The General Conference of the Church of the United Brethren in Christ, at its session in May, 1889, ordered,—

"That a small hymnal, adapted to general church purposes, be published soon."

ADVISORY COMMITTEE.

MUSICAL.

Samuel E. Kumler, Mrs. A. B. Shauck,
Calvin H. Lyon, Judge John A. Shauck.

LITERARY.

Prof. J. P. Landis, D. D., Ph. D

INTRODUCTION.

The General Conference of 1889 ordered the publication of a hymnal that should be fully adapted to the needs of our church. In compliance with these instructions, the publishing agent, Rev. W. J. Shuey, arranged for its issue. Rev. E. S. Lorenz, well and favorably known throughout the Church, was asked to edit it, and with the assistance of a thoroughly competent committee, has accomplished his task. I have carefully examined it in every part, and cannot see where any improvement can be made. It is pre-eminently a United Brethren Hymn-Book, providing as it does for every phase of our characteristic church life. It combines the solidity and stateliness of the standard hymns of the ages, with the life and sprightliness of the modern gospel songs. The most recent songs are here for the young people, while the older members of the Church will hail with delight the reappearance of old songs dear to the hearts of many of us, because they are precious and good, and because our mothers sang them. Meeting every need of the public service, revival and social meetings, the Sunday-school, and the family, I can most cheerfully recommend this collection of hymns to our people, and trust that it will speedily be permitted to bring its help and blessing into every United Brethren church in our broad land, and beyond the seas, and that it will prove one of the many tender ties that unite our widely scattered members.

J. Weaver,
Senior Bishop.

Dayton, Ohio, April 9, 1890.

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PREFACE.

To be useful, a hymnal must express the peculiar type of Christian life characterizing the denomination it is to serve. The Church of the United Brethren in Christ emphasizes the necessity of Christian experience—experimental religion, the fathers would have phrased it—and recognizes revival effort as the characteristic phase of its church activity; hence, its hymnal must furnish ample expression for its full and varied Christian experience and large facilities for revival work. In attempting to do this, the other phases of church life, which it has in common with other denominations, have not been forgotten or ignored, and it is hoped this collection of hymns and songs will be found as full and symmetrical as the church life it seeks to express.

In order to meet the needs of the many stages of literary and musical culture, hymns and tunes of the highest artistic merit stand side by side with songs whose practical value and spiritual purpose must atone for lack of literary and musical grace.

Doubtless many favorites will be missed from these pages, but the body of popular sacred songs is so large and rich that it was impossible to include everything desirable in so small a volume.

Typographical beauty has often been sacrificed to practical needs. The words are inserted in the music wherever possible. Alternative tunes may be found on the same or opposite pages. A line drawn through a page indicates that the music for the hymn or hymns below it is found on the opposite page.

To the many brethren, whose number makes personal mention impossible, who kindly responded to a call for suggestions and advice, the thanks of the editor are due. While all could not be accepted, they have been very helpful, and have had large influence in giving character to the book. The valuable assistance furnished by the Advisory Committee deserves most kindly and hearty recognition. The owners of the many valuable copyright songs, in connection with which their names severally appear, will accept thanks for the kindness which so greatly enriches these pages.

That this volume will prove an effective instrument in the hands of the workers of the Church of the United Brethren in Christ for the accomplishment of great and lasting good, and bring to many hearts the same comfort and joy which its preparation brought to that of the editor, is his earnest hope and prayer.

Dayton, Ohio, April 15, 1890.

E. S. L.

(Otterbein Hymnal.)
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>TABLE OF CONTENTS.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Worship:</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>General Praise ..........................................</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sanctuary ..................................................</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sabbath Day ................................................</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Morning and Evening ......................................</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Holy Scriptures</strong> .......................................</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>God, Being and Attributes</strong> ................................</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Christ:</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Incarnation and Birth ....................................</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Life and Character ........................................</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sufferings and Death .....................................</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Resurrection and Ascension ................................</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Exaltation and Reign .....................................</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Holy Spirit</strong> ...........................................</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Man's Lost Estate:</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Man a Sinner ..............................................</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Atonement Provided ......................................</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Invitation ...............................................</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Warning ....................................................</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Repentance ...............................................</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Miscellaneous</strong> ........................................</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
THE OTTERBEIN HYMNAL.

1 GLORIA PATRI.

With spirit. W. J. Baltzell.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.

Solo.

now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

2 GLORIA PATRI.

Gregorian.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.
Psalm 100.

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, we 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 heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

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

Psalm 103.

Awake, my soul, awake my tongue,
My God demands the grateful song;
Let all my inmost powers record
The wondrous mercy of the Lord.

2 Divinely free his mercy flows,
Forgives my sins, allays my woes,
And bids approaching death remove,
And crowns me with indulgent love.

3 His mercy, with unchanging rays,
Forever shines, while time decays;
And children's children shall record
The truth and goodness of the Lord.

4 While all his works his praise proclaim,
And men and angels bless his name,
Oh, let my heart, my life, my tongue
Attend, and join the blissful song!

All Men Invited to Praise God.

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

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

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

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

Doxology.

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

Thos. Ken.
GENERAL PRAISE.

LORD OF ALL BEING. L. M.

Lord of all being! throned afar, Thy glory flames from sun and star; Center and soul of ev'ry sphere, Yet to each loving heart how near!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, 1848.

DUKE STREET. L. M.

Come, oh, my soul, in sacred lays, Attempt thy great Creator's praise;

J. HATTON, 1790.

But oh! what tongue can speak his fame? What mortal verse can reach the theme?

THOMAS BLACKLOCK, 1754.
God of my life! thro' all my days My grateful pow'rs shall sound thy praise;
The song shall wake with opening light, And warble to the silent night.

9 Life-long Praise. (12)
GOD of my life! through all my days
My grateful powers shall sound thy praise;
The song shall wake with opening light,
And warble to the silent night.

2 When anxious cares would break my rest,
And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praises, raised on high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all its powers of language fail,
Joy thro' my scanning eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

4 Soon shall I learn th' exalted strains,
Which echo o'er the heavenly plains,
And emulate, with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round thy throne.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1749.

10 Psalm 106. (15)
Oh, render thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love;
Whose mercy firm, through ages past,
Hath stood, and shall forever last.

2 Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast—but numberless?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise?

3 Extend to me that favor, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford;
When thou return'st to set them free,
Let thy salvation visit me.

TATE-BRADY.

11 God Revealed in Christ. (600)
Now to the Lord, a noble song!
Awake, my soul! awake, my tongue,
Hosanna to th' eternal name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.

2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,—
The brightest image of his grace!
God, in the person of his Son,
Has all his mightiest works undone.

3 Grace!—'tis a sweet, a charming theme;
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name:
Ye angels! dwell upon the sound;
Ye heavens! reflect it to the ground.

4 Oh! may I live to reach the place,
Where he unveils his lovely face,
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold.

ISAAC WATTS, 1707.

12 Unceasing Praise (13)
My God! my King! thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
Till death and glory raise the song.

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

3 But who can speak thy wondrous deeds?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds;
Vast and unsearchable thy ways—
Vast and immortal be thy praise.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.
Oh! come, loud anthems let us sing, Loud thanks to our Almighty King!

For we our voices high should raise, When our salvation's Rock we praise.

13 Psalm 95.
Oh, come, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our Almighty King!
For we our voices high should raise,
When our salvation's Rock we praise.

2 Into his presence let us haste,
To thank him for his favors past;
To him address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to his name belongs.

3 Oh, let us to his courts repair,
And bow with adoration there;
Down on our knees, devoutly, all
Before the Lord, our Maker, fall.

Nahum Tate, 1696.

14 Joining in Praise.
Sweet is the work, my God! my King!
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

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

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

Isaac Watts.

PARK STREET. L. M.

Sweet is the work, my God! my King!
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

Frederick M. A. Venua, 1810.
HARVEY'S CHANT. C. M.

Hail! great Creator, wise and good! To thee our songs we raise; Nature, thro' all her various scenes, Invites us to thy praise.

15  The Goodness of God in his Works. (26)
Hail! great Creator, wise and good! To thee our songs we raise; Nature, through all her various scenes, Invites us to thy praise.

2  At morning, noon, and evening mild, Fresh wonders strike our view; And, while we gaze, our hearts exult With transports ever new.

3  Thy glory beams in every star, Which weds the gloom of night; And decks the smiling face of morn With rays of cheerful light.

5  And when these lips shall cease to move, When death shall close these eyes, My soul shall then to nobler heights, Of joy and transport rise.

16  Praise at all Times. (27)
My soul shall praise thee, O my God, Through all my mortal days, And in eternity prolong Thy vast, thy boundless praise.

2  In every smiling, happy hour, Be this my sweet employ; Thy praise refines my earthly bliss, And heightens all my joy.

3  When anxious grief and gloomy care Afflict my throbbing breast, My tongue shall learn to speak thy praise, And fult each pain to rest.

4  Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim The honors of my God; My life, with all its active powers, Shall spread thy praise abroad.

5  And when these lips shall cease to move, When death shall close these eyes, My soul shall then to nobler heights, Of joy and transport rise.

17  Psalm 66. (24)
Lift up to God the voice of praise, Whose breath our souls inspired; Loud, and more loud the anthem raise, With grateful ardor fired.

2  Lift up to God the voice of praise, Whose goodness, passing thought, Loads every minute as it flies, With benefits unsought.

3  Lift up to God the voice of praise, From whom salvation flows, Who sent his Son, our souls to save From everlasting woes.

4  Lift up to God the voice of praise, For hope's transporting ray, Which lights, through darkest shades of death, To realms of endless day.

Ralph Wardlaw, 1803.
GENERAL PRAISE.

N I C A E A 11s, 12s & 10s.

18

   morn-ing our song shall rise to thee; Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly!
   mer-ci-ful and might-y! God o-ver all, and blest e-ter-nal-ly.

2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly! all the saints adore thee, Cast-ing down their
   gold-en crowns around the glassy sea; Cher-u-bim and seraphim
   fall-ing down be-fore thee, Who wast, and art, and evermore shalt be.

3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly! tho’ the darkness hide thee, Though the eye of
   sin-ful man thy glo-ry may not see; On-ly thou art ho-ly,
   there is none be-side thee; Per-fect in pow-er, in love, and purity.

   praise thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly,
   mer-ci-ful and might-y! God o-ver all, and blest e-ter-nal-ly.

Reginald Heber—alt.

Psalm 95.

19

SING to the Lord Jehovah’s name,
And in his strength rejoice;
When his salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.

2 With thanks approach his awful sight,
And psalms of honor sing;
The Lord’s a God of boundless might—
The whole creation’s King.

3 Come, and with humble souls adore;
   Come, kneel before his face;
Oh, may the creatures of his power
   Be children of his grace!

4 Now is the time—he bends his ear,
   And waits for your request;
Come, lest he rouse his wrath, and swear,
   “Ye shall not see my rest.”

Isaac Watts, 1719.
Oh, bless the Lord, my soul! Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name, Whose favors are divine.

20 [FIRST VERSE INSERTED IN MUSIC ABOVE.] Bless the Lord.

2 Oh, bless the Lord, my soul,
   Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
   And without praises die.
3 'Tis he forgives thy sins—
   'Tis he relieves thy pain—
'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,
   And gives thee strength again.
4 He crowns thy life with love,
   When ransomed from the grave;
He who redeemed my soul from hell,
   Hath sovereign power to save.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Come, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;

Je-ho-vah is the sov'reign God,
The uni-verse-al King.
GENERAL PRAISE.

GATES OF PRAISE.

Lift up the Gates of Praise, That we may enter in, And o'er salvation's walls proclaim

D. S. But man a-lone can tell the pow'r

That Christ redeems from sin. The stars may praise the hand, the hand, That decks the sky above, above,

Of Christ's redeeming love.

22 Gates of Praise.

1 Lift up the Gates of Praise, That we may enter in, And o'er salvation's walls proclaim That Christ redeems from sin.

2 God's works reveal his might, His majesty and grace; But not the tender Father's love That saves a dying race.

3 Then let the voice of praise To heavenly courts ascend, Till with the songs the angels sing Our hallelujahs blend.

4 To him that hath redeemed Our souls from sin's dark maze; The Hope and Savior of mankind, Be everlasting praise.

M. E. Servoss.

LEIGHTON. S. M.

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

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

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

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

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1825.

23 Exhortation to Praise.

H. W. GREATOREX, 1849.
1. Praise the Lord; ye heavens! adore him; Praise him, angels in the height!
2. Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken; Worlds his mighty voice obeyed;
3. Praise the Lord, for he is glorious; Never shall his promise fail;
4. Praise the God of our salvation, Hosts on high! his power proclaim;

Sun and moon! rejoice before him; Praise him, all ye stars of light!
Laws, which never shall be broken, For their guidance he hath made.
God hath made his saints victorious; Sin and death shall not prevail.
Heaven and earth, and all creation! Laud and magnify his name.

1. Thank and praise Jehovah's name; For his mercies, firm and sure,
2. Let the ransomed thus rejoice, Gathered out of every land;
3. Praise him, ye who know his love; Praise him from the depths beneath;
4. For his truth and mercy stand, Past, and present, and to be,

From eternity the same To eternity endure.
As the people of his choice, Plucked from the destroyer's hand.
Praise him in the heights above; Praise your Maker all that breathe.
Like the years of his right hand—Like his own eternity.

John Kemthorne, 1810.

James Montgomery, 1822.
1. Hallelujah! song of gladness, Song of everlasting joy;
2. Hallelujah! Church victorious, Thou mayst lift this joyful strain;
3. Hallelujah! let our voices rise to heav'n with full accord;
4. But our earnest supplication, Holy God, we raise to thee;

Hallelujah! song the sweetest That can angel hosts employ.
Hallelujah! songs of triumph Well befit the ransomed train.
Hallelujah! ev'ry moment Brings us nearer to the Lord.
Bring us to thy blissful presence, Let us all thy glory see.

Chorus.

Praise ye the Lord! sing Hallelujah! Praise ye the Lord! sing Hallelujah!

Praise ye the Lord! sing Hallelujah! Praise ye, the Lord!
WORSHIP.

LET US PRAISE HIM TO-DAY. 8s & 7s.  

W. J. BALTZELL.

1. Praise to thee, thou great Creator! Praise to thee from ev'ry tongue;
2. Father! source of all compassion! Pure, unbounded grace is thine;
3. For ten thousand blessings given, For the hope of future joy,
4. Praise to God, our great Creator! Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;

Join, my soul, with ev'ry creature, Join the universal song.
Hail the Lord of our salvation! Praise him for his love divine.
Sound his praise thro' earth and heaven, Sound Jehovah's praise on high.
Praise him, ev'ry living creature, Earth and heav'n's united host.

CHORUS.

Glo-ry to the Father and the Son!  
Glory to the Father and the Son! Let us praise him, Let us
Glo-ry to the Spirit! three in one!  
Glory to the Spirit!

Praise him, Let us praise him to-day, And sing his loving kindness on our way.
LYONS. 10s & 11s.
F. J. HAYDN.

GENERAL PRAISE.

O worship the King, all-glorious above, And gratefully
sing his wonderful love; Our Shield and Defender, the

Ancient of days, Pavilioned in splendor and girded with praise.

FIRST VERSE INSERTED IN MUSIC.]

Praise of Divine Love.

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

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

4 Our Father and God, how faithful thy love! While angels delight to hymn thee above, The humbler creation, though feeble their lays, With true adoration shall lisp to thy praise.

Salvation to God.

Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim, And publish abroad his wonderful name: The name, all-victorious, of Jesus extol; His kingdom is glorious, and rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save; And still he is nigh, his presence we have; The great congregation his triumph shall sing, Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

3 "Salvation to God, who sits on the throne," Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son; Our Saviour's high praises the angels proclaim,— Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.

C Wesley, 1744.
1. How charming is the place Where my Redeemer God Unveils the glories of his face, Unveils the glories of his face, And sheds his love a-broad! Of his face, Unveils the glories of his face, And sheds his love a-broad! And while he hears their humble sighs, He grants them all their wants. Of thy grace, Among the children of thy grace, The servants of my God.

2. Here, on the mercy-seat, With radiant glory crowned, Our joyful eyes behold him sit, Our joyful eyes behold him sit, And smile on all around. And smile on all around. And while he hears their humble sighs, He grants them all their wants.

3. To him their prayers and cries, Each contrite soul presents; And while he hears their humble sighs, He grants them all their wants. Of thy grace, Among the children of thy grace, The servants of my God.

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

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

2. Send some message from thy word, That may joy and peace afford; Let thy Spirit down lift up, Strong in faith, in love, and hope, Strong in faith, in love, and hope.

3. Comfort those who weep and mourn; Let the time of joy return; Those that are cast captive free, Let us all rejoice in thee, Let us all rejoice in thee.

4. Grant that those who seek may find Thee, a God sincere and kind; Heal the sick, the
In thy name, O Lord! assembling, We, thy people, now draw near; Teach us to rejoice with trembling; Speak, and let thy servants hear—

Hear with meekness—Hear with meekness—Hear thy voice with godly fear.

Opening of Service.

In thy name, O Lord! assembling,
We, thy people, now draw near;
Teach us to rejoice with trembling;
Speak, and let thy servants hear—
Hear with meekness—Hear thy word with godly fear.

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

There, in worship, purer, sweeter,
Thee thy people shall adore;
Tasting of enjoyment greater
Far than thought conceived before;
Full enjoyment,
Full, unmixed, and evermore.

Close of Service.

Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
Oh! refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness.

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.

So, whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
We shall surely
Reign with Christ in endless day.

Plea for Parting Blessing.

God of our salvation! hear us;
Bless, oh, bless us, ere we go;
When we join the world, be near us,
Lest we cold and careless grow.
Savior! keep us;
Keep us safe from every foe.

As our steps are drawing nearer
To our everlasting home,
May our view of heaven grow clearer,
Hope more bright of joys to come;
And, when dying,
May thy presence cheer the gloom.
WORSHIP.

MENDON. L. M.
With ardor.

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

2 From busy scenes we now retreat,
That we may here converse with thee:
Ah! Lord! behold us at thy feet;
Let this the gate of heaven be.

3 Chief of ten thousand! now appear,
That we by faith may see thy face;
Oh! speak, that we thy voice may hear,
And let thy presence fill this place.

THOMAS KELLY, 1809.

Psalm 84. (119)

How pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints,
To meet the assemblies of thy saints.

2 My flesh would rest in thine abode;
My panting heart cries out for God;
My God! my King! why should I be
So far from all my joys and thee?

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

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

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

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

Psalm 84. (127)

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

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

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

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

5 O God, our King! whose sovereign sway
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
And devils at thy presence flee;
Blest is the man that trusts in thee!
ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

The Presence of Christ.

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

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.
SANCTUARY.

WARD. L. M.  Arr. by Lowell Mason, 1830.

Thy presence, gracious God! afford; Prepare us to receive thy word;

Now let thy voice engage our ear, And faith be mixed with what we hear.

38 [FIRST STANZA INSERTED IN MUSIC ABOVE.]  
Before Sermon.  
(122)

2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,  
And fix our hearts and hopes above;  
With food divine may we be fed,  
And satisfied with living bread.

3 To us thy sacred word apply,  
With sovereign power and energy;  
And may we, in thy faith and fear,  
Reduce to practice what we hear.

4 Father, in us thy Son reveal;  
Teach us to know and do thy will;  
Thy saving power and love display,  
And guide us to the realms of day.

John Fawcett, 1782.

MIGDOL. L. M.  
Moderato.  

Command thy blessing from above, O God, on all assembled here;  

Behold us with a Father's love, While we look up with filial fear.

39 [FIRST STANZA INSERTED IN MUSIC BELOW.]  
(792)

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

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

4 Oh, thou, our Maker, Savior, Guide,  
One true, eternal God confessed;  
Whom thou hast joined none may divide;  
None dare to curse whom thou hast blest.

James Montgomery.
22

M E A R. C. M.

Worship.

BARNARD'S PSALMS, 1752.

22

AGAIN our earthly cares we leave, And in thy courts appear;

AGAIN, with joyful feet, we come To meet our Savior here.

40 [FIRST VERSE INSERTED IN MUSIC.]

God's Presence in Sanctuary. (111)

2 Within those walls let holy peace,
And love, and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease—
The wounded spirit heal.

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

4 May we in faith receive thy word,
In faith present our prayers;
And, in the presence of our Lord,
Unbosom all our cares.

5 Shew us some token of thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise;
And pour thy blessing from above,
That we may render praise.

John Newton, 1779, a.

41 Dedication. (1175)

Oh, thou, whose own vast temple stands,
Built over earth and sea!
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised to worship thee.

2 Lord! from thine inmost glory send,
Within these walls t' abide,
The peace that dwelleth without end
Serenely by thy side!

3 May erring minds, that worship here,
Be taught the better way;
And they who mourn, and they who fear,
Be strengthened as they pray.

4 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And pure devotion rise,
While, round these hallowed walls, the storm
Of earth-born passion dies.

William C. Bryant, 1835.

Psalm 122. (106)

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,
And joy a constant guest!
With holy gifts and heavenly grace
By 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 Savior, reigns.

Isaac Watts, 1719.
43 (81)

LISBON. S. M.

1. Welcome! sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord arise!
2. The King himself comes near, And feasts his saints to-day.
3. One day in such a place, Where thou, my God, art seen,
4. My willing soul would stay In such a frame as this,

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 thousand days Of pleas-ur-a-ble sin.
And sit and sing her-self a-way To ev-er-last-ing bliss.

Wel-come! sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord arise!

1. Welcome! sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord arise!
2. The King himself comes near, And feasts his saints to-day.
3. One day in such a place, Where thou, my God, art seen,
4. My willing soul would stay In such a frame as this,

Wel-come to this re-viv-ing breast, And these re-joic-ing eyes!
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Wel-come! sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord arise!

1. Welcome! sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord arise!
2. The King himself comes near, And feasts his saints to-day.
3. One day in such a place, Where thou, my God, art seen,
4. My willing soul would stay In such a frame as this,
Come, dearest Lord, and feed thy sheep, On this sweet day of rest;
Oh, bless this flock, and make this fold Enjoy a heavenly rest.

45  Sweet Day of Rest.  (66)
Come, dearest Lord, and feed thy sheep,
On this sweet day of rest;
Oh, bless this flock, and make this fold
Enjoy a heavenly rest.

2 Welcome, and precious to my soul
Are these sweet days of love;
But what a Sabbath shall I keep
When I shall rest above!

3 I come, I wait, I hear, I pray;
Thy footsteps, Lord, I trace;
Here, in thine own appointed way,
I wait to see thy face.

4 These are the sweet and precious days
On which my Lord I've seen;
And oft, when feasting on his word,
In raptures I have been.

5 Oh, if my soul, when death appears,
In this sweet frame be found,
I'll clasp my Savior in mine arms,
And leave this earthly ground.

46  Sabbath Morn.  (60)
How sweetly breaks the Sabbath dawn
Along the eastern skies!
So, when the night of time hath gone,
Eternity shall rise.

2 How softly spreads the Sabbath light!
How soon the gloom hath fled!
So o'er the new created sight
Celestial bliss is spread.

3 What quiet reigns o'er earth and sea,
Through all the stilly air!
So calm may we this Sabbath be,
And free from worldly care.

4 Thus let thy peace, O Lord! pervade
Our bosoms all our days;
And let each passing hour be made
A herald of thy praise.

5 This peace of God—how full! how sweet
It flows from Jesus' breast;
It makes our bliss on earth complete,
It brings eternal rest.

Edwin F. Hatfield, 1840.

47  The Lord's Day Morn.  (65)
When the worn spirit wants repose,
And sighs her God to seek,
How sweet to hail the evening's close
That ends the weary week!

2 How sweet to hail the early dawn
That opens on the sight,
When first that soul-reviving morn
Sheds forth new rays of light!

3 Sweet day! thine hours too soon will cease;
Yet, while they gently roll,
Breathe, heavenly Spirit, source of peace,
A Sabbath o'er my soul.

4 When will my pilgrimage be done,
The world's long week be o'er,
That Sabbath dawn which needs no sun,
That day which fades no more?

James Edmeston, 1820.
Safe-through another week, God has bro't us on our way; 
Let us now a blessing seek, (Omit . . .) Waiting in his courts to-day; Day of 
all the week the best, Emblem of eternal rest; Day of all the week the best, Emblem of eternal rest.

48 Blessing of the Sabbath. (94)

SAFELY thro' another week,
God has bro't us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day;
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

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

3 May the gospel's joyful sound 
Conquer sinners, comfort saints,
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief from all complaints;
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

John Newton, 1779, a.

LISCHER. H. M.

49 Rejoicing in the Sabbath. (98)

WELCOME, delightful morn!
Thou day of sacred rest;
I hail thy kind return;
Lord! make these moments blest;
From the low train of mortal toys
I soar to reach immortal joys.

2 Now may the King descend,
And fill his throne of grace;
Thy scepter, Lord, extend,
While saints address thy face.
Let sinners feel thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

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

HAYWARD, 1806.

F. SCHNEIDER. Arr. by Lowell Mason, 1841.
50  SPANISH HYMN.  7s, 8 lines.  

SPANISH MELODY.

1. Welcome, sacred day of rest! Sweet repose from worldly care;  
   Day above all days the best, When our souls for heav’n prepare;  
D. C. Thus he vanquished all our foes; Let our lips his glory tell.  
2. Gracious Lord! we love this day, When we hear thy holy word;  
   When we sing thy praise, and pray, Earth can no such joys afford;  
D. C. Rest from sin, and rest from pains, Endless joys and endless praise.

D. C.

Day, when our Redeemer rose, Vict’r o’er the hosts of hell;  
But a better rest remains, Heav’nly Sab-baths, happier days,  
WILLIAM BROWN, 1822.

51  LAST HOPE.  7s.  

Arr. from L. M. Gottschalk, 1854.

1. Softly fades the twi-light ray Of the holy Sab-bath day;  
2. Night her solemn man-tle spreads O’er the earth as day-light fades;  
3. Peace is on the world a-broad; ’Tis the ho-ly peace of God—  
4. Sav-iour, may our Sabbaths be Days of peace and joy in thee,

Gently as life’s set-ting sun, When the Christian’s course is run.  
All things tell of calm re-pose At the ho-ly Sab-bath’s close.  
Sym-bol of the peace with-in, When the spir-it rests from sin.  
Till in heav’n our souls re-pose, Where the Sabbath ne’er shall close.  
SAMUEL F. SMITH, 1843.
MORNING AND EVENING.

52

LOWRY. L. M. Geo. F. Root.

1. A-wake, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai-ly stage of du - ty run;
2. A-wake, lift up thyself, my heart, And with the an - gels bear thy part,
3. Glo-ry to thee, who safe hast kept, And hast refreshed me when I slept;
4. Lord, I my vows to thee re-new; Scat-ter my sins as morn-ing dew;

Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise To pay thy morn-ing sac - ri-fice.
Who all night long un-wea-ried sing High praises to th’e-ter-nal king.
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake, I may of end-less life partake.
Guard my first springs of thought and will, And with thyself my spir-it fill.

53

VIGIL. S. M. Giovanni Paisello.

1. See how the morn-ing sun Pursues his shin-ing way;
2. Thus would my ris-ing soul Its heavenly Par-ent sing,
3. Se-rene I laid me down, Be-neath his guardian care;
4. My life I would a - new De-vote, O Lord, to thee;

And wide proclaims his Mak-er’s praise, With ev’ry bright’ning ray.
And to its great O-rig-i-nal The humble trib-u-te bring.
I slept, and I a-woke, and found My kind Pre-serv-er near.
And in thy serv-ice I would spend A long e-ter-ni-ty.

T. Scott.
EVENING PRAYER. 8s & 7s.

(171) Reverently.

1. Savior, breathe an evening blessing, E'er repose our spirits seal;
2. Though destruction walk around us, Though the arrows past us fly;
3. Though the night be dark and dreary, Darkness can not hide from thee;
4. Should swift death this night o'ertake us, And our couch become our tomb,

Sin and want we come confessing, Thou canst save and thou canst heal.
Angel guards from thee sur-round us, We are safe if thou art nigh.
Thou art he who, nev-er wea-ry, Watchest where thy peo-ple be.
May the morn in heaven a-wake us, Clad in bright and deathless bloom.

JAMES EMDESTON, 1820.

HURSLEY. L. M.


1. Sun of my soul, thou Sav-ior dear, It is not night if thou be near;
2. When the soft dews of kind-ly sleep My wea-ry eye-lids gen-tly steep,
3. A-bide with me from morn till eve, For without thee I can not live;
4. Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere thro' the world our way we take,

Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest For ev-er on my Sav-ior's breast.
A-bide with me when night is nigh, For without thee I dare not die.
Till in the o-cean of thy love We lose ourselves in heaven a-bove.

REV. J. KEBLE, 1827.
ABIDE with me: fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!

When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!

When other helpers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!

Evening of the Day.

ABIDE with me: fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!

When other helpers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!

Closing Hymn.

SAVIOR, again to thy dear name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
We rise to bless thee ere our worship cease,
And now, departing, wait thy word of peace.

When other helpers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!

When other helpers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!

Closing Hymn.

SAVIOR, again to thy dear name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
We rise to bless thee ere our worship cease,
And now, departing, wait thy word of peace.

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Closing Hymn.

SAVIOR, again to thy dear name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
We rise to bless thee ere our worship cease,
And now, departing, wait thy word of peace.

When other helpers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!

Closing Hymn.

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With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
We rise to bless thee ere our worship cease,
And now, departing, wait thy word of peace.

When other helpers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!

Closing Hymn.

SAVIOR, again to thy dear name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
We rise to bless thee ere our worship cease,
And now, departing, wait thy word of peace.

When other helpers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!

Closing Hymn.

SAVIOR, again to thy dear name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
We rise to bless thee ere our worship cease,
And now, departing, wait thy word of peace.
58  SEYMOUR.  7s.  C. M. von Weber, 1826.

1. Softly now the light of day Fades upon my sight away;
2. Thou whose all pervading eye Naught escapes without, within;
3. Soon, for me, the light of day Shall for ever pass away;
4. Thou who, sin-less, yet hast known All of man's infirmity;

Free from care, from labor free, Lord, I would commune with thee.
Par don each infirmity, Open fault, and secret sin.
Then, from sin and sorrow free, Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee.
Then from thine eternal throne, Jesus, look with pitying eye.

D. E. Jones, 1847.

59  STOCKWELL.  8s & 7s.  D. E. Jones, 1847.

1. Silent ly the shades of evening Gather round my lowly door;
2. O the lost, the un forgot ten, Tho' the world be oft forgot!
3. Living in the silent hours, Where our spirits only blend—
4. How such holy memories cluster, Like the stars when storms are past;

Silently they bring before me Faces I shall see no more.
O the shrouded and the lonely! In our hearts they perish not.
They, unlinked with earthly trouble; We, still hoping for its end.
Pointing up to that far heaven We may hope to gain at last.

C. C. Cox.
1. Fading, still fading, the last beam is shining; Father in heaven, the day is declining; Safety and innocence flee with the light, is Savior of all. Feeble and fainting, we trust in thy might;

2. Father in heaven, O hear when we call; Hear, for Christ's sake, who

Temptation and danger walk forth with the night. From the fall of the shade till the In doubting and darkness thy love be our light; Let us sleep on thy breast while the morning bells chime, Shield us from danger, keep us from crime.

night taper burns, Wake in thine arms when morning returns. Father, have mercy,

Refrain.

morning bells chime, Shield us from danger, keep us from crime.

night taper burns, Wake in thine arms when morning returns. Father, have mercy,

2nd verse.

Father, have mercy, Father, have mercy, thro' Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Selina Huntington.
1. God be with you till we meet again, By his counsels guide, uphold you,
   God be with you till we meet again, 'Neath his wings securely hide you,
   God be with you till we meet again, When life's perils thick confound you,
   God be with you till we meet again, Keep love's banner floating o'er you;

2. Daily manna still provide you, God be with you till we meet again.
   Put his arms unfailing round you, God be with you till we meet again.
   Life's perils thicken confound you, God be with you till we meet again.
   With his sheep securely fold you, God be with you till we meet again.

Chorus.

Till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet.

Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet at Jesus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet at Jesus' feet, till we meet;
Till we meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet again.
Till we meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet again.
1. Sing them over again to me, Wonderful words of life, Let me more of their
2. Christ the blessed One gives to all Wonderful words of life; Sin-ner, list to the
3. Sweetly echo the gospel call, Wonderful words of life; Of-fer pardon and

beauty see, Wonderful words of life, Words of life and beauty, Teach me faith and
loving call, Wonderful words of life; All so free-ly giv-en, Wooing us to
peace to all, Wonderful words of life; Je-sus, on-ly Savior, Sancti- fy for-

Chorus.

du - ty,
heaven, Beau-ti-ful words, wonderful words, Wonderful words of life,
ev - er,
P. P. Bliss.

Beau-ti-ful words, won-der-ful words, Wonderful words of life.
1. Give me the Bible, star of gladness gleaming, To cheer the wand’rer lone and tempest-tossed; No storm can hide that radiance peaceful beaming, filled my soul with fear; Give me the precious words by Jesus spok’en, of these realms below; That lamp of safety, o’er the gloom shall brighten, by the open grave; Show me the light from heaven’s shining portal.

D. S. Precept and promise, law and love combining,

Since Jesus came to seek and save the lost. Hold up faith’s lamp to show my Savior near. Give me the Bible! That light alone the path of peace can show. Show me the glory gilding Jordan’s wave.

Till night shall vanish in eternal day.

D. S.

Holy message shining, Thy light shall guide me in the narrow way.
1. Be-hold! the morn-ing sun Be-gins his glo-ri-ous way;
2. But, where the gos-pel comes, It spread-s di-vin-er light;
3. How per-fect is thy word! And all thy judg-ments just;
4. My gra-cious God! how plain Are thy di-re-c-tions given!

His beams thro' all the na-tions run, And life and light convey,
It calls dead sin-ners from the tombs, And gives the blind their sight
For-ev-er sure thy prom-ise, Lord! And men se-cure-ly trust.
Oh! may I nev-er read in vain, But find the path to heav-en

1. Ho-ly Bi-ble, book di-vine, Precious trea-sure, thou art mine;
2. Mine to chide me when I rove; Mine to show a Sav-ior's love;
3. Mine to com-fort in dis-tress, Suf-fer-ing in this wil-der-ness;
4. Mine to tell of joys to come, And the reb-el sin-ner's doom:

Mine to tell me whence I came; Mine to teach me what I am.
Mine thou art to guide and guard; Mine to pun-ish or re ward;
Mine to show, by liv-ing faith, Man can triumph o-ver death;

John Burton, 1805.
Evan. (Celtic Melody.) C. M.

Lord! I have made thy word my choice, My last-ing her-i-tage;
There shall my no-blest powers re-joyce, My warmest thoughts en-gage.

Psalm 119.

66

Lord! I have made thy word my choice, My last-ing heritage;
There shall my no-blest powers re-joyce, My warmest thoughts engage.
2 I'll read the histories of thy love, And keep thy laws in sight,
While through the promises I rove, With ever fresh delight.
3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown, Where springs of life arise;
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown, And hidden glory lies.
4 The best relief that mourners have— It makes our sorrows blest;
Our fairest hope, beyond the grave, And our eternal rest.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

The Latter Day.

67

Lord! send thy word, and let it fly, Armed with thy Spirit's power;
Ten thousands shall confess its sway, And bless the saving hour.
2 Beneath the influence of its grace, The barren wastes shall rise,
With sudden flowers and fruits arrayed,— A blooming paradise.
3 Peace, with her olives crowned, shall stretch Her wings from shore to shore;
No trump shall rouse the rage of war, Nor murderous cannon rear.

The Incomparable Richness of God's Word.

68

Father of mercies, in thy word
What endless riches find—
Riches above what earth can grant, And lasting as the mind.
2 Here may the wretched sons of want Exhaustless riches find—
4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys Attend the blissful sound.

Anne Steele, 1760.

4 Lord! for these days we wait;—these days Are in thy word foretold:
Fly swifter, sun and stars! and bring This promised age of gold.
5 Amen!—with joy divine, let earth's Unnumbered myriads cry;
Amen!—with joy divine, let heaven's Unnumbered choirs reply.

Thomas Gibbons, 1769.
How precious is the book divine, By inspiration given! Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine, To guide our souls to heaven.

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

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

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Psalm 119.

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

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

3 By these may I be warned betimes; Who knows the guile within? Lord, save me from presumptuous crimes; Cleanse me from secret sin.

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

C. Wesley.
Faithfulness.

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

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

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

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

Isaac Watts.

Power.

The Lord, our God, is full of might,
The winds obey his will;
He speaks,—and, in his heavenly height,
The rolling sun stands still.

Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar;
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.

Howl, winds of night, your force combine;
Without his high behest,
Ye shall not, in the mountain pine,
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

His voice sublime is heard afar,
In distant peals it dies;
He yokes the whirlwind to his car,
And sweeps the howling skies.

Ye nations bend,—in reverence bend:
Ye monarchs, wait his nod,
And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate your God.

H. Kirke White.

Eternity.

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

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

Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view;
To thee there's nothing old appears—
Great God! there's nothing new.

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

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

Isaac Watts.
75. (394)

ITALY. (Italian Hymn.) 6s & 4s.

FELICE GIARDINI, 1760.

1. Come, thou Al-might-y King! Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise;
2. Come, thou in-car-nate Word! Gird on thy might-y sword; Our pray'rs at-tend:
3. Come, holy Com-fort-er! Thy sa-cred wit-ness bear In this glad hour:
4. To the great One in Three, The highest prais-es be, Hence, ev-er-more!

Father, all glorious! O'er all vic-to-ri-ous, Come and reign o-ver us, Ancient of days!
Come, and thy people bless, And give thy word success; Spirit of holiness, On us de-scend.
Thou who almighty art, Now rule in ev'-ry heart, And ne'er from us depart, Spirit of power!
His sov'reign majesty May we in glory see, And to e-ter-ni-ty Love and a-dore.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1757.

76. (391)

ALL SAINTS. L. M.

WILLIAM KNAPP, 1760.

1. Blest be the Fa-ther and his love, To whose ce-les-tial source we owe
2. Glo-ry to thee, great Son of God! From whose dear, wounded bod- y rolls
3. We give the sa-cred Spir-it praise, Who, in our hearts of sin and woe,
4. Thus, God, the Fa-ther, God, the Son, And God, the Spir-it, we a-dore;

Riv-ers of end-less joy a-bove, And rills of com-fort here be-low.
A pre-cious stream of vi-tal blood—Par-don and life for dy-ing souls.
Makes liv-ing springs of grace a-rise, And in-to boundless glo-ry flow.
That sea of life and love unknown, With-out a bot- tom or a shore.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709.
GOD.

ELIZABETHTOWN. C. M. George Kingsley, 1838.

Thy way, O God! is in the sea, Thy paths I can not trace;

Nor comprehend the mystery Of thine unbounded grace.

1 Thy way, O God! is in the sea,
   Thy paths I can not trace;
Nor comprehend the mystery Of thine unbounded grace.

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

3 Here the dark veils of flesh and sense
My captive soul surround;
Mysterious deeps of providence
My wondering thoughts confound.

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

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

Isaac Watts, 1719.

79 Divine Perfections.

I sing th' almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

2 I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.

3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food;
He formed the creatures with his word,
And then pronounced them good.

4 Lord! how thy wonders are displayed
Where'er I turn mine eye!
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky!

Isaac Watts.

77 God Incomprehensible.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

5 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their cares and fears,
Are carried downward by the flood,
And lost in following years.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

78 Eternity of God.

O God! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come;
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

2 Under the shadow of thy throne,
Still may we dwell secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defense is sure.

Isaac Watts.

(844)
80 [First verse inserted in music.]  

**Our Heavenly Father.**

My God! how wonderful thou art! Thy majesty how bright!

How beautiful thy mercy seat, In depths of burning light!

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

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

5 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.

**William Cowper, 1772.**

82 **Majesty. Ps. 18.**

The Lord descended from above,  
And bowed the heavens most high:  
And underneath his feet he cast  
The darkness of the sky.

2 On cherub-stand on cherubim  
Full royally he rode;  
And on the wings of mighty winds  
Came flying all abroad.

3 He sat serene upon the floods,  
Their fury to restrain;  
And he, as sovereign Lord and King,  
For evermore shall reign.

**Thomas Sternhold, d. 1549.**

81 God's Ways not Understood. (848)

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

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

**Frederick Wm. Faber, 1849.**

DUNDEE. (French.) C. M.  
Andro Hart’s “Psalter,” 1615.
83 [FIRST VERSE INSERTED IN MUSIC.]

The Goodness of God. (176)

2 The sun that keeps his trackless way,
And downward pours his golden flood,
Night’s sparkling hosts all seem to say,
In accents clear, that God is good.

3 Yes, God is good, all Nature says,
By God’s own hand with speech enuend;
And man, in louder notes of praise,
Should sing for joy that God is good.

4 For all thy gifts, we bless thee, Lord;
But chiefly for our heavenly food,
Thy pardoning grace, thy quickening word;
These prompt our song that God is good.

John H. Gurney.

84 The Eternity of God. (173)

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

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

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

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

Isaac Watts.

85 God Seen in Nature, (174)

There is a God—all nature speaks,
Through earth, and air, and sea, and skies;
See, from the clouds his glory breaks,
When earliest beams of morning rise.

2 The rising sun, serenely bright,
Throughout the world’s extended frame,
Inscribes in characters of light
His mighty Maker’s glorious name.

3 Ye curious minds, who roam abroad,
And trace creation’s wonders o’er,
Confess the footsteps of you” God—
Bow down before him and adore.

Anne Steele.

86 The Lord God Omnipotent. (14)

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

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

3 The Lord is King! who then shall dare
Resist his will, distrust his care,
Or murmur at his wise decrees,
Or doubt his royal promises?

4 Oh, when his wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, his love forsake,
Then may his children cease to sing—
The Lord omnipotent is King.

Josiah Conder.
BEING AND ATTRIBUTES.

FABEN. 8s & 7s. D.  J. H. Wilcox, 1849.

God is love; his mercy brightens All the path in which we rove; Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens: God is wisdom, God is love. Chance and change are busy ev-er; Man de-
cays, and ages move; But his mercy waneth nev-er; God is wisdom, God is love.

87 [FIRST STANZA IN MUSIC ABOVE.]

2 E'en the hour the darkest seemeth Will His changeless goodness prove; From the gloom His brightness streameth: God is wisdom, God is love. 3 He with earthly cares entwineth Hope and comfort from above; Every-where his glory shineth: God is wisdom, God is love.

Sir John Bowring, 1825.

MANNHEIM. 8s & 7s.  From Ludwig von Beethoven, 1800.

Lord! thy glo-ry fills the heav-en; Earth is with its full-ness stored;


88 [FIRST STANZA IN MUSIC BELOW.]

The Divine Glory. (56)

2 Heaven is still with glory ringing, Earth takes up the angels' cry— "Holy, holy, holy!" singing, "Lord of hosts! the Lord most high!" 3 Ever thus in God's high praises, Brethren! let our tongues unite; Chief the heart when duty raises God-ward at his mystic rite.

Richard Mant, 1828.
GOD.


E-ter-nal Wis-dom! thee we praise, Thee the cre-a-tion sings;

With thy loved name, rocks, hills, and seas, And heaven's high palace rings.

89 [FIRST VERSE INSERTED IN MUSIC.]
Creating Wisdom. (184)
2 Thy hand, how wide it spread the sky!
How glorious to behold!
Tinged with a blue of heavenly dye,
And starred with sparkling gold.

3 Infinite strength and equal skill
Shine through the worlds abroad;
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder—God.

4 But the sweet beauties of thy grace
Our softer passions move;
Pity divine, in Jesus' face,
We see, adore, and love.

ISAAC WATTS, 1705.

90 The Trinity. (388)
HAIL! holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom One in Three we know;
By all thy heavenly host adored,
By all thy Church below.

2 One undivided Trinity
With triumph we proclaim;
The universe is full of thee,
And speaks thy glorious name.

3 Thee, holy Father, we confess;
Thee, holy Son, adore;
And thee, the Holy Ghost, we bless,
And worship evermore.

4 Hail! holy, holy, holy Lord,
Our heavenly song shall be
Supreme, Essential One, adored
In co-eternal Three!

C. WESLEY, 1757.

91 God is Love. (183)
Come, ye that know and fear the Lord,
And lift your souls above;
Let every heart and voice accord,
To sing that—God is love.

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

3 Behold his patience lengthened out
To those who from him rove,
And calls effectual reach their hearts,
To teach them—God is love.

4 The work begun is carried on
By power from heaven above;
And every step, from first to last,
Declares that—God is love.

GEORGE BURDER, 1784.

92 God's Constant Goodness. (179)
JEHOVAH God! thy gracious power
On every hand we see;
Oh, may the blessings of each hour
Lead all our thoughts to thee.

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

3 In all the varying scenes of time,
On thee our hopes depend;
In every age, in every clime,
Our Father and our Friend.

JOHN THOMPSON, 1810.
1. Come, let us all unite to sing God is love; Let heav’n and earth their praises bring, God is love; Let every soul from have redemption found, God is love; His blood has washed our es our spirit’s cheer, God is love; He is our sun and

sin awake, Each in his heart sweet music make, And sing with us for sins away, His Spirit turned our night to day, And now we can re-shield by day, Our help, our hope, our strength and stay; He will be with us

D. S. Come, let us all unite to sing That God is love.

Fine. Refrain.

Jesus’ sake, For God is love. God is love, God is love.
joyce to say That God is love.
all the way; Our God is love. God is love, God is love.

Anon.
It came upon the midnight clear, That glorious song of old, From angels bending near the earth, To touch their harps of gold; "Peace to the earth, good will to men," From heaven's all gracious King; The earth in solemn stillness lay, To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come, With peaceful wings unfurled; And still celestial music floats O'er all the weary world; Above its sad and lowly plains They bend on heavenly wing, And ever o'er its Babel sounds, The blessed angels sing.

O ye, beneath life's crushing load, Whose forms are bending low, Who toil along the climbing way, With painful steps and slow;— Look up! for glad and golden hours Come swiftly on the wing; Oh, rest beside the weary road, And hear the angels sing!

For lo! the days are hastening on, By prophet-bards foretold, When with the ever-circling years Comes round the age of gold! When peace shall over all the earth Its final splendors fling, And the whole world send back the song Which now the angels sing!

The race that long in darkness pine Have seen a glorious light; The people dwell in day who dwelt In death's surrounding night. To hail thy rise, thou better Sun, The gathering nations come, With joy, as when the reapers bear The harvest treasures home.

To us a child of hope is born; To us a Son is given; And him shall all the earth obey, And all the hosts of heaven. His name shall be the Prince of Peace, For evermore adored, The Wonderful, the Counselor, The great and mighty Lord.
INCARNATION AND BIRTH.

CHRISTMAS. C. M.

George F. Handel.

While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground, The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around, And glory shone around.

96 [FIRST VERSE INSERTED IN MUSIC ABOVE.]
The Angel's Message.

2 "Fear not," said he,—for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind,—
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

3 "To you, in David's town, this day,
Is born of David's line,
The Savior, who is Christ, the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:

4 "The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

5 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, and thus
Addressed their joyful song:

ZERAH. C. M.

Calm on the listening ear of night
Come heav'n's melody's strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains.

97 [FIRST VERSE INSERTED IN MUSIC BELOW.]
The Chorus of Angels.

2 Celestial choirs, from courts above,
Shed sacred glories there,
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.

3 The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply,
And greet, from all their holy heights,
The day-spring from on high.

4 "Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring—
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's eternal King!"

EDMUND H. SEARS, 1835.
LOWELL MASON, 1837.
48

**ANTIOCH. C. M.**

George Fred'k Handel. Arr. 1829.

Joy to the world! the Lord is come: Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

And heaven and nature sing, And heaven and nature sing, And heaven, and heaven and nature sing.

98

Psalm 98. (200)

Joy to the world! the Lord is come:
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

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

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow,
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

99

Christ's Mission. (202)

Hark the glad sound! the Savior comes—
The Savior promised long;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 He comes, the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And, with the treasures of his grace,
*T* enrich the humble poor.

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

Philp Doddridge, 1735.

100

Jesus is God. (195)

Jesus is God! the glorious bands
Of holy angels sing
Songs of adoring praise to him,
Their Maker and their King.

2 He was true God in Bethlehem's crib,
On Calvary's cross, true God;
He who, in heaven, eternal reigned,
In time, on earth abode.

3 Jesus is God! there never was
A time when he was not;
Boundless, eternal, merciful,
The Word the Sire begot.

4 Backward our thoughts through ages stretch,
Onward through endless bliss;
For there are two eternities,
And both alike are his.

5 Jesus is God! oh, could I now,
But compass land and sea,
To teach and tell this single truth,
How happy should I be!

6 Oh, had I but an angel's voice,
I would proclaim so loud,
Jesus, the Good, the Beautiful,
Is everlasting God.

Frederick Wm. Faber, 1862.
1. Hark! the herald angels sing, "Glory to the new-born King! Peace on earth, and mercy mild, God and sinners reconciled." Joyful all ye nations, rise; sons of earth, Born to give them second birth. Veiled in flesh the Godhead see; all he brings, Ris'n with healing in his wings. Let us, then, with angels sing,

2. See, he lays his glory by, Born that man no more may die; Born to raise the man—u—el, Pleased as man with men to dwell, Je-sus, our Im-man-u-el, re-con-ciled," Peace on earth, and mercy mild, God and sinners reconciled.

3. Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace! Hail the Sun of Righteousness: Light and life to Beth-le-hem, With th' angelic host proclaim, Christ is born in Beth-le-hem. Mortals! awake; let every tongue Proclaim his matchless worth. For evils we had done!

4. Glory to God, who dwells on high, And sent his only Son To take a servant's form, and die, For evils we had done!

3 Good-will to men: ye fallen race! Arise, and shout for joy; He comes, with rich abounding grace To save and not destroy.

4 Lord! send the gracious tidings forth, And fill the world with light, That Jew and Gentile, through the earth, May know thy saving might.

William Hurn, 1813.
1. What means this glorious radiance Across Judea's plain?
2. What means this wondrous story The holy angels tell?
3. Why bend these Eastern sages To one of lowly birth?
4. Ye wanderers in earth's darkness, On ocean deep and land,

These white-winged angels singing, In such exultant strain?
Of one who reigned in heaven, And now on earth would dwell?
What means this heav'nly message Of love and peace on earth?
Hail! hail! the joyful tidings, The morning is at hand.

CHORUS.

The King of glory cometh, Earth's broken hearts to bind,

And God's salvation morning Hath dawned for all mankind.

1 Oh, give us hearts to love like thee.
Like thee, O Lord, to grieve
Far more for others' sins, than all
The wrongs that we receive.

2 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
Thy friends unfaithful prove;
Unwearied in forgiveness still,
Thy heart could only love.

Edward Denny, 1839.
LIFE AND CHARACTER.

INVITATION. C. M. Arr. from W. V. WALLACE, 1856.

We may not climb the heav’n-ly steeps To bring the Lord Christ down;

In vain we search the lowest deeps, For him no depths can drown.

105 The True Test.
WE MAY NOT CLIMB THE HEAV'LY STEEPS
To bring the Lord Christ down;
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For him no depths can drown.

2 But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is he;
And faith has yet its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

3 The healing of the seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch him in life’s throng and press,
And we are whole again.

4 Through him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame;
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with his name.

5 O Lord and Master of us all,
Whate’er our name or sign,
We own thy sway, we hear thy call,
We test our lives by thine!

J. G. WHITTIER.

106 Childhood of Jesus. (228)

IN STATURE GROWS THE HEAVENLY CHILD,
With death before his eyes;
A Lamb unblemished, meek and mild,
Prepared for sacrifice.

2 The Son of God his glory hides
With parents mean and poor;
And he who made the heavens abides
In dwelling-place obscure.

3 Those mighty hands that stay the sky
No earthly toil refuse;
And he who set the stars on high
A humble trade pursues.

4 He before whom the angels stand,
At whose behest they fly,
Now yields himself to man’s command,
And lays his glory by.

5 The Father’s name we loudly raise,
The Son we all adore,
The Holy Ghost, One God, we praise,
Both now and evermore.

ANON.

107 A Man of Sorrow. (229)

A PILGRIM THROUGH THIS LONELY WORLD,
The blessed Savior passed;
A mourner all his life was he,
A dying Lamb at last.

2 That tender heart which felt for all,
For us its life-blood gave;
It found on earth no resting-place,
Save only in the grave.

3 Such was our Lord; and shall we fear
The cross with all its scorn?
Or love a faithless, evil world
That wrenched his brow with thorn?

4 No, facing all its frowns or smiles,
Like him obedient still,
We homeward press, through storm or calm,
To Zion’s blessed hill.

H. BONAR.
108  **The Meekness of Jesus.**  
How beauteous were the marks divine,  
That in thy meekness used to shine;  
That lit thy lonely pathway, trod  
In wondrous love, O Son of God!

2 Oh, who, like thee, so calm, so bright,  
Thou God of God, thou Light of Light!  
Oh, who, like thee, did ever go  
So patient through a world of woe?

3 Oh, who, like thee, so humbly bore  
The scorn, the scoffs of men before?  
So meek, forgiving, godlike, high,  
So glorious in humility?

4 E'en death, which sets the prisoner free,  
Was pang, and scoff, and scorn to thee;  
Yet love, through all thy torture glowed,  
And mercy with thy life-blood flowed.

5 Oh, in thy light, be mine to go,  
Illuming all my way of woe!  
And give me ever on the road  
To trace thy footsteps, Son of God!

Arthur Cleveland Coxe, 1838.

110  **Christ's Example.**  
My dear Redeemer and my Lord,  
I read my duty in thy Word;  
But in thy life the law appears,  
Drawn out in living characters.

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

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

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

Isaac Watts, 1709.
OVERBERG. L. M.

LIFE AND CHARACTER. 53

J. C. H. Rink, d. 1846.

I11  The Miracles of Christ.  (247)

Be-hold! the blind their sight receive; Be-hold! the dead awake and live;
The dumb speak wonders, and the lame Leap, like the hart, and bless his name.

2 Thus doth th' eternal Spirit own
And seal the mission of the Son;
The Father vindicates his cause,
While he hangs bleeding on the cross.

3 He dies! the heavens in mourning stood;
He rises, the triumphant God!
Behold the Lord ascending high,
No more to bleed, no more to die.

4 Hence, and forever, from my heart,
I bid my doubts and fears depart;
And to those hands my soul resign,
Which bear credentials so divine.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

I12  Entry into Jerusalem.  (248)

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
Hark! all the tribes Hosanna cry;
O Savior meek, pursue thy road
With palms and scattered garments strewed.

2 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
O Christ, thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

3 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The angel armies of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see the approaching sacrifice.

4 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The last and fiercest strife is nigh;
The Father on his sapphire throne
Awaits his own anointed Son.

5 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp, ride on to die;
Bow thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, thy power and reign.

HENRY HART MILMAN, 1827.

I13  The Transfiguration.  (245)

Oh, wondrous type, oh, vision fair,
Of glory that the church shall share,
Which Christ upon the mountain shows,
Where brighter than the sun he glows!

2 From age to age the tale declare,
How with the three disciples there,
Where Moses and Elias meet,
The Lord holds converse high and sweet.

3 The law and prophets there have place,
Two chosen witnesses of grace;
The Father's voice from out the cloud
Proclaimed his only Son aloud.

4 With shining face and bright array
Christ deigns to manifest to-day,
What glory shall be theirs above
Who joy in God with perfect love.

Latin. Tr. by J. M. NEALE, 1851.
Christ our Example.

2 How no contrite soul e'er sought him,
And was bidden to depart;
How, with gentle words he taught him,
Took the death from out his heart.
Still I read the ancient story,
And my joy is ever new,
How for us he left his glory,
How he still is kind and true.

HEBER. C. M.

Be hold where, in the Friend of man, Appears each grace divine!

The virtues all in Jesus meet, With mild-est radiance shine.

115 [First verse in music above.] The Example of Christ.

2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was his divine employ.
3 In the last hour of deep distress,
Before his Father's throne,
With soul resigned, he bowed, and said,
"Thy will, not mine, be done!"

4 Be Christ our pattern and our guide
His image may we bear;
Oh, may we tread his sacred steps,
And his bright glories share.

WILLIAM ENDFIELD, 1802.
WONDERFUL LOVE OF JESUS. P. M.

E. S. Lorenz.

1. In vain in high and holy lays My soul her grateful voice would raise;
2. A joy by day, a peace by night, In storms a calm, in darkness light;
3. My hope for pardon when I call, My trust for lifting when I fall;

For who can sing the worthy praise Of the wonderful love of Jesus?
In pain a balm, in weakness might, Is the wonderful love of Jesus.
In life, in death, my all in all, Is the wonderful love of Jesus.

CHORUS.

Wonderful love! wonderful love! Wonderful love of Jesus!

Wonderful love! wonderful love! Wonderful love of Jesus!
'Tis midnight; and on Olive's brow The star is dimmed that lately shone;

'Tis midnight; in the garden, now, The suffering Savior prays alone.

117 [FIRST VERSE IN MUSIC ABOVE.] 118 [FIRST VERSE IN MUSIC BELOW.]  

CHRIST.  

OLIVE'S BROW. L. M.  

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, 1853.  

WINDHAM. L. M.  

W. B. TAPPAN, 1822.  

DANIEL READ, 1785.  

'Tis midnight; and, from all removed,  
The Savior wrestles lone with fears;  
E'en that disciple whom he loved  
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.  

'Tis midnight; and for others' guilt  
The man of sorrows weeps in blood;  
Yet he that hath in anguish knelt  
Is not forsaken by his God.  

'Tis midnight; and from ether plains  
Is borne the song that angels know;  
Unheard by mortals are the strains  
That sweetly soothe the Savior's woe.  

Why Hast Thou Forsaken Me?"  
2 A horror of great darkness fell  
On thee, thou spotless holy One!  
And all the eager hosts of hell  
Conspired to tempt God's only Son.  

3 The scourge, the thorns, the deep disgrace,  
These thou could'st bear, nor once repine;  
But when Jehovah veiled his face,  
Unutterable pangs were thine.  

4 Let the dumb world its silence break;  
Let pealing anthems rend the sky;  
Awake, my sluggish soul, awake!  
He died that we might never die.  

My Savior! every mournful word Be-spoke thy soul's deep agony.  

From Calvary a cry was heard—A bitter and heart-rending cry;  

My Savior! every mournful word Be-spoke thy soul's deep agony.
SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.

ZEPHYR. L. M.

William B. Bradbury, 1844.

1. When I survey the wondrous cross, On which the Prince of Glory died,
2. Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God;
3. See, from his head, his hands, his feet, Sor-row and love, how mingled down:
4. Were all the realms of nature mine, That were a present far too small;

My richest gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
All the vain things that charm me most, I sacrifice them to his blood.
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
Love so amazing, so divine, Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

MIRIAM. 7s & 6s. Double.

J. P. Holbrook.

1. O sacred head, now wounded! With grief and shame weighed down, Now scornfully sur-
2. What thou, my Lord! hast suffered Was all for sinners' gain; Mine, mine was the trans-
3. The joy can ne'er be spoken, Above all joys beside, When in thy bod-

rounded With thorns, thine only crown; O sacred head, what glory, What
gression, But thine the dead-ly pain; Lo! here I fall, my Sav-ior! 'Tis bro-
ken, I thus with safe-ty hide; My Lord of life! de-sir-ing Thy

bliss, till now, was thine! Yet tho' despised and gory, I joy to call thee mine.
I deserve thy place; Look on me with thy favor; Vouchsafeto me thy grace.
glory now to see, Beside thy cross ex-pir-ing, I'd breathe my soul to thee.

Paul Gerhardt, 1659.
ALAS! AND DID MY SAVIOR BLEED? C. M.

S. J. Vail.

1. A-лас! and did my Sav-ior bleed? And did my Sovereign die?
   Would he de-vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?

2. Was it for crimes that I have done
   He groaned upon the tree?
   Amazing pity! grace unknown!
   And love beyond degree!

3. Well might the sun in darkness hide,
   And shut his glories in,
   When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
   For man, the creature’s sin!

4. Thus might I hide my blushing face
   While his dear cross appears;
   Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
   And melt mine eyes to tears.

5. But drops of grief can ne’er repay
   The debt of love I owe:
   Here, Lord, I give myself away;
   ’Tis all that I can do.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

Jesus Died for Me.

W. H. Bathurst, d. 1877.
O Jesus! sweet the tears I shed,
While at thy cross I kneel,
Gaze on thy wounded, fainting head,
And all thy sorrows feel.

2 My heart dissolves to see thee bleed,
This heart so hard before;
I hear thee for the guilty plead,
And grief o'erflows the more.

3 'Twas for the sinful thou didst die,
And I a sinner stand;
What love speaks from thy dying eye,
And from each pierced hand!

4 I know this cleansing blood of thine
Was shed, dear Lord, for me;
For me, for all—oh, grace divine!—
Who look by faith on thee.

REMEmBER ME. C. M.  

A- las! and did my Sav-ior bleed? And did my Sovereign die?
CHO.-Help me, dear Sav-iour, thee to own, And ev-er faith-ful be;

Would he de-vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?
And when thou sit-test on thy throne, O Lord, re-mem-ber me.
1. The cross, the cross, the blood-stained cross! The hal- lowed cross I see; Reminding me of
2. The cross, the cross, that heavy cross, My Savior bore for me; It bowed him to the
3. The wounds, the wounds, those pain-ful wounds; Oh, they were made for me! His hands and feet, his
4. The death, the death, the aw-ful death! That Jesus died for me; I heard his groans, his
5. The love, the love, the match-less love, That bled upon the tree! It melts my heart, it

precious blood That once was shed for me, earth with grief On sad Mount Cal-va-ry.

Oh, the blood, the precious blood, That

pray' r, "Forgive," His bleed-ing side I see. wins my love, It brings me, Lord, to thee.

Je-sus shed for me; Up-on the cross, in crimson flood, Just now by faith I see.

OWEN. S. M.

Sing rapidly.

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

Let floods of pen-i-tent- tial grief Burst forth from ev'ry eye.
Our sins on Christ were laid; He bore the mighty load;
Our ransom price he fully paid In groans, and tears, and blood.

126 Our Ransom Paid.

Our sins on Christ were laid;
He bore the mighty load;
Our ransom price he fully paid
In groans, and tears, and blood.

2 To save a world he dies;
Sinners, behold the Lamb!
To him lift up your longing eyes;
Seek mercy in his name.

3 Pardon and peace abound;
He will your sins forgive;
Salvation in his name is found,—
He bids the sinner live.

4 Jesus, we look to thee;—
Where else can sinners go?
Thy boundless love shall set us free
From wretchedness and woe.

J. Fawcett, 1780.

127 For Me He died.

Are there no wounds for me?
Hast thou received them all?
How can I, Lord, the anguish see,
Beneath which thou didst fall?

2 'Tis over now, I know,—
That suffering life of thine,
Thy precious blood has ceased to flow,
Thou wear'st thy crown divine;

3 But yet, I weeping see
The thorns which pierced thy head;
Thou fain'st beneath thy cross for me,
For me to death thou'rt led!

4 Meekly, with love divine,
Thy holy head is bent,
And streams of blood, for sins of mine,
Flow where thy side is rent.

5 Beneath this sacred flood
I bow my sinful soul;
Dear Savior, let thy precious blood
Wash me and make me whole.

Mrs. Grace Webster Hinsdale, 1868.

128 The Savior's Tears.

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

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

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

Benjamin Beddome, 1787.
**Rock of Ages.**

1. Rock of ages, cleft for me! Let me hide myself in thee; Let the water and the blood, From thy side a healing flood,

D. C. Be of sin the double cure; Save from wrath and make me pure. Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee; Let the water and the blood, From thy side a healing flood,

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

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**HOMEWARD.**

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

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

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**From Franz Abt.**

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

3. While I draw this fleeting breath, When mine eyelids close in death, When I rise to worlds unknown, See thee on thy judgment throne—Rock of Ages cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee.
SUFFERING AND DEATH.

SALVATOR MUNDI. 7s. D. E. S. Lorenz.

By thy birth, and by thy tears; By thy human griefs and fears; By thy conflict in the hour (Omit) Of the subtle tempter's power,—Savior, look with pitying eye; Savior, help me, or I die; Savior, look with pitying eye; Savior, help me, or I die.

130 The Litany.

By thy birth, and by thy tears; By thy human griefs and fears; By thy conflict in the hour Of the subtle tempter's power,— Savior, look with pitying eye; Savior, help me, or I die.

2 By the tenderness that wept O'er the grave where Laz'rus slept; By the bitter tears that flow'd Over Salem's lost abode,— Savior, look with pitying eye; Savior, help me, or I die.

3 By thy lonely hour of prayer; By the fearful conflict there; By thy cross and dying cries; By thy one great sacrifice,— Savior, look with pitying eye; Savior, help me, or I die.

4 By thy triumph o'er the grave; By thy power the lost to save; By thy high, majestic throne; By the empire all thine own,— Savior, look with pitying eye; Savior, help me, or I die.

SIR ROBERT GRANT, 1815.

I. B. Woodbury, 1852.
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.

131 [FIRST VERSE INSERTED IN MUSIC.]
Glorying in the Cross. (970)
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 more luster to the day.

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

SIR JOHN BOWRING, 1825.

132 Looking to the Cross. (980)
Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend,
Life and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend!

2 Here I'll sit, forever viewing
Mercy's streams in streams of blood:
Precious drops! my soul bedewing,
Plead, and claim my peace, with God.

3 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his cross to lie,
While I see divine compassion
Floating in his languid eye.

4 Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze;
Love I much?—I've much forgiven,—
I'm a miracle of grace.

5 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe;
Constant still in faith abiding,—
Life deriving from his death.

JAMES ALLEN, 1757.
Altered by WALTER SHIRLEY, 1776.

133 The Price of Salvation.
When I view my Savior bleeding,
For my sins, upon the tree;
Oh, how wondrous!—how exceeding
Great his love appears to me!

2 Floods of deep distress and anguish,
To impede his labors, came;
Yet they all could not extinguish
Love's eternal, burning flame.

3 Now redemption is completed,
Full salvation is procured;
Death and Satan are defeated,
By the sufferings he endured.

4 Now the gracious Mediator,
Risen to the courts of bliss,
Claims for me, a sinful creature,
Pardon, righteousness, and peace!

5 Sure such infinite affection
Lays the highest claims to mine;
All my powers, without exception,
Should in fervent praises join.

6 Jesus, fit me for thy service;
Form me for thyself alone;
I am thy most costly purchase,—
Take possession of thine own.

R. LEE.
SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.

WHAT HAST THOU DONE FOR ME? P. M.

P. P. Bliss.

Moderato.

1. I gave my life for thee, My precious blood I shed, That thou mightst ransomed be, And

2. My Father's house of light, My glory-circled throne, I left for earthly night, For

3. I suffered much for thee, More than thy tongue can tell, Of bitterest agony, To

4. And I have brought to thee, Down from my home above, Salvation full and free, My

Frances R. Havergal.

COME TO THE CROSS. P. M.

E. S. Lorenz.

Fine.

1. Come to the cross, where the Savior died, Look to the Lamb that was crucified;

2. Turn to the mournful and tragic scene, Gaze on the suffering Nazarene;

3. Fall at the feet of the dying One, Trust in the name of the Father's Son;

4. Wash in the fountain of Jesus' blood, Seek for thy cure in the healing flood;

5. Fly to the arms of his pardoning love, Cherish the hope of a crown above;

6. Taste of the sweetness of sins for-giv'n, Lean on the promise of rest in heav'n.

Rev. J. H. Martin.

D. C. Come to the cross, where the Savior died, Look to the Lamb that was crucified.

CHORUS.

D. C.

Look at the Crucified, look and live! Look for eternal life he will give.
1. Jesus, keep me near the cross, There a precious fountain Free to all—a healing stream,
2. Near the cross, a trembling soul, Love and mercy found me; There the bright and morning star
3. Near the cross, O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes before me; Help me walk from day to day,

Chorus.

Flows from Calvary's mountain.
Shed its beams around me. In the cross, in the cross, Be my glory ev'er;
With its shadows o'er me.

4. Near the cross I'll watch and wait, Hoping, trusting ever,
Till my raptured soul shall find Rest beyond the river.
Till I reach the golden strand, Just beyond the river.

Fanny J. Crosby.

137 SAW YE MY SAVIOR? P. M. American Spiritual.

1. Saw ye my Savior, saw ye my Savior, Saw ye my Savior and God? Oh! he
died on Calvary, To atone for you and me, And to purchase our pardon with blood.
bowed his head and died; Thus my Lord was crucified, To a-tone for a world that was lost.
Deep in our hearts let us record The deeper sorrows of our Lord; Behold the rising billows roll, To overwhelm his holy soul, To overwhelm his holy soul.

Think on thy bleeding wounds and pain, And contemplate thy woes again.

138 [First verse in music.] (264) Pardon Through the Sufferings of Christ.

2 Yet, gracious God, thy power and love Have made the curse a blessing prove; Those dreadful sufferings of thy Son Atoned for sins that we have done.

3 The pangs of our expiring Lord The honors of thy law restored; His sorrows made thy justice known, And paid for follies not his own.

4 Oh, for his sake our guilt forgive, And let the mourning sinner live; The Lord will hear us in his name, Nor shall our hope be turned to shame.

Isaac Watts, 1779.

140 Thanks to Jesus for his Love.

Oh love! who gav’st thy life for me, And won an everlasting good Through thy sore anguish on the tree, I ever think upon thy blood!

2 O love! who unto death hast grieved For this cold heart, unworthy thine, Whom the cold grave and death received, I thank thee for that grief divine.

3 I give thee thanks that thou didst die To win eternal life for me, To bring salvation from on high: Oh, draw me up through love to thee!

Beneath thy cross I lay me down, And mourn to see thy bloody crown; Love drops in blood from every vein; Love is the spring of all thy pain.

2 Here, Jesus, will I ever stay, And spend my longing hours away; Crying, “Father, I have died: Oh, behold my hands and side! Oh, forgive them! I pray thee, forgive!”

3 Hail, mighty Savior! hail, mighty Savior! Prince, and the Author of peace! Oh! he burst the bars of death, And, triumphant from the earth, He ascended to mansions of bliss.

4 There interceding, there interceding, Pleading that sinners may live; 5 “I will forgive them, I will forgive them When they repent and believe; Let them now return to thee, And be reconciled to me, And salvation they all shall receive.”

[1st & 2d verses inserted in music, p. 66.] Saw ye my Savior?

From the German. Author unknown.
The morning pur- ples all the sky, The air with praises rings;

De-feat-ed hell stands sul-len by, The world ex-ult-ing sings.

141 [FIRST VERSE IN MUSIC ABOVE.]  
Christ's Triumph over Death. (309)

2 While he, the King all strong to save,
Rends the dark doors away,
And through the breaches of the grave
Strides forth into the day.

3 Death's captive, in his shorny prison
Fast fettered he has lain;
But he has mastered death, is risen,
And death wears now the chain.

4 The shining angels cry, "Away
With grief; no spices bring;
Not tears, but songs, this joyful day,
Should greet the rising King!"

DR. A. R. THOMPSON, 1867.

142 [FIRST VERSE IN MUSIC BELOW.] (311)
Resurrection and Ascension.

2 Death is no more the king of dread,
Since our Immanuel rose;
He took the tyrant's sting away,
And spoiled our hellish foes.

3 See how the conqueror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies,
With scars of honor in his flesh,
And triumph in his eyes.

4 There our exalted Savior reigns,
And scatters blessings down;
Our Jesus fills the middle seat
Of the celestial throne.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709.
Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day, Sons of men and angels say:
Raise your joys and triumphs high; Sing, ye heavens; thou earth, reply.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal—
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids his rise—
Christ hath opened paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King:
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once he died our souls to save:
Where's thy victory, boasting grave?

Charles Wesley, 1739.
1. Angel! roll the rock away; Death! yield up thy mighty prey;
2. 'Tis the Savior; angels! raise Fame's eternal trump of praise;
3. Shout, ye saints! in rapturous song, Let the strains be sweet and strong;
4. Heaven displays her portals wide; Glorious Hero! through them ride!

See! he rises from the tomb, Glowing with immortal bloom.
Let the world's remotest bound Hear the joy-inspiring sound.
Shout the Son of God, this morn From his sepulcher new-born.
King of glory! mount the throne—Thy great Father's and thine own.

With him shall rise the ransomed seed To reign in endless day.
He lives his people's cause to plead, Whose curse and shame he bore.
Up to the courts of heaven with speed, The joyful tidings bear.
Join all the bright celestial choirs, To sing our risen Lord.
RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION.

MENDON. L. M.

Arr. Lowell Mason, 1832.

Now for a tune of lofty praise To great Je-ho-vah's equal Son;

A-wake, my voice, in heavenly lays, And tell the wonders he hath done.

Their Lord's beloved face to see, Eager they haste to Galilee.

1 Sing how he left the worlds of light, And those bright robes he wore above; How swift and joyful was his flight, On wings of everlasting love.

2 Among a thousand harps and songs, Jesus, the God, exalted reigns; His sacred name fills all their tongues And echoes through the heavenly plains. Isaac Watts, 1707.

146 [FIRST VERSE IN MUSIC ABOVE.] (318)

Evaluation of Christ.

2 His pierced hands to them he shows; His face with love's own radiance glows; They with the angel's message speed, And shout, "The Lord is risen indeed!"

Latin Tr. by Mrs. E. Charles.

148 Christ the Unsetting Sun.

HAIL! morning known among the blest, Morning of hope, and joy, and love, Of heavenly peace, and holy rest, Pledge of the endless rest above.

2 Blest be the Father of our Lord, Who from the dead hath brought his Son; Hope to the lost was then restored, And everlasting glory won.

3 Mercy looked down with smiling eye When our Immanuel left the dead; Faith marked his bright ascent on high, And hope with gladness raised her head.

R. Wardlaw, 1814.

HARMONY GROVE L. M.

H. K. Oliver, 1839.

Hail! morning known among the blest, Morning of hope, and joy, and love. Of heavenly peace, and holy rest, Pledge of the endless rest above.
1. I know that my Redeemer lives! What comfort this sweet sentence gives,
2. He lives, to bless me with his love; He lives, to plead for me above;
3. He lives, to grant me rich supply; He lives, to guide me with his eye;
4. He lives, my kind, wise, heavenly Friend; He lives, and loves me to the end;
5. He lives, all glory to his name! He lives, my Savior still the same—

He lives, he lives, who once was dead; He lives, my ever-living Head.
He lives, my hungry soul to feed; He lives, to bless in time of need;
He lives, to comfort me when faint; He lives, to hear my soul's complaint;
He lives, and while he lives I'll sing: He lives, my Prophet, Priest, and King.
Oh, the sweet joy this sentence gives: I know that my Redeemer lives.

Samuel Medley, 1789.

1. Rise, glorious Conqueror, rise, Into thy native skies, As-sun-ie thy right; And where, in
2. Vic-tor o'er death and hell, Cherubic legions swell The radiant strain; Praises all
3. En-ter, in-car-nate God! No foot but thine have trod The serpent down; Blow the full
4. Li-on of Ju-dah, hail! And let thy name prevail From age to age; Lord of the

many a fold, The clouds are back-ward rolled; Pass thro' those gates of gold, And reign in light.
heav'n inspire; Each angel sweeps his lyre, And claps his wings of fire; Thou Lamb, once slain.
trumpets, blow! Wider your portals throw! Savior, triumphant, go And take thy crown.
rolling years, Claim for thine own the spheres, For thou hast bought with tears thine her-i-tage.

Matthew Bridges, 1848.
HARK! ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the notes of praise above;
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices:
Nothing, from thy love, shall sever
Happy objects of thy grace,
Destined to behold thy face.

Jesus comes, his conflict over,—
Comes to claim his great reward;
Crowding to behold their Lord;
Haste, ye saints! your tribute bring,
Crown him, everlasting King.

3 Day and night they cry before him,—
"Holy, holy, holy Lord!"
All the powers of heaven adore him,
All obey his sovereign word;
Haste, ye saints! your tribute bring,
Crown him, everlasting King.

We Live in Him.

See, the Conqueror mounts in triumph
See the King in royal state,
Riding on the clouds, his chariot,
To his heavenly palace gate!
Hark! the choirs of angel voices
Joyful hallelujahs sing,
And the portals high are lifted
To receive their heavenly King.

2 Who is this that comes in glory,
With the trump of jubilee?
Lord of battles, God of armies,
He has gained the victory;
He, who on the cross did suffer,
He, who from the grave arose,
He has vanquished sin and Satan,
He by death has spoiled his foes.

3 Thou hast raised our human nature,
On the clouds to God's right hand,
There we sit in heavenly places,
There with thee in glory stand;
Jesus reigns, adored by angels;
Man with God is on the throne;
Mighty Lord! in thine ascension,
We by faith behold our own.

Thomas Kelly, 1862.
All hail the power of Jesus' name, Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal diadem,

And crown him Lord of all, Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown him Lord of all.

154

Crown Him Lord of all.
2 Crown him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fixed this earthly ball;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown him Lord of all.
3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.
4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.
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.

Edward Perronet, alt. 1780.
Come, let us join in songs of praise To our ascended Priest;
He entered heaven with all our names Engraven on his breast.

155 The Sympathy of Jesus.

Come, let us join in songs of praise To our ascended Priest;
He entered heaven with all our names Engraven on his breast.

2 Below he washed our guilt away,
   By his atoning blood;
Now he appears before the throne,
   And pleads our cause with God.

3 Clothed with our nature still, he knows
   The weakness of our frame,
And how to shield us from the foes
   Which he himself o'ercame.

4 Oh! may we ne'er forget his grace,
   Nor blush to wear his name;
Still may our hearts hold fast his faith,
   Our mouths his praise proclaim.

156 Perfect Through Suffering.

The head, that once was crowned with thorns,
Is crowned with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
   The mighty Victor's brow.

2 The highest place that heaven affords
   Is his—is his by right;
"The King of kings, and Lord of lords,"
   And heaven's eternal Light.

3 The joy of all who dwell above,
   The joy of all below,
To whom he manifests his love,
   And grants his name to know.

4 To them the cross, with all its shame,
   With all its grace, is given;
Their name—an everlasting name;
   Their joy—the joy of heaven.

5 They suffer with their Lord below,
   They reign with him above;
Their profit and their joy—to know
   The mystery of his love.

6 The cross he bore is life and health—
   Though shame and death to him;
His people's hope, his people's wealth,
   Their everlasting theme.

157 Christ's Compassion to the Weak.

With joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
   His bowels melt with love.

2 Touched with a sympathy within,
   He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
   For he has felt the same.

3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
   Poured out his cries and tears;
And, in his measure, feels afresh
   What every member bears.

4 Then let our humble faith address
   His mercy and his power;
We shall obtain delivering grace
   In the distressing hour.
1. There's a glorious kingdom waiting in the land beyond the sky,
2. 'Tis the hope of yonder kingdom, and the glory there prepared,
3. With the coming of the kingdom we shall see our blessed Lord,
4. Oh, the world is growing weary, it has waited now so long,

Where the saints have been gathering year by year; And the days are swiftly
And the looking for the Savior to appear, That delivers us from
For the King ere the kingdom must appear; Hallelujah to his
And the hearts of men are failing them for fear; Let us tell them of the

passing that will bring the kingdom nigh, For the coming of the
bondage to the world that once ensnared, For the coming of the
name, who redeemed us by his blood! Oh, the coming of the
kingdom, let us cheer them with the song, That the coming of the

CHORUS.

kingdom draweth near. Oh, the coming of the kingdom draweth near, draweth near; Oh, the

D. W. Whittle.
EXALTATION AND REIGN.

THE COMING OF THE KINGDOM. Concluded.

Coming of the kingdom draweth near, draweth near! Be thou ready, O my soul,

for the trumpet soon may roll, And the King in his glory shall appear.

LEBANON VALLEY. 8s & 7s.

E. S. Lorenz.

1. Come, thou long-expect-ed Je-sus! Born to set thy peo-ple free!
2. Is-rael's strength and con-so-la-tion, Hope of all the earth thou art;
3. Born, thy peo-ple to de-liv-er; Born a child, and yet a King;
4. By thine own e-ter-nal spir-it Rule in all our hearts a-lone;

From our fears and sins re-lease us, Let us find our rest in thee.
Dear de-sire of ev'-ry na-tion, Joy of ev'-ry long-ing heart.
Born to reign in us for ev-er, Now thy gracious kingdom bring.
By thine all-suf-fi-cient mer-it Raise us to thy glorious throne.

Charles Wesley, 1744.
160 THE CROWNING DAY. 7s & 6s.  

James McGranahan.

1. Our Lord is now rejected, And by the world disowned, By the many still neglected, And by the few enthroned, But soon he'll come in
saints shall shine in glory, As Christ shall them array, The beauty of the
hind us all of sorrow, And nought but joy before, A joy in our Re-
earnest consecration, To walk the narrow way. By gathering in the

2. The heav'ns shall glow with splendor, But brighter far than they The
The heavens shall glow with splendor, But brighter far than they The

3. Our pain shall then be over, We'll sin and sigh no more, Be-
Our pain shall then be over, We'll sin and sigh no more, Be-

4. Let all that look for, hasten The coming joyful day, By
Let all that look for, hasten The coming joyful day, By

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Chorus.

coming by and by. Oh, the crowning day is coming, Is
EXALTATION AND REIGN.

THE CROWNING DAY. Concluded.

When our Lord shall come in "power," And "glory" from on high. Oh, the glorious sight will gladden, Each waiting, watchful eye, In the crowning day that's coming by and by.

1. Jesus! thy church, with longing eyes, For thine expected coming waits;
2. E'en now when tempests round us fall, And wintry clouds o'er cast the sky,
3. Oh! come and reign o'er every land; Let Satan from his throne be hurled,
4. Teach us, in watchfulness and pray'r, To wait for the appointed hour;

When will the promised light arise, And glory beam from Zion's gates? Thy words with pleasure we re-call, And deem that our redemption's nigh.

All nations bow to thy command, And grace revive a dy ing world. And fit us by thy grace to share, The triumphs of thy conquering pow'r.

WILLIAM H. BATHURST, 1831.
CHRIST.

MIDDLETOWN. 8s & 7s. D.

80

Crown his head with endless blessing, Who, in God the Father's name,
With compassion never ceasing, Comes salvation to proclaim.

D. C. Fain, ye saints, th' exalted Savior; Let his courts with praise resound.

Hail, ye saints, who know his favor, Who within his gates are found.

162 [FIRST VERSE IN MUSIC ABOVE.] (615)
Crown Him Lord of All.

2 Lo, Jehovah, we adore thee;
Thee our Savior! thee our God!
From his throne his beams of glory
Shine through all the world abroad.

3 Once with Adam's race in ruin,
Unconcerned in sin I lay;
Swift destruction still pursuing,
Till my Savior passed that way.

4 Witness, all ye host of heaven!
My Redeemer's tenderness;
Love I much? I've much forgiven;
I'm a miracle of grace.

5 Shout, ye bright angelic choir!
Praise the Lamb enthroned above;
Whilst, astonished, I admire
God's free grace, and boundless love.

6 That blest moment, I received him,
Filled my soul with joy and peace:
Love I much? I've much forgiven;
I'm a miracle of grace.

ABT. 8s & 7s.

Hail! my ever-blessed Jesus! Only thee I wish to sing;

To my soul, thy name is precious, Thou, my Prophet, Priest, and King.

163 [FIRST VERSE IN MUSIC BELOW.] (616)
Much Forgiven.

2 Oh! what mercy flows from heaven!
Oh! what joy and happiness!
Love I much? I've much forgiven;
I'm a miracle of grace.

3 Once with Adam's race in ruin,
Unconcerned in sin I lay;
Swift destruction still pursuing,
Till my Savior passed that way.

4 Witness, all ye host of heaven!
My Redeemer's tenderness;
Love I much? I've much forgiven;
I'm a miracle of grace.

5 Shout, ye bright angelic choir!
Praise the Lamb enthroned above;
Whilst, astonished, I admire
God's free grace, and boundless love.

6 That blest moment, I received him,
Filled my soul with joy and peace:
Love I much? I've much forgiven;
I'm a miracle of grace.

ABT. 8s & 7s.

Hail! my ever-blessed Jesus! Only thee I wish to sing;

To my soul, thy name is precious, Thou, my Prophet, Priest, and King.

Arranged from Abt.
Come, Holy Ghost, in love, Shed on us, from above, Thine own bright ray; Divinely good thou art; Thy sacred gifts impart, To gladden each sad heart; Oh! come to-day!

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

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

4 Exalt our low desires; Extinguish passion's fires; Heal every wound; Our stubborn spirits bend;

Our icy coldness end; Our devious steps attend, While heavenward bound.

386

165

The Spirit of Truth.

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

2 Thou! who didst come to bring, On thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind, Sight to the inly blind; — Oh! now to all mankind, "Let there be light!"

3 Spirit of truth and love, Life-giving holy Dove! Speed forth thy flight: Move o'er the water's face, Bearing the lamp of grace, And, in earth's darkest place, "Let there be light!"
**HOLY SPIRIT.**

**BALERMA. C. M.**

Adapted by R. Simpson.

Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove! With all thy quickening powers,—

Kin-dle a flame of sacred love, In these cold hearts of ours.

166 [FIRST VERSE IN MUSIC ABOVE.] (363) 
**Breathing after the Holy Spirit.**

2 Look—how we grovel here below, 
Fond of these trifling toys! 
Our souls, how heavily they go, 
To reach eternal joys.

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

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

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

Isaac Watts, 1707.

**STEPHENS. C. M.**

W. Jones, 1780.

Great Spirit! by whose mighty pow'r 
All creatures live and move, 

On us thy benediction show'r; In-spire our souls with love.

167 The Source of Life and Light. (364) 
**Great Spirit! by whose mighty pow're** 
**All creatures live and move,** 
**On us thy benediction shower;** 
**Inspire our souls with love.**

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

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

4 Thine inward witness bear, unknown 
To all the world beside; 
Exalting, then, we feel, and own 
Our Jesus glorified.

Thomas Haweis, 1792.
Spir- it Divine! attend our prayers, And make this house thy home;

Descend with all thy gracious powers, Oh, come, great Spirit! come.

168 The Descent of the Spirit.

Spirit Divine! attend our prayers,
And make this house thy home;
Descend with all thy gracious powers,
Oh, come, great Spirit! come.

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

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

4 Come as the dove; and spread thy wings,
The wings of peaceful love;
And let thy church on earth become
Blessed as the church above.

5 Come as the wind; with rushing sound,
And pentecostal grace;
That all, of woman born, may see
The glory of thy face.

169 Assurance.

Why should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend, and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.

2 Dost thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?

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.

170 The Spirit's Work.

Eternal Spirit! by whose power
Are burst the bands of death,
On our cold hearts thy blessing shower
And stir them with thy breath.

2 'Tis thine to point the heavenly way
Each rising tear control,
And, with a warm, enlivening ray,
To melt the icy soul.

3 'Tis thine to cheer us when distressed,
To raise us when we fall;
To calm the doubting, troubled breast,
And aid when sinners call.

4 'Tis thine to bring God's sacred word,
And write it on our heart;
There its reviving truths record,
And there its peace impart.

5 Almighty Spirit! visit thus
Our hearts, and guide our ways;
Pour down thy quickening grace on us,
And tune our lips to praise.
HOLY SPIRIT.

171 HOLY SPIRIT, FAITHFUL GUIDE. 7s. D. MARCUS MORRIS WELLS. Fine.

1. Holy Spirit, faithful guide, Ever near the Christian's side;
   Generly lead us by the hand, Pilgrims in a desert land;
2. Ever present, truest friend, Ever near thine aid to lend,
   Leave us not to doubt and fear, Groping on in darkness drear,
3. When our days of toil shall cease, Waiting still for sweet release,
   Nothing left but heav'n and prayer, Wondering if our names were there;

D. C. Whisper softly, wanderer come! Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

M. M. WELLS.

PLEYEL. 7s. IGNACE PLEYEL, CH. 1800.

1. Gracious Spirit, love divine, Let thy light within me shine;
2. Speak thy pard'ning grace to me, Set the burdened sinner free;
3. Life and peace to me impart, Seal salvation on my heart;
4. Let me never from thee stray, Keep me in the narrow way;

All my guilty fears remove, Fill me full of heav'n and love.
Lead me to the Lamb of God, Wash me in his precious blood.
Breathe thyself into my breast, Earnest of immortal rest.
Fill my soul with joy divine, Keep me, Lord, for ever thine.

John Stocker, 1776.
1. Spirit of pow'r, and truth, and love, Who sitt'st enthroned in light above!
2. 'Tis thine the wounded soul to heal, 'Tis thine to make the hardened feel;
3. When faith is weak, and courage fails, When grief or doubt our soul as sails,
4. Come, Holy Spirit! like the fire; With burning zeal our souls inspire;
5. Come, like the sun's enlightening beam; Come, like the cooling, cleansing stream;

Descend, and bear us on thy wings, Far from these low and fleeting things.
Thine to give light to blind-ed eyes, And bid the groveling spirit rise.
Who can, like thee, our spirit's cheer? Great Comforter! be ever near.
Come, like the south-wind, breathing balm, Our joys refresh, our passions calm.
With all thy graces present be:—Spirit of God! we wait for thee.

1. Come, Holy Spirit, come; Let thy bright beams arise;
2. Re-vive our drooping faith, Our doubts and fears remove,
3. 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart, To sanctify the soul,
4. Dwell, Spirit, in our hearts; Our minds from bondage free.

Dispel the sorrow from our minds, The darkness from our eyes.
And kindle in our breasts the flame Of never dying love.
To pour fresh life in every part, And new create the whole.
Then shall we know, and praise and love, The Father, Son and thee.
FILL ME NOW. 8s & 7s, with Chorus.  

Jno. R. Swenev.

1. Hover o'er me, Holy Spirit; Bathe my trembling heart and brow;  
2. Thou can't fill me, gracious Spirit; Thou I can not tell thee how;  
3. I am weakness, full of weakness; At thy sacred feet I bow;  
4. Cleanse and comfort, bless and save me; Bathe, oh, bathe my heart and brow;  

Fill me with thy hallowed presence, Come, oh, come, and fill me now.  
But I need thee, greatly need thee; Come, oh, come, and fill me now.  
Blest, divine, eternal Spirit, Fill with pow'r, and fill me now.  
Thou art comforting and saving, Thou art sweetly filling now.  

Fill me now, fill me now; Jesus, come, and fill me now;  

Guide and Comforter.  
Holy Spirit, Fount of blessing,  
Ever watchful, ever kind,  
Thy celestial aid possessing,  
Prisoned souls deliverance find.  

2 Seal of truth, and Bond of union,  
Source of light, and Flame of love,  
Symbol of divine communion,  
In the olive-bearing dove;  

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

4 Promised Pledge, eternal Spirit,  
Greater than all gifts below,  
May our hearts thy grace inherit;  
May our lips thy glories show!  

Thomas J. Judkin.

The Source of Consolation.  
Holy Ghost, dispel our sadness;  
Pierce the clouds of nature's night;  
Come, thou Source of joy and gladness,  
Breathe thy life, and spread thy light.  

2 From the height which knows no measure,  
As a gracious shower descend,  
Bringing down the richest treasure  
Man can wish, or God can send.  

3 Author of the new creation,  
Come with anointing and with power;  
Make our hearts thy habitation;  
On our souls thy graces shower.  

4 Hear, O hear our supplication,  
Blessed Spirit, God of peace!  
Rest upon this congregation,  
With the fullness of thy grace.  

Paul Gerhardt, 1653.  
Tr. by J. C. Jacobi, 1725.  Alt.
If he contend in righteousness, We fall beneath his rod.

178 [FIRST VERSE IN MUSIC ABOVE.]

2 If he our ways should mark
With strict inquiring eyes,
Could we for one of thousand faults
A just excuse devise?

3 All-seeing, powerful God,
Who can with thee contend?
Or who that tries the unequal strife,
Shall prosper in the end?

4 Ah! how shall guilty man
Contend with such a God?
None, none can meet him and escape,
But through the Savior's blood.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

179 An Evil Heart.

Astonished and distressed,
I turn mine eyes within;
My heart with loads of guilt oppressed
The source of every sin.

2 What crowds of evil thoughts,
What vile affections there!
Envy and pride, deceit and guile,
Distrust and slavish fear.

Olmutz. S. M.

How heavy is the night
That hangs upon our eyes,
Till Christ with his reviving light
Over our souls arise.

180 [FIRST VERSE IN MUSIC BELOW.]

2 Our guilty spirits dread
To meet the wrath of heaven;
But, in his righteousness arrayed,
We see our sins forgiven.

3 The powers of hell agree
To hold our souls in vain;
He sets the sons of bondage free,
And breaks the cursed chain.

4 Lord, we adore thy ways
To bring us near to God,
Thy sovereign power, thy healing grace,
And thine atoning blood.

Isaac Watts, 1709.
The heart, unchanged, can never rise
To happiness and God.

2 Can aught, beneath a power divine,
The stubborn will subdue?
'Tis thine, almighty Spirit! thine,
To form the heart anew.

3 'Tis thine, the passions to recall,
And upward bid them rise;
To make the scales of error fall,
From reason's darkened eyes.

4 Oh! change these wretched hearts of ours,
And give them life divine;
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord! be thine.

My soul obeys the gracious call
And runs to this relief;
I would believe thy promise, Lord!
Oh! help my unbelief.

To the blest fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God! I fly;
Here let me wash my spotted soul,
From crimes of deepest dye.

A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall;
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus, and my all.

Sinners, this solemn truth regard,
Hear, all ye sons of men;
For Christ, the Savior, hath declared,
"Ye must be born again."

Whate'er might be your birth or blood,
The sinner's boast is vain;
Thus saith the glorious Son of God,
"Ye must be born again."

That which is born of flesh is flesh
And flesh it will remain:
Then marvel not that Jesus saith,
"Ye must be born again."

Spirit of life, thy grace impart,
And breathe on sinners slain:
Bear witness, Lord, in ev'ry heart,
That we are born again.
1. Buried in shadows of the night We lie, till Christ restores the light;
2. Our guilty souls are drowned in tears, Till his atoning blood appears;
3. Jesus beholds where Satan reigns, And binds his slaves in heavy chains;
4. Poor, helpless worms in thee possess Grace, wisdom, pow'r and righteousness;

Till he descends to heal the blind, And chase the darkness of the mind.
Then we awake from deep distress, And sing the Lord our righteousness.
He sets the prisoners free, and breaks The iron bondage from our necks.
Thou art our mighty all, and we Give our whole selves, O Lord, to thee.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

1. Vain are the hopes, the sons of men On their own works have built;
2. Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouths, Without a murm'ring word;
3. In vain we ask God's righteous law, To justify us now;
4. Jesus! how glorious is thy grace! When in thy name we trust,

Their hearts by nature all unclean, And all their actions, guilt.
And the whole race of Adam stand Guilty before the Lord.
Since to convince, and to condemn, Is all the law can do.
Our faith receives a righteousness, That makes the sinner just.

Isaac Watts, 1709.
1. There is a fountain filled with blood, filled with blood, filled with blood,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood, beneath that flood, beneath that flood,

There is a fountain filled with blood, drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains.

Chorus.
Oh, glorious fountain! Here will I stay, And in thee ever

Wash my sins away.

2. The dying thief rejoiced to see,
That fountain in his day,
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3. Thou dying Lamb, thy precious blood,
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God,
Are saved to sin no more.

4. E'er since by faith I saw the stream,
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5. And when this feeble, faltering tongue
Lies silent in the grave,
Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save.

William Cowper, 1779.
ATONEMENT PROVIDED.

When wound-ed sore, the strick-en soul Lies bleed-ing and un-bound:

One hand a-lone, a pierc-ed hand, Can heal the sin-ner's wound.

187 [FIRST VERSE IN MUSIC ABOVE.]

The All-Sufficient Grace. (488)

2 When sorrow swells the laden breast, And tears of anguish flow, One heart alone, a broken heart, Can feel the sinner's woe.

3 'Tis Jesus' blood, that washes white, His hand, that brings relief; His heart, that's touched with all our joys, And feeleth for our grief.

4 Lift up thy bleeding hand, O Lord! Unseal that cleansing tide; We have no shelter from our sin, But in thy wounded side.

Mrs. Cecil F. Alexander, 1858.

Cleansing Fountain. C. M.

There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins, And sinners plunged beneath that flood,

D. S. And sinners plunged beneath that flood,

Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains.

188 Salvation.

1 Salvation! oh, the joyful sound! What pleasure to our ears; A sovereign balm for every wound, A cordial for our fears.

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

3 Salvation! O Thou bleeding Lamb! To Thee the praise belongs: Salvation shall inspire our hearts, And dwell upon our tongues.

Isaac Watts.

Western Melody.

There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins, And sinners plunged beneath that flood, D. S. And sinners plunged beneath that flood,

Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains.
How vast, how full, how free The mercy of our God!
Cho.—I'm glad salvation's free! I'm glad salvation's free.

Proclaim the blessed news around, And spread it all abroad.
Salvation's free for you and me, I'm glad salvation's free!

2 How vast! "whoever will"
May drink at mercy's stream,
And know that faith in Jesus brings
Salvation now to him.—Cho.

3 How full! it doth remove
The stain of every sin;
And makes the soul as white and pure,
As though no sin had been.—Cho.

4 Poor trembling sinner, come!
God waits to comfort thee;
Come, cast thyself upon his love,
So vast, so full, so free.—Cho.

BOYLSTON. S. M.

Isaac Watts, 1832.

Not all the blood of beasts, On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace, Or wash away the stain.
1. We have heard the joy-ful sound, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves! Spread the tid-ings
2. Waft it on the roll-ing tide, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves! Tell to sin-ners
3. Sing a - bove the bat-tle strife, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves! By his death and
4. Give the winds a might-y voice, Je-sus saves, Je-sus saves! Let the na-tions

all around, Jesus save., Jesus saves! Bear the news to ev-ry land, Climb the
far and wide, Jesus saves, Jesus saves! Sing, ye is-lands of the sea, Ech - o
endless life, Jesus saves, Jesus saves! Sing it soft-ly thro' the gloom, When the
now rejoice, Jesus saves, Jesus saves! Shout sal-va-tion full and free, High-est
steeps and cross the waves; On-ward! 'tis our Lord's com-mand; Jesus saves, Jesus saves!
back, ye o-cean caves; Earth shall keep her ju-bi-lee; Jesus saves, Jesus saves!
heart for mer-cy craves; Sing in trium-ph o'er the tomb, Jesus saves, Jesus saves!
hills and deepest caves; This our song of vic-to-ry, Jesus saves, Jesus saves!

192  Ark of Salvation.
LIKE Noah's weary dove
That soared the earth around,
But not a resting-place above
The cheerless waters found.

2 Oh, cease, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All the wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.

3 Behold the ark of God,
Behold the open door;
Hasten to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

4 There safe thou shalt abide,
There sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blessed.

Priscilla J. Owens.
1. Sin-ners Je-sus will re-ceive; Sound this word of grace to all
2. Come, and he will give you rest; Trust him, for his word is plain;
3. Now my heart condemns me not, Pure be-fore the law I stand;
4. Christ receiv-eth sin-ful men, E-ven me with all my sin;

Who the heav'nly path-way leave, All who lin-ger, all who fall.
He will take the sin-ful-est; Christ receiv-eth sin-ful men.
He who cleansed me from all spot, Sat-is-fied its last de-mand.
Purged from ev-'ry spot and stain, Heav'n with him I en-ter in.

Refrain.

Sing it o'er . . . and o'er a-gain: . . . Christ re-
Sing it o'er a-gain, Sing it o'er again:

ceiv-eth sin-ful men, . . . Make the mes-
ceiveth sinful men, Christ receiveth sinful men; Make the message plain,
ATONEMENT PROVIDED.

CHRIST RECEIVETH SINFUL MEN. Concluded.

clear and plain: ... Christ receiveth sinful men.
Make the message plain:

Arr. from Neumaster, 1671.

194 DEPTH OF MERCY. 7s.

W. H. Roberts.

1. Depth of mercy! can there be mercy still reserved for me? Can my God his
2. I have long withstood his grace, long provoked him to his face; Would not hearken
3. There for me the Savior stands; shows his wounds and spreads his hands; God is love; I
4. Now incline me to repent; Let me now my fall lament; Now my foul re-

wrath for-bear? Me, the chief of sinners, spare?
to his calls; grieved him by a thousand falls, God is love; I know, I feel;
know, I feel; Jesus weeps, and loves me still.
volt de-plore; Weep, believe, and sin no more.

Chorus. Faster.

_smoothly._

Repeat pp.

Jesus weeps, and loves me still; Jesus weeps, he weeps, and loves me still.

Charles Wesley, 1740.
Blow ye the trump-et, blow! The glad-ly sol-emn sound; Let all the na-tions know, To earth's re-mot-est bound, The year of ju-bi-lee is come, 

The year o' ju-bi-lee is come, Re-turn, ye ransomed sin-ners, home.

2 He ever lives above, 
For me to in-tercede; 
His all-redeem-ing love, 
His pre-cious blood to plead; 
His blood atoned for all our race, 
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleed-ing wounds He bears, 
Re-ceived on Cal-vary; 
They pour effect-ual prayers, 
They strongly speak for me; 
For-give him, O for-give, t'hey cry, 
Nor let that ransomed sinner die.

4 The Father hears Him pray, 
His dear Anointed One; 
He can not turn away 
The pre-sence of His Son; 
His spirit an-swers to the blood, 
And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is re-conciled, 
His pard'ning voice I hear, 
He owns me for his child, 
I can no longer fear; 
With con-fidence I now draw nigh, 
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.
I hear the Savior say, Thy strength indeed is small;

Child of weakness, watch and pray, Find in Me thine all in all.

Chorus.

Jesus paid it all, All to Him I owe;

Sin had left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow.

197 [FIRST VERSE INSERTED IN MUSIC.]

2 Lord, now indeed I find
Thy power, and Thine alone,
Can change the leper’s spots,
And melt the heart of stone. —Cho.

3 For nothing good have I
Whereby Thy grace to claim—
I’ll wash my garment white
In the blood of Calvary’s Lamb. —Cho.

4 When from my dying bed
My ransomed soul shall rise,
Then “Jesus paid it all”
Shall rend the vaulted skies.—Cho.

5 And when before the throne
I stand in Him complete,
I’ll lay my trophies down,
All down at Jesus’ feet.—Cho.

Mrs. Elvina M. Hall.

198

Come to the blood-stained tree;
The Victim bleeding lies;
God sets the sinner free,
Since Christ, a ransom, dies.

2 The Spirit will apply
His blood to cleanse thy stain;
Oh, burdened soul, draw nigh,
For none can come in vain!

3 Dark though thy guilt appear,
And deep its crimson stain,
There’s boundless mercy here,
Oh, do not still disdain.

4 Look not within for peace,
Within, there’s nought to cheer;
Look up, and find release
From sin, and self, and fear.
What a Wonderful Savior. P. M.

1. Christ has for sin a-tone-ment made, What a won-der-ful Sav-ior!
2. I praise him for the cleans-ing blood, What a won-der-ful Sav-ior!
3. He cleansed my heart from all its sin, What a won-der-ful Sav-ior!
4. He walks be-side me in the way, What a won-der-ful Sav-ior!
5. He gives me o-ver-com-ing power, What a won-der-ful Sav-ior!
6. To him I've giv-en all my heart, What a won-der-ful Sav-ior!

We are redeem'd, the price is paid, What a won-der-ful Sav-ior!
That ree-on-ciled my soul to God, What a won-der-ful Sav-ior!
And now he reigns and rules there-in, What a won-der-ful Sav-ior!
And keeps me faith-ful day by day, What a won-der-ful Sav-ior!
And tri-umph in each con-flict hour, What a won-der-ful Sav-ior!
The world shall nev-er share a part, What a won-der-ful Sav-ior!

Chorus.

What a won-der-ful Sav-ior is Je-sus, my Je-sus!

What a won-der-ful Sav-ior is Je-sus, my Lord!
WONDERFUL GRACE. P. M.

I. Baltzell.

1. 'Tis grace, 'tis grace, 'tis wonderful grace, This great salvation brings; The soul, delivered of its load, In sweetest rapture sings. 'Tis grace, . . . .

2. 'Tis grace, 'tis grace, 'tis wonderful grace, Which saves the soul from sin; The power of rising evil days, And reigns supreme within. 'Tis wonderful grace, 'tis wonderful grace, . . . .

3. 'Tis grace, 'tis grace, 'tis wonderful grace; Its streams are full and free; Are flowing now for all the race, They even flow to me. Wonderful, wonderful, wonderful grace, 'Tis wonderful grace, . . . .

Chorus.

Its streams are flowing still freely for me.
1. Jesus, my Savior, to Bethlehem came, born in a manger to
2. Jesus, my Savior, on Calvary’s tree Paid the great debt, and my
3. Jesus, my Savior, the same as of old, While I did wander a-
4. Jesus, my Savior, shall come from on high; Sweet is the promise as

sorrow and shame; Oh, it was wonderful, blest be his name, Seeking for
soul he set free; Oh, it was wonderful, how could it be? Dying for
far from the fold, Gently and long he hath plead with my soul, Calling for
weary years fly; Oh, I shall see him descending the sky, Coming for

me, for me, Seeking for me, seeking for me, Seeking for me, seeking for me,
me, for me, Dying for me, dying for me, Dying for me, dying for me,
me, for me, Calling for me, calling for me, Calling for me, calling for me,
me, for me, Coming for me, coming for me, Coming for me, coming for me,

Oh, it was wonderful, blest be his name, Seeking for me, for me.
Oh, it was wonderful, how could it be? Dying for me, for me.
Gently and long he hath plead with my soul, Calling for me, for me.
Oh, I shall see him descending the sky, Coming for me, for me.
INVITATION.

THE STRANGER AT THE DOOR. L. M. T. C. O'Kane.

1. Be-hold a stran-ger at the door, He gent-ly knocks, has knocked be-fore;

Has wait-ed long, is wait-ing still; You treat no oth-er friend so ill.

CHORUS.

Oh, let the dear Savior come in, come in, He'll cleanse the heart from sin, from sin;

Oh, keep him no more out at the door, But let the dear Savior come in, come in.

202 [FIRST VERSE INSERTED IN MUSIC.]

At the Door. (429)

2 Oh, lovely attitude—he stands
With melting heart and loaded hands;
Oh, matchless kindness—and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes.

3 But will he prove a friend indeed?
He will—the very friend you need;
The Friend of sinners? Yes, 'tis he,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
Turn out his enemy and thine;
That soul-destroying monster, sin,
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

5 Admit him, ere his anger burn—
His feet, departed, ne'er return;
Admit him, or the hour's at hand
You'll at his door rejected stand.

Joseph Grigg, 1765.

203 Why not be Saved To-night? (430)

Oh, do not let the word depart,
And close thine eyes against the light;
Poor sinner, harden not thy heart;
Thou would'st be saved, why not to-night?

2 To-morrow's sun may never rise
To bless thy long-deluded sight;
This is the time, oh, then be wise!
Thou would'st be saved, why not to-night?

3 Our God in pity lingers still;
And wilt thou thus his love requite?
Renounce at length thy stubborn will;
Thou would'st be saved, why not to-night?

4 The world has nothing left to give,
It has no new, no pure delight;
Oh, try the life which Christians live;
Thou would'st be saved, why not to-night?
204 Sinners, Turn!

Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you why?
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live;
He the fatal cause demands;
Asks the work of his own hands—
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross his love, and die?

2 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Savior, asks you why?
He, who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself, that ye might live.
Will ye let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
Will ye slight his grace and die?

3 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why?
He who all your lives hath strove,
Urged you to embrace his love.
Will ye not his grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
O ye dying sinners, why,
Why will ye forever die?

Rev. C. Wesley, 1745.

205 Delay.

Hasten, sinner! to be wise,
Stay not for the morrow's sun:
Wisdom, if thou still despise,
Harder is she to be won.

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

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

4 Hasten, sinner! to be blessed,
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest,
Ere the morrow is begun.

Thomas Scott, 1773.

206 The Voice of Jesus.

Come, says Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your choice;
I will guide you to your home;
Weary pilgrim! hither come.

2 Thou, who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn.
Long hast roamed this barren waste,
Weary pilgrim! hither haste.

3 Ye, who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for case, but seek in vain!
Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn!-

4 Hither come, for here is found,
Balm that flows for every wound,
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

Mrs. Anna L. Barbauld, 1812.
INVITATION.

WHY DO YOU WAIT? P. M. Geo. F. Root.

1. Why do you wait, dear brother, Oh, why do you tar-ry so long? Your
2. What do you hope, dear brother, To gain by a further de-lay? There's
3. Do you not feel, dear brother, His Spir-it now striving with-in? Oh,
4. Why do you wait, dear brother, The harvest is pass-ing a-way, Your

Sav-ior is wait-ing to give you A place in his sanc-ti-fied throng,
no one to save you but Je-sus, There's no oth-er way but his way,
why not ac-cept his sal-va-tion, And throw off thy bur-den of sin.
Sav-ior is long-ing to bless you, There's danger and death in de-lay.

(GEO. F. ROOT.)

CHORUS.


(TUNE ON OPPOSITE PAGE, OMITTING REPEAT.)

208 Come and Welcome. (455)

From the cross uplifted high, Where the Savior deigns to die, What melodious sounds we hear, Bursting on the ravished ear—
"Love's redeeming work is done— Come and welcome, sinner, come!
2 "Sprinkled now with blood the throne— Why beneath thy burdens groan? On my pierced body laid, Justice owns the ransom paid— Bow the knee, and kiss the Son— Come and welcome, sinner, come!

3 "Spread for thee, the festal board— See with richest bounty stored; To thy Father's bosom pressed, Thou shalt be a child confessed, Never from his house to roam; Come and welcome, sinner, come!

4 "Soon the days of life shall end— Lo, I come—your Savior, Friend! Safe your spirit to convey To the realms of endless day, Up to my eternal home— Come and welcome, sinner, come!"
1. Ye wretched, hungry, starving poor! Behold a royal feast, Where mercy spreads her bounteous store For every humble guest.

2. See, Jesus stands, with open arms; He calls,—he bids you come; Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms; But, see! there yet is room.

3. Room, in the Savior's bleeding heart; There love and pity meet; Nor will he bid the soul depart, That trembles at his feet.

4. Oh! come, and with his children taste The blessings of his love: While hope attends the sweet repast Of nobler joys above.

5. There, with united heart and voice, Before th' eternal throne, Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice, In ecstasies unknown.

6. And yet ten thousand thousand more Are welcome still to come; Ye longing souls! the grace adore, Approach, there yet is room.

3 Oh! where is this mysterious bourne By which our path is crossed; Beyond which God himself hath sworn That he who goes is lost?

4 How far may we go on to sin? How long will God forbear? Where does hope end, and where begin The confines of despair?

5 An answer from the skies is sent,— "Ye that from God depart, While it is called to-day, repent, And soften not your heart." —Joseph Addison Alexander.

210 Gen. 6: 3. (245)

There is a line, by us unseen, That crosses every path, The hidden boundary between God's patience and his wrath.

2 To pass that limit is to die, To die as if by stealth; It does not quench the beaming eye, Nor pale the glow of health.

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

5 I can but perish if I go, I am resolved to try; For, if I stay away, I know I must forever die.

—Edmund Jones, 1777
SESSIONS. L. M.

L. O. Emerson, 1842.

[My Spirit Shall not Always Strive.]

212

2 Sinner! it was a heavenly voice,—
It was the Spirit's gracious call;
It bade thee make the better choice,
And haste to seek in Christ thine all.

3 Spurn not the call to life and light;
Regard in time the warning kind;
That call thou may'st not always slight,
And yet the gate of mercy find.

4 God's Spirit will not always strive
With hardened self-destroying men;
Ye, who persist his love to grieve,
May never hear his voice again.

5 Sinner! perhaps this very day
Thy last accepted time may be:
Oh! should'st thou grieve him now away
Then hope may never beam on thee.

MRS. ANN B. HYDE, 1825.

JUST AS THOU ART. L. M.

1. Jesus is tenderly calling thee home—Calling to-day, calling to-day;
2. Jesus is calling the weary to rest—Calling to-day, calling to-day;
3. Jesus is waiting, oh, come to him now—Waiting to-day, waiting to-day;
4. Jesus is pleading, oh, list to his voice—Hear him to-day, hear him to-day;

Why from the sunshine of love wilt thou roam, Farther and farther away?
Bring him thy burden and thou shalt be blest; He will not turn thee away.
Come with thy sins, at his feet lowly bow; Come, and no longer delay.
They who believe on his name shall rejoice; Quickly arise and away.

Fanny J. Crosby.

Refrain.

Calling, calling to-day, to-day; Calling, calling to-day, to-day;

Jesus is calling, Is tenderly calling to-day.

Jesus is tenderly calling to-day,
INVITATION.

GOSHEN. 11s.

Oh, turn ye, oh, turn ye, for why will ye die, When God, in great
D. S. And angels are

mercy, is coming so nigh? Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says, "Come!" waiting to welcome you home.

215 (FIRST VERSE INSERTED IN MUSIC.)

All Things Ready. (469)

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

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

4 Why will you be starving, and feeding on air?
There's mercy in Jesus, enough and to spare;
If still you are doubting, make trial and see,
And prove that his mercy is boundless and free.

Josiah Hopkins, 1830.

216 Danger of Delay. (470)

DELAY not, delay not; oh, sinner! draw near,
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
No price is demanded, the Savior is here,
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

2 Delay not, delay not; why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus, thy God?
A fountain is opened,—how canst thou refuse
To wash, and be cleansed in his pardoning blood?

3 Delay not, delay not, oh sinner! to come,
For mercy still lingers and calls thee to-day;
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb,—
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.

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

Thomas Hastings, 1831.
1. There's a wideness in God's mercy, Like the wideness of the sea; There's a
2. There's no place where earthly sorrows Are more felt than up in heaven; There's no
3. For the love of God is broader Than the measure of man's mind, And the
4. But we make his love too narrow, By false limits of our own; And we

kindness in his justice, Which is more than liberty.
place where earthly failings have such kindly judgment given. He is calling, "Come to me;"
heart of the Eternal Is most wonderful kind.

5 Pining souls, come nearer Jesus;
Come, but come not doubting thus;
Come with faith that trusts more freely
His great tenderness for us.

5 Pining souls, come nearer Jesus;
Come, but come not doubting thus;
Come with faith that trusts more freely
His great tenderness for us.

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

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

Fred'k Faber, ab.

218 COME TO JESUS.

Come to Jesus, come to Jesus, Come to Jesus just now. Just now come to

2 He will save you.
3 Oh, believe him.
4 He is able.
5 He is willing.
6 He'll receive you.
7 Call upon him.
8 He will hear you.
9 Look unto him.
10 He'll forgive you.
11 Flee to Jesus.
12 He will cleanse you.
13 He will clothe you.
14 Jesus loves you.
15 Don't reject him.
16 Only trust him.
17 Hallelujah. Amen.
1. Who'll be the next to follow Jesus? Who'll be the next the cross to bear?
2. Who'll be the next to follow Jesus—Follow his weary, bleeding feet?
3. Who'll be the next to follow Jesus? Who'll be the next to praise his name?
4. Who'll be the next, to follow Jesus, Down thro' the Jordan's rolling tide?

Some one is ready, some one is waiting; Who'll be the next a crown to wear?
Who'll be the next to lay ev'ry burden Down at the Father's mercy-seat?
Who'll swell the chorus of free redemption—Sing, hallelujah! praise the Lamb?
Who'll be the next to join with the ransomed, Singing up-on the other side?

Annie S. Hawks.

Refrain.

Who'll be the next? Who'll be the next? Who'll be the next to follow Jesus?

Who'll be the next to follow Jesus now? Follow Jesus now?

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Invitation.
1. There's a stranger at the door, Let him in,
2. Open now to him your heart, Let him in,
3. Hear you now his loving voice, Let him in,
4. Now admit the heavenly Guest, Let the Savior in.

He has been there oft before, Let him in;
If you wait he will depart, Let him in;
Now, oh, now make him your choice, Let him in;
He will make for you a feast, Let him in;
Let the Savior in, let the Savior in.

Let him in ere he is gone, Let him in, the Holy One, Jesus
Let him in, he is your Friend, He your soul will sure defend, He will
He is standing at the door, Joy to you he will re-store, And his
He will speak your sins for-giv'n, And when earth ties all are riven, He will

Christ, the Father's Son, Let him in.
keep you to the end, Let him in.
name you will adore, Let him in.
take you home to heaven, Let the Savior in.
Let the Savior in, let the Savior in.

Rev. J. B. Atchison.
INVITATION.

ALMOST PERSUADED. P. M.

1. "Al-most per-suad-ed" now to be-lieve; "Al-most per-suad-ed"
2. "Al-most per-suad-ed," come, come to-day; "Al-most per-suad-ed,"

1. "Al-most per-suad-ed" now to be-lieve; "Al-most per-suad-ed"
2. "Al-most per-suad-ed," come, come to-day; "Al-most per-suad-ed,"

Christ to re-ceive; Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir-it,
turn not a-way; Je-sus in-vites you here, An-gels are
doom comes at last! "Al-most" can not a-vail; "Al-most" is
go thy way; Some more con-ven-ient day On thee I'll call."
ling'ring near, Pray'rs rise from hearts so dear; Oh, wan-d'r, come!
but to fail! Sad, sad that bit-ter wail, "Al-most," but lost!

TO-DAY. 6s & 4s.

1. To-day the Sav-ior calls! Ye wan-d'rs, come; Oh, ye benighted souls, Why longer roam?
2. To-day the Sav-ior calls! Oh, hear him now; Within these sacred walls To Je-sus bow.
3. To-day the Sav-ior calls! For refuge fly! The storm of justice falls, And death is nigh.
4. The Spirit calls to-day; Yield to his power; Oh, grieve him not away, 'Tis mercy's hour.
112  MAN'S LOST CONDITION.

GREENVILLE.  8s, 7s & 4s.  Jean Jacques Rousseau.

Come, ye sinners, poor and needy, Weak and wounded, sick and sore;  Jesus ready stands to save you, Full of pity, love and pow' r;
D. C. He is a- ble, he is a- ble, He is willing, doubt no more,  Full of pity, love and (Omit) pow' r;

223  [FIRST VERSE IN MUSIC ABOVE.]  (463)  Invitation Hymn.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome;  With her sweetest voice she calls;
God's free bounty glorify;  Bids you hasten to the Savior,
True belief and true repentance,  Ere the hand of justice falls:
Every grace that brings you nigh,  Listen, sinner!
Without money,  'Tis the voice of mercy calls.
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger, Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth Is to feel your need of him:
This he gives you;  'Tis the Spirit's glimmering beam.
Is to feel your need of him:  You must perish, if you stay.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,  Haste, ah! hasten to the Savior;
Bruised and mangled by the fall;  Sue his mercy while you may;
If you tarry till you're better,  Soon the day of grace is over;
You will never come at all;  Soon your life will pass away;
Not the righteous,—  Hasten, sinner!
Sinners Jesus came to call.

COME, YE SINNERS.  8s & 7s.  Jeremiah Ingalls, 1830.

Come, ye sinners, poor and needy, Weak and wounded, sick and sore;  Jesus ready stands to save you, Full of pity, love and pow' r;
D. C. Glo- ry, hon- or and sal- va- tion, Christ, the Lord, is come to reign.

CHORUS.

Turn to the Lord, and seek sal- vation, Sound the praise of his dear name;
INVITATION.

RHINEHART. 7s & 6s.

Spiritual. Arr. by I. Baltzell.

1. Drooping souls! no longer mourn, Jesus still is precious;
   If to him you now return, Hea'n will be propitious; Jesus now is passing by,

2. He has pardons, full and free, Drooping souls to gladden;
   Still he cries—"Come unto me, Weary, heavy laden!"
The'ys sins, like mountains high,

3. Precious is the Savior's name, All his saints adore him;
   He to save the dying came;—Prostrate bow before him! Wandering sinners! now return;

Calling wanderers near him; Drooping souls! you need not die, Go to him, and hear him!
Rise, and reach to heav-en, Soon as you on him re-ly, All shall be for-giv-en.
Contrite souls! believe him! Jesus calls you; cease to mourn; Worship him; receive him.

THOMAS HASTINGS, 1831.

I WILL ARISE. 8s & 7s.

American Spiritual.

Come, ye sinners, poor and need-y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Cho. I will a-rise and go to Je-sus, He will embrace me in his arms;

Je-sus read-y stands to save you, Full of pit-y, love and pow'r.
In the arms of my dear Sav-ior Oh, there are ten thou-sand charms!
1. Soon the evening shadows falling Close the day of mortal life; Soon the
2. Soon the awful trumpet sounding Calls thee to the judgment throne; Now pre-
3. Oh, how fatal' tis to linger! Art thou read-y—read-y now? Ready
4. Priceless love and free sal-va-tion Free-ly still are of-fered thee; Yield no

Chorus.

hand of death appalling Draws thee from its weary strife. Are you ready?
pare, for love abounding Yet has left thee not a-lone. Are you ready!
should Death's icy fin-ger Lay its chill upon thy brow.
long-er to temp-ta-tion, But from sin and sorrow flee.

Tis the Spir-it call-ing, why de-lay? Are you

ready? Are you ready? Do not lin-ger longer, come to-day.
are you ready? Are you ready?
227 WINDHAM. L. M.  
Daniel Read, 1785.

1. Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk together there;  
2. "Deny thyself and take thy cross," Is the Re-deemer's great command;  
3. The fearful soul that tires and faints, And walks the ways of God no more,  
4. Lord, let not all my hopes be vain; Create my heart entirely new—

But wisdom shows a narrow path, With here and there a traveler.  
Nature must count her gold but dross, If she would gain this heavenly land.  
Is but esteemed almost a saint, And makes his own destruction sure.  
Which hypocrites could never attain, Which false apostates never knew.  
Isaac Watts.

228 GORTON, S. M.  
Ludwig von Beethoven.

1. Oh, where shall rest be found—Rest for the weary soul?  
2. The world can never give The bliss for which we sigh;  
3. Beyond this vale of tears There is a life above,  
4. There is a death, whose pang Outlasts the fleeting breath;  
5. Lord God of truth and grace, Teach us that death to shun.

'Twere vain the ocean depths to sound, Or pierce to either 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 eternal horrors hang Around the second death!  
Lest we be banished from thy face, And evermore undone.  
James Montgomery, 1819.
1. How sad it would be, if when thou didst call, All hopeless and unfor
2. How sad it would be, the harvest all past, The bright summer days all
3. Oh, haste thee, and fly, while mercy is near, Remember the love that he

given, The angel that stands at the beautiful gate, Should o
ver; To know that the reapers had gathered the grain, And gave you; The love that has sought thee is seeking thee still, And

Refrain.

answer, No room in heaven.
left thee alone forever. Sad, sad, sad would it be! No room in Jesus now waits to save you.

W. O. Cushing.

heaven for thee! No room, no room, No room in heaven for

Slow and soft.

thee! No room, no room, No room in heaven for thee!
1. Called to the feast by the King are we,
   Sitting, perhaps, where his
2. Crowns on the head where the thorns have been,
   Glorified he who once
3. Like lightning's flash will that instant show
   Things hidden long from both
4. Joyful, his eye shall on each one rest
   Who is in white wedding

peop'le be,
How will it fare, friend, with thee and me,
died for men,
Splendid the vision before us then,
friend and foe,
Just what we are will each neighbor know,
garments dressed,
Ah well for us if we stand the test,

When the King comes in. When the King comes in, brother, When the King comes in!
How will it fare with thee and me When the King comes in?

5 Endless the separation then,
   Bitter the cry of deluded men,
Awful that moment beyond all ken,
   When the King comes in.
6 Lord, grant us all, we implore thee, grace,
   So to await thee each in his place,
That we may fear not to see thy face
   When thou comest in.
1. The door of salvation is open wide, And Jesus invites you to come;
2. The feast of the gospel a-waits its guests, The day and the hour are at hand;
3. Dear friends, if you ever should stand without, And plead for admittance in vain,

While mercy and pardon a-wait within, Oh, enter while yet there is room.
Ye hungry and perishing souls, draw near; Oh, why do you doubtingly stand?
You'd think of the Savior's entreating voice, And long for this moment again.

Refrain. Soft and Slow.

When the door once is shut, To entreat will be vain; 'Twill never, no, never Be opened again.

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?
Oh, that my load of sin were gone; Oh, that I could at last submit

At Jesus' feet to lay it down—To lay my soul at Jesus' feet.

4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.

5 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

232 [FIRST VERSE IN MUSIC.] (495)
My Yoke Is Easy, my Burden Light.
2 Rest for my soul I long to find;
Savior of all, if mine thou art,
Give me the meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I cannot rest till pure within—
Till I am wholly lost in thee.

4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God;
Thy light and easy burden prove;
The cross all stained with hallowed blood,
The labor of thy dying love.

5 I would, but thou must give the power;
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

233 Pardon Penitently Implored.
(493)
Snow pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 My crimes, though great, can not surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pard'ning love be found.

3 Oh, wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here, on my heart, the burden lies
And past offenses pain mine eyes.

4 This only woe I deprecate;
This only plague I pray remove;
Nor leave me in my lost estate;
Nor curse me with this want of love.

5 Now, Lord, my weary soul release,
Upraise me with thy gracious hand,
And guide into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

Charles Wesley, 1749.
1. Just as I am, without one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and waiting 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,
5. Just as I am—thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
6. Just as I am—thy love unknown Hath broken every barrier down;

And that thou bidd'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!
Fightings within, and fears without, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Yea, all I need, in thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Be-cause thy promise I believe, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Now, to be thine, yea, thine a-lone, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

1. And can I yet de-lay My lit-tle all to give?
2. Nay, but I yield, I yield, I can hold out no more:
3. Tho' late, I all for-sake, My friends, my all re-sign;
4. Come and pos-sess me whole, Nor hence a-gain re-move;

To tear my soul from earth a-way, For Je-sus to re-ceive?
I sink, by dy-ing love compelled, And own thee con-quer-or.
Gracious Re-deem-er, take, oh, take, And seal me ev-er thine.
Set-tle and fix my wav'-ring soul With all thy weight of love.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1836.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1740.
1. Do you hear the Savior calling, By the woo-ings of his voice?
2. By his Spirit he is woo-ing, Soft-ly draw-ing us to him,
3. By the Word of Truth he's speaking To the wand'ring, err-ing ones;
4. In his Prov-en-tial deal-ings, E-ven in his stern de-crees,

Do you hear the ac-cent-s falling? Will you make the pre-cious choice?
Thro' the day and night pur-su-ing, With his gen-tle voice to win.
List! the voice the still-ness break-ing! Hear the sweet and sol-cmn tones!
In the loud-est thun-ders pealing, Or the murm'ring of the breeze.

Refrain.

I am list'ning; oh, I'm list'ning Just to hear the ac-cent-s fall!
238 Unwearied Earnestness.

FATHER, I stretch my hands to thee;
No other help I know:
If thou withdraw thyself from me,
Ah! whither shall I go?

What did thine only Son endure,
Before I drew my breath?
What pain, what labor, to secure
My soul from endless death!

O Jesus, could I this believe,
I now should feel thy power;
And all my wants thou would'st rehove,
In this accepted hour.

Author of faith! to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes:
Oh, let me now receive that gift—
My soul without it dies.

Surely thou canst not let me die;
Oh, speak, and I shall live,
And here I will unwearied lie,
Till thou thy Spirit give.

How would my fainting soul rejoice,
Could I but see thy face;
Now let me hear thy quick'ning voice,
And taste thy pard'ning grace.

Charles Wesley.

239 The Friend of Sinners.

Jesus! thou art the sinner's Friend;
As such I look to thee;
Now, in the fullness of thy love
O Lord, remember me.

2 Remember thy pure word of grace,—
Remember Calvary;
Remember all thy dying groans,
And, then, remember me.

3 Thou wondrous Advocate with God!
I yield myself to thee;
While thou art sitting on thy throne,
Dear Lord! remember me.

4 Lord! I am guilty—I am vile,
But thy salvation's free;
Then, in thine all abounding grace,
Dear Lord! remember me.

Richard Burnham, 1783, a.

240 Approaching the Mercy-Seat.

Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.

Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou call'st the burdened souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

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

Oh, wondrous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame;
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name.

John Newton, 1779.
1. Jesus, my Lord, to thee I cry; Un-less thou help me, I must die; Oh,
2. Helpless I am, and full of guilt, But yet for me thy blood was spilt, And
3. I thirst, I long to know thy love, Thy full salvation I would prove; But

4. If thou hast work for me to do,
Inspire my will, my heart renew,
And work both in and by me, too,
But take me as I am.

5. And when at last the work is done,
The battle o'er, the victory won,
Still, still my cry shall be alone,
Oh, take me as I am.

—Eliza E. Hamilton.

BROWN. C. M.

William E. Bradbury, 1840.

Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat, Where Jesus answers prayer;

There humbly fall before his feet, For none can perish there.
242  FIX YOUR EYES UPON JESUS. P. M.  James McGranahan.

1. Would you lose your load of sin? Fix your eyes upon Jesus; Would you know God's
2. Would you calmly walk the wave? Fix your eyes upon Jesus; Would you know his
3. Would you have your cares grow light? Fix your eyes upon Jesus; Would you songs have
4. Grieving, would you comfort know? Fix your eyes upon Jesus; Humble be when
5. Would you strength in weakness have? Fix your eyes upon Jesus; See a light be-

Chorus.

peace with-in? Fix your eyes upon Jesus;
pow'r to save? Fix your eyes upon Jesus; Jesus who on the cross did die,
in the night? Fix your eyes upon Jesus;
bless-ings flow? Fix your eyes upon Jesus;
yond the grave? Fix your eyes upon Jesus;

D. W. Whittle.

Jesus who lives and reigns on high, He alone can justify; Fix your eyes upon Jesus.

243  Rom. 5: 2.  (664)  Unknown.

I stand; but not as once I did,
Beneath my load of guilt;
The blessed Jesus bore it all—
For me his blood was spilt.

2 I stand; but not on Calvary's Mount,
With arms around the cross;
I have been there, and left behind
Earth's pleasures, joys, and dross.

3 I stand e'en now where he appears,
In union with my Lord;
In him I'm saved, oh, wondrous thought,
I read it in his word.

4 Oh, bless the Lord! in him alone—
In him we are complete;
We live by faith! but soon in sight
Our coming Christ we'll greet.
CONVERSION.

125

AT THE CROSS. C. M. With Chorus. R. E. HUDSON.

1. Oh, wond'rous, deep, unbounded love, My Saviour can it be That thou hast borne the
crown of thorns, And suffered death for me.
thine a - lone, For thou hast died for me. At the cross, at the cross, where I
grace di - vine, And shout salva - tion free.
Sav - ior's name, Who bled and died for me.

FANNY CROSBY, 1873.

2. I kneel, repenting, at thy feet, I give my-self to thee; I plead thy mer - its,
first saw the light, And the burden of my heart rolled away— It was
rolled a-way,
there by faith I received my sight, And now I am happy all the day.

3. Oh, let me plunge beneath the tide, For sin - ners flowing free, Then rise, renewed by

4. And when I reach thy place a - bove, My sweetest notes will be, Redemption through a

Copyright, 1875, by R. E. Hudson. By permission.
1. I have found redemption in the Savior's blood, I am saved by faith in his blood, in his blood; I am sweetly trusting in the word of God, I am saved by faith in his blood, in his blood; I will trust in Jesus while I run my race, I am saved by faith in his blood, in his blood; I will trust his promise, on his strength rely, I am saved by faith in his blood, in his blood; In my home in glory this shall be my song, I am saved by faith in his blood.

2. Oh, how sweet the story of his wondrous grace, I am saved by faith in his blood, in his blood; I will sing of Jesus while the days go by, I am saved by faith in his blood, in his blood; I will keep on singing as I march along, I am saved by faith in his blood, in his blood.

3. I will sing of Jesus while the days go by, I am saved by faith in his blood, in his blood; I will keep on singing as I march along, I am saved by faith in his blood, in his blood.

4. I will sing of Jesus while the days go by, I am saved by faith in his blood, in his blood; I will keep on singing as I march along, I am saved by faith in his blood, in his blood.

CHORUS.

saved by faith in his blood. I am saved, yes, sweetly saved, I am saved, sweetly saved, I am saved, sweetly saved.

1st time.

2nd time.

I am saved by faith in the blood he shed for me, I am saved by faith in his blood, in his blood.
1. Come, ev'ry soul by sin oppressed, There's mercy with the Lord;  
2. For Jesus shed his precious blood Rich blessings to bestow;  
3. Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you into rest;  
4. Come, then, and join this holy band, And on to glory go,

And he will surely give you rest By trusting in his word.  
Plunge now into the crimson flood That washes white as snow.  
Believe in him without delay, And you are fully blest.  
To dwell in that celestial land, Where joys immortal flow.

Chorus.  
Only trust him, only trust him, Only trust him now;  

He will save you, he will save you, He will save you now.
IS MY NAME WRITTEN THERE? P. M.

Frank M. Davis.

1. Lord, I care not for riches, Neither silver nor gold; I would
make sure of heaven, I would enter the fold. In the book of thy
blood, oh, my Savior, Is sufficient for me! For thy promise is
kingdom, With its pages so fair, Tell me, Jesus, my Savior, Is my
written, In bright letters that glow, "Tho' your sins be as scarlet, I will
cometh To despoil what is fair; Where the angels are watching, Yes, my

Fine. Chorus.  D. S.

name written there? Is my name written there? On the page white and fair?
make them like snow." Yes, my name's, etc.
name's written there. Yes, my name's, etc.
Mrs. Mary A. Kidder.

name written there?
CONVERSION.

CONVERT. P.M. Spiritual. Arr. by E. S. L.

1. Oh, how happy are they Who their Savior obey, And have
2. That sweet comfort was mine, When the favor divine I first
3. 'Twas a heaven below My Redeemer to know, And the

laid up their treasures above; Tongue can not express
found in the blood of the Lamb; When my heart it believed,
angels could do nothing more Than to fall at his feet,

The sweet comfort and peace Of a soul in its earliest love.
What a joy I received, What a heaven in Jesus' name.
And the story repeat, And the Lover of sinners adore.

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

5 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 did envy Elijah his seat;

My soul mounted higher,
In a chariot of fire,
And the moon it was under my feet.

7 O the rapturous height
Of that holy delight
Which I felt in the life-giving blood,
Of my Savior possessed,
I was perfectly blest,
As if filled with the fullness of God.

8 Never more will I stray
From my Savior away,
But I'll follow the Lamb till I die;
I will take up my cross,
And count all things but loss,
Till I meet with my Lord in the sky.

Charles Wesley.
249 [FIRST VERSE IN MUSIC ABOVE.]

2 Hard was my toil to reach the shore,
Long tossed upon the ocean,
Above me was the thunder’s roar,
Beneath, the wave’s commotion.

Darkly the pall of night was thrown
Around me, faint with terror;
In that dark hour how did my groans
Ascend for years of error.

3 Sinking and panting as for breath,
I knew not help was nigh me,
And cried, O save me, Lord, from death—
Immortal Jesus, hear me.

Then, quick as thought, I felt him mine—
My Saviour stood before me;
I saw his brightness round me shine,
And shouted glory, glory.

4 O sacred hour, O hallowed spot!
Where love divine first found me;
Wherever falls my distant lot,
My heart shall linger round thee:
And as from earth I rise, to soar
Up to my home in heaven,
Down will I cast my eyes once more,
Where I was first forgiven.

WILLIAM HUNTER, D. D.

250 BOYLSTON. S. M.

1. How solemn are the words, And yet to faith how plain, Which
2. “Ye must be born again!”’ For so hath God decreed; No
3. “Ye must be born again!” And life in Christ must have; In
4. “Ye must be born again!” Or never enter heav’n; ’Tis

Je-sus uttered while on earth—“Ye must be born again!”
ref-or-ma-tion will suffice—’Tis life poor sinners need.
vain the soul may elsewhere go—’Tis he alone can save.
on-ly blood-washed ones are there—The ransomed and for-giv’n.

LOWELL MASON, 1832.
CONVERSION.

IT IS WELL WITH MY SOUL.  P. M.

P. P. Bliss.

1. When peace, like a river, attendeth my way, When sorrows, like
sea-bills, roll; Whatever my lot, thou hast taught me to
say, It is well, it is well with my soul. It is well,
taste, And hath shed his own blood for my soul.
more, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, oh, my soul!
scend, "Even so"—it is well with my soul.

H. G. Spofford.

2. Tho' Satan should buffet, tho' trials should come, Let this blest as-
What-ev-er my lot, thou hast taught me to
say, It is well, it is well with my soul. It is well,
taste, And hath shed his own blood for my soul.
more, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, oh, my soul!
scend, "Even so"—it is well with my soul.

H. G. Spofford.

3. My sin—oh, the bliss of this glorious tho't—My sin—not in
What-ev-er my lot, thou hast taught me to
say, It is well, it is well with my soul. It is well,
taste, And hath shed his own blood for my soul.
more, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, oh, my soul!
scend, "Even so"—it is well with my soul.

H. G. Spofford.

4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be rolled
What-ev-er my lot, thou hast taught me to
say, It is well, it is well with my soul. It is well,
taste, And hath shed his own blood for my soul.
more, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, oh, my soul!
scend, "Even so"—it is well with my soul.

H. G. Spofford.
Hallelujah! 'Tis Done. 12s.

1. 'Tis the promise of God, full salvation to give Unto him who on
2. Thou the pathway be lonely, and dangerous, too, Surely Jesus is
3. Many loved ones have in yon heavenly throng; They are safe now in
4. Little children I see standing close by their King, And he smiles as their
5. There are prophets and kings in that throng I behold, And they sing as they
6. There's a part in that chorus for you and for me, And the theme of our

Jesus, his Son, will believe, able to carry me through.
glorious and this is their song: Hallelujah! 'tis done, I believe on the
song of salvation they sing, march through the streets of pure gold, praises forever will be,

Son; I am saved by the blood of the crucified One, crucified One.

From Darkness to Light.

Lord! I know thy grace is nigh me,
Thee thyself I can not see;
Jesus, Master! pass not by me;
Son of David! pity me.

While I sit in weary blindness,
Longing for the blessed light,
Many taste thy loving kindness;
"Lord! I would receive my sight."

I would see thee and adore thee,
And thy word the power can give;

Hear the sightless soul implore thee;
Let me see thy face and live.

4 Ah! what touch is this that thrills me?
What this burst of strange delight?
Lo! the rapturous vision fills me!
This is Jesus! this is sight!

5 Room, ye spirits that throng behind Him!
Let me follow in the way;
I will teach the blind to find Him
Who can turn their night to day.

H. D. Ganse.
The Blind Man Healed.

Many for his crying chid him,—
But he called the louder still;
Till the gracious Savior bade him,—
"Come, and ask me what you will."

Money was not what he wanted,
Though by begging used to live;
But he asked, and Jesus granted,
Alms which none but he could give:

"Lord! remove this grievous blindness,
Let mine eyes behold the day!"

Now to me afford thine aid.

Straight he saw, and, won by kindness,
Followed Jesus in the way.

Oh! methinks I hear him praising,
Publishing to all around,
"Friends! is not my case amazing?
What a Savior I have found!

"Oh! that all the blind but knew him,
And would be advised by me!
Surely would they hasten to him,
He would cause them all to see."

Oh, the peace that fills my soul,
Cleansed from sin, made free and whole,
Christ is mine in storm and calm,
All my wounds are filled with balm,

This is my abiding-place, Clothed with his abounding grace,

Here I rest from toil and strife,
Safe beneath the tree of life,

Come ye guilty and be healed,
Freely is God's love revealed,
For-ev-er here my rest shall be, Close to thy bleeding side; 'Tis all my hope and all my plea, "For me the Savior died," "For me the Savior died."

256 [FIRST VERSE INSERTED IN MUSIC.]

Prayer for Entire Purification. (649)

2 My dying Savior and my God,
   Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
   And cleanse and keep me clean.
3 Wash me and make me thus thine own,
   Wash me, and mine thou art!
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
   My hands, my head, my heart!
4 Th' atonement of thy blood apply,
   Till faith to sight improve,
Till hope in full fruition die,
   And all my soul be love.

257 The Believer's Rest. (654)

Lord, I believe a rest remains
   To all thy people known;
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
   And thou art loved alone.
2 A rest where all our soul's desire
   Is fixed on things above;
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
   Cast out by perfect love.
3 Oh, that I now the rest might know,
   Believe and enter in:
Now, Savior, now the power bestow,
   And let me cease from sin.
4 Remove this hardness from my heart;
   This unbelief remove:
To me the rest of faith impart—
   The Sabbath of thy love.

258 Longing for Christ. (648)

Oh! could I find from day to day,
   A nearness to my God;
Then should my hours glide sweet away,
   And live upon thy 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 I'll be wholly thine;
And never, never more depart;
   For thou art wholly 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.

259 Self-Dedication. (602)

Welcome, O! Savior! to my heart;
   Possess thine humble throne;
Bid every rival hence depart,
   And claim me for thine own.
2 The world and Satan I forsake,—
   To thee I all resign;
My longing heart, O! Jesus! take,
   And make it all divine.
3 Oh! may I never turn aside,
   Nor from thy bosom flee;
Let nothing here my heart divide—
   I give it all to thee.

Hugh Bourne, 1825.
CONSECRATION.

RHINE. C. M.

My God, I know, I feel thee mine, And will not quit my claim Till all I have is lost in thine, And all renewed I am.

260 Prayer for Entire Sanctification. (652)

My God, I know, I feel thee mine, And will not quit my claim Till all I have is lost in thine, And all renewed I am.

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

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

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

CHARLES WESLEY.

BEMERTON. C. M.

My God, accept my heart this day, And make it always thine, That I from thee no more may stray, No more from thee decline.

261 Self-Consecration. (646)

My God! accept my heart this day, And make it always thine, That I from thee no more may stray, No more from thee decline.

2 Before the cross of him who died, Behold I prostrate fall; Let every sin be crucified; Let Christ be All in All.

3 May the dear blood, once shed for me, My blest atonement prove, That I, from first to last, may be The purchase of thy love.

4 Let every thought, and work, and word, To thee be ever given; Then life shall be thy service, Lord! And death the gate of heaven.

MATTHEW BRIDGES, 1848.

H. W. GREATOREX, 1849.
262 Living to Christ Alone.
My gracious Lord! I own thy right
To every service I can pay,
And call it my supreme delight,
To hear thy dictates and obey.

2 What is my being, but for thee,
Its sure support, its noblest end?
Thine ever-smiling face to see,
And serve the cause of such a Friend.

3 I would not breathe for worldly joy,
Or to increase my worldly good;
Nor future days or powers employ,
To spread a sounding name abroad.

4 'Tis to my Savior I would live,
To him, who for my ransom died;
Nor could all worldly honor give
Such bliss as crowns me at his side.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

263 God Wills our Holiness.
He wills that I should holy be;
That holiness I long to feel;
That full divine conformity
To all my Savior's righteous will.

2 See, Lord, the travail of thy soul
Accomplished in the change of mine;
And plunge me, every whit made whole,
In all the depths of love divine.

3 On thee, O God, my soul is stayed,
And waits to prove thine utmost will;
The promise by thy mercy made,
Thou canst, thou wilt in me fulfill.

4 No more I stagger at thy power,
Or doubt thy truth, which can not move;
Hasten the long-expected hour,
And bless me with thy perfect love.

Charles Wesley.
CONSECRATION.

DUANE STREET. L. M. D.  Rev. George Coles.

Je - sus, my all, to heav’n is gone, He whom I fixed my hopes up-on;

His track I see, and I’ll purs-e The nar-row way till him I view.

The way the ho-ly prophets went, The road that leads from banishment;

The King’s highway of ho-li-ness; I’ll go, for all his paths are peace.

264 [FIRST VERSE INSERTED IN MUSIC.]  
The Way to God.

2 This is the way I long have sought,  
And mourned because I found it not;  
My grief a burden long has been,  
Because I was not saved from sin.  
The more I strove against its power,  
I felt its weight and guilt the more;  
Till late I heard my Savior say,  
"Come hither, soul, I am the way."

3 Lo! glad I come; and thou, blest Lamb,  
Shalt take me to thee, as I am;  
Nothing but sin have I to give;  
Nothing but love shall I receive.  
Then will I tell to sinners round,  
What a dear Savior I have found;  
I’ll point to thy redeeming blood,  
And say, "Behold the way to God."

John Cennick, 1743.

265  
Bought with a Price.

LORD, I am thine, entirely thine,  
Purchased and saved by blood divine,  
With full consent thine I would be,  
And own thy sovereign right in me.  
2 Grant one poor sinner more a place  
Among the children of thy grace;  
A wretched sinner, lost to God,  
But ransomed by Immanuel’s blood.  
3 Thine would I live, thine would I die,  
Be thine through all eternity;  
The vow is past beyond repeal;  
And now I set the solemn seal.  
4 Here at that cross where flows the blood  
That bought my guilty soul for God,  
Thee, my new Master now I call,  
And consecrate to thee my all.

Jesus, I my cross have taken, All to leave and follow thee; Naked, poor, despised, forsaken, D. S. Yet how rich is my condition, I ——

Thou, from hence, my all shall be! Per-ish, every fond ambition, All I've sought, or hoped, or known, God and heaven are still my own!
CONSECRATION.

AUTUMN. Ss & Ts. Double.  

Spanish Melody.

Love divine, all love excelling,  
Joy of heaven, to earth come down;  
Fix in us thy humble dwelling;  
All thy faithful mercies crown;  
Jesus, thou art all compassion;  
Pure, unbounded love thou art;  
Visit us with thy salvation;  
Enter every trembling heart.

267 Desiring Sanctification.  

Love divine, all love excelling,  
Joy of heaven, to earth come down;  
Fix in us thy humble dwelling;  
All thy faithful mercies crown;  
Jesus, thou art all compassion;  
Pure, unbounded love thou art;  
Visit us with thy salvation;  
Enter every trembling heart.  

268 Union with Jesus.  

In thy service will I ever,  
Jesus, my Redeemer, stay;  
Nothing me from thee shall sever.  
Gladly would I go thy way.  
Yes, Lord Jesus, I am ever  
Thine in sorrow and in joy;  
Death the union shall not sever,  
Nor eternity destroy.  

2 Breathe, oh, breathe thy Holy Spirit  
Into every troubled breast,  
Let us all thy grace inherit;  
Let us find thy promised rest;  
Take away the love of sinning;  
Take our load of guilt away;  
End the work of thy beginning;  
Bring us to eternal day.  

3 Carry on thy new creation;  
Pure and holy may we be;  
Let us see our whole salvation  
Perfectly secured by thee:  
Change from glory into glory,  
Till in heaven we take our place,  
Till we cast our crowns before thee,  
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.  

Charles Wesley, 1747.  

P. Spitta, 1833.
269  Pass Me Not.

LORD! I hear of showers of blessing,
Thou art scattering, broad and free;
Showers, the thirsty land refreshing—
Let their fullness fall on me.

2 Pass me not, oh, gracious Father!
Sinful, though my heart may be;
Thou might'st curse me, but the rather
Let thy mercy fall on me.

3 Pass me not, oh, tender Savior!
Let me love and cling to thee;
I am longing for thy favor;
When thou comest, call for me.

4 Pass me not, oh, mighty Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witness of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me.

5 Have I long in sin been sleeping,
Long been slighting, grieving thee?
Has the world my heart been keeping?
Oh! forgive and rescue me.

6 Love of God, so pure and changeless,—
Blood of God, so rich and free,—
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,—
Magnify them all in me.

Elizabeth Codner, 1860.

270  Self-Consecration.

Take me, oh, my Father! take me,
Take me, save me, through thy Son;
That which thou would'st have me, make me,
Let thy will in me be done.

2 Long from thee my footsteps straying,
Thorny proved the way I trod;
Weary come I now, and praying—
Take me to thy love, my God!

3 Fruitless years with grief recalling,
Humbly I confess my sin;
At thy feet, O Father! falling,
To thy household take me in.

4 Freely now to thee I proffer
This relenting heart of mine;
Freely, life and soul I offer—
Gift unworthy love like thine.

5 Once the world's Redeemer dying,
Bore our sins upon the tree;
On that sacrifice relying,
Now I look in hope to thee;

6 Father! take me; all forgiving,
Fold me to thy loving breast;
In thy hope forever living,
I must be forever blest!

Ray Palmer, 1865.

271  Restore my Peace.

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

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

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

Charles Wesley, 1756.
CONSECRATION.

272  I CAN NOT DO WITHOUT THEE. 7s & 6s.  

E. S. LORENZ.

CHORUS.

1. I can not do without thee, O Sav-i-or of the lost! 
   Whose pre-cious blood re-deemed me At such tremendous cost.

2. I can not do without thee, I can not stand a-lone; 
   I have no strength or good-ness, No wis-dom of my own.

D. C. I have no strength or goodness, No wis-dom of my own.

3 I can not do without thee, 
   I do not know the way; 
   Thou knowest, and thou leadest, 
   And wilt not let me stray.

4 I can not do without thee, 
   For years are fleeting fast, 
   And soon, in solemn loneliness, 
   The river must be passed.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL, Alt.

273  FERGUSON. S. M.  

GEORGE KINGSLEY, 1843.

1. Mine eyes and my de-sire Are ev-er to the Lord;

2. Lord, turn thee to my soul; Bring thy sal-va-tion near;

3. When shall the sov-reign grace Of my for-giv-ing God

4. Oh, keep my soul from death, Nor put my hope to shame;

I love to plead his prom-is-es, And rest up-on his word.
When will thy hand re-lease my feet From sin's de-struc-tive snare?
Re-store me from those danger-ous ways My wand'ring feet have trod?
For I have placed my on-ly trust In my Re-deem-er's name.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.
1. I am coming to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind;
2. Long my heart has sighed for thee; Long has evil reigned within;
3. Here I give my all to thee—Friends, and time, and earthly store;
4. In the promises I trust; Now I feel the blood applied;
5. Jesus comes! He fills my soul! Perfect-ed in love I am!

Chorus. I am trusting, Lord, in thee, Blest Lamb of Calvary:

I am counting all but dross; I shall thy salvation find,
Je-sus sweetly speaks to me—I will cleanse you from all sin.
Soul and body thine to be—Wholly thine—for evermore.
I am prostrate in the dust; I with Christ am crucified.
I am every whit made whole; Glory! glory to the Lamb!

Hum-bly at thy cross I bow; Save me, Je-sus, save me now.

275 I'LL LIVE FOR HIM. P. M. C. R. Dunbar.

1. My life, my love I give to thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
2. I now believe thou dost receive, For thou hast died that I might live;
3. Oh, thou who died on Calvary, To save my soul and make me free,

Cho.—I'll live for him who died for me, How happy, then, my life shall be!

Oh, may I ever faithful be, My Savior and my God.
And now henceforth I'll trust in thee, My Savior and my God.
I con-se-crate my life to thee, My Savior and my God.

I'll live for him who died for me, My Savior and my God.
CONSECRATION.

TAKE MY HEART, DEAR JESUS. P. M.

I. Baltzell.

1. Take my heart, dear Jesus, Make it all thine own, all thine own,
   Let thy Holy Spirit Break this heart of stone,
   And make me all thine own. Take my heart, and let it be,
   And make me all thine own.

2. Take my heart, dear Jesus, Make it pure and clean, pure and clean,
   Let thy blood, still flowing, Wash away my sin,
   And make me pure and clean.

3. Take my heart, dear Jesus, Make it white as snow, white as snow,
   May the cleansing fountain, May thy precious flow,
   Still keep me white as snow.

CHORUS.

And make me all thine own. Take my heart, and let it be,
Ev'ry moment, ev'ry moment more like thee;
At thy feet I bow; Take my heart just now, And make me all thine own.

Copyright, 1880, by J. H. Sorenson.
1. Take my life, and let it be Consecrated, Lord, to thee;
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beautiful for thee;
3. Take my lips, and let them be Filled with messages for thee;
4. Take my moments and my days, Let them flow in endless praise;

5. Take my hands and let them move At the impulse of thy love,
6. Take my voice, and let me sing Always, only for my King.
7. Take my silver and my gold— Not a mite would I withhold.
8. Take my intellect, and use Ev'ry power as thou shalt choose.

Chorus.

{Wash me in the Savior's precious blood, the precious blood,
Cleanse me in its purifying flood, the healing flood,
Lord, I give to thee my life and all, to be Thine, henceforth eternally.

5 Take my will, and make it thine; It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart,—it is thine own,— It shall be thy royal throne.

6 Take my love,—my Lord, I pour At thy feet its treasure-store!
Take myself, and I will be Ever, only, all for thee!

Frances Ridley Havergal.
CONSECRATION.

278 DRAW ME TO THEE. 8s & 8s.  
E. S. LORENZ.

1. Lord, weak and im-po-tent I stand, As fet-tered by an un-seen hand;  
2. In vain I struggle to be free; I would, but can not, fly to thee;  
3. Oh, bring me near-er, near-er still, That thine own peace my soul may fill;  
4. Here, Lord, I would for-ev-er bide, And nev-er wander from thy side;

Break thou the strong and sub-tle band, And draw me close to thee.  
Ope thou the pris-on door for me, And draw me close to thee.  
And I may rest in thy sweet will; Lord, draw me close to thee.  
Be-neath thy wing do thou me hide, And draw me close to thee.

D. S. Beneath thy wing do thou me hide, And draw me close to thee.

CHORUS.

Draw me close to thee, Savior, Draw me close to thee;  
close to thee, Savior; close to thee;

279 Clinging to Christ.  
O HOLY Savior! Friend unseen,  
Since on thine arm thou bid'st me lean,  
Help me, throughout life's changing scene,  
By faith to cling to thee!

Cho.—Help me cling to thee, Savior,  
Help me cling to thee!  
Help me, throughout life's changing scene,  
By faith to cling to thee!

2 Without a murmur I dismiss  
My former dreams of earthly bliss;  
My joy, my recompense be this,  
Each hour to cling to thee!

3 Though faith and hope are often tried,  
I ask not, need not, aught beside;  
So safe, so calm, so satisfied,  
The soul that clings to thee!

CHARLOTTE ELLIOT
1. I am thine, O Lord, I have heard thy voice, And it told thy love to me;
2. Consecrate me now to thy service, Lord, By the pow'r of grace divine;
3. O the pure delight of a single hour That before thy throne I spend,
4. There are depths of love that I can not know Till I cross the narrow sea,

But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be closer drawn to thee.
Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope, And my will be lost in thine.
When I kneel in pray'r, and with thee, my God, I commune as friend with friend.
There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I rest in peace with thee.

Refrain.

Draw me nearer, nearer, blessed Lord, To the cross where thou hast died;

Draw me nearer, nearer, blessed Lord, To thy precious, bleeding side.
CONSECRATION.

281 WHITER THAN SNOW. 11s.

Wm. G. Fisher, 1872.

1. Lord Je-sus, I long to be per-fect-ly whole; I want thee for-

2. Lord Je-sus, look down from thy throne in the skies, And help me to

3. Lord Je-sus, for this I most hum-bly en-treat; I wait, blessed

4. Lord Je-sus, thou seest I pa-tient-ly wait; Come now, and with-

Lord, at thy cru-ci-fied feet, By faith for my cleansing, I
make a complete sac-rif-ice; I give up my-self, and what-
out ev-ry foe; Now wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow.
ev-er I know—Now wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow.
see thy blood flow—Now wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow.
nev-er said'st no—Now wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow.

James Nicholson.

CHORUS.

Whit-er than snow, yes, whit-er than snow;

Now wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow.
1. Have you been to Jesus for the cleansing pow'r? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you fully trusting in his grace this hour?

2. Are you walking daily by the Savior's side? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each moment in the Crucified?

3. When the Bride-groom cometh will your robes be white, Pure and white in the blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be ready for the mansions bright?

4. Lay aside the garments that are stained with sin, And be washed in the blood of the Lamb; There's a fountain flowing for the soul unclean,

CHORUS.

Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

And be washed in the blood of the Lamb? Oh, be washed in the blood of the Lamb. Are you washed in the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb?

Are your garments of the Lamb?
ARE YOU WASHED IN THE BLOOD? Concluded.

spotless, are they white as snow? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

THE CLEANSING WAVE. C. M.

Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.

1. Oh, now I see the crimson wave, The fount-ain deep and wide;
2. I rise to walk in heaven's own light, A - bove the world and sin,
3. A - maz-ing grace! 'tis heaven be - low To feel the blood ap - plied;

Jesus, my Lord, might-y to save, Points to his wound-ed side.
With heart made pure, and garments white, And Christ enthroned with-in.
And Jesus, on - ly Jesus know, My Jesus cru-ci-fied.

CHORUS.

The cleansing stream I see! I see! I plunge, and oh, it cleans-eth me;

Oh, praise the Lord! it cleanseth me, It cleans-eth me, yes, cleanseth me.
1. I've reach'd the land of corn and wine, And all its riches freely mine; Here shines undimm'd
2. The Savior comes and walks with me, And sweet communion here have we; He gently leads
3. A sweet perfume upon the breeze, Is borne from ever vernal trees, And flow'r's that
4. The zephyrs seem to float to me, Sweet sounds of heaven's melody, As angels, with

Chorus.

one blissful day, For all my night has pass'd away.
me with his hand, For this is heaven's border land. O Beulah land, sweet Beulah land
never fading grow Where streams of life forever flow.
the white-robed throng, Join in the sweet redemption song.

EDGAR PAGE STITES.

As on thy highest mount I stand, I look away across the sea, Where mansions are pre-
pared for me, And view the shining glory shore, My heav'n, my home forevermore.
1. I am dwell-ing on the mountai-n, Where the gold-en sun-light gleams
2. I can see far down the mountai-n, Where I wand-ered wea-ry years,
3. I am drink-ing at the foun-ta-in, Where I ev - er would a - bide;
4. Tell me not of heav-y cross-es, Nor the bur - dens hard to bear;
5. Oh, the Cross has wondrous glo - ry! Oft I've proved this to be true;

O'er a land whose wondrous beauty Far ex - ceeds my fond-est dreams;
Oft - en hin - dered in my jour - ney By the ghosts of doubts and fears;
For I've tast-ed life's pure riv - er, And my soul is sat - is - fied;
For I've found this great sal - va - tion Makes each burden light ap - pear;
When I'm in the way so nar - row I can see a pathway thro';

Where the air is pure e - the-real, La - den with the breath of flow'rs,
Bro - ken vows and dis - ap - pointments, Thickly sprinkled all the way,
There's no thirsting for life's pleasures, Nor a - dorn-ing, rich and gay,
And I love to fol - low Je - sus, Glad-ly count-ing all but dross,
And how sweet-ly Je - sus whis - pers: Take the cross, thou need'st not fear;

Cho. Is not this the land of Beu - lah, Bless - ed, bless - ed land of light?

They are bloom - ing by the fountain, 'Neath the am - a - ran-thine bow'rs.
But the Spir - it led un - err - ing, To the land I hold to - day.
For I've found a rich - er treas - ure, One that fad - eth not a - way.
Worldly hon - ors all for - sak - ing For the glo - ry of the cross.
For I've tried this way be - fore thee, And the glo - ry lin - gers near.

Where the flow - ers bloom for - ev - er, And the sun is al - ways bright.
286 Christ Incomparable.

MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Savior's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.
2 No mortal can with him compare
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is he, than all the fair
Who fill the heavenly train.
3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
And flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.
4 To heaven, the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.

SAMUEL STENNITT, 1787.

287 Christ Jesus, All in All.

I've found the pearl of greatest price!
My heart doth sing for joy;
And sing I must, for Christ is mine!
'Christ shall my song employ.
2 Christ is my Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Prophet full of light,
My great High Priest before the throne,
My King of heavenly might.
3 Christ is my peace; he died for me,
For me he gave his blood;
And, as my wondrous Sacrifice,
Offered himself to God.

4 Christ Jesus is my All in All,—
My Comfort, and my Love;
My Life below, and he shall be
My Joy and Crown above.

JOHN MASON, 1683, a.

288 Invitation to Praise the Redeemer.

Oh, for a thousand tongues, to sing
My great Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.
2 My gracious Master, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim—
To spread, through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.
3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

Charles Wesley, 1740.
LOVE AND PRAISE TO CHRIST.

HENRY. C. M.  SylVANUS B. Pond, 1835.

Come, let us all unite to praise The Savior of mankind;
Our thankful hearts in solemn lays Be with our voices joined.

289  Praise to Christ.  (596)

Come, let us all unite to praise
The Savior of mankind;
Our thankful hearts in solemn lays
Be with our voices joined.

2 O Lord! we can not silent be;
By love we are constrained
To offer our best thanks to thee,
Our Savior, and our Friend.

3 Let every tongue thy goodness show,
And spread abroad thy fame;
Let every heart with praise o'erflow,
And bless thy sacred name.

4 Worship and honor, thanks and love,
Be to our Jesus given,
By men below, by hosts above,
By all in earth and heaven.

MARTIN MADAN (? ) 1760.

290  The Incarnation.  (205)

Awake, awake, the sacred song,
To our incarnate Lord;
Let every heart and every tongue
Adore th' eternal Word.

2 That awful Word, that sovereign Power,
By whom the worlds were made;
Oh, happy morn—illustrious hour—
Was once in flesh arrayed.

3 To dwell with misery here below,
The Savior left the skies,
And sunk to wretchedness and woe,
That worthless man might rise.

4 Adoring angels tuned their songs,
To hail the joyful day;
With rapture, then, let human tongues
Their grateful worship pay.

ANNE STEELE, 1760.

JOHN RANDALL, 1790.
ST. AGNES. C. M.

John B. Dykes, 1858.

Jesus, the very tho't of thee With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far thy face to see, And in thy presence rest.

Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, Nor can the mem'ry find
A sweeter sound than thy blest name, O Savior of mankind!

Oh, hope of ev'ry contrite heart! Oh, joy of all the meek!
To those who fall, how kind thou art! How good to those who seek.

And those who find thee, find a bliss Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is None but his loved ones know.

Jesus! our only joy be thou, As thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus! be thou our glory now, And through eternity.

Bernard of Clairvaux, 1140.
Tr. E. Caswall, 1848.

293 Supreme Love to Christ.

Do not I love thee, oh, my Lord? Behold my heart, and see;
And turn each worthless idol out, That dares to rival thee.

Do not I love thee, from my soul? Then let me nothing love;
Dead be my heart to every joy, Which thou dost not approve.

Is not thy name melodious still, To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure thrill, My Savior's voice to hear?

Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord But, oh! I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys, And learn to love thee more.

Philip Doddridge, 1748.
155

HOW I LOVE JESUS. C. M.

American Spiritual.

There is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth; It sounds like music in mine ear—The sweetest name on earth. Oh, how I love Jesus,

Oh, how I love Jesus, Oh, how I love Jesus, Because he first loved me.

294  The Dearest Name. (587)
There is a name I love to hear,
I love to sing its worth;
It sounds like music in mine ear,
The sweetest name on earth.

1 It tells me of a Savior's love,
Who died to set me free;
It tells me of his precious blood,
The sinner's perfect plea.

2 It tells me what my Father hath
In store for every day,
And, though I tread a darksome path,
Yields sunshine all the way.

3 It tells of One, whose loving heart
Can feel my deepest woe,
Who in each sorrow bears a part,
That none can bear below.

Frederick Whitfield, 1859.

295  The Precious Name. (588)
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear;

It soothes his sorrow, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Dear Name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasure, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

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

5 I would thy boundless love proclaim
With every fleeting breath,
So shall the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

John Newton, 1779.
Oh, when shall I see Jesus, And reign with him above? And drink the
flowing fountain Of everlasting love? When shall I be delivered From
this vain world of sin? And with my blessed Jesus Drink endless pleasures in?

296 [FIRST VERSE INSERTED IN MUSIC.]
The Joyful Prospect.
2 But now I am a soldier,
My Captain's gone before;
He's given me my orders,
And tells me not to fear;
And if I hold out faithful,
A crown of life he'll give,
And all his valiant soldiers
Eternal life shall have.

3 Through grace I am determined
To conquer, though I die,
And then away to Jesus
On wings of love I'll fly!
Farewell to sin and sorrow,
I bid them all adieu;
And you, my friends, prove faithful,
And on your way pursue.

4 Oh! do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your friend;
And if you lack for knowledge,
He'll not forget to lend:
Neither will he upbraid you,
Though often you request;
He'll give you grace to conquer,
And take you home to rest.

297 Praise to the Savior.
To thee, my God and Savior!
My heart exulting sings,
Rejoicing in thy favor,
Almighty King of kings!
I'll celebrate thy glory,
With all thy saints above,
And tell the joyful story
Of thy redeeming love.

2 Soon as the morn, with roses,
Bedecks the dewy east,
And when the sun reposes
Upon the ocean's breast;
My voice, in supplication,
Well-pleased thou shalt hear:
Oh! grant me thy salvation,
And to my soul draw near.

3 By thee, through life supported,
I pass the dangerous road,
With heavenly hosts escorted,
Up to their bright abode;
There, cast my crown before thee,—
Now, all my conflicts o'er,—
And day and night adore thee:—
What can an angel more?

THOMAS HAWEIS, 1792.
LOVE AND PRAISE TO CHRIST.

298 (612)  HEAVENLY KING.  7s.  D.

Chil-dren of the heaven-ly King, As we jour-ney let us sing;
Sing our Sav-ior's wor-thy praise, Glo-rious in his works and ways.
D.C. They are hap-py now, and we Soon their hap-pi-ness shall see.

2. Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of our land;
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us undismayed go on.

Lord! obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below:
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

JOHN CENNICK, 1742.

L. O. EMERSON.

299 (575)  ATONING LAMB.  7s.

1. Earth has noth-ing sweet or fair,
Love-ly forms or beauties rare,
When the morning paints the skies,
When the golden sun-beams rise,

But be-fore my eyes they bring Christ, of beau-ty Source and Spring.
Then my Sav-ior's form I find Bright-ly im-aged on my mind.

3. When the day-beams pierce the night,
Oft I think on Jesus' light,—
Think,—how bright that light will be,
Shining through eternity.

5. When I see, in spring-tide gay,
Fields their varied tints display,
Wakes the thrilling thought in me,—
What must their Creator be?

4. When, as moonlight softly steals,
Heaven its thousand eyes reveals,
Then I think,—who made their light
Is a thousand times more bright.

6. Lord of all that's fair to see!
Come, reveal thyself to me;
Let me, 'mid thy radiant light,
See thine unveiled glories bright.

GER. JOHANN SCHEFFLER, 1657.

TR. FRANCES ELIZABETH COX, 1841.
Crown him with many crowns, The Lamb upon his throne; Hark! how the heavenly anthem drowns All music but its own! All music but its own!

Awake, my soul! and sing Of him who died for thee; And hail him as thy matchless King, Through all eternity.

Crown him, the Lord of love! Behold his hands and side, Rich wounds, yet visible above In beauty glorified:

Crown him, the Lord of peace! Whose power a scepter sways, From pole to pole, that wars may cease, Absorbed in prayer and praise:

Crown him, the Lord of years! The Potentate of time; Creator of the rolling spheres, Ineffably sublime!

Sing how he intercedes above For those whose sins he bore.

Sing on your heavenly way, Ye ransomed sinners! sing; Sing on, rejoicing, every day, In Christ, th' eternal King.

Soon shall ye hear him say, "Ye blessed children! come;" Soon will he call you hence away, And take his wanderers home.

Bless'd be thy love, dear Lord! That taught us this sweet way, Only to love thee for thyself, And for that love obey.

Oh, thou, our soul's chief Hope! We to thy mercy fly; Where'er we are, thou canst protect, Whate'er we need, supply.

Whether we sleep or wake, To thee we both resign; By night we see, as well as day, If thy light on us shine.

Whether we live or die, Both we submit to thee; In death we live, as well as life, If thine in death we be.
LOVE AND PRAISE TO CHRIST.

159

LOVE AND PRAISE TO CHRIST.

1. Oh, could I speak the matchless worth, Oh! could I sound the glories forth,
2. I'd sing the precious blood he spilt, My ransom from the dreadful guilt,
3. I'd sing the characters he bears, And all the forms of love he wears,
4. Well—the delightful day will come, When he, dear Lord! will bring me home,

While he sings, In notes almost divine, In notes almost divine.
Heav'nly dress My soul shall ever shine, My soul shall ever shine.
Last- ing days, Make all his glories known, Make all his glories known.
Ty I'll spend, Triumph- ant in his grace, Triumphant in his grace.

Blessed be thy love, dear Lord! That taught us this sweet way, Only to love thee for thyself, And for that love obey.
FEDERAL STREET. L. M.  H. K. Oliver, 1832.

Jesus! and shall it ever be, A mortal man ashamed of thee!
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine thro' 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! 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.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

5 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then, I boast a Savior slain!
And, oh, may this my glory be
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

3 Though oft these lips my love have told,
They still the story would repeat;
To me the rapture ne'er grows old,
That thrills me, bending at thy feet.

4 I breathe my words into thine ear;
I seem to fix mine eyes on thine;
And, sure that thou dost wait to hear,
I dare in faith to call thee mine.

5 Reign thou sole Sovereign of my heart;
My all I yield to thy control;
Oh! let me never from thee part,
Thou best Beloved of my soul!

305  All-Engrossing Love.  (509)

Jesus! my heart within me burns,
To tell thee all its conscious love;
And from earth's low delight it turns,
To taste a joy like that above.

2 When thou to me dost condescend,
In love divine, thou blessed One,
The moments that with thee I spend,
Seem e'en as Heaven itself begun.

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

4 Come, Holy Spirit! from on high,
Our faith, our hope, our love sustain,
Living to sing, and dying cry,—
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"

James Montgomery, 1853.
My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary; Savior divine; Now hear me while I pray; Take all my guilt away; O, let me, from this day, Be wholly thine.

307 [First verse inserted in music.] Looking to Jesus. (587)

? 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 Savior! then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh! bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

Ray Palmer, 1830.

OLIVET. 6s & 4s.

Jesus, my Lord.

JESUS, thy name I love,
All other names above,
Jesus, my Lord!
Oh, thou art all to me!
Nothing to please I see,
Nothing apart from thee,
Jesus, my Lord!

2 When unto thee I flee,
Thou wilt my refuge be,
Jesus, my Lord!
What need I now to fear?
What earthly grief or care,
Since thou art ever near,
Jesus, my Lord!

3 Soon thou wilt come again!
I shall be happy then,
Jesus, my Lord!
Then thine own face I'll see,
Then I shall like thee be,
Then evermore with thee,
Jesus, my Lord!

J. G. Deck, 1837.

Lowell Mason, 1831.
THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

EVERY DAY AND HOUR. P. M.  

W. H. Doane.

Slowly.

1. Savior, more than life to me, I am clinging, clinging close to thee;
2. Thro' this changing world below, Lead me gently, gently as I go;
3. Let me love thee more and more, Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er;

Let thy precious blood applied, Keep me ev-er, ev-er near thy side.
Trusting thee, I can not stray, I can never, never lose my way.
Till my soul is lost in love, In a brighter, brighter world above.  

Fanny J. Crosby.

Refrain.

Ev-ery day, ev-ery hour, Let me feel thy cleansing power;
Ev-ery day and hour ev-ery day and hour,

May thy ten-der love to me Bind me clos-er, clos-er, Lord to thee.

310 Love to Christ Desired.  (584)

Give what is best.
This all my prayer shall be—
More love, O Christ, to thee;  
More love to thee!

3 Then shall my latest breath
Whisper thy praise;  
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise—
This still its prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to thee!  
More love to thee!

Mrs. E. P. Prentiss, 1869.
LOVE AND PRAISE TO CHRIST.

163

BETHANY. 6s & 4s.  

Lowell Mason, 1859.

Nearer, my God, to thee; E'en tho' it be a cross
Near-er, my God, to thee,

That raiseth me. Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to thee;
Near-er to thee.

311 [FIRST VERSE IN MUSIC ABOVE.]  

Nearer to God.  

2 Though like the wanderer,  
    The sun gone down,
    Darkness be over me,
    Yet, in my dreams, I'd be
    Nearer, my God! to thee,—
    Nearer to thee.

3 There let the way appear,  
    Steps unto heaven;
    All that thou send'st to me,
    In mercy given;
    Angels to beckon me
    Nearer, my God! to thee,—
    Nearer to thee.

4 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.

Mrs. Sarah Flower Adams, 1841.

312 [FIRST VERSE IN MUSIC BELOW.]  

Parting with the World.  

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

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

4 Farewell, mortality!  
    Jesus is mine:
    Welcome, eternity!  
    Jesus is mine:
    Welcome, ye scenes of rest!  
    Welcome, ye mansions blest!
    Welcome, a Savior's breast;
    Jesus is mine.

MRS. HORATIUS BONAR, 1845.  
THEODORE E. PERKINS, 1858.

HOPE. 6s & 4s.

Fade, fade, each earthly joy, Jesus is mine;  
Break, ev'ry mortal tie, Jesus is mine.

Dark is the wilderness, Distant the resting-place; Jesus alone can bless, Jesus is mine.
1. Ask ye what great thing I know That delights and stirs me so? What the high re-
ward I win? Whose the name I glo-ry in? Je-sus Christ, the cru-ci-fied.
ward I win? Whose the name I glo-ry in? Je-sus Christ, the cru-ci-fied.

2. What is faith's foundation strong? What awakes my lips to song? He who bore my
sin-ful load, Purchased for me peace with God, Je-sus Christ, the cru-ci-fied.

3. Who is life in life to me? Who the death of death will be? Who will place me
on his right With the countless hosts of light? Je-sus Christ, the cru-ci-fied.
died to save, Him who triumphed o'er the grave, Je-sus Christ, the cru-ci-fied.

4. This is that great thing I know; This delights and stirs me so; Faith in him who
ward I win? Whose the name I glo-ry in? Je-sus Christ, the cru-ci-fied.

Oh, that I could for-ev-er dwell De-light-ed at the Savior's feet,

1. Oh, that I could for-ev-er dwell De-light-ed at the Savior's feet,

2. The world shut out from all my soul, And hea'n bro't in with all its bliss,

3. This is the hid-den life I prize, A life of pen-i-ten-tial love,

Be-hold the form I love so well, And all his ten-der words re-peat.

4 When all I am I clearly see,

4 When all I am I clearly see,

5 Thus would I live till nature fail
And freely own with deepest shame; And all my former sins forsake;

When the Redeemer's love to me Kindles within a deathless flame.

When the Redeemer's love to me Kindles within a deathless flame.

Then rise to God within the veil, And of eternal joys partake.

Andrew Reed, 1841.
LOVE AND PRAISE TO CHRIST.

REVIVE US AGAIN. 10s & 11s.

1. We praise thee, O God! for the Son of thy love, For Jesus who
2. We praise thee, O God! for thy Spirit of light, Who has shown us our
3. All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our
4. All glory and praise to the God of all grace, Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.
5. Revive us again; fill each heart with thy love; May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

CHORUS.

4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.
5 Revive us again; fill each heart with thy love;
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

Rejoicing in Christ.

Rejoice and be glad: the Redeemer has come!
Go look on his cradle, his cross and his tomb.
Chorus.—Sound his praises, tell the story,
Of him who was slain,
Sound his praises, tell with gladness,
He liveth again.

2 Rejoice and be glad: for the blood has been shed;
Redemption is finished, the price has been paid.
3 Rejoice and be glad: for the Lamb that was slain,
O'er death is triumphant, and liveth again.
4 Rejoice and be glad: for our King is on high;
He pleadeth for us on his throne in the sky.
5 Rejoice and be glad: for he cometh again—
He cometh in glory, the Lamb that was slain.

Wm. P. Mackay, 1866.

H. Bonar, 1874.
1. I hear thy welcome voice That calls me, Lord, to thee For cleansing in thy
2. Tho' coming weak and vile, Thou dost my strength assure; Thou dost my vileness
3. 'Tis Jesus calls me on To perfect faith and love, To perfect hope, and
4. 'Tis Jesus who confirms The blessed work within, By adding grace to
5. And he the witness gives To loyal hearts and free, That every promise
6. All hail, atoning blood! All hail, redeeming grace! All hail, the Gift of

--- Chorus. ---

precious blood That flowed on Cal-va-ry.
ful-ly cleanse, Till spot-less all and pure.
peace, and trust, For earth and heaven above.
I am com-ing, Lord!

--- Chorus. ---

Com-ing now to thee! Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood That flowed on Calvary.

318 Christ the Guide and Counselor.

1 JESUS, my truth, my way,
On thee my feeble steps I stay,

2 My wisdom and my guide,
Oh, never let me leave thy side,

3 Never will I remove
Out of thy hands my cause;

4 Oh, make me all like thee,
Before I hence remove;

Charles Wesley.
LOVE AND PRAISE TO CHRIST.

LOVING-KINDNESS. L. M.  Western Melody.

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

He just - ly claims a song from me; His lov - ing-kind - ness, oh, how free!

Chorus.

Lov - ing kindness, lov - ing kindness, His lov - ing kindness, oh, how free!

319 Loving Kindness. (399)

AWAKE, my soul, to joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving kindness, oh, how free!

2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate—
His loving kindness, oh, how great!

3 Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes—
Though earth and hell my way oppose;
He safely leads my soul along—
His loving kindness, oh, how strong!

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood—
His loving kindness, oh, how good!

S. Medley, 1787.

320 Love Which Passeth Knowledge.

Of him who did salvation bring,
I could forever think and sing;
Arise, ye needy, he'll relieve;
Arise, ye guilty, he'll forgive.

2 Ask but his grace, and lo, 'tis given!
Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven;
Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,
Jesus, thy balm will make me whole.

3 'Tis thee I love, for thee alone,
I shed my tears, and make my moan!
Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I meet the object of my love.

4 Insatiate to this spring I fly;
I drink, and yet am ever dry;
Ah! who against thy charms is proof?
Ah, who that loves can love enough?

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX,
tr. by A. W. Boehm, 1712.
1. My hope is built on nothing less Than Jesus' blood and righteousness; I
2. When darkness veils His lovely face, I rest on His unchanging grace; In
3. His oath, his covenant, his blood, Support me in the wailing flood; When
4. When he shall come with trumpet sound, O, may I then in him be found; Dressed

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Chorus.

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Rev. Edward Mote, 1825.

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1. My beloved, in whose presence my soul takes delight, On whom in affliction I call,

MY BELOVED. 11s & 8s.  
Freeman Lewis, 1813. 

Oh, thou, in whose presence my soul takes delight, On whom in affliction I call,

---

My comfort by day, and my song in the night, My hope, my salvation, my all.
LOVE AND PRAISE TO CHRIST.

322 HOW CAN I BUT LOVE HIM. 6s & 5s.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. So tender, so precious, My Savior to me; So true, and so
graceful, I've found him to be;
blindly, He love still repays; How can I but love him? But
arrest, That ever can be.
ceeding: For grief him adorns.
J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

2. So patient, so kindly Tow'r'd all of my ways; I blunder so
love him, but love him? There's no friend above him, Poor sinner, for thee.

3. Of all friends the fairest And truest is he; His love is the

4. His beauty, tho' bleeding And circled with thorns, Is then most ex-

323 My Beloved.

O thou, in whose presence my soul takes delight,
On whom in affliction I call;
My comfort by day, and my song in the night,
My hope, my salvation, my all.

Where dost thou at noon-tide resort with thy sheep,
To feed in the pastures of love?
And why in the valley of death should I weep,
Or alone in the wilderness rove?

3 O, why should I wander an alien from thee,
Or cry in the desert for bread?
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.

4 He looks, and ten thousands of angels rejoice,
And myriadt wait for his word;
He speaks, and eternity fill'd with his voice,
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.

Jos. SWAIN, 1792.
324 The Presence of Christ Desired.

How tedious and tasteless the hours
When Jesus no longer I see!
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers
Have lost all their sweetness to me:
The midsummer sun shines but dim;
The fields strive in vain to look gay;
But when I am happy in him,
December's as pleasant as May.

2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice:
I should, were he always so 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 blest 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?

325 Phil. 1: 23.

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.

2 When that happy era begins,
When arrayed in thy glories I shine,
Neither nought more, by my sins,
Nor grieve any more with these bands that detain
My soul from her portion in thee;
Ah! strike off this adamant chain,
And make me eternally free!

3 And then, nevermore shall the fears
The trials, temptations, and woes,
Which darken this valley of tears,
Intrude on my blissful repose:
To Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone;
Oh! bear me, ye cherubim, up,
And waft me away to his throne!
1. I need thee ev’ry hour, Most gracious Lord; No tender voice like
2. I need thee ev’ry hour; Stay thou near by; Temp-ta-tions lose their
3. I need thee ev’ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quickly and a-
4. I need thee ev’ry hour; Teach me thy will; And thy rich prom-is-
5. I need thee ev’ry hour, Most ho-ly One; Oh, make me thine in-

Refrain.

thine Can peace af-ford.
pow’r When thou art nigh.
bide, Or life is vain. I need thee, oh, I need thee, Ev’ry hour!
es In me ful-fill.
deed, Thou bless-ed Son.
Annie S. Hawks.

need thee; Oh, bless me now, my Sav-i-or, I come to thee.

327 Altogether Lovely. (572) My gracious Redeemer I love, His praises aloud I’ll proclaim: And join with the armies above, To shout his adorable name. To gaze on his glories divine Shall be my eternal employ; To see them incessantly shine, My boundless, ineffable joy.

2 He freely redeemed with his blood My soul from the confines of hell, To live on the smiles of my God, And in his sweet presence to dwell— To shine with the angels in light, With saints and with seraphs to sing, To view, with eternal delight, My Jesus, my Savior, my King! B. Francis.
1. I have found a friend in Jesus, he's every-thing to me, He's the
2. He all my griefs has tak-en, and all my sorrows borne; In temp-
3. He will nev-er, nev-er leave me, nor yet for-sake me here, While I

fair-est of ten thousand to my soul; The Lil-y of the Valley, in ta-

tion he's my strong and mighty tow'r; I have all for him for-sak-en, and live by faith and do his bless-ed will; A wall of fire a-bout me, I've

D. S. Lil-y of the Valley, the

bright and Morning Star, He's the fair-est of ten thousand to my soul.

In sorrow he's my com-fort, in trouble he's my stay,

— Song of Solomon, 3:4

Thro' all the world for-sake me, and Sa-tan tempt me sore,

Then sweeping up to glo-ry to see his bless-ed face,
LOVE AND PRAISE TO CHRIST.

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY. Concluded.

He tells me ev'ry care on him to roll. He's the
Thro' Je-sus I shall safely reach the goal. He's the
Where rivers of delight shall ev'er roll. He's the

329 GLORY TO HIS NAME. P. M. Rev. J. H. Stockton.

1. Down at the cross where my Savior died, Down where for cleansing from sin I cried;
2. I am so wondrously saved from sin, Je-sus so sweetly abides within;
3. Oh, precious fountain that saves from sin, I am so glad, I have entered in;
4. Come to this fountain, so rich and sweet, Cast thy poor soul at the Savior's feet;

There to my heart was the blood applied; Glory to his name.
There at the cross where he took me in; Glory to his name. Glory to his name,
There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean; Glory to his name.
Plunge in to-day and be made complete; Glory to his name.

Glory to his name, There to my heart was the blood applied. Glory to his name.
Oh, for a closer walk with God! A calm and heavenly frame!

A light to shine upon the road That leads me to the Lamb!

330  [First verse in music.]  (625)  Lamenting the Absence of the Spirit.
2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?
3 What peaceful hours I then enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But now I find an aching void
The world can never fill.
4 Return, oh, holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn.
And drove thee from my breast.
5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.
6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.
W. Cowper, 1772.

331  A Perfect Heart.  (645)
Oh, for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free—
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely spilt 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 Oh, 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 love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.
5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart—
Thy new, best name of Love.
Charles Wesley, 1742.

332  Triumphant Grace.  (847)
AMAZING grace! how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.
2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved:
How precious did that grace appear:
The hour I first believed!
3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come:
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.
4 The Lord has promised good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.
We bless thee for thy peace, O God! Deep as the sound-less sea,
Which falls like sunshine on the road Of those who trust in thee.

333 [FIRST VERSE IN MUSIC ABOVE.]
The Peace of God.
(725)
2 That peace which suffers and is strong,
Trusts where it can not see,
Deems not the trial way too long,
But leaves the end with thee;

3 That peace which flows serene and deep,
A river in the soul,
Whose banks a living verdure keep;
God's sunshine o'er the whole.

4 Such, Father! give our hearts such peace,
Whate'er the outward be,
Till all life's discipline shall cease,
And we go home to thee.

334 [FIRST TWO VERSES IN MUSIC BELOW.]
The Voice of Jesus.
(666)
3 I heard the voice of Jesus say
"Behold! I freely give

VARINA. C. M. D.
Not too fast.

I heard the voice of Jesus say, "Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down Thy head upon my breast." I came to Jesus as I was,

Weary, and worn, and sad; I found in him a resting-place, And he has made me glad.

The living water; thirsty one!
Stoop down, and drink, and live."

4 I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in him.

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

6 I looked to Jesus, and I found,
In him my Star, my Sun;
And, in that light of life, I'll walk
Till traveling days are done.

Horatius Bonar, 1857.

From Christian Heinrich Rink, 1770-1840.
Arr., George F. Root, 1846.
How gentle God's command! How kind his precepts are!

Come, cast your burdens on the Lord, And trust his constant care.

335 The Lord's Guardianship. (855)

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

2 His bounty will provide;
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears creation up,
Shall guard his children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Oh, seek your heavenly Father's throne,
And peace and comfort find.

4 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day;
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1740.

Grace.—Eph. 2: 8. (744)

Grace! 'tis a charming sound
Harmonious to the ear!
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1755.

337 Adoption.—1 John 3: 1-3. (742)

Behold what wondrous grace
The Father has bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!

2 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Savior there,
We shall be like our Head.

3 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.

4 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit, like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.

5 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
Our faith shall Abba, Father! cry,
And thou the kindred own.

ISAAC WATTS, 1707.
GRACES AND PRIVILEGES.

NETTLETON. 8s & 7s. 6 or 8 lines. — Asahel Nettleton, 1825.

1. The pity of the Lord, To those that fear his name,
   He knows our feeble frame.
2. He knows we are but dust, Seattered with ev'ry breath;
   His anger, like a rising wind, Can send us swift to death.
3. Our days are as the grass, Or like the morn-ing flow'r;
   If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field, It with-ers in an hour.
4. But thy com-passion, Lord, To end-less years en-dure;
   And children's children ev-er find, Thy words of prom-ise sure.

338 [FIRST VERSE INSERTED IN MUSIC.] Memorial of Praise. (617)

Come, thou Fount of ev'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, nev-er ceasing, Call for songs of loud-est praise.
D. C. Praise the mount—I'm fixed up-on it, Mount of thy re-deem-ing love.

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

3 Oh! to grace how great a debtor,
   Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
   Bind my wand'ring heart to thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
   Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it;
   Seal it for thy courts above.
Robert Robinson, 1758.

339 (188)

William B. Bradbury, 1844.

Is such as tender par-ents feel; He knows our fee-ble frame.
Our days are as the grass, Or like the morn-ing flow'r;
But thy com-passion, Lord, To end-less years en-dure;
And children's children ev-er find, Thy words of prom-ise sure.

Isaac Watts, 1719.
REFUGE. 7s. D.  

J. P. Holbrook, 1862.

Jesus, Lover of my soul, Let me to thy bosom fly, While the nearer waters roll, While the tempest still is high! Hide me, O my Savior, hide, Till the storm of life is past; Safe into the haven guide, O receive my soul at last.

340 The Only Refuge.

Jesus, Lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly,  
While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high! 
Hide me, O my Savior, hide,  
Till the storm of life is past; 
Safe into the haven guide,  
O receive my soul at last! 

3 Other refuge have I none; 
Hangs my helpless soul on thee: 
Leave, O leave me not alone, 
Still support and comfort me: 
All my trust on thee is stayed, 
All my help from thee I bring; 
Cover my defenseless head 
With the shadow of thy wing!

MARTYN. 7s. D.  

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

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,  
Grace to cover 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. 

Charles Wesley, 1740.  
Simeon Butler Marsh, 1834.
GRACES AND PRIVILEGES.

179

341 PILOT. 7s, 6 l. J. E. Gould.

1. Jesus, Savior, pilot me, Over life's tempestuous sea; Unknown waves before me
2. As a mother stills her child, Thou canst hush the ocean wild; Boisterous waves obey thy
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fearful breakers roar 'Twixt me and the peaceful

roll, Hiding rock and treacherous shoal; Chart and compass come from thee : Jesus, Savior, pilot me.
will, When thou sayst to them "Be still!" Wondrous Sov'reign of the sea, Jesus, Savior, pilot me.
rest, Then, while leaning on thy breast, May I hear thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pilot thee!"

Rev. Edward Hopper.

342 Fulton. 7s. W. B. Bradbury.

1. Savior! teach me, day by day, Love's sweet lesson to obey;
2. With a child-like heart of love, At thy bidding may I move;
3. Teach me all thy steps to trace, Strong to follow in thy grace;
4. Love in loving finds employ—In obedience all her joy;

Sweet-er lesson can not be, Loving him who first loved me.
Prompt to serve and follow thee, Loving him who first loved me.
Learning how to love from thee, Loving him who first loved me.
Ever new that joy will be, Loving him who first loved me.

Miss Jane E. Leeson, 1842.
O Lord, how full of sweet content
Our years of pilgrimage are spent;
Where'er we dwell, we dwell with thee,
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.

1 Complete in thee! no work of mine
May take, dear Lord, the place of thine;
Thy blood has pardon bought for me,
And I am now complete in thee.

2 Complete in thee—no more shall sin
Thy grace has conquered, reign within;
Thy voice will bid the tempter flee,
And I shall stand complete in thee.

3 Complete in thee—each want supplied,
And no good thing to me denied,
Since thou my portion, Lord, wilt be,
I ask no more—complete in thee.

4 Dear Savior! when, before thy bar
All tribes and tongues assembled are,
Among thy chosen may I be
At thy right hand—complete in thee.

MAD GUYON.
GRACES AND PRIVILEGES.

WARING. 7s & 6s. D. Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy.

In heavenly love a-biding, No change my heart shall fear; And safe is such confiding, For nothing changes here, The storm may roar without me, My heart may low be laid, But God is round about me—And can I be dismayed?

345 Safe in Jesus. (696)

346 Light after Darkness.

My hope I can not measure,
My path to life is free;
My Savior has my treasure,
And he will walk with me.

Anna Letitia Waring, 1850.

Sometimes a light surprises
The Christian while he sings:
It is the Lord who rises
With healing on his wings;
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new:
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
Let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may.

Wm. Cowper.
1. "There shall be showers of blessing;" This is the promise of love;
2. "There shall be showers of blessing;"—Precious reviving again;
3. "There shall be showers of blessing;" Send them upon us, O Lord!
4. "There shall be showers of blessing;" Oh, that today they might fall,

There shall be seasons refreshing, Sent from the Savior above.
O'er the hills and the valleys, Sound of abundance of rain.
Grant to us now a refreshing, Come, and now honor thy Word.
Now as to God we're confessing, Now as on Jesus we call!

D. W. Whittle.

Chorus.
Showers of blessing,
Showers, showers of blessing, Showers of blessing we need;

Mercy-drops round us are falling, But for the showers we plead.
1. Oh, bliss of the pur-i-fied! bliss of the free! I plunge in the crimson tide.
2. Oh, bliss of the pur-i-fied! Je-sus is mine! No long-er in dread con-dem-
3. Oh, bliss of the pur-i-fied! bliss of the pure! No wound hath the soul that his
4. Oh, Je-sus, the cru-ci-fied! thee will I sing! My bless-ed Redeem-er! my

o-pened for me! O'er sin and un-cleanness ex-ult-ing I stand, And
na-tion I pine: In conscious sal-va-tion I sing of his grace, Who
blood can not cure; No sorrow-bowed head but may sweetly find rest; No
God and my King; My soul, filled with rapture, shall shout o'er the grave, And

point to the print of the nails in his hand.  
lift-eth up-on me the smiles of his face. Oh, sing of his mighty love, 
tears but may dry them on Je-sus' breast. 
tri-umph in death in the might-y to save. 

Sing of his mighty love, Sing of his mighty love, might-y to save.
1. As pants the hart for cooling streams, When heated in the chase,
   So pants my soul, O Lord, for thee, And (Omit) ... thy refreshing grace.

2. For thee, my God, the living God, My thirsty soul doth pine;
   Oh, when shall I behold thy face, Thou (Omit) ... Majesty divine?

Chorus.

As pants the hart ... for cooling streams, ... So pants my soul, 
As pants the hart for cooling streams,

soul, ... O Lord, for thee; ... As pants the hart ... for cooling 
So pants my soul, O Lord, for thee; As pants the hart

streams, ... So pants my soul, ... O Lord, for thee.
for cooling streams, So pants my soul,

3 I sigh to think of happier days,
   When thou, O Lord, wast nigh,
   When ev’ry heart was tuned to praise,
   And none more blest than I.

4 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
   Trust God, and thou shalt sing
   His praise again, and find him still
   Thy health’s eternal spring.

Henry F. Lyte, 1834.
GRACES AND PRIVILEGES.

350

HIDE THOU ME. P. M.

1. In thy cleft, O Rock of Ages, Hide thou me;
2. From the snare of sinful pleasure Hide thou me;
3. In the lonely night of sorrow, Hide thou me;

When the fruitful tempest rages, Hide thou me; Where no
Thou, my soul's eternal treasure, Hide thou me; When the
Till in glory dawns the morrow, Hide thou me; In the

mortal arm can sever From my heart thy love forever,
world its pow'r is wielding, And my heart is almost yielding,
sight of Jordan's billow, Let thy bosom be my pillow,

Hide me, O thou Rock of Ages, Safe in thee.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

351

Godly Sincerity.—Eph. 5:8. (724)

WALK in the light! so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love,
His Spirit only can bestow,
Who reigns in light above.

2 Walk in the light! and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly his,
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.

3 Walk in the light! and ev'n the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.

4 Walk in the light! and thou shalt see
Thy path, though thorny, bright,
For God by grace shall dwell in thee,
And God himself is light.

BERNARD BARTON.
1. My Father is rich in houses and lands, He hold-eth the wealth of the
2. My Father’s own Son, the Savi-oir so fair, Once wandered on earth human
3. I once was an out-cast stran-g-er on earth, A sin- ner by choice and an
4. A tent or a cot-tage, why should I care? They’re building a palace for

world in his hands! Of ru-bies and diamonds, of sil- ver and gold, His sor-row to share: But now he is reign-ing for-ev-er on high, He’ll “a-lien” by birth! But I’ve been “adopted,” my name’s written down: An me-o-ver there! Tho’ exiled from home, yet my glad heart can sing: All

cof- fers are full, he has rich-es untold.
give us a home in the sweet by and by. I’m the child of a King, The
heir to a man-sion, a robe and a crown.
glo-ry to God, I’m the child of a King.

HATTIE E. BUELL. Arr.

child of a King, With Je-sus, my Savi- or, I’m the child of a King.
GRACES AND PRIVILEGES.

353 THOU THINKEST, LORD, OF ME. 88 & 66.

1. A - mid the tri - als which I meet, A - mid the thorns that pierce my feet,
   The cares of life come thronging fast, Up-on my soul their shad - ow cast;
   Let shadows come, let shadows go, Let life be bright or dark with woe,

One thought re - mains su - preme - ly sweet, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!
Their gloom reminds my heart at last, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!
I am con - tent, for this I know, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!

E. S. LORENZ.

D. S. What need I fear when thou art near, And think-est, Lord, of me.

CHORUS.

Thou thinkest, Lord, of me, (of me,) Thou thinkest, Lord, of me, (of me,)

354 Plead For Me. (63)

O thou, the contrite sinner's Friend,
Who loving, lov'st them to the end,
On this alone my hopes depend
That thou wilt plead for me.

CHORUS.—||: O Savior, plead for me (for me);|| On this alone my hopes depend That thou wilt plead for me.

2 When weary in the Christian race,
Far off appears my resting place,
And, fainting, I mistrust thy grace,
Then, Savior, plead for me.

3 When I have erred and gone astray,
Afar from thine and wisdom's way,
And see no glimmering, guiding ray;
Still, Savior, plead for me.

4 When Satan, by my sins made ble,
Strives from thy cross to loose my hold,
Then with thy pitying arms enfold,
And plead, oh, plead for me!

5 And when my dying hour draws near,
Darkened with anguish, guilt and fear,
Then to my fainting sight appear,
Pleading in heaven for me.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.
I can not always trace the way Where thou, Almighty One, dost move;

But I can always, always say That God is love, that God is love.

355

I can not always trace the way
Where thou, Almighty One, dost move;
But I can always, always say,
That God is love, that God is love.

2 When fear her chilling mantle flings
O'er earth, my soul to heaven above,
As to her native home, upsprings,
For God is love, for God is love.

3 When mystery clouds my darkened path,
I'll check my dread, my doubts reprove;
In this my soul sweet comfort hath,
That God is love, that God is love.

4 Yes, God is love;—a thought like this,
Can every gloomy thought remove,
And turn all tears, all woes, to bliss,
For God is love, for God is love.

WARD. L. M.  

God is the Refuge of his saints
When storms of sharp distress invade
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.

356

God is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.

2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there;
Convulsions shake the solid world;—
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

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

4 That sacred stream, thy holy word,—
That all our raging fear controls:
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.
FAITH AND TRUST.

1. Faith is a living pow'r from heav'n Which grasps the prom- ise God has giv'n;
2. Faith finds in Christ whate'er we need To save and strengthen, guide and feed;
3. Faith to the conscience whispers peace, And bids the mourner's sigh-ing cease;
4. Such faith in us, O God, in- plant, And to our prayers thy fa- vor grant;

Securely fixed on Christ a - lone, A trust that can not be o'erthrown.
Strong in his grace, it joys to share His cross, in hope his crown to wear.
By faith the children's right we claim, And call up - on our Father's name.
In Je - sus Christ, thy sav - ing Son, Who is our fount of health a - lone.

1. My God, my Fa - ther, while I stray Far from my home, in
2. If thou should'st call me to re - sign What most I prize - it
3. If but my faint - ing heart be blest With thy sweet Spir - it
4. Re - new my will from day to day; Blend it with thine, and
5. Then, when on earth I breathe no more The pray'r, oft mixed with

life's rough way, Oh, teach me from my heart to say, "Thy will be done!"
ne'er was mine—I on - ly yield thee what was thine—"Thy will be done!"
for its guest, My God! to thee I leave the rest—"Thy will be done!"
take a - way All that now makes it hard to say, "Thy will be done!"
tears be - fore, I'll sing up - on a hap - pier shore, "Thy will be done!"

Charlotte Elliott, 1834.
THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

LISBON. S. M.  

Daniel Read, 1785.

Oh! what, if we are Christ's, Is earthly shame or loss?

Bright shall the crown of glory be, When we have borne the cross.

359 The Cross and Crown.  

Oh! what, if we are Christ's,  
Is earthly shame or loss?  
Bright shall the crown of glory be,  
When we have borne the cross.

2 Keen was the trial once,  
Bitter the cup of woe,  
When martyred saints, baptized in blood,  
Christ's sufferings shared below.

3 Bright is their glory now,  
Boundless their joy above,  
Where, on the bosom of their God,  
They rest in perfect love.

4 Lord! may that grace be ours,  
Like them, in faith, to bear  
All that of sorrow, grief, or pain  
May be our portion here.  

Henry W. Baker, 1852.

360 God our Shepherd. Ps. 23.  

The Lord my Shepherd is;  
I shall be well supplied:  
Since he is mine, and I am his,  
What can I want beside?

2 He leads me to the place  
Where heavenly pasture grows,  
Where living waters gently pass,  
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,  
He doth my soul reclaim,  
And guides me, in his own right way,  
For his most holy name.

4 While he affords his aid,  
I can not yield to fear;  
Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade,  
My Shepherd's with me there.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

361 Psalm 37: 3-7.  

Here I can firmly rest;  
I dare to boast of this,  
That God, the highest and the best,  
My Friend and Father is.

2 Naught have I of my own,  
Naught in the life I lead;  
What Christ hath given, that alone  
I dare in faith to plead.

3 I rest upon the ground  
Of Jesus and his blood;  
It is through him that I have found  
My soul's eternal good.

4 At cost of all I have,  
At cost of life and limb,  
I cling to God who yet shall save;  
I will not turn from him.

5 His Spirit in me dwells,  
O'er all my mind he reigns;  
My care and sadness he dispels,  
And soothes away my pains.

6 He prospers day by day  
His work within my heart,  
Till I have strength and faith to say,  
Thou, God, my Father art!

Paul Gerhardt, 1650.  
Tr. by Miss C. Winkworth, 1855.
1. Guide me, oh, thou great Je-ho-vah, Pilgrim thro' this barren land;
2. O'pen now thy crystal fountain, Whence the healing streams do flow;
3. When I tread the verge of Jordan, Bid my anxious fears subside;

I am weak, but thou art mighty; Hold me with thy powerful hand;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar, Lead me all my journey thro';
Foe to death and hell's destruction, Land me safe on Canaan's side;

Bread of heav'en, Bread of heav'en, Feed me till I want no more.
Strong deliv'er, Strong deliv'er, Be thou still my strength and shield.
Songs of praises, Songs of praises, I will ever give to thee.

3 What, though thou rulest not?
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell
Proclaim,—God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.

4 Leave to his sovereign sway
To choose, and to command;
So shalt thou wondering own, his way
How wise, how strong his hand!

Ger., Paul Gerhardt, 1666.
Tr. John Wesley, 1739.
THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

PETERBOROUGH. C. M. 

Ralph Harrison, 1786.

Oh! for a faith that will not shrink, Tho' pressed by ev'ry foe;

That will not tremble on the brink Of any earthly woe!—

364 Unwavering Faith. (713)

Oh! for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe;
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe!—

1. Oh! for a faith that will not shrink, Tho' pressed by ev'ry foe;
2. That will not murmur nor complain,
Beneath the chastening rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;—
3. A faith, that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That, when in danger, knows no fear,
In darkness, feels no doubt;—
4. A faith, that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And, with a pure and heavenly ray,
Lights up a dying bed!

5. Lord! give us such a faith as this;
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, ev'n here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

WILLIAM H. BATHURST, 1831.

365 Resignation. (841)

Father! whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign hand denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:—

2. "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And let me live to thee.

3. "Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My path of life attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And bless its happy end."

Anne Steele, 1760.

NAOMI. C. M. 

Lowell Mason, 1836.

Father! whate'er of earthly bliss Thy sovereign hand denies,

Accepted at thy throne of grace, Let this petition rise:—
J-AITH AND TRUST. 193

HORTON. 7s.

XAVIER SCHNYDER VON WARTENSEE, 1786.

366

1. Cast thy bur- den on the Lord, On - ly lean up - on his word;
2. He sus- tains thee by his hand, He en- a - bles thee to stand;
3. Heaven and earth may pass a-way, God's free grace shall not de - cay;
4. Je - sus! Guardian of thy flock, Be thy - self our con - stant Rock;

Thou wilt soon have cause to bless - His e - ter - nal faith - ful - ness.
Those whom Je - sus once hath loved, From his grace are nev - er moved.
He hath prom - ised to fill - fill All the pleas - ure of his will.
Make us, by thy pow - erful hand, Strong as Zi - on's mount - ain stand.

ROWLAND HILL, 1783.

367

THE LORD WILL PROVIDE. P. M.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. In some way or oth- er The Lord will provide; it may not be my way,
2. At some time or oth - er The Lord will provide; It may not be my time,
3. Despond then no long - er, The Lord will provide; And this be the to-ken-
4. March on, then, right boldly, The sea shall di - vide; The pathway made glorious

It may not be thy way, And yet in his own way, The Lord will provide.
It may not be thy time, And yet in his own time, The Lord will provide.
No word he hath spoken, Was ev - er yet brok - en, The Lord will provide.
With shoutings victorious, We'll join in the cho - rus, The Lord will provide.

Mrs. M. A. W. COOK.

13
Oh, eyes that are weary, and hearts that are sore! Look off unto Jesus, now sorrow no more!

The light of his countenance shineth so bright, That here, as in heaven, there need be no night.

368

[First verse inserted in music.]

Heb. 12: 2.

2 While looking to Jesus, my heart can not fear;
I tremble no more when I see Jesus near;
I know that his presence my safeguard will be,
For, "Why are you troubled?" he saith unto me.

3 Still looking to Jesus, oh, may I be found,
When Jordan's dark waters encompass me round!
They bear me away in his presence to be:
I see him still nearer whom always I see.

4 Then, then shall I know the full beauty and grace
Of Jesus, my Lord, when I stand face to face;
Shall know how his love went before me each day,
And wonder that ever my eyes turned away.

PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11s.

Marc Antoine Portogallo.

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in his excellent word! What more can he say than to you he has said. You who unto

Jesus for refuge have fled, You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled.
FAITH AND TRUST.

FOUNDATION. 11s.

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in his excellent word! What more can he say than to you he has said, You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

2 In every condition—in sickness, in health, In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth, At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea— As your days may demand, so your succor shall be.

3 Fear not: I am with you: O be not dismayed: I, I am your God, and will still give you aid; I'll strengthen you, help you, and cause you to stand, Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

4 When through the deep waters I cause you to go, The rivers of sorrow shall not you overflow; For I will be with you, your troubles to bless, And sanctify to you your deepest distress.

5 When through fiery trials your pathway shall lie, My grace, all-sufficient, shall be your supply; The flame shall not hurt you; I only design Your dross to consume, and your 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 can not desert to his foes; That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake, I'll never, no never, no never forsake.

Geo. Keith, 1787.
Safe in the arms of Jesus, Safe on his gentle breast, There by his love o'er-
1. Safe in the arms of Jesus, Safe on his gentle breast, There by his love o'er-
2. Safe in the arms of Jesus, Safe from corroding care, Safe from the world's temp-
3. Jesus, my heart's dear refuge, Jesus has died for me; Firm on the Rock of

CHO.-Safe in the arms of Jesus, Safe on his gentle breast, There by his love o'er-

shaded, Sweetly my soul shall rest. Hark! 'tis the voice of angels, ta-
tions, Sin can not harm me there. Free from the blight of sorrow,
Ages Ever my trust shall be. Here let me wait with patience,

shaded, Sweetly my soul shall rest.

Borne in a song to me, Over the fields of glory, Over the jasper sea.
Free from my doubts and fears; Only a few more trials, Only a few more tears!
Wait till the night is o'er; Wait till I see the morning Break on the golden shore.

Fanny J. Crosby.

My Jesus, as thou wilt—0 may thy will be mine! Into thy hand of love I would my all resign.

Thro' sorrow, or thro' joy, Conduct me as thine own, And help me still to say, My Lord, thy will be done.

JEWETT. 6s. D.  

C. M. Von Weber, 1820.
HE LEADETH ME. L. M.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. He leadeth me! Oh! blessed thou't, Oh! words with heavenly comfort fraught; What-e'er I do, where'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.  
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom, By waters still, o'er troubled sea—Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me. He leadeth me! he tent, whatever lot I see, Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.  
3. Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine, Nor ever murmur or repine—Con- death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jordan leadeth me.  
4. And when my task on earth is done, When by thy grace, the vict'ry's won, E'en e'er I do, where'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.  

Refrain.

leadeth me! By his own hand he leadeth me; His faithful follower I would be, For by his hand he leadeth me.

FAITH AND TRUST. 197

372 Mark 14: 36. (864) | The manna of thy word,  
My Jesus, as thou wilt—  
O may thy will be mine!  
Into thy hand of love  
I would my all resign;  
Through sorrow, or through joy,  
Conduct me as thine own,  
And help me still to say,  
My Lord, thy will be done!  

3 My Jesus, as thou wilt:  
If among thorns I go,  
'Still sometimes here and there  
Let a few roses blow.  
But thou, on earth, along  
The thorny path hast gone:  
Then lead me after thee;  
My Lord, thy will be done!  

The manna of thy word,  
Let my soul feed upon,  
And, if all else should fail,  
My Lord, thy will be done!  

My Jesus, as thou wilt—  
If needy here and poor,  
Give me thy people's bread,  
Their portion rich and sure;  

The manna of thy word,  
Let my soul feed upon,  
And, if all else should fail,  
My Lord, thy will be done!  

Benjamin Schmolke.  
Tr. by Jane Borthwick, 1853.
1. I have found repose for my weary soul, trusting in the promise of the Savior;
2. I will sing my song as the days go by, trusting in the promise of the Savior;
3. Oh, the peace and joy of the life I live, trusting in the promise of the Savior;

And a harbor safe when the billows roll, trusting in the promise of the Savior.
And rejoice in hope, while I live or die, trusting in the promise of the Savior.
Oh, the strength and grace only God can give, trusting in the promise of the Savior.

I will fear no foe in the deadly strife, trusting in the promise of the Savior;
I can smile at grief and abide in pain, trusting in the promise of the Savior;
Who-so-ever will may be saved to-day, trusting in the promise of the Savior;

I will bear my lot in the toil of life, trusting in the promise of the Savior.
And the loss of all shall be highest gain, trusting in the promise of the Savior.
And begin to walk in the holy way, trusting in the promise of the Savior.

Rev. H. B. Hartzler.
TRUSTING IN THE PROMISE. Concluded.

**Refrain.**

Resting on his mighty arm for-ev-er, Nev-er from his lov-ing heart to sev-er,

I will rest by grace in his strong em-brace, Trusting in the promise of the Sav-i-or.

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE. 11s & 10s. Samuel Webbe, 1800.

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 straying, Hope when all
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,
oth-ers die, fade-less and pure— Here speaks the Com-fort-er,
throne of God, bound-less in love; Come to the feast pre-pared,

here tell your an-guish; Earth has no sor-row that heaven can not heal.
in God's name say-ing, Earth has no sor-row that heaven can not cure.

Vs. 1, 2, by Thomas Moore, 1816; V. 3, by Thos. Hastings.
1. Down in the valley with my Savior I would go, Where the flowers are blooming and the sweet waters flow; Ev'rywhere he leads me I would follow, follow on, Walking in his footsteps till the crown be won.

2. Down in the valley with my Savior I would go, Where the storms are sweeping and the dark waters flow; With his hand to lead me I will never, never fear, Dangers can not fright me if my Lord is near.

3. Down in the valley, or up - on the mountain steep, Close beside my path that he has trod, Up to where they gather on the hills of God. He will lead me safely, in the

Refrain.

Follow! follow! I would follow Jesus! Anywhere, everywhere, I would follow on!
FOLLOW ON! Concluded.

Follow! follow! I would follow Jesus! Ev'rywhere he leads me I will follow on!

376 TRUSTING JESUS. 7s.

1. Simply trusting ev'ry day, Trusting thro' a stormy way; Even when my faith is small, Trusting Jesus, that is all.

2. Brightly doth his Spirit shine Into this poor heart of mine; While he leads I can not fall, Trusting Jesus, that is all. Trusting as the moments fly, for him call; Trusting Jesus, that is all.

3. Singing if my way is clear; Praying if the path is dear; If in danger, jasper wall, Trusting Jesus, that is all.

4. Trusting him while life shall last, Trusting him till earth is past; Till within the trust is small, Trusting Jesus, that is all.

Chorus.

Trusting as the days go by; Trusting him whatever befall, Trusting Jesus, that is all.

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THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

A SHELTER IN THE TIME OF STORM. L. M.

Ira D. Sankey.

1. The Lord's our Rock, in him we hide, A shelter in the time of storm;
2. A shade by day, de-fense by night, A shelter in the time of storm;
3. The rag-ing storms may round us beat, A shelter in the time of storm;
4. O Rock di-vine, O Ref-uge dear, A shelter in the time of storm;

Secure what-ev-er ill be-tide, A shelter in the time of storm.
No fears a-larm, no foes af-fright, A shelter in the time of storm.
We'll ney-er leave our safe re-treat, A shelter in the time of storm.
Be thou our help-er, ev-er near, A shelter in the time of storm.

Chorus.

Oh, Je-sus is a Rock in a wea-ry land, A wea-ry land, a wea-ry land,

Oh, Je-sus is a Rock in a wea-ry land, A shel-ter in the time of storm.
Under His Wings

Asa Hull, 1872.

1. In God I have found a retreat, Where I can securely abide;
2. I dread not the terror by night, No arrow can harm me by day;
3. The pestilence walking about, When darkness has settled abroad,
4. The wasting destruction at noon No fearful foreboding can bring;
5. A thousand may fall at my side, And ten thousand at my right hand;

No refuge nor rest so complete; And here I intend to reside. His shadow has covered me quite, My fears he has driven away. Can never compel me to doubt The presence and power of God. With Jesus my soul doth commune, His perfect salvation I sing. Above me his wings are spread wide, Beneath them in safety I stand.

Chorus.

Oh, what comfort it brings, As my soul sweetly sings,

I am safe from all danger While under his wings.
HE KNOWS IT ALL. 8s & 4s.  

1. He knows the bitter, weary way, The endless striving  
2. He knows how hard the fight has been, The clouds that come our  
3. He knows, when, faint and worn, we sink, How deep the pain, how  
4. He knows! oh, tho't so full of bliss! For though on earth our  

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Refrain.  

O souls that weep, O souls that pray, He knows it all.
Cast thy burden on the Lord.

Cast thy burden on the Lord,

And he will sustain thee, and strengthen thee, and comfort thee; He will sustain thee and comfort thee. He will sustain thee, he will comfort thee:

Repeat pp.

Cast thy burden on the Lord! Cast thy burden on the Lord.
1. Lead, kind-ly Light, a-mid th'en-cur-cling gloom, Lead thou me on; The night is
2. I was not ev-er thus, nor prayed that thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to
3. So long thy pow'r has blessed me, sure it still Will lead me on; O'er moor and

dark, and I am far from home, Lead thou me on; Keep thou my feet; I
choose and see my path, but now Lead thou me on; I loved the gar-ish
fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone; And with the morn those
do not ask to see The dis-tant scene; one step e-nough for me.
day, and spite of fears, Pride ruled my will. Re-mem-ber not past years.
an-gel fa-ces smile Which I have loved long since, and lost a-while.
CARDINAL J. H. NEWMAN,

How ten-der is thy hand, Oh, thou be-loved Lord!

Afflic-tions come at thy command, And leave us at thy word.
AFFLICTION.

JOY COMETH IN THE MORNING. P. M.  E. S. LORENZ.

1. Oh, wea-ry pilgrim, lift your head, For joy cometh in the morn-ing;
2. Ye trembling saints, dismiss your fears, For joy cometh in the morn-ing;
3. Let e-ry burdened soul look up, For joy cometh in the morn-ing;
4. Our God shall wipe all tears a-way, For joy cometh in the morn-ing;

For God, in his own Word, hath said That joy cometh in the morn-ing.
Oh, weeping mourner, dry your tears, For joy cometh in the morn-ing.
And e-ry trembling sin-ner hope, For joy cometh in the morn-ing.
Sor-row and sigh-ing flee a-way, For joy cometh in the morn-ing.

M. M. WEINLAND.

CHORUS.

Joy com-eth in the morn-ing, Joy com-eth in the morn-ing;

Weeping may en-dure for a night, But joy com-eth in the morn-ing.

383  God's Tenderness in our Grief.  (883)

How tender is thy hand,
Oh, thou beloved Lord!
Afflictions come at thy command,
And leave us at thy word.

2 How gentle was the rod
That chastened us for sin!
How soon we found a smiling God,
Where deep distress had been!

3 A Father's hand we felt,
A Father's heart we knew;
With tears of penitence we knelt,
And found his word was true.

4 We told him all our grief,
We thought of Jesus' love;
A sense of pardon brought relief,
And bade our pains remove.

THOMAS HASTINGS.
RETREAT. L. M.

Thomas Hastings, 1822.

From ev'-ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev'-ry swelling tide of woes,

There is a calm, a sure re-treat; 'Tis found be-fore the mer-cy seat.

384 The Mercy-Seat. (787)
From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'Tis found before the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place, where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,—
A place, than all besides, more sweet;
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a spot where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there, on eagle's wings we soar,
And time, and sense seem all no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat!

5 Oh! may my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget the mercy-seat!

Hugh Stowell, 1827.

385 Design of Prayer. (796)
PRAYER is appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give:
Long as they live should Christians pray;
They learn to pray when first they live.

2 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress;
If cares distract, or fears dismay;
If guilt deject; if sin distress;
In every case, still watch and pray.

3 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak:
Tho' thought be broken, language lame,
Pray, if thou canst or canst not speak;
But pray with faith in Jesus' name.

4 Depend on him; thou canst not fail;
Make all thy wants and wishes known;
Fear not; his merits must prevail:
Ask but in faith, it shall be done.

Joseph Hart. L. 1768.

386 Psalm 104: 34. (794)
My God, is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to thy feet,
The calm and holy hour of prayer?

2 Blest is the tranquil break of morn,
And blest the hush of solemn eve,
When on the wings of prayer up-borne,
This fair, but transient, world I leave.

3 Then is my strength by thee renewed;
Then are my sins by thee forgiven;
Then dost thou cheer my solitude,
With clear and beauteous hopes of heav'n.

4 No words can tell what sweet relief,
There for my every want I find;
What strength for warfare, balm for grief;
What deep and cheerful peace of mind.

5 Lord, till I reach the blissful shore;
No privilege so dear shall be,
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In faithful filial prayer to thee!

Charlotte Elliott, 1834.
PRAYER.

SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER. L. M. D.

William B. Bradbury, 1859.

1. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a world of care,
   And bids me at my Father's throne
   Make all my wants and wishes known:
   To him whose truth and faithfulness
   Engage the waiting soul to bless.

2. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! Thy wings shall my petition bear
   Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
   I view my home and take my flight:
   In seasons of distress and grief,
   My soul has often found relief;

3. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! May I thy consolation share,
   This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
   To seize the everlasting prize;
   And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
   By thy return, sweet hour of prayer!

Rev. W. W. Walford, 1846.

14
I love to steal a while away From ev'ry cumb'ring care,  
And spend the hours of setting day In humble, grateful prayer.

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

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

I love by faith to take a view  
Of brighter scenes in heaven;  
The prospect doth my strength renew,  
While here by tempests driven.

Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,  
May its departing ray  
Be calm as this impressive hour,  
And lead to endless day!  
Mrs. Phoebe H. Brown, 1825.

Grant us, what thine eye delights to see,  
Truth in the inward parts:  
3 Patience, to watch, and wait, and weep,  
Though mercy long delay;  
Courage, our fainting souls to keep,  
And trust thee though thou slay.

Give these, and then—thou wilt be done—  
Thus strengthened with all might,  
We by thy Spirit and thy Son,  
Shall pray, and pray aright.  
James Montgomery, 1819.

The Savior bids thee watch and pray  
Through life's momentous hour;  
And grants the Spirit's quickening ray  
To those who seek his power.

2 The Savior bids thee watch and pray,  
Maintain a warrior's strife;  
Oh, Christian! hear his voice to-day:  
Obedience is thy life.

3 The Savior bids thee watch and pray,  
For soon the hour will come  
That calls thee from the earth away  
To thy eternal home.

4 The Savior bids thee watch and pray,  
Oh, hearken to his voice,  
And follow where he leads the way,  
To heaven's eternal joys.  
T. Hastings.
PRAYER.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire, Uttered or unexpressed; The motion of a hidden fire, That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh, The falling of a tear, The upward glancing of an eye, When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech, That infant lips can try: Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath, The Christian's native air: His watchword at the gates of death; He enters heaven with prayer.

5 Oh, Thou, by whom we come to God,— The Life, the Truth, the Way! The path of prayer thyself hast trod; Lord! teach us how to pray.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1819.

A Throne of Grace.

A Throne of grace! then let us go And offer up our prayer; A gracious God will mercy show To all that worship there.

2 A throne of grace! oh, at that throne Our knees have often bent, And God has showered his blessings down As often as we went.

3 A throne of grace! rejoice, ye saints! That throne is open still; To God unbosom your complaints, And then inquire his will.

CORBIN.

A throne of grace; then let us go And offer up our prayer;

A gracious God will mercy show To all that worship there.

MARLOW. C. M.

Israel Tucker, 1800.
1. Talk with us, Lord, thy - self re - veal, While here o'er earth we rove;
2. With thee con - vers - ing, we for - get All time, and toil, and care:
3. Here, then, my God, vouchsafe to stay, And bid my heart re - joice:
4. Thou call - est me to seek thy face — 'Tis all I wish to seek;

Speak to our hearts, and let us feel The kind-ling of thy love.
La - bor is rest, and pain is sweet, If thou, my God! art here.
My bounding heart shall own thy sway, And e - cho to thy voice.
T'at - tend the whisperings of thy grace, And hear thee on - ly speak.

Charles Wesley, 1740.

1. Come, my soul! thy suit pre - pare; Je - sus loves to an - swer prayer;
2. Thou art com - ing to a King; Large pe - ti - tions with thee bring;
3. Lord! I come to thee for rest, Take pos - ses - sion of my breast;
4. While I am a pil -grim here, Let thy love my spir - it cheer;

He him - self has bid thee pray, Therefore will not say thee nay.
For his grace and power are such, None can ev -er ask too much.
There thy blood - bought right maintain, And with - out a ri - val reign.
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend, Lead me to my jour - ney's end.

John Newton, 1779.
WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS. 8s & 7s. D.
C. C. Converse, 1871.

1. What a friend we have in Jesus, All our sins and griefs to bear; What a privilege to
carry Ev'rything to God in prayer! O what peace we often forfeit, O what couraged, Take it to the Lord in prayer. Can we find a friend so faithful, Who will ref-uge,—Take it to the Lord in prayer. Do thy friends despise, forsake thee? Take it

2. Have we trials and temptations? Is there trouble anywhere? We should never be dis
needless pain we bear, All because we do not carry Ev'rything to God in prayer! all our sorrows share? Jesus knows our ev'ry weakness, Take it to the Lord in prayer! to the Lord in prayer; In his arms he'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a solace there.

3. Are we weak and heavy laden, Cumbered with a load of care?—Precious Savior, still our

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

1 Our Father who art in heaven, | Hallowed | be thy | name,||
Thy kingdom come: thy will be done in | earth, as it | is in | heaven,

2 Give us this | day our—|daily | bread: |
And forgive us our debts, as | we for. | give our | debtors.

3 Lead us not into temptation, but de- | liver | us from | evil; |
For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for | ever. | A—men.
Come at the morning hour, Come, let us kneel and pray;

Pray'rs is the Christian pilgrim's staff To walk with God all day.

397 [First verse inserted in music.] 1 Tim. 2: 8. (1168)

2 At noon beneath the Rock
Of ages, rest and pray;
Sweet is that shelter from the sun
In weary heat of day.

3 At evening, in thy home,
Around its altar, pray;
And finding there the house of God,
With heaven then close the day.

4 When midnight veils our eyes,
Oh, it is sweet to say,
I sleep, but my heart waketh, Lord!
With thee to watch and pray.

There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.

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

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

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

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

John Newton, 1779.

398 The Throne of Grace. (801)

Behold the throne of grace!
The promise calls me near;

CAPELLO. S. M.

Lowell Mason.

Be - hold the throne of grace! The prom - ise calls me near;

There Jesus shows a smiling face, And waits to an - swer pray'r.
LY. 215

TELL IT TO JESUS ALONE. P. M.  
E. S. LORENZ.

1. Are you wea-ry, are you heav-y-heart-ed? Tell it to Je-sus,
2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks unb-id-den? Tell it to Je-sus,
3. Do you fear the gath'ring clouds of sor-row? Tell it to Je-sus,
4. Are you trou-bled at the tho't of dy-ing? Tell it to Je-sus,

Tell it to Je-sus. Are you griev-ing o-ver joys de-part-ed?
Tell it to Je-sus. Have you sins that to man's eye are hid-den?
Tell it to Je-sus. Are you anx-ious what shall be to-mor-row?
Tell it to Je-sus. For Christ's com-ing king-dom are you sigh-ing?

CHORUS.

Tell it to Je-sus a-lone. Tell it to Je-sus, Tell it to Je-sus,

He is a Friend that's well-known: You have no oth-er

such a friend or broth-er? Tell it to Je-sus a-lone.
400  The Cross and the Crown. (835)
Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.
2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went mourning here!
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.
3 This consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free,
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.
4 Upon the crystal pavement, down
At Jesus' pierced feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown,
And his dear name repeat.
5 And palms shall wave, and harps shall ring
Beneath heaven's arches high;
The Lord, that lives, the ransomed sing,
That lives no more to die.
6 Oh! precious cross! oh! glorious crown!
Oh! resurrection day!
Ye angels! from the skies come down,
And bear my soul away.
V.1, Thomas Shepherd, 1692.
Vs. 2-3, G. N. Allen, 1849, a.

402  Christian Charity. (809)
BLEST is the man, whose softening heart
Feels all another's pain;
To whom the supplicating eye
Was never raised in vain;--
2 Whose breast expands with generous warmth,
A stranger's woes to feel,
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal.
3 He spreads his kind supporting arms
To every child of grief;
His secret bounty largely flows,
And brings unasked relief.
4 To gentle offices of love,
His feet are never slow;
He views, through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe.
Mrs. Anna L. Barbauld, 1772.
403  The Christian’s Life-Work.  (798)
A charge to keep I have,  
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,  
And fit it for the sky:

2 To serve the present age,  
My calling to fulfill,—
Oh! may it all my powers engage—  
To do my Master’s will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,  
As in thy sight to live;  
And, oh! thy servant, Lord! prepare  
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,  
And on thyself rely;  
Assured, if I my trust betray,  
I shall forever die.

Charles Wesley, 1762.

404  Sowing and Reaping.  (1014)
Sow in the morn thy seed,  
At eve hold not thy hand;  
To doubt and fear give thou no heed;  
Broad-cast it o’er the land.

2 And duly shall appear,  
In verdure, beauty, strength,  
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,  
And the full corn at length.

3 Thou canst not toil in vain;  
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,  
Shall foster and mature the grain,  
For garners in the sky.

4 Thence, when the glorious end,  
The day of God, shall come,  
The angel-reapers shall descend,  
And heaven cry “Harvest-home!”

James Montgomery, 1825.

405  Doing Good.  (821)
We give thee but thine own,  
Whate’er the gift may be:  
All that we have is thine alone,  
A trust, O Lord! from thee.

2 O, hearts are bruised and dead,  
And homes are bare and cold,  
And lambs, for whom the Shepherd bled,  
Are straying from the fold.

3 To comfort and to bless,  
To find a balm for woe,  
To tend the lone and fatherless  
Is angels’ work below.

4 The captive to release,  
To God, the lost to bring,  
To teach the way of life and peace,  
It is a Christ-like thing.

5 And we believe thy word,  
Though dim our faith may be:  
Whate’er for thine we do, O Lord,  
We do it unto thee.

William Walsham How, 1854.
2 Go, labor on; 'tis not for naught;
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not,
The Master praises;—what are men?

3 Go, labor on; enough, while here,
If he shall praise thee, if he deign
Thy willing heart to mark and cheer:
No toil for him shall be in vain.

4 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal,—"Behold! I come!"

HORATIUS BONAR, 1857.

406 [FIRST VERSE INSERTED IN MUSIC.]

The Christian Life.


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

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Savior God;
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

5 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,—
The bright appearance of the Lord:
And faith stands leaning on his word.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709.
1. We are living, we are dwelling, In a grand and awful time, In an age on
2. Hark the onset! will ye fold your Faith-clad arms in la-zy lock? Up! O up! thou
3. Worlds are charging, heav'n beholding; Thou hast but an hour to fight; Now, the blazoned
4. On! let all the soul within you For the truth's sake go abroad; Strike! let ev'ry

To be living is sublime, To be living is sublime.

Go, labor on, while it is day;
The world's dark night is hastening on:
Speed, speed thy work,—cast sloth away!
It is not thus that souls are won.

2 Men die in darkness at your side,
Without a hope to cheer the tomb:
Take up the torch and wave it wide—
The torch that lights time's thickest gloom.

3 Toil on, faint not;—keep watch and pray!
Be wise the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway;
Compel the wanderer to come in.

4 Go, labor on; your hands are weak;
Your knees are faint, your soul cast down,
Yet falter not; the prize you seek
Is near,—a kingdom and a crown!

BLEST is the man whose heart doth move,
And melt with pity, to the poor;
Whose soul, by sympathizing love,
Feels what his fellow-saints endure.

2 His heart contrives, for their relief,
More good than his own hands can do;
He, in the time of general grief,
Shall find the Lord has pity too.

3 His soul shall live secure on earth,
With secret blessings on his head,
When drought, and pestilence, and death
Around him multiply their dead.

4 Or, if he languish on his couch,
God will pronounce his sins forgiven,
Will save him with a healing touch,
Or take his willing soul to heaven.

ISAAC WATTS, 1712.
THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

RESCUE THE PERISHING. P. M.

W. H. Doane.

1. Rescue the perishing, Care for the dying, Snatch them in pity from
   sin and the grave; Weep o'er the erring one, Lift up the fallen, child to receive. Plead with them earnestly, Plead with them gently, grace can restore. Touched by a loving heart, Wakened by kindness, Lord will provide. Back to the narrow way Patiently win them;

2. Tho' they are slighting him, Still he is waiting, Waiting the penitent
   Care for the dying; Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save.

3. Down in the human heart, Crushed by the tempter, Feelings lie buried which
   Chorus.

4. Rescue the perishing, Duty demands it; Strength for thy labor the
   Tell them of Jesus, the mighty to save.

   He will forgive if they only believe. Rescue the perishing, Cords that were broken will vibrate once more. Tell the poor wand'rer a Savior has died.

FANNY J. CROSBY.
CHRISTIAN ACTIVITY.

WHILE THE DAYS ARE GOING BY. P. M.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. There are lone-ly hearts to cher-ish, While the days are going by;
   There are wea-ry souls who per-ish, While the days are going by;
2. There's no time for i-dle scorn-ing, While the days are going by;
   Let your face be like the morn-ing, While the days are going by;
3. All the lov-ing links that bind us, While the days are going by;
   One by one we leave be-hind us, While the days are going by;

   If a smile we can re-new, As our jour-ney we pur-sue, Oh, the good we
   Oh, the world is full of sighs, Full of sad and weeping eyes; Help your fall-en
   But the seeds of good we sow Both in shade and shine will grow, And will keep our

   all may do, While the days are going by. Go-ing by, go-ing by,
   brother rise, While the days are going by.
   hearts aglow, While the days are going by. going by, going by,

   Going by, going by, Oh, the good we all may do, While the days are go-ing by.
   Going by, going by,
1. I want to be a work-er for the Lord, I want to love and trust his ho-ly word;
2. I want to be a work-er ev'-ry day, I want to lead the vine-yard of the Lord. I will work,
3. I want to be a work-er strong and brave, I want to trust in king-dom of the Lord. I will pray,
4. I want to be a work-er; help me, Lord, To lead the lost and king-dom of the Lord. I will work and pray, I will work and pray,

In the vine-yard, in the vineyard of the Lord, (of the Lord;) I will work, I will pray, I will la-bor ev'-ry day In the vineyard of the Lord.
SEEDS OF PROMISE. C. M.

1. Oh, scatter seeds of loving deeds, Along the fertile field,
2. Though sown in tears the weary years, The seed will surely live;
3. The harvest-home of God will come; And after toil and care,

For grain will grow from what you sow, And fruitful harvest yield. 
Though the cost it is not lost, For God will fruitage give. 
With joy untold your sheaves of gold Will all be garnered there.

Chorus:
Then day by day a-long your way, The seeds of promise cast, That ripened grain from hill and plain, 
Be gathered home at last. 

The seeds of promise cast, the seeds of promise cast, That ripened grain from hill and plain, 
Be gathered home at last, be gathered home at last. 
Be gathered home at last...
WE'RE MARCHING TO ZION. S. M.  Rev. Robert Lowry.

**Spirited.**

1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, Join in a song with sweet accord, Join in a song with sweet accord,

2. Let those refuse to sing Who never knew our God; But chil-dren of the heav'nly King, But chil-dren of the heav'nly King,

3. The hill of Zion yields A thousand sacred sweets, Be-fore we reach the heav'nly fields, Be-fore we reach the heav'nly fields,

4. Then let our songs a-bound, And ev'ry tear be dry; We're marching thro' Im-man-uel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,

And thus sur-round the throne, And thus sur-round the throne. And thus surround the throne, And thus sur-round the throne.

May speak their joys a-broad, May speak their joys a-broad. May speak their joys a-broad, May speak their joys a-broad.

Or walk the gold-en streets, Or walk the gold-en streets. Or walk the gold-en streets, Or walk the gold-en streets.

To fair-er worlds on high, To fair-er worlds on high. To fair-er worlds on high, To fair-er worlds on high.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

We're marching to Zion, Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful Zion, We're marching on to Zion,
CHRISTIAN ACTIVITY.

WE'RE MARCHING TO ZION. Concluded.

marching upward to Zi - on, The beau-ti-ful cit-y of God.

Zi - on, Zi - on,

416 WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING. P.M. Lowell Mason.

1. Work, for the night is com-ing, Work thro’ the morn-ing hours; Work while the dew is
2. Work, for the night is com-ing, Work thro’ the sun-ny noon; Fill brightest hours with
3. Work, for the night is com-ing, Un-der the sun-set skies; While their bright tints are

sparkling, Work mid springing flow’rs; Work, when the day grows brighter, Work in the
la-bor, Rest comes sure and soon; Give ev’ry fly-ing min-ute, Something to
glow-ing, Work, for daylight flies, Work till the last beam fad-eth, Fadeth to

glow-ing sun; Work, for the night is com-ing, When man’s work is done.
keep in store; Work, for the night is com-ing, When man works no more.
shine no more; Work while the night is dark’ning, When man’s work is o’er.

Annie L. Walker.
1. Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, Sow-ing in the noon-tide
2. Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows, Fear-ing neither clouds nor
3. Going forth with weeping, sowing for the Master, Tho' the loss sustained our

and the dew-y eve; Wait-ing for the harvest, and the time of reap-ing,
winter's chill-ing breeze; By and by the harvest, and the la-bor end-ed,
spir-it oft-en grieves; When our weeping's over, he will bid us-wel-come;

We shall come, re-joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves. Bringing in the sheaves,

bring-ing in the sheaves, We shall come, re-joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves;

Bring-ing in the sheaves, bring-ing in the sheaves; We shall come, re- joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.
1. Light after darkness, Gain after loss, Strength after weariness,
2. Sheaves after sowing, Sun after rain, Sight after mystery,
3. Near after distant, Gleam after gloom, Love after loneliness,

Crown after cross, Sweet after bitter, Song after sigh,
Peace after pain, Joy after sorrow, Calm after blast,
Life after tomb; After long agony, Rapture of bliss;

Chorus.

Home after wandering, Praise after cry,
Rest after weariness, Sweet rest at last. Now comes the weeping,
Right was the pathway Lead-ing to this.

Frances R. Havergal.

Then the glad reaping; Now comes the labor hard, Then the reward.
I love to tell the story! Twill be the theme in glory,
To tell the Old, Old Story Of Jesus and his love.

Because I know it's true; It satisfies my longings, As nothing else would do.
I love to tell the story! More wonderful it seems, Than all the golden fancies Of all our golden dreams.
I love to tell the story! It tells it, More wonderfully sweet.
For those who know it best seem hungering and thirsting To hear it like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory, I cause I know it's true; It satisfies my longings, As nothing else would do.
did so much for me! And that is just the reason, I tell it now to thee.
some have never heard The message of salvation From God's own Holy Word.
sing the New, New Song, 'Twill be—the Old, Old Story That I have loved so long.

Miss Kate Hankey, 1867.
1. On-ly a word for Je-sus, Spoken in fear with sense of need;
2. On-ly a word for Je-sus, Gen-tle and low with fall'ring breath;
3. On-ly a word for Je-sus, On-ly a wav'-ring soul to hear;
4. On-ly a word for Je-sus, Fee-ble the love and praise ap-pear;

Yet, with the Mas-ter's bless-ing, Thousands that word may feed.
Yet, with the Spir-it's thrill-ing, Win-ning a soul from death.
Yet, thro' in-creas-ing a-ges, Wid-en its help and cheer.
An-gels their songs are ceas-ing, Glad the new note to hear.

CHORUS.

Give me a word for thee, Mas-ter! Give me a word for thee!

To speak thy praise, Some soul to raise, Oh, give me a word for thee.
1. Are you Christ's light bearer? Of his joy a shar-er? Is this dark world fair-er For your cheer-ing ray; Is your bea-con light-ed, Guid-ing showing More and more each day? Are you press-ing on-ward, With Christ's yearning Draws him ev-er near; With his ra-diance splen-did Shall your souls be-night-ed To the land of per-fect day? faith-ful vanguard, In the safe and nar-row way? Oh, broth-er, is your light be blend-ed When his glo-ry shall ap-pear?

D. S. Are you ev-er wait-ing For your Fine. Chorus.

Lord's re-turn-ing? Are you watch-ing day by day?

D. S.

lamp trimmed and burning? Is the world made brighter by its cheer-ing ray?
CHRISTIAN ACTIVITY.

422 WILL JESUS FIND US WATCHING? P. M. W. H. DOANE.

1. When Jesus comes to reward his servants, Whether it be
   noon or night, Faithful to him will he find us watch-ing,
   With our lamps all trimm'd and bright?
   read-y, broth-er? Read-y for the soul's bright home? Say, will he

2. If at the dawn of the early morn-ing, He shall call us
   one by one, When to the Lord we re-store our tal-ents,
   Will he an-swer thee—Well done? Oh, can we say we are
   find you and me still watching, Waiting, waiting when the Lord shall come?

3. Have we been true to the trust he left us? Do we seek to
   do our best? If in our hearts there is naught con-demns us,
   We shall have a glo-rious rest.

4. Bless-ed are those whom the Lord finds watching, In his glo-ry
   they shall share; If he shall come at the dawn or mid-night,
   Will he find us watch-ing there?

   Fanny J. Crosby.
**Watchfulness and Prayer.**

My soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To his divine abode.

*George Heath, 1806.*

**The Panoply of God.**

Soldiers of Christ! arise,
And put your armor on,—
Strong, in the strength which God supplies,
Through his eternal Son:—

2 Strong, in the Lord of hosts,
And in his mighty power;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand, then, in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God:—

4 That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
You may o'ercome through Christ alone
And stand entire at last.

5 From strength to strength go on;
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down
And win the well-fought day.

6 Still let the Spirit cry,
In all his soldiers, "Come,"
Till Christ, the Lord, descends from high,
And takes the conquerors home.

*Charles Wesley, 1742.*

**Victory is on the Lord's Side.**

Arise, ye saints, arise!
The Lord our leader is:
The foe before his banner flies,
And victory is his.

2 We soon shall see the day
When all our toils shall cease;
When we shall cast our arms away,
And dwell in endless peace.

3 This hope supports us here;
It makes our burdens light:
'Twill serve our drooping hearts to cheer,
Till faith shall end in sight:—

4 Till, of the prize possess'd,
We hear of war no more;
And ever with our Leader rest,
On yonder peaceful shore.

*Thomas Kelly, 1809.*
1. Am I a soldier of the cross, A follower of the Lamb?
2. Must I be carried 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;
5. Thy saints in all this glorious war, Shall conquer, though they die;

And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name?
While others fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' bloody seas?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain, Support-ed by thy word.

5 Thy saints in all this glorious war, Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar, By faith they bring it nigh.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise, And all thy armies shine
In robes of vict'ry through the skies, The glory shall be thine.

ISAAC WATTS, 1723.

1. Soldiers of Christ are we, Marching to vict'ry, Marching to heav'n: In his bright
2. Tho' foes our path surround, Tho' toils and cares a-bound, Onward we tread; We hear our
3. Soldiers of Christ are we, Light, Love, and Liberty Our battle-call! Till truth shall

armor dress'd, His cross our chosen crest, And for our food and rest, His word is giv'n.
Lord's command: We grasp each shin-ing brand, And, like a banner grand, Hope waves o'erhead.
win the day, Till right shall gain the sway, Till sin is driv'n away, We fight or fall.
Stand up, stand up for Jesus, Ye soldiers of the cross; Lift high his royal banner, It must not suffer loss. From victory unto victory His army shall he lead, Till every foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord indeed.

428  Good Soldiers.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus; The strife will not be long; This day, the noise of battle,— The next, the victor’s song: To him that overcometh, A crown of life shall be; He, with the King of glory, Shall reign eternally! George Duffield, 1858.

Psalm 27.

God is my strong salvation; What foe have I to fear? In darkness and temptation, My Light, my Help is near: Though hosts encamp around me, Firm to the fight I stand; What terror can confound me, With God at my right hand?

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

James Montgomery, 1822.
1. Yield not to temptation, For yielding is sin; Each victory will help you Some other to win. Fight manfully onward,

2. Shun evil companions, Bad language disdain, God's name hold in reverence, Nor take it in vain; Be thoughtful and earnest, conquer, Though often cast down; He who is our Savior

3. To him that o'ercometh, God giveth a crown; Thro' faith we shall Dark passions subdue; Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you through. Kind-hearted and true; Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you through. Our strength will renew; Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you through. H. R. Palmer.

CHORUS.

Ask the Savior to help you, Comfort, strengthen, and keep you;

He is willing to aid you, He will carry you through.

H. R. Palmer.
THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

ST. MARTIN'S.  C. M.

With state-ly towers and bul-warks strong, Un-rivaled and a-lone,
Loved theme of many a sacred song, God's holy cit-y shone.

431 [FIRST VERSE INSERTED IN MUSIC.]  
Founded on a Rock.  
Thus fair was Zion's chosen seat,  
The glory of all lands;  
Yet fairer and in strength complete,  
The Christian temple stands.

432  The Church Immovable.  
O! where are kings and empires now,  
Of old that went and came?  
But, Lord! thy church is praying yet,  
A thousand years the same.

2 Thus fair was Zion's chosen seat,  
The glory of all lands;  
Yet fairer and in strength complete,  
The Christian temple stands.

433  Returning to Zion.  
Daughter of Zion, from the dust  
Exalt thy fallen head;  
Again in thy Redeemer trust—  
He calls thee from the dead.

2 Awake, awake, put on thy strength,  
Thy beautiful array;  
The day of freedom dawns at length—  
The Lord's appointed day.

3 Fear not; though hostile bands alarm,  
Thy God is thy defense;  
And weak and powerless every arm  
Against Omnipotence.

3 Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,  
And send thy heralds forth;  
Hay to the south, Give up thy charge!  
And, keep not back, O north!

4 They come, they come; thine exiled bands,  
Where'er they rest or roam,  
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,  
And hasten to their home.

434  Little Flock.  
Church of the ever-living God,  
The Father's gracious choice,  
Amid the voices of this earth  
How feeble is thy voice!

2 Not many rich or noble called,  
Not many great or wise;  
They whom God makes his kings and priests  
Are poor in human eyes.

3 But the chief Shepherd comes at length;  
Their feeble days are o'er,  
No more a handful in the earth,  
A little flock no more.
SECURITY AND SUCCESS.

LABAN. S. M.  L. Mason, 1839.

I love thy kingdom, Lord! The house of thine abode,
The church, our blest Redeemer saved, With his own precious blood.

Psalm 137. (914)

2 I love thy church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

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

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

Revive thy work, O Lord!
Thy mighty arm make bare;
Speak, with the voice that wakes the dead,
And make thy people hear.

Revive thy work, O Lord!
Disturb this sleep of death;
Quicken the smoldering embers now,
By thine almighty breath.

Revive thy work, O Lord!
Exalt thy precious name;
And, by the Holy Ghost, our love
For thee and thine inflame.

Revive thy work, O Lord!
And give refreshing showers;
The glory shall be all thine own,
The blessing, Lord! be ours.

STATE STREET. S. M.  J. C. Woodman, 1844.

Revive thy work, O Lord!
Thy mighty arm make bare,
Speak, with the voice that wakes the dead, And make thy people hear.

Albert Midlane, 1861.
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun Does his successive journeys run;

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

2 Put all thy beauteous garments on, And let thy various charms be known; The world thy glories shall confess, Decked in the robes of righteousness.

3 No more shall foes unclean invade, And fill thy hallowed walls with dread; No more shall hell's insulting host Their vict'ry and thy sorrows boast.

4 God, from on high, thy groans will hear; His hand thy ruins shall repair; Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease To guard thee in eternal peace.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

439

Soon may the last glad song arise Through all the millions of the skies— That song of triumph which records That all the earth is now the Lord's!

2 Let thrones and powers and kingdoms be Obedient, mighty God, to thee! And, over land and stream and main, Wave thou the scepter of thy reign!

3 Oh, let that glorious anthem swell, Let host to host the triumph tell, That not one rebel heart remains, But over all the Savior reigns!

Mrs. Voke, 1816.
ZION. 8s, 7s & 4s.

Zi - on stands with hills sur-rounded, Zi - on, kept by power di- vine!
All her foes shall be con-founded, Tho' the world in arms combine.

Happy Zion, What a favored lot is thine! Happy Zion, What a favored lot is thine!

440 [FIRST VERSE INSERTED IN MUSIC.]

ZION. 8s, 7s & 4s.

SECURITY AND SUCCESS.

Thomas Hastings, 1830.

2 Ev'ry human tie may perish,
Friend to friend unfaithful prove,
Mothers cease their own to cherish,
Heaven and earth at last remove;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright
But can never cease to love thee—
Thou art precious in his sight:
God is with thee—
God, thine everlasting light.

441 The Gospel Herald.

On the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing—
Zion long in hostile lands;
Mourning captive!
God himself shall loose thy bands.

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

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

442 Prayer for a Revival.

Savior, visit thy plantation;
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain;
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again.
Lord, revive us!
All our help must come from thee.

2 Keep no longer at a distance;
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest, for want of thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.
Lord, revive us!
All our help must come from thee.

3 Let our mutual love be fervent!
Make us prevalent in prayers;
Let each one, esteemed thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snare.
Lord, revive us!
All our help must come from thee.

4 Break the tempter's fatal power,
Turn the stony heart to flesh,
And begin, from this good hour,
To revive thy work afresh.
Lord, revive us!
All our help must come from thee.

John Newton, 1779.
443 The Glory of the Church.

Glorious things of thee are spoken, Zion, city of our God!
He, whose word can not be broken, Formed thee for his own abode:
On the Rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose? With salvation's walls surrounded, Thou mayest smile at all thy foes.
2 See! the streams of living waters, Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters, And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint, while such a river,
Ever flows their thirst 'tis assuage?
Grace, which, like the Lord, the Giver,
Never fails from age to age.
3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near!
Thus deriving from their banner,
Light by night, and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna Which he gives them when they pray.

Still lamenting and bemoaning,
'Mid thy follies and thy woes!
Soon repenting and returning,
All thy solitude shall close.
2 Though benighted and forsaken,
Though afflicted and distressed;
His almighty arm shall waken;
Zion's King shall give thee rest:
Cease thy sadness, unbelieving;
Soon his glory shall thou see!
Joy and gladness, and thanksgiving
And the voice of melody!

Thos. Hastings.

444 The Heralds of the Gospel.

Onward, onward, men of heaven!
Bear the gospel's banner high;
Rest not, till its light is given,
Star of every pagan sky:
Send it where the pilgrim stranger Faints beneath the torrid ray;
Bid the red-browed forest-ranger Hail it, ere he fades away.
2 Rude in speech, or grim in feature
Dark in spirit, though they be,
Show that light to every creature—
Prince or vassal, bond or free:
Lo! they haste to every nation;
Host on host the ranks supply:
Onward! Christ is your salvation, And your death is victory.

Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney.
446 [FIRST VERSE INSERTED IN MUSIC.]

**Save the Perishing.** (1021)

1. Wealth, labor, talents freely give,
   Yea, life itself, that they may live;
   What hath your Savior done for you?
   And what for him will ye not do?

2. Go to the hungry—food impart;
   To paths of peace the wanderer guide.
   And lead the thirsty, panting heart,
   Where streams of living water glide.

3. Oh, faint not in the day of toil,
   When harvest waits the reaper's hand;
   Go, gather in the glorious spoil,
   And joyous in his presence stand.

4. Thy love a rich reward shall find
   From him who sits enthroned on high;
   For they who turn the erring mind
   Shall shine like stars above the sky.

_**Missions.**_ (1022)

447 **Home Missions.**

**W. B. Bradbury.**

1. Look from thy sphere of endless day,
   O God of mercy and of might!
   In pity look on those who stray,
   Benighted, in this land of light.

2. In peopled vale, in lonely glen,
   In crowded mart, by stream or sea,
   How many of the sons of men
   Hear not the message sent from thee!

3. Send forth thy heralds, Lord! to call
   The thoughtless young, the hardened old,
   A scattered, homeless flock, till all
   Be gathered to thy peaceful fold.

4. Send them thy mighty word to speak,
   Till faith shall dawn, and doubt depart,
   To awe the bold, to stay the weak,
   And bind and heal the broken heart.

5. Then all these wastes, a dreary scene,
   That make us sicken as we gaze,
   Shall grow with living waters green,
   And lift to heaven the voice of praise.

_B. A. Balfour._

448 **Missionary Charged and Encouraged.**

(1024)

**W. B. Bradbury.**

1. Go, messenger of peace and love,
   To people plunged in shades of night,
   Like angels sent from fields above,
   Be thine to shed celestial light.

2. Go to the hungry—food impart;
   To paths of peace the wanderer guide.
   And lead the thirsty, panting heart,
   Where streams of living water glide.

3. Oh, faint not in the day of toil,
   When harvest waits the reaper's hand;
   Go, gather in the glorious spoil,
   And joyous in his presence stand.

4. Thy love a rich reward shall find
   From him who sits enthroned on high;
   For they who turn the erring mind
   Shall shine like stars above the sky.

_A. Balfour._

449 **Ascend thy Throne.**

**W. B. Bradbury.**

1. ASCEND thy throne, almighty King,
   And spread thy glories all abroad;
   Let thine own arm salvation bring,
   _And be thou known the gracious God._

2. Let millions bow before thy seat,
   Let humble mourners seek thy face,
   Bring daring rebels to thy feet,
   Subdued by thy victorious grace.

3. Oh, let the kingdoms of the world
   Become the kingdoms of the Lord!
   Let saints and angels praise thy name,
   _Be thou through heaven and earth adored._

_B. A. Balfour._

450 **Ascend thy Throne.**

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   And spread thy glories all abroad;
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   Become the kingdoms of the Lord!
   Let saints and angels praise thy name,
   _Be thou through heaven and earth adored._

_B. A. Balfour._
450 The Universal Reign of Christ. (1033)
Arm of the Lord! awake, awake;
Put on thy strength, the nations shake;
And let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy, wrought by thee.

2 Say to the heathen, from thy throne,
"I am Jehovah—God alone!"
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

3 No more let human blood be spilt,
Vain sacrifice for human guilt;
But to each conscience be applied
The blood, that flowed from Jesus' side.

4 Almighty God! thy grace proclaim,
In every clime, of every name,
Till adverse powers before thee fall,
And crown the Savior—Lord of all.

4 Where'er his hand hath spread the skies,
Sweet incense to his name shall rise,
And slave and freeman, Greek and Jew,
By sovereign grace be formed anew.

Mrs. Voke.

452 The Gospel Banner. (1027)
Fling out the banner! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide,
The sun that lights its shining folds,
The cross on which the Savior died.

2 Fling out the banner! angels bend
In anxious silence o'er the sign,
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonder of the Love Divine.

3 Fling out the banner! heathen lands
Shall see from far the glorious sight;
And nations, crowding to be born,
Baptize their spirits in its light.

4 Fling out the banner! sin-sick souls,
That sink and perish in the strife,
Shall touch in faith its radiant hem,
And spring immortal, into life.

5 Fling out the banner! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
Our glory, only in the Cross,
Our only hope, the Crucified.

6 Fling out the banner! wide and high,
Seaward and skyward let it shine;
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit, ours;
We conquer only in that sign.

Geo. W. Doane, 1848.
1. Yes, we trust the day is breaking; Joyful times are near at hand; 
   God, the mighty God, is speaking By his word in ev'ry land; 
   When he chooses, 

2. While the foe becomes more daring, While he enters like a flood, 
   God, the Saviour, is preparing Means to spread his truth abroad; 
   Ev'ry language 

3. Oh, 'tis pleasant, 'tis reviving 
   To our hearts, to hear, each day, 
   Joyful news, from far arriving, 
   How the gospel wins its way, 
   Those enlight'ning 
   Who in death and darkness lay. 

4. God of Jacob, high and glorious, 
   Let thy people see thy hand; 
   Let the gospel be victorious, 
   Through the world in every land; 
   Then shall idols 
   Perish, Lord, at thy command.

   Thomas Kelly, 1809.

354 ANVERN. L. M. 

1. Great God! whose universal sway 
   The known and unknown worlds obey; Now give the kingdom to thy 

2. The heathen lands, that lie beneath 
   The shades of ever-spreading death, Re-vive at his first dawning 

3. The saints shall flourish in his days, 
   Dressed in the robes of joy and praise; Peace, like a riv-er, from his 

4. Extend his power, exalt his throne, 
   Extend his power, exalt his throne. 
   Light, And deserts blossom at the sight, 
   And deserts blossom at the sight. 
   Son; Extend his power, exalt his throne, 
   Extend his power, exalt his throne. 

   Isaac Watts.
From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's coral strand;
Where Afric's sunny fountains Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river, From many a palmy plain—
They call us to deliver Their land from error's chain.

2 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
   By wisdom from on high,
Shall we to man benighted
   The light of life deny?
Salvation! oh, salvation!
   The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
   Has learned Messiah's name.

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

Reginald Heber, 1819.
The morning light is breaking, The darkness disappears; The sons of earth are waking To penitential tears. Each breeze that sweeps the ocean Brings tidings from afar Of nations in commotion, Prepared for Zion's war.

Go preach the blest salvation To every sinful race, And bid each guilty nation Accept the Savior's grace; But bear, oh, quickly bear it Where thronging millions roam, And bid them freely share it, Who dwell with us at home.

Where blooms the broad savanna, Where mighty waters roll, There let the gospel banner Beam hope on every soul; Go where the west is teeming, And yet behold they come! The fields all ripe are gleaming For those who reap at home!

Our children there are dwelling, Neglected and astray, Whose hearts are often swelling To learn of Zion's way. Bear, bear to them the treasure And bid the exiles come; There is no sweeter pleasure, Than preaching Christ at home.
All around the world: Sunday schools in China, India and Japan; Happy boys and girls. Africa's gold dust scattered, 'neath the feet of wrong; Songs of heaven and home. Where the martyrs suffered, Holy seed is spread; Gal-lant lit-tle host. Glad Brazil-ian chil-dren, praise to God shall sing;

Fine. Chorus.

Training souls for glo-ry, By the gos-pel plan. Ris-es up in brightness, From the dark-ness long. Lift the cross of Je-sus, Gather up these ru-bies, Dyed in life-blood red. Far-off Pat-a-gon-ia Answers Christ is King.

Priscilla J. Owens.

Sunday schools are sing-ing, All a-round the world.

Bear the Bi-ble on; Soon the world will ech-o, With the vic-t'ry won.
1. How beauteous on the mountains, The feet of him that brings, Like streams from living fountains, Good tidings of good things; That publisheth salvation, And cho-rus—"The victory is ours!" The Lord shall build up Zion In sadness, Thy jubilee proclaim; The Lord in strength victorious, Upholding jubilee release, To every tribe and nation, God's reign of joy and peace. 

2. Lift up thy voice, oh, watchman! And shout from Zion's towers, Thy har-alleljah. 

3. Break forth in hymns of gladness; Oh, waste Jerusalem! Let songs, instead of songs, instead of fountains, Good tidings of good things; That publisheth salvation, And cho-rus—"The victory is ours!" The Lord shall build up Zion In sadness, Thy jubilee proclaim; The Lord in strength victorious, Upholding jubilee release, To every tribe and nation, God's reign of joy and peace. 

Benjamin Gough, 1864.

4. Soldiers of the cross! arise; Gird you with your armor bright; Might-y are your enemies, Hard the battle ye must fight. With the Spirit's sword arrayed, Scat-ter sin and unbelief. Till the kingdoms of the world Are the king-dom of the Lord. 

William Walsham How, 1854.
ALLHALLOWS. C. M.  

SAMUEL WEBBE.

With thine own pity, Savior, see The thronged and darkening way!

We go to win the lost to thee, Oh, help us, Lord, we pray!

462 [FIRST VERSE INSERTED IN MUSIC.]  
In the Strength of Jesus. (1833)

2 Thou bid'st us go, with thee to stand Against hell's marshalled powers; And heart to heart, and hand to hand, To make thine honor ours.

3 Teach thou our lips of thee to speak, Of thy sweet love to tell; Till they who wander far shall seek And find and serve thee well.

4 O'er all the world thy Spirit send, And make thy goodness known, Till earth and heaven together blend Their praises at thy throne.

RAY PALMER.

463 Zeal for Souls.—John 4: 35.  

OH! still in accents sweet and strong Sounds forth the ancient word,— "More reapers for white harvest fields, More laborers for the Lord!"

2 We hear the call; in dreams no more In selfish ease we lie, But girded for our Father's work, Go forth beneath his sky.

3 Where prophets' word, and martyrs' blood, And prayers of saints were sown, We, to their labors entering in, Would reap where they have sown.

S. LONGFELLOW.

464 A Meeting of Ministers. (1806)

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

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

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

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

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1835.

465 An Ordination Service. (1811)

The solemn service now is done; The vow is pledged, the toil begun; Seal thou, O God! the oath above, And ratify the pledge of love.

2 The shepherd of thy people bless; Gird him with thine own holiness; In duty may his pleasure be, His glory in his zeal for thee.

3 Here let the ardent prayer arise, Faith fix its grasp beyond the skies, The tear of penitence be shed, And myriads to the Savior led.

4 Come, Spirit! here consent to dwell; The mists of earth and sin dispel; Blest Savior! thine own rights maintain; Supreme in every bosom reign.

SAMUEL F. SMITH, 1843.
CHURCH FELLOWSHIP.

HAPPY DAY. L. M.

Wrap the musical notation with the provided text to enhance readability and comprehension:

466 [FIRST VERSE INSERTED IN MUSIC.]

Rejoicing in Entire Consecration. (937)

2 Oh, happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill the house,
While to his altar now I move.

3 'Tis done—the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Rejoiced to own the call divine.

4 Now rest—my long divided heart—
Fixed on this blissful center, rest—
Here have I found a nobler part,
Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.

5 High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till, in life's latest hour, I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

WELTON. L. M.

467 Converts Welcomed. (940)

Come in, thou blessed of the Lord!
Enter in Jesus' precious name;
We welcome thee, with one accord,
And trust the Savior does the same.

2 Those joys, which earth can not afford,
We'll seek in fellowship to prove,
Joined in one spirit to our Lord,
Together bound by mutual love.

3 And, while we pass this vale of tears,
We'll make our joys and sorrows known;
We'll share each other's hopes and fears,
And count a brother's case our own.

4 Once more, our welcome we repeat;
Receive assurance of our love;
Oh! may we all together meet,
Around the throne of God above.

Thomas Kelly, 1812.

C. H. A. Malan,
How sweet, how heavenly is the sight, When those who love the Lord,
In one another's peace delight, And so fulfill his word!—

2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart:

3 When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love:

4 When love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flows;
When union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action glows.

5 Love is the golden chain, that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven, that finds
His bosom glow with love.

LEAVING THE WORLD, THOU DOST BUT PART
From lies and vanity.
3 Come with us—we will do thee good,
As God to us hath done;
Stand but in him, as those have stood
Whose faith the victory won.

And when, by turns, we pass away,
And star by star grows dim,
May each, translated into day,
Be lost and found in him.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

470 Covenant Vows.
Witness, ye men and angels now,
Before the Lord we speak;
To him we make our solemn vow;
A vow we dare not break;

2 That, long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield;
Nor from his cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field.

3 We trust not in our native strength,
But on his grace rely;
That, with returning wants, the Lord
Will all our need supply.

4 Oh! guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in thy ways;
And, while we turn our vows to prayers,
Turn thou our prayers to praise.

BENJAMIN BEDDOME, 1792.
Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love!

The fellowship of kindred minds Is like to that above.

471 [FIRST VERSE INSERTED IN MUSIC.]  
Love to the Brethren. (992)

2 Before our Father's throne,  
We pour our ardent prayers;  
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,  
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes;  
Our mutual burdens bear:  
And often for each other flows  
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,  
It gives us inward pain:  
But we shall still be joined in heart,  
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives  
Our courage by the way;  
While each in expectation lives,  
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,  
And sin we shall be free;  
And perfect love and friendship reign  
Through all eternity.

John Fawcett, 1772.

472 Laborers in the Vineyard. (995)

AND let our bodies part—  
To different climes repair;  
Inseparably joined in heart  
The friends of Jesus are.

2 Oh, let us still proceed  
In Jesus' work below;  
And following our triumphant Head,  
To further conquests go.

3 The vineyard of the Lord  
Before his laborers lies;  
And lo! we see the vast reward  
Which waits us in the skies.

4 Oh, let our heart and mind  
Continually ascend,  
That haven of repose to find,  
Where all our labors end.

Charles Wesley.

473 Meeting After Absence. (996)

AND are we yet alive,  
And see each other's face?  
Glory and praise to Jesus give,  
For his redeeming grace.

2 Preserved by power divine  
To full salvation here,  
Again in Jesus' praise we join,  
And in his sight appear.

3 What troubles have we seen?  
What conflicts have we passed!  
Fightings 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 hides our life above.

5 Let us take up the cross,  
Till we the crown obtain;  
And gladly reckon all things loss,  
So we may Jesus gain.

Charles Wesley.
How blest the hour when first we gave Our guilty souls to thee, O God;
A cheerful sacrifice of love,
Bought with the Savior's precious blood.

And may each soul salvation see,
That here its sacred pledges tastes.

Let crowds approach, with hearts prepared;
With hearts inflamed let all attend;
Nor, when we leave our Father's board,
The pleasure or the profit end.

JESUS, thou Joy of loving hearts!
Thou Fount of life! thou Light of men!
From the best bliss that earth imparts,
We turn unfilled to thee again.

Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on thee call;
To them that seek thee, thou art good,
To them that find thee,—All in all!

We taste thee, Oh, thou living Bread!
And long to feast upon thee still;
We drink of thee, the Fountain Head,
And thirst our souls from thee to fill.

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

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

My God! and is thy table spread?
And does thy cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be all thy children led,
And let them all its sweetness know.

2 Hail! sacred feast, which Jesus makes!
Rich banquet of his flesh and blood;
Thrice happy he, who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food!

Oh! let thy table honored be,
And furnished well with joyful guests;
ORDINANCES.

477 ALETTA. 7s.

William B. Bradbury, 1856.

1. Bread of heaven, on thee we feed, For thy flesh is meat indeed;
2. Vine of heaven, thy blood supplies This best cup of sacrifice;
3. Day by day with strength supplied, Thro' the life of him who died,

Ever let our souls be fed With this true and living bread. Lord, thy wounds our healing give; To thy cross we look and live. Lord of life, oh, let us be Rooted, grafted, built on thee.

Josiah Conder, 1824.

478 WINDHAM. L. M.

Daniel Read, 1785.

1. 'Twas on that dark, that dreadful night, When pow'rs of earth and hell arose
2. Before the mournful scene began He took the bread, and blessed and brake;
3. "This is my body, broke for sin; Receive and eat the living food;"
4. "Do this," he cried, "till time shall end, In mem'ry of your dy'ning Friend;"
5. Jesus, thy feast we celebrate; We show thy death, we sing thy name;

Against the Son of God's delight, And friends betrayed him to his foes. What love thro' all his actions ran! What wondrous words of grace he spake! Then took the cup, and blessed the wine: "'Tis the new cov'nant in my blood." Meet at the table, and record The love of your departed Lord. Till thou return, and we shall eat The marriage supper of the Lamb.

Isaac Watts.
1. While, in sweet communion, feeding On this earthly bread and wine,
2. Now, our eyes forever closing To this fleeting world below,
3. Though unseen, ever near us, With the still small voice of love,
4. Bring before us all the story Of thy life, and death of woe;

Savior, may we see thee bleeding On the cross, to make us thine,
On thy gentle breast reposing, Teach us, Lord, thy grace to know,
Whispering words of peace to cheer us, Ev'ry doubt and fear remove,
And, with hopes of endless glory, Wean our hearts from all below.

Edward Denny, 1839.

1. That dreadful night before his death, The Lamb, for sinners slain,
2. To keep the feast, Lord, we have met, And to remember thee;
3. Thy sufferings, Lord, each sacred sign To our remembrance brings;
4. Oh, tune our tongues, and set in frame Each heart that pants for thee,

Did, almost with his dying breath, This solemn feast ordained.
Help each poor trembler to repeat For me he died, for me.
We eat the bread and drink the wine, But think on no bler things.
To sing, Hosanna to the Lamb, The Lamb that died for me.

Joseph Hart, d. 1768.
1. "Till he come!" oh, let the words linger on the trembling chords,
2. When the weary ones we love enter on that rest above,
3. Clouds and darkness round us press; Would we have one sorrow less?
4. See, the feast of love is spread, Drink the wine and eat the bread:

Let the "little while" between In their golden light be seen;
When their words of love and cheer Fall no longer on our ear,
All the sharpness of the cross, All that tells the world is loss,
Sweet memorials, till the Lord Call us round his heavenly board:

Let us think how heav'n and home Lie beyond that "Till he come!"
Hush! be every murmur dumb, It is only "Till he come!"
Death, and darkness, and the tomb Pain us only "Till he come!"
Some from earth, from glory some, Severed only "Till he come!"

482 Baptized into His Death. (945)
We long to move and breathe in thee, Inspired with thine own breath, To live thy life, O Lord, and be Baptized into thy death.
2 Thy death to sin we die below, But we shall rise in love; We here are planted in thy woe, But we shall bloom above.
3 Above we shall thy glory share, As we thy cross have borne; Even we shall crowns of honor wear, When we the thorns have worn.

483 Baptism of Children. (946)
Our children, Lord, in faith and prayer We now devote to thee; Let them thy covenant mercies share, And thy salvation see.
2 In early days their hearts secure From worldly snares, we pray; And let them to the end endure In every righteous way.
3 Grant us before them, Lord, to live In holy faith and fear; And then to heaven our souls receive And bring our children there.
256

THE LIFE BEYOND.

THANATOPSIS. S. M.

It is not death to die,—To leave this weary road,
And, midst the brotherhood on high,
To be at home with God.

484 Dying, not Death.

It is not death to die,—
To leave this weary road,
And, midst the brotherhood on high,
To be at home with God.

2 It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake, in glorious repose
To spend eternal years.

3 It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise, on strong exulting wing,
To live among the just.

4 Jesus, thou Prince of life!
Thy chosen can not die;
Like thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with thee on high.

George W. Bethune, 1847.

485 The Crowning Hour.

Servant of God, well done!
Thy glorious warfare's past;
The battle's fought, the race is won,
And thou art crowned at last;—

2 Of all thy heart's desire
Triumphantly possess'd;
Lodged by the ministerial choir
In thy Redeemer's breast.

3 In condescending love,
Thy ceaseless prayer he heard,
And bade thee suddenly remove
To thy complete reward.

4 With saints enthroned on high,
Thou dost thy Lord proclaim,
And still to God salvation cry,—Salvation to the Lamb!

Charles Wesley.

486 A Little While.

A few more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest
Asleep within the tomb:

2 A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall be where suns are not,
A far serener clime:

3 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more:

4 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more:

5 'Tis but a little while
And he shall come again,
Who died that we might live, who lives
That we with him may reign:

6 Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day;
Oh, wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

Horatius Bonar, 1856.
259 ft.  

Why do we mourn departing friends, Or shake at death’s alarms?  

'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends, To call them to his arms.

493 We are Confident.  

Why do we mourn departing friends, 
Or shake at death’s alarms?  

'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends, 
To call them to his arms.

2 Shall join the disembodied saints, 
And find its long-sought rest; 
That only bliss for which it pants, 
In the Redeemer’s breast.

3 In hope of that immortal crown, 
I now the cross sustain; 
And gladly wander up and down, 
And smile at toil and pain.

4 I suffer on my three-score years, 
Till my Deliverer come, 
And wipes away his servant’s tears, 
And takes his exile home.

Charles Wesley, 1759.

495 Mourning with Hope.

Why should our tears in sorrow flow, 
When God recalls his own, 
And bids them leave a world of woe, 
For an immortal crown?

2 Is not e’en death a gain to those 
Whose life to God was given? 
Gladly to earth their eyes they close 
To open them in heaven.

3 Their toils are past, their work is done, 
And they are fully blest! 
They fought the fight, the victory won, 
And entered into rest.

4 Then let our sorrows cease to flow,— 
God has recalled his own; 
But let our hearts, in every woe, 
Still say, “Thy will be done!”

Wm. H. Bathurst, 1829.
It is not death to die,—
To leave this weary road.
And, midst the brotherhood on high,
To be at home with God.

484  
**Dying, not Death.**

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To be at home with God.

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The eye long dimmed by tears,
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George W. Bethune, 1847.

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A FEW more seasons come,
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On this wild rocky shore,
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A FEW more partings o'er,
A FEW more toils, a FEW more tears,
And we shall weep no more:

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And he shall come again,
Who died that we might live, who lives
That we with him may reign:

6 Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day;
Oh, wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

Horatius Bonar, 1856.
DEATH.

Why do we mourn departing friends, Or shake at death's alarms?

'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends, To call them to his arms.

We are Confident.

1 Why do we mourn departing friends, Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends, To call them to his arms.

2 Are we not tending upward, too, As fast as time can move?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow, To keep us from our love.

3 Why should we tremble to convey Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay, And scattered all the gloom.

4 The graves of all the saints be blessed, And softened every bed;
Where should the dying members rest, But with the dying Head?

5 Then he arose, ascending high, And showed our feet the way;
Up to the Lord we, too, shall fly At the great rising-day.

6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound, And bid our kindred rise;
Awake! ye nations under ground; Ye saints! ascend the skies.

Mourning with Hope.

1 Why should our tears in sorrow flow
When God recalls his own,
And bids them leave a world of woe,
For an immortal crown?

2 Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long-sought rest;
That only bliss for which it pants,
In the Redeemer's breast.

3 In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the cross sustain;
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain.

4 I suffer on my three-score years,
Till my Deliverer come,
And wipes away his servant's tears,
And takes his exile home.

5 Their toils are past, their work is done,
And they are fully blest!
They fought the fight, the victory won,
And entered into rest.

6 Then let our sorrows cease to flow,—
God has recalled his own;
But let our hearts, in every woe,
Still say, "Thy will be done!"

Cheerful Submission to Death.

1 And let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint or die;
My soul shall quit the mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high—

2 Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long-sought rest;
That only bliss for which it pants,
In the Redeemer's breast.

3 In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the cross sustain;
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain.

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And entered into rest.

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God has recalled his own;
But let our hearts, in every woe,
Still say, "Thy will be done!"
THE LIFE BEYOND.

1. I would not live al-way; I ask not to stay Where storm after
2. I would not live al-way; no, wel-come the tomb! Since Je-sus has
3. Who, who would live al-way, a-way from his God, A-way from yon
4. Where the saints of all a-ges in harmony meet, Their Sav-i-or and

storm ris-es dark o'er the way; The few cloud-y morn-ing-s that
lain there, I dread not its gloom; There sweet be my rest, till be
heav-en, that bliss-ful a-bode, Where the rivers of pleas-ure flow
breth-ren trans-ported to greet; While the anthems of rapt-ure un-

dawn on us here Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.
bid me a-rise, To hail him in tri-umph de-scend-ing the skies.
o'er the bright plains, And the noontide of glory e-ter-nal-ly reigns;
ceas-ing-ly roll, And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul?

This prayer will make it more divine—

"Thy will be done!"

"Thy will be done!"

"Thy will be done!"

"Thy will be done!"

3 "Thy will be done!" Tho' shrouded o'er
Our path with gloom, one comfort, one
Is ours:—to breathe, while we adore,

"Thy will be done."

Sir J. Bowring, 1825.
DEATH.

498  
SHININGSHORE.  8s & 7s. Trochaic.  George F. Root, 1859.

1. My days are gliding swiftly by, And I, a pilgrim stranger,
2. We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear! Our heavenly home discerning;
3. Should coming days be cold and dark, We need not cease our singing;
4. Let sorrow's roughest tempest blow, Each cord on earth to sever;

Would not detain them as they fly, Those hours of toil and danger:
Our absent Lord has left us word, "Let every lamp be burning!"
That perfect rest none can molest, Where golden harps are ringing:
Our King says, "Come!"—and there's our home, For ever, oh! for ever!

CHORUS.

For, oh! we stand on Jordan's strand, Our friends are passing over;

And, just before, the shining shore We may almost discover.

499  
Wayfarers.  (1147)
WAYFARERS in the wilderness,
By morn, and noon, and even,
Day after day, we journey on,
With weary feet toward heaven:
Cho.—O land above! O land of love!
The glory shineth o'er thee;
O Christ, our King! in mercy bring Us thither, we implore thee!

2 By day the cloud before us goes,
By night the cloud of fire,
To guide us o'er the trackless waste,
To Canaan ever higher:

3 The sea was riven from our feet,
And so shall be the river;
And, by the King's highway brought home,
We'll praise his name forever:

ALEXANDER R. THOMPSON, 1869.
THE LIFE BEYOND.

500 NEARER HOME. 6s.  

John M. Evans, 1860.

1. One sweetly solemn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er;
2. Near'er my Father's house Where the blest mansions be;
3. Near'er the bound where we Must lay our burdens down
4. The waves of that deep sea Roll dark before my sight,
5. Oh! if my mortal feet Have almost gained the brink,
6. Father! perfect my trust, That I may rest, in death,

I'm near'er home to-day Than e'er I've been before:
Near'er the great white throne, Near'er the crystal sea;
Near'er to leave the cross, Near'er to gain the crown.
But break, the other side, Up on a shore of light.
If I am near'er home To-day than e'en I think,
On Christ, my Lord, a-lone, And thus resign my breath.

CODA.

I'm near'er my home, near'er my home, Nearer my home today; Yes,

near'er my home in heav'n to-day, Than ever I've been before.
DEATH.

501

CONSOLATION. P. M.

E. S. LORENZ.

Slowly and with feeling.

1. There is no flock, how-ever watched and tended, But one dead lamb is there!
2. Let us be patient, these severe afflictions Not from the ground arise,
3. She is not dead, the child of our affection, But gone unto that school
4. And tho' at times, impetuous with emotion, And anguish long suppressed,

There is no fire-side, how-so-er de-fend-ed, But one va-cant chair!
But oft-en-times ce-les-tial ben-e-dic-tions Assume this dark disguise.
Where she no long-er needs our poor pro-tection, And Christ himself doth rule.
The swelling heart be-es moaning like the o-cean That can not be at rest:

The air is full of farewells to the dy-ing, And mourning for the dead;
We see but dim-ly thro' the mists and va-pors, A-mid these earthly damps,
In that great cloister's stillness and se-clu-sion, By guardian an-gels led,
We will be patient—and assuage the feel-ing We can not whol-ly stay,

The heart of Ra-chel for her children cry-ing Will not be comfort-ed!
What seem to us but sad, fu-ne-real ta-pers, May be heav'n's distant lamps.
Safe from tempta-tion, safe from sin's pollu-tion, She lives whom we call dead.
By si-lence sancti-fying, not con-ceal-ing The grief that must have way.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW, 1849.
THE LIFE BEYOND.

502  PEACE, BE STILL.  P. M.  

E. S. LORENZ.

1. Peace, be still! In this night of sorrow bow; Oh, my heart, con-
2. Hold thee still! Tho' the Fa-ther scourge thee sore, Cling thou to him
3. Lord, my God! Give me grace, that I may be Thy true child, and
4. Shep-herd mine! From thy fullness give me still Faith to do and

tend not thou; What be-falls is God's own will; Peace, be still!
all the more; Let him mer-cy's work ful-fill; Hold thee still!
si-lent-ly Own thy scep-ter and thy rod; Lord, my God!
bear thy will Till the morning light shall shine; Shep-herd mine!

1. Rest, weary pilgrim, thy journey is o'er, Rest, sweetly rest, on the beautiful shore;
2. Never again shall thy storm-beat-en breast Sigh, deeply sigh, for the sweet "land of rest;"
3. Rest, weary pilgrim, thy journey is o'er, Rest, sweetly rest, on the beautiful shore;

Safely at last thou hast reached the bright seal, Fa-

ther-land, home of the soul.  

Land of our Father, the home of the soul.

Gone to the Savior's bright mansion above, Rest (ev-er rest) in the light of his love.
Dangers and troubles shall harm thee no more, Rest (sweetly rest) on the beau-ti-ful shore.

503  REST, WEARY PILGRIM. 10s.  

J. H. TENNEY.

Softly and slowly.

1. Rest, weary pilgrim, thy journey is o'er, Rest, sweetly rest, on the beautiful shore;
2. Never again shall thy storm-beat-en breast Sigh, deeply sigh, for the sweet "land of rest;"
3. Rest, weary pilgrim, thy journey is o'er, Rest, sweetly rest, on the beautiful shore;

Rit. e dim.
DEATH.

AS FADE THE STARS. P. M.

E. S. Lorenz.

1. As fade the stars at morn away. Their glory gone
2. As sink the stars when night is o'er, To rise upon
3. No more in east, or in the west, Fade they from sight,

in perfect day, So pass away the friends we love, Their presence some other shore, So sink our precious ones from sight, In other or sink to rest; Fixed firm in that celestial air, They radiant

lost in worlds above, While we o'er their slumbers are weeping. skies to walk in light, While we sorrow's vigil are keeping. shine eternal there; Our hearts up to meet them fond leap ing.

J. E. Rankin, D.D.

NETTIE. 5s & 9s.

1. Midst sorrow and care There's one that is near, And ever delights to relieve us.
2. 'Tis Jesus, our friend, On whom we depend For life and for all its rich blessings.
3. When trouble assails, His love never fails; He meets us with sweet consolation.
When thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come, To take thy ransomed people home, Shall I among them stand? Shall such a worthless worm as I, Be found at thy right hand? 

2 I love to meet thy people now, Before thy feet with them to bow, Though vilest of them all; But—can I bear the piercing thought?—What if my name should be left out, When thou for them shalt call? 

3 O Lord, prevent it by thy grace; Be thou my only hiding-place, In this th' accepted day; Thy pardoning voice, oh, let me hear, To still my unbelieving fear, Nor let me fall, I pray. 

4 And when the final trump shall sound, Among thy saints let me be found, To bow before thy face; Then in triumphant strains I'll sing, While heaven's resounding mansions ring With praise of sovereign grace.

MRS. SELINA SHIRLEY, 1772.

Lo! on a narrow neck of land, Between two boundless seas I stand,—Yet how insensible! A point of time—a moment's space—Removes me to yon heavenly place, Or shuts me up in hell! 

2 O God! my inmost soul convert, And deeply on my thoughtless heart Eternal things impress; Give me to feel their solemn weight, And save me, ere it be too late! Wake me to righteousness. 

3 Be this my one great business here, With holy trembling, holy fear, To make my calling sure; Thine utmost counsel to fulfill, To suffer all thy righteous will, And to the end endure! 

4 Then Savior! then my soul receive, Transported from the earth, to live And reign with thee above; Where faith is sweetly lost in sight, And hope, in full supreme delight, And everlasting love.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1749.
That awful day will surely come, Th' appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge, And pass the solemn test.

2 Thou lovely Chief of all my joys, Thou Sovereign of my heart, How could I bear to hear thy voice Pronounce the sound, "Depart!"

3 Oh, wretched state of deep despair, To see my God remove, And fix my dreadful station where I must not taste his love!

4 Oh, tell me that my worthless name Is graven on thy hands; Show me some promise in thy book Where my salvation stands.

And must I be to judgment brought, And answer in that day, For every vain and idle thought, And every word I say?

For thy power bestow; So shall I to my ways take heed, To all I speak or do.
THE LIFE BEYOND.

JERUSALEM, the golden,
With milk and honey blest!
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppressed:
I know not, oh, I know not,
What social joys are there,
What radiance of glory,
What light beyond compare.

2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng;
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast;
And they who, with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,

For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

BERNARD OF CLUNY, 1145.
J. M. NEALE, tr., 1751.

Paradise of Joy.

For thee, O dear, dear Country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep.
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.

2 Oh, sweet and blessed Country,
The home of God's elect!
Oh, sweet and blessed Country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

BERNARD OF CLUNY, 1145.
NEALE, tr., 1751.
ETERNITY AND HEAVEN.

1. The sands of time are wasting, The dawn of heaven breaks; The summer
2. Oh, Christ, he is the fountain, The deep, sweet well of love; The streams of
3. Oh, I am my beloved's, And my beloved's mine; He brings a

morn I've sighed for, The fair, sweet morn awakes. Oh, dark hath been the midnight, earth I've tasted, More deep I'll drink above. There, to an ocean fullness, poor, vile sinner Into his house divine. Up on the Rock of Ages

But day-spring is at hand, And glory, glory dwell-eth In Immanuel's land. His mercy doth expand, And glory, glory dwell-eth In Immanuel's land. My soul, redeemed, shall stand, Where glory, glory dwell-eth In Immanuel's land.

513

Jerusalem, the glorious! The glory of th' elect,— O dear and future vision That eager hearts expect! Ev'n now by faith I see thee, Ev'n here thy walls discern; To thee my thoughts are kindled, And strive, and pant, and yearn!

2. The Cross is all thy splendor, The Crucified, thy praise; His laud and benediction Thy ransomed people raise;—

Jerusalem! exulting On that securest shore, I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee, And love thee evermore!

3. O sweet and blessed Country! Shall I e'er see thy face? O sweet and blessed Country! Shall I e'er win thy grace?— Exult, O dust and ashes! The Lord shall be thy part; His only, his forever, Thou shalt be, and thou art!

Bernard of Cluny, 1145.
Neale, tr. 1757.
514  The Heavenly Canaan. (1116)
There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

3 O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unclouded eyes—
Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

2 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall—
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.
There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

516  The Society of Heaven. (1126)
Jerusalem! my glorious home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee?
When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

2 Oh, when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?
There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

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

515 Heavenly Rest in Anticipation. (1118)
When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

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ETERNITY AND HEAVEN.

517 OVER THERE. P. M.

TULLIUS C. O'KANE.

1. Oh, think of the home over there, By the side of the river of light,
2. Oh, think of the friends over there, Who before us the journey have trod,
3. My Savior is now over there, There my kindred and friends are at rest;
4. I'll soon be at home over there, For the end of my journey I see;

Over there, over there, over there, over there.

Where the saints, all immortal and fair, Are robed in their garments of white, over there.
Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their home in the palace of God, over there.
Then away from my sorrow and care, Let me fly to the land of the blest, over there.
Many dear to my heart, over there, Are watching and waiting for me, over there.

Refrain:

Over there, over there, Oh, think of the home over there, over there;
Oh, think of the friends over there, over there;
Over there, over there, I'll soon be at home over there, over there;

Over there, over there, over there, Oh, think of the home over there.
Oh, think of the friends over there.
My Savior is now over there.

Over there, over there, I'll soon be at home over there.
THE LIFE BEYOND.

SWEET BY AND BY. P. M.

J. P. Webster.

1. There's a land that is fair-er than day, And by faith we can see it a - far;
2. We shall sing on that beautiful shore The me - lo - di - ous songs of the blest,
3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove We will of - fer the trib - ute of praise,
4. We shall rest on that beautiful shore, In the joys of the saved we shall share;
5. We shall meet, we shall sing, we shall reign, In the land where the saved never die;

For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way, To prepare us a dwelling-place there
And our spir - its shall sor - row no more, Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.
For the glo - ri - ous gift of his love, And the blessings that hallow our days.
All our pil - grim - age toil will be o' er, And the conqueror's crown we shall wear.
We shall rest, free from sorrow and pain, Safe at home in the sweet by and by.

S. F. BENNETT.

CHORUS.

In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore;
by and by, in the sweet by and by, by and by;

Repeat Chorus pp.

In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore.
by and by, in the sweet by and by,
ETERNITY AND HEAVEN.

REST FOR THE WEARY. 8s & 7s.

J. W. DABMBN, 1858.

1. In the Christian's home in glory, There remains a land of rest; Pain and sickness never shall enter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share; Sing, oh! sing, ye heirs of glory! Shout your triumph as you go;

2. He is fitting up my mansion, Which eternally shall stand, Death itself then be vanquished, And his sting shall be withdrawn; William Hunter, 1857.

3. Pain and sickness ne'er shall enter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share; Death itself then be vanquished, And his sting shall be withdrawn; Sing, oh! sing, ye heirs of glory! Shout your triumph as you go;

4. There is rest for the weary, There is rest for the weary, On the other side of Jordan, In the sweet fields of Eden,

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

H. BONAR.
1. There is an hour of peaceful rest To mourning wanderers given; There is a joy for
2. There is a soft, a downy bed, 'Tis fair as breath of even; A couch for weary
3. There is a home for weary souls, By sin and sorrow driven; When tossed on life's tem-
4. There faith lifts up her cheerful eye, To brighter prospects given; And views the tempest

souls distressed, A balm for ev'ry wounded breast—'Tis found above—in heav'n. mortals spread, Where they may rest the aching head, And find repose—in heav'n. pestuous shoals, Where storms arise, and ocean rolls, And all is dear—but heav'n. pass-ing by, The evening shadows quickly fly, And all serene—in heav'n.

Wm. B. Ta\(\text{p}\)pan, 1829.

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522 GOING HOME. L. M. Arr. by William Miller, M. D., 1854.

1. My heav'nly home is bright and fair; Nor pain nor death can enter there; Its glitt'ring tow'rs the sun outshine; That heav'nly mansion shall be mine.
2. My Father's house is built on high; Far, far above the star-ry sky; When from this earthly prison free, That heav'nly mansion mine shall be.
3. Let oth-ers seek a home below, Which flames devour, or waves overflow, Be mine a happier lot, to own A heav'nly mansion near the throne.
4. Then fail this earth, let stars decline, And sun and moon re-fuse to shine, All nature sink and cease to be, That heav'nly mansion stands for me.

Chorus.

I'm going home, I'm going home, I'm going home to die no more, To die no more, To die no more, I'm going home to die no more.

Rev. William Hunter.
ETERNITY AND HEAVEN.

523 SWEET HOME. 11s.  

SIR HENRY ROWLEY BISHOP.

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

2. Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace, And thrice precious sadness I roam, I long to behold thee in glory at home.

3. I sigh from this body of sin to be free, Which hinders my billows may foam, All, all will be peace, when I'm with thee at home.

4. While here in the valley of conflict I stay, Oh, give me submission with saints; To find at the banquet of Jesus whose love can not cease, Tho' oft from thy presence in joy and communion with thee; Tho' now my temptations like mission and strength as my day; In all my afflictions to thee would I come, Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

David Denham, 1826.

Home! home! sweet, sweet home! Prepare me, dear Savior, for glory, my home.
1. We shall meet beyond the river, By and by, by and by;
2. We shall strike the harps of glory, By and by, by and by;
3. We shall see and be like Jesus, By and by, by and by;
4. There our tears shall all cease flowing, By and by, by and by;

And the darkness shall be over, By and by, by and by;
We shall sing redemption's story, By and by, by and by;
Who a crown of life will give us, By and by, by and by;
And with sweetest rapture knowing, By and by, by and by;

With the toilsome journey done, And the glorious battle won,
And the strains for evermore Shall resound in sweetness o'er,
And the angels who fulfill All the mandates of his will
All the blest ones who have gone To the land of life and song—

We shall shine forth as the sun, By and by, by and by.
Yonder everlasting shore, By and by, by and by.
Shall attend, and love us still, By and by, by and by.
We with shoutings shall re-join, By and by, by and by.

Rev. John Atkinson.
ETERNITY AND HEAVEN.

525 DELIVERANCE WILL COME. 7s & 6s.
Rev. Jno. B. Matthias, 1836.

1. I saw a way-worn trav'ler, In tattered garments clad, He stopped his ears and run,
   His back was laden heav'y, His strength was almost gone, He stopped his ears and run,
2. The summer sun was shining, The sweat was on his brow, For he was wending home;
   But he kept press-ing on-ward, For he was wending home; For he was wending home;
3. The song-sters in the ar-bor That stood be-side the way That stood be-side the way
   His watchword be-ing "On-ward," He stopped his ears and run, He stopped his ears and run,

And strug-gling up the moun-tain, It seemed that he was sad;
Yet he shout-ed as he jour-neyed, De-liv-er-ance will come.
His gar-ments worn and dust-y, His step seemed ver-y slow;
Still shout-ing as he jour-neyed, De-liv-er-ance will come.
At-tract-ed his at-tention, In-vit-ing his de-lay;
Still shout-ing as he jour-neyed, De-liv-er-ance will come.

Refrain.

Then palms of vic-to-ry, crowns of glo-ry, Palms of vic-to-ry I shall wear.

4 I saw him in the evening,
   The sun was bending low, They bore him on their pinions
   He'd overtopped the moun-tain Safe o'er the dashing foam
   And reached the vale below; And joined him in his triumph,— Deliverance has come!
   He saw the golden city,— Deliverance has come!
   His ever-last-ing home,— Deliverance has come!
   And shouted loud, Hosanna, Deliverance has come!
5 While gazing on that city,
   Just o'er the narrow flood, They bore him on their pinions
   He shouted loud, Hosanna, Safe o'er the dashing foam,
   He saw the golden city,— Deliverance has come!
   His ever-last-ing home,— Deliverance has come!
   And shouted loud, Hosanna, Deliverance has come!
   Then, casting his eyes backward
   On the race which he had run, Deliverance has come!
   They bore him on their pinions
   Deliverance has come!

J. E. Matthias,
1. I will sing you a song of that beau-ti-ful land, The far a-way home
2. Oh, that home of the soul, in my vis-ions and dreams Its bright jasper walls
3. That unchangeable home is for you and for me, Where Je-sus of Naz-
4. Oh, how sweet it will be in that beau-ti-ful land, So free from all sor-

of the soul; Where no storms ev-er beat on the glit-ter-ing strand, While the years I can see; Till I fan-cy but thin-ly the veil in-ter-venes Bet-ween a-reth stands; The King of all kingdoms for-ev-er is he, And he hold-row and pain; With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands, To meet

of e-ter-ni-ty roll, While the years of e-ter-ni-ty roll; Where no storms the fair cit-y and me, Be-tween the fair cit-y and me; Till I fan-eth our crowns in his hands, And he holdeth our crowns in his hands; The King one an-oth-er a-gain, To meet one an-oth-er a-gain; With songs

ev-er beat on the glit-ter-ing strand, While the years of e-ter-ni-ty roll. cy but thin-ly the veil in-ter-venes Be-tween the fair cit-y and me, of all kingdoms for-ev-er is he, And he hold-eth our crowns in his hands. on our lips and with harps in our hands, To meet one an-oth-er a-gain.

MRS. ELLEN H. GATES.
ETERNITY AND HEAVEN.

FOREVER WITH THE LORD. S. M. D.

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. "For-ev-er with the Lord!" A-men, so let it be; Life from the
dead is in that word, 'Tis im-mor-tal-i-ty. Here in the bod-y pent,
yet doubts still in-ter-vene, And all my com-fort flies; Like No-ah's
faith's aspir-ing eye Thy gold-en gates ap-pear. Ah! then my spir-it faints
dove, I flit between Rough seas and stormy skies. A-non the clouds de-part,

2. My Father's house on high, Home of my soul, how near, At times, to
Ab-sent from him, I roam, Yet night-ly pitch my mov-ing tent A day's march
Home of my soul, how near,

3. Yet doubts still in-ter-vene, And all my com-fort flies; Like No-ah's
The wind and waters cease, While sweet-ly o'er my gladdened heart Expands the

near-er home; Near-er home, near-er home, A day's march near-er home.
bow of peace: Bow of peace, bow of peace, Ex-pands the bow of peace.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1835.
1. On Jordan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye
2. O'er all those wide-extend-ed plains Shines one e-ter-nal day;
3. When shall I reach that hap-py place, And be for-ev-er blest?
4. Filled with de-light, my raptured soul Would here no long-er stay;

To Canaan's fair and hap-py land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie.
There God the Son for-ev-er reigns, And scat-ters night a-way.
When shall I see my Fa-ther's face, And in his bo-som rest?
Tho' Jordan's waves a-round me roll, Fear-less I'd launch a-way.

Chorus.

We will rest in the fair and hap-py land, (by and by), Just a-
cross on the ev-er-green shore, ... Sing the song of Mo-ses
and the Lamb, by and by, And dwell with Je-sus ev-er-more.
Shall we gather at the river Where bright angel feet have trod;
On the margin of the river Washing up its silver spray,
Ere we reach the shining river Lay we ev'ry burden down;
At the smiling of the river Mirror of the Savior's face,
Soon we'll reach the silver river, Soon our pilgrim-age will cease;

With its crystal tide forever Flowing by the throne of God.
We will walk and worship ever, All the happy, golden day.
Grace our spirits will deliver, And provide a robe and crown.
Saints whom death will never sever Lift their songs of saving grace.
Soon our happy hearts will quiver With the melody of peace.

Chorus.
Yes, we'll gather at the river, The beautiful, the beautiful river,
Gather with the saints at the river That flow by the throne of God.
THE LIFE BEYOND.

THE FUTURE. Ss & 7s. D.

A. A. ARMEN.

1. Oh, I oft-en sit and ponder, When the sun is sink-ing low, Where shall
2. Shall I be at work for Je-sus, Whilst he leads me by the hand, And to
3. But perhaps my work for Jesus Soon in fu-ture may be done, All my

yon-der fu-ture find me? Does but God in heaven know? Shall I be a-
those around be saying, Come and join this hap-py band? Come, for all things
earth-ly tri-als end-ed, And my crown in heav-en won; Then for-ev-er

mong the liv-ing? Shall I be a-mong the free? Where-so-e'er my path be
now are read-y, Come, his faith-ful foll’wer be; Oh, where’er my path be
with the ran-somed Thro’ e-ter-ni-ty I’d be Chant-ing hymns to him who

leading, Savior, keep my heart with thee.
leading, Savior, keep my heart with thee. Oh, the fu-
ture lies before me,
bo’t me With his blood, shed on a tree. Oh, the future lies before me, and I know not where I’ll be,

MISS JENNIE STOUT.

And I know ... not where I’ll be; But where’er ... my
Oh, the fu-ture lies be-fore me, and I know not where I’ll be: But where-er my path be lead-ing.
ETERNITY AND HEAVEN.

THE FUTURE: Concluded.

path be leading, Savior, keep ... my heart with thee.
Savior, keep my heart with thee, But where'er my path be leading, Savior, keep my heart with thee.

GOING HOME AT LAST. 7s & 6s.

1. The evening shades are falling, The sun is sinking fast; The
2. The road's been long and dreary, The toils came thick and fast; In
3. We now are nearing heaven, And soon shall be at rest; Our
4. Oh, praise the Lord forever, Our sorrows are all past; We'll

CHORUS.

Holy One is calling, We're going home at last.

bod - y weak and wea - ry, We're going home at last. Going home at last,
crowns will soon be giv - en, We're going home at last.

part no more, no, nev - er; We are at home at last.

Going home at last; The march will soon be over, We're going home at last.
1. I think when I read that sweet story of old, When Jesus was here among men, How he called little children as lambs to his fold, I should like to have been with them then.

2. I wish that his hands had been placed on my head, His arms had been thrown around me, And that I might have seen his kind look when he said, "Let the little ones come unto me," I should like to have been with them then, lit -tle ones come un -to me.

3. Yet still to his footstool in pray'r I may go, And ask for a share in his arms, I should like to have been with them then, lit -tle ones come un -to me." Let the lit -tle ones come un -to me," see him and hear him a -bove. I shall see him and hear him a -bove.

4. And wish his hands had been placed on my head, His arms had been thrown around me, If I now earn-est ly seek him be -low, I shall like to have been with them then, lit -tle ones come un -to me.

REFRAIN. And if I now earn-est ly seek him be -low, I shall see him and hear him a -bove. I shall see him and hear him a -bove.

Fine. Refrain.

MRS. JEMIMA LUKE, 1841.

533 SILOAM. C. M.

By cool Siloam's shady rill How fair the lily grows! How sweet the breath, beneath the hill, Of Sharon's dew -y rose!

I. B. Woodbury, 1850.

With gentleness.

Sharon's dew - y rose! Must short-ly fade a-way.

Whose se -cret heart, with influence sweet, Is up -ward drawn to God. And storm -y pas-sion's rage.

The rose that blooms beneath the hill, Must short-ly fade a-way.

Reginald Heber, 1812.

Reginald Heber, 1812.
534  A New House of Worship.  (1176)

God of the universe! to thee
This sacred house we rear,
And now, with songs and bended knee,
Invoke thy presence here.

2 Long may this echoing dome resound
The praises of thy name,
These hallowed walls to all around
The Triune God proclaim.

3 Here let thy love, thy presence dwell;
Thy glory here make known;
Thy people's home, oh! come and fill,
And seal it as thine own.

4 And, when the last long Sabbath morn
Upon the just shall rise,
May all who own thee here be borne
To mansions in the skies.

Miss Mary O——, 1841.

535  Church Opening.

Arise, O King of grace, arise,
And enter to thy rest;
Lo! thy church waits, with longing eyes,
Thus to be owned and blest.

2 Enter with all thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and thy word;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.

3 Here, mighty God, accept our vows,
Here let thy praise be spread;
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And fill thy poor with bread.

4 Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's Anointed shine;
Justice and truth his court maintain,
With love and power divine.

5 Here let him hold a lasting throne,
And as his kingdom grows,
Fresh honors shall adorn his crown,
And shame confound his foes.

Isaac Watts.

536  Temperance Meeting.  (1186)

'Tis thine alone, almighty Name,
To raise the dead to life,
The lost inebriate to reclaim
From passion's fearful strife.

2 What ruin hath intemperance wrought,
How widely roll its waves!
How many myriads hath it brought
To fill dishonored graves!

3 And see, O Lord! what numbers still
Are maddened by the bowl,
Led captive at the tyrant's will,
In bondage heart and soul!

4 Stretch forth thy hand, O God, our King!
And break the galling chain;
Deliverance to the captive bring,
And end th' usurper's reign.

5 The cause of Temperance is thine own,
Our plans and efforts bless;
We trust, O Lord! in thee alone
To crown them with success.

Edwin F. Hatfield, 1872.
MISCELLANEOUS.

537 LET US ARISE. P. M.

E. S. Lorenz.

1. Do you slumber in your tent, Christian soldier, While the foe is spreading
2. Can you sleep while homes are rent, Christian soldier? Are not heavens turned to
3. Can you linger in your tent, Christian soldier? Satan's smiling o'er your
4. Let us rise in holy wrath, Christian soldiers, Crush the evil 'neath the

woe thro' the land? Do you note his rising pow'r, Growing bolder ev'ry
hells by his pow'r? Mark you not the mother's sigh? Hear you not the children's
idle delay; Thousands perish while you wait, While you counsel and de-
heel of our might! Counting cost, no longer wait; Forward, manhood of the

D. S. Tho' our numbers may be few, God will lead us grand-ly

Fine. CHORUS.

hour? Will he not our land devour while you stand?
cry? See you not their loved ones die ev'ry hour? Let us a-rise! all u-nite!
bate; Heed you not their aw-ful fate as they stray?
state! For in God your strength is great for the right.

E. S. Lorenz.

thro'; And our arms with strength endue by his might.

D. S.

Let us a-rise in our might! Let us a-rise! speak for God and the right.
Un-furl the Temp'rance Banner, And fling it to the breeze, And let the

2 The drunkard shall not perish
In Alcohol's dire chain,
But wife and children cherish
Within his home again;
And sobered men, repenting,
Will bow at Jesus' feet,
Their thankful hearts relenting
Before the mercy-seat.

3 A new-waked zeal is burning
In this and every land,
And thousands now are turning
To join our temp'rance band;
The light of truth is shining
In many a darkened soul;
Ere long its rays combining
Will blaze from pole to pole.

For what we now behold— Oh let the cheering story
In ev'ry ear be told.

539 The Crystal Fountain. (1193)

From brightest crystal fountain
That flows in beauty free,
By shady hill and mountain
Fill high the cup for me!
Sing of the sparkling waters,
Sing of the cooling spring—
Let freedom's sons and daughters
Their joyous tribute bring.

2 From many a happy dwelling
Late misery's dark abode,
The joyous peal is swelling—
The hymn of praise to God,
Glad songs are now ascending
From many a thankful heart,
Hope, Joy, and Peace are blending
And each their aid impart.

3 We'll join the tuneful chorus
And raise our song on high!
The cheering view before us
Delights the raptured eye;
The glorious cause is gaining
New strength from day to day,
The drunkard host is waning
Before cold water's sway.
HEBRON. L. M.

Lowell Mason, 1830.

1. An earthly temple here we raise, Lord God, our Savior! to thy praise;
   Within the house thy servants rear, Deign by thy Spirit to appear;
   And when this temple, “made with hands,” Up on its firm foundation stands,
   Where every polished stone shall be A human soul won back to thee;

Oh! make thy gracious presence known, While now we lay its corner-stone.
On all its walls salvation write, From corner-stone to topmost height.
Oh! may we all with loving heart, In nobler building bear a part:
All resting up - on Christ alone,—The chief and precious Corner-Stone.

CHESTERFIELD. C. M.

Thomas Haweis, 1792.

1. Lord! while for all mankind we pray, Of every clime and coast,
2. Oh! guard our shore from every foe, With peace our borders bless,
3. Unite us in the sacred love Of knowledge, truth, and thee;
4. Lord of the nations! thus to thee Our country we commend;

Oh! hear us for our native land,—The land we love the most.
With prosperous times our cities crown, Our fields with plenteous-ness.
And let our hills and valleys shout The songs of liberty.
Be thou her Refuge and her Trust, Her ever-lasting friend.

John Reynell Wreford, 1837.
AMERICA. 6s & 4s.  
Adapted by Henry Carey, obit. 1743.

My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty,  Of thee I sing: Land where my fathers died! Land of the pilgrim's pride! From every mountain side Let freedom ring!

2 For her our prayer shall rise  
To God above the skies;  
On him we wait;  
Thou, who art ever nigh,  
Guardian with watchful eye!  
To thee aloud we cry,—  
God save the state!  

John S. Dwight, 1844.

Our Native Land.  

God bless our native land!  
Firm may she ever stand,  
Through storm and night;  
When the wild tempests rave,  
Ruler of winds and wave!  
Do thou our country save,  
By thy great might.
OUR GLAD JUBILEE. P. M.  Wm. F. Sherwin.

1. Wake, wake the song! our glad ju-bi-lee Once more we hail with

2. March-ing to Zi-on, dear bless-ed home! Lord, by thy mer-cy

3. Yet once a-gain the an-them re-pet, Join ev’ry voice the

D. C. wake, wake the song! our glad ju-bi-lee Once more we hail with

sweet mel-o-dy, Bringing our hymns of praise unto thee, O most ho-ly Lord!

hith-er we come; Guide us, we pray, where’er we may roam, Keep us in thy fear;

Mas-ter to greet; Love’s sacri-fice we lay at his feet, In his temple now;

sweet mel-o-dy, Bringing our hymns of praise unto thee, O most ho-ly Lord!

Praise for thy care by day and by night, Praise for the homes by love made so bright;

Fill ev’ry soul with love all di-vine, Now cause thy face up-on us to shine;

Je-sus, ac-cept the offering we bring, Blending with song the o-dors of spring:

Thanks for the pure and soul-cheering light Beaming from thy word. Then

Grant that our hearts may be tru-ly thine All the com-ing year. Then

Still of thy wondrous love we will sing, Till in heaven we bow. Then

W. F. Sherwin.
MISCELLANEOUS.

1. Praise to God! immortal praise, For the love that crowns our days;
2. For the flocks that roam the plain, Yellow sheaves of ripened grain,
3. All that spring, with bounteous hand, Scatters o'er the smiling land,
4. Lord, for these our souls shall raise Grateful vows and solemn praise;

Bounteous Source of ev'ry joy, Let thy praise our tongues employ,
Clouds that drop their fatt'ning dews, Suns that temperate warmth diffuse;
All that liberal autumn pours From her rich, o'erflowing stores;
And, when ev'ry blessing's flown, Love thee for thyself a lone.

Mrs. Anna L. Barbauld, 1772.

1. Rocked in the cradle of the deep, I lay me down in peace to sleep;
2. I know thou wilt not slight my call, For thou dost mark the sparrow's fall;
3. And such the trust that still were mine, Tho' stormy winds swept o'er the brine;
4. In ocean cave still safe with thee, The germ of immortal-ity;

Secure I rest upon the wave, For thou, O Lord, hast power to save.
And calm and peaceful is my sleep, Rocked in the cradle of the deep.
Or tho' the tempest's fiery breath Roused me from sleep to wreck and death.
And calm and peaceful is my sleep, Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

Mrs. Willard.
Let us anew. P. M.

Unknown.

1. Come, let us anew Our journey pursue—Roll round with the year, And never stand still till the Master appear; His adorable way, And the fugitive moment refuses to stay; The arrow is through; I have finished the work thou didst give me to do;" Oh, that each from his will Let us gladly fulfill, And our talents improve By the patience of flown; The moment is gone; The millennial year Rushes on to our Lord May receive the glad word, "Well and faithfully done; Enter into my hope and the labor of love, By the patience of hope and the labor of love, view, and eternity's near, Rushes on to our view, and eternity's near, joy and sit down on my throne, Enter into my joy and sit down on my throne."

Charles Wesley, 1752.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>INDEX OF TUNES.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>PAGE.</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ABT. ..........</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alas and Did...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aletta.........</td>
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<tr>
<td>All Around.....</td>
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<tr>
<td>All Hallows...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>All Saints...</td>
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<tr>
<td>All to Christ...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Almost Persuad...</td>
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<tr>
<td>America.......</td>
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<tr>
<td>Antioch...</td>
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<tr>
<td>Anvern.........</td>
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<td>Are you ready...</td>
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<td>A Shelter in...</td>
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<td>Evening Pray...</td>
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<td>Every Day...</td>
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<td>Pading, Still...</td>
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<td>Ferguson...</td>
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<td>Fill Me Now...</td>
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<td>Fix Your Eye...</td>
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<td>Forever with...</td>
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<td>Foundation...</td>
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<td>Frederick...</td>
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<tr>
<td>Give Me the...</td>
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<tr>
<td>Gloria Patri...</td>
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<td>Glorious Fou...</td>
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<td>Glory to His...</td>
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<tr>
<td>God be with...</td>
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<td>God is Love...</td>
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<tr>
<td>Going Home...</td>
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<td>Greenville...</td>
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<td>HALLELUJAH...</td>
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<tr>
<td>Hallelujah...</td>
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<td>Hallowed Spot...</td>
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<td>Hamburg...</td>
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<td>Happy Day...</td>
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<td>Pendon...</td>
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<td>Henry...</td>
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<td>Hide Thou Me...</td>
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<td>Hope...</td>
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<td>Horton...</td>
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<td>How Can I...</td>
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<td>How I Love...</td>
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<td>Hudson...</td>
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<td>Hursley...</td>
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<td>I AM LISTEN...</td>
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<td>I Cannot Do...</td>
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<td>I Do Believe...</td>
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<td>I'll Live for...</td>
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<tr>
<td>I Love to Tell...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Immanuel's...</td>
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<tr>
<td>I Need Thee...</td>
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<tr>
<td>Invitation...</td>
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<tr>
<td>Is My Name...</td>
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<td>Is Not this the...</td>
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<td>It is Well with...</td>
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<td>I Will Arise...</td>
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<td>JESUS IS CALL...</td>
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<td>Jesus Saves...</td>
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<td>All Saints</td>
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<td>Just as Thou Art</td>
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<td>Justina</td>
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<td>Lord of All Being</td>
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<td>Loving Kindness</td>
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<td>Lowry</td>
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<td>Mendon</td>
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<td>Missionary Chant</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Newcomer</td>
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<td>Old Hundred</td>
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<td>Olive's Brow</td>
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<td>Olivet</td>
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<td>Oriol</td>
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<td>Overberg</td>
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<td>Park Street</td>
</tr>
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<td>Rest</td>
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<td>Retreat</td>
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<td>Rockbridge</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Seasons</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sessions</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sweet Hour of Prayer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Stranger</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Solid Rock</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Triumph</td>
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<td>Truro</td>
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<td>Uxbridge</td>
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<td>Welton</td>
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<td>Woodworth</td>
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<td>Zephry</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>C. M.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Alas and Did</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>All Hallows</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Antioch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arlington</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>As Pans the Hart</td>
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<td>At the Cross</td>
</tr>
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<td>Carol</td>
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<td>Chesterfield</td>
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<tr>
<td>China</td>
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<tr>
<td>Christmas</td>
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<tr>
<td>Cleansing Fountain</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Coronation</td>
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<tr>
<td>Cowper</td>
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<tr>
<td>Devizes</td>
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<tr>
<td>Downs</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dundee</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Elizabethtown</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Evan</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Glorious Fountain</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harvey's Chant</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

| Heber | 54 |
| Henry | 153 |
| How I Love | 155 |
| I Do Believe | 122 |
| Invitation | 51 |
| Judgment | 267 |
| Maitland | 216, 233 |
| Manoah | 38 |
| Marlow | 211, 267 |
| Mear | 22 |
| Melody | 89 |
| Miles' Lane | 74 |
| Naomi | 192 |
| Notting Hill | 212 |
| On Jordan's Stormy | 286 |
| Only Trust Him | 127 |
| Ortonville | 134, 152 |
| Peterborough | 192 |
| Remember Me | 59 |
| Rhine (new) | 135 |
| Seeds of Promise | 223 |
| Siloam | 91, 284 |
| St. Agnes | 154 |
| St. Martins | 236 |
| Stephens | 82 |
| Swanwick | 285 |
| The Cleansing | 149 |
| The Cross | 60 |
| Varina | 175, 270 |
| Warwick | 68 |
| Woodland | 274 |
| Woodstock | 68 |
| Zerah | 47 |

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>S. M.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Badea</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Boylston</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Braden</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Capello</td>
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<td>Dennis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dunbar</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ferguson</td>
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<tr>
<td>Forever with the Lord</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gates of Praise</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gerar</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gorton</td>
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<tr>
<td>Greenwood</td>
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<td>Hudson</td>
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<td>Kentucky</td>
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<td>Laban</td>
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<tr>
<td>Landis</td>
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<tr>
<td>Leighton</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lisbon</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Luther</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Olmutz</td>
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<tr>
<td>Owen</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shirland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Silver Street</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>State Street</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>St. Thomas</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thanatopsis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thatcher</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vigil</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Welcome Voice</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We're Marching to Zion</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Whitefield</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**H. M.**

| Lenox | 96 |
| Lischer | 25 |

**C. P. M.**

| Ariel | 159 |
| Meribah | 266 |

**8s.**

| De Fleury | 170 |
| Under His Wings | 263 |

**8s & 7s.**

| Abt | 80 |
| Are You Ready | 114 |
| Austria | 240 |
| Autumn | 139 |
| Bartimeus | 133 |
| Bavaria | 54 |
| Come, Ye Sinners | 112 |
| Dorrnance | 254 |
| Ellesdie | 138 |
| Essex | 219 |
| Evening Prayer | 28 |
| Even Me | 140 |
| Faben | 43 |
| Fill Me Now | 86 |
| Geinsheim | 138 |
| Hallelujah | 15 |
| Harwell | 73 |
| He is Calling | 108 |
| I am Listening | 121 |
| Is Not this the Land | 151 |
| I Will Arise | 113 |
| Lebanon Valley | 77 |
| Let Us Praise Him To-day | 16 |
| Mannheim | 43 |
| Middletown | 80 |
| Nettleton | 177 |
| Rathburn | 64 |
| Rest for the Weary | 273 |
| Shall We Gather | 281 |
| Shining Shore | 261 |
| Sicily | 19 |
| St. Sylvester | 257 |
| Stockwell | 39 |
| The Future | 282 |
| What a Friend | 213 |
| Wilmot | 14 |

**8s, 7s & 4s.**

| Greenville | 112 |
| Segur | 191 |
| Zion | 239, 243 |

**8s & 4s.**

| Elliott | 189 |
| He Knows it All | 204 |

**8s & 6s.**

| Draw Me to Thee | 145 |
| Thou Thinkest | 187 |

**7s.**

| Aletta | 212, 253 |
| Atoning Lamb | 157 |
| Christ Receiveth | 94 |
| Dallas | 35 |
| Depth of Mercy | 95 |
| Easter Hymn | 69 |
| Entire Consecration | 144 |
| Every Day and Hour | 162 |
| Fulton | 179 |
| Heavenly King | 157 |
| Hendon | 18, 164 |
| Herald Angel | 49 |
| Herald | 247 |
| Holy Spirit | 54 |
| Homeward | 62 |
| Horton | 14, 193 |
| Last Hope | 26 |
| Laudo | 291 |

**Martyn | 178**

| Nuremberg | 69 |
| Oron | 63 |
| Pilot | 179 |
| Pleyel | 70, 84 |
| Refuge | 178 |
| Sabbath | 25 |
| Salvator Mundi | 63 |
| Seymour | 30 |
| Spanish Hymn | 26, 102 |
| Till He Come | 255 |
| Toplady | 62 |
| Trusting | 142 |
| Trusting Jesus | 201 |

**7s & 6s**

| Deliverance | 277 |
| Dillenburg | 247 |
| Ewing | 268 |
| Going Home at Last | 283 |
| I Cannot Do Without Thee | 141 |
| I Love to Tell | 228 |
| Immanuel's Land | 269 |
| Mendebas | 23 |
| Miriam | 57 |
| Missionary Hymn | 244 |
| Rhinehart | 113 |
| Salvation Morning | 50 |
| Waring | 181 |
| Webb | 156, 234, 245, 287 |

**6s & 4s**

| America | 233, 289 |
| Bethany | 163 |
| Dort | 72 |
| Hope | 163 |
| Italy (Italian Hymn) | 39 |
| New Haven | 161 |
| Olivet | 81, 161 |
| To-day | 111 |

**11s.**

| Consolation | 194 |
| Foundation | 195 |
| Frederick | 260 |
| Goshen | 107 |
| Oh, Sing of His Mighty | 183 |
| Portuguese Hymn | 194 |
| Sweet Home | 275 |
| Whiter Than Snow | 147 |

**P. M.**

<p>| All Around the World | 246 |
| All to Christ | 97 |</p>
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>METRICAL INDEX.</th>
<th>297</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>PAGE.</strong></td>
<td><strong>PAGE.</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Almost Persuaded</td>
<td>Is Your Lamp</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Are You Washed</td>
<td>It is Well with My Soul</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>As Fade the Stars</td>
<td>I Want to be a Worker</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bringing in the Sheaves</td>
<td>Jesus is Calling</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cast Thy Burden</td>
<td>Jesus Saves</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come to Jesus</td>
<td>Jewett</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come to the Cross</td>
<td>Joy Cometh</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come, Ye Disconsolate</td>
<td>Let Him in</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Consolation</td>
<td>Let Us Anew</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Convert</td>
<td>Let Us Arise</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crown After Cross</td>
<td>Draw Me Nearer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Draw Me Nearer</td>
<td>Fix Your Eyes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eventide</td>
<td>Fading, Still Fading</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fading, Still Fading</td>
<td>Follow On</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fix Your Eyes</td>
<td>Give Me the Bible</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Follow On</td>
<td>Gloria Patri</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Give Me the Bible</td>
<td>Glory to His Name</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gloria Patri</td>
<td>God be with You</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Glory to His Name</td>
<td>God is Love</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>God be with You</td>
<td>Hallelujah, 'Tis Done</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>God is Love</td>
<td>Hallowed Spot</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hallelujah, 'Tis Done</td>
<td>Hide Thou Me</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hallowed Spot</td>
<td>Home of the Soul</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hide Thou Me</td>
<td>How Can I but Love Him</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Home of the Soul</td>
<td>I'll Live for Him</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>How Can I but Love Him</td>
<td>I Need Thee</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I'll Live for Him</td>
<td>Is My Name Written There</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I Need Thee</td>
<td>Is Your Lamp</td>
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<td>Is My Name Written There</td>
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<td>As Fade the Stars</td>
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<td>Bringing in the Sheaves</td>
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<td>Come to the Cross</td>
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<td>Come, Ye Disconsolate</td>
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<td>Consolation</td>
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<td>Give Me the Bible</td>
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<td>Glory to His Name</td>
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<td>Glory to His Name</td>
<td>God be with You</td>
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<td>God be with You</td>
<td>God is Love</td>
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<tr>
<td>God is Love</td>
<td>Hallelujah, 'Tis Done</td>
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<td>Hallowed Spot</td>
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<td>Hallowed Spot</td>
<td>Hide Thou Me</td>
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<td>Hide Thou Me</td>
<td>Home of the Soul</td>
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<td>Home of the Soul</td>
<td>How Can I but Love Him</td>
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<tr>
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<td>I'll Live for Him</td>
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<tr>
<td>I'll Live for Him</td>
<td>I Need Thee</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I Need Thee</td>
<td>Is My Name Written There</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
INDEX OF SUBJECTS.

AFFLICTION.
Deliverance from, 359, 363, 366, 369, 382, 505.
ANGELS. 26, 94, 96, 97, 101, 102, 103.
ASPIRATION FOR.
God, 238, 258, 262, 273, 311, 349, 393.
Heaven, 406, 498, 499, 500, 511, 513, 515, 516, 522, 528, 530, 531.
Holiness, 263, 274, 281, 339, 331.
ASSURANCE.
Accepted, 182, 196, 199, 235, 238, 239, 244, 522.
Needed, 178, 180, 181, 183, 184, 185, 190.
Provided, 182, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 201.
Sufficient, 197, 198, 199, 200, 208, 209, 213, 217.
AT SEA. 547.
BACKSLIDING. 234, 271, 330.
BAPTISM. (See Ordinances.)
CHILDREN. 483, 532, 533.
CHRIST.
Advocate, 155, 157, 301.
Ascension of, 148, 159, 152, 153.
Captain of Salvation, 296, 424, 425, 427, 428.
Childhood of, 106.
Conqueror, 141, 142, 152, 153, 156.
Death of, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 135, 137.
Divinity of, 100, 162, 286.
Entry into Jerusalem, 112.
Exaltation of, 146, 151, 152, 153, 154, 162
First Advent of, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 101, 102, 103.
High Priest, 155, 157, 163, 195, 196.
Humanity of, 96, 106, 107, 290.
Humility of, 104, 107, 109, 114, 290.
Incarnation of, 100, 290.
Love of, 22, 114, 116, 123, 128, 133, 134-139, 140, 155, 157, 163, 302, 342, 343.
Man of Sorrows, 104, 107, 117, 118, 120.
Miracles of, 105, 110.
Names of, 239, 287, 288, 292, 294, 295.
Praise to, 29, 162, 163, 288, 289, 290, 298, 299, 300, 301, 315, 319, 320, 328, 329.
Prince of Peace, 94, 287, 300.
Prophet, 287, 295.
Resurrection of, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 147, 149.
Second Advent of, 158, 159, 160, 161.
Shepherd, 45, 201, 295, 323, 344, 350.
Sufferings of, 117, 118, 119, 120, 123.
Teachings of, 109.
Transfiguration of, 113.
CHRISTIAN ACTIVITY.
Aggressiveness, 408, 411, 412, 416.
Charity, 402, 410, 412, 544.
Christian Race, 401, 415.
Faithfulness, 405, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 413, 421, 422.
Speaking for Christ, 419, 420.
Trials and Rewards, 400, 409, 414, 417, 418, 426.
CHRISTIAN CHURCH.
Afflicted, 433, 441, 444.
Beloved, 435.
Glory of, 438, 443.
Prayer for, 439, 439, 442.
Progress of, 433, 434, 444. (See missions.)
Revived, 436, 441, 442.
Security of, 431, 432, 440.
Eternity. 507, 527. (See Heaven.)

Evening. 54-60.

Faith and Trust.

Founded on God's Word, 368, 369, 373.
God's Faithfulness Accepted, 355, 356, 358, 366, 370, 371.
Power of Faith, 357, 362, 364, 376.

Family Worship. (See Morning, Evening, Praise, Prayer.)

God's Attributes.
Being of, 85.
Eternity of, 74, 78, 84.
Faithfulness of, 72.
Fatherhood of, 80.
Glory of, 88.
Goodness of, 83, 92.
Incomprehensibleness of, 77, 81.
Infinity of, 74, 77, 81.
King, 12, 28, 86.
Love of, 87, 91, 93.
Majesty of, 8, 86, 82.
Mercy of, 5, 10, 20, 25.
Omnipotence of, 3, 21, 24, 73, 79, 86.
Omnipresence of, 7.
 Omniscience of, 379.
Perfections of, 79, 80.
Providence of, 77, 81.
Trinity, 1, 2, 6, 27, 75, 76, 90.
Unchangeableness of, 74, 78.
Wisdom of, 15, 87, 89.

Gospel.
Fullness of, 123, 125, 127, 163, 187, 190, 201, 215, 217, 225, 244.
Glory of, 62, 188, 304, 313, 315, 316.
Triumph of, 64, 67, 439, 443, 449, 451, 252, 453, 458, 460.

Graces and Privileges.
Adoption, 337, 352.
Contentment, 343.
Divine Care, 335, 338, 347, 351, 353.

Growth in Grace, 339, 331, 332, 336, 342, 344, 364.
Guidance, 171, 341, 360, 362, 375, 381.
Peace, 265, 333, 334, 346, 349, 358.
Refuge, 340, 348, 350.
Safety, 321, 326, 328, 345, 356.

Heaven.
Anticipated, 484, 486, 487, 496, 498, 499, 500.
Beauty of, 510, 514.
Glory of, 512, 513.
Home, 517, 522, 523, 526, 531.
Joy of, 511, 514, 515, 518, 520, 524.
Rest of, 519, 521, 528.
Reward, 525, 527.
INDEX OF SUBJECTS.

HOLY SCRIPTURES.
A Light, 63, 64, 69.
A Treasure, 62, 65, 66, 68.
Perfections of, 71.

HOLY SPIRIT.
Assurance of, 167, 169, 174, 315.
Descent of, 168, 173, 177.
Desire for, 166, 168, 175, 177.
Grieving, The, 166, 235.

INVITATION.
Accepted Time, The, 203, 205, 207, 210, 214, 216, 218, 221, 222.
Call of the Spirit, 212.
Christ’s Call, 202, 204, 206, 208, 211, 213, 214, 215, 219, 220, 222, 223, 224.
Delay, 203, 205, 207, 210, 215, 216, 218, 221, 222.
Offered Blessing, The, 209, 217, 225.

JUDGMENT.

LIFE.
Brevity of, 486, 487, 496, 498, 499, 500.
Solemnity of, 507.

LOVE TO CHRIST.
All-Absorbing Love, 292, 293, 305, 322, 325, 327.
Glorying in Christ, 162, 163, 304.
Joy in Christ, 287, 291, 297, 312, 313, 316, 323.
Perfection Appreciated, 302, 303.

LOVE TO MEN.
For Souls, 402, 405, 409, 410, 411, 412, 420.
For Brethren. (See Church Fellowship.)

MAN A SINNER.
Evil Heart, 179, 181.
Guilt, 178, 180, 182, 183.
Helplessness, 178, 181, 184, 185, 253.

MINISTRY.
Glorious Task, 445, 450.
Missionaries, 448, 452, 456, 458.
Ordination, 465.
Prayer for, 462, 463, 464.
Preparation of, 461, 462, 464.

MISSIONS.
Home Missions, 447, 456, 458.
Need of Effort, 446, 451, 455.
Prayer for, 449, 454.
Success of, 445, 448, 449, 450, 452, 453, 457, 459.

MORAL REFORM.
408, 409, 537

MORNING.
52, 53.

NATIONAL.
541, 542, 543.

NEARNESS TO GOD.

NEW YEAR.
545, 548.

ORDINANCES.
Baptism, 474, 482, 483.
The Lord’s Supper, 475-481. (See Sufferings, Death of Christ, Cross, Atonement.)

PARTING.
33, 34, 51, 61, 448.

POOR, THE.
402, 410, 412, 544.

PRAISE.
Adoration, 13, 18, 19.
Continual, 9, 12, 14, 16, 26.
For God’s Mercy, 5, 10, 17, 26, 25, 28.
For Salvation, 11, 22, 23, 29, 288, 315, 316.
To Christ, 11, 288. (See Christ.)
To the Creator, 3, 7, 8, 15, 21, 24, 89.
To the Trinity, 1, 2, 6, 27, 75, 76, 90.

PRAYER.
Constancy in, 397, 399.
Delight in, 386, 387, 388, 393.
For Grace, 389, 394.
Nature of, 385, 391.

PROMISES.
209, 252, 334, 347, 373, 398.

REPENTANCE.
Pardon Implored, 233, 238, 239, 240.
Sin Deplored, 232, 241.
Spirit Entreated, 234.

REVIVAL.
330, 436, 442.

SABBATH DAY.
Day of Rest, 45.
Day of Worship, 45, 48.
Delight, A, 14, 44, 46.
Sabbath Evening, 51.

SANCTUARY.
Beauty of, 30, 35, 36, 37, 40, 42.
Beginning of Service, 32, 38, 39, 53.
Christ’s Presence in, 36.
Close of Service, 33, 34, 57, 61.
Dedication of, 41.

SIN.
Confession of, 178, 179, 180, 182, 194, 232, 233.
Forgiveness of, 182, 185, 186, 187, 190, 193, 196, 197, 233.
Native, 179, 180, 181, 182, 184, 185.
Universal, 178, 181, 183, 185.

TEMPERANCE.
536, 537, 538, 539.

THANKSGIVING.
4, 5, 10, 13, 17, 21, 25, 28, 545, 546.

WARNING.
Way of Death, 227, 228, 229, 231.
INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

ABIDE with me, fast falls the eventide..... 56
A charge to keep I have.................... 403
A few more years shall roll................ 466
Again our earthly cares we leave........ 40
Ah! how shall fallen man................ 428
Alas! and did my Savior bleed........ 121
All hail the power of Jesus' name....... 120
"Almost persuaded," now to believe....... 221
Amazing grace! how sweet the sound........ 323
Am I a soldier of the cross............ 436
Amid the trials which I meet............. 333
And are we yet alive..................... 473
And can I yet delay...................... 249
And let our bodies part.................. 472
And let this feeble body fail........... 494
And must I be to judgment brought....... 509
An earthly temple here we raise........ 540
Angel, roll the rock away............... 144
Angels rejoiced and sweetly sung........ 142
A pilgrim through this lonely world..... 197
Approach my soul the mercy seat........ 240
Are there no wounds for me............. 127
Are you Christ's light-bearer........... 421
Are you weary, are you heavy hearted..... 392
Arisè, my soul, arise................... 158
Arisè, O King of grace, arise......... 535
Arisè, ye saints, arise.................. 425
Arm of the Lord, awake, awake........ 450
Ascend thy throne, almighty King....... 449
As fade the stars at morn away.......... 102
Ask ye, what great thing I know......... 313
Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep........ 489
As pants the hart for cooling stream..... 349
Astonished and distressed.............. 349
A throne of grace! then let us go......... 392
Awake and sing the song............... 301
Awake, awake, the sacred song........ 290
Awake, my soul, and with the sun........ 52
Awake, my soul, awake, my tongue...... 5
Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve..... 401
Awake, my soul, to joyful lays.......... 319
Before Jehovah's awful throne......... 3
Begin, my tongue, some heavenly theme... 72
Behold a stranger at the door........ 202
Behold! the blind their sight receive.... 111
Behold the heathen waits to know....... 451
Behold! the morning sun................ 84
Behold the throne of grace.............. 398
Behold what wondrous grace............. 337
Behold where, in the Friend of man..... 127
Beneath thy cross I lay me down........ 139
Blessèd be thy love, dear Lord......... 302
Blest be the Father and his love........ 76
Blest be the tie that binds............... 471
Blest is the man whose heart doth move... 410
Blest is the man, whose softening heart... 402
Blow ye the trumpet, blow.............. 195

Bread of heaven, on thee we feed.......... 477
Broad is the road that leads to death...... 227
Buried in shadows of the night........ 184
By cool Siloam's shady rill............... 533
By thy birth, and by thy tears........ 130
Called to the feast by the King are we... 230
Calm on the listening ear of night....... 97
Cast thy burden on the Lord............ 380
Cast thy burden on the Lord............ 366
Children of the heavenly King........... 298
Church has for sin atonement made........ 199
Christ the Lord is risen to-day.......... 143
Come at the morning hour................ 397
Come, dearest Lord, and feed thy sheep... 45
Come, every soul, by sin oppressed....... 246
Come, Holy Ghost, in love............. 164
Come, Holy Spirit, come................ 174
Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove........ 156
Come, humble sinner, in whose breast...... 211
Come in, beloved of the Lord........... 469
Come in, thou blessed of the Lord......... 467
Come, let us all unite to praise......... 289
Come, let us all unite to sing........... 93
Come, let us anew........................ 548
Come, let us join the songs of praise..... 155
Come, let us sing the song of songs....... 306
Come, my soul, thy suit prepare........ 394
Come, oh, my soul, in sacred lays....... 206
Come, says Jesus' sacred voice........... 206
Come, sound his praise abroad........... 21
Come, thou Almighty King............... 75
Come, thou Fount of every blessing....... 338
Come, thou long-expected Jesus.......... 159
Come to Jesus, come to Jesus........... 213
Come to the cross where the Savior........ 135
Come to the blood-stained tree.......... 198
Come, we that love the Lord............. 415
Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye....... 374
Come, ye sinners, poor and needy......... 223
Come ye that know and fear the Lord..... 92
Command thy blessing from above.......... 39
Complete in thee! no work of mine......... 344
Crown him with many crowns............... 390
Crown his head with endless blessing..... 162
Daughter of Zion, from the dust......... 433
Days and moments quickly flying.......... 457
Deep in our hearts let us record......... 138
Delay not, delay not; oh sinner.......... 216
Depth of mercy! can there be........... 194
Did Christ o'er sinners weep............ 128
Do not I love thee, oh, my Lord........ 293
Do you hear the Savior calling........... 237
Do you slumber in your tent............... 537
Down at the cross where my Savior died... 329
Down in the valley with my Savior......... 375
Drooping souls! no longer mourn........ 225
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Song Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>315</td>
<td>How gentle God’s commandments</td>
<td>335</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>316</td>
<td>How beatrous were the marks divine</td>
<td>106</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>317</td>
<td>How heavy is the night</td>
<td>180</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>318</td>
<td>How helpless guilty nature lies</td>
<td>181</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>319</td>
<td>How pleasant, how divinely fair</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>320</td>
<td>How precious is the book divine</td>
<td>239</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>321</td>
<td>How sad it would be, if when thou</td>
<td>239</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>322</td>
<td>How sad our state by nature is</td>
<td>182</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>323</td>
<td>How shall the young secure their hearts</td>
<td>70</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>324</td>
<td>How solemn are the words</td>
<td>250</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>325</td>
<td>How sweet, how heavenly is the sight</td>
<td>486</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>326</td>
<td>How sweetly be hold the Sabbath dawn</td>
<td>486</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>327</td>
<td>How sweetly flowed the gospel’s sound</td>
<td>109</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>328</td>
<td>How sweet the name of Jesus</td>
<td>295</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>329</td>
<td>How sweet to leave the world awhile</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>330</td>
<td>How tedious and tasteless the hours</td>
<td>324</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>331</td>
<td>How tender is thy hand</td>
<td>383</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>332</td>
<td>How vast, how full, how free</td>
<td>189</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>333</td>
<td>I am coming to the cross</td>
<td>274</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>334</td>
<td>I am dwelling on the mountain</td>
<td>285</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>335</td>
<td>I am thine, O Lord, I have heard</td>
<td>280</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>336</td>
<td>I cannot always trace the way</td>
<td>353</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>337</td>
<td>I cannot do without thee</td>
<td>272</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>338</td>
<td>I have a friend in Jesus</td>
<td>328</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>339</td>
<td>I have found redemption</td>
<td>245</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>340</td>
<td>I have found repose for my weary soul</td>
<td>373</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>341</td>
<td>I heard the voice of Jesus say</td>
<td>334</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>342</td>
<td>I hear the Savior say</td>
<td>197</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>343</td>
<td>I hear thy welcome voice</td>
<td>435</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>344</td>
<td>I know that my Redeemer lives</td>
<td>146</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>345</td>
<td>I love to steal awhile away</td>
<td>388</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>346</td>
<td>I love to tell the story</td>
<td>419</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>347</td>
<td>I love thy kingdom, Lord</td>
<td>435</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>348</td>
<td>I need thee every hour</td>
<td>326</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>349</td>
<td>I sing th’ almighty pow’r of God</td>
<td>79</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>350</td>
<td>I stand, but not as once I did</td>
<td>243</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>351</td>
<td>I think when I read that sweet story</td>
<td>532</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>352</td>
<td>I want to be a worker for the Lord</td>
<td>413</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>353</td>
<td>I will sing you a song of that beautiful</td>
<td>526</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>354</td>
<td>I would not live alway; I ask not to stay</td>
<td>496</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>355</td>
<td>In God I have found a retreat</td>
<td>378</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>356</td>
<td>In heavenly love abiding</td>
<td>345</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>357</td>
<td>In some way or other</td>
<td>357</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>358</td>
<td>In stature grows the heavenly child</td>
<td>106</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>359</td>
<td>In the cross of Christ I glory</td>
<td>131</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>360</td>
<td>In the Christ’s name for the Chin go</td>
<td>152</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>361</td>
<td>In thy clef, O Rock of Ages</td>
<td>350</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>362</td>
<td>In thy name, O Lord I assembling</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>363</td>
<td>In thy service will I ever</td>
<td>268</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>364</td>
<td>In vain in high and holy lays</td>
<td>116</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>365</td>
<td>It came upon the midnight clear</td>
<td>31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>366</td>
<td>It is not death to die</td>
<td>484</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>367</td>
<td>I’ve found the pearl of greatest price</td>
<td>287</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>368</td>
<td>I’ve reached the land of corn and wine</td>
<td>284</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>369</td>
<td>Jehovah God I thy gracious pow’r</td>
<td>92</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>370</td>
<td>Jerusalem, my glorious home</td>
<td>516</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>371</td>
<td>Jerusalem, the glorious</td>
<td>515</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>372</td>
<td>Jerusalem, the golden</td>
<td>510</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>373</td>
<td>Jesus, and shall it ever be</td>
<td>304</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>374</td>
<td>Jesus comes, his conflict over</td>
<td>152</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>375</td>
<td>Jesus, I my cross have taken</td>
<td>266</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>376</td>
<td>Jesus is God! the glorious bands</td>
<td>100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>377</td>
<td>Jesus is tender! the child</td>
<td>458</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>378</td>
<td>Jesus keep me near the cross</td>
<td>135</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>379</td>
<td>Jesus, Lover of my soul</td>
<td>340</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>380</td>
<td>Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone</td>
<td>264</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>381</td>
<td>Jesus! my heart within me burns</td>
<td>395</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>382</td>
<td>Jesus, my Lord, to thee I cry</td>
<td>241</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>383</td>
<td>Jesus, my Saviour, to be held</td>
<td>42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>384</td>
<td>Jesus, my truth, my way</td>
<td>318</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>385</td>
<td>Jesus, Savior, pilot me</td>
<td>341</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
BEFORE THE GOD
AND LET OUR JOYS BE KNOWN IN HASSONG WITH SWEET ACCORD.
AND THE SURROUND THE THRONE.