SONGS OF ZION

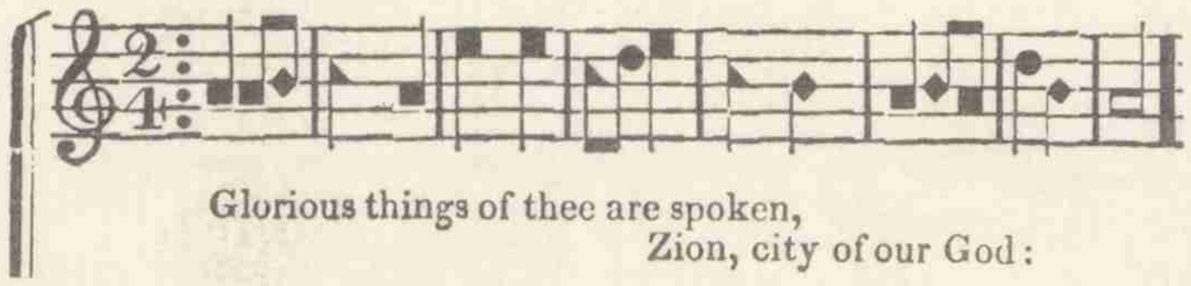
BISHOP ROBERT WESTLY PEACH

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"T. Sgs. o. Z.
"A New Coll. of
4 Standard Hys. & Tunes
"for all
"Occasions of Worship."
[Same imprint; same contents.]

1st Ed.

The editor includes 350 or more of his own hymns; also 5 of Chas. Edwd. Pollock's.

The Songs of Zion

THE NEW OFFICIAL HYMNAL

OF THE

Cumberland Presbyterian Church

Authorized:—

1. **By the appointment of a Committee on a New Church Hymnal, by the General Assembly at Warrensburg, Mo., May, 1912.**
2. **By the adoption of the Report of said Committee by the General Assembly at Bowling Green, Ky., May, 1913.**
3. **By concurrence in the final Report of the Editor, and approval of the arrangement entered into with The A. S. Barnes Company, as Publishers, by the General Assembly at Wagoner, Okla., May, 1914.**

Having received the endorsement of the highest court of the Church, this New and Complete Hymnal is now submitted to the Churches in the earnest hope that it may not only meet with their approval, but be used by them for many years to come.

REV. WM. THOS. DALE, D. D.

Editor

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK

Special Contributor

NEW YORK

The A. S. Barnes Company

1915

Shaped Note Edition

1915
Song

COPYRIGHT, 1914,
BY REV. W. T. DALE, AS EDITOR

PRICE LIST

Songs of Zion

In Round and Shaped Notes

Board covers, single copies, postpaid..	60	Cents
25 copies or more not prepaid.....	50	"
Full cloth, single copies, postpaid....	70	"
25 copies or more not prepaid. Each.	60	"

PREFACE

This New Hymnal, entitled, "THE SONGS OF ZION," is the result of many years of pains-taking research in the field of song, by an ardent and enthusiastic student of church music. This Hymnal had its incipiency when the Editor first compiled a collection of Psalms and Hymns in the years 1871 and 1872, under the title of "Songs of Zion," which was submitted to an able Committee, and after a careful examination was recommended for publication. But just then Hymnals with music were coming into use, and so the Editor laid his manuscript away until his book might also be published with the music accompanying the hymns. And so from that time on he has constantly been gathering fresh material for its pages, and collecting the latest hymnals to be had from which to make selections of both hymns and music.

The hymns selected are such as have been in use for the past one to two hundred years, and some few dating back to the early centuries, such as "Shepherd, of Tender Youth," and "Art Thou Weary?" They are full of the spirit of true devotion, and are filled with the sentiment of gospel truth. We have endeavored to select music well suited to express in song the sentiment of the words.

In selecting hymns we have drawn upon such well known authors as Bonar, Cowper, Doddridge, Heber, Montgomery, Muhlenberg, Newton, Palmer, Fanny J. Crosby, Frances Havergal, Charlotte Elliott, Anne Steele, Watts, Wesley, the Scotch Paraphrases, etc. Some hymns of recent date and authorship have also been used that were thought suitable.

The tunes are largely those which have been sung for the past fifty to one hundred years or more, interspersed with some exceptionally fine new music contributed specially for this work. As to standard music we have drawn on such well known composers as Bradbury, Mason, Fischer, John E. Gould, L. C. Everette, Felice Giardini, Handel, Hastings, J. P. Holbrook, Oliver Holden, Geo. Kingsley, Rev. J. B. Dykes, and other well known composers.

We desire to express with deep appreciation the fact that Mr. Charles Edward Pollock, Jefferson City, Mo., has laid under tribute many beautiful tunes set to standard hymns, which we have drawn upon liberally, as we considered the music of a very high order and worthy of a place in the Hymnal. Furthermore, he has manifested a deep interest in the success of the Hymnal. Such unselfish interest deserves more than a passing notice. And it is for this reason that his name appears in the Title Page as "Special Contributor."

Others have also made special contributions, or granted the free use of valuable copyright songs. Among these we desire to mention Mr. I. Allan Sankey, and Mr. Hubert P. Main, of The Biglow & Main Company,

New York, for the use of valuable songs, Mr. Edwin T. O'Kane, Delaware, O., for permission to use his father's song, "The Home Over There," Mrs. Mary Runyan Lowry, Plainfield, N. J. for permission to use some of Dr. Lowry's fine songs. Prof. J. E. Thomas, of the Quartett Music Company, Fort Worth, Texas, for the use of two fine songs, Prof. A. J. Showalter, of The Showalter Company, Dalton, Ga., for the use of four songs, and H. A. R. Horton, Dallas, Texas, for some fine songs. We may also mention that the Rev. J. S. Boyd, Fargo, N. Dak., placed at our disposal a number of excellent new tunes which we have drawn upon.

We have made every possible effort to ascertain the names of authors and owners of copyright hymns and music, and to give proper credit in each case. If in any case an error has been made, the Editor begs to apologize, and will, if our attention is called to it, correct any omissions in future editions.

Special pains have been taken in the classification of the book, taking care to place each hymn under its own appropriate heading.

The Synopsis; or, Table of Contents, will facilitate the finding of a suitable hymn, on any given subject, or for any special occasion. The Index of First Lines, and Alphabetical and Metrical Indexes of Tunes will be found complete.

The insertion of the text of Scripture upon which each song is founded, so far as could be ascertained, forms another feature of this collection.

We have endeavored to furnish the Church at large with a Hymnal that may be used in all the services of the congregation, thus avoiding the expense of buying a multiplicity of books.

The tastes of the people, both in the town and country, have alike been consulted, and it is believed that a happy combination has been made that will be pleasing to all. The Editor has kept constantly in mind the needs of the Church in the matter of a strictly first class hymnal of high order and merit.

While this work has cost the Editor so many years of laborious research, he has, at no time felt so great an anxiety to get it done, as he has to do it well, his aim being to supply, to the fullest extent possible, a long felt want in the churches of our land.

This Hymnal is published in both Round and Shaped Notes in order to meet the tastes and preferences of all in every section of the country.

And now may the Great King and Head of the Church approve this humble offering to the advancement of Zion and the promotion of the Divine glory, and may it be our happy lot when done with the songs of the Church Militant, to join in the songs of the Church Triumphant, and unite in ascriptions of the highest praise to Him that sitteth upon the throne and unto the Lamb forever and ever. Amen.

WM. THOS. DALE, EDITOR.

Nashville, Tenn., December, 1914.

SUGGESTIONS TO PASTORS, SUPERINTENDENTS, CHOIR LEADERS, ETC.

The hymns should not only be announced by the minister, but should be read by him before being sung by the congregation, if the best effect would be obtained. And not only so, but a sufficient number of copies of the Hymnal should be distributed throughout the congregation to allow all to take part in the singing. The Psalmist says: "Let all the people praise the Lord." This they cannot do if they are not supplied with books, or if the choir is allowed to manipulate matters so as not to give the people a chance to sing. We cannot too strongly emphasize the importance of Congregational Singing.

There are some hymns of excellent merit which contain from five to seven stanzas, which should be sung in full in order to get the best results. The habit which many ministers have of calling for "just two or three stanzas," at most, is proving detrimental to this part of our worship. The song does not continue long enough to create any "fire," or awaken any enthusiasm. Let not the effect of the song be spoiled by cutting it short. Better leave off something else. The continuity of thought in the song is often marred by the omission of even one stanza.

To use the language of Chaplain C. C. McCabe, "Let the organist omit all flourishes, all *preludes*, and *interludes*, ... One blast on the organ to get the pitch, then let choir, congregation and Sabbath School sing unto the Lord. The question is answered at last. The music is majestic. The holy tide of song bears the congregation heavenward. Watch the old saints. Long ago they hung their harps upon the willows, (but they have taken them down.) They are all singing now. Such music will attract sinners. It will help to fill up the empty pews. It will help the preacher to preach."

Pastors and church officials should take the oversight of the singing in their congregations, and see that the most is made out of this part of the services.

In keeping with the style adopted by all compilers of modern hymnals the "Amen," has been inserted at the end of most of the tunes, leaving its use discretionary with the churches, as to whether they use it or not. If properly rendered, the effect is pleasing.

A SUGGESTION TO HEADS OF HOUSEHOLDS.

In the Department of "Family Worship," will be found a variety of "Morning and Evening Hymns," for use in family devotions. Let a Family Altar be erected in every home again, and let the incense of praise ascend to heaven as of old when our fathers sang these sweet songs. We can almost hear their voices yet, as they sang old "Mear," "Arlington," "Rochester," "Dundee," "Warwick," "Windham," "Balerma," "Ninety Fifth," "Zuar," etc. And as we sing let the flame of devotion burn in every heart.

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The Songs of Zion.

God, the Holy Trinity.

1

NICÆA. 11, 12, 12, 10.

"Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty."—Rev. 4: 8.

BISH. REGINALD HEBER, D. D., 1827. REV. JOHN B. DYKES, 1861.



2 ITALIAN HYMN. 6s & 4s.

REV. C. WESLEY, 1757. FELICE DE GIARDINI, 1769.





3 HAYNES. 7s.*

REV. HORATIUS BONAR, D. D., 1843. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



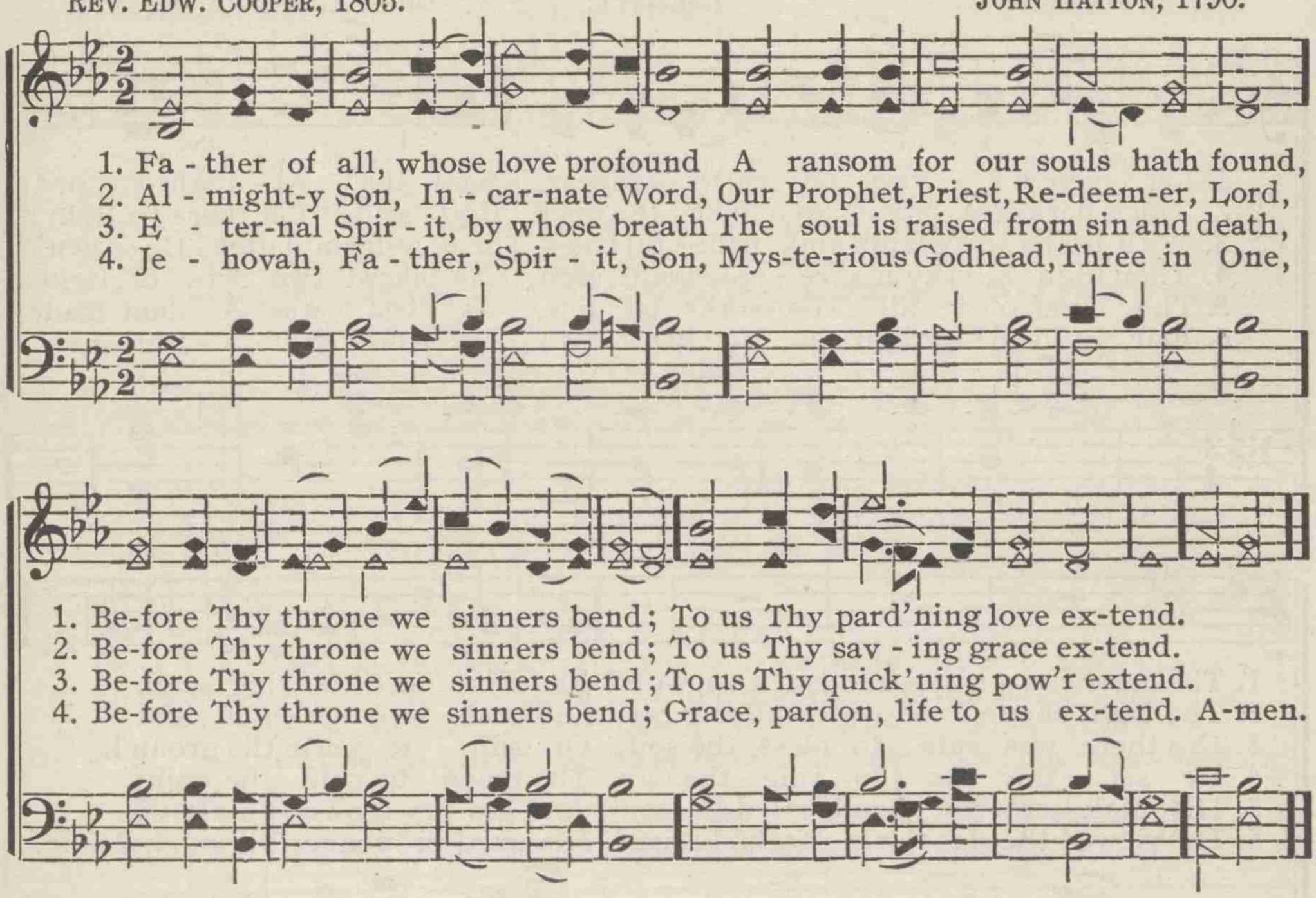


* Written for "Songs of Zion," Aug. 13, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner.

4 DUKE STREET. L. M.

REV. EDW. COOPER, 1805. JOHN HATTON, 1790.

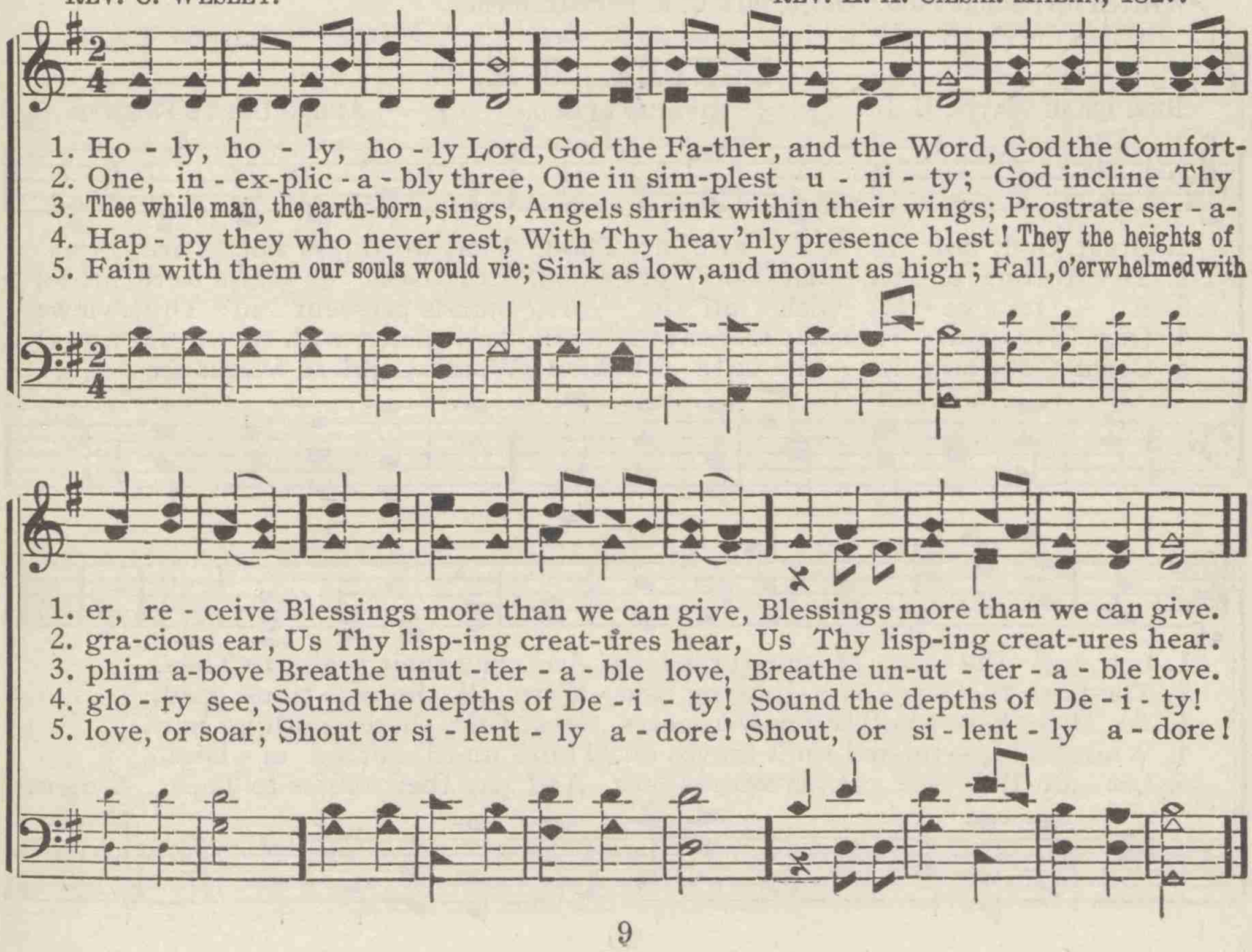
1. Fa - ther of all, whose love profound A ransom for our souls hath found,
2. Al - might-y Son, In - car-nate Word, Our Prophet, Priest, Re-deem-er, Lord,
3. E - ter-nal Spir - it, by whose breath The soul is raised from sin and death,
4. Je - hovah, Fa - ther, Spir - it, Son, Mys-te-rious Godhead, Three in One,



1. Be-fore Thy throne we sinners bend; To us Thy pard'ning love ex-tend.
2. Be-fore Thy throne we sinners bend; To us Thy sav - ing grace ex-tend.
3. Be-fore Thy throne we sinners bend; To us Thy quick'ning pow'r extend.
4. Be-fore Thy throne we sinners bend; Grace, pardon, life to us ex-tend. A-men.

5 HENDON. 7s.

REV. C. WESLEY. REV. H. A. CÆSAR MALAN, 1827.



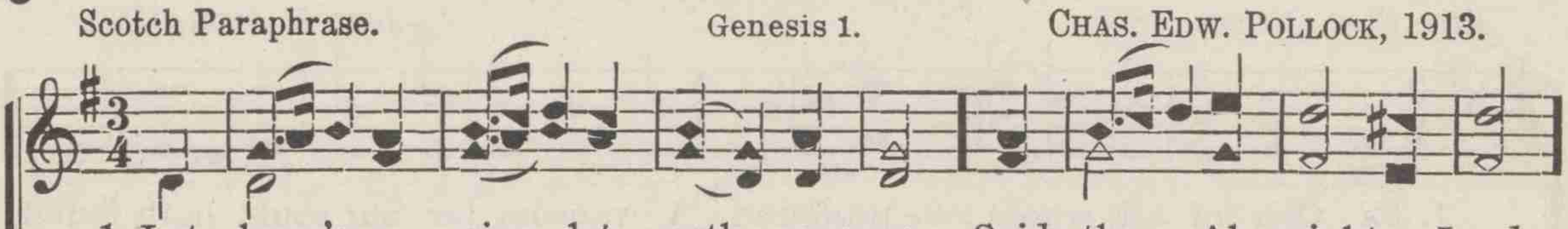
1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord, God the Fa-ther, and the Word, God the Comfort-
2. One, in - ex-plic - a - bly three, One in sim-plest u - ni - ty; God incline Thy
3. Thee while man, the earth-born, sings, Angels shrink within their wings; Prostrate ser - a-
4. Hap - py they who never rest, With Thy heav'nly presence blest! They the heights of
5. Fain with them our souls would vie; Sink as low, and mount as high; Fall, o'erwhelmed with

1. er, re - ceive Blessings more than we can give, Blessings more than we can give.
2. gra-cious ear, Us Thy lisp-ing creat-ures hear, Us Thy lisp-ing creat-ures hear.
3. phim a-bove Breathe unut - ter - a - ble love, Breathe un-ut - ter - a - ble love.
4. glo - ry see, Sound the depths of De - i - ty! Sound the depths of De - i - ty!
5. love, or soar; Shout or si - lent - ly a - dore! Shout, or si - lent - ly a - dore!

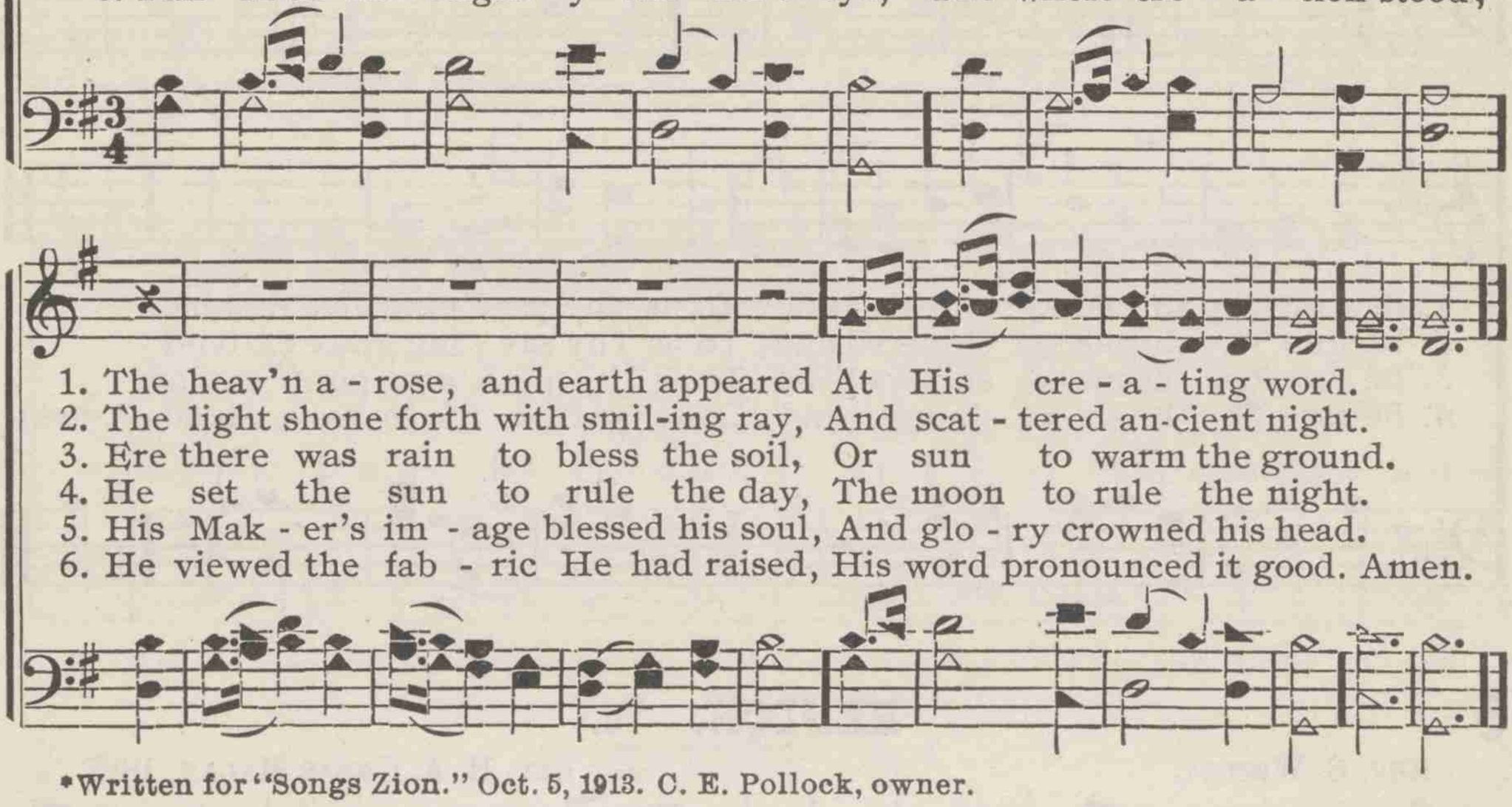
6

ST. JAMES. C. M.*

Scotch Paraphrase. Genesis 1. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, 1913.



1. Let heav'n a - rise, let earth ap-pear, Said the Al - might-y Lord;
2. Thick darkness brood - ed o'er the deep, God said, "Let there be light;"
3. With herbs and plants and fruit - ful trees, The new-form'd globe He crown'd;
4. Then high in heav'n's re - splendant arch He placed two orbs of light;
5. The chief o'er all His works be - low, At last was A - dam made;
6. Fair in th' Al - might - y Ma - ker's eye, The whole cre - a - tion stood;



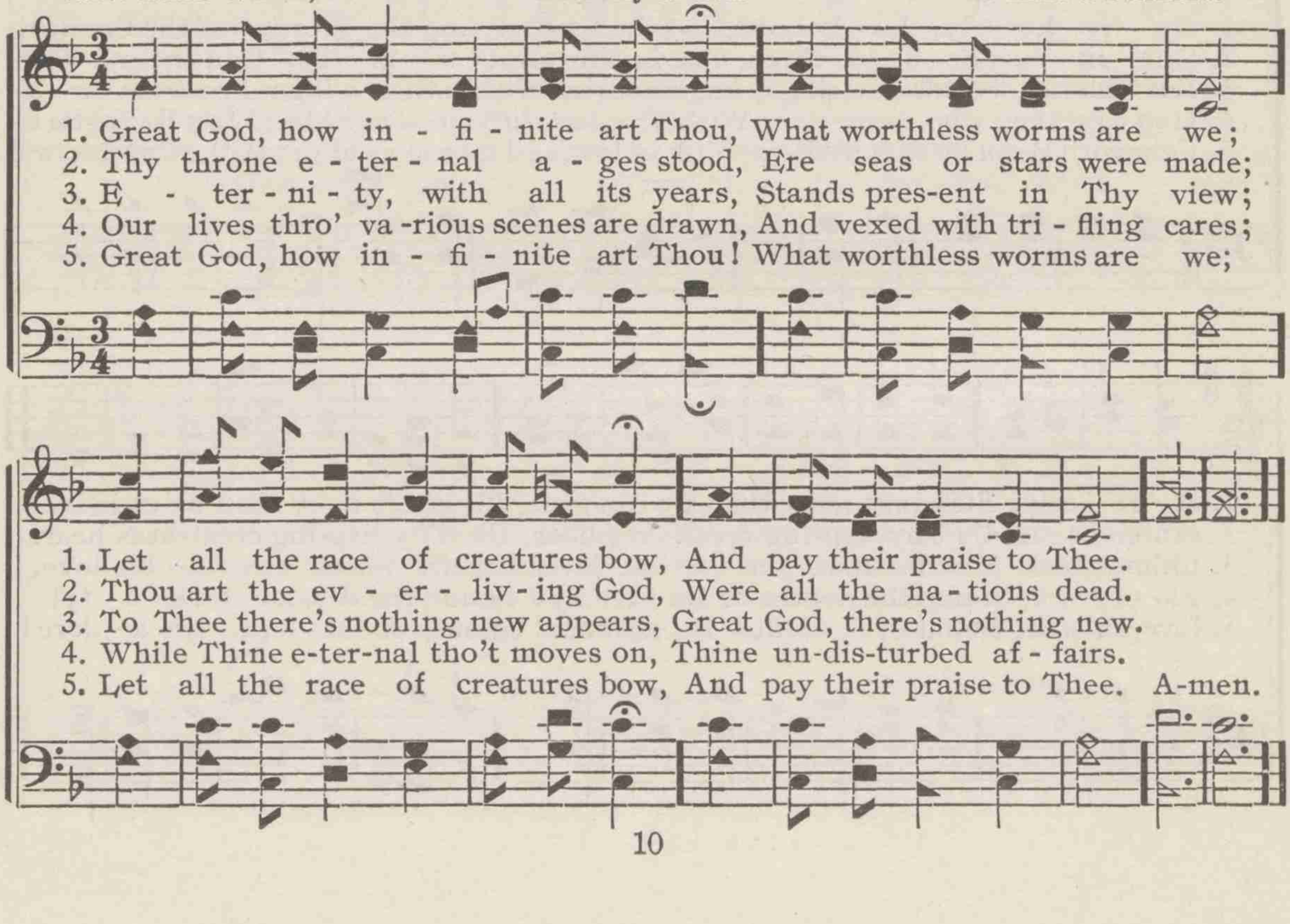
1. The heav'n a - rose, and earth appeared At His cre - a - ting word.
2. The light shone forth with smil-ing ray, And scat - tered an-cient night.
3. Ere there was rain to bless the soil, Or sun to warm the ground.
4. He set the sun to rule the day, The moon to rule the night.
5. His Mak - er's im - age blessed his soul, And glo - ry crowned his head.
6. He viewed the fab - ric He had raised, His word pronounced it good. Amen.

*Written for "Songs Zion." Oct. 5, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner.

7

DUNDEE. C. M.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, D. D. Eternity of God. ANDRO HART'S PSALTER.



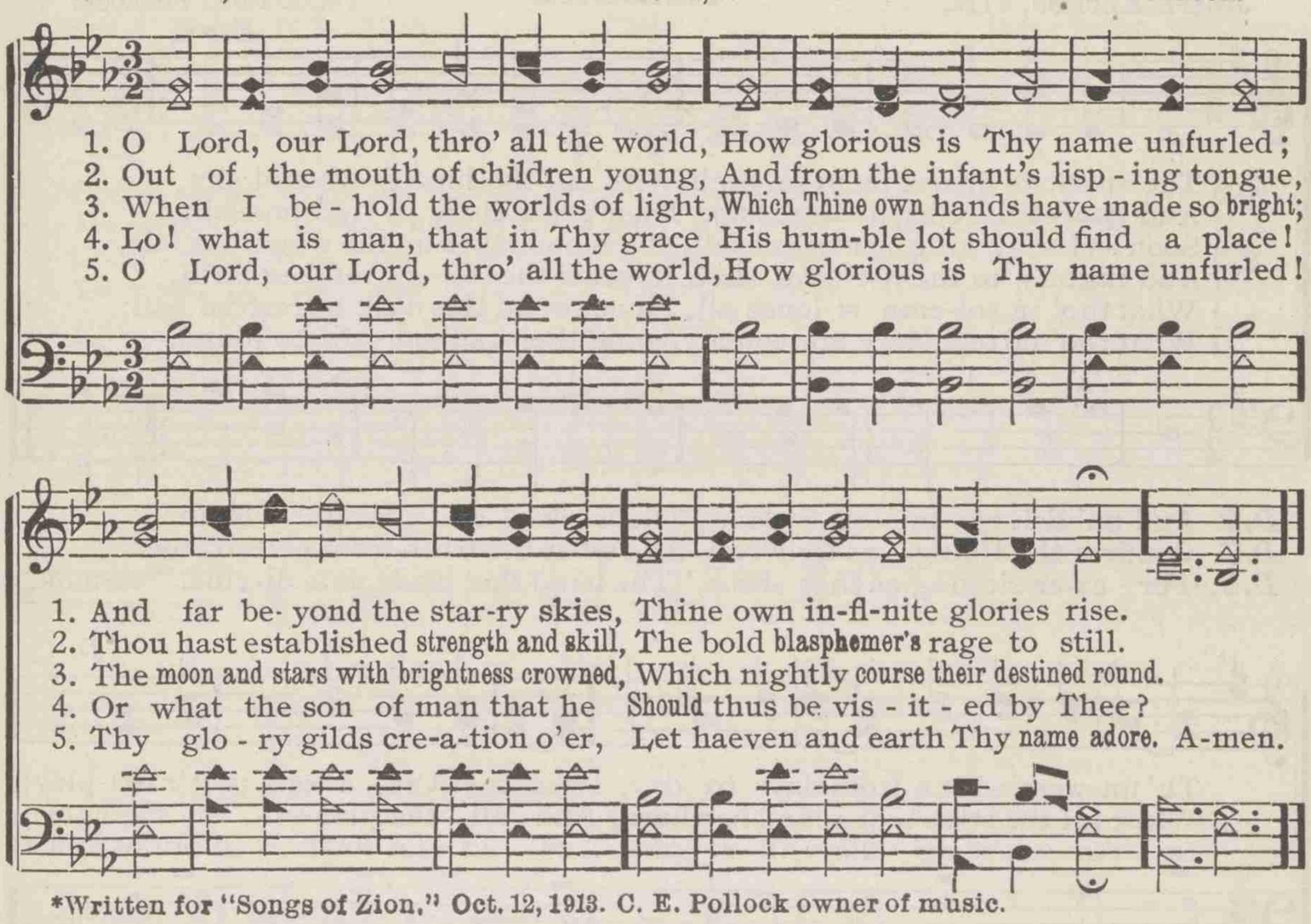
1. Great God, how in - fi - nite art Thou, What worthless worms are we;
2. Thy throne e - ter - nal a - ges stood, Ere seas or stars were made;
3. E - ter - ni - ty, with all its years, Stands pres-ent in Thy view;
4. Our lives thro' va -rious scenes are drawn, And vexed with tri - fling cares;
5. Great God, how in - fi - nite art Thou! What worthless worms are we;

1. Let all the race of creatures bow, And pay their praise to Thee.
2. Thou art the ev - er - liv - ing God, Were all the na - tions dead.
3. To Thee there's nothing new appears, Great God, there's nothing new.
4. While Thine e-ter-nal tho't moves on, Thine un-dis-turbed af - fairs.
5. Let all the race of creatures bow, And pay their praise to Thee. A-men.

8

FAIRVIEW.* L. M.

W. T. DALE, 1872. Psalms 8: 1-4, 9. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

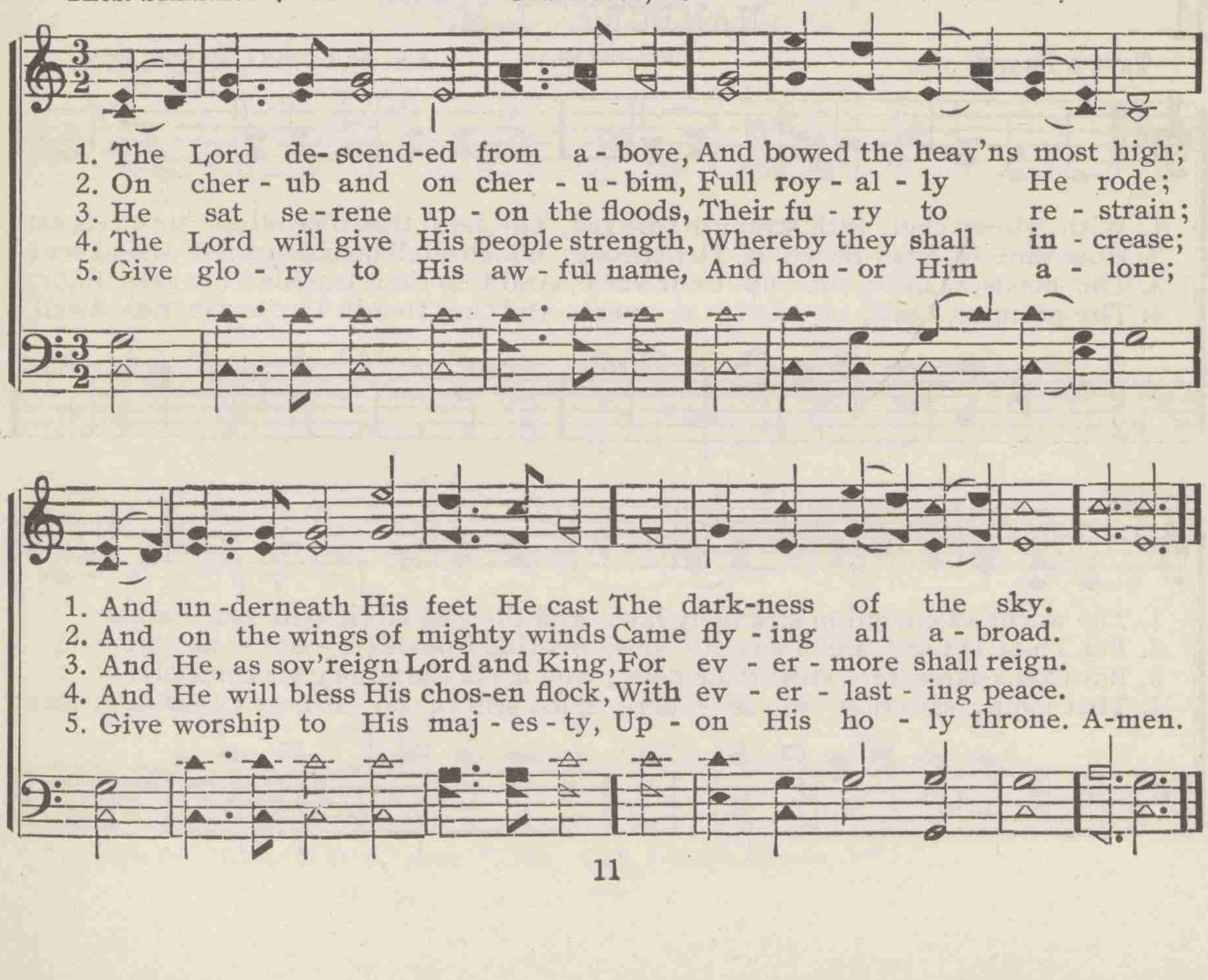


*Written for "Songs of Zion," Oct. 12, 1913. C. E. Pollock owner of music.

9

HEBER. C. M.

THOS. STERNHOLD, Pub. 1562. Psalm 19: 9, 11. GEORGE KINGSLEY, 1838.



10 JEFFERSON CITY. L. M. D.*

JOSEPH ADDISON, 1712. Psalms 19: 1-6. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

FINE.

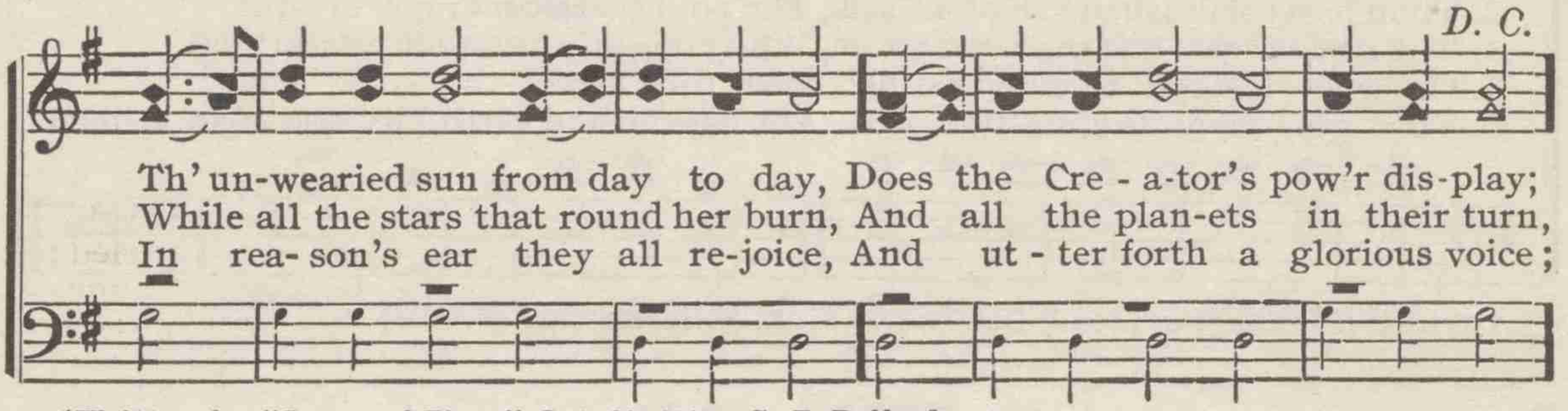


1. The spacions firm-a-ment on high, With all the blue e - therial sky,
   And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame, Their great O-rig - i - nal proclaim.
2. Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail, The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
   And nightly to the list'ning earth, Repeats the sto - ry of her birth,
3. What tho' in sol-emn si-lence all, Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
   What tho' no real voice nor sound A-mid their radiant orbs be found.



D.C.–And publish-es to ev-'ry land, The work of an al[e]might-y hand.
D.C.–Confirm the tidings as they roll, And spread the truth from pole to pole.
D.C.–For - ev-er singing as they shine, "The hand that made us is di-vine." A-men.

D. C.



Th' un-wearied sun from day to day, Does the Cre - a-tor's pow'r dis-play;
While all the stars that round her burn, And all the plan-ets in their turn,
In rea- son's ear they all re-joice, And ut - ter forth a glorious voice;

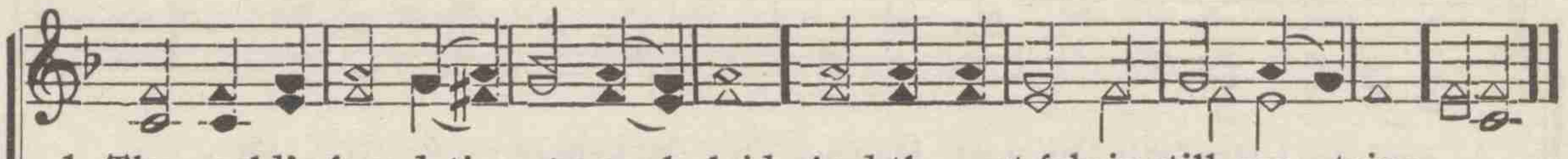
*Written for "Songs of Zion," Oct. 23, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner.

11 HAMBURG. L. M.

TATE & BRADY. Psalms 93. Arr. by LOWELL MASON, 1824.



1. With glo-ry clad, with strength arrayed, The Lord that o'er all na- ture reigns;
2. How sure- ly 'stab-lished is Thy throne, Which shall no change nor period see;
3. The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice, And toss their troubled waves on high;
4. Thy promise, Lord, is ev - er sure, And they that in Thy house would dwell,

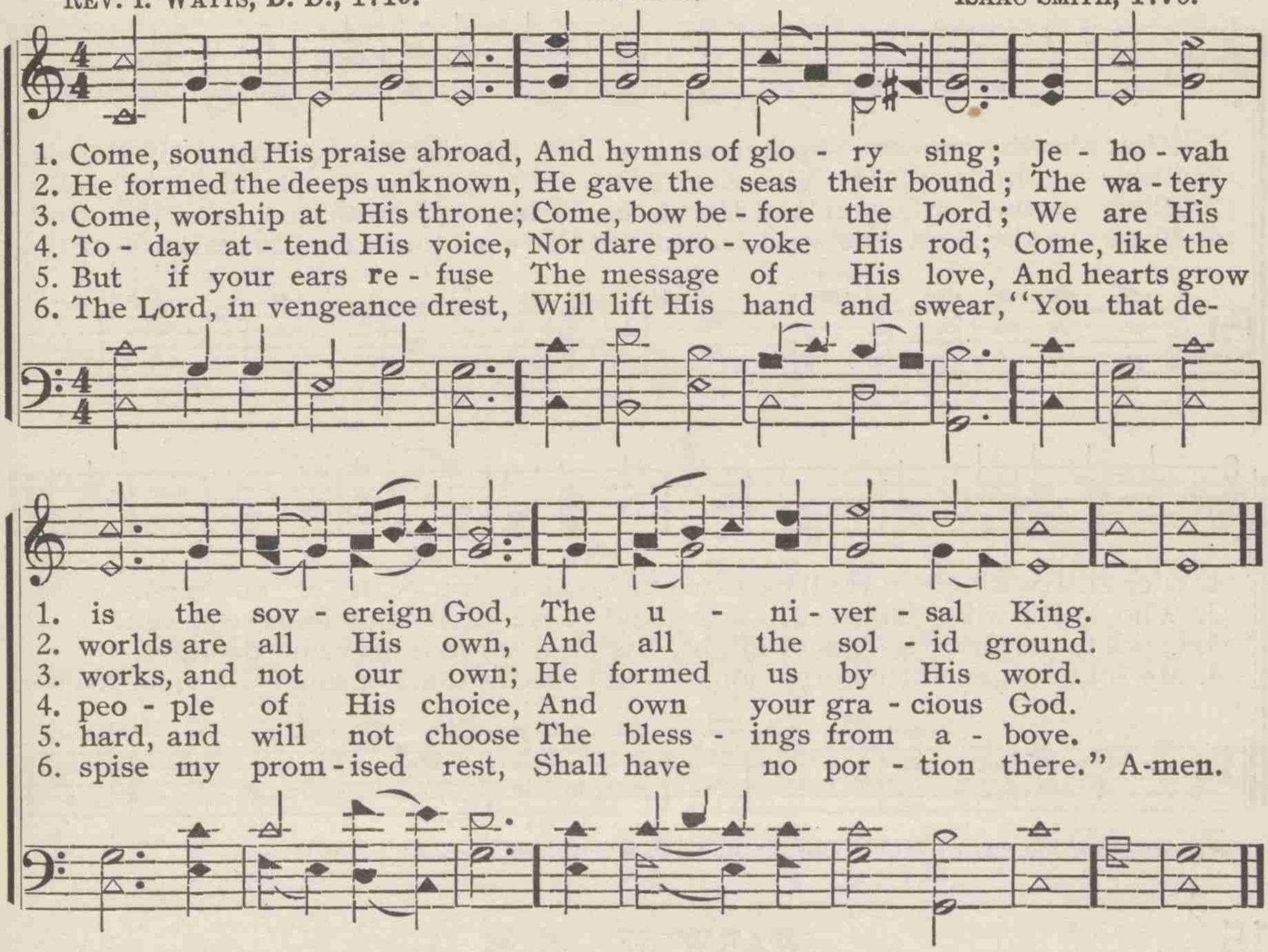


1. The world's foundation strangely laid, And the vast fabric still sus - tains.
2. For Thou, O Lord, and Thou a - lone, Art God from all e - ter - ni - ty.
3. But God a-bove can still their noise, And make the an-gry sea com -ply.
4. That happy sta - tion to se - cure, Must still in ho - li-ness ex - cell. A-men.



12 SILVER STREET. S. M.

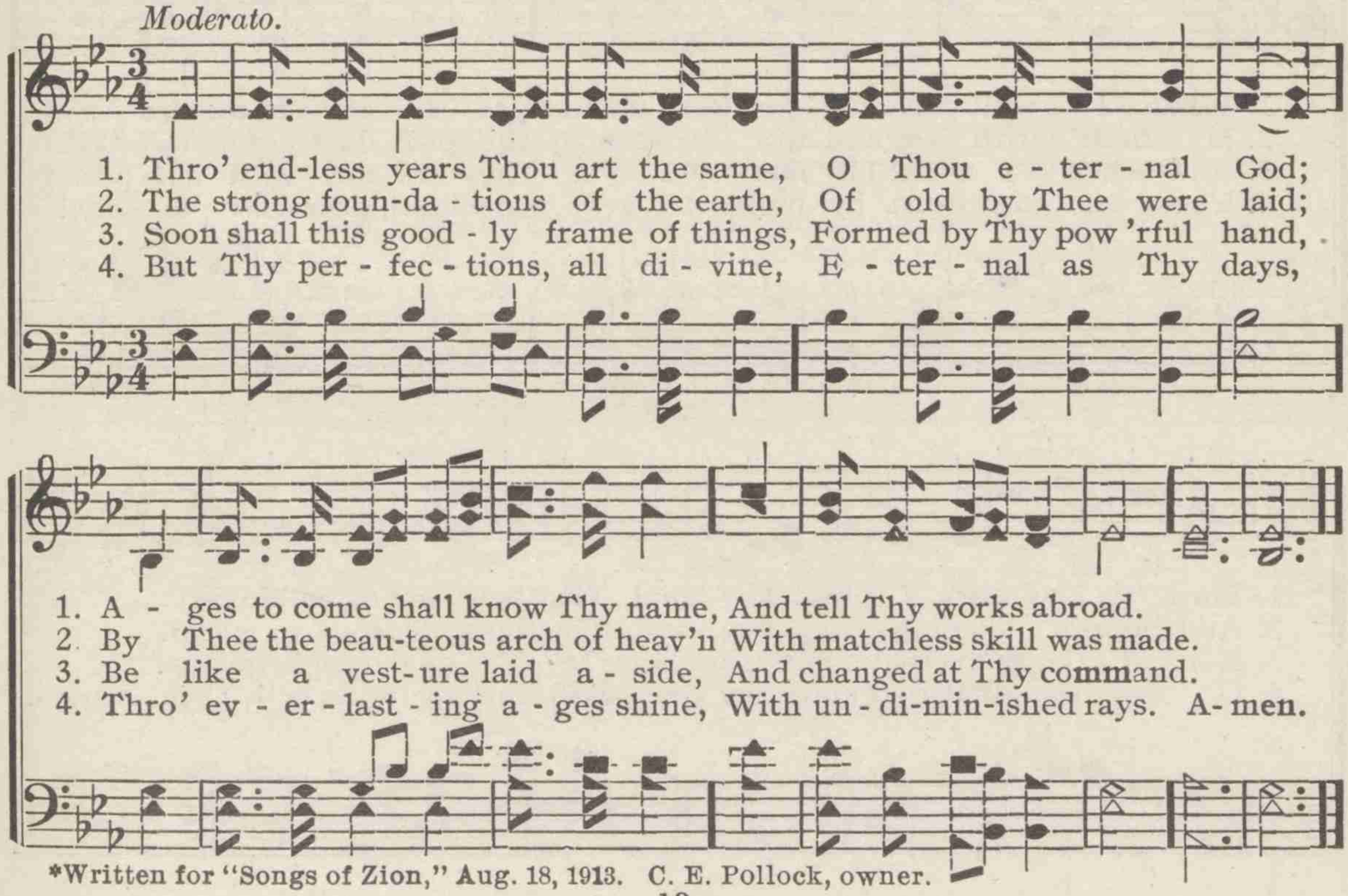
REV. I. WATTS, D. D., 1719. Psalm 95. ISAAC SMITH, 1770.



13 NEW BLOOMFIELD. C. M.*

TATE & BRADY. Psalm 102: 24-27. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

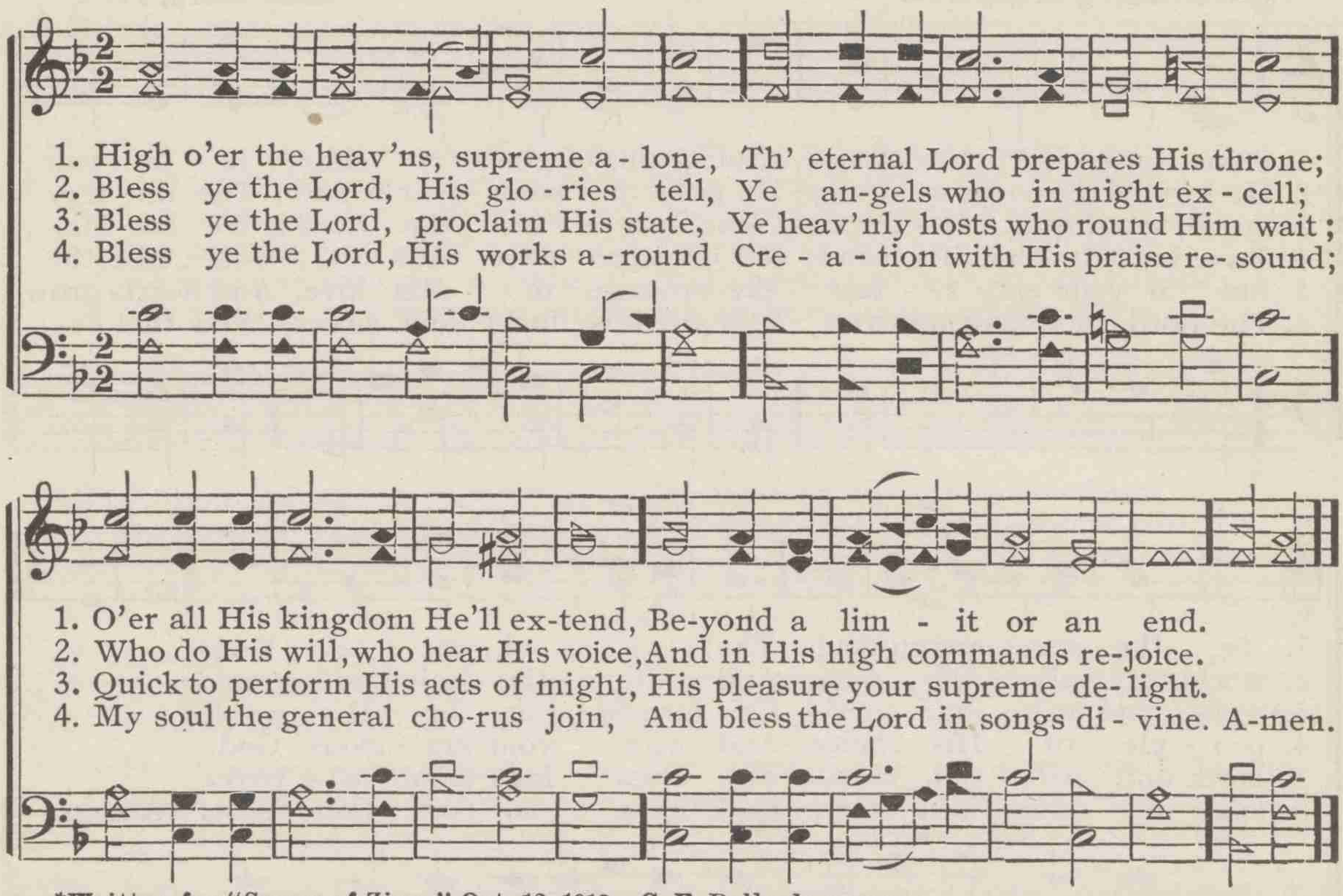
Moderato.



*Written for "Songs of Zion," Aug. 18, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner.

14 ATCHISON STREET. L. M.*

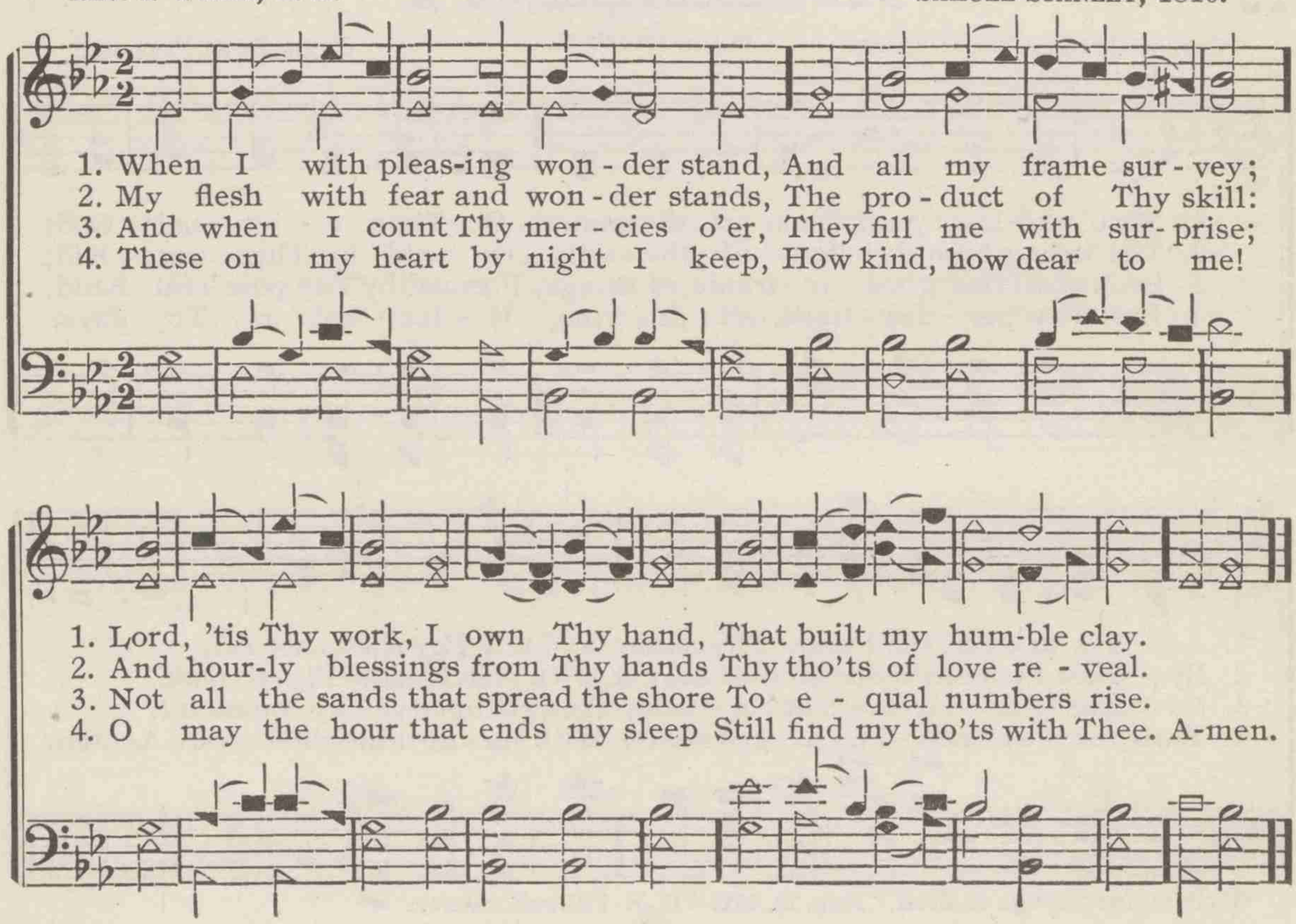
PRATT'S COLL. Psalm 103: 19-22. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



*Written for "Songs of Zion," Oct. 12, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner.

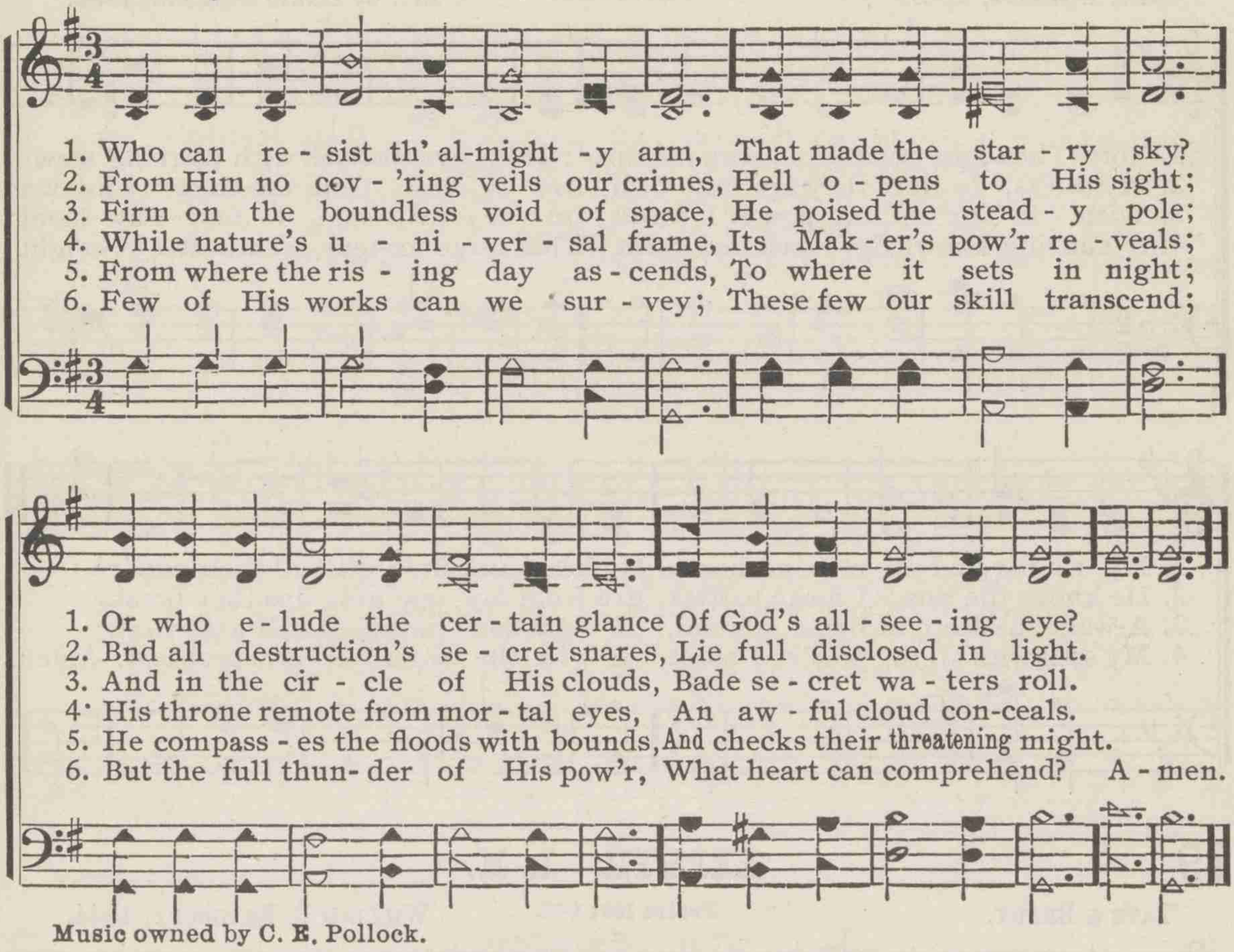
15 WARWICK. C. M.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D. Psalm 139: 14-18. SAMUEL STANLEY, 1810.



16 MADISON STREET. C. M.

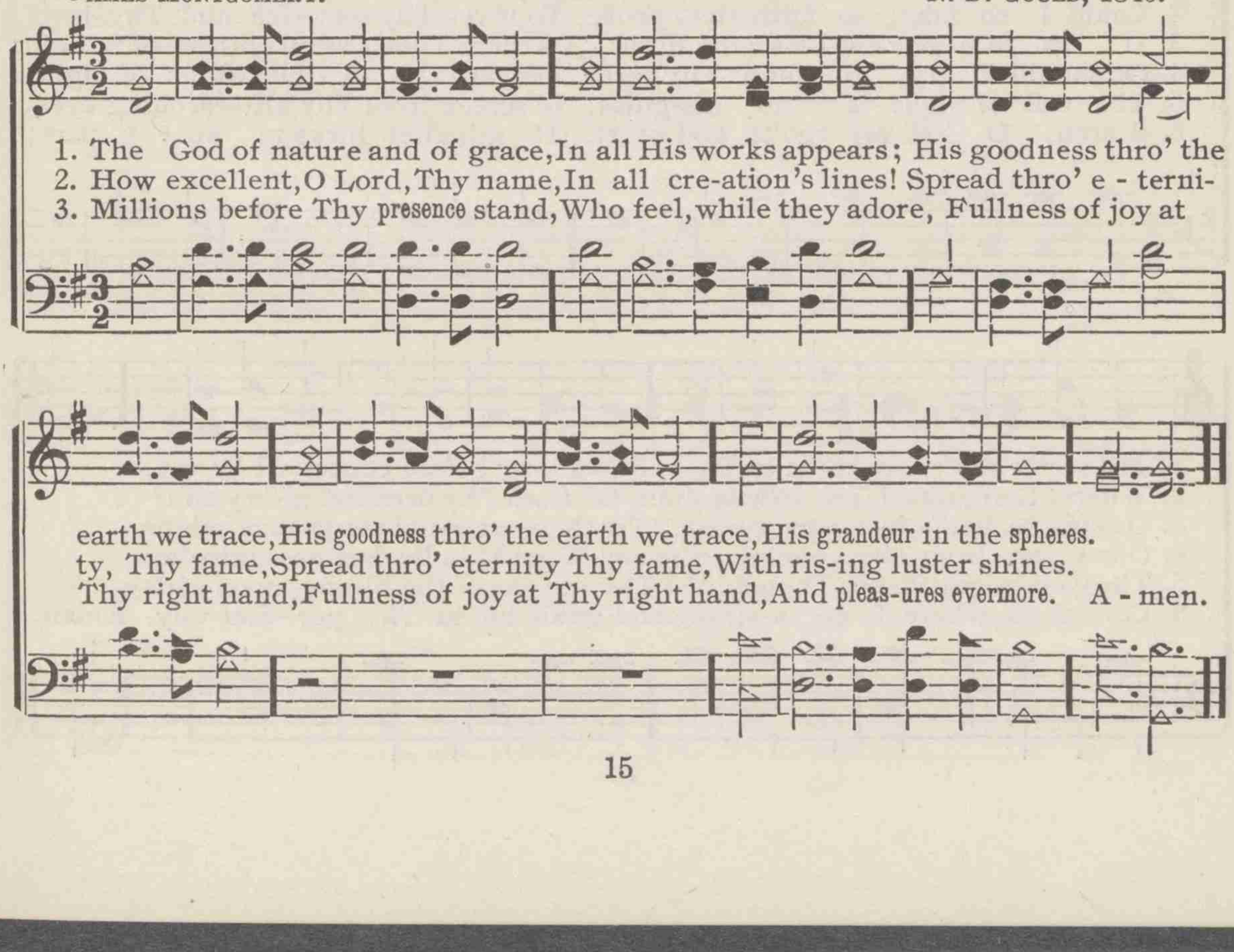
Scotch Paraphrase. Job 26: 6-14. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

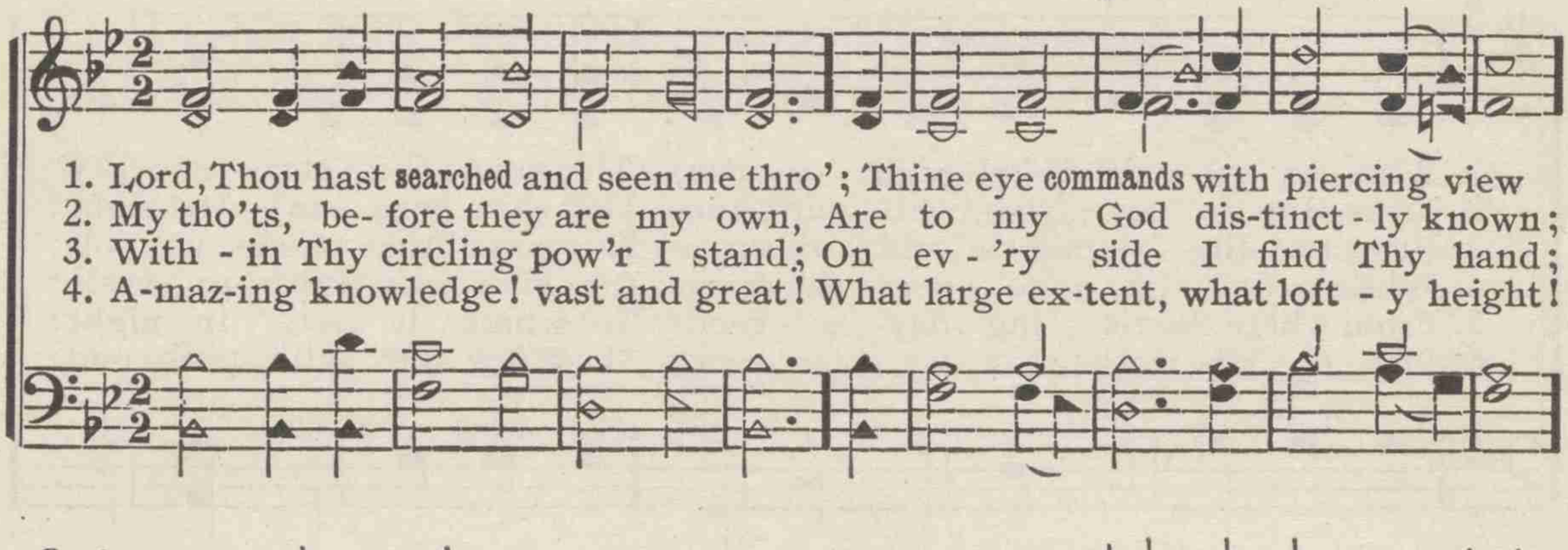
17 WOODLAND. C. M.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. God seen in His works. N. D. GOULD, 1840.



18 WARD. L. M.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D. Psalm 139: 1-6. Arr. by LOWELL MASON, 1830.



1. Lord, Thou hast searched and seen me thro'; Thine eye commands with piercing view
2. My tho'ts, be- fore they are my own, Are to my God dis-tinct - ly known;
3. With - in Thy circling pow'r I stand; On ev - 'ry side I find Thy hand;
4. A-maz-ing knowledge! vast and great! What large ex-tent, what loft - y height!



1. My ris-ing and my rest-ing hours, My heart and flesh with all their pow'rs.
2. He knows the words I mean to speak, Ere from my ope'ning lips they break.
3. A-wake, a-sleep, at home, abroad, I am sur - round-ed still with God.
4. My soul with all the pow'rs I boast, Is in the boundless prospect lost. Amen.

19 ZEPHYR. L. M.

TATE & BRADY. Psalm 139: 1-12. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, 1844.



1. Thou, Lord, by strictest search hast known, My ris - ing up and ly - ing down;
2. Could I so false, so faith - less prove, To leave Thy serv - ice and Thy love,
3. If up to heav - en I take my flight, 'Tis there Thou dwellest enthroned in light;
4. Or should I try to shun Thy sight Beneath the sa - ble wings of night,
5. The veil of night is no dis-guise, No screen from Thy all-searching eyes,
6. Search, O God, my tho'ts and heart, If mischief lurks in an - y part;



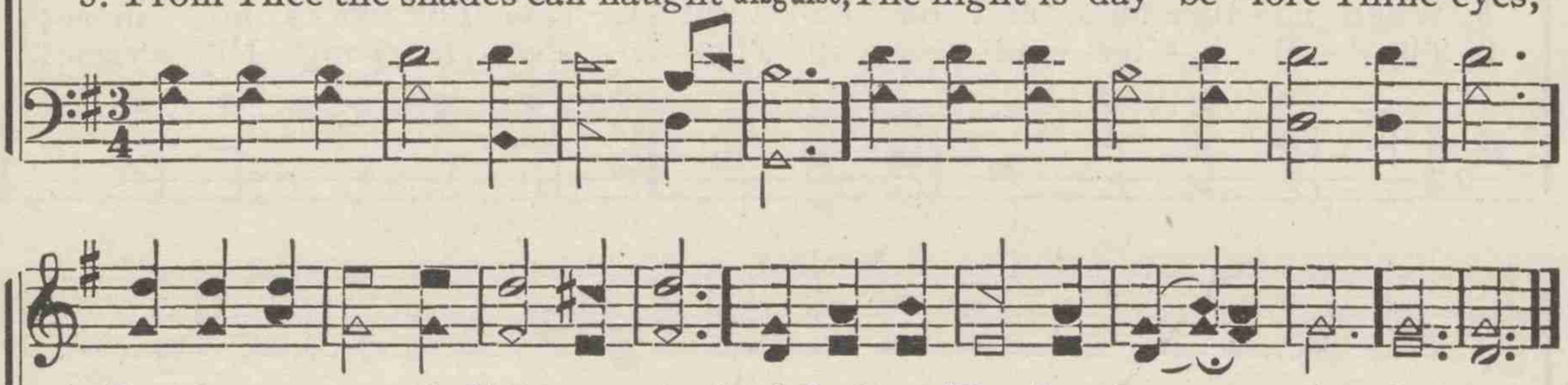
1. My secret tho'ts are known to Thee, Known long before conceived by me.
2. Where, Lord, could I Thy presence shun, Or from Thy dreadful glo-ry run?
3. Or sink to hell's in-fer-nal plains, 'Tis there e-ter-nal vengeance reigns.
4. One glance from Thee, one piercing ray, Would kindle darkness into day.
5. Thro' midnight shades Thou find'st Thy way, As in the blazing noon of day.
6. Correct me where I go a-stray, And guide me in Thy per - fect way. Amen.

20 DAVIS. L. M.

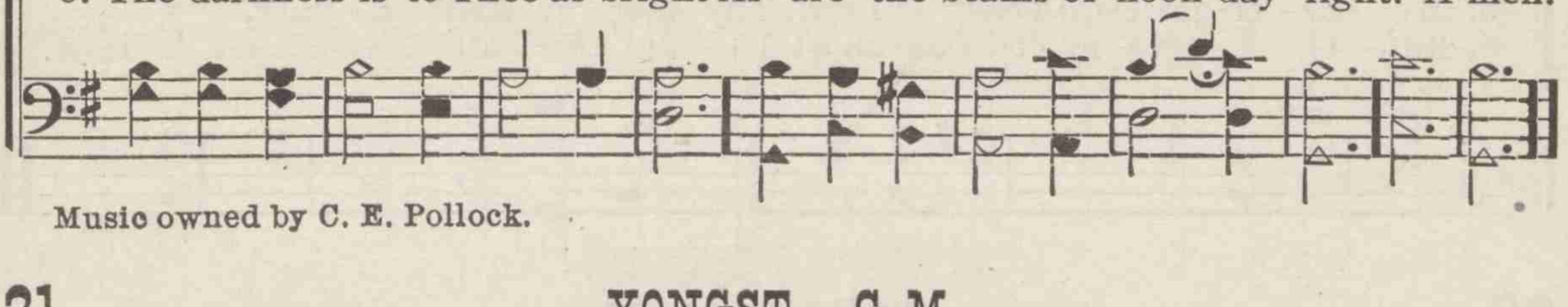
U. P. Version. Psalm 139: 7-12. Chas. Edw. Pollock, 1913.



1. O whith-er shall my foot-steps fly, Be-yond Thy Spir-it's searching eye;
2. If I to heav - en shall as - cend, Thy presence there will me at- tend;
3. If on the morning wings I flee, And dwell in ut-most parts of sea;
4. Or if I say, to shun Thine eye, In shades of dark-ness I will lie,
5. From Thee the shades can naught disguise, The night is day be - fore Thine eyes;



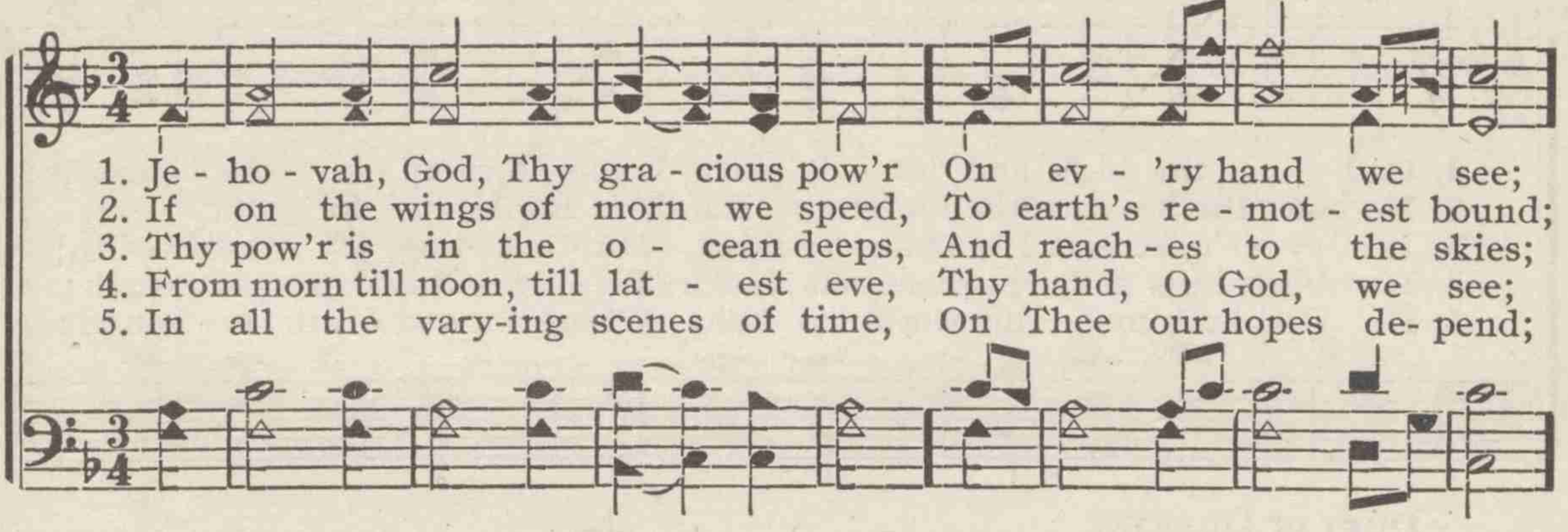
1. To what re-treat shall I re-pair, And find not Thy dread presence there?
2. If in the grave I make my bed, Lo, there I find Thy presence dread.
3. E'en there Thy hand shall guide my way, And Thy right hand shall be my stay.
4. A-round me then the very night, Will shine as shines the noon-day light.
5. The darkness is to Thee as bright As are the beams of noon-day light. A-men.



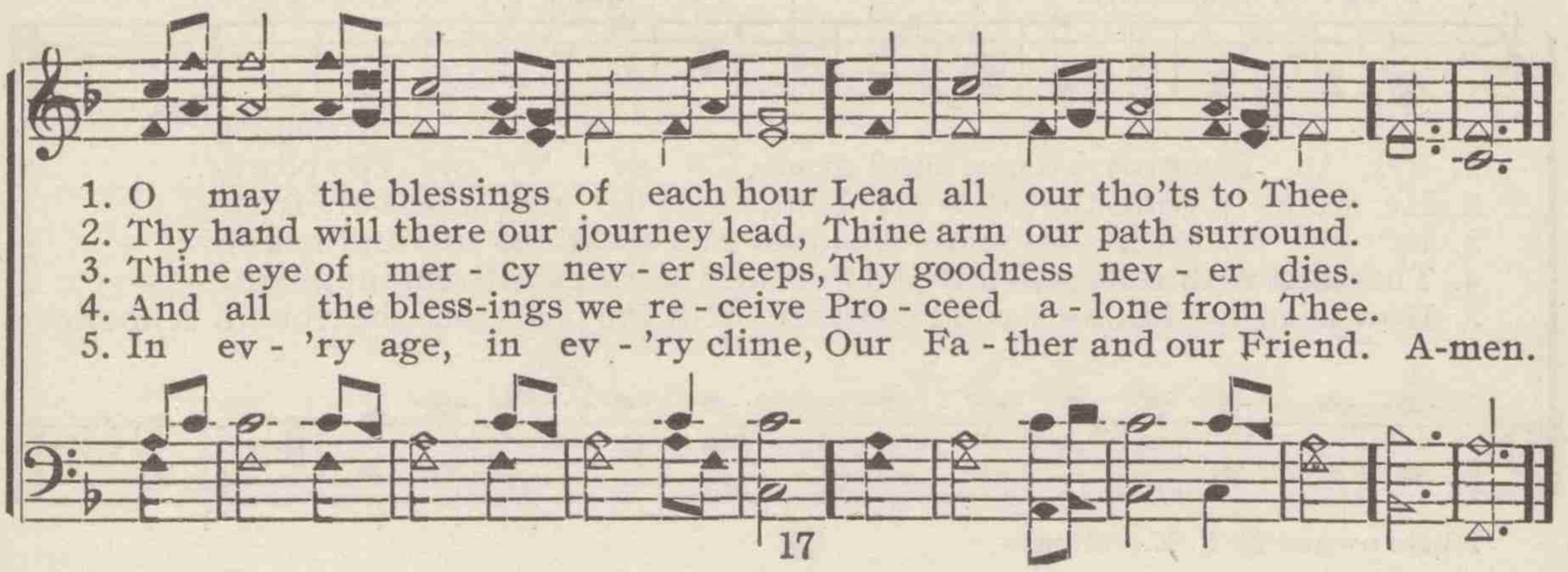
Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

21 YONGST. C. M.

Rev. J. Thompson. Psalm 139; 1-12. Rev. Wm. B. Gillham, 1852.



1. Je - ho - vah, God, Thy gra - cious pow'r On ev - 'ry hand we see;
2. If on the wings of morn we speed, To earth's re - mot - est bound;
3. Thy pow'r is in the o - cean deeps, And reach - es to the skies;
4. From morn till noon, till lat - est eve, Thy hand, O God, we see;
5. In all the vary-ing scenes of time, On Thee our hopes de- pend;



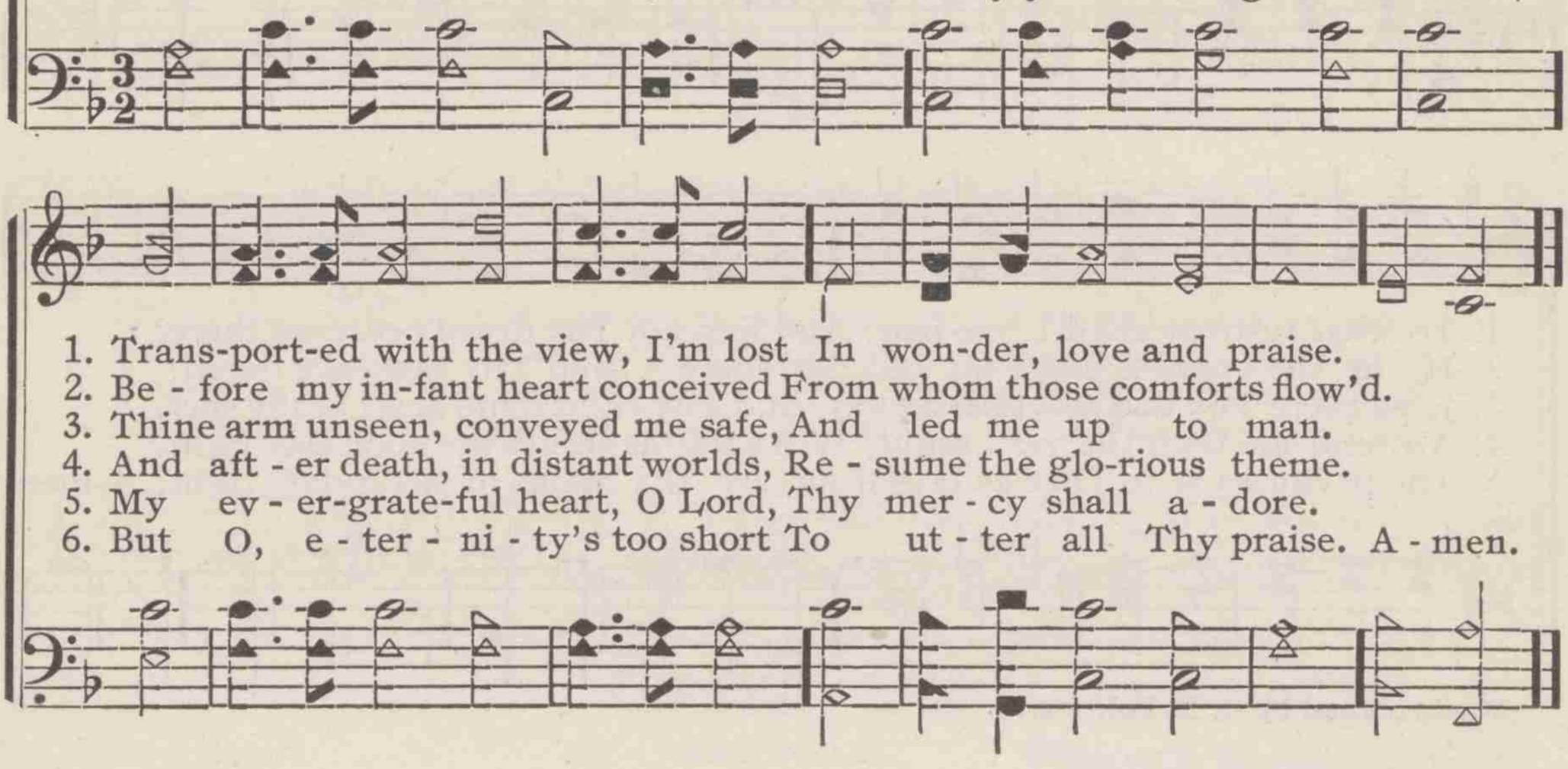
1. O may the blessings of each hour Lead all our tho'ts to Thee.
2. Thy hand will there our journey lead, Thine arm our path surround.
3. Thine eye of mer - cy nev - er sleeps, Thy goodness nev - er dies.
4. And all the bless-ings we re - ceive Pro - ceed a - lone from Thee.
5. In ev - 'ry age, in ev - 'ry clime, Our Fa - ther and our Friend. A-men.

22 ARLINGTON. C. M.

JOSEPH ADDISON, 1701. God's Goodness and Providence. THOMAS A. ARNE, 1762.



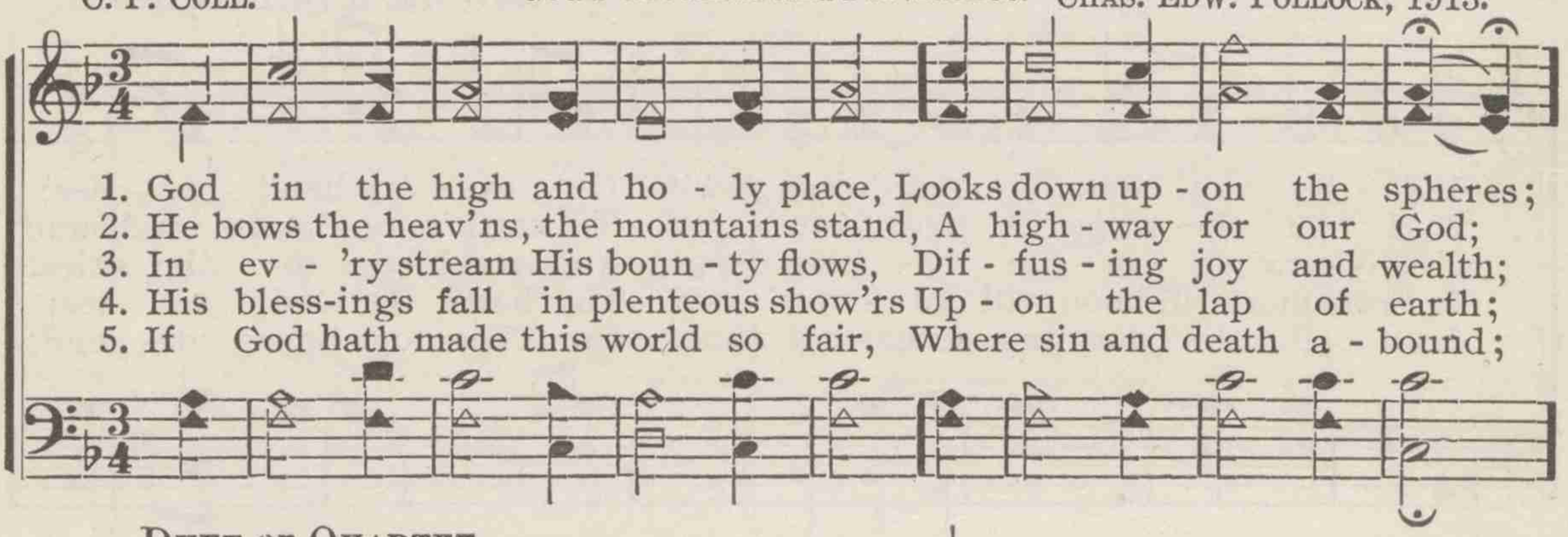
1. When all Thy mer - cies, O my God, My ris - ing soul sur - veys;
2. Un - numbered comforts to my soul Thy ten - der care be - stowed,
3. When in the slip - pery paths of youth With heedless steps I ran;
4. Thro' ev - 'ry pe - riod of my life, Thy good-ness I'll pro - claim;
5. When na - ture fails, and day and night Di - vide Thy works no more;
6. Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty to Thee A joy - ful song I'll raise;



1. Trans-port-ed with the view, I'm lost In won-der, love and praise.
2. Be - fore my in-fant heart conceived From whom those comforts flow'd.
3. Thine arm unseen, conveyed me safe, And led me up to man.
4. And aft - er death, in distant worlds, Re - sume the glo-rious theme.
5. My ev - er-grate-ful heart, O Lord, Thy mer - cy shall a - dore.
6. But O, e - ter - ni - ty's too short To ut - ter all Thy praise. A - men.

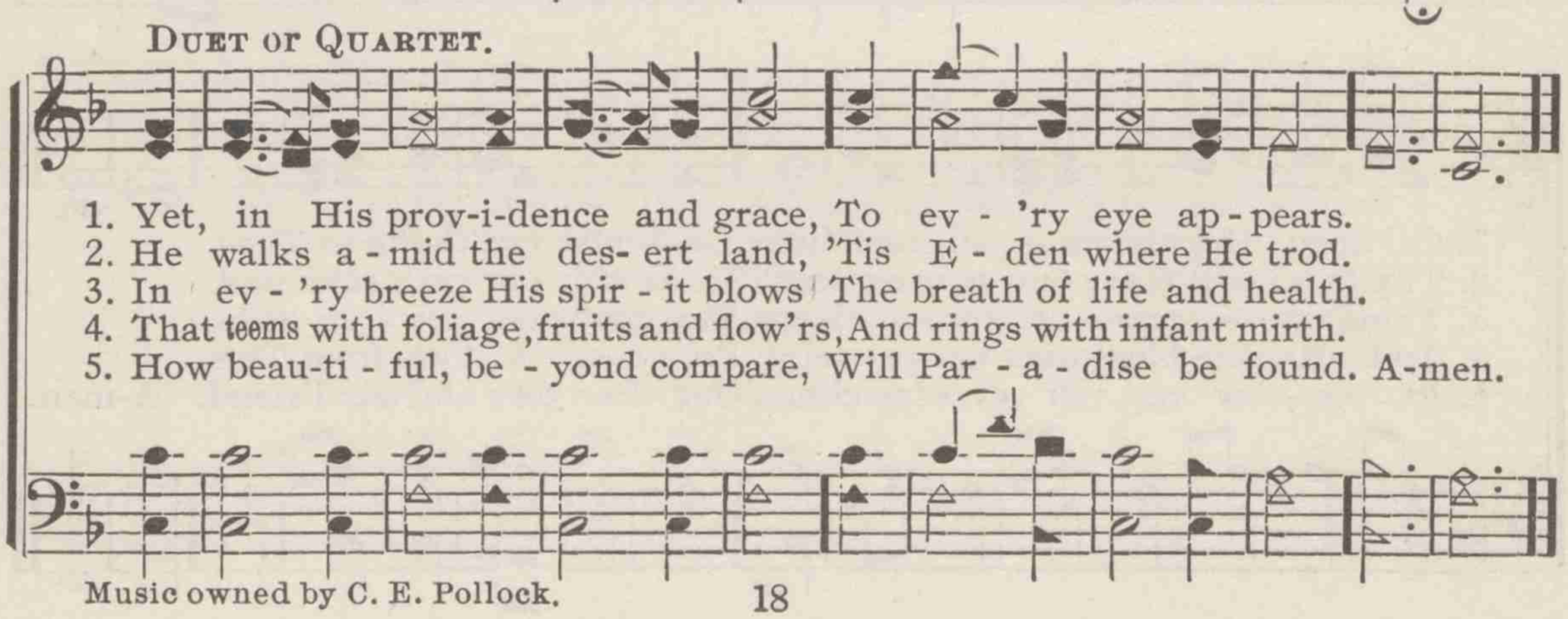
23 ELDON. C. M.

C. P. COLL. God's Goodness and Providence. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, 1913.



1. God in the high and ho - ly place, Looks down up - on the spheres;
2. He bows the heav'ns, the mountains stand, A high - way for our God;
3. In ev - 'ry stream His boun - ty flows, Dif - fus - ing joy and wealth;
4. His bless-ings fall in plenteous show'rs Up - on the lap of earth;
5. If God hath made this world so fair, Where sin and death a - bound;

DUET OR QUARTET.

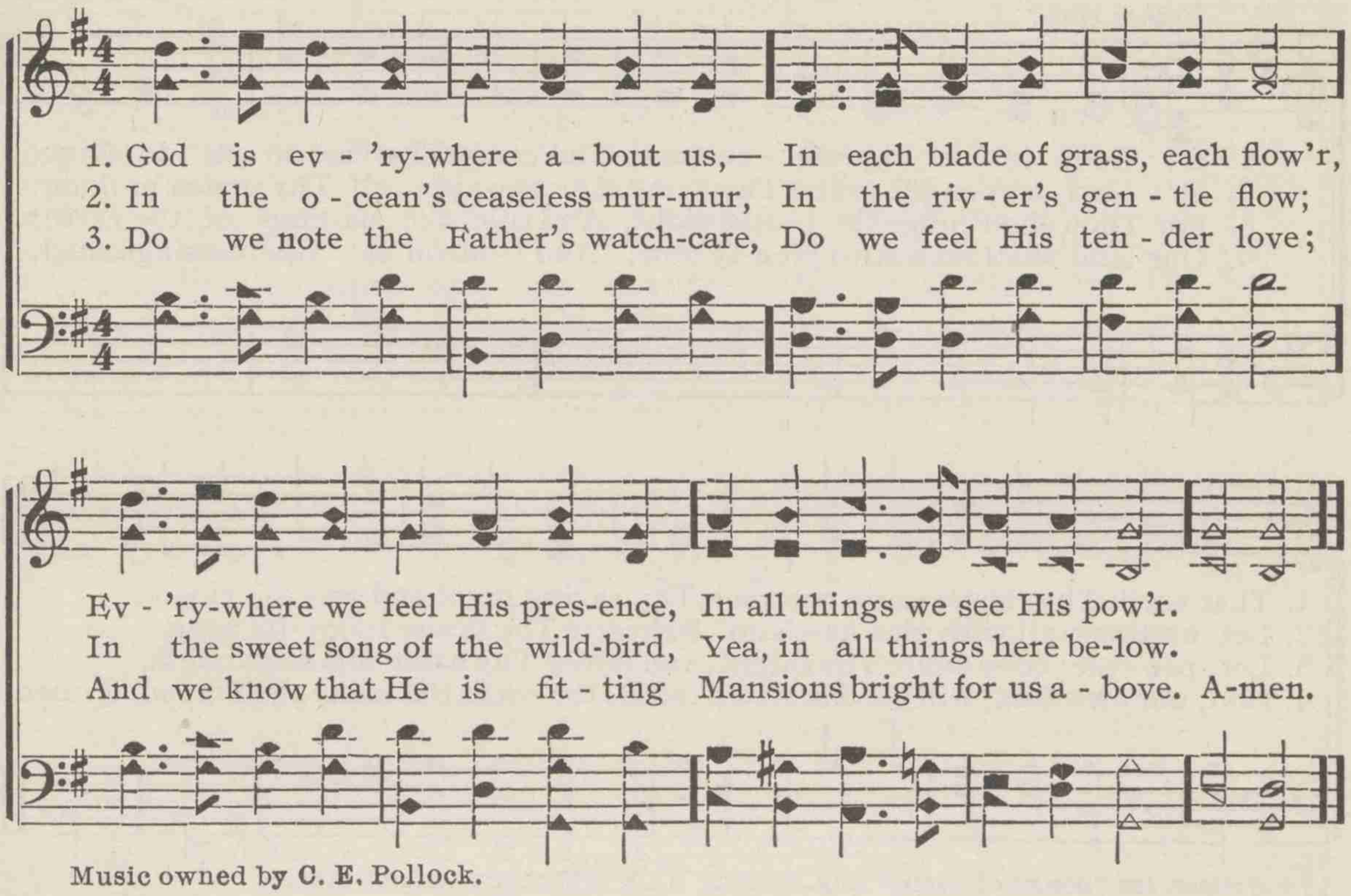


1. Yet, in His prov-i-dence and grace, To ev - 'ry eye ap - pears.
2. He walks a - mid the des- ert land, 'Tis E - den where He trod.
3. In ev - 'ry breeze His spir - it blows The breath of life and health.
4. That teems with foliage, fruits and flow'rs, And rings with infant mirth.
5. How beau-ti - ful, be - yond compare, Will Par - a - dise be found. A-men.

Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

24 SEDALIA. 8s & 7s.

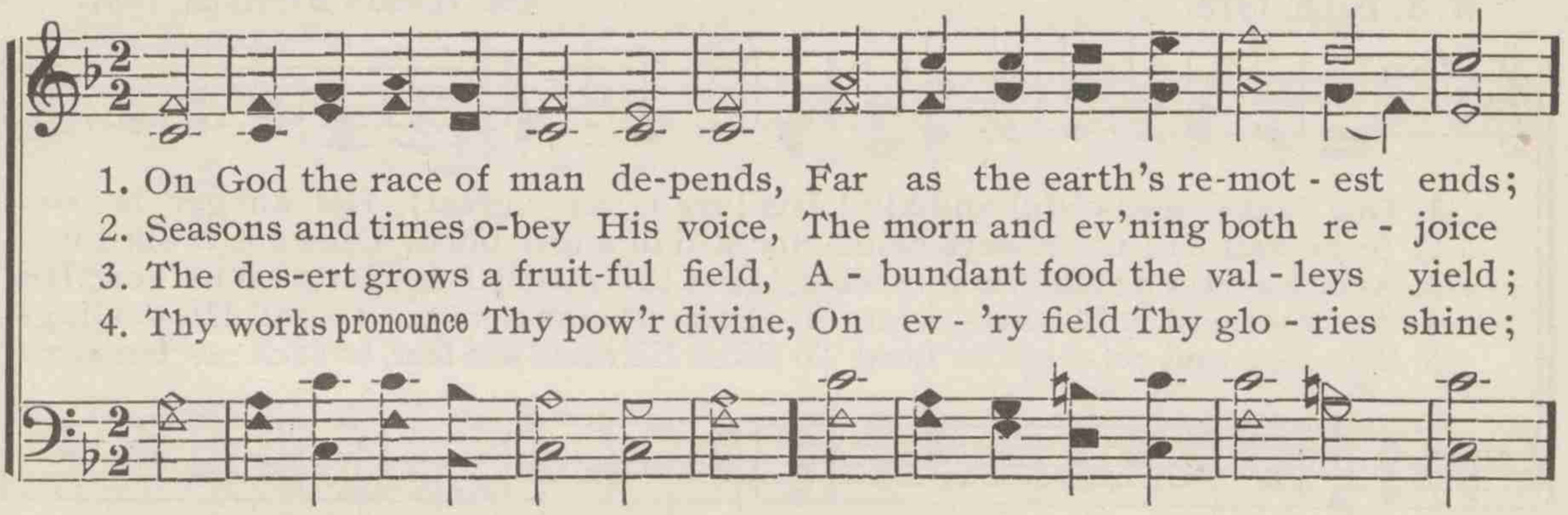
MRS. FLORENCE N. MURRAY SMITH. Our Father's Love. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, 1913.

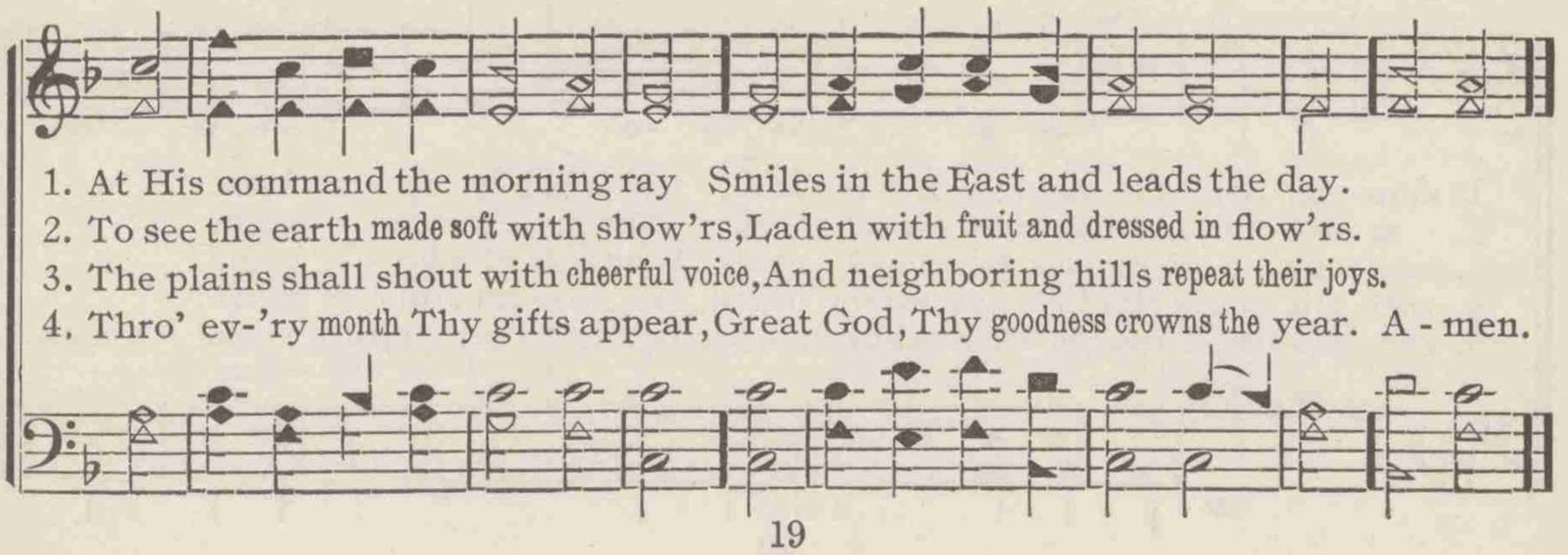


Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

25 UXBRIDGE. L. M.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D. Psalm 65: 5-13. DR. LOWELL MASON, 1830.

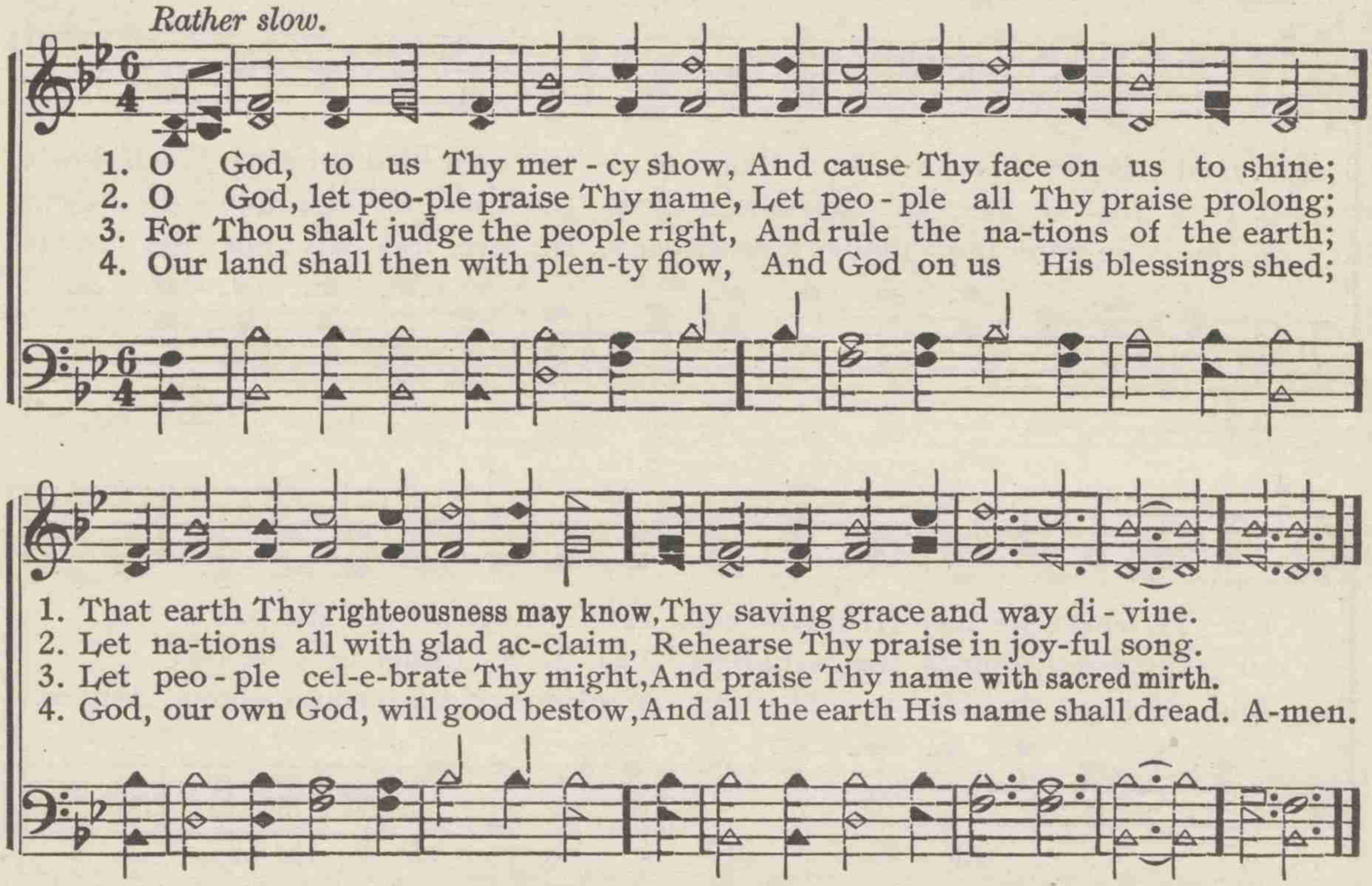




26 HOPEWELL. L. M.*

W. T. DALE, 1872. Psalm 67. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Rather slow.



1. O God, to us Thy mer - cy show, And cause Thy face on us to shine;
2. O God, let peo-ple praise Thy name, Let peo - ple all Thy praise prolong;
3. For Thou shalt judge the people right, And rule the na-tions of the earth;
4. Our land shall then with plen-ty flow, And God on us His blessings shed;



1. That earth Thy righteousness may know, Thy saving grace and way di - vine.
2. Let na-tions all with glad ac-claim, Rehearse Thy praise in joy-ful song.
3. Let peo - ple cel-e-brate Thy might, And praise Thy name with sacred mirth.
4. God, our own God, will good bestow, And all the earth His name shall dread. A-men.

* Written for "Songs of Zion," Aug. 30, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner of music.

27 ORTONVILLE. C. M.

God's compassion.—Psalm 103: 8-13.

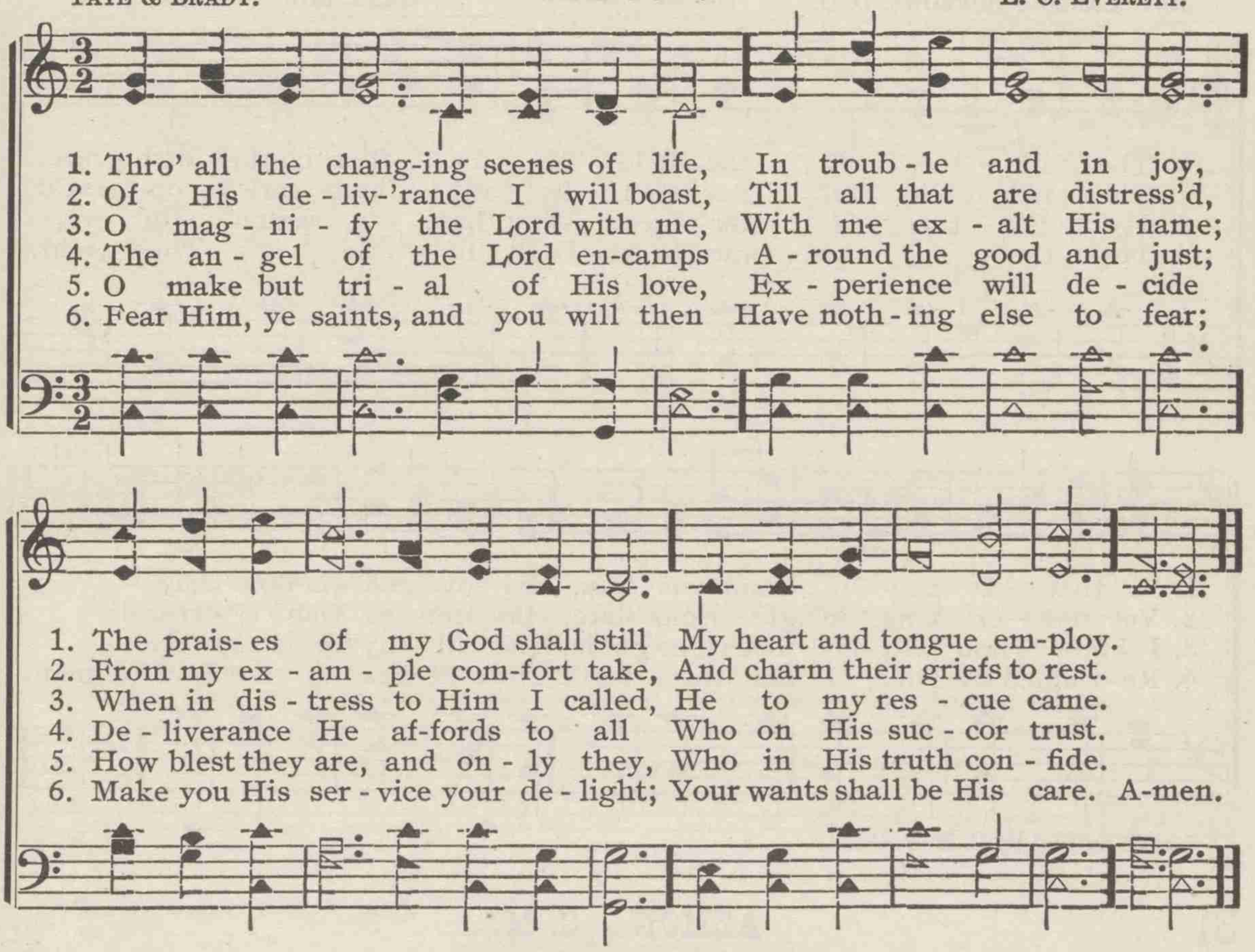
W. T. DALE, 1872. DR. THOMAS HASTINGS, 1837.

1. Our God is mer-ci-ful and kind, His love is ver-y great; His an-ger is so
2. Je-ho-vah will not always chide, Nor still in anger burn, Does not reward us
3. As high as heav'n's bright arch is raised, Above this earthly frame, So great to those His
4. As far as east is from the west, He doth our sins remove; And all His dealings
5. The love and pit-y of the Lord To those His name who fear, Is such as ten-der

1. slow to rise, So read - y to a - bate, So read - y to a - bate.
2. as we sin, Nor give as we re - turn, Nor give as we re - turn.
3. mer - cy is Who fear His ho - ly name, Who fear His ho - ly name.
4. with His saints His love and mercy prove, His love and mer-cy prove.
5. par-ents feel Towards their children dear, Towards their children dear. A-men.

28 SPRING. C. M.

TATE & BRADY. Psalm 34: 1-9. L. C. EVERETT.



29 CLARKSBURG. 8s & 7s.

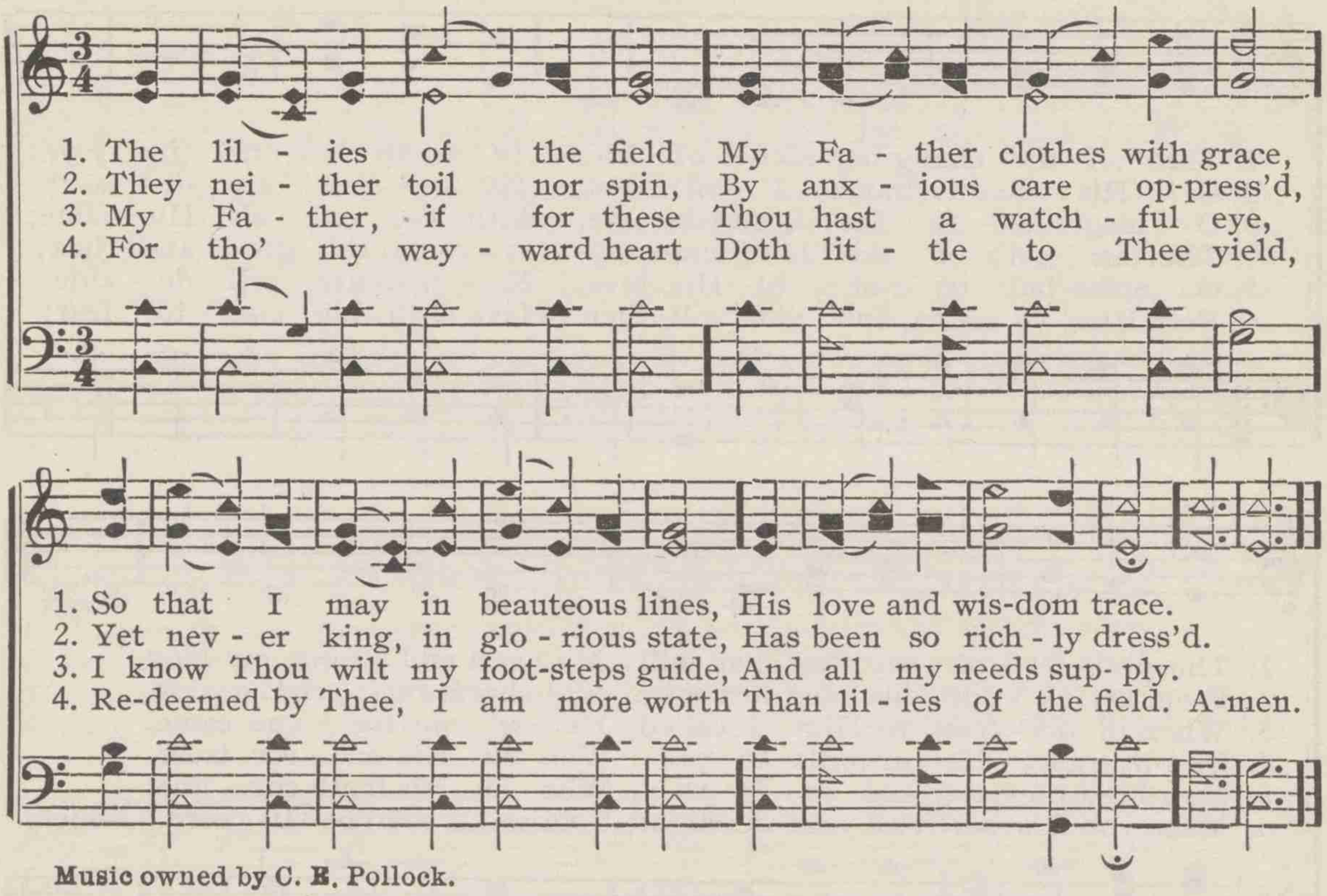
SIR JNO. BOWRING. "God is love."—I John 4: 16. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, 1913.



Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

30 HYDE. S. M.

Rev. Lansing Burrows, D. D. Matt. 6: 28-30. Chas. Edw. Pollock, 1913.

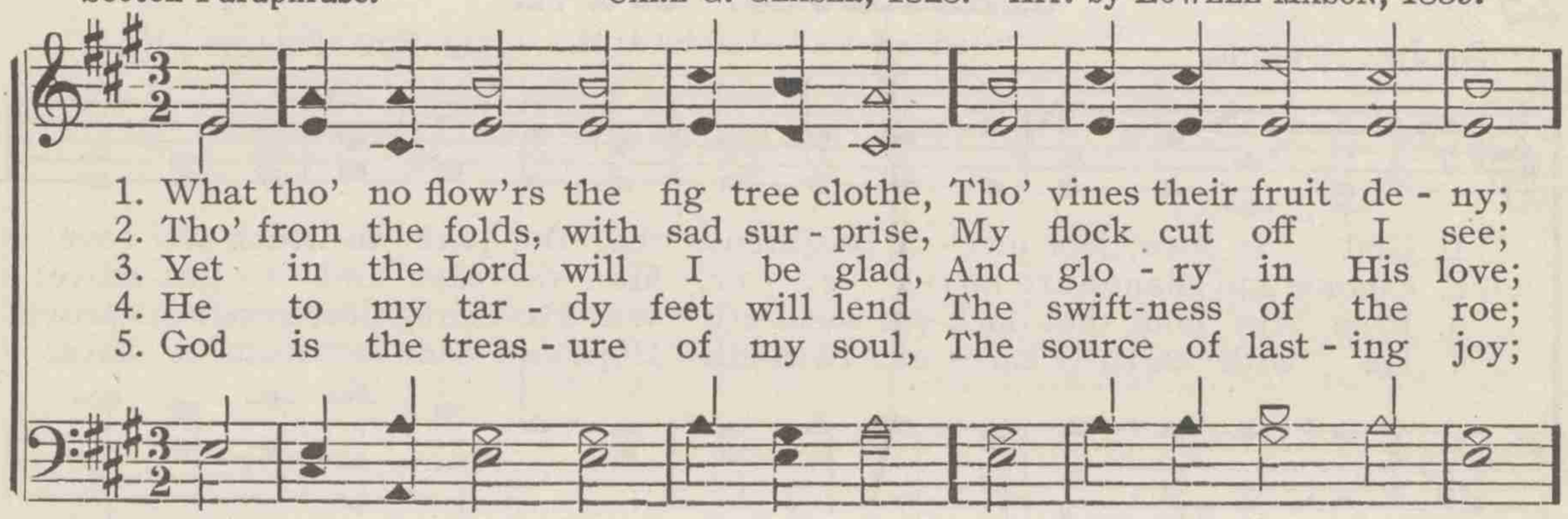


Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

31 AZMON. C. M.

Hab. 3: 17-19.

Scotch Paraphrase. Carl G. Gläser, 1828. Arr. by Lowell Mason, 1839.



32 POLLOCK. C. M.*

Scotch Paraphrase. Matt. 6: 9-14. Rev. W. T. Dale, 1913.



1. Fa - ther of all, we bow to Thee, Who dwell'st in heav'n a-dored;
2. For - ev - er hallow'd be Thy name, By all be - neath the skies;
3. A grate-ful hom-age may we yield, With hearts re- signed to Thee;
4. From day to day we hum-bly own The hand that feeds us still;
5. Our sins be - fore Thee we con - fess, O may they be for-giv'n;
6. Still let Thy grace our life di - rect, From e - vil guard our way;
7. For Thine the pow'r, the king-dom Thine, All glo - ry due to Thee;

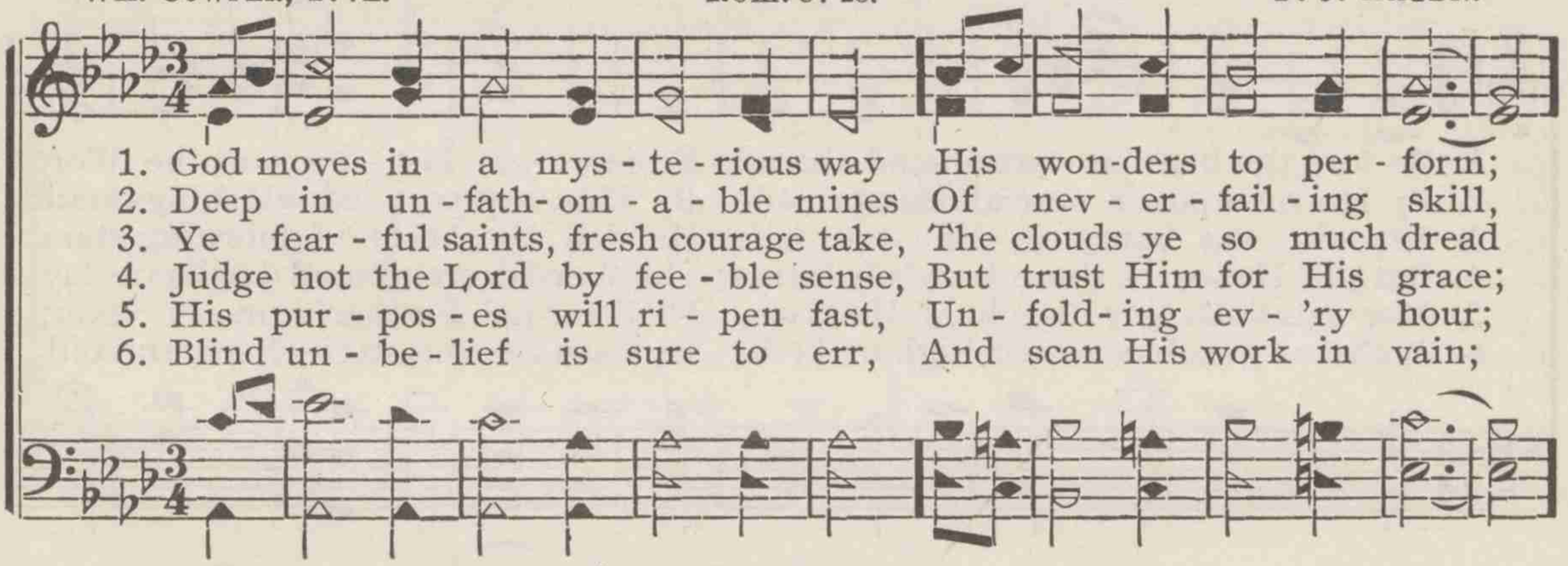


1. But pres-ent still, thro' all Thy works, The u - ni - ver - sal Lord.
2. And may Thy kingdom still ad-vance, Till grace to glo - ry rise.
3. And as in heav'n Thy will is done, On earth so let it be.
4. Give us our bread and teach to rest Content- ed in Thy will.
5. As we to oth - ers mer - cy show, We mer- cy beg from heav'n.
6. And in temp-ta-tion's fa - tal path, Per-mit me not to stray.
7. Thine from e - ter - ni - ty they were, And thine shall ev-er be. A - men.

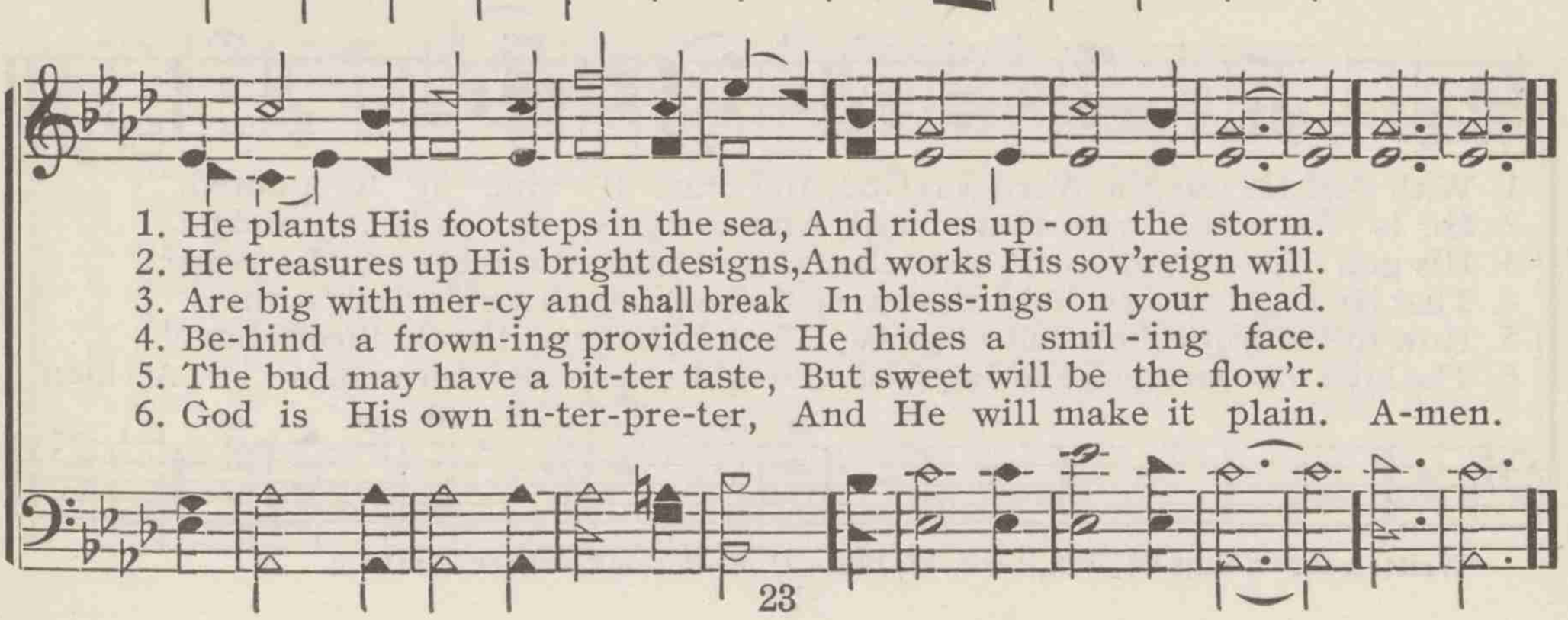
*Music owned by W. T. Dale.

33 MANOAH. C. M.

Wm. Cowper, 1772. Rom. 8: 28. F. J. Haydn.



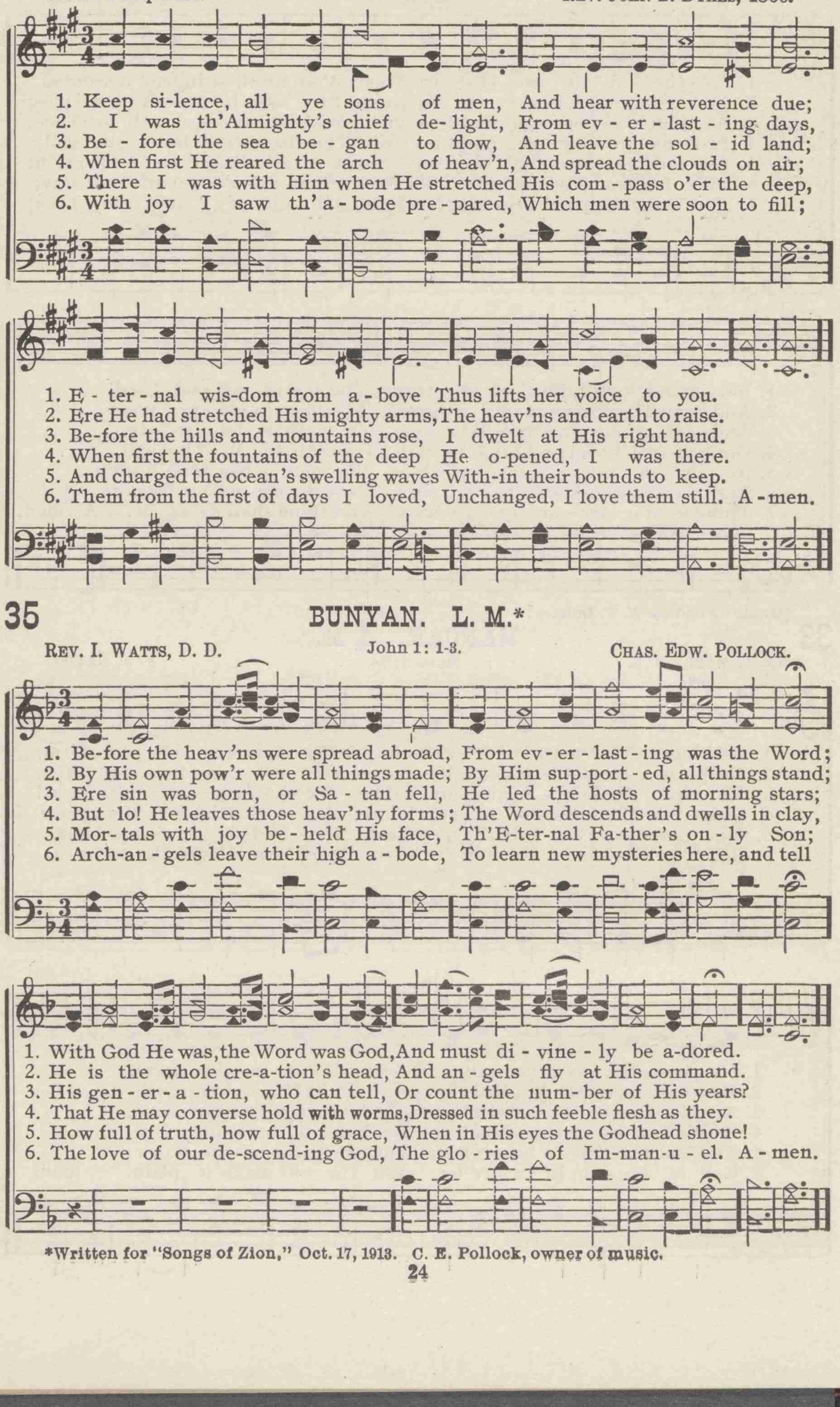
1. God moves in a mys - te - rious way His won-ders to per - form;
2. Deep in un - fath- om - a - ble mines Of nev - er - fail - ing skill,
3. Ye fear - ful saints, fresh courage take, The clouds ye so much dread
4. Judge not the Lord by fee - ble sense, But trust Him for His grace;
5. His pur - pos - es will ri - pen fast, Un - fold- ing ev - 'ry hour;
6. Blind un - be - lief is sure to err, And scan His work in vain;



1. He plants His footsteps in the sea, And rides up - on the storm.
2. He treasures up His bright designs, And works His sov'reign will.
3. Are big with mer-cy and shall break In bless-ings on your head.
4. Be-hind a frown-ing providence He hides a smil - ing face.
5. The bud may have a bit-ter taste, But sweet will be the flow'r.
6. God is His own in-ter-pre-ter, And He will make it plain. A-men.

34 ST. AGNES. C. M.

Scotch Paraphrase. Prov. 8: 22-31. Rev. John B. Dykes, 1866.



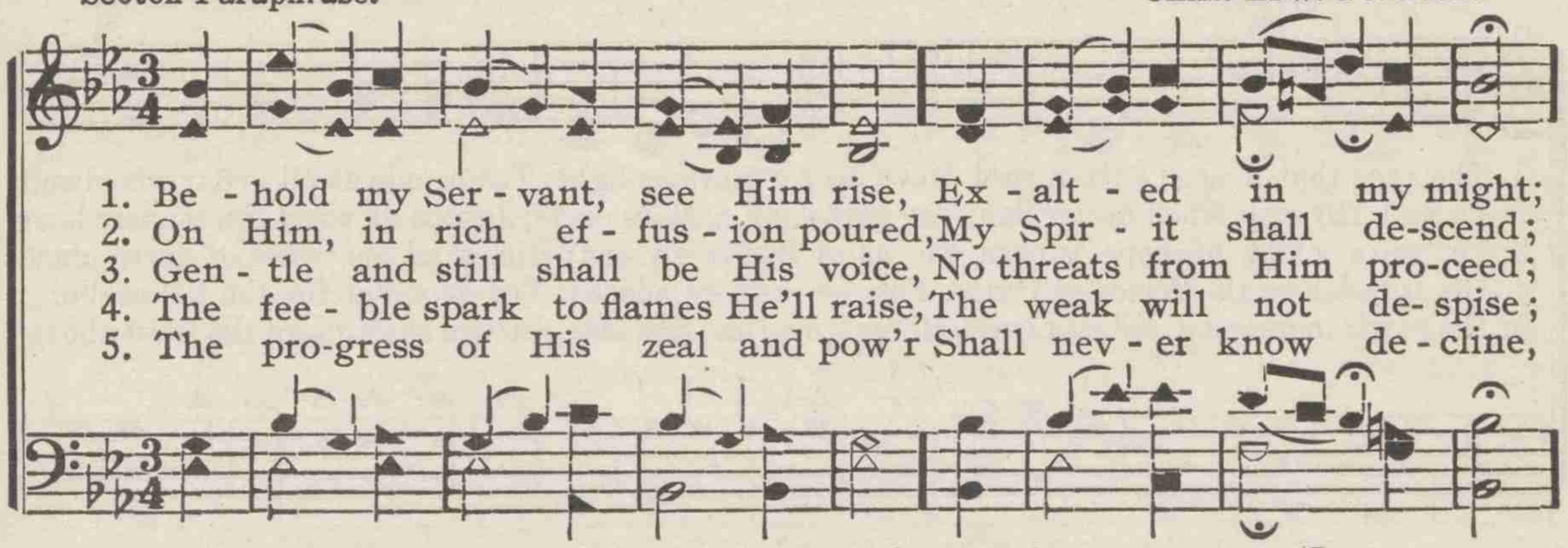
35 BUNYAN. L. M.*

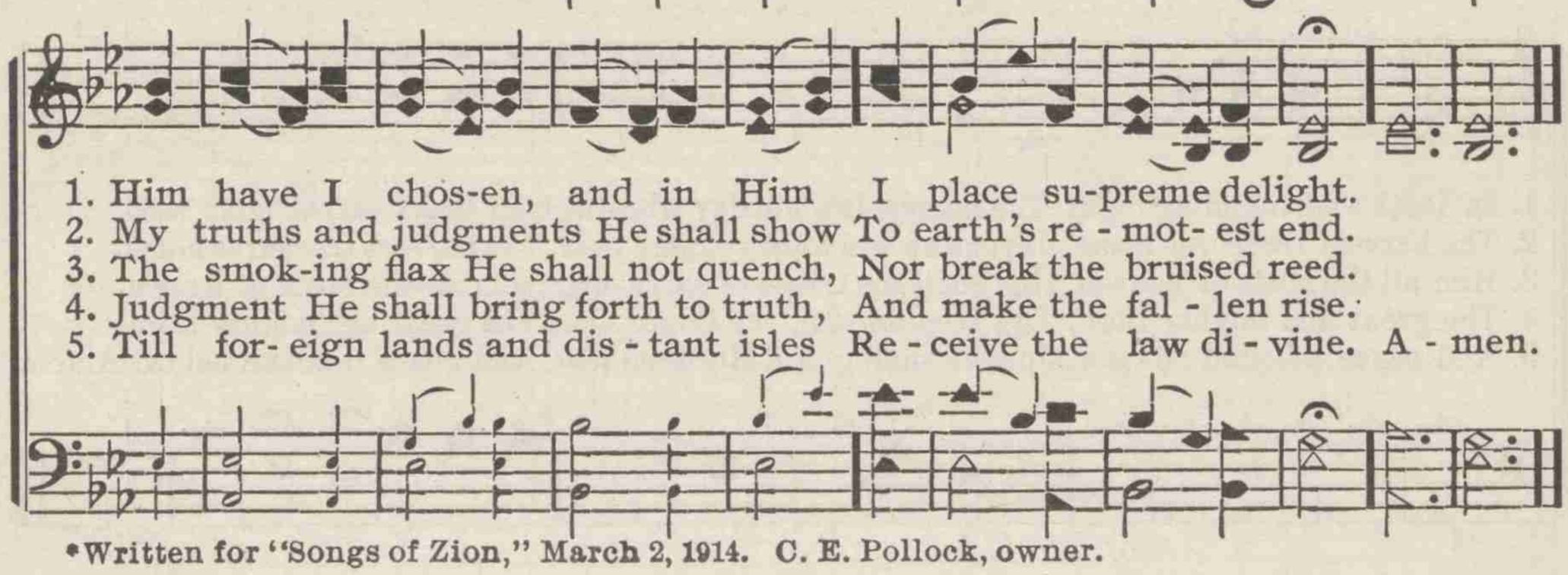
Rev. I. Watts, D. D. John 1: 1-3. Chas. Edw. Pollock.

*Written for "Songs of Zion," Oct. 17, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner of music.

36 BOGG'S HILL. C. M.*

Scotch Paraphrase. Isa. 42: 1-4. Chas. Edw. Pollock.

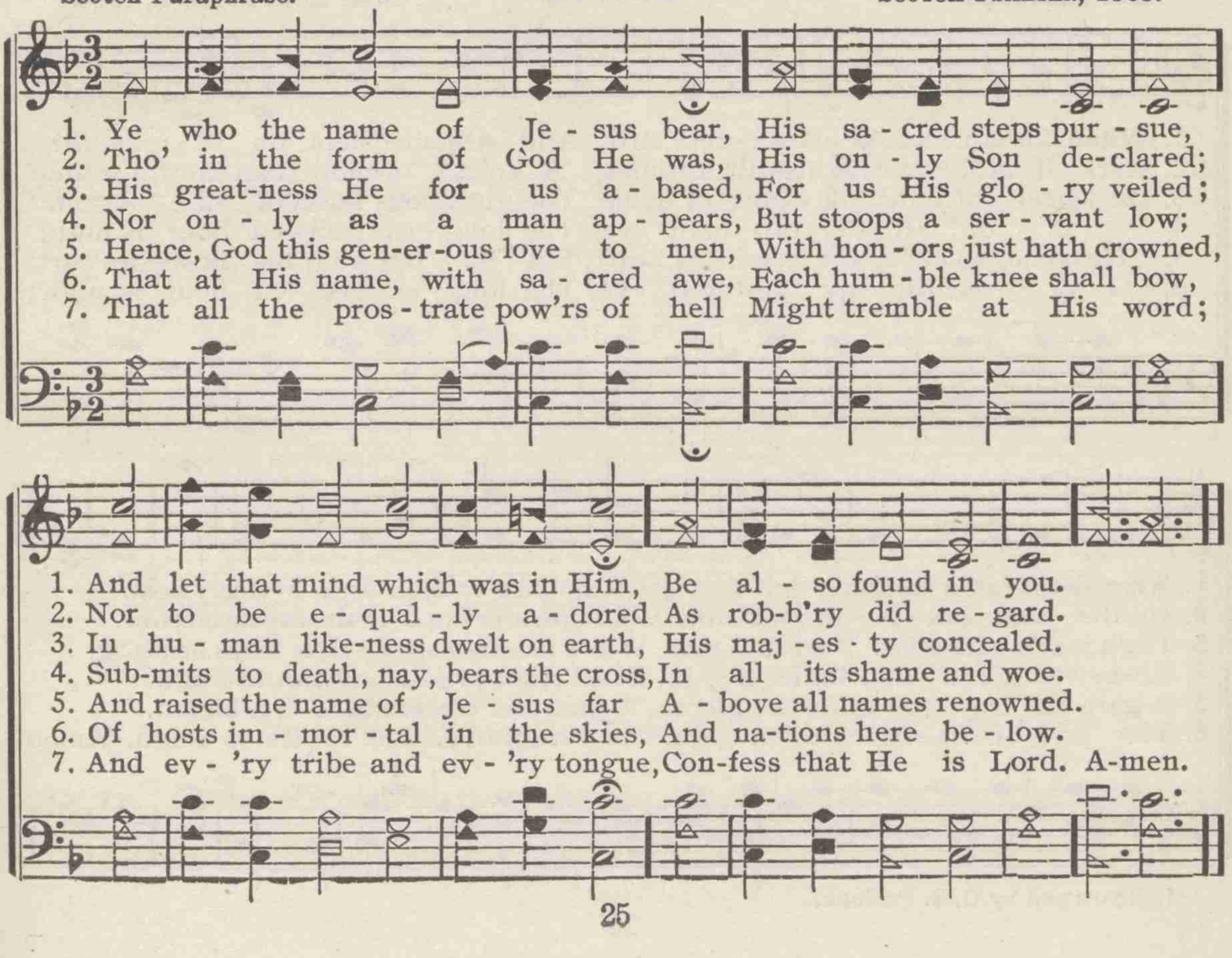




*Written for "Songs of Zion," March 2, 1914. C. E. Pollock, owner.

37 DUNDEE. C. M.

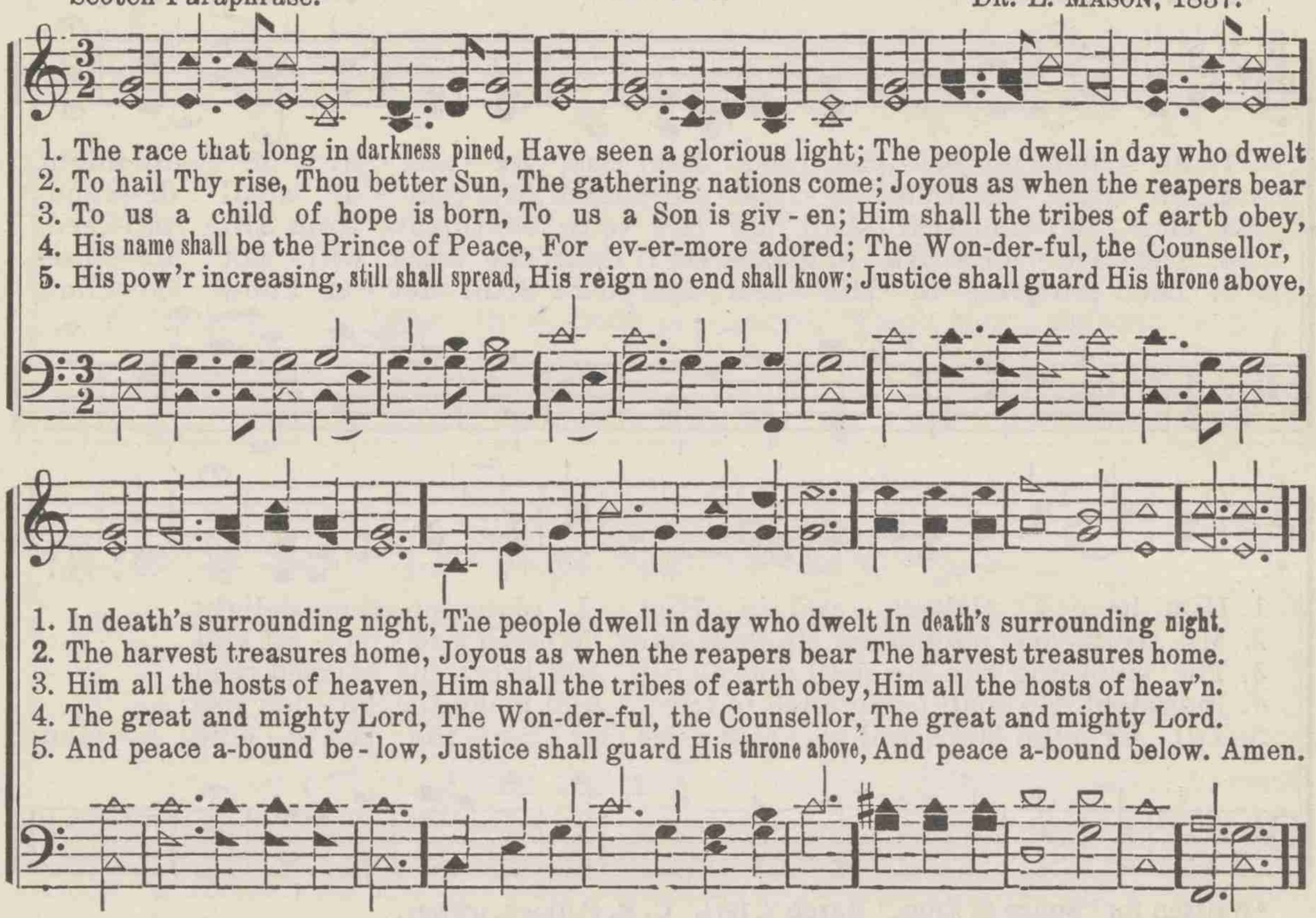
Scotch Paraphrase. Phil. 2: 6-12. Scotch Psalter, 1565.



38

ZERAH. C. M.

Scotch Paraphrase. Isa. 9: 2-7. Dr. L. Mason, 1837.



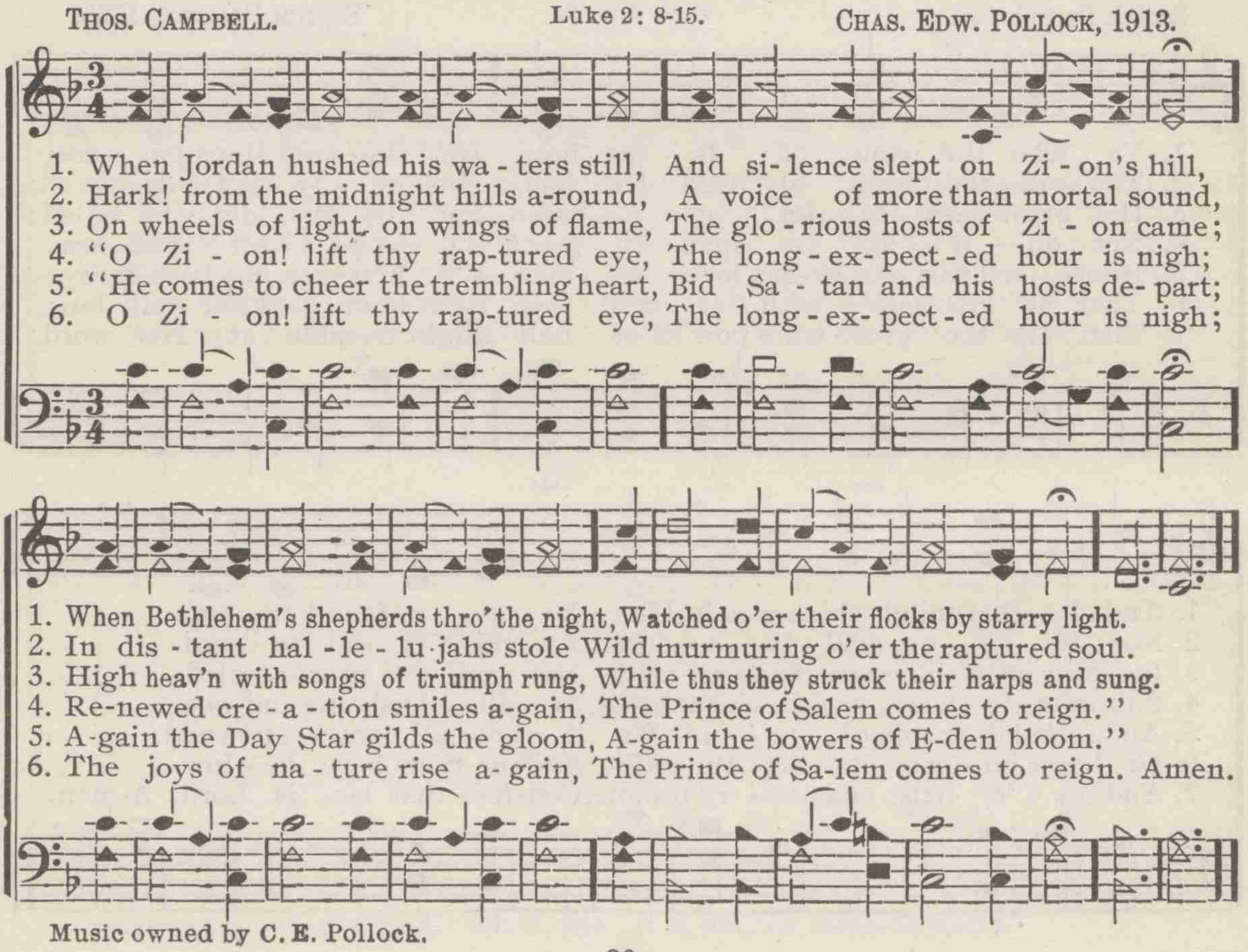
1. The race that long in darkness pined, Have seen a glorious light; The people dwell in day who dwelt
2. To hail Thy rise, Thou better Sun, The gathering nations come; Joyous as when the reapers bear
3. To us a child of hope is born, To us a Son is giv - en; Him shall the tribes of eartb obey,
4. His name shall be the Prince of Peace, For ev-er-more adored; The Won-der-ful, the Counsellor,
5. His pow'r increasing, still shall spread, His reign no end shall know; Justice shall guard His throne above,

1. In death's surrounding night, The people dwell in day who dwelt In death's surrounding night.
2. The harvest treasures home, Joyous as when the reapers bear The harvest treasures home.
3. Him all the hosts of heaven, Him shall the tribes of earth obey, Him all the hosts of heav'n.
4. The great and mighty Lord, The Won-der-ful, the Counsellor, The great and mighty Lord.
5. And peace a-bound be - low, Justice shall guard His throne above, And peace a-bound below. Amen.

39

FOOSLAND. L. M.

Thos. Campbell. Luke 2: 8-15. Chas. Edw. Pollock, 1913.



1. When Jordan hushed his wa - ters still, And si- lence slept on Zi - on's hill,
2. Hark! from the midnight hills a-round, A voice of more than mortal sound,
3. On wheels of light on wings of flame, The glo - rious hosts of Zi - on came;
4. "O Zi - on! lift thy rap-tured eye, The long - ex- pect - ed hour is nigh;
5. "He comes to cheer the trembling heart, Bid Sa - tan and his hosts de- part;
6. O Zi - on! lift thy rap-tured eye, The long - ex- pect - ed hour is nigh;

1. When Bethlehem's shepherds thro' the night, Watched o'er their flocks by starry light.
2. In dis - tant hal - le - lu - jahs stole Wild murmuring o'er the raptured soul.
3. High heav'n with songs of triumph rung, While thus they struck their harps and sung.
4. Re-newed cre - a - tion smiles a-gain, The Prince of Salem comes to reign."
5. A-gain the Day Star gilds the gloom, A-gain the bowers of E-den bloom."
6. The joys of na - ture rise a- gain, The Prince of Sa-lem comes to reign. Amen.

Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

40 SILOAM. C. M.

REV. EDMUND H. SEARS, 1834. Luke 2: 8-15. I. B. WOODBURY, 1842.



1. Calm on the list'ning ear of night, Come heav'n's me-lo-dious strains,
2. Ce - les - tial choirs from courts a-bove, Shed sa - cred glo - ries there,
3. The an - swer - ing hills of Palestine Send back the glad re - ply;
4. O'er the blue depths of Gal - i - lee There comes a ho - lier calm,
5. "Glo - ry to God!" the sound-ing skies Loud with their an-thems ring,—

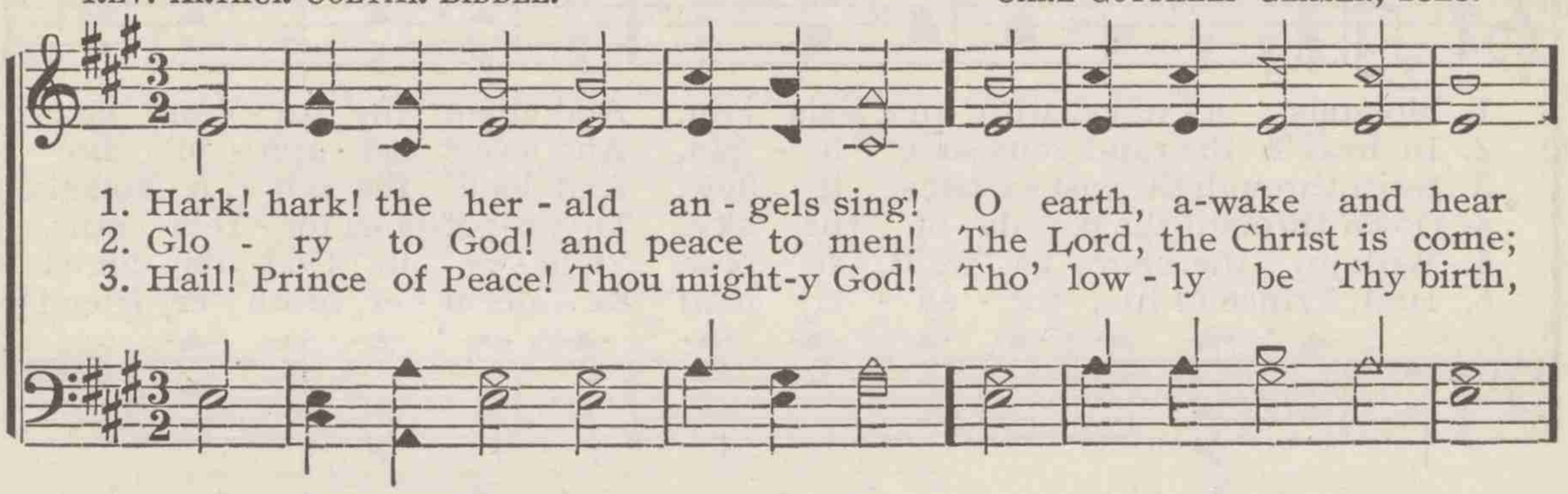


1. Where wild Ju - de - a stretch-es far Her sil - ver-mantled plains.
2. And an - gels, with their sparkling lyres, Make mu - sic on the air.
3. And greet, from all their ho - ly heights, The Day-spring from on high.
4. And Sha - ron waves, in sol-emn praise, Her si - lent groves of palm.
5. "Peace to the earth, good will to men, From heav'n's eternal King!" A-men.

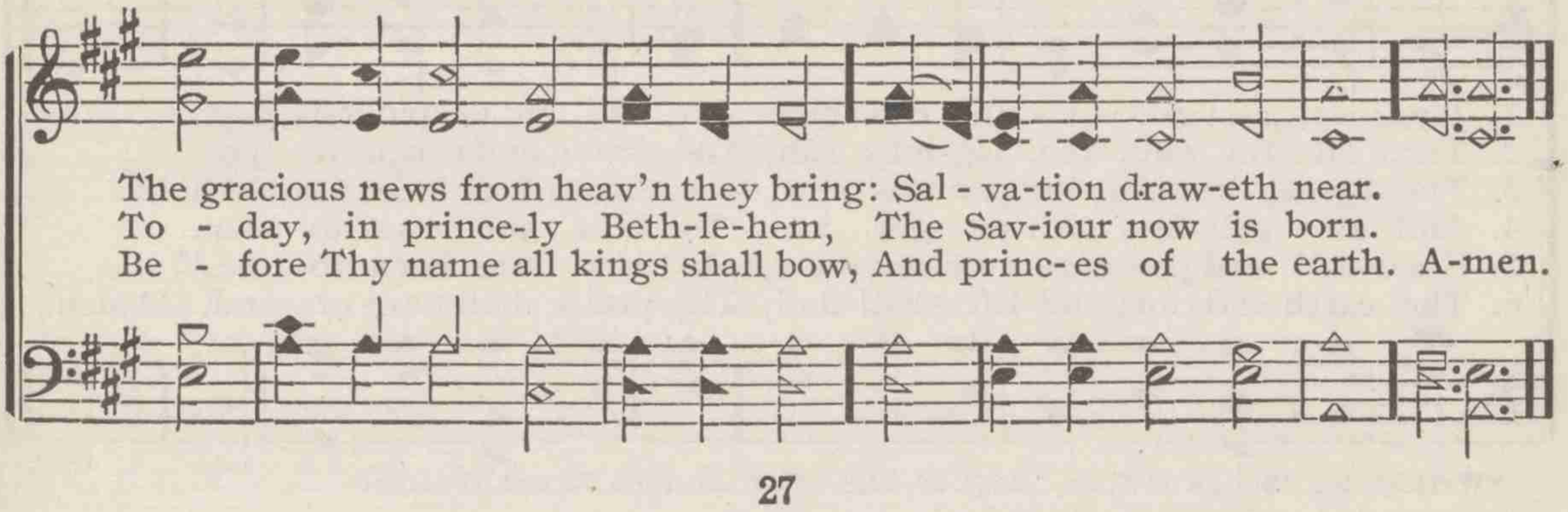


41 AZMON. C. M.

REV. ARTHUR COLYAR BIDDLE. Luke 2: 11. CARL GOTTHELF GLASER, 1828.



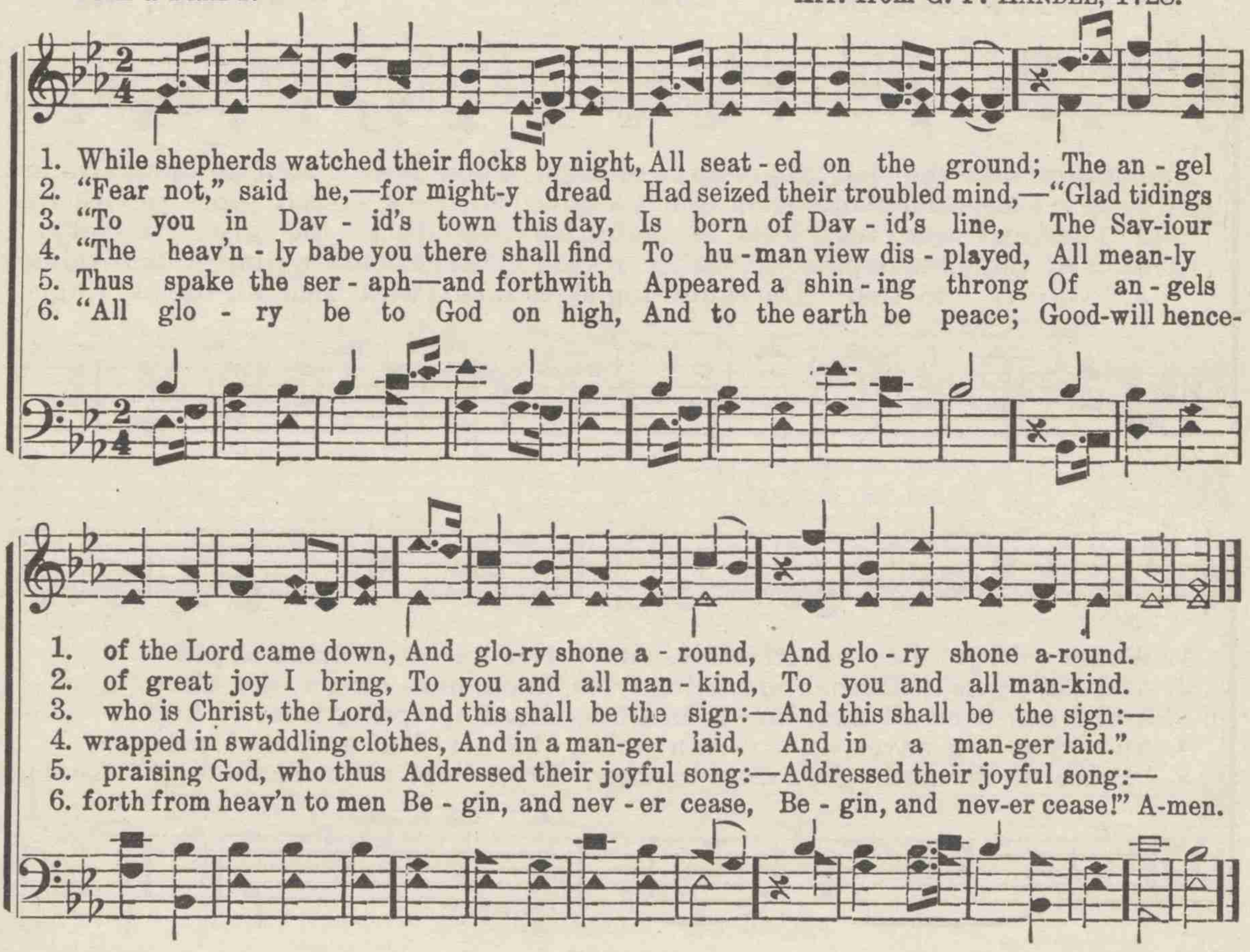
1. Hark! hark! the her - ald an - gels sing! O earth, a-wake and hear
2. Glo - ry to God! and peace to men! The Lord, the Christ is come;
3. Hail! Prince of Peace! Thou might-y God! Tho' low - ly be Thy birth,



The gracious news from heav'n they bring: Sal - va-tion draw-eth near.
To - day, in prince-ly Beth-le-hem, The Sav-iour now is born.
Be - fore Thy name all kings shall bow, And princ-es of the earth. A-men.

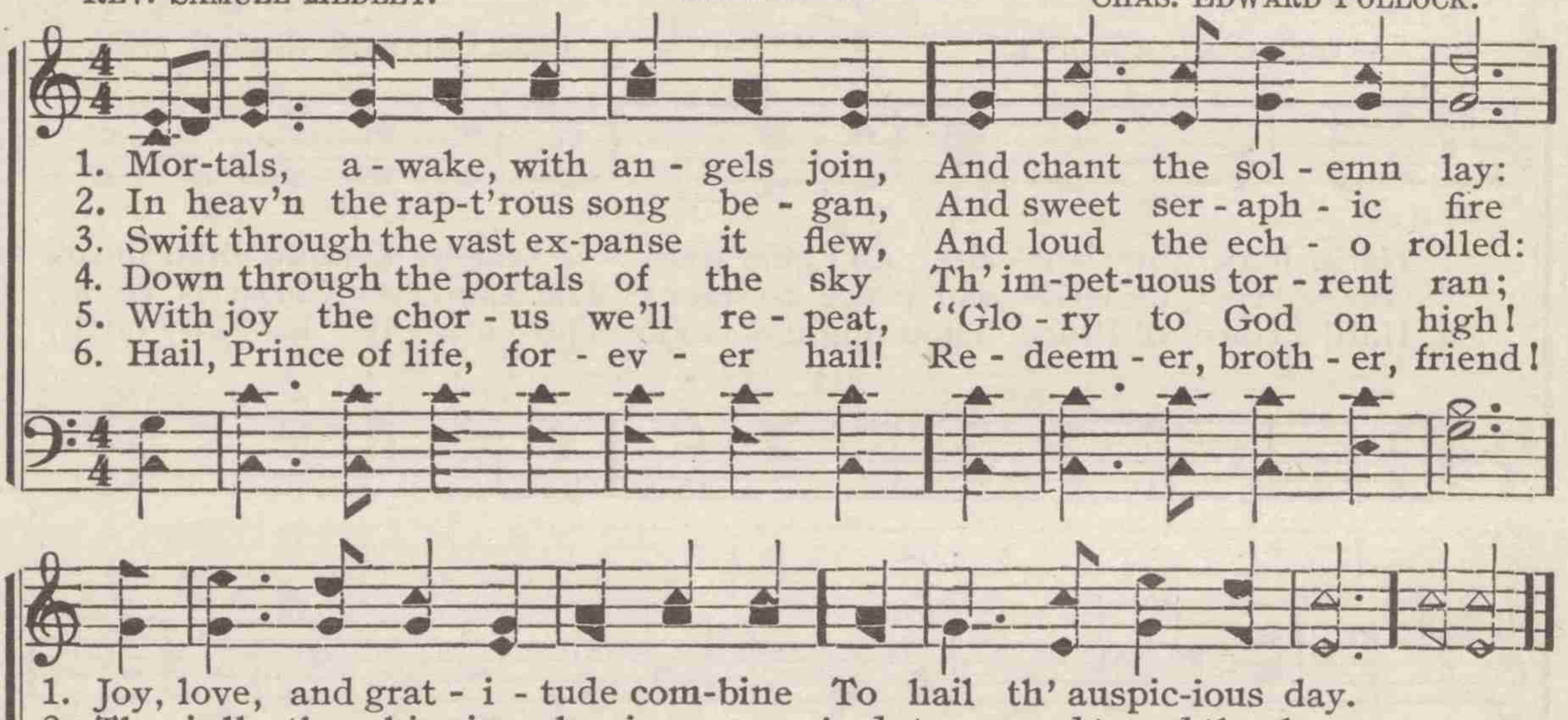
42 CHRISTMAS. C. M.

TATE & BRADY. Luke 2:8-15. Arr. from G. F. HANDEL, 1728.



43 O'KANE. C. M.*

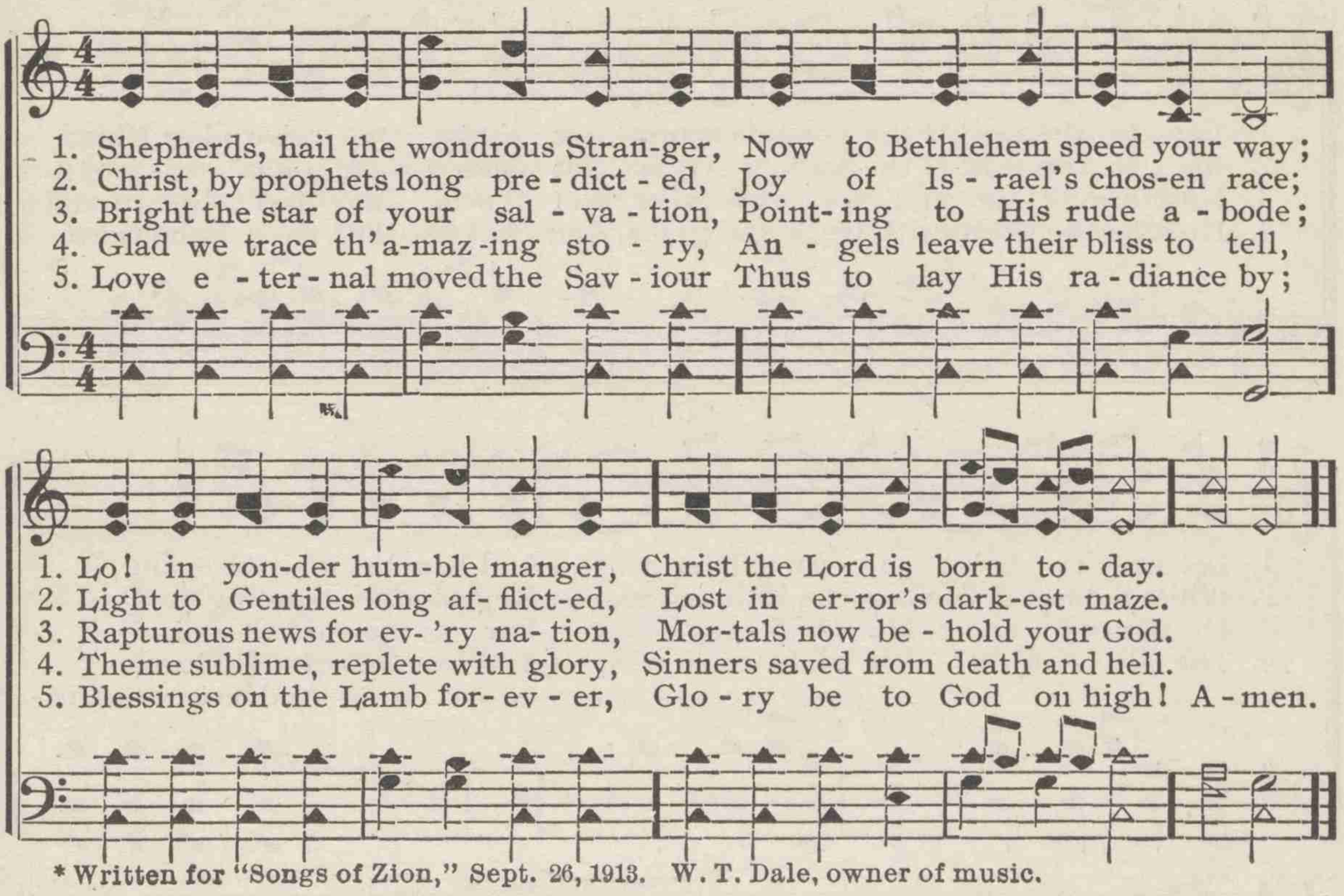
REV. SAMUEL MEDLEY. Luke 2:8-15. CHAS. EDWARD POLLOCK.



*Written for "Songs of Zion," Aug. 22, 1913. C. E. Pollock owner of music.

44 SANKEY. 8s & 7s.*

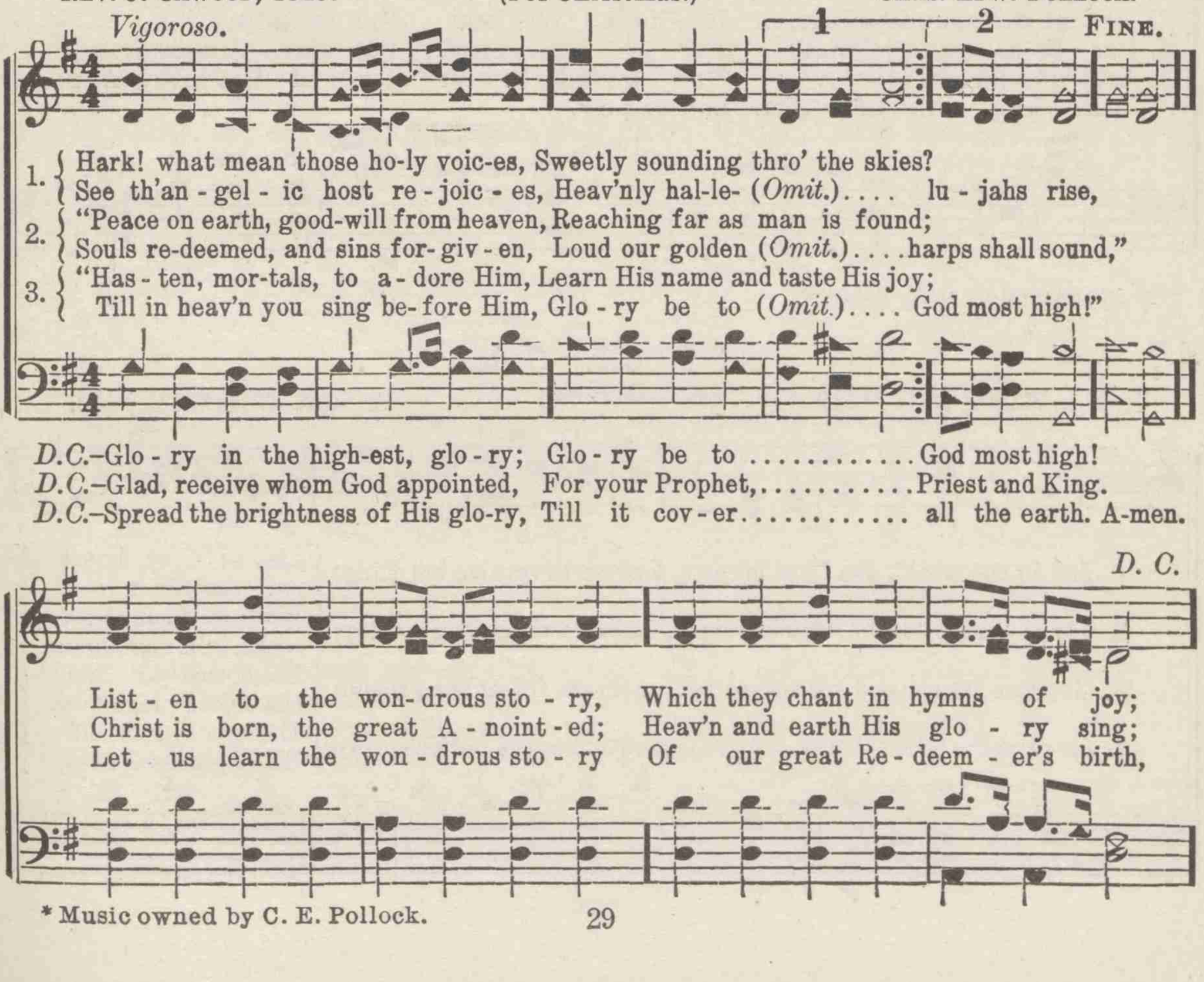
C. P. COLL. "Shepherds hail the Saviour."—Luke 2: 8-15. W. T. DALE.



* Written for "Songs of Zion," Sept. 26, 1913. W. T. Dale, owner of music.

45 ADVENT. 8s. & 7s.

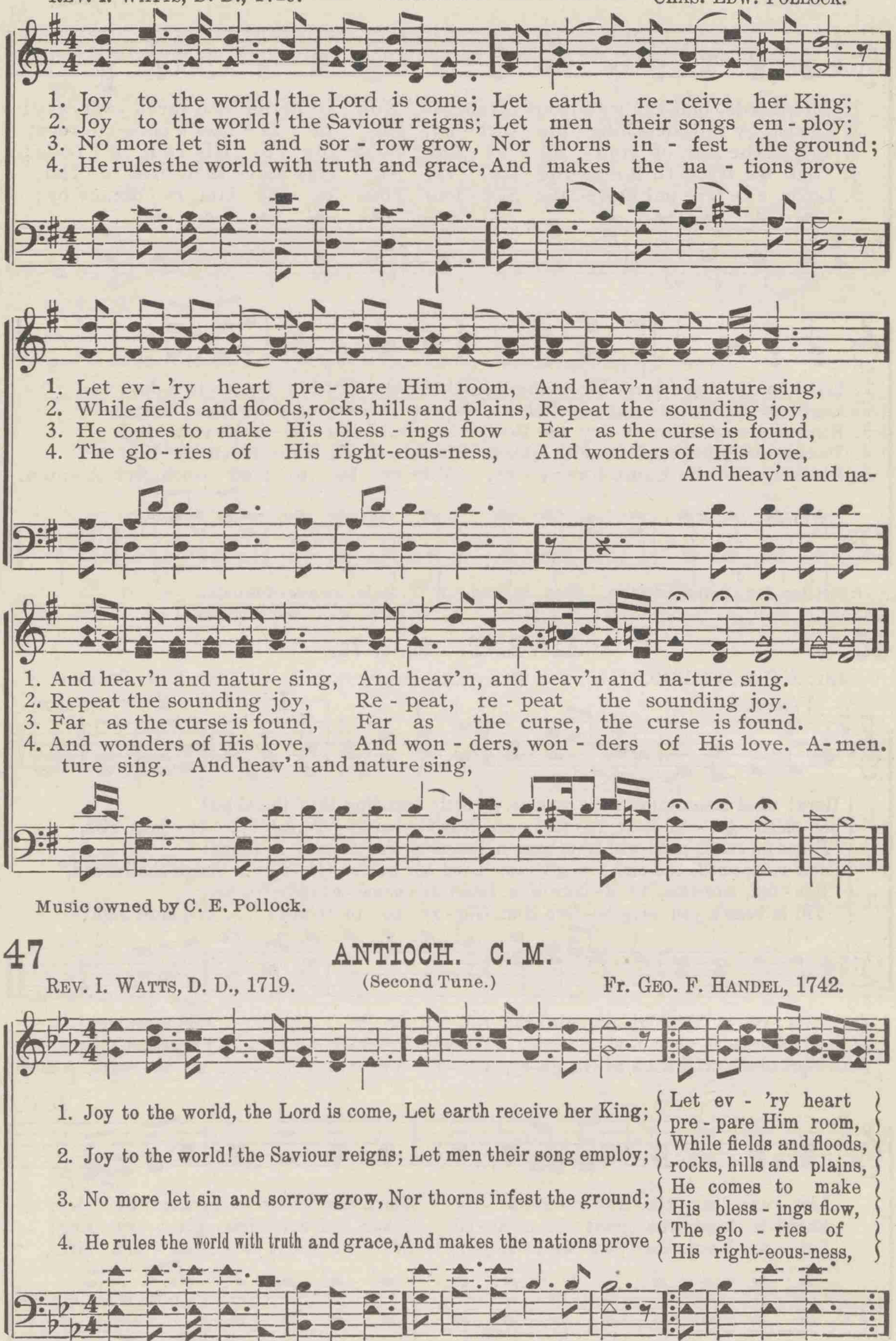
REV. J. CAWOOD, 1819. (For Christmas.) CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



* Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

46 STEPHEN'S CHAPEL. C. M.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D., 1719. Psalm 98. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

47 ANTIOCH. C. M.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D., 1719. (Second Tune.) Fr. GEO. F. HANDEL, 1742.

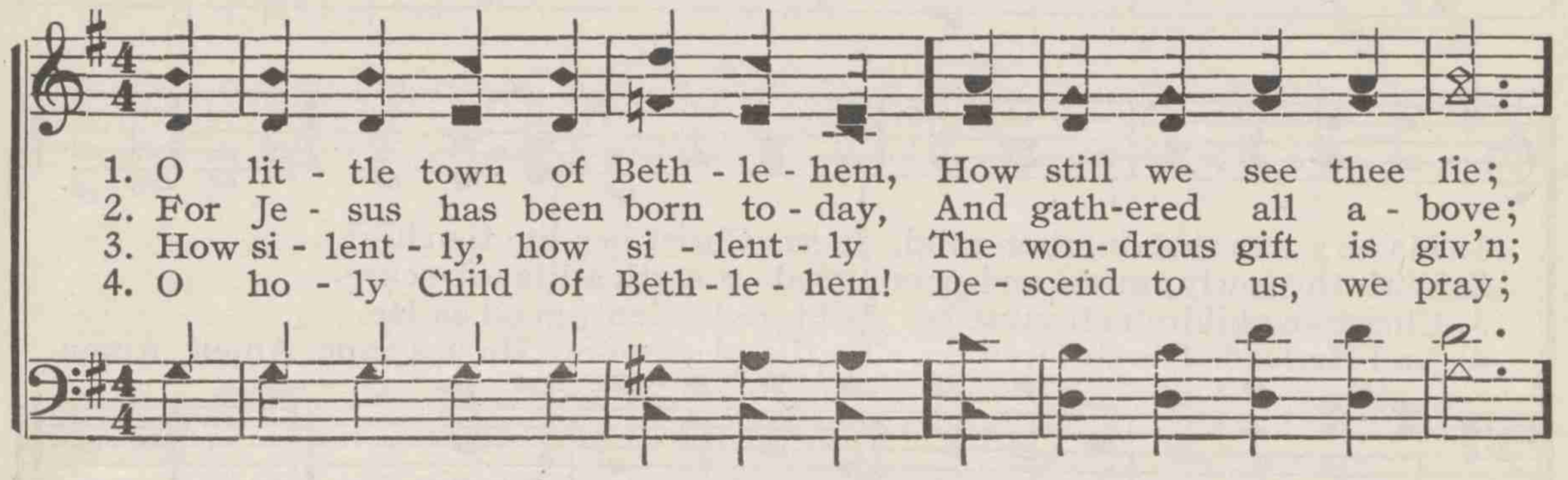
ANTIOCH. Concluded.

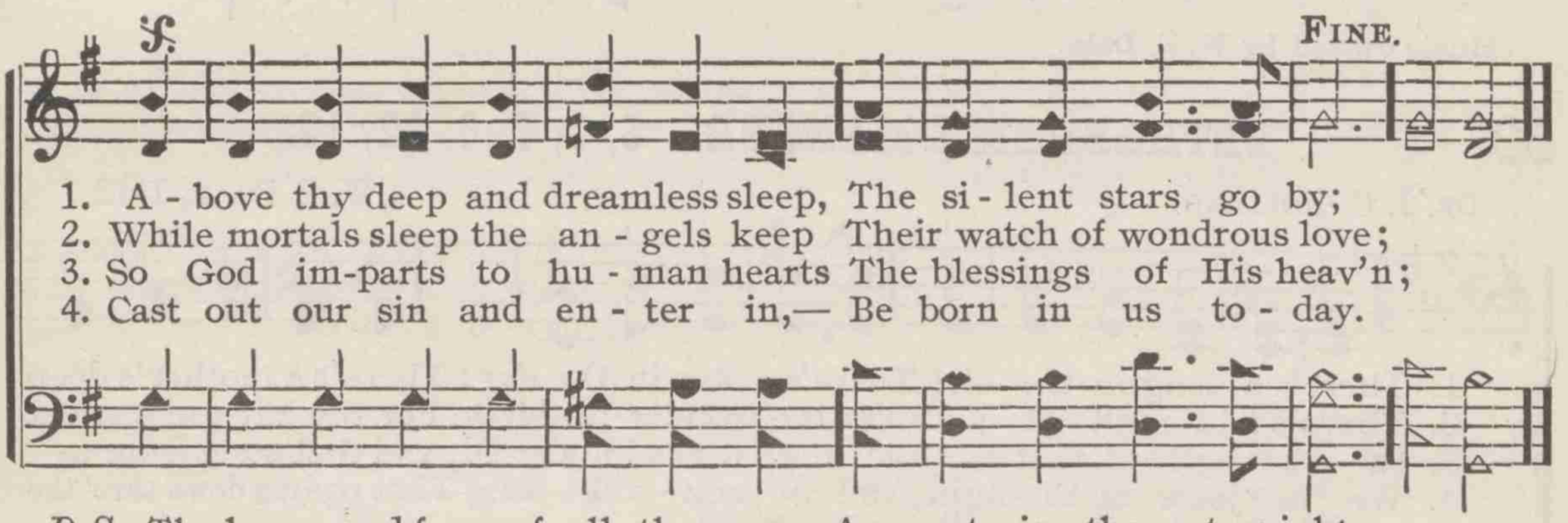


48

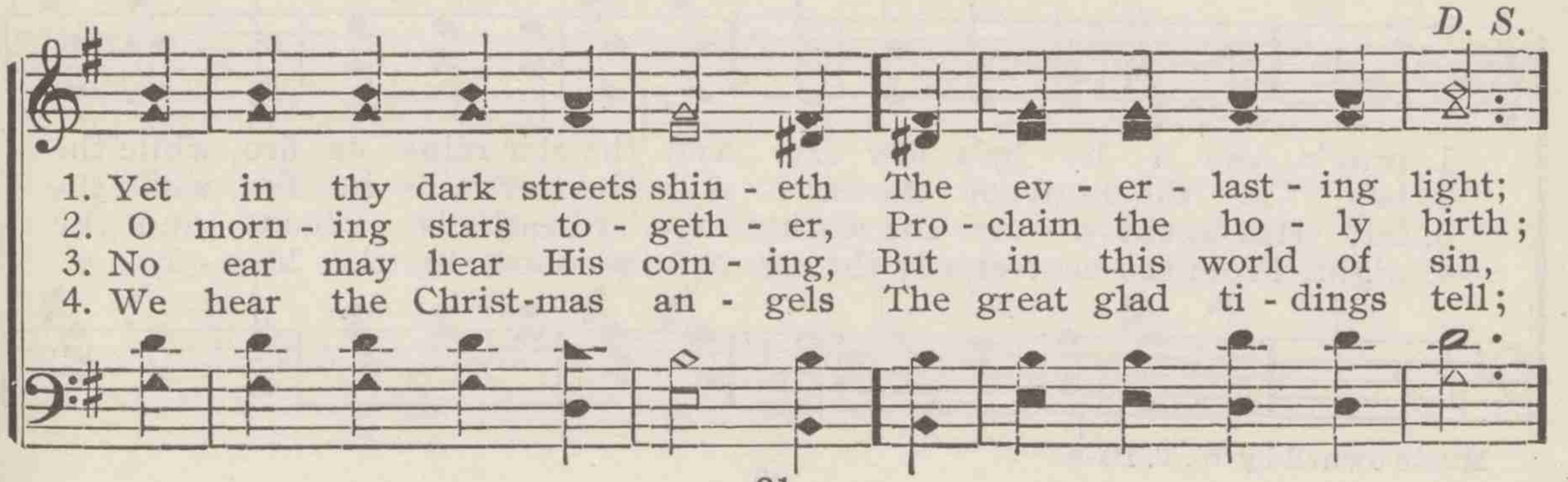
BETHLEHEM. 8, 6, 8, 6, 7, 6, 8, 6.

Bishop Phillips Brooks, 1865. Matt. 2:6. Fr. L. H. Redner. Arr. W. T. Dale, 1913.





D.S.–The hopes and fears of all the years, Are met in thee to-night.
D.S.–And prais-es sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth.
D.S.–Where meek souls will receive Him still, The dear Christ en- ters in.
D.S.–O come to us, a - bide with us, Our Lord Im-man - u - el. A-men.

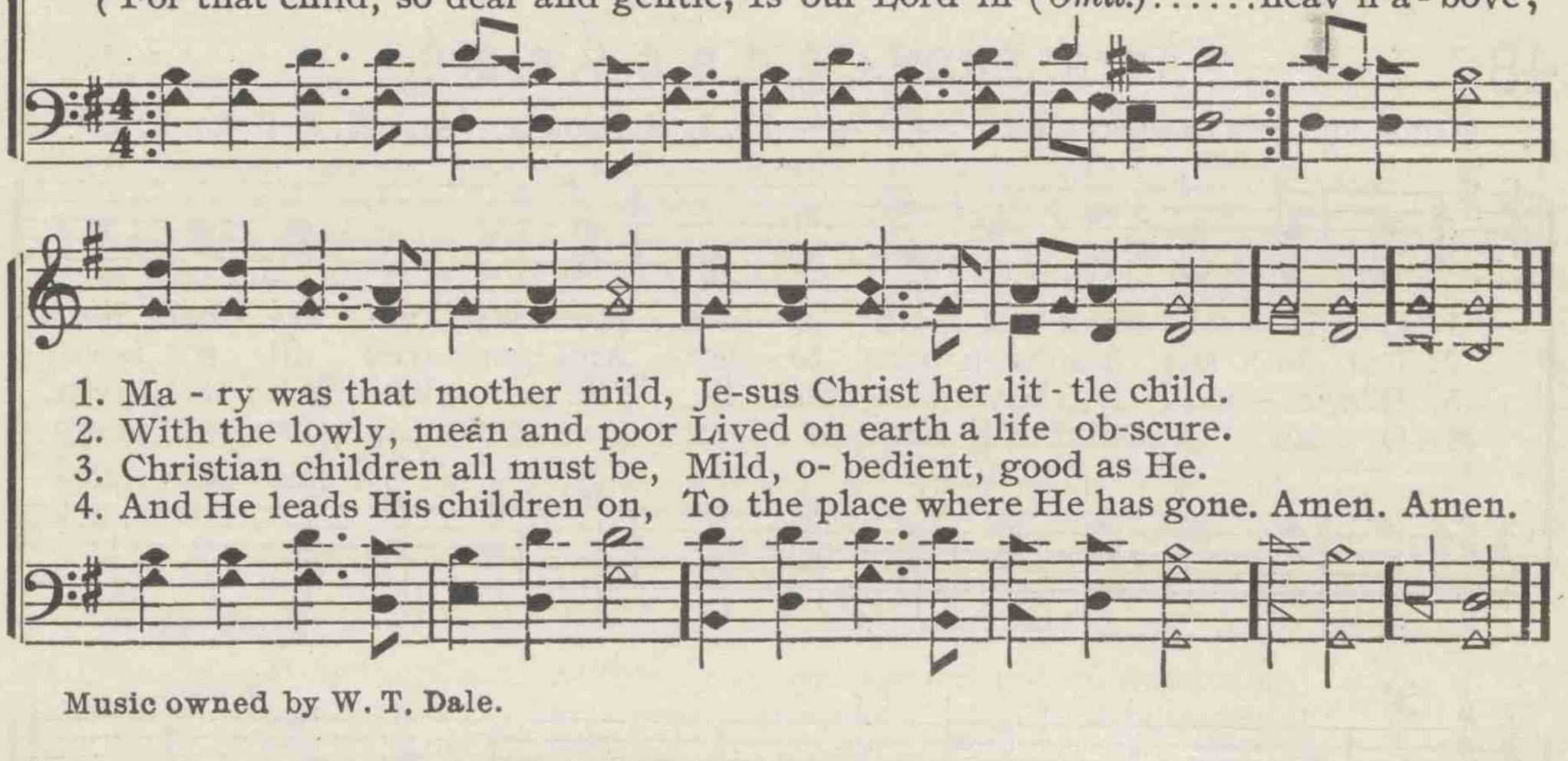


49 THE NATIVITY. 8s & 7s, 6 lines.

MRS. CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER, 1848. W. T. DALE, 1913.



1. Once in roy - al David's cit-y, Stood a low- ly cat - tle shed;
   Where a mother laid her ba-by In a man-ger (*Omit.*) ..... for His bed,
2. He came down to earth from heaven, Who is God and Lord of all;
   And His shelter was a sta - ble, And His cra-dle (*Omit.*) ..... in a stall,
3. And thro' all His wondrous childhood, He would honor and o -bey,
   Love and watch the lowly mother, In whose gentle (*Omit.*) ..... arms He lay,
4. And our eyes at last shall see Him Thro' His own redeeming love;
   For that child, so dear and gentle, Is our Lord in (*Omit.*) .....heav'n a - bove;



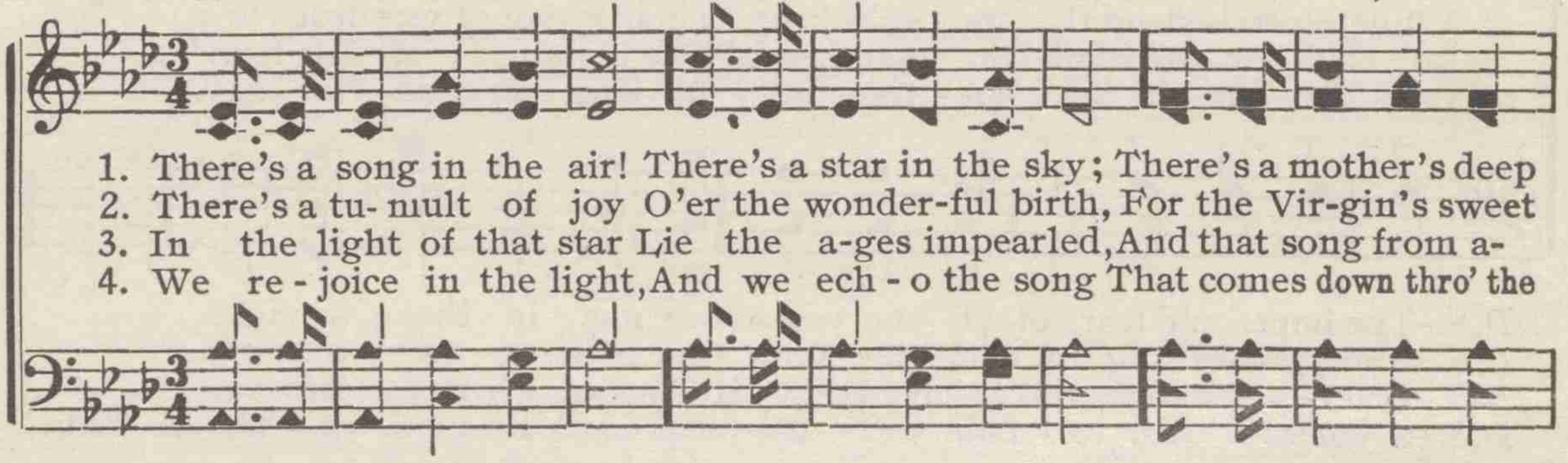
1. Ma - ry was that mother mild, Je-sus Christ her lit - tle child.
2. With the lowly, mean and poor Lived on earth a life ob-scure.
3. Christian children all must be, Mild, o- bedient, good as He.
4. And He leads His children on, To the place where He has gone. Amen. Amen.



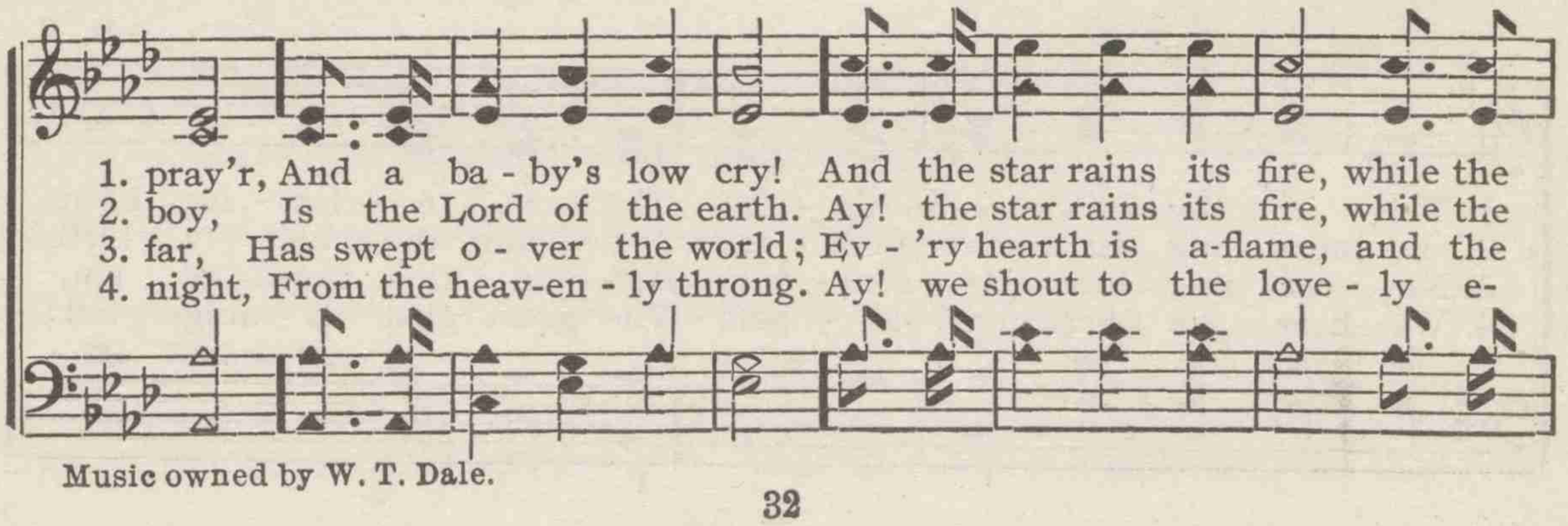
Music owned by W. T. Dale.

50 BETHLEHEM'S MANGER. 6, 6, 6, 6, 12, 12.

DR. J. G. HOLLAND. W. T. DALE, 1913.



1. There's a song in the air! There's a star in the sky; There's a mother's deep
2. There's a tu- mult of joy O'er the wonder-ful birth, For the Vir-gin's sweet
3. In the light of that star Lie the a-ges impearled, And that song from a-
4. We re - joice in the light, And we ech - o the song That comes down thro' the



1. pray'r, And a ba - by's low cry! And the star rains its fire, while the
2. boy, Is the Lord of the earth. Ay! the star rains its fire, while the
3. far, Has swept o - ver the world; Ev - 'ry hearth is a-flame, and the
4. night, From the heav-en - ly throng. Ay! we shout to the love - ly e-

Music owned by W. T. Dale.

BETHLEHEM'S MANGER. Concluded.



51 THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM. L. M.

Tune, "Bonny Doon,"

REV. H. K. WHITE, 1804. Matt. 2: 9. Arr. by W. T. DALE.

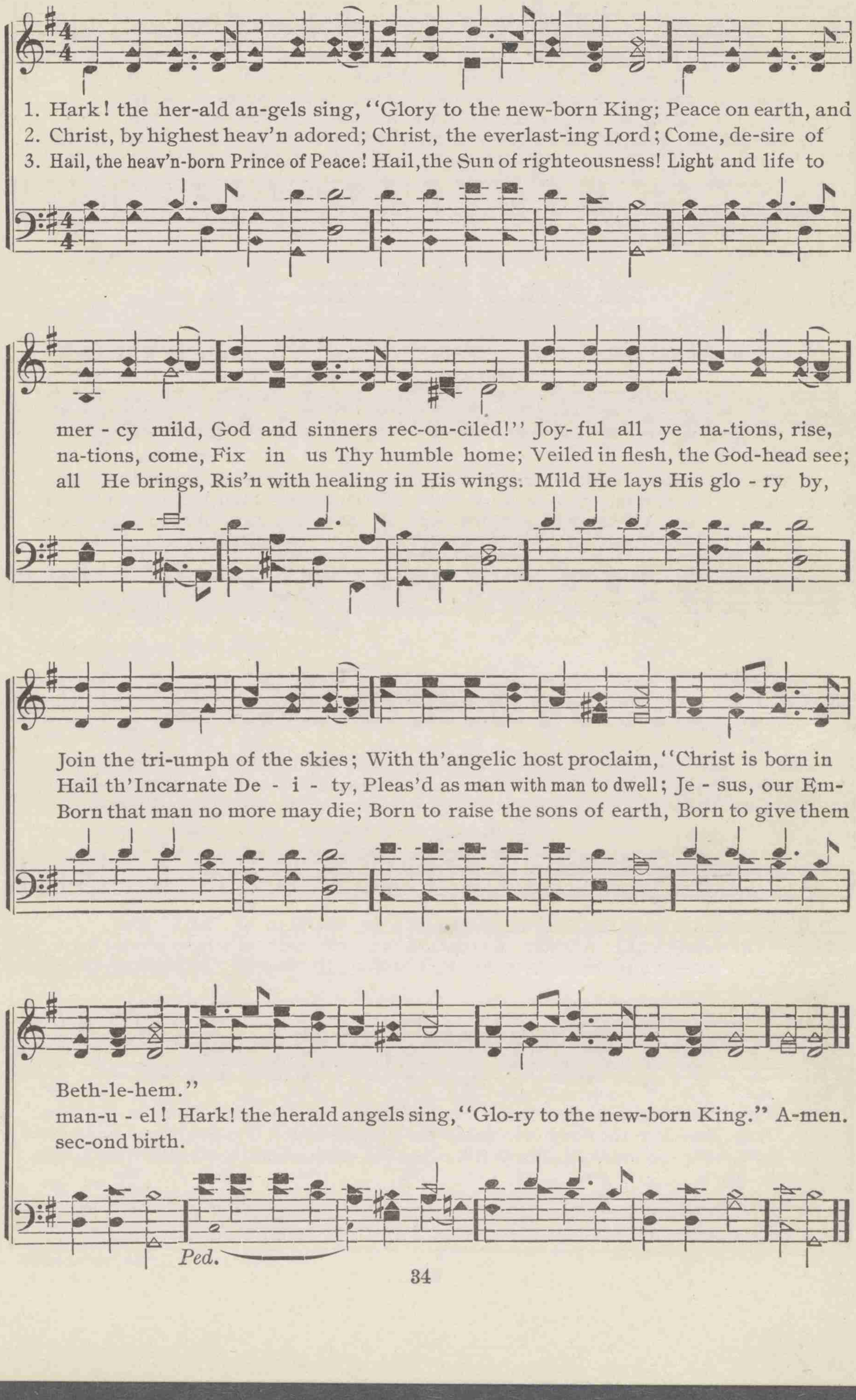






52 MENDELSSOHN. 7s.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY, 1739. Arr. fr. MENDELSSOHN, 1840.



53

CAROL. C. M. D.

REV. EDMUND H. SEARS, 1850. RICHARD S. WILLIS, 1850.

54 TRION. C. M.

REV. THOS. T. LYNCH, 1855. Miracles of Christ. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, 1913.

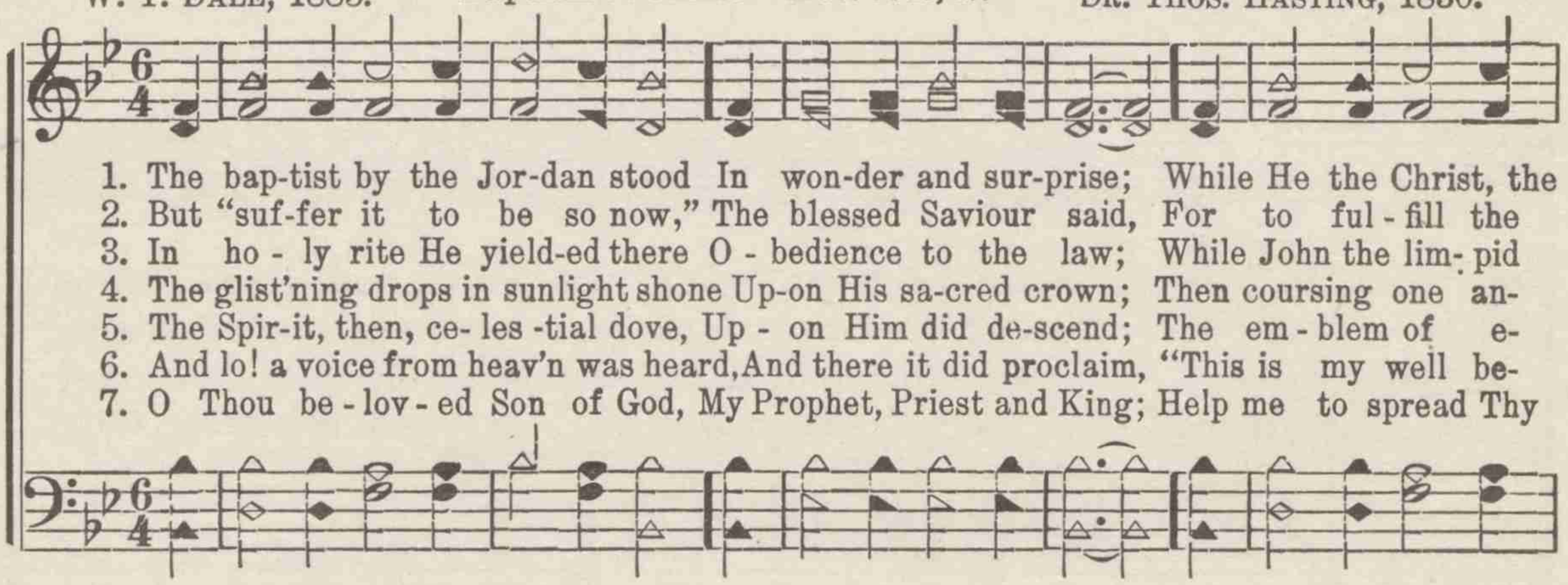


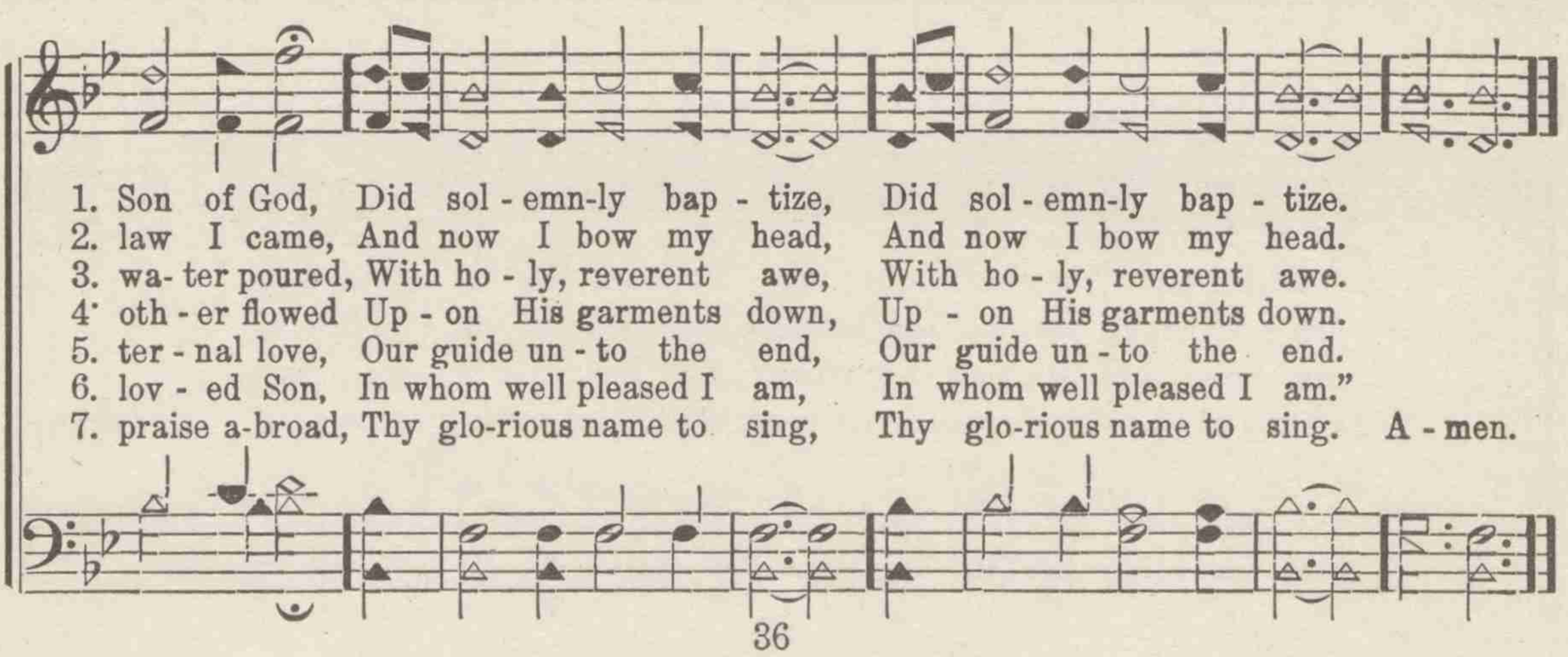


Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

55 ORTONVILLE. C. M.

W. T. DALE, 1885. Baptism of Christ.—Matt 3: 13, 17. DR. THOS. HASTING, 1830.

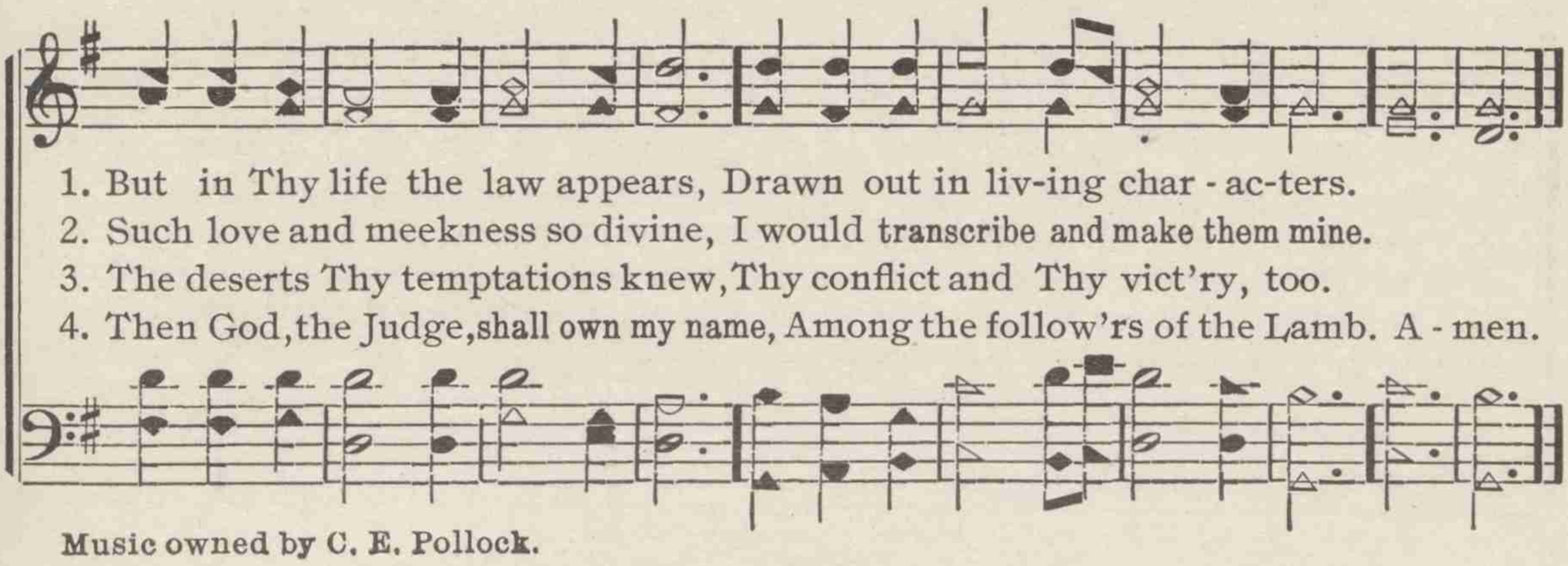




56 HIGH STREET. L. M.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D., 1719. Christ, our pattern. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, 1913.





Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

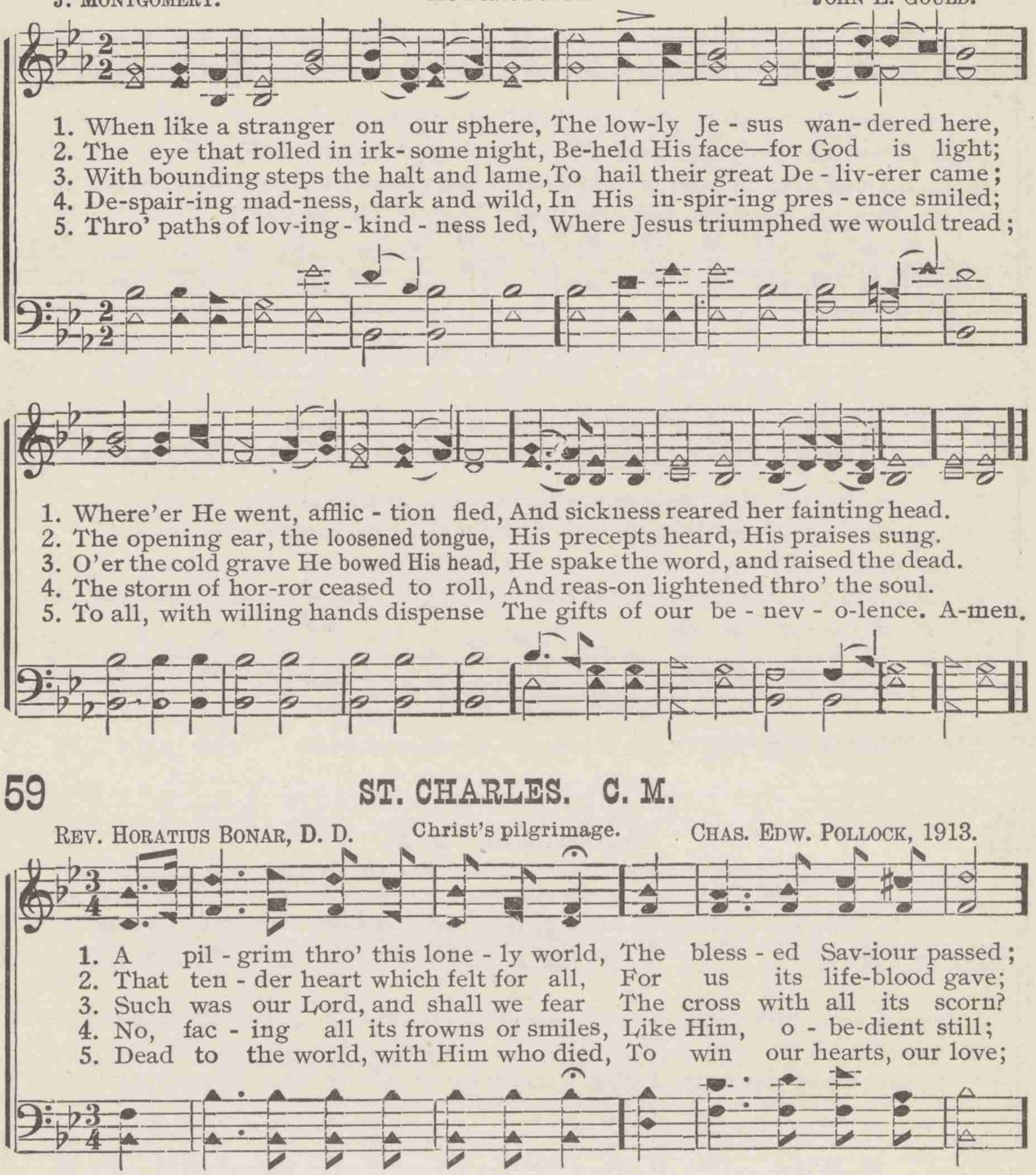
57 SESSIONS. L. M.

SIR JOHN BOWRING, 1823. LUTHER O. EMERSON, 1853.



58 BERA. L. M.

J. MONTGOMERY. "He healed them." JOHN E. GOULD.



1. When like a stranger on our sphere, The low-ly Je - sus wan- dered here,
2. The eye that rolled in irk- some night, Be-held His face—for God is light;
3. With bounding steps the halt and lame, To hail their great De - liv-erer came;
4. De-spair-ing mad-ness, dark and wild, In His in-spir-ing pres - ence smiled;
5. Thro' paths of lov-ing - kind - ness led, Where Jesus triumphed we would tread;

1. Where'er He went, afflic - tion fled, And sickness reared her fainting head.
2. The opening ear, the loosened tongue, His precepts heard, His praises sung.
3. O'er the cold grave He bowed His head, He spake the word, and raised the dead.
4. The storm of hor-ror ceased to roll, And reas-on lightened thro' the soul.
5. To all, with willing hands dispense The gifts of our be - nev - o-lence. A-men.

59 ST. CHARLES. C. M.

REV. HORATIUS BONAR, D. D. Christ's pilgrimage. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, 1913.

1. A pil - grim thro' this lone - ly world, The bless - ed Sav-iour passed;
2. That ten - der heart which felt for all, For us its life-blood gave;
3. Such was our Lord, and shall we fear The cross with all its scorn?
4. No, fac - ing all its frowns or smiles, Like Him, o - be-dient still;
5. Dead to the world, with Him who died, To win our hearts, our love;

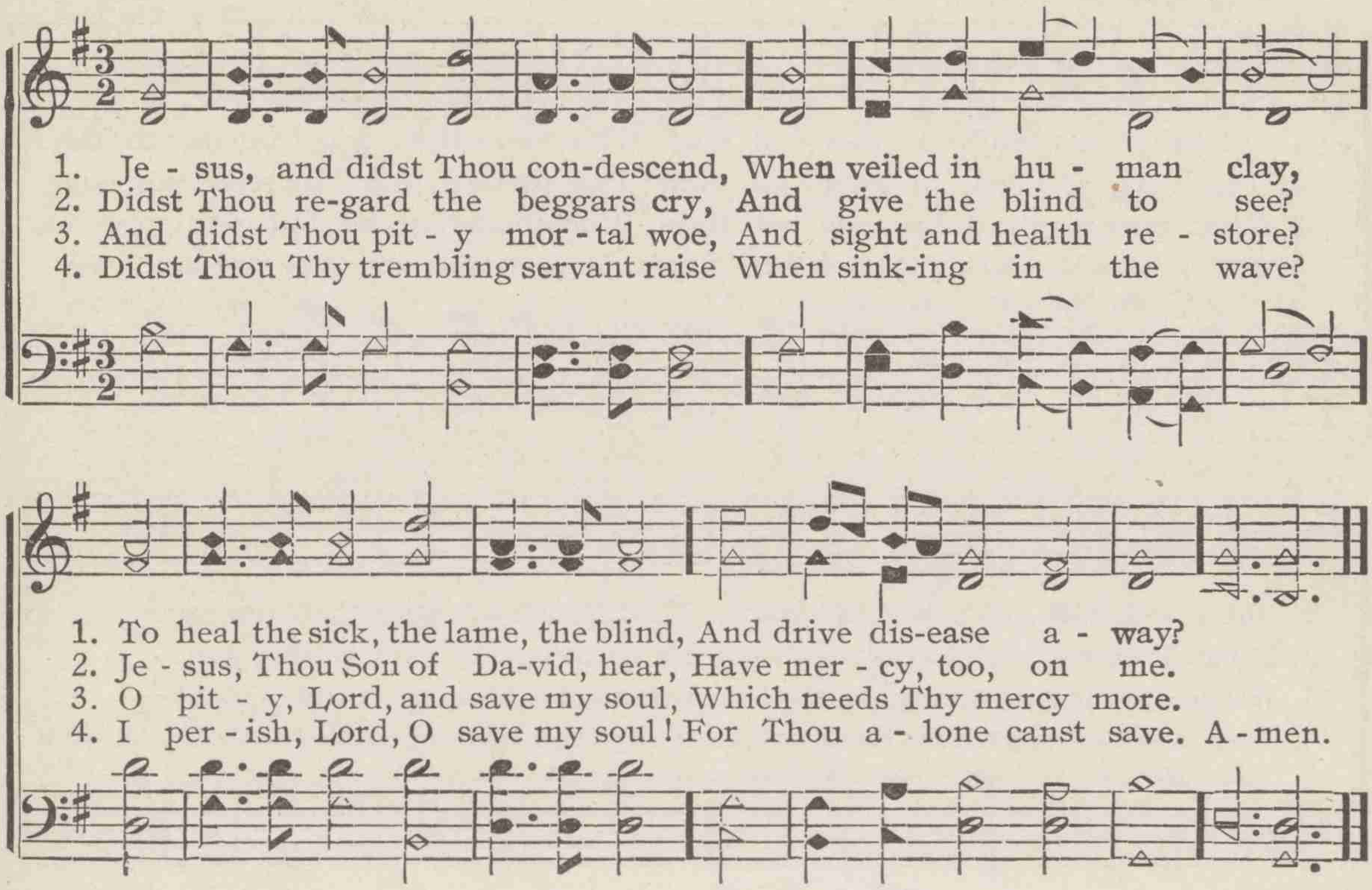
1. A mourn-er all His life was He, A dy - ing Lamb at last.
2. It found on earth no rest-ing place, Save on - ly in the grave.
3. Or love a faith-less, e - vil world That wreathed His brow with thorn.
4. We homeward press thro' storm and calm, To Zi - on's bless-ed hill.
5. We, ris - en with our ris - en Head, In spir - it dwell a-bove. A - men.

Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

60

WOODSTOCK. C. M.

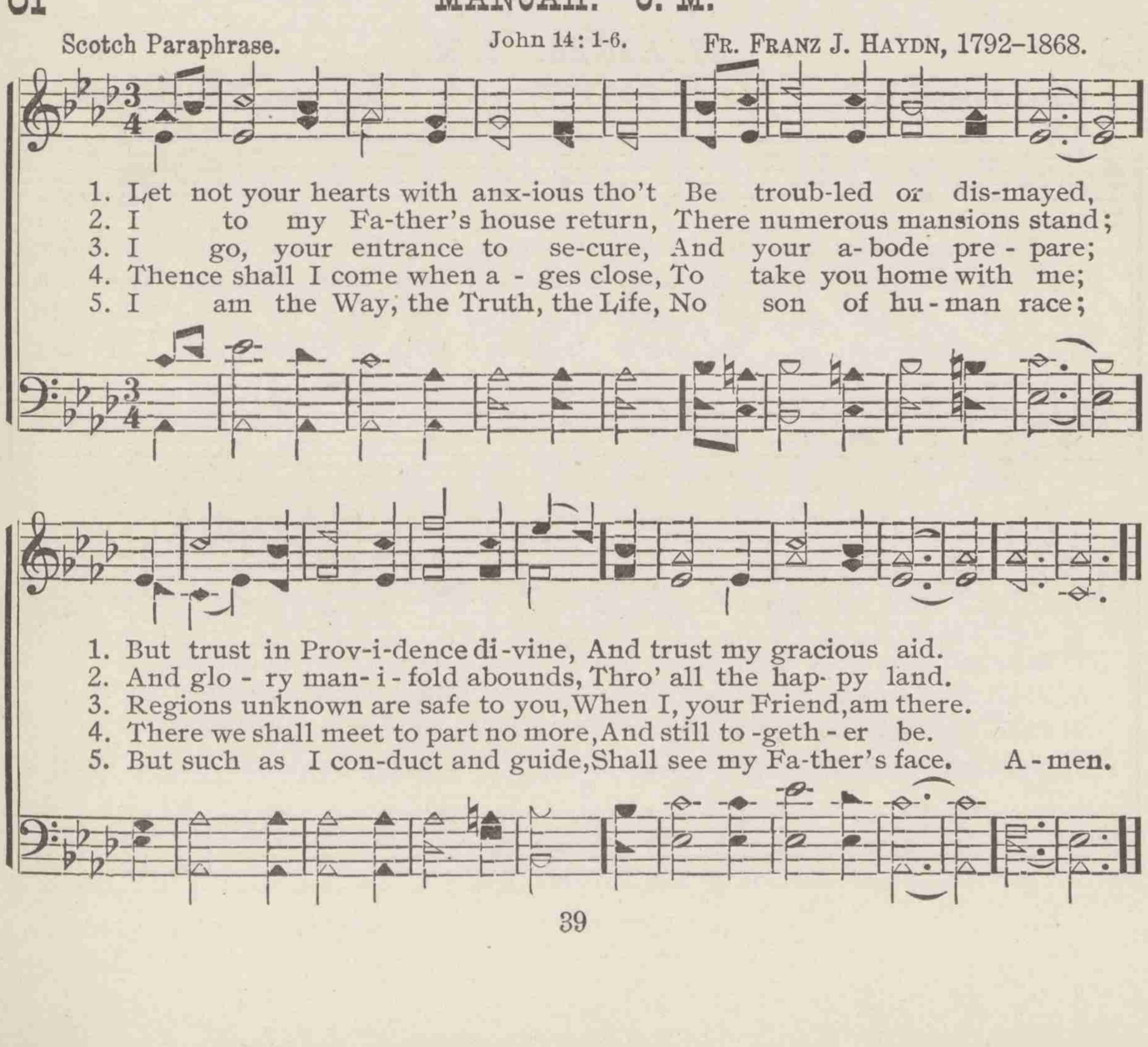
CURTIS'S COLL. Christ's Miracles. DEODATUS DUTTON, JR., 1829.



61

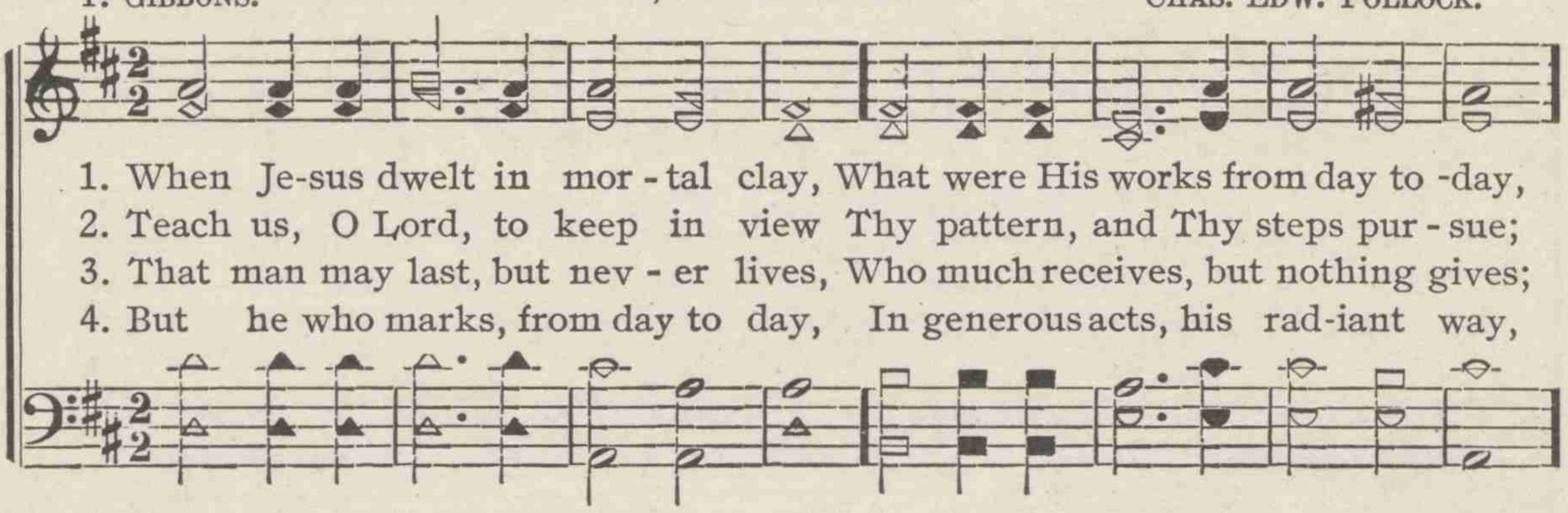
MANOAH. C. M.

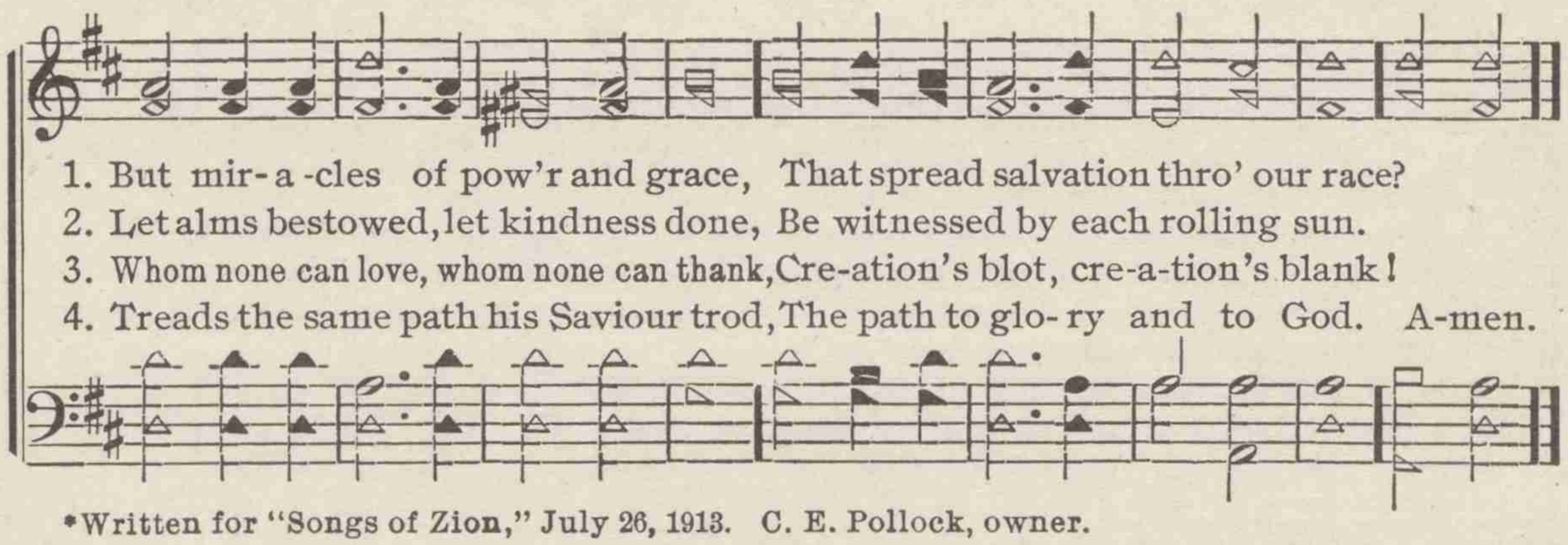
Scotch Paraphrase. John 14: 1-6. FR. FRANZ J. HAYDN, 1792–1868.



62 LESLIE. L. M.*

T. GIBBONS. Jesus, our Divine Pattern. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



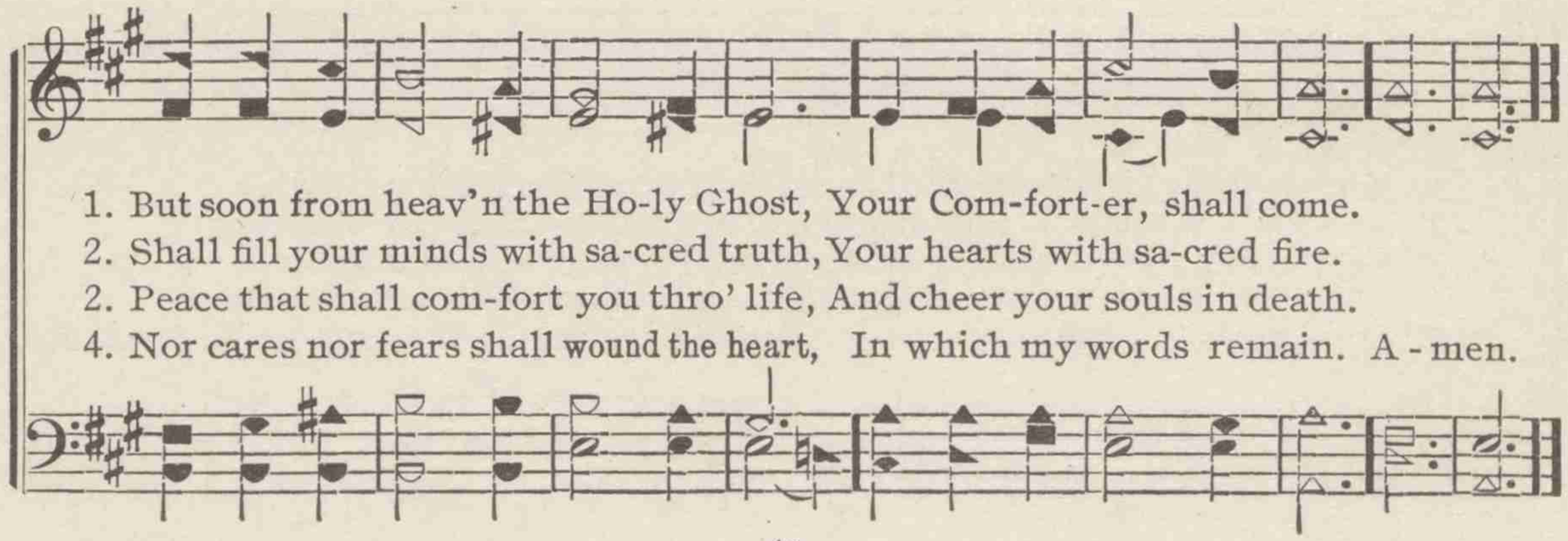


*Written for "Songs of Zion," July 26, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner.

63 ST. AGNES. C. M.

Scotch Paraphrase. John 14: 25-28. REV. JOHN B. DYKES, 1866.



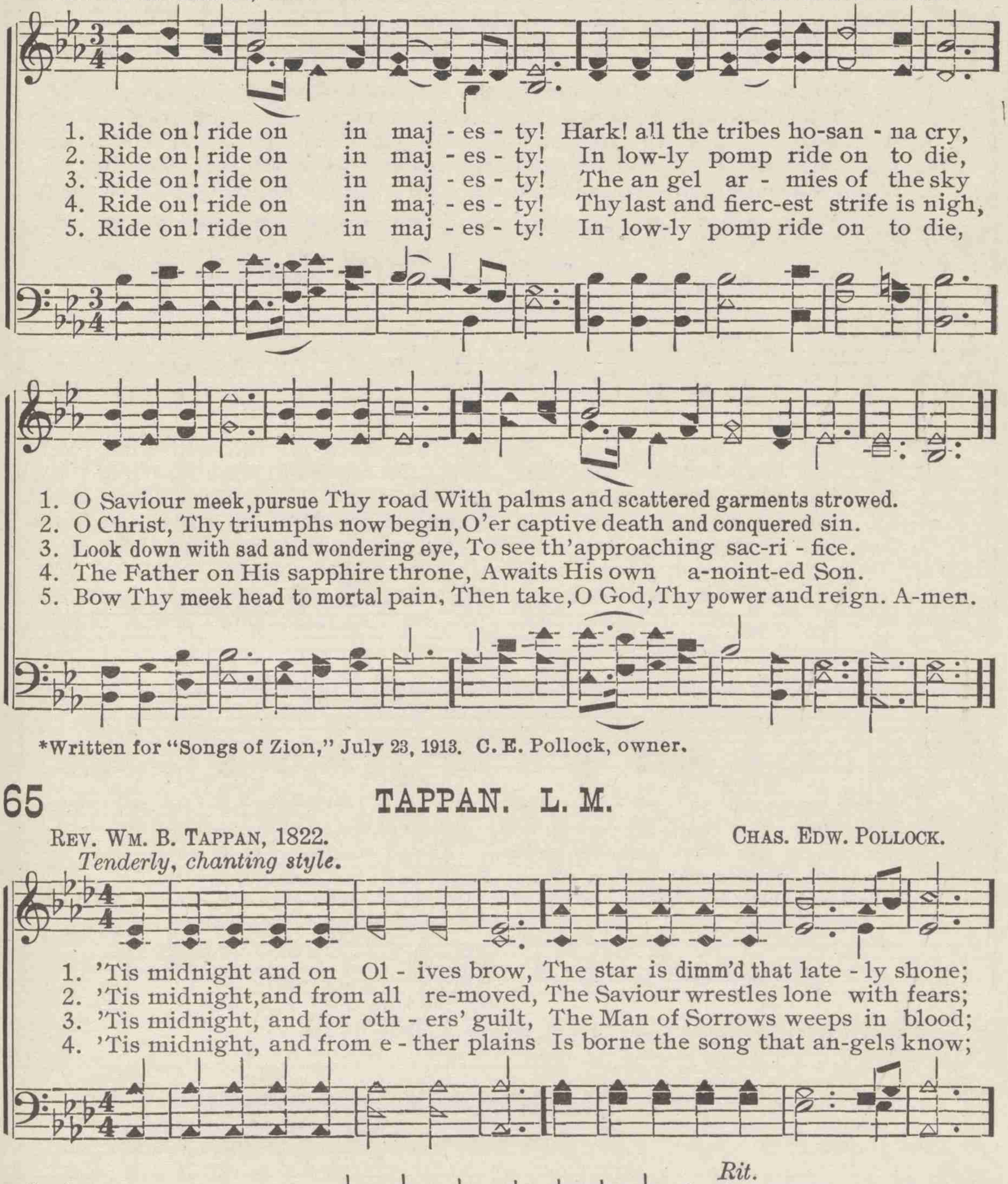


64

KELBLY. L. M.*

Christ's triumphal entry.—Matt. 21: 1-9.

REV. H. H. MILMAN, 1827. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! Hark! all the tribes ho-san - na cry,
2. Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! In low-ly pomp ride on to die,
3. Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! The an gel ar - mies of the sky
4. Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! Thy last and fierc-est strife is nigh,
5. Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! In low-ly pomp ride on to die,

1. O Saviour meek, pursue Thy road With palms and scattered garments strowed.
2. O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin, O'er captive death and conquered sin.
3. Look down with sad and wondering eye, To see th'approaching sac-ri - fice.
4. The Father on His sapphire throne, Awaits His own a-noint-ed Son.
5. Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain, Then take, O God, Thy power and reign. A-men.

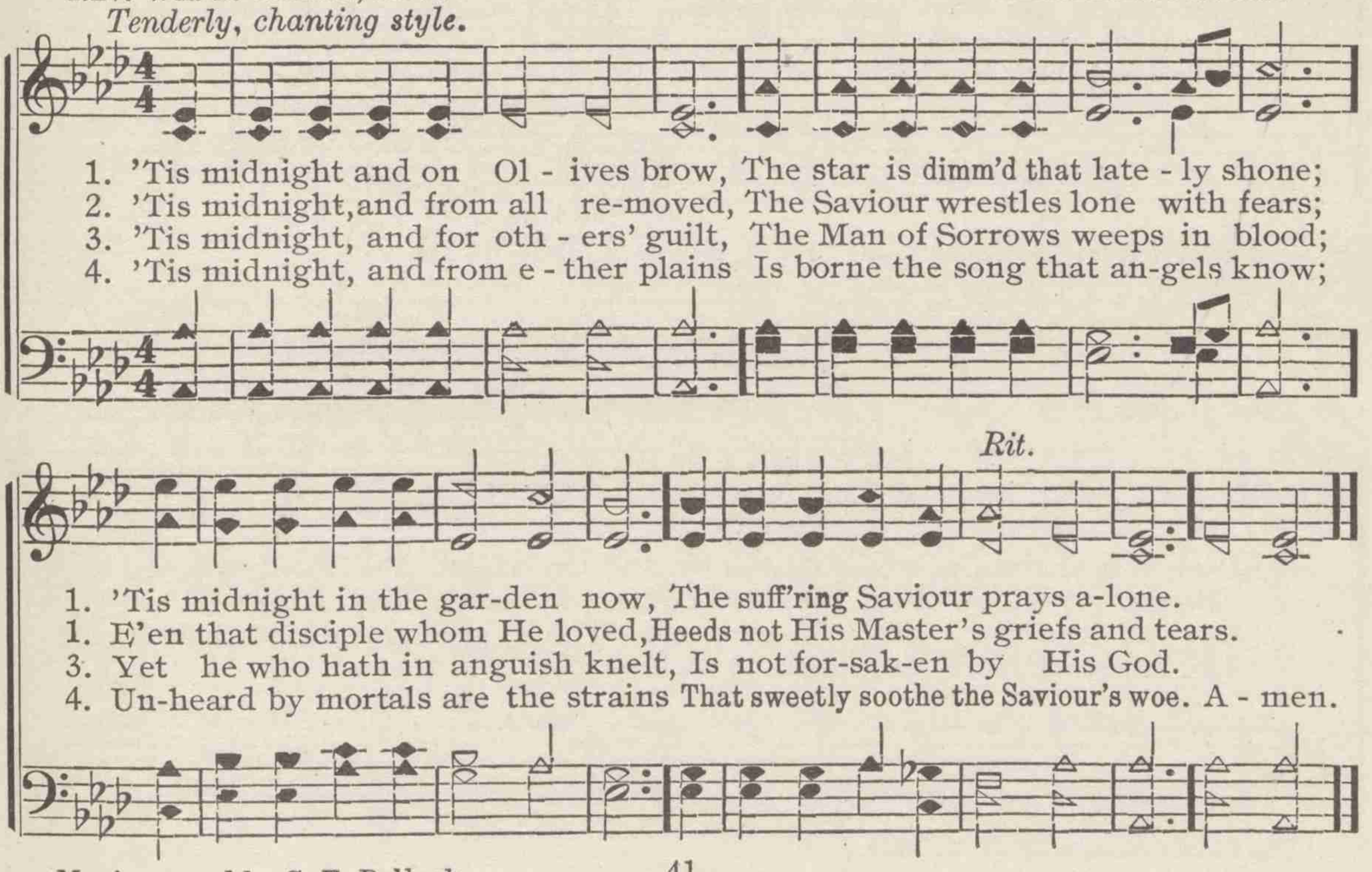
*Written for "Songs of Zion," July 23, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner.

65

TAPPAN. L. M.

REV. WM. B. TAPPAN, 1822. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Tenderly, chanting style.



1. 'Tis midnight and on Ol - ives brow, The star is dimm'd that late - ly shone;
2. 'Tis midnight, and from all re-moved, The Saviour wrestles lone with fears;
3. 'Tis midnight, and for oth - ers' guilt, The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood;
4. 'Tis midnight, and from e - ther plains Is borne the song that an-gels know;

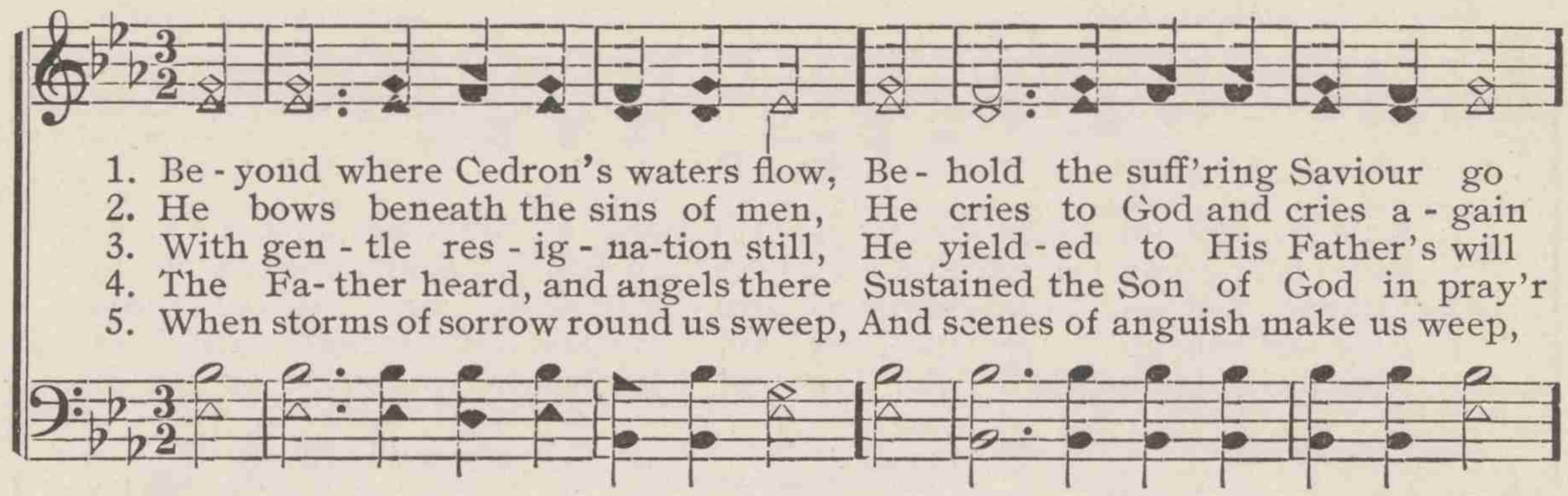
Rit.

1. 'Tis midnight in the gar-den now, The suff'ring Saviour prays a-lone.
1. E'en that disciple whom He loved, Heeds not His Master's griefs and tears.
3. Yet he who hath in anguish knelt, Is not for-sak-en by His God.
4. Un-heard by mortals are the strains That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe. A - men.

Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

66 GETHSEMANE. C. P. M.

ANON. John 18:1; Matt. 26:36-39. W. T. DALE.



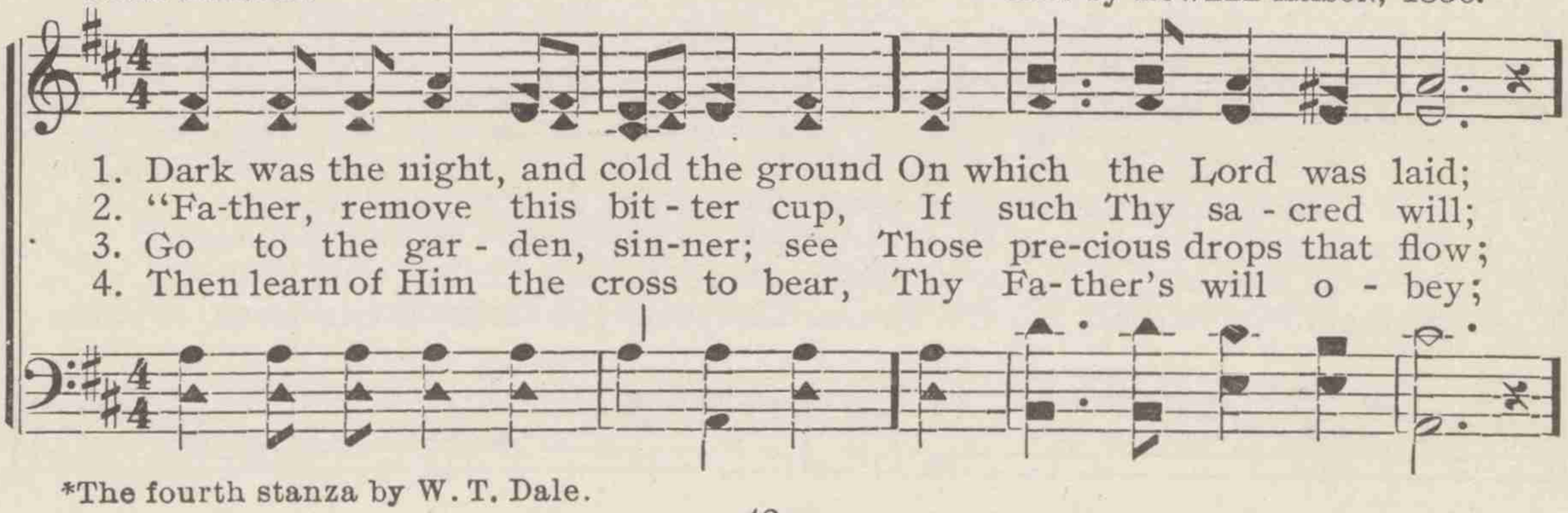




Music writteh for "Songs of Zion," Jan. 1, 1914. W. T. Dale, owner.

67 NAOMI. C. M.

THOS. HAWEIS.* Luke 22:39-46. Arr. by LOWELL MASON, 1836.



*The fourth stanza by W. T. Dale.

NAOMI. Concluded.

1. His sweat, like drops of blood, ran down; In ag - o - ny He pray'd.
2. If not, content to drink it up, Thy pleasure I ful - fill."
3. The heav-y load He bore for thee; For thee He lies so low.
4. And when temptations press thee near, A - wake to watch and pray. A-men.

68

AULD LANG SYNE. C. M. D.

W. MITCHELL. SCOTTISH AIR.

1. Je - sus, Thy love shall we for - get, And nev - er bring to mind
2. Geth-sem - a - ne, can we for - get, Thy struggling ag - o - ny,
3. O sweet the mem'ry of Thy grace, And sweet - er still shall grow,

FINE.

The grace that paid our hopeless debt, And bade us par - don find?
When night lay dark on Ol - i - vet, And none to watch with Thee?
And the fair vis - ion of Thy face Be - fore us e'er shall glow.

D. S.–Thy locks with mountain va-por wet, To save us from de - spair.
D. S.–When hell Thy sinking soul be-set, And earth re-viled Thy name?
D. S.–But He who loved, and loves us yet, Our con - stan - cy shall prove. A - men.

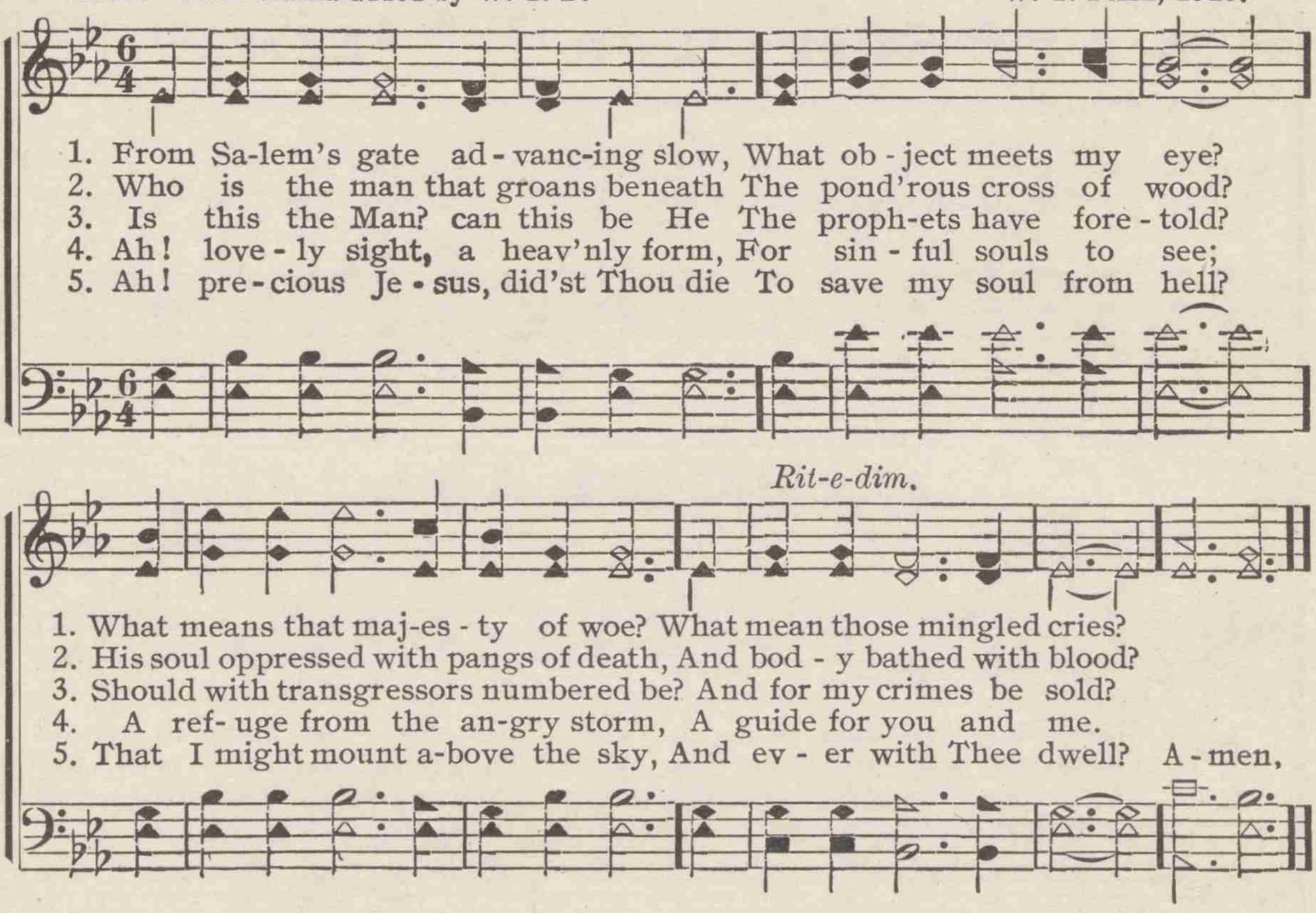
D. S.

Shall we Thy life of grief for - get. Thy fast - ing and Thy pray'r?
Can we the crown of thorns for - get, The buf - fet - ing and shame;
Life's brightest joys we may for - get, Our kin - dred cease to love;

69 MOODY. C. M.

Approaching Calvary.—John 19:16-18.

ANON. Fifth stanza added by W. T. D. W. T. DALE, 1913.

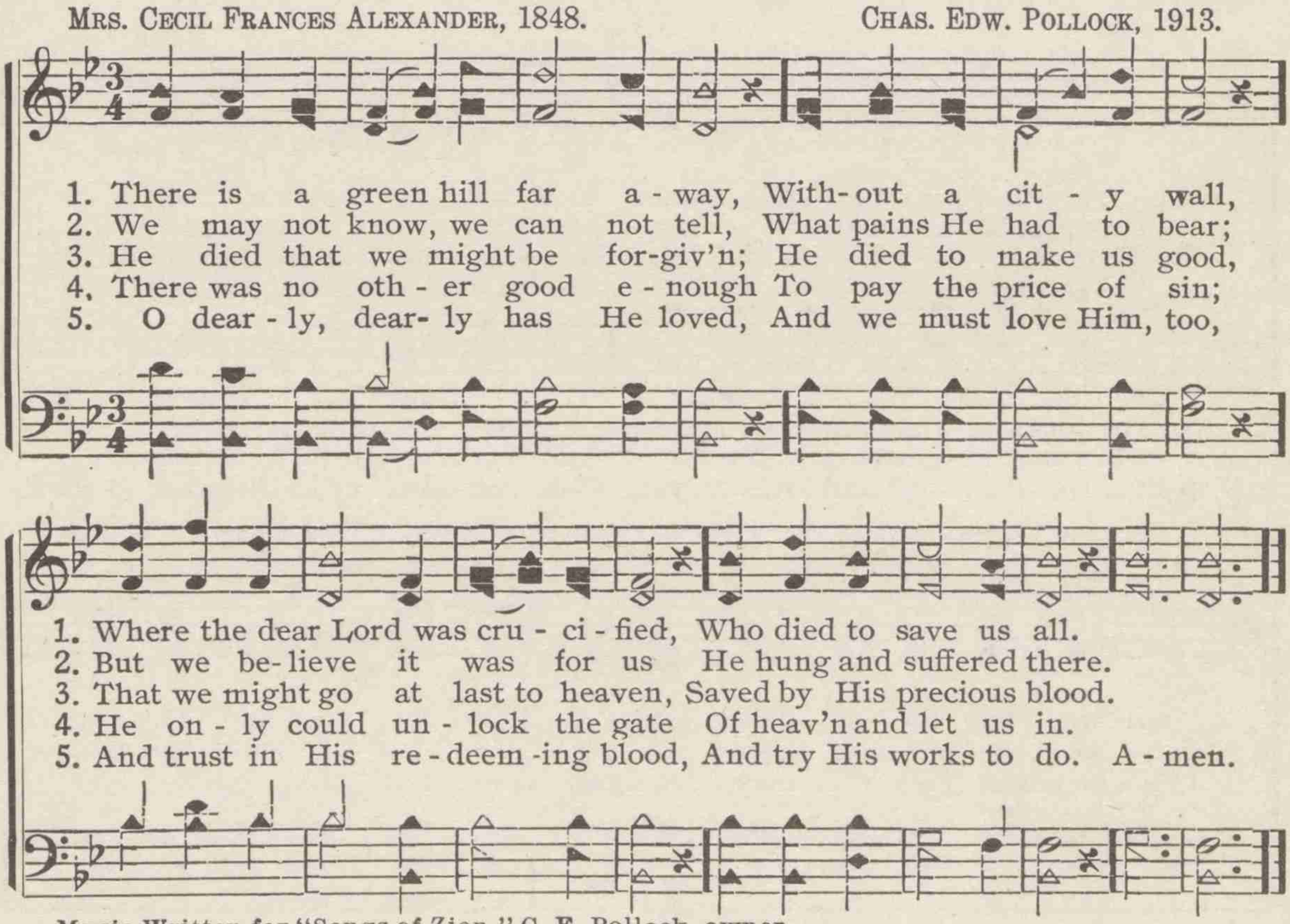


1. From Sa-lem's gate ad-vanc-ing slow, What ob-ject meets my eye?
2. Who is the man that groans beneath The pond'rous cross of wood?
3. Is this the Man? can this be He The proph-ets have fore-told?
4. Ah! love-ly sight, a heav'nly form, For sin-ful souls to see;
5. Ah! pre-cious Je-sus, did'st Thou die To save my soul from hell?

1. What means that maj-es-ty of woe? What mean those mingled cries?
2. His soul oppressed with pangs of death, And bod-y bathed with blood?
3. Should with transgressors numbered be? And for my crimes be sold?
4. A ref-uge from the an-gry storm, A guide for you and me.
5. That I might mount a-bove the sky, And ev-er with Thee dwell? A-men,

70 SALEM. C. M.

MRS. CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER, 1848. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, 1913.



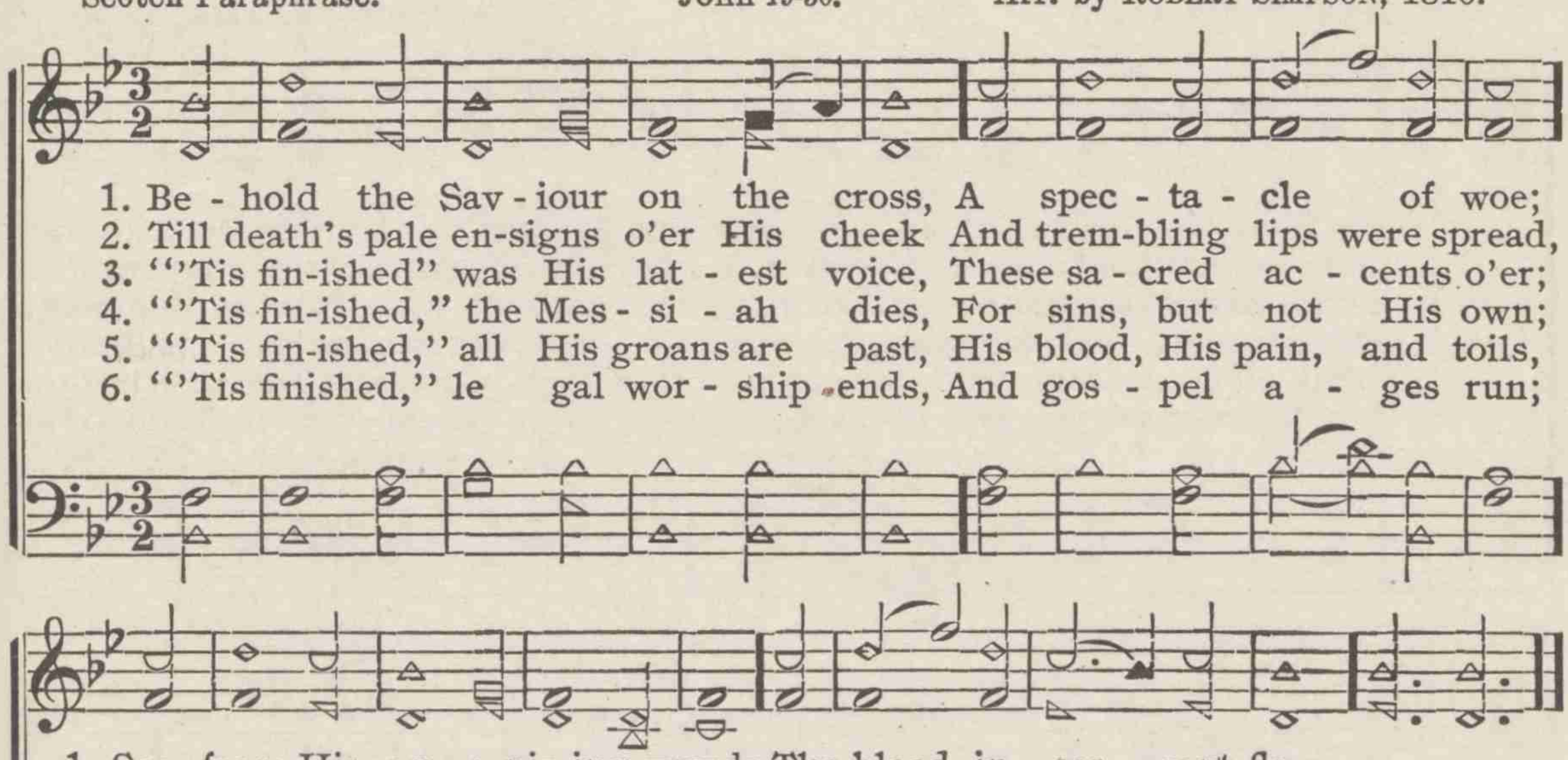
1. There is a green hill far a-way, With-out a cit-y wall,
2. We may not know, we can not tell, What pains He had to bear;
3. He died that we might be for-giv'n; He died to make us good,
4. There was no oth-er good e-nough To pay the price of sin;
5. O dear-ly, dear-ly has He loved, And we must love Him, too,

1. Where the dear Lord was cru-ci-fied, Who died to save us all.
2. But we be-lieve it was for us He hung and suffered there.
3. That we might go at last to heaven, Saved by His precious blood.
4. He on-ly could un-lock the gate Of heav'n and let us in.
5. And trust in His re-deem-ing blood, And try His works to do. A-men.

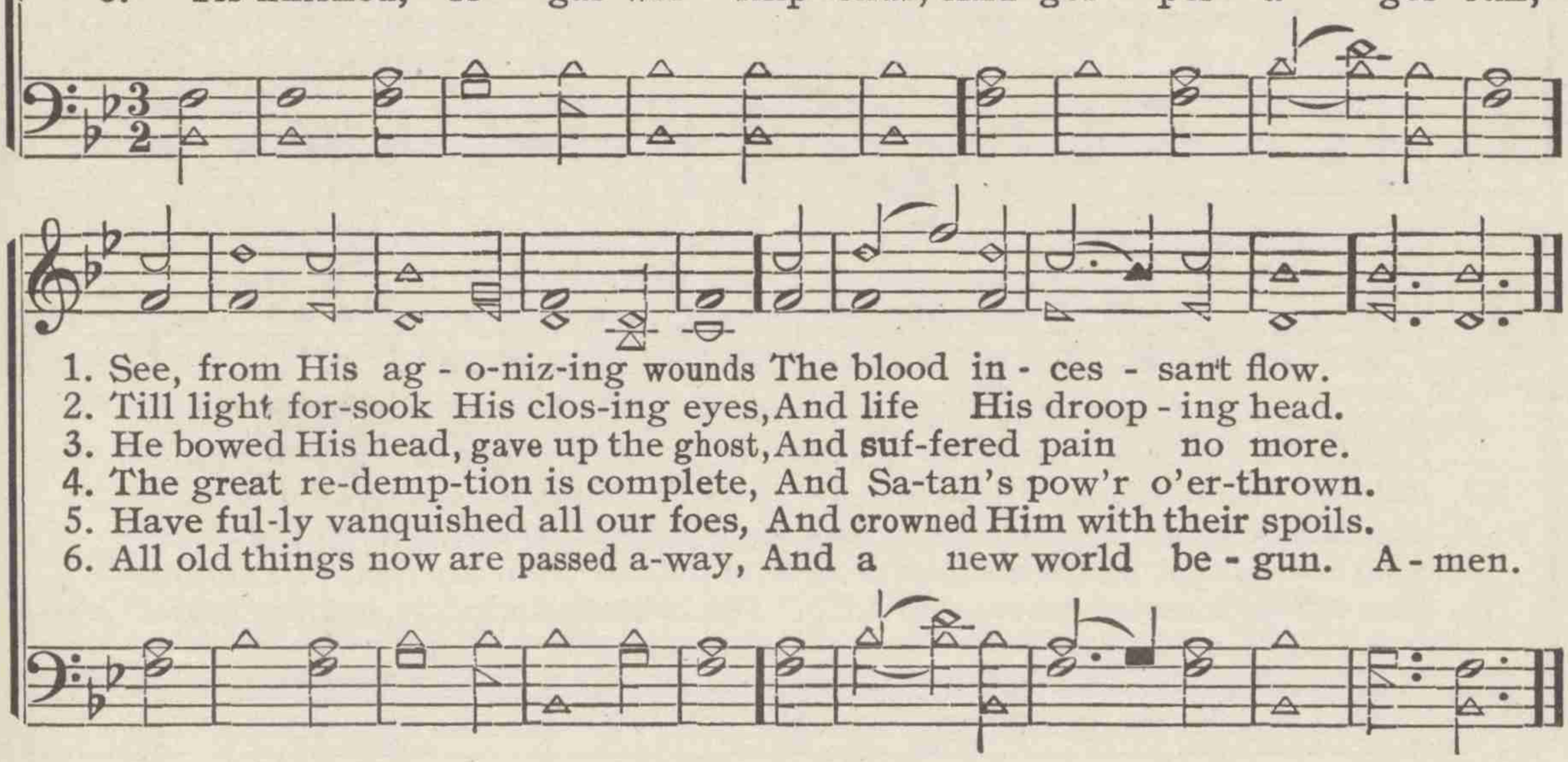
Music Written for "Songs of Zion," C. E. Pollock, owner.

71 BALERMA. C. M.

Scotch Paraphrase. John 19-30. Arr. by ROBERT SIMPSON, 1810.



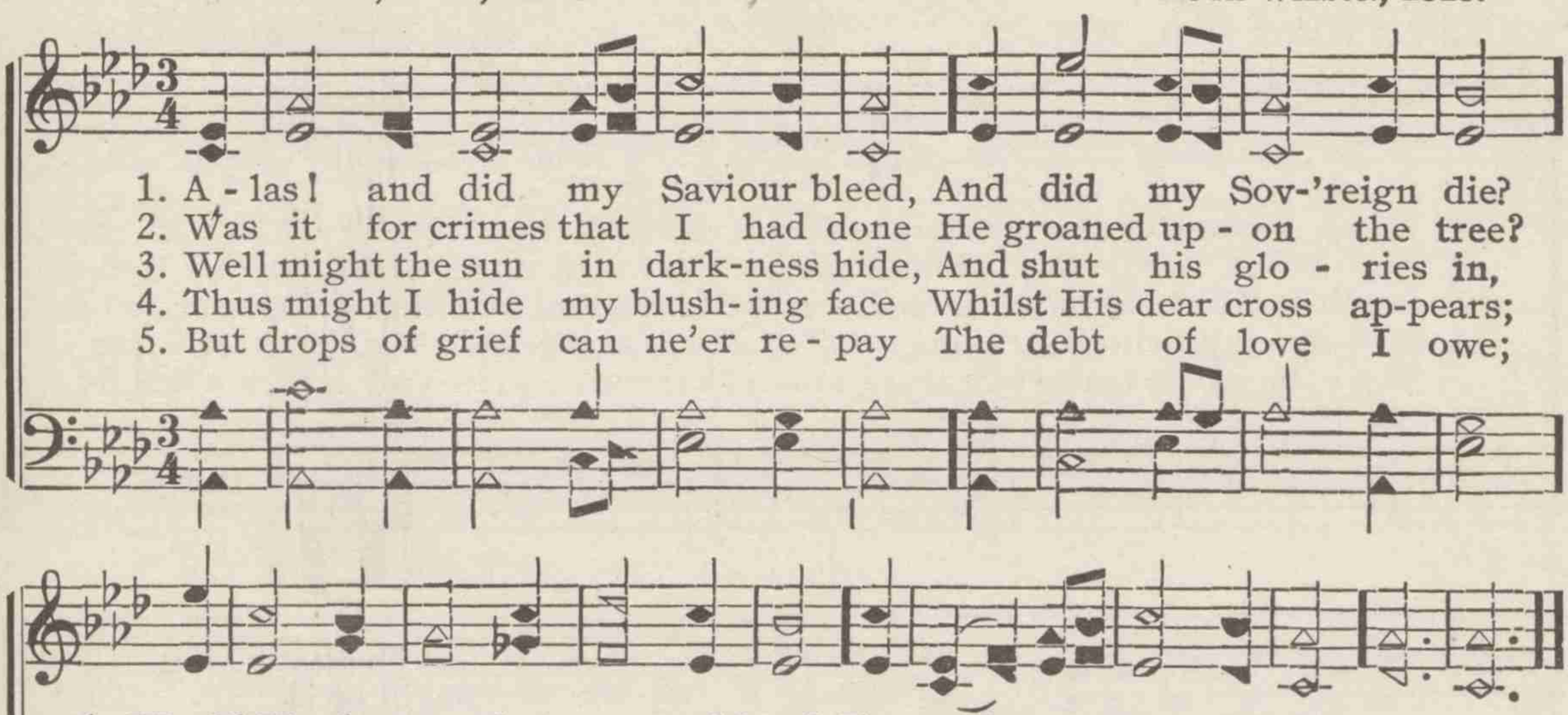
1. Be - hold the Sav - iour on the cross, A spec - ta - cle of woe;
2. Till death's pale en-signs o'er His cheek And trem-bling lips were spread,
3. "'Tis fin-ished" was His lat - est voice, These sa - cred ac - cents o'er;
4. "'Tis fin-ished," the Mes - si - ah dies, For sins, but not His own;
5. "'Tis fin-ished," all His groans are past, His blood, His pain, and toils,
6. "'Tis finished," le gal wor - ship ends, And gos - pel a - ges run;



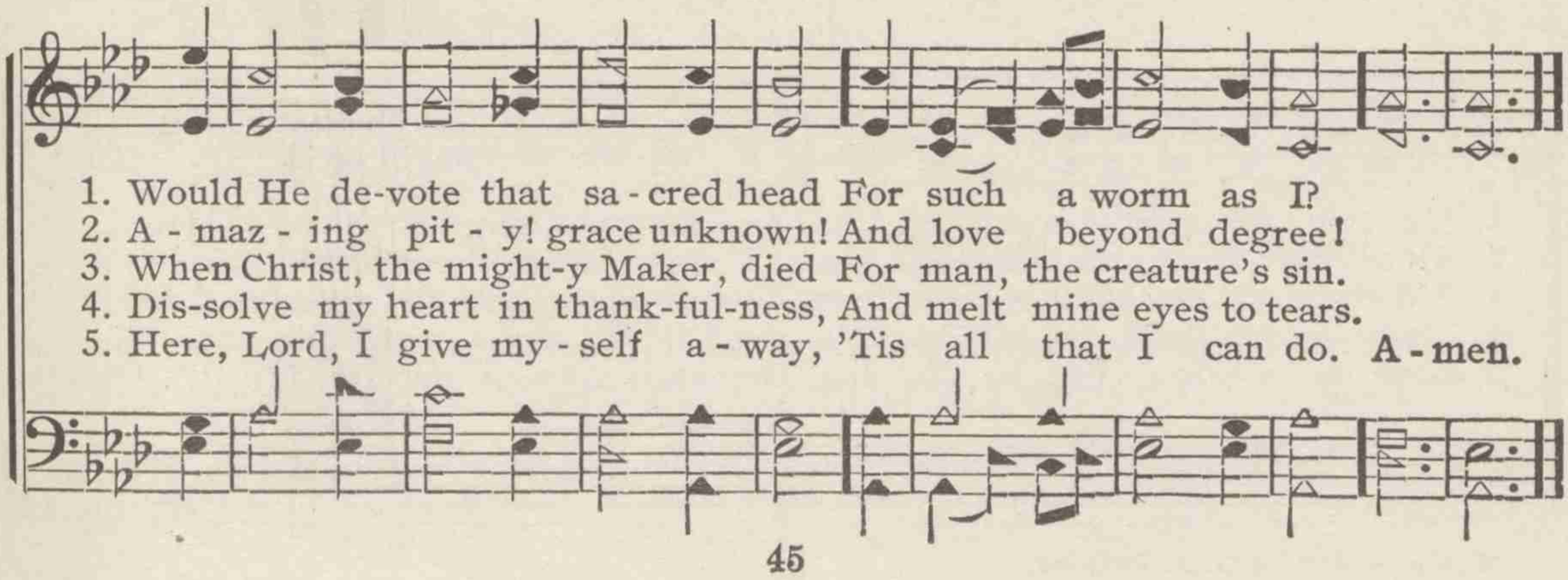
1. See, from His ag - o-niz-ing wounds The blood in - ces - sant flow.
2. Till light for-sook His clos-ing eyes, And life His droop - ing head.
3. He bowed His head, gave up the ghost, And suf-fered pain no more.
4. The great re-demp-tion is complete, And Sa-tan's pow'r o'er-thrown.
5. Have ful-ly vanquished all our foes, And crowned Him with their spoils.
6. All old things now are passed a-way, And a new world be - gun. A - men.

72 AVON. C. M.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, D. D., 1707. HUGH WILSON, 1825.



1. A - las! and did my Saviour bleed, And did my Sov-'reign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I had done He groaned up - on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in,
4. Thus might I hide my blush-ing face Whilst His dear cross ap-pears;
5. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe;



1. Would He de-vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
2. A - maz - ing pit - y! grace unknown! And love beyond degree!
3. When Christ, the might-y Maker, died For man, the creature's sin.
4. Dis-solve my heart in thank-ful-ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
5. Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do. A - men.

73

EXPIATION. L. M.

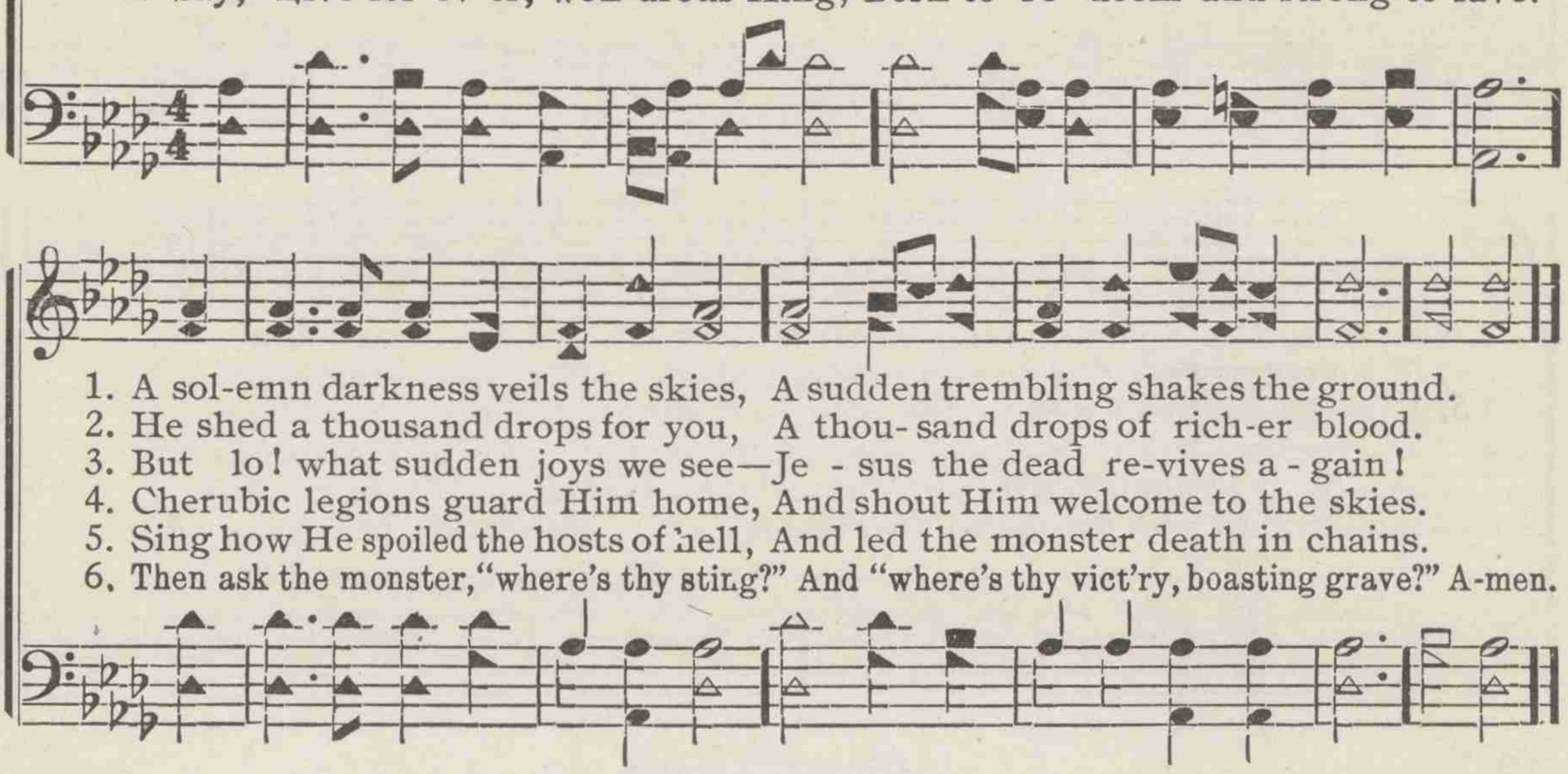
Mark 15: 33-38.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, D. D.

REV. W. B. GILLHAM, 1852.
Arr. by W. T. DALE, 1913.



1. He dies, the Friend of sin-ners dies! Lo! Sa-lem's daughters weep around;
2. Come, saints, and drop a tear or two For Him who groaned beneath your load;
3. Here's love and grief be-yond degree; The Lord of glo-ry dies for man;
4. The ris-ing God for-sakes the tomb, Up to His Fa-ther's courts He flies;
5. Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell How high your great Deliverer reigns;
6. Say, "Live for-ev-er, won-drous King, Born to re-deem and strong to save!



1. A sol-emn darkness veils the skies, A sudden trembling shakes the ground.
2. He shed a thousand drops for you, A thou-sand drops of rich-er blood.
3. But lo! what sudden joys we see—Je-sus the dead re-vives a-gain!
4. Cherubic legions guard Him home, And shout Him welcome to the skies.
5. Sing how He spoiled the hosts of hell, And led the monster death in chains.
6. Then ask the monster, "where's thy sting?" And "where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?" A-men.

74

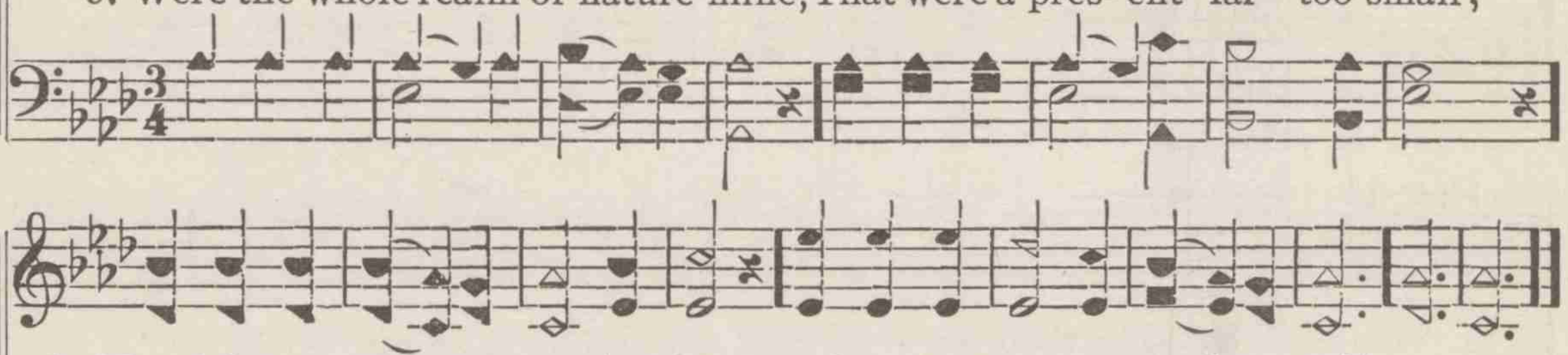
WILLOW DALE. L. M.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D., 1707.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, 1913.



1. When I sur-vey the wondrous cross, On which the Prince of Glo-ry died,
2. For-bid it, Lord! that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God;
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
4. His dy-ing crim-son, like a robe, Spreads o'er His bod-y on the tree;
5. Were the whole realm of nature mine, That were a pres-ent far too small;



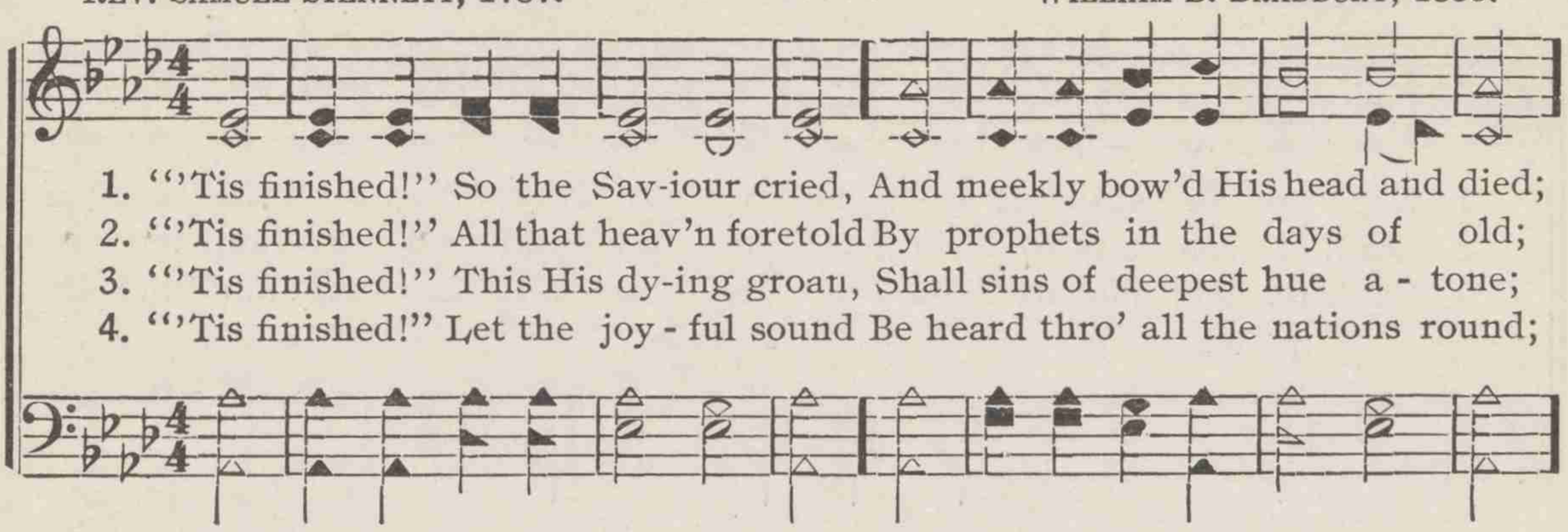
1. My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
2. All the vain things that charm me most, I sac-ri-fice them to His blood.
3. Did e'er such love and sorrow meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
4. Then I am dead to all the globe, And all the globe is dead to me.
5. Love so a-maz-ing, so di-vine, Demands my soul, my life, my all. A-men.



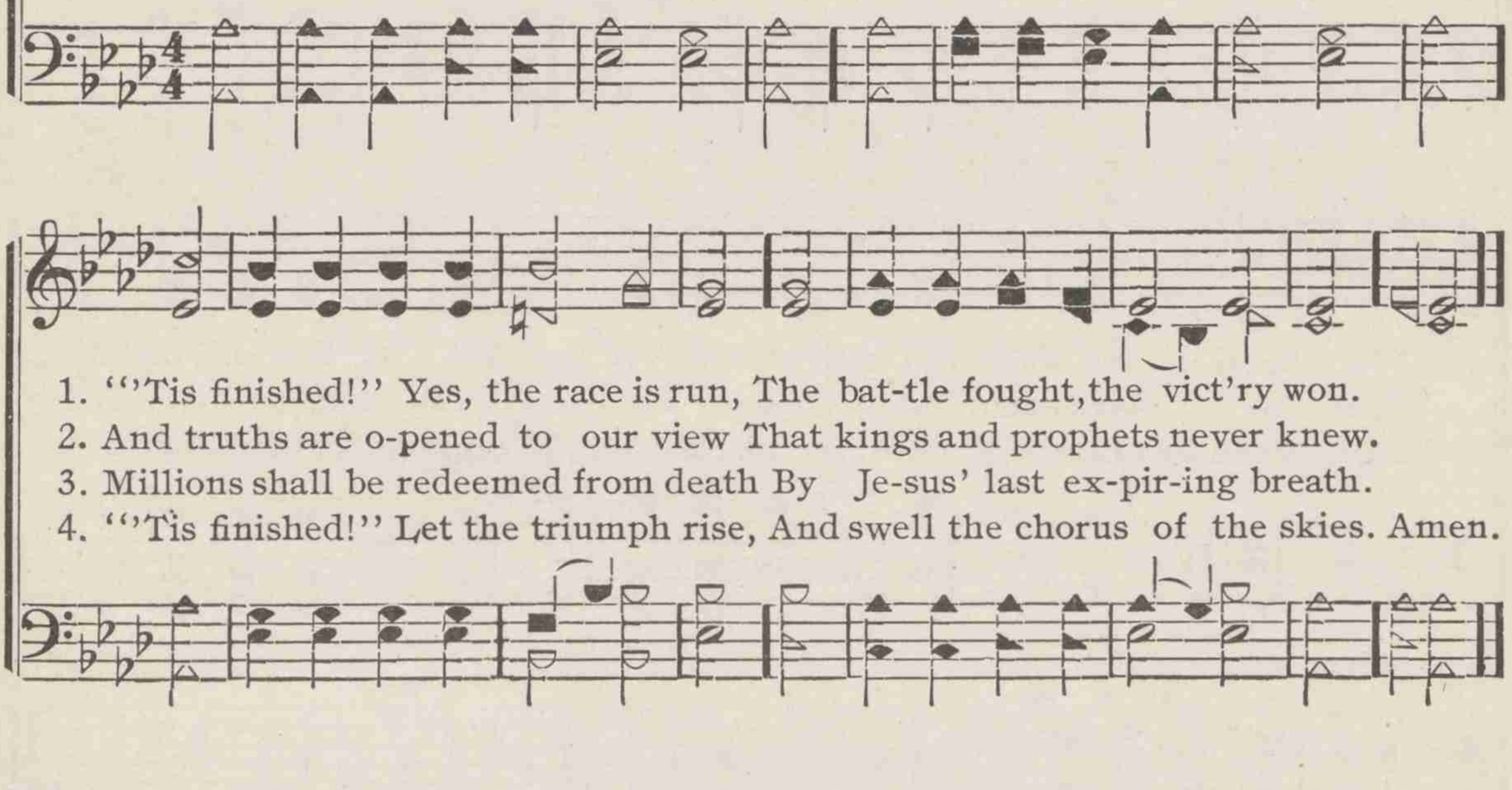
Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

75 OLIVE'S BROW. L. M.

REV. SAMUEL STENNETT, 1787. John 19: 30. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, 1853.



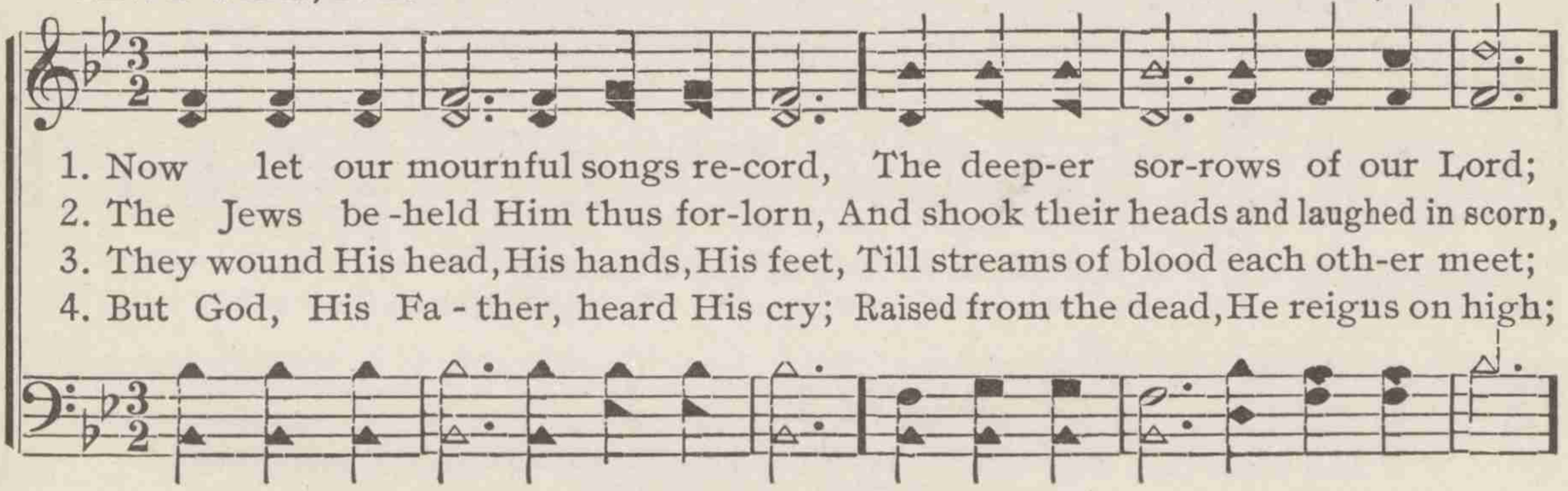
1. "'Tis finished!" So the Sav-iour cried, And meekly bow'd His head and died;
2. "'Tis finished!" All that heav'n foretold By prophets in the days of old;
3. "'Tis finished!" This His dy-ing groan, Shall sins of deepest hue a - tone;
4. "'Tis finished!" Let the joy - ful sound Be heard thro' all the nations round;



1. "'Tis finished!" Yes, the race is run, The bat-tle fought, the vict'ry won.
2. And truths are o-pened to our view That kings and prophets never knew.
3. Millions shall be redeemed from death By Je-sus' last ex-pir-ing breath.
4. "'Tis finished!" Let the triumph rise, And swell the chorus of the skies. Amen.

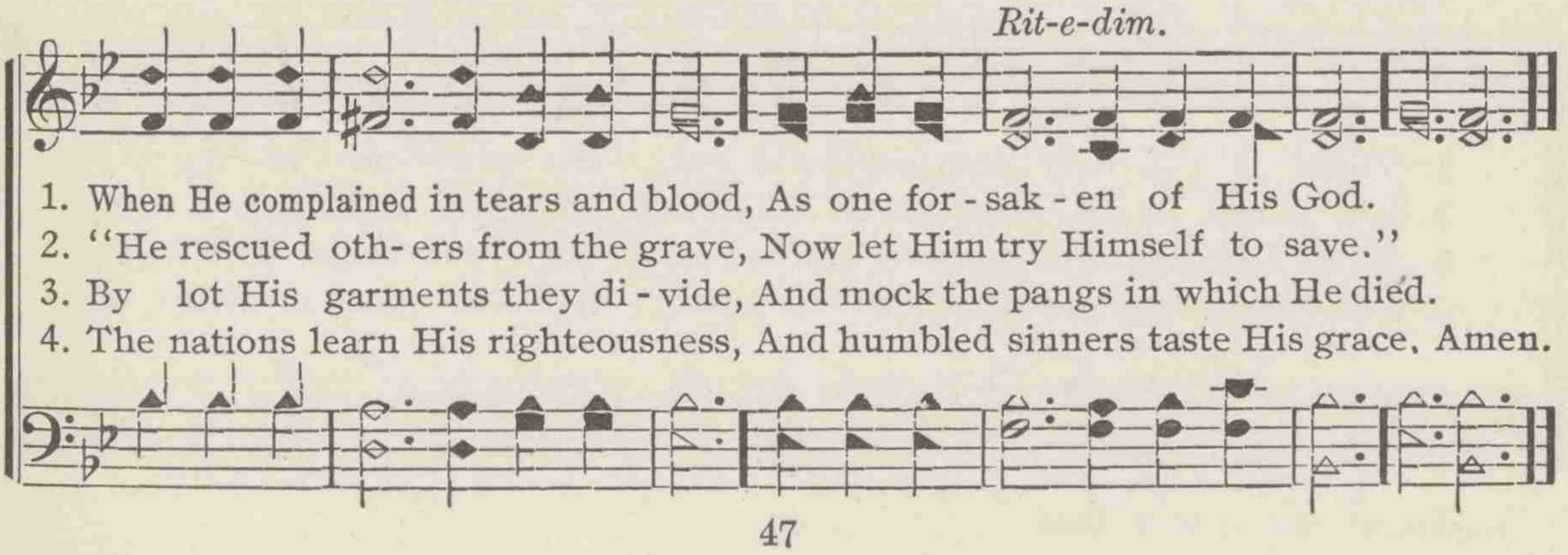
76 MT. OLIVET. L. M.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D. Psalm 22: 7, 8; 16-18. W. T. DALE, 1893.



1. Now let our mournful songs re-cord, The deep-er sor-rows of our Lord;
2. The Jews be-held Him thus for-lorn, And shook their heads and laughed in scorn,
3. They wound His head, His hands, His feet, Till streams of blood each oth-er meet;
4. But God, His Fa - ther, heard His cry; Raised from the dead, He reigns on high;

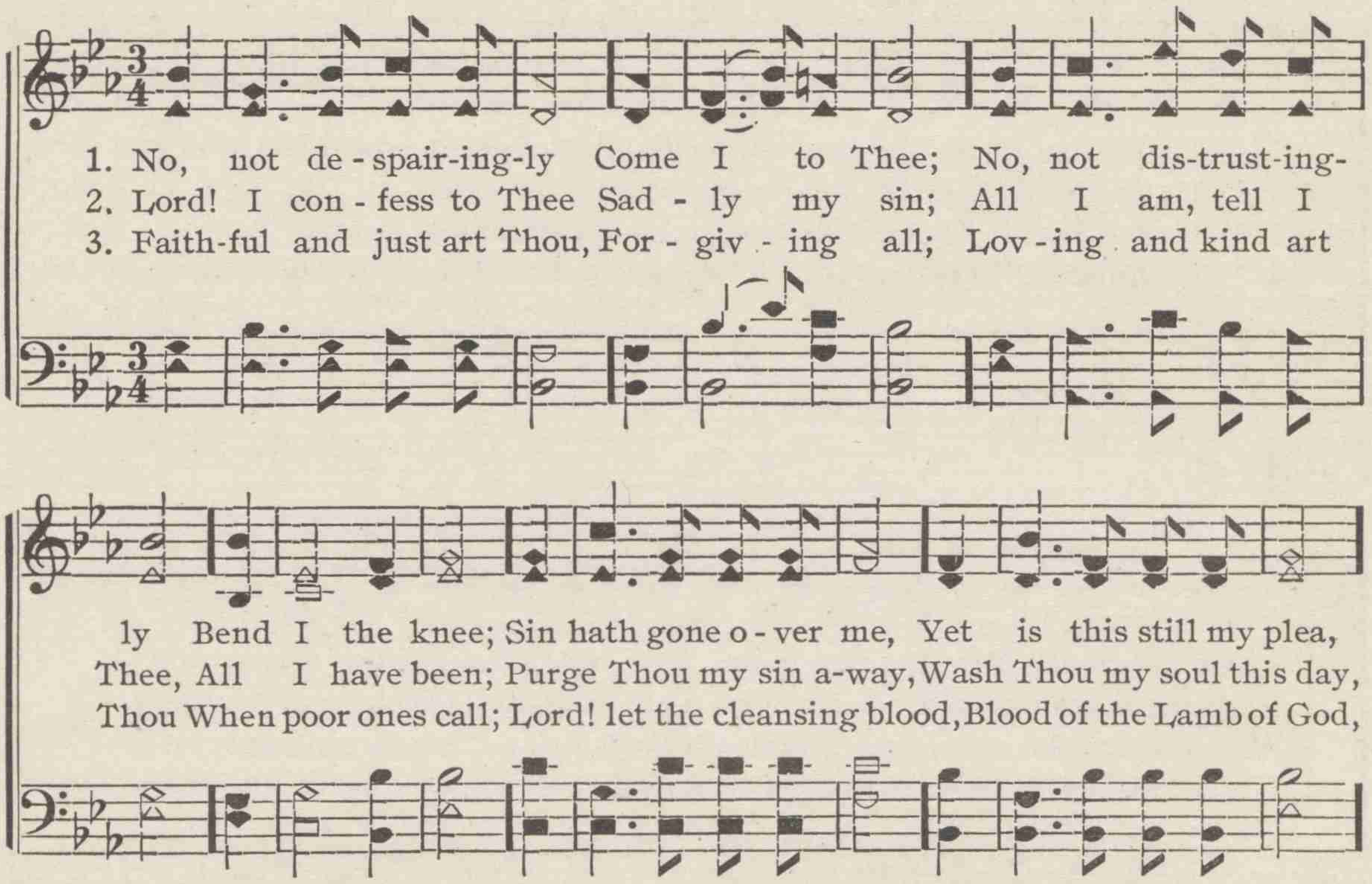
Rit-e-dim.

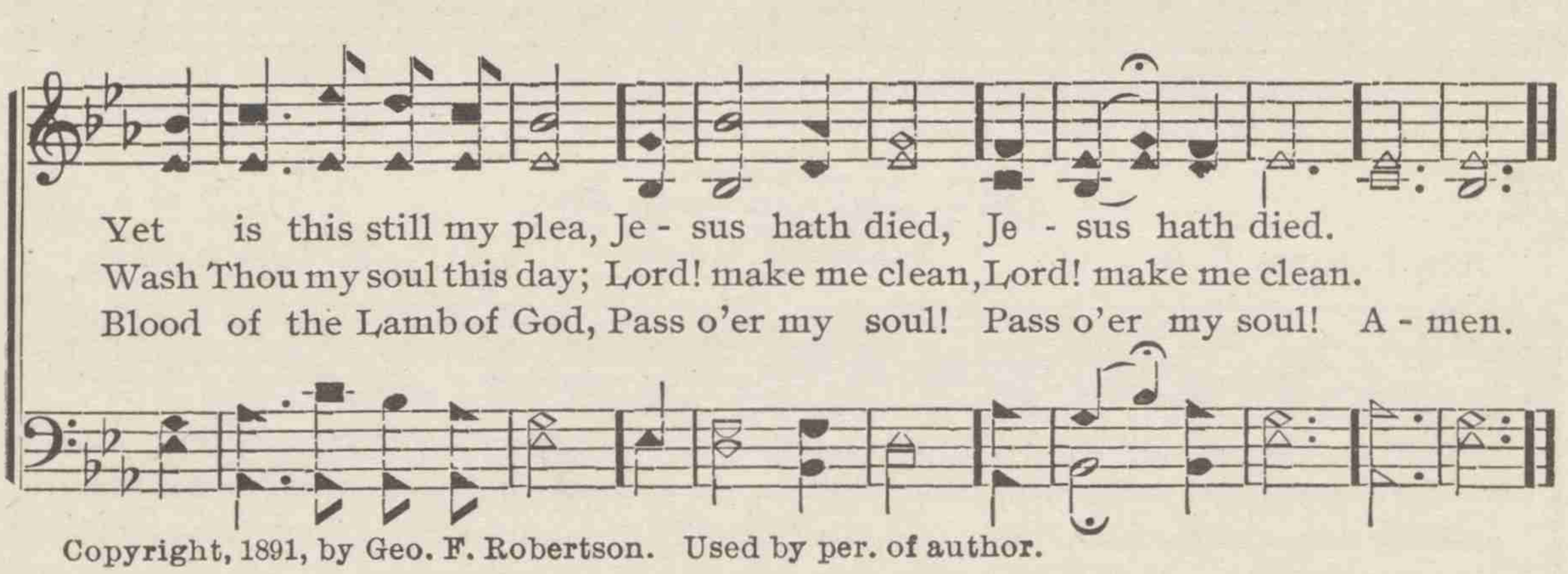


1. When He complained in tears and blood, As one for - sak - en of His God.
2. "He rescued oth- ers from the grave, Now let Him try Himself to save."
3. By lot His garments they di - vide, And mock the pangs in which He died.
4. The nations learn His righteousness, And humbled sinners taste His grace, Amen.

77 JESUS HATH DIED.

DR. H. BONAR. REV. G. F. ROBERTSON, 1891.



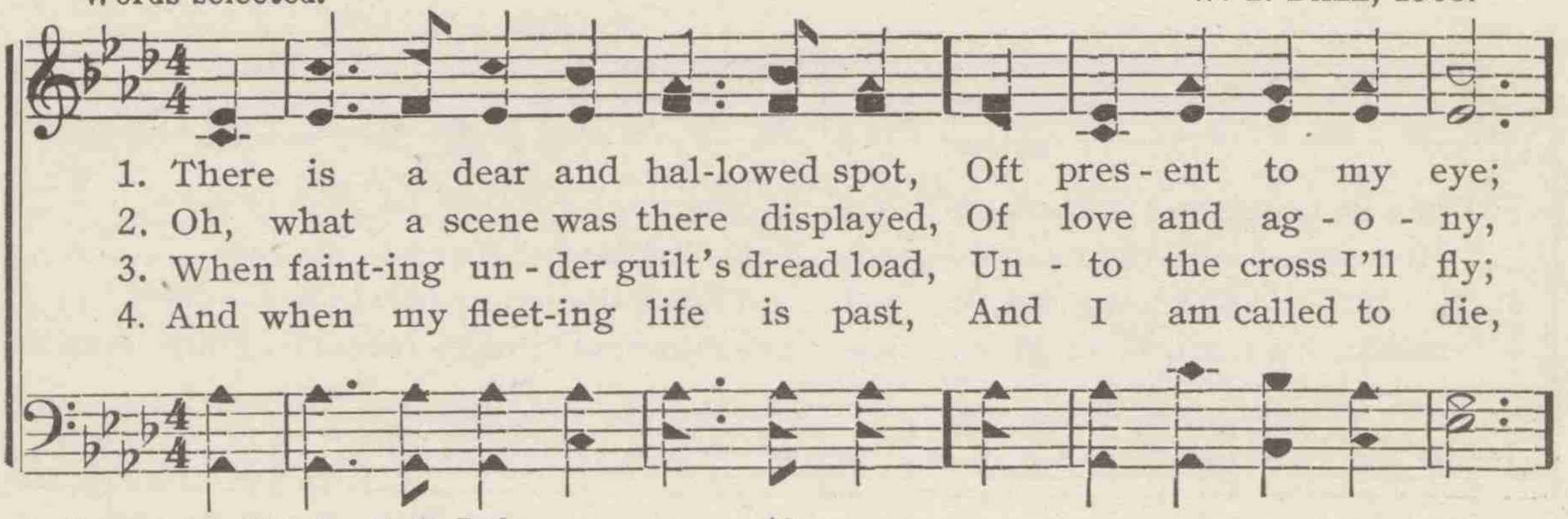


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78 CALVARY. C. M.

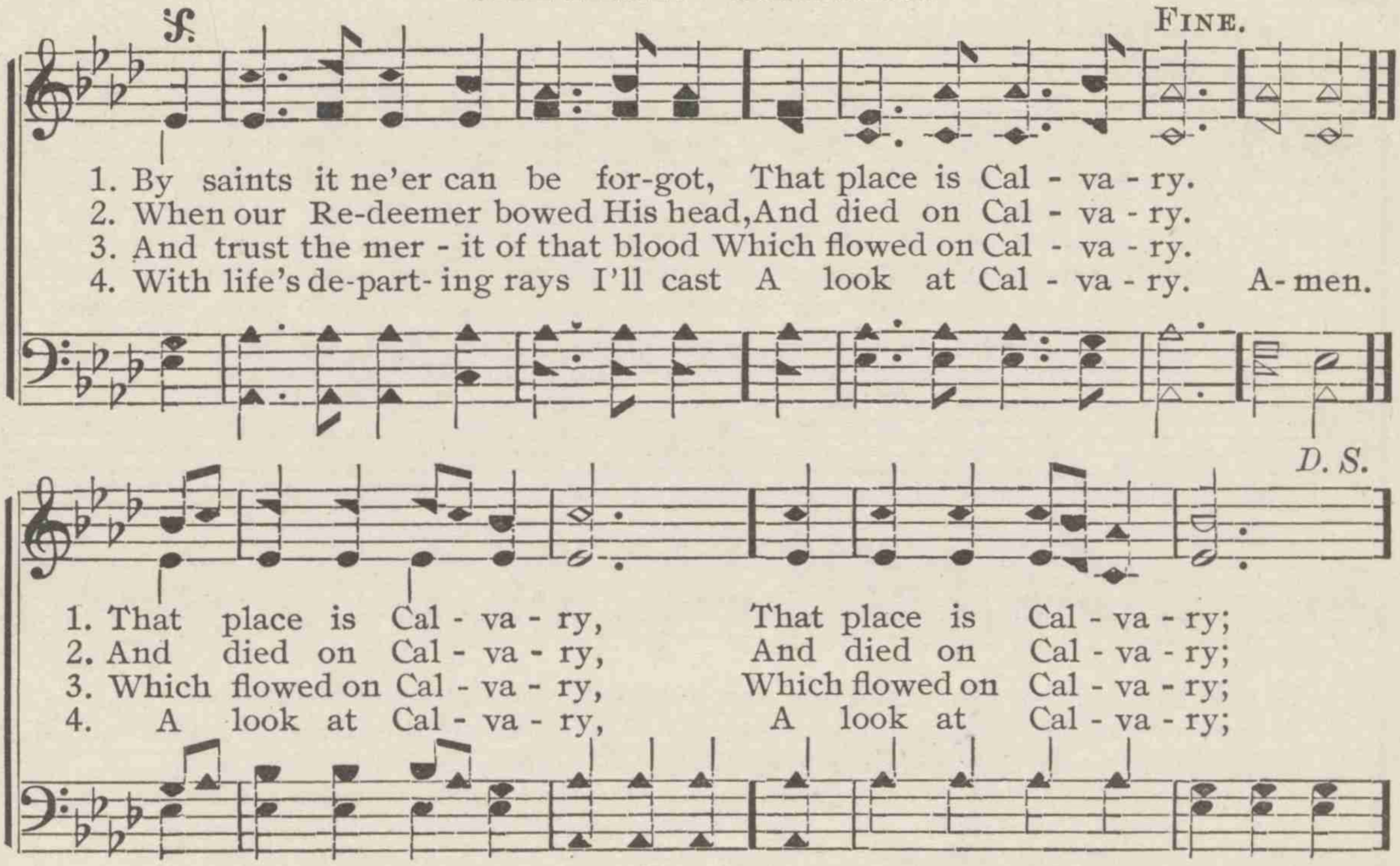
"And when they were come to the place which is called Calvary, there they crucified him."—Luke 23: 33.

Words selected. W. T. DALE, 1903.



Copyright, 1903, by W. T. Dale.

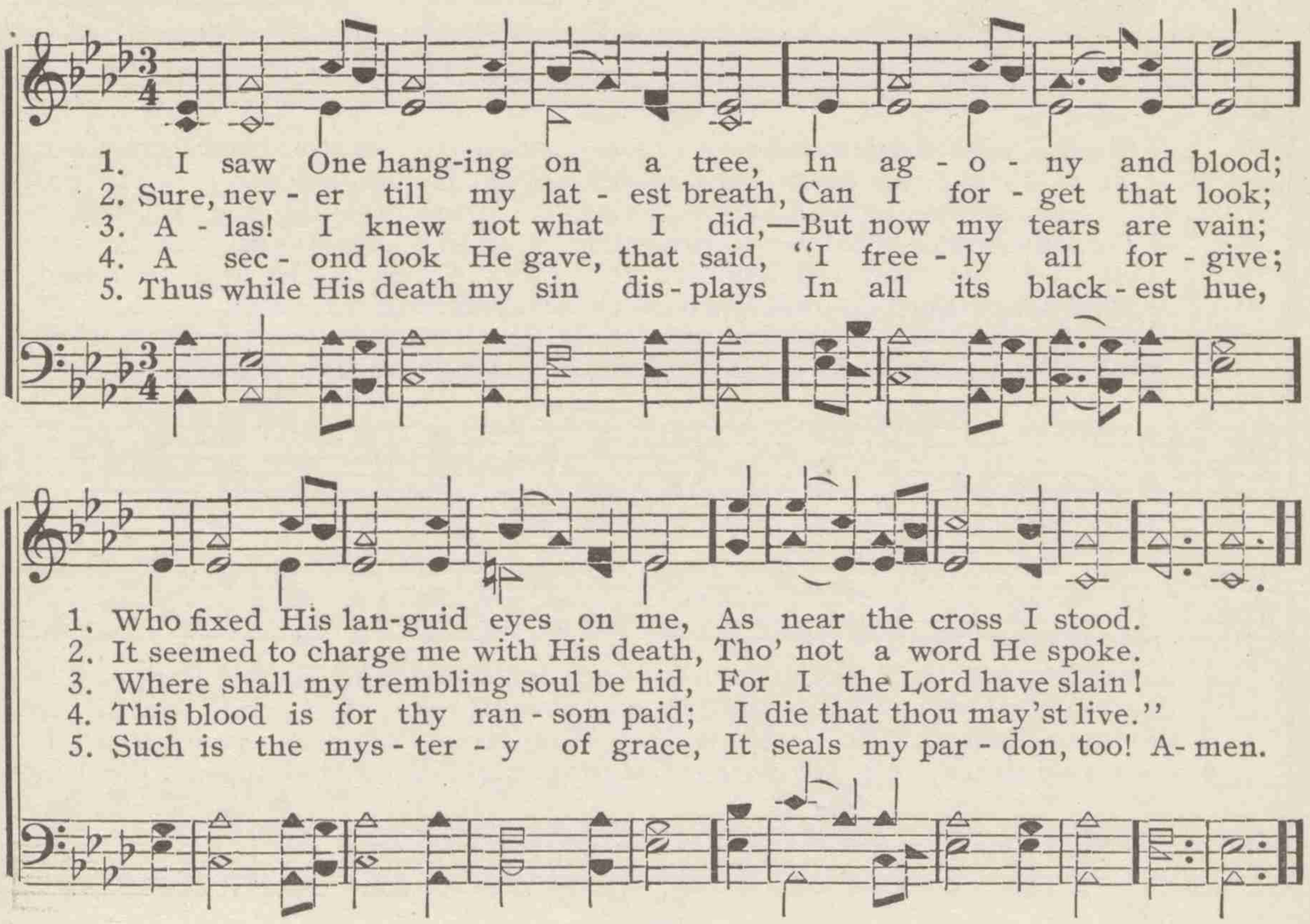
CALVARY. Concluded.



79

COMMUNION. C. M.

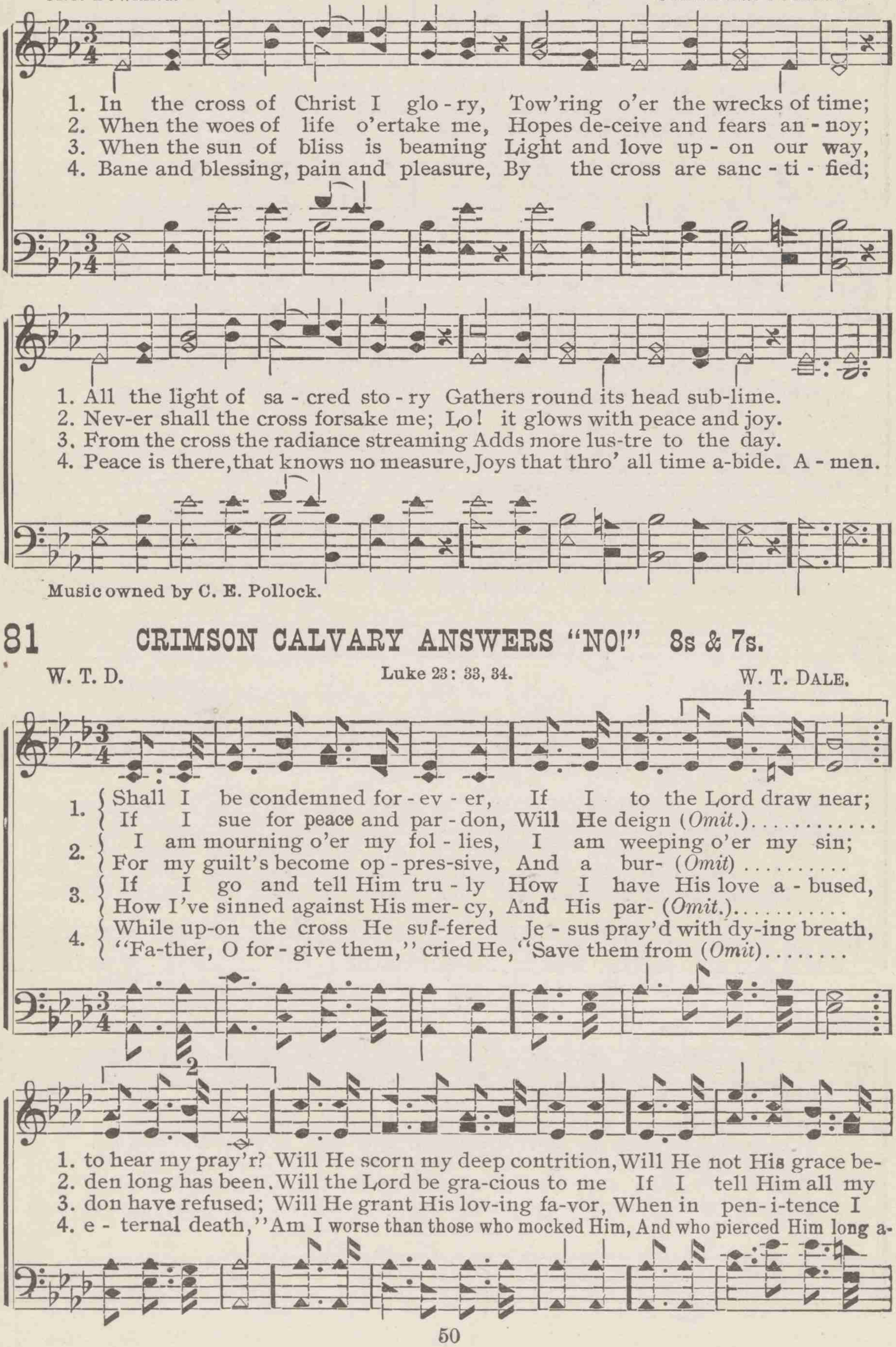
REV. J. NEWTON. STEPHEN JENKS.



80 BOWRING. 8s & 7s.

"God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."—Gal. 6: 14.

JNO. BOWRING. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

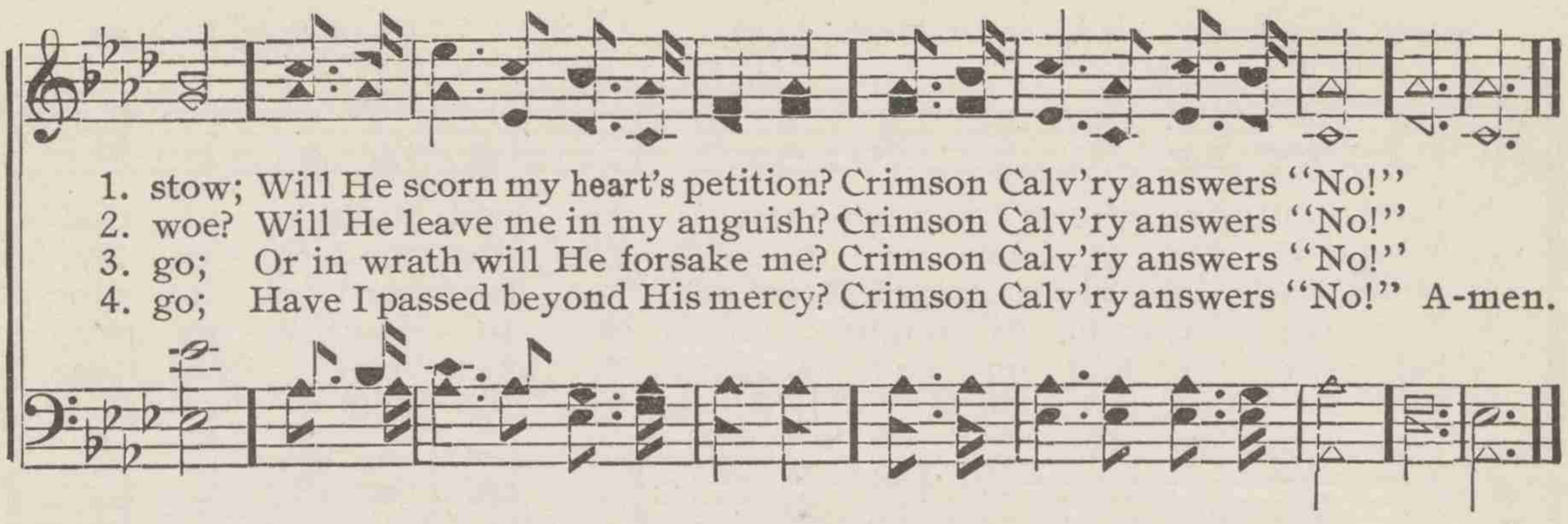


Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

81 CRIMSON CALVARY ANSWERS "NO!" 8s & 7s.

W. T. D. Luke 23: 33, 34. W. T. DALE.

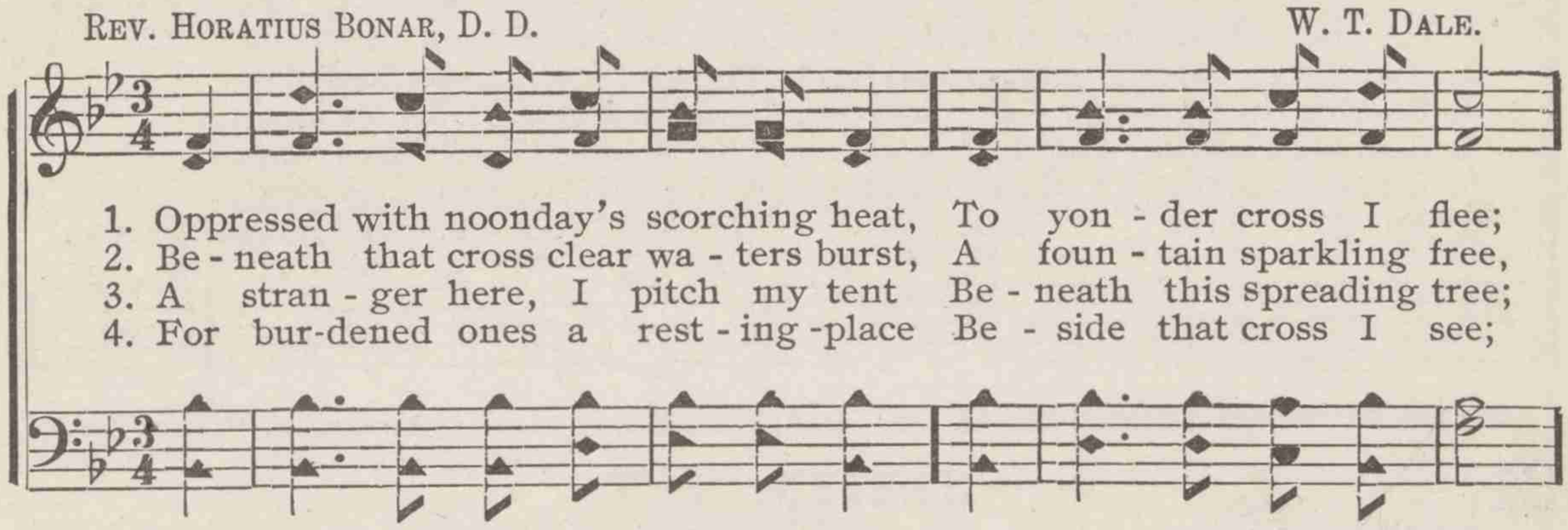
CRIMSON CALVARY ANSWERS "NO!" Concluded.

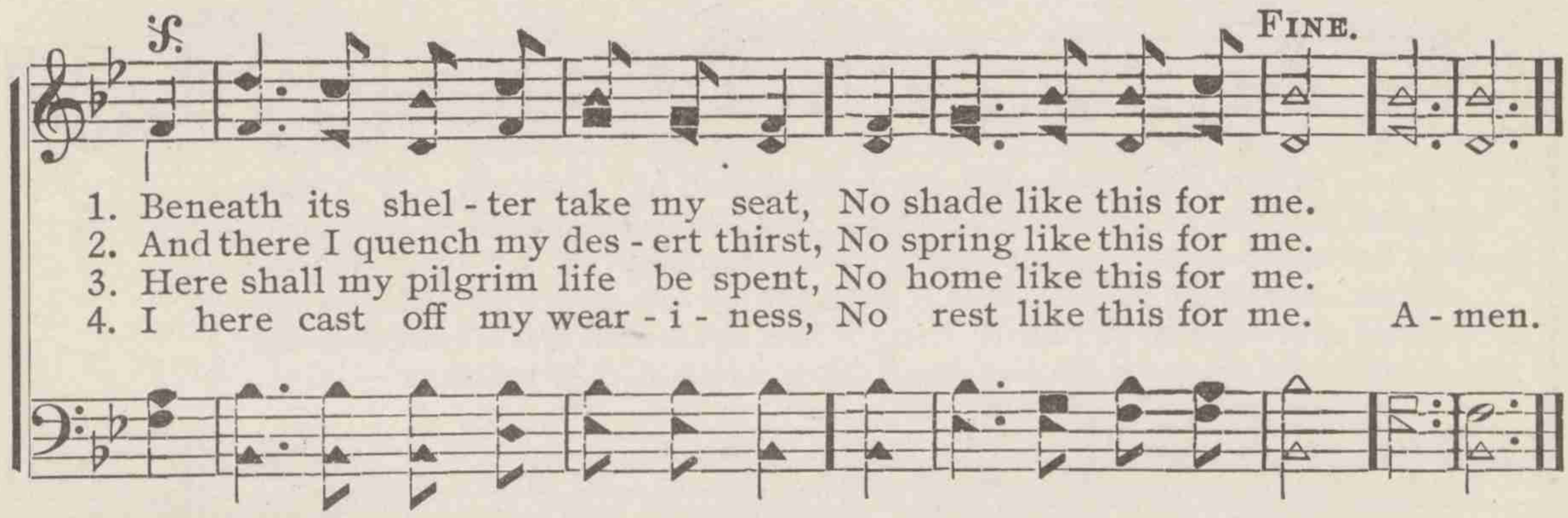


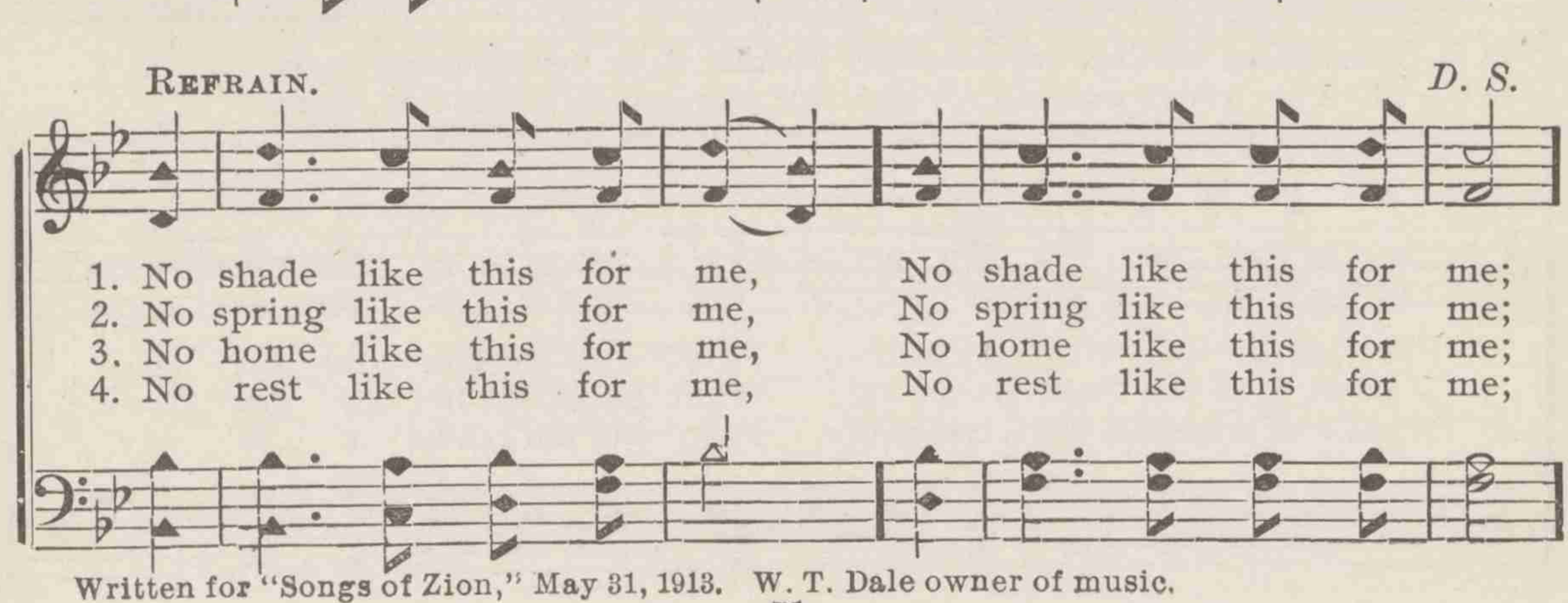
82 NO SHELTER LIKE THE CROSS. C. M.

"God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."—Gal. 6: 14.

REV. HORATIUS BONAR, D. D. W. T. DALE.





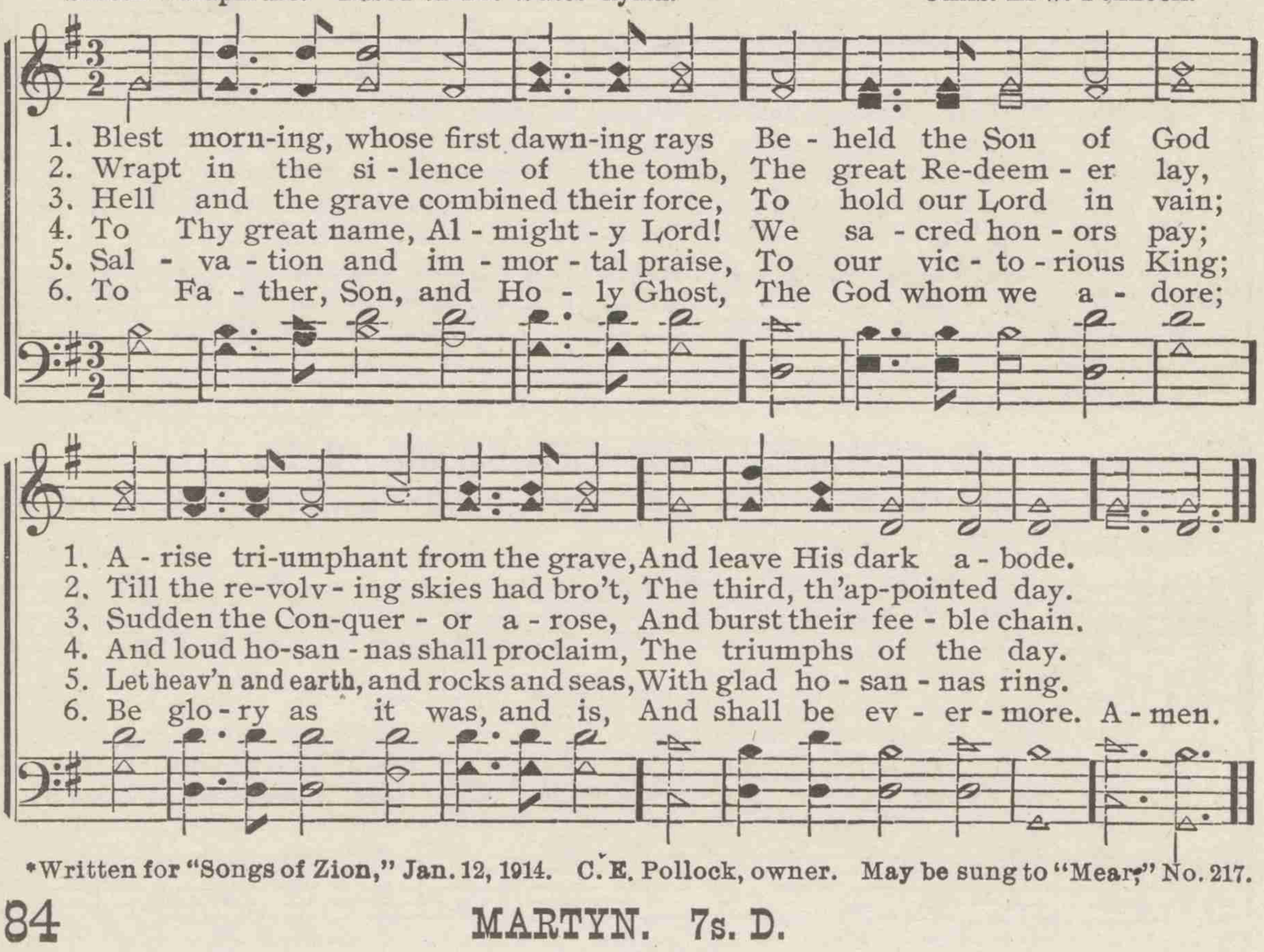


Written for "Songs of Zion," May 31, 1913. W. T. Dale owner of music.

83 MARSHFIELD. C. M.*

"And the third day He shall rise again."—Matt. 20:19.

Scotch Paraphrase. Based on Dr. Watts' hymn. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. Blest morn-ing, whose first dawn-ing rays Be - held the Son of God
2. Wrapt in the si - lence of the tomb, The great Re-deem - er lay,
3. Hell and the grave combined their force, To hold our Lord in vain;
4. To Thy great name, Al - might - y Lord! We sa - cred hon - ors pay;
5. Sal - va - tion and im - mor - tal praise, To our vic - to - rious King;
6. To Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, The God whom we a - dore;

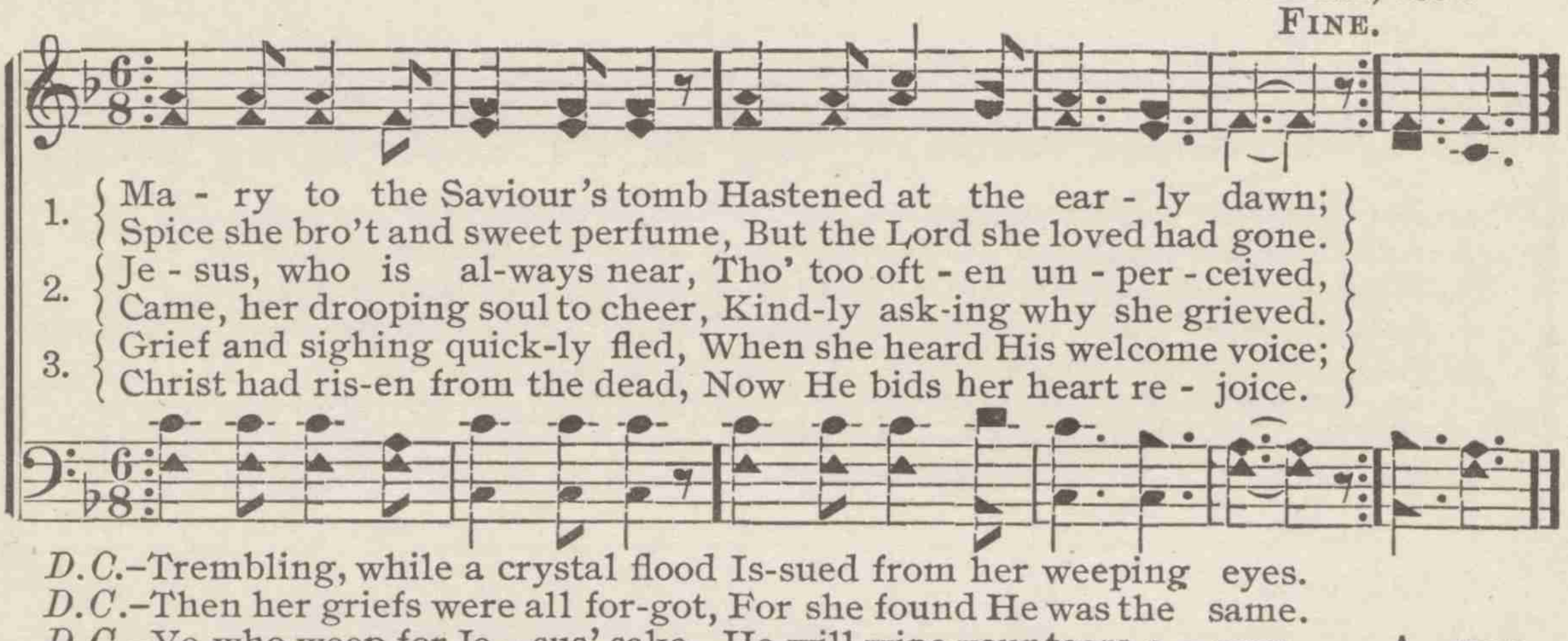
1. A - rise tri-umphant from the grave, And leave His dark a - bode.
2. Till the re-volv - ing skies had bro't, The third, th'ap-pointed day.
3. Sudden the Con-quer - or a - rose, And burst their fee - ble chain.
4. And loud ho-san - nas shall proclaim, The triumphs of the day.
5. Let heav'n and earth, and rocks and seas, With glad ho - san - nas ring.
6. Be glo - ry as it was, and is, And shall be ev - er - more. A - men.

*Written for "Songs of Zion," Jan. 12, 1914. C. E. Pollock, owner. May be sung to "Mear," No. 217.

84 MARTYN. 7s. D.

REV. JOHN NEWTON. John 20:11-16. SIMEON B. MARSH, 1834.

FINE.



1. Ma - ry to the Saviour's tomb Hastened at the ear - ly dawn;
   Spice she bro't and sweet perfume, But the Lord she loved had gone.
2. Je - sus, who is al-ways near, Tho' too oft - en un - per - ceived,
   Came, her drooping soul to cheer, Kind-ly ask-ing why she grieved.
3. Grief and sighing quick-ly fled, When she heard His welcome voice;
   Christ had ris-en from the dead, Now He bids her heart re - joice.

D.C.–Trembling, while a crystal flood Is-sued from her weeping eyes.
D.C.–Then her griefs were all for-got, For she found He was the same.
D.C.–Ye who weep for Je - sus' sake, He will wipe your tears a - way. A - men.

D. C.



For awhile she ling'ring stood, Filled with sor-row and sur - prise;
Tho' at first she knew Him not, When He called her by her name,
What a change His word can make, Turn - ing dark-ness in - to day;

85 STERLING. S. M.

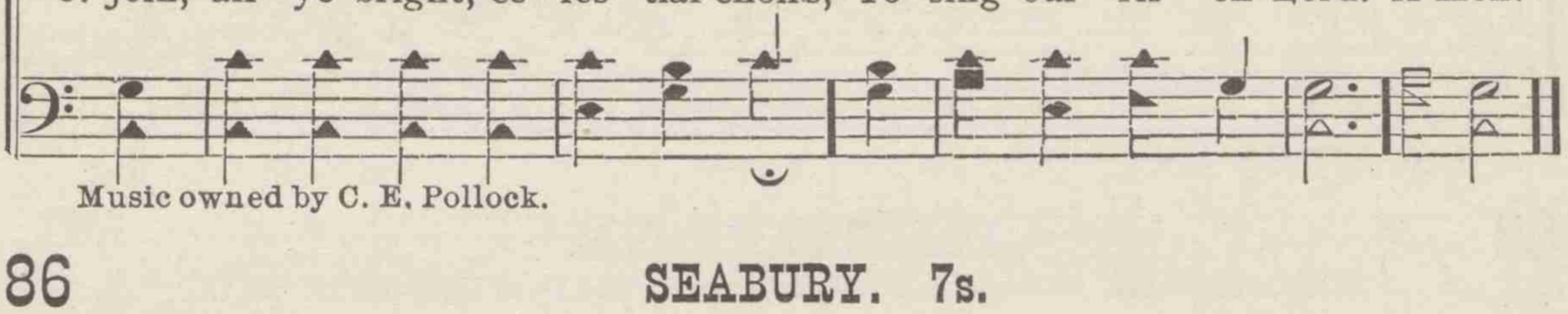
REV. THOMAS KELLY. Luke 24: 34. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, 1913.



1. "The Lord is ris'n in-deed," Then jus-tice asks no more;
2. "The Lord is ris'n in-deed," Then is His work per-formed;
3. "The Lord is ris'n in-deed," Then hell has lost his prey;
4. "The Lord is ris'n in-deed," At-tend-ing an-gels hear;
5. Then wake your gold-en lyres, And strike each cheer-ful chord;



1. Mer-cy and truth are now a-greed, Which stood opposed be-fore.
2. The might-y Cap-tive now is freed, And death our foe disarmed.
3. With Him is ris'n the ransomed seed, To reign in end-less day.
4. Up to the courts of heav'n with speed, The joy-ful ti-dings bear.
5. Join, all ye bright, ce-les-tial choirs, To sing our ris-en Lord. A-men.



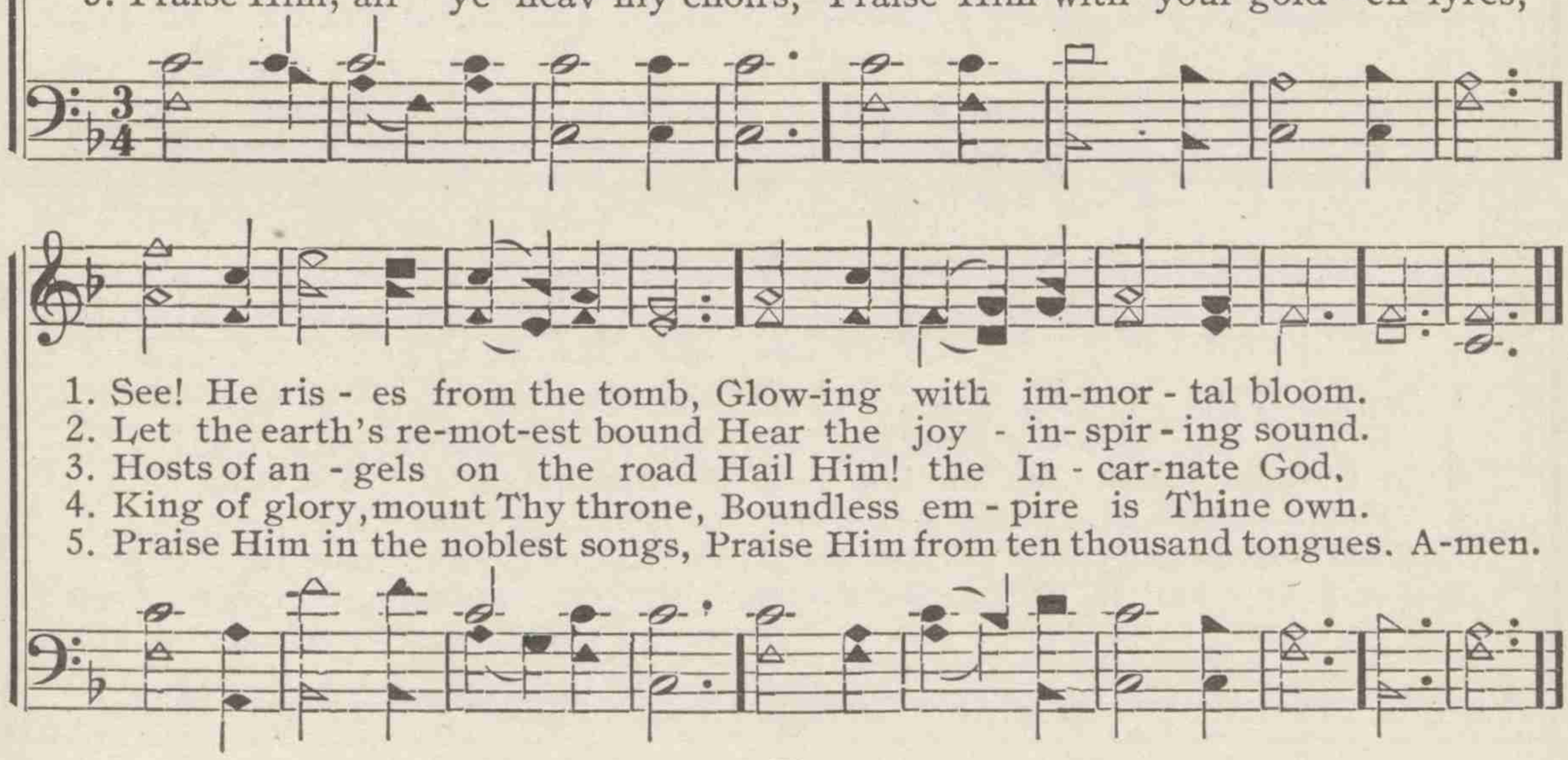
Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

86 SEABURY. 7s.

REV. THOS. SCOTT. Matt. 28: 2. F. L. ARMSTRONG.



1. An-gels roll the stone a-way,, Death, yield up thy might-y prey!
2. 'Tis the Sav-iour! ser-aphs raise Your tri-umph-ant songs of praise;
3. Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes, See Him high in glo-ry rise!
4. Heav'n un-folds its por-tals wide; Might-y Conqueror, thro' them ride;
5. Praise Him, all ye heav'nly choirs, Praise Him with your gold-en lyres;

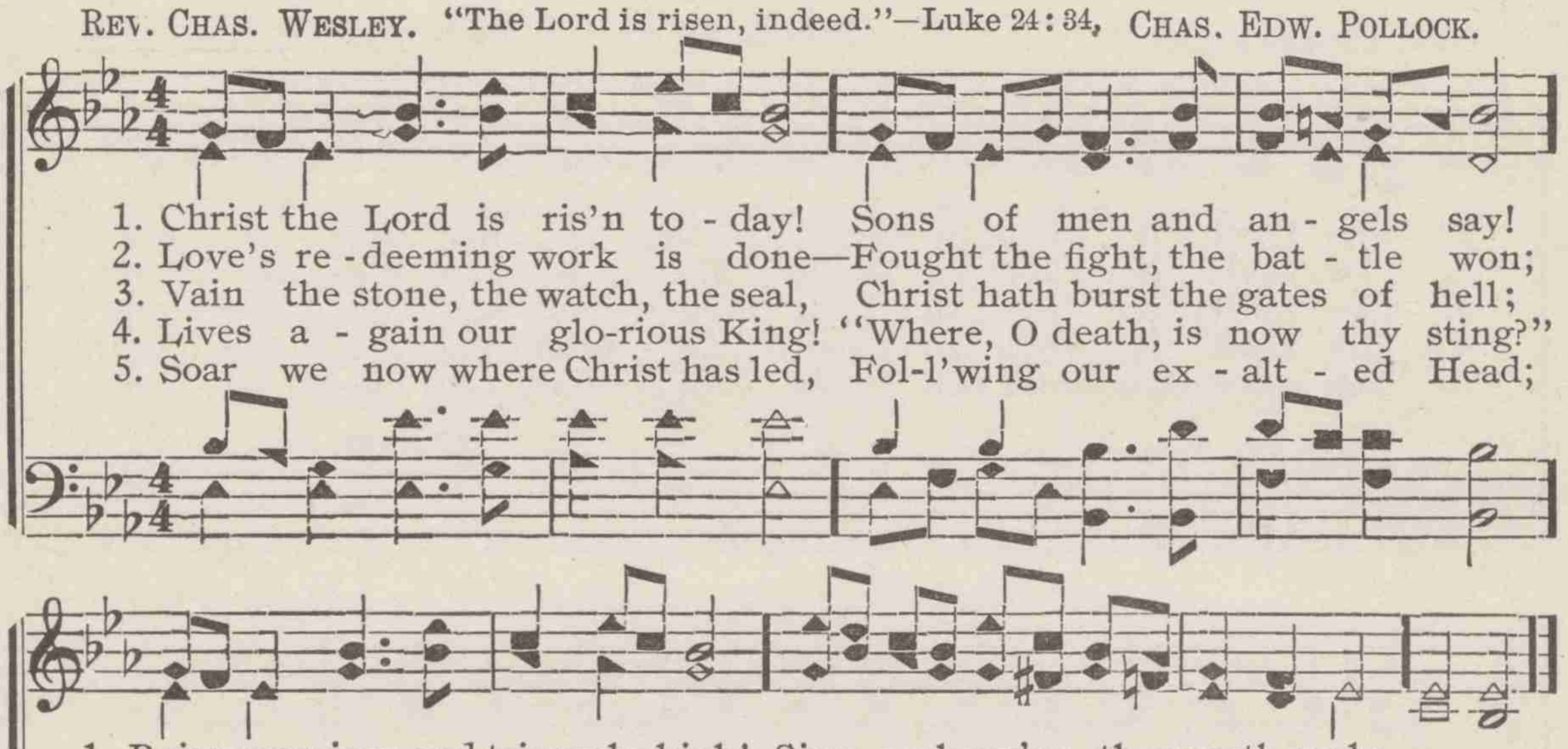


1. See! He ris-es from the tomb, Glow-ing with im-mor-tal bloom.
2. Let the earth's re-mot-est bound Hear the joy-in-spir-ing sound.
3. Hosts of an-gels on the road Hail Him! the In-car-nate God,
4. King of glory, mount Thy throne, Boundless em-pire is Thine own.
5. Praise Him in the noblest songs, Praise Him from ten thousand tongues. A-men.

87

BLAKE. 7s.

REV. CHAS. WESLEY. "The Lord is risen, indeed."—Luke 24:34, CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. Christ the Lord is ris'n to - day! Sons of men and an - gels say!
2. Love's re - deeming work is done—Fought the fight, the bat - tle won;
3. Vain the stone, the watch, the seal, Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
4. Lives a - gain our glo-rious King! "Where, O death, is now thy sting?"
5. Soar we now where Christ has led, Fol-l'wing our ex - alt - ed Head;

1. Raise your joys and triumphs high! Sing, ye heav'ns, thou earth reply.
2. Lo! the sun's e - clipse is o'er; Lo! He sets in blood no more.
3. Death in vain for - bids His rise, Christ hath o - pened Par - a - dise.
4. Once He died our souls to save; "Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?"
5. Made like Him, like Him we rise—Ours the cross, the grave, the skies. A- men.

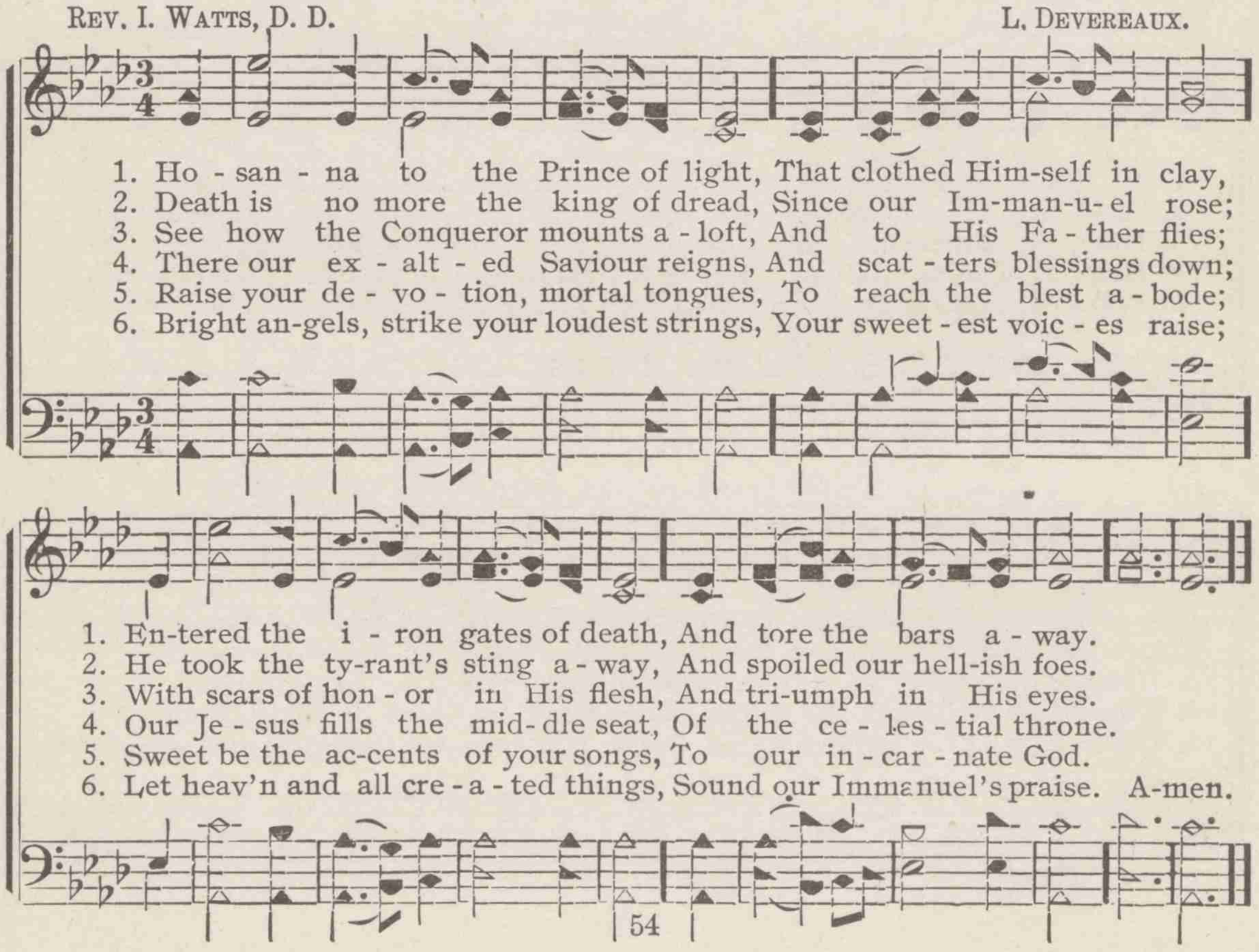
Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

88

BOARDMAN. C. M.

"He is not here. . . come see the place where the Lord lay."—Matt. 28:6.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D. L. DEVEREAUX.



1. Ho - san - na to the Prince of light, That clothed Him-self in clay,
2. Death is no more the king of dread, Since our Im-man-u-el rose;
3. See how the Conqueror mounts a - loft, And to His Fa - ther flies;
4. There our ex - alt - ed Saviour reigns, And scat - ters blessings down;
5. Raise your de - vo - tion, mortal tongues, To reach the blest a - bode;
6. Bright an-gels, strike your loudest strings, Your sweet - est voic - es raise;

1. En-tered the i - ron gates of death, And tore the bars a - way.
2. He took the ty-rant's sting a - way, And spoiled our hell-ish foes.
3. With scars of hon - or in His flesh, And tri-umph in His eyes.
4. Our Je - sus fills the mid - dle seat, Of the ce - les - tial throne.
5. Sweet be the ac-cents of your songs, To our in - car - nate God.
6. Let heav'n and all cre - a - ted things, Sound our Immanuel's praise. A-men.

89

WARE. L. M.

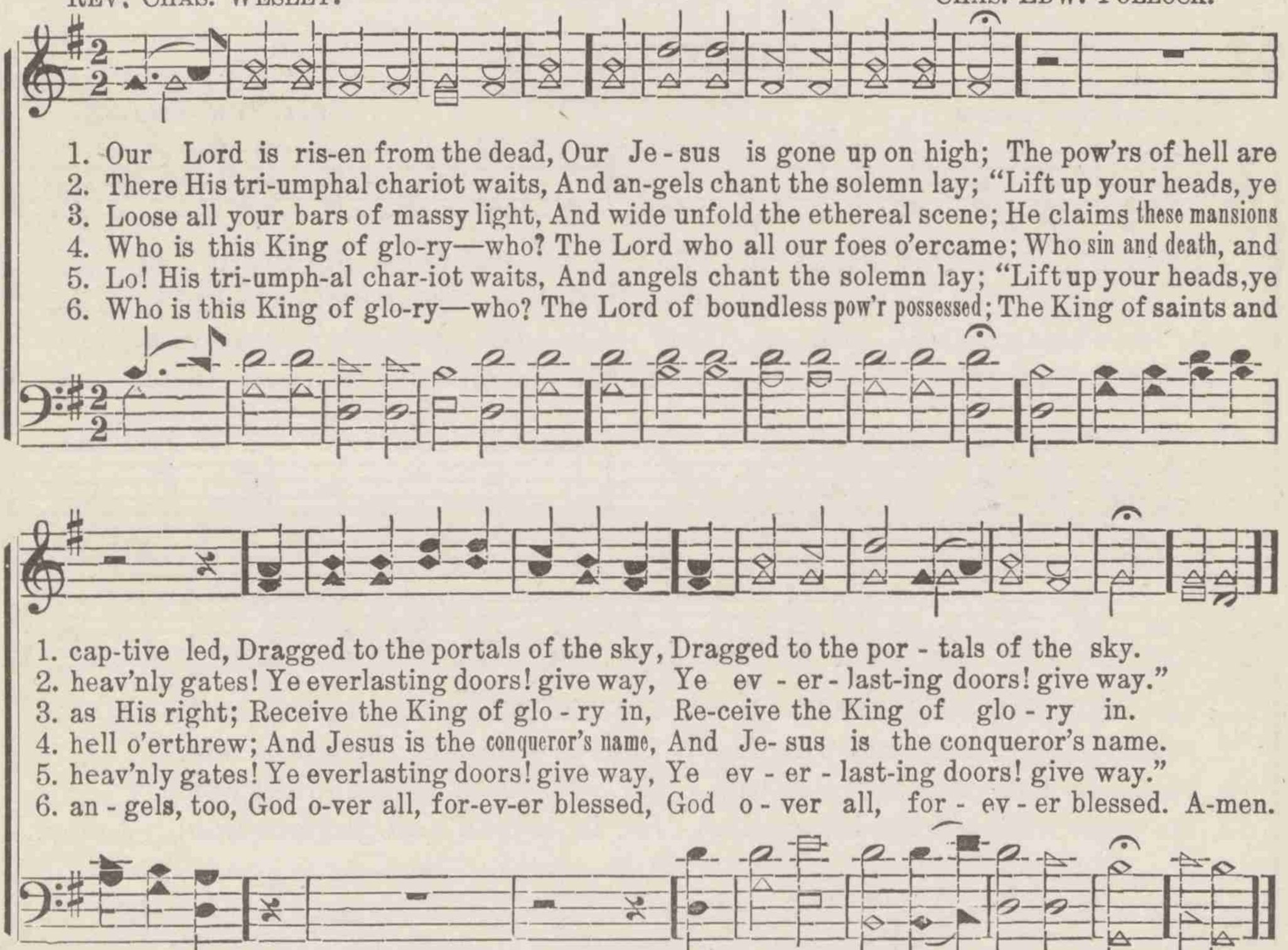
C. P. COLL. "Come see the place where the Lord lay."—Matt 28: 6. GEO. KINGSLEY, 1838.



90

ELMWOOD. L. M.*

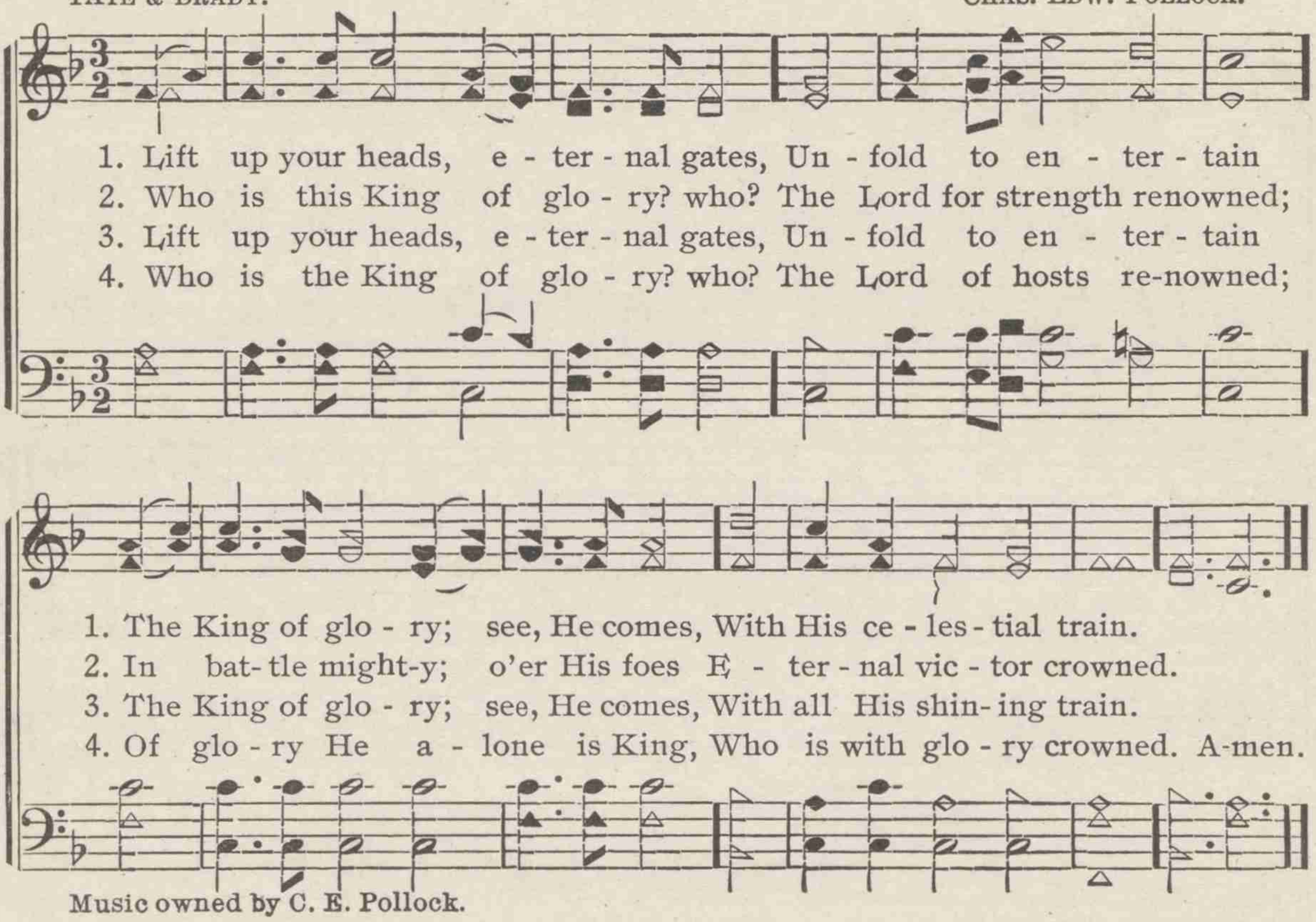
REV. CHAS. WESLEY. Psalm 24: 7-10 CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



*Music written for "Songs of Zion," Oct, 10, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner.

91 BAKER. C. M.

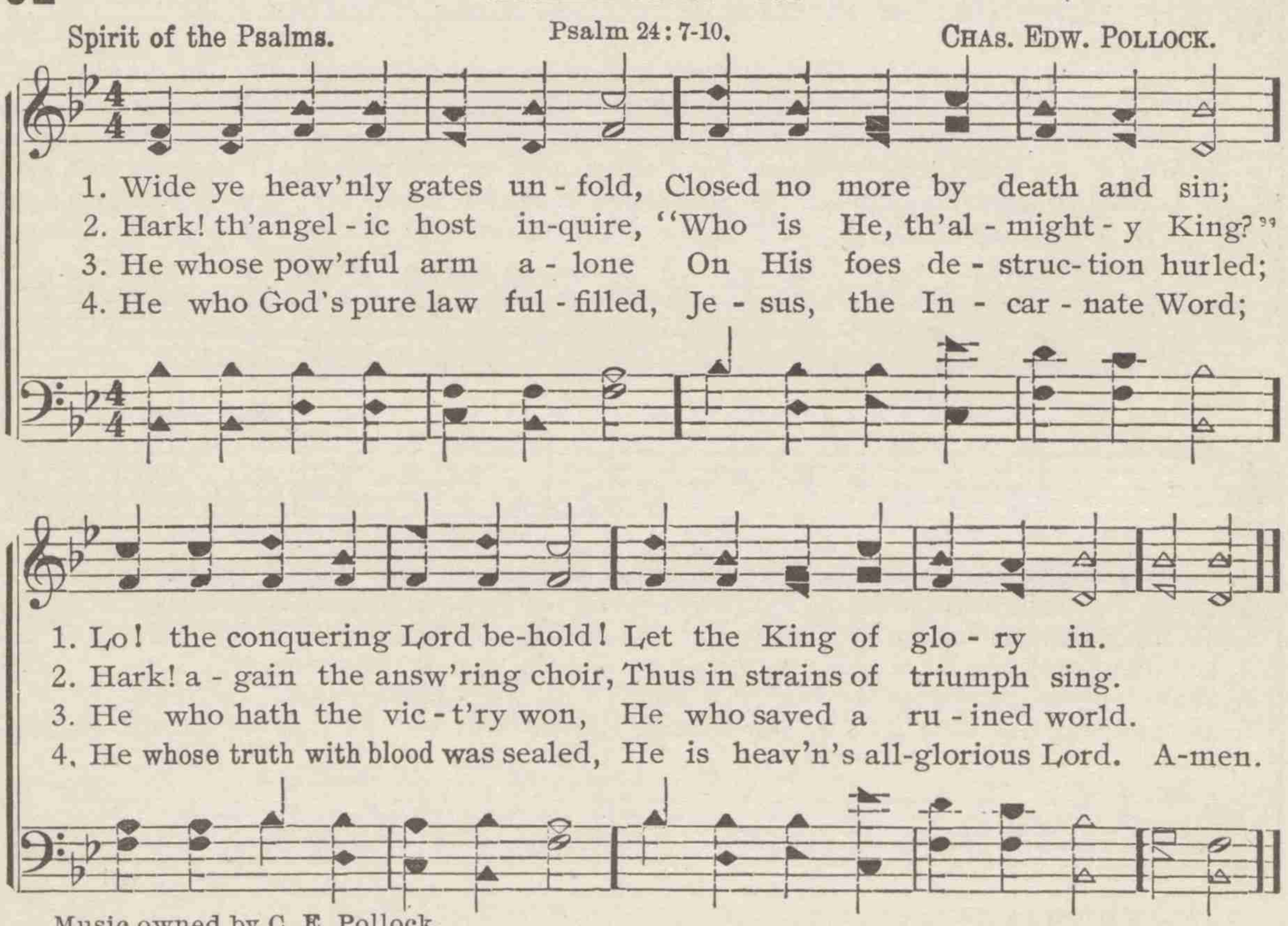
TATE & BRADY. Psalm 24: 7-10. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

92 BRADBURY. 7s.

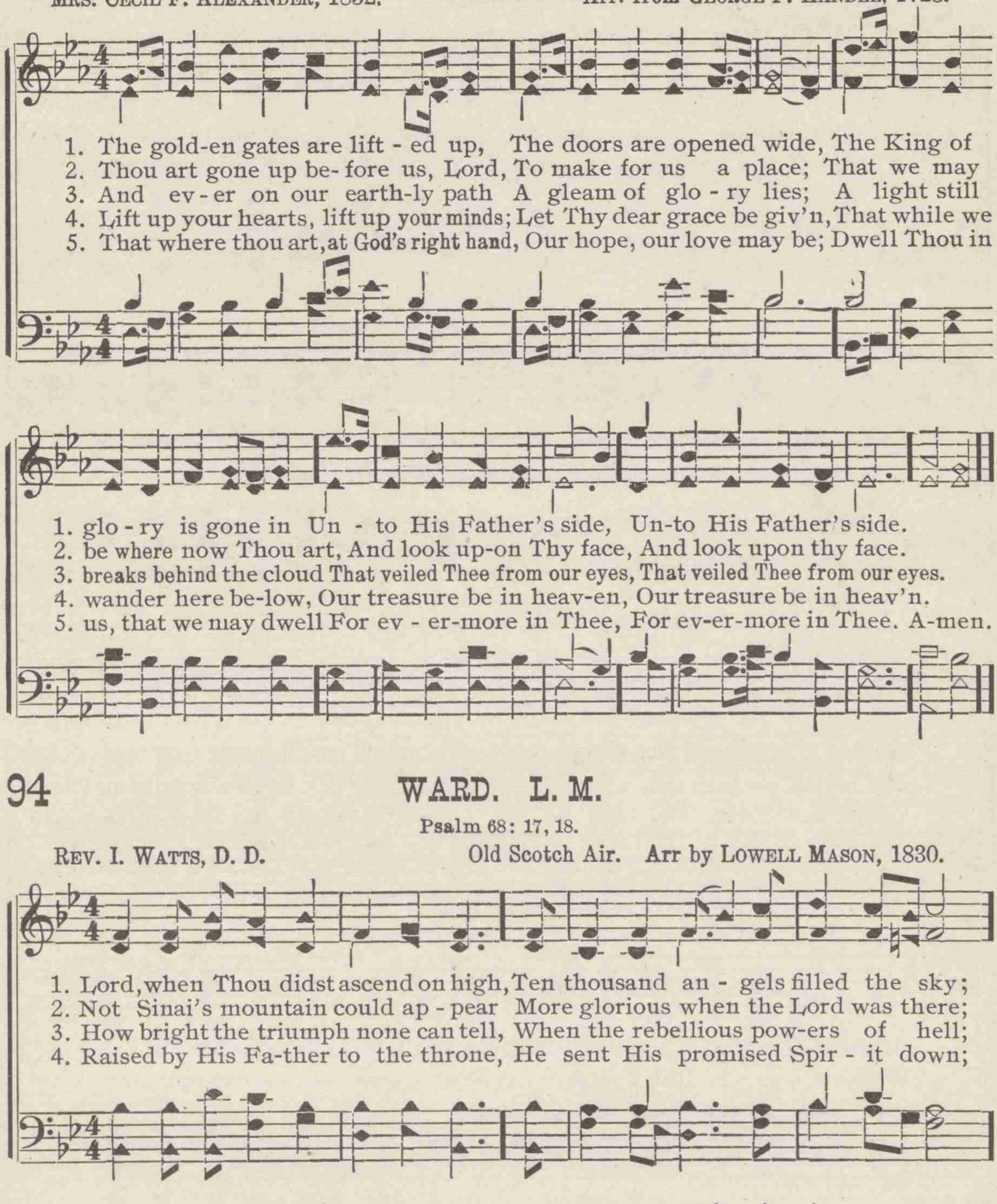
Spirit of the Psalms. Psalm 24: 7-10. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

93 CHRISTMAS. C. M.

MRS. CECIL F. ALEXANDER, 1852. Acts 1: 9. Arr. from GEORGE F. HANDEL, 1728.



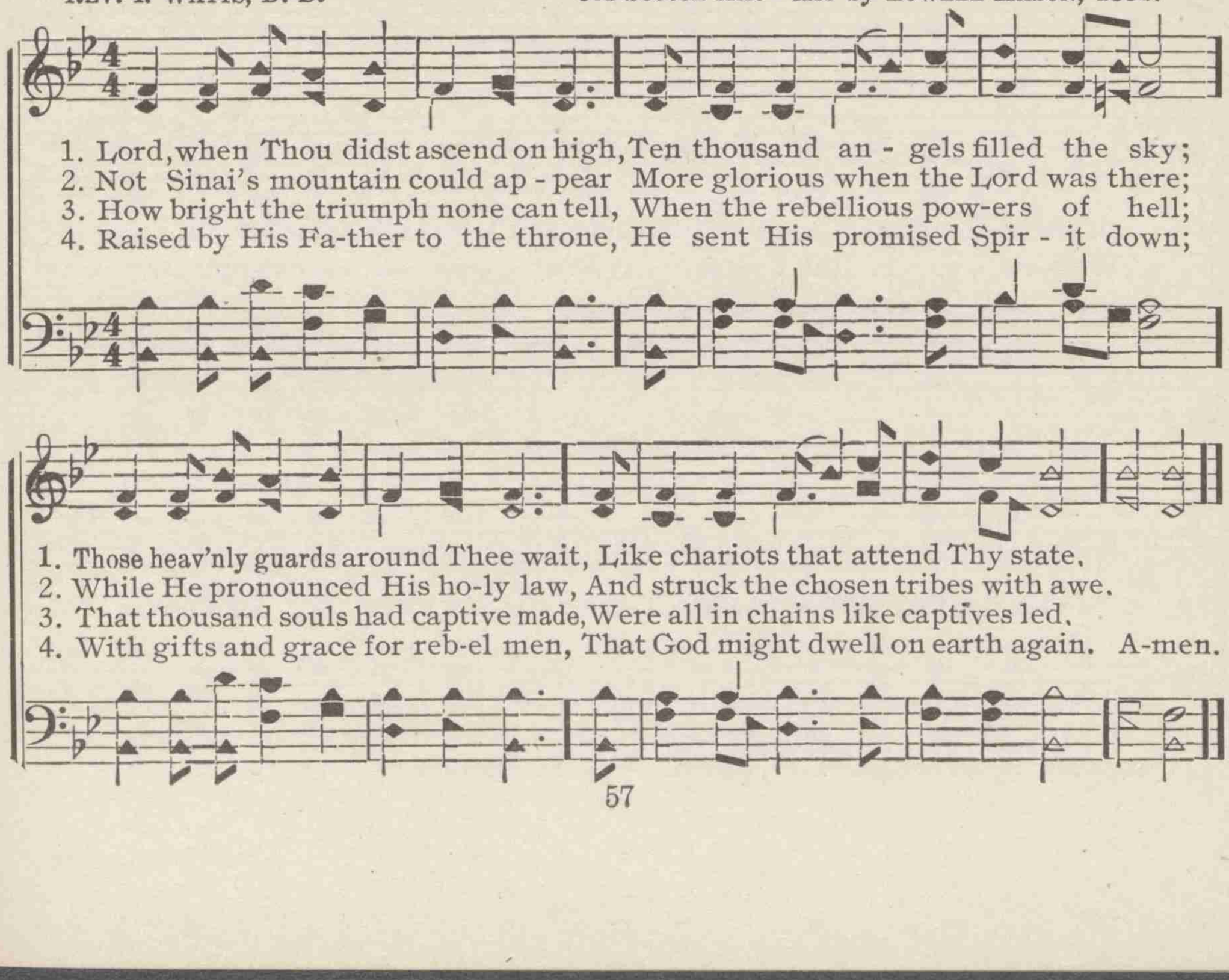
1. The gold-en gates are lift - ed up, The doors are opened wide, The King of
2. Thou art gone up be- fore us, Lord, To make for us a place; That we may
3. And ev - er on our earth-ly path A gleam of glo - ry lies; A light still
4. Lift up your hearts, lift up your minds; Let Thy dear grace be giv'n, That while we
5. That where thou art, at God's right hand, Our hope, our love may be; Dwell Thou in

1. glo - ry is gone in Un - to His Father's side, Un-to His Father's side.
2. be where now Thou art, And look up-on Thy face, And look upon thy face.
3. breaks behind the cloud That veiled Thee from our eyes, That veiled Thee from our eyes.
4. wander here be-low, Our treasure be in heav-en, Our treasure be in heav'n.
5. us, that we may dwell For ev - er-more in Thee, For ev-er-more in Thee. A-men.

94 WARD. L. M.

Psalm 68: 17, 18.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D. Old Scotch Air. Arr by LOWELL MASON, 1830.



1. Lord, when Thou didst ascend on high, Ten thousand an - gels filled the sky;
2. Not Sinai's mountain could ap - pear More glorious when the Lord was there;
3. How bright the triumph none can tell, When the rebellious pow-ers of hell;
4. Raised by His Fa-ther to the throne, He sent His promised Spir - it down;

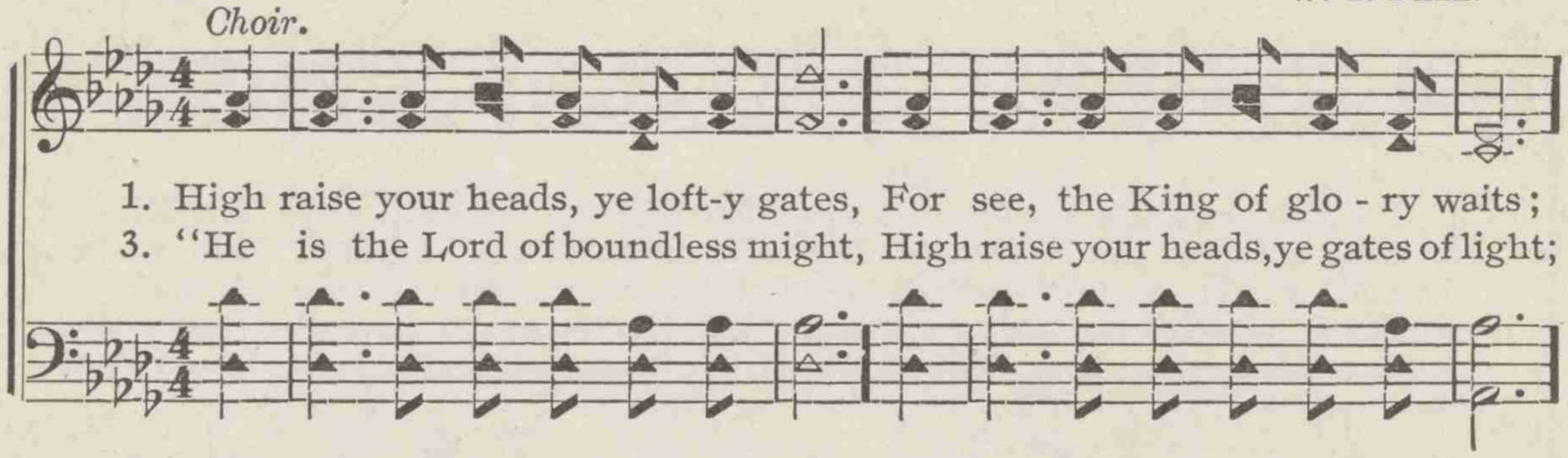
1. Those heav'nly guards around Thee wait, Like chariots that attend Thy state,
2. While He pronounced His ho-ly law, And struck the chosen tribes with awe,
3. That thousand souls had captive made, Were all in chains like captives led,
4. With gifts and grace for reb-el men, That God might dwell on earth again. A-men.

95

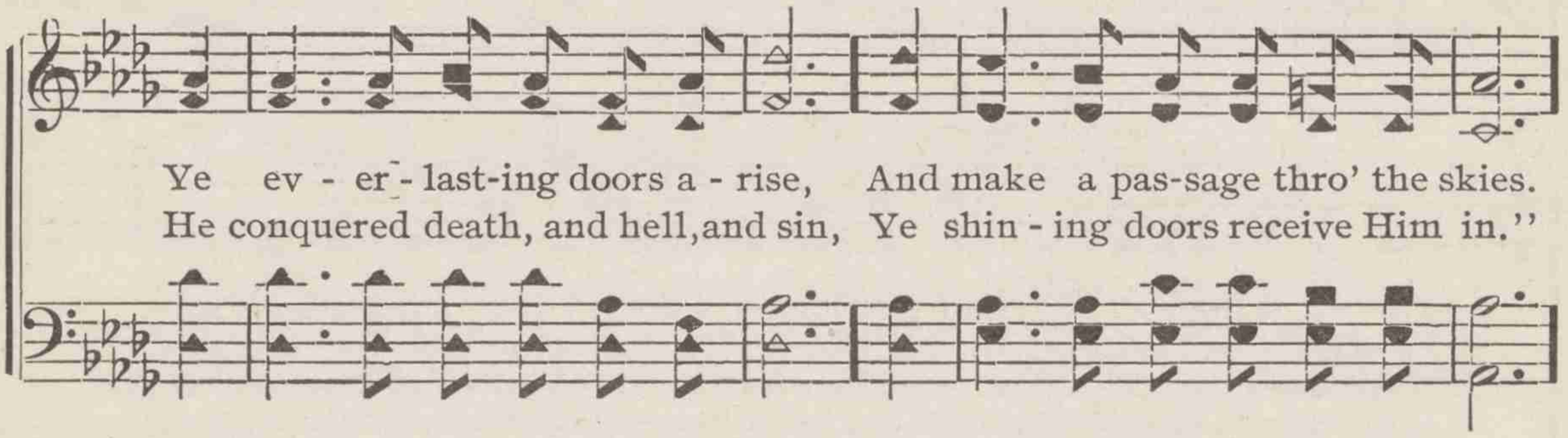
ASCENSION PSALM. L. M.

W. T. D. Psalm 24: 7-10. W. T. DALE.

Choir.

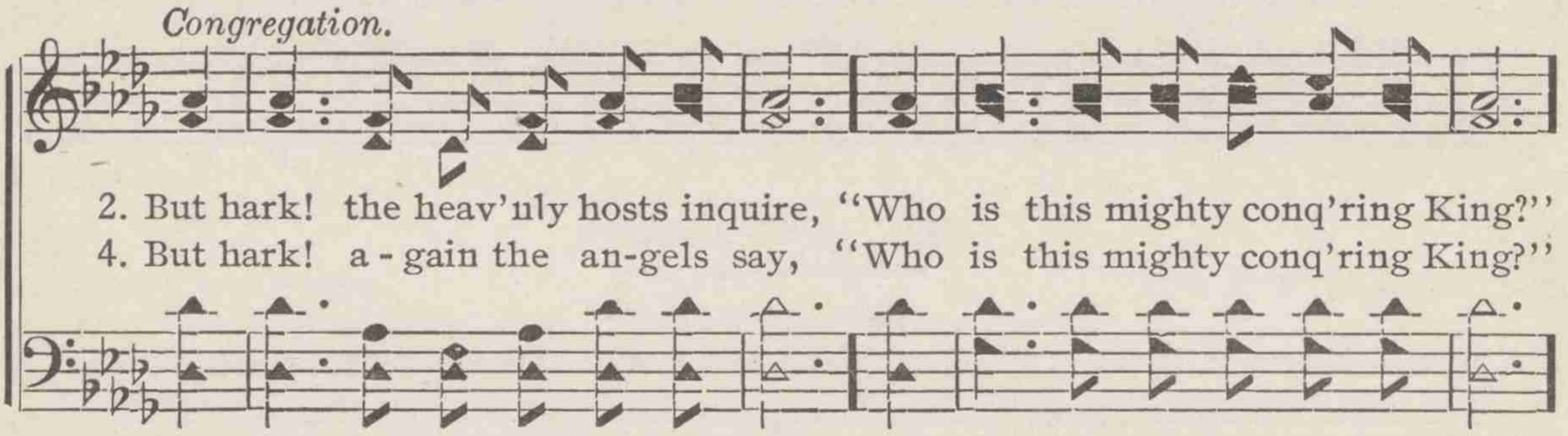


1. High raise your heads, ye loft-y gates, For see, the King of glo - ry waits;
3. "He is the Lord of boundless might, High raise your heads, ye gates of light;

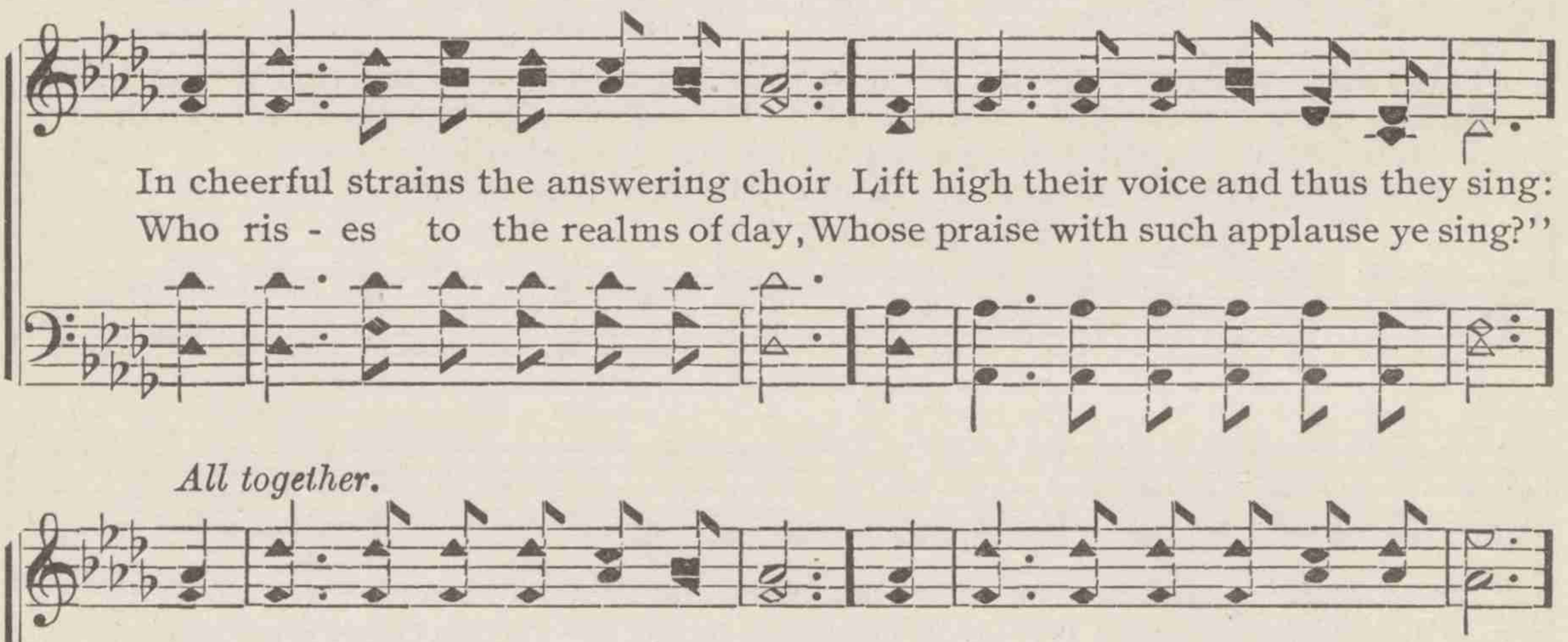


Ye ev - er - last-ing doors a - rise, And make a pas-sage thro' the skies.
He conquered death, and hell, and sin, Ye shin - ing doors receive Him in."

Congregation.

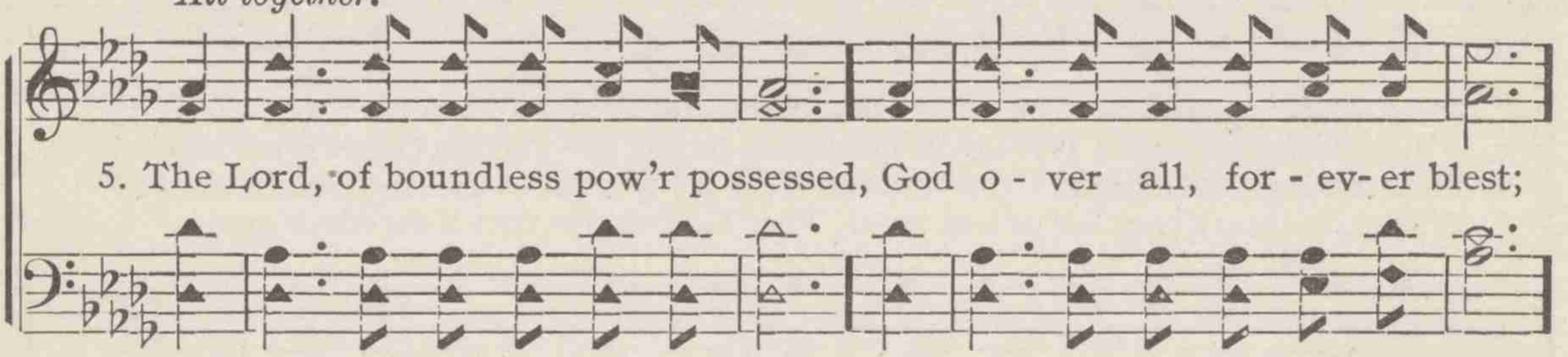


2. But hark! the heav'nly hosts inquire, "Who is this mighty conq'ring King?"
4. But hark! a - gain the an-gels say, "Who is this mighty conq'ring King?"



In cheerful strains the answering choir Lift high their voice and thus they sing:
Who ris - es to the realms of day, Whose praise with such applause ye sing?"

All together.



5. The Lord, of boundless pow'r possessed, God o - ver all, for - ev- er blest;

Written for "Songs of Zion." Nov, 20, 1912. W. T. Dale, owner.

ASCENSION PSALM. Concluded.



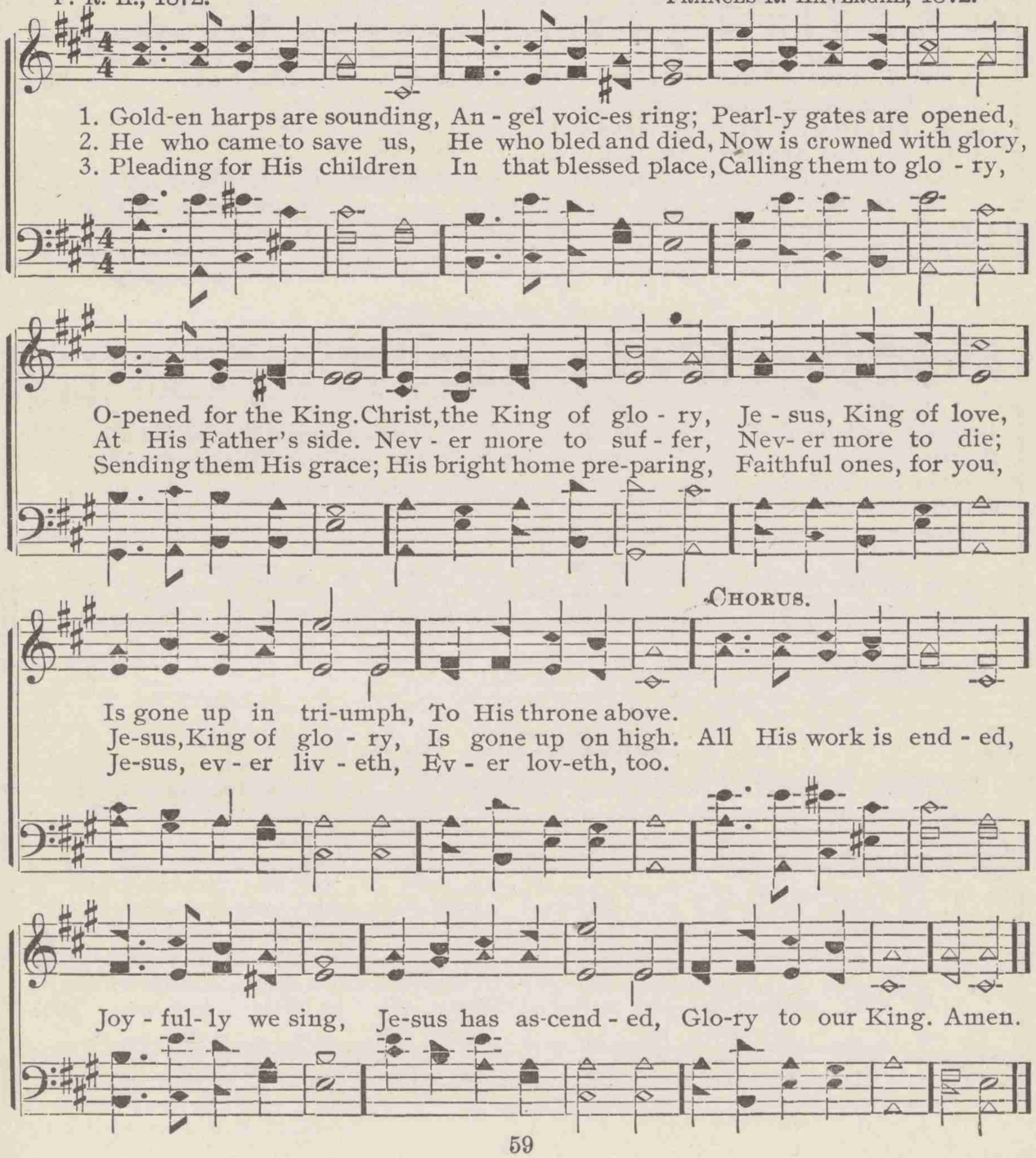
96

HERMAS. 6s & 5s, with Refrain.

"And I heard a voice from heaven as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of a great thunder; and I heard the voice of harpers harping with their harps."—Rev. 14: 2.

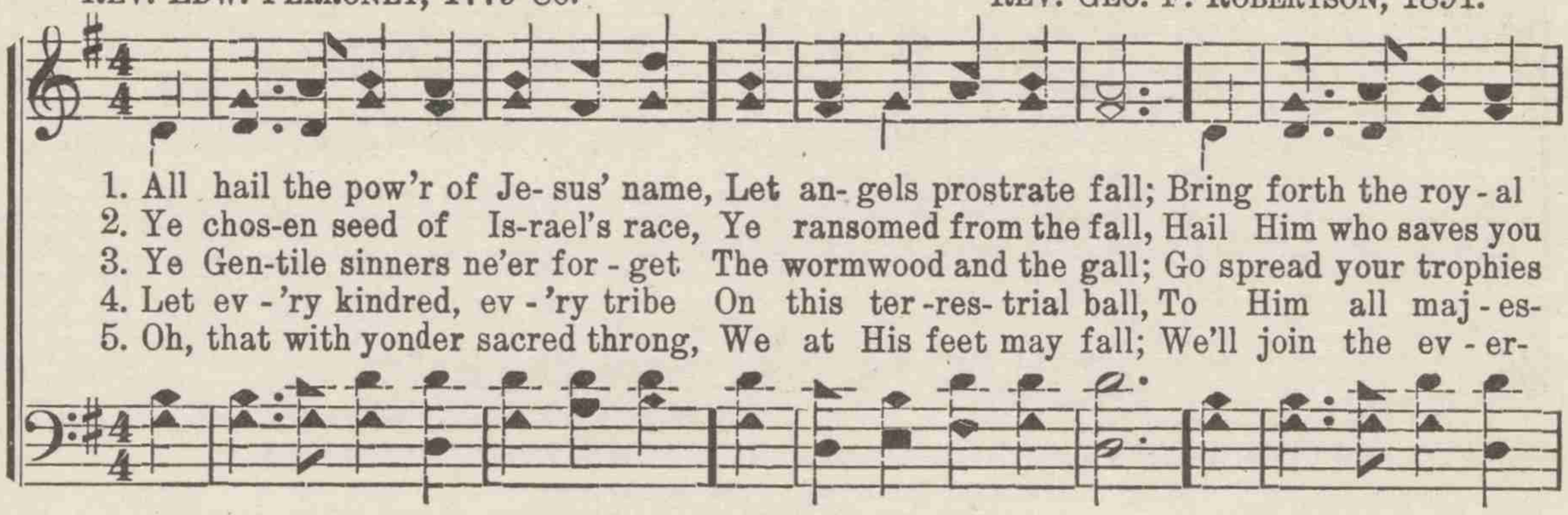
Hark! I hear the voice of harpers,
As they chant the Saviour's praise,
Sing aloud their heavenly sonnet,
And their loudest raptures raise.—*W. T. D.*

F. R. H., 1872. FRANCES R. HAVERGAL, 1872.



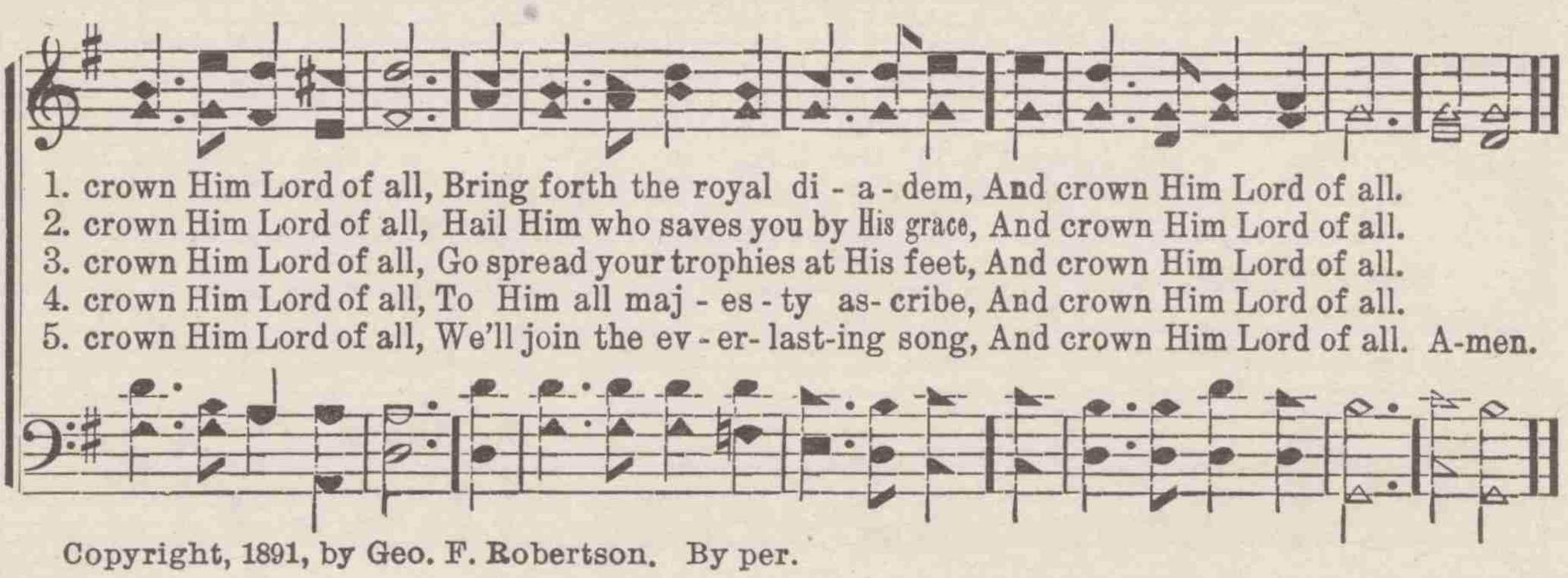
97 CROWN HIM LORD OF ALL.

REV. EDW. PERRONET, 1779-80. REV. GEO. F. ROBERTSON, 1891.



REFRAIN.





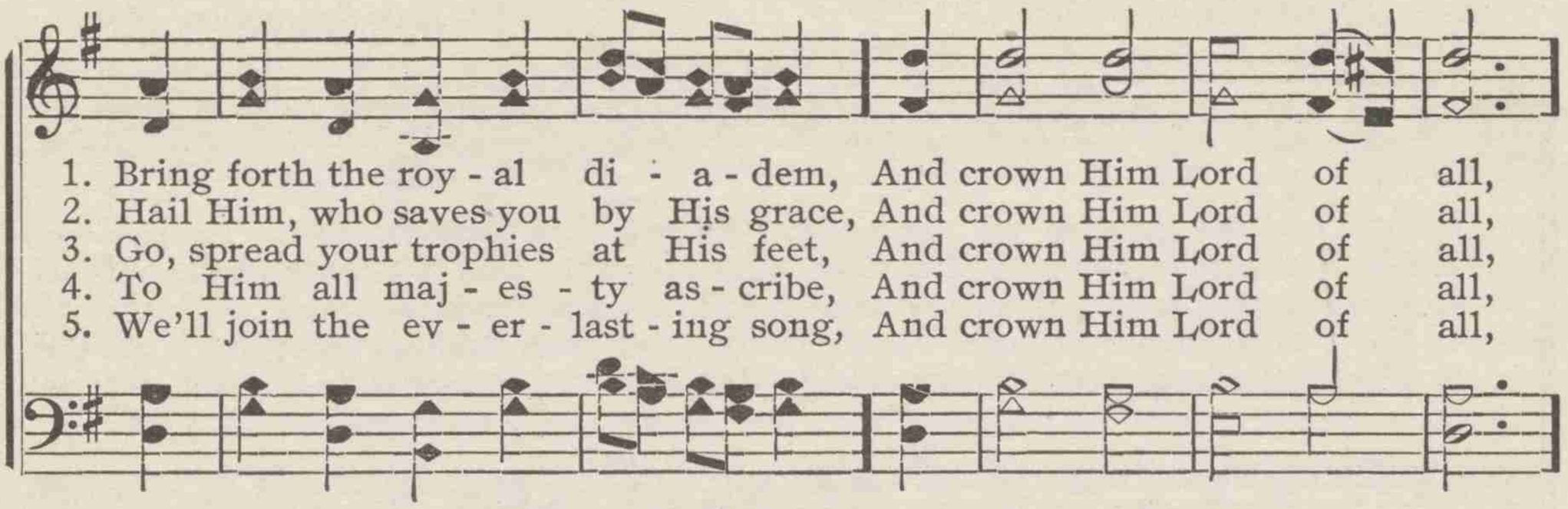
Copyright, 1891, by Geo. F. Robertson. By per.

98 CORONATION. C. M.

REV. EDW. PERRONET, 1779-80. (Second Tune.) OLIVER HOLDEN, 1793.



CORONATION. Concluded.

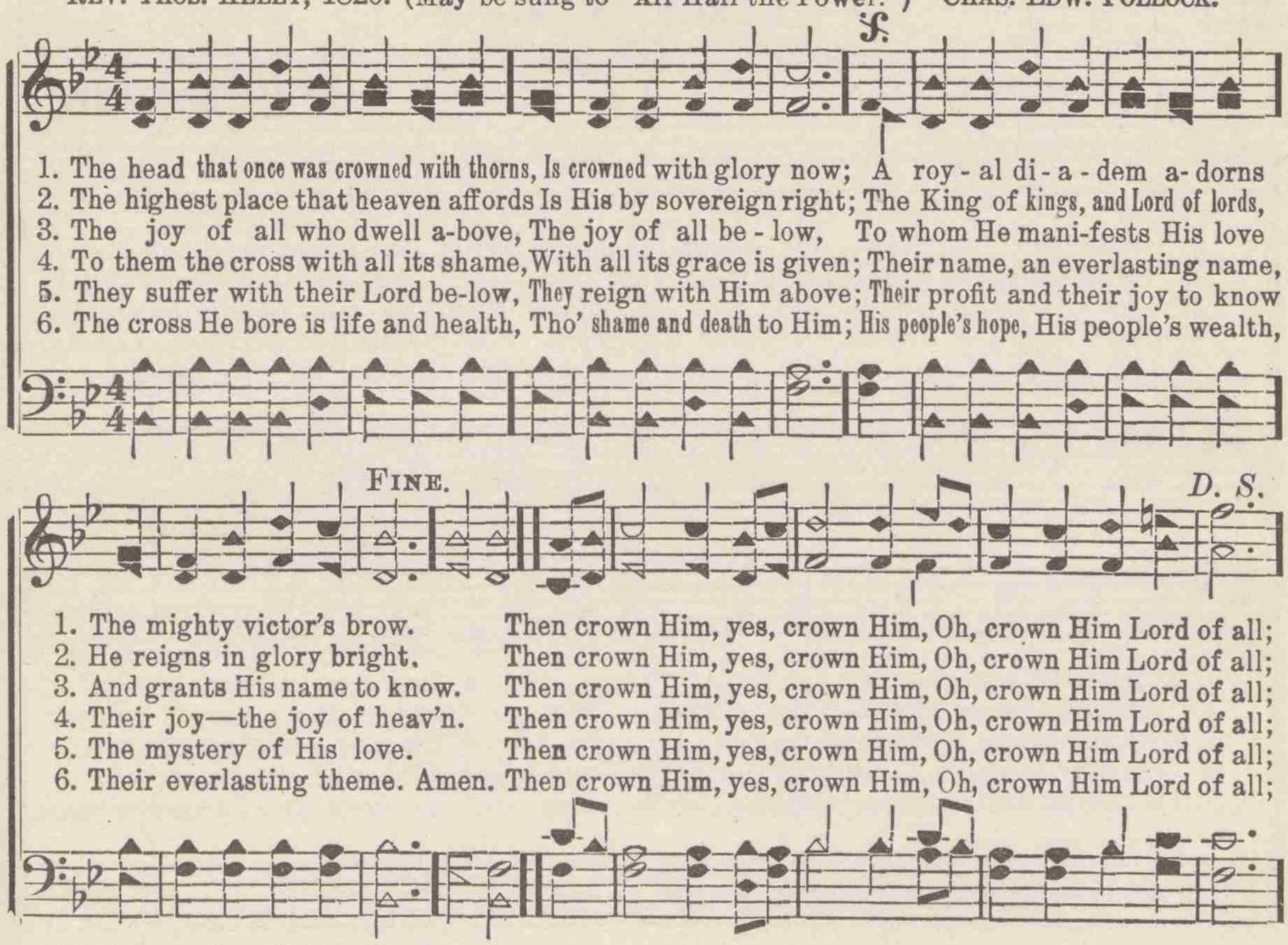




99

CHAPMAN. C. M.

REV. THOS. KELLY, 1820. (May be sung to "All Hail the Power.") CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

100 MILES LANE. C. M.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D. WILLIAM SHRUBSOLE, 1779.



1. Be - hold the glo - ries of the Lamb, A - midst His Father's throne; Pre-pare new
2. Let eld - ers wor-ship at His feet, The Church a - dore a - round; With vi - als
3. Those are the pray'rs of all the saints, And these the hymns they raise; Je - sus is
4. Now to the Lamb that once was slain, Be end - less blessings paid; Sal - va - tion,
5. Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood, Hast set the pris-'ners free; Hast made us



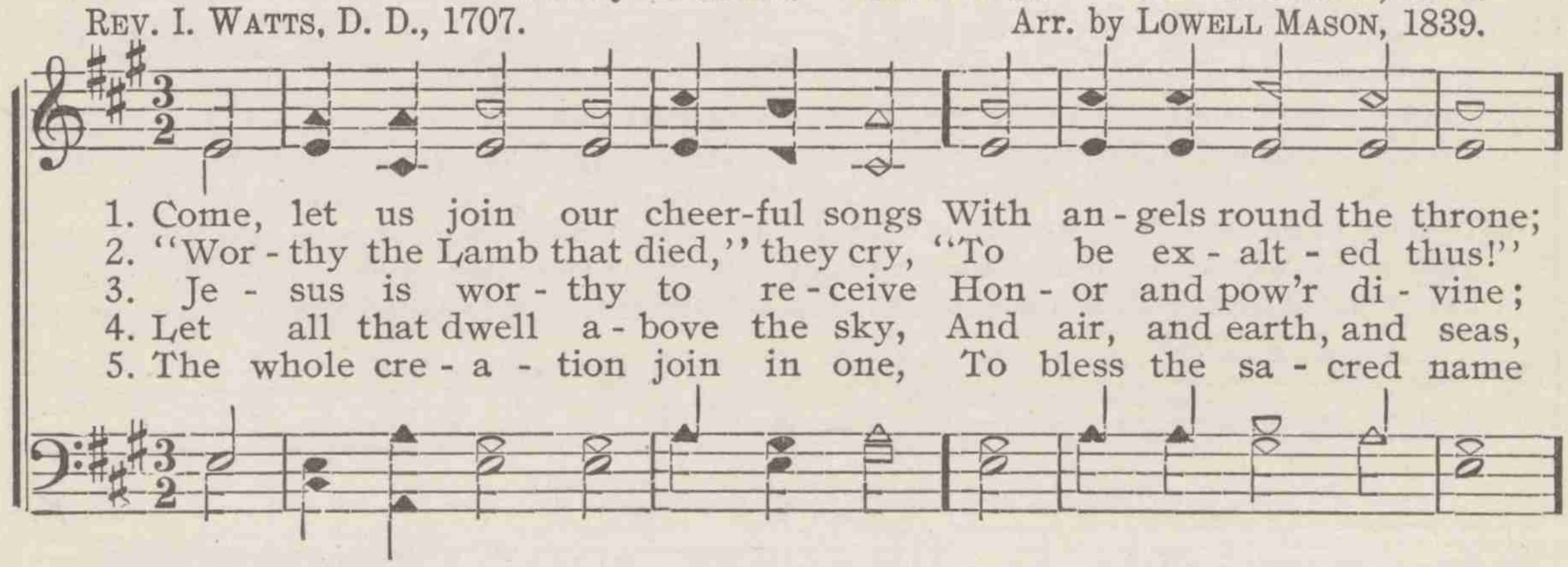
1. hon - ors for His name, And songs before un-known, And songs be-fore unknown.
2. full of o-dors sweet, And harps of sweetest sound, And harps of sweetest sound.
3. kind to our complaints, He loves to hear our praise, He loves to hear our praise.
4. glo - ry, joy, re-main For - ev - er on Thy head, For - ev - er on Thy head.
5. kings and priests to God; And we shall reign with Thee, And we shall reign with Thee. Amen.



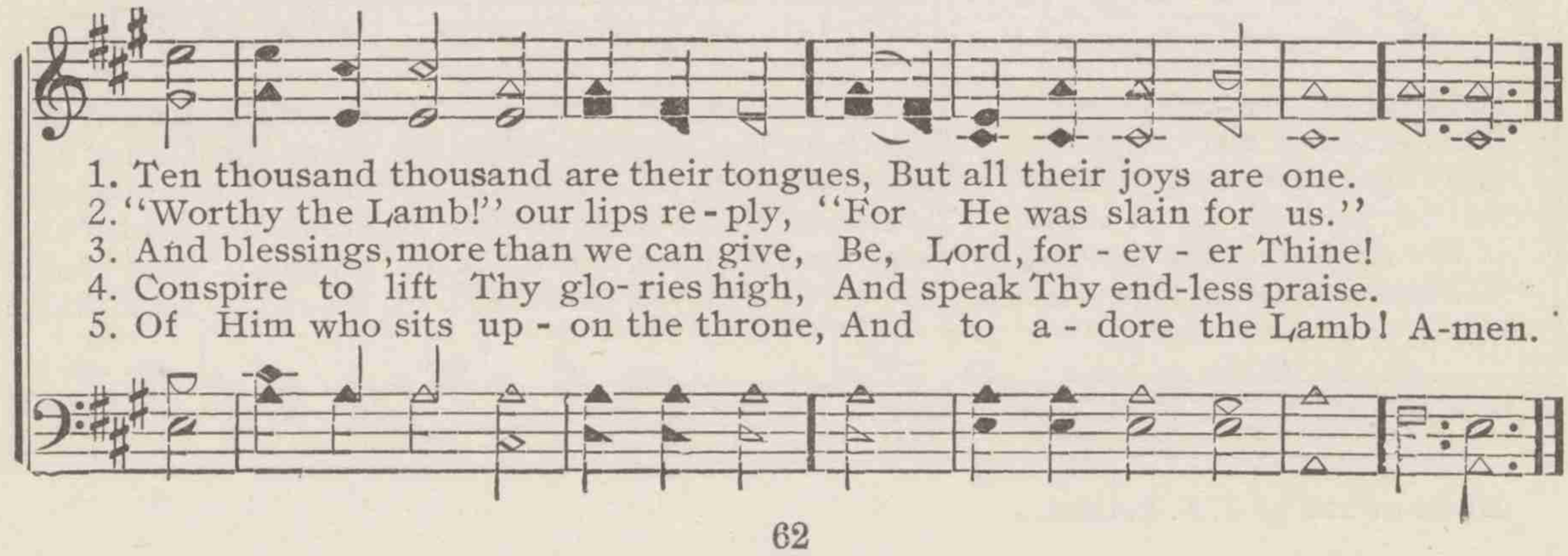
101 AZMON. C. M.

"Worthy the Lamb."—Rev. 5: 11-13. CARL G. GLÄSER, 1828.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D., 1707. Arr. by LOWELL MASON, 1839.



1. Come, let us join our cheer-ful songs With an - gels round the throne;
2. "Wor - thy the Lamb that died," they cry, "To be ex - alt - ed thus!"
3. Je - sus is wor - thy to re - ceive Hon - or and pow'r di - vine;
4. Let all that dwell a - bove the sky, And air, and earth, and seas,
5. The whole cre - a - tion join in one, To bless the sa - cred name

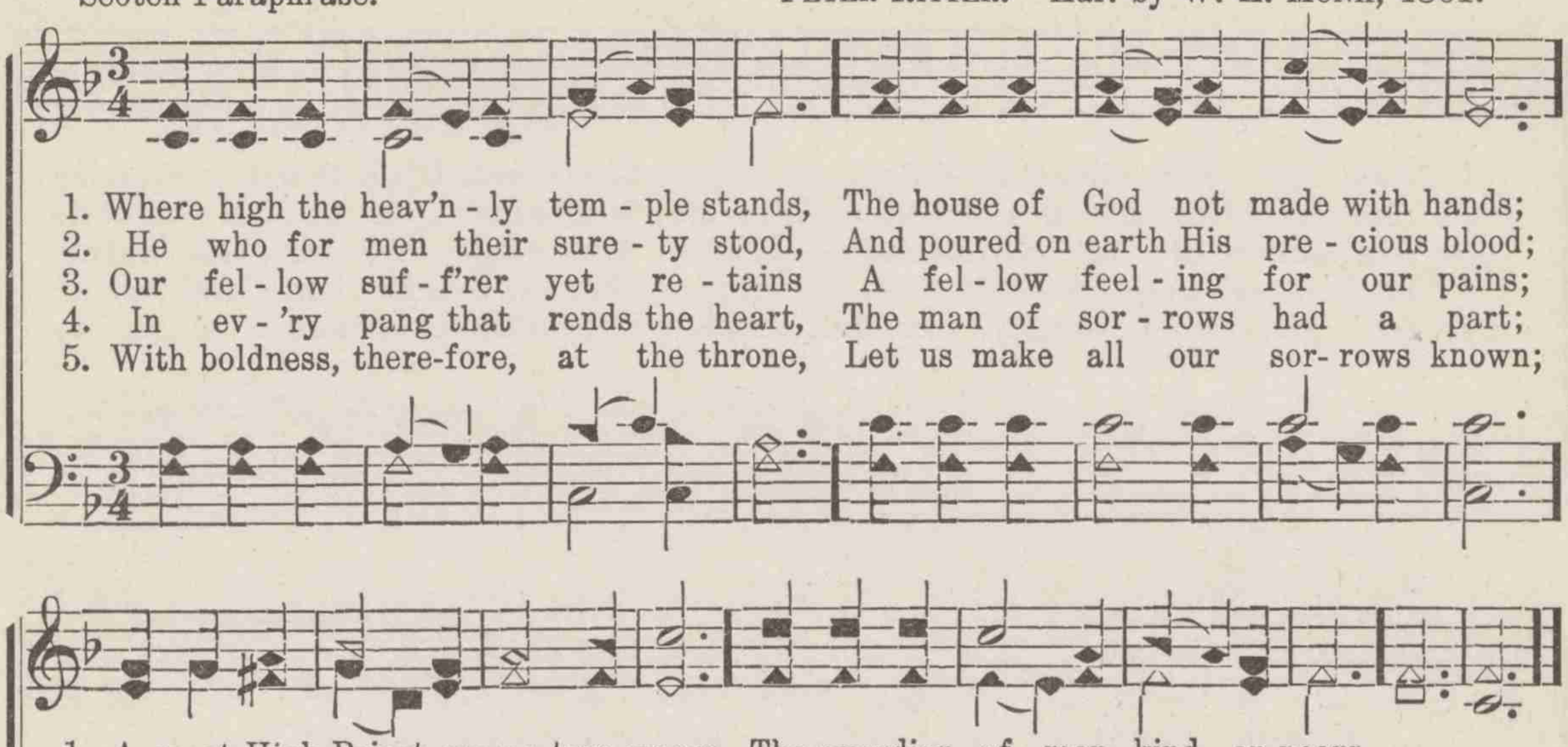


1. Ten thousand thousand are their tongues, But all their joys are one.
2. "Worthy the Lamb!" our lips re - ply, "For He was slain for us."
3. And blessings, more than we can give, Be, Lord, for - ev - er Thine!
4. Conspire to lift Thy glo - ries high, And speak Thy end-less praise.
5. Of Him who sits up - on the throne, And to a - dore the Lamb! A-men.

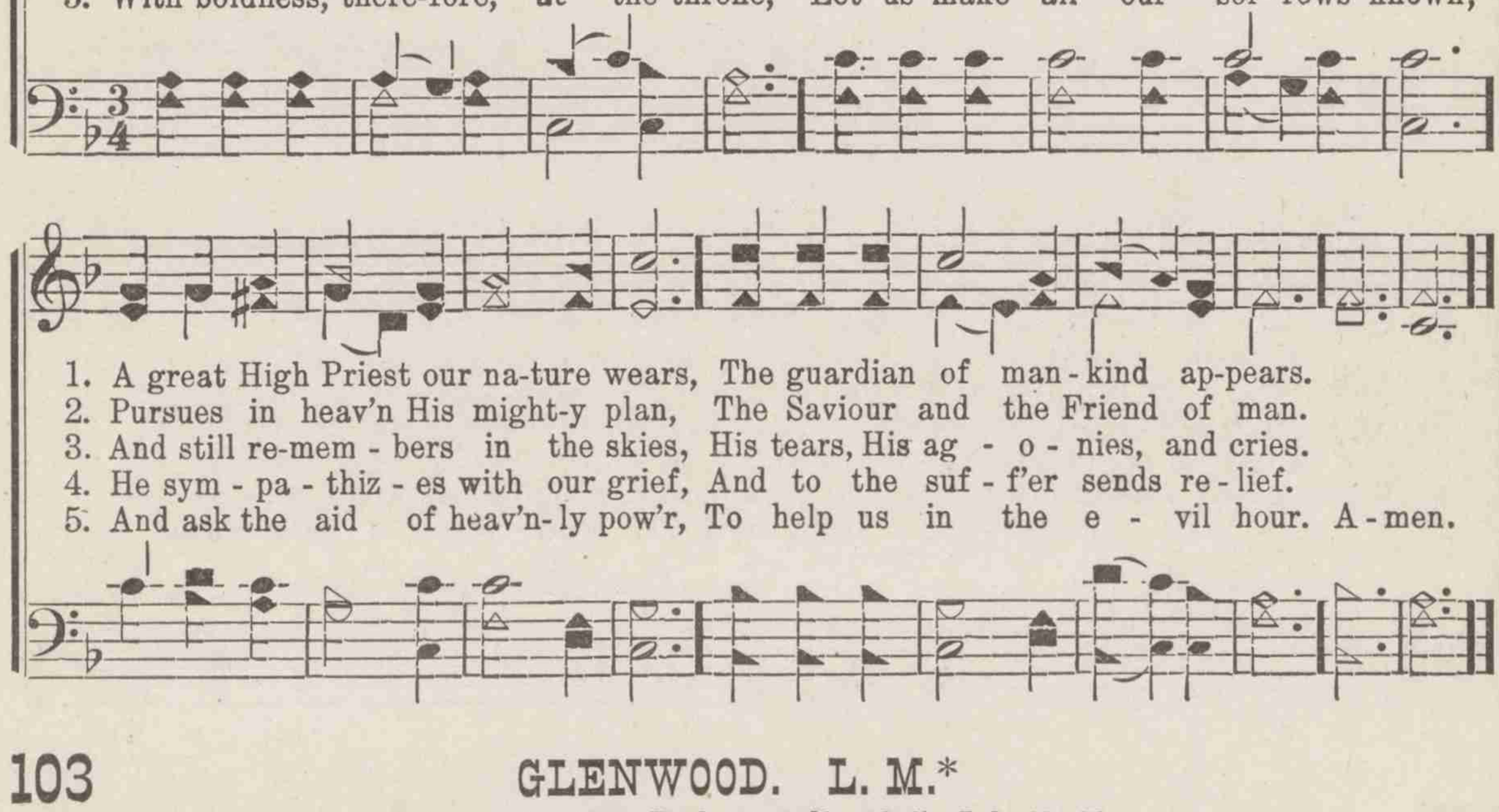
102 HURSLEY. L. M.

Heb. 4: 14-16.

Scotch Paraphrase. PETER RITTER. Har. by W. H. MONK, 1861.



1. Where high the heav'n - ly tem - ple stands, The house of God not made with hands;
2. He who for men their sure - ty stood, And poured on earth His pre - cious blood;
3. Our fel - low suf - f'rer yet re - tains A fel - low feel - ing for our pains;
4. In ev - 'ry pang that rends the heart, The man of sor - rows had a part;
5. With boldness, there-fore, at the throne, Let us make all our sor- rows known;

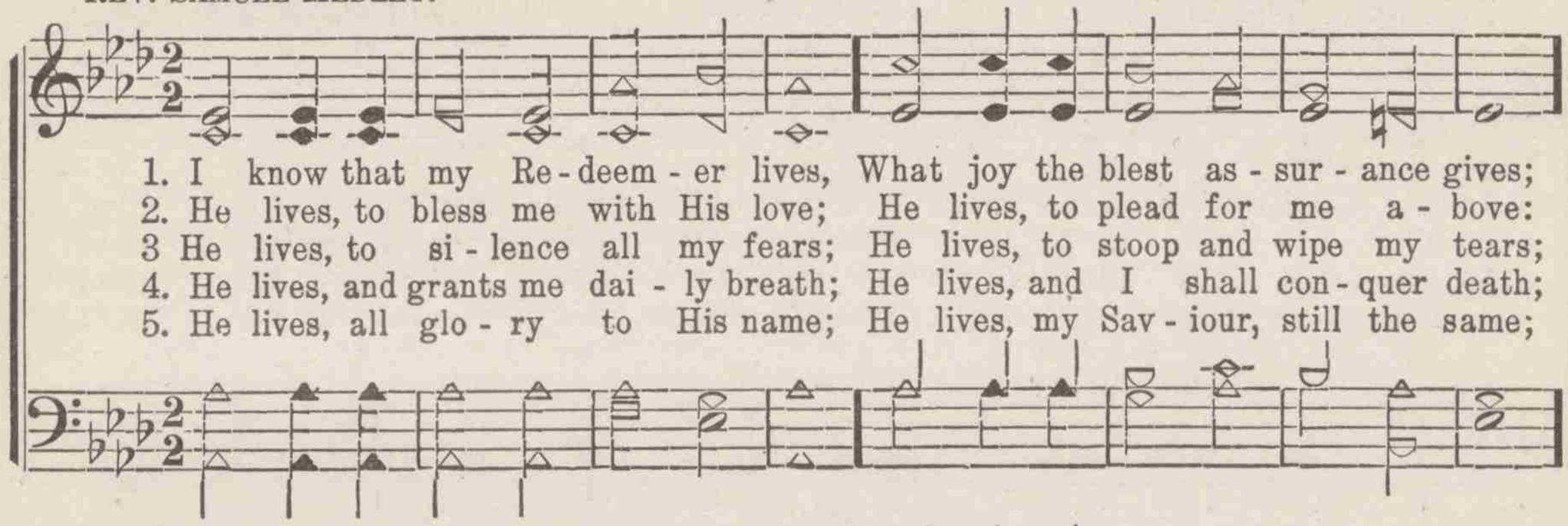


1. A great High Priest our na-ture wears, The guardian of man - kind ap-pears.
2. Pursues in heav'n His might-y plan, The Saviour and the Friend of man.
3. And still re-mem - bers in the skies, His tears, His ag - o - nies, and cries.
4. He sym - pa - thiz - es with our grief, And to the suf - f'er sends re - lief.
5. And ask the aid of heav'n- ly pow'r, To help us in the e - vil hour. A - men.

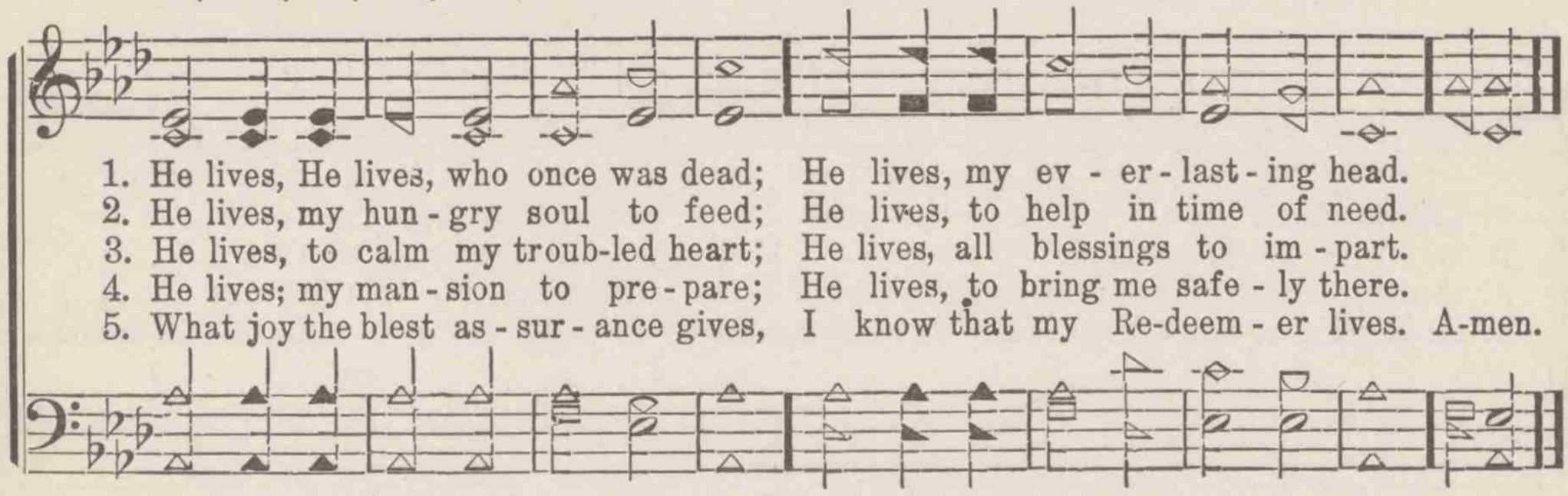
103 GLENWOOD. L. M.*

"I know that my Redeemer liveth."—Job. 19: 25.

REV. SAMUEL MEDLEY. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. I know that my Re - deem - er lives, What joy the blest as - sur - ance gives;
2. He lives, to bless me with His love; He lives, to plead for me a - bove:
3 He lives, to si - lence all my fears; He lives, to stoop and wipe my tears;
4. He lives, and grants me dai - ly breath; He lives, and I shall con - quer death;
5. He lives, all glo - ry to His name; He lives, my Sav - iour, still the same;



1. He lives, He lives, who once was dead; He lives, my ev - er - last - ing head.
2. He lives, my hun - gry soul to feed; He lives, to help in time of need.
3. He lives, to calm my troub-led heart; He lives, all blessings to im - part.
4. He lives; my man - sion to pre - pare; He lives, to bring me safe - ly there.
5. What joy the blest as - sur - ance gives, I know that my Re-deem - er lives. A-men.

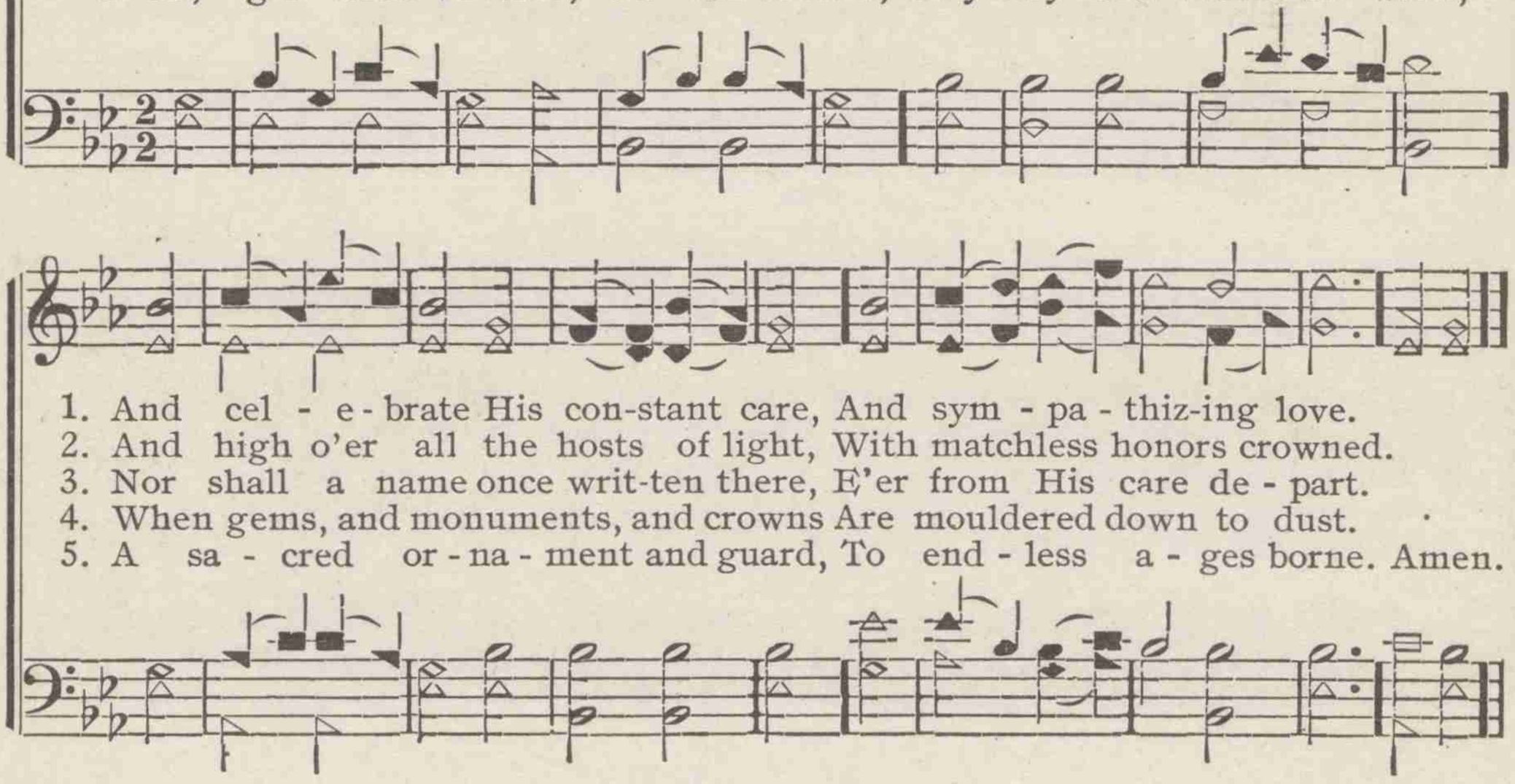
*Written for "Songs of Zion," Oct. 10, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner.

104 WARWICK. C. M.

REV. PHILIP DODDRIDGE, D. D., 1755. SAMUEL STANLEY, 1810.



1. Now let our cheerful eyes sur - vey, Our great High Priest a - bove;
2. Tho' raised to heav'n's ex - alt - ed throne, Where an - gels bow a - round;
3. The names of all His saints He bears En - grav - en on His heart;
4. Those char - ac - ters shall fair a - bide, Our ev - er - last - ing trust;
5. So, gra - cious Saviour, on our breasts, May Thy dear name be worn,



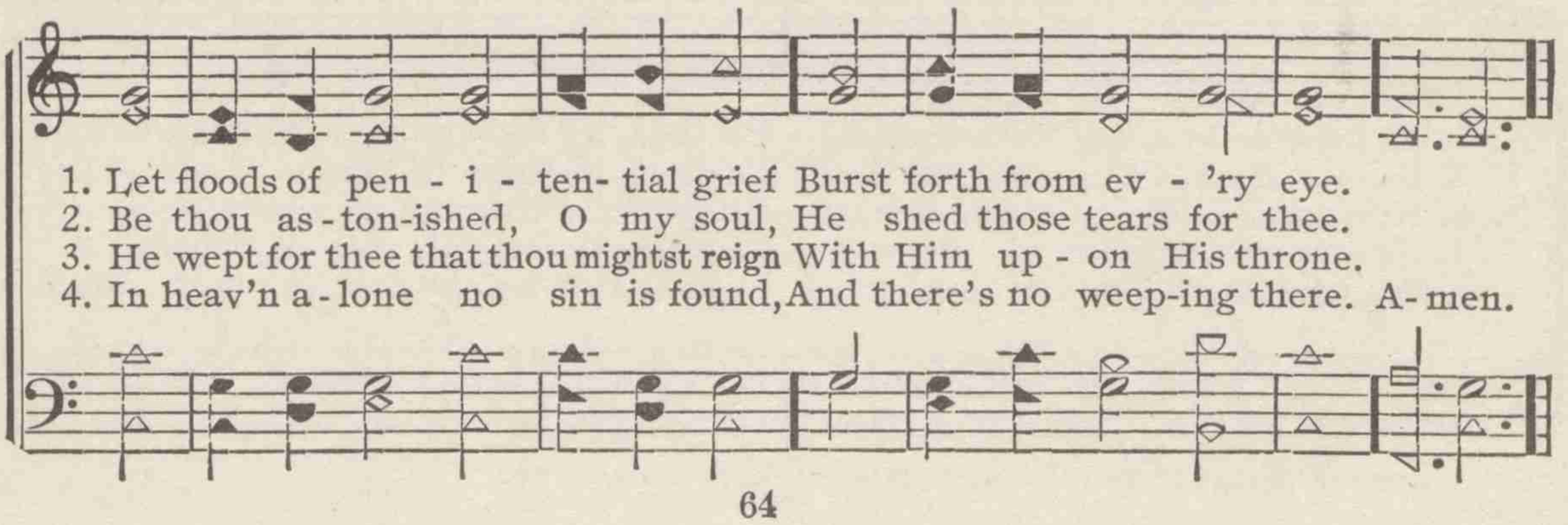
1. And cel - e - brate His con-stant care, And sym - pa - thiz-ing love.
2. And high o'er all the hosts of light, With matchless honors crowned.
3. Nor shall a name once writ-ten there, E'er from His care de - part.
4. When gems, and monuments, and crowns Are mouldered down to dust.
5. A sa - cred or - na - ment and guard, To end - less a - ges borne. Amen.

105 BOYLSTON. S. M.

REV. BENJ. BEDDOME, 1787. Luke 19: 41. LOWELL MASON, 1833.



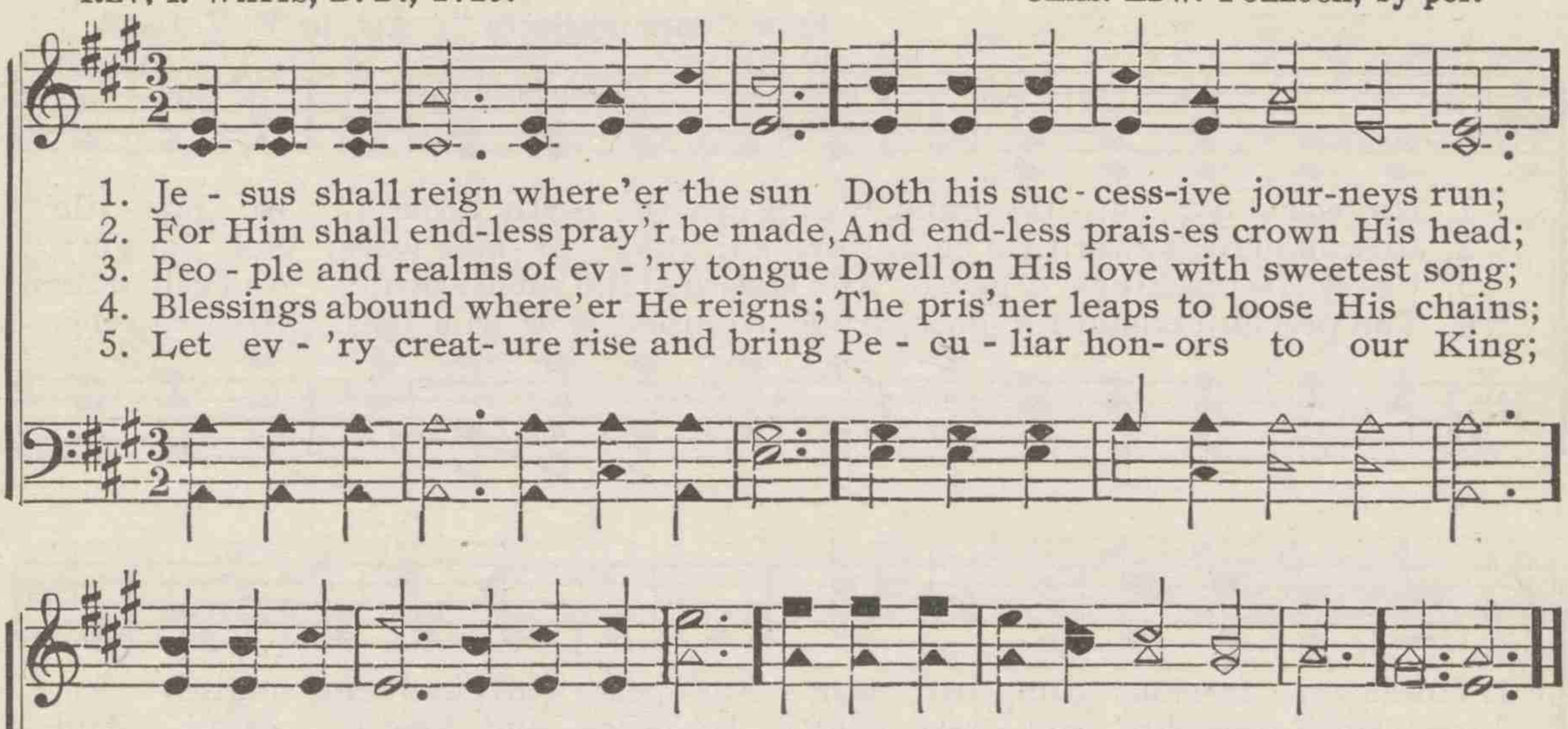
1. Did Christ o'er sin - ners weep, And shall our cheeks be dry?
2. The Son of God in tears, An - gels with won - der see!
3. To break thy stub - born heart, In love He broke His own;—
4. He wept that we might weep; Each sin de - mands a tear;



1. Let floods of pen - i - ten- tial grief Burst forth from ev - 'ry eye.
2. Be thou as - ton-ished, O my soul, He shed those tears for thee.
3. He wept for thee that thou mightst reign With Him up - on His throne.
4. In heav'n a - lone no sin is found, And there's no weep-ing there. A - men.

106 JESUS SHALL REIGN. L. M.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D., 1719. Psalm 72. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, by per.



1. Je - sus shall reign where'er the sun Doth his suc - cess-ive jour-neys run;
2. For Him shall end-less pray'r be made, And end-less prais-es crown His head;
3. Peo - ple and realms of ev - 'ry tongue Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
4. Blessings abound where'er He reigns; The pris'ner leaps to loose His chains;
5. Let ev - 'ry creat- ure rise and bring Pe - cu - liar hon- ors to our King;

1. His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
2. His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise, With ev'ry morning sac - ri - fice.
3. And in - fant voices shall pro-claim Their early blessings on His name.
4. The wea-ry find e - ter - nal rest, And all the sons of want are blest.
5. An-gels descend with songs again, And earth repeat the loud a-men! A-men.

107 McADOW. 8s, 7s & 4s.

REED'S COLL. Psalm 45: 3, 4. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, 1913.



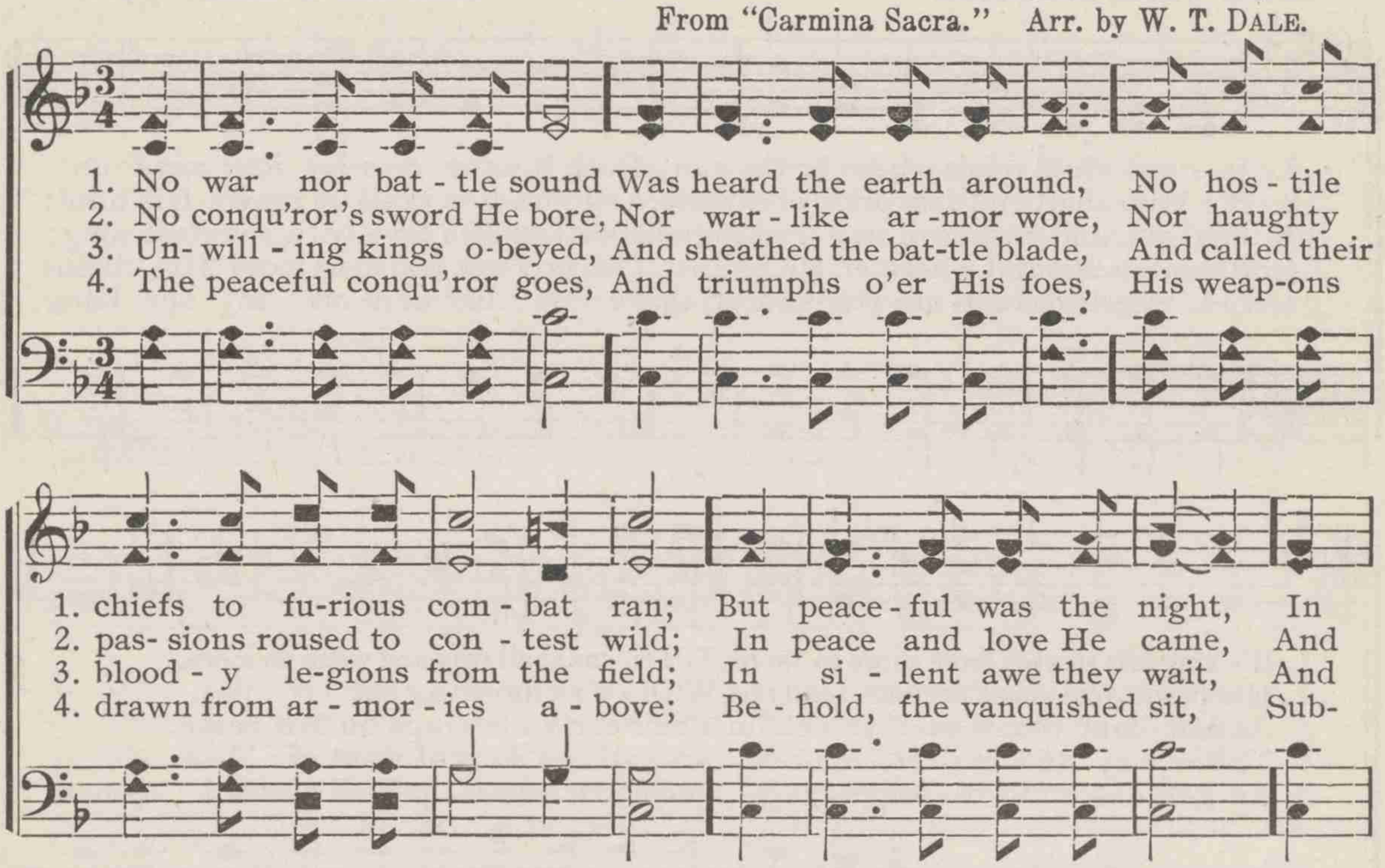
1. Gird Thy sword on, might-y Sav-iour, Make the word of truth Thy car;
   Pros - per in Thy course triumphant, All suc-cess at- tend Thy war; } Gracious Vic-tor,
2. Maj - es - ty combined with meekness, Righteousness and peace u-nite;
   To in - sure Thy blessed conquests, Take pos-ses-sion of Thy right; } Ride triumphant,
3. Blest are they that touch Thy sceptre, Blest are all that own Thy reign:
   Freed from sin, that worst of tyrants, Rescued from its gall-ing chain; } Saints and angels,

Bring Thy trophies from a - far; Gracious vic -tor, Bring Thy trophies from afar.
Dressed in robes of purest light; Ride tri-umphant, Dressed in robes of purest light.
All who know Thee, bless Thy reign; Saints and angels, All who know Thee, bless Thy reign. Amen.

Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

108 DWIGHT. 6s & 10s.

1st stanza by JOHN MILTON. 2, 3 and 4 by H. G. O. DWIGHT, Missionary to Constantinople.
From "Carmina Sacra." Arr. by W. T. DALE.



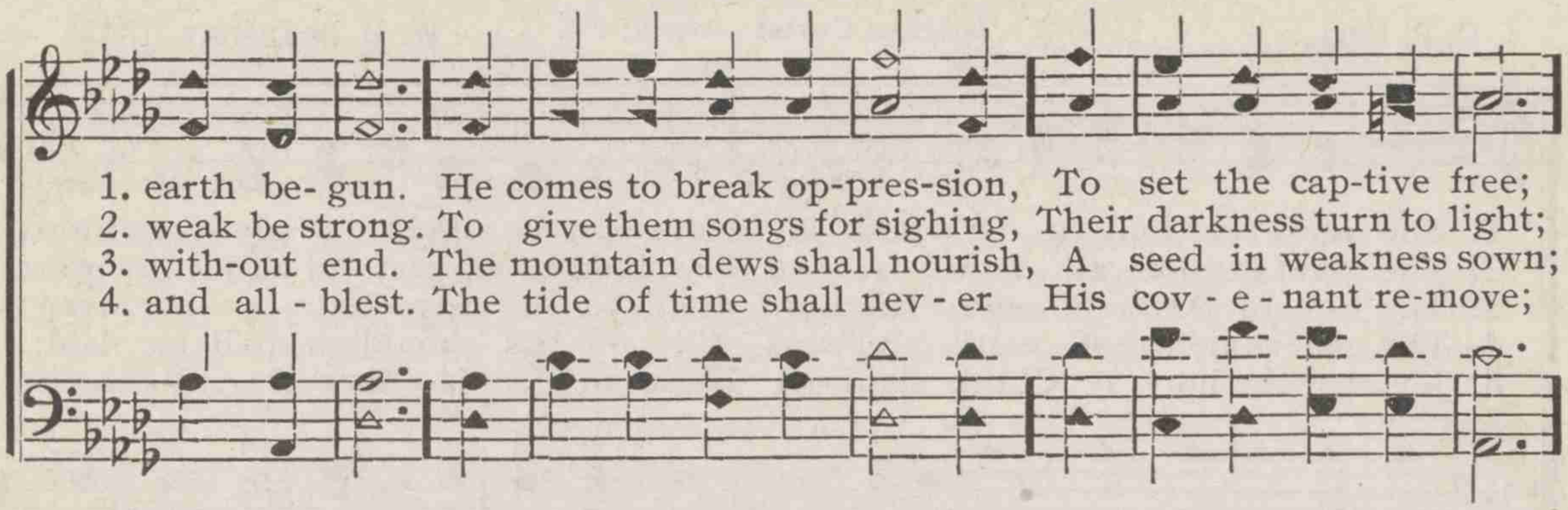
109 MONTGOMERY. 7s & 6s.

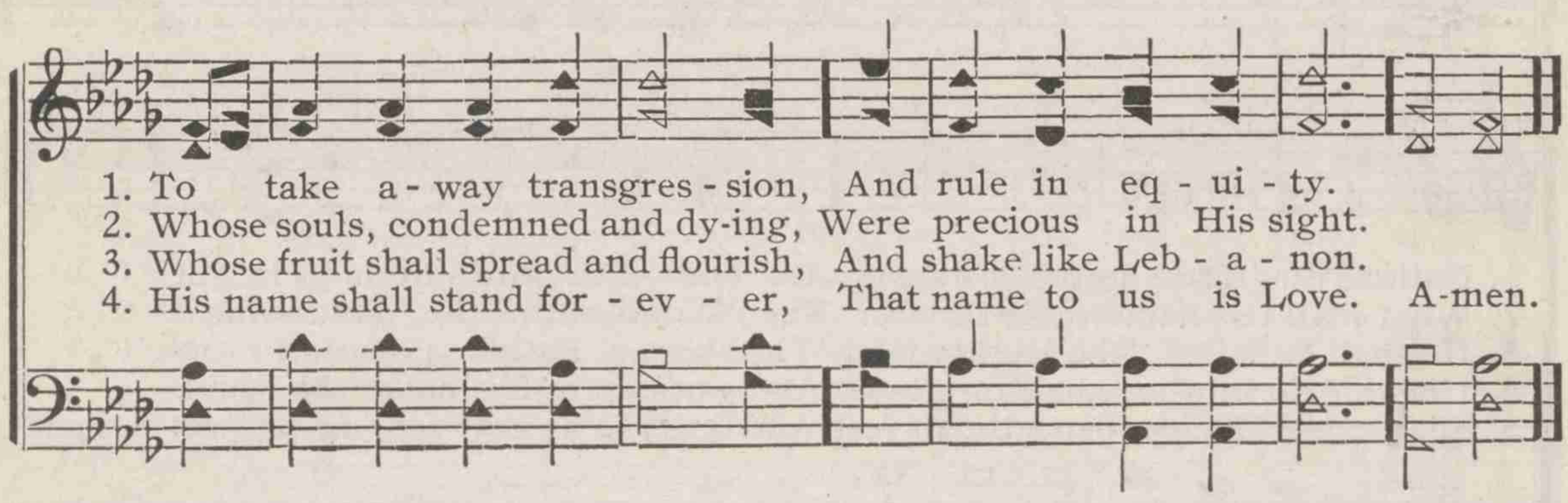
JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1821. Psalm 72. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

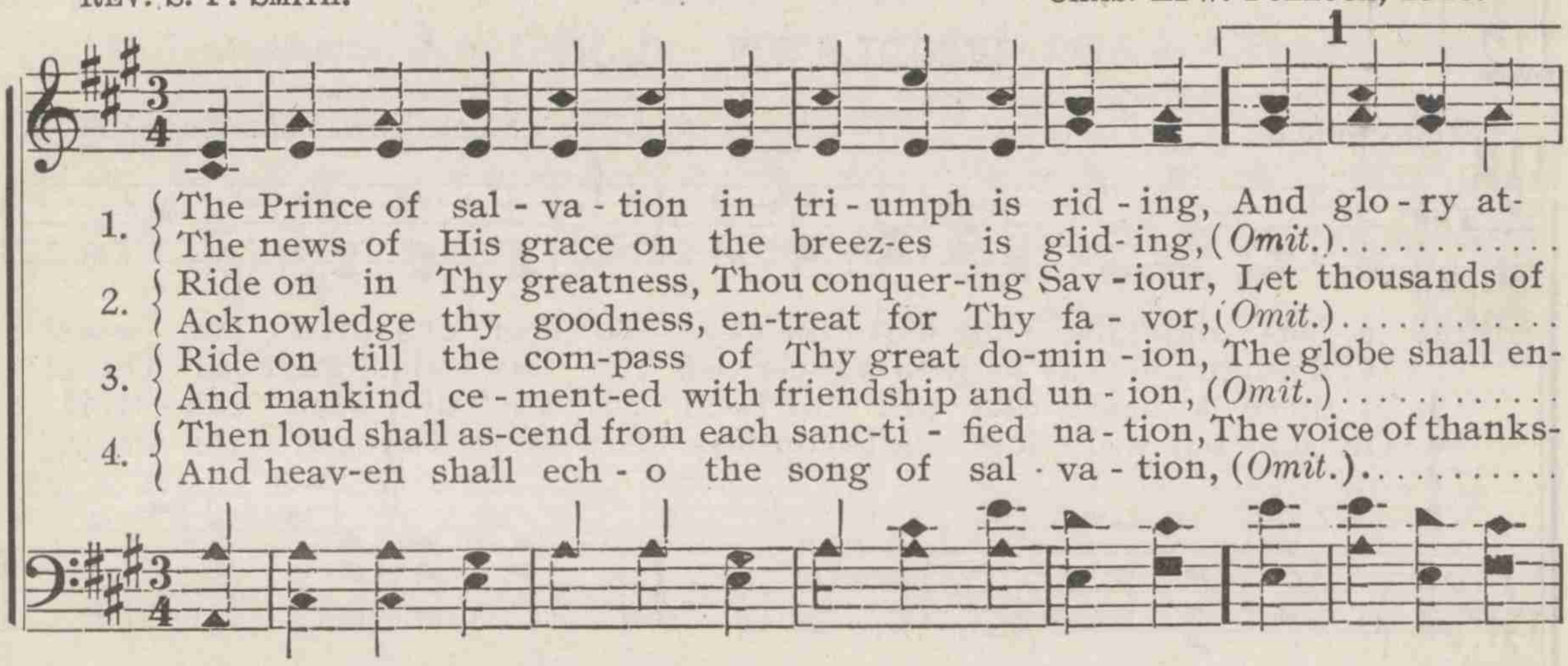
MONTGOMERY. Concluded.

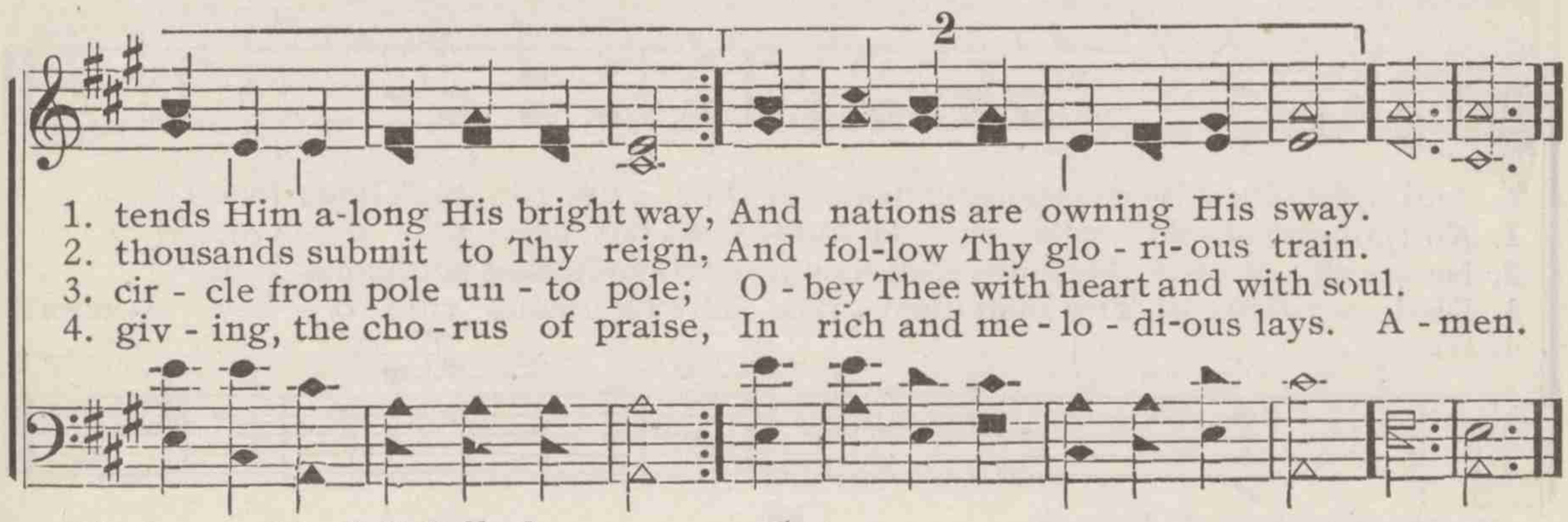




110 DICKSON. 12, 11, 12, 8.*

REV. S. F. SMITH. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, 1913.

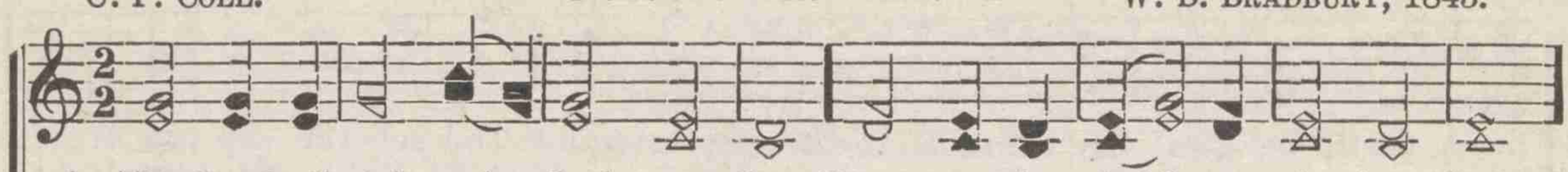




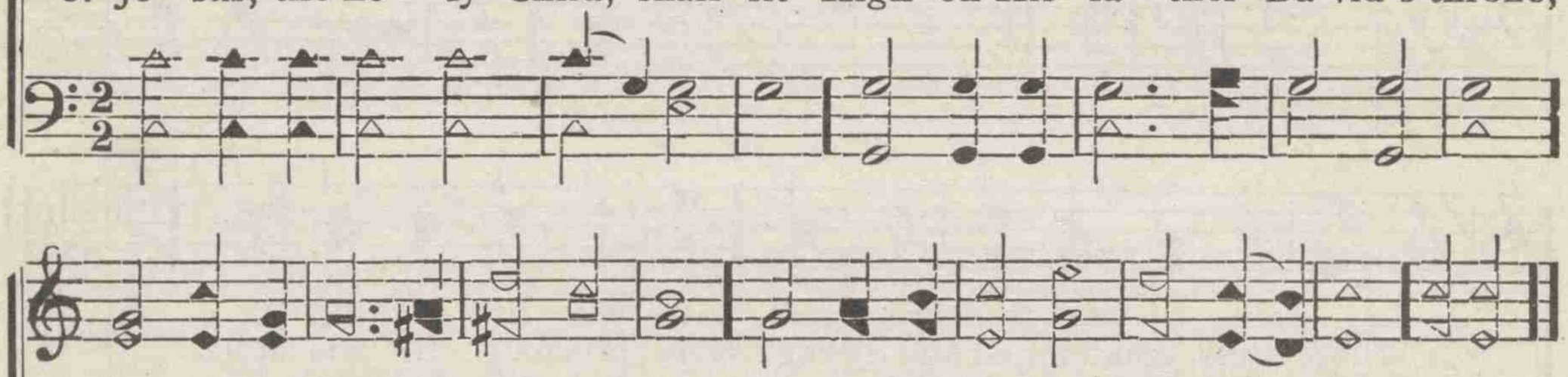
*Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

111 ZEPHYR. L. M.

C. P. Coll. Titles of Christ.—Isa. 9: 2-8. W. B. Bradbury, 1843.



1. The lands that long in dark-ness lay, Have now be - held a glo-rious light;
2. The great Mes-si - ah now is born, Be - hold th'ex-pect - ed child ap - pear;
3. The Son of Da - vid and His Lord, Shall be the Sav - iour of our race;
4. The government of earth and seas Up - on His shoulders shall be laid;
5. Je - sus, the ho - ly Child, shall sit High on His fa - ther Da-vid's throne;



1. Nations that sat in death's cold shade, Are blest with beams divinely bright.
2. What shall His name or ti - tles be? The "Wonderful," the "Counsellor."
3. He shall be called "the Mighty God,"Th'e-ter-nal Father, Prince of Peace."
4. His wide do-min-ion shall in-crease, And worship to His name be paid.
5. Shall crush His foes beneath His feet,And reign to a - ges yet un-known. A-men.



112 WOODLAWN. C. M.

Anne Steele. Chas. Edw. Pollock, 1913.



1. Je - sus, and didst Thou leave the sky, To bear our griefs and woes?
2. Well might the heav'ns with won-der view A love so strange as Thine!
3. Is there a heart that will not bend To Thy di - vine con - trol?
4. Oh! may our will - ing hearts con-fess Thy sweet, Thy gen - tle sway;



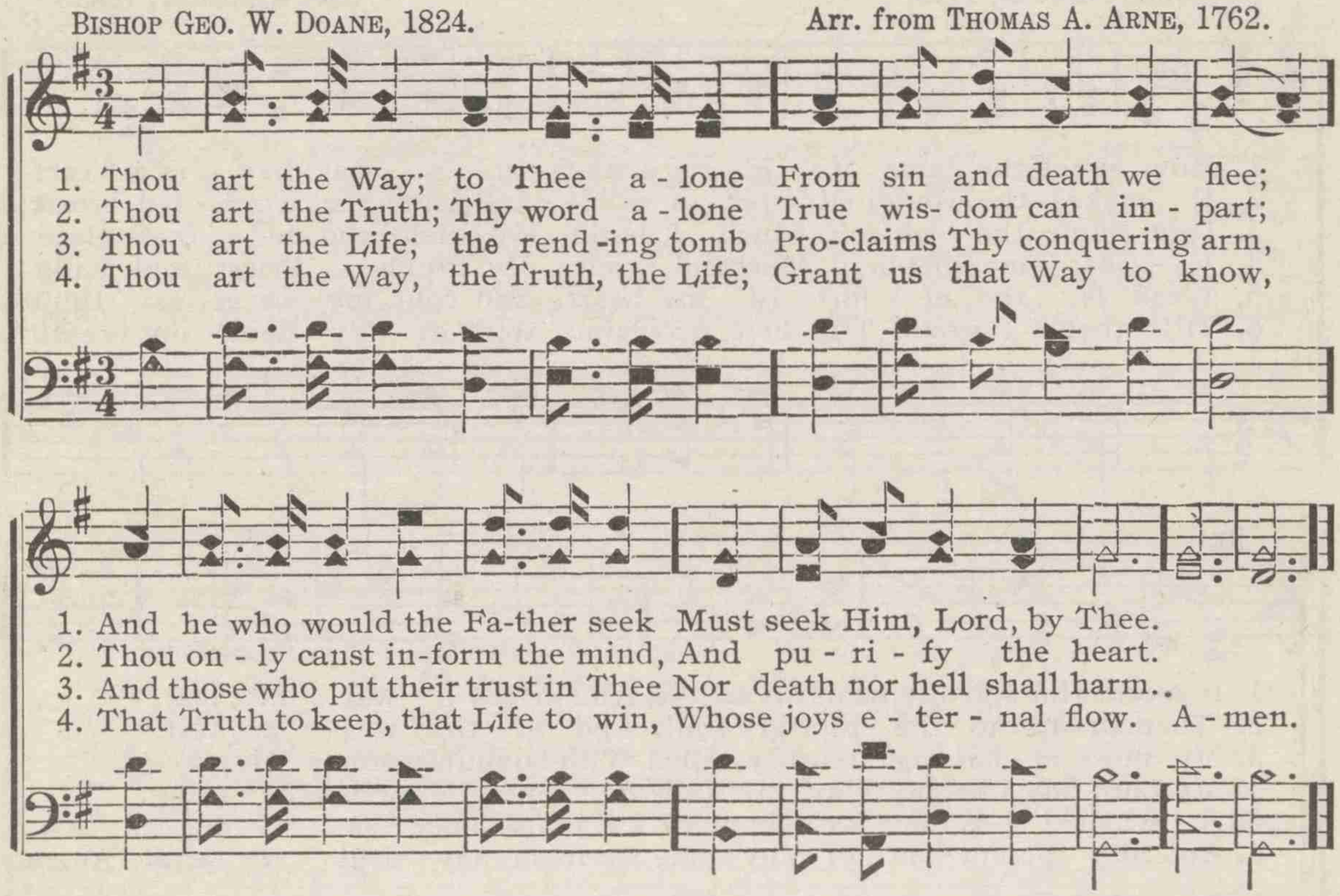
1. And didst Thou bleed, and groan and die, For Thy re - bel - lious foes?
2. No thought of an - gels ev - er knew Com-pas-sion so di - vine!
3. De-scend, O sov'reign love, descend, And melt that stubborn soul.
4. Glad cap-tives of Thy matchless grace, Thy righteous rule o - bey. A-men.

Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

113 ARLINGTON. C. M.

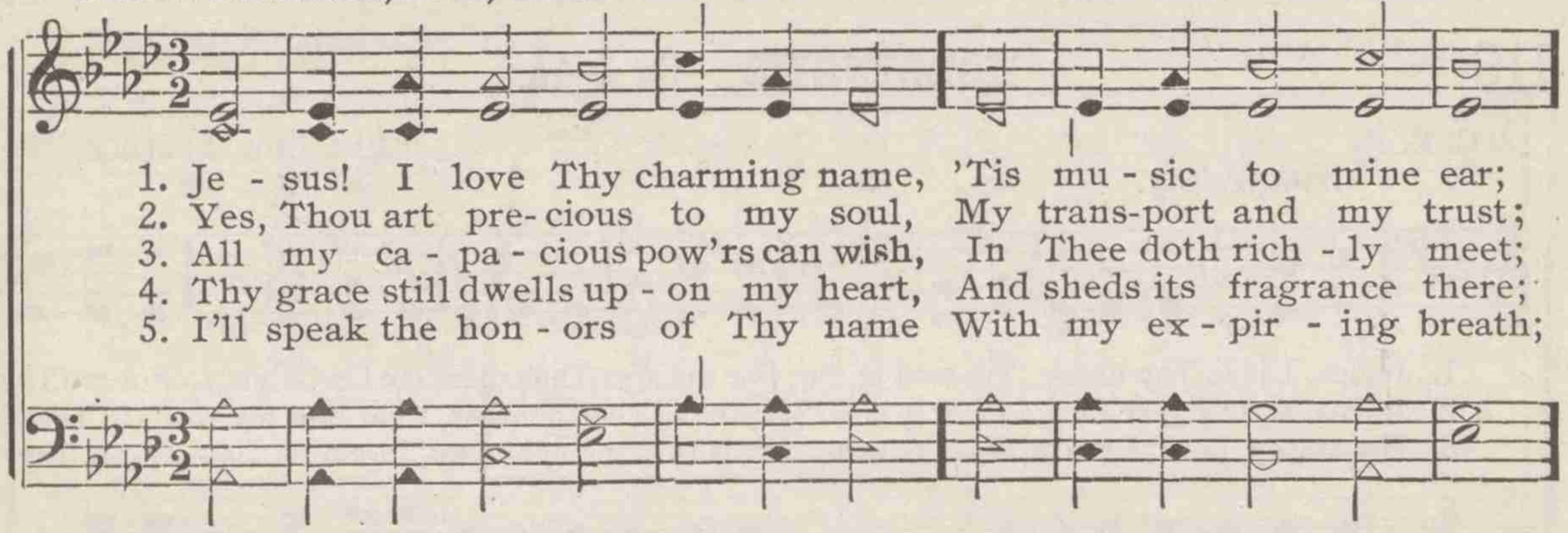
"I am the Way, and the Truth, and the Life."—John 14: 6.

BISHOP GEO. W. DOANE, 1824. Arr. from THOMAS A. ARNE, 1762.



114 DEAN. C. M.*

REV. P. DODDRIDGE, D. D., 1717. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, 1913.



*Written for "Songs of Zion," July 23, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner.

115 HEBER. C. M.

REV. JOHN NEWTON, 1779. GEO. KINGSLEY, 1838.

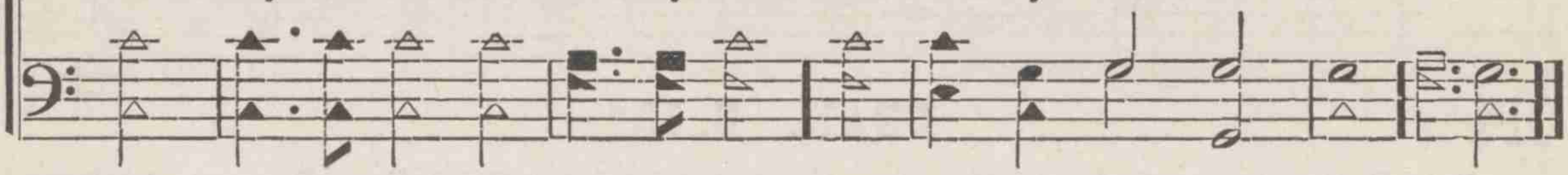


1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear!
2. It makes the wound-ed spir - it whole, And calms the troub - led breast;
3. Dear Name, the rock on which I build, My shield and hid - ing - place;
4. Je - sus, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend, My Proph-et, Priest and King;
5. Weak is the ef - fort of my heart, And cold my warm - est tho't;
6. Till then I would Thy love proclaim, With ev - 'ry fleet - ing breath;





1. It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear.
2. 'Tis man - na to the hun-gry soul, And to the wea - ry rest.
3. My nev - er - fail-ing treasury, filled With bouudless stores of grace.
4. My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End, Ac - cept the praise I bring.
5. But when I see Thee as Thou art, I'll praise Thee as I ought.
6. And may the mu - sie of Thy name Re-fresh my soul in death. Amen.



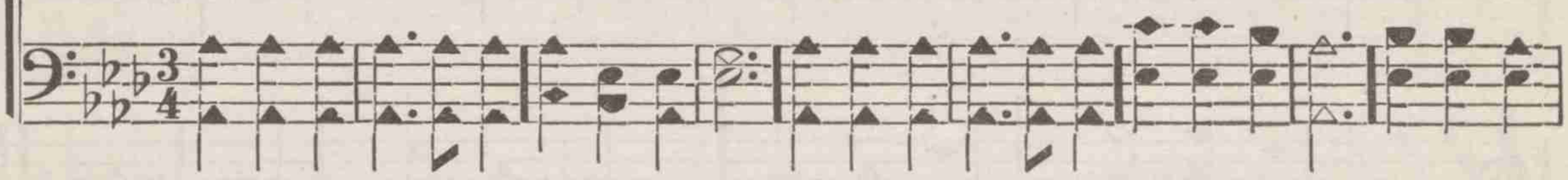
116 HOLSINGER. 6s & 4s.

C. E. P. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

With feeling.



1. Je-sus, I love Thy name, 'Tis sweet to me; For my sins Thou didst die On Calvary. For me Thy
2. Je-sus, at Thy dear feet, I humbly bow; My sins to Thee confess, Hear now my vow. On Thee I
3. Thy mercy, Lord, I crave, Hear now my cry; O turn me not away, In sin to die. Ap-ply Thy





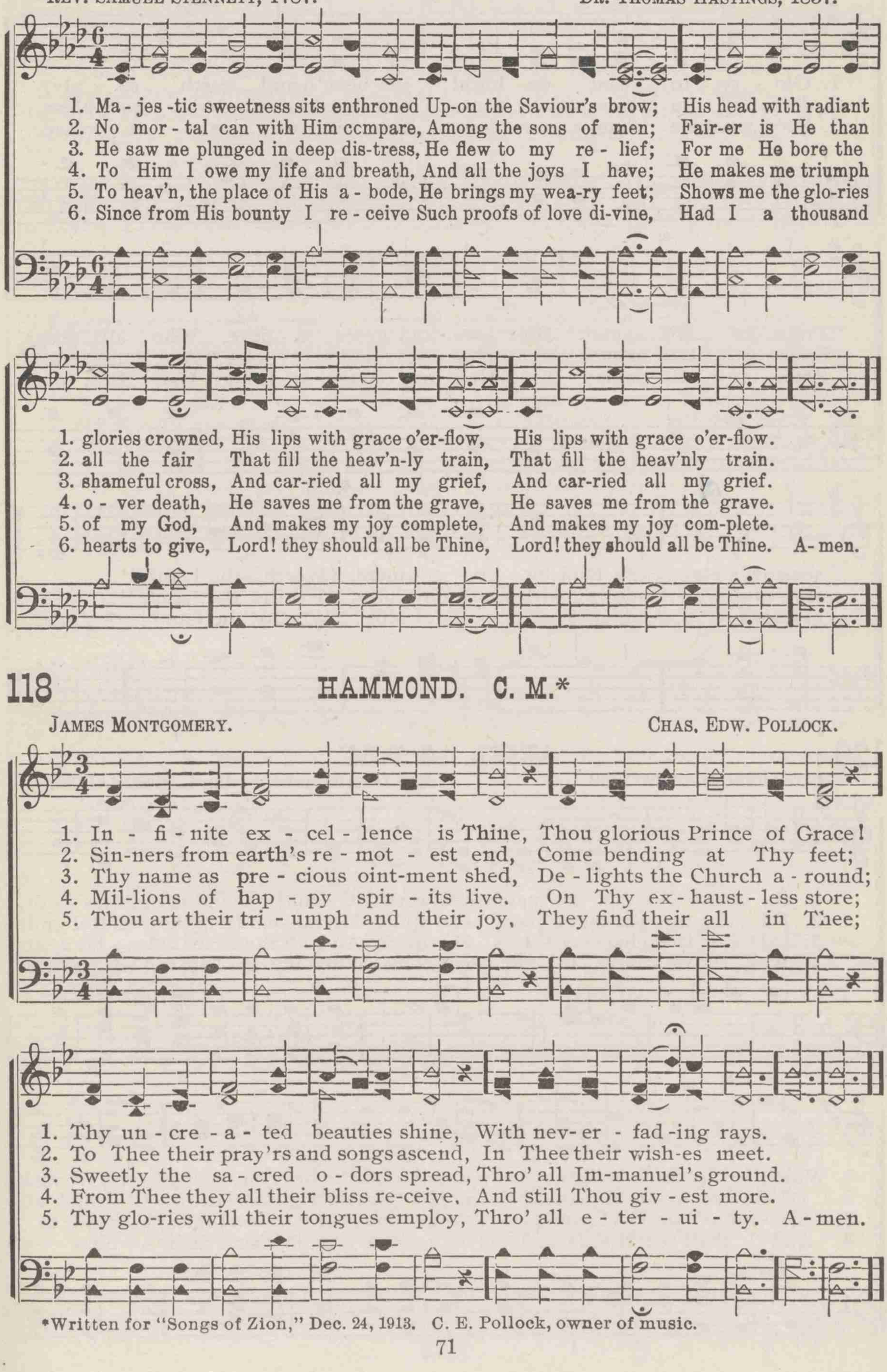
blood was shed, Thy side from spear-wound bled, Thorns pierced Thy sacred head, All this for me.
do believe, And for my sins I grieve, Thy erring child re-ceive, Grant pardon now.
pre-cious blood, A cleansing, healing flood, That I may meet my God In peace, on high. A-men.



By permission.

117 ORTONVILLE. C. M.

REV. SAMUEL STENNETT, 1787. DR. THOMAS HASTINGS, 1837.



1. Ma - jes -tic sweetness sits enthroned Up-on the Saviour's brow; His head with radiant
2. No mor - tal can with Him ccmpare, Among the sons of men; Fair-er is He than
3. He saw me plunged in deep dis-tress, He flew to my re - lief; For me He bore the
4. To Him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have; He makes me triumph
5. To heav'n, the place of His a - bode, He brings my wea-ry feet; Shows me the glo-ries
6. Since from His bounty I re - ceive Such proofs of love di-vine, Had I a thousand

1. glories crowned, His lips with grace o'er-flow, His lips with grace o'er-flow.
2. all the fair That fill the heav'n-ly train, That fill the heav'nly train.
3. shameful cross, And car-ried all my grief, And car-ried all my grief.
4. o - ver death, He saves me from the grave, He saves me from the grave.
5. of my God, And makes my joy complete, And makes my joy com-plete.
6. hearts to give, Lord! they should all be Thine, Lord! they should all be Thine. A- men.

118 HAMMOND. C. M.*

JAMES MONTGOMERY. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. In - fi - nite ex - cel - lence is Thine, Thou glorious Prince of Grace!
2. Sin-ners from earth's re - mot - est end, Come bending at Thy feet;
3. Thy name as pre - cious oint-ment shed, De - lights the Church a - round;
4. Mil-lions of hap - py spir - its live. On Thy ex - haust - less store;
5. Thou art their tri - umph and their joy, They find their all in Thee;

1. Thy un - cre - a - ted beauties shine, With nev- er - fad -ing rays.
2. To Thee their pray'rs and songs ascend, In Thee their wish-es meet.
3. Sweetly the sa - cred o - dors spread, Thro' all Im-manuel's ground.
4. From Thee they all their bliss re-ceive, And still Thou giv - est more.
5. Thy glo-ries will their tongues employ, Thro' all e - ter - ui - ty. A - men.

*Written for "Songs of Zion," Dec. 24, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner of music.

119 WORTHY THE LAMB (ITALIAN HYMN). 6s & 4s.

JAMES ALLEN. "Worthy the Lamb."—Rev. 5:12. FELICE DE GIARDINI, 1769.

1. Glo - ry to God on high! Let heav'n and earth re - ply,
2. Join, all ye ran - som'd race, Our Lord and God to bless;
3. Soon must we change our place, Yet will we nev - er cease

"Praise ye His name!" His love and grace a - dore, Who all our
Praise ye His name! In Him we will re - joice, And make a
Prais - ing His name; To Him our songs we bring; Hail Him, our

sor-row's bore; Sing loud for ev - er - more, "Worthy the Lamb!"
joy - ful noise, Shouting with heart and voice, "Worthy the Lamb!"
gracious King; And, thro' all a - ges sing, "Worthy the Lamb!" A - men.

120 ARIEL. C. P. M.

REV. SAMUEL MEDLEY, 1789. Arr. from MOZART, by DR. L. MASON, 1836.

1. O could I speak the match-less worth, O could I sound the glories forth,
2. I'd sing the pre-cious blood He spilt, My ransom from the dreadful guilt
3. I'd sing the char - ac - ters He bears, And all the forms of love He wears,
4. Well, the de - light - ful day will come, When my dear Lord will bring me home,

1. Which in my Saviour shine! I'd soar and touch the heav'nly strings, And vie with
2. Of sin and wrath di - vine; I'd sing His glorious righteousness, In which all
3. Ex - alt - ed on His throne, In loft- iest songs of sweetest praise, I would to
4. And I shall see His face; Then with my Sav-iour, Brother, Friend, A blest e-

ARIEL. Concluded.

1. Gabriel while he sings In notes almost divine, In notes almost di-vine.
2. perfect heav'nly dress, My soul shall ever shine, My soul shall ever shine.
3. ev - er-last-ing days Make all His glories known, Make all His glo-ries known.
4. ter - ni - ty I'll spend, Triumphant in His grace, Triumphant in His grace. A- men.

121 LOVING-KINDNESS. L. M.

Rev. Samuel Medley, 1782. American Tune.

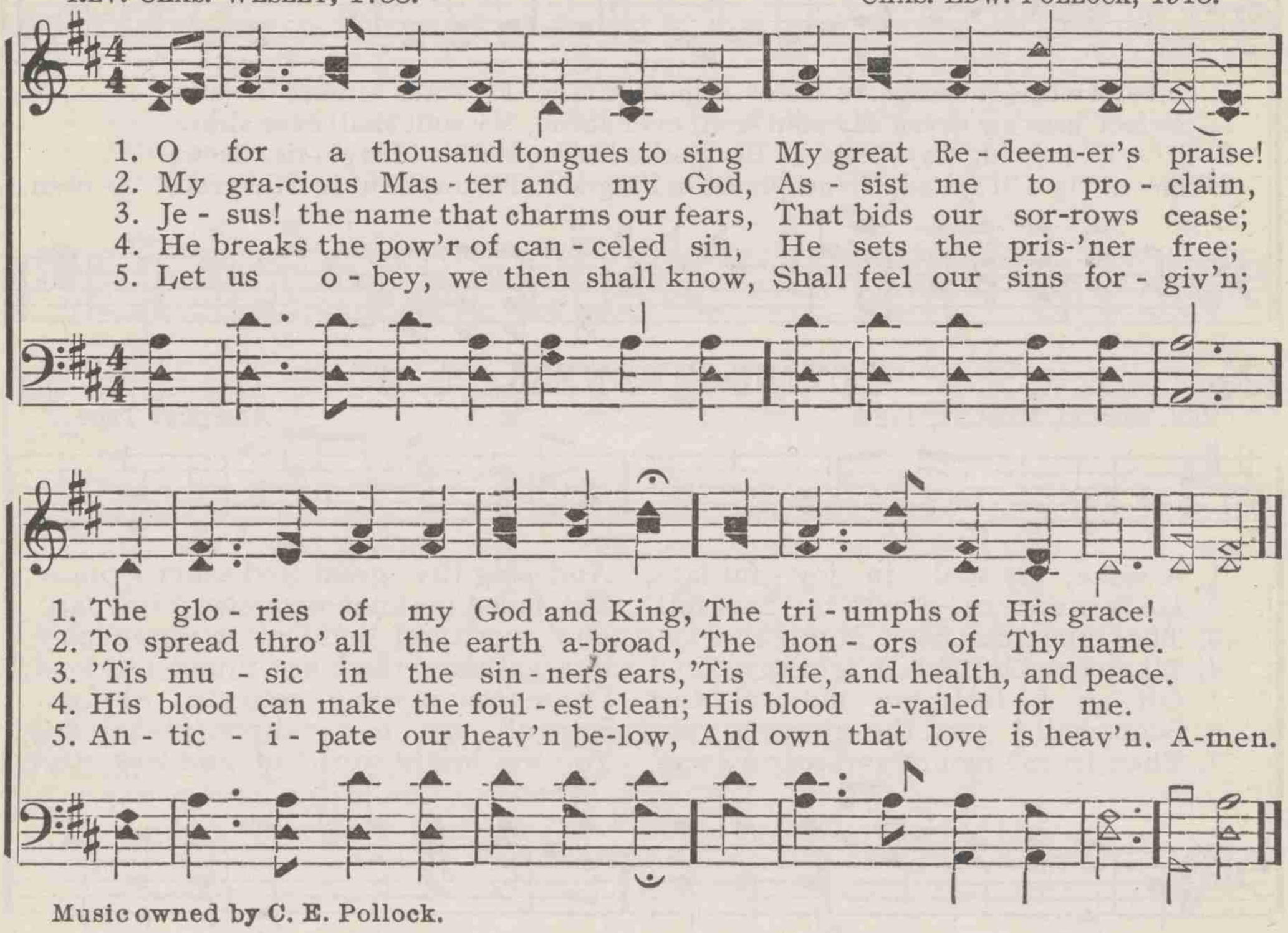
1. A-wake, my soul, in joy - ful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
2. He saw me ru - ined by the fall, Yet loved me, not-with-stand-ing all;
3. Tho' numerous hosts of might-y foes, Tho' earth and hell my way op- pose,
4. When trouble, like a gloomy cloud, Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
5. Oft - en I feel my sin - ful heart Prone from my Sav - iour to de - part,
6. Soon shall I pass the gloom-y vale, Soon all my mor- tal pow'rs shall fail;
7. Then let me mount and soar a - way To the bright world of end-less day;

1. He just- ly claims a song from me; His lov-ing-kind - ness, O how free!
2. He saved me from my lost es - tate; His lov-ing-kind - ness, O how great!
3. He safe - ly leads my soul a - long, His lov-ing-kind - ness, O how strong!
4. He near my soul has always stood; His lov-ing-kind - ness, O how good!
5. But tho' I oft have Him for - got, His lov-ing-kind - ness changes not.
6. Oh, may my last ex - pir-ing breath His lov-ing-kind - ness sing in death!
7. And sing, with rapture and sur- prise, His lov-ing-kind - ness in the skies!

1. Loving-kindness, loving-kindness, His lov-ing - kind-ness, O how free!
2. Loving-kindness, loving-kindness, His lov-ing - kind-ness, O how great!
3. Loving-kindness, loving-kindness, His lov-ing - kind-ness, O how strong!
4. Loving-kindness, loving-kindness, His lov-ing - kind-ness, O how good!
5. Loving-kindness, loving-kindness, His lov-ing - kind-ness changes not.
6. Loving-kindness, loving-kindness, His lov-ing - kind-ness sing in death!
7. Loving-kindness, loving-kindness, His lov-ing - kind-ness in the skies! Amen.

122 BURNEY. C. M.

REV. CHAS. WESLEY, 1738. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, 1913.



Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

123 DUKE STREET. L. M.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D. Rev. 5: 12-14. JOHN HATTON, 1793.



124 MISSOURI. S. M.

WM. HAMMOND, 1745. Rev. 15: 3. ANON.

1. A - wake and sing the song Of Mos - es and the Lamb;
2. Sing of His dy - ing love, Sing of His ris - ing pow'r;
3. Sing till we feel our heart As - cend - ing with our tongue;
4. Sing on your heav'n-ly way, Ye ran-somed sin - ners, sing;
5. Soon shall we hear Him say, "Ye bless - ed chil - dren, come."
6. There shall our rap - tured tongue His end - less praise pro - claim;

1. Wake ev - 'ry heart and ev - 'ry tongue, To praise the Saviour's name,
2. Sing how He in - ter-cedes a - bove, For us, whose sins He bore.
3. Sing till the love of sin de-part, And grace in-spire our song.
4. Sing on, re - joic - ing ev - 'ry day In Christ, th'e-ter - nal King.
5. Soon will He call us hence a - way, To our e - ter - nal home.
6. And sweet- er voic - es tune the song Of Mos - es and the Lamb. A-men.

125 MORE LOVE TO THEE. 6s & 4s.

MRS. ELIZABETH P. PRENTISS, 1856. W. T. DALE, 1913.

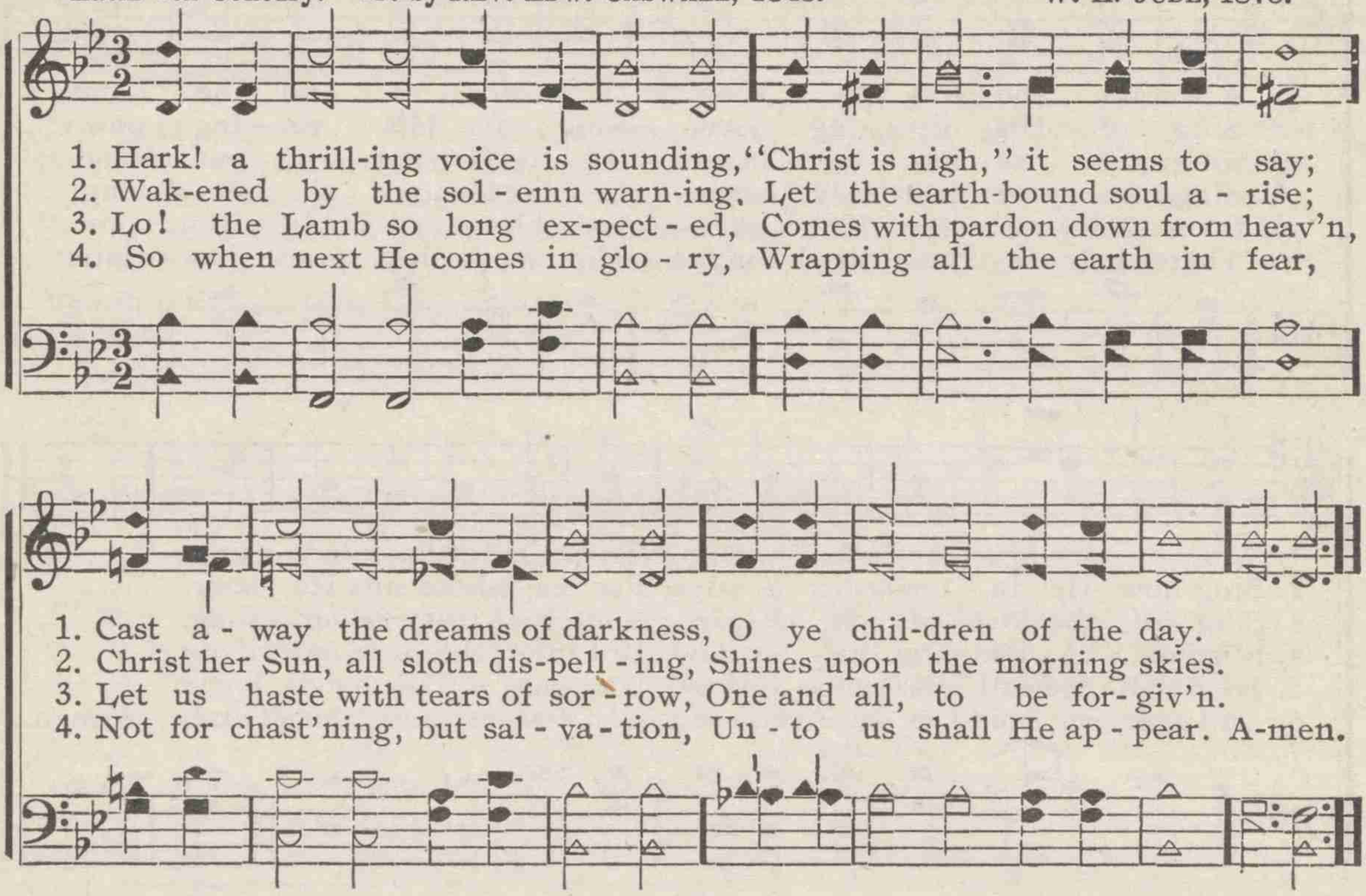
1. More love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee;
   Hear Thou the pray'r I make, (*Omit.*) ..... On bended knee; This is my
2. Once earthly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest;
   Now Thee a-lone I seek, (*Omit.*) ..... Give what is best; This all my
3. Let sor - row do its work, Send grief and pain;
   Sweet are Thy messengers, (*Omit.*) ..... Sweet their refrain; When they can
4. Then shall my latest breath Whisper Thy praise;
   This be my part-ing cry, (*Omit.*) ..... My heart shall raise; Still this its

1. earnest plea, More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee, More love to Thee.
2. pray'r shall be, More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee, More love to Thee.
3. sing with me, More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee, More love to Thee.
4. pray'r shall be, More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee, More love to Thee. A-men.

126 GALILEE. 8s & 7s.

Heb. 9: 28. John 2: 8.

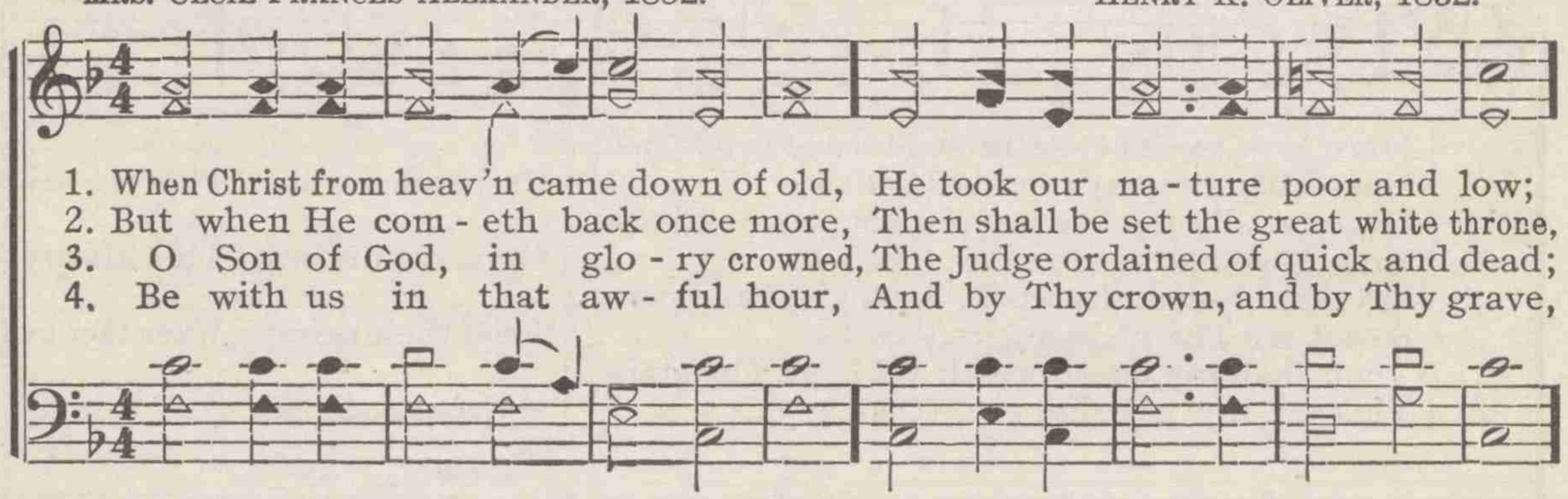
Latin 5th Century. Tr. by Rev. Edw. Caswall, 1848. W. H. Jude, 1875.



127 FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

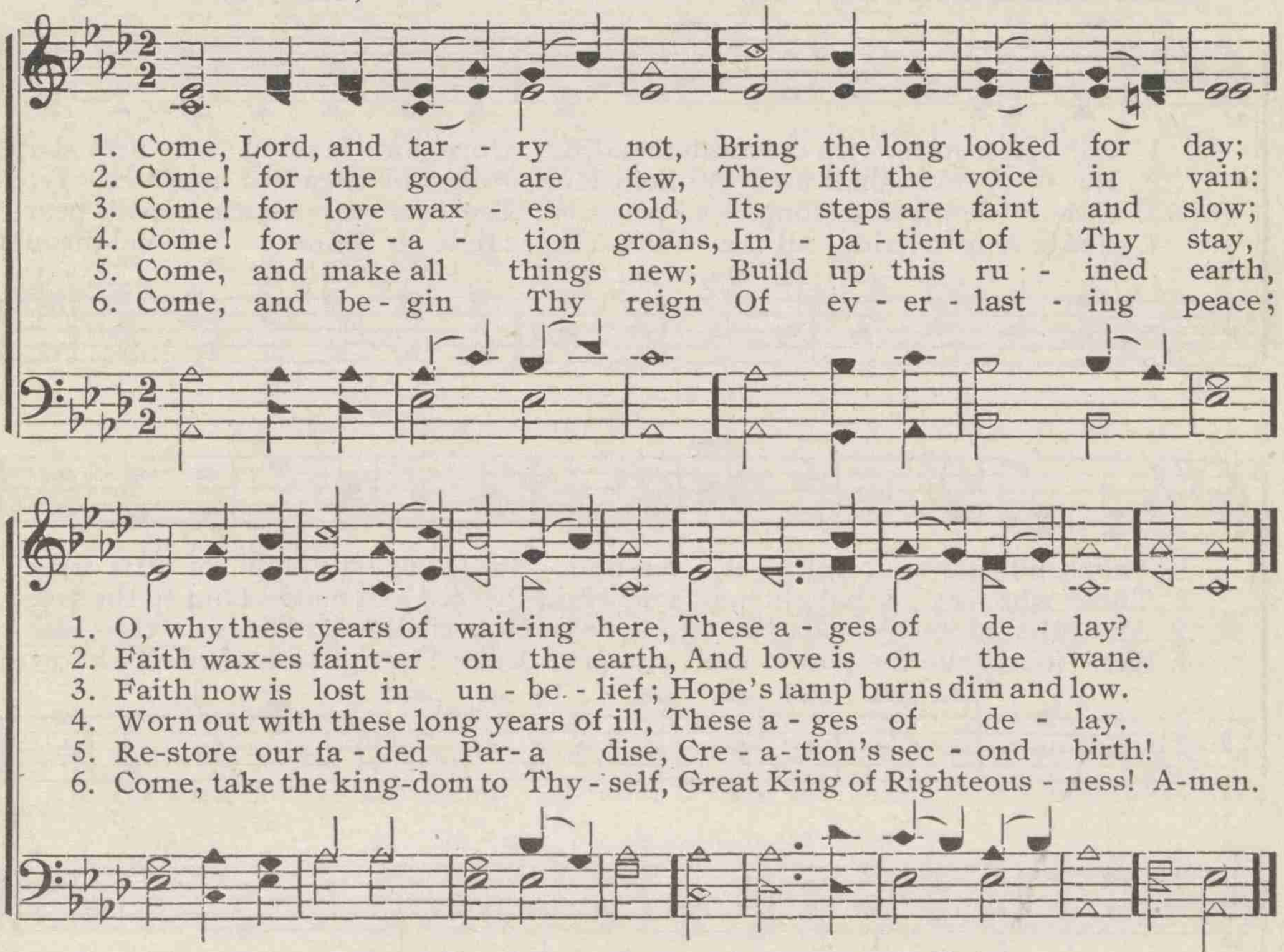
Heb. 2: 16-18.

Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander, 1852. Henry K. Oliver, 1832.



128 VINCENT. S. M.*

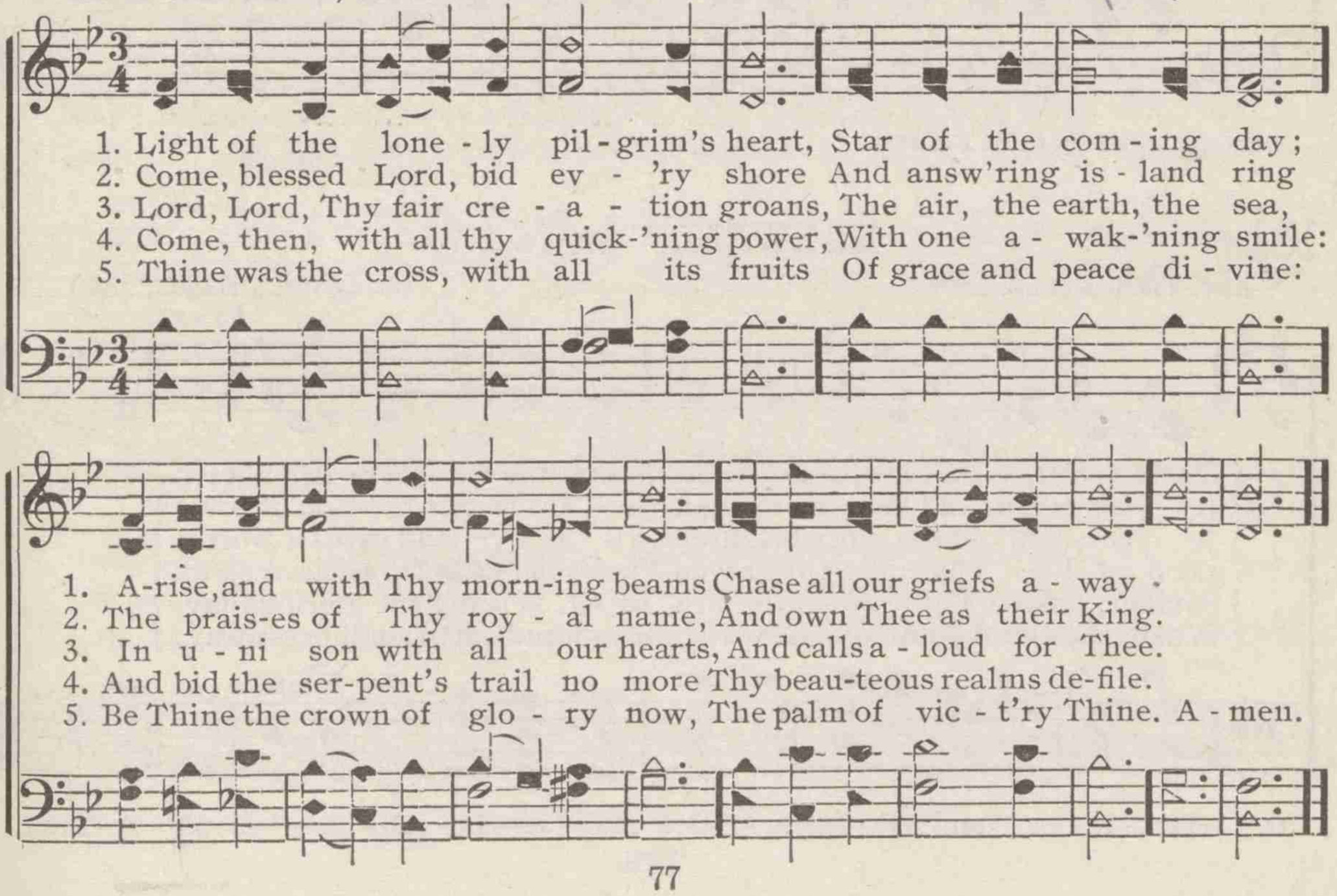
REV. HORATIUS BONAR, D. D. Rom. 8: 22, 23. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



*Written for "Songs of Zion," Aug. 8, 1913. Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

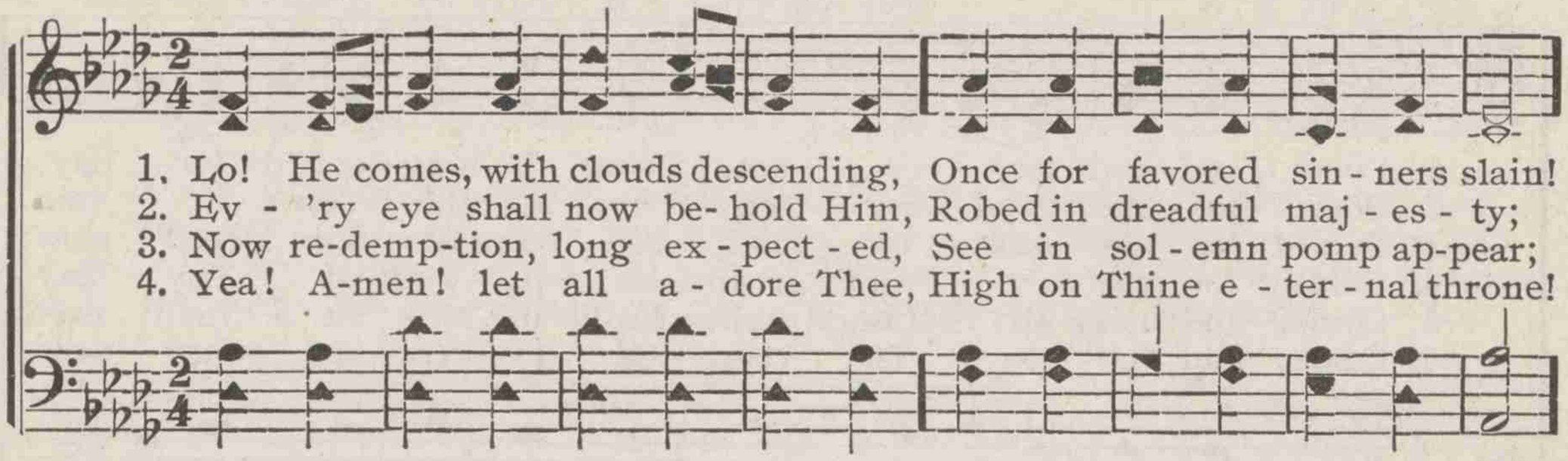
129 EAGLEY. C. M.

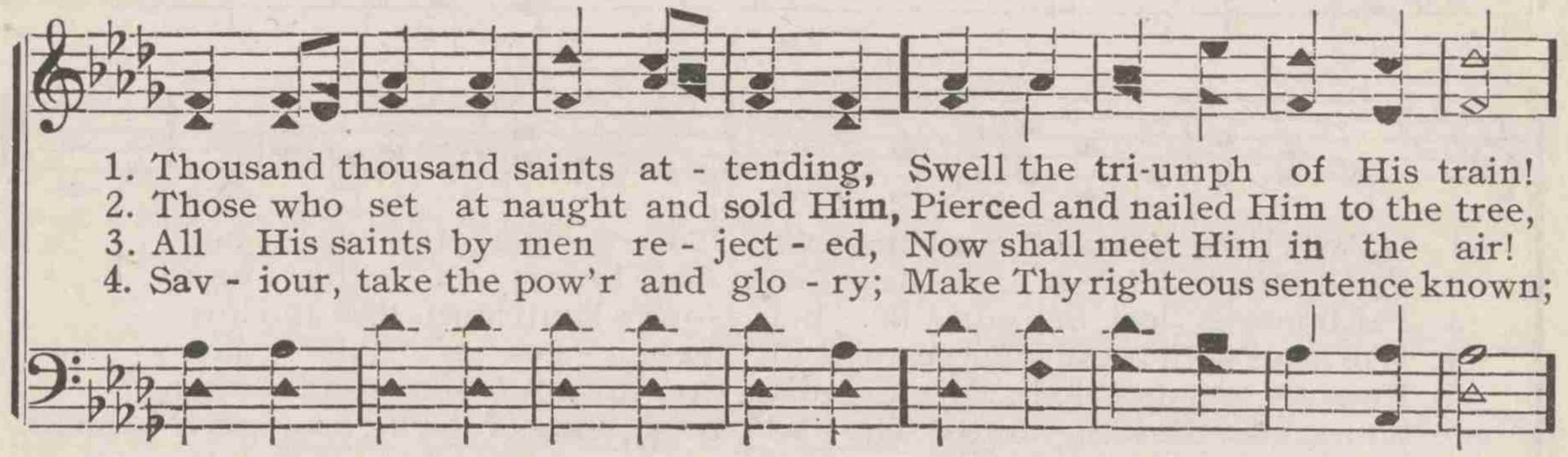
SIR EDWARD DENNY, 1842. Titus 2: 13. JAMES WELCH, 1860.



130 LOGAN. 8s, 7s & 4s.

REV. J. CENNICK, 1752. REV. CHAS. WESLEY, 1758. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.





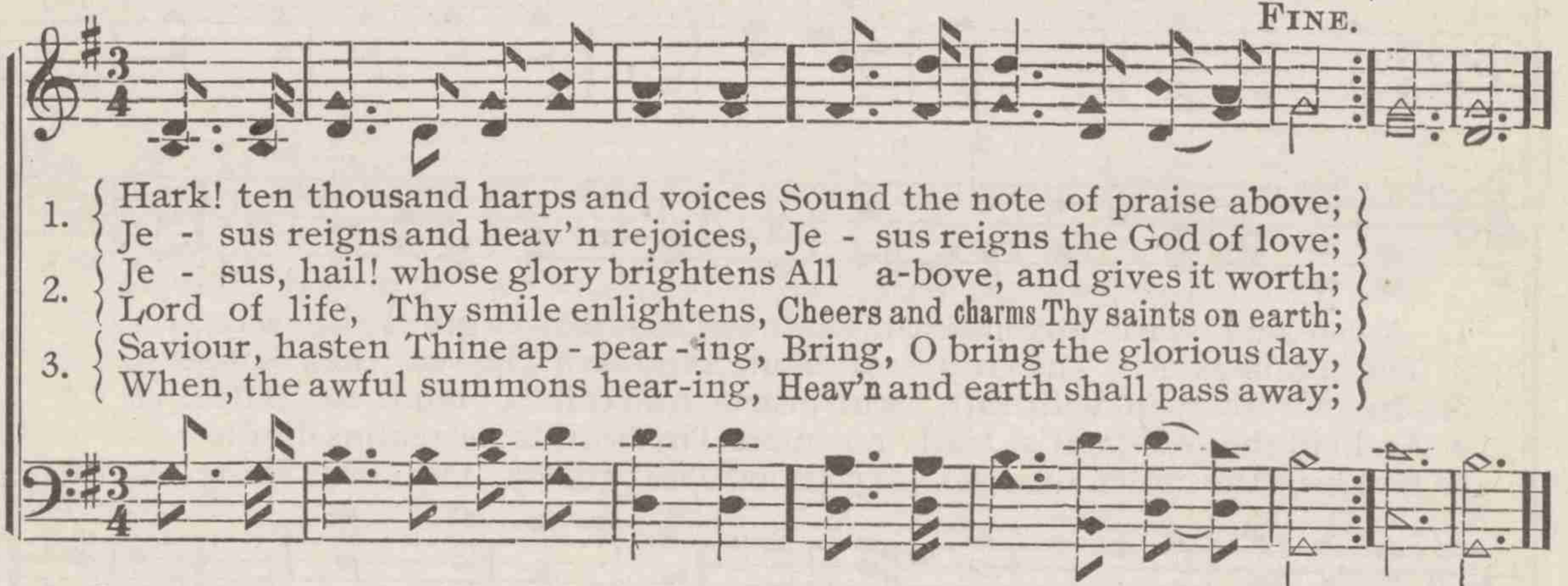


Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

131 HARWELL. 8s, 7s & 7.

REV. THOS. KELLY, 1804. DR. LOWELL MASON, 1840.

FINE.



HARWELL. Concluded.



132 THE WAITING CHURCH. S. M. D.*

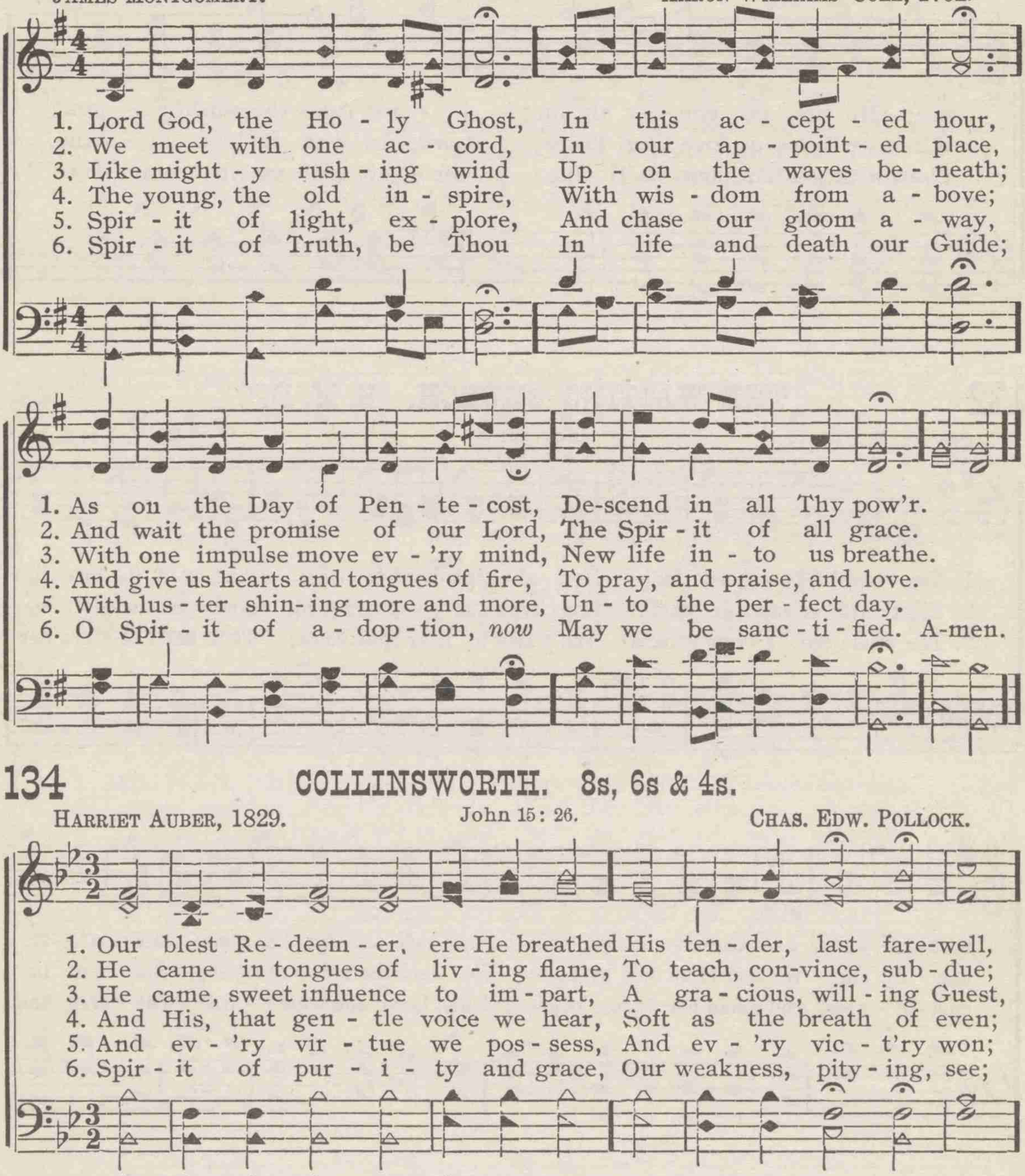
REV. H. BONAR, D. D. Rev. 22: 20. W. T. DALE.



Written for "Songs of Zion." June 1, 1913. W. T. Dale, owner of music.

133 ST. THOMAS. S. M.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. Acts 2: 1-4. AARON WILLIAMS' COLL, 1762.

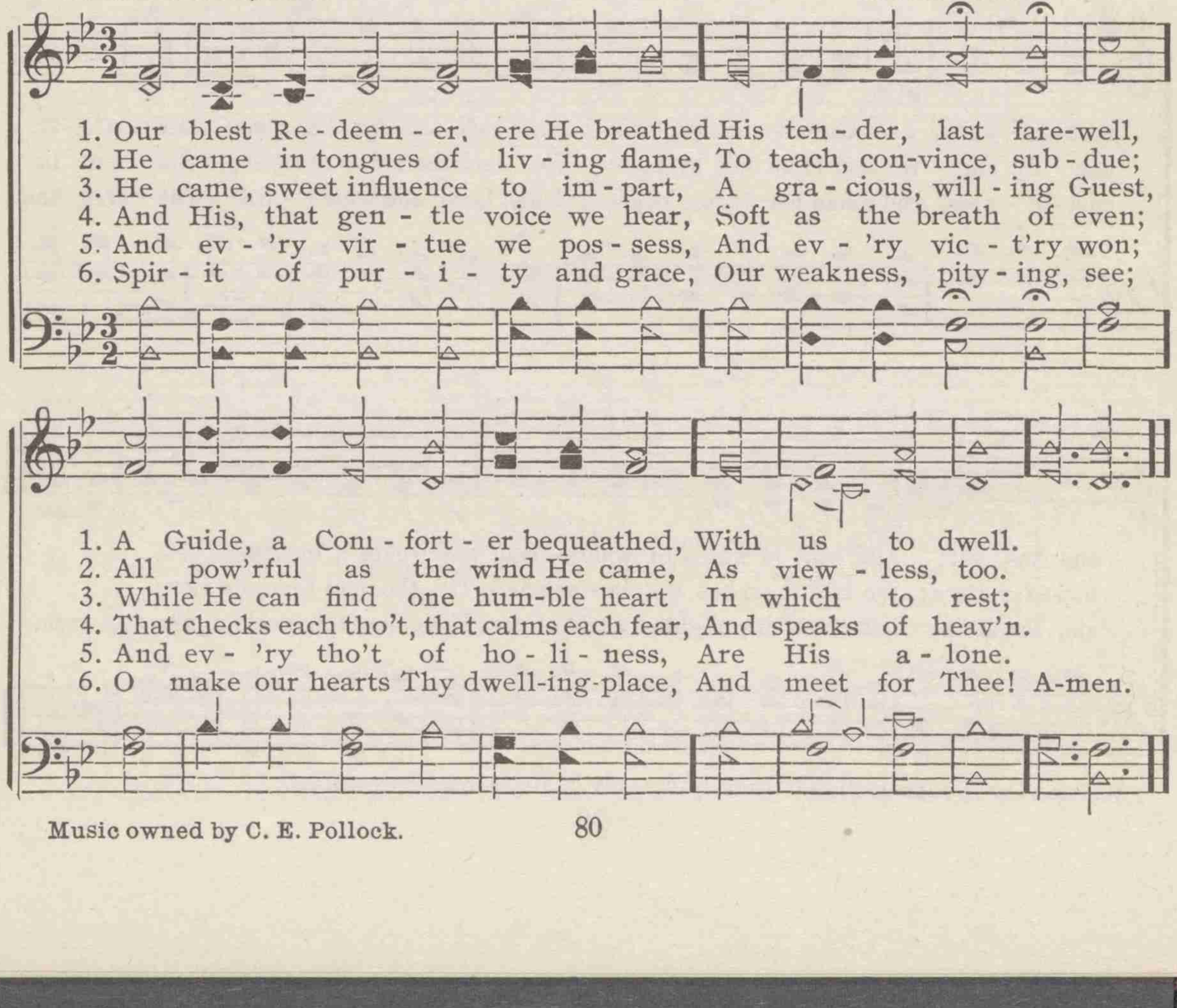


1. Lord God, the Ho - ly Ghost, In this ac - cept - ed hour,
2. We meet with one ac - cord, In our ap - point - ed place,
3. Like might - y rush - ing wind Up - on the waves be - neath;
4. The young, the old in - spire, With wis - dom from a - bove;
5. Spir - it of light, ex - plore, And chase our gloom a - way,
6. Spir - it of Truth, be Thou In life and death our Guide;

1. As on the Day of Pen - te - cost, De-scend in all Thy pow'r.
2. And wait the promise of our Lord, The Spir - it of all grace.
3. With one impulse move ev - 'ry mind, New life in - to us breathe.
4. And give us hearts and tongues of fire, To pray, and praise, and love.
5. With lus - ter shin- ing more and more, Un - to the per - fect day.
6. O Spir - it of a - dop - tion, *now* May we be sanc - ti - fied. A-men.

134 COLLINSWORTH. 8s, 6s & 4s.

HARRIET AUBER, 1829. John 15: 26. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



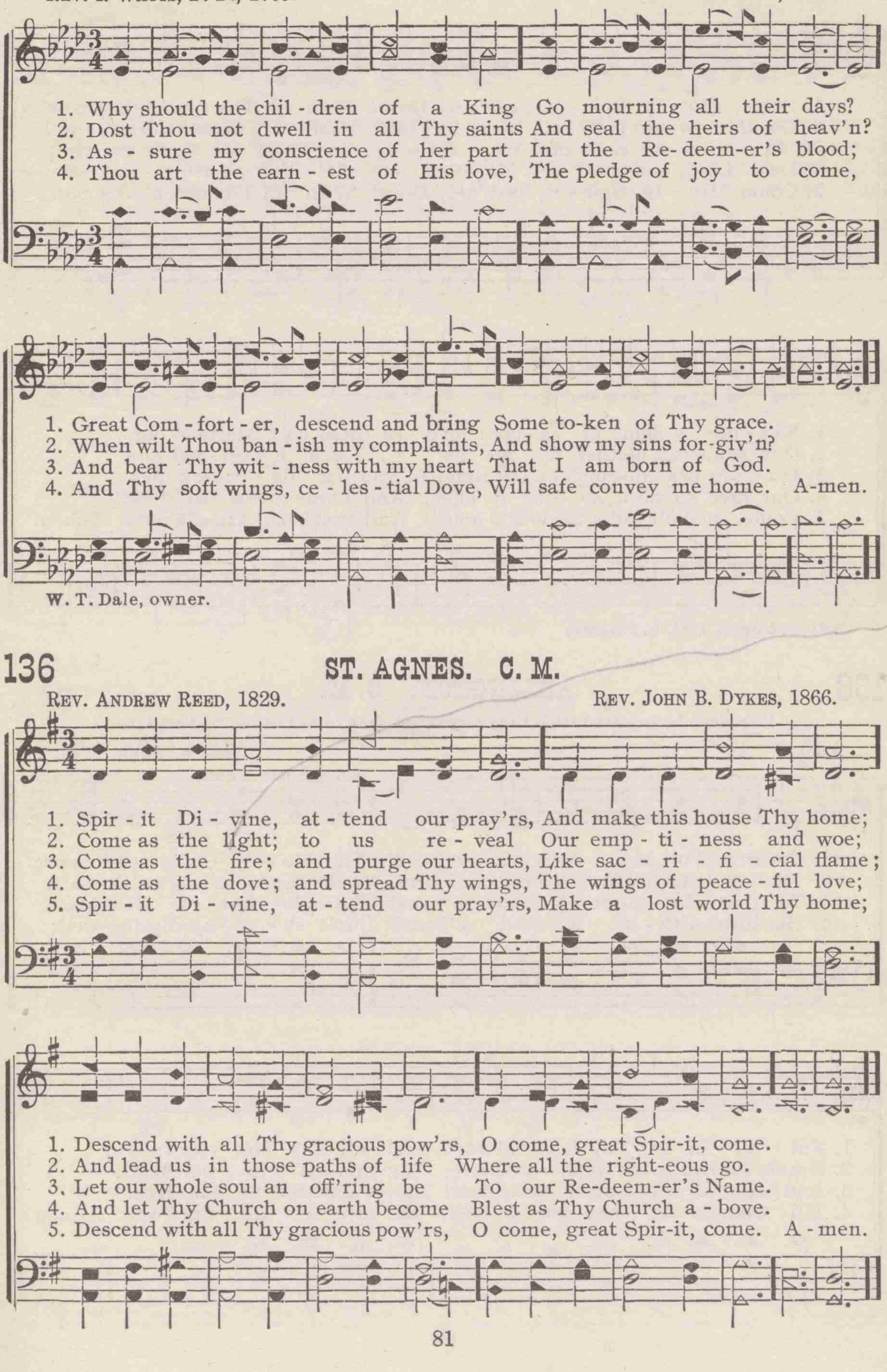
1. Our blest Re - deem - er, ere He breathed His ten - der, last fare-well,
2. He came in tongues of liv - ing flame, To teach, con-vince, sub - due;
3. He came, sweet influence to im - part, A gra - cious, will - ing Guest,
4. And His, that gen - tle voice we hear, Soft as the breath of even;
5. And ev - 'ry vir - tue we pos - sess, And ev - 'ry vic - t'ry won;
6. Spir - it of pur - i - ty and grace, Our weakness, pity - ing, see;

1. A Guide, a Com - fort - er bequeathed, With us to dwell.
2. All pow'rful as the wind He came, As view - less, too.
3. While He can find one hum-ble heart In which to rest;
4. That checks each tho't, that calms each fear, And speaks of heav'n.
5. And ev - 'ry tho't of ho - li - ness, Are His a - lone.
6. O make our hearts Thy dwell-ing-place, And meet for Thee! A-men.

Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

135 WARTRACE. C. M.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D., 1709. Matt. 9: 15. W. T. DALE, 1901.



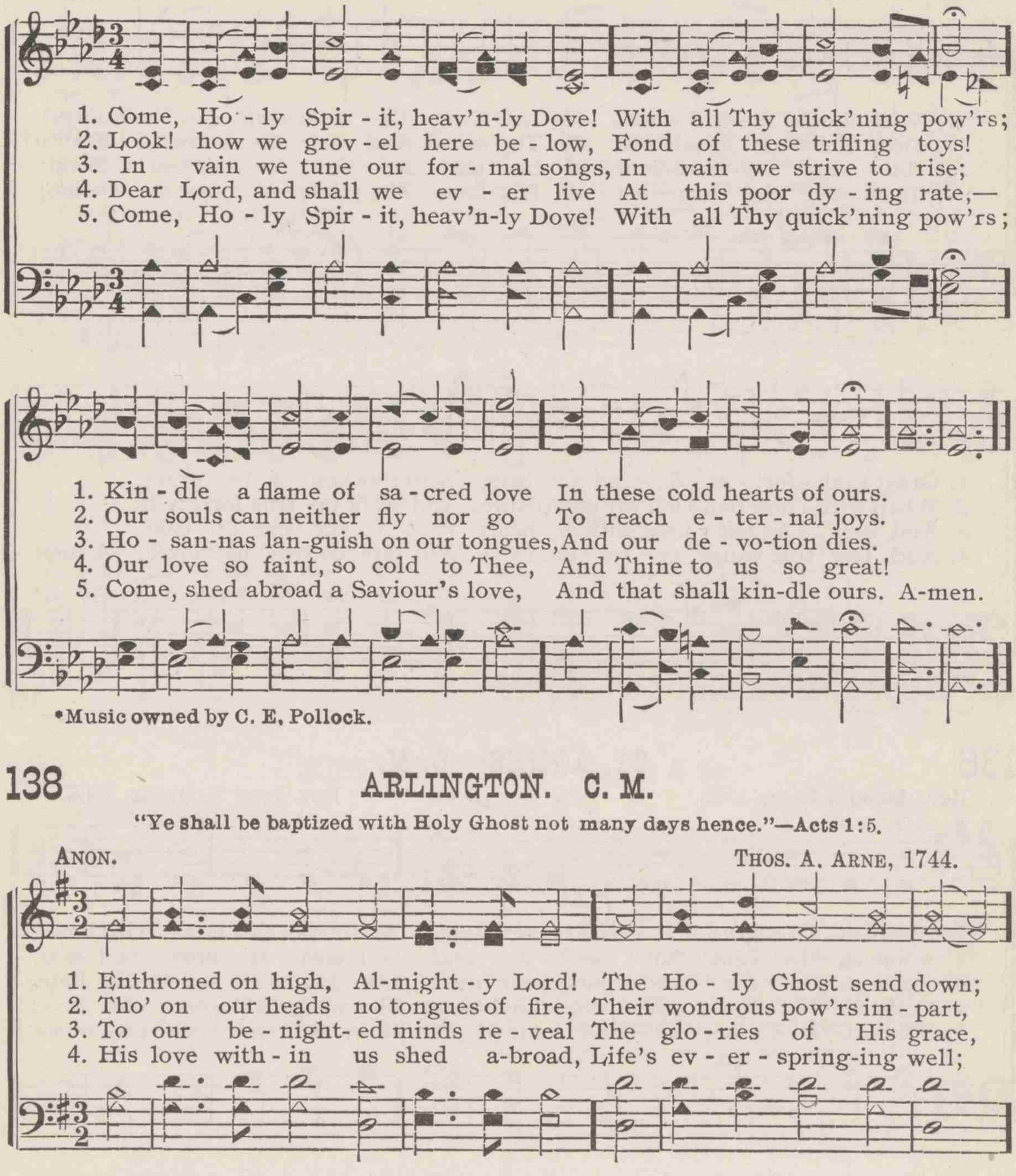
W. T. Dale, owner.

136 ST. AGNES. C. M.

REV. ANDREW REED, 1829. REV. JOHN B. DYKES, 1866.

137 MAHONINGTOWN. C. M.*

DR. ISAAC WATTS. "When the Comforter is come."—John 15: 26. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

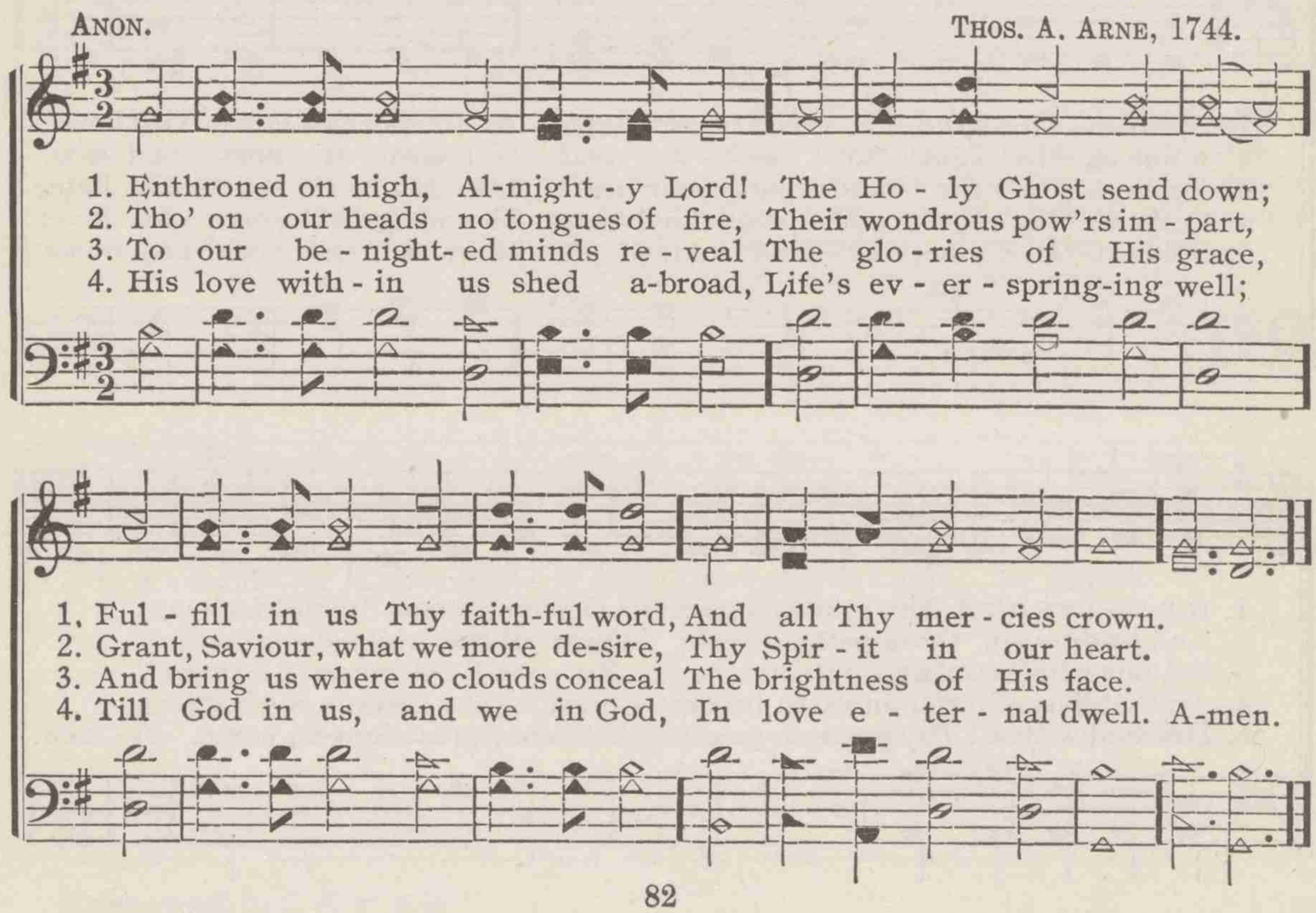


*Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

138 ARLINGTON. C. M.

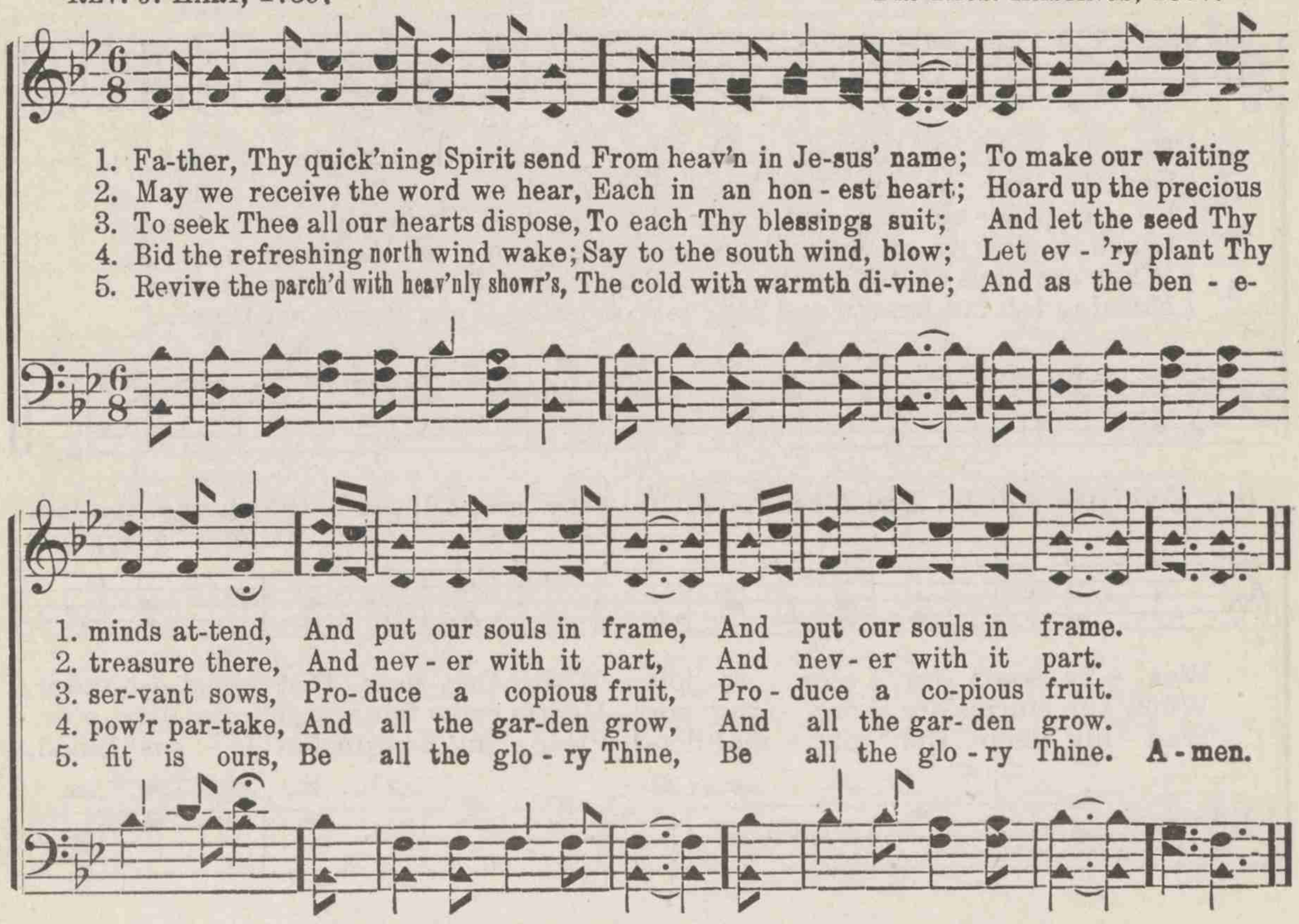
"Ye shall be baptized with Holy Ghost not many days hence."—Acts 1:5.

ANON. THOS. A. ARNE, 1744.



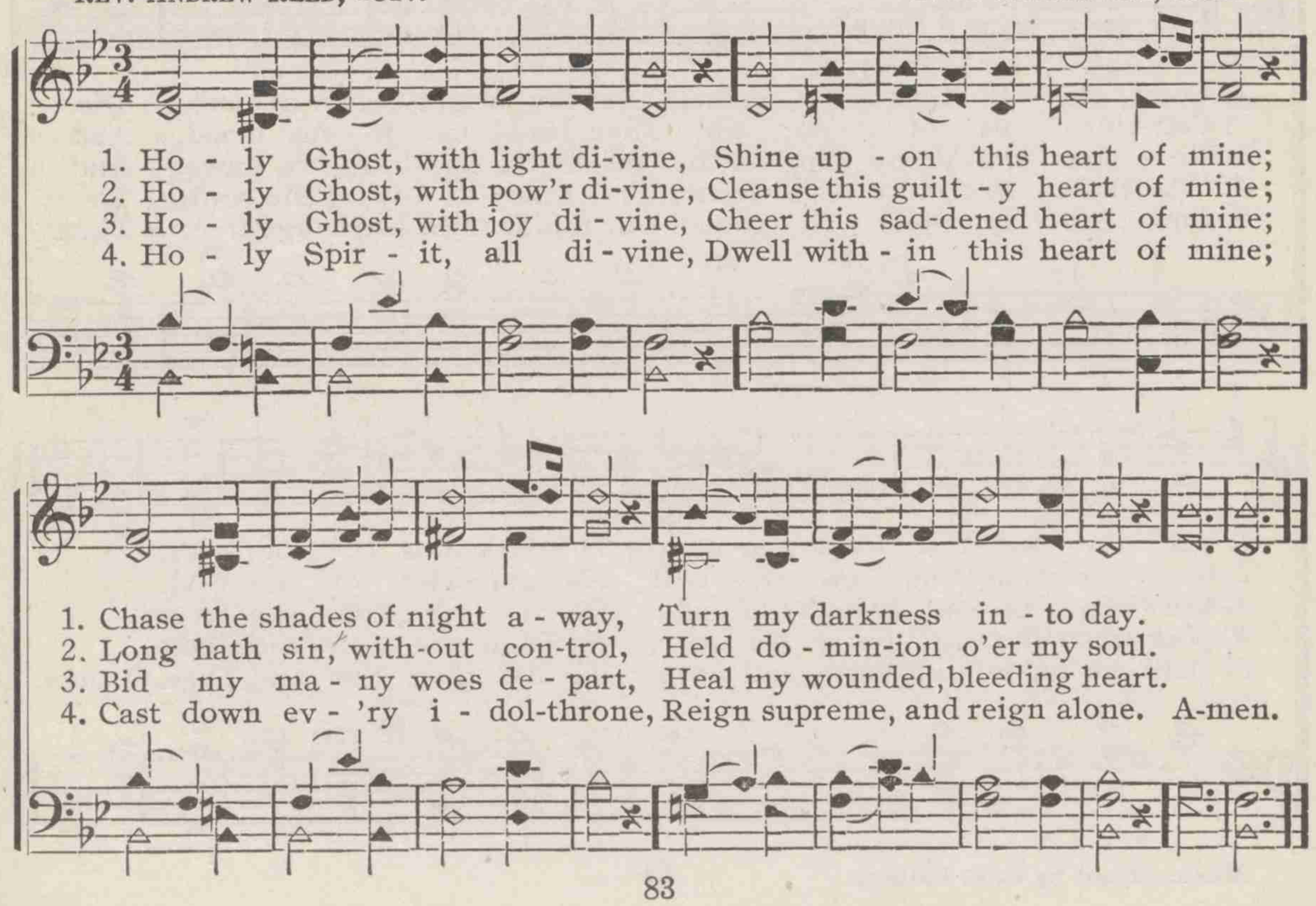
139 ORTONVILLE. C. M.

REV. J. HART, 1759. DR. THOS. HASTINGS, 1837.



140 LAST HOPE (MERCY). 7s.

REV. ANDREW REED, 1817. L. M. GOTTSCHALK, 1854.



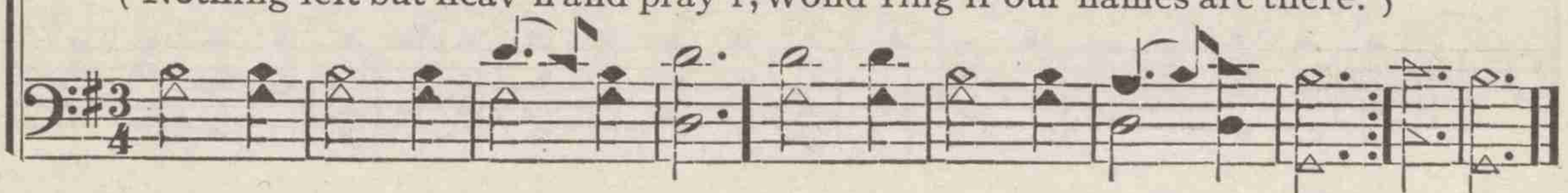
141 GUIDE. 7s, D.

M. M. W. M. M. Wells.

FINE.

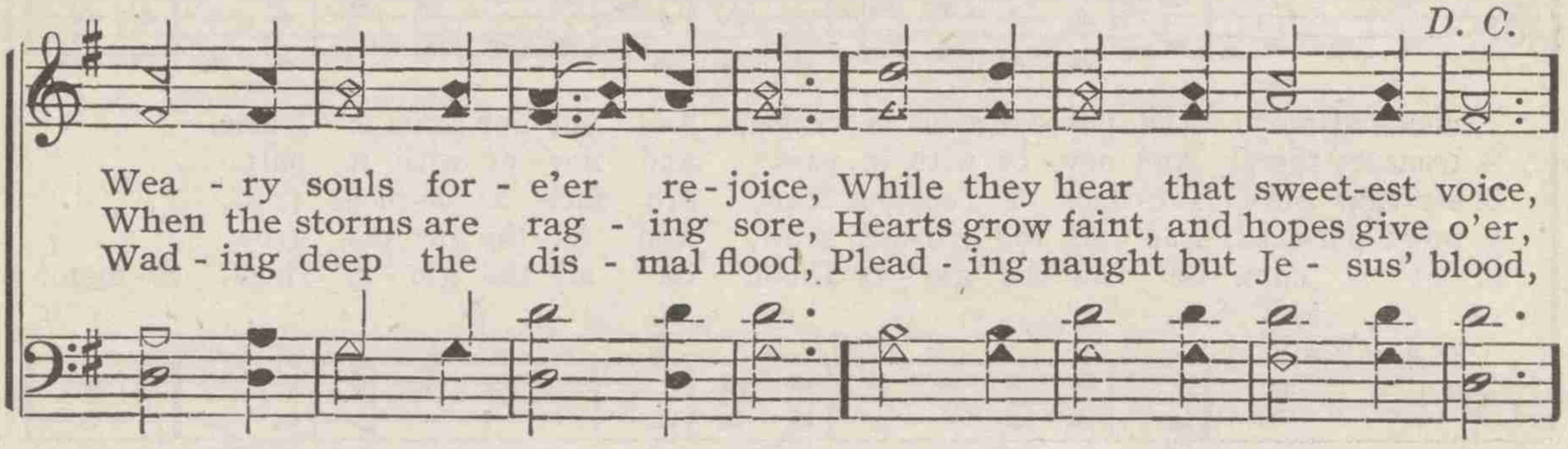


1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith-ful guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side;
   Gent-ly lead us by the hand, Pil-grims in a des - ert land;
2. Ev - er pres - ent, tru - est Friend, Ev - er near Thine aid to lend,
   Leave us not to doubt and fear, Groping on in darkness drear;
3. When our days of toil shall cease, Wait-ing still for sweet re-lease,
   Nothing left but heav'n and pray'r, Wond'ring if our names are there.



D.C.–Whisper soft-ly, wan-d'rer come! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home. A-men.

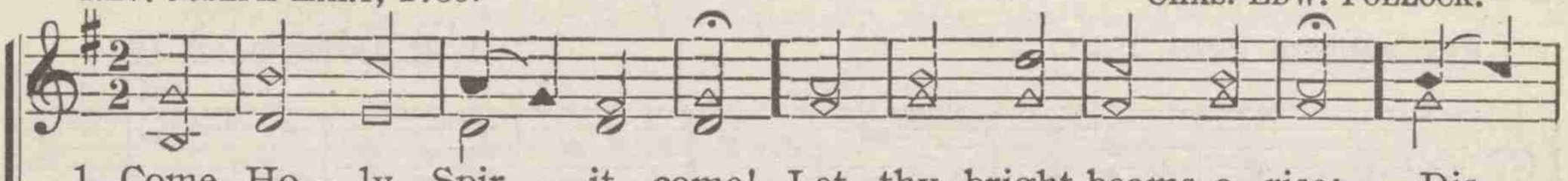
D. C.



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

142 KUHN. S. M.

Rev. Joseph Hart, 1759. Chas. Edw. Pollock.



1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come! Let thy bright beams a - rise; Dis-
2. Con-vince us of our sin; Then lead to Je - sus' blood, And
3. Re - vive our droop - ing faith, Our doubts and fears re-move, And
4. 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart, To sanc - ti - fy the soul, To
5. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come! Our minds from bond - age free; Then



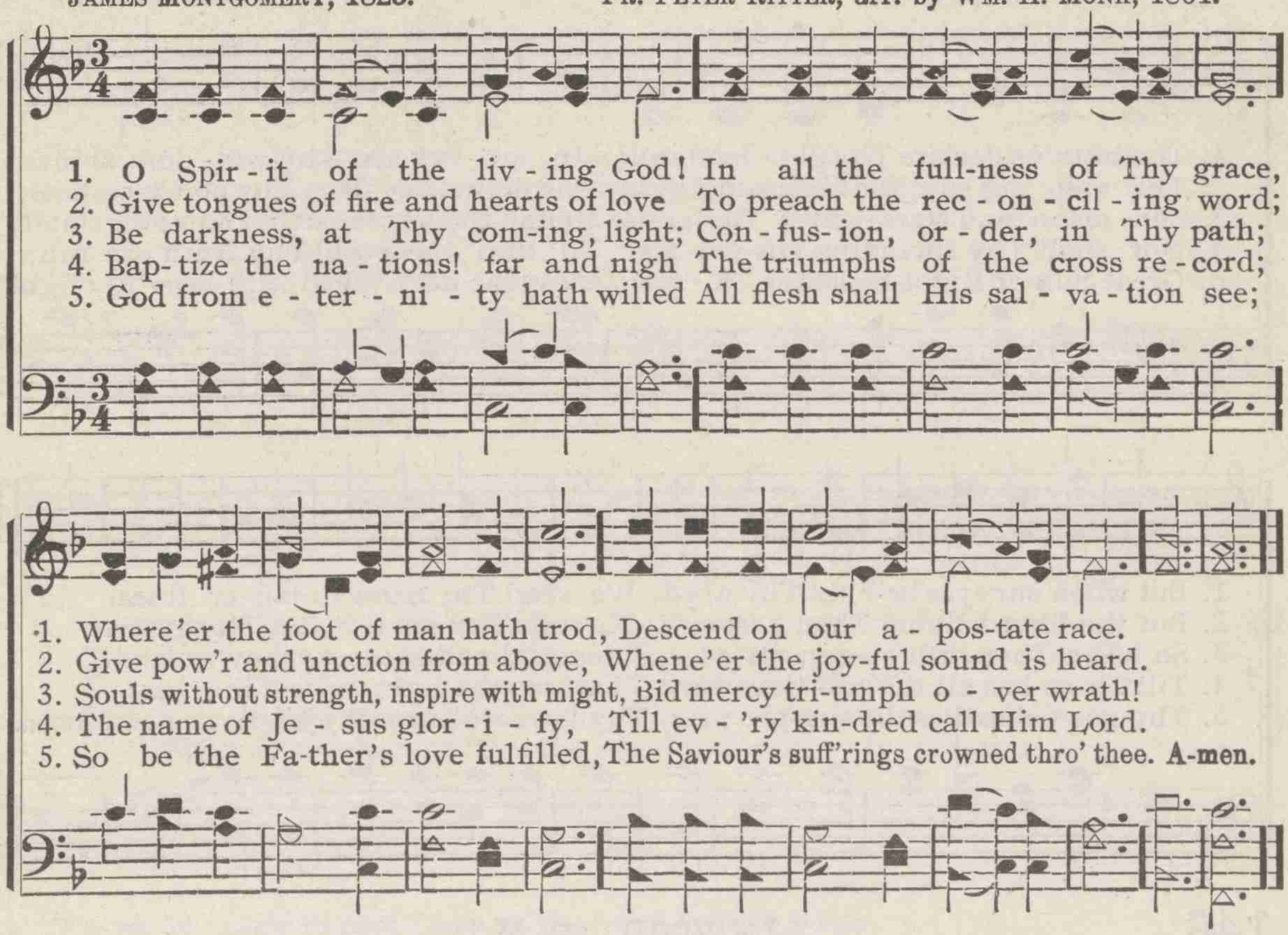
1. pel the sor - row from our minds, The dark-ness from our eyes.
2. to our wond'ring view re - veal The mer - cies of our God.
3. kin - dle in our breasts the flame Of nev - er - dy - ing love.
4. pour fresh life in ev - 'ry part, And new cre - ate the whole.
5. shall we know, and praise, and love, The Fa - ther, Son and Thee. A-men.



Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

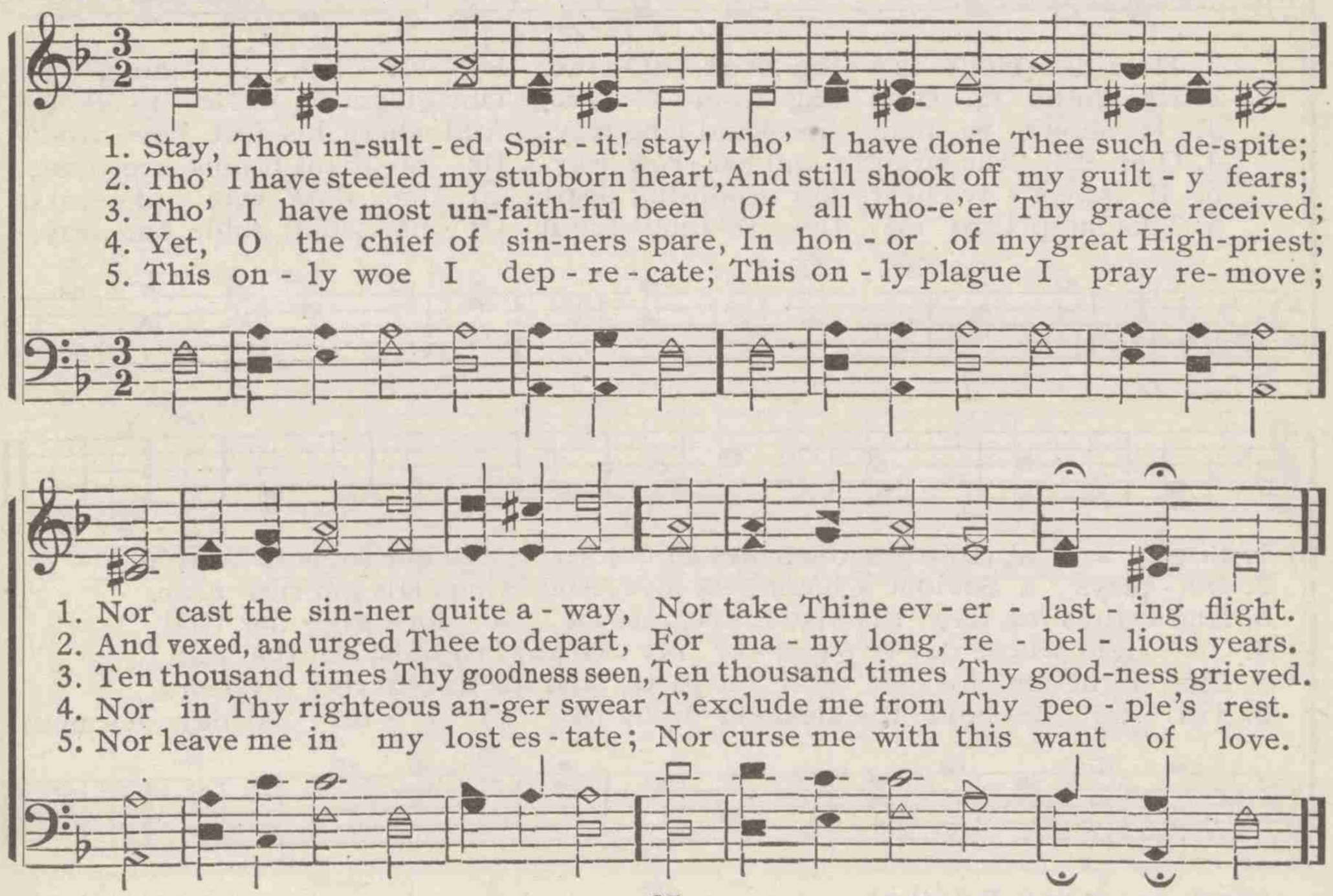
143 HURSLEY. L. M.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1823. FR. PETER RITTER, arr. by WM. H. MONK, 1861.



144 WINDHAM. L. M.

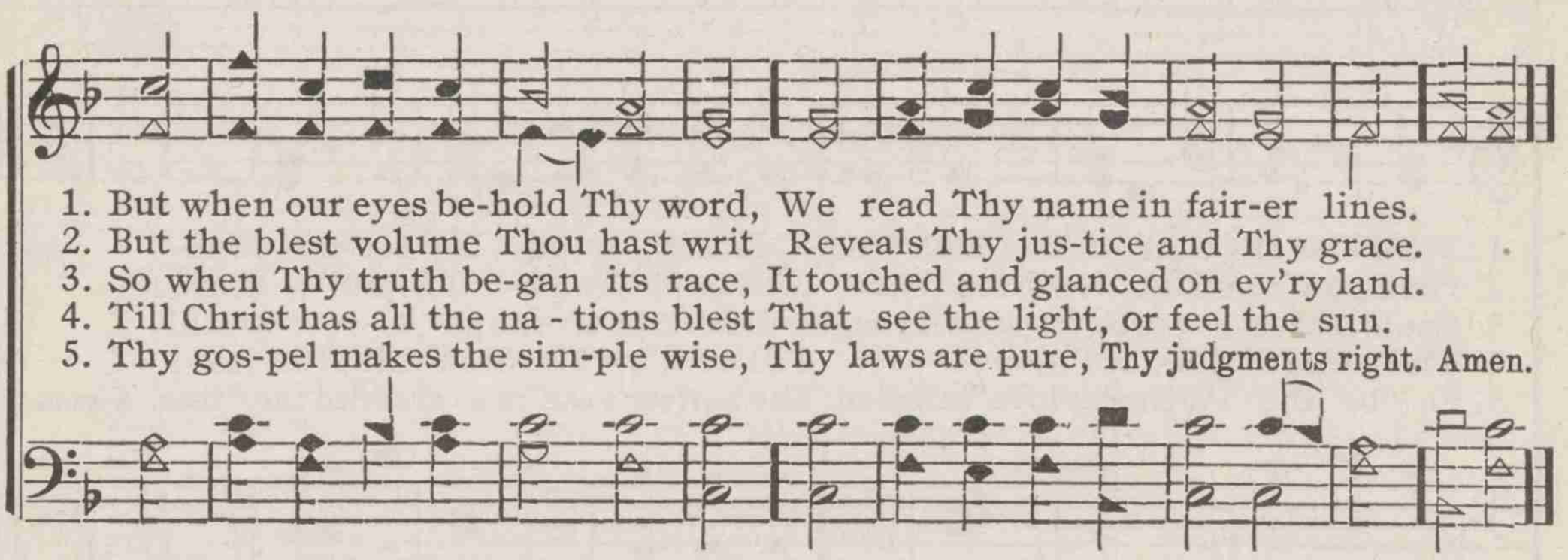
REV. CHARLES WESLEY, 1749. DANIEL READ, 1785.



145 UXBRIDGE. L. M.

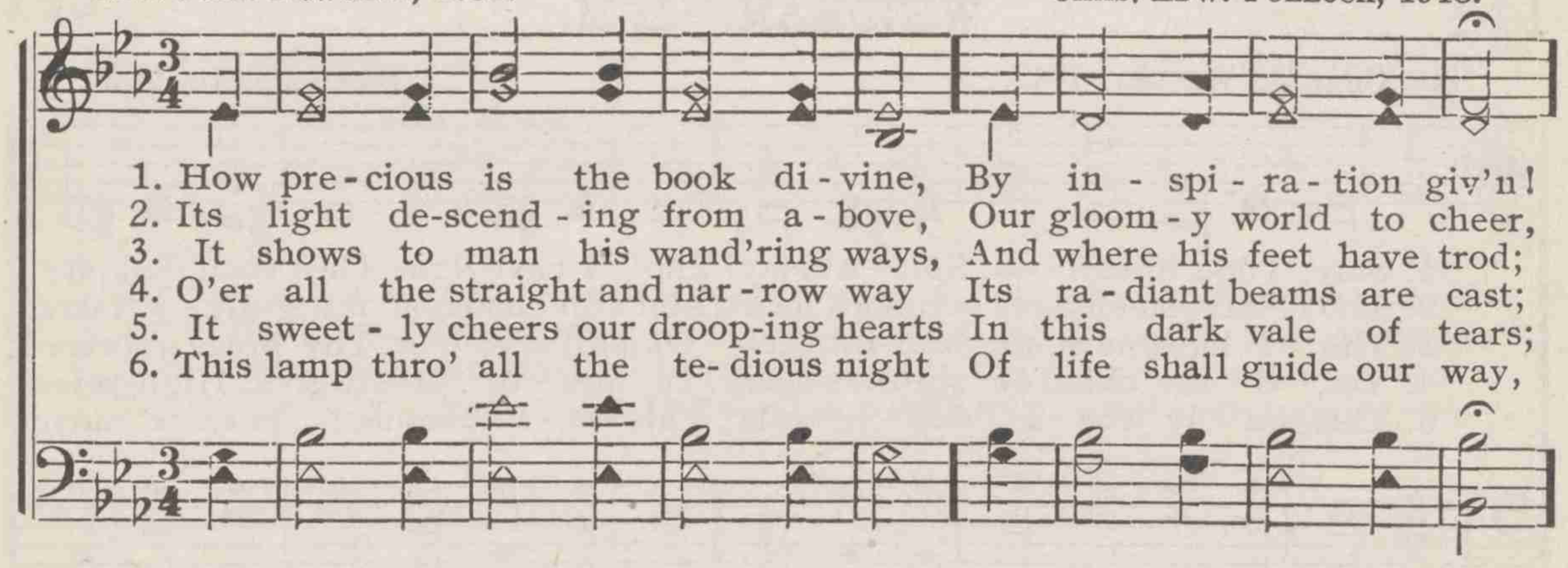
REV. ISAAC WATTS, 1719. Psalm 19:1. LOWELL MASON, 1830.

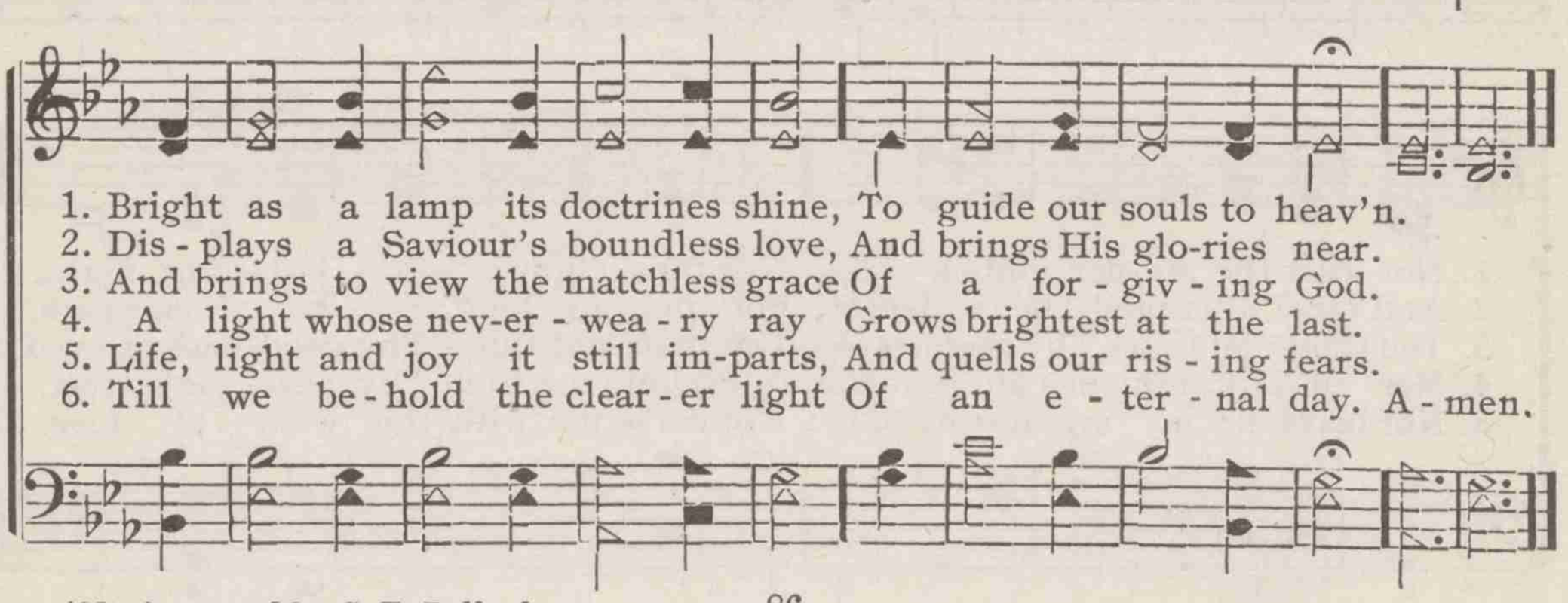




146 LINWOOD. C. M.*

REV. JOHN FAWCETT, 1782. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, 1913.

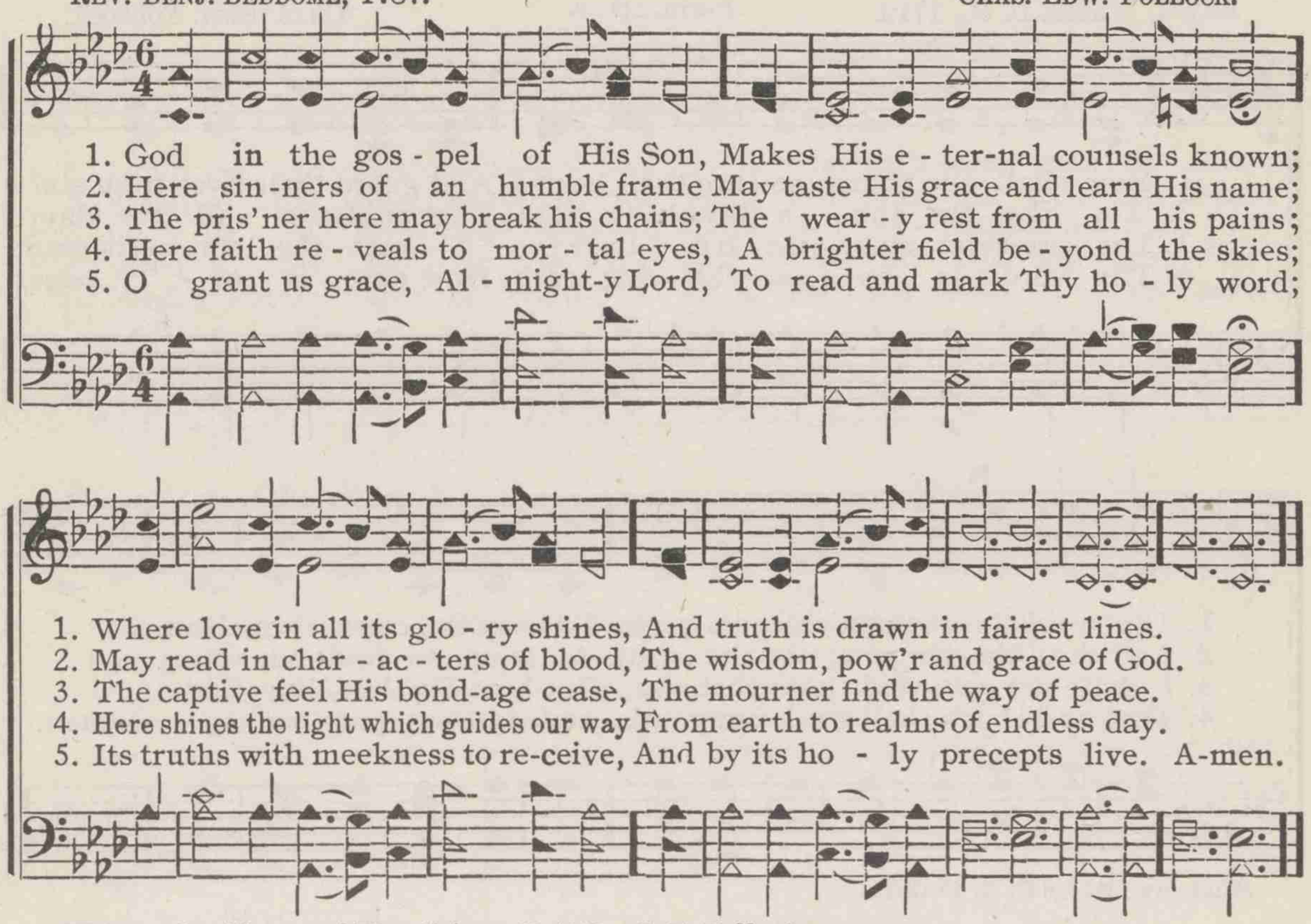




*Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

147 CHARLES. L. M.*

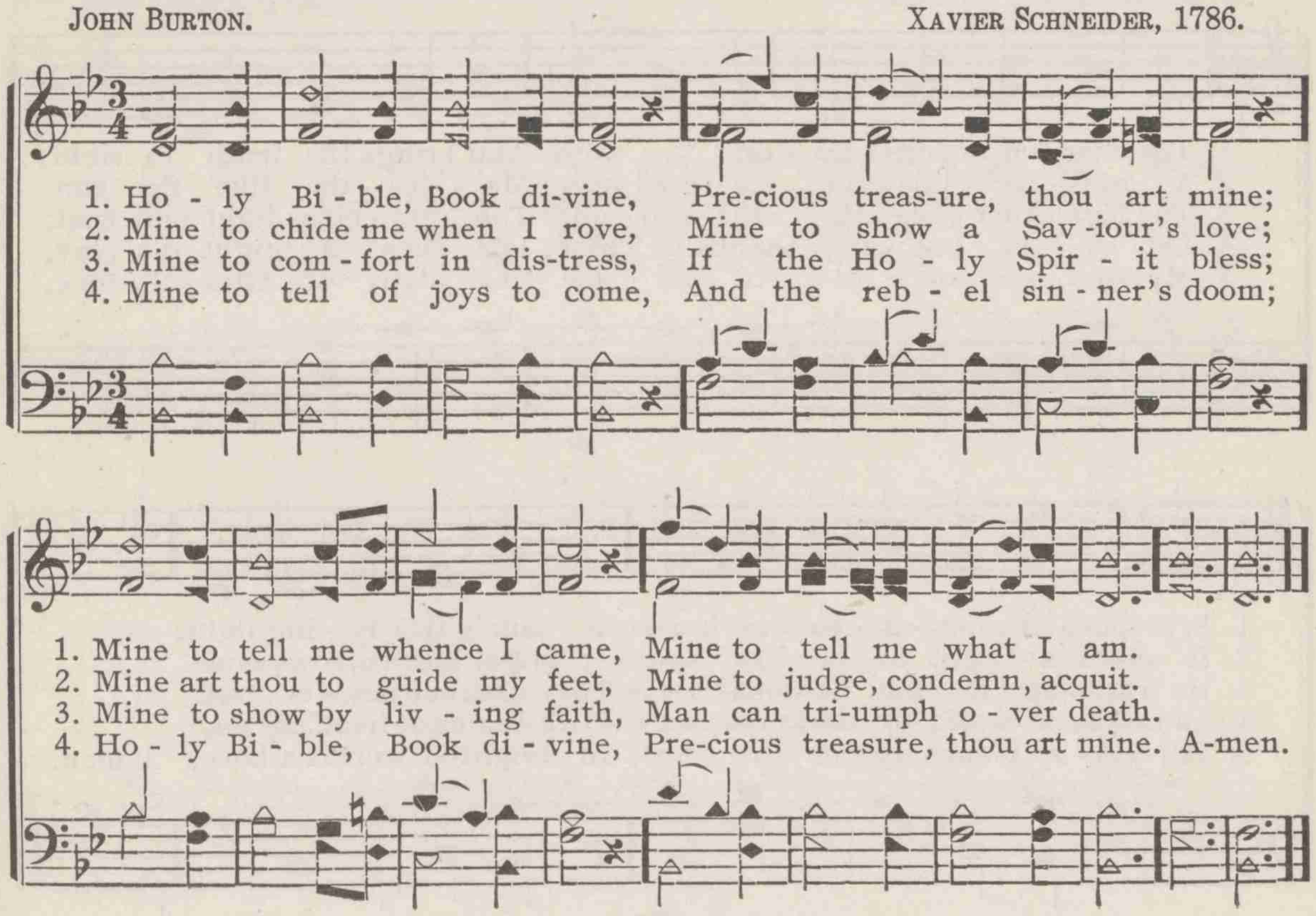
REV. BENJ. BEDDOME, 1787. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



*Written for "Songs of Zion," Aug. 29, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner.

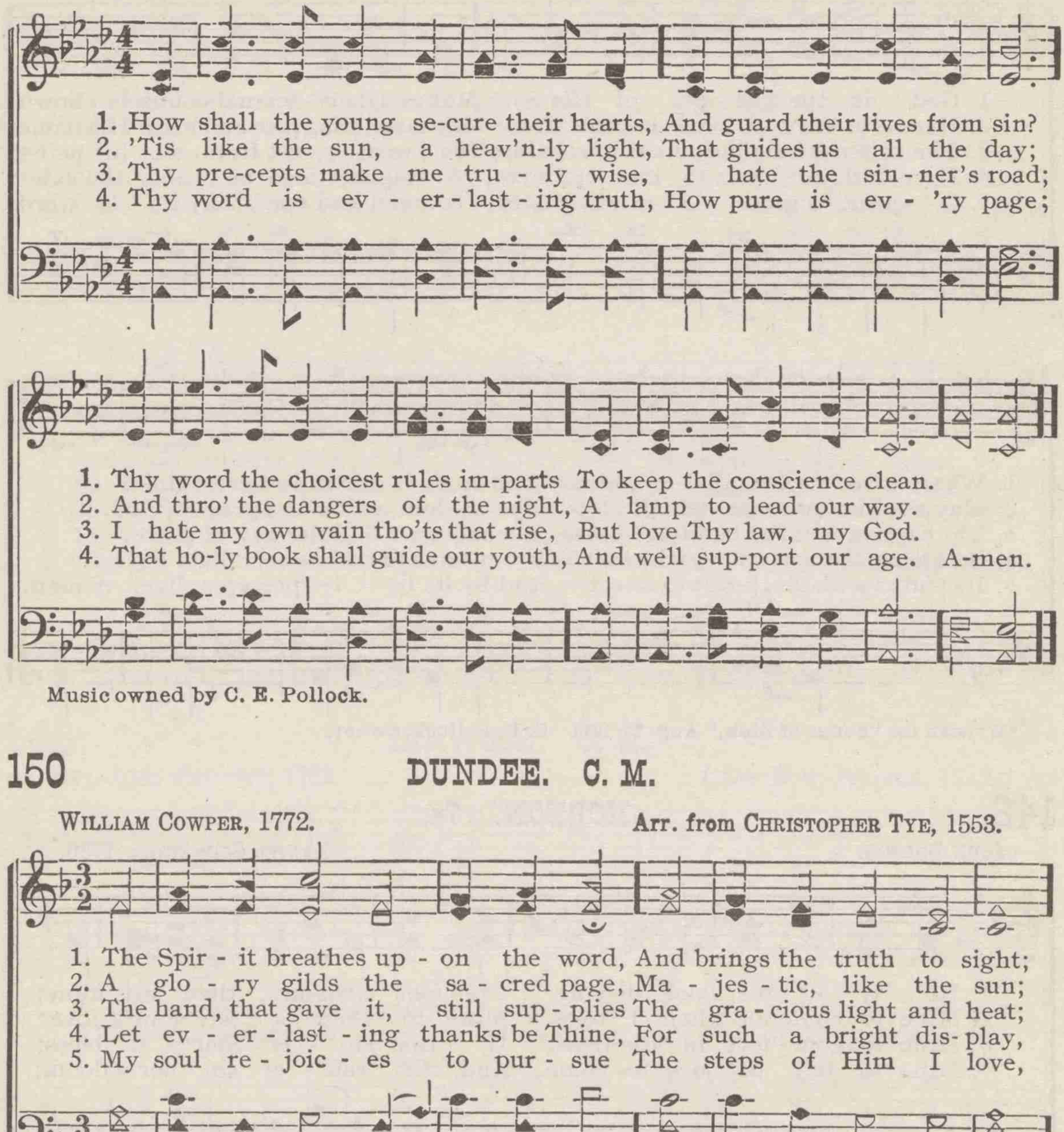
148 HORTON. 7s.

JOHN BURTON. XAVIER SCHNEIDER, 1786.



149 MAY. C. M.

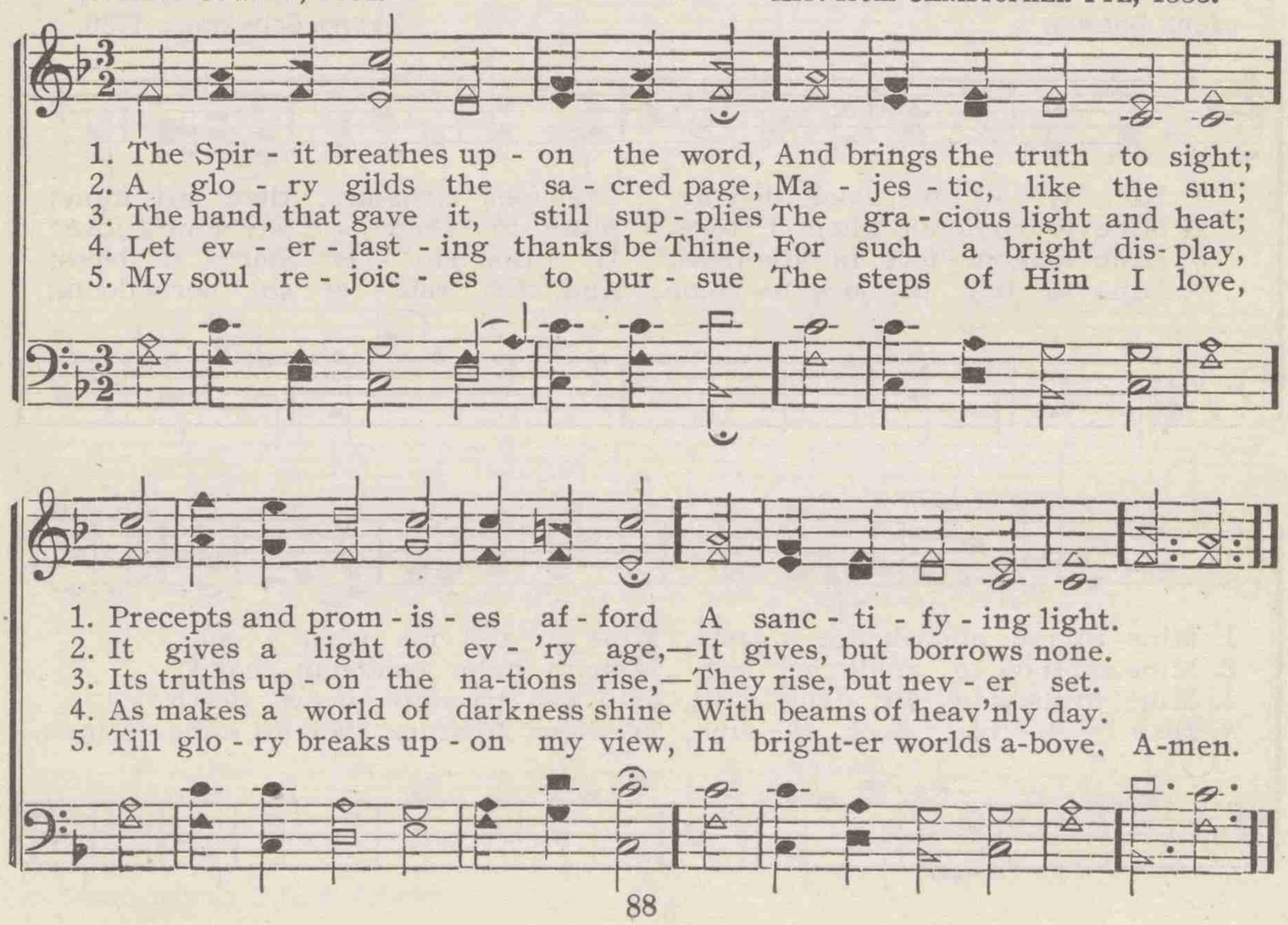
REV. I. WATTS, D. D., 1719. Psalm 119: 9. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

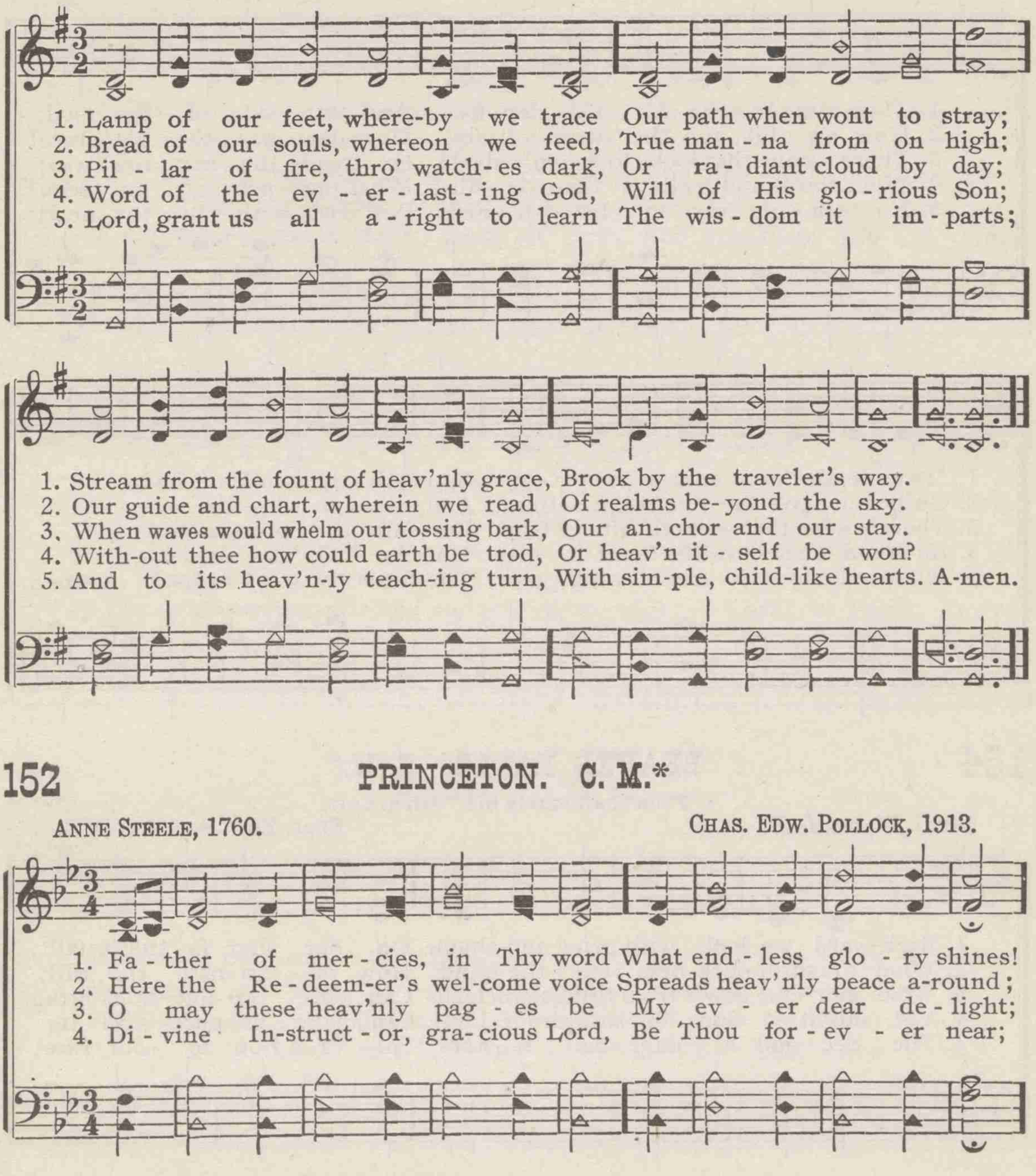
150 DUNDEE. C. M.

WILLIAM COWPER, 1772. Arr. from CHRISTOPHER TYE, 1553.



151 KNOX. C. M.

BERNARD BARTON, 1827. TEMPLE MELODIES.

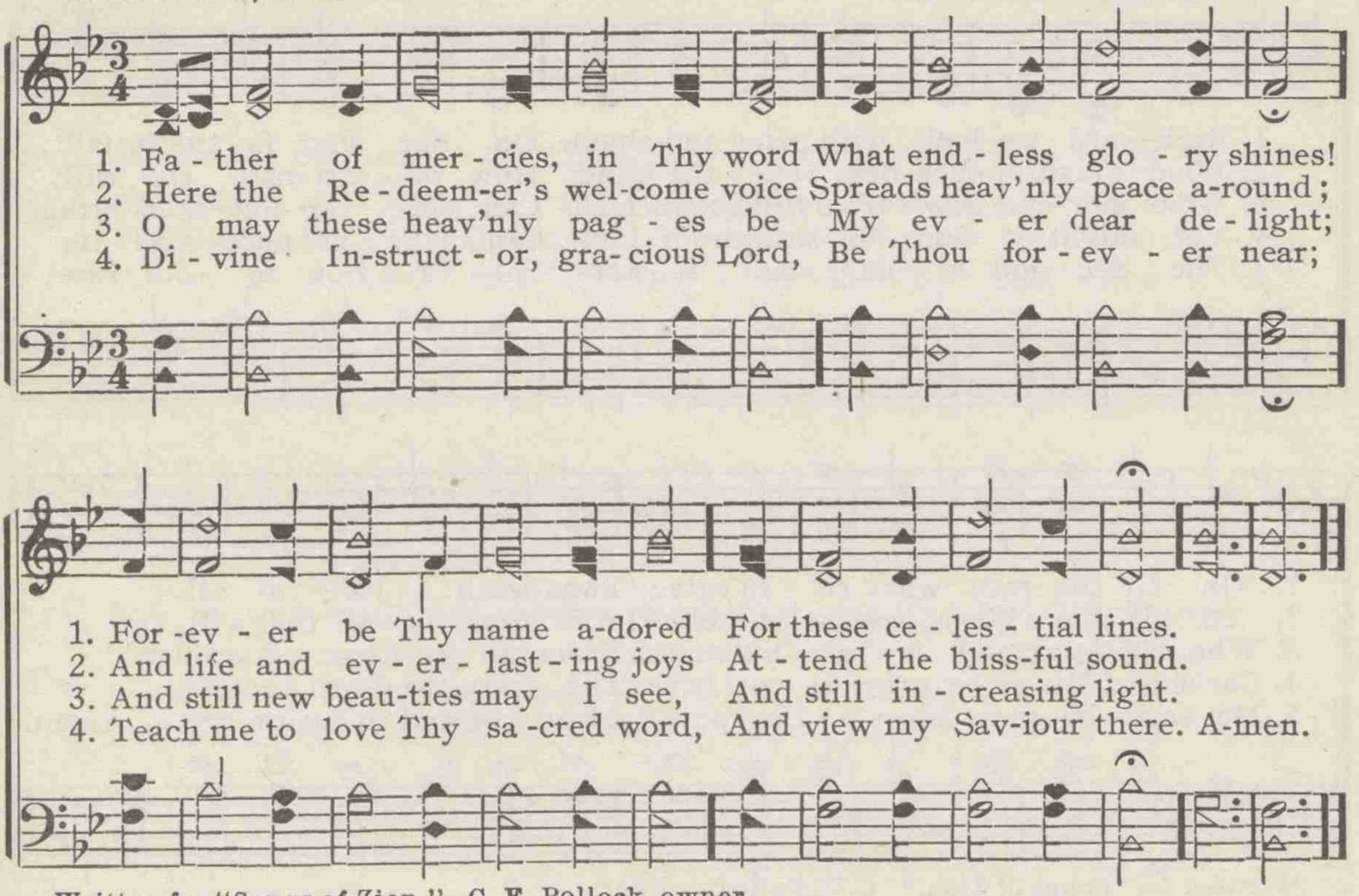


1. Lamp of our feet, where-by we trace Our path when wont to stray;
2. Bread of our souls, whereon we feed, True man - na from on high;
3. Pil - lar of fire, thro' watch - es dark, Or ra - diant cloud by day;
4. Word of the ev - er - last - ing God, Will of His glo - rious Son;
5. Lord, grant us all a - right to learn The wis - dom it im - parts;

1. Stream from the fount of heav'nly grace, Brook by the traveler's way.
2. Our guide and chart, wherein we read Of realms be - yond the sky.
3. When waves would whelm our tossing bark, Our an - chor and our stay.
4. With-out thee how could earth be trod, Or heav'n it - self be won?
5. And to its heav'n-ly teach-ing turn, With sim-ple, child-like hearts. A-men.

152 PRINCETON. C. M.*

ANNE STEELE, 1760. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, 1913.



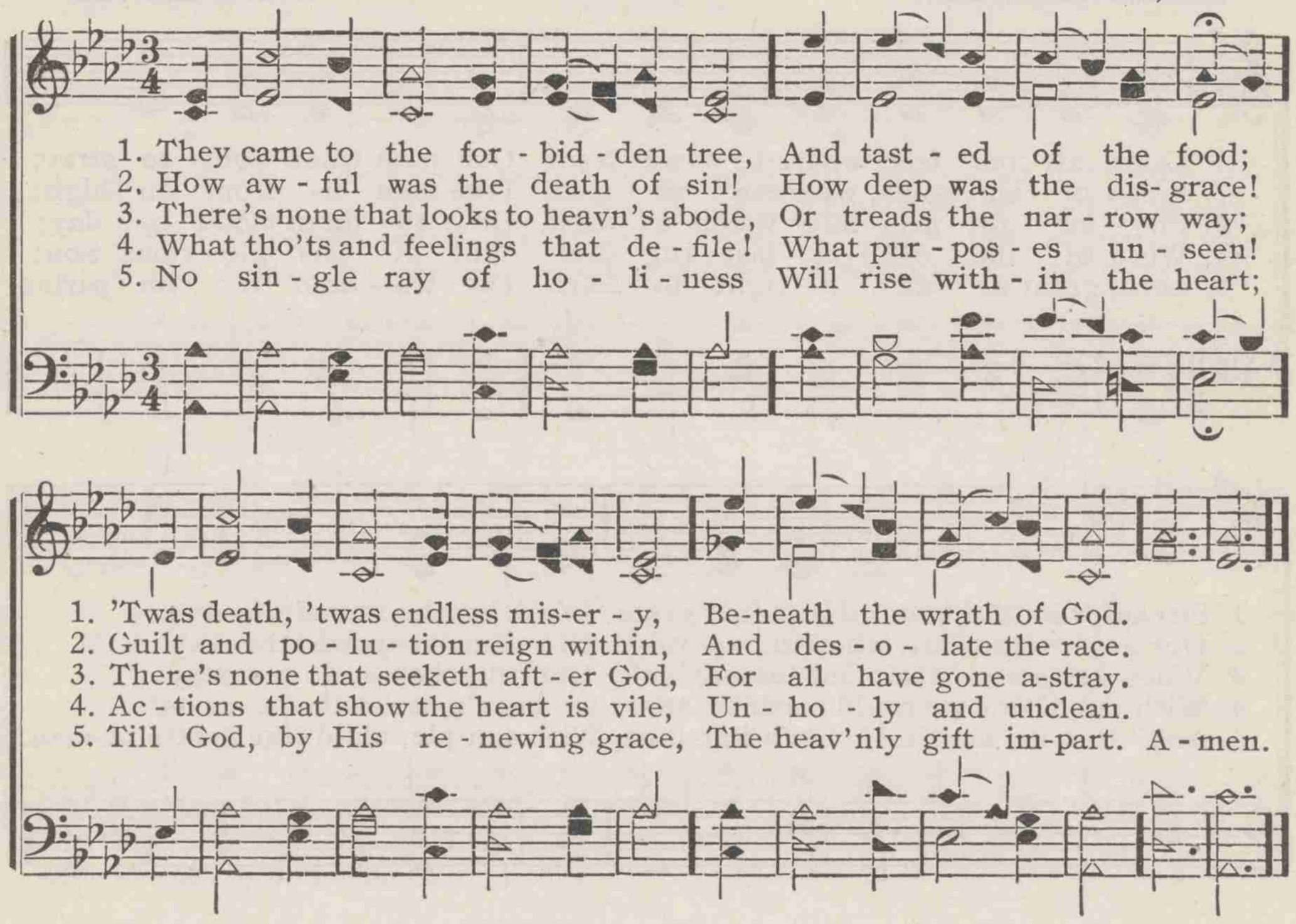
1. Fa - ther of mer - cies, in Thy word What end - less glo - ry shines!
2. Here the Re - deem-er's wel-come voice Spreads heav'nly peace a-round;
3. O may these heav'nly pag - es be My ev - er dear de - light;
4. Di - vine In-struct - or, gra - cious Lord, Be Thou for - ev - er near;

1. For - ev - er be Thy name a-dored For these ce - les - tial lines.
2. And life and ev - er - last - ing joys At - tend the bliss-ful sound.
3. And still new beau-ties may I see, And still in - creasing light.
4. Teach me to love Thy sa - cred word, And view my Sav-iour there. A-men.

Written for "Songs of Zion." C. E. Pollock, owner.

153 BELMONT. C. M.

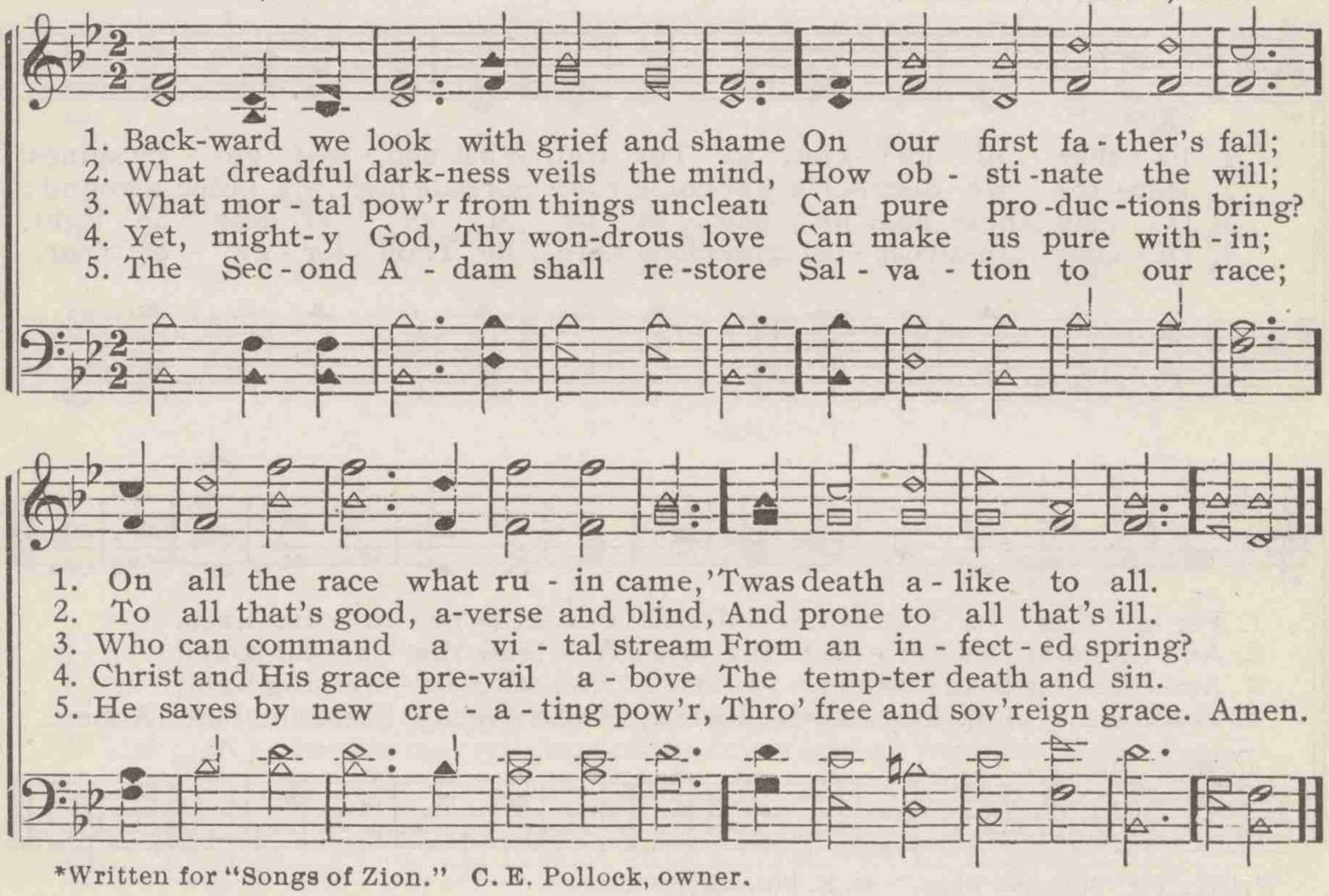
C. P. Coll. The fall of man.—Gen. 3: 1-6. Fr. William Gardiner, 1812.



154 BEAVER FALLS. C. M.*

"Thou shalt surely die."—Gen. 2: 17.

Rev. I. Watts, D. D. Chas. Edw. Pollock, 1913.



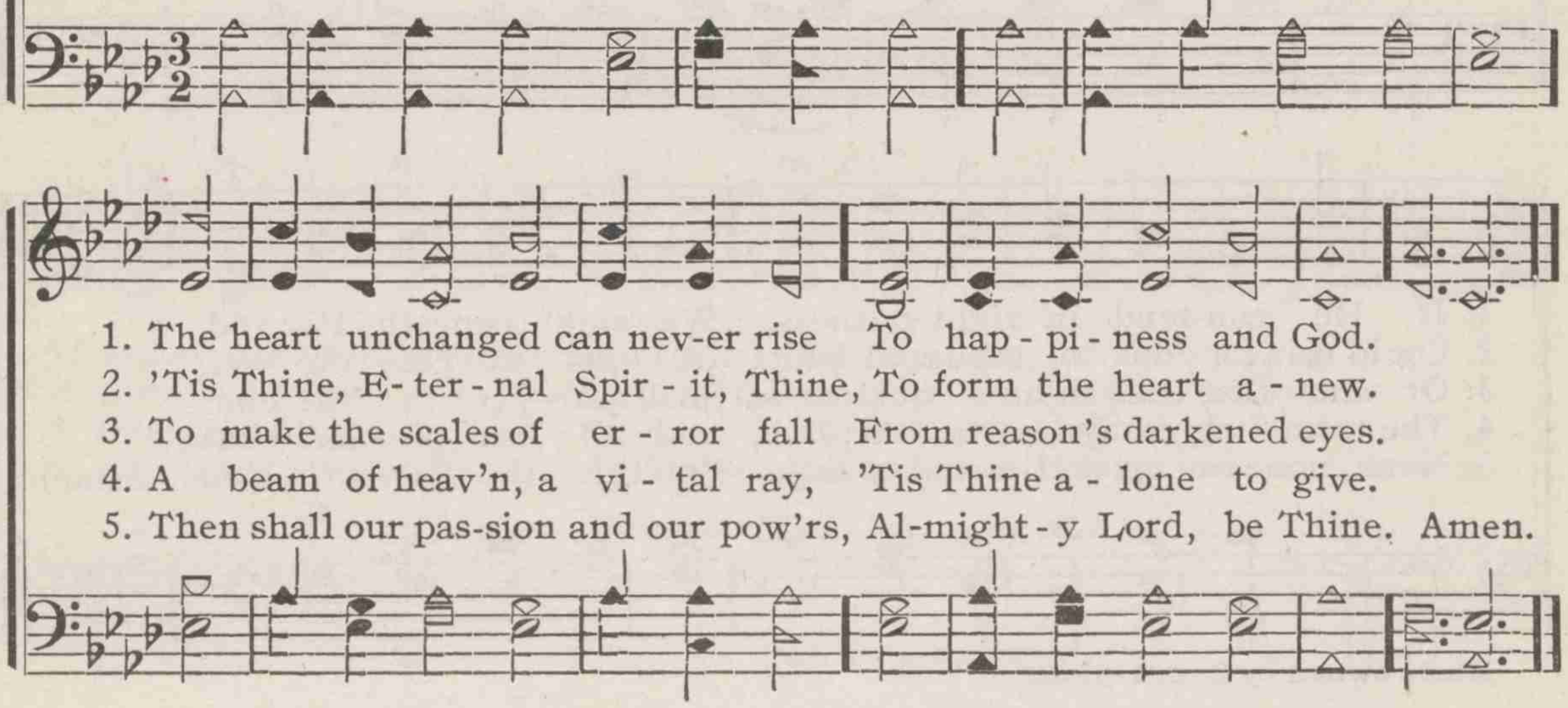
*Written for "Songs of Zion." C. E. Pollock, owner.

155 EVAN. C. M.

ANNE STEELE, 1760. REV. WILLIAM HAVERGAL, 1846.



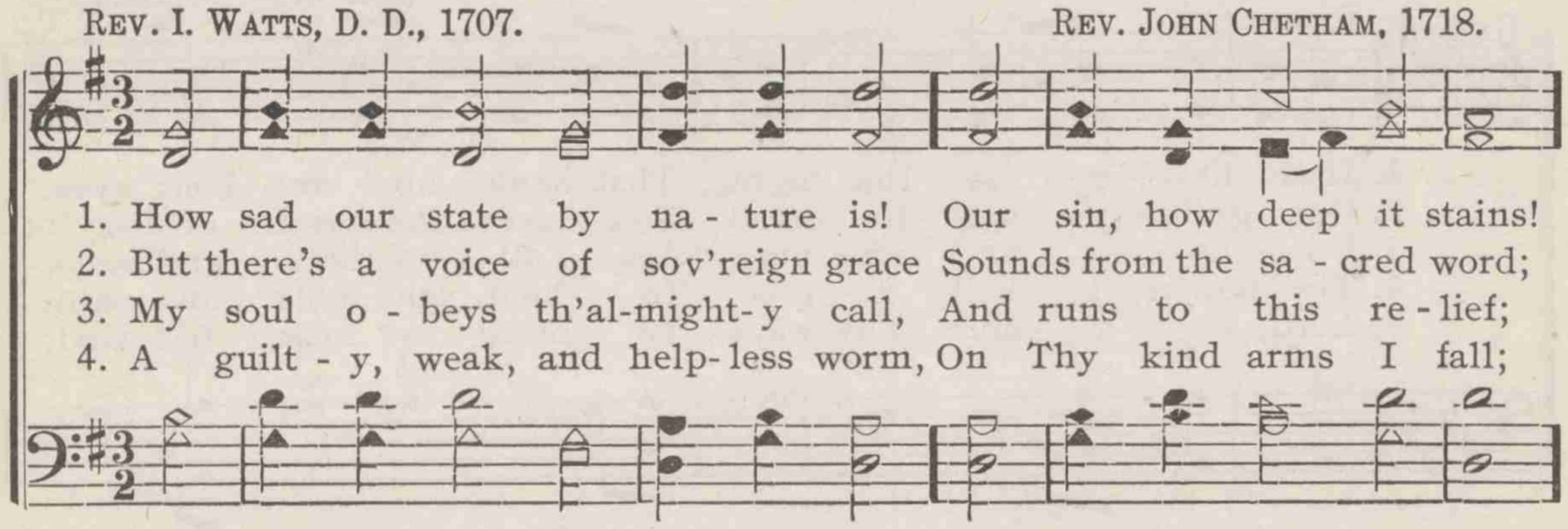
1. How help-less guilt-y na-ture lies, Un-conscious of her load!
2. Can aught be-neath a pow'r di-vine The stub-born will sub-due?
3. 'Tis Thine the pas-sions to re-call, And up-ward bid them rise;
4. To chase the shades of death a-way, And bid the sin-ner live;
5. O change these wretched hearts of ours, And give them life di-vine;



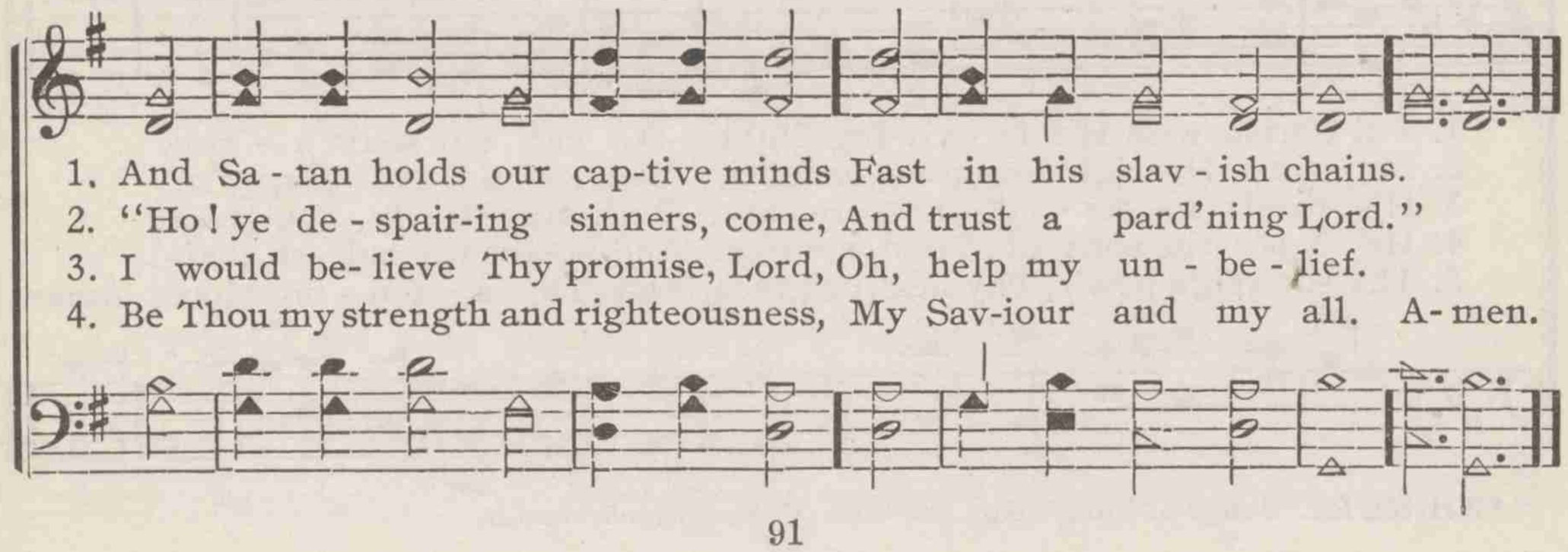
1. The heart unchanged can nev-er rise To hap-pi-ness and God.
2. 'Tis Thine, E-ter-nal Spir-it, Thine, To form the heart a-new.
3. To make the scales of er-ror fall From reason's darkened eyes.
4. A beam of heav'n, a vi-tal ray, 'Tis Thine a-lone to give.
5. Then shall our pas-sion and our pow'rs, Al-might-y Lord, be Thine. Amen.

156 MARLOW. C. M.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D., 1707. REV. JOHN CHETHAM, 1718.



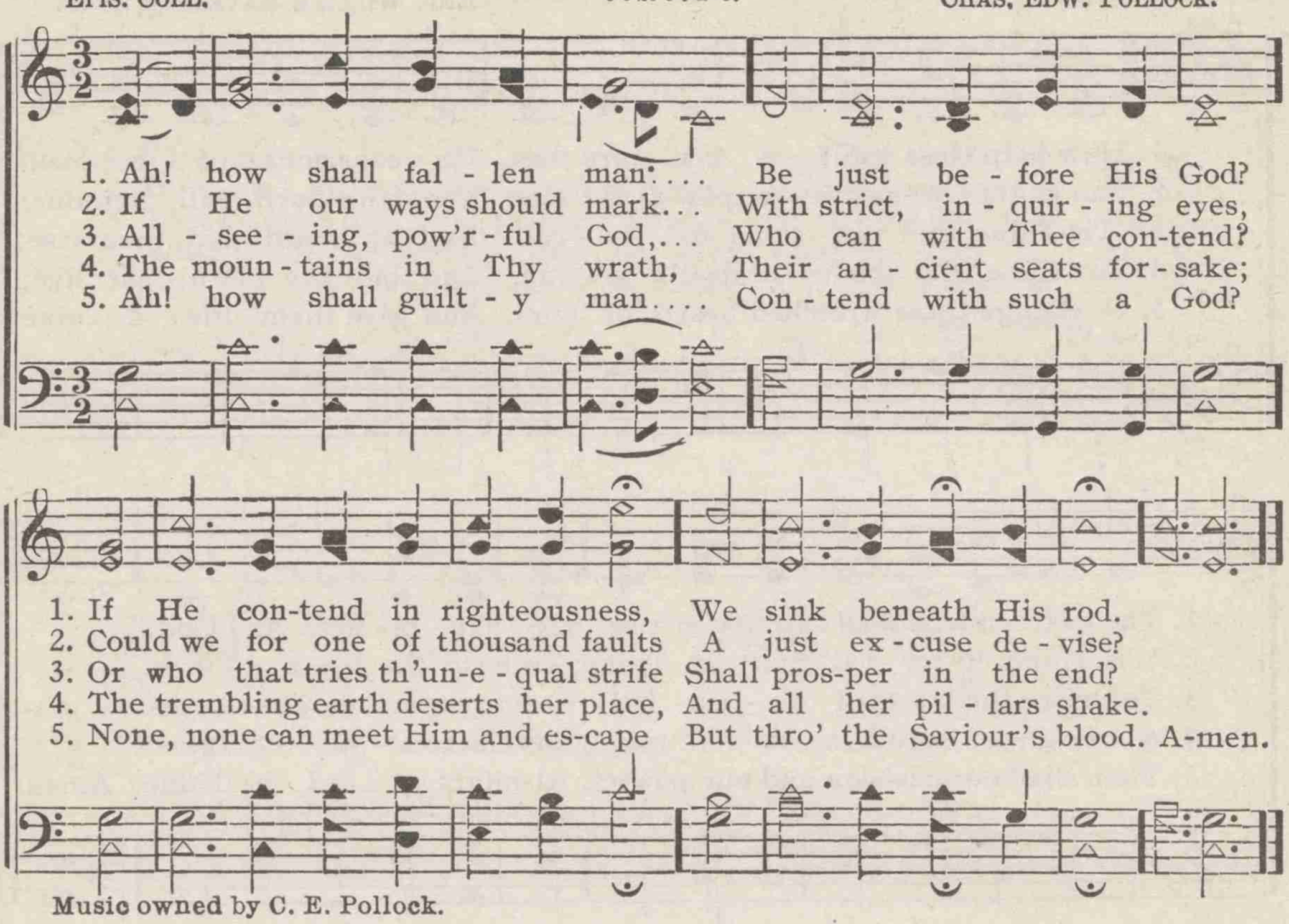
1. How sad our state by na-ture is! Our sin, how deep it stains!
2. But there's a voice of sov'reign grace Sounds from the sa-cred word;
3. My soul o-beys th'al-might-y call, And runs to this re-lief;
4. A guilt-y, weak, and help-less worm, On Thy kind arms I fall;



1. And Sa-tan holds our cap-tive minds Fast in his slav-ish chains.
2. "Ho! ye de-spair-ing sinners, come, And trust a pard'ning Lord."
3. I would be-lieve Thy promise, Lord, Oh, help my un-be-lief.
4. Be Thou my strength and righteousness, My Sav-iour and my all. A-men.

157 BUNCETON. S. M.

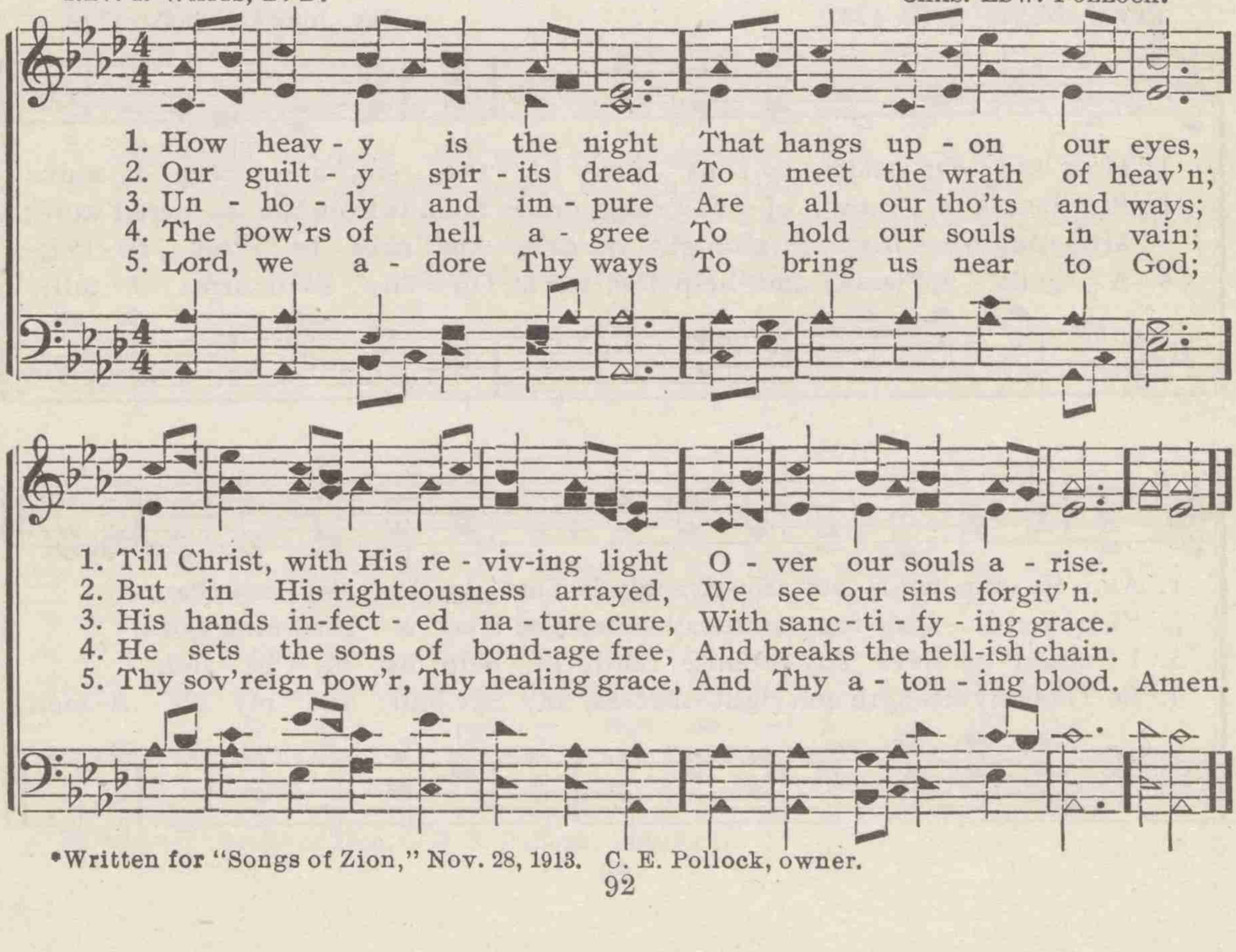
EPIS. COLL. Job. 9: 2–6. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

158 ZWINGLE. S. M.*

REV. I. WATTS, D. D. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

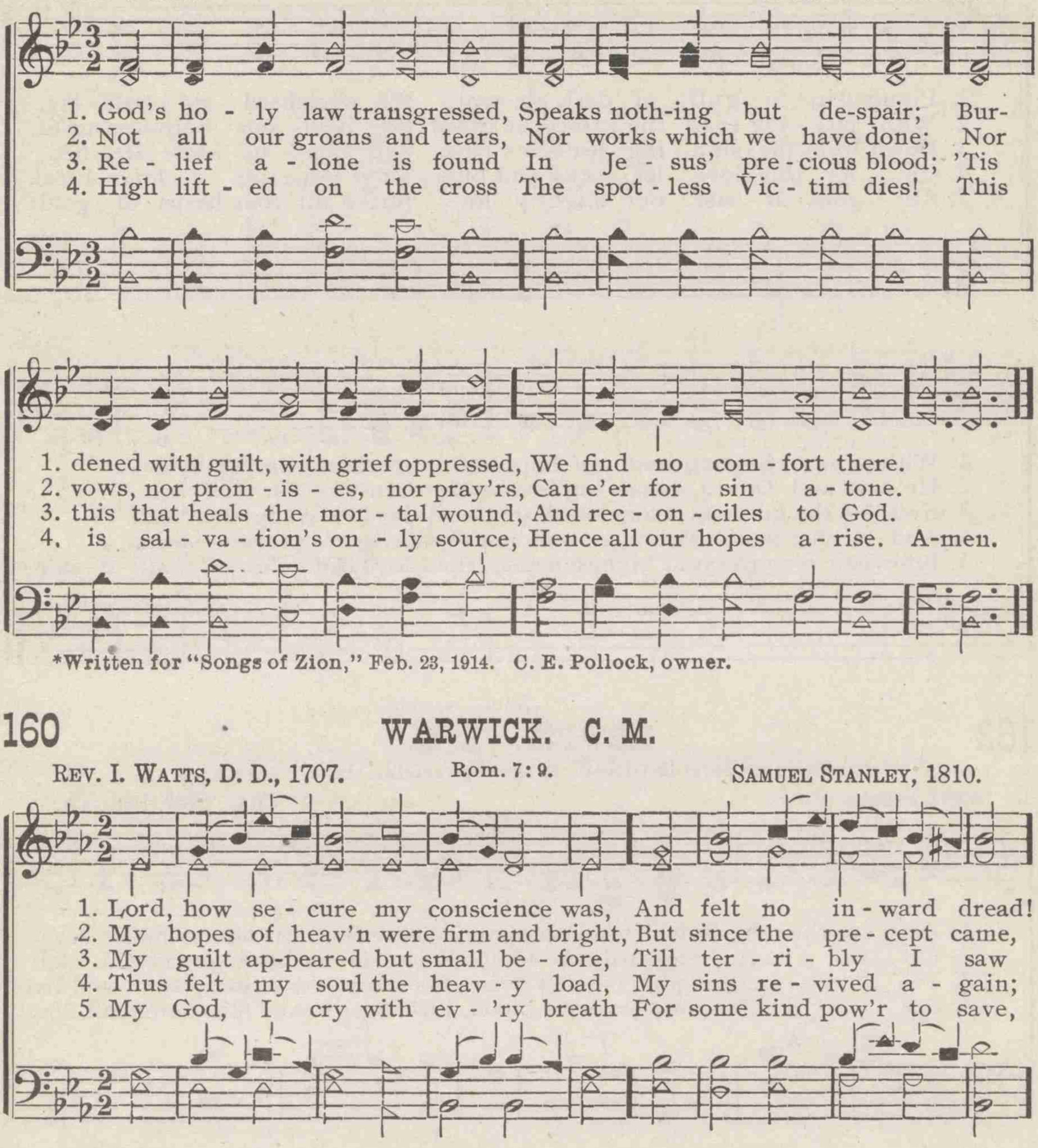


*Written for "Songs of Zion," Nov. 28, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner.

159 BARNES. S. M.

Inscribed to Alfred Smith Barnes, founder of the A. S. Barnes Company.

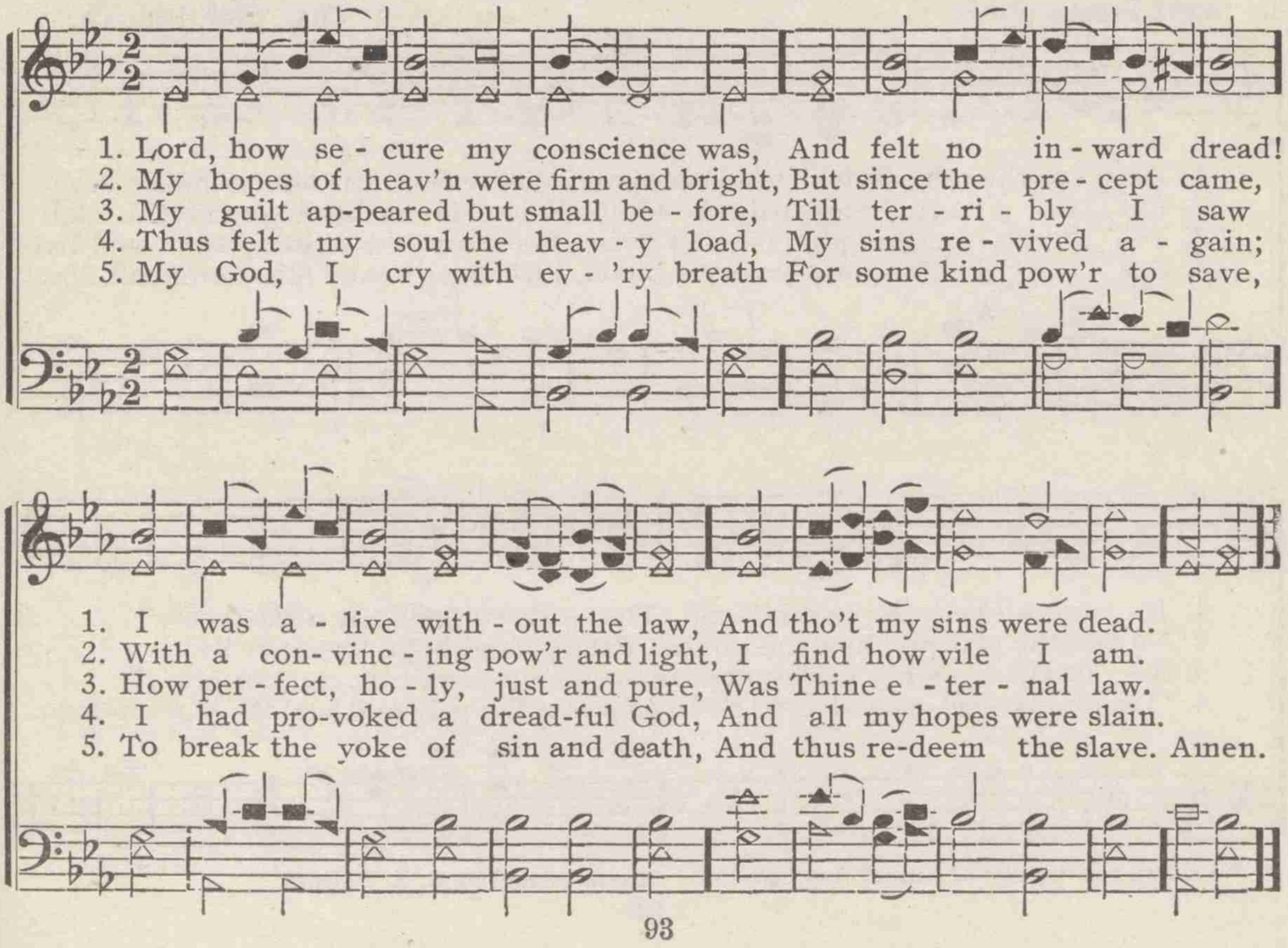
PRATT'S COLL. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



*Written for "Songs of Zion," Feb. 23, 1914. C. E. Pollock, owner.

160 WARWICK. C. M.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D., 1707. Rom. 7: 9. SAMUEL STANLEY, 1810.



161 AZMON. C. M.

Isaiah 63: 9.

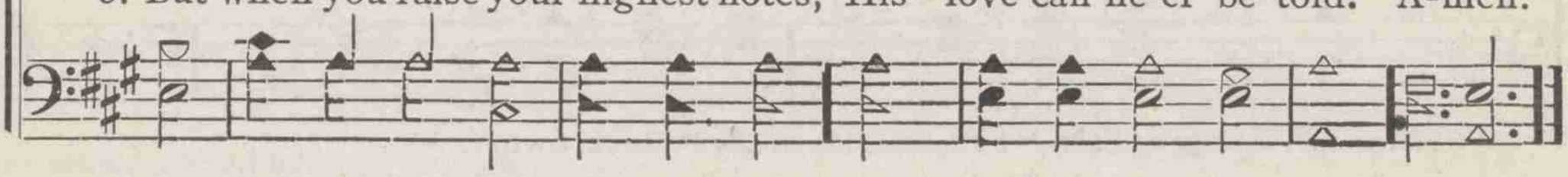
REV. I. WATTS, D. D., 1707. CARL GLÄSER, 1828. Arr. by L. MASON, 1839.



1. Plunged in a gulf of dark de-spair, We wretch-ed sin - ners lay,
2. With pity - ing eyes the Prince of grace Be - held our help-less grief;
3. Down from the shin - ing seats a - bove With joy - ful haste He fled,
4. Oh! for this love let rocks and hills Their last - ing si - lence break,
5. An - gels, as - sist our might-y joys; Strike all your harps of gold;



1. Without one cheering beam of hope, Or spark of glimm'ring day.
2. He saw, and O, a - maz- ing love! He ran to our re - lief.
3. Entered the grave in mor - tal flesh, And dwelt a-mong the dead.
4. And all harmonious human tongues The Saviour's prais- es speak.
5. But when you raise your highest notes, His love can ne'er be told. A-men.



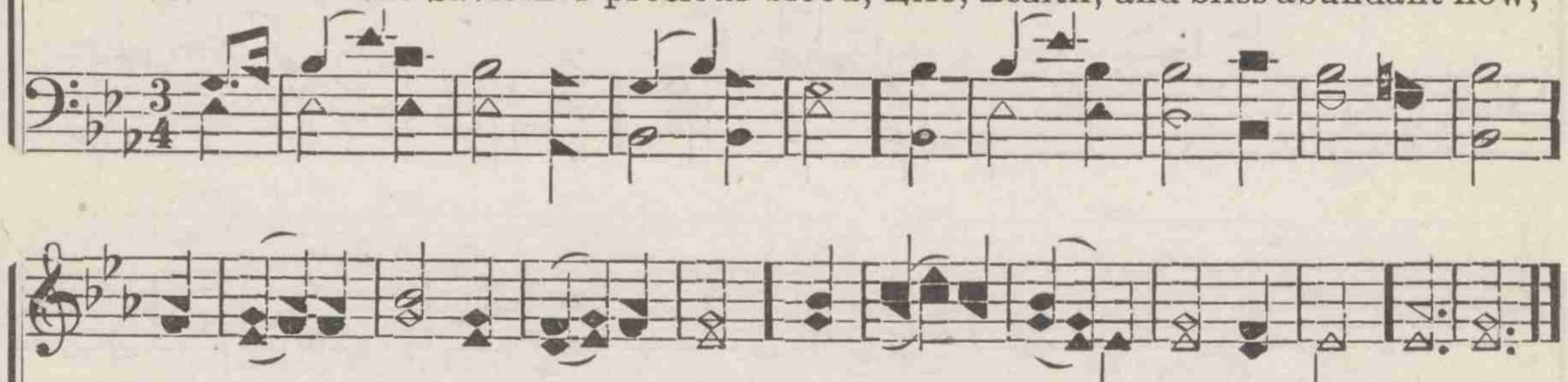
162 HEWITT. L. M.*

"Is there no balm in Gilead; is there physician there?"—Jer. 8: 22.

ANNE STEELE. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. Deep are the wounds which sin has made, Where shall the sinner find a cure?
2. But can no sov'reign balm be found? And is no kind phy-si-cian nigh
3. Yes, there's a great phy - si-cian near, Look up, my fainting soul, and live!
4. See in the Saviour's precious blood, Life, health, and bliss abundant flow;



1. In vain, a - las! is nature's aid, The work exceeds her utmost pow'r.
2. To ease the pain and heal the wound, Ere life and hope for-ev-er fly?
3. See, in His heav'nly smiles appear Such help as na-ture can not give.
4. 'Tis on - ly that dear sa-cred flood, Can ease thy pain and heal thy woe. A-men.

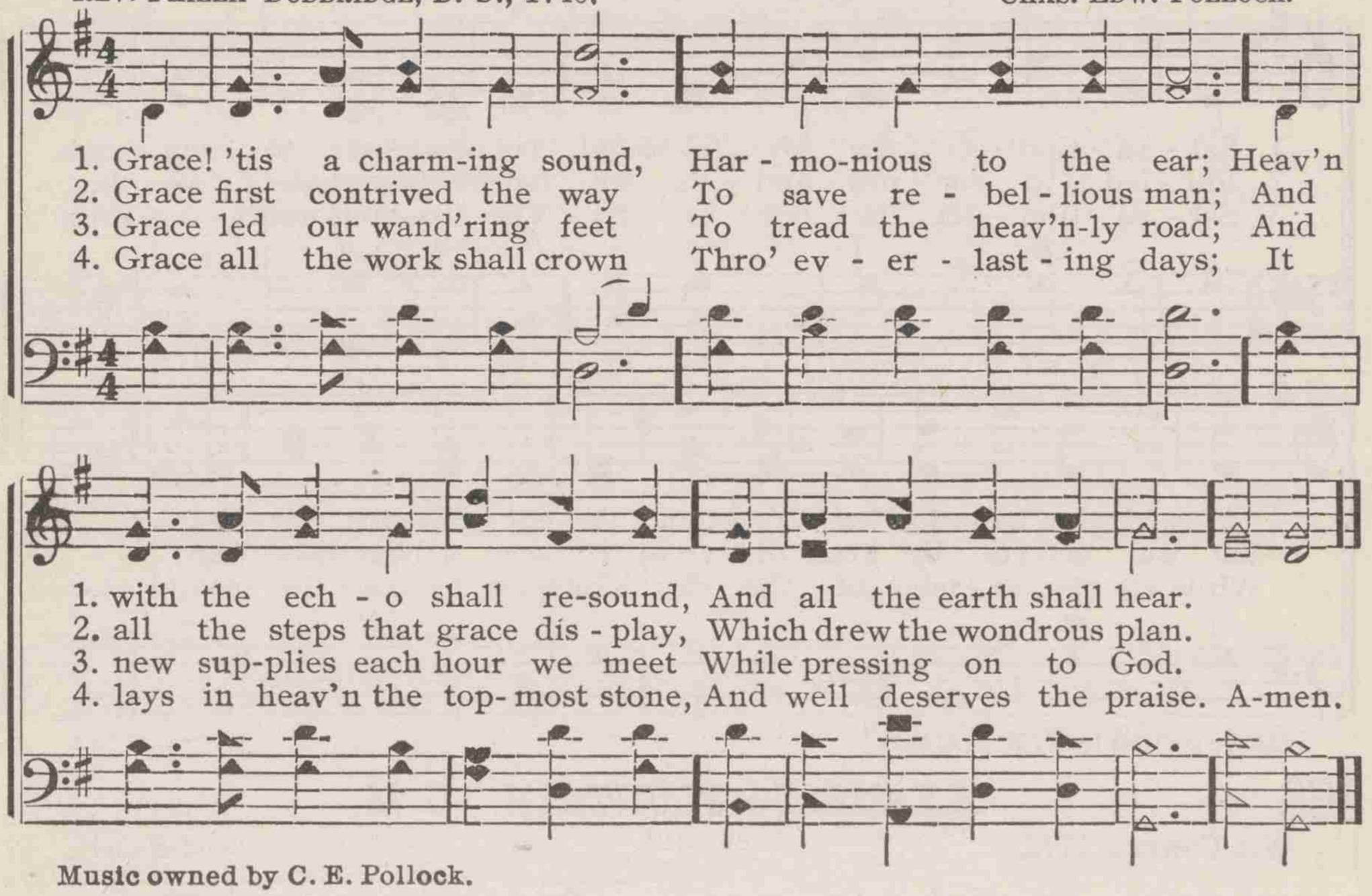


*Written for "Songs of Zion," Sept. 28, 1913. Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

163 MORAVIA. S. M.

"By grace are ye saved."—Eph. 2: 8.

REV. PHILLIP DODDRIDGE, D. D., 1740. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

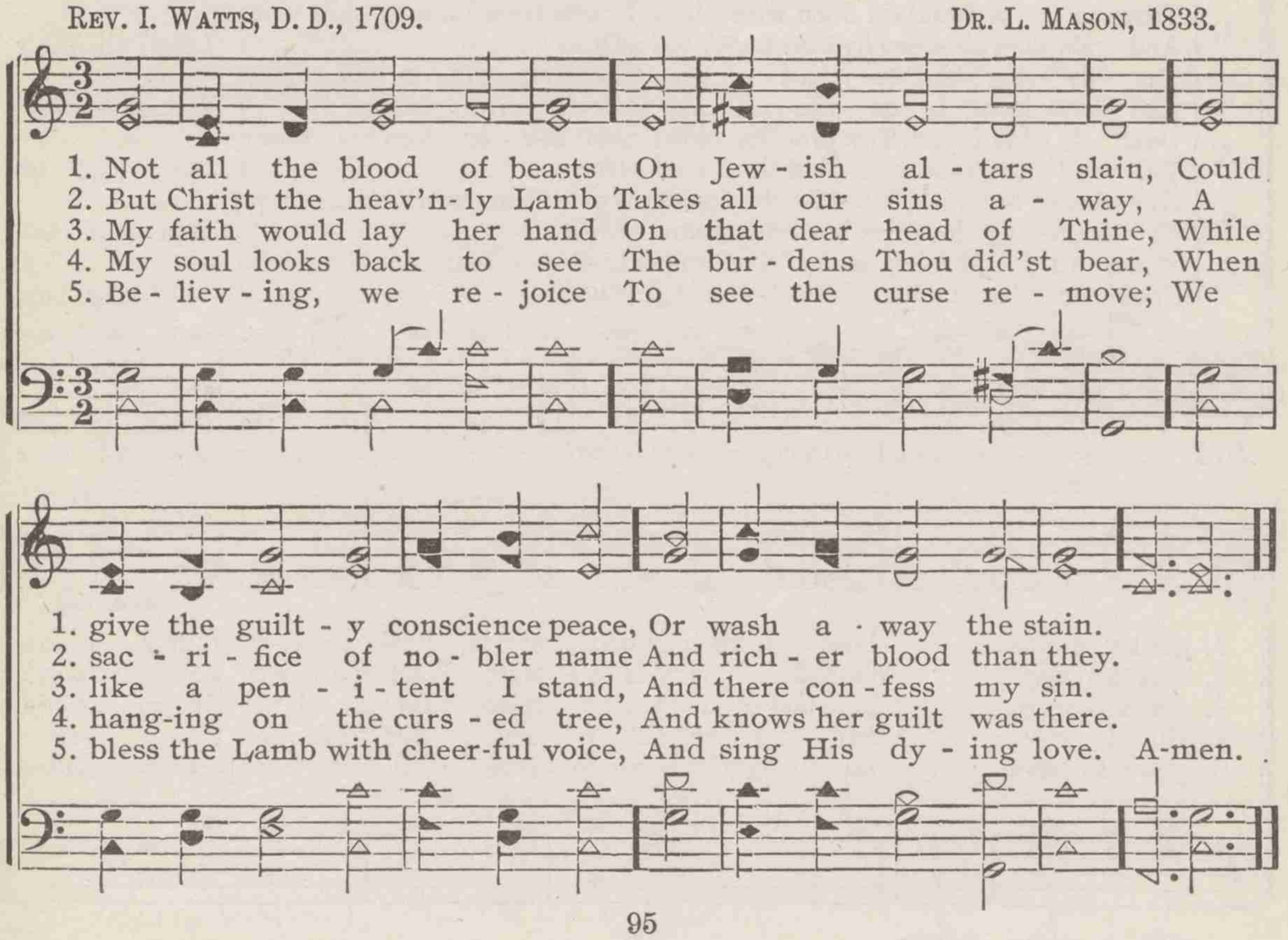


Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

164 BOYLSTON. S. M.

"Behold the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world."—John 1: 29.

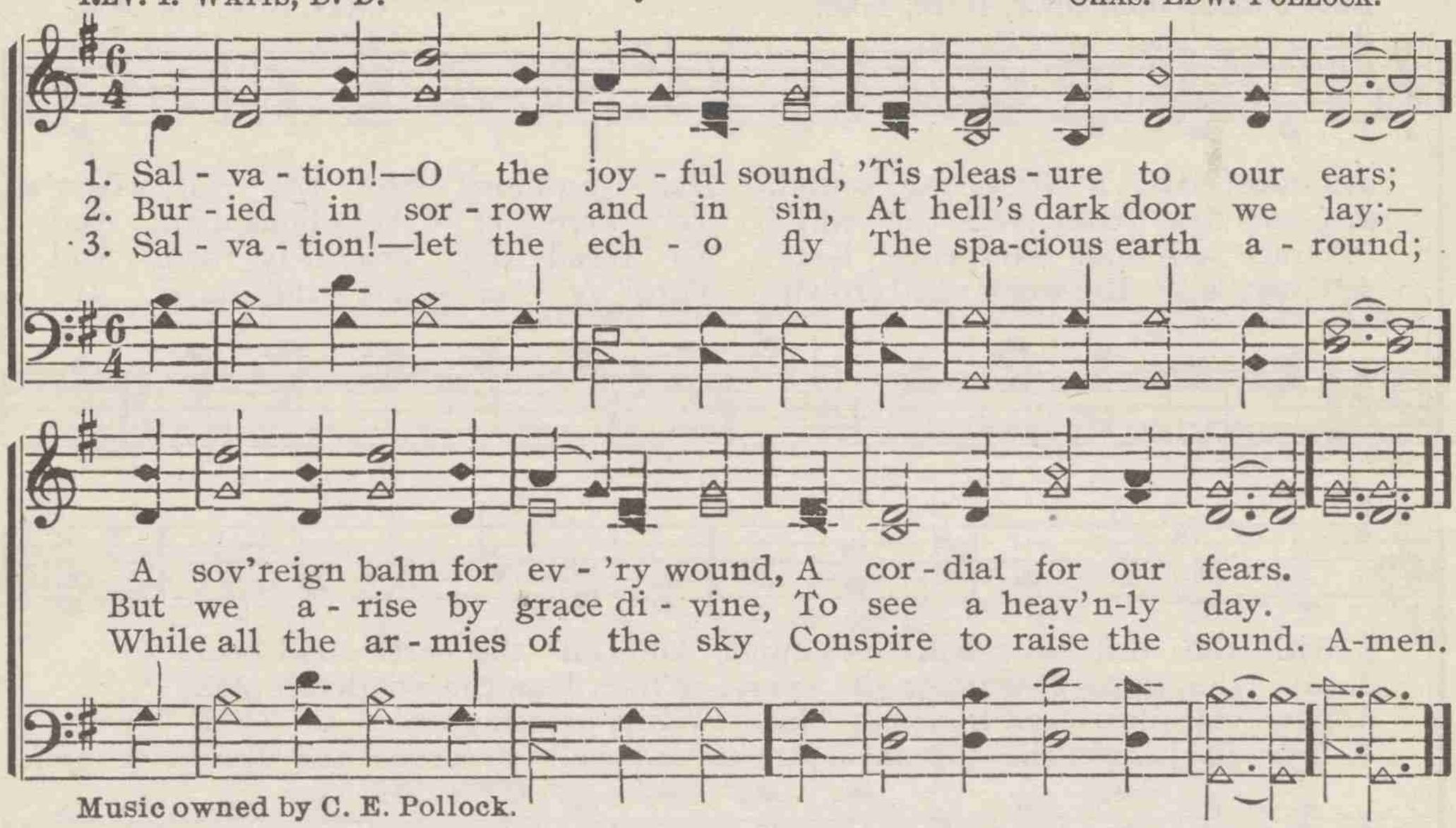
REV. I. WATTS, D. D., 1709. DR. L. MASON, 1833.



165 ARKANSAS. C. M.

"With joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation."—Isa. 12: 3.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D. "Now is the day of salvation."—2 Cor. 6: 2. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



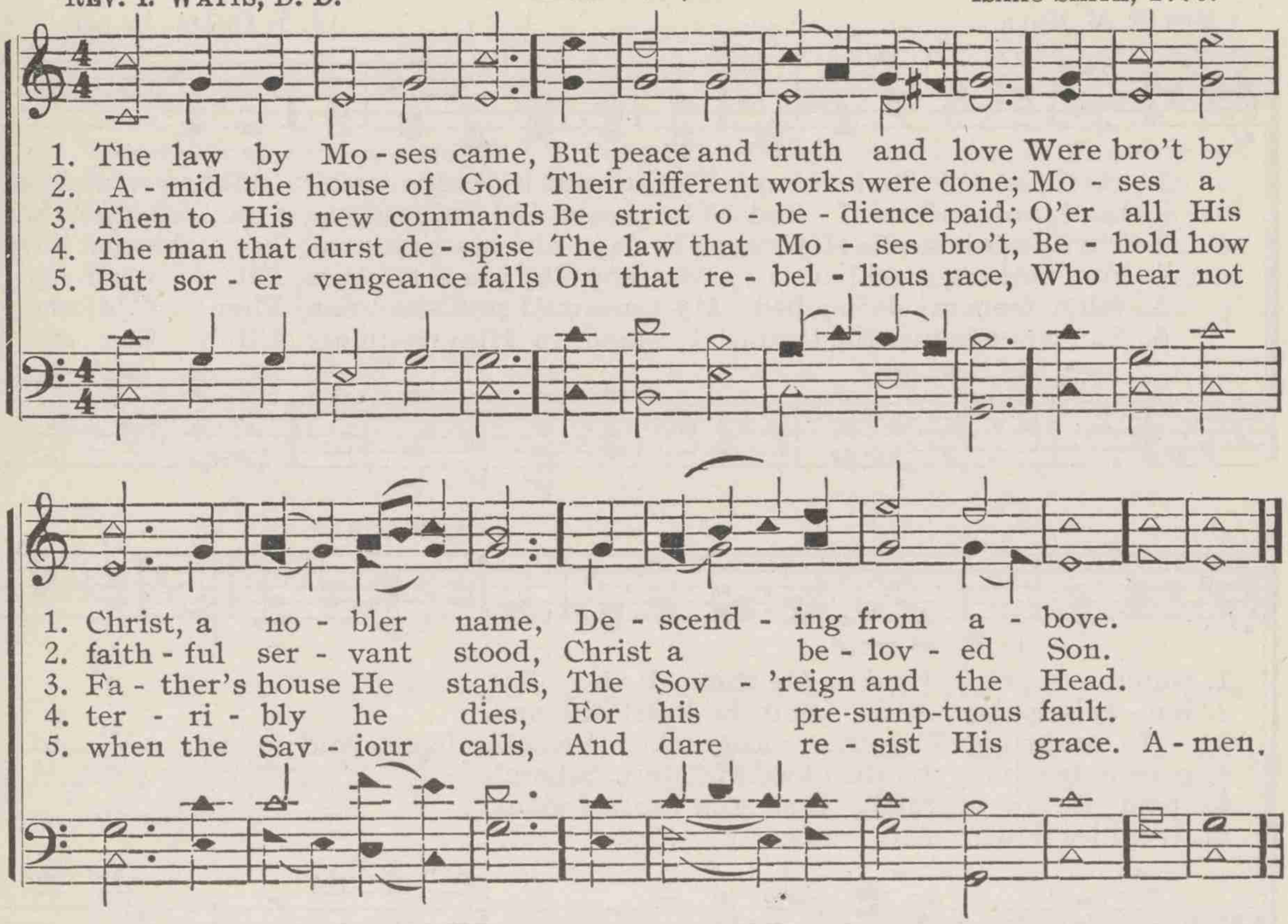
Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

166 CLEANSING FOUNTAIN. C. M.

WM. COWPER, 1772. Zech. 13: 1. Old Melody.

167 SILVER STREET. S. M.

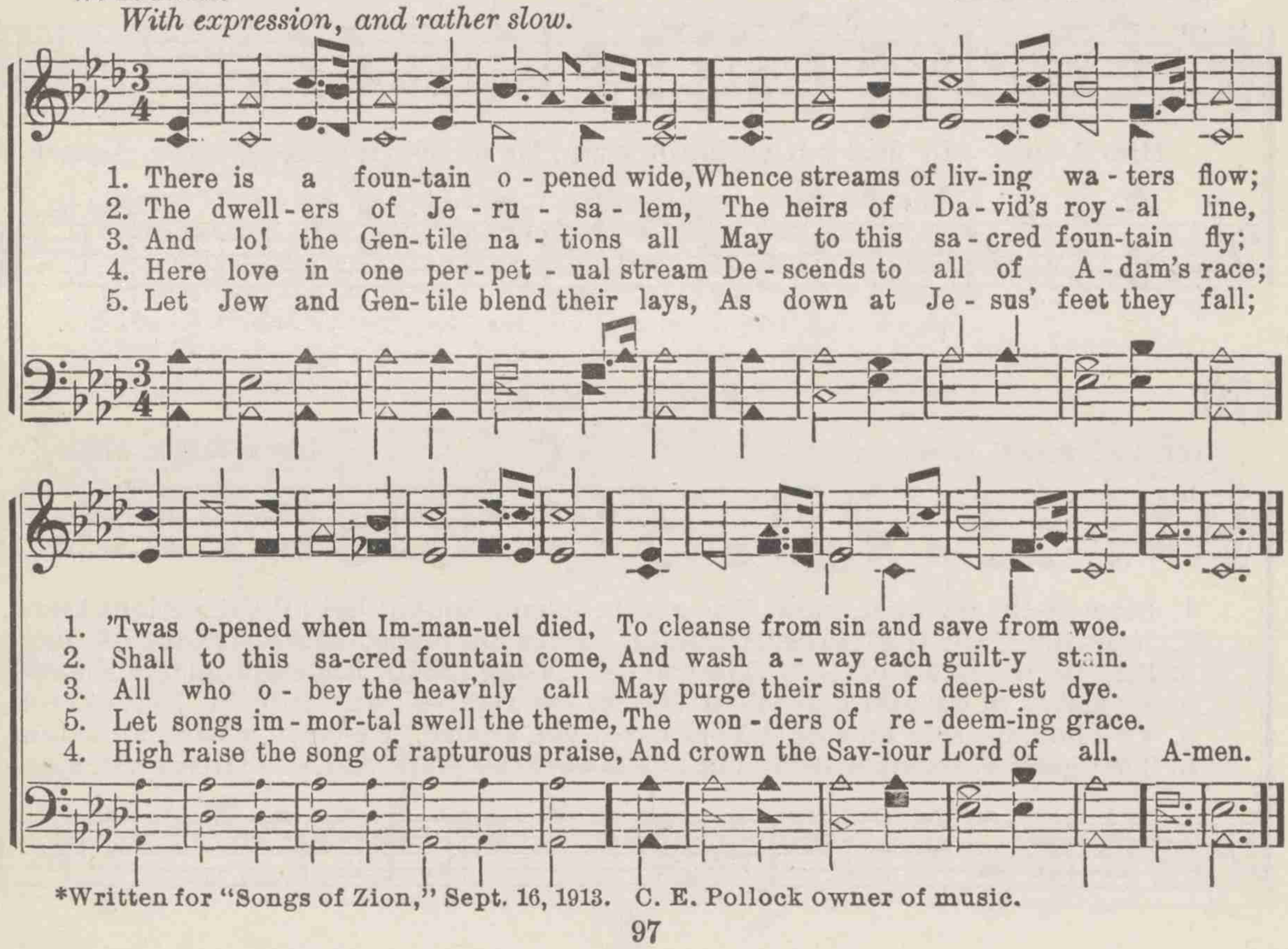
REV. I. WATTS, D. D. Heb. 10: 28, 29. ISAAC SMITH, 1770.



168 RACHEL. L. M.

W. T. DALE. The fountain.—Zech. 13: 1. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

With expression, and rather slow.



*Written for "Songs of Zion," Sept. 16, 1913. C. E. Pollock owner of music.

169 ALL TO CHRIST. P. M.

"Who Himself bore our sins in His own body on the tree."—1 Peter 2: 24.

MRS. E. M. HALL. J. T. GRAPE, by per.

1. I hear the Saviour say, Thy strength indeed is small, Child of weakness,
2. Lord, now indeed I find Thy pow'r, and Thine alone, Can change the
3. Then down beneath His cross I'll lay my sin-sick soul; For naught have
4. For nothing good have I Whereby Thy grace to claim, I'll wash my
5. When from my dying bed My ransomed soul shall rise, Then "Je - sus
6. And when before the throne I stand in Him complete, I'll lay my

CHORUS.

1. watch and pray, Find in Me thine all in all.
2. lep - er's spots, And melt the heart of stone.
3. I to bring, Thy grace must make me whole. Je-sus paid it all, All to
4. garments white In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.
5. paid it all," Shall rend the vaulted skies,
6. trophies down, All down at Je-sus' feet.

Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain; He washed it white as snow. A- men.

170 LENOX. H. M.

REV. C. WESLEY, 1750. Levit. 25: 9, 10. LEWIS EDSON, 1782.

1. Blow ye the trumpet, blow, The gladly solemn sound; Let all the nations know,
2. Jesus, our great High Priest, Hath full atonement made; Ye wea-ry spir-its, rest;
3. Ex - tol the Lamb of God, The all - a-ton-ing Lamb; Redemption thro' His blood
4. Ye slaves of sin and hell, Your lib - er - ty receive, And safe in Je-sus dwell,
5. Ye who have sold for naught Your her-it-age a-bove, Re-ceive it back unbought,
6. The gos-pel trumpet hear, The news of heav'nly grace; And, saved from earth, appear

LENOX. Concluded.

1. To earth's re-mot-est bound, The year of ju - bi - lee is come; The year of
2. Ye mournful souls, be glad; The year of ju - bi - lee is come; The year of
3. Thr'out the world proclaim; The year of ju - bi - lee is come; The year of
4. And blest in Je - sus live; The year of ju - bi - lee is come; The year of
5. The gift of Je - sus' love; The year of ju - bi - lee is come; The year of
6. Be - fore your Saviour's face; The year of ju - bi - lee is come; The year of

ju - bi - lee is come, Re - turn, ye ransomed sin - ners, home. A-men.

171 SOLID ROCK. L. M.

Rev. Edward Mote, 1834. William B. Bradbury.

1. My hope is built on nothing less Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
   I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But wholly lean on Je-sus' name.
2. When darkness veils His lovely face, I rest on His un-changing grace;
   In ev - 'ry high and stormy gale, My anchor holds within the veil. On Christ, the sol-id
3. His oath, His covenant, His blood, Support me in the whelming flood;
   When all around my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.
4. When He shall come with trumpet sound, O may I then in Him be found
   Drest in His righteousness alone, Faultless to stand before the throne.

rock, I stand; All oth-er ground is sinking sand, All oth-er ground is sinking sand. A-men.

172 I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY. 7s & 6s, D.

KATE HANKEY, 1866. WM. G. FISCHER, 1869.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un-seen things a-bove, Of Je - sus
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won-der-ful it seems Than all the
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas-ant to re - peat What seems, each
4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hun-ger-

1. and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the
2. gold-en fan - cies Of all our gold-en dreams. I love to tell the
3. time I tell it More won-der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the
4. ing and thirsting To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of

1. sto-ry, Be-cause I know 'tis true, It sat - is-fies my longings As
2. sto-ry, It did so much for me! And that is just the rea-son I
3. sto-ry, For some have never heard The mes-sage of sal - va-tion From
4. glo-ry, I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be—the old, old sto - ry That

CHORUS.

1. nothing else can do.
2. tell it now to thee. I love to tell the sto-ry, 'Twill be my theme in
3. God's own ho-ly word.
4. I have loved so long.

glo-ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love. A-men.

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173 ONLY THE BLOOD OF JESUS. 7s, with Chorus.

"The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin."—John 1: 7.

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side that flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power."

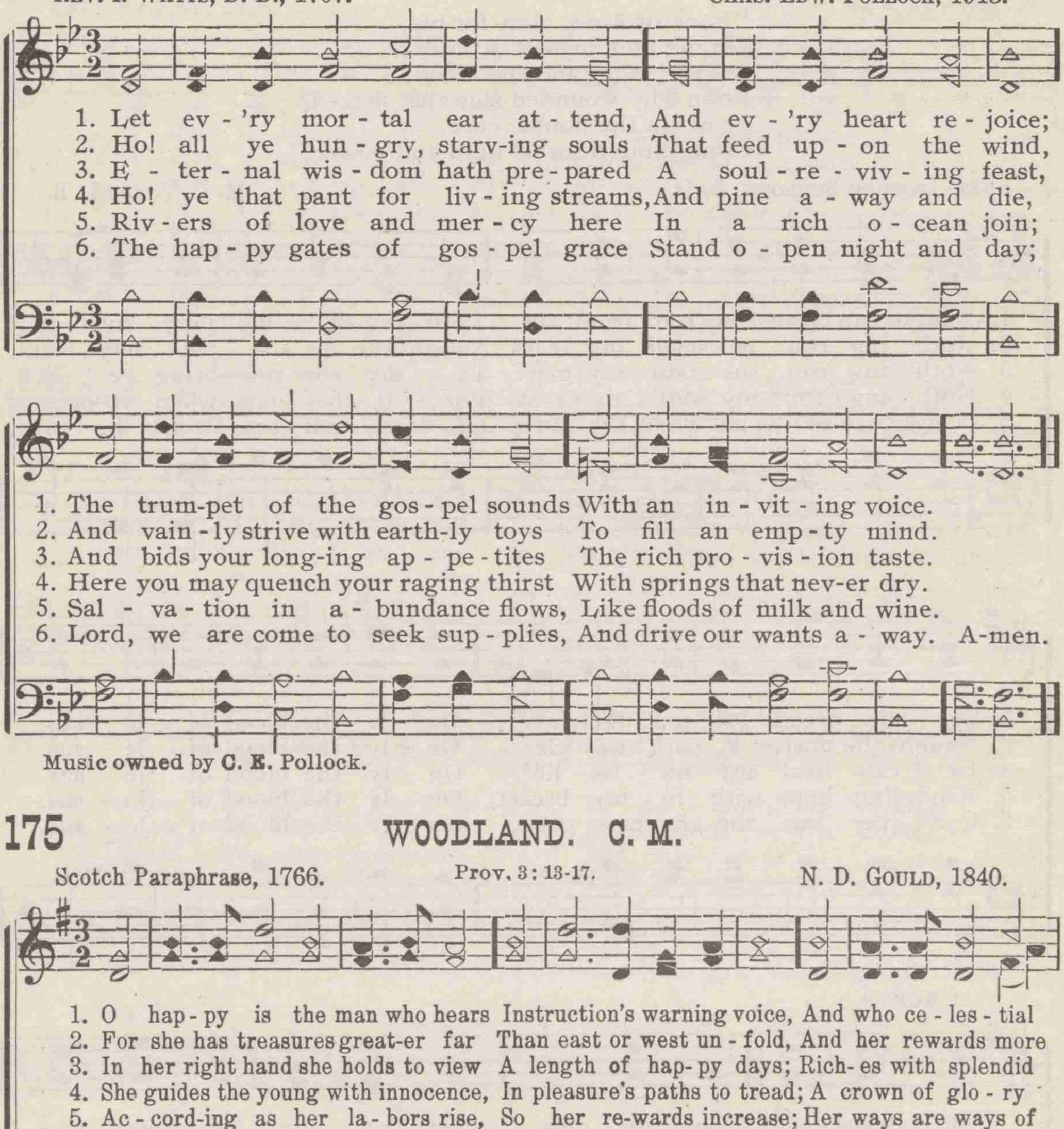
REV. LANSING BURROWS, D. D. M. C. V. and L. B.



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174 DAYTON. C. M.

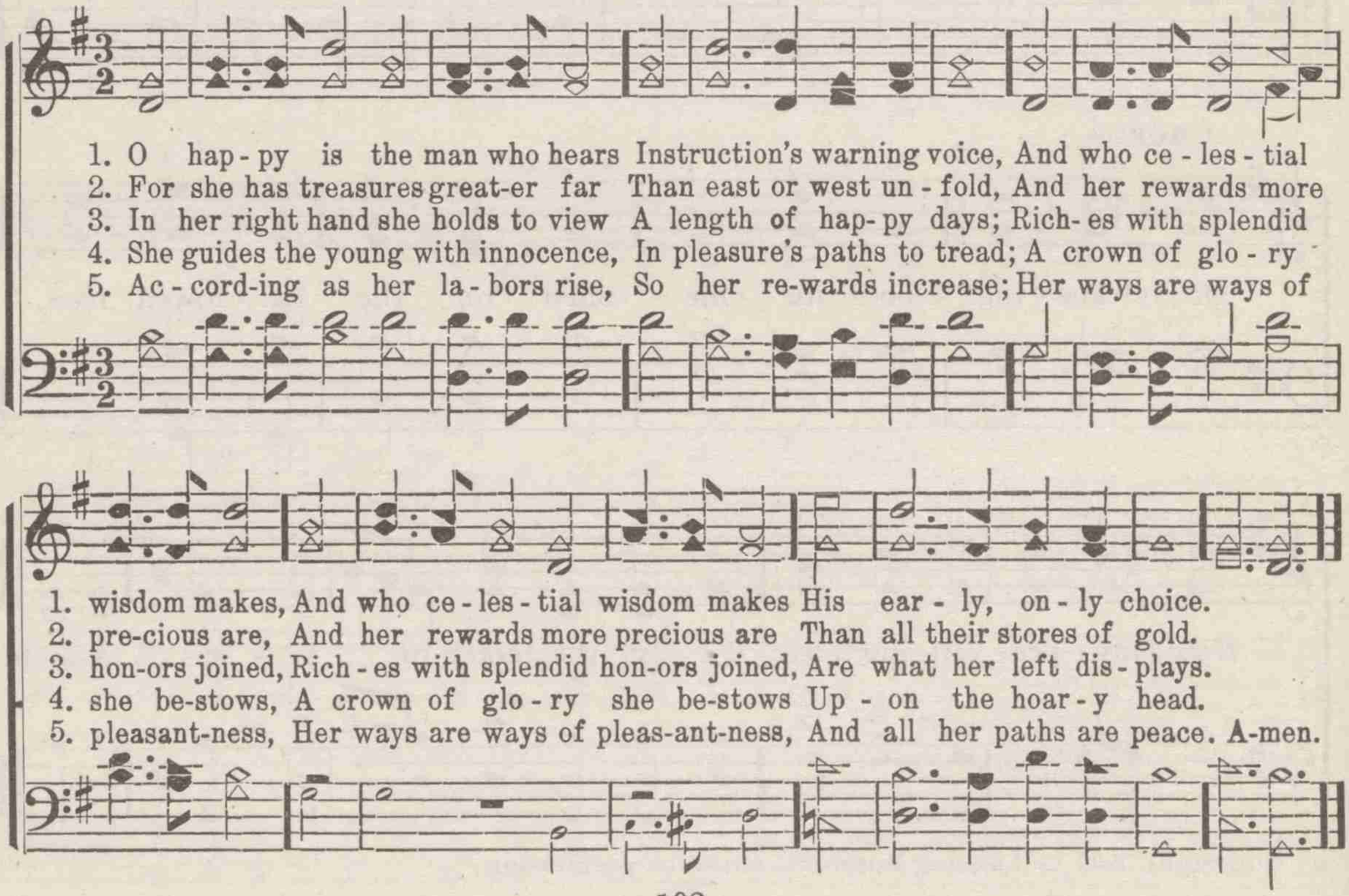
Rev. I. Watts, D. D., 1707. Isa. 55 : 1-3. Chas. Edw. Pollock, 1913.



Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

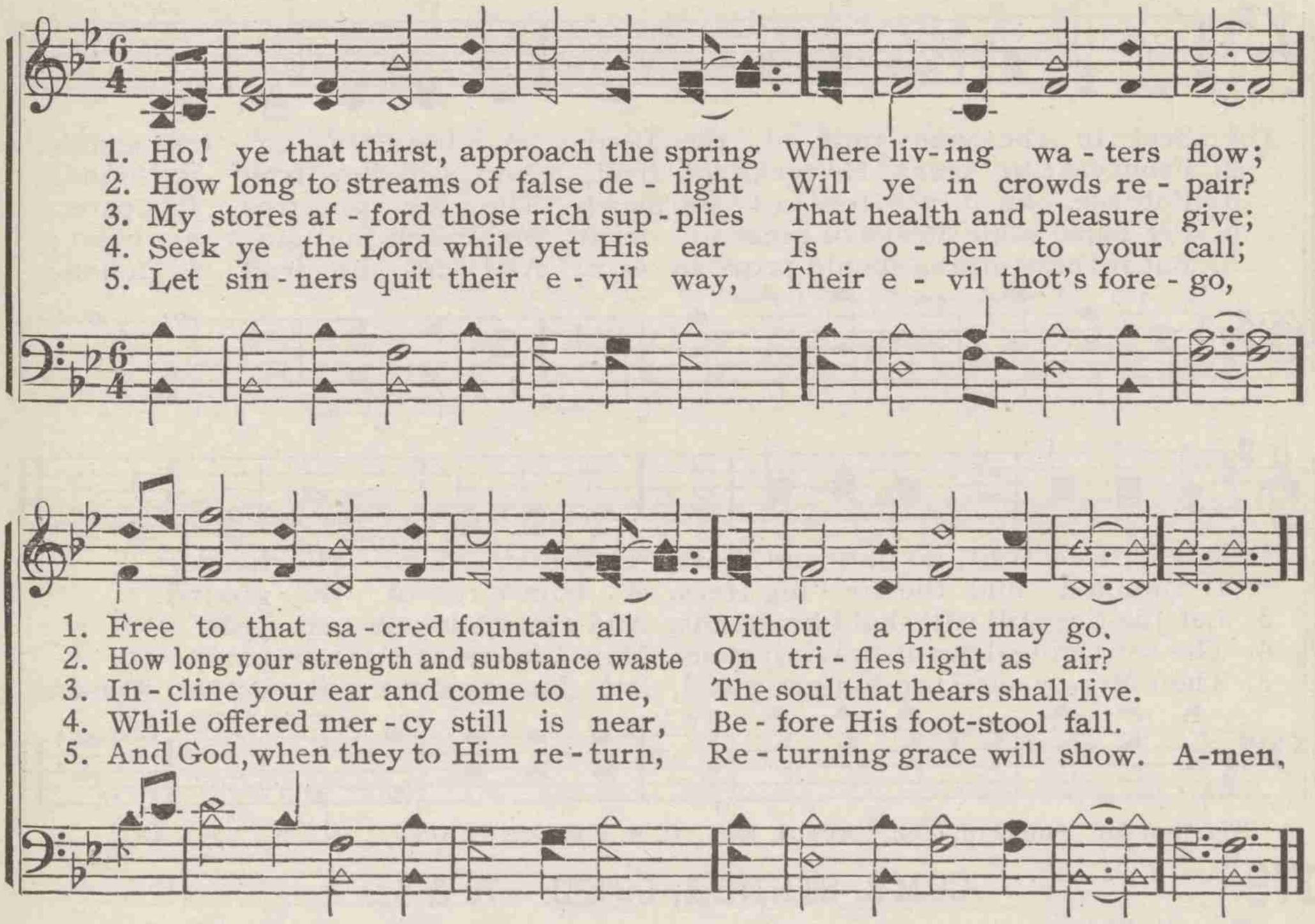
175 WOODLAND. C. M.

Scotch Paraphrase, 1766. Prov. 3 : 13-17. N. D. Gould, 1840.



176 MAITLAND. C. M.

Scotch Paraphrase. Isa. 55: 1-3, 6, 7. GEORGE N. ALLEN, 1850.



177 ROBERT'S CHANT. S. M.

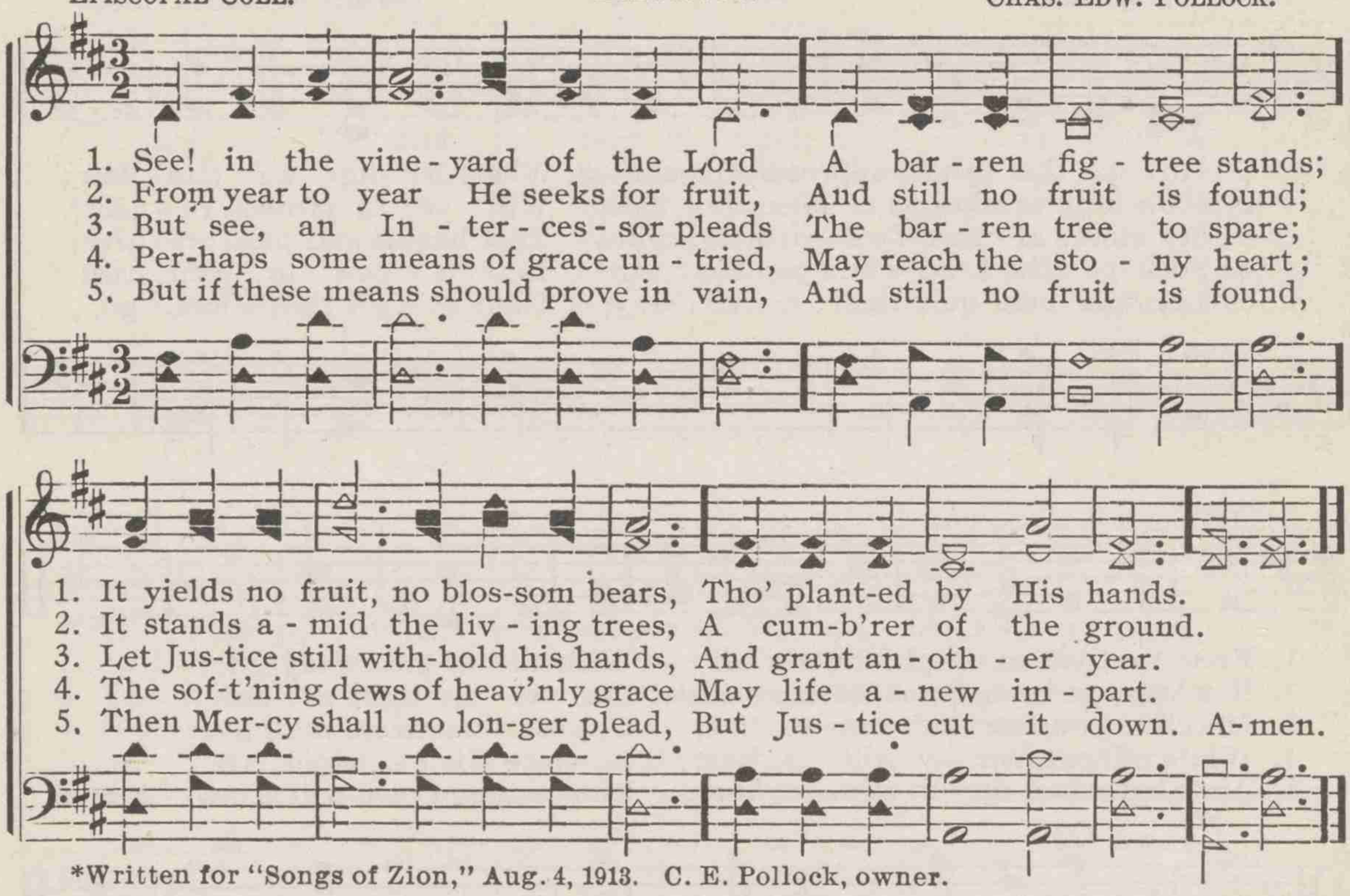
W. T. DALE. "Behold the Lamb of God."—John 1: 29. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



Written for "Songs of Zion." Owned by Dale and Pollock.

178 ELLA. C. M.*

EPISCOPAL COLL. Luke 13: 6-9. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



*Written for "Songs of Zion," Aug. 4, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner.

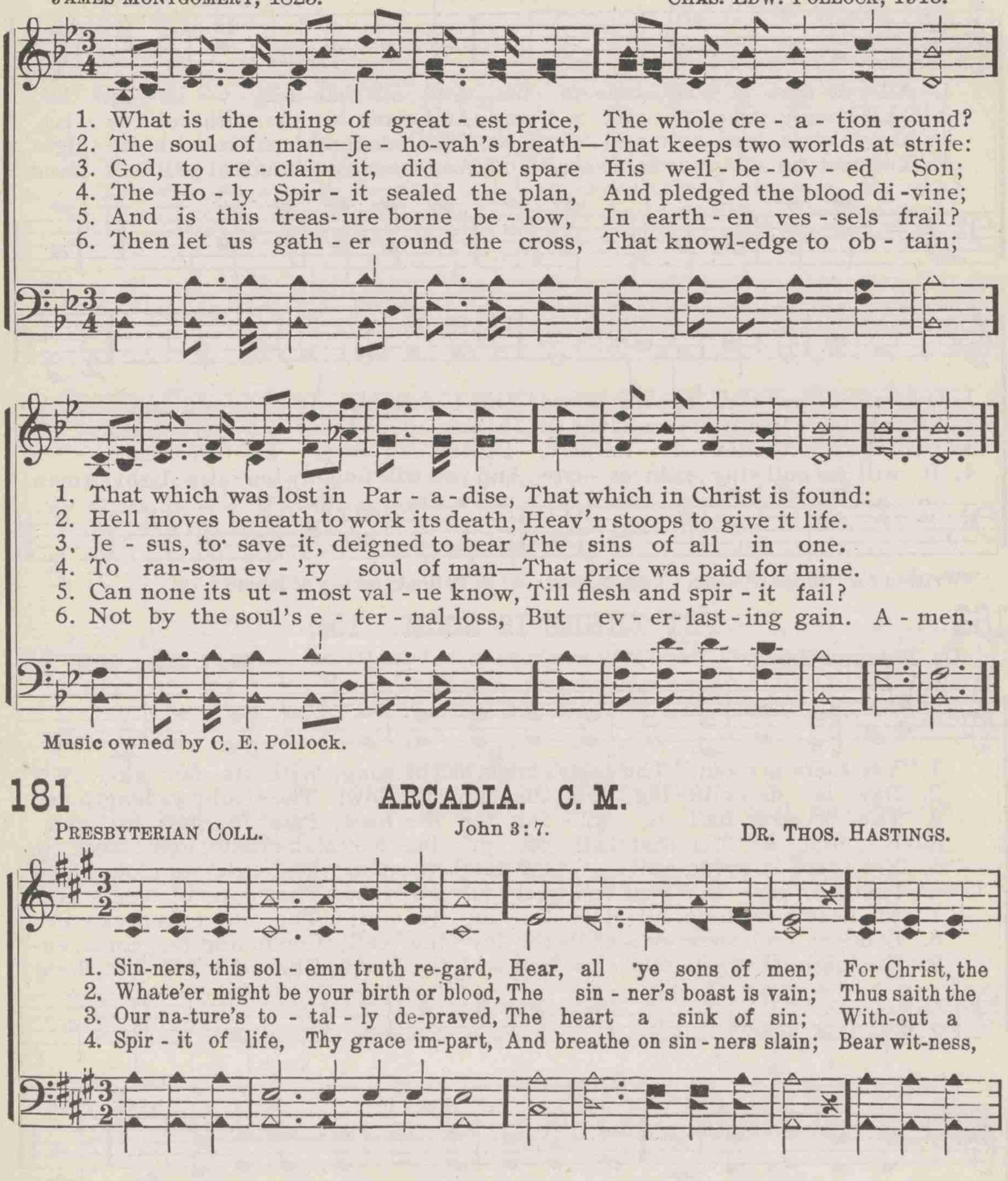
179 COME, SINNER, COME. 7s & 4s.

WILL E. WITTER. DR. H. R. PALMER.

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180 WACO. C. M.

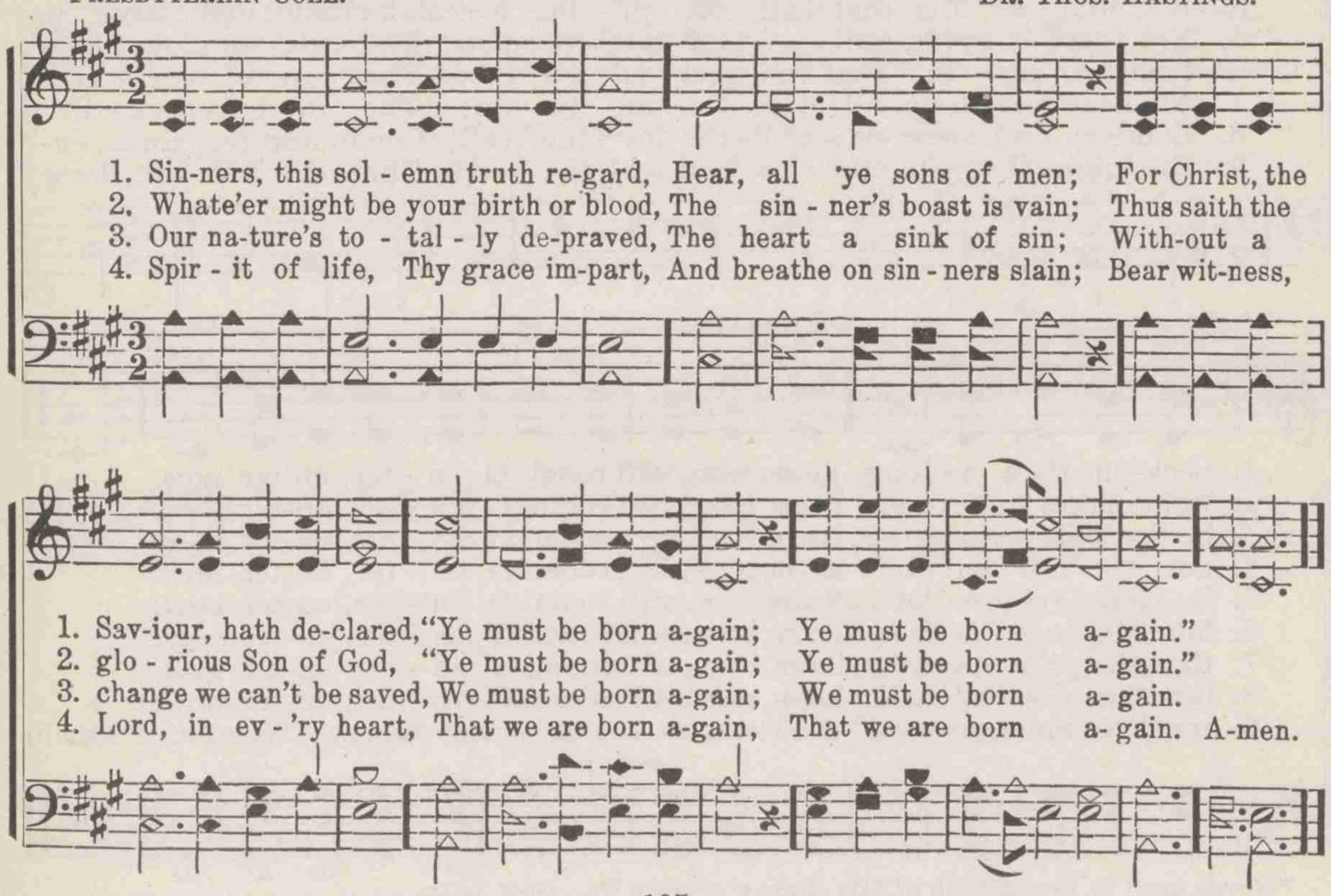
JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1825. Matt. 16:26. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, 1913.



Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

181 ARCADIA. C. M.

PRESBYTERIAN COLL. John 3:7. DR. THOS. HASTINGS.

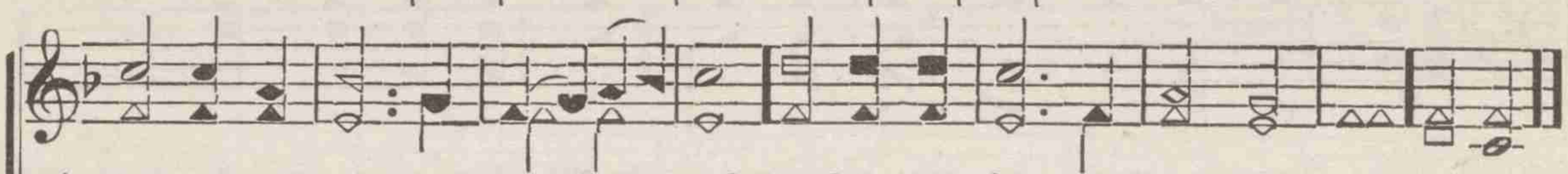


182 SARDIS. L. M.*

J. M. H. Matt. 11: 28-30. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. All ye that la - bor, come to me, And all that heav - y la - den be,
2. "That heav-y yoke, O cast a - way, And come to me with-out de - lay,"
3. My yoke is eas - y, and 'tis light, Then take and bear it with de - light,
4. You rest un - to your souls shall find, And have a - bundant peace of mind;



1. O come, all ye that are distressed, And I will free - ly give you rest.
2. From Satan's bondage you shall be In mer-cy made for - ev - er free.
3. Take the in-struction I im-part,—I meek and low-ly am in heart.
4. It will no gall - ing pain ex - cite, And you will find my bur- den light. Amen.



*Written for "Songs of Zion," Aug. 25, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner of music.

183 YET THERE IS ROOM. 10s.

DR. HORATIUS BONAR.* "And yet there is room."—Luke 14: 22. W. T. DALE, 1913.



1. "Yet there is room," The Lamb's bright hall of song, With its fair glo - ry
2. Day is de - clin - ing, and the sun is low, The shad-ows lengthen,
3. The bri - dal hall is fill - ing for the feast, Pass in, pass in! and
4. It fills, it fills that hall of ju - bi - lee! Make haste, make haste, 'tis
5. Yet there is room, still o - pen stands the gate, The gate of love; it
6. Pass in, pass in! That ban-quet is for thee; That cup of ev - er-
7. All heav'n is there, all joy! Go in, go in; The an - gels beck - on
8. Loud-er and sweet-er sounds the lov - ing call, Come, ling'rer, come, en-
9. Ere night that gate may close and seal thy doom, Then the last low, long



REFRAIN.



1. beck-ons thee a - long. Room, room, still room! O en - ter, en-ter now.
2. light makes haste to go. Room, room, still room! O en - ter, en-ter now.
3. be the bride-groom's guest. Room, room, still room! O en - ter, en-ter now.
4. not too full for thee. Room, room, still room! O en - ter, en-ter now.
5. is not yet too late. Room, room, still room! O en - ter, en-ter now.
6. last - ing love is free. Room, room, still room! O en - ter, en-ter now.
7. thee the prize to win. Room, room, still room! O en - ter, en-ter now.
8. ter that fes - tal hall. Room, room, still room! O en - ter, en-ter now.
9. cry: "No room, no room!" No room, no room! O woe-ful cry: "No room!" Amen.

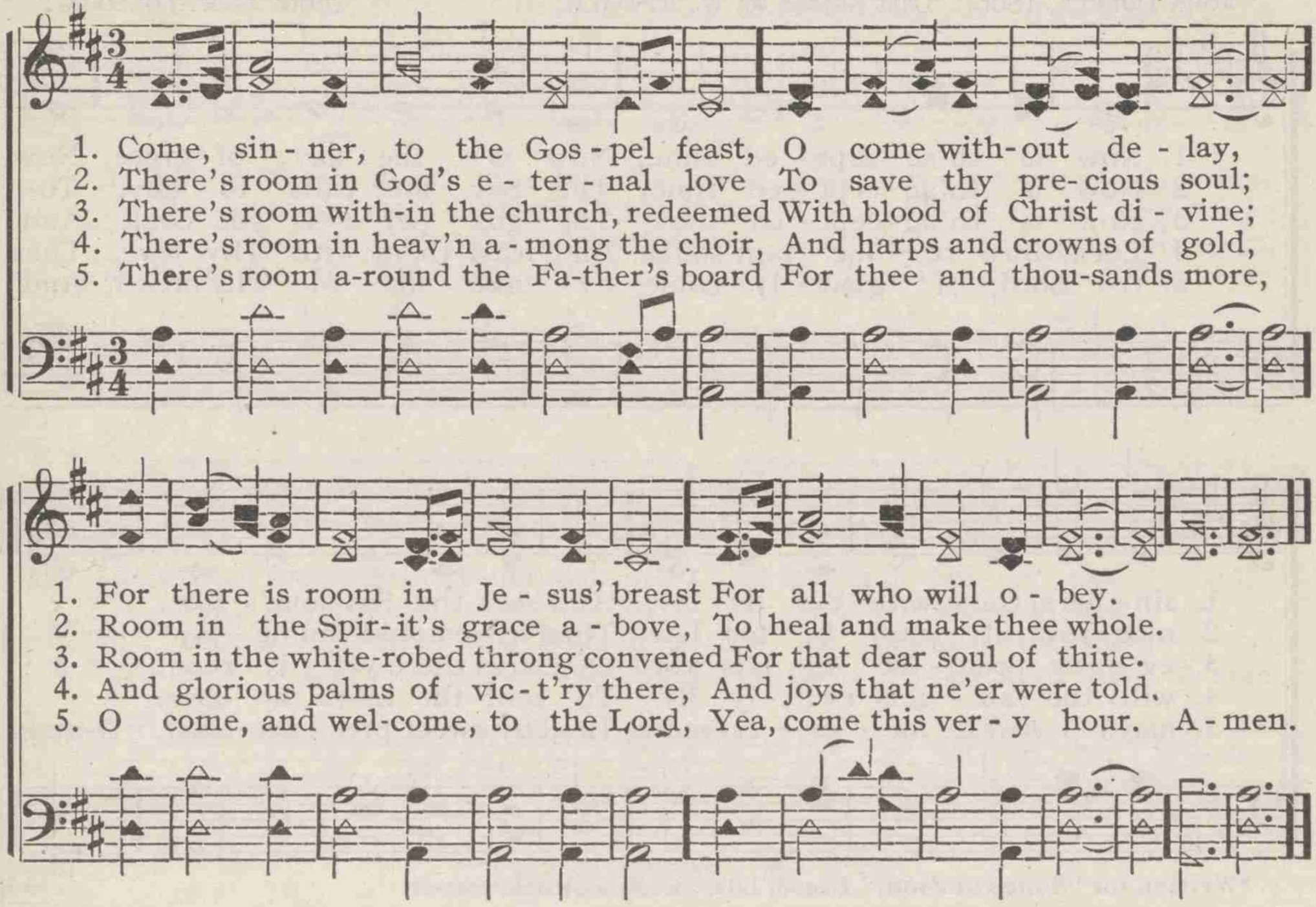


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184 SILOAM. C. M.

"And yet there is room."—Luke 14: 16-24.

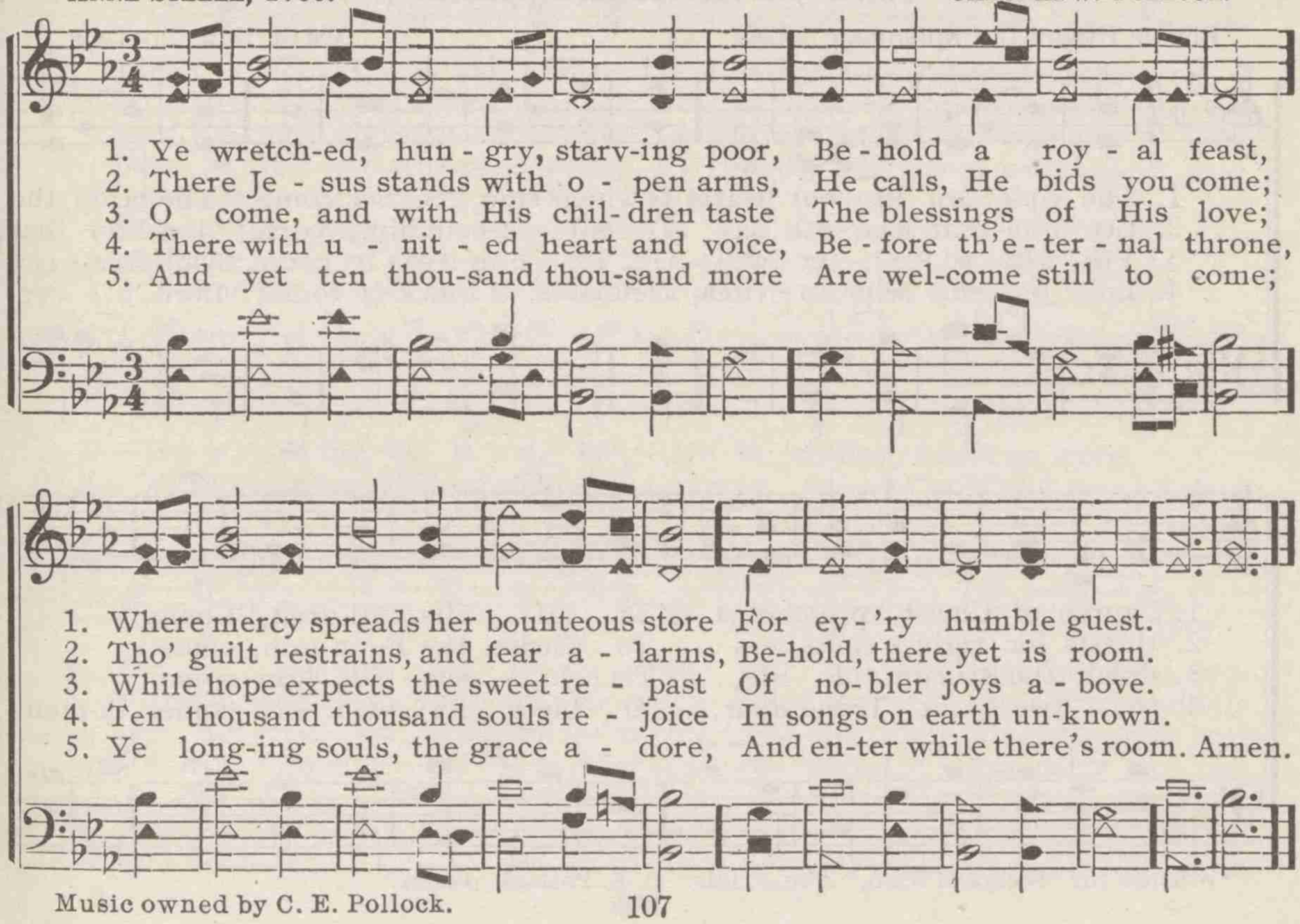
HUNTINGTON'S COLL. ISAAC B. WOODBURY, 1842.



185 HARVEY. C. M.

(To my beloved uncle, Rev. Harvey Pollock.)

ANNE STEELE, 1760. Luke 14: 16-24. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

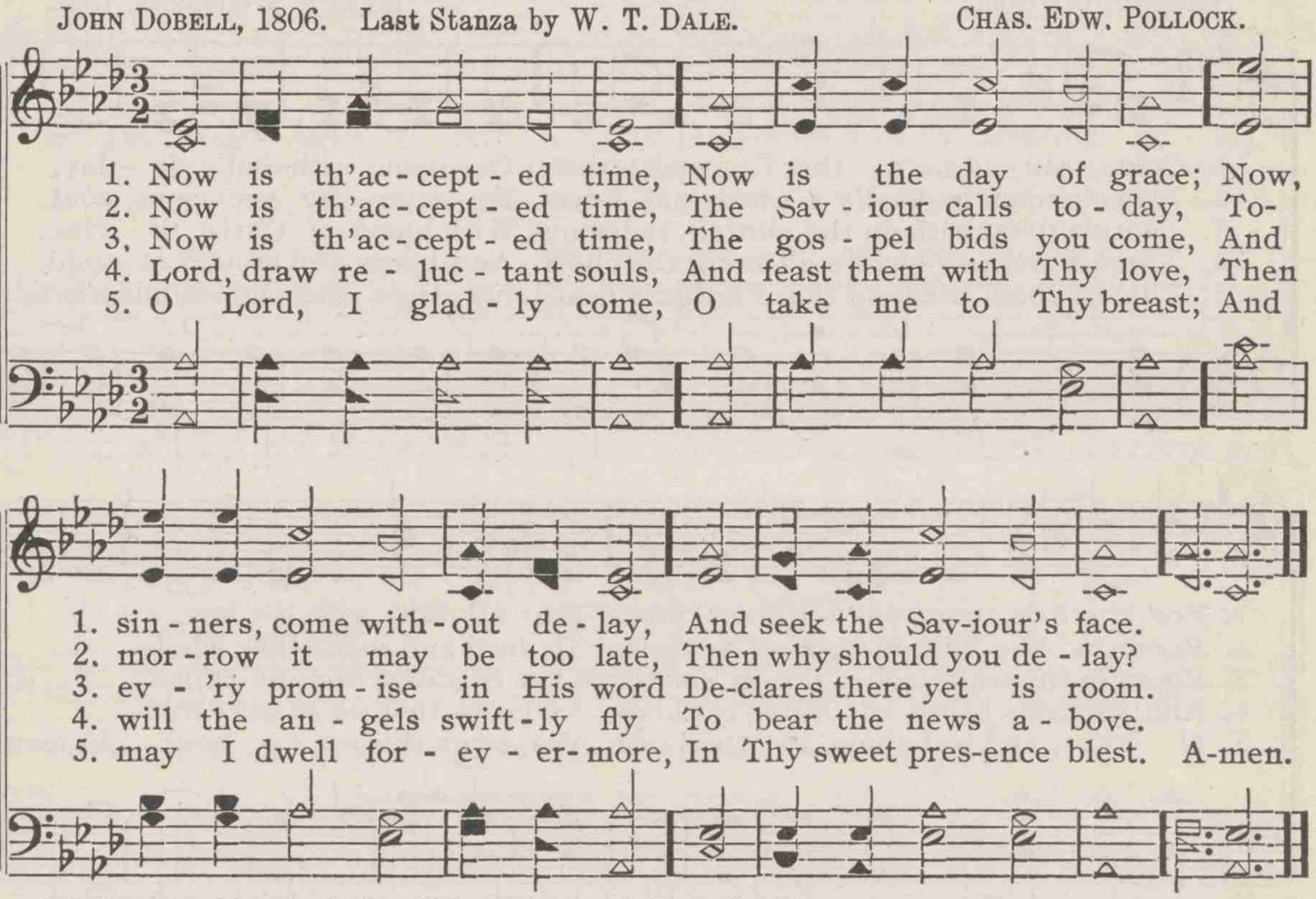


Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

186 PENTECOST. S. M.*

"Behold now is the accepted time, behold now is the day of salvation."—2 Cor. 6: 2.

JOHN DOBELL, 1806. Last Stanza by W. T. DALE. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

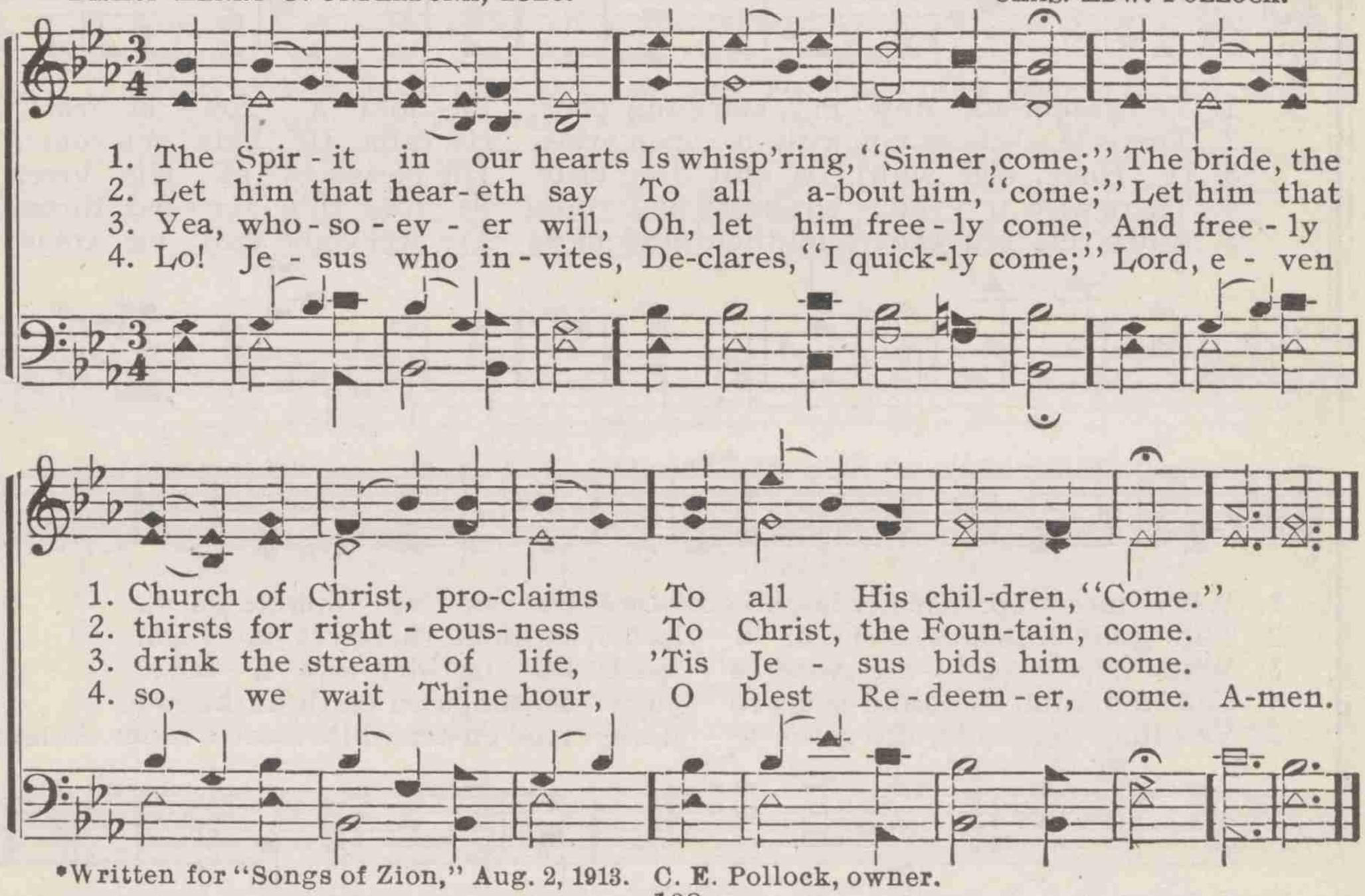


*Written for "Songs of Zion," Dec. 6, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner.

187 BETHUNE. S. M.*

"Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."—Rev. 22: 17.

BISHOP HENRY U. ONDERDONK, 1826. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



*Written for "Songs of Zion," Aug. 2, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner.

188 AZMON. C. M.

Acts. 17: 30-31.

REV. PHILIP DODDRIDGE, D. D. CARL GOTTHELF GLASER, 1828. Arr. by L. MASON, 1839.

1. Re - pent, the voice ce - les - tial cries, No lon - ger dare de - lay;
2. The summons goes through all the earth; Let earth at - tend and fear;
3. To - geth - er in His pres-ence bow, And all your guilt con - fess;
4. Bow, ere the aw - ful trump-et sound, And call you to His bar;

1. The wretch that scorns the mandate dies, And meets a fier - y day.
2. Lis - ten, ye men of roy - al birth, And let your vas- sals hear.
3. Ac - cept the of-fered Sav - iour now, Nor tri - fle with His grace.
4. For mer - cy knows th'appointed bound, And turns to vengeance there. A-men.

189 NETTLETON. 8s & 7s.

REV. JOSEPH HART, 1759. Matt. 11: 28-30. JOHN WYETH, 1810.

FINE.

1. Come, ye sinners, poor and need-y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
   Je - sus read-y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and pow'r.
2. Now, ye need-y, come and welcome, God's free bounty glo - ri - fy;
   True be - lief and true re-pentance, Ev'ry grace that brings you nigh.
3. Let not conscience make you linger, Nor of fit-ness fondly dream:
   All the fit - ness He re - quir-eth Is to feel your need of Him;
4. Come, ye wea-ry, heav-y la - den, Lost and ru- ined by the fall;
   If you tar - ry till you're bet- ter You will nev - er come at all;

D. S.—He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is willing, doubt no more.
D. S.—Without money, without mon-ey, Come to Je-sus Christ and buy. A-men.

D. S.

1. He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is will - ing, doubt no more,
2. With-out mon - ey, with- out mon-ey, Come to Je - sus Christ and buy,
3. This He gives you, this He gives you; 'Tis the Spir - it's ris - ing beam,
4. Not the righteous, not the right-eous, Sin- ners Je - sus came to call.

190 BORTHWICK. L. M.

GERHARD TERSTEEGEN, 1730.
Tr. by JANE BORTHWICK, 1853.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, 1913.



1. God call-ing yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
2. God call-ing yet! shall I not rise? Can I His lov - ing voice de-spise?
3. God call-ing yet! and shall He knock, And I my heart the clos - er lock?
4. God call-ing yet! and shall I give No heed, but still in bond-age live?
5. God call-ing yet! I can-not stay; My heart I yield with - out de - lay;



1. Shall life's swift passing years all fly, And still my soul in slumber lie?
2. And base - ly His kind care re-pay? He calls me still; can I de- lay?
3. He still is wait-ing to re-ceive, And shall I dare His Spir-it grieve?
4. I wait, but He does not for-sake, He calls me still; my heart, awake!
5. Vain world, farewell, from thee I part; The voice of God hath reached my heart. A-men.



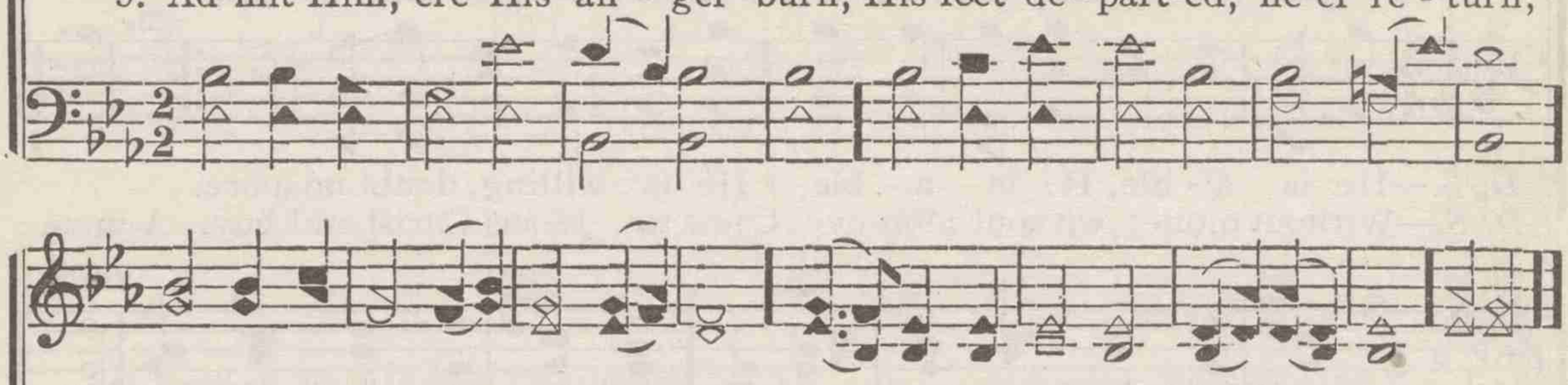
Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

191 BERA. L. M.

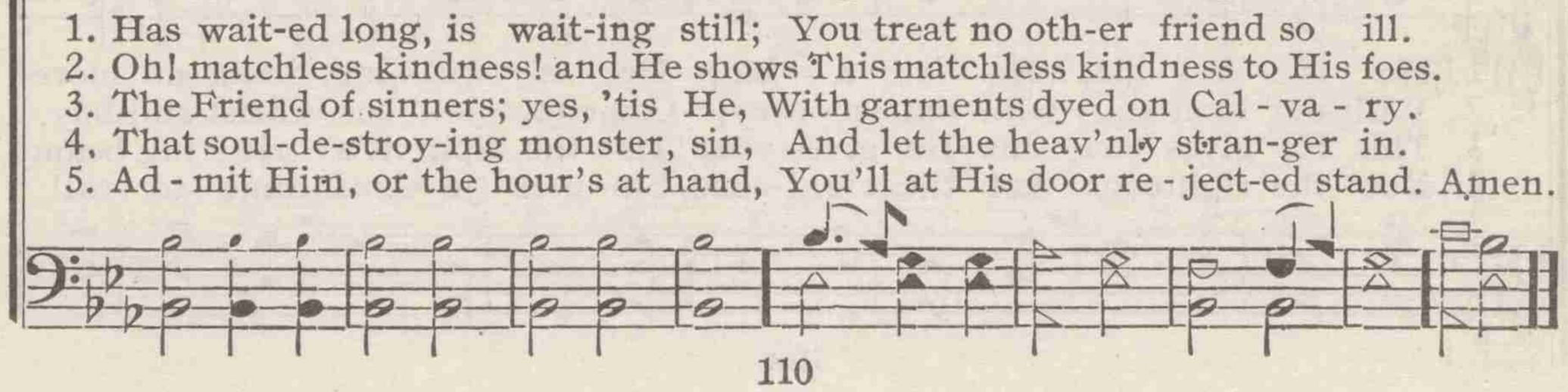
REV. JOSEPH GRIGG, 1765. Rev. 3: 20. JOHN E. GOULD, 1849.



1. Be - hold a stranger at the door! He gently knocks, has knocked before,
2. Oh, love-ly at - ti - tude! He stands With melting heart and la - den hands;
3. But will He prove a friend in - deed? He will, the ver - y Friend you need—
4. Rise, touched with grat-i-tude di - vine, Turn out His en - e - my and thine,
5. Ad-mit Him, ere His an - ger burn, His feet de - part-ed, ne'er re - turn;



1. Has wait-ed long, is wait-ing still; You treat no oth-er friend so ill.
2. Oh! matchless kindness! and He shows This matchless kindness to His foes.
3. The Friend of sinners; yes, 'tis He, With garments dyed on Cal - va - ry.
4. That soul-de-stroy-ing monster, sin, And let the heav'nly stran-ger in.
5. Ad - mit Him, or the hour's at hand, You'll at His door re - ject-ed stand. Amen.



192 WOODWORTH. L. M.

REV. WILLIAM B. COLLYER, 1806. WM. B. BRADBURY, 1849.

1. Re - turn, O wan - der - er, re - turn, And seek an in-jured Fa-ther's face;
2. Re - turn, O wan - der - er, re - turn, And seek a Fa-ther's melt- ing heart;
3. Re - turn, O wan - der - er, re - turn, Thy Sav - iour bids thy spir - it live;
4. Re - turn, O wan - der - er, re - turn, And wipe a - way the fall - ing tear;

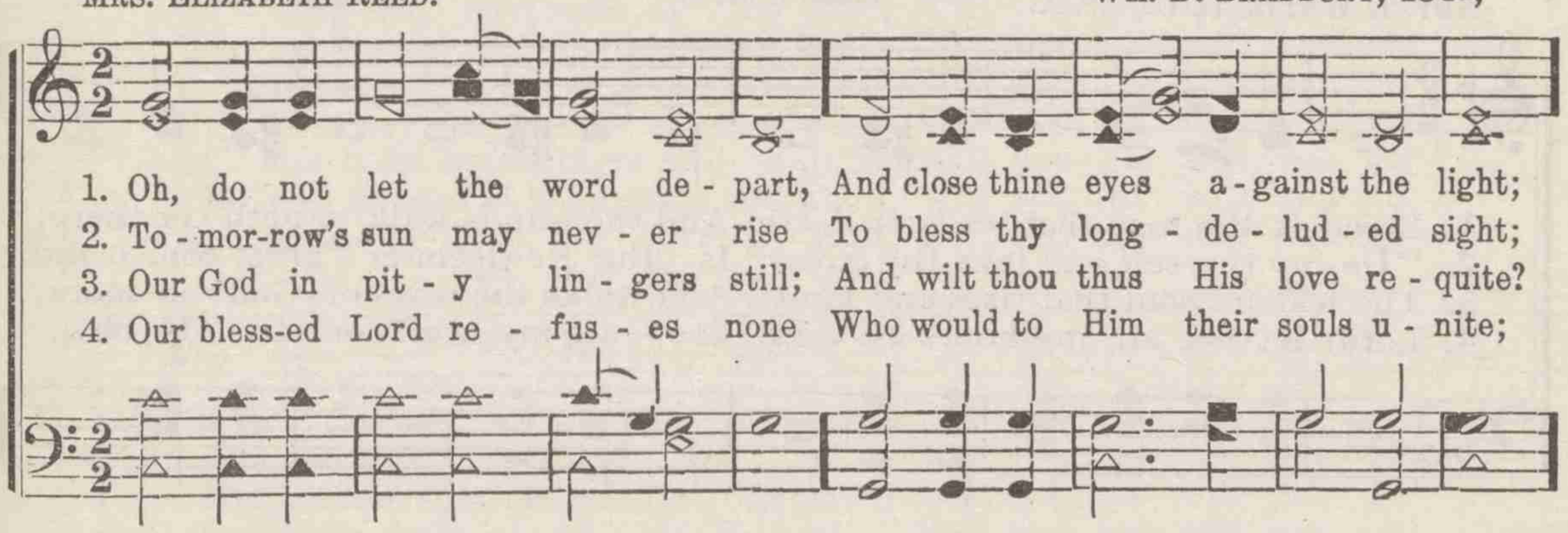


1. Those warm desires that in thee burn Were kindled by re-claim-ing grace.
2. His pity-ing eyes thy grief discern, His hand shall heal thine inward smart.
3. Go to His bleeding feet, and learn How free-ly Je - sus can for - give.
4. 'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn;" 'Tis mercy's voice in-vites thee near. A - men.



193 ZEPHYR. L. M.

MRS. ELIZABETH REED. WM. B. BRADBURY, 1843,



1. Oh, do not let the word de - part, And close thine eyes a - gainst the light;
2. To - mor-row's sun may nev - er rise To bless thy long - de - lud - ed sight;
3. Our God in pit - y lin - gers still; And wilt thou thus His love re - quite?
4. Our bless-ed Lord re - fus - es none Who would to Him their souls u - nite;

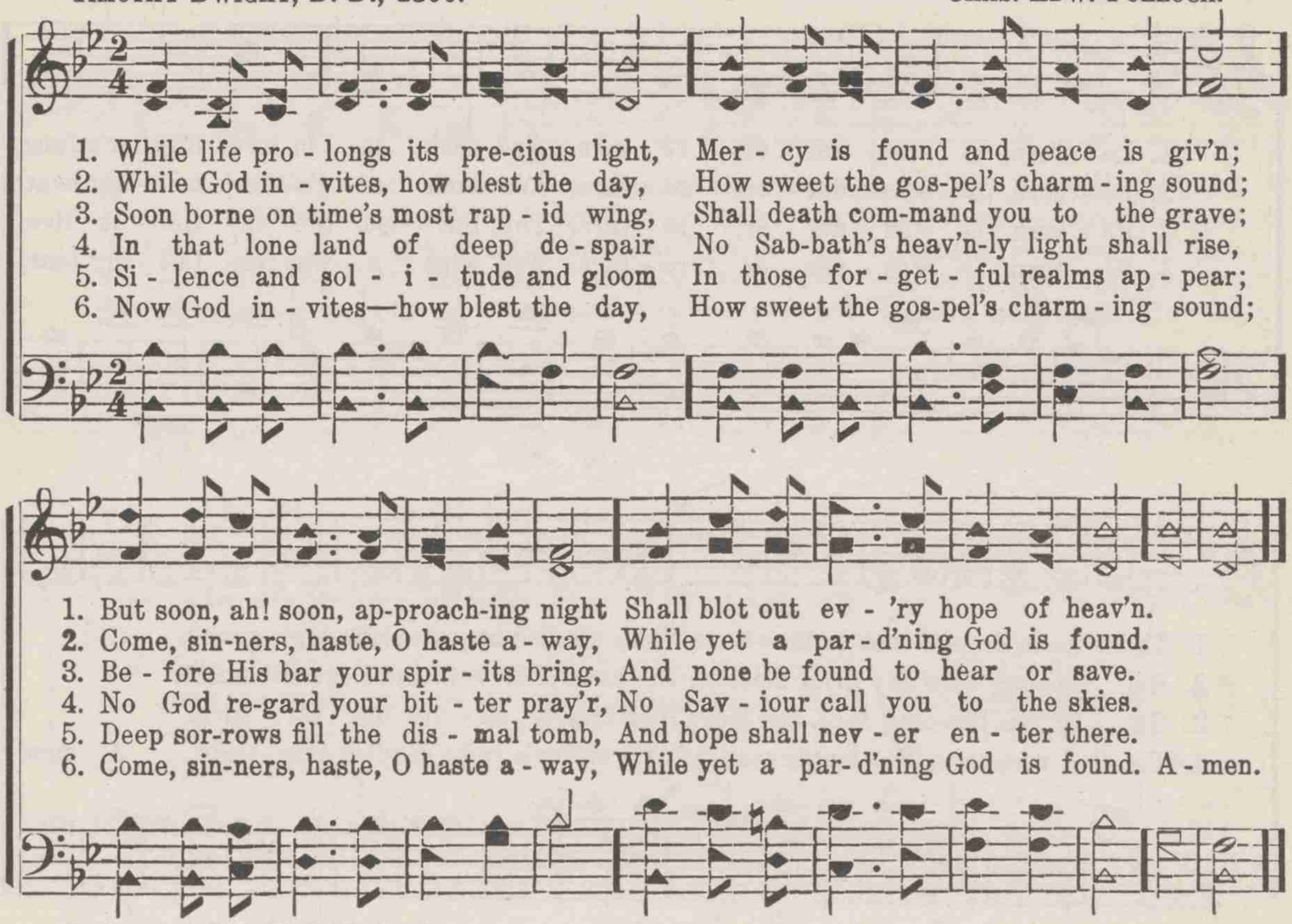


1. Poor sin-ner, hard - en **not** thy heart: Thou wouldst be saved; why not to - night?
2. This is the time; oh, then be wise! Thou wouldst be saved; why not to - night?
3. Renounce at once thy stub-born will; Thou wouldst be saved; why not to - night?
4. Then be the work of grace be - gun: Thou wouldst be saved; why not to - night? Amen.



194 HEMMINGWAY. L. M.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT, D. D., 1800. Ps. 88. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



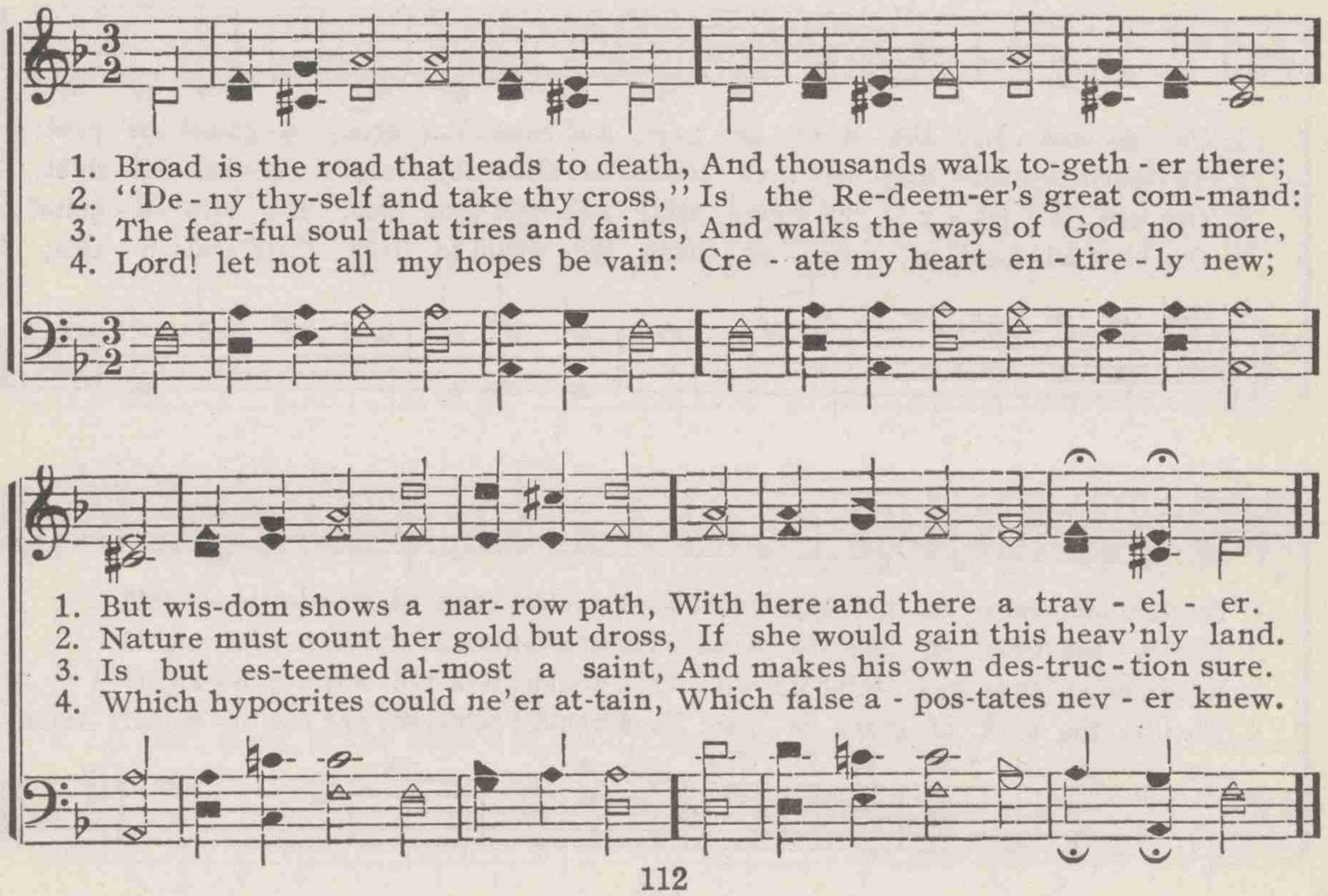
1. While life pro - longs its pre-cious light, Mer - cy is found and peace is giv'n;
2. While God in - vites, how blest the day, How sweet the gos-pel's charm - ing sound;
3. Soon borne on time's most rap - id wing, Shall death com-mand you to the grave;
4. In that lone land of deep de - spair No Sab-bath's heav'n-ly light shall rise,
5. Si - lence and sol - i - tude and gloom In those for - get - ful realms ap - pear;
6. Now God in - vites—how blest the day, How sweet the gos-pel's charm - ing sound;

1. But soon, ah! soon, ap-proach-ing night Shall blot out ev - 'ry hope of heav'n.
2. Come, sin-ners, haste, O haste a - way, While yet a par - d'ning God is found.
3. Be - fore His bar your spir - its bring, And none be found to hear or save.
4. No God re-gard your bit - ter pray'r, No Sav - iour call you to the skies.
5. Deep sor-rows fill the dis - mal tomb, And hope shall nev - er en - ter there.
6. Come, sin-ners, haste, O haste a - way, While yet a par- d'ning God is found. A - men.

Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

195 WINDHAM. L. M.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D., 1709. Matt. 7: 13, 14. DANIEL READ, 1785.

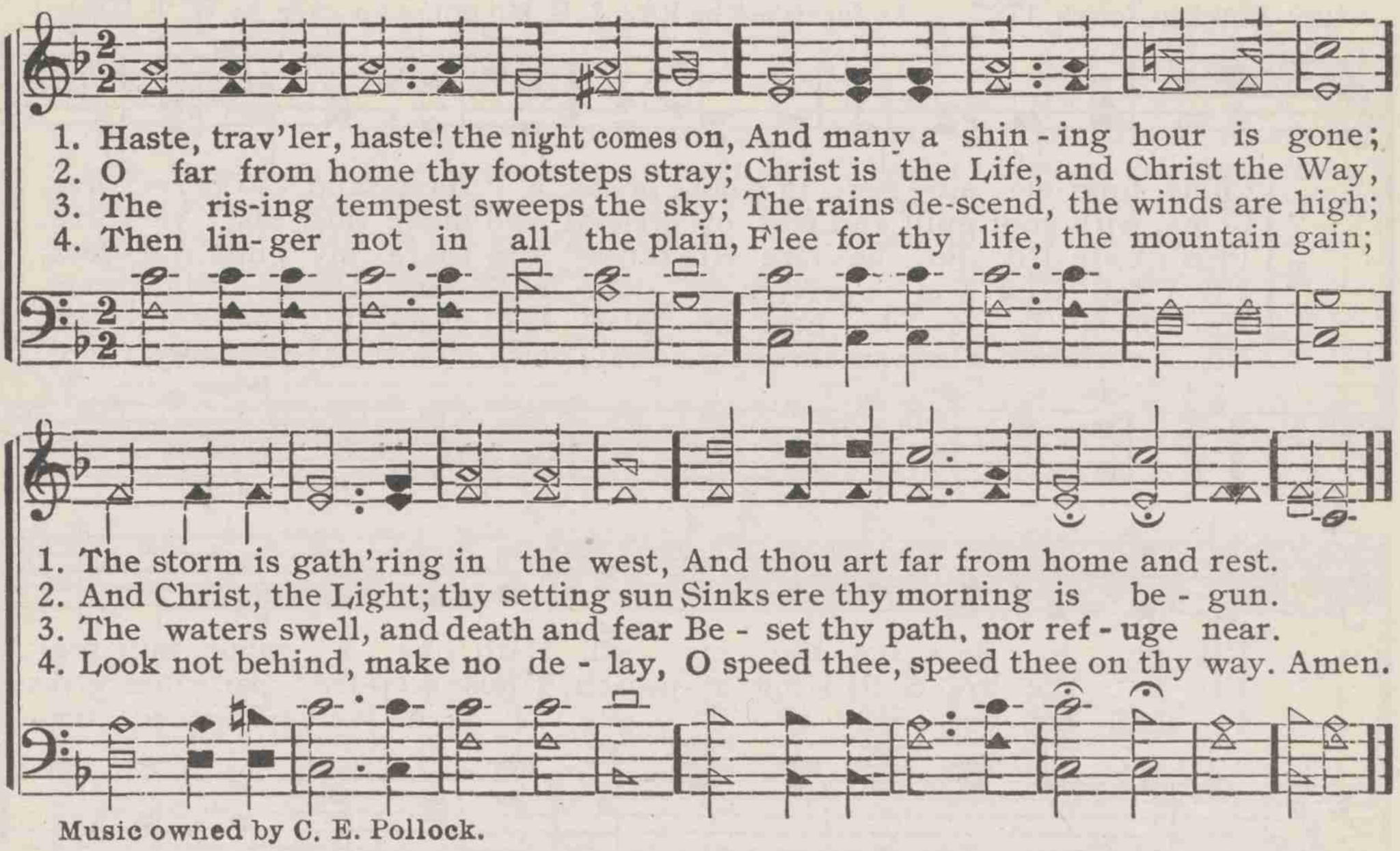


1. Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk to-geth - er there;
2. "De - ny thy-self and take thy cross," Is the Re-deem-er's great com-mand:
3. The fear-ful soul that tires and faints, And walks the ways of God no more,
4. Lord! let not all my hopes be vain: Cre - ate my heart en - tire - ly new;

1. But wis-dom shows a nar- row path, With here and there a trav - el - er.
2. Nature must count her gold but dross, If she would gain this heav'nly land.
3. Is but es-teemed al-most a saint, And makes his own des-truc - tion sure.
4. Which hypocrites could ne'er at-tain, Which false a - pos-tates nev - er knew.

196 McCREADY. L. M.

WM. B. COLLYER. "Escape for thy life."—Gen. 19: 17. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

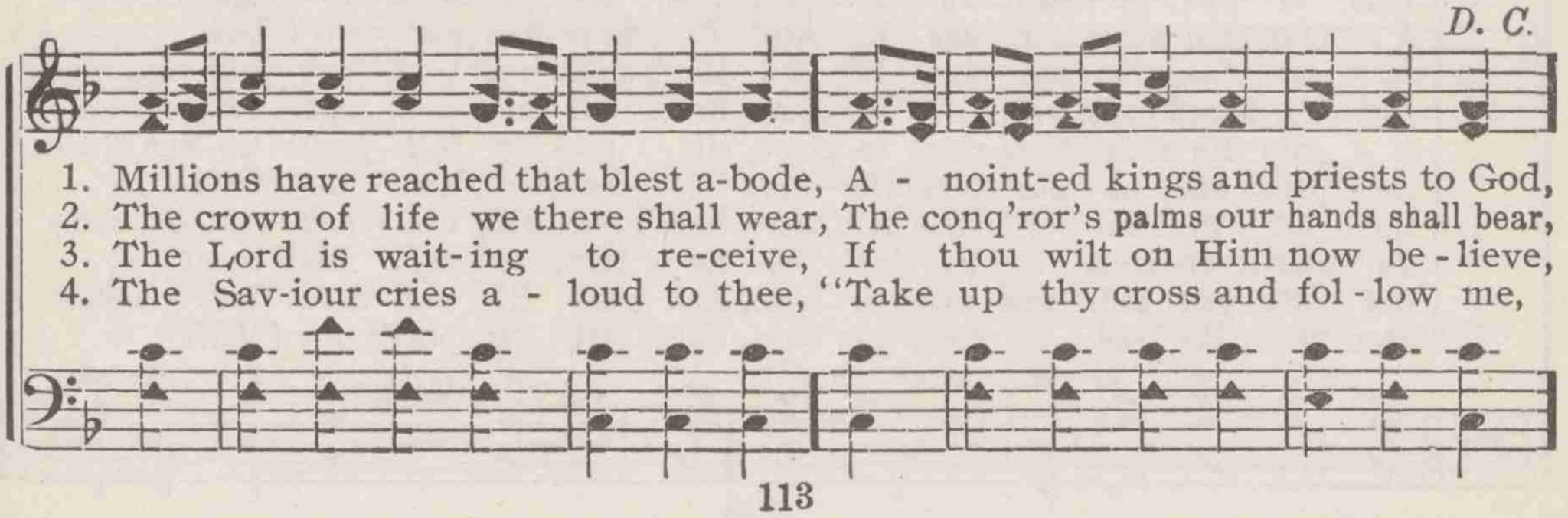
197 WILL YOU GO?

ANON. Num. 10: 29. WESTERN MELODY.

FINE.



D. C.



198 COME, HUMBLE SINNER. C. M. D.

Esther 4: 16.

REV. EDWARD JONES, 1787. As furnished by REV. J. H. MILHOLLAND. Arr. by W. T. DALE.

1. Come, hum-ble sin - ner, in whose breast A thou- sand tho'ts re- volve,
   Come, with your guilt and fear op-pressed, And make this last re- solve:
2. Pros - trate I'll lie be - fore His throne, And there my guilt con - fess;
   I'll tell Him I'm a wretch un - done, With - out His sov'reign grace.
3. He prom - is - es to hear my plea, He waits to hear my pray'r;
   No sin - ner e'er was turned a - way, Or ev - er per-ished there.

I'll go to Je - sus, tho' my sin Hath like a moun- tain rose;
I'll to the gra- cious King ap-proach, Whose scep-tre par - don gives;
I shall not per - ish if I go, I am re - solved to try,

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

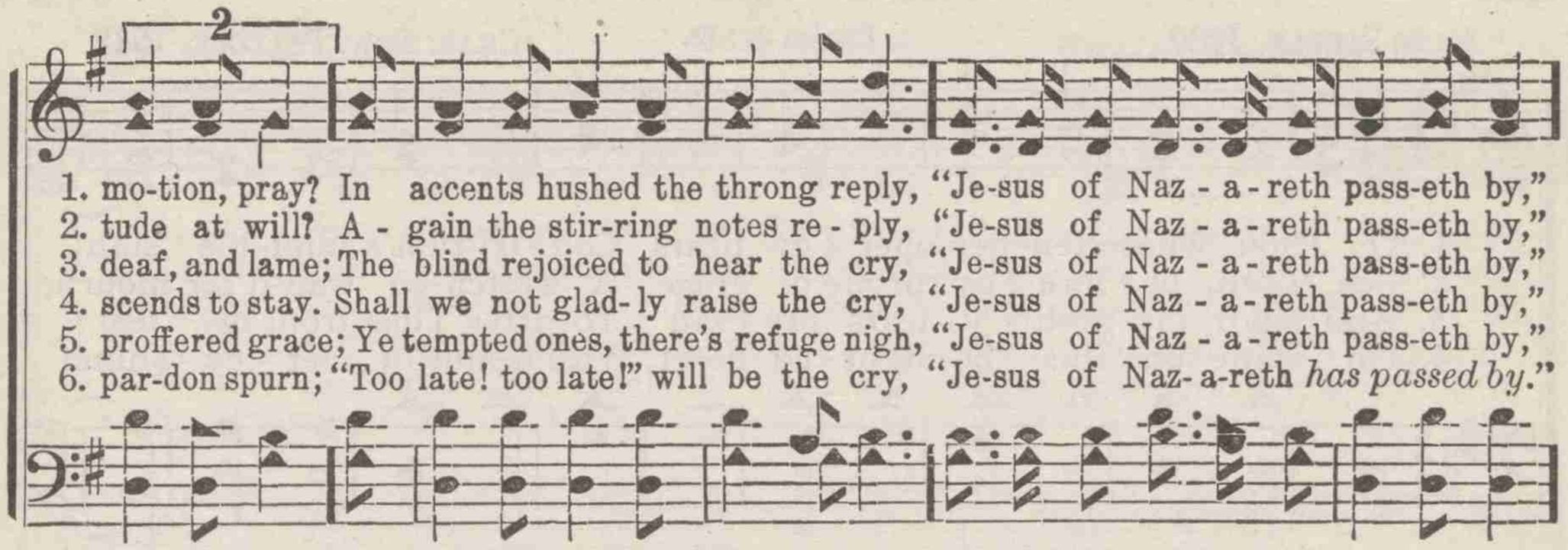
199 JESUS IS PASSING BY. L. M. 6 lines.

"He heard that it was Jesus of Nazareth."—Mark. 10: 47.

EMMA CAMPBELL. THEODORE E. PERKINS.

1. What means this ea•- ger, anxious throng, Which moves with bus - y haste a - long?
   These wondrous gath'rings day by day? What means this strange com- (*Omit.....*)
2. Who is this Je - sus? Why should He The cit - y move so might - i - ly?
   A pass - ing stran-ger; has He skill To move the mul - ti- (*Omit.....*)
3. Je - sus! 'tis He who once be - low Man's path-way trod, 'mid pain and woe;
   And bur-dened ones, where-e'er He came, Bro't out their sick, and (*Omit.....*)
4. A - gain He comes from place to place, His ho - ly foot - prints we can trace;
   He paus - eth at our threshold—nay, He en - ters; con - de- (*Omit.....*)
5. Ho! all ye heav - y - la - den, come, Here's par - don, com - fort, rest and home;
   Ye wan- d'rers from a Fa- ther's face, Re - turn, ac - cept His (*Omit.....*)
6. But if you still this call re - fuse, And all His won - drous love a- buse,
   Soon will He sad - ly from you turn, Your bit - ter pray'r for (*Omit.....*)

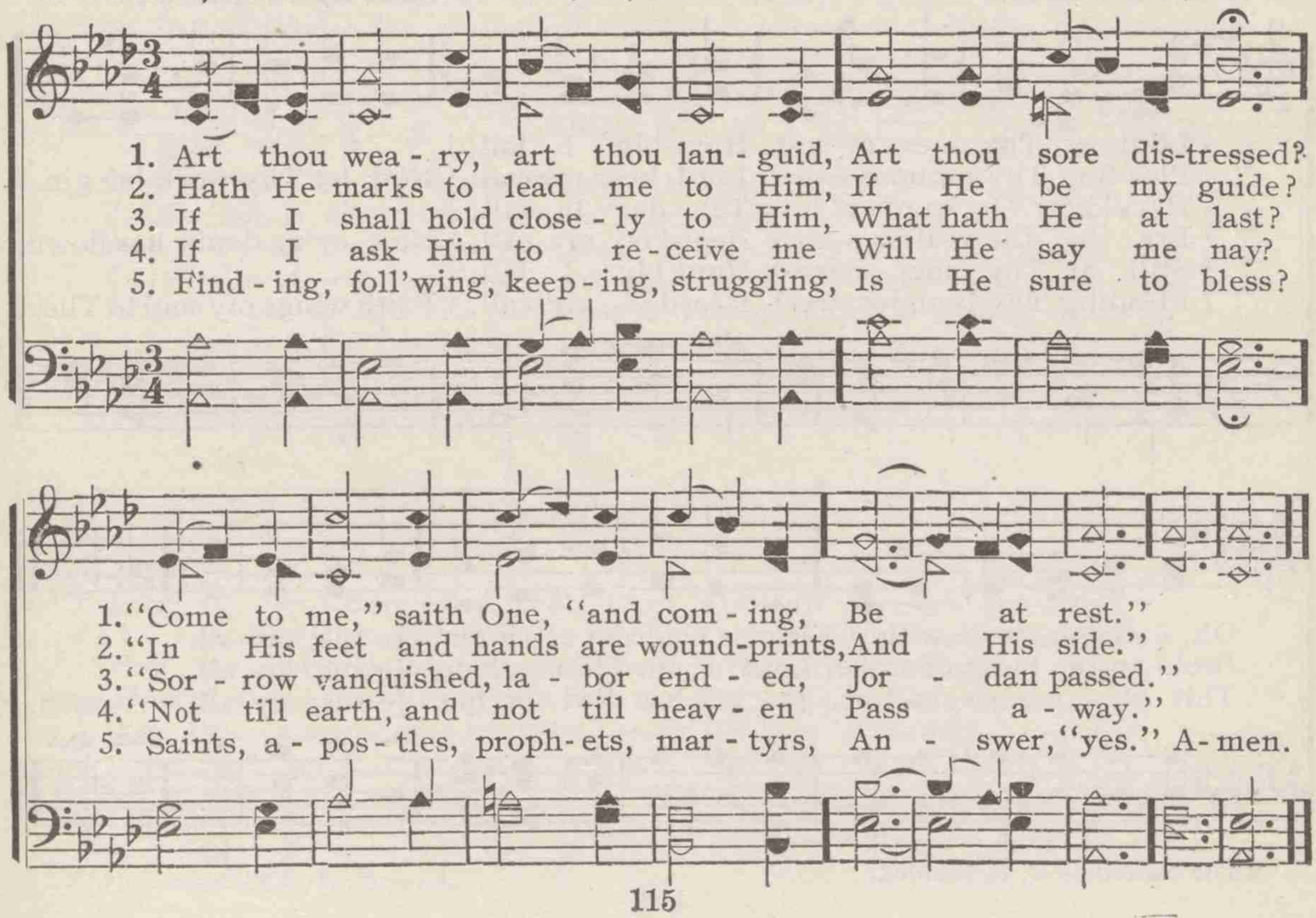
JESUS IS PASSING BY. Concluded.



200 ART THOU WEARY? 8, 5, 8, 3.

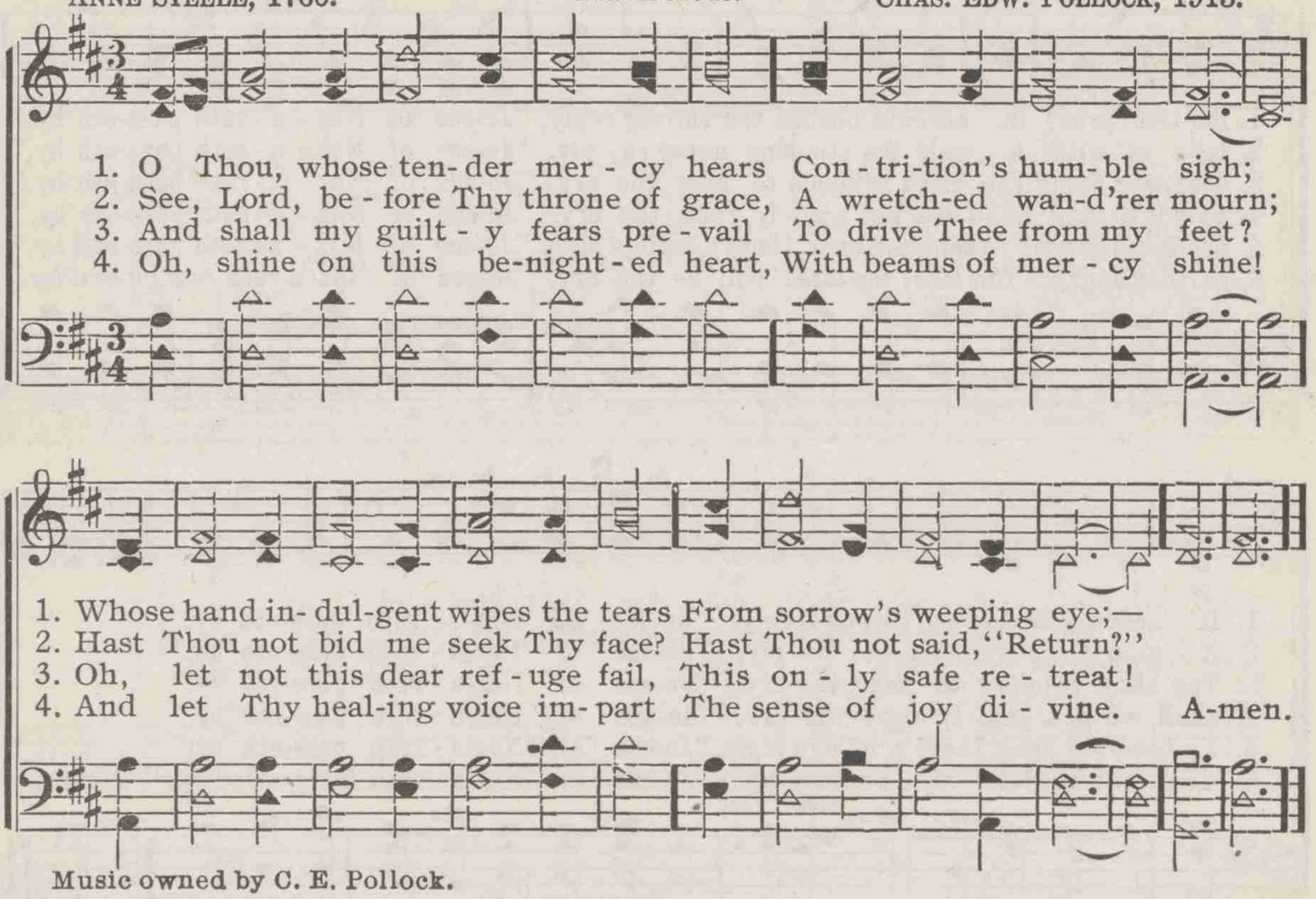
Matt. 11: 28, 30.

St. Stephen, 734-794. Rev. J. M. Neal, Tr., 1862. Rev. Ethelbert W. Bullinger, 1877.



201 DRENNAN. C. M.

ANNE STEELE, 1760. Psalm 34 : 18. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, 1913.

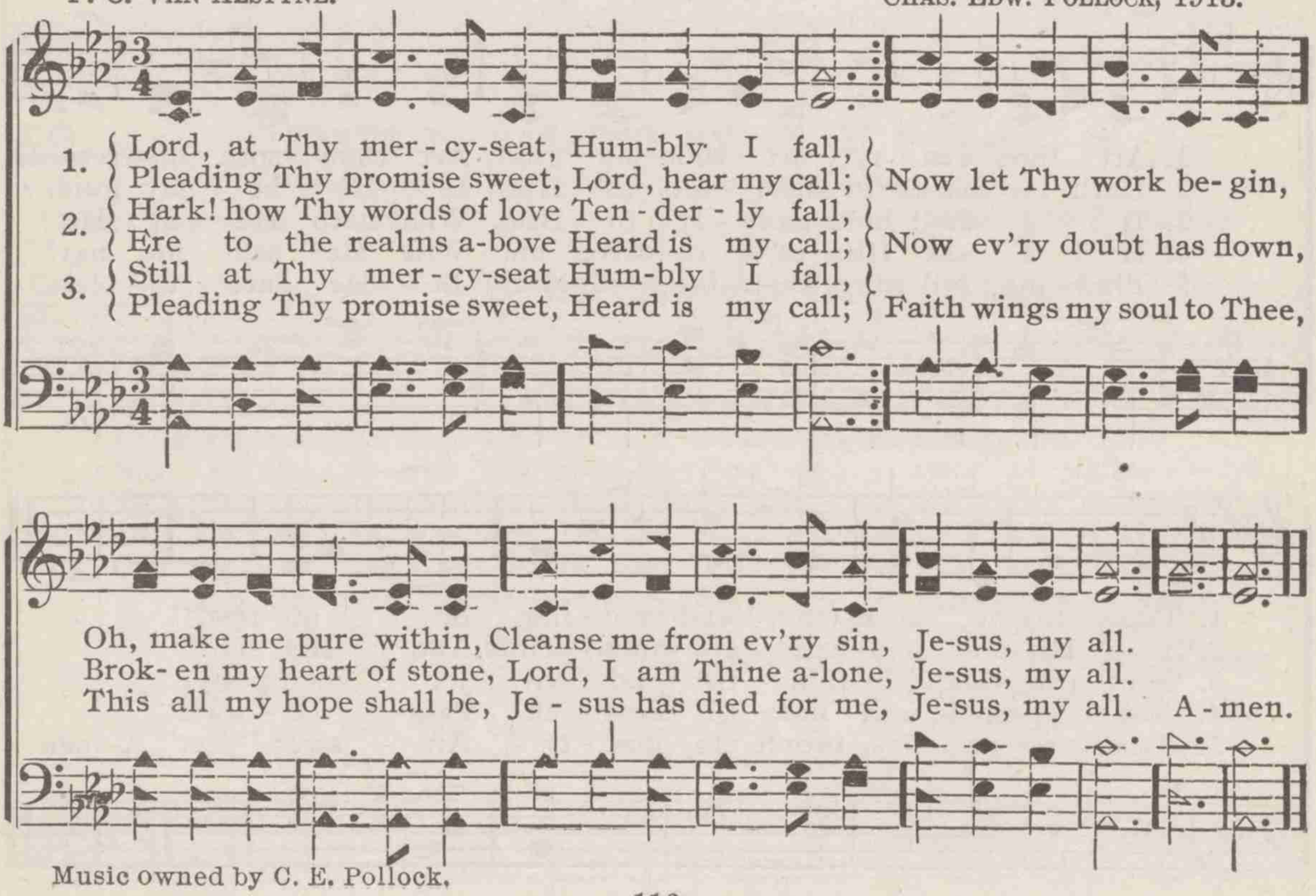


Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

202 JESUS, MY ALL. 6s & 4s.

"And there I will meet with thee, and will commune with thee from above the mercy seat."—Exod. 25 : 22.

F. C. VAN ALSTYNE. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, 1913.



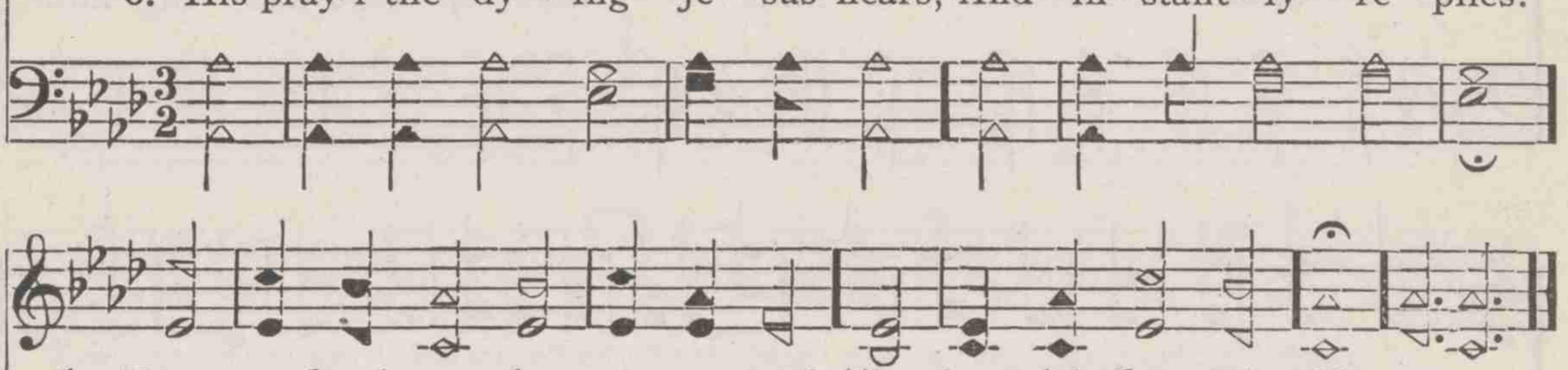
Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

203 EVAN. C. M.

REV. SAM'L STENNETT. Luke 23: 42, 43. WILLIAM HENRY HAVERGAL.



1. As on the cross the Sav-iour hung, And wept, and bled and died,
2. His crimes with in - ward grief and shame The pen - i - tent con-fessed,
3. "Je - sus, Thou Son and Heir of heav'n, Thou spot-less Lamb of God,
4. "Yet quick-ly from these scenes of woe In triumph Thou shalt rise;
5. "A - mid the glo - ries of that world, Dear Sav-iour think on me,
6. His pray'r the dy - ing Je - sus hears, And in - stant - ly re - plies:

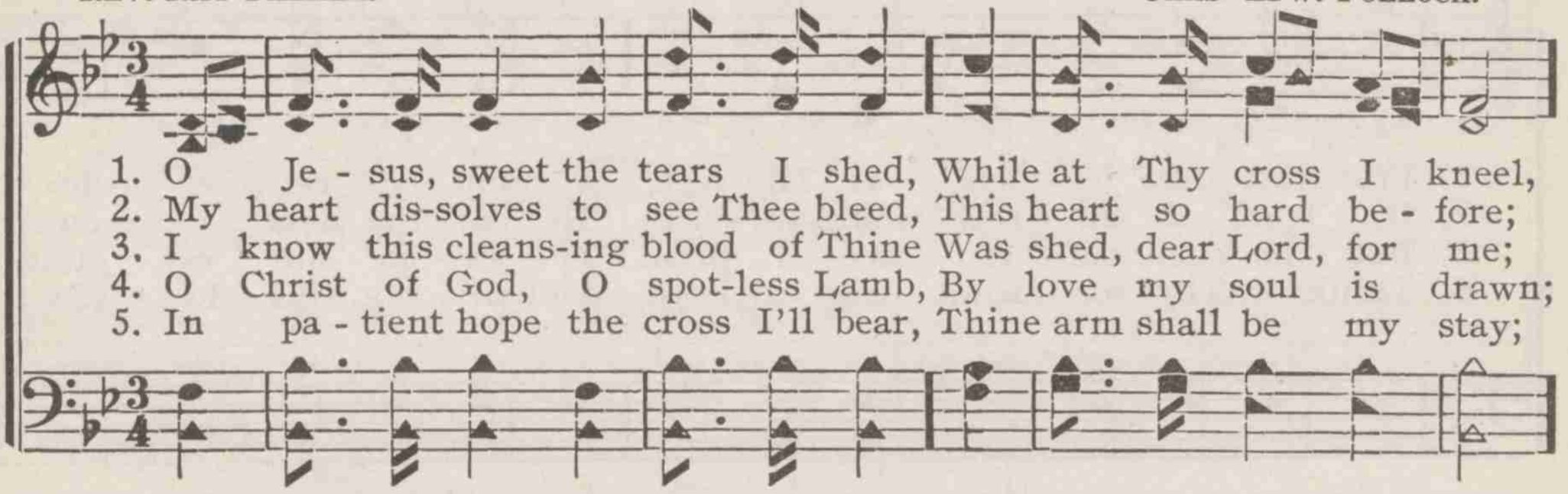


1. He poured sal - va - tion on a wretch That languished at His side.
2. Then turned his dy - ing eyes to Christ, And thus his pray'r addressed:
3. I see Thee bathed in sweat and tears, And wel-t'ring in Thy blood.
4. Burst thro' the gloomy shades of death, And shine a - bove the skies.
5. And in the vic-t'ries of Thy death Let me a shar - er be."
6. "To - day thy part-ing soul shall be With me in Par - a - dise." Amen.

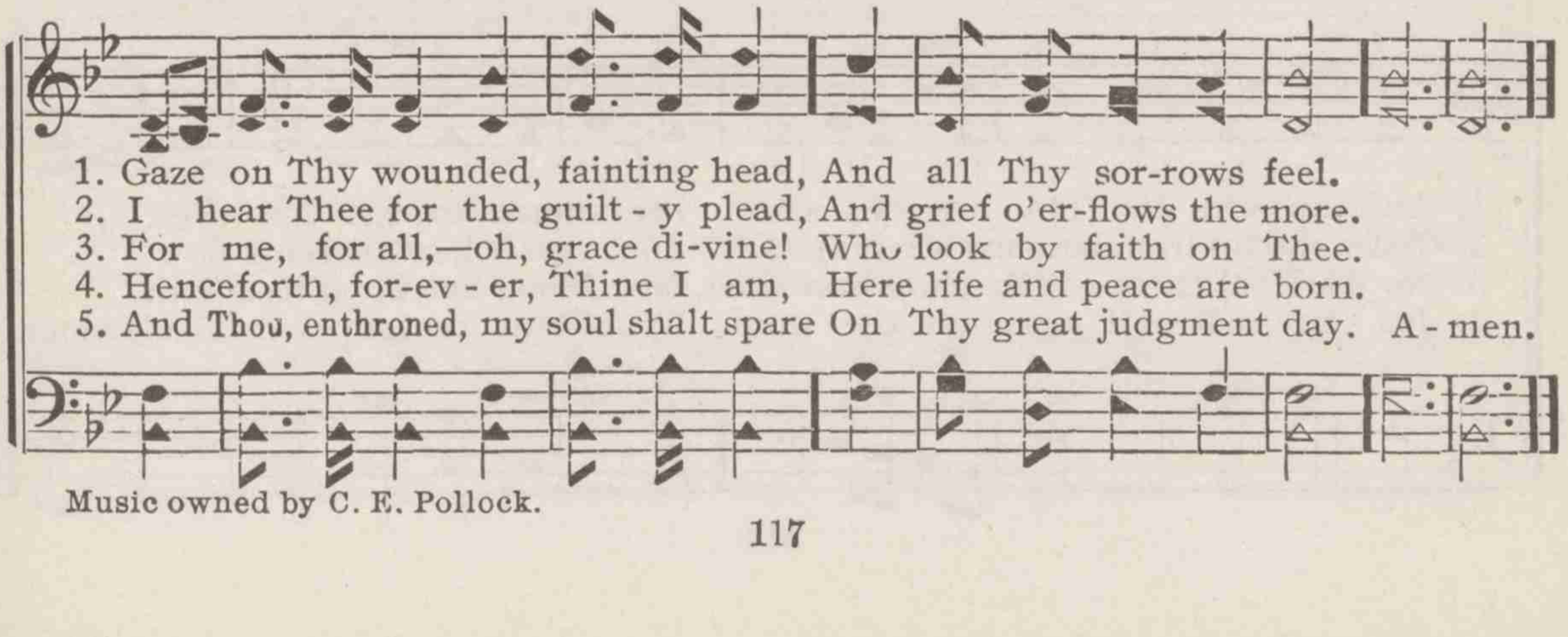
204 LEBANON. C. M.

"Then said Jesus, Father, forgive them."—Luke 23: 34.

REV. RAY PALMER. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. O Je - sus, sweet the tears I shed, While at Thy cross I kneel,
2. My heart dis-solves to see Thee bleed, This heart so hard be - fore;
3. I know this cleans-ing blood of Thine Was shed, dear Lord, for me;
4. O Christ of God, O spot-less Lamb, By love my soul is drawn;
5. In pa - tient hope the cross I'll bear, Thine arm shall be my stay;



1. Gaze on Thy wounded, fainting head, And all Thy sor-rows feel.
2. I hear Thee for the guilt - y plead, And grief o'er-flows the more.
3. For me, for all,—oh, grace di-vine! Who look by faith on Thee.
4. Henceforth, for-ev - er, Thine I am, Here life and peace are born.
5. And Thou, enthroned, my soul shalt spare On Thy great judgment day. A - men.

Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

205 BAIRD. 7s.*

REV. A. J. BAIRD, D. D., 1858. John 15:5. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, 1913.



1. Je - sus, canst Thou bid me live? Canst Thou all my sins for - give?
2. Mer - cy, mer - cy can there be— Mer - cy for a wretch like me?
3. Darkness gath- ers o'er my heart, Mine is sure the sin - ner's part!
4. Yet I hear Thy bless - ed word Whispered by Thy Spir - it, Lord,
5. "Troubled soul, on Je - sus rest, O be - lieve, and thou art blest;
6. O what com-fort here I find! O what rap - ture fills my mind!



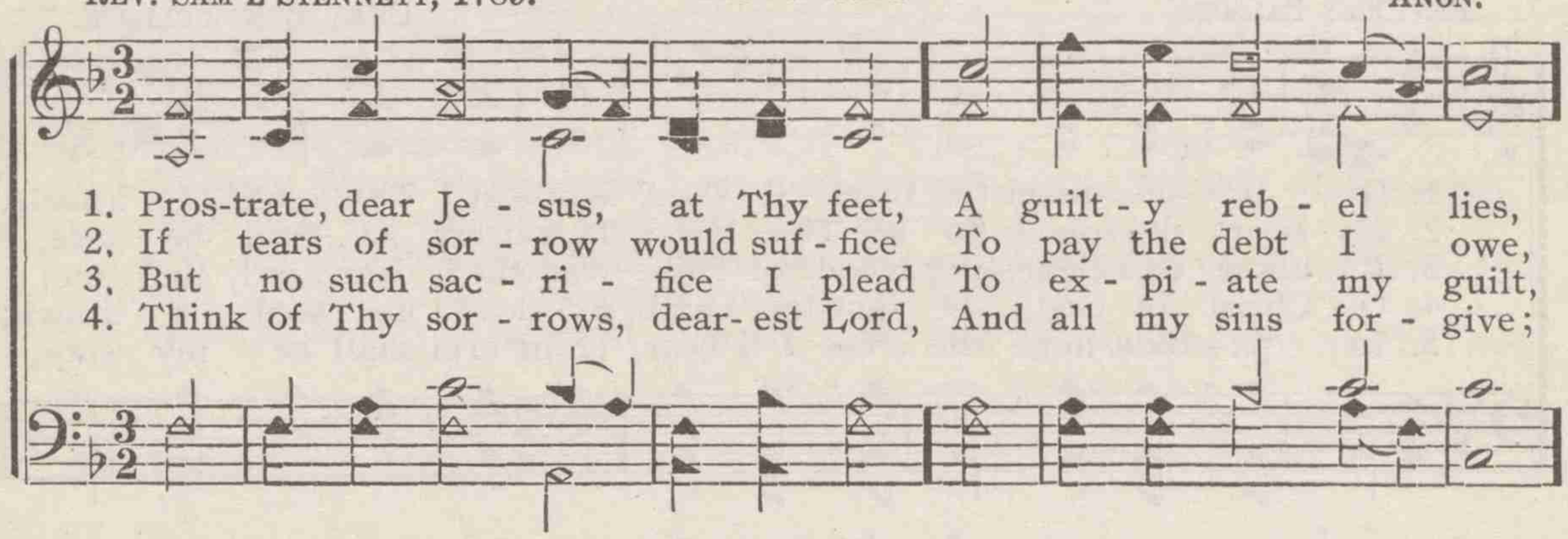
1. Oh, I've sinned against Thy love, Oft a- gainst Thy Spir-it strove.
2. None, I know, but Je - sus' love Can my load of guilt re- move.
3. Hope seems gone and sorrows rise, Prospects die, and comfort flies.
4. "All thy works are vain," it saith, "Je - sus saves a-lone thro' faith.
5. 'Twas for such as thee He died: See His hands, His feet, His side!"
6. Je - sus, all I give to Thee: Help me, Lord, to fol - low Thee. A-men.



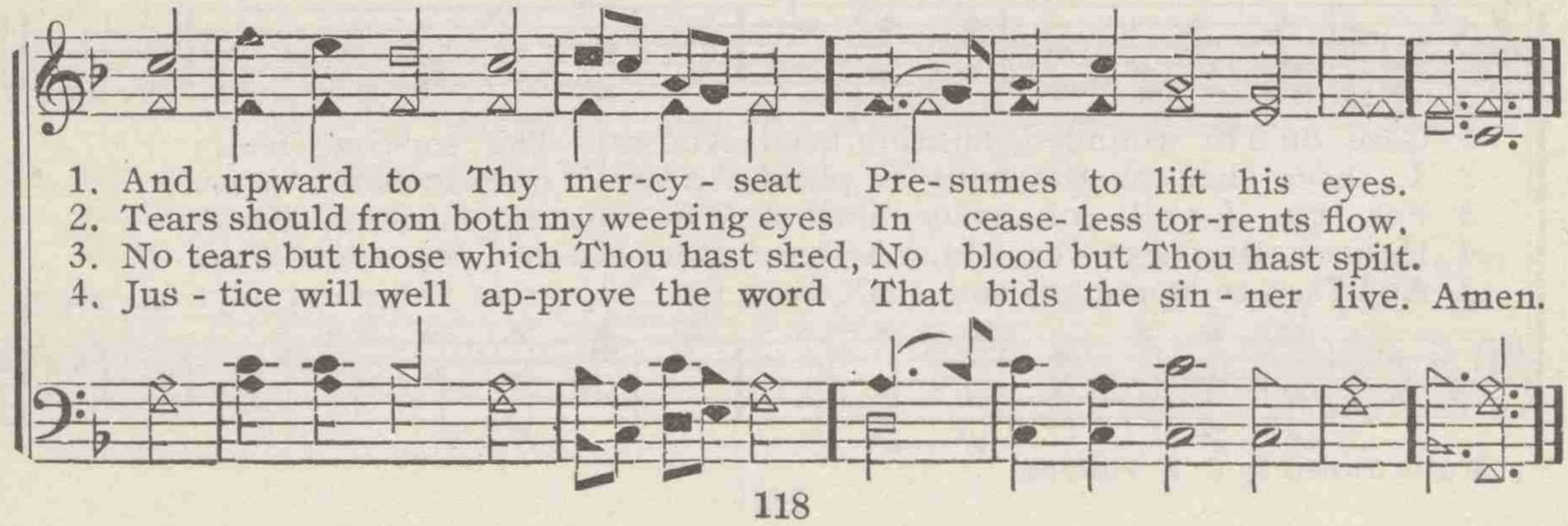
*Written for "Songs of Zion." C. E. Pollock, owner.

206 DUNLAP'S CREEK. C. M.

REV. SAM'L STENNETT, 1789. The Penitent. ANON.



1. Pros-trate, dear Je - sus, at Thy feet, A guilt - y reb - el lies,
2. If tears of sor - row would suf - fice To pay the debt I owe,
3. But no such sac - ri - fice I plead To ex - pi - ate my guilt,
4. Think of Thy sor - rows, dear- est Lord, And all my sins for - give;



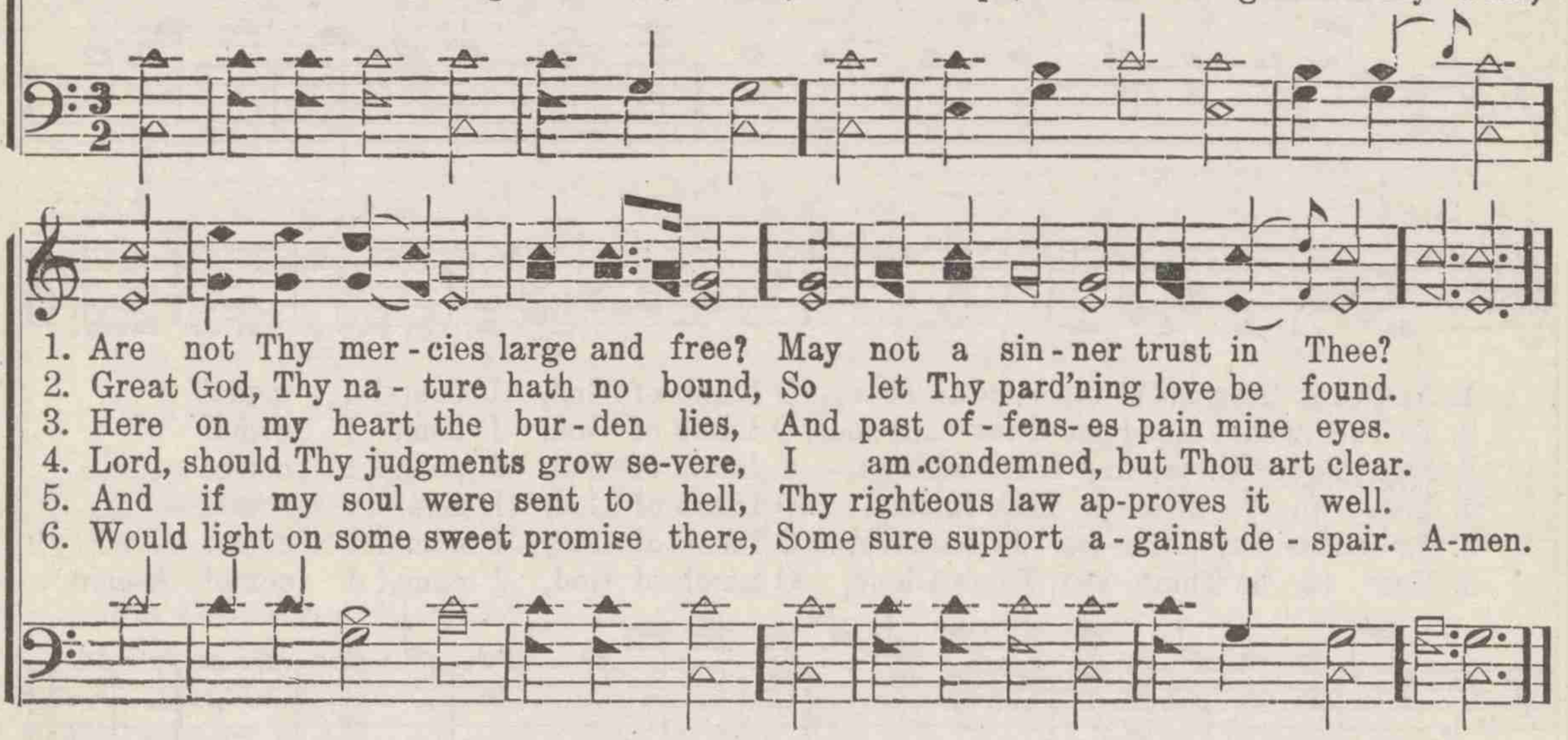
1. And upward to Thy mer-cy - seat Pre- sumes to lift his eyes.
2. Tears should from both my weeping eyes In cease- less tor-rents flow.
3. No tears but those which Thou hast shed, No blood but Thou hast spilt.
4. Jus - tice will well ap-prove the word That bids the sin - ner live. Amen.

207 DEVOTION. L. M.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D., 1719. Psalm 51. SOUTHERN TUNE.



1. Show pit - y, Lord, O Lord, for - give, Let a re - pent - ing reb - el live;
2. My crimes are great, but don't sur - pass The pow'r and glo - ry of Thy grace;
3. O wash my soul from ev - 'ry sin, And make my guilt - y conscience clean!
4. My lips with shame my sins con - fess A - gainst Thy law, a - gainst Thy grace:
5. Should sudden vengeance seize my breath, I must pro-nounce Thee just in death;
6. Yet save a trem-bling sin - ner, Lord, Whose hope, still hov - 'ring round Thy word,



1. Are not Thy mer - cies large and free? May not a sin - ner trust in Thee?
2. Great God, Thy na - ture hath no bound, So let Thy pard'ning love be found.
3. Here on my heart the bur - den lies, And past of - fens- es pain mine eyes.
4. Lord, should Thy judgments grow se-vere, I am condemned, but Thou art clear.
5. And if my soul were sent to hell, Thy righteous law ap-proves it well.
6. Would light on some sweet promise there, Some sure support a - gainst de - spair. A-men.

208 I WILL ARISE. P. M.

"I will arise and go to my Father."—Luke 15 : 18.

ANON. Arr. for this Work.



1. Far, far a- way from my lov - ing Fa - ther, I had been wand'ring, wayward, wild,
2. Fain had I fed on the husks a - round me, Till to my - self I came, and said,
3. "I will a- rise, though faint and wea - ry, Home to my Fa - ther I will go;
4. "Fa- ther," I'll say, "I have sinned be- fore Thee, No more may I be called Thy son:

CHO.—I will a - rise and go to Je - sus, He will embrace me in His arms;

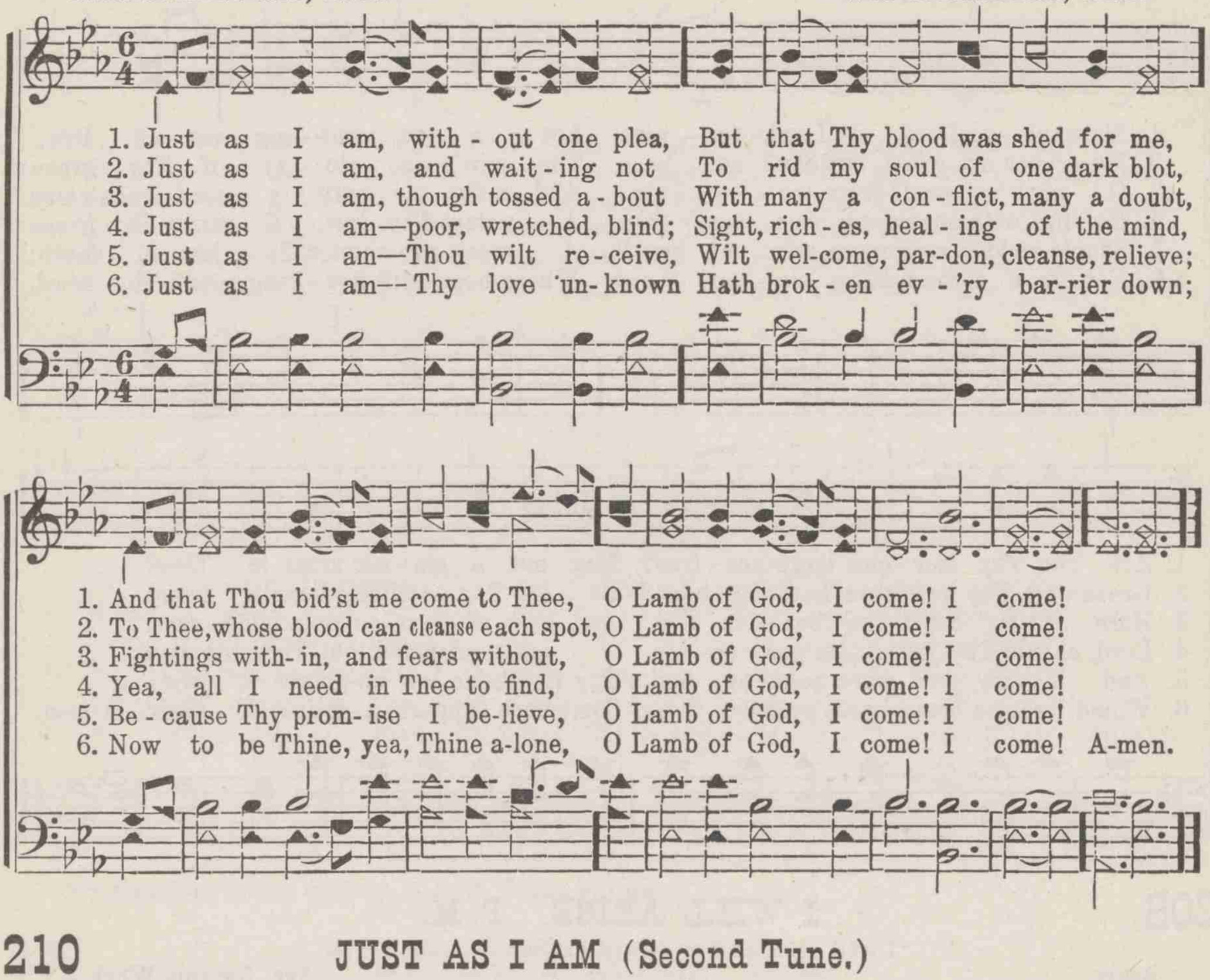


1. Fear - ing on - ly lest His an - ger O - ver - take His sin - ful child.
2. "Plen - ty have my Fa - ther's ser - vants, Per - ish I for want of bread."
3. Woe is me that e'er I wan-dered: Ah, that I such need should know."
4. Make me on - ly as Thy ser - vant, Pit - y me, a wretch un - done."

In the arms of my dear Sav - iour, O there are ten thou-sand charms.

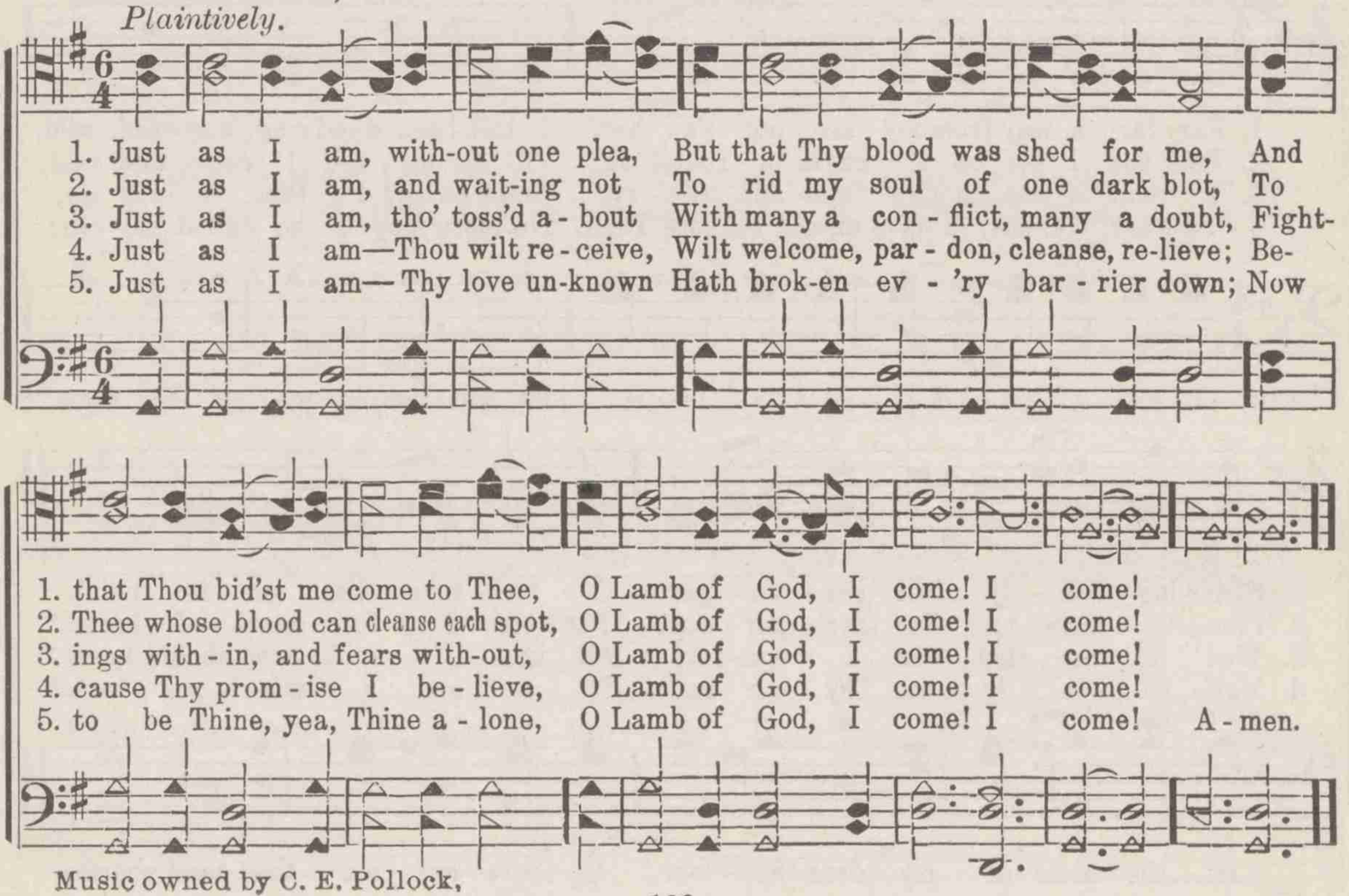
209 WOODWORTH. L. M.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1836. WM. B. BRADBURY, 1849.



210 JUST AS I AM (Second Tune.)

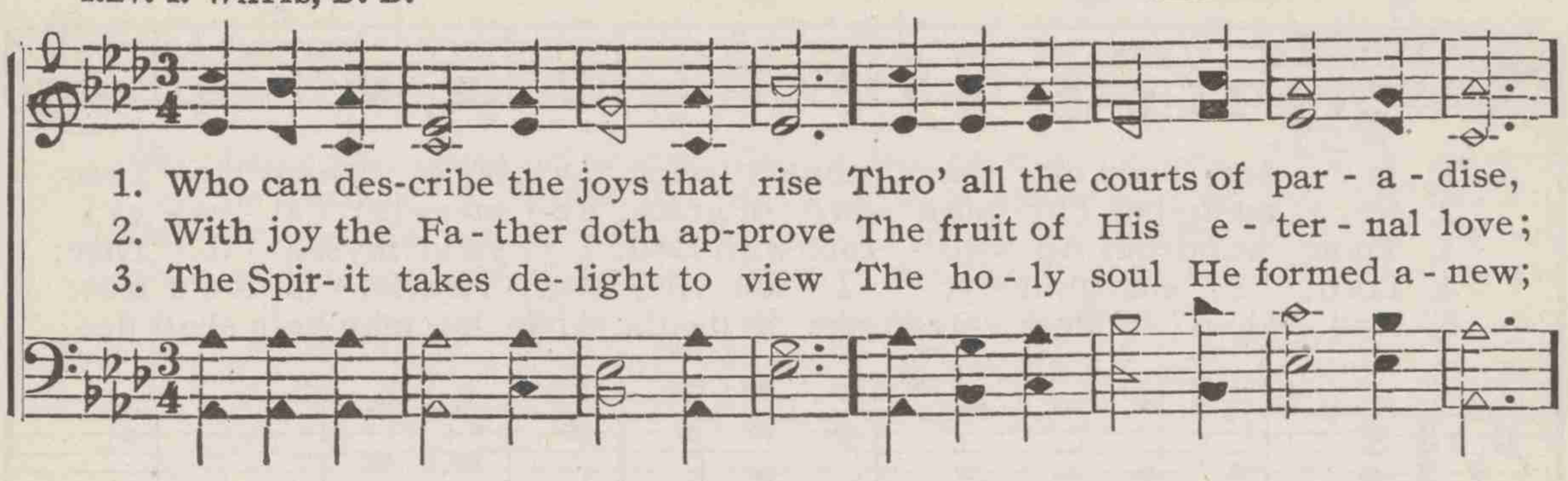
CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1836. (Male Quartet.) CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

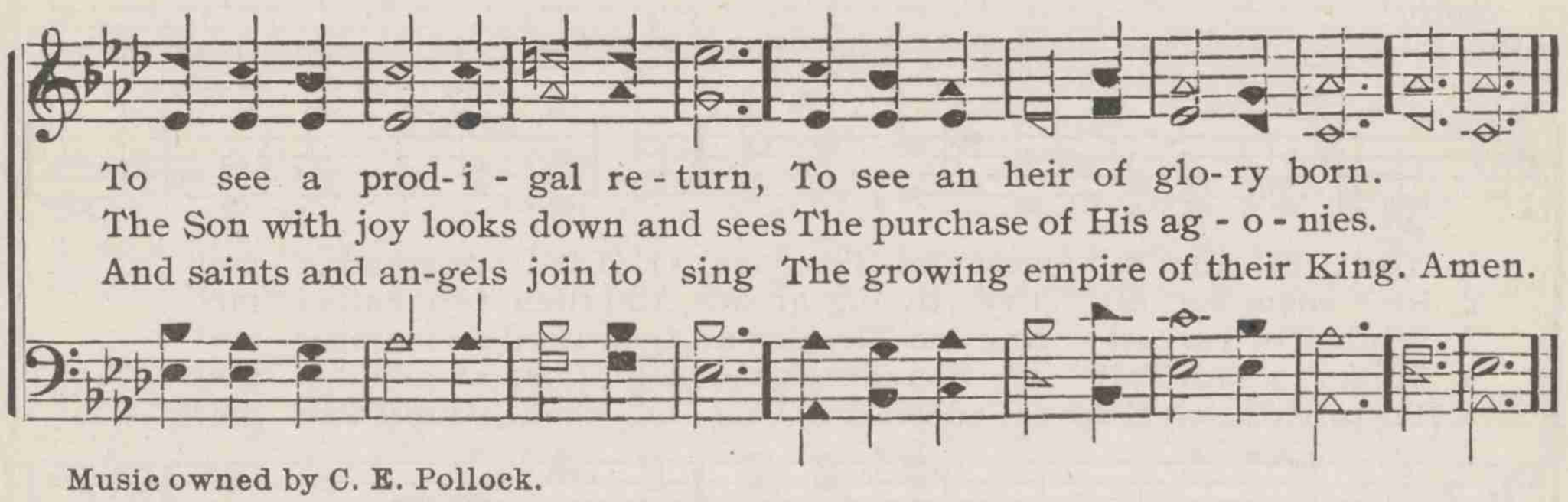


Music owned by C. E. Pollock,

211 LELAND. L. M.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D. Luke 15: 7. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

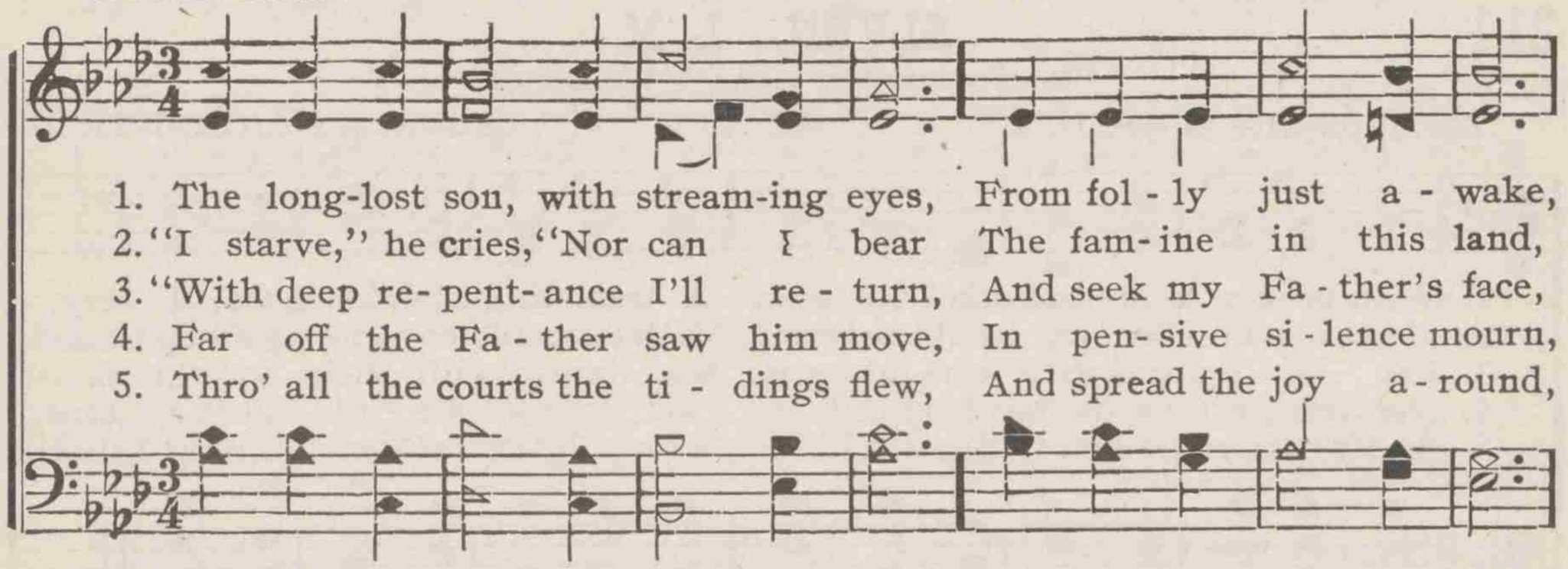




Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

212 ST. AGNES. C. M.

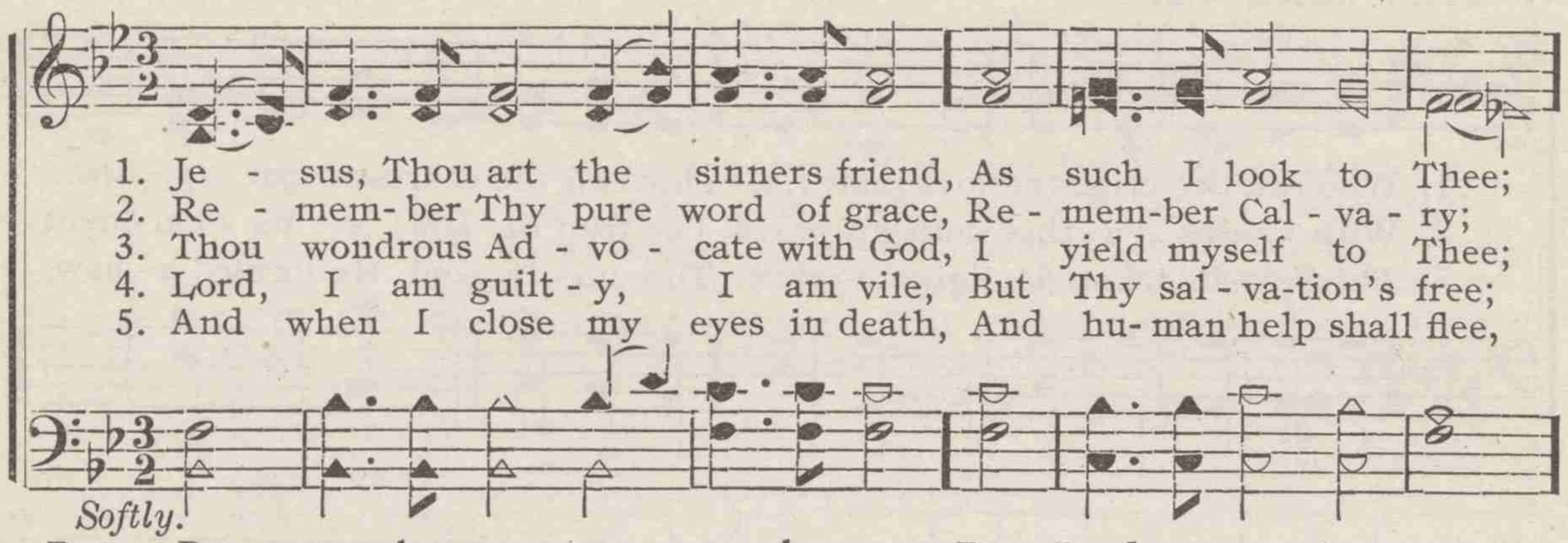
VILLAGE HYMNS. Luke 15: 12-25. REV. JOHN B. DYKES, 1866.





213 ALDINE. C. M.

REV. RICHARD BURNHAM, 1796. Luke 23:42. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, 1913.

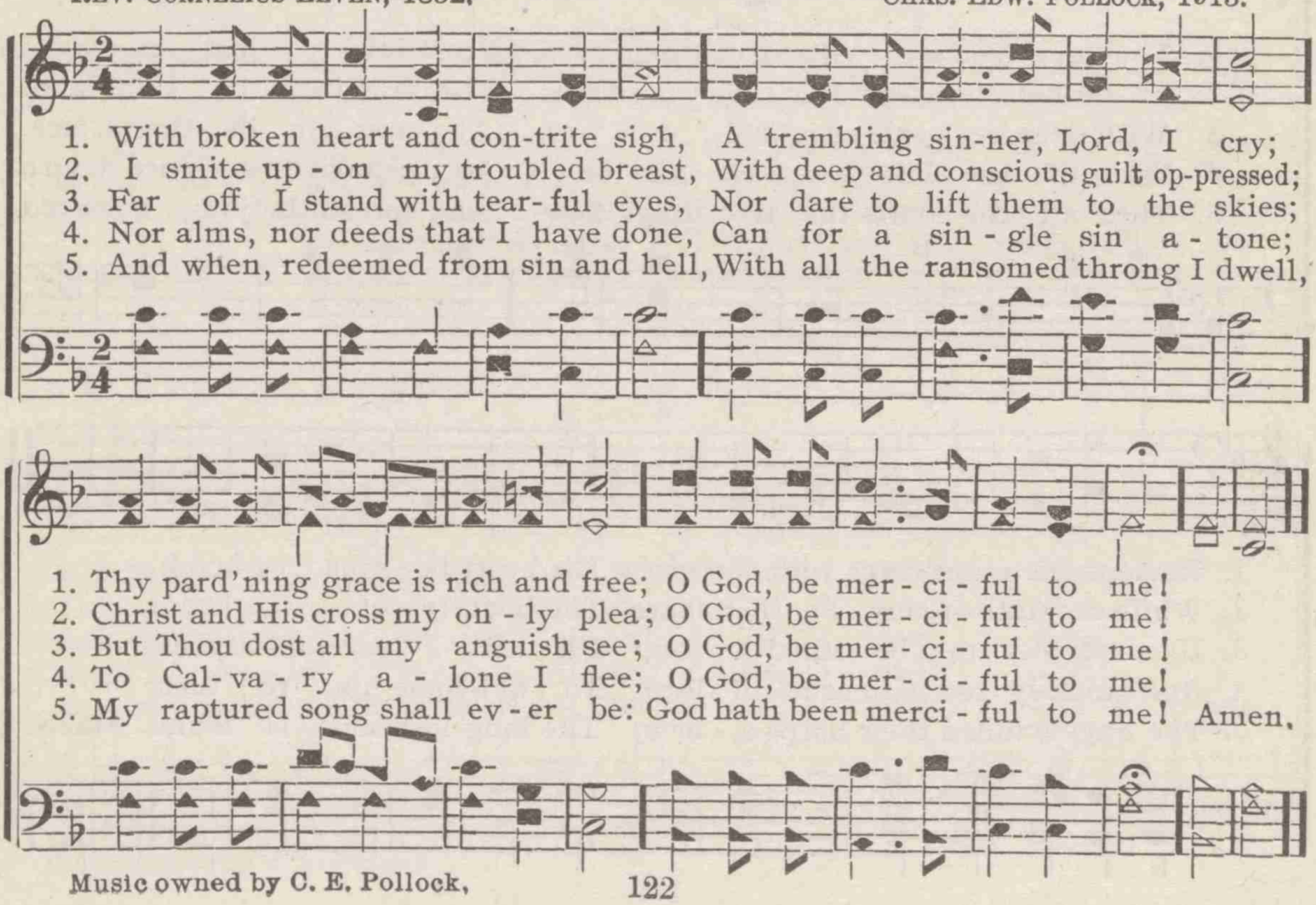


Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

214 ELVEN. L. M.

"God, be merciful to me."—Luke 18:13.

REV. CORNELIUS ELVEN, 1852. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, 1913.



Music owned by C. E. Pollock,

215 CONQUERED BY LOVE. 8s & 7s.

REV. THEO. MONOD, 1874. Rom. 12: 3. W. T. DALE, 1913.



216 PASS ME NOT. 8s & 5s.

FANNY J. CROSBY, 1868. Gen. 27: 34. W. HOWARD DOANE.

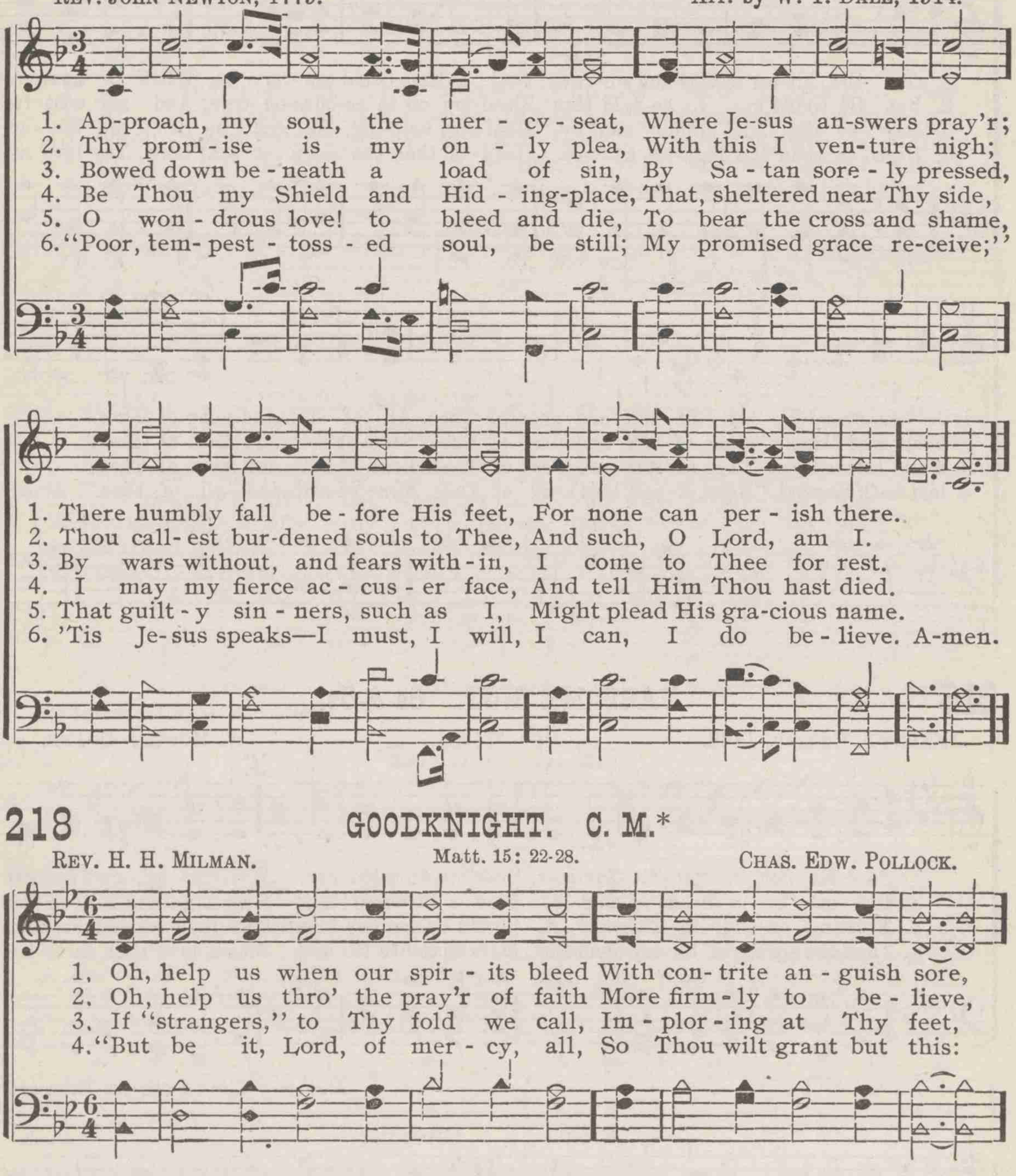


Copyright, 1870, by W. H. Doane.

217 MEAR. C. M.

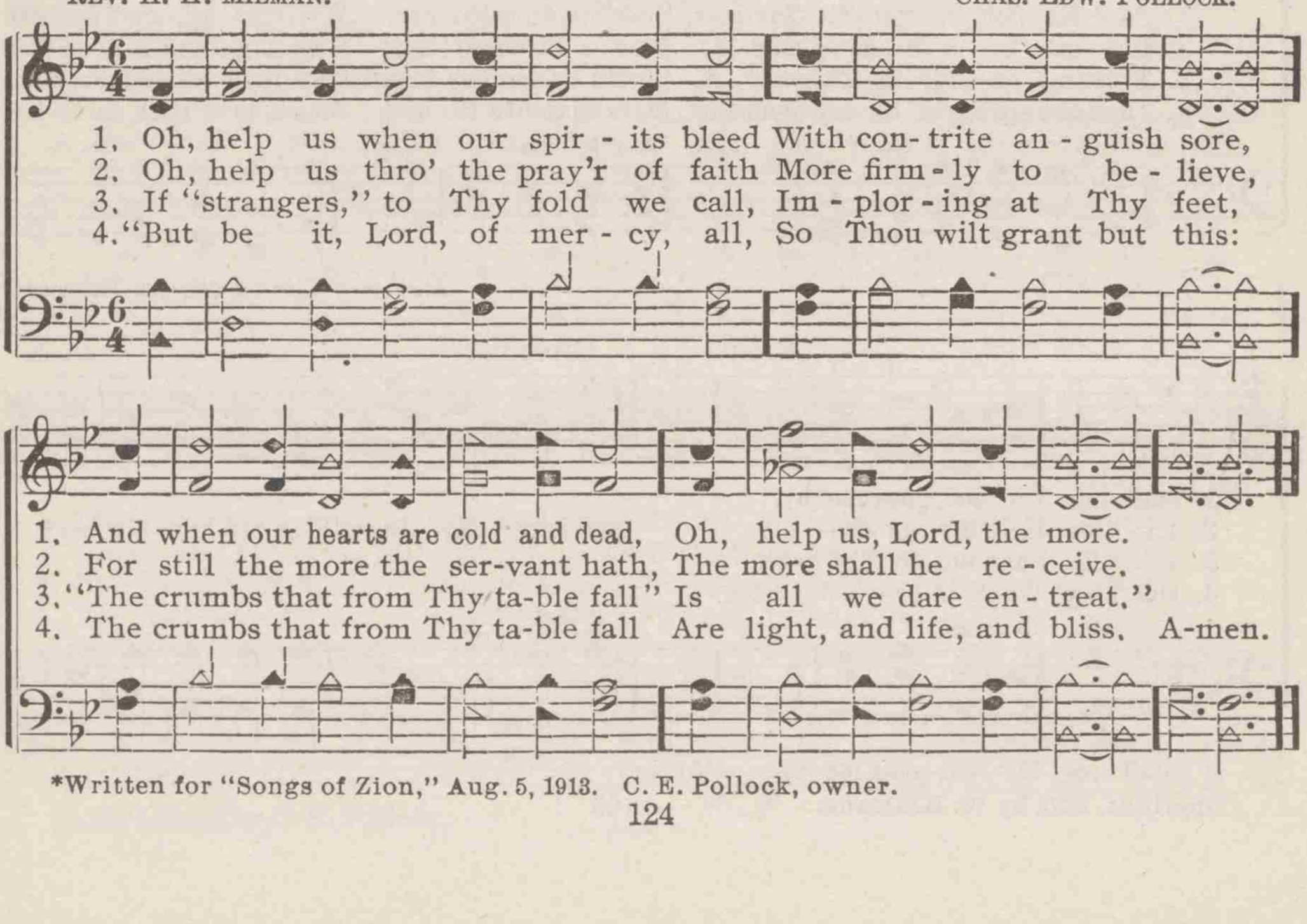
"In full assurance of faith."—Heb. 10: 22.

REV. JOHN NEWTON, 1779. WELSH AIR. A. WILLIAM'S COLL, 1762. Arr. by W. T. DALE, 1914.



218 GOODKNIGHT. C. M.*

REV. H. H. MILMAN. Matt. 15: 22-28. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



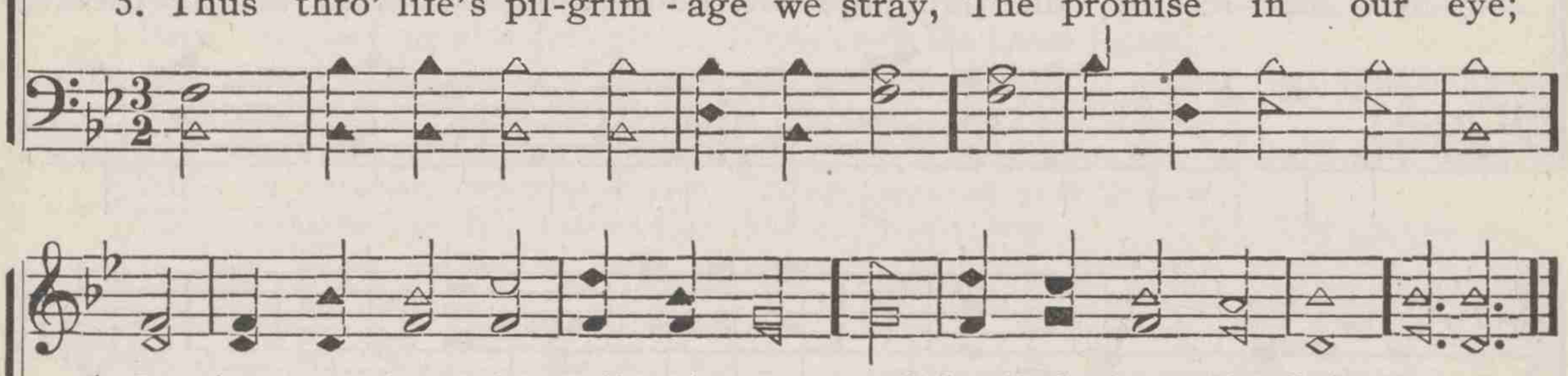
*Written for "Songs of Zion," Aug. 5, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner.

219 SEARS. C. M.*

REV. I. WATTS, D. D. Heb. 11:1. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. Faith is the bright-est ev - i - dence Of things be-yond our sight,
2. It sets time past in pres-ent view, Brings distant pros-pects home,
3. By faith we know the world was made, By God's al-might - y word,
4. A - braham o-beyed the Lord's command, From his own coun - try driv'n;
5. Thus thro' life's pil-grim - age we stray, The promise in our eye;



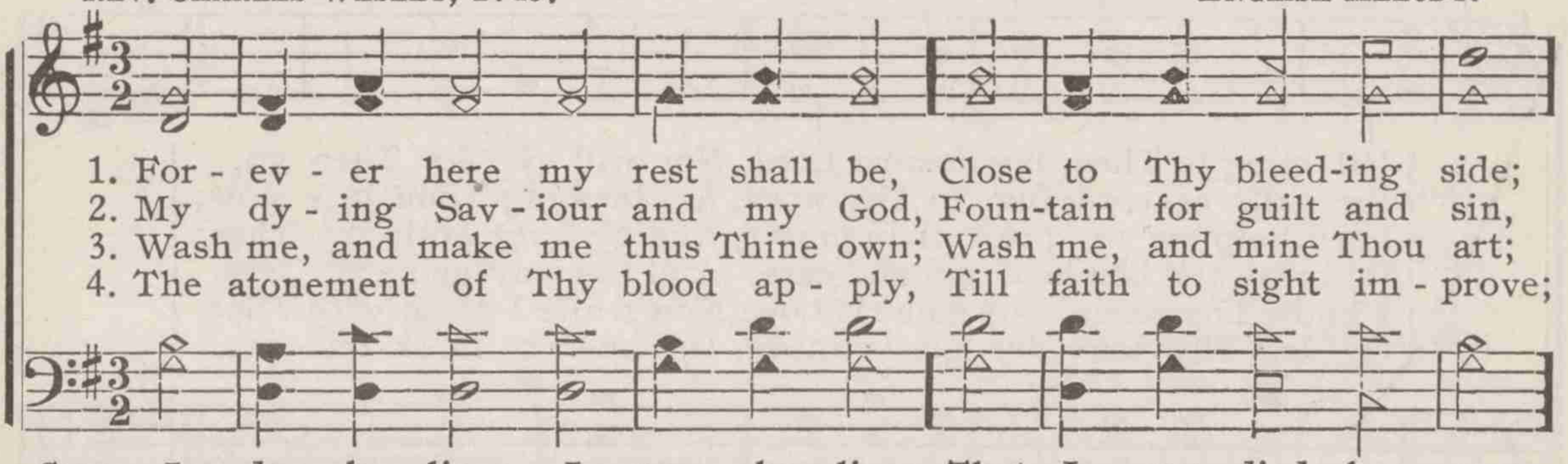
1. It pierc - es thro' the veil of sense, And dwells in heav'nly light.
2. Of things a thousand years a - go, Or thousand years to come,
3. We know the heav'ns and earth shall fade, And be a - gain re-stored.
4. By faith he sought a promised land, But found his rest in heav'n.
5. By faith we walk the nar-row way That leads to joy on high. Amen.



*Written for "Songs of Zion," Aug. 8, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner.

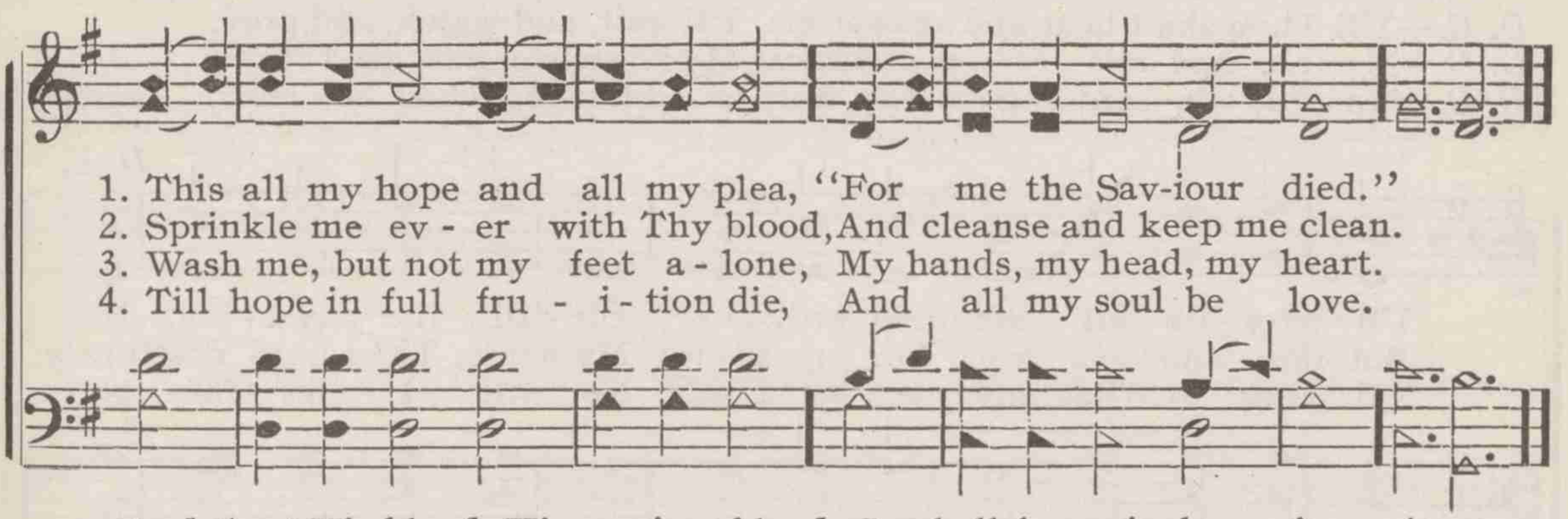
220 BELIEF. C. M.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY, 1749. ENGLISH MELODY.



1. For - ev - er here my rest shall be, Close to Thy bleed-ing side;
2. My dy - ing Sav - iour and my God, Foun-tain for guilt and sin,
3. Wash me, and make me thus Thine own; Wash me, and mine Thou art;
4. The atonement of Thy blood ap - ply, Till faith to sight im - prove;

CHO.—I do be - lieve, I now be - lieve, That Je - sus died for me;

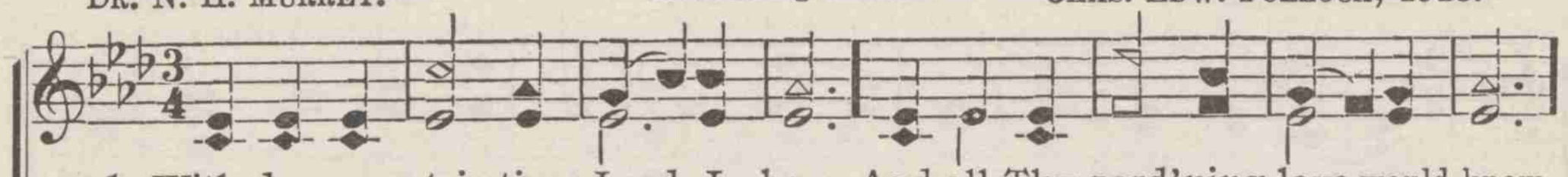


1. This all my hope and all my plea, "For me the Sav-iour died."
2. Sprinkle me ev - er with Thy blood, And cleanse and keep me clean.
3. Wash me, but not my feet a - lone, My hands, my head, my heart.
4. Till hope in full fru - i - tion die, And all my soul be love.

And thro' His blood, His precious blood, I shall from sin be free. A-men.

221 SHARON. L. M.

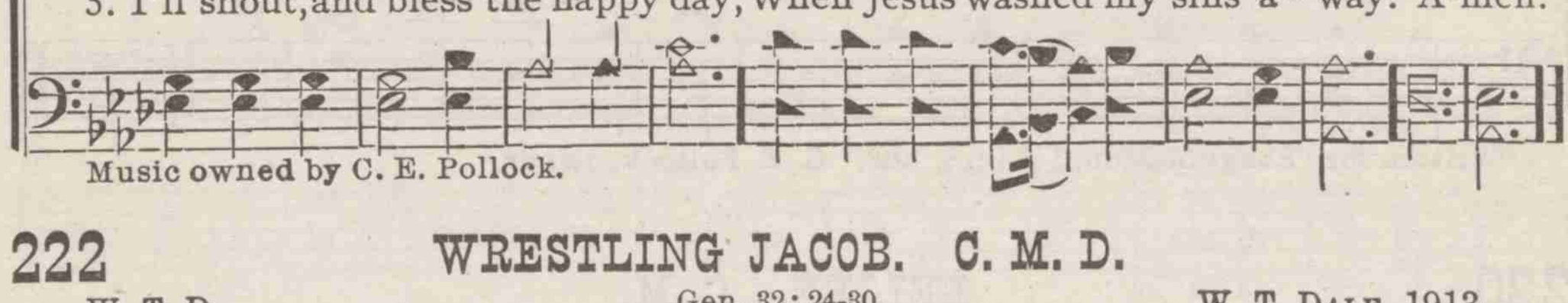
DR. N. H. MURREY. Receiving Christ. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, 1913.



1. With deep con-tri-tion, Lord, I bow, And all Thy pard'ning love would know,
2. I long have sought Thy smiling face, And pray'd for Thy re-deem-ing grace;
3. O teach me, Lord, how to be-lieve, And all my guilt-y fears re-lieve;
4. O wondrous love, by faith I see My ransom on the shameful tree;
5. Ec-stat-ic joy, de-light supreme! Re-deeming love shall be my theme;



1. O free me from my load of sin, And make me pure and clean within.
2. No ransom in my hand I bring, But to the cross a-lone I cling.
3. I faint, I sink without Thy hand, O help me, Lord, by faith to stand.
4. His flowing side, His bleeding hand, By faith I see, in Him I stand.
5. I'll shout, and bless the happy day, When Jesus washed my sins a-way. A-men.



Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

222 WRESTLING JACOB. C. M. D.

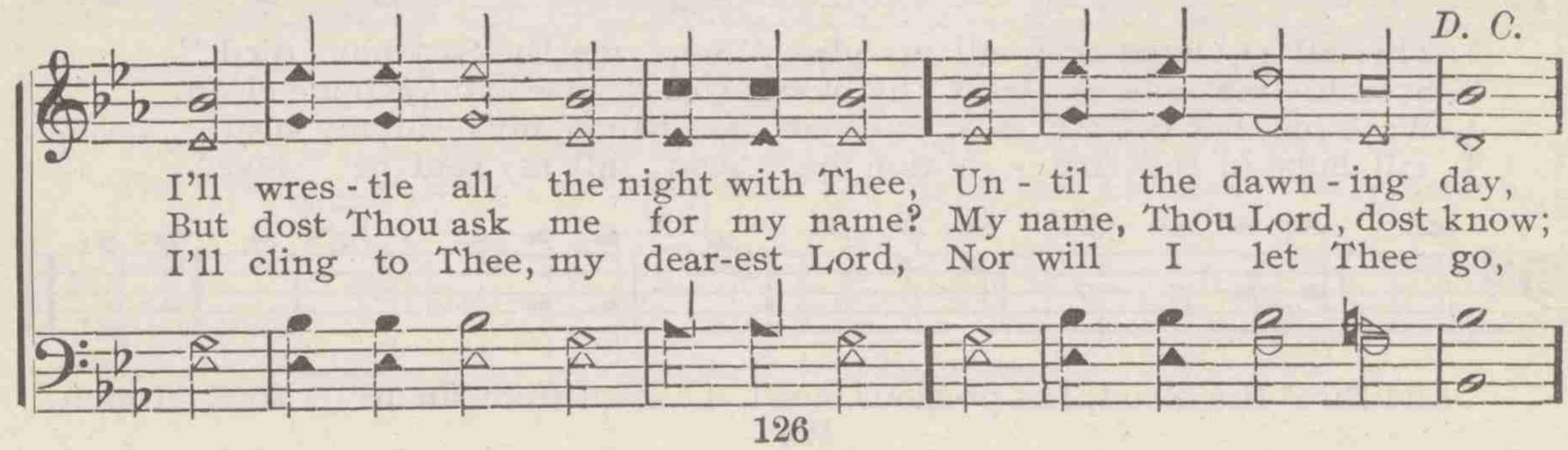
W. T. D. Gen. 32: 24-30. W. T. DALE, 1913.

FINE.



1. { I'll cling to Thee, my dearest Lord, Nor will I let Thee go,
   { Un-til, ac-cord-ing to Thy word, A blessing Thou be-stow.
2. { Lord, help me to pre-vail in pray'r, And give me faith in Thee;
   { O! break the bonds of sin and care, And set my spir-it free.
3. { I know Thy name, Thy name is Love, Now while I plead with Thee,
   { O let Thy ten-der pit-y move, In mer-cy think on me.

D. C.—Till Thou shalt hear and answer me, I'll wait, and watch, and pray.
D. C.—My sin and mis-er-y proclaim, My wretched-ness and woe.
D. C.—Un-til, ac-cord-ing to Thy word, A bless-ing Thou be-stow. A-men.



I'll wres-tle all the night with Thee, Un-til the dawn-ing day,
But dost Thou ask me for my name? My name, Thou Lord, dost know;
I'll cling to Thee, my dear-est Lord, Nor will I let Thee go,

223 STANDING BY THE CROSS. 8s & 7s, with Refrain.

"Now there stood by the cross of Jesus His mother."—John 19: 25.

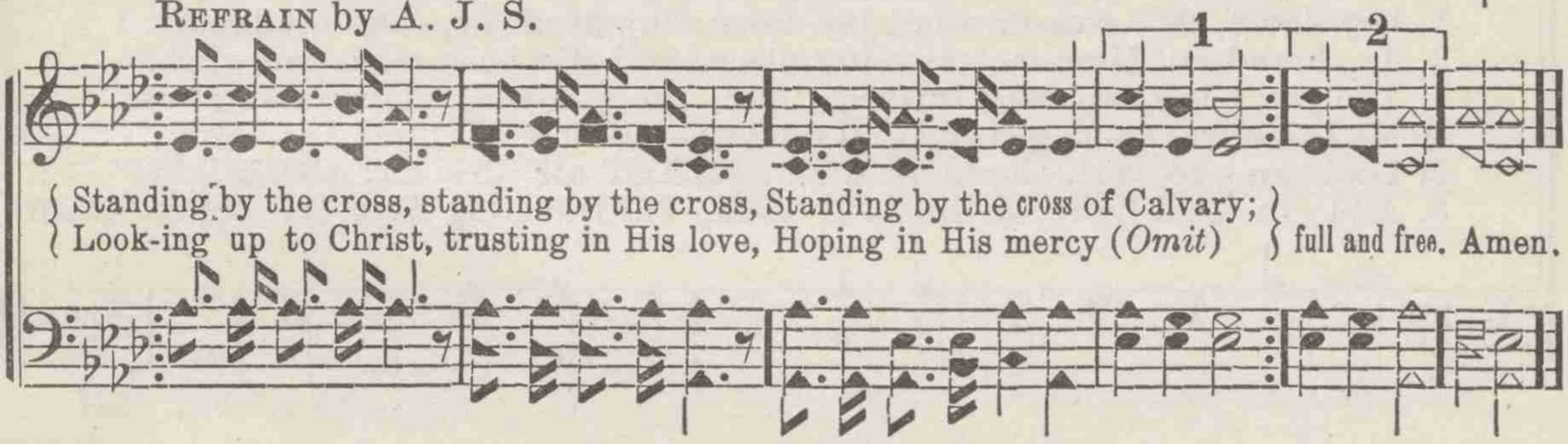
REV. JAMES ALLEN, 1759. Alt. by REV. WALTER SHIRLEY, 1770. A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.



1. Sweet the moments, rich in blessing, Which before the cross I spend;
   Life, and health, and peace possessing, From the sin- (*Omit*.....) ner's dy-ing Friend.
2. Tru - ly bless-ed is this sta-tion, Low be-fore His cross to lie,
   While I see di- vine com-pass-ion Beaming in (*Omit*.....) His gracious eye.
3. Here I feel my sins for - giv- en, While up-on the Lamb I gaze;
   And my thoughts are all of heaven, And my lips (*Omit*.....) o'erflow with praise.
4. Love and grief my heart di-vid-ing, With my tears His feet I'll bathe;
   Con - stant still in faith a - bid-ing, Life de - riv- (*Omit*.....) ing from His death.
5. Still in ceaseless con-tem-pla-tion, Fix my heart and eyes on Thee,
   Till I taste Thy full sal- va-tion, And unveiled (*Omit*).....) Thy glo-ries see.



REFRAIN by A. J. S.



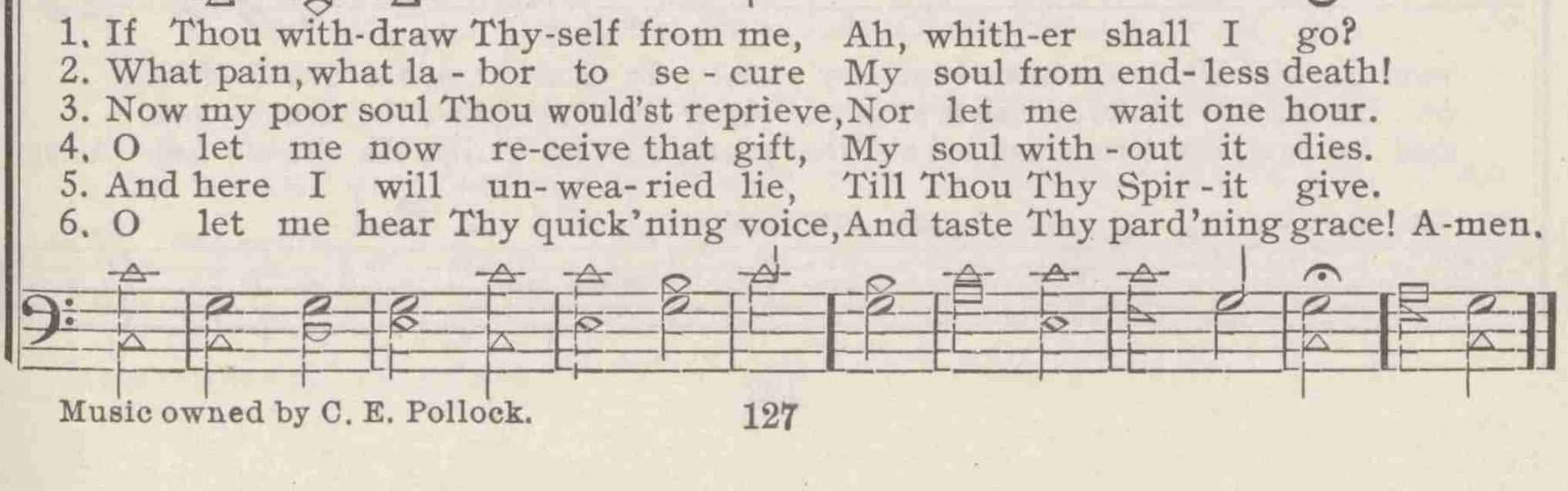
Standing by the cross, standing by the cross, Standing by the cross of Calvary;
Look-ing up to Christ, trusting in His love, Hoping in His mercy (*Omit*) full and free. Amen.

224 RUSSELVILLE. C. M.

REV. C. WESLEY. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, 1913.



1. Fa - ther, I stretch my hands to Thee, No oth - er help I know;
2. What did Thy on - ly Son en - dure, Be - fore I drew my breath?
3. O Je - sus, could I this be - lieve, I now should feel Thy pow'r;
4. Au - thor of faith, to Thee I lift My wea - ry, long - ing eyes;
5. Sure - ly Thou canst not let me die; O speak, and I shall live;
6. The worst of sin - ners would re - joice Could they but see Thy face;



1. If Thou with-draw Thy-self from me, Ah, whith-er shall I go?
2. What pain, what la - bor to se - cure My soul from end-less death!
3. Now my poor soul Thou would'st reprieve, Nor let me wait one hour.
4. O let me now re-ceive that gift, My soul with - out it dies.
5. And here I will un- wea- ried lie, Till Thou Thy Spir - it give.
6. O let me hear Thy quick'ning voice, And taste Thy pard'ning grace! A-men.

Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

225 EVAN. C. M.

Dr. H. Bonar, 1846. Rev. William H. Havergal, 1846.



1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say—"Come un - to me and rest;
2. I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry, and worn, and sad;
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say—"Be - hold, I free - ly give
4. I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream;
5. I heard the voice of Je - sus say—"I am this dark world's light;
6. I looked to Je - sus, and I found In Him my Star, my Sun;

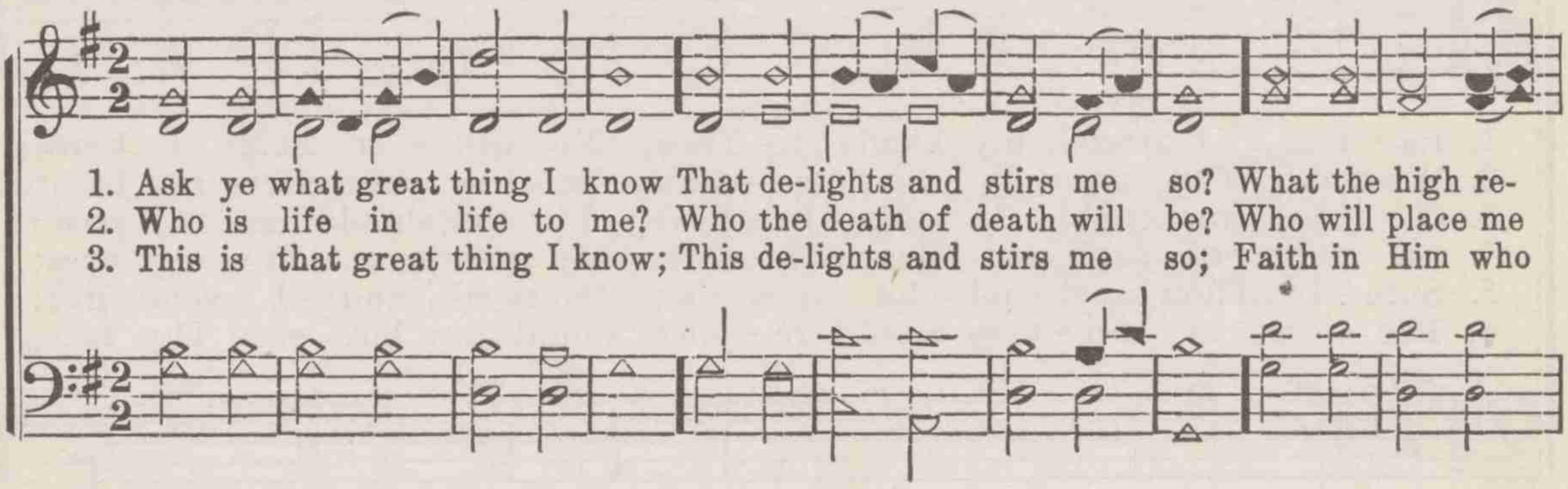


1. Lay down, thou wea-ry one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast."
2. I found in Him a rest - ing place, And He hath made me glad.
3. The liv - ing wa - ter; thirst-y one, Stoop down, and drink, and live."
4. My thirst was quenched, my soul revived, And now I live in Him.
5. Look un - to me, thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright!"
6. And in that light of life I'll walk, Till traveling days are done. Amen.

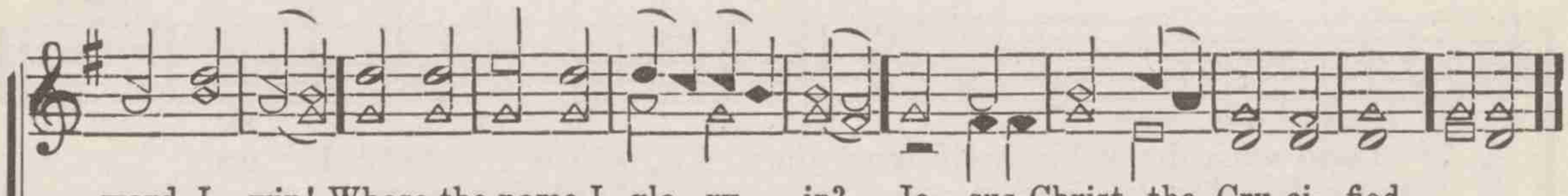


226 HENDON. 7s.

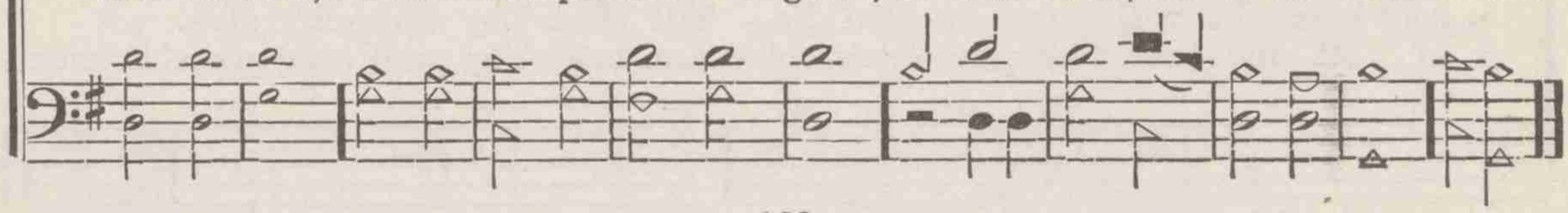
Benjamin H. Kennedy. Rev. H. A. Cæsar Malan, 1827.



1. Ask ye what great thing I know That de-lights and stirs me so? What the high re-
2. Who is life in life to me? Who the death of death will be? Who will place me
3. This is that great thing I know; This de-lights and stirs me so; Faith in Him who

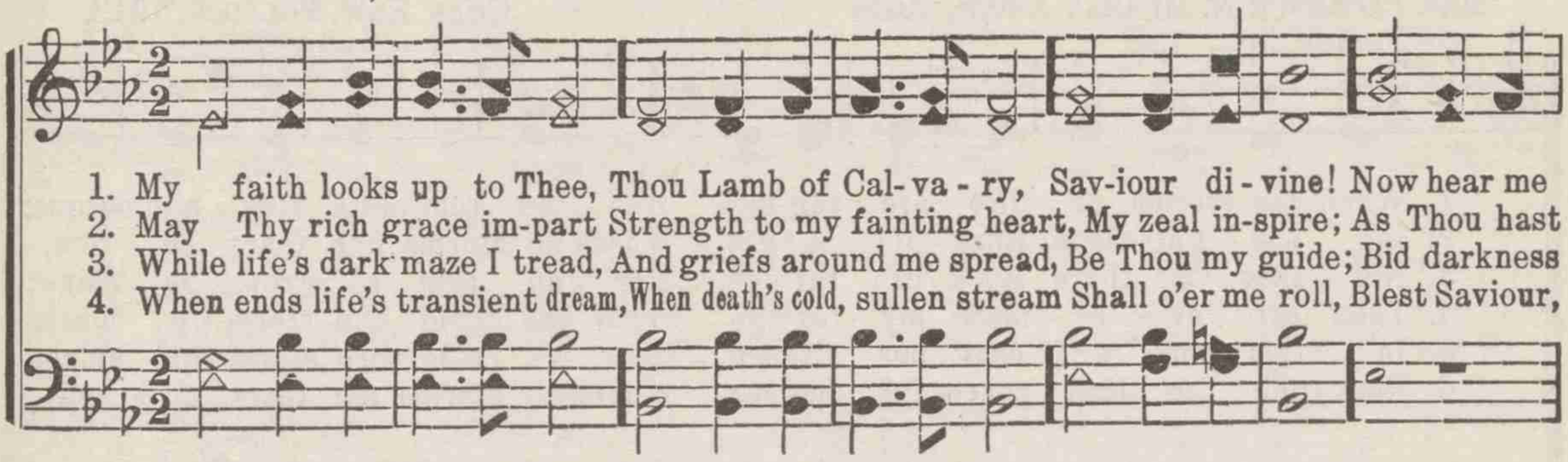


ward I win! Whose the name I glo - ry in? Je - sus Christ, the Cru-ci - fied.
on His right With the countless hosts of light? Je - sus Christ, the Cru-ci - fied.
died to save, Him who triumphed o'er the grave, Je - sus Christ, the Cru-ci - fied. Amen.



227 OLIVET. 6s, 4s.

REV. RAY PALMER, 1830. DR. LOWELL MASON, 1831.



228 HENDY. 6s, 4s.

REV. RAY PALMER, 1830. (Second Tune.) CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, 1913.

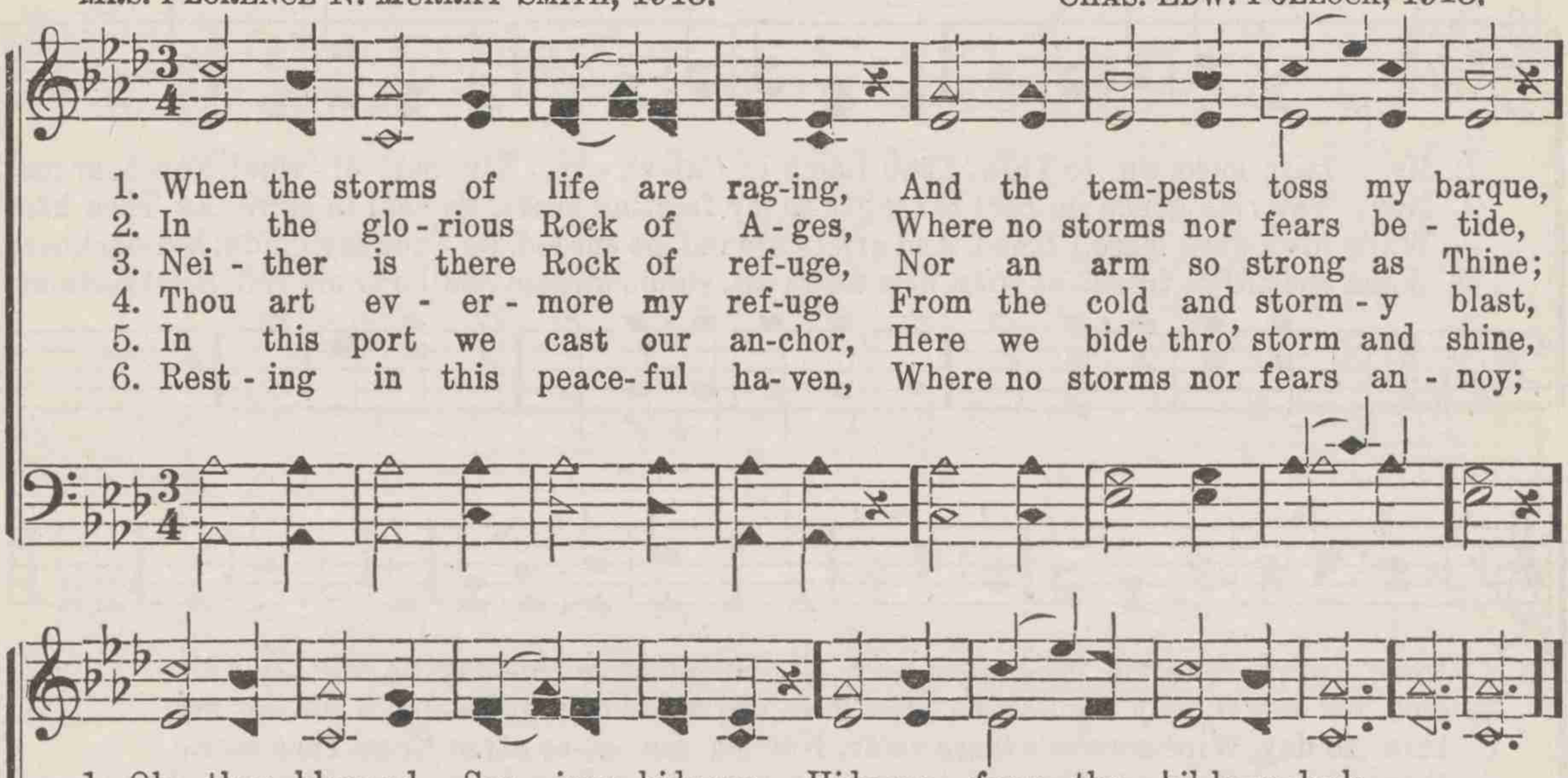


Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

229 PARK-PLACE. 8s & 7s.

The Clefted Rock.

MRS. FLORENCE N. MURRAY SMITH, 1913. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, 1913.



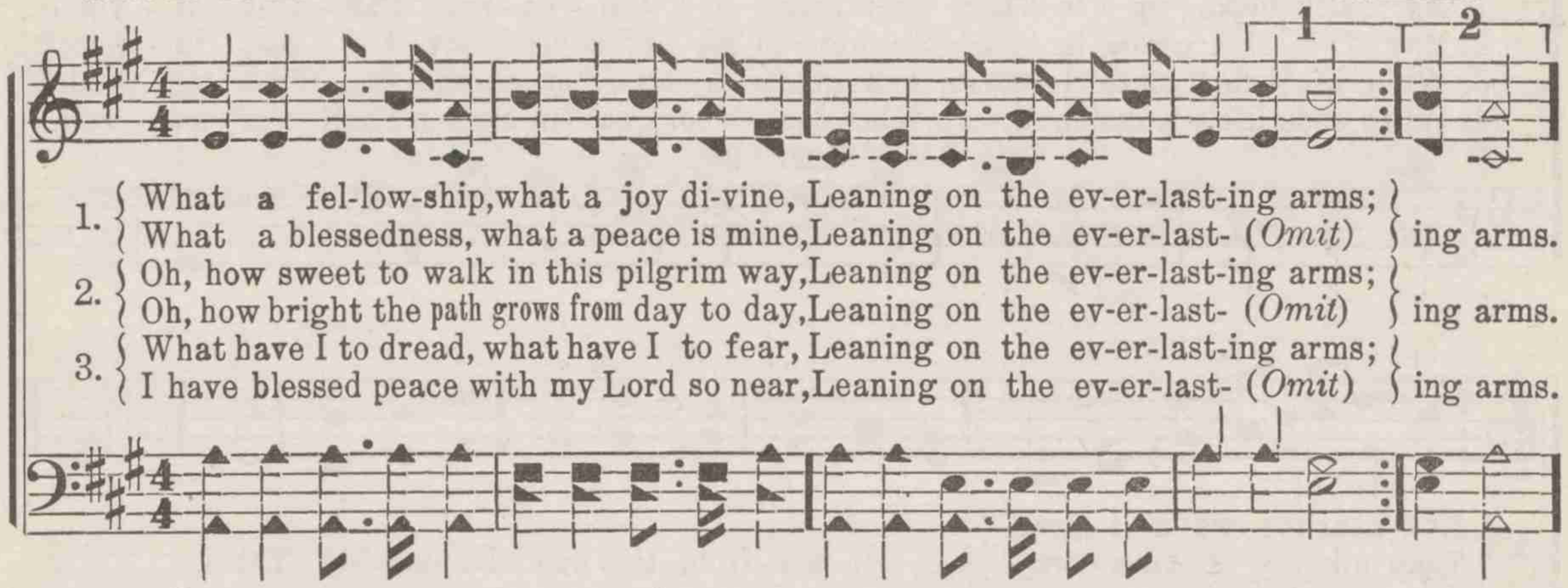
1. When the storms of life are rag-ing, And the tem-pests toss my barque,
2. In the glo-rious Rock of A-ges, Where no storms nor fears be-tide,
3. Nei-ther is there Rock of ref-uge, Nor an arm so strong as Thine;
4. Thou art ev-er-more my ref-uge From the cold and storm-y blast,
5. In this port we cast our an-chor, Here we bide thro' storm and shine,
6. Rest-ing in this peace-ful ha-ven, Where no storms nor fears an-noy;

1. Oh, then bless-ed Sav-iour, hide me, Hide me from the bil-lows dark.
2. Where, se-cure from ev-'ry e-vil, In the cleft-ed rock we hide.
3. Be my God and Guide for-ev-er, Be my Stay, O Sav-iour mine.
4. In this ha-ven will we tar-ry Till the storm of life is past.
5. Doubting not Thy blest pro-tec-tion, Hap-py in Thy love di-vine.
6. In this glo-rious Rock of A-ges There is life and peace and joy. A-men.

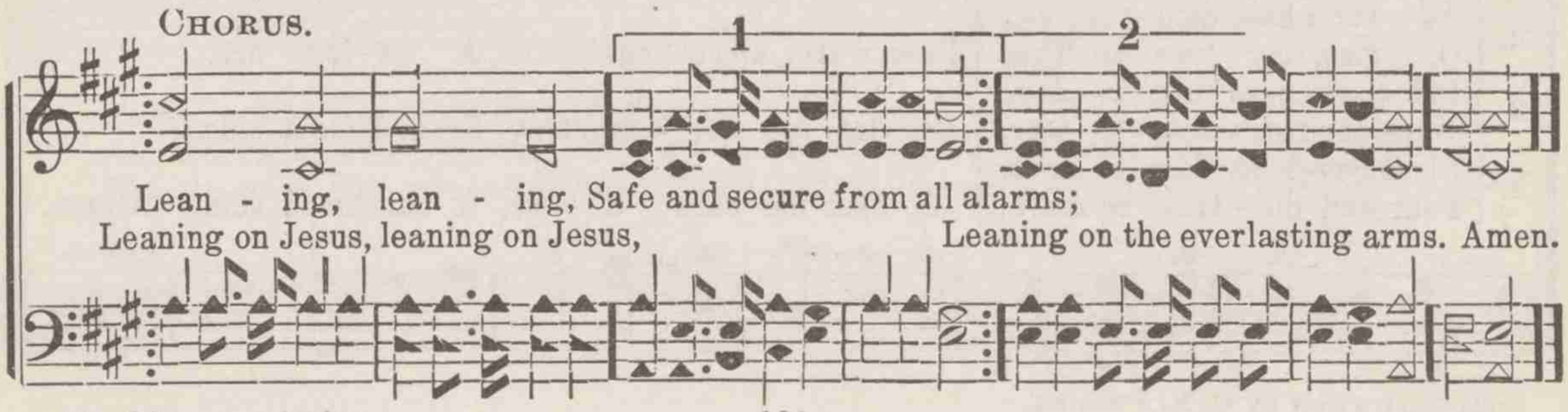
Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

230 LEANING ON THE EVERLASTING ARMS.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. What a fel-low-ship, what a joy di-vine, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms;
   What a blessedness, what a peace is mine, Leaning on the ev-er-last- (*Omit*) ing arms.
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms;
   Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day, Leaning on the ev-er-last- (*Omit*) ing arms.
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms;
   I have blessed peace with my Lord so near, Leaning on the ev-er-last- (*Omit*) ing arms.



CHORUS.

Lean - ing, lean - ing, Safe and secure from all alarms;
Leaning on Jesus, leaning on Jesus, Leaning on the everlasting arms. Amen.

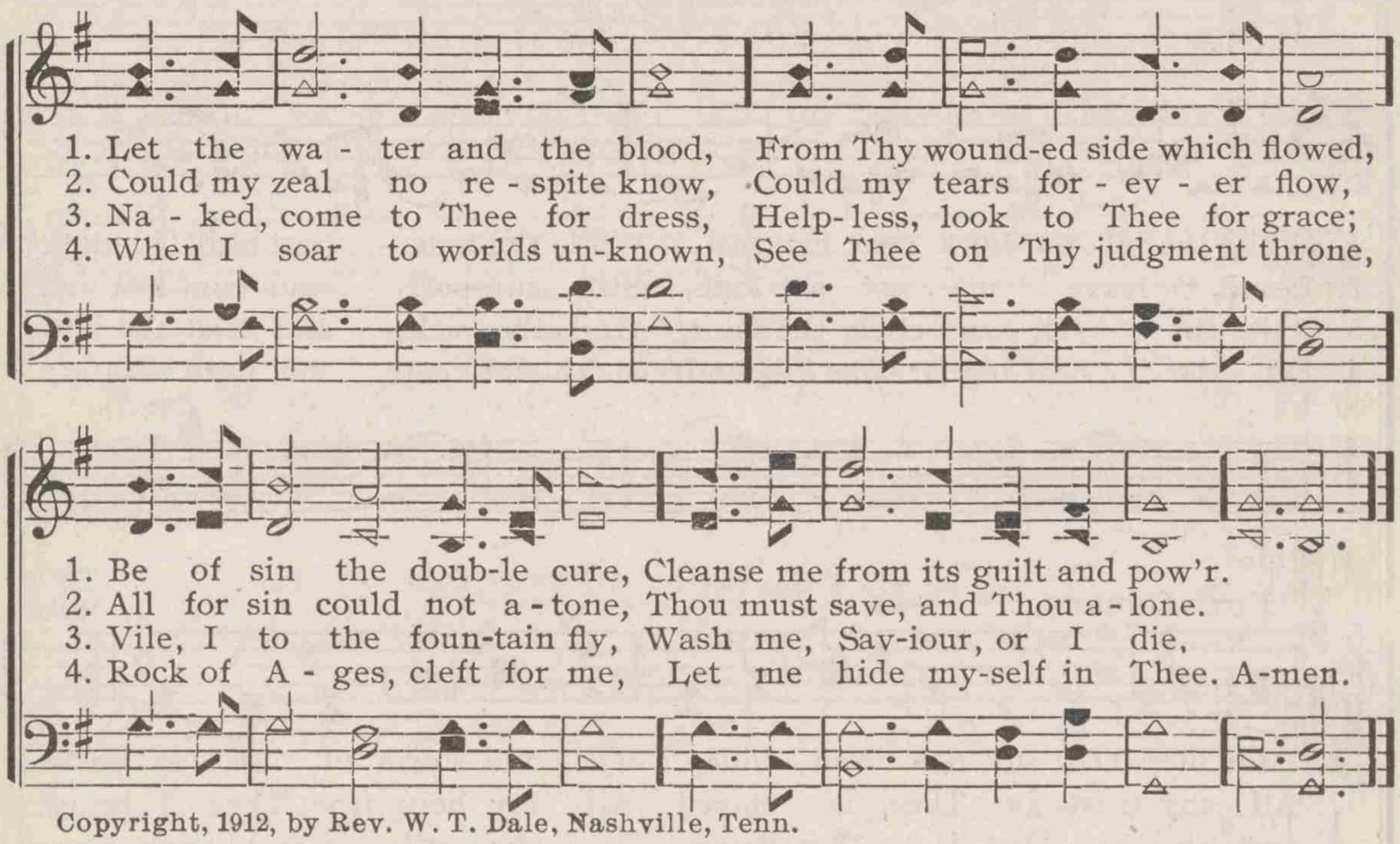
Used by permission.

231 ROCK OF AGES. 7s, 6 lines.

"And one of the soldiers with a spear pierced His side, and forth-with came thereout blood and water."—John 19: 34.

REV. A. M. TOPLADY, 1776. REV. J. S. BOYD, 1912.



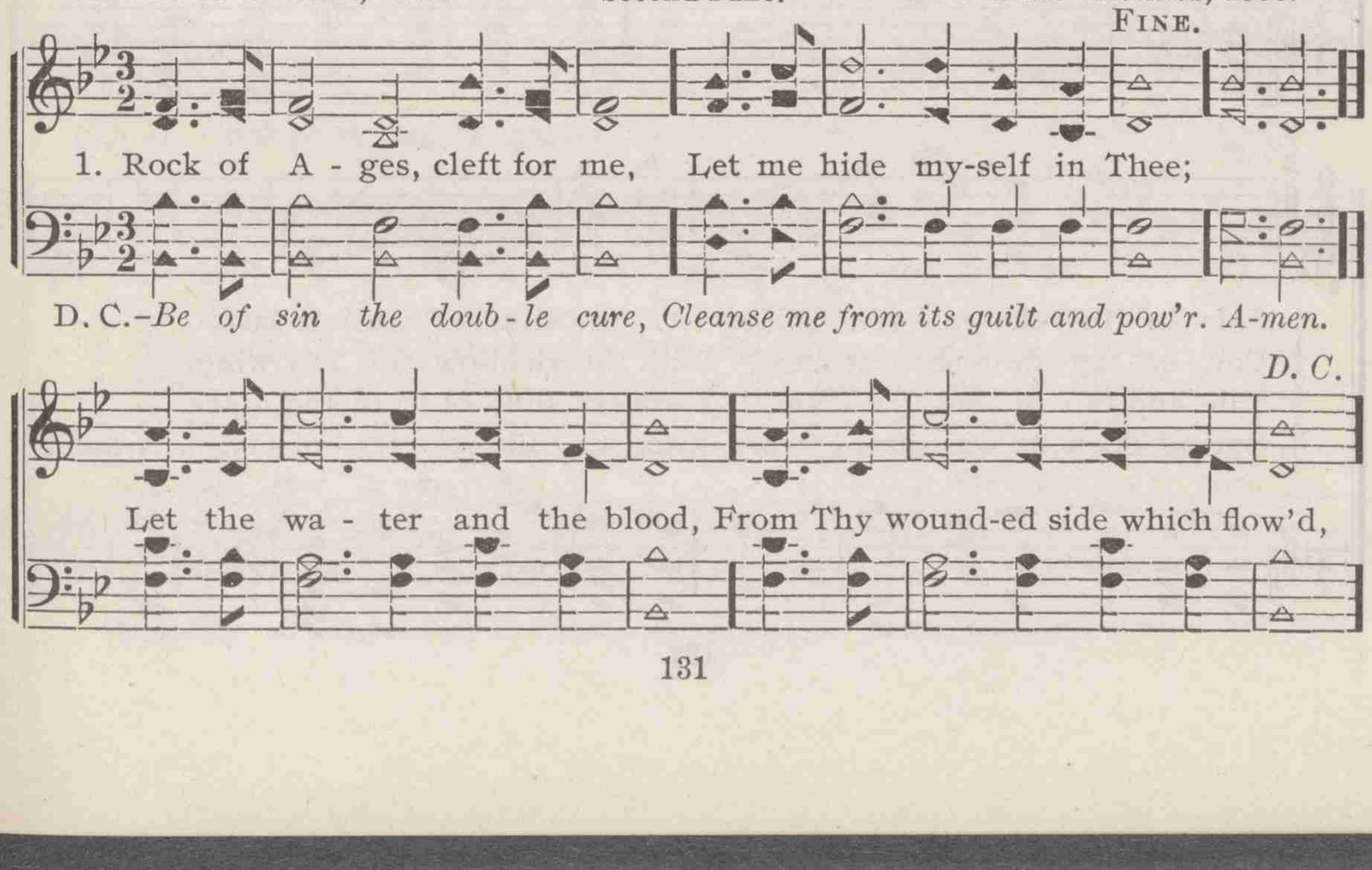


Copyright, 1912, by Rev. W. T. Dale, Nashville, Tenn.

232 TOPLADY. 7s, 6 lines.

"The Lord is my defence, and my God is the Rock of my refuge."—Psa. 94: 22.

REV. A. M. TOPLADY, 1776. Second Tune. DR. THOMAS HASTINGS, 1830.



233 REFUGE. 7s.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY, 1740. JOS. P. HOLBROOK, 1862.

ALTO AND TENOR DUET.



1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find;
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found— Grace to cov - er all my sin;





1. While the bil - lows near me roll, While the tem - pest still is high;
2. Leave, O leave me not a - lone, Still sup-port and com-fort me:
3. Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind;
4. Let the heal-ing streams a-bound; Make and keep me pure with-in;



FULL CHORUS.



1. Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
2. All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
3. Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am all un-right- eous-ness;
4. Thou of life the Fount-ain art, Free - ly let me take of Thee;





1. Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re-ceive my soul at last.
2. Cov - er my de-fence-less head With the shad-ow of Thy wing.
3. Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
4. Spring Thou up with-in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty. A-men.

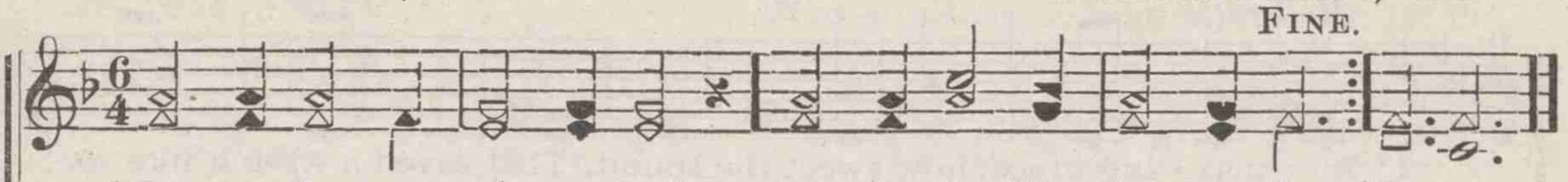


234 MARTYN. 7s, D.

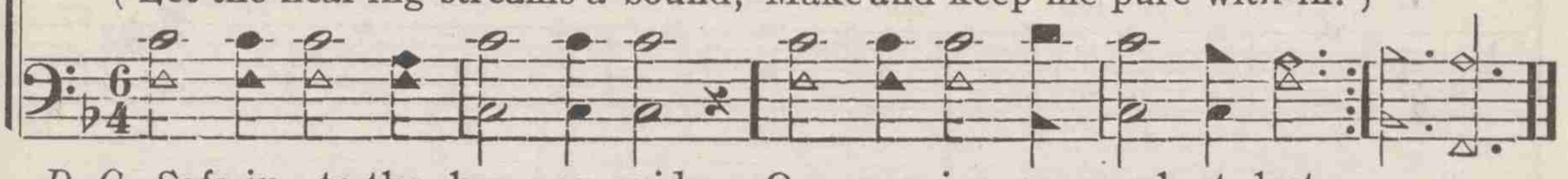
"The Lord will be a refuge in times of trouble."—Ps. 9:9.

REV. CHAS. WESLEY, 1740. SIMEON B. MARSH, 1834.

FINE.

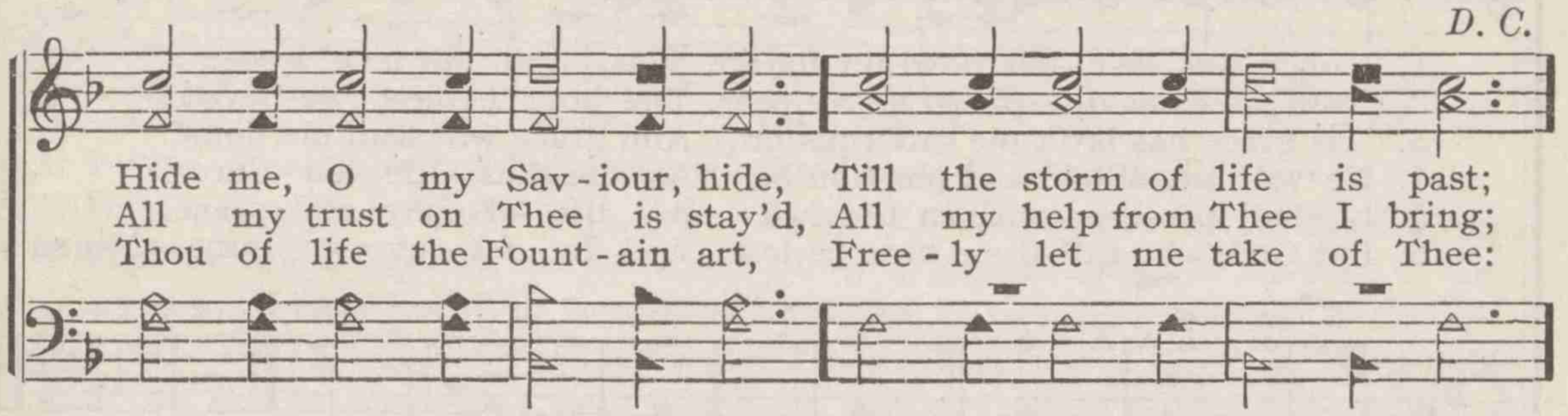


1. Je - sus, Lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo-som fly;
While the bil-lows near me roll, While the tem-pest still is high.
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help-less soul on Thee:
Leave, O leave me not a - lone, Still sup-port and com-fort me:
3. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to par- don all my sin;
Let the heal-ing streams a-bound, Make and keep me pure with-in.



D. C.–Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re-ceive my soul at last.
D. C.–Cov-er my de-fense-less head With the shad-ow of Thy wing.
D. C.–Spring Thou up within my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty. A-men.

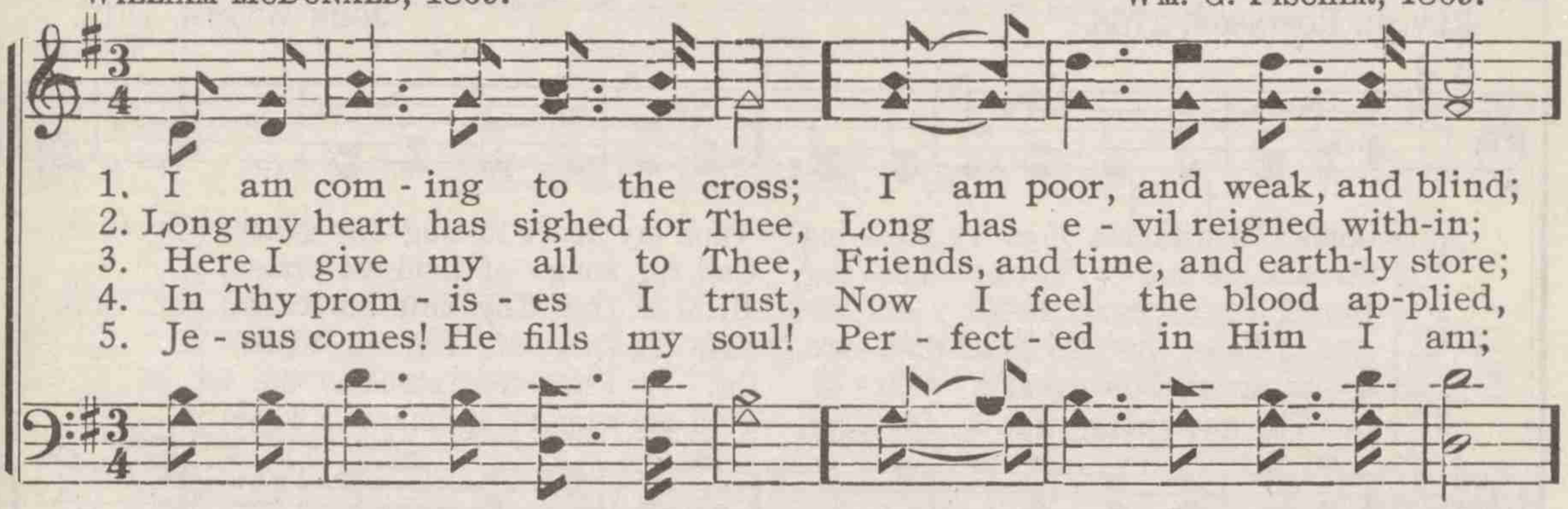
D. C.



Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on Thee is stay'd, All my help from Thee I bring;
Thou of life the Fount - ain art, Free - ly let me take of Thee:

235 TRUSTING. 7s, with Chorus.

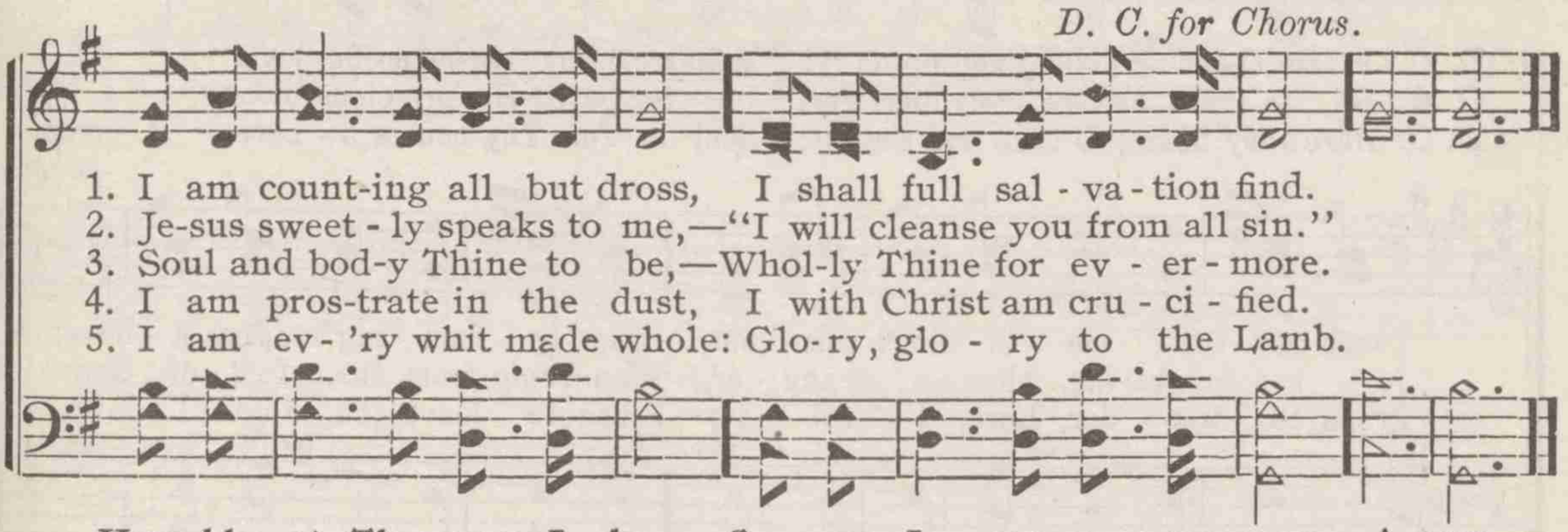
WILLIAM MCDONALD, 1869. WM. G. FISCHER, 1869.



1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind;
2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee, Long has e - vil reigned with-in;
3. Here I give my all to Thee, Friends, and time, and earth-ly store;
4. In Thy prom - is - es I trust, Now I feel the blood ap-plied,
5. Je - sus comes! He fills my soul! Per - fect - ed in Him I am;

Cho.–I am trust - ing, Lord, in Thee, Blest Lamb of Cal - va - ry;

D. C. for Chorus.



1. I am count-ing all but dross, I shall full sal - va - tion find.
2. Je-sus sweet - ly speaks to me,—"I will cleanse you from all sin."
3. Soul and bod-y Thine to be,—Whol-ly Thine for ev - er - more.
4. I am pros-trate in the dust, I with Christ am cru - ci - fied.
5. I am ev - 'ry whit made whole: Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb.

Hum-bly at Thy cross I bow, Save me, Je - sus, save me, now. A-men.

236 HARMONY GROVE. C. M.

"By grace ye are saved."—Eph. 2:5.

REV. JOHN NEWTON, 1779. WM. WALKER.

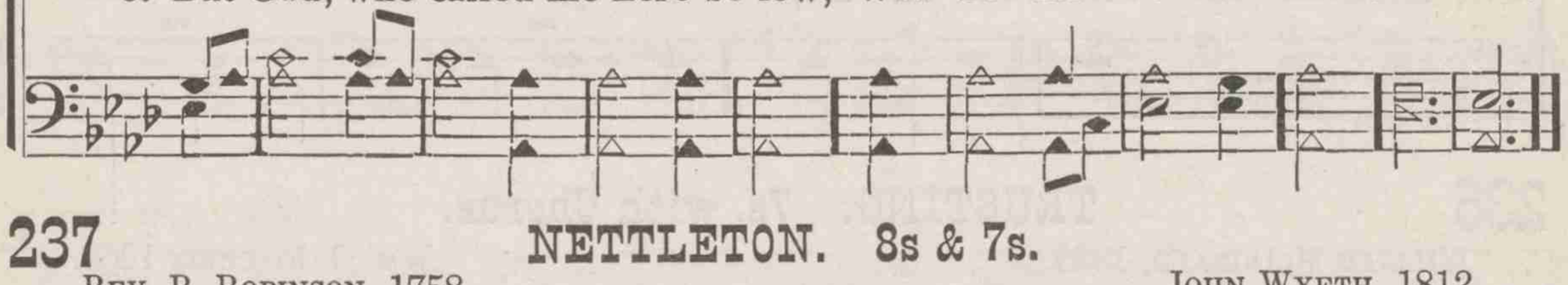
Moderato.



1. A - maz - ing grace, how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me!
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re-lieved;
3. Thro' ma - ny dan-gers, toils and snares, I have al - read - y come;
4. The Lord has prom-ised good to me, His word my hope se-cures;
5. Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail, And mor - tal life shall cease,
6. The earth shall soon dis-solve like snow, The sun for-bear to shine;



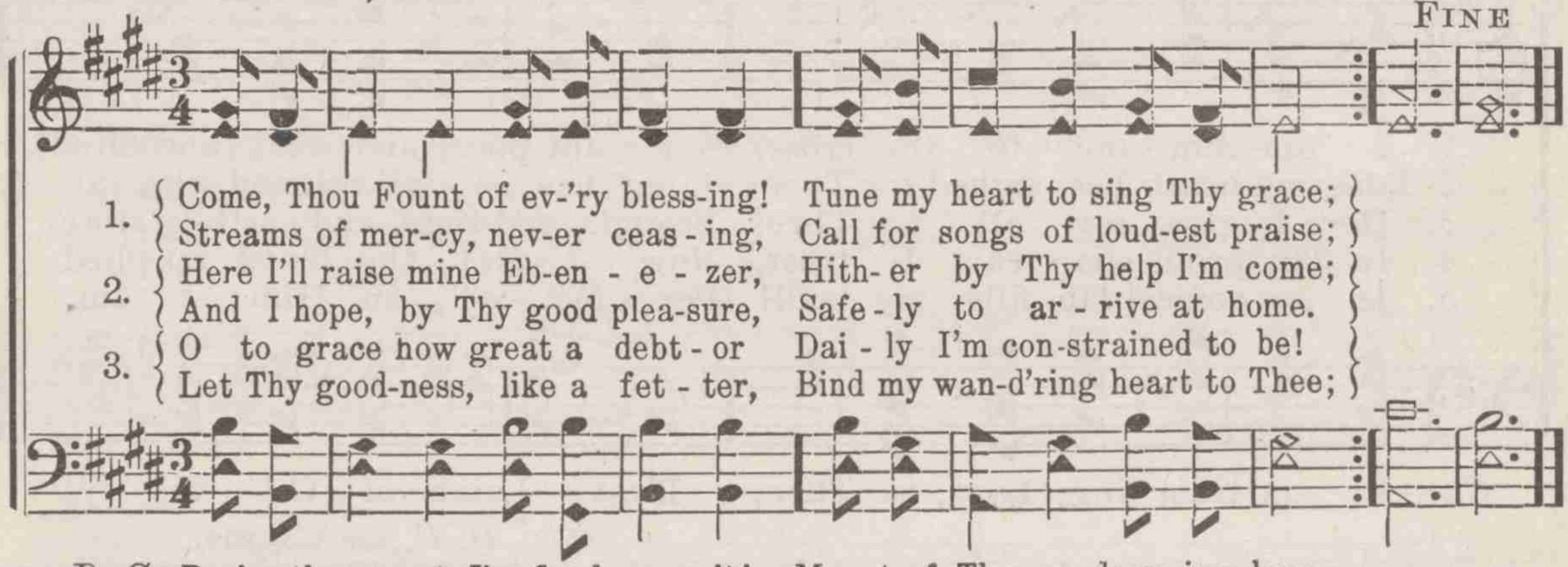
1. I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.
2. How pre-cious did that grace ap-pear The hour I first be-lieved.
3. 'Tis grace has bro't me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
4. He will my shield and por-tion be, As long as life en-dures.
5. I shall pos-sess with-in the vail A life of joy and peace.
6. But God, who called me here be-low, Will be for - ev - er mine. A-men.



237 NETTLETON. 8s & 7s.

REV. R. ROBINSON, 1758. JOHN WYETH, 1812.

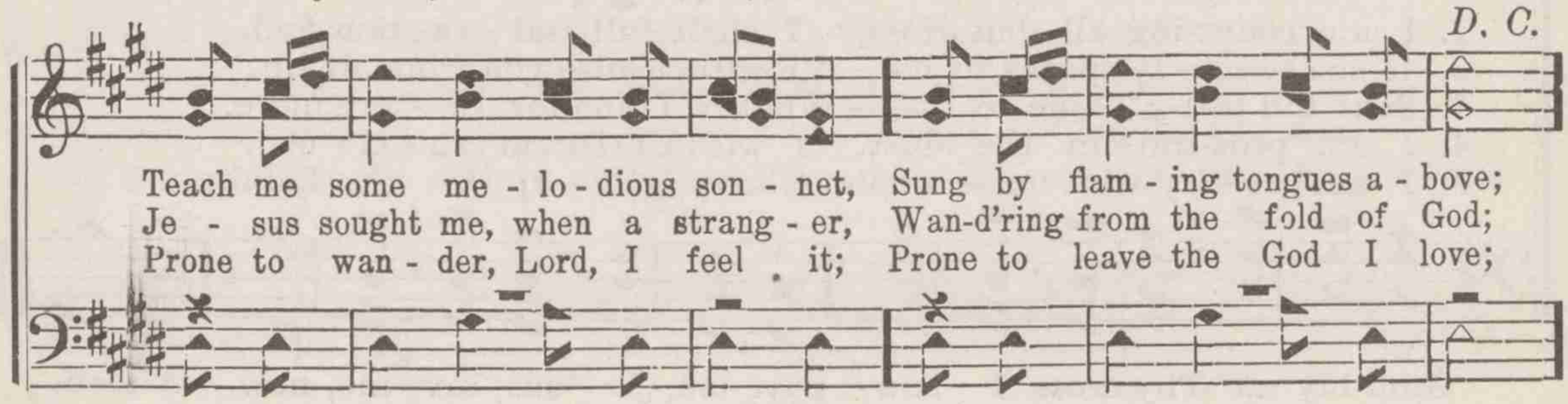
FINE



1. Come, Thou Fount of ev-'ry bless-ing! Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
   Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise;
2. Here I'll raise mine Eb-en - e - zer, Hith-er by Thy help I'm come;
   And I hope, by Thy good plea-sure, Safe - ly to ar - rive at home.
3. O to grace how great a debt - or Dai - ly I'm con-strained to be!
   Let Thy good-ness, like a fet - ter, Bind my wan-d'ring heart to Thee;

D. C.–Praise the mount, I'm fixed up-on it! Mount of Thy re-deem-ing love.
D. C.–He, to res - cue me from dan - ger, In - ter-posed His pre-cious blood.
D. C.–Here's my heart; O take and seal it; Seal it for Thy courts a - bove. A - men.

D. C.

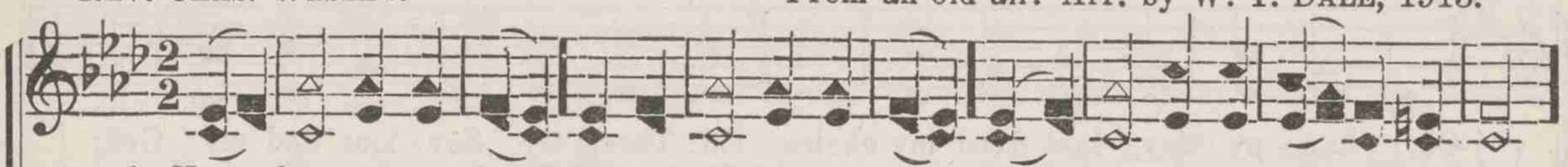


Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove;
Je - sus sought me, when a strang - er, Wan-d'ring from the fold of God;
Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it; Prone to leave the God I love;

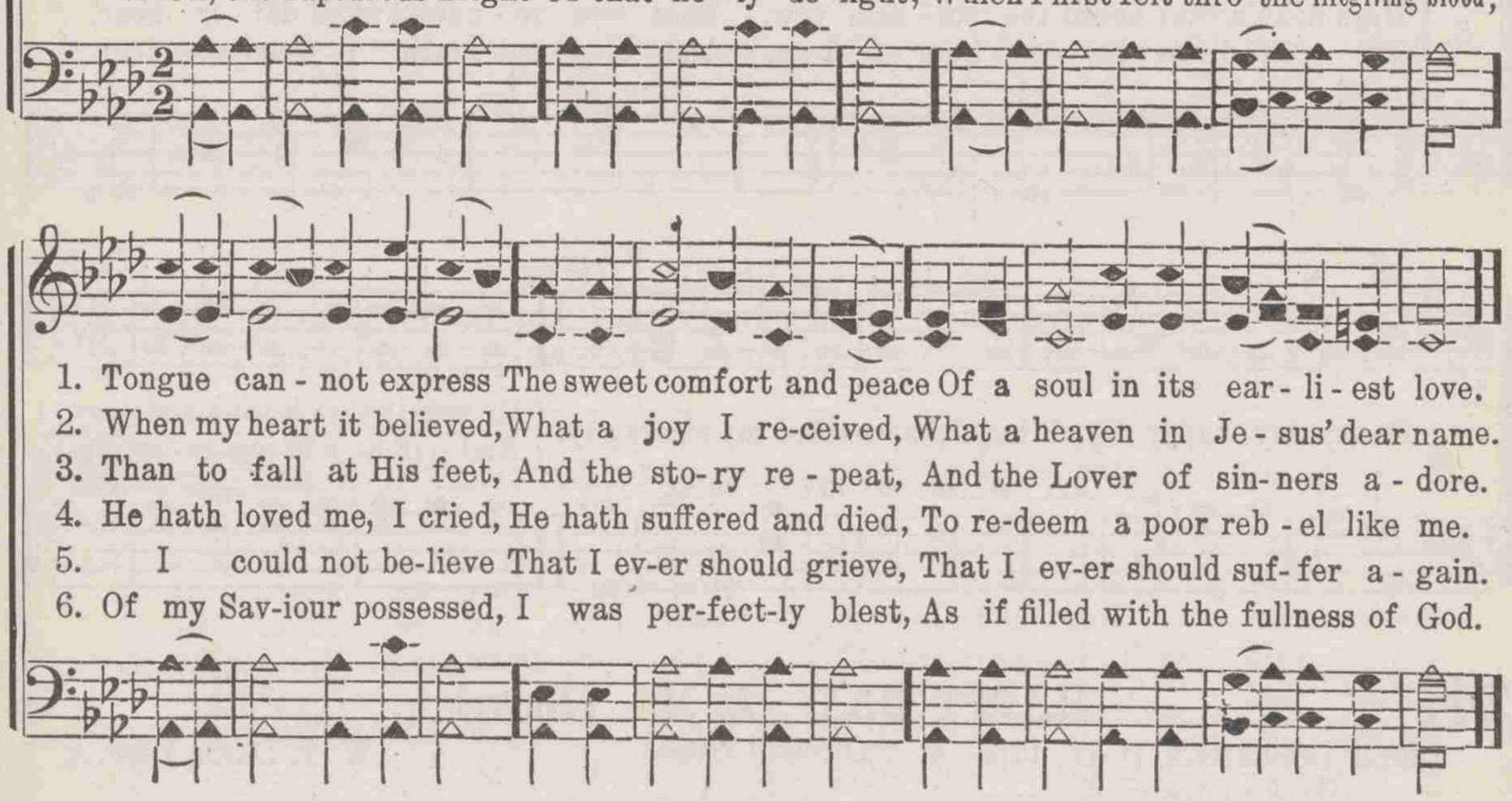
238 HOW HAPPY ARE THEY. 6s & 9s.

"Saved in the Lord with our everlasting salvation."—Isaiah 45: 17.

REV. CHAS. WESLEY. From an old air. Arr. by W. T. DALE, 1913.



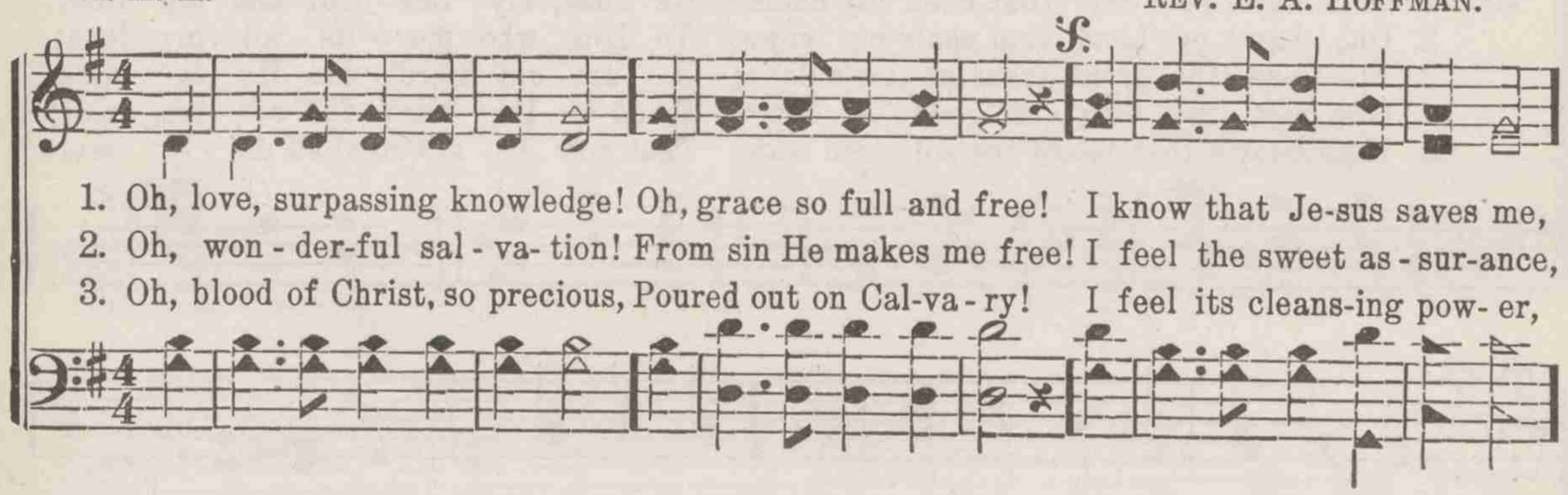
1. How hap-py are they Who their Saviour o - bey, And have laid up their treasures above;
2. That comfort was mine, When the fav-or di - vine I first found in the blood of the Lamb;
3. 'Twas a heav-en be- low My Re-deem-er to know, And the angels could do nothing more;
4. Je-sus all the day long, Was my joy and my song, Oh, that all His sal-va-tion might see;
5. On the wings of His love I was carried a - bove All sin and temp-ta-tion and pain;
6. Oh, the rapturous height Of that ho - ly de- light, Which I first felt thro' the lifegiving blood;



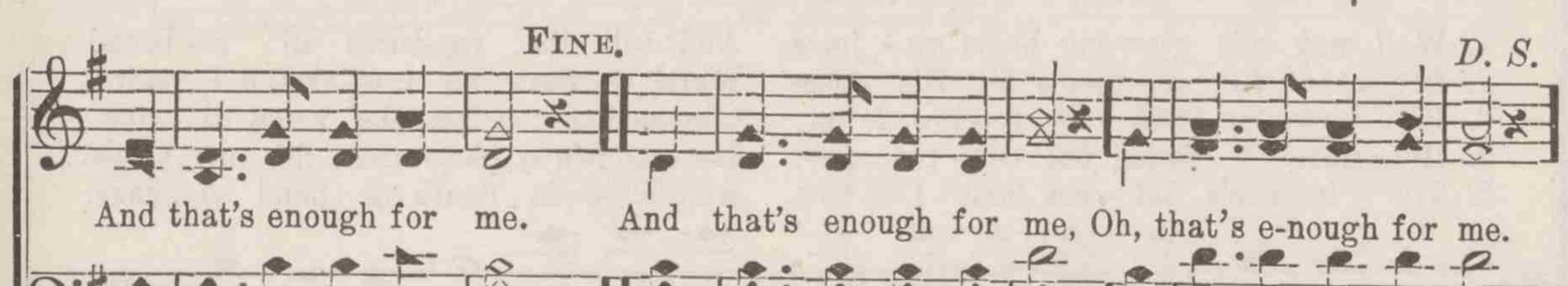
1. Tongue can - not express The sweet comfort and peace Of a soul in its ear - li - est love.
2. When my heart it believed, What a joy I re-ceived, What a heaven in Je - sus' dear name.
3. Than to fall at His feet, And the sto-ry re - peat, And the Lover of sin-ners a - dore.
4. He hath loved me, I cried, He hath suffered and died, To re-deem a poor reb - el like me.
5. I could not be-lieve That I ev-er should grieve, That I ev-er should suf-fer a - gain.
6. Of my Sav-iour possessed, I was per-fect-ly blest, As if filled with the fullness of God.

239 ENOUGH FOR ME. 7s & 6s.

E. A. H. REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.



1. Oh, love, surpassing knowledge! Oh, grace so full and free! I know that Je-sus saves me,
2. Oh, won - der-ful sal - va- tion! From sin He makes me free! I feel the sweet as - sur-ance,
3. Oh, blood of Christ, so precious, Poured out on Cal-va - ry! I feel its cleans-ing pow- er,



And that's enough for me. And that's enough for me, Oh, that's e-nough for me.

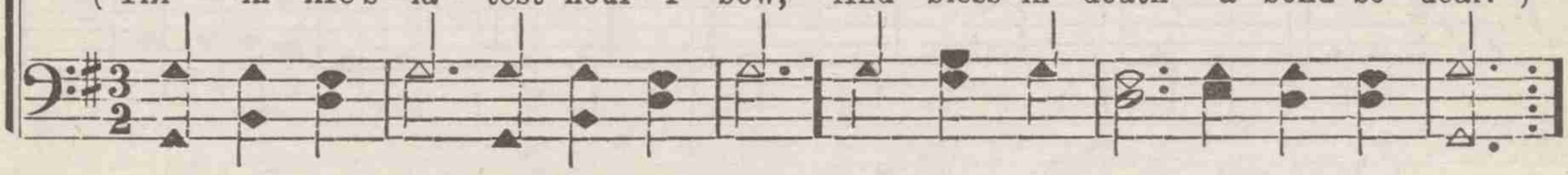
240 HAPPY DAY. L. M.

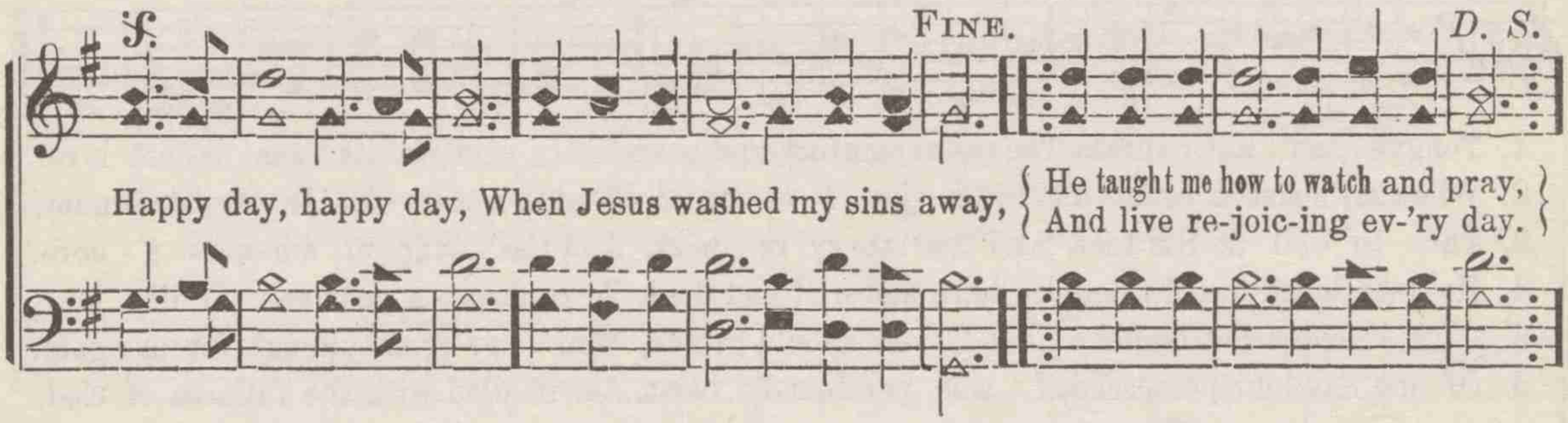
"My heart is fixed,"—Psalm 57:7.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, D. D., 1755. Fr. H. E. RIMBAULT. Arr. by W. T. DALE.



1. Oh, hap - py day, that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav - iour and my God;
   Well may this glow - ing heart re - joice, And tell its rap- tures all a - broad.
2. Oh, hap - py bond that seals my vows To Him who mer - its all my love;
   Let cheer - ful an-thems fill His house, While to that sa - cred shrine I move.
3. 'Tis done, the great trans- ac-tion's done; I am my Lord's and He is mine;
   He drew me, and I fol-lowed on, Charmed to con - fess the voice di - vine.
4. Now rest, my long - di - vid - ed heart, Fixed on this bliss - ful cen - tre, rest;
   Here have I found the bet - ter part, Here heav'n-ly pleas- ures fill my breast.
5. High heav'n that heard the sol - emn vow, That vow re - newed shall dai - ly hear,
   Till in life's la - test hour I bow, And bless in death a bond so dear.



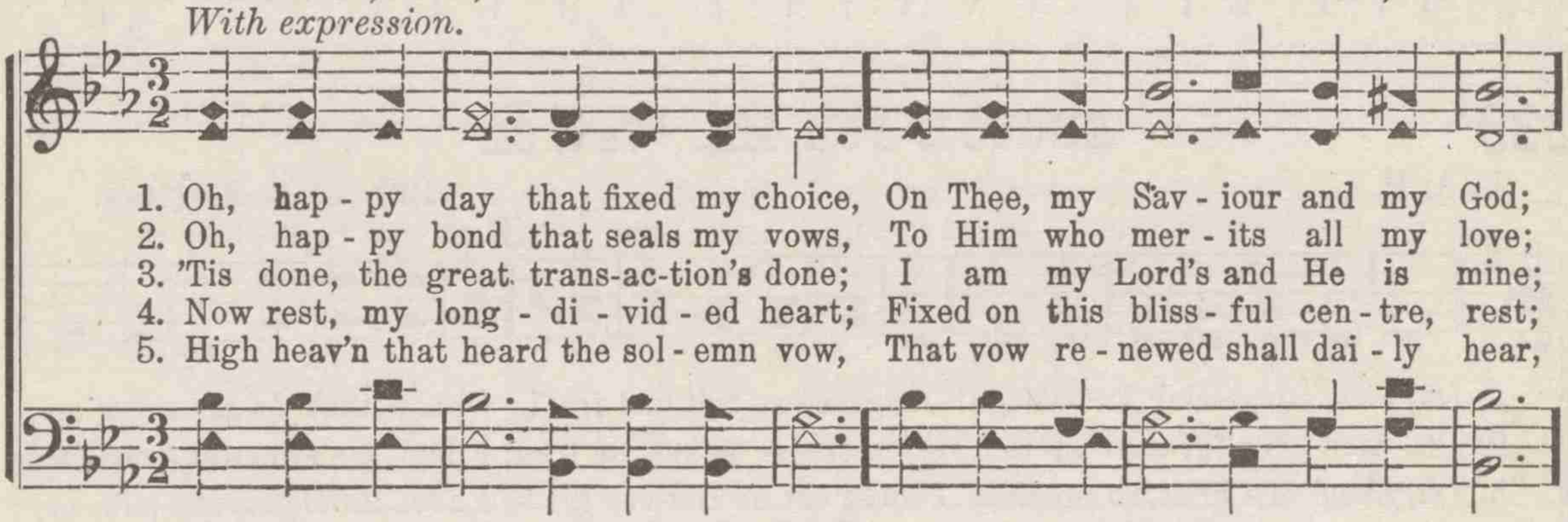


Happy day, happy day, When Jesus washed my sins away, { He taught me how to watch and pray, / And live re-joic-ing ev-'ry day. }

241 HAPPY DAY. L. M. (New.)

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, D. D., 1755. (Second Tune.) W. T. DALE, 1903.

With expression.



1. Oh, hap - py day that fixed my choice, On Thee, my Sav - iour and my God;
2. Oh, hap - py bond that seals my vows, To Him who mer - its all my love;
3. 'Tis done, the great trans-ac-tion's done; I am my Lord's and He is mine;
4. Now rest, my long - di - vid - ed heart; Fixed on this bliss - ful cen - tre, rest;
5. High heav'n that heard the sol - emn vow, That vow re - newed shall dai - ly hear,



1. Well may this glow-ing heart re - joice, And tell its rap-tures all a - broad
2. Let cheer- ful an- thems fill His house, While to that sa - cred shrine I move.
3. He drew me, and I fol- lowed on, Charmed to con-fess the voice di - vine.
4. Here have I found the bet - ter part, Here heav'n-ly pleas-ures fill my breast.
5. Till in life's lat - est hour I bow, And bless in death a bond so dear.

HAPPY DAY. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way;

I nev - er can for - get the day, Hap - py day, hap - py day. A-men.

242 MUHLENBERG. S. M.

"But the dove found no rest for the sole of her foot, and she returned unto him in the ark."

REV. W. A. MUHLENBERG, D. D. Gen. 8: 9. R. R. BLADES, 1912.

1. Like No - ah's wea - ry dove, That soared the earth a - round,
2. O cease, my wan-d'ring soul On rest - less wing to roam,
3. Be - hold the ark of God, Be - hold the o - pen door;
4. There safe shalt thou a - bide, There sweet shall be Thy rest;

FINE.

1. But not a rest-ing place a - bove The cheerless wa - ters found.
2. All the wide world to ei - ther pole Has not for thee a home.
3. Has - ten to gain the dear a - bode, And roam, my soul, no more.
4. And ev - 'ry long-ing sat - is - fied, With full sal - va - tion blest. A-men.

REFRAIN. *D. S.*

1. The cheer - less wa - ters found, The cheer - less wa - ters found;
2. Has not for thee a home, Has not for thee a home;
3. And roam, my soul, no more, And roam, my soul, no more;
4. With full sal - va - tion blest, With full sal - va - tion blest;

Copyright, 1912, by W. T. Dale.

243 GILLHAM. C. M.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D., 1707. Psalm 126. W. T. DALE, 1913.

1. When God re-vealed His gracious name, And changed my mournful state, My
2. The world beheld the glo-rious change, And did Thy hand con - fess; My
3. Great is the work! my neigh-bors cried, And owned Thy pow'r di-vine; Great
4. The Lord can clear the dark-est skies, Can give us day for night; Make
5. Let those that sow in sad-ness wait, Till the fair har - vest come; They

1. rap-ture seemed a pleas-ing dream, The grace ap-peared so great.
2. tongue broke out in unknown strains, And sung sur-pris-ing grace.
3. is the work! my heart re-plied, And be the glo - ry Thine.
4. drops of sa - cred sor - row rise To riv - ers of de - light.
5. shall confess their sheaves are great, And shout the blessings home. A - men.

244 SCHUMANN. S. M.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D., 1707. 1 John 3: 1-4. L. C. EVERETT.

1. Be-hold, what won-drous grace The Fa-ther hath be-stowed On sin - ners of a
2. 'Tis no sur- pris - ing thing That we should be un-known; The Jew - ish world knew
3. Nor doth it yet ap - pear How great we must be made; But when we see our
4. A hope so much di - vine May tri-als well en- dure; May purge our souls from
5. If in my Fa - ther's love I share a fill - ial part, Send down Thy Spir - it,

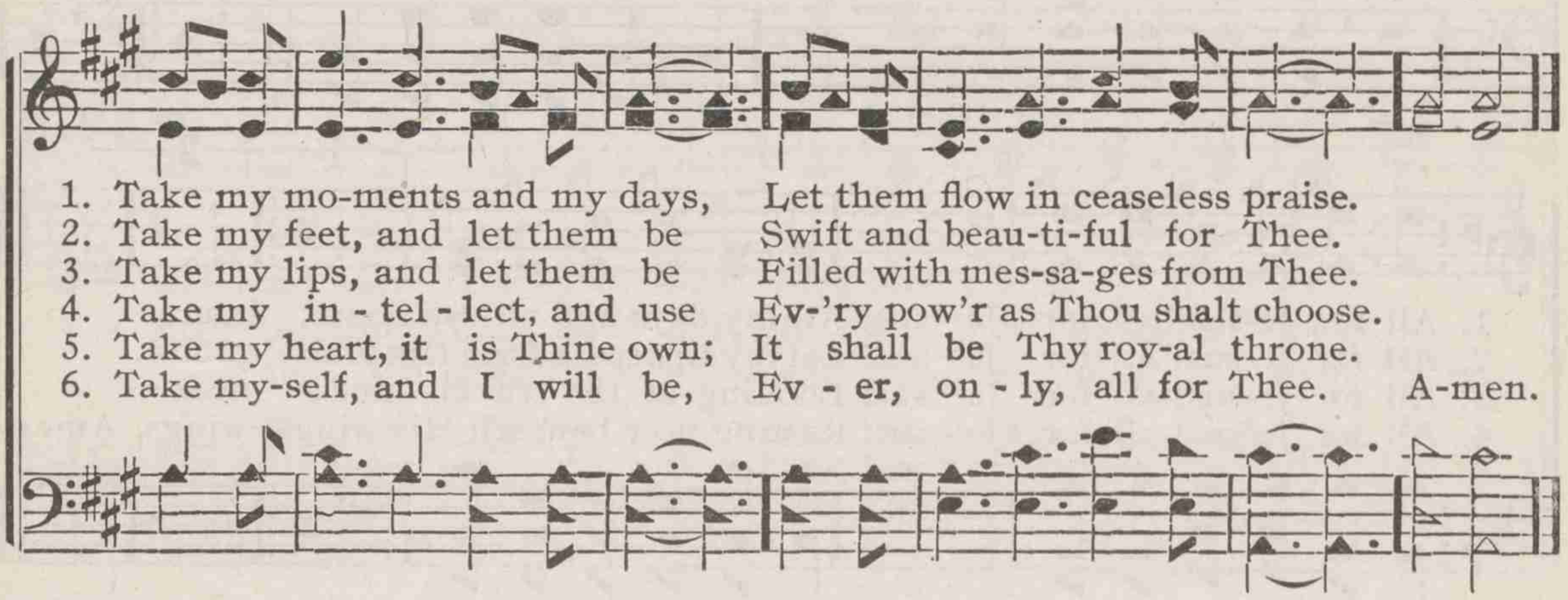
1. mor - tal race, To call them sons of God, To call them sons of God.
2. not their King, God's ev- er-last - ing Son, God's ev - er - last - ing Son.
3. Sav - iour here, We shall be like our Head, We shall be like our Head.
4. sense and sin, As Christ, the Lord, is pure, As Christ, the Lord, is pure.
5. like a dove, To rest up- on my heart, To rest up - on my heart. A-men.

245 YARBROUGH. 7s.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL, 1874. Arr. for this work.



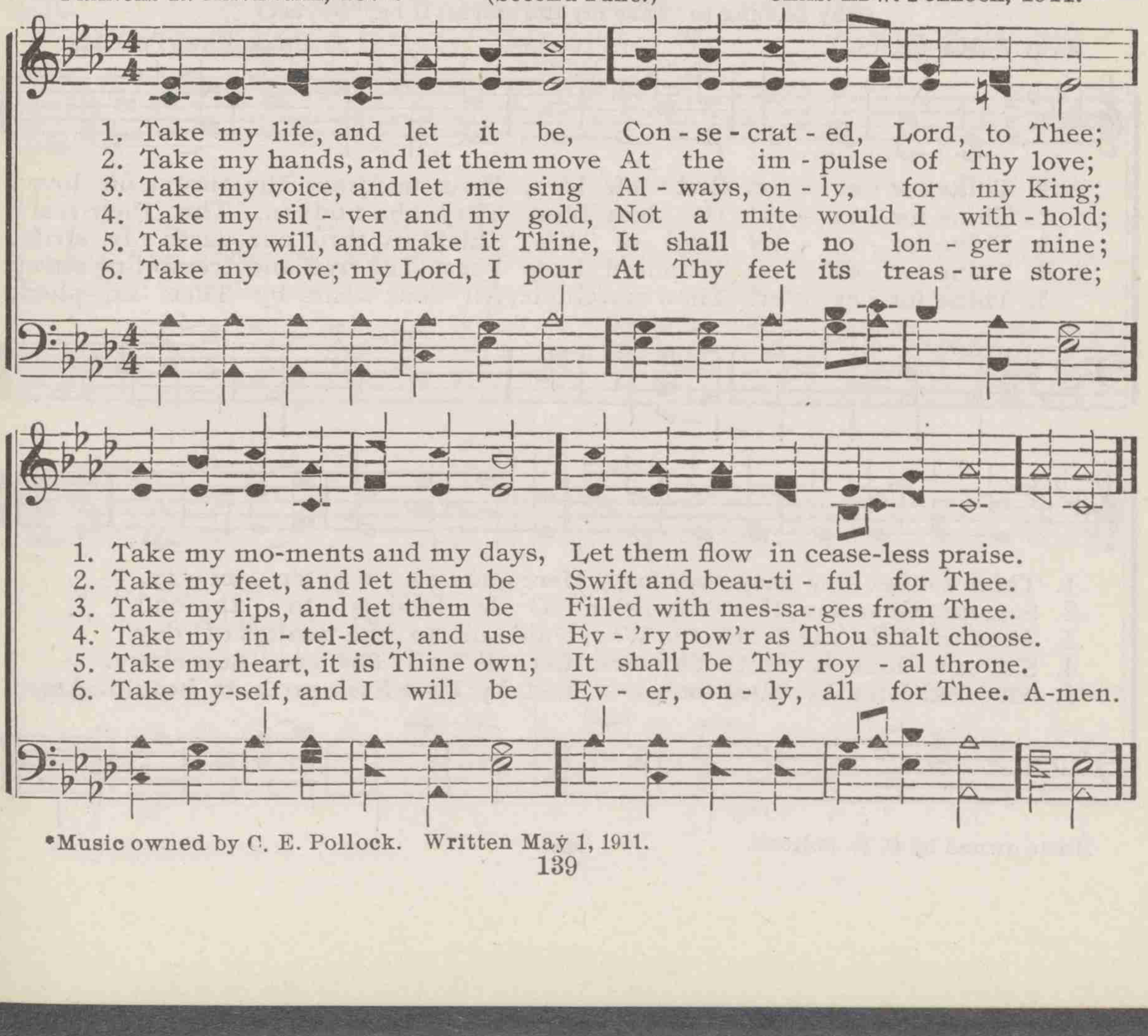
1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - crat - ed, Lord, to Thee;
2. Take my hands, and let them move At the im-pulse of Thy love;
3. Take my voice, and let me sing Al - ways, on - ly, for my King;
4. Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a mite would I with - hold;
5. Take my will, and make it Thine, It shall be no lon - ger mine;
6. Take my love; my Lord, I pour At Thy feet its treas - ure store;



1. Take my mo-ments and my days, Let them flow in ceaseless praise.
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau-ti-ful for Thee.
3. Take my lips, and let them be Filled with mes-sa-ges from Thee.
4. Take my in - tel - lect, and use Ev-'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose.
5. Take my heart, it is Thine own; It shall be Thy roy-al throne.
6. Take my-self, and I will be, Ev - er, on - ly, all for Thee. A-men.

246 HENDERSON. 7s.*

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL, 1874. (Second Tune.) CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, 1911.



1. Take my life, and let it be, Con - se - crat - ed, Lord, to Thee;
2. Take my hands, and let them move At the im - pulse of Thy love;
3. Take my voice, and let me sing Al - ways, on - ly, for my King;
4. Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a mite would I with - hold;
5. Take my will, and make it Thine, It shall be no lon - ger mine;
6. Take my love; my Lord, I pour At Thy feet its treas - ure store;

1. Take my mo-ments and my days, Let them flow in cease-less praise.
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau-ti - ful for Thee.
3. Take my lips, and let them be Filled with mes-sa-ges from Thee.
4. Take my in - tel-lect, and use Ev - 'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose.
5. Take my heart, it is Thine own; It shall be Thy roy - al throne.
6. Take my-self, and I will be Ev - er, on - ly, all for Thee. A-men.

*Music owned by C. E. Pollock. Written May 1, 1911.

247 ALL FOR JESUS. 7s, D.

MARY D. JAMES. Arranged.



1. All for Je - sus! all for Je - sus! All my being's ransomed pow'rs;
   All my thot's, and words, and doings, All my days and all my (*Omit*) hours.
2. Let my hands perform His bid-ding, Let my feet run in His ways—
   Let my eyes see Je - sus on - ly, Let my lips speak forth His (*Omit*) praise.
3. Since my eyes were fixed on Je - sus, I've lost sight of all be - sides;
   So en-chained my spir-it's vis - ion, Look-ing at the Cru-ci- (*Omit*) fied,
4. Oh, what wonder, how a - maz-ing! Je - sus, glorious King of kings—
   Deigns to call me His be - lov - ed, Lets me rest beneath His (*Omit*) wings.



1. All for Je-sus! all for Je - sus! All my days and all my hours; hours.
2. All for Je-sus! all for Je - sus! Let my lips speak forth His praise; praise.
3. All for Je-sus! all for Je - sus! Looking at the cru- ci - fied; fied.
4. All for Je-sus! all for Je - sus! Resting now beneath His wings; wings. Amen

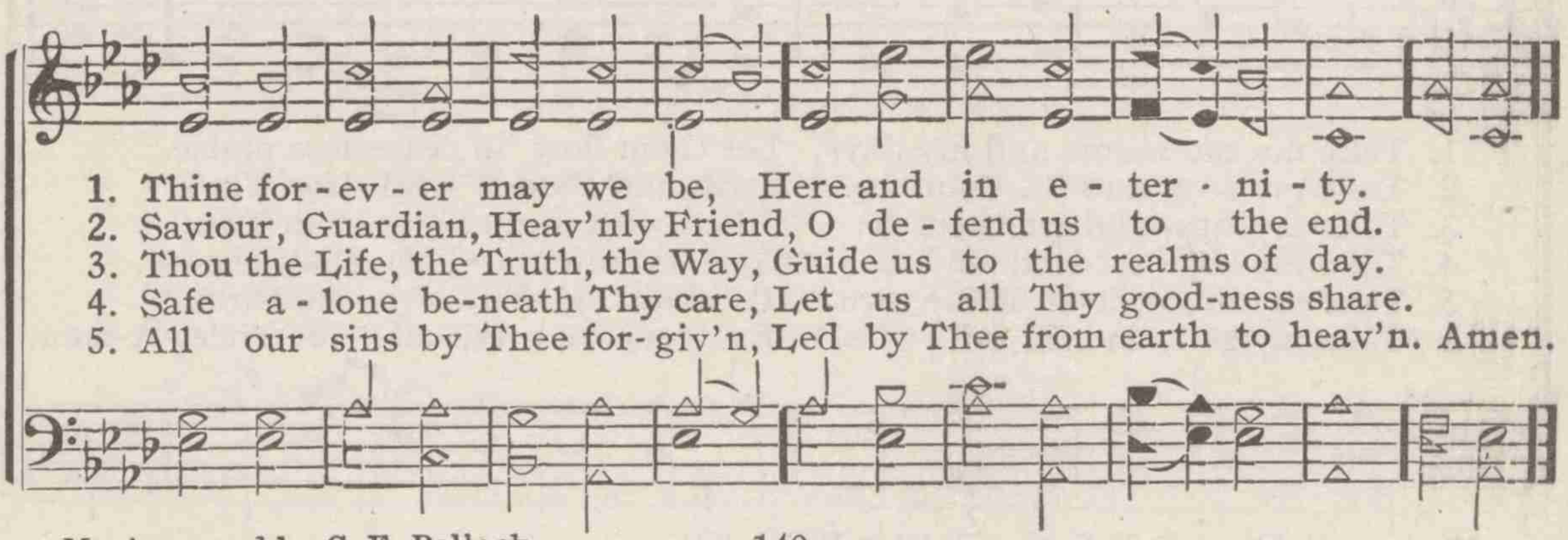
248 MEADVILLE. 7s.

(May be sung to "Take my life and let it be," No. 245.)

MARY F. MAUDE, 1847. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. Thine for - ev - er! God of love, Hear us from Thy throne of love;
2. Thine for - ev - er! O how blest They who find in Thee their rest!
3. Thine for - ev - er! Lord of life, Shield us thro' our earth - ly strife;
4. Thine for - ev - er! Shepherd, keep These, Thy frail and tremb-ling sheep;
5. Thine for - ev - er! Thou our Guide, All our wants by Thee sup-plied;

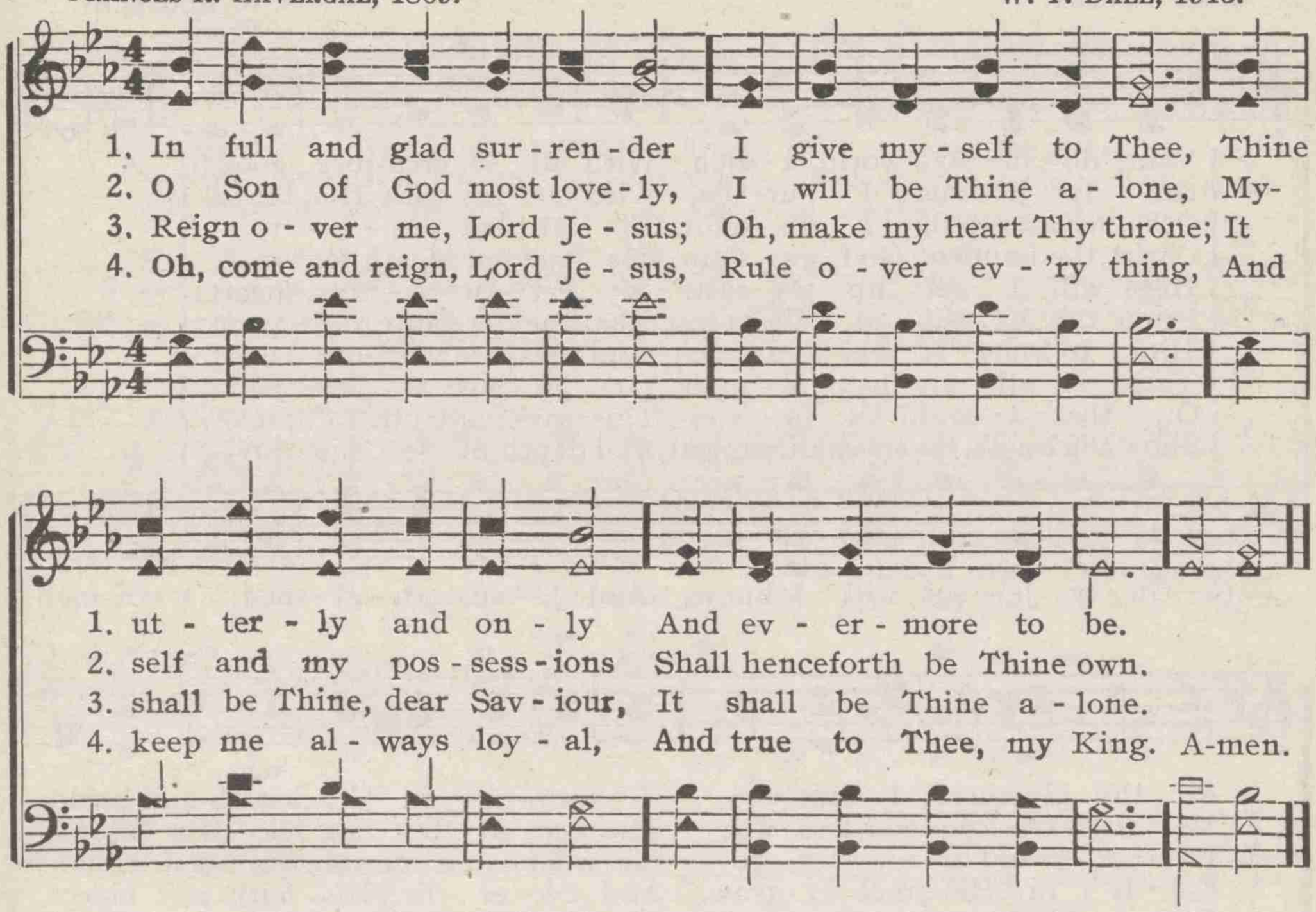


1. Thine for - ev - er may we be, Here and in e - ter · ni - ty.
2. Saviour, Guardian, Heav'nly Friend, O de - fend us to the end.
3. Thou the Life, the Truth, the Way, Guide us to the realms of day.
4. Safe a - lone be-neath Thy care, Let us all Thy good-ness share.
5. All our sins by Thee for - giv'n, Led by Thee from earth to heav'n. Amen.

Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

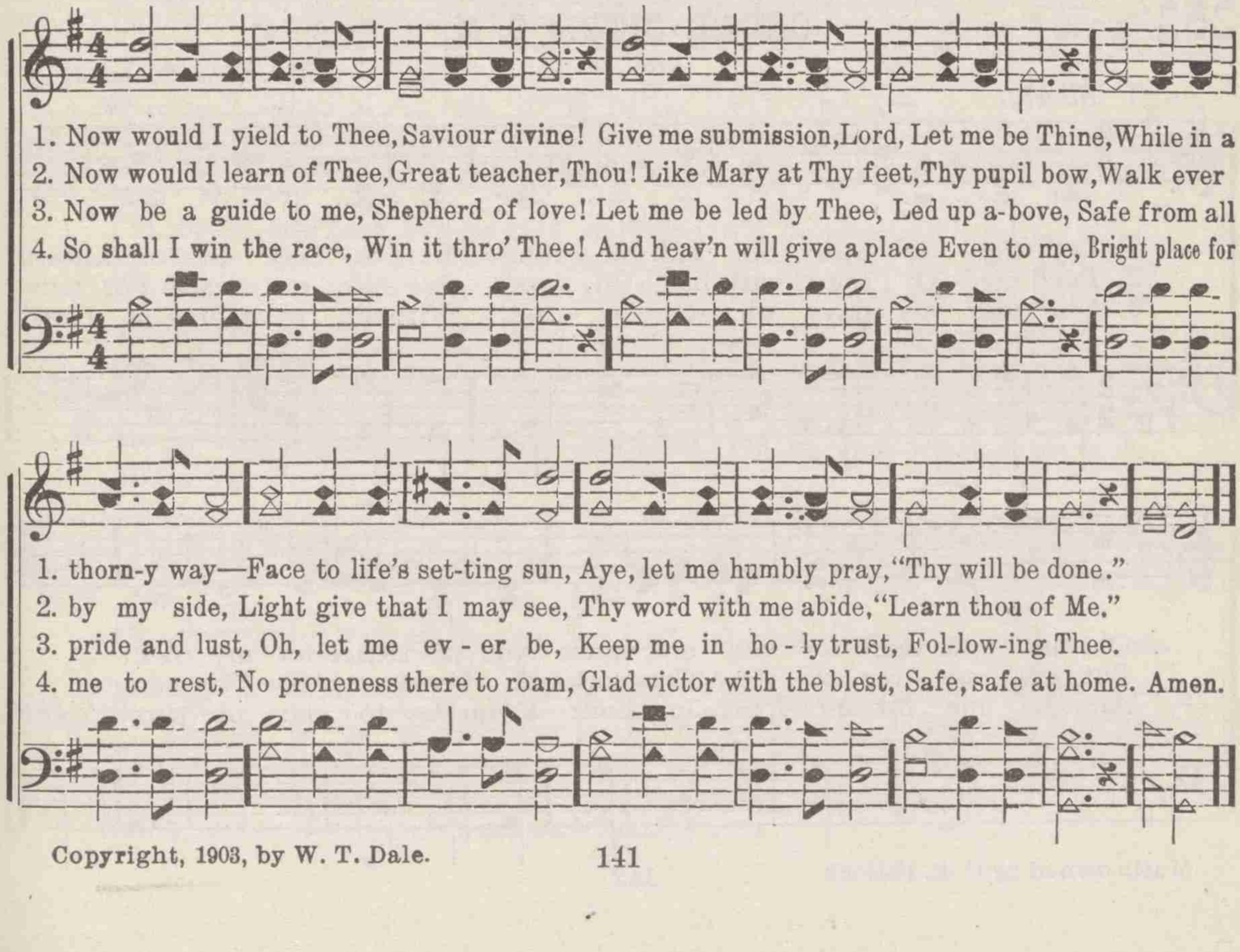
249 HAVERGAL. 7s & 6s.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL, 1869. W. T. DALE, 1913.



250 "THY WILL BE DONE." 6s & 4s.

REV. W. H. DARNALL, D. D. Matt. 26:42. W. T. DALE, 1903.



Copyright, 1903, by W. T. Dale.

251 ROCKPORT. 7s, 6s, 7, 8.

CHAS. WESLEY. I. B. WOODBURY.

FINE.

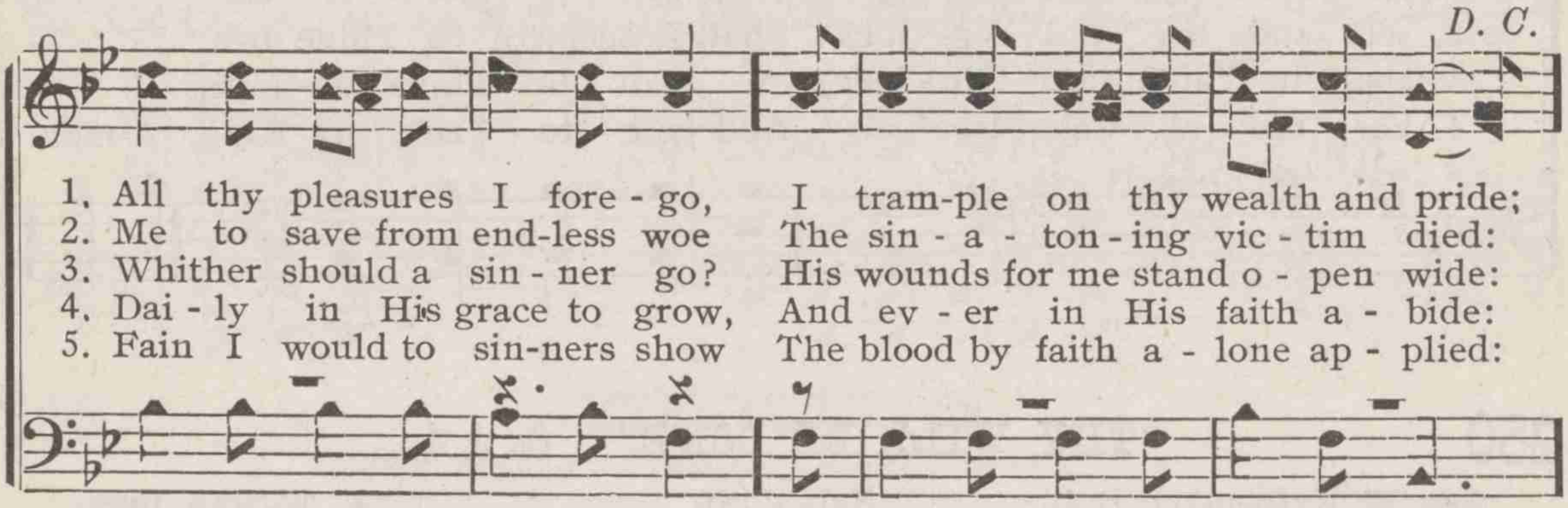


1. Vain, de - lu - sive world, a - dieu, With all of crea-ture good!
   On - ly Je - sus I pur-sue, Who bo't me with His blood!
2. Oth - er knowledge I dis - dain, 'Tis all but van - i - ty;
   Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain, He tast-ed death for me!
3. Here will I set up my rest; My fluc - tu - a - ting heart
   From the ha - ven of His breast Shall nev-er-more de - part;
4. Him to know is life and peace, And pleasure with-out end;
   This is all my hap - pi - ness, On Je - sus to de - pend;
5. O that I could all in - vite This sav-ing truth to prove,
   Show the length, the breadth, the height, And depth of Je - sus' love!



D. C.—On - ly Je - sus will I know, And Je - sus cru - ci - fied. A-men.

D. C.

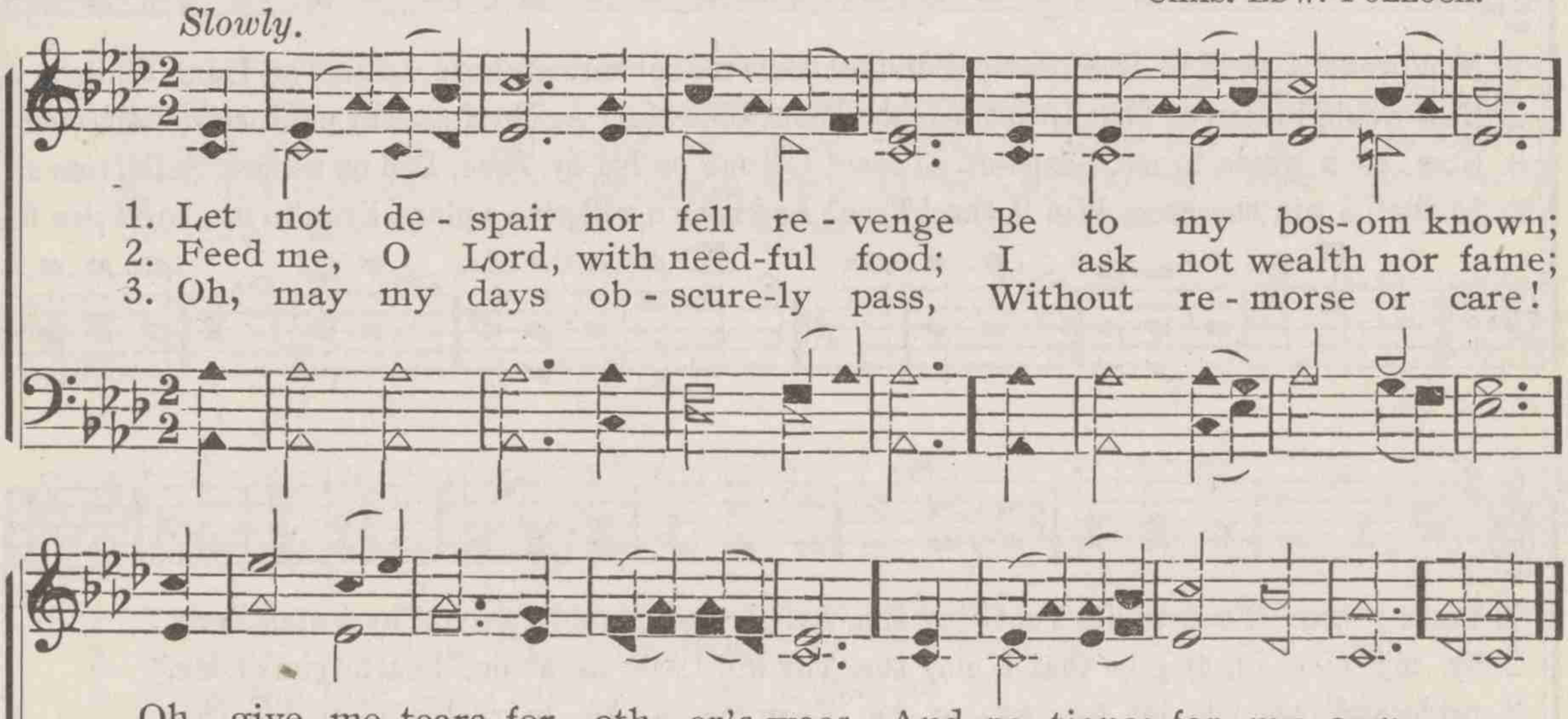


1. All thy pleasures I fore - go, I tram-ple on thy wealth and pride;
2. Me to save from end-less woe The sin - a - ton - ing vic - tim died:
3. Whither should a sin - ner go? His wounds for me stand o - pen wide:
4. Dai - ly in His grace to grow, And ev - er in His faith a - bide:
5. Fain I would to sin-ners show The blood by faith a - lone ap - plied:

252 CEDAR CITY. C. M.

Prov. 30: 8. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Slowly.



1. Let not de - spair nor fell re - venge Be to my bos-om known;
2. Feed me, O Lord, with need-ful food; I ask not wealth nor fame;
3. Oh, may my days ob - scure-ly pass, Without re - morse or care!

Oh, give me tears for oth - er's woes, And pa- tience for my own,
But give me eyes to view Thy works, A heart to praise Thy name.
And let me for my part - ing hour From day to day pre-pare. Amen.

Music owned by C. E. Pollock

253 I'LL GO WHERE YOU WANT ME TO GO.

MARY BROWN. (Consecration.) MRS. CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.

Andante.

1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o - ver the storm-y sea;
2. Per - haps to - day there are lov - ing words Which Je - sus would have me speak—
3. There's sure-ly some-where a low - ly place In earth's har-vest fields so wide—

It may not be at the bat-tle's front My Lord will have need of me;
There may be now in the paths of sin Some wand'rer whom I should seek—
Where I may la - bor thro' life's short day For Je - sus the cru - ci - fied—

But if by a still, small voice He calls, To paths that I do not know,
O Sav - iour, if Thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rug-ged the way,
So trust - ing my all to Thy ten - der care, And know - ing Thou lov - est me,

f. FINE.

I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
My voice shall ech - o the mes - sage sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
I'll do Thy will with a heart sin - cere, I'll be what you want me to be.

D. S.–I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.

REFRAIN. *D. S.*

I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, O - ver mountain, or plain, or sea;

Used by the kind permission of Mrs. Carrie E. Rounsefell, Manchester, N. H.

*In Refrain use F, "Do," at this point *ad libitum.*

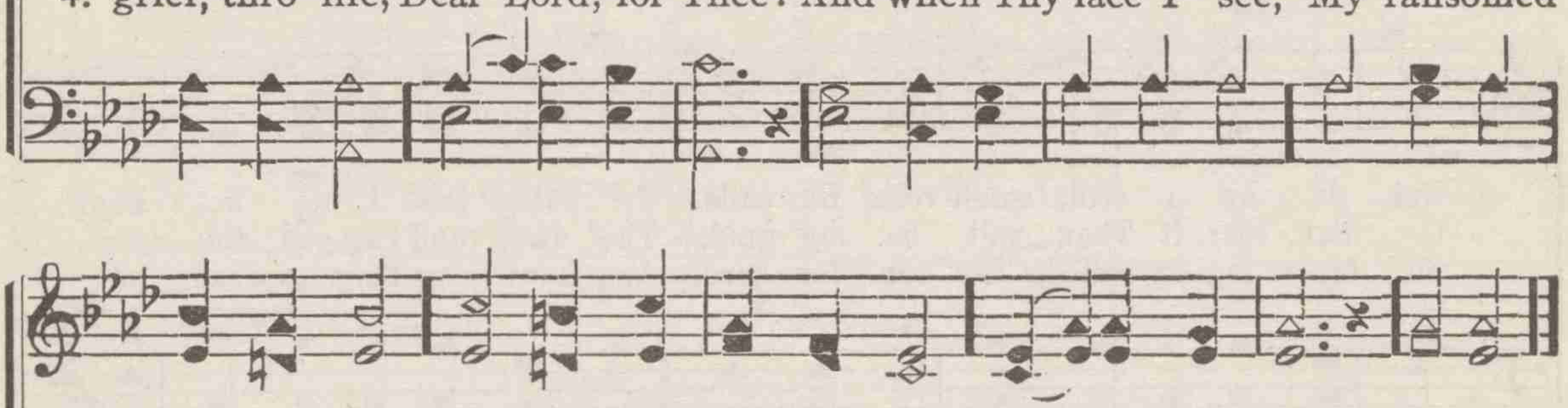
254 SOMETHING FOR JESUS. 6s & 4s.

REV. S. D. PHELPS, 1867. W. T. DALE, 1913.

1. Sav - iour! Thy dy - ing love Thou gav - est me, Nor should I
2. On the blest mer - cy - seat, Plead - ing for me, My fee - ble
3. Give me a faith - ful heart, Like - ness to Thee, That each de-
4. All that I am and have, Thy gifts so free, In joy, in



1. aught withhold, Dear Lord, from Thee; In love my soul would bow, My heart ful-
2. faith looks up, Je - sus, to Thee; Help me Thy cross to bear, Thy wondrous
3. part - ing day Henceforth may see, Some work of love be - gun, Some deed of
4. grief, thro' life, Dear Lord, for Thee! And when Thy face I see, My ransomed



1. fill its vow, Some off'ring bring Thee now, Something for Thee.
2. love de-clare, Some song to raise, or pray'r, Something for Thee.
3. kindness done, Some wand'rer sought and found, Something for Thee.
4. soul shall be, Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty, Something for Thee. A-men.



255 CROSBY. S. M. D.*

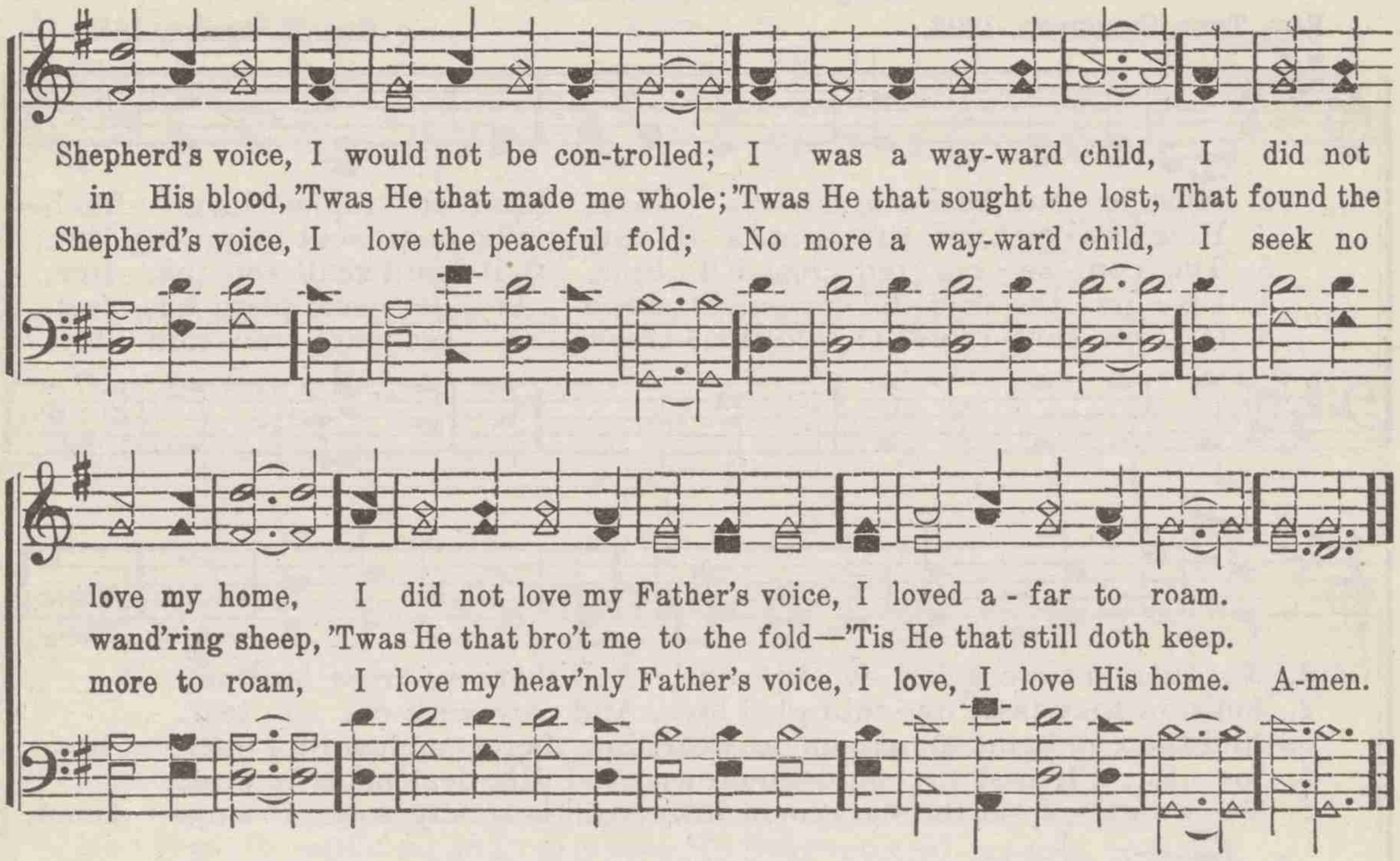
REV. H. BONAR, D. D., 1844. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. I was a wand'ring sheep, I did not love the fold, I did not love my
2. Je - sus my Shepherd is, 'Twas He that loved my soul, 'Twas He that washed me
3. No more a wand'ring sheep, I love to be con - trolled, I love my ten - der

*Written for "Songs of Zion," NOV. 14, 1913. Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

CROSBY. Concluded.



256

CRISMAN. 7s.

"We love Him because He first loved us."—1 John 4:19.

JANE E. LEESON, 1842. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Moderato.



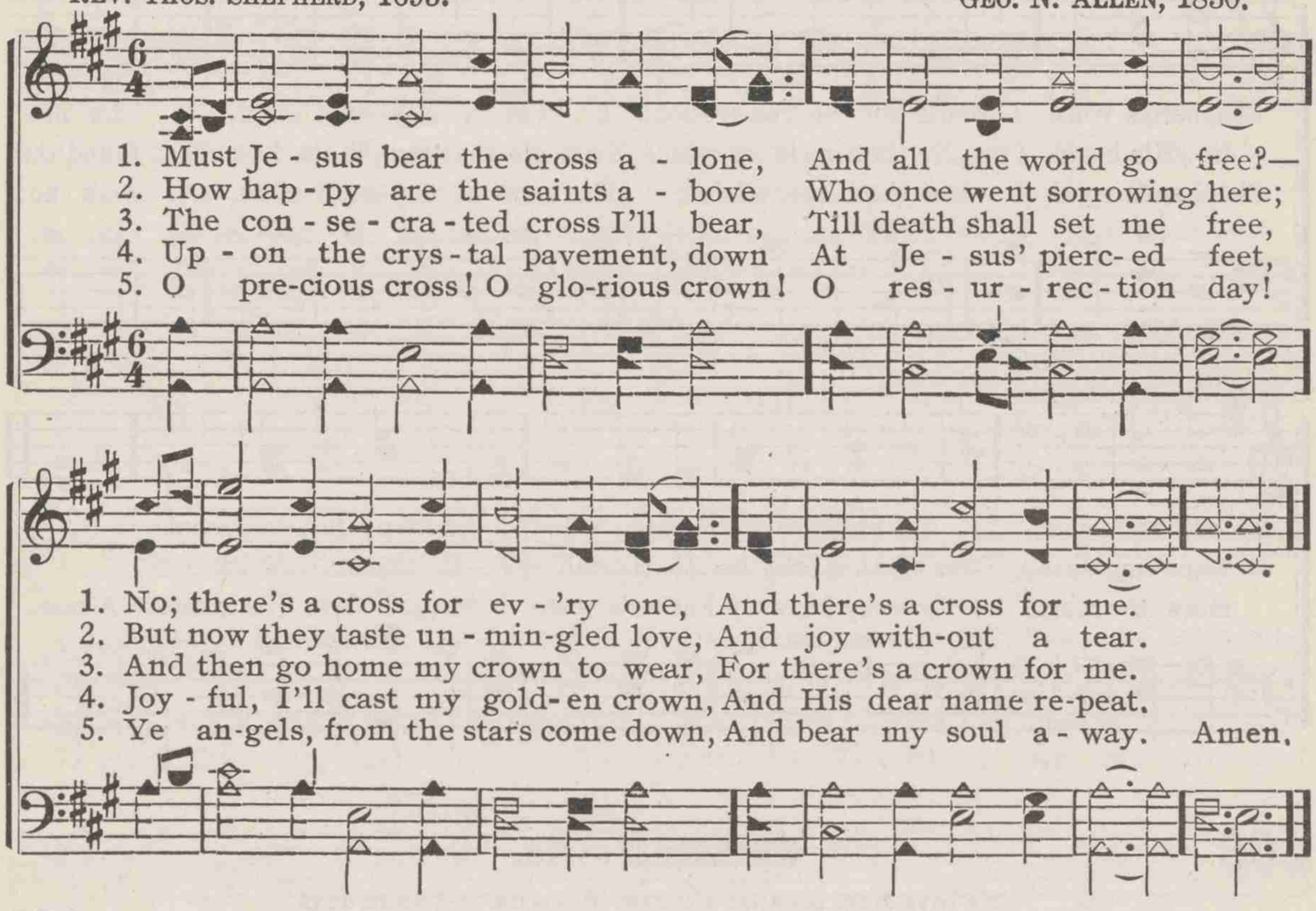


Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

257 MAITLAND. C. M.

"And He bearing His cross went forth."—John 19: 17.

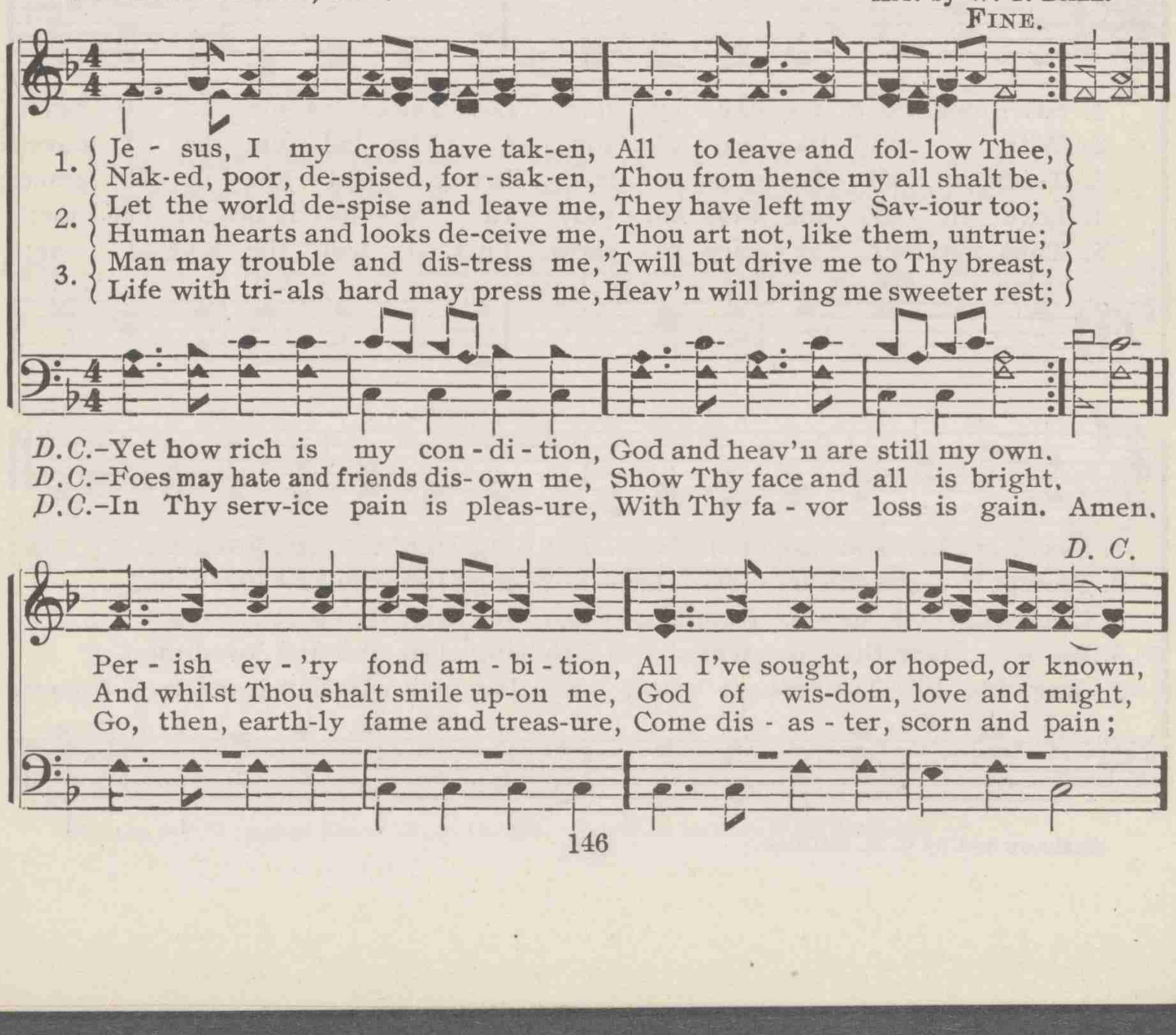
REV. THOS. SHEPHERD, 1693. GEO. N. ALLEN, 1850.



258 MIDDLETON. 8s & 7s.

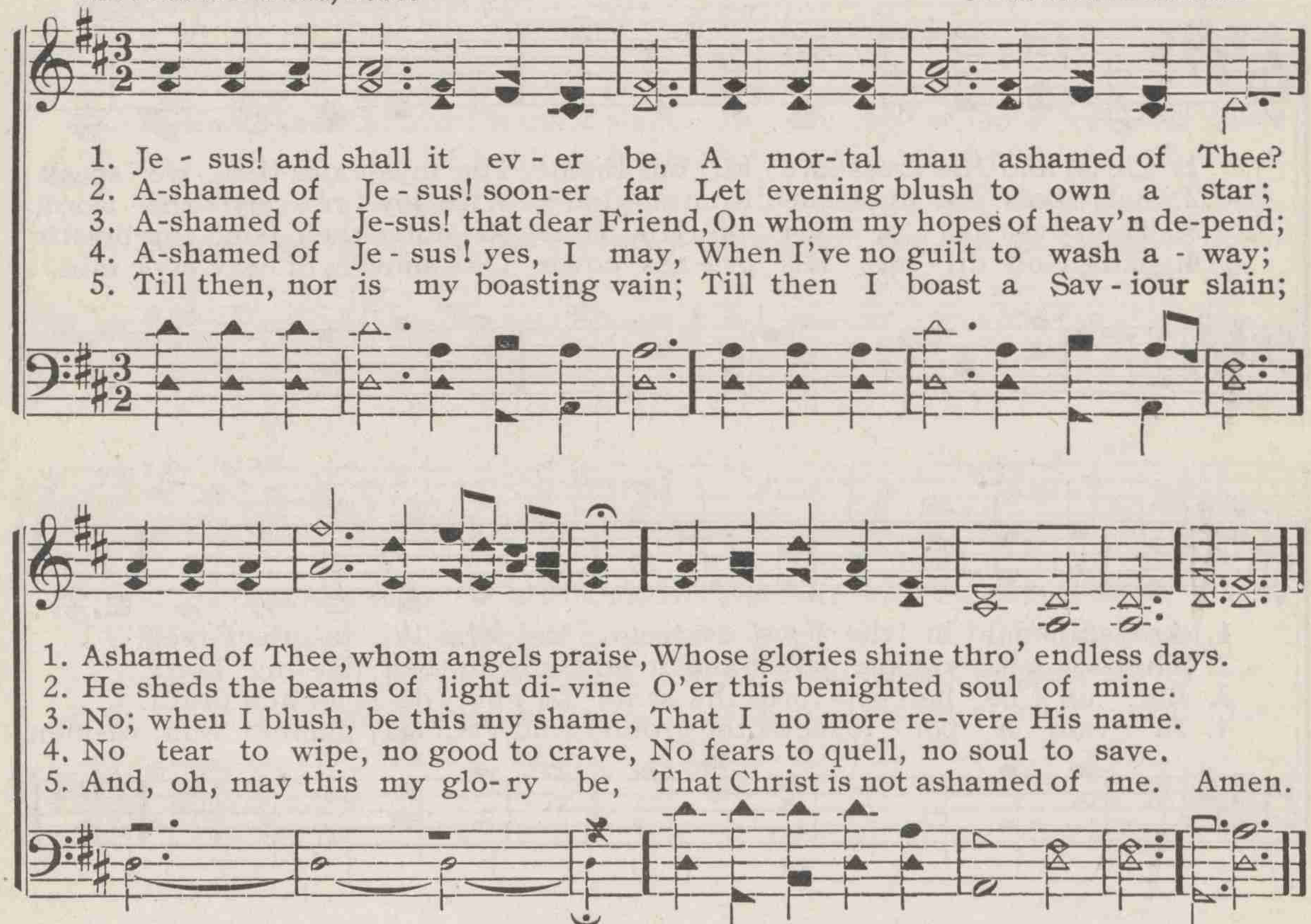
"He that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me."—Matt. 10: 37.

REV. HENRY F. LYTE, 1824. Arr. by W. T. DALE.



259 KIRCHER. L. M.

REV. JOSEPH GRIGG, 1765. 1 Tim. 1: 12. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

260 AZMON. C. M.

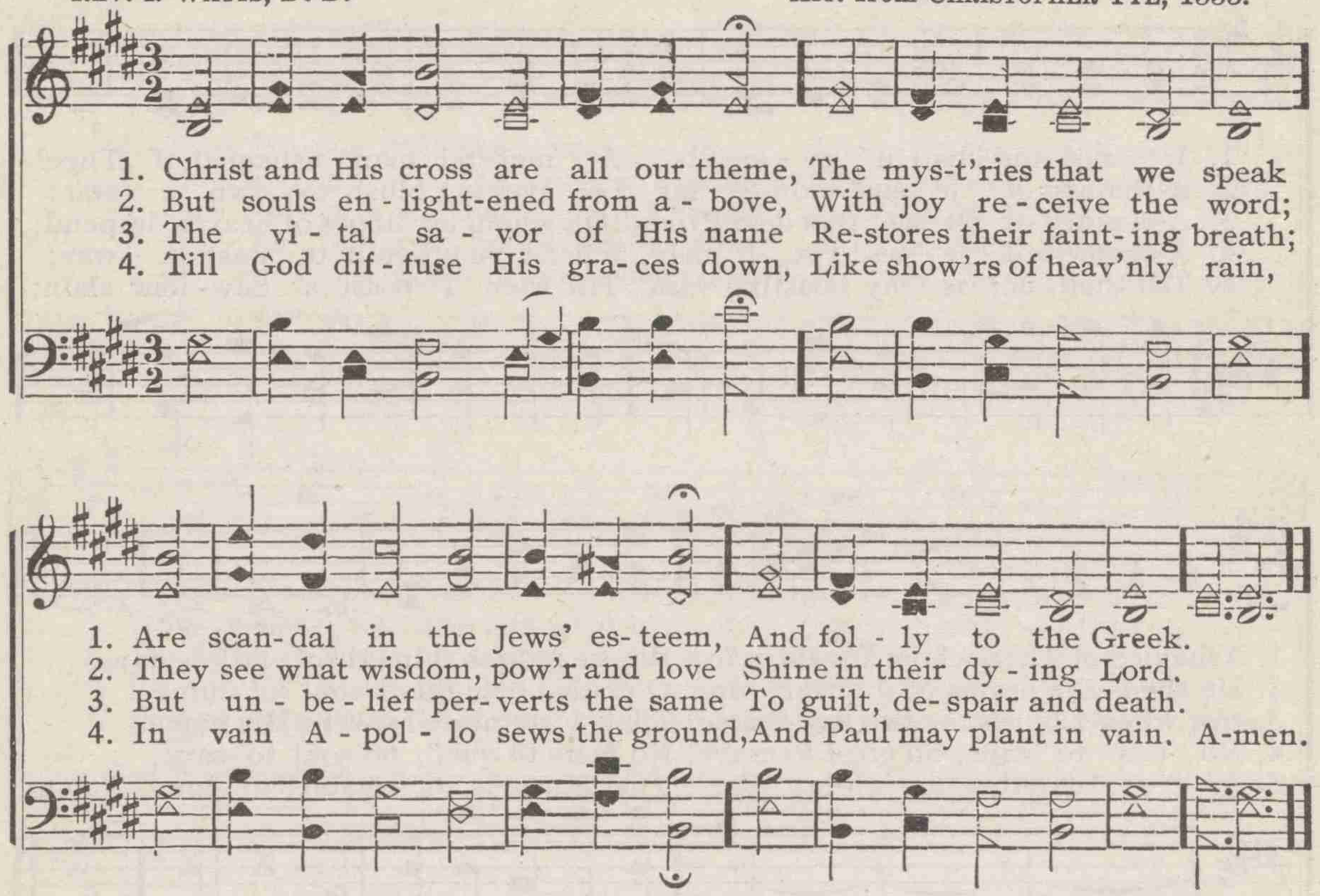
1 Tim. 1: 12.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, D. D., 1709. CARL G. GLASER, 1828, Arr. by LOWELL MASON, 1839.



261 DUNDEE. C. M.

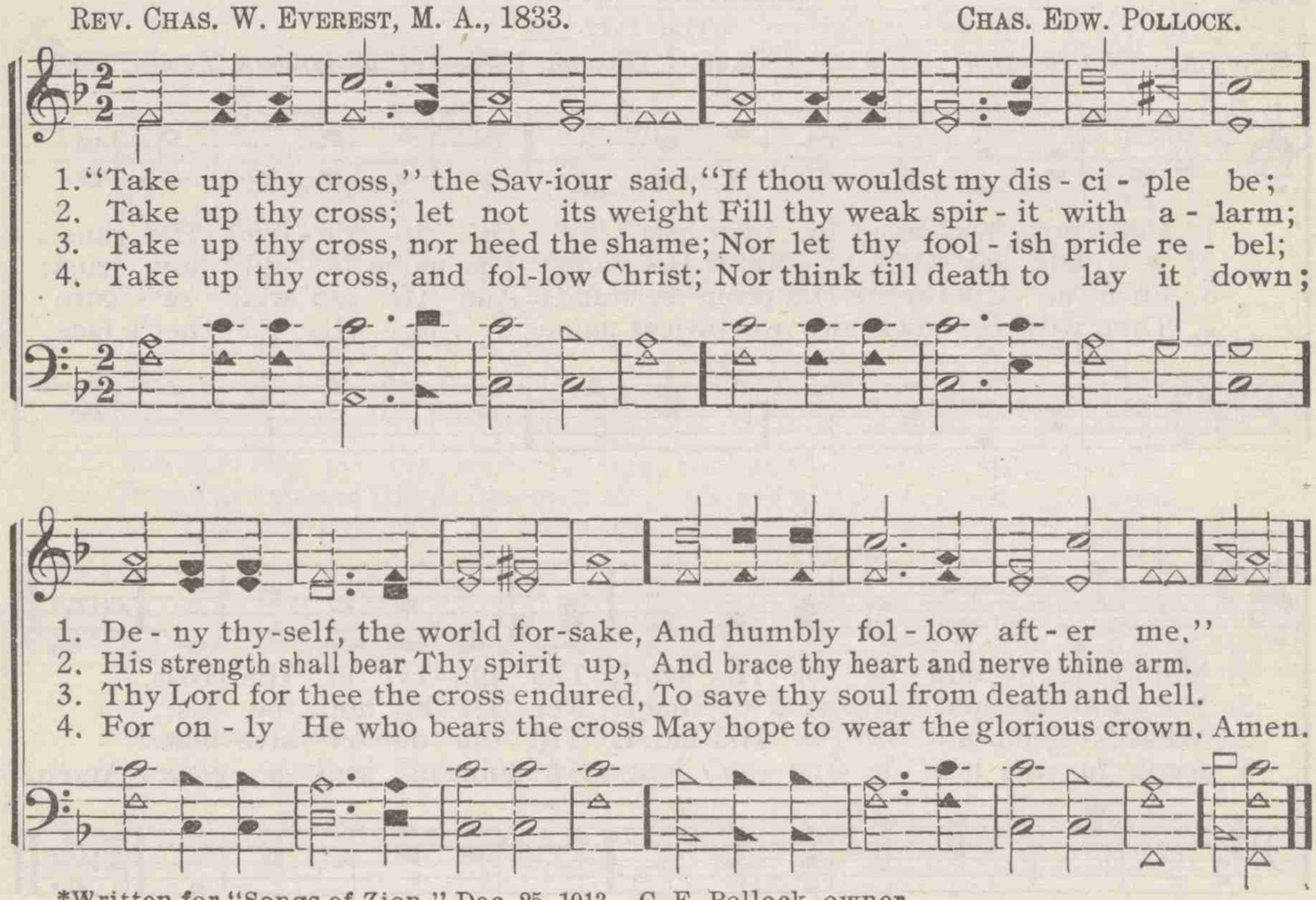
REV. I. WATTS, D. D. 1 Cor. 1: 23-24. Arr. from CHRISTOPHER TYE, 1553.



262 MAPLEWOOD. L. M.*

"If any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me."
Matt. 16: 24.

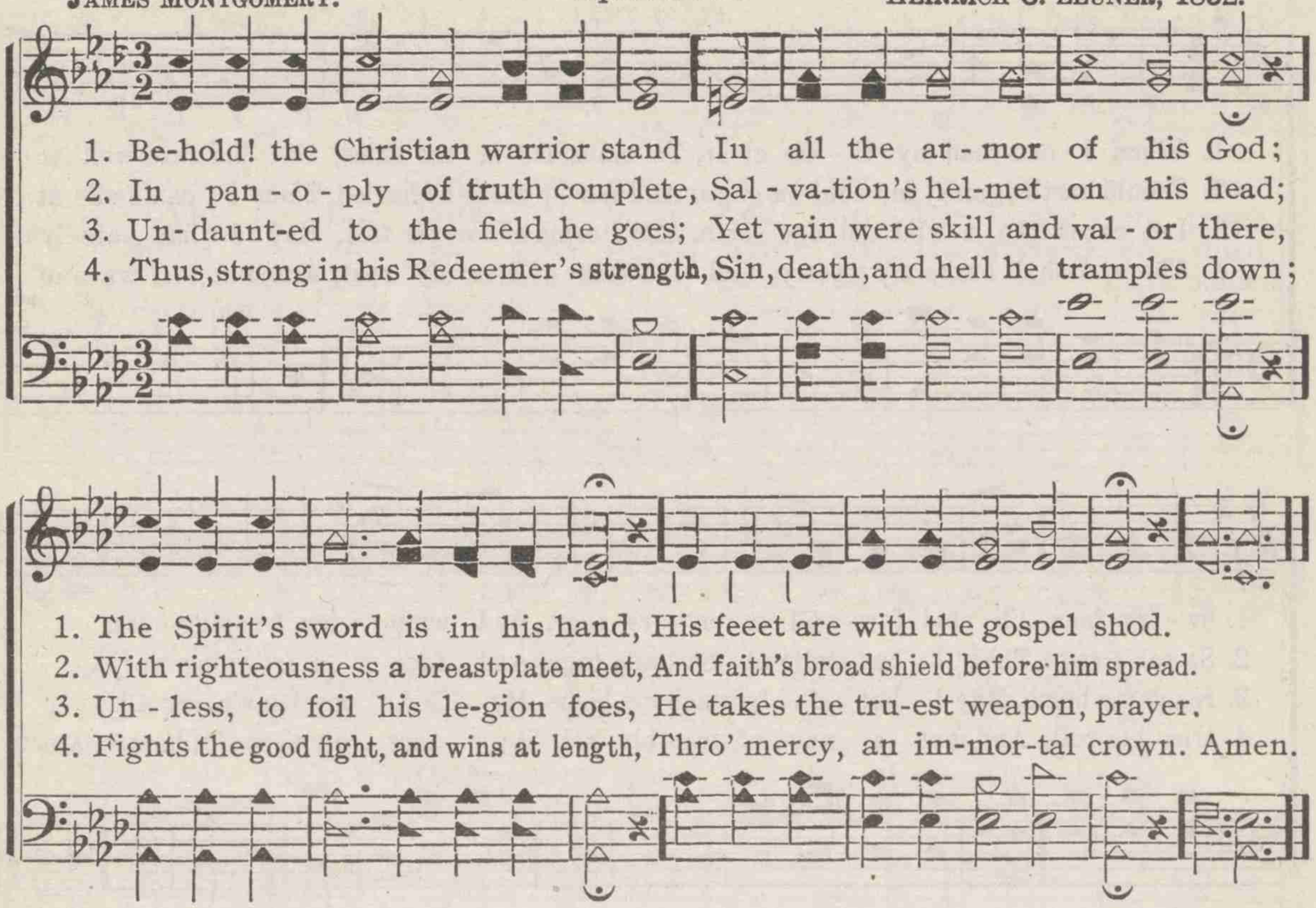
REV. CHAS. W. EVEREST, M. A., 1833. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



*Written for "Songs of Zion," Dec. 25, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner.

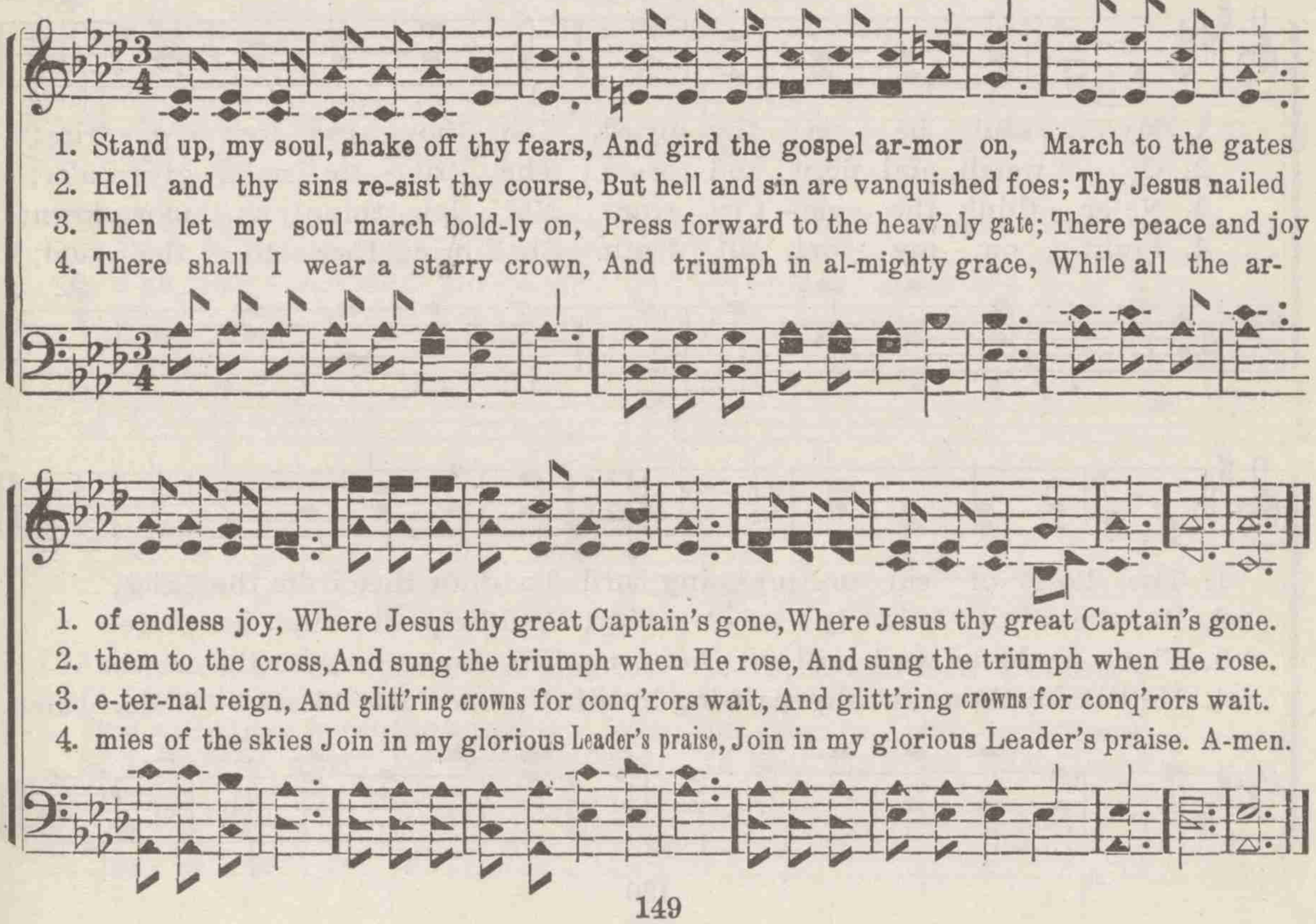
263 MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. Eph. 6: 10-17. HEINRICH C. ZEUNER, 1832.



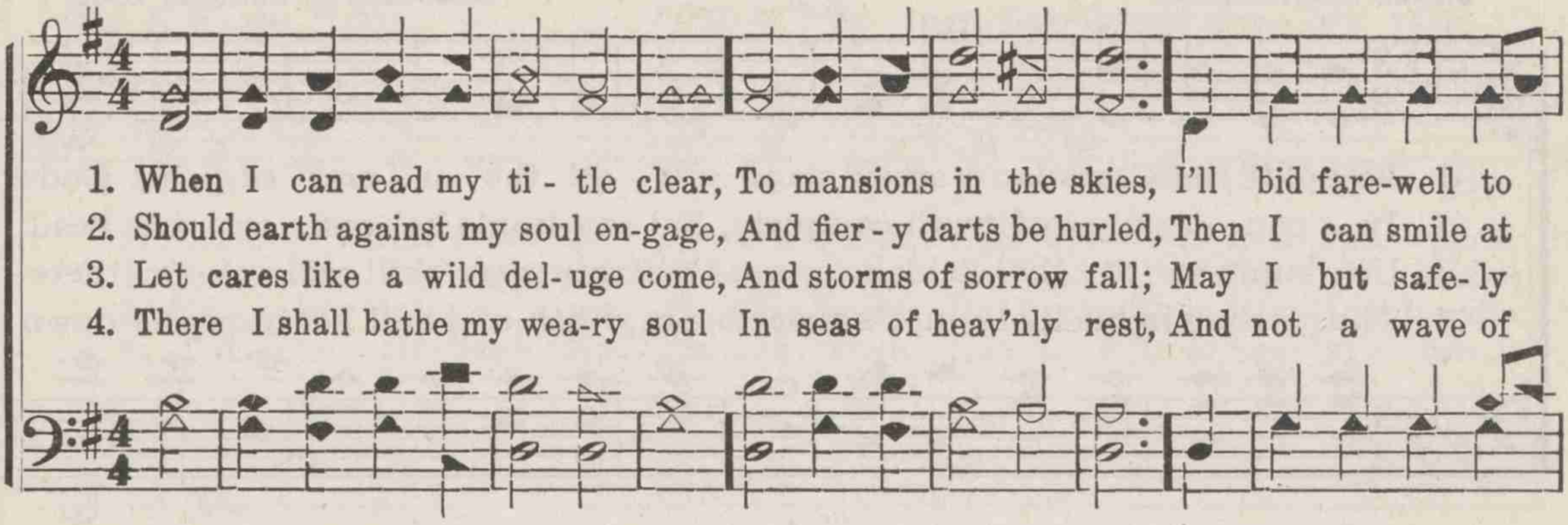
264 BLOOMFIELD CHANT. L. M.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D., 1707. Eph. 6: 11-17. WM. B. BRADBURY.



265 NINETY-FIFTH. C. M.

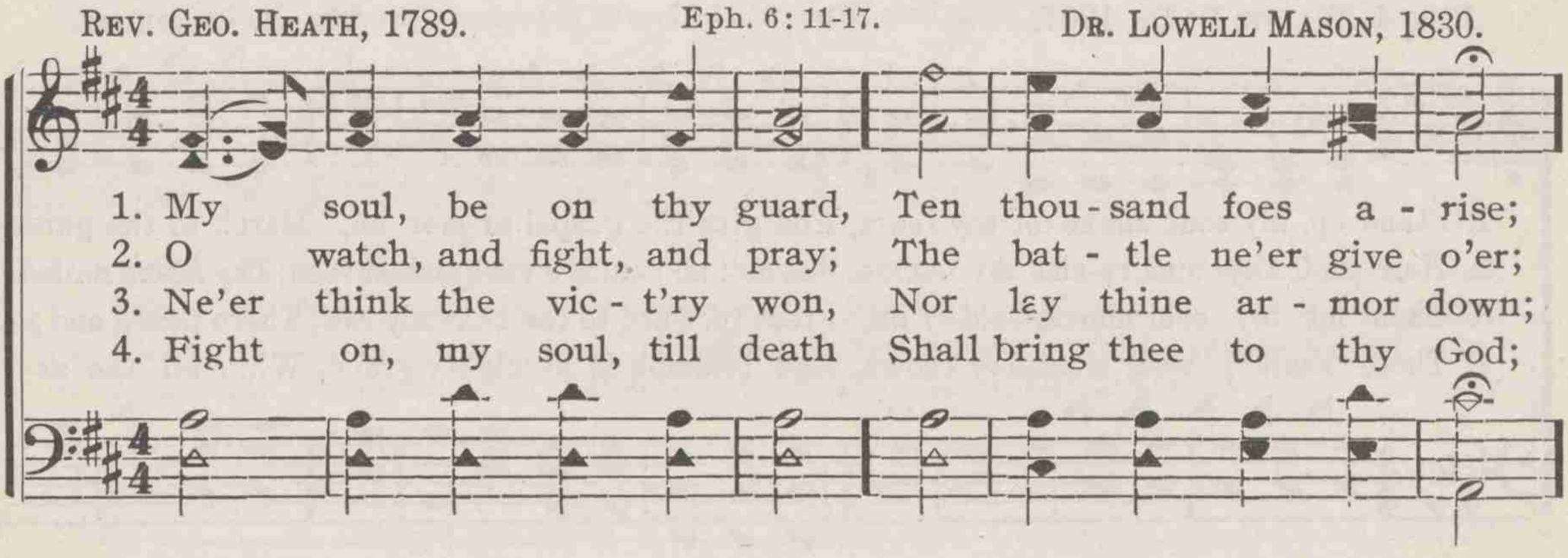
REV. I. WATTS, D. D., 1707. Eph. 6: 11-17. Arr. by W. T. DALE.

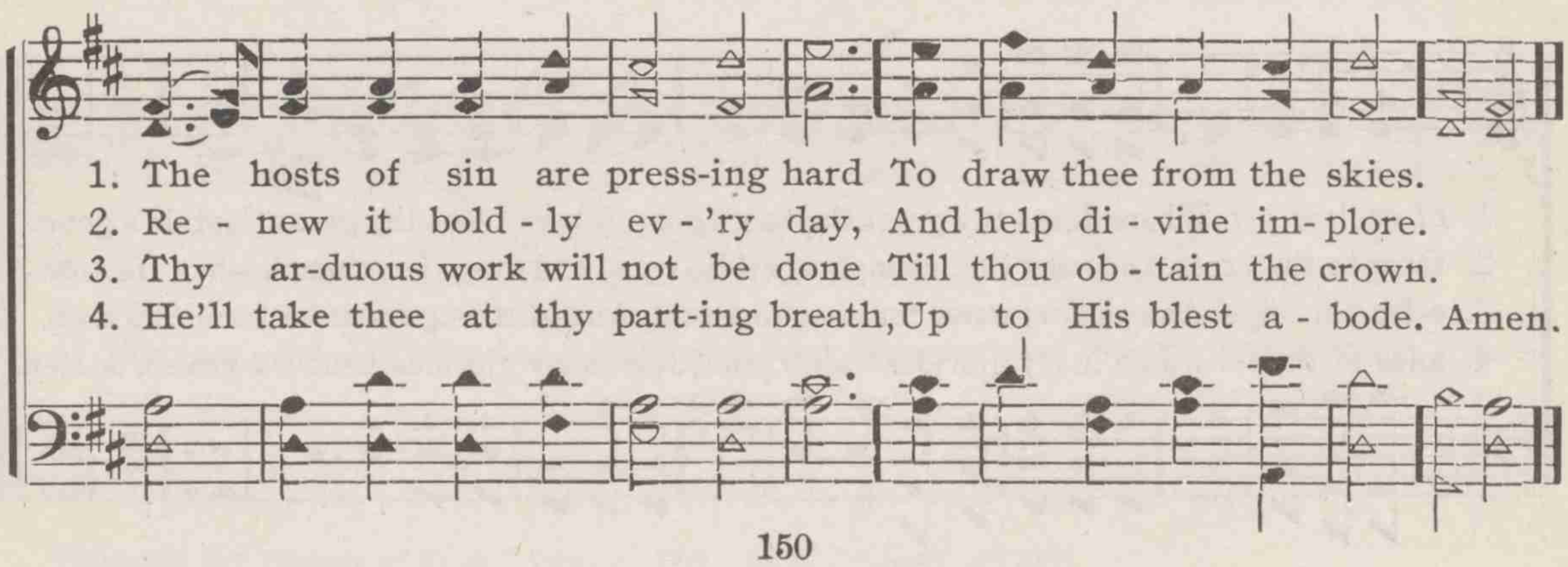




266 LABAN. S. M.

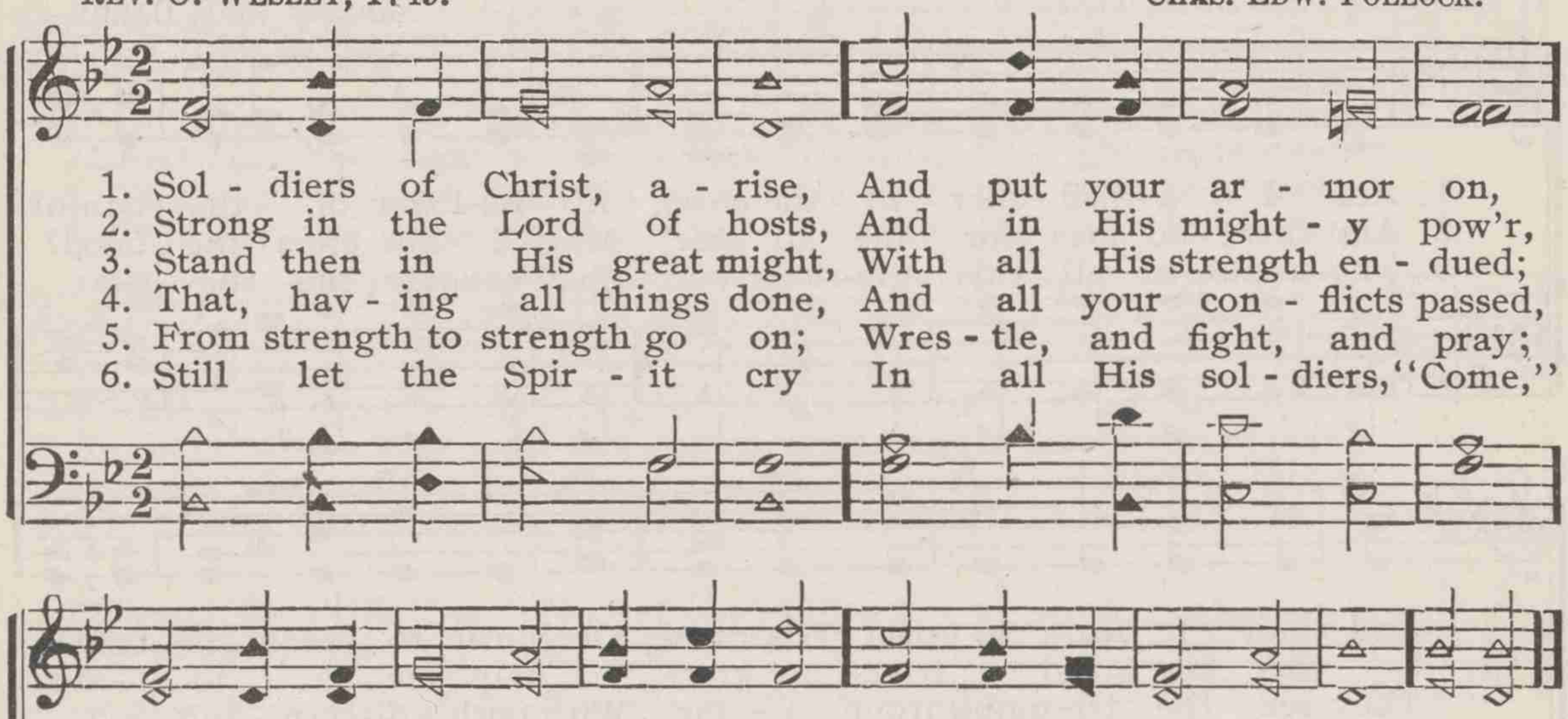
REV. GEO. HEATH, 1789. Eph. 6: 11-17. DR. LOWELL MASON, 1830.





267 YALE. S. M.

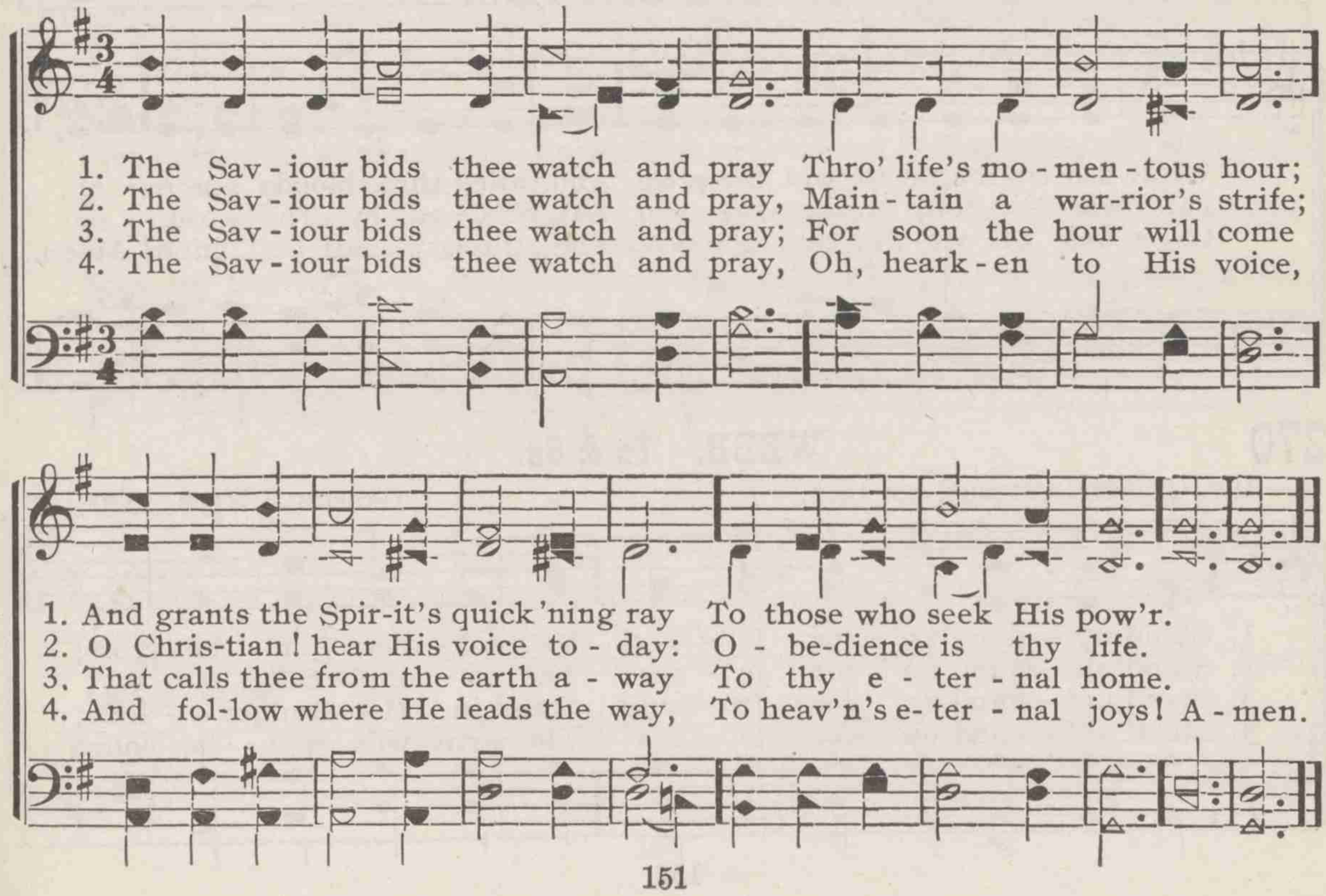
REV. C. WESLEY, 1749. 1 Cor. 16: 13. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

268 ST. AGNES. C. M.

DR. THOS. HASTINGS. Matt. 26: 41. REV. JOHN B. DYKES, 1866.



269

LEANDER. C. M.

"Endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ."—2 Tim. 2:3.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D., 1724. Arr. by W. T. DALE.

1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A fol-l'wer of the Lamb?
2. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
3. Thy saints in all this glo-rious war Shall conquer, tho' they die;

And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
They see the tri-umph from a - far, With faith's discern - ing eye,

Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow - 'ry beds of ease,
Sure I must fight if I would reign, In-crease my cour - age, Lord!
When that il - lus-trious day shall rise, And all Thine ar - mies shine,

While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' bloody seas?
I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup-port - ed by Thy word.
In robes of vic- t'ry thro' the skies, The glo - ry shall be Thine! Amen.

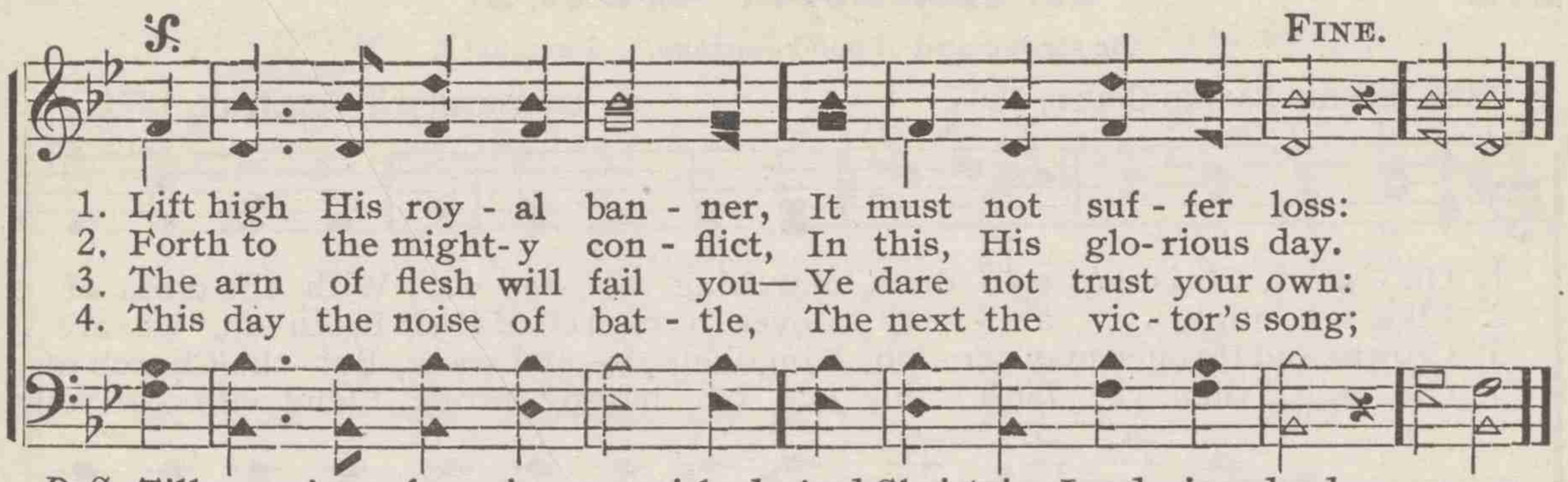
270

WEBB. 7s & 6s.

REV. GEORGE DUFFIELD, JR., 1858. GEORGE J. WEBB, 1830.

1. Stand up!—stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol - diers of the cross;
2. Stand up!—stand up for Je - sus! The tri - umph call o - bey;
3. Stand up!—stand up for Je - sus! Stand in His strength a - lone;
4. Stand up!—stand up for Je - sus! The strife will not be long;

WEBB. Concluded.

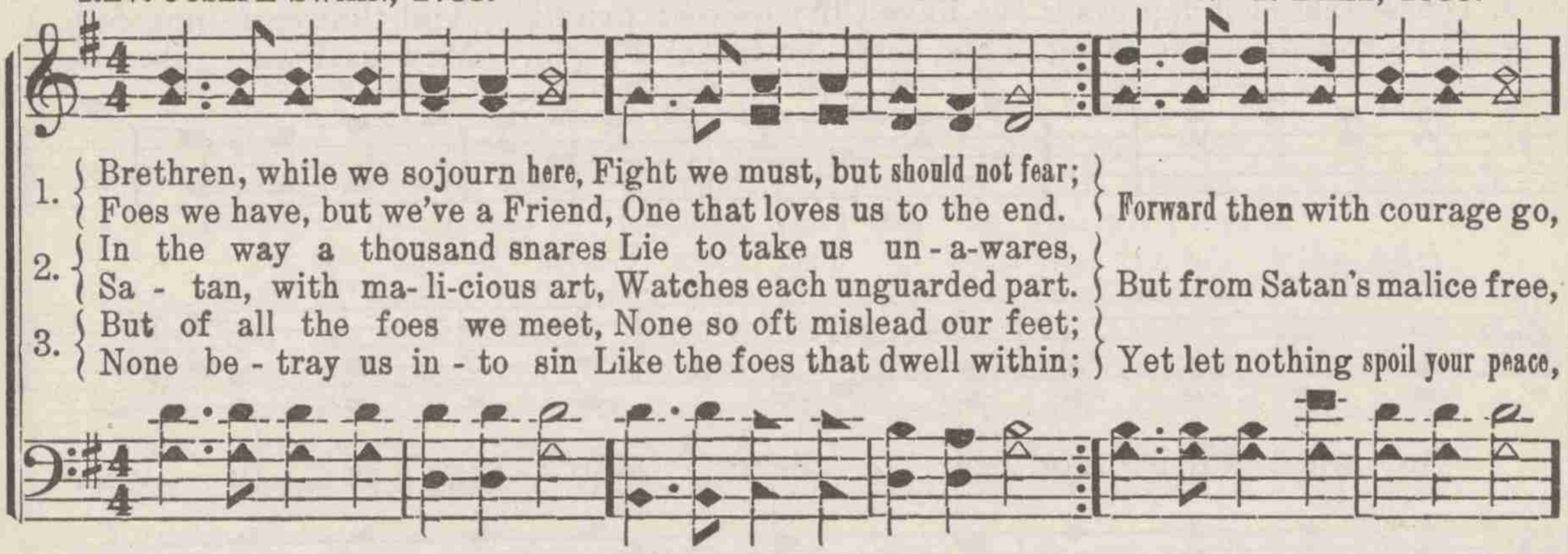




271 MAXEY. 7s, D.

"Without were fightings, within were fears."—2 Cor. 7: 5.

REV. JOSEPH SWAIN, 1783. W. T. DALE, 1885.





272 ST. GERTRUDE. 6s & 5s, D.

"Be strong and of good courage."—Deut. 31: 6.

REV. SABINE BARING-GOULD, 1865. SIR ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN, 1871.

1. On - ward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of
2. Like a might - y ar - my Moves the church of God: Broth-ers, we are
3. Crowns and thrones may per - ish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of
4. On - ward, then, ye faith - ful, Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your

1. Je - sus, Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter,
2. tread - ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed,
3. Je - sus Con - stant will re - main: Gates of hell can nev - er
4. voic - es In the tri - umph song: Glo - ry, praise, and hon - or,

1. Leads against the foe; Forward in - to bat - tle, See His ban-ners go.
2. All one bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
3. 'Gainst that church prevail: We have Christ's own promise, And that can - not fail.
4. Un - to Christ the King: This, thro' countless a - ges, Men and an - gels sing.

CHORUS.

On - ward, Chris - tian sol - diers! March - ing as to war,
With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore. A-men.

273 HOMEWOOD. C. M.

Scotch Paraphrase. Heb. 12; 1-4. Chas. Edw. Pollock.

Vigoroso.

1. Be - hold, what wit-ness - es un- seen En - com- pass us a - round;
2. Let us with zeal like their's in-spired, Be - gin the Chris-tian race;
3. Be - hold a Wit- ness no - bler still, Who trod af - flic-tion's path,
4. He for the joy be - fore Him set, So gen-'rous was His love,
5. If He the scorn of wick - ed men With pa - tience did sus - tain,
6. Then on our glo-rious way pur - sue, Tho' en - e - mies a - rise,

1. Men, once like us, with suff'ring tried, But now with glo - ry crowned.
2. And, freed from each encumb'ring weight, Their ho - ly foot-steps trace.
3. Je - sus, at once the fin - ish - er, And au - thor of our faith.
4. En- dured the cross, despised the shame, And now He reigns a - bove.
5. Be - comes it those for whom He died To mur-mur or com-plain?
6. Un - til you reach at Zi - on's hill, And gain th'immor-tal prize. Amen.

274 AWAKE, MY SOUL. C. M.

(This hymn may be sung to "Homewood," No. 273.)

Rev. P. Doddridge, D. D., 1755. Heb. 12: 1. Anon.

1, 2 Fine.

1. { A - wake, my soul, stretch ev'-ry nerve, And press with vig - or on, / A heav'n - ly race de - mands thy zeal, And an im - mor- (*Omit*) } tal crown.
2. { A cloud of wit- ness - es a - round Hold thee in full sur - vey; / For - get the steps al - read- y trod, And on - ward urge (*Omit*) } thy way.
3. { 'Tis God's all - an - i - ma-ting voice That calls thee from on high; / 'Tis His own hand pre-sents the prize To thine as - pir- (*Omit*) } ing eye:
4. { That prize, with peerless glories bright, Which shall new lus- ter boast, / When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems Shall blend in com- (*Omit*) } mon dust.
5. { Blest Sav-iour, in - tro-duced by Thee, Have I my race be - gun; / And, crowned with vic-t'ry, at Thy feet I'll lay my hon- (*Omit*) } ors down.

D. C.–A-wake, a-wake, stretch ev'ry nerve, Un - til thy work (*Omit*) is done. Amen.

Chorus. *D. C.*

A - wake, a - wake, my soul, And press with vig - or on;
A - wake, a - wake, my soul, a-wake, And press with vig - or, vig - or on;

275 ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D., 1707. Heb. 12: 1, 2. DR. LOWELL MASON, 1833.

1. A - wake, our souls! a - way our fears! Let ev - 'ry trembling tho't be gone!
2. True, 'tis a straight and thorn-y road, And mor-tal spir - its tire and faint;
3. From Him, the o - ver-flow-ing spring, Our souls shall drink a fresh sup-ply;
4. Swift as the ea - gle cuts the air We'll mount a-loft to His a - bode;

1. A - wake, and run the heav'nly race, And put a cheer-ful cour-age on.
2. But they for-get the might-y God That feeds the strength of ev'ry saint.
3. While such as trust their native strength Shall melt away, and droop, and die.
4. On wings of love our souls shall fly, Nor tire amidst the heav'nly road. Amen.

276 TENNY. C. M.*

REV. PHILIP DODDRIDGE, D. D. Heb. 11: 24-26. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Not too fast.

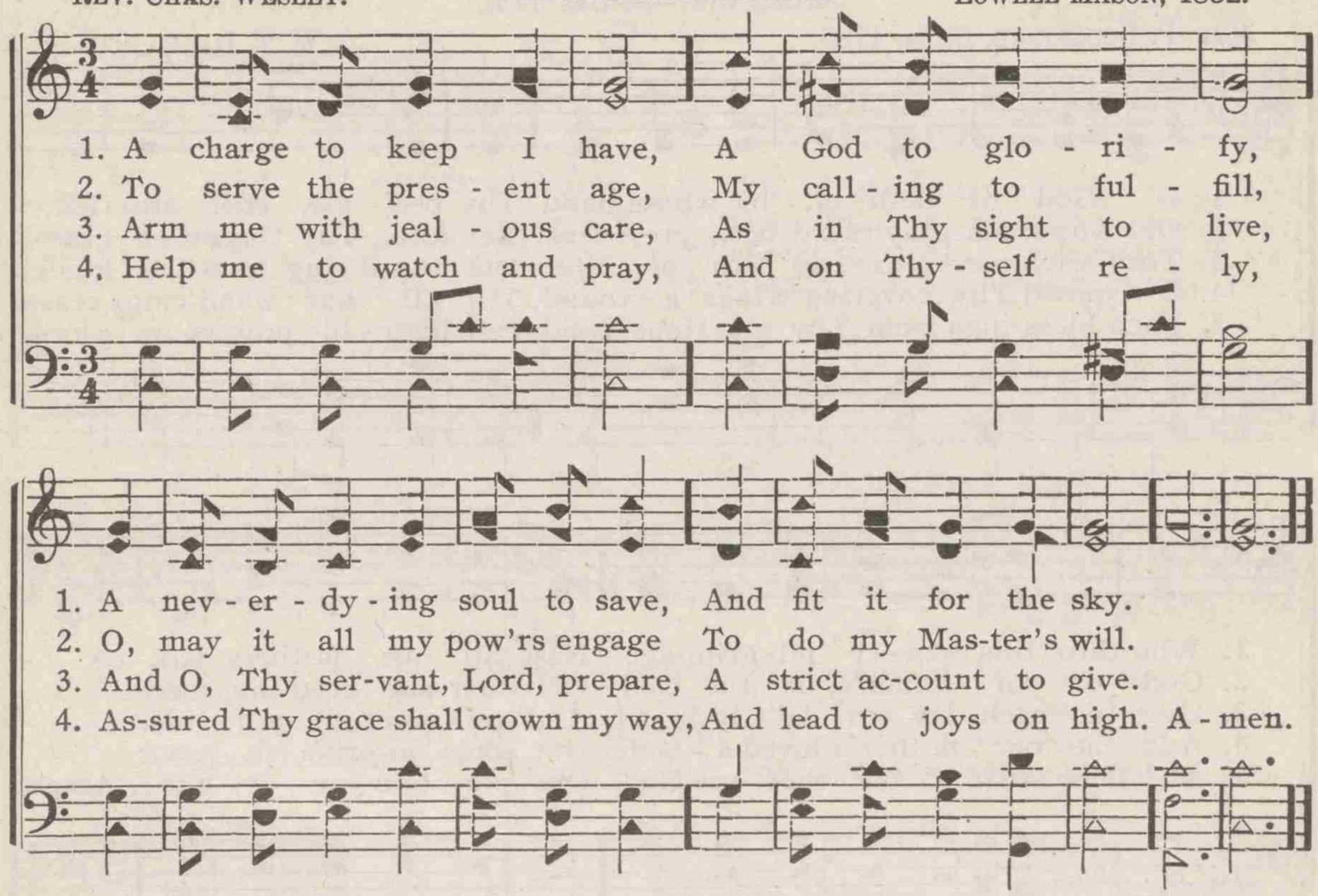
1. My soul, with all thy wak-ened pow'rs, Sur-vey the heav'n-ly prize;
2. The splen-did crown which Mo - ses sought Still beams a-round His brow;
3. The joys and pleas-ures of a day I cheer-ful-ly re-sign;
4. Let fools my wi - ser choice de - ride, An-gels and God ap-prove,
5. With ar - dent eye, that bright re - ward I dai - ly will sur - vey,

1. Nor let these glitt'ring toys of earth Al - lure thy wand'ring eyes.
2. Tho' soon great Pharaoh's sceptered pride Was taught by death to bow.
3. Rich is that large im - mor-tal store Se-cured by grace di - vine.
4. Nor scorn of men, nor rage of hell My stead-fast soul shall move.
5. And in the bloom-ing pros-pect lose The sor-rows of the way. A-men.

*Written for "Songs of Zion," July 18, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner.

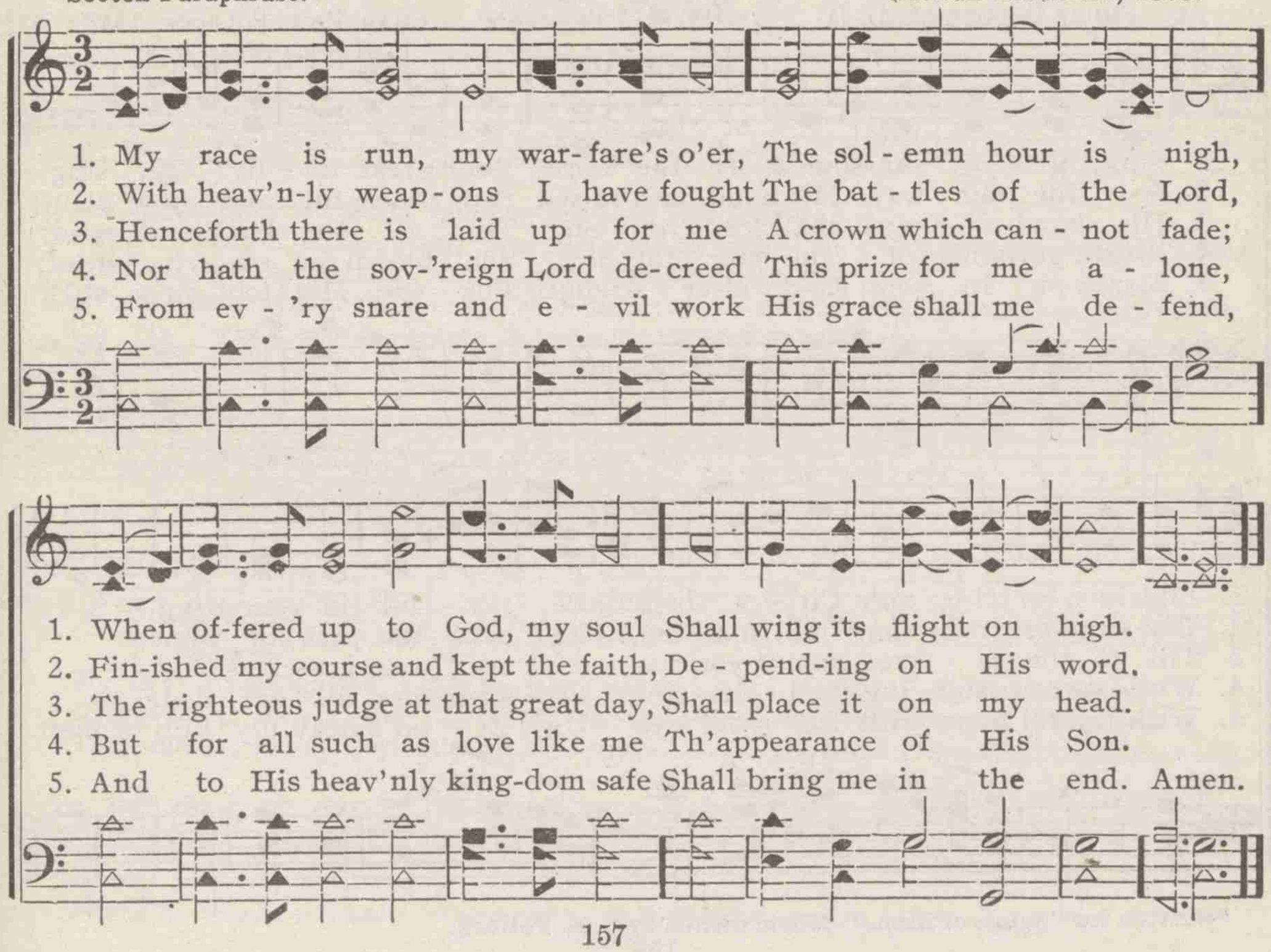
277 BOYLSTON. S. M.

REV. CHAS. WESLEY. Watchfulness inculcated. LOWELL MASON, 1832.



278 HEBER. C. M.

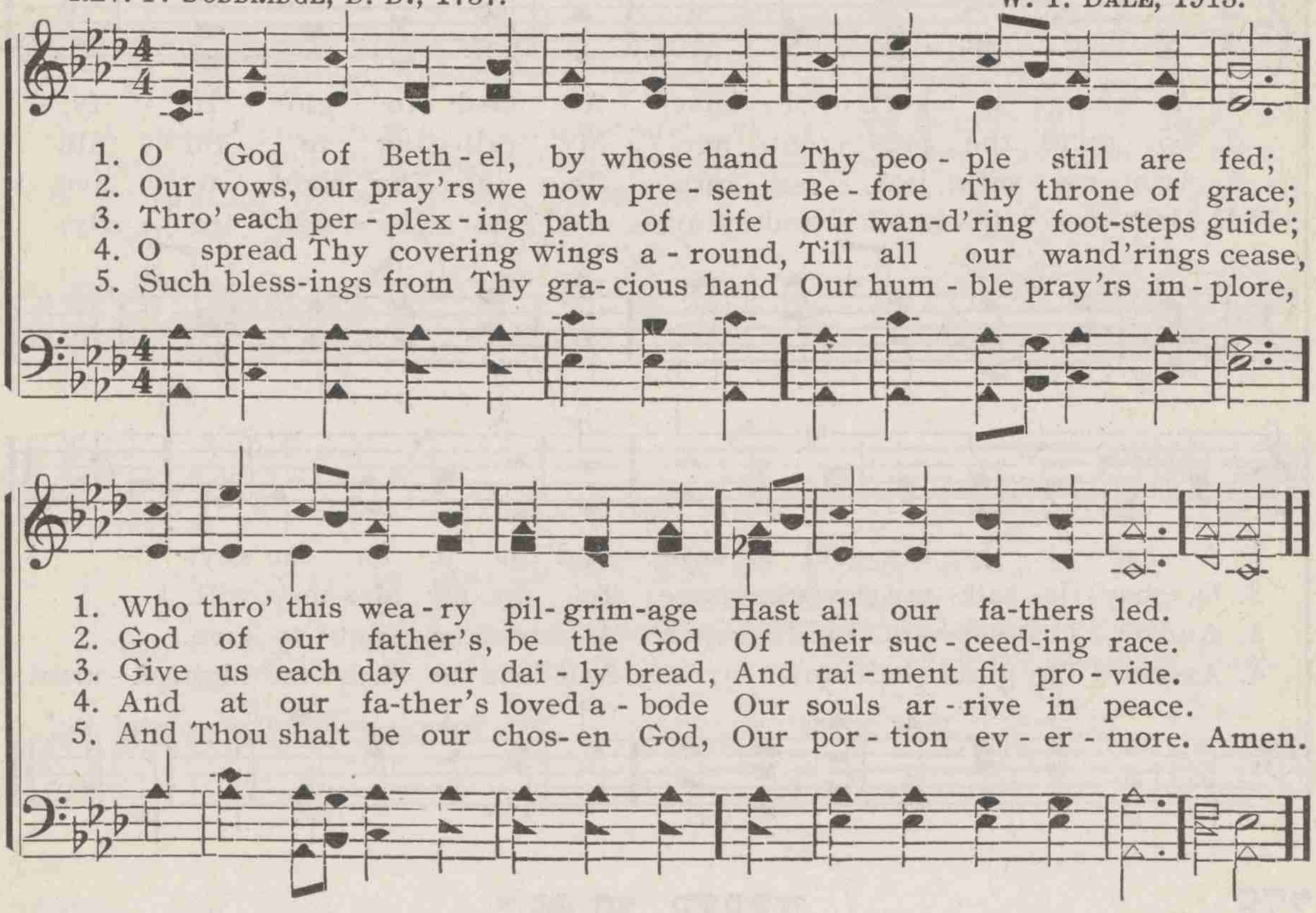
Scotch Paraphrase. 2 Tim. 4: 6-8, 18. GEORGE KINGSLEY, 1838.



279 BETHEL. C. M.

Jacob's vow.—Gen. 28: 19-22.

REV. P. DODDRIDGE, D. D., 1737. W. T. DALE, 1913.

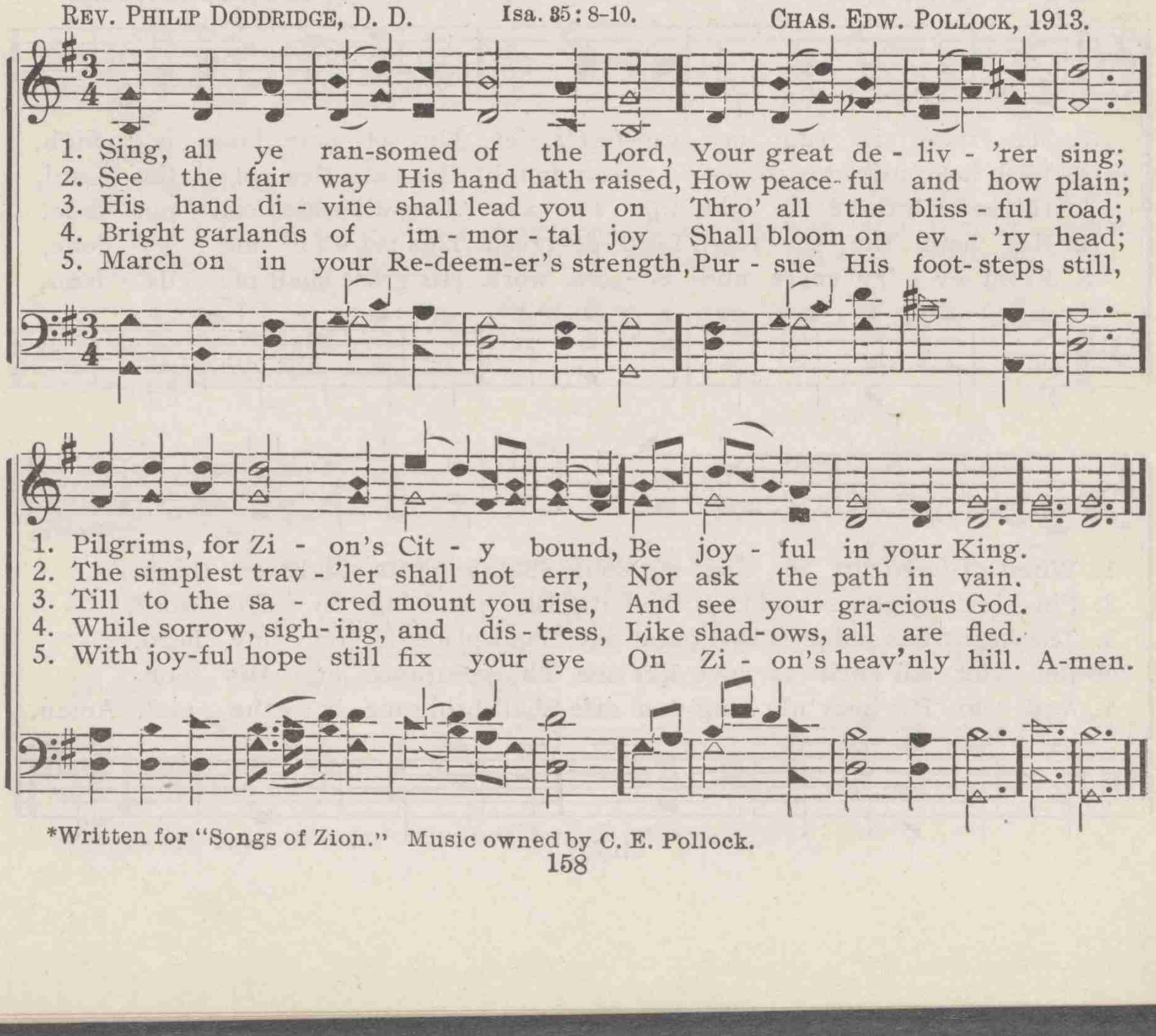


1. O God of Beth - el, by whose hand Thy peo - ple still are fed;
2. Our vows, our pray'rs we now pre - sent Be - fore Thy throne of grace;
3. Thro' each per - plex - ing path of life Our wan-d'ring foot-steps guide;
4. O spread Thy covering wings a - round, Till all our wand'rings cease,
5. Such bless-ings from Thy gra- cious hand Our hum - ble pray'rs im - plore,

1. Who thro' this wea - ry pil- grim-age Hast all our fa-thers led.
2. God of our father's, be the God Of their suc - ceed-ing race.
3. Give us each day our dai - ly bread, And rai - ment fit pro - vide.
4. And at our fa-ther's loved a - bode Our souls ar - rive in peace.
5. And Thou shalt be our chos- en God, Our por - tion ev - er - more. Amen.

280 CRITCHLOW. C. M.*

REV. PHILIP DODDRIDGE, D. D. Isa. 35: 8-10. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, 1913.



1. Sing, all ye ran-somed of the Lord, Your great de - liv - 'rer sing;
2. See the fair way His hand hath raised, How peace- ful and how plain;
3. His hand di - vine shall lead you on Thro' all the bliss - ful road;
4. Bright garlands of im - mor - tal joy Shall bloom on ev - 'ry head;
5. March on in your Re-deem-er's strength, Pur - sue His foot- steps still,

1. Pilgrims, for Zi - on's Cit - y bound, Be joy - ful in your King.
2. The simplest trav - 'ler shall not err, Nor ask the path in vain.
3. Till to the sa - cred mount you rise, And see your gra-cious God.
4. While sorrow, sigh- ing, and dis - tress, Like shad- ows, all are fled.
5. With joy-ful hope still fix your eye On Zi - on's heav'nly hill. A-men.

*Written for "Songs of Zion." Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

281 ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D. Life a pilgrimage. WILLIAM TANSUR.

1. Lord, what a wretch-ed land is this, That yields us no sup - ply;
2. Our jour - ney is a thorn - y maze, But we march up - ward still;
3. There on a green and flow - 'ry mount Our wea - ry souls shall sit,
4. E - ter - nal glo - ry to the King, Whose hand con-ducts us thro';

1. No cheering fruits, no whole-some trees, No streams of liv - ing joy.
2. For-get these troub - les of the ways, And reach at Zi - on's hill.
3. And with trans-port-ing joy re-count The la - bors of our feet.
4. Our tongues shall nev-er cease to sing, And end-less praise re-new. A-men.

282 LIND. 7s & 6s.*

REV. M. B. DEWITT, D. D. The aged pilgrim. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

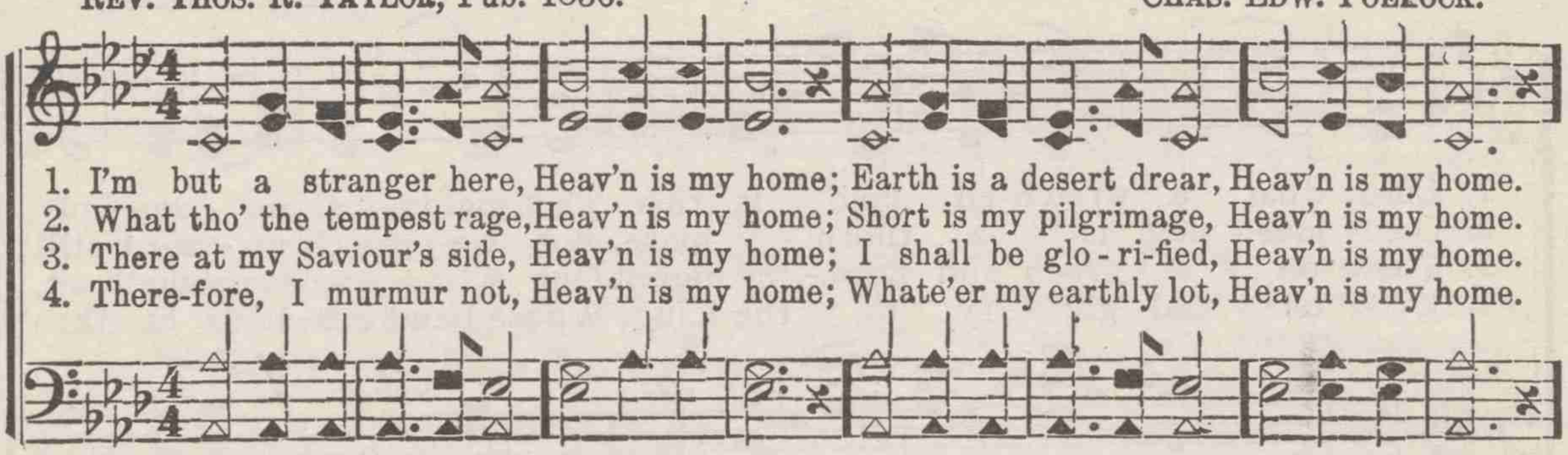
1. A - down life's shortening journey, The aged pick their way,
   There's much of darkness round them, But yonder's perfect day. Their steps are short and falt'ring,
2. But there is con - so - la- tion, From hope's triumphant light,
   That shines with-in the spir-it, And gladdens sorrow's night. Then cheer thee, aged pilgrim,
3. A few more changing sunsets, A few more clouded morns,
   A few more times of tri-al, A few more piercing thorns. Then long and bright the future,

For sight is now un-true, Life's hours are not so joy-ous, As when 'twas fresh and new.
Rich grace to thee is giv'n, Tho' scant thine earthly pleasure, Yet bounteous that of heav'n.
Then ma-ny, ma-ny joys, All glo - ri - ous, e-ter-nal, The home where naught annoys. Amen.

*Written for "Songs of Zion," Nov. 30, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner.

283 MILHOLLAND. 6s, 4s.*

REV. THOS. R. TAYLOR, Pub. 1836. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. I'm but a stranger here, Heav'n is my home; Earth is a desert drear, Heav'n is my home.
2. What tho' the tempest rage, Heav'n is my home; Short is my pilgrimage, Heav'n is my home.
3. There at my Saviour's side, Heav'n is my home; I shall be glo - ri-fied, Heav'n is my home.
4. There-fore, I murmur not, Heav'n is my home; Whate'er my earthly lot, Heav'n is my home.



1. Danger and sorrow stand Round us on ev'ry hand, Heav'n is my father-land, Heav'n is my home.
2. Time's cold and wintry blast Soon will be overpast; I shall reach home at last, Heav'n is my home.
3. There are the good and blest, Those I love most and best, And there I too shall rest, Heav'n is my home.
4. And I shall surely stand, There at my Lord's right hand, Heav'n is my father-land, Heav'n is my home. Amen.

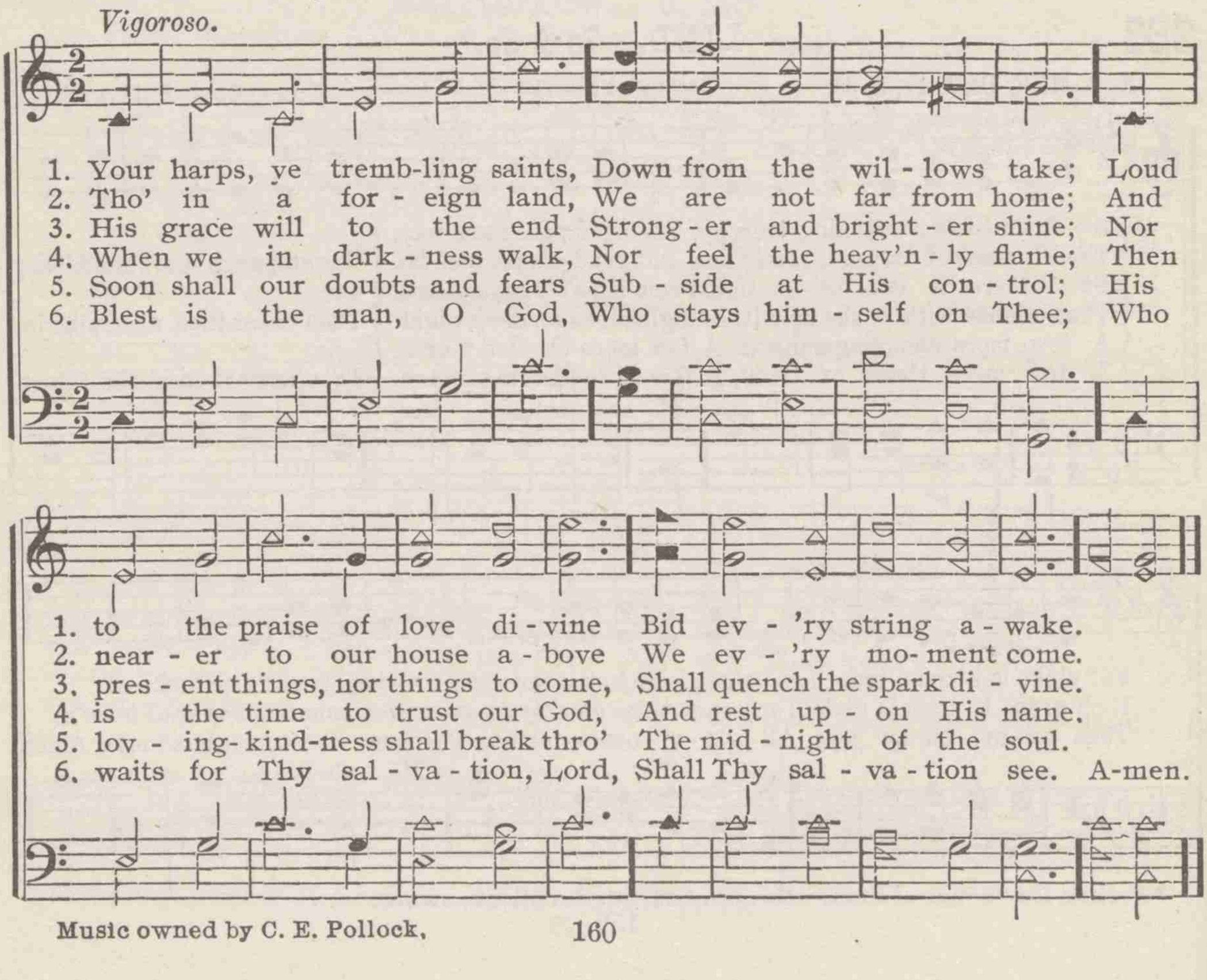
*Written for "Songs of Zion," Aug. 6, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner.

284 PROVINE. S. M.

In memory of Rev. J. C. Provine, D. D.

REV. A. M. TOPLADY, 1772. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Vigoroso.



1. Your harps, ye tremb-ling saints, Down from the wil - lows take; Loud to the praise of love di - vine Bid ev - 'ry string a - wake.
2. Tho' in a for - eign land, We are not far from home; And near - er to our house a - bove We ev - 'ry mo- ment come.
3. His grace will to the end Strong - er and bright - er shine; Nor pres - ent things, nor things to come, Shall quench the spark di - vine.
4. When we in dark - ness walk, Nor feel the heav'n - ly flame; Then is the time to trust our God, And rest up - on His name.
5. Soon shall our doubts and fears Sub - side at His con - trol; His lov - ing-kind-ness shall break thro' The mid - night of the soul.
6. Blest is the man, O God, Who stays him - self on Thee; Who waits for Thy sal - va - tion, Lord, Shall Thy sal - va - tion see. A-men.

Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

285 ROCHESTER. C. M.

REV. P. DODDRIDGE, D. D. WILLIAMS.

1. In-quire, ye pil-grims, for the way That leads to Zi - on's hill,
2. In - vite the stran - gers all a - round, Your pi - ous march to join,
3. O come and to His tem - ple haste, And seek His fav - or there;
4. O come and join your souls to God In ev - er - last - ing bands;

1. And thith-er set your stead-y face With a de - ter - mined will.
2. And spread the sen - ti-ments you feel Of love and faith di - vine,
3. Be - fore His foot-stool hum-bly bow, And pour your fer - vent pray'r.
4. Ac - cept the bless-ings He be-stows With thank-ful hearts and hands, A-men.

286 LEAD ME ON. P. M.

ANON. C. C. CONVERSE.

1. Trav-'ling to the bet - ter land, O'er the des - erts scorch-ing sand,
2. When at Ma-rah, parched with heat, I the spark-ling foun - tain greet,
3. When the wil - der - ness is drear, Show me E - lim's palm-grove near,
4. Thro' the wa - ter, thro' the fire, Nev - er let me fall or tire,
5. Bid me stand on Ne - bo's height, Gaze up - on the land of light,
6. When I stand on Jor-dan's brink, Nev - er let me fear or shrink;
7. When the vic - to - ry is won, And e - ter - nal life be - gun,

1. Fa - ther! let me grasp Thy hand, Lead me on, lead me on!
2. Make the bit - ter wa - ter sweet, Lead me on, lead me on!
3. And her wells, as crys - tal clear; Lead me on, lead me on!
4. Ev - 'ry step brings Canaan nigher; Lead me on, lead me on!
5. Then, trans-port-ed with the sight, Lead me on, lead me on!
6. Hold me, Fa - ther, lest I sink: Lead me on, lead me on!
7. Up to glo - ry lead me on! Lead me on, lead me on! A-men.

287 RHINELAND. 8s, 7s, 4s.

REV. W. WILLIAMS, 1745. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

288 LEXINGTON. 7s.

REV. JOHN CENNICK, 1742. Isa. 35 : 10. Arr. by W. T. D.

FINE.



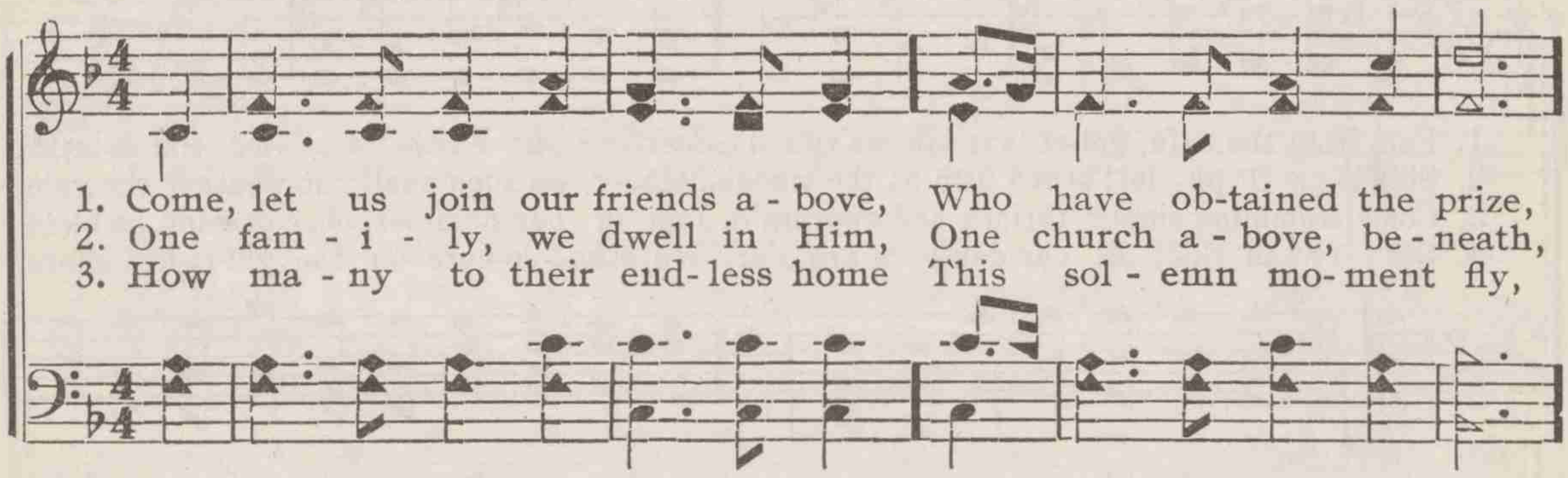
D. C.-They are hap- py now, and we Soon their hap - pi - ness shall see.
D. C.-There your seat is now prepared, There your kingdom and re - ward.
D. C.-On - ly Thou our Lead - er be, And we still will fol - low Thee. Amen.

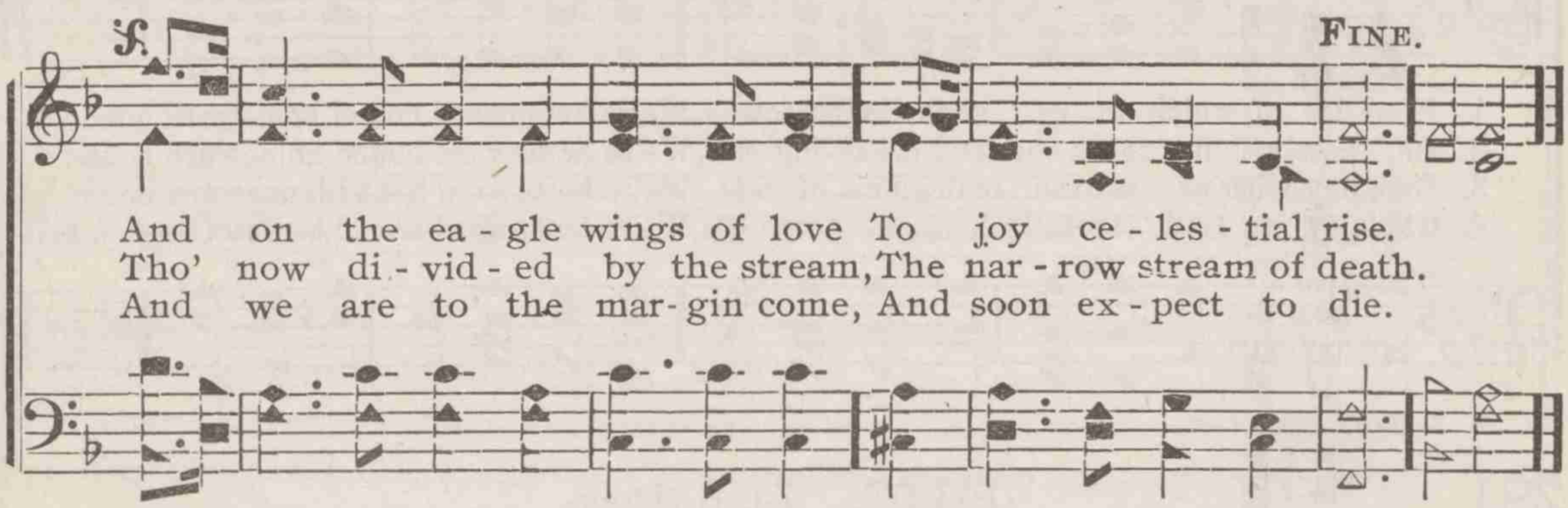
LEXINGTON. Concluded.



289 AULD LANG SYNE. C. M. D.

REV. CHAS. WESLEY, 1759. SCOTTISH AIR.







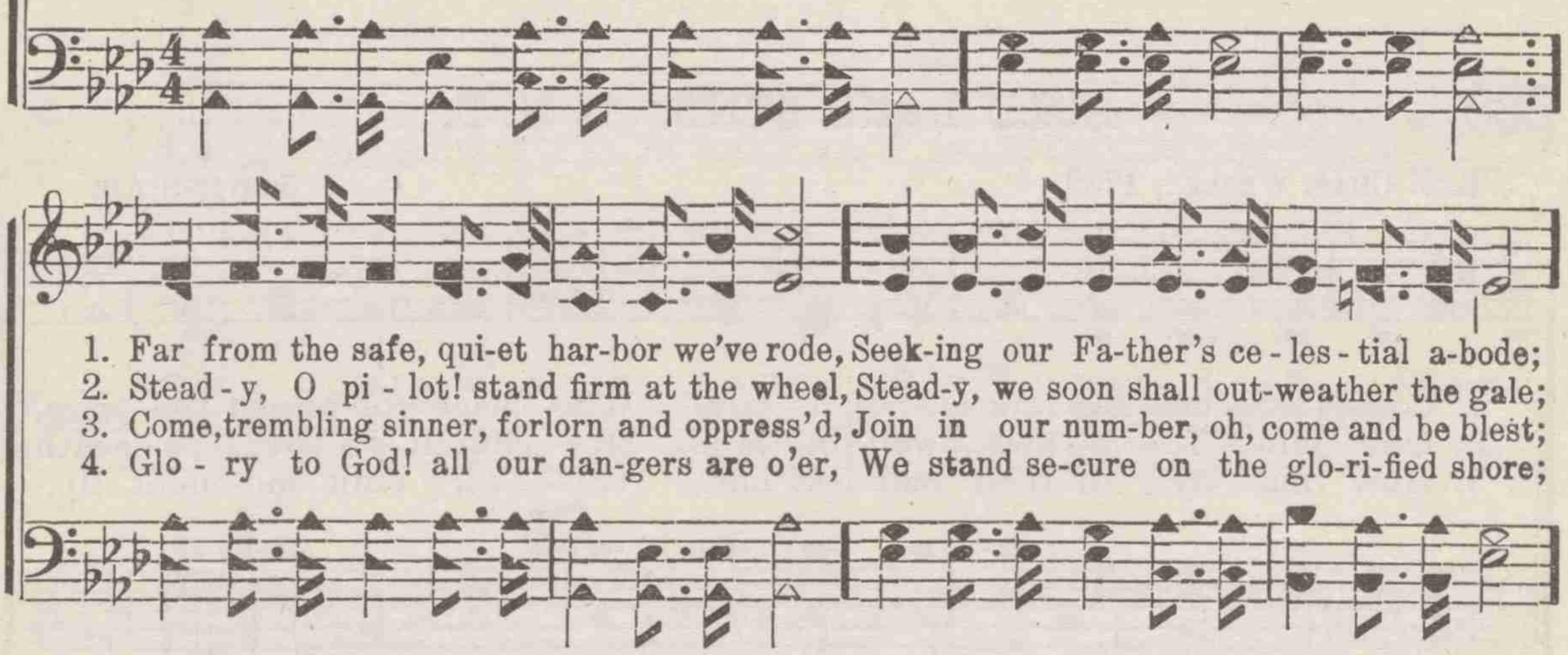
290 HOMEWARD BOUND.

ANON

Re-arranged by F. J. WILBANKS.



1. Out on an o - cean all bound-less we ride, We're homeward bound, homeward bound,
   Toss'd on the waves of a rough, rest-less tide, We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
2. Wild - ly the storm sweeps us on as it roars, We're homeward bound, homeward bound,
   Look! yon-der lies the bright heav-en-ly shore, We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
3. We'll tell the world as we jour - ney a-long, We're homeward bound, homeward bound,
   Try to per-suade them to en-ter the throng, We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
4. In - to the har-bor of heav'n now we glide, We're homeward bound, homeward bound,
   Soft - ly we drift on its bright sil-ver tide, We're homeward bound, homeward bound.



1. Far from the safe, qui-et har-bor we've rode, Seek-ing our Fa-ther's ce - les - tial a-bode;
2. Stead - y, O pi - lot! stand firm at the wheel, Stead-y, we soon shall out-weather the gale;
3. Come, trembling sinner, forlorn and oppress'd, Join in our num-ber, oh, come and be blest;
4. Glo - ry to God! all our dan-gers are o'er, We stand se-cure on the glo-ri-fied shore;



1. Prom-ise of which on us each He bestowed, We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
2. Oh, how we fly 'neath the loud creak-ing sail, We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
3. Jour-ney with us to the man-sions of rest, We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
4. Glo - ry to God we will shout ev - er more, We're homeward bound, homeward bound. A-men.



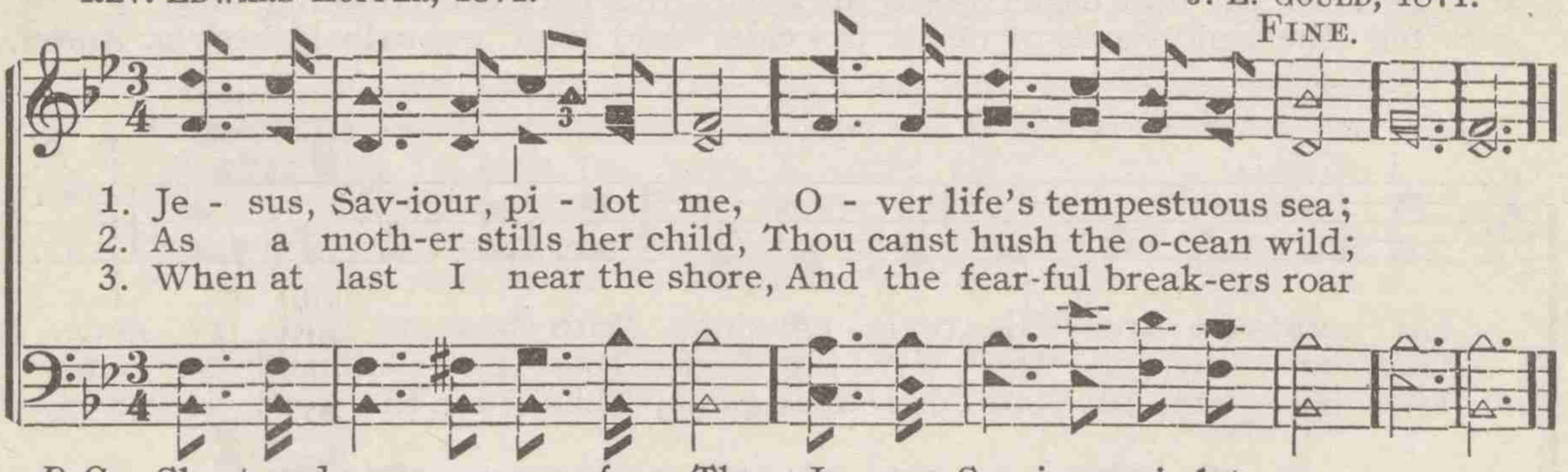
S. A. Berrie, owner.

291 PILOT. 7s, 6 lines.

REV. EDWARD HOPPER, 1871.

J. E. GOULD, 1871.

FINE.



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

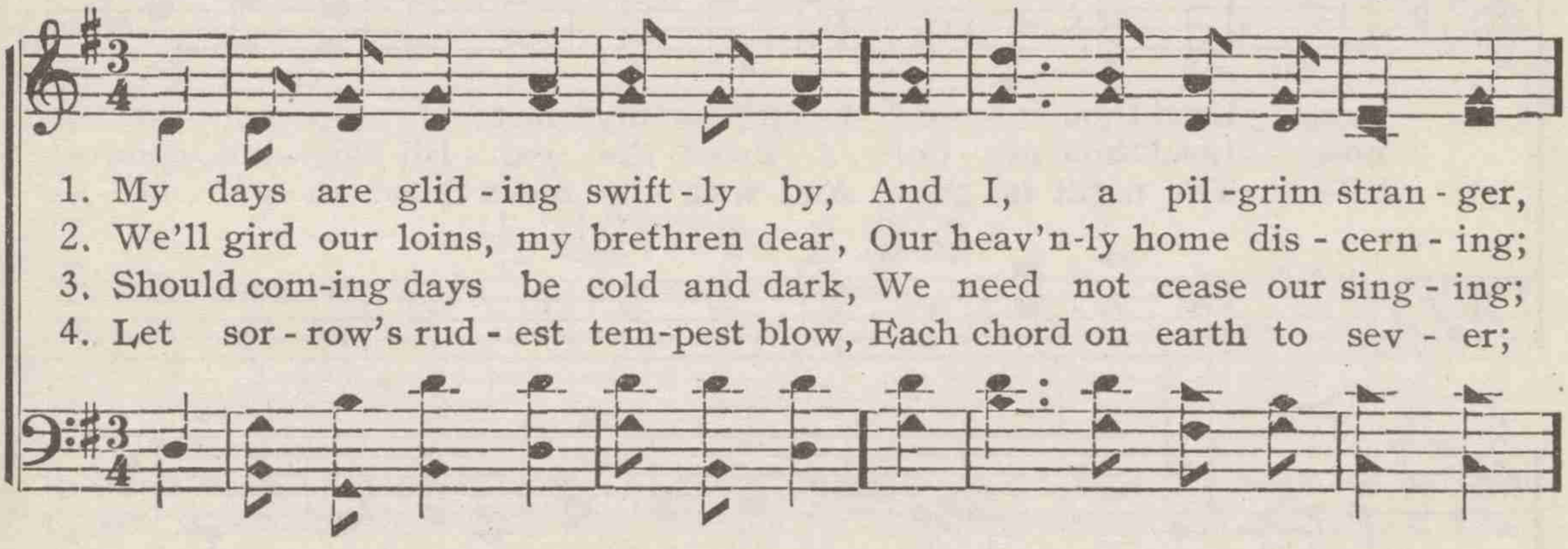
D.C.—Chart and compass came from Thee; Je - sus, Sav-iour, pi - lot me.
D.C.—Wondrous Sovereign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav-iour, pi - lot me.
D.C.—May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot Thee!" A-men.

PILOT. Concluded.

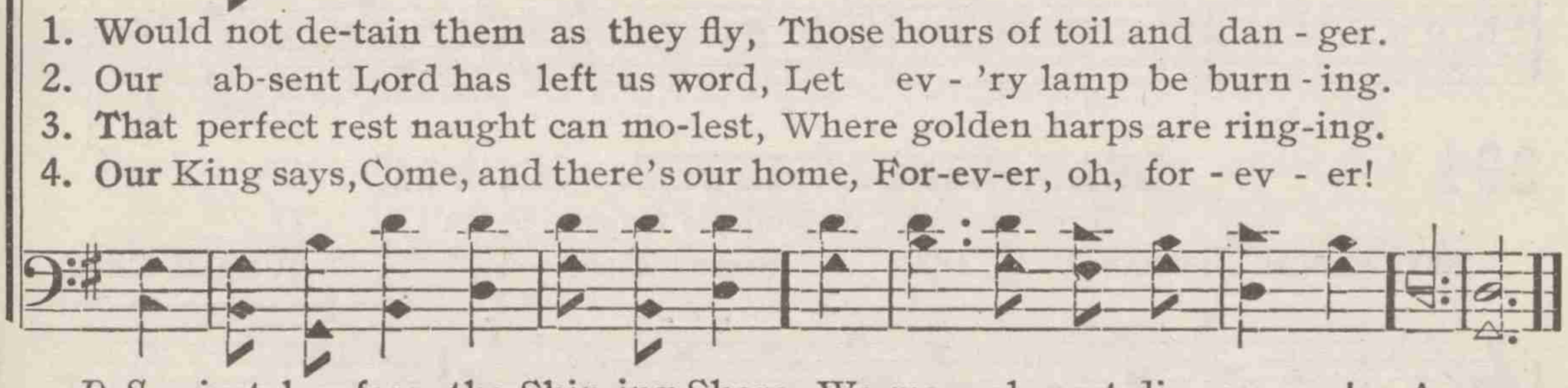


292 SHINING SHORE. 8s & 7s.

Rev. David Nelson, 1835. Geo. F. Root, 1855.









293 LUX BENIGNA. 10s & 4s.

REV. J. H. NEWMAN, D. D., 1833. REV. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1867.



294 LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT. 10s & 4s.

(President Wm. McKinley's favorite hymn.)

REV. JOHN H. NEWMAN, D. D., 1833. (Second Tune.) W. T. DALE, 1903.

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

2

Lead Thou me on; Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see,
Lead Thou me on; I lov'd the gar - ish day, and spite of fears,
The night is gone, And with the morn those an - gel fac - es smile
The dis - tant scene; one step's e - nough for me.
Pride ruled my will. Re - mem - ber not past years!
Which I have lov'd long since, and lost a - while! A-men.

W. T. Dale, owner.

295 DEWITT. C. M. D.*

Rev. M. B. DeWitt, D. D. **Com**fort in God. W. T. Dale.

1. While trav'ling this mys-te-rious road That leads us on to death, Sur-round-ed by a
2. How sweet that He our wants doth know, And for them gently cares, And ev-'ry grief where-
3. So tho' our path be dark and drear, As we pass hum-bly on, Light, glorious light, shall

thou-sand snares To take a-way our breath; How sweet to feel that we can trust With-
e'er we go, Most ten-der - ly He shares; That tho' He knows when-e'er we sin, And
yet ap - pear, More glorious than the sun; God is our safety, God our strength, Our

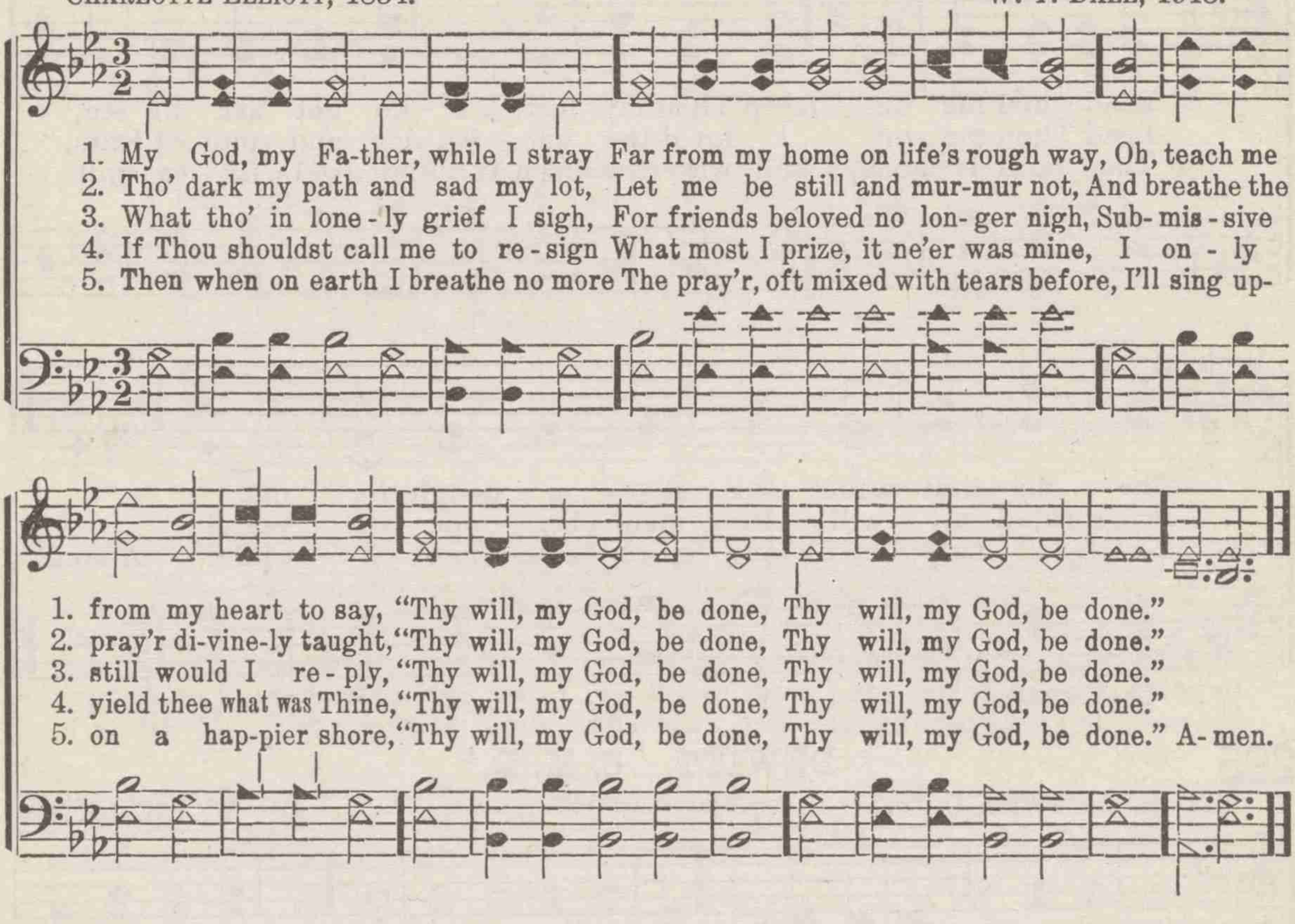
out one needed fear, To Him whose pow'r and goodness give, Life and its blessings here.
sees when-e'er we stray, His grace free pardon seals within, And shows our feet the way.
ev - er-last-ing light, His per-fect glo-ry shall at length, Burst full up-on our sight. A-men.

*Music written for "Songs of Zion," Nov. 2, 1913. W. T. Dale, owner.

296 RESIGNATION. 8, 8, 8 & 6.

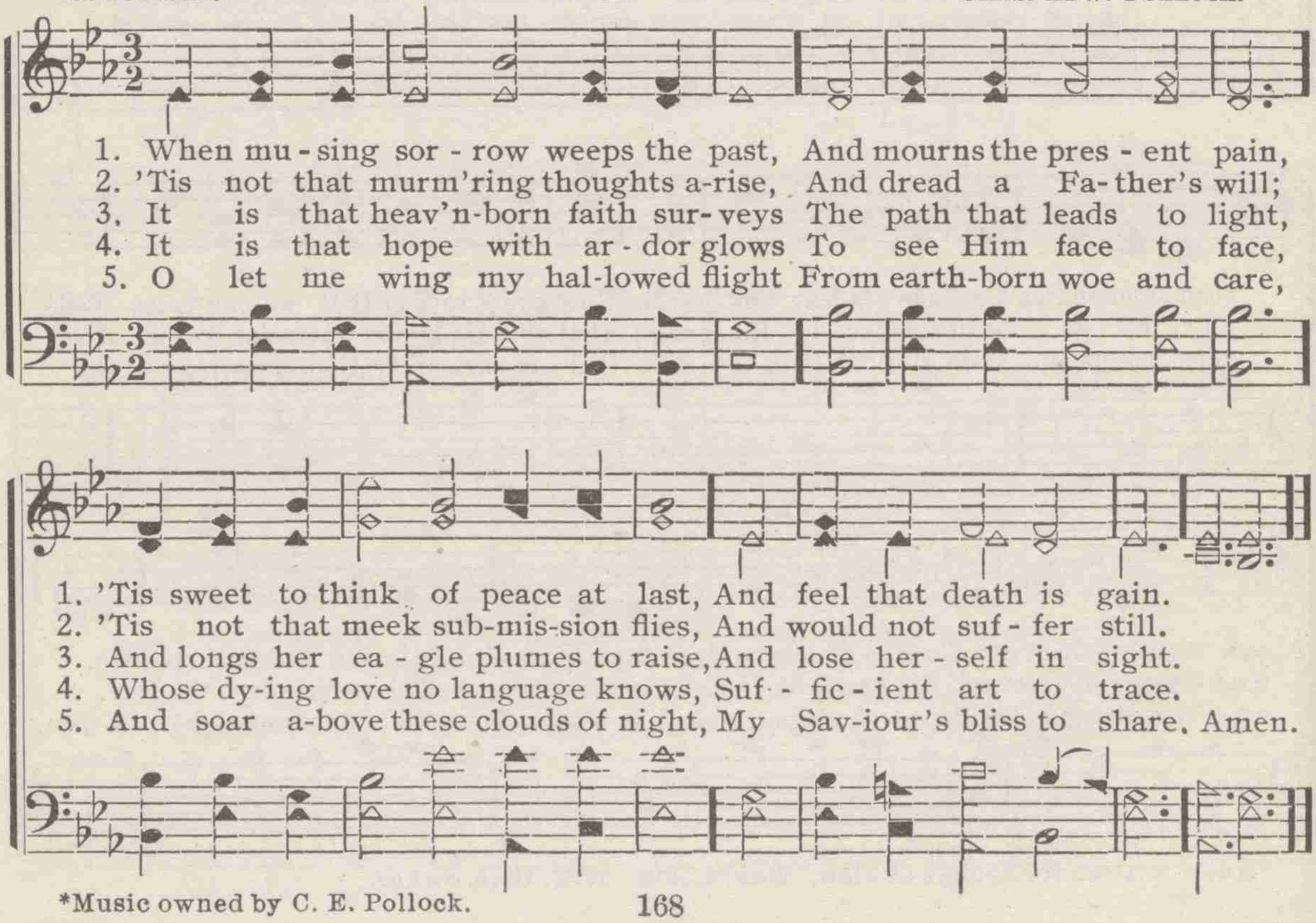
"Thy will be done."—Matt. 26 : 42.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1834. W. T. DALE, 1913.



297 PLEASANT VALLEY. C. M.*

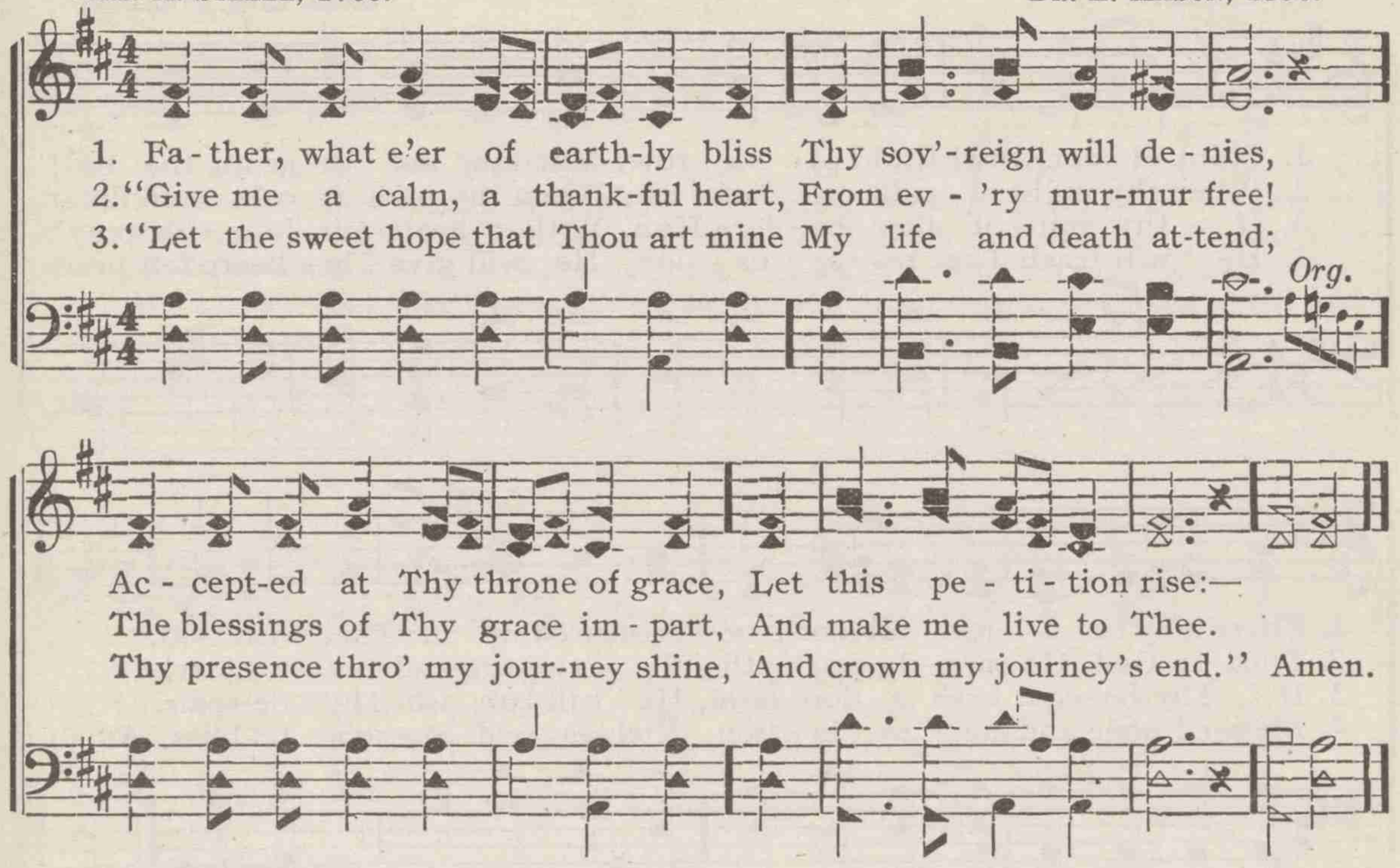
G. T. NOEL. "To die is gain."—Phil. 1 : 21. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



*Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

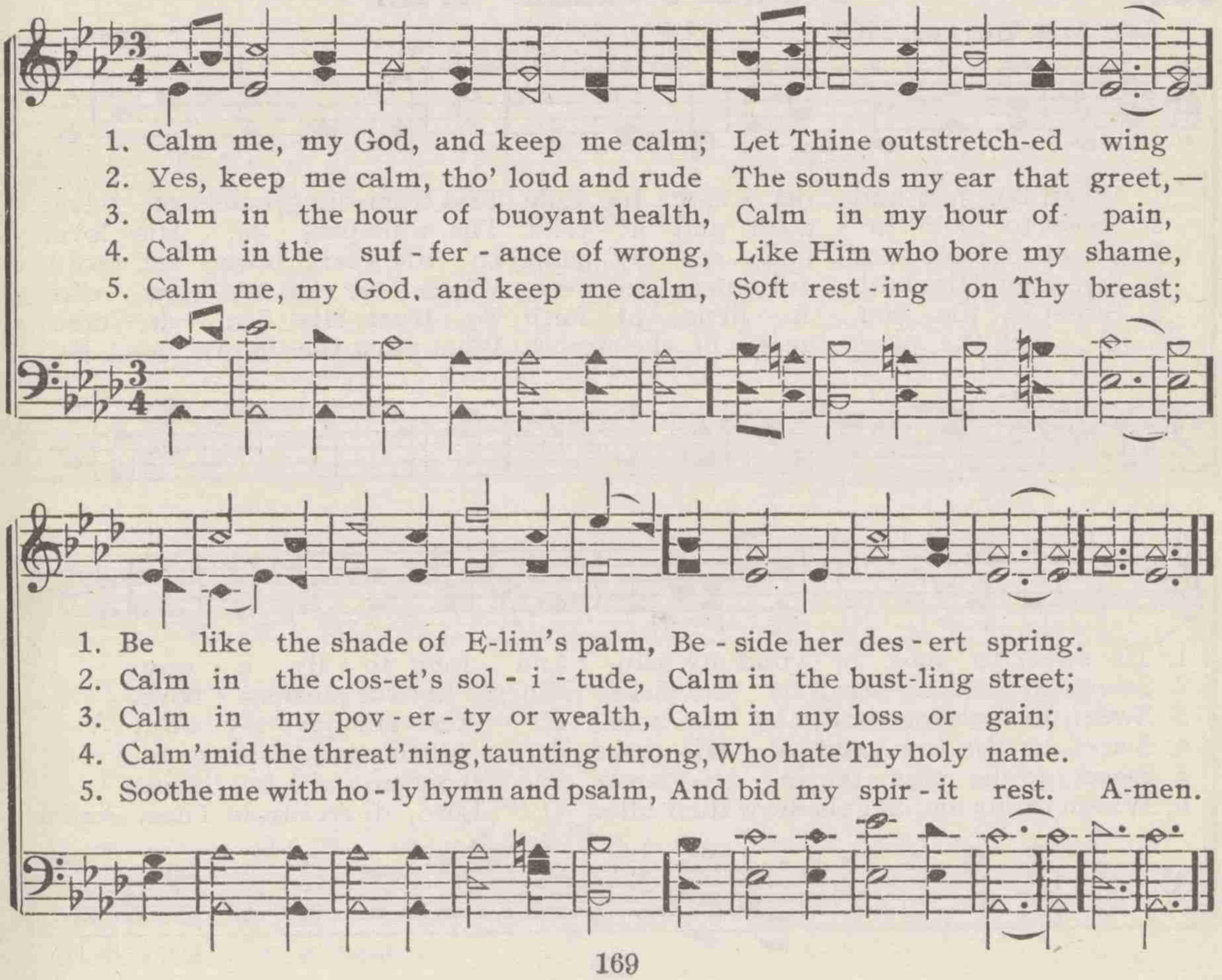
298 NAOMI.

MRS. A. STEELE, 1760. DR. L. MASON, 1836.



299 MANOAH. C. M.

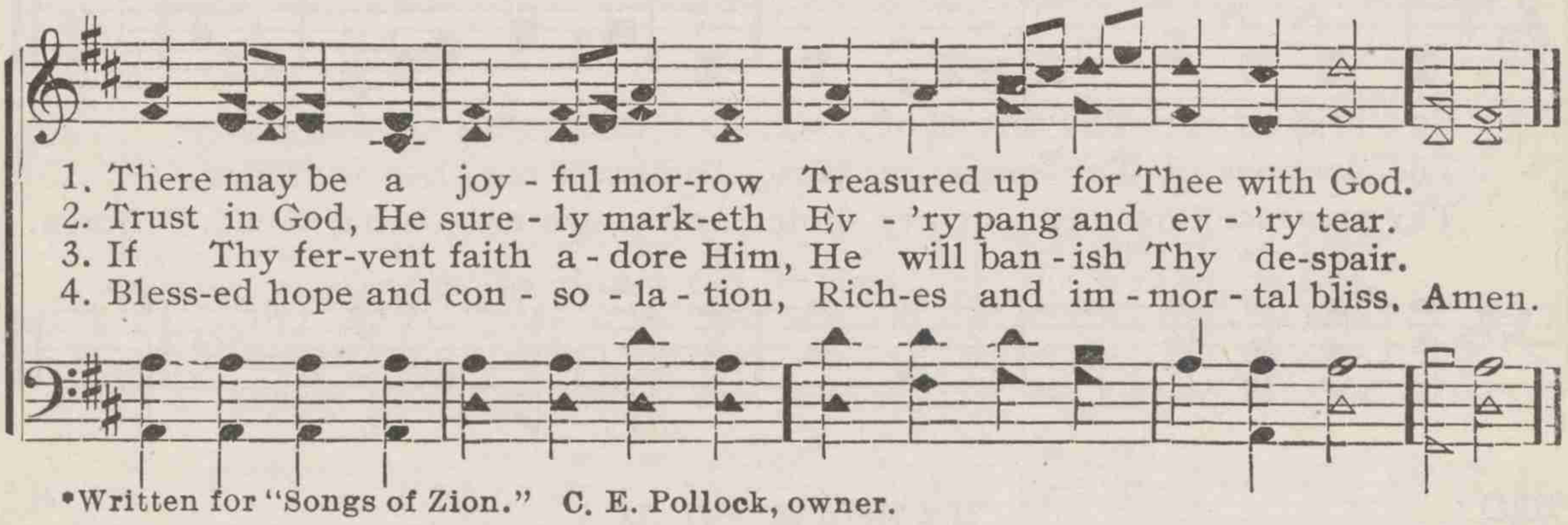
REV. HORATIUS BONAR, D. D., 1857. Isa. 26:3. From G. ROSSINI, 1840.



300 HENRY. 8s, 7s.

SOCIAL HARP. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

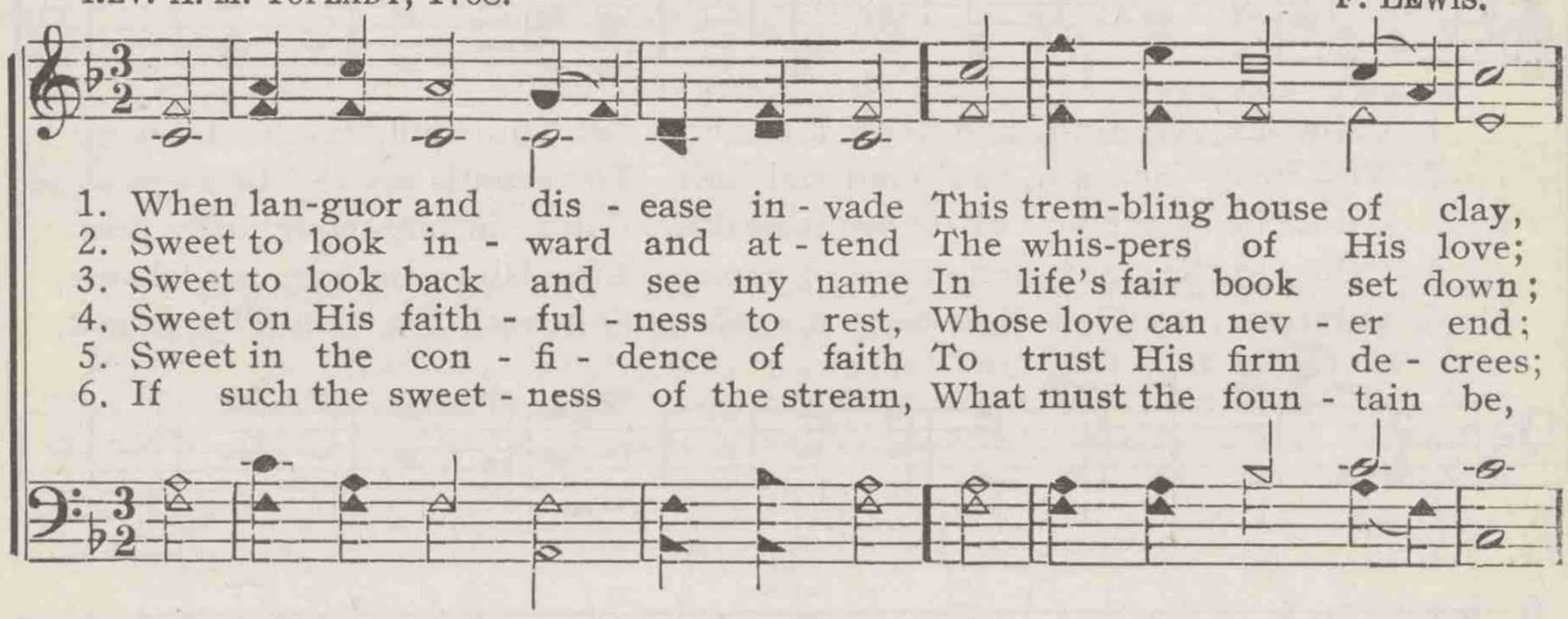




•Written for "Songs of Zion." C. E. Pollock, owner.

301 DUNLAP'S CREEK. C. M.

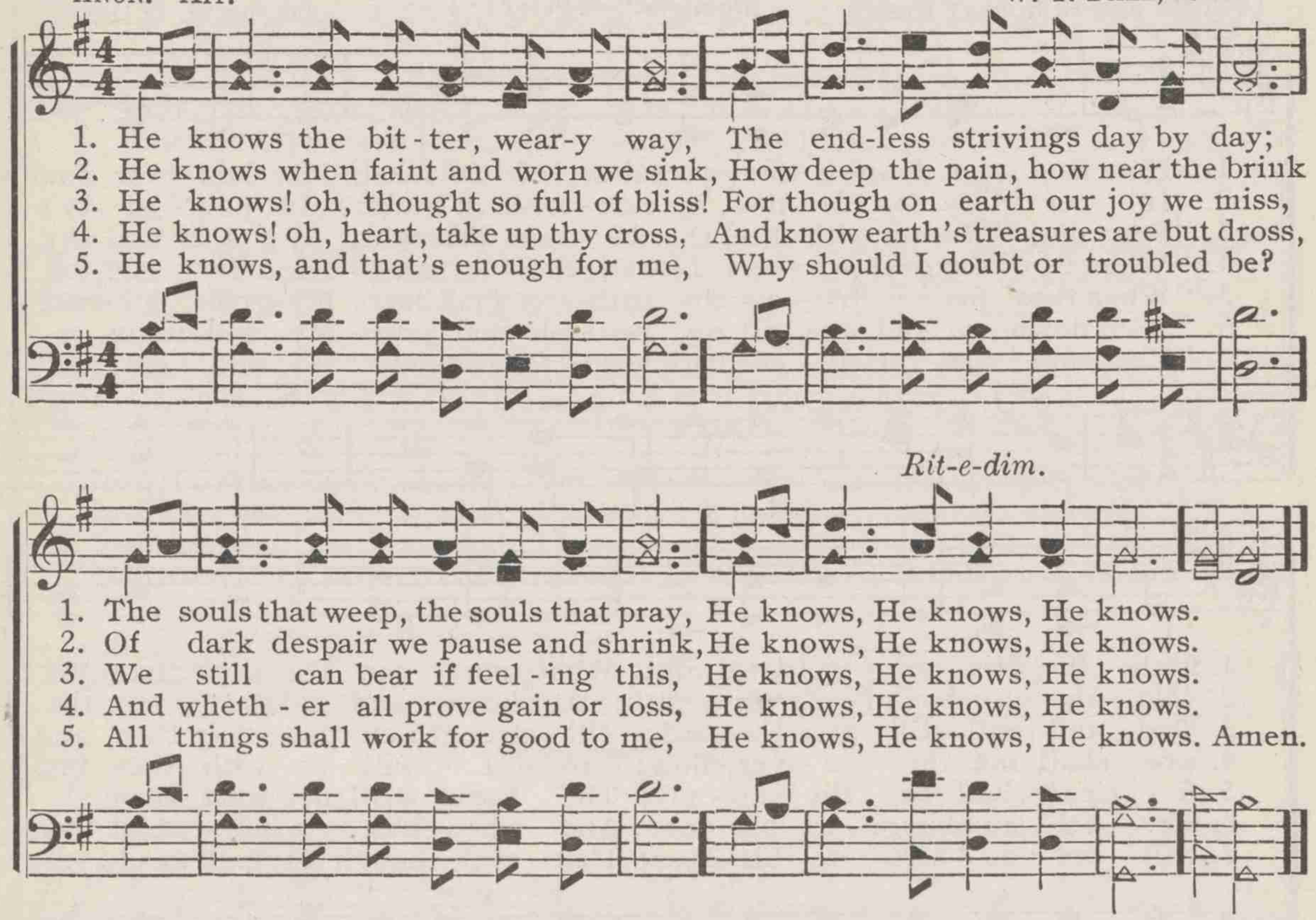
REV. A. M. TOPLADY, 1768. 1 Cor. 12: 10. F. LEWIS.





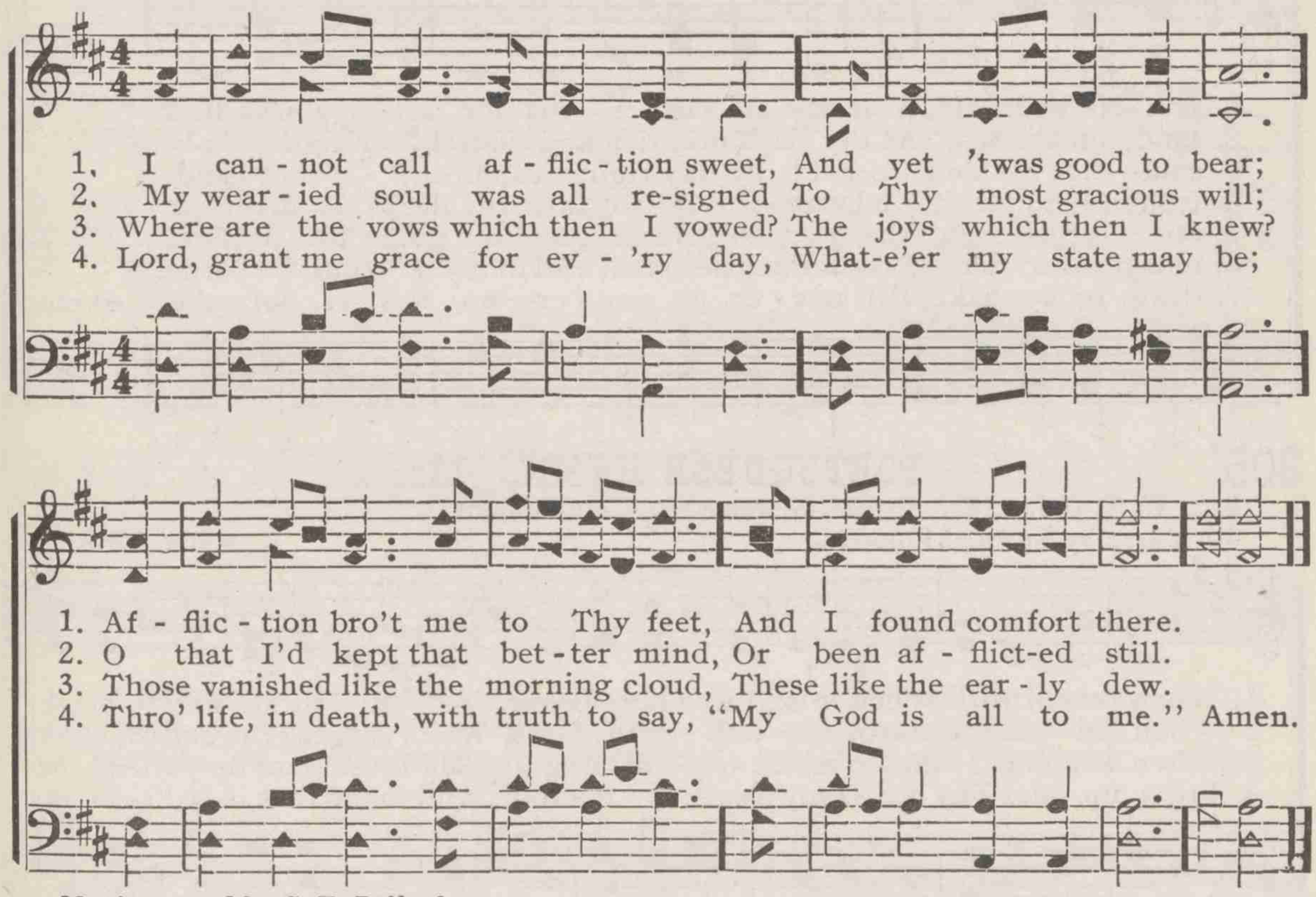
302 HE KNOWS. 8, 8, 8, 6.

ANON. Arr. Acts. 15:18. W. T. DALE, 1913.



303 WARRENSBURG. C. M.

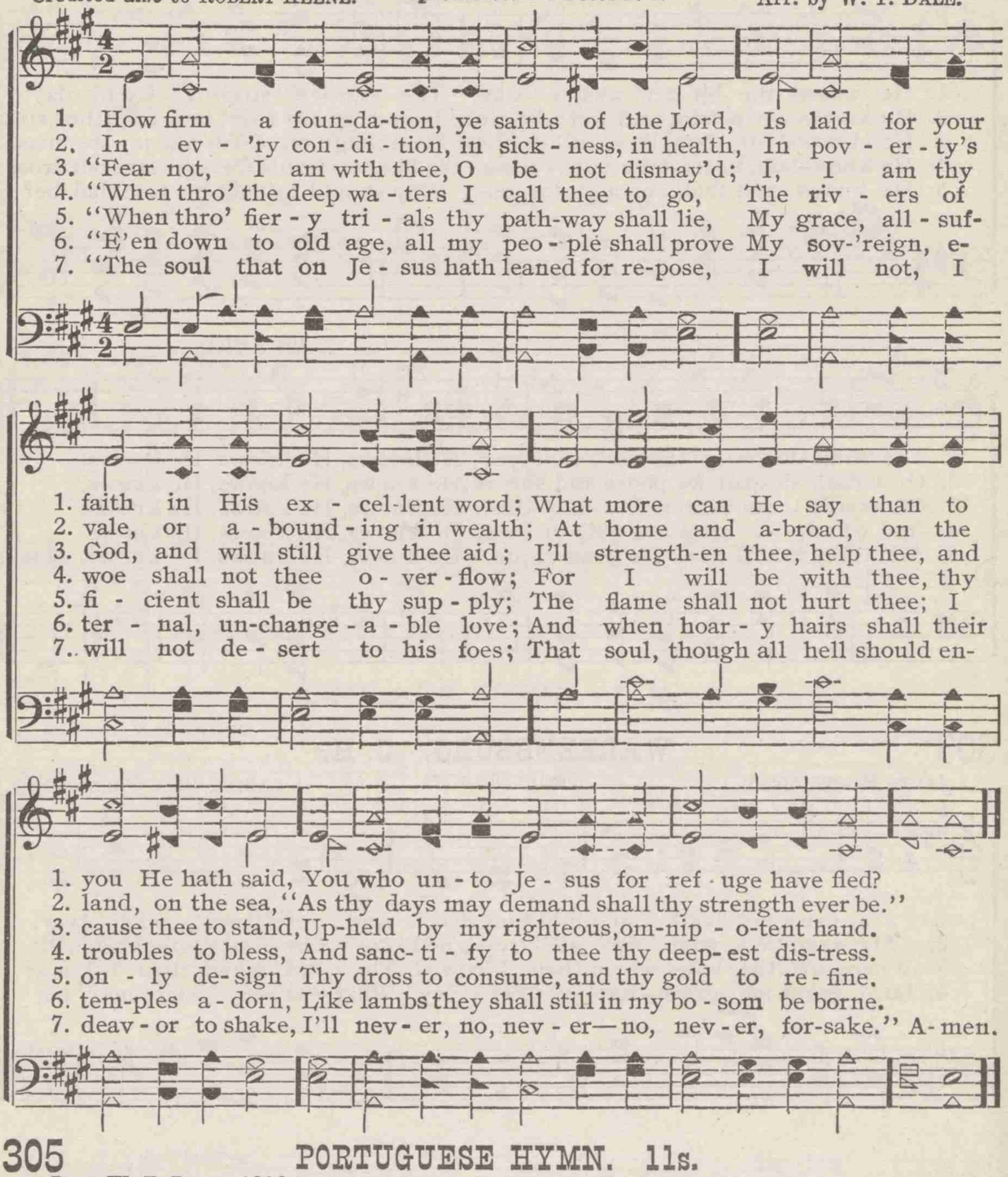
JAMES MONTGOMERY. Psalm 119:67, 71. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

304 HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION. 11s.

GEORGE KEITH, Pub., 1787. "Exceeding great and precious promises."—2 Peter 1: 4. Composer unknown.
Credited also to ROBERT KEENE. Arr. by W. T. DALE.



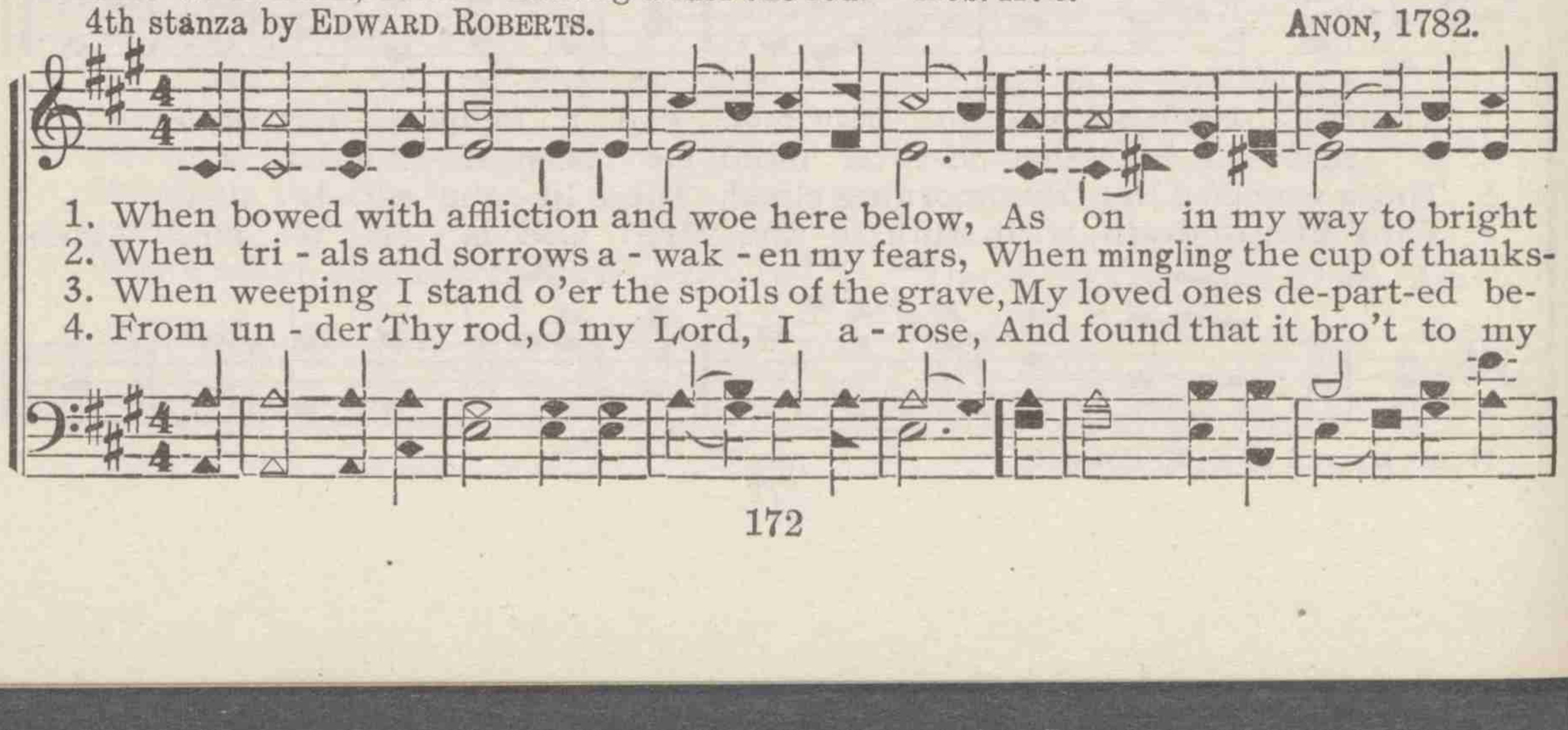
1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
2. In ev - 'ry con - di - tion, in sick - ness, in health, In pov - er - ty's
3. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismay'd; I, I am thy
4. "When thro' the deep wa - ters I call thee to go, The riv - ers of
5. "When thro' fier - y tri - als thy path-way shall lie, My grace, all - suf-
6. "E'en down to old age, all my peo - ple shall prove My sov-'reign, e-
7. "The soul that on Je - sus hath leaned for re-pose, I will not, I

1. faith in His ex - cel-lent word; What more can He say than to
2. vale, or a - bound - ing in wealth; At home and a-broad, on the
3. God, and will still give thee aid; I'll strength-en thee, help thee, and
4. woe shall not thee o - ver - flow; For I will be with thee, thy
5. fi - cient shall be thy sup - ply; The flame shall not hurt thee; I
6. ter - nal, un-change - a - ble love; And when hoar - y hairs shall their
7. will not de - sert to his foes; That soul, though all hell should en-

1. you He hath said, You who un - to Je - sus for ref - uge have fled?
2. land, on the sea, "As thy days may demand shall thy strength ever be."
3. cause thee to stand, Up-held by my righteous, om-nip - o-tent hand.
4. troubles to bless, And sanc- ti - fy to thee thy deep- est dis-tress.
5. on - ly de- sign Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to re - fine.
6. tem-ples a - dorn, Like lambs they shall still in my bo - som be borne.
7. deav - or to shake, I'll nev - er, no, nev - er—no, nev - er, for-sake." A - men.

305 PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11s.

REV. W. T. DALE, 1893. "Passing under the rod."—Heb. 12: 6.
4th stanza by EDWARD ROBERTS. ANON, 1782.



1. When bowed with affliction and woe here below, As on in my way to bright
2. When tri - als and sorrows a - wak - en my fears, When mingling the cup of thanks-
3. When weeping I stand o'er the spoils of the grave, My loved ones de-part-ed be-
4. From un - der Thy rod, O my Lord, I a - rose, And found that it bro't to my

PORTUGUESE HYMN. Concluded.

1. Ca-naan I go; I hear a sweet voice,'tis the voice of my God, "I love thee, I
2. giving with tears; I hear the same voice, the sweet voice of my God,"I love thee, I
3. yond the dark wave,I hear the sweet voice of my Father and God, "I love thee, I
4. soul sweet repose; O blessed repose, to my soul sweet re-pose, Thy rod, blessed

1. love thee,pass under the rod, I love thee, I love thee, pass under the rod."
2. love thee,pass under the rod, I love thee, I love thee, pass under the rod."
3. love thee,pass under the rod, I love thee, I love thee, pass under the rod."
4. Lord, ever brings sweet repose,Thy rod,blessed Lord,ever brings sweet repose. Amen.

306

JEWETT. 6s, D.

Rev. Benjamin Schmolck, 1716.
Tr. by Jane Borthwick, 1853.

Arr. from Carl M. von Weber, 1821.

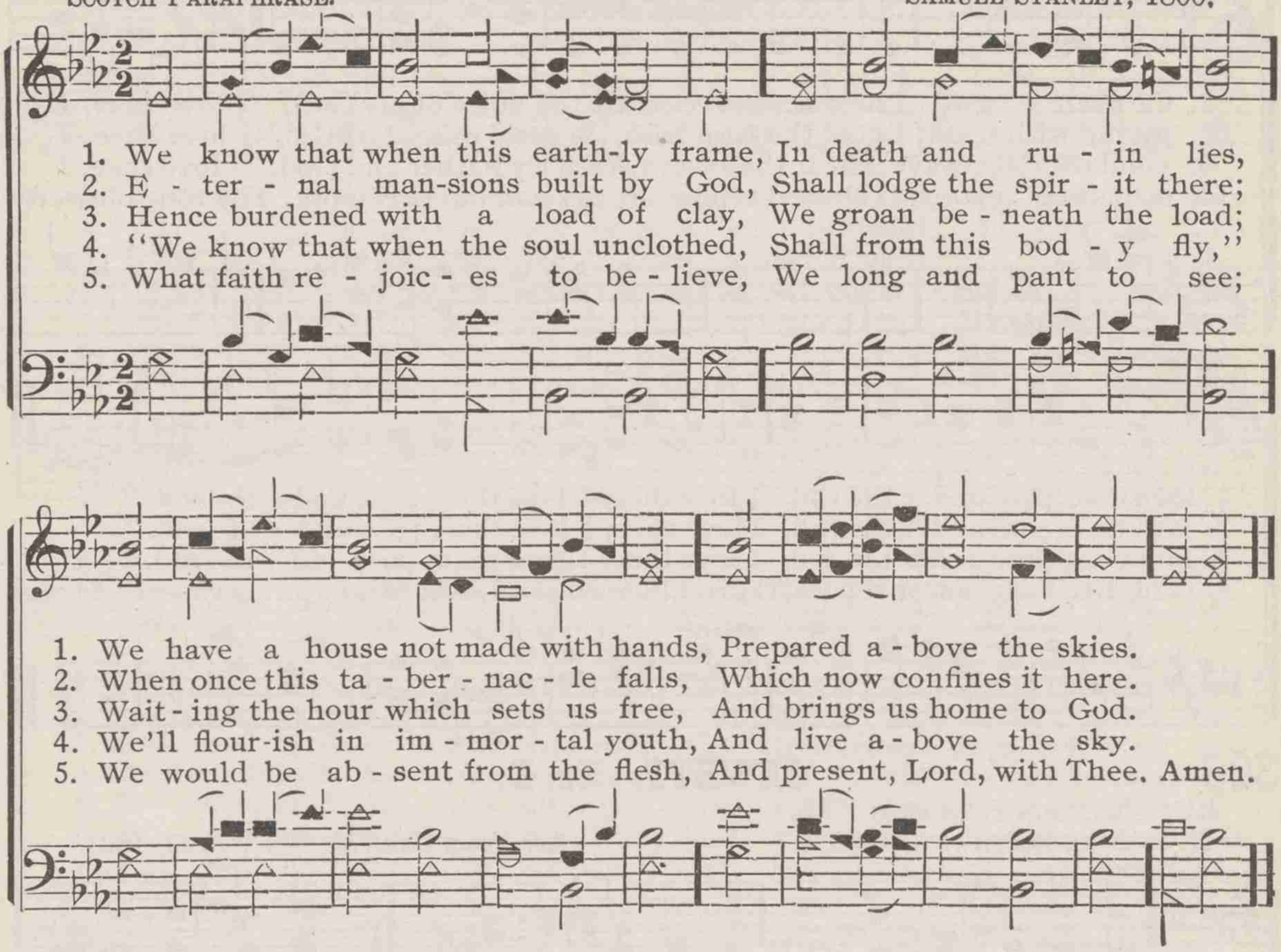
1. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! O may Thy will be mine! In - to Thy hand of love
2. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! Tho' seen thro' many a tear,Let not my star of hope
3. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! All shall be well for me;Each changing future scene

I would my all re - sign; Thro' sor-row, or thro' joy, Con - duct me
Grow dim or dis - ap - pear; Since Thou on earth hast wept,And sor-rowed
I glad - ly trust with Thee; Straight to my home a - bove I trav - el

as Thine own, And help me still to say, My Lord,Thy will be done!
oft a - lone, If I must weep with Thee, My Lord,Thy will be done!
calm-ly on, And sing, in life or death,My Lord,Thy will be done! A-men.

307 WARWICK. C. M.

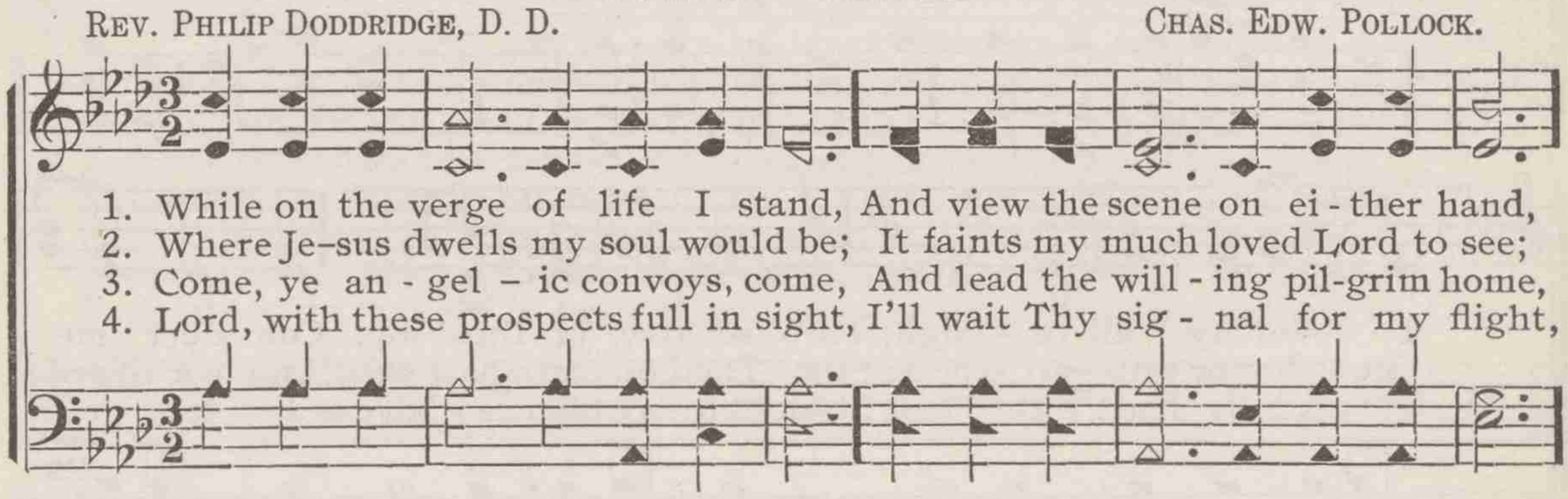
SCOTCH PARAPHRASE. 2 Cor. 5: 1-8. SAMUEL STANLEY, 1800.



308 BEAUTY CHANT. L. M.

"For I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart and be with Christ, which is far better."—Phil. 1: 23.

REV. PHILIP DODDRIDGE, D. D. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



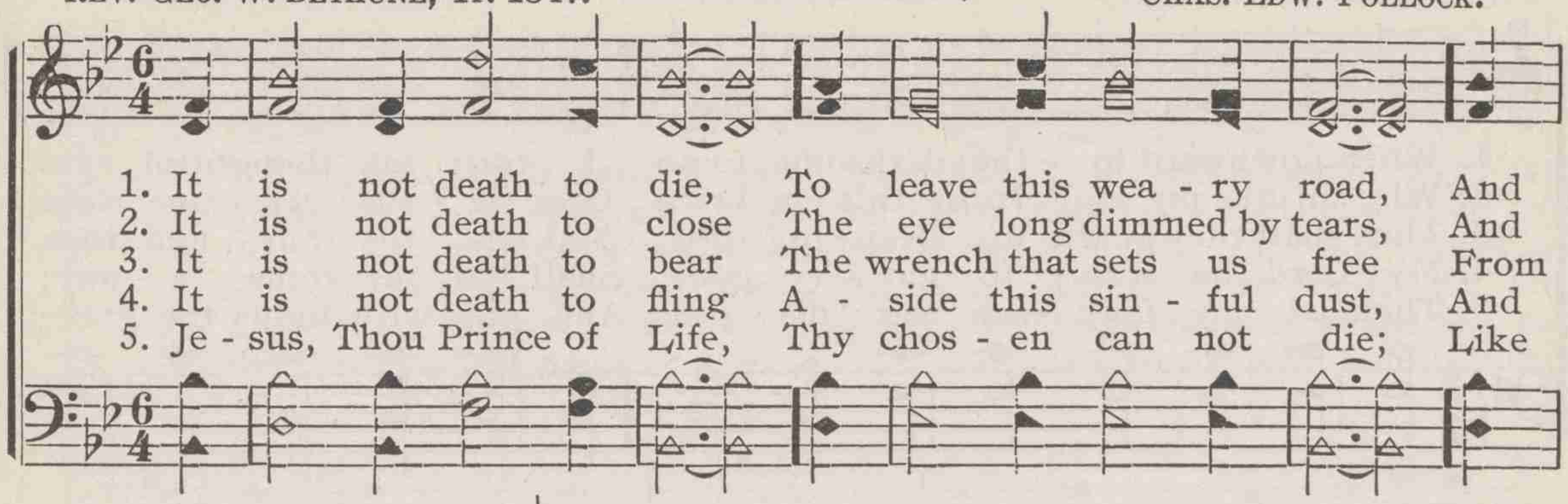
Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

309 IN MEMORIAM. S. M.*

REV. H. A. CÆSAR MALAN, 1832.
REV. GEO. W. BETHUNE, Tr. 1847.

(In memory of Mrs. Annie Bone Eshman.)

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



*Written for "Songs of Zion." Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

310 MEAR. C. M.

My Father often sang this tune in family worship.—W. T. D.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D.

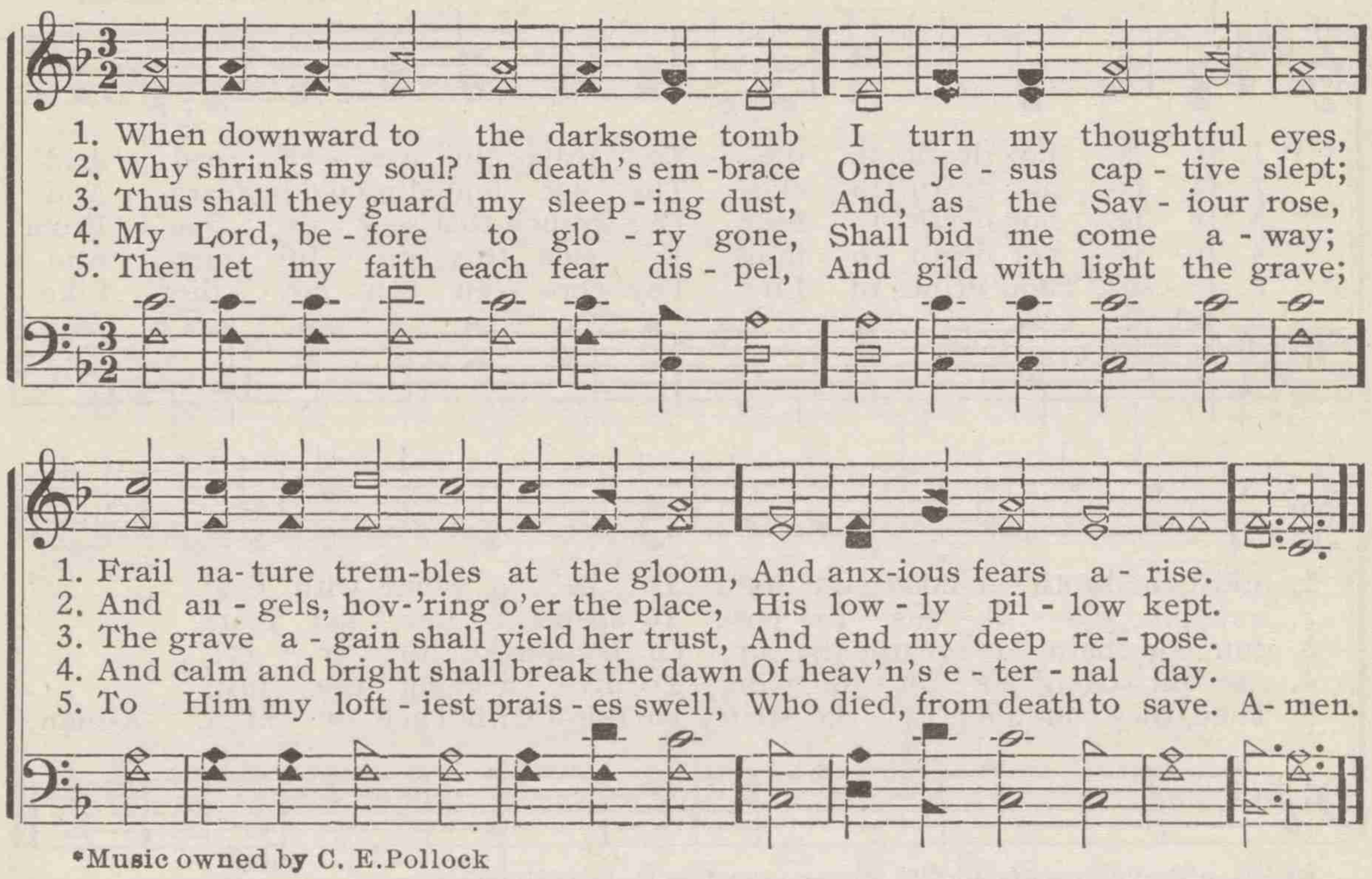
Ps. 71: 17, 18.

WELSH AIR. A. WILLIAMS COLL, 1762.
Arr. by W. T. DALE, 1914.



311 PALMER. C. M.*

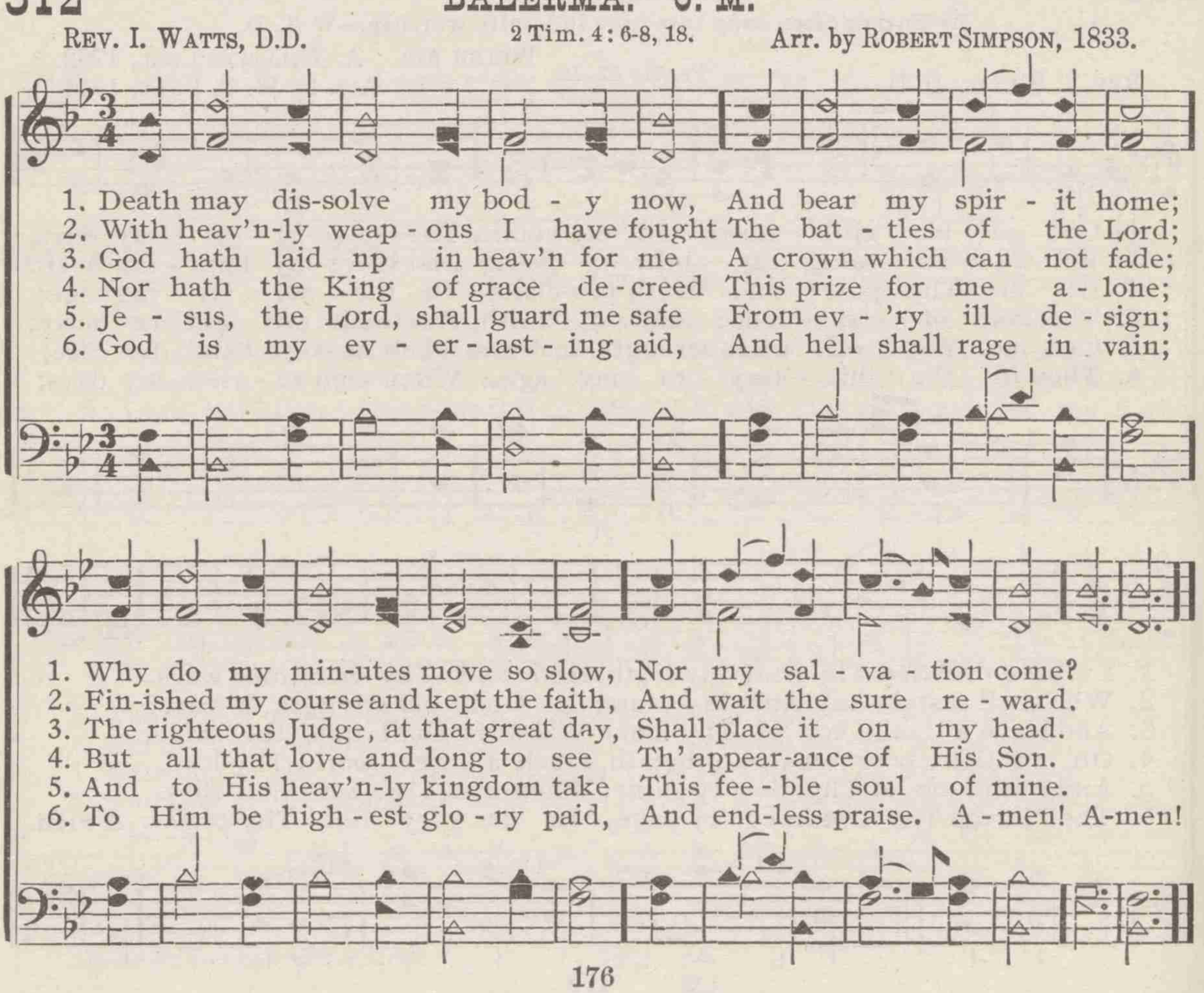
REV. RAY PALMER. 2 Cor. 4: 14. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



*Music owned by C. E. Pollock

312 BALERMA. C. M.

REV. I. WATTS, D.D. 2 Tim. 4: 6-8, 18. Arr. by ROBERT SIMPSON, 1833.



313 HOWARD. C. M.

SCOTCH PARAPHRASE. 1 Cor. 15: 52, 57. ELIZABETH CUTHBERT, 1814.



1. When the last trumpet's aw - ful voice, This rending earth shall shake;
2. Those bod - ies that cor - rupt - ed fell, Shall in - cor - rupted-ed rise;
3. Be - hold what heav'nly proph- ets sung, Is now at last ful-filled;
4. Let faith ex - alt her joy - ful voice, And thus be - gin to sing:
5. Thy sting was sin and con-scious guilt, 'Twas this that armed the dart;
6. But God, whose name be ev - er blest, Disarmed that foe we dread,

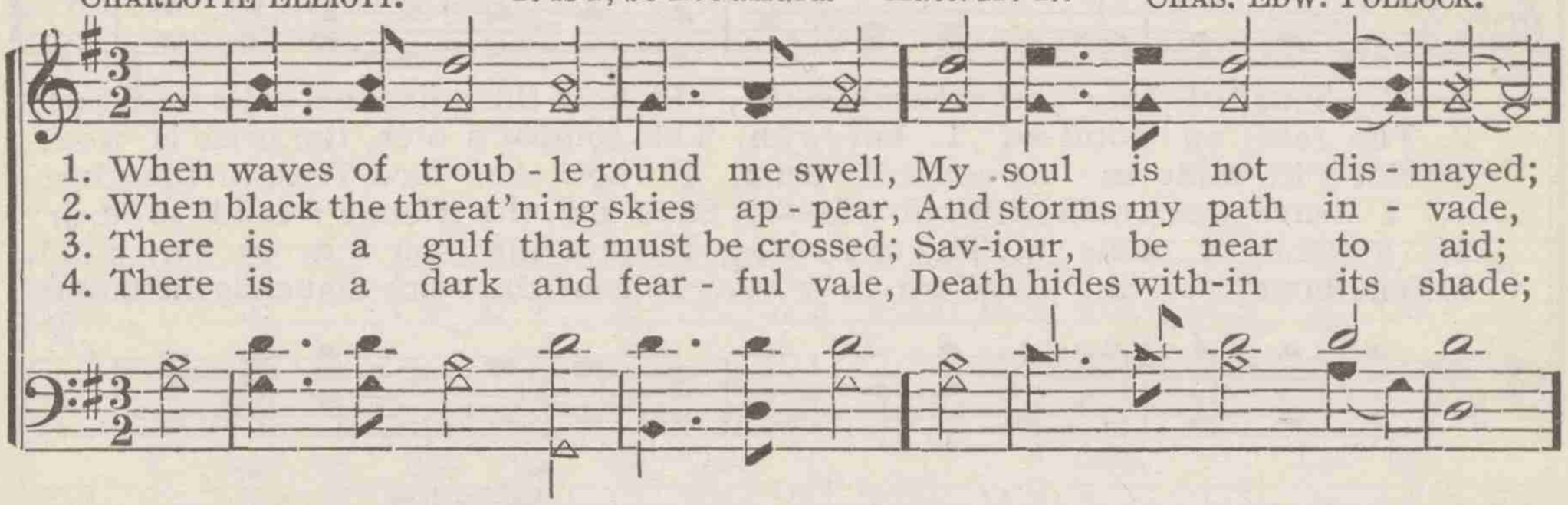


1. When op'ning graves shall yield their charge, And dust to life a - wake,
2. And mor- tal forms shall spring to life Im - mor - tal in the skies.
3. That death should yield his ancient reign, And vanquished quit the field.
4. "O grave where is thy tri-umph now? And where, O death, thy sting?"
5. The law gave sin its strength and force, To pierce the sin - ner's heart.
6. And makes us conquerors when we die, Thro' Christ our liv - ing Head. A-men.



314 ELGIN. C. M.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. "It is I, be not afraid."—Matt. 14: 27. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. When waves of troub - le round me swell, My soul is not dis - mayed;
2. When black the threat'ning skies ap - pear, And storms my path in - vade,
3. There is a gulf that must be crossed; Sav-iour, be near to aid;
4. There is a dark and fear - ful vale, Death hides with-in its shade;

Rit. e dim.

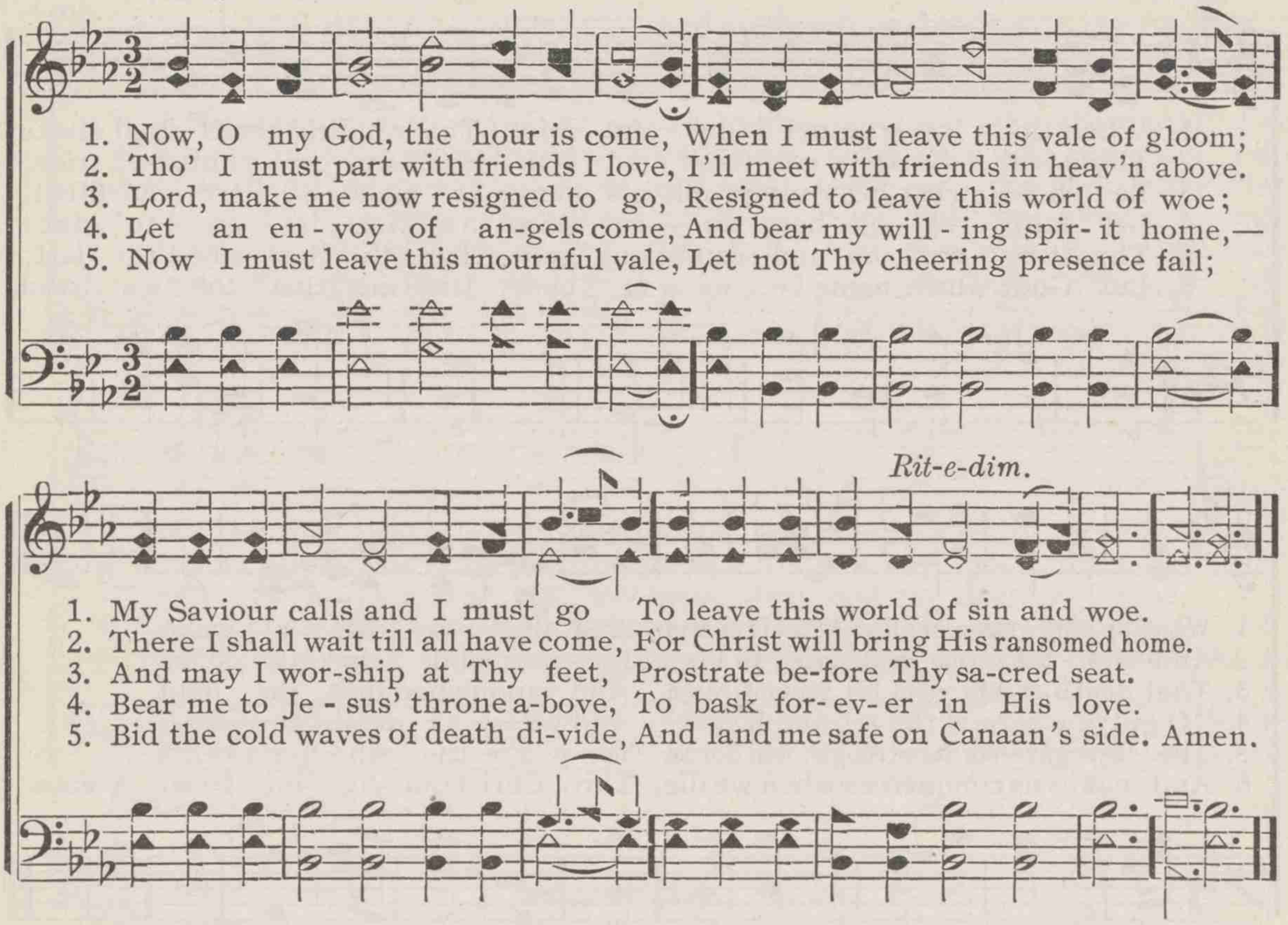


1. I hear a voice I know full well, " 'Tis I! be not a - fraid!"
2. Those ac-cents tran - quil-ize each fear; " 'Tis I! be not a - fraid!"
3. Whis-per, when my frail bark is tossed, " 'Tis I! be not a - fraid!"
4. O say, when flesh and heart shall fail, " 'Tis I! be not a - fraid!" Amen.

Written for "Songs of Zion," Feb. 12, 1914. C. E. Pollock, owner.

315 SUNSET. L. M.

W. T. DALE, 1871. Prayer of the dying Christian. REV. E. T. BOWERS.

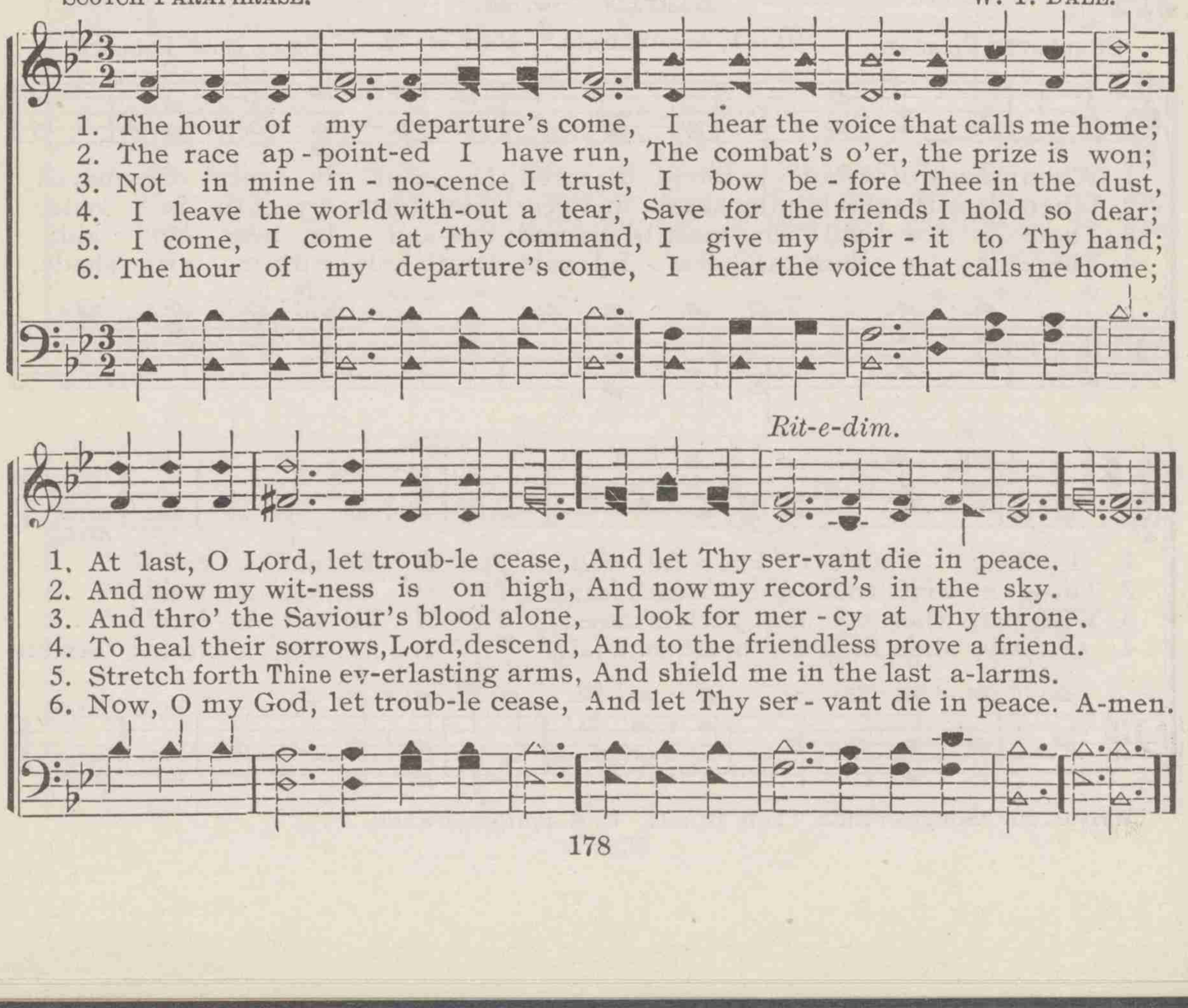


1. Now, O my God, the hour is come, When I must leave this vale of gloom;
2. Tho' I must part with friends I love, I'll meet with friends in heav'n above.
3. Lord, make me now resigned to go, Resigned to leave this world of woe;
4. Let an en - voy of an-gels come, And bear my will - ing spir- it home,—
5. Now I must leave this mournful vale, Let not Thy cheering presence fail;

1. My Saviour calls and I must go To leave this world of sin and woe.
2. There I shall wait till all have come, For Christ will bring His ransomed home.
3. And may I wor-ship at Thy feet, Prostrate be-fore Thy sa-cred seat.
4. Bear me to Je - sus' throne a-bove, To bask for- ev- er in His love.
5. Bid the cold waves of death di-vide, And land me safe on Canaan's side. Amen.

316 MT. OLIVET. L. M.

SCOTCH PARAPHRASE. 2 Tim. 4: 6-8. W. T. DALE.

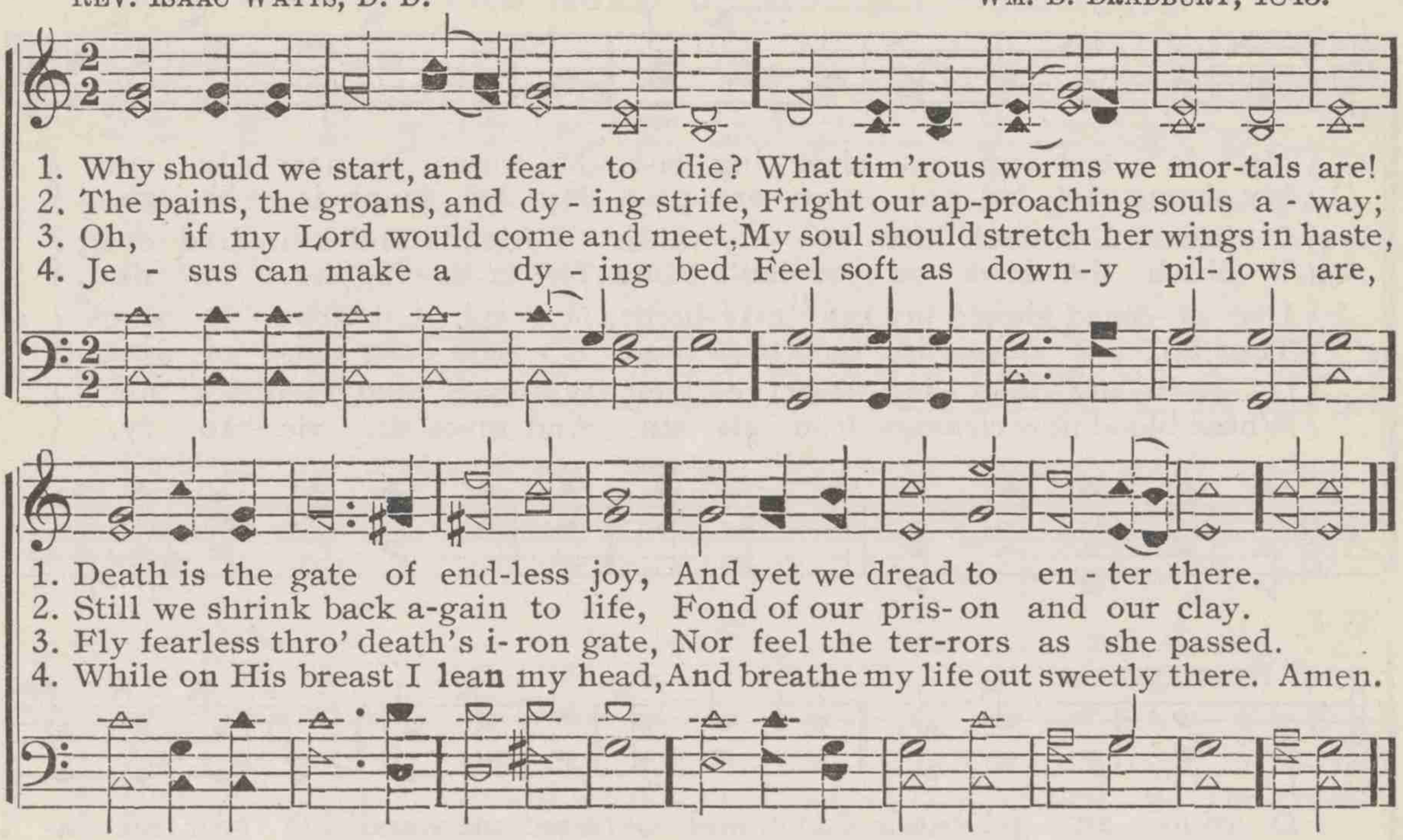


1. The hour of my departure's come, I hear the voice that calls me home;
2. The race ap - point-ed I have run, The combat's o'er, the prize is won;
3. Not in mine in - no-cence I trust, I bow be - fore Thee in the dust,
4. I leave the world with-out a tear, Save for the friends I hold so dear;
5. I come, I come at Thy command, I give my spir - it to Thy hand;
6. The hour of my departure's come, I hear the voice that calls me home;

1. At last, O Lord, let troub-le cease, And let Thy ser-vant die in peace.
2. And now my wit-ness is on high, And now my record's in the sky.
3. And thro' the Saviour's blood alone, I look for mer - cy at Thy throne.
4. To heal their sorrows, Lord, descend, And to the friendless prove a friend.
5. Stretch forth Thine ev-erlasting arms, And shield me in the last a-larms.
6. Now, O my God, let troub-le cease, And let Thy ser - vant die in peace. A-men.

317 ZEPHYR. L. M.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, D. D. WM. B. BRADBURY, 1843.



318 "I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY." 11s.

Job. 7: 16.

REV. W. A. MUHLENBERG, D. D., 1826. SIR HENRY R. BISHOP.



2 "I would not live alway" thus fettered by sin,
Temptation without and corruption within;
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

3 "I would not live alway;" no, welcome the tomb,
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom;
There sweet be my rest, till He bid me arise,
To hail Him in triumph descending the skies.

4 Who, who would live alway away from His God?
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?

5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

319 ANGEL BAND. C. M.

REV. JEFFERSON HASCALL. WM. B. BRADBURY.



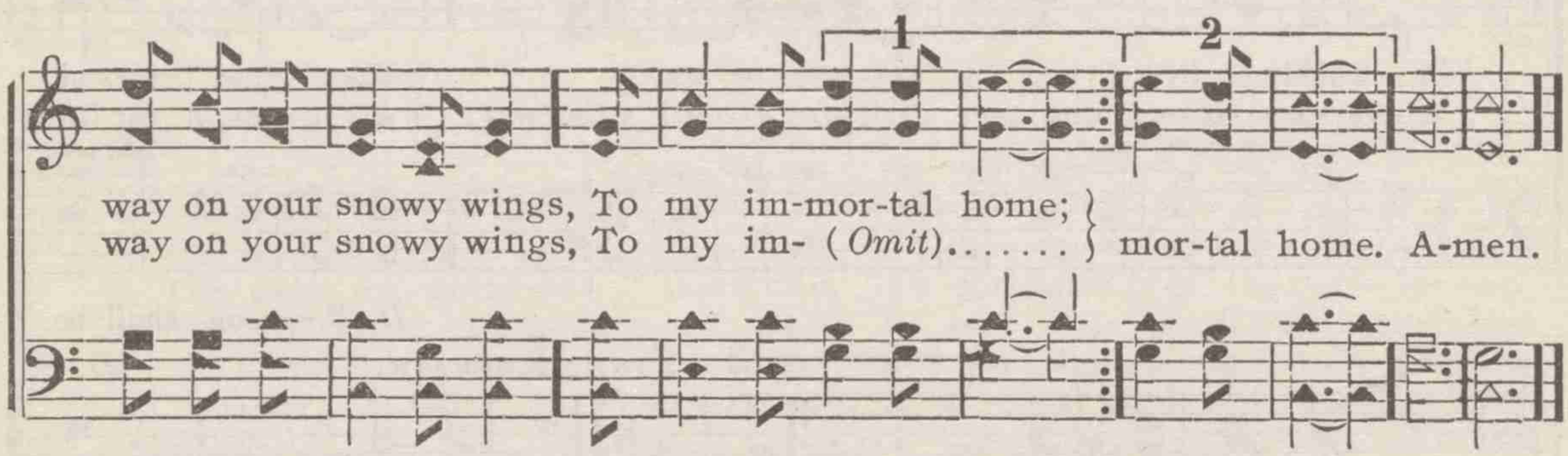
1. My la - test sun is sink - ing fast, My race is near - ly run;
   My strong - est tri - als now are past, My tri - umph is be - gun.
2. I know I'm near the ho - ly ranks Of friends and kin - dred dear,
   I brush the dews on Jor-dan's banks, The cross - ing must be near.
3. I've al - most gained my heav'n-ly home, My spir - it loud - ly sings:
   The ho - ly ones, be - hold they come! I hear the noise of wings.
4. O bear my long - ing heart to Him Who bled and died for me;
   Whose blood now cleanses from all sin, And gives me vic - to - ry.



f REFRAIN.



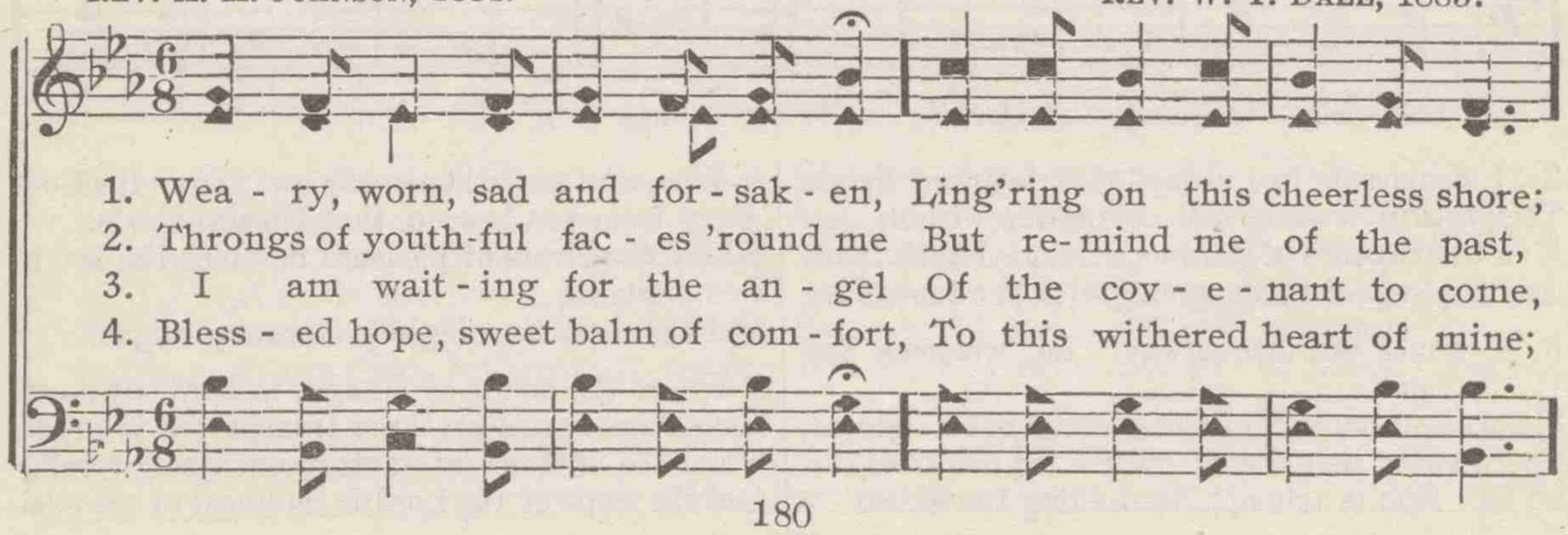
O come, an - gel band! Come, and a-round me stand! O bear me a-
O bear me a-



way on your snowy wings, To my im-mor-tal home;
way on your snowy wings, To my im- (*Omit*)..... mor-tal home. A-men.

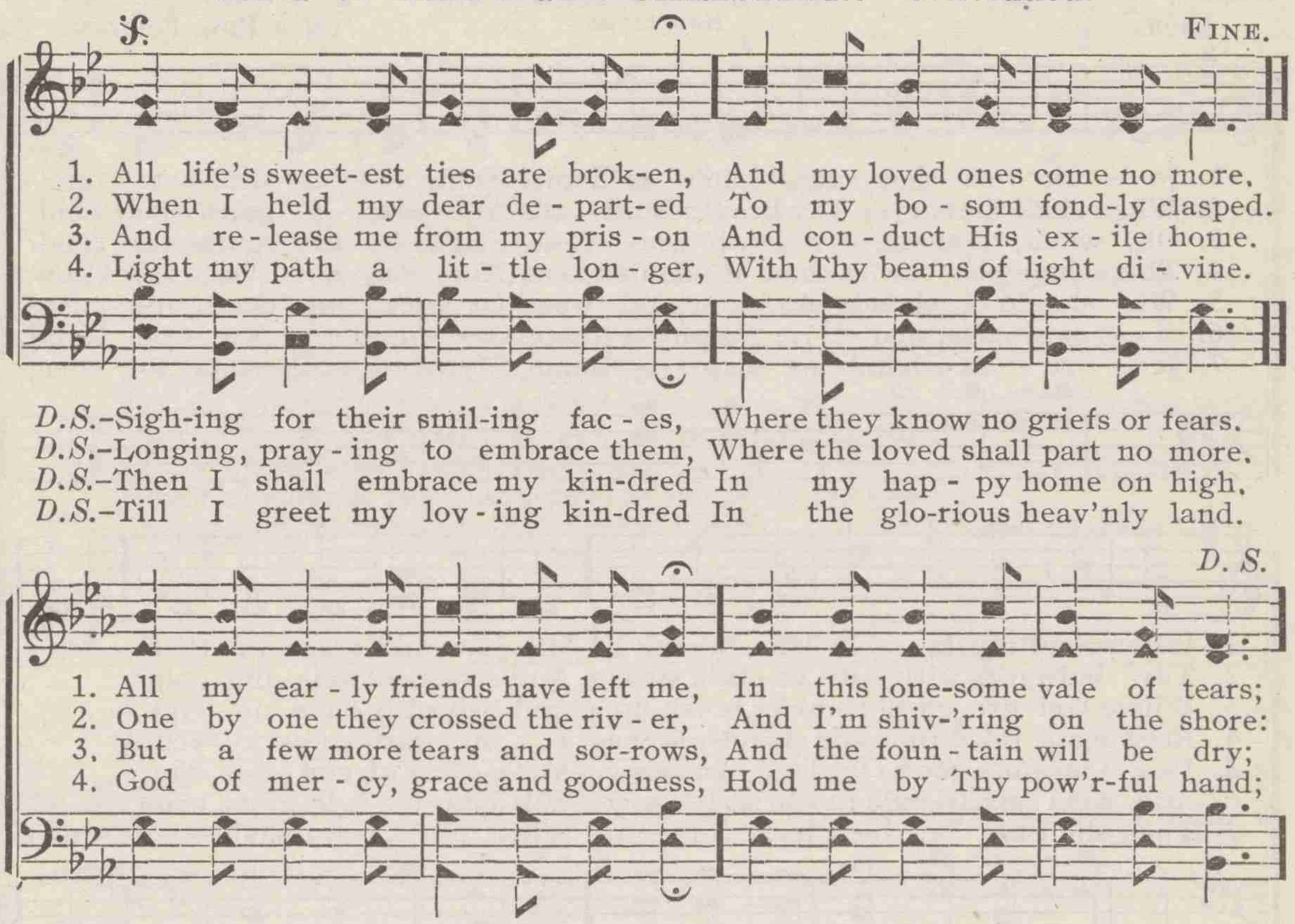
320 SONG OF THE AGED CHRISTIAN.

REV. A. M. JOHNSON, 1881. REV. W. T. DALE, 1885.



1. Wea - ry, worn, sad and for - sak - en, Ling'ring on this cheerless shore;
2. Throngs of youth-ful fac - es 'round me But re-mind me of the past,
3. I am wait - ing for the an - gel Of the cov - e - nant to come,
4. Bless - ed hope, sweet balm of com - fort, To this withered heart of mine;

SONG OF THE AGED CHRISTIAN. Concluded.



321

BOWLING GREEN. 8s & 7s, D.

This tune may be sung to "Sweet the Moments."

MRS. FLORENCE N. MURRAY SMITH, 1913. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



*Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

322 WOODBINE. C. M.

ANON. Heb. 12: 22. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home! Name ev - er dear to me?
2. When shall these eyes Thy heav'n-built walls And pearl - y gates be - hold?
3. Oh, when, thou cit - y of my God, Shall I thy courts as - cend?
4. There hap-pier bow'rs than E - den's bloom, Nor sin, nor sor - row know;
5. Why should I shrink at pain and woe, Or feel, at death, dis - may?
6. A - pos - tles, mar - tyrs, proph-ets there A - round my Sav - iour stand,
7. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, My soul still pants for thee;



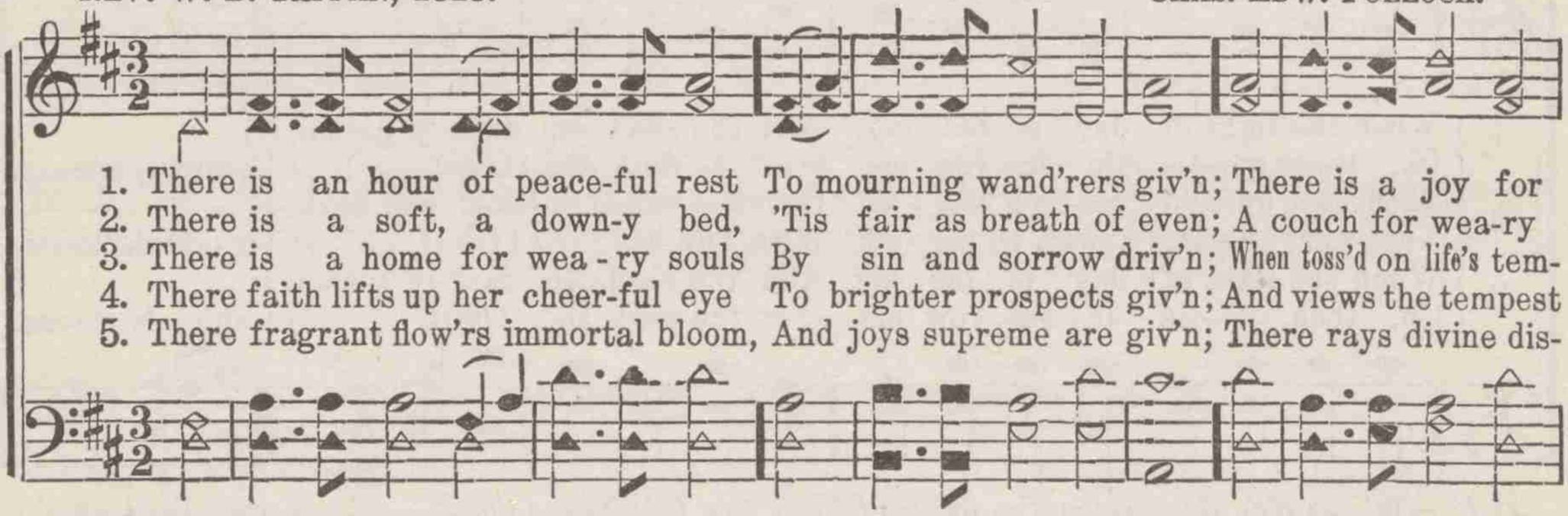
1. When shall my la - bors have an end, In joy and peace in thee?
2. Thy bulwarks with sal - va - tion strong, And streets of shin-ing gold?
3. Where con-gre-ga-tions ne'er break up, And Sabbaths have no end.
4. Blest seats! thro' rude and storm-y scenes I on - ward press to you.
5. I've Canaan's good - ly land in view, And realms of end - less day.
6. And soon my friends in Christ be - low Will join the glo-rious band.
7. Then shall my la - bors have an end, When I thy joys shall see. Amen.



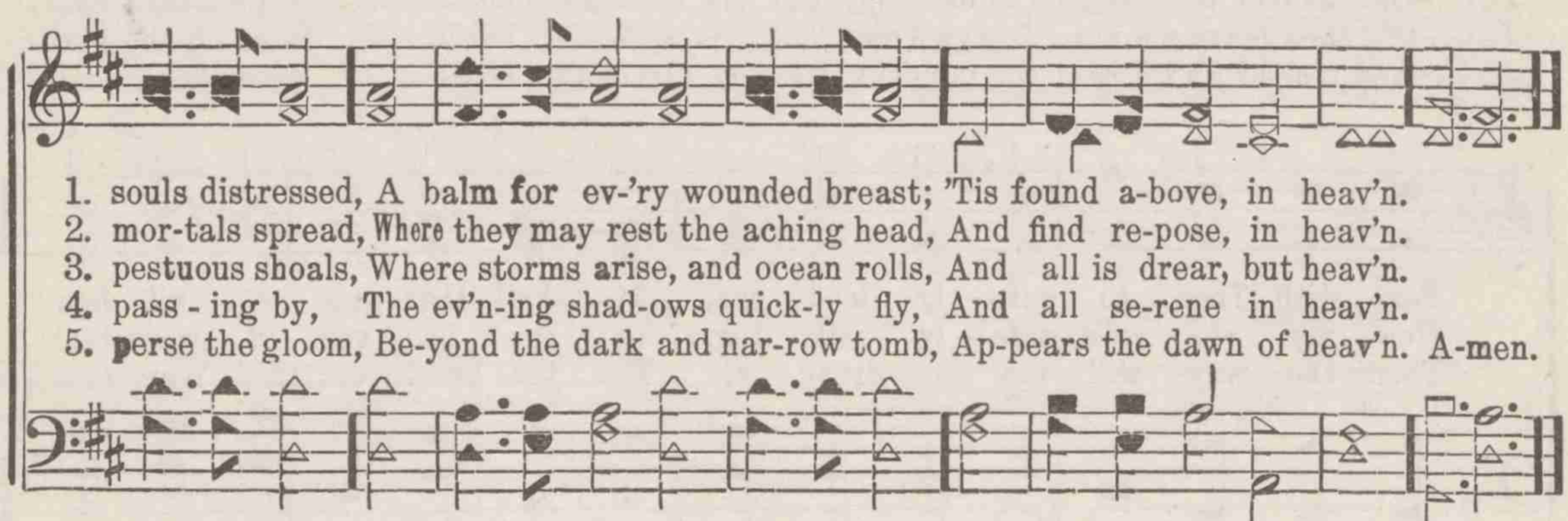
Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

323 CUYLER. C. M. D.

REV. W. B. TAPPAN, 1818. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. There is an hour of peace-ful rest To mourning wand'rers giv'n; There is a joy for
2. There is a soft, a down-y bed, 'Tis fair as breath of even; A couch for wea-ry
3. There is a home for wea - ry souls By sin and sorrow driv'n; When toss'd on life's tem-
4. There faith lifts up her cheer-ful eye To brighter prospects giv'n; And views the tempest
5. There fragrant flow'rs immortal bloom, And joys supreme are giv'n; There rays divine dis-



1. souls distressed, A balm for ev-'ry wounded breast; 'Tis found a-bove, in heav'n.
2. mor-tals spread, Where they may rest the aching head, And find re-pose, in heav'n.
3. pestuous shoals, Where storms arise, and ocean rolls, And all is drear, but heav'n.
4. pass - ing by, The ev'n-ing shad-ows quick-ly fly, And all se-rene in heav'n.
5. perse the gloom, Be-yond the dark and nar-row tomb, Ap-pears the dawn of heav'n. A-men.

Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

324 WE'LL WAIT TILL JESUS COMES. C. M.

MRS. ELIZABETH MILLS. "I will come again."—John 14: 2. DR. WM. MILLER.



1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh, When will the moment come,
   When I shall lay my ar-mor by, And (*Omit*.....) dwell in peace at home.
2. No tran-quil joys on earth I know, No peaceful, shelt'ring dome;
   This world's a wil-der-ness of woe, This (*Omit*.....) world is not my home.
3. To Je-sus Christ I fled for rest, He bade me cease to roam;
   End lean for suc-cor on His breast, And (*Omit*.....) He'd conduct me home.
4. I should at once have quit the field Where foes in fu-ry foam;
   But, ah! my passport was not sealed, I (*Omit*.....) could not yet go home.
5. When by af-flic-tion sharp-ly tried, I view the gap-ing tomb;
   Al- tho' I dread death's chilling tide, Yet (*Omit*.....) still I sigh for home.
6. Wea-ry of wand'ring round and round This vale of sin and gloom,
   I long to quit this unhallowed ground, And (*Omit*.....) dwell with Christ at home.



CHORUS.



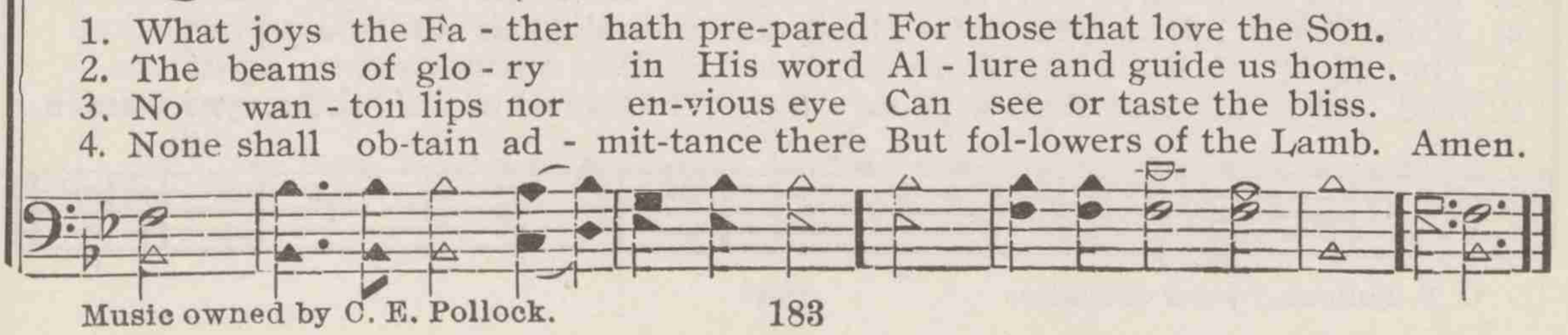
We'll wait till Je-sus comes, We'll wait till Je-sus comes, And we'll be gathered home. Amen.
We'll wait We'll wait

325 SINGER'S GLEN. C. M.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D. 2 Cor. 2: 9; 6: 9, 10. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. Nor eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard, Nor sense nor rea-son known,
2. But the good Spir-it of the Lord Re-veals a heav'n to come:
3. Pure are the joys a-bove the sky, And all the re-gion peace;
4. Those ho-ly gates for-ev-er bar Pol-lu-tion, sin and shame;



1. What joys the Fa-ther hath pre-pared For those that love the Son.
2. The beams of glo-ry in His word Al-lure and guide us home.
3. No wan-ton lips nor en-vious eye Can see or taste the bliss.
4. None shall ob-tain ad-mit-tance there But fol-lowers of the Lamb. Amen.

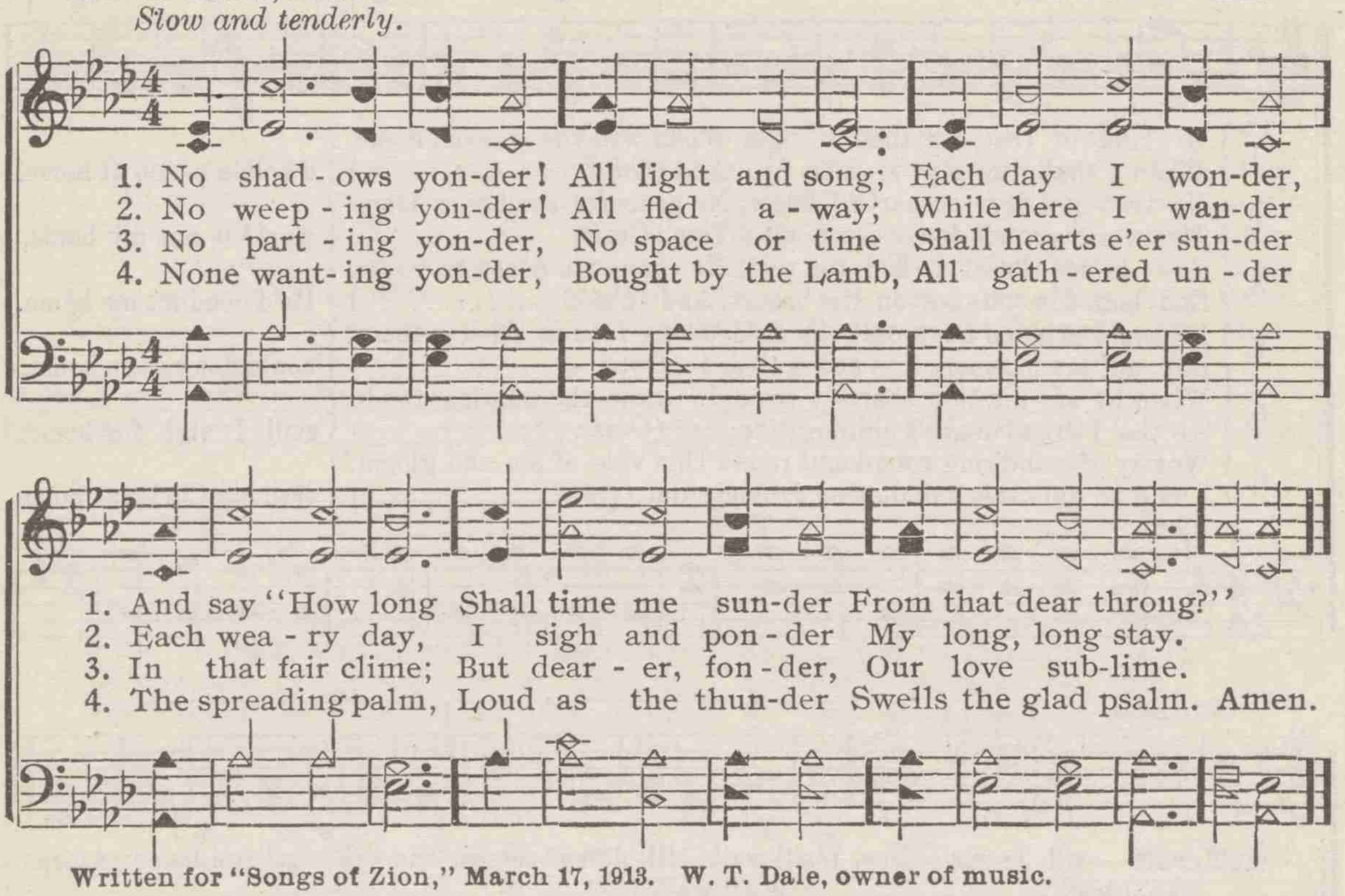
Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

326 HOLY CITY. 5s & 4s.

"And I, John, saw the holy city, the New Jerusalem."—Rev. 21: 2.

REV. H. BONAR, D. D. REV. W. T. DALE.

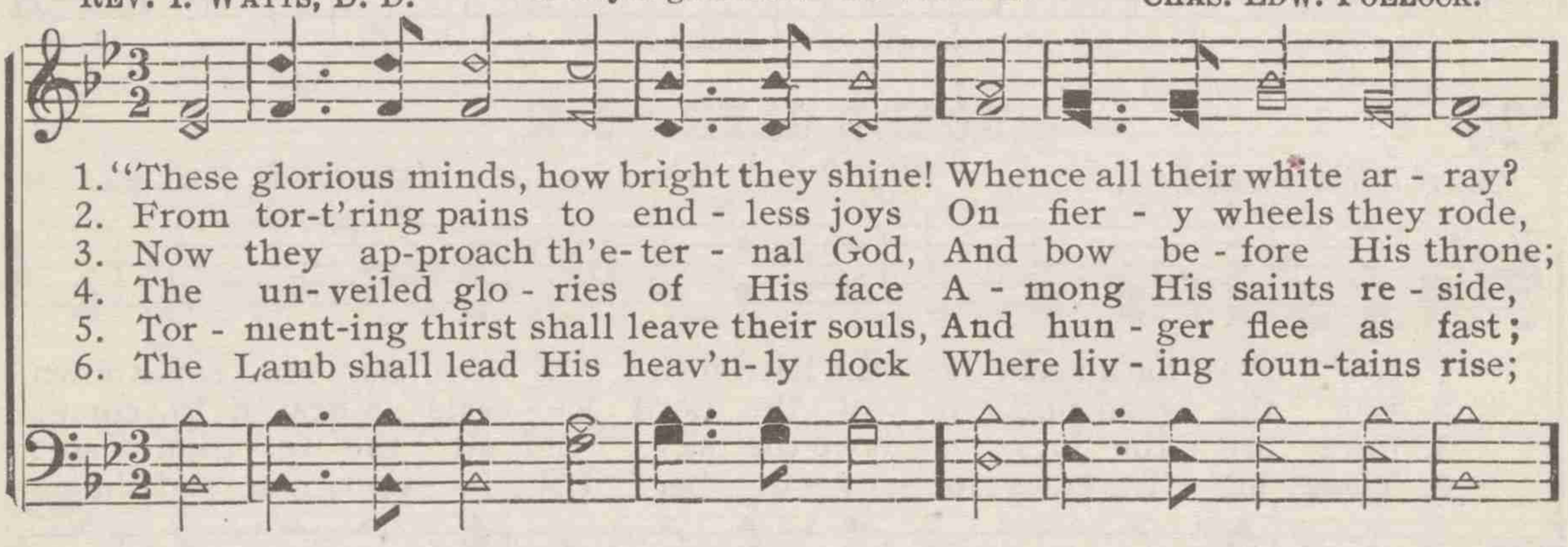
Slow and tenderly.



Written for "Songs of Zion," March 17, 1913. W. T. Dale, owner of music.

327 SAVANNAH C. M.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D. Martyrs glorified.—Rev. 7: 13-17. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

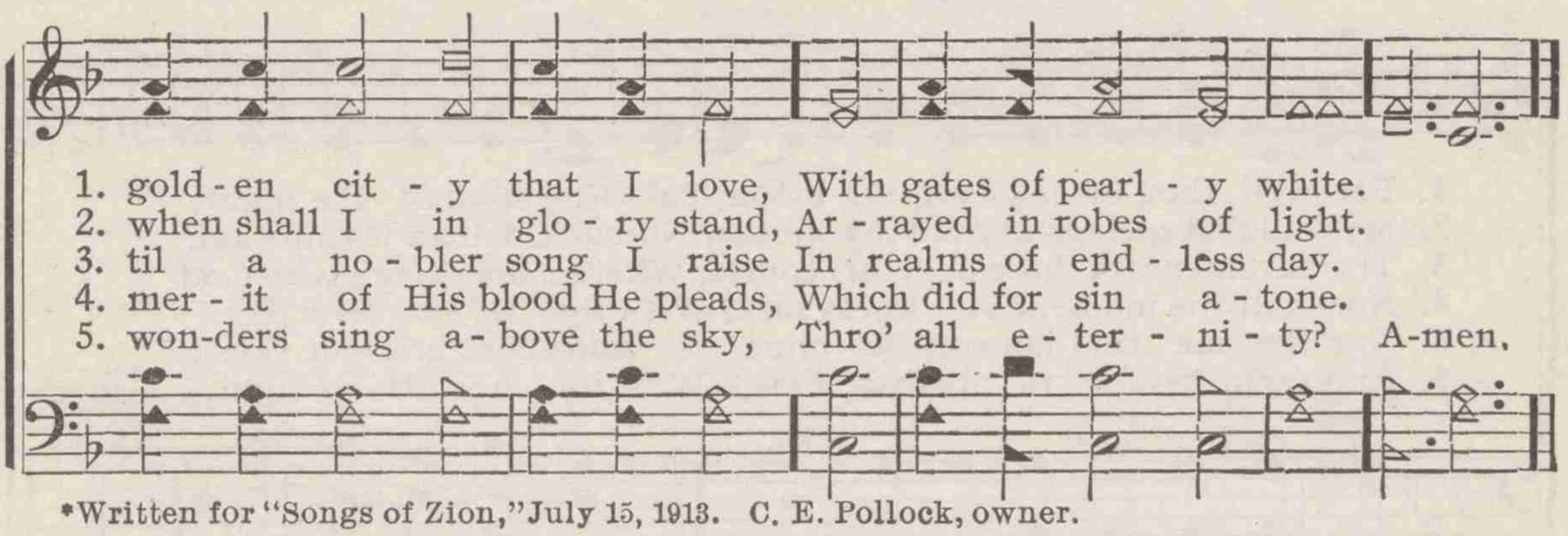


C. E. Pollock, owner of music.

328 KNOXVILLE. S. M.

W. T. DALE. Psalm 137: 1, 2. A Paraphrase. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.





*Written for "Songs of Zion," July 15, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner.

329 STATE STREET. S. M.

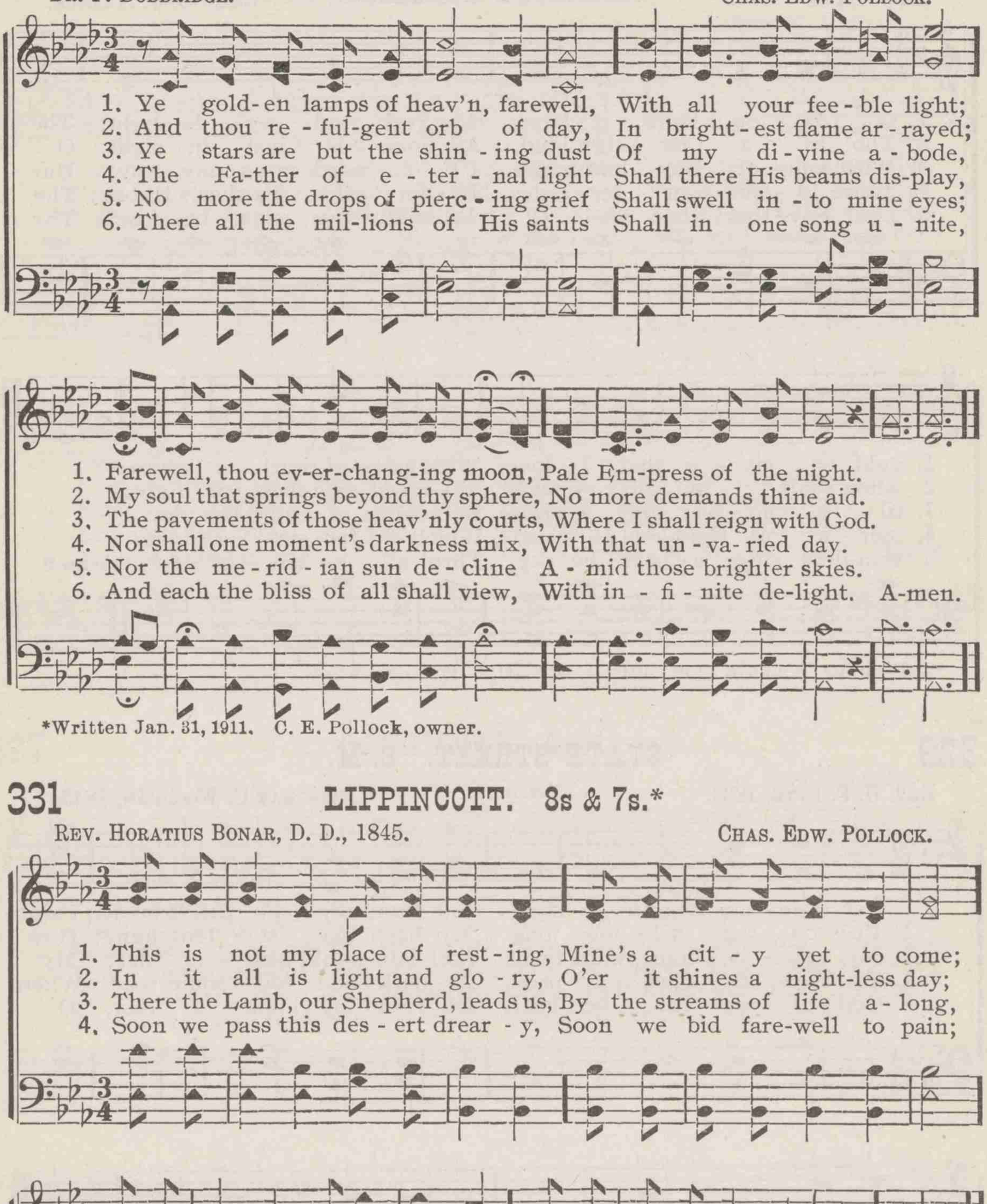
REV. H. F. LYTE, 1834. Psalm 137. JONATHAN C. WOODMAN, 1844.





330 NEW BRIGHTON. C. M.*

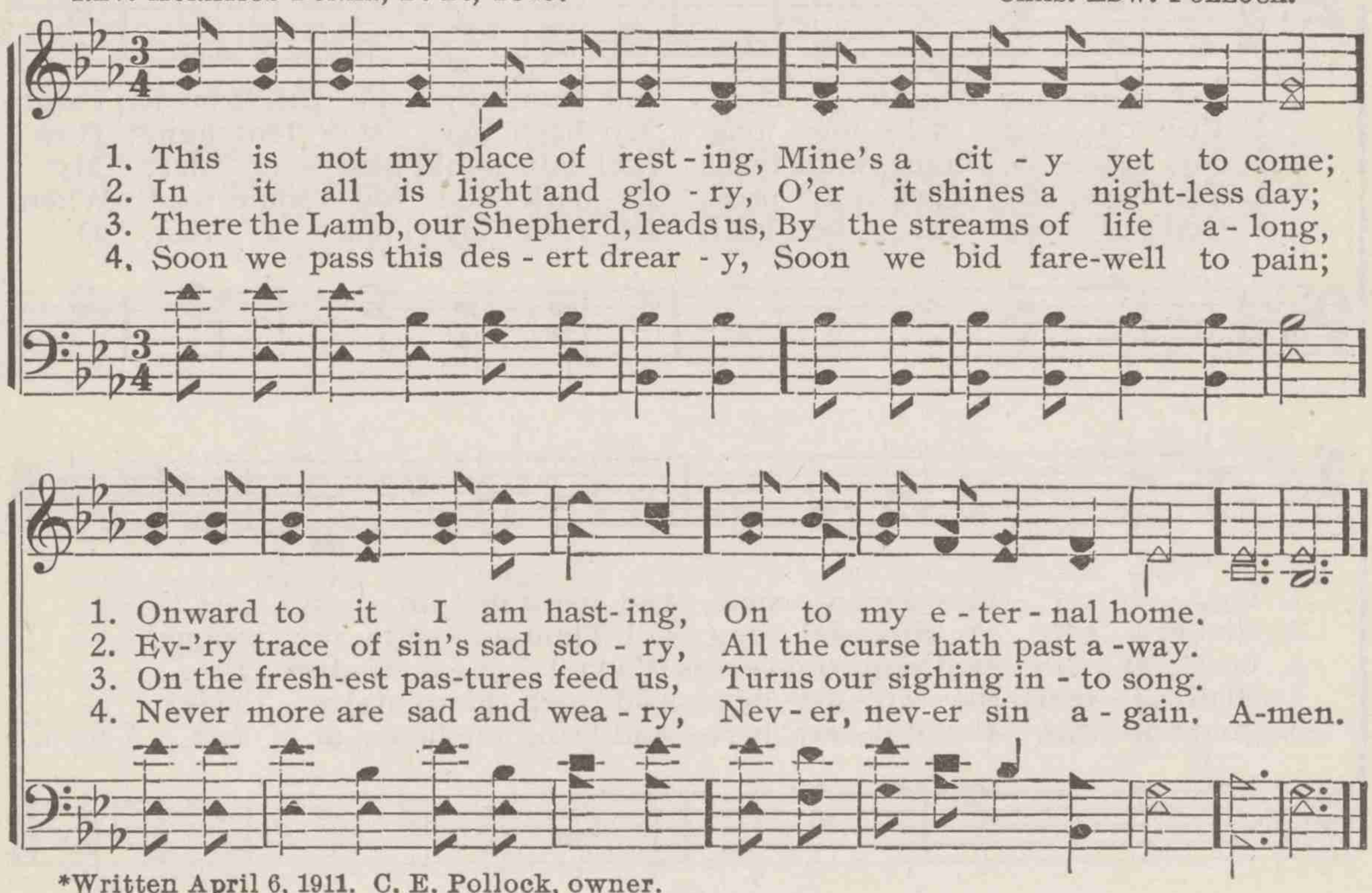
DR. P. DODDRIDGE. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



*Written Jan. 31, 1911. C. E. Pollock, owner.

331 LIPPINCOTT. 8s & 7s.*

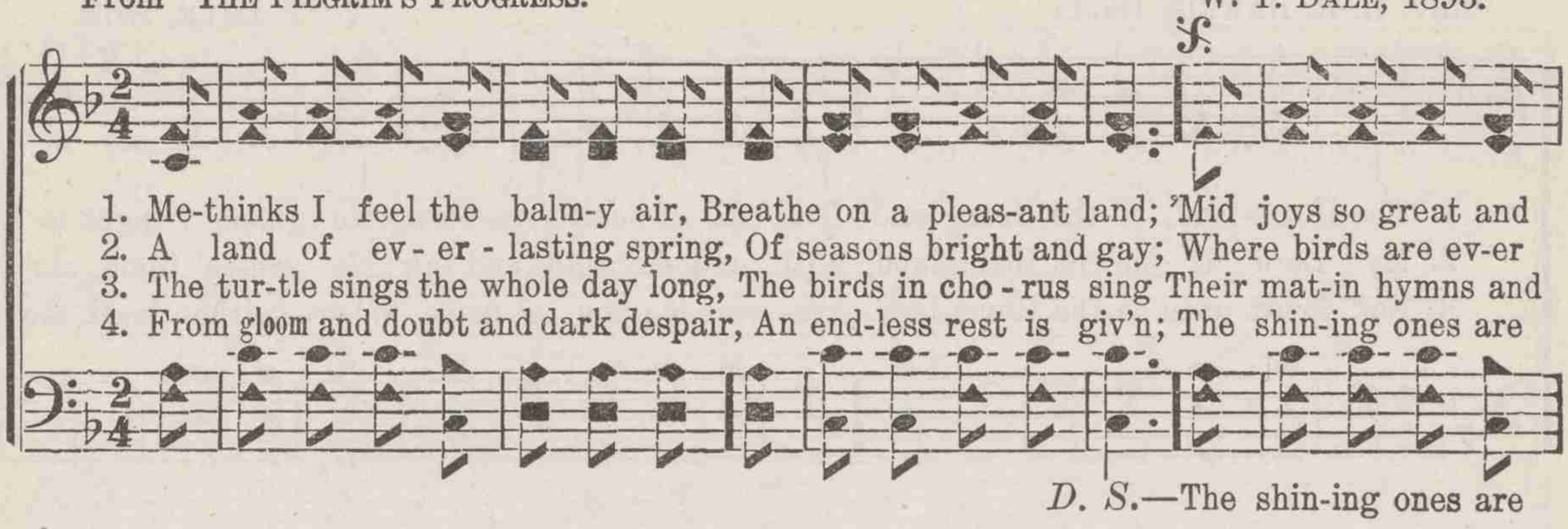
REV. HORATIUS BONAR, D. D., 1845. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

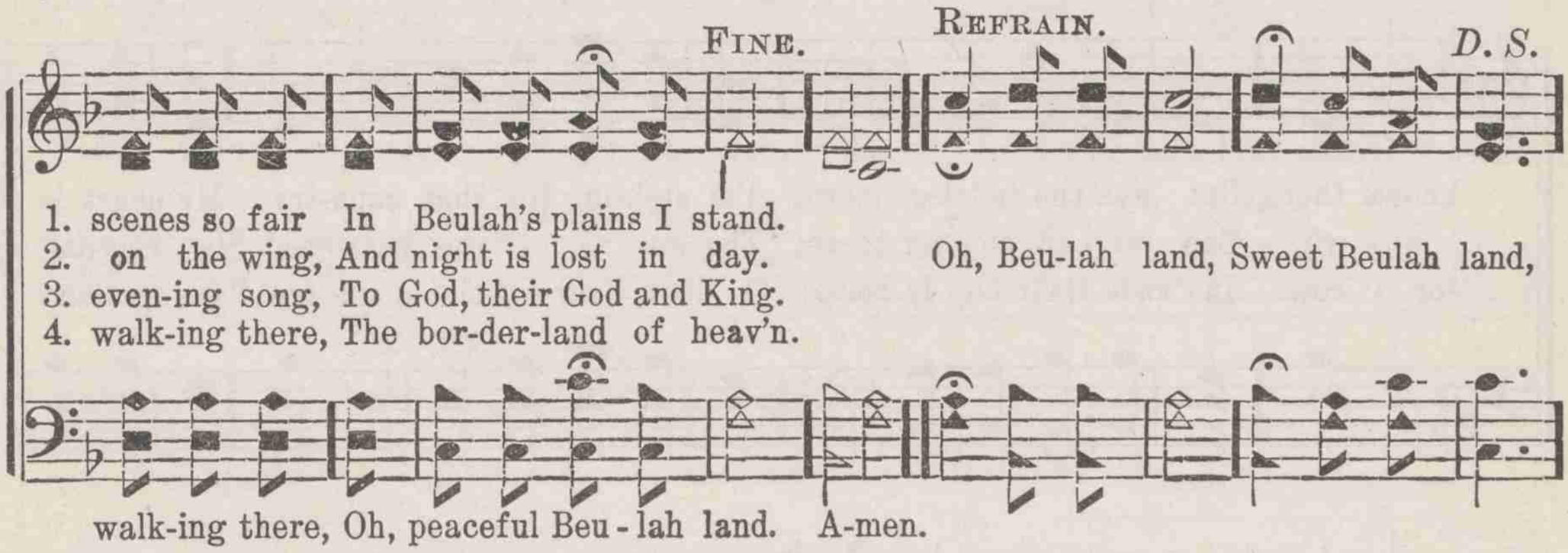


*Written April 6, 1911. C. E. Pollock, owner.

332 BEULAH LAND.

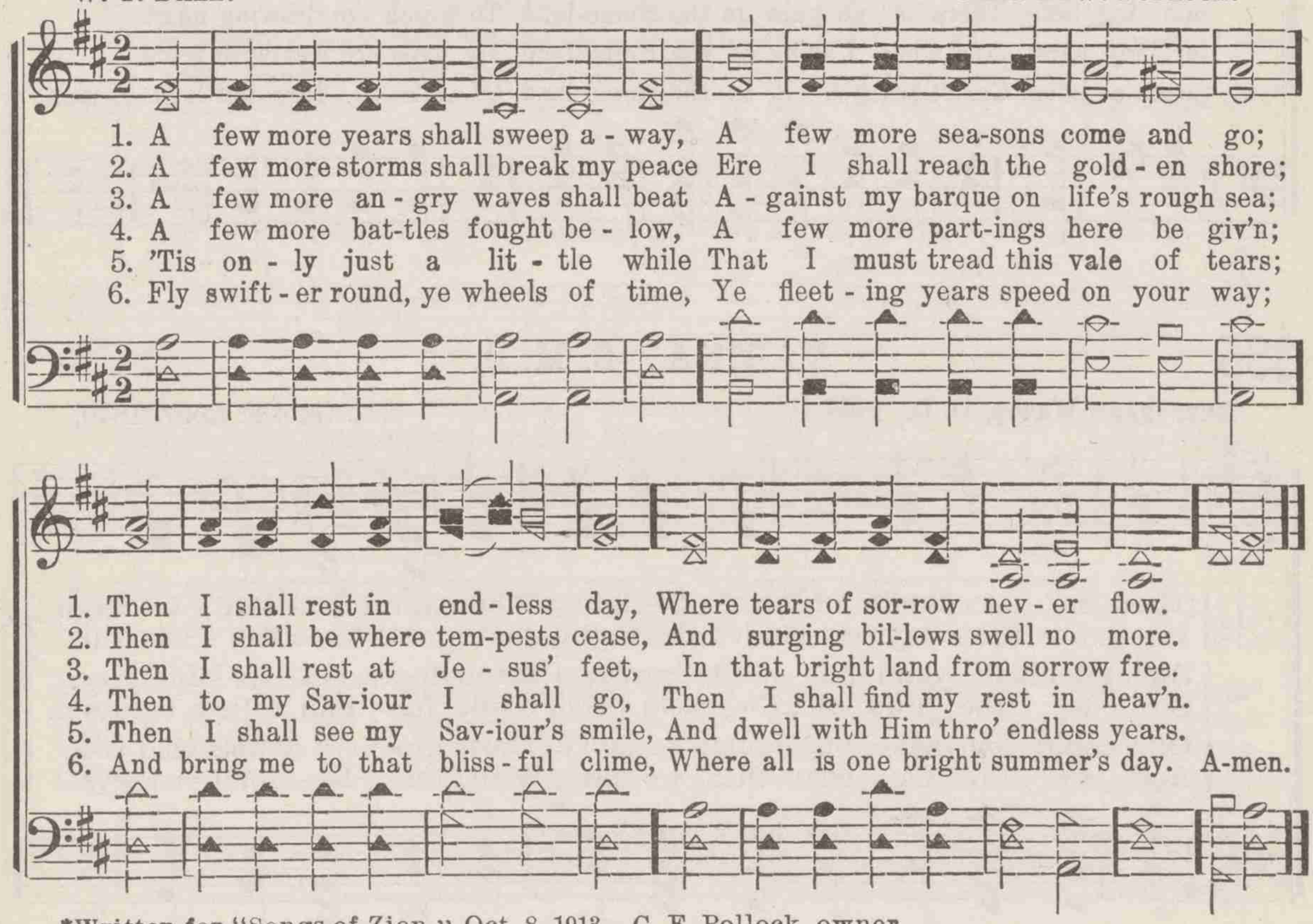
From "THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS." W. T. DALE, 1893.





333 EDWARD'S CHANT. L. M.*

"When a few more years are come, then I shall go the way whence I shall not return."
W. T. DALE. Job. 16:22. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



*Written for "Songs of Zion," Oct. 8, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner.

334 THE HOMELAND. 7s & 6s.

REV. H. R. HAWEIS, 1855. W. T. DALE, 1913.

1. The Home-land, O the Home-land! The land of souls free-born; No gloom- y night is
2. My Lord is in the Home-land, With an-gels bright and fair; No sin-ful thing, nor
3. For loved ones in the Home-land Are wait-ing me to come, Where neither death nor

known there, But aye the fadeless morn; I'm sigh-ing for that coun-try, My heart is
e - vil, Can ev - er en - ter there; The mu - sic of the ransomed Is ring-ing
sor - row In - vade their ho - ly home; O dear, dear na- tive coun- try! O rest and

ach - ing here; There is no pain in the Home-land, To which I'm drawing near.
in my ears; And when I think of the Home-land, My eyes are wet with tears.
peace a - bove! Christ bring us all to the Home-land, Of His e - ter - nal love. A-men.

335 VARINA. C. M. D.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, D. D., 1707. DR. GEO. F. ROOT, 1849.

1. { There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im- mor - tal reign;
   { In - fi - nite day ex-cludes the night, And pleas - ures ban - ish pain.
2. { Sweet fields be- yond the swell - ing flood Stand dressed in liv - ing green;
   { So to the Jews old Ca - naan stood, While Jor - dan rolled between.
3. { Oh, could we make our doubts re-move Those gloom- y doubts that rise,
   { And see the Ca - naan that we love With un - be - cloud - ed eyes!

VARINA. Concluded.

There ev - er - last - ing spring a - bides, And nev - er - withering flowers,
But timorous mor - tals start and shrink To cross this nar - row sea,
Could we but climb where Mos - es stood, And view the land-scape o'er,

Death, like a nar - row sea, di -vides This heav'nly land from ours.
And lin - ger, shivering, on the brink, And fear to launch a - way.
Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood Should fright us from the shore. Amen.

336 NEW SHARON. L. M. D.

W. T. DALE.* "A rest for the people of God."—Heb. 4: 9. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. { There is a rest for saints a-bove, Where all is joy, and peace, and love,
   { Where pilgrims, freed from toil and care, To-geth-er rest and (*Omit*)..... } worship there;
2. { No rude a-larms of rag - ing foes Shall dare disturb our sweet re-pose;
   { But high in heav'n, our home a-bove, We shall be safe in (*Omit*)..... } Je - sus' love.
3. { There God the Lamb shall ever reign, Whose presence fills His wide domain;
   { There ev-'ry heart is filled with joy, And praise is their di- (*Omit*)..... } vine em-ploy.
4. { Our fel - low-ship on earth is sweet, But when we shall each oth-er meet,
   { In joy - ous realms of end-less day, Our sor-rows all shall (*Omit*)..... } flee a - way.

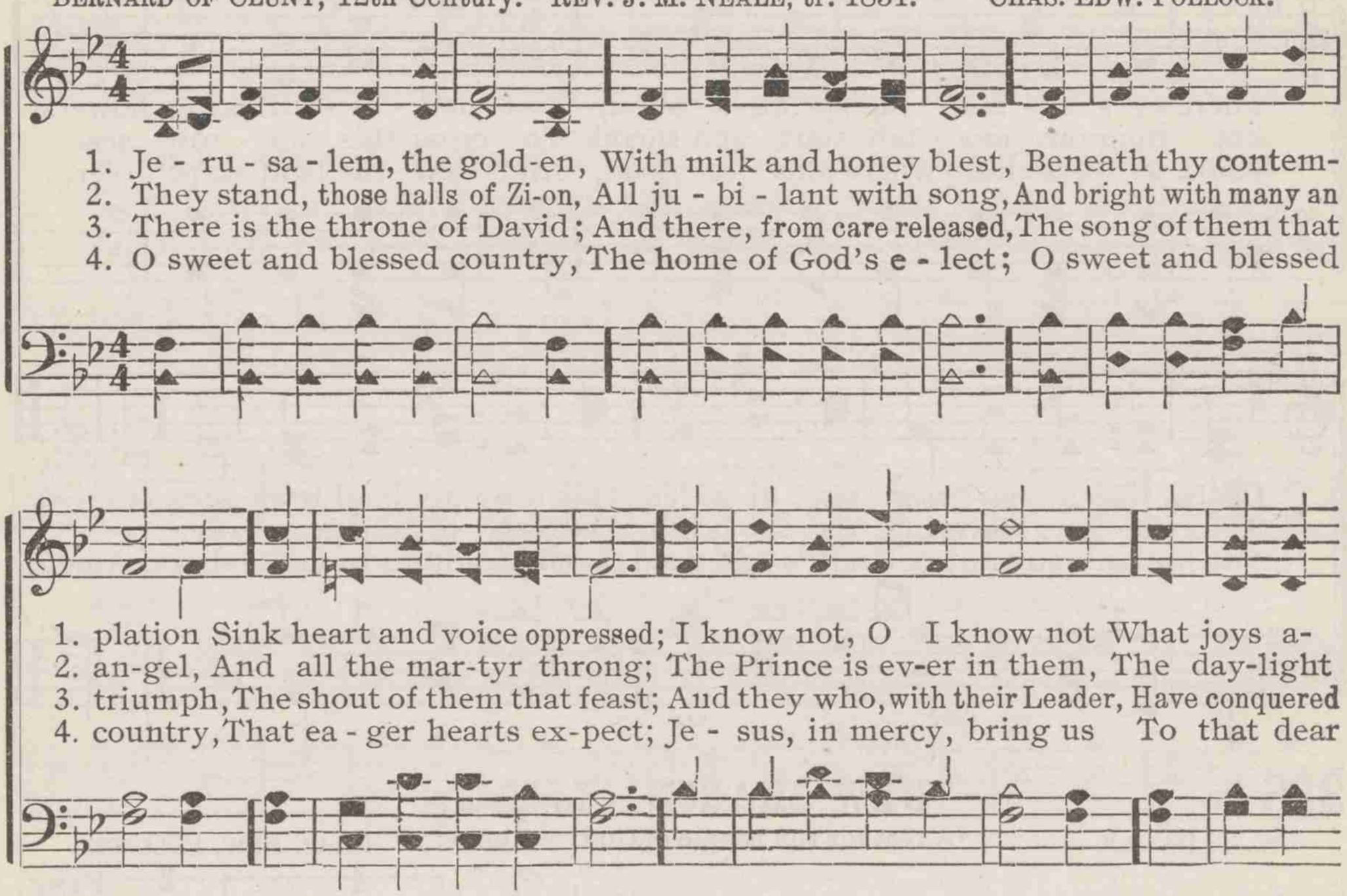
D.C.–The toils and sor-rows of the way, And sit and sing thro' ..... end-less day.
D.C.–There verdant pastures well supply The wants of all the ..... saints on high.
D.C.–There pains, and groans, and griefs are o'er, And death itself shall..... be no more.
D.C.–We'll have no fewer years to spend, For oh! our years shall..... nev - er end.

1. There on a green and flow - 'ry mount, We shall to - geth - er each re - count
2. There ev - er - last - ing spring a - bides, And liv - ing wa - ter gen - tly glides;
3. His hand shall wipe off ev - 'ry tear, His pres - ence calm each anx - ious fear;
4. When we've been there ten thou - sand years, As ra - diant as the whirl - ing spheres;

** NOTE.*—The author's first hymn, about 1870.
Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

337 JERUSALEM, THE GOLDEN. 7s & 6s, D

BERNARD OF CLUNY, 12th Century. REV. J. M. NEALE, tr. 1851. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

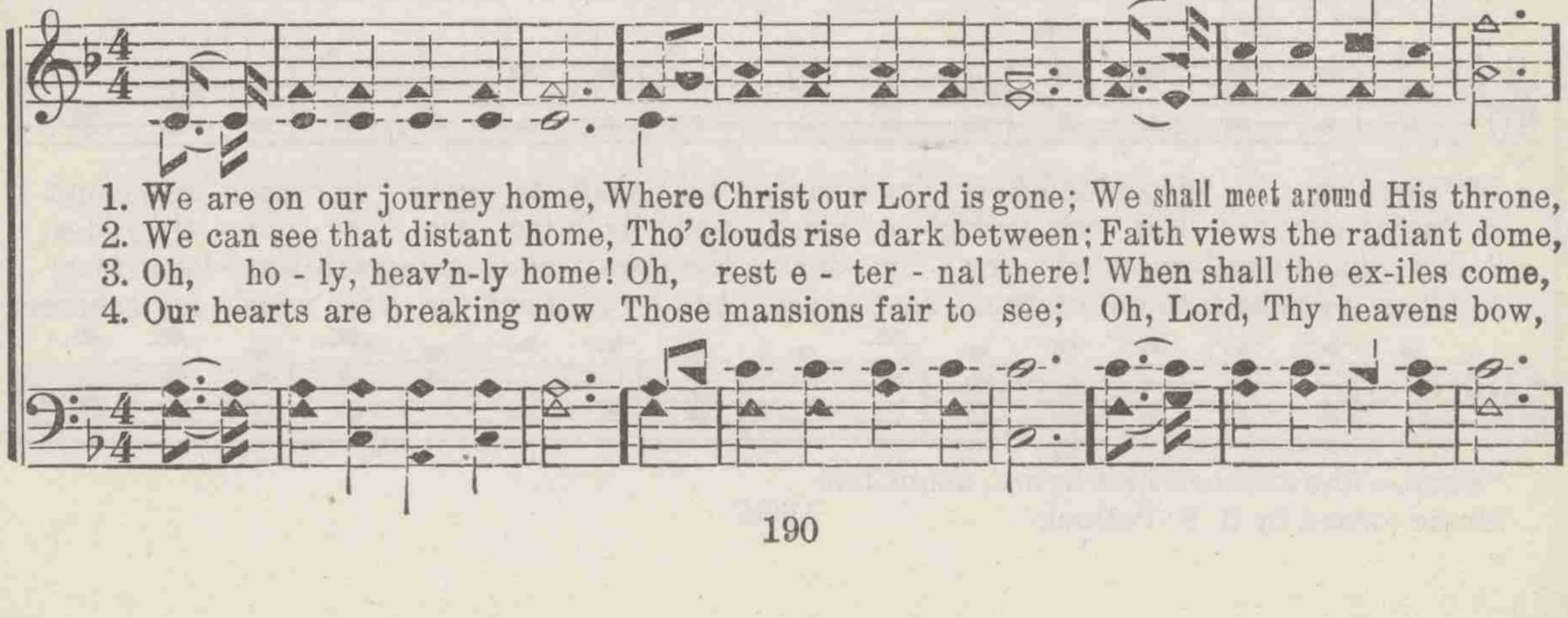


Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

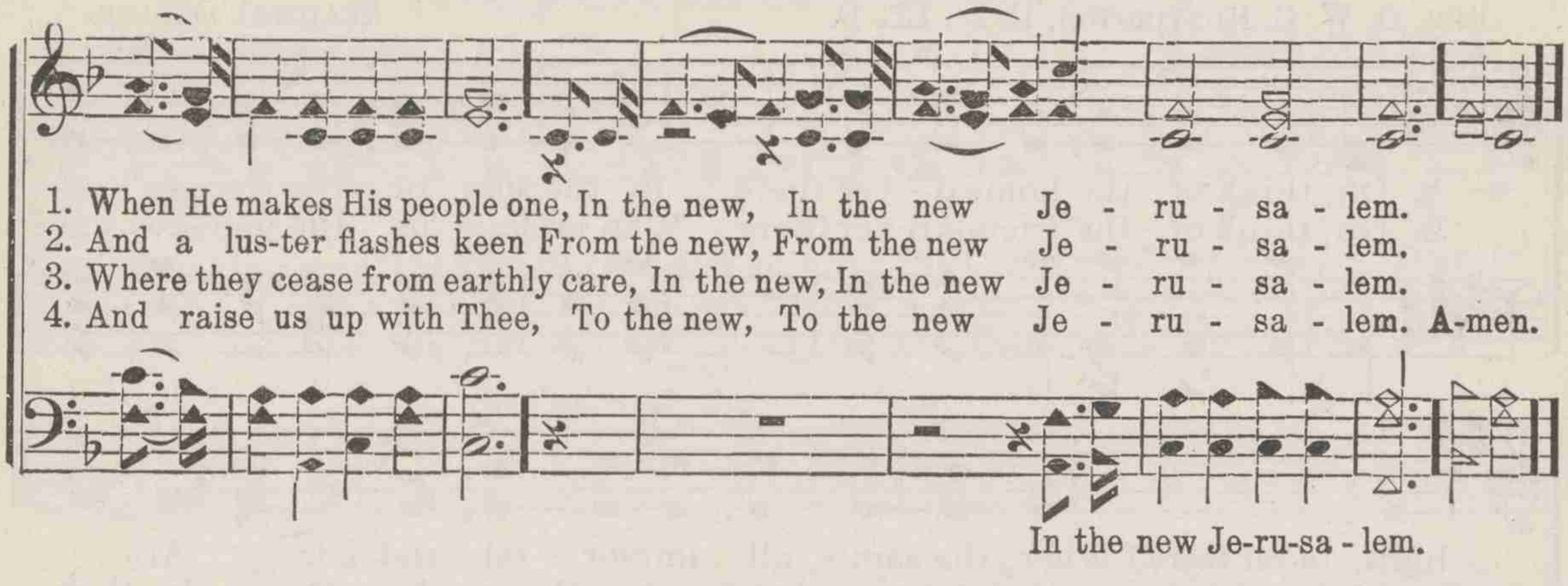
338 MOUNT BLANC. P. M.

"The holy city, new Jerusalem."—Rev. 21: 2.

REV. CHAS. BEECHER, D. D. OLD ENGLISH MELODY.



MOUNT BLANC. Concluded



339 VAIN WORLD, ADIEU. L. M. PECULIAR.

"The time of my departure is at hand."—2 Tim. 4 : 6.

ANON. Arr. by W. T. DALE.



340 THE HOME OVER THERE. P. M.*

"In my Father's house are many mansions."—John 14: 2.

REV. D. W. C. HUNTINGTON, D. D., LL. D. TULIUS C. O'KANE.



3 My Saviour is now over there,
There my kindred and friends are at rest;
Then away from my sorrow and care,
Let me fly to the land of the blest.

REF.—Over there, over there,
My Saviour is now over there,
Over there, over there,
My Saviour is now over there.

4 I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see;
Many dear to my heart, over there,
Are watching and waiting for me.

REF.—Over there, over there,
I'll soon be at home over there,
Over there, over there,
I'll soon be at home over there.

*By per. Edwin T. O'Kane, Delaware, O., July 26, 1913.

341 THE BRIGHT FOREVER. 8s & 7s, with Chorus.

"In Thy presence is fullness of joy."—Psalm 16: 11.

FANNY J. CROSBY. HUBERT PLATT MAIN.

1. Breaking thro' the clouds that gather O'er the Christian's natal skies, Distant
2. Yet a lit - tle while we lin - ger, Ere we reach our journey's end; Yet a
3. O the bliss of life e - ter - nal! O the long un-brok-en rest! In the

beams, like floods of glory, Fill the soul with glad surprise; And we almost hear the
lit - tle while to la - bor, Ere the ev'ning shades descend; Then we'll lay us down to
gold- en fields of pleas-ure, In the re-gion of the blest. But, to see our dear Re-

ech - o Of the pure and ho-ly throng, In the bright, the bright for-ev-er, In the
slumber, But the night will soon be o'er, In the bright, the bright for-ev-er, We shall
deemer, And be-fore His throne to fall, There to hear His gracious welcome, Will be

CHORUS.

sum-mer-land of song.
wake, to sleep no more. On the banks beyond the riv-er, We shall meet, no more to
sweet-er far than all.

Rit.

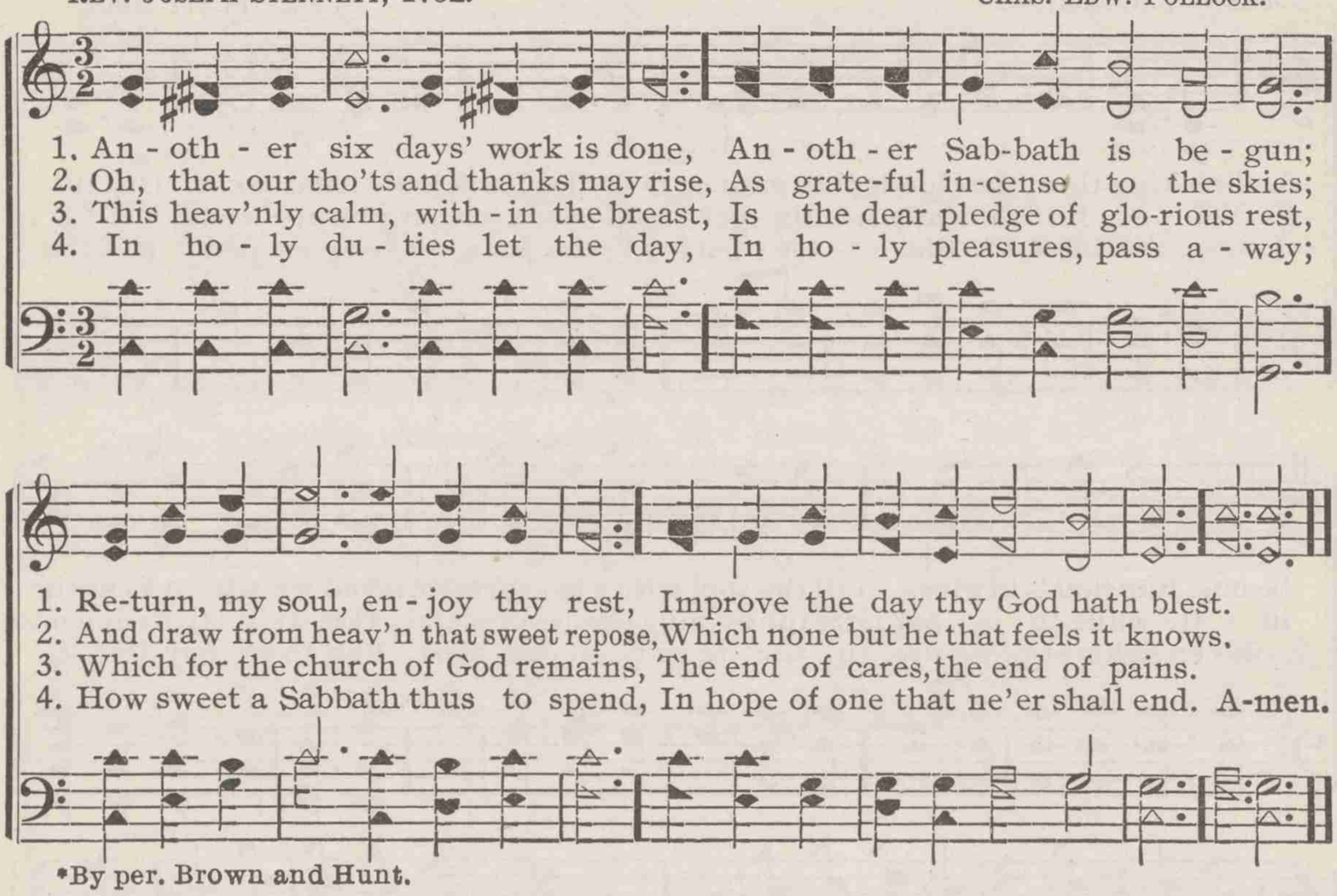
sev-er; In the bright, the bright for-ever, In the summer-land of song. A-men.

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342 PITT. L. M.*

"Return unto thy rest, O my soul."—Psalm 116: 7.

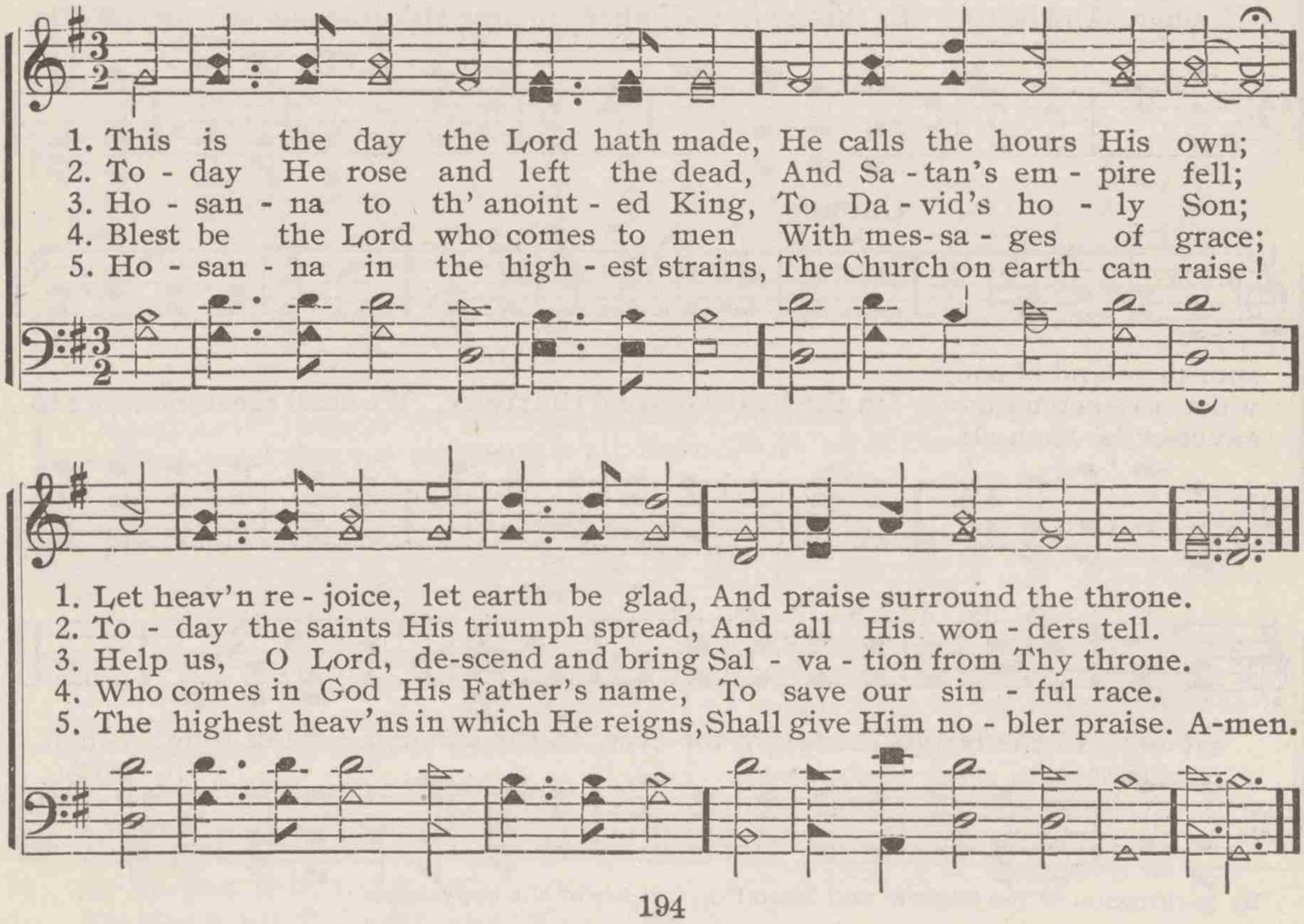
REV. JOSEPH STENNETT, 1732. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



*By per. Brown and Hunt.

343 ARLINGTON. C. M.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D., 1719. Psalm 118: 24-26. THOS. AUGUSTINE ARNE, 1762.



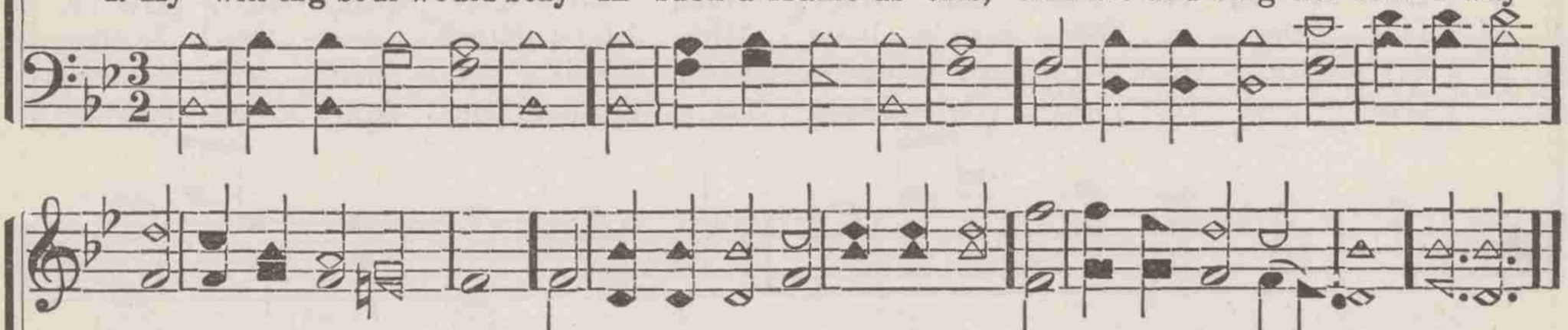
344 LISBON. S. M.

"The Sabbath a delight."—Isa. 58: 13.

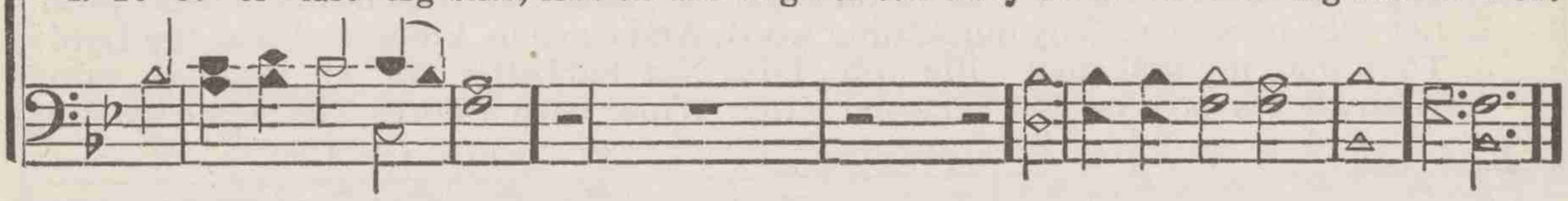
REV. ISAAC WATTS, D. D., 1709. DANIEL READ, 1785.



1. Welcome, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a-rise; Welcome to this re-viving breast,
2. The King himself comes near, And feasts His saints to-day, Here we may sit and see Him here,
3. One day with-in the place Which thou dost, Lord, frequent, Is sweeter than ten thousand days
4. My will-ing soul would stay In such a frame as this, And sit and sing her-self a-way



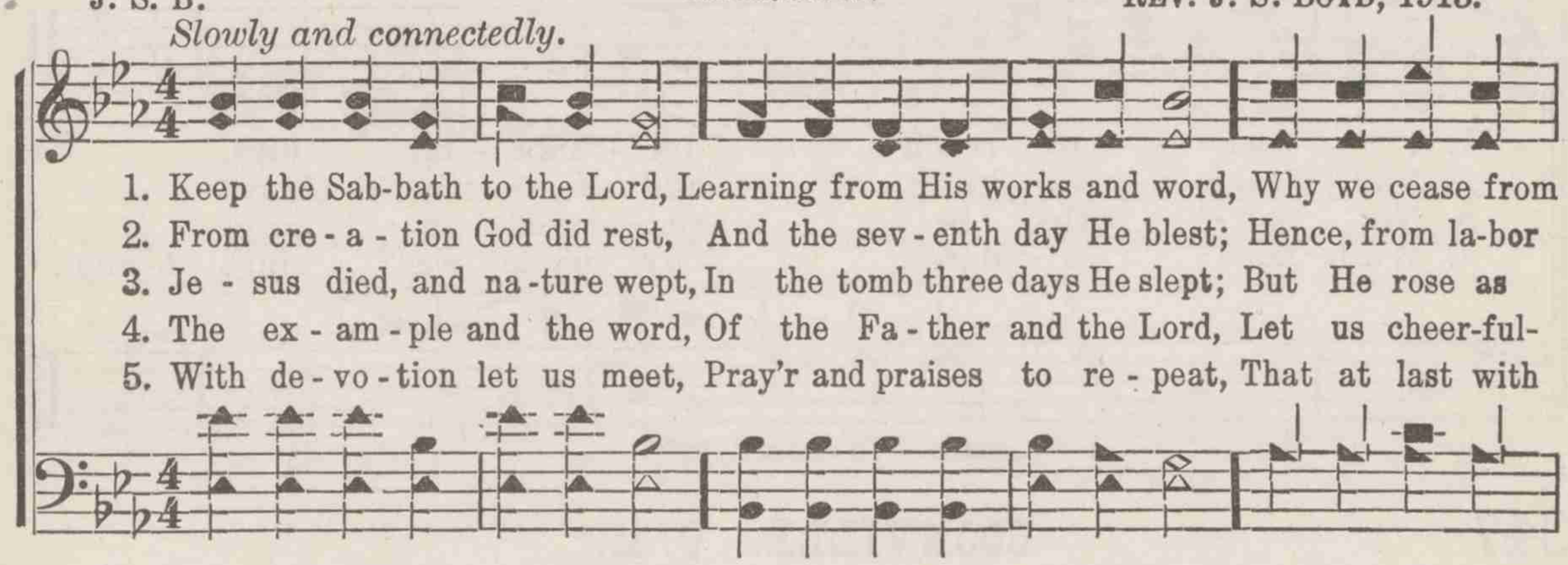
1. And these re-joic-ing eyes; Welcome to this reviving breast, And these rejoicing eyes.
2. And love, and praise, and pray; Here we may sit, and see Him here, And love, and praise, and pray.
3. In sin-ful pleasures spent; Is sweeter than ten thousand days In sinful pleasures spent.
4. To ev-er-last-ing bliss; And sit and sing her-self away To ev-er-last-ing bliss. A-men.



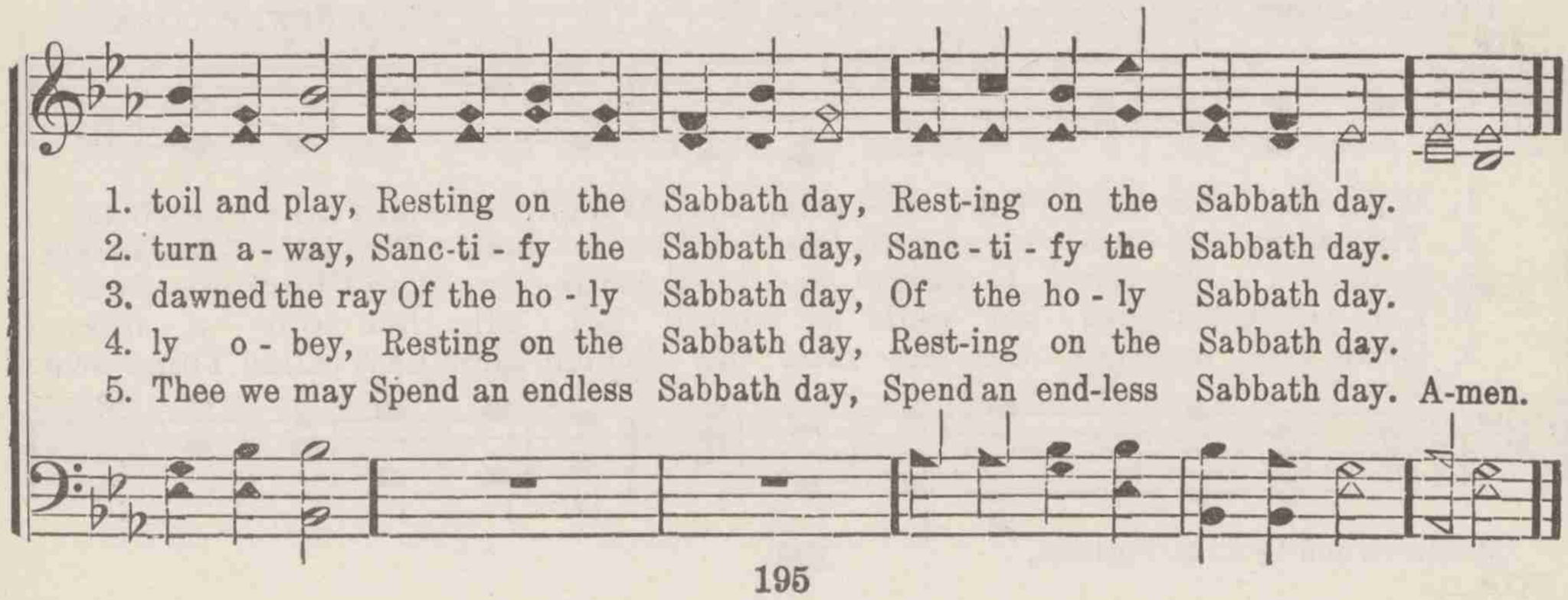
345 SABBATH REST. 7s.

J. S. B. Exod. 33: 13. REV. J. S. BOYD, 1913.

Slowly and connectedly.



1. Keep the Sab-bath to the Lord, Learning from His works and word, Why we cease from
2. From cre-a-tion God did rest, And the sev-enth day He blest; Hence, from la-bor
3. Je-sus died, and na-ture wept, In the tomb three days He slept; But He rose as
4. The ex-am-ple and the word, Of the Fa-ther and the Lord, Let us cheer-ful-
5. With de-vo-tion let us meet, Pray'r and praises to re-peat, That at last with



1. toil and play, Resting on the Sabbath day, Rest-ing on the Sabbath day.
2. turn a-way, Sanc-ti-fy the Sabbath day, Sanc-ti-fy the Sabbath day.
3. dawned the ray Of the ho-ly Sabbath day, Of the ho-ly Sabbath day.
4. ly o-bey, Resting on the Sabbath day, Rest-ing on the Sabbath day.
5. Thee we may Spend an endless Sabbath day, Spend an end-less Sabbath day. A-men.

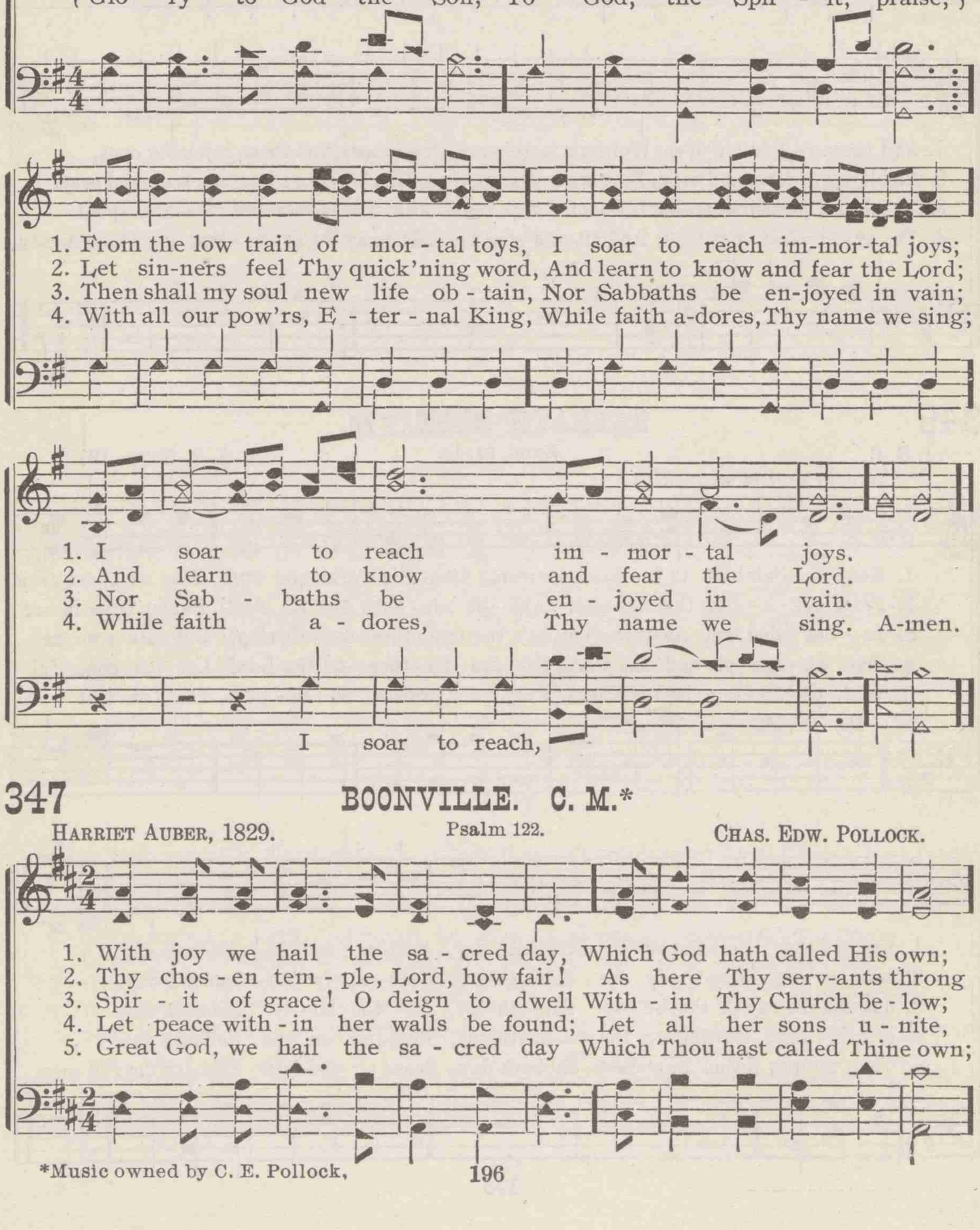
346 LISCHER. H. M.

J. HAYWARD, in J. DOBELL'S COLL, 1806.

Arr. from FRIEDRICH J. C. SCHNEIDER, by L. MASON, 1841.



1. Wel-come, de-light-ful morn, Thou day of sa-cred rest!
   I hail thy kind re-turn; Lord, make these mo-ments blest;
2. Now may the King de-scend, And fill His throne of grace;
   Thy scep-ter, Lord, ex-tend, While saints ad-dress Thy face;
3. De-scend, ce-les-tial Dove, With all Thy quick-'ning pow'rs;
   Dis-close a Sav-iour's love, And bless these sa-cred hours;
4. To God the Fa-ther's throne, Your high-est hon-ors raise;
   Glo-ry to God the Son, To God, the Spir-it, praise;



1. From the low train of mor-tal toys, I soar to reach im-mor-tal joys;
2. Let sin-ners feel Thy quick'ning word, And learn to know and fear the Lord;
3. Then shall my soul new life ob-tain, Nor Sabbaths be en-joyed in vain;
4. With all our pow'rs, E-ter-nal King, While faith a-dores, Thy name we sing;

1. I soar to reach im-mor-tal joys.
2. And learn to know and fear the Lord.
3. Nor Sab-baths be en-joyed in vain.
4. While faith a-dores, Thy name we sing. A-men.

I soar to reach,

347 BOONVILLE. C. M.*

HARRIET AUBER, 1829.

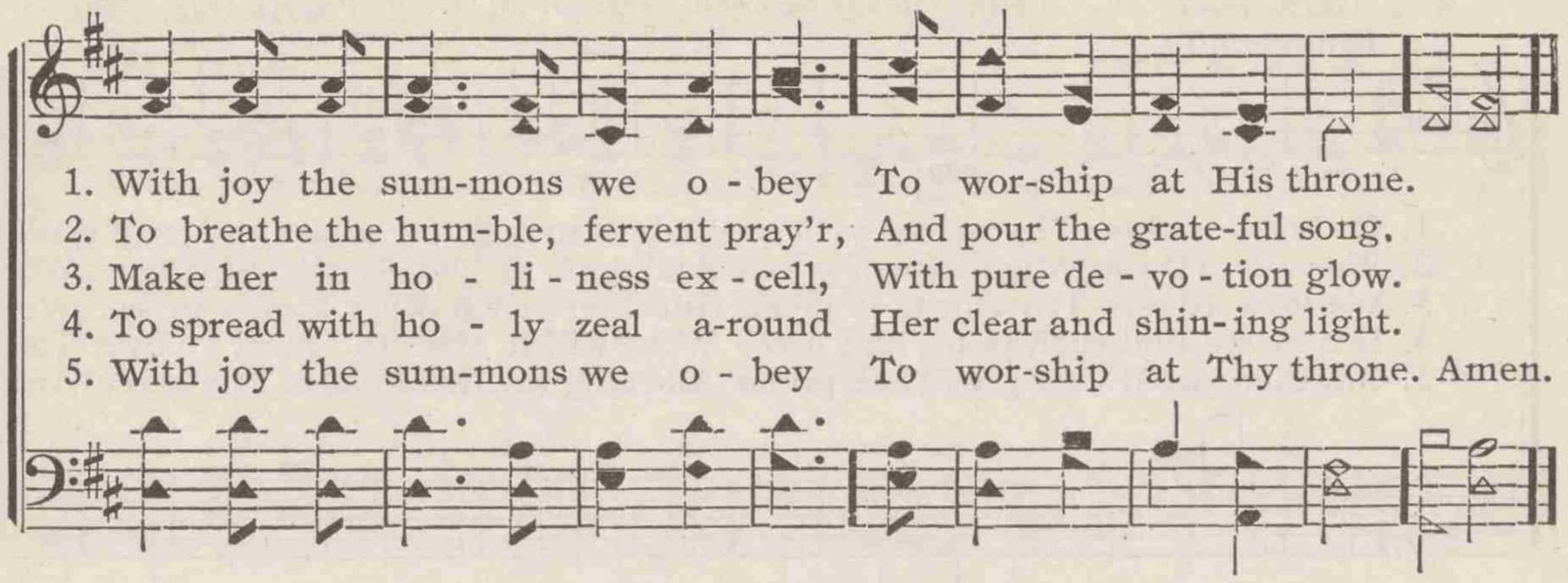
Psalm 122.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. With joy we hail the sa-cred day, Which God hath called His own;
2. Thy chos-en tem-ple, Lord, how fair! As here Thy serv-ants throng
3. Spir-it of grace! O deign to dwell With-in Thy Church be-low;
4. Let peace with-in her walls be found; Let all her sons u-nite,
5. Great God, we hail the sa-cred day Which Thou hast called Thine own;

*Music owned by C. E. Pollock,

BOONVILLE. Concluded.



348 SABBATH. 7s, 6 lines.

Rev. John Newton, 1774. (Sabbath Morning.) Dr. Lowell Mason, 1836.



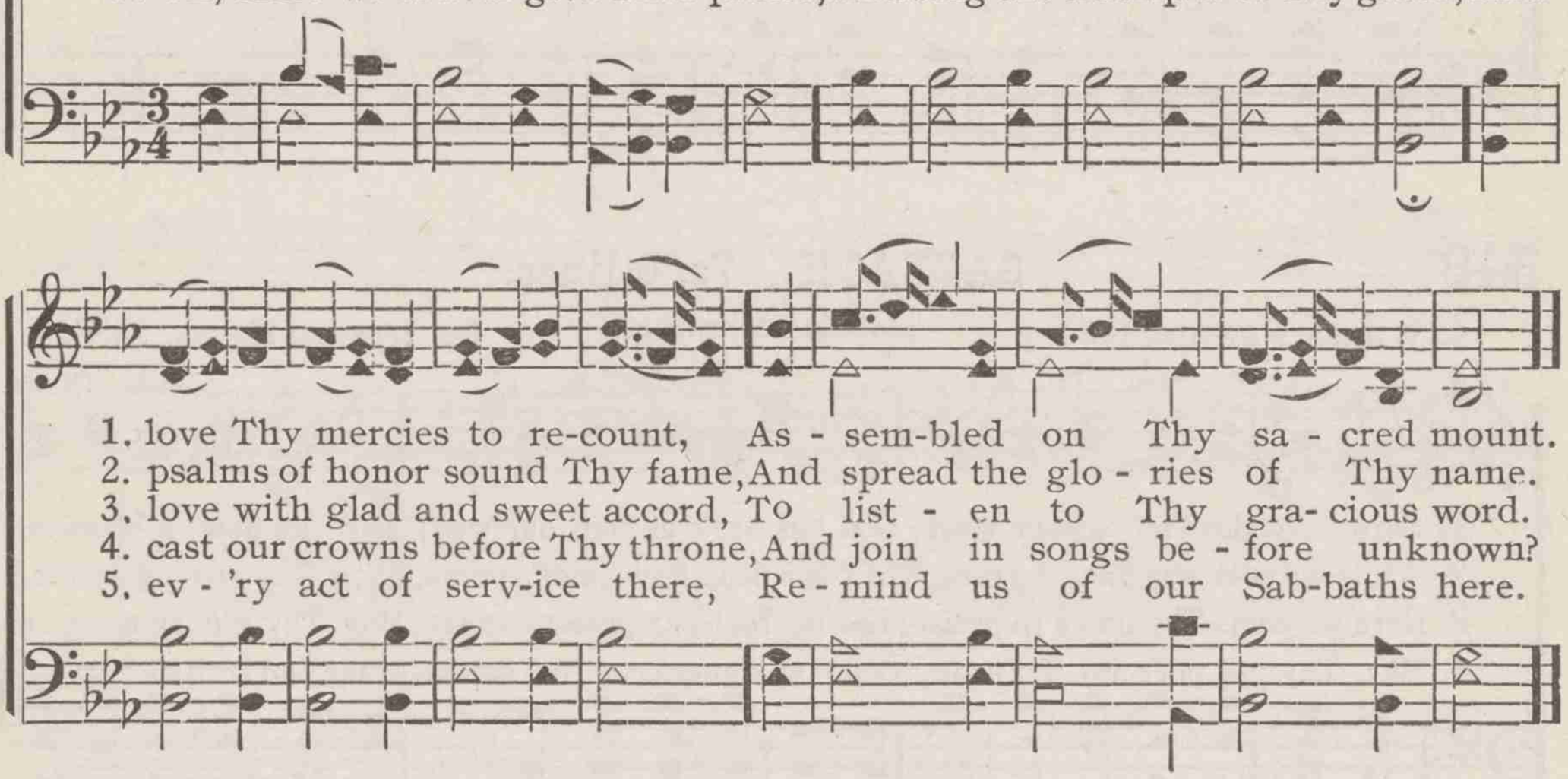
349 TALMAGE. L. M.

W. T. DALE, 1880. Delight in the Sabbath.—Isa. 58: 13, 14. R. PORTER ORR, 1880.

Reverentially.



1. O Lord, we love Thy Sabbaths here, We love to meet for praise and pray'r, We
2. We love to throng the house of pray'r, And join in ho-ly worship there; With
3. We love with-in Thy courts to meet, And there each other kindly greet; We
4. If here we find such peace and love, What will it be to meet a-bove; To
5. Oh, there we'll ever give Thee praise, And sing the triumphs of Thy grace; And



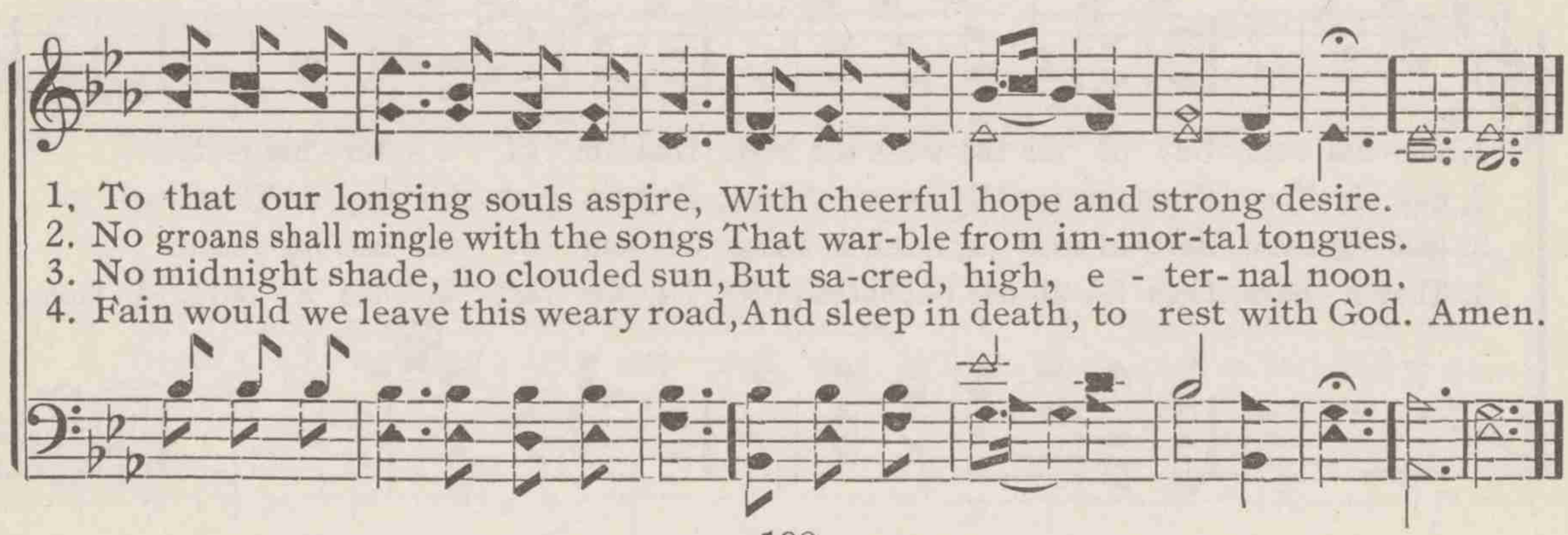
1. love Thy mercies to re-count, As-sem-bled on Thy sa-cred mount.
2. psalms of honor sound Thy fame, And spread the glo-ries of Thy name.
3. love with glad and sweet accord, To list-en to Thy gra-cious word.
4. cast our crowns before Thy throne, And join in songs be-fore unknown?
5. ev-'ry act of serv-ice there, Re-mind us of our Sab-baths here.

350 FLOSSIE. L. M.

REV. PHILIP DODDRIDGE, D. D., 1737. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, 1901.



1. Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love, But there's a no-bler rest a-bove;
2. No more fa-tigue, no more dis-tress, Nor sin nor death shall reach the place;
3. No rude a-larms of rag-ing foes, No cares to break the long re-pose;
4. O long ex-pect-ed day be-gin! Dawn on these realms of woe and sin;

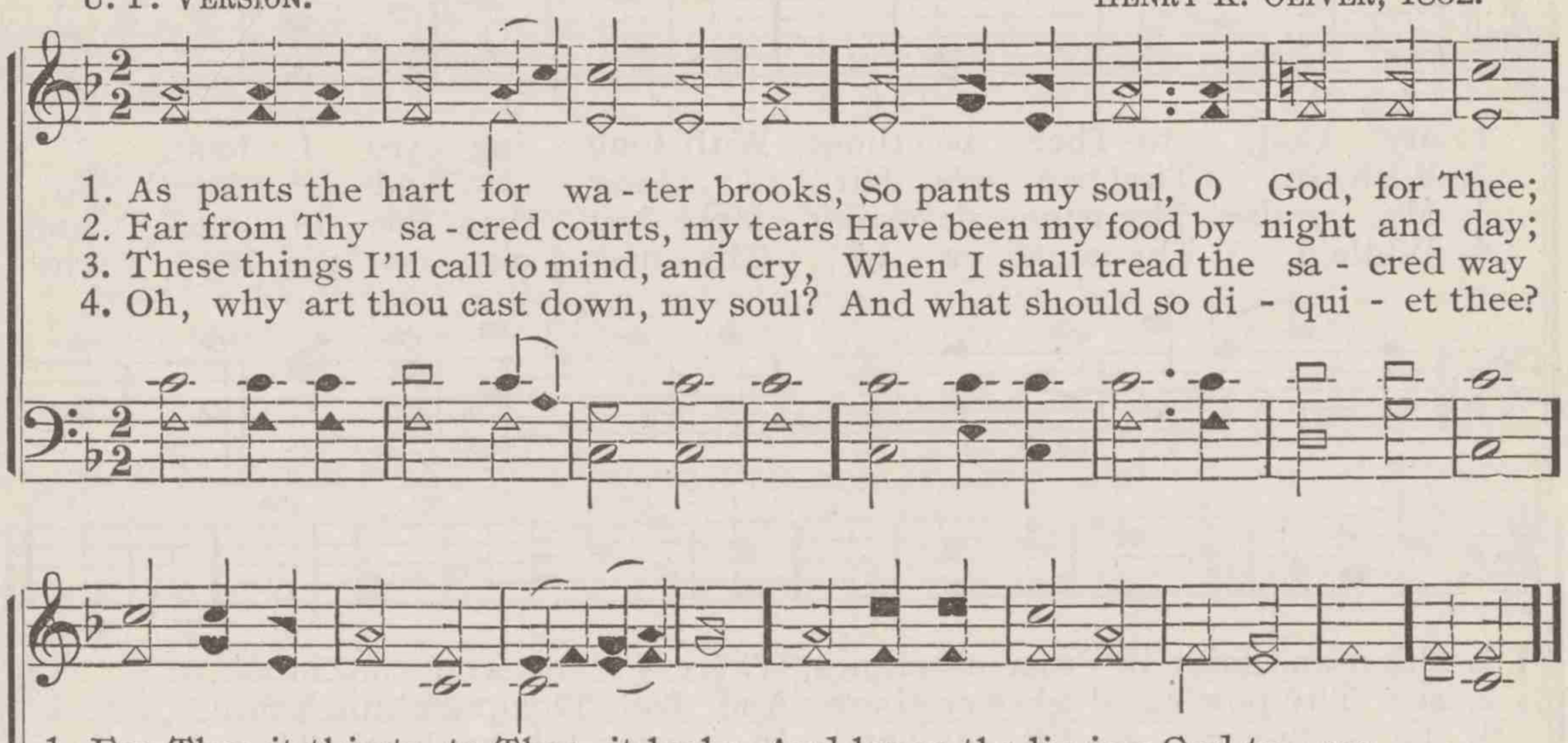


1. To that our longing souls aspire, With cheerful hope and strong desire.
2. No groans shall mingle with the songs That war-ble from im-mor-tal tongues.
3. No midnight shade, no clouded sun, But sa-cred, high, e-ter-nal noon.
4. Fain would we leave this weary road, And sleep in death, to rest with God. Amen.

351 FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

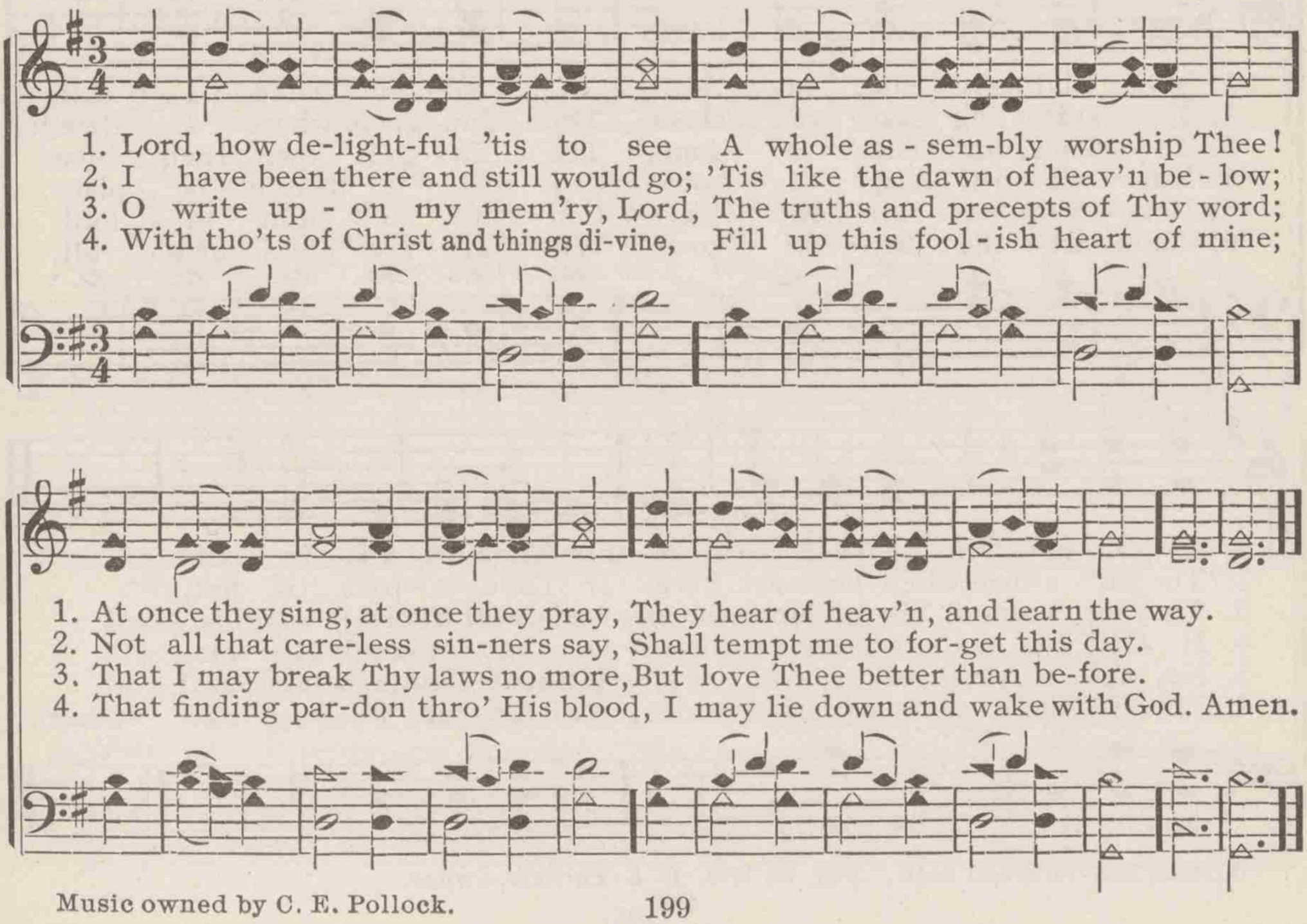
Absent from the sanctuary.—Psalm 42: 1-5.

U. P. VERSION. HENRY K. OLIVER, 1832.



352 BROADWAY. L. M.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D. Delight in worship. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

353 GAUSS. S. M.

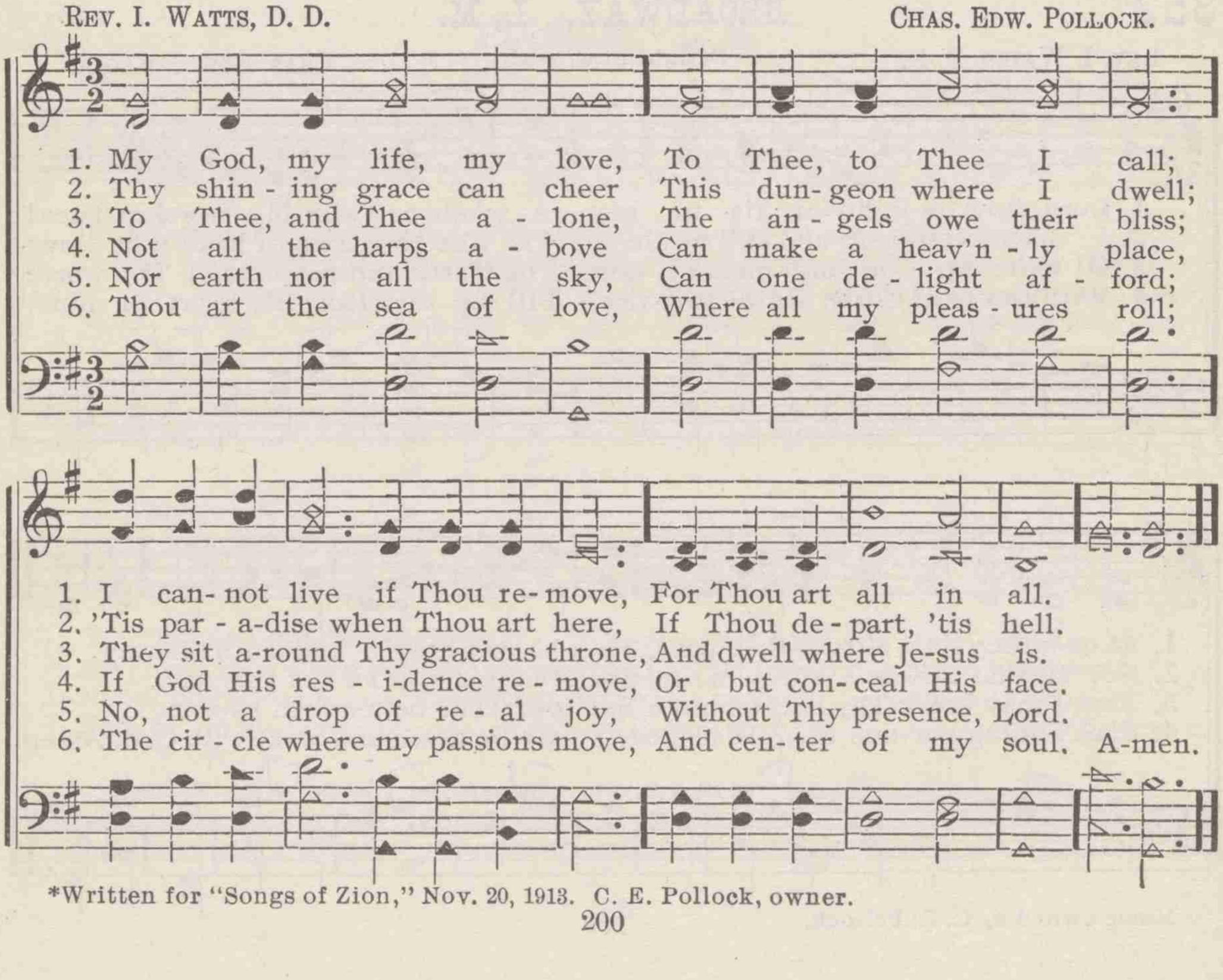
W. T. DALE, 1872. Delight in worship.—Psalm 63: 1-5. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

354 MORTON. S. M.*

REV. I. WATTS, D. D. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



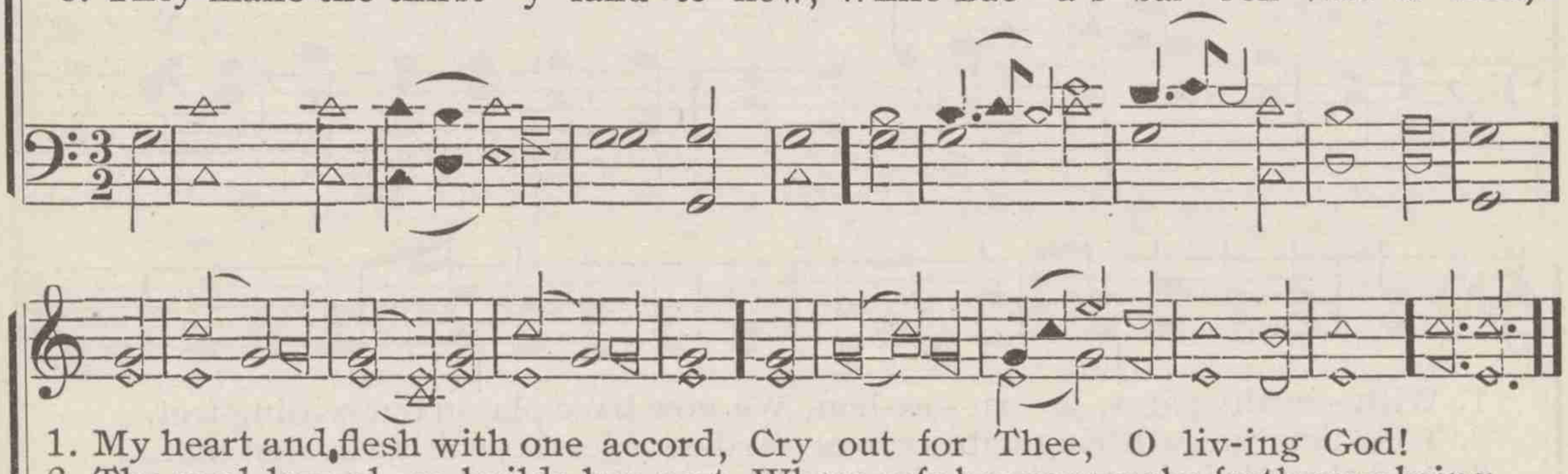
*Written for "Songs of Zion," Nov. 20, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner.

355 HUMPHRIES. L. M.*

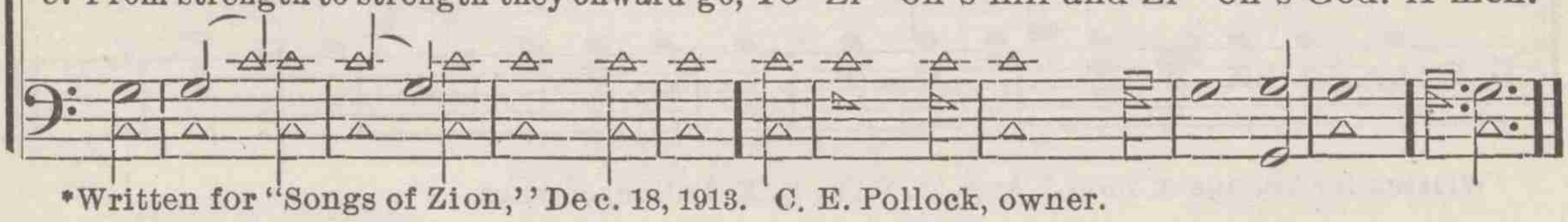
W. T. DALE, 1872. Psalm 84: 1-7, CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. How love - ly are Thy dwellings, Lord, Oh, how I long for Thine a-bode;
2. The spar - row seeks a house of rest, Where she may rest her wea - ry wing;
3. So, Lord of hosts, I seek to dwell With - in Thy courts, Thy blest a-bode;
4. How blest who there with Thee re-main, And still re-new glad songs of praise;
5. They make the thirst - y land to flow, While Bac - a's bar - ren vale is trod;



1. My heart and flesh with one accord, Cry out for Thee, O liv-ing God!
2. The swal-low al - so builds her nest, Where safe her young she forth may bring.
3. That all Thy goodness I may tell Be - side the al - tars of my God.
4. How blest who strength from Thee obtain, Who love Thy pure and sa-cred ways.
5. From strength to strength they onward go, To Zi - on's hill and Zi - on's God. A-men.



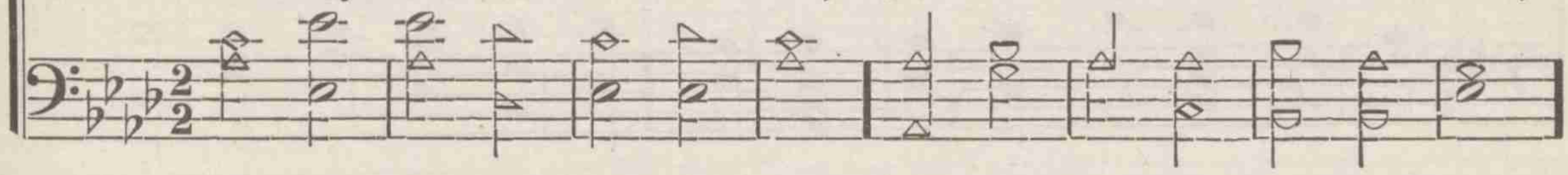
*Written for "Songs of Zion," Dec. 18, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner.

356 RUEBUSH. 7s.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1812. F. L. ARMSTRONG.

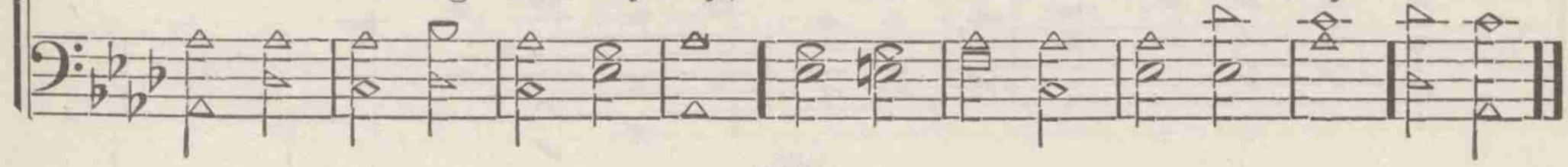


1. To Thy tem - ple we re - pair; Lord, we love to wor - ship there;
2. While Thy glo-rious name is sung, Tune our lips, un-loose our tongue;
3. While to Thee our pray'rs as-cend, Let Thine ear in love at - tend;
4. While Thy word is heard with awe, While we trem-ble at Thy law,
5. From Thy house when we re - turn, Let our hearts with - in us burn;



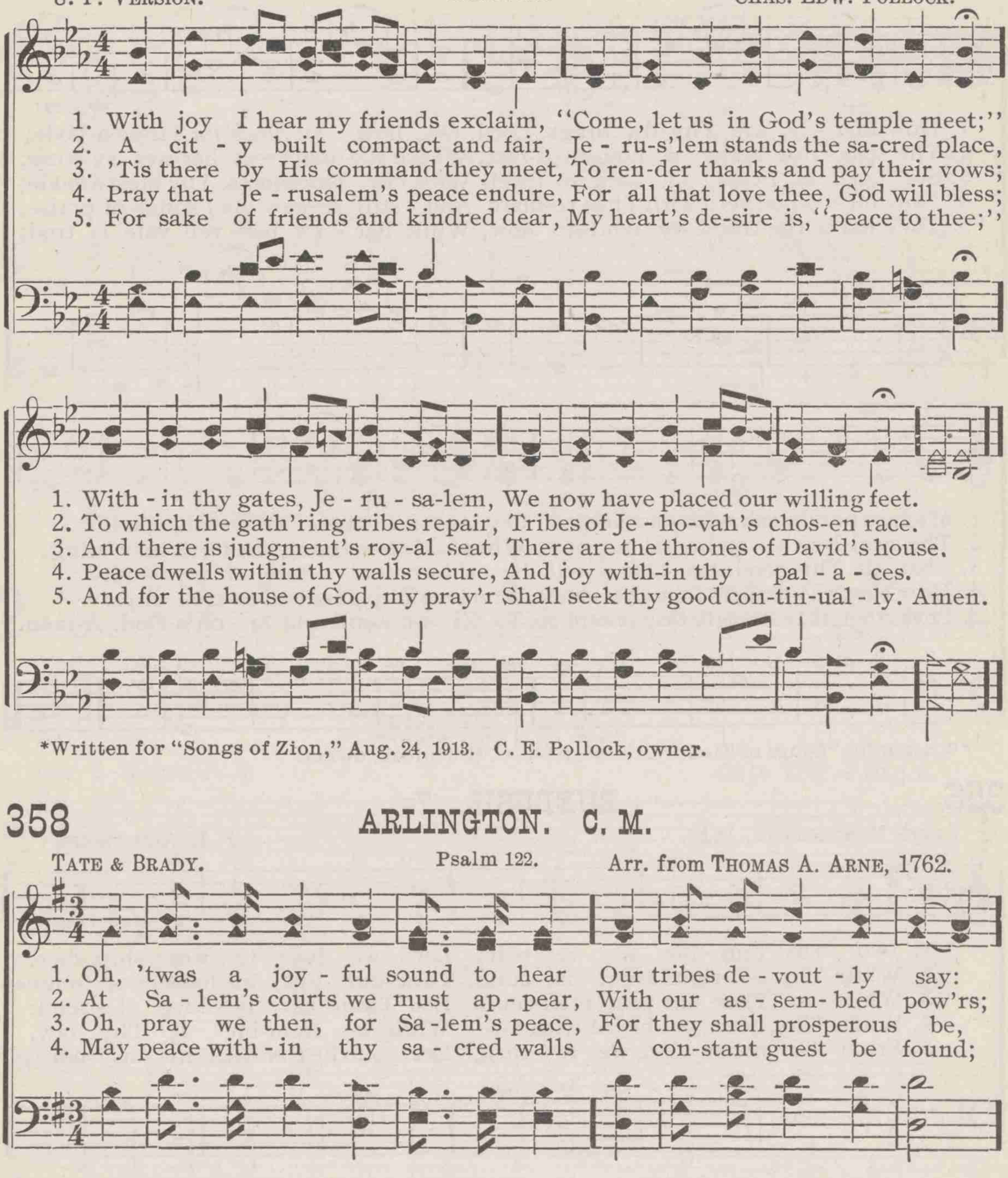


1. There with-in the veil to meet Thee up - on the mer - cy - seat.
2. Then our joy - ful souls will bless Thee, the Lord our righteousness.
3. Hear us when Thy Spir- it pleads, Hear, for Je - sus in - ter-cedes.
4. Let Thy gos-pel's wondrous love Ev - 'ry doubt and fear re-move.
5. That at ev'n- ing we may say, "We have walked with God to-day!" A-men.



357 GABRIEL. L. M.*

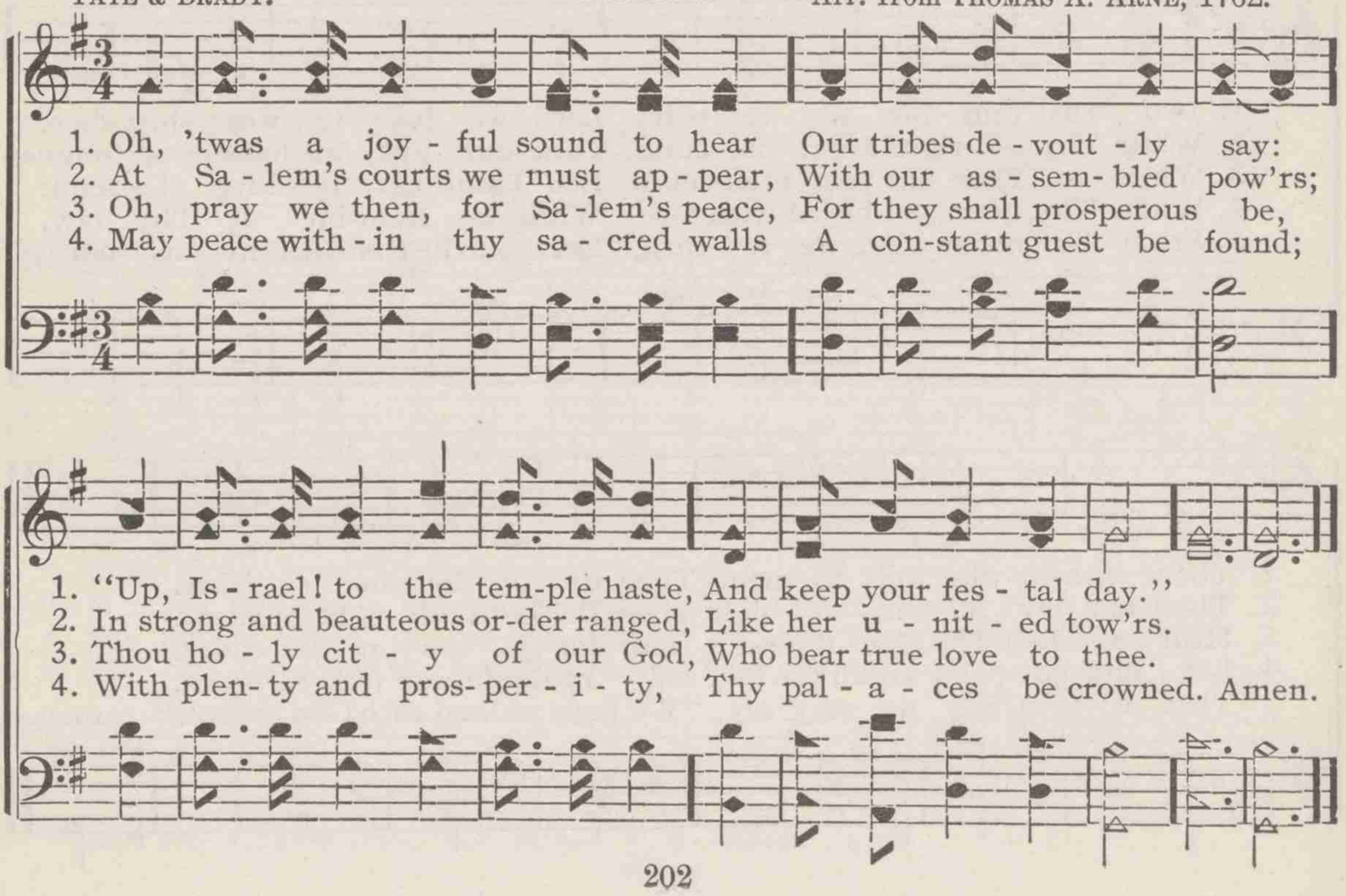
U. P. VERSION. Psalm 122. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



*Written for "Songs of Zion," Aug. 24, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner.

358 ARLINGTON. C. M.

TATE & BRADY. Psalm 122. Arr. from THOMAS A. ARNE, 1762.



359 EWING. C. M.*

REV. I. WATTS, D. D., 1719. Psalm 122. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. How did my heart rejoice to hear My friends de-vout-ly say: "In Zi - on
2. I love her gates, I love the road; The Church adorned with grace, Stands like a
3. Up to her courts, with joy unknown, The ho - ly tribes re-pair; The Son of
4. He hears our praises and complaints; And while His aw- ful voice Di-vides the
5. Peace be with-in this sa-cred place, And joy a con-stant guest; With ho - ly
6. My soul shall pray for Zi - on still, While life or breath remains; Here my best

1. let us all appear, And keep the solemn day, And keep the solemn day."
2. pal-ace built for God, To show His mild-er face, To show His milder face.
3. David holds His throne, And sits in judgment there, And sits in judgment there.
4. sinners from the saints, We trem-ble and re- joice, We tremble and re- joice.
5. gifts and heav'nly grace Be her attendants blest, Be her at-tend-ants blest.
6. friends, my kindred dwell, Here God, my Saviour, reigns, Here God, my Saviour, reigns. Amen.

*Written for "Songs of Zion," Feb. 23, 1914. C. E. Pollock, owner.

360 SILVER STREET. S. M.

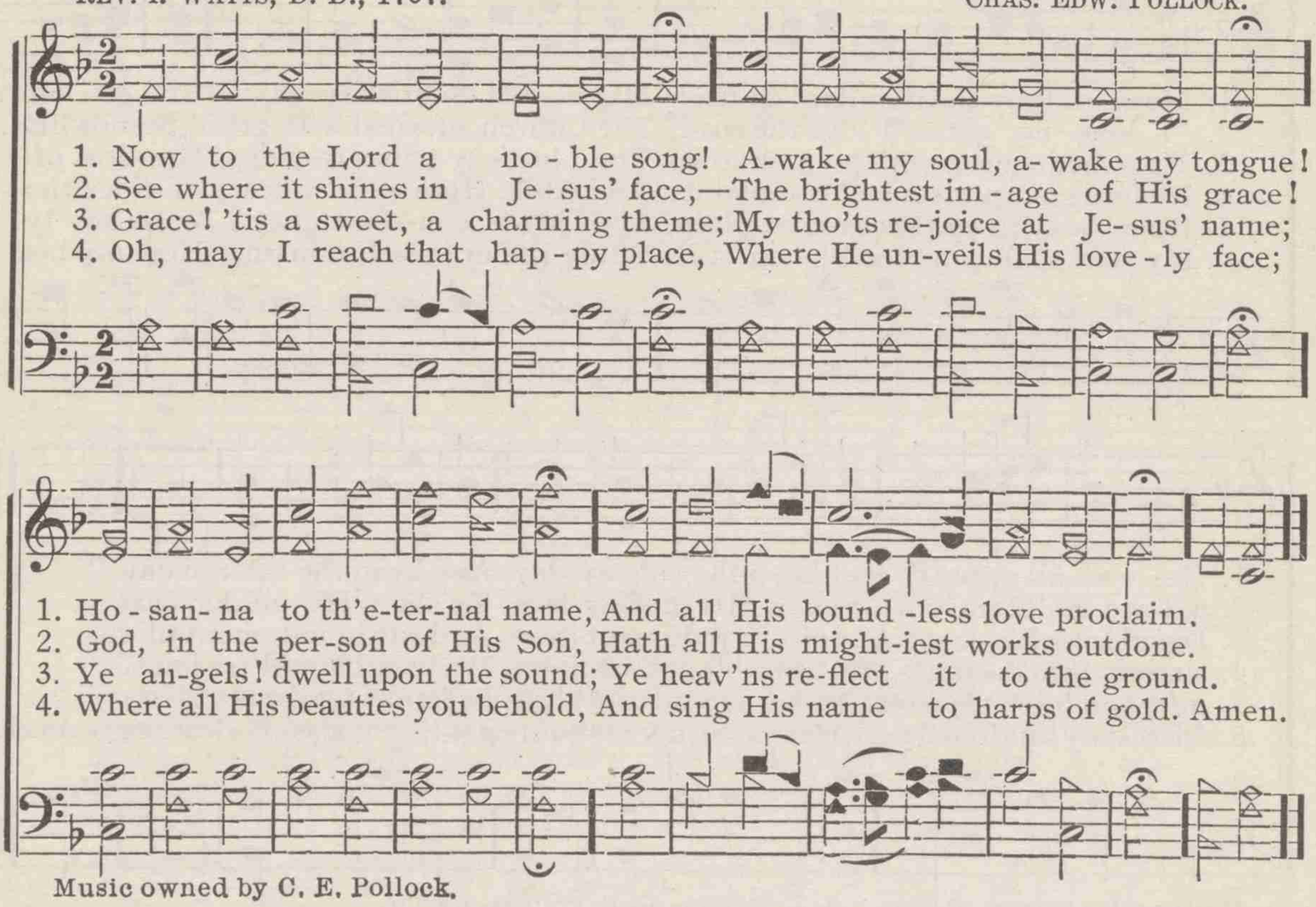
JAMES MONTGOMERY. Psalm 122. ISAAC SMITH, 1770.

1. Glad was my heart to hear My old com - pan - ions say, "Come,
2. Our will - ing feet shall stand With - in the tem - ple door, While
3. Thith - er the tribes re - pair Where all are wont to meet; And
4. Pray for Je - ru - sa - lem, The cit - y of our God; The
5. With - in these walls may peace And har - mo - ny be found; Zi-
6. For friends and breth - ren dear, Our pray'r shall nev - er cease; Oft

1. in the house of God ap - pear, And keep the sol - emn day."
2. young and old in ma - ny a band, Shall throng the sa - cred floor.
3. joy - ful in the house of pray'r, Bend at the mer - cy seat.
4. Lord from heav'n be kind to them That love the dear a - bode.
5. on, in all thy pal - a - ces, Pros - per - i - ty a - bound.
6. as they meet for wor - ship here, God send His peo - ple peace. Amen.

361 HOFFMAN. L. M.

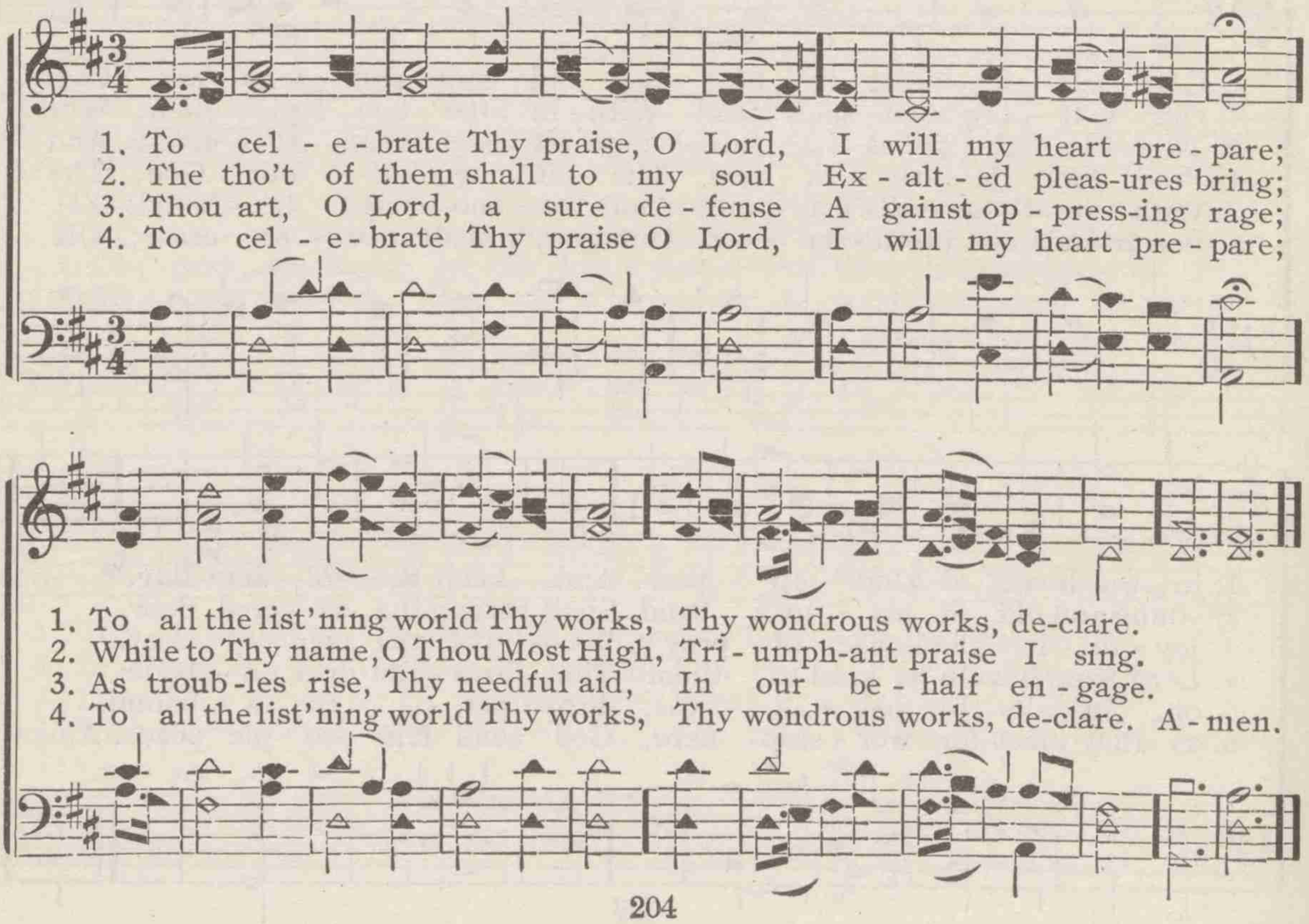
REV. I. WATTS, D. D., 1707. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

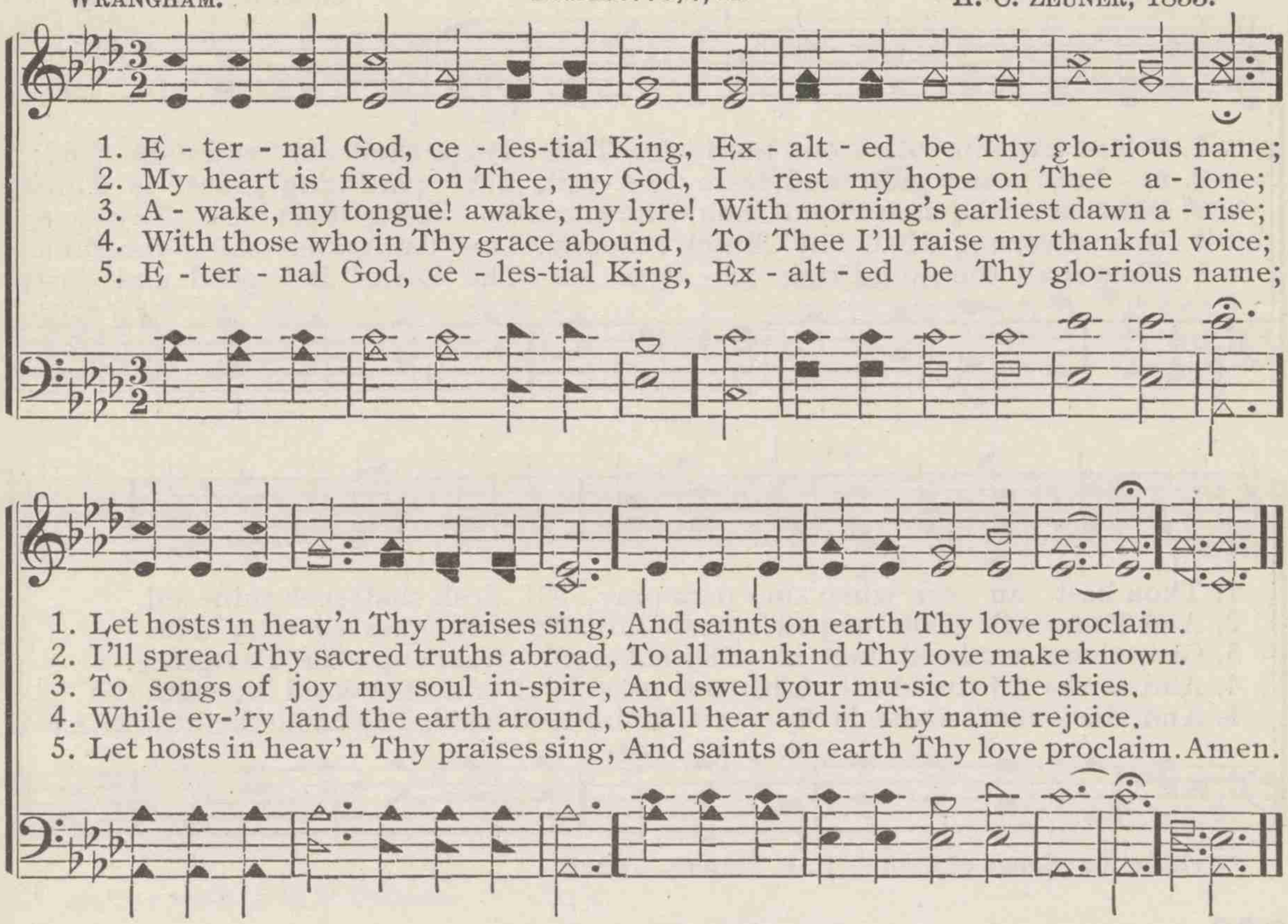
362 HOWARD. C. M.

TATE & BRADY. Psalm 9: 1, 2, 9. ELIZABETH CUTHBERT, 1814.



363 MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.

WRANGHAM. Psalm 57: 5, 7, 11. H. C. ZEUNER, 1833.



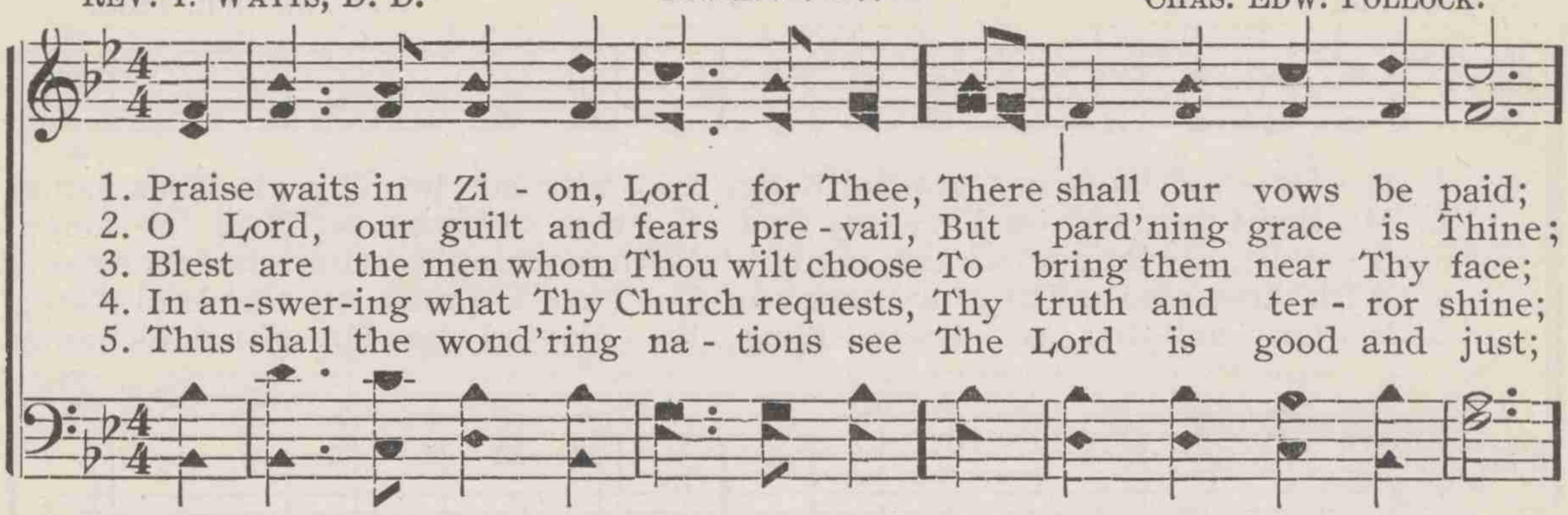
364 COGSWELL. S. M.

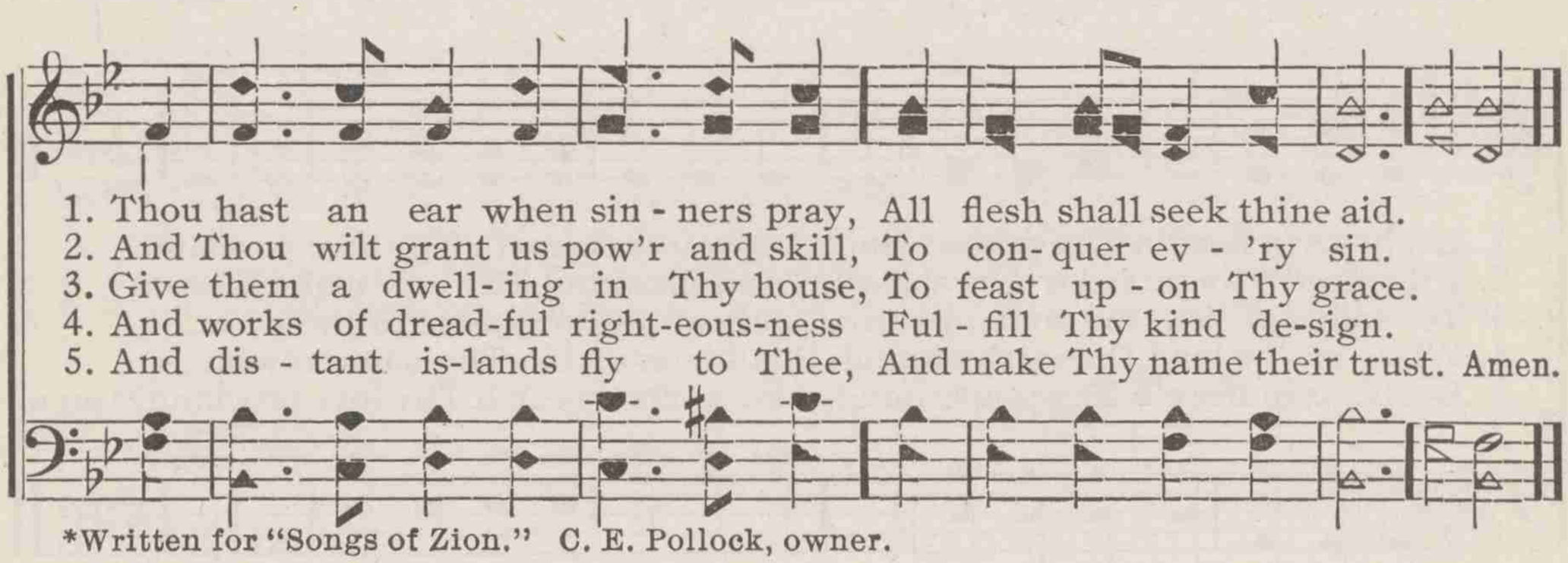
JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1824. ALDINE S. KIEFFER.



365 FISCHER. C. M.*

REV. I. WATTS, D. D. Psalm 65: 1-7. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



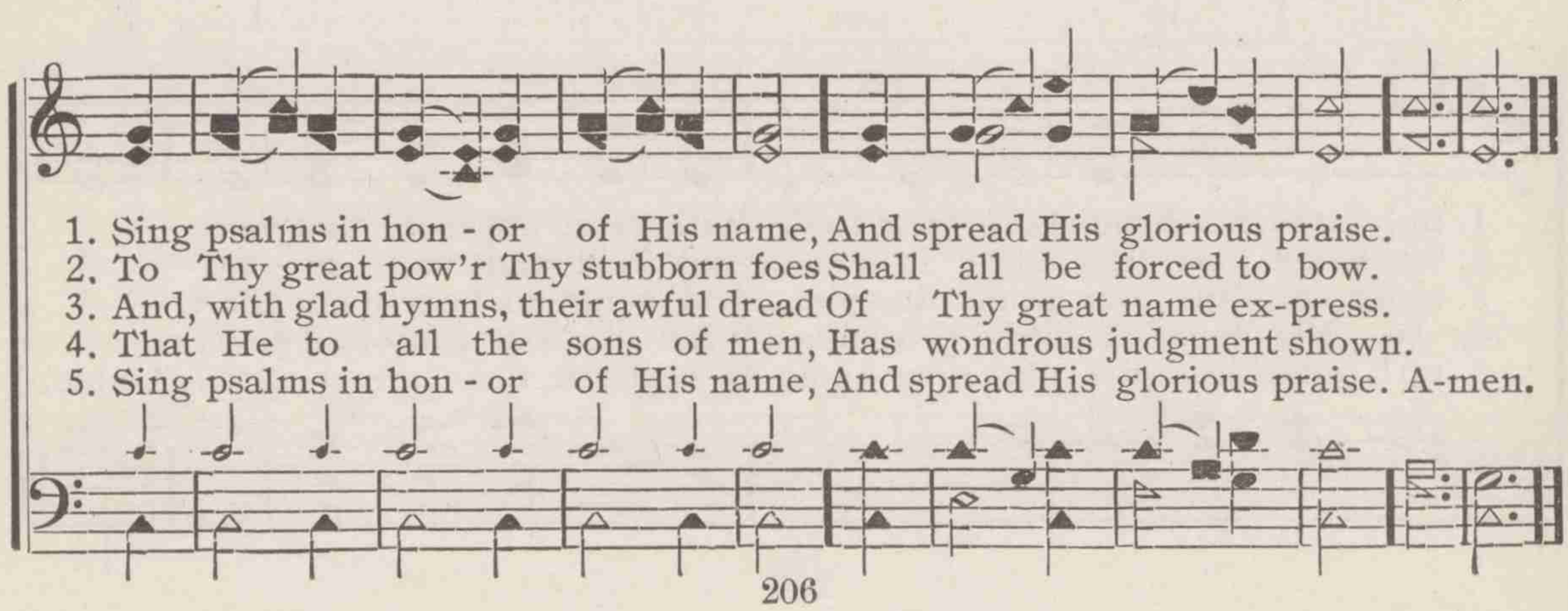


*Written for "Songs of Zion." C. E. Pollock, owner.

366 CHIMES. C. M.

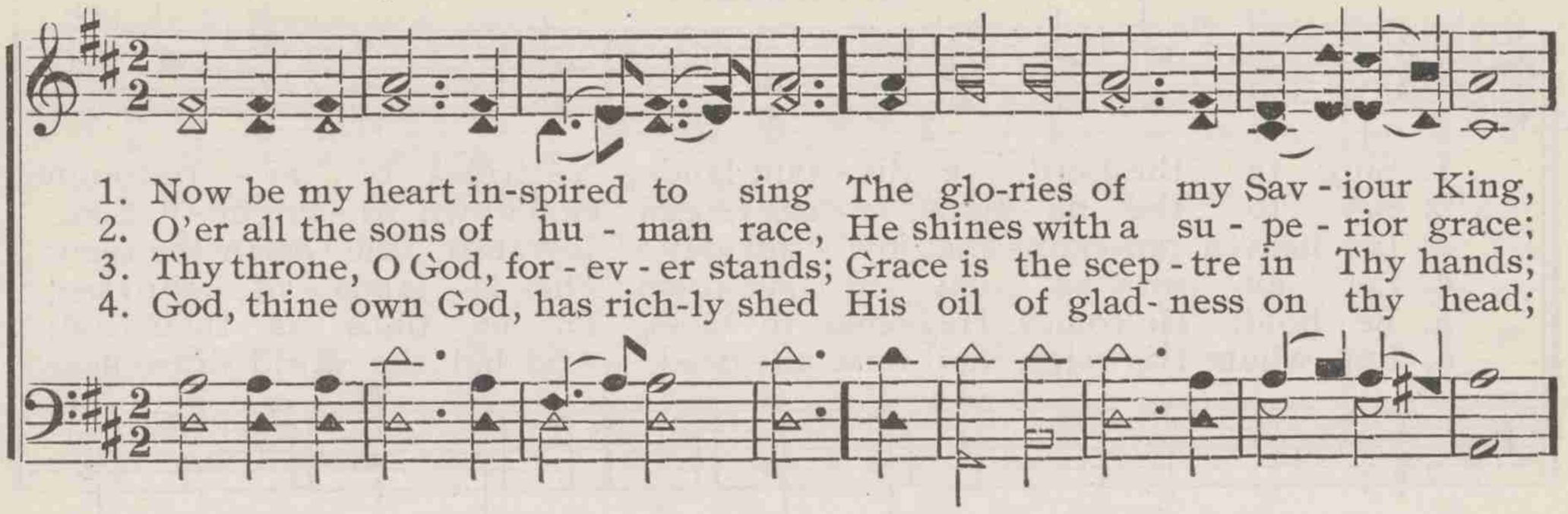
TATE & BRADY. Psalm 66: 1-5. LOWELL MASON, 1841.





367 RICHMOND HILL. L. M.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, D. D. Psalm 45 : 1, 2, 6, 7. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

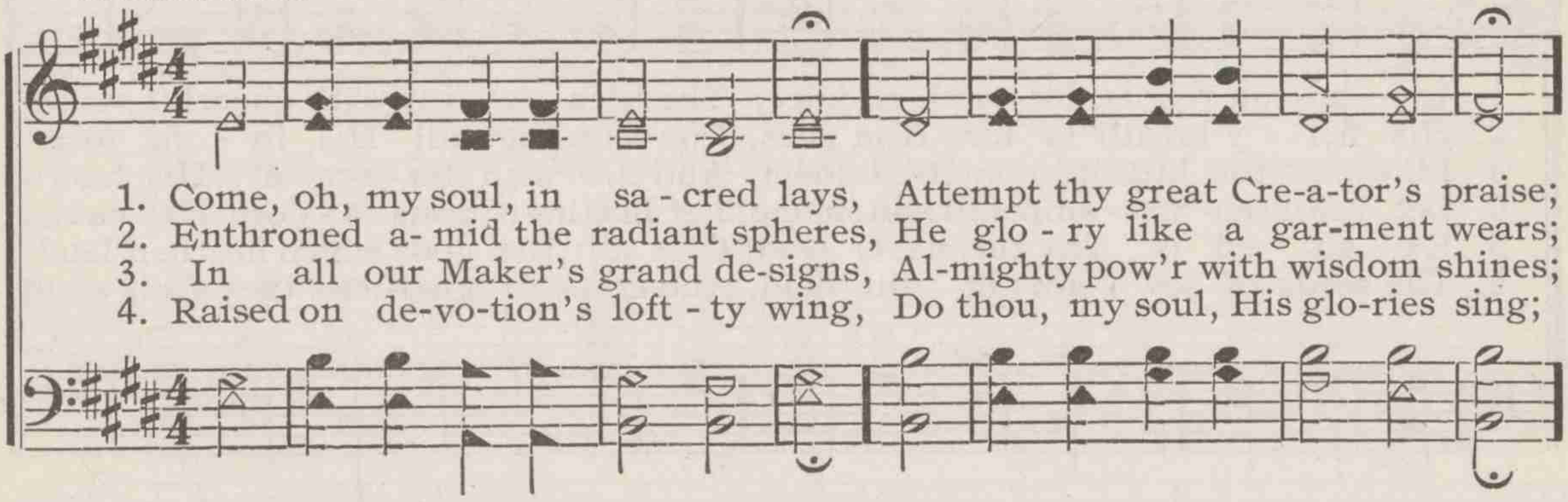


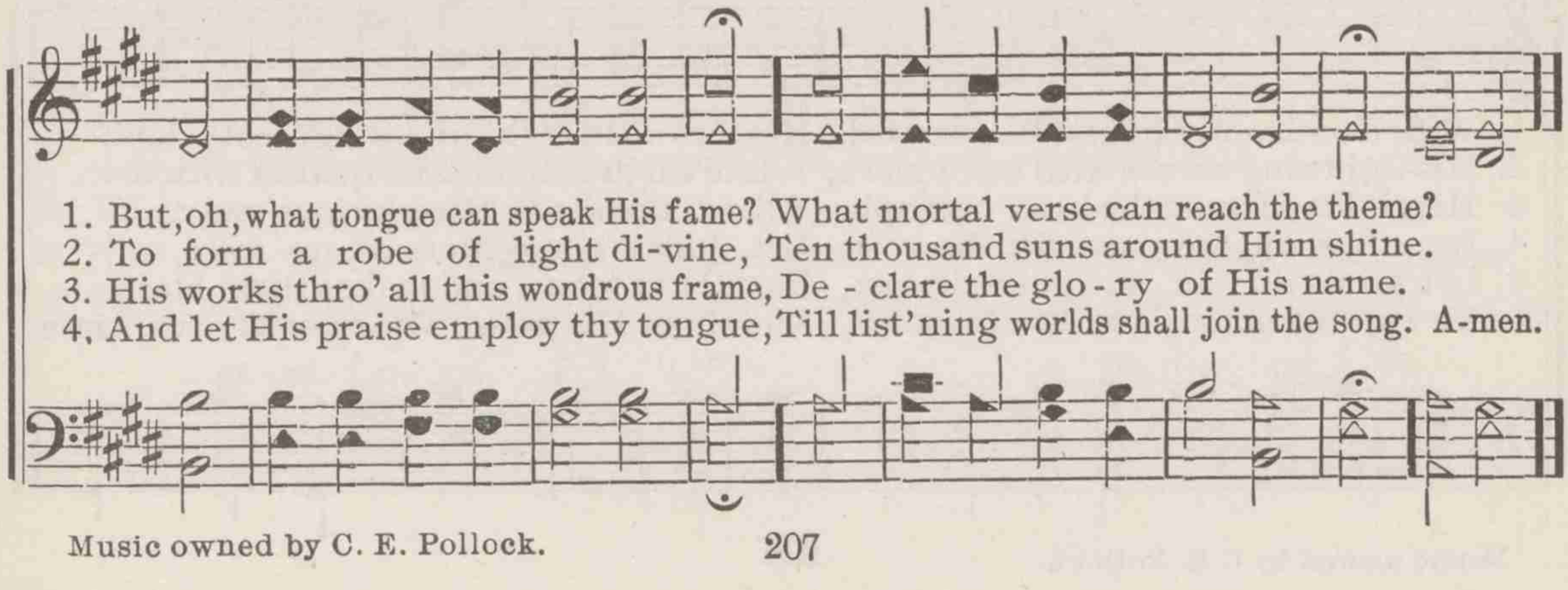


Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

368 LEISTER. L. M.

F. BLACKLOCK. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

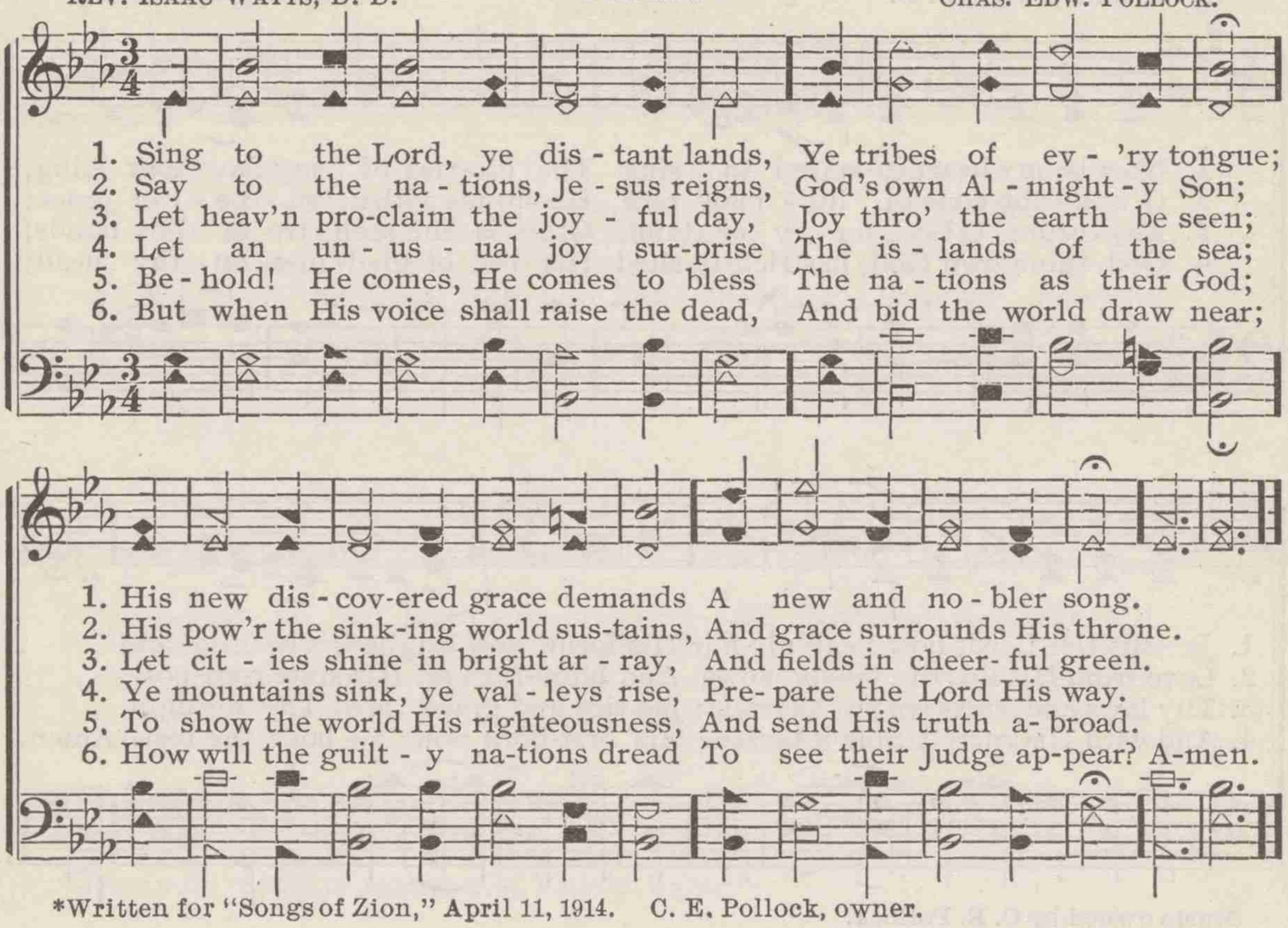




Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

369 LATHBURY. C. M.*

REV. ISAAC WATTS, D. D. Psalm 96. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



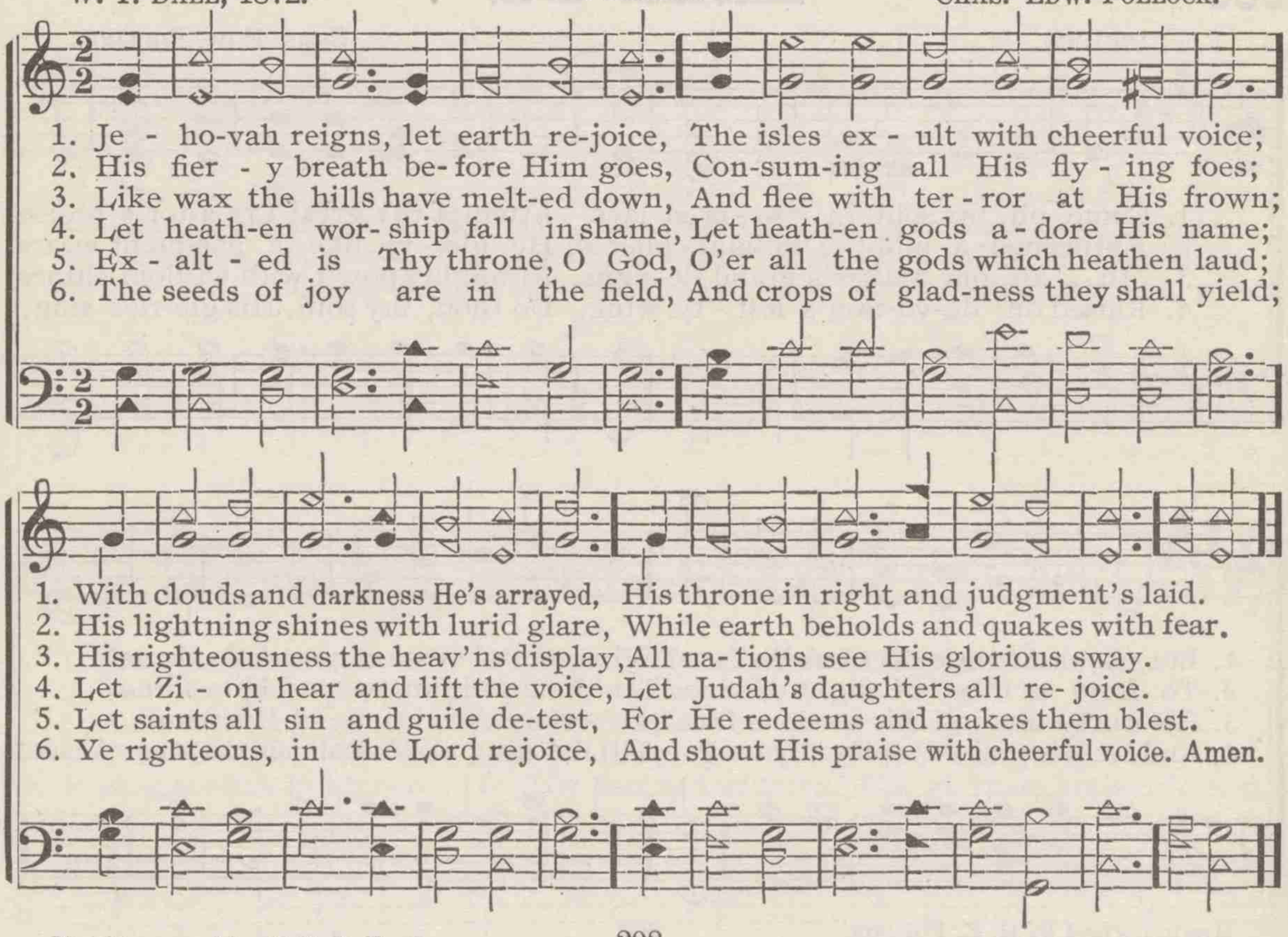
1. Sing to the Lord, ye dis - tant lands, Ye tribes of ev - 'ry tongue;
2. Say to the na - tions, Je - sus reigns, God's own Al - might - y Son;
3. Let heav'n pro-claim the joy - ful day, Joy thro' the earth be seen;
4. Let an un - us - ual joy sur-prise The is - lands of the sea;
5. Be - hold! He comes, He comes to bless The na - tions as their God;
6. But when His voice shall raise the dead, And bid the world draw near;

1. His new dis - cov-ered grace demands A new and no - bler song.
2. His pow'r the sink-ing world sus-tains, And grace surrounds His throne.
3. Let cit - ies shine in bright ar - ray, And fields in cheer- ful green.
4. Ye mountains sink, ye val - leys rise, Pre- pare the Lord His way.
5. To show the world His righteousness, And send His truth a- broad.
6. How will the guilt - y na-tions dread To see their Judge ap-pear? A-men.

*Written for "Songs of Zion," April 11, 1914. C. E. Pollock, owner.

370 DARLINGTON. L. M.

W. T. DALE, 1872. Psalm 97. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. Je - ho-vah reigns, let earth re-joice, The isles ex - ult with cheerful voice;
2. His fier - y breath be- fore Him goes, Con-sum-ing all His fly - ing foes;
3. Like wax the hills have melt-ed down, And flee with ter - ror at His frown;
4. Let heath-en wor- ship fall in shame, Let heath-en gods a - dore His name;
5. Ex - alt - ed is Thy throne, O God, O'er all the gods which heathen laud;
6. The seeds of joy are in the field, And crops of glad-ness they shall yield;

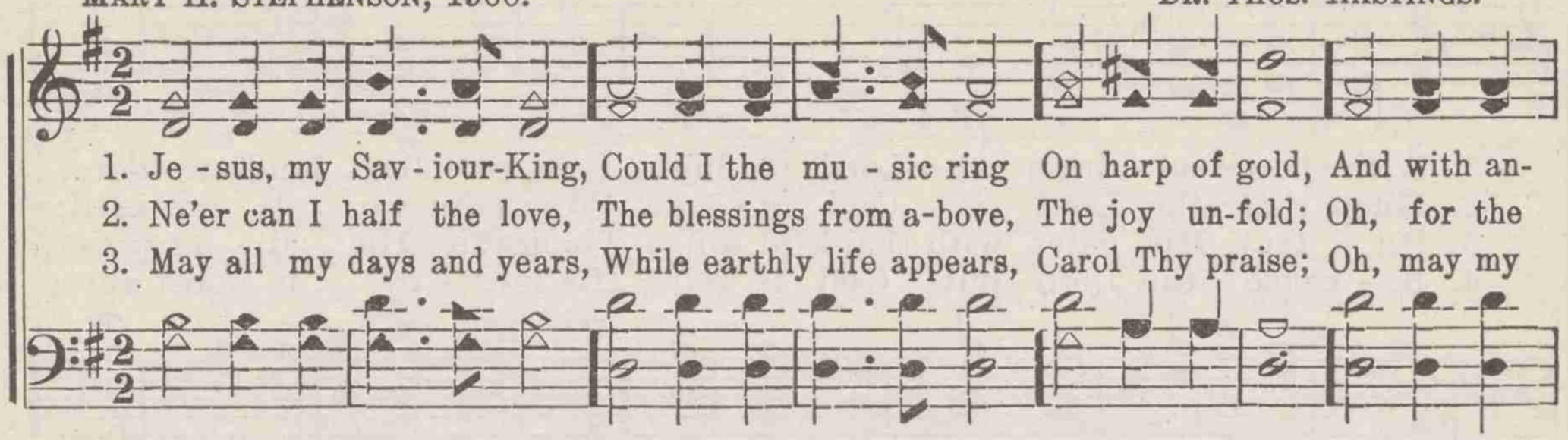
1. With clouds and darkness He's arrayed, His throne in right and judgment's laid.
2. His lightning shines with lurid glare, While earth beholds and quakes with fear.
3. His righteousness the heav'ns display, All na- tions see His glorious sway.
4. Let Zi - on hear and lift the voice, Let Judah's daughters all re- joice.
5. Let saints all sin and guile de-test, For He redeems and makes them blest.
6. Ye righteous, in the Lord rejoice, And shout His praise with cheerful voice. Amen.

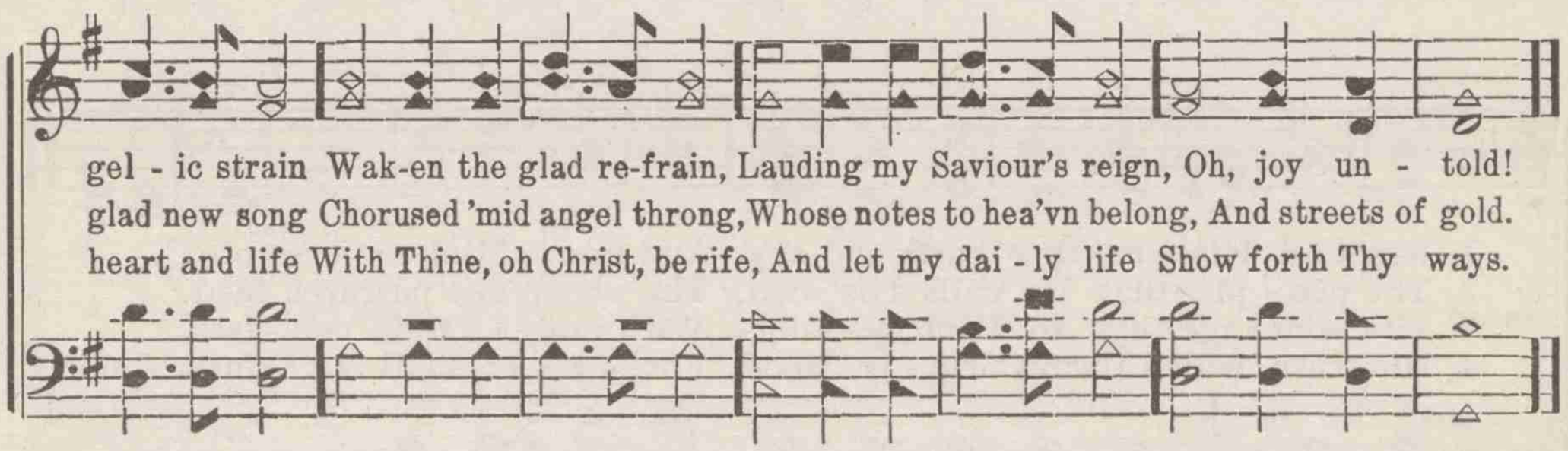
Music owned by C E. Pollock.

371 NEW HAVEN. 6s & 4s.

My Saviour-King.

MARY H. STEPHENSON, 1900. DR. THOS. HASTINGS.

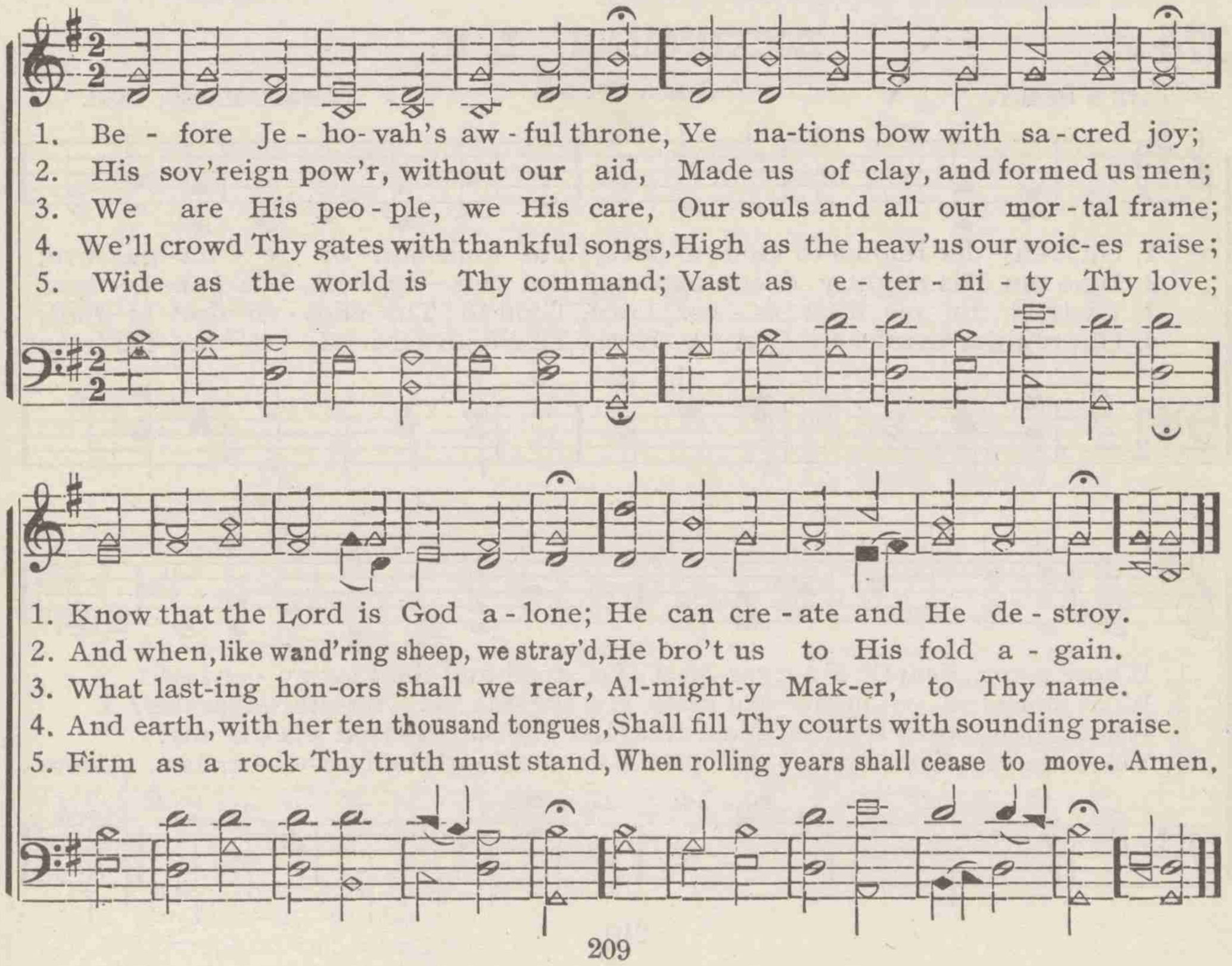




372 OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

Psalm 100.

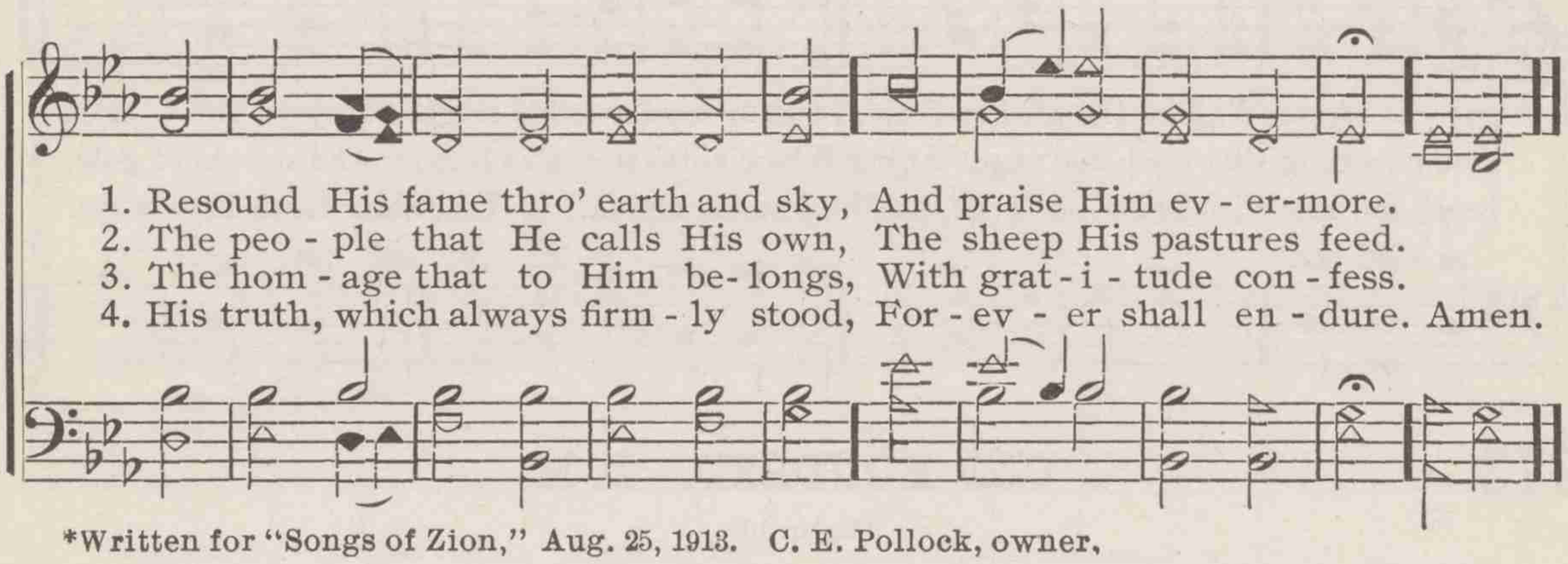
DR. I. WATTS, 1719. LOUIS BOURGEOIS, GENEVAN PSALTER, 1551.



373 MOREAU. C. M.*

W. T. DALE, 1872. Psalm 100. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



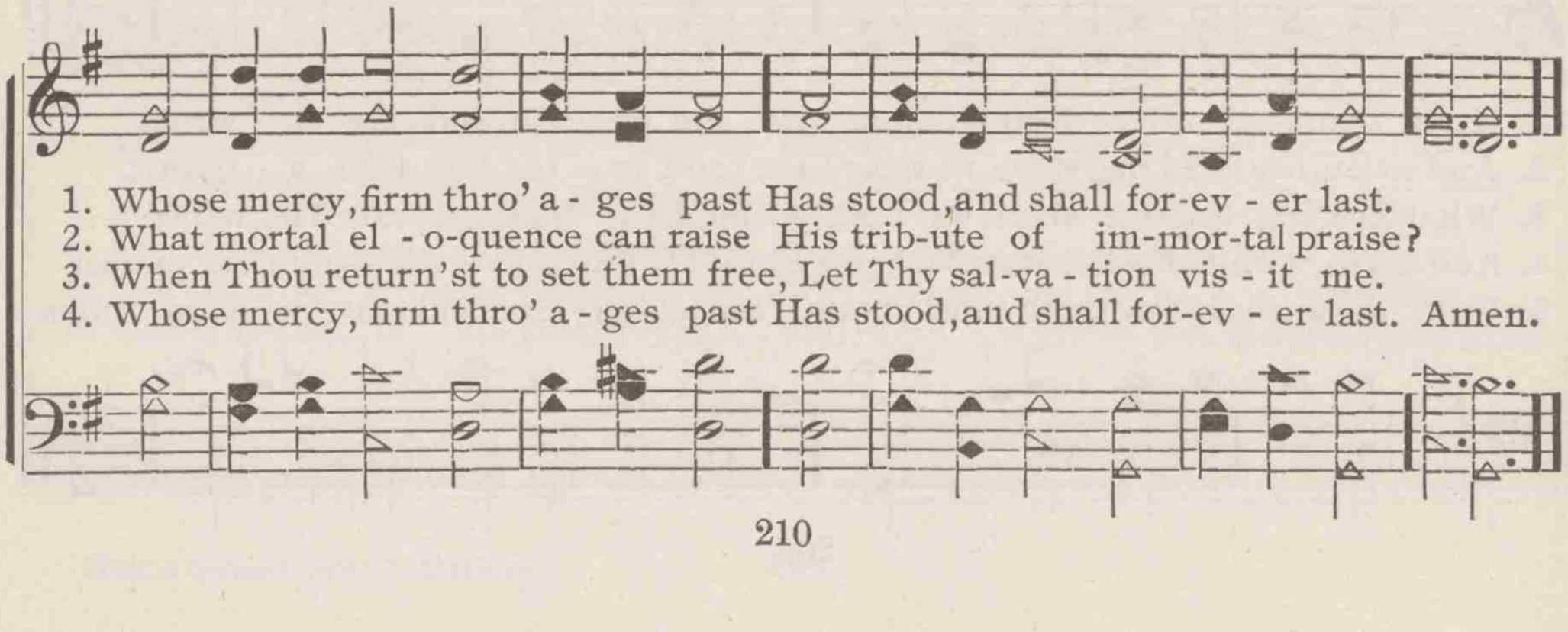


*Written for "Songs of Zion," Aug. 25, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner.

374 ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

TATE & BRADY. Psalm 106: 1-4. LOWELL MASON, 1833.





375 ELSTON. 8s & 7s.

Respectfully dedicated to the Cumberland Presbyterian Church at Elston, Mo.

J. KEMPTHORNE. Psalm 148. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Vigoroso.

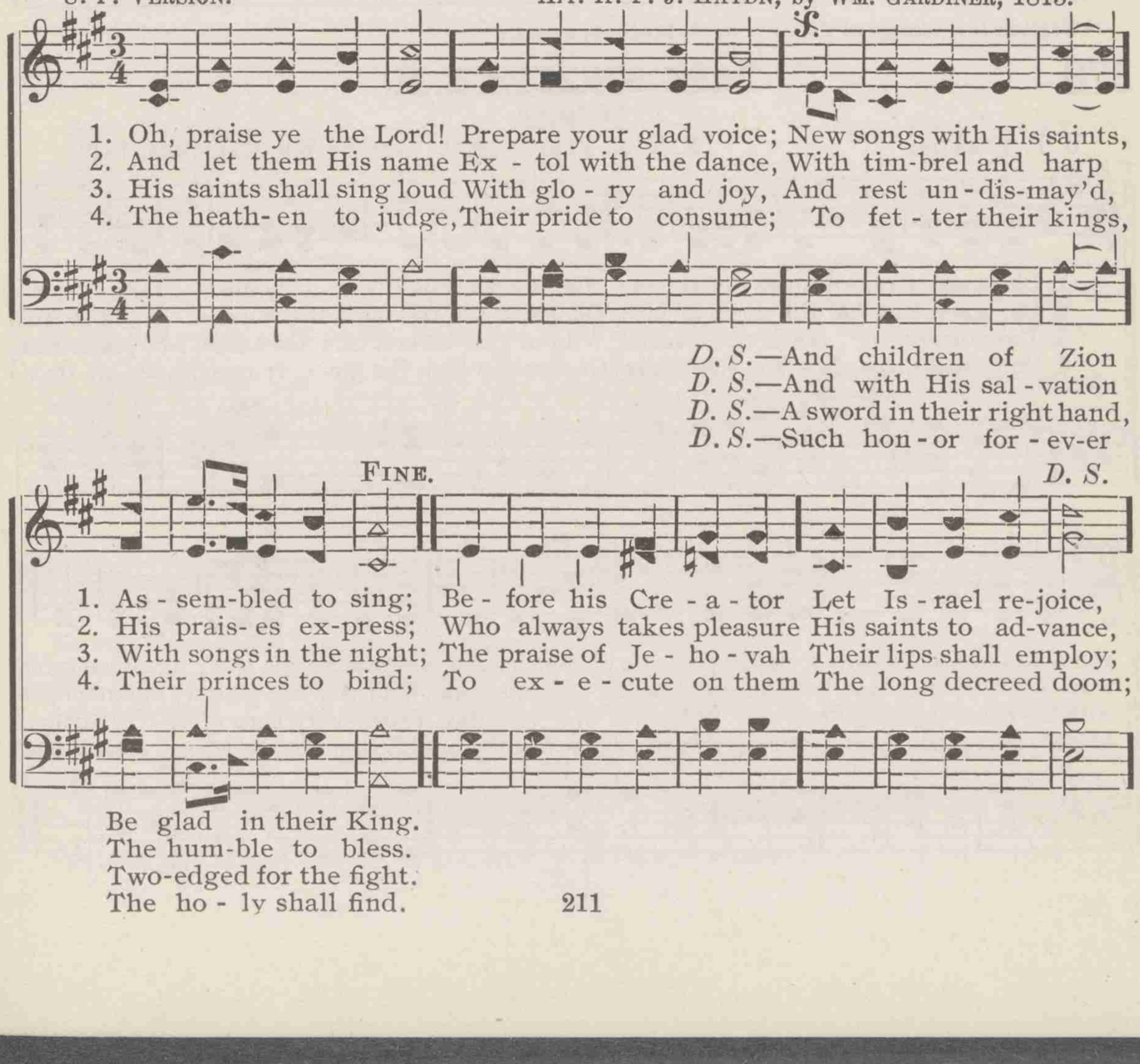


Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

376 LYONS. 5s & 6s, D.

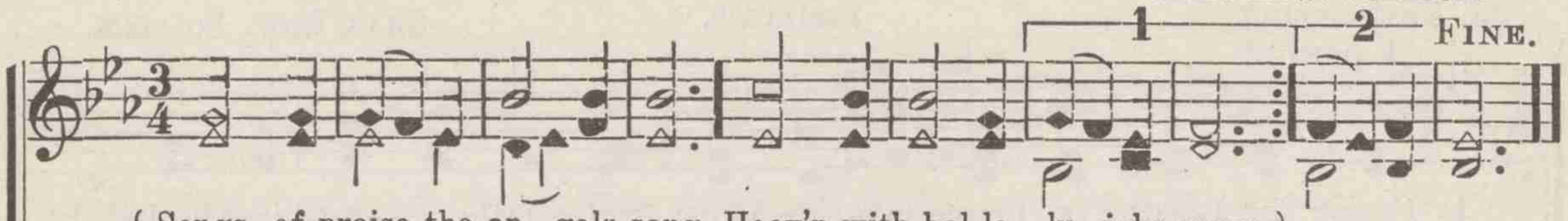
Psalm 149.

U. P. VERSION. Arr. fr. F. J. HAYDN, by WM. GARDINER, 1815.



377 BARRETT. 7s, D.*

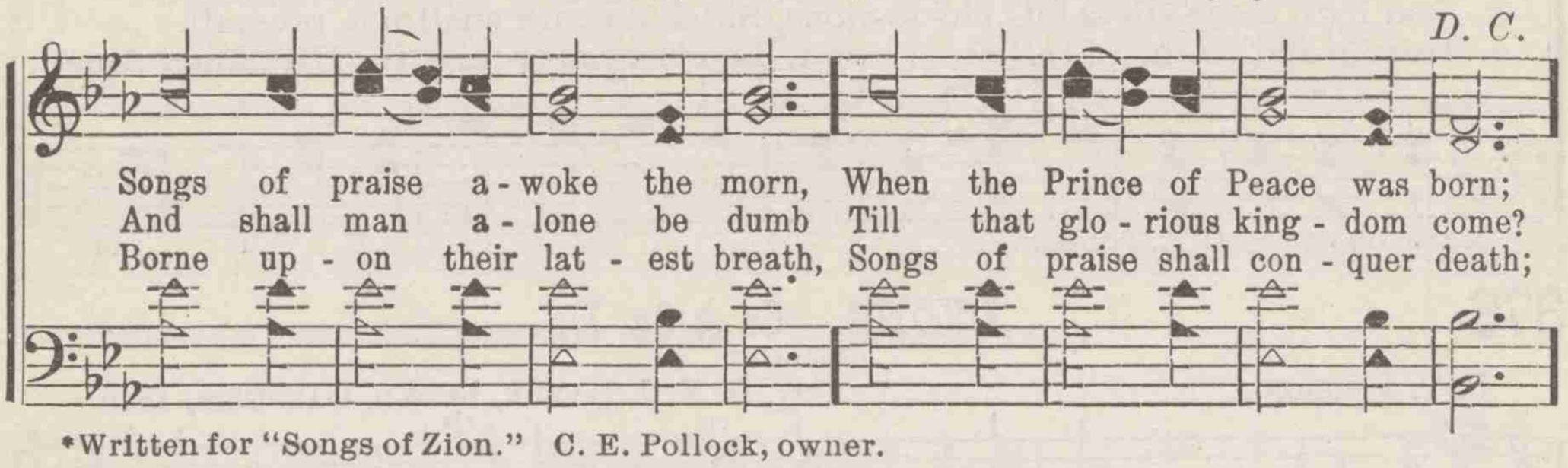
JAMES MONTGOMERY. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. { Songs of praise the an - gels sang, Heav'n with hal-le - lu - jahs rang; }
   { When Je - hovah's work be - gun, When He spake and (*Omit.....*) } it was done.
2. { Heav'n and earth must pass away, Songs of praise shall crown that day; }
   { God will make new heavens and earth, Songs of praise shall (*Omit.....*) } hail their birth.
3. { Saints be - low, with heart and voice, Still in songs of praise re-joice, }
   { Learn - ing here by faith and love, Songs of praise to (*Omit.....*) } sing a - bove.



D.C.–Songs of praise a-rose, when He, Cap - tive led cap - tiv - i - ty.
D.C.–No; the Church de-lights to raise Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.
D.C.–Then, a - mid e - ter - nal joy, Songs of praise their pow'rs employ.



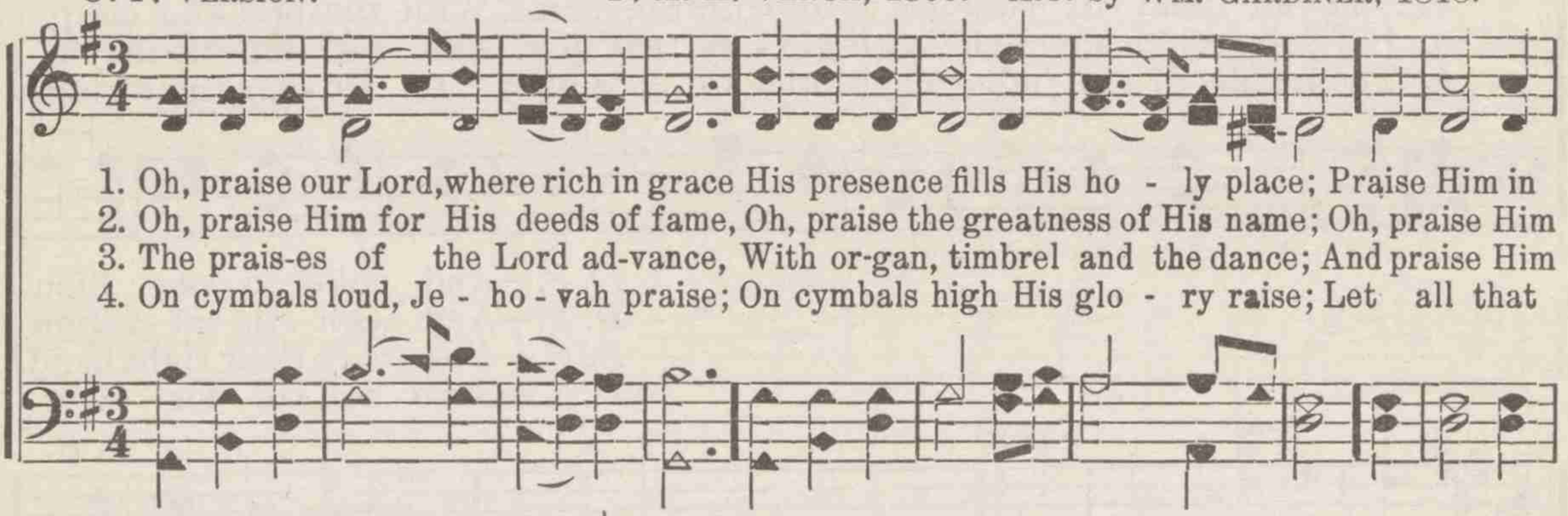
Songs of praise a - woke the morn, When the Prince of Peace was born;
And shall man a - lone be dumb Till that glo - rious king - dom come?
Borne up - on their lat - est breath, Songs of praise shall con - quer death;

*Written for "Songs of Zion." C. E. Pollock, owner.

378 PARK STREET. L. M.

Psalm 150.

U. P. VERSION. F. M. A. VENUA, 1800. Arr. by WM. GARDINER, 1815.



1. Oh, praise our Lord, where rich in grace His presence fills His ho - ly place; Praise Him in
2. Oh, praise Him for His deeds of fame, Oh, praise the greatness of His name; Oh, praise Him
3. The prais-es of the Lord ad-vance, With or-gan, timbrel and the dance; And praise Him
4. On cymbals loud, Je - ho - vah praise; On cymbals high His glo - ry raise; Let all that



yon celestial arch, Where holds His pow'r its glorious march, Where holds His pow'r its glorious march.
with the trumpet's sound, With harp and psaltery answering round, With harp and psaltery answering round.
with the notes that ring From ev - 'ry harp of ev - 'ry string, From ev-'ry harp of ev - 'ry string.
breathe with glad accord, Lift up their voice and praise the Lord, Lift up their voice and praise the Lord.



379 AZMON. C. M.

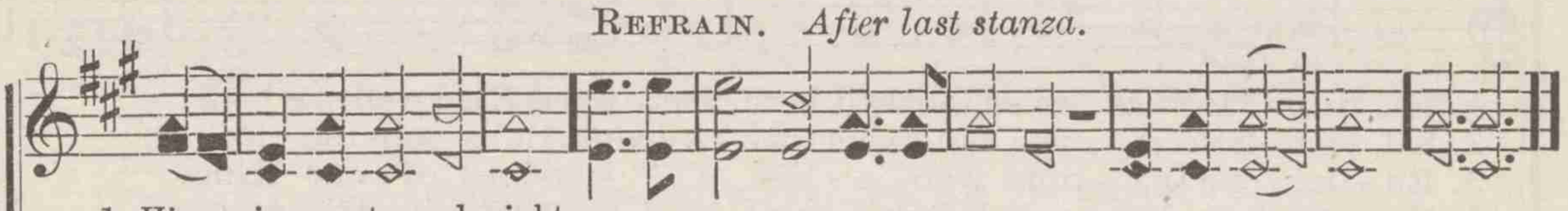
W. T. DALE, 1872. Psalm 150. CARL G. GLASER.



1. God's praise within His temple raise, Where shines His presence bright; Praise Him on high where He displays
2. Oh, praise Him for His deeds of fame, His mighty acts re-cord; Oh, praise the greatness of His name,
3. Oh, praise Him with the trumpet's sound, With harp and lyre rejoice; While timbrels ring His praise around,
4. Praise Him on cymbals sounding lays, On cymbals sounding high; Let all that breathe the anthem raise,



REFRAIN. *After last stanza.*

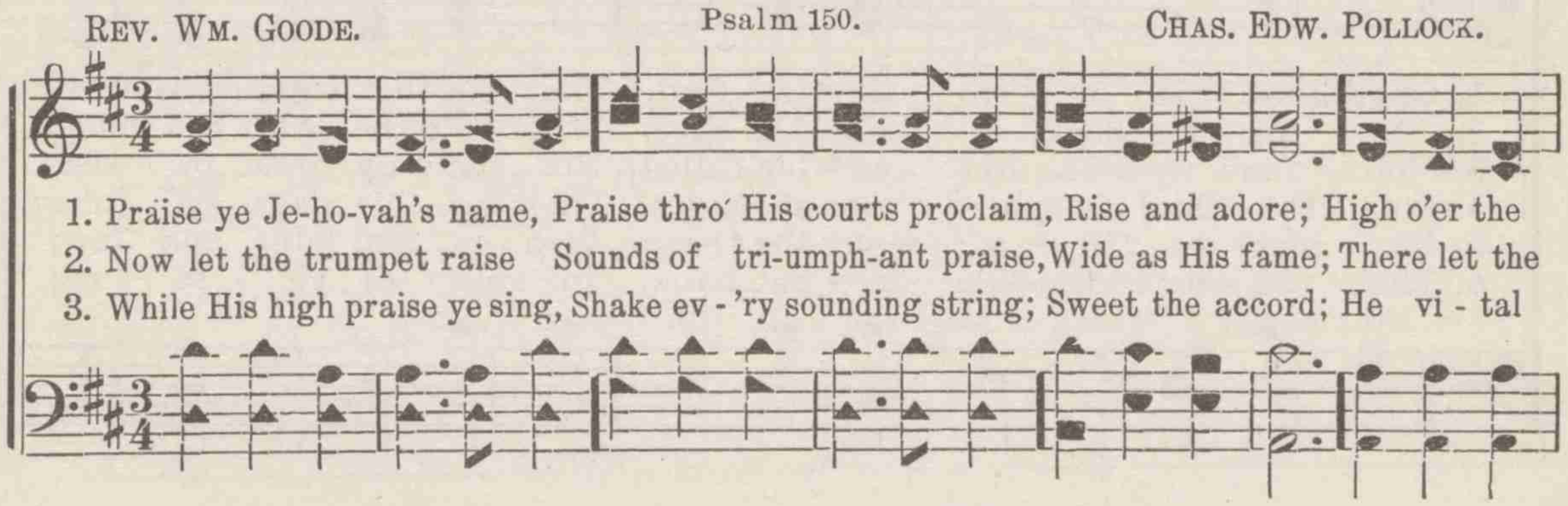


1. His maj - es - ty and might.
2. With joy and sweet accord. Hal-le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.
3. With organs lift the voice.
4. And praise the Lord Most High.



380 PAYSON. 6s & 4s.*

REV. WM. GOODE. Psalm 150. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

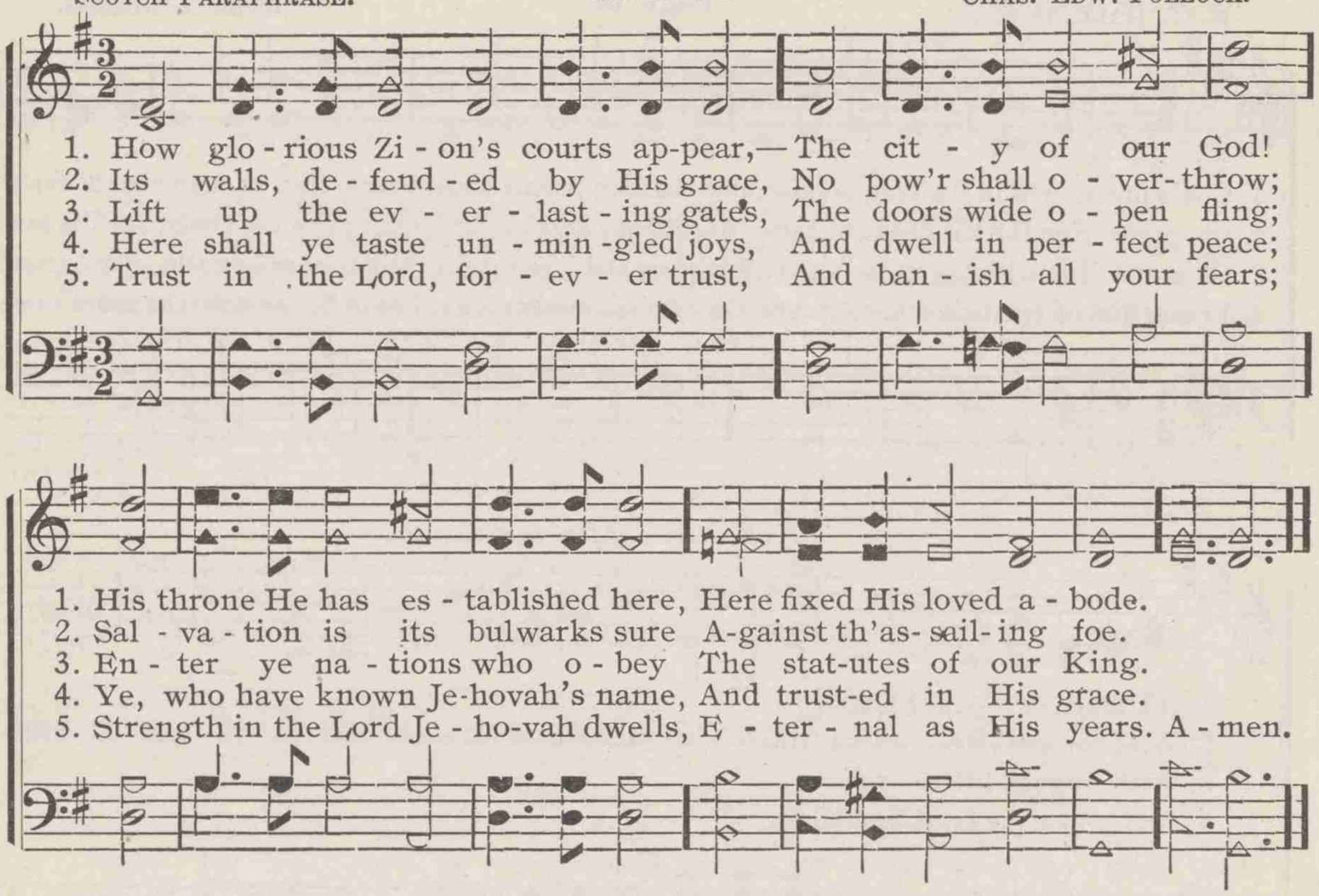


1. Praise ye Je-ho-vah's name, Praise thro' His courts proclaim, Rise and adore; High o'er the heavens above, Sound His great acts of love, While His rich grace we prove, Vast as His pow'r.
2. Now let the trumpet raise Sounds of tri-umph-ant praise, Wide as His fame; There let the harp be found, Organs with solemn sound, Roll your deep notes around, Filled with His name.
3. While His high praise ye sing, Shake ev - 'ry sounding string; Sweet the accord; He vi - tal breath bestows, Let ev-'ry breath that flows His noblest fame disclose, Praise ye the Lord. A-men.

*Written for "Songs of Zion," Feb. 6, 1914. C. E. Pollock, owner.

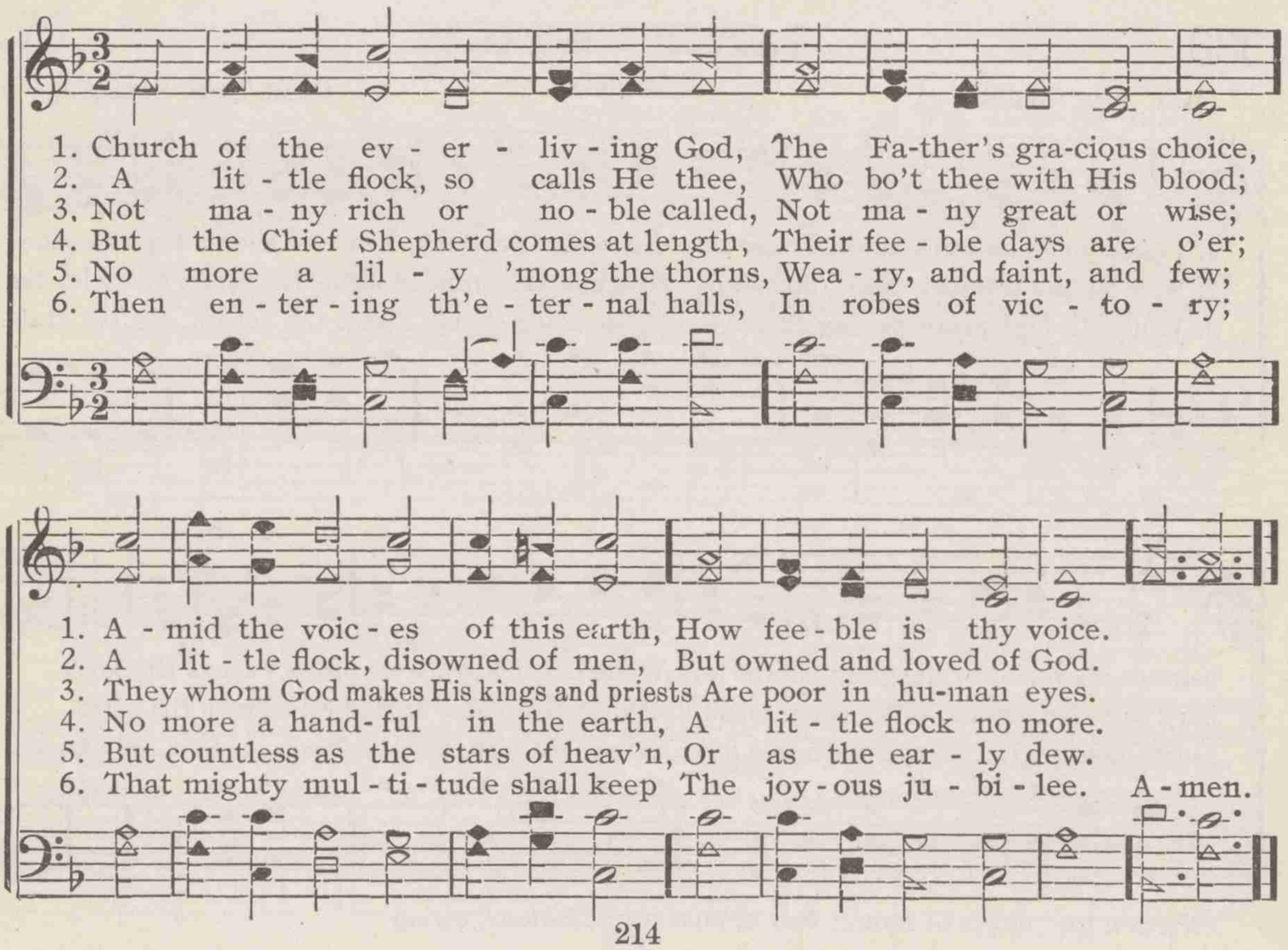
381 DONNELL. C. M.

SCOTCH PARAPHRASE. Isa. 26: 1-4. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



382 DUNDEE. C. M.

DR. H. BONAR, D. D. Luke 12: 32. G. FRANC, SCOTCH PSALTER, 1565.

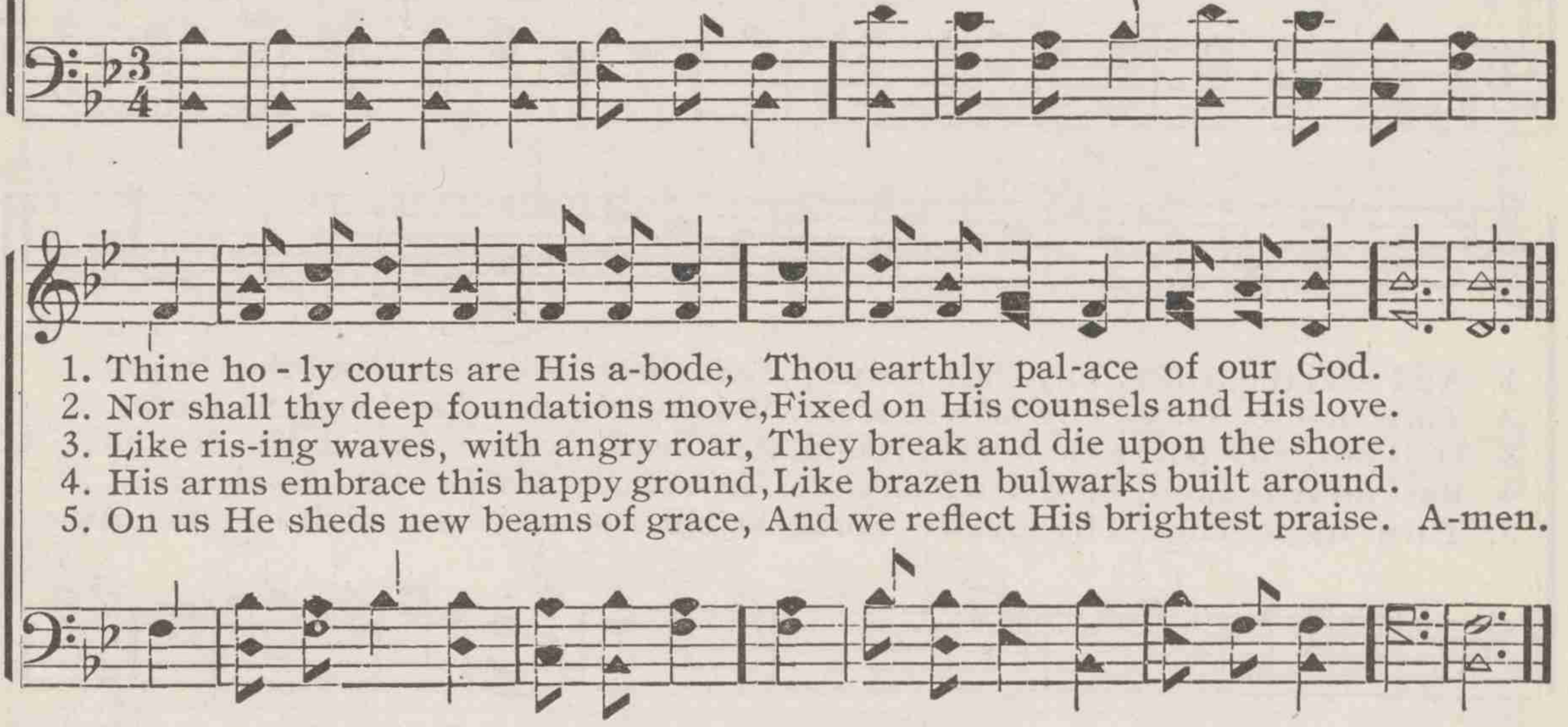


383 HEBRON. L. M.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D. The Church. LOWELL MASON, 1830.



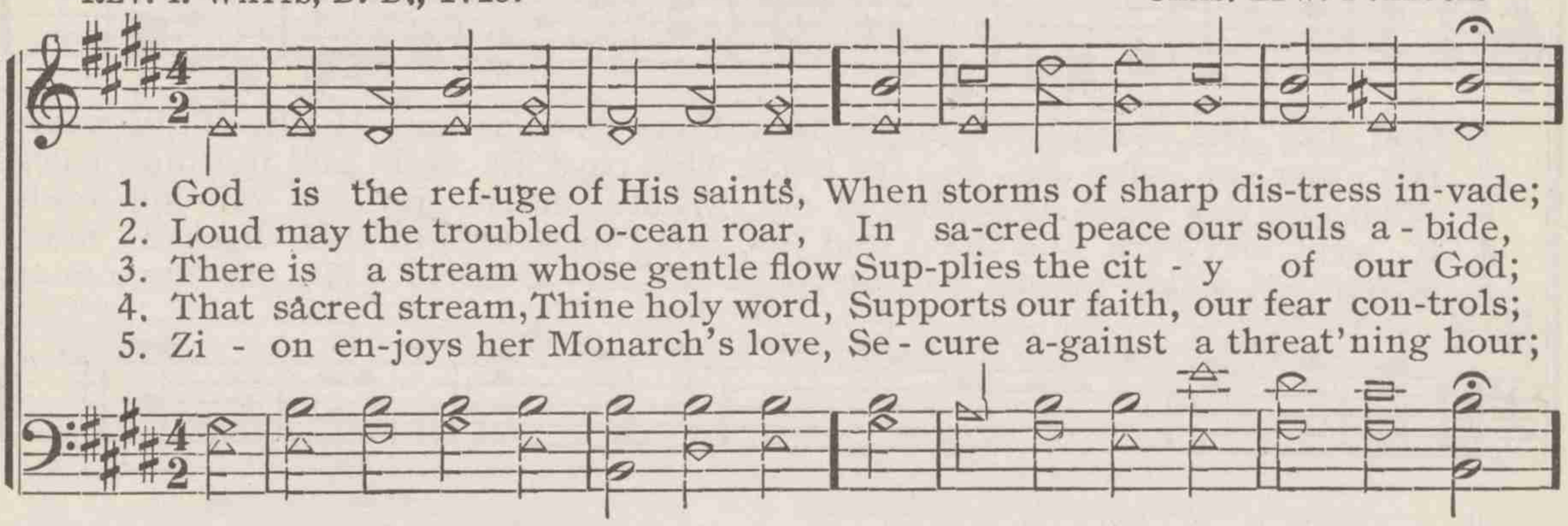
1, Hap - py the Church, thou sacred place, The seat of thy Cre - a-tor's grace;
2. Thy walls are strength, and at thy gates A guard of heav'nly warriors waits;
3. Thy foes in vain de-signs en-gage; Against Thy throne in vain they rage;
4. Then let our souls in Zi - on dwell, Nor fear the wrath of earth and hell;
5. God is our shield, and God our sun; Swift as the fleet-ing moments run,—



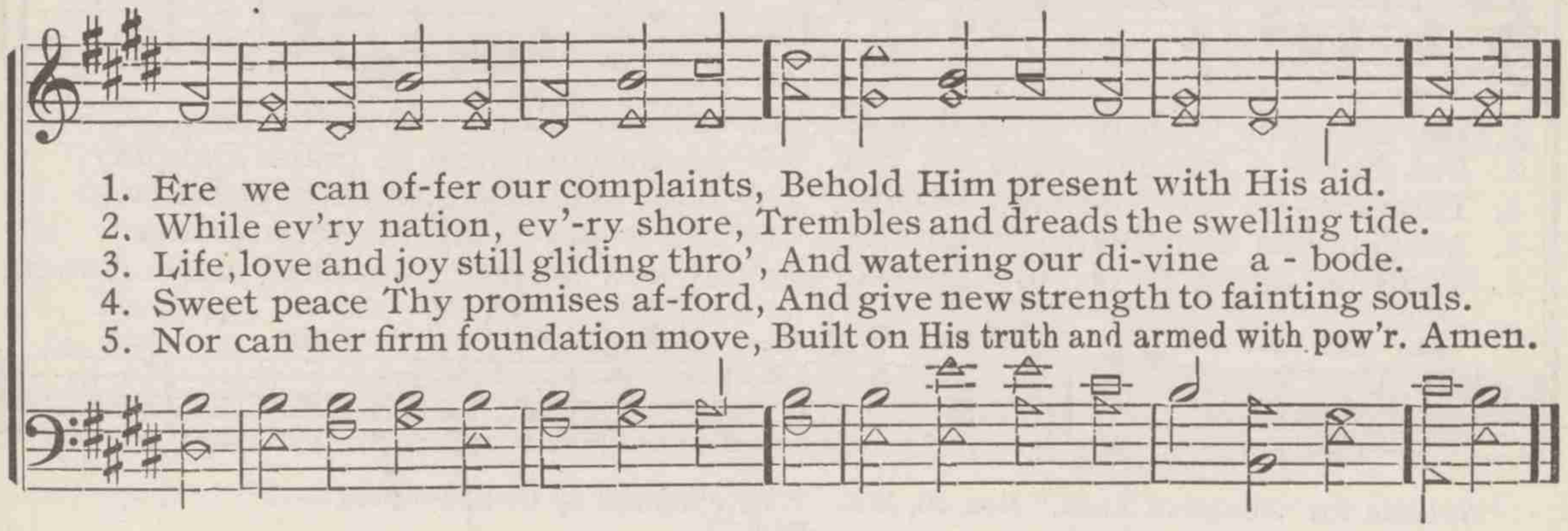
1. Thine ho - ly courts are His a-bode, Thou earthly pal-ace of our God.
2. Nor shall thy deep foundations move, Fixed on His counsels and His love.
3. Like ris-ing waves, with angry roar, They break and die upon the shore.
4. His arms embrace this happy ground, Like brazen bulwarks built around.
5. On us He sheds new beams of grace, And we reflect His brightest praise. A-men.

384 GRACE CHURCH. L. M.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D., 1719. Psalm 46: 1-7. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



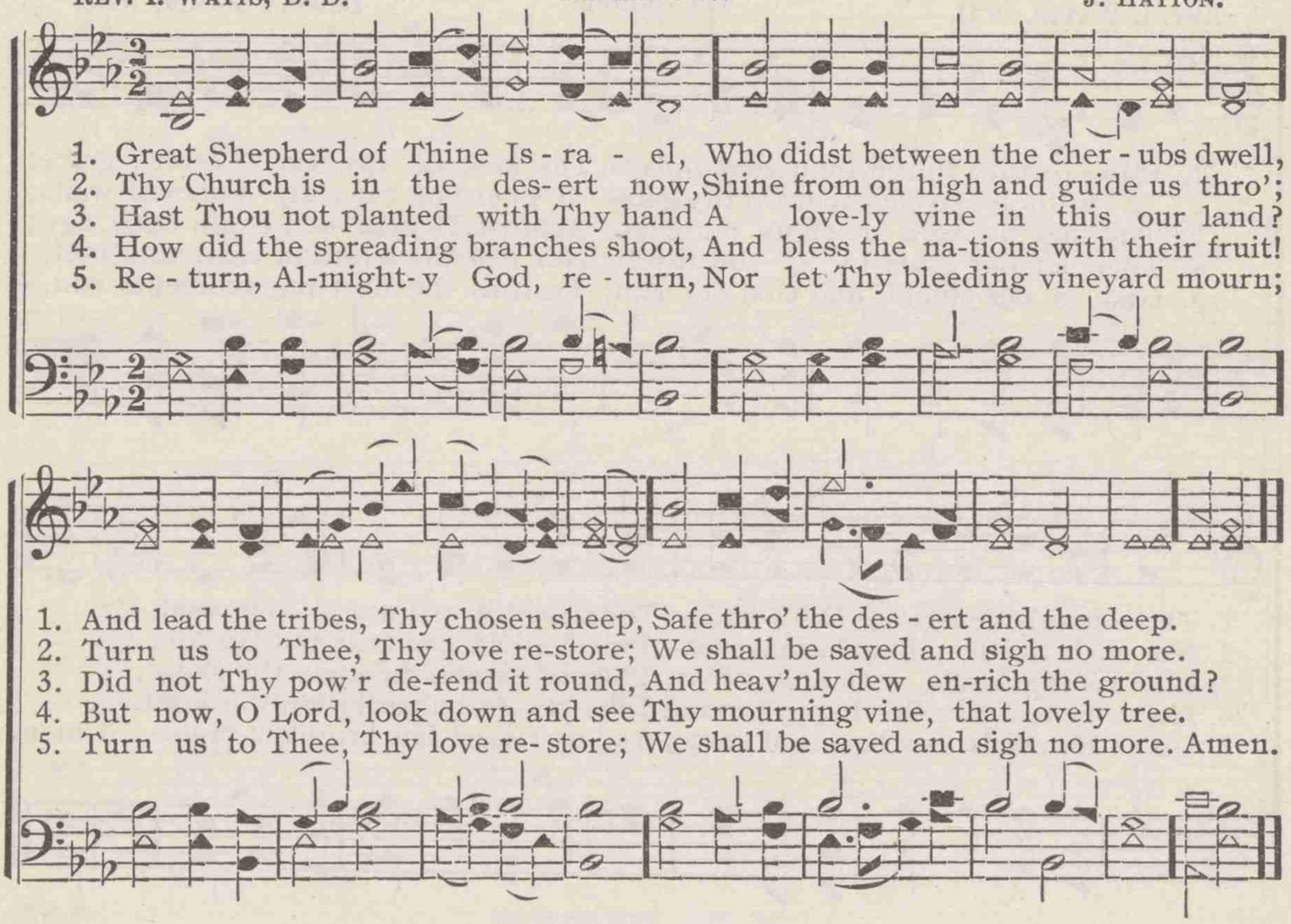
1. God is the ref-uge of His saints, When storms of sharp dis-tress in-vade;
2. Loud may the troubled o-cean roar, In sa-cred peace our souls a - bide,
3. There is a stream whose gentle flow Sup-plies the cit - y of our God;
4. That sacred stream, Thine holy word, Supports our faith, our fear con-trols;
5. Zi - on en-joys her Monarch's love, Se - cure a-gainst a threat'ning hour;



1. Ere we can of-fer our complaints, Behold Him present with His aid.
2. While ev'ry nation, ev'-ry shore, Trembles and dreads the swelling tide.
3. Life, love and joy still gliding thro', And watering our di-vine a - bode.
4. Sweet peace Thy promises af-ford, And give new strength to fainting souls.
5. Nor can her firm foundation move, Built on His truth and armed with pow'r. Amen.

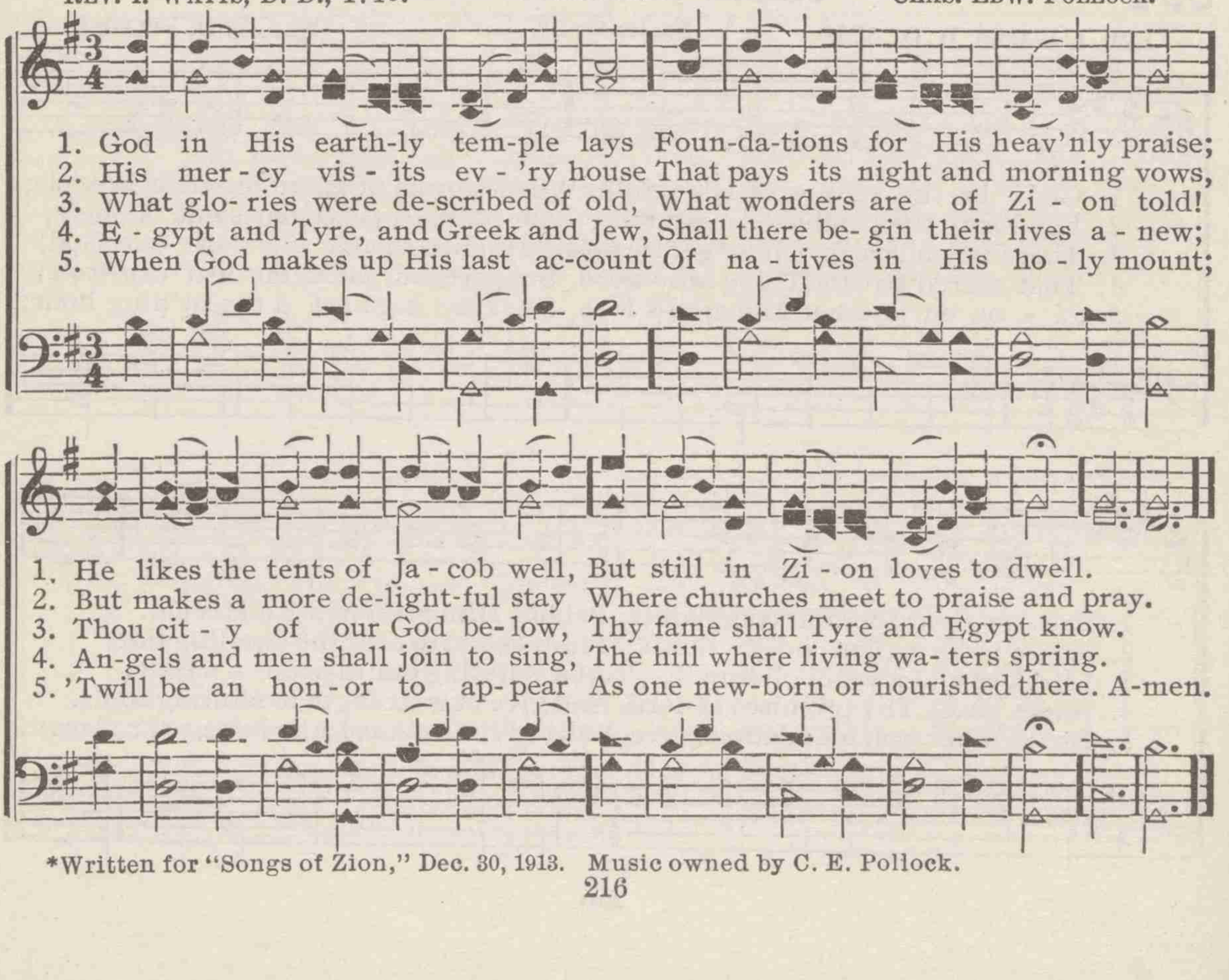
385 DUKE STREET. L. M.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D. Psalm 80: 1-7. J. HATTON.



386 GLENCLIFF. L. M.*

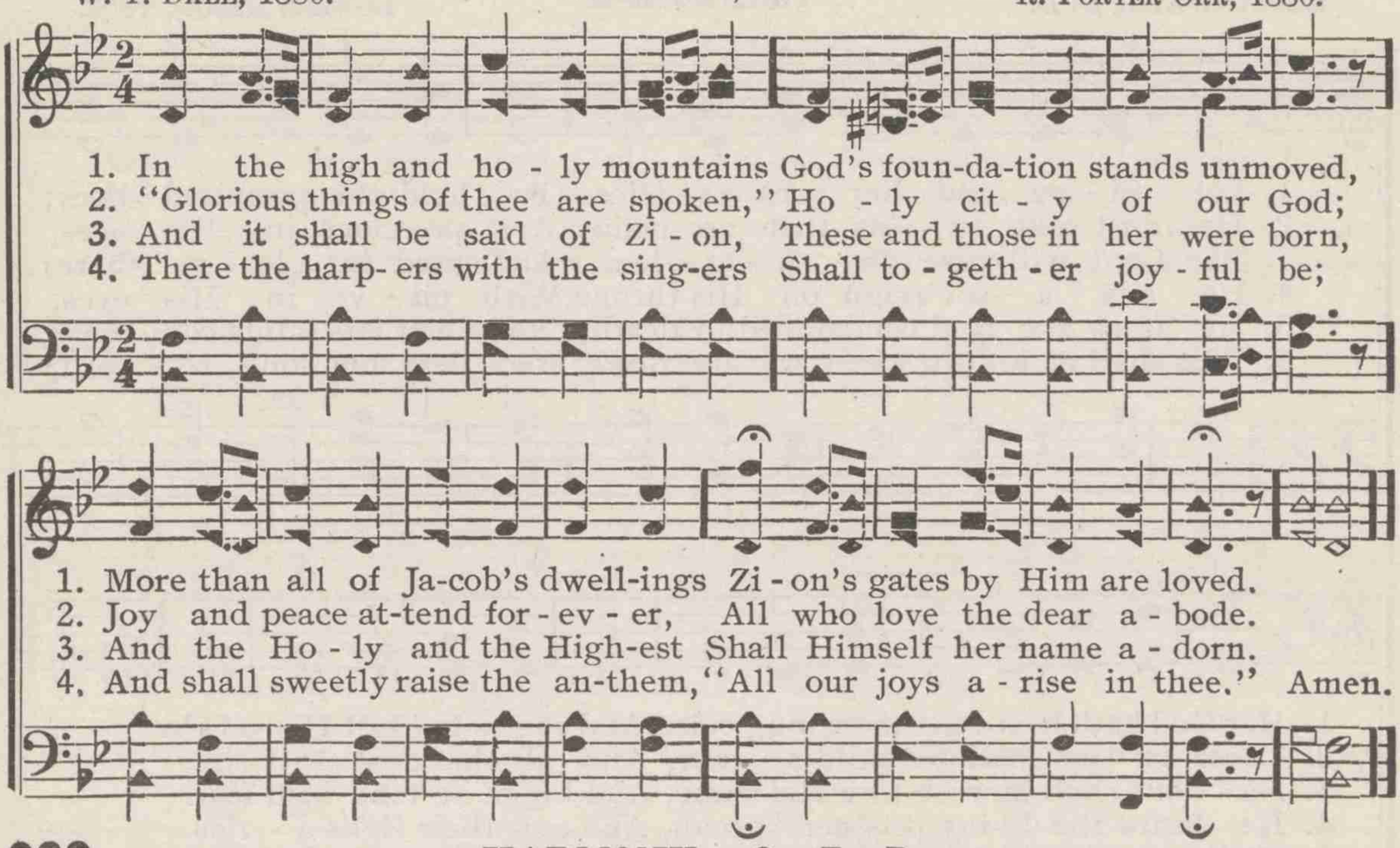
REV. I. WATTS, D. D., 1719. Psalm 87. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



*Written for "Songs of Zion," Dec. 30, 1913. Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

387 HOLY MOUNTAINS. 8s & 7s.

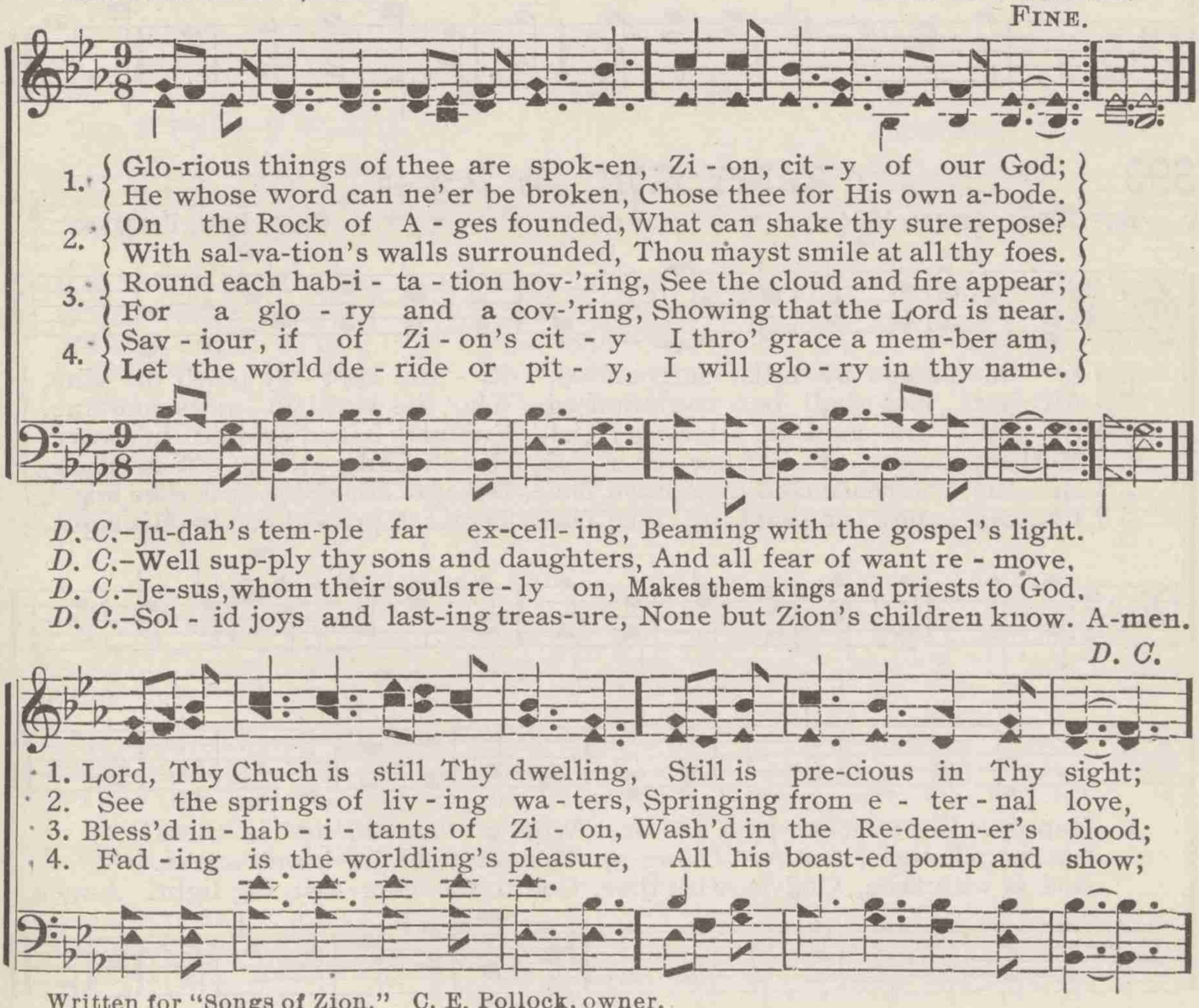
W. T. DALE, 1880. Psalm 87: 1-3, 5-7. R. PORTER ORR, 1880.



388 HARMONY. 8s, 7s, D.

REV. JOHN NEWTON, 1779. Psalm 87. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

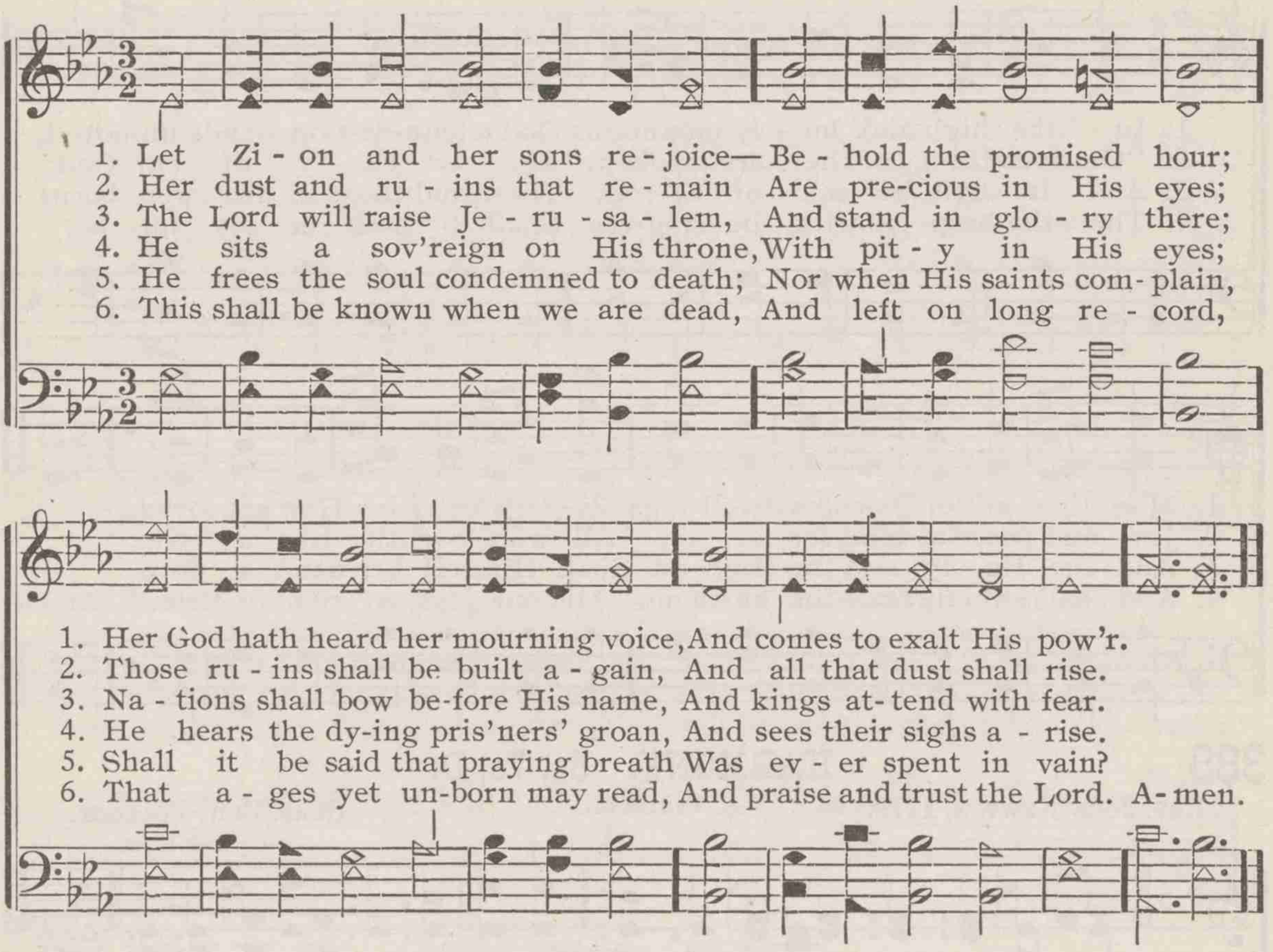
FINE.



Written for "Songs of Zion." C. E. Pollock, owner.

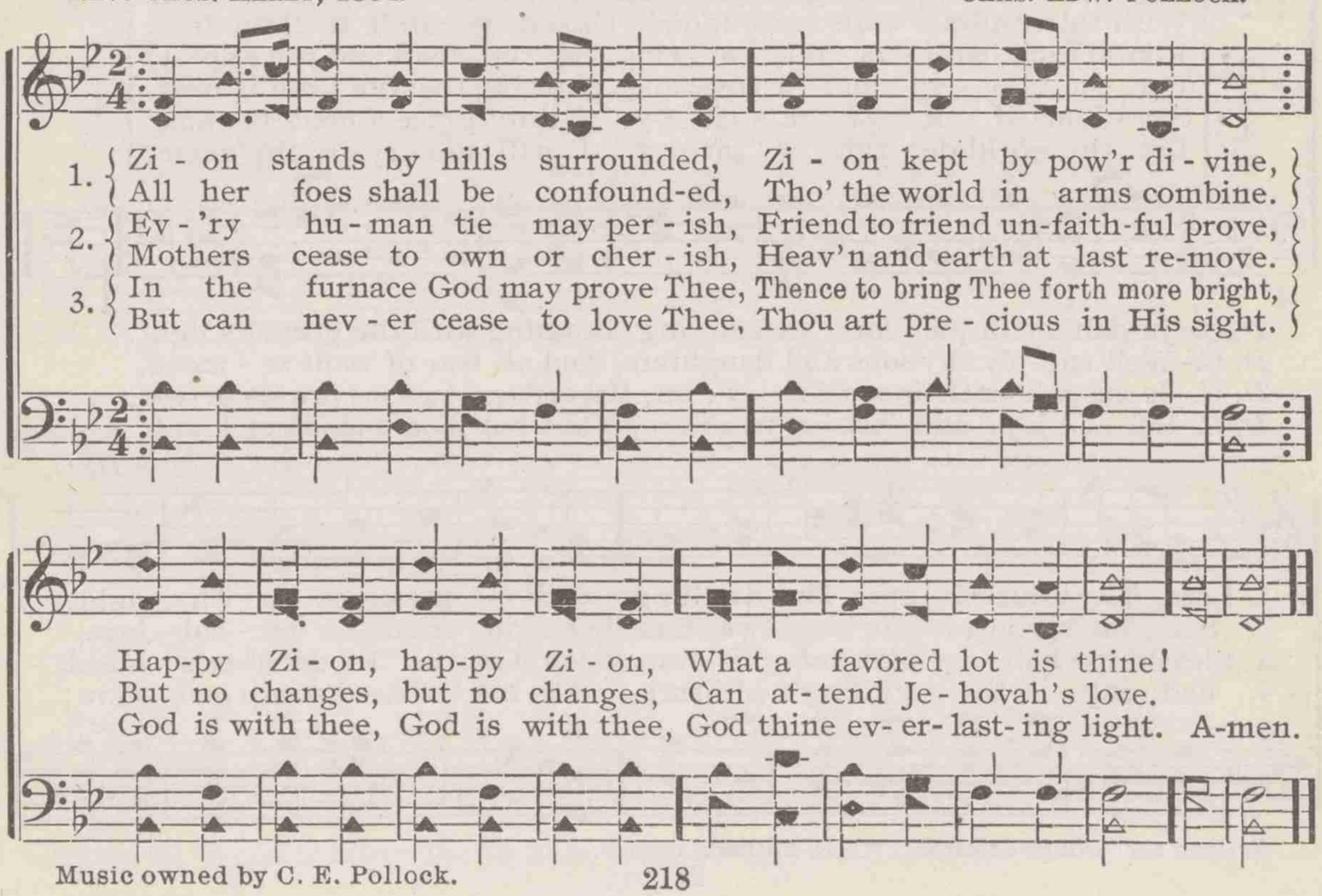
389 DOWNS. C. M.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D. Psalm 102: 13-22. LOWELL MASON, 1832.



390 HAPPY ZION. 8s, 7s & 4s.

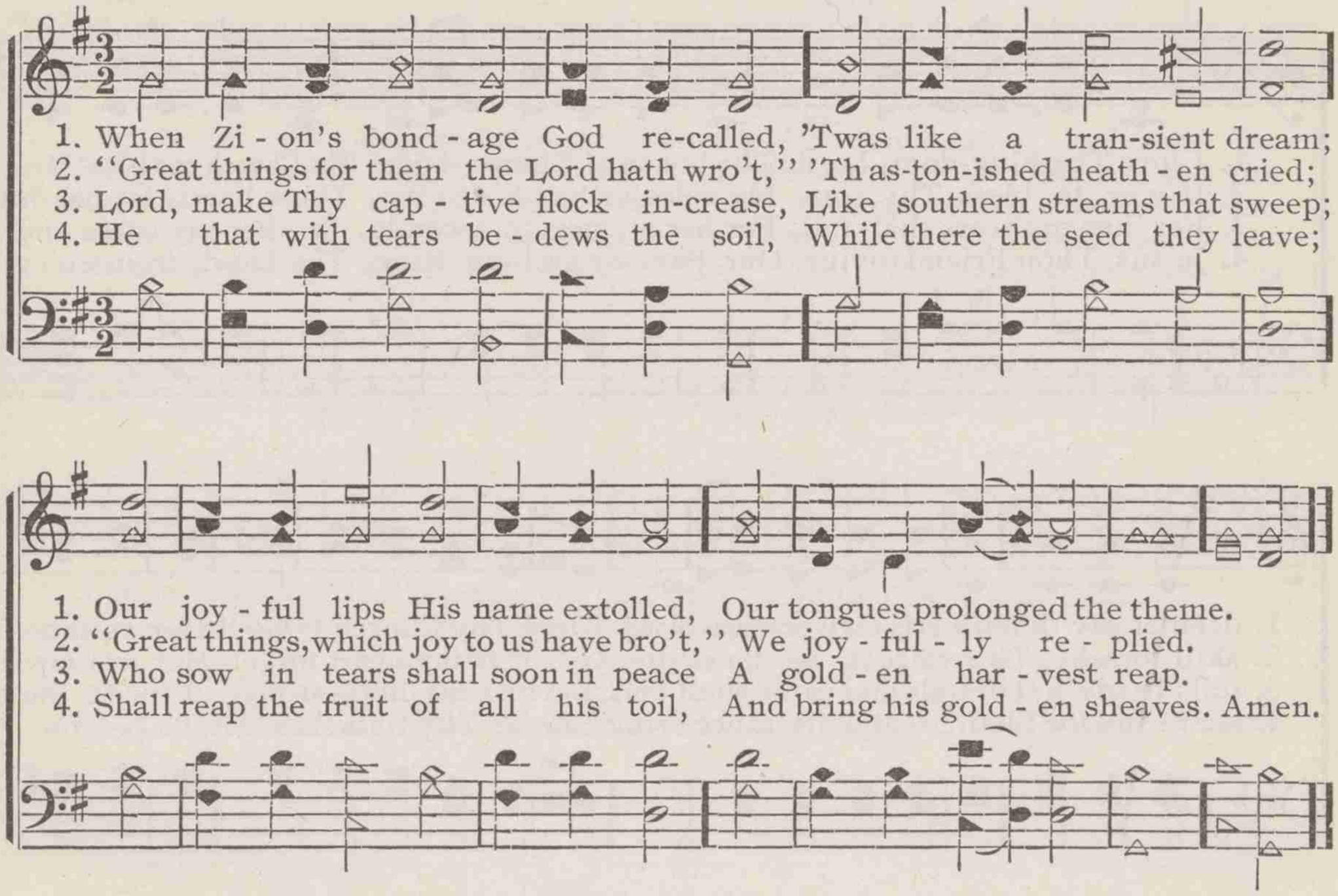
REV. THOS. KELLY, 1804. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

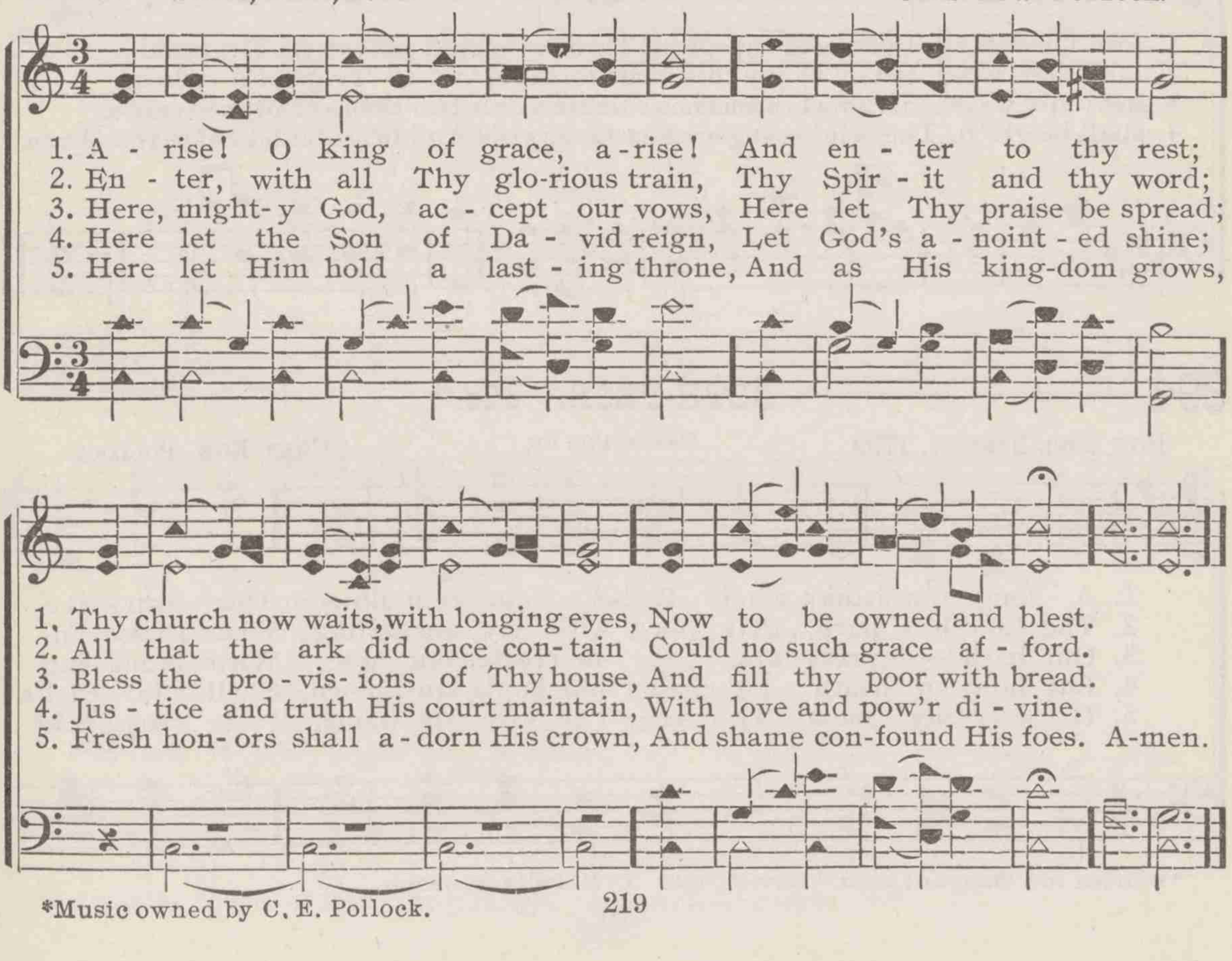
391 ROCHESTER. C. M.

W. T. DALE, 1872. Psalm 126. WILLIAMS.



392 HAVRON. C. M.*

REV. I. WATTS, D. D., 1719. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



*Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

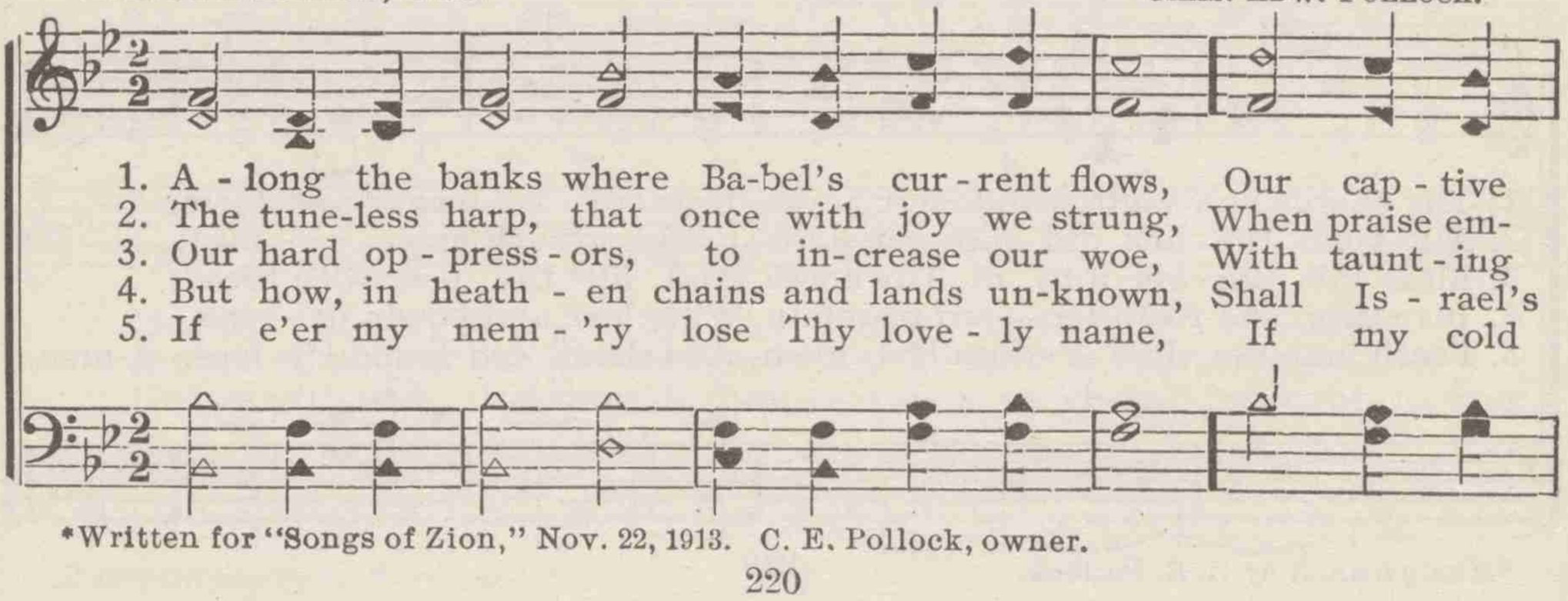
393 BEALOTH. S. M. D.

REV. TIMOTHY DWIGHT, D. D., 1800. Psalm 137: 1-6. ANON.



394 BETH-PEOR. 10s.*

HON. JOEL BARLOW, 1799. Psalm 137: 1-6. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



*Written for "Songs of Zion," Nov. 22, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner.

BETH-PEOR. Concluded.

1. bands in deep despondence strayed; While Zi - on's fall in sad re-
2. ployed and mirth inspired the lay; In mourn-ful si - lence on the
3. smiles a song of Zi - on claim; Bid sa - cred praise in strains me-
4. sons a song of Zi - on raise? O hap - less Sa - lem! God's ter-
5. heart neg - lect my kin - dred race, Let dire de - struc - tion seize this

1. membrance rose, Her friends, her chil-dren, mingled with the dead.
2. wil - lows hung, And grow-ing grief prolonged the te-dious day.
3. lodi - ous flow, While they blaspheme the great Je - ho-vah's name.
4. res - trial throne, Thou land of glo - ry, sa - cred mount of praise.
5. guilt - y frame, My hand shall per - ish, and my voice shall cease. A - men.

395 WILLOW STREAM. S. M.*

W. T. Dale, 1874. Psalm 137:1-6. Chas. Edw. Pollock.

1. Where Ba - bel's cur - rent flows, Loved Zi - on came to mind;
2. We mourned our com - forts fled, De - part - ed all our joys;
3. Up - on the wil - lows there, Our harps we si - lent hung;
4. Our cap - tors, filled with pride, Still wast - ing us with wrongs,
5. We have no voice to sing, While thus a cap - tive band;
6. O Zi - on, sa - cred hill, Should I for - get - ful prove,
7. When I for - get Thy name, Let si - lence seize my tongue,

1. We tho't up - on our fear-ful woes, And there to weep re - clined.
2. Our chil-dren min - gled with the dead, Each mournful tho't em-ploys.
3. Our minds were filled with sad de-spair, Our hearts with anguish wrung.
4. Demanded mirth, and thus they cried, "Come, sing us Zi - on's songs."
5. How shall we sing to God our King, While slaves in this strange land?
6. Then let my hand for-get its skill, The harp's sweet strings to move.
7. Nor bear its part, when with ac-claim, Thy ju - bi - lee is sung. A - men.

*Written for "Songs of Zion," Aug. 18, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner.

396 BOONVILLE. C. M.

BISHOP ARTHUR C. COXE, 1839. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. Oh, where are kings and em-pires now, Of old that went and came?
2. We mark her good - ly bat - tle-ments, And her foun - da - tions strong;
3. For not like kingdoms of the world Thy ho - ly Church, O God!
4. Un - shak - en as e - ter - nal hills, Im - mov - a - ble she stands,



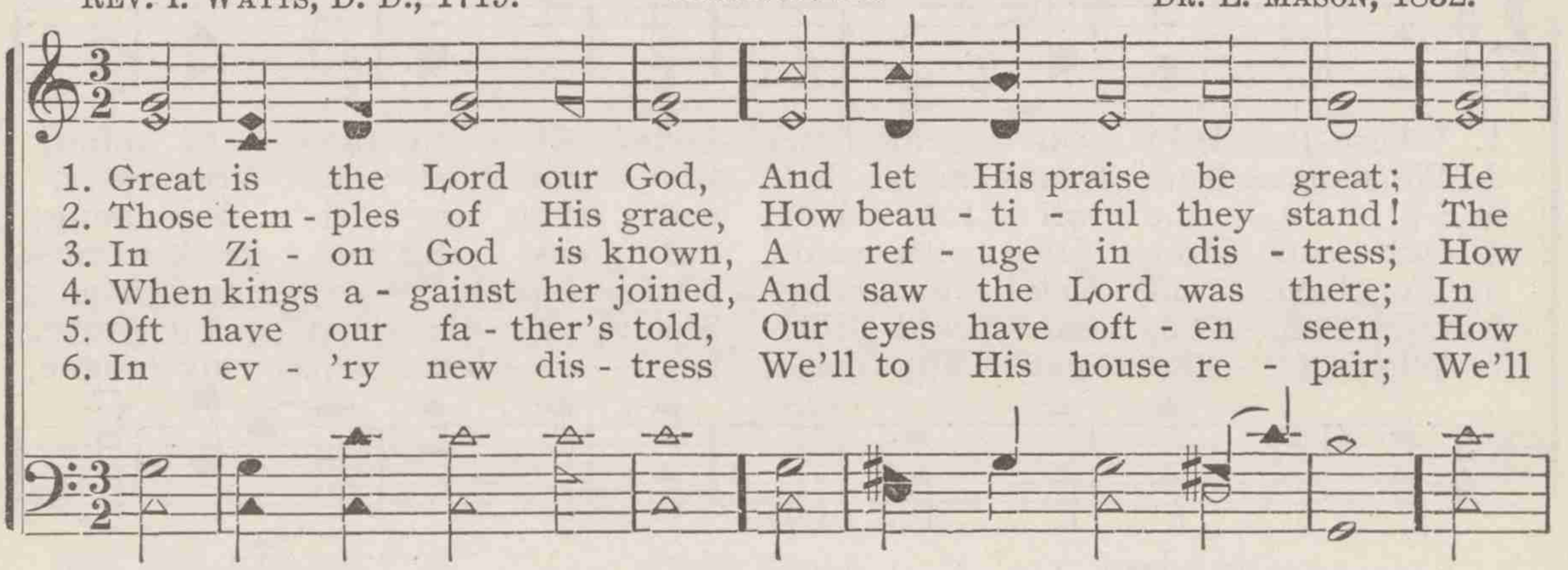
1. But, Lord, Thy Church is pray-ing yet, A thousand years the same.
2. We hear with-in the sol - emn voice Of her un - end- ing song.
3. Tho' earthquake shocks are threat'ning her, And tempests are a - broad:
4. A mountain that shall fill the earth, A house not made by hands. A-men.



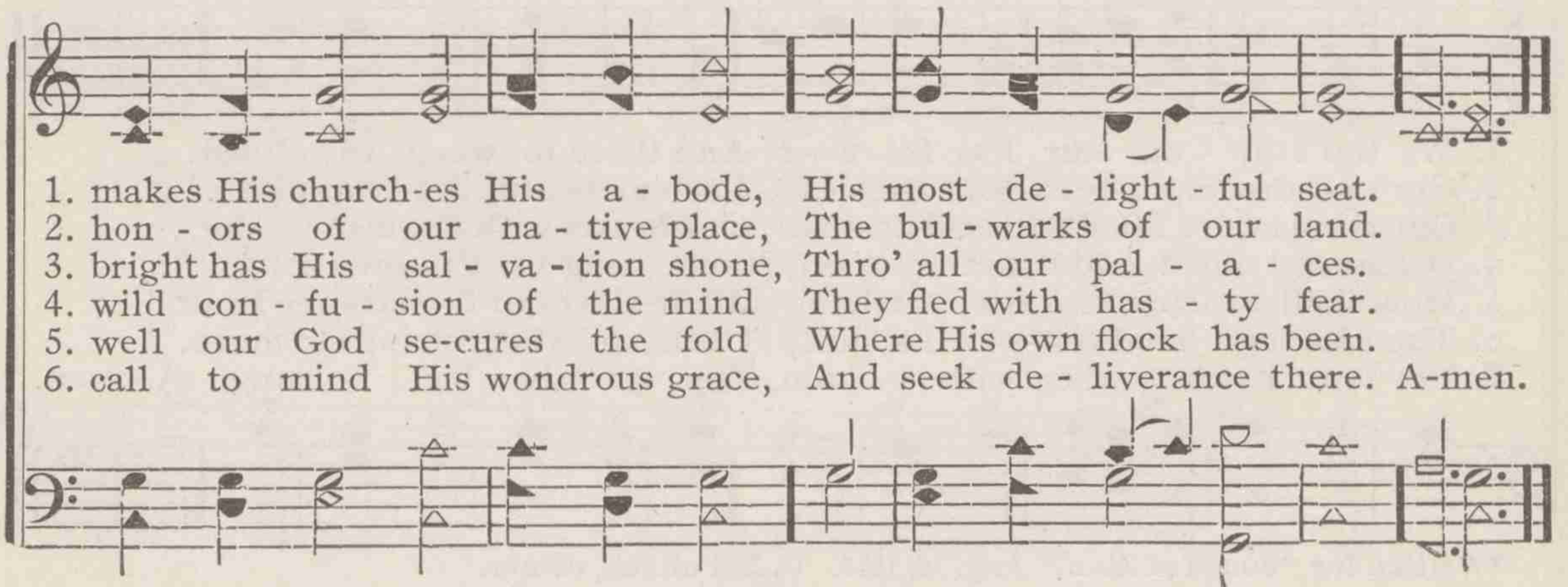
C. E. Pollock, owner of music.

397 BOYLSTON. S. M.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D., 1719. Psalm 48: 1-8. DR. L. MASON, 1832.



1. Great is the Lord our God, And let His praise be great; He
2. Those tem - ples of His grace, How beau - ti - ful they stand! The
3. In Zi - on God is known, A ref - uge in dis - tress; How
4. When kings a - gainst her joined, And saw the Lord was there; In
5. Oft have our fa - ther's told, Our eyes have oft - en seen, How
6. In ev - 'ry new dis - tress We'll to His house re - pair; We'll



1. makes His church-es His a - bode, His most de - light - ful seat.
2. hon - ors of our na - tive place, The bul - warks of our land.
3. bright has His sal - va - tion shone, Thro' all our pal - a - ces.
4. wild con - fu - sion of the mind They fled with has - ty fear.
5. well our God se-cures the fold Where His own flock has been.
6. call to mind His wondrous grace, And seek de - liverance there. A-men.

398 DUKE STREET. L. M.

U. P. VERSION. Security of believers.—Psalm 91: 1, 3-8. JOHN HATTON, 1790.

1. The man who once has found a- bode With- in the se - cret place of God,
2. He shall with all pro- tect - ing care, Preserve thee from the fowler's snare;
3. His outspread pin-ions shall thee hide; Beneath His wings shalt thou con-fide;
4. A thousand at thy side shall lie, At thy right hand ten thousand die;

1. Shall with al-might-y God a - bide, And in His shad - ow safe-ly hide.
2. When fearful plagues around prevail, No fa-tal stroke shall thee as- sail.
3. His faith-ful-ness shall ev - er be A shield and buckler un - to thee.
4. But thou unharmed se-cure shalt see What wicked men's reward shall be. Amen.

399 WHITE. 8s, 7s, D.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1822. Psalm 91: 9-16. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Call Je - ho-vah thy sal - va- tion, Rest beneath th'Almighty's shade,
   In His se-cret hab - i - ta- tion (*Omit*) ..... Dwell, nor ev - er
2. From the sword at noontide wasting, From the noisome pes- ti- lence,
   In the depth of mid-night, blast-ing (*Omit*) ..... God shall be thy
3. Since with pure and firm af-fec-tion, Thou on God hast set thy love,
   With the wings of His pro-tec-tion (*Omit*) ..... He will shield thee

D. C.–Guile nor vi-o-lence can harm thee, (*Omit*) ..... In e - ter - nal
D. C.–Tho' thou walk thro' hostile regions, (*Omit*) ..... Tho' in des - ert
D. C.–Here for grief reward thee doub-le, (*Omit*) ..... Crown with life be-

FINE. D. C.

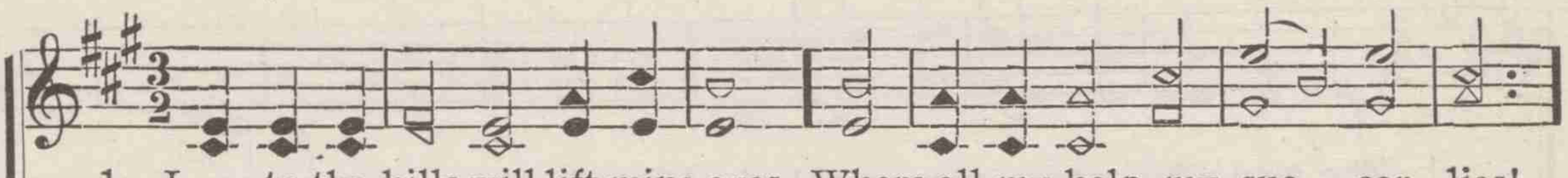
be dis-mayed. There no tu-mult can a-larm thee, Thou shalt dread no hid-den snare;
sure de-fense. God shall charge His an-gel le-gions Watch and ward o'er thee to keep;
from a - bove. Thou shalt call on Him in troub-le, He will heark-en, He will save;

safeguard there.
wilds thou sleep.
yond the grave.

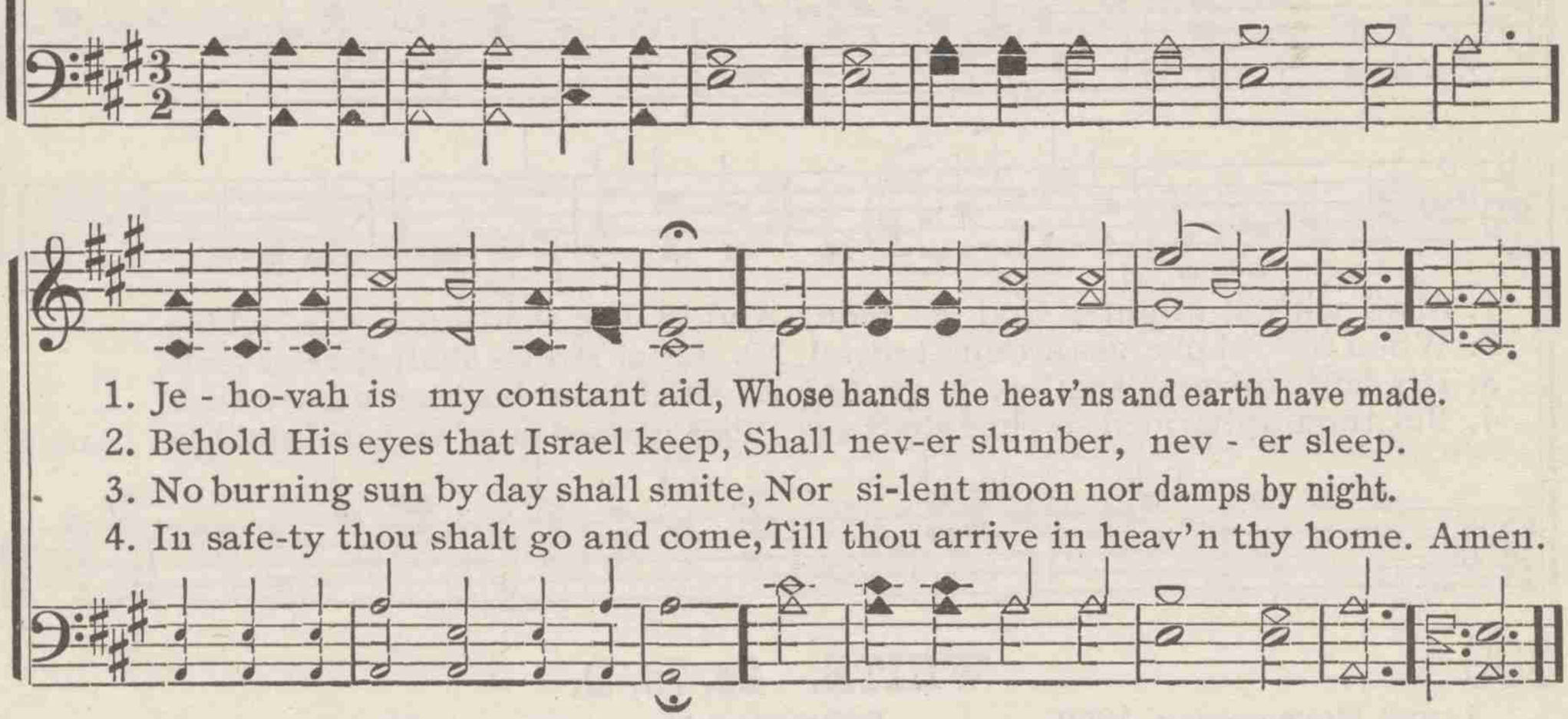
Written for "Songs of Zion." Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

400 WARE. L. M.

W. T. DALE, 1872. Psalm 121. GEO. KINGSLEY, 1838.



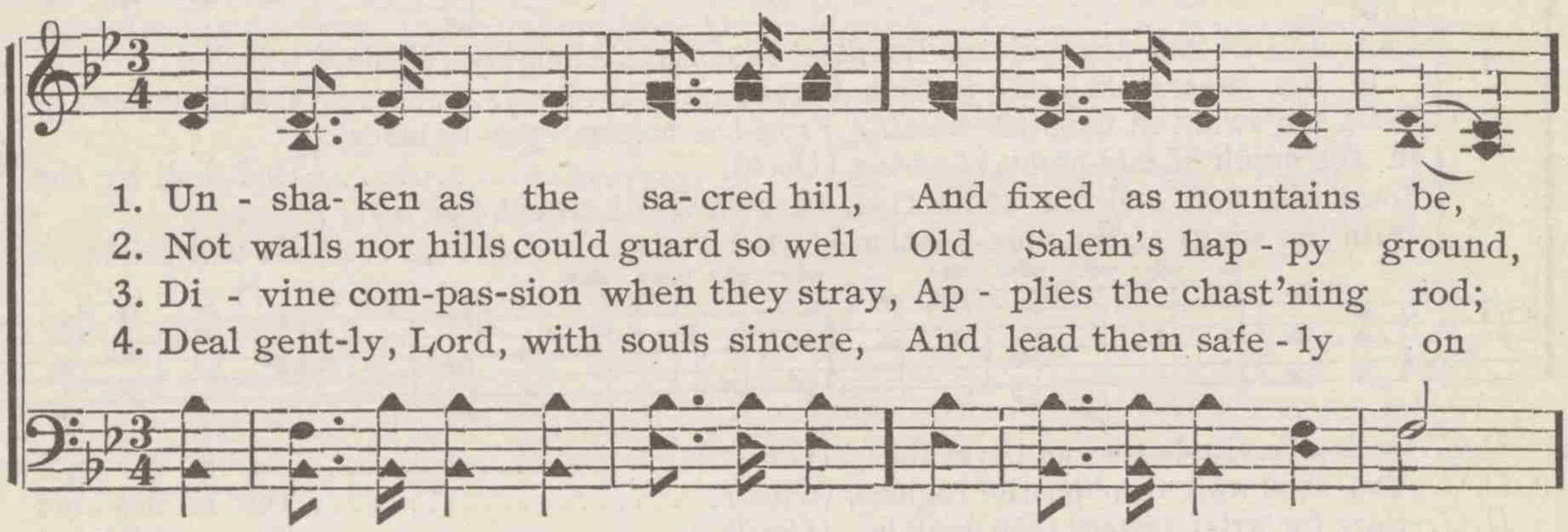
1. I to the hills will lift mine eyes, Where all my help, my suc - cor, lies!
2. The Lord Himself will guide with care, And save thy foot from ev - 'ry snare;
3. The Lord thy Keeper still shall stand, A pow'rful shade on thy right hand;
4. The Lord shall guard from ev-'ry ill, And keep thy soul in safe - ty still;



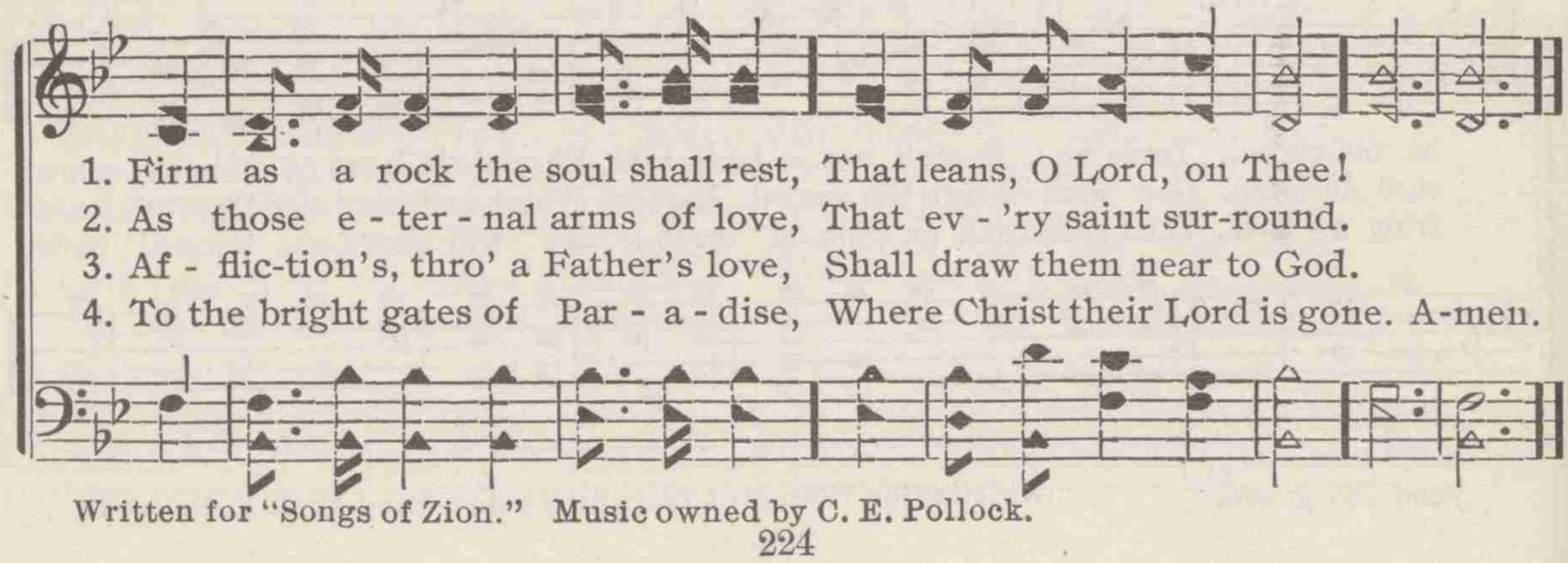
1. Je - ho-vah is my constant aid, Whose hands the heav'ns and earth have made.
2. Behold His eyes that Israel keep, Shall nev-er slumber, nev - er sleep.
3. No burning sun by day shall smite, Nor si-lent moon nor damps by night.
4. In safe-ty thou shalt go and come, Till thou arrive in heav'n thy home. Amen.

401 BEARD. C. M.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D., 1719. Psalm 125. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. Un - sha- ken as the sa- cred hill, And fixed as mountains be,
2. Not walls nor hills could guard so well Old Salem's hap - py ground,
3. Di - vine com-pas-sion when they stray, Ap - plies the chast'ning rod;
4. Deal gent-ly, Lord, with souls sincere, And lead them safe - ly on



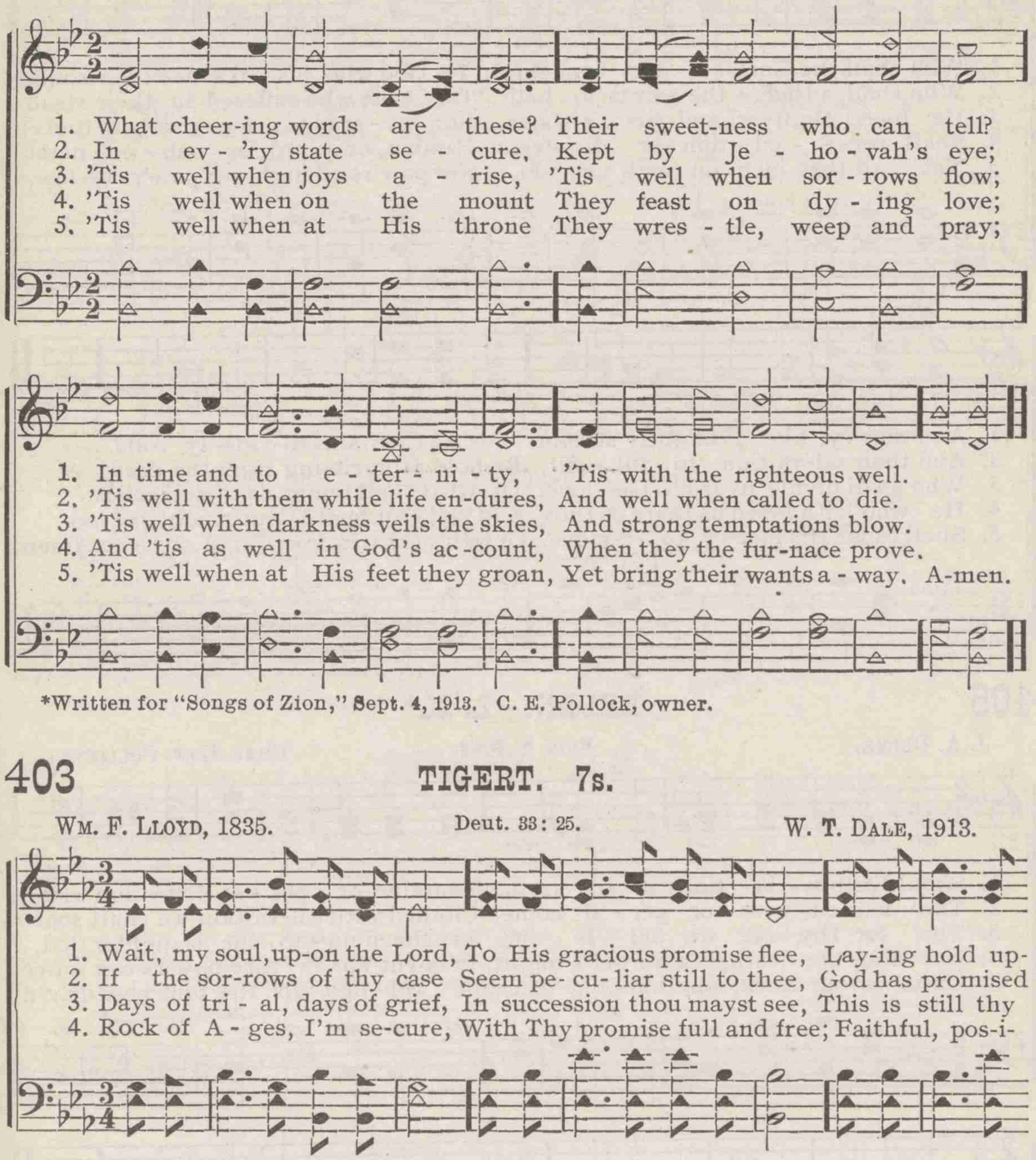
1. Firm as a rock the soul shall rest, That leans, O Lord, on Thee!
2. As those e - ter - nal arms of love, That ev - 'ry saint sur-round.
3. Af - flic-tion's, thro' a Father's love, Shall draw them near to God.
4. To the bright gates of Par - a - dise, Where Christ their Lord is gone. A-men.

Written for "Songs of Zion." Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

402 KNIGHT. S. M.*

"Say ye to the righteous that it shall be well with him."—Isa. 3: 10.

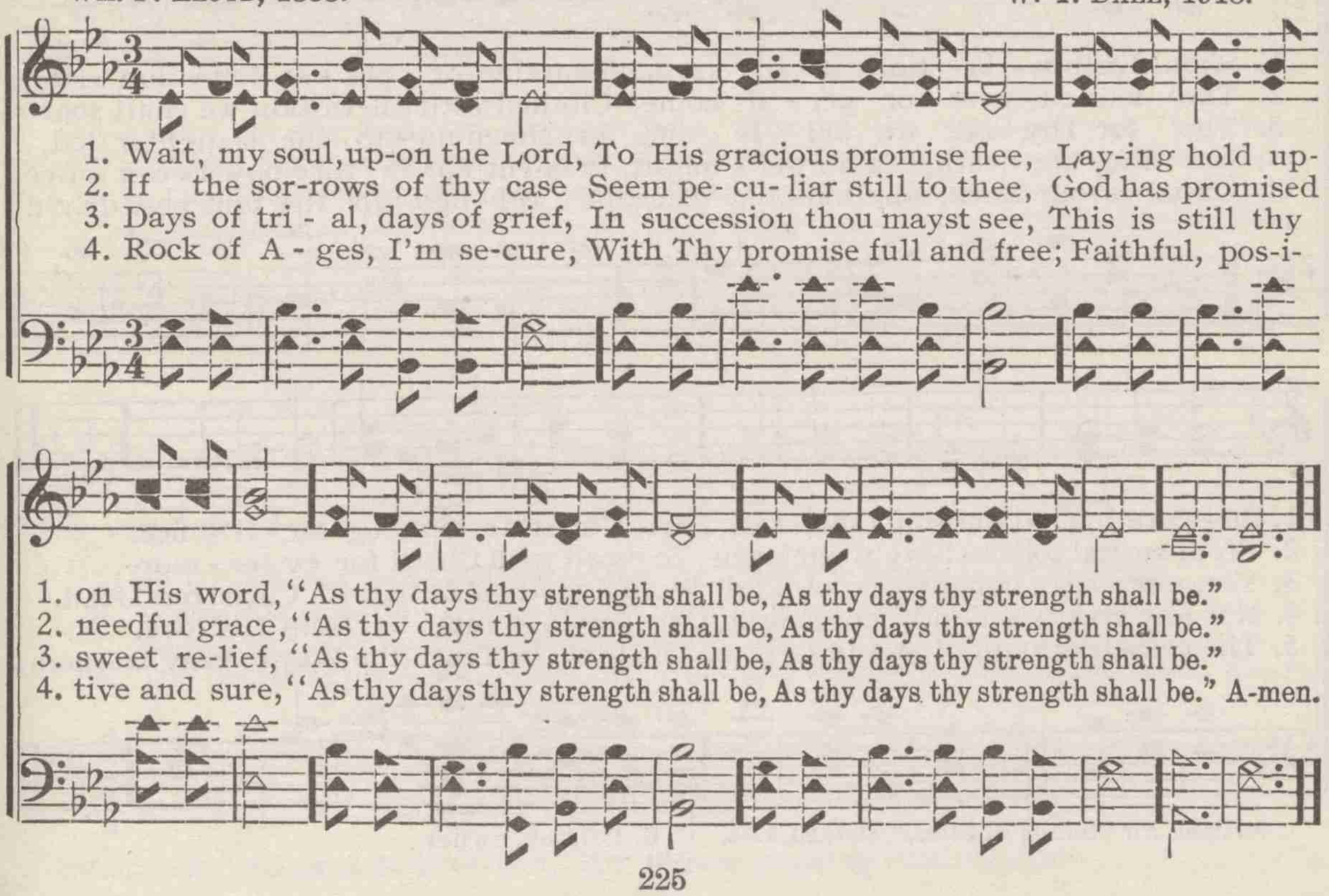
JOHN KENT. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



*Written for "Songs of Zion," Sept. 4, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner.

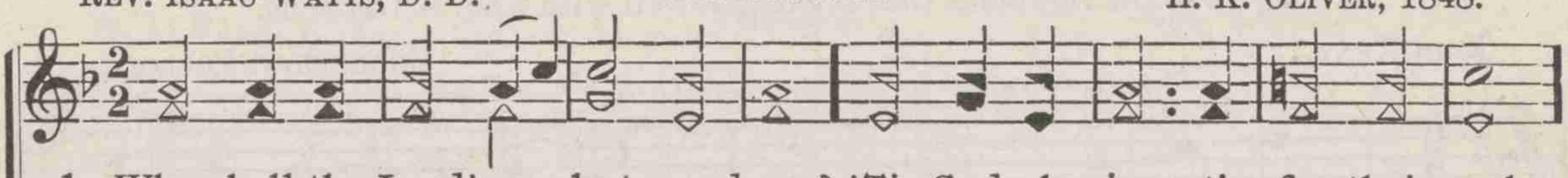
403 TIGERT. 7s.

WM. F. LLOYD, 1835. Deut. 33: 25. W. T. DALE, 1913.

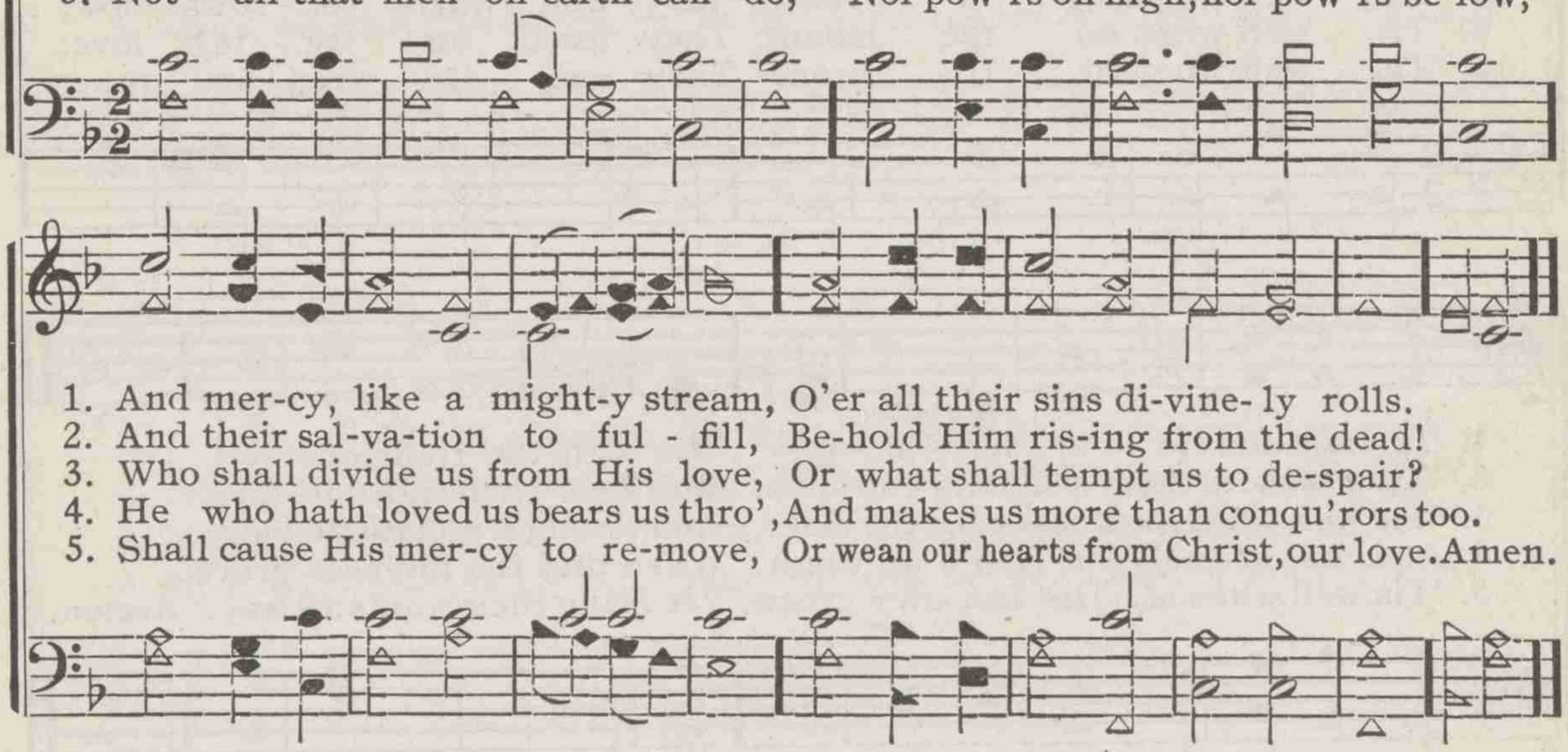


404 FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, D. D. Rom. 8: 33-39. H. K. OLIVER, 1848.



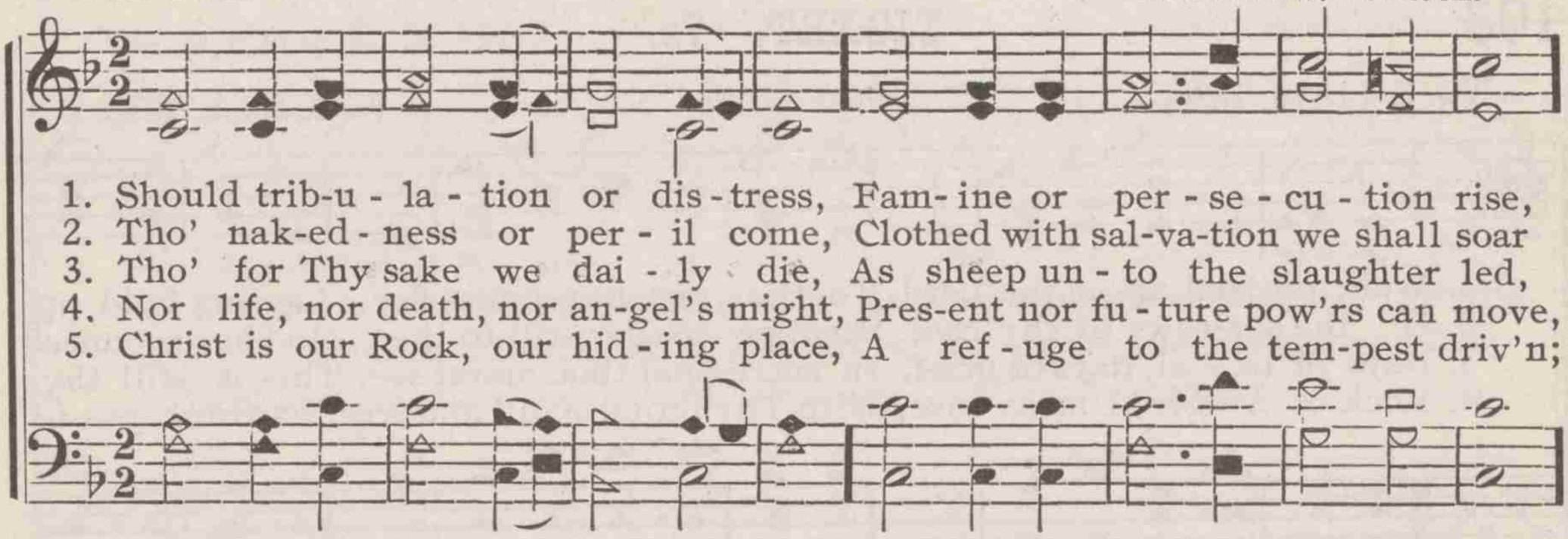
1. Who shall the Lord's e - lect condemn? 'Tis God who jus - ti - fies their souls;
2. Who shall adjudge the saints to hell? 'Tis Christ who suffered in their stead;
3. He lives! He lives! and sits a - bove, For - ev - er in - ter - ced - ing there;
4. Shall per - se - cu - tion or dis - tress, Famine, or sword, or nak - ed - ness?
5. Not all that men on earth can do, Nor pow'rs on high, nor pow'rs be-low,



1. And mer-cy, like a might-y stream, O'er all their sins di-vine- ly rolls.
2. And their sal-va-tion to ful - fill, Be-hold Him ris-ing from the dead!
3. Who shall divide us from His love, Or what shall tempt us to de-spair?
4. He who hath loved us bears us thro', And makes us more than conqu'rors too.
5. Shall cause His mer-cy to re-move, Or wean our hearts from Christ, our love. Amen.

405 REDEN. L. M.*

J. A. DELKE. Rom. 8: 35-39. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. Should trib-u - la - tion or dis - tress, Fam- ine or per - se - cu - tion rise,
2. Tho' nak-ed - ness or per - il come, Clothed with sal-va-tion we shall soar
3. Tho' for Thy sake we dai - ly die, As sheep un - to the slaughter led,
4. Nor life, nor death, nor an-gel's might, Pres-ent nor fu - ture pow'rs can move,
5. Christ is our Rock, our hid - ing place, A ref - uge to the tem-pest driv'n;

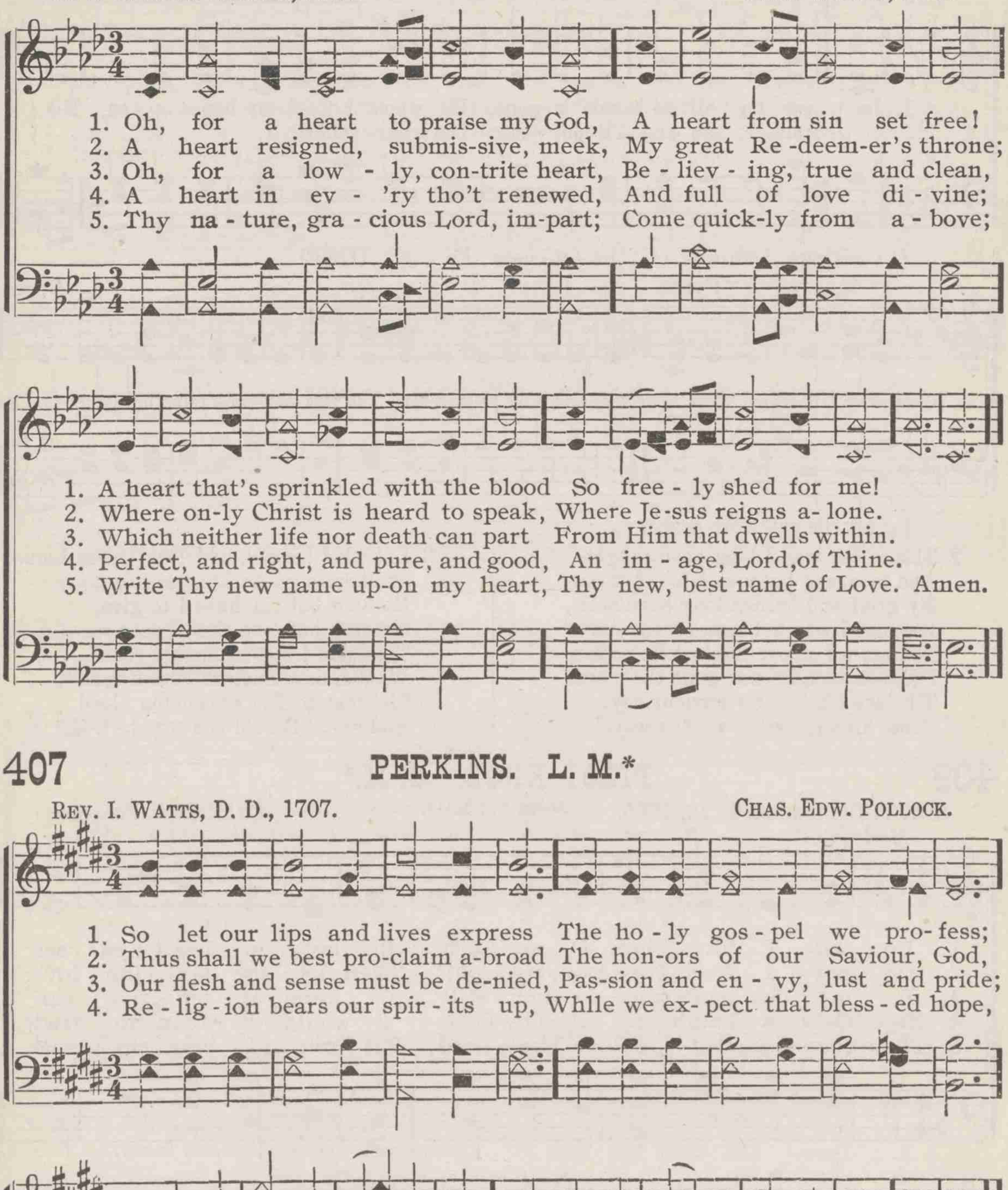


1. Se - cure in God our souls shall rest, Thro' Christ's a-ton - ing sac - ri - fice.
2. From mortal toils to heav'n our home, To dwell with Christ for ev - er - more.
3. Yet, more than conquerors, on high, We'll live, thro' faith, with Christ our Head.
4. Nor any creature, depth, nor height, Can sep - a - rate us from His love.
5. The ceaseless fount of sav-ing grace, The Life, the Truth, the Way to heav'n. Amen.

*Written for "Songs of Zion," Oct. 20, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner.

406 AVON. C. M.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY, 1742. Psalm 51: 7. HUGH WILSON, 1825.

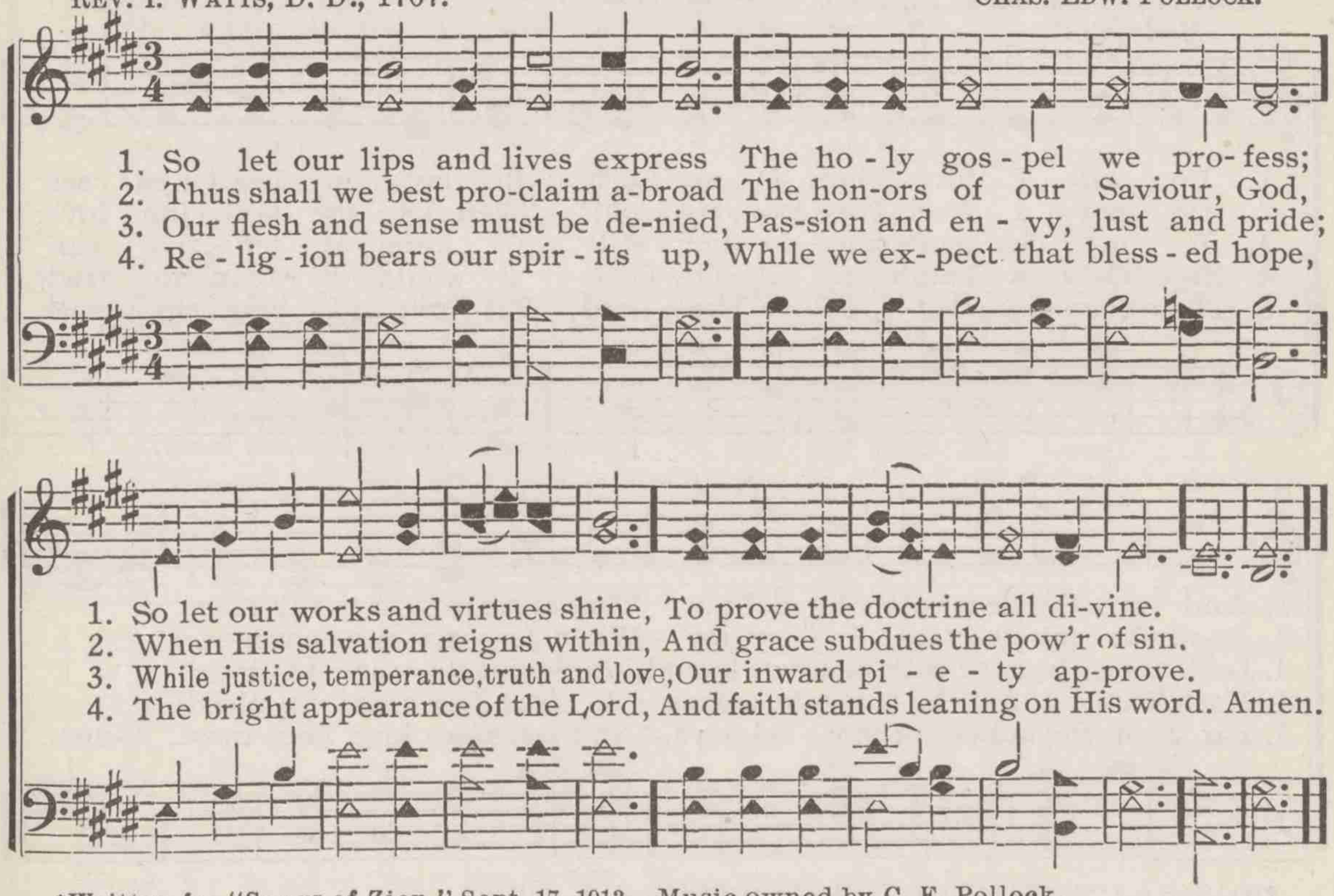


1. Oh, for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free!
2. A heart resigned, submis-sive, meek, My great Re-deem-er's throne;
3. Oh, for a low - ly, con-trite heart, Be - liev - ing, true and clean,
4. A heart in ev - 'ry tho't renewed, And full of love di - vine;
5. Thy na - ture, gra - cious Lord, im-part; Come quick-ly from a - bove;

1. A heart that's sprinkled with the blood So free - ly shed for me!
2. Where on-ly Christ is heard to speak, Where Je-sus reigns a-lone.
3. Which neither life nor death can part From Him that dwells within.
4. Perfect, and right, and pure, and good, An im - age, Lord, of Thine.
5. Write Thy new name up-on my heart, Thy new, best name of Love. Amen.

407 PERKINS. L. M.*

REV. I. WATTS, D. D., 1707. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



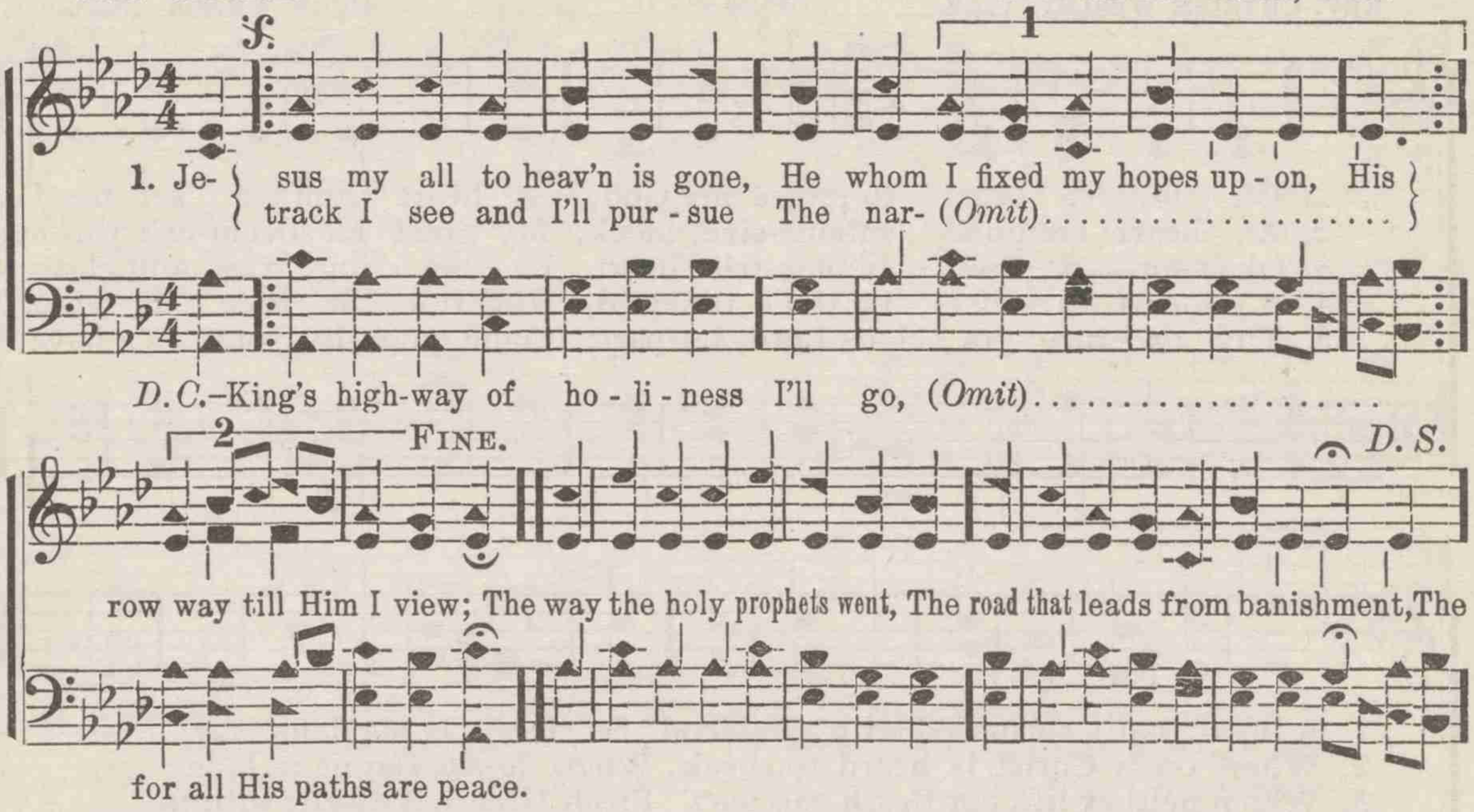
1. So let our lips and lives express The ho - ly gos - pel we pro- fess;
2. Thus shall we best pro-claim a-broad The hon-ors of our Saviour, God,
3. Our flesh and sense must be de-nied, Pas-sion and en - vy, lust and pride;
4. Re - lig - ion bears our spir - its up, Whlle we ex- pect that bless - ed hope,

1. So let our works and virtues shine, To prove the doctrine all di-vine.
2. When His salvation reigns within, And grace subdues the pow'r of sin.
3. While justice, temperance, truth and love, Our inward pi - e - ty ap-prove.
4. The bright appearance of the Lord, And faith stands leaning on His word. Amen.

*Written for "Songs of Zion," Sept. 17, 1913. Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

408 DUANE STREET. L. M., D.

JOHN CENNICK. REV. GEORGE COLES, 1835.

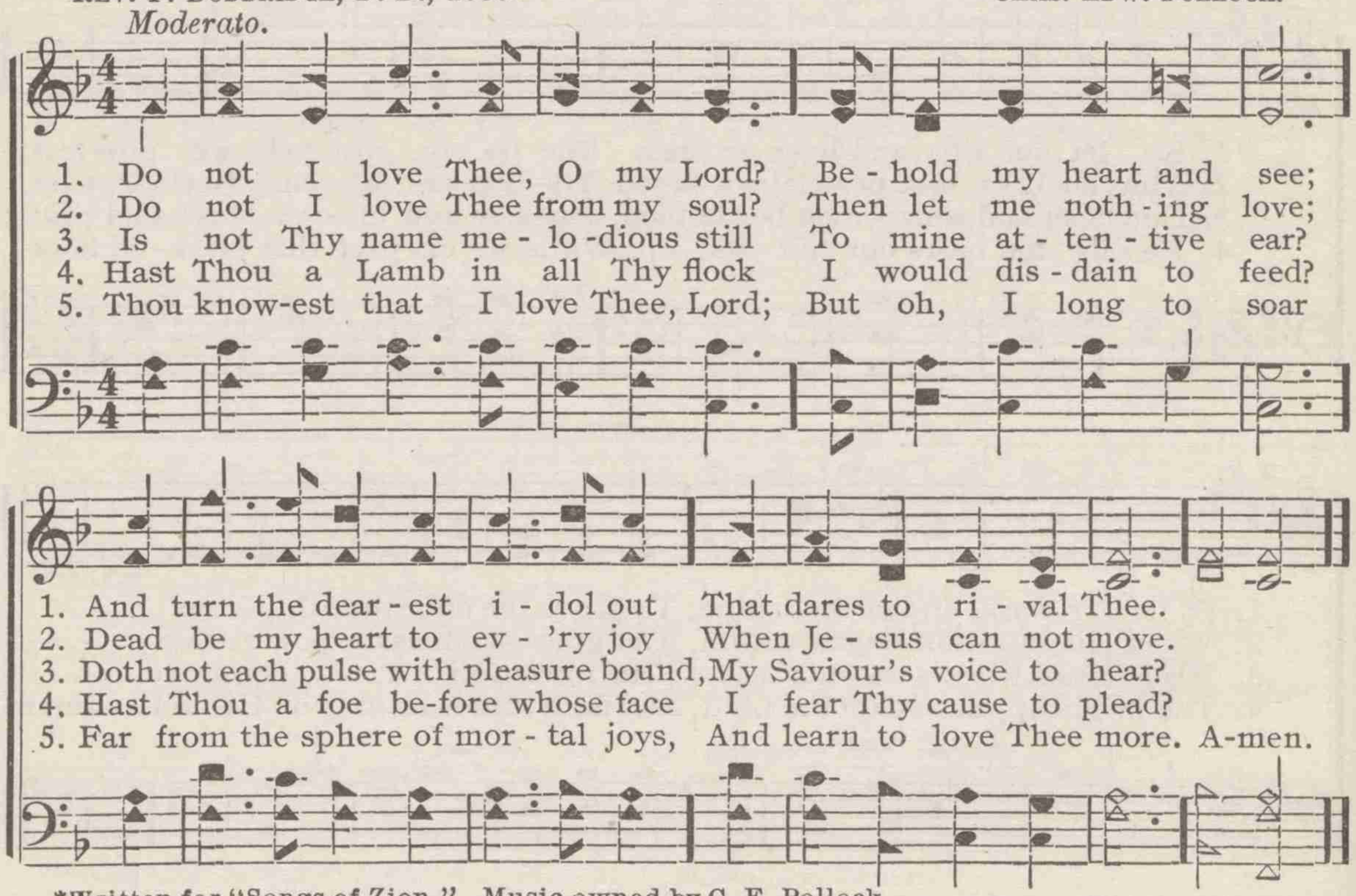


2 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief and burden long have been,
Because I was not saved from sin.
The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more,
Till late I heard my Saviour say:
"Come hither, soul, I am the way."

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 Saviour I have found;
I'll point to Thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God."

409 PILOT KNOB. C. M.*

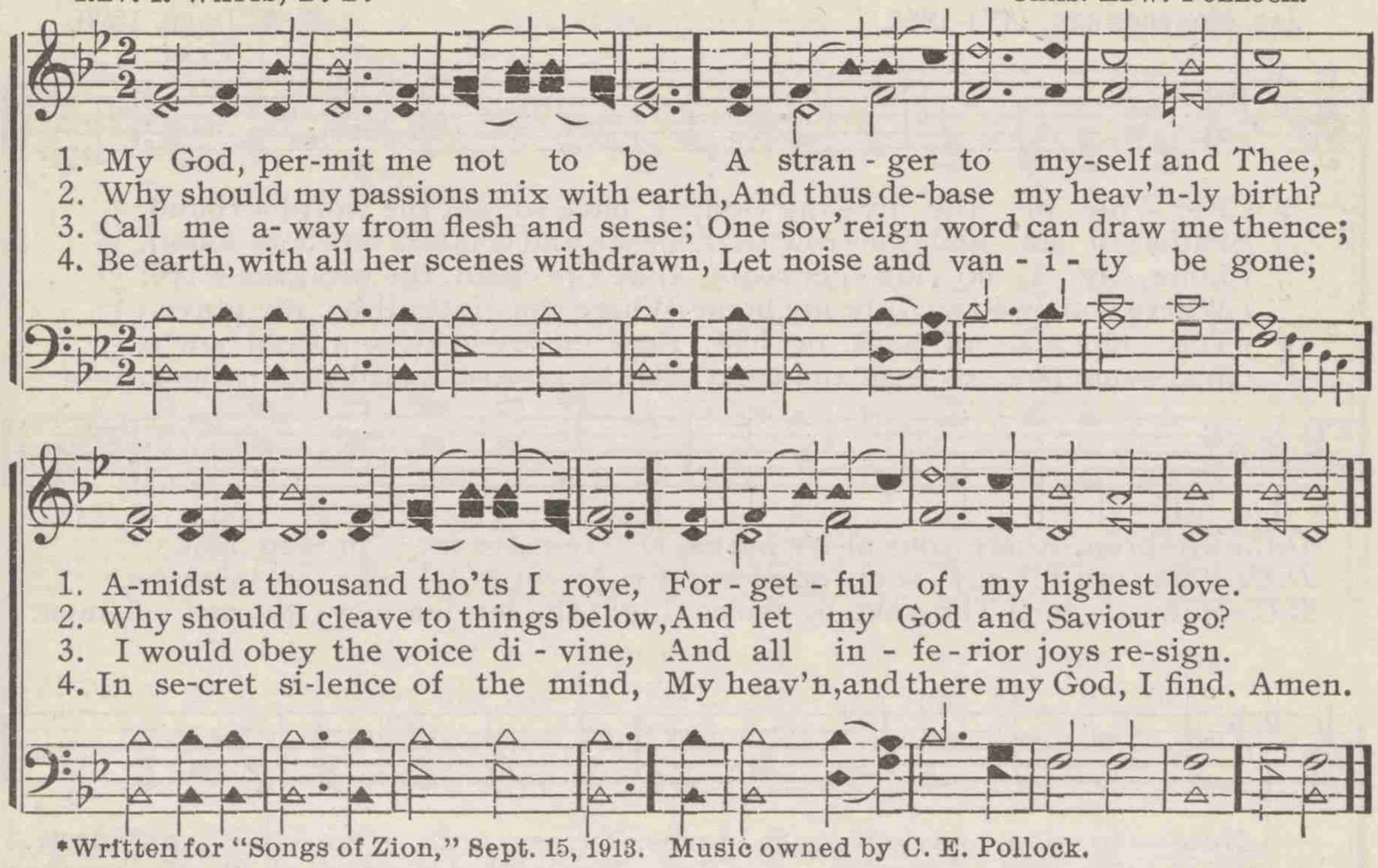
REV. P. DODDRIDGE, D. D., 1755. John 21: 15-17. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



*Written for "Songs of Zion." Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

410 LANGLEY. L. M.*

REV. I. WATTS, D. D. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

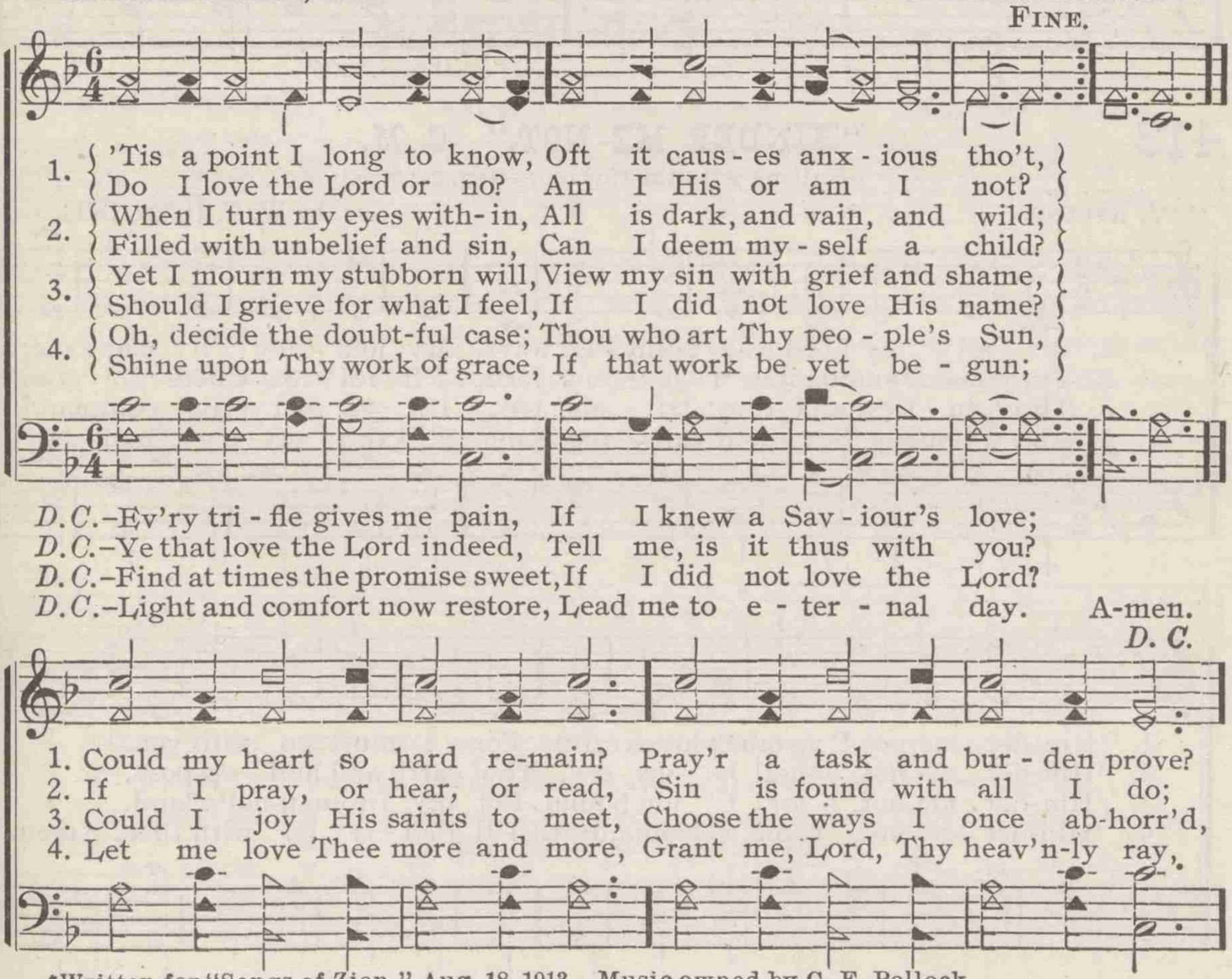


*Written for "Songs of Zion," Sept. 15, 1913. Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

411 BLASINGAME. 7s, D.*

REV. JOHN NEWTON, 1779. "Lovest thou Me?"—John 21: 16. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

FINE.



*Written for "Songs of Zion," Aug. 18, 1913. Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

412 RUTH'S CHOICE. 7s.

Uniting with the Church.—Ruth 1:16, 17.

JAS. MONTGOMERY, 1771-1854. W. T. DALE, 1890.

FINE.

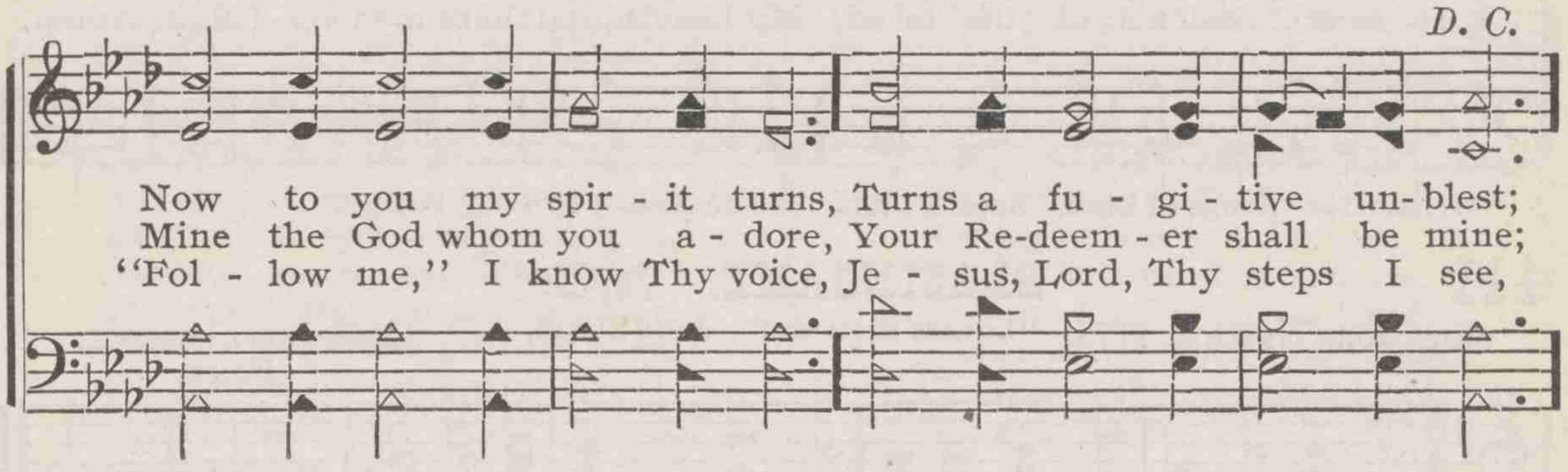


1. People of the living God, I have sought the world a-round;
   Paths of sin and sorrow trod, Peace and comfort nowhere found.
2. Lonely I no longer roam, Like the cloud, the wind, the wave;
   Where you dwell shall be my home, Where you die shall be my grave.
3. Tell me not of gain or loss, Ease, en-joyment, pomp and pow'r;
   Welcome pover-ty and cross, Shame, reproach, affliction's hour.



D.C.—Brethren, where your altar burns, O receive me into rest.
D.C.—Earth can fill my soul no more, Ev-'ry idol I re-sign.
D.C.—Now I take Thy yoke by choice, Light the burden now to me. A-men.

D. C.

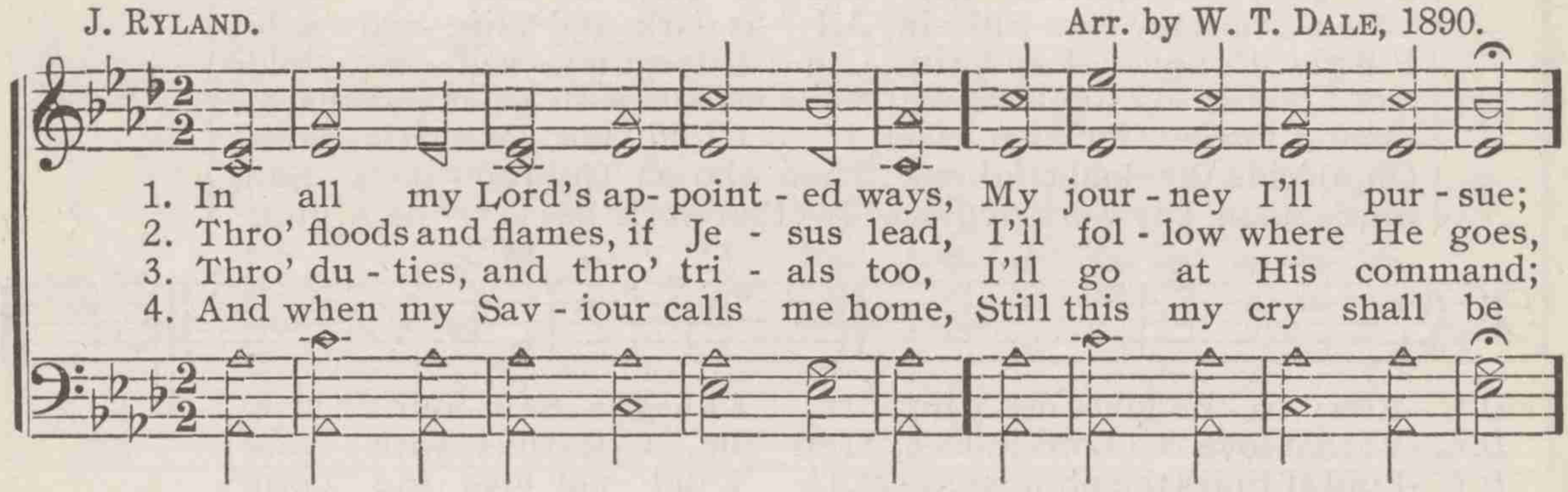


Now to you my spirit turns, Turns a fugitive unblest;
Mine the God whom you adore, Your Redeemer shall be mine;
"Follow me," I know Thy voice, Je-sus, Lord, Thy steps I see,

413 "HINDER ME NOT." C. M.

Uniting with the Church.—Gen. 24:56.

J. RYLAND. Arr. by W. T. DALE, 1890.



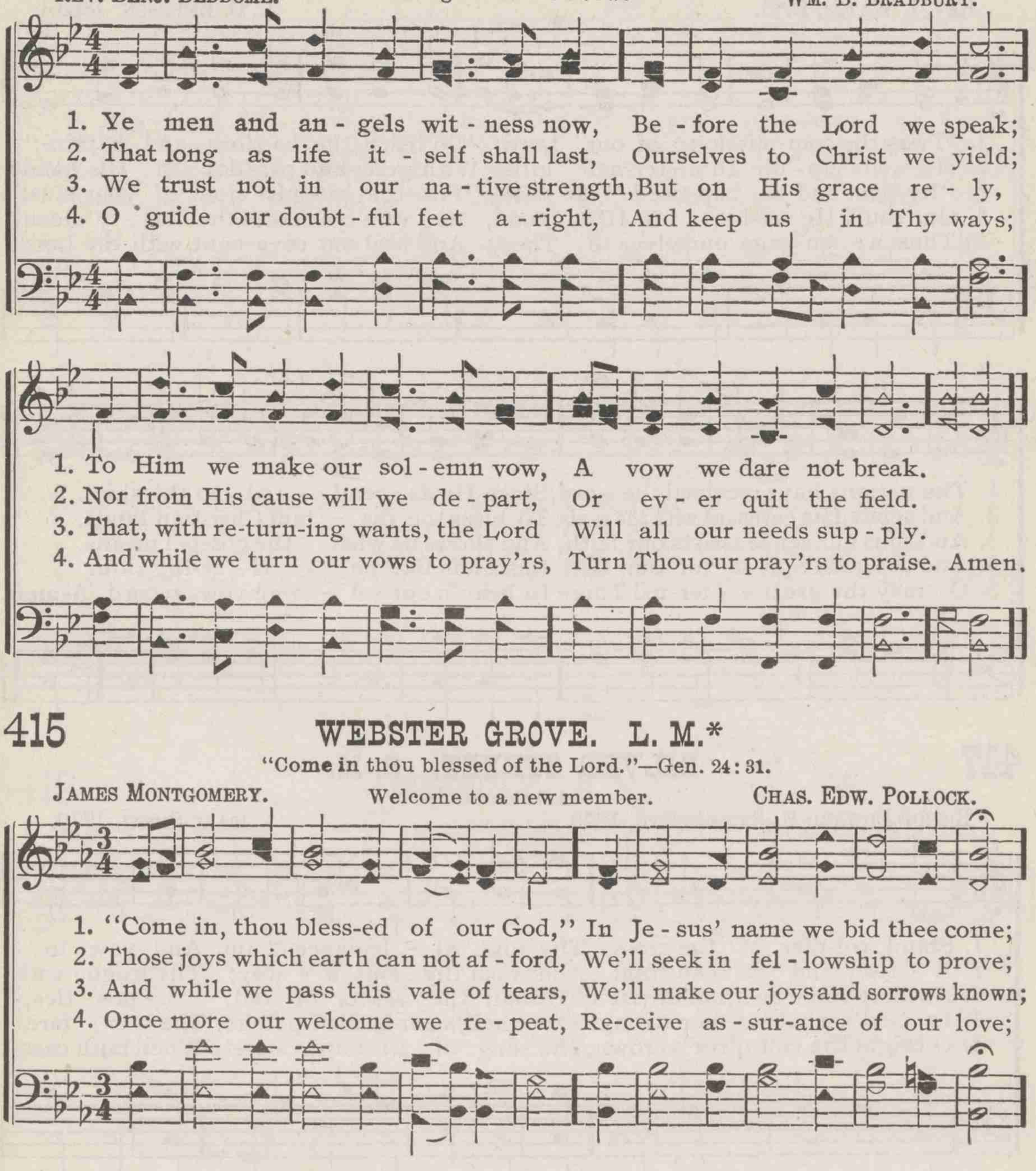
1. In all my Lord's appointed ways, My journey I'll pursue;
2. Thro' floods and flames, if Je-sus lead, I'll follow where He goes,
3. Thro' duties, and thro' trials too, I'll go at His command;
4. And when my Saviour calls me home, Still this my cry shall be



1. "Hinder me not," ye much loved saints, For I must go with you.
2. "Hinder me not," shall be my cry, Tho' earth and hell oppose.
3. "Hinder me not," for I am bound, For my Immanuel's land.
4. "Hinder me not," come, welcome, death, I'll gladly go with thee. Amen.

414 BROWN. C. M.

REV. BENJ. BEDDOME. Taking the church vow. WM. B. BRADBURY.



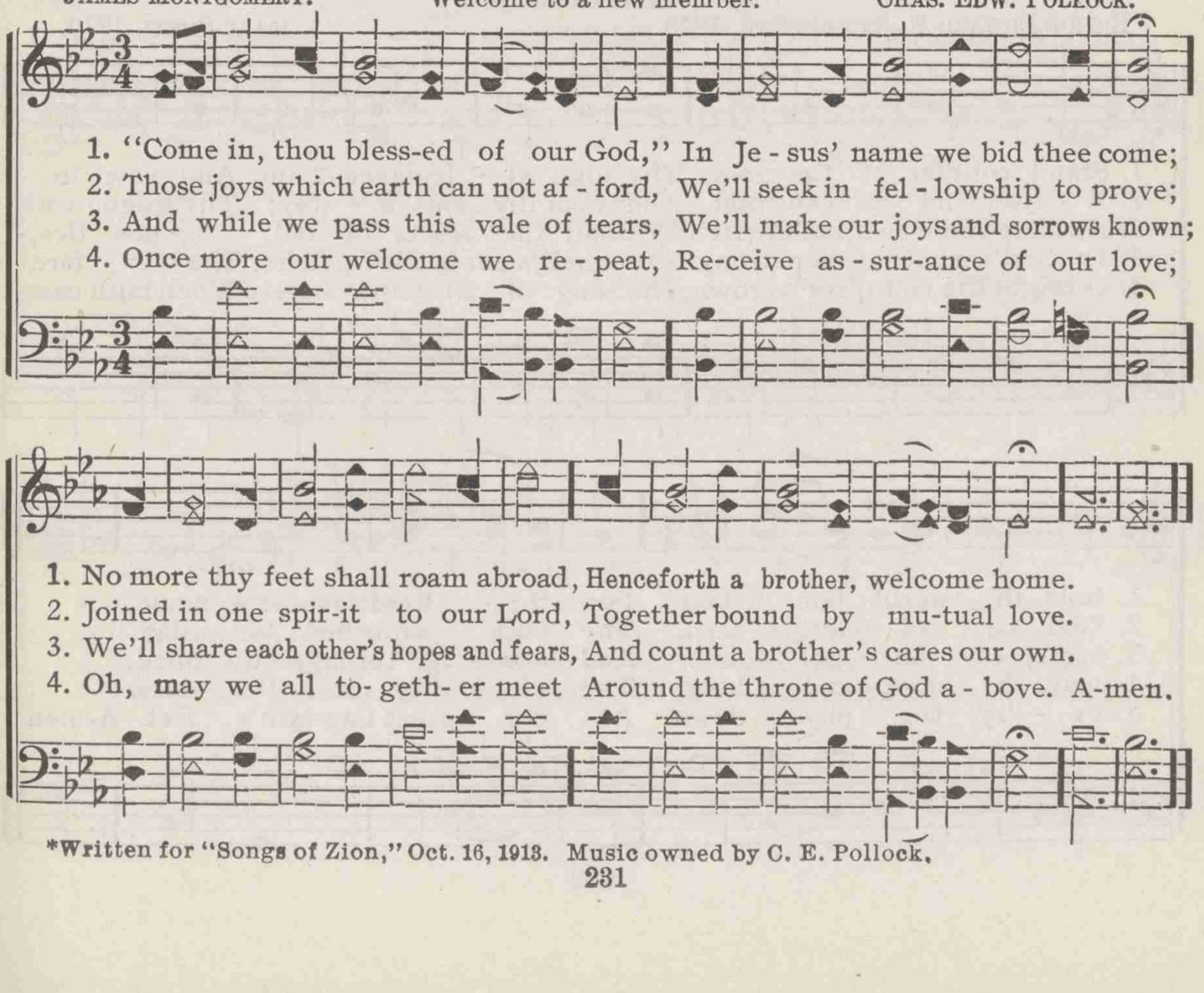
1. Ye men and an - gels wit - ness now, Be - fore the Lord we speak;
2. That long as life it - self shall last, Ourselves to Christ we yield;
3. We trust not in our na - tive strength, But on His grace re - ly,
4. O guide our doubt - ful feet a - right, And keep us in Thy ways;

1. To Him we make our sol - emn vow, A vow we dare not break.
2. Nor from His cause will we de - part, Or ev - er quit the field.
3. That, with re-turn-ing wants, the Lord Will all our needs sup - ply.
4. And while we turn our vows to pray'rs, Turn Thou our pray'rs to praise. Amen.

415 WEBSTER GROVE. L. M.*

"Come in thou blessed of the Lord."—Gen. 24: 31.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. Welcome to a new member. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. "Come in, thou bless-ed of our God," In Je - sus' name we bid thee come;
2. Those joys which earth can not af - ford, We'll seek in fel - lowship to prove;
3. And while we pass this vale of tears, We'll make our joys and sorrows known;
4. Once more our welcome we re - peat, Re-ceive as - sur-ance of our love;

1. No more thy feet shall roam abroad, Henceforth a brother, welcome home.
2. Joined in one spir-it to our Lord, Together bound by mu-tual love.
3. We'll share each other's hopes and fears, And count a brother's cares our own.
4. Oh, may we all to- geth- er meet Around the throne of God a - bove. A-men.

*Written for "Songs of Zion," Oct. 16, 1913. Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

416 SESSIONS. L. M.

The commission to teach and baptize.—Matt. 28: 19.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D. L. O. EMERSON, 1853.



1. 'Twas the com-mission of our Lord, "Go teach the na-tions and baptize;"
2. He sits up-on th'e-ter-nal hills, With grace and par-don in His hands,
3. "Re-pent and be bap-tized," He saith, "For the re-mis-sion of your sins;"
4. Our souls He wash-es in His blood, As wa-ter makes the bod-y clean;
5. Thus we en-gage ourselves to Thee, And seal our cove-nant with the Lord;

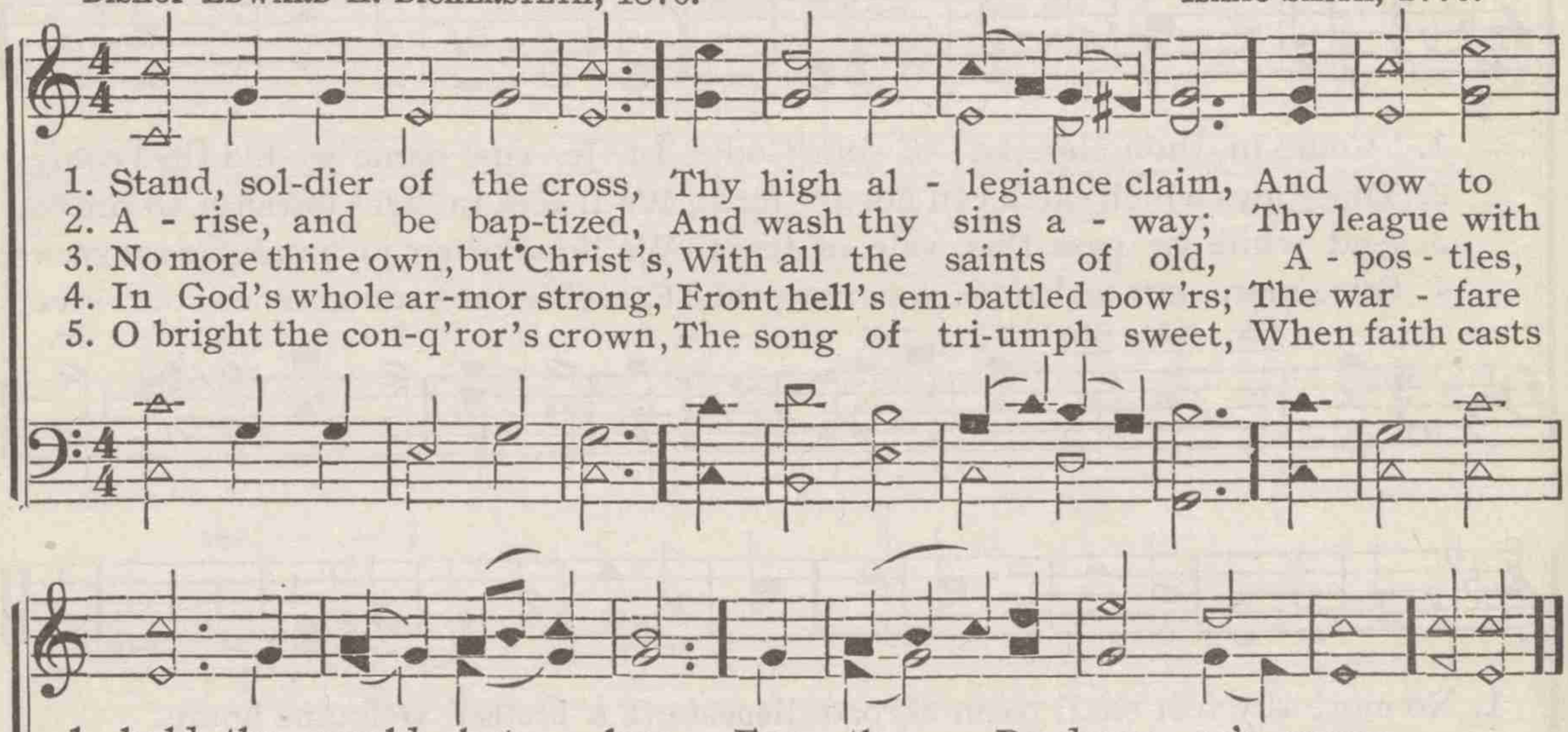


1. The nations have received the word, Since He as-cend-ed to the skies.
2. And sends His covenant with the seals, To bless the dis-tant Christian lands.
3. And thus our sense assists our faith, And shows us what the gos-pel means.
4. And the good Spir-it of our God Descends like pu-ri-fy-ing rain.
5. O may the great e-ter-nal Three In heav'n our sol-emn vows record. A-men.

417 SILVER STREET. S. M.

Acts 22: 16.

BISHOP EDWARD H. BICKERSTETH, 1870. ISAAC SMITH, 1770.



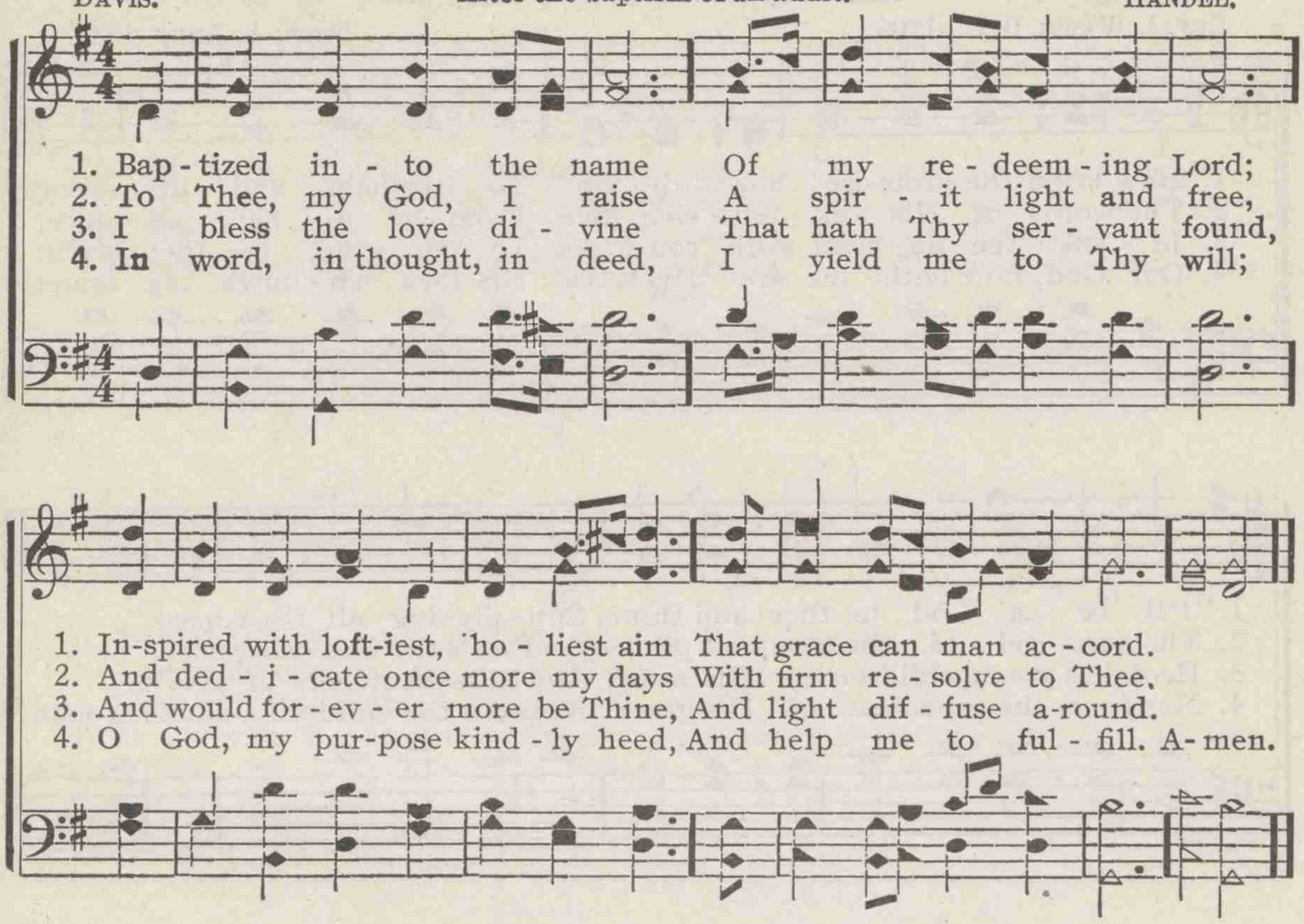
1. Stand, sol-dier of the cross, Thy high al-legiance claim, And vow to
2. A-rise, and be bap-tized, And wash thy sins a-way; Thy league with
3. No more thine own, but Christ's, With all the saints of old, A-pos-tles,
4. In God's whole ar-mor strong, Front hell's em-battled pow'rs; The war-fare
5. O bright the con-q'ror's crown, The song of tri-umph sweet, When faith casts



1. hold the world but loss For thy Re-deem-er's name.
2. God be sol-emn-ized, Thy faith avouched to-day.
3. seers, e-van-gel-ists, And mar-tyr throngs en-rolled,
4. may be sharp and long, The vic-t'ry must be ours.
5. ev-'ry tro-phy down At our great Cap-tain's feet. A-men.

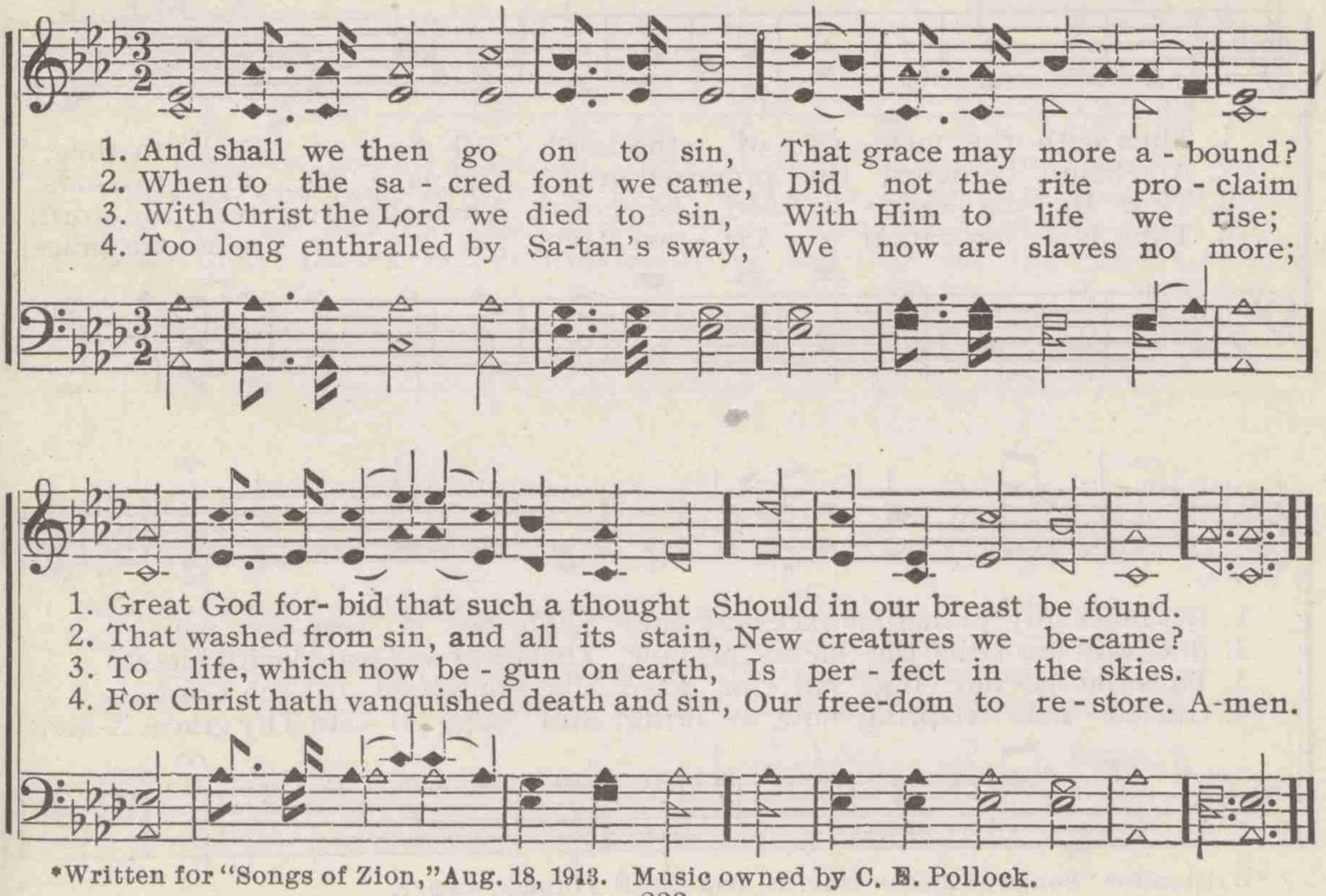
418 ST. THOMAS. S. M.

DAVIS. After the baptism of an adult. HANDEL.



419 WYCKOFF. C. M.*

SCOTCH PARAPHRASE. Rom. 6: 1-7. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

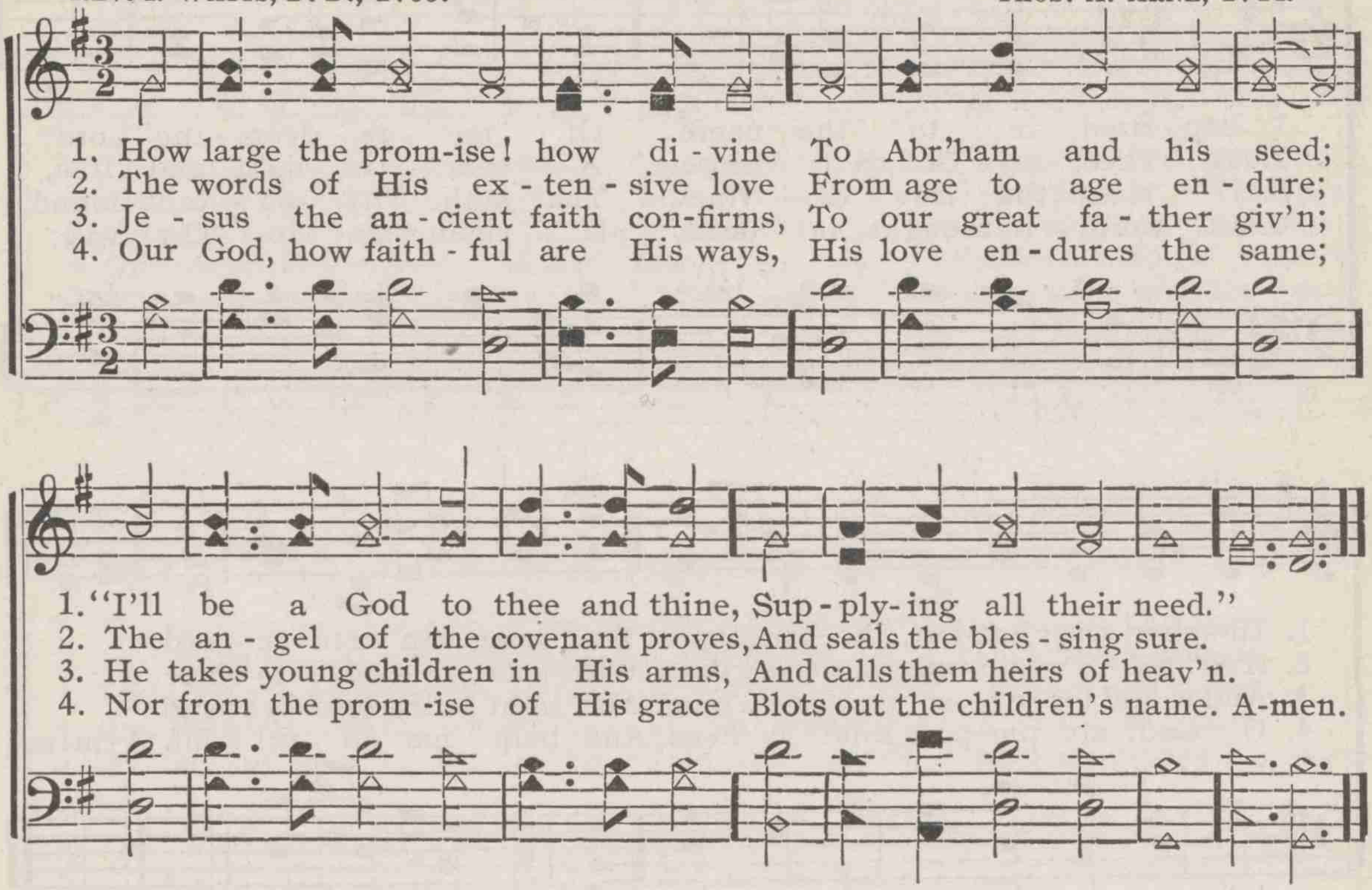


*Written for "Songs of Zion," Aug. 18, 1913. Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

420 ARLINGTON. C. M.

Infant Baptism.—Gen. 17:8. Acts 2:39.

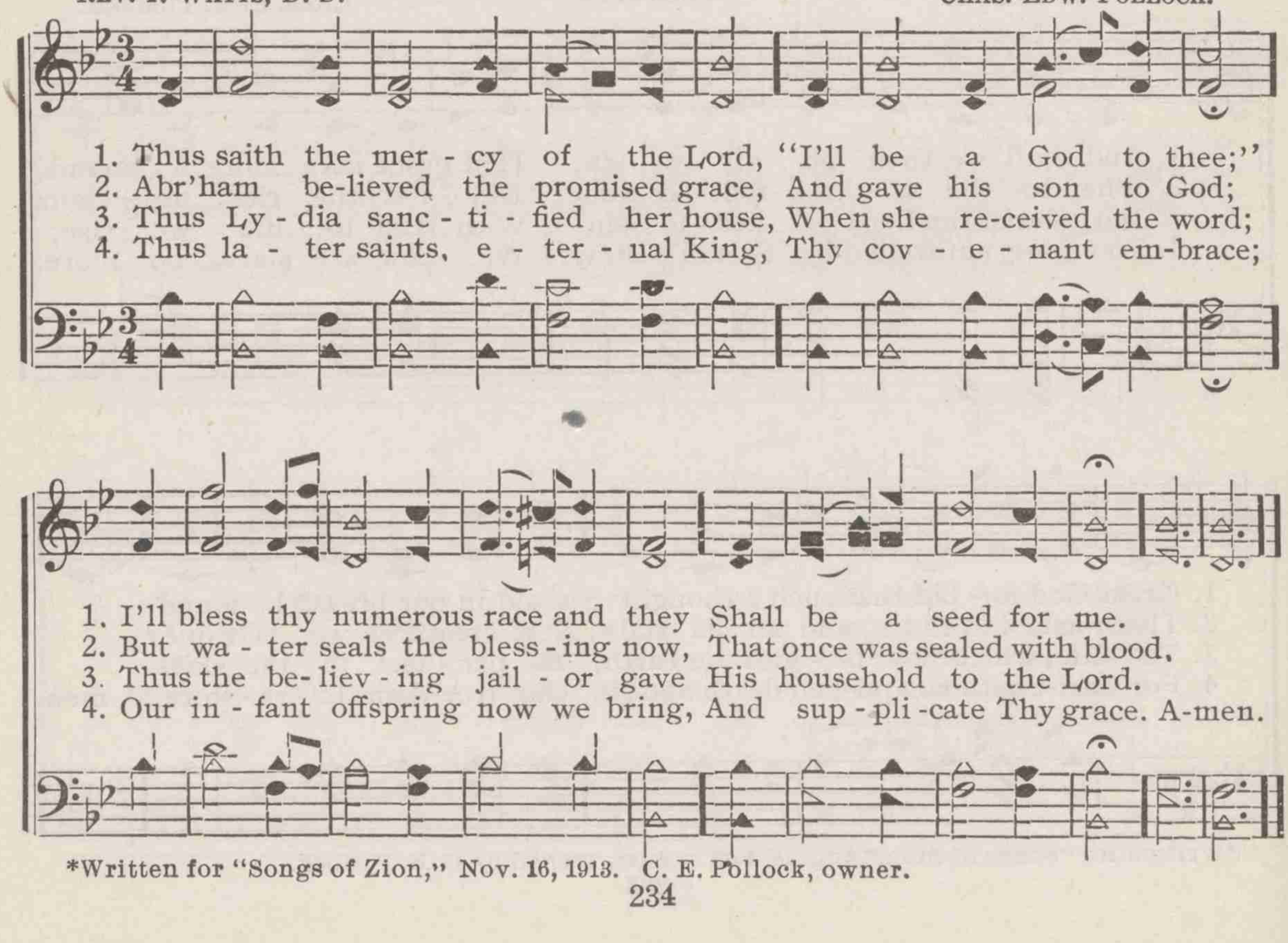
REV. I. WATTS, D. D., 1709. THOS. A. ARNE, 1744.



421 CORINTH. C. M.*

After baptism of child. Gen. 17:7. Acts 16:15, 33.

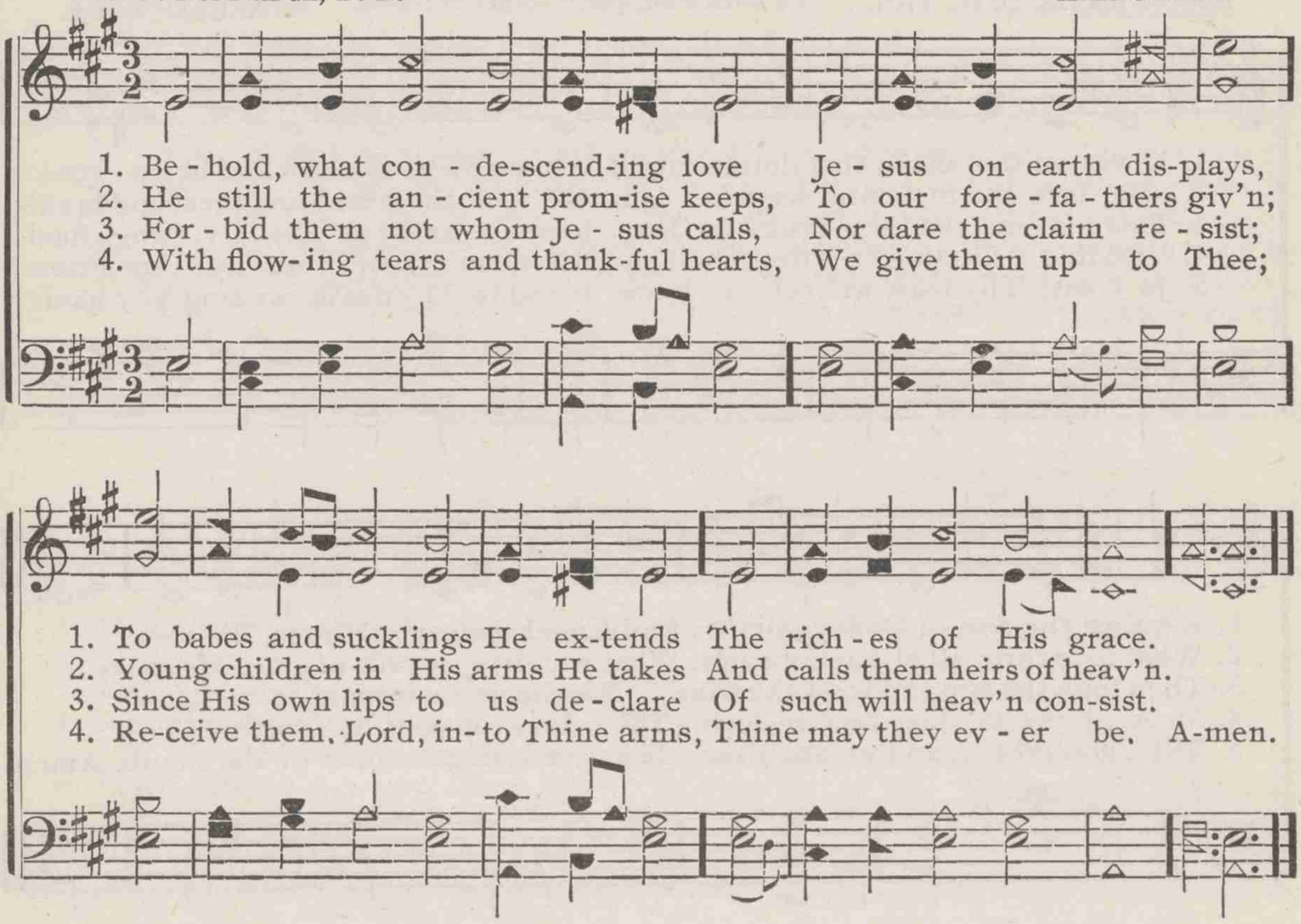
REV. I. WATTS, D. D. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



*Written for "Songs of Zion," Nov. 16, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner.

422 MELODY. C. M.

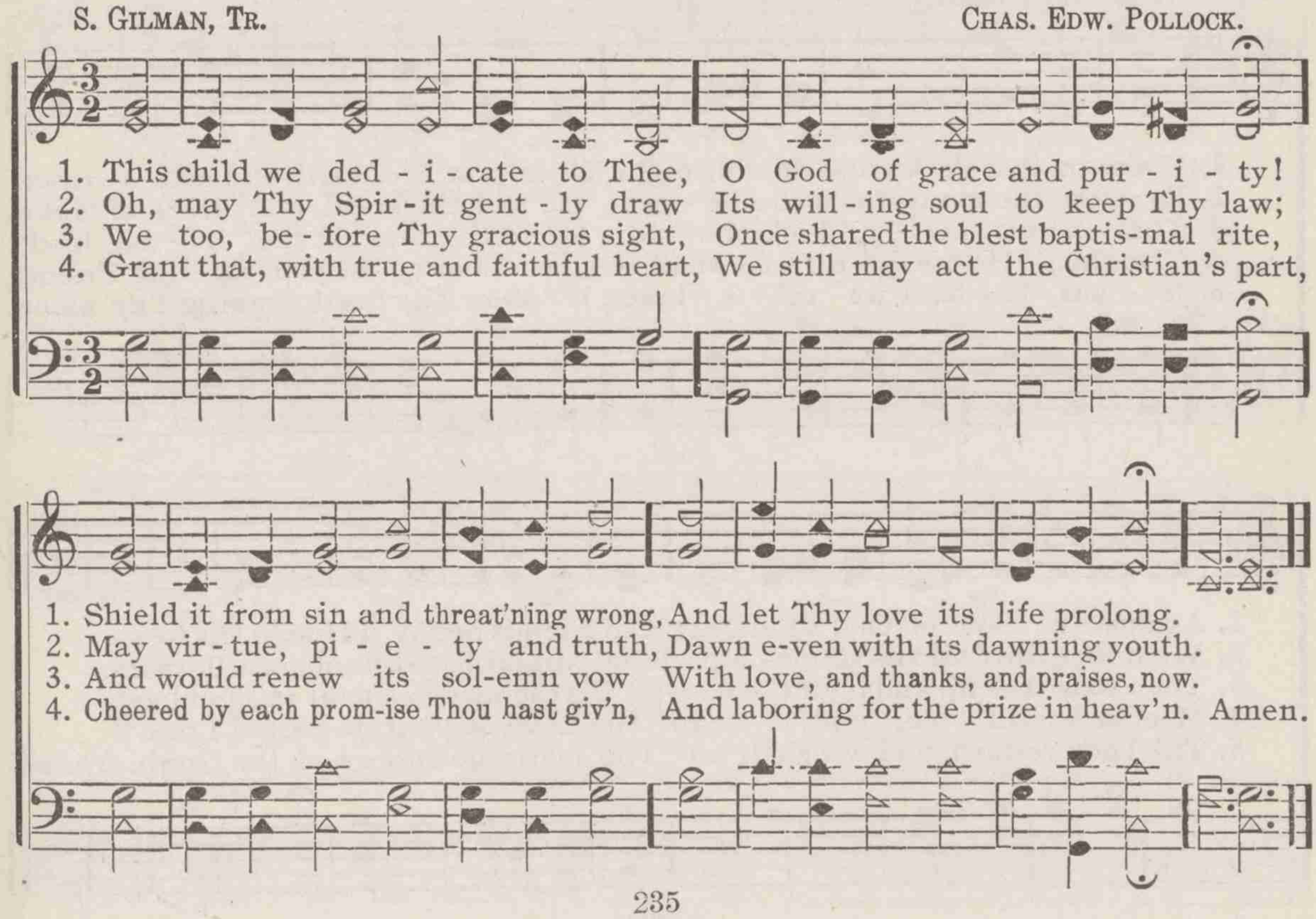
REV. P. DODDRIDGE, D. D. **Luke 18: 15, 16.** AMZI CHAPIN.



423 ST. AUGUSTINE. L. M.

"The promise is to you and to your children."—Acts 2: 39.

S. GILMAN, TR. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

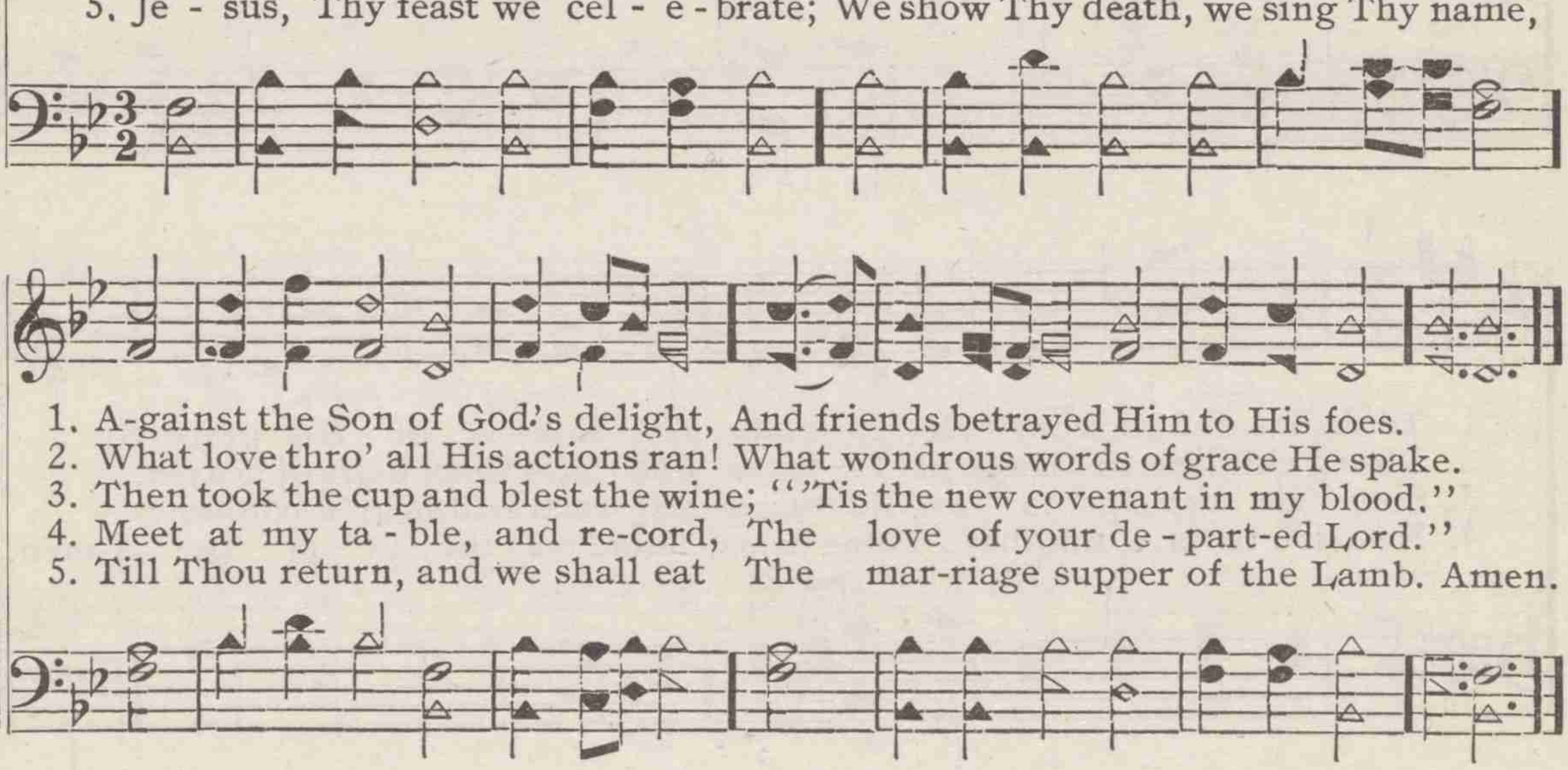


424 ROCKBRIDGE. L. M.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D., 1707. "The Lord's Supper."—Matt. 26: 26-30. A. CHAPIN, Arr.



1. 'Twas on that dark, that doleful night, When pow'rs of earth and hell a - rose;
2. Be - fore the mournful scene be - gan, He took the bread, and blest and brake;
3. This is my bod - y broke for sin; Re-ceive and eat the liv - ing food;
4. "Do this," He cried, "till time shall end, In mem'ry of your dy - ing Friend;
5. Je - sus, Thy feast we cel - e - brate; We show Thy death, we sing Thy name,



1. A-gainst the Son of God's delight, And friends betrayed Him to His foes.
2. What love thro' all His actions ran! What wondrous words of grace He spake.
3. Then took the cup and blest the wine; "'Tis the new covenant in my blood."
4. Meet at my ta - ble, and re-cord, The love of your de - part-ed Lord."
5. Till Thou return, and we shall eat The mar-riage supper of the Lamb. Amen.

425 NASHVILLE. L. M.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D., 1707. (Second Tune.) CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, by per.

Slow and solemn.



1. 'Twas on that dark, that doleful night, When pow'rs of earth and hell a - rose;
2. Be - fore the mournful scene be - gan, He took the bread, and blest and brake;
3. This is my bod - y, broke for sin; Re - ceive and eat the liv - ing food;
4. "Do this," He cried, "till time shall end, In mem'ry of your dy - ing Friend;
5. Je - sus, Thy feast we cel - e - brate; We show Thy death, we sing Thy name,



1. Against the Son of God's delight; And friends betray'd Him to His foes.
2. What love thro' all His actions ran! What wondrous words of grace He spake.
3. Then took the cup and blest the wine; "'Tis the new covenant in my blood."
4. Meet at my ta - ble, and re - cord The Love of your de-parted Lord."
5. Till Thou re-turn, and we shall eat The marriage supper of the Lamb. A-men.



426 THE EUCHARIST. L. M.

"The Lord's supper instituted."—Matt. 26: 26-29.

Scotch Paraphrase. W. T. DALE, 1905.

1. 'Twas on that night when doomed to know The ea - ger rage of ev -'ry foe;
2. And aft - er thanks and glo- ry giv'n, Tho' He was Lord of earth and heav'n,
3. "My brok- en bod - y thus I give, For you, for all,—take, eat and live;
4. Then in His hands the cup He raised, His Fa-ther once a - gain He prais'd;
5. "My blood I thus pour forth," He cries, "To cleanse the soul in sin that lies;
6. "With love to man this cup is filled, Let all partake, as I have willed;

Rit-e-dim.

1. That night in which He was betrayed, The Saviour of the world took bread.
2. That sym-bol of His flesh He broke, And thus to His dis - ci-ples spoke:
3. And oft the sa-cred rite re - new, That brings my wondrous love to view."
4. While kindness in His bosom glow'd, And from His lips sal-va-tion flow'd.
5. In this the cov - e - nant is sealed, And heav'n's e-ter-nal grace revealed.
6. Thro' lat- est a - ges let it pour, In mem'ry of my dy-ing hour." A-men.

427 MANOAH. C. M.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1825. Luke 22: 19. F. J. HAYDN.

1. Ac - cord - ing to Thy gracious word, In meek hu - mil - i - ty,
2. Thy bod - y, brok - en for my sake, My bread from heav'n shall be;
3. Geth- sem - a - ne can I for - get? Or there Thy con - flict see,
4. When to the cross I turn mine eyes, And rest on Cal - va - ry,
5. Re - mem-ber Thee and all Thy pains, And all Thy love to me;
6. And when these fail-ing lips grow dumb, And mind and mem-'ry flee,

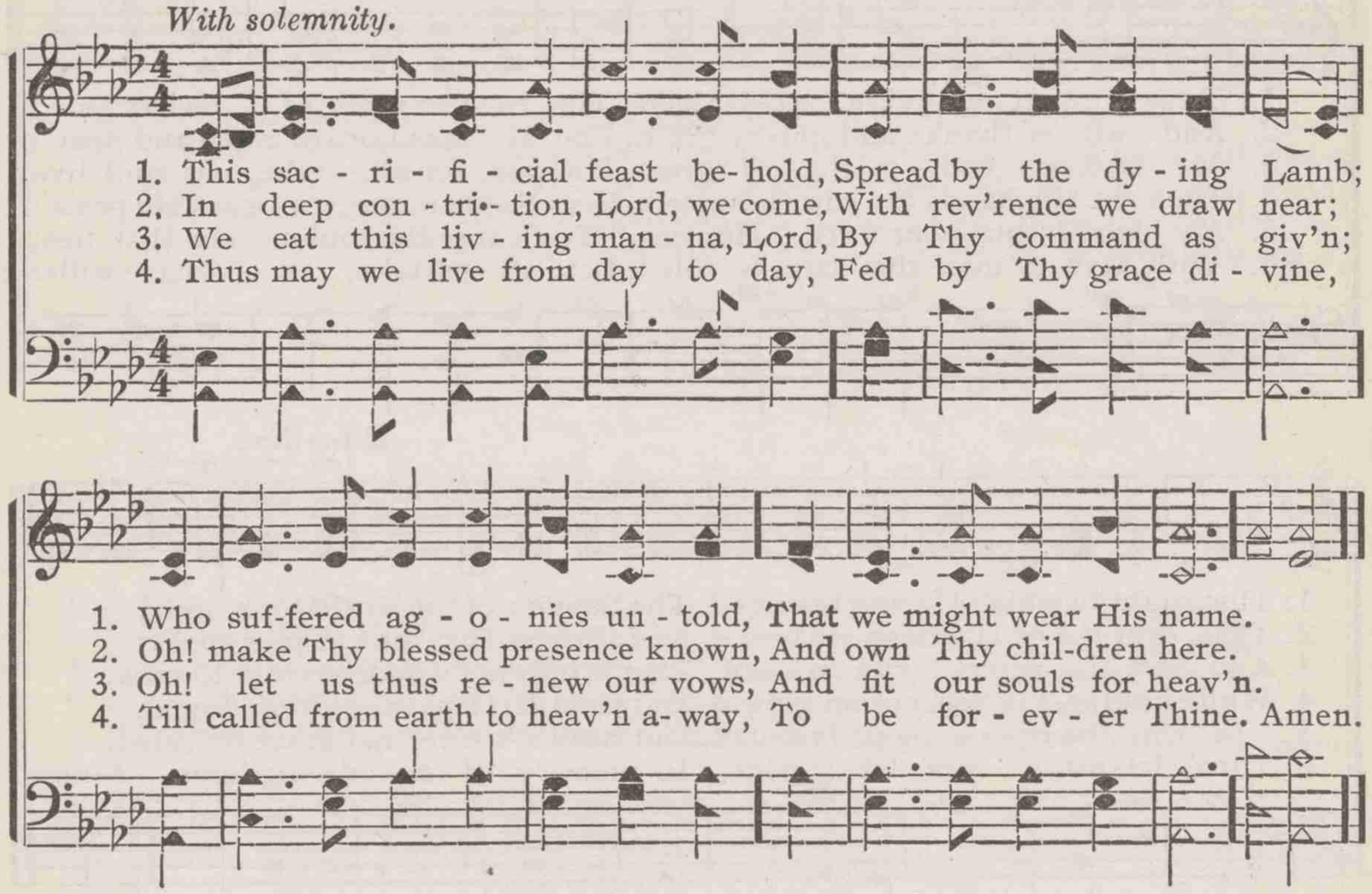
1. This will I do, my dy-ing Lord, I will re-mem-ber Thee.
2. Thy tes - ta - ment-al cup I take, And thus re-mem-ber Thee.
3. Thine ag - o - ny and bloody sweat, And not re-mem-ber Thee.
4. O Lamb of God, my sac - ri - fice, I must re-mem-ber Thee?
5. Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains, Will I re-mem-ber Thee.
6. When thou shalt in Thy kingdom come, Je - sus, re-mem-ber me. A - men.

428 OUR PASSOVER. C. M.

"For even Christ, our Passover, is sacrificed for us."—1 Cor. 5: 7.

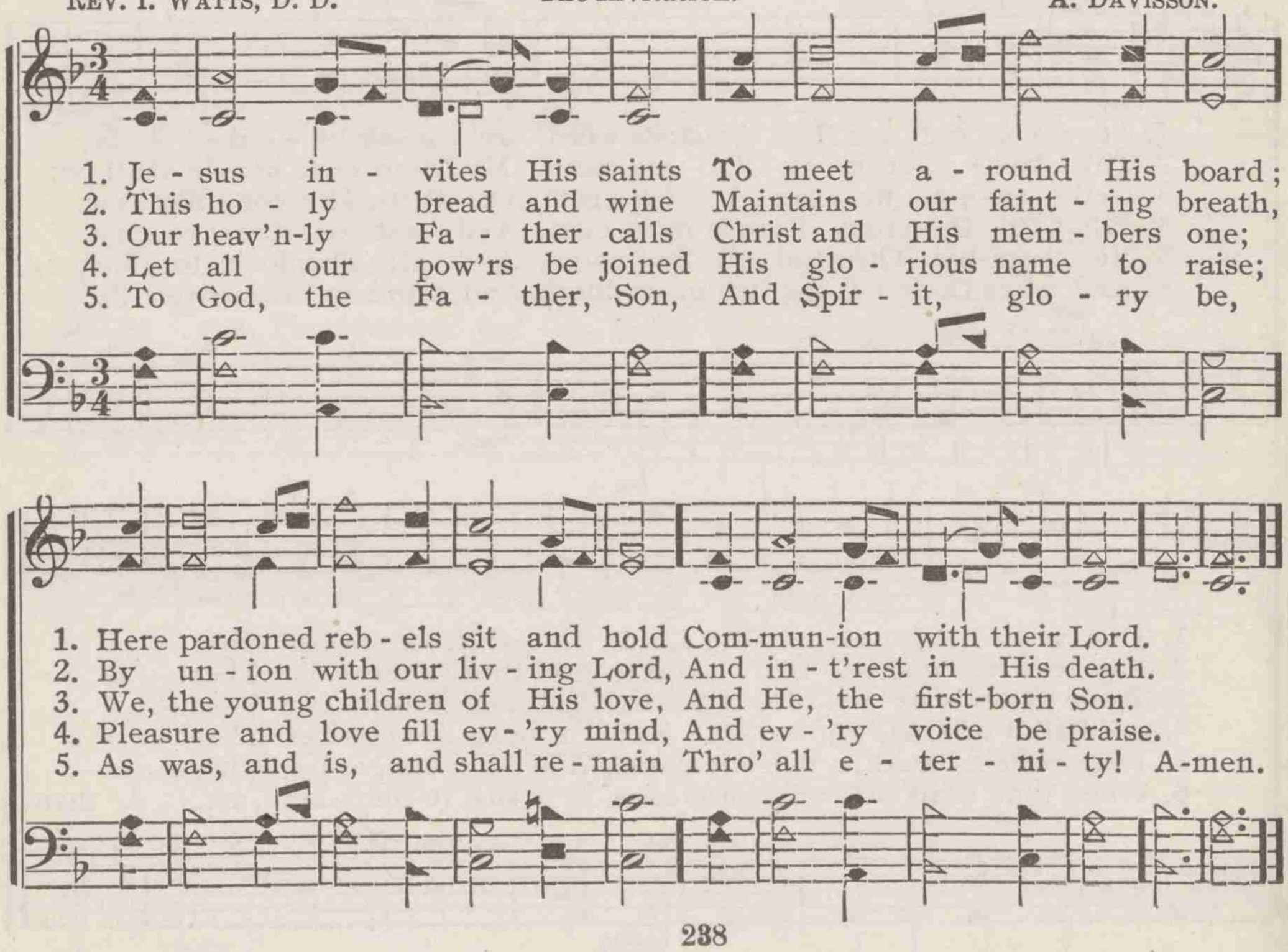
V. A. GIBSON. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

With solemnity.



429 GOLDEN HILL. S. M.

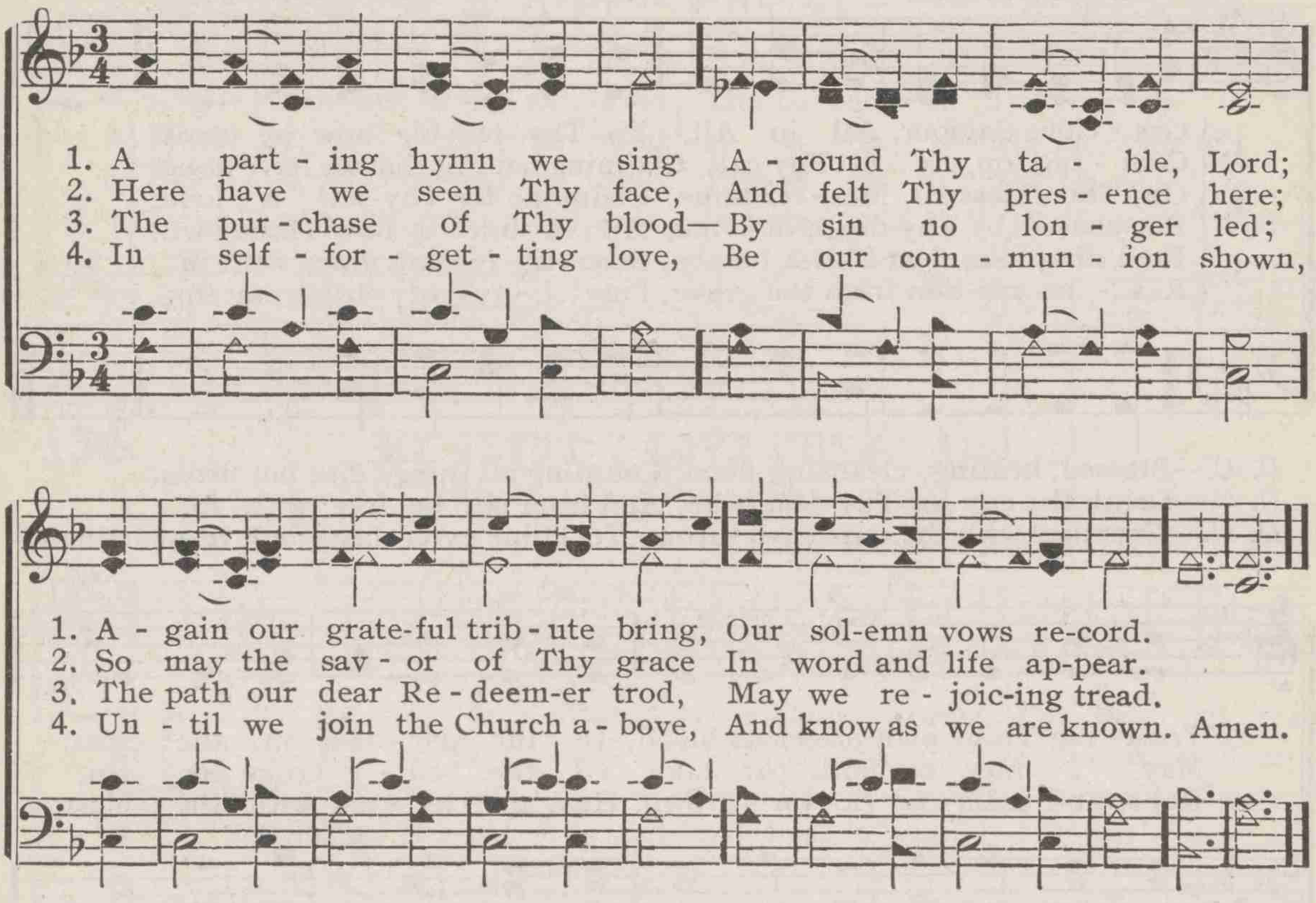
REV. I. WATTS, D. D. The Invitation. A. DAVISSON.



430 DENNIS. S. M.

"And when they had sung an hymn they went out."—Matt. 26:30.

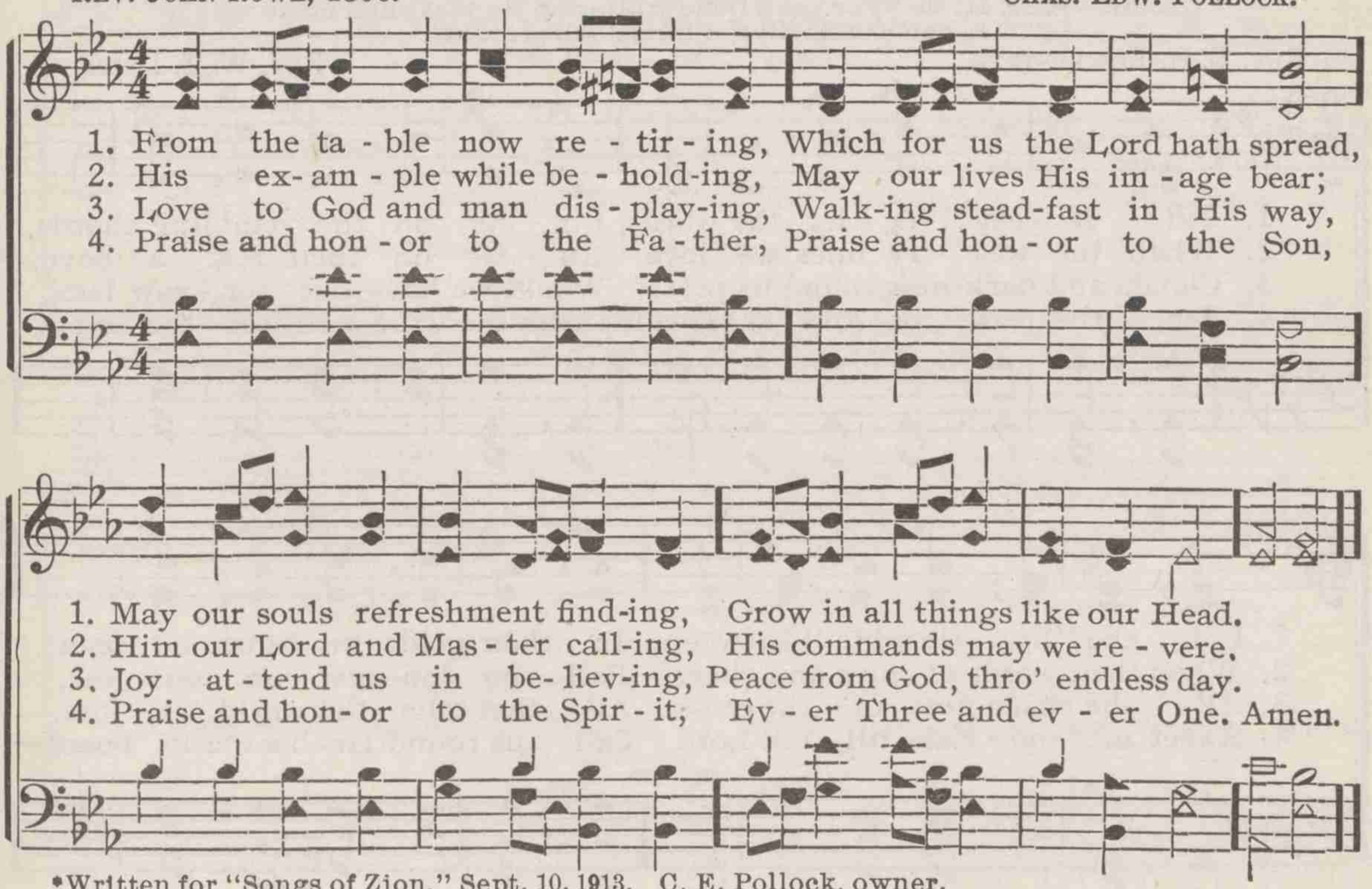
REV. AARON R. WOLFE, 1858. HANS GEORGE NAEGELI.



431 REXFORD. 8s, 7s.*

"And when they had sung an hymn they went out."—Matt. 26:30.

REV. JOHN ROWE, 1806. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



*Written for "Songs of Zion," Sept. 10, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner.

432 AT THY TABLE. 7s, D.

REV. O. E. HART. Luke 22: 14-22. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Slow and solemn. FINE.

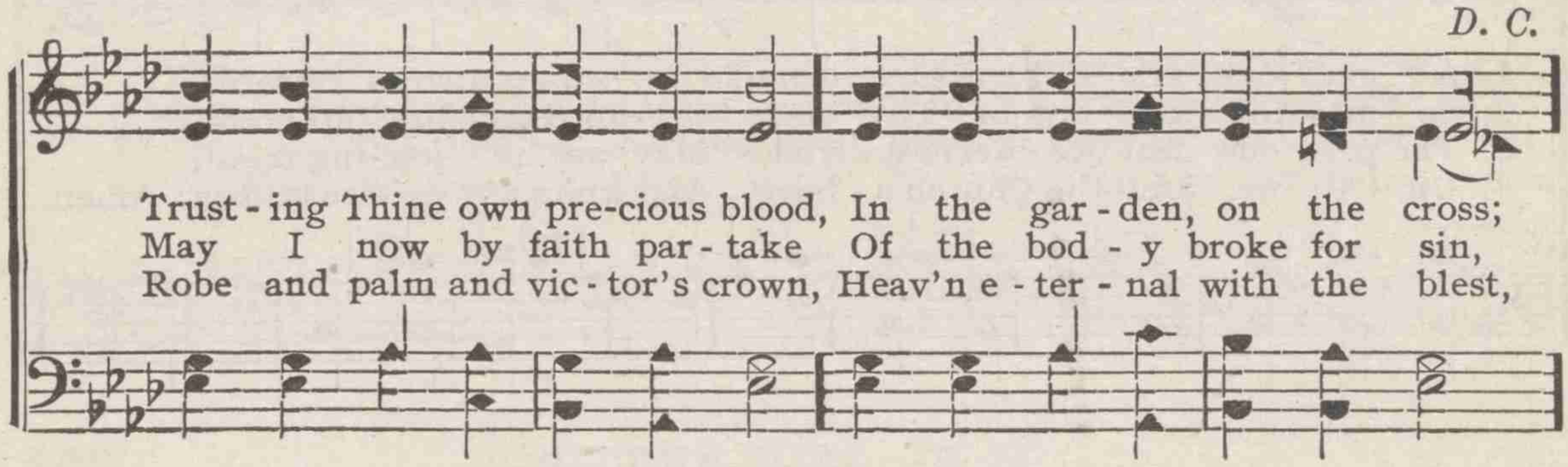


1. Gra - cious Saviour, All in All, To Thy ta - ble now we come;
   Com - ing on - ly at Thy call, Claiming naught that we have done.
2. Oh, Thou bless-ed Mas - ter mine, Claim me for Thy-self a - lone;
   Pur-chased by Thy death di - vine, All I have is now Thine own.
3. Pard'ning love, dear Christ, I crave, Sanc - ti - fy - ing grace with-in;
   Res - ur- rec-tion from the grave, Pur - i - ty of life from sin.



D. C.—Blessed, healing, cleansing flood, Counting all things else but dross.
D. C.—Drink the cup for Thy dear sake, And from sin be free with - in.
D. C.—Entrance with the ransomed throng, To Thine ev-er- last - ing rest. Amen.

D. C.



Trust - ing Thine own pre-cious blood, In the gar - den, on the cross;
May I now by faith par - take Of the bod - y broke for sin,
Robe and palm and vic - tor's crown, Heav'n e - ter - nal with the blest,

433 TILL HE COME. 7s, 6 lines.

"For as often as ye eat this bread and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death till he come."—Cor. 11: 26. "For yet a little while and He that shall come will come and will not tarry.' —Heb. 10: 37.

REV. E. H. BICKERSTETH. REV. W. T. DALE.



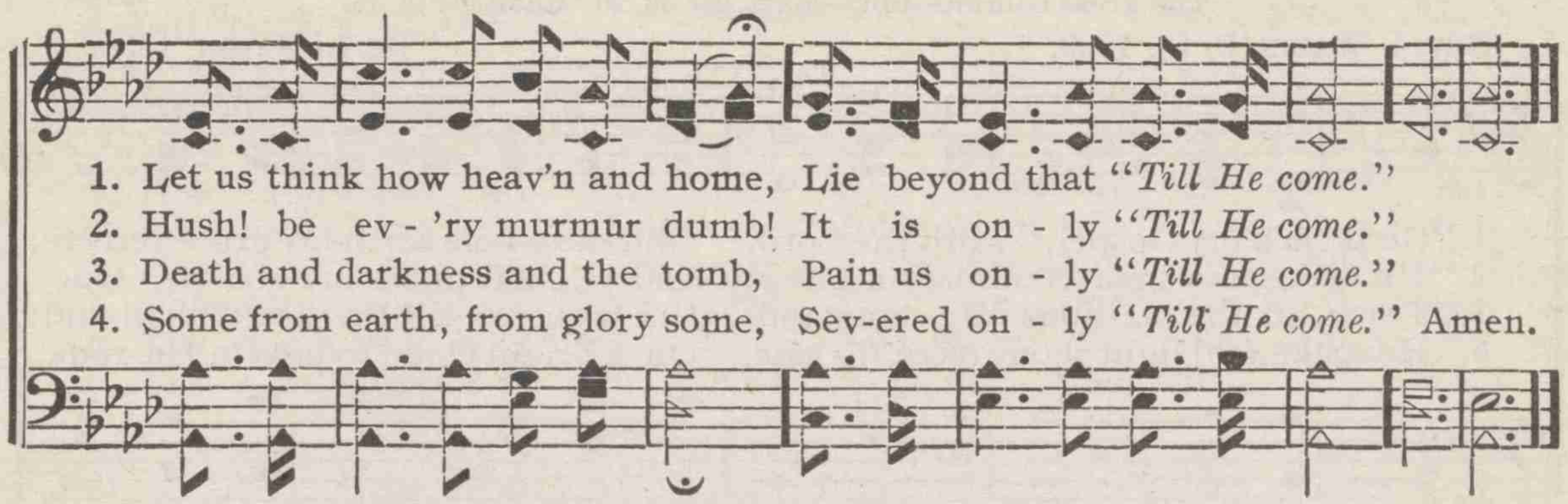
1. "*Till He come!*" O, let the words Lin - ger on the trembling chords,
2. When the wea - ry ones we love En - ter on their rest a - bove,
3. Clouds and dark-ness round us press; Would we have one sor - row less?
4. See, the feast of love is spread, Drink the wine and eat the bread;



1. Let the "lit - tle while" between, In their gold - en light be seen;
2. When their words of love and cheer Fall no lon - ger on our ear,
3. All the sharp-ness of the cross, All that tells the world is loss,
4. Sweet me - mo - rials till the Lord Call us round His heav'n-ly board—

Copyright, 1910, by W T. Dale.

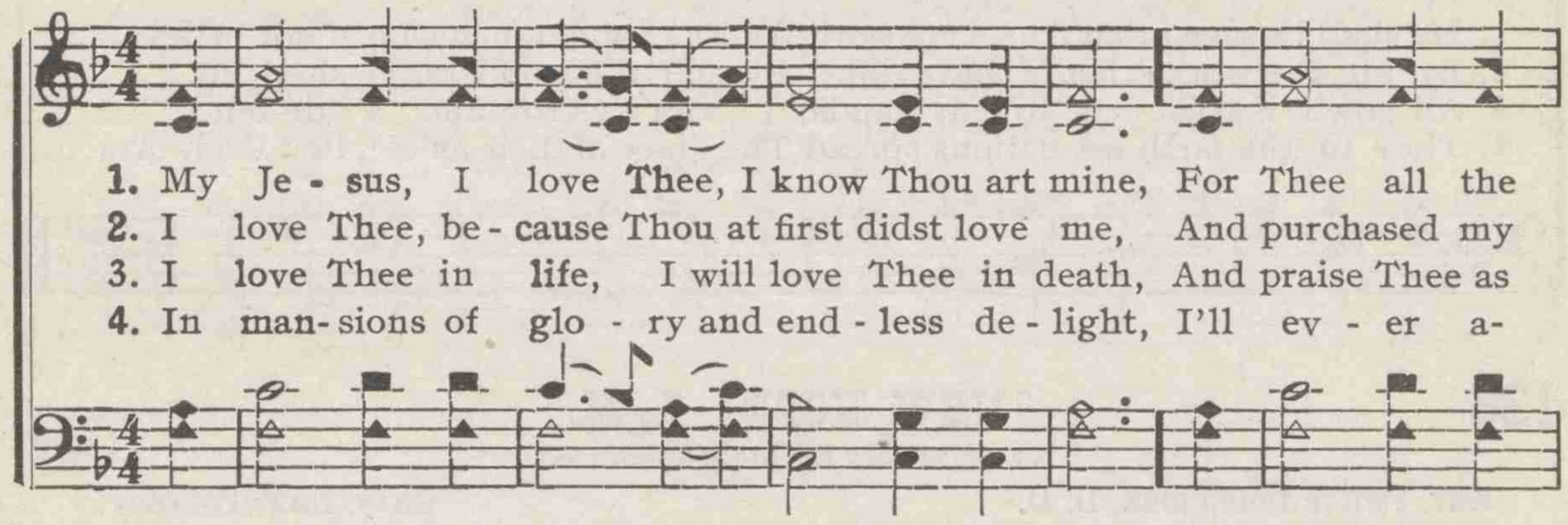
TILL HE COME. Concluded.



434 MY JESUS, I LOVE THEE. 11s.

(May be sung at close of communion.)

LONDON HYMN BOOK. REV. ADONIRUM JUDSON GORDON, D. D.



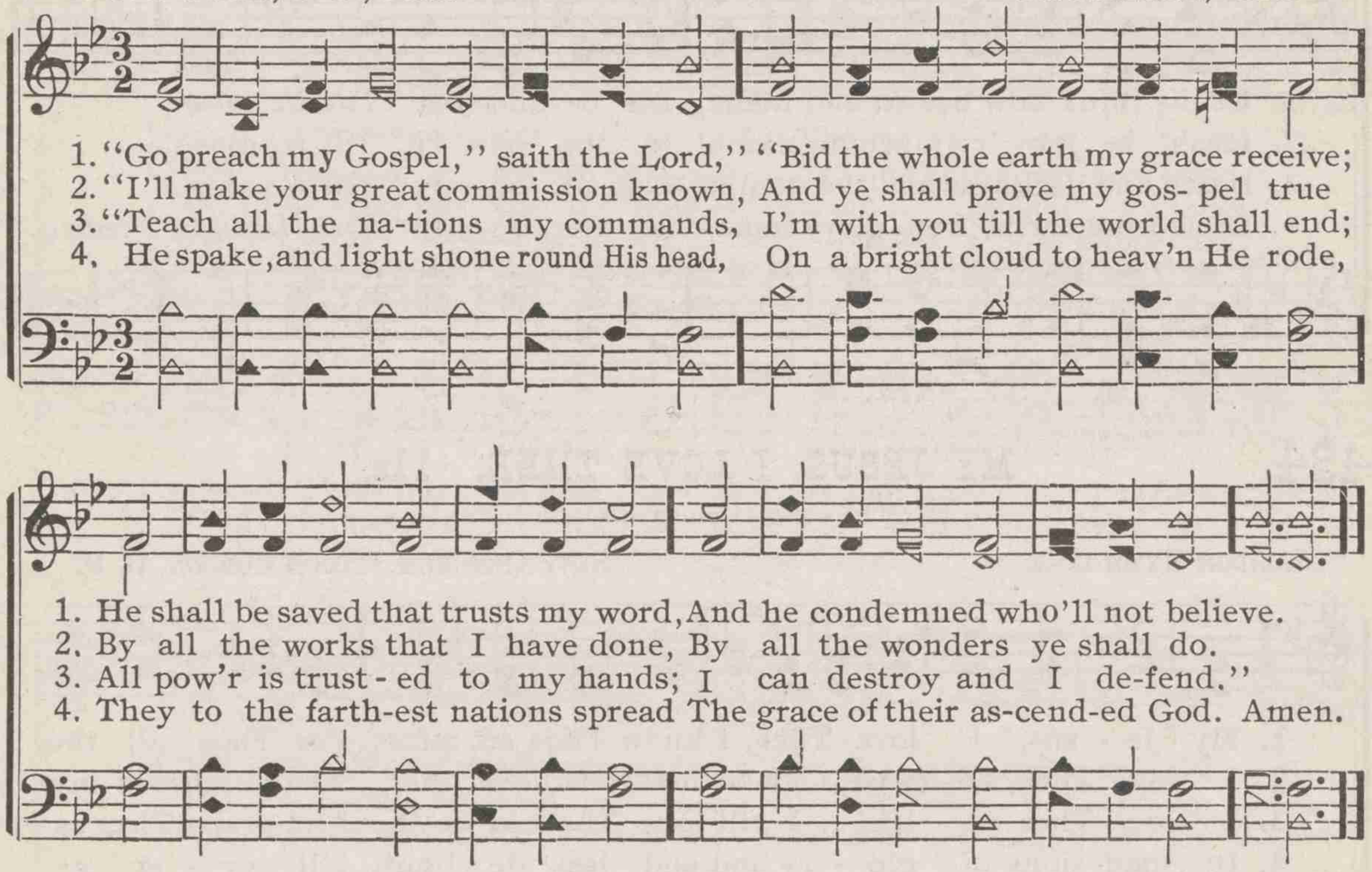




435 HEBRON. L. M.

The great commission.—Matt. 28: 19, 20. Mark 16: 15, 16.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D., 1709. DR. L. MASON, 1830.



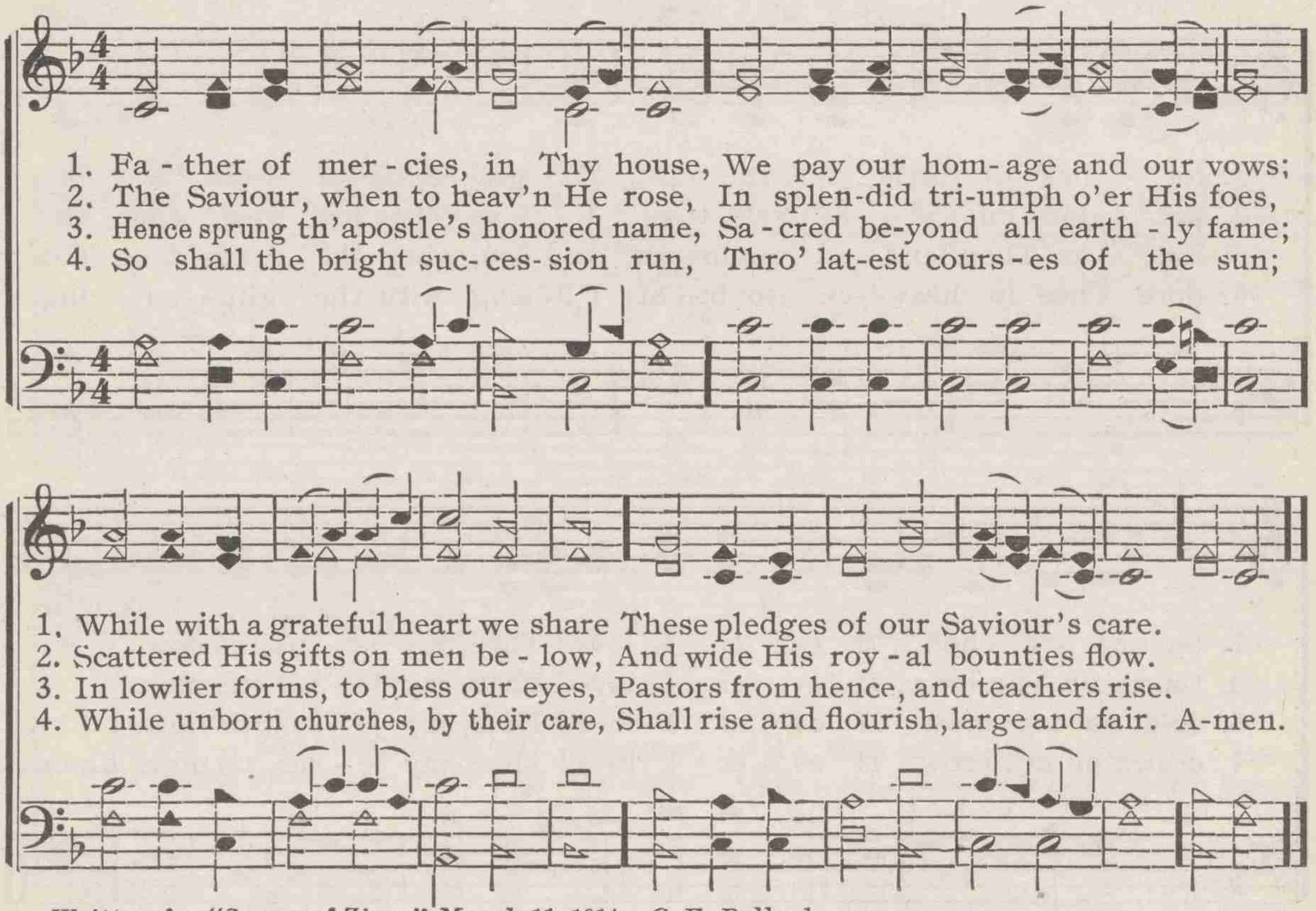
1. "Go preach my Gospel," saith the Lord," "Bid the whole earth my grace receive;
2. "I'll make your great commission known, And ye shall prove my gos- pel true
3. "Teach all the na-tions my commands, I'm with you till the world shall end;
4. He spake, and light shone round His head, On a bright cloud to heav'n He rode,

1. He shall be saved that trusts my word, And he condemned who'll not believe.
2. By all the works that I have done, By all the wonders ye shall do.
3. All pow'r is trust - ed to my hands; I can destroy and I de-fend."
4. They to the farth-est nations spread The grace of their as-cend-ed God. Amen.

436 NEW HOPE. L. M.

The ministry divinely appointed.

REV. PHILIP DODDRIDGE, D. D. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



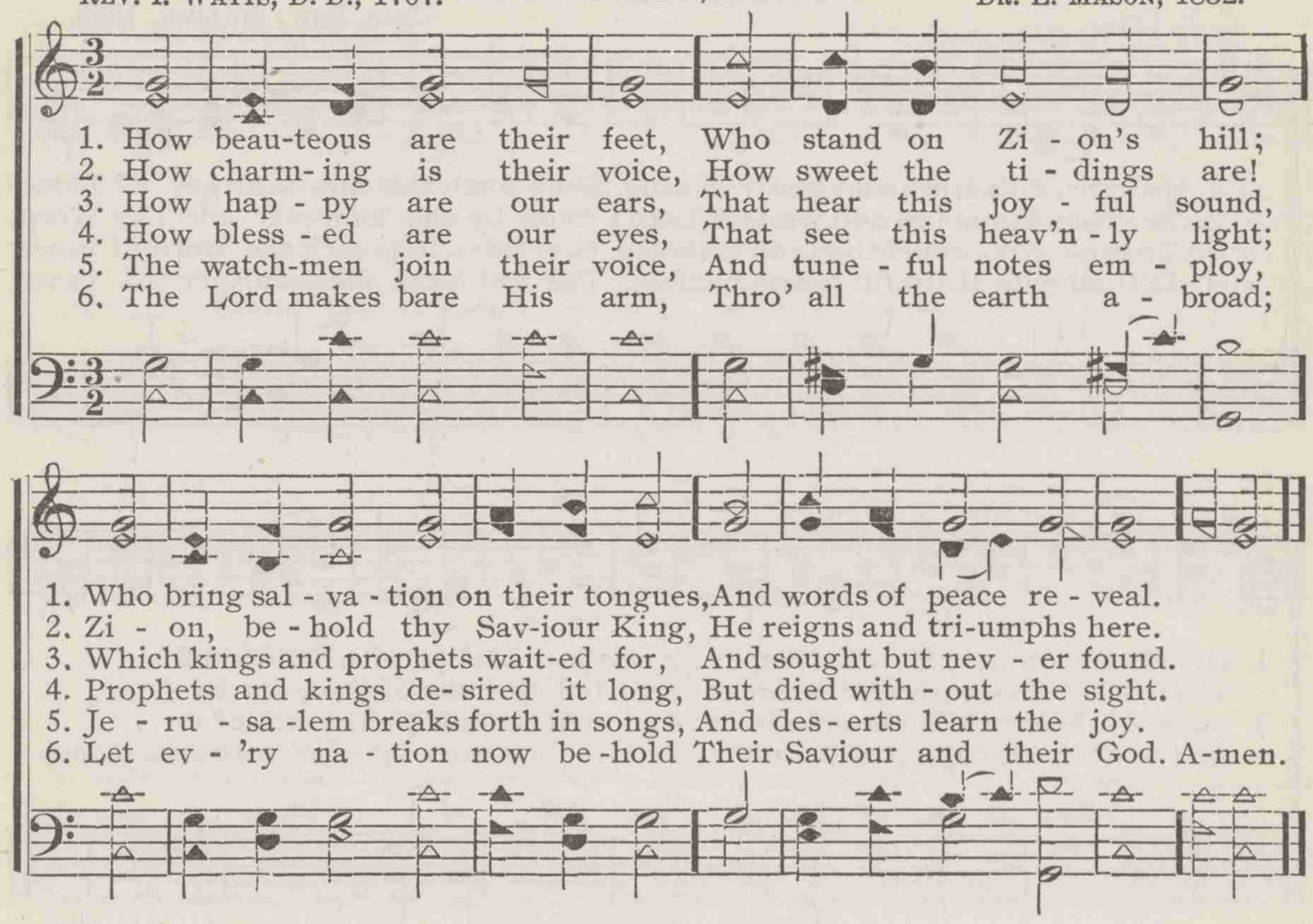
1. Fa - ther of mer - cies, in Thy house, We pay our hom- age and our vows;
2. The Saviour, when to heav'n He rose, In splen-did tri-umph o'er His foes,
3. Hence sprung th'apostle's honored name, Sa - cred be-yond all earth - ly fame;
4. So shall the bright suc- ces- sion run, Thro' lat-est cours - es of the sun;

1. While with a grateful heart we share These pledges of our Saviour's care.
2. Scattered His gifts on men be - low, And wide His roy - al bounties flow.
3. In lowlier forms, to bless our eyes, Pastors from hence, and teachers rise.
4. While unborn churches, by their care, Shall rise and flourish, large and fair. A-men.

Written for "Songs of Zion," March 11, 1914. C. E. Pollock, owner.

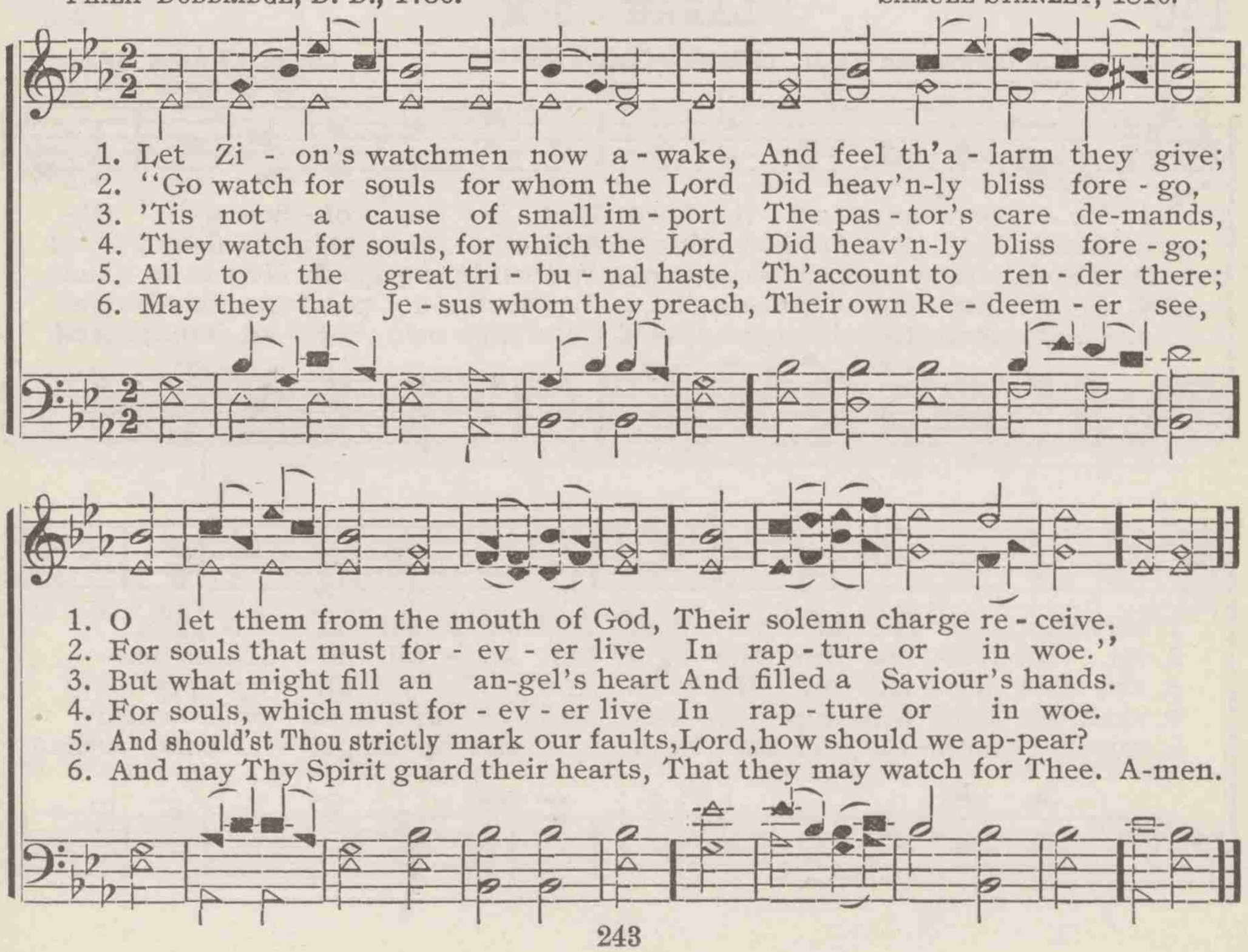
437 BOYLSTON. S. M.

Rev. I. Watts, D. D., 1707. Isa. 52: 7, 8. Dr. L. Mason, 1832.



438 WARWICK. C. M.

Philip Doddridge, D. D., 1736. Heb. 13: 17. Samuel Stanley, 1810.



439 McPHERSON. L. M.

On ordination of a minister.

C. P. Coll. Chas. Edw. Pollock, 1890.



1. Je – sus, with truth and pow'r di-vine, Send forth this mes-sen - ger of Thine;
2. Be Thou his mouth and wisdom, Lord; Thou by the ham-mer of Thy Word,
3. To those who would the Lord embrace, Give him to preach the word of grace;
4. Let all with thankful hearts confess, The wel-come mes-sen - ger of peace,

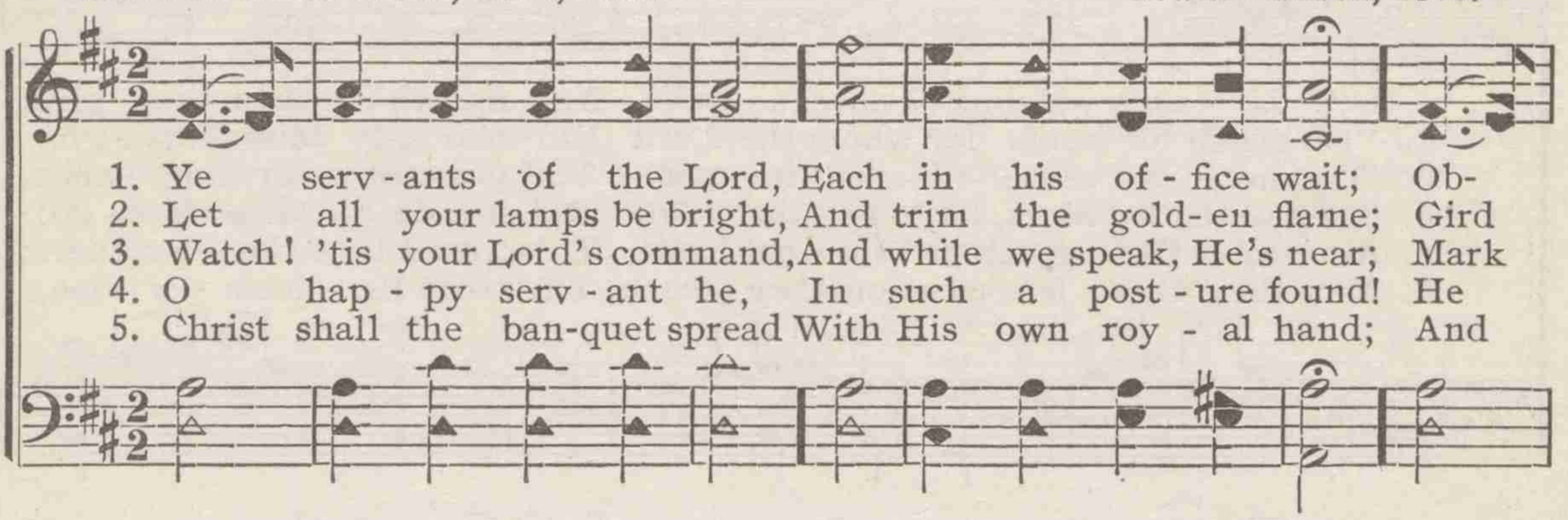


1. His hands confirm, his heart inspire, And touch his lips with hallow'd fire.
2. The rock- y hearts in piec-es break, And bid the son of thun-der speak.
3. Sweet-ly their yielding bosoms move, And melt them with the fire of love.
4. And pow'r in his re - port be found, And in Thy work may he a-bound. Amen.

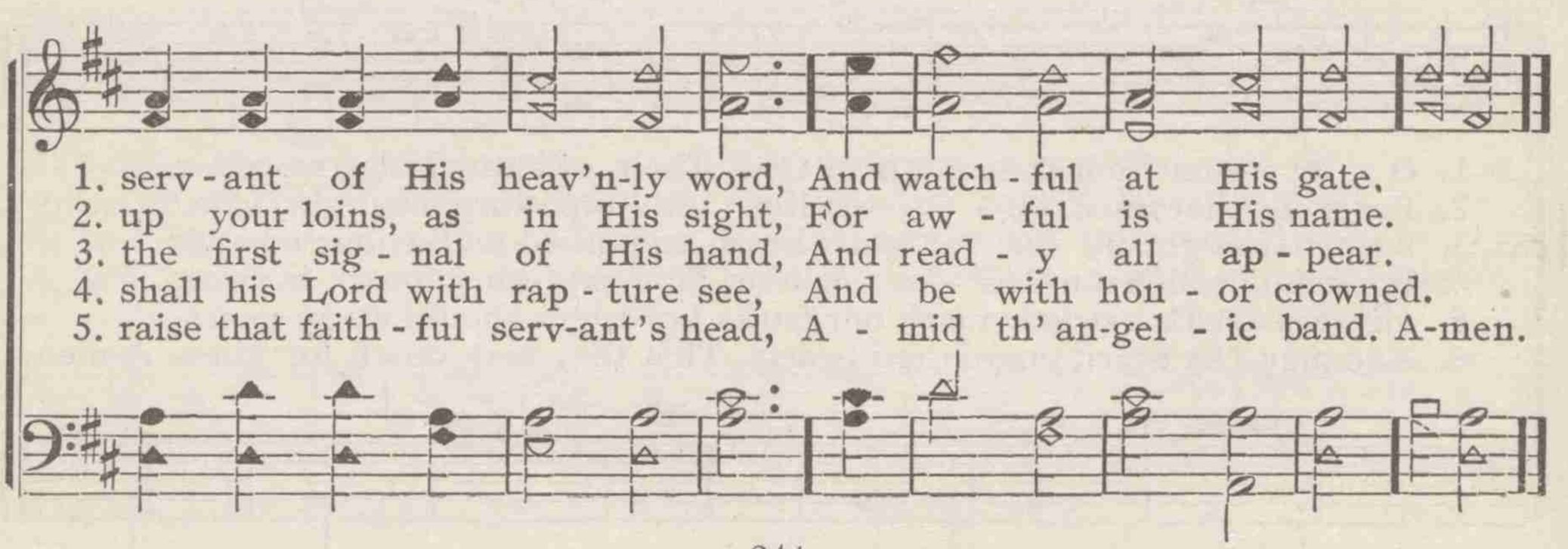


440 LABAN. S. M.

Rev. Philip Doddridge, D. D., 1755. Luke 12: 35. Lowell Mason, 1830.



1. Ye serv - ants of the Lord, Each in his of - fice wait; Ob-
2. Let all your lamps be bright, And trim the gold- en flame; Gird
3. Watch! 'tis your Lord's command, And while we speak, He's near; Mark
4. O hap - py serv - ant he, In such a post - ure found! He
5. Christ shall the ban-quet spread With His own roy - al hand; And



1. serv - ant of His heav'n-ly word, And watch - ful at His gate,
2. up your loins, as in His sight, For aw - ful is His name.
3. the first sig - nal of His hand, And read - y all ap - pear.
4. shall his Lord with rap - ture see, And be with hon - or crowned.
5. raise that faith - ful serv-ant's head, A - mid th' an-gel - ic band. A-men.

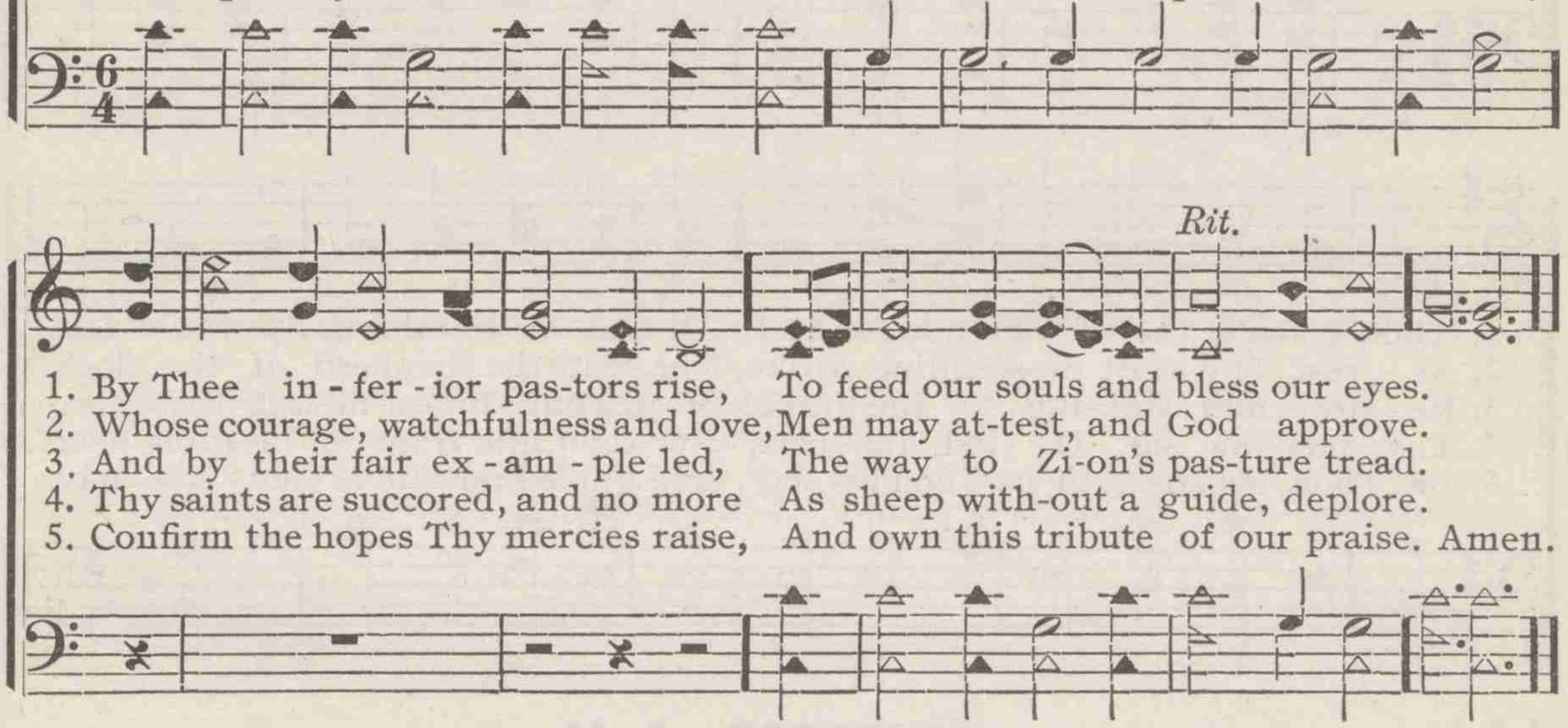
441 RETREAT. L. M.

At the settlement of a minister.

REV. P. DODDRIDGE, D. D. DR. THOMAS HASTINGS, 1842.



1. Shepherd of Is-rael, Thou dost keep, With con-stant care Thy humble sheep;
2. To all Thy churches such im-part, Re-sem-bling Thy own gracious heart,
3. Fed by their ac-tive, ten-der care, Healthful may all Thy sheep ap-pear;
4. Here hast thou list-ened to our vows, And scattered blessings on Thy house;
5. Com-plete-ly heal each for-mer stroke, And bless the shepherd and the flock;

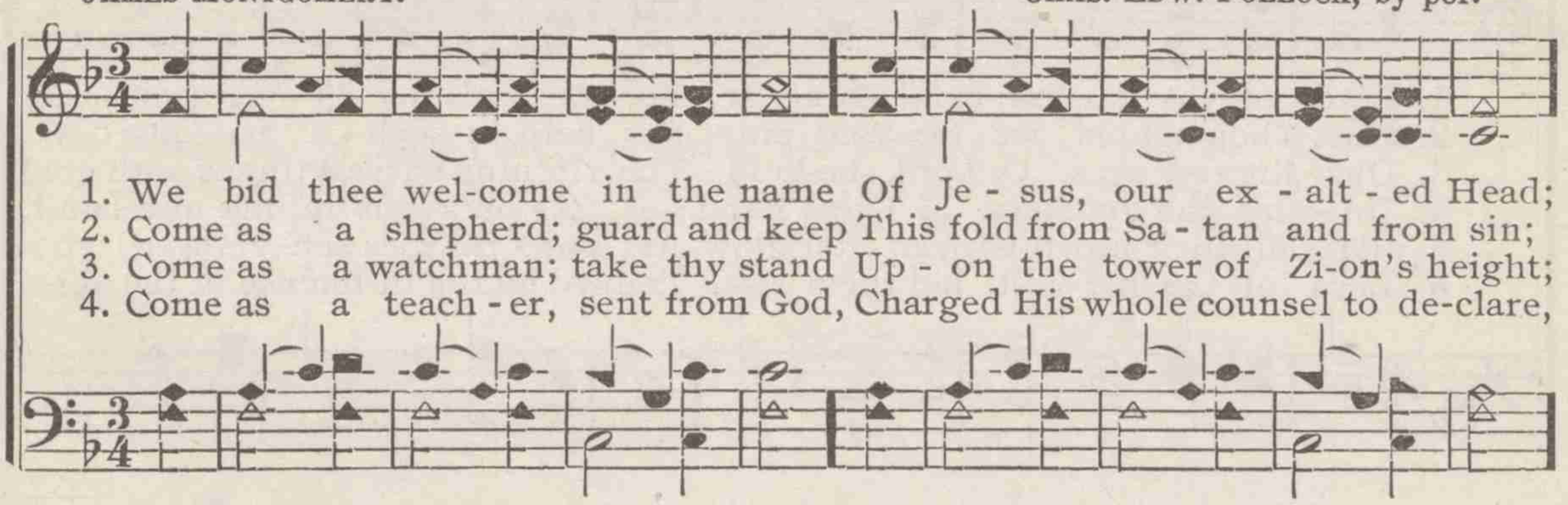


1. By Thee in-fer-ior pas-tors rise, To feed our souls and bless our eyes.
2. Whose courage, watchfulness and love, Men may at-test, and God approve.
3. And by their fair ex-am-ple led, The way to Zi-on's pas-ture tread.
4. Thy saints are succored, and no more As sheep with-out a guide, deplore.
5. Confirm the hopes Thy mercies raise, And own this tribute of our praise. Amen.

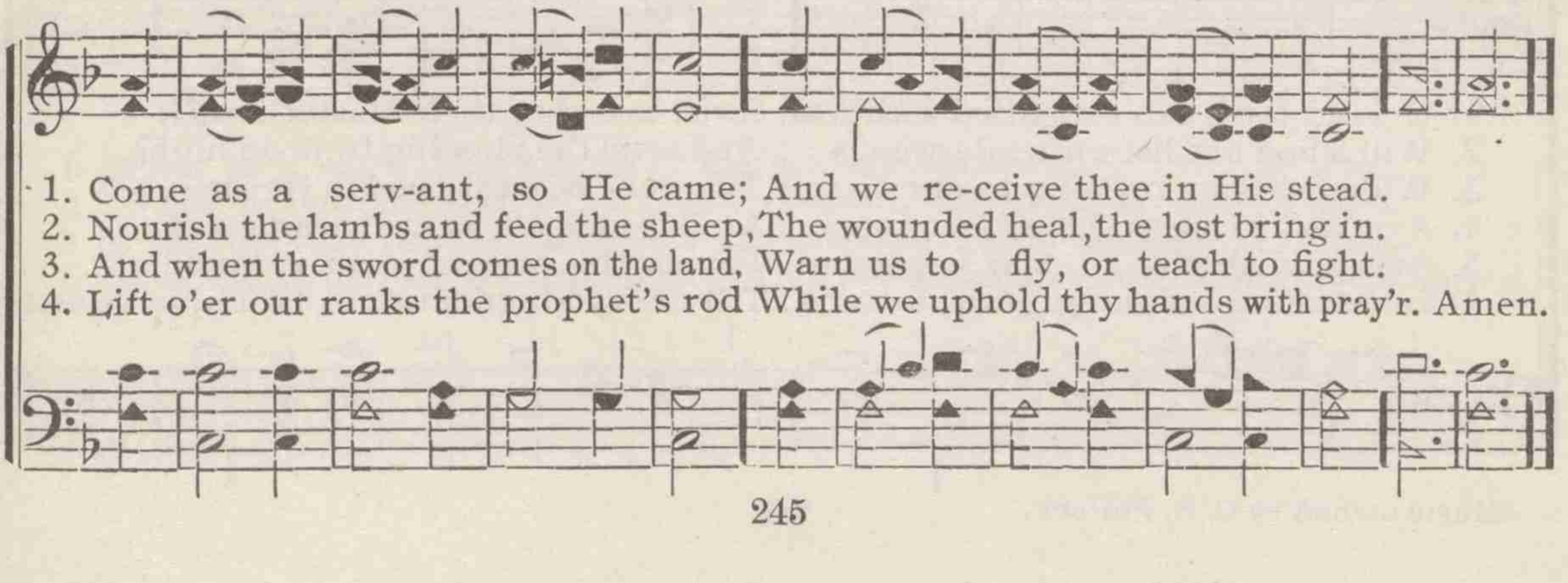
442 SHOWALTER. L. M.

Installation of a pastor.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, by per.



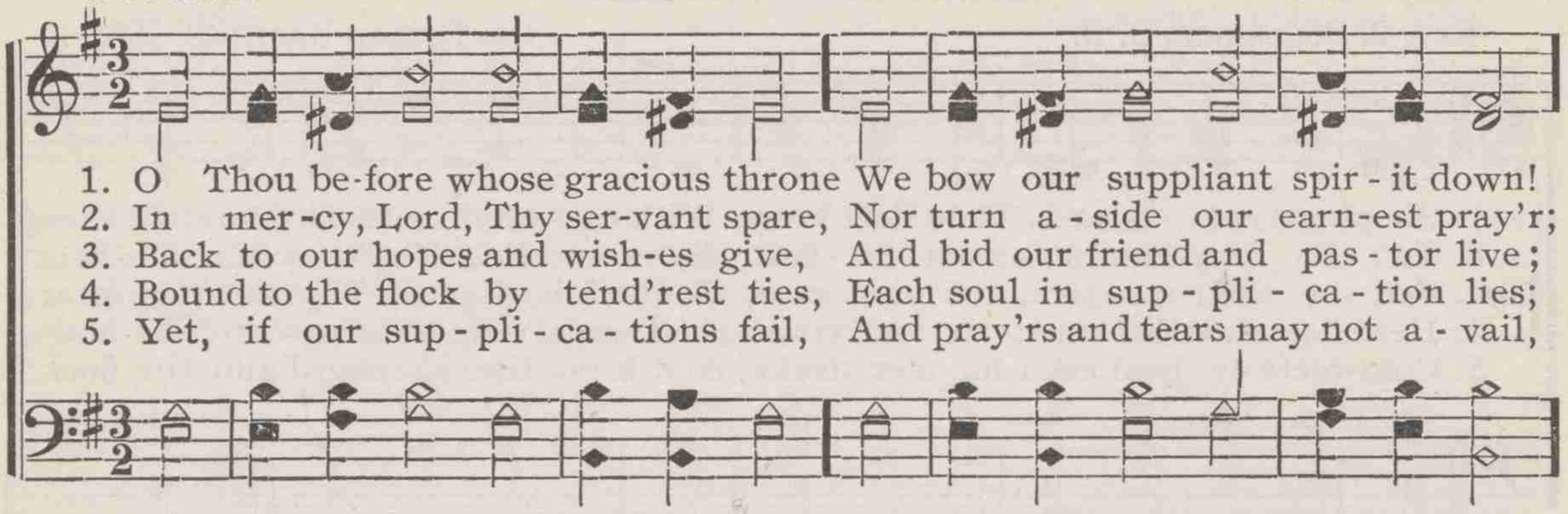
1. We bid thee wel-come in the name Of Je-sus, our ex-alt-ed Head;
2. Come as a shepherd; guard and keep This fold from Sa-tan and from sin;
3. Come as a watchman; take thy stand Up-on the tower of Zi-on's height;
4. Come as a teach-er, sent from God, Charged His whole counsel to de-clare,

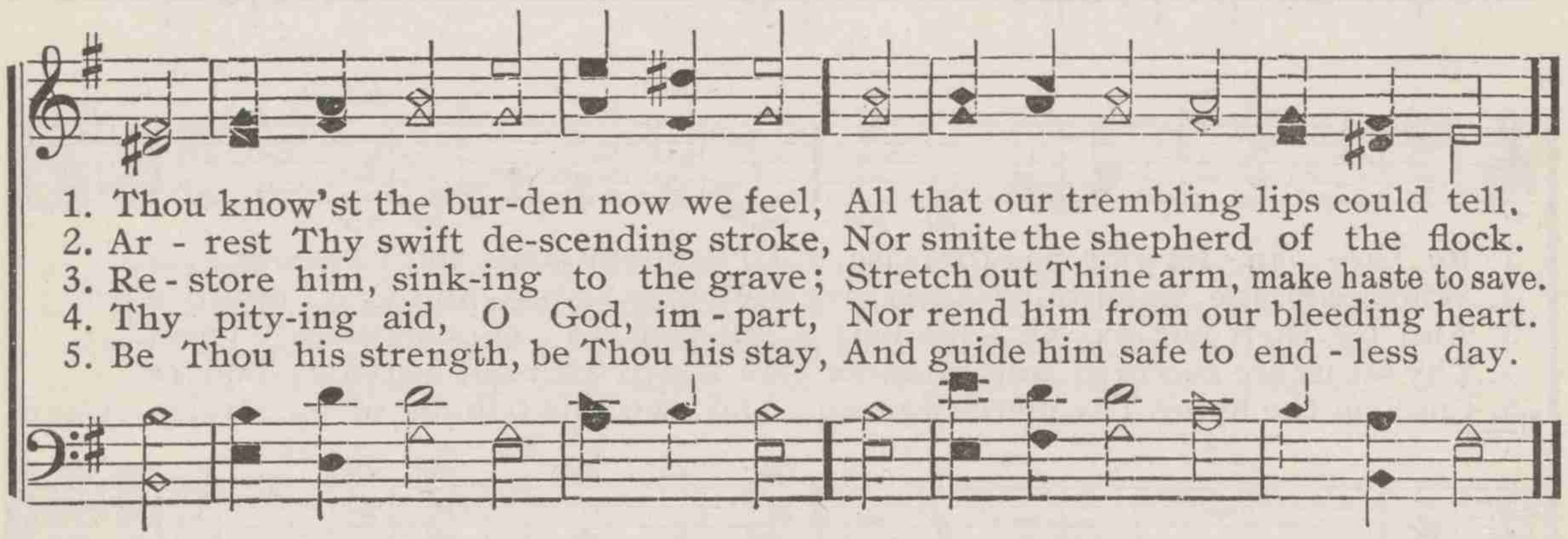


1. Come as a serv-ant, so He came; And we re-ceive thee in His stead.
2. Nourish the lambs and feed the sheep, The wounded heal, the lost bring in.
3. And when the sword comes on the land, Warn us to fly, or teach to fight.
4. Lift o'er our ranks the prophet's rod While we uphold thy hands with pray'r. Amen.

443 WINDHAM. L. M.

C. P. Coll. — Prayer for a sick minister. — Daniel Read.

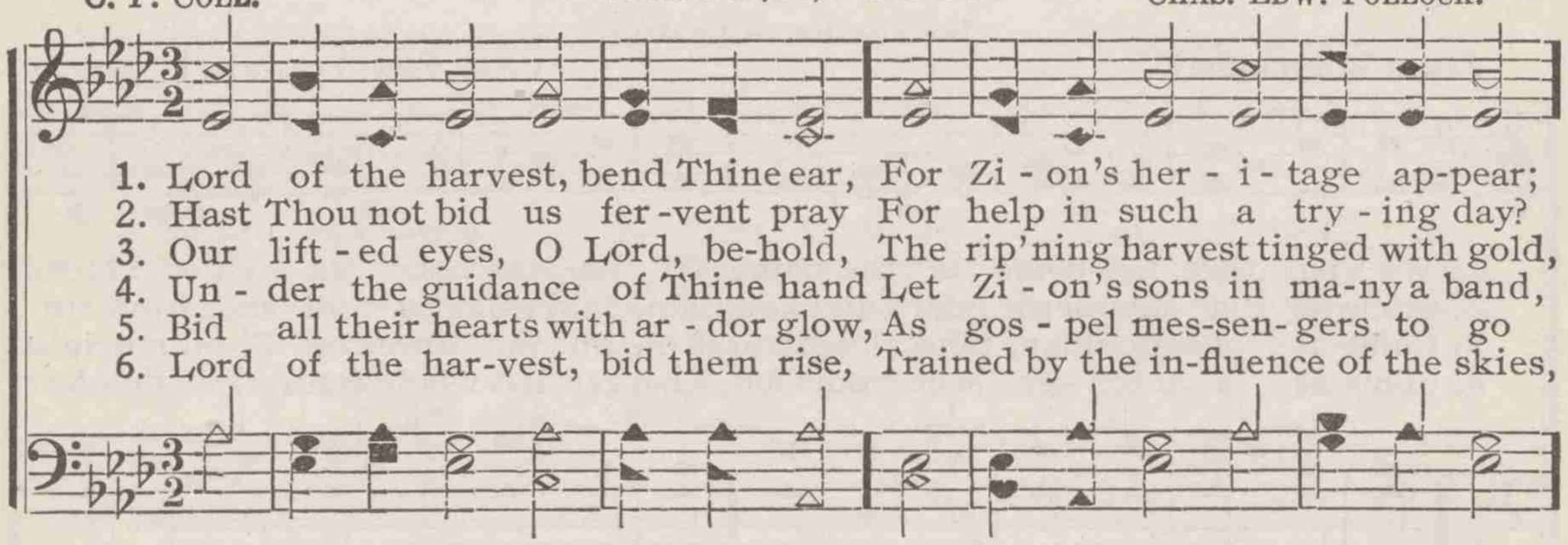


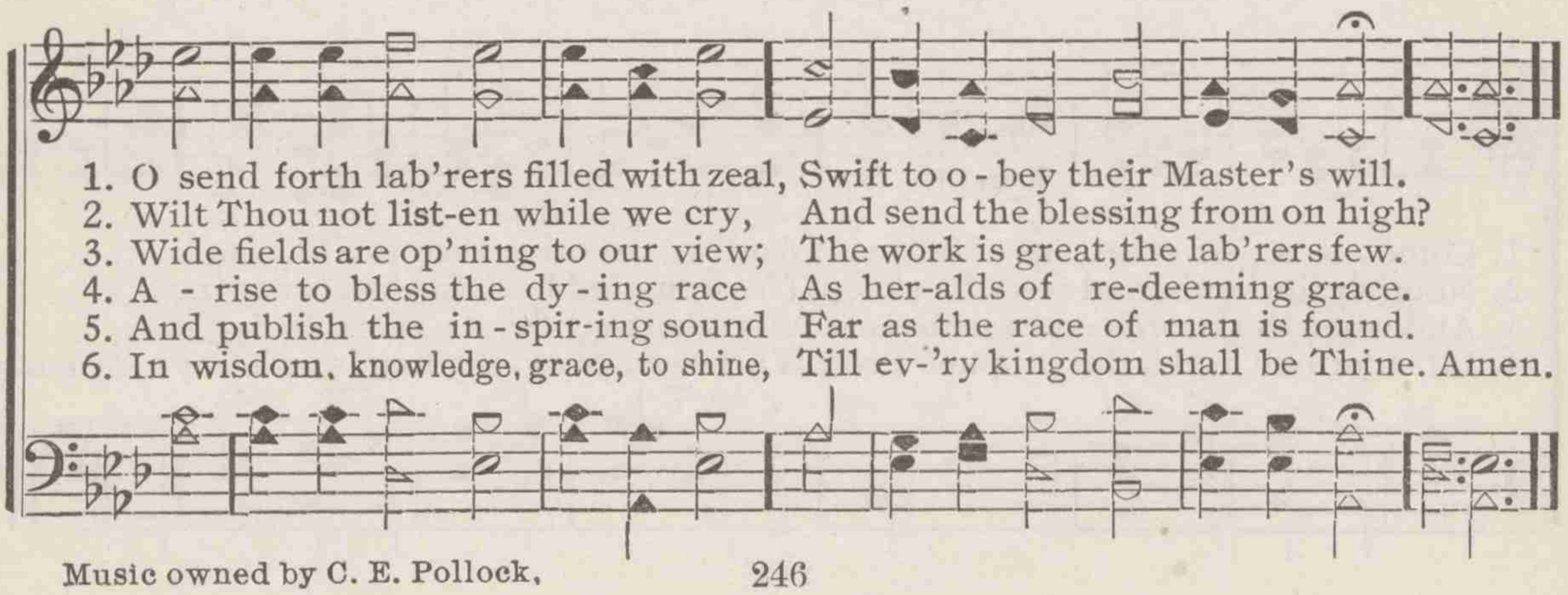


444 CONVERSE. L. M.

Prayer for laborers.
Matt. 9:37, 38; Luke 10:2.

C. P. Coll. — Chas. Edw. Pollock.



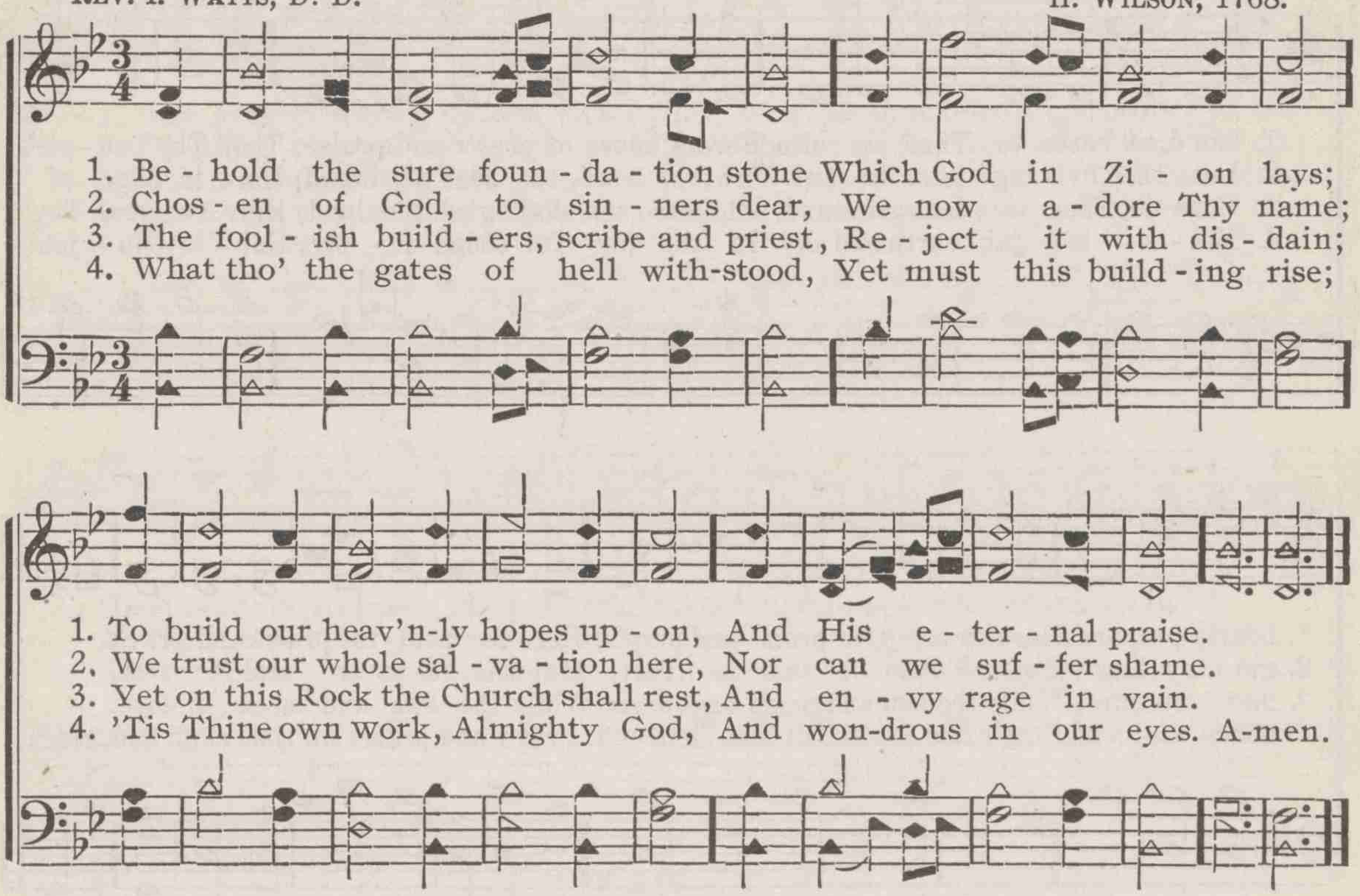


Music owned by C. E. Pollock,

445 AVON. C. M.

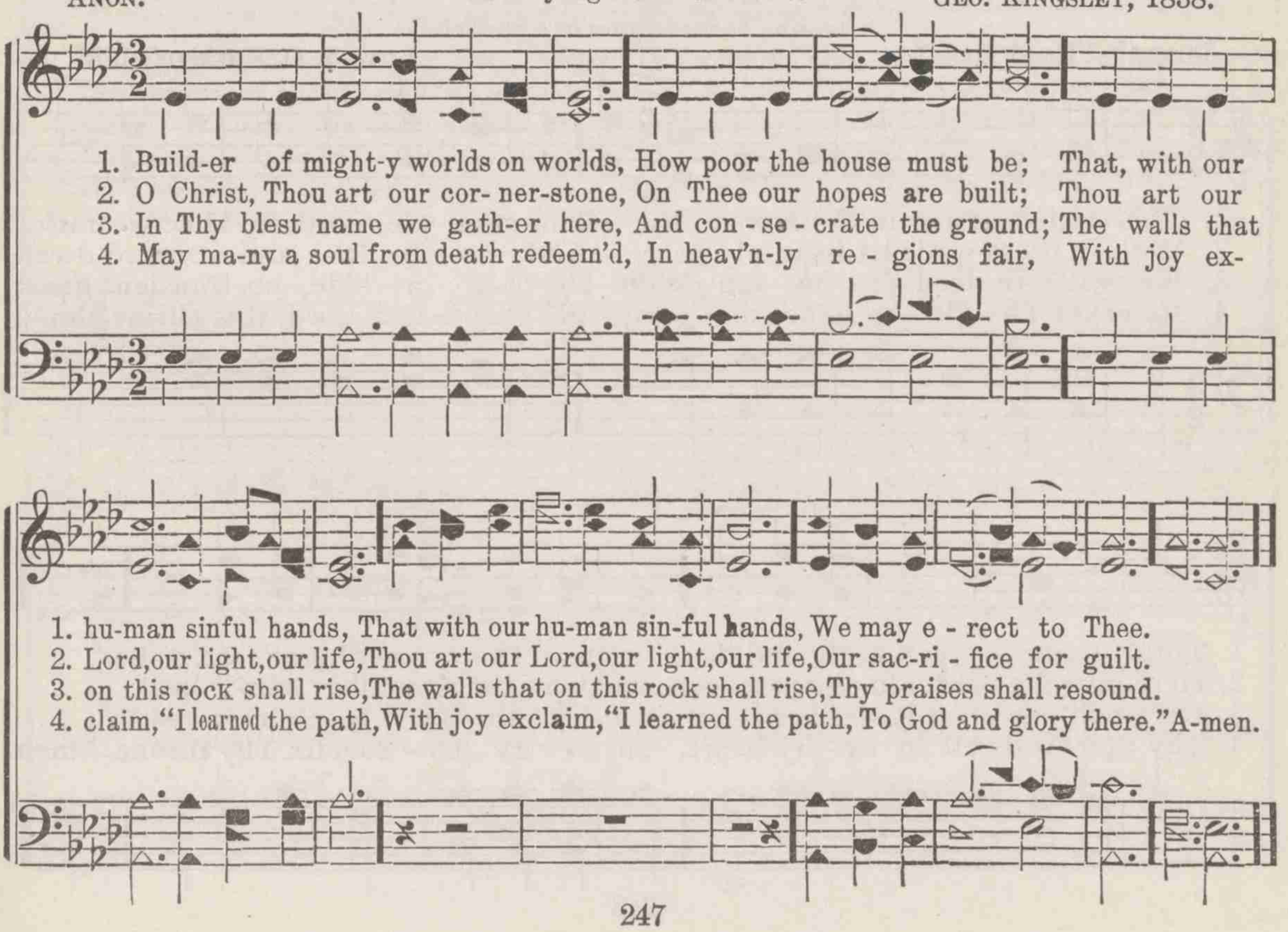
"Christ, the foundation of His Church."—Psa. 118: 22; Isa. 28: 16.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D. H. WILSON, 1768.



446 TAPPAN. C. M.

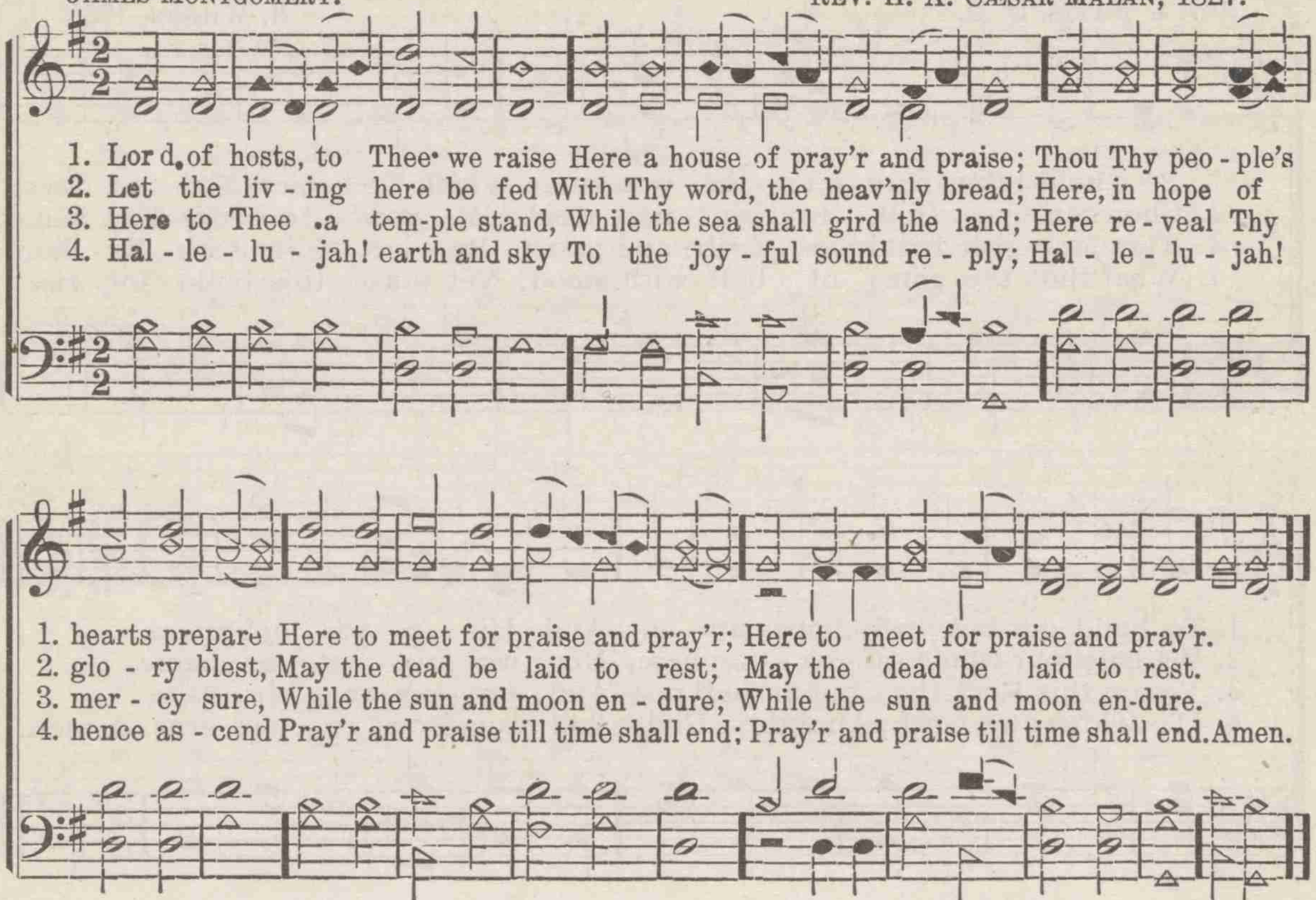
ANON. For laying a corner-stone. GEO. KINGSLEY, 1838.



447 HENDON. 7s.

Laying a corner-stone.

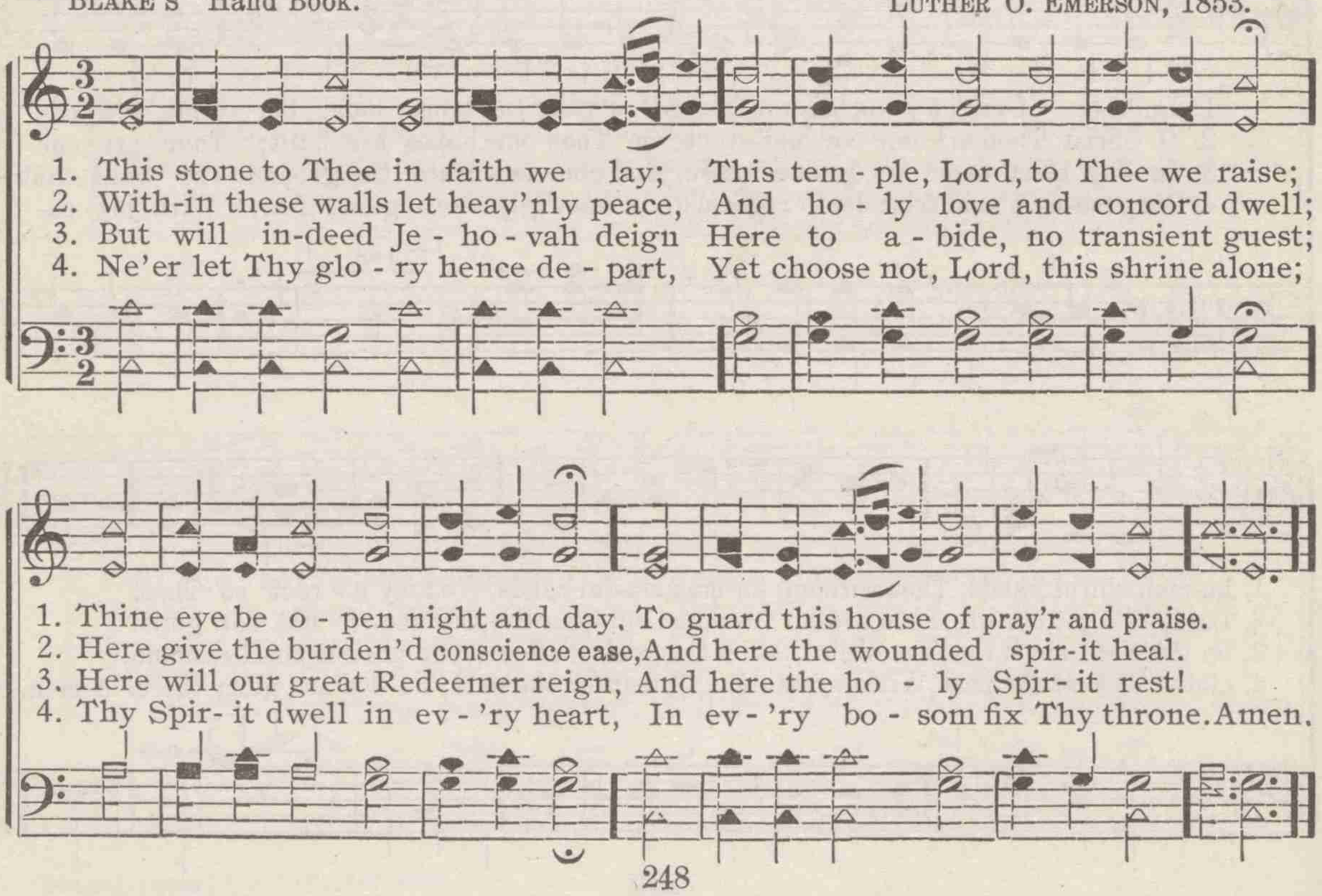
JAMES MONTGOMERY. REV. H. A. CÆSAR MALAN, 1827.



448 SESSIONS. L. M.

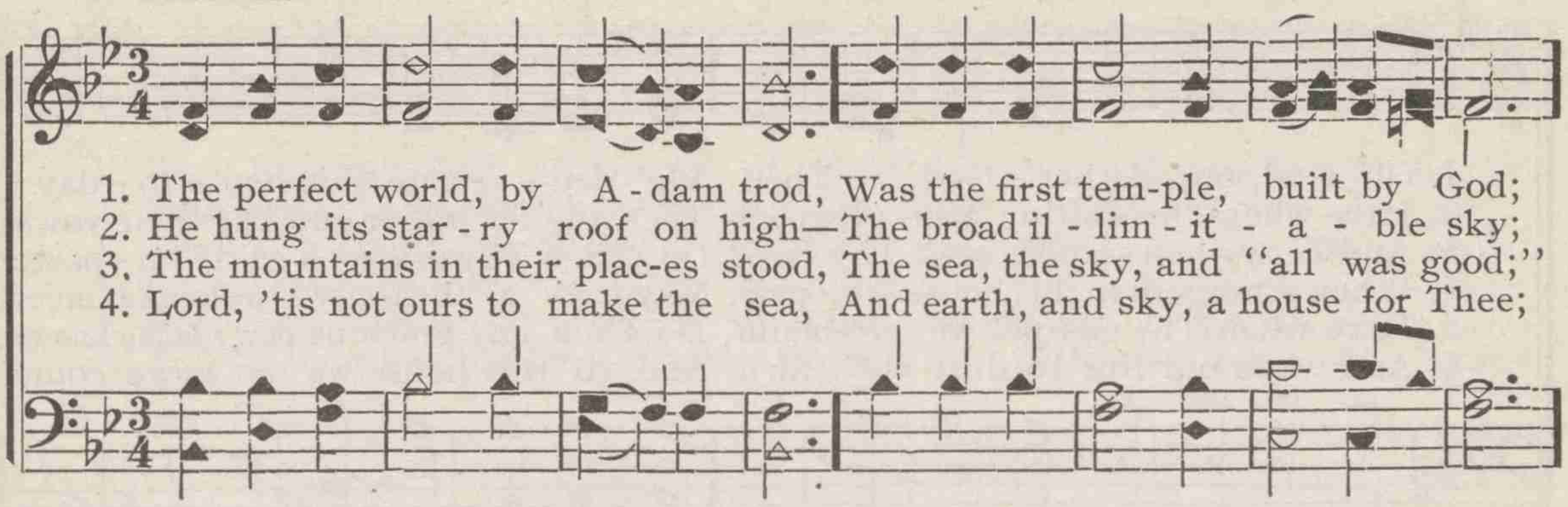
Laying corner-stone of a church.

BLAKE'S "Hand Book." LUTHER O. EMERSON, 1853.



449 HOLT SUMMIT. L. M.

N. P. WILLIS. For dedication. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

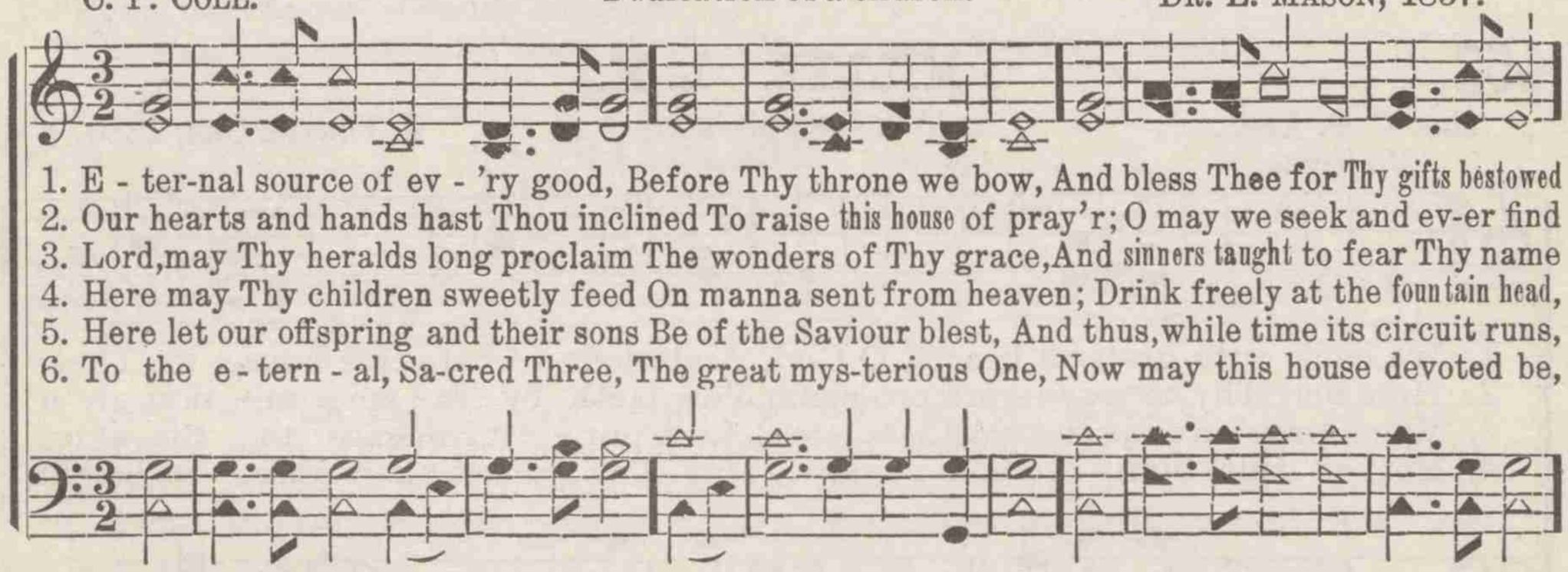


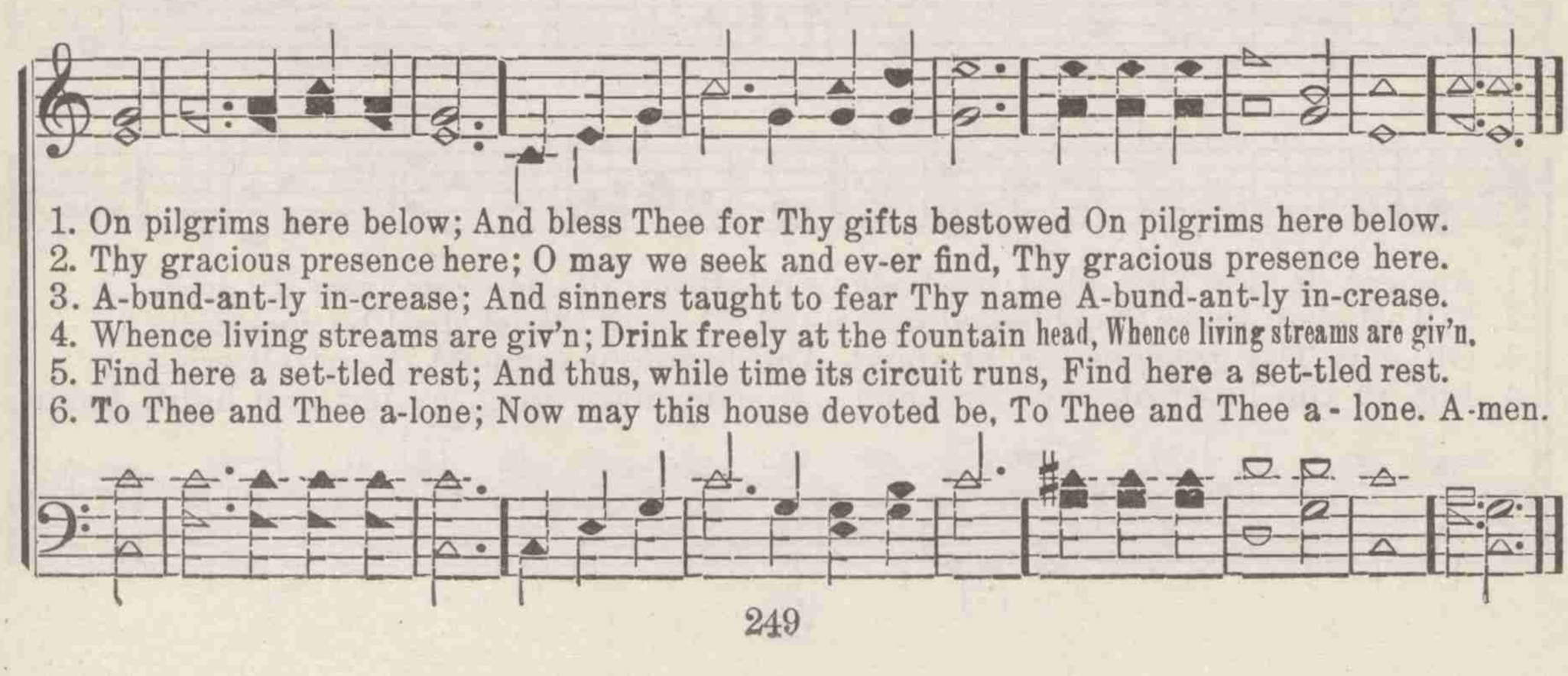


Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

450 ZERAH. C. M.

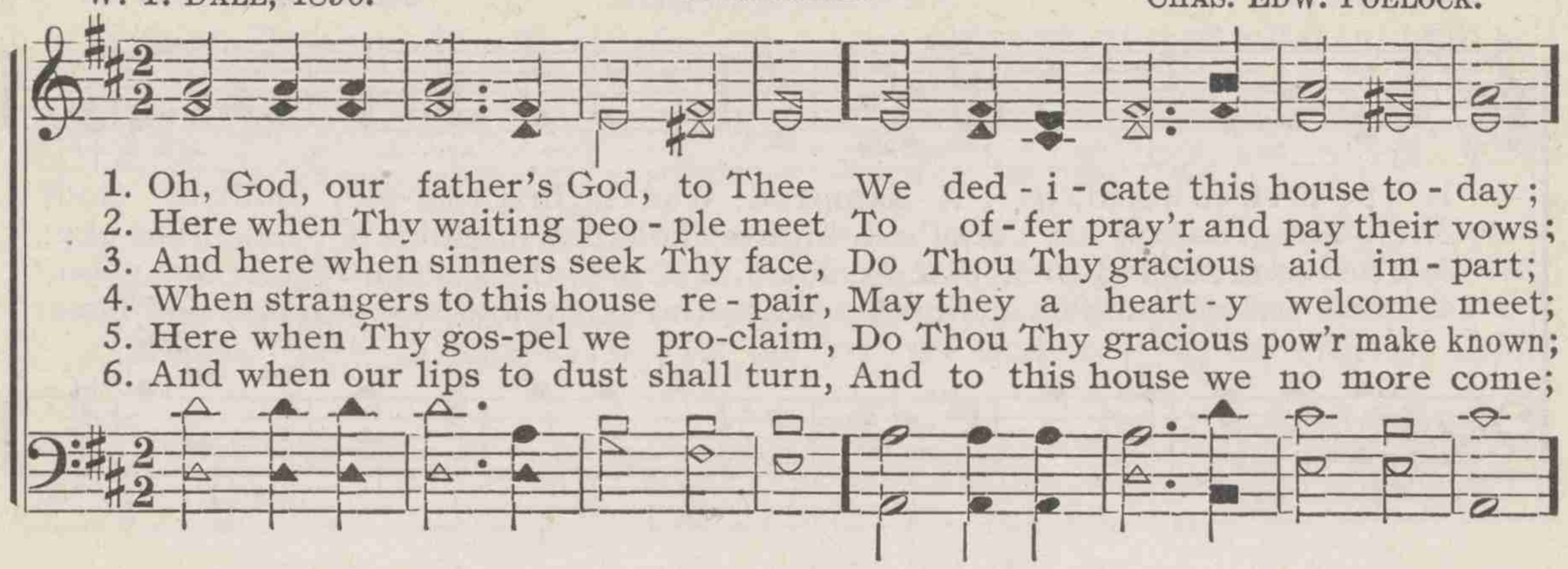
C. P. COLL. Dedication of a church. DR. L. MASON, 1837.



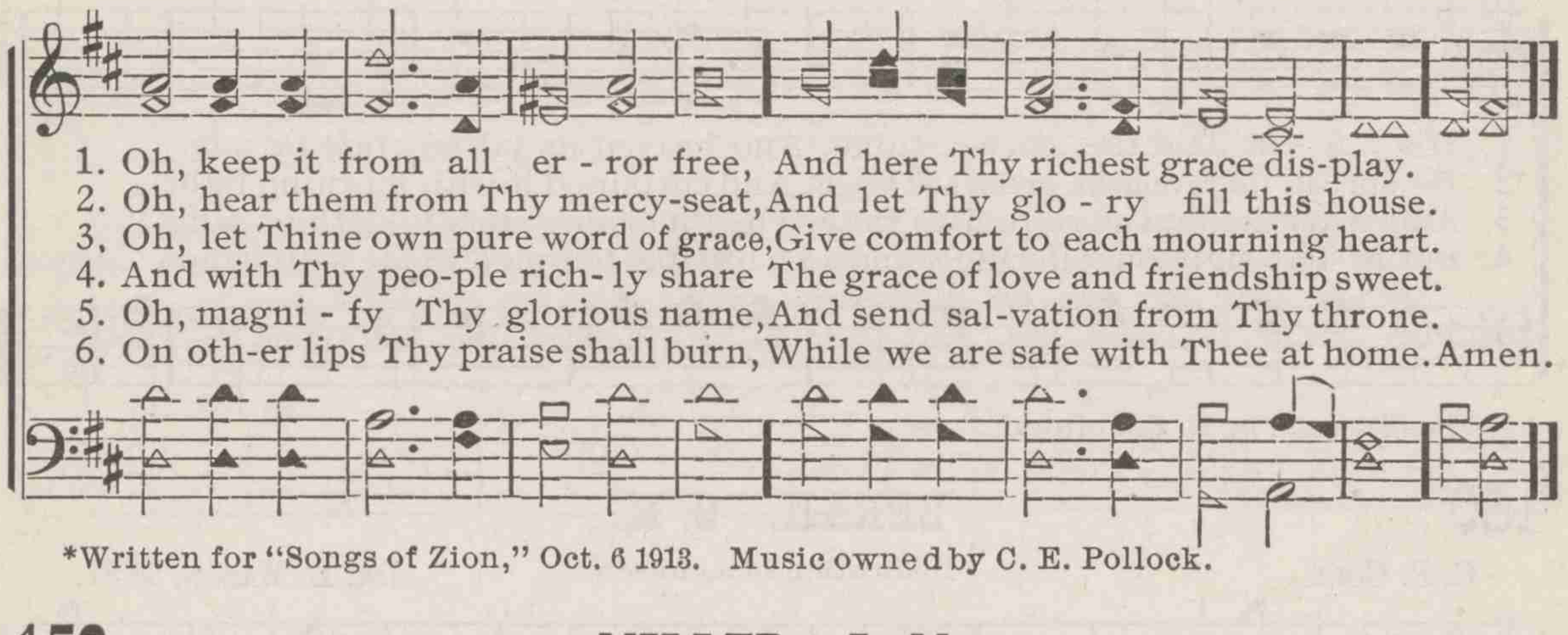


451 VERSAILLES. L. M.*

W. T. DALE, 1890. Dedication. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. Oh, God, our father's God, to Thee We ded - i - cate this house to - day;
2. Here when Thy waiting peo - ple meet To of - fer pray'r and pay their vows;
3. And here when sinners seek Thy face, Do Thou Thy gracious aid im - part;
4. When strangers to this house re - pair, May they a heart - y welcome meet;
5. Here when Thy gos-pel we pro-claim, Do Thou Thy gracious pow'r make known;
6. And when our lips to dust shall turn, And to this house we no more come;



1. Oh, keep it from all er - ror free, And here Thy richest grace dis-play.
2. Oh, hear them from Thy mercy-seat, And let Thy glo - ry fill this house.
3. Oh, let Thine own pure word of grace, Give comfort to each mourning heart.
4. And with Thy peo-ple rich- ly share The grace of love and friendship sweet.
5. Oh, magni - fy Thy glorious name, And send sal-vation from Thy throne.
6. On oth-er lips Thy praise shall burn, While we are safe with Thee at home. Amen.



*Written for "Songs of Zion," Oct. 6 1913. Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

452 MILLER. L. M.

MRS. C. P. ABEL. A dedication hymn. R. PORTER ORR, 1880.

Moderato.

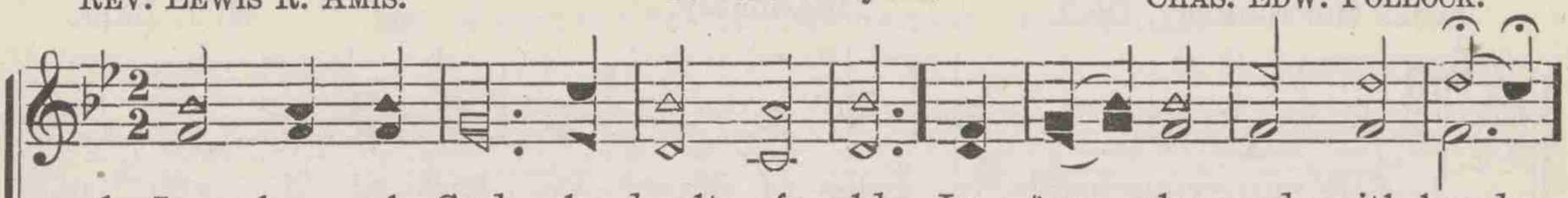


1. We come with grateful hearts, O God, And ded - i - cate this house to Thee;
2. Here may Thy mes-sen-gers pro-claim The truth by in - spi - ra - tion giv'n;
3. When pray'r and praise shall here ascend, Like pur - est in-cense to the skies,
4. Not in this hum - ble house a-lone, May Thy pure Spir-it shine so bright,

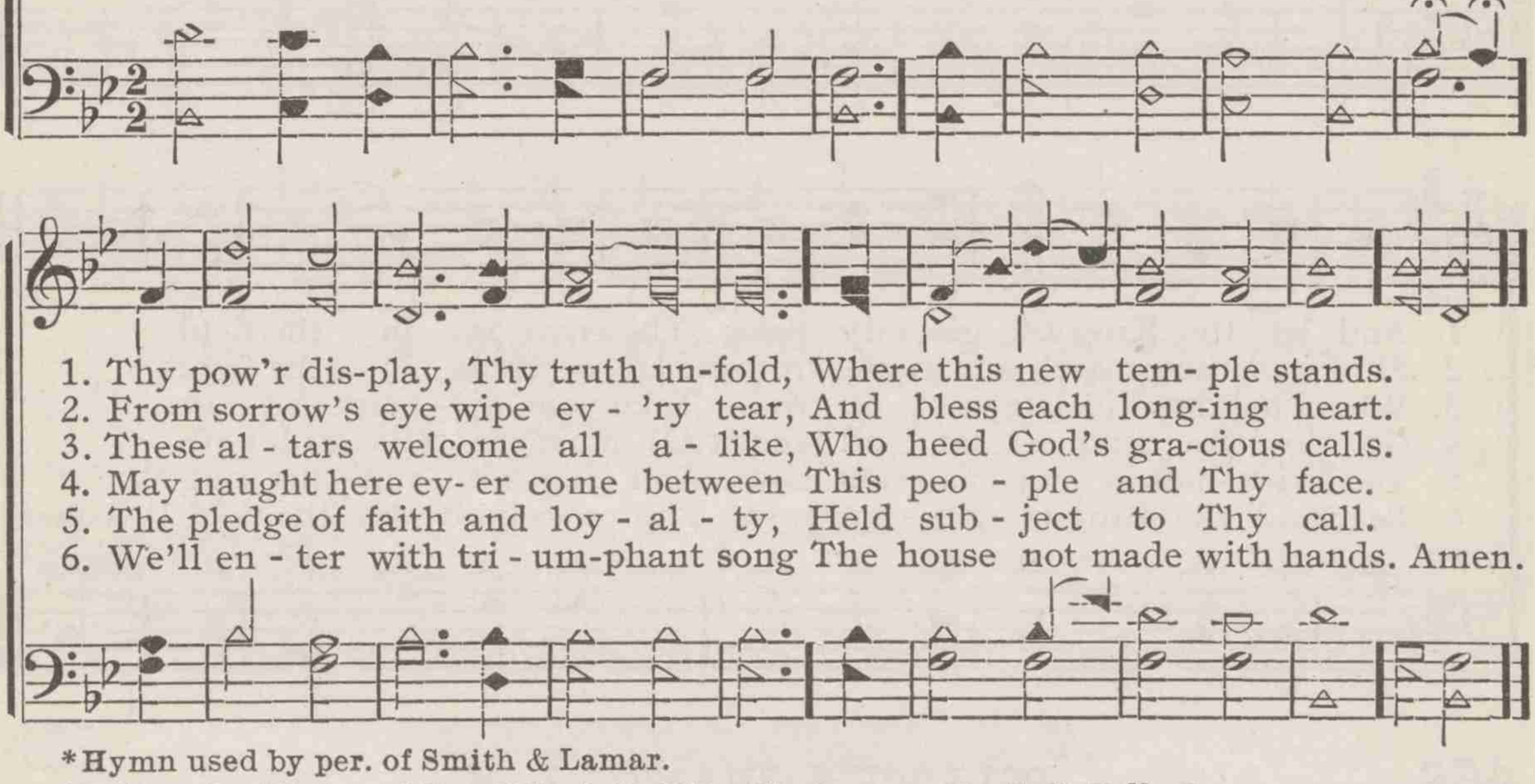
1. Ac-cept it for Thy blest a - bode, And from all er - ror keep it free.
2. Till all shall know Thy blessed name, Till all thro' Christ shall be for-giv'n.
3. Oh, may Thy gracious ear at - tend, And heed our earn-est, heartfelt cries.
4. But in the heart of ev - 'ry one A con- stant joy, a burning light. Amen.

453 MT. PLEASANT. C. M.*

REV. LEWIS R. AMIS.* A dedication hymn. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. Je - ho - vah, God, who dwelt of old In tem - ples made with hands,
2. Vouchsafe to meet Thy chil-dren here, Nor ev - er hence de - part;
3. The rich man's gift, the wid- ow's mite, Are blend - ed in these walls;
4. From things un - ho - ly and un - clean We sep - a - rate this place;
5. Now with this house we give to Thee Our-selves, our hearts, our all,
6. And when at last the blood-washed throng Is gath-ered from all lands,



1. Thy pow'r dis-play, Thy truth un-fold, Where this new tem- ple stands.
2. From sorrow's eye wipe ev - 'ry tear, And bless each long-ing heart.
3. These al - tars welcome all a - like, Who heed God's gra-cious calls.
4. May naught here ev- er come between This peo - ple and Thy face.
5. The pledge of faith and loy - al - ty, Held sub - ject to Thy call.
6. We'll en - ter with tri - um-phant song The house not made with hands. Amen.

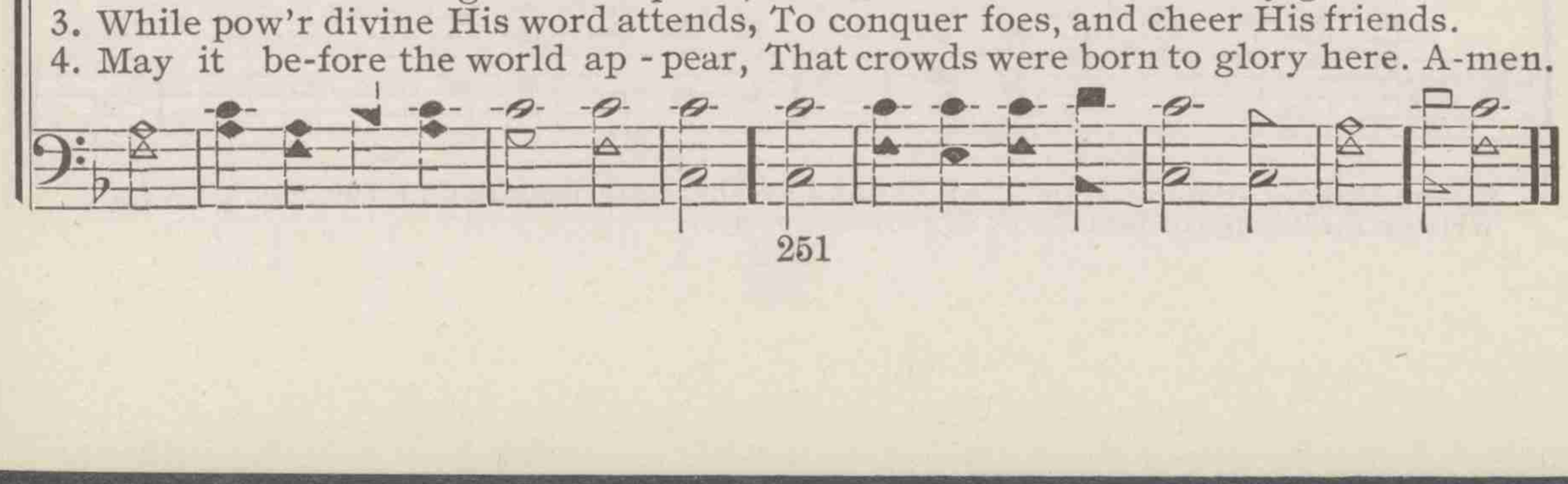


*Hymn used by per. of Smith & Lamar.

*Written for "Songs of Zion," Sept. 15, 1913. Music owned by C. E. Pollock,

454 UXBRIDGE. L. M.

REV. PHILIP DODDRIDGE, D. D. Dedication of a church. DR. L. MASON, 1830.

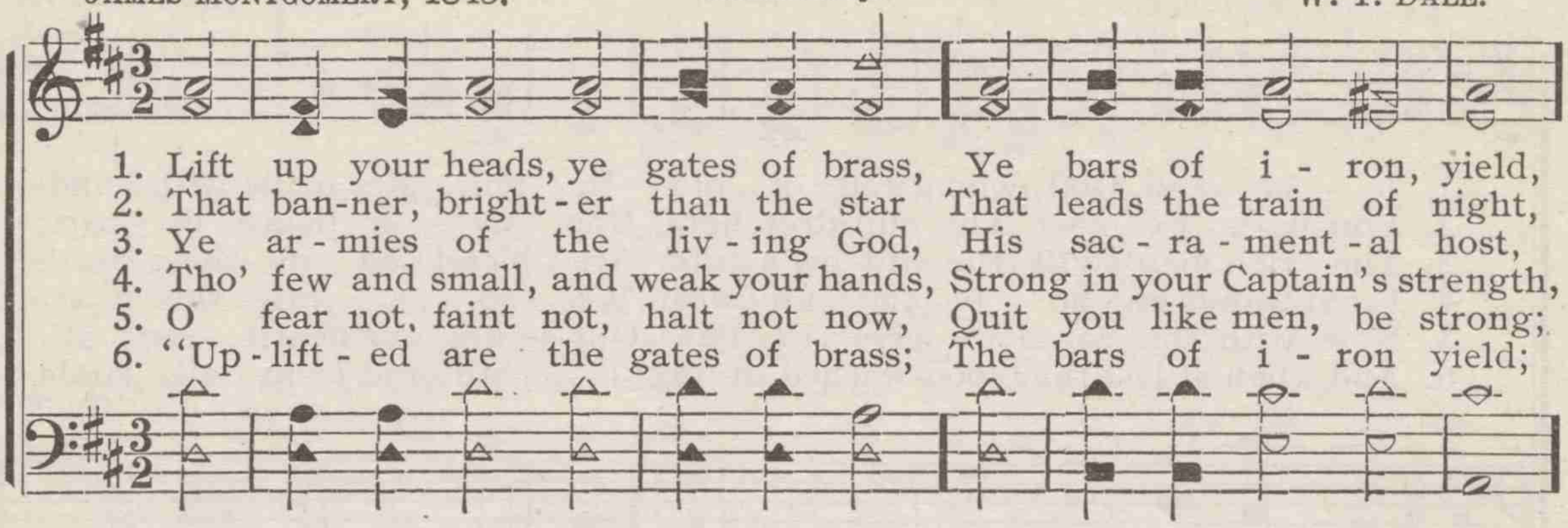


1. And will the great e - ter - nal God On earth es - tab-lish His a - bode,
2. These walls we to Thy hon - or raise, Long may they ech - o with Thy praise;
3. Here let the great Re-deem-er reign, With all the grac-es of His train;
4. And in the great de - cis - ive day, When God the na-tions shall sur - vey,

1. And will He from His heav'nly throne, A - vow our temples for His own?
2. And Thou descending fill the place, With choicest tokens of Thy grace.
3. While pow'r divine His word attends, To conquer foes, and cheer His friends.
4. May it be-fore the world ap - pear, That crowds were born to glory here. A-men.

455 GLENDALE. C. M.

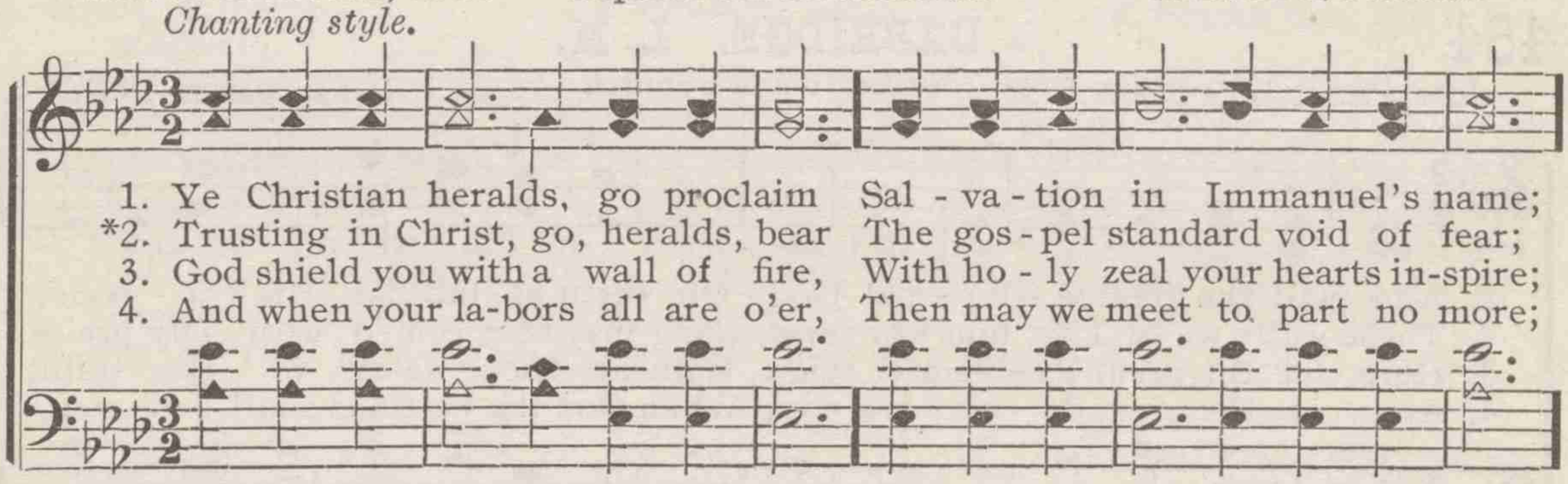
JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1843. Missionary. W. T. DALE.



456 POLLOCK'S CHANT. L. M.

REV. B. H. DRAPER, 1803. Departure of missionaries. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Chanting style.

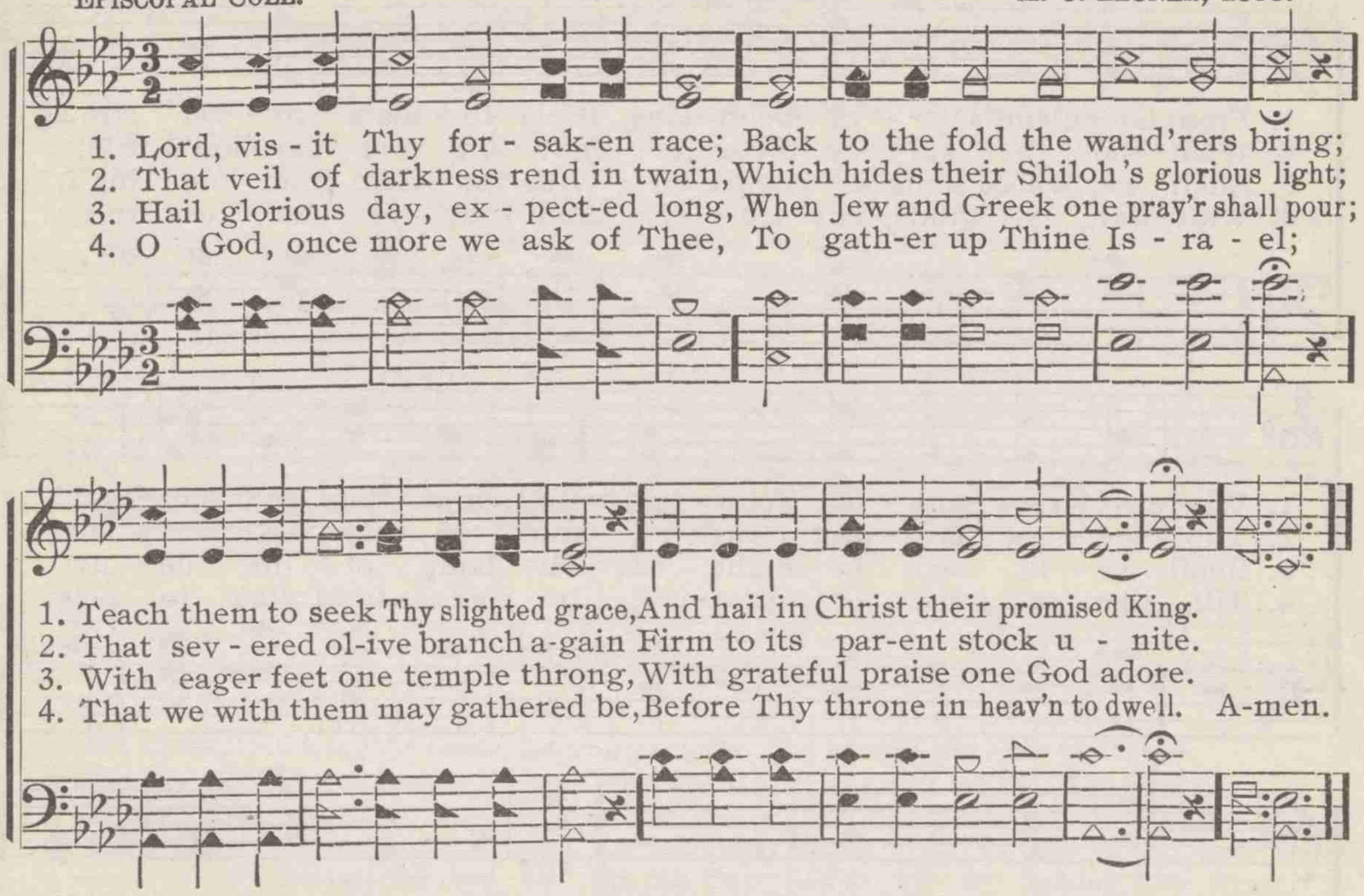


*Second stanza supplied from "Cumberland Presbyterian Psalm and Hymn Book," No. 482.
Written for "Songs of Zion." C. E. Pollock, owner.

457 MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.

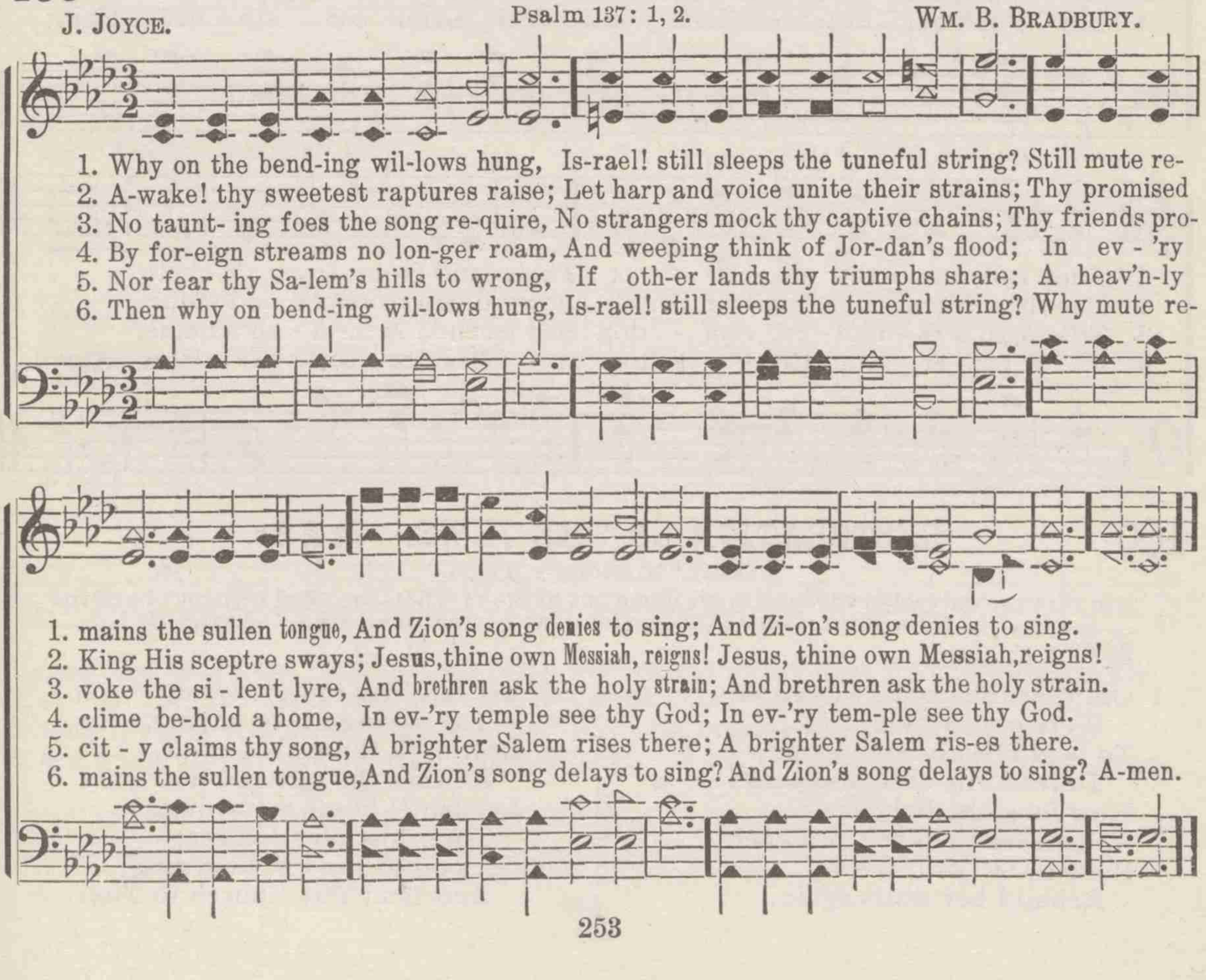
May be sung to "Ye Christian Heralds," etc., No. 456.

EPISCOPAL COLL. Prayer for the Jews. H. C. ZEUNER, 1833.



458 BLOOMFIELD CHANT. L. M.

J. JOYCE. Psalm 137: 1, 2. WM. B. BRADBURY.



459 MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 6s.

BISHOP REGINALD HEBER, D. D., 1819. DR. L. MASON, 1829.



460 RESTORATION OF THE JEWS. 7s & 6s.

Tune: "Missionary Hymn."

"Oh that the salvation of Israel were come out of Zion: When the Lord bringeth back the captivity of His people, Jacob shall rejoice, and Israel shall sing."—Psalm 14: 7.

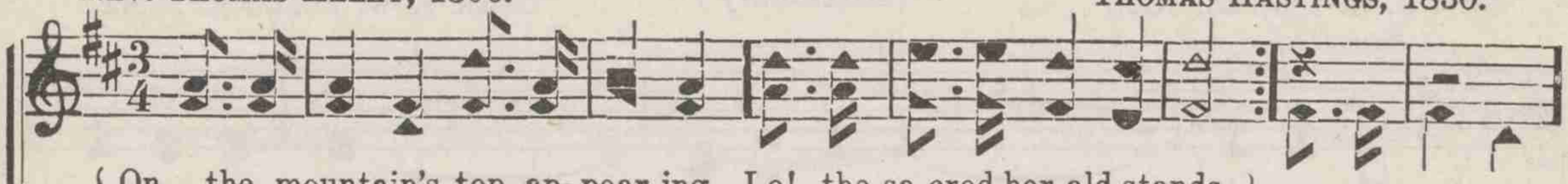
REV. H. F. LYTE.

1 Oh, that the Lord's salvation
Were out of Zion come,
To heal His ancient nation,
To lead His outcasts home!
How long the holy city
Shall heathen feet profane?
Return, O Lord, in pity,
Rebuild her walls again.

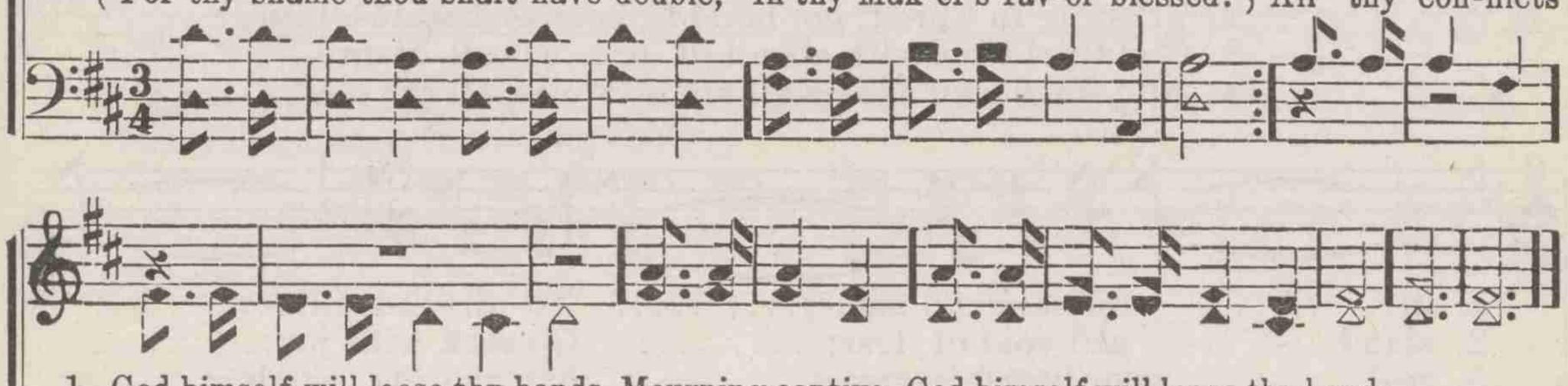
2 Let fall Thy rod of terror,
Thy saving grace impart;
Roll back the veil of error,
Release the fettered heart;
Let Israel home returning,
Their lost Messiah see;
Give oil of joy for mourning,
And bind Thy Church to Thee.

461 ZION. 8s, 7s & 4s.

REV. THOMAS KELLY, 1806. THOMAS HASTINGS, 1830.



1. On the mountain's top ap-pear-ing, Lo! the sa-cred her-ald stands,
   Wel-come news to Zi-on bear-ing, Zi-on, long in hos-tile lands; Mourning captive,
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,
3. God, thy God, will now re-store thee; He Himself ap-pears thy Friend;
   All thy foes shall flee before thee; Here their boasts and triumphs end: Great de-liv-'rance
4. Peace and joy shall now at-tend thee; All thy war-fare now is past;
   God, thy Sav-iour, will de-fend thee; Vic-to-ry is thine at last: All thy con-flicts
5. En-e-mies no more shall trou-ble, All thy wrongs shall be redressed;
   For thy shame thou shalt have double, In thy Mak-er's fav-or blessed: All thy con-flicts

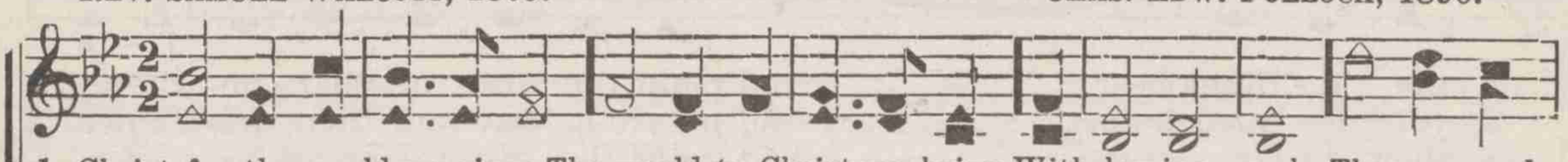


1. God himself will loose thy bands, Mourning captive, God himself will loose thy bands.
2. Zi-on still is well be-loved, Cease thy mourning; Zi-on still is well be-loved.
3. Zi-on's King will surely send, Great de-liv-'rance Zi-on's King will sure-ly send.
4. End in ev-er-last-ing rest, All thy con-flicts End in ev-er-last-ing rest.
5. End in ev-er-last-ing rest, All thy con-flicts End in ev-er-last-ing rest. Amen.



462 CHRIST FOR THE WORLD. 6s & 4s.

REV. SAMUEL WALCOTT, 1869. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, 1890.



1. Christ for the world we sing; The world to Christ we bring With lov-ing zeal; The poor and
2. Christ for the world we sing; The world to Christ we bring With fervent pray'r, The wayward
3. Christ for the world we sing; The world to Christ we bring With one ac-cord; With us the
4. Christ for the world we sing; The world to Christ we bring With joy-ful song; The new-born



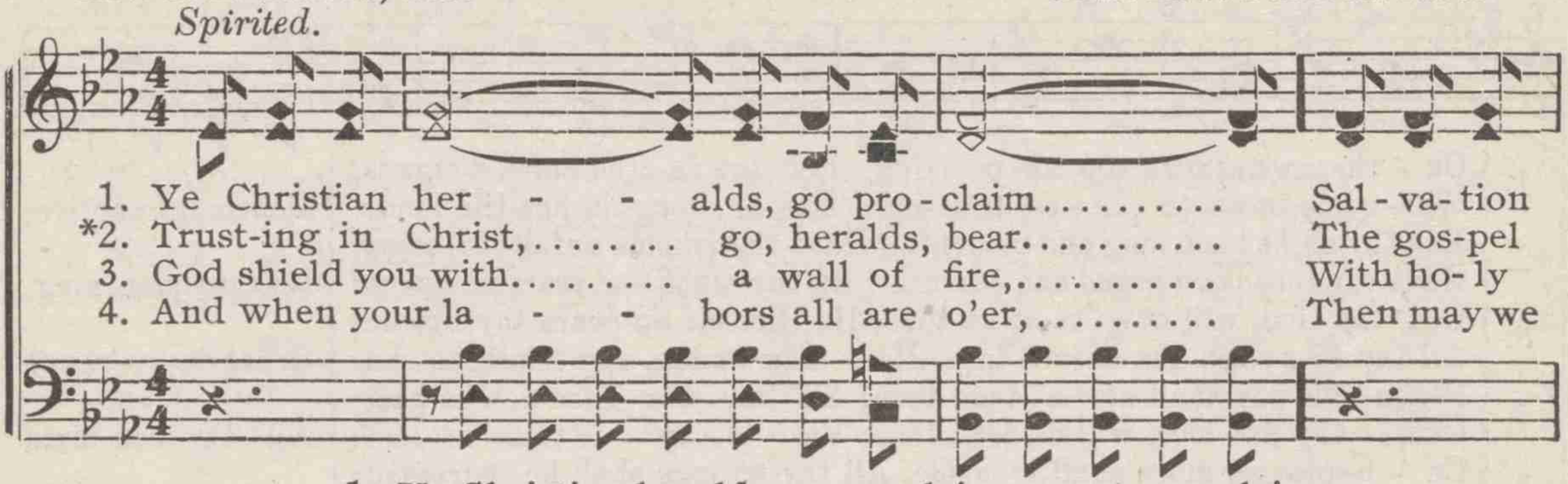
1. them that mourn, The faint and over borne, Sin-sick and sorrow worn Whom Christ doth heal.
2. and the lost, By restless passions toss'd, Redeemed at countless cost From dark despair.
3. work to share, With us reproach to dare, With us the cross to bear For Christ our Lord.
4. soul whose days Reclaimed from error's ways, Inspired with hope and praise, To Christ belong. Amen.



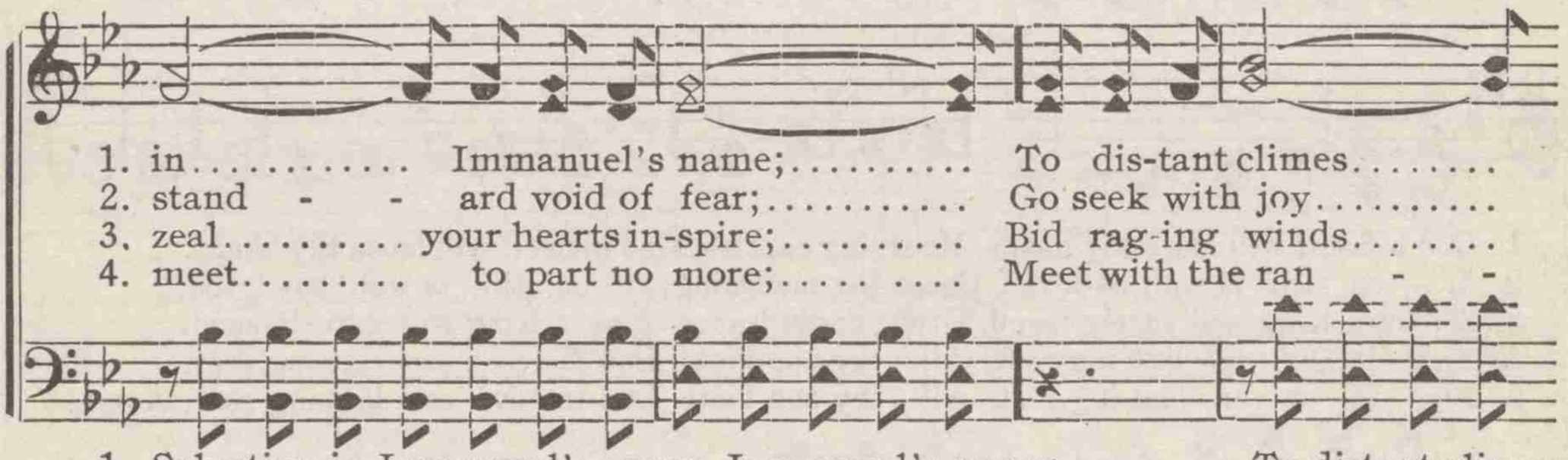
463 THE ROSE OF SHARON.

REV. B. H. DRAPER, 1803 (Missionary.) CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK. 1890.

Spirited.



1. Ye Christian heralds, go proclaim, yes, go proclaim,
2. Trusting in Christ, go, heralds, bear, go heralds, bear,
3. God shield you with a wall of fire, a wall of fire,
4. And when your labors all are o'er, yes, all are o'er,



1. Salvation in Immanuel's name, Immanuel's name; To distant climes
2. The gospel standard void of fear, all void of fear; Go seek with joy
3. With holy zeal your hearts inspire, your hearts inspire; Bid raging winds
4. Then may we meet to part no more, to part no more; Meet with the ran-



1. the ti-dings bear, the ti-dings bear,
2. your destined home, your destined home,
3. their fu - ry cease, their fu - ry cease,
4. somed throng to fall, the throng to fall,

CHORUS.



*Second Stanza supplied from Cumberland Presbyterian Psalm and Hymn Book, Hymn 482.

THE ROSE OF SHARON. Concluded.

rose..... of Sharon there;..... To distant climes.....
And plant the rose of Sharon there, of Sharon there; To distant climes

Repeat pp.

the ti-dings bear,..... And plant the rose of Shar-on there. Amen.
the tidings bear, the tidings bear,

464 WEBB. 7s, 6s, D.

Rev. Samuel Francis Smith, D. D., 1832. George J. Webb, 1839.

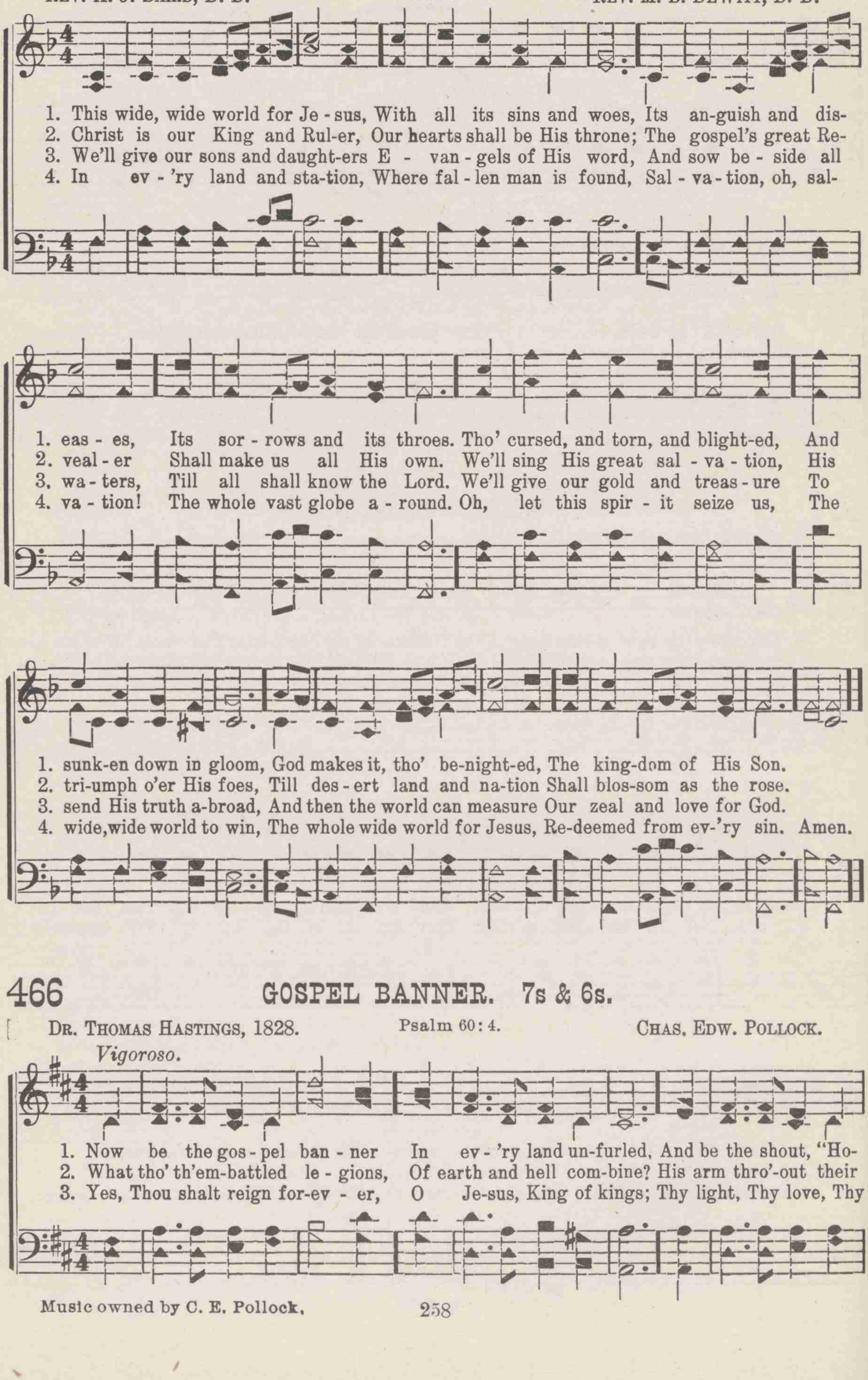
1. The morn-ing light is break-ing; The darkness dis - ap-pears; The sons of earth are
2. See hea-then na-tions bend-ing Be - fore the God we love, And thousand hearts as-
3. Blest riv - er of sal - va - tion, Pur - sue thine on-ward way; Flow thou to ev - 'ry

wak-ing To pen - i - ten-tial tears: Each breeze that sweeps the ocean Brings ti-dings
cend-ing In grat - i - tude a - bove; While sin-ners now con-fess - ing, The gos - pel
na - tion, Nor in thy richness stay; Stay not till all the low - ly Tri - umph-ant

from a far, Of na-tions in com - mo-tion, Pre-pared for Zi - on's war.
call o - bey, And seek the Saviour's blessing, A na - tion in a day.
reach their home; Stay not till all the ho - ly Proclaim "The Lord is come." Amen.

465 THIS WIDE WORLD FOR JESUS. 7s & 6s.

REV. A. J. BAIRD, D. D. Psalm 2: 8. REV. M. B. DEWITT, D. D.



466 GOSPEL BANNER. 7s & 6s.

DR. THOMAS HASTINGS, 1828. Psalm 60: 4. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

GOSPEL BANNER. Concluded.

san - na," Re - ech-oed thro' the world; Till ev - 'ry isle and na- tion, Till ev - 'ry
re - gions, Shall soon resplendent shine; Ride on, O Lord, vic - to-rious! Im - manuel,
fav - or, Each ransomed captive sings: The isles for Thee are wait-ing, The des-erts

tribe and tongue, Re-ceive the great sal - va - tion, And join the hap - py throng.
Prince of Peace! Thy triumph shall be glo-rious, Thy em - pire still in - crease.
learn Thy praise; The hills and val - leys greet-ing, The song re-spons-ive raise. Amen.

467 DAY SPRING. 8s, 7s & 4s.

C. P. Coll. Luke 1: 78. Chas. Edw. Pollock.

1. Chris-tian, see the o - rient morning, Breaks a - long the hea- then sky;
   Lo! th'ex-pect- ed day is dawn-ing, Glo-rious Day-Spring from on high.
2. Hea-then at the sight are sing-ing, Morn-ing wakes the trumpet lays;
   Pre-cious off'rings they are bring-ing, Earn - est of more per-fect praise.
3. Zi - on's sun sal - va - tion beam-ing, Gild - ing now the ra-diant hills;
   Rise and shine till bright- er gleam-ing, All the world Thy glo - ry fills.
4. Then the val - leys and the mountains Break-ing forth in joy shall sing;
   Then the liv - ing crys - tal fountains From the thirsty ground shall spring.
5. While the wil - der - ness re - joic - es, Ros - es shall the des - ert cheer;
   Then the dumb shall tune their voic - es, Blind shall see, the deaf shall hear.
6. Lord of ev - 'ry tribe and na - tion, Spread Thy truth from pole to pole;
   Spread the light of Thy sal - va - tion Till it shine on ev - 'ry soul.

Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu-jah! Hail the Day-Spring from on high. Amen.

Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

468 CHURCH OF GOD, AWAKE. 8s & 7s, D.

"Awake, awake, put on thy strength, O Zion."—Isa. 52: 1.

EMILY J. BUGBEE. O. S. GRINNELL.



CHORUS.

By per. of A. Beirly.

CHURCH OF GOD, AWAKE. Concluded.

cries,.... Oh, send the Word..... with joy - ful sound.....
Mas-ter cries, Oh, send the Word with joy - ful sound,

In all the earth's..... re - mot-est bound!.....
In all the earth's re-mot-est bound! A- men.

469 RIJUTEI. C. M. D.

*Words by RIJUTEI, of Tokio, Japan. (Missionary.) W. T. DALE.

1. I long have lived like one who dreams, While darkness reigned profound;
   I woke, and oh, what glo-ry streams On all the earth a - round,
2. That God to me may grace be - stow Most earn - est - ly I pray,
   A mes - sen - ger of life to go, And teach the bet - ter way;
3. How sweet to mor - tal ears the strain Which sings of Je - sus' love;
   In rap - ture oft, my soul would fain Rise to the courts a - bove;

It is the gos - pel's bless - ed light, My soul with rap - ture swells;
In songs of earth of ev - 'ry kind, Dis - cord-ant sounds we meet;
All mu - sic is of lit - tle worth, And short the pleas - ure giv'n;

A - las! my land, where long the night Of sin and er - ror dwells.
But in the gos - pel notes we find The har - mo - ny com - plete.
Un - less it tears our tho'ts from earth, And leads us up to heav'n. Amen.

*A Japanese convert to Christianity. This song is some of the fruits of missionary labor in the foreign field.—W. T. D

Copyright, 1901, by W T. Dale.

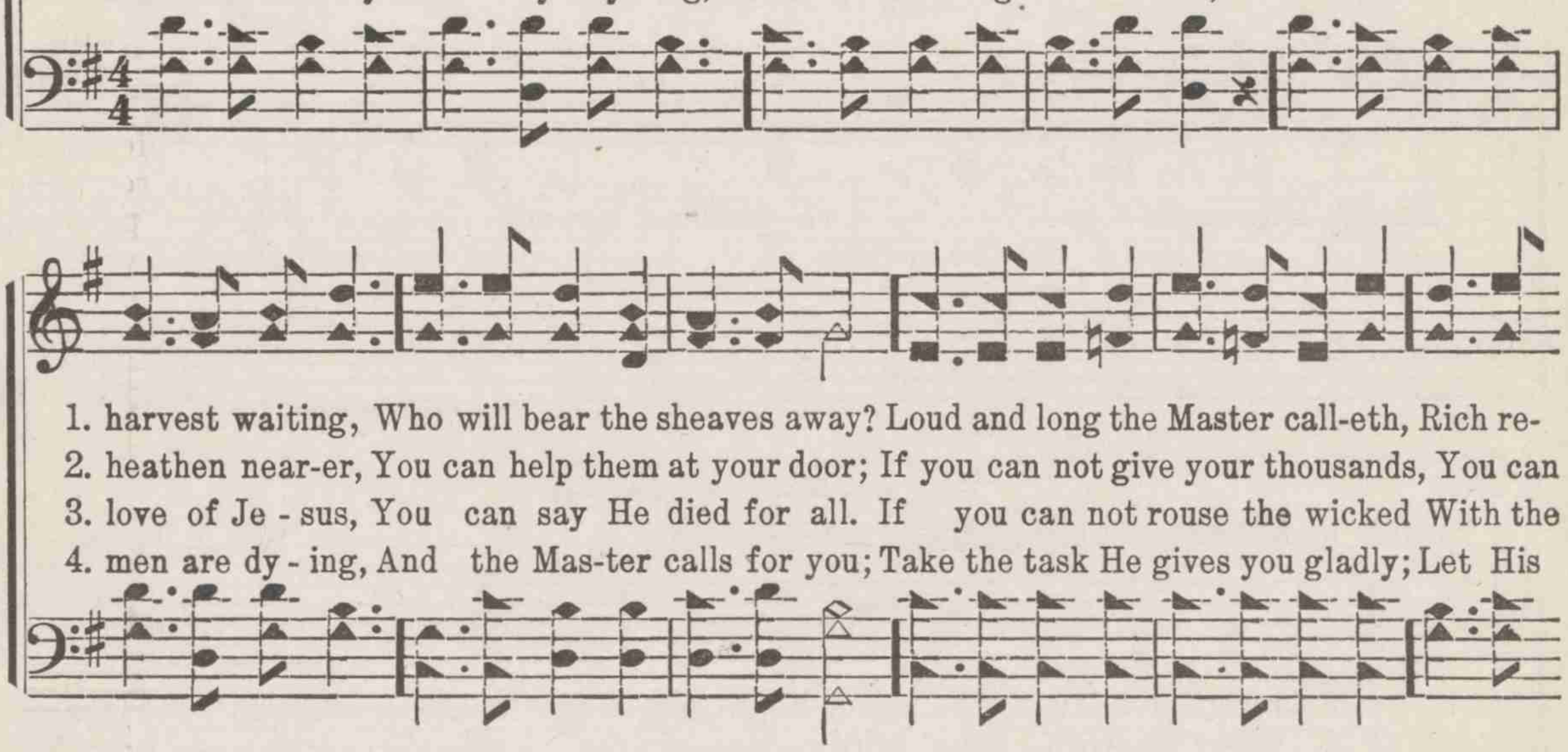
470 MISSION SONG. 8s, 7s, D.

"The laborers are few."—Matt. 9:37.

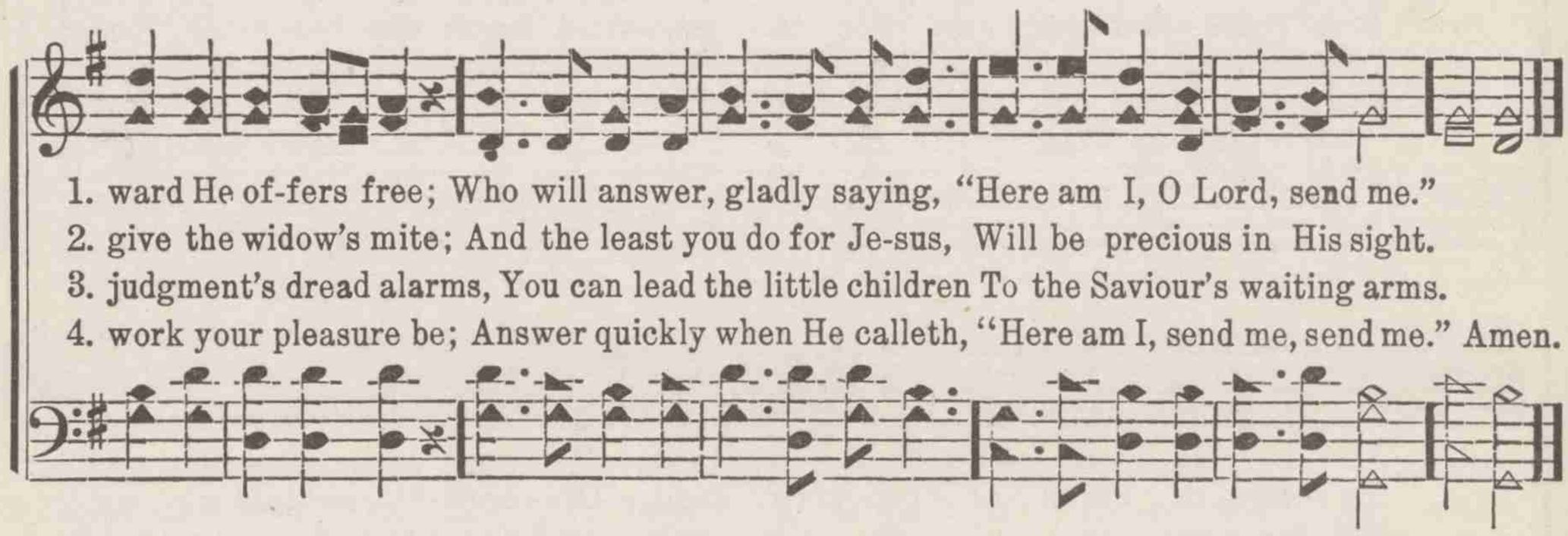
DR. DANIEL MARCH. P. P. VAN ARSDALE.



1. Hark! the voice of Je - sus call - ing, Who will go and work to - day? Fields are white, the
2. If you can not cross the o - cean, And the heathen lands explore, You can find the
3. If you can not speak like an - gels, If you can not preach like Paul, You can tell the
4. Let none hear you i - dly say - ing, "There is noth-ing I can do," While the souls of



1. harvest waiting, Who will bear the sheaves away? Loud and long the Master call-eth, Rich re-
2. heathen near-er, You can help them at your door; If you can not give your thousands, You can
3. love of Je - sus, You can say He died for all. If you can not rouse the wicked With the
4. men are dy - ing, And the Mas-ter calls for you; Take the task He gives you gladly; Let His

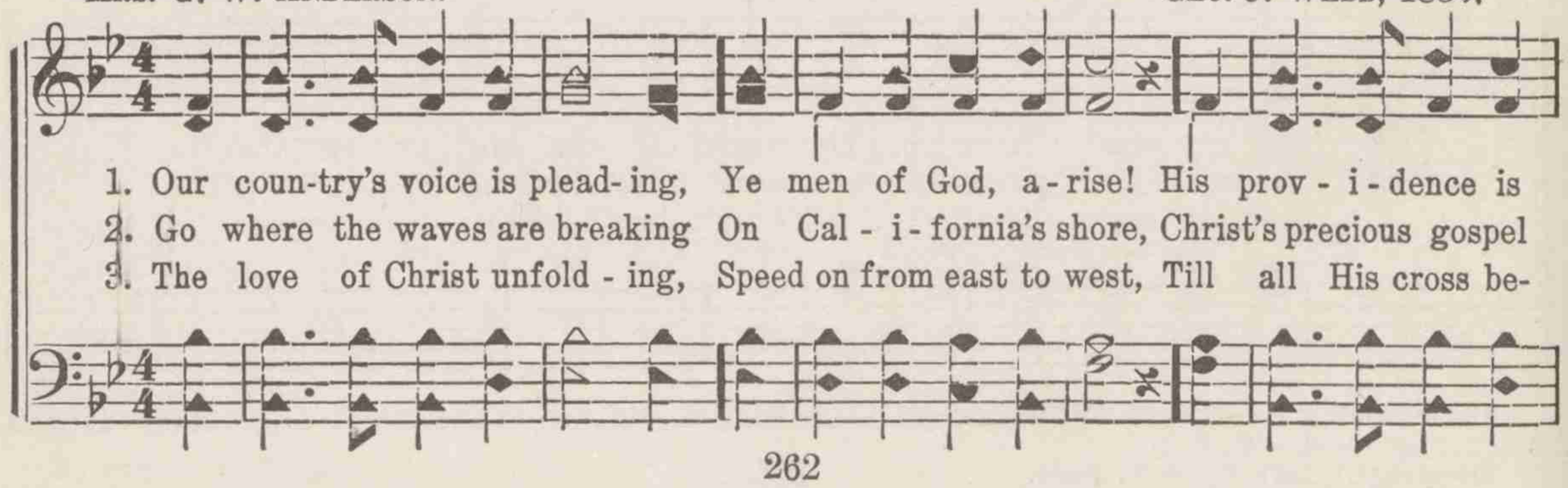


1. ward He of-fers free; Who will answer, gladly saying, "Here am I, O Lord, send me."
2. give the widow's mite; And the least you do for Je-sus, Will be precious in His sight.
3. judgment's dread alarms, You can lead the little children To the Saviour's waiting arms.
4. work your pleasure be; Answer quickly when He calleth, "Here am I, send me, send me." Amen.

471 WEBB. 7s, 6s, D.

"Come over into Macedonia and help us."—Acts 16:9.

MRS. G. W. ANDERSON. GEO. J. WEBB, 1830.



1. Our coun-try's voice is plead- ing, Ye men of God, a - rise! His prov - i - dence is
2. Go where the waves are breaking On Cal - i - fornia's shore, Christ's precious gospel
3. The love of Christ unfold - ing, Speed on from east to west, Till all His cross be-

WEBB. Concluded.

lead - ing, The land be-fore you lies; Day-gleams are o'er it bright'ning, And prom-ise
tak - ing, More rich than golden ore; On Al - le-gha-ny's mountains, Thro' all the
hold - ing, In Him are ful - ly blest; Great Au-thor of sal - va - tion, Haste, haste the

clothes the soil; Wide fields for har-vest whitening In - vite the reap-er's toil.
West-ern Vale, Be - side Mis-sou-ri's fountains, Rehearse the wondrous tale.
glo - rious day, When we, a ransomed na-tion, Thy scep-tre shall o - bey. A-men.

472 YOUR MISSION. 8s & 7s, D.

MRS. ELLEN M. H. GATES, 1861. W. T. DALE.

1. { If you can not on the o-cean Sail a-mong the swift-est fleet; }
Rock-ing on the high-est billows, Laughing at the (*Omit.*)..... } storms you meet,
2. { If you are too weak to journey, Up the mountain steep and high, }
You can stand within the val-ley, While the mul-ti-(*Omit.*)..... } tudes go by,
3. { If you have not gold and sil-ver, Ev - er read - y to com-mand, }
If you can not toward the needy, Reach an ev - er (*Omit.*) ..... } o - pen hand,
4. { Do not, then, stand i-dle waiting For some greater work to do, }
While the fields are white to harvest, And the Master (*Omit.*) ..... } calls for you,

D. C.–You can lend a hand to help them, As they launch their boats a-way.
D. C.–Tho' they may forget the sing-er, They will not for- get the song.
D. C.–You can be a true dis - ci- ple, Sit - ting at the Saviour's feet.
D. C.–If you want a field of la-bor, You can find it an - y-where. A-men.

D. C.

1. You can stand a - mong the sail - ors, Anchored yet with - in the bay;
2. You can chant in hap - py meas - ure, As they slow - ly pass a - long;
3. You can vis - it the af - flict - ed,— O'er the err - ing you can weep;
4. Go and toil in an - y vine - yard, Do not fear to do or dare;

Music written for "Songs of Zion," March, 5, 1914.

473 DISCIPLE. (ELLESDIE.) 8s & 7s, D.*

REV. S. F. SMITH, D. D. (Missionary's Farewell.) From W. A. MOZART.



1. Yes— my na - tive land! I love thee; All thy scenes, I love them well;
2. Home!—thy joys are pass-ing love - ly—Joys no stran-ger heart can tell;
3. Scenes of sa-cred peace and pleas-ure, Ho - ly days and Sab-bath bell,
4. Yes! I has - ten from you glad - ly, From the scenes I love so well;
5. In the des - erts let me la - bor, On the moun-tains let me tell,

1. Friends, connections, happy coun-try, Can I bid you all fare-well?
2. Hap - py home!—tis sure I love thee! Can I—can I say—Farewell?
3. Rich-est, brightest, sweetest treas-ure! Can I say a last fare-well?
4. Far a - way, ye bil-lows! bear me; Love - ly na - tive land, fare-well?
5. How He died—the blessed Sav-iour—To re-deem a world from hell!

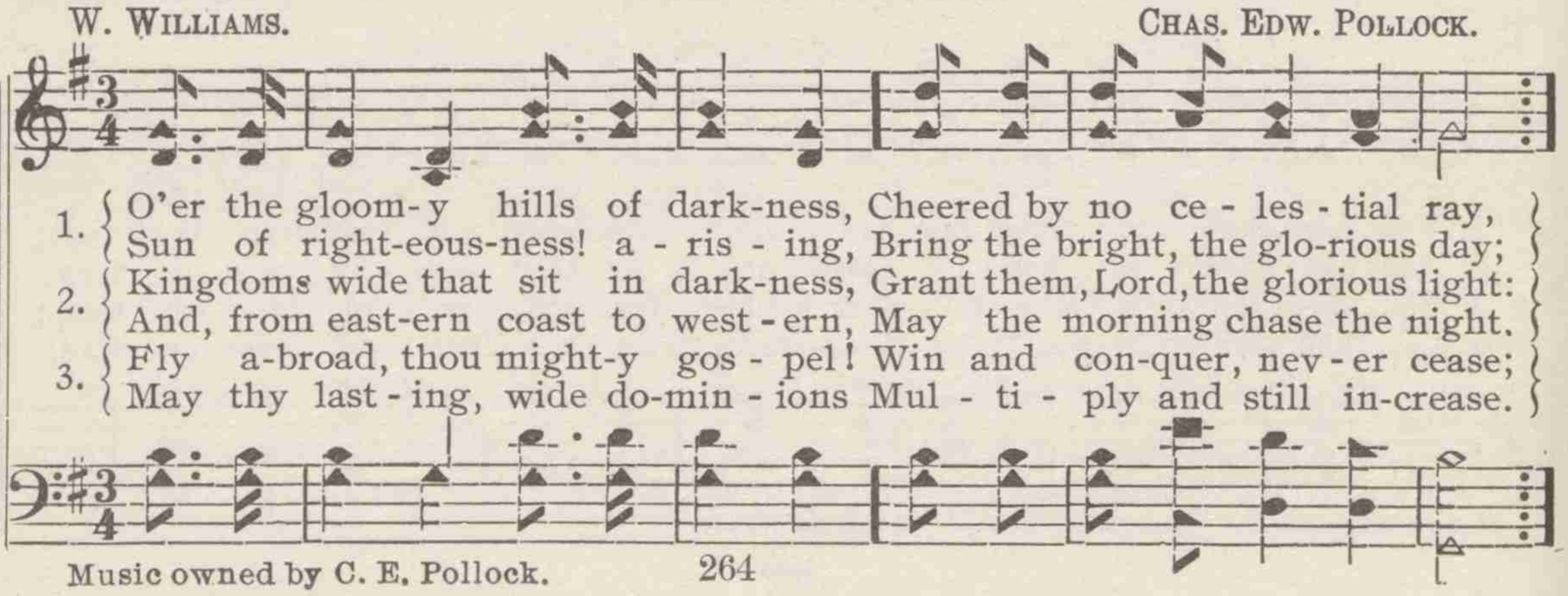
D. S.–Can I leave you, Can I leave you, Far in heathen lands to dwell? Amen.

1. Can I leave you, Can I leave you, Far in hea-then lands to dwell?
2. Can I leave thee, Can I leave thee, Far in hea-then lands to dwell?
3. Can I leave you, Can I leave you, Far in hea-then lands to dwell?
4. Pleased I leave thee, Pleased I leave thee, Far in hea-then lands to dwell.
5. Let me has - ten, Let me has - ten, Far in hea-then lands to dwell.

*This tune may be sung to "Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken," No. 258.

474 BARCLAY. 8s, 7s & 4s.

W. WILLIAMS. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. { O'er the gloom-y hills of dark-ness, Cheered by no ce - les - tial ray,
   { Sun of right-eous-ness! a - ris - ing, Bring the bright, the glo-rious day;
2. { Kingdoms wide that sit in dark-ness, Grant them, Lord, the glorious light:
   { And, from east-ern coast to west - ern, May the morning chase the night.
3. { Fly a-broad, thou might-y gos - pel! Win and con-quer, nev - er cease;
   { May thy last - ing, wide do-min - ions Mul - ti - ply and still in-crease.

Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

BARCLAY. Concluded.

Send the gos-pel, Send the gos - pel, To the earth's remot-est bounds.
And re-demption, And re-demption, Freely purchased, win the day.
Sway Thy sceptre, Sway Thy scep-tre, Sav-iour, all the world a-round. A-men.

475 BEAUTEOUS DAY. P. M.

Rev. W. O. Cushing, 1866. Dr. Geo. F. Root, 1866.

1. We are watching, we are waiting, For the bright, prophetic day:
When the shadows, weary shadows, From the world shall roll (*Omit*) a - way.
2. We are watching, we are waiting, For the star that brings the day:
When the night of sin shall vanish, And the shadows melt (*Omit*) a - way.
3. We are watching, we are waiting, For the beauteous King of day:
For the Chiefest of ten thousand, For the Light, the Truth, (*Omit*) the Way.

Chorus.

We are waiting for the morning, When the beauteous day is dawn-ing;

We are wait-ing for the morning, For the gold - en spires of day.

Lo! He comes! see the King draws near; Zi-on, shout! the Lord is here. Amen.

476 OUR LAND FOR JESUS. 7s & 6s, with Chorus.

(Home Mission Song.)

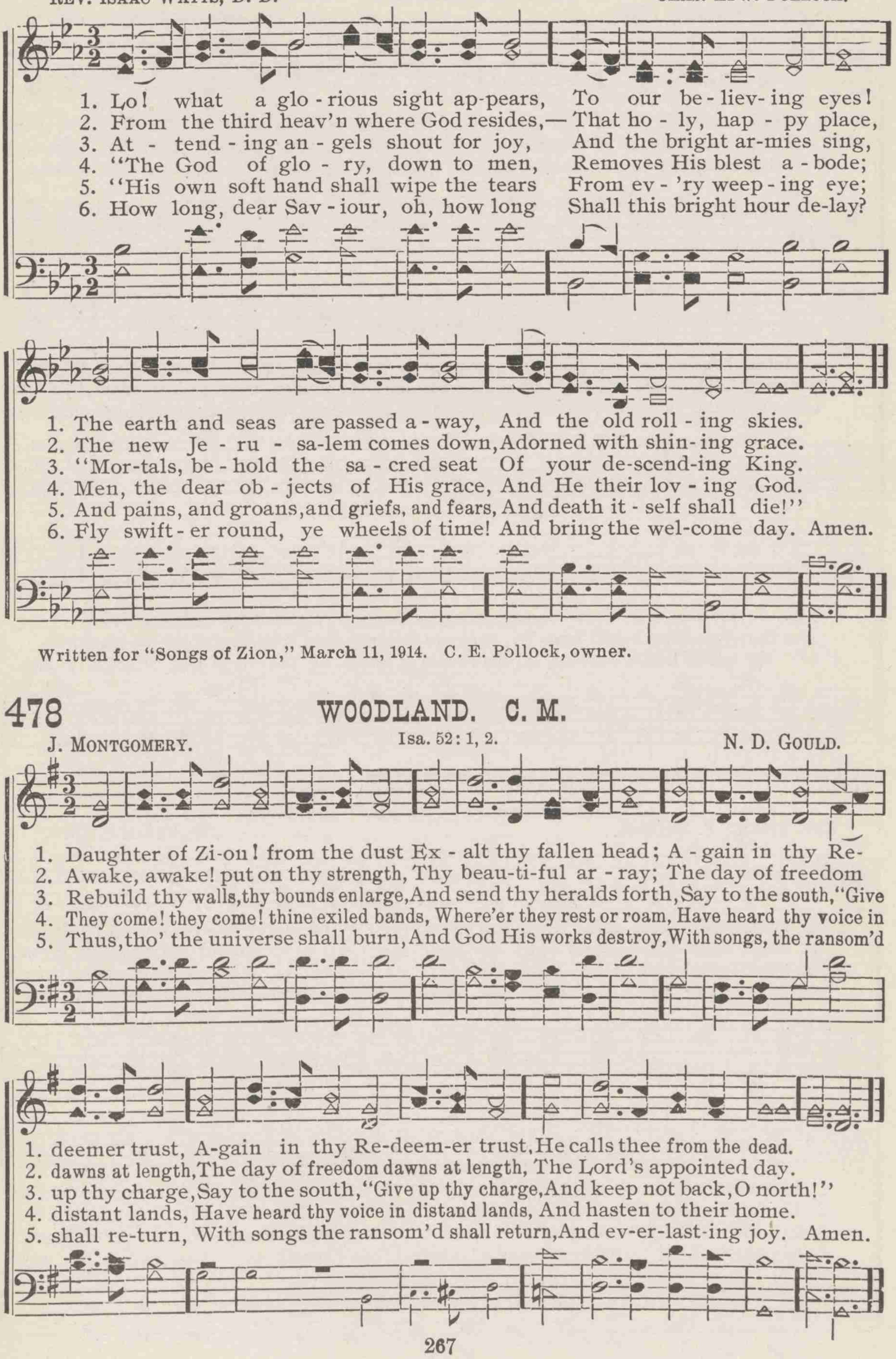
MRS. H. A. HUNT, arr. by C. E. P.
Third Stanza by W. T. D.

Chorus and music by CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



477 PATMOS. C. M.

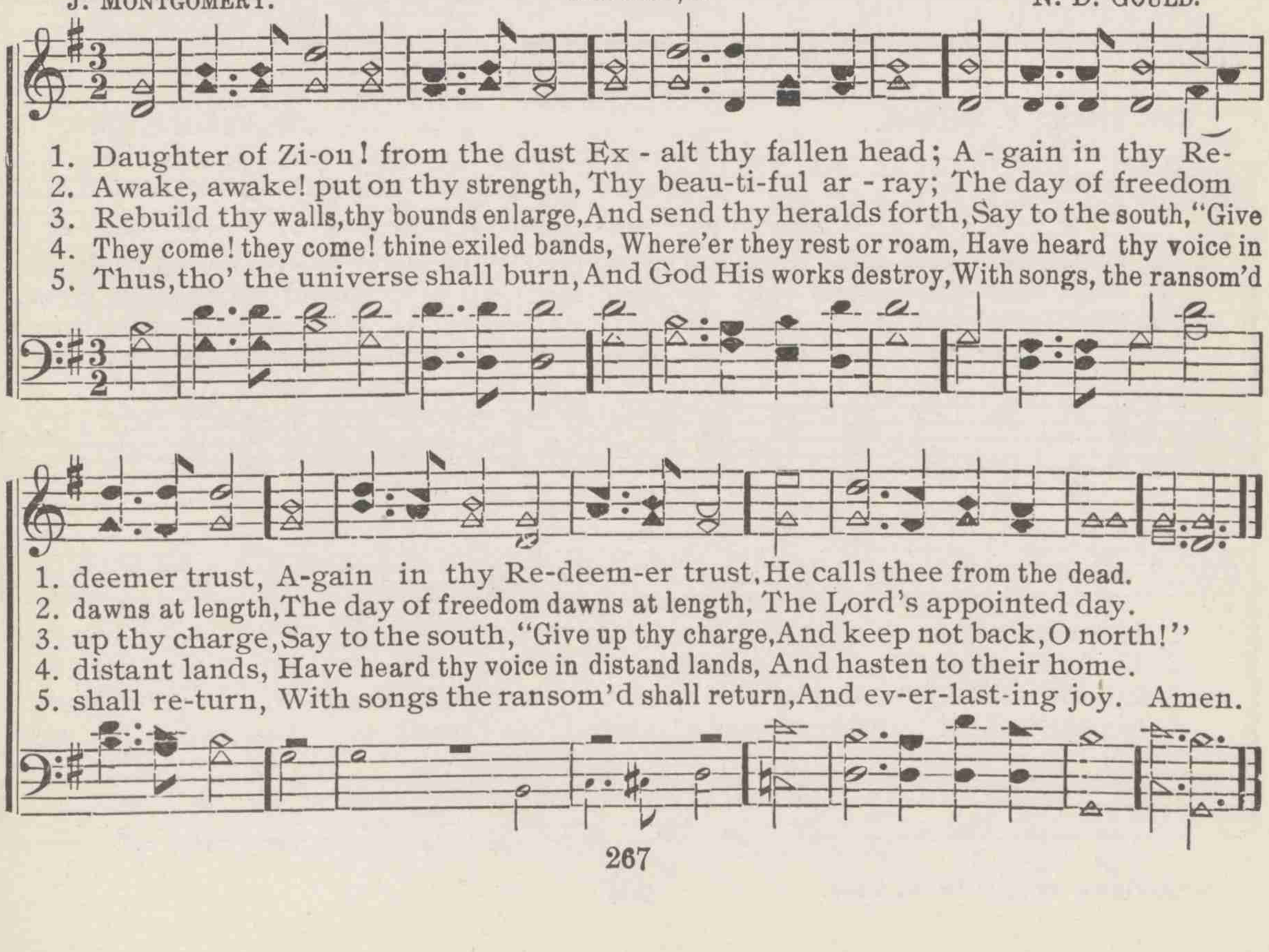
REV. ISAAC WATTS, D. D. Rev. 21: 1-4. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



Written for "Songs of Zion," March 11, 1914. C. E. Pollock, owner.

478 WOODLAND. C. M.

J. MONTGOMERY. Isa. 52: 1, 2. N. D. GOULD.

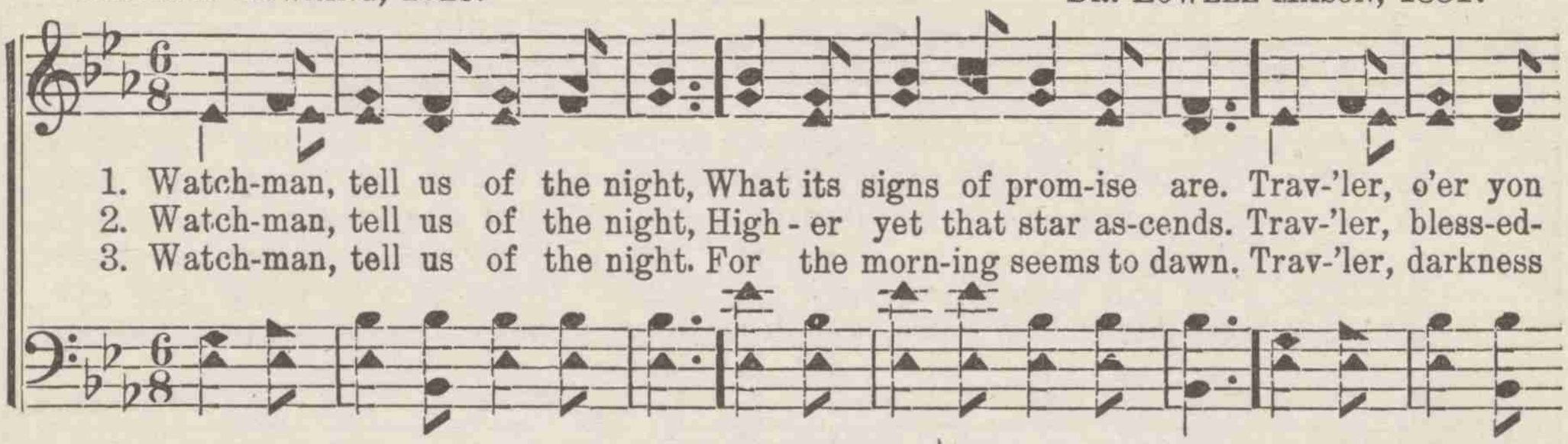


479 WATCHMAN. 7s, D.

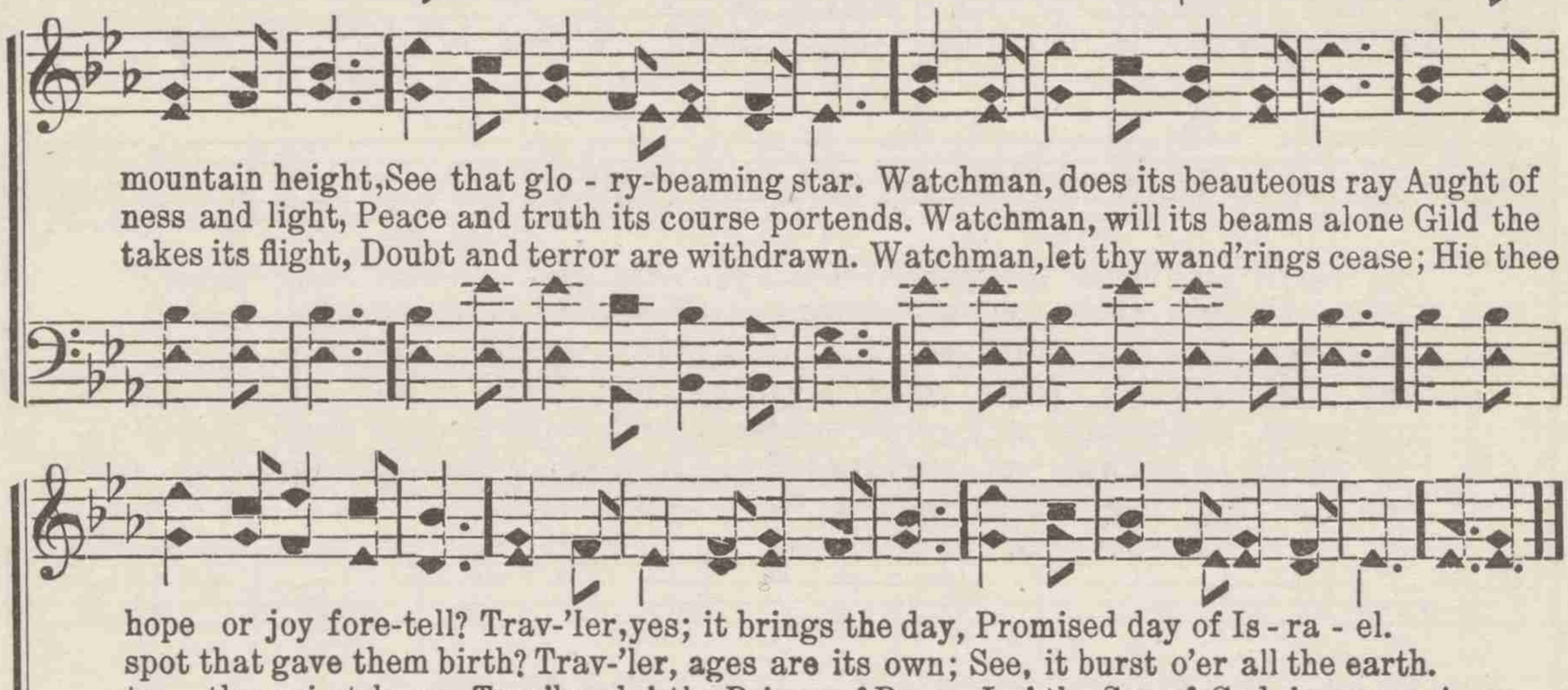
"Watchman, what of the night?"—Isa. 21:11.

SIR JOHN BOWRING, 1825. DR. LOWELL MASON, 1831.

1. Watch-man, tell us of the night, What its signs of prom-ise are. Trav-'ler, o'er yon
2. Watch-man, tell us of the night, High - er yet that star as-cends. Trav-'ler, bless-ed-
3. Watch-man, tell us of the night. For the morn-ing seems to dawn. Trav-'ler, darkness



mountain height, See that glo - ry-beaming star. Watchman, does its beauteous ray Aught of
ness and light, Peace and truth its course portends. Watchman, will its beams alone Gild the
takes its flight, Doubt and terror are withdrawn. Watchman, let thy wand'rings cease; Hie thee



hope or joy fore-tell? Trav-'ler, yes; it brings the day, Promised day of Is - ra - el.
spot that gave them birth? Trav-'ler, ages are its own; See, it burst o'er all the earth.
to thy qui-et home. Trav'ler, lo! the Prince of Peace, Lo! the Son of God is come. A-men.

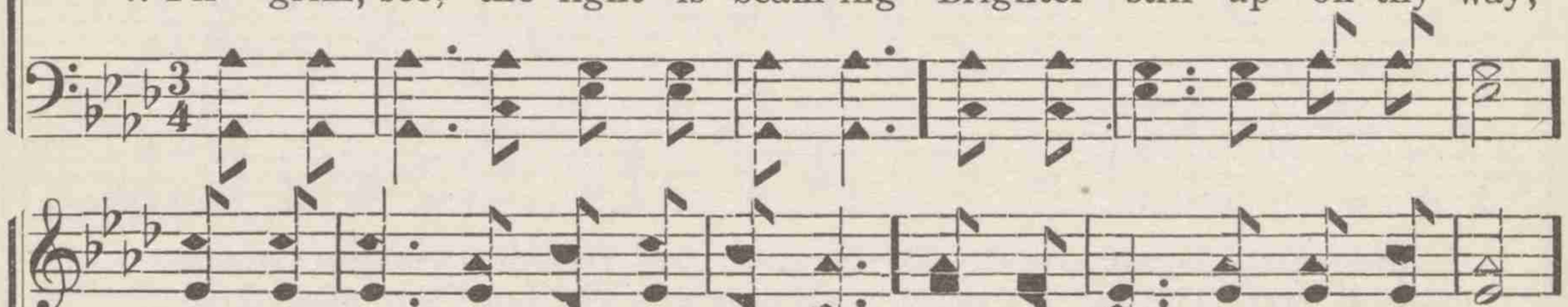


480 WATCHMAN, TELL ME. 8s & 7s, D.

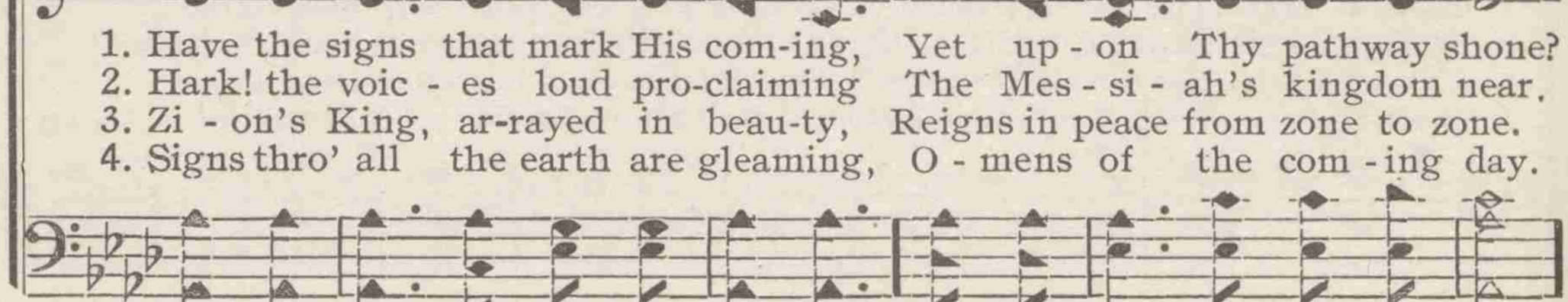
"Watchman, what of the night?"—Isa. 21:11.

REV. SYNDEY S. BREWER. W. T. DALE, 1903.

1. Watchman, tell me, does the morn-ing Of fair Zi - on's glo - ry dawn;
2. See the glo - rious light as - cend-ing, Of the grand Sab-bat - ic year;
3. Pil - grim in that gold - en cit - y, Seat - ed in the jas-per throne,
4. Pil - grim, see, the light is beam-ing Brighter still up - on thy way;

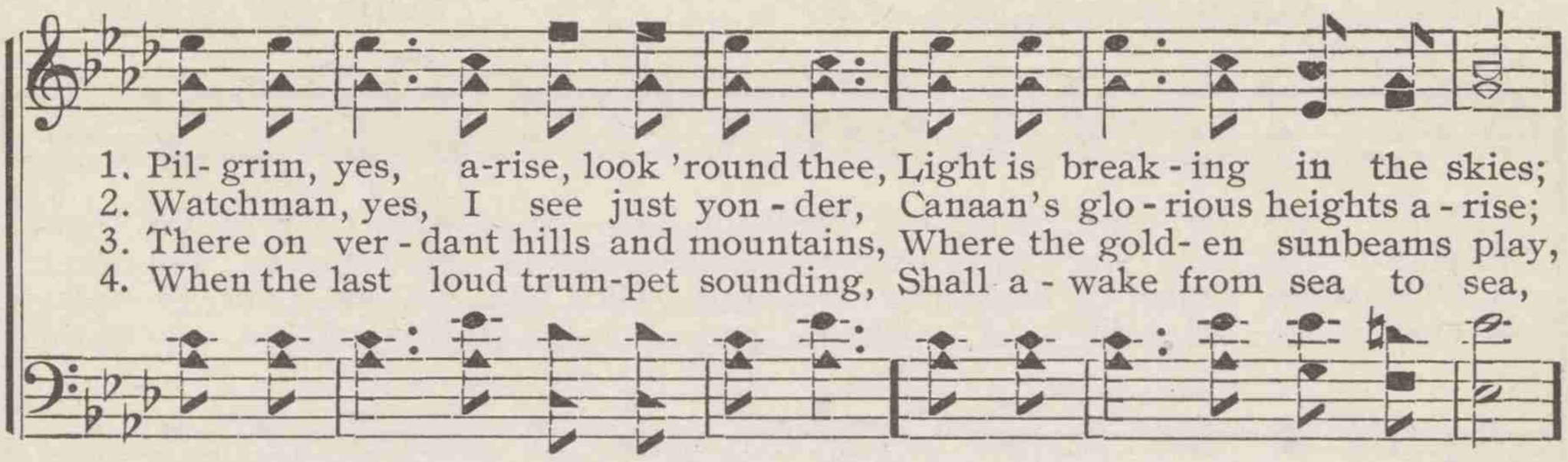


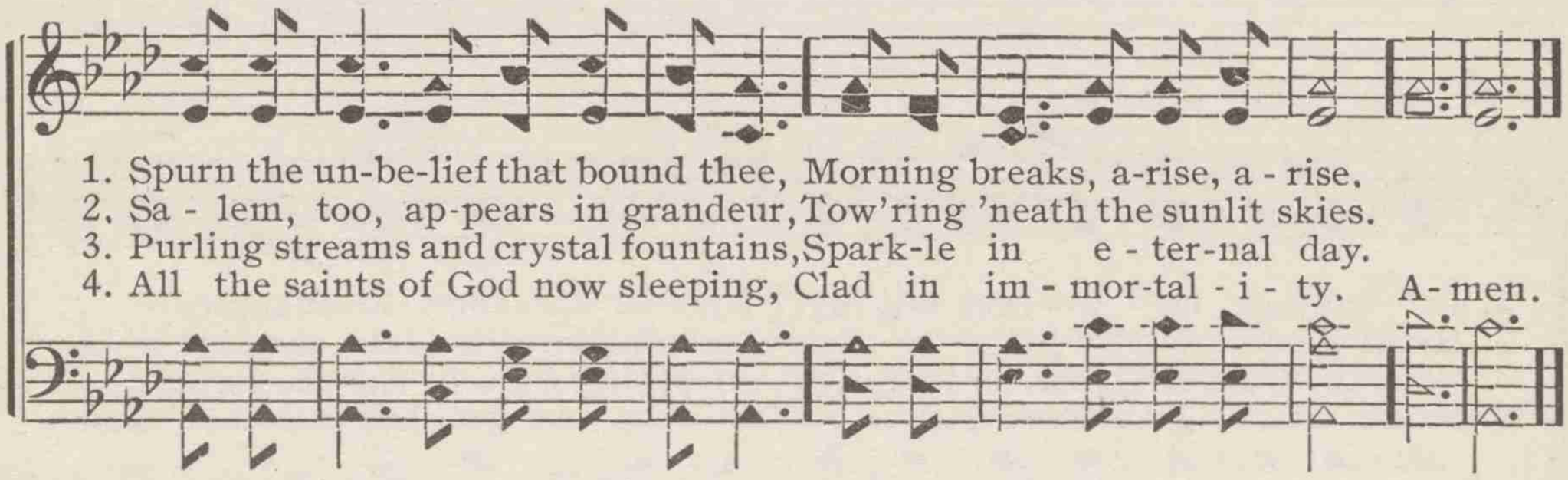
1. Have the signs that mark His com-ing, Yet up - on Thy pathway shone?
2. Hark! the voic - es loud pro-claiming The Mes - si - ah's kingdom near.
3. Zi - on's King, ar-rayed in beau-ty, Reigns in peace from zone to zone.
4. Signs thro' all the earth are gleaming, O - mens of the com - ing day.



Copyright, 1903, by W. T. Dale.

WATCHMAN, TELL ME. Concluded

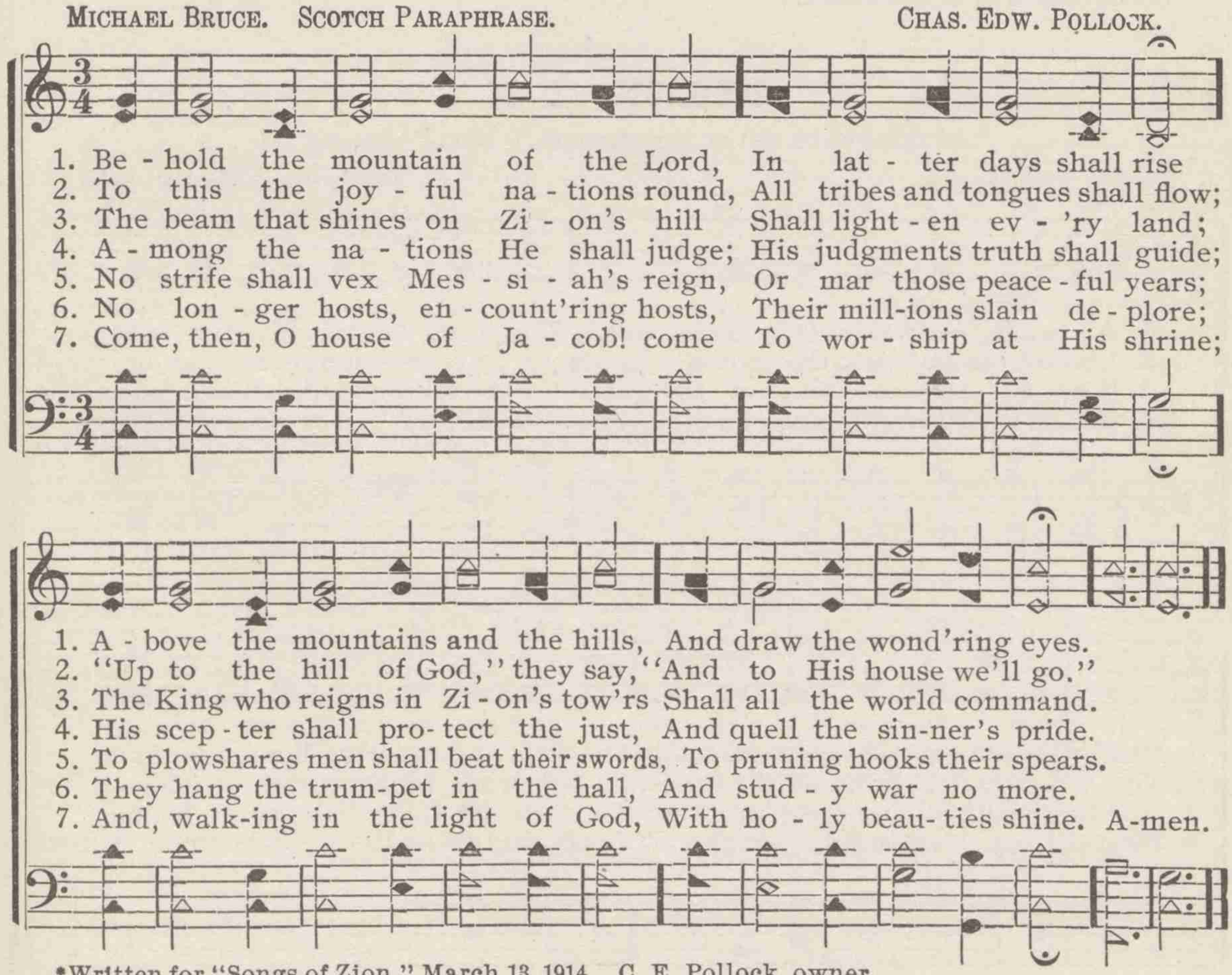




481 WITHERSPOON. C. M.*

Isa. 2: 2-5; Micah 4: 1-3

MICHAEL BRUCE. SCOTCH PARAPHRASE. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

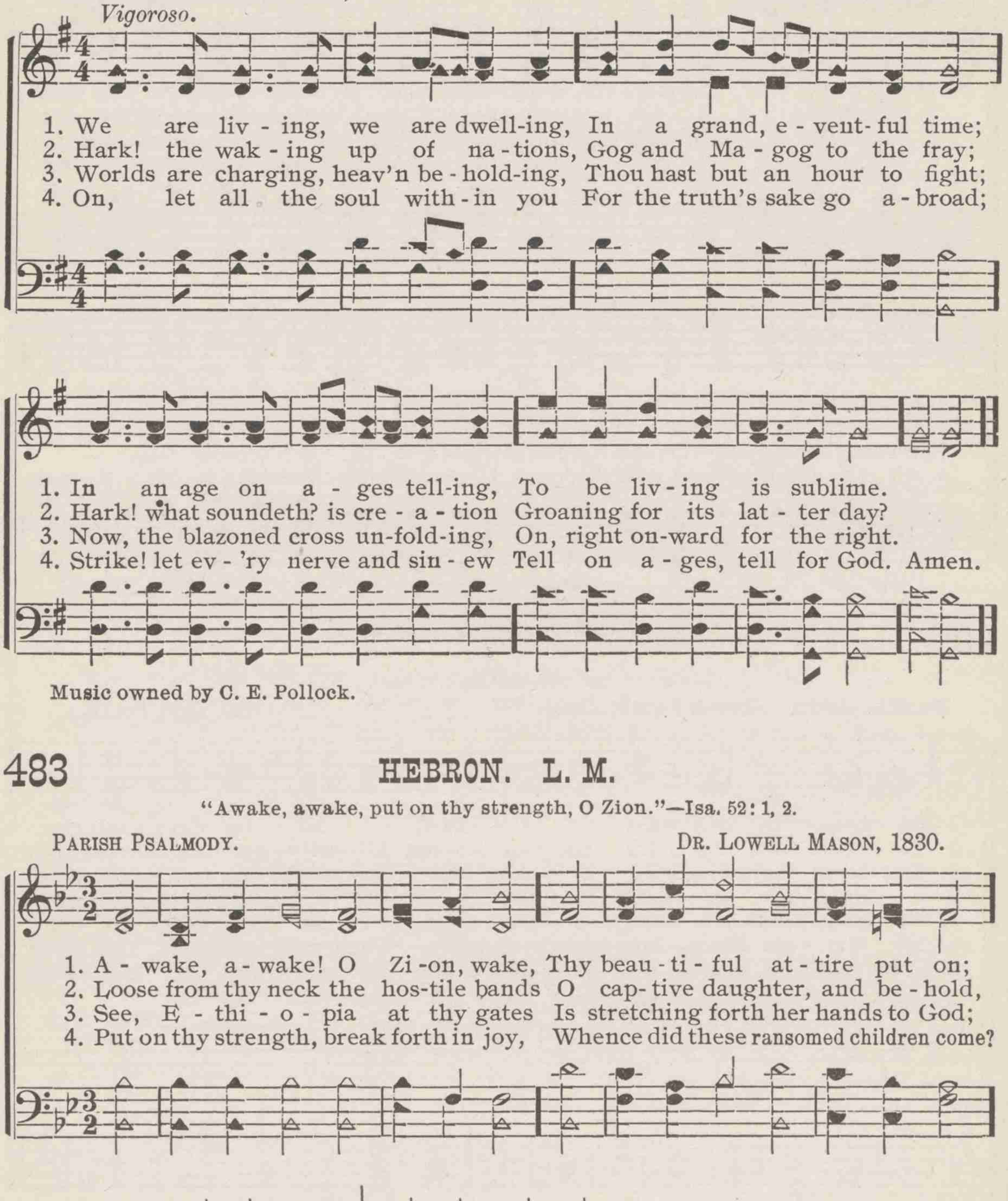


*Written for "Songs of Zion," March 13, 1914. C. E. Pollock, owner.

482 KEDRON. 8s & 7s.

BISHOP A. CLEVELAND COXE, 1840. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Vigoroso.

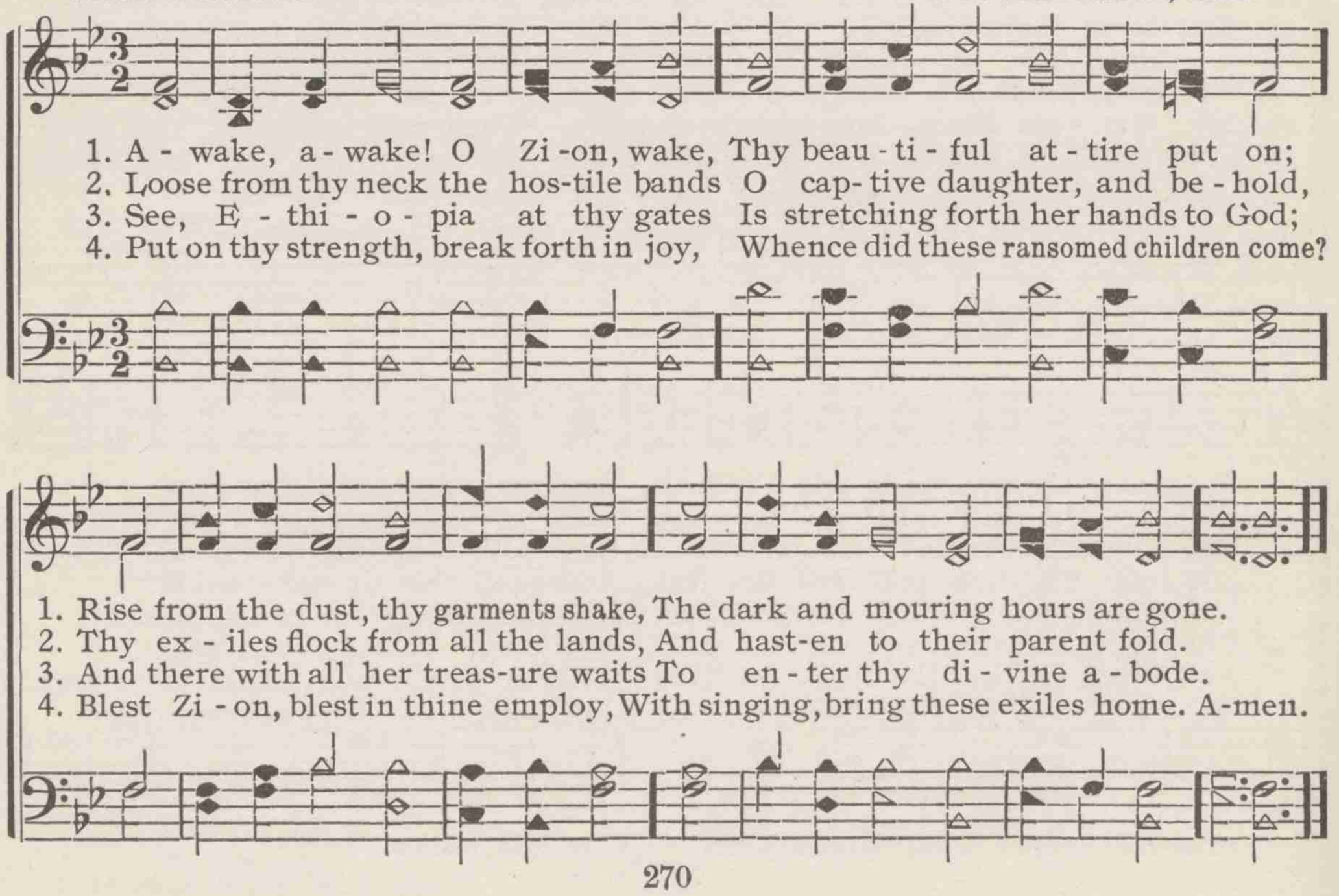


Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

483 HEBRON. L. M.

"Awake, awake, put on thy strength, O Zion."—Isa. 52: 1, 2.

PARISH PSALMODY. DR. LOWELL MASON, 1830.



484 LAST HOPE. (MERCY.) 7s.

PRATT'S COLL. Isa. 49: 20. Arr. from LOUIS M. GOTTSCHALK, 1867.

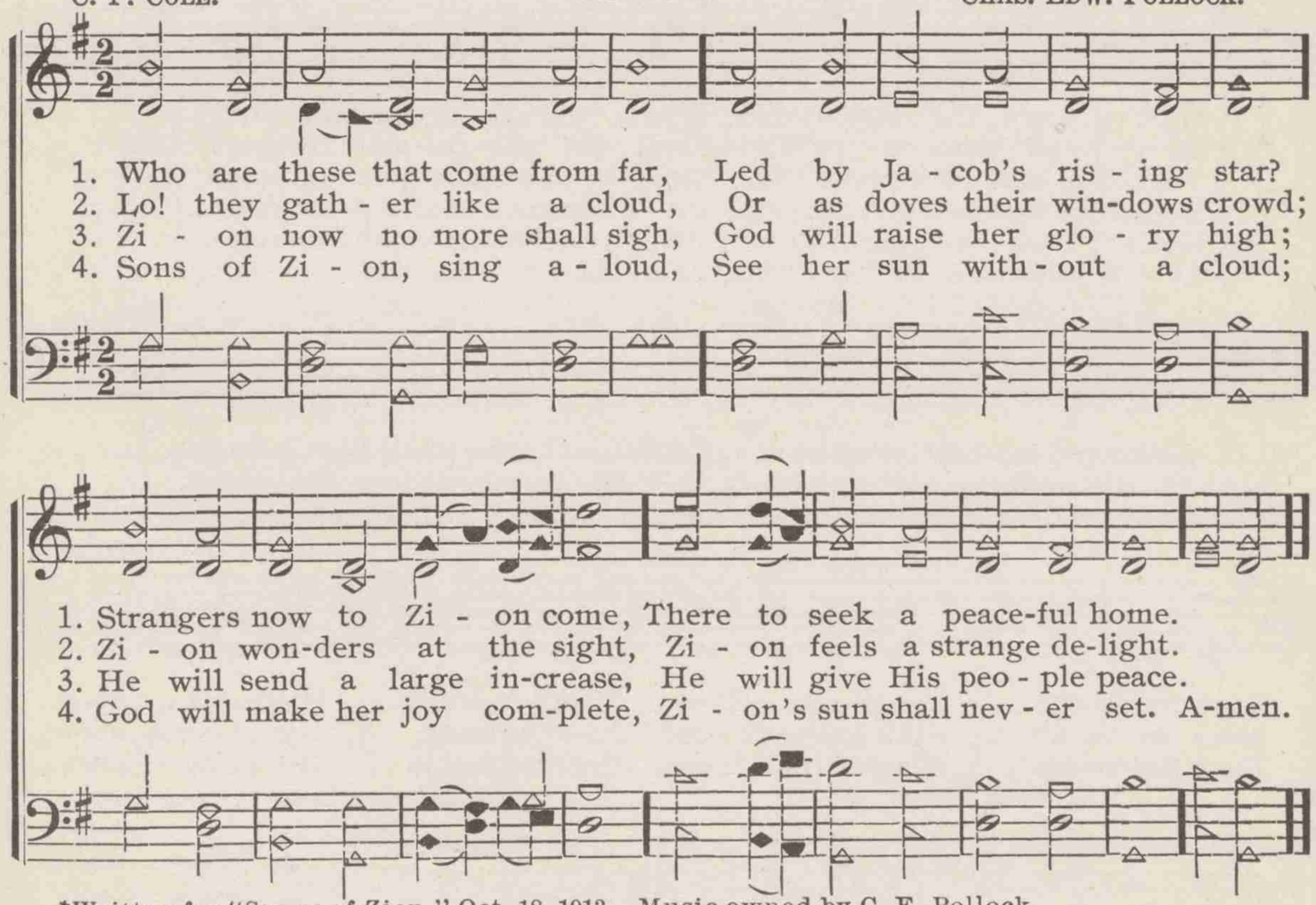


1. "Give us room that we may dwell," Zi - on's chil - dren cry a - loud;
2. Oh, how bright the morning seems! Brighter from so dark a night;
3. Lo! thy sun goes down no more; God Him - self will be thy light;
4. Zi - on, now a - rise and shine! Lo! Thy light from heav'n is come!

1. See their numbers how they swell! How they gath-er like a cloud.
2. Zi - on is like one that dreams, Filled with wonder and de - light.
3. All that caused Thee grief be-fore, Bur - ied lies in end - less night.
4. These that crowd from far are Thine; Give Thy sons and daughters room. A-men.

485 HARRISBURG. 7s.*

C. P. COLL. Isa. 49: 20. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



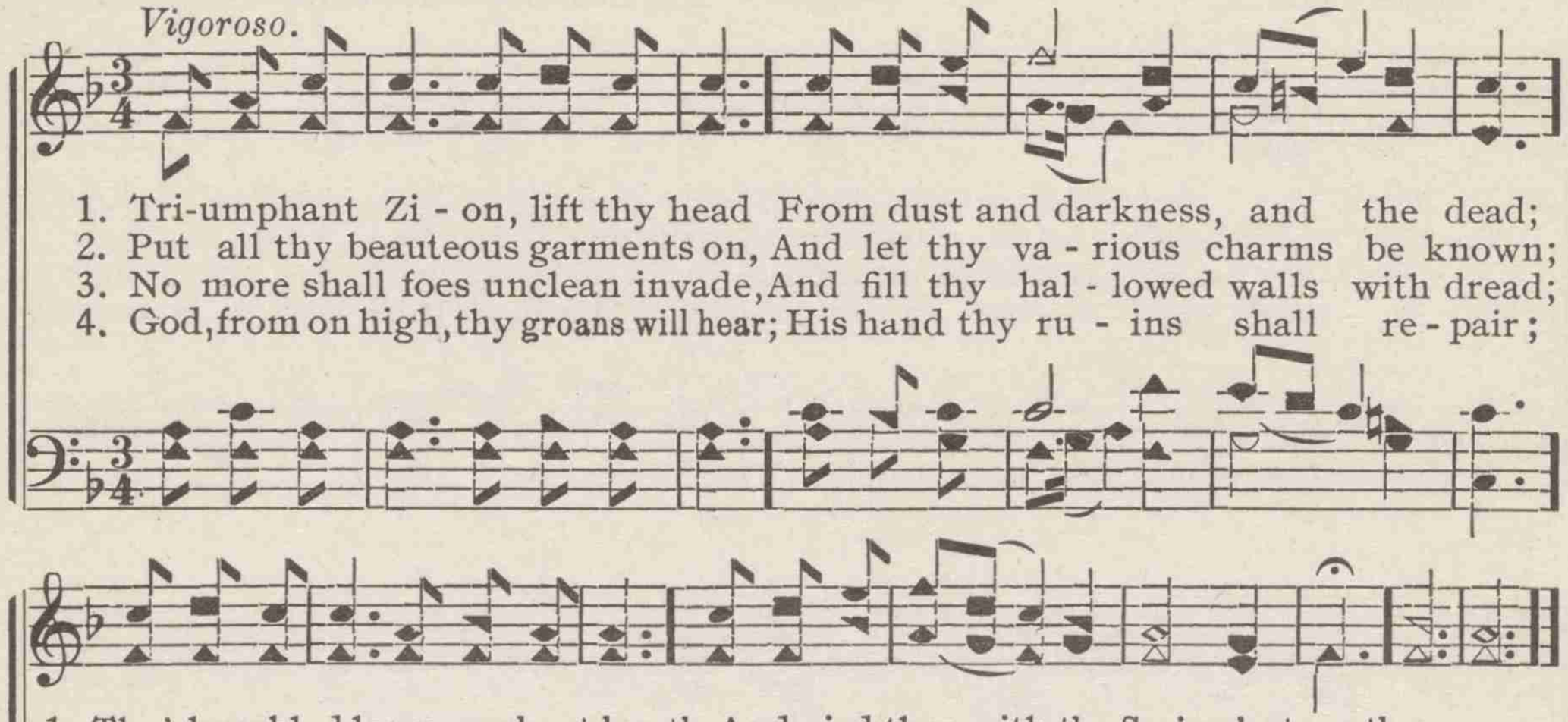
1. Who are these that come from far, Led by Ja - cob's ris - ing star?
2. Lo! they gath - er like a cloud, Or as doves their win-dows crowd;
3. Zi - on now no more shall sigh, God will raise her glo - ry high;
4. Sons of Zi - on, sing a - loud, See her sun with - out a cloud;

1. Strangers now to Zi - on come, There to seek a peace-ful home.
2. Zi - on won-ders at the sight, Zi - on feels a strange de-light.
3. He will send a large in-crease, He will give His peo - ple peace.
4. God will make her joy com-plete, Zi - on's sun shall nev - er set. A-men.

*Written for "Songs of Zion," Oct. 18, 1913. Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

486 IRISH RIPPLE. L. M.*

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, D. D. Isa. 52: 1. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



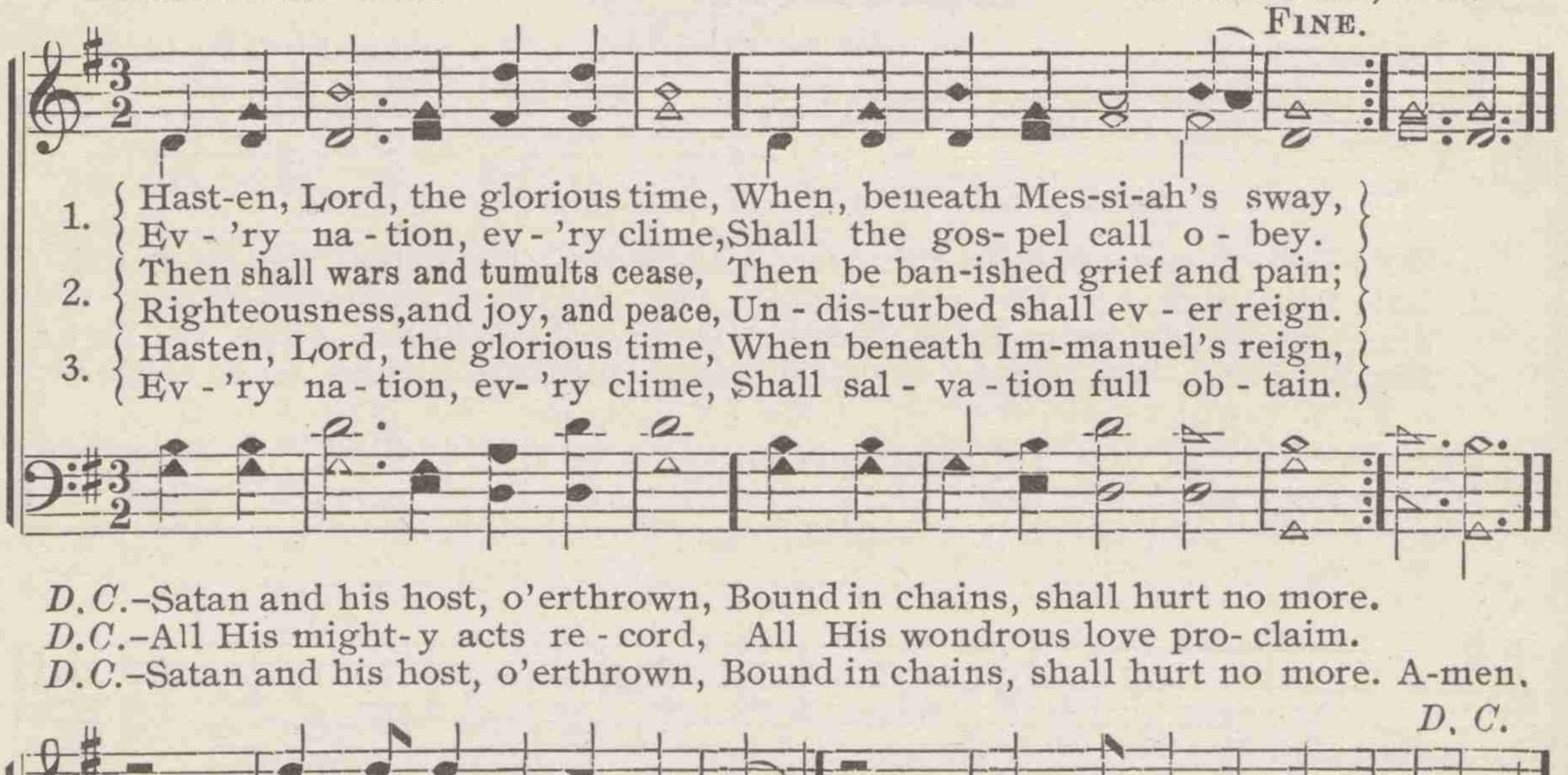
1. Tri-umphant Zi - on, lift thy head From dust and darkness, and the dead;
2. Put all thy beauteous garments on, And let thy va - rious charms be known;
3. No more shall foes unclean invade, And fill thy hal - lowed walls with dread;
4. God, from on high, thy groans will hear; His hand thy ru - ins shall re - pair;

1. Tho' humbled long, awake at length, And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.
2. The world thy glories shall confess, Decked in the robes of righteousness.
3. No more shall hell's insulting host Their vic- t'ry and thy sor-rows boast.
4. Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease To guard thee in e - ter - nal peace. Amen.

*Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

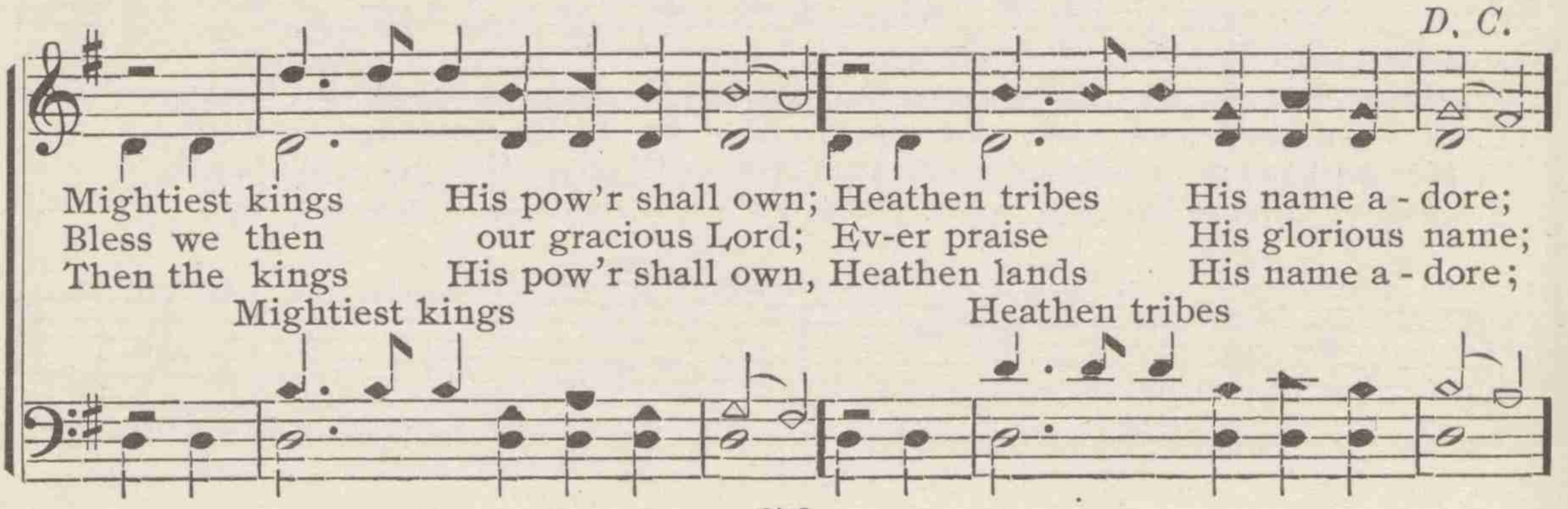
487 ELTHAM. 7s.

HARRIET AUBER. 1829. The world's conversion. LOWELL MASON, 1840.



1. Hast-en, Lord, the glorious time, When, beneath Mes-si-ah's sway,
   Ev - 'ry na - tion, ev - 'ry clime, Shall the gos- pel call o - bey.
2. Then shall wars and tumults cease, Then be ban-ished grief and pain;
   Righteousness, and joy, and peace, Un - dis-turbed shall ev - er reign.
3. Hasten, Lord, the glorious time, When beneath Im-manuel's reign,
   Ev - 'ry na - tion, ev- 'ry clime, Shall sal - va - tion full ob - tain.

D. C.–Satan and his host, o'erthrown, Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.
D.C.–All His might- y acts re - cord, All His wondrous love pro- claim.
D.C.–Satan and his host, o'erthrown, Bound in chains, shall hurt no more. A-men.



488 MILBURN. L. M.

W. T. DALE, 1872. Isa. 2: 4. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Vigoroso.

1. Let Zi- on's chil-dren join and sing, The growing em-pire of their King;
2. Let ev - 'ry creature, bond and free, Now hail the glorious ju - bi - lee;
3. From Zi- on shall the law go forth, And all shall hear from south to north;
4. The lambs shall with the leopards play, For naught shall hurt in Zi-on's way;
5. Let peace abound from shore to shore, And na-tions stud - y war no more;

1. The gospel banner wide unfurled, Shall wave in triumph o'er the world.
2. And shout and sing with pious mirth, For God shall rule and judge the earth.
3. His truth shall sit on ev - 'ry hill, And blessings flow in ev - 'ry rill.
4. The sword and spear of needless worth, Shall prune the tree, or plough the earth.
5. Let joy and love for- ev - er reign, And fill Im-manuel's wide domain. A-men.

Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

489 LITTLETON. 8s, 7s, D.

E. S. PORTER. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

FINE.

1. Christians, up! The day is breaking, Gird your read-y ar - mor on;
   Slumb'ring hosts around are waking, Rouse ye! in the Lord be strong!
2. Hark! unnumber'd voices cry -ing, "Save us, or we droop and die!"
   Succor bear the faint and dy - ing, On the wings of mer - cy fly.
3. See the blest mil-len-ial dawning, Bright the beams of Bethlehem's star;
   Eastern lands behold the morning, Lo! it glimmers from a - far;

D. C.–Hasten! time's unerring fin- ger, Points to many an o - pen grave.
D. C.–Guide them to the shelt'ring mountain, For the gale with death is rife.
D. C.–Till, in radiant glo-ry blend-ing, Heav'n's high noon shall greet our eyes. A-men.

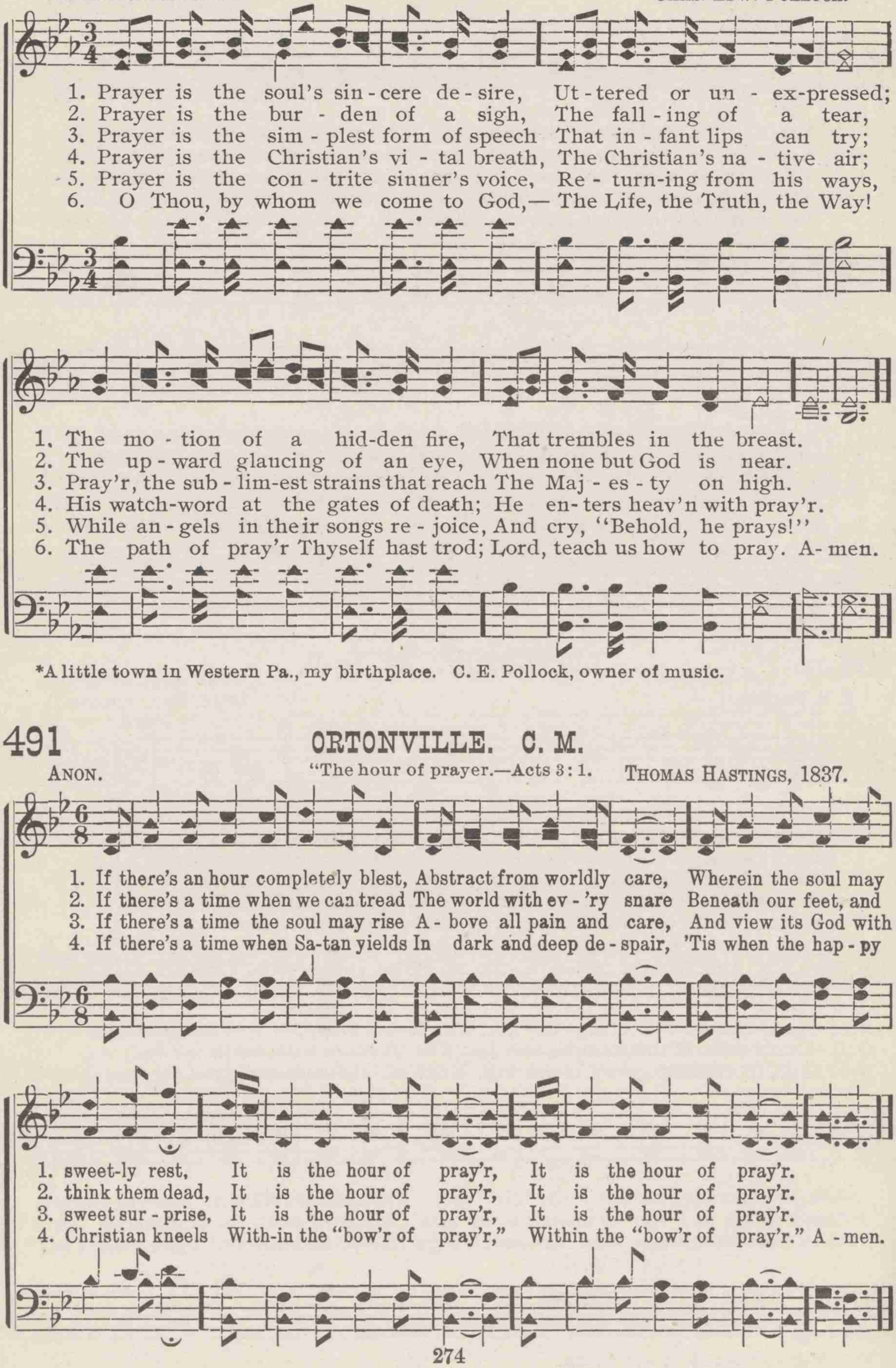
D. C.

While you sleep or i - dly lin - ger, Thousands sink with none to save;
Lead them to the crys - tal foun- tain Gushing with the streams of life;
O'er the moun-tain top as - cend - ing, Soon the scattered light shall rise;

Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

490 NEWPORT. C. M.*

JAMES MONTGOMERY. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. Prayer is the soul's sin - cere de - sire, Ut - tered or un - ex-pressed;
2. Prayer is the bur - den of a sigh, The fall - ing of a tear,
3. Prayer is the sim - plest form of speech That in - fant lips can try;
4. Prayer is the Christian's vi - tal breath, The Christian's na - tive air;
5. Prayer is the con - trite sinner's voice, Re - turn-ing from his ways,
6. O Thou, by whom we come to God,— The Life, the Truth, the Way!

1. The mo - tion of a hid-den fire, That trembles in the breast.
2. The up - ward glancing of an eye, When none but God is near.
3. Pray'r, the sub - lim-est strains that reach The Maj - es - ty on high.
4. His watch-word at the gates of death; He en - ters heav'n with pray'r.
5. While an - gels in their songs re - joice, And cry, "Behold, he prays!"
6. The path of pray'r Thyself hast trod; Lord, teach us how to pray. A - men.

*A little town in Western Pa., my birthplace. C. E. Pollock, owner of music.

491 ORTONVILLE. C. M.

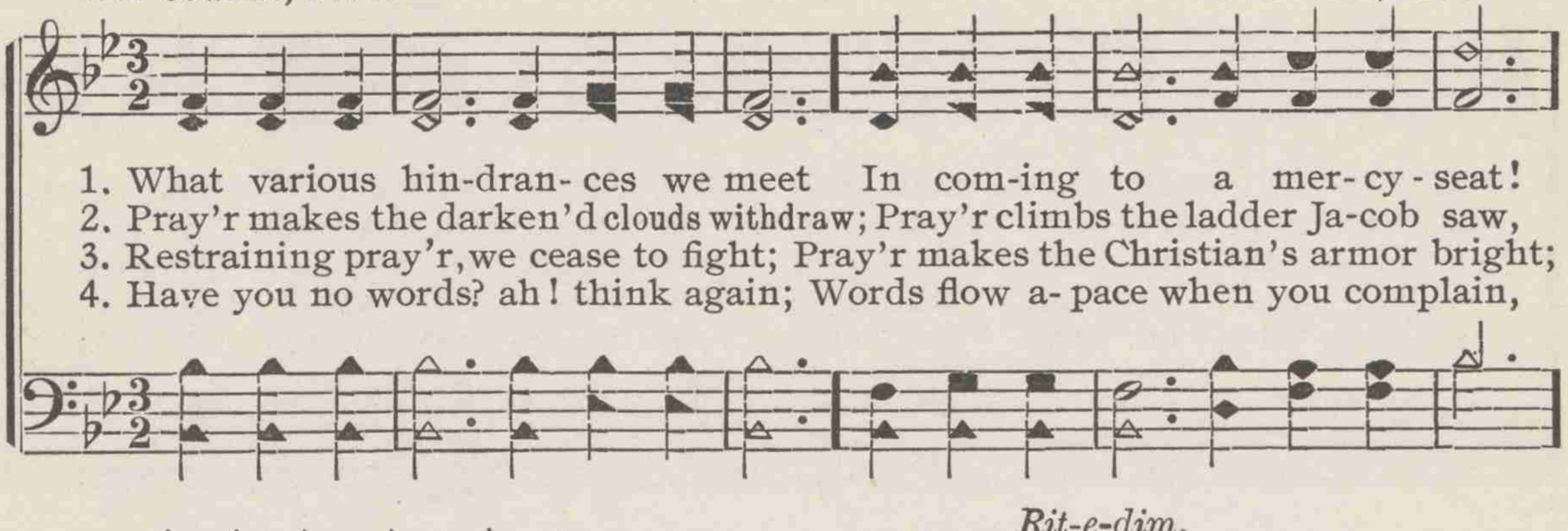
ANON. "The hour of prayer.—Acts 3: 1. THOMAS HASTINGS, 1837.

1. If there's an hour completely blest, Abstract from worldly care, Wherein the soul may
2. If there's a time when we can tread The world with ev - 'ry snare Beneath our feet, and
3. If there's a time the soul may rise A - bove all pain and care, And view its God with
4. If there's a time when Sa-tan yields In dark and deep de - spair, 'Tis when the hap - py

1. sweet-ly rest, It is the hour of pray'r, It is the hour of pray'r.
2. think them dead, It is the hour of pray'r, It is the hour of pray'r.
3. sweet sur - prise, It is the hour of pray'r, It is the hour of pray'r.
4. Christian kneels With-in the "bow'r of pray'r," Within the "bow'r of pray'r." A - men.

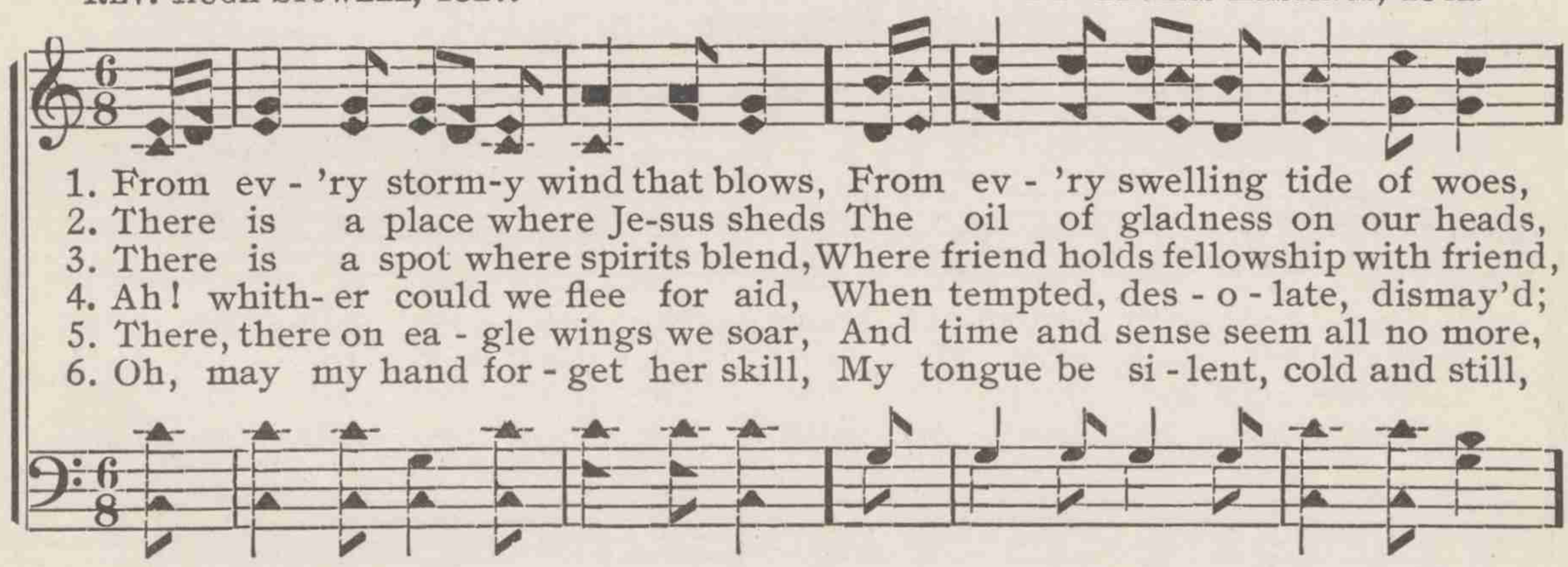
492 MT. OLIVET. L. M.

WM. COWPER, 1779. Benefits of prayer. W. T. DALE, 1890.



493 RETREAT. L. M.

REV. HUGH STOWELL, 1827. Psalm 137: 5, 6. DR. THOMAS HASTINGS, 1842.



494 SPRING GARDEN. S. M.

REV. J. NEWTON. The importunate widow.—Luke 18: 1-8. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

495 STATE STREET. S. M.

"Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace."—Heb. 4: 16.

REV. JOHN NEWTON, 1779. JONATHAN C. WOODMAN, 1844.

496 TIGERT. 7s.

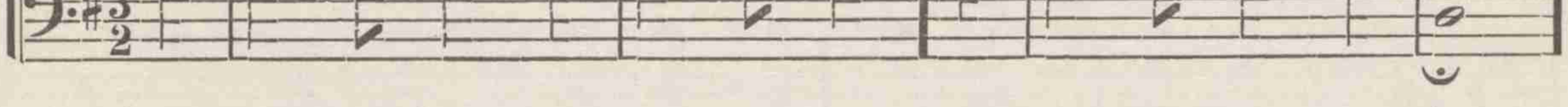
OLIVER HOLDEN. "God heareth prayer anywhere." W. T. DALE, 1913.



1. They who seek the throne of grace Find that throne in ev-'ry place; If we live a
2. In our sickness and our health, In our want, or in our wealth, If we look to
3. When our earth-ly comforts fail, When the foes of life pre - vail, 'Tis the time for
4. Then, my soul, in ev - 'ry strait, To thy Fa-ther come, and wait; He will an-swer

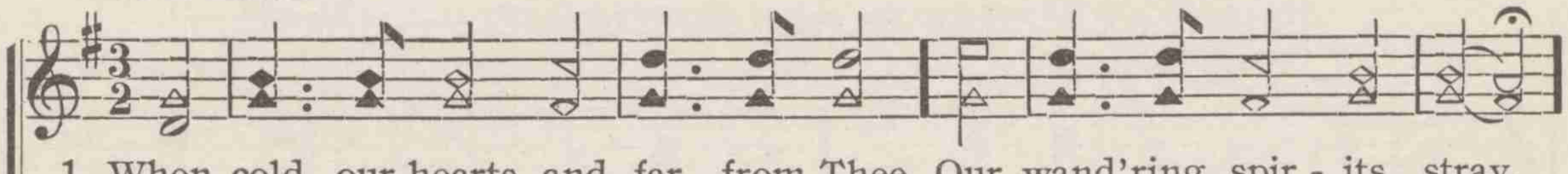


1. life of pray'r, God is pres-ent ev - 'rywhere, God is pres-ent ev- 'ry-where.
2. God in pray'r, God is pres-ent ev - 'rywhere, God is pres-ent ev- 'ry-where.
3. earnest pray'r, God is pres-ent ev - 'rywhere, God is pres-ent ev- 'ry-where.
4. ev - 'ry pray'r; God is pres-ent ev - 'rywhere, God is pres-ent ev- 'ry-where. Amen.



497 DENNINGTON. C. M.

J. S. B. MONSELL. "Lord, teach us to pray."—Luke 11: 1. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. When cold our hearts, and far from Thee Our wand'ring spir - its stray,
2. Too vile to ven - ture near Thy throne, Too poor to turn a - way;
3. We know not how to seek Thy face, Un - less Thou lead the way;
4. Here ev - 'ry tho't and fond de - sire We on Thine al - tar lay;



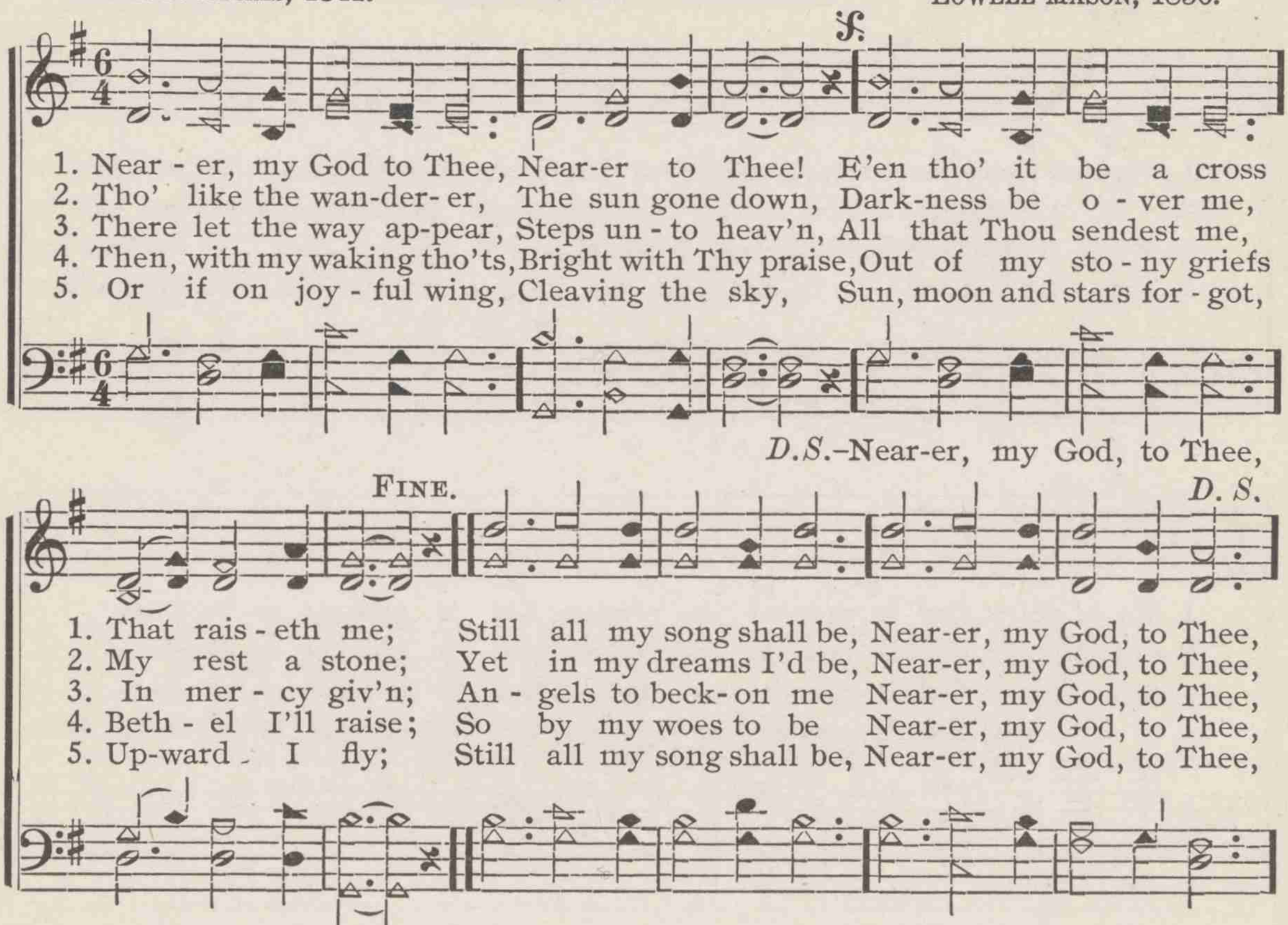
1. And tho'ts and lips move heav - i - ly, "Lord, teach us how to pray."
2. Our on - ly voice, Thy Spirit's groan, "Lord, teach us how to pray."
3. We have no words, unless Thy grace, "Lord, teach us how to pray."
4. And when our souls have caught Thy fire, "Lord, teach us how to pray." Amen.



Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

498 BETHANY. 6s & 4s.

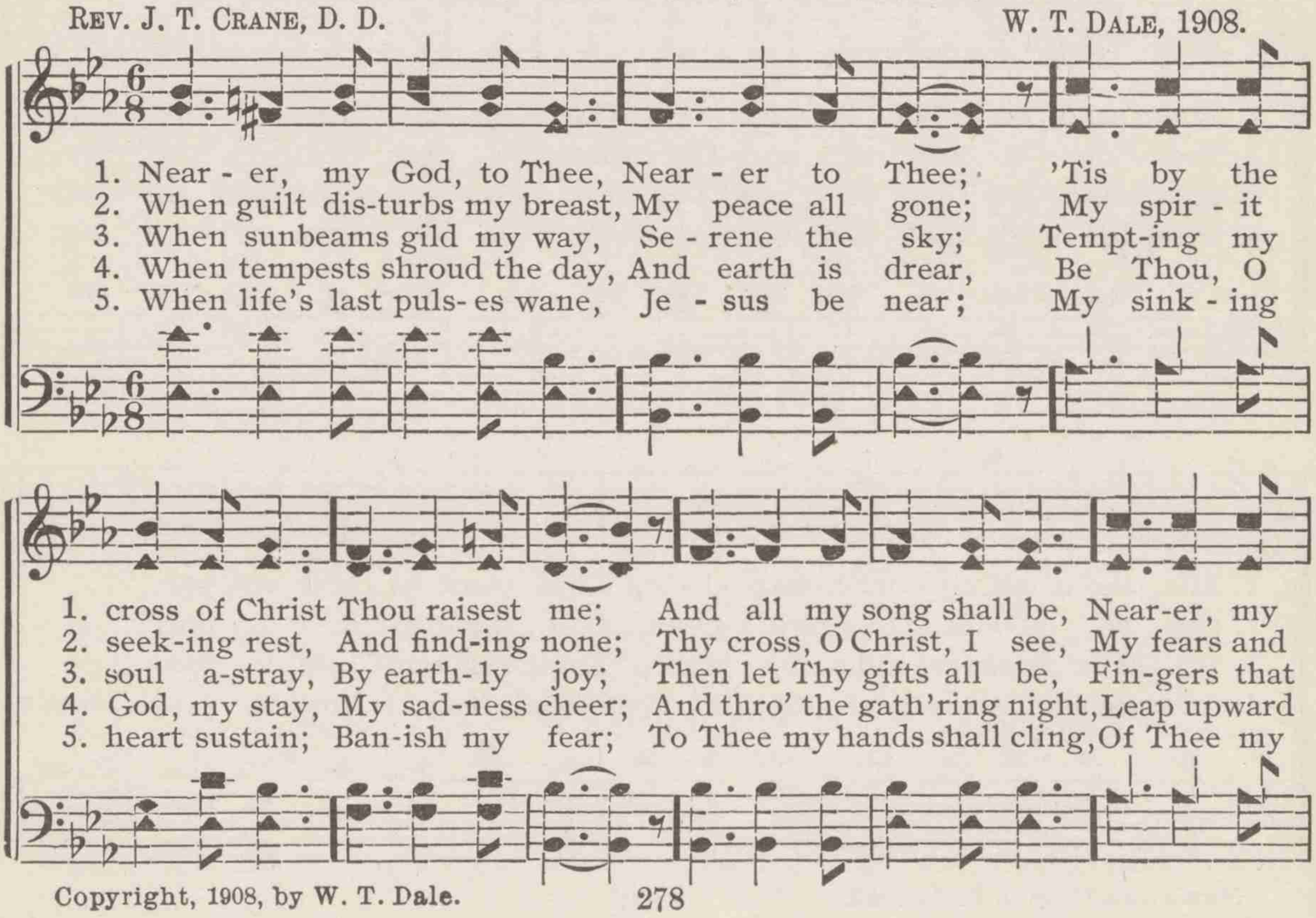
SARAH F. ADAMS, 1841. LOWELL MASON, 1856.



499 NEARER, MY GOD. (New). 6s & 4s.

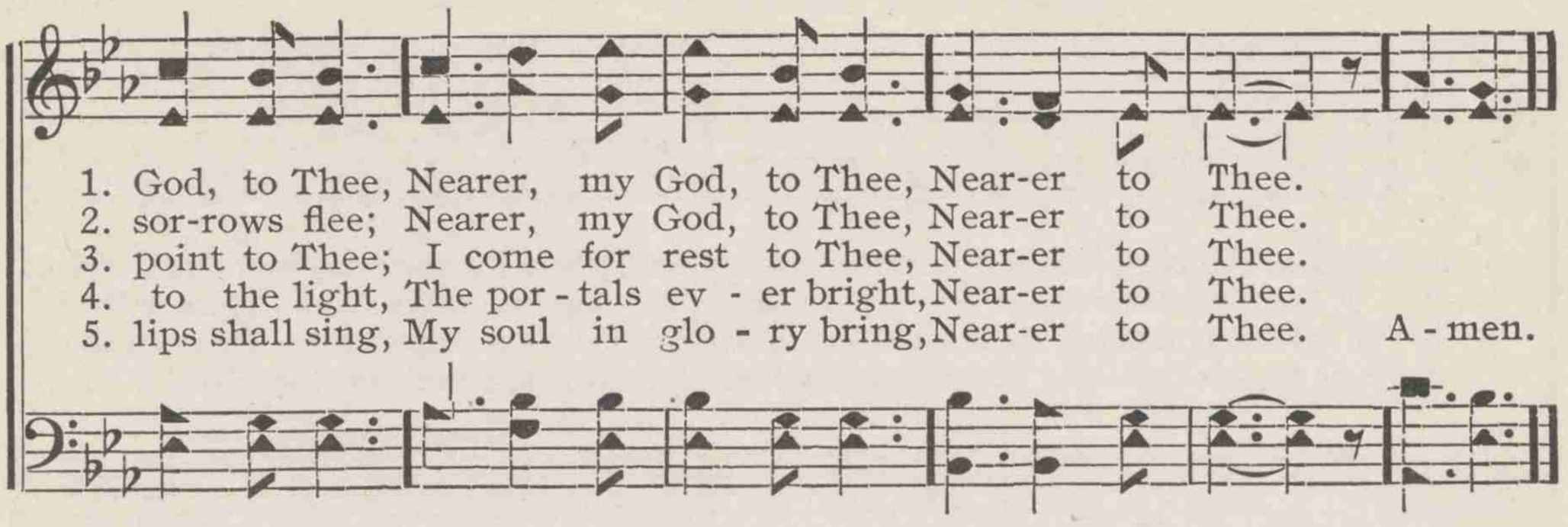
This tune may be sung to the old hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

REV. J. T. CRANE, D. D. W. T. DALE, 1908.



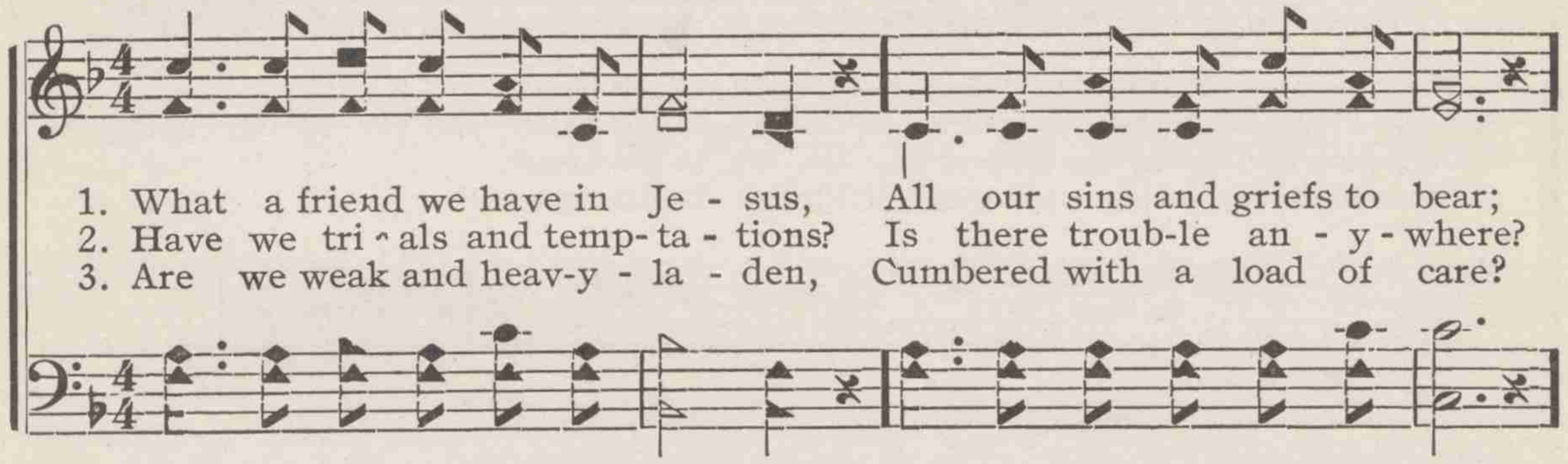
Copyright, 1908, by W. T. Dale.

NEARER, MY GOD. Concluded.



500 ERIE. 8s & 7s, D.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN, 1855. CHARLES C. CONVERSE, 1868.







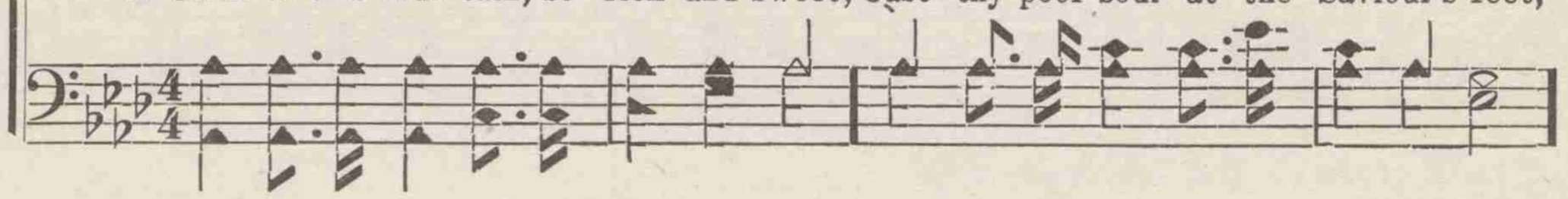
501 GLORY TO HIS NAME. 9s & 5s, with Chorus.

"Blessed be Thy glorious name."—Neh. 9: 5.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. REV. J. H. STOCKTON, by per.



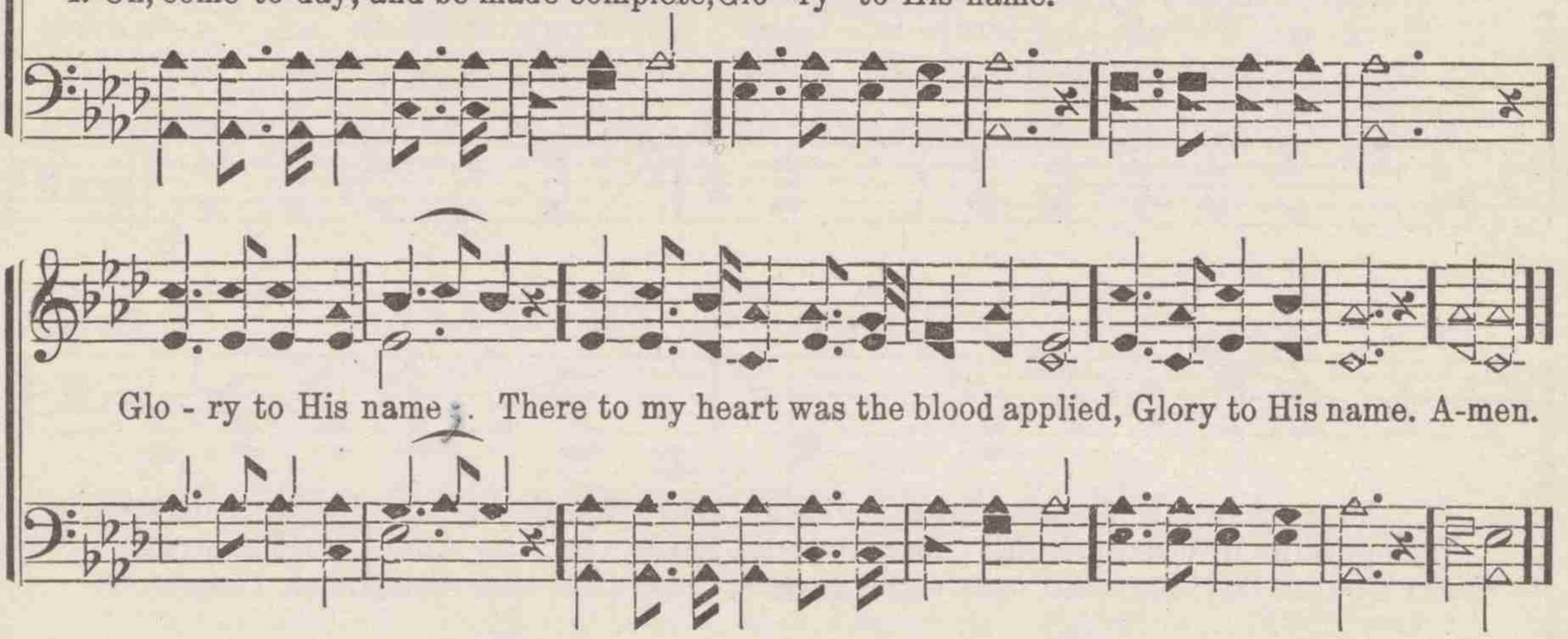
1. Down at the cross where my Saviour died, Down, where for cleansing from sin I cried;
2. I am so wondrous-ly sav'd from sin, Je - sus so sweet-ly a - bides with-in,
3. Oh, precious fountain, that saves from woe, That makes me white as the driv - en snow;
4. Come to this foun-tain, so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the Saviour's feet;



CHORUS.



1. There to my heart was the blood applied, Glo- ry to His name.
2. There at the cross where He took me in, Glo - ry to His name. Glo - ry to His name,
3. Come, sin-ner, now to the Saviour go, Glo - ry to His name.
4. Oh, come to-day, and be made complete, Glo - ry to His name.



Glo - ry to His name. There to my heart was the blood applied, Glory to His name. A-men.

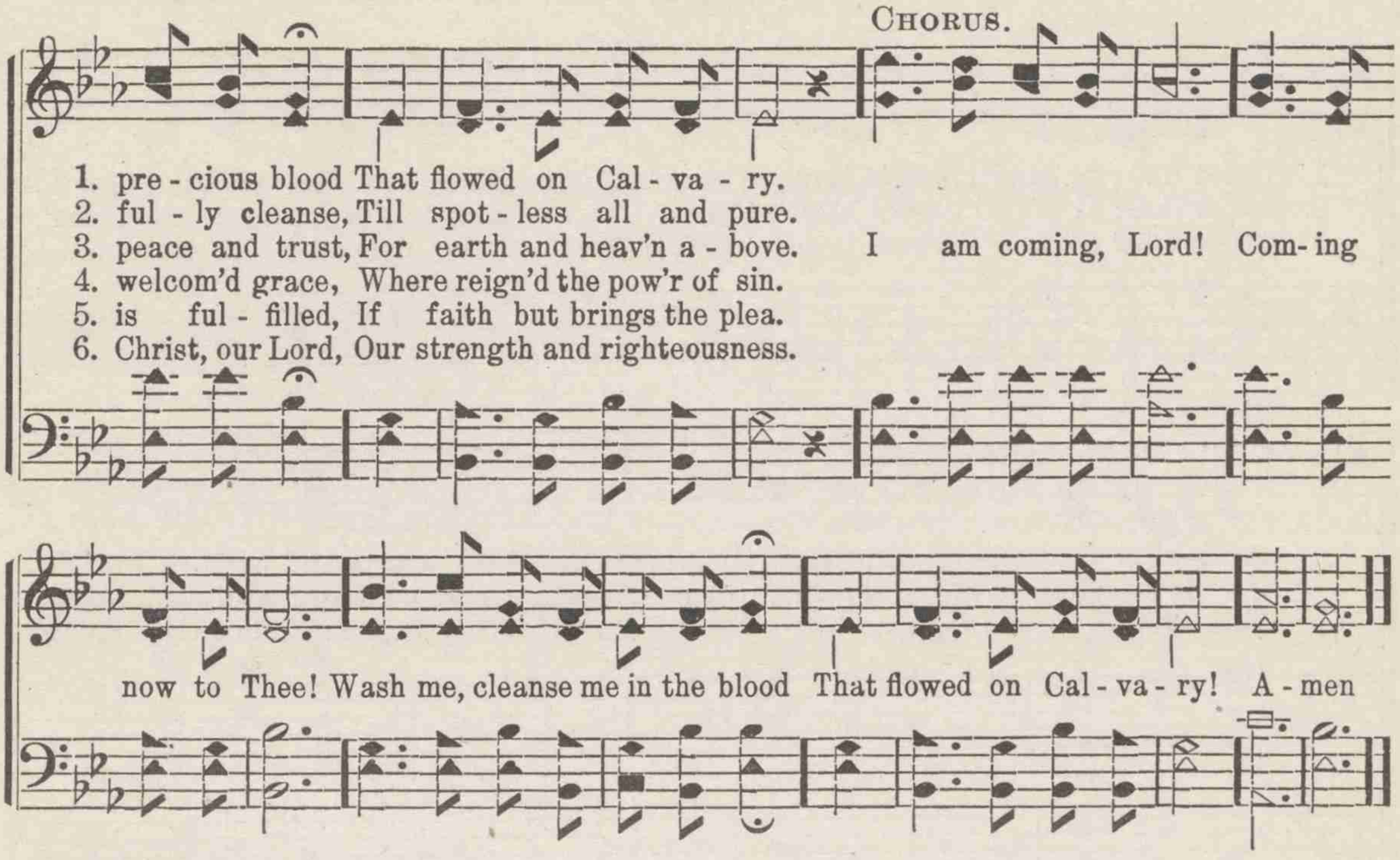
502 I HEAR THY WELCOME VOICE. S. M., with Chorus.

L. H. REV. L. HARTSOUGH.



1. I hear Thy welcome voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For cleans-ing in Thy
2. Tho' com - ing weak and vile, Thou dost my strength as-sure, Thou dost my vile-ness
3. 'Tis Je - sus calls me on To per - fect faith and love, To per - fect hope and
4. 'Tis Je - sus who confirms The bless - ed work with-in, By ad - ding grace to
5. And He the wit-ness gives To loy - al hearts and free, That ev - 'ry promise
6. All hail! a - ton-ing blood! All hail! re-deeming grace! All hail, the gift of

I HEAR THY WELCOME VOICE. Concluded.



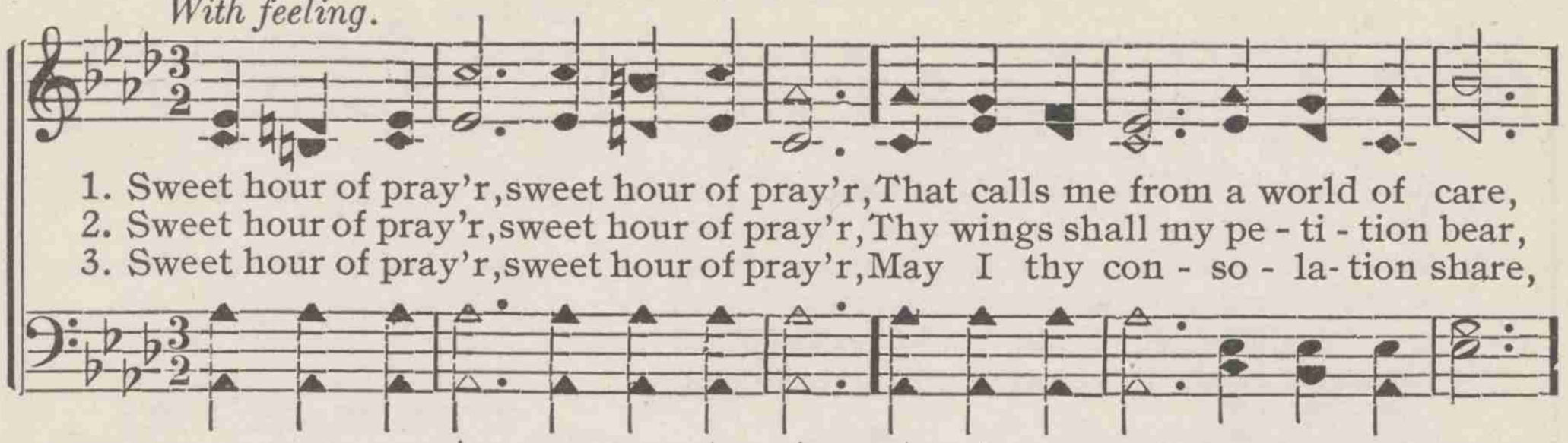
503 CLOSE TO THEE. 8s and 7s, with Refrain.

504 WALFORD. L. M. D.

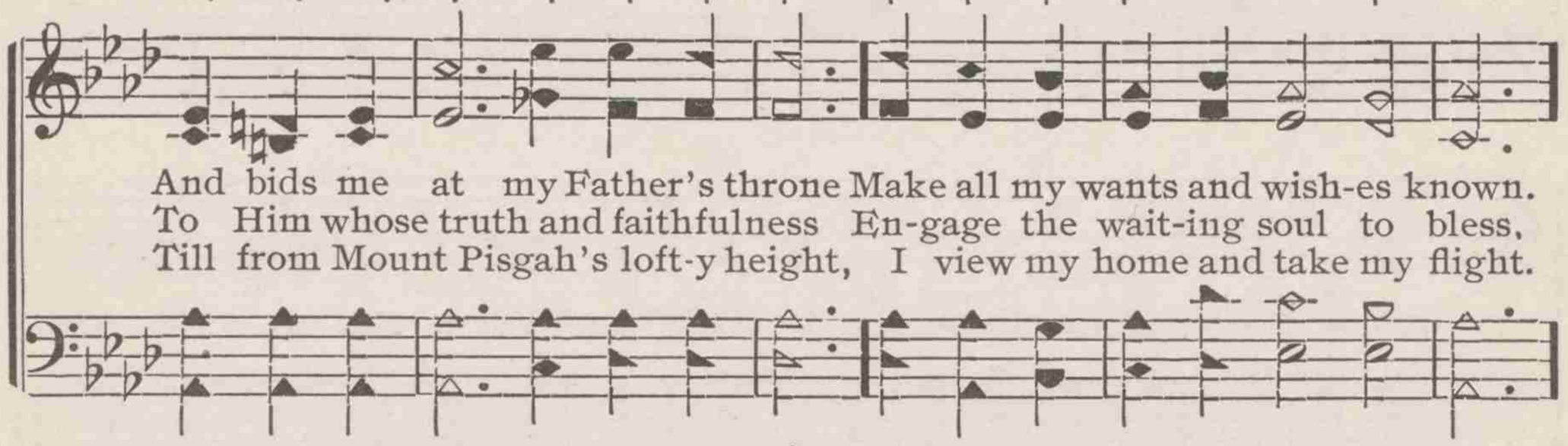
REV. W. W. WALFORD. "At the hour of prayer."—Acts. 3: 1. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, 1913.

With feeling.

1. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear,
3. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, May I thy con - so - la - tion share,



And bids me at my Father's throne Make all my wants and wish-es known.
To Him whose truth and faithfulness En-gage the wait-ing soul to bless,
Till from Mount Pisgah's loft-y height, I view my home and take my flight.



In seasons of dis-tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief,
And since He bids me seek His face, Be-lieve His word and trust His grace,
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise To seize the ev - er - last-ing prize,



And oft escaped the tempter's snare By thy return, sweet hour of pray'r.
I'll cast on Him my ev-'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.
And shout, while passing thro' the air, Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of pray'r. Amen.



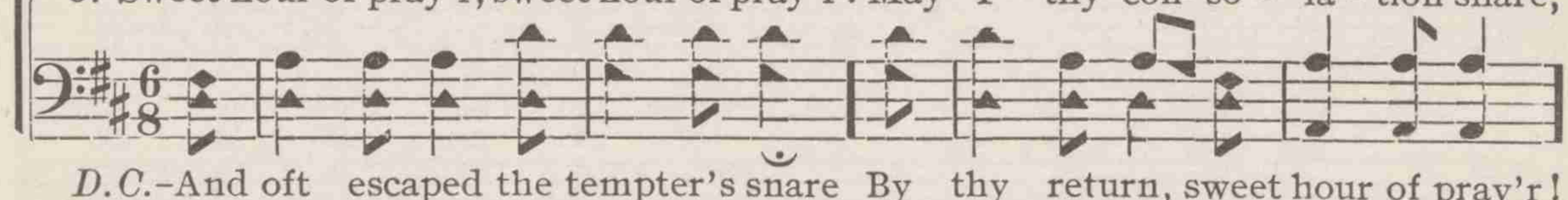
Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

505 SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER. L. M. D.

REV. W. W. WALFORD. (Second Tune.) WM. B. BRADBURY, 1859.



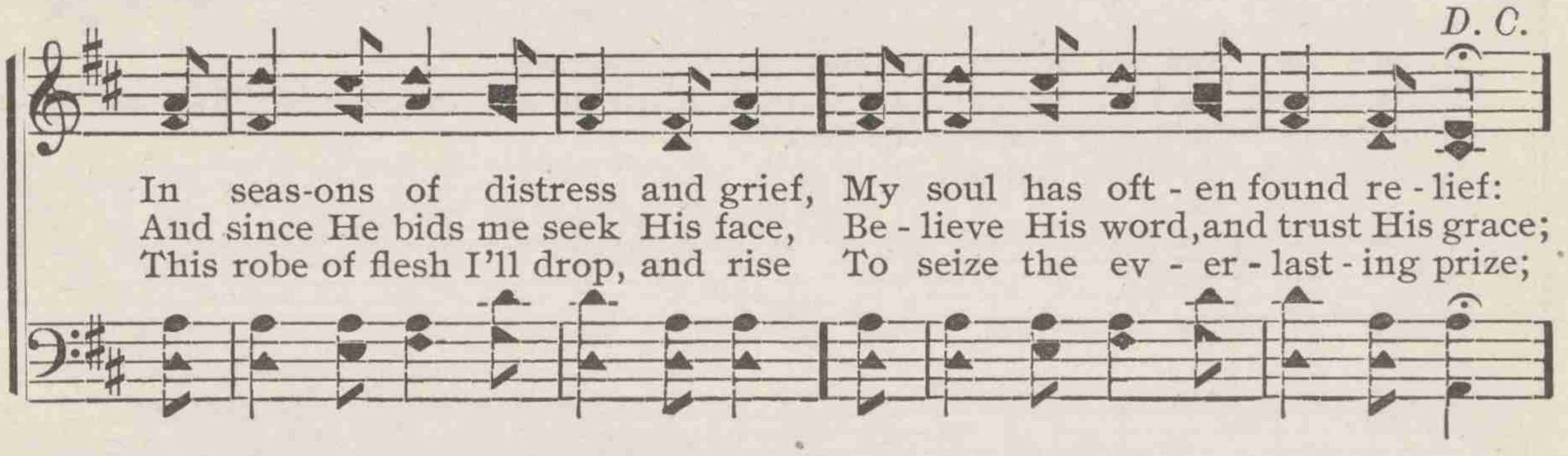
1. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r! That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r! Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear,
3. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r! May I thy con-so - la - tion share,



D.C.–And oft escaped the tempter's snare By thy return, sweet hour of pray'r!
D.C.–I'll cast on Him my ev - 'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r!
D.C.–And shout, while passing thro' the air, Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of pray'r!

SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER. Concluded.

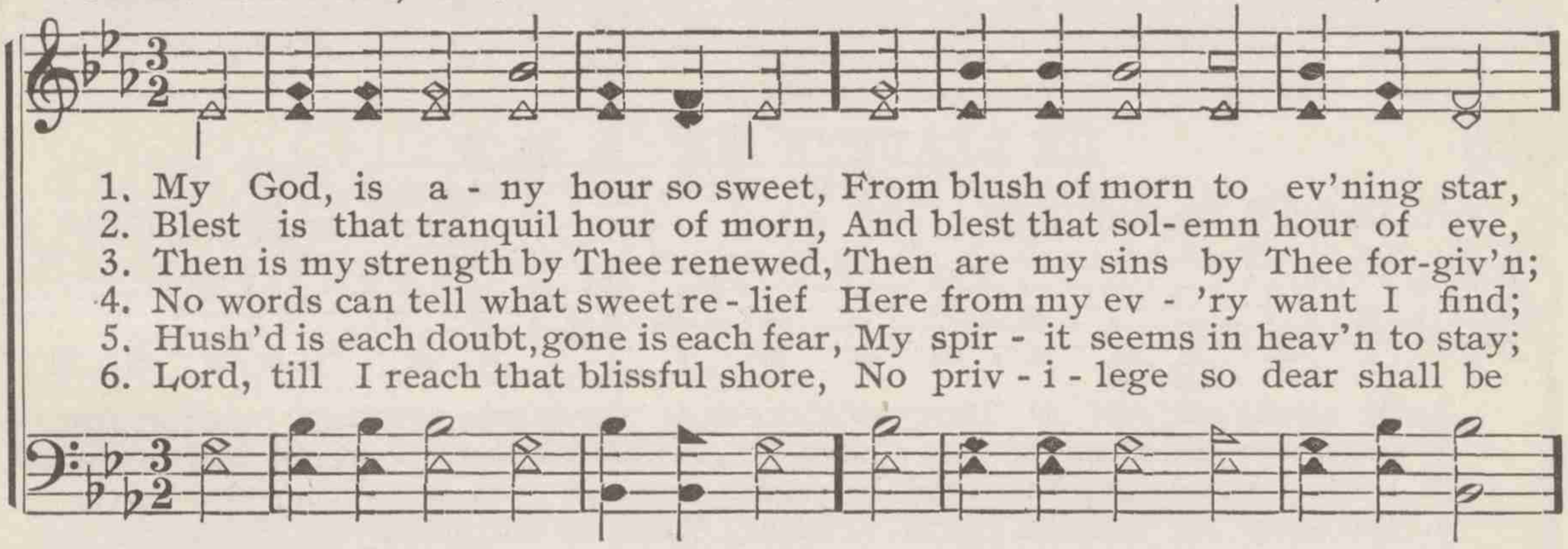


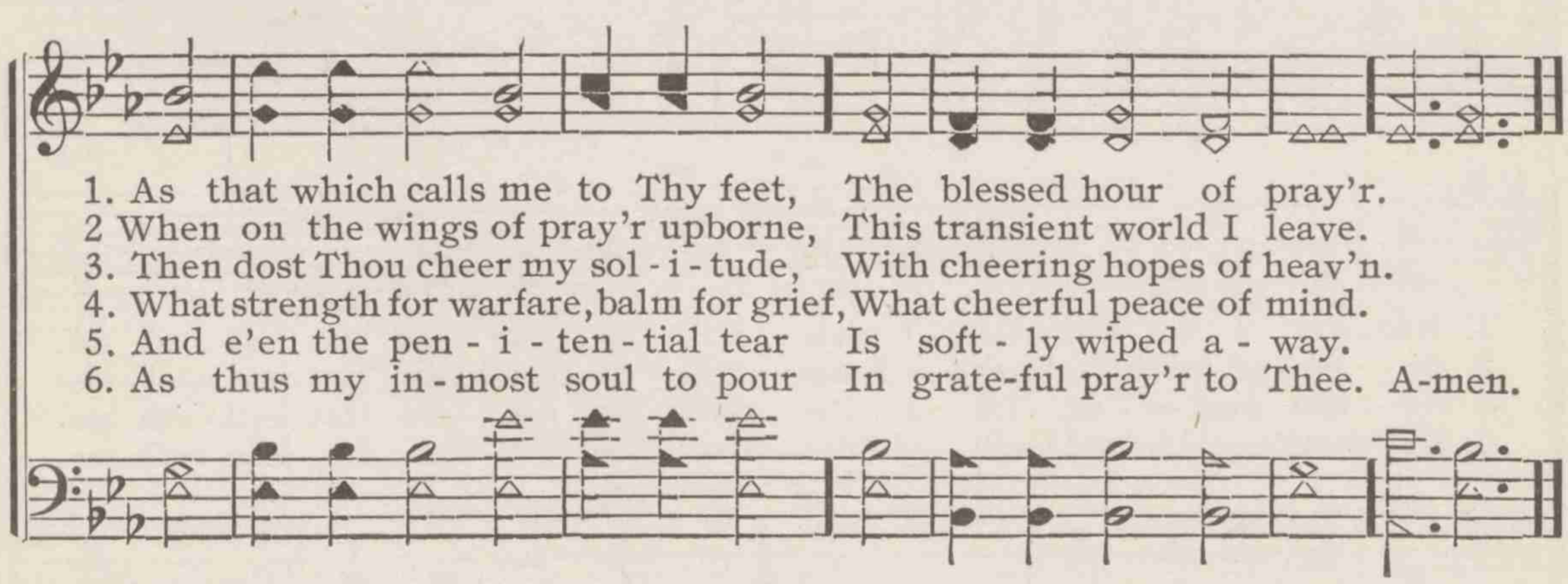


506 THE HOUR OF PRAYER. 8, 8, 8, 6.

"At the hour of prayer."—Acts. 3: 1.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1834. W. T. DALE, 1913.

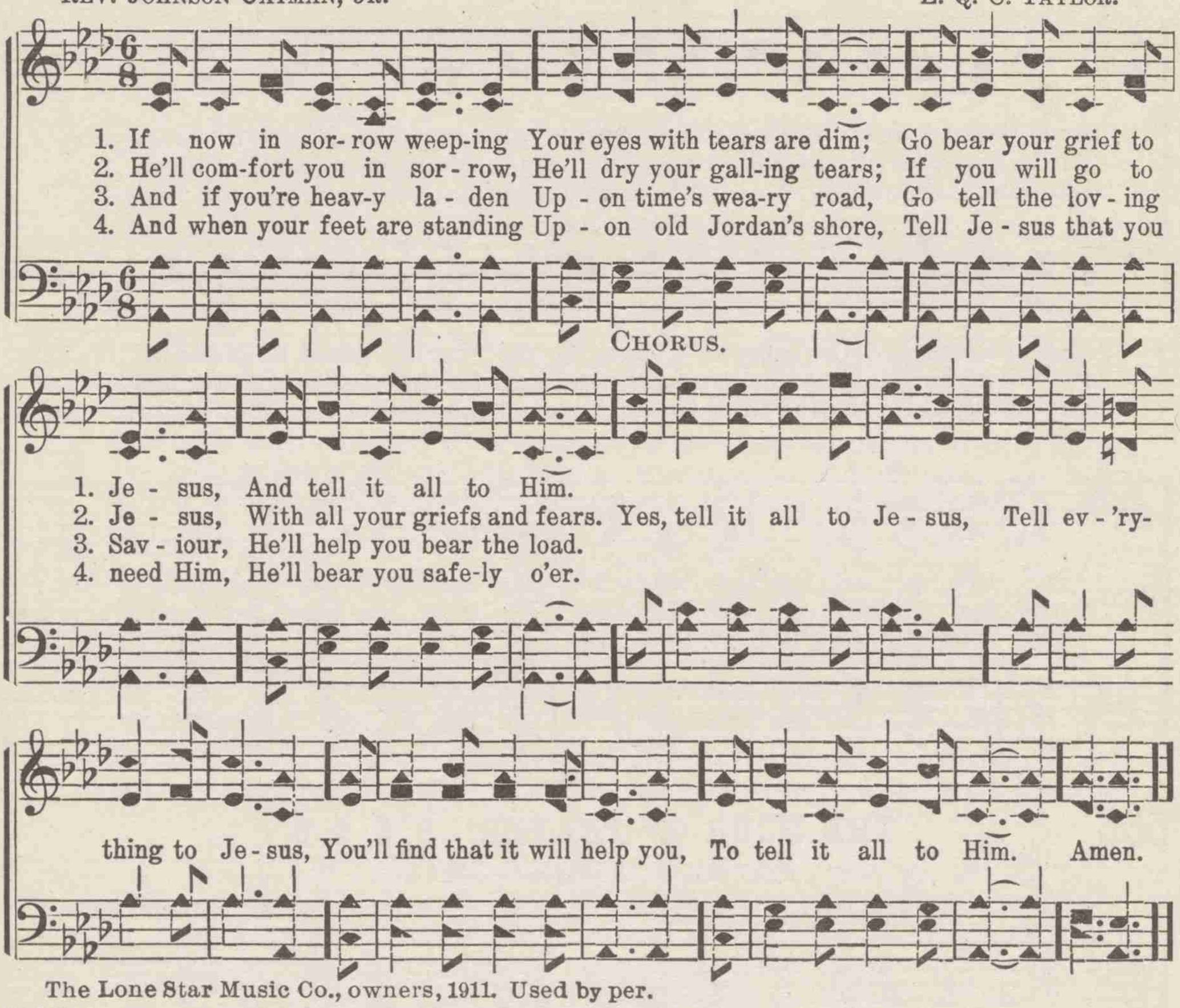




507 TELL EVERYTHING TO JESUS.

"And his disciples came and took up the body and buried it, and went and told Jesus."—Matt. 14:12.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. L. Q. C. TAYLOR.



The Lone Star Music Co., owners, 1911. Used by per.

508 HE LEADETH ME. L. M. D.

"He leadeth me beside the still waters."—Psalm 23:2.

REV. JOSEPH H. GILMORE, 1861. WM. B. BRADBURY, 1863.



HE LEADETH ME. Concluded.

REFRAIN.

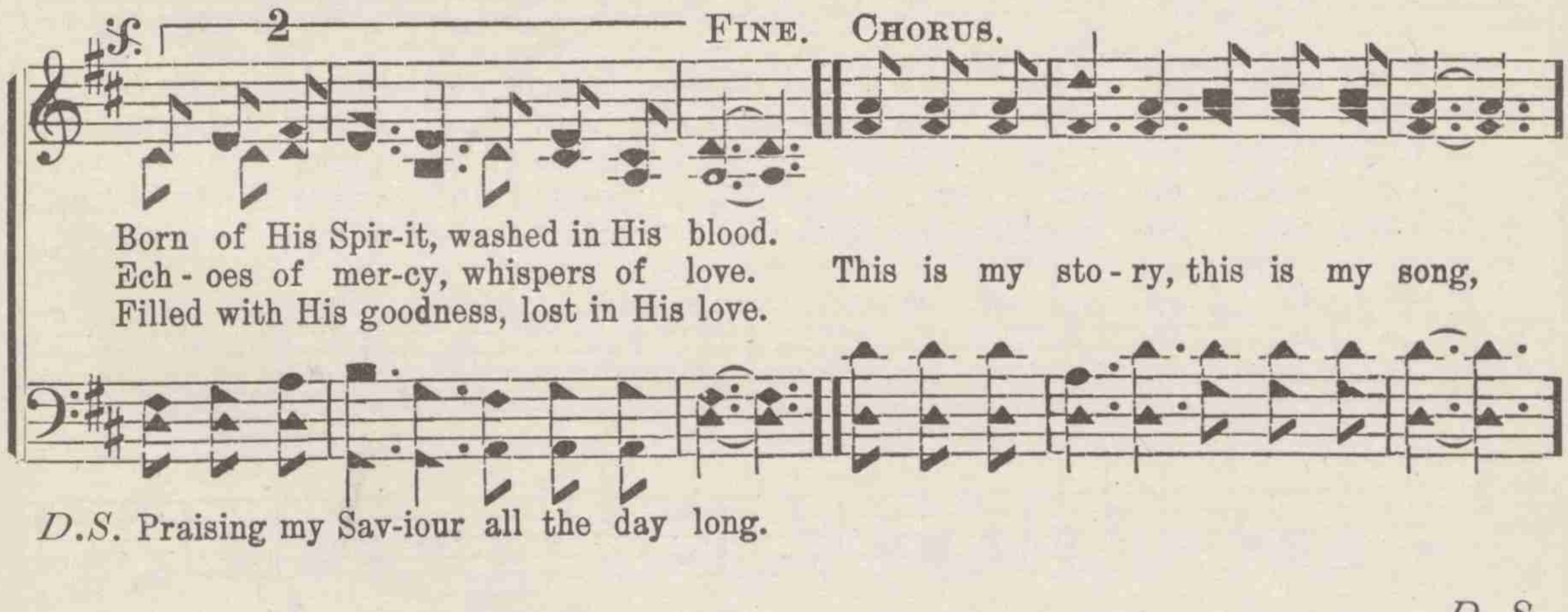


509 BLESSED ASSURANCE. P. M.

"The work of righteousness shall be peace; and the effect of righteousness, quietness and assurance forever."—Isa. 32: 17.

FANNY J. CROSBY. MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP.



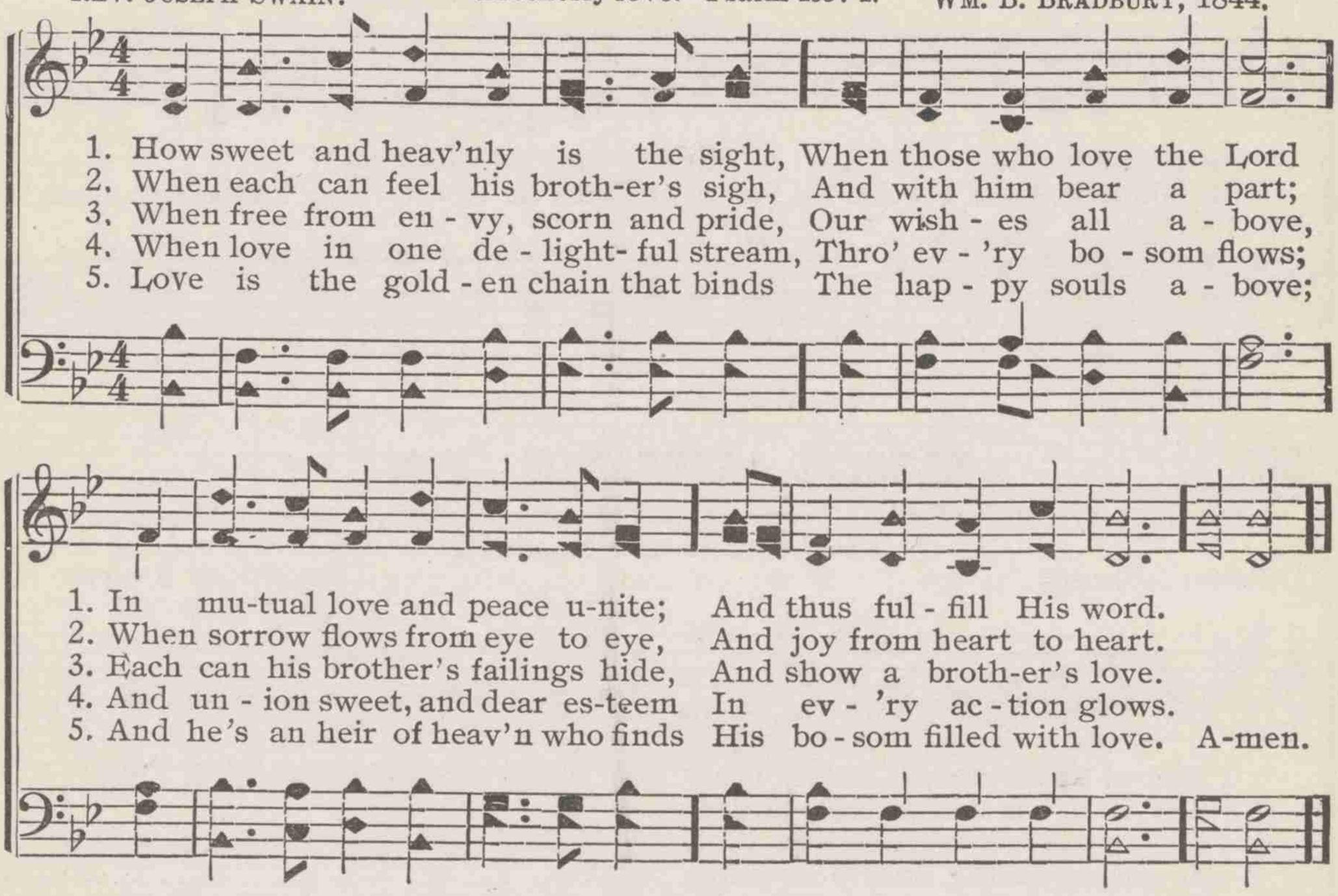




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510 BROWN. C. M.

REV. JOSEPH SWAIN. Brotherly love.—Psalm 133: 1. WM. B. BRADBURY, 1844.



1. How sweet and heav'nly is the sight, When those who love the Lord
2. When each can feel his broth-er's sigh, And with him bear a part;
3. When free from en - vy, scorn and pride, Our wish - es all a - bove,
4. When love in one de - light- ful stream, Thro' ev - 'ry bo - som flows;
5. Love is the gold - en chain that binds The hap - py souls a - bove;

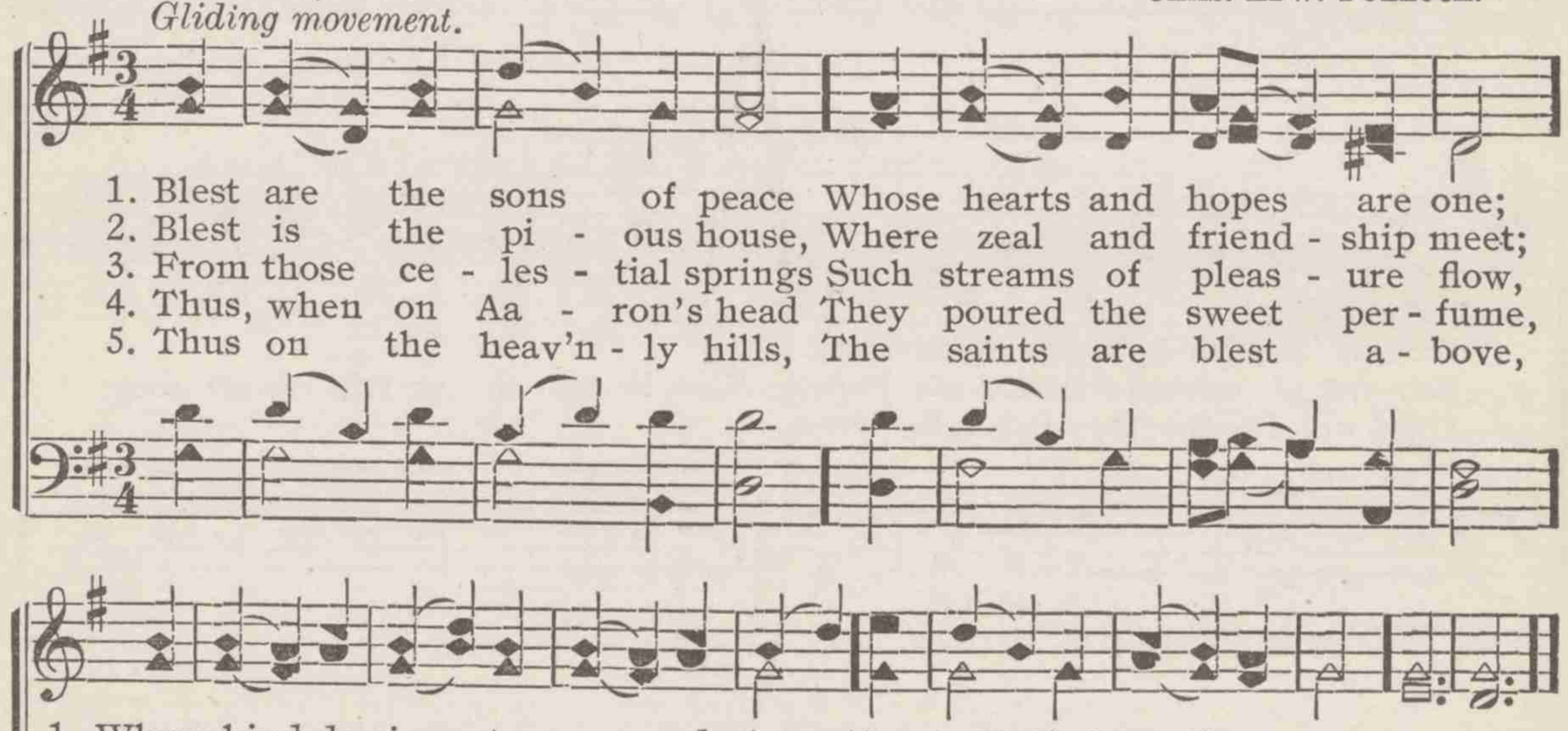
1. In mu-tual love and peace u-nite; And thus ful - fill His word.
2. When sorrow flows from eye to eye, And joy from heart to heart.
3. Each can his brother's failings hide, And show a broth-er's love.
4. And un - ion sweet, and dear es-teem In ev - 'ry ac - tion glows.
5. And he's an heir of heav'n who finds His bo - som filled with love. A-men.

511 BEDDOME. S. M.

May be sung to "Did Christ O'er Sinners Weep?" No. 105.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D. Psalm 133. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Gliding movement.



1. Blest are the sons of peace Whose hearts and hopes are one;
2. Blest is the pi - ous house, Where zeal and friend - ship meet;
3. From those ce - les - tial springs Such streams of pleas - ure flow,
4. Thus, when on Aa - ron's head They poured the sweet per - fume,
5. Thus on the heav'n - ly hills, The saints are blest a - bove,

1. Whose kind de-signs to serve and please Thro' all their ac-tions run,
2. Their songs of praise, their mingled vows, Make their communion sweet.
3. As no in - crease of rich - es brings, Nor hon - ors can be-stow.
4. The oil thro' all his rai - ment spread, And pleasure filled the room.
5. Where joy like morn-ing dew dis - tils, And all the air is love. A-men.

Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

512 CLENDENNING. C. M.

FREDERICK L. HOSMER, D. D., 1882. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

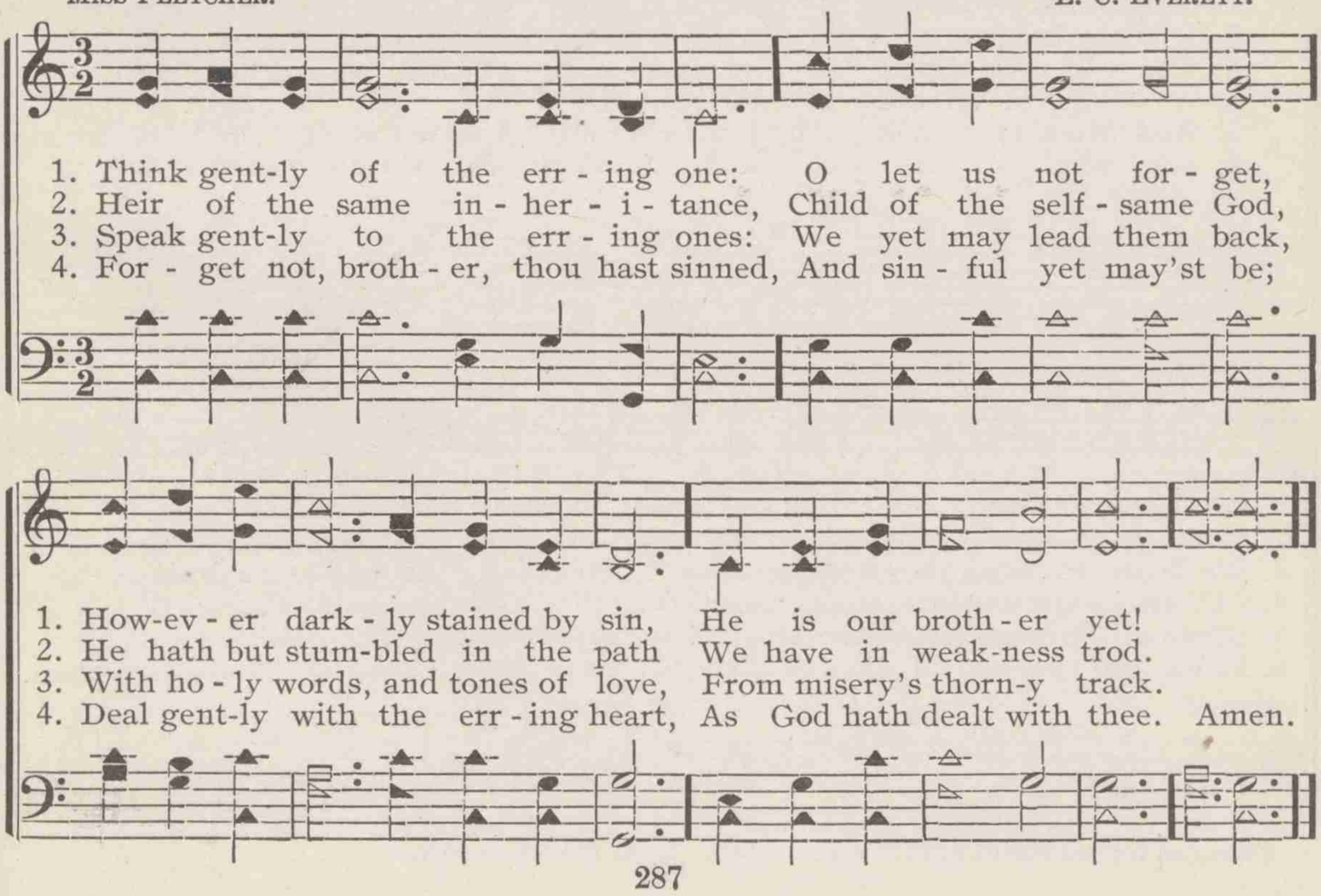


*Written for "Songs of Zion," April 8, 1914. C. E. Pollock, owner.

513 SPRING. C. M.

"He that is without sin among you let him first cast a stone at her."—John 8: 7.

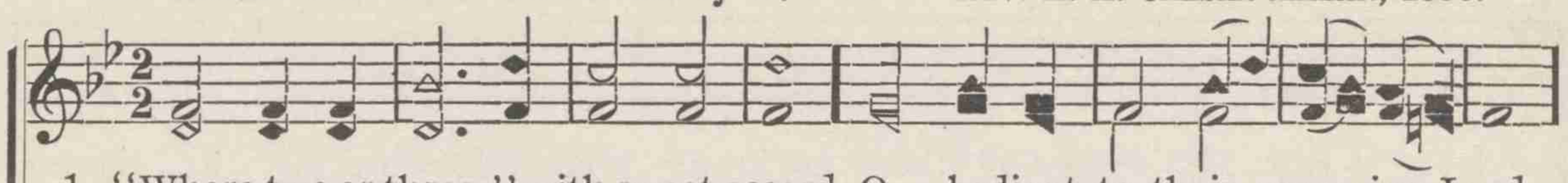
MISS FLETCHER. L. C. EVERETT.



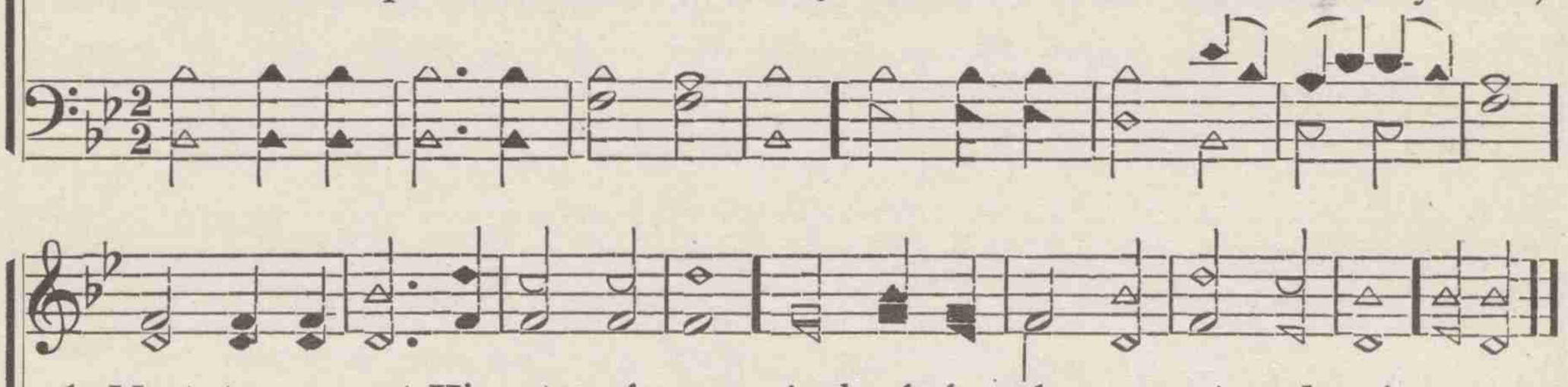
514 WELTON. L. M.

Matt. 18: 20.

Rev. Samuel Stennett. Last stanza by W. T. D. Rev. H. A. Caesar Malan, 1830.



1. "Where two or three," with sweet accord, O - bedient to their sovereign Lord,
2. "There," says the Saviour, "will I be, To bless this lit - tle com - pa - ny;
3. We meet at Thy command, O Lord, Re - ly - ing on Thy faith - ful word;
4. That from this place when we re - turn, Our hearts within us each may burn;



1. Meet to recount His acts of grace, And of - fer solemn pray'r and praise.
2. To them un-veil my smil-ing face, And shed My glo-ries round the place."
3. Now send the Spir- it from a - bove, And fill our hearts with heav'nly love.
4. And each may feel 'twas good to be In sweet communion, Lord, with Thee. Amen.

515 NEW LEBANON. C. M.*

Wm. Edward Miller. Chas. Edw. Pollock.



1. Our souls, by love to - geth - er knit, Ce - ment - ed, mixed in one;
2. Our hearts have oft - en burned with-in, And glowed with sa - cred fire,
3. The lit - tle cloud in - creas -es still, The heav'ns are big with rain;
4. A rill, a stream, a tor- rent flows! But pour a might - y flood;
5. And when Thou mak'st Thy jew - els up, And sett'st Thy star - ry crown;
6. May we, a lit - tle band of love, We sin - ners saved by grace,



1. One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice, 'Tis heav'n on earth be - gun.
2. While Je - sus spoke, and fed, and blessed, And filled th' enlarged de-sire.
3. We haste to catch the teem-ing show'r, And all its moist-ure drain.
4. Oh, sweep the na-tions, shake the earth, Till all pro-claim Thee God!
5. When all Thy sparkling gems shall shine, Proclaimed by Thee Thine own.
6. From glo - ry un - to glo - ry changed, Be - hold Thee face to face. A-men.

*Written for "Songs of Zion," Aug. 15, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner.

516 MORROW'S HILL. C. M.

REV. JOHN WHITE CHADWICK. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. It sing - eth low in ev - 'ry heart, We hear it each.. and all;
2. They throng the si - lence of the breast; We see them as.... of yore,
3. 'Tis hard to take the bur - den up, When these have laid.. it down;
4. But oh! 'tis good to think of them When we are troub - led sore;
5. More homelike seems the vast unknown Since they have en - tered there;
6. They can not be where God is not, On an - y sea... or shore;



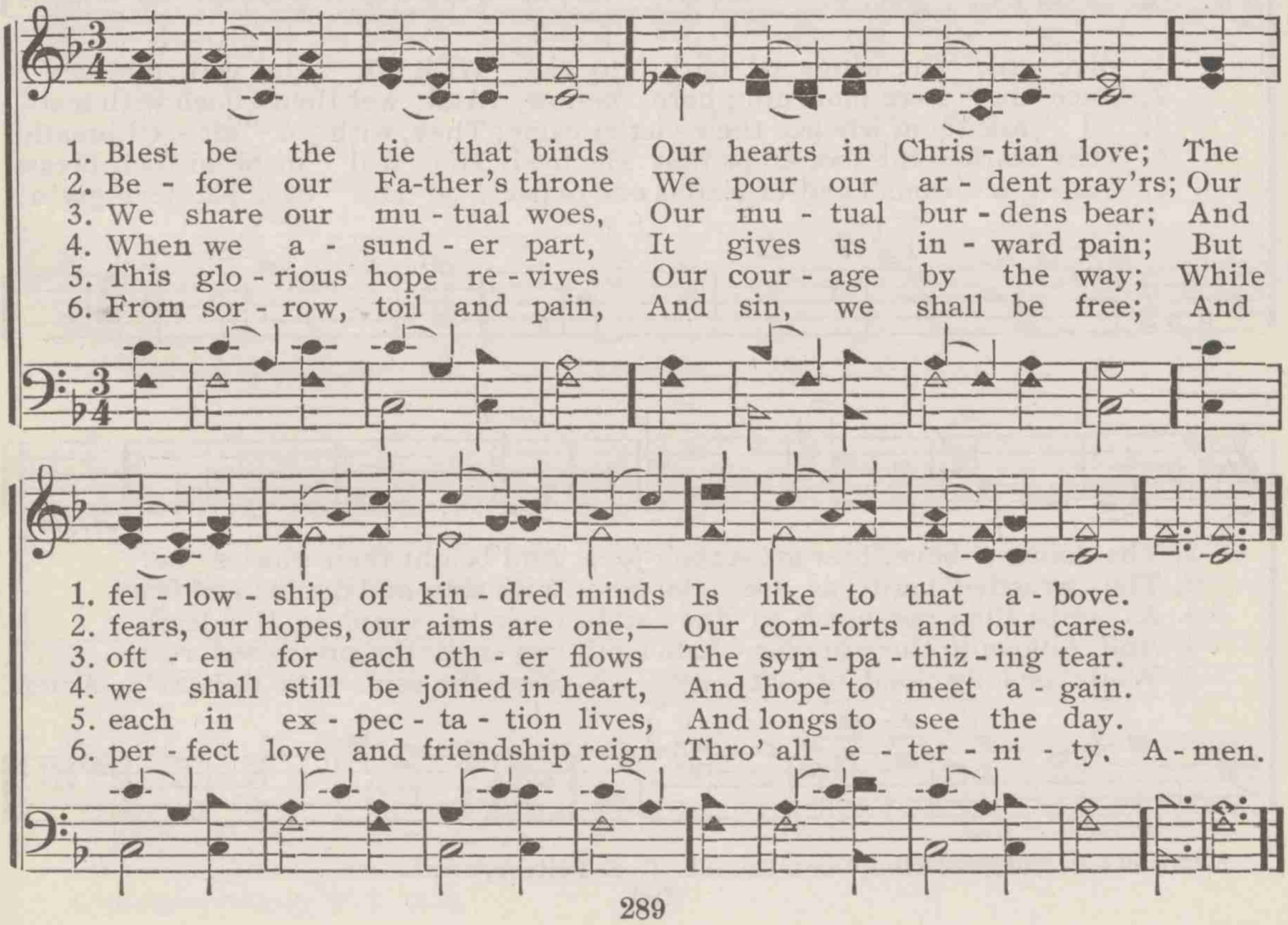
1. A song of those who an- swer not, How - ev - er we may call.
2. The kind, the true, the brave, the sweet, Who walk with us no more.
3. They brightened all the joy of life, They softened ev - 'ry frown.
4. Thanks be to God that such have been, Al-though they are no more.
5. To fol - low them is not so hard, Since we their joys shall share.
6. What-e'er be-tides, Thy love a - bides, Our God, for ev - er-more. A-men.



Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

517 DENNIS. S. M.

REV. JOHN FAWCETT, 1782. At parting. Arr. fr. HANS NAGELI, by L. MASON, 1845.

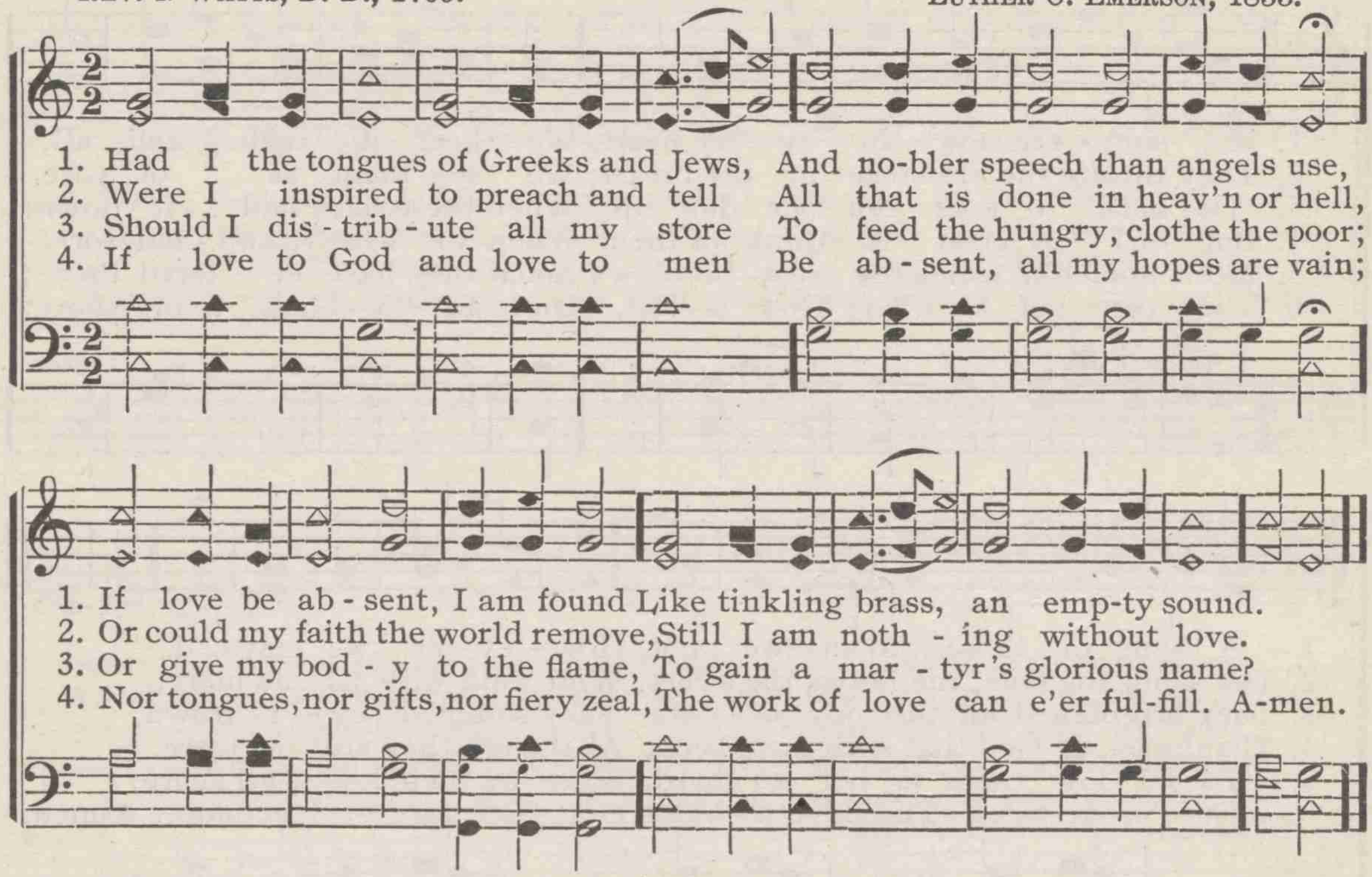


1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love; The
2. Be - fore our Fa-ther's throne We pour our ar - dent pray'rs; Our
3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear; And
4. When we a - sund - er part, It gives us in - ward pain; But
5. This glo - rious hope re - vives Our cour - age by the way; While
6. From sor - row, toil and pain, And sin, we shall be free; And

1. fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
2. fears, our hopes, our aims are one,— Our com-forts and our cares.
3. oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
4. we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.
5. each in ex - pec - ta - tion lives, And longs to see the day.
6. per - fect love and friendship reign Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty. A - men.

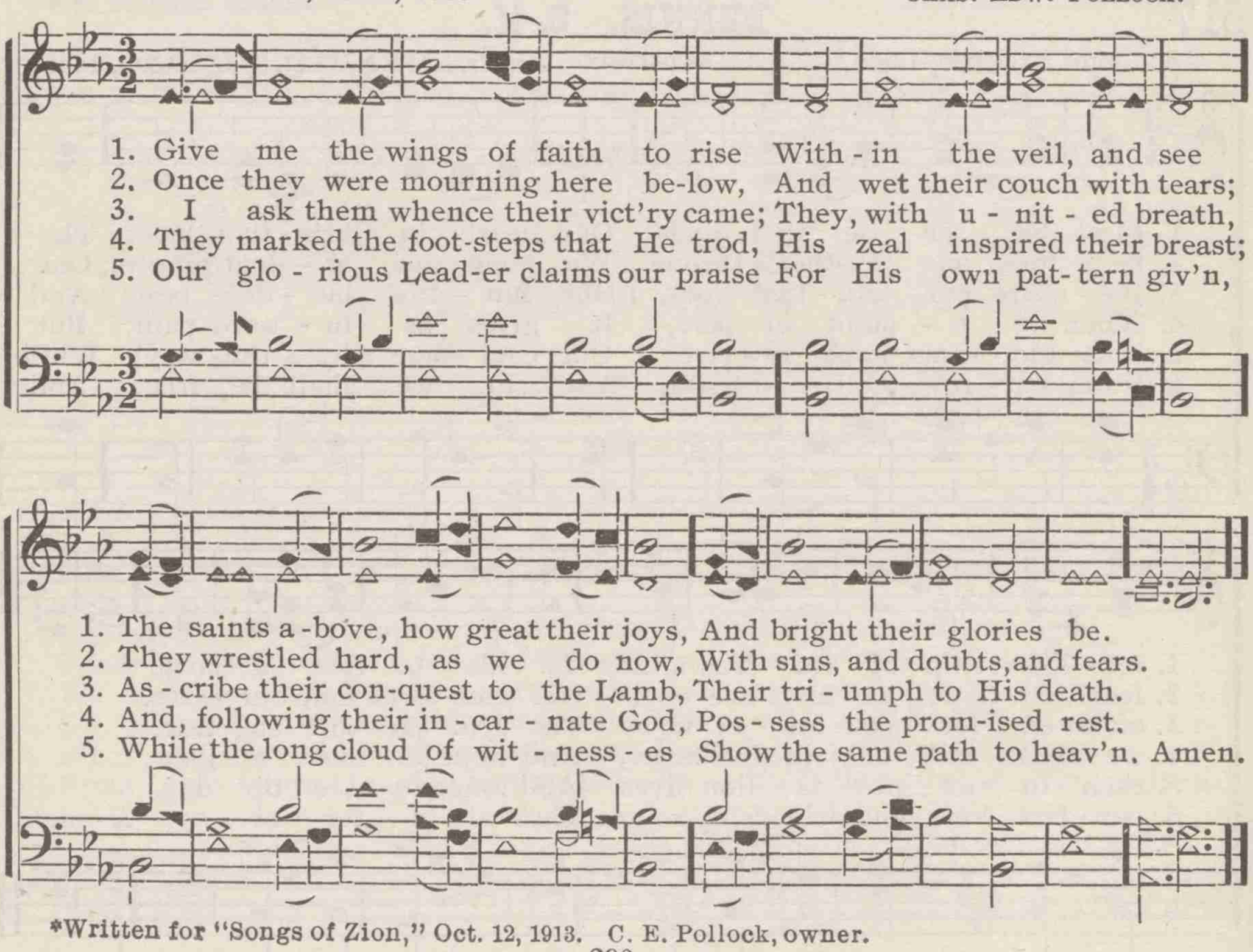
518 SESSIONS. L. M.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D., 1709. 1 Cor. 13:1-3. LUTHER O. EMERSON, 1853.



519 OSAGE. C. M.*

REV. ISAAC WATTS, D. D., 1709. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

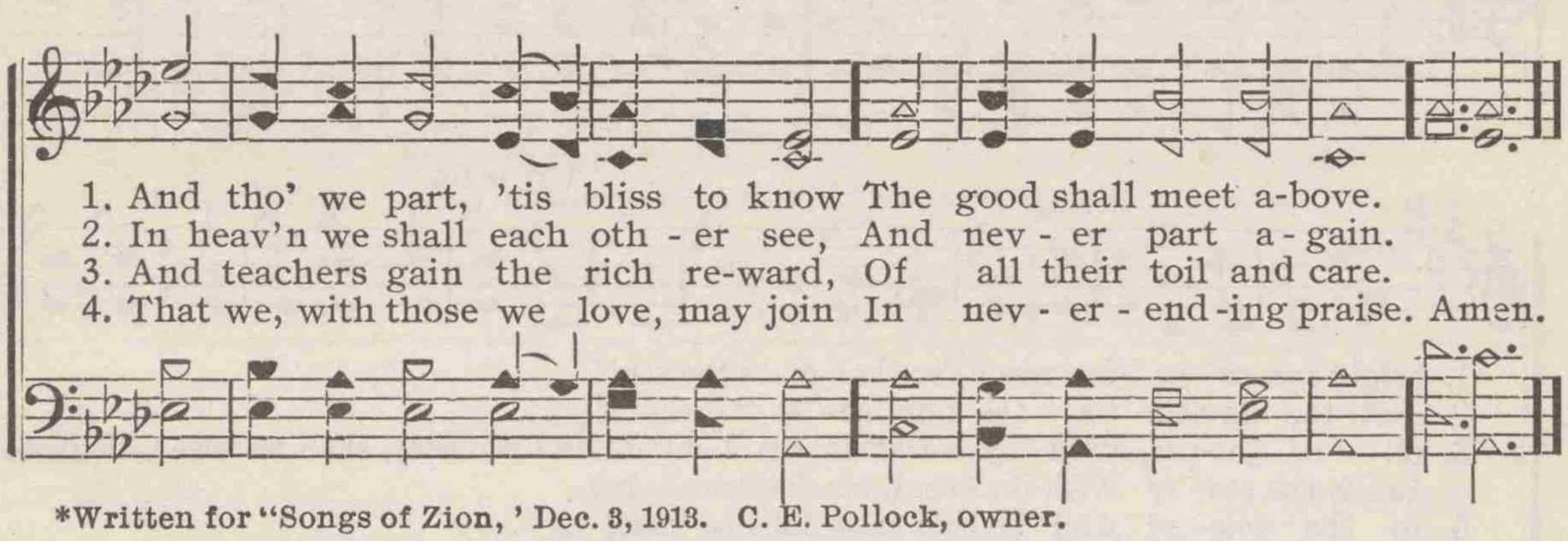


*Written for "Songs of Zion," Oct. 12, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner.

520 COUNCIL GROVE. C. M.*

ANONYMOUS. Parting Hymn. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.





*Written for "Songs of Zion,' Dec. 3, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner.

521 BY AND BY. 7s & 6s. (Peculiar.)

"Ye shall pass over this Jordan."—Josh. 1: 11.

W. T. D. W. T. DALE, 1878.

FINE.



3 We shall join the heavenly choir, etc.
We shall strike the golden lyre, etc.
In our home so bright and fair,
Where the happy angels are,
We shall praise forever there, etc.

4 There we'll join the ransomed throng, etc.
Chanting love's redeeming song, etc.
There we'll meet before the throne,
Then we'll lay our trophies down,
And receive a shining crown, etc,

Copyright, 1878, by W. T. Dale.

522 SHALL WE MEET? 8s & 7s. With Chorus.

H. L. HASTINGS. For close of service. ELIHU S. RICE.



1. Shall we meet beyond the riv-er, Where the sur-ges cease to roll? Where in all the
2. Shall we meet in that blest harbor When our storm-y voyage is o'er? Shall we meet and
3. Shall we meet in yon- der cit - y Where the tow'rs of crystal shine? Where the walls ar
4. Where the mu-sic of the ransomed Rolls its har - mo- ny a-round, And cre - a - tion
5. Shall we meet there many a loved one That was torn from our embrace? Shall we list - en
6. Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour, When He comes to claim His own? Shall we know His



CHORUS.



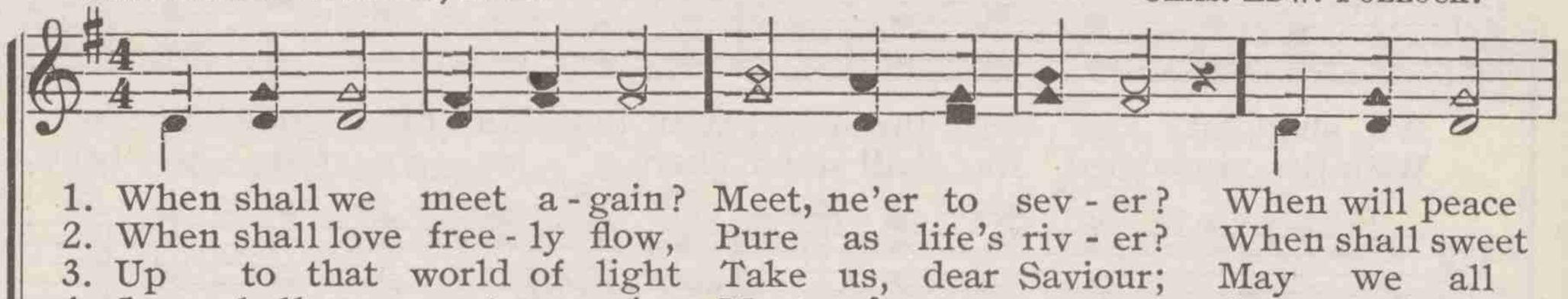
1. bright for- ev - er Sor-row ne'er shall press the soul?
2. cast the an-chor By the fair, ce - les-tial shore?
3. all of jas-per, Built by workmanship di-vine? Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we
4. swells the sto - ry With its sweet, me- lo-dious sound.
5. to the voic - es And be-hold them face to face?
6. bless - ed fav - or, And sit down up - on His throne?



meet beyond the riv-er? Shall we meet-beyond the riv-er, Where the surges cease to roll?

523 NEW UNITY. 6s & 5s.*

REV. SAMUEL F. SMITH, D. D. For close of service. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. When shall we meet a - gain? Meet, ne'er to sev - er? When will peace
2. When shall love free - ly flow, Pure as life's riv - er? When shall sweet
3. Up to that world of light Take us, dear Saviour; May we all
4. Soon shall we meet a - gain, Meet ne'er to sev - er? Soon shall peace

*Written for "Songs of Zion." C. E. Pollock, owner.

NEW UNITY. Concluded.

1. wreathe her chain Ronnd us for-ev-er? Our hearts will ne'er repose; Safe from each
2. friendship glow, Changeless for-ev-er? Where joys ce-les-tial thrill, Where bliss each
3. there u - nite, Hap - py for-ev - er! Where kindred spir-its dwell, There may our
4. wreathe her chain Round us for-ev-er! Our hearts will then re - pose Se-cure from

1. blast that blows, In this dark vale of woes; Nev-er! no, nev-er!
2. heart shall fill, And fears of parting chill? Nev-er! no, nev-er!
3. mu - sic swell! And time our joys dis - pel, Nev-er! no, nev-er!
4. worldly woes, Our songs of praise shall close, Nev-er! no, nev-er! A - men.

524 GOOD-BYE. C. M. With Chorus.

W. T. D. For close of service. W. T. DALE.

1. The time has come when we must part, And bid each one "good-bye," But we shall
2. May Christ's own love our spir-its fill, As from this place we go; That we may
3. We hope to meet in realms a - bove, Where partings nev - er come; And ev - er
4. We look be-yond these partings here To greetings in the sky; When we shall

CHORUS.

1. still be joined in heart, And hope to meet on high.
2. glad - ly do His will And all His won-ders show. We hope to meet you here a - gain,
3. sing His wondrous love, In that e - ter - nal home.
4. meet our lov'd ones there And no more say, good-bye.

Good-bye, good-bye, Or meet you on the heav'nly plain, Good-bye, good-bye.
Good-bye, good-bye, Good-bye, good-bye, good-bye.

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525 DODDRIDGE. C. M.*

REV. ISAAC WATTS, D. D. A morning hymn. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. Once more, my soul, the ris - ing day, Sa - lutes thy wak - ing eyes;
2. Night un - to night His name re-peats, The day re-news the sound;
3. 'Tis He sup-ports my mor - tal frame, My tongue shall speak His praise;
4. How ma - ny wretched souls have fled Since the last set - ting sun!
5. Great God, let all my hours be Thine, While I en - joy the light;



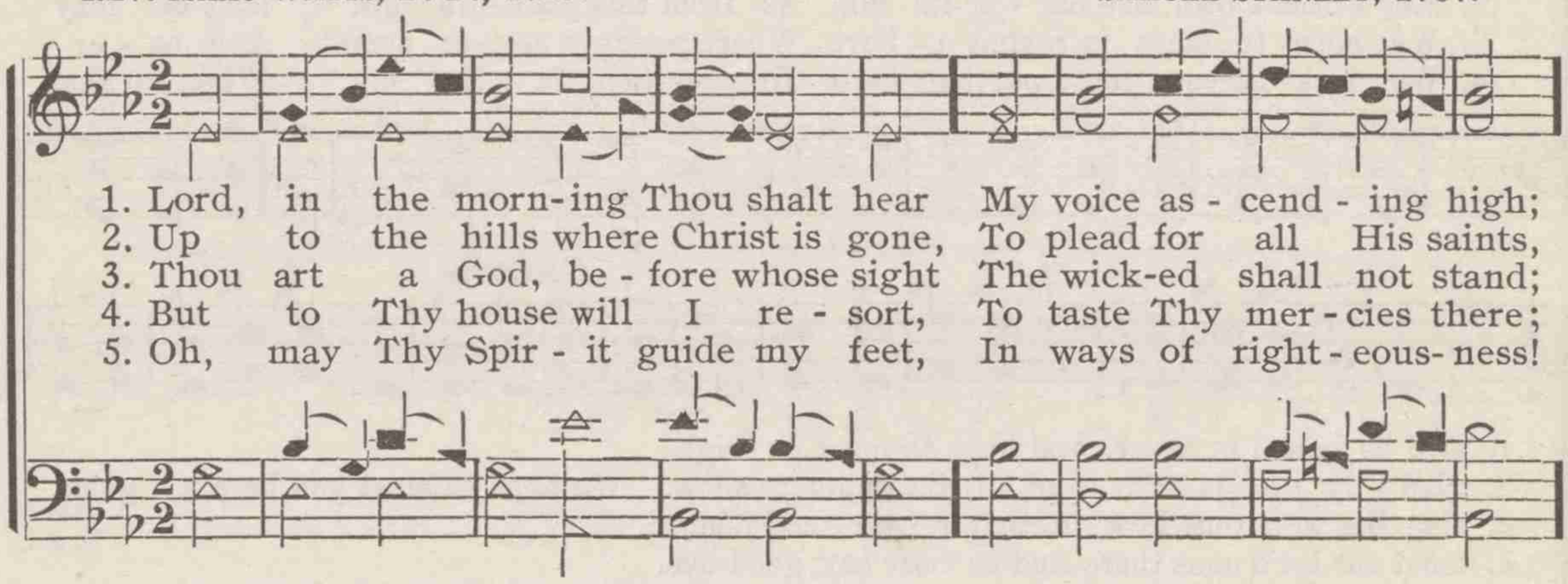
1. Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay To Him who rules the skies.
2. Wide as the heav'ns on which He sits To turn the sea- sons round.
3. My sins would rouse His wrath to flame, And yet His wrath de - lays.
4. And yet Thou lengthenest out my thread, And yet my mo-ments run.
5. Then shall my sun in smiles de-cline, And bring a peace-ful night. A - men.



*Written for "Songs of Zion," Oct. 3, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner.

526 WARWICK. C. M.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, D. D., 1719. Psa. 5: 3, 4, 7, 8. SAMUEL STANLEY, 1767.



1. Lord, in the morn-ing Thou shalt hear My voice as - cend - ing high;
2. Up to the hills where Christ is gone, To plead for all His saints,
3. Thou art a God, be - fore whose sight The wick-ed shall not stand;
4. But to Thy house will I re - sort, To taste Thy mer - cies there;
5. Oh, may Thy Spir - it guide my feet, In ways of right - eous- ness!



1. To Thee will I di - rect my pray'r, To Thee lift up mine eye.
2. Pre - sent - ing at His Fa-ther's throne Our songs and our complaints.
3. Sin-ners shall ne'er be Thy de - light, Nor dwell at Thy right hand.
4. I will fre - quent Thy ho - ly court, And wor - ship in Thy fear.
5. Make ev - 'ry path of du - ty straight And plain be - fore my face. Amen.

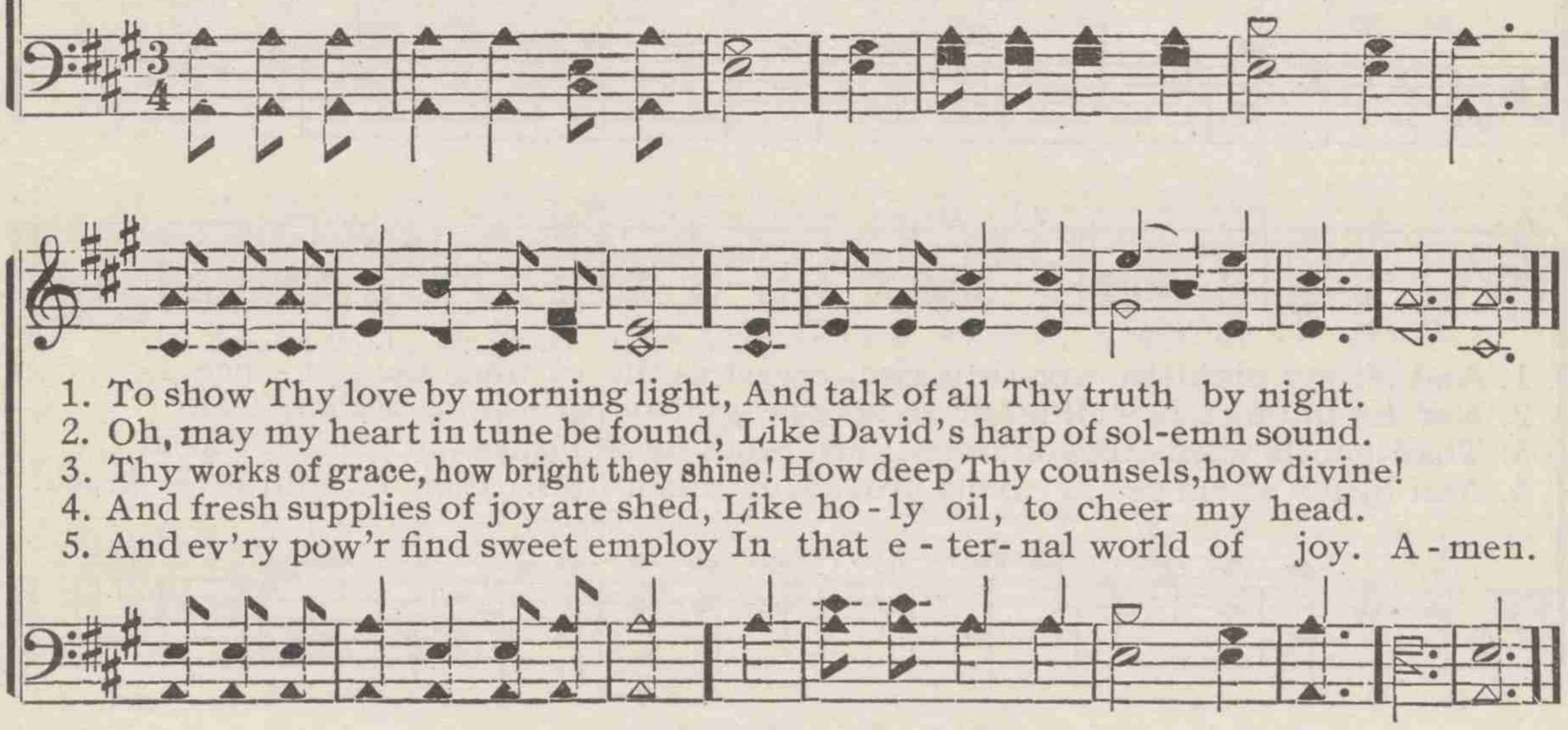


527 WARE. L. M.

Rev. Isaac Watts. Psalm 92: 1-11. George Kingsley, 1838.



1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise Thy name, give thanks and sing;
2. Sweet is the day of sa-cred rest; No mor-tal cares shall seize my breast;
3. My heart shall triumph in my Lord, And bless His works and bless His word;
4. Then I shall share a glorious part When grace hath well re-fined my heart,
5. Then shall I see, and hear, and know All I desired or wished be - low;

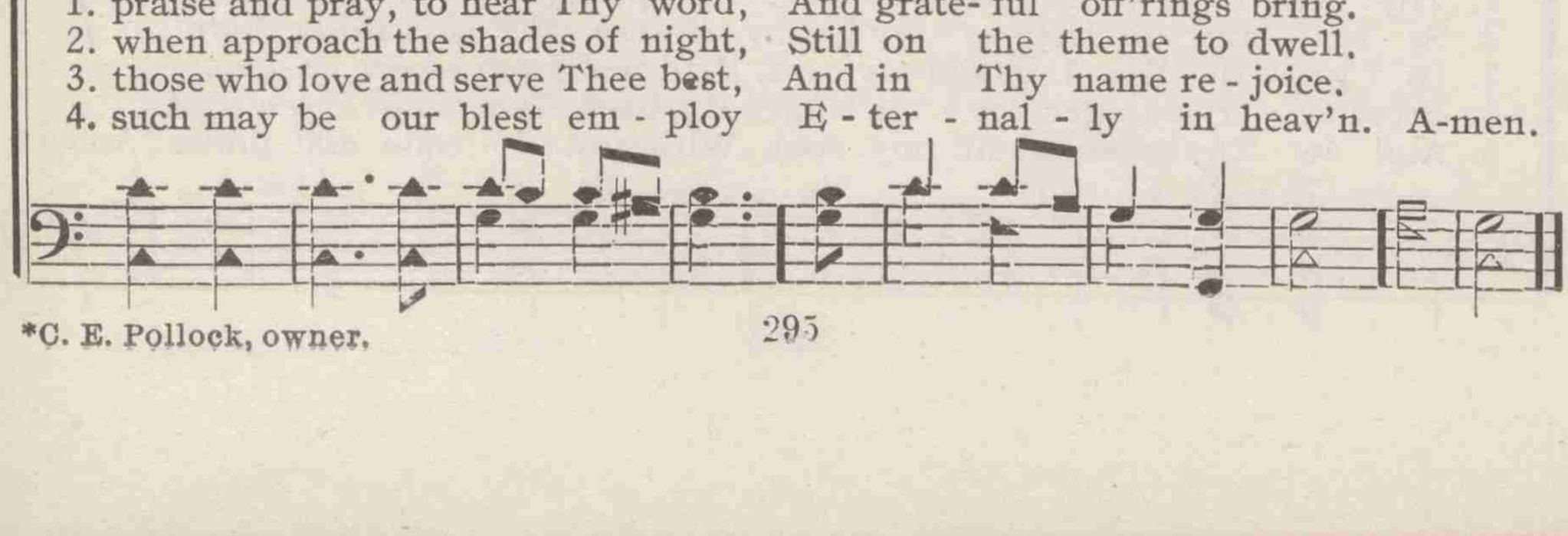


1. To show Thy love by morning light, And talk of all Thy truth by night.
2. Oh, may my heart in tune be found, Like David's harp of sol-emn sound.
3. Thy works of grace, how bright they shine! How deep Thy counsels, how divine!
4. And fresh supplies of joy are shed, Like ho - ly oil, to cheer my head.
5. And ev'ry pow'r find sweet employ In that e - ter - nal world of joy. A - men.



528 CAPITOL HILL. S. M.*

Harriet Auber. Psalm 92: 1-2. Chas. Edw. Pollock.



1. Sweet is the work, O Lord, Thy glo - rious name to sing; To
2. Sweet at the dawn - ing light, Thy bound - less love to tell; And
3. Sweet, on this day of rest, To join in heart and voice With
4. To songs of praise and joy Be ev - 'ry Sab - bath giv'n, That

1. praise and pray, to hear Thy word, And grate - ful off'rings bring.
2. when approach the shades of night, Still on the theme to dwell.
3. those who love and serve Thee best, And in Thy name re - joice.
4. such may be our blest em - ploy E - ter - nal - ly in heav'n. A-men.

*C. E. Pollock, owner.

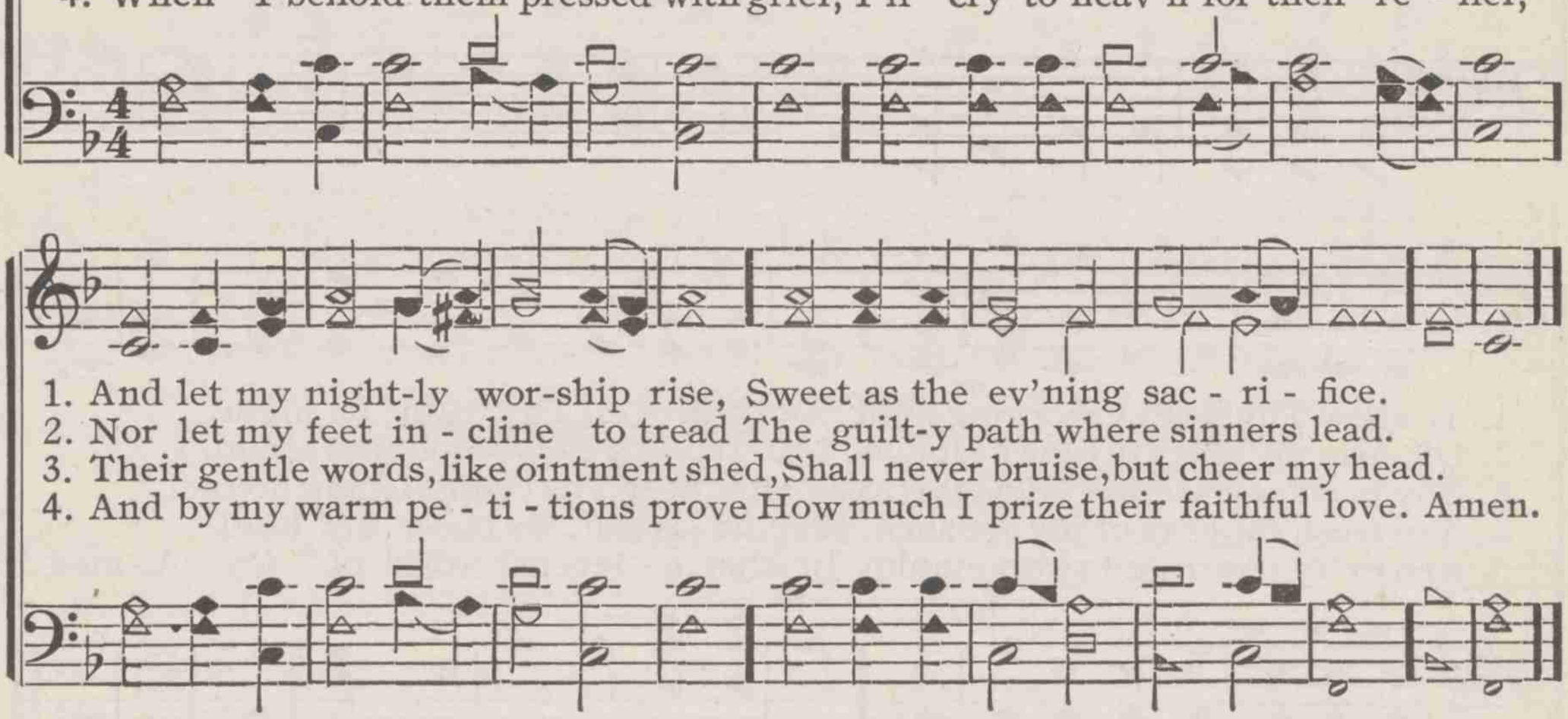
529 HAMBURG. L. M.

Psalm 141: 2-5.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D. Arr. from a Gregorian Chant, by LOWELL MASON, 1824.



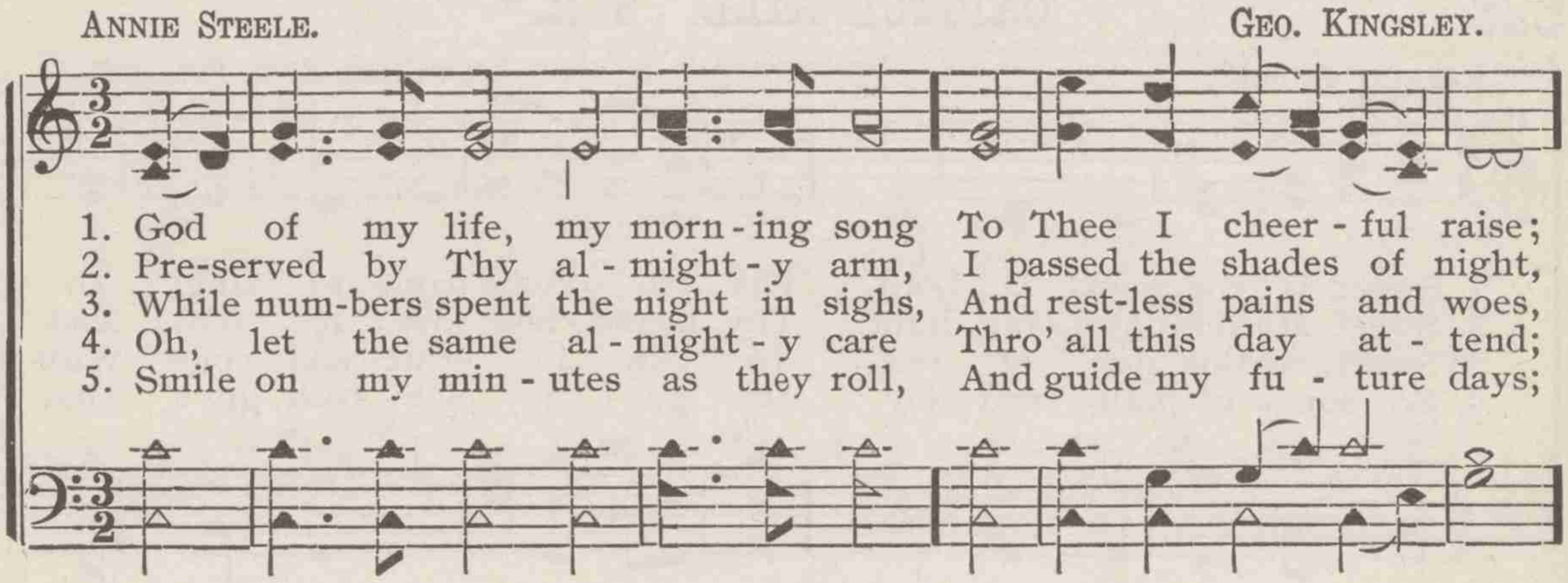
1. My God, ac-cept my ear - ly vows, Like morning incense in Thine house,
2. Watch o'er my lips and guard them, Lord, From ev-'ry rash and heed-less word;
3. Oh, may the righteous, when I stray, Smite and reprove my wand'ring way;
4. When I behold them pressed with grief, I'll cry to heav'n for their re - lief;



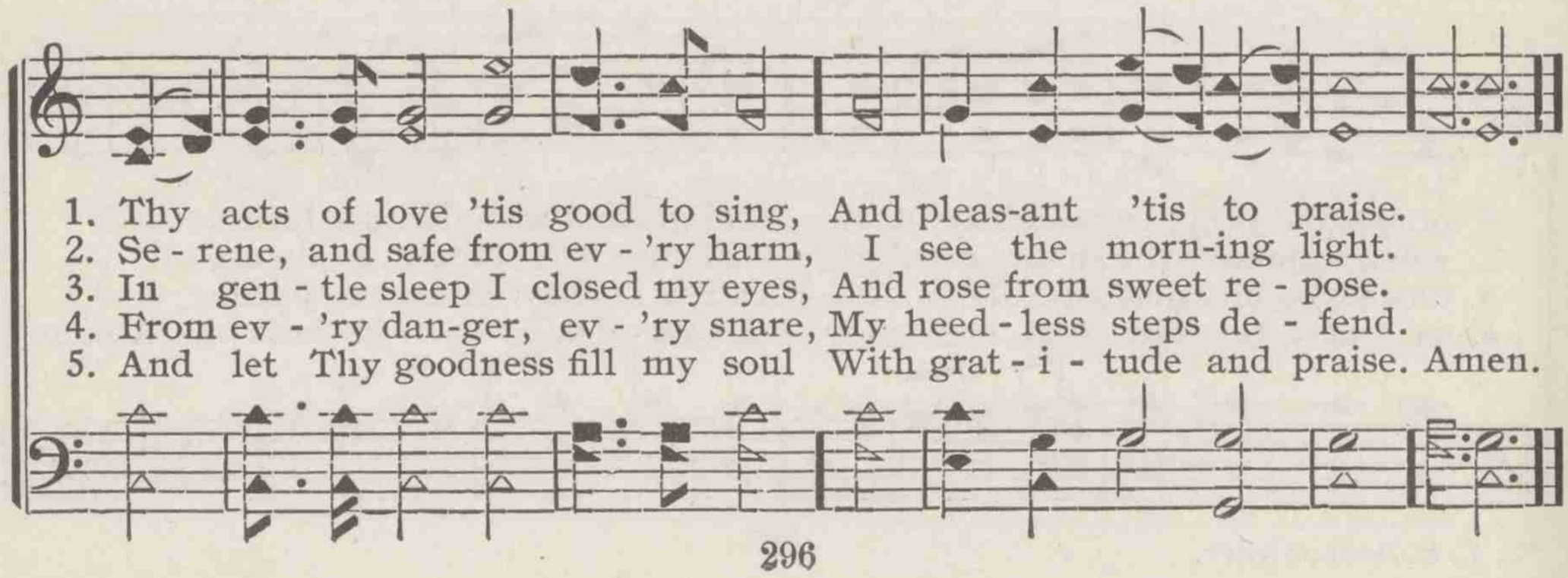
1. And let my night-ly wor-ship rise, Sweet as the ev'ning sac - ri - fice.
2. Nor let my feet in - cline to tread The guilt-y path where sinners lead.
3. Their gentle words, like ointment shed, Shall never bruise, but cheer my head.
4. And by my warm pe - ti - tions prove How much I prize their faithful love. Amen.

530 HEBER. C. M.

ANNIE STEELE. GEO. KINGSLEY.



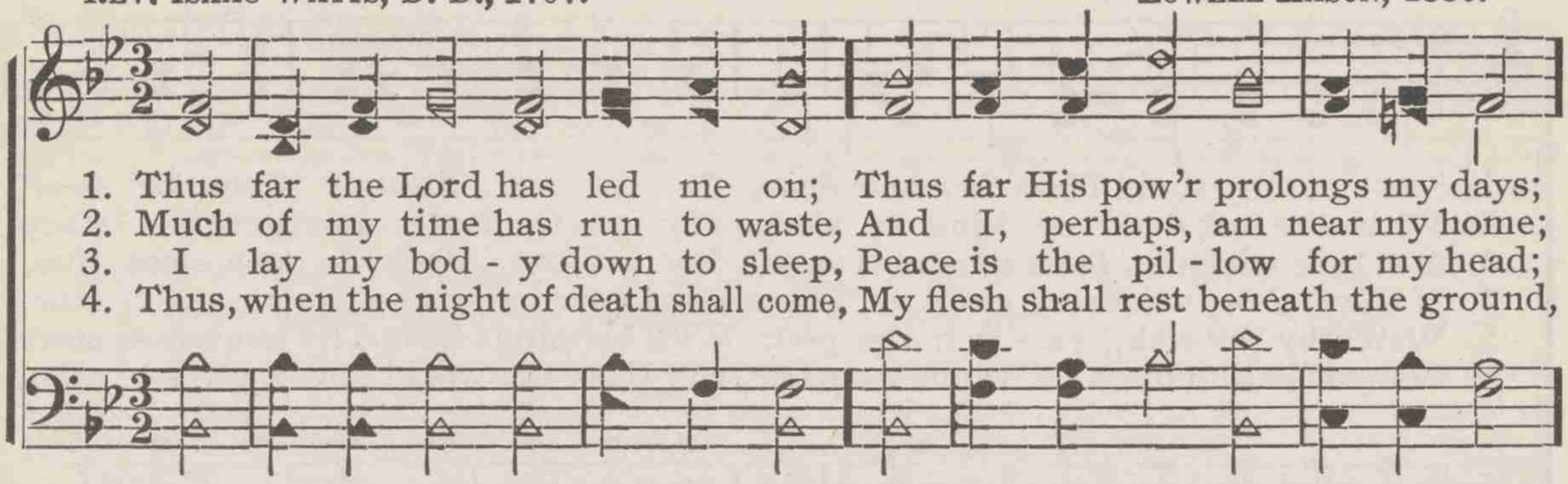
1. God of my life, my morn - ing song To Thee I cheer - ful raise;
2. Pre-served by Thy al - might - y arm, I passed the shades of night,
3. While num-bers spent the night in sighs, And rest-less pains and woes,
4. Oh, let the same al - might - y care Thro' all this day at - tend;
5. Smile on my min - utes as they roll, And guide my fu - ture days;

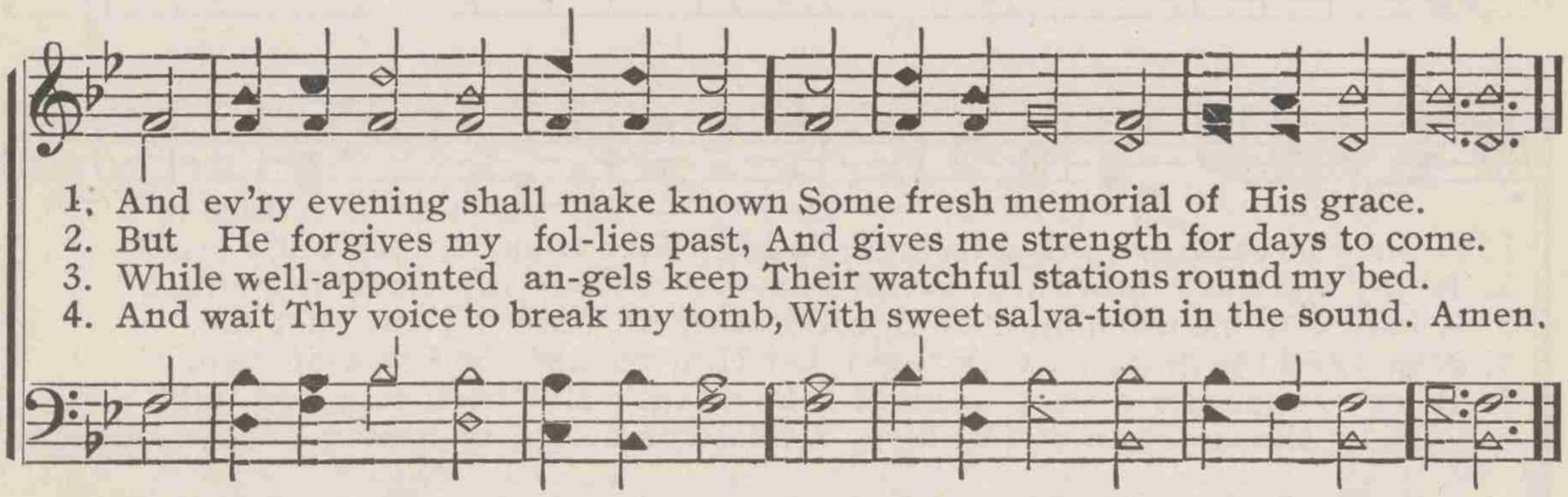


1. Thy acts of love 'tis good to sing, And pleas-ant 'tis to praise.
2. Se - rene, and safe from ev - 'ry harm, I see the morn-ing light.
3. In gen - tle sleep I closed my eyes, And rose from sweet re - pose.
4. From ev - 'ry dan-ger, ev - 'ry snare, My heed - less steps de - fend.
5. And let Thy goodness fill my soul With grat - i - tude and praise. Amen.

531 HEBRON. L. M.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, D. D., 1707. LOWELL MASON, 1830.

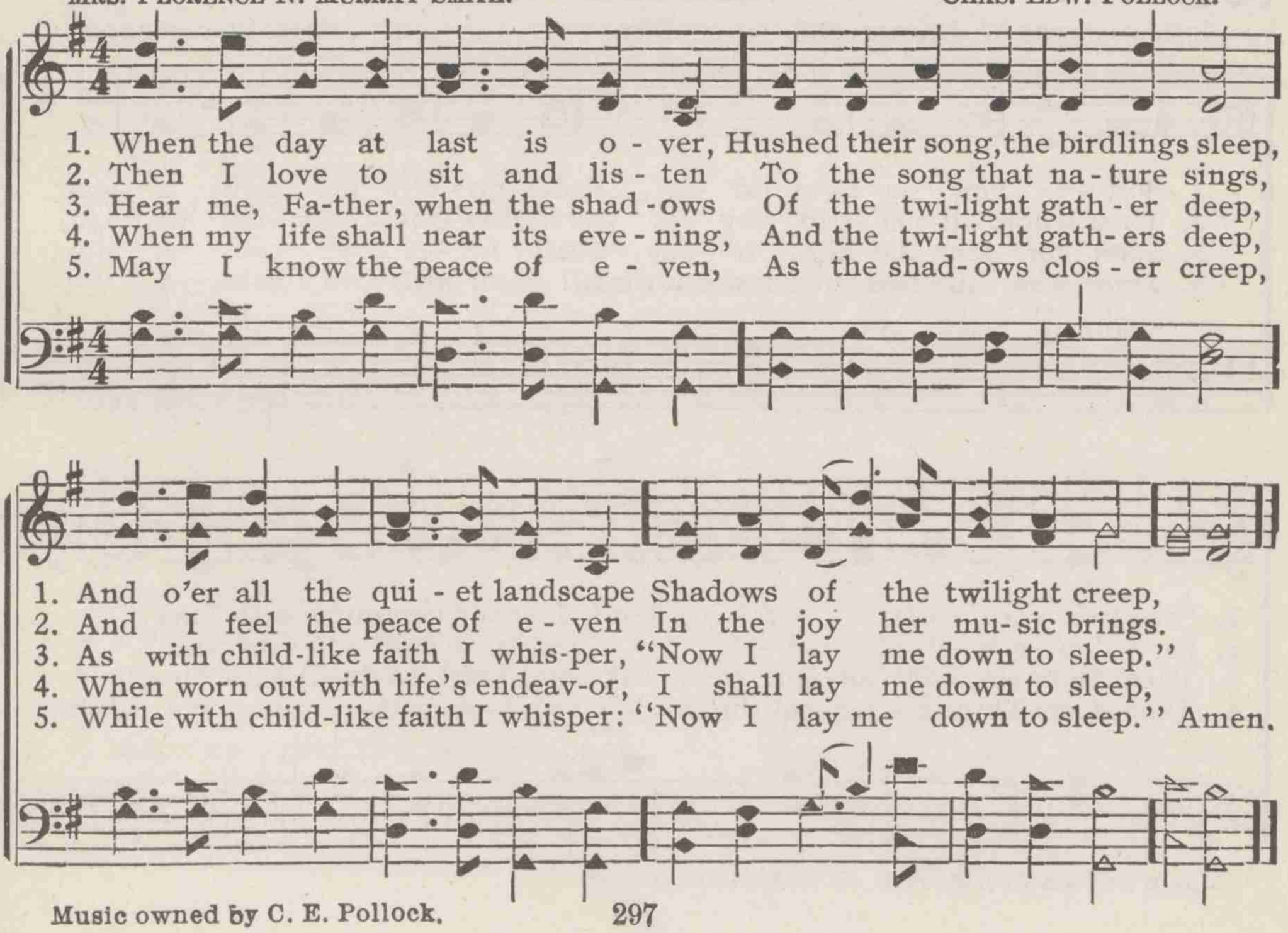




532 HOLDEN. 8s & 7s.

"Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep."

MRS. FLORENCE N. MURRAY SMITH. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



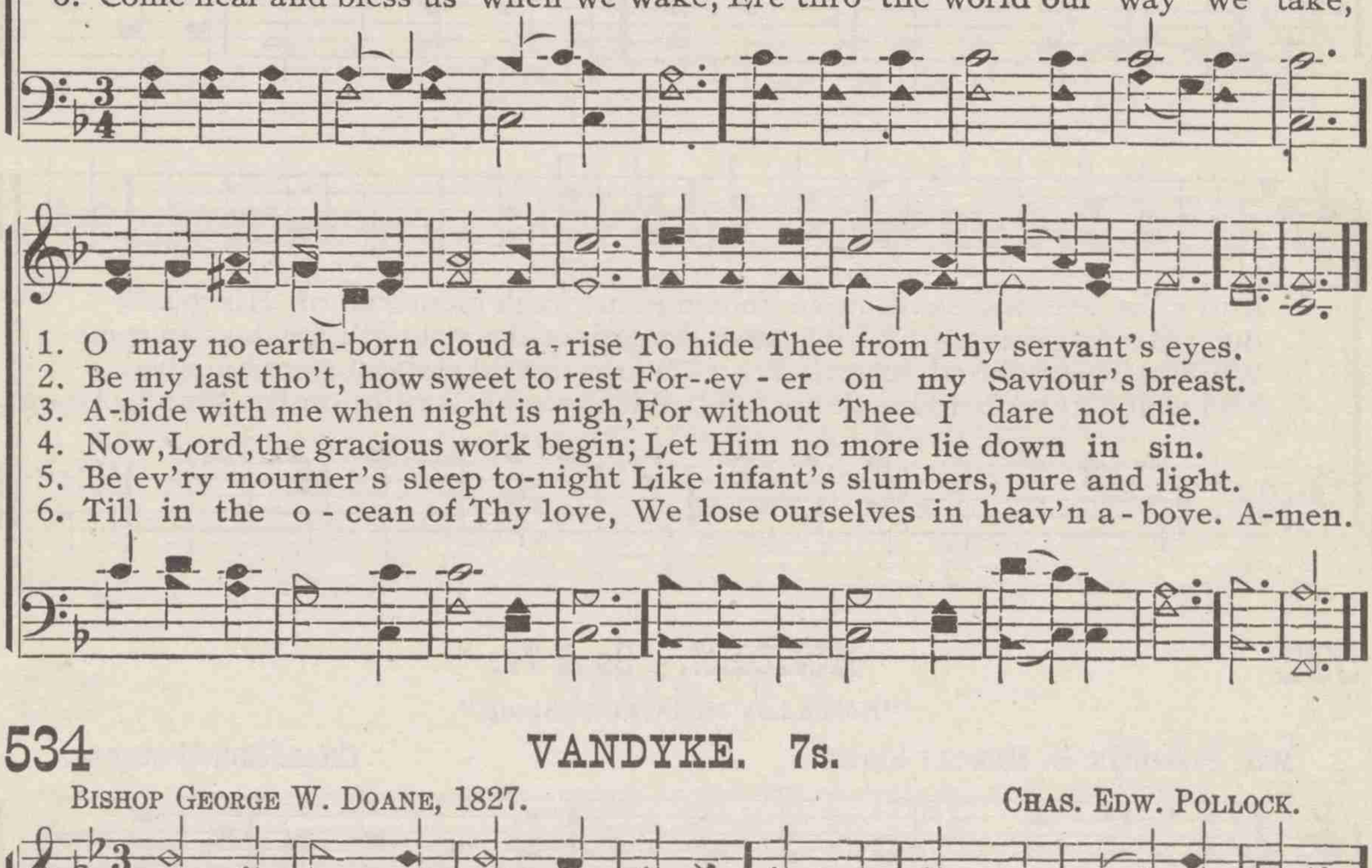
Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

533 HURSLEY. L. M.

REV. JOHN KEBLE, 1820. Fr. PETER RITTER, 1792. Arr. by WM. H. MONK, 1861.



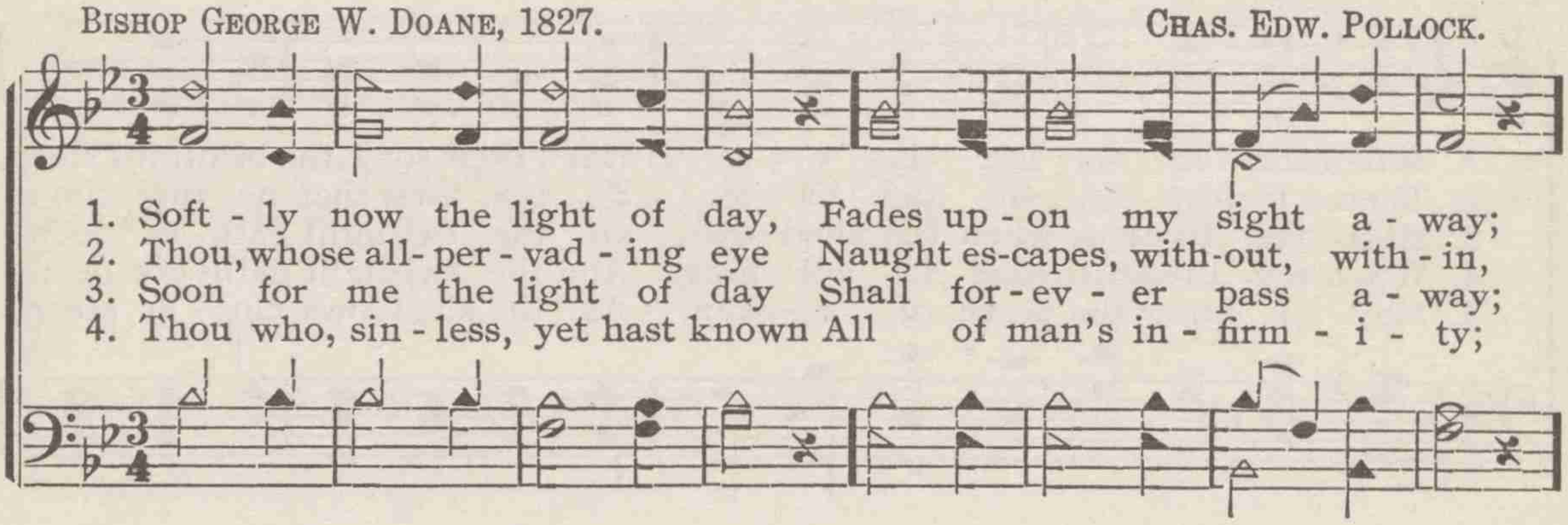
1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav-iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
2. When the soft dews of kind-ly sleep My wea-ried eye-lids gent-ly steep,
3. A-bide with me from morn till eve, For without Thee I can-not live;
4. If some poor, wandring child of Thine Have spurned to-day the voice di-vine,
5. Watch by the sick, en-rich the poor With blessings from Thy boundless store;
6. Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere thro' the world our way we take,



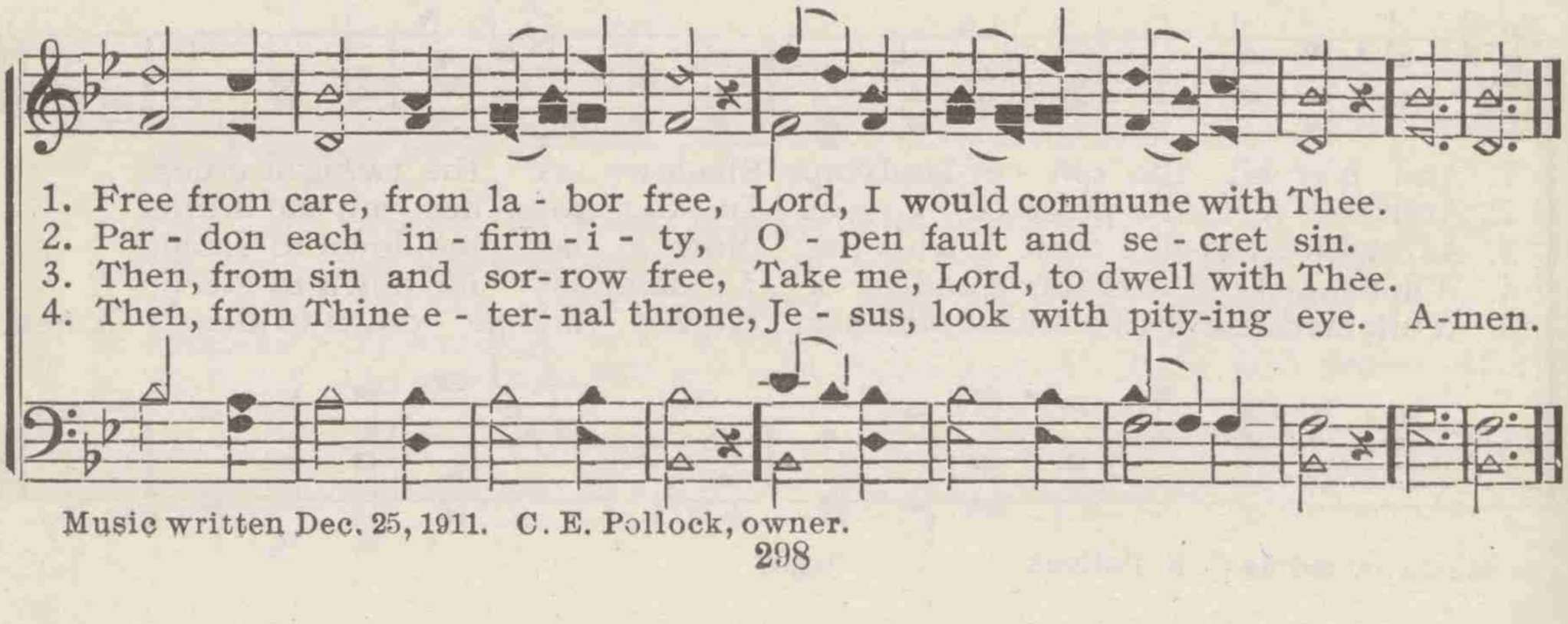
1. O may no earth-born cloud a-rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.
2. Be my last tho't, how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Saviour's breast.
3. A-bide with me when night is nigh, For without Thee I dare not die.
4. Now, Lord, the gracious work begin; Let Him no more lie down in sin.
5. Be ev'ry mourner's sleep to-night Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.
6. Till in the o-cean of Thy love, We lose ourselves in heav'n a-bove. A-men.

534 VANDYKE. 7s.

BISHOP GEORGE W. DOANE, 1827. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. Soft-ly now the light of day, Fades up-on my sight a-way;
2. Thou, whose all-per-vad-ing eye Naught es-capes, with-out, with-in,
3. Soon for me the light of day Shall for-ev-er pass a-way;
4. Thou who, sin-less, yet hast known All of man's in-firm-i-ty;



1. Free from care, from la-bor free, Lord, I would commune with Thee.
2. Par-don each in-firm-i-ty, O-pen fault and se-cret sin.
3. Then, from sin and sor-row free, Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.
4. Then, from Thine e-ter-nal throne, Je-sus, look with pity-ing eye. A-men.

Music written Dec. 25, 1911. C. E. Pollock, owner.

535 EVENING TWILIGHT. S. M.

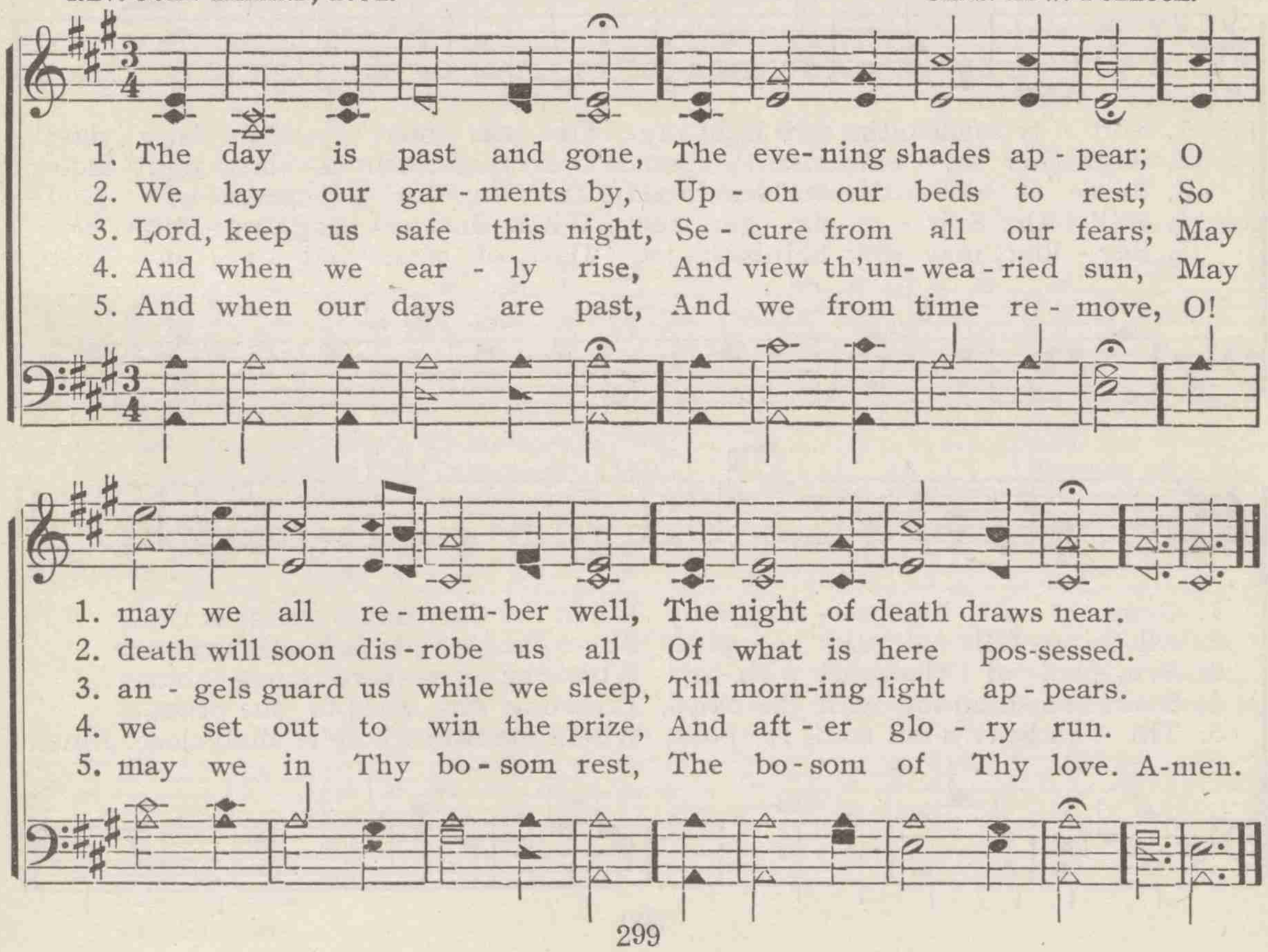
"Abide with us, for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent."—Luke 24: 29.

REV. J. M. NEALE. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



536 JEFFERSON. S. M.

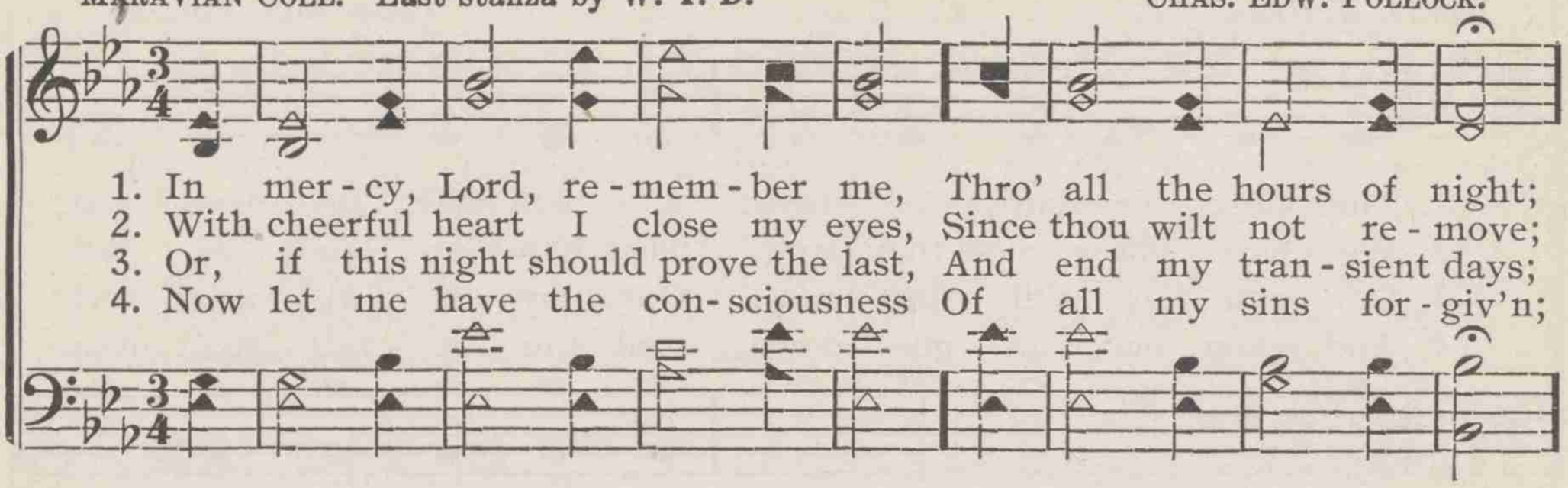
REV. JOHN LELAND, 1792. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

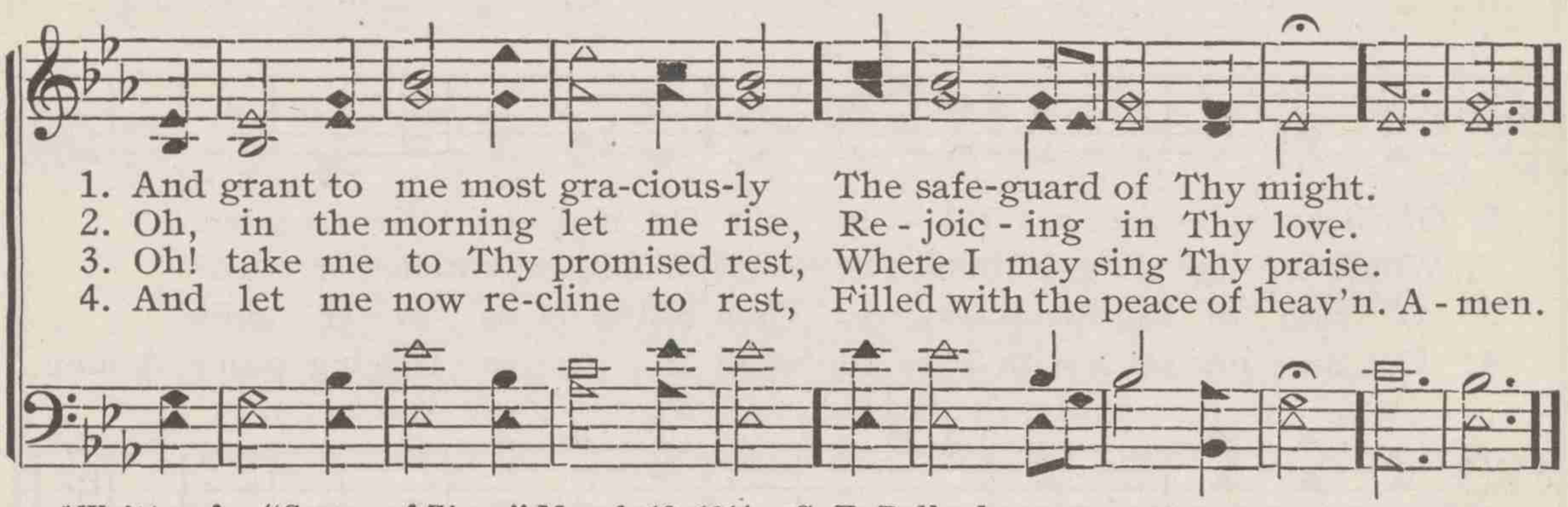


537 FIELDS. C. M.

An evening song.

MARAVIAN COLL. Last stanza by W. T. D. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

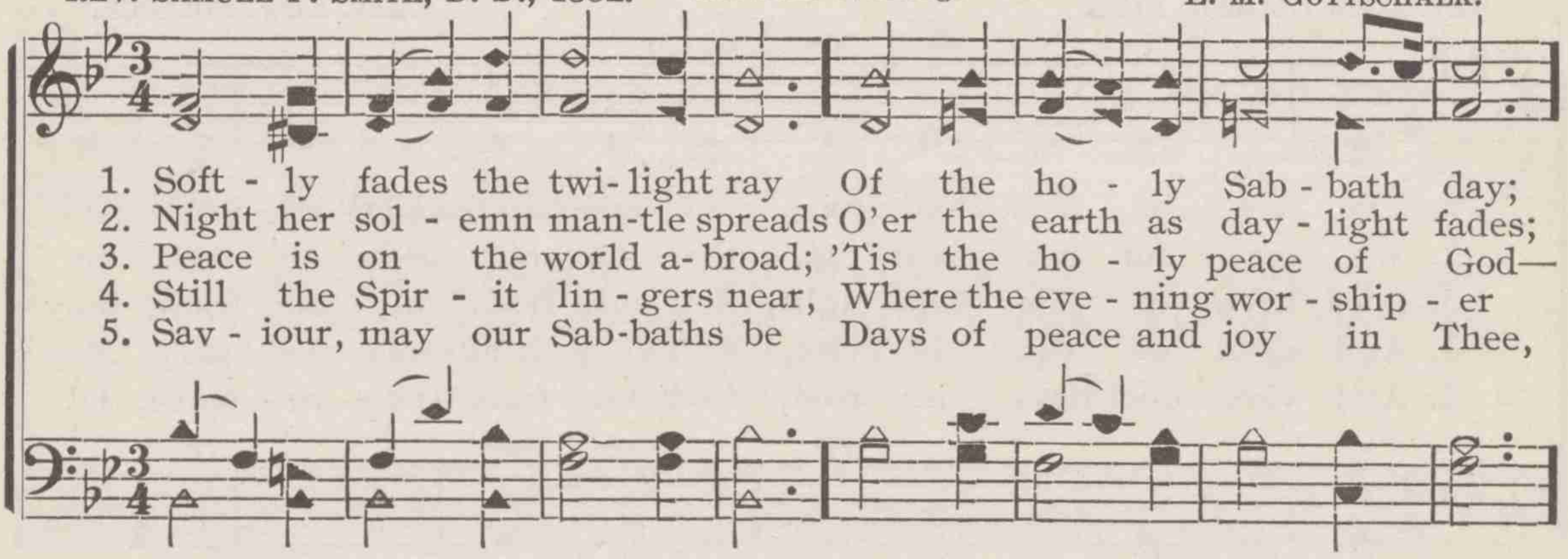




*Written for "Songs of Zion," March 12, 1914. C. E. Pollock, owner.

538 LAST HOPE. (MERCY.) 7s.

REV. SAMUEL F. SMITH, D. D., 1832. Sabbath evening. L. M. GOTTSCHALK.





539 EVENING PRAYER. 8s & 7s.*

J. EDMESTON, 1820. An evening blessing. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Sav - iour, breathe an eve - ning blessing, Ere re - pose our eye - lids seal;
2. Though de-struc - tion walk a - round us, Tho' the ar - row near us fly,
3. Though the night be dark and drear - y, Darkness can-not hide from Thee;
4. Should swift death this night o'er-take us, And our couch be - come our tomb,

Rit.

1. Sin and want we come con-fess-ing, Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.
2. An-gel guards from Thee surround us, We are safe if Thou art nigh.
3. Thou art He who, nev - er wea - ry, Watcheth where Thy people be.
4. May the morn in heav'n a - wake us, Clad in light and deathless bloom. Amen.

*Written for "Songs of Zion," Nov. 18, 1913. Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

540 TARRY WITH ME. 8s & 7s, D.

(Music copied from memory.)

MRS. CAROLINE L. SMITH, 1852. Luke 24: 29. Author unknown.

1. Tar - ry with me, O my Sav-iour, For the day is pass-ing by,
   See, the shades of evening gath-er, (*Omit* .....) And the night is
2. Lonely seems the vale of shad-ow, Sinks my heart with troubled fear;
   Give me faith for clear-er vis-ion, (*Omit* .....) Speak Thou, Lord, in
3. Feeble, trembling, fainting, dy-ing, Lord, I cast my-self on Thee;
   Tar - ry with me thro' the darkness, (*Omit* .....) While I sleep still

D.C.—Swift the night of death ad-vanc-es, (*Omit* .....) Shall it be the
D.C.—Let me, un-der-neath my weakness, (*Omit* .....) Feel the ev - er-
D.C.—Till the morning; then a-wake me, (*Omit* .....) Morning of e-

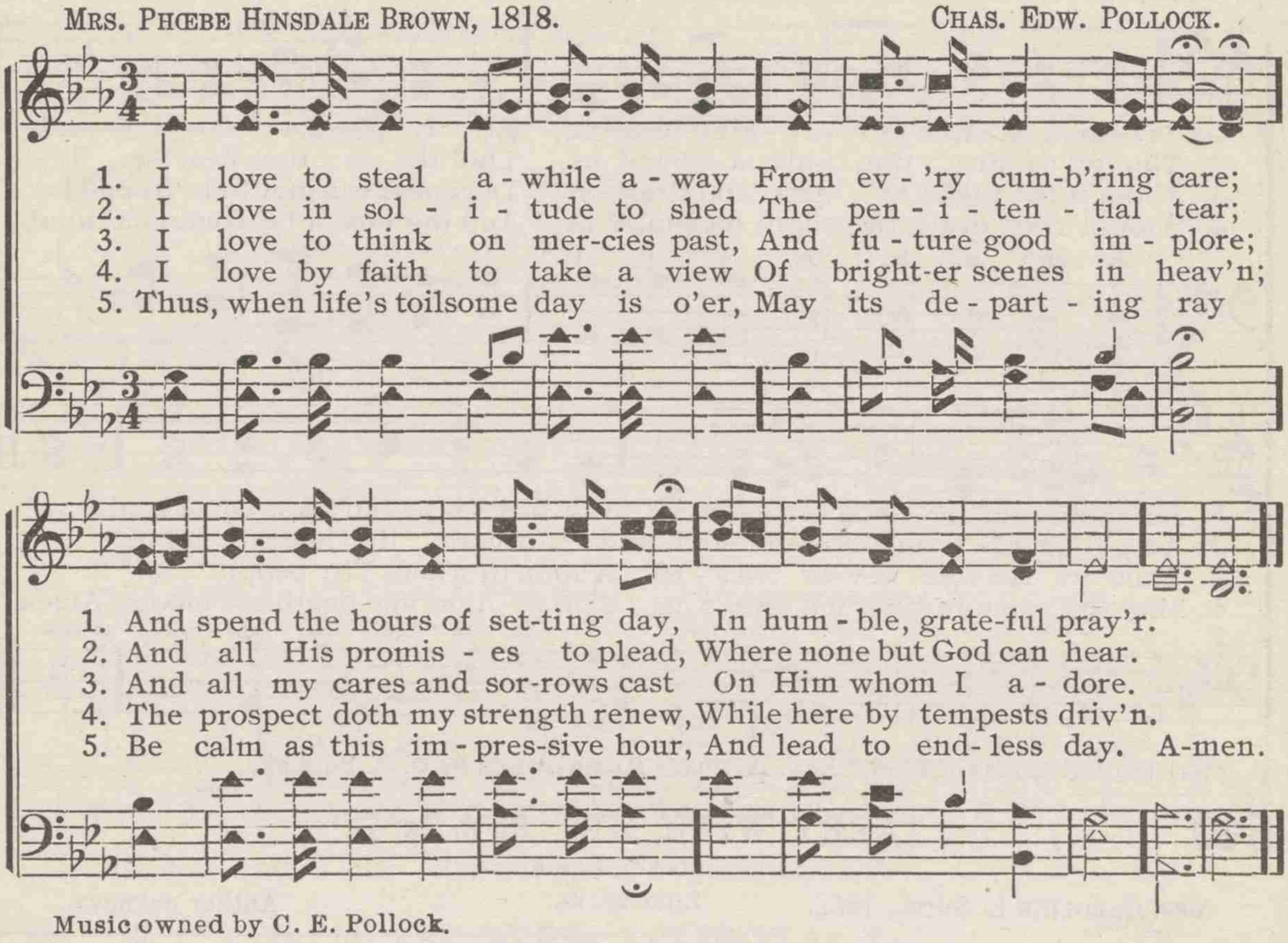
FINE. *D. C.*

drawing nigh. Deep-er, deep-er grow the shad-ows, Pal - er now the glow-ing west,
words of cheer. Let me hear Thy voice be - hind me, Calming all these wild a - larms,
watch by me. Tar - ry with me, O my Sav - iour, Lay my head up - on Thy breast
night of rest?
last - ing arms.
ter - nal rest.

541 CUMBERLAND. C. M.

May be sung to "Lella," No. 543.

MRS. PHŒBE HINSDALE BROWN, 1818. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



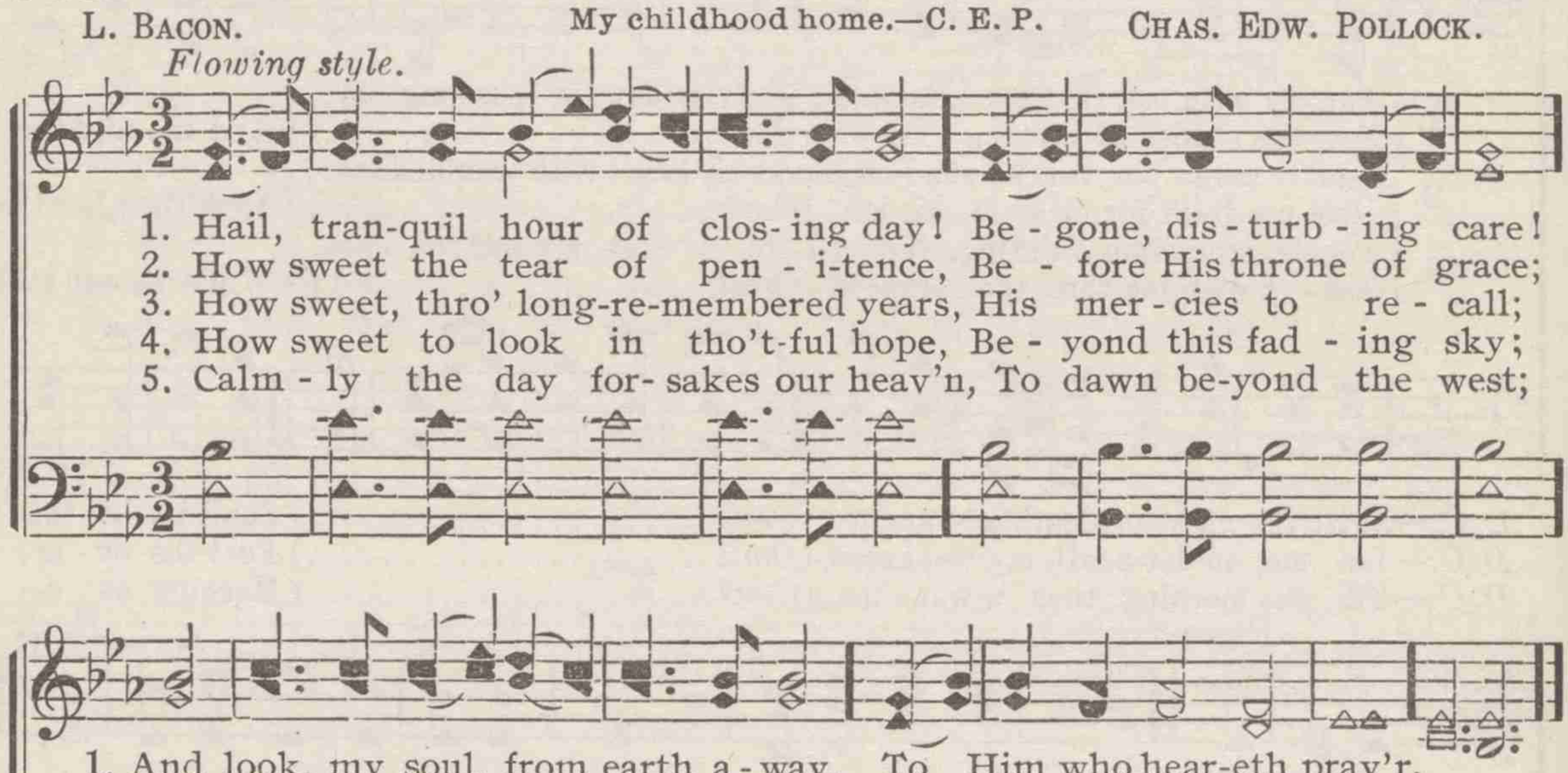
Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

542 NEWPORT. C. M.

My childhood home.—C. E. P.

L. BACON. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Flowing style.



Music owned by C. E. Pollock,

543 LELLA. C. M.

"O that I knew where I might find Him."—Job. 23: 3.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, by per.

Softly.

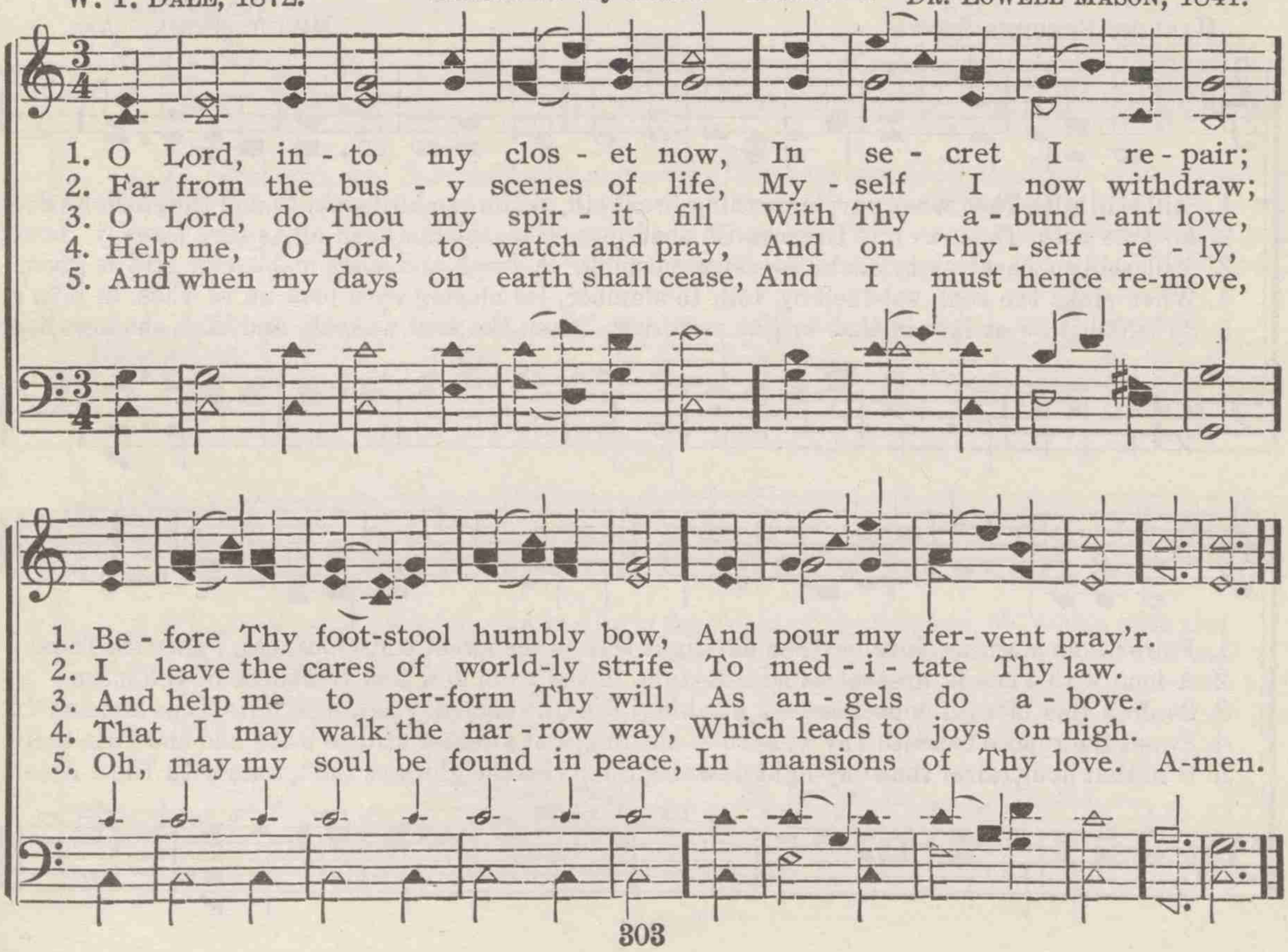


1. O that I knew the se - cret place, Where I might find my God!
2. I'd tell Him how my sins a - rise; What sor - rows I sus - tain;
3. He knows what ar - gu - ments I'd take To wres - tle with my God;
4. My God will pit - y my complaints, And drive my foes a - way;
5. A - rise, my soul, from deep dis - tress, And ban - ish ev - 'ry fear;

1. I'd spread my wants be - fore His face, And pour my woes a - broad.
2. How grace de - cays and com - fort dies, And leaves my heart in pain.
3. I'd plead for His own mer - cy's sake, I'd plead my Sav - iour's blood.
4. He knows the mean - ing of His saints, When they in sor - row pray.
5. He calls thee to His throne of grace, To spread thy sor - rows there. A - men.

544 CHIMES. C. M.

W. T. DALE, 1872. "Enter into thy closet."—Matt. 6: 6. DR. LOWELL MASON, 1841.



1. O Lord, in - to my clos - et now, In se - cret I re - pair;
2. Far from the bus - y scenes of life, My - self I now withdraw;
3. O Lord, do Thou my spir - it fill With Thy a - bund - ant love,
4. Help me, O Lord, to watch and pray, And on Thy - self re - ly,
5. And when my days on earth shall cease, And I must hence re - move,

1. Be - fore Thy foot - stool humbly bow, And pour my fer - vent pray'r.
2. I leave the cares of world - ly strife To med - i - tate Thy law.
3. And help me to per - form Thy will, As an - gels do a - bove.
4. That I may walk the nar - row way, Which leads to joys on high.
5. Oh, may my soul be found in peace, In mansions of Thy love. A - men.

545 SHERWIN. C. M.*

"Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place and rest awhile."—Mark 6:31.

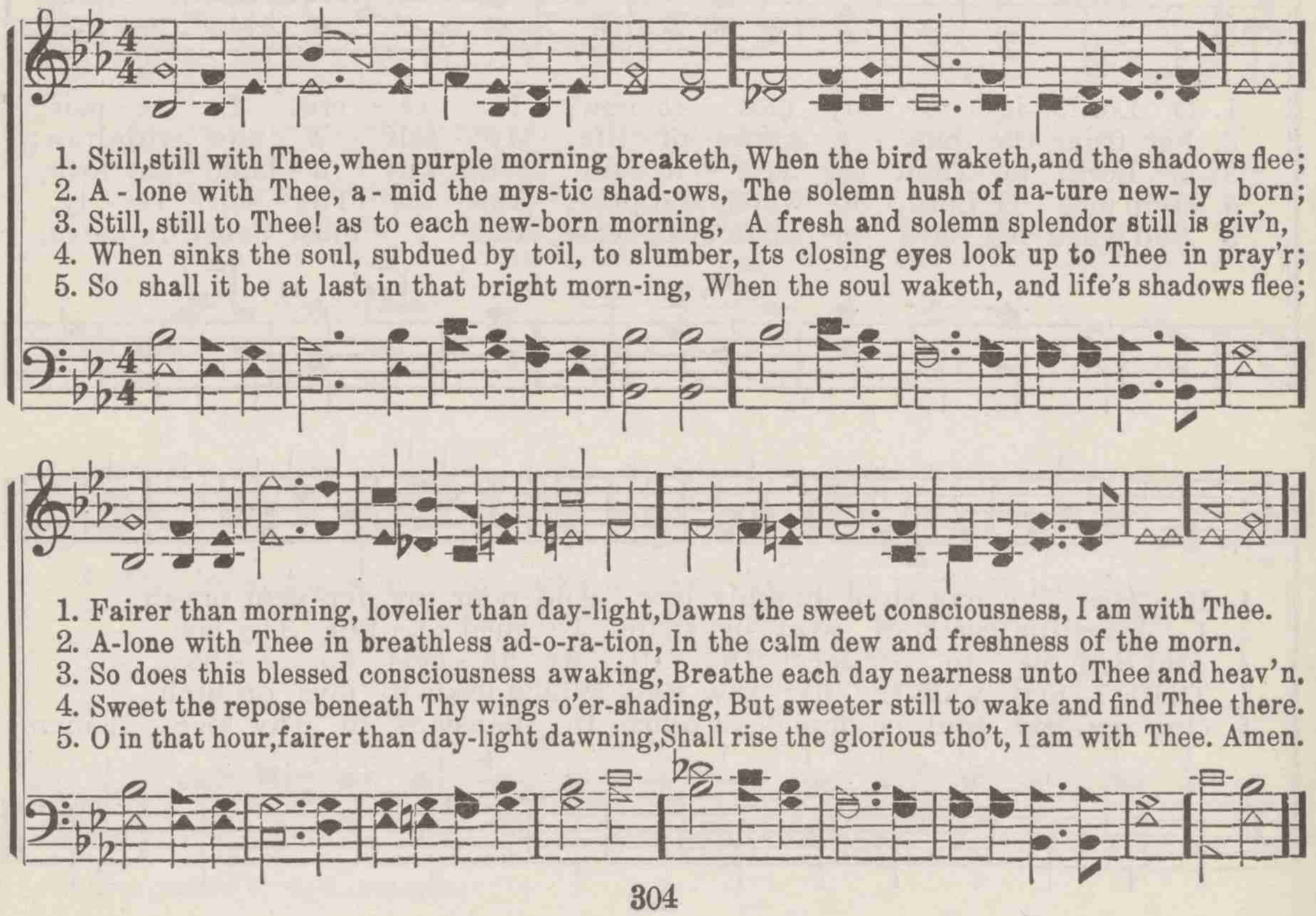
WM. COWPER. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



*Written for "Songs of Zion," Sept. 28, 1913. Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

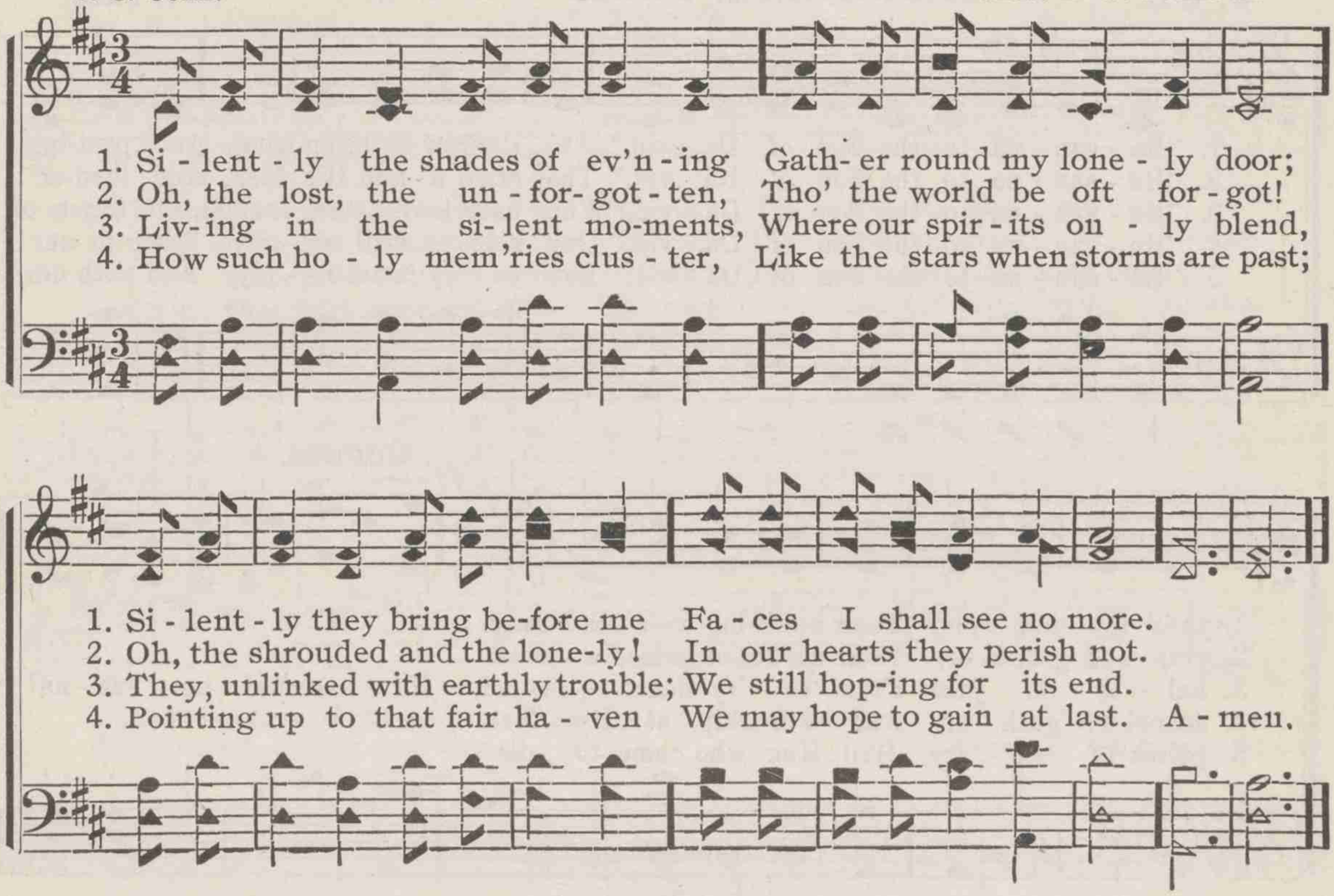
546 STILL, STILL WITH THEE. 11s & 10s.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. MENDELSSOHN. Arr.



547 MILDRED. 8s & 7s.

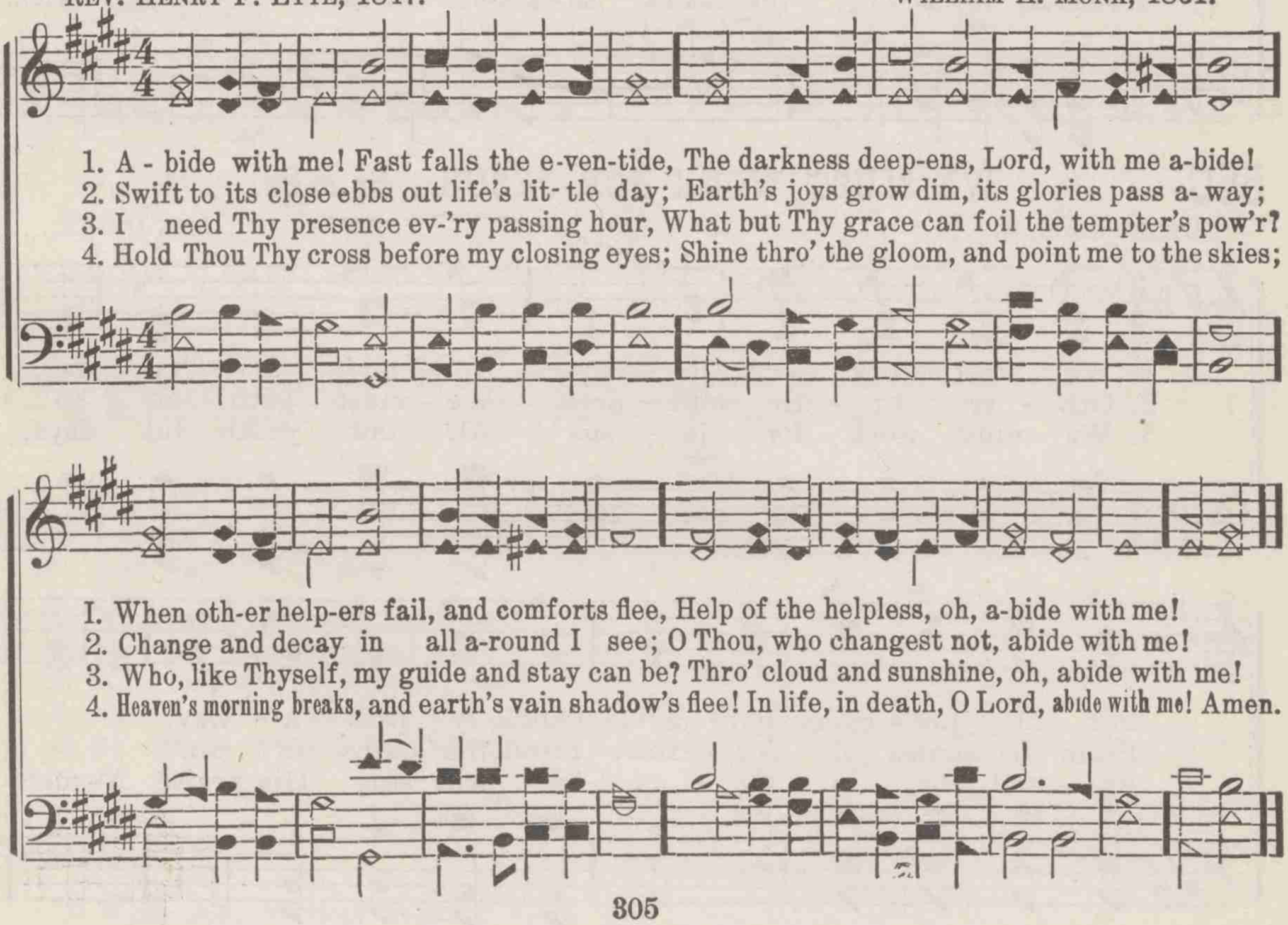
C. C. Coxe. Chas. Edw. Pollock.



548 EVENTIDE. 10s.

"Abide with us, for it is toward evening."—Luke 24: 29.

Rev. Henry F. Lyte, 1847. William H. Monk, 1861.



549 HOSANNA TO THE SON OF DAVID. 9, 6, 7, 6.

W. T. D. The children crying, "Hosanna."—Matt. 21: 9, 15. W. T. DALE.



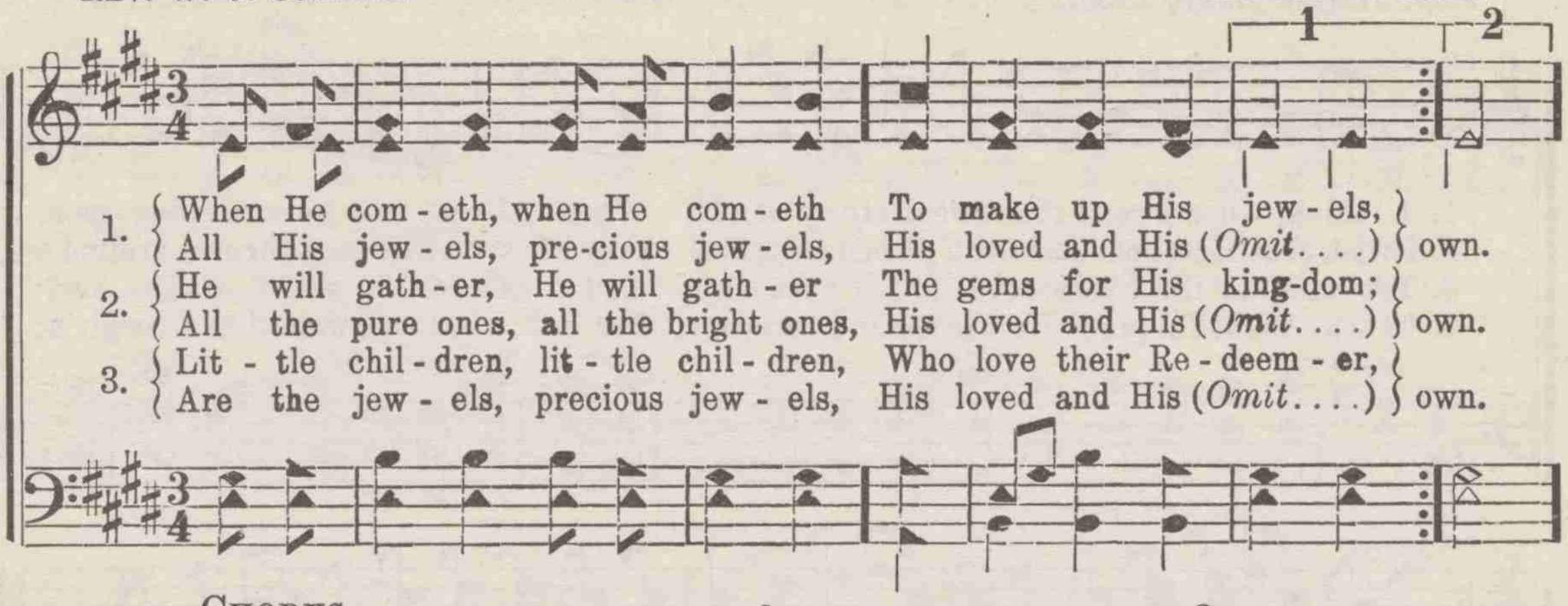
550 WE MUST WORK FOR JESUS. 6s & 5s.

HELEN F. SHAW. ANN DANTE.

551 JEWELS. (Irregular.)

"And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my *jewels*."—Mal. 3: 17.

REV. W. O. CUSHING. DR. GEO. F. ROOT.



1. When He com-eth, when He com-eth To make up His jew-els,
   All His jew-els, pre-cious jew-els, His loved and His (*Omit....*) own.
2. He will gath-er, He will gath-er The gems for His king-dom;
   All the pure ones, all the bright ones, His loved and His (*Omit....*) own.
3. Lit-tle chil-dren, lit-tle chil-dren, Who love their Re-deem-er,
   Are the jew-els, precious jew-els, His loved and His (*Omit....*) own.

CHORUS.

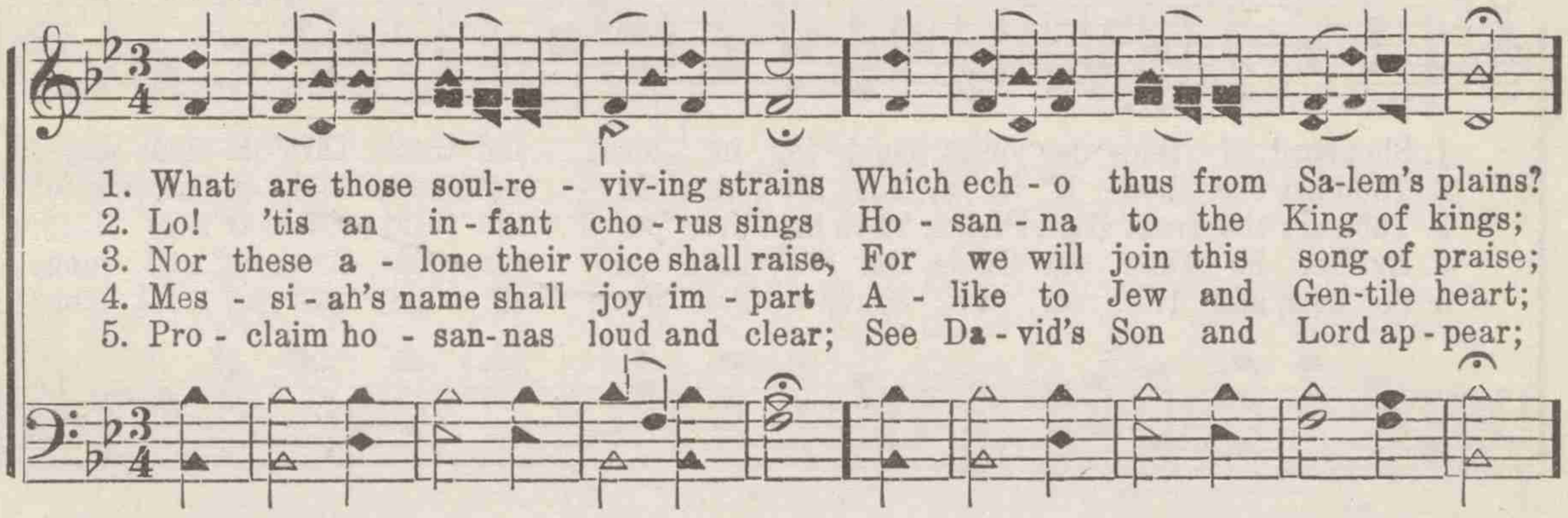


Like the stars of the morning, His bright crown adorning,
They shall shine in their beauty, (*Omit.....*) Bright gems for His crown. Amen.

552 ECHO GLEN. L. M.

"Hosanna! Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord."—Mark 11: 9.

PRATT'S COLL. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. What are those soul-re-viv-ing strains Which ech-o thus from Sa-lem's plains?
2. Lo! 'tis an in-fant cho-rus sings Ho-san-na to the King of kings;
3. Nor these a-lone their voice shall raise, For we will join this song of praise;
4. Mes-si-ah's name shall joy im-part A-like to Jew and Gen-tile heart;
5. Pro-claim ho-san-nas loud and clear; See Da-vid's Son and Lord ap-pear;



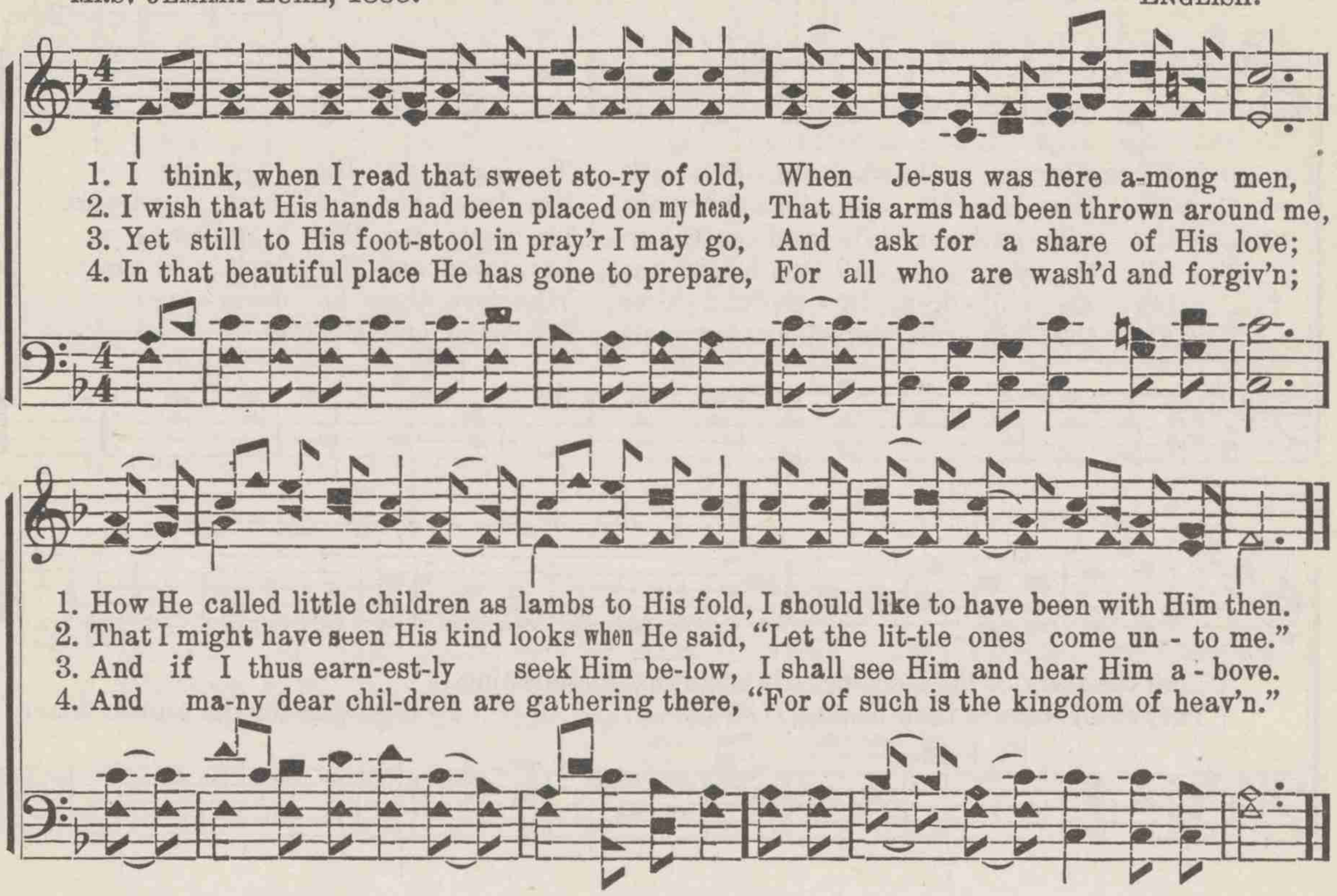
1. What an-thems loud, and loud-er still, So sweet-ly sound from Zi-on's hill?
2. The Sav-iour comes! and babes pro-claim Sal-va-tion sent in Je-sus' name.
3. Still Is-rael's chil-dren for-ward press, To hail the Lord, their righteousness.
4. He bled for us, He bled for you, And we will sing ho-san-nas too.
5. All praise on earth to Him be giv'n, And glo-ry shout thro' high-est heav'n. A-men.

C. E. Pollock, owner of music.

553 THAT SWEET STORY OF OLD. 11s & 9s.

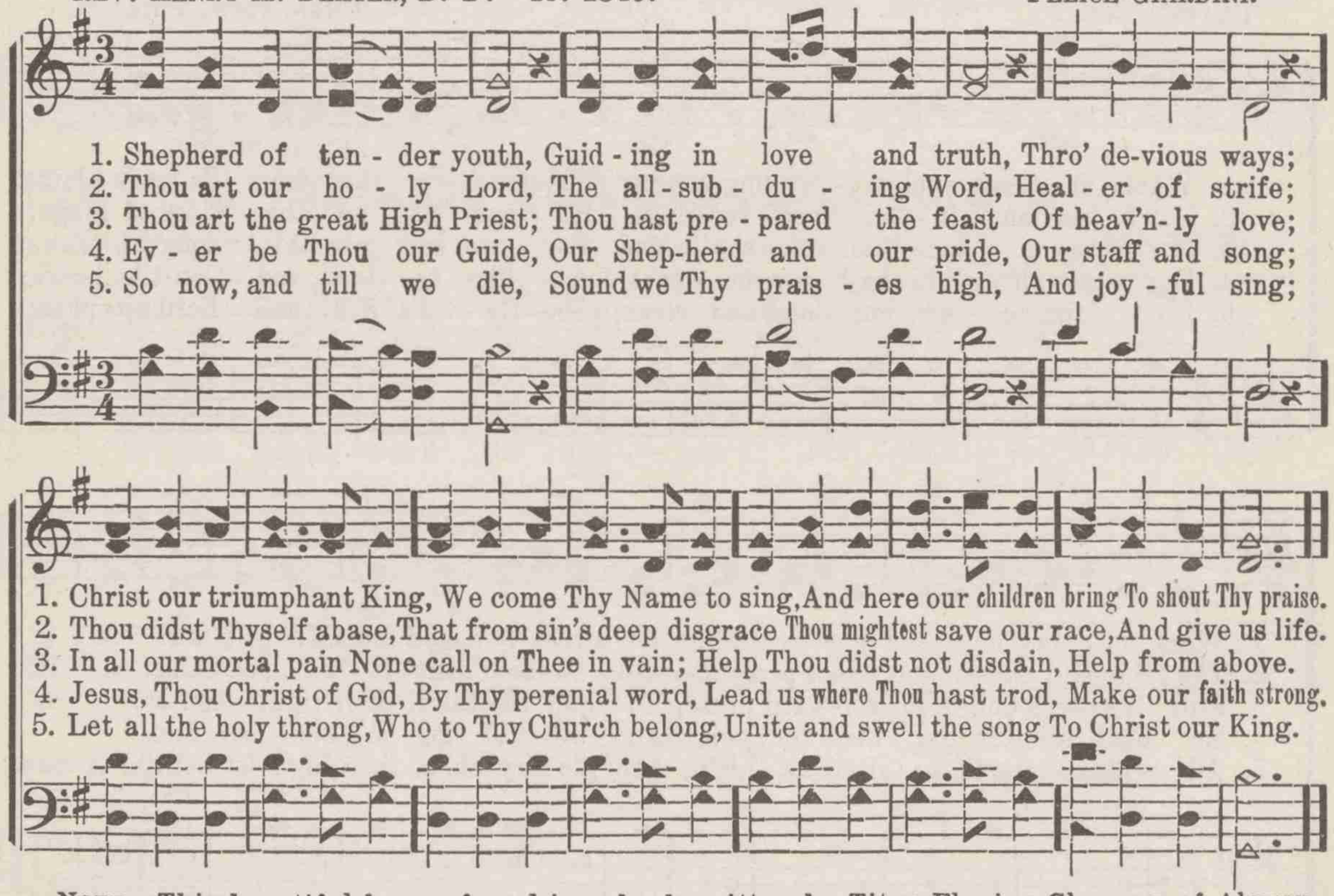
"And He took them up in His arms, put His hands upon them and blessed them."—Mark 10: 16.

MRS. JEMIMA LUKE, 1853. ENGLISH.



554 ITALIAN HYMN. 6s & 4s.

CLEMENT'S HYMN, about A. D. 200.
REV. HENRY M. DEXTER, D. D. Tr. 1846. FELICE GIARDINI.

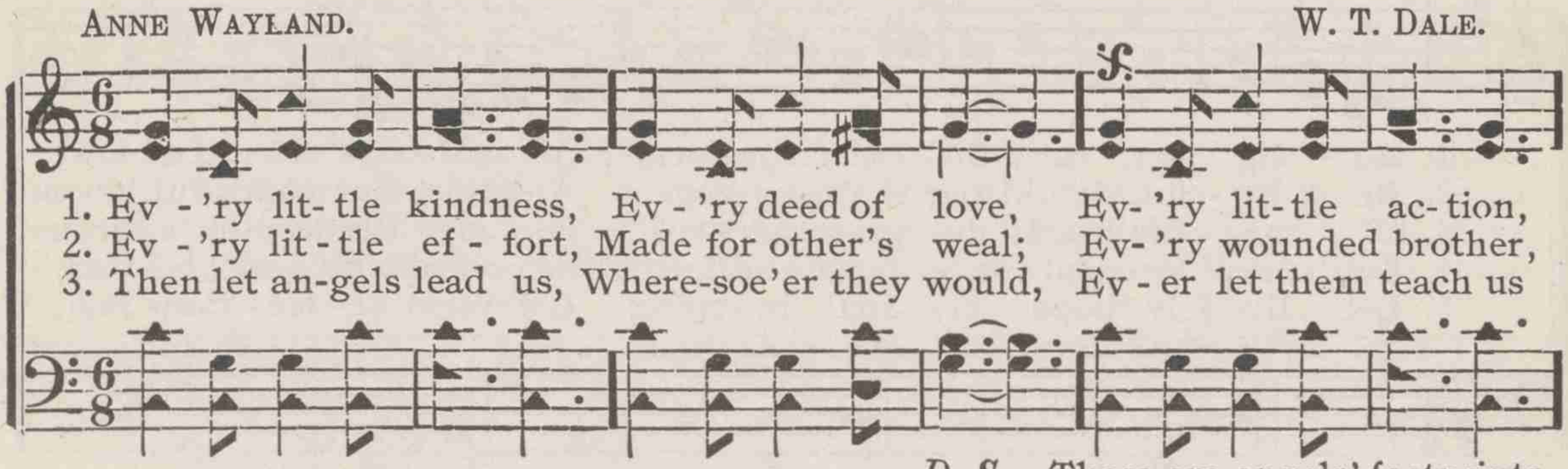


NOTE.—This beautiful hymn, found in a book written by Titus Flavius Clemens, of Alexandria, is said to be the earliest known hymn of the primitive church, dating about A. D. 200.

555 ANGELS' FOOTPRINTS. 6s & 5s.

"Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple . . . . shall in no wise lose his reward."—Matt. 10: 42.

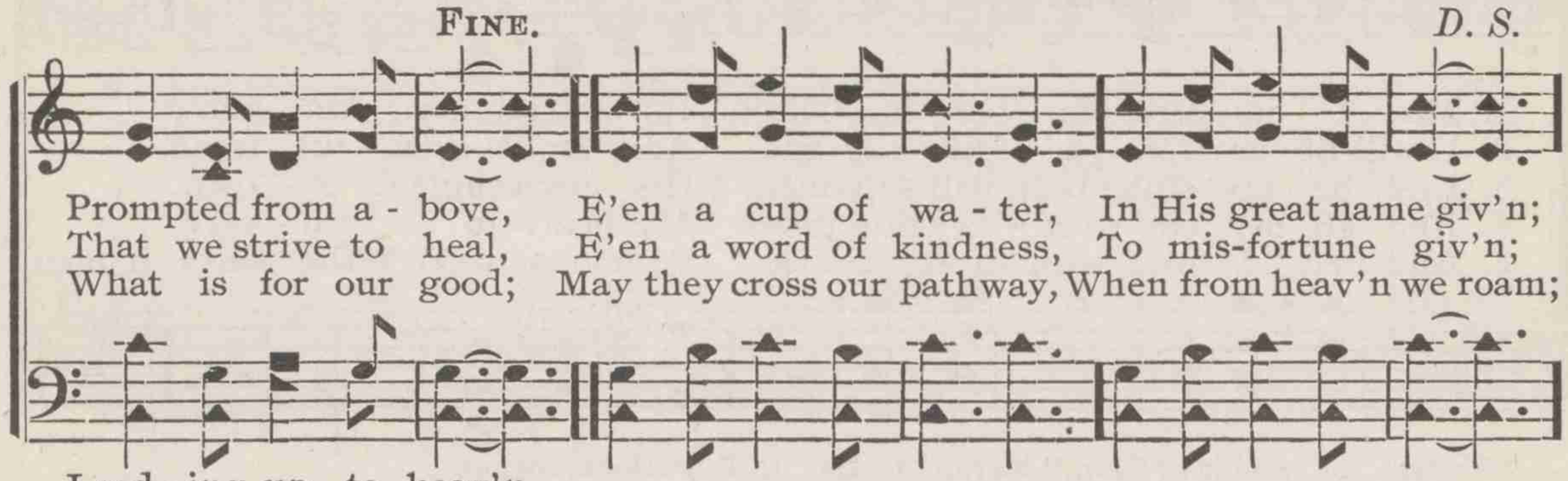
ANNE WAYLAND. W. T. DALE.



1. Ev - 'ry lit- tle kindness, Ev - 'ry deed of love, Ev- 'ry lit- tle ac- tion,
2. Ev - 'ry lit - tle ef - fort, Made for other's weal; Ev- 'ry wounded brother,
3. Then let an-gels lead us, Where-soe'er they would, Ev - er let them teach us

D. S.—These are angels' footprints
D. S.—All are angels' footprints
D. S.—Let us fol- low aft - er,

FINE. *D. S.*

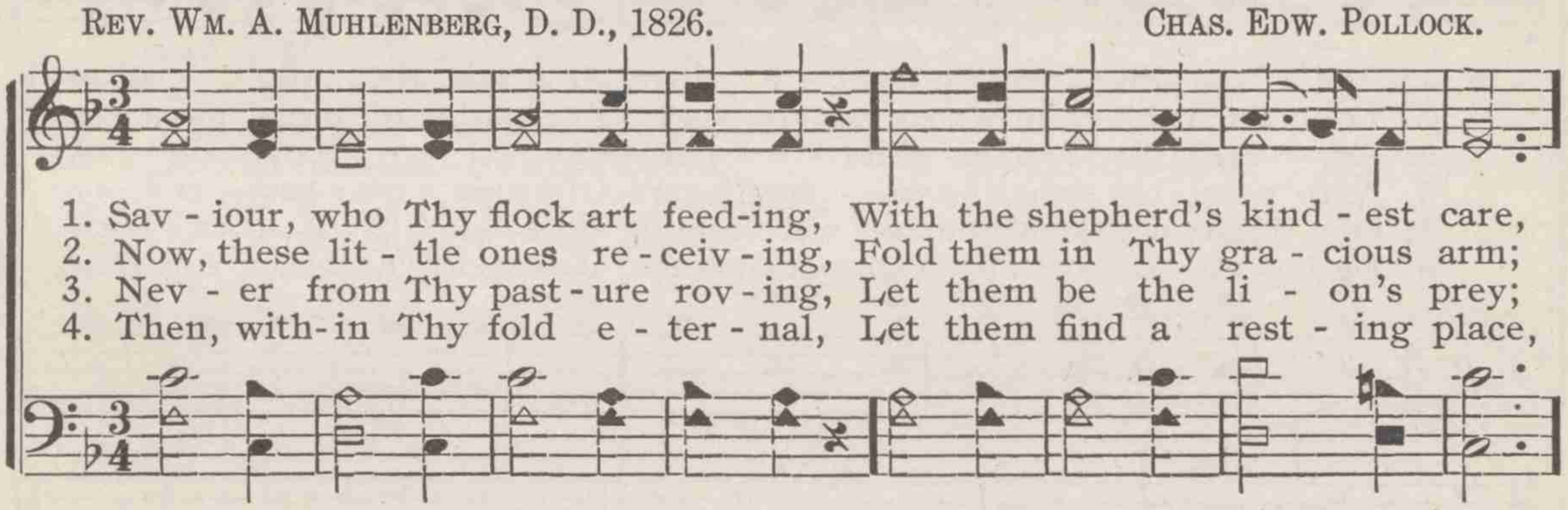


Prompted from a - bove, E'en a cup of wa - ter, In His great name giv'n;
That we strive to heal, E'en a word of kindness, To mis-fortune giv'n;
What is for our good; May they cross our pathway, When from heav'n we roam;

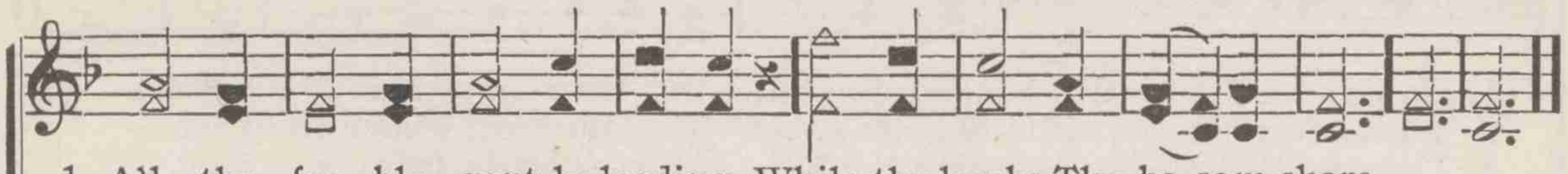
Lead - ing up to heav'n.
Lead - ing up to heav'n.
Foot-prints leading home.

556 KEN. 8s & 7s.*

REV. WM. A. MUHLENBERG, D. D., 1826. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. Sav - iour, who Thy flock art feed-ing, With the shepherd's kind - est care,
2. Now, these lit - tle ones re - ceiv - ing, Fold them in Thy gra - cious arm;
3. Nev - er from Thy past - ure rov - ing, Let them be the li - on's prey;
4. Then, with-in Thy fold e - ter - nal, Let them find a rest - ing place,

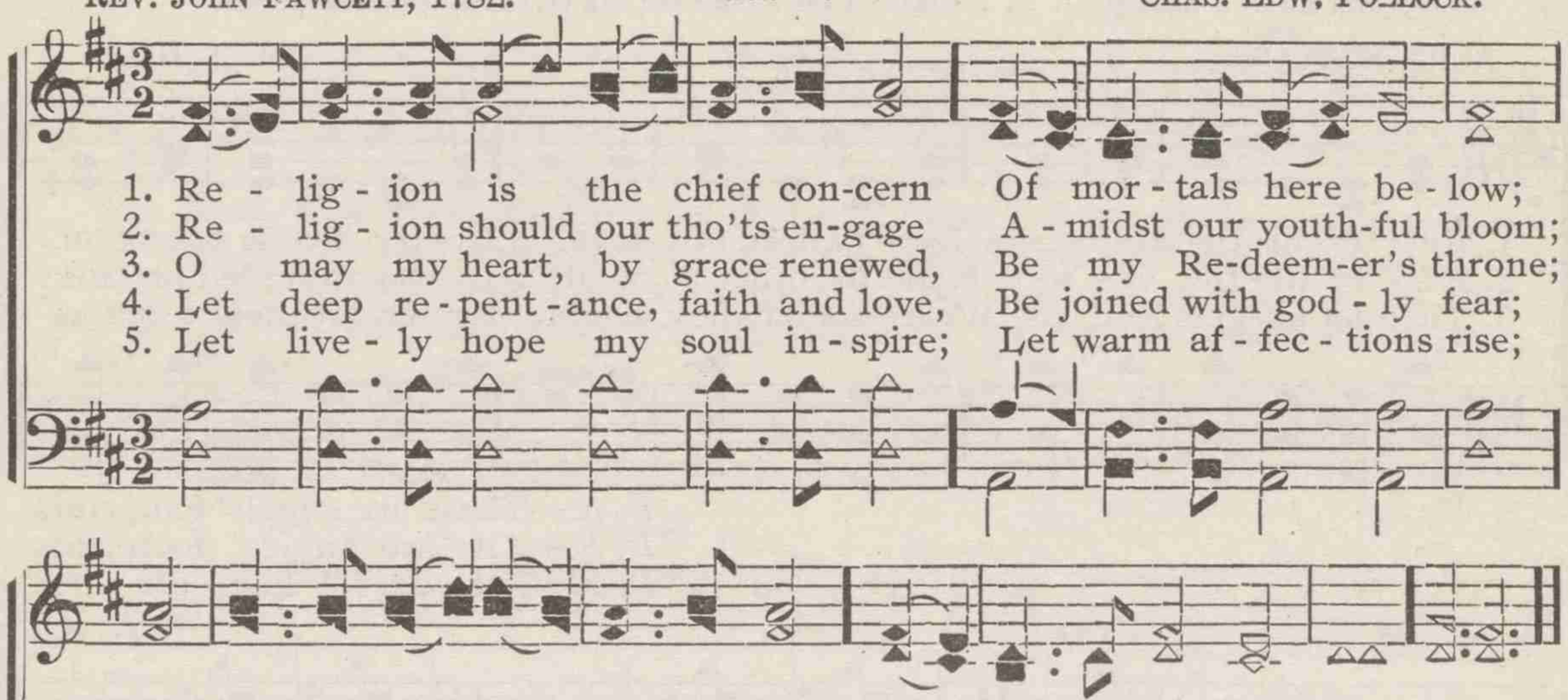


1. All the fee - ble gent-ly leading, While the lambs Thy bo-som share.
2. There, we know Thy word believing, On - ly there se - cure from harm.
3. Let Thy ten- der-ness so lov -ing, Keep them thro' life's dangerous way.
4. Feed in pastures ev - er ver-nal, Drink the riv - ers of Thy grace. A-men.

*Written for "Songs of Zion," Dec. 15, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner.

557 PERRING. C. M.*

REV. JOHN FAWCETT, 1782. Matt. 16: 26. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



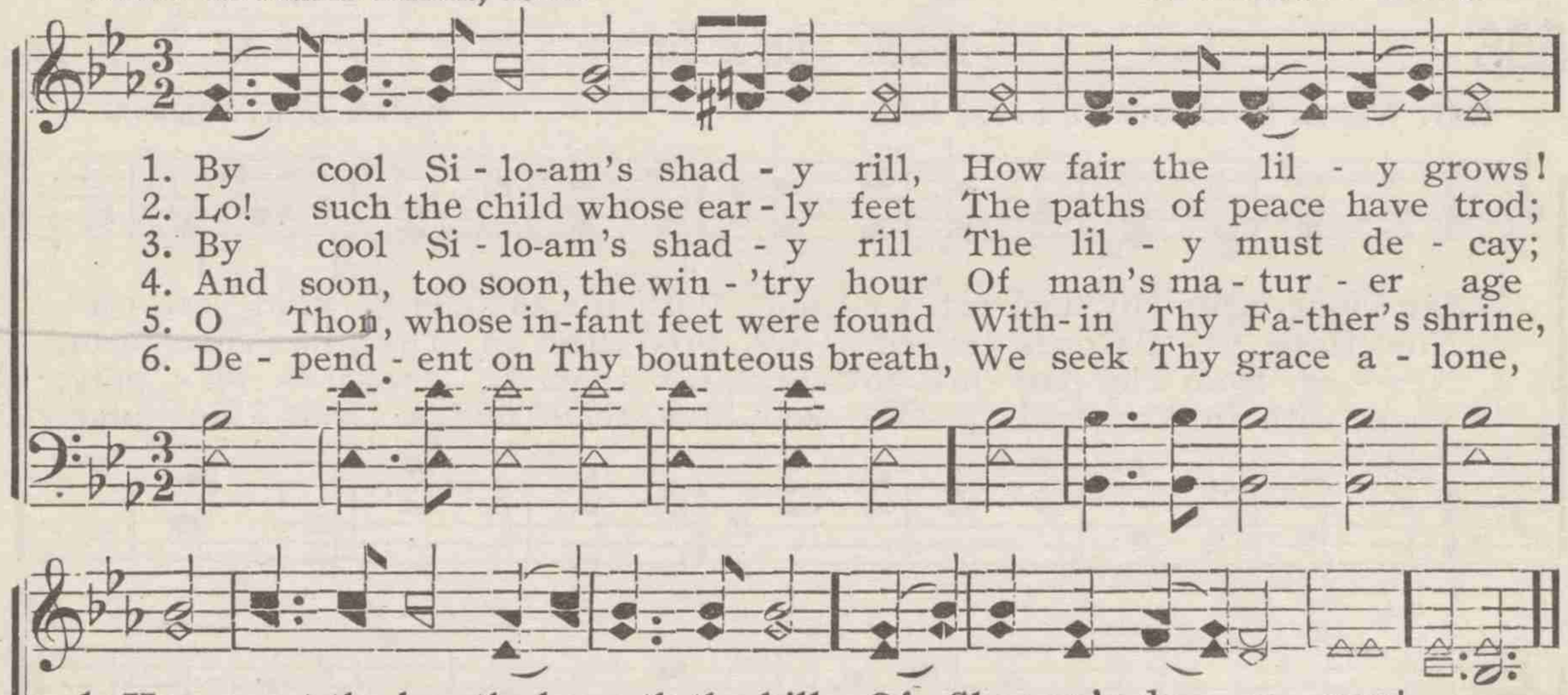
1. Re - lig - ion is the chief con-cern Of mor - tals here be - low;
2. Re - lig - ion should our tho'ts en-gage A - midst our youth-ful bloom;
3. O may my heart, by grace renewed, Be my Re-deem-er's throne;
4. Let deep re - pent - ance, faith and love, Be joined with god - ly fear;
5. Let live - ly hope my soul in - spire; Let warm af - fec - tions rise;

1. May I its great im - port-ance learn, Its sov'reign vir - tue know.
2. 'Twill fit us for de - clin - ing age, And for the aw - ful tomb.
3. And be my stub - born will sub-dued, His gov-ernment to own.
4. And all my con - ver - sa - tion prove My heart to be sin - cere.
5. And may I wait with strong de-sire, To mount a-bove the skies. A-men.

*Written for "Songs of Zion," March 13, 1914. C. E. Pollock, owner.

558 NEW SILOAM. C. M.*

BISHOP REGINALD HEBER, 1812. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. By cool Si - lo-am's shad - y rill, How fair the lil - y grows!
2. Lo! such the child whose ear - ly feet The paths of peace have trod;
3. By cool Si - lo-am's shad - y rill The lil - y must de - cay;
4. And soon, too soon, the win - 'try hour Of man's ma - tur - er age
5. O Thou, whose in-fant feet were found With-in Thy Fa-ther's shrine,
6. De - pend - ent on Thy bounteous breath, We seek Thy grace a - lone,

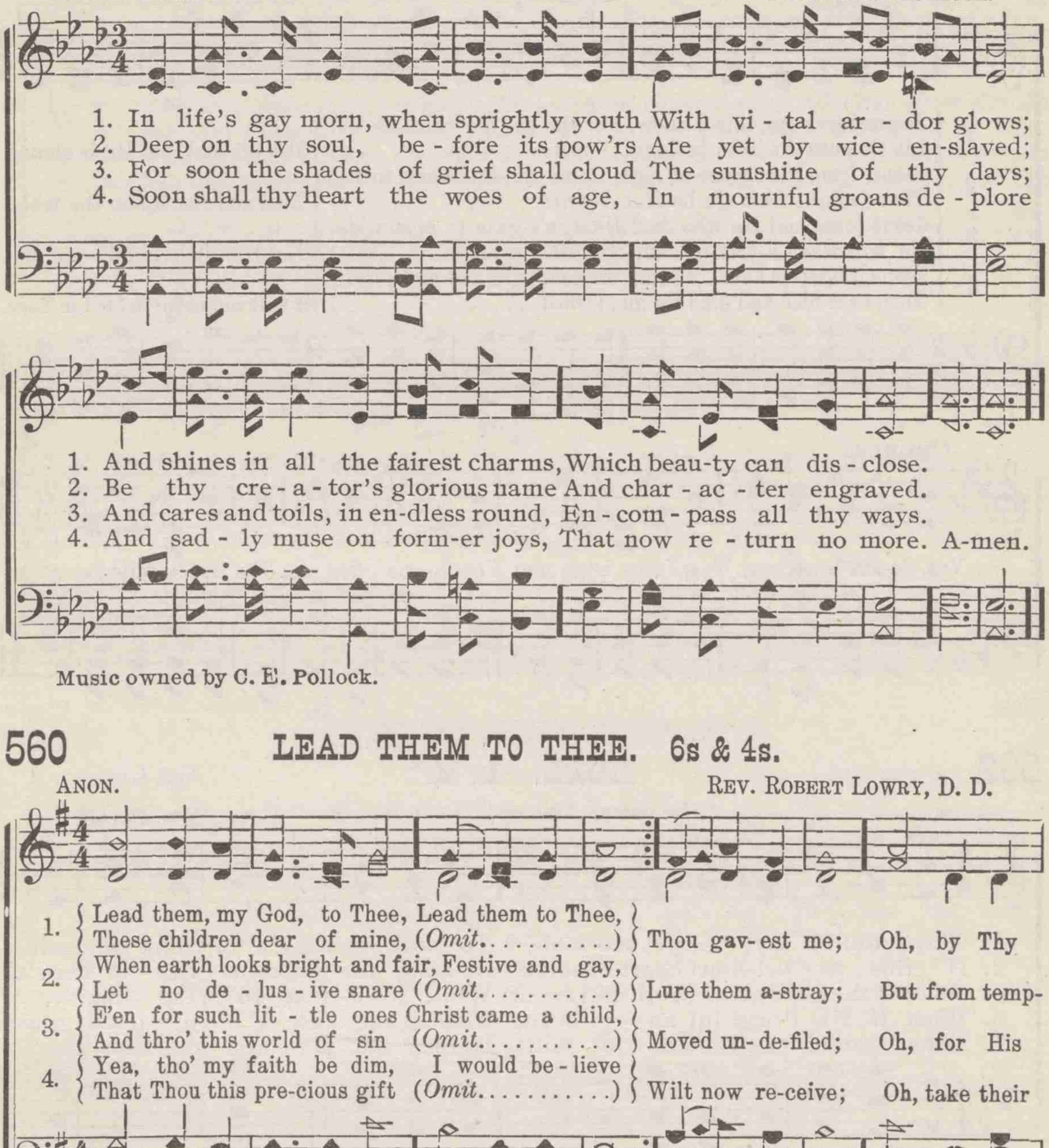
1. How sweet the breath, beneath the hill, Of Shar-on's dew - y rose!
2. Whose secret heart, with influence sweet, Is up-ward drawn to God.
3. The rose that blooms be-neath the hill, Must short-ly fade a - way.
4. Will shake the soul with sor-row's pow'r, And storm-y passion's rage.
5. Whose years, with changeless virtue crown'd, Were all a - like di - vine.
6. In childhood, manhood, age, and death, To keep us still Thine own. A-men.

*Written for "Songs of Zion," March 14, 1914. C. E. Pollock, owner.

559 PRAIRIE DELL. C. M.

"Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth."—Eccl. 12: 1.

SCOTCH PARAPHRASE. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

560 LEAD THEM TO THEE. 6s & 4s.

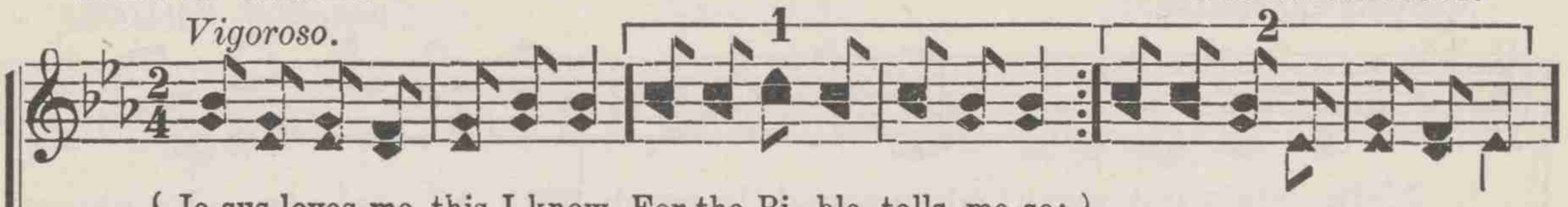
ANON. REV. ROBERT LOWRY, D. D.



561 JESUS LOVES ME. 7s.

ANNA B. WARNER. WM. B. BRADBURY.

Vigoroso.



1. Je-sus loves me, this I know, For the Bi-ble tells me so;
   Lit-tle ones to Him be-long, (*Omit*.....) They are weak, but He is strong.
2. Jesus, from His throne on high, Came into this world to die;
   That I might from sin be free, (*Omit*.....) Bled and died up-on the tree.
3. Jesus loves me! He who died Heaven's gate to open wide;
   He will wash a-way my sin, (*Omit*.....) Let His little child come in.
4. Jesus, take this heart of mine, Make it pure and wholly Thine;
   Thou hast bled and died for me, (*Omit*.....) I will henceforth live for Thee.



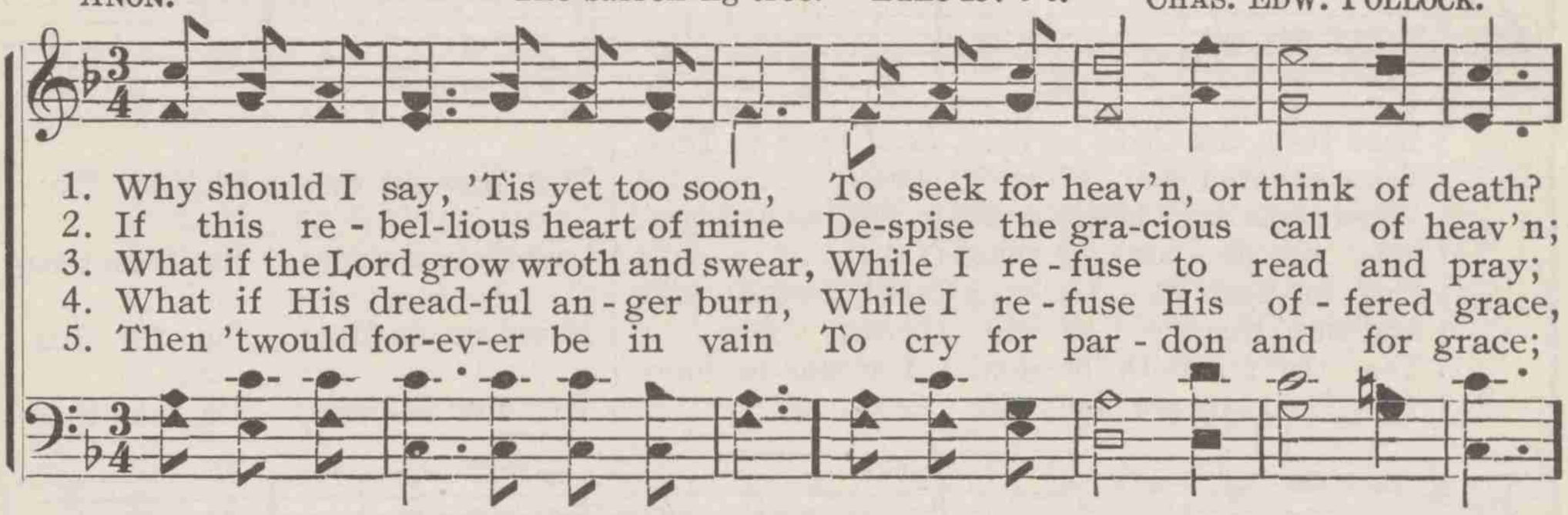
CHORUS.



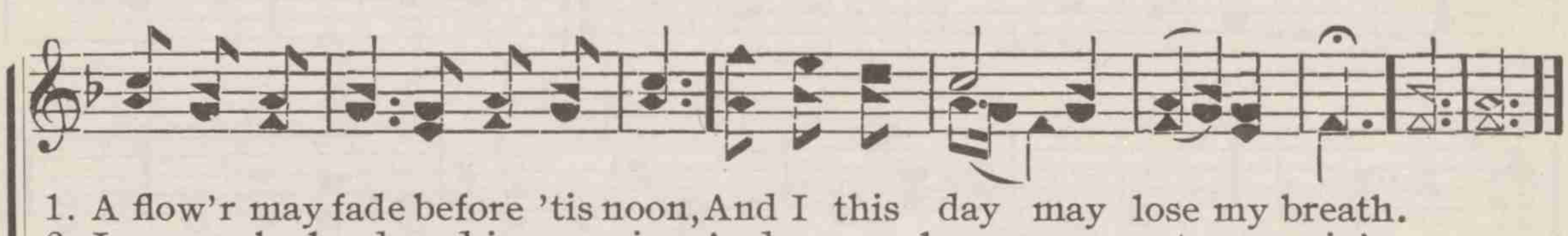
Yes, Je-sus loves me; Yes, Jesus loves me; Yes, Je-sus loves me, The Bi-ble tells me so.

562 HULL. L. M.*

ANON. "The barren fig-tree."—Luke 13: 6-9. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. Why should I say, 'Tis yet too soon, To seek for heav'n, or think of death?
2. If this re-bel-lious heart of mine De-spise the gra-cious call of heav'n;
3. What if the Lord grow wroth and swear, While I re-fuse to read and pray;
4. What if His dread-ful an-ger burn, While I re-fuse His of-fered grace,
5. Then 'twould for-ev-er be in vain To cry for par-don and for grace;



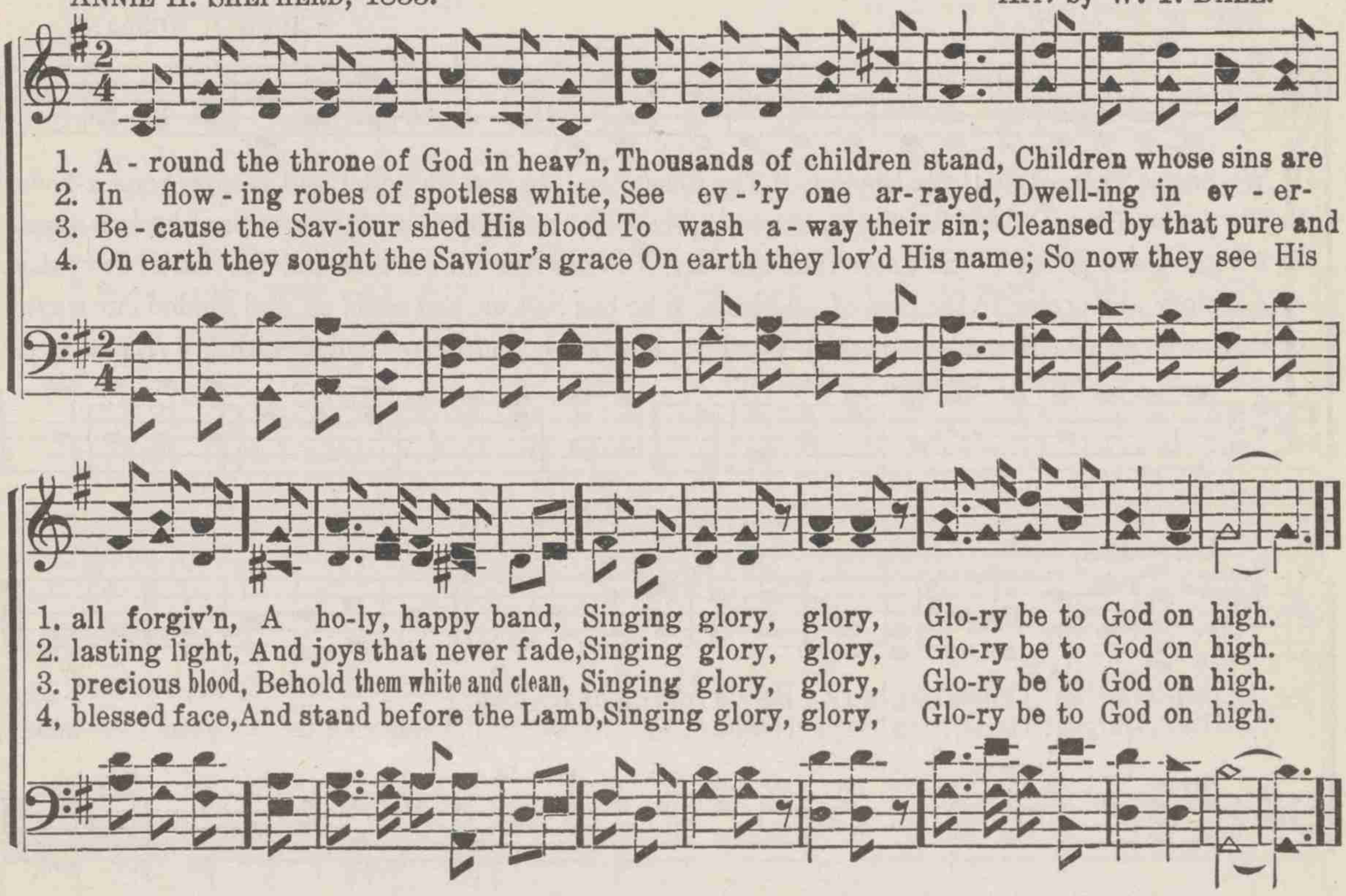
1. A flow'r may fade before 'tis noon, And I this day may lose my breath.
2. I may be hardened in my sin, And nev-er have re-pent-ance giv'n.
3. That He'll refuse to lend an ear To all my groans an-oth-er day.
4. And all His love to fu-ry turn, And strike me dead up-on the place!
5. To wish I had my time a-gain, Or hope to see my maker's face. A-men.



*Written for "Songs of Zion," Sept. 11, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner.

563 AROUND THE THRONE OF GOD.

ANNIE H. SHEPHERD, 1835. Arr. by W. T. DALE.



564 COME TO JESUS JUST NOW.

WORDS ARR. Matt. 11: 28-30. ENGLISH MELODY.



5. He is ready, etc.
6. He is waiting, etc.
7. He'll forgive you, etc.
8. If you trust Him, etc.
9. Oh, believe Him, etc.
10. Do not tarry, etc.
11. Don't reject Him, etc.
12. Call upon Him, etc.
13. He will hear you, etc.

565 REVIVE US AGAIN. P. M.

"Wilt Thou not revive us again, that so Thy people may rejoice in Thee?"—Psa. 85: 6.

REV. W. P. MACKAY. JOHN J. HUSBAND.



1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For Je-sus who died and is now gone a-bove.
2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spirit of light, Who has shown us our Saviour and scat-tered our night.
3. All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our sins and has cleansed ev'ry stain.
4. All glory and praise to the God of all grace, Who has bo't 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.



REFRAIN.



{ Hal-le-lu-jah! Thine the glo-ry, Hal-le - lu- jah! A - men.
{ Hal-le-lu-jah! Thine the glo-ry, (*Omit* . . . . .) } Re- vive us a - gain. A - men.

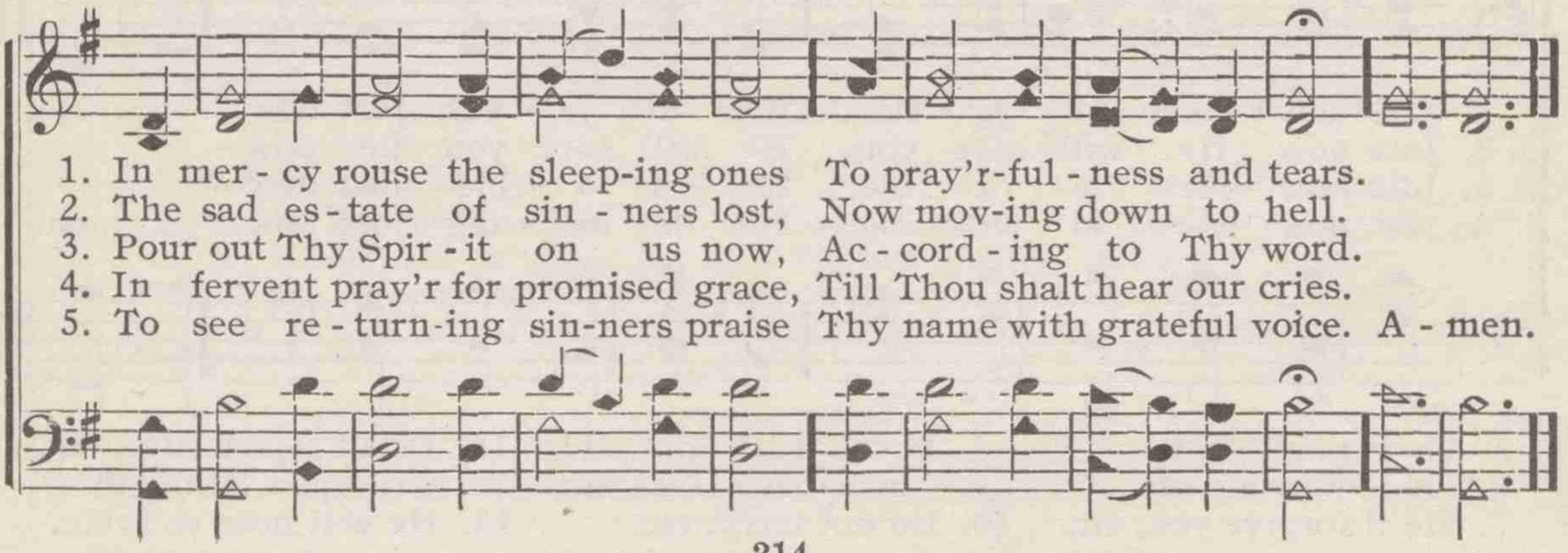
566 REVIVE THY WORK. S. M.

"O Lord, revive Thy work in the midst of the years."—Hab. 3: 2.

REV. FRANK POLLOCK. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. Re - vive Thy work, O God! A - mid the pass - ing years;
2. Re - vive Thy work, O God! Cause each of us to feel;
3. Re - vive Thy work, O God! Let shouts of praise be heard;
4. Re - vive Thy work, O God! Oh, may we ag - o - nize,
5. Re - vive Thy work, O God! That Zi - on may re - joice,



1. In mer - cy rouse the sleep-ing ones To pray'r-ful - ness and tears.
2. The sad es - tate of sin - ners lost, Now mov-ing down to hell.
3. Pour out Thy Spir - it on us now, Ac - cord - ing to Thy word.
4. In fervent pray'r for promised grace, Till Thou shalt hear our cries.
5. To see re - turn-ing sin-ners praise Thy name with grateful voice. A - men.

567 EVEN ME. 8s & 7s, (with Refrain.)

"Bless me, even me, also, O my Father."—Gen. 27: 38.

MRS. ELIZABETH GODNER, 1860. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, 1862.



1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless-ing Thou art scatt'ring full and free,
   Show'rs, the thirst-y land re-fresh-ing; Let some droppings fall on me.
2. Pass me not, O gra-cious Fa-ther! Sin-ful tho' my heart may be;
   Thou might'st leave me, but the rath-er Let Thy mer-cy fall on me.
3. Pass me not, O ten-der Sav-iour! Let me love and cling to Thee;
   I am long-ing for Thy fa-vor, Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me.
4. Pass me not; O might-y Spir-it! Thou canst make the blind to see;
   Wit-ness-er of Je-sus' mer-it, Speak the word of pow'r to me.
5. Pass me not, Thy lost one bring-ing, Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee;
   While the streams of life are springing, Bless-ing oth-ers, O bless me.



REFRAIN.



E-ven me, e-ven me, *Let some droppings fall on me. A-men.

*Repeat last line of each stanza.

568 LORD REVIVE US. 8s & 7s, D.*

"O Lord, revive Thy work."—Heb. 3: 2.

REV. JOHN NEWTON, 1779. W. T. DALE.

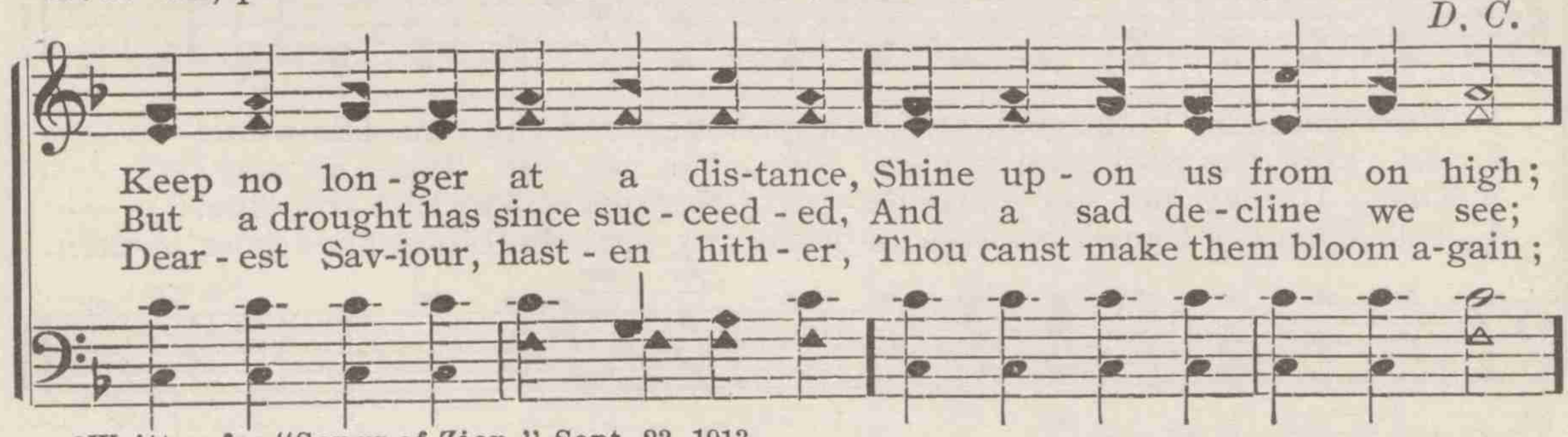
FINE.



1. Sav-iour, vis-it Thy plan-ta-tion, Grant us, Lord, a gra-cious rain;
   All will come to des-o-la-tion, Un-less Thou re-turn a-gain.
2. Sure-ly once Thy gar-den flourished, Ev-'ry part looked gay and green;
   Then Thy word our spir-its nourished, Hap-py sea-sons we have seen.
3. Some in whom we once de-light-ed, We shall meet no more be-low;
   Some, a-las! we fear are blight-ed, Scarce a sin-gle leaf they show.

D. C.–Lest for want of Thine as-sist-ance, Ev-'ry plant should droop and die.
D. C.–Lord, Thy help is great-ly need-ed, Help can on-ly come from Thee.
D. C.–Oh, per-mit them not to with-er, Let not all our hopes be vain.

D. C.



Keep no lon-ger at a dis-tance, Shine up-on us from on high;
But a drought has since suc-ceed-ed, And a sad de-cline we see;
Dear-est Sav-iour, hast-en hith-er, Thou canst make them bloom a-gain;

*Written for "Songs of Zion," Sept. 23, 1913.

569 HOLY MANNA. 8s & 7s.

REV. GEO. ASKINS, 1820. (An Opening Song.) Arr. by W. T. DALE.

FINE.

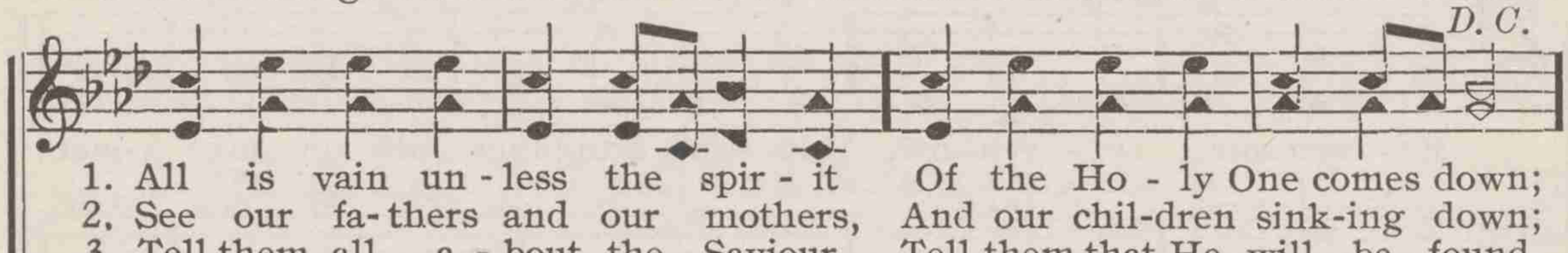


1. Brethren, we have met to wor-ship, And a-dore the Lord our God;
   Will you pray with all your pow - er, While we try to preach the word?
2. Brethren, see poor sinners round you Slumb'ring on the brink of woe;
   Death is com-ing, hell is mov-ing, Can you bear to let them go?
3. Sis - ters, will you join and help us? Mos - es' sis - ter aid - ed him;
   Will you help the trembling mourners Who are struggling hard with sin?
4. Let us love our God su-preme-ly, Let us love each oth - er, too;
   Let us love and pray for sin -ners Till our God makes all things new;



D.C.–Brethren, pray, and ho - ly man-na Will be showered all a-round.
D.C.–Brethren, pray, and ho - ly man-na Will be showered all a-round.
D.C.–Sis - ters, pray, and ho - ly man-na Will be showered all a-round.
D.C.–Christ will gird Himself and serve us With sweet manna all a-round. A-men.

D. C.

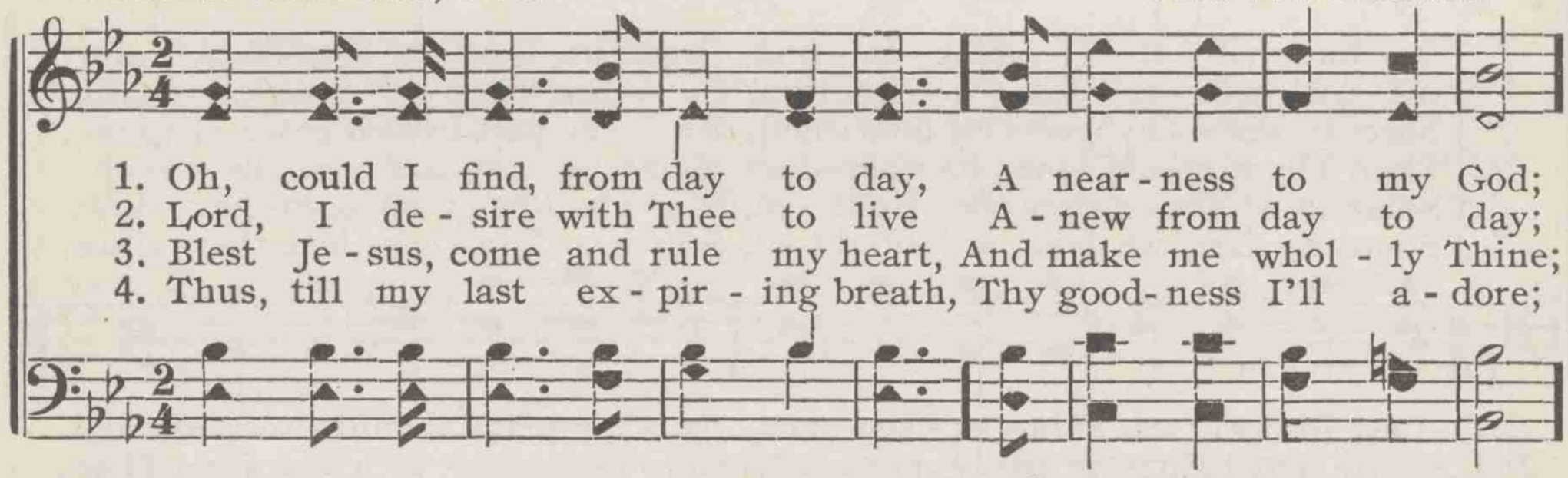


1. All is vain un - less the spir - it Of the Ho - ly One comes down;
2. See our fa - thers and our mothers, And our chil-dren sink-ing down;
3. Tell them all a - bout the Saviour, Tell them that He will be found,
4. Then He'll call us home to heaven, At His ta - ble we'll sit down;

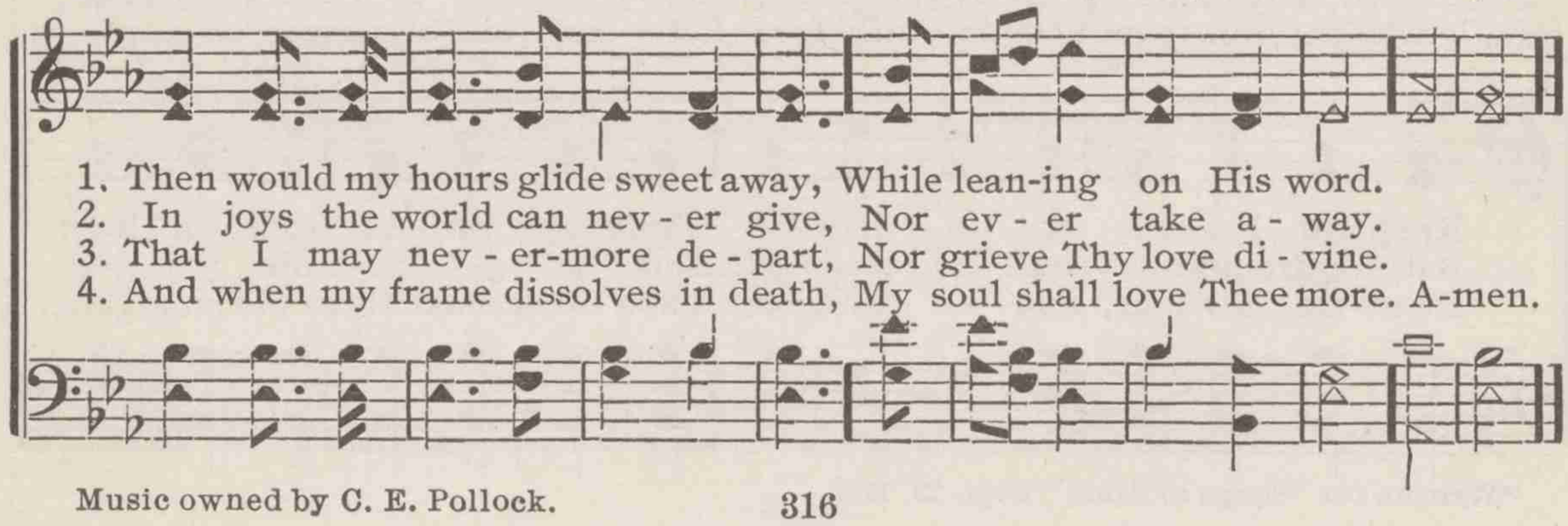


570 CLEVELAND. C. M.

BENJAMIN CLEVELAND, 1790. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. Oh, could I find, from day to day, A near - ness to my God;
2. Lord, I de - sire with Thee to live A - new from day to day;
3. Blest Je - sus, come and rule my heart, And make me whol - ly Thine;
4. Thus, till my last ex - pir - ing breath, Thy good - ness I'll a - dore;

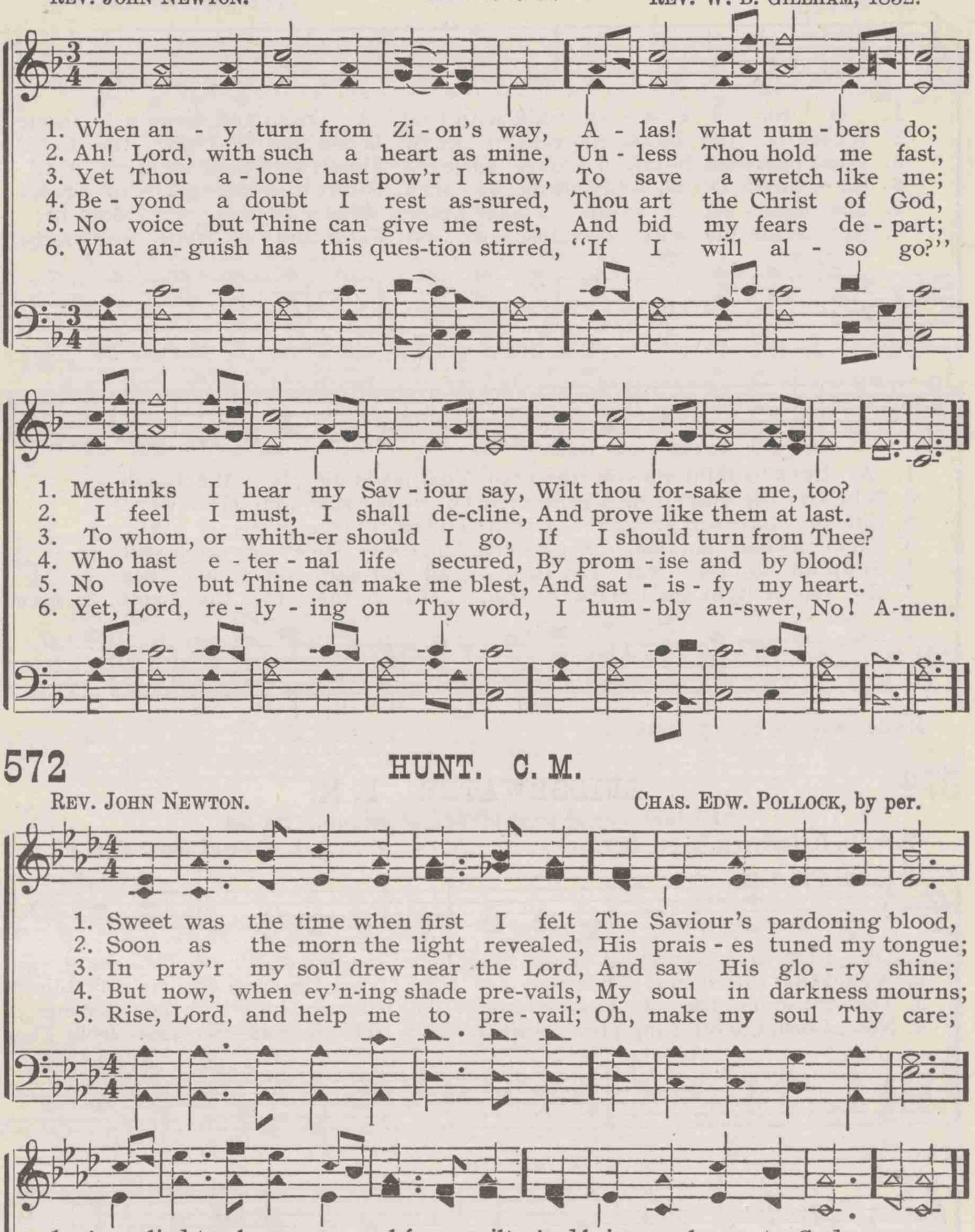


1. Then would my hours glide sweet away, While lean-ing on His word.
2. In joys the world can nev - er give, Nor ev - er take a - way.
3. That I may nev - er-more de - part, Nor grieve Thy love di - vine.
4. And when my frame dissolves in death, My soul shall love Thee more. A-men.

Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

571 YONGST. C. M.

REV. JOHN NEWTON. John 6: 67-69. REV. W. B. GILLHAM, 1852.

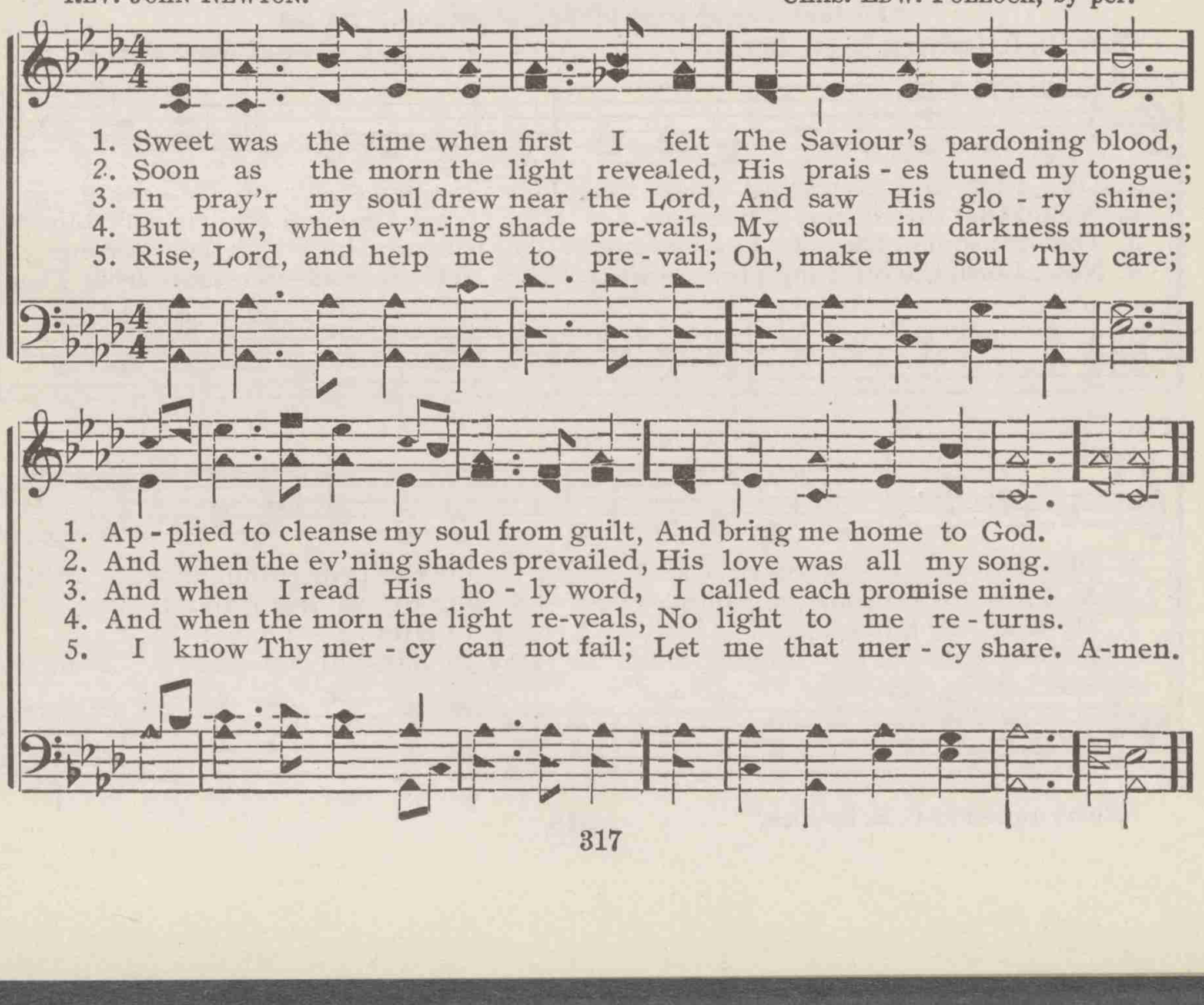


1. When an - y turn from Zi - on's way, A - las! what num - bers do;
2. Ah! Lord, with such a heart as mine, Un - less Thou hold me fast,
3. Yet Thou a - lone hast pow'r I know, To save a wretch like me;
4. Be - yond a doubt I rest as-sured, Thou art the Christ of God,
5. No voice but Thine can give me rest, And bid my fears de - part;
6. What an- guish has this ques-tion stirred, "If I will al - so go?"

1. Methinks I hear my Sav - iour say, Wilt thou for-sake me, too?
2. I feel I must, I shall de-cline, And prove like them at last.
3. To whom, or whith-er should I go, If I should turn from Thee?
4. Who hast e - ter - nal life secured, By prom - ise and by blood!
5. No love but Thine can make me blest, And sat - is - fy my heart.
6. Yet, Lord, re - ly - ing on Thy word, I hum - bly an-swer, No! A-men.

572 HUNT. C. M.

REV. JOHN NEWTON. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, by per.



1. Sweet was the time when first I felt The Saviour's pardoning blood,
2. Soon as the morn the light revealed, His prais - es tuned my tongue;
3. In pray'r my soul drew near the Lord, And saw His glo - ry shine;
4. But now, when ev'n-ing shade pre-vails, My soul in darkness mourns;
5. Rise, Lord, and help me to pre - vail; Oh, make my soul Thy care;

1. Ap - plied to cleanse my soul from guilt, And bring me home to God.
2. And when the ev'ning shades prevailed, His love was all my song.
3. And when I read His ho - ly word, I called each promise mine.
4. And when the morn the light re-veals, No light to me re - turns.
5. I know Thy mer - cy can not fail; Let me that mer - cy share. A-men.

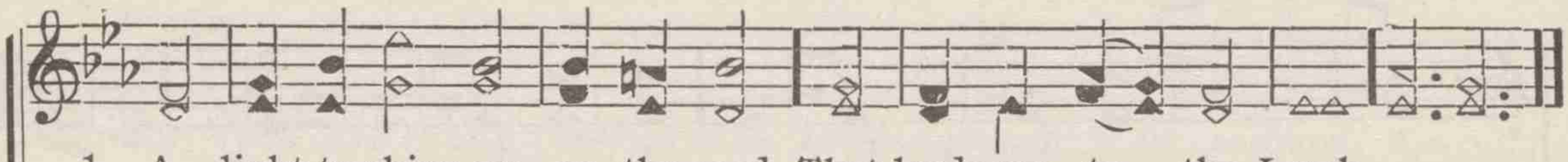
573 CENTRETOWN. C. M.

WM. COWPER. Gen. 5: 24. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. O for a clos - er walk with God, A calm and heav'n-ly frame,
2. Where is the bless - ed - ness I knew, When first I saw the Lord?
3. What peace-ful hours I once en-joyed! How sweet their mem-'ry still!
4. Re - turn, O ho - ly Dove, re - turn, Sweet mes - sen - ger of rest!
5. The dear - est i - dol I have known, What-e'er that i - dol be;
6. So shall my walk be close with God, Calm and se - rene my frame;





1. A light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb.
2. Where is the soul - re-fresh-ing view Of Je - sus and His word?
3. But they have left an ach - ing void The world can nev - er fill.
4. I hate the sins that made Thee mourn, And drove Thee from my breast.
5. Help me to tear it from Thy throne, And wor-ship on - ly Thee.
6. So pur-er light shall mark the road That leads me to the Lamb. A - men.



Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

574 BRIDGEWATER. L. M.

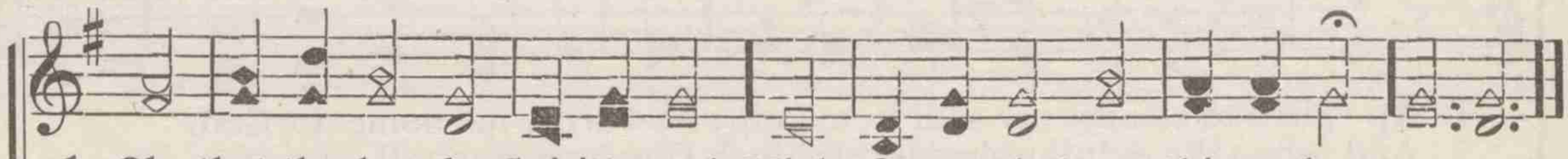
This tune may be sung to "Sun of My Soul," No. 533.

REV. M. B. DEWITT, D. D., 1880. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. Oh, that my heart might ev - er feel The binding pow'r of Je - sus' love;
2. Would that the charms of heav'nly joy Might break the spell of earth-ly bliss,
3. That ransomed life I con - se-crate To Him who met the law for me;
4. Now, Lord, the bind-ing pow'r impart, Nor let me wan - der more from Thee;





1. Oh, that the ho - ly Spirit's seal Might fix my tho'ts on things above.
2. And give my ransomed life employ, Su - pe-rior to a world like this.
3. My time, my tal-ents, and es - tate, I give to Him e - ter-nal - ly.
4. Sweetly com-pel my longing heart To stay in bliss-ful con-stan-cy. A - men.



Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

575 GREENFIELDS. 8s.

This hymn may be sung to "Caledonia."

REV. JOHN NEWTON, 1779. GERMAN AIR.

FINE.



1. How te-dious and tasteless the hours When Je - sus no lon - ger I see!
   Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs, Have all lost their sweetness to me.
2. His name yields the richest per- fume, And sweeter than mu - sic His voice;
   His pres-ence dis- pers- es my gloom, And makes all with-in me re - joice;
3. Con- tent with be-hold- ing His face, My all to His pleasure re-signed,
   No chang-es of sea- son or place Would make an-y change in my mind;
4. Dear Lord, if in- deed I am Thine, If Thou art my sun and my song,
   Say, why do I lan-guish and pine, And why are my win-ters so long?



D.C.–But when I am hap - py in Him, De - cem-ber's as pleas-ant as May.
D.C.–No mor-tal so hap - py as I; My summer would last all the year.
D.C.–And pris-ons would pal-a - ces prove, If Je-sus would dwell with me there.
D.C.–Oh, take me up to Thee on high, Where win-ter and clouds are no more. A - men.

D.C.



1. The mid - sum- mer sun shines but dim; The fields strive in vain to look gay;
2. I should, were He al-ways thus nigh, Have noth - ing to wish or to fear;
3. While blest with a sense of His love, A pal - ace a toy would ap - pear;
4. Oh, drive these dark clouds from my sky, Thy soul-cheer-ing pres-ence re store;



576 CALEDONIA. 8s.

This tune may be sung to "How Tedious and Tasteless the Hours," No. 575.

B. FRANCIS. W. T. DALE, 1913.

1 2 FINE.



1. My gracious Re-deem-er I love, His prais-es a-loud I'll proclaim;
   And join with the ar-mies a-bove, To shout His a-dor-(*Omit* . . . . .) a - ble name.
2. Ye palaces, sceptres and crowns, Your pride with disdain I sur-vey;
   Your pomps are but shadows and sounds, And pass in a mo- (*Omit* . . . . .) ment a -way.



D.C.–To see them incessant-ly shine, My boundless, in-ef-(*Omit* . . . . .) fa- ble joy.
D.C.–My joy ev-er-last-ing-ly flows—My God, my Redeem-(*Omit* . . . . .) er is mine. A - men.

D. C.



To gaze on His glo - ries di - vine Shall be my e - ter - nal em - ploy;
The crown that my Sav-iour be - stows, Yon per - ma - nent sun shall out-shine;

577 BOUND FOR THE PROMISED LAND. C. M.

REV. SAMUEL STENNETT, 1787. Deut. 34: 1-4. Arr. by W. T. DALE.



1. On Jor - dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye
2. Oh, the trans- port-ing, rapturous scene, That ris - es to my sight,
3. There gen-erous fruits that nev - er fail On trees im - mor - tal grow,
4. All o'er those wide- ex - tend - ed plains, Shines one e - ter - nal day;
5. No chill - ing winds, nor pois'nous breath, Can reach that healthful shore;
6. When shall I reach that hap - py place, And be for - ev - er blest?
7. Filled with de - light, my rap-tured soul Would here no lon - ger stay;





1. To Ca-naan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - sess-ions lie.
2. Sweet fields arrayed in liv - ing green, And riv - ers of de - light.
3. There rocks and hills, and brooks and vales, With milk and hon - ey flow.
4. There God, the Son, for - ev - er reigns, And scat - ters night a - way.
5. Sick- ness and sor - row, pain and death, Are felt and feared no more.
6. When shall I see my Fa-ther's face, And in His bo - som rest?
7. Tho' Jor-dan's waves a-round me roll, Fear - less I'd launch a - way.



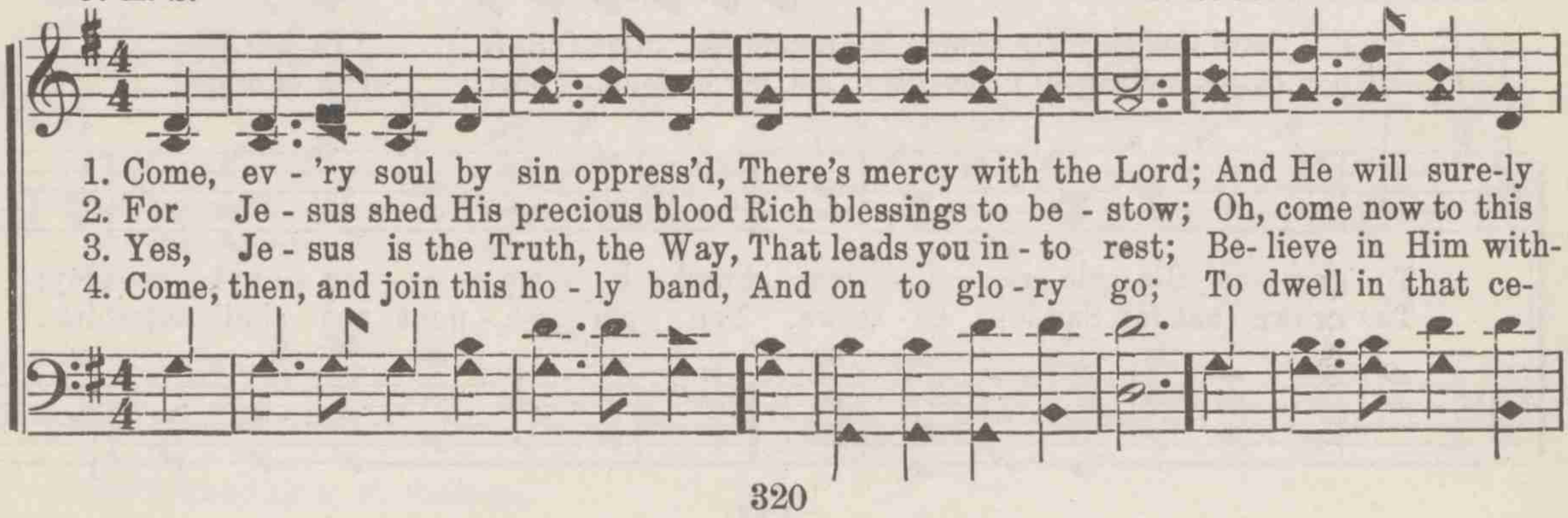
D.S.–O who will come and go with me? I am bound for the Promised Land.



I am bound for the Promised Land,..... I am bound for the Promised Land;
Promised Land,

578 ONLY TRUST HIM.

J. H. S. REV. J. H. STOCKTON.



1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mercy with the Lord; And He will sure-ly
2. For Je - sus shed His precious blood Rich blessings to be - stow; Oh, come now to this
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest; Be- lieve in Him with-
4. Come, then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go; To dwell in that ce-

ONLY TRUST HIM. Concluded.

REFRAIN.

1. give you rest, By trust- ing in His word.
2. crim-son flood, That wash - es white as snow. On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him,
3. out de - lay, And you are ful - ly blest.
4. les - tial land, Where joys im - mor- tal flow.

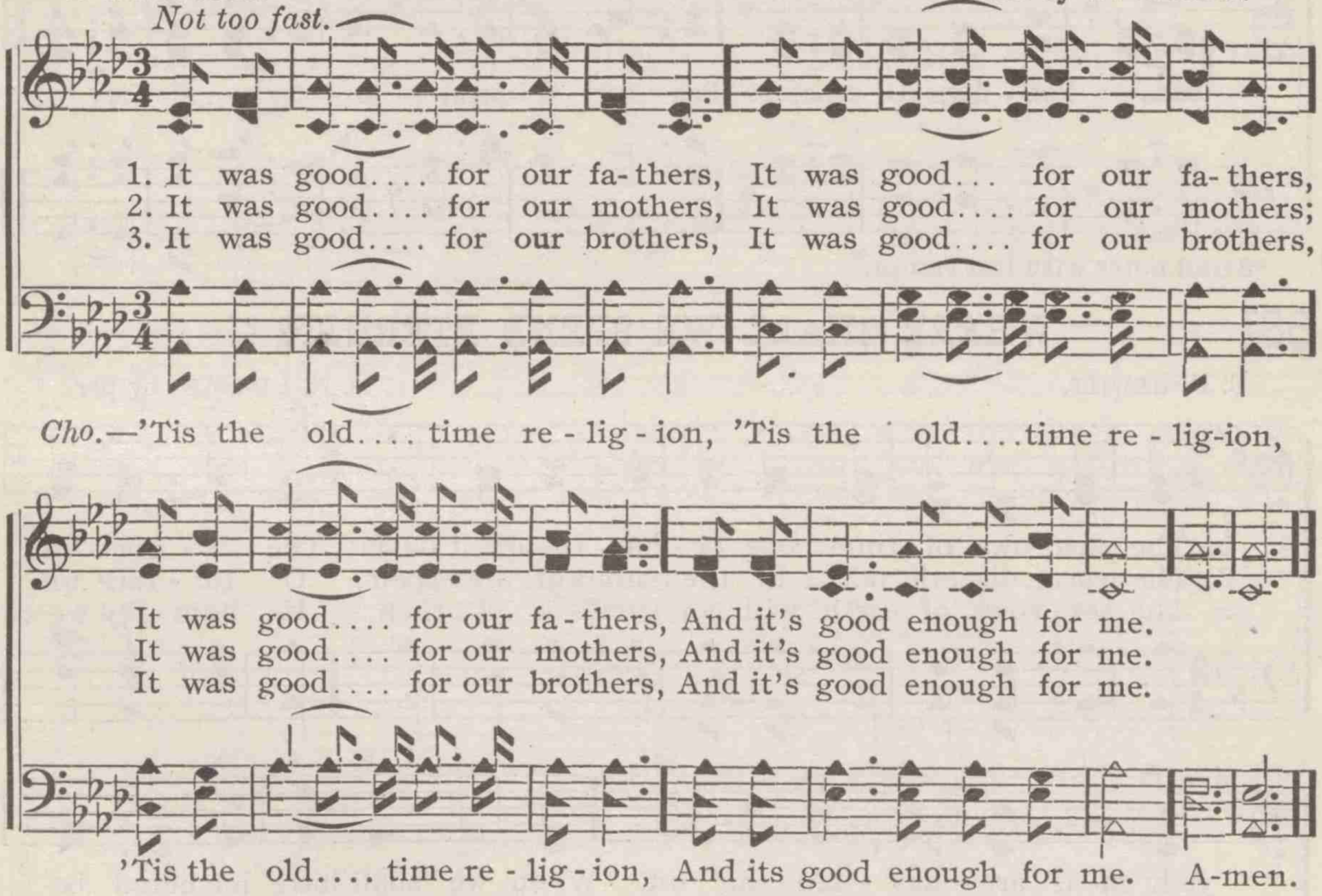


On - ly trust Him now; He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now. A-men.

579 OLD TIME RELIGION.

REVIVAL SONG. Arr. by W. T. DALE.

Not too fast.



1. It was good.... for our fa- thers, It was good... for our fa- thers,
2. It was good.... for our mothers, It was good.... for our mothers;
3. It was good.... for our brothers, It was good.... for our brothers,

Cho.—'Tis the old.... time re - lig - ion, 'Tis the old....time re - lig-ion,

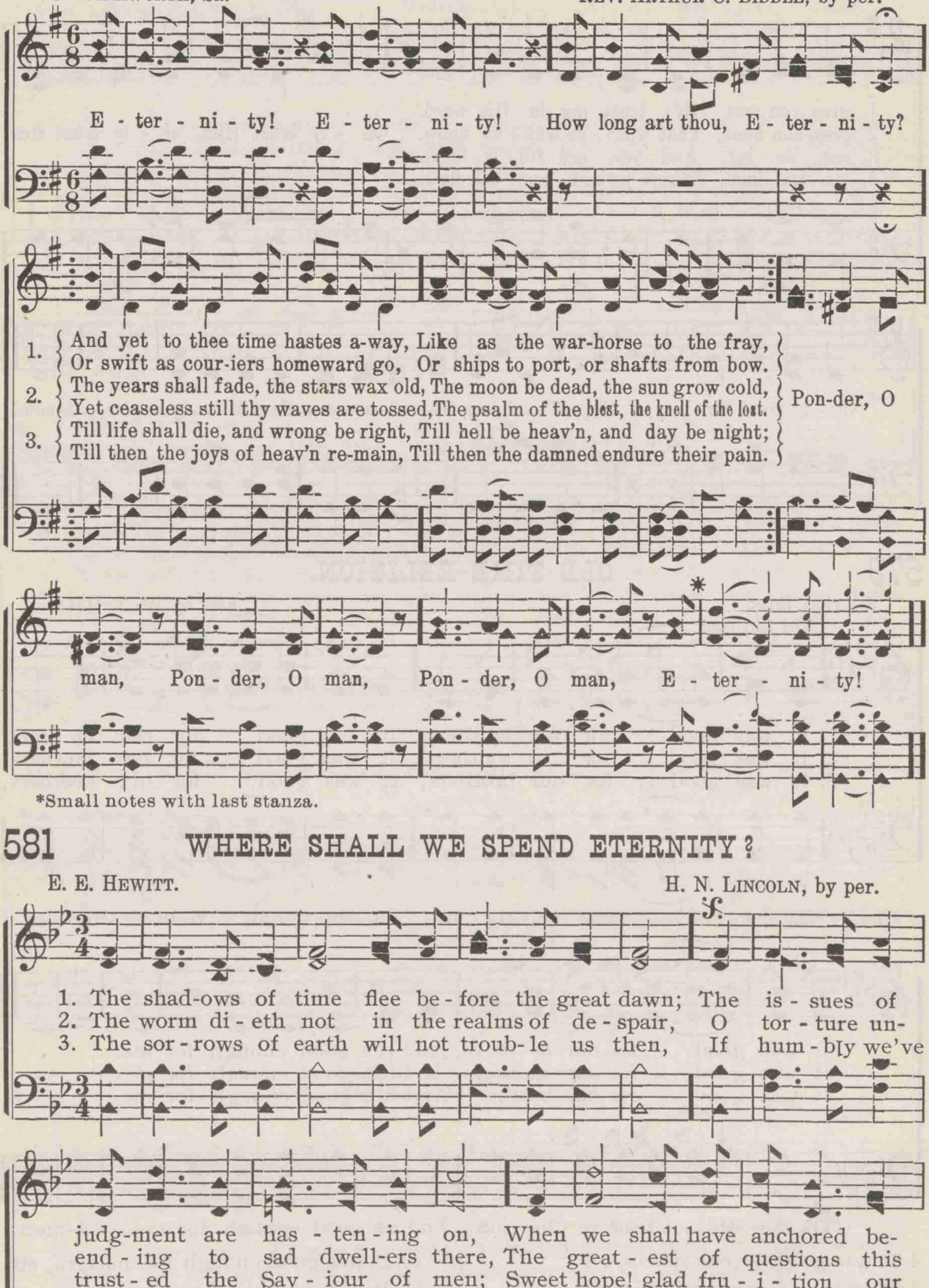
It was good.... for our fa - thers, And it's good enough for me.
It was good.... for our mothers, And it's good enough for me.
It was good.... for our brothers, And it's good enough for me.

'Tis the old.... time re - lig - ion, And its good enough for me. A-men.

4 It was good for our sisters, etc.
5 It was good enough for Daniel, etc.
6 It was tried in the den of lions, etc.
7 It was good for the Hebrew children, etc.
8 It was tried in the fiery furnace, etc.
9 It was good for Paul and Silas, etc.
10 It was good enough for martyrs, etc.
11 It will do while I am living, etc.
12 It will do when I am dying, etc.
13 It will land us over Jordan, etc.
14 It will take us all to heaven, etc.
15 It will give us joy forever, etc.

580 PONDER, O MAN, ETERNITY.

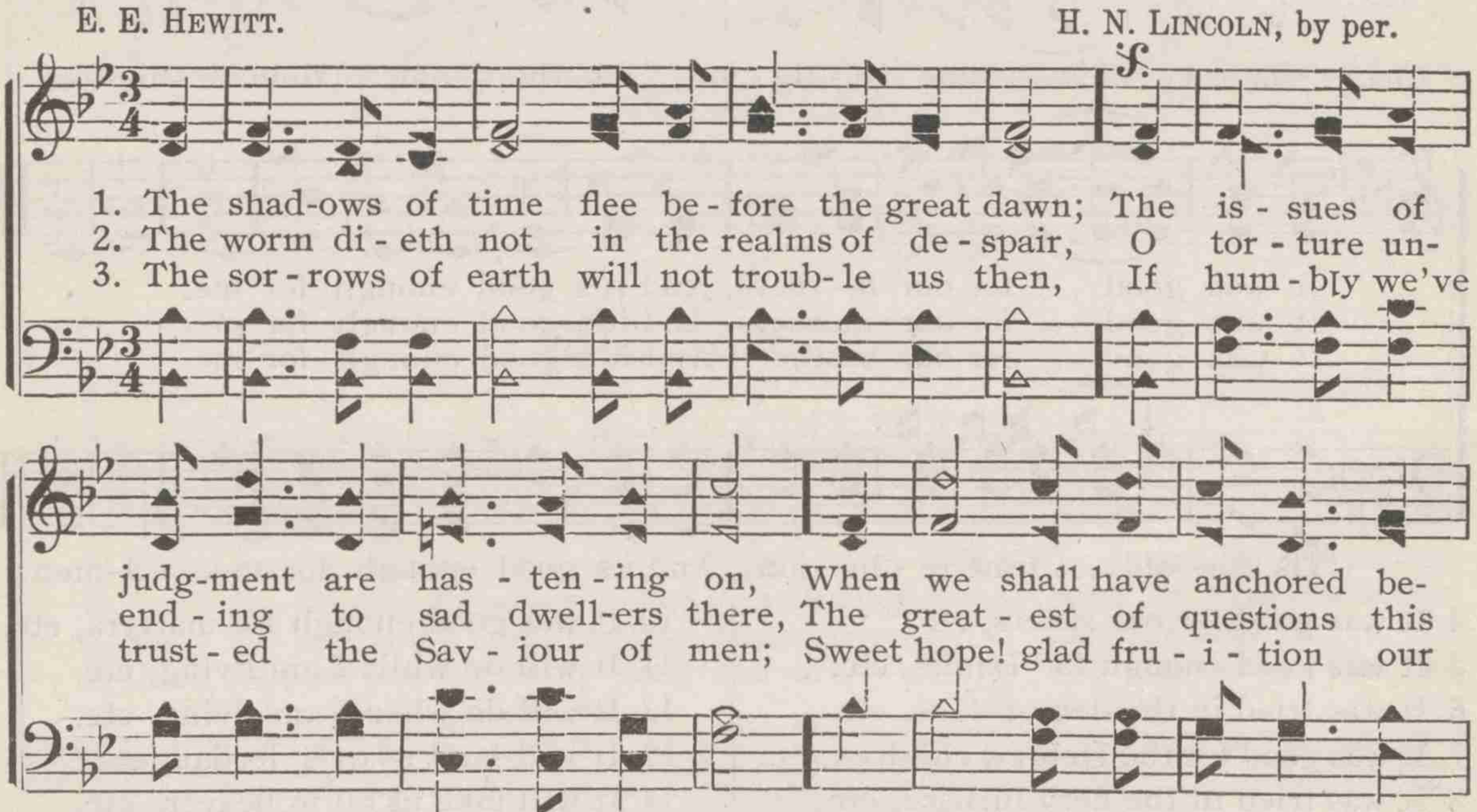
C. WINKWORTH, SR. REV. ARTHUR C. BIDDLE, by per.



*Small notes with last stanza.

581 WHERE SHALL WE SPEND ETERNITY?

E. E. HEWITT. H. N. LINCOLN, by per.



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WHERE SHALL WE SPEND ETERNITY? Concluded.

FINE.

yond the dark sea, Oh, where shall we spend our e - ter - ni - ty?
sure - ly must be,— Oh, where shall we spend our e - ter - ni - ty?
Mas - ter to see, With Him we shall spend our e - ter - ni - ty. A-men.

REFRAIN. D. S.

E - ter - ni - ty, (e - ter - ni - ty,) e - ter - ni - ty, (e - ter - ni - ty.)

582 GOD OF ETERNITY. 6s & 4s.

FANNY J. CROSBY. I. ALLEN SANKEY.

1. God of e - ter - ni - ty, Sav - iour and King, Help us to
2. God of e - ter - ni - ty, An - cient of Days, Glo - rious in
3. God of e - ter - ni - ty, Ru - ler di - vine, Strength of the
4. God of e - ter - ni - ty, Love is thy name, God of the

1. hon - or Thee, Help while we sing; Now may the clouds of night
2. maj - es - ty, Au - thor of Praise; Hear Thou our earn - est call,
3. might - y hills, All power is Thine; Bound - less Thy reign shall be,
4. earth and sea, Thee we pro-claim; Love, thro' Thy on - ly Son,

1. Break in-to splendor bright, Jesus, our life and light, Our Lord and King!
2. While at Thy feet we fall, Je - sus, our all in all, Our Lord and King!
3. Wondrous Thy victory, Earth shall be fill'd with Thee, Our Lord and King!
4. Thy work of grace hath done, Oh, blessed Three in One, Our Lord and King! Amen.

Copyright, 1903, by the Biglow and Main Co., New York. Used by per. of I. Allan Sankey.

583 SUNSET. L. M.*

Brevity of human life.—Psalm 39: 4-6, 12, 13.

REV. JAMES MERRICK. REV. E. T. BOWERS, D. D.



1. O let me, gracious Lord, ex-tend My view to life's approaching end; What are my
2. Our life, advancing to its close, While scarce its earliest dawn it knows, Swift thro' an
3. God of my fathers! here, as they, I walk, the pil-grim of a day, A transient
4. Oh, spare me, Lord, in mercy spare, And nature's failing strength repair, Ere life's short



1. days? a span their line,.... And what my age compared with Thine?
2. emp - ty shade we run,.... And van - i - ty and man are one.
3. guest, Thy works ad - mire,.... And in - stant to my home re - tire.
4. cir - cuit wan-dered o'er,... I per - ish, and am seen no more. A-men.



*May be sung to "Asleep in Jesus."

584 GILGAL. L. M.*

REV. I. WATTS, D. D. Psalm 89: 45-48. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. Re-mem-ber, Lord, our mor - tal state, How frail our life, how short the date;
2. Lord, while we see whole na-tions die, Distressed with gloomy fears we cry,
3. Where is Thy prom - ise to the just? Are not Thy servants turned to dust?
4. That glorious hour, that dreadful day, Wipes the re-proach of saints a - way;

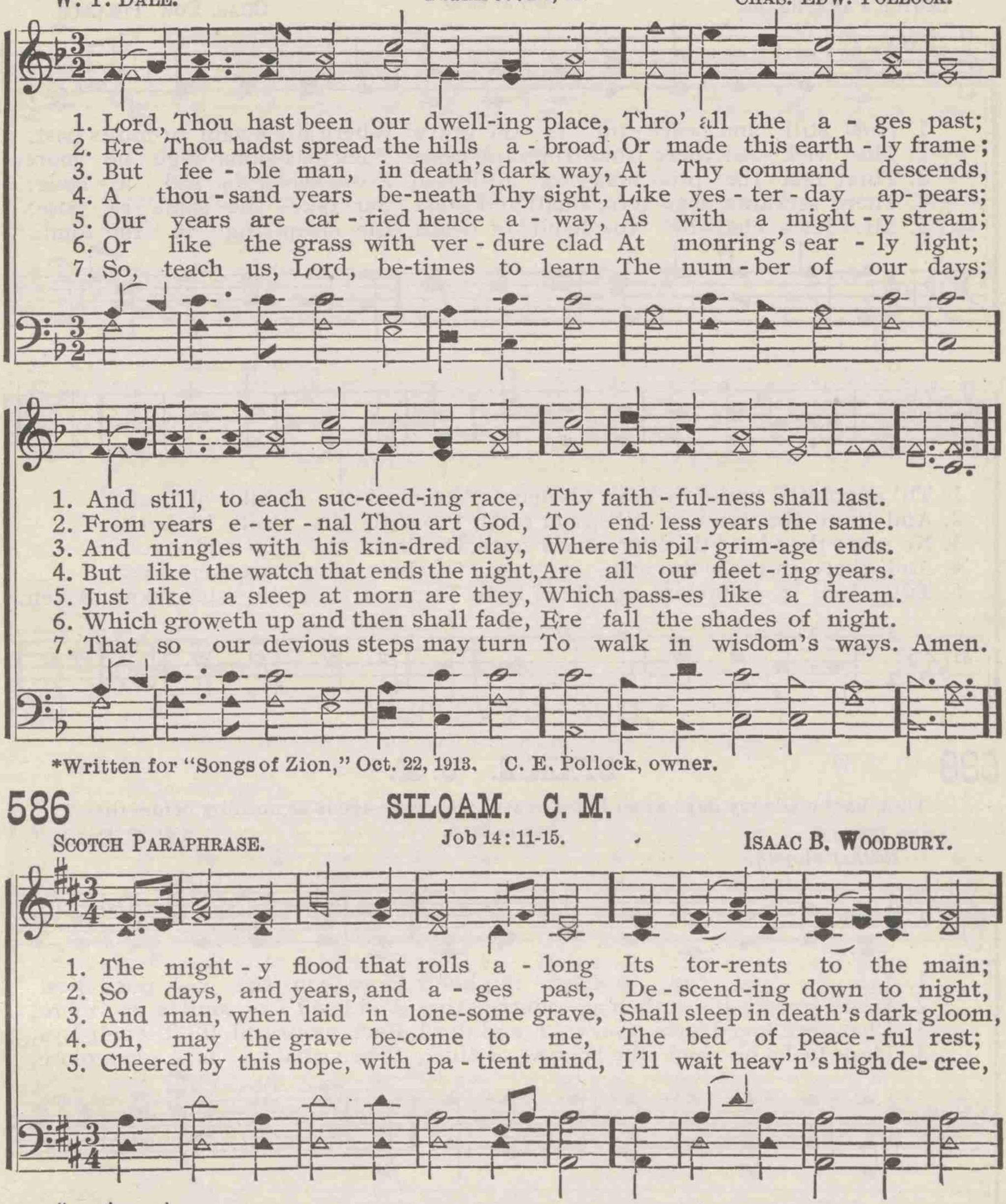


1. Where is the man that draws his breath Safe from disease, secure from death?
2. "Must death for-ev er rage and reign? Or hast Thou made mankind in vain?
3. But faith forbids these mournful sighs, And sees the sleeping dust a - rise.
4. And clears the hon-or of Thy word; Awake, our souls, and bless the Lord! Amen.

*Written for "Songs of Zion," Oct. 16, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner.

585 HERMAN. C. M.*

W. T. DALE. Psalm 90:1-6, 12. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



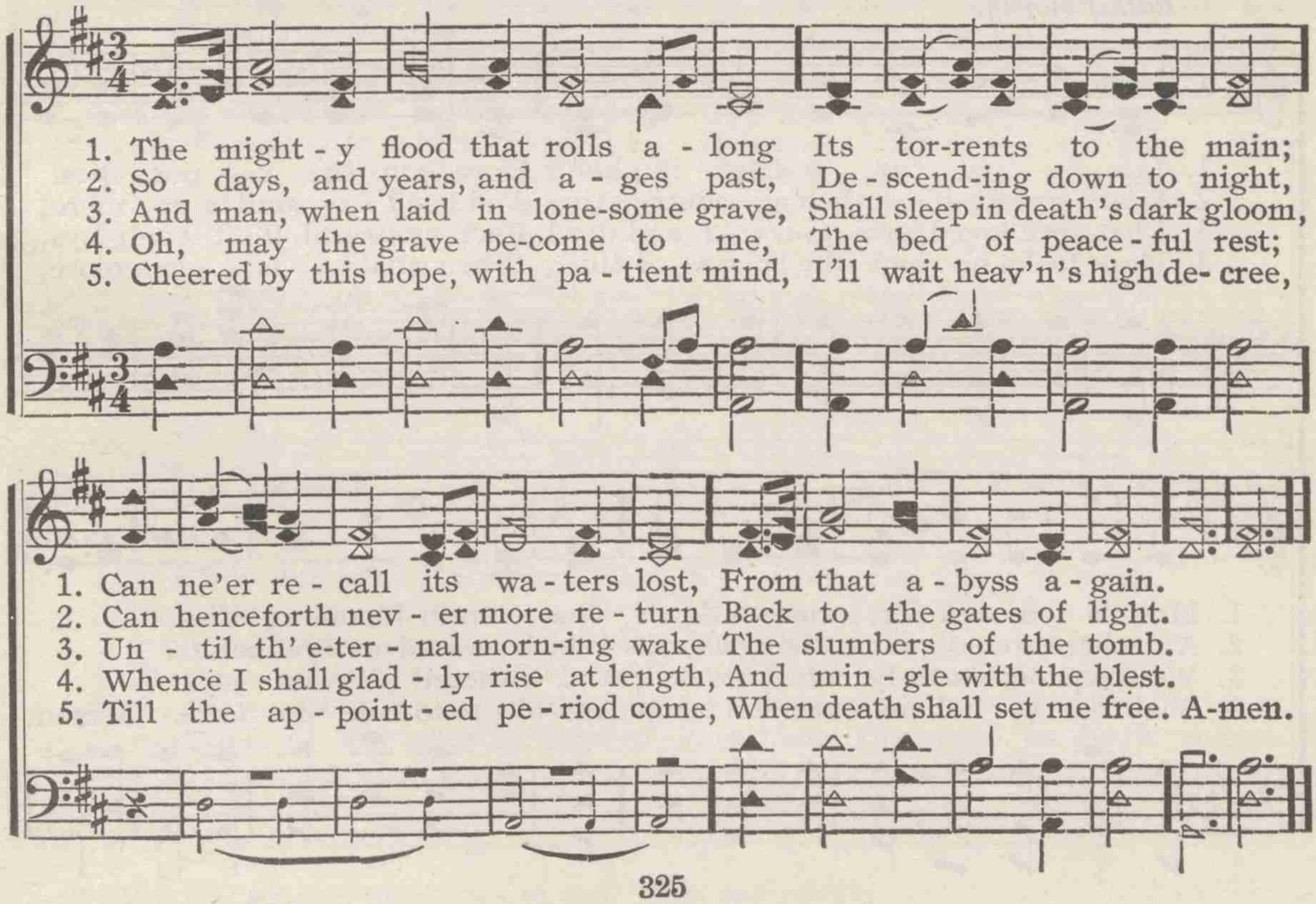
1. Lord, Thou hast been our dwell-ing place, Thro' all the a - ges past;
2. Ere Thou hadst spread the hills a - broad, Or made this earth - ly frame;
3. But fee - ble man, in death's dark way, At Thy command descends,
4. A thou - sand years be-neath Thy sight, Like yes - ter - day ap- pears;
5. Our years are car - ried hence a - way, As with a might - y stream;
6. Or like the grass with ver - dure clad At monring's ear - ly light;
7. So, teach us, Lord, be-times to learn The num - ber of our days;

1. And still, to each suc-ceed-ing race, Thy faith - ful-ness shall last.
2. From years e - ter - nal Thou art God, To end less years the same.
3. And mingles with his kin-dred clay, Where his pil - grim-age ends.
4. But like the watch that ends the night, Are all our fleet - ing years.
5. Just like a sleep at morn are they, Which pass-es like a dream.
6. Which groweth up and then shall fade, Ere fall the shades of night.
7. That so our devious steps may turn To walk in wisdom's ways. Amen.

*Written for "Songs of Zion," Oct. 22, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner.

586 SILOAM. C. M.

SCOTCH PARAPHRASE. Job 14:11-15. ISAAC B. WOODBURY.

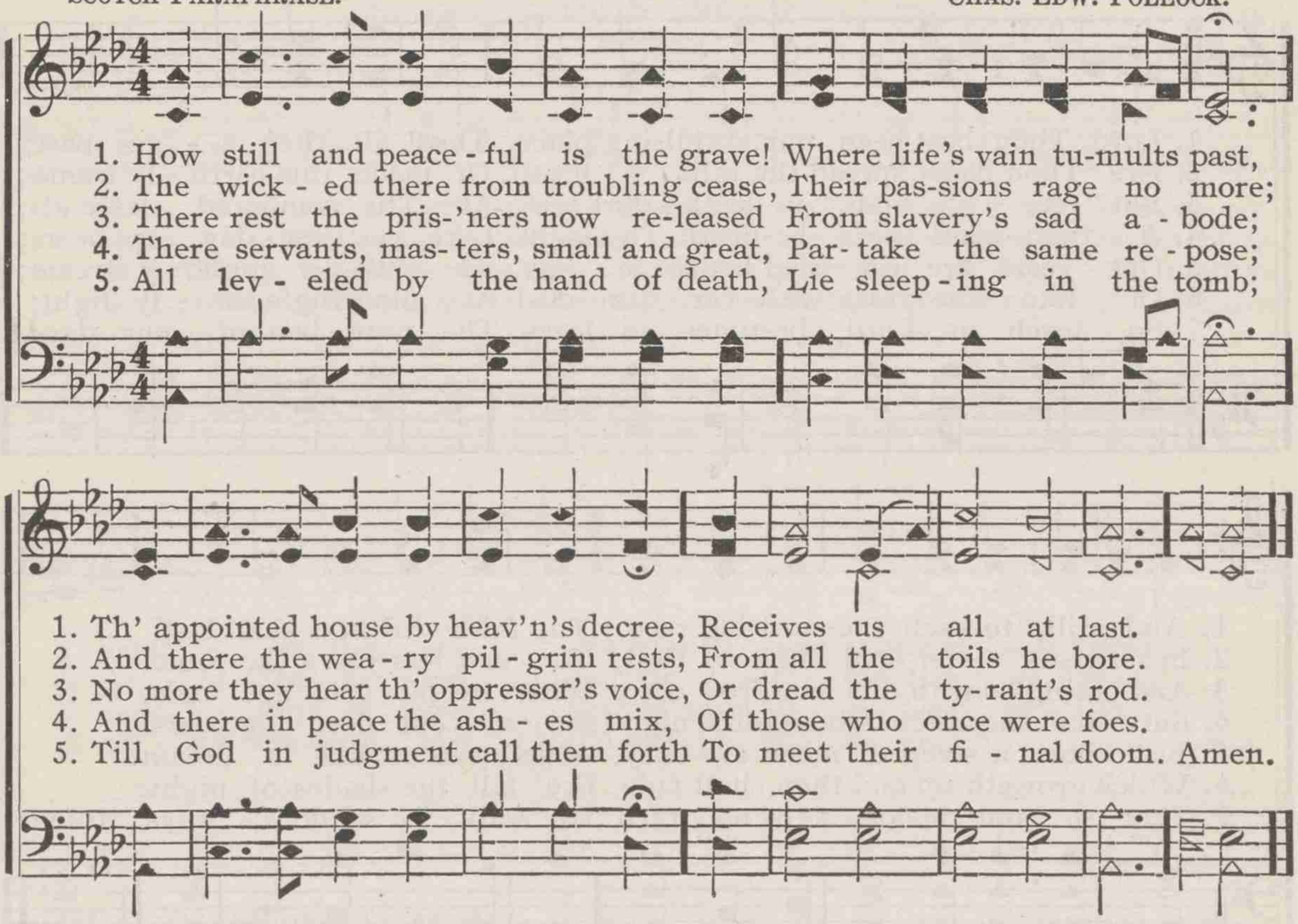


1. The might - y flood that rolls a - long Its tor-rents to the main;
2. So days, and years, and a - ges past, De - scend-ing down to night,
3. And man, when laid in lone-some grave, Shall sleep in death's dark gloom,
4. Oh, may the grave be-come to me, The bed of peace - ful rest;
5. Cheered by this hope, with pa - tient mind, I'll wait heav'n's high de- cree,

1. Can ne'er re - call its wa - ters lost, From that a - byss a - gain.
2. Can henceforth nev - er more re - turn Back to the gates of light.
3. Un - til th' e-ter - nal morn-ing wake The slumbers of the tomb.
4. Whence I shall glad - ly rise at length, And min - gle with the blest.
5. Till the ap - point - ed pe - riod come, When death shall set me free. A-men.

587 MAHONING. C. M.

SCOTCH PARAPHRASE. Job 3: 17-20. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

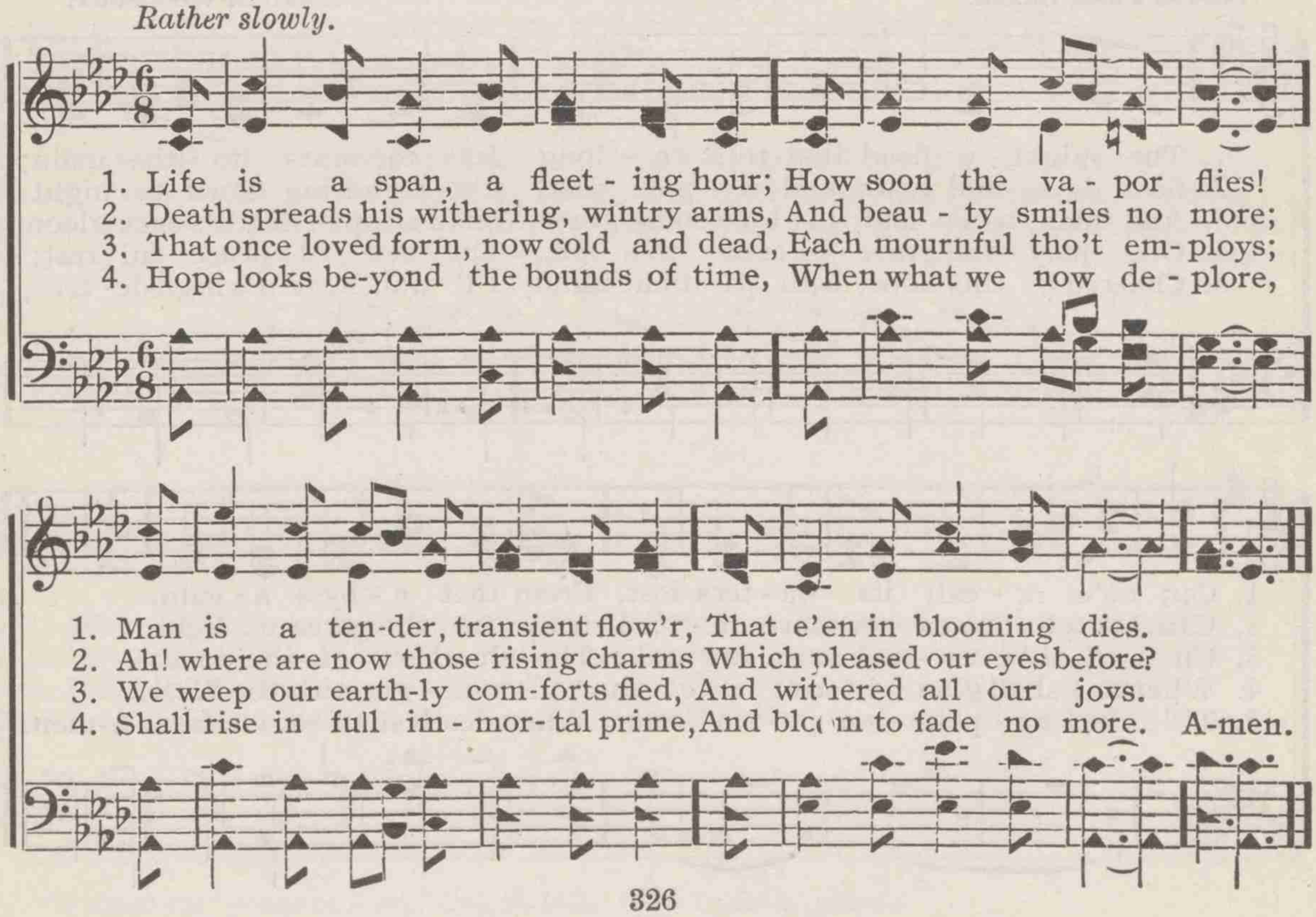


588 STEELE. C. M.

"Thou hast made my days as an handbreath; and mine age is as nothing before thee."

ANNE STEELE. Psalm 39: 5. W. T. DALE.

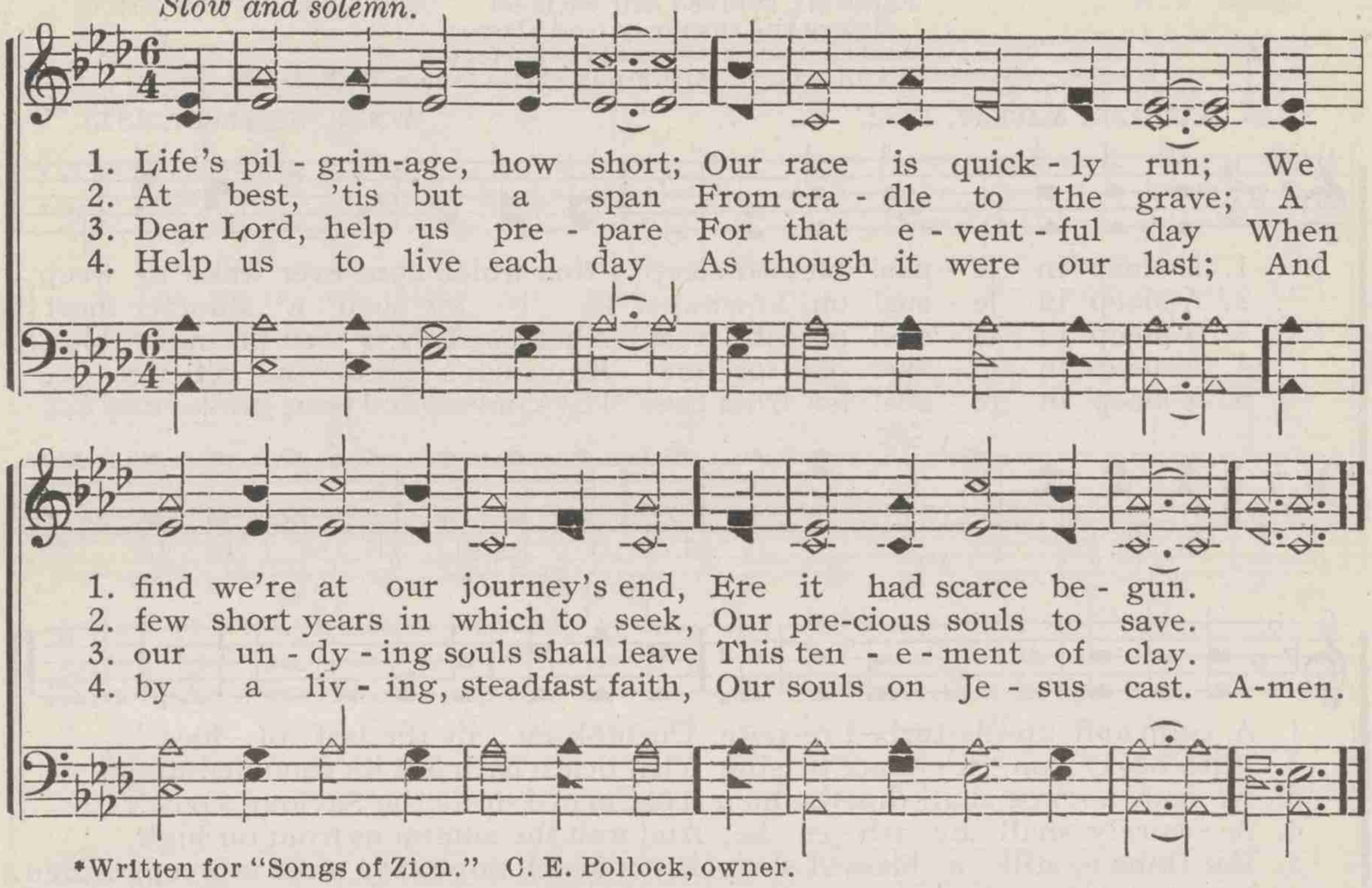
Rather slowly.



589 FUNERAL THOUGHT. S. M.*

C. E. P. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Slow and solemn.



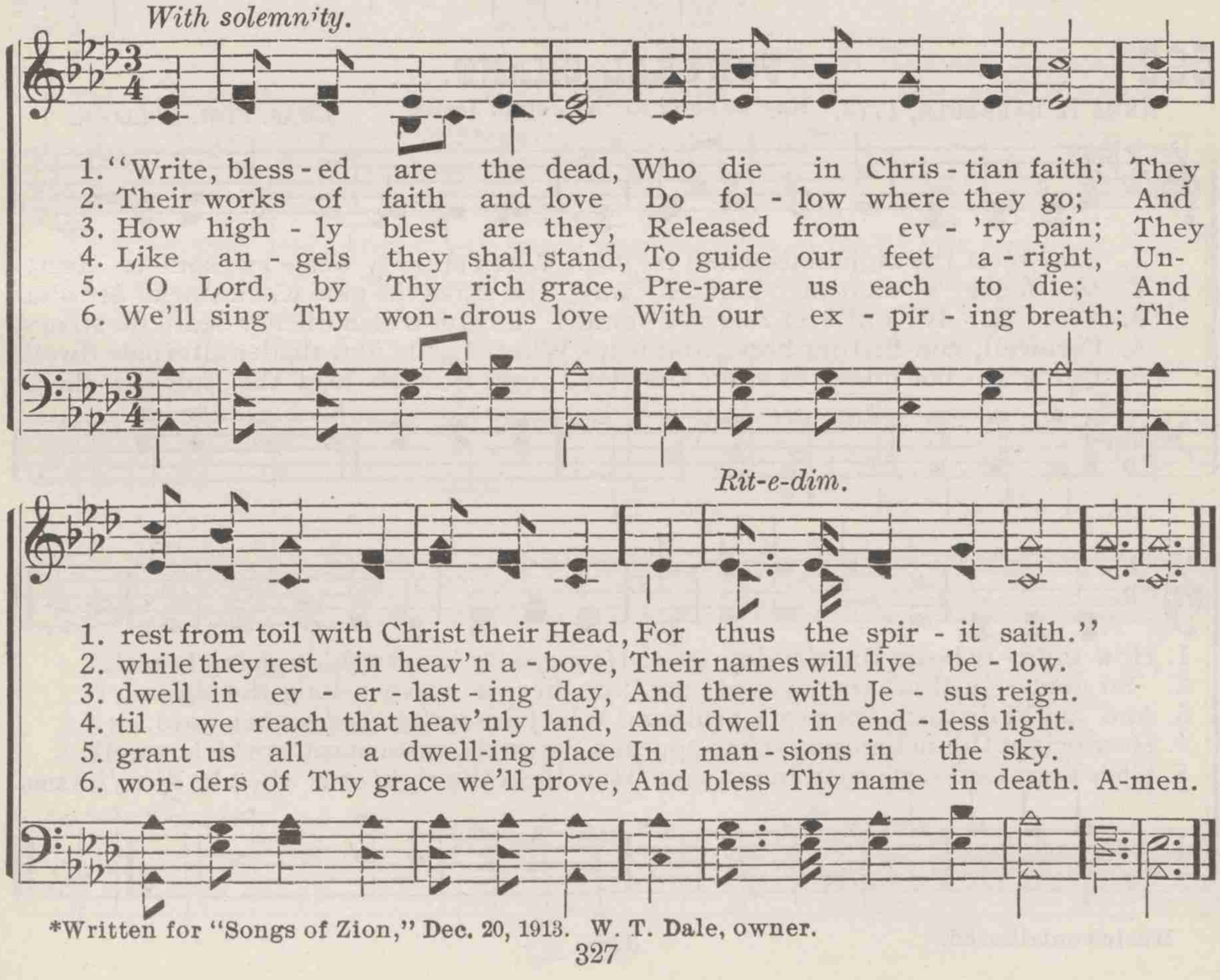
*Written for "Songs of Zion." C. E. Pollock, owner.

590 MATTHEWS. S. M.*

"Write, blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."—Rev. 14: 13.

W. T. D. W. T. DALE.

With solemnity.



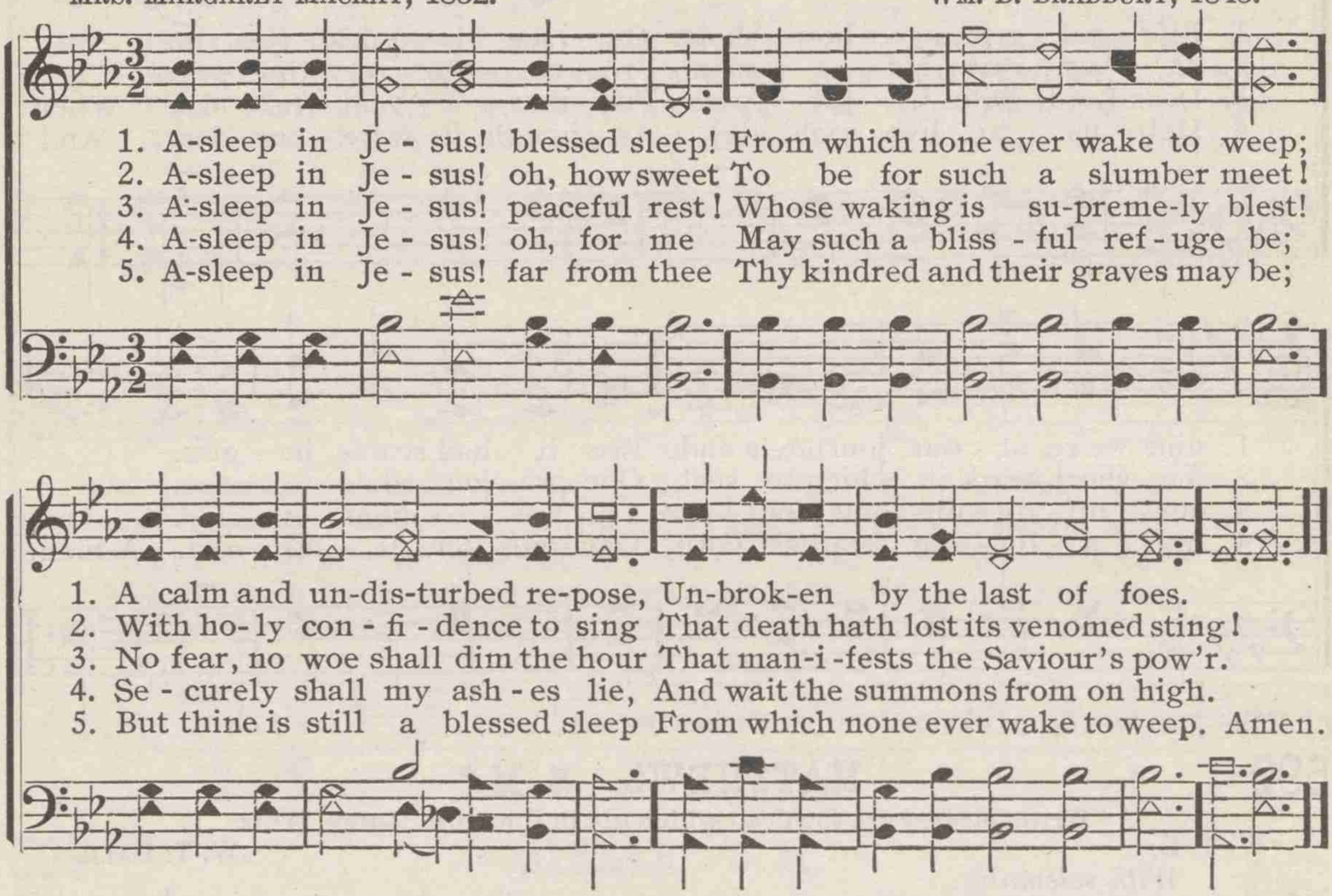
*Written for "Songs of Zion," Dec. 20, 1913. W. T. Dale, owner.

591 REST. L. M.

"Even so them also which *sleep in Jesus* will God bring with Him."—1 Thes. 4: 14.

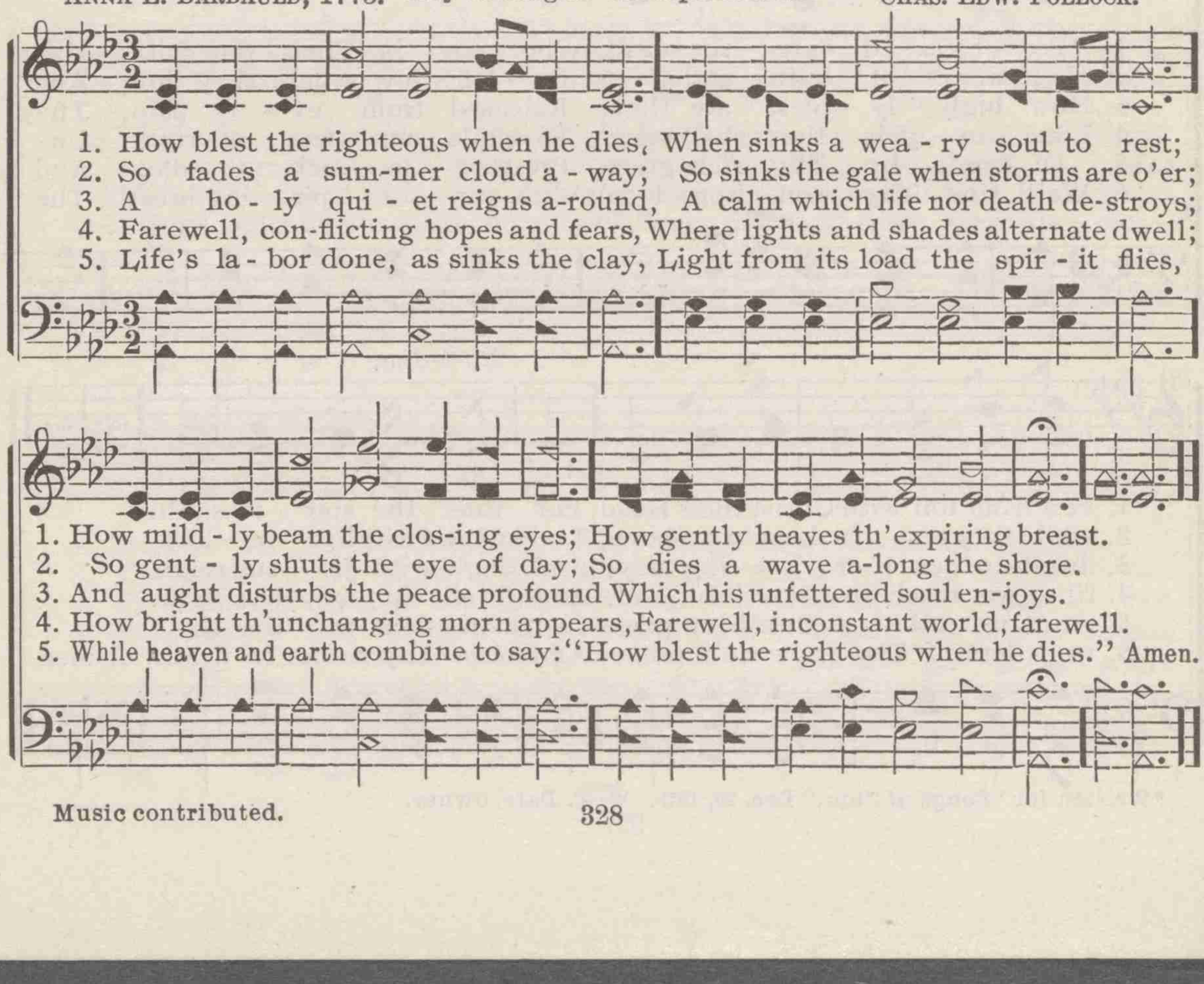
Farewell, beloved, till we meet
Before the throne of God above;
And cast our crowns at Jesus' feet,
And sing the triumphs of His love.—W. T. D.

MRS. MARGARET MACKAY, 1832. WM. B. BRADBURY, 1843.



592 FUNERAL CHANT.

ANNA L. BARBAULD, 1773. May be sung to "Asleep in Jesus." CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

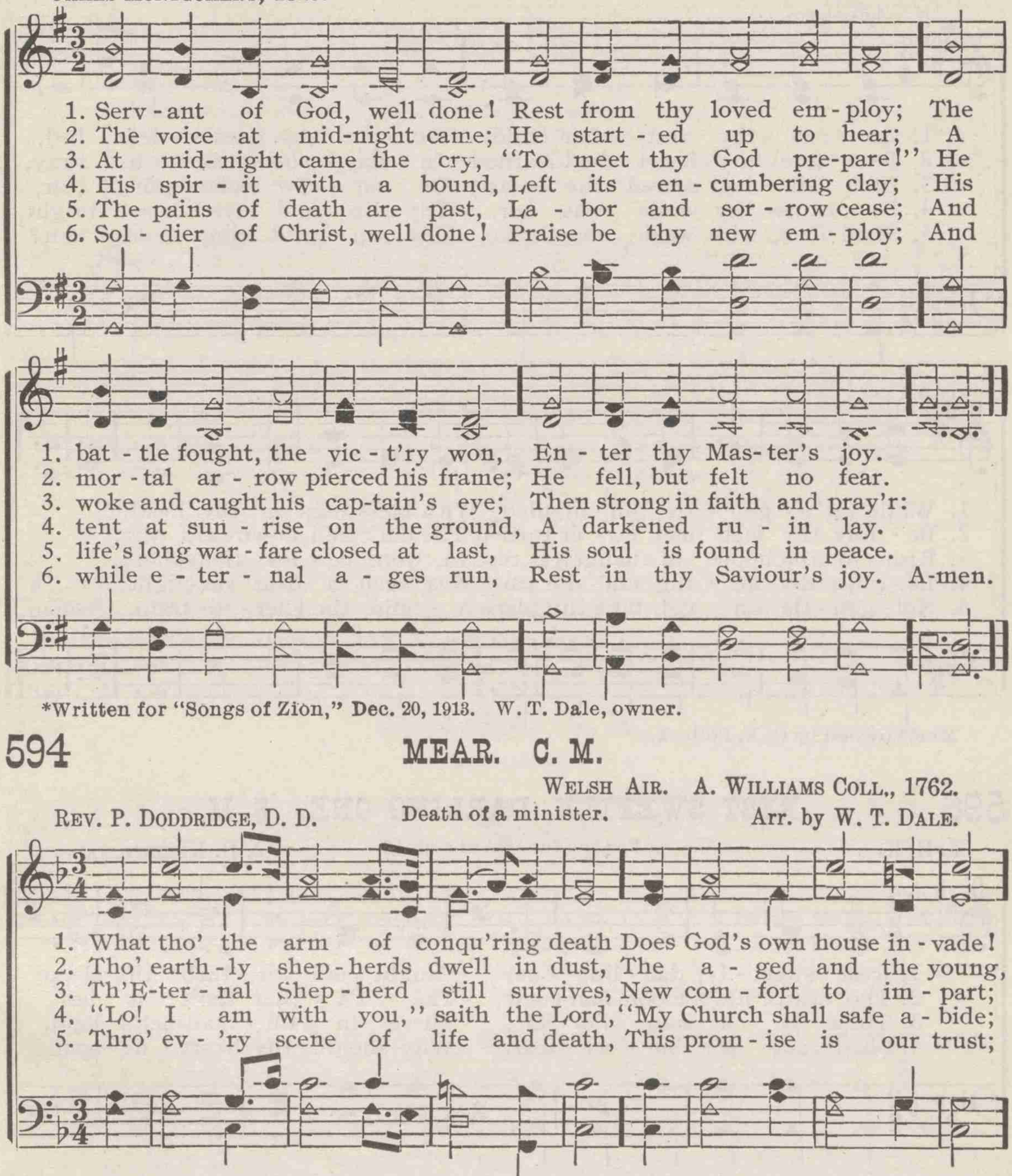


Music contributed.

593 CUNNINGHAM. S. M.*

Death of one of God's servants.—Matt. 25: 21.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1825. W. T. DALE.

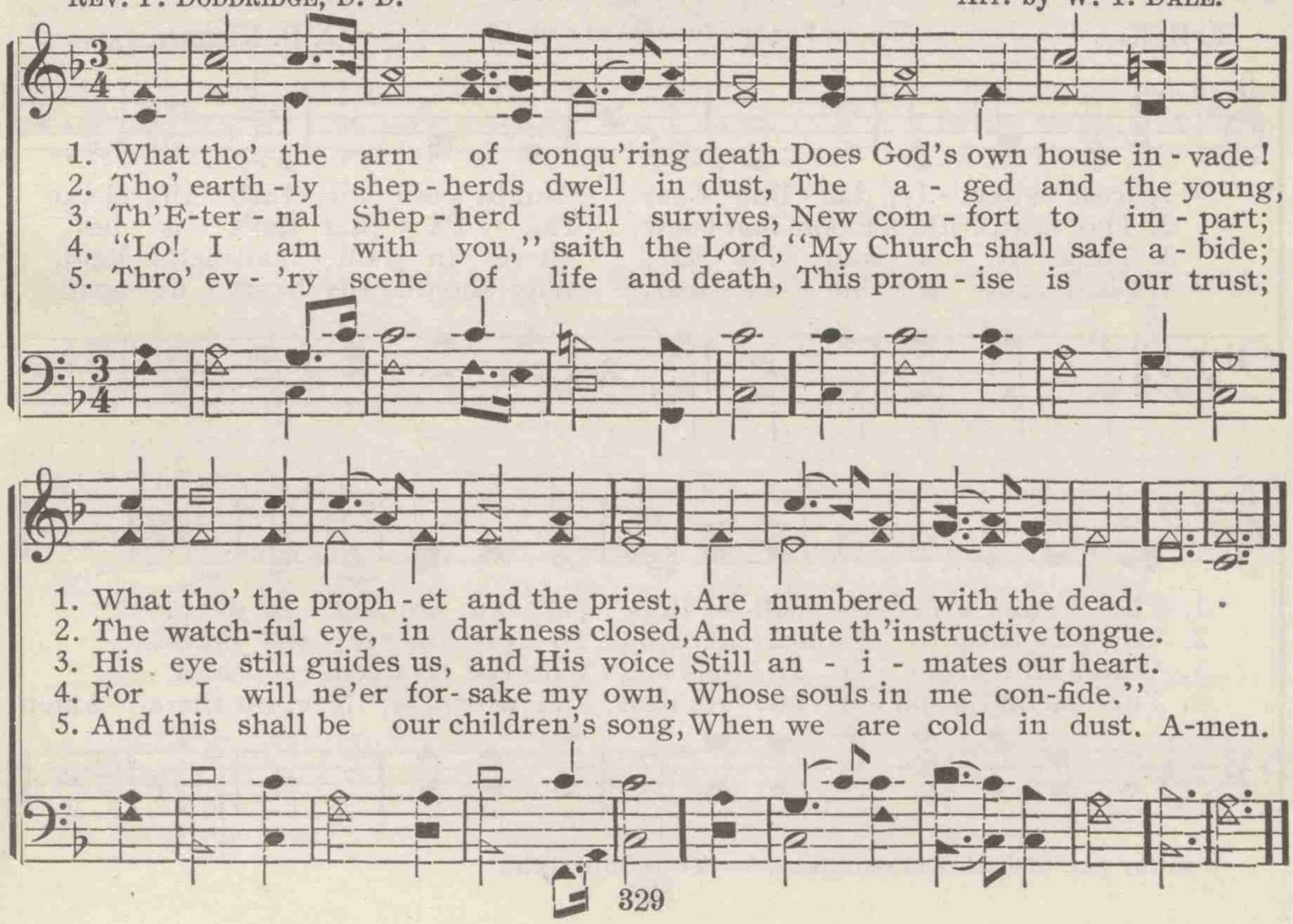


*Written for "Songs of Zion," Dec. 20, 1913. W. T. Dale, owner.

594 MEAR. C. M.

WELSH AIR. A. WILLIAMS COLL., 1762.

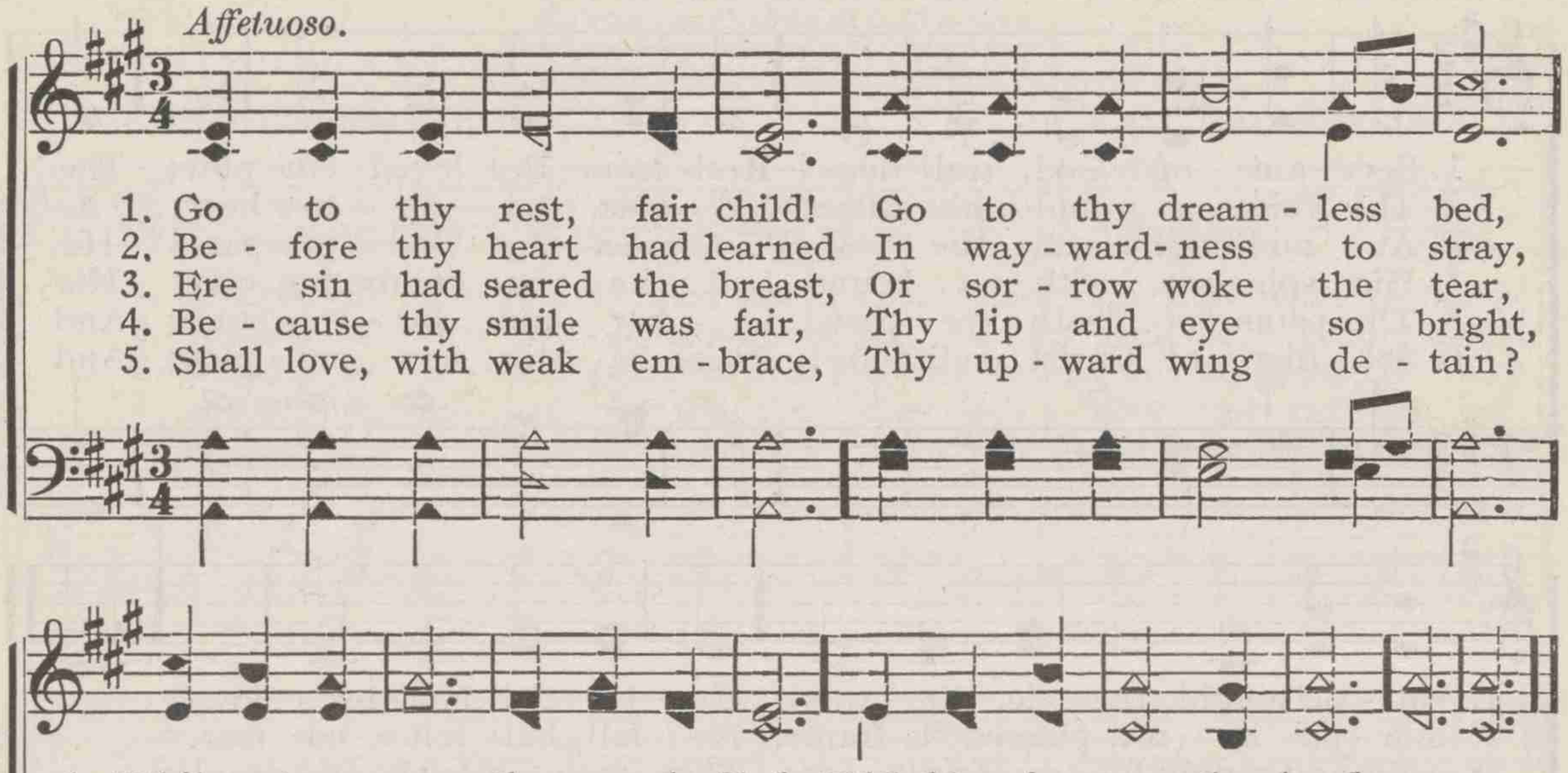
REV. P. DODDRIDGE, D. D. Death of a minister. Arr. by W. T. DALE.



595 GO TO THY REST FAIR CHILD. S. M.

LYDIA SIGOURNEY. For the funeral of a child. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

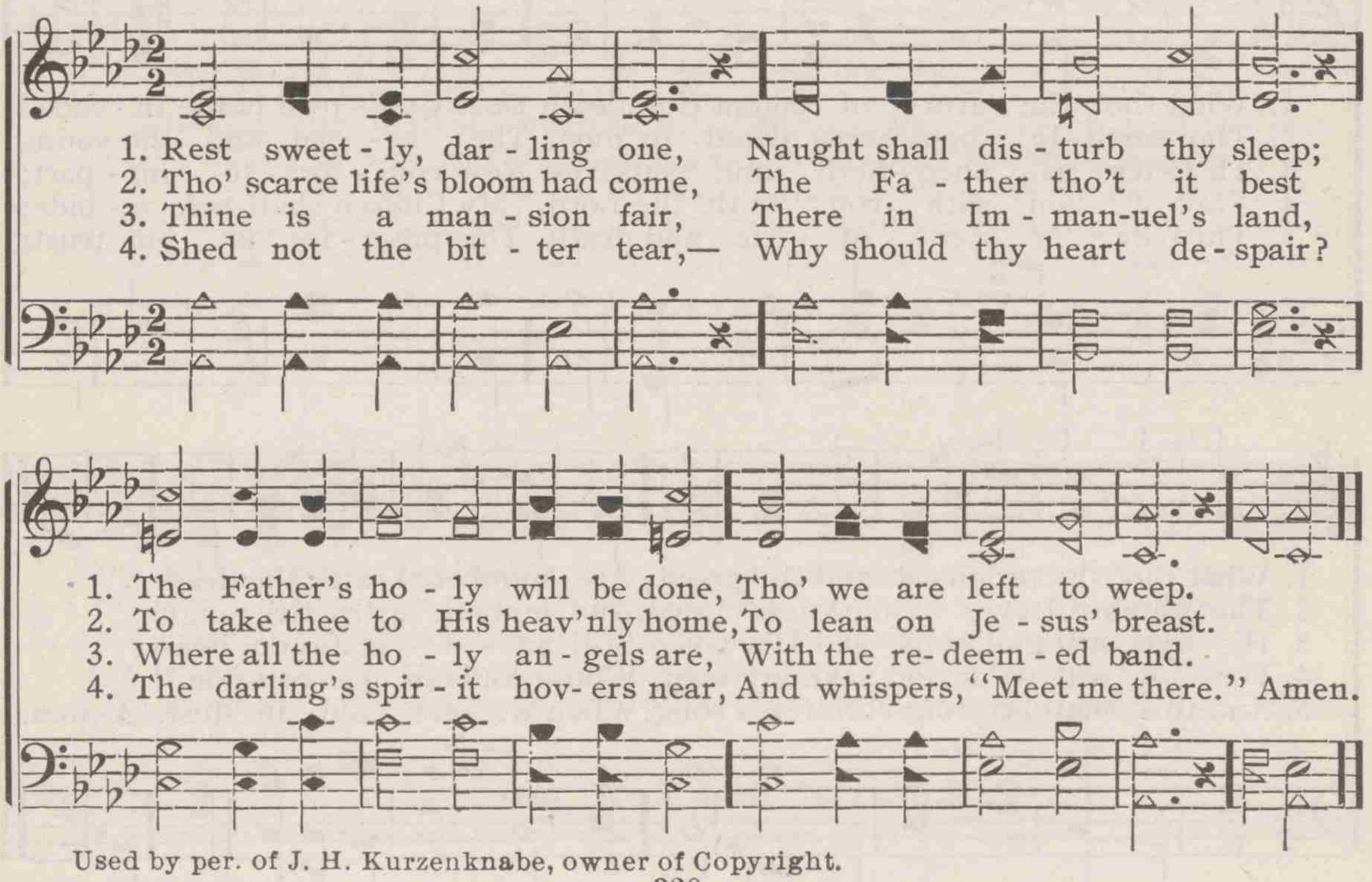
Affetuoso.



Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

596 REST SWEETLY, DARLING ONE. S. M.

J. H. K. For the funeral of a child. J. H. KURZENKNABE.



Used by per. of J. H. Kurzenknabe, owner of Copyright.

597 MORROW. S. M.

C. E. P. (For the funeral of a child.) CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

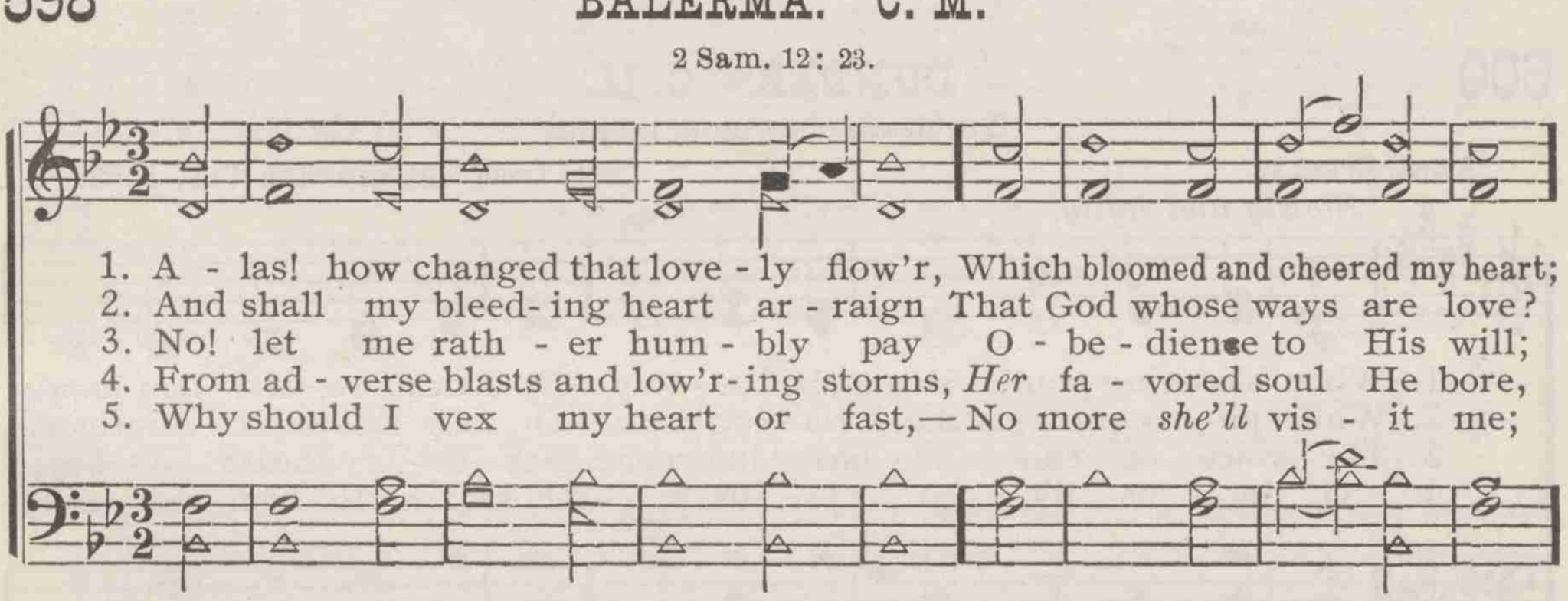
Slow and soft.



Written for "Songs of Zion." C. E. Pollock, owner.

598 BALERMA. C. M.

2 Sam. 12: 23.



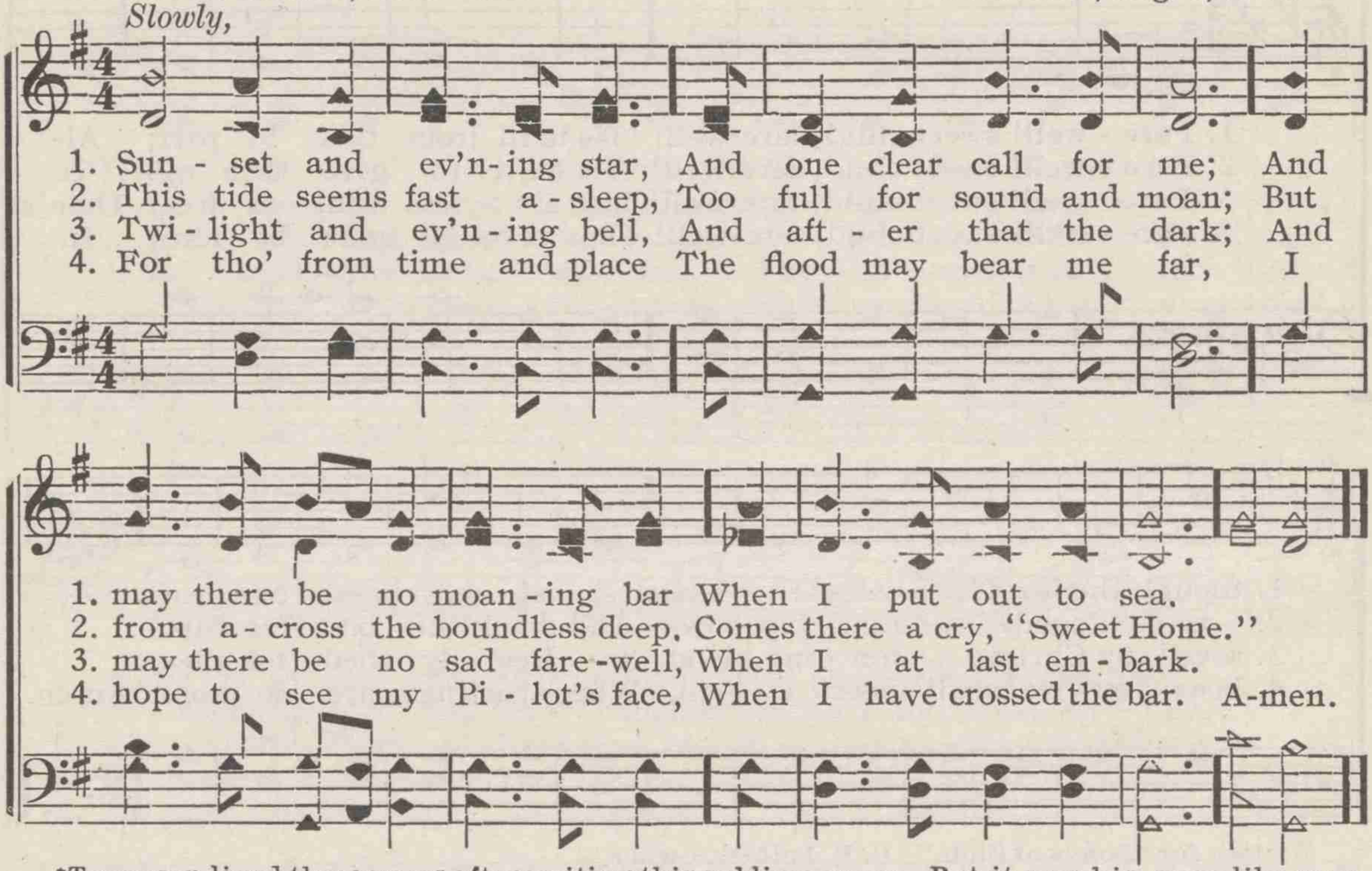
NOTE.—By changing *italicized* pronouns, will suit for either a boy or a girl.

599 CROSSING THE BAR. S. M.

"When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee."—Isa. 43 : 2.

*Alfred Tennyson, 1889. Arr. W. T. Dale, Aug. 5, 1914.

Slowly,



*Tennyson lived three years after writing this sublime poem. But it was his swan-like song. Born at Somerby, Lincolnshire, Aug. 6, 1809, dying at Farringford, Oct. 6, 1892, he filled out the measure of a good old age. And his prayer was answered, for his death was serene and dreadless. His unseen Pilot guided him gently "across the bar," and then *he saw him.*

600 DUNDEE. C. M.

For death of a young person.

Anne Steele. Arr. from Christopher Tye, 1553.

Slowly and softly.

601 MY BURIED FRIENDS. 8s & 9s.

SOCIAL HARP. For a memorial service. Arr. by W. T. DALE.

FINE.



1. My buried friends can I for-get? Or must the grave e-ter-nal sev-er?
   They linger in my mem'ry yet, And in my heart they'll live forev-er.
2. I fain would weep; but what of tears? No tears of mine could e'er recall them;
   Nor would I wish that groveling cares, Cares like mine should e'er befall them.
3. I heard them bid the world a-dieu, I saw them on the rolling bil-low;
   Their far-off home appeared in view, While yet they pressed a dying pillow.
4. O how I long to join their wing, And range their fields of bloom-ing flow-ers!
   Come, holy watchers, come and bring, A mourner to your blissful bowers.



D. C.–But oft-en in my conflicts here, They rallied quickly to relieve me.
D. C.–They bask in beams of bliss a-bove, And shout to tell their happy sto-ry.
D. C.–"Adieu to earth, for all is well, Now all is well with me for-ev-er."
D. C.–With songs I'd enter endless day, And live with my loved friends forever.

D. C.



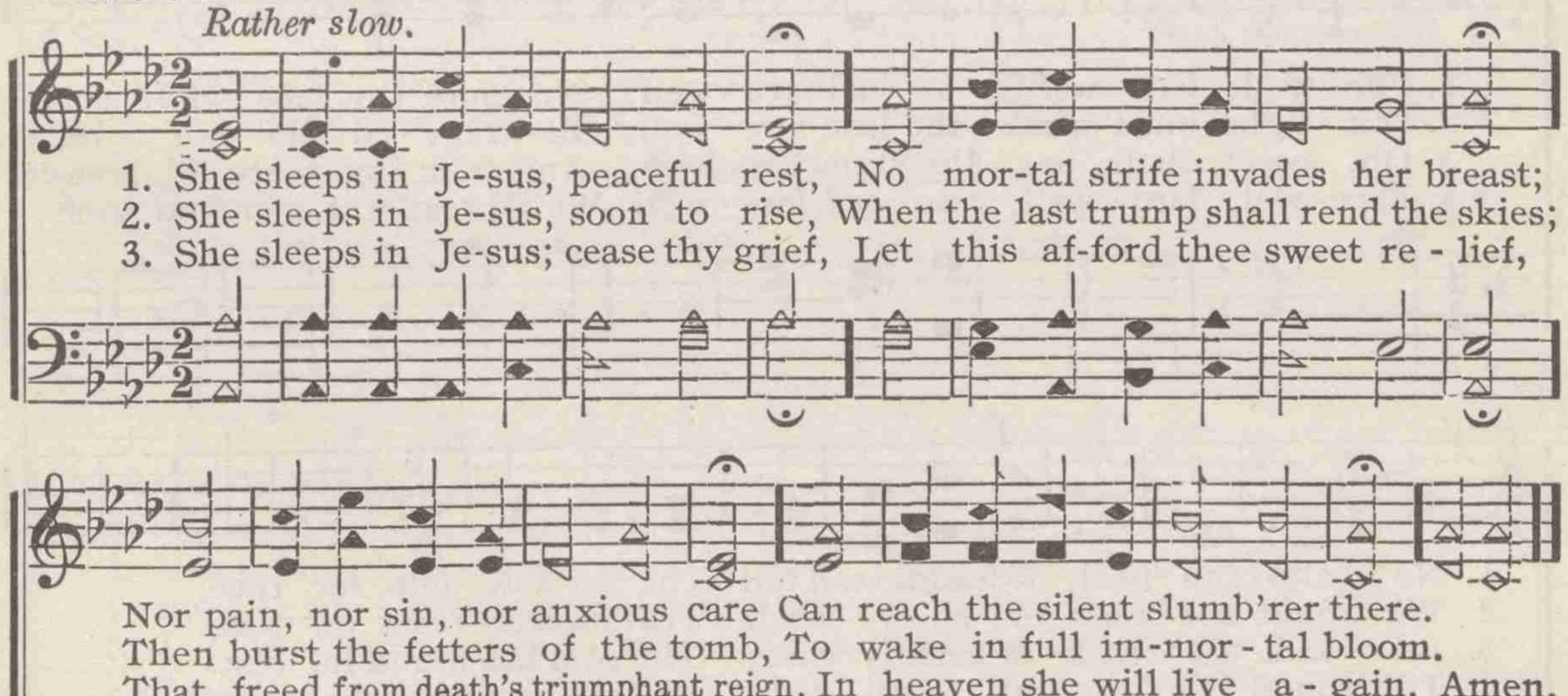
1. They loved me once with love sincere, And nev-er did their love deceive me.
2. They rest in realms of light and love, They dwell upon the mount of glo-ry;
3. I heard the part-ing pilgrim tell, While passing Jordan's stormy riv-er:
4. I'd speed with rapture on my way, Nor would I pause at Jordan's riv-er;

602 ELM STREET. L. M.

"She is not dead, but sleepeth."—Luke 8:52.

ANON. To my angel sister Nannie. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Rather slow.



1. She sleeps in Je-sus, peaceful rest, No mor-tal strife invades her breast;
2. She sleeps in Je-sus, soon to rise, When the last trump shall rend the skies;
3. She sleeps in Je-sus; cease thy grief, Let this af-ford thee sweet re-lief,

Nor pain, nor sin, nor anxious care Can reach the silent slumb'rer there.
Then burst the fetters of the tomb, To wake in full im-mor-tal bloom.
That, freed from death's triumphant reign, In heaven she will live a-gain. Amen.

603 A CALM FOR THOSE WHO WEEP. 8s & 4s.

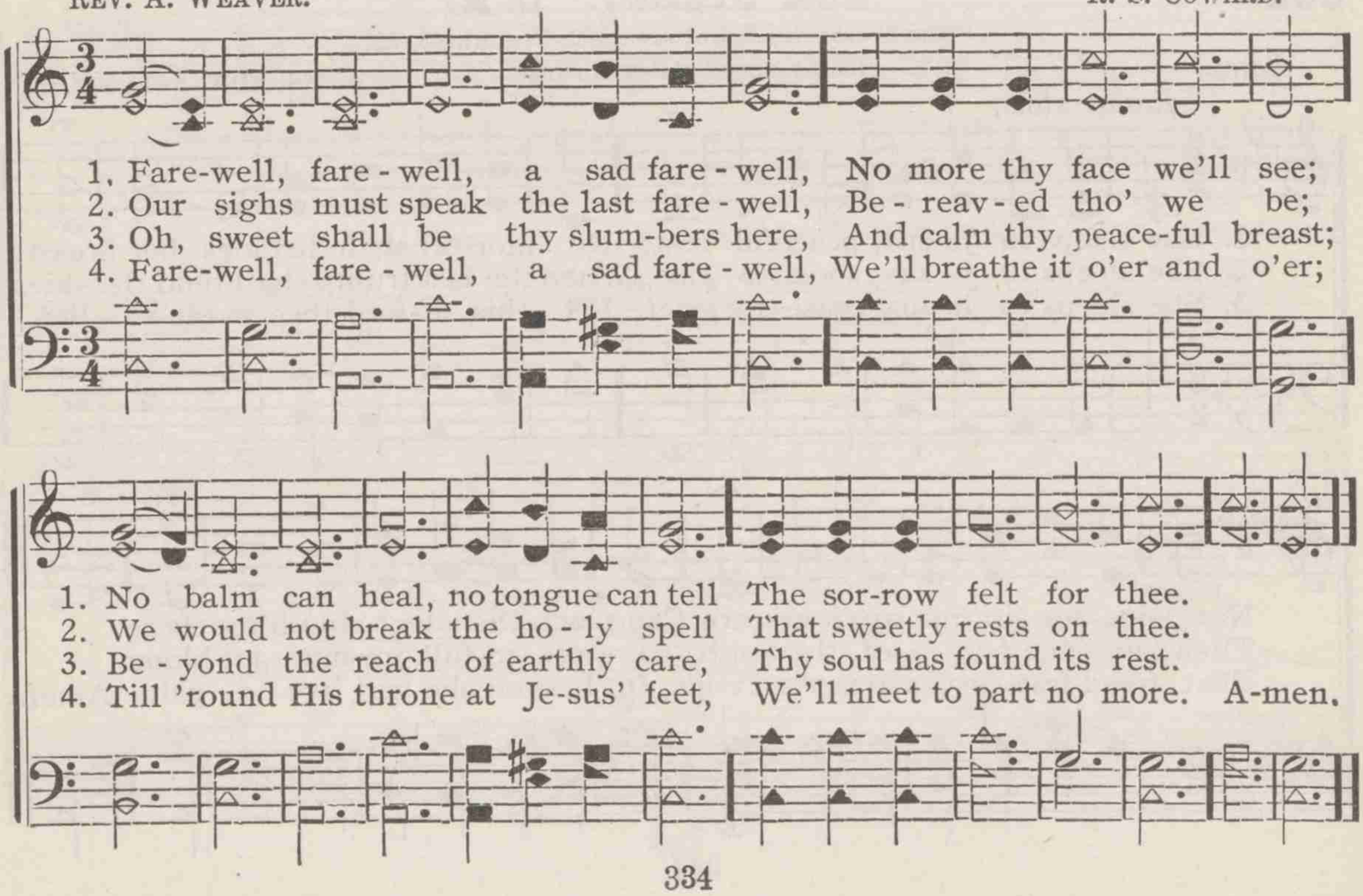
JAMES MONTGOMERY. W. T. DALE.



604 FAREWELL! FAREWELL!

"Farewell! we meet no more this side of heaven,
The parting scene is o'er, the last sad look is given;
Farewell! and shall we meet in heaven above,
And there in union sweet, sing of a Saviour's love?"

REV. A. WEAVER. R. S. COWARD.



605 KINGSLEY. C. M.*

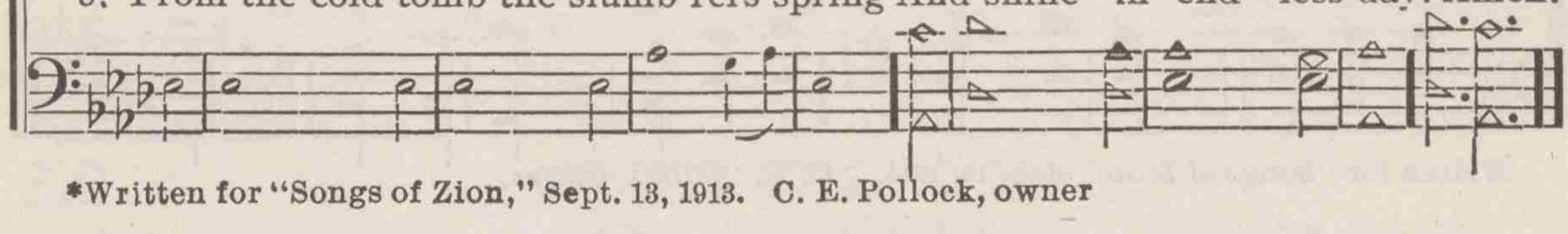
C. P. Coll. Man shall live again.—Job. 14: 13-15. Chas. Edw. Pollock.



1. The win - ter past, re - viv - ing flow'rs A - new shall paint the plain;
2. Shall man de - part this earth - ly scene, Ah! nev-er to re - turn?
3. Shall life re - vis - it dy - ing worms, And spread the insects' wing?
4. Cease, all ye vain, de - spond-ing fears; When Christ from darkness sprang,
5. The trump shall sound, the gates of death Shall make His children way;



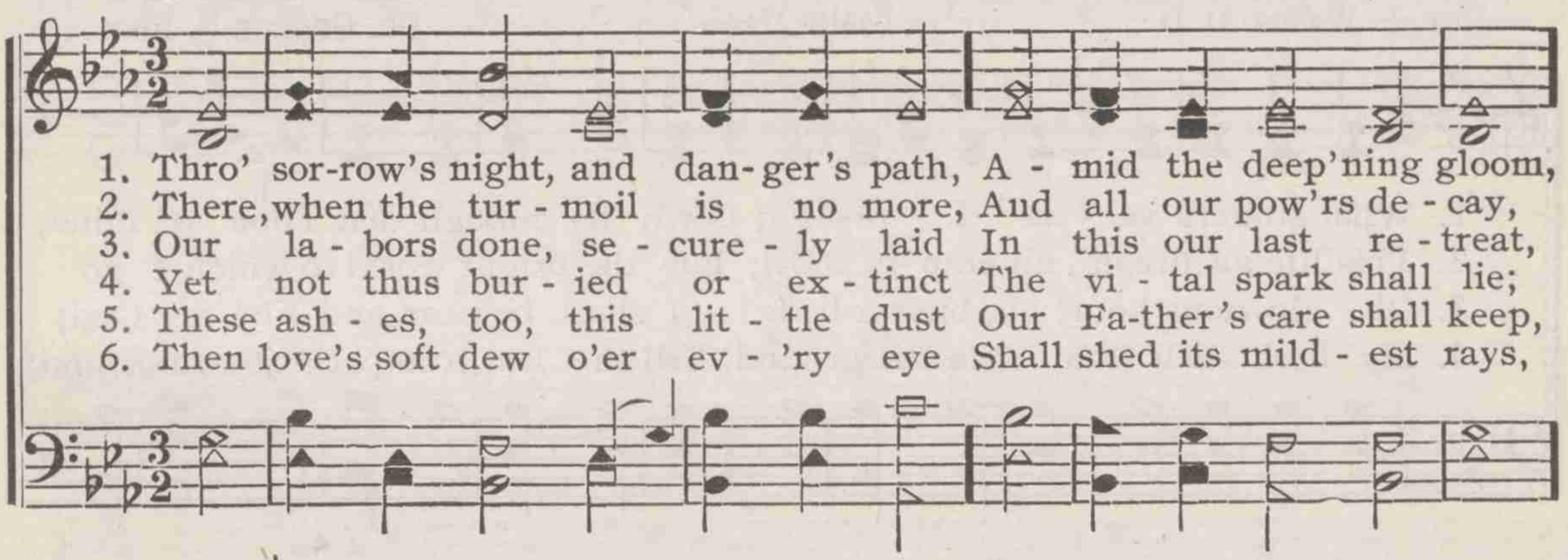
1. The woods shall hear the voice of spring, And flour - ish green a - gain.
2. No sec - ond spring of life re - vive The ash - es of the urn.
3. And oh, shall man a-wake no more The Saviour's name to sing?
4. Death the last foe was cap - tive led, And heav'n with prais-es rang.
5. From the cold tomb the slumb'rers spring And shine in end - less day. Amen.



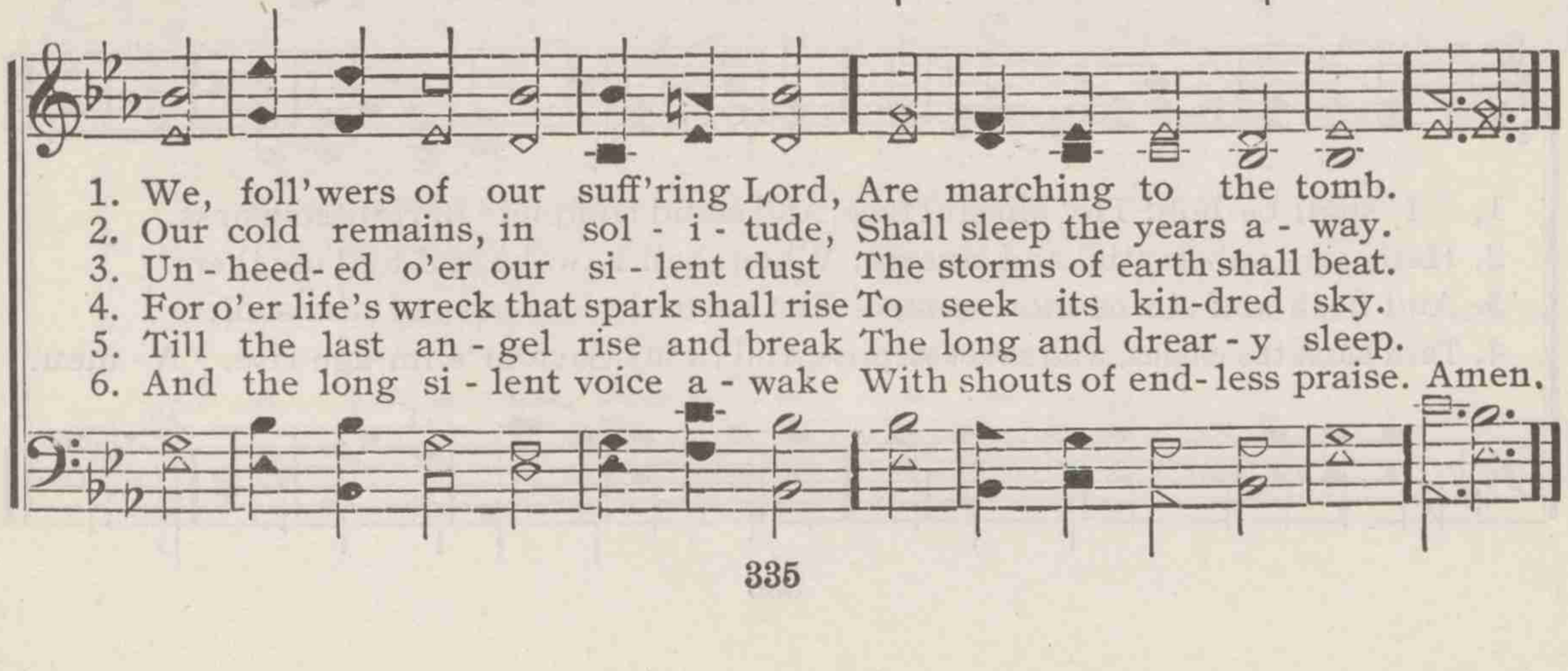
*Written for "Songs of Zion," Sept. 13, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner

606 DUNDEE. C. M.

Henry Kirke White. Arr. fr. Christopher Tye, 1553.



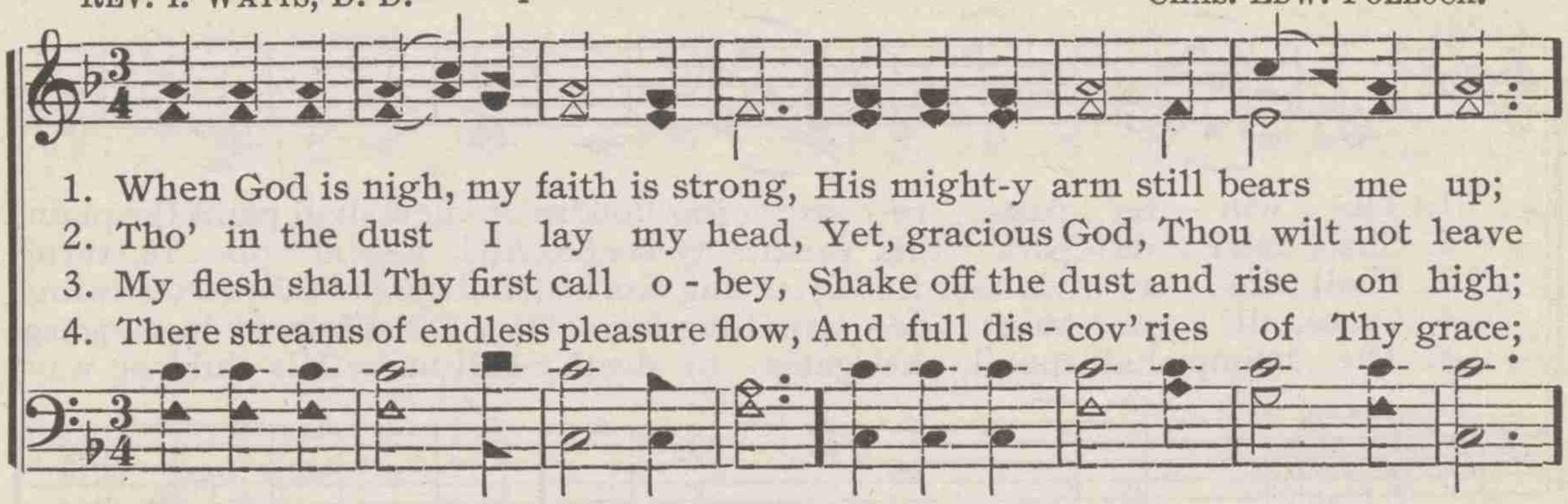
1. Thro' sor-row's night, and dan-ger's path, A - mid the deep'ning gloom,
2. There, when the tur - moil is no more, And all our pow'rs de - cay,
3. Our la - bors done, se - cure - ly laid In this our last re - treat,
4. Yet not thus bur - ied or ex - tinct The vi - tal spark shall lie;
5. These ash - es, too, this lit - tle dust Our Fa-ther's care shall keep,
6. Then love's soft dew o'er ev - 'ry eye Shall shed its mild - est rays,



1. We, foll'wers of our suff'ring Lord, Are marching to the tomb.
2. Our cold remains, in sol - i - tude, Shall sleep the years a - way.
3. Un - heed-ed o'er our si - lent dust The storms of earth shall beat.
4. For o'er life's wreck that spark shall rise To seek its kin-dred sky.
5. Till the last an - gel rise and break The long and drear - y sleep.
6. And the long si - lent voice a - wake With shouts of end-less praise. Amen.

607 WAGONER. L. M.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D. Hope of the resurrection—Psalm 16:8-11. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. When God is nigh, my faith is strong, His might-y arm still bears me up;
2. Tho' in the dust I lay my head, Yet, gracious God, Thou wilt not leave
3. My flesh shall Thy first call o - bey, Shake off the dust and rise on high;
4. There streams of endless pleasure flow, And full dis - cov'ries of Thy grace;



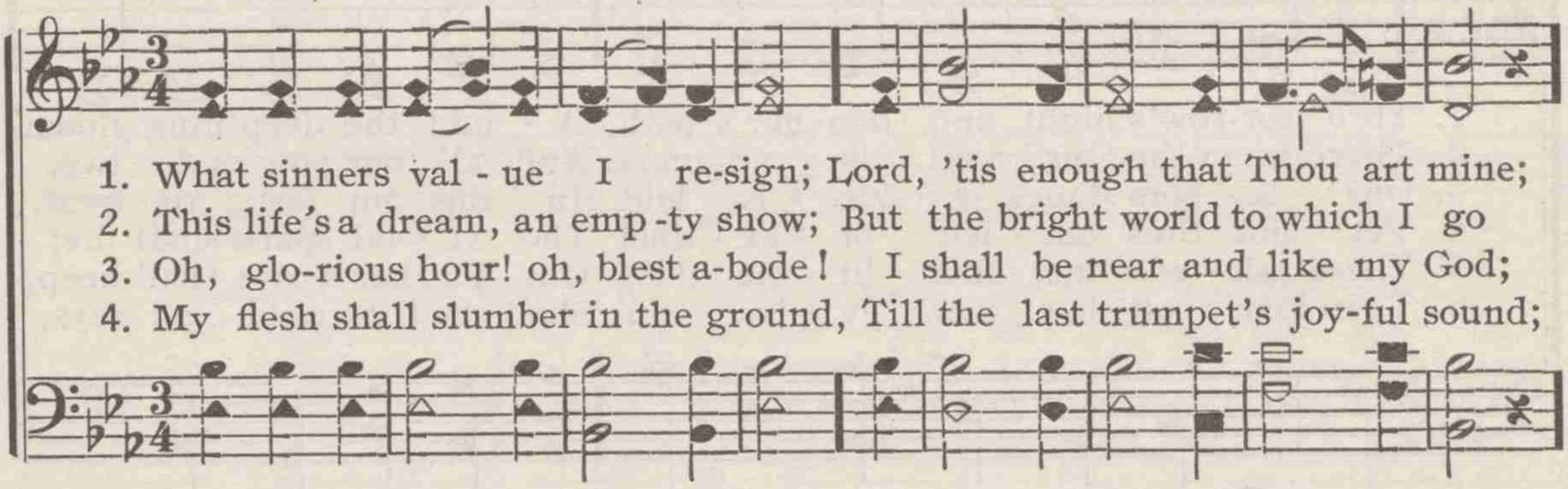
1. Be glad, my heart, rejoice, my tongue, My dying flesh shall rest in hope.
2. My soul for- ev - er with the dead, Nor lose Thy children in the grave.
3. Then shalt Thou lead the wondrous way Up to Thy throne above the sky.
4. Joys we but tast - ed here be-low, Spread heav'nly raptures thro' the place. Amen.



Writen for "Songs of Zion," Feb. 16, 1914. C. E. Pollock, owner.

608 ROSEDALE. L. M.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D. Psalm 17:15. DR. GEORGE F. ROOT.



1. What sinners val - ue I re-sign; Lord, 'tis enough that Thou art mine;
2. This life's a dream, an emp -ty show; But the bright world to which I go
3. Oh, glo-rious hour! oh, blest a-bode! I shall be near and like my God;
4. My flesh shall slumber in the ground, Till the last trumpet's joy-ful sound;



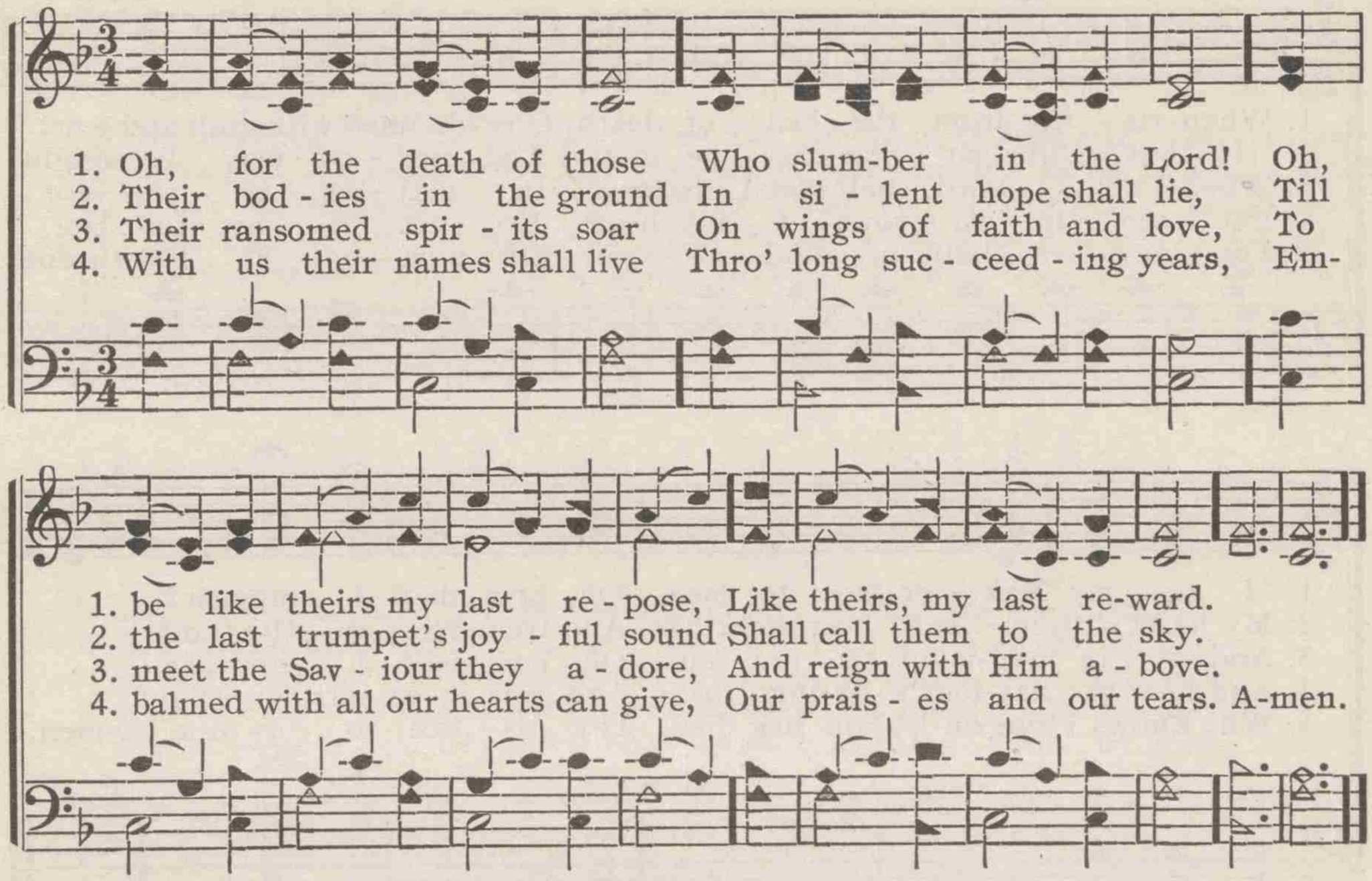
1. I shall be-hold Thy blissful face, And stand complete in righteousness.
2. Hath joys substantial and sincere; When shall I awake and find me there?
3. And flesh and sin no more control The sa-cred pleas-ures of the soul.
4. Then burst the chains, with sweet surprise, And in my Saviour's im-age rise. A - men.



609 DENNIS. S. M.

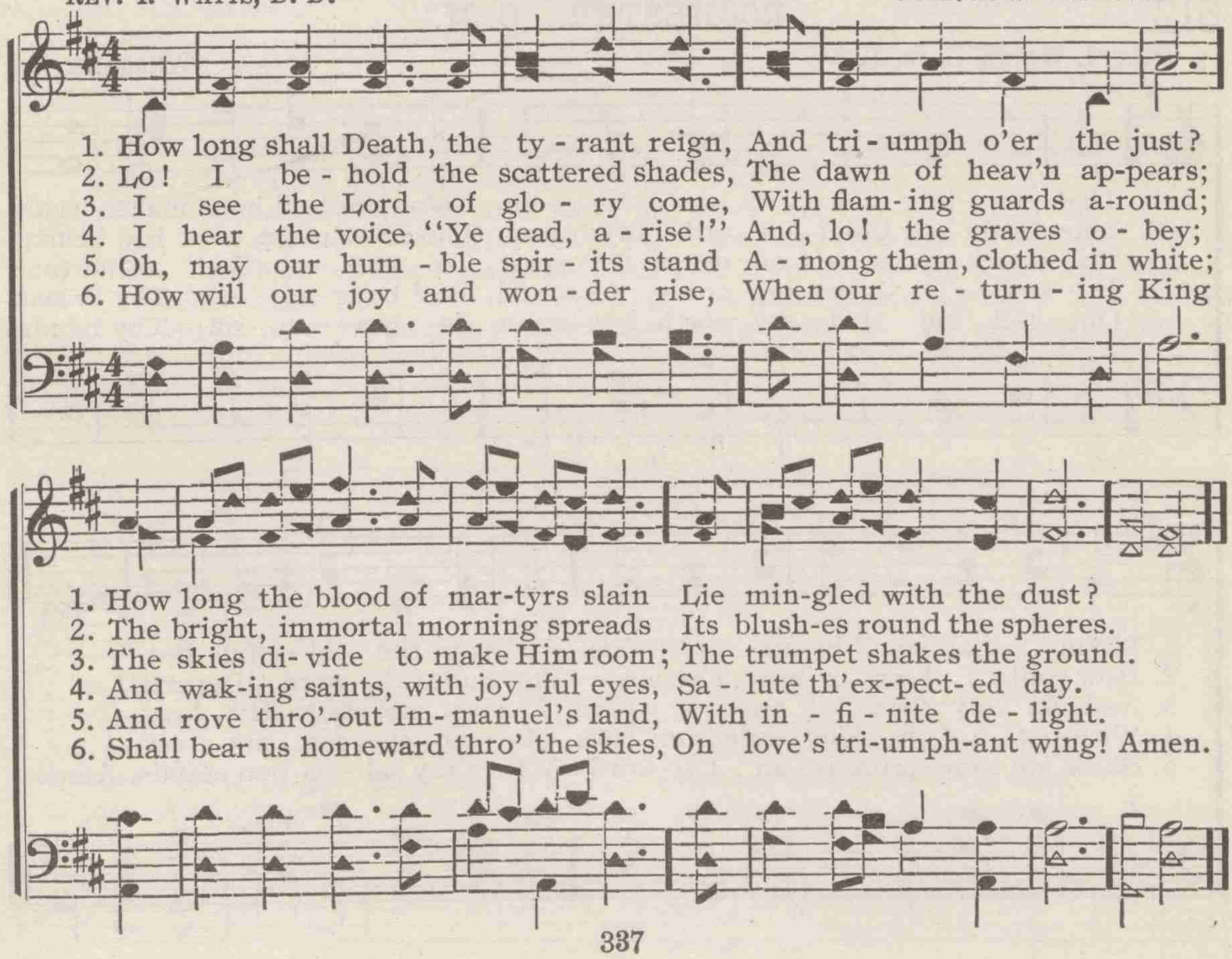
"Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."—Num. 23: 10.

HON. WM. MAXWELL, 1831. H. G. NAGELI.



610 JEWETT CITY. C. M.

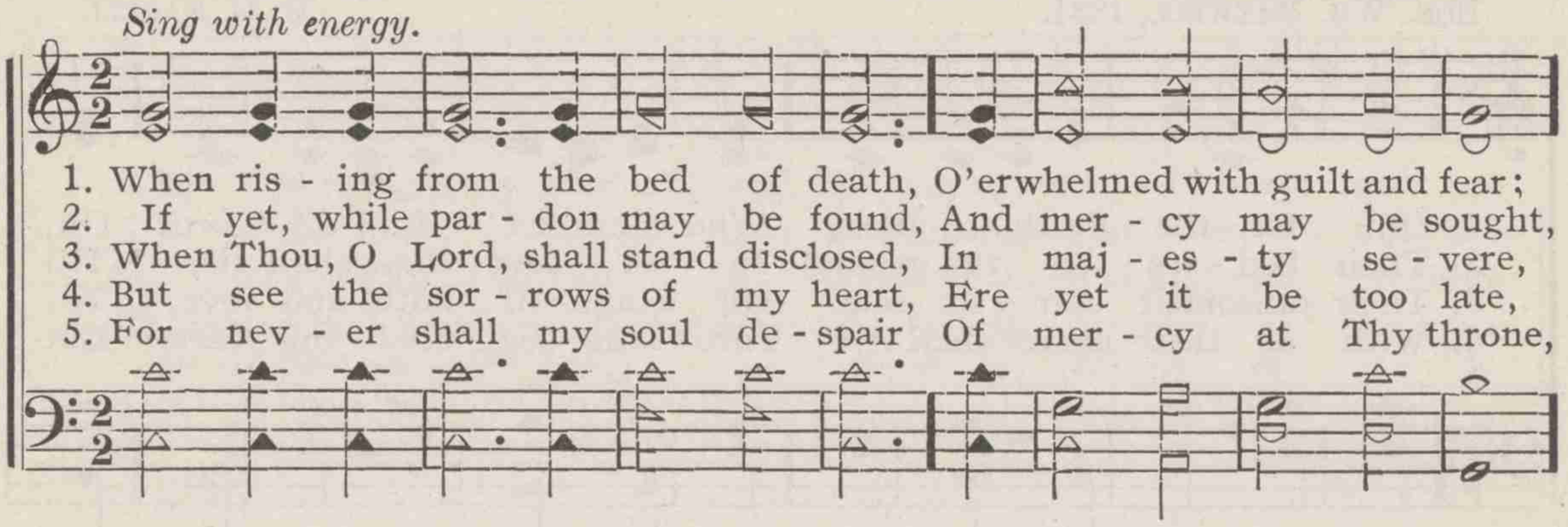
REV. I. WATTS, D. D. Scenes at the resurrection. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

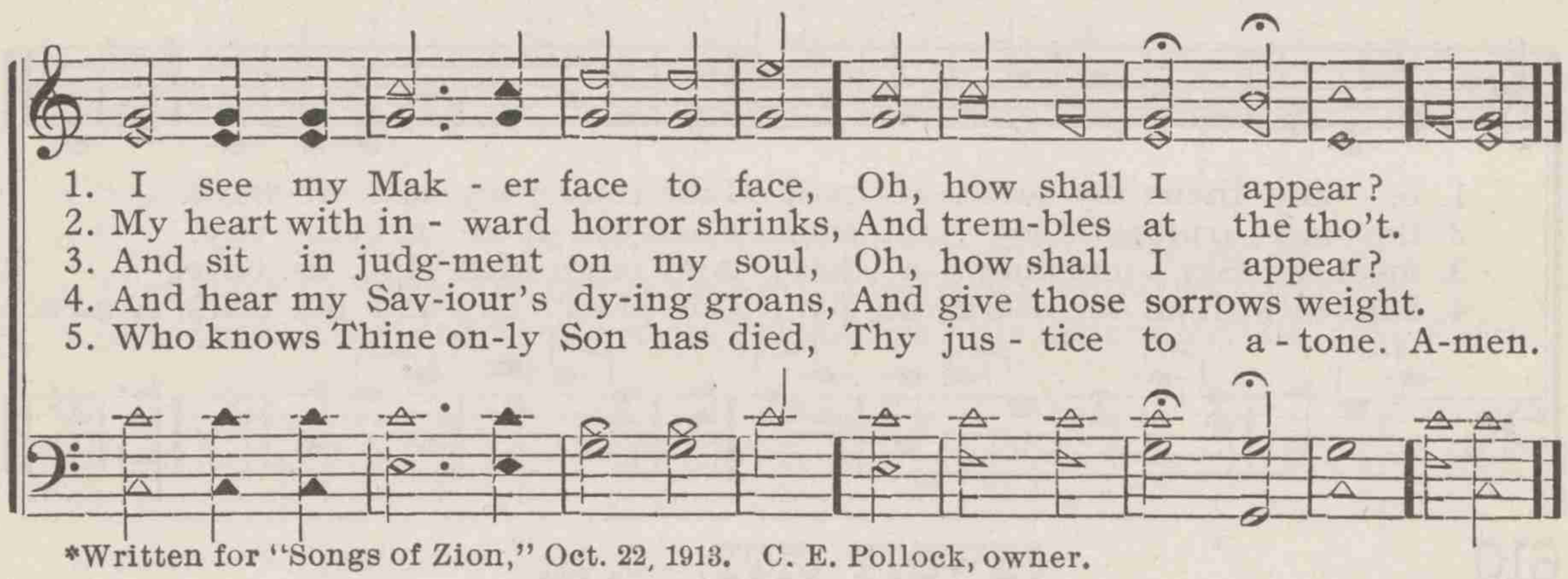


611 KANSAS CITY. C. M.

SCOTCH PARAPHRASE. Judgment anticipated. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Sing with energy.

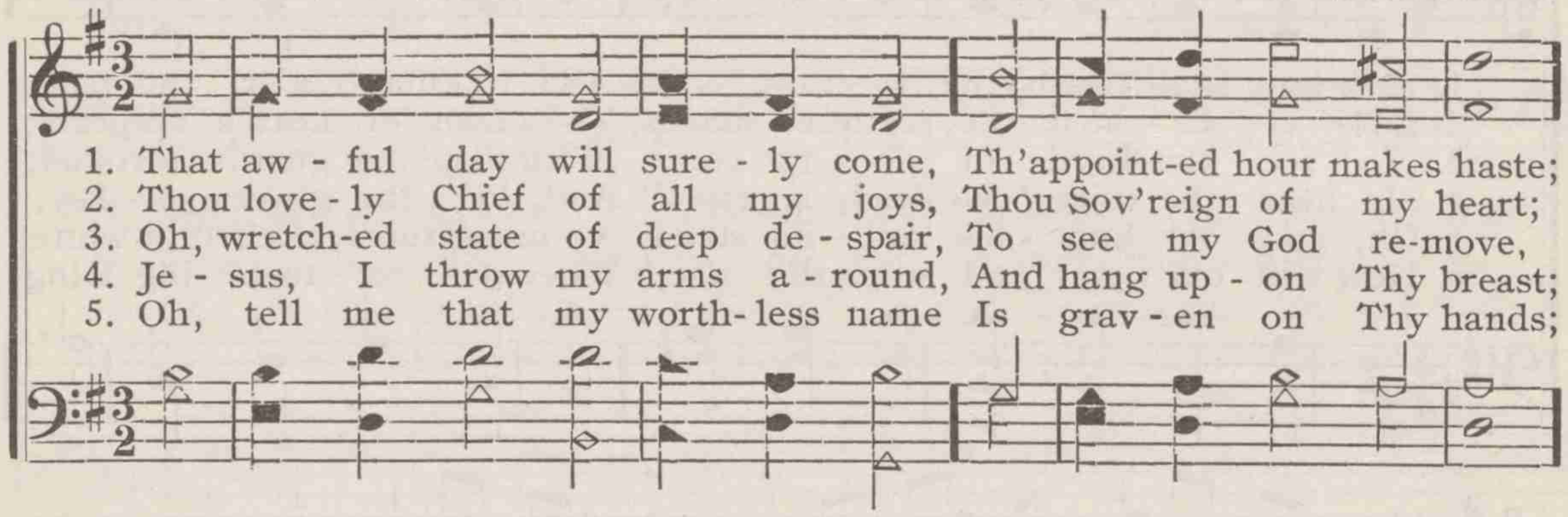


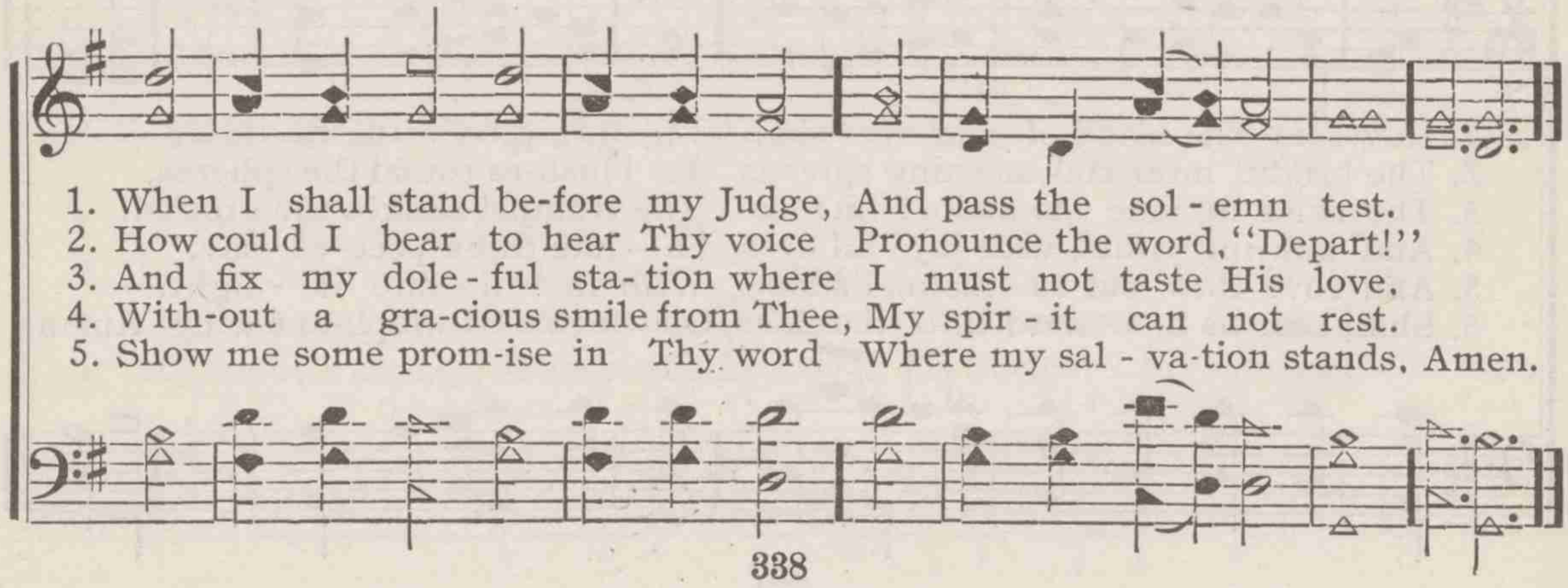


*Written for "Songs of Zion," Oct. 22, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner.

612 ROCHESTER. C. M.

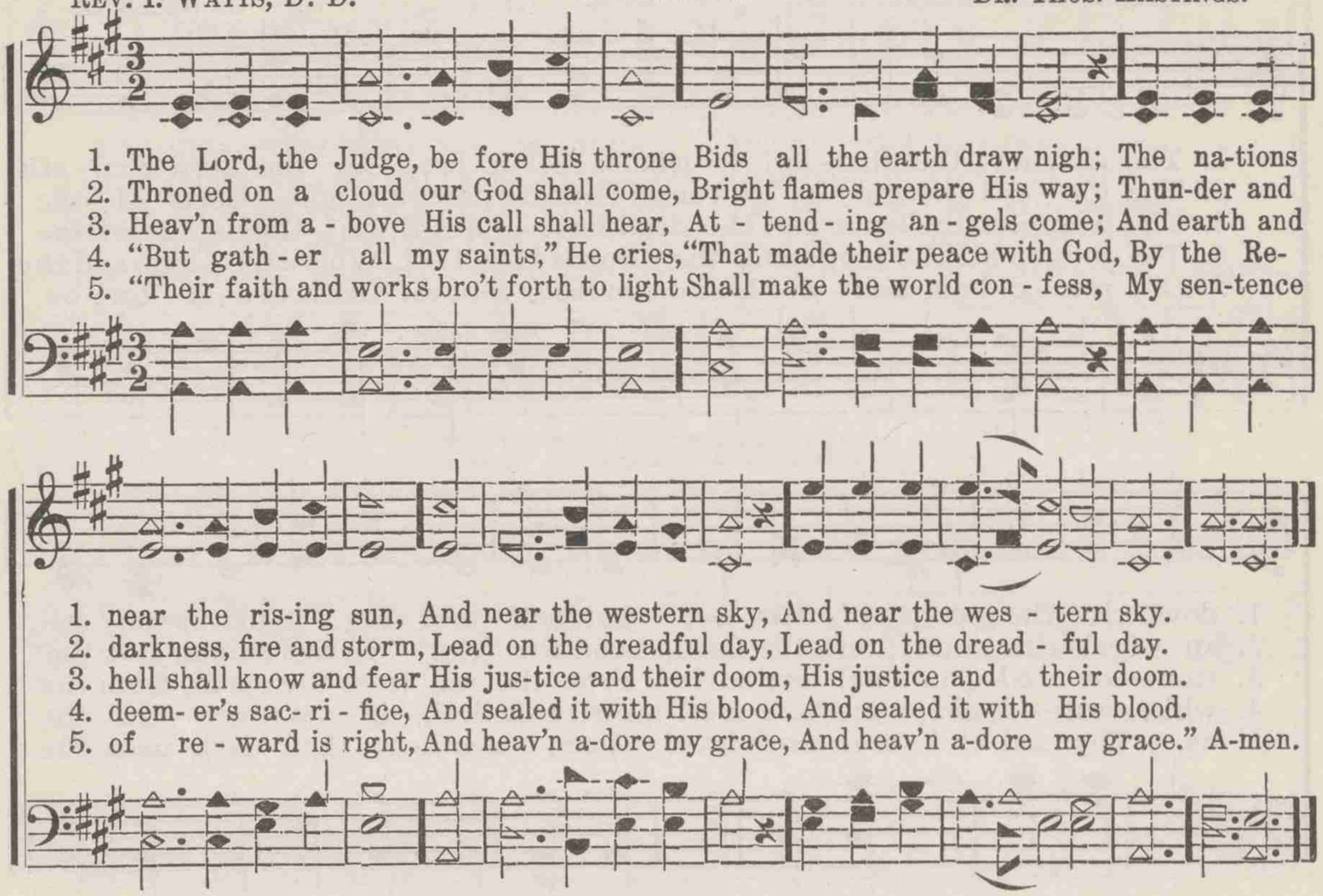
REV. I. WATTS, D. D., 1707 WILLIAMS.





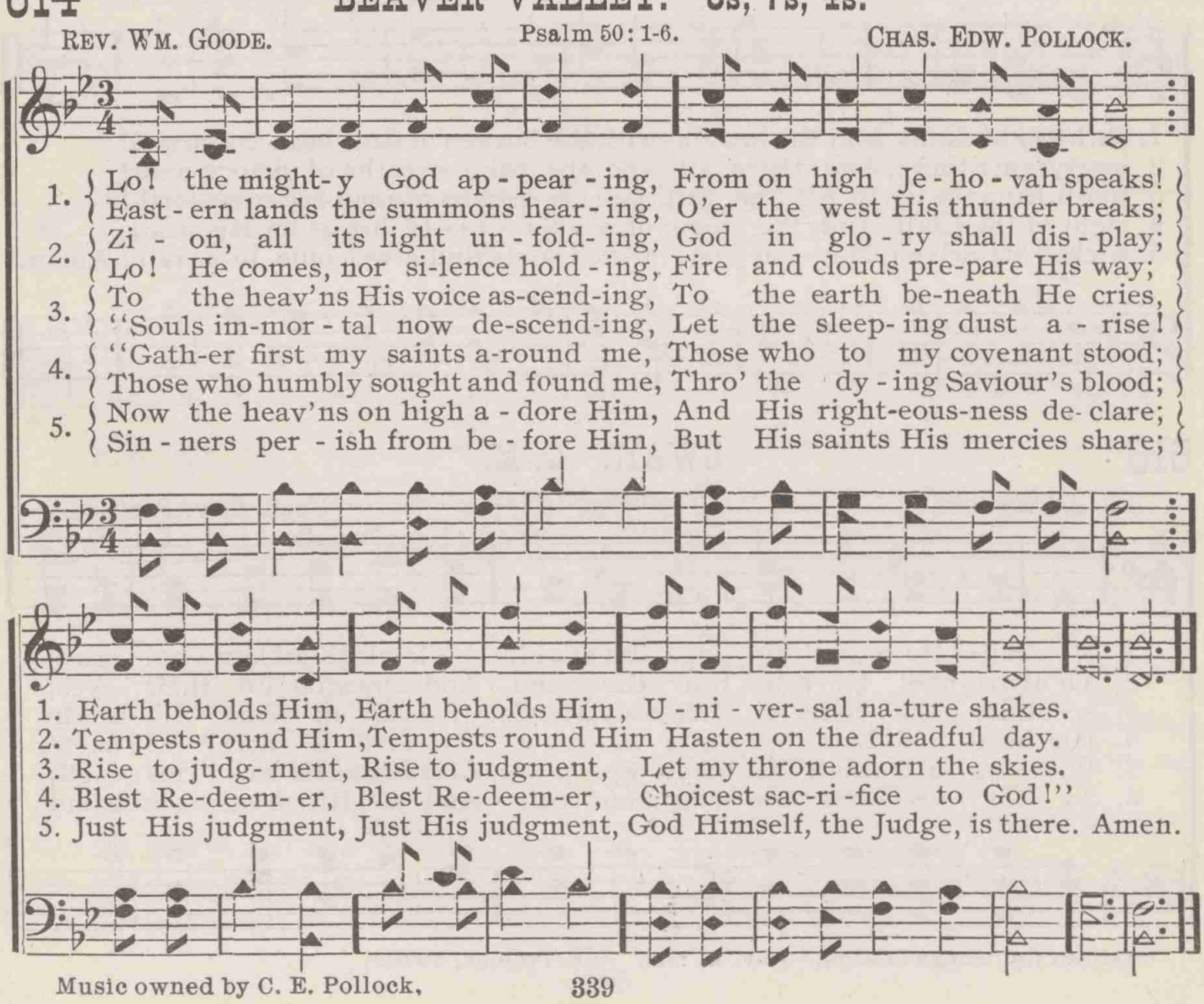
613 ARCADIA. C. M.

Rev. I. Watts, D. D. Psalm 50: 1-6. Dr. Thos. Hastings.



614 BEAVER VALLEY. 8s, 7s, 4s.

Rev. Wm. Goode. Psalm 50: 1-6. Chas. Edw. Pollock.



Music owned by C. E. Pollock,

615 THE CHARIOT. 11s & 12s.

REV. HENRY HART MILMAN, D. D. J. WILLIAMS.

1. The char-iot! the char- iot! its wheels roll in fire, As the Lord com - eth
2. The glo - ry! the glo - ry! a-round Him are poured Might-y hosts of the
3. The trumpet! the trum-pet! the dead have all heard; Lo! the depths of the
4. The judgment! the judgment! the thrones are all set, Where the Lamb and the
5. Oh, mer - cy! oh, mer - cy! look down from a-bove, Great Cre - a - tor, on

1. down in the pomp of His ire; Lo! self - mov - ing it drives on its
2. an - gels that wait on the Lord; And the glor - i - fied saints, and the
3. stone-cov-ered char - nel are stirred! From the sea, from the earth, from the
4. white-vest - ed eld - ers are met! There all flesh is at once in the
5. us, Thy sad chil - dren, with love! When beneath to their dark- ness the

1. pathway of cloud, And the heav'ns with the burden of God-head are bowed!
2. martyrs are there, And there all who the palm-wreaths of victory wear!
3. south, from the north, All the vast gen - er-a-tions of man are come forth!
4. sight of the Lord, And the doom of e - ter - ni - ty hangs on His word.
5. wicked are driven, May our jus - ti-fied souls find a welcome in heav'n! Amen.

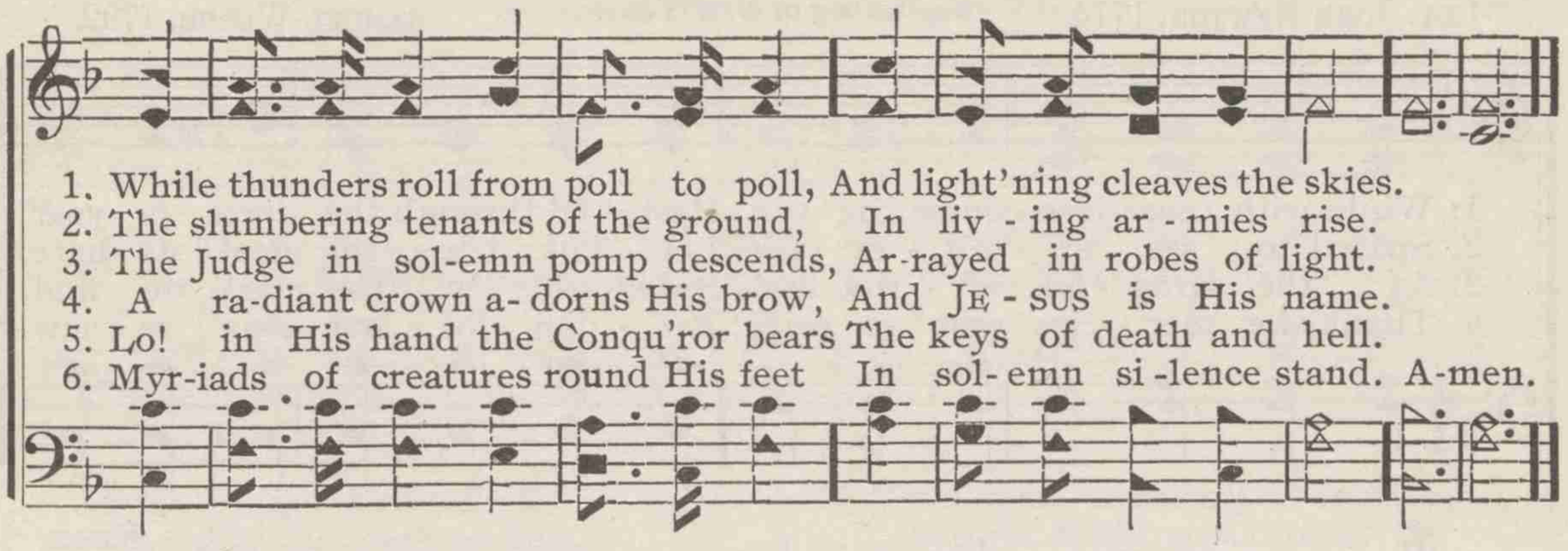
616 SWAN. C. M.*

DR. S. STENNETT. The last judment. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. He comes! He comes! to judge the world, A - loud th'archan - gel cries;
2. Th'af-frighted na - tions hear the sound, And upwards lift their eyes;
3. A - midst the shouts of numerous friends, Of hosts di - vine - ly bright,
4. His head and hair are white as snow, His eyes a fier - y flame;
5. Wrote on His thigh His name ap - pears, And scars His vic - t'ries tell;
6. So He as- cends the judg-ment seat, And at His dread com- mand,

*Written for "Songs of Zion," Nov. 30, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner.

SWAN. Concluded.



617 THE JUDGMENT DAY.

"The great day of his wrath is come, and who shall be able to stand?"—Rev. 6: 17.

Arr. by W. T. DALE.



2 Oh, the moon will be a bleeding,
A bleeding, a bleeding,
Oh, the moon will be a bleeding,
On that great day.—CHO.

3 Oh, the stars will be a falling, etc.

4 Oh, the earth will be a quaking, etc.

5 Oh, the cities will be falling, etc.

6 Oh, the graves will be a bursting, etc.

7 Oh, the dead will be arising, etc.

8 Oh, the saints will be a shouting, etc.

9 Oh, the wicked will be wailing, etc.

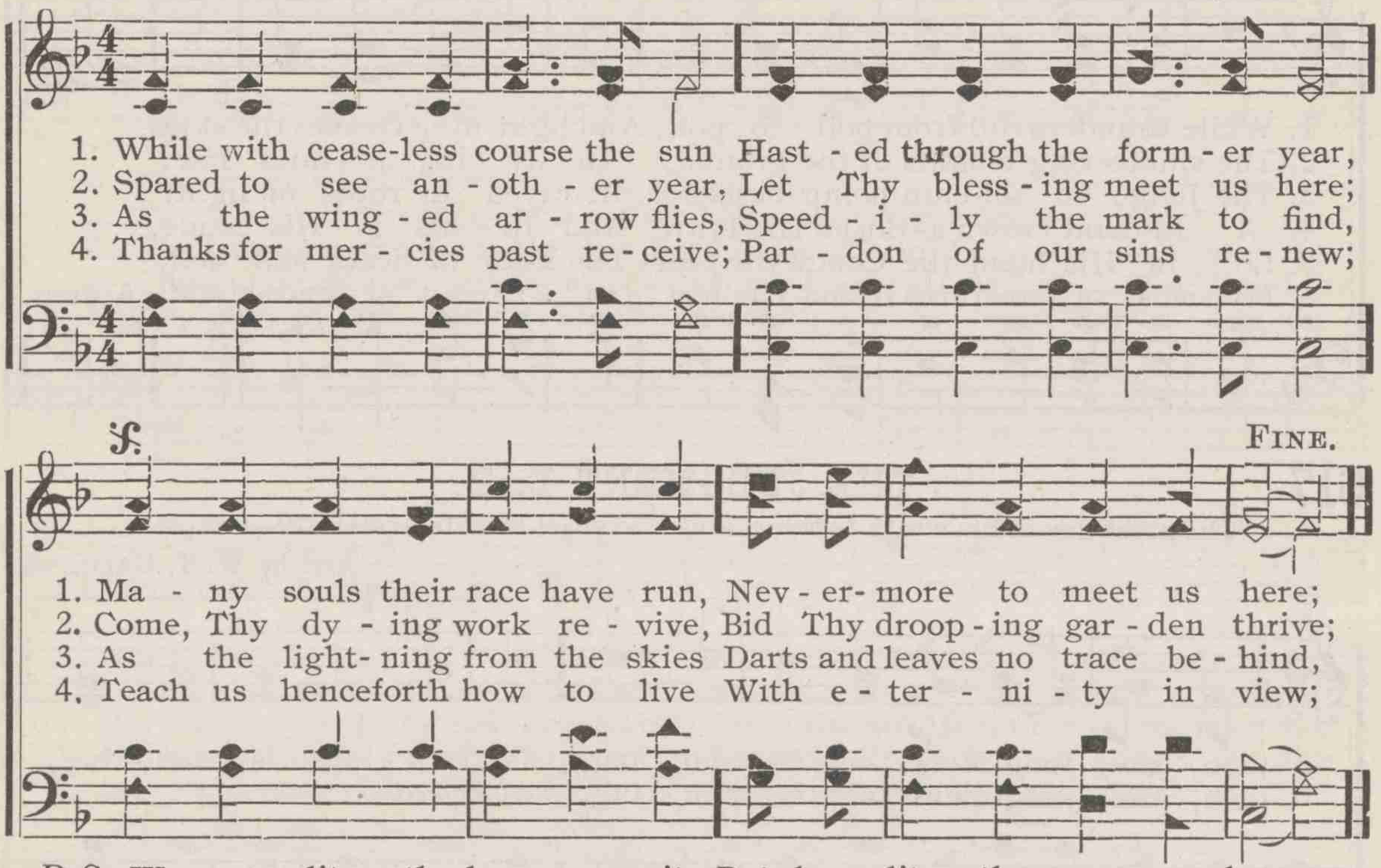
CHO.–For they took not the wings of the morning,
To fly away to Jesus,
For they took not the wings of the morning,
To sound the Jubilee.

10 Let the rocks and the mountains hide us,
Now hide us, now hide us,
Let the rocks and the mountains hide us,
On this great day.

CHO.–For we took not the wings of the morning, etc.

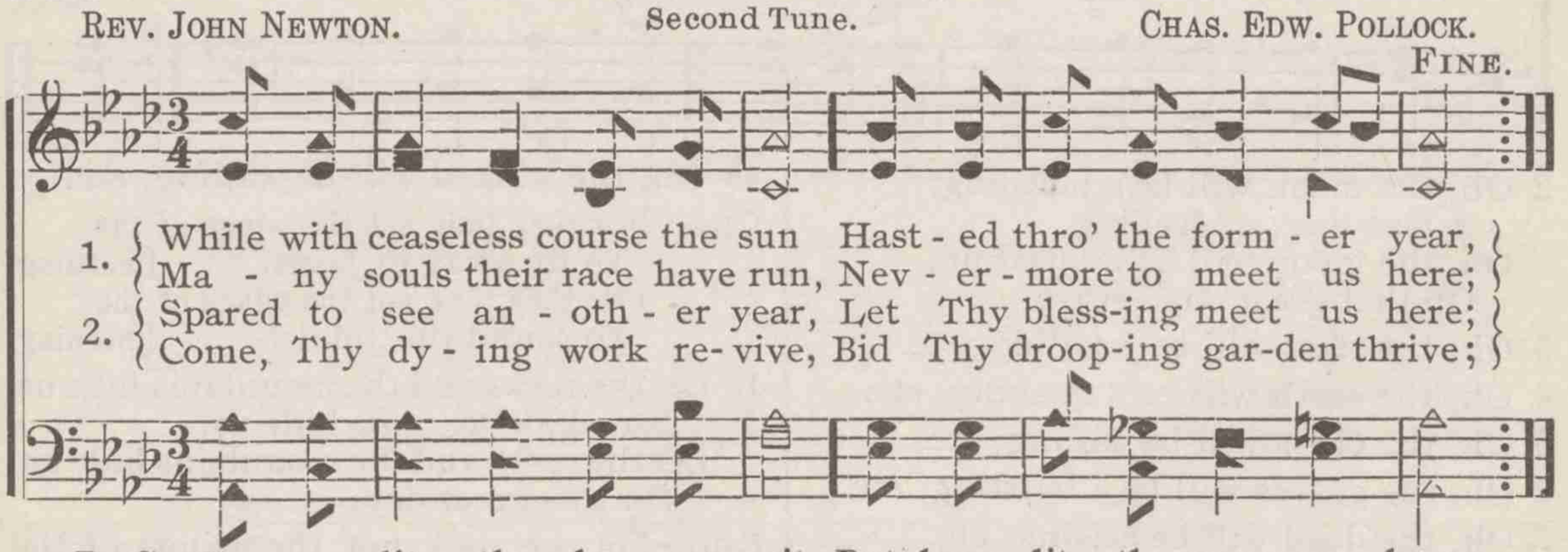
618 BENEVENTO. 7s, D.

REV. JOHN NEWTON, 1774. Beginning of New Year. SAMUEL WEBBE, 1792.



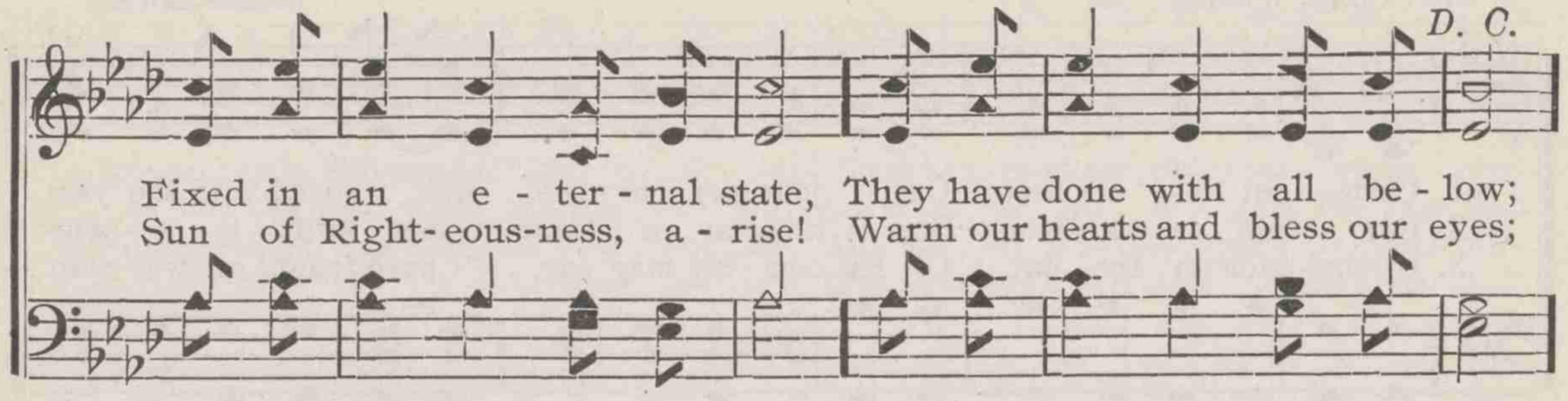
619 CALLAWAY. 7s, D.

REV. JOHN NEWTON. Second Tune. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

CALLAWAY. Concluded.

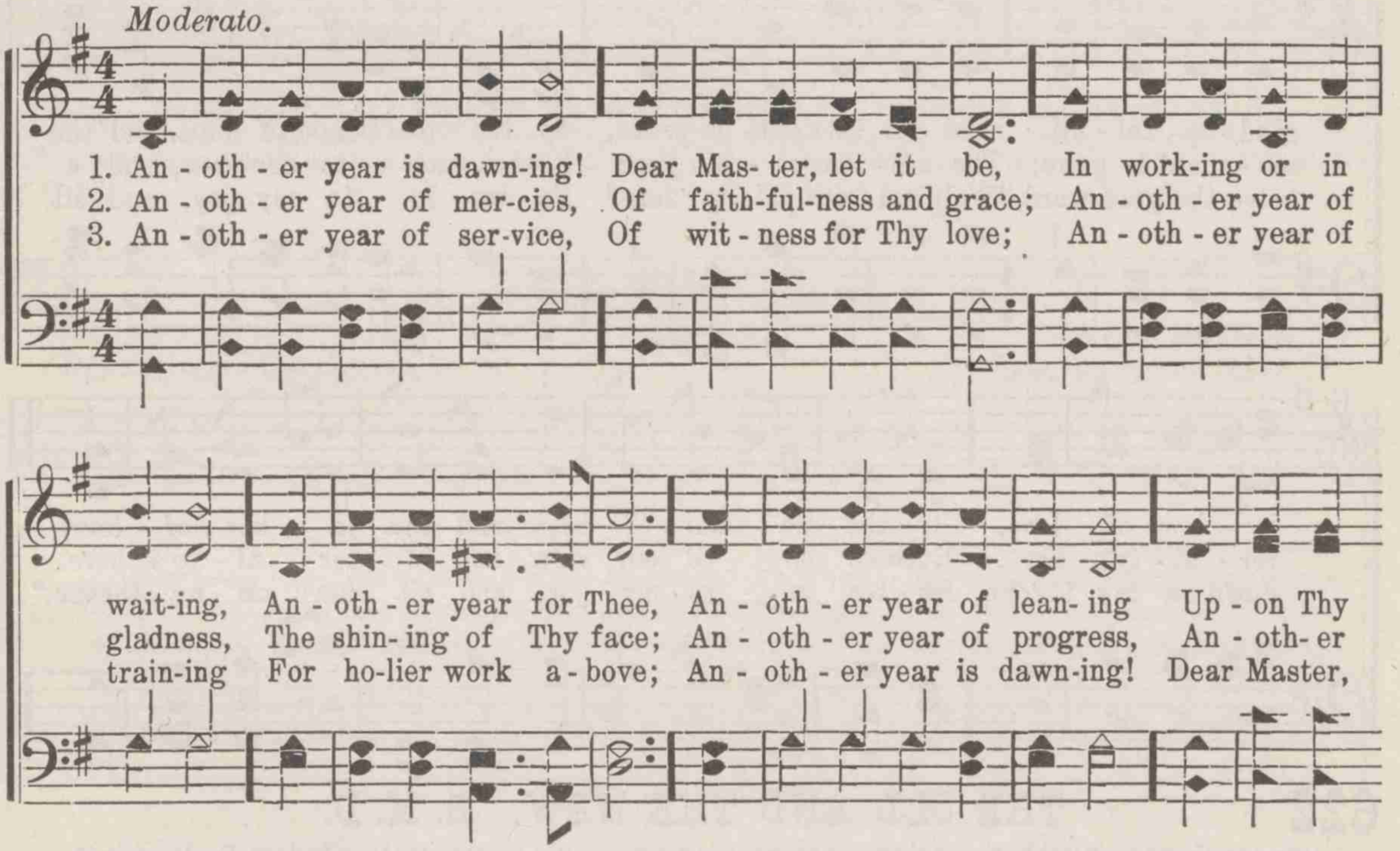


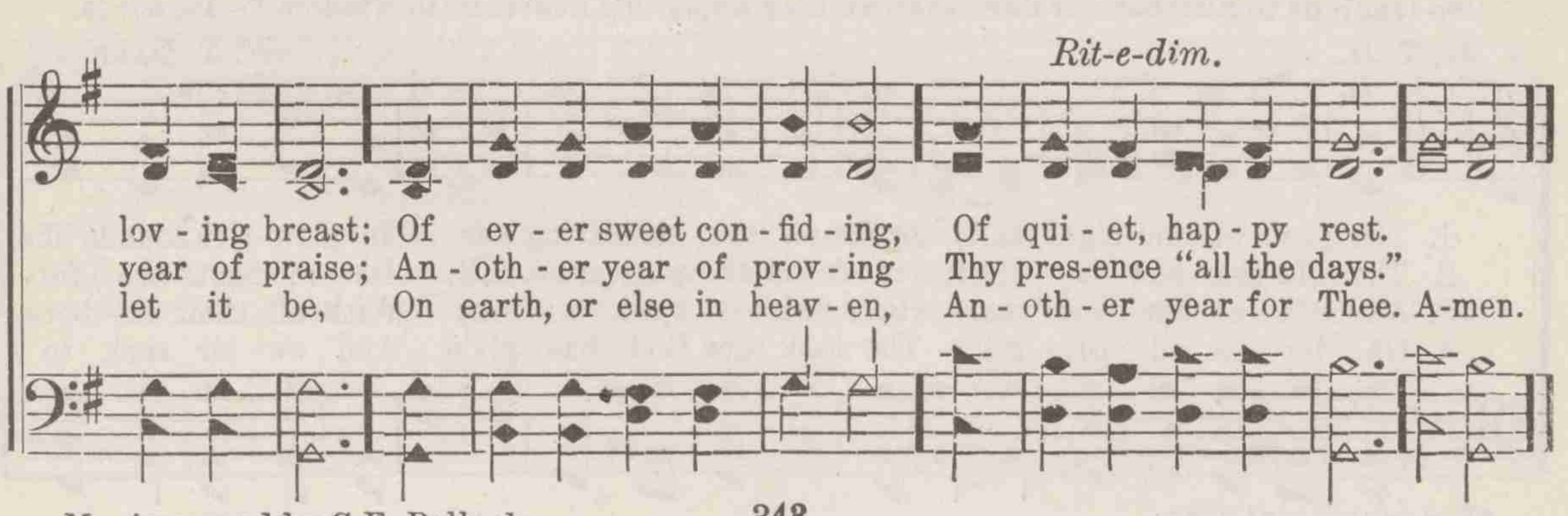
3 As the winged arrow flies,
Speedily the mark to find,
As the lightning from the skies
Darts and leaves no trace behind,
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise,
All below is but a dream.

4 Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view.
Bless Thy word to young and old,
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And when life's short tale is told;
May we dwell with Thee above.

620 ANOTHER YEAR. 7s & 6s, D.

Miss F. R. Havergal, 1874. Chas. Edw. Pollock.





Music owned by C E. Pollock.

621 LUCAS. 10s, 5s, 11s.

REV. CHAS. WESLEY. JAMES LUCAS.

1. Come, let us a - new Our jour-ney pur - sue, Roll round with the year,
2. Our life is a dream; Our time, as a stream, Glides swift - ly a - way;
3. O that each in the day Of His com - ing may say, "I have fought my way thro';

And nev - er stand still till the Mas- ter ap-pear! His a - dor - a - ble will Let us
And the fu - gi- tive moment re - fus - es to stay, The ar - row is flown, The
I have finished the work Thou didst give me to do!" O that each from His Lord May re-

glad - ly ful - fill, And our tal - ents im-prove, By the pa - tience of hope, and the
mo - ment is gone; The mil - len - i - al year Rushes on to our view, and e-
ceive the glad word, "Well and faith-ful - ly done! En - ter in - to my joy, and sit

la - bor of love, By the pa - tience of hope and the la - bor of love.
ter - ni - ty's here, Rush-es on to our view, and e - ter - ni - ty's here.
down on my throne, En - ter in - to my joy, and sit down on my throne."

622 THE OLD AND THE NEW. S. M. D.

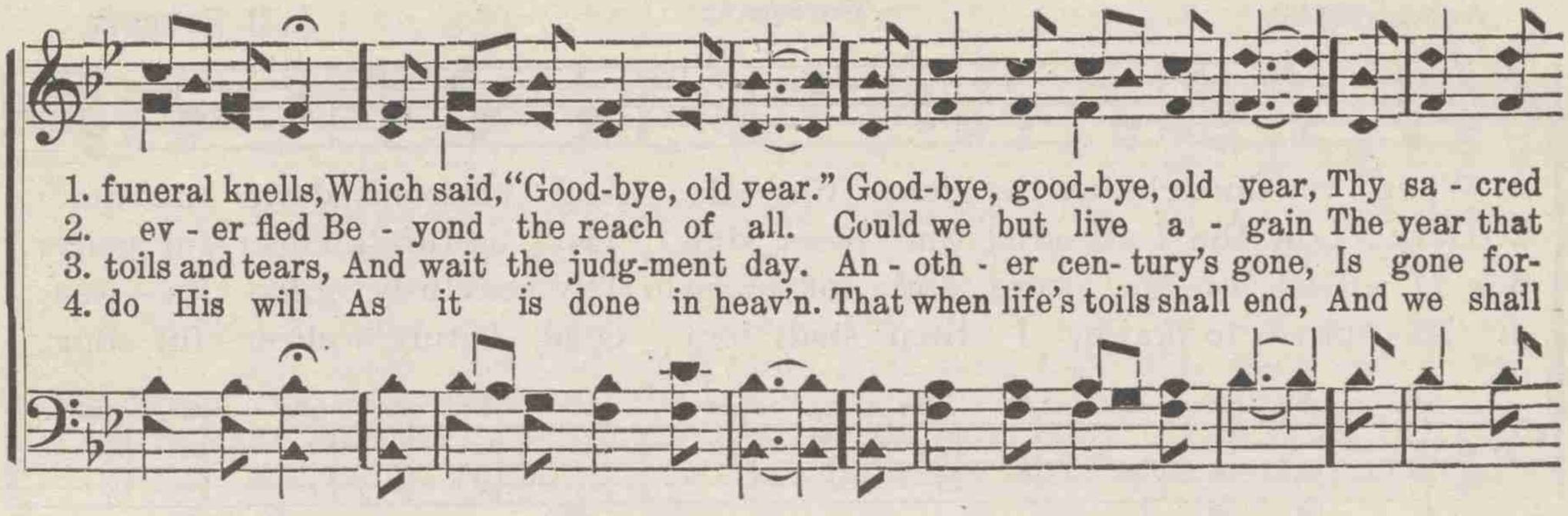
"So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."—Ps. 90: 13.

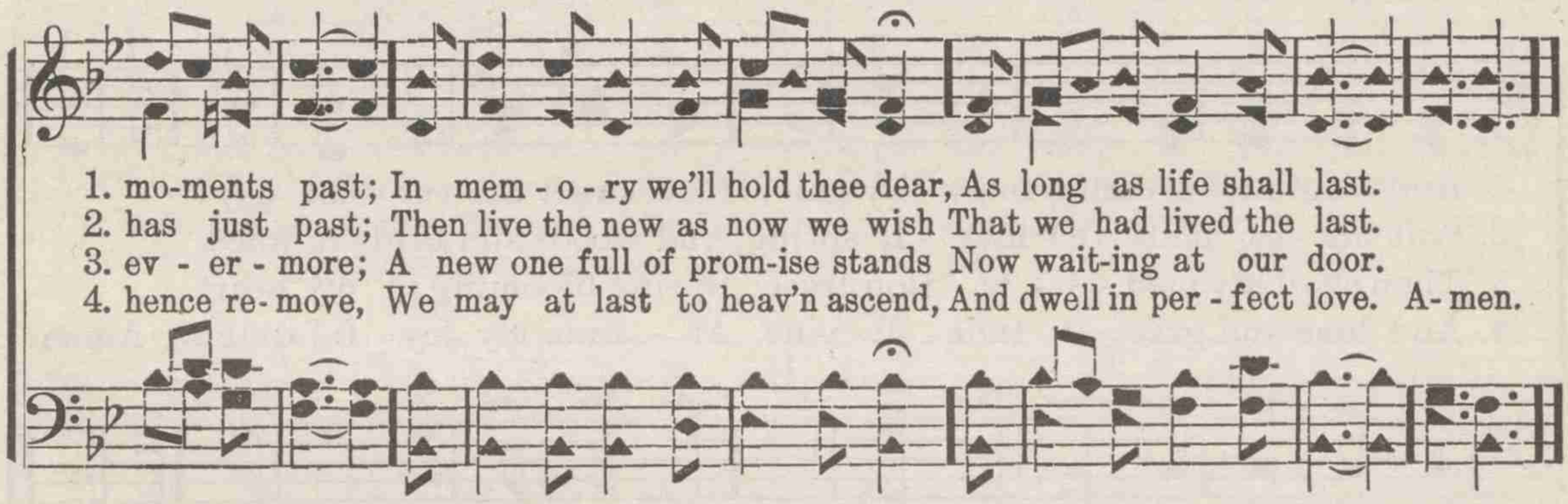
W. T. D. W. T. DALE.

1. The peals of mid-night bells Broke on the slumb'ring ear In plain-tive sounds like
2. The old year now is dead; Its deeds are past re - call; Its moments are for-
3.*An - oth - er hun-dred years Have swift-ly sped a - way With all their la - bors,
4. Oh, let us all ful - fill The task that God has giv'n, And ev - er seek to

*For centennial year.

THE OLD AND THE NEW. Concluded.





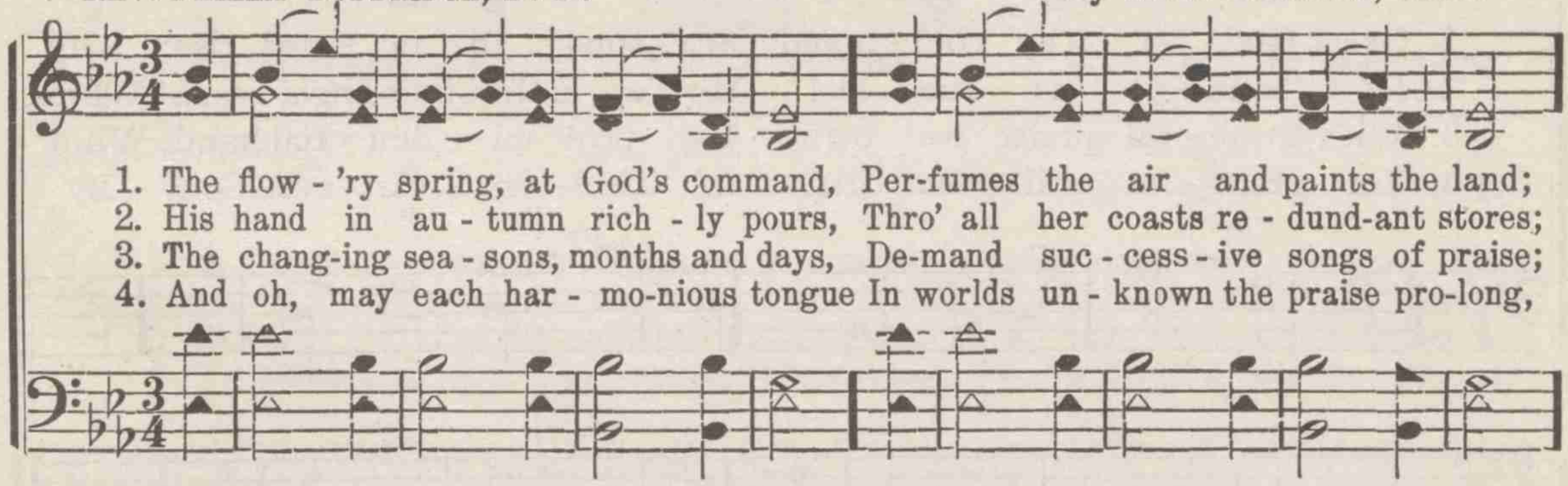
NOTE.—On Monday night, December 31, 1900, just as the clock struck twelve, the church bells rang and fireworks lit the air, all reminding us of the fact that the old year and the old century had just passed away, and that the new year and the new century had just dawned. Let us move forward.

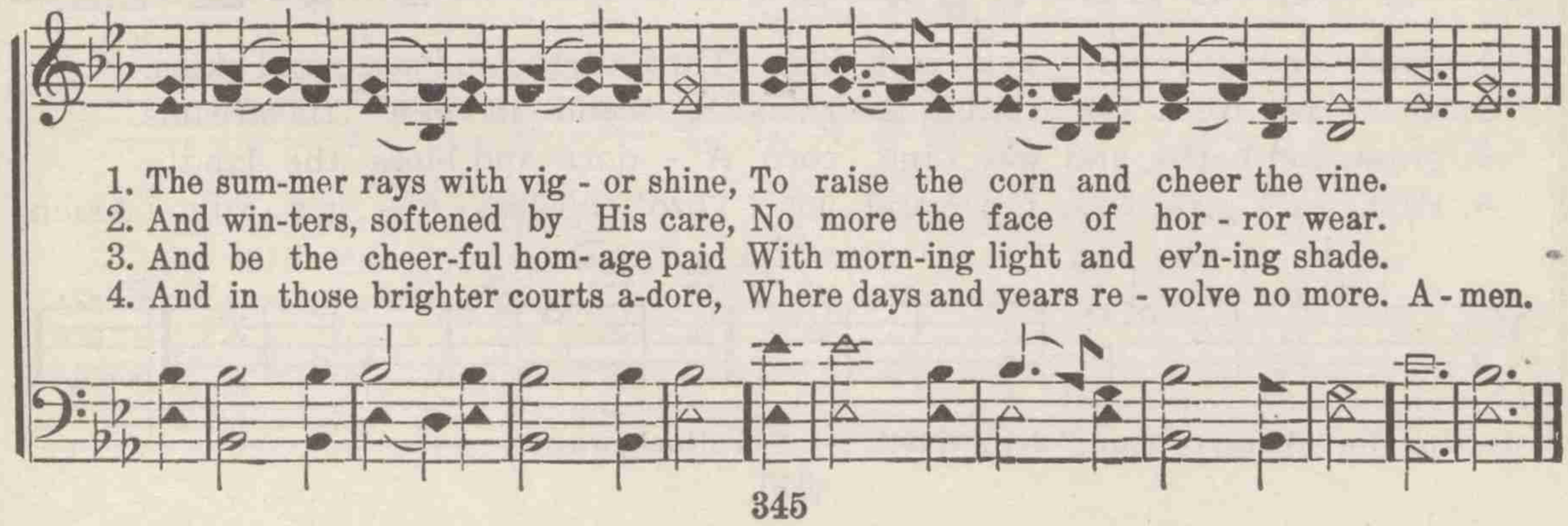
623 GRATITUDE. L. M.

The Spring.

REV. PHILLIP DODDRIDGE, D. D.

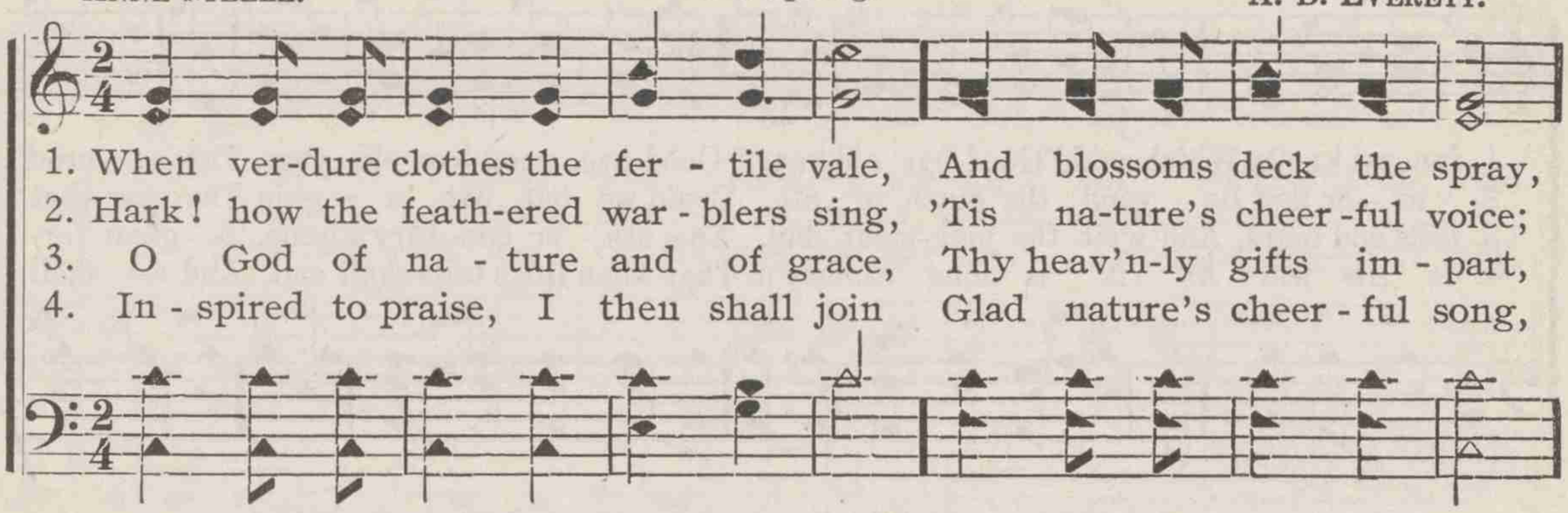
Arr. fr. AMI BOST,
By THOS. HASTINGS, 1838.

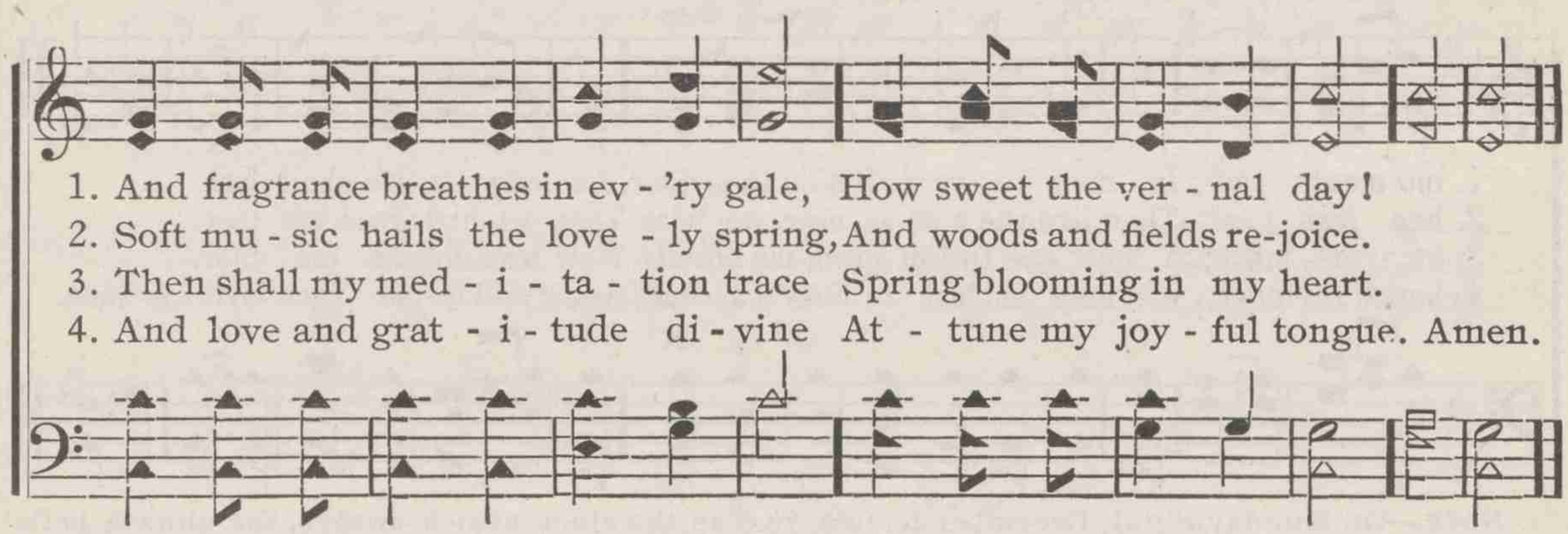




624 ASHVILLE. C. M.

ANNE STEELE. The Spring. A. B. EVERETT.

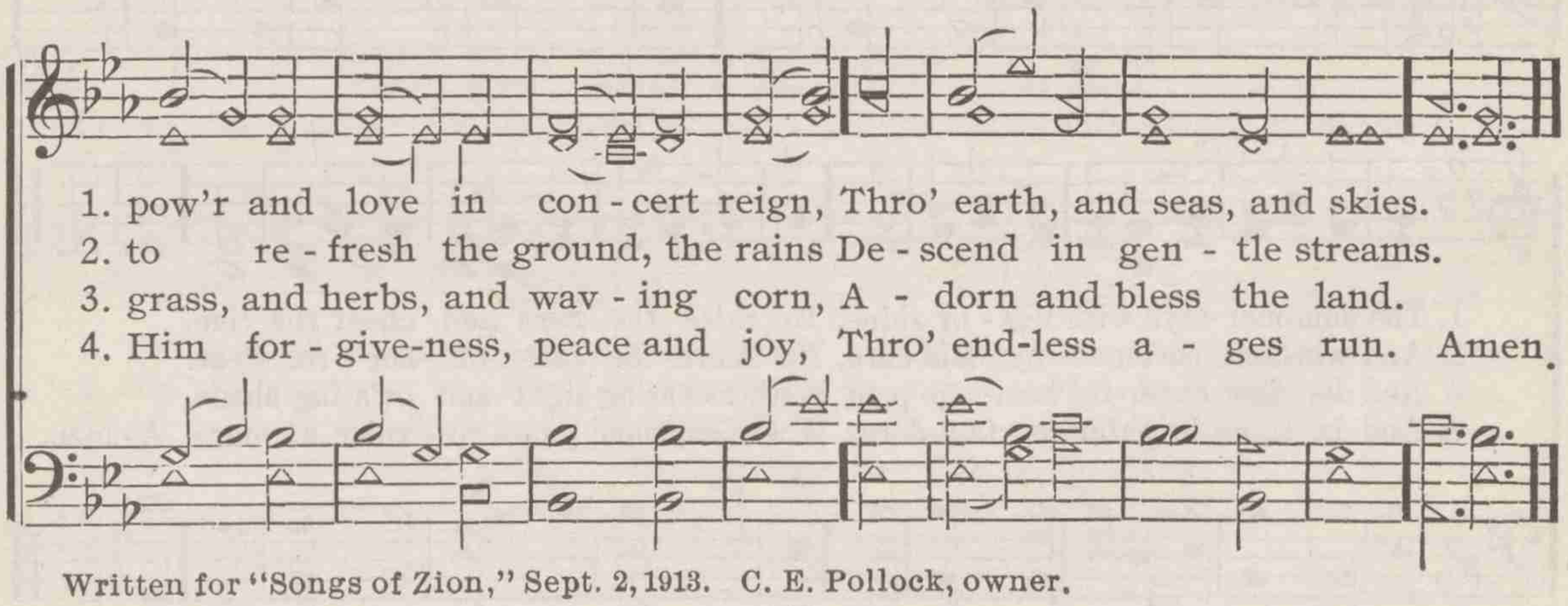




625 VIRGINIA. S. M.*

PRATT'S COLL. The Summer. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.





Written for "Songs of Zion," Sept. 2, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner.

626 HARVEST HOME. 7s, D.

"Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness."—Psalm 65:11.

REV. HENRY ALFORD, 1844. (For Thanksgiving Service.) CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, by per.

FINE.

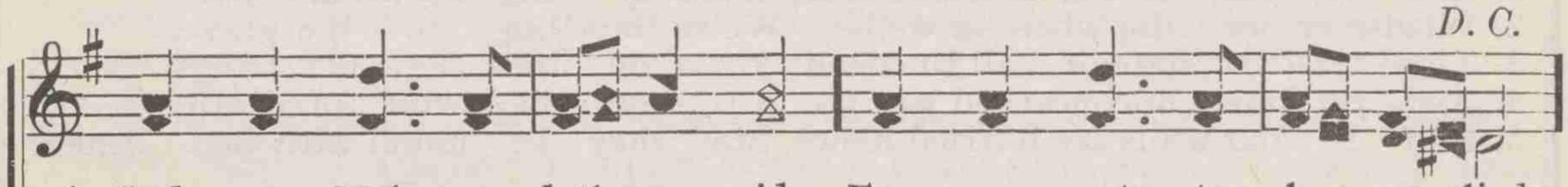


1. Come, ye thank-ful peo-ple, come, Raise the song of Har-vest Home!
   All is safe-ly gath-ered in, Ere the win-ter storms be-gin;
2. We our-selves are God's own field, Fruit un-to His praise to yield;
   Wheat and tares to-geth-er sown, Un-to joy or sor-row grown;
3. For the Lord our God shall come, And shall take His har-vest home;
   From His field shall in that day All of-fens-es purge a-way;
4. Then the church tri-umph-ant, come, Raise the song of Har-vest Home!
   All are safe-ly gath-ered in, Free from sor-row, free from sin;



D.C.–Come to God's own tem-ple, come, Raise the song of Har-vest Home!
D.C.–Lord of har-vest, grant that we Wholesome grain and pure may be!
D.C.–But the fruit-ful ears to store In His gar-ner ev-er-more.
D.C.–Come, ten thou-sand an-gels, come, Raise the glo-rious Har-vest Home!

D. C.



1. God our Mak-er doth pro-vide For our wants to be sup-plied;
2. First the blade, and then the ear, Then the full corn shall ap-pear;
3. Give His an-gels charge at last In the fire the tares to cast;
4. There, for-ev-er pur-i-fied, In God's gar-ner to a-bide;

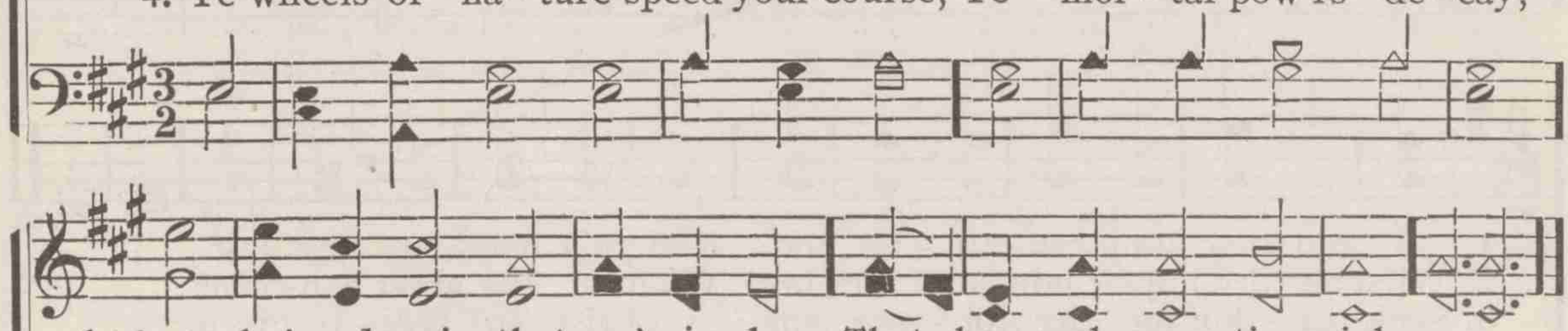


627 AZMON. C. M.

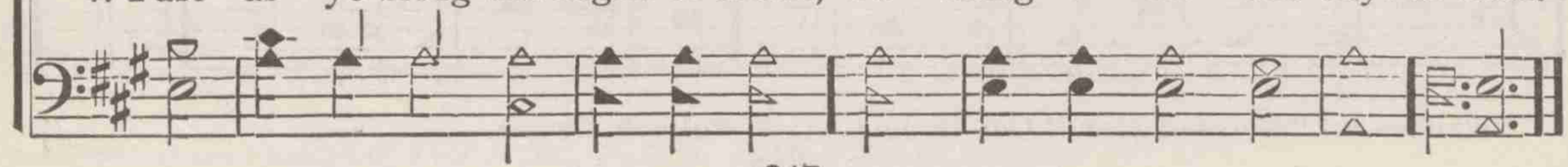
REV. PHILLIP DODDRIDGE, D. D. The flight of time. CARL G. GLÄSER, 1828.



1. A-wake! ye saints, and raise your eyes, And raise your voic-es high;
2. On all the wings of time it flies; Each mo-ment brings it near;
3. Not ma-ny years their rounds shall run, Nor ma-ny morn-ings rise,
4. Ye wheels of na-ture speed your course, Ye mor-tal pow'rs de-cay;



1. A-wake! and praise that sov'reign love That shows sal-va-tion nigh,
2. Then welcome each de-clin-ing day! Wel-come each clos-ing year!
3. Ere all its glo-ries stand revealed To our ad-mir-ing eyes.
4. Fast as ye bring the night of death, Ye bring e-ter-nal day. A-men.



628

HOWARD. C. M.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D. The closing of the year. ELIZABETH H. CUTHBERT.



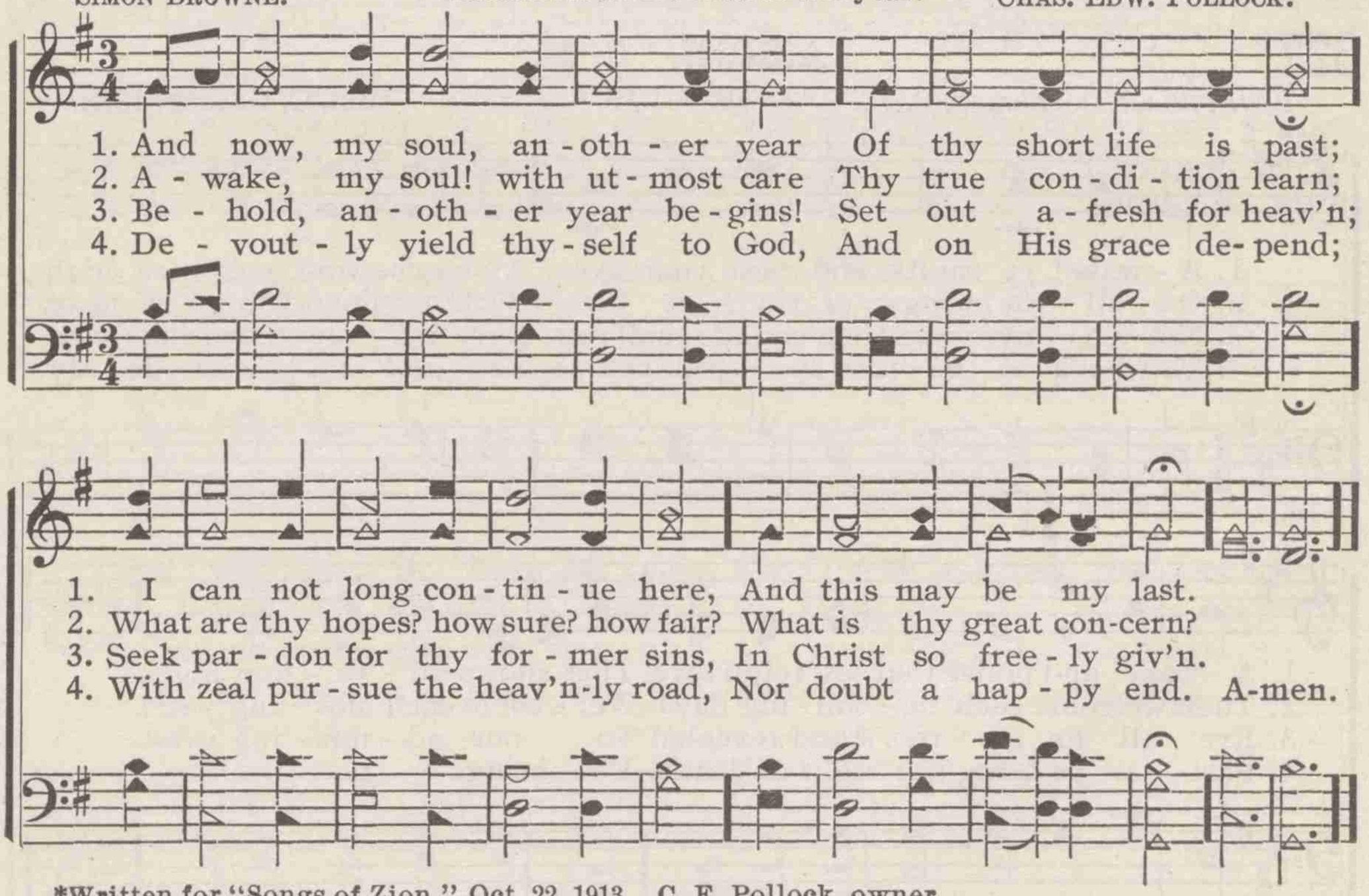
1. Thee we a - dore, e - ter - nal Name, And hum - bly own to Thee
2. The year rolls round and steals a - way The breath at first it gave;
3. Great God! on what a slen - der thread Hangs ev - er - last - ing things;
4. E - ter - nal joy, or end - less woe, At - tends on ev - 'ry breath;
5. A - wake, O Lord, our drows - y sense, To shun this dangerous road;

1. How fee - ble is our mortal frame, What dy - ing worms are we!
2. What-e'er we do, where'er we be, We're trav-'ling to the grave.
3. Th'e - ter - nal state of all the dead Up - on life's fee - ble strings.
4. And yet how unconcerned we go Up - on the brink of death.
5. And if our souls are hurried hence, May they be found with God. Amen.

629

TOPEKA. C. M.*

SIMON BROWNE. Reflections at the close of the year. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. And now, my soul, an - oth - er year Of thy short life is past;
2. A - wake, my soul! with ut - most care Thy true con - di - tion learn;
3. Be - hold, an - oth - er year be - gins! Set out a - fresh for heav'n;
4. De - vout - ly yield thy - self to God, And on His grace de - pend;

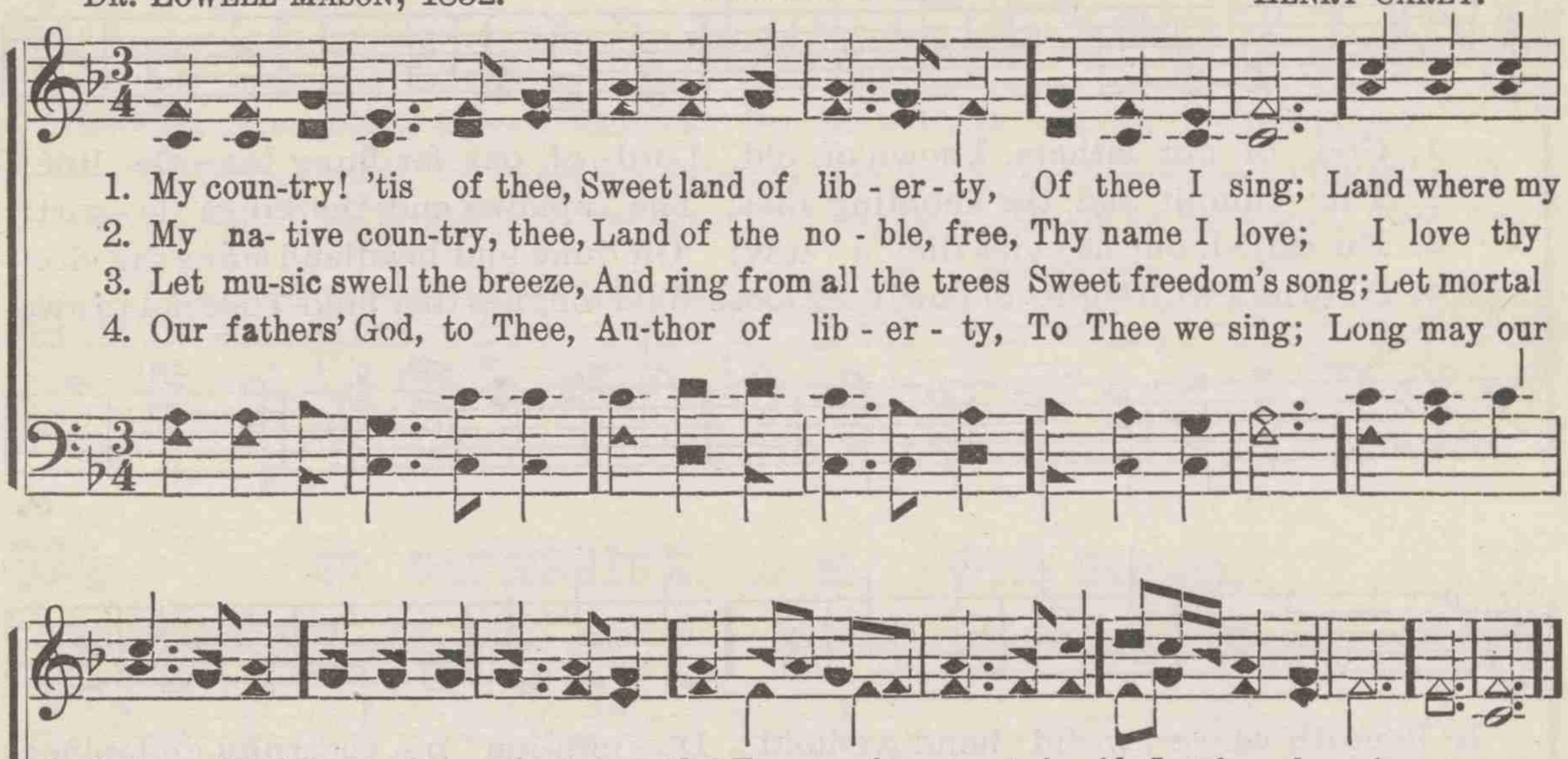
1. I can not long con - tin - ue here, And this may be my last.
2. What are thy hopes? how sure? how fair? What is thy great con-cern?
3. Seek par - don for thy for - mer sins, In Christ so free - ly giv'n.
4. With zeal pur - sue the heav'n-ly road, Nor doubt a hap - py end. A-men.

*Written for "Songs of Zion," Oct. 22, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner.

630 AMERICA. 6s & 4s.

(Patriotic.)

DR. LOWELL MASON, 1832. Psalm 16:6. HENRY CAREY.



631 LONGFELLOW. 6s & 4s.*

REV. CHAS. T. BROOKS, tr., 1833,
and REV. JOHN S. DWIGHT. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

*Written for "Songs of Zion," Dec. 26, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner.

632 GOD OF OUR FATHERS. L. M. 6 lines.

RUDYARD KIPLING. New National Hymn. W. T. DALE.



633 COLUMBIA. 6s & 4s.

E. T. WINKLER. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

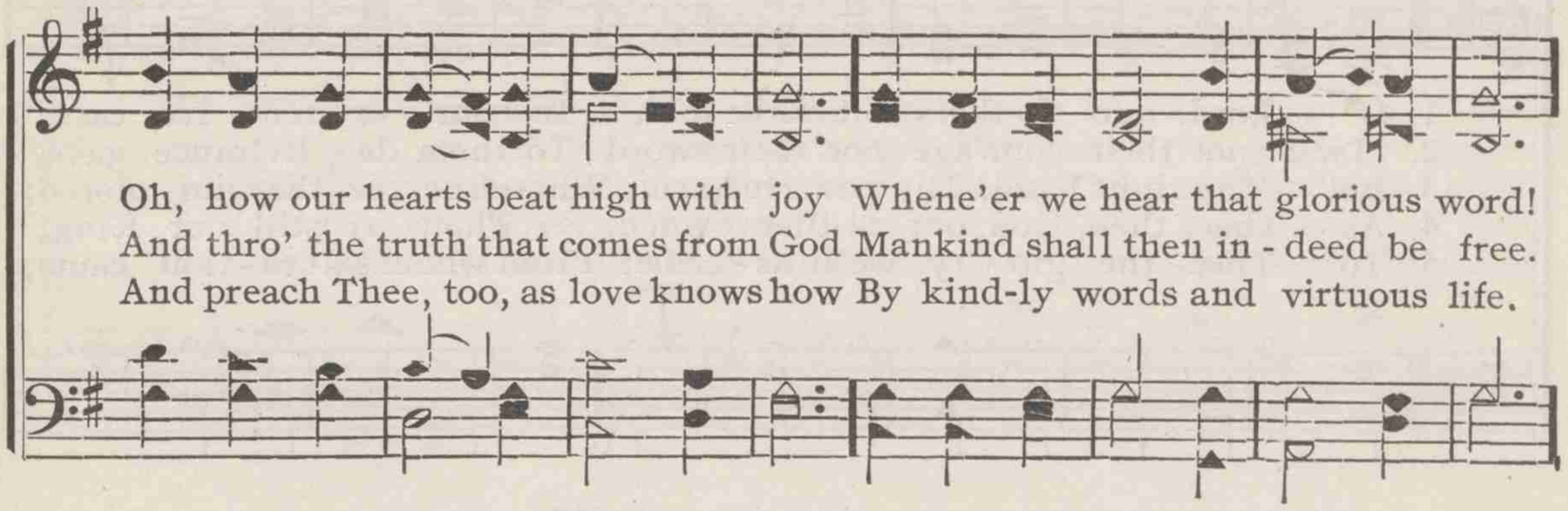
COLUMBIA. Concluded.



634 ST. CATHERINE. L. M. (With Refrain.)

FREDERICK W. FABER, 1849. HENRY F. HEMY and J. G. WALTON, 1874.





REFRAIN.



635

FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

REV. LEONARD BACON. The Pilgrim Fathers. H. K. OLIVER.



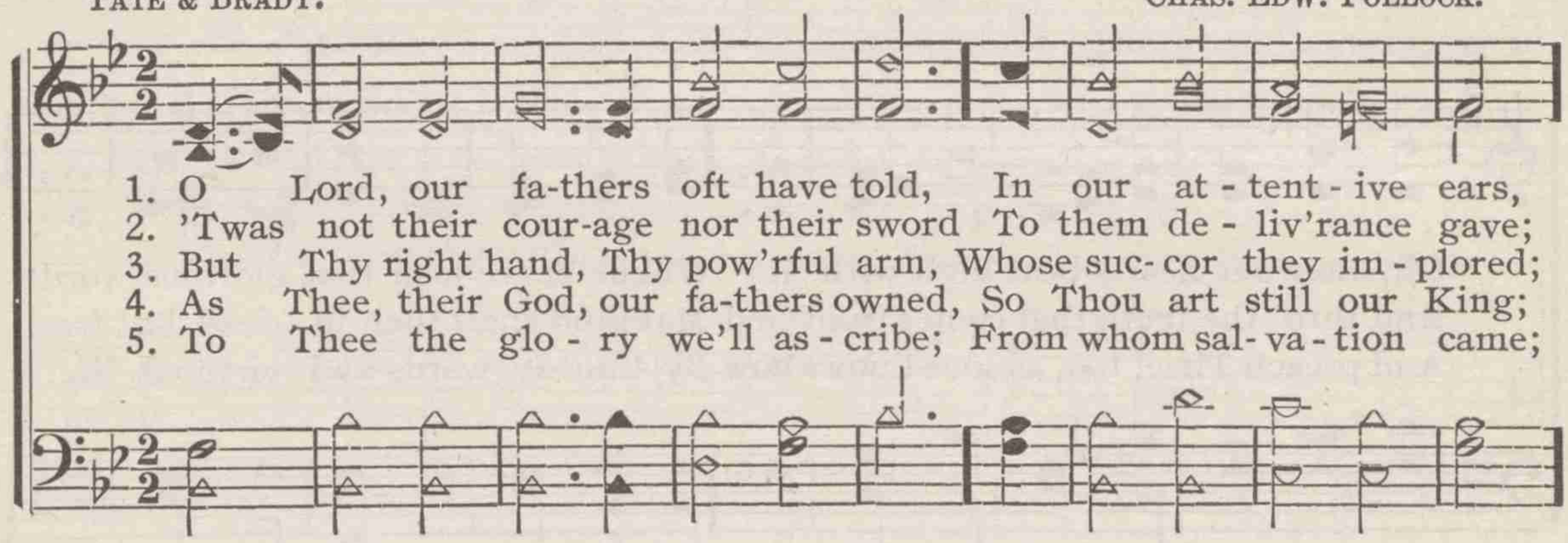


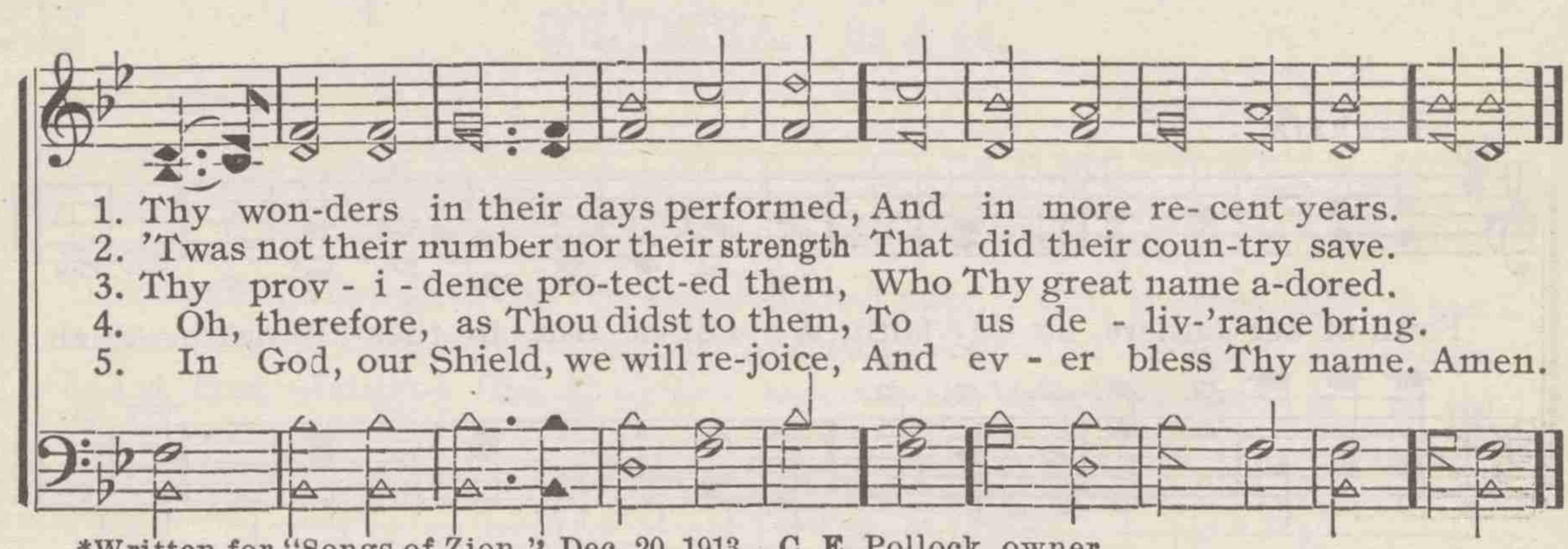
636

BOWERS. C. M.*

God, our nation's deliverer.—Psalm 44: 1-4.

TATE & BRADY. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

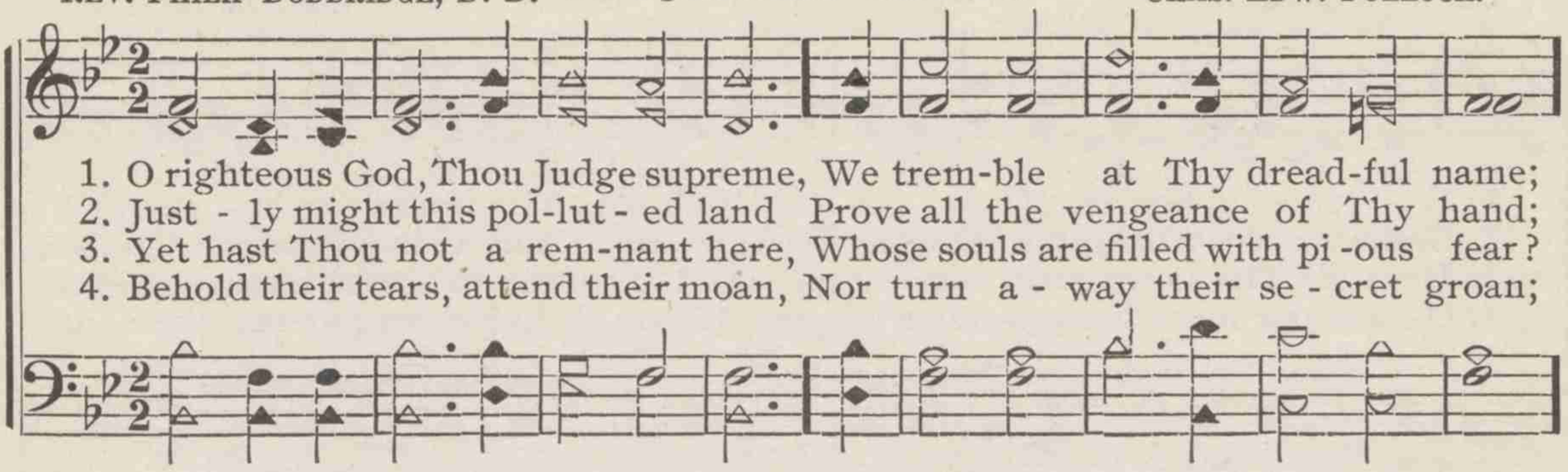


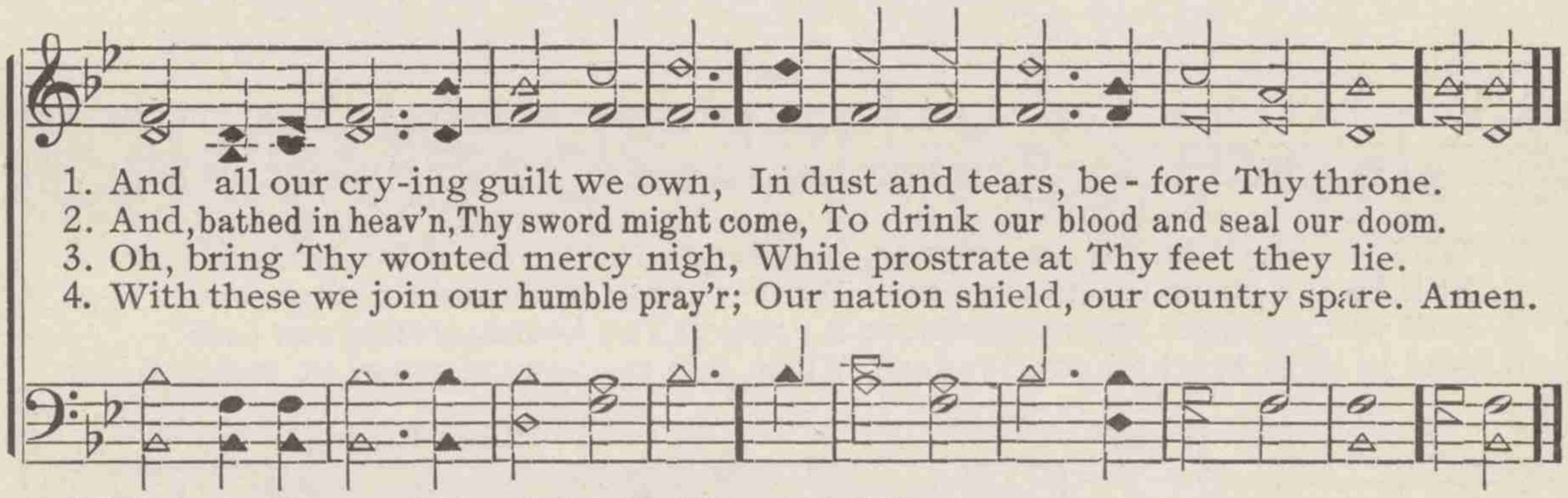


*Written for "Songs of Zion," Dec. 20, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner.

637 KNAPP. L. M.*

REV. PHILIP DODDRIDGE, D. D. For a public fast.—Isa. 9: 4-6. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

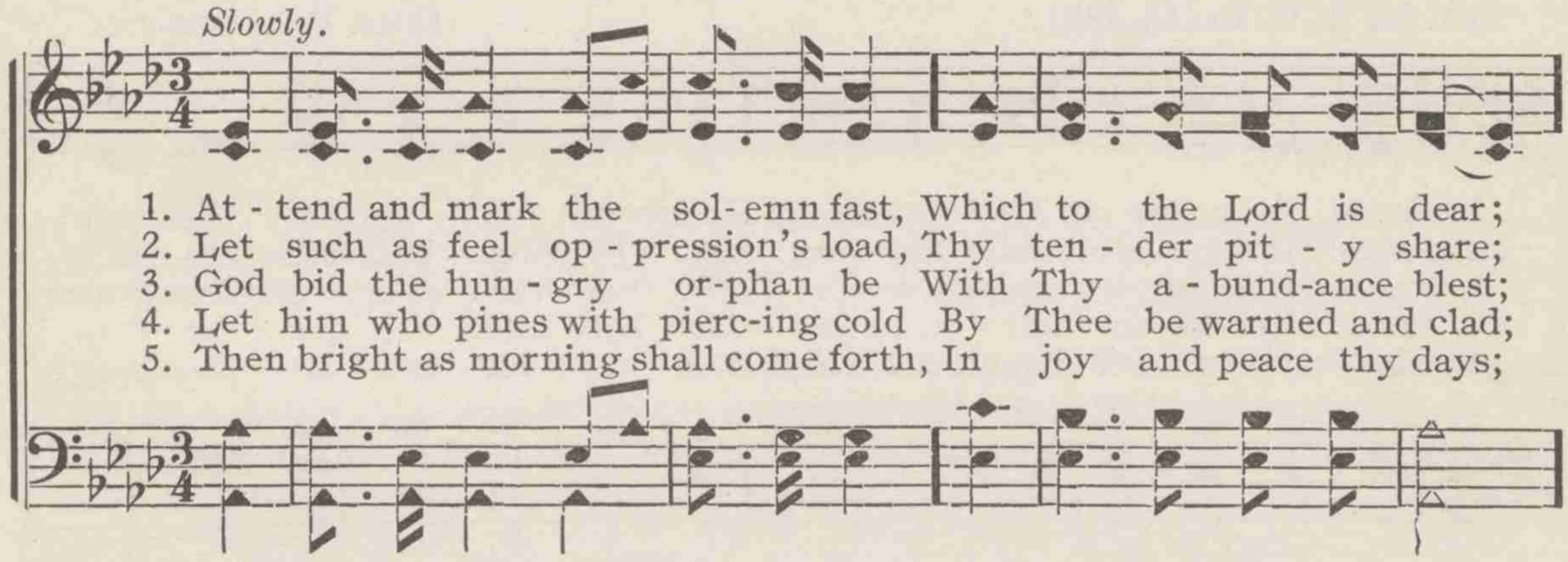


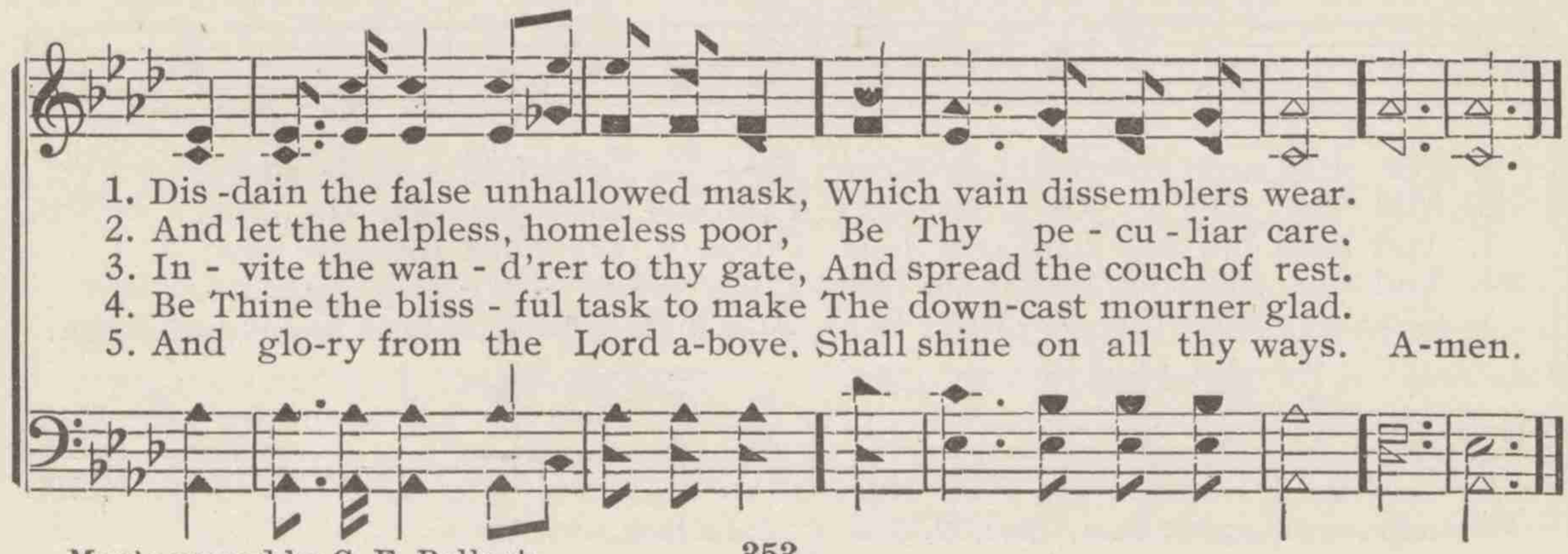


*Written for "Songs of Zion," Dec. 18, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner.

638 MARTIN. C. M.

SCOTCH PARAPHRASE. Isa. 58: 5-9. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

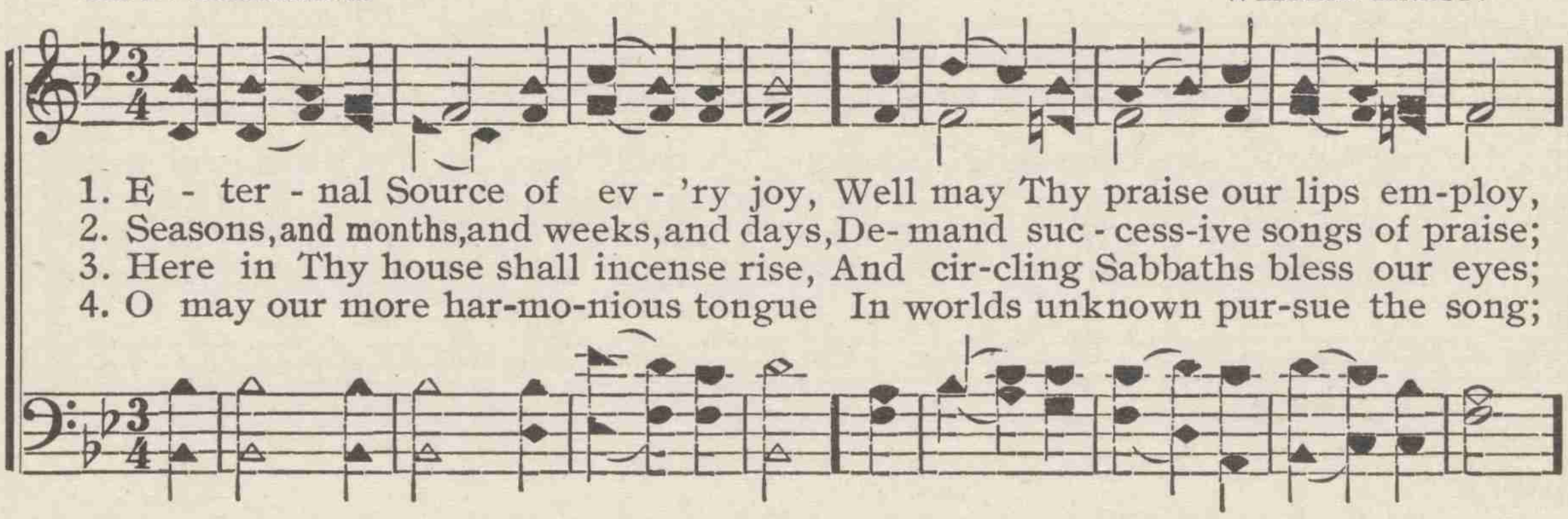


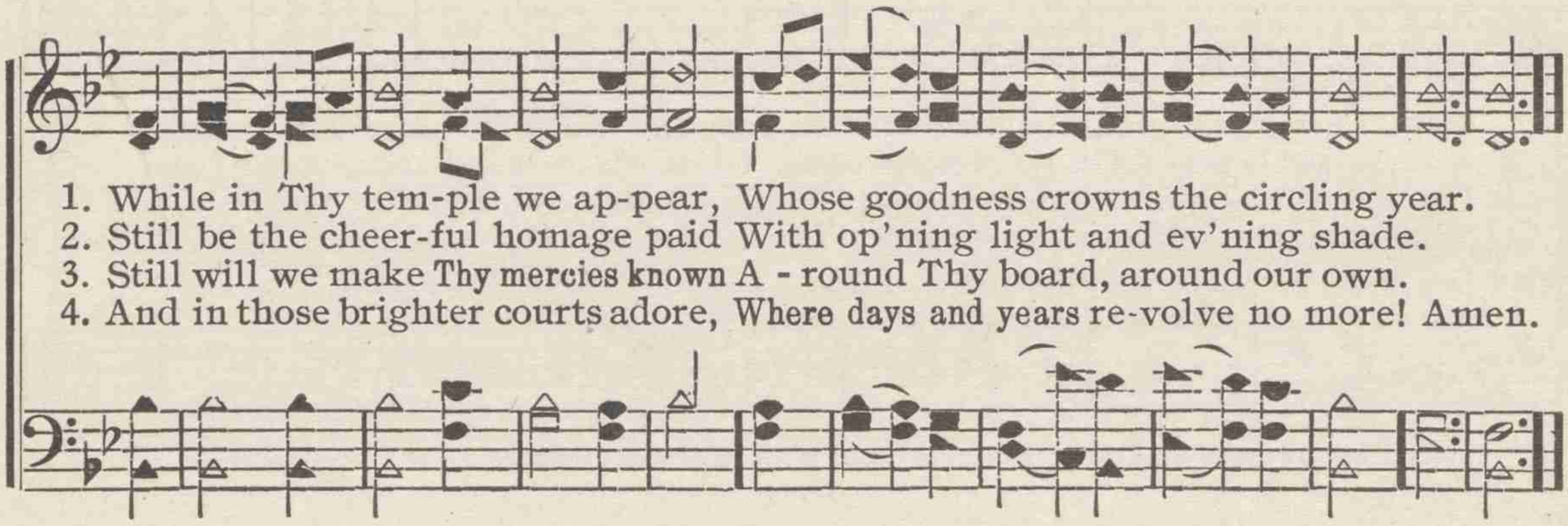


Music owned by C. E. Pollock,

639 ALL SAINTS. L. M.

DR. P. DODDRIDGE. WILLIAM KNAPP.



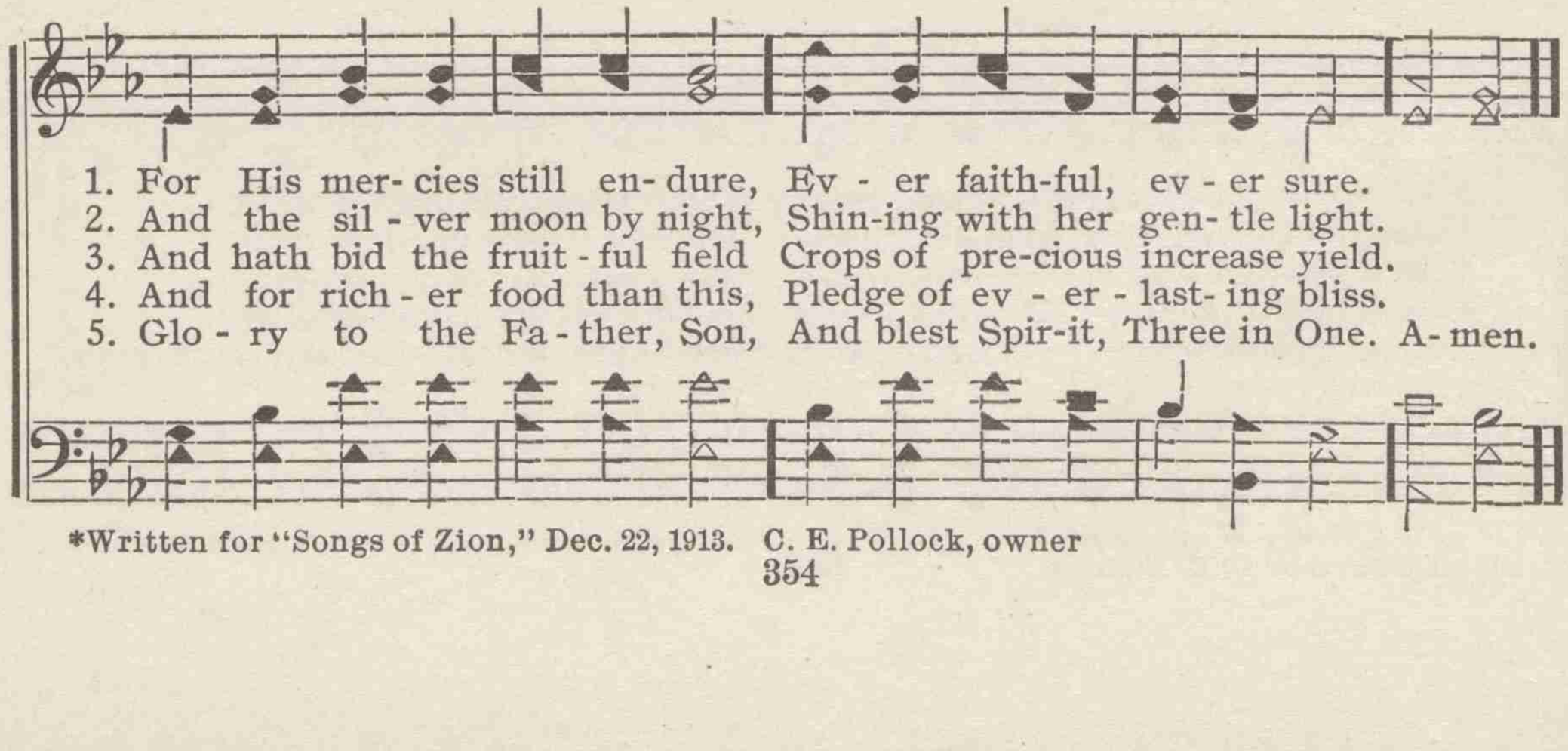


640 KIDDER. 7s.*

A song of thanksgiving.—Psalm 136: 1, 8, 9, 25.

REV. SIR H. W. BAKER, 1861. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.





*Written for "Songs of Zion," Dec. 22, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner

641 WAVE. 8, 7, 8, 4.

JANE C. SIMPSON, 1830. (For those at sea.) Arr. by W. B. BRADBURY, 1844.



1. Star of peace to wand'rers wea - ry, Bright the beams that smile on me;
2. Star of hope, gleam on the bil - low, Bless the soul that sighs for Thee;
3. Star of faith, when winds are mocking All his toil, he flies to Thee;
4. Star di-vine, oh, safe - ly guide him, Bring the wand'rer home to Thee;





1. Cheer the pi - lot's vis - ion drear-y, Far, far at sea.
2. Bless the sail - or's lone - ly pil-low, Far, far at sea.
3. Save him, on the bil - lows rocking, Far, far at sea.
4. Sore temp-ta - tions long have tried him, Far, far at sea. A - men.



642 JESUS, SAVIOUR, PILOT ME. 7s, 6 lines.

REV. EDW. HOPPER, 1871. (Male Quartet.) CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Earnestly.



1. Je - sus, Saviour, pi-lot me, O - ver life's tempestuous sea; Unknown waves before me roll,
2. As a mother stills her child, Thou canst hush the ocean wild; Boist'rous waves obey Thy will
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fearful breakers roar 'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,



Rit.



Hiding rock and treach'rous shoal; Chart and compass came from Thee; Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.
When Thou say'st to them "Be still!" Won-d'rous Sov-'reign of the sea, Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.
Then, while leaning on Thy breast, May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"



Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

643 WE'RE MARCHING TO ZION.

"We are journeying uuto the place of which the Lord said, I will give it you."—Num, 10:29.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, D. D., 1709. REV. ROBERT LOWRY., D. D.

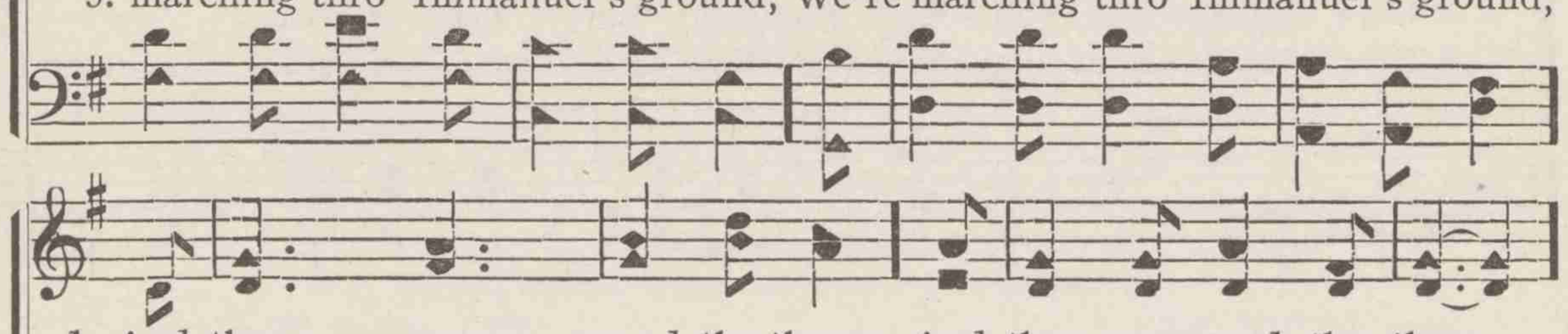
Spirited.



1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, Join
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But
3. The men of grace have found Glo - ry be - gan be - low; Ce-
4. The hill of Zi - on yields A thou - sand sa - cred sweets Be-
5. Then let our songs a-bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're



1. in a song with sweet, accord, Join in a song with sweet ac-cord,
2. children of the heav'n-ly King, But chil - dren of the heav'nly King,
3. les - tial fruits on earth-ly ground, Ce - les - tial fruits on earth-ly ground
4. fore we reach the heav'nly fields, Be - fore we reach the heav'nly fields,
5. marching thro' Immanuel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,



1. And thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur-round the throne.
2. May speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a - broad.
3. From faith and hope may grow, From faith and hope may grow.
4. Or walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.
5. To fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.



And thus sur-round the throne, And thus sur-round the throne.

CHORUS.



We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful Zi - on; We're marching
We're marching on to Zi - on,



up-ward to Zi - on, The beau - ti - ful cit - y of God, A-men.
Zi - on, Zi - on,

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644 THE FRIEND ABOVE ALL FRIENDS. 6s D. with Chorus.

"This is my Beloved, and this is my Friend."—Cant. 5: 16.

J. S. B., 1912. REV. J. S. BOYD, 1912.

1. There is no friend like mine, So great, so kind, and mild, This friend is all di-
2. In kind-ly du-ties done His earth-life He did spend, For having loved His
3. Of friends there's none like mine, So ho-ly, heav'nly, mild; Dear Saviour, make me

vine, Yet once be-came a child; He left His loft-y throne, A man-ger
own, He loved them to the end; He died that we might live, He lives, we
Thine, Thy hum-ble, trusting child; On earth I'll fol-low Thee, And love Thy-

was His bed; He wandered oft a-lone, Not where to lay His head.
need not die; Who trusts Him He will give To reign with Him on high.
self the best; In heav'n O let me be In Thy sweet presence blest.

CHORUS.

Glad songs of joy proclaim, ... This friend is yours and mine,
of joy proclaim, is yours and mine,

Here we'll re-vere His name, *There* with His an-gels shine.
revere His name, angels shine. Amen.

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645

NEVER GIVE UP.

"What time I am afraid, I will trust in Thee."—Psa. 56:3.

FANNY J. CROSBY. I. ALLAN SANKEY.

1. Nev - er be sad or de - spond-ing If thou hast faith to be - lieve;
2. What if thy burdens op-press thee; What tho' thy life may be drear;
3. Nev - er be sad or de - spond-ing, There is a mor-row for thee;
4. Nev - er be sad or de - spond-ing, Lean on the arm of thy Lord;

1. Grace, for the du - ties be - fore thee, Ask of thy God and re - ceive.
2. Look on the side that is bright-est, Pray, and thy path will be clear.
3. Soon thou shalt dwell in its brightness, There with the Lord thou shalt be.
4. Dwell in the depths of His mer - cy, Thou shalt re-ceive thy re - ward.

CHORUS.

Nev - er give up,..... Nev - er give up,.....
Never give up, never give up, Never give up, never give up,

Nev - er give up to thy sor - rows, Je - sus will bid them de - part;

Trust..... in the Lord,..... Trust..... in the Lord,.....
Trust in the Lord, trust in the Lord, Trust in the Lord, Trust in the Lord,

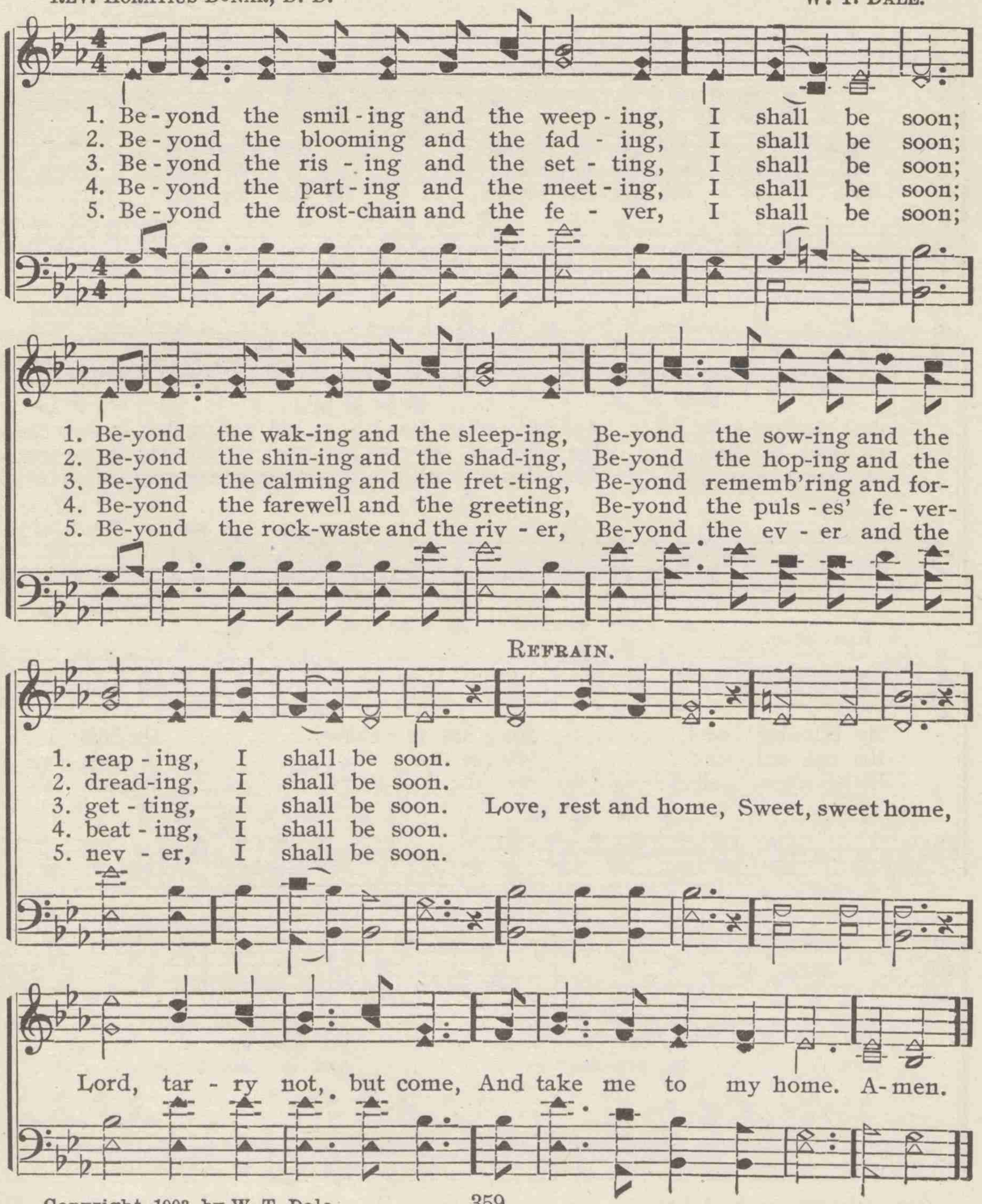
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NEVER GIVE UP. Concluded.



646 BEYOND THE SMILING AND THE WEEPING.

REV. HORATIUS BONAR, D. D. W. T. DALE.



Copyright, 1903, by W. T. Dale.

647 THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

Dr. N. H. Murrey, 1904. Psalm 23. W. T. Dale, 1908.

1. The gra - cious Lord,..... my Shep- herd good,..... Sup - plies my
2. Yea, tho' I tread..... the som - bre vale,..... Where shadows
3. He spreads His board,..... and bids me eat,..... I feast on

wants..... and dai - ly food;..... I rest where ver - -
fall..... and foes as - sail;..... No e - vil can.....
hid - - den man - na sweet;..... He fills my cup.....

dant pastures grow,..... And drink where lim - pid wa-ters flow. (waters flow.)
my soul be - tide;..... For He is ev - - er by my side. (by my side.)
to run-ning o'er,..... And when I ask,..... gives more and more. (more and more.)

Bass Solo.

My faint-ing soul..... His grace re - stores,..... On Him I
His rod and staff..... will ev - er be..... A com - fort
His goodness all..... my life shall prove,..... By mer - cies

lean..... for sweet re - pose;..... In righteous paths.....
and..... sup-port to me;..... I'll lean up - on .....
sent..... in ten - der love;..... And in His house,.....

Copyright 1908, by W. T. Dale.

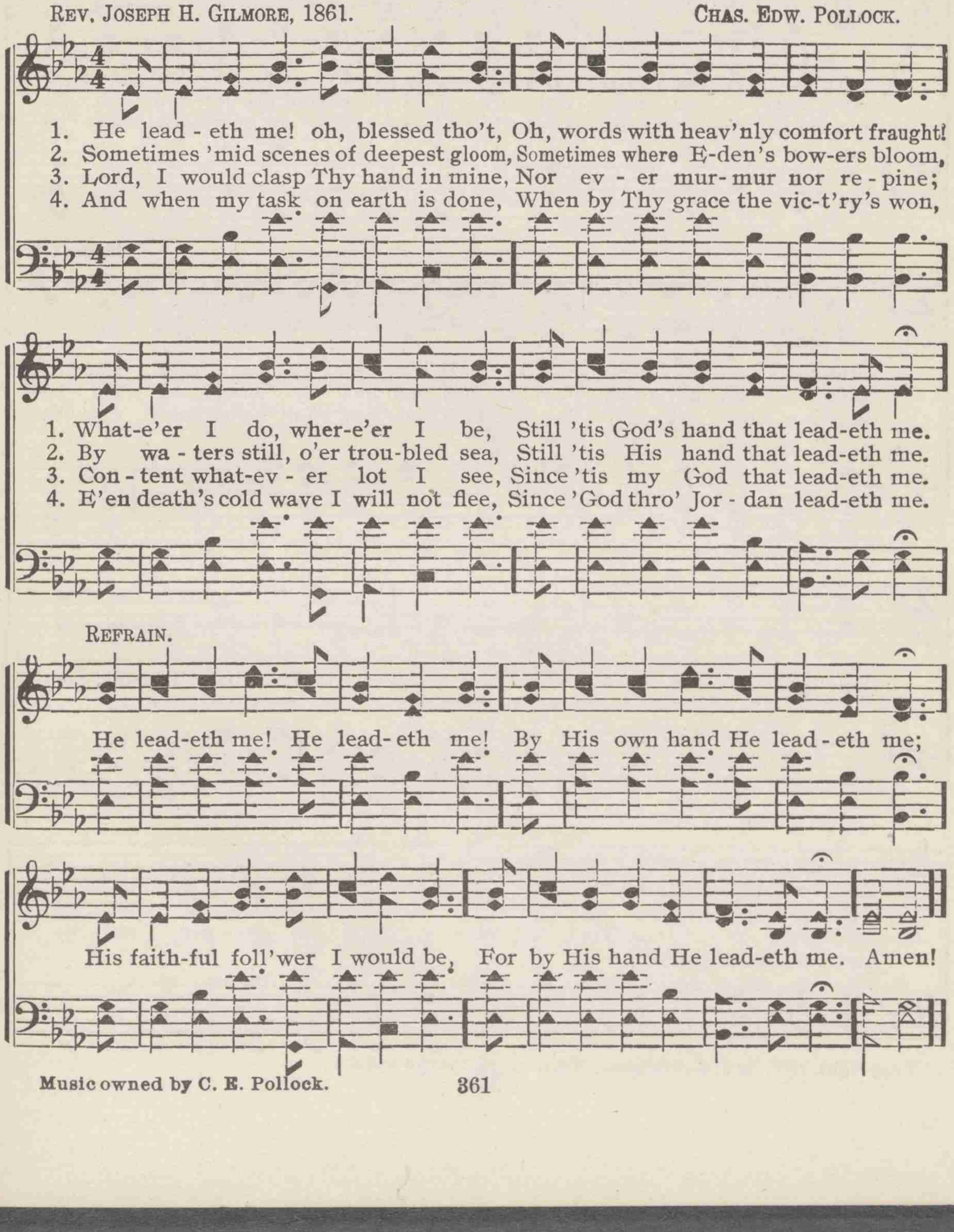
THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD. Concluded.



648 GILMORE. L. M.

"He leadeth me."—Ps. 23: 2.

REV. JOSEPH H. GILMORE, 1861. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



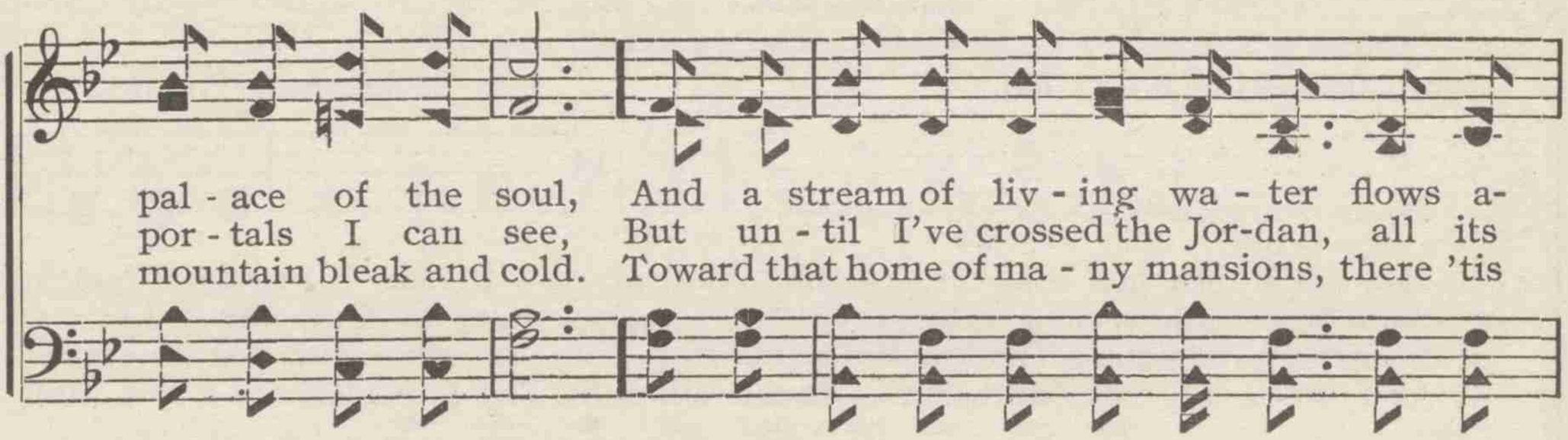
Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

649 YET THE HALF HAS NEVER BEEN TOLD!

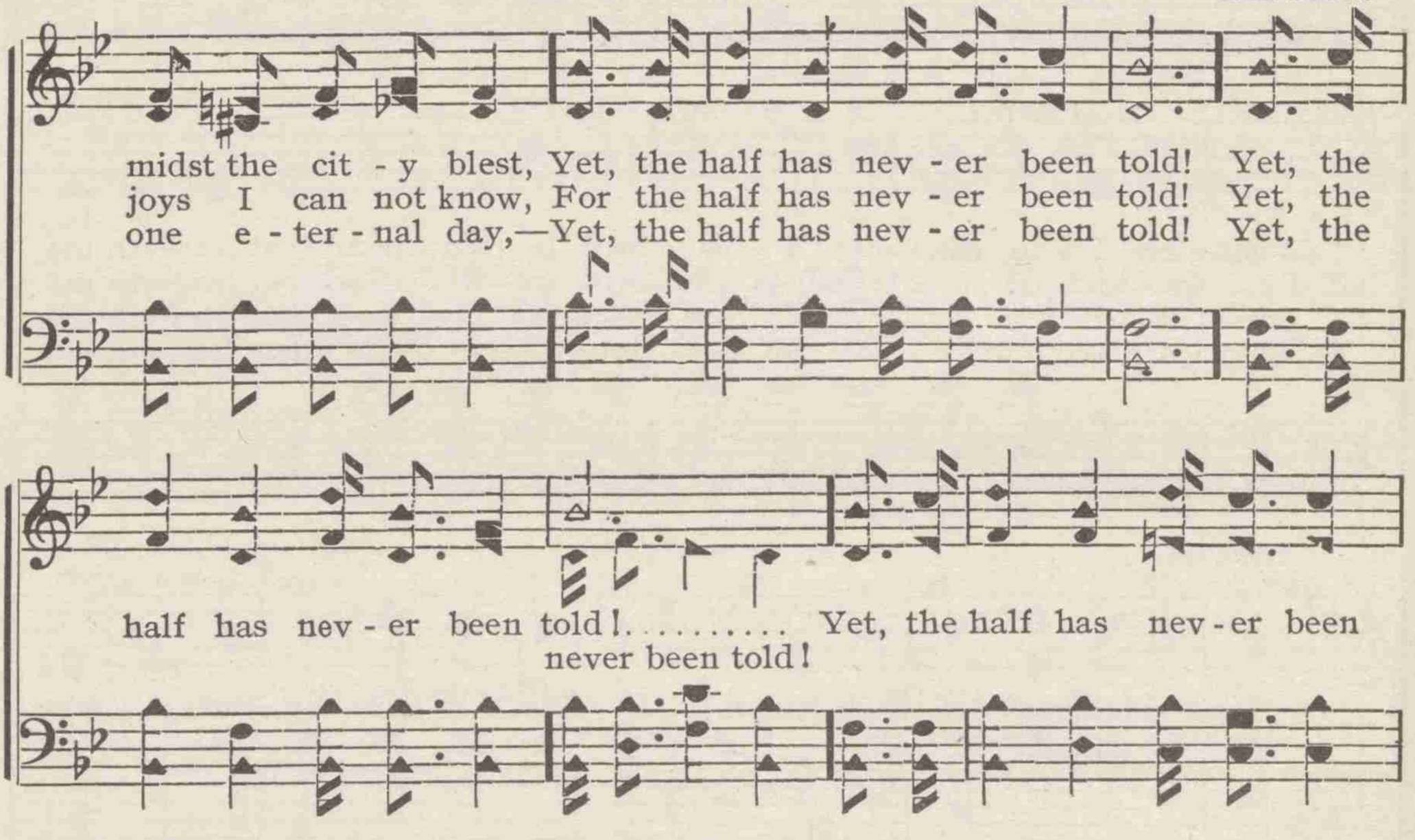
Mortal mind may wisely think, and so, may sing. Yet the beauties of that city will unfold after human tongue is silent (When with spirit eyes we see.) Yes, the half has never been told!—F. L. E.

J. E. T. J. E. THOMAS,





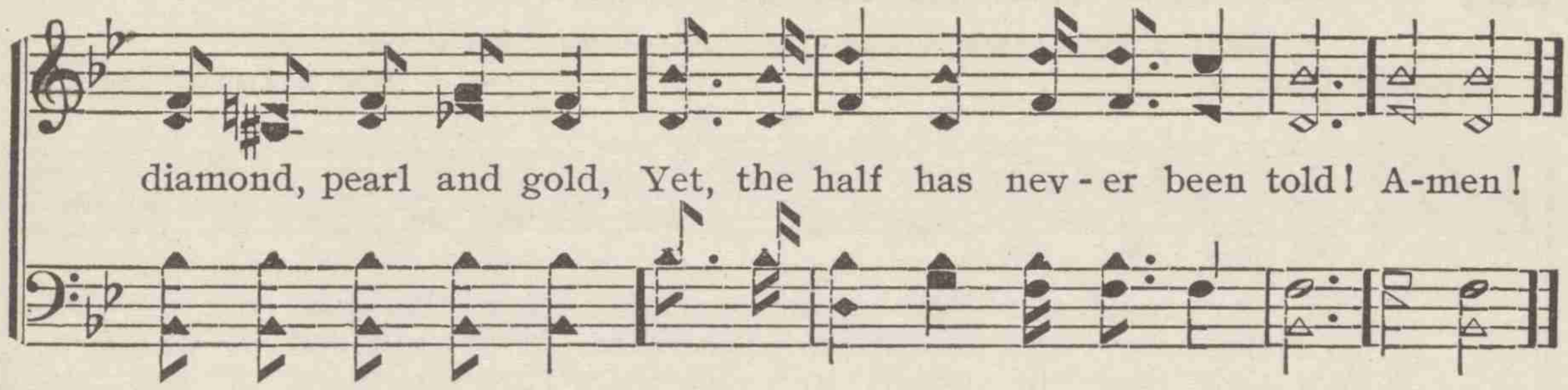
REFRAIN.





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YET THE HALF HAS NEVER BEEN TOLD. Concluded.



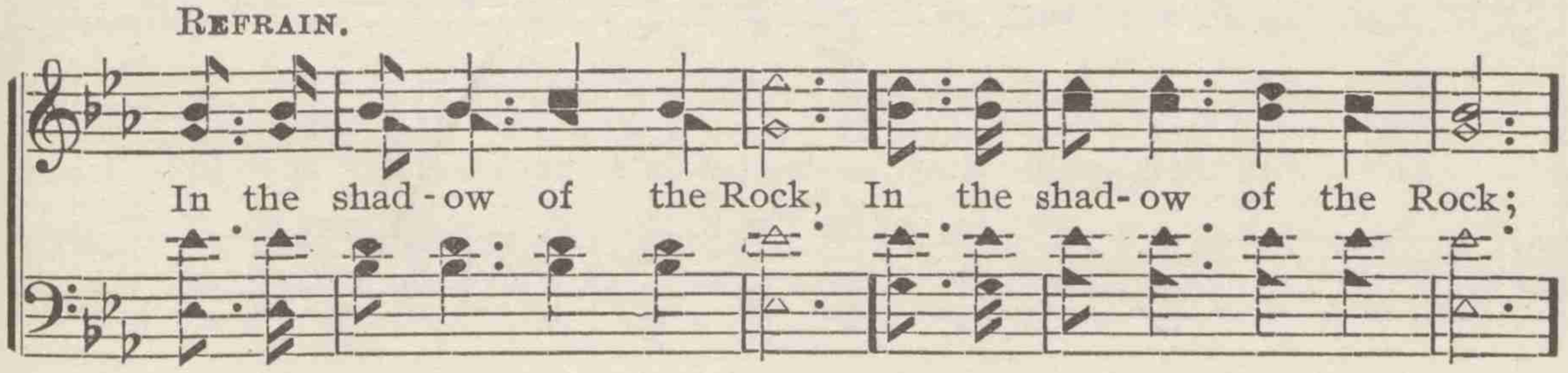
650 IN THE SHADOW OF THE ROCK.

"As the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."—Isa. 32: 2.

Anon. In memory of my Father, Peter Alexander Dale. W. T. DALE.



REFRAIN.



Rit-e-dim.



Copyright, 1895, by W. T. Dale.

651 THROUGH THE BLOOD OF THE CRUCIFIED ONE.

"Having made peace through the blood of the Cross."—Col. 1; 20.

GEO. W. LYON. W. T. DALE, 1901.

1. We shall reach our home some sweet day, Thro' the blood of the Cru-
2. We shall meet our friends o - ver there, Thro' the blood of the Cru-
3. We shall hear the bright an - gels sing, Thro' the blood of the Cru-

ci - fied One, We shall walk the bright gold - en way, Thro' the
ci - fied One, In that land so bright and so fair, Thro' the
ci - fied One, And we'll see the face of our King, Thro' the

blood of the Cru - ci - fied One; We shall lay our heav - y bur-dens down,
blood of the Cru - ci - fied One; All our toils and cares will then be o'er,
blood of the Cru - ci - fied One; We shall join the hap - py ransom'd throng,

Then we'll wear a roy - al robe and crown, Hal - le - lu - jah,
And we'll nev - er, nev - er sor - row more, Hal - le - lu - jah,
And with them we'll sing re-demp-tion's song, Hal - le - lu - jah,

wear a robe and crown, Thro' the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One.
nev - er sor - row more, Thro' the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One.
sing redemption's song, Thro' the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One. A-men.

Copyright, 1901, by W. T. Dale.

652

"WHOSOEVER WILL."*

"Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely."—Rev. 22: 17.

REV. W. T. DALE. H. A. R. HORTON.

1. "Who-so - ev - er will," oh, come, come to - day, While the tid - ings of the gos - pel sweet-ly sound; Let the joy - ful news reach na-tions far a - way.
2. "Who-so - ev - er will," oh, sin-ner, draw near; For the door of mer - cy now is o - pen wide; Je - sus stands in - vit - ing, sin - ner, will you hear?
3. "Who-so - ev - er will," means both you and me, "Who - so - ev - er will," oh, lis - ten to the call; "Who - so - ev - er will" ex-tends from sea to sea,

CHORUS.

To the earth's re - mot - est bound. Who - - - - so - ev - er will, ... Bear the joy-ful tidings o - ver plain and hill; For our
See His feet, His hands, His side.
Je - sus "*tast - ed death for all.*" Who - so - ev - er will,
Whoso - ev -er will,
lov-ing Fa- ther calls His children home, Whoso-ev - er will may come. A-men.

Copyright, 1907, by Dale and Horton.

* This song makes the offer of salvation co-extensive with the atonement of Jesus Christ, who "tasted death for every man," and who invites all to come to Him and be saved.

653 "BE OF GOOD CHEER." L. M. D.

"Be of good cheer, it is I, be not afraid."—Matt. 14: 27.

REV. J. B. TIGERT, Howell, Tenn., 1893. W. T. DALE, 1907.

1. "Be of good cheer," ..... the Master said, ... "For it is I,— .....
2. They had for-got ..... that they were fed ..... By Him whose pow'r .....
3. "Be of good cheer," ..... 'twill all be right, ... For I am near .....

1. "Be of good cheer," the Master said, "For it is I,—
2. They had forgot that they were fed By Him whose pow'r
3. "Be of good cheer," 'twill all be right, For I am near

be not a - fraid," ..... To His dis - ci - - ples thus He
had raised the dead, ... But now they know ..... this is the
thee day and night; ..... The winds are sub - - ject to My

be not a - fraid," To His dis - ci-
had raised the dead; But now they know
thee day and night; The winds are sub-

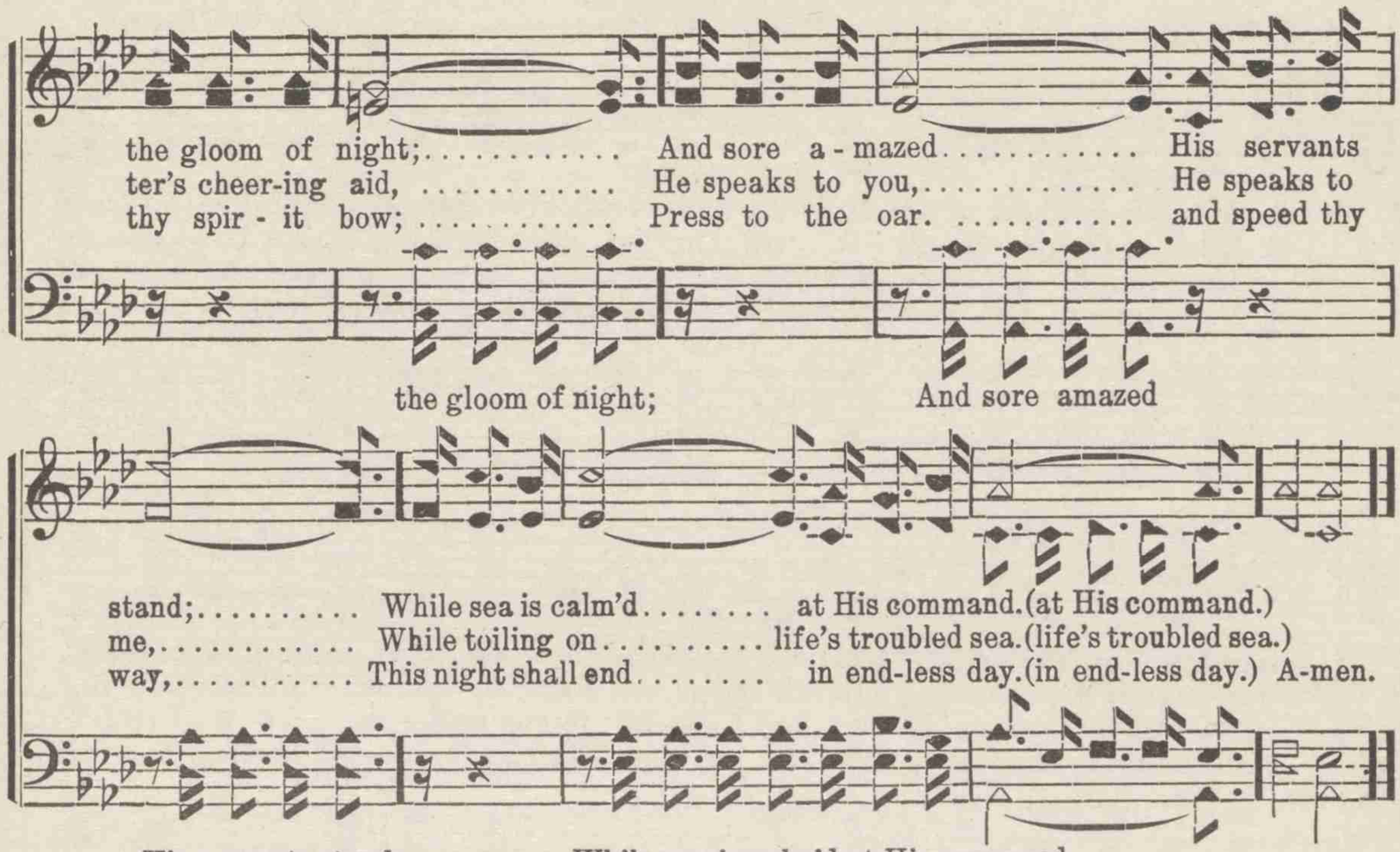
spake, ... While toil-ing on ..... the stormy lake. (the stormy lake.)
Lord, ... And all re-joice ..... with one accord. (with one accord.)
will, ... And in My strength ..... I'll guide thee still. (I'll guide thee still.)

ples thus He spake, While toiling on the stormy lake .....
this is the Lord, And all rejoice with one ac-cord .....
ject to my will, And in my strength I'll guide thee still .....

So full of love, ... so full of light, ... His word dispels .....
"Be of good cheer, ... be not afraid," ..... Is still the Mas - -
Each wave may seem ..... con-tra-ry now, ... The night and storm .....

So full of love, so full of light, His word dispels
"Be of good cheer, be not a-fraid," Is still the Mas-
Each wave may seem con-tra-ry now The night and storm

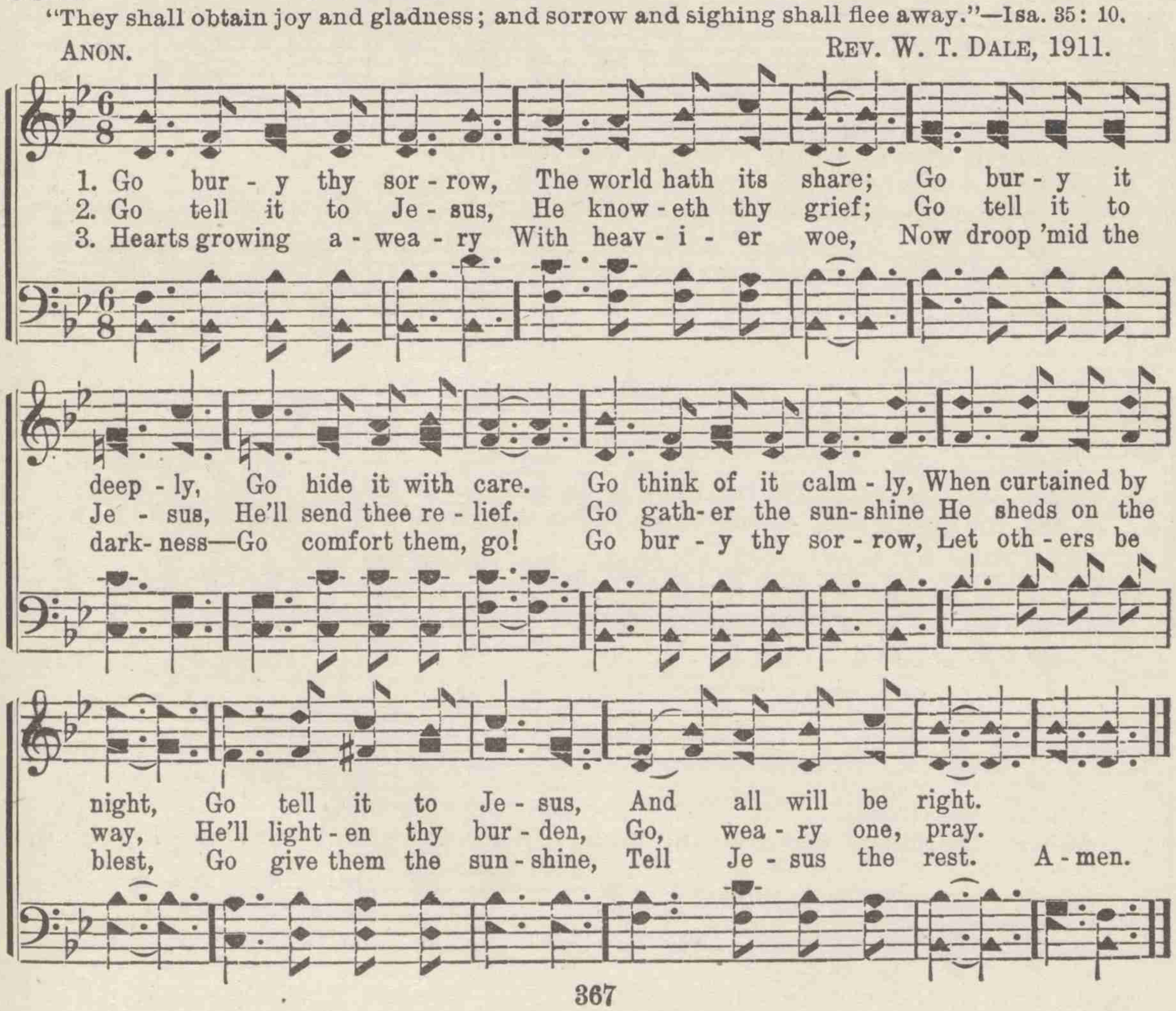
BE OF GOOD CHEER. Concluded.



654 GO BURY THY SORROW. 6s & 5s.

"They shall obtain joy and gladness; and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."—Isa. 35: 10.

ANON. REV. W. T. DALE, 1911.



655 JESUS ON THE WATERS. 12s & 9s.

W. C. McCONNELL. Matt. 14: 26. H. A. R. HORTON.

1. Je - sus walked up-on the wa- ters that were troubled, And the bil-lows
2. Like a troub-led spir - it, on the wa - ters walking, Came the form of
3. His dis - ci - ples saw Him, tho't He was a spir - it, And the hearts of
4. Pe - ter on the wa-ters, doubt and fear had seized him, Then be-gan to

1. dashed up-on the shore, Fear-ing not the tem-pest, and its mighty rag-ing,
2. Je - sus draw-ing near, There a boat was toss- ing on the billows rag-ing,
3. all were sore dismay'd, But the bless-ed Je-sus spake these words of comfort,
4. sink beneath the wave, But the ten - der Shepherd, blessed lov-ing Sav-iour,

CHORUS.

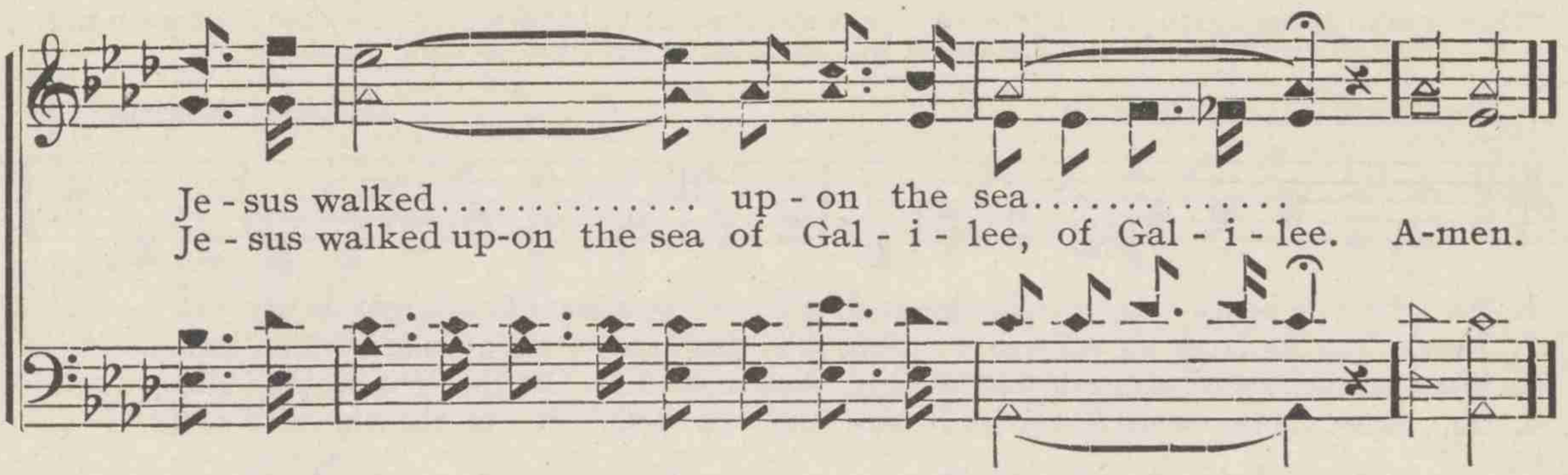
1. Heeding not the ocean's mad'ning roar. Je - sus walked..... up - on the
2. And His friends with-in cried out with fear.
3. "Be of cheer, 'tis I, be not a - fraid."
4. Ten - der- ly to Him His hand He gave. Je-sus walked up-on the

sea, On the sea, on the sea of Gal - i - lee,
sea, the raging sea, Je-sus walked upon the sea of Gal - i - lee, of Gal - i - lee,

When the storm..... was rag - ing high,
When the storm was rag - ing high, When the storm was rag - ing high,

By per. of H. A. R. Horton, Dallas, Tex.

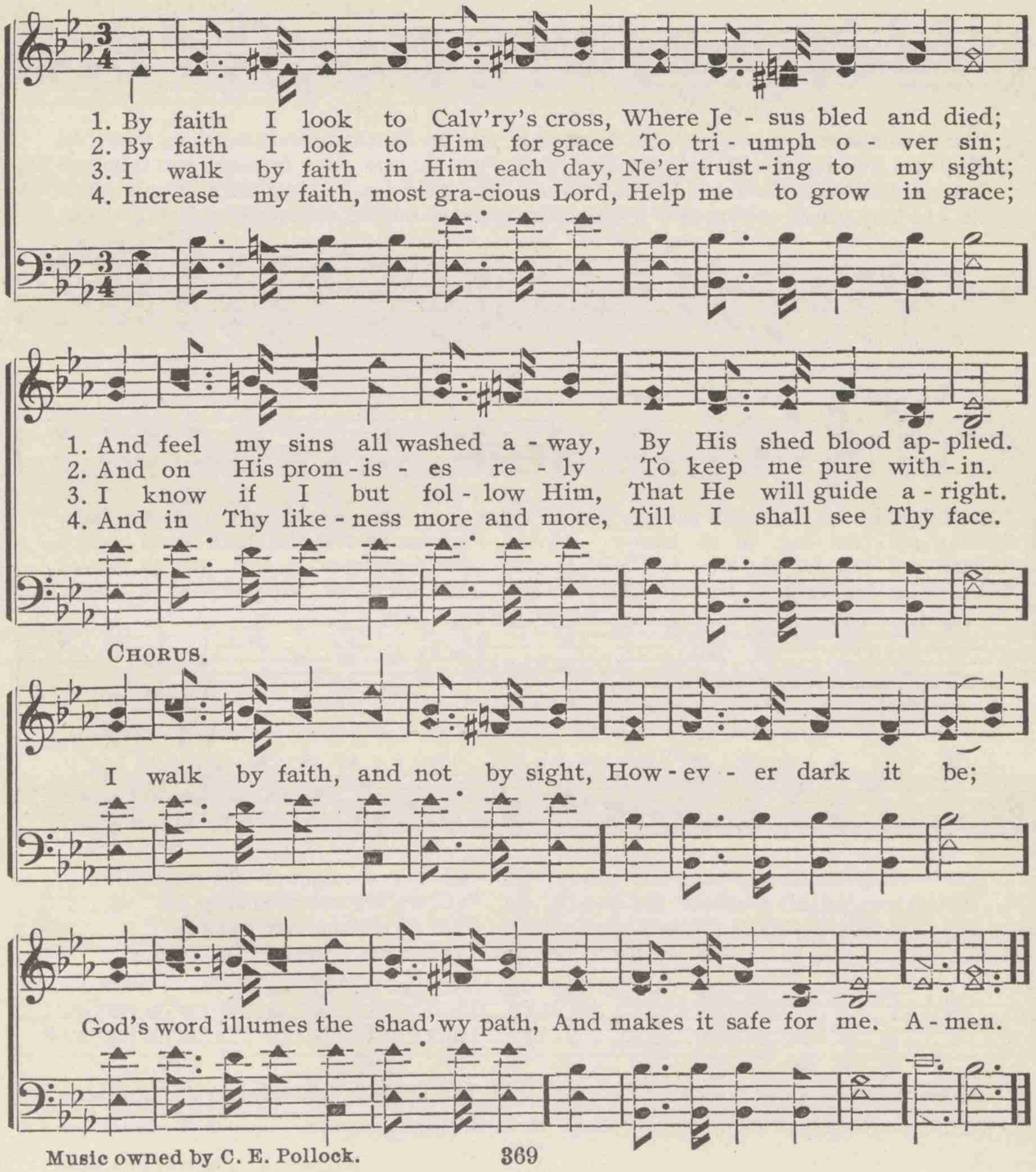
JESUS ON THE WATERS. Concluded.



656 WALKING BY FAITH. C. M. D., or with Chorus.

"For we walk by faith, and not by sight."—2 Cor. 5: 7.

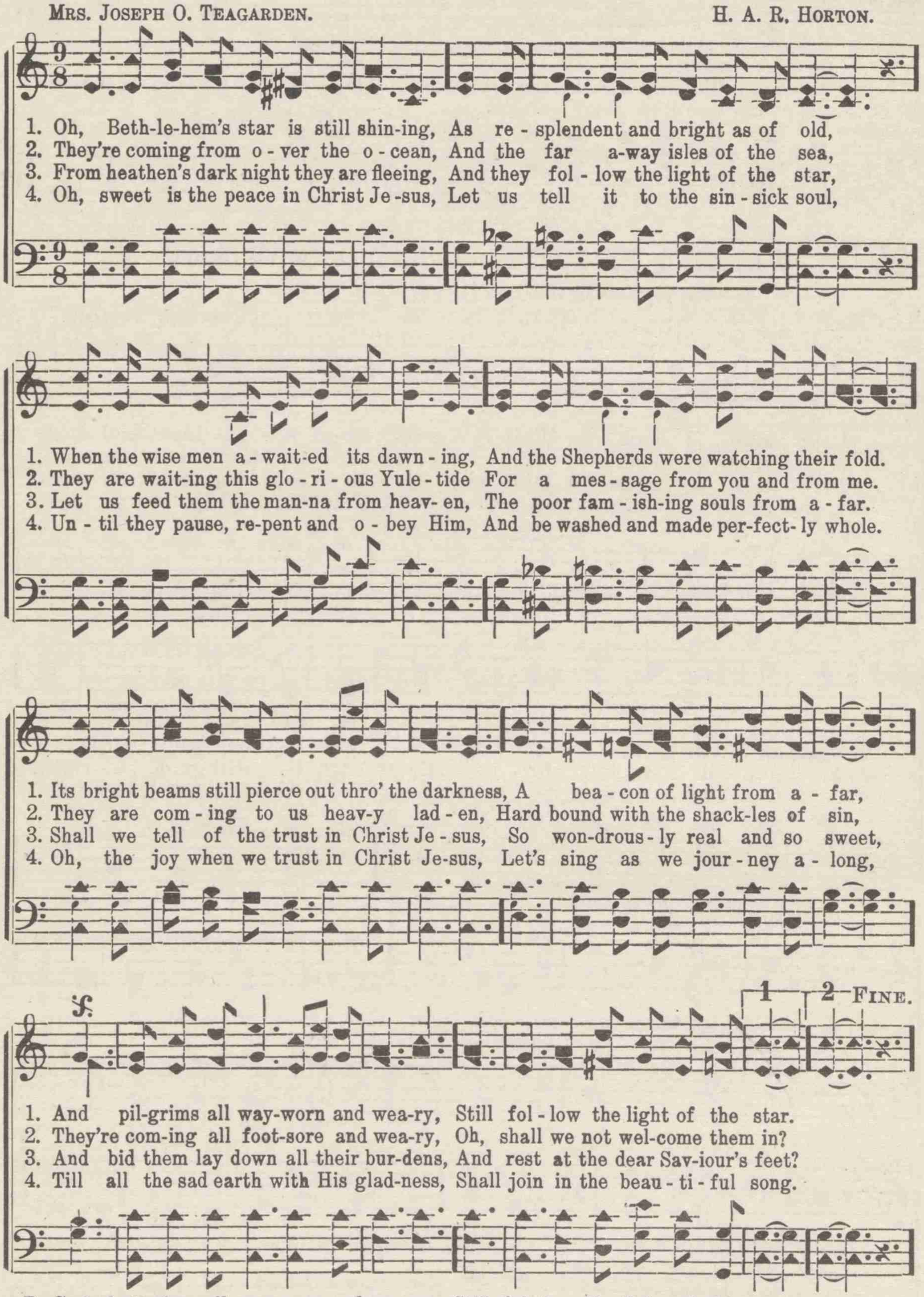
C. E. P. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



657 THE LIGHT OF THE STAR.*

"Then spake Jesus again unto them, saying, I am the light of the world; he that followeth me shall not walk in the darkness, but shall have the light of life."—John 8: 12.

MRS. JOSEPH O. TEAGARDEN. H. A. R. HORTON.



*Written for "Songs of Zion," April 2, 1914. H. A. R. Horton, owner.

THE LIGHT OF THE STAR. Concluded.

REFRAIN.

fol - low the light, light of the star,
Come, fol - low the light,..... the light of the star,.....

BASS SOLO.

D. S.

shin - ing to - day from the dis - tance a - far.
It's shin - ing to - day,.....

658 FATHER, THE WAY IS DARK. 6s & 4s.

"The Lord my God will enlighten my darkness."—Psa. 18: 28.

IDA L. REED.

Earnestly.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Fa-ther, the way is dark, I can-not see; Let me Thy footsteps hear,
2. Fa-ther, the night is long, The hours glide slow; Uncheered by hope's glad song,
3. Fa-ther, I trust in Thee Whate'er be - fall; Thou wilt my ref - uge be,

And fol - low Thee. With - out Thy guid-ing hand, My steps may
Or star - ry glow. But some-where waits the dawn, The gold - en
Mine all in all. Lead me as Thou dost will, Thou know - est

Rit.

stray, Help Thou my feet to stand, Light Thou my way.
day, And Thou canst lead me on Where shines its ray.
best, In light and dark-ness still In Thee I rest. A-men.

Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

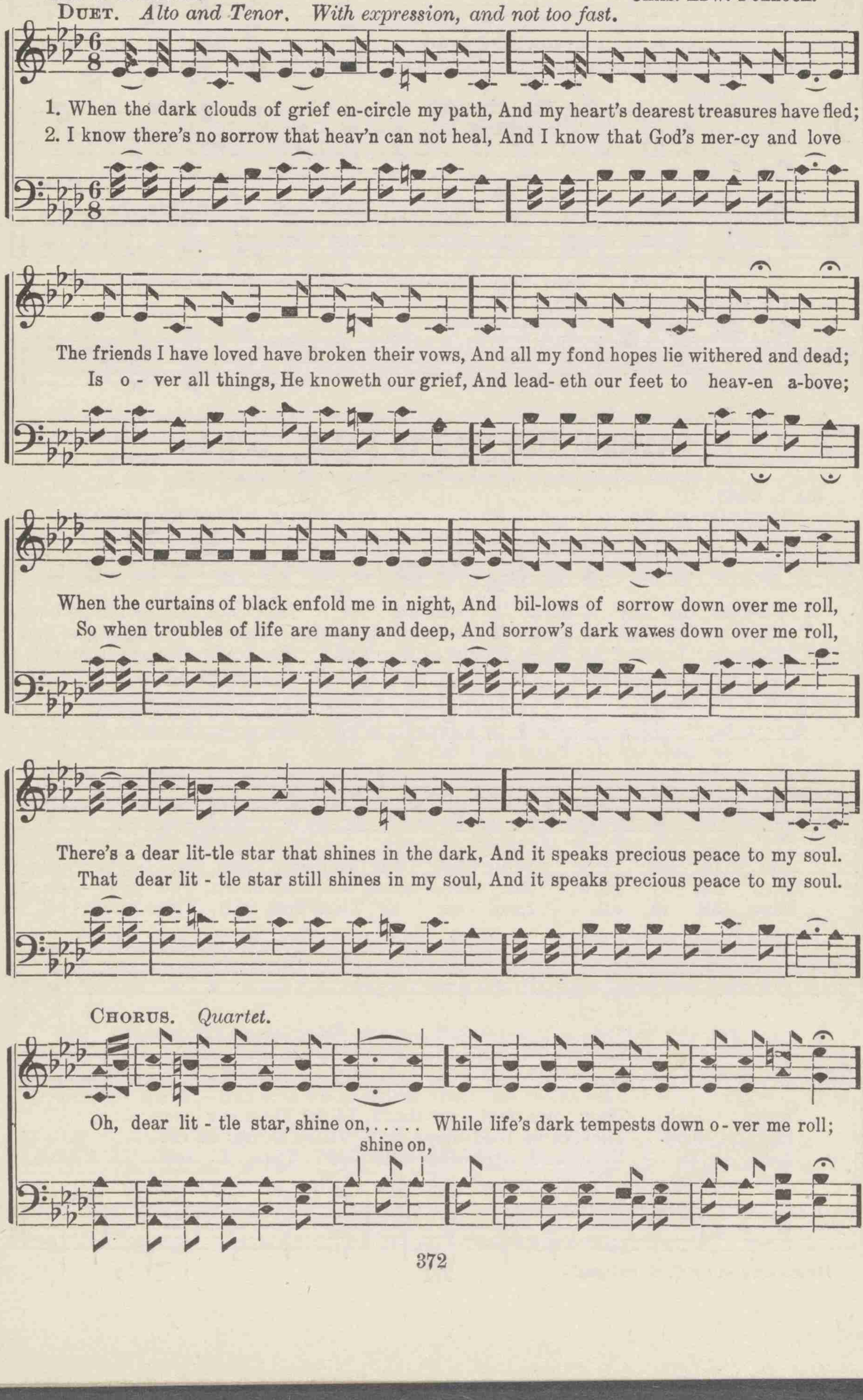
659

THE STAR OF HOPE.

"A door of hope."—Hosea 2: 15. "That ye sorrow not even as others who have no hope."—1 Thess. 4: 13; also Heb. 6: 18, 19.

MRS. S. E. BANDY. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

DUET. *Alto and Tenor. With expression, and not too fast.*



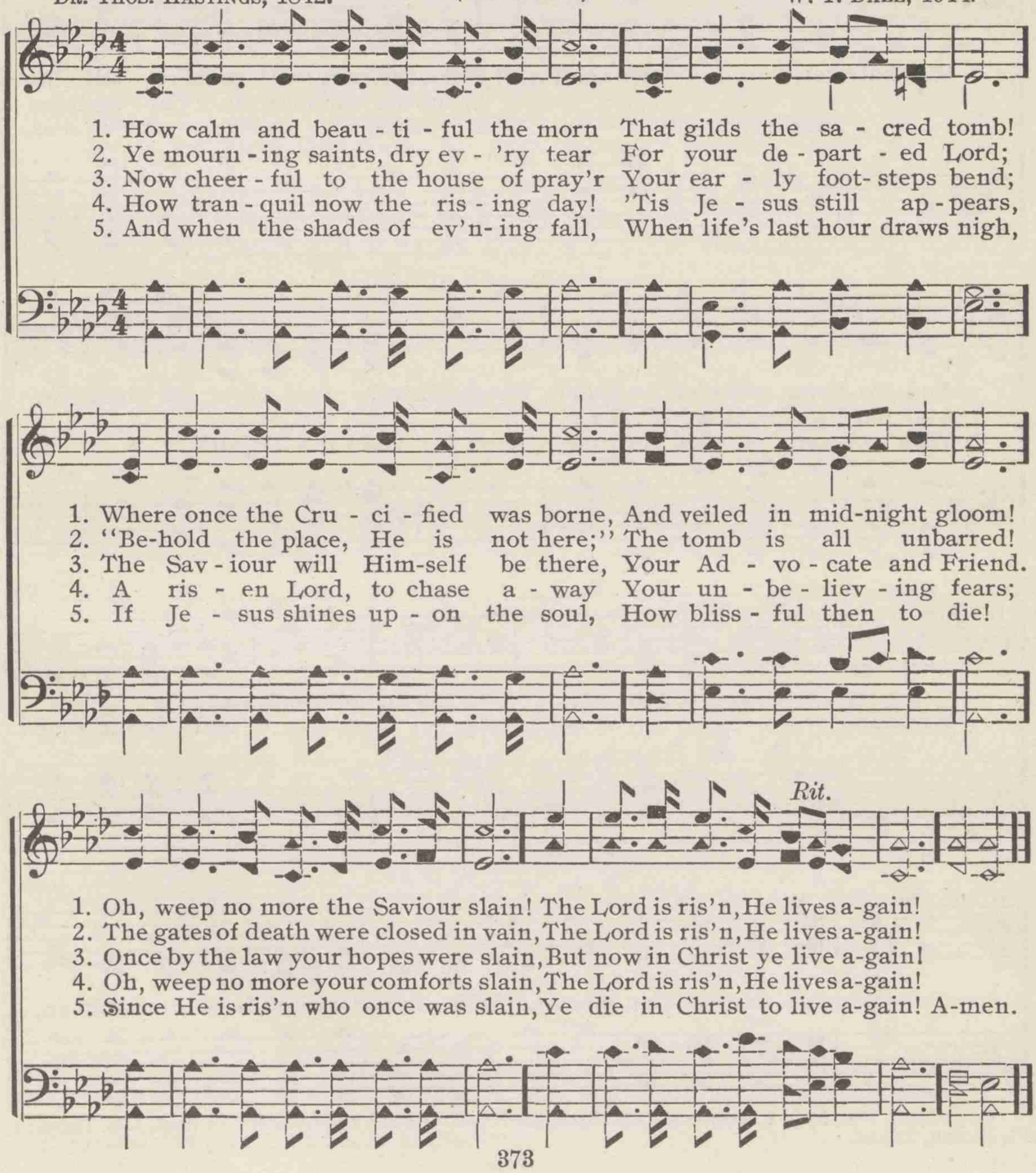
THE STAR OF HOPE. Concluded.



660 THE LORD IS RISEN. C. M. H.

"He is risen as He said."—Matt. 28: 6. "The Lord is risen indeed."—Luke 24: 34.

DR. THOS. HASTINGS, 1842. (For Easter.) W. T. DALE, 1914.



661 HALLELUJAH! WE SHALL RISE.

"But if there be no resurrection of the dead, then is Christ not risen."—1 Cor. 15:12.

J. E. T. J. E. THOMAS.

Not too fast.

1. In the res - ur - rec - tion morning, When the trump of God shall sound,
2. In the res - ur - rec - tion morning, What a meet - ing it will be,
3. In the res - ur - rec - tion morning, Bless - ed tho't it is to me,

We shall rise, we shall rise! Then the saints will come re - joic - ing
When our fa- thers and our mothers
Hal - le-lu-jah! I shall see my bless- ed Sav-iour,

And no tears will e'er be found, We shall rise, we shall rise!
And our loved ones we shall see,
Who so free - ly died for me, Hal - le - lu- jah!

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu -jah! A - men! We shall rise!
We shall rise, we shall rise! Hal - le - lu - jah!

In the res - ur - rec-tion morning, When death's prison bars are brok -en,

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HALLELUJAH! WE SHALL RISE. Concluded.



662 CHRIST AROSE.

"He rose again the third day according to the scriptures."—1 Cor. 15:4.

C. E. P. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

With vigor.



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663

THE PENITENT'S PRAYER.

REV. J. G. PARSONS. Luke 18:13. L. Q. C. TAYLOR.

SOLO *Con espressione.*

1. Di - rect me, Lord, lest I should stray, My err-ing feet keep in Thy way,
2. Now fill my heart with joy and praise, Thou, who hast pow'r the dead to raise;
3. Help me thro' all to still be true, And number with Thy chos- en few;

And ev - er guide me by Thy hand, A pilgrim in a lone - ly land.
Dear Christ, who walked up-on the sea, Reveal Thy-self in love to me.
I lift my voice, my God, to Thee, Whose love hath set the boud-men free.

Dear Christ, who died that all might live, With Thee in heav'n, my sins for-give!
Thy prom-ise true for - ev - er stands, To all who heed Thy blest commands;
I crave Thy strength, Thy guidance blest, To lead me home to realms of rest;

Blot out each stain in gra-cious love, And own me Thine, at last, a - bove.
I hold se-cure Thy blessed word, The message sweet with joy have heard.
And when before Thy throne I stand, Grant me a place at Thy right hand.

CHORUS.

In pit - y, Lord, look down on me, I yield my-self, my all to Thee;

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THE PENITENT'S PRAYER. Concluded.

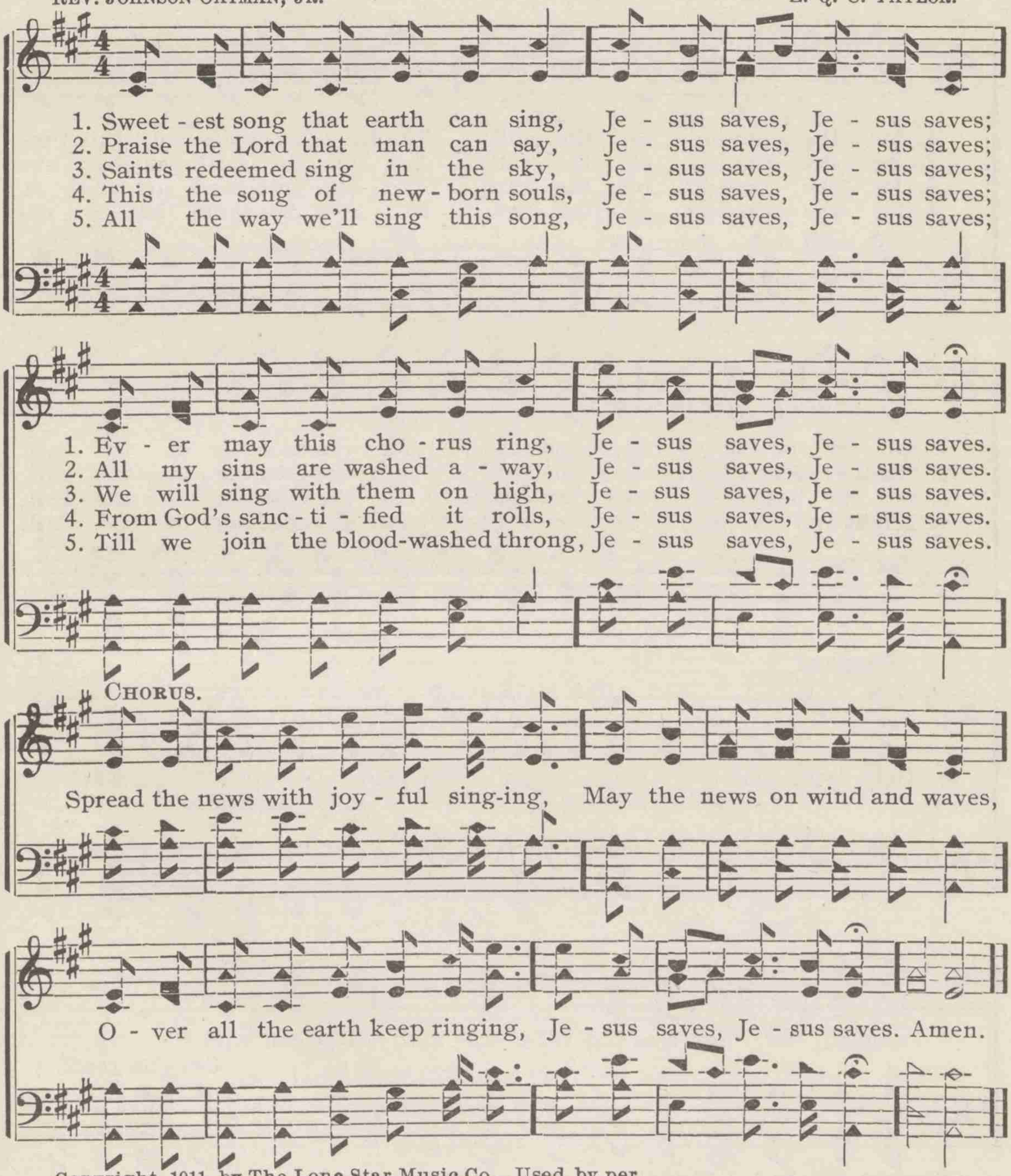


664

JESUS SAVES.

"For the Son of man is come to save that which was lost."—St. Matthew 18: 11.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. L. Q. C. TAYLOR.



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665 GET YOU READY FOR THE COMING OF THE CALL. P. M.

"Be ye therefore ready, also; for the Son of Man cometh at an hour when ye think not."–Luke 12; 40.

A. J. S. A. J. SHOWALTER, 1895.

1. E - ter - ni - ty is drawing near - er, broth-er, Get you read - y
2. O do not stay a - way from Je - sus lon - ger, Get you read - y
3. The Saviour's precious blood for you was giv - en, Get you read - y
4. O bless-ed is the hope of life e - ter - nal, Get you read - y

1. for the com-ing of the call; The Lord en-treats you, "From me
2. for the com-ing of the call; Act on the faith you have and
3. for the com-ing of the call; And He will lead you home at
4. for the com-ing of the call; In that fair land, that E - den

1. go no far - ther," Get you read-y for the com-ing of the call.
2. 'twill grow stronger, Get you read-y for the com-ing of the call.
3. last to heav - en, Get you read-y for the com-ing of the call.
4. bright and ver - nal, Get you read-y for the com-ing of the call.

REFRAIN.

Get you read - y, get you read - y, Get you
Get you ready, get you read-y,

read-y for the com-ing of the call; Get you read - y,
Get you read - y,

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GET YOU READY FOR THE COMING OF THE CALL. Concluded.

Rit. After last verse repeat pp



666 NEARER HOME. S. M., with Chorus.

"Now they desire a better country that is a heavenly."—Heb. 11: 16.

MISS PHŒBE CARY, 1852. Arr. by W. T. D. PHILIP PHILLIPS.



667

O MAKE ME WISE.

"They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmanent, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever."—Dan. 12: 3.

W. C. MARTIN. A. J. SHOWALTER.

DUET. *Soprano and Tenor.*

1. Lord, make me wise, that I may speak To wea - ry hearts of Thy great love;
2. Lord, make me wise, that I may show Thy balm to ev - 'ry breaking heart;
3. Lord, make me wise to ev - er stand Up - on the rock of Cal - va - ry;
4. Lord, make me wise in Thy pure word, Its sav - ing grace to clear - ly know;

1. O make me wise, that I may seek And lead lost souls to heav'n a - bove.
2. O make me wise, that I may know The gos - pel sto - ry I im - part.
3. O make me wise to reach a hand To those who sink in life's dark sea.
4. And fill me with Thy full-ness, Lord, Un - til my heart shall o - ver - flow.

CHORUS.

Thy grace I prize, ... since I would rise .....
Thy grace I prize, since I would rise, since I would rise,

To serv - ice loft - - - - - y as the skies; .....
To serv - ice loft - y as the skies, the loft - y skies;

My ea - ger soul ..... for wis-dom cries; .....
My ea - ger soul for wis-dom cries, for wis - dom cries;

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O MAKE ME WISE. Concluded.

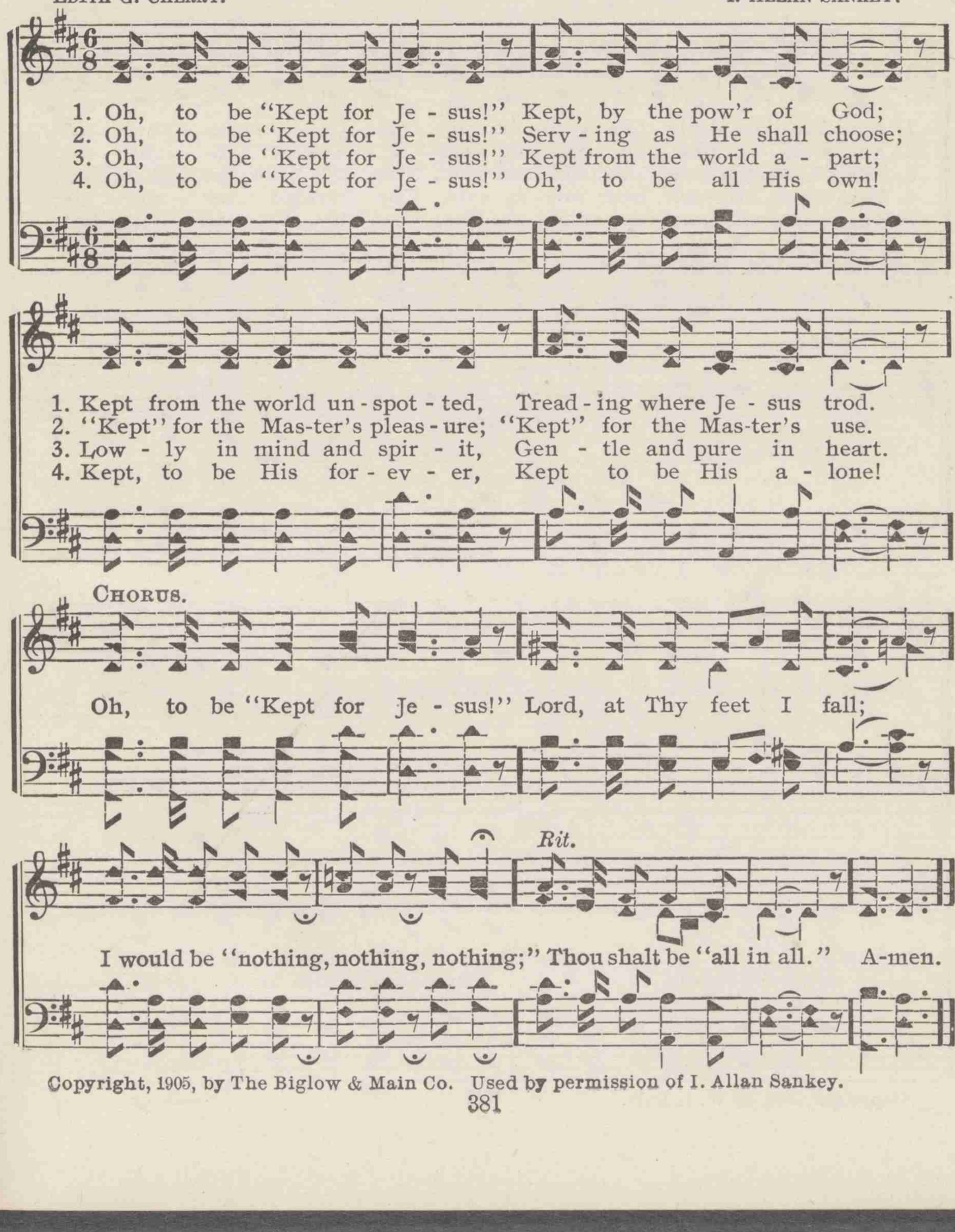


668

KEPT FOR JESUS.

"Who are kept by the power of God."—1 Pet. 1: 5.

EDITH G. CHERRY. I. ALLAN SANKEY.



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669

IN THE LAND OF BEULAH.

(In memory of my mother, Mrs. Mary Phagan Dale.)

"Christian at Work." Chorus and music by W. T. DALE.

1. There is a coun - try calm and fair, Where soft the mo - ments glide,
2. Be - side the hill a riv - er runs; I hear it murm'r-ing low,
3. And rest - ing in those meadows fair, Are pil-grims aged and worn;
4. And now they wait 'neath qui - et skies, The sum-mons of the King,
5. And when the shin - ing ones draw near, And take them by the hand,

1. And heav'nly hills in gold - en air, Rise on the far - ther side.
2. And swift - ly pass the shin-ing ones A - bove it to and fro.
3. Their heads are crown'd with sil- ver hair, They long have bur - dens borne.
4. Who wipes, him- self, from wea - ry eyes, The tears of sor - row - ing.
5. They cross with-out a pang of fear, Un - to a dear - er land.

CHORUS.

O Beu - lah land,..... fair Beu - lah land,.....
O Beu - lah land, fair Beu - lah land,

Sweet vale of peace I see; And fountains flow..... on ev - 'ry
And fountains flow

hand,..... They sweetly flow, they flow for me.....
on ev-'ry hand, they sweetly flow for me, for me. A-men.

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670 BEAUTIFUL RIVER. 8s & 7s, with Chorus.

"And He showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb."—Rev. 22: 1.

R. L. REV. ROBT. LOWRY, D. D.

Cheerful.



1. Shall we gath - er at the riv - er, Where bright an-gel feet have trod?
2. On the mar-gin of the riv - er, Wash - ing up its sil - ver spray,
3. On the bo - som of the riv - er, Where the Saviour-king we own,
4. Ere we reach the shin - ing riv - er, Lay we ev - 'ry bur-den down,
5. At the smil - ing of the riv - er, Rip - pling with the Saviour's face,
6. Soon we'll reach the shining riv - er, Soon our pil-grim-age will cease,





1. With its crys - tal tide for - ev - er, Flow - ing by the throne of God.
2. We will walk and wor-ship ev - er, All the hap - py, gold - en day.
3. We shall meet, and sor - row nev - er, 'Neath the glo - ry of the throne.
4. Grace our spir - its will de - liv - er, And pro-vide a robe and crown.
5. Saints, whom death will never sev - er, Lift their songs of sav - ing grace.
6. Soon our hap - py hearts will quiv - er With the mel - o - dy of peace.



CHORUS.



Yes, we'll gather at the riv - er, The beau-ti- ful, the beau-ti-ful riv - er,—



Gath-er with the saints at the riv - er That flows by the throne of God. A-men.



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671 SHALL WE KNOW EACH OTHER THERE?

ANON. "Then shall I know even as also I am known."—1 Cor. 13: 12. Arr. by W. T. D.

1. When we hear the mu - sic ring - ing Thro' the bright ce - les - tial dome;
2. When the ho - ly an- gels meet us, As we go to join their band;
3. Yes, my earth-worn soul re-joic - es, And my wea - ry heart grows light;
4. O ye wea - ry, sad and tossed ones, Droop not, faint not by the way;

1. When sweet an-gel voic - es sing - ing Glad - ly bid us welcome home,
2. Shall we know the friends that greet us In the glo - rious spir - it land?
3. For the thrilling an - gel voic - es, And the an - gel fac - es bright,
4. Ye shall join the loved and just ones In the land of per - fect day!

1. To the land of an-cient sto - ry, Where the spir - it knows no care,—
2. Shall we see the same eyes shin-ing On us, as in days of yore?
3. That shall welcome us in heav - en, Are the loved of long a - go,
4. Harp-strings touched by angel fingers, Murmured in my raptured ear,

1. In the land of light and glo - ry, Shall we know each oth - er there?
2. Shall we feel their dear arms twin-ing Fond- ly round us, as be - fore?
3. And to them 'tis kind - ly giv - en, Thus their mor-tal friends to know.
4. Ev - er - more their sweet song lingers, "We shall know each oth-er there?"

CHORUS. *Repeat (ad lib.) pp*

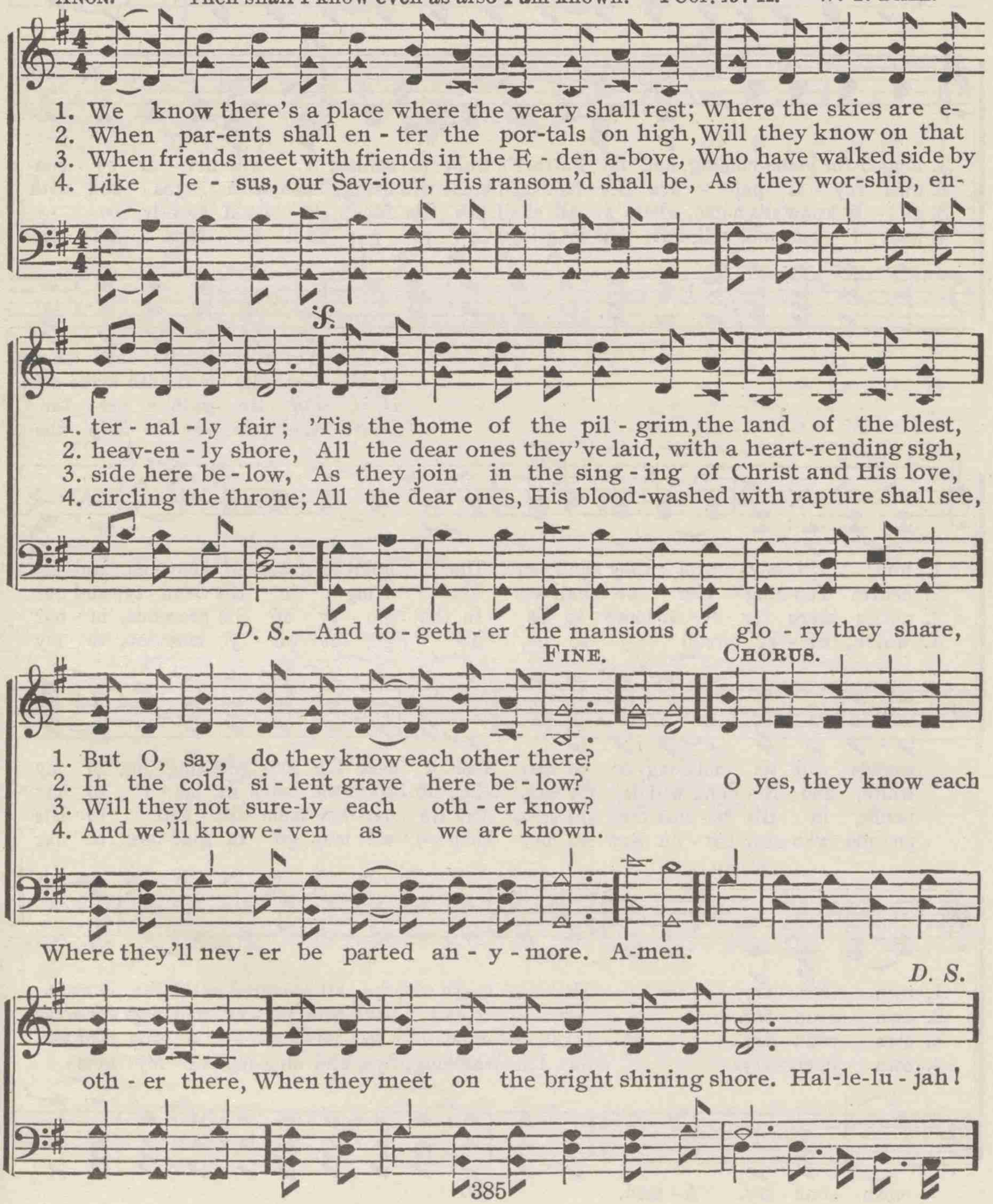
Shall we know ..... each oth - er? Shall we know..... each oth - er?
4th v. We shall know..... each oth - er, We shall know..... each oth - er,
Shall we know each oth - er? Shall we know each oth - er?

SHALL WE KNOW EACH OTHER THERE? Concluded.



672 WE'LL KNOW EACH OTHER THERE.

ANON. "Then shall I know even as also I am known."—1 Cor. 13: 12. W. T. DALE.



673 MY AIN COUNTRIE.

MARY LEE DEMAREST, 1860. Scotch Song. MRS. IONE T. HANNA, 1864.
Anglicized by W. T. DALE.

1. I am far from my home, and I'm wea - ry oft - en whiles, For the
2. I've His good word of prom-ise that some gladsome day the King, To His
3. It's but lit - tle now I know, of yon bless- ed, hap - py place, For I
4. He is faith - ful to His word, He will come a - gain, I know, At what

1. longed-for home-coming, and my Fa-ther's wel-come smiles; I will nev - er be con-
2. own roy - al pal - ace His banished home will bring; Then, with eyes and with
3. on - ly know it's home, where we all shall see His face; It would sure-ly be e-
4. hour I can not tell, but I'm long-ing now to go; Still He bids me to

D. S.—Yet these sights and these
D. S.—For His blood hath made me
D. S.—For He gath - ers the
D. S.—God give grace to help the

1. tent till my eyes they shall see The gold- en gates of heav - en, and my
2. hearts run-ning o'er we shall see The King in His beau - ty, and our
3. nough there for ev - er-more to be In the glo - ry of His presence, in our
4. watch, ev - er read - y to be, To go, at an - y moment, to my

sounds will as noth-ing be to me; When I hear the an - gels sing - ing in my
white, and His hand will dry my eye; When He brings me home at las t to my
lambs, in His bo- som they are free, And He car-ries them Him - self to His
peo-ple who may list - en now to me, That we all may go in glad-ness to our

FINE.

1. own coun - try. Tho' the earth may be all covered with the flowers
2. own coun - try. My sins have been ma - ny, and my sor-rows
3. own coun - try. Like a child to its moth-er, a wee bird-ie
4. own coun - try. So I'm watching, aye, and sing-ing of my home

own coun - try. A - men.

MY AIN COUNTRIE. Concluded.

D. S.

1. fresh and gay, And the birds may war - ble blithely, just as blithe-ly as they may;
2. have been sore, But there they'll nev-er vex me nor be tho't of an - y more;
3. to its nest, I would fain now be go - ing to my Sav-iour's lov - ing breast;
4. as I wait For the sound-ing of His foot-fall on this side the gold - en gate;

674 MY OWN SWEET COUNTRY.

MARY LEE DEMAREST, 1860. (Second Tune.)
Words arr. by W. T. DALE W. T. DALE, 1914.

1. I am far from my home, and I'm wea-ry oft-en whiles, For the longed - for home-
2. Tho' the earth is all covered with the flow-ers fresh and gay, And the birds may war-ble
3. I've His good word of promise that some gladsome day the King, To His own roy - al
4. My sins have been ma - ny, and my sor-rows have been sore, But there they'll nev - er

1. com-ing, and my Father's welcome smiles; I will nev - er be con-tent till my
2. blithe-ly, just as blithe-ly as they may; Yet these sights and these sounds will as
3. pal - ace His banished home will bring; Then with eyes and with hearts running
4. vex me, nor be thought of an - y more; For His blood hath made me white, and His

1. eyes they shall see The golden gates of heaven and my own sweet country.
2. noth-ing be to me, When I hear the an-gels singing, in my own sweet country.
3. o'er we shall see The King in His beau-ty and our own sweet country.
4. hand will dry my eye, When He brings me home at last to His own sweet country. A-men.

675 THE UNCLOUDED DAY. 12, 10, 12, 10.

Words and Melody by Rev. J. K. Alwood. Arranged by J. F. Kinsey.

Moderato. (May be used as a solo.)



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676 FOLLOW ON. 12, 12, 13, 11, with Refrain.

W. O. CUSHING. REV. ROBERT LOWRY, D. D.

1. Down in the val - ley with my Sav - iour I would go, Where the flow'rs are bloom-ing and the sweet wa - ters flow; Ev-'rywhere He leads me I would fol - low, fol - low on, Walking in His footsteps till the crown be won.
2. Down in the val - ley with my Sav - iour I would go, Where the storms are sweep-ing and the dark wa - ters flow, With His hand to lead me I will nev - er, nev - er fear, Dan-ger can not fright me if my Lord is near.
3. Down in the val - ley or up - on the mountain steep, Close be - side my Sav - iour would my soul ev - er keep; He will lead me safe - ly in the path that He hath trod, Up to where they gath-er on the hills of God.

REFRAIN.

Fol-low! fol - low! I would fol-low Je - sus! An - y-where, ev-'rywhere, I would fol-low on! Ev-'rywhere He leads me I would fol-low on! A-men.

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677 WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED IN HEAVEN.

"The General Assembly and Church of the first born, which are written in Heaven."—Heb. 12: 23.

W. T. DALE, 1909. H. A. R. HORTON, 1909.

1. We have oft - en met to - geth-er in sweet fel-low-ship be-low, When our
2. Now we hear the noise of bat-tle, it's the clash of arms we hear, Like our
3. Take your stand a-long with Je - sus, fol - low an-y-where He goes, Shout the
4. When the din of bat-tle's o - ver, and the en - e - my has fled, And has

1. hearts were pressed with sorrow, grief and care; But we soon shall meet up yon-der,
2. fa - thers, let us flee to God in pray'r; Up! ye might-y men of val - or,
3. name of Je - sus, shout it forth in pray'r; He will lead you on to vic - t'ry,
4. sunk-en down in sad and deep de-spair; When a-midst a sol-emn si-lence

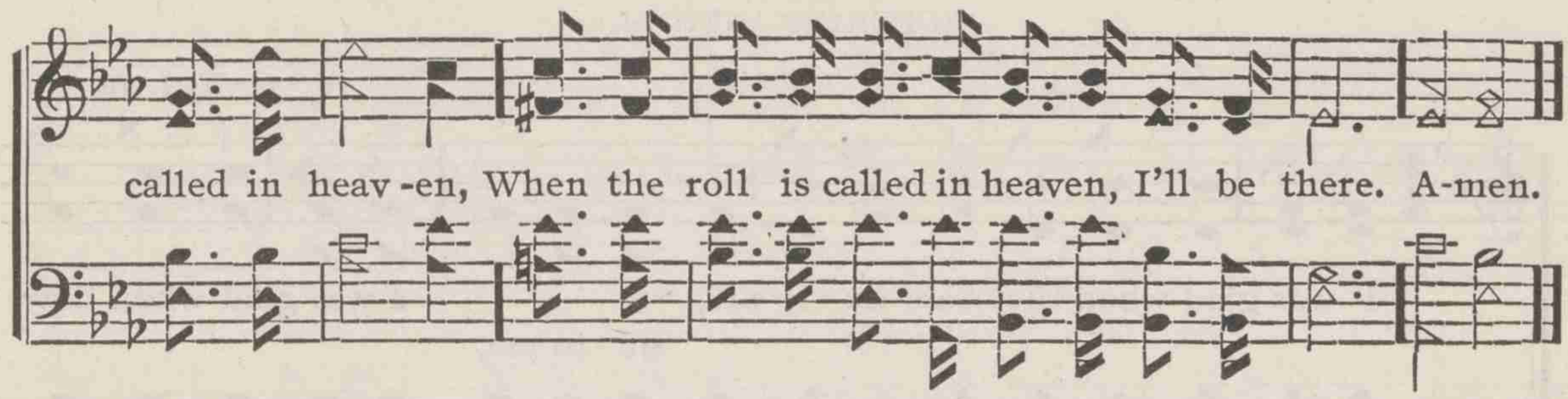
1. When to glo - ry we shall go, When the roll is called in heaven, I'll be there.
2. Don your ar-mor, nev-er fear, When the roll is called in heaven, I'll be there.
3. He will con-quer all His foes; When the roll is called in heaven, I'll be there.
4. Heav-en's mus-ter roll is read, When the roll is called in heaven, I'll be there.

CHORUS.

When the roll..... is called in heav - - en, When the
When the roll is called in heav - en, I'll be there,

roll..... is called in heav - - en, When the roll..... is
When the roll is called in heav-en, I'll be there, When the roll is

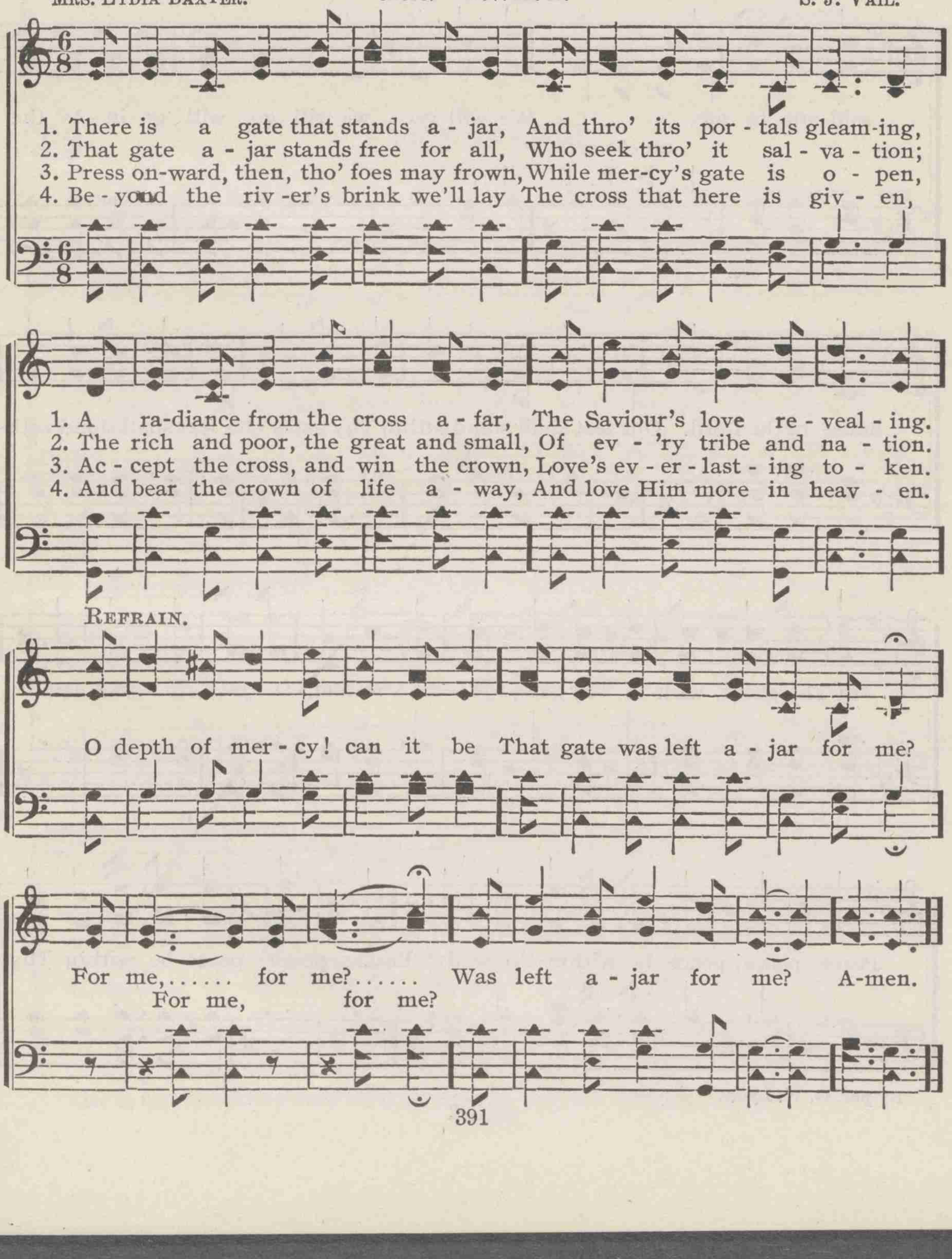
WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED IN HEAVEN. Concluded.



678 THE GATE AJAR FOR ME.

"The gates of it shall not be shut at all by day; for there shall be no night there."—Rev. 21: 25.

MRS. LYDIA BAXTER. S. J. VAIL.



679

I WAS GLAD.

(OPENING ANTHEM.)

Psalm 122. G. W. LYON.

I was glad when they said un - to me, I was glad when they un - to me,

said un - to me, We will go, we will go, will go in - to the un - to me,

house of the Lord. Our feet shall stand within Thy gates, Our feet shall stand with-

in Thy gates, with - in Thy gates, Je - ru - sa-lem, O Je - ru - sa - lem.

Peace, peace, peace be within thy walls; Peace, peace, peace be within Thy

By per. G. W. Lyon.

I WAS GLAD. Concluded.



680 ROCK OF AGES.*

(Male Quartet.)

REV. AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY, 1776. Arrangement by CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

*Air in first bass and second tenor alternately. Arr. for "Songs of Zion."

681 O COME, LET US SING.

(ANTHEM.) J. L. MOORE.

Allegretto.



By per. of J. L. Moore, owner of copyright.

O COME, LET US SING. Concluded.

O come, let us sing, O come, let us sing,
Come, O come, let us sing, Come, O come, sing un-to the Lord,

Lusto.

Let us heart-i-ly re-joice in the strength of our salvation. A-men.

682 COME, YE DISCONSOLATE!

THOS. MOORE, 1816.* SAMUEL WEBBE, 1792.

1. Come, ye dis-con-so-late! wher-e'er ye lan-guish, Come to the
2. Joy of the des-o-late! light of the stray-ing, Hope of the
3. Here see the bread of life, see wa-ters flow-ing Forth from the
4. Sav-iour, Thou light of life, on our way shin-ing, Clear-ly Thy

1. mer-cy-seat, fer-vent-ly kneel; Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your
2. pen-i-tent, fade-less, and pure! Here speaks the Com-fort-er, ten-der-ly
3. throne of God, pure from a-bove; Come to the feast of love, come, ev-er
4. prom-is-es to us re-veal; Hushed by Thy gra-cious word be all re-

1. an-guish; Earth has no sor-row that heav'n can not heal.
2. say-ing, Earth has no sor-row that heav'n can not cure.
3. know-ing, Earth has no sor-row but heav'n can re-move.
4. pin-ing, Earth has no sor-row that heav'n can not heal. A-men.

*Last stanza by E. C. Dargan.

683 WE WILL REJOICE IN THE LORD.

With Vigor. (Anthem.) CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



WE WILL REJOICE IN THE LORD. Continued.

Cres.

We will rejoice, will re - joice in the Lord, We will rejoice will re - joice in the Lord,

Dim.

We will rejoice, will re - joice in the Lord, And glo-ri - fy His name. We will re-joice,

Cres.

will re - joice in the Lord, We will rejoice, will re-joice in the Lord, We will re-joice,

will re - joice in the Lord, And glo - ri - fy His name for - ev - er - more.

Dim.

Glo - ri - fy His name, glo - ri - fy His name, glo - ri - fy His name,
And glo - - ri - fy His name, And glo - - -

glo- ri - fy His name, And glo - ri - fy His name for - ev - er - more.
- ri - fy His name, And glo - ri - fy His name

WE WILL REJOICE IN THE LORD. Concluded.

Cres.

We will re-joice, will re - joice in the Lord, We will rejoice, will re - joice in the Lord,

Cres. *Dim.* *Cres.*

We will rejoice, will re-joice in the Lord, and glo-ri-fy His name; And glo-ri-fy His name, and

Cres. *Dim.*

glo - ri-fy His name, and glo-ri-fy His name for-ev-er-more, for-ev - er - more. A - men.

684 JUST WHEN THOU WILT. L. M.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. W. T. DALE.

1. Just when Thou wilt, O Master call, Or at the noon or evening fall; Or in the dark, or
2. Just when Thou wilt, O Saviour come, Take me to dwell in Thy bright home, Or when the snows have
3. Just when Thou wilt, O Bridegroom say, "Rise up, my love, and come a-way!" O - pen to me Thy
4. Just when Thou wilt, Thy time is best, Thou shalt appoint my hour to rest, Marked by the sun of

Rit-e-dim.

1. in the light, Just when Thou wilt it must be right.
2. crowned my head, Or ere it hath one sil - ver thread.
3. golden gate, Just when Thou wilt, or soon or late.
4. perfect love, Shin-ing un-change-a- bly a - bove. A- men! a-men! a - men! a - men!

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685

GOD BE WITH YOU. P. M.

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you. Amen."—Rom. 16: 20.

REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D. LL. D., 1880. W. G. TOMER, 1880.

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain!— By His counsels guide, up-
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain! 'Neath His wings pro- tect - ing
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain! When life's per - ils thick con-
4. God be with you till we meet a - gain! Keep love's ban-ner float- ing

1. hold you, With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you; God be with you
2. hide you, Dai - ly man - na still pro - vide you; God be with you
3. found you, Put His arms un - fail-ing 'round you; God be with you
4. o'er you, Smite death's threat'ning wave before you; God be with you

CHORUS.

till we meet a - gain! Till we meet!..... Till we meet!
Till we meet! Till we meet a - gain!

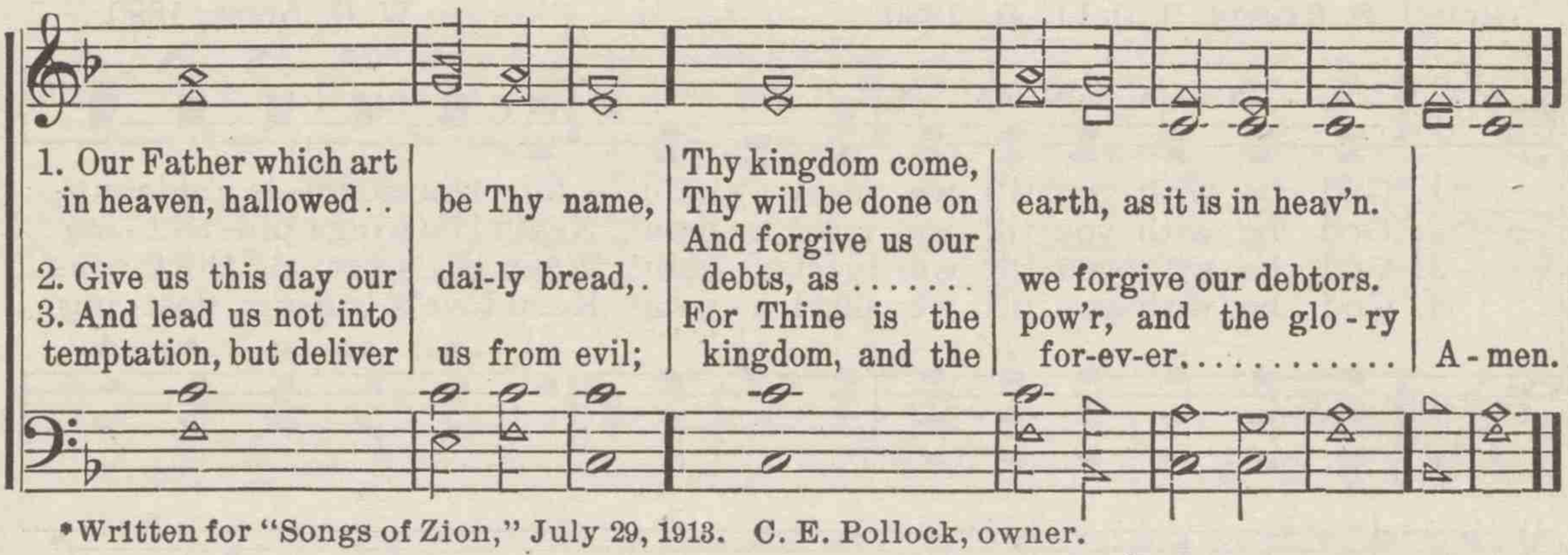
Till we meet at Je - sus' feet; Till we meet!.....
Till we meet! Till we meet!

Till we meet! God be with you till we meet a - gain!
Till we meet a - gain! A-men.

Copyright by Dr. J. E. Rankin, born January 2, 1828, died 1904. Mr. William Gould Tomer, born Oct. 5, 1832, died Sept. 26, 1896.

686 THE LORD'S PRAYER. (Chant.)*

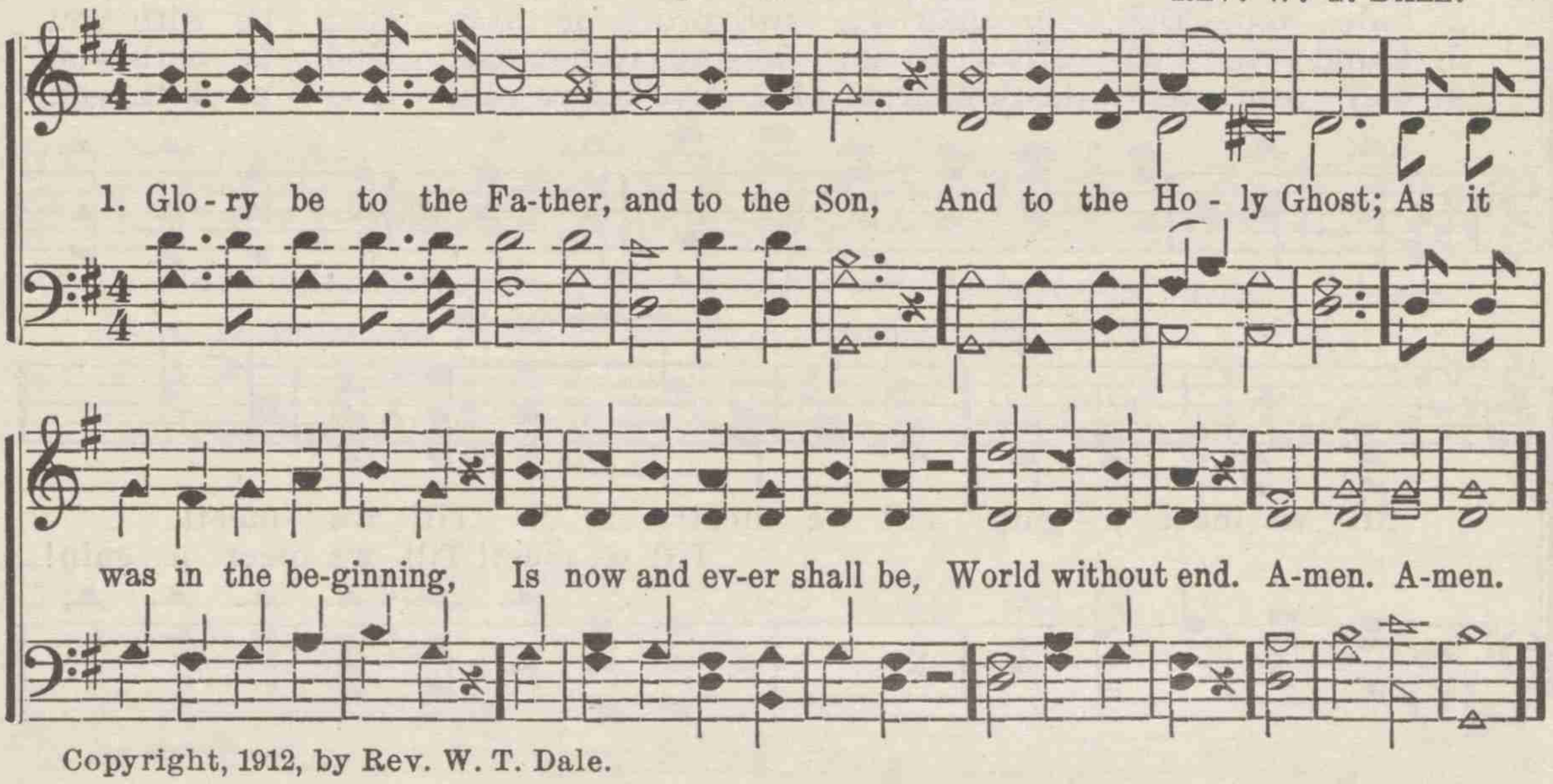
Matt 6: 9-13. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



*Written for "Songs of Zion," July 29, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner.

687 GLORIA PATRI. (Glory be to the Father.)

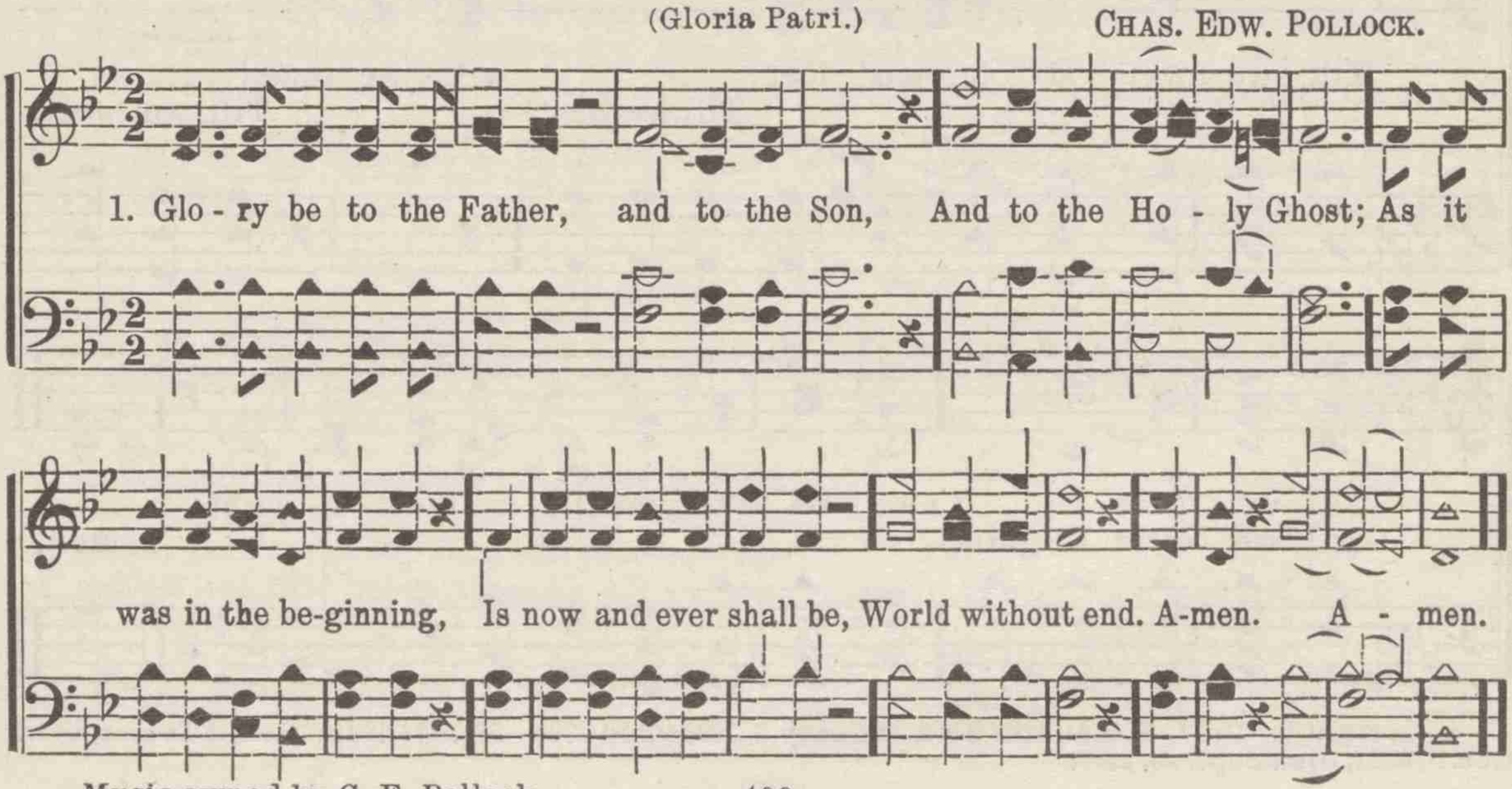
(For opening service.) REV. W. T. DALE.



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688 GLORY BE TO THE FATHER.

(Gloria Patri.) CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

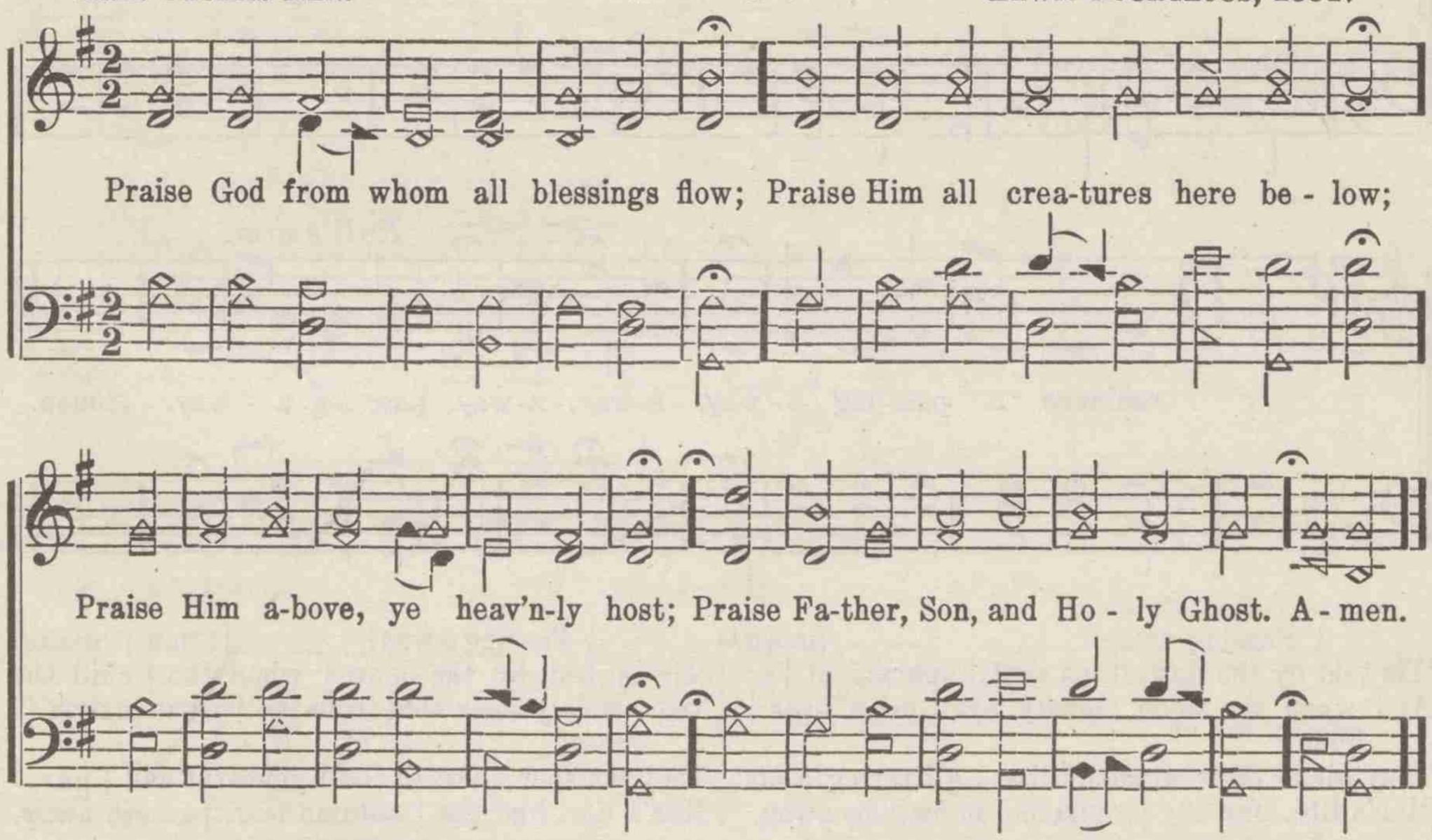
689 GREENVILLE. 8s & 7s, D.

REV. JOHN NEWTON, 1779. (Benediction.) J. J. ROUSSEAU, 1775.



690 OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

BISH. THOMAS KEN. (Doxology.) LEWIS BOURGEOUS, 1551.



691 Tune: Sessions. (No. 518.) L. M.

To God the Father, God the Son.
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honor, praise and glory given
By all on earth and all in heaven.

—REV. I. WATTS, D. D.

692 Tune: Ortonville. (No. 491.) C. M.

To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore;
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

—TATE & BRADY.

693

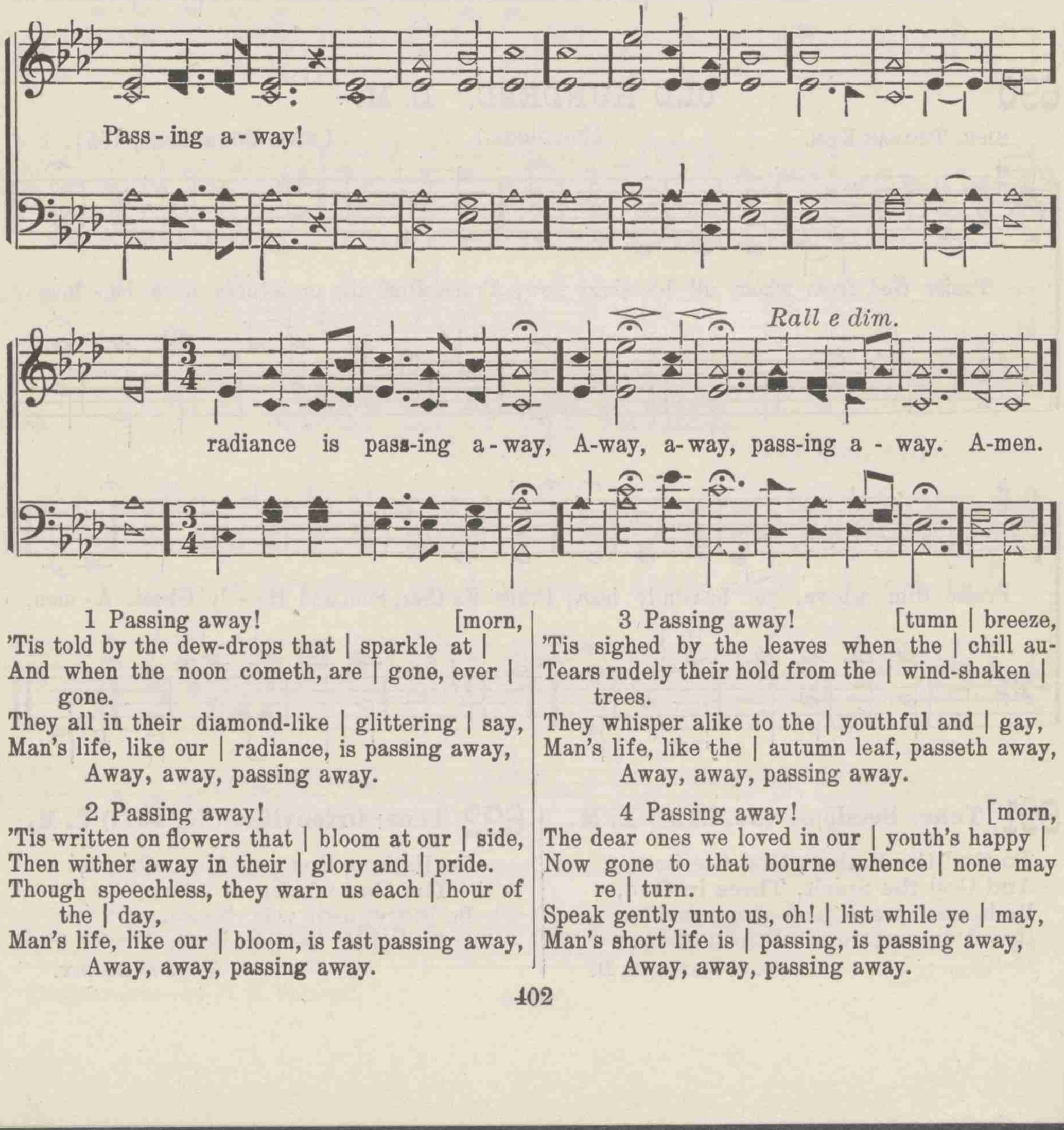
SANCTUS. (HOLY.)



694

PASSING AWAY.

Funeral.



1 Passing away! [morn,
'Tis told by the dew-drops that | sparkle at |
And when the noon cometh, are | gone, ever |
gone.
They all in their diamond-like | glittering | say,
Man's life, like our | radiance, is passing away,
Away, away, passing away.

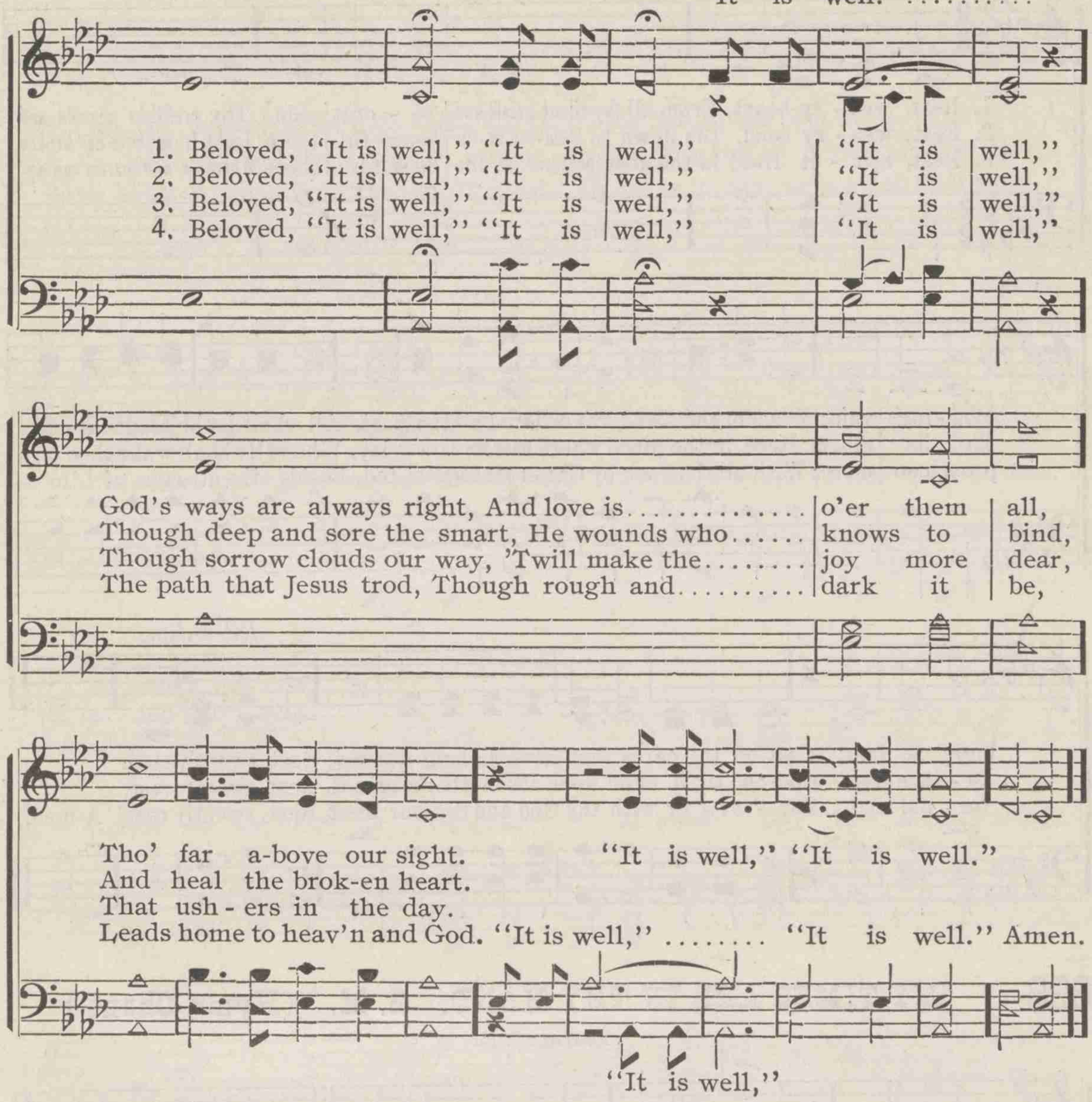
2 Passing away!
'Tis written on flowers that | bloom at our | side,
Then wither away in their | glory and | pride.
Though speechless, they warn us each | hour of
the | day,
Man's life, like our | bloom, is fast passing away,
Away, away, passing away.

3 Passing away! [tumn | breeze,
'Tis sighed by the leaves when the | chill au-
Tears rudely their hold from the | wind-shaken |
trees.
They whisper alike to the | youthful and | gay,
Man's life, like the | autumn leaf, passeth away,
Away, away, passing away.

4 Passing away! [morn,
The dear ones we loved in our | youth's happy |
Now gone to that bourne whence | none may
re | turn.
Speak gently unto us, oh! | list while ye | may,
Man's short life is | passing, is passing away,
Away, away, passing away.

695 IT IS WELL.

ANON. 2 Kings 4: 26. ANON.



696 THY WILL BE DONE.

SIR JOHN BOWRING. Matt. 26: 42, LOWELL MASON.



1 "Thy will be | done!" || In devious way
The hurrying stream of | life may | run;||
Yet still our grateful hearts shall say, |
"Thy will be | done."

2 "Thy will be | done!" || If o'er us shine
A gladdening and a | prosperous | sun,||
This prayer will make it more divine— |
"Thy will be | done!"

3 "Thy will be | done!" || Though shrouded o'er
Our | path with | gloom, || one comfort—one
Is ours:—to breathe, while we adore, |
"Thy will be | done."

697 REST, WEARY HEART.

For Funeral. L. O. EMERSON.



698 MY TIMES ARE IN THY HAND. S. M. (Hymn Chant.)

Psalm 31: 15.



1 My times are in Thy hand,
O God, I | wish them | there;
My life, my friends, my soul, I leave
Entirely | to Thy | care,
Entirely, etc.

2 My times are in Thy hand,
Whatever | they may | be,
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may | seem to | Thee,
As best, etc.

3 My times are in Thy hand,
Why should I | doubt or | fear?
A Father's hand will never cause
His child a | needless | tear,
His child, etc.

4 My times are in Thy hand,
Jesus, the | cruci- | fied;
Thy hand my many sins have pierced
Is now my | guard and | guide,
Is now, etc,

699 TOO LATE. 10s.

ALFRED TENNYSON. MISS M. LINDSAY. Arr. by JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK.

Solo (Soprano) or Duet. Vs. 1, 2, 3.

1. Late, late, so late! and dark the night, and chill! Late, late, so late! But we can enter still.
2. No light had we, for that we do re-pent, And learning this the Bridegroom will relent.
3. No light! so late! and dark and chill the night; Oh, let us in, that we may find the light.

Solo. *Quartet.* *Solo.* *Quartet.*

"Too late, too late! ye can not en-ter now," "Too late, too late! ye can not en-ter now."

Fourth Verse.

4. Have we not heard the Bridegroom is so sweet! Oh, let us in, though

Duet. *Quartet.*

late, to kiss His feet; Oh, let us in, Oh, let us in, though late, to

Solo. (Bass or Contralto.) *pp Quartet.*

kiss His feet, "No! no! too late! ye can not en-ter now!"

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