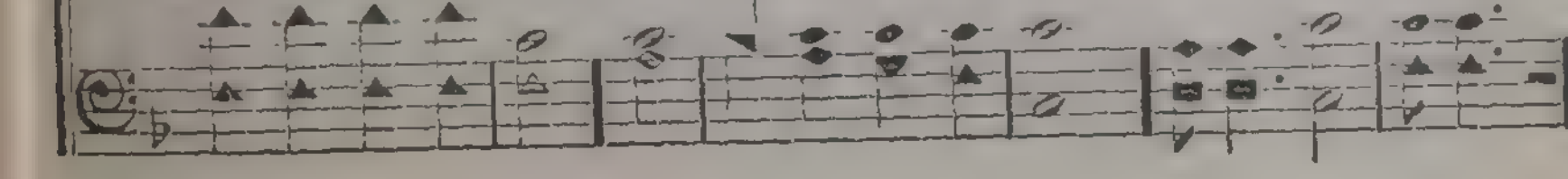
1. When shall we meet a - gain? Meet ne'er to sev - er? When will peace
2. When shall love free- ly flow, Pure as life's riv - er? When shall sweet
3. Up to that world of light, Take us, dear Sav-iour; May we all
4. Soon shall we meet a - gain, Meet ne'er to sev - er; Soon will peace



wreath her chain Round us for - ev - er? Our hearts will ne'er repose, Safe
friendship glow Changeless for - ev - er? Where joys ce- les- tial thrill, Where
there u- nite, Hap - py for - ev - er? Where kindred spirits dwell, There
wreath her chain Round us for - ev - er? Our hearts will then re- pose Se -



from each blast that blows, In this dark vale of woes, Never, no, nev-er!
bliss each heart shall fill And fears of part-ing chill, Never, no, nev-er!
may our mu- sic swell, And time our joys dis- pell, Never, no, nev-er!
cure from worldly woes; Our songs of praise shall close, Never, no, nev-er!



Wm. Nicholson. Arr. by T. B. Ausmas.

1. { There is a place of hallow'd peace For those with cares oppress'd; }
 { When sighs and sorrowing tears shall cease And all be hush'd to rest. }

3. { There is a home of sweet repose, Where storms as-sail no more; }
 { The stream of endless pleasure flows On that ce - les - tial shore. }

2. 'Tis then the soul is freed from fears, And doubts which here annoy;

4. There pu - ri - ty with love ap - pears, And bliss with-out al - loy.

There they that oft had sown in tears Shall reap a - gain in joy.
 There they that oft had sown in tears Shall reap a - gain in joy.

1. Oh! where shall rest be found—Rest for the wea - ry soul?
 2. The world can nev - er give The bliss for which we sigh;
 3. Be - yond this vale of tears, There is a life a - bove,
 4. There is a death, whose pang Out - lasts the fleet - ing breath;
 5. Lord God of truth and grace! Teach us that death to shun;

Shawmut. Concluded.

'Twere vain the o - cean depths to sound, Or pierce to ei - ther pole.
 'Tis not the whole of life to live, Nor all of death to die.
 Unmeasured by the flight of years: And all that life is love.
 Oh! what e - ter - nal hor - rors hang A - round the see - ond death!
 Lest we be ban - ish'd from Thy face, And ev - er - more un - done.

Heavenly Region.

FINE.

1. There's a re - gion a - bove, Free from sin and temp - ta - tion,
2. There our toils will be done, And free grace be our sto - ry,
3. There shall friends no more part, Nor shall fare-wells be spok - en;

D.C.—Tho' thy sun set in tears, 'Twill rise brighter to - mor - row
D.C.—Nor shall shad - ows or night With its brightness be blend - ed.
D.C.—We His glo - ry shall see, And en - joy Him for - ev - er.

And a man - sion of love For each heir of sal - va - tion.
 God Him - self be our sun And our un - set - ting glo - ry.
 There'll be balm for the heart That with an - guish was brok - en.

D.C.

Then dis - miss all thy fears, Wea - ry pilgrims of sor - row;
 In that world of de - light Spring shall nev - er be end - ed,
 From af - flic - tion set free, And from God ne'er to sev - er,

Second tune.

Arr.

1. There is a place where my hopes are stayed, My heart and my
 2. There is a place where the an - gels dwell, A pure and a

treas - ure are there; Where ver - dure and blos - soms nev - er fade,
 peace - ful a - bode, The joys of that place no tongue can tell,

D.S.—Come, fa - vor my flight, an - gel - ic band,

And fields are e - ter - nal - ly fair. } That bliss - ful place is my
 But there is the pal - ace of God. }

And waft me in peace to the shore.

Fa - ther - land, By faith its de - lights I ex - plore;

First tune.

Wm. Walker. Arr. by A. M. K.

1. There is a place where my hopes are stayed, My
 2. There is a place where the an - gels dwell, A
 3. There is a place where my friends are gone, Who

CHO.—That bliss - ful place is my Fa - ther - land, By

heart and my treas - ure are there; Where ver - dure and
 pure and a peace - ful a - bode; The joys of that
 suf - fered and wor - shipped with me; Ex - alt - ed with
 faith its de - lights I ex - plore; Come, fa - vor my

D. C. Chorus.

blos - soms nev - er fade, And fields are e - ter - nal - ly fair.
 place no tongue can tell, But there is the pal - ace of God.
 Christ high on His throne, The King in His beau - ty they see.
 flight, an - gel - ic band, And waft me in peace to the shore.

4 There is a place where I hope to live
 When life and its labors are o'er;
 A place which the Lord to me will give
 And then I shall sorrow no more.

5 There is a place, and its name is heaven,
 To that place I am longing to go,
 'Tis the home of the soul, where rest is given
 There I nevermore sorrow shall know.

1. On Jor - dan's storm - y banks I stand, And

cast a wish - ful eye, To
To Canaan's fair and

Canaan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie, To
To Canaan's fair and hap - py land, Where
To Canaan's fair and hap - py land, Where my possessions
hap - py land, Where my possessions lie,..... To

Ca-naan's fair and hap - py land,
my pos - ses - sions lie,
lie,..... Where my pos - ses - sions lie.
Ca-naan's fair and hap - py land,

Exhortation. Concluded.

- 2 O, the transporting, rapturous scene
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.
- 3 There gen'rous fruits, that never fail,
On trees immortal grow;
There rocks and hills, and brooks and
With milk and honey flow. [vales
- 4 All o'er those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God, the Son, forever reigns,
And scatters night away.
- 5 No chilling winds, or poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.
- 6 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in His bosom rest?

- 7 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Can here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

229

- 1 How still and peaceful is the grave,
Where, life's vain tumults past,
The appointed house, by heaven's de-
Receives us all at last! [cree,
- 2 The wicked there from troubling cease,
Their passions rage no more,
And there the weary pilgrim rests
From all the toils he bore.
- 3 All leveled by the hand of death
Lie sleeping in the tomb,
Till God in judgment calls them forth
To meet their final doom.

230

Woodland. C. M.

Wm. B. Tappan.

N. D. Gould.

1. There is an hour of peace - ful rest To mourn - ing
2. There is a soft, a down - y bed, 'Tis fair as
3. There is a home for wea - ry souls By sin and
4. There faith lifts up her cheer - ful eye To bright - er

wand'ers giv'n; There is a joy for souls distress'd,
breath of ev'n; A coach for wea - ry mor - tals spread,
sor - row driv'n; When toss'd on life's tem - pest - uous shoals,
pros - pects giv'n. And views the tem - pest pass - ing by,

A balm for ev - 'ry wounded breast—'Tis found a - bove—in heav'n.
Where they may rest the ach-ing head, And find re - pose—in heav'n.
Where storms a - rise, and o - cean rolls, And all is drear—but heav'n.
The evening shad - ows quick - ly fly, And all se - rene—is heav'n.

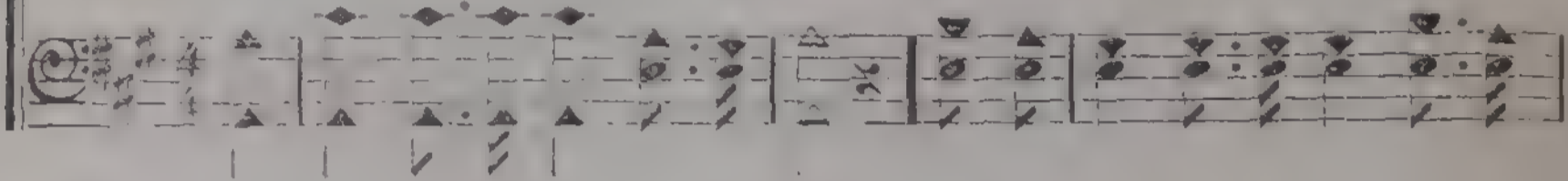
Over There.

Rev. D. W. C. Huntington.

Tullius C. O'Kane, by per.



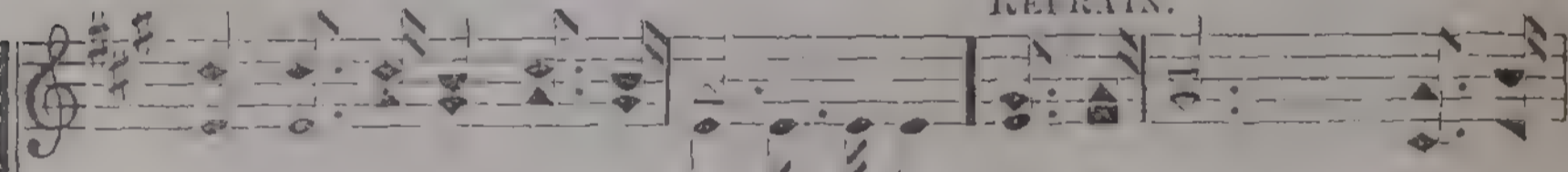
1. Oh, think of the home o-ver there, By the side of the riv - er of
2. Oh, think of the friends over there, Who be-fore us the journey have
3. My Sav-iour is now o-ver there, There my kin dred and friends are at
4. I'll soon be at home o-ver there, For the end of my jour-ney I



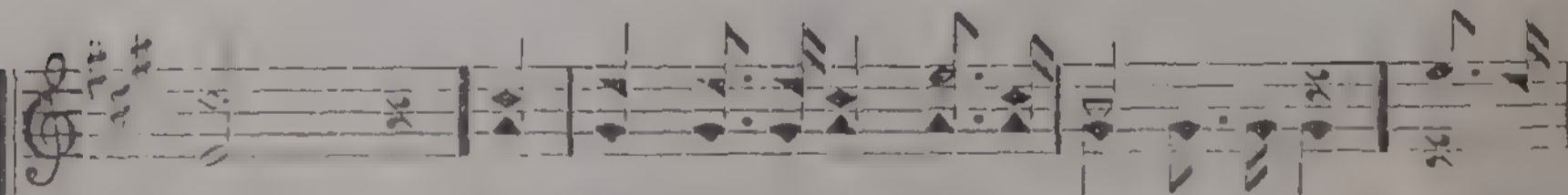
light, Where the saints, all im-mor-tal and fair, Are
 trod, Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their
 rest; Then a - way from my sor - row and care, Let me
 see; Ma-ny dear to my heart, o - ver there, Are
 o-ver there,



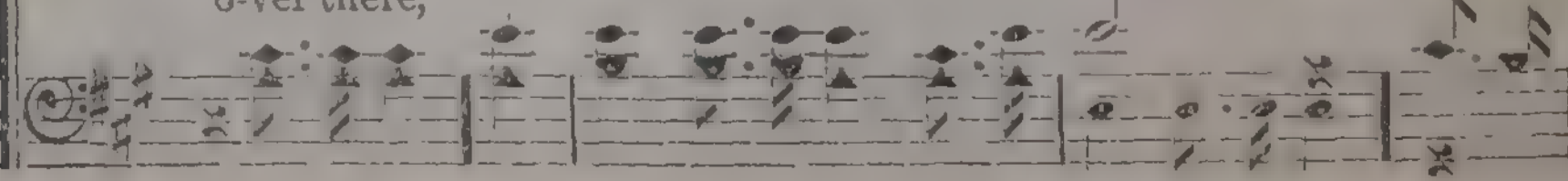
REFRAIN.



robed in their garments of white, over there. O - ver there, o - ver
 home in the pal - ace of God, over there. O - ver there, o - ver
 fly to the land of the blest, over there. O - ver there, o - ver
 watch-ing and wait-ing for me, over there. O - ver there, o - ver
 O-ver there,



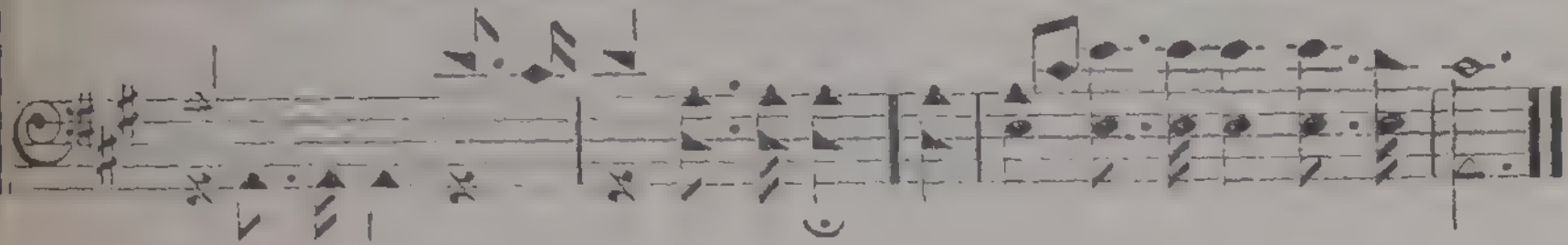
there, Oh, think of the home o - ver there, o-ver there; O - ver
 there, Oh, think of the friends o-ver there, o-ver there; O - ver
 there, My Sav - iour is now o - ver there, o-ver there; O - ver
 there, I'll soon be at home o - ver there, o-ver there; O - ver
 o-ver there,



Over There. Concluded.



there, over there, o-ver there, o-ver there, Oh think of the home o-ver there.
 there, over there, o-ver there, o-ver there, Oh think of the friends over there.
 there, over there, o-ver there, o-ver there, My Sav-iour is now o-ver there.
 there, over there, o-ver there, o-ver there, I'll soon be at home o-ver there.



232

Land of Promise. C. M.

Watts.

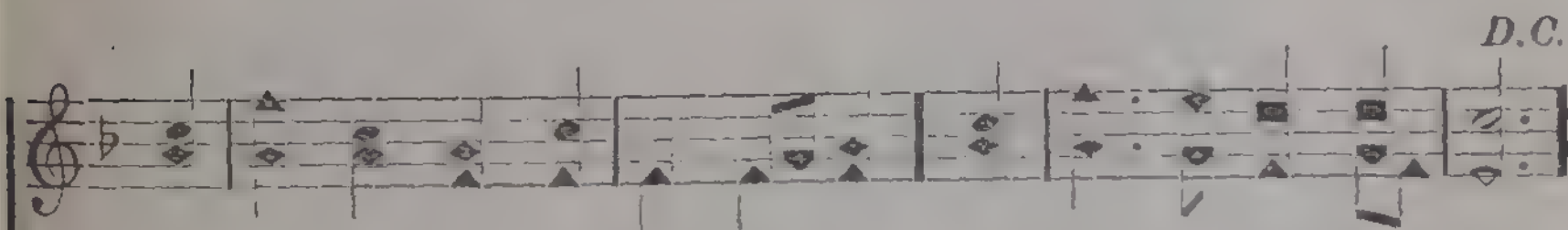
A. S. Kieffer.



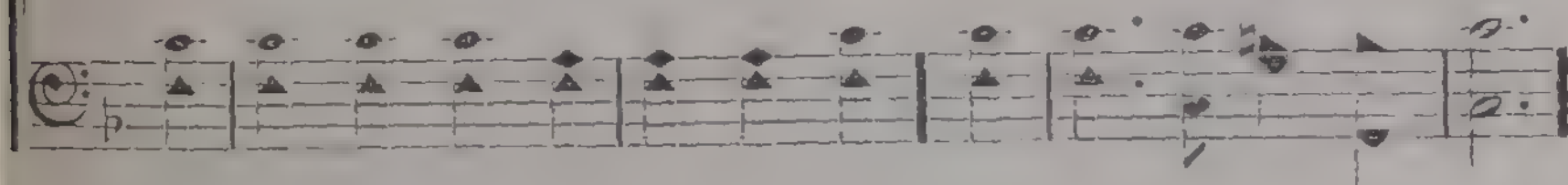
1. { There is a house not made with hands, E - ter - nal and on high, }
 { And here my spir - it wait - ing stands, Till God shall bid it fly. }



D.C.—And each a star - ry crown re-ceive, In that bright world on high.



To - geth - er let us sweet - ly live, To - geth - er let us die,

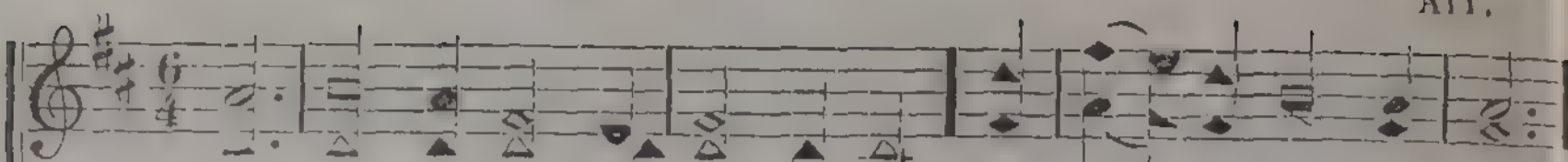


2 Shortly this prison of my clay
 Must be dissolved and fall;
 Then, O, my soul, with joy obey
 Thy heavenly Father's call.

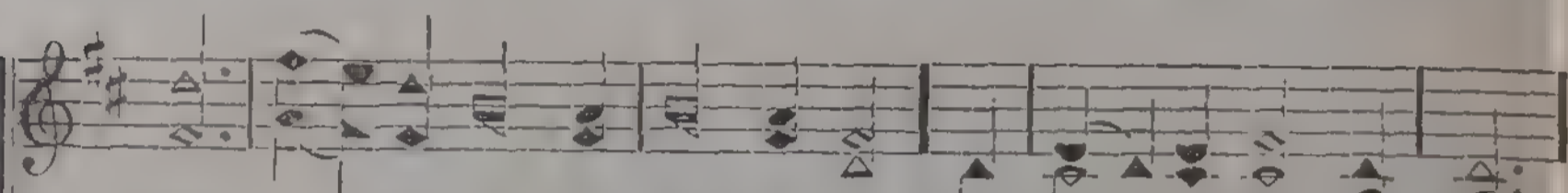
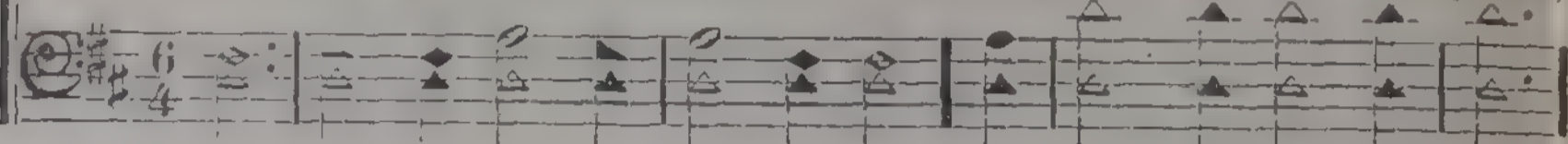
3 'Tis He, by His almighty grace,
 That forms thee fit for heaven,
 And as an earnest of the place,
 Has His own Spirit given.

4 We walk by faith of joys to come,
 Faith lives upon His word;
 And while the body is our home
 We're absent from the Lord.

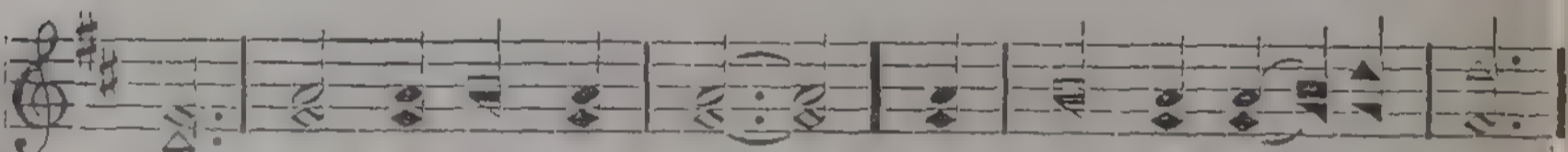
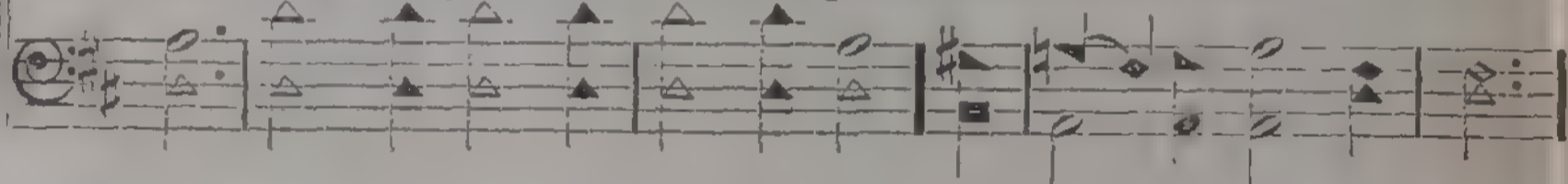
5 'Tis pleasant to believe Thy grace,
 But we had rather see;
 We would be absent from the flesh,
 And present, Lord, with Thee.



1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh; When will the mo-ment come,
2. No tran-quil joys on earth I know, No peace-ful sheltering dome:
3. To Je-sus Christ I fled for rest, He bade me cease to roam,
4. I would at once have quit the field Where foes with fu-ry foam,
5. When by af-flic-tion sharp-ly tried, I view the gap-ing tomb,
6. Wea-ry of wand'ring round and round 'This vale of sin and gloom,



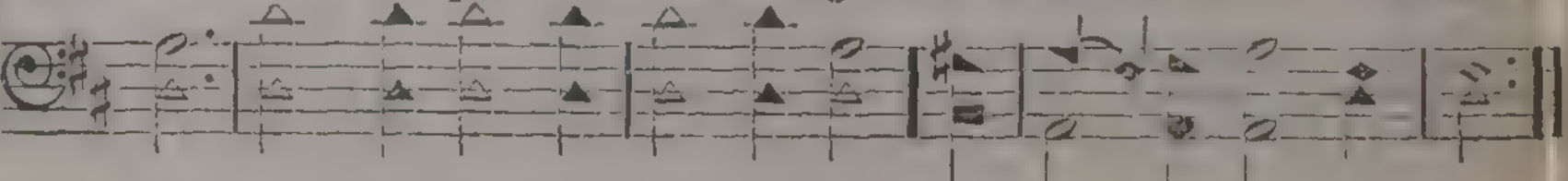
When I shall lay my ar-mor by And dwell with Christ at home?
 This world's a wil-der-ness of woe; This world is not my home.
 And lean for suc-cor on His breast, And He'd con-duct me home.
 But, ah! my pass-port was not seal'd; I could not yet go home.
 Al-though I dread death's chilling tide, Yet still I sigh for home.
 I long to quit th'un-hallow'd ground And dwell with Christ at home.



And dwell with Christ at	home?	And dwell with Christ at	home?
This world is not my	home,	This world is not my	home,
And he'd con-duct me	home,	And he'd con-duct me	home,
I could not yet go	home,	I could not yet go	home,
Yet still I sigh for	home,	Yet still I sigh for	home,
And dwell with Christ at	home,	And dwell with Christ at	home,



When I shall lay my ar-mor by, And dwell with Christ at home?
 This world's a wil-der-ness of woe, This world is not my home.
 And lean for suc-cor on His breast, And He'd con-duct me home.
 But, ah! my pass-port was not seal'd; I could not yet go home.
 Al-though I dread death's chilling tide, Yet still I sigh for home.
 I long to quit th'un-hallow'd ground And dwell with Christ at home.

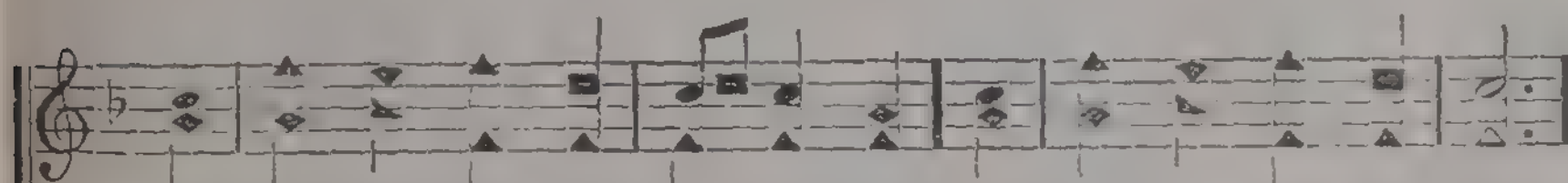




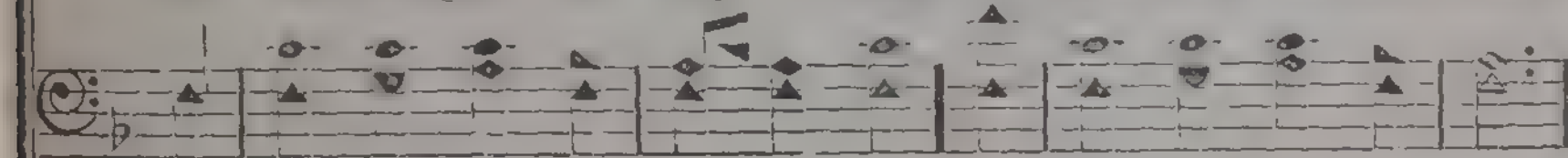
1. Je - ru - sa - lem! my hap - py home, Name ev - er dear to me!
2. Oh, when, thou cit - y of my God, Shall I thy courts as - cend,
3. Why should I shrink at pain or woe, Or feel at death dis - may?
4. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, My soul still pants for thee;



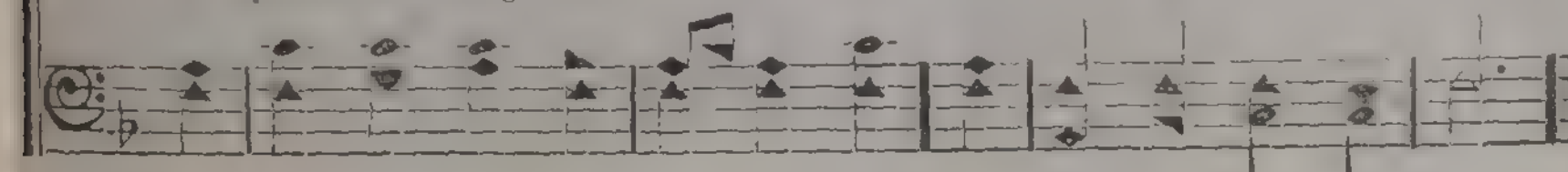
When shall my la - bors have an end, In joy, and peace, and thee?
 Where con - gre - ga - tions ne'er break up, And Sab - baths have no end?
 Je - ru - sa - lem I soon shall view, In realms of end - less day;
 There shall my la - bors have an end, When I thy joys shall see.



When shall these eyes thy heav'n-built walls And pearl - y gates be - hold,
 There hap - pier bow'rs than E - den's bloom, Nor sin nor sor - row know:
 A - pos - tles, proph ets, mar - tyrs there A - round my Sav - iour stand,
 Then on the gold - en harp I'll play, And love shall tune each chord;



Thy bulwarks with sal - va - tion strong, And streets of shin - ing gold?
 Blest seats! thro' rude and storm - y scenes I on - ward press to you.
 And soon my friends in Christ be - low Will join that glo - rious band.
 I'll spend a long e - ter - ni - ty In prais - es to my Lord.



A. E. Childs.

J. H. Tenney.

1. Yes, we will meet be-yond the flood, In robes made white in
 2. I care not now what ills may come, Since hope sus - tains this
 3. That meet-ing, oh, how sweet - ly dear! What sounds shall greet the

Je - sus' blood, And hold sweet converse, free from pain, Nor ev - er fear to
 thought of home, And spir - it voi - ces soft - ly say, "Thy God shall wipe all
 list - ning ear! What thrills of rap - ture wake the soul, As back these golden

CHORUS.

part a - gain, Be - yond the swell - ing flood. }
 tears a - way, Be - yond the swell - ing flood. } Be - yond..... the
 gates shall roll, Be - yond the swell - ing flood. } We'll meet..... to

Beyond the swelling
 We'll meet to part no

swell - ing flood, Be - yond..... the swell - ing flood, Be -
 part no more, We'll meet..... to part no more, We'll

flood,..... Be - yond the swell - ing flood,..... Be -
 more,..... We'll meet to part no more,..... We'll

Beyond the Swelling Flood. Concluded.

yond..... the swell - ing flood, We'll meet to part no more.
 meet..... to part no more, Be - yond the swell - ing flood.

yond the swell - ing flood,..... We'll meet to part no more.
 meet to part no more,..... Be - yond the swell - ing flood.

236

Varina. C. M. Double.

Arr. by George F. Root.

Not too fast.

1. { There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints immor-tal reign; }
 { In - fin - ite day ex-cludes the night, And pleasures ban - ish pain. }
 2. { Sweet fields, beyond the swell - ing flood, Stand dressed in liv - ing green; }
 { So to the Jews old Ca - naan stood, While Jordan rolled between. }
 3. { O! could we make our doubts re-move, Those gloomy doubts that rise. }
 { And see the Ca - naan that we love With un - be - cloud - ed eyes: }

There ev - er - last - ing spring a - bides, And nev - er - with - ering flowers;
 But timorous mor - tals start and shrink, To cross this nar - row sea;
 Could we but climb where Mo - ses stood, And view the land - scape o'er,

Death, like a nar - row sea, di - vides This heav'nly land from ours.
 And lin - ger, shivering on the brink, And fear to launch a - way.
 Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood Should fright us from the shore.

Home of the Soul.

Mrs. Ellen H. Gates.

Philip Phillips, by per.

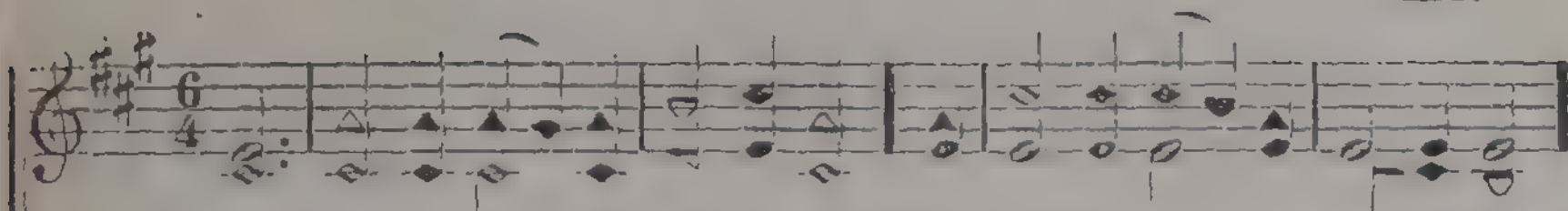
1. I will sing you a song of that beau - ti - ful land,
 2. Oh, that home of the soul in my vis - ions and dreams,
 3. That un - chang - a - ble home is for you and for me,
 4. Oh, how sweet it will be in that beau - ti - ful land,

The far a - way home of the soul, Where no storms ev - er
 Its bright, jas - per walls I can see; Till I fan - cy but
 Where Je - sus of Naz - a - reth stands; The King of all
 So free from all sor - row and pain; With songs on our

beat on the glit - ter - ing strand, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty
 thin - ly the vail in - ter - venes Be - tween the fair cit - y and
 king - doms for - ev - er is He. And He hold - eth our crowns in His
 lips, and with harps in our hands. To meet one an oth - er a -

roll, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll; ter - ni - ty roll.
 me, Be - tween the fair cit - y and me; cit - y and me.
 hands, And He hold - eth our crowns in His hands; crowns in His hands.
 gain, To meet one an - oth - er a - gain; oth - er a - gain.

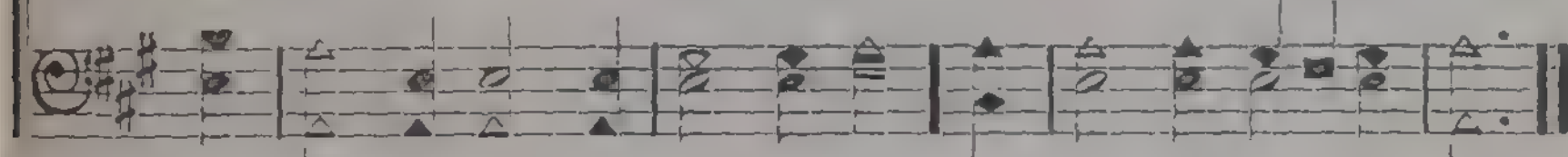
Arr.



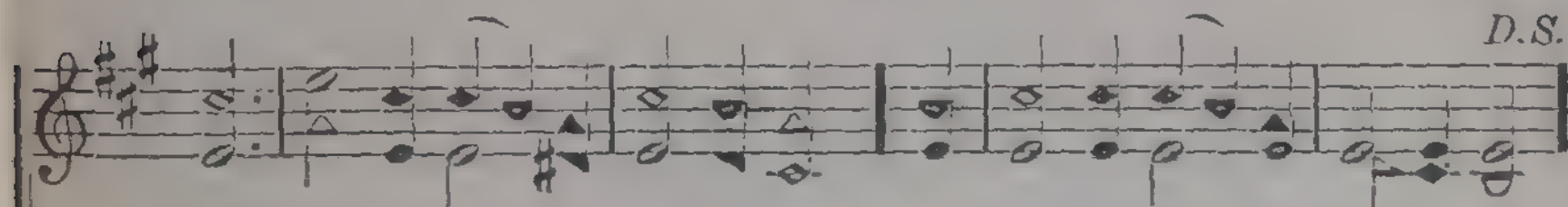
1. A few more days on earth to spend, And all my toils and cares shall end,
2. Then, O my soul, de-spond no more, 'The storm of life will soon be o'er,



And I shall see my God and friend, And praise His name on high :
And I shall find the peace-ful shore Of ev - er - last - ing rest.



D.S.—But God, and Christ, and heav'n appear Un - to the rap-tured eye.
D.S.—Be - yond the reach of Sa-tan's pow'r, To be for - ev - er blessed:



No more to sigh or shed a tear, No more to suf - fer pain or fear,
O hap - py day! O joyful hour! When freed from earth my soul shall tower



- 3 My soul anticipates the day;
I'll joyfully the call obey
Which comes to summon me away
To seats prepared above:
There I shall see my Saviour's face,
And dwell in His beloved embrace.
And taste the fullness of His grace,
And sing redeeming love.
- 4 Though dire afflictions press me sore,
And death's black billows roll before,
Yet still, by faith, I see the shore
Beyond the rolling flood;
The heavenly Canaan, sweet and fair
Beyond my ravished eyes appear,
And makes me almost think I'm
there
In yonder bright abode.

- 5 To earthly cares I'd say farewell,
And triumph over death and hell,
And go where saints and angels dwell,
To praise the eternal 'Three.
I'll join with them that's gone before,
Who sing and shout, their sufferings
o'er,
Where pain and parting is no more,
To all eternity.
- 6 Adieu, ye scenes of noise and show,
And all this region here below, [grow;
Where naught but dissapointments
A better world's in view.
My Saviour calls, I haste away;
I would not here for ever stay;
Hail! ye bright realms of endless day;
Vain world, once more, adieu.

FUNERAL HYMNS.

239

Dunbar. S. M.

Mrs. Mary S. B. Dana.

Rev. C. R. Dunbar.

1. Oh! sing to me of heav'n, When I am called to die;
2. When cold and slug-gish drops Roll off my mar - ble brow,
3. When the last mo-ments come, Oh, watch my dy - ing face,
4. Then to my rap-tured ear Let one sweet song be giv'n;
5. Then round my sense-less clay, As - sem-ble those I love,

CHO. *There'll be no sor-row there, There'll be no sor-row there;*

Sing songs of ho - ly ec - sta - sy, To waft my soul on high.
 Break forth in songs of joy - ful - ness, Let heav'n be-gin be - low.
 To catch the bright ser-aph - ic gleam, Which on each fea-ture plays.
 Let mu - sic cheer me last on earth, And greet me first in heav'n.
 And sing of heav'n, delight - ful heav'n, My glo-rious home a - bove.

In heav'n a - bove, where all is love, There'll be no sor-row there.

240

S. M.

- 1 I love to think of heaven,
 Where white-robed angels are;
 Where many a friend is gathered safe,
 From fear, and toil, and care.—CHO.
- 2 I love to think of heaven,
 Where my Redeemer reigns;
 Where rapturous songs of triumph rise,
 In endless, joyous strains.—CHO.
- 3 I love to think of heaven,
 The saints' eternal home;

Where palms, and robes, and crowns
 ne'er fade,
 And all our joys are one.—CHO.

- 4 I love to think of heaven,
 The greetings there we'll meet:
 The harps—the songs forever ours—
 The walks—the golden streets.—CHO.
- 5 I love to think of heaven,
 That promised land so fair;
 Oh! how my raptured spirit longs
 To be forever there.—CHO.

S. F. Smith.

Lowell Mason.

1. Sis - ter thou wast mild and love - ly, Gen - tle as the summer breeze,
 2. Peaceful be thy si - lent slum - ber—Peaceful in the grave so low.
 3. Dear - est sis - ter, thou hast left us: Here thy loss we daily feel:
 4. Yet a - gain we hope to meet thee, When the day of life is o'er:

Pleas - ant as the air of eve - ning, When it floats a - mong the trees.
 Then no more will join our number: Then no more our songs shalt know.
 But 'tis God that hath be - rest us: He can all our sor - rows heal.
 Then in heav'n with joy so great see, When our farewell tear is o'er.

Mrs. M. Mackay.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. A - sleep in Je - sus! blessed sleep, From which none ever wakes to weep;
 2. A - sleep in Je - sus! oh, how sweet To be for such a slumber meet;
 3. A - sleep in Je - sus! peaceful rest, Whose waking is supremely blest!
 4. A - sleep in Je - sus! oh, for me May such a bliss - ful ref - uge be!

A calm and un - dis - turbed re - pose. Un - der - sen by the last of foes!
 With ho - ly con - fi - dence to sing, That death has lost its vain and sting!
 No fear, no grief, shall dim that hour That man - i - fest the Sav - iour's pow - er.
 Secure - ly shall my ash - es lie, And wait the summons from on high.

5. Asleep in Jesus! time nor space
 Adorns this precious hiding - place:
 On Indian plains, on Lapland snows,
 Believers find the same repose.

6. Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
 Thy kindred and their graves may be,
 But thine is still a blessed sleep,
 From which none ever wakes to weep.

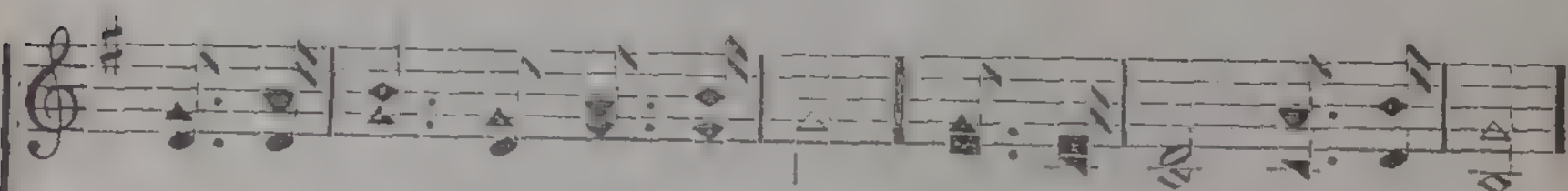
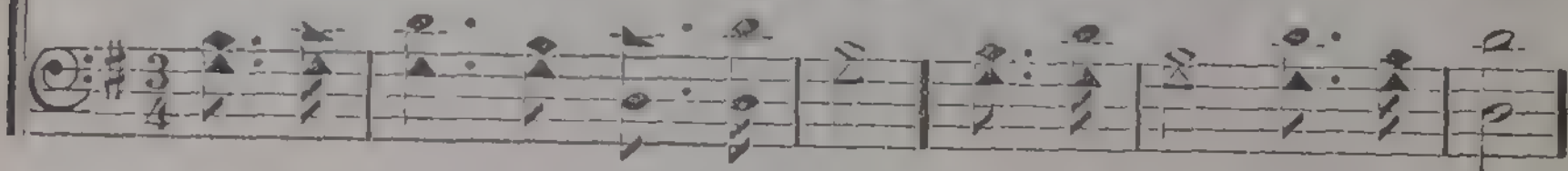
Some Sweet Day.

Arthur W. French.

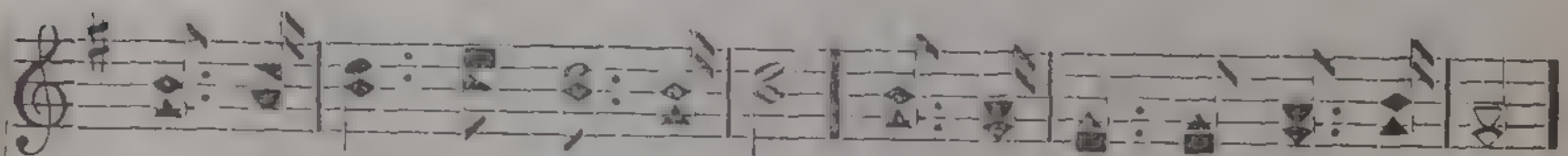
D. B. Towner, by per.

Moderato.

1. We shall reach the riv - er side, Some sweet day, some sweet day ;
2. We shall pass in - side the gate, Some sweet day, some sweet day ;
3. We shall meet our loved and own, Some sweet day, some sweet day ;



We shall cross the storm - y tide, Some sweet day, some sweet day ;
 Peace and plen - ty for us wait, Some sweet day, some sweet day ;
 Gath'ring round the great white throne, Some sweet day, some sweet day ;



We shall press the sands of gold, While be - fore our eyes un - fold
 We shall hear the wondrous strain, Glo - ry to the Lamb that's slain,
 Be the tree of life so fair, Joy and rap - ture ev - 'ry - where,

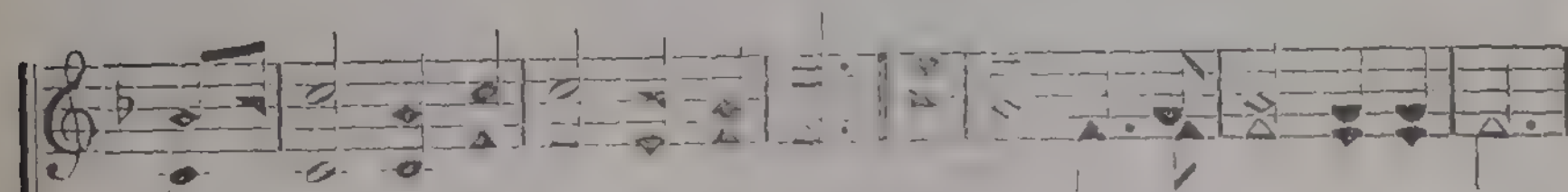
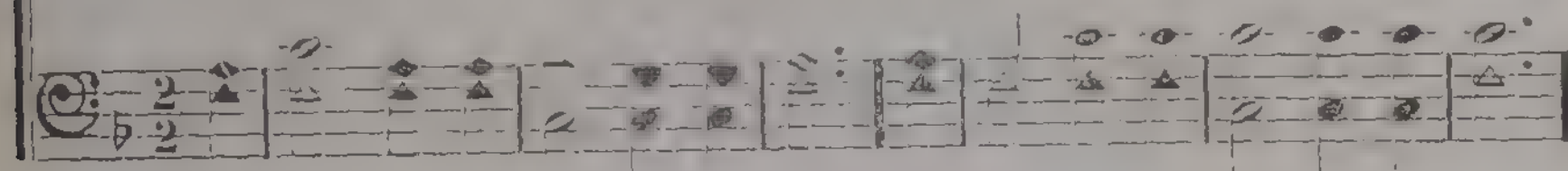


Heaven's splendors, yet un - told, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
 Christ was dead, but lives a - gain, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
 O the bliss of o - ver there! Some sweet day, some sweet day.





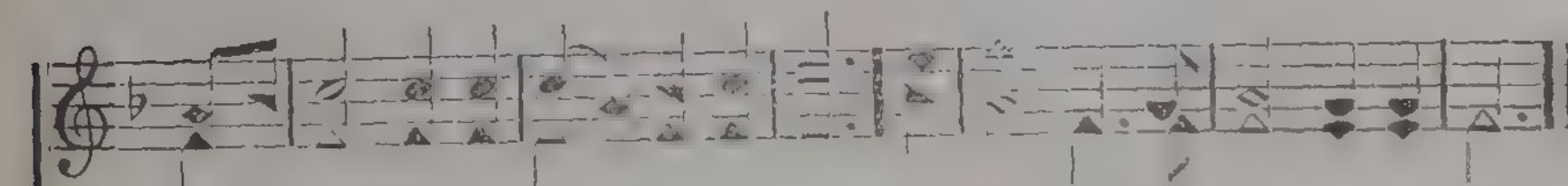
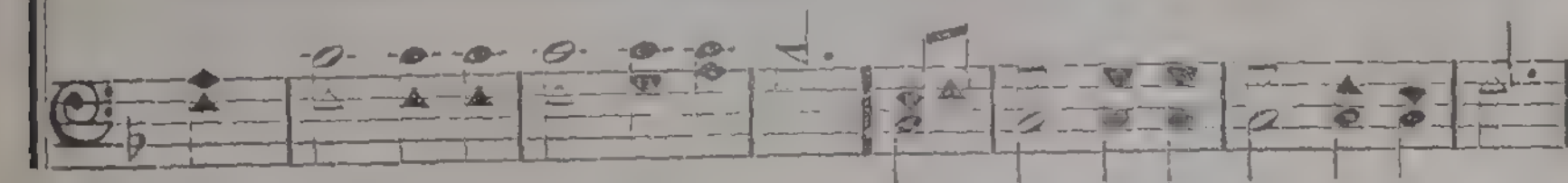
1. Ah, love-ly ap-pear-ance of death! What sight upon earth is so fair?
2. This languish-ing head is at rest, Its thinking and ach-ing are o'er;
3. The lids he so sel-dom could close, By sor-row for-bid-den to sleep,



Not all the gay pa-geans that breathe, Can with a dead bod-y compare.
 This qui-et im-mov-a-ble breast Is heav'd by af-flic-tion no more.
 Seal'd up in e-ter-nal re-pose, Have strangely for-got-ten to weep.



With sol-emn de-light I sur-vey The corpse when the spirit is fled;
 This heart is no long-er the seat Of troub-le and tor-turing pain;
 The fountains can yield no supplies; Those hollows from wa-ter are free;

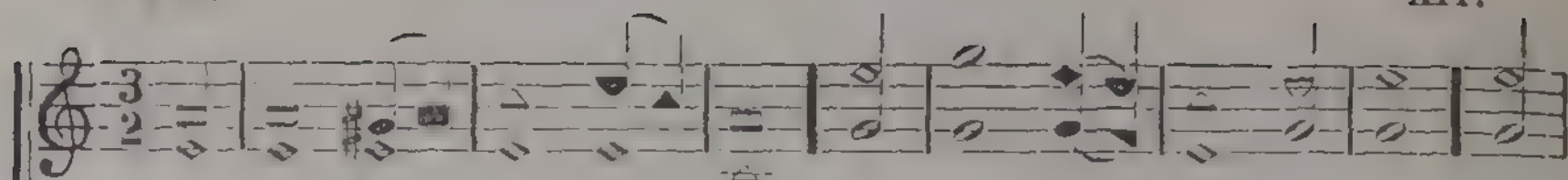


In love with the beau-ti-ful clay, And long-ing to lie in its stead.
 It ceas-es to flut-ter and beat, It nev-er shall flut-ter a-gain.
 The tears are all wiped from his eyes, And e-vil they nev-er shall see.

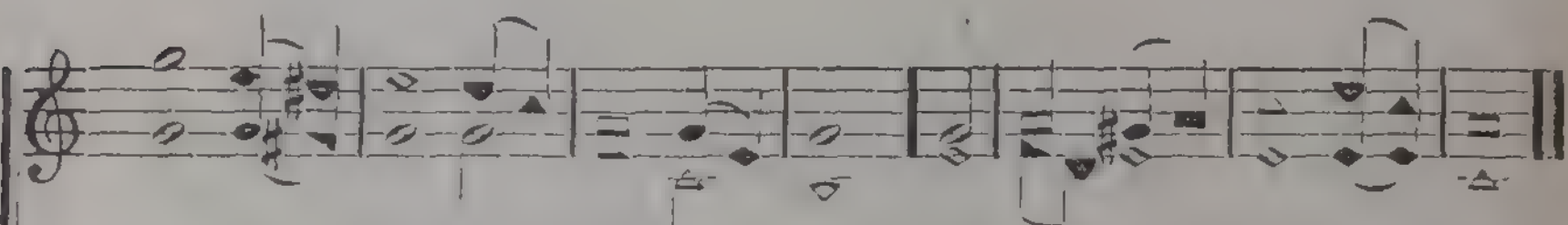
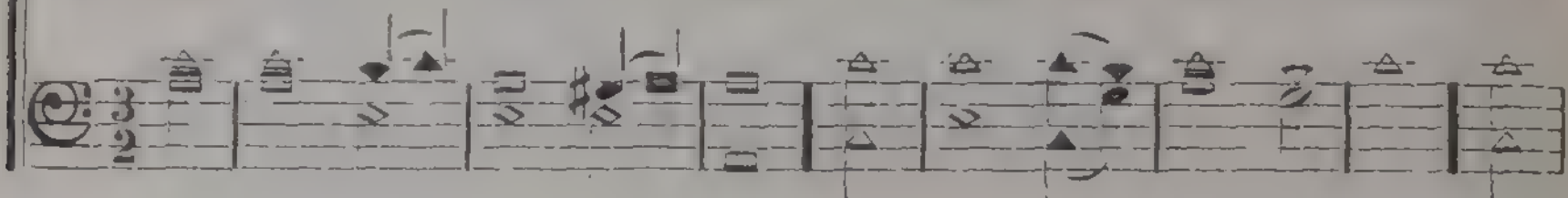


Watts.

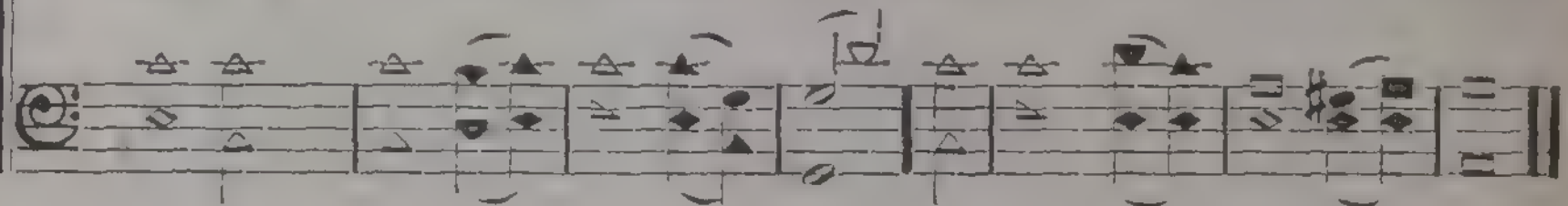
Arr.



1. And must this bod - y die? This mor - tal frame de - cay? And
2. Cor - rup - tion, earth, and worms Shall but re - fine this flesh, Till
3. God my Re - deem - er lives, And al - ways from the skies Looks
4. Ar-rayed in glo - rious grace Shall these vile bo - dies shine, And
5. These live - ly hopes we owe 'To Je - sus' sav - ing love; We
6. Dear Lord, ac - cept the praise Of these, our hum - ble songs, Till



- must these act - ive limbs of mine Lie mould'ring in the clay?
 my tri - umph - ant spir - it comes To put it on a - fresh.
 down, and watch - es all my dust, Till He shall bid it rise.
 ev - 'ry shape and ev - 'ry face Look heav'nly and di - vine.
 would, a - dore His grace be - low, And sing His pow'r a - bove.
 tunes of no - bler sound we raise With our im - mor - tal tongues.



246

S. M.

- 1 And am I born to die?
 To lay this body down?
 And must this trembling spirit fly
 Into a world unknown?
- 2 Waked by the trumpet's sound,
 I from the grave shall rise,
 To see the Judge with glory crowned,
 And view the flaming skies.
- 3 How shall I leave the tomb?
 With triumph or regret?
 A fearful or a joyful doom,
 A curse or blessing meet?
- 4 I must from God be driven,
 Or with my Saviour dwell;
 Must come at His command to heaven
 Or else depart—to hell.
- 5 O Thou, who wouldst not have
 One mourning sinner die;
 Who died Thyself that soul to save
 From endless misery;
- 6 Show me some way to shun
 Thy dreadful wrath severe;
 That when Thou comest on Thy throne
 I may with joy appear.

1 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?

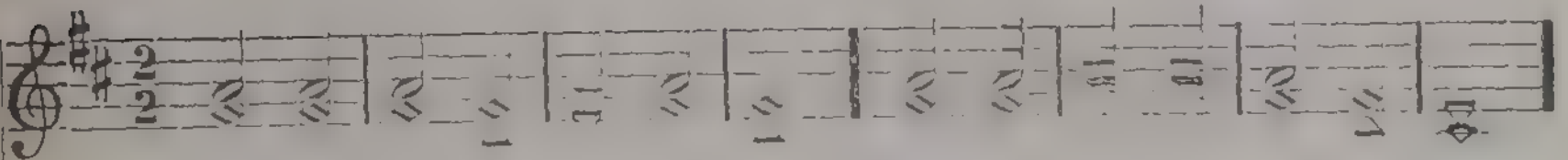
3 Are there bright, happy fields,
Where naught that blooms shall die,
Where each new scene fresh pleasure
yields
And healthful breezes sigh?

4 Are there celestial streams
Where living waters glide,
With murmurs sweet as angel dreams,
And flowery banks beside?

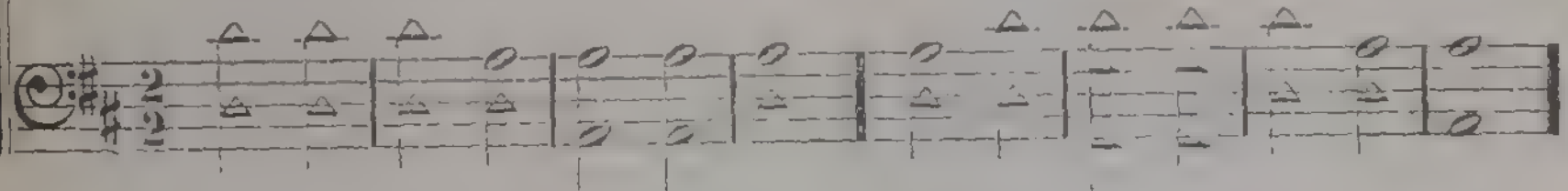
5 Forever blessed they
Whose joyful feet shall stand,
While endless ages waste away
Amid that glorious land.

6 My soul would thither tend,
While toilsome years are given:
Then let me, gracious Lord, ascend
To sweet repose in heaven.

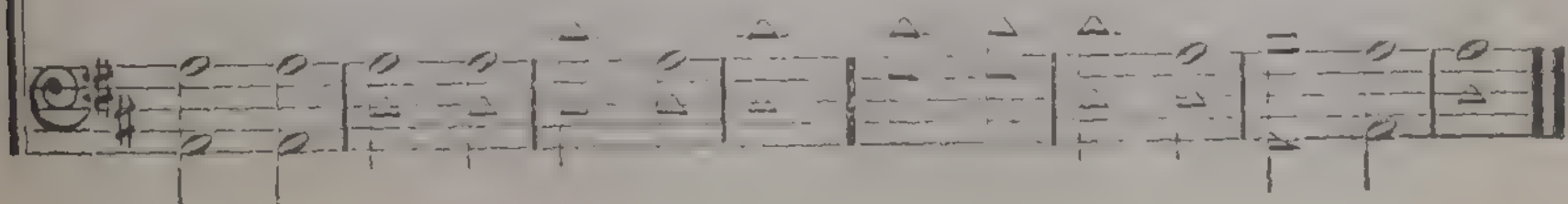
Asahel Abbot.



1. Fades the love-ly bloom-ing flow'r, Smil-ing so-lace of an hour;
2. Love-ly babe, how brief Thy stay! Short and hast-y was Thy day;
3. Hard it is from Thee to part! Tho' it rend my ach-ing heart,
4. Pil-lowed on a Saviour's breast, Sweet-ly sleep and soft-ly rest;
5. There we'll meet to part no more On fair heav-en's peace-ful shore;



Soon our tran-sient com-forts fly; Pleas-ure on-ly blooms to die.
End-ing soon Thy so-journ here, Pain or grief no more to bear.
Since an heir to glo-ry's gone, Let the will of God be done.
When the joy-ful summons come, Rise and soar to heav'n, your home.
There we'll fix our blessed a-bode With our Sav-iour and our God.



1. Dear is the spot where christians sleep, And sweet the strains their spirits pour ;
 2. Se-cure from ev - 'ry mor-tal care, By sin and sor-row vexed no more
 3. To Zion's peace-ful courts a - bove, In faith triumphant may we soar,
 4. To Jordan's bank, whene'er we come, And hear the swelling wa-ters roar,

O, why should we in anguish weep? They are not lost, but gone be fore.
 E - ter-nal hap - piness they share, Who are not lost, but gone be-fore.
 Em-brac-ing in the arms of love The friends not lost, but gone be-fore.
 Je - sus, convey us safe-ly home, To friends not lost, but gone be-fore.

250

L. M.

WATTS.

- 1 Why should we start and fear to die?
 What timorous worms we mortals are.
 Death is the gate of endless joy,
 And yet we dread to enter there.
- 2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife
 Fright our approaching souls away,
 Still we shrink back again to life,
 Fond of our prison and our clay.
- 3 Oh! if my Lord would come and meet,
 My soul would stretch her wings in
 haste,
 Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
 Nor feel the the terrors as she passed.
- 4 Jesus can make a dying bed
 Feel soft as downy pillows are,
 While on His breast I lean my head,
 And breathe my life out sweetly there.
- 3 Vain his ambition, noise and show,
 Vain are the cares which rack his
 mind ;
 He heaps up treasures mixed with woe,
 And dies and leaves them all behind.
- 4 O, be a nobler portion mine,
 My God. I bow before Thy throne ;
 Earth's fleeting pleasures I resign,
 And fix my hope on Thee alone.

252

L. M.

251


L. M.

STEELE.

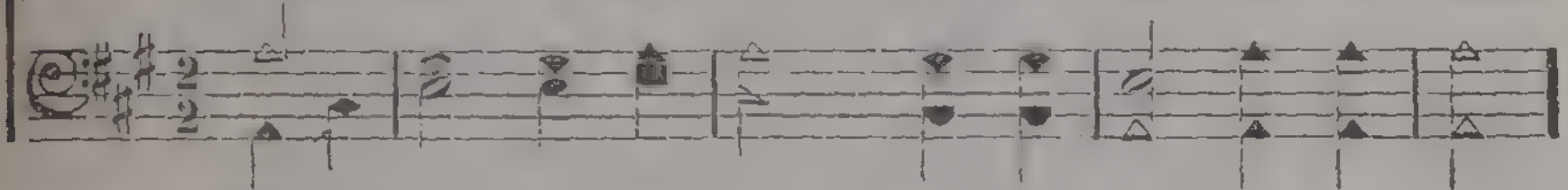

- 1 Almighty Maker of my frame,
 Teach me the measure of my days ;
 Teach me to know how frail I am,
 And spend the remnant to Thy praise.
- 2 My days are shorter than a span ;
 A little point, my life appears ;
 How frail at best, is dying man,
 How vain are all his hopes and fears.
- 1 Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb,
 Take this new treasure to thy trust,
 And give these sacred relics room
 To slumber in the silent dust.
- 2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
 Invade thy bounds ; no mortal woes
 Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
 While angels watch the soft repose.
- 3 So Jesus slept, God's dying Son,
 Passed through the grave and blessed
 the bed ; [throne
 Rest here, blest saint, till from His
 The morning break and pierce the shade.
- 4 Break from His throne, illustrious morn ;
 Attend, O, earth, His sovereign word ;
 Restore Thy trust, a glorious form
 Shall then arise to meet the Lord.

Muhlenberg.

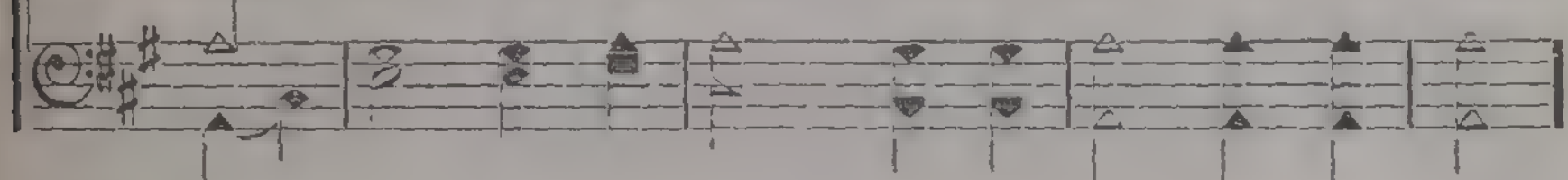
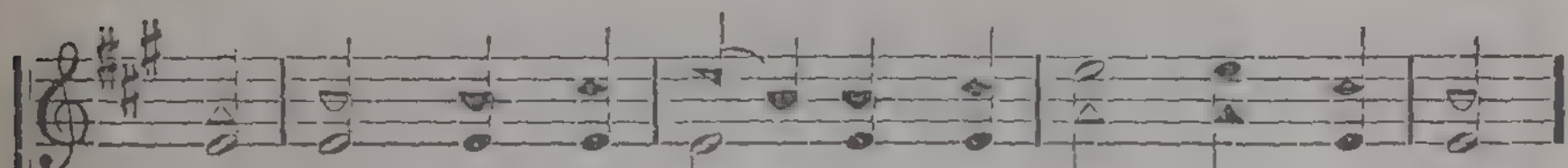
Arr.





1. I would not live al - way; I ask not to stay
 2. I would not live al - way, thus fet - tered by sin,
 3. I would not live al - way; no, wel - come the tomb;
 4. O, who would live al - way, a - way from His God—
 5. There saints of all a - ges in har - mo - ny meet,

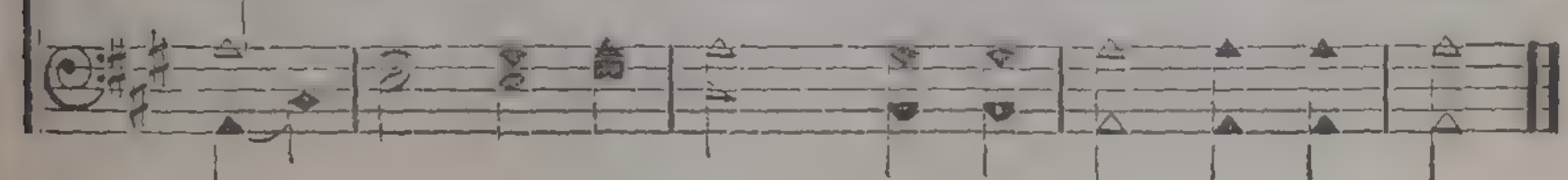
Where storm aft - er storm ris - es dark o'er the way;
 Temp - ta - tion with - out and cur - rup - tion with - in;
 Since Je - sus has lain there I dread not its gloom;
 A - way from yon heav - en, that bliss - ful a - bode,
 Their Sav - iour and breth - ren trans - port - ed to greet;

The few lu - cid morn - ings that dawn on us here,
 E'en the rap - ture of par - don is min - gled with fears,
 There sweet be my rest till He bid me a - rise
 Where riv - ers of pleas - ure flow bright o'er the plains,
 While an - thems of rap - ture un - ceas - ing - ly roll,

Are fol - lowed by gloom or be - cloud - ed with fear.
 And the cup of thanks - giv - ing with pen - i - tent tears.
 To hail Him in tri - umph de - scend - ing the skies.
 And the noon - tide of glo - ry e - ter - nal - ly reigns?
 And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.



1. My time is pass- ing swiftly by me, My days on earth will soon be o'er;
 2. I soon shall pass o'er that Dark River, Where I shall see my Saviour's face;

I'm go- ing up to that bright city, Where pain and sin will be no more.
 There I shall dwell with the blessed Giver Of ev' ry sweet and charming grace.

D.S.—I'm on- ly go - ing o- ver Jordan, I'm on- ly go - ing o- ver home.

CHORUS. *D.S.*

I'm go- ing home to see my Saviour, I'm go- ing home no more to roam;
 I'm go- ing home to see my Fa- ther, I'm go- ing home no more to roam;

3 By faith I view the golden beauty,
 Of that bright world to which I go;
 While winding up my closing duty,
 None else but Jesus will I know.
 CHO.—I'm going home to see my
 mother, &c

4 I feel my way is dark and dreary,
 But Jesus leads me by His love;
 And by His grace He'll surely carry,
 My weary soul to climes above.
 CHO.—I'm going home to see my
 brother, &c.

5 I'm looking up to that great fountain,
 From whence those living waters flow;
 While moving up to Zion's mountain,
 Where Jesus and His saints did go.
 CHO.—I'm going home to see my
 sister, &c.

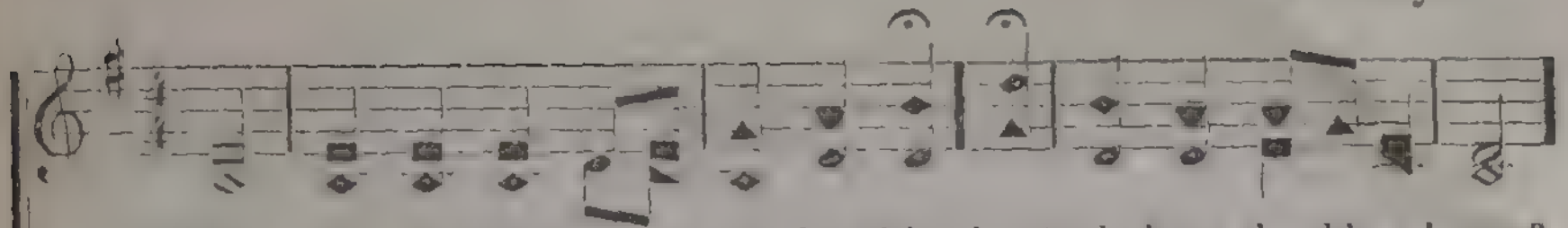
6 Now as my journey is near closing,
 And I must leave my loved ones here;
 In Jesus Christ I'll be reposing,
 And dwell with Him forever there.
 CHO.—I'm going home to see my
 Saviour, &c.

7 For those dear ones I leave behind me,
 I pray that Christ will lead them on,
 To that sweet home where they may
 find me, [gone.
 Where all the happy saints have

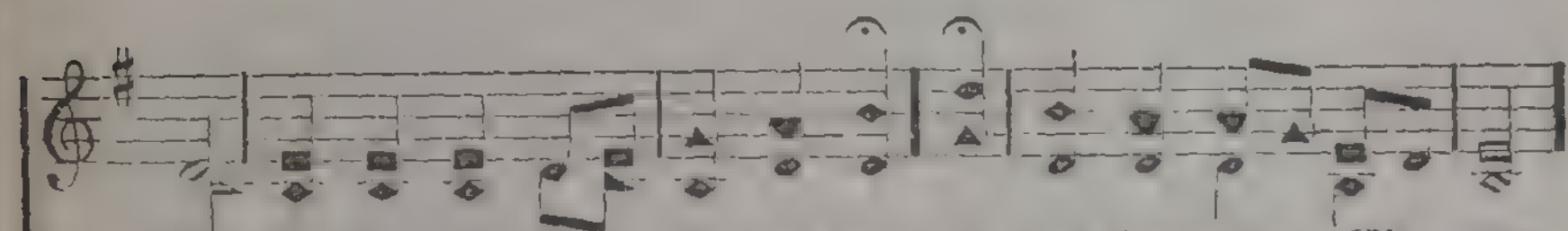
CHORUS

O, there may I meet all my children!
 In that sweet clime no more to roam,
 When they are safely over Jordan,
 We'll dwell eternally at home.

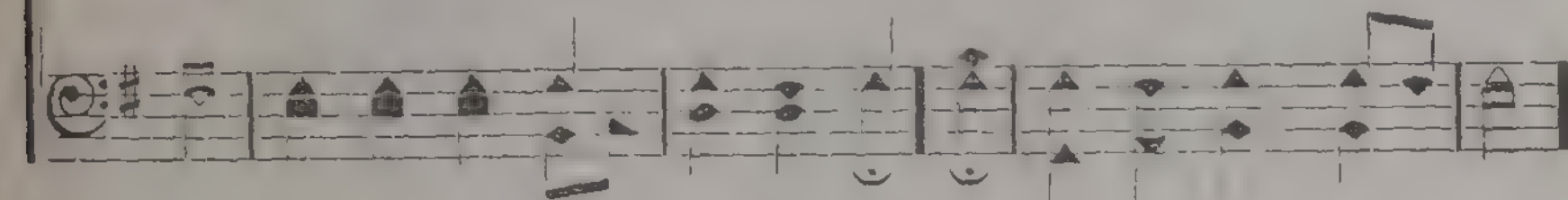
Arr. Boyd.



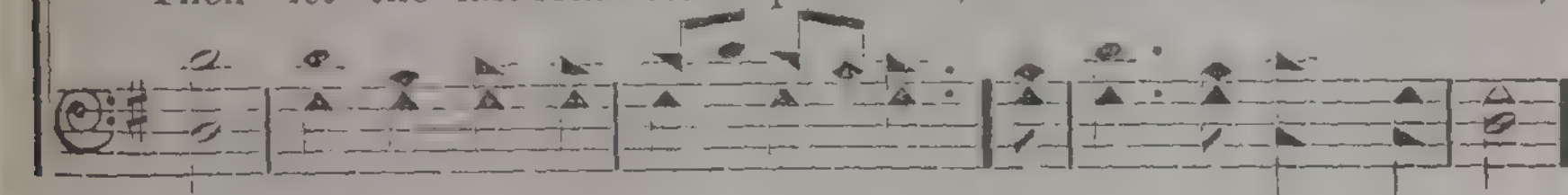
1. Why do we mourn de - part - ing friends, Or shake at death's a - larms?
2. Why should we trem - ble to con - vey Their bod - ies to the tomb?
3. Then co he a - rose, as - cend - ing high, And showed our feet the way;



'Tis but the voice that Je - sus sends, To call them to His arms.
 There the dear flesh of Je - sus lay, And left a long per - fume.
 Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly, At the great ris - ing day.



Are we not tend - ing up - ward too . As fast as time can move?
 The graves of all the saints He blest, And soft - ened ev - 'ry bed;
 Then let the last loud trum - pet sound, And bid our kin - dred rise;



Nor would we wish the hours more slow, To keep us from our love.
 Where should the dy - ing members rest, But with the dy - ing Head.
 A - wake, ye na - tions un - der ground! Ye saints, as - cend the skies



With feeling.

1. Shed not a tear o'er your friend's early bier, When I am gone,
 2. Shed not a tear as you 'all kneel in pray'r, When I am gone,
 3. Plant you a rose that shall bloom o'er my grave, When I am gone,

when I am gone; Smile when the slow toll - ing bell you shall hear,
 when I am gone; Sing a sweet song when my grave you shall see,
 when I am gone; Sing a sweet song such as an - gels may have,

When I am gone, when I am gone. Weep not for me as you
 When I am gone, when I am gone. Sing of the Lamb who on
 When I am gone, when I am gone. Praise ye the Lord that I'm

stand 'round my grave, Think who has gone, His beloved to save. Think of the
 earth once was slain, Sing of the Lamb who in heaven doth reign, Sing till the
 freed from all care, Pray ye the Lord, that my joy you may share. Look up to

crown all the ransom'd shall wear, When I am gone, when I am gone.
 arth shall be filled with His name, When I am gone, when I am gone.
 heav'n and be-lieve that I'm there, When I am gone, when I am gone.

- 1 My head and stay is called away,
And I am left alone;
My husband dear, who was so near,
Is fled away and gone.
- 2 It breaks my heart, 'tis hard to part
With one who was so kind;
Where shall I go to vent my smart,
Or ease my troubled mind?
- 3 In wisdom's ways we spent our days,
Much comfort we did find;
But he is gone, in dust he lays,
And I am left behind.
- 4 Naught can I find to ease my mind,
In things which are below;
For earthly toys but vex my joys,
And aggravate my woe.
- 5 But I'll repair to Jesus, where
I'll ease my troubled breast;
To Christ above, who is my Lord,
And my eternal rest.
- 6 And; O, that He would send for me,
And call my spirit home,
To worlds of rest, among the blest,
Where troubles never come.

- 1 When those we love are snatched away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay
Which pity must demand.
- 2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
O, may this truth impressed
With awful power—I, too, must die—
Sink deep in every breast.
- 3 Let this vain world engage no more;
Behold the gaping tomb!
It bids us seize the present hour—
To-morrow death may come.
- 4 The voice of this alarming scene
May every heart obey;
Nor be the heavenly warning vain
Which calls to watch and pray.
- 5 O, let us fly, to Jesus fly,
Whose powerful arm can save;
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.
- 6 Great God, Thy sovereign grace impart,
With cleansing, healing power;
This only can prepare the heart
For death's surprising hour.

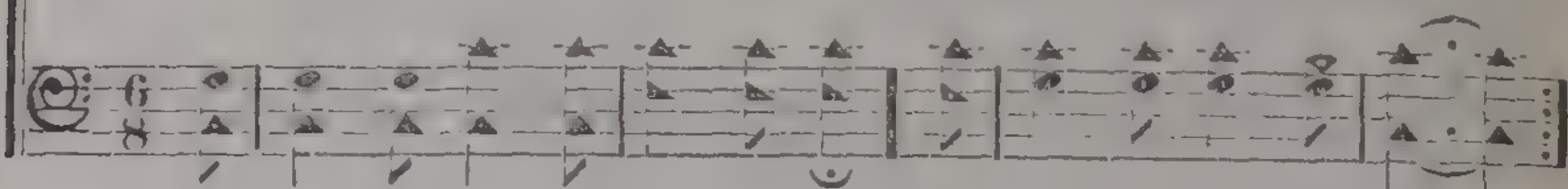
- 1 Come, my dear friends, and mourn with
me,
In my afflicted state;
I am bereaved, as you may see,
Of my dear loving mate.
- 2 Her heart was bound with mine by love,
Good works for to maintain;
But she is gone to Christ above,
Forever there to reign.
- 3 My loss is great—to lose my mate;
I'm like the lonesome dove;
I'll go alone, and sigh and mourn
My dear and absent love.
- 4 My children cry, no mother by
To take them on her knee;
The breach is great, it doth create
Much grief, as all may see.
- 5 But why should I lament my case,
Since God hath thought it best
To take her soul from hence away
To its eternal rest?
- 6 Since it is so, let sorrows go;
My God hath sent His rod.
He doth His will, I must be still,
And know that He is God.

- 1 Alas! how changed that lovely flower
Which bloomed and cheered my
heart;
Fair, fleeting comfort of an hour,
How soon we're called to part.
- 2 And shall my bleeding heart arraign
That God, whose ways are love,
Or vainly cherish anxious pain
For her who rests above?
- 3 No! Let me rather humbly pay
Obedience to His will,
And with my inmost spirit say,
"The Lord is righteous still."
- 4 From adverse blasts and low'ring storms
Her favored soul He bore;
And with yon bright, angelic forms,
She lives to die no more.
- 5 Why should I vex my heart, or fast?
No more she'll visit me;
My soul will mount to her at last,
And there my child I'll see.
- 6 Prepare me, blessed Lord, to share
The bliss Thy people prove;
Who round Thy glorious throne appear,
And dwell in perfect love.

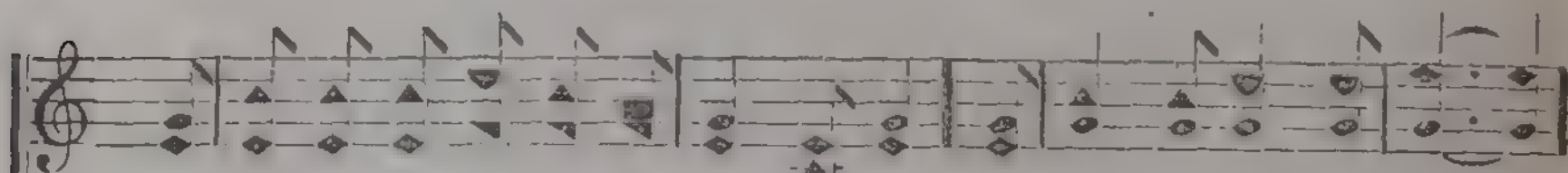
By per. Wm. H. Bradbury.



1. { There is a land, a hap - py land, Where tears are wiped a - way }
 { From ev - 'ry eye by God's own hand, And night is turned to day. }
2. { There is a home, a hap - py home, Where wayward trav'lers rest; }
 { Where toil and lan-guor nev - er come, And ev - 'ry mourner's blest. }

CHORUS. *f*

O come, an - gel band, Come and a - round me stand,



O, bear me a-way on your snow-y wings To my im-mor-tal home,



O, bear me a-way on your snow-y wings, To my im-mor-tal home.



- 3 There is a port, a peaceful port,
 A safe and quiet shore,
 Where weary mariners resort,
 And hear the storms no more.

CHORUS:—O come, angel band, &c.

- 4 That land be mine, that calm retreat,
 That crown of glory bright;
 Then I'll esteem each bitter sweet,
 And every burden light.

CHORUS:—O come, angel band, &c.

Arr.

1. Oh, come, come with me, to the old church-yard, I well know the
 Friends slum - ber there, we were wont to re-gard, We'll trace out their

A.C.—For deep is their sleep, tho' cold and hard. Their pil-lows may

FINE.

path thro' the soft green sward; } Oh, mourn not for them, their
 names, in the old church-yard; }

be in the old church-yard.

D.C.

grief is o'er, Weep not for them, they weep no more,

2 I know it seems vain, when friends de-
 part, [heart;
 To breathe kind words to the broken
 I know that the joys of life seem marred,
 When we follow our friends to the
 old church-yard;
 But were I at rest, beneath yon tree,
 Why should you weep, dear friends, for
 me? [tard
 I'm wayworn and sad, O, why then re-
 The rest that I seek in the old church-
 yard.

3 Our friends linger there, in sweetest
 repose, [ments and woes;
 Released from the world's sad bereav-
 And who would not rest with the friends
 they regard [yard?
 In quietude sweet, in the old church-

We'll rest in the hope of that bright
 day, [prison of clay,
 When beauty shall spring from the
 When Gabriel's voice and the trump
 of the Lord, [church-yard.
 Shall awaken the dead in the old

4 Oh, weep not for me, I am anxious to go,
 To that haven of rest where tears never
 flow; [ward;
 I fear not to enter that dark lonely
 For soon shall I rise from the old
 church-yard; [band
 Yes, soon shall I join that heavenly
 Of glorified souls at my Saviour's
 right hand; [prepared
 Forever to dwell in bright mansions
 For saints, who shall rise from the old
 church-yard.

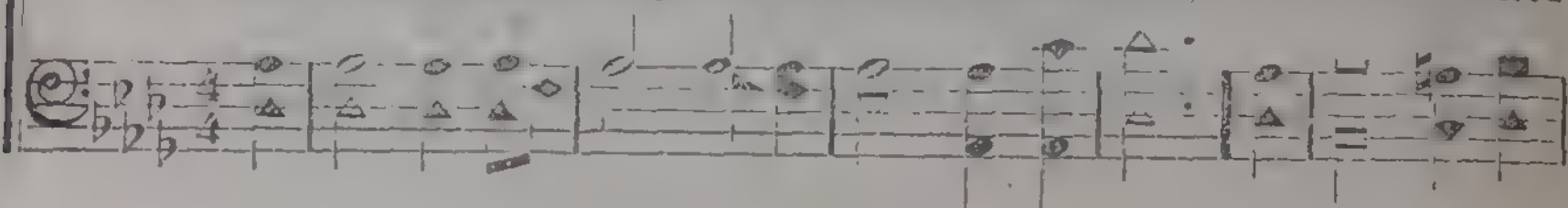
263 It is Well With My Soul. P. M.

H. G. Spofford.

P. P. Bliss.



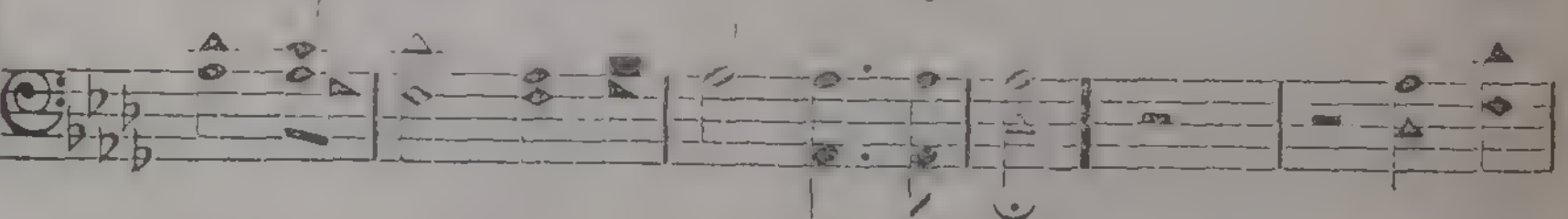
1. When peace, like a riv - er, at - tend-eth my way, When sorrows, like
2. Tho' Sa- tan should buf-fet, tho' tri - als should come, Let this blest as-
3. My sin—oh, the bliss of this glo - ri - ous tho't—My sin—not in
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be rolled



sea - billows, roll; What-ev - er my lot, Thou hast taught me to say,
sur-ance con-trol, That Christ hath regard - ed my help-less es-tate,
part but the whole, Is nailed to His cross and I bear it no more,
back as a scroll, The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall descend,



It is well, it is well with my soul. It is well,.....
And hath shed His own blood for my soul. }
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, oh, my soul! }
"E - ven so"—it is well with my soul. It is



..... with my soul.....
well with my soul, It is well, it is well with my soul.



LORD'S DAY.

264

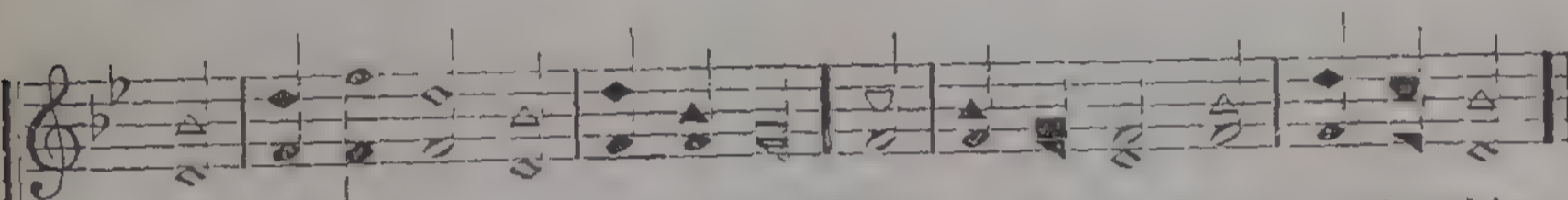
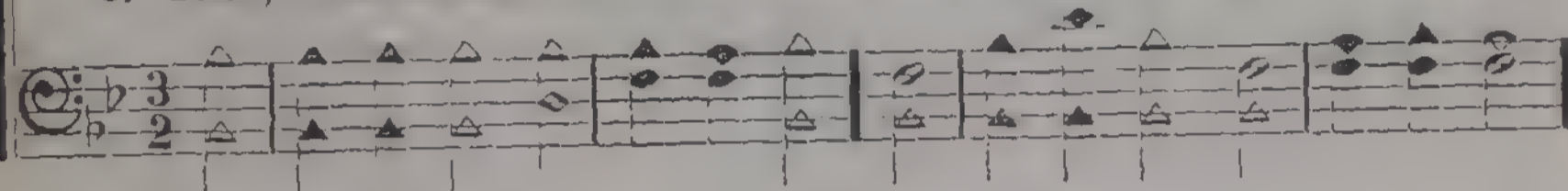
Forest. L. M.

Slade.

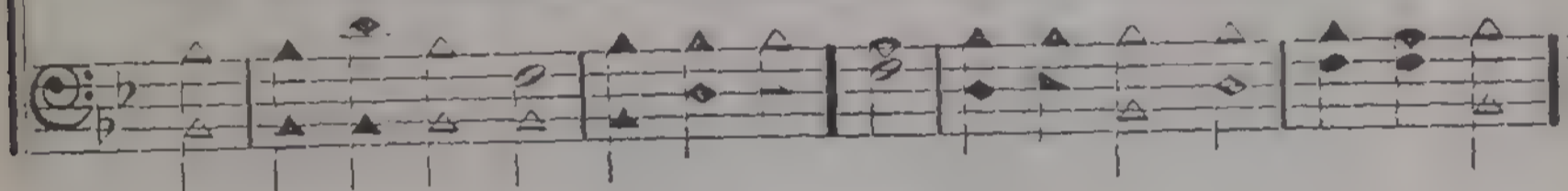
Chapin.



1. Come, dearest Lord, and bless this day; Come, bear our tho'ts from earth away.
2. Come, Ho-ly Spir - it. all di-vine, With rays of light up - on us shine;
3. Then, when our sabbaths here are o'er, And we ar - rive on heaven's shore,



Now let our no-blest passions rise With ar-dor to their na-tive skies.
 And let our wait-ing souls be blest On this sweet day of sa-cred rest.
 With all the ransomed we shall spend A sabbath which shall nev-er end.



265

L. M.

STENNETT.

- 1 Another six days' work is done,
 Another Lord's day is begun;
 Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
 Improve the day thy God hath blest.
- 2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns
 So sweet a rest to wearied minds;
 Provides an antepast of heaven,
 And gives this day the food of seven.
- 3 O, that our thoughts and thanks may rise
 As grateful incense to the skies;
 Receive from heaven that sweet repose
 Which none but he who feels it knows.
- 4 This heavenly calm within the breast
 Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
 Which for the church of God remains—
 The end of cares, the end of pains.
- 5 With joy, Great God, Thy works we
 view,
 In various scenes both old and new;
 With praise we think on mercies past,
 With hope we future blessings taste.

266

L. M.

- 1 Awake, my heart! my soul arise!
 This is the day believers prize;
 Improve this sabbath then with care;
 Another may not be thy share.
- 2 O solemn tho't!—Lord, give me power,
 Wisely to fill up every hour;
 O for the wings of faith and love
 To bear my heart and soul above.
- 3 Jesus, assist, nor let me fail
 To worship Thee within the veil!
 To glorify Thy matchless grace,
 To see the beauties of Thy face.
- 4 Be with me in Thy house to-day,
 And tune my heart to praise and pray;
 Command Thy word to fall, like dew,
 Refreshing, quickening me anew.
- 5 Call forth my tho'ts and let them rove
 O'er the green pastures of Thy love;
 O let not sin prevent my rest,
 Nor keep me from my Saviour's breast.
- 6 Give to thy church a large increase,
 Send her prosperity and peace;
 May all the saints in Zion say,
 O happy, happy, happy day!

Watts.

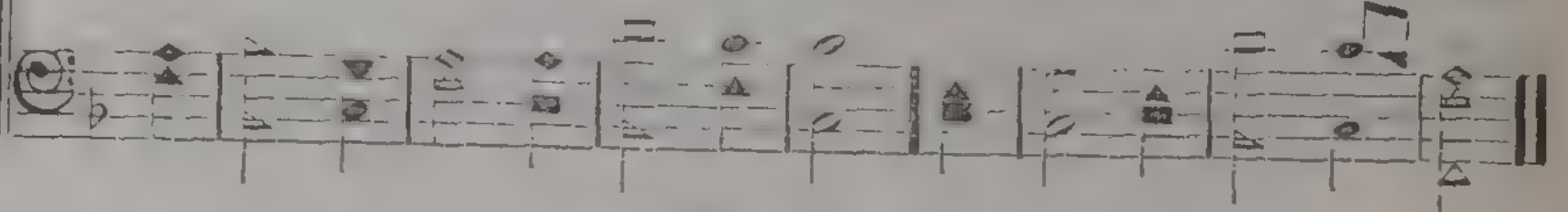
Welsh Air.



1. This is the day the Lord hath made, He calls the hours His own;
2. To-day He rose and left the dead, And Sa-tan's em-pire fell;
3. Ho-san-na to th' an-noint-ed King, To Da-vid's ho-ly Son;
4. Blessed be the Lord, who comes to men With mes-sa-ges of grace;
5. Ho-san-na in the high-est strains, The church on earth can raise;



- Let heav'n re-joice, let earth be glad, And praise sur-round the throne.
 To-day the saints His triumphs spread, And all His won-ders tell.
 Help us, O Lord, de-scend and bring Sal-va-tion from Thy throne.
 Who comes in God His Fa-ther's name To save His chos-en race.
 The high-est heav'ns in which He reigns Shall give Him no-bler praise.



268

C. M.

MASON.

- 1 Come, dearest Lord; and feed Thy sheep,
 On this sweet day of rest;
 O, bless this flock, and make this fold
 Enjoy an 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 death appears,
 In this sweet frame be found,
 I'd clasp my Saviour in my arms,
 And leave this earthly ground.
- 6 I long for that delightful hour,
 When from this clay undressed,
 I shall be clothed in robes divine,
 And made forever blessed.

269

C. M.

WATTS.

- 1 How did my heart rejoice to hear
 My friends devoutly say,
 In Zion let us all appear,
 And keep the solemn day!
- 2 I love her gates, I love the road;
 The church, adorned with grace,
 Stands like a palace built for God
 To show His milder face.
- 3 Up to her courts, with joys unknown,
 The holy tribes repair;
 The Son of David holds His throne,
 And sits in judgment there.
- 4 He hears our praises and complaints,
 And while His awful voice
 Divides the sinners from the saints,
 We tremble and rejoice.
- 5 Peace be within this sacred place,
 An joy a constant guest!
 With noly gifts and heavenly grace
 Be her attendants blest!
- 6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
 While life or breath remains;
 There my best friends, my kindred
 dwell,
 There God my Saviour reigns.

Arr. by Lowell Mason.

1. { Wel - come, de - light - ful morn, Thou day of sa - cred rest! }
 { I hail Thy kind re - turn; Lord! make these moments blest; }

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

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

I soar to reach immor - tal joys.

2 Now may the King descend,
 And fill His throne of grace;
 Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
 While saints address Thy face;
 Let sinners feel Thy 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 our souls new life obtain,
 Nor Sabbaths be bestowed in vain.

Watts.

R. Harrison.

1. Wel - come sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise;
 2. The King Him - self comes near, And feasts His saints to - day;
 3. One day a - midst the place Where my dear God hath been,

Wel - come to this re - viv - ing breast, And these re - joic - ing eyes.
 Here, we may sit and see Him here, And love, and praise, and pray.
 Is sweet - er than ten thou - sand days Of pleas - ur - a - ble sin.

INTRODUCTORY HYMNS.

272

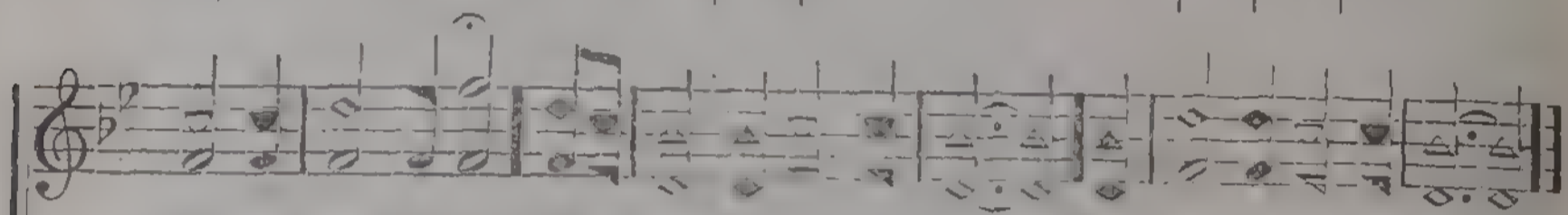
Ortonville. C. M.

Hart.

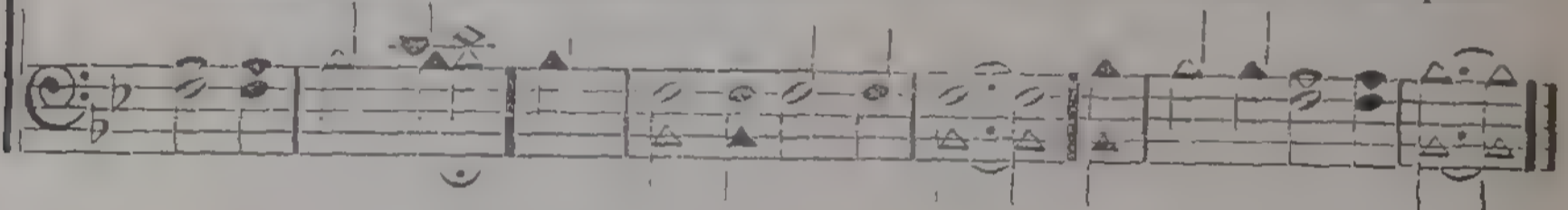
Dr. T. Hastings.



1. Once more we come before our God; Once more His blessing ask; O, may not
2. Father, Thy quick'ning spirit send From heav'n, in Jesus' name, To make our
3. May we receive the word we hear, Each in an honest heart; Hoard up the



- du-ty seem a load, Nor worship prove a task. Nor worship prove a task.
 waiting minds attend, And put our souls in frame, And put our souls in frame.
 precious treasure there, And never with it part, And never with it part.



- 4 To seek Thee all our hearts dispose;
To each Thy blessings suit;
And let the seed Thy servant sows
Produce a copious fruit.
- 5 Bid the refreshing north wind wake;
Say to the south wind, Blow;
Let every plant the power partake,
And all the garden grow.
- 6 Revive the parched with heavenly show-
The cold with warmth divine; [ers;
And as the benefit is ours,
Be all the glory Thine.

273

C. M. VANMETER.

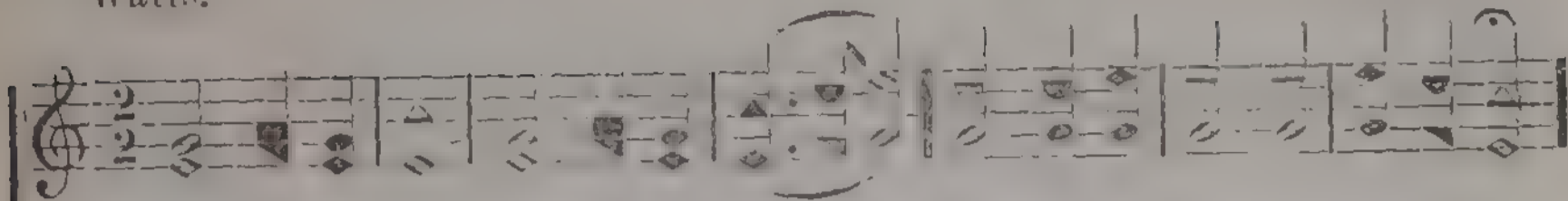
- 1 Religion! what a vast estate,
On guilty worms bestowed!
Not all the riches of the great,
Are worth this gift of God!
- 2 How transient is all earthly bliss!
How poor is shining gold!
And mortal crowns, compared with this,
How worthless to behold!
- 3 In all things else let me be crossed,
Lord, give this pearl to me;
Without it I'm forever lost,
To all eternity.

274

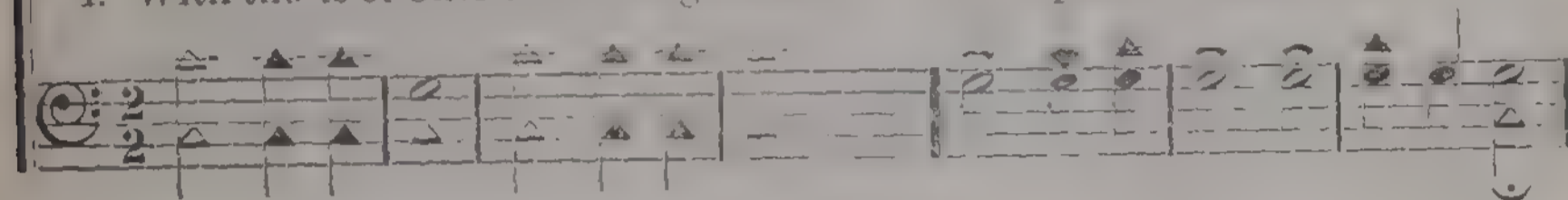
- 1 Dear Saviour! let Thy gracious eye
In pity now look down,
While unto Thee for help we cry,
And all our vileness own.
- 2 Often beset with shame or fear,
When we attempt to pray,
Or such confusion interfere,
We scarce know what to say.
- 3 Darkness and hardness, guilt and pride,
And Satan's craft and rage,
Make us our sinful faces hide,
And often fear to engage.
- 4 Lord, let Thy mighty power and love
Upon us be displayed.
O send Thy spirit from above,
And grant us timely aid.
- 5 Subdue these evils, dearest Lord!
Remove them far away.
And let Thy gracious help afford
Renewed grace to pray.
- 6 Still, Lord, uphold us in Thy strength
And we'll go on in prayer,
'Till we arrive in heaven at length,
To praise our Saviour there.

Watts.

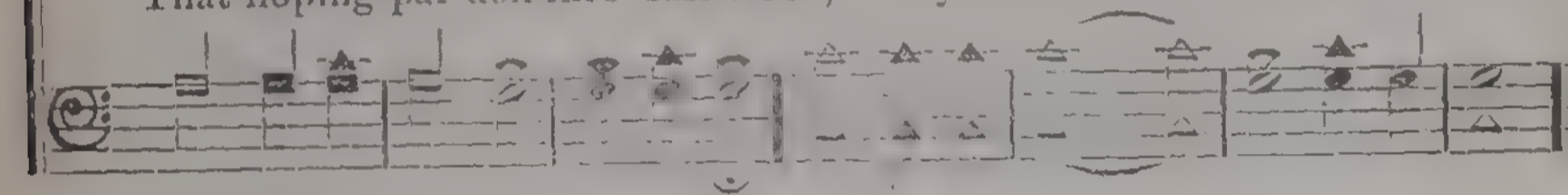
L. O. Emerson.



- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1. Lord, how delight-ful 'tis to see
 2. I have been there, and still would go;
 3. O, write up-on my mem-ry, Lord,
 4. With tho'ts of Christ and things divine,</p> | <p>A whole assembly worship Thee—
 'Tis like a lit-tle heav'n below;
 The text and doctrine of Thy word,
 Fill up this foolish heart of mine.</p> |
|---|---|



At once they sing, at once they pray; They hear of heav'n and learn the way.
 Not all that hell or sin can say Shall tempt me to for-get this day.
 That I may break Thy laws no more, But love Thee bet-ter than be-fore.
 That hoping par-don thro' His blood, I may lie down and wake with God.



276

L. M.

- 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,
 Inhabitest the humblest min-ist-er;
 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;
 Here to our waiting souls proclaim
 The sweetness of Thy saving name.

277

L. M.

BEDDOME.

- 1 Sprinkled with reconciling blood
 I dare approach Thy throne, O God:
 Thy face no frowning aspect wears,
 Thy hand no vengeful thunder bears!
- 2 The encircling rainbow, peaceful sign!
 Doth with refulgent brightness shine;
 And while my faith beholds it near,
 I bid farewell to every fear.

- 3 Let me my grateful homage pay;
 With courage sing, with fervor pray;
 And, though myself a wretch undone,
 Hope for acceptance through Thy Son.
- 4 Thy Son, who on the shameful tree
 Expired to set the vilest free;
 On this, I build my only claim,
 And all I ask is in His name.

278

L. M.

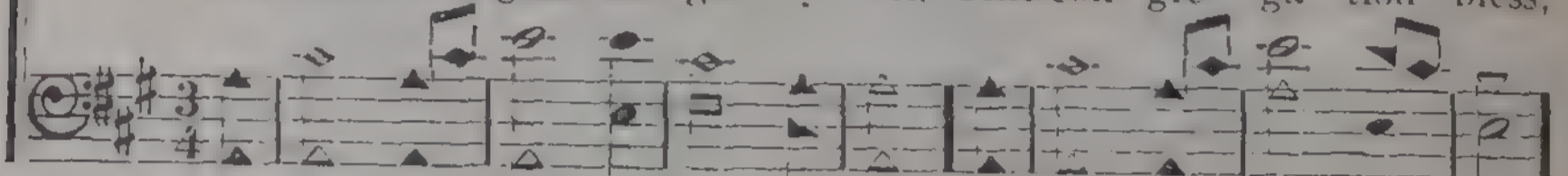
FELLOWS.

- 1 The food on which Thy children live,
 Great God, is Thine alone to give;
 And we, for grace received would raise,
 A sacred song of love and praise.
- 2 How vast, how full, how rich, how free,
 Dear Jesus, Thy rich treasures be;
 To the full fountain of our joys,
 We gladly come for fresh supplies.
- 3 For this, we wait upon Thee, Lord,
 For this we listen to Thy word;
 Descend like gentle showers of rain,
 Nor let our souls attend in vain.

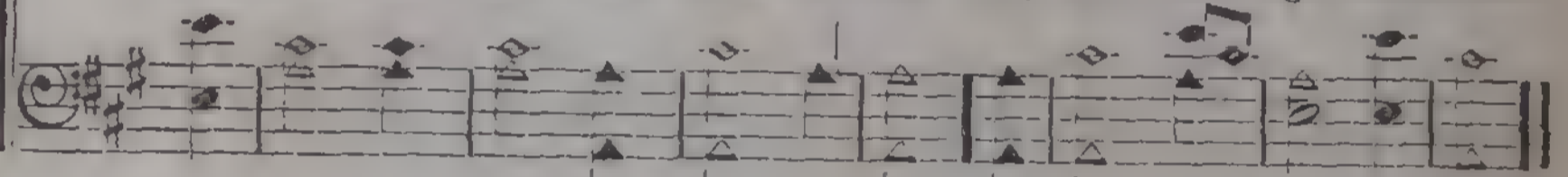
Aaron Chapin.



1. In Thy great name, O Lord, we come To wor - ship at Thy feet,
2. We come to hear Je - ho - vah speak, To hear the Saviour's voice;
3. Teach us to pray, and praise, and hear And un - der - stand Thy word;
4. Let sin - ners, Lord, Thy goodness prove, And saints re - jice in Thee;
5. This house with grace and glo - ry fill, This con - gre - ga - tion bless;



O pour Thy Ho - ly Spir - it down On all that now shall meet.
 Thy face and fav - or, Lord, we seek—Now make our hearts re - jice.
 To feel Thy bliss - ful pres - ence near, And trust our liv - ing Lord.
 Let reb - els be sub - dued by love, And to the Sav - iour flee.
 Thy great sal - va - tion now re - veal, Thy glo - rious right - eous - ness.



280

C. M.

- 1 Lord, in Thy courts we now appear,
 And bow before Thy throne;
 Before our lips begin to move,
 Our wants to Thee are known.
- 2 Thou know'st the language of the heart,
 The meaning of a sigh;
 Dear Father, hear our humble prayer,
 And bring Thy blessings nigh.
- 3 Few be our words, and short our prayers
 While we together meet;
 Short duties keep religion up,
 And make devotion sweet.

281

C. M.

NEWTON.

- 1 Now, gracious Lord, Thine arm reveal,
 And make Thy glory known;
 Now let us all Thy presence feel,
 And soften hearts of stone.
- 2 Help us to venture near Thy throne,
 And plead a Saviour's name;
 For all that we can call our own
 Is vanity and shame.
- 3 Send down Thy Spirit from above,
 That saints may love Thee more;
 And sinners now may learn to love,
 That never loved before.

- 4 And when before Thee we appear,
 In our eternal home,
 May growing numbers worship here,
 And praise Thee in our room.

282

C. M. MRS. HARRISON.

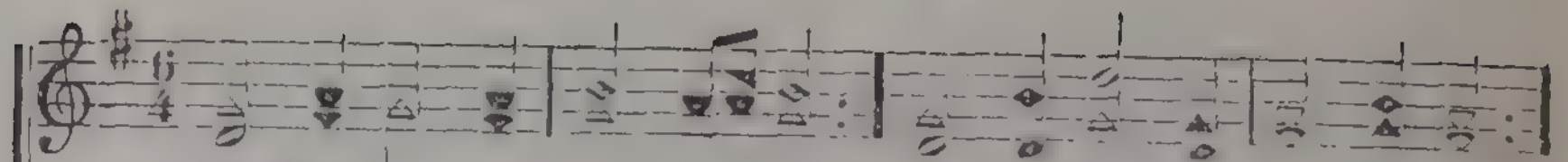
- 1 To Thee again, my gracious God,
 I lift my heart and eyes;
 Thou art my only safe abode,
 Thou only just and wise.
- 2 In Thee for every needful grace
 My drooping soul confide;
 Keep me, O Lord, in every place,
 Secure on every side.
- 3 Be Thou my guardian ever near,
 Thy presence I entreat;
 Keep me, O keep me in Thy fear,
 Uphold my sliding feet.
- 4 The paths I tread are strewed with
 snares,
 In mercy, take my part;
 Let no applauses wound my ears
 Nor censures vex my heart.
- 5 Lest I should once disgrace Thy cause
 Make me, O Lord, to grow
 Deaf both to censure and applause,
 And dead to all below.

- 1 Dear Lord, to us assembled here,
Reveal Thy smiling face;
While we by faith, with love and fear,
Approach Thy throne of grace.
- 2 Thy house is call'd the house of prayer,
A solemn, sacred place;
O, let us now Thy presence share,
While at Thy throne of grace.
- 3 With holy boldness may we come,
Though of a sinful race,
Thankful to find there yet is room
Before Thy throne of grace.
- 4 Our earnest, fervent cry attend,
And all our faith increase,
While we our heavenly friend address
Upon a throne of grace.
- 5 His tender pity, and His love,
Our every fear shall chase,
And all our help we then shall prove
Comes from the throne of grace.
- 6 We bless Thee for Thy word and laws,
We bless Thee for Thy peace;
And we do bless Thee, Lord, because
There is a throne of grace.

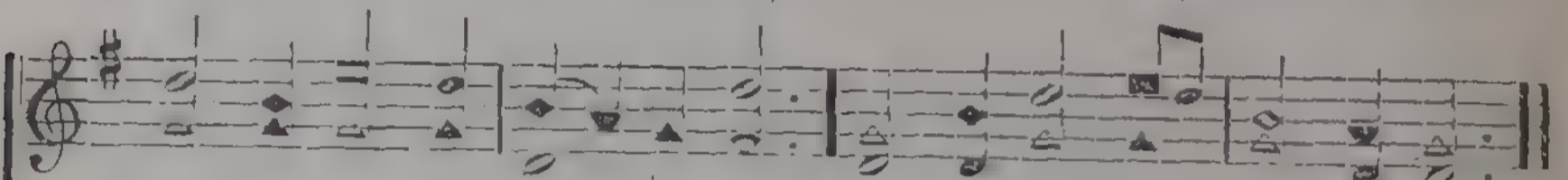
- 1 Wherewith shall we approach the Lord,
And bow before His throne?
By trusting in His faithful Word,
And pleading Christ alone.
- 2 The blood, the righteousness, and love
Of Jesus, we will plead;
He lives within the veil above
For us to intercede.
- 3 Sure ground, and sure foundation too,
We find in Jesus' name!
Herein we every blessing view,
And every favor claim.
- 4 Then let His name forever be
To us supremely dear;
Our only all-prevailing plea
For all our hope is there.
- 5 This is the name the Father loves
To hear His children plead;
And all such pleading He approves,
And blesses them indeed.

- 1 O for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that always feels Thy blood,
So freely spilled for me.
- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean!
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within.
- 4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of life divine;
Perfect and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine.
- 5 Thy tender heart is still the same,
And melts at human woe;
Jesus for Thee distressed I am,
I want Thy love to know.
- 6 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,
Come quickly from above;
Write the new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of love.

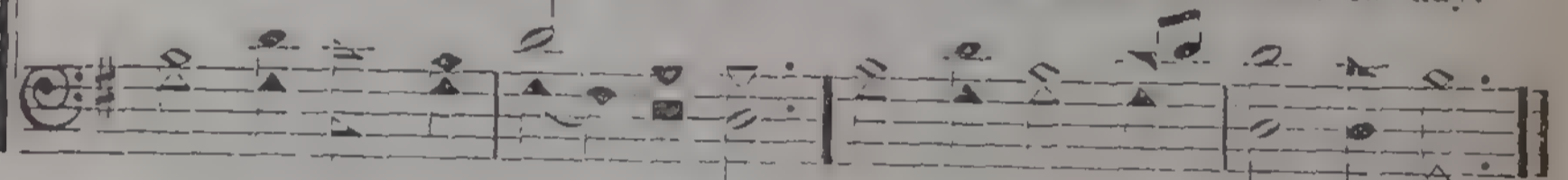
- 1 I love to see the Lord below,
His church displays His grace;
But upward worlds His glories know,
And view Him face to face.
- 2 I love to worship at His feet,
Though sin annoy me there;
But saints exalted near His seat
Have no assaults to fear.
- 3 I love to meet Him in His court,
And taste His heavenly love;
But still His visits seem too short,
Or I too soon remove.
- 4 He shines—and I am all delight;
He hides—and all is pain;
When will He fix me in His sight
And ne'er depart again?
- 5 O Lord, I love Thy service now;
Thy church displays Thy power;
But soon in heaven, I hope to view
And praise Thee evermore.



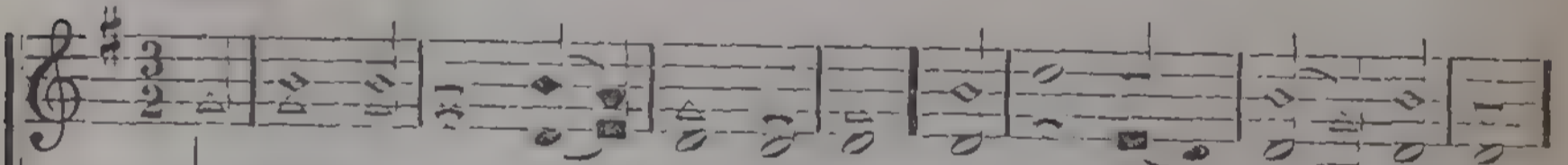
1. To Thy tem - ple we re - pair, Lord, we love to wor - ship there;
2. While Thy glorious name is sung, Tune our lips, un - loose our tongue;
3. While to Thee our prayers as - cend, Let Thine ear in love at - tend;
4. While Thy word is heard with awe, While we trem - ble at Thy law,
5. From Thy house, when we re - turn, Let our hearts with - in us burn;



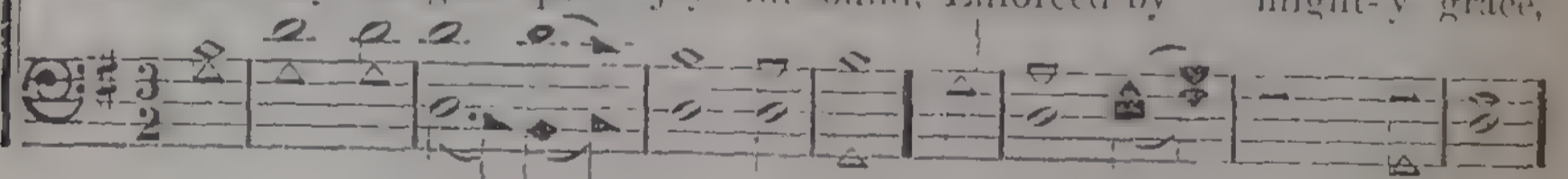
There, with - in the veil, we meet Thee up - on the mer - cy - seat.
 Then our joy - ful souls shall bless Thee, the Lord, our Right - eousness.
 Hear us when Thy Spir - it pleads—Hear, for Je - sus in - ter - cedes.
 Let Thy gos - pel's wondrous love Ev - 'ry doubt and fear re - move.
 That at ev - 'ning we may say, "We have walked with God to - day.



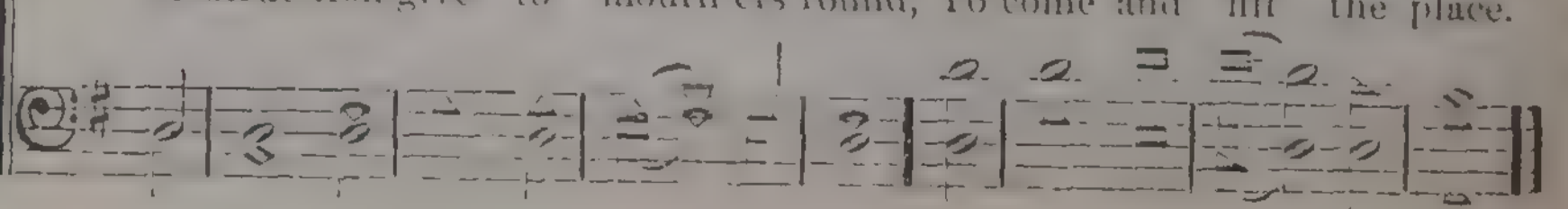
Newton.



1. Dear Shepherd of Thy peo - ple, here Thy pres - ence now dis - play,
2. With - in these walls let ho - ly peace, And love, and con - cord dwell.
3. Show us some to - ken of Thy love, Our faint - ing hope to raise;
4. And may the gos - pel's joy - ful sound, Enforced by might - y grace,



As Thou hast giv'n a place for prayer, So give us hearts to pray.
 Here give the troub - led con - science ease, The wound - ed spir - it heal.
 And pour Thy bless - ings from a - bove, That we may ren - der praise.
 In - struc - tion give to mourn - ers round, To come and fill the place.



Watts.

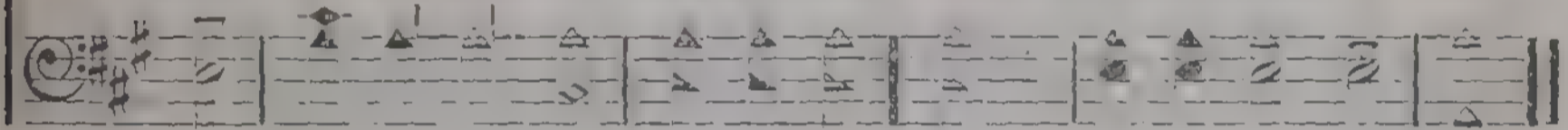
Arr. by L. Mason.



1. Let ev-'ry mor-tal ear at-tend, And ev-'ry heart re-joice;
2. Come, all ye hun-gry; starv-ing souls, That feed up-on the wind,
3. E-ter-nal wis-dom has prepared A soul-re-viv-ing feast,
4. Ho! ye that pant for liv-ing streams, And pine a-way and die;
5. Dear Lord! the treas-ures of Thy love Are ev-er-last-ing mines,—
6. The hap-py gates of gos-pel grace Stand o-pen night and day;



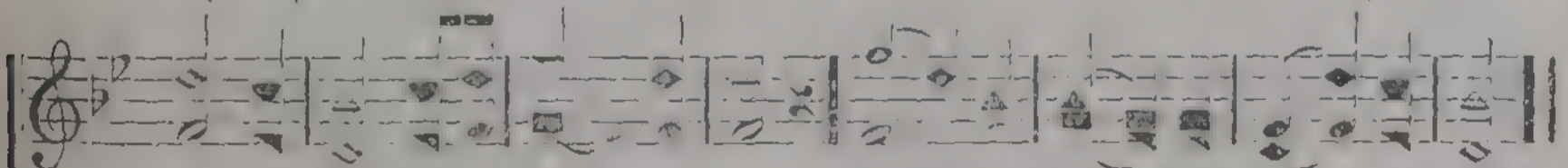
The trum-pet of the gos-pel sounds With an in-vit-ing voice.
 And vain-ly strive with earth-ly toys To fill an emp-ty mind.
 And bid your long-ing ap-pe-tites The rich provis-ion taste.
 Here you may quench your rag-ing thirst With springs that never dry.
 Deep as our help-less mis'-ries are, And bound-less as our sins.
 Lord, we are come to seek sup-plies, And drive our wants a-way.



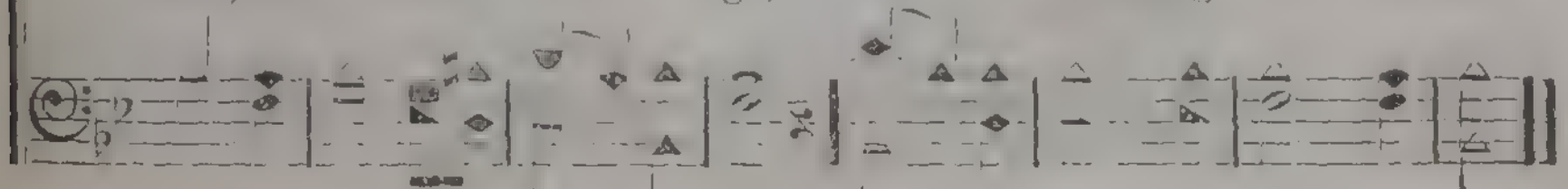
Wartensee.



1. Lord, we come be-fore Thee now, At Thy feet we hum-bly bow;
2. Lord, on Thee our souls de-pend; In com-pas-sion now de-scend;
3. Send some message from Thy word, That may joy and peace af-ford;
4. Com-fort those who weep and mourn, Let the time of joy re-turn;
5. Grant that all may seek and find Thee a God su-preme-ly kind;
6. In Thine own appoint-ed way, Now we seek Thee, here we stay;

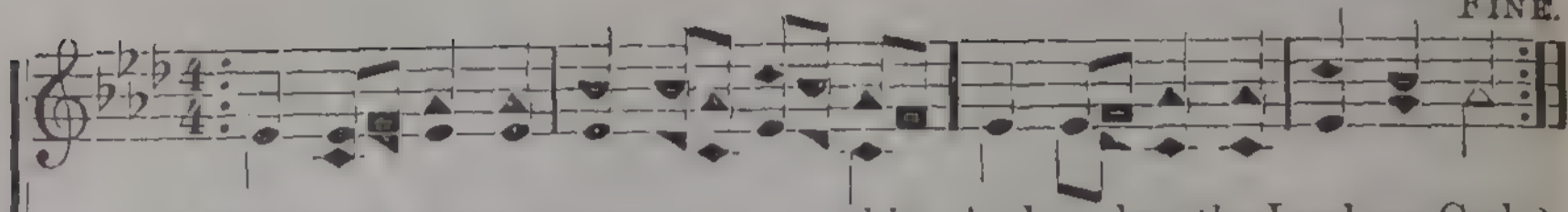


O do not our suit dis-dain; Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?
 Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace; Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.
 Let Thy spir-it now im-part Full sal-va-tion to each heart.
 Those who are cast down, lift up, Make them strong in faith and hope.
 Heal the sick, the cap-tive free; Let us all re-joice in Thee.
 Lord, from here we would not go, Till a bless-ing Thou be-stow.



Arr. by H. N. Lincoln.

FINE.



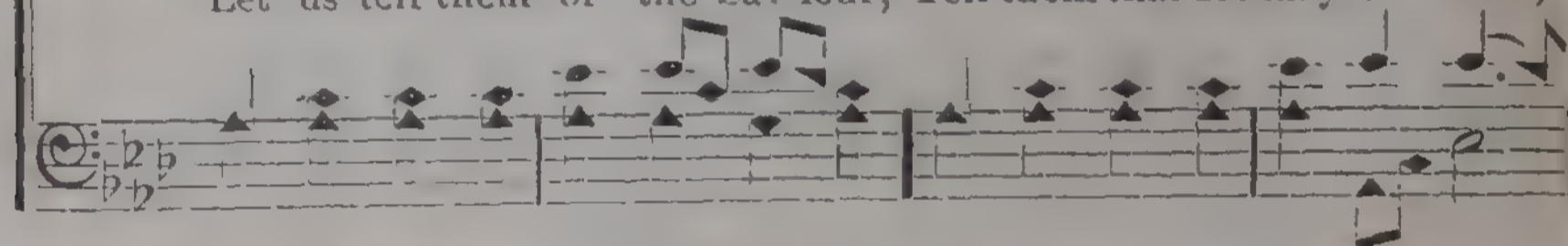
1. { Breth-ren, we have met to wor - ship, And a - dore the Lord our God; }
 { Will you pray with all your pow - er While we try to preach the word? }
 2. { Look, and see poor mourners round you Fearing, trembling, as they go; }
 { Long-ing for a hope in Je - sus, Will you comfort them or no? }



D. C.—Let us pray that Ho - ly Man - na May be scattered all around.



All is vain, un - less the spir - it Of the Ho - ly One come down;
 Let us tell them of the Sav - iour; Tell them that He may be found,



- 3 Is there here a trembling Jailor
 Seeking grace and filled with fear,
 Is there here a weeping Mary
 Pouring forth a flood of tears?
 Let us join our prayers to help them
 Let our faith and love abound;
 Let us pray that Holy Manna
 May be scattered all around.

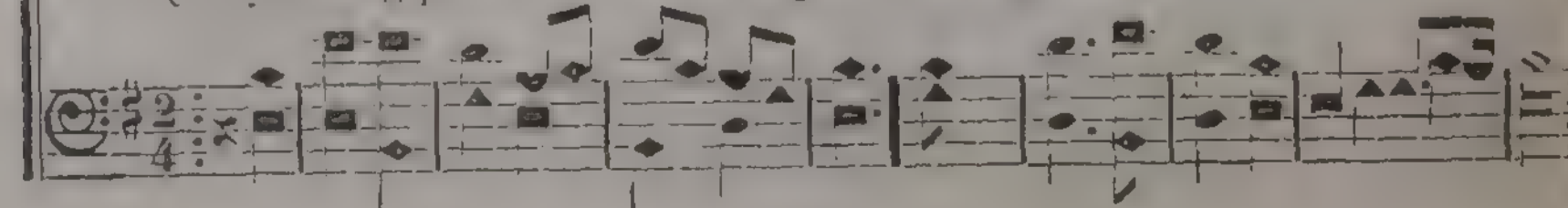
- 4 Let us love our God supremely;
 Let us love each other too;
 Let us love and pray for sinners,
 That our God their souls renew;
 Then we'll love them still the better
 Take them to our kind embrace,
 Journey with them on to glory,
 There to sing redeeming grace.

Fawcett.

Ingalls.



1. { Thy presence, gracious God, at - ford, Pre - pare us to re - ceive Thy Word; }
 { Now let Thy voice engage our ear, And faith be mix'd with what we hear; }
 2. { Distracting thoughts and cares remov - , And fix our hearts and hopes above; }
 { With food divine may we be fed And sat - is - fied with living bread; }
 3. { To us the sa - cred word ap - ply With sovereign pow'r and energy; }
 { And may we in Thy faith and fear, Re - duce to practice what we hear; }
 4. { Fa - ther, in us Thy Son re - veal; Teach us to know and do Thy will, }
 { Thy saving power and love dis - play, And guide us to the realms of day; }



Vernon. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Thus, Lord, Thy waiting servants bless And crown Thy Gospel with success.

293 The Throne of Grace. S. M.

Newton.

1. Be - hold the throne of grace, The prom - ise calls me near;
 2. That rich a - ton - ing blood, Which sprinkled round I see,
 3. Be - yond thy ut - most wants His love and pow'r can bless;
 4. Thine im - age, Lord, be - stow, Thy pres - ence and Thy love;
 5. Teach me to live by faith, Con - form my will to Thine;

There Je - sus shows a smil - ing face, And waits to an - swer pray'r.
 Pro - vides for those who come to God An all - pre - vail - ing plea.
 To pray - ing souls He ev - er grants More than they can ex - press.
 I ask to serve Thee here be - low And reign with Thee a - bove.
 Let me vic - to - rious be in death, And then in glo - ry shine.

294

S. M.

WATTS.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Let sinners take their course,
 And choose the road to death;
 But in the worship of my God
 I'd spend my daily breath.</p> <p>2 I would address Thy throne
 When morning brings the light;
 I'd seek Thy blessings every noon,
 And pay my vows at night.</p> <p>3 Thou wilt regard my cries,
 O, my eternal God!
 While sinners perish in surprise
 Beneath Thine iron rod!</p> | <p>4 Because they dwell at ease,
 And no sad changes feel,
 They neither fear nor trust Thy name,
 Nor learn to do Thy will.</p> <p>5 But I, with all my cares,
 Would lean upon the Lord;
 Would cast my burdens on His arm,
 And rest upon His word.</p> <p>6 His arm shall well sustain
 The children of His love;
 The ground on which their safety stands
 No earthly power can move.</p> |
|--|--|

CLOSING HYMNS.

295

Greenville. 8s & 7s.

E. Smythe.

J. J. Rosseau.

FINE.

{ Lord, dis-miss us with Thy blessing; Bid us now de-part in peace; }
 { Still on heav'nly man-na feed-ing, Let our faith and love in-crease. }

D.S. - When we reach our blissful sta-tion, Then we'll give thee no-bler praise.

D.C.

Fill each breast with con-so-la-tion: Up to Thee our hearts we raise;

296

8s & 7s.

NEWTON.

- 1 May the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above!
- 2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord;
And possess in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

297

DOXOLOGY.

8s & 7s.

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

298

8s & 7s.

- 1 Jesus, grant us all a blessing;
Send it down, Lord, from above;
May we all go home a praising,
And rejoicing in Thy love:
||: Farewell, brethren, farewell, sisters,
Till we all shall meet again. :||
- 2 Jesus, pardon all our follies,
Since together we have been;
Make us humble, make us holy,
Cleanse us all from every sin:
||: Farewell, brethren, farewell, sisters,
Till we all shall meet again. :||
- 3 May Thy blessing, Lord, go with us,
To each one's respective home,
And the presence of our Jesus
Rest upon us—every one:
||: Farewell, brethren, farewell, sisters,
Till we all shall meet at home. :||

Shirley.

Mason.

FINE.

1. } Lord, dis miss us with Thy bless-ing; Fill our hearts with joy and peace; }
 } Let us each, Thy love pos-sess-ing, Tri-umph in re-deem-ing grace: }

D.C.—O re-fresh us, O re-fresh us, Trav'-ling thro' this wil-der-ness.

D.C.

O re-fresh us, O re - fresh us, Trav'ling thro' this wilderness.

O re-fresh us, O re-fresh us, Trav'ling thro' this wil-der-ness.

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 So, when'er the signal's given
 Us from earth to call away,
 Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
 Glad the summons to obey,
 May we ever
 Reign with Christ in endless day!

Hart.

Ingalls.

1. Once more be - fore we part We'll bless the Sav-iour's name;
 2. Hoard up His sa - cred word, And feed there-on and grow;
 3. And if we meet no more On Zi - on's earth - ly ground,

Re-cord His mer - cies, ev - 'ry heart, Sing, ev - 'ry tongue, the same.
 Go on and seek to know the Lord, And prac-tice what you know.
 O may we reach that bliss - ful shore Where all Thy saints are bound.

Slow.

1. For a sea - son called to part, Let us now our - selves commend
 2. Je - sus, hear our hum - ble pray'r. Ten - der Shep - herd of Thy sheep!
 3. In Thy strength may we be strong, Sweeten ev - 'ry cross and pain;
 4. Then if Thou Thy help af - ford, Joy - ful songs to Thee shall rise,

To the gra - cious eye and heart, Of our ev - er - pres - ent Friend.
 Let Thy mer - cy and Thy care, All our souls in safe - ty keep.
 Grant, that if we live ere long, We may meet in peace a - gain.
 And our souls shall praise the Lord, Who re - gards our hum - ble cries.

1. Dis - miss us with Thy blessing, Lord — Help us to feed up - on Thy word;
 2. Though we are guilt - y, Thou art good — Wash all our works in Je - sus' blood;

All that has been a - miss, forgive, And let Thy truth with - in us live.
 Give ev - 'ry fet - tered soul re - lease, And bid us all de - part in peace.

1. { How pleasant thus to dwell be - low In fel - low - ship of love! }
 { And tho' we part, 'tis bliss to know The good shall meet a - bove! }
 2. { Yes, hap - py tho't! when we are free From earthly grief and pain, }
 { In heav'n we shall each oth - er see, And nev - er part a - gain. }
 3. { Then let us each, in strength di - vine, Still walk in wis - dom's ways; }
 { That we, with those we love, may join In nev - er end - ing praise. }

The good shall meet a - bove,..... The good shall meet a - bove,
 And nev - er part a - gain,..... And nev - er part a - gain;
 In nev - er end - ing praise,..... In nev - er end - ing praise,

FINE.

And tho' we part, 'tis bliss to know The good shall meet a - bove.
 In heav'n we shall each oth - er see, And nev - er part a - gain.
 That we, with those we love, may join In nev - er end - ing praise.

D.S.—And sing the ev - er - last - ing song With those who've gone before.

CHORUS.

Oh! that will be joy - ful, joy - ful, joy - ful! Oh! that will be joy - ful, To

D.S.

meet to part no more, To meet to part no more, On Canaan's happy shore,

Arr. by R. M. McIntosh.

FINE.

1. { My Christian friends, in bonds of love, Whose hearts in sweetest union prove,
 { Your friendship's like a drawing band, Yet we must take the parting hand, }

D.C.—Yet when I see that we must part, You draw like cords around my heart.

D.C.

2. Your comp'ny's sweet, your union dear, Your words delightful to my ear.

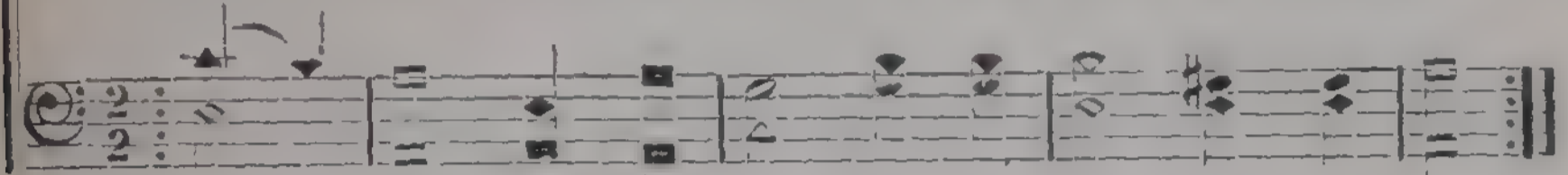
- 3 How sweet the hours have passed away,
 Since we have met to sing and pray!
 How loth we are to leave the place
 When Jesus shows His smiling face!
- 4 O could I stay with friends so kind,
 How it would cheer my drooping mind!
 But duty makes me understand
 That we must take the parting hand.
- 5 And since it is God's holy will
 We must be parted for a while,
 In sweet submission, all as one,
 We'll say, our Father's will be done.
- 6 My youthful friends in Christian ties,
 Who seek for mansions in the skies,
 Fight on, we'll gain that happy shore
 Where parting will be known no more.
- 7 How oft I've seen your flowing tears,
 And heard you tell your hopes and fears!
 Your hearts with love were seen to flame,
 Which makes me hope we'll meet again.
- 8 Ye mourning souls, lift up your eyes
 To glorious mansions in the skies;
 O trust His grace; in Canaan's land
 We'll no more take the parting hand.
- 9 And now, my friends, both old and young,
 I hope in Christ you'll still go on;
 And if on earth we meet no more:
 O may we meet on Canaan's shore!
- 10 I hope you'll all remember me
 If you on earth no more I see;
 An interest in your prayers I crave,
 That we may meet beyond the grave.
- 11 O glorious day! O blessed hope!
 My soul leaps forward at the thought
 When on that happy, happy land,
 We'll no more take the parting hand.

Ananias Davisson.

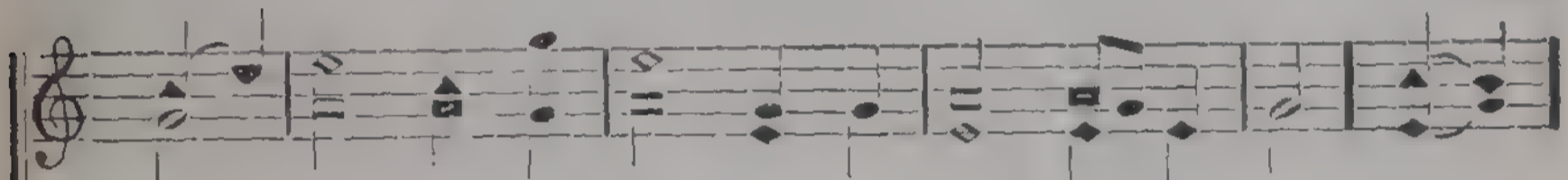
FINE.



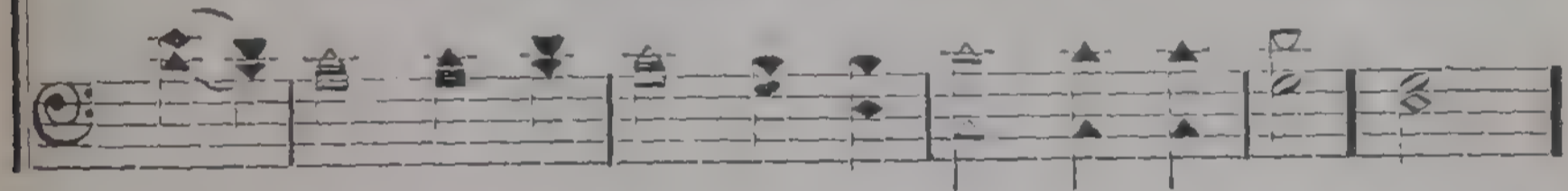
1. { Fare - well, my dear breth - ren, the time is at hand, }
 { That we must be part - ed from this so - cial band; }



D.S.—part - ing is need - ful, and we must o - bey.

D.S.

Our sev - 'ral en - gage - ments now call us a - way, Our



2 Farewell, my dear brethren, farewell
 for a while,
 We'll soon meet again if kind provi-
 dence smile;
 But while we are parted and scattered
 abroad,
 We'll pray for each other and trust in
 the Lord.

3 Farewell, faithful soldiers, you'll soon
 be discharged,
 The war will be ended, the bounty
 enlarged—
 With shouting and singing, though
 Jordan may roar,
 You'll enter fair Canaan and rest on
 the shore.

4 Farewell, younger brethren, just 'listed
 for war,
 Sore trials await you, but Jesus is
 near:
 Although you must travel this dark
 wilderness,
 Your Captain's before you, He'll lead
 you to peace.

5 The world, and the devil, and sin, all
 unite,
 And bold persecution, your souls to
 affright;
 But Jesus your leader is stronger than
 they;
 Let this animate you to march on your
 way.

6 Farewell, trembling mourners, with
 sad broken hearts,
 O hasten to Jesus, and choose the good
 part;
 He's full of compassion, and mighty
 to save;
 His arms are extended your souls to
 receive.

7 Farewell, my dear brethren, farewell
 all around;
 Perhaps we'll not meet till the last
 trump shall sound:
 To meet you in glory, I give you my
 hand,
 Our Saviour to praise in a pure social
 band.

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

306

Bethany. 6s & 4s.

Sarah Flower Adams.

L. Mason, by per.

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee;
 2. Tho' like a wan - der - er, The sun gone down,
 3. There let the way ap - pear Steps un - to heav'n;

E'en though it be a cross That rais - eth me,
 Dark - ness be o - ver me, My rest a stone,
 All that Thou send - est me In mer - cy giv'n,

Still all my song shall be. Near - er, my God, to Thee,
 Yet in my dreams I'd be Near - er, my God, to Thee,
 An - gels to beck - on me Near - er, my God, to Thee,

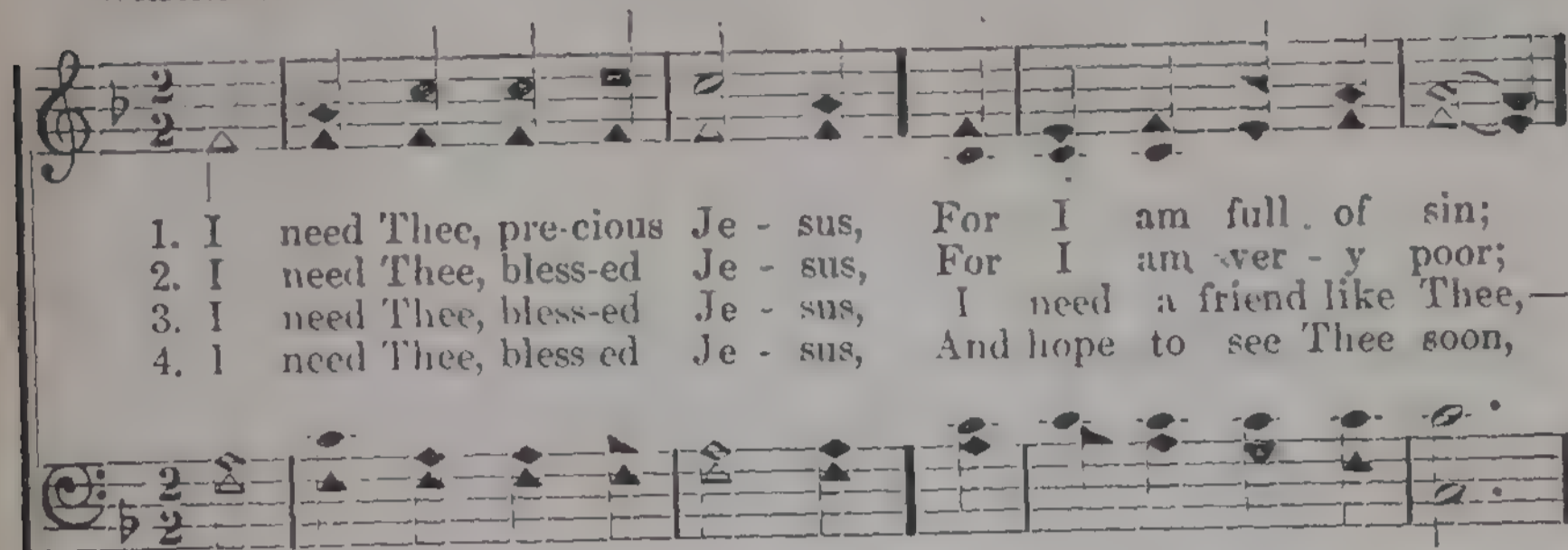
Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee.
 Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee.
 Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee.

4 Then with my waking thoughts
 Bright with Thy praise,
 Out of my stony griefs,
 Bethel I'll raise;
 So by my woes to be
 Nearer, my God, to Thee
 Nearer to Thee.

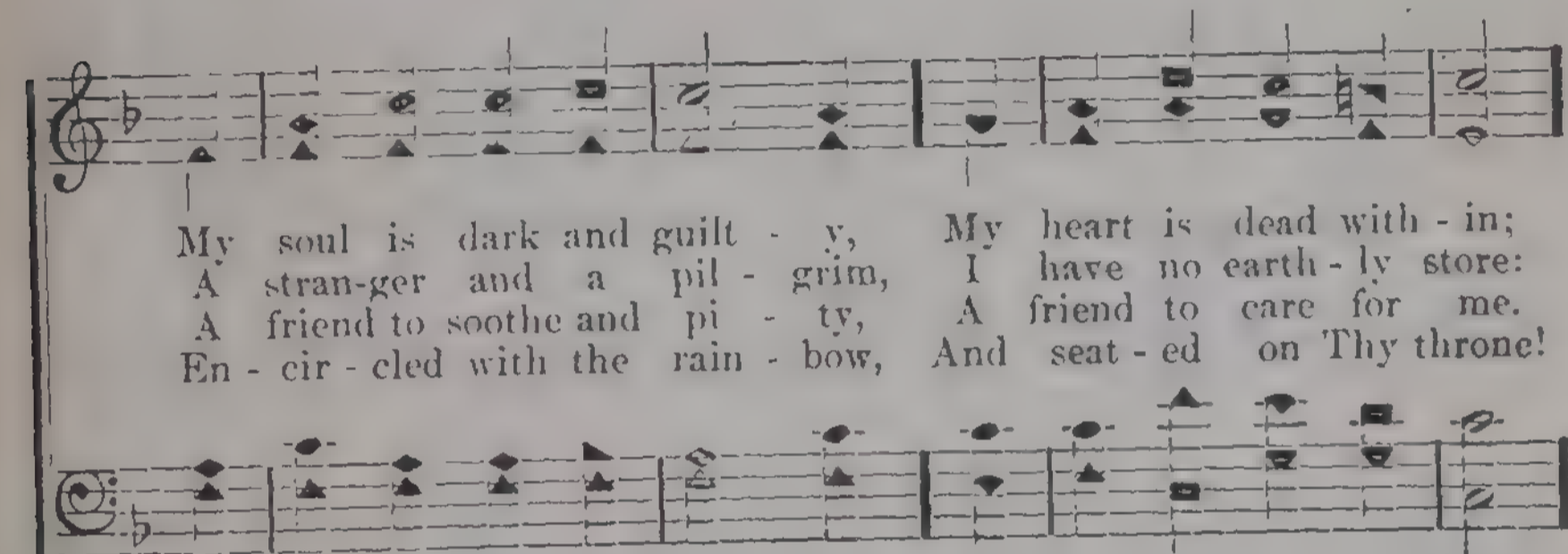
5 Or if on joyful wing,
 Cleaving the sky,
 Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
 Upward I fly;
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee.

307 I Need Thee, Precious Jesus. 7s & 6s. D.

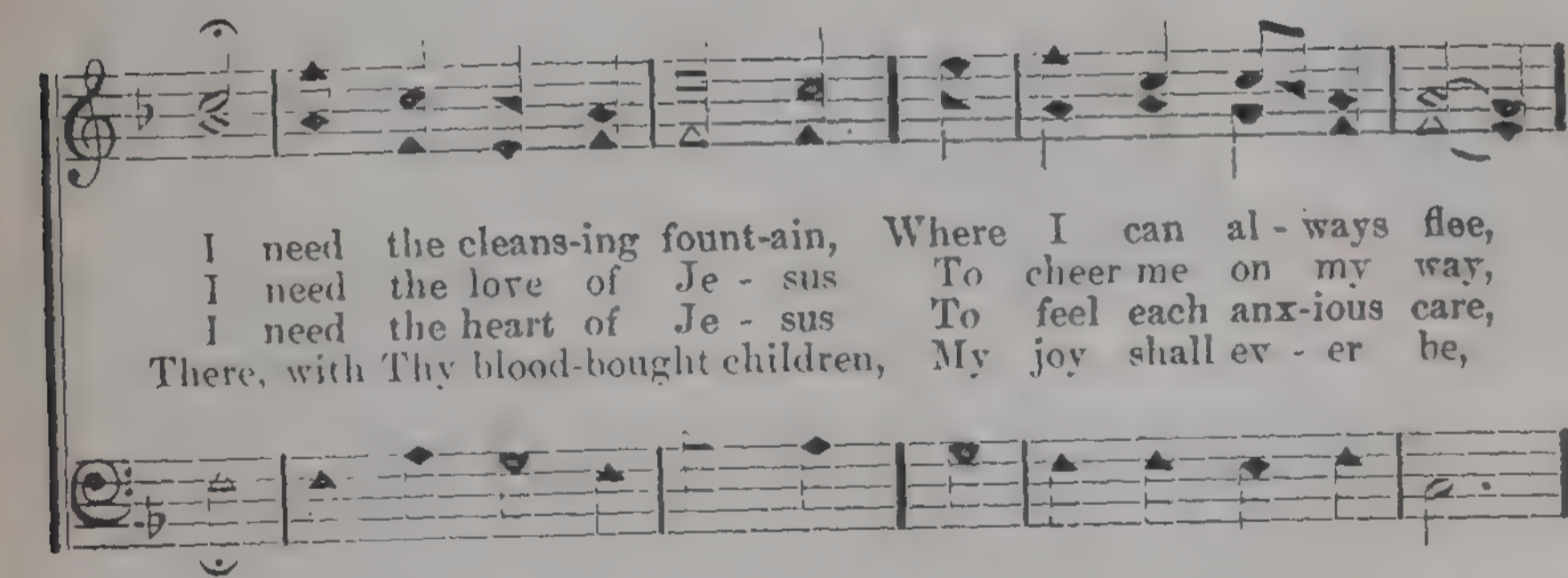
Whitfield.



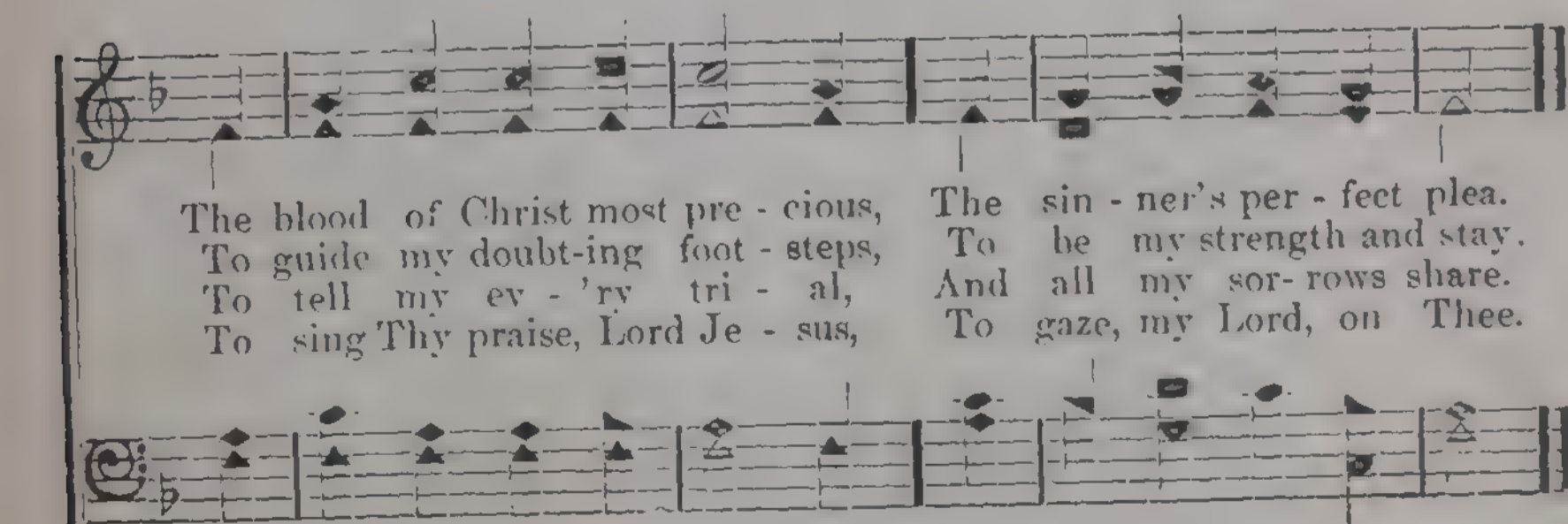
1. I need Thee, pre-cious Je - sus, For I am full of sin;
 2. I need Thee, bless-ed Je - sus, For I am ver - y poor;
 3. I need Thee, bless-ed Je - sus, I need a friend like Thee,—
 4. I need Thee, bless ed Je - sus, And hope to see Thee soon,



My soul is dark and guilt - y, My heart is dead with - in;
 A stran-ger and a pil - grim, I have no earth - ly store:
 A friend to soothe and pi - ty, A friend to care for me.
 En - cir - cled with the rain - bow, And seat - ed on Thy throne!




I need the cleans-ing fount-ain, Where I can al - ways flee,
 I need the love of Je - sus To cheer me on my way,
 I need the heart of Je - sus To feel each anx-ious care,
 There, with Thy blood-bought children, My joy shall ev - er be,




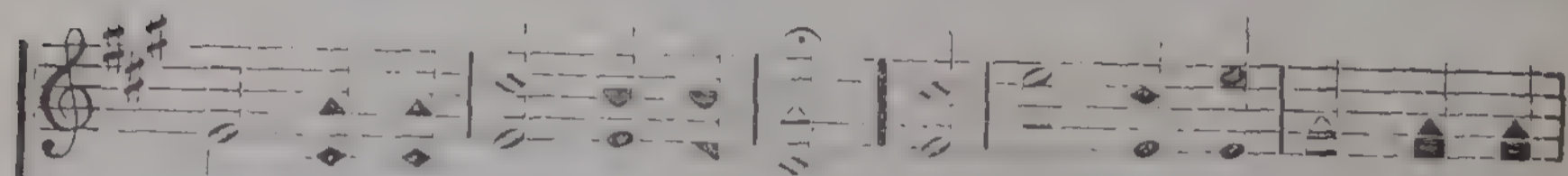
The blood of Christ most pre - cious, The sin - ner's per - fect plea.
 To guide my doubt-ing foot - steps, To be my strength and stay.
 To tell my ev - 'ry tri - al, And all my sor - rows share.
 To sing Thy praise, Lord Je - sus, To gaze, my Lord, on Thee.

G. Keith.



Carrol.



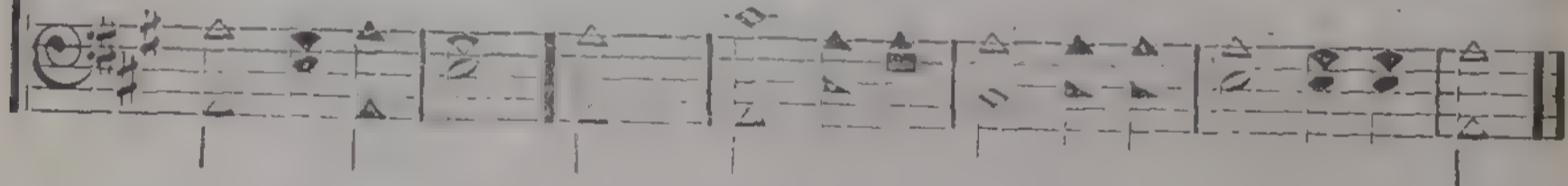
1. How firm a founda-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
2. In ev-ry con-di-tion, in sickness, in health, In pov-er-ty's
3. "Fear not, I am with thee; O, be not dismayed! I, I am thy

faith in His ex-cel-lent word! What more can He say than to
vale, or a-bound-ing in wealth, At home, and a broad, on the
God, and will still give thee aid. I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and

you He hath said, You, who un-to Je-sus for ref-uge have fled?
land, on the sea, As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be.
cause thee to stand. Up-help by my righteous, om-nip-o-tent hand.



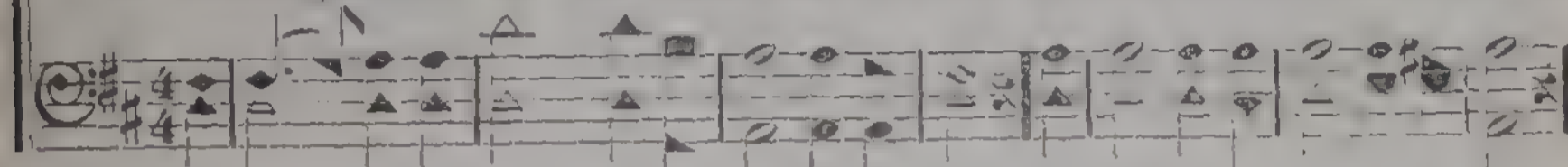
4. "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
5. "When through fiery trials thy path-way shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
6. "E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.
7. "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned 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."

Swain.

Freeman Lewis.



1. O Thou in whose presence my soul takes delight, On whom in afflictions I call.
2. Where dost Thou at noontide resort with Thy sheep, To feed on the pastures of love?
3. O, why should I wander an alien from Thee, And cry in the desert for bread?
4. Ye daughters of Zi - on, declare, have ye seen The Star that on Is - rael shone?



My comfort by day, and my song in the night, My hope, my sal - vation, my all.
 Say, why in the val - ley of death should I weep, Or a lone in wilderness rove?
 Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows They see, And smile at the tears I have shed.
 Say, if in your tents my Belov - ed has been, And where, with His flocks, He is gone.



5 "What is thy Beloved, thou digni -
 fied fair?

What excellent beauties has He?

His charms and perfections be pleased
 to declare,

That we may embrace Him with thee."

6 This is my Beloved; His form is
 divine;

His vestments shed odors around:

The locks on His head are as grapes
 on the vine,

When autumn with plenty is crown'd.

7 The roses of Sharon, the lilies that
 grow

In vales, on the banks of the streams:
 On His cheeks, all the beauties of ex -
 cellence glow,

And His eyes are as quivers of beams.

8 His voice, as the sound of the dulcim -
 er sweet, [death;

Is heard through the shadows of
 The cedars of Lebanon bow at His feet,
 The air is perfumed with His breath.

9 His lips as a fountain of righteousness
 flow,

That waters the garden of grace,
 From which their salvation, the Gen -
 tiles shall know,

And bask in the smiles of His face.

10 Love sits in His eye-lids, and scatters
 delight [high;

Through all the bright mansions on

Their faces the cherubim veil in His
 sight,

And tremble with fullness of joy.

11 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 her Lord.

310

11s & 9s.

HART.

1 How strange is the course that a Chris -
 tian must steer;

How perplexed is the path he must
 tread!

The hope of his happiness rises from
 fear, [dead.

And his life he receives from the

2 His fairest pretensions must wholly be
 waived,

And his best resolutions be crossed;

Nor can he expect to be perfectly
 saved,

Till he finds himself utterly lost.

3 When all this is done, and his heart
 is assured

Of the total remission of sin,

When his pardon is signed and his
 peace is procured, [gins.

From that moment his conflict be-

311 When Sorrows Encompass Me Round.

1. When sor - rows en - com - pass me round, And ma - ny dis -
 2. Few sea - sons of peace I en - joy, And they are suc -
 3. O, when will my sor - rows sub - side, O, when shall my
 4. May I be pre - pared for that day When Je - sus shall

tress - es I see, As - ton - ished, I cry, can a mor - tal be
 ceed - ed by pain; If e'er a few mo - ments of praise I em -
 suf - fer - ings cease? O, when to the bo - som of Christ be con -
 bid me re - move, That I may in rap - ture go shout - ing a -

found, Sur - round - ed with troub - le like me. me.
 ploy I have hours and days to com - plain. plain.
 veyed, In the man - sions of glo - ry and bliss. bliss.
 way To the arms of my heav - en - ly love. love.

1
2

5 My spirit to glory conveyed,
 My body laid low in the ground,
 I wish not a tear at my grave to be shed;
 Let all join in praising around.

6 No sorrow be vented that day
 When Jesus hath called me home;
 With singing and shouting, let each brother say,
 He's gone from the evil to come.

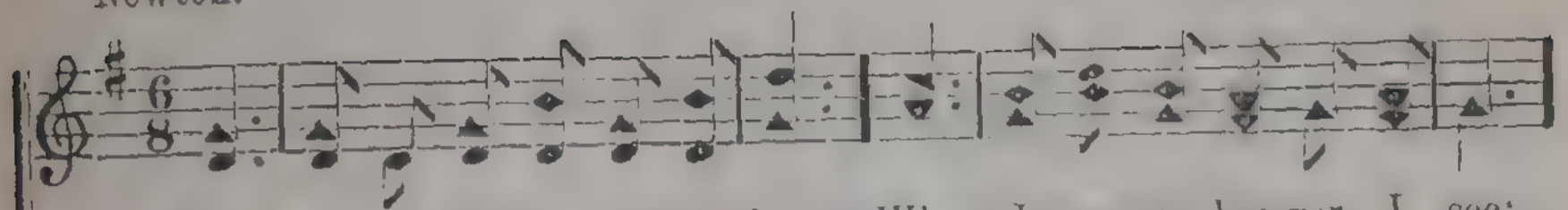
7 If souls disembodied can know,
 Or visit their brethren beneath,
 My spirit shall join you while singing you go,
 And leave all my cares in the grave.

8 Immersed in the ocean of love,
 My soul like an angel shall sing,
 Till Christ shall descend with a shout from above,
 And make all creation to ring.

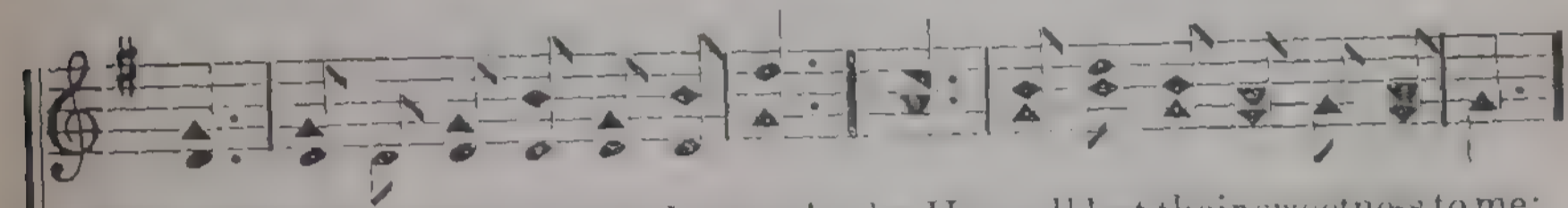
9 Our bodies in dust shall obey,
 And swifter than thought shall arise;
 Then changed in a moment, go shouting away
 To mansions of love in the skies.

Newton.

German Melody.



1. How ted-i-ous and tasteless the hours When Je-sus no lon-ger I see;



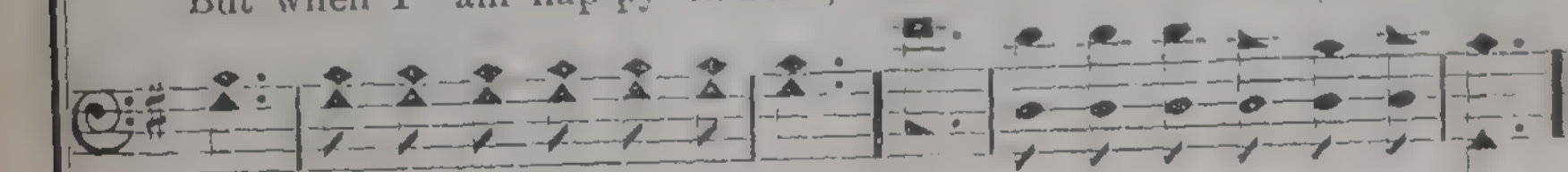
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs Have all lost their sweetness to me:



The mid-summer sun shines but dim; The fields strive in vain to look gay;



But when I am hap-py in Him, De - cem-ber'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 Content with beholding His face,
My all to His pleasure resigned,
No changes of season or place,
Would make any change in my mind;

While blessed with a sense of His love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

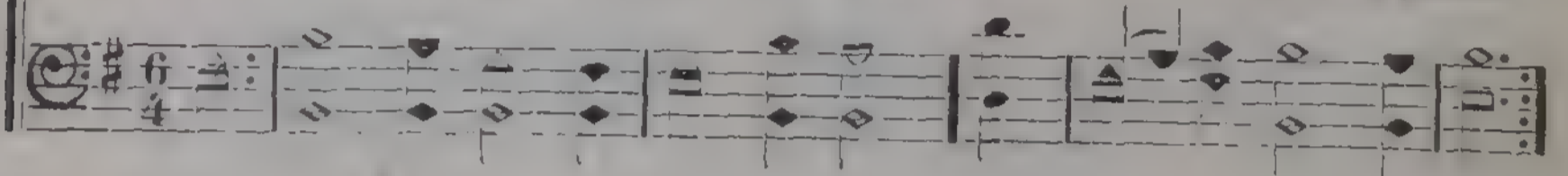
4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am Thine,
If Thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine,
And why are my winters so long?
O drive these dark clouds from my sky;
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me unto Thee on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

Newton.

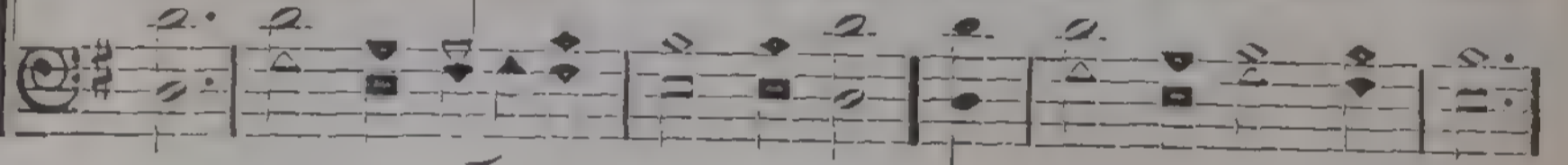
Arr. by John R. Daily.



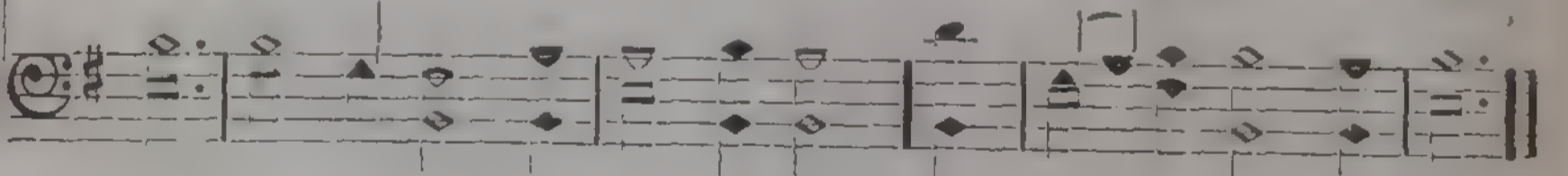
1. { A - maz ing grace (how sweet the sound!) That saved a wretch like me; }
 { I once was lost but now am found, Was blind, but now I see. }
 3. { Thro' ma - ny dan - gers, toils, and snares, I have al - read - y come; }
 { 'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home. }
 5. { Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail, And mor - tal life shall cease, }
 { I shall pos sess, with - in the vale, A life of joy and peace. }



2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re - lieved:
 4. The Lord has promised good to me, His 'word my hope se - cures;
 6. The earth shall soon dis - solve like snow, The sun for - bear to shine;



How pre - cious did that grace ap - pear, The hour I first be - lieved.
 He will my shield and por - tion be As long as life en - dures.
 But God, who called me here be - low, Will be for - ev - er mine.



- 1 From all that's mortal, all that's vain,
 And from this earthly clod,
 Arise, my soul, and strive to gain
 Sweet fellowship with God.
 2 Say, what is there beneath the skies,
 Wherever thou hast trod,
 Can suit thy wishes or thy joys,
 Like fellowship with God?
 3 Not life, nor all the toys of art,
 Nor pleasure's flowery road,
 Can to my soul such bliss impart
 As fellowship with God.
 4 When I am made in love to bear
 Affliction's needful rod,
 Light, sweet and kind the strokes appear,
 Through fellowship with God.
 5 And when the icy hand of death
 Shall chill my flowing blood,
 O, may I yield my latest breath
 In fellowship with God!
 6 When I at last to heaven ascend,
 And gain my blest abode,
 There an eternity I'll spend
 In fellowship with God.

315

C. M.

- 1 Jesus, great Shepherd of the sheep,
To Thee for help we fly;
Thy little flock in safety keep,
For O, the wolf is nigh.
- 2 He comes, of hellish malice full,
To scatter, tear and slay;
He seizes every straggling soul
As his own lawful prey.
- 3 Us into Thy protection take,
And gather with Thine arm;
Unless the fold we first forsake,
The wolf can never harm.

- 4 We laugh to scorn his cruel power,
While by our Shepherd's side;
The sheep he never can devour
Unless he first divide.
- 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.

316

Webb. 7s & 6s. D.

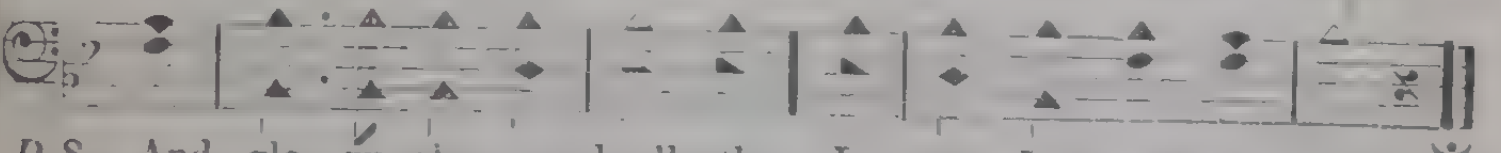
Webb.



1. Oh! Christ, He is the fount - ian, The deep, sweet well of love!
2. Oh! I am my Be - lov - ed's, And my Be - lov-ed's mine!
3. The bride eyes not her gar - ment, But her dear Bridegroom's face;



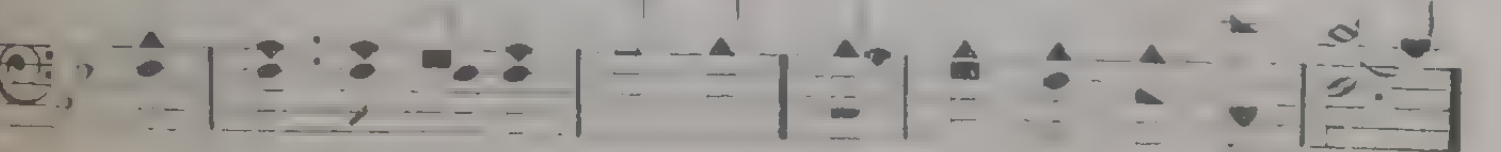
The streams on earth I've tast - ed, More deep I'll drink a - bove:
He brings a poor vile sin - ner In - to His "house of wine!"
I will not gaze at glo - ry, But on my King of Grace—



D.S.—And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In my Im - man - uel's land.
D.S.—Not e'en where glo - ry dwell - eth In my Im - man uel's land.
D.S.—The Lamb is all the glo - ry Of my Im - man uel's land.



There, to an o - cean full - ness, His mer - cy doth ex - pand,
I stand up - on His mer - it, I know no oth - er stand,
Not at the crown He giv - eth, But on His pierc - ed hand—



Watts.

1. When I can read my ti - tle clear To man-sions in the
 2. Should earth a-gainst my soul en - gage, And hell - ish darts be
 3. Let cares like a wild de - luge come, And storms of sor - row
 4. There shall I bathe my wea - ry soul In seas of heav'n - ly

skies, I bid fare - well, I bid fare - well, I bid fare -
 hurled, Then I can smile at Sa - tan's rage, Then I can
 fall; May I but safe - ly reach my home, May I but
 rest; And not a wave of troub - le roll And not a

well to ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weep - ing eyes
 smile at Sa - tan's rage, And face a frown - ing world.
 safe - ly reach my home, My God, my heav'n, my all!
 wave of troub - le roll A - cross my peace - ful breast.

A. M. Toplady.

Thos. Hastings.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee:

D. C.—Be - lieve in the dan - ble cure—Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r,

Rock of Ages. Concluded.

D.C.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flow'd,

2 Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfill the law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone—
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;

Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly:
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my heart-strings break in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

319

Cook. 7s.

Newton.

1. 'Tis a point I long to know, Oft it caus - es anx - ious tho't;
2. If I love, why am I thus? Why this dull and life - less frame?
3. Could my heart so hard re - main, Pray'r a task and bur - den prove,

Do I love the Lord, or no? Am I His, or am I not?
Hard - ly, sure, can they be worse, Who have nev - er heard His name!
Ev - 'ry tri - fle give me pain, If I knew a Saviour's love?

4 When I turn my eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild;
Filled with unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself a child?

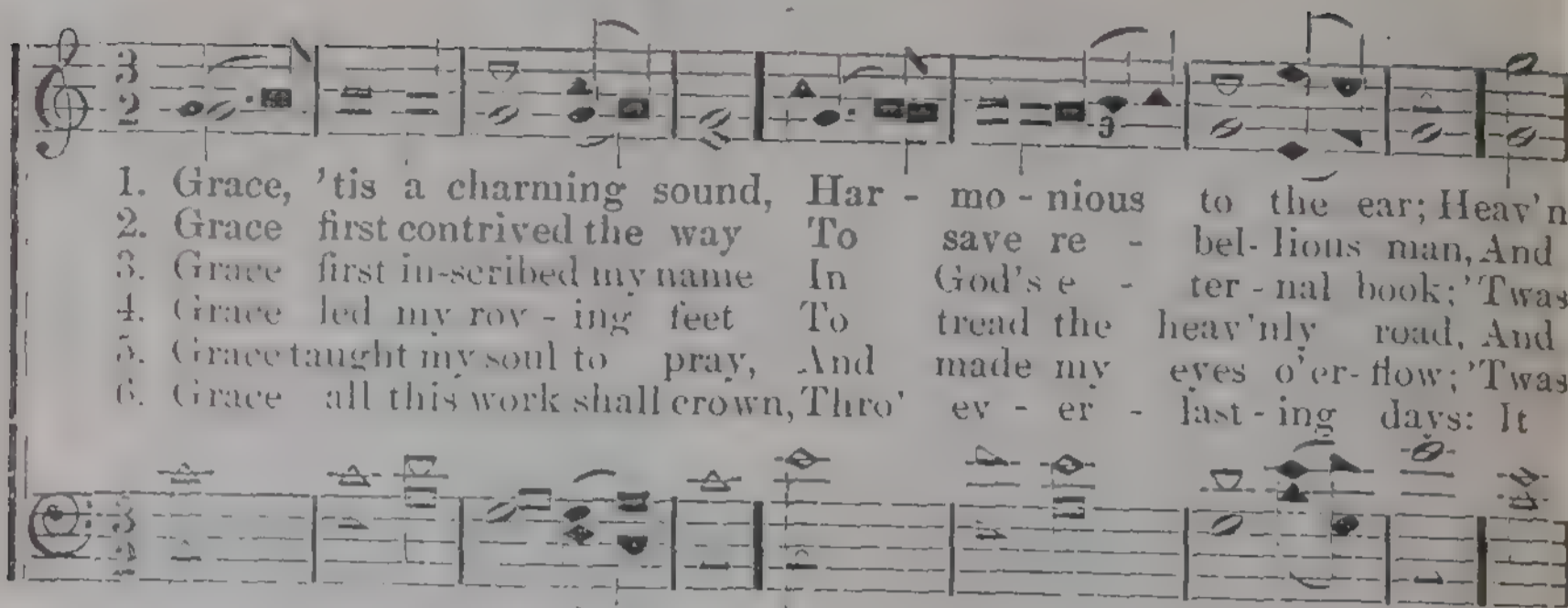
5 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mixed with all I do;
You that love the Lord indeed,
Tell me, is it thus with you?

6 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?

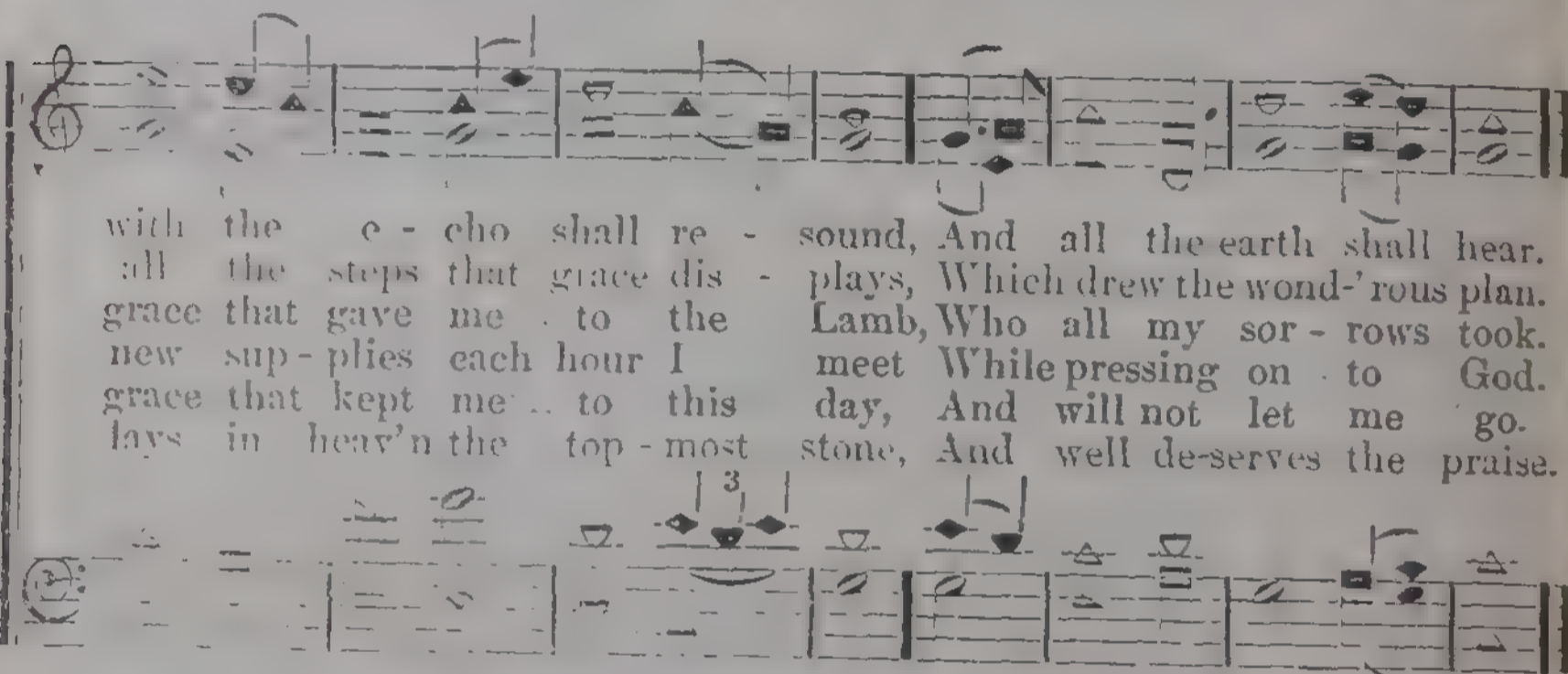
7 Could I joy His saints to meet,
Choose the ways I once abhorred,
Find, at times, the promise sweet,
If I did not love the Lord?

8 Lord, decide the doubtful case!
Thou who art Thy people's sun,
Shine upon Thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.

9 Let me love Thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray;
If I have not loved before,
Help me to begin to-day.



1. Grace, 'tis a charming sound, Har - mo - nious to the ear; Heav'n
 2. Grace first contrived the way To save re - bel - lions man, And
 3. Grace first in - scribed my name In God's e - ter - nal book; 'Twas
 4. Grace led my roy - ing feet To tread the heav'nly road, And
 5. Grace taught my soul to pray, And made my eyes o'er - flow; 'Twas
 6. Grace all this work shall crown, Thro' ev - er - last - ing days: It



with the e - cho shall re - sound, And all the earth shall hear.
 all the steps that grace dis - plays, Which drew the wond'rous plan.
 grace that gave me to the Lamb, Who all my sor - rows took.
 new sup - plies each hour I meet While pressing on to God.
 grace that kept me to this day, And will not let me go.
 lays in heav'n the top - most stone, And well de - serves the praise.

321

S. M.

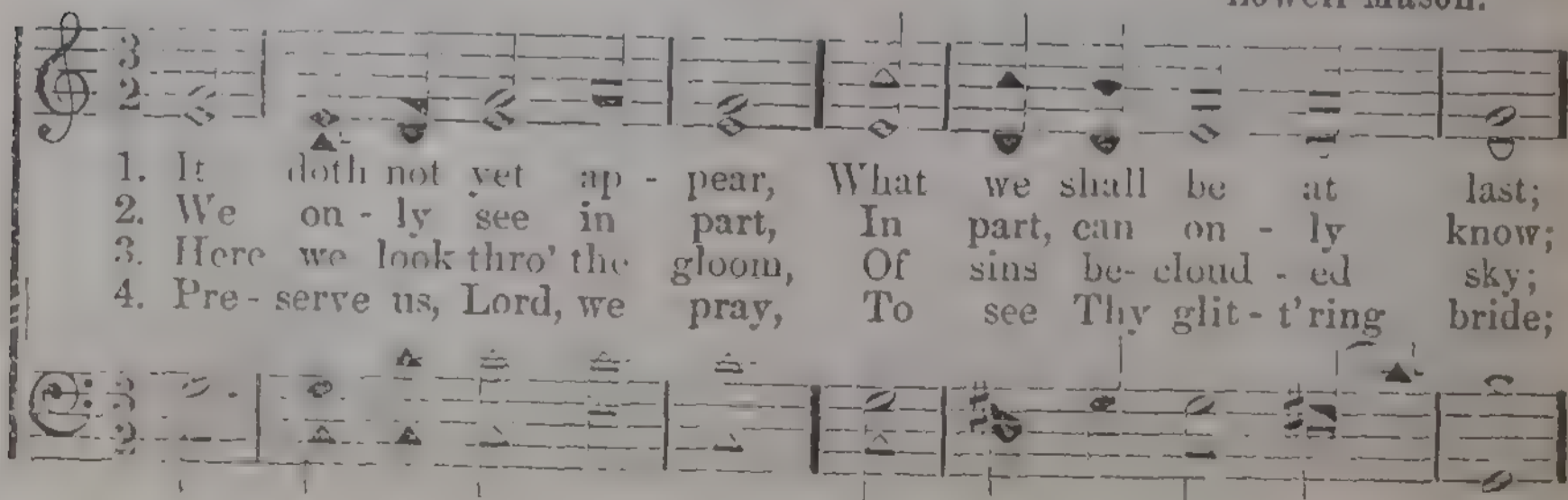
- 1 I want a heart to pray,
 To pray and never cease;
 Never to murmur at my stay,
 Or wish my sufferings less.
- 2 This blessing above all,
 Always to pray, I want;
 On Thee in each distress to call,
 And never, never faint.
- 3 I want a true regard,
 A single steady aim,
 Unmov'd by threat'nings or reward,
 To Thee and Thy great name.
- 4 A jealous, just concern
 For Thine immortal praise;
 A pure desire that all may learn
 And glorify Thy grace.
- 5 I want, with all my heart,
 Thy pleasure to fulfill;
 To know myself, and what Thou art,
 And what Thy perfect will.
- 6 I want—I know not what;
 I want my wants to see;
 I want,—alas! what want I not;
 When Thou art not in me?

322

Boylston. S. M.

F. P. Branscome.

Lowell Mason.



1. It doth not yet ap - pear, What we shall be at last;
 2. We on - ly see in part, In part, can on - ly know;
 3. Here we look thro' the gloom, Of sins be - cloud - ed sky;
 4. Pre - serve us, Lord, we pray, To see Thy glit - t'ring bride;

Boylston. S. M. Concluded.

So we should not be vexed with fear, But wait till death is past.
 But when the veil goes from our heart, Then it will not be so.
 But when we pass beyond the tomb, Je - sus we'll see on high.
 Where, in Thy like-ness, all can say, Now, we are sat - is - fied.

323

Martyn. 7s. D.

C. Wesley.

S. B. Marsh.

FINE.

1. Je - sus! lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,)
 While the raging bil - lows roll, While the tempest still is nigh! (

D.C.—Safe in - to the hav - en guide; Oh, receive my soul at last.

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

- 2 Other refuge have I none;
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
 Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me.
 All my trust on Thee is stayed;
 All my help from Thee I bring:
 Cover my defenseless head
 With the shadow of Thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
 More than all in Thee I find;
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind:

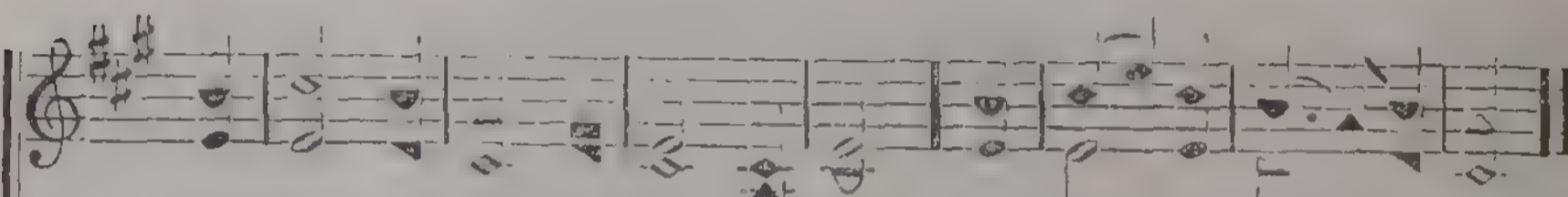
- Just and holy is Thy name,
 I am all unrighteousness;
 Vile and full of sin I am;
 Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found—
 Grace to pardon all my sin:
 Let the healing streams abound;
 Make and keep me pure within:
 Thou of Life the fountain art!
 Freely let me take of Thee;
 Spring Thou up within my heart;
 Rise to all eternity!

W. H. Bathurst.

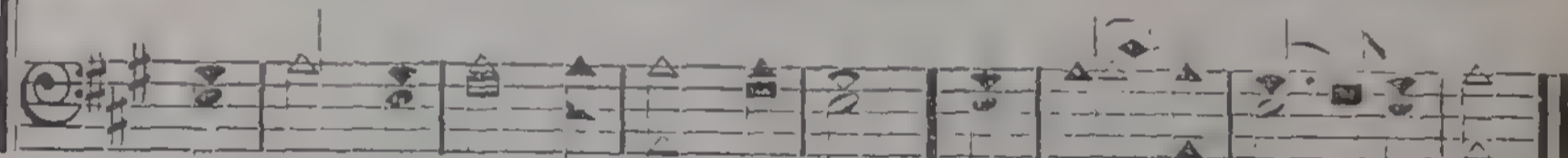
R. Simpson.



1. O for a faith that will not shrink, 'Tho' press'd by ev - 'ry foe;
2. That will not mur-mur nor com-plain, Be-neath the chast'ning rod;
3. A faith that shines more bright and clear When tempests rage without;
4. Lord, give us each such faith as this, And then, what-e'er may come,



- That will not trem-ble on the brink Of an - y earth - ly woe.
 But, in the hour of grief and pain, Will lean up - on its God.
 That when in dan - ger knows no fear, In dark-ness feels no doubt.
 We'll taste, e'en here, the hal - lowed bliss Of an e - ter - nal home.



325

C. M.

- 1 To Christ, the Lord, let every tongue
Its noblest tribute bring;
When He's the subject of the song,
Who can refuse to sing?
- 2 Survey the beauties of His face,
And on His glories dwell;
Think of the wonders of His grace,
And all His triumphs tell.
- 3 Majestic sweetness sits enthroned
Upon His awful brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.
- 4 No mortal can with Him compare
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is He than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.
- 5 He saw me plunged in deep distress—
He flew to my relief;
For me He bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.
- 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.

326

C. M.

WATTS.

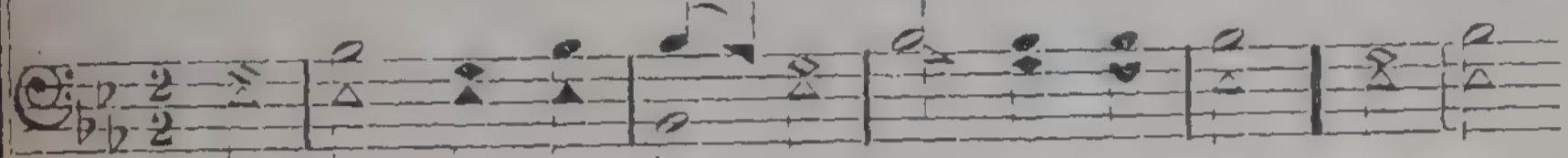
- 1 Plunged in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful gleam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.
- 2 With pitying eyes, the Prince of Grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and (O, amazing love!)
He ran to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste He fled,
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.
- 4 He spoiled the powers of darkness thus,
And broke our dreadful chains;
Jesus has freed our captive souls
From everlasting pains.
- 5 O, for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.
- 6 Angels, assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes
His love can ne'er be told.

Newton.

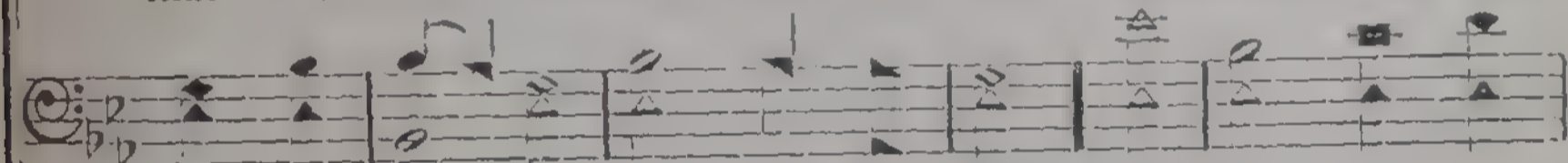
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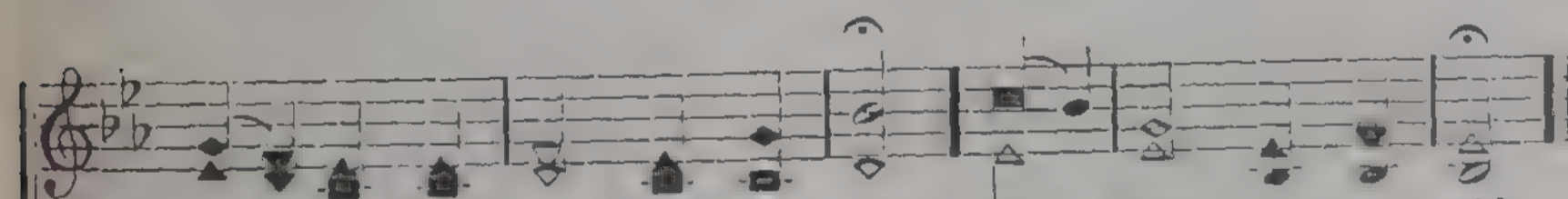
1. Though trou - bles as - sail and dan - gers af - fright, Tho' friends
 2. The birds with - out barn or store-house are fed; From them
 3. His call we o - bey, like Abraham of old, Not know -
 4. When Sa - tan ap - pears to stop up our path And fill
 5. He tells us we're weak, our hope is in vain, The good



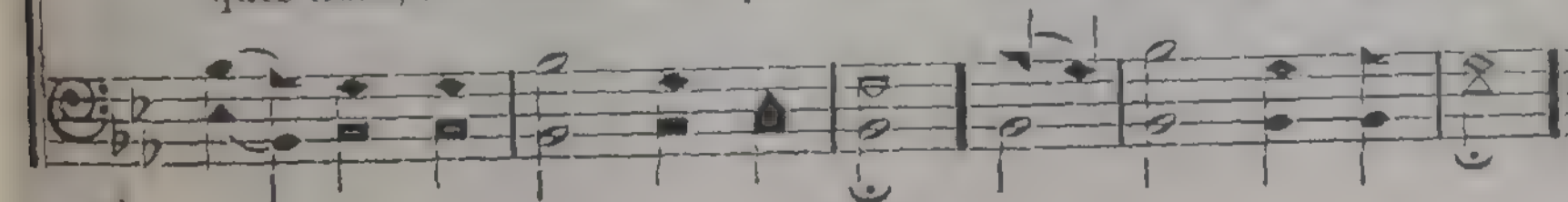
should all fail and foes all u - nite— Yet one thing se -
 let us learn to trust for our bread; His saints what is
 ing our way, but faith makes us bold; For though we are
 us with fears, we tri - umph by faith; He can - not take
 that we seek we ne'er shall ob - tain; But when such sug -



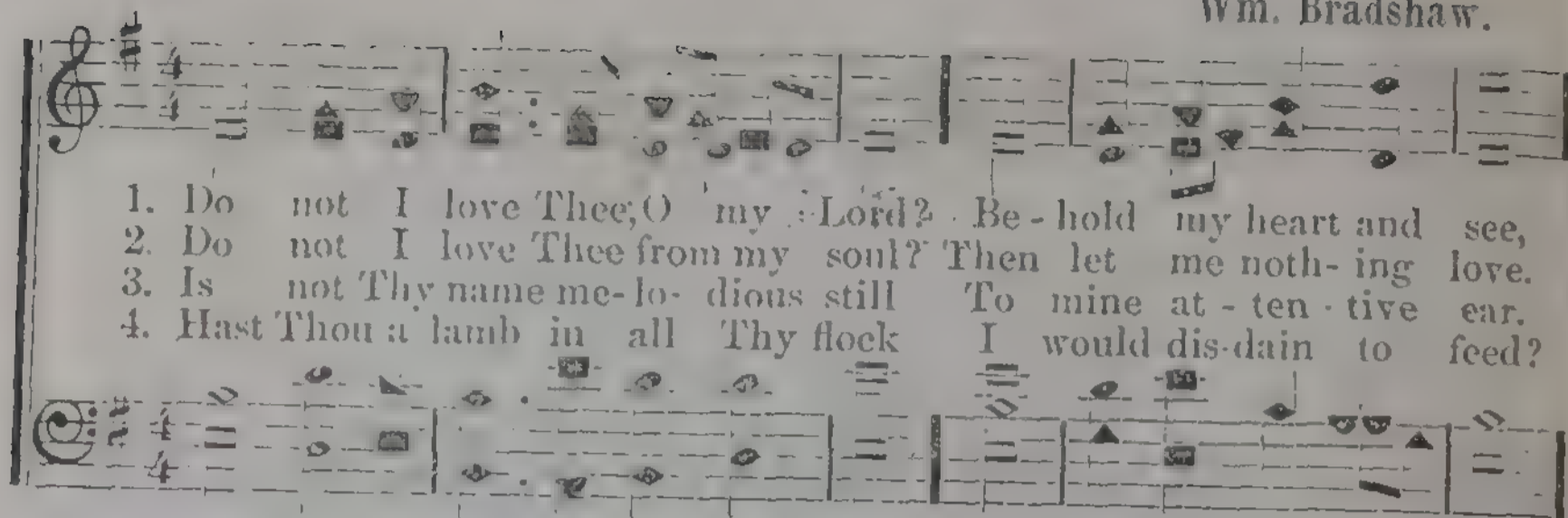
cures us, what - ev - er be - tide, The scrip - ture as -
 fit - ting shall not be de - nied, So long as 'tis
 stran - gers, we have a good guide, And trust in all
 from us though oft he has tried, This heart - cheer - ing
 ges - tions our spir - its have tried, This an - swers all



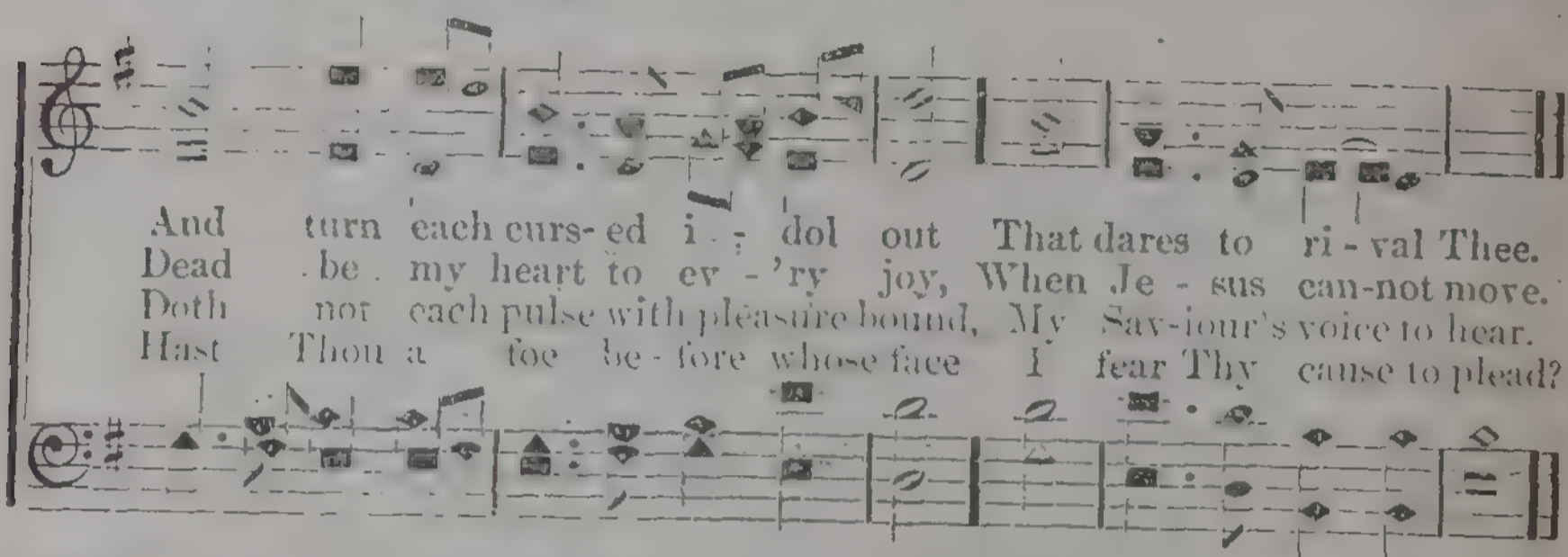
sures us the Lord will pro - vide, The Lord will pro - vide.
 writ - ten the Lord will pro - vide, The Lord will pro - vide.
 dan - gers, the Lord will pro - vide, The Lord will pro - vide.
 prom - ise, the Lord will pro - vide, The Lord will pro - vide.
 ques - tions, the Lord will pro - vide, The Lord will pro - vide.



Wm. Bradshaw.



1. Do not I love Thee, O my Lord? Be-hold my heart and see,
 2. Do not I love Thee from my soul? Then let me noth-ing love.
 3. Is not Thy name me-lo-dious still To mine at-ten-tive ear.
 4. Hast Thou a lamb in all Thy flock I would dis-dain to feed?



And turn each curs-ed i-dol out That dares to ri-val Thee.
 Dead be my heart to ev-'ry joy, When Je-sus can-not move.
 Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound, My Sav-iour's voice to hear.
 Hast Thou a foe be-fore whose face I fear Thy cause to plead?

- 5 Would not my ardent spirit vie
 With angels round the throne,
 To execute Thy sacred will,
 And make Thy glory known?
- 6 Would not my heart pour forth its blood
 In honor of Thy name,
 And challenge the cold hand of death
 To damp the immortal flame?
- 7 Thou know'st I love Thee, dearest Lord,
 But O, I long to soar
 Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
 And learn to love Thee more.

329

C. M.

- 1 The Lord will happiness divine
 On contrite hearts bestow;
 Then tell me, gracious God, is mine
 A contrite heart, or no?
- 2 I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
 Insensible as steel;
 If aught is felt 'tis only pain:
 To find, I can not feel.
- 3 I sometimes think myself inclined
 To love Thee, if I could;
 But often feel another mind
 Averse to all that's good.
- 4 My best desires are faint and few,
 I fain would strive for more;
 But when I cry, "My strength renew,"
 Seem weaker than before.

- 5 Thy saints are comforted, I know,
 And love Thy house of prayer;
 I sometimes go where others go,
 But find no comfort there.

- 6 O, make this heart rejoice or ache,
 Decide this doubt for me;
 And if it be not broken, break
 And heal it, if it be.

330

C. M. HEGENBOTHAM.

- 1 Come, humble souls! ye mourners come,
 And wipe away your tears;
 Adieu to all your sad complaints,
 Your sorrows and your fears.
- 2 Come, shout aloud the Father's grace,
 And sing the Saviour's love;
 Soon shall you join the glorious theme
 In loftier strains above.
- 3 Thanks to my God for every gift
 His bounteous hands bestow;
 And thanks eternal for that love
 Whence all those comforts flow.
- 4 Forever let my grateful heart
 His boundless grace adore,
 Which gives ten thousand blessings now
 And bids me hope for more.
- 5 Transporting hope! still in my soul
 Let Thy sweet glories shine,
 Till Thou Thyself art lost in joys
 Immortal and divine.

1. What emp-ty things are all the skies, And this in-fer-ior clod!
 2. How vain a toy is glitt'ring wealth, If once compared to Thee:
 3. Were I pos-sess-or of the earth, And called the stars my own,
 4. Let oth-ers stretch their arms like seas, And grasp in all the shore:

There's nothing here deserves my joys, There's nothing like my God.
 Or what's my safe-ty, or my health, Or all my friends, to me?
 With-out Thy gra-ces and Thy-self, I were a wretch un-done.
 Grant me the vis-its of Thy face, And I de-sire no more.

332

C. M.

- 1 I love the Lord; He heard my cries,
And pitied every groan:
Long as I live, when troubles rise,
I'll hasten to His throne.
- 2 I love the Lord; He bowed His ear,
And chased my griefs away;
O let my heart no more despair,
While I have breath to pray!
- 3 My flesh declined, my spirits fell,
And I drew near the dead,
While inward pangs, and fears of hell,
Perplexed my wakeful head.
- 4 "My God," I cried, "Thy servant save,
Thou ever good and just;
Thy power can rescue from the grave,
Thy power is all my trust."
- 5 The Lord beheld me sore distressed,
He bade my pains remove;
Return, my soul, to God, thy rest,
For thou hast known His love.
- 6 My God hath saved my soul from death,
And dried my falling tears;
Now in His praise I'll spend my breath,
And my remaining years.

333

C. M.

- 1 We seek a rest beyond the skies,
In everlasting day; [lies,
Through floods and flames the passage
But Jesus guards the way.

- 2 The swelling flood and raging flame,
Hear and obey His word;
Then let us triumph in His name,
Our Saviour is the Lord.

334

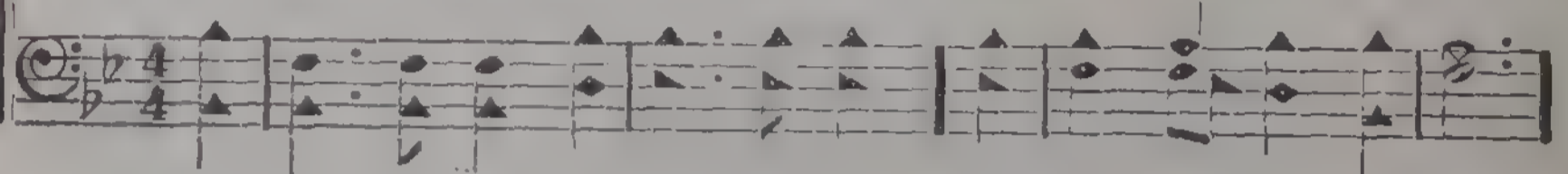
C. M.

- 1 O could I find, from day to day,
A nearness to my God;
Then should 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 O Jesus, come and rule my heart,
And make me wholly Thine;
And never, never more depart,
But be forever mine.
- 4 Thus, till my last expiring breath,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And when my flesh dissolves in death,
My soul shall love Thee more.
- 5 Through boundless grace I then shall spend
An everlasting day,
In the embraces of my Friend,
Who took my guilt away.
- 6 That worthy name shall have the praise,
To whom all praise is due;
While every ransomed soul shall gaze
On scenes forever new.

Wm. B. Bradbury.



1. I love to steal a-while a-way From ev - 'ry cumb-'ring care,
2. I love in sol - i - tude to shed The pen - i - ten - tial tear,
3. I love to think on mer - cies past, And fu - ture good im-plore,
4. I love by faith to take a view Of bright-er scenes in heav'n;
5. Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er, May its de - part - ing ray



- And spend the hours of set - ting day In hum-ble, grate - ful pray'r.
 And all His prom - is - es to plead Where none but God can hear.
 And all my cares and sor - rows cast On Him whom I a - dore.
 The pros-pect doth my strength renew, While here by tem - pest driv'n.
 Be calm as this im-press-ive hour, And lead to end - less day.



336

C. M.

MILLMAN.

- 1 Oh, help us Lord! each hour of need,
Thy heavenly succor give;
Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live.
- 2 Oh, help us when our spirits bleed,
With contrite anguish tore.
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
Oh, help us! Lord, the more.
- 3 Oh, help us thro' the prayer of faith,
More firmly to believe;
For still the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.
- 4 If strangers to Thy fold we call,
Imploring at Thy feet,
The crumbs that from Thy table fall,
'Tis all we dare entreat.
- 5 But be it, Lord of mercy, all,
So Thou wilt grant but this;
The crumbs that from Thy table fall
Are light, and life, and bliss.

337

C. M.

- 1 O, happy they who know the Lord,
With whom He deigns to dwell!
He feeds and cheers them by His word—
His arm supports them well.
- 2 To them, in each distressing hour,
His throne of grace is near,
And when they plead His love and pow'r
He stands engaged to hear.
- 3 His presence sweetens all our cares,
And makes our burdens light;
A word from Him dispels our fears,
And gilds the gloom of night.
- 4 Lord, we expect to suffer here,
Nor would we dare repine;
But give us still to find Thee near,
And own us still for Thine.
- 5 Let us enjoy and highly prize
These tokens of Thy love,
Till Thou shalt bid our spirits rise
To dwell with Thee above.

Popular Old Melody, Arr.

1. { From whence doth this un - ion a - rise, That
It fast - ens our souls in such ties, That

D.C.—It grows on Im - man - u - el's ground, And

ha - tred is con - quered by love? } 2. It can - not in
na - ture and time can't re - move. }

Je - sus' dear blood it did cost.

E - den be found, Nor yet in a par - a - dise lost;

3 My friends are so precious to me,
Our hearts all united in love;
Where Jesus is gone we shall be,
In yonder blest mansions above.

4 O! why then so loth for to part,
Since we shall ere long meet again,
Engraved on Immanuel's heart,
At distance we cannot remain.

5 And when we shall see that bright
day,
And join with the angels above,
Leaving these vile bodies of clay,
United with Jesus in love.

6 With Jesus we ever shall reign,
And all His bright glories shall see,
Singing hallelujah, Amen,
Amen, even so let it be.

339

C. M.

TOPLADY.

1 A Sovereign Protector I have,
Unseen, yet for ever at hand;
Unchangeably faithful to save;
Almighty to rule and command!

2 He smiles, and my comforts abound;
His grace as the dew shall descend;
And walls of salvation surround
The souls He delights to defend!

3 Kind author and ground of my hope,
Thee, Thee for my God I avow;
My glad Ebenezer set up, [now,
And own Thou hast helped me till

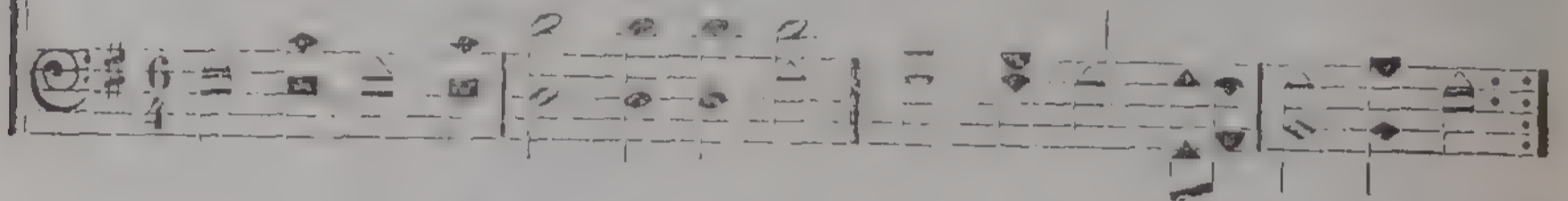
4 I muse on the years that are past,
Wherein my defense Thou hast
proved:
Nor wilt Thou relinquish at last
A sinner so signally loved!

Humility.

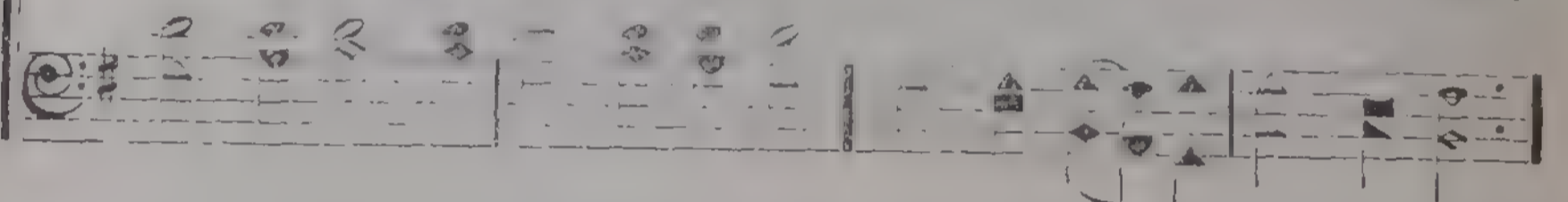
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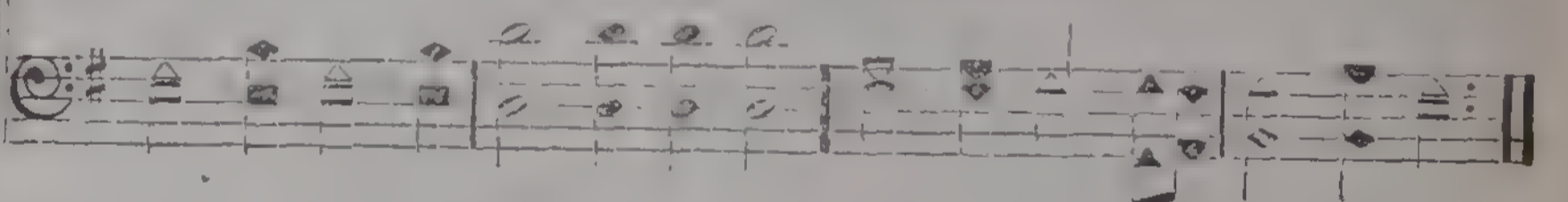
1. { Je-sus, full of all com-pas-sion, Hear the hum-ble suppliant's cry; }
 { Let me know Thy great sal-va-tion, Ere I lan-guish, faint and die! }
 2. { Whither should a wretch be fly-ing, But to Him who com-fort gives? }
 { Whither, from the dread of dy-ing, But to Him who ev-er lives? }



Guilt - y, but with heart re-lent-ing, O - ver-whelm'd with helpless grief,
 With-out Thee, the world possessing, I should be a wretch un-done;



Pros-trate at Thy feet re-pent-ing, Send, O send me quick re-lief!
 Search thro' heav'n, the land of bless-ing, Seek-ing good, and find-ing none.



Uxbridge. L. M.

Dr. Lowell Mason.



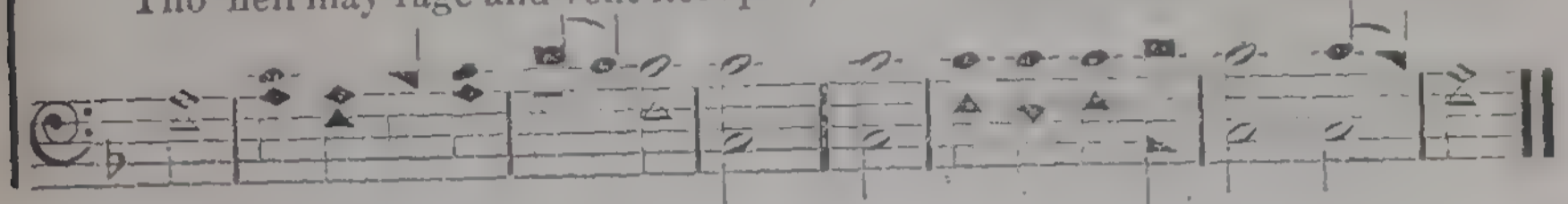
1. Come, ye that love the Lord indeed, Who are from sin and bondage freed,
 2. Great trib-u-la-tion you shall meet, But soon shall walk the golden street;



Uxbridge. L. M. Concluded.



Sub-mit to all the ways of God, And walk this narrow, happy road.
Tho' hell may rage and vent her spite, Yet Christ will save His heart's delight.



3 The happy day will soon appear,
When Gabriel's trumpet you shall hear;
Sound thro' the earth, yea, down to hell,
To call the nations, great and small.

4 Behold the skies in burning flames,
The trumpet louder still proclaims;
The world must hear and know their doom,
The separation now is come.

5 Behold the righteous marching home,
And all the angels bid them come;
While Christ the Judge their joy proclaims,
Here come my saints, I own their names.

6 In grandeur see the royal line,
Whose glittering robes the sun outshine;
See saints and angels join in one,
And march in splendor round the throne.

342

The Prodigal Son.

Arr. by J. H. H.



1. Far, far a-way from my loving Fa-ther, I had been wand'ring, wayward, wild;
2. Fain had I fed on the husks around me, Till to myself I came, and said,
3. "I will a-rise, though faint and wea-ry, Home to my Father I will go;
4. "Father," I'll say, "I have sinn'd before Thee, No more may I be call'd Thy son,

CHO. 1, 2, 3 v. I will a-rise and go to Je - sus, He will embrace me in His arms,
CHO. 4th v. Then I arose and came to my Fa-ther— Mer-cy a-maz-ing! love unknown!

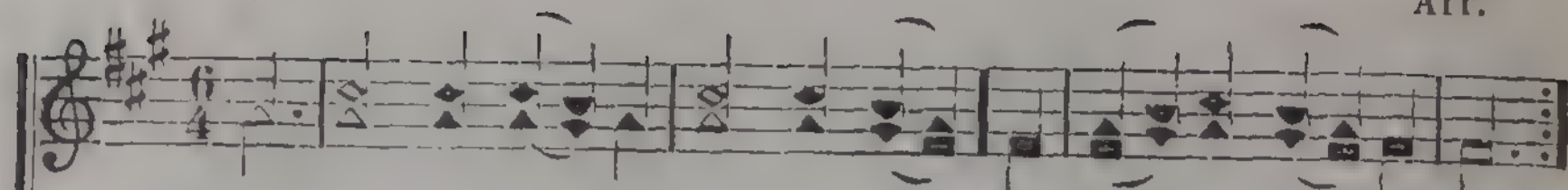


Fear - ing on - ly lest His an-ger
"Plen - ty have my Father's servant's,
Woe is me that e'er I wandered;
Make me on - ly as Thy ser-vant,
In the arms of my dear Sav-iour,
He be - held me, ran, embraced me,



O - ver-take His sin - ful child.
Per-ish I for want of bread."
Ah, that I such need should know!"
Pit - y. me, a wretch un-done!"
Oh, there are ten thou-sand charms:
Pardoned, welcomed, called me "son!"



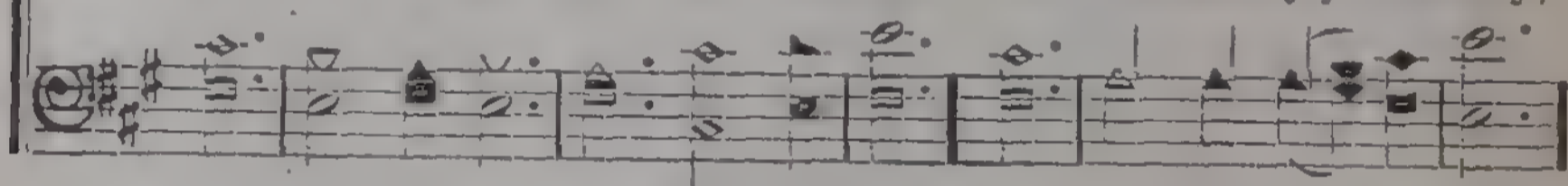

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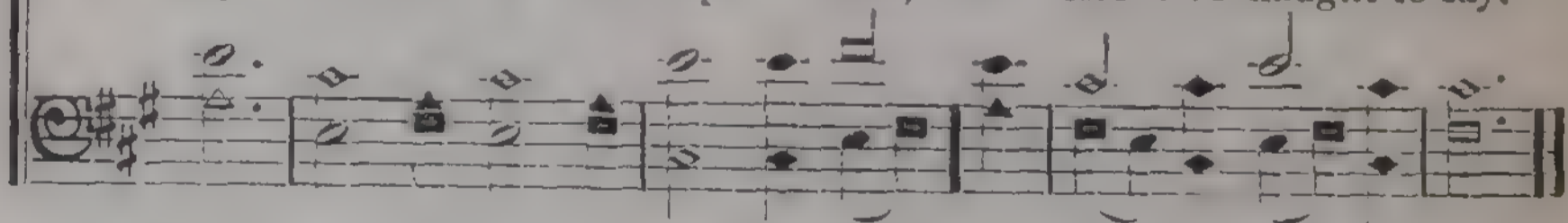
1. { Oh, once I had a glo-ri-ous view, Of my Re-deem-ing Lord, }
 { He said, "I'll be a God to you," And I be-lieved His word. }
 2. { Oh, what im-mor-tal joys I felt, On that cel-es-tial day, }
 { When my hard heart be-gan to melt, By love dis-solved a-way! }
 3. { Once I could joy His saints to meet, To me they were most dear; }
 { I then could stoop to wash their feet, And shed a joy-ful tear; }

But now I have a deep-er stroke, Than all my groan-ings are;
 But my complaint is bit-ter now, For all my joys are gone;
 But now I meet them as the rest, And with them joy-less stay;

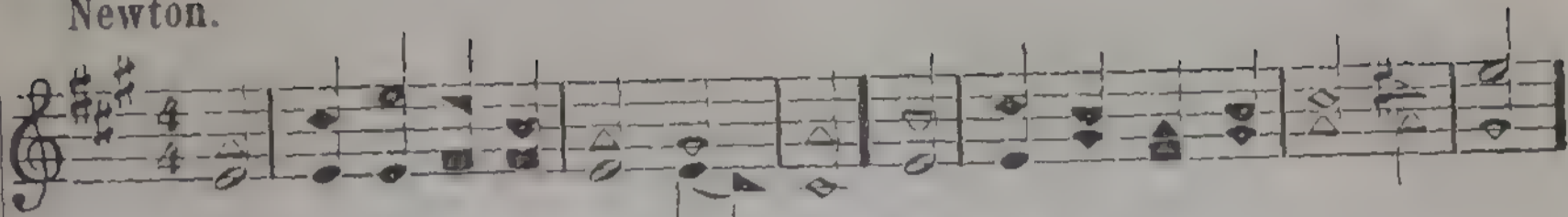
My God has me of late for-sook,—He's gone I know not where.
 I've strayed, I'm left, I know not how; The light's from me withdrawn.
 My con-ver-sa-tion's spir-it-less, Or else I've naught to say.



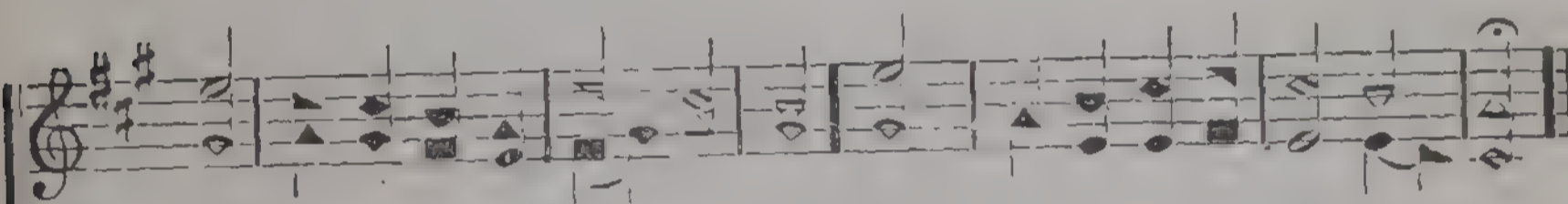
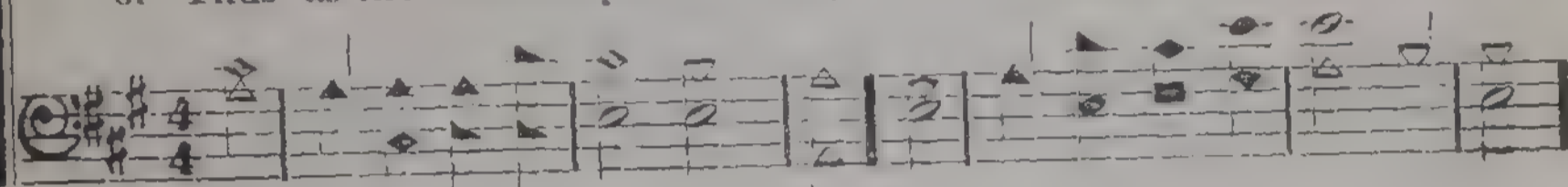
4 I forward go in duty's way,
 But can't perceive Him there;
 Then backwards on the road I stray,
 But cannot find Him there:
 On the left hand where He doth work,
 Among the wicked crew,
 And on the right, I find Him not,
 Among the favored few.

5 What shall I do? Shall I lie down,
 And sink in deep despair?
 Will He forever wear a frown,
 Nor hear my feeble prayer?
 No; He will put His strength in me,
 He knows the way I've strolled;
 And when I'm tried sufficiently,
 I shall come forth as gold.

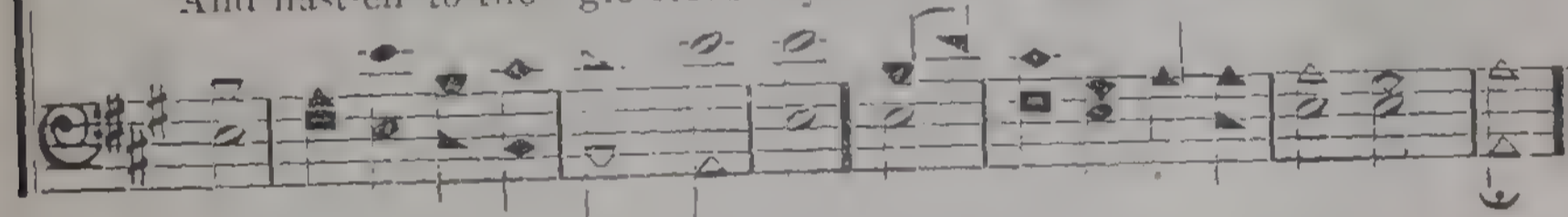
Newton.



1. Kin-dred in Christ, for His dear sake A heart-y welcome here re-ceive;
2. To you and us by grace 'tis giv'n To know the Saviour's precious name;
3. May He, by whose kind care we meet, Send His good Spirit from a-bove,
4. For-gotten be each worldly theme, When Christians see each other thus:
5. We'll talk of all He did and said, And suffered for us here be-low;
6. Thus as the moments pass a-way, We'll love, and wonder, and a-dore;



May we togeth-er now par-take The joys which only He can give.
 And shortly we shall meet in heav'n, Our hope, our way, our end the same.
 Make our communi - ca - tion sweet, And cause our hearts to burn with love.
 We on-ly wish to speak of Him Who lived, and died, and reigns for us.
 The path He marked for us to tread, And what He's doing for us now.
 And hast-en to the glo-rious day When we shall meet to part no more.



345

L. M.

KENT.

- 1 'Twas with an everlasting love
That God His own elect embraced
Before He made the worlds above,
Or earth on her huge columns placed.
- 2 Long ere the sun's refulgent ray
Primeval shades of darkness drove,
They on His sacred bosom lay,
Loved with an everlasting love.
- 3 Then, in His love and His decrees,
Christ and His bride appeared as one;
Her sin, by imputation, His,
Whilst she in spotless splendor shone.
- 4 Believer, here Thy comfort stands,
From first to last salvation's free;
And everlasting love demands
An everlasting song from Thee.

346

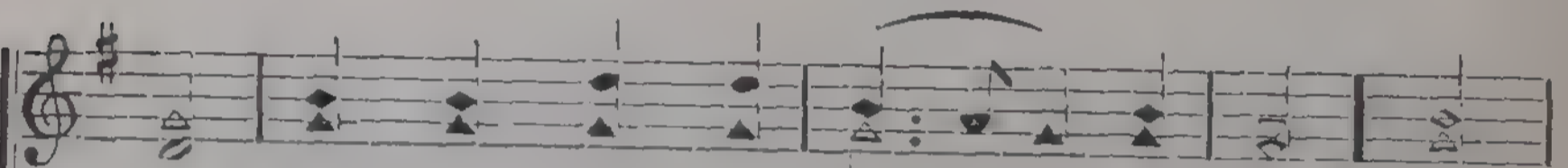
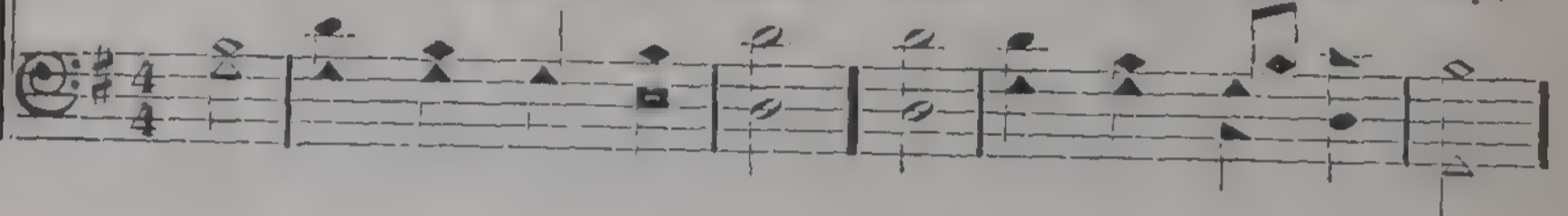
L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

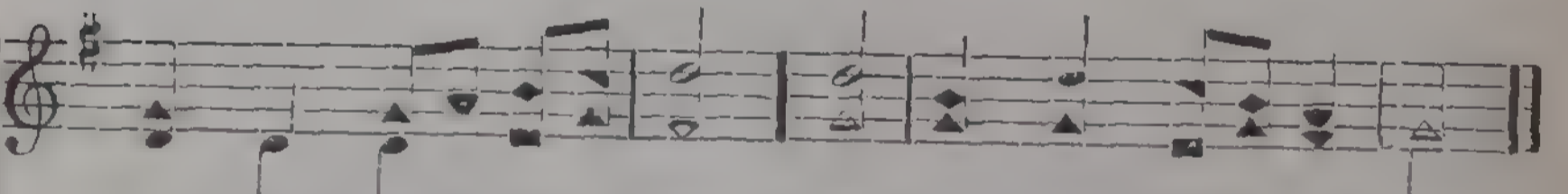
- 1 How sad and awful is my state!
The very thing I do I hate;
When I to God draw near in prayer,
I feel the conflict even there.
- 2 I mourn because I can not mourn;
I hate my sin, yet can not turn;
I grieve because I can not grieve
I hear the truth, but can't believe.
- 3 Yet, Lord, the blood which Thou hast
Can make this rocky heart to melt; [spilt
Thy blood can make me clean within;
Thy blood can pardon all my sin.
- 4 On this rich blood my faith is found.
And on this hope I fix my ground;
Soon shall I reach th' eternal shore,
Where doubts and fears prevail no more.



1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known;
 2. The sor - rows of the mind Be ban - ished from the place;
 3. Let those re - fuse to sing That nev - er knew our God;
 4. The men of grace have found Glo - ry be - gun be - low;
 5. The hill of Zi - on yields A thou - sand sa - cred sweets
 6. Then let our songs a - bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry;



Join in a song with sweet ac - cord, And
 Re - lig - ion nev - er was de - signed To
 But chil - dren of the heav'n - ly King, May
 Ce - les - tial fruits on earth - ly ground, From
 Be - fore we reach the heav'n - ly fields, Or
 We're march - ing through Im - man - uel's ground, To



thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.
 make our pleas - ures less, To make our pleas - ures less.
 speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a - broad.
 faith and hope may grow, From faith and hope may grow.
 walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.
 fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.



1 I would, but cannot sing,
 I would, but cannot pray;
 For Satan meets me when I try,
 And frights my soul away.

2 I would, but can't repent,
 Though I endeavor oft;
 This stony heart can ne'er relent
 Till Jesus makes it soft.

3 I would, but cannot love,
 Though loved by love divine;
 No arguments have power to move
 A soul so base as mine.

4 I would, but cannot rest
 In God's most holy will;
 I know what He appoints is best,
 Yet murmur at it still.

5 O could I but believe!
 Then all would easy be;
 I would, but cannot—Lord, relieve;
 My help must come from Thee!

6 But if indeed I would,
 Though I can nothing do,
 Yet the desire is something good,
 For which my praise is due.

7 By nature prone to ill,
 Till Thine appointed hour.
 I was as destitute of will
 As now I am of power.

8 Wilt Thou not crown at length
 The work Thou hast begun?
 And with the will afford me strength
 In all Thy ways to run?

349

Shepherd. S. M.

Wyatt Minshall.

1. The Lord my Shep - herd is, I shall be well sup -
 2. He leads me to the place Where heav'n - ly pas - ture

plied; Since He is mine, and I am His What
 grows, Where liv - ing wa - ters gent - ly pass, And

can I want be - side? What can I want be - side?
 full sal - va - tion flows, And full sal - va - tion flows.

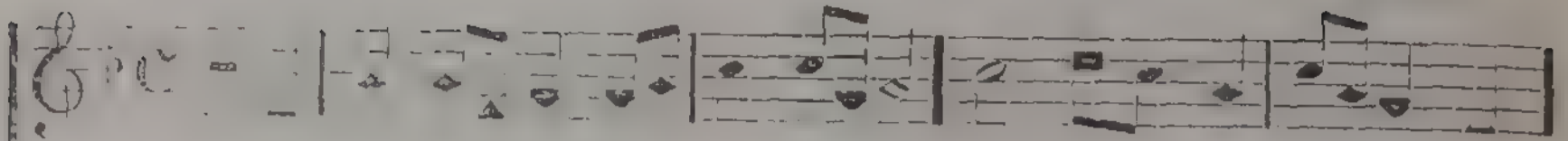
3 If e'er I go astray,
 He doth my soul reclaim,
 And guides me in His own right way
 For His most holy name.

4 While He affords His aid,
 I cannot yield to fear, [shade.
 Tho' I shall walk thro' death's dark
 My Shepherd's with me there.

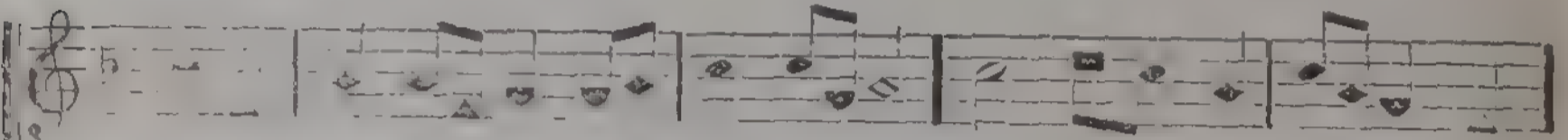
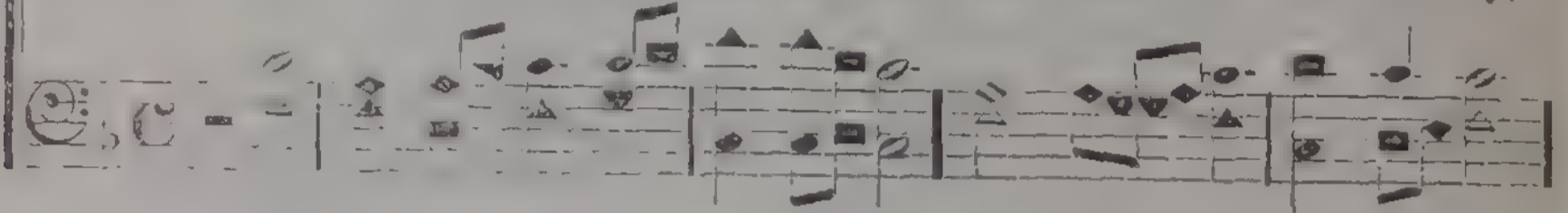
5 Amid surrounding foes
 Thou dost my table spread;
 My cup with blessings overflows,
 And joy exalts my head.

6 The bounties of Thy love
 Shall crown my future days;
 Nor from Thy house will I remove,
 Nor cease to speak Thy praise.

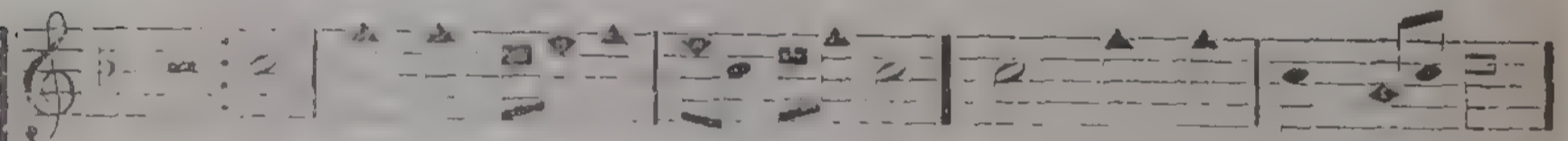
Moore.



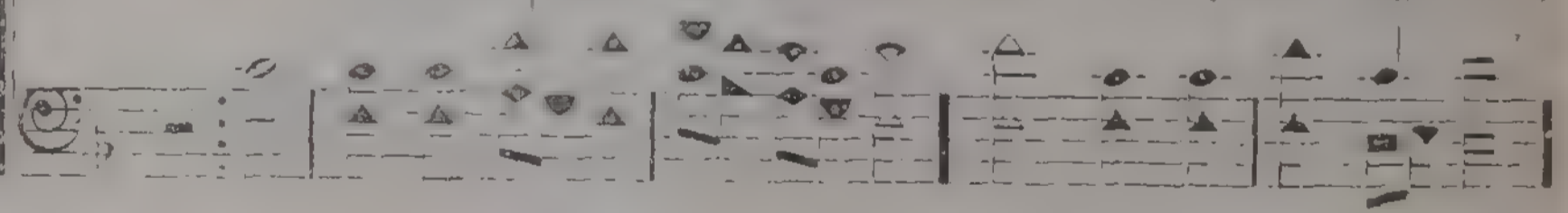
1. While I'm in pris - on here be-low, In an - guish, pain and smart,
2. I view the mon-ster death and smile, Now he has lost his sting;
3. A few more days, or years at most, My tri - als will be o'er;
4. O, come, my Sav-iour, come a-way, And bear me thro' the sky,



Oft - times those troubles I fore-go When love surrounds my heart.
 Though Sa - tan rag - es all the while I still the triumph sing;
 I hope to join the heav-'nly host On that e - ter-nal shore;
 Nor let Thy char-iot wheels de-lay—Make haste and bring it nigh;



In dark est shudows of the night Faith mounts the up - per sky;
 I hold my Sav-iour in my arms, And will not let Him go;
 My raptured soul shall drink and feast In love's un-bound-ed sea;
 I hope to see Thy glo - rious face And in Thy im - age shine,



I there be-hold my heart's de-light, And would re-joice to die. die.
 I'm so de-light-ed with His charms No oth - er good I know. know.
 The glorious hope of end - less rest Is rav-ish - ing to me. me.
 To triumph in vic - to - rious grace, And be for - ev - er Thine. Thine.





1. 'Tis hard, when we are sick and poor, And they who loved us, love no more,
When riches, health, and friends are gone, To say, "O Lord, Thy will be done:"



Yet, Lord, I would to Thee resign, And say, "My Father's will be mine."



2 'Tis hard, when in our soul's distress,
All, all around is wilderness,
When herbs and quenching streams
there's none,
To say, "My Father's will be done."
Yet, Lord, I would to Thee resign,
And say, "My Father's will be mine."

3 And yet, how light our sorrows be,
To His, in dark Gethsemane,
Who drank the cup, with stifled groan,
And said, "My Father's will be done."
Dear Lord, may I to Thee resign,
And say, "My Father's will be mine."

352

GRANT.

1 When gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On Him I lean, who, not in vain,
Experienced every human pain;
He feels my griefs, He sees my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray,
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the ill I would not do;
Still He, who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

3 When vexing thoughts within me rise,
And, sore dismayed, my spirit dies;
Then He who once vouchsafed to bear
The sickening anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

353

1 This is the field, —the world below,
Where wheat and tares together grow
Where oft we see, in mingled band,
Sinners and saints together stand;
But soon the reaping-time will come,
And angels shout the harvest-home.

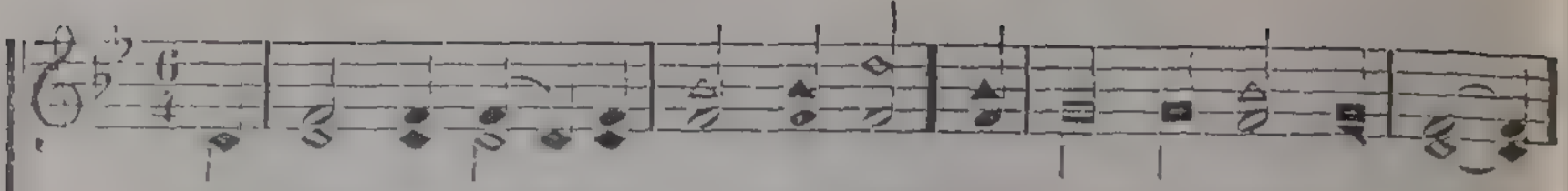
2 We seem as one when thus we meet
And bow before the mercy-seat;
But to the Lord's all-searching eyes
Each heart appears without disguise;
And soon the reaping-time will come,
And angels shout the harvest-home.

3 To love my sins, a saint to appear,
To grow with wheat, and be a tare,
May serve me while on earth below,
Where tares and wheat together grow;
But soon the reaping-time will come,
And angels shout the harvest-home.

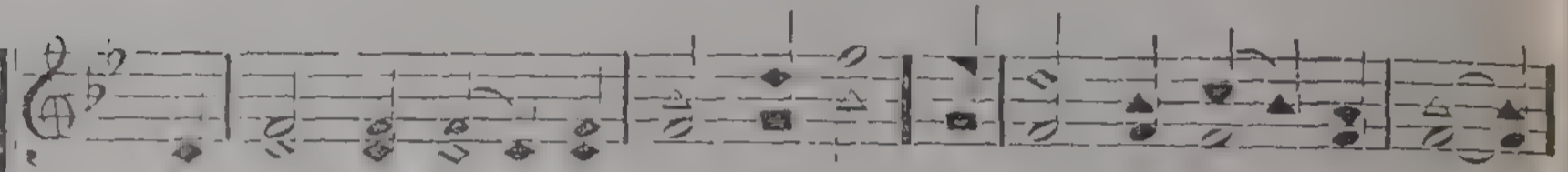
4 Most awful truth, and is it so?
Must all mankind the harvest know?
Is every one a wheat or tare?—
Me for the harvest, Lord, prepare:
For soon the reaping-time will come,
And angels shout the harvest-home.

5 Then all who truly righteous are
Shall in their Father's kingdom share;
But tares in bundles shall be bound,
And cast in hell: oh, doleful sound!
And soon the reaping-time will come,
And angels shout the harvest-home.

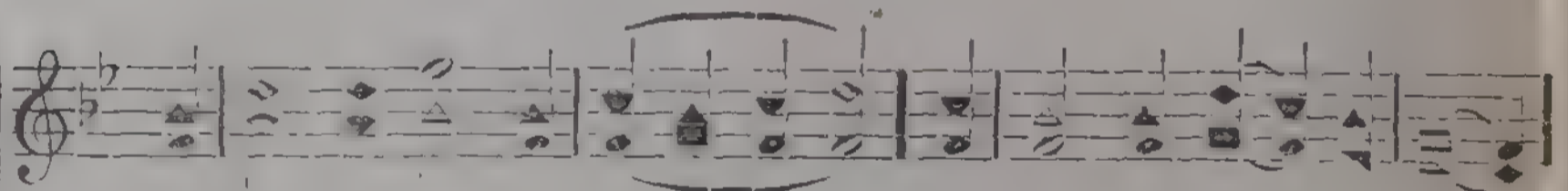
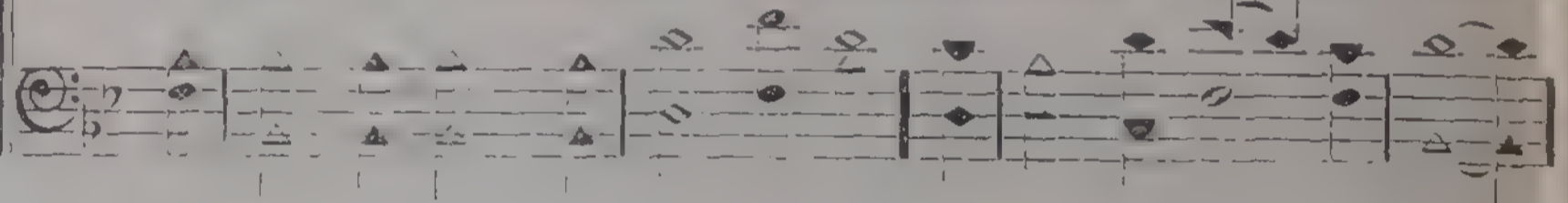
Reconciliation. C. M.



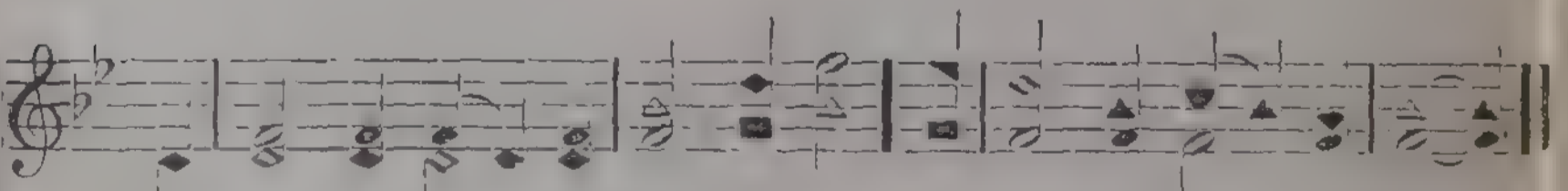
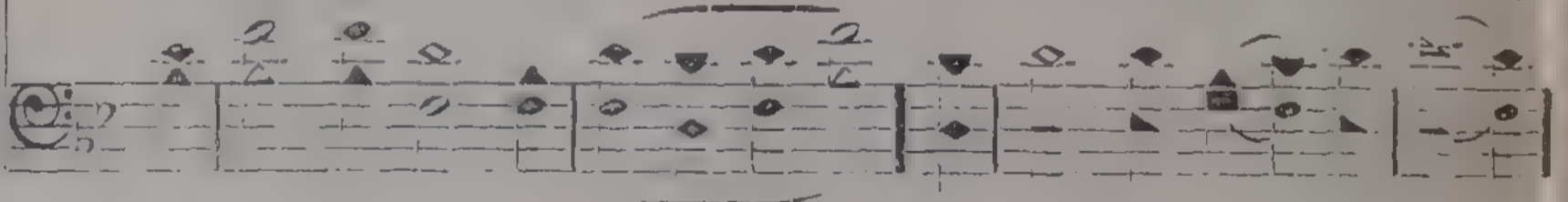
1. O that I knew the se - cret place Where I might find my God!
2. I'd tell Him how my sins a - rise, What sor - rows I sus - tain;
3. He knows what ar - gu - ments I'd take To wres - tle with my God;



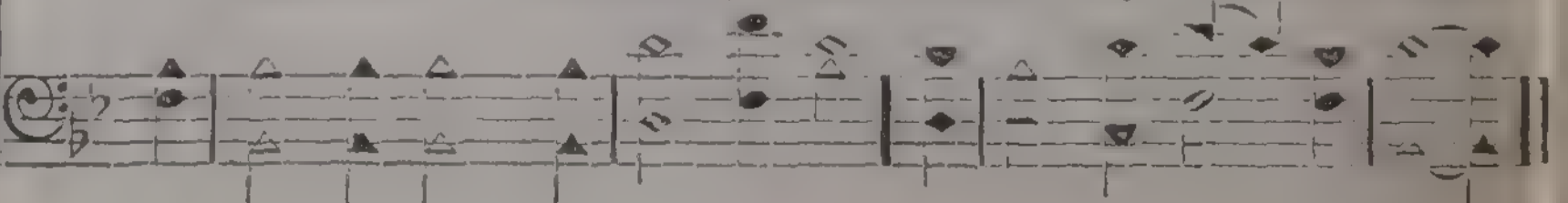
I'd spread my wants be - fore His face, And pour my woes a - broad,
 How grace de - cays, and com - fort dies, And leaves my heart in pain,
 I'd plead for His own mer - cy's sake, And for my Sav - iour's blood,



And pour my woes a - broad,..... And pour my woes a - broad,
 And leaves my heart in pain,..... And leaves my heart in pain,
 And for my Sav - iour's blood,..... And for my Sav - iour's blood,



I'd spread my wants be - fore His face, And pour my woes a - broad.
 How grace de - cays, and com - fort dies, And leaves my heart in pain.
 I'd plead for His own mer - cy's sake, And for my Sav - iour's blood.



Reconciliation. C. M. Concluded.

4 My God will pity my complaints,
And heal my broken bones:
He takes the meaning of His saints,
The language of their groans.

5 Arise, my soul, from deep distress,
And banish every fear;
He calls thee to His throne of grace,
To spread thy sorrows there.

355

1 In vain we seek for peace with God,
By methods of our own;
Jesus, there's nothing but Thy blood
Can bring us near the throne.

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

3 But Thine illustrious sacrifice
Hath answered these demands;
And peace and pardon from the skies
Came down from Jesus' hands.

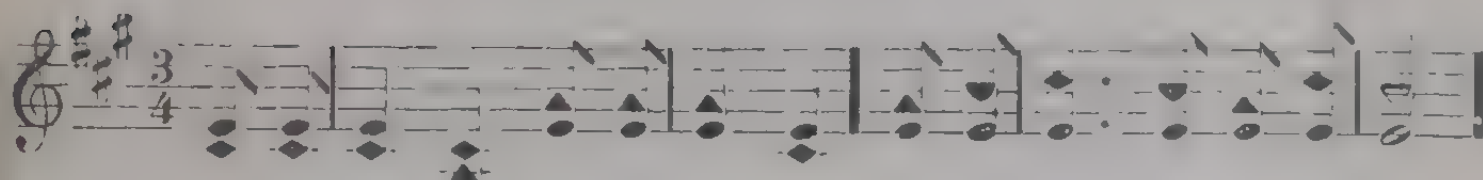
4 Here all the ancient types agree,
The altar and the Lamb;
And prophets in their vision see
Salvation through His name.

5 'Tis by Thy death we live, O Lord,
'Tis on Thy cross we rest;
Forever be Thy love adored,
Thy name forever blest.

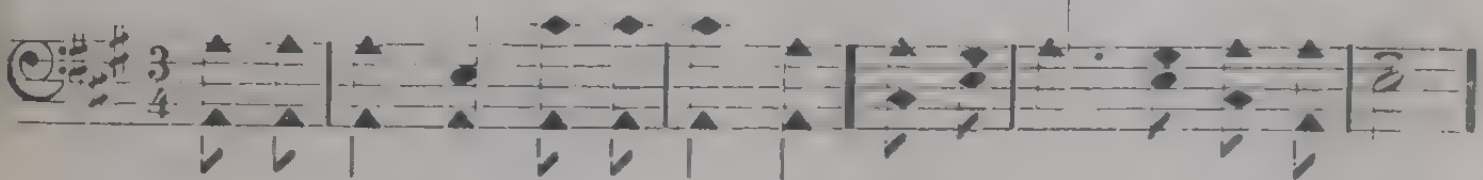
356

Minshall. 8s & 7s.

L. Mason.



1. God is love; His mer-cy brightens All a-long the path we rove;
2. Chance and change are bus-y ev-er, Man de-cays, and a-ges move;
3. E'en the hour that dark-est seem-eth, Will His changeless goodness prove;
4. He with earth-ly cares en-twin-eth Hope and com-fort from a-bove;

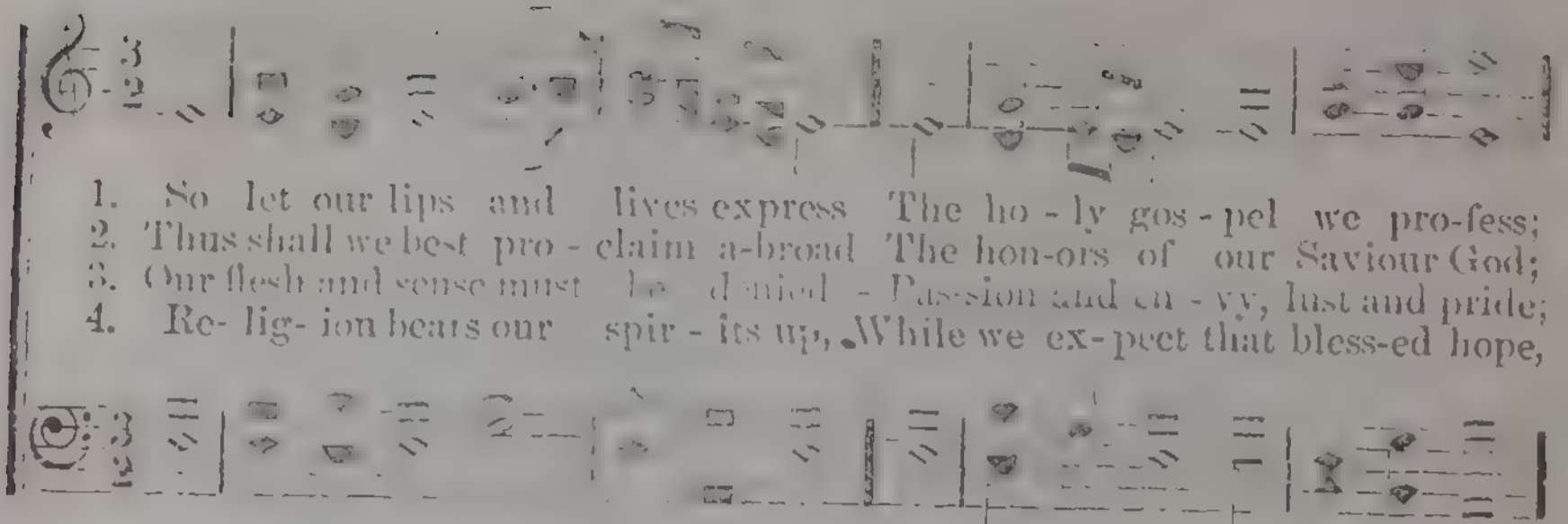


Bliss He makes, and woe He light-ens — God is wis-dom, God is love.
But His mer-cy wan-eth nev-er — God is wis-dom, God is love.
From the gloom His brightness streameth — God is wis-dom, God is love.
Ev'-ry-where His glo-ry shin-eth — God is wis-dom, God is love.

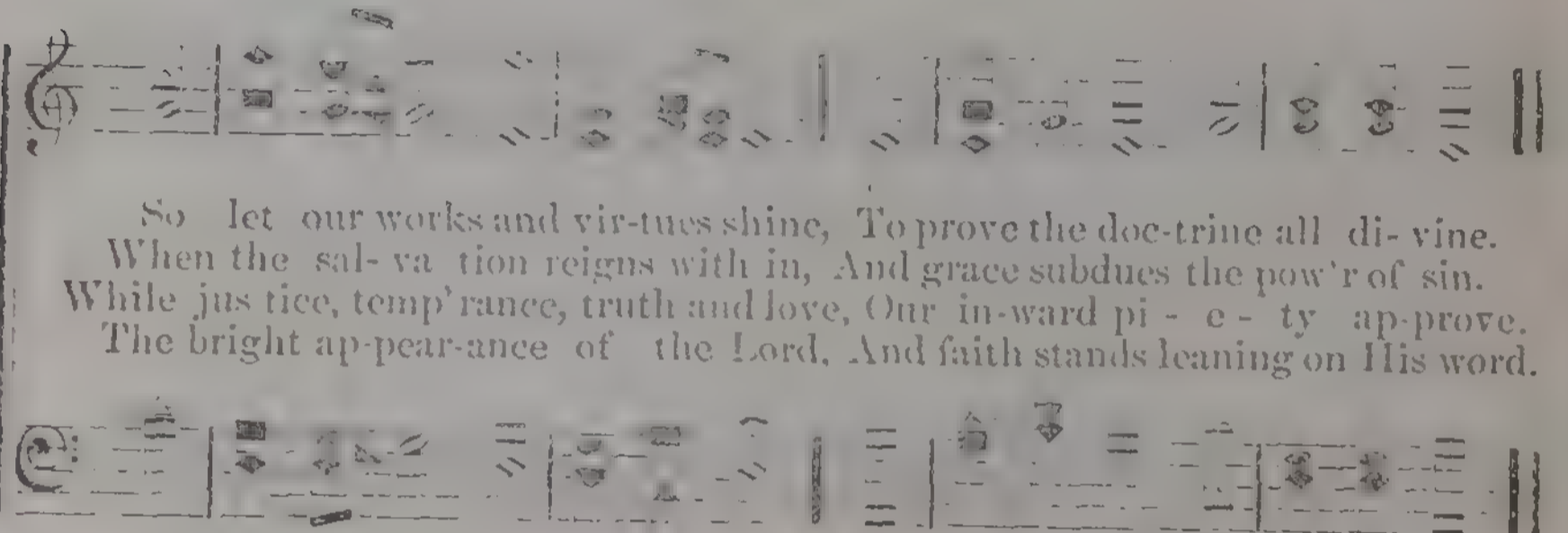


Watts.

Arr. by J. R. D.



1. So let our lips and lives express The ho - ly gos - pel we pro - fess;
2. Thus shall we best pro - claim a - broad The hon - ors of our Saviour God;
3. Our flesh and sense must be de - nied - Pas - sion and en - vy, lust and pride;
4. Re - lig - ion bears our spir - its up, While we ex - pect that bless - ed hope,



- So let our works and vir - tues shine, To prove the doc - trine all di - vine.
 When the sal - va - tion reigns with in, And grace subdues the pow'r of sin.
 While jus - tice, temp'rance, truth and love, Our in - ward pi - e - ty ap - prove.
 The bright ap - pear - ance of the Lord, And faith stands leaning on His word.

358

L. M.

KELLY.

- 1 "Poor and afflicted," Lord, are Thine,
Among the great unfit to shine;
But, though the world may think it
strange, [change.
They would not with the world ex-
- 2 "Poor and afflicted;" yes, they are;
They're not exempt from grief and care;
But He who saved them by His blood,
Makes every sorrow yield them good.
- 3 "Poor and afflicted!" 'Tis their lot,
They know it, and they murmur not;
'Twould ill become them to refuse,
The state their Master deign'd to choose.
- 4 "Poor and afflicted;" yet they sing,
For Jesus is their glorious King;
Thro' suffering perfect, now He reigns,
And shares in all their griefs and pains.
- 5 "Poor and afflicted." But, ere long,
They'll join the bright celestial throng,
Their suff'rings then will reach a close,
And heav'n afford them sweet repose.
- 6 And while they walk the thorny way,
They're often heard to sigh and say,
"Dear Saviour, come, O, quickly come,
And take Thy mourning pilgrims
home."

359

L. M.

SWAIN.

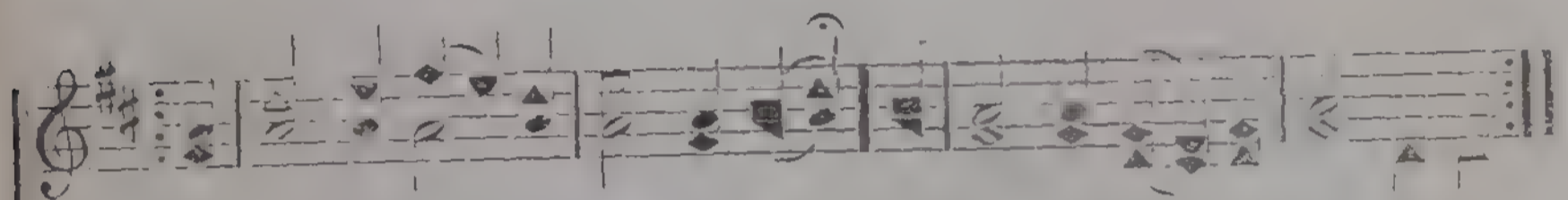
- 1 And am I blessed with Jesus' love?
And shall I dwell with Him above?
And will the joyful period come
When I shall call the heavens my
home?
- 2 Think, O, my soul! what must it be—
A world of glorious minds to see:
Drink at the fountain head of peace,
And bathe in everlasting bliss.
- 3 To hear them all at once proclaim
Eternal glories to the Lamb;
And join, with joyful heart and tongue,
That new, that never ending song.
- 4 And does the happy hour draw near,
When Christ will in the clouds appear,
And I, without a veil, shall see
The Man, the Christ, that bled for me?
- 5 If, in my soul, such joys abound,
While weeping faith explores the
wound,
How glorious will those scars appear.
When perfect love forbids a tear!
- 6 Think, O, my soul! if 'tis so sweet
On earth to sit at Jesus' feet,
What must it be to wear a crown,
And sit with Jesus on a throne.

Hart.

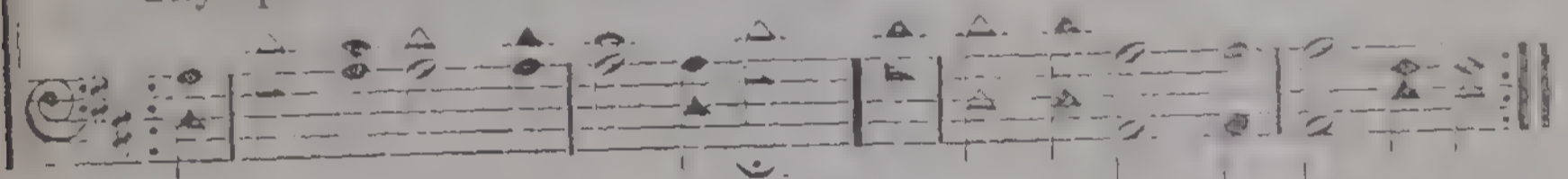
Arr. by J. R. D.



1. O! for a glance of heav'nly day, To take this stub-born stone a-way!
2. The rocks can rend; the earth can quake; The seas can roar; the mountains shake;
3. To hear the sor-rows 'Thou hast felt, Dear Lord, an ad-amant would melt!
4. Thy judgments, too, unmoved I hear, (Amazing thought! which devils fear;
5. But something yet can do the deed! And that dear something much I need;



And thaw, with beams of love di-vine, This heart, this frozen heart of mine.
 Of feel-ing, all things show some sign, But this un-feel-ing heart of mine.
 But I can read each mov-ing line, And nothing move this heart of mine.
 Good-ness and wrath in vain com-bine To stir this stupid heart of mine.
 Thy Spir-it can from dross re-fine, And move and melt this heart of mine.



361

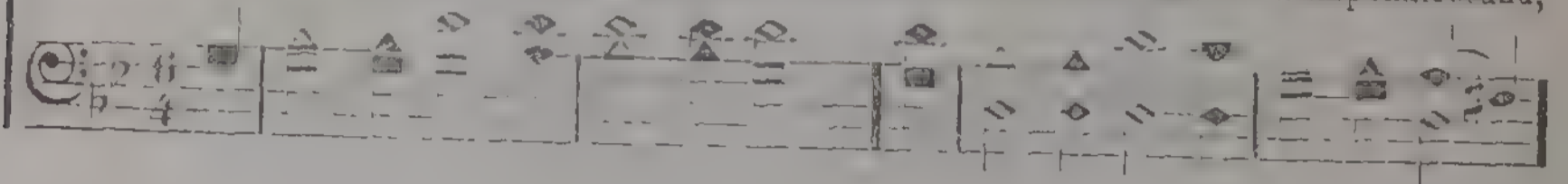
L. M. Mercer's Selec.

- 1 Oh, how shall I myself assure
That I am safe, in Christ secure,
Or that I do in Him believe,
And from Him grace for grace receive?
- 2 When I with Christians do compare
My daily exercise and prayer,
I seem to fall so far behind,
That gloomy fears o'erwhelm my mind.
- 3 I read the precious word of God,
Which Jesus ratified with blood,
But, while I read, my fears arise,
And hide the promise from my eyes.
- 4 I go to meeting as the rest,
To hear and learn, and to be blest;
But, while they're comforted in bliss,
My heart's just like a rock of ice.
- 5 Or if I'm ever made to weep,
And weeping rank with Jesus' sheep,
Those comforts are but transient guests,
My blessings make but partial feasts.
- 6 Sometimes I seek some lonely place,
To muse and pray for greater grace,
But there can only groan and sigh,
Oh, what a wretched soul am I!
- 7 Others, I hear, say they have found
The Saviour precious all around;
But I am mostly cold and dead,
Which often makes me sore afraid.
- 8 'Tis rarely I can ever see
Myself, as I would wish to be;
The good I would I can't attain,
And what I hate I can't refrain.
- 9 Some Christians, when they come to
die,
Seem full of joy, and long to fly;
But I have oft a tortured mind
Lest I shall then be left behind.
- 10 Come, Christians dear, of every tongue,
Whose hearts and lips agree in one,
Unfold the truth, and let me know
If it indeed be so with you.
- 11 Are these the trials which you know?
Is this the gloomy way you go?
Come, tell me quick, for Jesus' sake,
Or my poor heart will surely break.

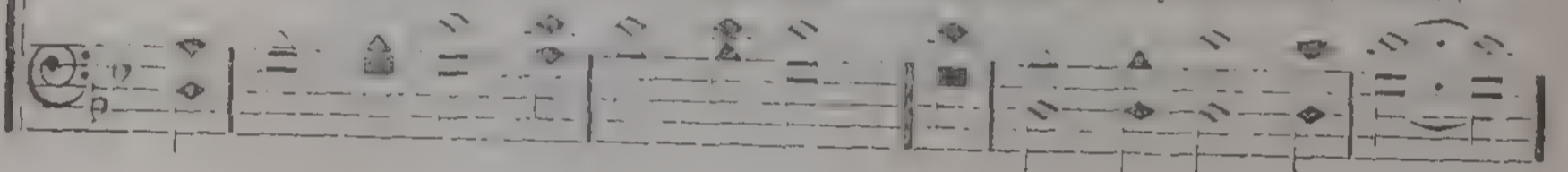
Salem's Bright King.



1. When Thou my righteous Judge, shall come To fetch Thy ransom'd people home,
2. I love to meet a-mong them now Be-fore Thy gracious feet to bow,
3. Pre-vent, prevent it by Thy grace. Be Thou, dear Lord, my hiding-place,
4. Let me among Thy aims be found Where'er the archangel's trump shall sound,



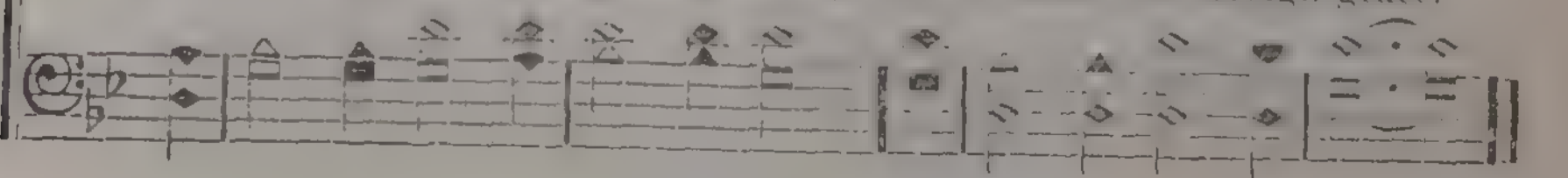
To fetch Thy ransom'd peo-ple home, Shall I a-mong them stand?
 Be-fore Thy gra-cious feet to bow, Though vil-est of them all;
 Be Thou, dear Lord, my hid-ing-place, In this ac-cept-ed day;
 When e'er the archangel's trump shall sound, To see Thy smil-ing face;



Shall such a worthless worm as I, Who sometimes am a-fraid to die,
 But can I bear the piercing thro't? What if my name should be left out,
 Thy pard'ning voice, O let me hear, To still my un-be-liev-ing fear;
 Then loud among the crowd I'll sing, While heav'n's resounding mansions ring,

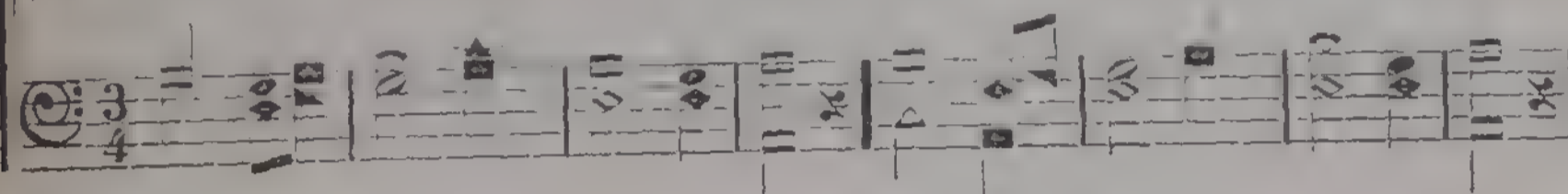


Who sometimes am a-fraid to die, Be found at Thy right hand?
 What if my name should be left out, When Thou for them shalt call!
 To still my un-be-liev-ing fear; And grant me faith, I pray.
 While heav'n's resounding mansions ring With shouts of sovereign grace.

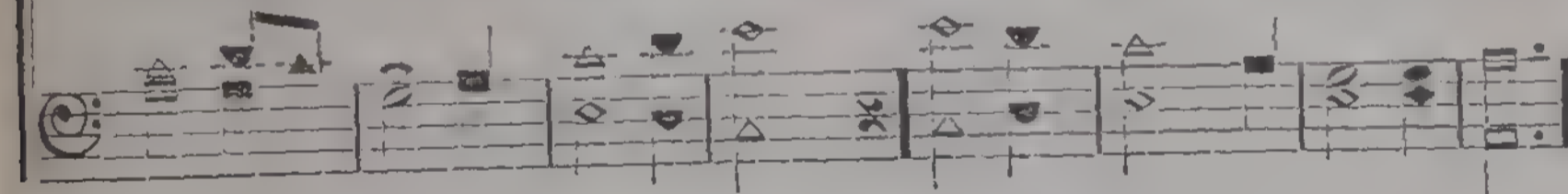




1. Breth- ren, while we so-journ here, Fight we must, but should not fear,
2. For - ward, then, with cour-age go, Long we shall not dwell be-low;
3. In the way a thousand snares Lie to take us un - a-wares;
4. But, from Sa - tan's mal - ice free, Saints shall soon vic - to-rious be;
5. But of all the foes we meet, None so oft mis - lead our feet;
6. Yet let noth - ing spoil your peace, Christ will al - so con-quer these;



- Foes we have, but we've a friend, One that loves us to the end.
 Soon the joy - ful news will come, "Child, your Father calls, come home."
 Sa - tan, with ma - li - cious art, Watch - es each un-guarded part.
 Soon the joy - ful news will come, "Child, your Father calls, come home."
 None be - tray us in - to sin, Like the foes that dwell within.
 Then the joy - ful news will come, "Child, your Father calls, come, home."



1 Brethren, we have met again,
 Let us join to pray and sing,
 Jesus as the Saviour reigns,
 Praise Him in the highest strain!

2 Many days and weeks are past,
 Since we met together last,
 Yet our lives do still remain,
 Here on earth we meet again?

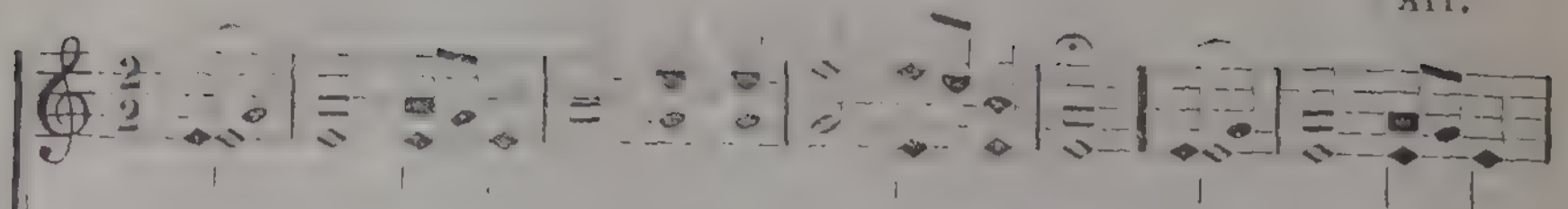
3 Many of our friends are gone
 To their long eternal home,
 They have left us here below,
 Soon we after them shall go.

4 Brethren, tell me how you do,
 Does your love continue true?
 Are you waiting for your King,
 When He shall return again?

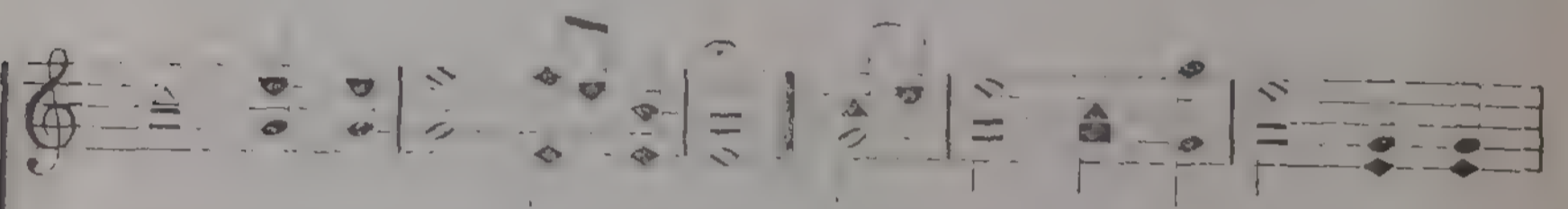
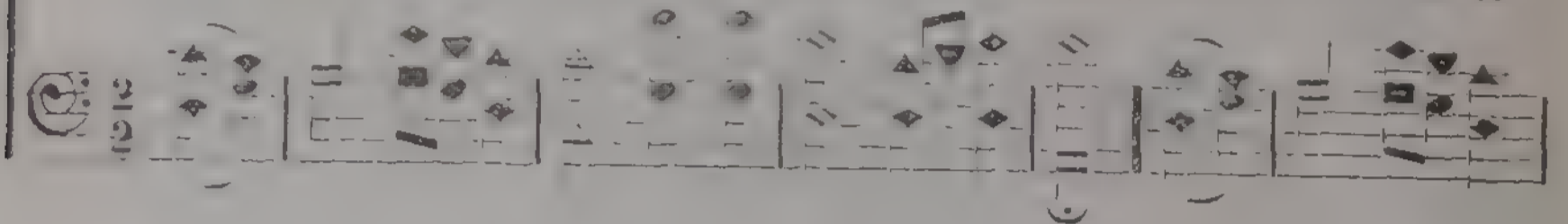
5 Gracious is the Lord indeed,
 To my soul in time of need;
 Surely He hath won my heart,
 May I choose Him for my part?

6 Jesus is my glorious King,
 May our hearts be tuned to sing,
 Praise Him, love Him evermore,
 He's the God whom we adore.

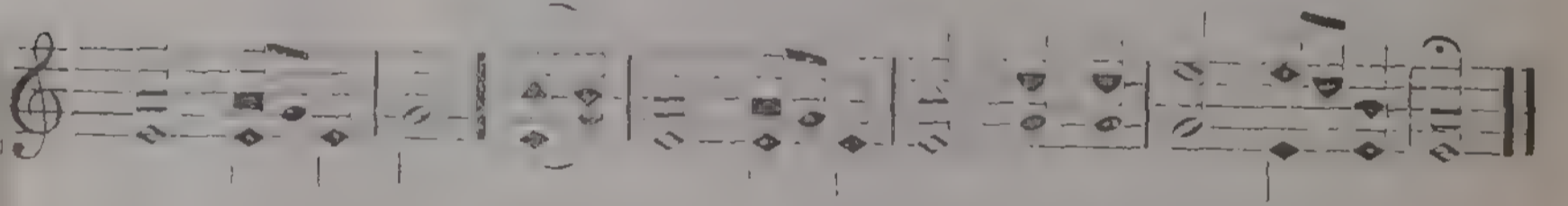
Arr.



1. Thy mer - cy my God, is the theme of my song, The joy of my
2. With - out Thy sweet mer - cy I could not live here; Sin soon would re -
3. Thy mer - cy is more than a match for my heart, Which won - ders to



- heart and the boast of my tongue; Thy free grace a - lone, from the
duce me to ut - ter de - spair; But thro' Thy free good - ness my
feel its own hard - ness de - part; Dis - solved by Thy sun - shine I



- first to the last, Hath won my af - fec - tions, and bound my soul fast.
spir - its re - vive, And He that first made me still keeps me a - live.
fall to the ground, And weep to the praise of the mer - cy I found.



- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>4 The door of Thy mercy stands open all day, [by the way;
To the poor and the needy, who knock
No sinner shall ever be empty sent back,
Who comes seeking mercy for Jesus' sake.</p> | <p>'Twas Jesus, my friend, when He hung on the tree, [me.
Who opened the channel of mercy for</p> |
| <p>5 Thy mercy in Jesus exempts me from hell, [tell;
Its glories I'll sing and its wonders I'll</p> | <p>6 Great Father of mercy, Thy goodness I own, [Son;
And the covenant love of Thy crucified
All praise to the Spirit whose whisper divine, [ness mine.
Seals mercy and pardon and righteous-</p> |

- 1 While nature was sinking in stillness
to rest, [in the west;
The last beams of daylight shone dim
O'er fields by the moonlight my wan-
dering feet [retreat.
Sought in quietude's hour a place of
- 2 While passing a garden, I paused, then
drew near, [ear;
A voice faint and plaintive arrested my
The voice of the sufferer affected my
heart, [part.
In agony pleading the poor sinner's
- 3 In offering to heaven His pitying
prayer, [must bear:
He spoke of the torments the sinner
His life, for a ransom He offered to give,
That sinners redeemed in glory might
live.
- 4 So deep were His sorrows, so fervent
His prayer, [blood and tears;
That down o'er His bosom rolled sweat,
I wept to behold Him, I asked Him His
name, [came.
He answered 'tis Jesus, from heaven I
- 5 I am thy Redeemer, for thee I must die,
This cup is most bitter but cannot
pass by; [Me,
Thy sins like a mountain are laid upon
And all this deep anguish I suffer for
thee.
- 6 I heard with deep anguish the tale of
His woe, [did flow;
While tears like a fountain of waters
The cause of His sorrow to hear Him
repeat,
Affected my heart and I fell at His feet.
- 7 I trembled with horror and loudly did
cry, [die!
Lord, save a poor sinner, 'O, save or I
He smiled when He saw me, and said
to me, live, [give.
Thy sins, which are many, I freely for-
- 8 How sweet was that moment He bade
me rejoice; [ing His voice!
His smile, O, how pleasant! how charm-
I flew from the garden to spread it
abroad,
I shouted salvation and glory to God.
- 9 I'm now on my journey to mansions
above, and love;
My soul's full of glory, of light, peace
I think of the garden, the prayers and
the tears [my fears.
Of that loving Saviour who banished
- 10 The day of bright glory is rolling
around, [shall sound,
When Gabriel descending, the trumpet
My soul then in rapture of glory shall
rise, [eyes.
To gaze on the Saviour with unclouded

- 1 O, Jesus, my Saviour, I know Thou
art mine, [resign,
For Thee all the pleasures of life I'll
Of objects most pleasing I love Thee the
best, [Thee I'm blest.
Without Thee I'm wretched, but with
- 2 Thou art my rich treasure, my joy and
my love, [above;
No richer's possessed by the angels
For Thee all the pleasures of sense I'll
forego,
And wander a pilgrim distressed below.
- 3 Thy spirit first taught me to know I
was blind, [to find,
Then taught me the way of salvation
And when I was sinking in darkest
despair, [not fear.
My Saviour relieved me and bid me
- 4 Though poor and despised, by faith I
now stand. [kind hand:
Upheld and supported by heaven's
In Jesus supported, I'll praise His dear
name, [blame.
Regardless of censure, of praise or of
- 5 I find Him in singing, I find Him in
prayer,
In sweet meditation He always is near;
My constant companion, O, may we
not part, [heart.
All glory to Jesus, He dwells in my
- 6 If ever I loved, sure I love Thee, my
Lord, [Thy word:
I love Thy dear people, Thy ways and
I love all creation, I love sinners, too,
Since Jesus has died to redeem them
from woe.

- 1 I would not weep alway, though many
a tear [and drear;
Must fall on life's pathway, so lonely
But e'en in the desert love's fountain
is free, [to me.
And mercy's sweet words are as manna
- 2 I would not smile alway, for oft on the
air [voice of despair,
Comes the deep sigh of anguish, the
Yet e'en for the wretched, whose hopes
are all riven, [in heaven.
Still, still there is joy, there is rapture
- 3 I would not fear alway, though error's
dark cloud, [to enshroud;
Gather thick, the blest beacon of faith
The bright sun of righteousness shines
thro' the gloom, [the tomb.
And the rainbow of promise o'erreaches
- 4 But I would hope alway, till o'er my
wrapt soul,
The waves of fruition unceasingly roll;
Then, then shall this restless, worn
spirit be free; [from Thee.
My Saviour, 'tis waiting a summons

Watts.



1. Sal - va - tion! O, the joy - ful sound; 'Tis pleas - ure to our ears;



A sov - ereign balm for ev - 'ry wound, A cor - dial 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.

370 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

1 Salvation! O melodious sound
To wretched, dying men!
Salvation, that from God proceeds,
And leads to God again.

2 Rescued from hell's eternal gloom,
From fiends, and fires, and chain
Raised to a paradise of bliss,
Where love triumphant reigns.

3 But may a poor bewildered soul,
Sinful and weak as mine,
Presume to raise a trembling eye
To blessings so divine?

4 The lustre of so bright a bliss,
My feeble heart o'erbears;

And unbelief almost perverts
The promise into tears.

5 My Saviour God, no voice but Thine
These dying hopes can raise;
Speak Thy salvation to my soul,
And turn my prayer to praise.

371 C. M.

1 Salvation, through our dying Head
Shall ever stand complete;
He paid whate'er His people owed,
And cancelled all their debt.

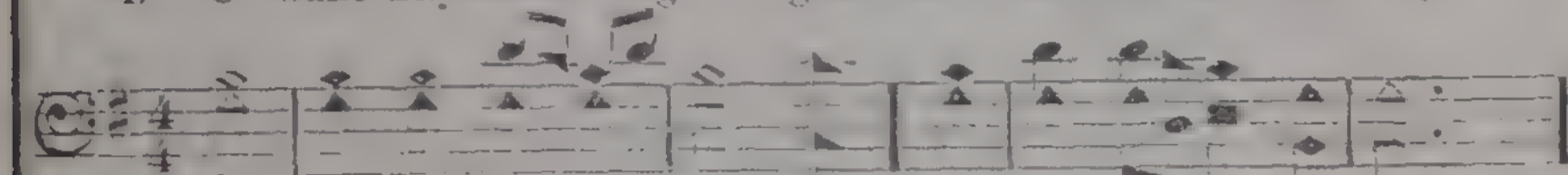
2 He sends His spirit from above,
Our spirit to renew;
Displays His power, reveals His love,
Gives life and comfort too.

3 He heals our wounds, subdues our foes,
And shows our sins forgiven;
Conducts us through the wilderness
And brings us safe to heaven.

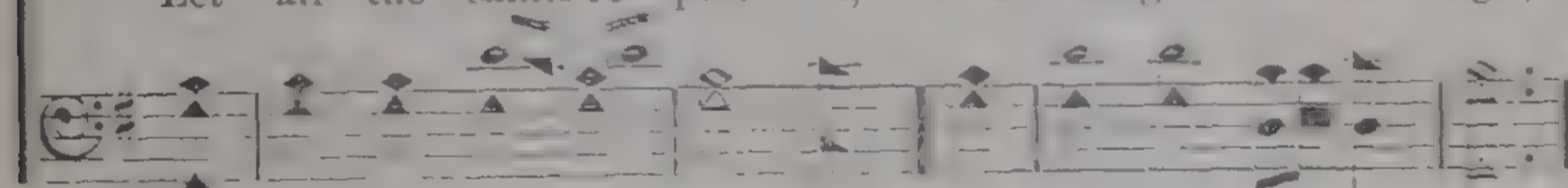
4 Salvation now shall be my stay;
"A sinner saved," I'll cry,
Then gladly quit this mortal clay,
For better joys on high.



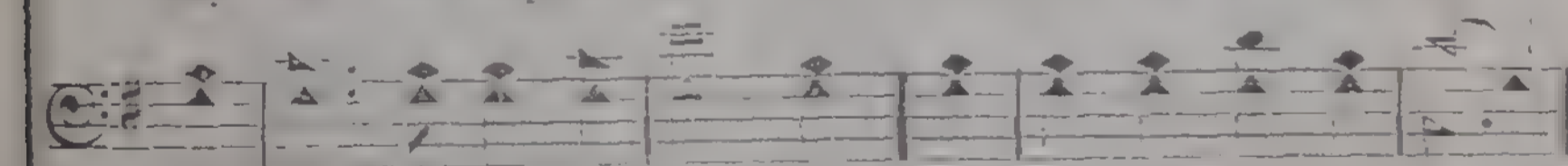
1. How long, O Lord, our Sav - iour, Wilt Thou re-main a - way?
2. How long, O gra - cious Sav - iour, Wilt Thou Thy household leave?
3. How long, O heav'nly Bride-groom, How long wilt Thou de - lay?
4. O wake Thy slumb'ring vir - gins! Send forth the sol - emn cry!



Our hearts are grow - ing wea - ry, Of Thy so long de - lay;
 So long hast Thou now tar - ried, Few Thy re - turn be - lieve;
 And yet how few are griev - ing, That Thou dost ab - sent stay;
 Let all the saints re - peat it, The Bride-groom draweth nigh;

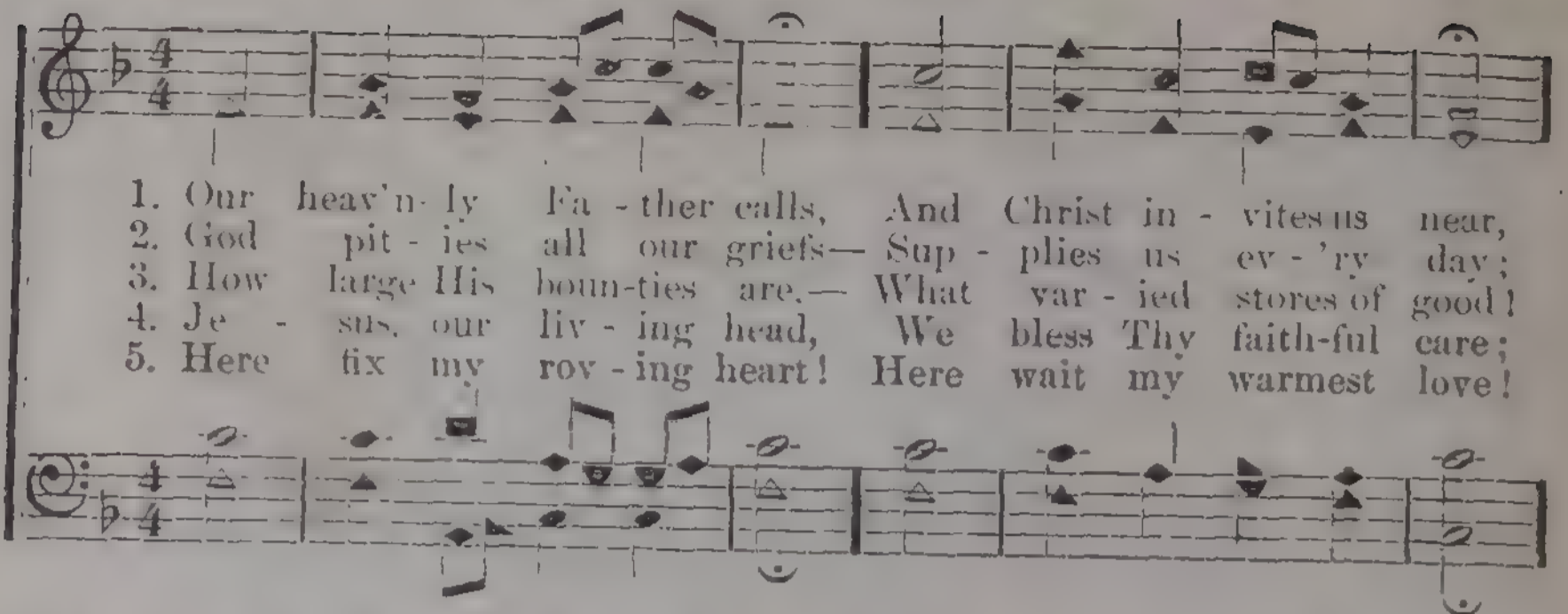


O, when will come the mo - ment, When, brighter far than morn,
 Immersed in sloth and fol - ly, Thy serv - ants, Lord, we see;
 Thy ver - y bride her por - tion And call - ing hath for - got,
 May all our lamps be burn - ing, Our loins well gird - ed be;

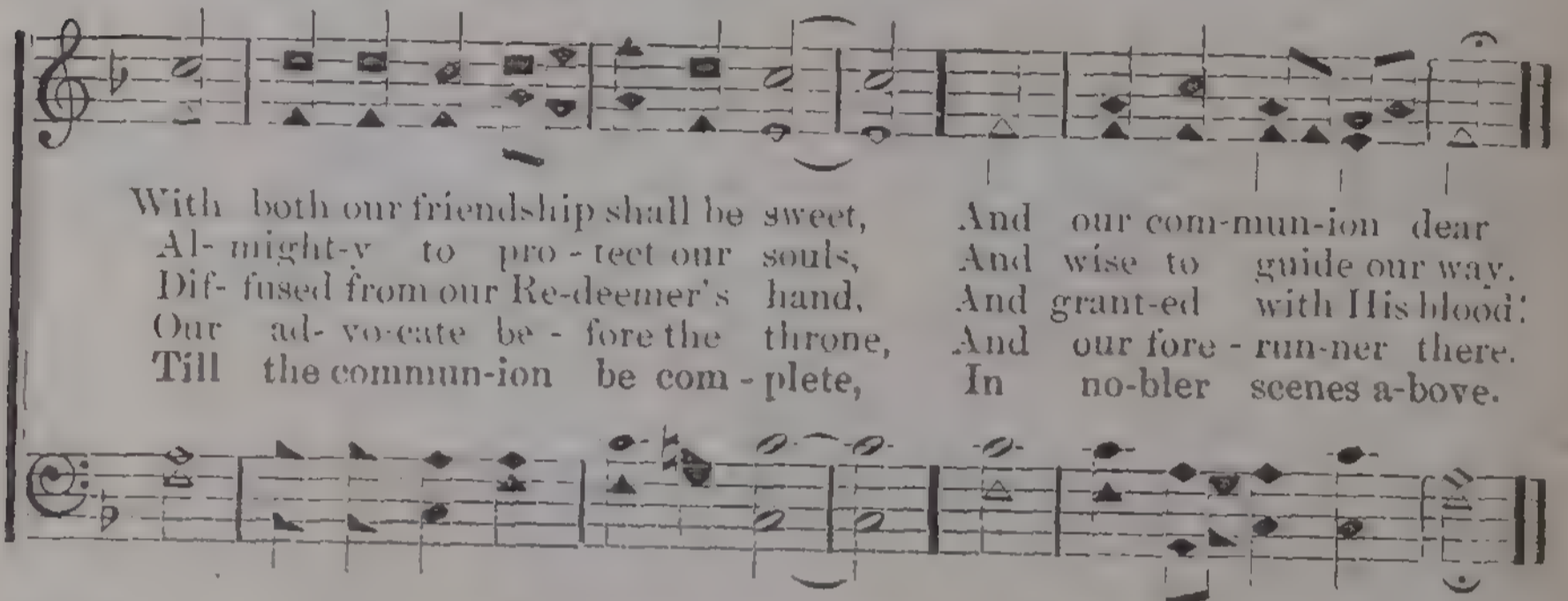


The sun - shine of Thy glo - ry, Will on Thy peo - ple dawn.
 And few of us stand read - y, With joy to wel - come Thee.
 And seeks for ease and glo - ry, Where Thou, her Lord, art not.
 Each long - ing heart pre - par - ing, With joy Thy face to see!





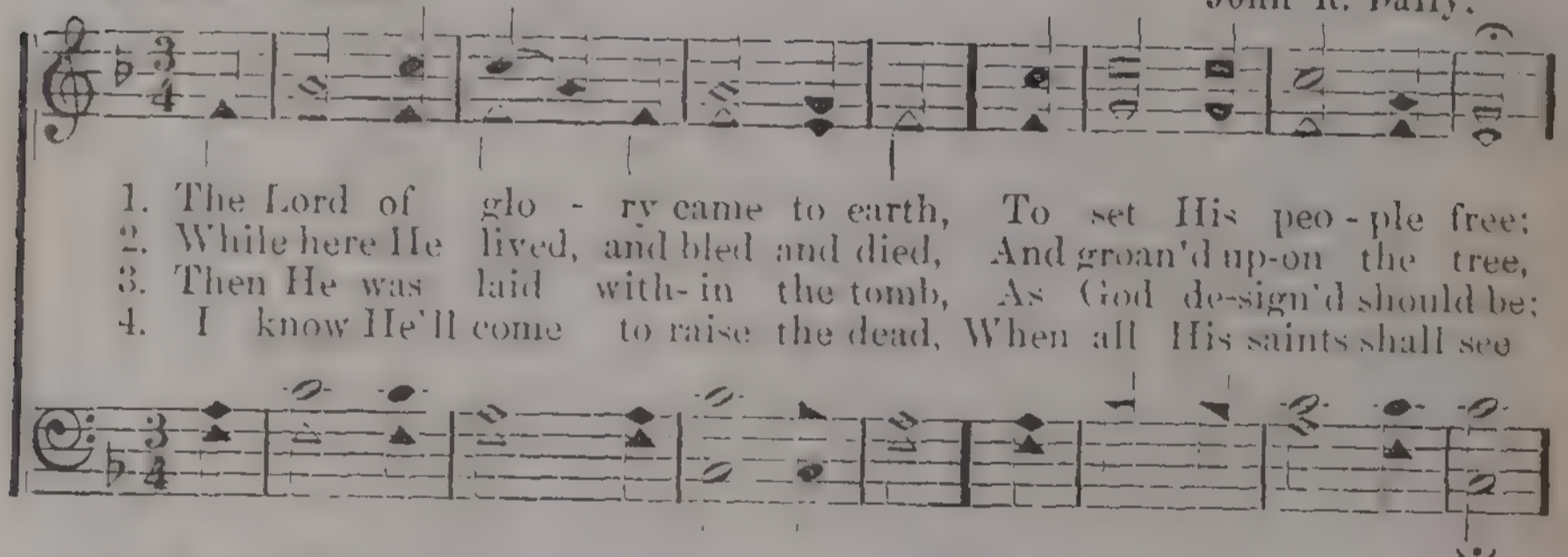
1. Our heav'n-ly Fa-ther calls, And Christ in-vites us near,
 2. God pit-ies all our griefs— Sup-plies us ev-'ry day;
 3. How large His boun-ties are.— What var-ied stores of good!
 4. Je-sus, our liv-ing head, We bless Thy faith-ful care;
 5. Here fix my rov-ing heart! Here wait my warmest love!



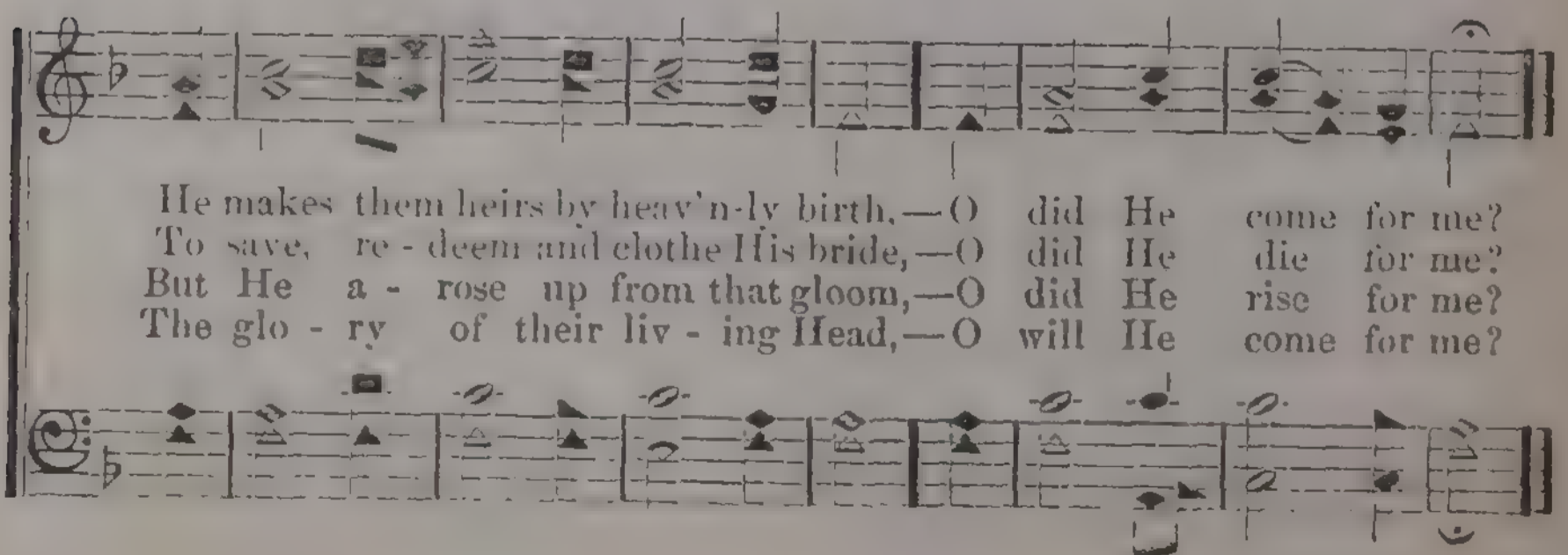
With both our friendship shall be sweet, And our com-mun-ion dear
 Al-might-y to pro-ject our souls, And wise to guide our way.
 Dif-fused from our Re-deemer's hand, And grant-ed with His blood;
 Our ad-vo-cate be-fore the throne, And our fore-run-ner there.
 Till the com-mun-ion be com-plete, In no-bler scenes a-bove.

F. P. Branscome.

John R. Daily.



1. The Lord of glo-ry came to earth, To set His peo-ple free;
 2. While here He lived, and bled and died, And groan'd up-on the tree,
 3. Then He was laid with-in the tomb, As God de-sign'd should be;
 4. I know He'll come to raise the dead, When all His saints shall see



He makes them heirs by heav'n-ly birth,—O did He come for me?
 To save, re-deem and clothe His bride,—O did He die for me?
 But He a-rose up from that gloom,—O did He rise for me?
 The glo-ry of their liv-ing Head,—O will He come for me?

1 What shall I render to my God
For all His kindness shown?
My feet shall visit Thine abode,
My songs address Thy throne.

2 Among the saints that fill Thy house
My off'ring shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.

3 How much is mercy Thy delight,
Thou ever-blessed God!
How dear Thy servants in Thy sight,
How precious is their blood!

4 How happy all Thy servants are,
How great Thy grace to me! [care,
My life, which Thou hast made Thy
Lord, I devote to Thee.

5 Now I am Thine, forever Thine,
Nor shall my purpose move;
Thy hand has loos'd my bonds of pain,
And bound me with Thy love.

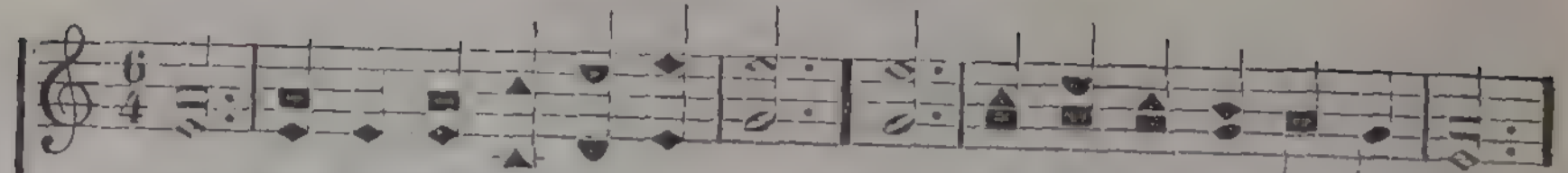
6 Here in Thy courts I leave my vow,
And Thy rich grace record;
Witness, ye saints, who hear me now
If I forsake the Lord.

Sweet Harmony.

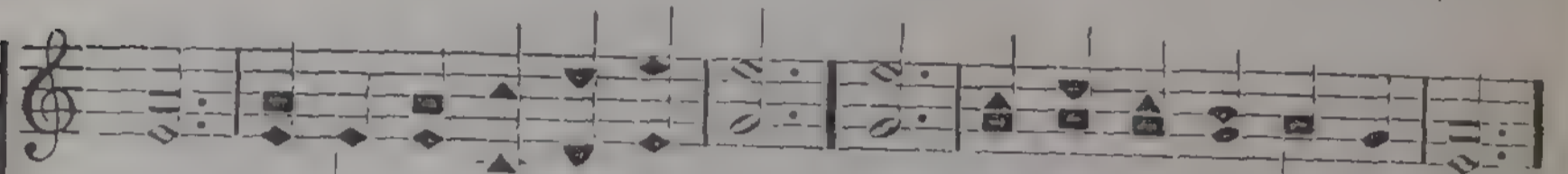
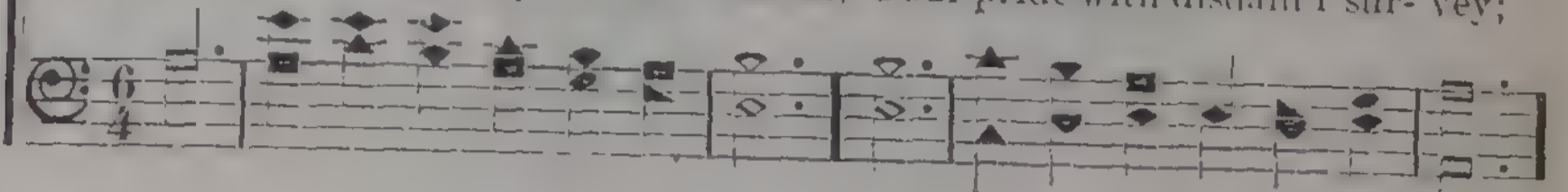
1. Oh, tell me no more of this world's vain store, The time for such
2. The souls that be - lieve, in par - a - dise live, And me in that
3. No mor - tal doth know, what He can be - stow, What light, strength, and
4. Great spoils I shall win, from death, hell, and sin, 'Midst out - ward af -
5. But this I do find, to Him I'm so join'd, He'll not live in

tri - fles with me is now o'er: At Ca - naan I've found, where
num - ber will Je - sus re - ceive; My soul don't de - lay, He
com - fort do aft - er Him go; Lo, on - ward I move to
flic - tions shall feel Christ with - in: And when I'm to die, re -
glo - ry and leave me be - hind; So this is the race I'm

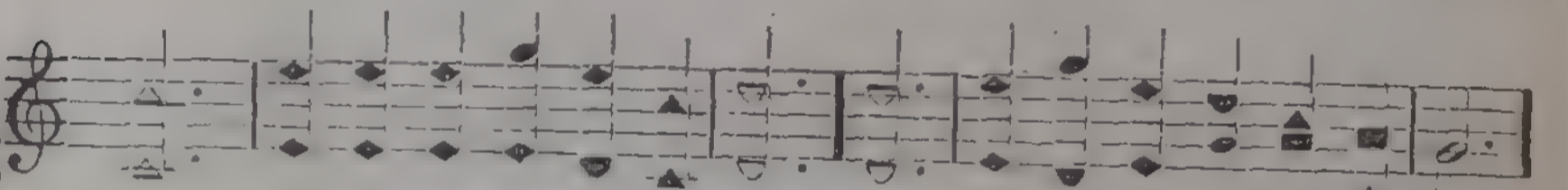
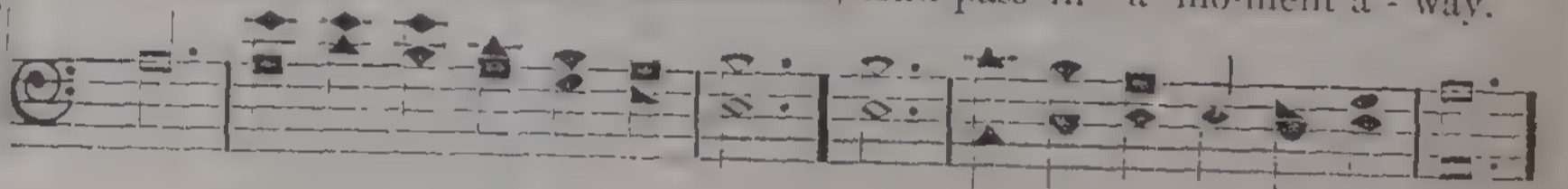
true joys a - bound, To dwell I am hop - ing on that hap - py ground.
calls thee a - way, Rise, fol - low Thy Sav - iour, and bless the glad day.
see Christ a - bove, None guess - es how wond'rons my jour - ney will prove.
ceive me I'll cry, For Je - sus hath lov'd me, I can - not tell why.
run - ning thro' grace, Henceforth till ad - mit - ted to see my Lord's face.



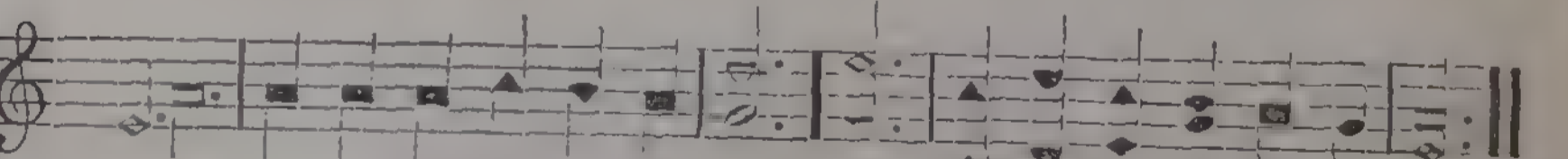
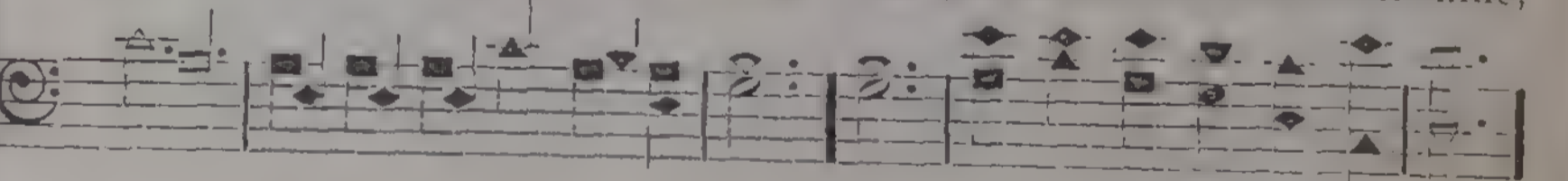
1. My gra-cious Re-deem-er I love; His prais-es a-loud I'll pro-claim,
2. He free-ly redeemed with His blood, My soul from the confines of hell,
3. My glo-rious Re-deemer! I long To see Thee descend on the cloud,
4. Nor sor-row, nor sickness, nor pain, Nor sin, nor temptation, nor fear,
5. Ye pal-a-ces, scep-tres and crowns, Your pride with disdain I sur-vey;



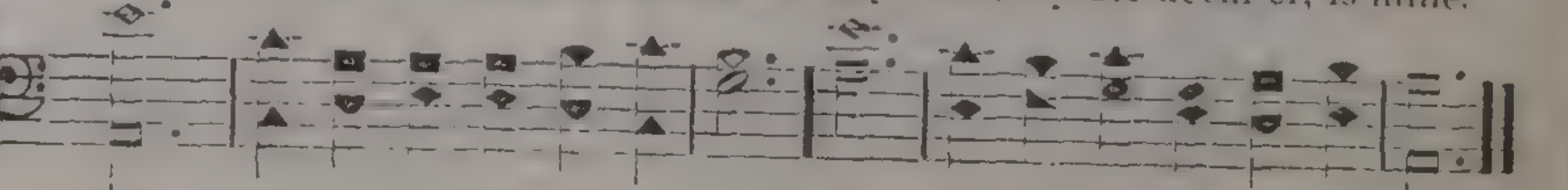
And join with the ar-mies a - bove, To shout His a - dor - a - ble name:
 To live on the smiles of my God, And in His sweet presence to dwell.
 Amidst the bright, numberless throng, And mix with the triumphing crowd.
 Shall ev - er mo - lest me a - gain; Per - fec - tion of glo - ry reigns there.
 Your pomps are but shadows and sounds, And pass in a mo - ment a - way.



To gaze on His glo-ries di-vine Shall be my e - ter - nal em - ploy;
 To shine with the an-gels of light, With saints and with seraphs to sing;
 O, when wilt Thou bid me as-cend To join in Thy praises a - bove;
 This soul and this bod-y shall shine In robes of sal - va - tion and praise,
 The crown that my Saviour be-stows, Yon per - ma - nent sun shall out - shine;



And feel them in-ces-sant-ly shine, My boundless, in-ef - fa - ble joy.
 To view, with e - ter - nal de - light, My Je - sus, my Saviour, my King.
 To gaze on Thee world without end, And feast on Thy rav - ish - ing love?
 And banquet on pleasures di-vine, Where God His full beauty dis-plays.
 My joy ev - er last - ing - ly flows, My God, my Re - deem - er, is mine.



Lloyd.

Minshall.

FINE.

1. (Wait, my soul, up - on the Lord, To His gra - cious prom - ise flee,)
 (Lay - ing hold up - on His word: "As thy days, thy strength shall be.")
 2. (Days of tri - al, days of grief, In suc - cession thou mayst see;)
 (This is still thy sweet re - lief: "As thy days, thy strength shall be.")

D. C. — God has prom-ised need-ful grace: "As thy days, thy strength shall be."

D. C. — Faith-ful, pos - i - tive and sure: "As thy days, thy strength shall be."

If the sor - rows of thy case, Seem pe - cu - liar still to thee.
 Rock of A - ges, I'm se - cure, With the prom - ise, full and free,
 If the sorrows of thy case, Seem pe-cu-liar still to thee,
 Rock of A-ges, I'm se- cure, With the promise, full and free,

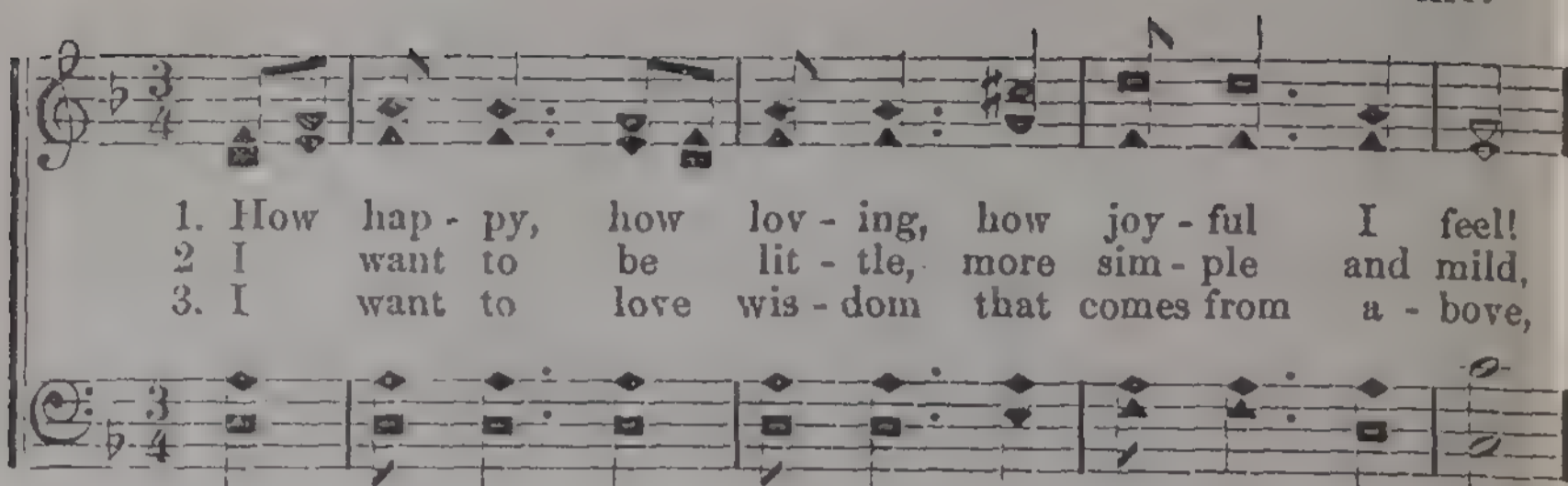
Watts.

C. E. Pollock.

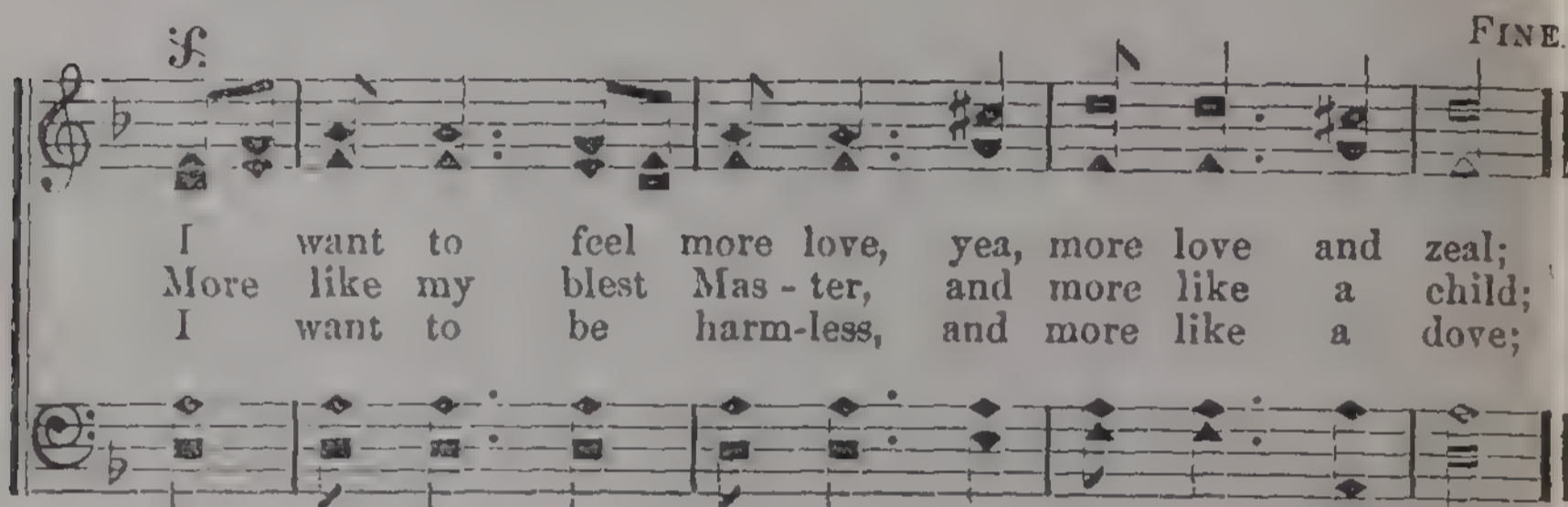
1. How can I sink with such a prop As my e - ter - nal God,
 2. How can I die while Je - sus lives, Who rose and left the dead?
 3. All that I am, and all I have Shall be for - ev - er Thine;
 4. Yet if I might make some re - serve, And du - ty did not call,

Who bears the earth's huge pil-lars up, And spreads the heav'ns abroad?
 Par - don, and grace my soul re - ceives From my ex - alt - ed Head.
 What - e'er my du - ty bids me give My cheer - ful hand re - sign.
 I love my God with zeal so great That I should give Him all.

Arr.

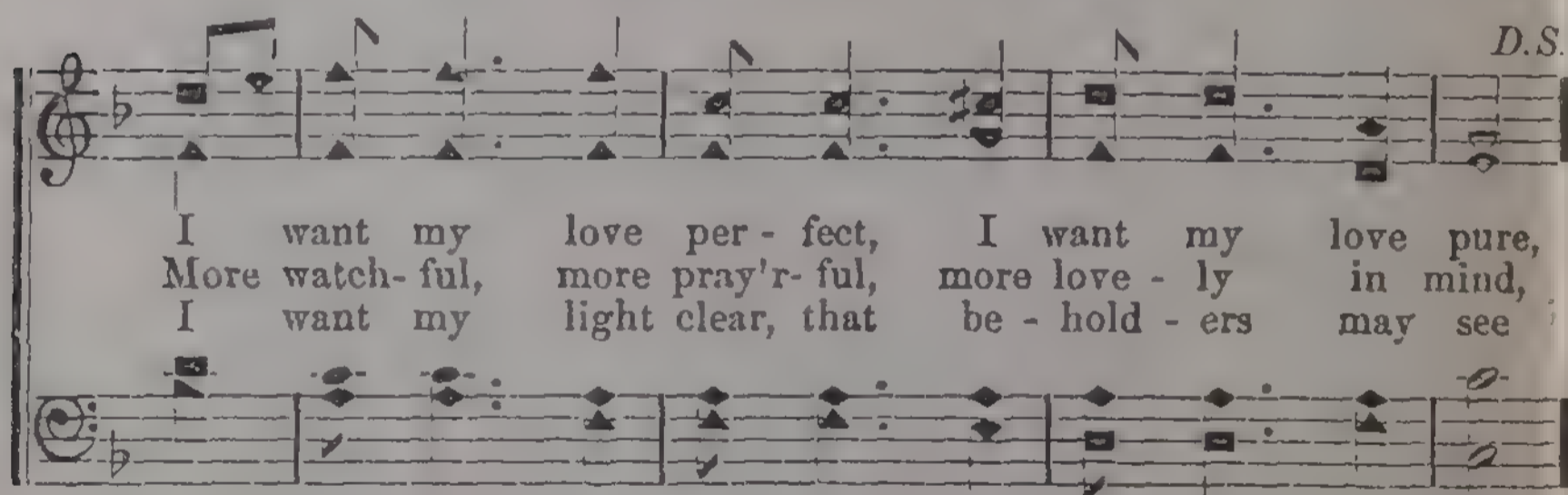


1. How hap - py, how lov - ing, how joy - ful I feel!
 2 I want to be lit - tle, more sim - ple and mild,
 3. I want to love wis - dom that comes from a - bove,



I want to feel more love, yea, more love and zeal;
 More like my blest Mas - ter, and more like a child;
 I want to be harm - less, and more like a dove;

D.S.—That all things with pa - tience I may well en - dure.
D.S.—More hum - ble, more gen - tle, more lov - ing and kind.
D.S.—How faith and good works in sweet un - ion a - gree.



I want my love per - fect, I want my love pure,
 More watch - ful, more pray'r - ful, more love - ly in mind,
 I want my light clear, that be - hold - ers may see

4 My union I want with the Father and Son,
 I want that perfected which now is begun;
 That love and sweet union which soothes every care,
 And with my dear brethren all burdens to bear.

5 My faith and my hope, my love and my zeal,
 I want them recruited, and never to fail,
 Remembering at all times what Jesus did say,
 And set out anew, and begin ev'ry day.

6 My treasure in heaven I want to lay up,
 Where no moth and no rust can ever corrupt;
 Where no thief and no robber will venture or dare—
 My heart and my treasure I want to be there.

7 O, come, my dear brethren, both aged and youth,
 And all who are willing to walk in the truth,
 Let's all join together in union and love,
 And on our blest journey then joyful we'll move.

- 1 Come, brethren and sisters, and hear
me relate,
And I will inform you of my present
state,
Though oft I have called sweet Jesus
my own,
I now feel dejected, like one left alone.
- 2 How backward in duty, how lifeless I
be,
The smiles of my Saviour how seldom
I see
I scarcely in Zion can raise a sweet
song—
My harp on the willow now seems to
be hung.
- 3 I know prayer's a duty I owe to my
Lord,
It is enjoined on me in His holy word,
But when I attempt it I've no heart to
pray,
My thoughts are so wandering, and
often astray.
- 4 When I read the scriptures, instruction
to gain,
'Tis but a small portion that I can
retain;
They seem so mysterious, so dark to
my view,
I can't understand them—as I wish to
do.
- 5 In all my performance how short I do
fall;
I'm pining, I languish, and barren
withal;
I seem like a tree that encumbers the
ground:
The leaves make appearance, but no
fruit is found.
- 6 My moments are lonesome, small com-
fort I find,
Dark clouds hover o'er me and darken
my mind;
The cold dreary winter with tempests
do blow,
I'm chilled with the cold, and in dark-
ness I go.
- 7 Disperse this thick darkness, O Jesus,
my friend,
And cause this cold winter in summer
to end;
Thy soul cheering presence to me now
restore,
And give me my harp from the willows
once more.

- 1 Come, children of heaven, and help us
to sing
Loud anthems, and praises, to Jesus,
our King.
His life it was given our souls to re-
deem,
And bring us to heaven, to dwell there
with Him.
- 2 Not angels in glory, nor cherubs
above,
Can fathom the fountain of infinite
love;
Their wisdom can't search it—they
cannot tell why,
The Sovereign of angels for sinners
should die.
- 3 In the region of darkness, death, sor-
row and pains,
We all lay in ruin, in prison and
chains;
But Jesus has bought us with His
precious blood;
'Tis a ransom provided to bring us to
God.
- 4 Why then should we wish still to stay
here below,
When rivers of pleasure in Paradise
flow?
Eternally streaming in exquisite bliss,
And still we are feeling our joys to
increase.
- 5 Then come, my dear brethren, count
all things but loss,
Your treasure's in heav'n, don't shrink
from the cross.
Ye favorites of heaven, dear lambs of
the fold,
Though devils surround you—be faith-
ful and bold.
- 6 Consider the dangers that lie in your
way,
The snares and temptations in this evil
day,
But this we must suffer, and patient
endure,
Till Jesus shall take us, where dangers
are o'er.
- 7 Then with Him in glory we shortly
shall reign,
Delivered from sorrow, temptations
and pain,
To join with the angels and spirits
divine—
In Jesus' image eternally shine.

First tune.

1. What wondrous love is this, O my soul, O my soul, What

D.S.—for my soul, To

FINE.

wondrous love is this, O my soul! What wondrous love is this, that

bear the dreadful curse for my soul!

D.S.

caused the Lord of bliss To bear the dread-ful curse for my soul,

2 When I was sinking down, sinking down, sinking down,
 When I was sinking down, sinking down;
 When I was sinking down beneath God's righteous frown,
 Christ laid aside His crown for my soul, for my soul,
 Christ laid aside His crown for my soul.

3 To God and to the Lamb I will sing, I will sing,
 To God and to the Lamb I will sing;
 To God and to the Lamb, and to the great I AM,
 While millions join the theme, I will sing, I will sing,
 While millions join the theme, I will sing.

4 Ye sons of Zion's King, join the praise, join the praise,
 Ye sons of Zion's King, join the praise;
 Ye sons of Zion's King, with hearts and voices sing,
 And strike each tuneful string in His praise, in His praise,
 And strike each tuneful string in His praise.

5 And when to that bright world we arrive, we arrive,
 And when to that bright world we arrive;
 When to that world we go, free from all pain and woe,
 We'll join the happy throng, and sing on, and sing on,
 We'll join the happy throng, and sing on.

Wondrous Love. P. M.

Second tune.



1. What wondrous love is this O my soul, O my soul, What wondrous love is



D.C.—To bear the dreadful curse for my soul, for my soul, To bear the dread-ful



this, O my soul! What wondrous love is this, That caused the Lord of bliss,



curse for my soul!

FINE.

D.C.

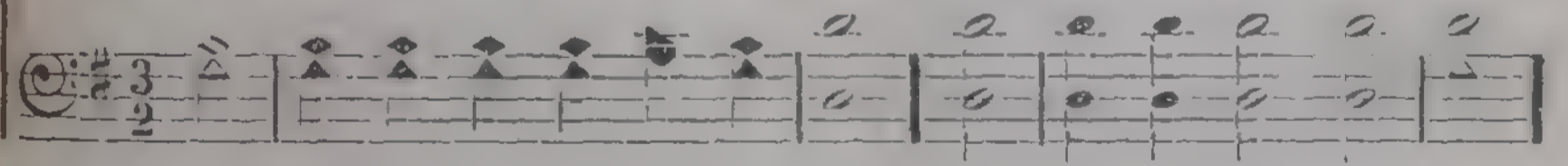
384

Harvey's Chant. C. M.

Arr.



1. With reverence let the saints ap-pear, And bow be-fore the Lord;
2. How ter-ri-ble Thy gio-ries be! How bright Thine armies shinel
3. The northern pole, and southern, rest On Thy sup-port-ing hand;

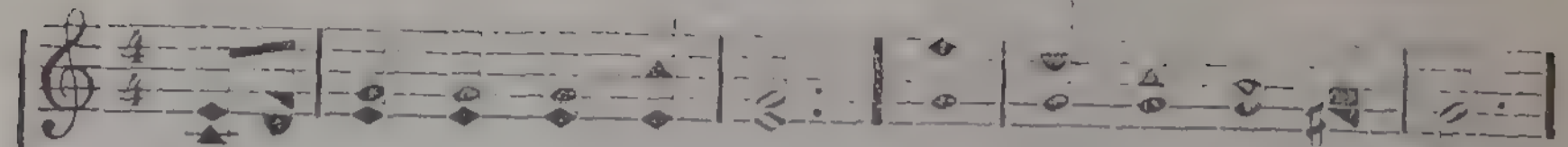


His high commands with reverence hear, And tremb-le at His word.
Where is the pow'r that vies with Thee, Or truth com-pared with Thine?
Dark-ness and day from east to west, Move round at Thy com-mand.

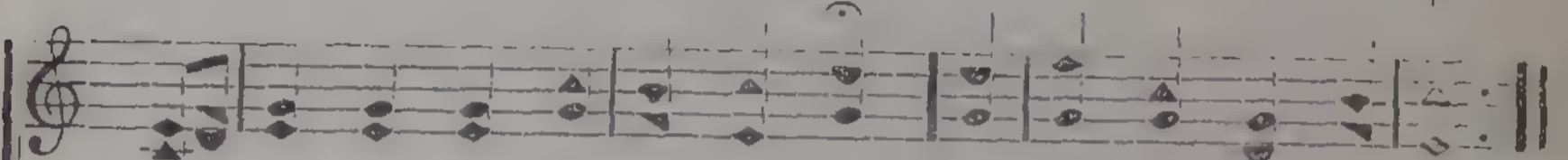
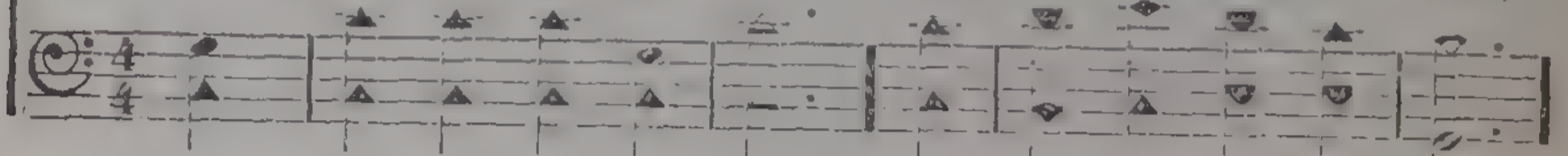


George Heath.

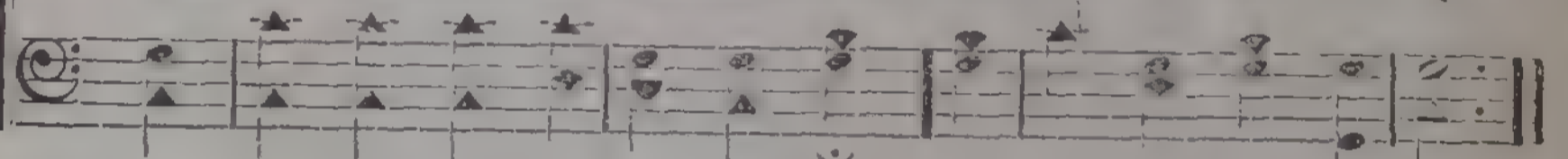
Dr. L. Mason.



1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love;
 2. Be - fore our Father's throne We pour our ar - dent pray'rs;
 3. We share our mu - tual woes; Our mu - tual bur - dens bear;
 4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain;
 5. This glo - rious hope re - vives, Our cour - age by the way;
 6. From sor - row, toil, and pain, And sin we shall be free;



The fel - low-ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.
 And oft - en for each oth - er flows, The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
 But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.
 While each in ex - pec - ta - tion lives, And longs to see the day.
 And per - fect love and friendship reign Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.

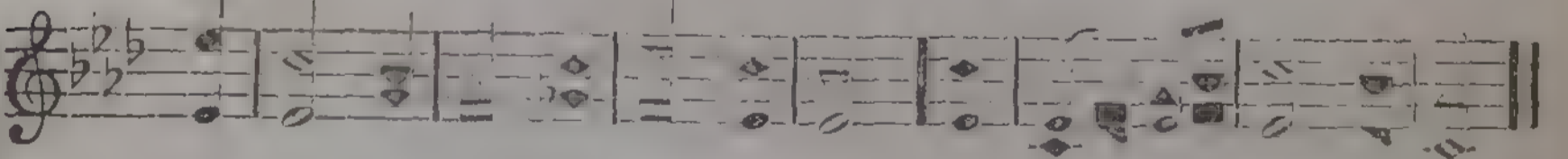
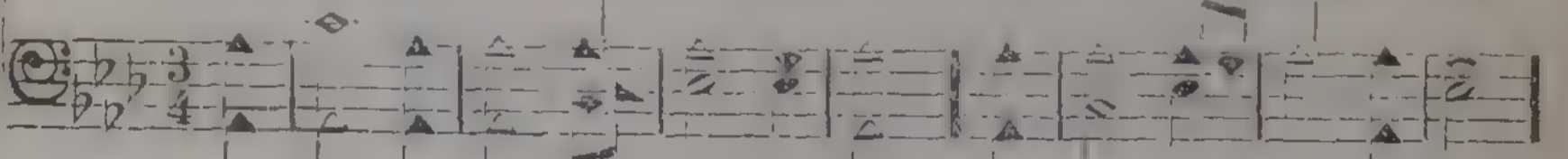


Rev. Thomas Haweis.

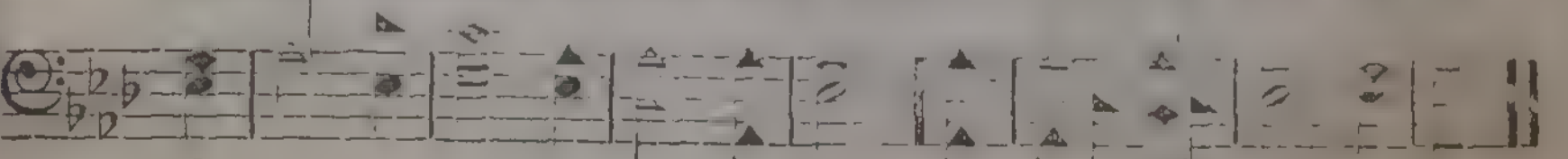
Hugh Wilson.



1. O Thou from whom all goodness flows, I lift my heart to Thee;
 2. When groaning on my burdened heart My sins lie heav - i - ly,
 3. Temp - ta - tions sore ob - struct my way, And ills I can - not flee;
 4. Dis - tress with pain, dis - ease and grief, This fee - ble bod - y see;
 5. If on my face for Thy dear name, Shame and re - proach es - be,



In all my sor - rows, con - flicts, woes, Dear Lord, re - mem - ber me.
 Thy par - don speak, new peace impart, In love re - mem - ber me.
 O give me strength, Lord, as my day; For good re - mem - ber me.
 Grant pa - tience, rest, and kind re - lief; Hear and re - mem - ber me.
 All hail, re - proach, and wel - come, shame, If Thou re - mem - ber me.



- 1 Jesus, Thou art the sinner's friend;
As such I look to Thee;
Now in the bosom of Thy love,
O Lord, remember me.
- 2 Remember Thy pure word of grace,
Remember Calvary;
Remember all Thy dying groans,
And then remember me.
- 3 Thou, wonderful advocate with God,
I yield myself to Thee;
While Thou art sitting on Thy throne,
Dear Lord, remember me.
- 4 Even I'm guilty, even I'm vile,
Yet Thy salvation's free;
Then in Thy all-abounding grace,
Dear Lord, remember me.
- How'er forsaken or distressed,
How'er oppressed I be,
How'er afflicted here on earth,
Do Thou remember me.
- And when I close my eyes in death,
And creature's help all flee,
Then, O my dear Redeemer, God,
I pray remember me.

- 1 I love my Saviour, God,
Because He first loved me;
Because He shed His precious blood,
To set my spirit free.
- 2 'Twas love my bosom felt,
And made me wipe mine eyes,
When low before His throne I knelt,
To pour my feeble cries.
- 3 Touched by His dying love,
I melted into grief;
Swift on the wings of love He moved,
And brought me sweet relief.
- 4 With my whole heart I love
The God that loved and died;
Who left the shining realms above,
And suffered in my stead.
- 5 Who can be fonder to love
A God so good and kind?
Sure He is worthy to be loved
By me and all mankind.

- 1 When languor and disease invade
This trembling vessel of clay,
Thou sweetest, look beyond my pains,
And long to fly away.
- 2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of His love,
Sweet to look upward, to the place
Where Jesus pleads above.
- 3 Sweet to look back, and set my name
In life's fair book set down;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own.
- 4 Sweet on His faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end;
Sweet on the promise of His grace
For all things to depend.
- 5 Sweet in the confidence of faith,
To trust His firm decrees;
Sweet to be passing in His hands,
And know no will but His.
- 6 If such the sweetness of the stream,
What must the fountain be [bliss,
Where saints and angels draw their
Directly, Lord, from Thee!

- 1 Not all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.
- 2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.
- 3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens Thou didst bear
When hanging on the cruel tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.
- 5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing His bleeding love.

MISCELLANEOUS HYMNS.

391

Jesus Knows.

Laura E. Newell.

J. H. Hall.

1. Come what may of joy or sor-row, Be my por-tion pain or rest,
 2. I would nev-er choose my pathway, But by faith would walk with Him;
 3. Je - sus sees if heav-y heart-ed, I am toil-ing on life's road:
 4. Je - sus calls me to be faith-ful, To be help-ful as I roam;

Je-sus guides me and directs me, And His way is al-ways best.
 Trusting ev - er, and be-liev-ing, If the skies are bright or dim.
 And with love He lifts the shadows That ob-scure His blest a - bode.
 And when toils and tears are end-ed, He will bid His child "come home."

CHORUS.

Je - sus knows,..... Je - sus knows,.....

Je - sus knows, Je - sus knows, Je - sus knows, Je - sus knows, All the

way..... my feet must go; Je - sus knows,..... Je - sus

way, all the way, my feet must go, feet must go, Jesus knows, Jesus knows, Jesus

Jesus Knows. Concluded.

knows,..... Him I trust,..... who loves me so.....

knows, Jesus knows, Him I trust, Him I trust, who loves me so. loves me so.

rit.

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Home, Sweet Home.

David Denham.

H. R. Bishop.

1. { 'Mid scenes of con - fu - sion and creature complaints, }
 How sweet to my soul is com - mun - ion (omit.) } with saints!
 2. { An a - lien from God, and a stran - ger to grace, }
 I wan - dered thro' earth, its gay pleas - ures (omit.) } to trace;
 3. { The pleas - ures of earth I have seen fade a - way; }
 They bloom for a sea - son, but soon they (omit.) } de - cay;

To find at the ban - quet of mer - cy there's room, And feel in the
 In the path - way of sin I con - tin - ued to roam, Un - mind - ful, a -
 But pleas - ures more last - ing in Je - sus are giv' n: Sal - va - tion on

D.S.—There's no friend like

FINE. *D.S.*

pres - ence of Je - sus at home. }
 last that it led me from home. } Home, home, sweet, sweet home;
 earth, and a man - sion in heav' n. }

Je - sus, there's no place like home.

Thos. Shepherd.

Geo. N. Allen.

1. Must Je-sus bear the cross a-lone, And all the world go free?
 2. How hap-py are the saints a-bove; Who once went sorrowing here;
 3. The con-se-cra-ted cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free;
 4. Up-on the crys-tal pavement, down At Je-sus' pierc-ed feet,
 5. O pre-cious cross! O glo-rious crown! O res-ur-rec-tion day!

No, there's a cross for ev-'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
 But now they taste un-min-gled love, And joy without a tear.
 And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
 With joy I'll cast my gold-en crown, And His dear name re-peat.
 Ye an-gels, from the stars come down, And bear my soul a-way.

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C. M.

- 1 Since man by sin has strayed from God,
 He seeks creation through;
 And vainly hopes for solid bliss
 In trying something new.
- 2 The new possessed like fading flowers,
 Soon loses its gay hue;
 The bubble now no longer takes,
 The soul wants something new.
- 3 And could we call all Europe ours,
 With India and Peru,
 The mind would feel an aching void
 And still want something new.
- 4 But when we feel a Saviour's love,
 All good in Him we view;
 The soul forsakes its vain delights—
 In Christ finds all things new.
- 5 The joys the dear Redeemer brings,
 Will bear a strict review;
 Nor need we ever change again,
 For Christ is always new.

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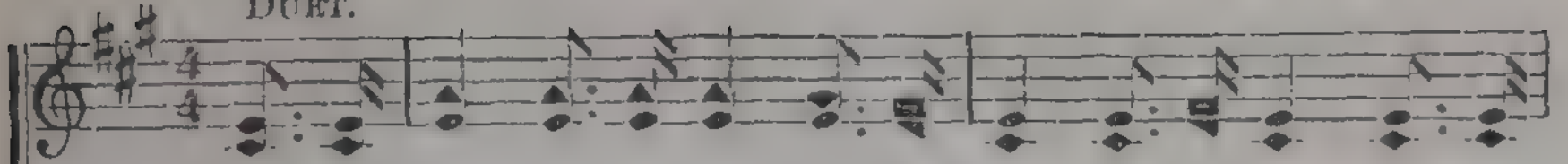
C. M.

- 1 Didst Thou, dear Jesus, suffer shame
 And bear the cross for me?
 And shall I fear to own Thy name
 Or Thy disciple be?
- 2 Inspire my soul with life divine,
 And make me truly bold;
 Let knowledge, faith and meekness
 shine,
 Nor love nor zeal grow cold.
- 3 Let mockers scoff, let men defame,
 And treat me with disdain;
 Still may I glorify Thy name
 And count their slander gain.
- 4 To Thee I cheerfully submit,
 And all my powers resign;
 Let wisdom point out what is fit,
 And I'll no more repine.


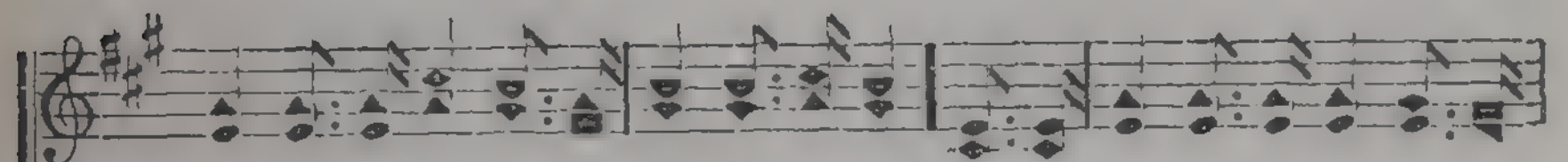
W. T. D.

W. T. Dale.

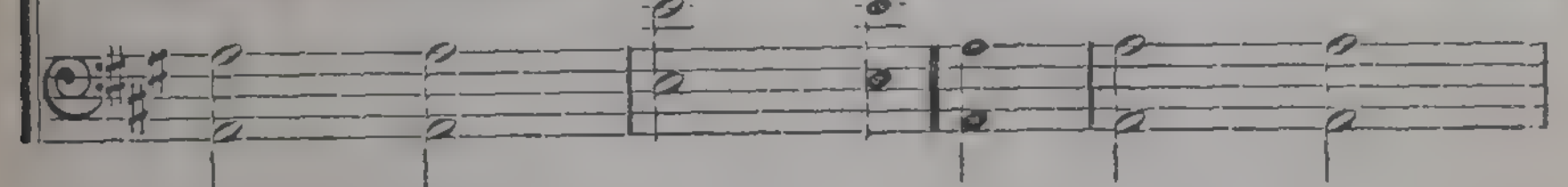

DUET.



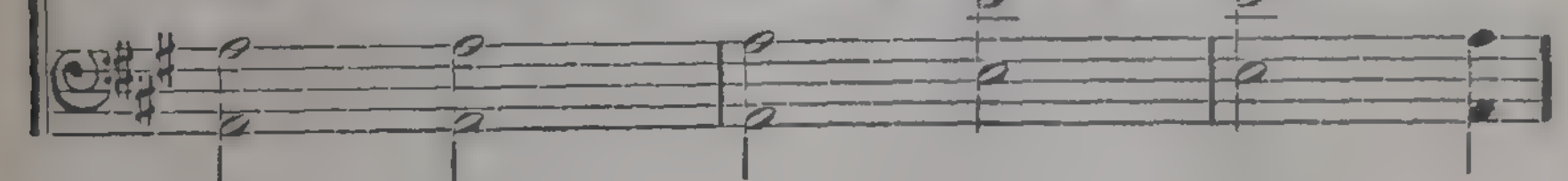
1. I'm a - lone in the world, I am wea - ry of life, I am
 2. My com - pan - ions and friends have all gone on be - fore, Now they
 3. I'm a - lone in the world but my Sav - iour is near, He will

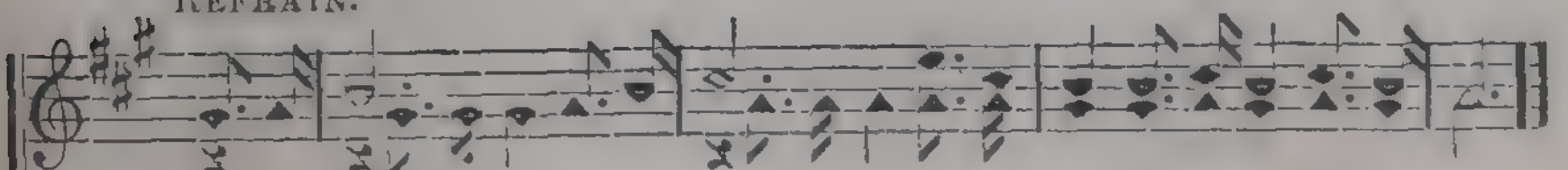
tired of the struggle, the bat - tle and strife; For the end of my journey is
 wait to receive me on Canaan's bright shore; I am fol low - ing on and I
 com - fort my heart, He will quell ev'ry fear; He will lead me thro' Jordan, with


draw - ing in sight And I long to go home to the land of de - light.
 soon shall be there, I shall rest in those mountains so bright and so fair.
 Him I'll be blest, He'll con - duct me to glo - ry and give me sweet rest.



REFRAIN.



I'm a - lone, I'm a - lone, I'm a - lone in the world, I'm alone.
 In the world, In the world,



* Written at the request of W. H. OGELVIE, College Grove, Tenn.
 From "Last Words," by per.

Never Alone.

Eben E. Rexford.

Arr. by M. L. McPhail.

Effective as a Solo and

1. Her name is written in the book of life. We seek to - side the way;
 2. Oh, soul, rest thou at His feet. The tender word and sweet
 3. Take courage, my dear child, for I am with thee. Trust and shadows hide

A - lone as thou art, I am here to pray.
 of Him who sits at His feet? The face of Him thou lov - est, He's ev - er at thy side.

Thou art the only one who has my name
 I have no other name - ry grown;
 Reach out thy hand, for I am here to pray.
 He is the one who has my name
 He is the one who has my name

Says, "Child, am I not with thee,
 Re - mem - ber, I have your name
 He smiles and says, "Child, am I not with thee,
 Re - mem - ber, I have your name
 He smiles and says, "Child, am I not with thee,
 Re - mem - ber, I have your name

CHORUS
 No, I am not alone! He is with me

Never Alone. Concluded.

prom-ised nev-er to leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone.

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Adieu. S. M.

Arr. by John R. Dailey.

1. Fare - well, vain world, I'm go - ing home; My
 2. I'm glad that I am born to die; From
 3. I'll praise my Mas - ter while I've breath, I
 4. I soon shall pass the vale of death, And

Sav - iour smiles and bids me come; Sweet an - gels beck - on
 grief and woe my soul shall fly; Bright an - gels shall con -
 hope to praise Him aft - er death; I hope to praise Him
 in His arms I'll lose my breath; And then my hap - py

me a - way, To sing God's praise in end - less day.
 vey me home, A - way to New Jer - u - sa - lem.
 when I die, And shout sal - va - tion as I fly.
 soul shall tell My Je - sus hath done all things well.


I soon shall hear the awful sound,
 Awake, ye nations underground!
 Arise, and drop your dying shrouds,
 And meet King Jesus in the clouds.

6 Then shall I see my blessed God,
 And praise Him in His bright abode;
 My theme in blest eternity,
 Shall glory, glory, glory be.



Light in the Valley.

E. R. Latta.


Frank M. Davis, by per.



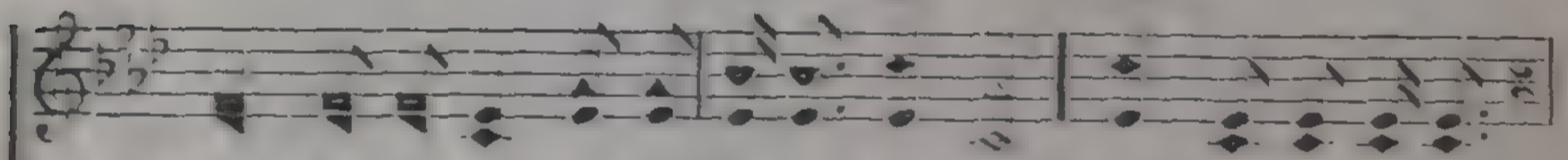
1. When to the earth I am bid-ding a-dieu. And, in the dis-tance, the
 2. Je - sus, who suf-fered and died for my sake, Then will my Stay and my
 3. Now I am los - ing my hold upon earth! Je - sus is ten-der - ly



mes - sen - ger see, 'Twill not be dark - ness my soul go - eth thro';
 Com - fort - er be: Heav - en's bright dawn on my vis - ion shall break;
 set - ting me free! Glo - ry is break - ing, and heav - en has birth!





CHORUS.




There will be light in the val-ley for me. Light in the val-ley.

Light in the valley. There will be light in the valley for me; Light in the

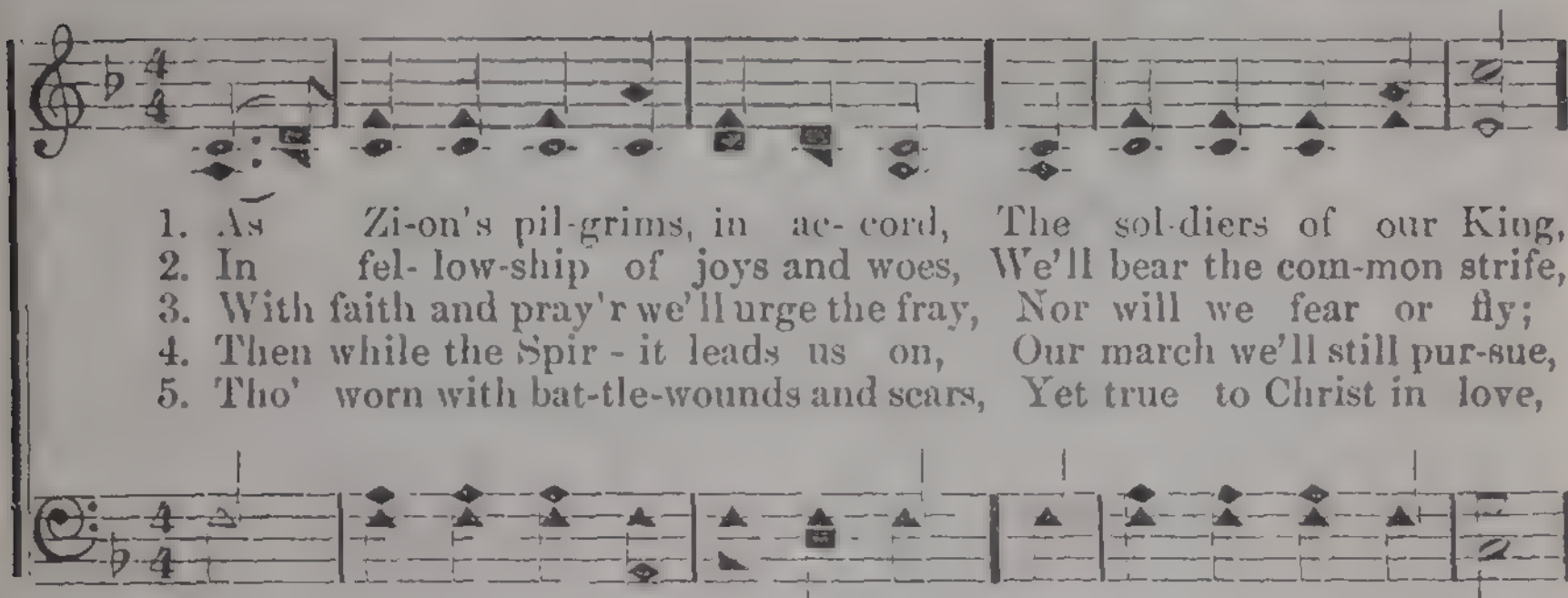



val-ley, Light in the valley. There will be light in the valley for me.



Rev. W. P. Rivers.

Arr. by R. M. McIntosh.

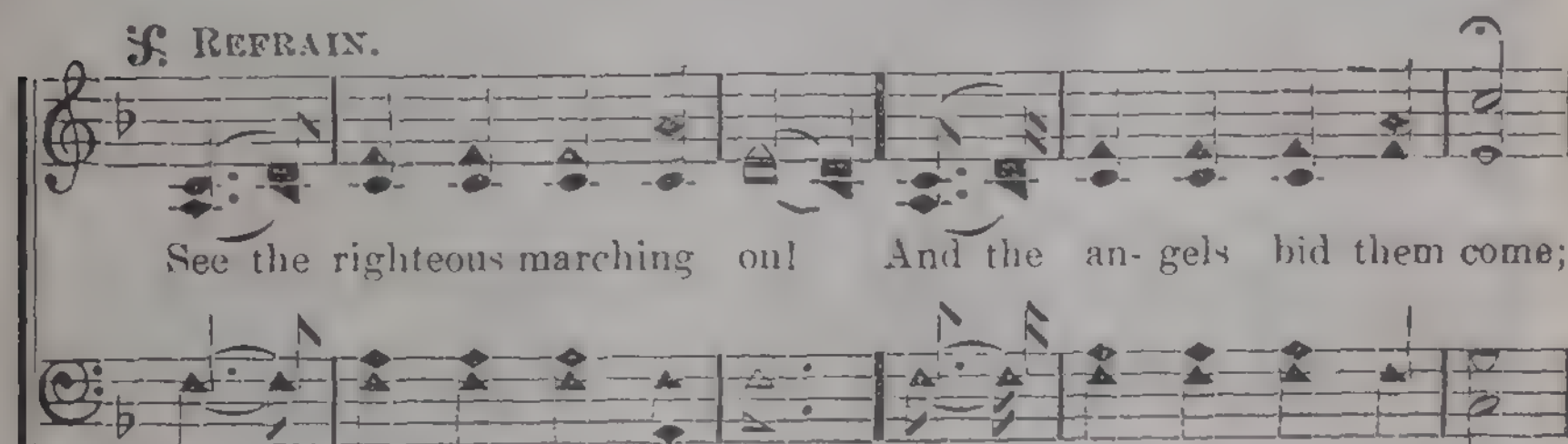


1. As Zi-on's pil-grims, in ac-cord, The sol-diers of our King,
 2. In fel-low-ship of joys and woes, We'll bear the com-mon strife,
 3. With faith and pray'r we'll urge the fray, Nor will we fear or fly;
 4. Then while the Spir-it leads us on, Our march we'll still pur-sue,
 5. Tho' worn with bat-tle-wounds and scars, Yet true to Christ in love,



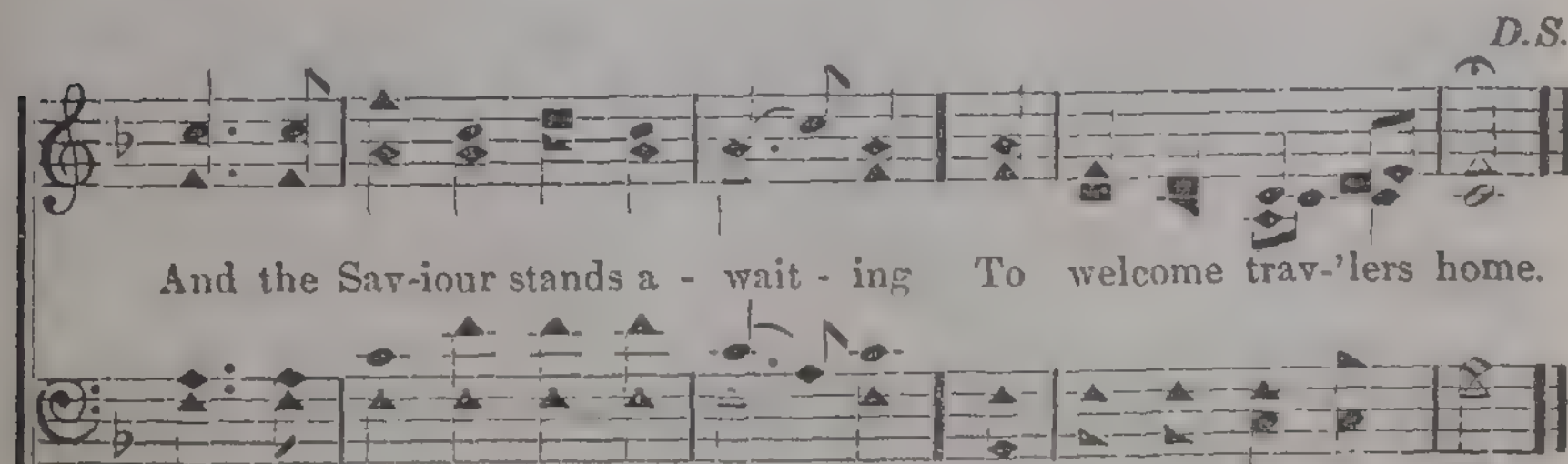
In cov'nant bands we'll serve the Lord, And all His prais-es sing.
 And on-ward press, thro' all our foes, In hope of end-less life.
 For vic-t'ry waits us on the way, And crowns a-bove the sky.
 Un-til our work be-low is done, And we our King shall view.
 We'll dwell with God be-yond the stars At home, in heav'n a-bove.

♩ REFRAIN.



See the righteous marching out! And the an-gels bid them come;

D.S.—To wel-come trav-'lers home, To wel-come trav-'lers home,

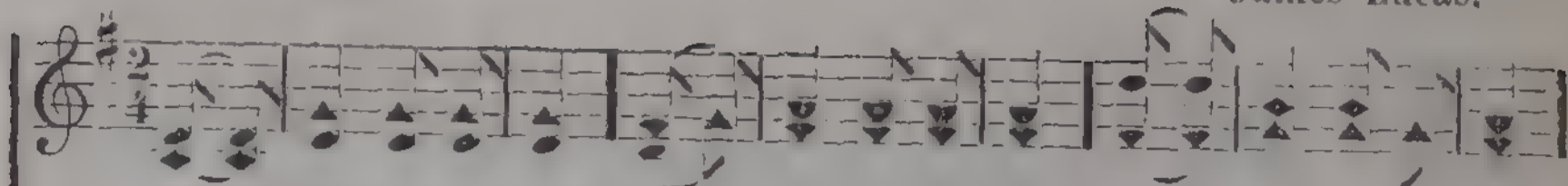


And the Sav-iour stands a - wait - ing To welcome trav-'lers home.

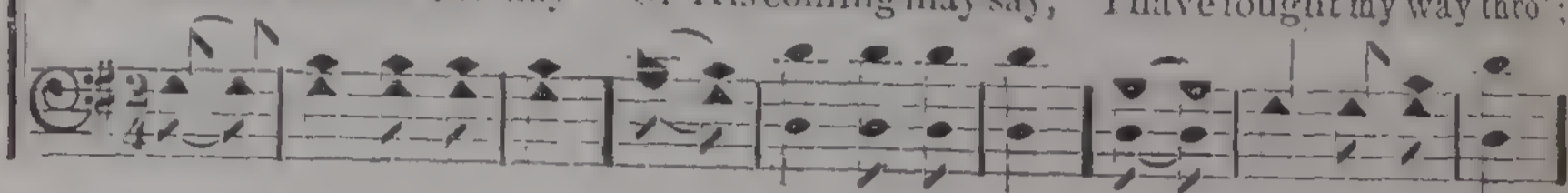

And the Sav-iour stands a - wait - ing To welcome trav-'lers home.

Charles Wesley.

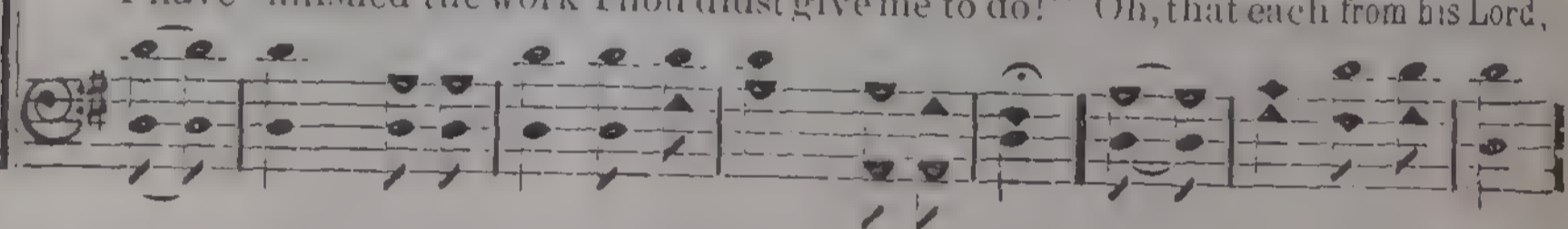
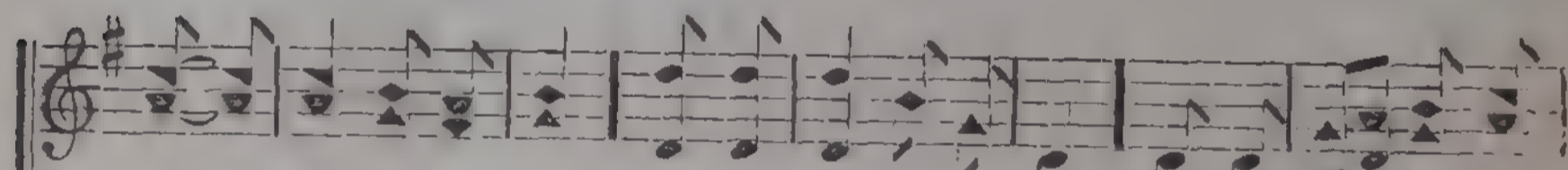
James Lucas.



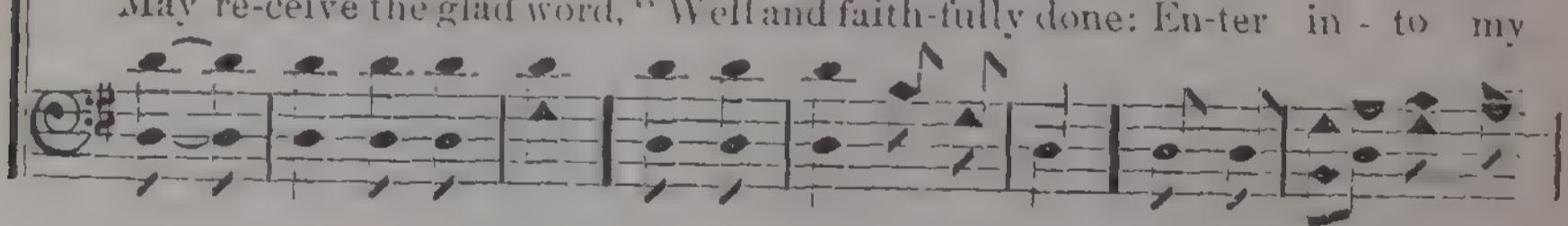
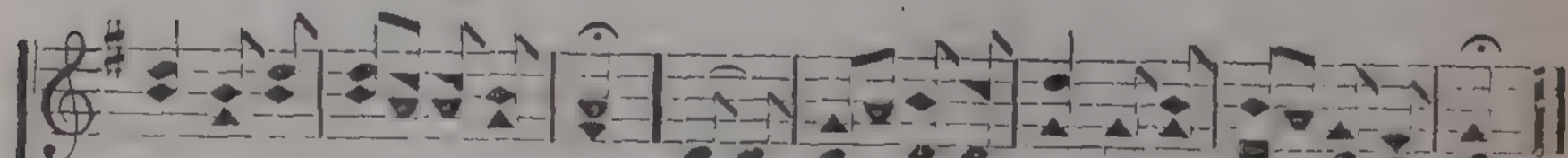
1. Come, let us a - new Our jour - ney pur - sue — Roll round with the year,
 2. Our life is a dream; Our time, as a stream, Glides swift - ly a - way,
 3. Oh, that each in the day Of His coming may say, "I have fought my way thro' ;

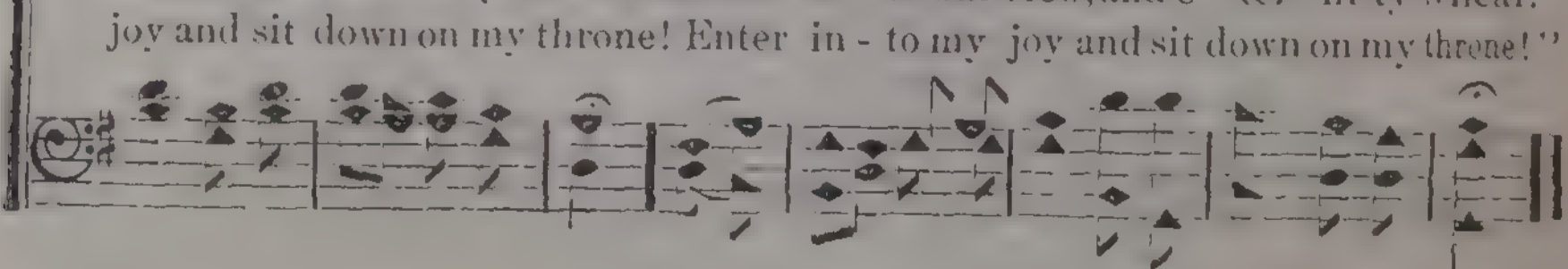
And nev - er stand still till the Mas - ter ap - pear; His a - dor - a - ble will
 And the fu - gi - tive moment re - fus - es to stay; 'The ar - row is flown,
 I have finished the work Thou didst give me to do!' " Oh, that each from his Lord,

Let us glad - ly ful - fill, And our tal - ents im - prove By the pa - tience of
 The moment is gone, The mil - len - ni - al year Rush - es on - to our
 May re - ceive the glad word, " Well and faith - fully done: En - ter in - to my

hope and the la - bor of love, By the pa - tience of hope and the la - bor of love,
 view, and e - ter - ni - ty's near, Rushes on to our view, and e - ter - ni - ty's near.
 joy and sit down on my throne! Enter in - to my joy and sit down on my throne!"



Where They Never Grow Old.

G. P. H.

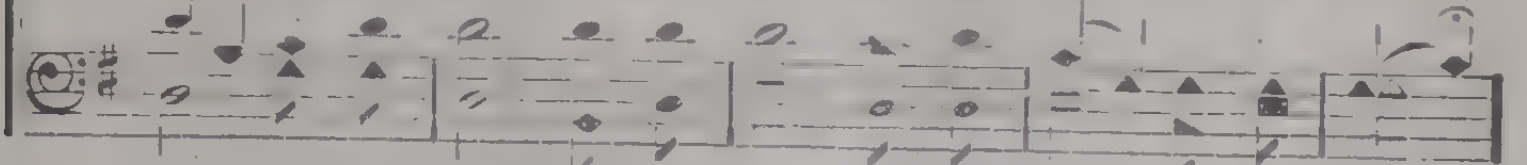
Rev. G. P. Hott.



1. In that land where none ev - er grow old, In that land where the
2. There the flow - ers for - ev - er more bloom, And life's springtime shall
3. Sor - row's tears nev - er more shall be known, Ev - 'ry heart - ache be
4. In the land where none ev - er grow old, In the beau - ty of



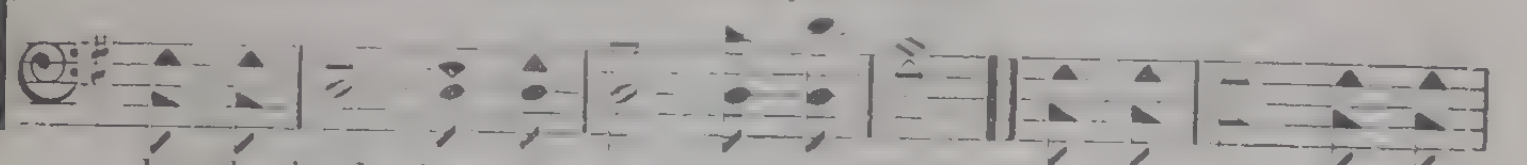
love-light ne'er dies, Where no suf - 'ring and sor - rows are known,
 ne'er pass a - way, There's no dread - ing of death or the tomb,
 ban - ished for aye, To our arms all the lov'd ones shall come,
 morn - ing they'll dwell, There they tell us no part - ings are known,



D.S.—And with dear ones shall part nev - er more.



We shall meet far be - yond the bright skies.
 For the morn - ing but o - peneth to - day.
 In the beau - ti - ful land far a - way. } We shall meet on the
 And they nev - er more say "fare-you-well."



In the land where they nev - er grow old.



bright gold - en shore, Where there's life and there's love we are told,

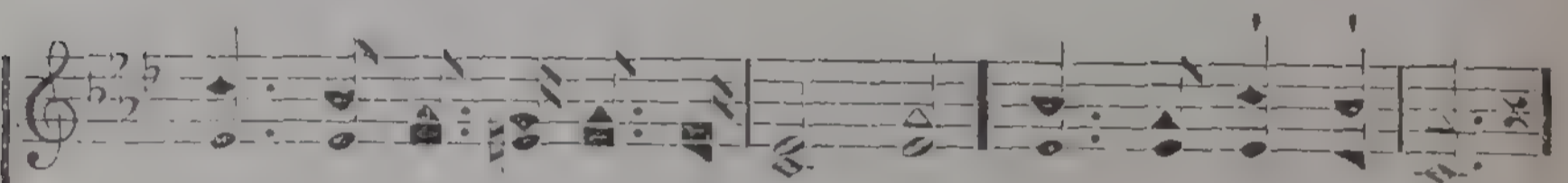
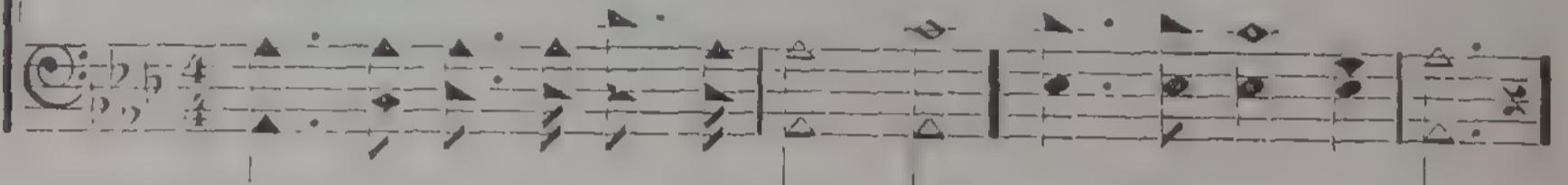


Fanny J. Crosby.

W. H. Doane, by per.



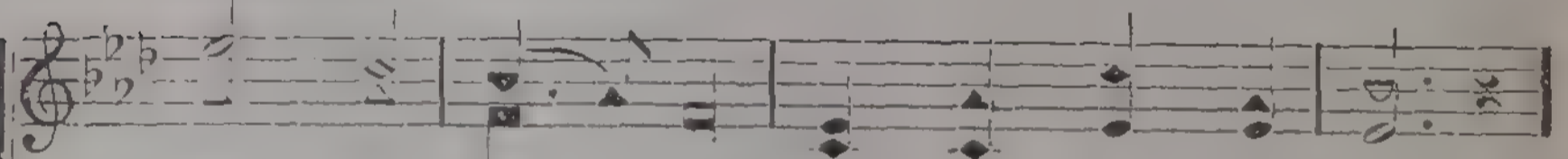
1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - iour, Hear my hum - ble cry;
2. Let me at a throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief.
3. Trust - ing on - ly in Thy mer - it, Would I seek Thy face;
4. Thou the Spring of all my com - fort, More than life to me.



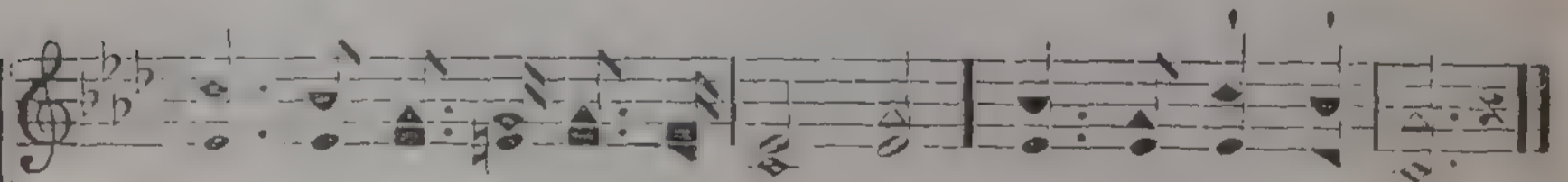
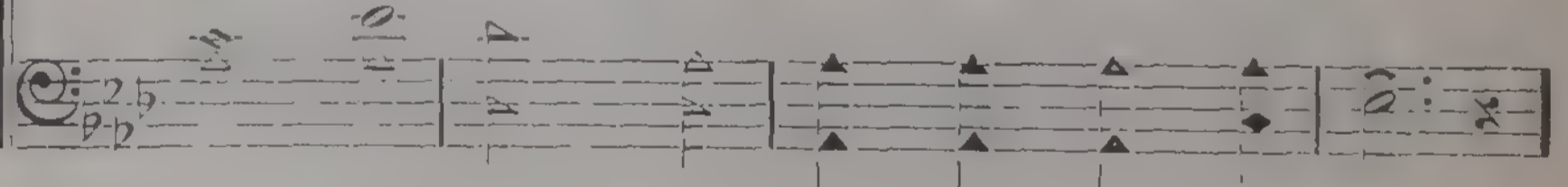
While on oth - ers Thou art smil - ing, Do not pass me by.
 Kneel - ing there in deep cou - tri - tion, Help my un - be - lief;
 Heal my wound - ed, brok - en spir - it, Save me by Thy grace.
 Whom have I on earth be - side Thee? Whom in heav'n but Thee?



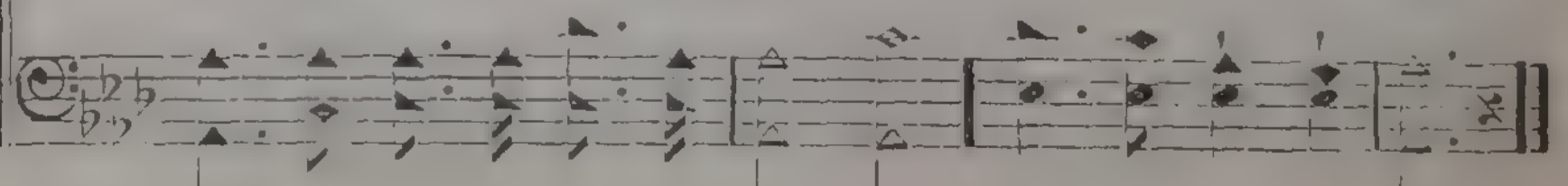
CHORUS.



Sav - iour, Sav - iour, hear my hum - ble cry,



While on oth - ers Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.



Passing Under the Rod.

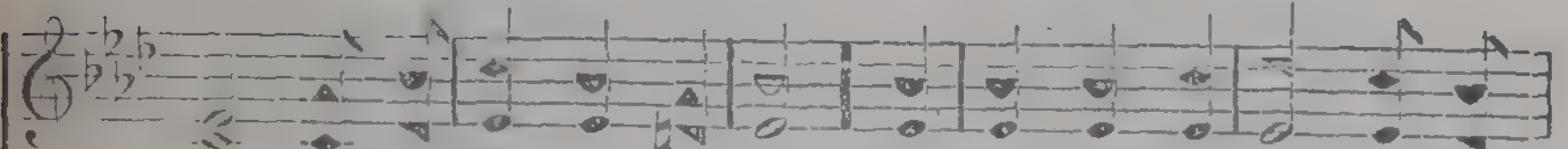
W. T. D.

Frank M. Davis.

Slow, with feeling.



1. When bowed with af - flic - tion and woes here be - low, As on in my
2. When tri - als and loss - es fall un - to me here; When mingling the
3. When weep - ing I stand o'er the spoils of the grave, — My friends all de-



way to bright Canaan I go; I hear a sweet voice: 'tis the
 cup of thanks-giv-ing with tears; I hear the same voice, — the sweet
 part - ed be - yond the dark wave; I hear the sweet voice of my



voice of my God:—"I love thee, I love thee: pass un - der the rod."
 voice of my God:—"I love thee, I love thee: pass un - der the rod."
 Fa - ther and God:—"I love thee, I love thee; pass un - der the rod."



REFRAIN.



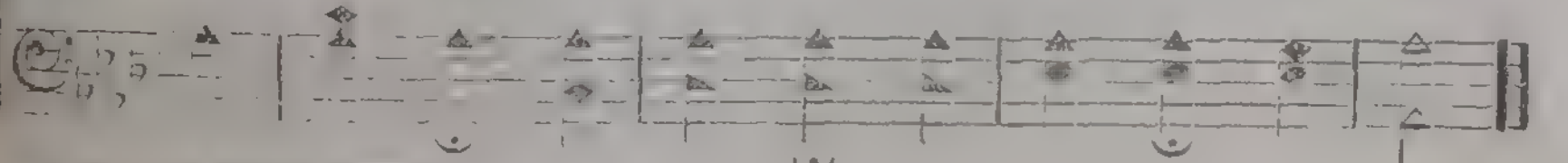
Pass un - der the rod, Pass un - der the rod,



rit. e dim.



I love thee, I love thee: pass un - der the rod.



Lead Me, Saviour.

F. M. Davis.

J. Henry Hall.

With expression.

1. Sav-iour, lead me, lest I stray, lest I stray, Gent-ly lead me all the
 2. Thou the ref-uge of my soul, of my soul, When life's stormy bil-lows
 3. Sav-iour, lead me then at last, then at last, When the storm of life is

1. Sav-iour, lead me, lead me lest I stray, Gent-ly lead me;
 2. Thou the ref - uge, refuge of my soul, When life's storm-y,
 3. Sav iour, lead me, lead me then at last, When the storm, the

way, all the way; I am safe when by Thy side, by Thy side,
 roll, bil-lows roll; I am safe when Thou art nigh, Thou art nigh,
 past, life is past, To the land of end-less day, end-less day,

lead me all the way, I am safe, am safe when by Thy side.
 storm-y bil lows roll, I am safe, am safe when Thou art nigh,
 storm of life is past, To the land, the land of end-less day,

I would in Thy love a - bide, love a - bide. } Lead me,
 All my hopes on Thee re - ly, Thee re - ly. }
 Where all tears are wiped a - way, wiped a - way. } Lead me all the way,

I would in, would in Thy love a-bide.
 All my hopes, my hopes on Thee re-ly.
 Where all tears, all tears are wiped a-way.

Lead me, Sav - iour lead me lest I stray, lest I stray, Gent - ly
 lead me all the way, Saviour lead me lest I stray, lest I stray, Gent-ly

Lead Me, Saviour. Concluded.

down the stream of time, stream of time, Lead me, Sav- iour, all the way, all the way.
down the stream of time, stream of time, Lead me, Saviour, all the way, all the way.

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How I Love Jesus.

Frederick Whitfield.

American Spiritual.

1. There is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth;
2. It tells me of a Saviour's love, Who died to set me free;
3. It tells me what my Fa- ther hath In store for ev - 'ry day;
4. It tells of One whose lov- ing heart Can feel my deep- est woe,

It sounds like mu - sic in mine ear, The sweetest name on earth.
It tells me of His pre- cious blood, The sin- ner's per- fect plea.
And, tho' I tread a darksome path, Yields sunshine all the way.
Who in each sor- row bears a part, That none can bear be - low.

CHORUS.

Oh, how I love Je - sus! Oh, how I love Je - sus!

Oh, how I love Je - sus! Be - cause He first lov'd me.

Lead Me On.

J. H. Leslie.

C. E. Pollock.

1. Lead me safe - ly on by the nar - row way From the
 2. With a Shep - herd's care thro' the night and day, Keep me
 3. Thro' the storm of life, amid the o - cean's foam, Lead me

shores of time to the realms of day; By the cross of Christ may I
 close to Thee lest I go a - stray; Lead me safe - ly on by Thy
 safe - ly on to my heav'nly home; At the fount of life on the

ev - er stand, As I jour - ney on to the bet - ter land.
 ten - der love, Thro' this world of sin to my home a - bove,
 oth - er shore, Let me free - ly drink till I thirst no more.

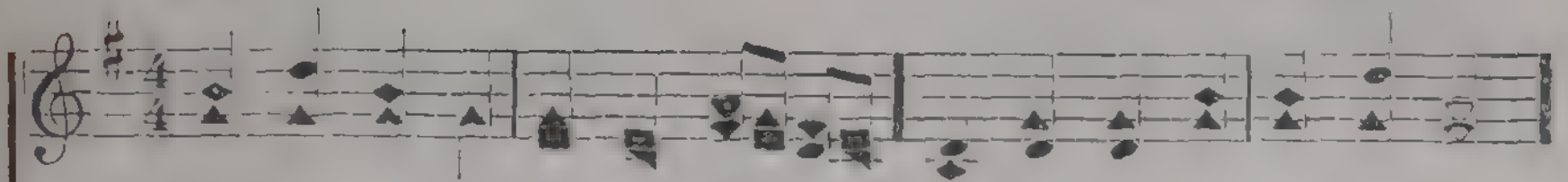
CHORUS.

Lead me on, lead me on, lead me on, lead me on, By the straight and narrow way;

Lead me on, lead me on, lead me on, lead me on, To the realms of endless day.

W. H. R.

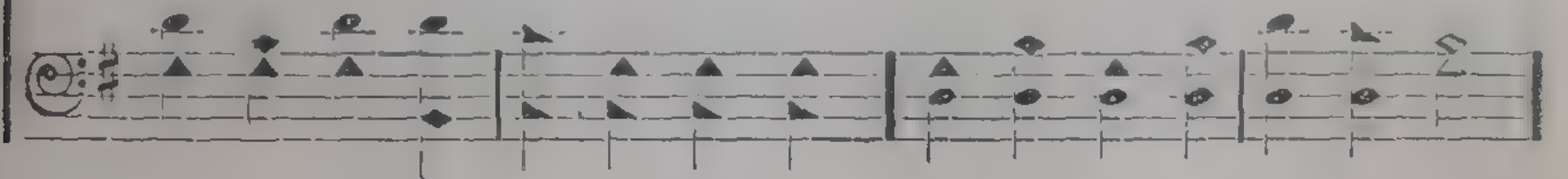
Will H. Ruebush.



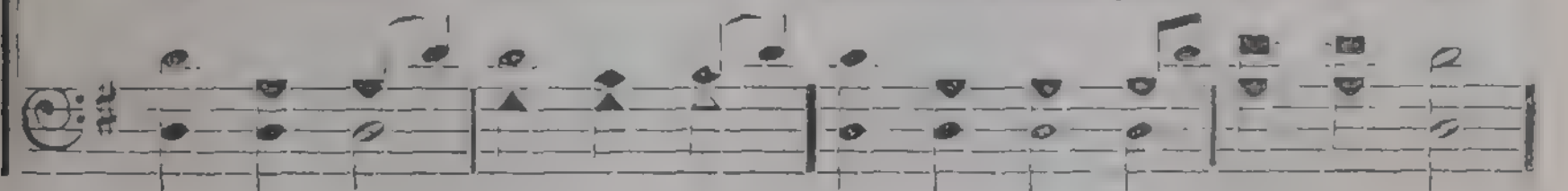
1. In the hour when worn and wea-ry, When the world seems to en-thrall;
2. In the day when heav-y bur-dens May up-on your shoulders fall;
3. In the night when storm-clouds gather Hear the Shepherd's gracious call;



Go to Je - sus, He will cheer you, Find in Christ your all in all.
 Go to Je - sus, He will aid you, Find in Christ your all in all.
 Go to Je - sus, He will guide you, Find in Christ your all in all.




All in all, all in all, Find in Christ your all in all;





On His breast they sweet-ly rest, Who make Christ all in all.




J. M. Evans.



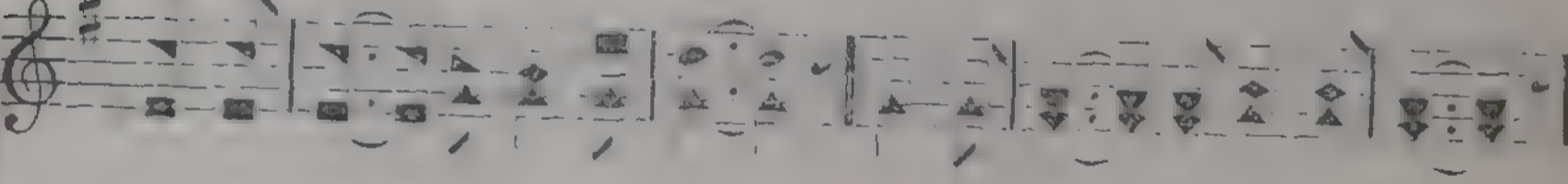
1. "Land a - head! its fruits are waving O'er the hills of fadeless green:
2. On-ward, bark! the cape I'm rounding. See! the bless-ed wave their hands.
3. There, let go the anchor, rid-ing On this calm and sil-v'ry bay;
4. Now we're safe from all temp-tation; All the storms of life are past;



And the liv - ing wa-ters lav-ing Shores where heavenly forms are seen.
 Hear the harps of God re-sounding From the bright im-mor-tal bands.
 Seaward fast the tide is glid-ing; Shores in sun-light stretch a-way.
 Praise the Rock of our sal - va-tion; We are safe at home at last.




CHORUS.



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

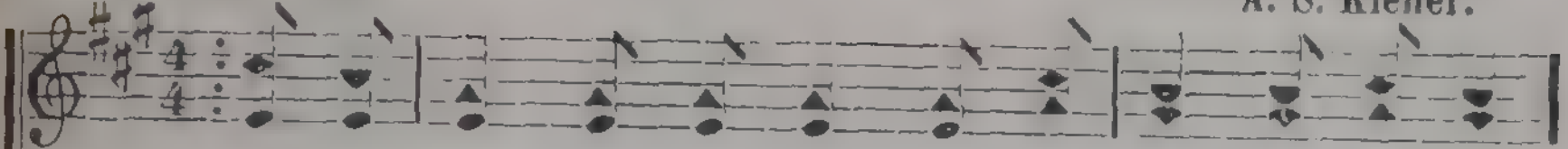



Drop the an-chor! furl the sail! I am safe with-in the vail!

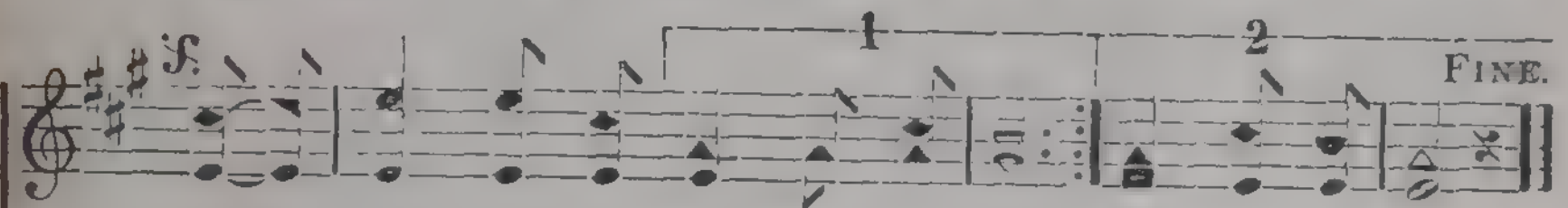
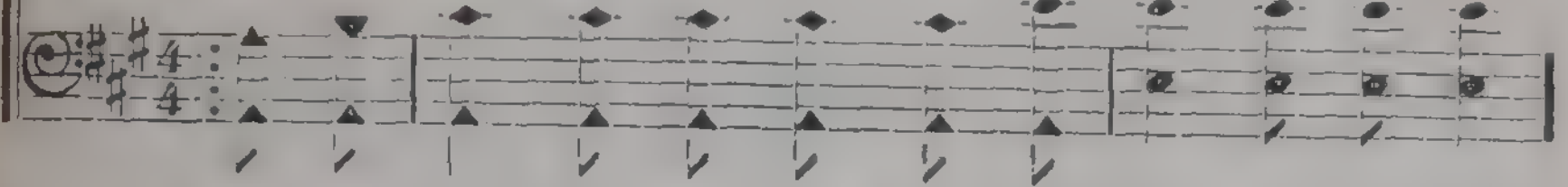


Rev. I. Baltzell.

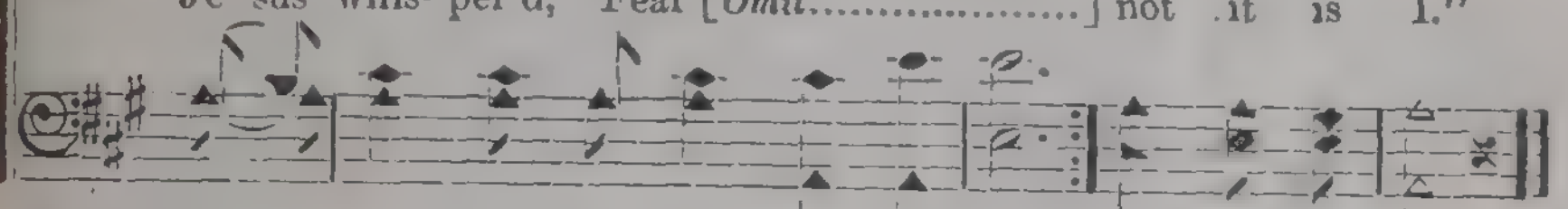
A. S. Kieffer.



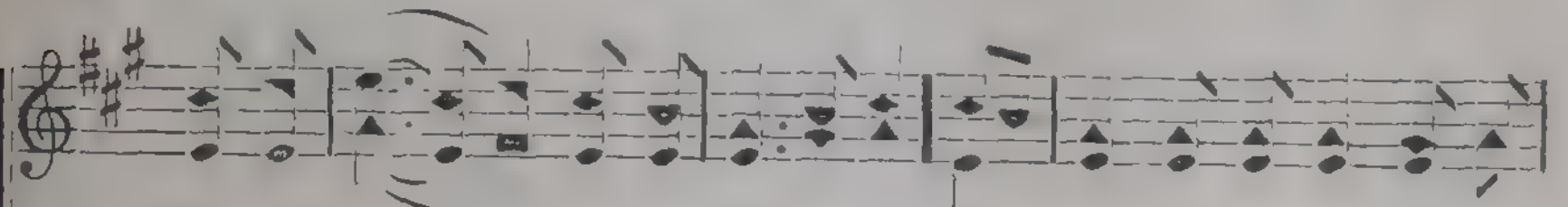
1. { When the storm in its fu - ry on Gal - i - lee fell.
 { And the faith - less dis - ci - ples were bound in the spell,



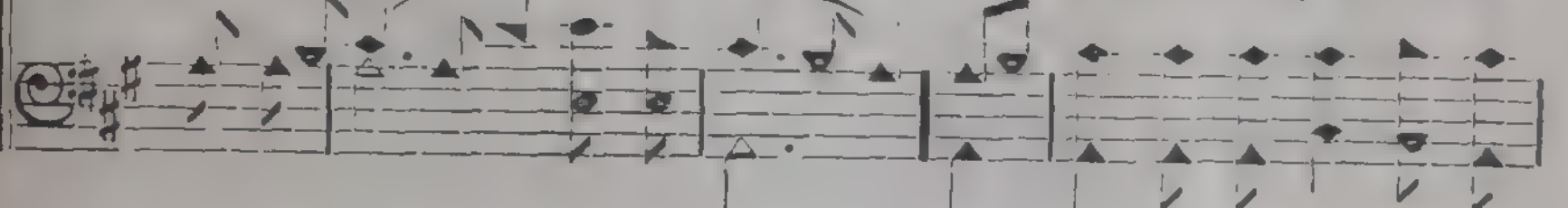
And lift - ed its wa - ters on high,
 Je - sus whis - per'd, "Fear [Omit.....] not it is I."



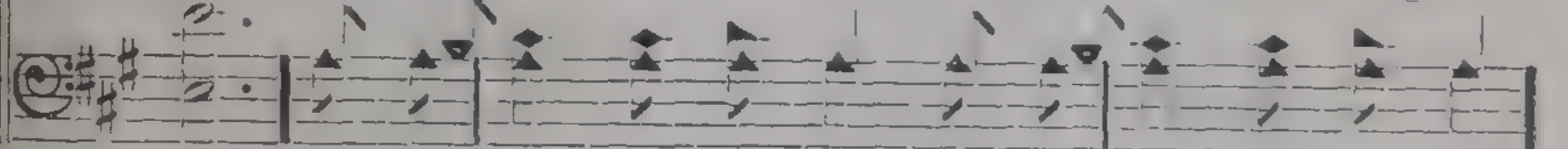
D.S.—"Fear not, trembling [Omit.....] one, it is I."



"It is I,..... it is I,..... Fear not, trembling one, it is



I," In the midst of the storm, in the midst of the gloom.



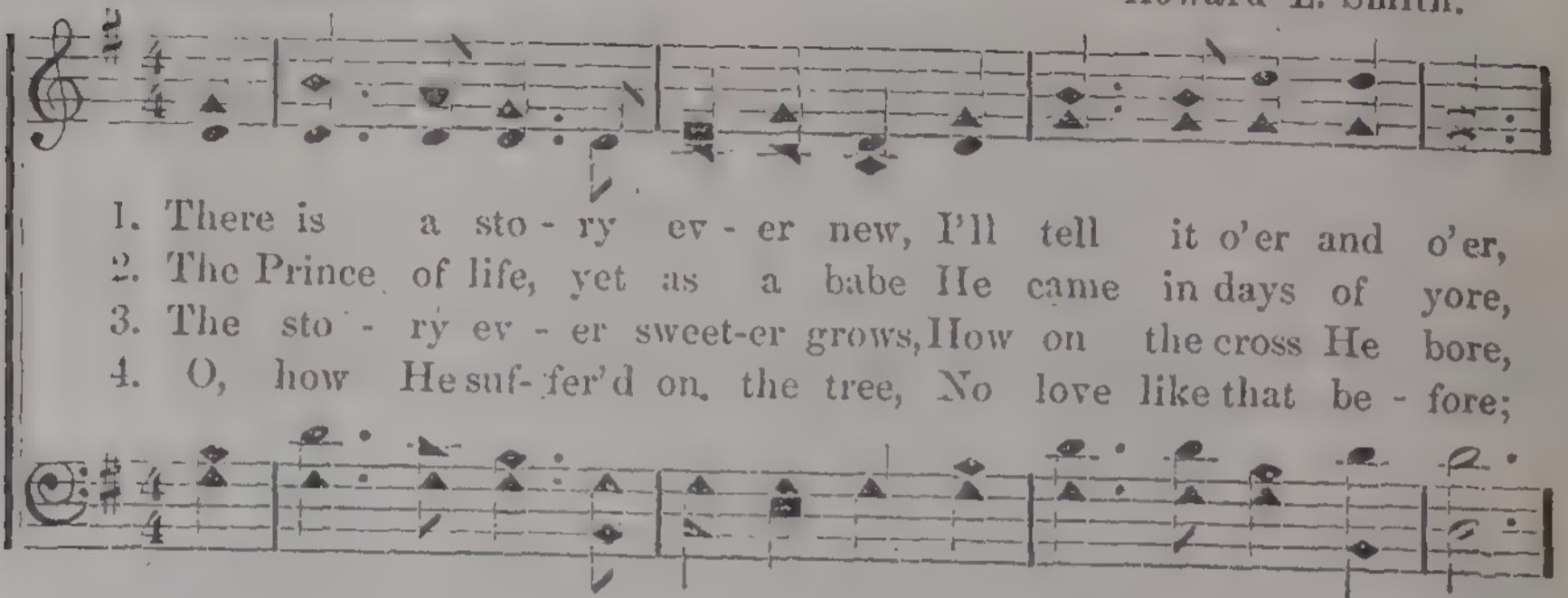
The storm could not bury that word in
 the wave,
 'Twas taught through the tempest to
 fly,
 It shall reach His disciples in every
 age,
 Saying, "Be not afraid, It is I."
 3 When the spirit is broken with sorrow
 and care,
 And comfort is ready to die,

Then darkness shall pass, and the sun-
 shine appear,
 By the life giving word, "It is I."
 4 When death is at hand, and this cot-
 tage of clay
 Is left with a tremulous sigh,
 The gracious Redeemer will light all
 the way,
 Saying, "Be not afraid, it is I."

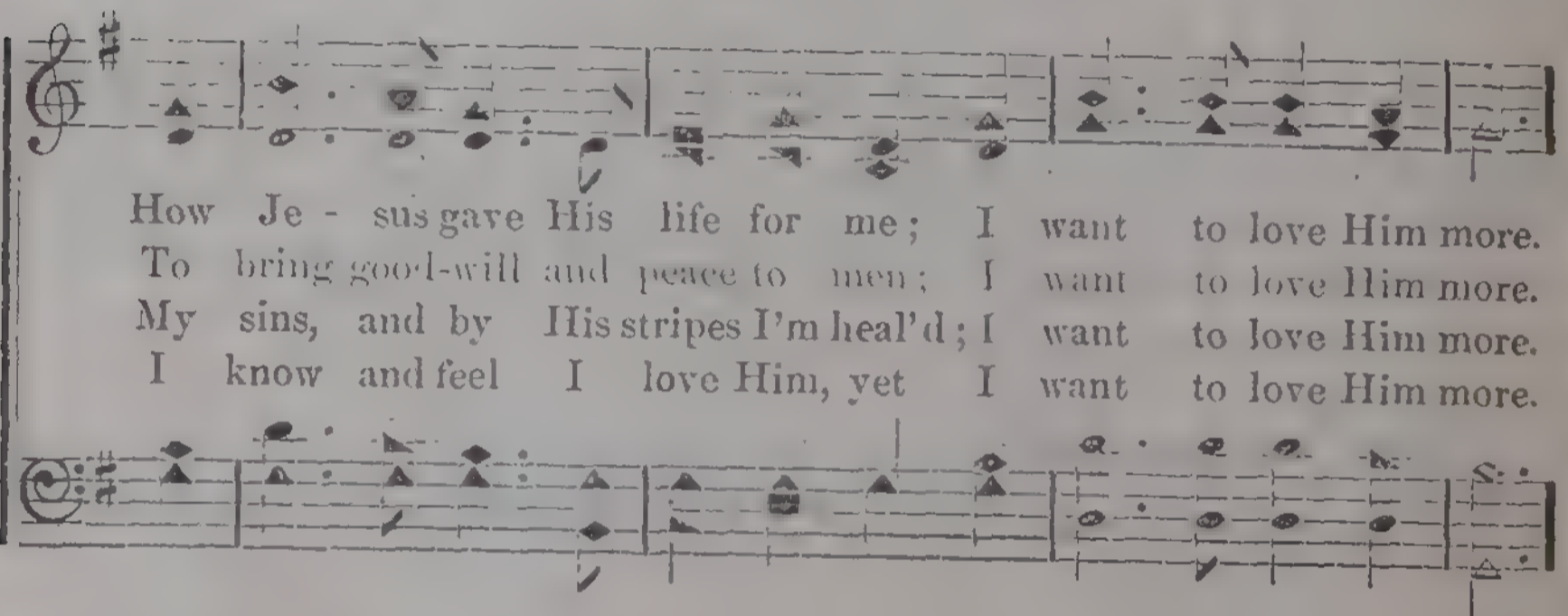
I Want to Love Him More.

Rev. F. L. Snyder.

Howard E. Smith.

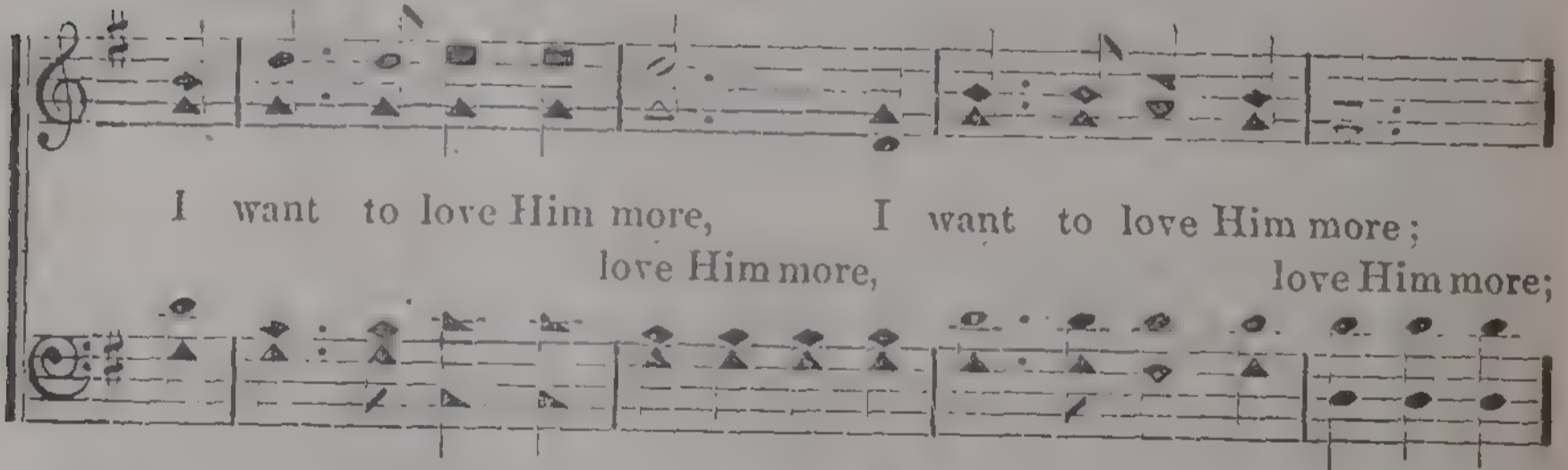


1. There is a sto - ry ev - er new, I'll tell it o'er and o'er,
 2. The Prince of life, yet as a babe He came in days of yore,
 3. The sto - ry ev - er sweet-er grows, How on the cross He bore,
 4. O, how He suf-fer'd on, the tree, No love like that be - fore;

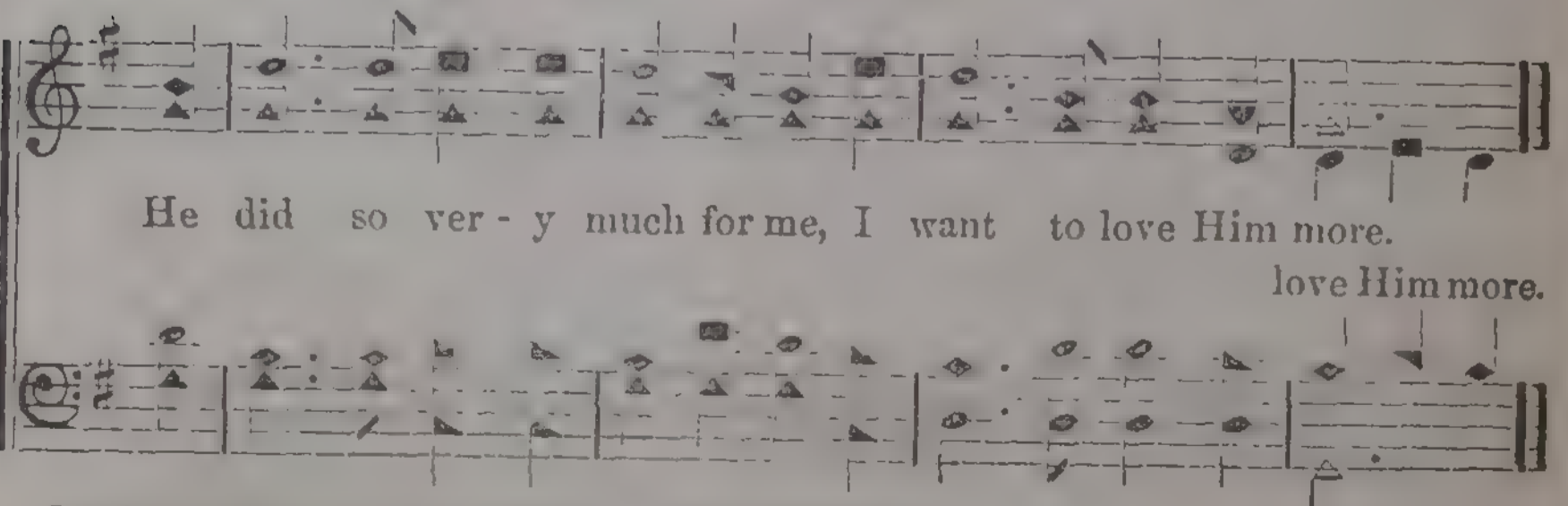


How Je - sus gave His life for me; I want to love Him more.
 To bring good-will and peace to men; I want to love Him more.
 My sins, and by His stripes I'm heal'd; I want to love Him more.
 I know and feel I love Him, yet I want to love Him more.

CHORUS.



I want to love Him more, I want to love Him more;
 love Him more, love Him more;



He did so ver - y much for me, I want to love Him more.
 love Him more.

From Ingalls.

FINE.

1. A child of Je-ho-vah, a sub-ject of grace,

D.C.—I'll own my re-la-tion, my Fa-ther is God!

I'm of the seed roy-al—a dig-ni-fied race;

An heir of sal-va-tion, re-deem-ed with blood,

D.C.

- 2 He loved me of old, and He loveth me still ;
Before the creation He gave me by will,
A portion worth more than the Indies of gold,
Which cannot be wasted, nor mortgaged, nor sold.
- 3 He gave me a Surety, a covenant Head,
To live in my name, and to die in my stead ;
He gave me a righteousness wholly divine,
And viewed all the merits of Jesus as mine.
- 4 He gave a Preceptor infallibly wise,
And treasures of grace to be sent in supplies ;
Yea, all that I ask for, my Father hath given
To help me on earth, and to crown me in heaven.
- 5 He gave me a will to accept what He gave,
Though I was averse to His purpose to save ;
He wrote in His will my repentance and faith,
And all my enjoyments for life and for death.
- 6 My trials and sorrows, my conflicts and cares,
The spirit of prayer and the answer of prayers,
The steps I should tread, and the place I should fill,
My Father determined and wrote in His will.
- 7 My cross and my crown are both willed by my God,
He swore to His will, and then sealed it with blood ;
'Tis proved by the Spirit, the witness within ;
'Tis mine to inherit ; I'll glory begin.

Gadsby's Col.

Wm. Walker.

1. Yes, I shall soon be land - ed On yon - der shores of bliss;

There, with my pow'rs ex - pand - ed, Shall dwell where Je - sus is.

FINE.

D.S.—My foes be all de - feat - ed, And sa - cred peace made known.

2. Yes, I shall soon be seat - ed With Je - sus on His throne;

D.S.

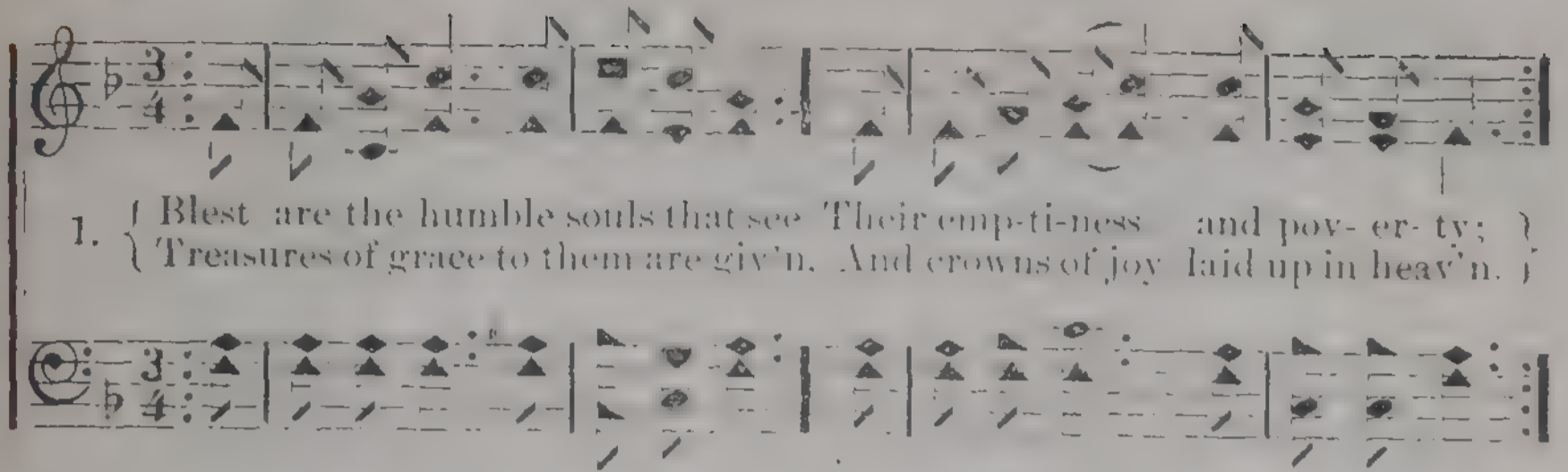
3 With Father, Son, and Spirit,
I shall forever reign,
Sweet joy and peace inherit,
And every good obtain.

4 I soon shall reach the harbor,
To which I speed the way;
Shall cease from all my labor,
And there for ever stay.

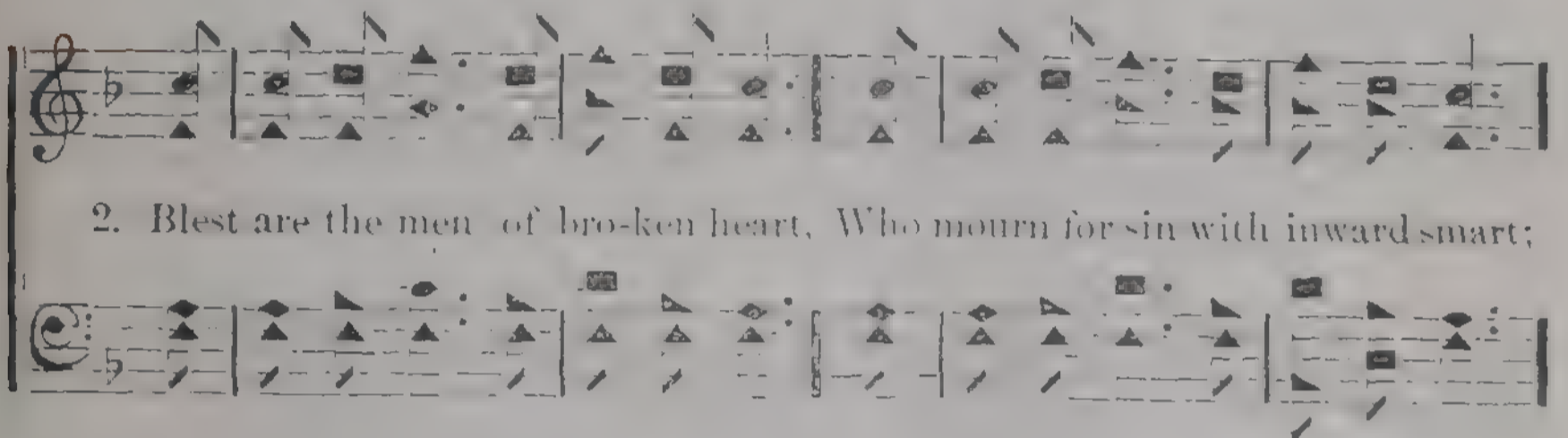
5 Sweet Spirit, guide me over
This life's tempestuous sea;
Keep me, O holy Lover,
For I confide in Thee.

6 O that in death's dark swelling
I may be helped to sing,
And pass the river, telling
The triumphs of my King.

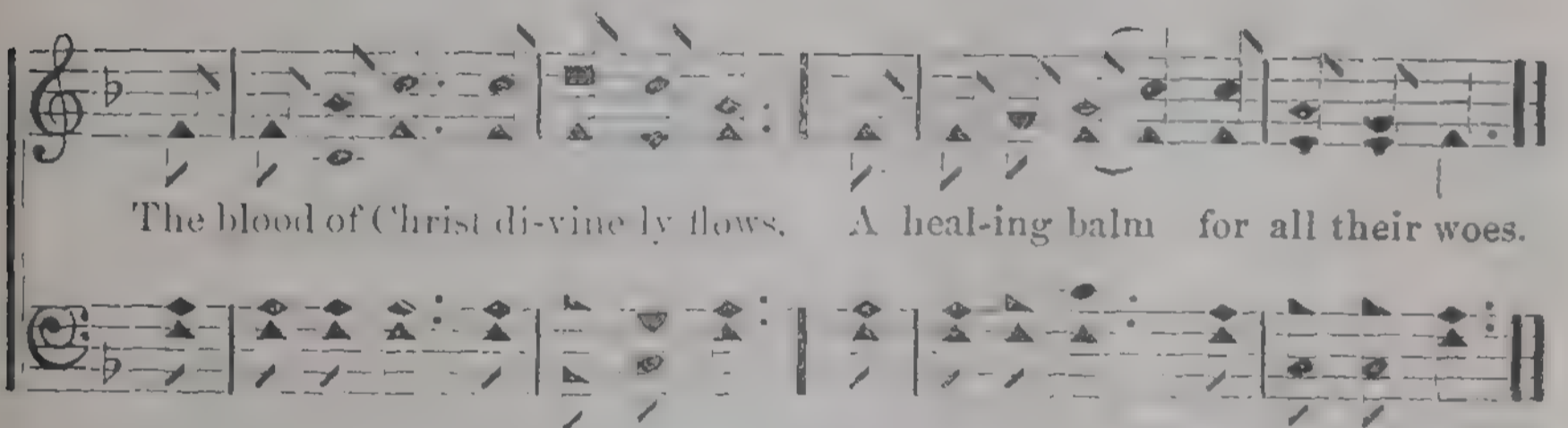
Watts.



1. (Blest are the humble souls that see Their emp-ti-ness and pov-er-ty;)
 (Treasures of grace to them are giv'n. And crowns of joy laid up in heav'n.)



2. Blest are the men of broken heart, Who mourn for sin with inward smart;



The blood of Christ di-vine ly flows, A heal-ing balm for all their woes.

- 3 Blest are the meek, who stand afar
 From rage and passion, noise and war;
 God will secure their happy state,
 And plead their cause against the great.
- 4 Blest are the souls that thirst for grace,
 Hunger and long for righteousness,
 They shall be well supplied and fed
 With living streams and living bread.
- 5 Blest are the pure, whose hearts are clean
 From the defiling power of sin.
 With endless pleasure they shall see
 A God of spotless purity.
- 6 Blest are the men of peaceful life,
 Who quench the coals of growing strife,
 They shall be called the heirs of bliss,
 The sons of God, the God of peace.
- 7 Blest are the sufferers who partake
 Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake;
 Their souls shall triumph in the Lord,
 Glory and joy are their reward.

Weeping One of Bethany.

Respectfully inscribed to "The Hall Quartett."

J. C. B.

J. Calvin Bushey.

1. Je - sus wept! those tears are o - ver, But His love is
 2. Je - sus wept! and still in glo - ry, He must mark the
 3. Je - sus wept! that tear of sor - row If a leg - a -

still the same, Kins - man, friend and eld - er
 mourn - er's tear, Lov - ing still to trace the
 cy of love, Yes - ter - day. to - day, to -

broth - er, Is His ev - er - last - ing name. } *p* Weep - ing one.
 sto - ry Of the hearts He strengthened here. } Weeping one,
 mor - row, He the same doth ev - er prove. }

weeping one, Sav - iour, who can love like Thee, Weep - ing
 weeping one,

one, weep - ing one, Weep - ing one of Beth - an - y.
 weeping one, weeping one,

Bradbury.

FINE.

1. { Lord, I be-lieve; Thy pow'r I own, Thy truth I would o - bey; }
 { I wan-der com-fort - less and lone, When from Thy paths I stray. }

2. { Lord, I be-lieve a rest re-mains To all Thy people known; }
 { A rest where pure en - joy-ment reigns, And Thou art loved a - lone. }

3. { O that I now the rest might know, Be - lieve, and en - ter in: }
 { Now Saviour, now the pow'r be - stow, And let me cease from sin: }

D. C.—I look to Thee with pray'rs and tears, And cry for strength and light.
D. C.—Where fear, and sin, and grief ex - pire, Cast out by per - fect love.
D. C.—To me the rest of faith im - part, —The Sab - bath of Thy love.

Lord, I be - lieve: but gloom - y fears Some - times be - dim my sight:
 A rest where all our soul's de - sire Is fixed on things a - bove;
 Re - move this hard - ness from my heart: This un - be - lief re - move;

D. C.

Hammond.

John R. Daily.

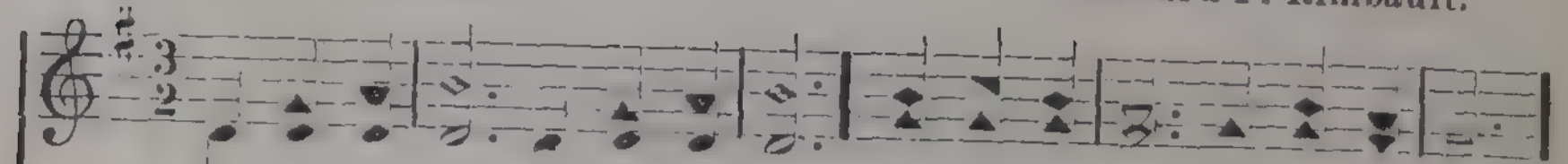
1. A - wake and sing the song Of Mos - es and the Lamb; Wake
 2. Sing of His say - ing love. Sing of His ris - ing power, Sing
 3. Sing on your heav'nly way. Ye ran - som'd sin - ners, sing; Sing
 4. Soon shall we hear Him say, Ye bless - ed chil - dren come; Soon

ev - 'ry heart and ev - 'ry tongue To praise the Sav - iour's name.
 how He in - ter - cedes a - bove For those whose sins He bore.
 on, re - joic - ing ev - 'ry day In Christ, th'e - ter - nal King.
 will He call us hence a - way To our im - mor - tal home.

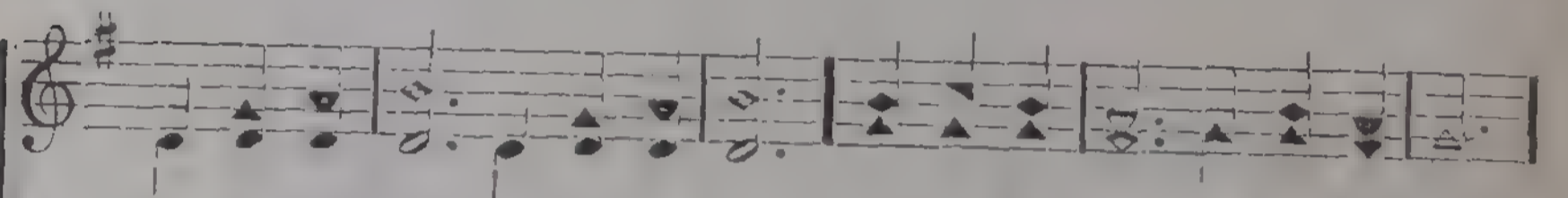
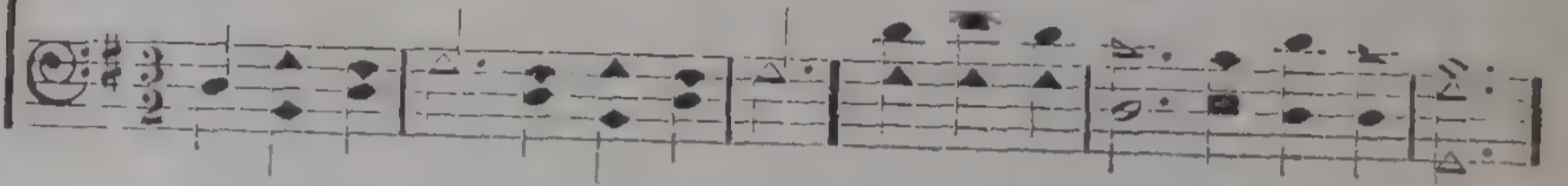
The Happy Day.

Rev. Philip Doddridge.

Edward F. Rimbault.



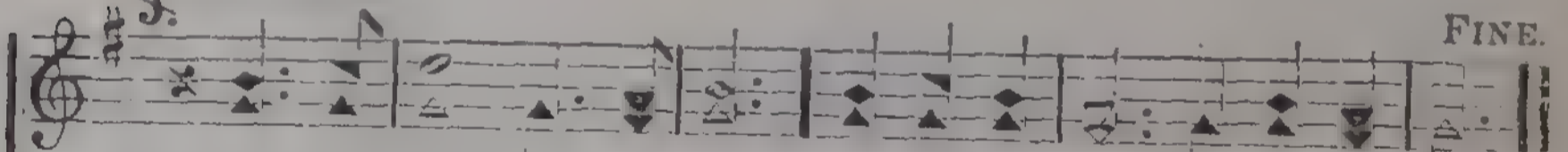
1. O hap-py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
2. O hap-py bond that seals my vows, To Him who mer-its all my love.
3. 'Tis done, the great transaction's done: I am my Lord's and He is mine;
4. Now rest my long - di - vi - ded heart, Fixed on this blissful cen - ter, rest;
5. High heav'n that heard the solemn vow, That vow renewed shall daily hear,



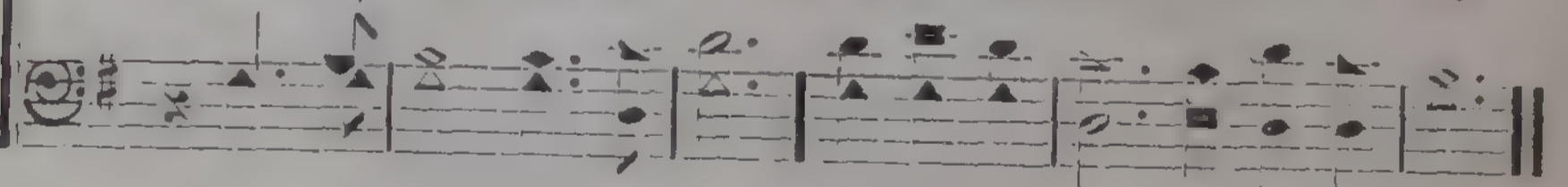
Well may this glow-ing heart rejoice, And tell its rap - ture all a-broad.
 Let cheerful an-thems fill His house, While to that sa - cred shrine I move.
 He drew me and I fol - lowed on; Charmed to confess the voice di-vine.
 Nor ev - er from thy Lord de-part, With Him of ev - 'ry good possessed.
 Till in life's la - test hour I bow, And bless in death a bond so dear.



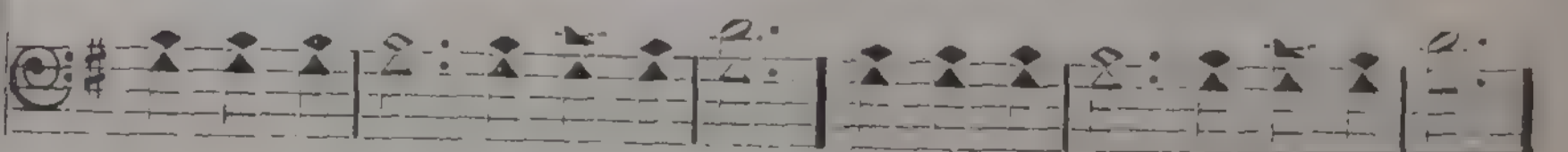
REFRAIN.



Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je-sus washed my sins a - way,



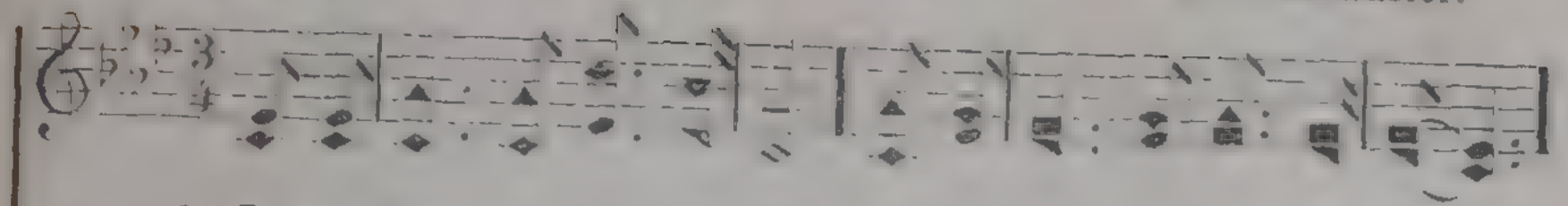
He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re-joic - ing ev-'ry day.



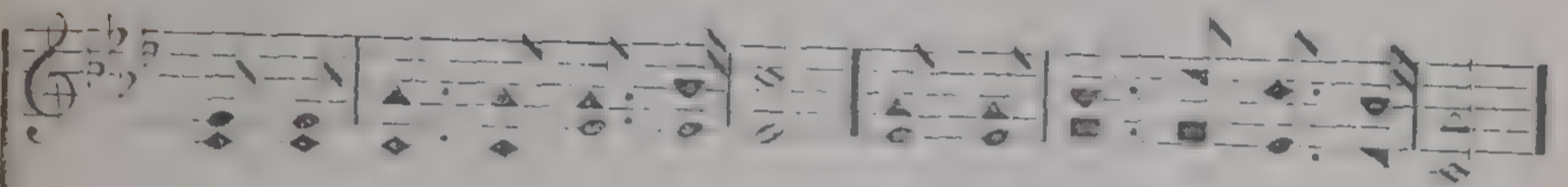
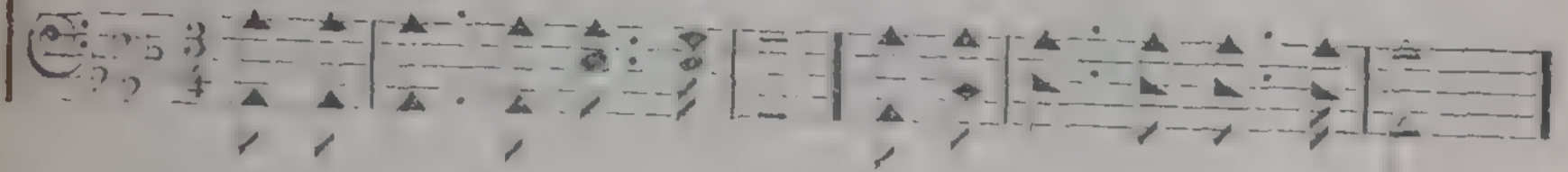
Whose I Am.

Frances R. Havergal.

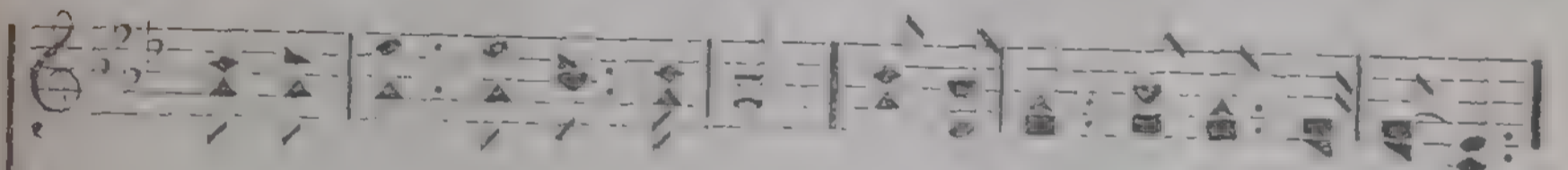
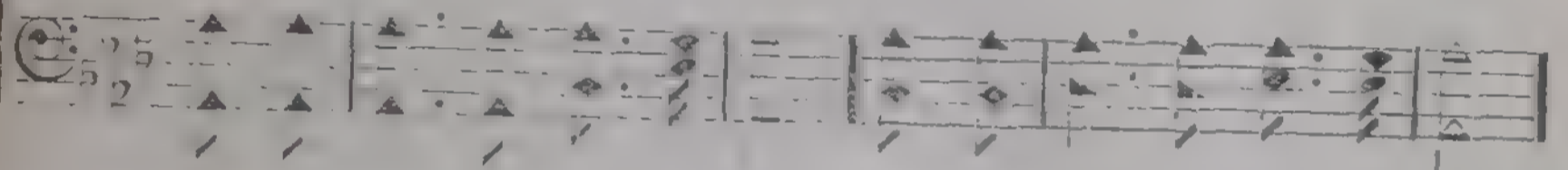
A. J. Showalter.



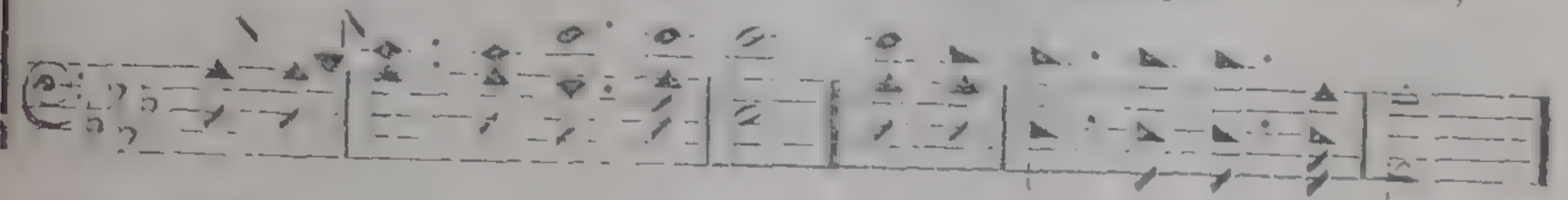
1. Je-sus, Mas-ter, whose I am, Purchased Thine a-lone to be
2. Oth-er lords have long held sway: Now, Thy name a-lone to bear;
3. Je-sus, Mas-ter, I am Thine! Keep me faith-ful, keep me near:



By Thy blood, O spot-less Lamb! Shed so will-ing-ly for me:
 Thy dear voice a-lone o-bey, Is my dai-ly, hour-ly pray'r.
 Let Thy pres-ence in me shine. All my home-ward way to cheer.



Let my heart be all Thine own, Let me live to Thee a-lone:
 Who have I in heav'n but Thee? Nothing else my joy can be;
 Je-sus! at Thy feet I fall: Oh, be Thou my all in all;

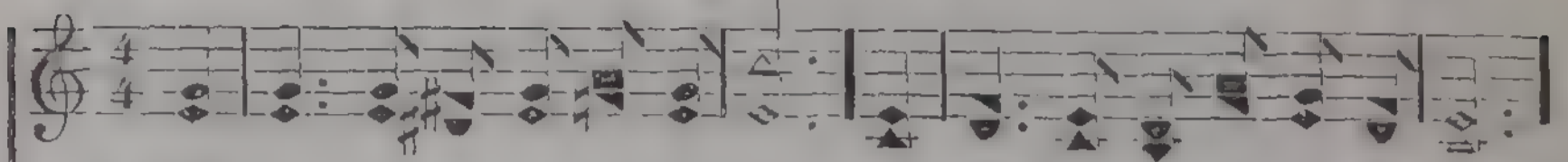


Let my heart be all Thine own, Let me live to Thee a-lone.
 Whom have I in heav'n but Thee? Nothing else my joy can be.
 Je-sus! at Thy feet I fall; Oh, be Thou my all in all.

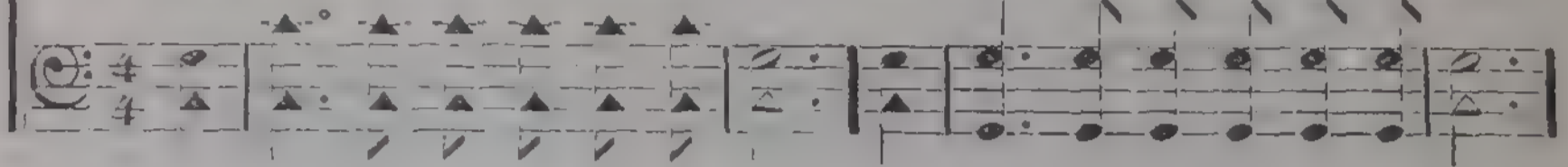


Wait and Murmur Not.

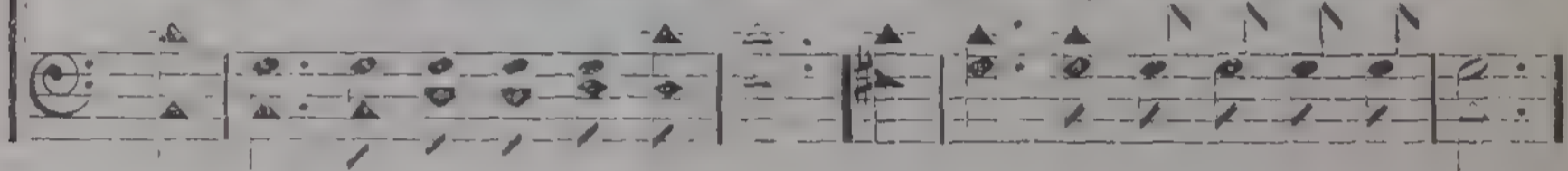
Wm. J. Kirkpatrick, by per.



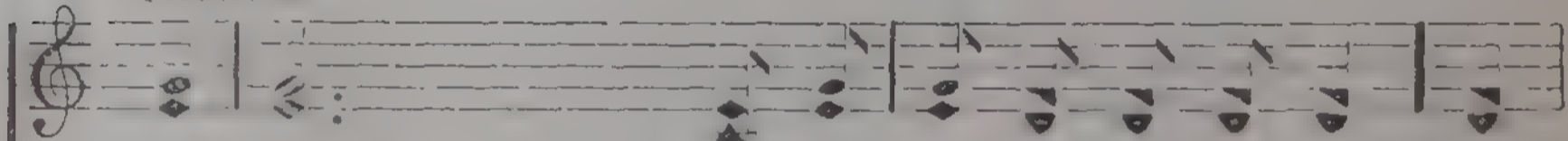
1. The home where changes never come, Nor pain nor sor-row, toil nor care;
2. Yet when bow'd down beneath the load By heav'n allow'd, thine earthly lot;
3. If in thy path some thorns are found, O, think who bore them on His brow;
4. Toil on, nor deem, tho' sore it be, One right unheard, one pray'r forgot;



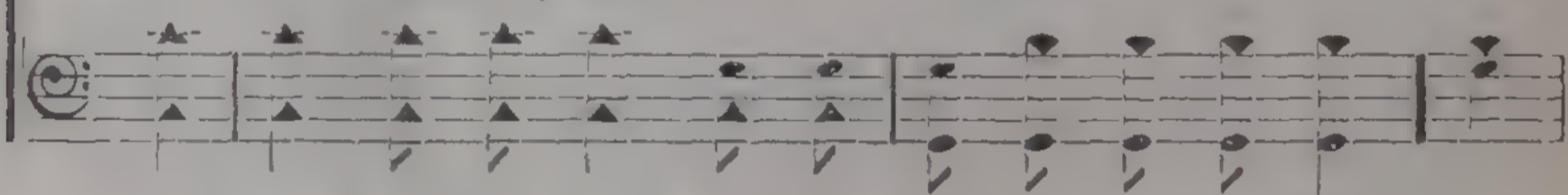
Yes! 'tis a bright and blessed home; Who would not fain be rest-ing there?
 Thou yearnst to reach that blest abode, Wait, meek-ly wait, and murmur not.
 If grief thy sorrowing heart has found, It reached a ho-li-er than thou.
 The day of rest will dawn for thee; Wait, meek-ly wait and murmur not.



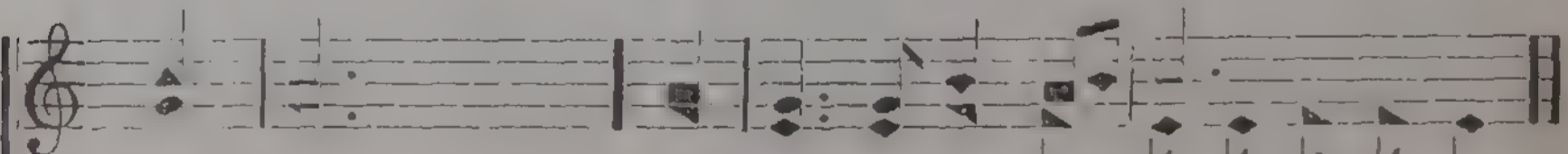
CHORUS.



O, wait, meek-ly wait, and mur-mur not, O,



wait, meek-ly wait, and murmur not, O, wait, meek-ly wait,



O, wait, meek-ly wait, O, wait, and mur-mur not, O murmur not.



- 1 Deacons awake, the work fulfill—
The work to you assigned;
Discharge your sacred duties well
With pure and upright mind.
- 2 The table of your gracious Lord,
The Lord who for us died—
The church's poor and pastor's board,
By you must be supplied.
- 3 How great, how solemn your employ!
Preserve a conscience pure;
Be grave amid your social joy,
And blameless and sincere.
- 4 Still let the mystery of your faith
In bright effulgence glow; [saith,
Hear what the Lord, your Saviour
"Fulfill your work below."
- 5 Then shall you up to glory rise,
And fill that heavenly place—
That place of pure celestial joy
Assigned you by His grace.

- 1 Thou sacred Spirit, heavenly dove,
Distill Thy dews of joy and love:
O'erspread our souls with rays of light,
And guide our erring judgments right.
- 2 From our dear brethren, taught Thy
word,
Fain would we choose a deacon, Lord;
One who may fill the office well,
And in the faith of Christ excel.
- 3 In Thee we trust, on Thee depend,
Our constant, never-failing friend;
Assist us, Lord, and bless our choice,
And in Thy name will we rejoice.

- 1 Go, and the Saviour's grace proclaim
Ye messengers of God;
Go publish in Immanuel's name
Salvation through His blood.
- 2 What tho' your arduous track may lie
Through regions dark as death:
What tho' your faith and zeal to try,
Perils beset your path.
- 3 Yet with determined courage go,
And armed with power divine;
Your God will needful aid bestow,
And on your labors shine.

- 1 Upon Thy servant called to fill,
The deacon's sacred trust,
O may Thy Spirit's grace distil,
And make Him wise and just.
- 2 Help him Thy table, Lord, to spread,
With reference to that night,
When powers of darkness at Thy head
Aimed their malignant spite.
- 3 By faith and prayer may he uphold,
His faithful pastor's hands,
And to his temporal wants afford,
Such aid as God commands.
- 4 Thy poor, the objects of Thy love,
Who want and famine dread,
O may His bowels toward them move,
To grant supplies of bread.
- 5 Thus may he use his office well,
And to himself procure,
Great boldness in the Christian faith,
And find the promise sure.

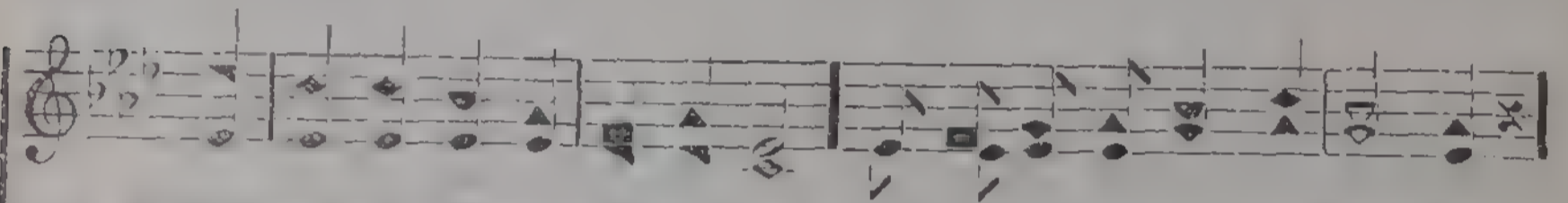
- 1 How beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill!
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal.
- 2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are!
Zion, behold thy Saviour King—
He reigns and triumphs here.
- 3 How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound
Which 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 The Lord makes bare His arm,
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

J. H. H.

J. H. Hall.



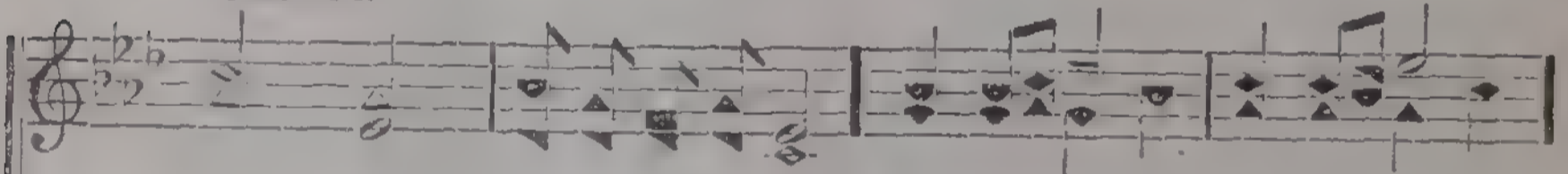
1. A blessed tho't comes to my soul, O - ver in the heav'nly homeland;
2. And there we'll join the blood-washed throng, O - ver in the heav'nly homeland;
3. And when we cross the Jordan's brink, O - ver in the heav'nly homeland;
4. And when a-round our Father's throne, O - er in the heav'nly homeland;
5. We'll meet our friends who've gone before, O - ver in the heav'nly homeland;



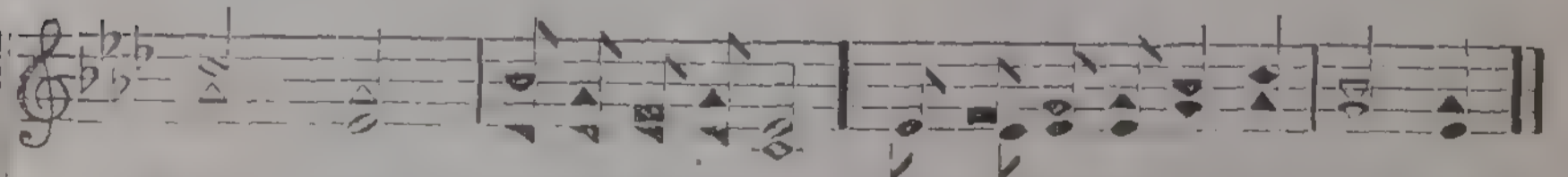
We'll dwell with Christ while ages roll; O - ver in the heav'nly home land.
 To sing the glad Redemption song, O - ver in the heav'nly home-land.
 Oh, there we'll find each broken link, O - ver in the heav'nly home-land.
 Then we shall know as we are known, O - ver in the heav'nly home-land.
 Yes, meet and greet to part no more, O - ver in the heav'nly home-land.



CHORUS.



Home - land, home-land of the soul, Blessed home, heav'nly home,
 Home-land, home-land, Blessed home-land, heav'nly home-land,



Home - land, homeland of the soul, O-ver in the heav'n-ly home-land.
 Home-land, home-land,



- 1 The year of time has rolled away,
And we are brought to see the day;
When we can take each other's hand,
And worship in a social band.
- 2 See Zion's children gathering round,
To hear the gospel's trumpet sound;
The aged soldier and the youth,
Who serve one God and love the truth.
- 3 The watchmen on the stand are seen,
The grove around is dressed in green;
United voices join to sing,
The lofty praises of our King.
- 4 Hail! you who love and serve one Lord,
One faith, one hope, one life, one word,
One body joined by love divine,
In one association join.
- 5 In council now we meet to hear,
How Zion's borders doth appear,
If peace and love, and union reigns,
And gospel truth your cause sustains.
- 6 Thrice welcome kindred to this place,
We'll bow before the throne of grace,
And ask our God our souls to cheer,
And bless us while assembled here.

- 1 Now from the east and west and south,
And north the saints repair;
To meet the sons of God below
And join in praise and prayer.
- 2 Their voices join in concert sweet,
The Saviour's praise to sing;
Their hearts rejoice to hear the fame
Of Christ their glorious King.
- 3 To hear of peace and love and zeal
In all the churches round,
That truth prevails, and all the saints
Delight to hear the sound.
- 4 We hear of souls renewed by grace,
Who follow Christ the Lord;
And this delights the hearts of those
Who sound His grace abroad.
- 5 In social convocation now,
In love and union sweet
May this association sit
At Christ our Saviour's feet.

- 1 Not to control the church of God,
Nor bind, or rule her sons,
But to associate below
With Zion's little ones.
- 2 We meet in council, and advise,
And hear from all around,
And sing and pray, and preach and hear
And so our joys abound.
- 3 These seasons still from year to year
Our comforts do restore;
While love and union sweetly roll
Our Saviour we adore.
- 4 If thus to meet on earth below
So warms our hearts with love,
What raptures will His children feel,
When they shall meet above.

- 1 Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till Him I view.
- 2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment—
The King's highway of holiness—
I'll go, for all His path's are peace.
- 3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief a burden long hath been,
Because I could not cease from sin.
- 4 The more I strove against its power,
I sinned and stumbled but the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul, I am the way!"
- 5 Lo! glad I come! and Thou, blest
Lamb,
Shall take me to Thee as I am!
My sinful self to Thee I give—
Nothing but love shall I receive.
- 6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to Thy redeeming blood,
And say, Behold the way to God!

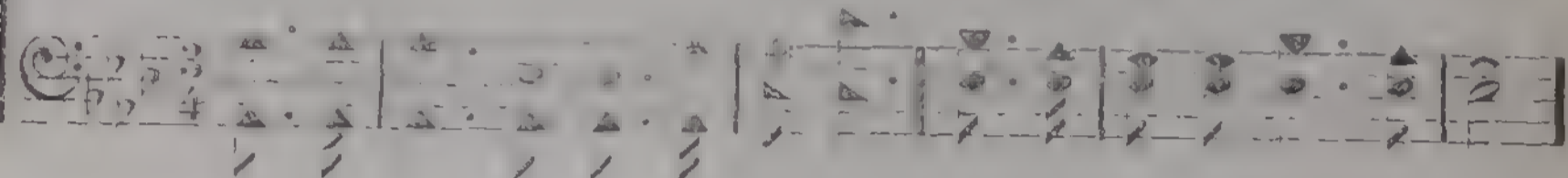
More Like Thee.

W. J. K.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



1. Je - sus, Sav-iour, great ex - am-ple, Pat-tern of all pur - i - ty,
2. Lest I wan - der from Thy pathway, Or my feet move wea - ri - ly,
3. When temp-ta-tions fierce-ly low-er, And my shrinking soul would flee,
4. When a-round me all is darkness, And Thy beauties none may see,
5. When death's cold, repulsive fin-ger; Leaves its impress on my brow,



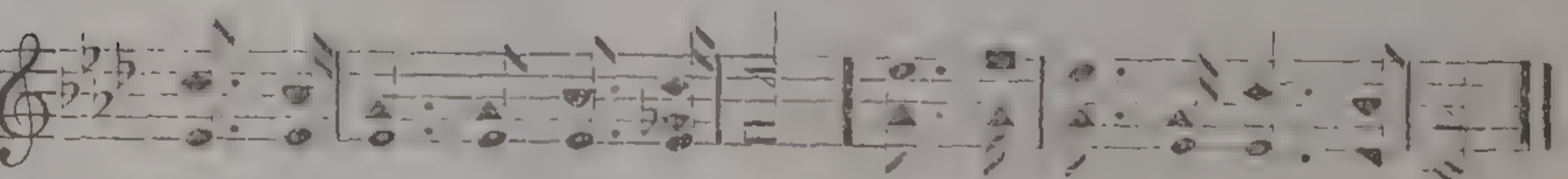
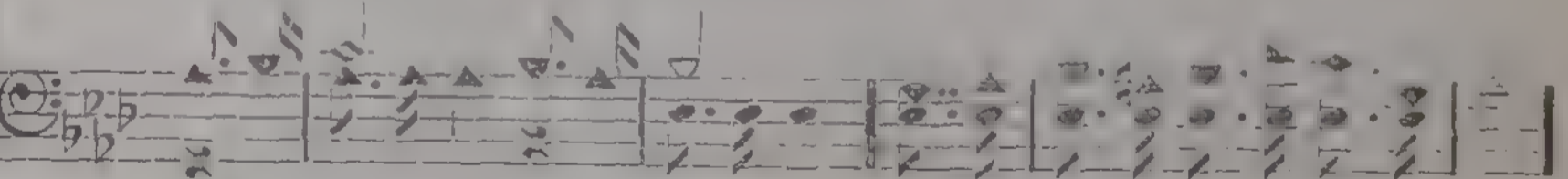
I would fol - low in Thy footsteps, Dai - ly growing more like Thee.
 Sav-iour, take my hand and lead me; Keep me steadfast: more like Thee.
 Change each weakness in - to pow-er, Keep me spotless: more like Thee.
 May Thy beams, O Glo-rious Brightness, In ef - fulgence shine thro' me.
 May Thy life, with-in me swell-ing. Keep me sing-ing then as now.



CHORUS.



More like Thee, More like Thee, Saviour, this my constant pray'r shall be:
 More like Thee. More like Thee,



Day by day, where'er I stay, Make me more and more like Thee.



Praise God.

(DOXOLOGY.)

J. L. Pipkin.

Praise God, Praise God, Praise God from
Praise God, Praise God, Praise God from

whom all bless-ings flow; Praise Him, Praise Him, Praise
Praise Him, Praise Him, Praise Him,

DUET.

Him, All crea-tures here be - low; Praise Him a - bove, ye
Praise Him,

heav'n - ly hosts, Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost!

Praise Fa - - - ther, Son, *rit. ad libitum repeat.*

Praise Fa-ther, Son, praise Fa - ther, Son and Ho - ly Ghost!

No Shadows Yonder.

W. H. RUEBUSH.

Arr. by J. H. HALL.

1. No shadows yon-der, Far beyond the sunset's bars; No shad-ows
 2. No shadows yon-der, Land of peace, of hope and joy; No shad-ows
 3. No shadows you der, Christ Himself the light shall be; No shad-ows

yon-der, Far be - yond the stars; Gates of pearl there gleaming,
 yon-der, Sin can - not an - noy; There no hearts are sigh - ing,
 yon-der, O'er the crys - tal sea; There no cross - es bear - ing,

Fade - less sun - light streaming, Eyes of God are beam - ing,
 There no thought of cry - ing, There no pain or dy - ing,
 In a great love shar - ing, Crowns of glo - ry wear - ing,

CHORUS.

On the loved ones there. }
 There no dark de-spair. } No shad-ows yon - der, All the tears are
 In that home so fair. }

wiped a - way, No shad - ows yon - der. Land of end - less day.

Safe in His Love.

ADA POWELL.

J. H. HALL.

1. As the bright glowing light of the morn- ing, Fills the land with a
 2. I am safe in the fold of my Sav - iour, I ' will ut - ter the
 3. I re- joice in the love of my Sav - iour, To His will and His

ra - diance fair, So the won- derful grace that has found me Fills my
 prais- es that swell, From my heart to my lips, but the glo - ry Of sal-
 pow- er I yield, He has lift - ed me up, in His mer - cy, He's my

REFRAIN.

heart, and it rests sweet-ly there. I am safe in His
 va - tion I nev - er can tell.
 helper, my strength, and my shield. I am safe in His love, oh, I'm

love For a won- derful Sav- iour is He; I am
 safe in His love, is He; I am

safe in His love, In His mer- cy He saves ev- en me.
 safe in His love, oh, I'm safe in His love, ev- en me.

435. The Lord Remembers. 8s & 6s.

J. R. D.

JOHN R. DAILY.

1. A - mid the sor - rows of the way, Thro' starless night and cloudy day,
 2. The cares of life are crowding fast, And o'er my way their shadows cast,
 3. Then on Him let me cast my care, His guidance and sup - port to share,

This is my hope—my on - ly stay, The Lord re - mem - bers me.
 But this sup - ports me to the last, The Lord re - mem - bers me.
 I'll nev - er sink in dark de - spair, For He re - mem - bers me.

D.S.—I need not fear if He is near, And still re - mem - bers me.

REFRAIN. *D.S.*

The Lord re - mem - bers me, The Lord re - mem - bers me,

436. Tune,—WINDHAM, No. 162. L. M.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>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.</p> | <p>3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
 And walks the ways of God no more,
 Is but esteemed almost a saint,
 And finds his own destruction sure.</p> |
| <p>2 "Deny thyself and take thy cross,"
 Is the Redeemer's great command,
 Nature must count her gold but dross,
 If she would gain the heavenly land.</p> | <p>4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain;
 Create my heart entirely new;
 Which hypocrites can ne'er attain,
 Which false apostates never knew.</p> |

A Home Far Beyond.

J. H. D.

J. HARVEY DAILY.

1. There's a home far beyond, Where they say peace is found, Where the saints shall re-
 2. The creature they all wear Our dear Lord did pre- pare, By the work of His
 3. This grace ei - ty, we're told, Has its streets paved with gold, And its walls de-
 4. joyce ev - er - more; There they dwell in God's love, With the Sav- iour a - bove,
 5. own skill-ful hand; Thus prepared by His grace, They can view His sweet face,
 6. jew-els so rare: For our Lord is the light, And His love their de- light.

And His name they'll for - ev - er a - dore,
 And all shout in one gle - ri - ous land. Oh I long to be there, the
 And His praise they'll for - ev - er de - clare.

CHORUS.

And His name they'll for - ev - er a - dore,
 And all shout in one gle - ri - ous land. Oh I long to be there, the
 And His praise they'll for - ev - er de - clare.

true joys to share, And be with my bless - ed Sav- iour; Yes, I

want to go too, I do, don't you, and dwell with the Lord for - ev - er.

Glorious Mansions.

GEO. P. HOLT.

W. A. SMITH.

1. There are mansions bright and fair, Ev-er wait-ing o-ver there, In the
2. On that bright and sinless shore, Loved ones dwell for-ev-er more, And the
3. We must bide a while be-low, Till our times all come to go, And with

sun-light of the dear Saviour's smiles; There's the 'house not made with hands,'
 prais-es of His name ev-er sing; They en-joy their ris-en Lord,
 rap-ture join the saints o-ver there, 'Then we'll sing the glad new song,

In its beau-ty ev-er stands, Nothing in ful-er de spoils or de-files.
 Let us sing sweet-ly to His Word, And their trophies to His feet ev-er bring.
 While the a-ges roll a-long, In the cit-y of the King bright and fair.

CHORUS.

O - ver there, O - ver there, O - ver there, Oh, the

bright, gold-en scenes are there, O - ver there, O - ver

Glorious Mansions. — Concluded.

there. Oh, what joy there will be, O - ver there. O - ver there.

439.

Adoration.

Arr. by JOHN R. DAILY.

1. In songs of sub-lime ad - o - ra - tion and praise. Ye
 2. His love from e - ter - ni - ty fixed up - on you, Broke
 3. Oh, had He not pi - tied the state you were in, Your
 4. What was there in you that could mer - it es - teem. Or
 5. 'Twas all of Thy grace we were brought to o - bey, While
 6. Then give all the glo - ry to His ho - ly name. To

pil - grims for Zi - on who press, Break forth and ex - tol the great
 forth and dis - cov - er'd its flame, When each with the cords of His
 ho - soms His love had ne'er felt; You all would have lived, would have
 give the Cre - a - tor de-light? 'Twas "ev - en so, Fa - ther," you
 oth - ers were suf - fer'd to go The road which by na - ture we
 Him all the glo - ry be - longs, Be yours the high pleas - ure to

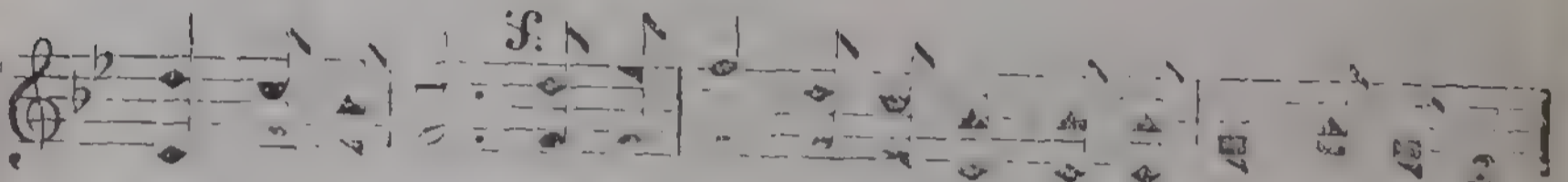
An - cient of days, His rich and dis - tin - guish - ing grace.
 kind - ness he drew, And brought you to love his great name.
 died too in sin, And sunk with the load of your guilt,
 ev - er must sing, "Be - cause it seemed good in Thy sight."
 as our way, Which leads to the re - gions of woe.
 sound forth His fame, And crown Him in each of your songs.

J. R. D.

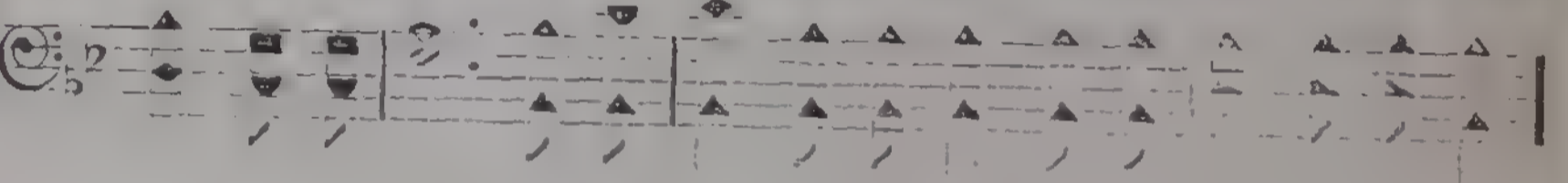
JOHN R. DAILY.



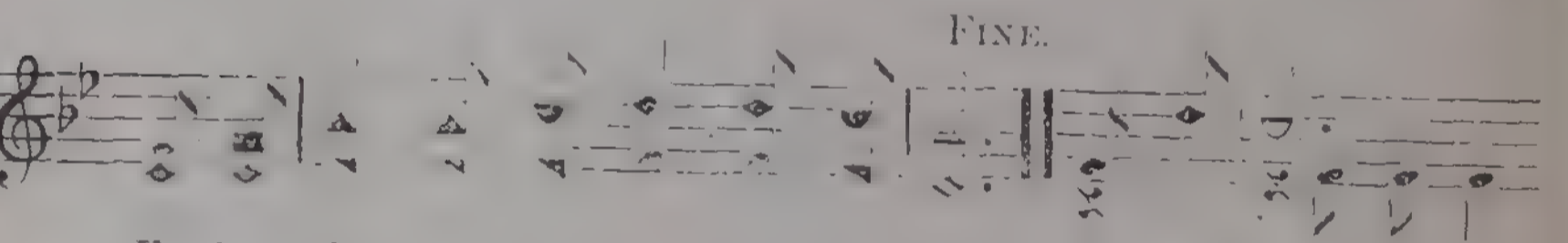
1. Oh, my Lord, I am Thine; What a bless-ing di-vine, What a com-fort to
 2. In the rap-turoussound of Thyname I have found Swe-test mu-sic my
 3. This is on-ly a taste of the heav-en-ly feast I shall find when my



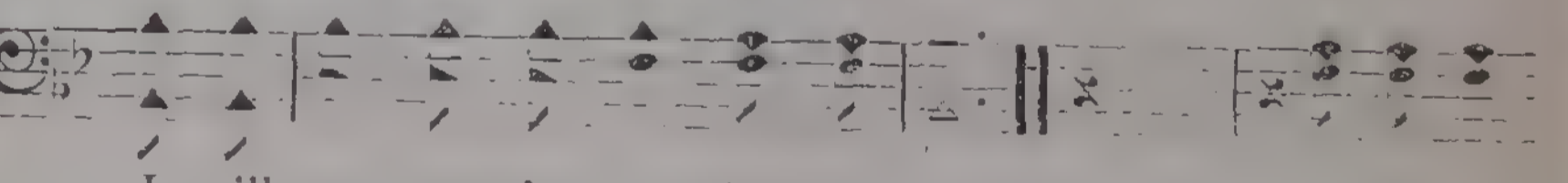
feel Thou art near! In the arms of Thy love, I am car-ried a-bove
 spir-it can know; With the light of Thy face and the charms of Thy grace
 jour-ney is o'er; This sweet truth I shall pro-ve when with joy I re-move



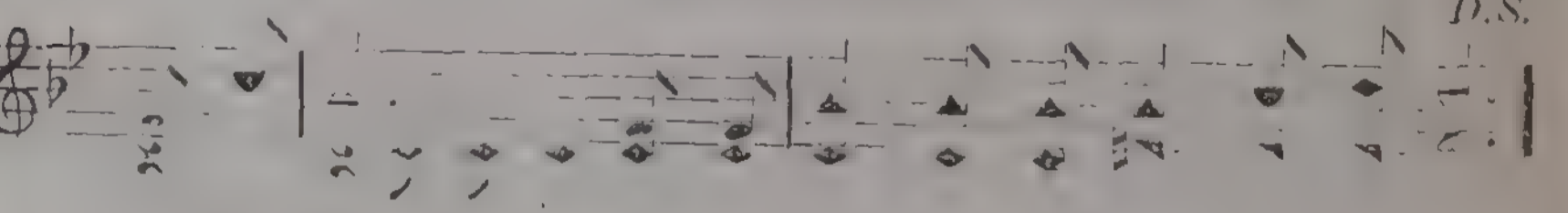
D.S.—To Thy wings I will flee, I will shel-ter in Thee,



Ev-'ry sin and temp ta-tion and fear. } I will rest
 I have found a sweet heav-en be-low. }
 To my home on the heav-en-ly shore. } sweet-ly rest



I will rest, sweet-ly rest in Thy love.



in Thy love, I will rest, sweet-ly rest in Thy love.
 in Thy love,



441. All Ye Heavy-Laden, Come.

J. H. D.

J. HARVEY DAILY.

1. All ye wear - y heav - y la - den, With a load of sin oppressed,
 2. Je - sus, by di - vine im - pression, And the gos - pel's gen - tle plea,
 3. It is sweet to trust in Je - sus, For it calms the troub - led breast;

Put your trust in Christ the Saviour, He will give you peaceful rest.
 Bids you fol - low by pro - fes - sion: "Take my yoke and fol - low me."
 When you're wea - ry ev - er trust Him, He will give you heav'nly rest.

FINE.

D.S.—Hear the Sav - iour gent - ly call - ing, "All ye heav - y la - den come."

CHORUS.

Oh, ye wear - y pil - grim strangers, Come and sweet - ly rest at home.

442. Tune.—BOYLSTON, No. 100. S. M.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep,
 And shall our cheeks be dry?
 Let floods of penitential grief
 Burst forth from every eye.</p> <p>2 The Son of God in tears
 Angels with wonder see;
 Be thou astonish'd, O my soul:
 He shed those tears for thee.</p> <p>3 He wept, that we might weep;
 Each sin demands a tear;
 In heaven alone no sin is found,
 And there's no weeping there.</p> | <p>2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass
 The power and glory of thy grace;
 Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
 So let thy pardoning love be found.</p> <p>3 Oh, wash my soul from every sin,
 And make my guilty conscience clean;
 Here on my heart the burden lies,
 And past offences pain my eyes.</p> <p>4 My lips with shame my sins confess
 Against thy law, against thy grace;
 Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
 I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.</p> <p>5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
 I must pronounce thee just in death;
 And if my soul were sent to hell,
 Thy righteous law approves it well.</p> |
|--|---|

443. Tune.—AMBOY, No. 214. L. M.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive;
 Let a repenting rebel live;
 Are not thy mercies large and free?
 May not a sinner trust in thee?</p> | <p>6 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.</p> |
|---|---|

Arr. by J. R. DAILY.

FIN.

1. There is a spot to me more dear Than na-tive vale or moun-tain;
 A spot for which af-fec-tion's tear Springs grateful from its fount-ain;
 2. Hard was my toil to reach the shore, Long tossed up-on the o-cean;
 A-bove me was the thun-der's roar, Beneath, the waves' com-mo-tion.
 3. Sink-ing and pant-ing as for breath, I knew not help was near me,
 And cried, "O save me, Lord, from death! Im-mor-tal Je-sus, hear me!"
 4. O, sa-cred hour! O, hallowed spot! Where love di-vine first found me!
 Where-ev-er falls my dis-tant lot, My heart shall in-ger-ound thee!

D.C.—But where I first my Sav-iour found, And felt my sins for-giv-en.
D.C.—In that dark hour how did my groan Ascend for years of er-ror!
D.C.—I saw his brightness round me shine, And shouted, "Glo-ry, glo-ry!"
D.C.—Down will I cast my eyes once more, Where I was first for-giv-en.

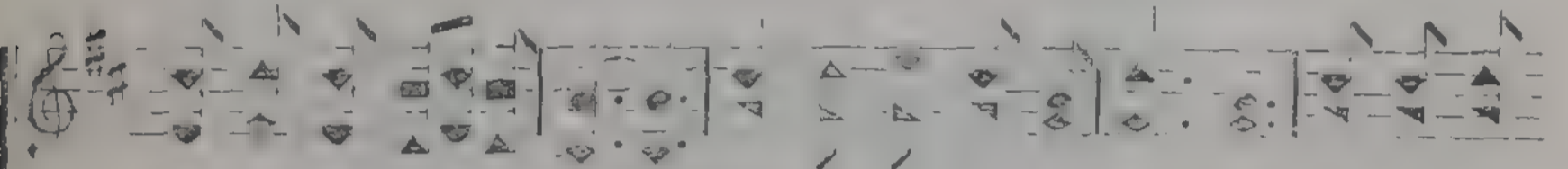
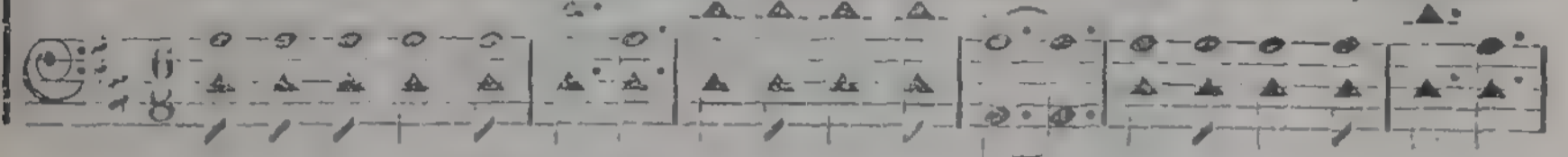
'Tis not where kin-dred souls a-down, Though that on earth were heav-en,
 Dark-ly the pall of night was thrown Around me, faint with ter-ror;
 Then quick as thought, I felt Him mine, My Sav-iour stood be-fore me;
 And when from earth I rise to soar Up to my home in heav-en,

445. 8s & 7s.

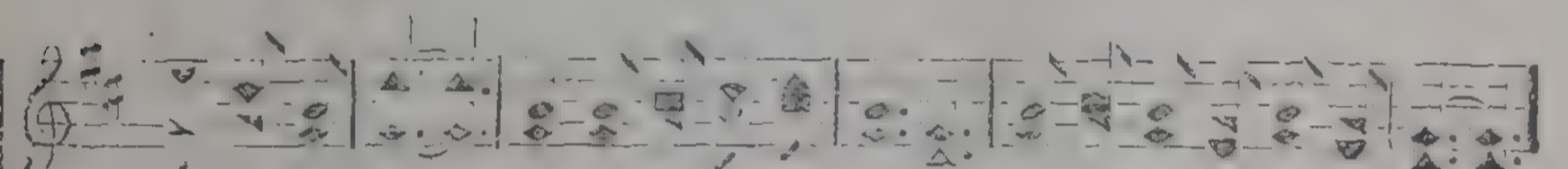
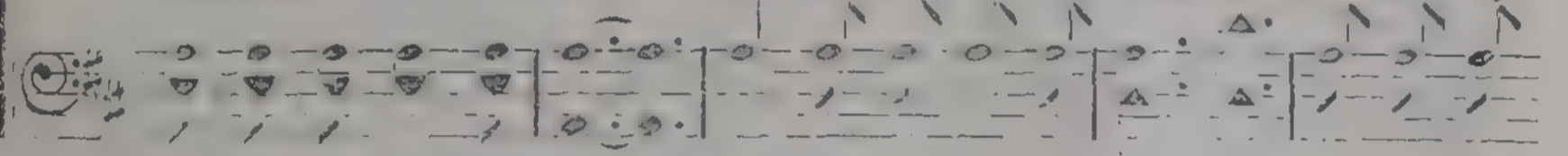
- 1 Well may Thy servants mourn, my God, The christian name they still retain,
 The churches' desolation; Absurdly and false-hearted,
 The state of Zion calls aloud, And while they in the church remain,
 For grief and lamentation. Her glory is departed.
- 2 Her pastors love to live at ease— And has religion left the church,
 They covet wealth and honor; Without a trace behind her?
 And while they seek such things as these, Where shall I go? Where shall I search,
 They bring reproach upon her. That I once more may find her?
 Such worthless objects they pursue, Adieu ye proud, ye light, ye gay,
 Warmly and undiverted; I'll seek the broken-hearted,
 The church they lead, and ruin, too— Who weep when they of Zion say,
 Her glory is departed. Her glory is departed.
- 3 Her private members walk no more 5 Some few, like good Elijah, stand,
 As Jesus Christ has taught them; While thousands have revolted;
 Riches and fashion they adore— In earnest for the heavenly land,
 With these the world has bought them. They never yet have halted.
 With such religion doth remain,
 For they are not perverted;
 O, may they all through them regain
 The glory that's departed.



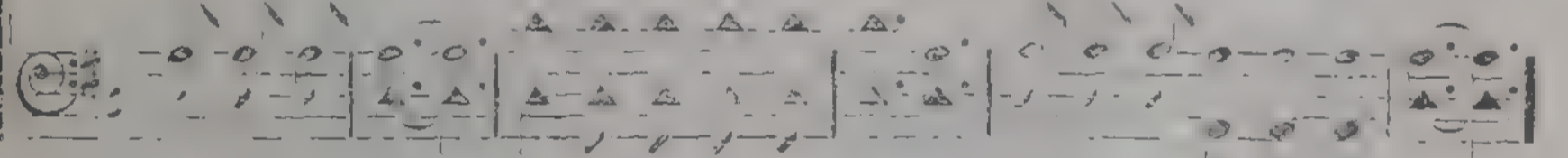
1. There is a home e-ter-nal, Beau-ti-ful and bright, Where sweet joys su-per-nal
 2. Flow'rs for-ev-er are springing In that home so fair, Thousands of childre are singing
 3. Soon shall I join that an-them, Far beyond the sky, Jesus be-came my ran-som



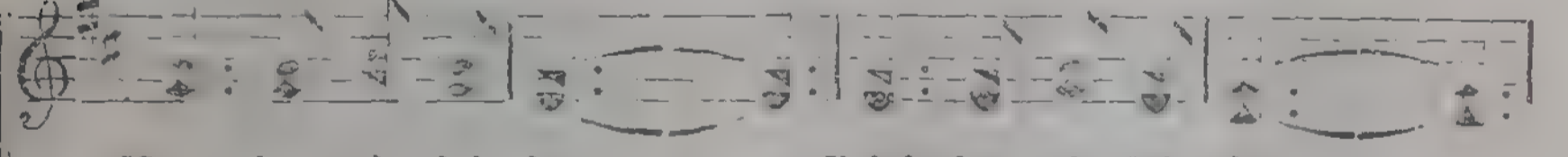
Nev-er are dimmed by night; White robed an-gels are sing-ing, Ev-er a-
 Prais-es to Je-sus there; How they swell the glad an-thems Ev-er a-
 Why should I fear to die? Soon my eyes will be-hold Him, Seat-ed up-



round the bright throne; When, O when shall I see Thee, B a u t i - f u l , b e a u t i - f u l h o m e ?
 round the bright throne; When, O when shall I see Thee, B a u t i - f u l , b e a u t i - f u l h o m e ?
 on the bright throne; Then, O then shall I see Thee, B a u t i - f u l , b e a u t i - f u l h o m e .



CHORUS.



Home, beau-ti - ful home, Bright, beau-ti - ful home,



Beau-ti - ful home,

Beau-ti - ful home.



Home, home of our Sav-iour, Bright, beau-ti - ful home.



Beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful home.

W. T. M.

W. T. MOORE

FINE.

1. I am wea-ry of straying, oh, fain would I rest In that far dis-tant
 2. I am wea-ry of hop-ing, where hope is un-truc, As fair but as
 3. I am wea-ry of sigh-ing o'er sorrows of earth, O'er joy's glow-ing
 4. I am wea-ry of lov-ing what passes a-way—The sweetest and

D. C. — And tears and tempta-tions for-ev-er are fled.

D. C. — Is as changel-ss and sure as e-ter-ni-ty's throne.

D. C. — O'er the blightings of youth, and the weakness of age.

D. C. — And death and the tomb can di-vide hearts no more.

D. C.

land of the pure and the blest; Where sin can no lon-ger her blandishment spread.
 flut-ing as morn-ing's bright dew; I long for the land whose blest promise a-lone
 visions that fade at their birth, O'er pangs of the loved, which we can not assuage,
 dearest a-lis! may not stay; I long for that land where those partings are o'er,

448. Tune.—No 131. 7s.

- 1 How lost was my condition
Till Jesus made me whole!
There is but one Physician
Can cure a sin-sick soul!
Next door to death he found me,
And snatched me from the grave,
To tell to all around me
His wondrous power to save.
- 2 The worst of all diseases
Is light compared with sin;
On every part it seizes,
But rages most within:
'Tis palsy, plague, and fever,
And madness, all combined;
And none but a believer
The least relief can find.
- 3 From men, great skill professing,
I thought a cure to gain;
But this proved more distressing,
And added to my pain;
Some said that nothing ailed me,
Some gave me up for lost;
Thus every refuge failed me
And all my hopes were crossed.

- 4 At length this great Physician
(How matchless is his grace!)
Accepted my petition,
And undertook my case:
First gave me sight to view him,
(For sin my eyes had sealed,)
Then bade me look unto him:
I looked, and I was healed.
- 5 A dying, risen Jesus,
Seen by the eye of faith,
At once from danger frees us,
And saves the soul from death:
Come, then, to this Physician,
His help he'll freely give;
He makes no hard condition:
'Tis only—look and live.

449. Tune.—MERDIN, No. 9. 7s.

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

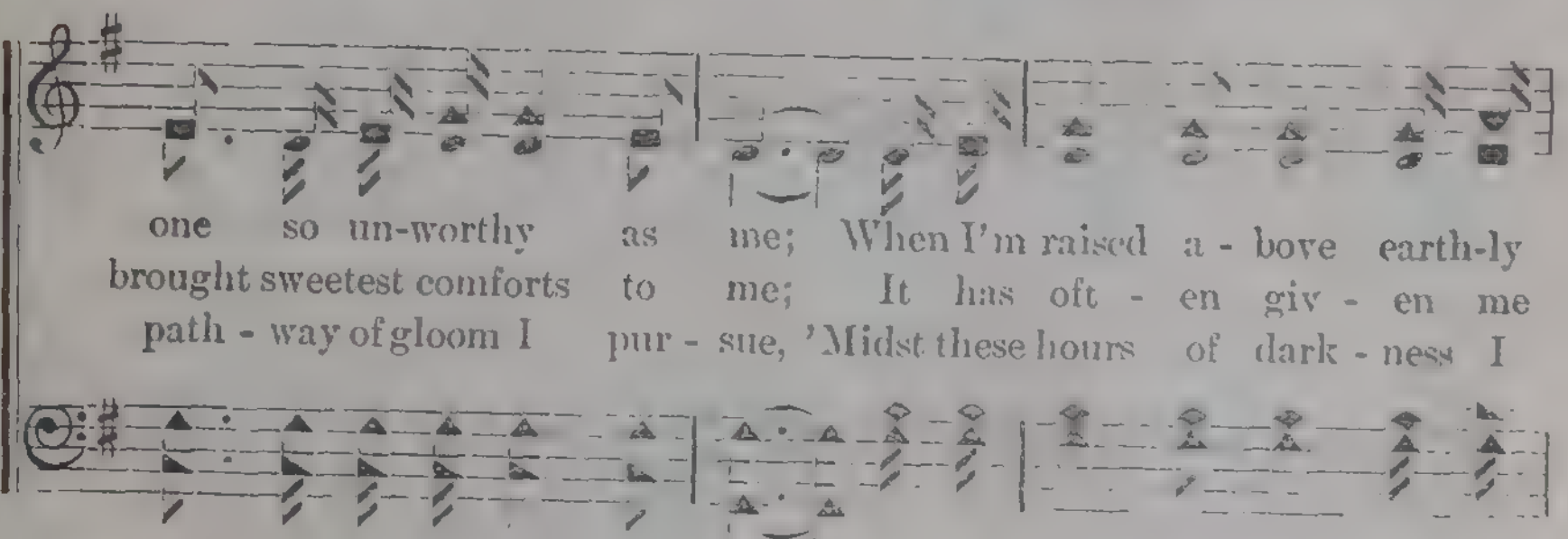
My Saviour's Love.

J. H. D.

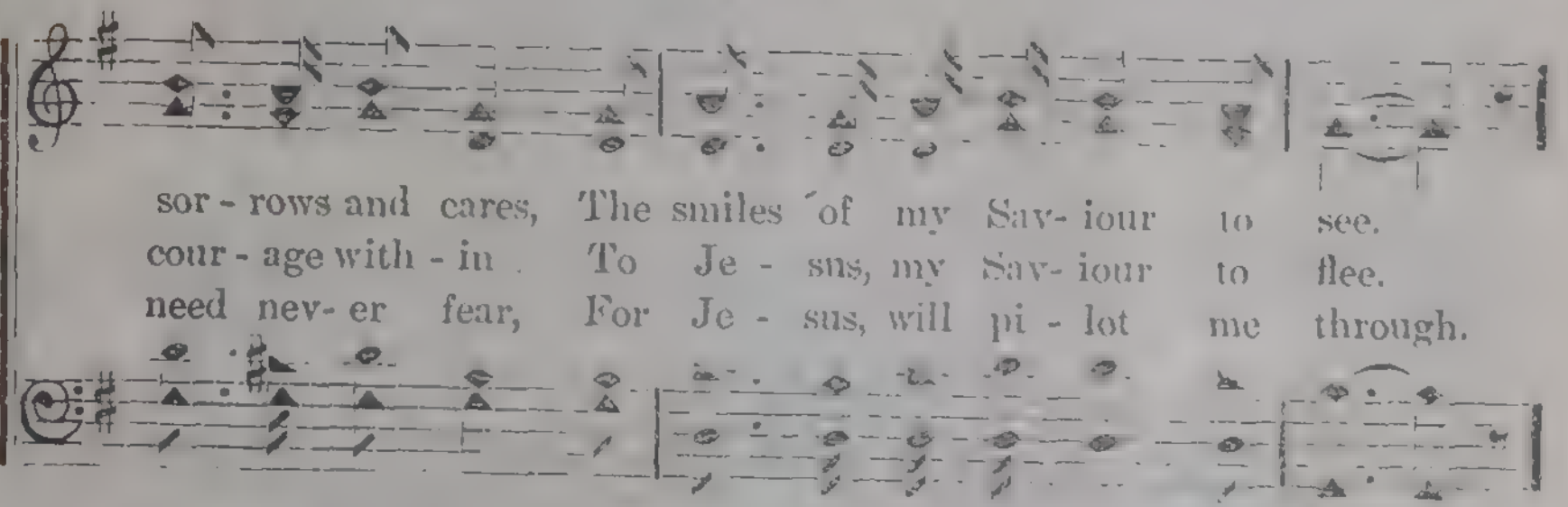
J. HARVEY DAILY.



1. O how sweet the love of my Sav - iour ap - pears, To
 2. This re - deem - ing love set me free from my sin, And
 3. When the waves of troub - le roll o - ver me here, The

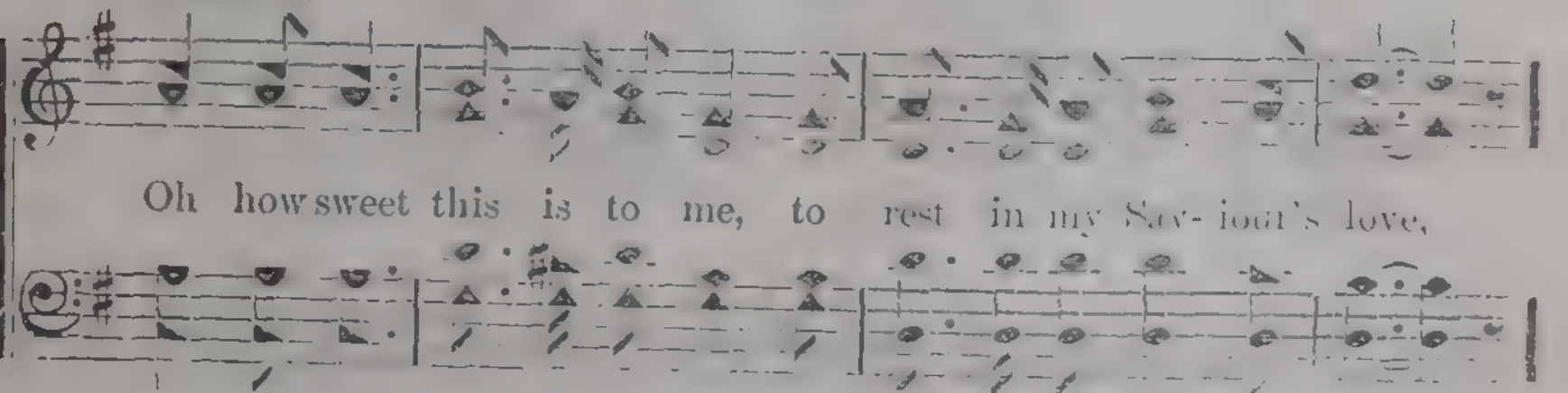


one so un-worthy as me; When I'm raised a - bove earth-ly
 brought sweetest comforts to me; It has oft - en giv - en me
 path - way of gloom I pur - sue, 'Midst these hours of dark - ness I

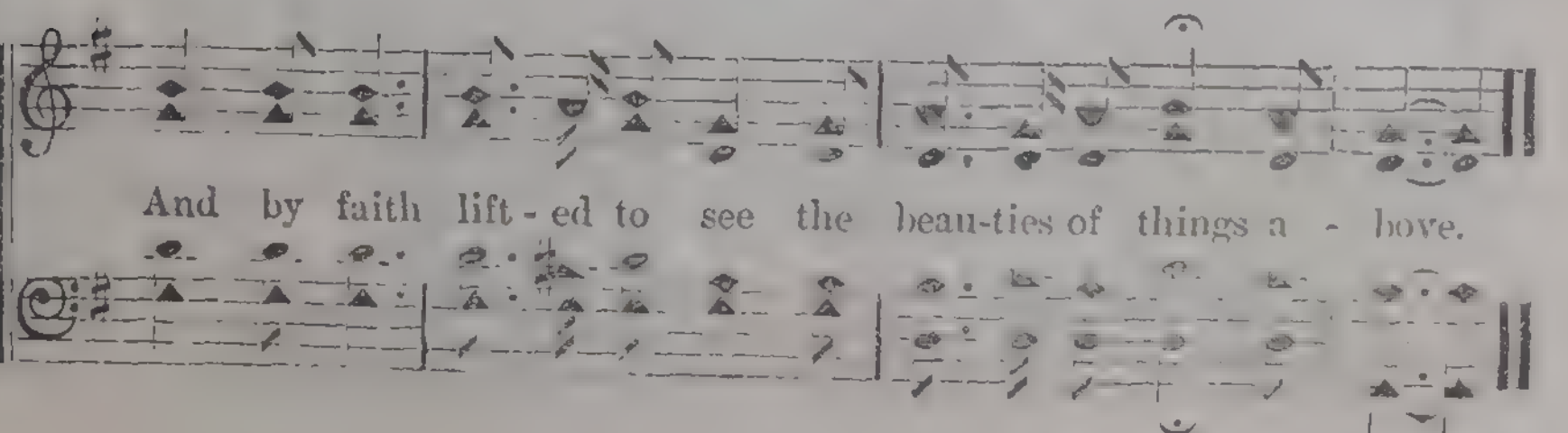


sor - rows and cares, The smiles of my Sav - iour to see.
 cour - age with - in To Je - sus, my Sav - iour to flee.
 need nev - er fear, For Je - sus, will pi - lot me through.

CHORUS.



Oh how sweet this is to me, to rest in my Sav - iour's love,



And by faith lift - ed to see the beau-ties of things a - bove.

A Hiding Place.

W. H. SIMMONS.

Hail, Sov' reign love that first be-gan
 Enwrapped in dark. E-gyp-tian night,
 Vin-dic-tive jus-tice stood in view;
 On Him, al-might-y ven-geance fell,

The scheme to rescue fall-en man;
 Fonder of darkness than of light,
 To Si-nai's fiery mount I flew;
 Which might have sunk the world to hell.

Hail, matchless, free, e-ter-nal grace,
 Mad-ly I ran the sin-ful race,
 But jus-tice cried with frown-ing face:
 He bore it for His chos-en race,

That gave my soul a hid-ing place.
 Se-cure, with-out a hid-ing place.
 This mountain is no hid-ing place.
 And thus be-came a hid-ing place.

A Hiding Place. Concluded.

A- gainst the God..... who rules the sky,.....
 But thus th'e - ter - - - - - nal coun - sel ran,.....
 But lo, a heav'n - - - - - ly voice I heard,.....
 A few more roll - - - - - ing suns, at most,.....
 A- gainst the God who rules the sky,

I fought with hands..... up - lift - ed high.....
 Al- mighty y love..... ar - rest the man:.....
 And mer - cy for my soul ap - peared.....
 Willand my soul..... on Ca- man's coast;.....
 I fought with hands up - lift - ed high

De spised the gos - - - - - pel of His grace,.....
 I felt the ar - - - - - rows of dis - tress,.....
 Which led me on,..... a pleas - ing place,.....
 Where I shall sing..... my song of grace,.....
 De - spised the gos - - - - - pel of His grace

Too proud to seek..... a hid - ing place.....
 And found I had..... no hid - ing place.....
 To Je - sus Christ,..... my hid - ing place.....
 Safe in my glo - - - - - rious hid - ing place.....
 Too proud to seek a hid - ing place.

452. A Closer Walk With God. C. M.

COWPER.

Arr. by JOHN R. DAILY.

1. Oh for a clo - er walk with God, A calm and heav'nly frame,
 A light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb.
 3. What peaceful hours I then en - joy'd! How sweet their memory still!
 But now I find an ach - ing void The world can nev - er fill.
 The dear - est i - dol I have known, Whate'er that i - dol be,
 Help me to tear it from thy throne And Worship on - ly thee.

2. Where is the bless - ed - ness I knew, When first I saw the Lord?
 4. Re - turn, O Ho - ly Dove! re - turn, Sweet mes - senger of rest!
 6. So shall my walk be close with God, Calm and se - rene my frame;

Where is the soul - re - fresh - ing view Of Je - sus and His word?
 I hate the sins that made thee mourn And drove thee from my breast.
 So pur - er light shall mark the road That leads me to the Lamb.


453. C. M.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 Jerusalem, my happy home,
 Oh, how I long for thee!
 When will my sorrows have an end?
 Thy joys when shall I see?</p> <p>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.</p> <p>3 Thy garden and thy pleasant green
 My study long have been;
 Such sparkling light by human sight
 Has never yet been seen.</p> | <p>4 If heaven be thus so glorious, Lord,
 Why should I stay from thence?
 What folly 'tis, that I should dread
 To die and go from hence!</p> <p>5 My friends, I bid you all adieu;
 I leave you in God's care,
 And if I never more see you,
 Go on, I'll meet you there.</p> <p>6 When we've been there ten thousand
 Bright shining as the sun, [years,
 We've no less days to sing God's praise
 Than when we first begun.</p> |
|---|---|


I Love to Tell the Story.

Miss KATE HANKEY.


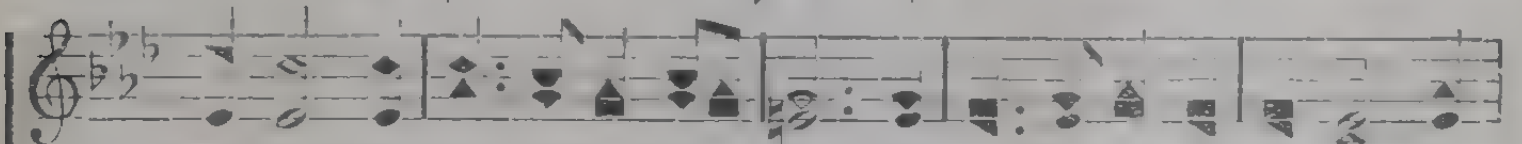
W. G. FISHER, by per.




1. I love to tell the Sto - ry Of un - seen things above, Of Je - sus
 2. I love to tell the Sto - ry! More wonderful it seems. Than all the
 3. I love to tell the Sto - ry! 'Tis pleasant to re - peat It seems, each
 4. I love to tell the Sto - ry! For those who know it best Seem hun - ger -





and His Glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love! I love to tell the
 gold - en fan - cies Of all our gold - en dreams. I love to tell the
 time I tell it, More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the
 ing and thirsting To hear it, like the rest. And when, in scenes of

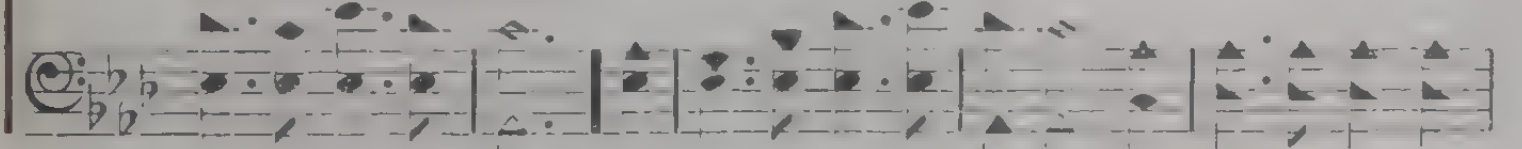

Sto - ry! Be cause I know it's true; It sat - is - ties my longings. As
 Sto - ry! It did so much for me! And that is just the rea - son, I
 Sto - ry! For some have never heard The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From
 glo - ry. I sing the New, New song, 'Twill be the Old, Old Sto - ry That




CHORUS.



nothing else would do.
 tell it now to thee.
 God's own Ho - ly word. } I love to tell the Sto - ry! 'Twill be my theme in
 I have loved so long.

glo - ry, To tell the Old, Old Sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.



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