SOCIAL
HYMNS AND TUNES

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230 p '10

March, 18C, 1881.

Syracuse, [illegible]

Sept 11 (1880)

Syracuse
NY, Syracuse

Dear Sir

Enclosed
Brooklyn
Syracuse

I am
Yours truly

Geo.

HYMNS AND TUNES

FOR

PRAYER AND SOCIAL MEETINGS.

COMPILED BY

REV. GEORGE C. ROBINSON.

"O come let us sing unto the Lord; let us make a joyful noise unto the Rock of our salvation."—PSALM XCV: 1.

CINCINNATI:
PUBLISHED BY POE & HITCHCOCK,
CORNER MAIN AND EIGHTH STREETS.
R. P. THOMPSON, PRINTER.
1868.

Hymn
1868
Robi B

Microfilmed
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PREFACE.

THE preparation of this work was undertaken in the hope of assisting devotional singing, and of thus rendering acceptable service to God. It is now offered, not to create, but to supply a want, of the existence of which there can be no doubt. The Rev. Dr. D. W. CLARK has thus expressed himself concerning it: "The recent contributions to our social melodies have been numerous and valuable; yet no one of them has appeared to me exactly to meet the wants of the Church and the times. Some have depended mainly, for success, upon a few new and popular songs or tunes; others have been deficient in careful selection; and still others, by the insertion of many hymns and tunes, rarely, if ever, used in social meetings, have been made too large and too expensive for popular use. The real want for our social meetings is a small and cheap volume, comprising the old hymns and tunes which have become sacred by almost universal use, and also a judicious selection from the later popular songs and melodies." Rev. Dr. MCCLINTOCK has also expressed substantially the same opinion. He says: "A fit collection of Prayer and Class-meeting tunes I have long desired to see. It certainly is one of the serious wants of the Church."

The plan of the book is as follows: It is small enough to make selection always easy, and to allow pastor and people to become thoroughly familiar with it: it is large enough to include several hymns under each of the topics which are

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ordinarily introduced into our social meetings. The great mass of the hymns are those which universal use has indicated as the best; so of the tunes. Those hymns and tunes are put together which in our Church usage have always been so associated. Where different tunes have been attached to a given hymn in different sections, the two most widely known in connection with the hymn are here put with it. Where hymns in the same meter occur on opposite pages, the intention is that either of the tunes may be used, according to preference. For instance, on pages 94 and 95, the tunes "*Joy*" and "*Commuck*" are both appropriate to the hymns "O! how happy are they," and "Come let us ascend." There is also, it is hoped, a sufficient selection from the popular chorus tunes, of such as are superior in music and words, and likely to last. There have also been added a few grand hymns and tunes from various sources; chiefly from the German.

The topical index will be found to facilitate selection, and indeed will be indispensable until one becomes thoroughly familiar with the book.

Many of the tunes are copy-righted, and are used here by permission of their respective proprietors. If any trespass has been committed in this respect, it has been unintentional; and upon information, the owners will immediately be paid a fair equivalent, or the piece will be omitted.

The compiler begs to acknowledge his very great obligations to Mrs. Dr. OLIN, and Rev. Drs. CLARK and MCCLINTOCK, for their valuable assistance in the matter of selection and adaptation; and to Prof. T. C. O'KANE, whose culture, taste, and kindness have been largely taxed to bring the work to completion.

May God prosper this book to fill our social meetings with a "joyful noise," and crowd our altars with those who come to hear our song.

"Characteristics"

RECOMMENDATION.

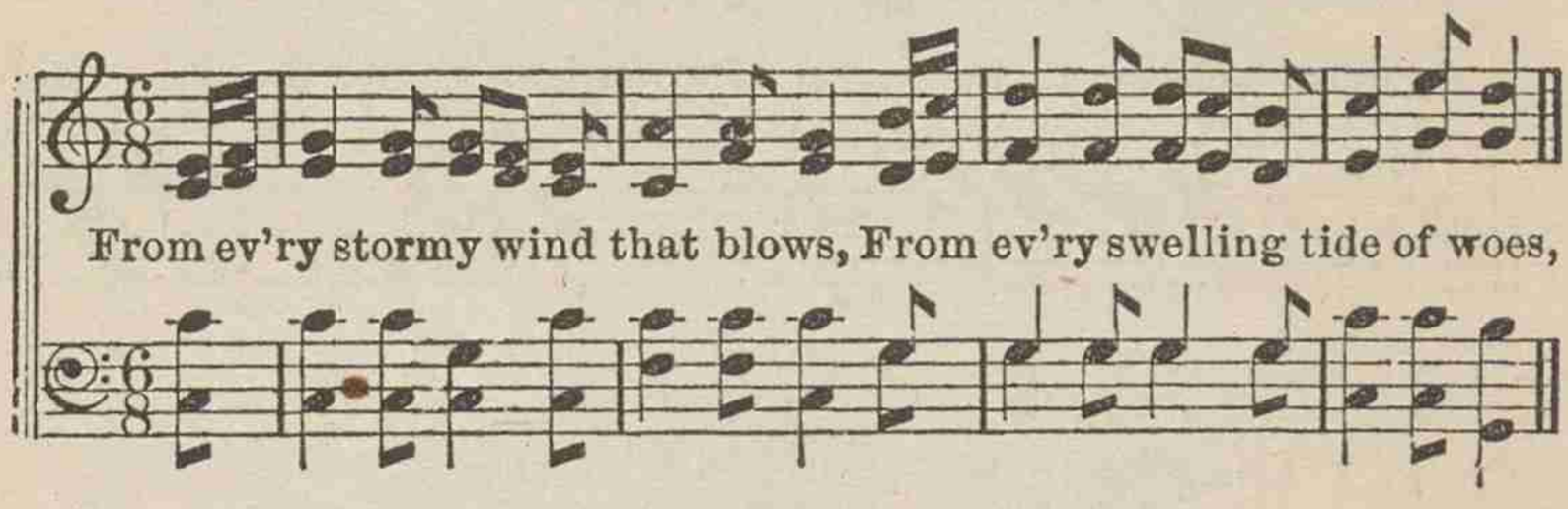
A FIT collection of Prayer and Class-Meeting Hymns and Tunes, we have long desired to see. It certainly is one of the serious wants of the Church, and we are greatly gratified to find that the Rev. G. C. ROBINSON has gone to work under the pressure of a similar sense of want, and has prepared, so far as we are able to judge, just such a book as the Church needs. Of its success there can, we think, be no doubt.

JOHN MCCLINTOCK, D. D., LL. D.,
ABEL STEVENS, LL. D.,
JOHN KENNADAY, D. D.,
WM. P. STRICKLAND, D. D.,
W. S. STUDLEY,
D. W. CLARK, D. D.,
R. S. FOSTER, D. D.,
C. KINGSLEY, D. D.,
M. MARLAY.

Hymns and Tunes.

RETREAT. L. M.

DR. T. HASTINGS.





1 The Mercy-Seat.

2 There is a place, where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all besides more sweet,—
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene, where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend:
Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet,
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed?
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suff'ring saints no mercy-seat?

5 There, there on eagles' wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

UXBRIDGE. L. M.





2 Gathering for Prayer.

2 Long have we roamed in want and pain,
Long have we sought thy rest in vain;
Weary and weak, thy grace we pray,
Turn not, O Lord! thy guests away.

3 Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,
Long have our souls been tempest-tossed;
Low at thy feet our sins we lay;
Turn not, O Lord! thy guests away.

3 Not ashamed of Jesus.

1 JESUS, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee!
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,—
Whose glories shine through endless days.

2 Ashamed of Jesus!—that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend;
No!—when I blush, be this my shame,—
That I no more revere his Name.

3 Ashamed of Jesus!—yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away:
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

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

"Bodely" June 3/81

4 Glorying only in the Cross.

1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small:
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

5 The Wanderer's Return.

1 RETURN, O wanderer, return,
And seek an injured Father's face;
Those warm desires that in thee burn
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

2 Return, O wanderer, return,
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live;
Go to his bleeding feet, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

6 Earthly things vain and transitory.

1 HOW vain is all beneath the skies!
How transient every earthly bliss!
How slender all the fondest ties
That bind us to a world like this!

2 The evening cloud, the morning dew,
The with'ring grass, the fading flower,
Of earthly hopes are emblems true—
The glory of a passing hour.

3 But though earth's fairest blossoms die,
And all beneath the skies is vain,
There is a brighter world on high,
Beyond the reach of care and pain.

4 Then let the hope of joys to come
Dispel our cares, and chase our fears:
If God be ours, we're trav'ling home,
Though passing through a vale of tears.

WARWICK. C. M.

STANLEY.



7 The race for glory.

2 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis he whose hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

3 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

4 Blest Saviour! introduced by thee,
Our race have we begun;
And, crown'd with vict'ry, at thy feet
We 'll lay our trophies down.

8 The minister's only business.

1 JESUS, the Name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky;
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.

2 Jesus, the Name to sinners dear,—
The Name to sinners given;
It scatters all their guilty fear;
It turns their hell to heaven.

3 Jesus the pris'ner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head;
Power into strengthless souls he speaks,
And life into the dead.

4 O, that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace;
The arms of love that compass me,
Would all mankind embrace.

9 Sufficiency and freeness.

1 O WHAT amazing words of grace
Are in the Gospel found!
Suited to every sinner's case,
Who knows the joyful sound.

2 Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls,
Are freely welcome here;
Salvation, like a river, rolls,
Abundant, free, and clear.

3 Come, then, with all your wants and wounds;
Your every burden bring:
Here love, unchanging love, abounds,—
A deep, celestial spring.

4 Whoever will—O gracious word!—
May of this stream partake;
Come, thirsty souls, and bless the Lord,
And drink for Jesus' sake.

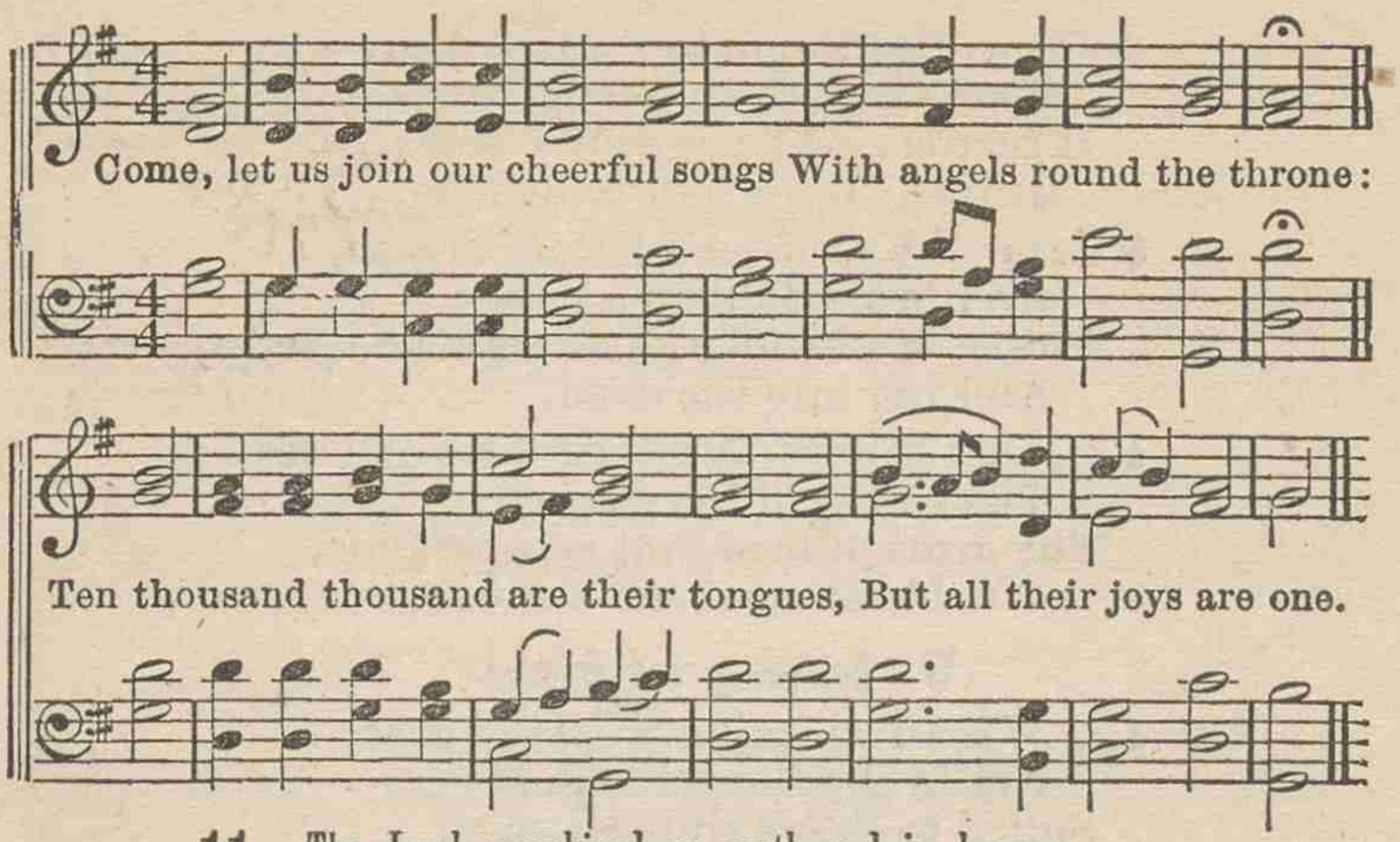
10 The voice that wakes the dead.

1 THOU Son of God, whose flaming eyes
Our inmost thoughts perceive,
Accept the grateful sacrifice
Which now to thee we give.

2 Is here a soul that knows thee not,
Nor feels his need of thee,
A stranger to the blood which bought
His pardon on the tree?

3 Convince him now of unbelief;
His desp'rate state explain;
And fill his heart with sacred grief,
And penitential pain.

4 Speak, with that voice that wakes the dead,
And bid the sleeper rise;
And bid his guilty conscience dread
The death that never dies



11 The Lamb worshiped on earth and in heaven.

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

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.

4 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

12 Victorious faith.

1 IN hope, against all human hope,
Self-desp'rate, I believe,
Thy quick'ning word shall raise me up;
Thou wilt thy Spirit give.

2 The thing surpasses all my thought;
But faithful is my Lord;
Through unbelief I stagger not,
For God hath spoke the word.

3 Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,
And looks to that alone;
Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries,—It shall be done!

4 Obedient faith, that waits on thee,
Thou never wilt reprove;
But thou wilt form thy Son in me,
And perfect me in love.

13 Gratitude.

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

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

3 To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learned
To form themselves in prayer.

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

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

14 Join the song of the Church triumphant.

1 SING we the song of those who stand
Around th' eternal throne,
Of every kindred, clime, and land,—
A multitude unknown.

2 Toil, trial, suffering, still await
On earth the pilgrim throng;
Yet learn we in our low estate
The Church-triumphant's song.

3 Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,
Cry the redeem'd above,
Blessing and honor to obtain,
And everlasting love.

4 Worthy the Lamb, on earth we sing,
Who died our souls to save:
Henceforth, O Death, where is thy sting?
Thy victory, O Grave?

5 Then hallelujah! power, and praise
To God in Christ be given;
May all who now this anthem raise,
Renew the song in heaven.



15 Grateful Adoration.

1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and he destroy.

2 His sov'reign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
And when like wand'ring sheep we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.

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

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

16 The creation invited to praise God.

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

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

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

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

17 Solemn Reverence.

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

2 Thee while the first archangel sings,
He hides his face behind his wings:
And ranks of shining thrones around
Fall worshiping, and spread the ground.

3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?
We would adore our Maker too;
From sin and dust to thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High.

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

5 God is in heaven, and men below:
Be short our tunes; our words be few;
A solemn rev'rence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

18 Doxology.

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

DR. L. MASON.



19 Evening.—Memorials of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home:
But he forgives my follies past,
And gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Thus, when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb.
With sweet salvation in the sound.

20 In hope, believing against hope.

1 AWAY, my unbelieving fear!
Fear shall in me no more have place;
My Savior doth not yet appear,
He hides the brightness of his face:
But shall I therefore let him go,
And basely to the tempter yield?
No, in the strength of Jesus, no,
I never will give up my shield.

2 In hope, believing against hope,
Jesus, my Lord, my God, I claim;
Jesus, my strength, shall lift me up;
Salvation is in Jesus' name.
To me he soon shall bring it nigh;
My soul shall then outstrip the wind;
On wings of love mount up on high,
And leave the world and sin behind.

21 His everlasting arms of love.

1 HOW do thy mercies close me round!
Forever be thy name adored;
I blush in all things to abound;
The servant is above his Lord.

2 Inured to poverty and pain,
A suff'ring life my Master led;
The Son of God the Son of man,
He had not where to lay his head.

3 But lo! a place he hath prepared
For me, whom watchful angels keep;
Yea, he himself becomes my guard;
He smooths my bed, and gives me sleep.

4 Jesus protects; my fears, begone:
What can the Rock of Ages move?
Safe in thy arms I lay me down,—
Thine everlasting arms of love.

5 While thou art intimately nigh,
Who, who shall violate my rest?
Sin, earth, and hell, I now defy;
I lean upon my Saviour's breast.

6 I rest beneath the Almighty shade,
My grief expires, my troubles cease;
Thou Lord, on whom my soul is stayed,
Wilt keep me still in perfect peace.

22 Safety and security in the arms of Jesus.

1 GOD of my life, whose gracious power
Through varied deaths my soul hath led,
Or turned aside the fatal hour,
Or lifted up my sinking head;

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

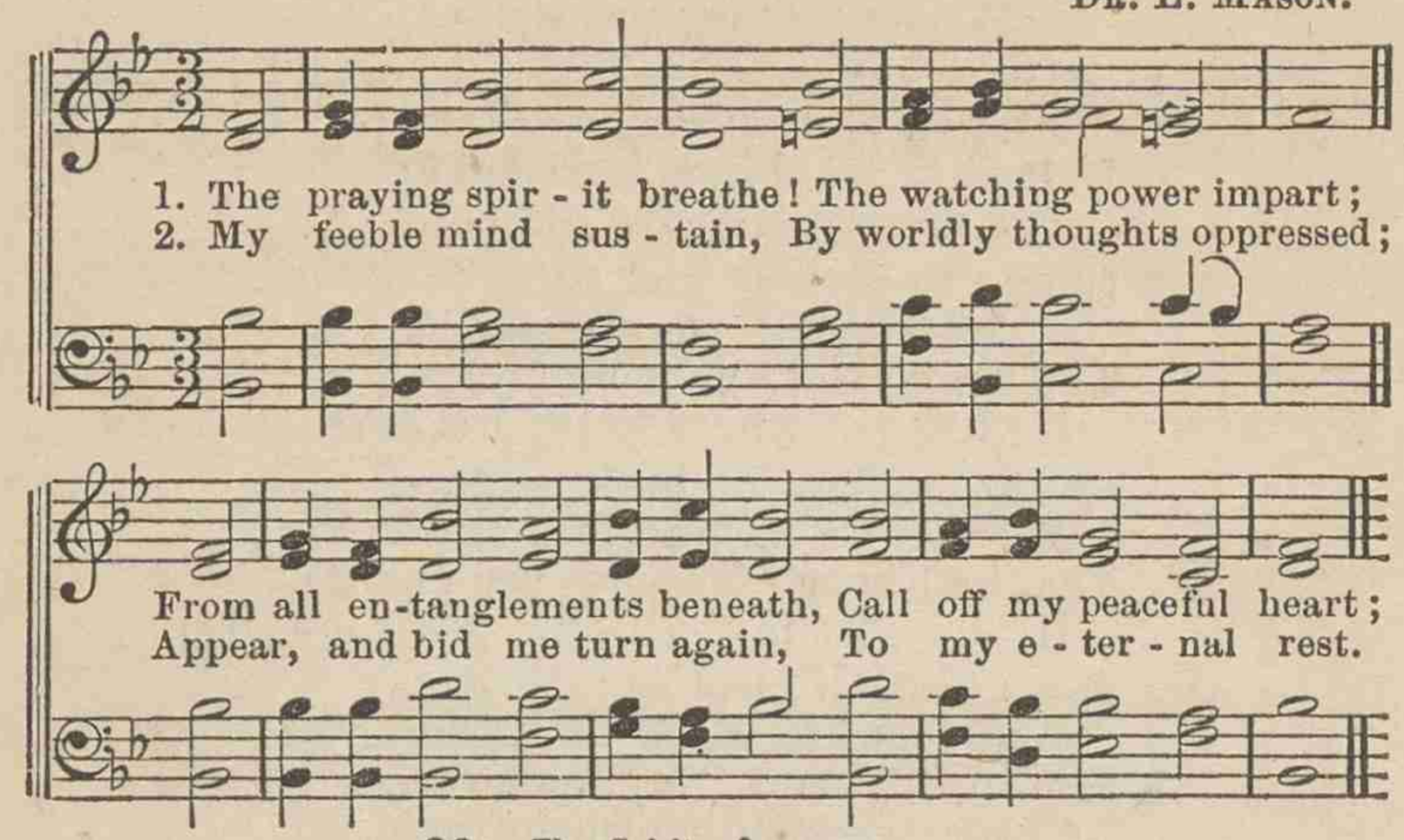
3 Whither, O whither should I fly,
But to my loving Saviour's breast!
Secure within thine arms to lie,
And safe beneath thy wings to rest.

4 I have no skill the snare to shun,
But thou, O Christ, my wisdom art;
I ever into ruin run,
But thou art greater than my heart.

5 Foolish, and impotent and blind,
Lead me a way I have not known;
Bring me where I my heaven may find,
The heaven of loving thee alone.

OLMUTZ. S. M.

DR. L. MASON.



23 The Spirit of prayer.

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

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

24 Alone in heaven.

1 FOREVER with the Lord!
Amen, so let it be!
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.

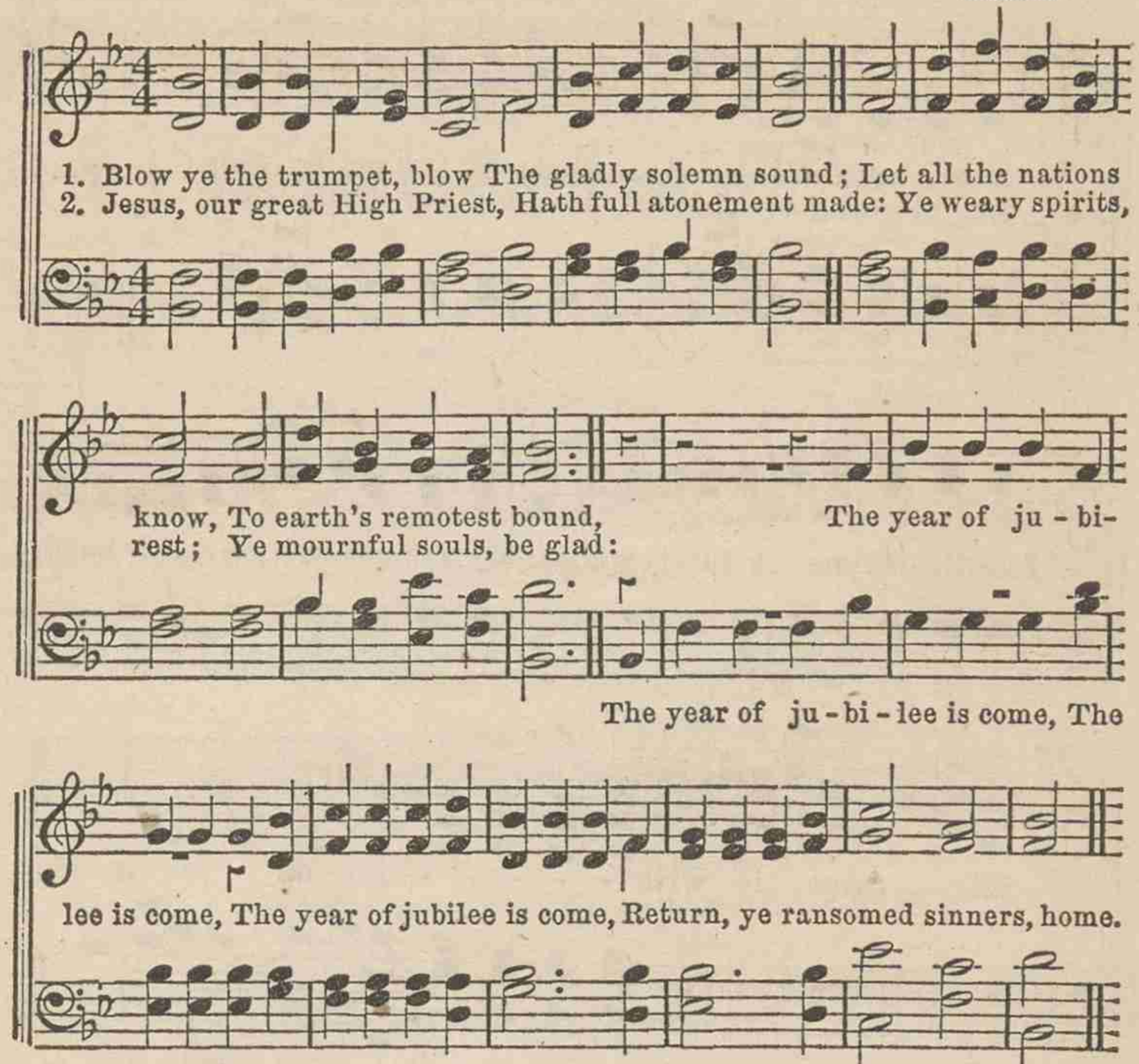
2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from him I roam;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

3 Forever with the Lord!
Father, if 't is thy will,
The promise of that faithful word,
E'en here to me fulfill.

4 So, when my latest breath
Shall rend the vail in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

5 Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
Forever with the Lord!

EDSON.



25 The Jubilee Trumpet.

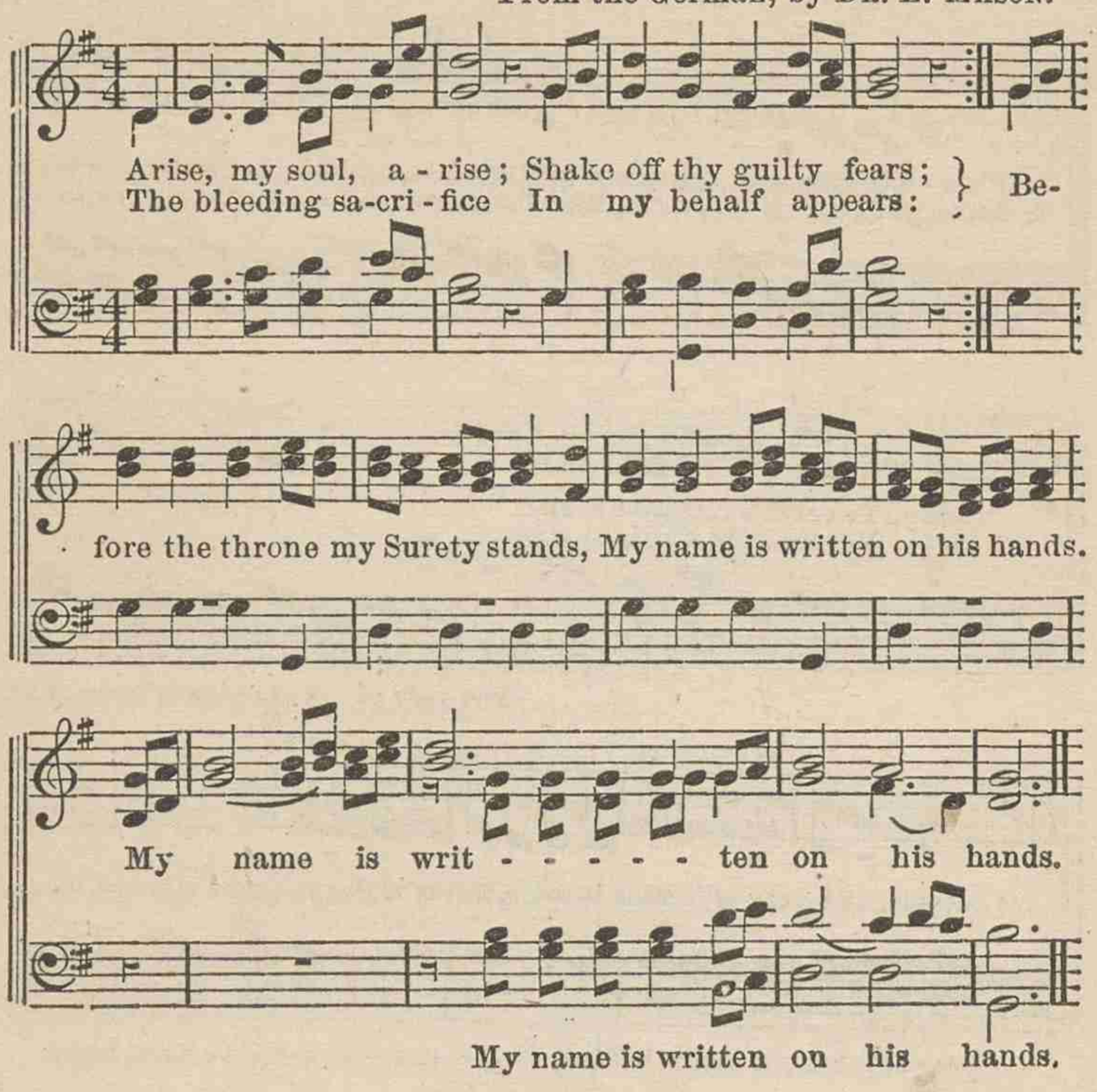
3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in his blood
Throughout the world proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blessed in Jesus live:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

5 Ye who have sold for naught
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

LISCHER. H. M.

From the German, by Dr. L. Mason.



26 "Abba, Father."

2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood, to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me:—
Forgive him, O forgive, they cry,
Nor let that ransomed sinner die.

4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed One:
He can not turn away
The presence of his Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconciled;
His pard'ning voice I hear:
He owns me for his child;
I can no longer fear:
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

27 Parting, to meet again.

1 JESUS, accept the praise
That to thy Name belongs;
Matter of all our lays,
Subject of all our songs;
Through thee we now together came,
And part exulting in thy Name.

2 There we shall meet again,
When all our toils are o'er,
And death, and grief, and pain,
And parting are no more:
We shall with all our brethren rise,
And see thee in the flaming skies.

3 O happy, happy day,
That calls thy exiles home;
The heavens shall pass away,
The earth receive its doom:
Earth we shall view, and heaven, destroy'd,
And shout above the fiery void.

28 Joyful homage.

1 AWAKE, ye saints, awake!
And hail this sacred day:
In loftiest songs of praise
Your joyful homage pay:
Come bless the day that God hath blest,
The type of heaven's eternal rest.

2 On this auspicious morn
The Lord of life arose;
He burst the bars of death,
And vanquished all our foes;
And now he pleads our cause above,
And reaps the fruit of all his love.

3 All hail, triumphant Lord!
Heaven with hosannas rings,
And earth, in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings:
Worthy the Lamb, that once was slain,
Through endless years to live and reign.



Come, ye sinners, poor and needy, Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you, Full of pity, love, and power.
He is able, He is able, He is willing: doubt no more.
D. C. Glory, honor, and salvation, Christ the Lord is come to reign.





D. C.

He is a-ble, He is a-ble, He is willing: doubt no more.
Chorus. Turn to the Lord, and seek salvation, Sound the praise of his [dear name,



D. C.

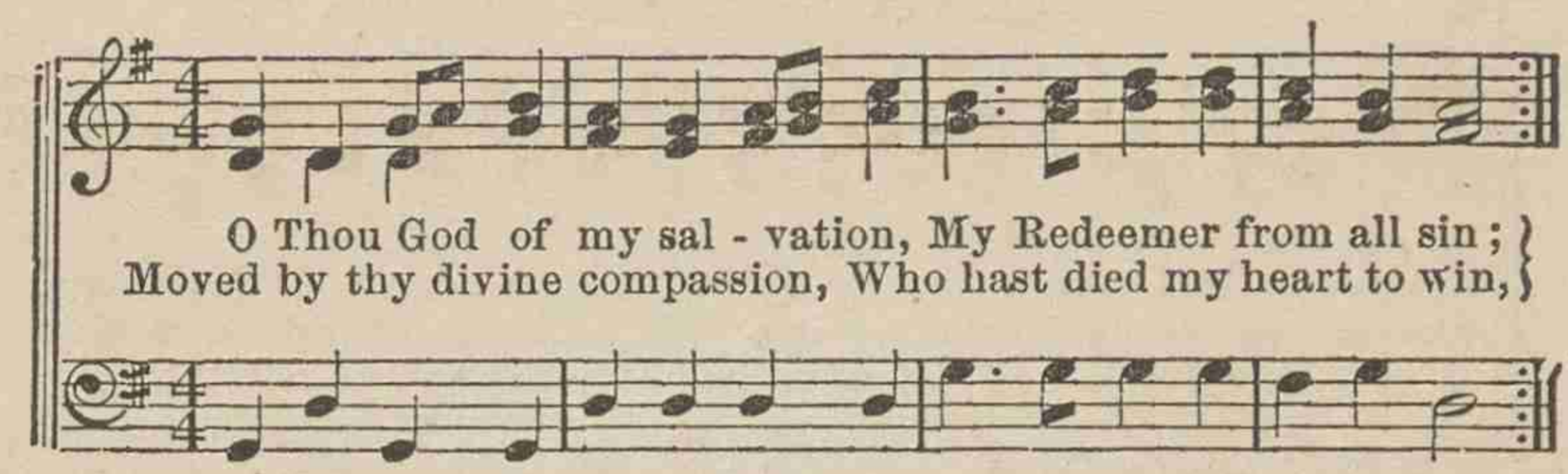
29 The invitation.

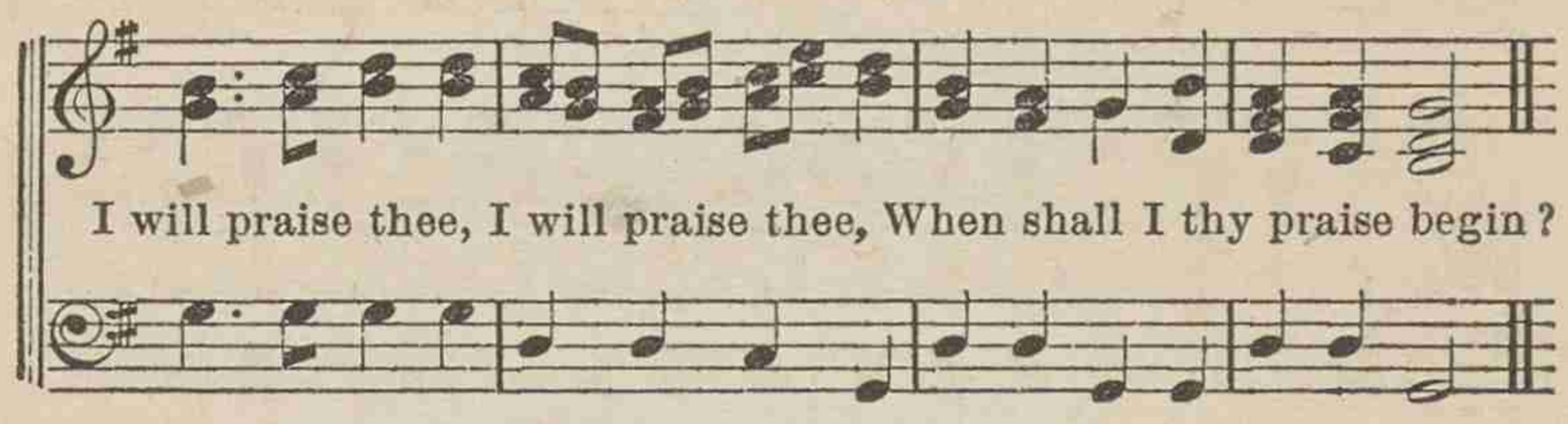
2 Now ye needy, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,—
Every grace that brings you nigh,—
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger;
Nor of fitness fondly dream:
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him:
This he gives you,—
'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you 're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous,—
Sinners Jesus came to call.

5 Lo! th' incarnate God, ascending,
Pleads the merit of his blood:
Venture on him,—venture freely;
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.





30 Halleluiah.

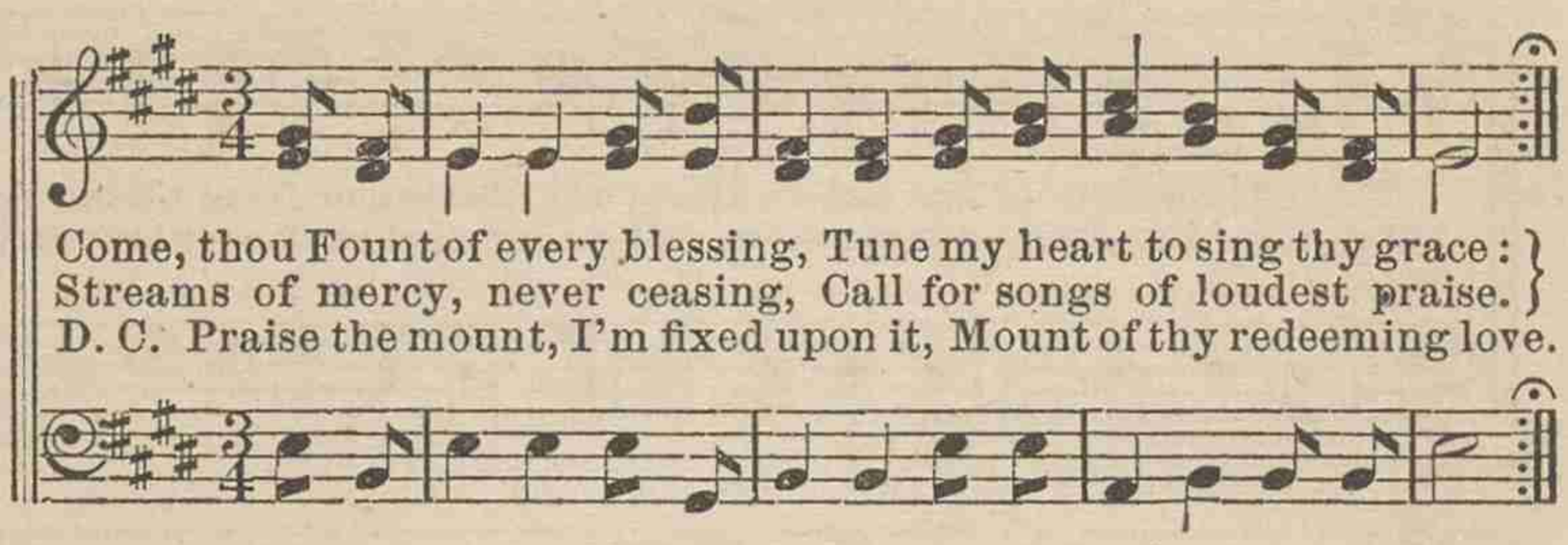
2 Though unseen, I love the Saviour;
He hath brought salvation near;
Manifests his pard'ning favor;
And when Jesus doth appear,
Soul and body
Shall his glorious image bear.

3 While the angel choirs are crying,—
Glory to the great I AM,
I with them will still be vying—
Glory! glory to the Lamb!
O how precious
Is the sound of Jesus' name!

4 Angels now are hov'ring round us,
Unperceived amid the throng;
Wond'ring at the love that crown'd us,
Glad to join the holy song:
Halleluiah,
Love and praise to Christ belong!

31 Doxology.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above:
Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.





32 Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.

2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

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

33 Heavenly joy anticipated.

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

2 While our days on earth are lengthen'd,
May we give them, Lord, to thee:
Cheer'd by hope, and daily strengthen'd,
May we run, nor weary be;
Till thy glory
Without cloud in heaven we see.



34 God is light and love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth,
His unchanging goodness proves;
From the cloud his brightness streameth;
God is light, and God is love.

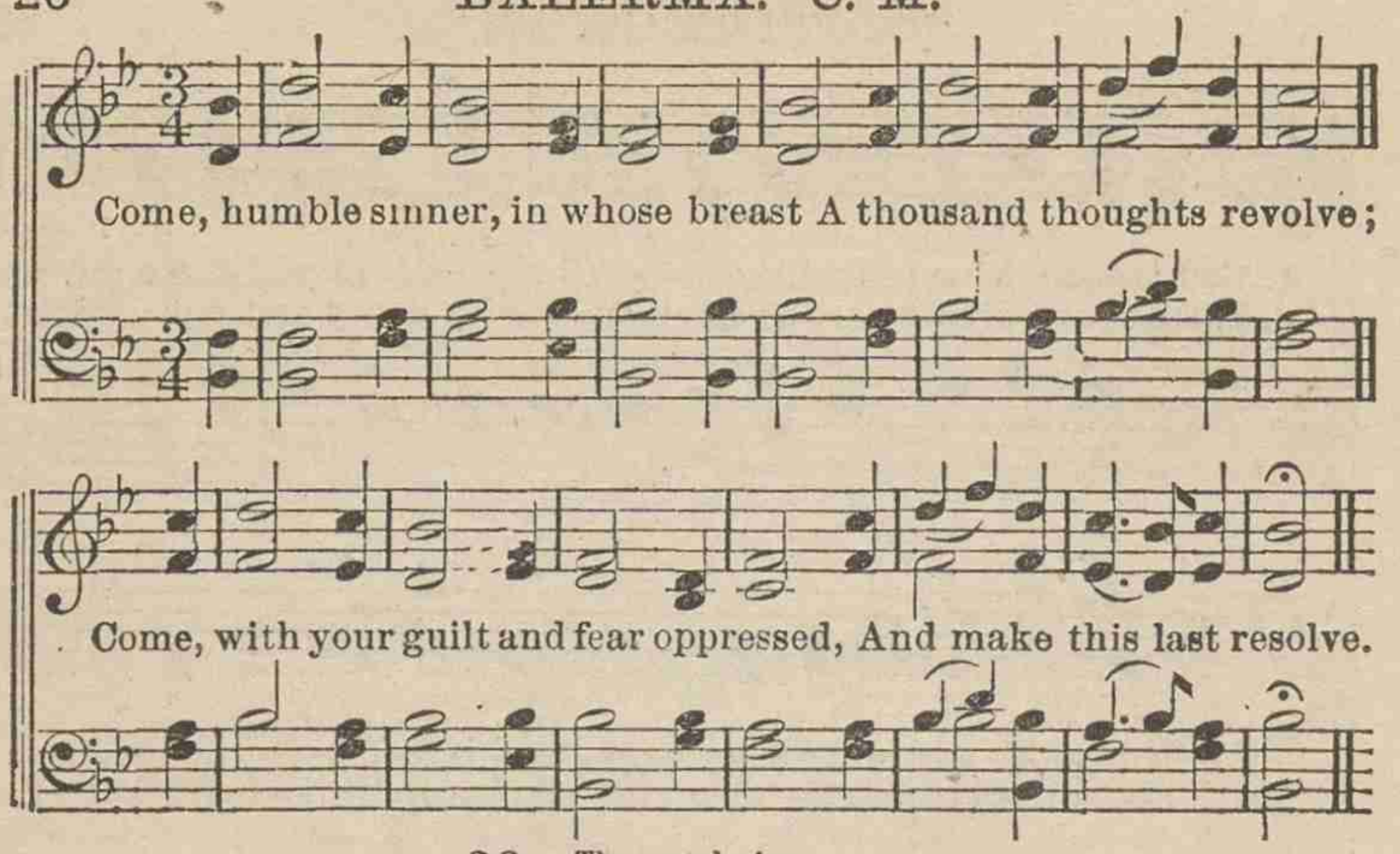
4 He our earthly cares entwineth
With his comforts from above;
Everywhere his glory shineth:
God is light, and God is love.

35 Dismission.

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

2 Thanks we give and adoration
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal 's given,
Us from earth to call away;
Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
Glad the summons we obey—
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.



36 The resolution.

2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Like mountains round me close;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him, I'm a wretch undone
Without his sov'reign grace.

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

5 I can but perish, if I go,
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die.

37 Lamenting the absence of the Spirit.

1 O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their mem'ry still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest:
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

38 Deliverance at hand.

1 MY span of life will soon be done,
The passing moments say;
As length'ning shadows o'er the mead,
Proclaim the close of day.

2 O that my heart might dwell aloof
From all created things;
And learn that wisdom from above,
Whence true contentment springs,

3 Courage, my soul; thy bitter cross,
In every trial here,
Shall bear thee to thy heaven above,
But shall not enter there.

4 Soon will the toilsome strife be o'er,
Of sublunary care,
And life's dull vanities no more
This anxious breast insnare.

5 Courage, my soul; on God rely;
Deliv'rance soon will come;
A thousand ways has Providence
To bring believers home.

39 Suffer little children to come unto me.

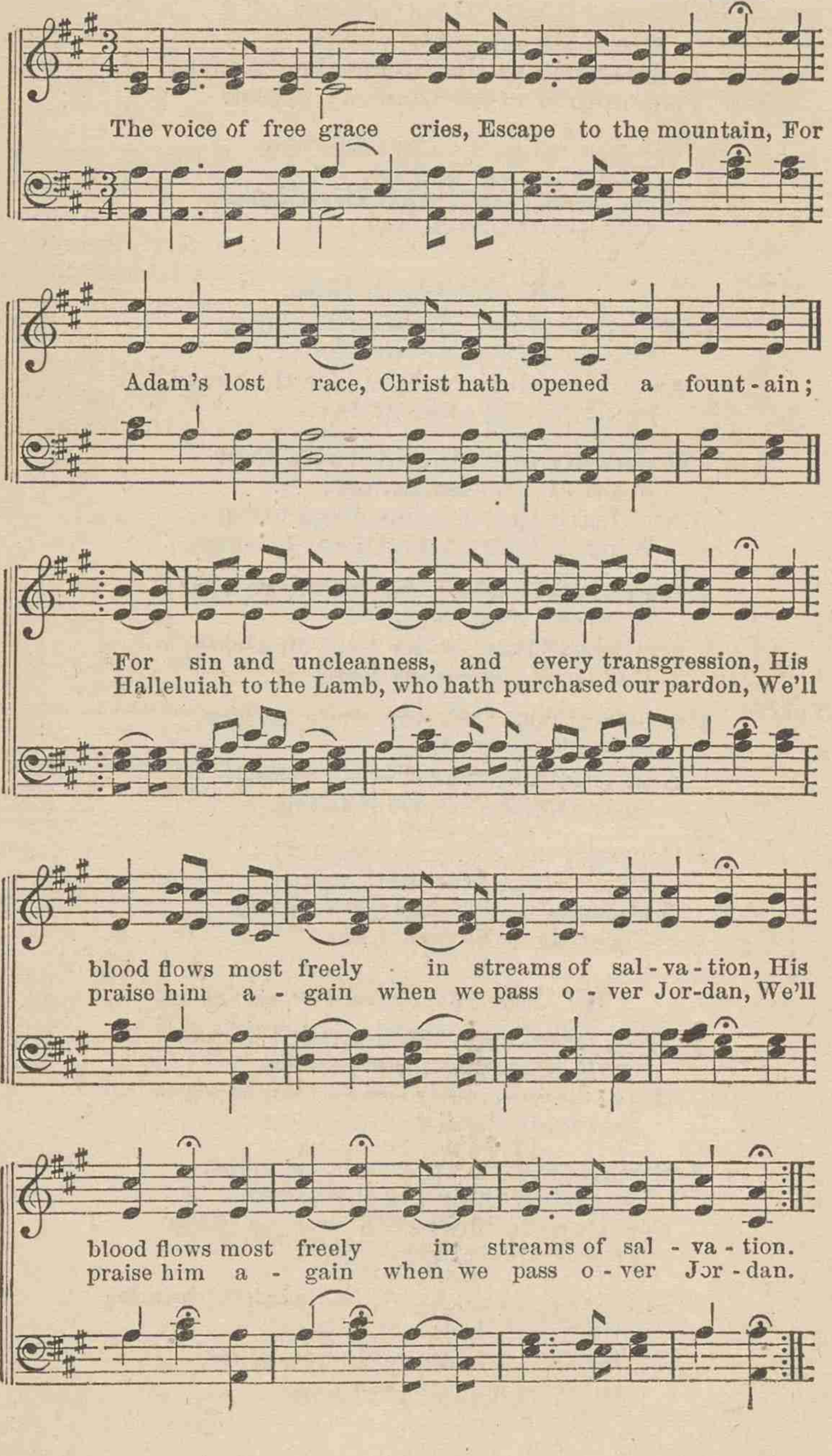
1 SEE, Israel's gentle Shepherd stands
With all-engaging charms;
Hark, how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms.

2 Permit them to approach, he cries,
Nor scorn their humble name;
For 't was to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came.

3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be.

SCOTLAND. P. M.

DR. CLARKE.



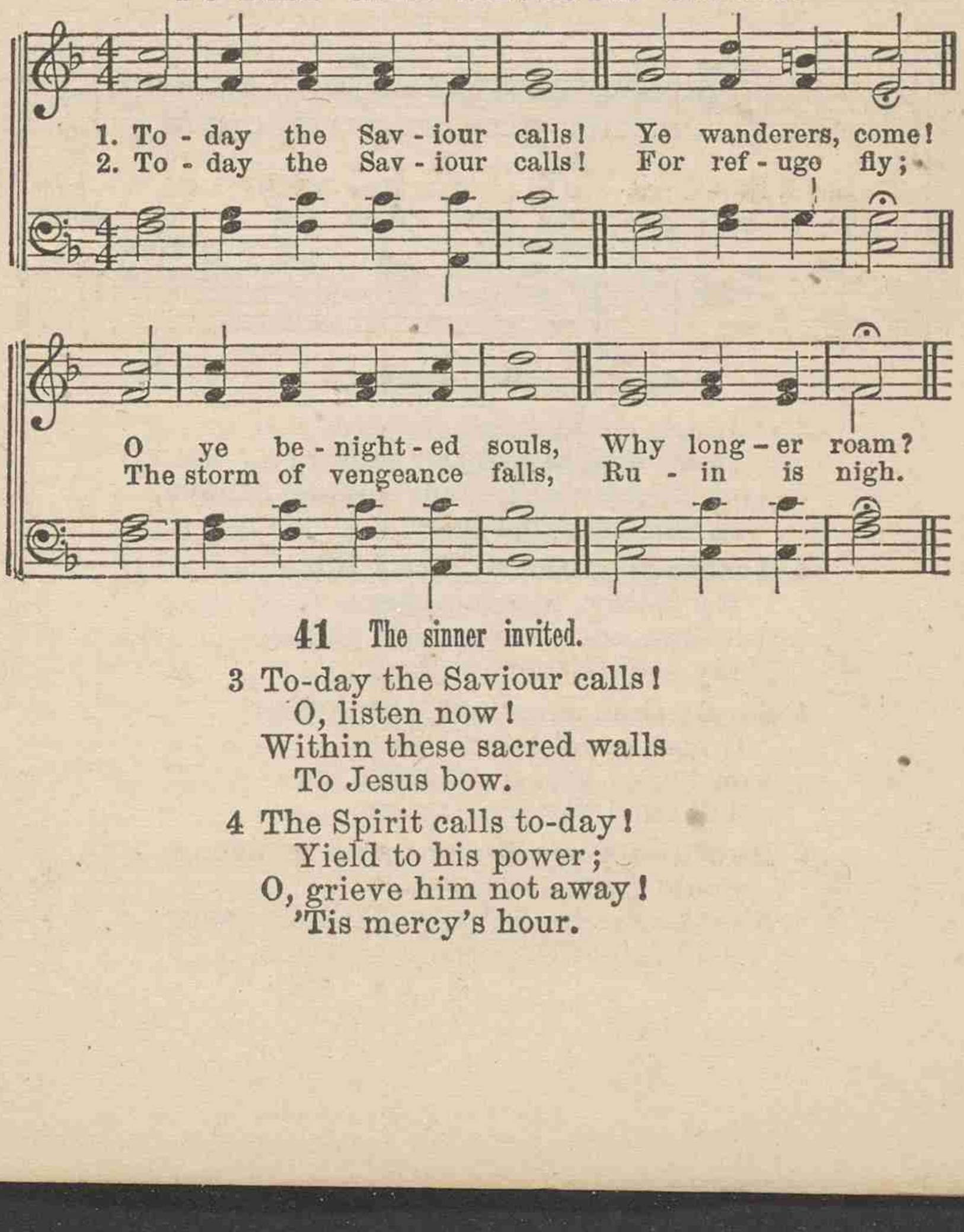
40 The voice of free grace.

2 Now glory to God in the highest is given;
Now glory to God is re-echoed in heaven;
Around the whole earth let us tell the glad story,
And sing of his love, his salvation and glory.
Halleluiah to the Lamb, etc.

3 O Jesus, ride on, thy kingdom is glorious;
O'er sin, death, and hell, thou wilt make us victorious:
Thy name shall be praised in the great congregation,
And saints shall ascribe unto thee their salvation.
Halleluiah to the Lamb, etc.

4 When on Zion we stand, having gained the blest shore,
With our harps in our hands, we will praise evermore:
We'll range the blest fields on the banks of the river,
And sing of redemption forever and ever.
Halleluiah to the Lamb, etc.

"TO-DAY THE SAVIOUR CALLS."



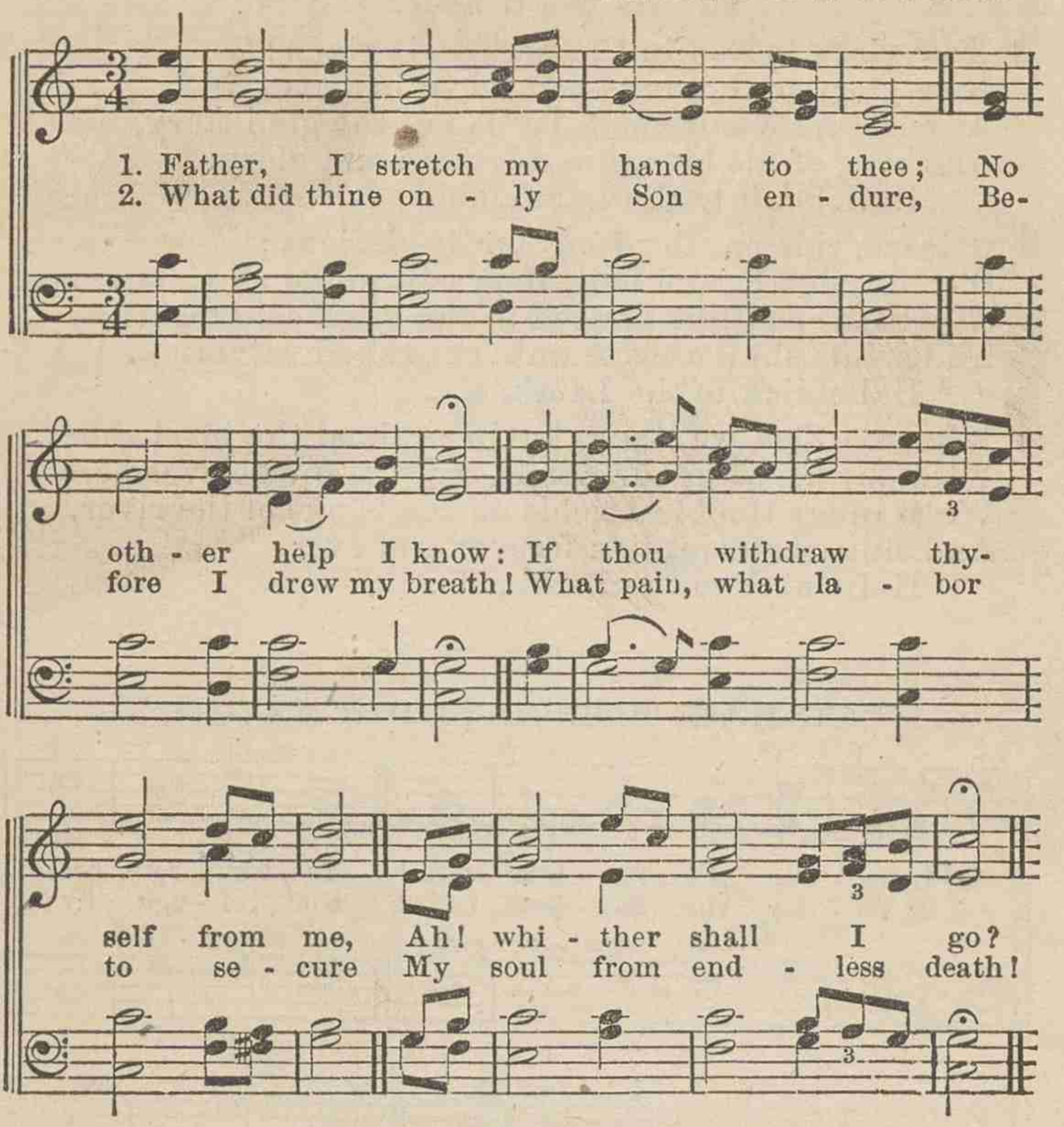
41 The sinner invited.

3 To-day the Saviour calls!
O, listen now!
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

4 The Spirit calls to-day!
Yield to his power;
O, grieve him not away!
'Tis mercy's hour.

CHINA. C. M.

ARRANGED BY T. C. O'KANE



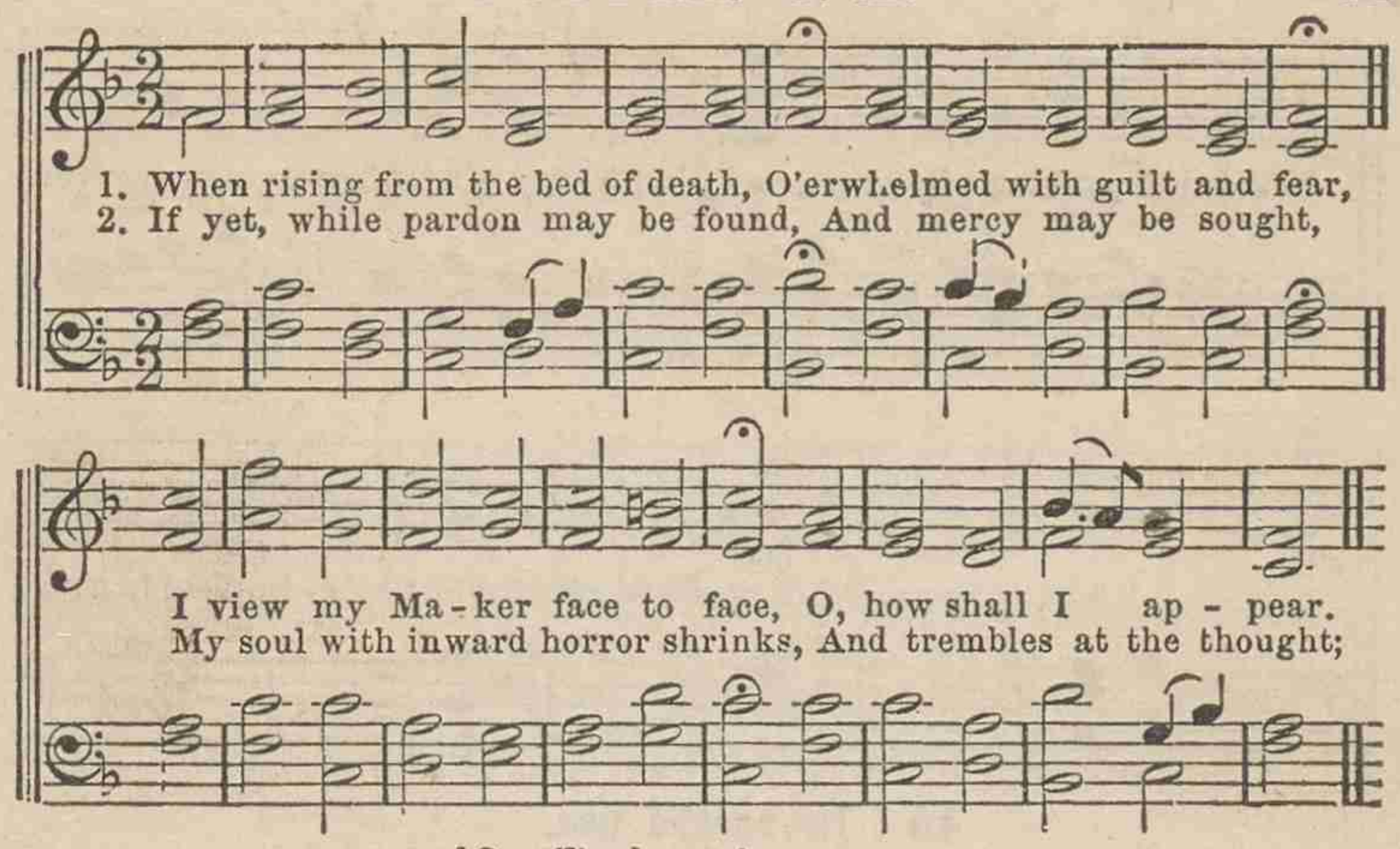
42 Unwearied earnestness.

3 O Jesus, could I this believe,
I now should feel thy power;
And all my wants thou wouldst relieve,
In this accepted hour.

4 Author of faith! to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes:
O let me now receive that gift,—
My soul without it dies.

5 Surely thou canst not let me die;
O speak and I shall live;
And here I will unwearied lie,
Till thou thy Spirit give.

6 How would my fainting soul rejoice,
Could I but see thy face;
Now let me hear thy quick'ning voice,
And taste thy pardoning grace.



43 Timely penitence.

3 When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclosed
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,—
O how shall I appear?

4 O may my broken, contrite heart,
Timely my sins lament;
And early, with repentant tears,
Eternal wo prevent.

44 Secrets of the heart made known.

1 AND must I be to judgment brought,
And answer in that day
For every vain and idle thought,
And every word I say?

2 Yes, every secret of my heart
Shall shortly be made known,
And I receive my just desert
For all that I have done.

3 How careful, then, ought I to live;
With what religious fear;
Who such a strict account must give
For my behavior here.

4 Thou awful Judge of quick and dead,
The watchful power bestow;
So shall I to my ways take heed,—
To all I speak or do.

5 If now thou standest at the door,
O let me feel thee near;
And make my peace with God, before
I at thy bar appear.



45 The accepted time.

2 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave.
Before his bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.

3 In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise—
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Saviour call you to the skies.

4 Now God invites; how blessed the day!
How sweet the Gospel's charming sound;
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pard'ning God is found.

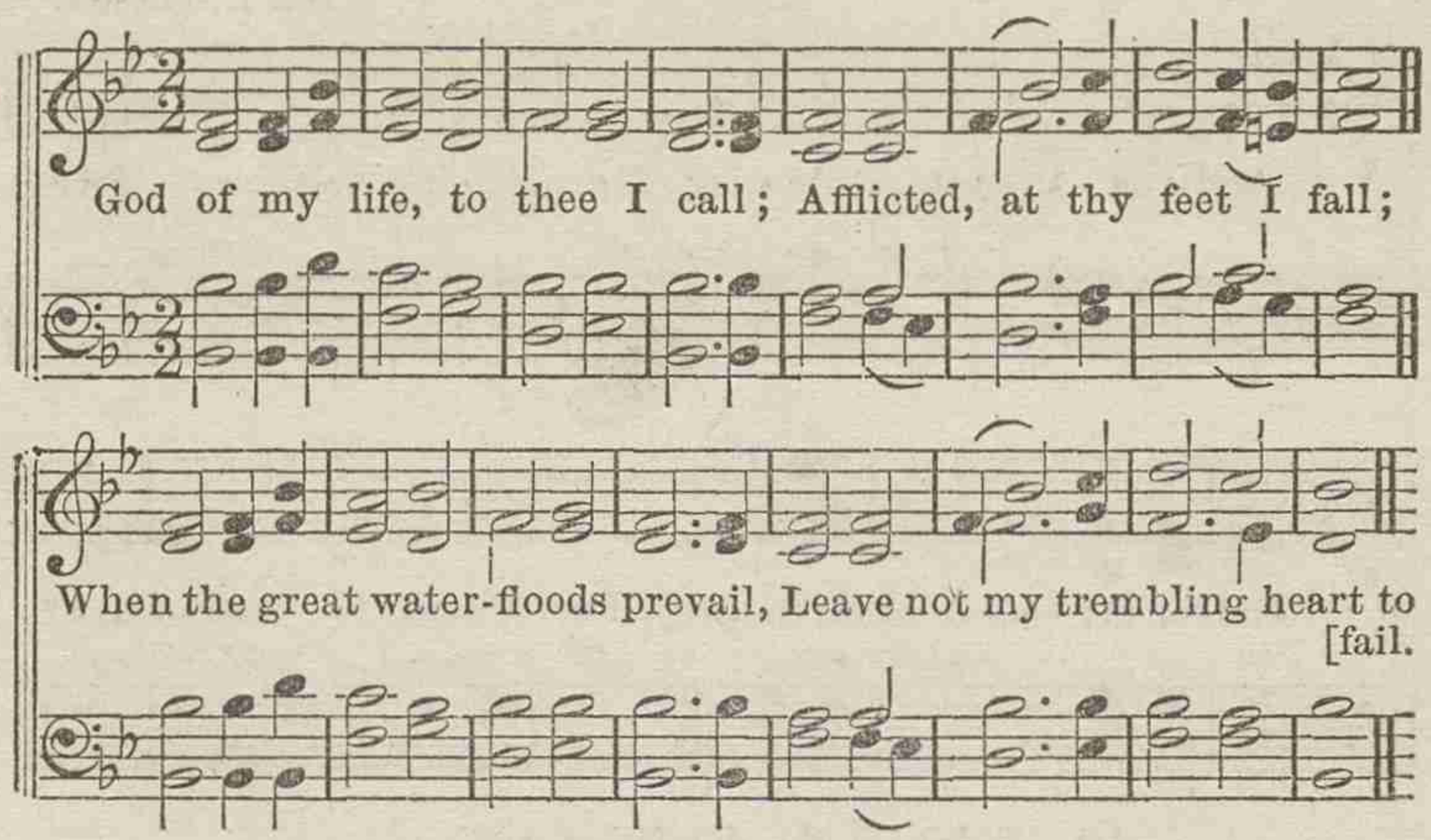
46 Fullness and sufficiency of the Atonement.

1 JESUS, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress:
'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 Bold shall I stand in thy great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully absolved through these I am—
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

3 The holy, meek, unspotted Lamb,
Who from the Father's bosom came;
Who died for me, e'en me to' atone,
Now for my Lord and God I own.

4 Lord, I believe thy precious blood—
Which, at the mercy-seat of God,
Forever doth for sinners plead—
For me, e'en for my soul, was shed.



47 Jesus, the friend of the friendless.

2 Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where should I lodge my deep complaint?
Where, but with thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor.

3 Did ever mourner plead with thee,
And thou refuse that mourner's plea?
Does not the promise still remain,
That none shall seek thy face in vain?

4 Poor I may be—despised, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not;
And he is safe, and must succeed,
For whom the Saviour deigns to plead.

48 A blessing for those who mourn.

1 DEEM not that they are blessed alone
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep;
For God, who pities man, has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

2 The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears;
And weary hours of woe and pain,
And promises of happier years.

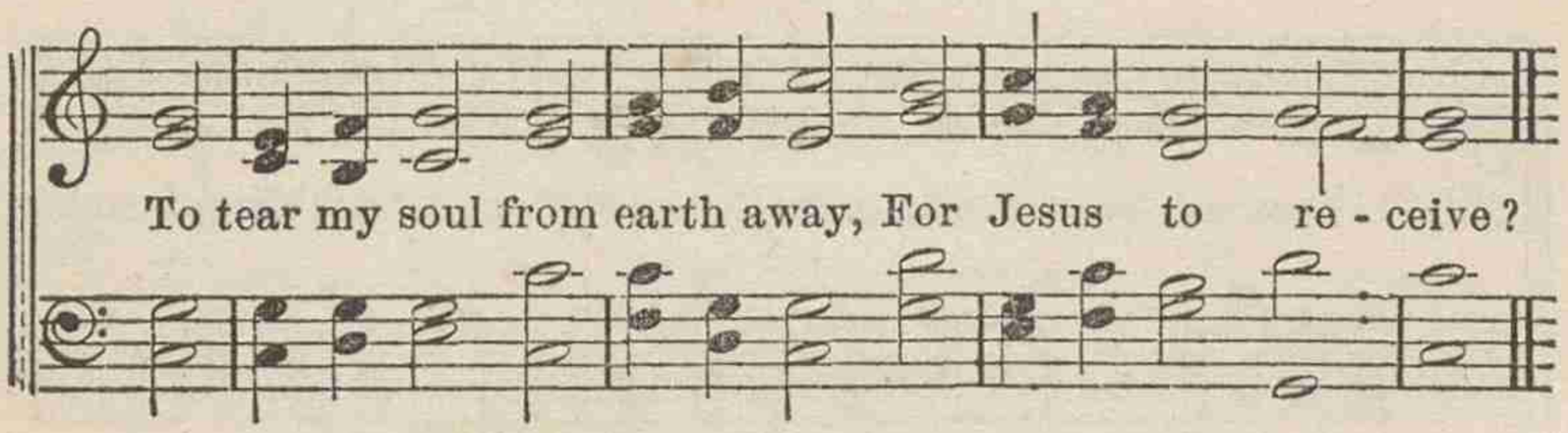
3 There is a day of sunny rest,
For every dark and troubled night;
Though grief may bide an evening guest,
Yet joy shall come with early light.

4 For God has mark'd each sorrowing day,
And number'd every secret tear;
And heaven's eternal bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here.

BOYLSTON. S. M.

DR. L. MASON.





49 Embracing the all-sufficient portion.

2 Nay, but I yield, I yield;
I can hold out no more:
I sink by dying love compell'd,
And own thee conqueror.

3 Though late, I all forsake;
My friends, my all, resign;
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever thine.

4 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove;
Settle and fix my wav'ring soul
With all thy weight of love.

5 My one desire be this,—
Thy only love to know;
To seek and taste no other bliss,—
No other good below.

6 My life, my portion there;
Thou all-sufficient art;
My hope, my heavenly treasure, now
Enter, and keep my heart.

50 The Redeemer's tears.

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

2 The Son of God in tears
The wond'ring angels see;
Be thou astonished, O my soul,
He shed those tears for thee.

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

51 The horrors of the second death.

1 O WHERE shall rest be found,—
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath:
O what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!

5 Thou God of truth and grace!
Teach us that death to shun;
Lest we be banish'd from thy face,
For evermore undone.

52 Our fathers, where are they?

1 HOW swift the torrent rolls
That bears us to the sea:
The tide that hurries thoughtless souls
To vast eternity.

2 Our fathers, where are they,
With all they call'd their own?
Their joys and griefs, and hopes and cares,
And wealth and honor, gone.

3 God of our fathers, hear,
Thou everlasting Friend!
While we, as on life's utmost verge,
Our souls to thee commend.

4 Of all the pious dead
May we the footsteps trace,
Till with them, in the land of light,
We dwell before thy face.

BOURBON. L. M. ARRANGED.



53 Condemned, but pleading the promises.

2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace.
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pard'ning grace be found.

3 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offenses pain my eyes.

4 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,—
Some sure support against despair.

54 The light yoke and easy burden.

1 O, THAT my load of sin were gone,
O that I could at last submit
At Jesus' feet to lay it down,
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!

2 Rest for my soul I long to find;
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee.

4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God:
Thy light and easy burden prove,
The cross, all stained with hallowed blood
The labor of thy dying love.

READ.



55 Deprecating the withdrawal of the Spirit.

1 STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despite;
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have steeled my stubborn heart,
And shaken off my guilty fears;
And vex'd, and urged thee to depart,
For many long rebellious years.

3 Though I have most unfaithful been,
Of all who e'er thy grace received;
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen;
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved;

4 Yet, O! the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High Priest;
Nor in thy righteous anger swear
To exclude me from thy people's rest.

56 The dreadful day.

1 THE day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away!
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day—

2 When, shriv'ling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
And louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead?

3 O, on that day that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

BRIGHTON. 6 lines. 8s.



57 Wrestling Jacob.

2 I need not tell thee who I am;
My sin and misery declare:
Thyself hast called me by my name;
Look on thy hands, and read it there;
But who, I ask thee, who art thou?
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

3 Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable name?
Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell;
To know it now resolved I am:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

4 Yield to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair;
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak;
Be conquer'd by my instant prayer:
Speak, or thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if thy name be Love.

5 'Tis Love! 'tis Love! thou diedst for me;
I hear thy whisper in my heart;
The morning breaks, the shadows flee;
Pure, universal Love thou art:
To me, to all, thy bowels move,—
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

58 The dominion of sin destroyed.

1 PRIS'NERS of hope, lift up your heads;
The day of liberty draws near;
Jesus who on the serpent treads,
Shall soon in your behalf appear.
The Lord will to his temple come;
Prepare your hearts to make him room.

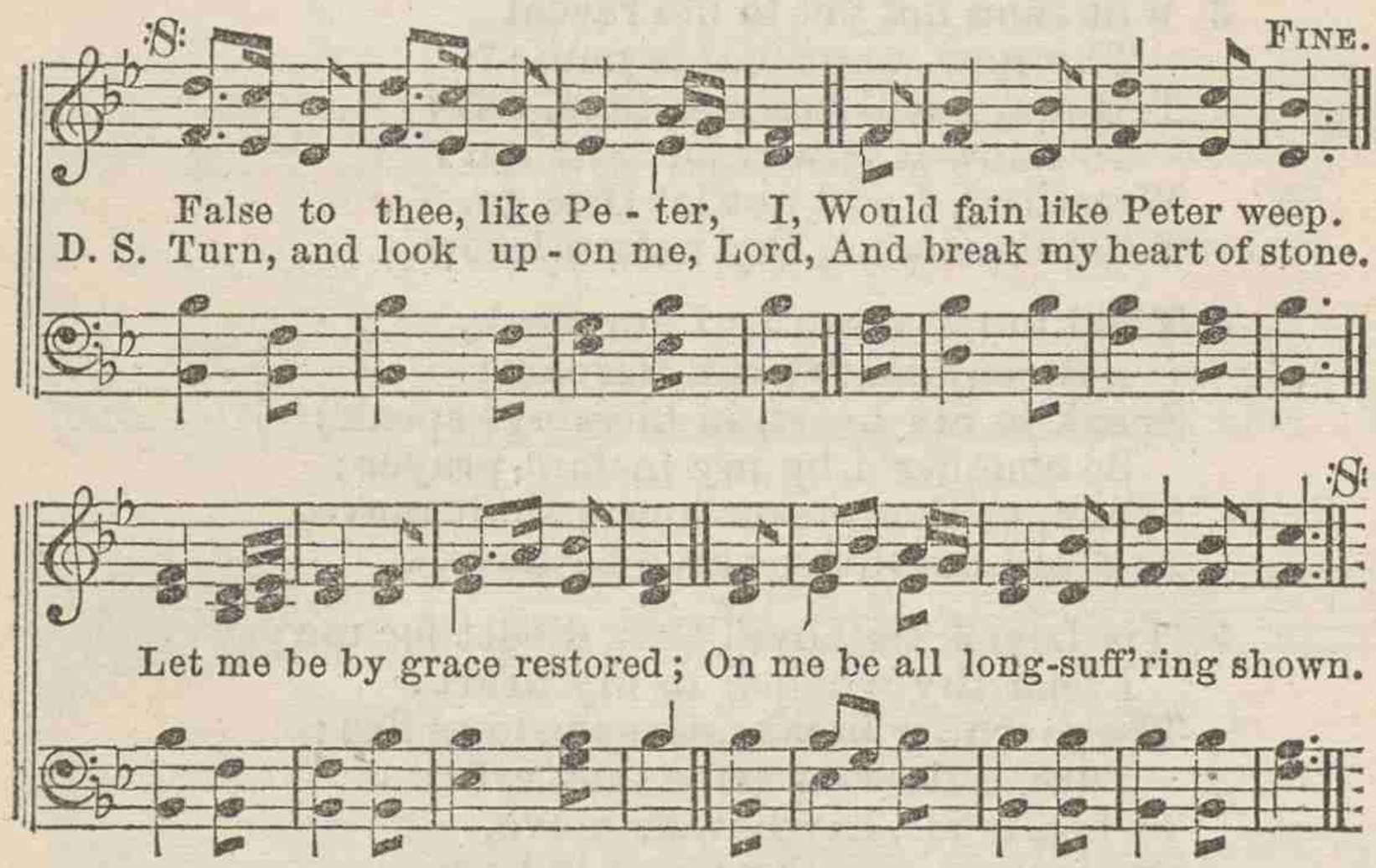
2 Ye all shall find him, in whose word
You have been caused to put your trust;
The Father of our dying Lord
Is ever to his promise just;
Faithful, if we our sins confess,
To cleanse from all unrighteousness.

3 O ye of fearful hearts, be strong!
Your downcast eyes and hands lift up!
Ye shall not be forgotten long;
Hope to the end, in Jesus hope!
Tell him ye wait his grace to prove;
And cannot fail, if God is love.

PENITENCE. 7s, 6s, 8s.

W. H. OAKLEY.





59 Humility and Contrition.

2 Saviour, Prince, enthroned above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me through thy dying love,
The humble, contrite heart;
Give what I have long implored,
A portion of thy grief unknown;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

3 For thine own compassion's sake,
The gracious wonder show;
Cast my sins behind thy back,
And wash me white as snow;
If thy bowels now are stirr'd,
If now I do myself bemoan,
Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

60 Jesus crucified.

1 VAIN, delusive world, adieu,
With all of creature good:

Only Jesus I pursue,
Who bought me with his blood:
All thy pleasure I forego;
I trample on thy wealth and pride;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

2 Here will I set up my rest;
My fluctuating heart
From the haven of his breast
Shall nevermore depart:
Whither should a sinner go?
His wounds for me stand open wide;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

3 Him to know is life and peace,
And pleasure without end;
This is all my happiness,
On Jesus to depend;
Daily in his grace to grow,
And ever in his faith abide;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

4 O that I could all invite,
This saving truth to prove;
Show the length, the breadth, the hight,
And depth of Jesus' love!
Fain I would to sinners show
The blood by faith alone applied;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

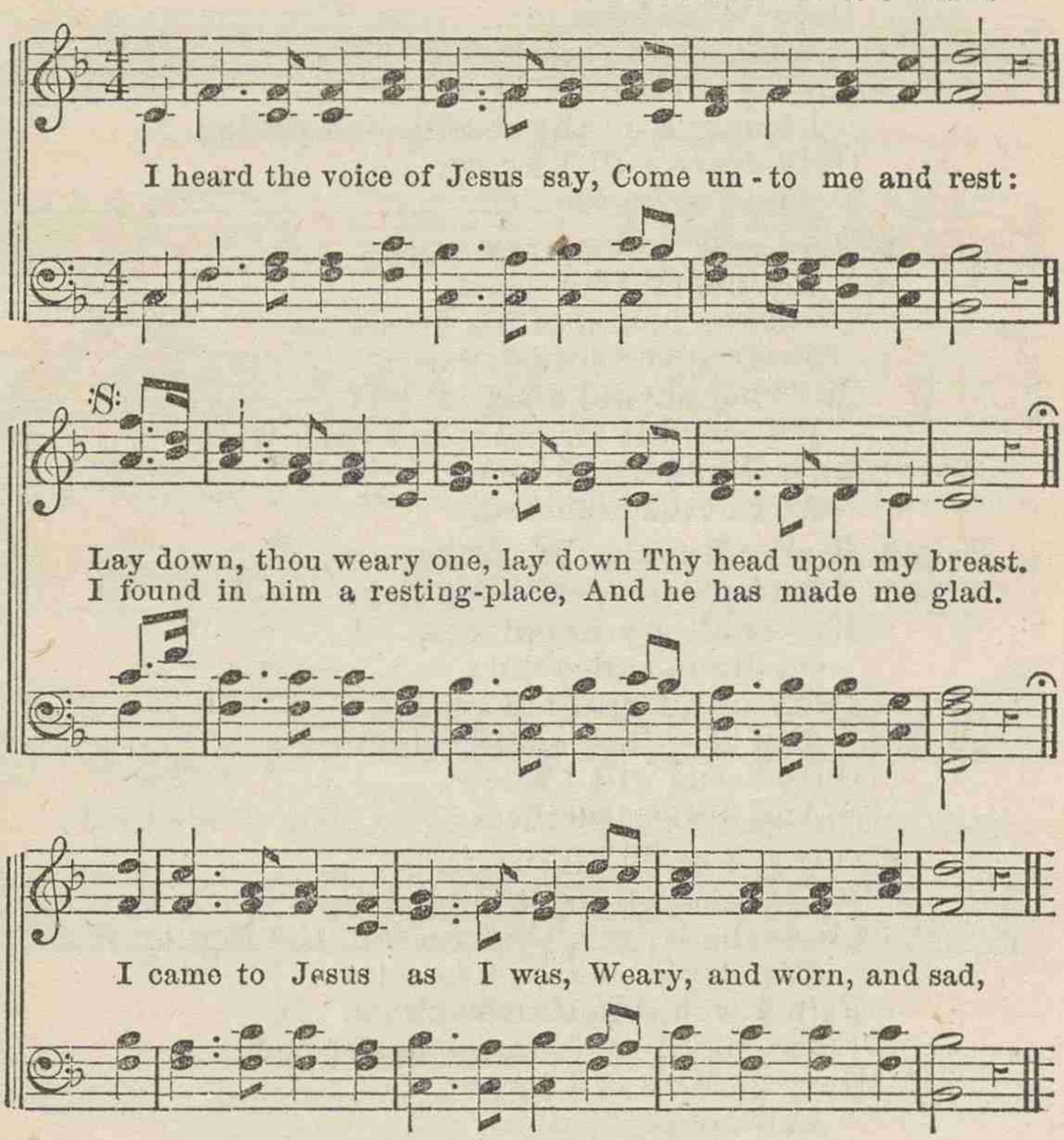
61 Speak the word.

1 EVER fainting with desire,
For thee, O Christ, I call;
Thee I restlessly require;
I want my good, my all.
Jesus, dear redeeming Lord,
I wait thy coming from above;
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
And perfect me in love.

2 Wilt thou suffer me to go
Lamenting all my days?
Shall I never, never know
Thy sanctifying grace?
Wilt thou not thy light afford?
The darkness from my soul remove?
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
And perfect me in love.

RESTING-PLACE.

ARRANGED BY T. C. O'KANE.

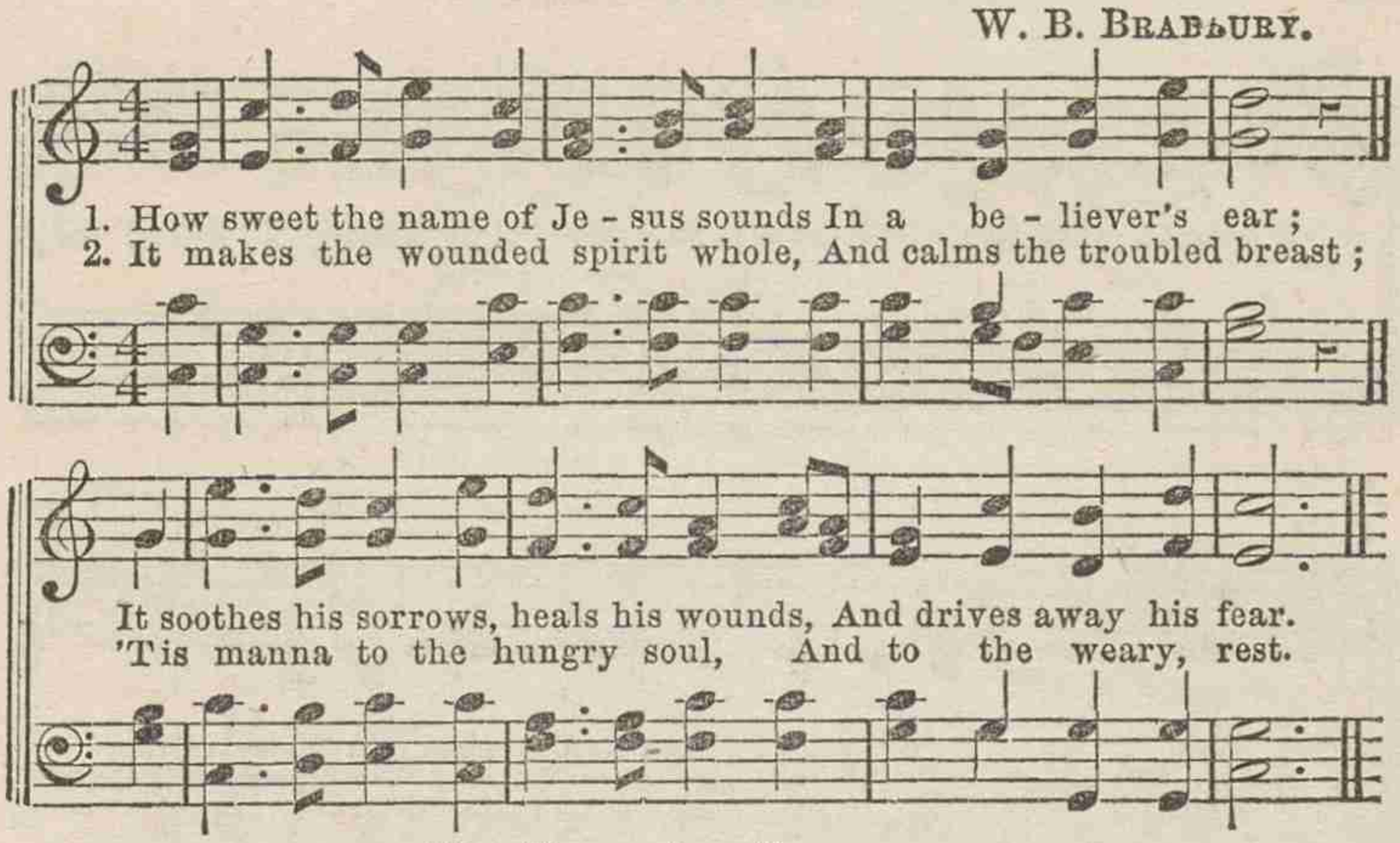


62 "I will give you rest."

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
Behold I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down and drink and live.
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
I am this dark world's light,
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright.
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till traveling days are done.

W. B. BRADBURY.



63 The precious Name.

3 Dear Name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasure, fill'd
With boundless stores of grace:

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

64 Mourning departed joys.

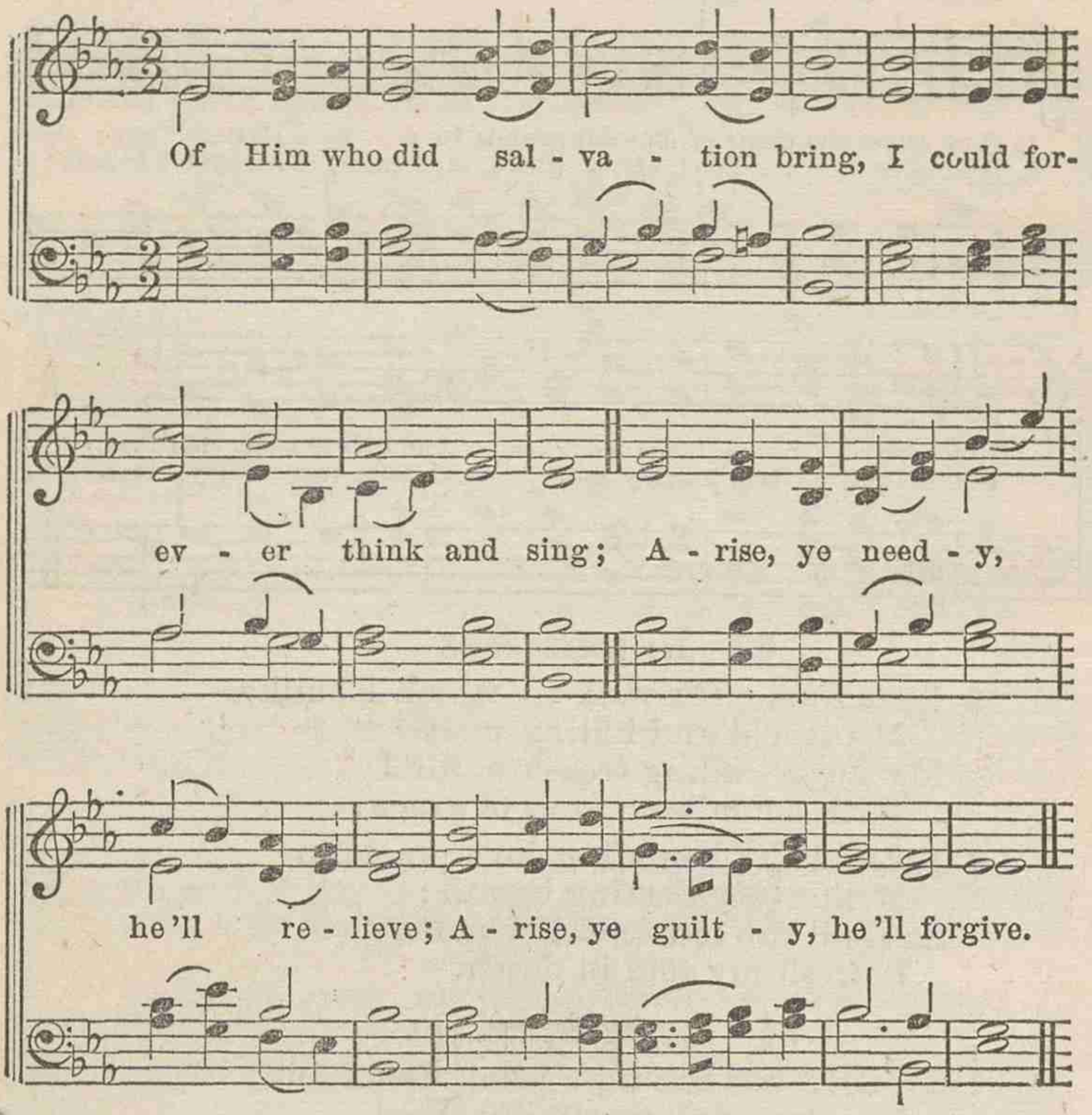
1 SWEET was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pard'ning blood
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.

2 Soon as the morn the light revealed,
His praises tuned my tongue;
And when the evening shades prevailed,
His love was all my song.

3 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine;
And when I read his holy word,
I called each promise mine.

4 But now, when evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

5 Rise, Lord, and help me to prevail;
O make my soul thy care;
I know thy mercy cannot fail;—
Let me that mercy share.



65 Love which passeth knowledge.

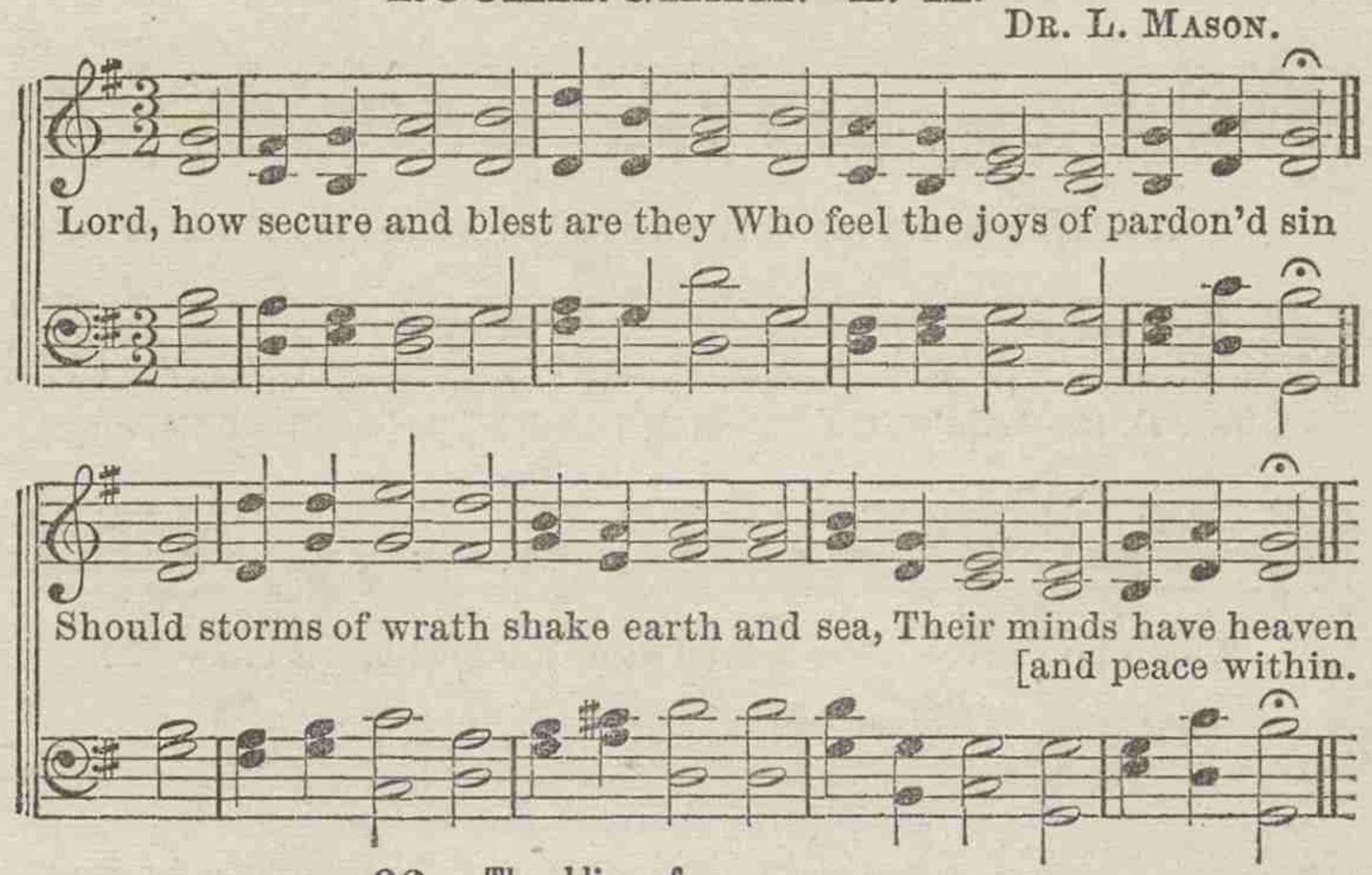
2 Ask but his grace, and lo, 't is given;
Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven:
Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,
Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.

3 To shame our sins he blushed in blood;
He closed his eyes to show us God:
Let all the world fall down and know,
That none but God such love can show.

4 'T is thee I love, for thee alone
I shed my tears and make my moan:
Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I meet the object of my love.

5 Insatiate to this spring I fly;
I drink, and yet am ever dry:
Ah! who against thy charms is proof?
Ah! who that loves can love enough?

DR. L. MASON.



66 The bliss of assurance.

2 The day glides sweetly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love;
And soft, and silent as the shades,
Their nightly minutes gently move.

3 Quick as their thoughts, their joys come on,
But fly not half so swift away:
Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as summer evenings be.

4 How oft they look to th' heavenly hills,
Where groves of living pleasure grow;
And longing hopes, and cheerful smiles,
Sit undisturbed upon their brow.

5 They scorn to seek earth's golden toys,
But spend the day, and share the night,
In numb'ring o'er the richer joys
That Heaven prepares for their delight.

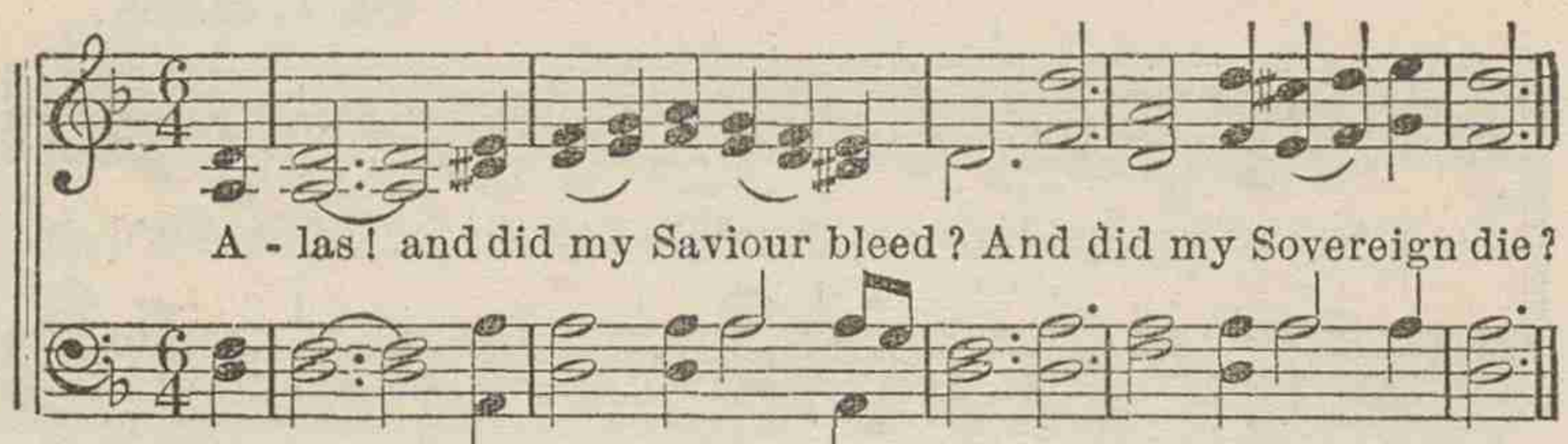
67 Thirsting for the fullness of love.

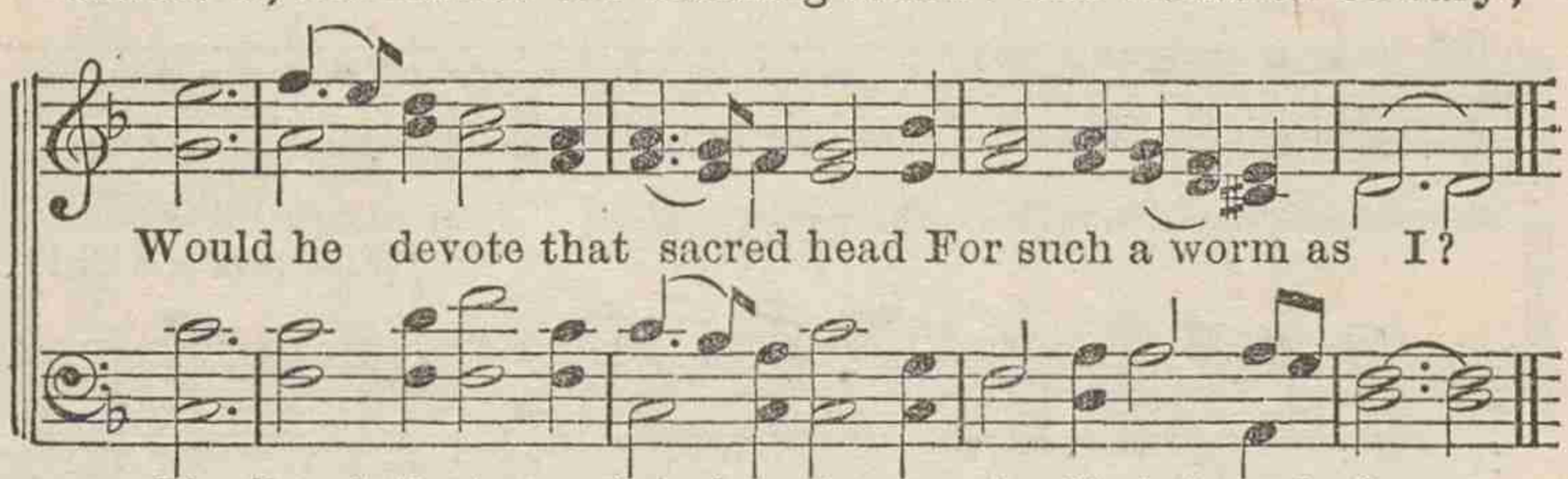
1 I THIRST, thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in thy cleansing blood;
To dwell within thy wounds; then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
Forever closed to all but thee:
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love forever there.

3 How blest are they who still abide
Close sheltered in thy bleeding side!
Who thence their life and strength derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live.

SUFFERING SAVIOUR. C. M.





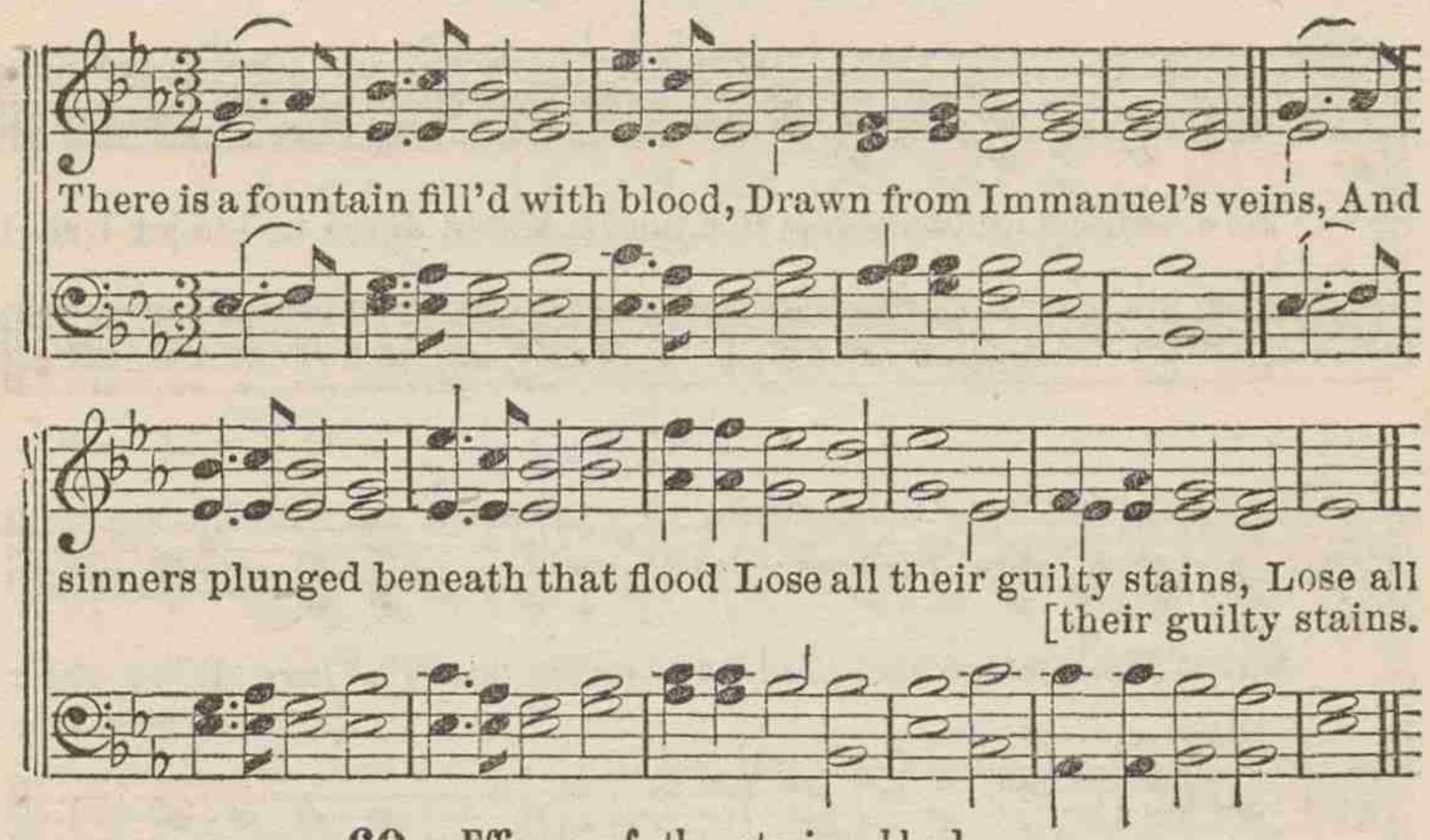
68 Godly sorrow at the cross.

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

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

REMEMBER ME.





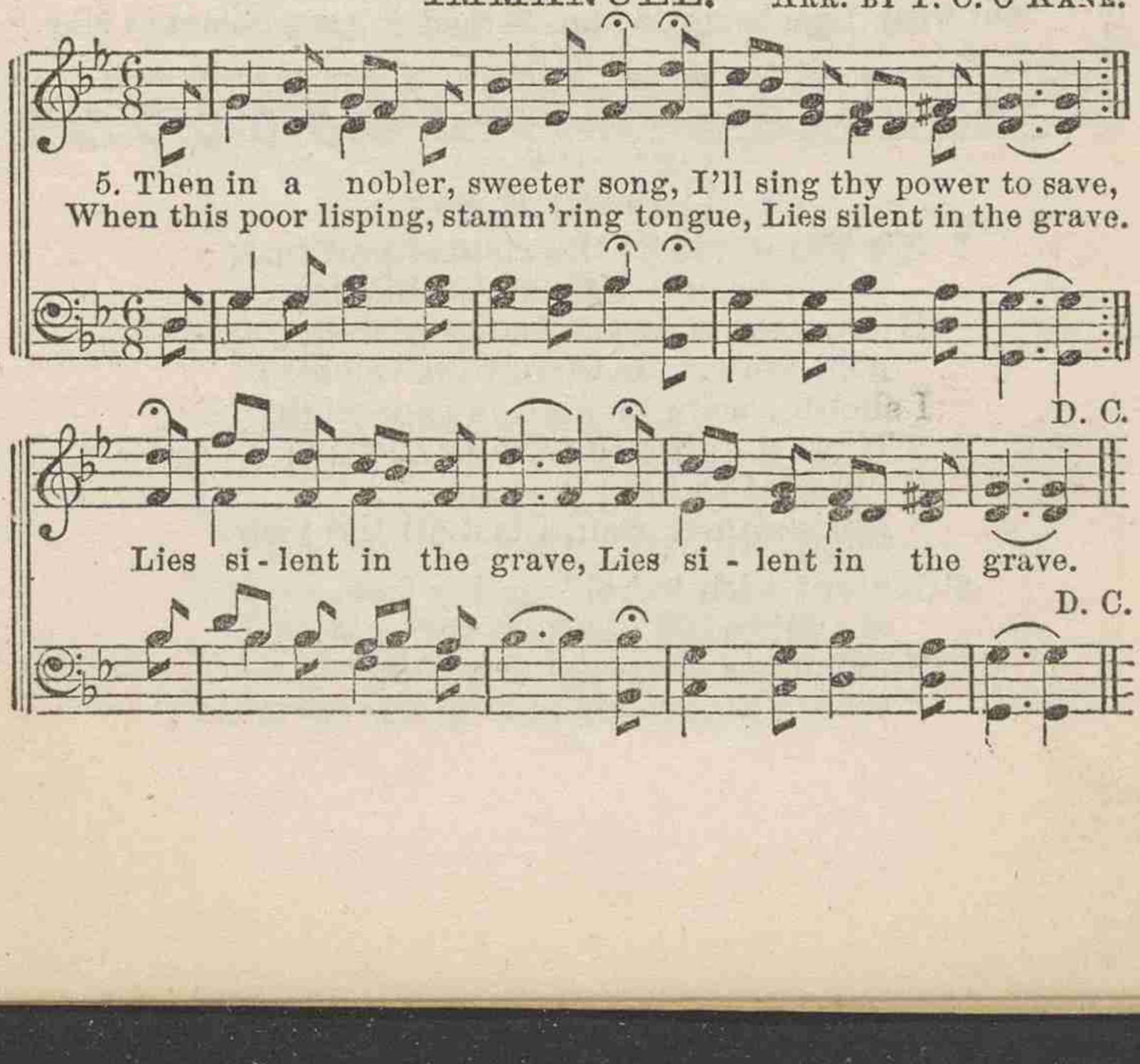
69 Efficacy of the atoning blood.

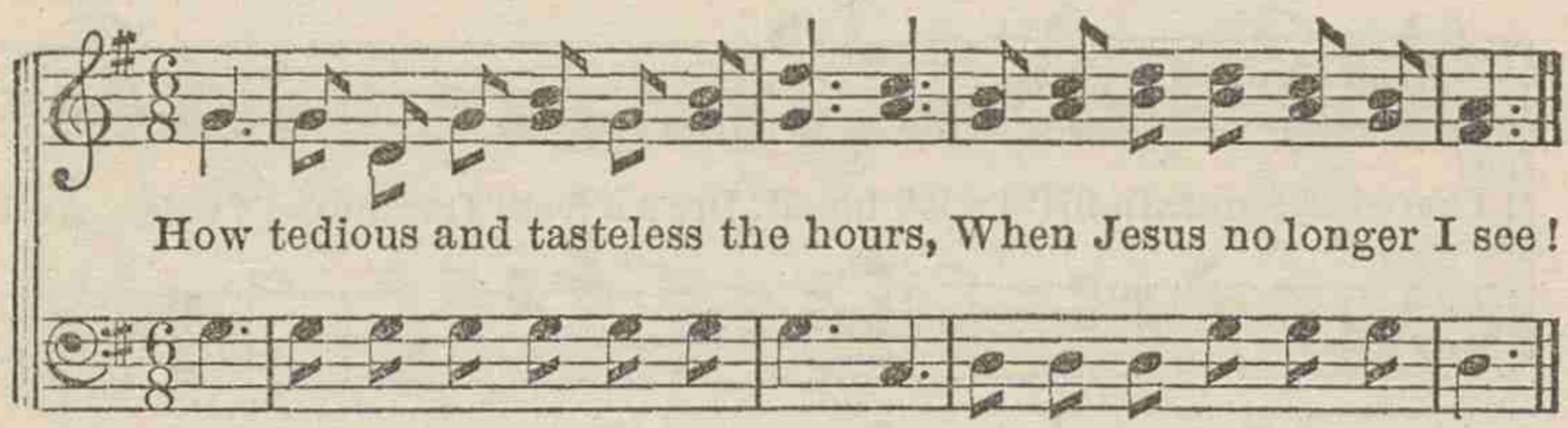
2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

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

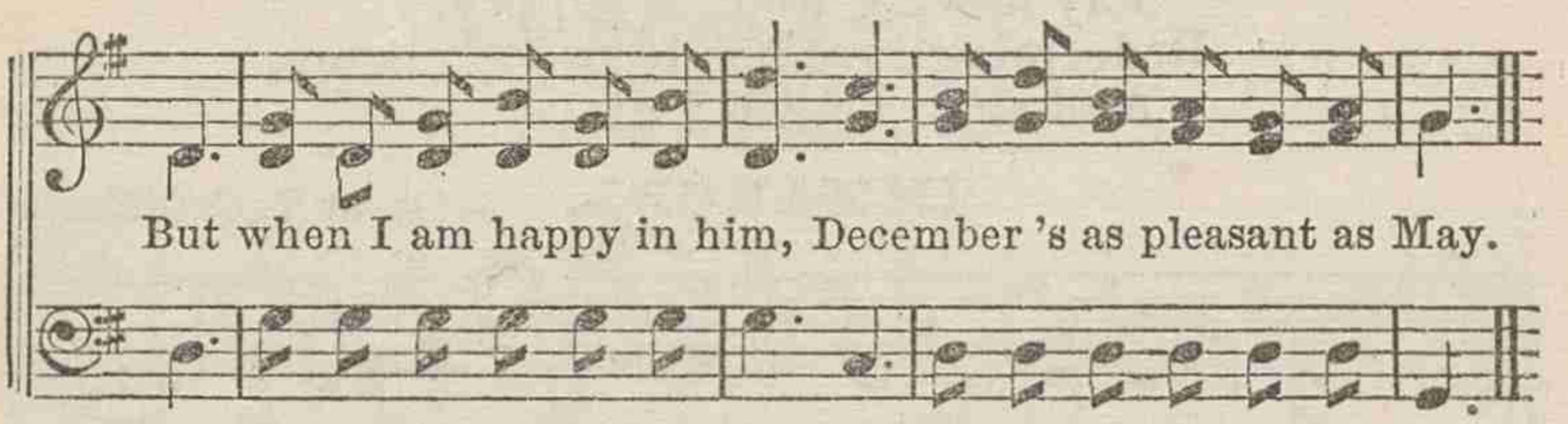
4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.

IMMANUEL. ARR. BY T. C. O'KANE.









70 All-sufficiency of Jesus.

2 His Name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice;
I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I,—
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resign'd,
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind:

While blest with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 My Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine?
And why are my winters so long?
O drive these dark clouds from my sky;
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me to thee up on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

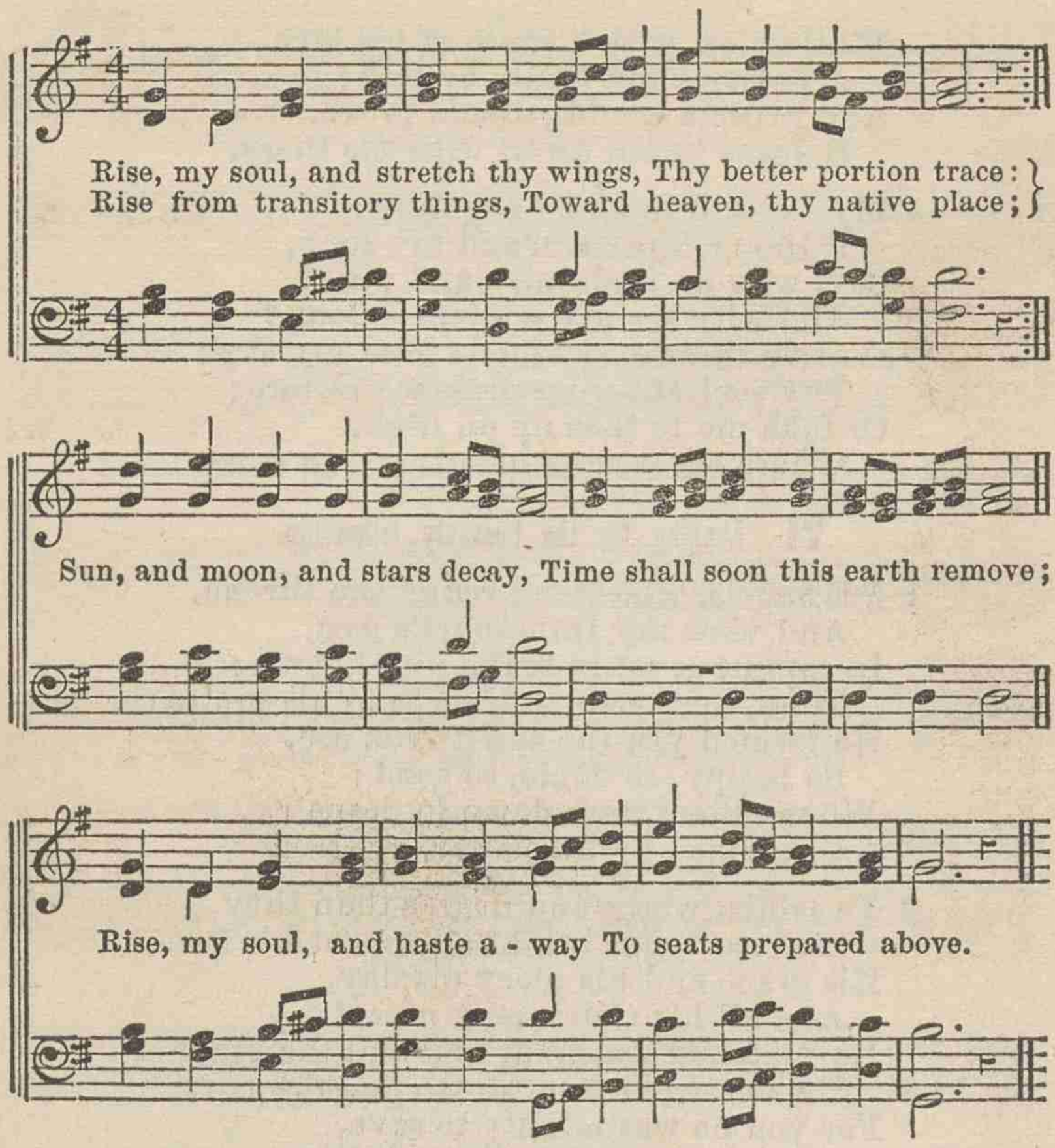
71 Longing for the heavenly fellowship.

1 YE angels, who stand round the throne,
And view my Immanuel's face,
In rapturous songs make him known;
Tune, tune your soft harps to his praise:
He formed you the spirits you are,
So happy, so noble, so good;
When others sunk down in despair,
Confirmed by his power, ye stood.

2 Ye saints, who stand nearer than they,
And cast your bright crowns at his feet,
His grace and his glory display,
And all his rich mercy repeat:
He snatched you from hell and the grave—
He ransomed from death and despair,
For you he was mighty to save,
Almighty to bring you safe there.

3 O, when will the period appear,
When I shall unite in your song?
I'm weary of lingering here,
And I to your Saviour belong!
I'm fettered and chained up in clay;
I struggle and pant to be free;
I long to be soaring away,
My God and my Saviour to see.

4 I want to put on my attire,
Washed white in the blood of the Lamb;
I want to be one of your choir,
And tune my sweet harp to his name;
I want—O, I want to be there,
Where sorrow and sin bid adieu,
Your joy and your friendship to share,
To wonder and worship with you!

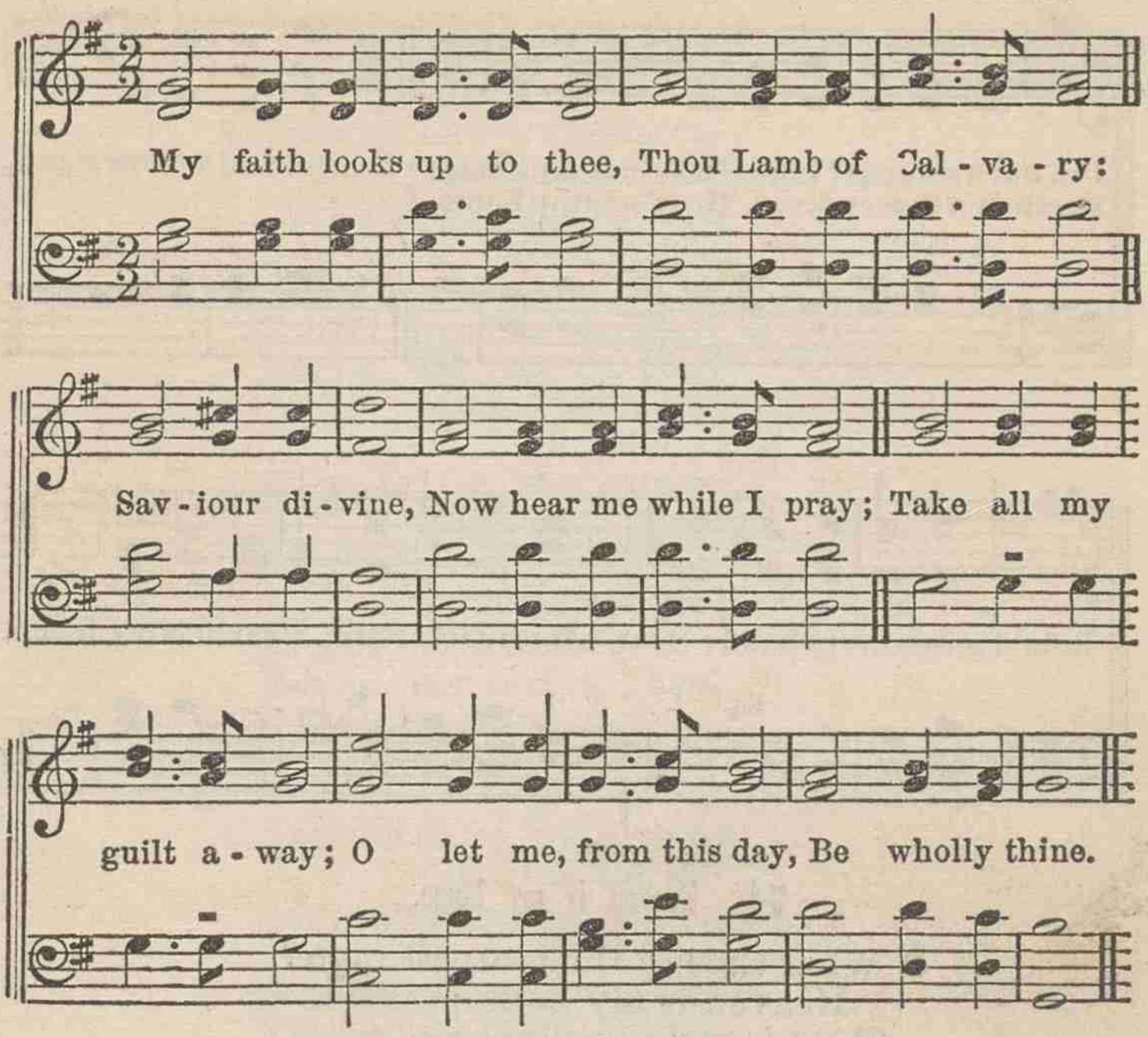


72 The better portion.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:
So a soul that's born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face;
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn;
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies;
There we 'll join the heavenly train,
Welcomed to partake the bliss;
Fly from sorrow, care, and pain,
To realms of endless peace.

DR. T. HASTINGS.



73 For the Saviour's guidance.

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

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

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

OAK. 6s, 4s.

DR. L. MASON.



74 Heaven is my home.

2 What though the tempest rage?
Heaven is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage—
Heaven is my home:
Time's cold and wintry blast
Soon will be over-past;
I shall reach home at last—
Heaven is my home.

3 There at my Saviour's side,
Heaven is my home;
I shall be glorified—
Heaven is my home:
There are the good and blest,
Those I loved most and best;
There, too, I soon shall rest—
Heaven is my home.

75 Nearer to thee.

1 NEARER, my God, to thee,—
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,

Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

3 There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer, to thee!

4 And when on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

76 Help implored.

1 A CROWN of glory bright,
By faith I see,
In yonder realms of light,
Prepared for me:
O may I faithful prove,
And keep them in my view;
And thro' the storms of life
My way pursue.

2 Jesus, be thou my guide,
My steps attend;
O keep me near thy side,
Be thou my friend;
Be thou my shield and sun,
My Saviour and my guard;
And, when my work is done,
My great reward.





77 For diligence and watchfulness.

1 A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,—
O may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

78 Sympathy and mutual love.

1 BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,—
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain:
But we shall still be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free:
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

79 Meeting after absence.

1 AND are we yet alive,
And see each other's face?
Glory and praise to Jesus give,
For his redeeming grace.

2 Preserved by power divine
To full salvation here,
Again in Jesus' praise we join,
And in his sight appear.

3 What troubles have we seen!
What conflicts have we passed!
Fightings without and fears within,
Since we assembled last!

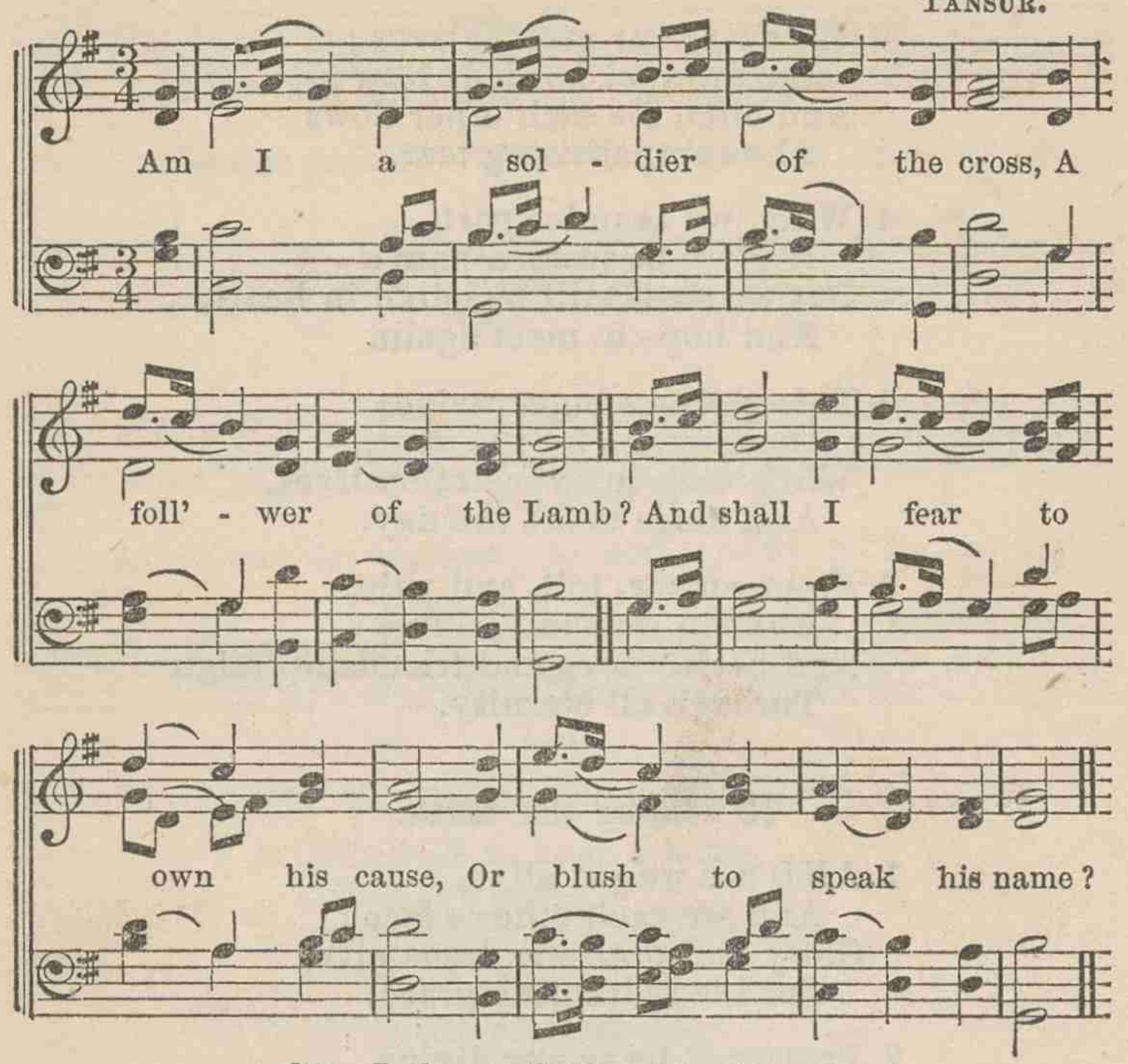
4 But out of all the Lord
Hath brought us by his love;
And still he doth his help afford,
And hides our life above.

5 Then let us make our boast,
Of his redeeming power,
Which saves us to the uttermost,
Till we can sin no more:

6 Let us take up the cross,
Till we the crown obtain;
And gladly reckon all things loss,
So we may Jesus gain.

ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.

TANSUR.



80 Faith sees the final triumph.

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flow'ry beds of ease;
While others fought to win the prize,
And sail'd through bloody seas?

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

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

5 Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die:
They see the triumph from afar,—
By faith they bring it nigh.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of vict'ry through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

81 For victorious faith.

1 O FOR a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe;—

2 That will not murmur or complain
Beneath the chast'ning rod,
But in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;—

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;

4 That bears, unmoved, the world's dread frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile;
That seas of trouble cannot drown,
Nor Satan's arts beguile;—

5 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Illumes a dying bed.

6 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We 'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

82 His amazing love.

1 PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheering beam of hope,
Or spark of glimm'ring day.

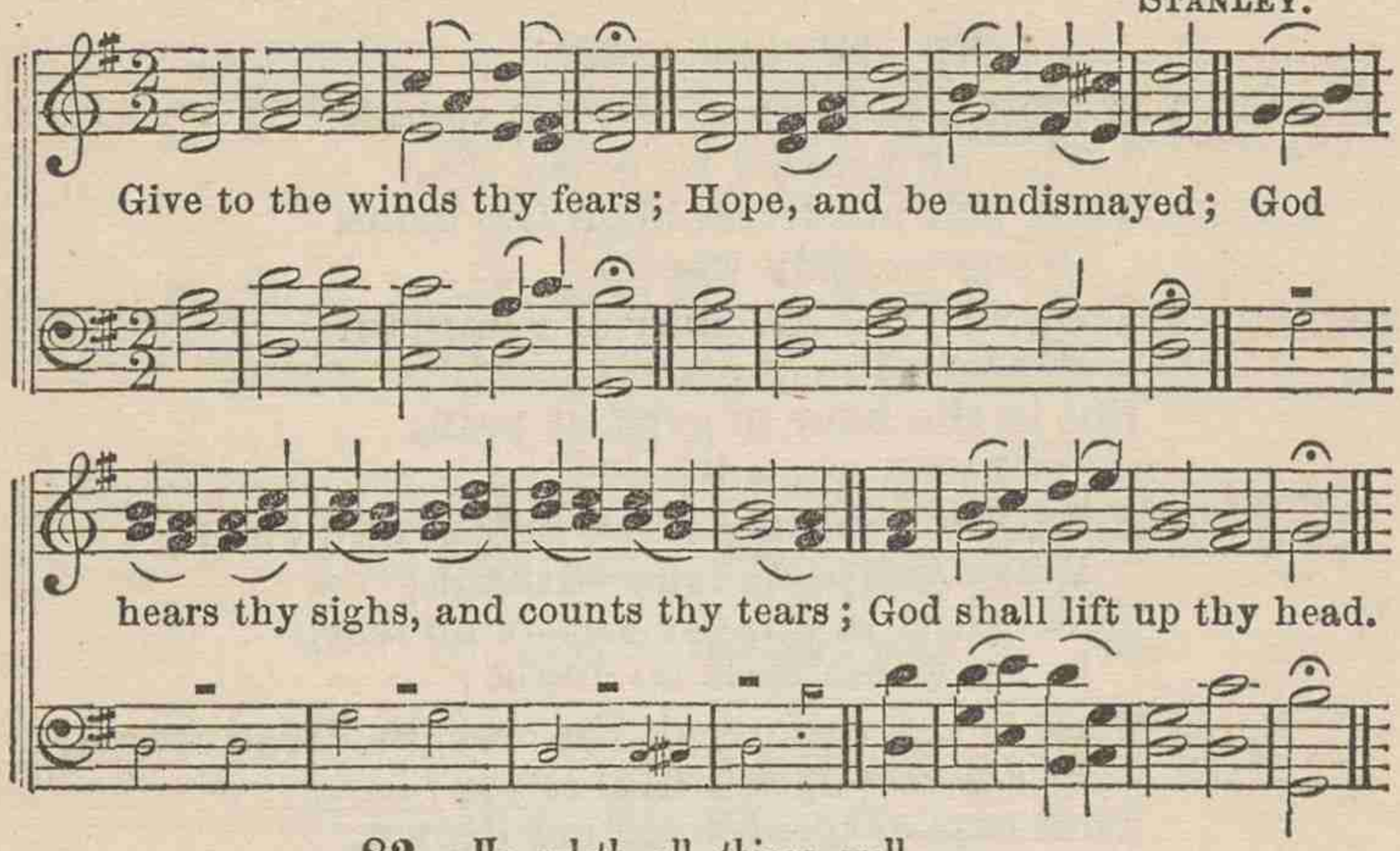
2 With pitying eyes the Prince of peace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and (O, amazing love!)
He flew to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he fled;
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

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

5 Angels, assist our mighty joys;
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes
His love can ne'er be told.

STANLEY.



83 He ruleth all things well.

2 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

3 Still heavy is thy heart?
Still sink thy spirits down?
Cast off the weight,—let fear depart,
And every care be gone.

4 Leave to his sovereign sway
To choose and to command:
So shalt thou, wond'ring, own his way,
How wise, how strong his hand!

5 Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully he the work hath wrought
That caused thy needless fear.

84 Delight in ordinances.

1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!

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

3 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.



85 Walking by faith.

2 But should the surges rise,
And rest delay to come,
Blest be the sorrow, kind the storm,
Which drives us nearer home.

3 Soon shall our doubts and fears
All yield to thy control:
Thy tender mercies shall illume
The midnight of the soul.

4 Teach us, in every state,
To make thy will our own;
And when the joys of sense depart,
To live by faith alone.

86 Rejoicing in Christ's restoring love.

1 O SPEAK that word again;
It cheers my drooping heart;
How sweetly doth it soothe my pain,
And bid my fears depart.

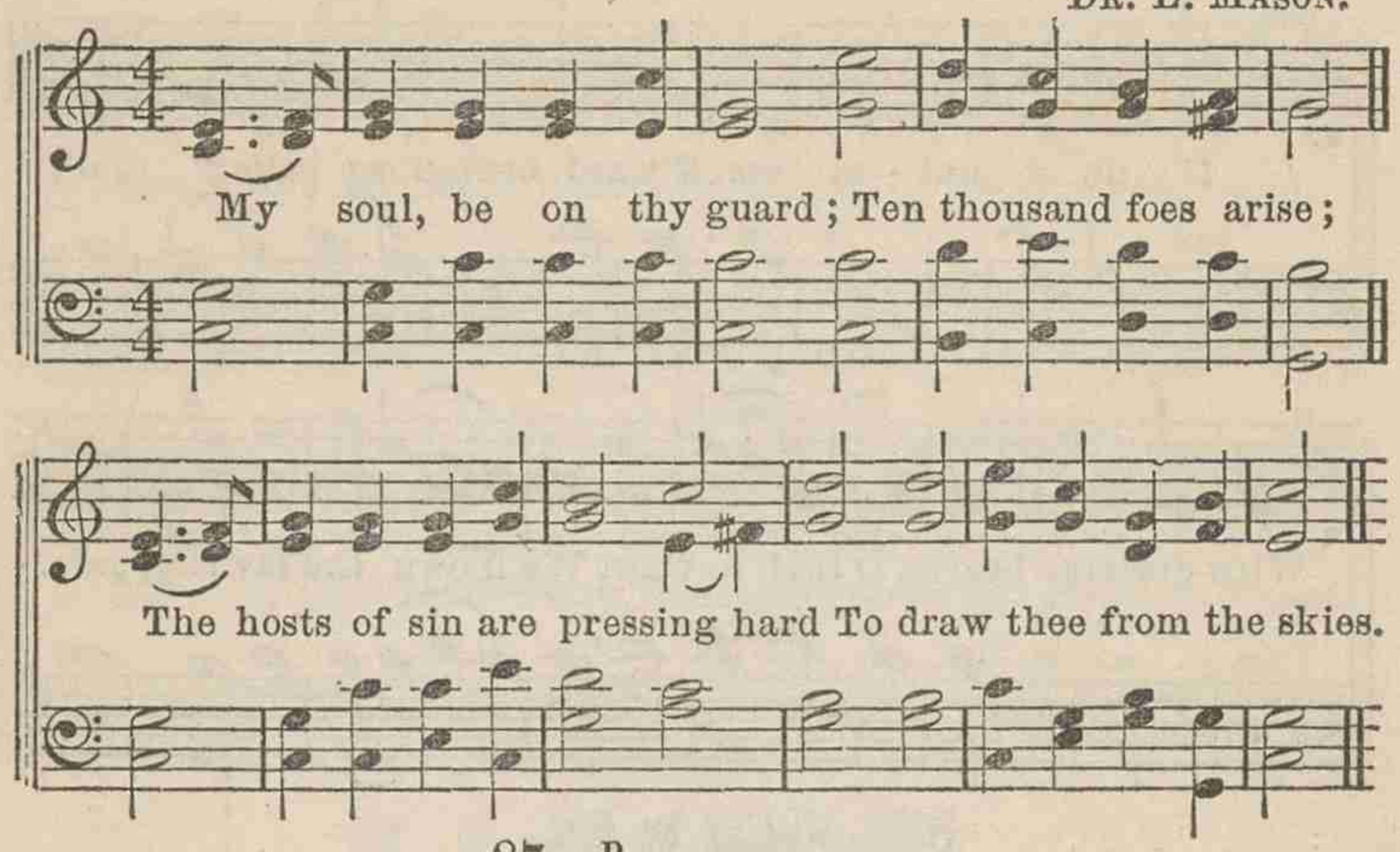
2 And dost thou deign to own
A worm so vile as I?
And may I still approach thy throne,
And Abba, Father, cry?

3 My Saviour, by his word,
Hath turned my night to day;
And all those heavenly joys restored,
Which I had sinn'd away.

4 I wonder and adore;
The grace is all divine;
Lord, keep me, that I sin no more
Against such love as thine.

LABAN. S. M.

DR. L. MASON.



87 Perseverance.

2 O watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor lay thine armor down:
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.

4 Then persevere till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He 'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To his divine abode.

88 Knowledge of forgiveness.

1 HOW can a sinner know
His sins on earth forgiven?
How can my gracious Saviour show
My name inscribed in heaven?

2 What we have felt and seen
With confidence we tell;
And publish to the sons of men,
The signs infallible.

3 We who in Christ believe
That he for us hath died,
We all his unknown peace receive,
And feel his blood applied

4 Exults our rising soul,
Disburden'd of her load,
And swells, unutterably full
Of glory and of God.

5 Stronger than death or hell
The sacred power we prove;
And, conqu'rors of the world, we dwell
In heaven, who dwell in love.

89 Glorious liberty.

1 O COME, and dwell in me,
Spirit of power within;
And bring the glorious liberty
From sorrow, fear, and sin!

2 The seed of sin's disease,
Spirit of health, remove,—
Spirit of finished holiness,
Spirit of perfect love.

3 Hasten the joyful day
Which shall my sins consume,
When old things shall be done away,
And all things new become.

4 I want the witness, Lord,
That all I do is right,—
According to thy will and word,—
Well pleasing in thy sight.

5 I ask no higher state;
Indulge me but in this,
And soon or later then translate
To my eternal bliss.

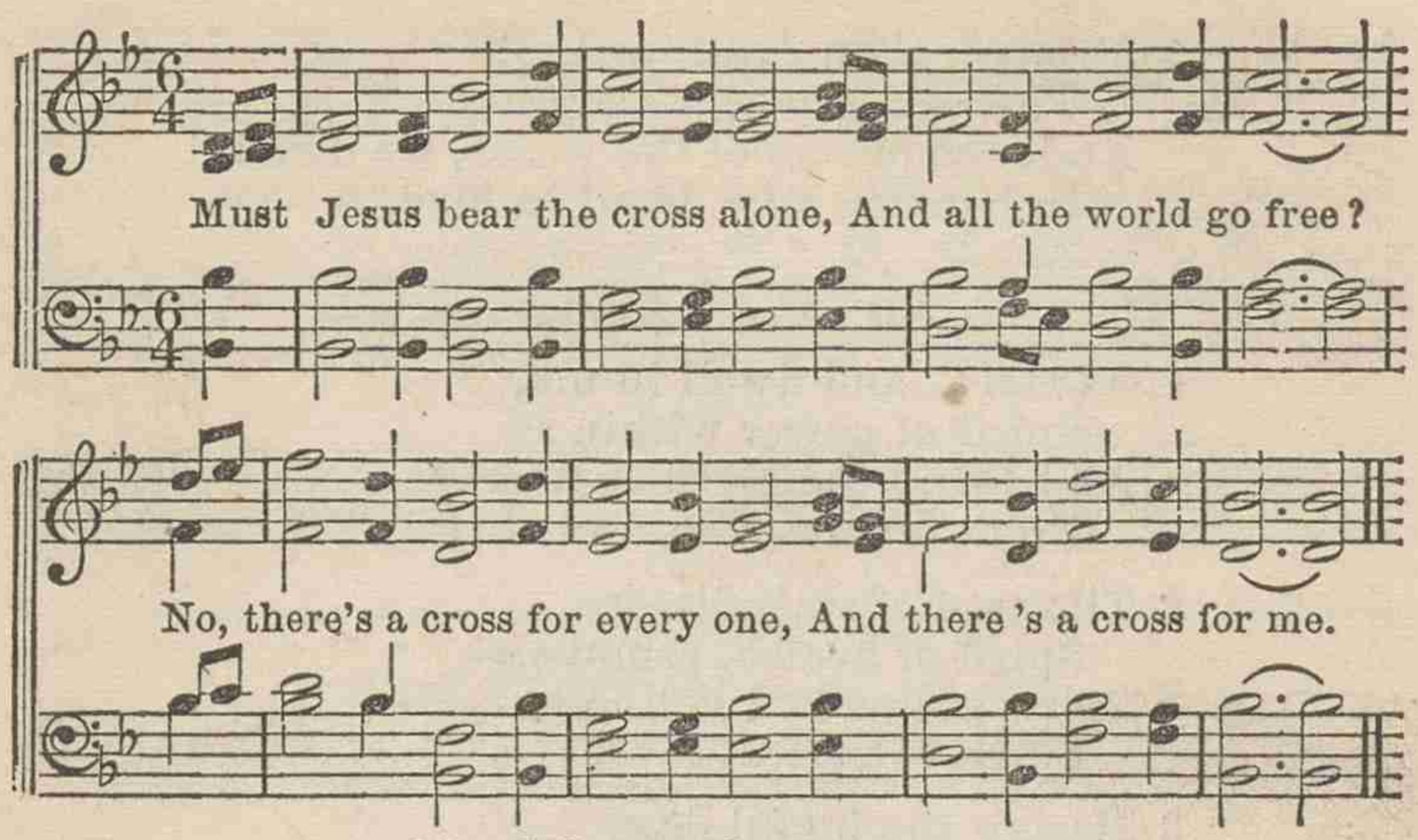
90 The eternal Sabbath.

1 HAIL to the Sabbath-day!
The day divinely given,
When men to God their homage pay,
And earth draws near to heaven.

2 Lord, in this sacred hour,
Within thy courts we bend,
And bless thy love, and own thy power,
Our Father and our Friend.

3 But thou art not alone
In courts by mortals trod;
Nor only is the day thine own
When man draws near to God:—

4 Thy temple is the arch
Of yon unmeasured sky;
Thy Sabbath, the stupendous march
Of vast eternity.



91 Suffering and reigning.

2 The consecrated cross I 'll bear,
Till death shall set me free,
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there 's a crown for me.

3 Upon the crystal pavement, down
At Jesus' pierced feet,
Joyful, I 'll cast my golden crown,
And his dear name repeat.

4 And palms shall wave, and harps shall ring
Beneath heaven's arches high,
The Lord that lives, the ransomed sing,
That lives no more to die.

5 O precious cross! O glorious crown!
O resurrection day!
Ye angels, from the stars come down,
And bear my soul away.

92 The world has lost its charms.

1 LET worldly minds the world pursue;
It has no charms for me;
Once I admired its trifles too,
But grace hath set me free.

2 As by the light of opening day
The stars are all conceal'd,
So earthly pleasures fade away,
When Jesus is reveal'd.

3 Creatures no more divide my choice;
I bid them all depart;
His name, his love, his gracious voice,
Have fix'd my roving heart.



93 The refining fire of the Holy Spirit.

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

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

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

5 My steadfast soul, from falling free,
Shall then no longer move;
While Christ is all the world to me,
And all my heart is love.

94 The joyful sound.

1 SALVATION! O the joyful sound!
What pleasure to our ears:
A sov'reign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

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

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

A HOME BEYOND THE TIDE.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY C. DUNBAR. BY PERMISSION.





95 A home beyond the tide.

1 We are out on the ocean, sailing,
Homeward bound we sweetly glide;
We are out on the ocean, sailing
To a home beyond the tide.
All the storms will soon be over,
Then we 'll anchor in the harbor
We are out on the ocean, sailing
To a home beyond the tide.

2 Millions now are safely landed
Over on the golden shore,
Millions more are on their journey,
Yet there's room for millions more.
All the storms, etc.

3 Come on board, and "ship" for glory,
Be in haste—make up your mind!
For our vessel 's weighing anchor,
You will soon be left behind!
All the storms, etc.

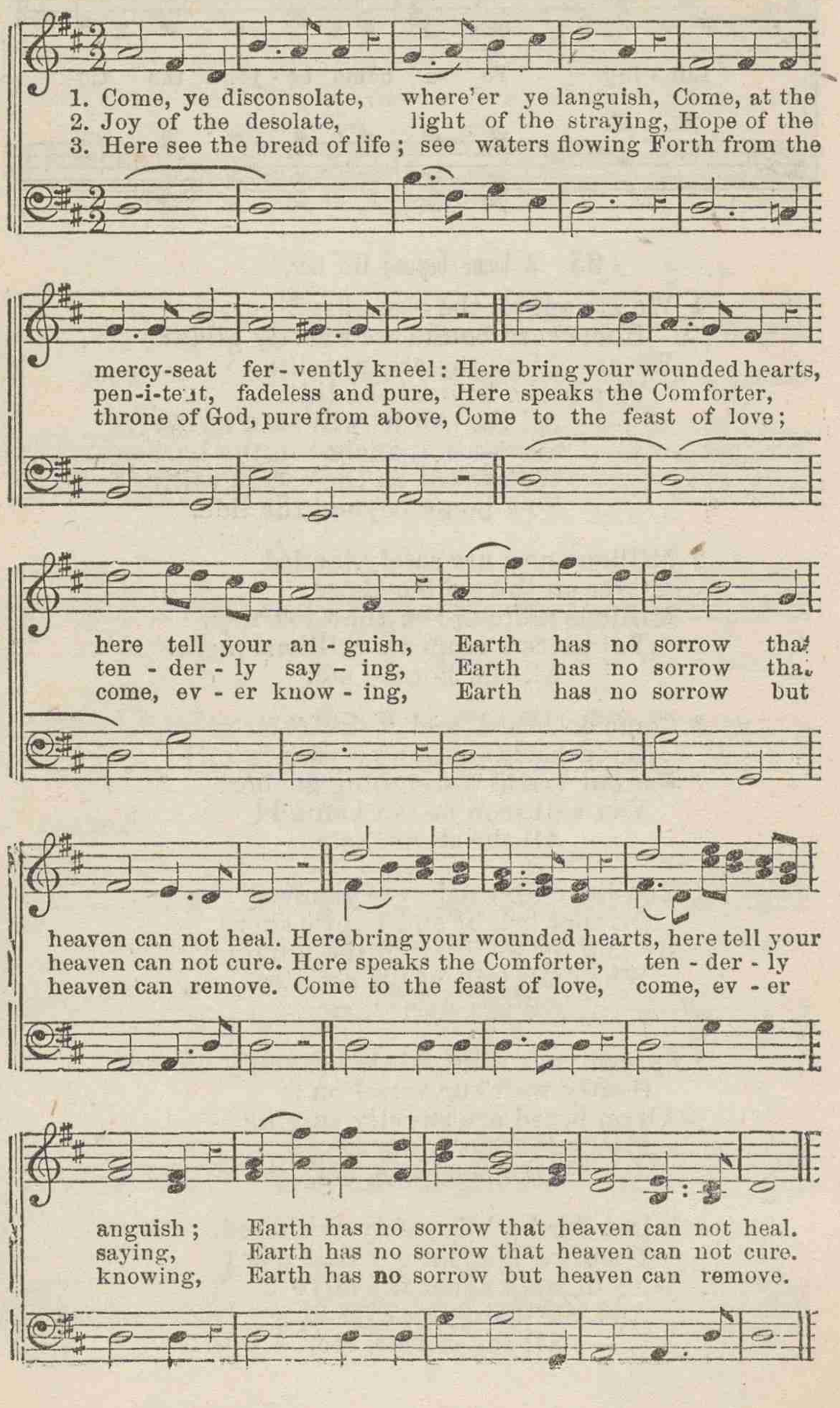
4 You have kindred over yonder,
On that bright and happy shore,
By and by we 'll swell the number,
When the toils of life are o'er.
All the storms, etc.

5 Spread your sails, while heavenly breezes
Gently waft our vessel on;
All on board are sweetly singing—
Free salvation is the song.
All the storms, etc.

6 When our bark is safely anchored,
Then we 'll shout our trial o'er!
We will walk about the city,
And we 'll sing for evermore.
All the storms, etc.

WEBBE.

96 Earth has no sorrow that heaven can not heal.





97 Lonely traveler.

3 I'm a traveler, and I go
Where all is fair;
Farewell all I've loved below;
I must be there.
Worldly honors, hopes, and gain,
All I resign;
Welcome sorrow, grief, and pain,
If heaven be mine.

4 I'm a traveler; call me not;
Upward's my way;
Yonder is my rest and lot;
I cannot stay.
Farewell earthly pleasures all;
Pilgrim I'll roam;
Hail me not; in vain you call;
Yonder 's my home.

HANDEL.



98 Heavenly rest in anticipation.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall,—
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

99 A perfect heart the Redeemer's throne.

1 O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free ;—
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely spilt for me :—

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne ;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,—
Where Jesus reigns alone.

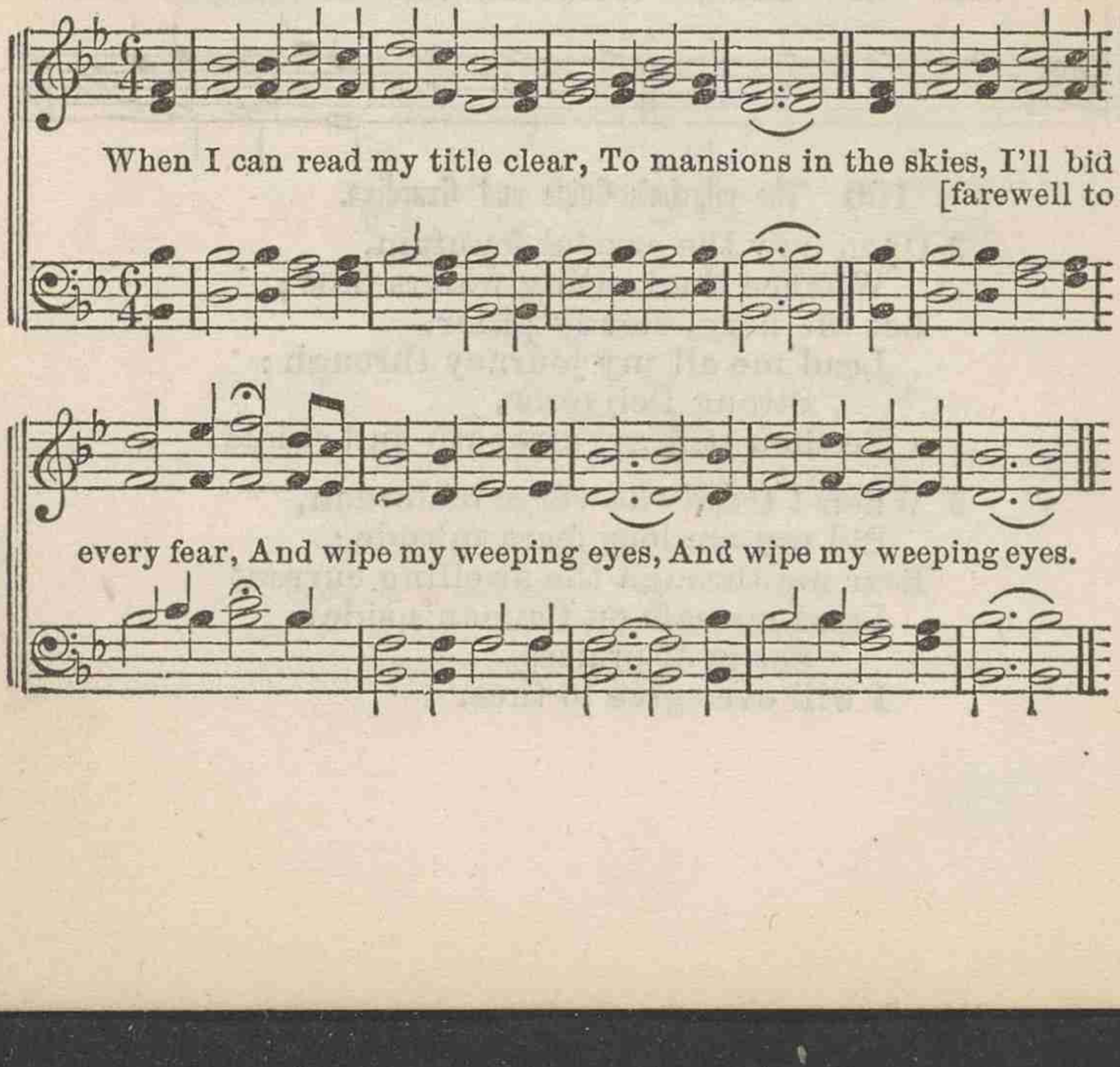
3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean ;
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within :—

4 A heart in every thought renew'd,
And full of love divine ;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above ;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of Love.

ORTONVILLE. C. M.

DR. T. HASTINGS.





100 The pilgrim's Guide and Guardian.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside:
Bear me through the swelling current
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

J. W. DADMAN. ARRANGED BY T. C. O'KANE.





101 Rest for the weary.

2 He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand;
For my stay shall not be transient,
In that holy, happy land.

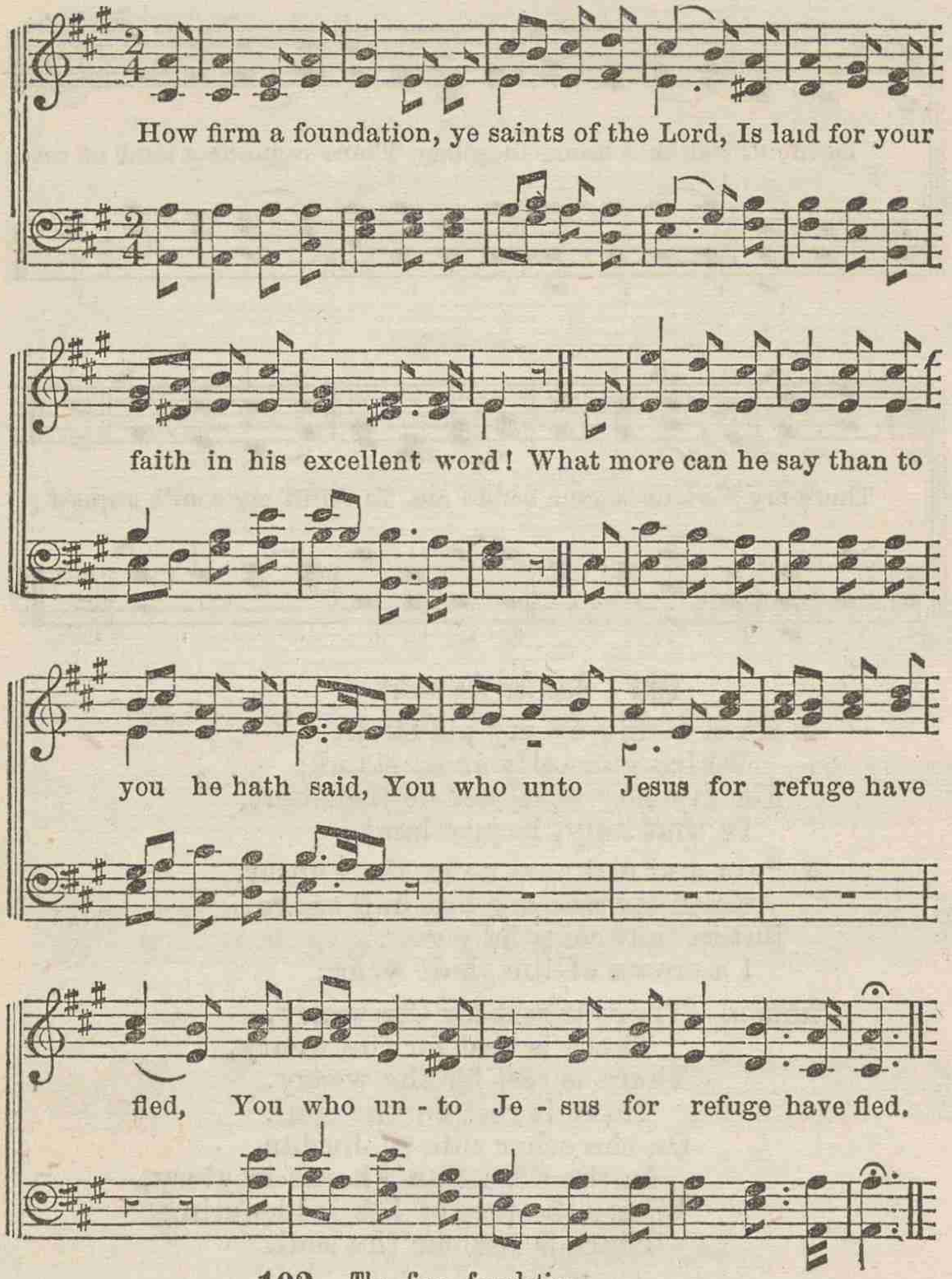
3 Pain and sickness ne'er shall enter,
Grief nor woe my lot shall share,
But in that celestial center,
I a crown of life shall wear;

CHORUS.—There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the soul.
On the other side of Jordan,
In the Christian's home in glory,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
There is rest for the soul.

102 Glory to the Lamb.

1 HARK! the notes of angels, singing,
Glory, glory to the Lamb!
All in heaven their tribute bringing,
Raising high the Saviour's name,

2 Ye for whom his life was given,
Sacred themes to you belong:
Come, assist the choir of heaven,
Join the everlasting song.



103 The firm foundation.

2 Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed,
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

3 When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee, I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

5 The soul that to Jesus has fled for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell shall endeavor to shake,
I 'll never,— no, never,—no, never forsake.

104 The sinner invited.

1 DELAY not, delay not; O sinner! draw near,
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
No price is demanded, the Saviour is here,
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

2 Delay not, delay not; why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus, thy God?
A fountain is opened,—how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in his pardoning blood?

3 Delay not, delay not; the Spirit of grace,
Long grieved and resisted, may take its sad flight,
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,—
To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

105 Jesus in the garden.

1 THOU sweet gliding Kedron, by thy silver stream,
Our Saviour would linger in moonlight's soft beam;
And by thy bright waters till midnight would stay,
And lose in thy murmurs the toils of the day.

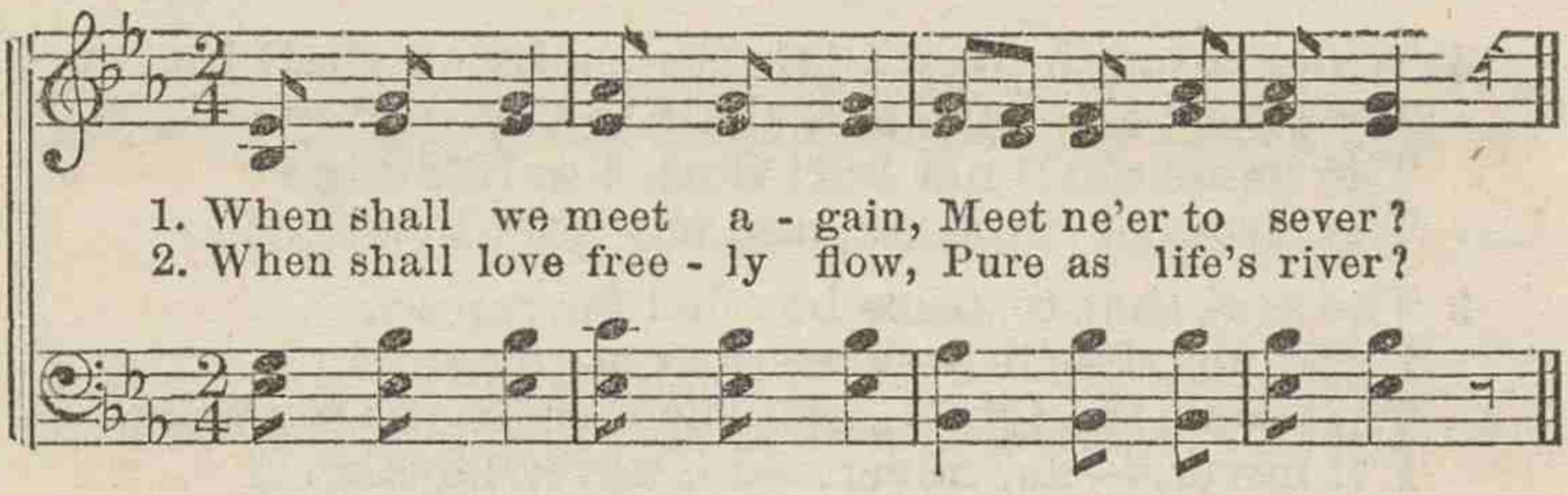
2 How damp were the vapors that fell on his head;
How hard was his pillow, how humble his bed;
The angels beholding, amazed at the sight,
Attended their Master with solemn delight.

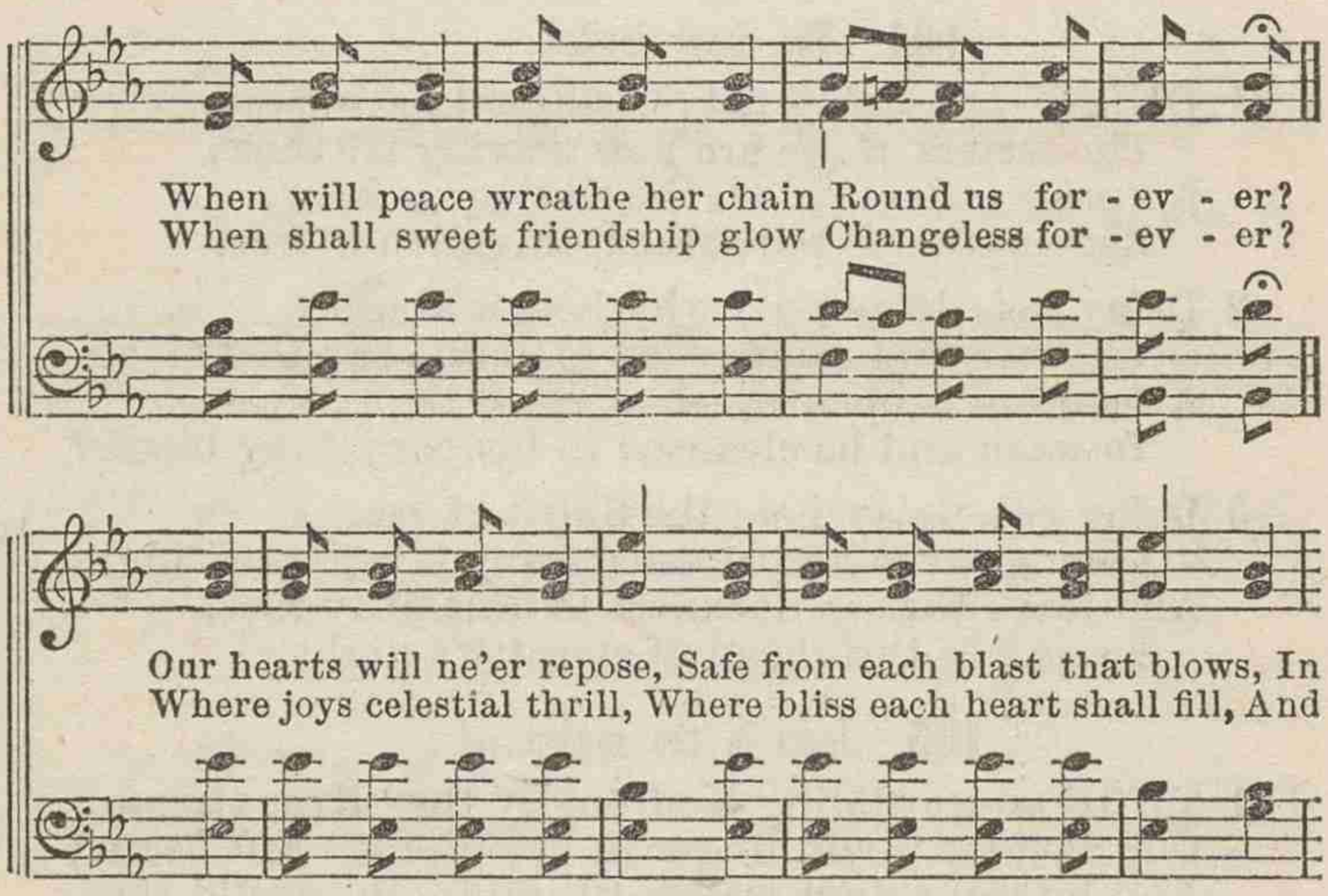
3 O garden of Olives, thou dear honored spot,
The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot;
The theme most transporting to seraphs above,
The triumph of sorrow, the triumph of love.

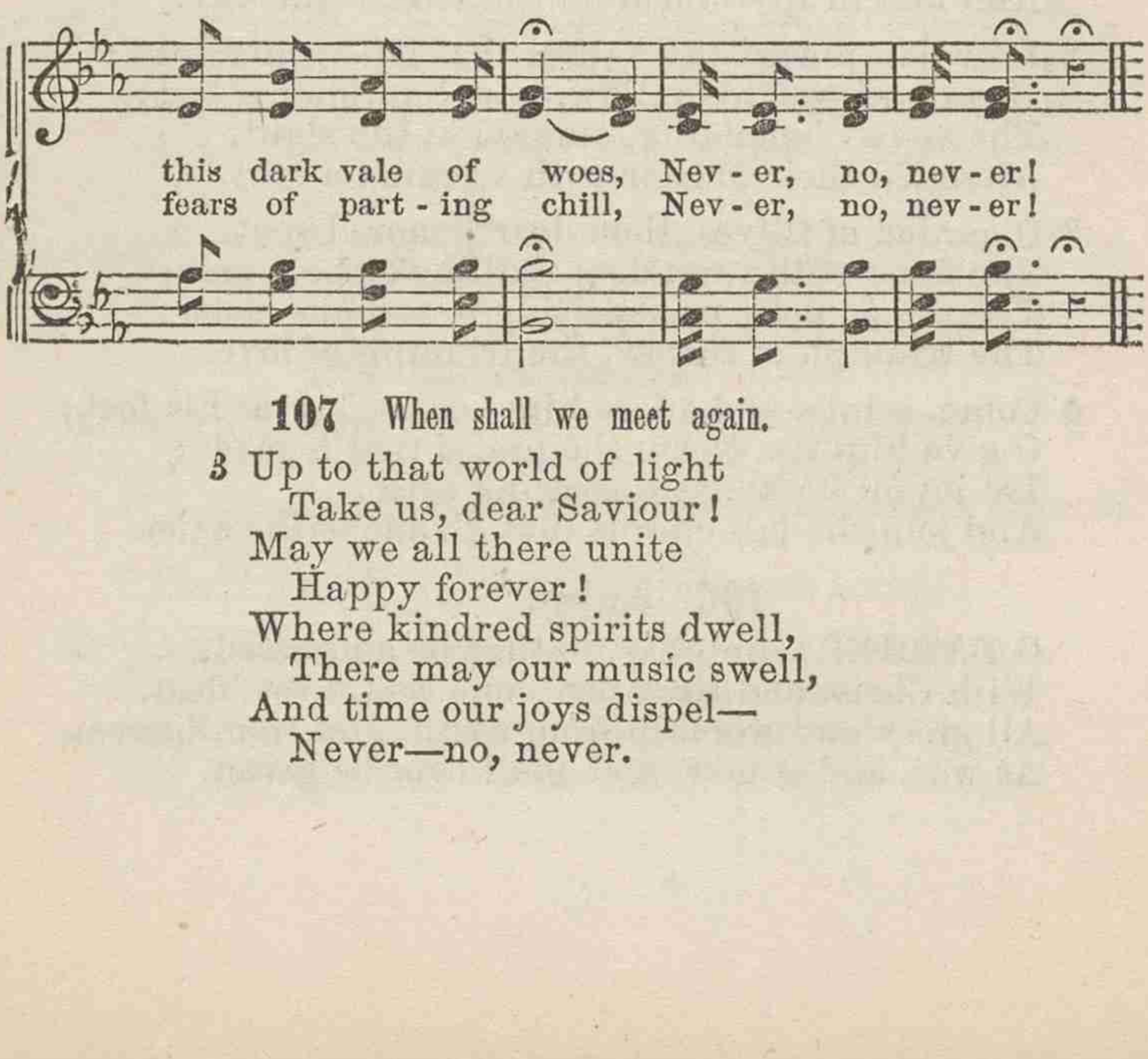
4 Come, saints, and adore him; come bow at his feet;
O give him the glory, the praise that is meet;
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.

106 Doxology.

O FATHER Almighty, to thee be addressed,
With Christ and the Spirit, one God, ever blest,
All glory and worship from earth, and from heaven,
As was, and is now, and shall ever be given.



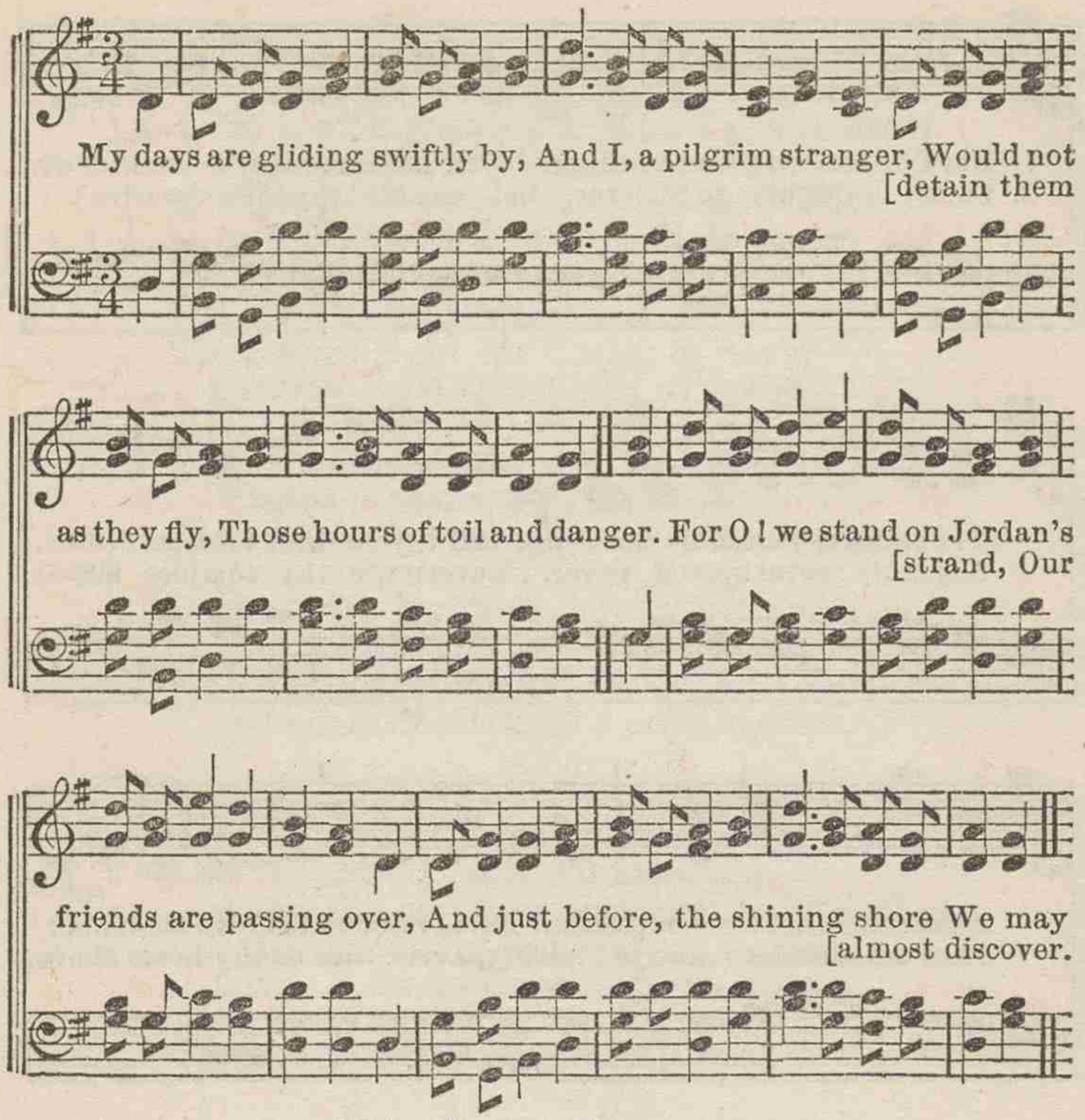




107 When shall we meet again.

3 Up to that world of light
Take us, dear Saviour!
May we all there unite
Happy forever!
Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel—
Never—no, never.

G. F. Root.



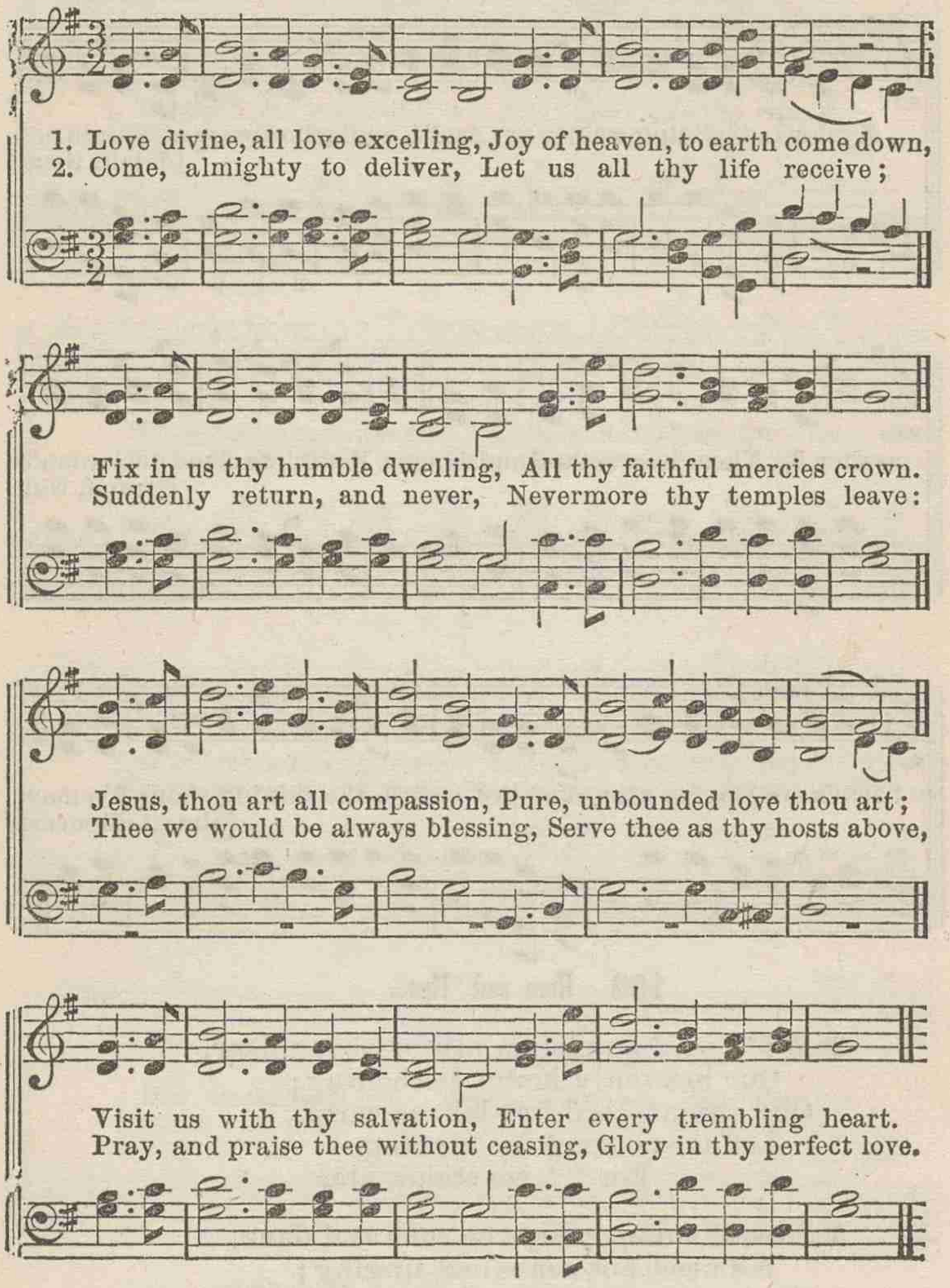
108 Here and There.

2 We 'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our heavenly home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.
For O! we stand, etc.

3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest naught can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.
For O! we stand, etc.

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each chord on earth to sever;
Our King says Come, and there's one home,
Forever, O forever.
For O! we stand

AUTUMN. 8s, 7s.



109 The new creation.

3 Finish then thy new creation;
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,—
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

110 Thankfulness.

1 LORD, with glowing heart I'd praise thee,
For the bliss thy love bestows;
For the pardoning grace that saves me,
And the peace that from it flows:
Help, O God, my weak endeavor;
This dull soul to rapture raise;
Thou must light the flame, or never
Can my love be warmed to praise.

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

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

111 Glorying in the cross.

1 IN the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.
When the woes of life o'ertake me
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

2 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds new luster to the day.
Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that thro' all time abide.

LEAD ME TO THE ROCK

Arranged from Jul. Mosen.

112 The Rock.

1. In sea-sons of grief to my God I'll re-pair,
2. And when I have end-ed my pil-grimage here,
3. And when the last trumpet shall sound through the skies,

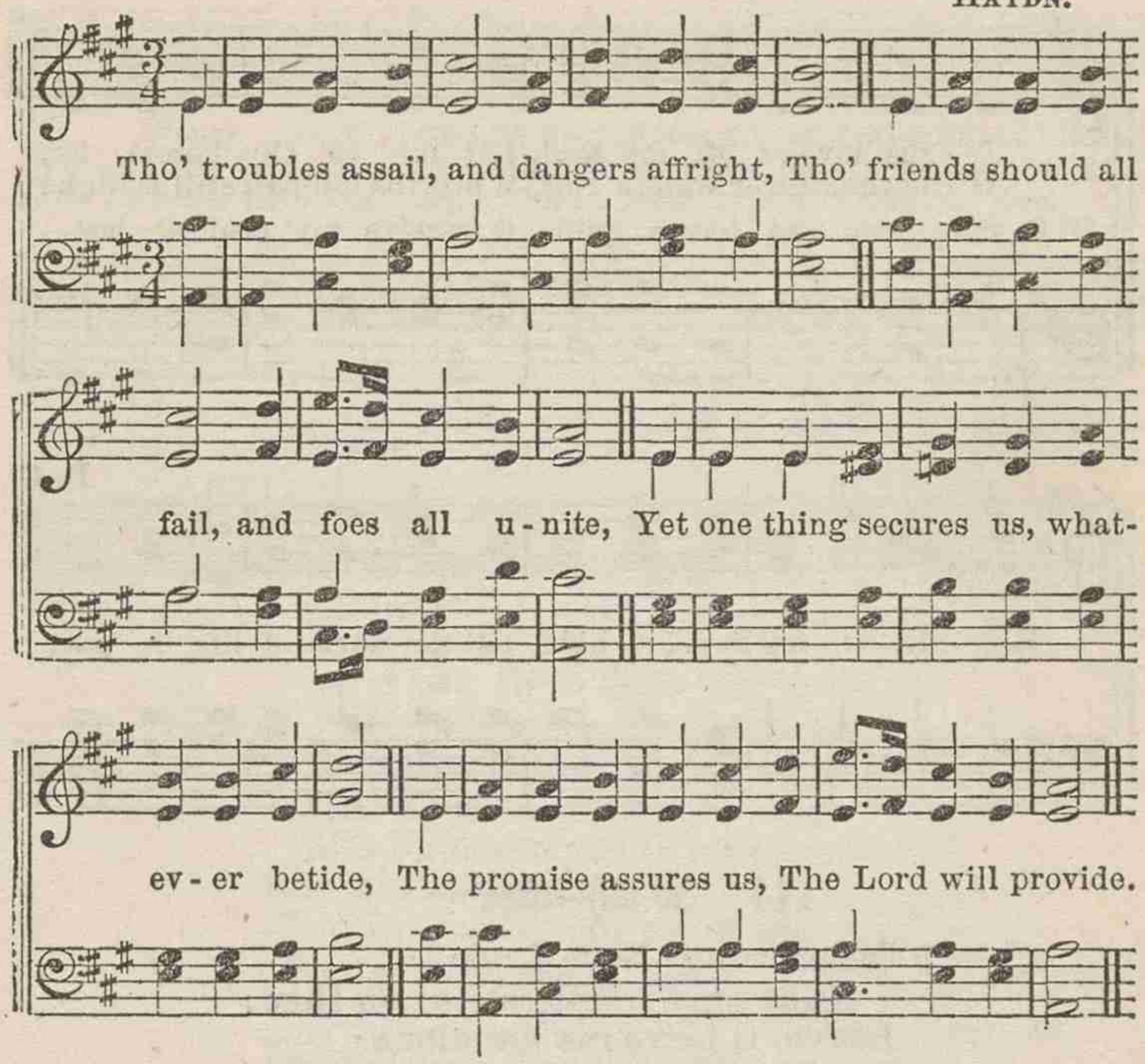
When my heart is o'erwhelmed with sor-row and care;
In Je-sus' pure righteous-ness let me ap-pear;
When the dead from the dust of the earth shall a-rise;

From the ends of the earth un-to thee will I cry,
In the swellings of Jor-dan on thee I'll re-ly,
With millions I'll join far a-bove yonder sky,

Lead me to the rock that is high-er than I.
And look to the rock that is high-er than I.
To praise the dear rock that is high-er than I.

Higher than I, Higher than I, Higher than I, Higher than I.

HAYDN.



113 The Lord will provide.

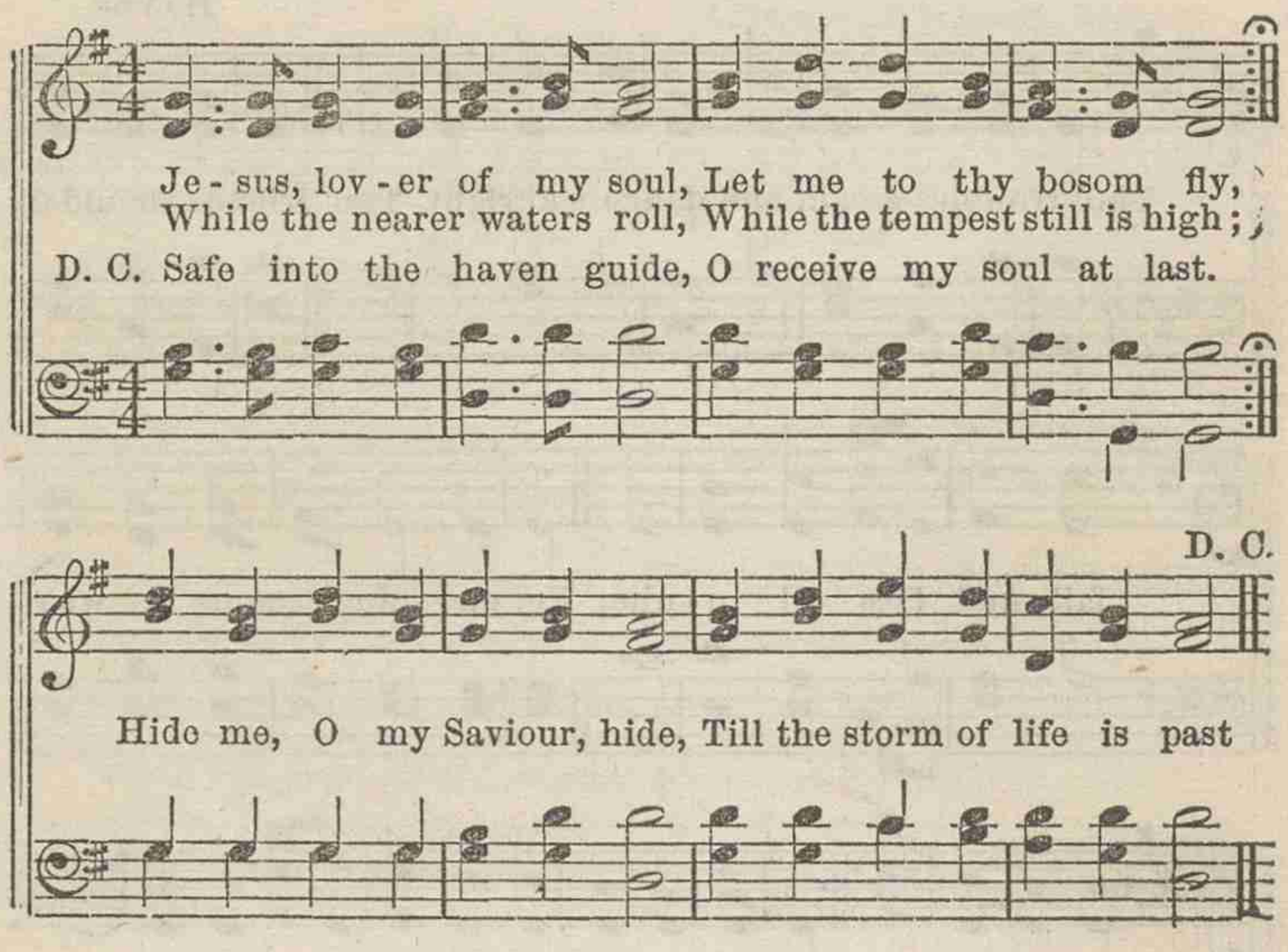
2 The birds, without barn or storehouse, are fed;
From them let us learn to trust for our bread:
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 't is written,—The Lord will provide.

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

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

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

When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
The word of his grace shall comfort us through:
Not fearing or doubting, with Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting,—The Lord will provide.

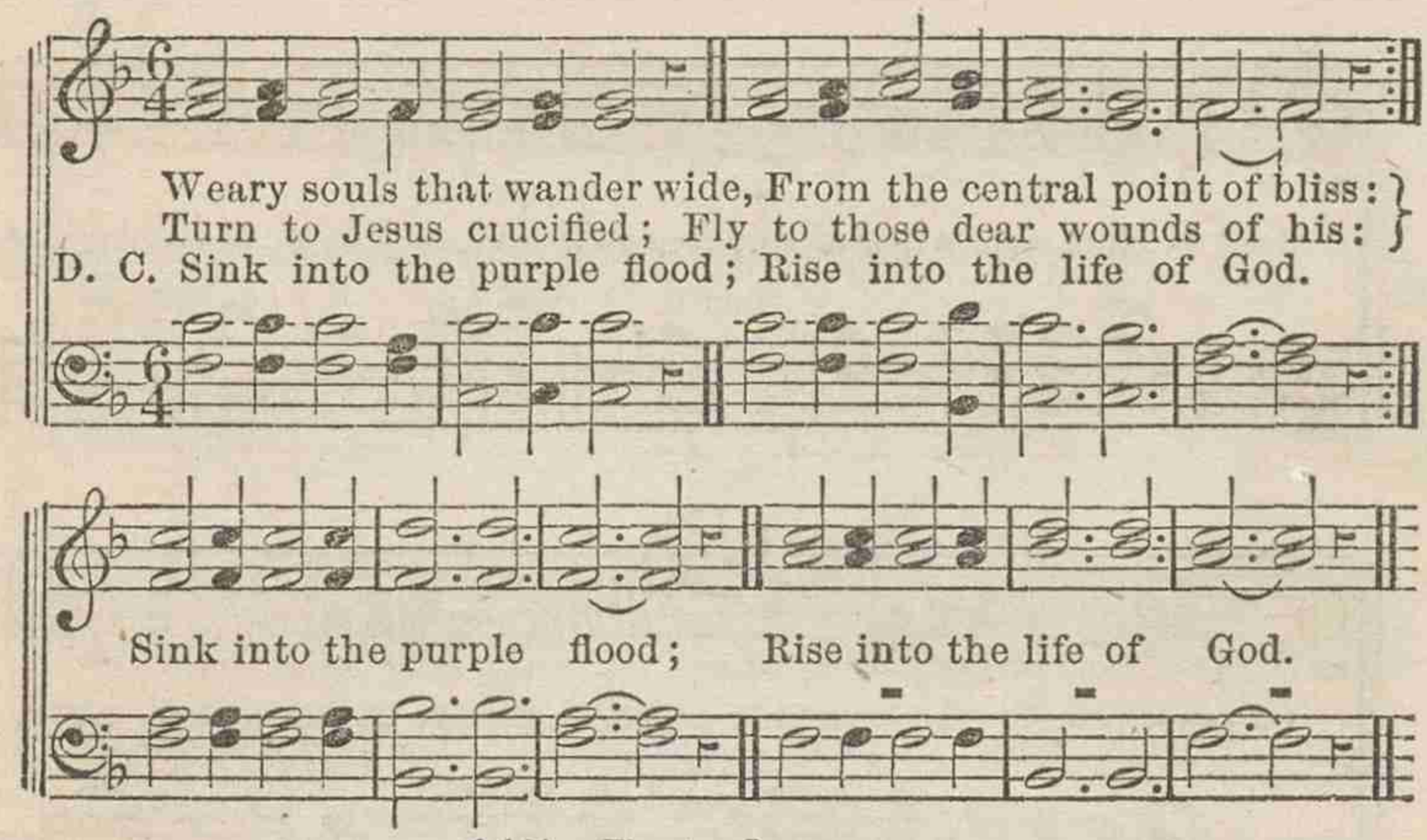


114 The only refuge.

2 Other refuge have I none:
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
Leave, O leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stayed:
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want:
More than all in thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name;
I am all unrighteousness;
False, and full of sin I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,—
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound:
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within my heart;
Rise to all eternity.



115 Fly to Jesus.

2 Find in Christ the way of peace,
Peace unspeakable, unknown;
By his pain he gives you ease,
Life by his expiring groan:
Rise exalted by his fall;
Find in Christ your all in all.

3 O believe the record true,
God to you his Son hath given;
Ye may now be happy too.
Find on earth the life of heaven:
Live the life of heaven above,
All the life of glorious love.

4 This the universal bliss,
Bliss for every soul designed;
God's original promise this,
God's great gift to all mankind:
Blest in Christ this moment be,
Blest to all eternity.

116 Entire consecration.

1 IF so poor a worm as I
May to thy great glory live,
All my actions sanctify,
All my words and thoughts receive;
Claim me for thy service, claim
All I have, and all I am.

2 Take my soul and body's powers;
Take my memory, mind, and will;
All my goods, and all my hours;
All I know and all I feel;
All I think, or speak, or do;
Take my heart, but make it new.

. K. B.





117 The Saviour's invitation.

2 Thy sins I bore on Calvary's tree;
The stripes thy due were laid on me,
That peace and pardon might be free,—
O wretched sinner, come!

3 Come, hither bring thy boding fears;
Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears;
'T is mercy's voice salutes thine ears,—
O trembling sinner, come!

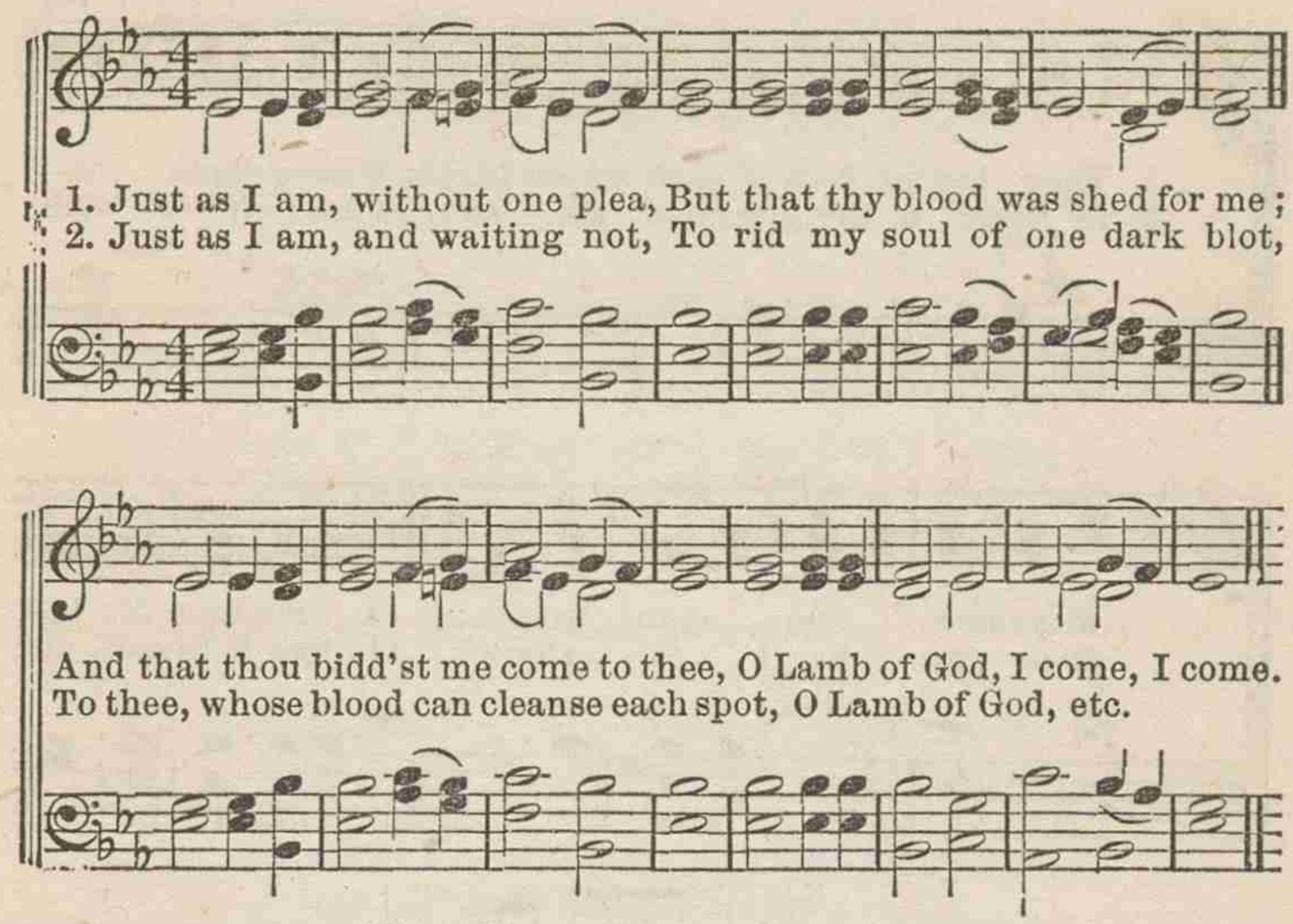
4 "The Spirit and the bride say, Come;"
Rejoicing saints re-echo, Come;
Who faints, who thirsts, who will, may come:
Thy Saviour bids thee come.

118 Behold, I stand at the door.

1 BEHOLD, a Stranger at the door!
He gently knocks, has knocked before;
Has waited long—is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill.

2 O! lovely attitude—He stands
With melting heart, and loaded hands:
O! matchless kindness—and He shows
This matchless kindness to His foes!

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



119 The penitent's resolve.

3 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

4 Just as I am,—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

120 Christ's presence makes death easy.

1 WHY should we start, and fear to die?
What tim'rous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate to endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, the dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away;
And we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 O would my Lord his servant meet,
My soul would stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

1. Thou hidden love of God, whose hight, Whose depth un-
2. Is there a thing beneath the sun, That strives with

fathomed no man knows; I see from far thy
thee my heart to share? Ah, tear it thence, and

beauteous light; In - ly I sigh for thy re - pose:
reign a - lone, The Lord of ev' - ry mo - tion there;

My heart is pained, nor can it be
Then shall my heart from earth be free,

At rest, till it finds rest in thee.
When it hath found re - pose in thee.

121 Christ in you, the hope of glory.

3 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits thy call;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,—
I am thy love, thy God, thy all!
To feel thy power, to hear thy voice,
To taste thy love, be all my choice.

122 I will fear no evil for thou art with me.

1 PEACE, doubting heart, my God's I am;
Who formed me man forbids my fear;
The Lord hath called me by my name;
The Lord protects, forever near:
His blood for me did once atone,
And still he loves and guards his own.

2 When, passing through the watery deep,
I ask in faith his promised aid,
The waves an awful distance keep
And shrink from my devoted head:
Fearless, their violence I dare;
They cannot harm, for God is there!

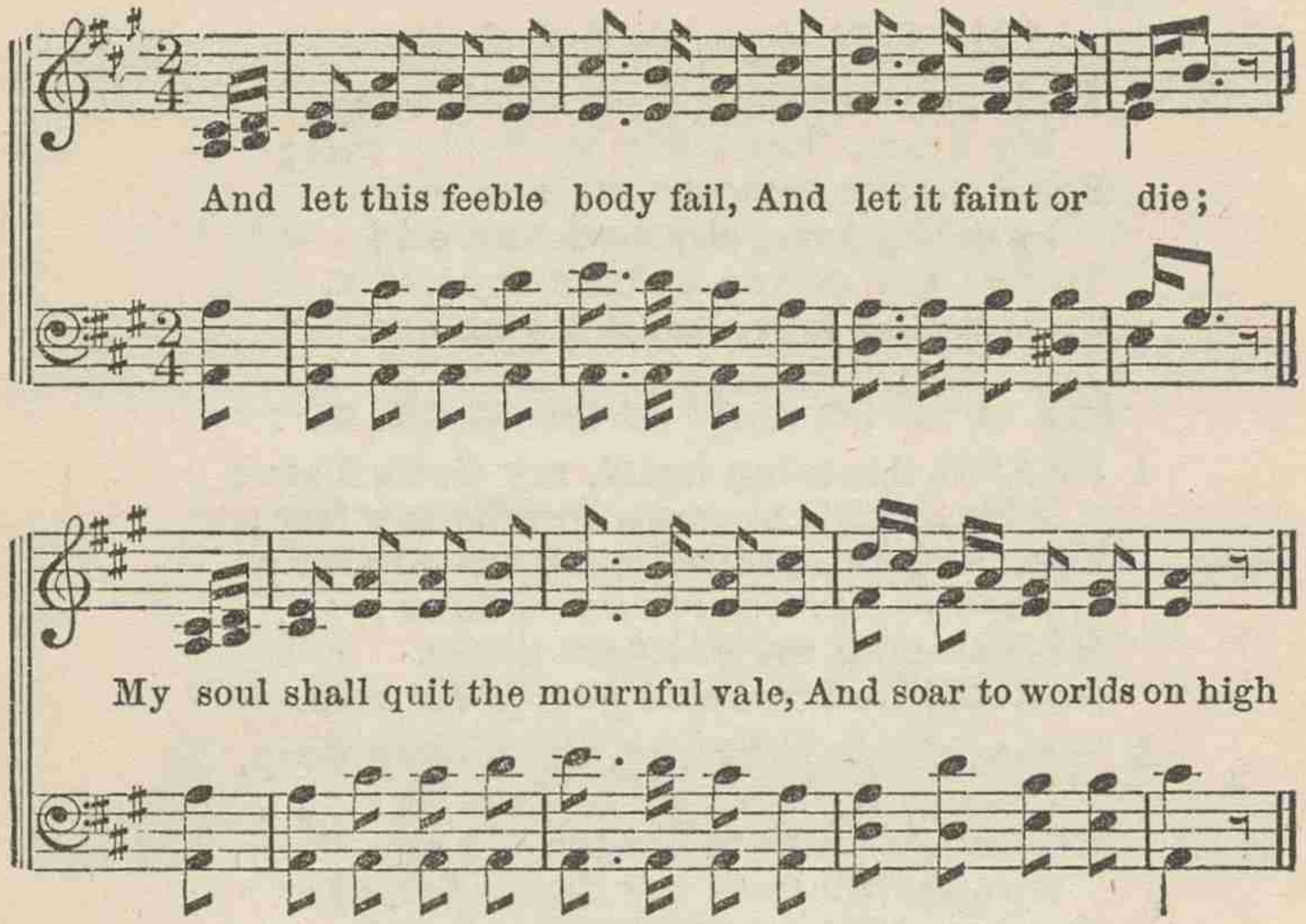
3 To Him mine eye of faith I turn,
And through the fire pursue my way;
The fire forgets its power to burn,—
The lambent flames around me play:
I own his power, accept the sign,
And shout to prove the Saviour mine.

123 Thy name is Love.

1 THE Sun of Righteousness on me
Hath risen with healing in his wings:
Withered my nature's strength, from thee
My soul its life and succor brings;
My help is all laid up above;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

2 Contented now, upon my thigh
I halt, till life's short journey end;
All helplessness, all weakness, I
On thee alone for strength depend:
Nor have I power from thee to move;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

3 Lame as I am, I take the prey;
Hell, earth, and sin, with ease o'ercome;
I leap for joy, pursue my way,
And as a bounding hart, fly home,
Through all eternity to prove
Thy nature and thy name is Love.



124 The prospect joyous.

2 In hope of that immortal crown
I now the cross sustain,
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain:

I suffer on my threescore years,
Till my Deliv'rer come,
And wipe away his servant's tears,
And take his exile home.

3 O what hath Jesus bought for me!
Before my ravish'd eyes
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of Paradise:
I see a world of spirits bright,
Who taste the pleasures there;
They all are robed in spotless white,
And conqu'ring palms they bear.

4 O what are all my sufferings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet
With that enraptured host t' appear,
And worship at thy feet!
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away,
But let me find them all again
In that eternal day.

125 The full assurance of hope.

1 HOW happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven!
This earth, he cries, is not my place;
I seek my place in heaven.
A country far from mortal sight,
Yet, O by faith, I see;
The land of rest, the saints' delight,—
The heaven prepared for me.

2 O what a blessed hope is ours!
While here on earth we stay;
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And antedate that day:
We feel the resurrection near,—
Our life in Christ concealed,—
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels filled.

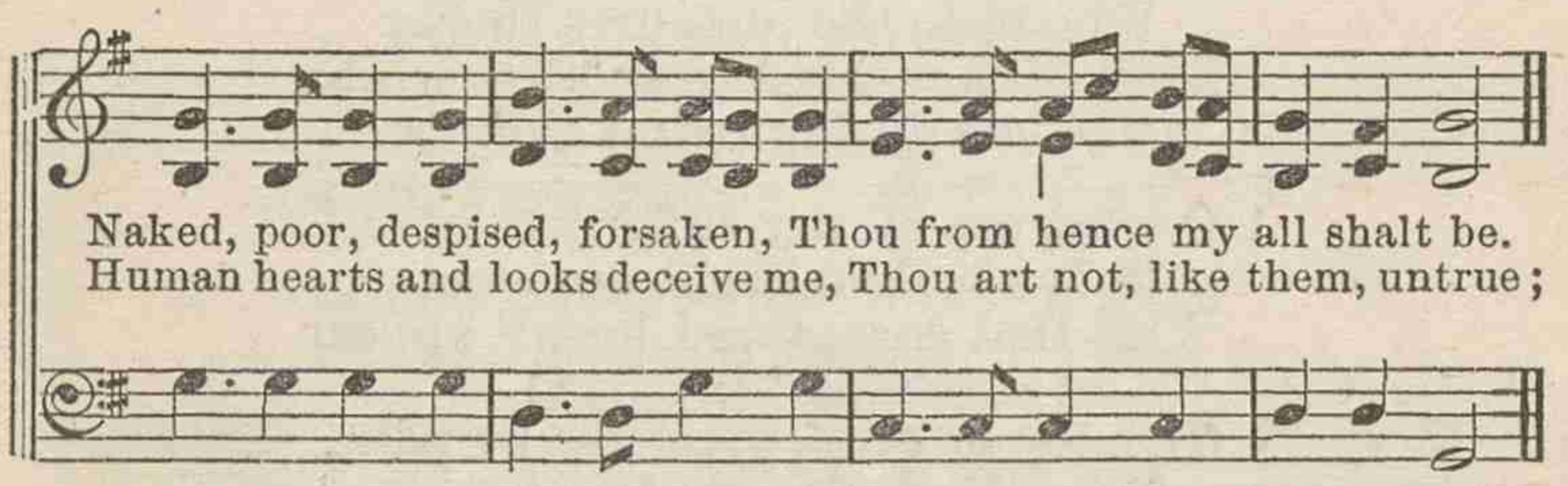
3 O would he more of heaven bestow!
And when the vessels break,
Let our triumphant spirits go
To grasp the God we seek;
In rapturous awe on Him to gaze,
Who bought the sight for me:
And shout and wonder at his grace
To all eternity.

THE CROSS. 8s, 7s.

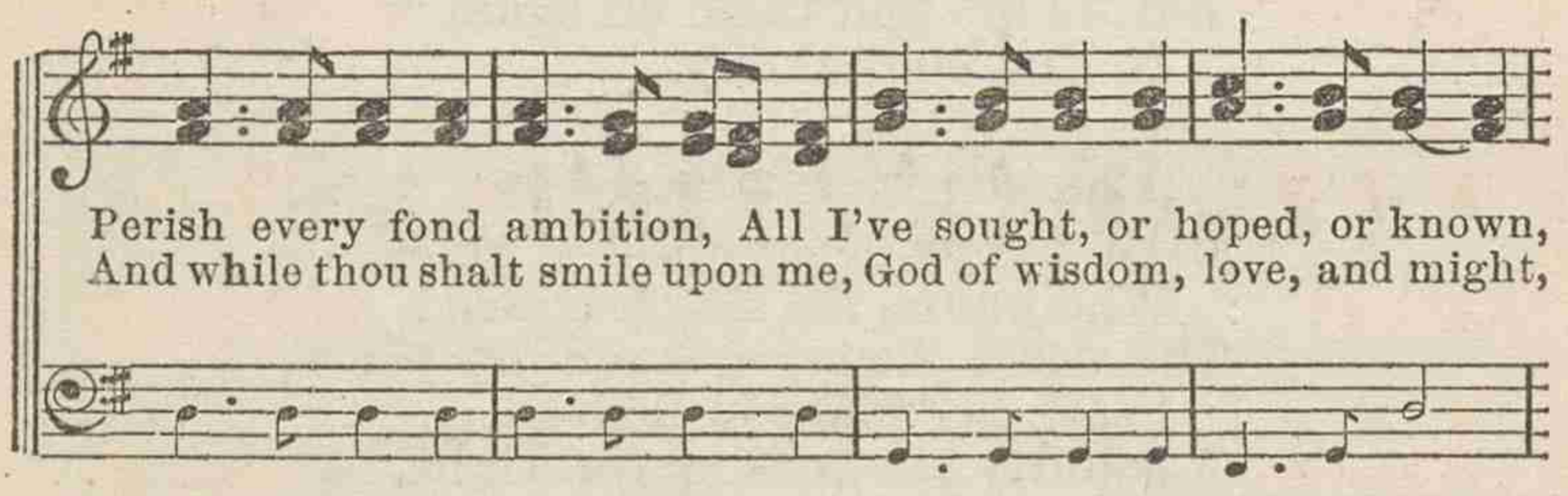
MOZART.



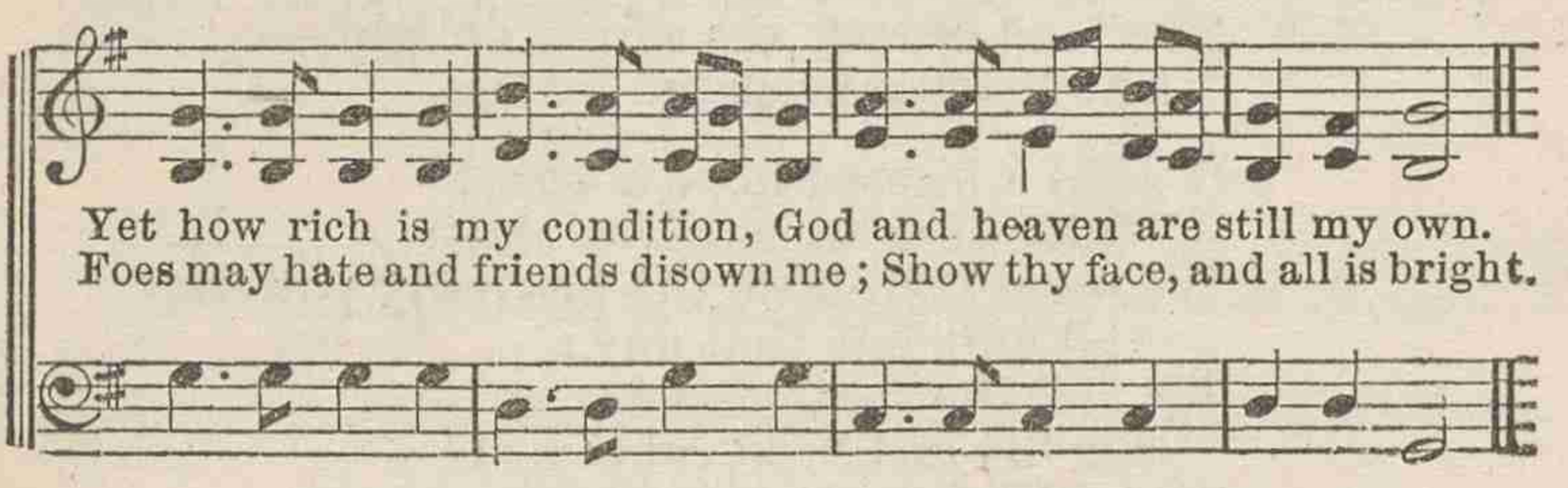
1. Jesus, I my cross have taken, All to leave and follow thee;
2. Let the world despise and leave me; They have left my Saviour too;



Naked, poor, despised, forsaken, Thou from hence my all shalt be.
Human hearts and looks deceive me, Thou art not, like them, untrue;



Perish every fond ambition, All I've sought, or hoped, or known,
And while thou shalt smile upon me, God of wisdom, love, and might,



Yet how rich is my condition, God and heaven are still my own.
Foes may hate and friends disown me; Show thy face, and all is bright.

3 Know, my soul! thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear;
Think, what Spirit dwells within thee;
Think, what Father's smiles are thine;
Think, what Jesus did to win thee:
Child of heaven! canst thou repine?

ARRANGED BY A. CUTLER.



127 Mercy's free.

2 Jesus my weary soul refreshes;—
Mercy's free!
And every moment Christ is precious
Unto me.
None can describe the bliss I prove,
While through this wilderness I rove:
All may enjoy the Saviour's love,
Mercy's free! Mercy's free!

Long as I live, I'll still be crying,
"Mercy's free!"
And this shall be my theme when dying
"Mercy's free!"
And when the vale of death I've passed,
When lodged above the stormy blast,
I'll sing, while endless ages last,
"Mercy's free! Mercy's free."

HAPPY DAY. L. M.

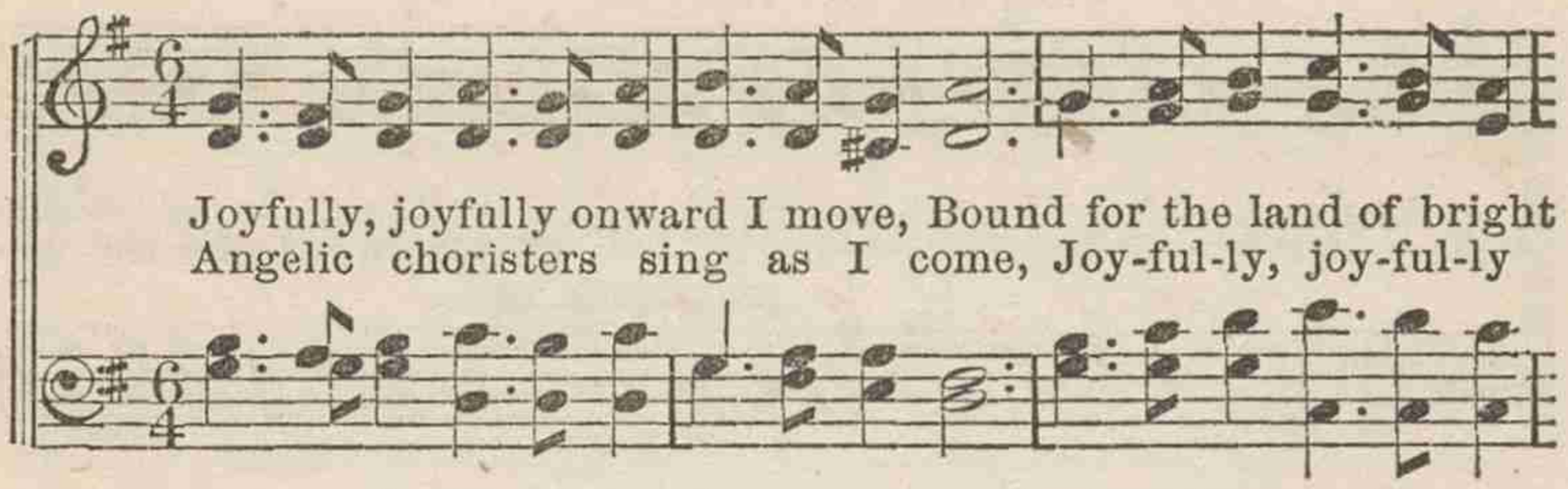


128 Vows remembered and renewed.

2 'T is done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

3 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart:
With him of every good possessed.

4 High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.



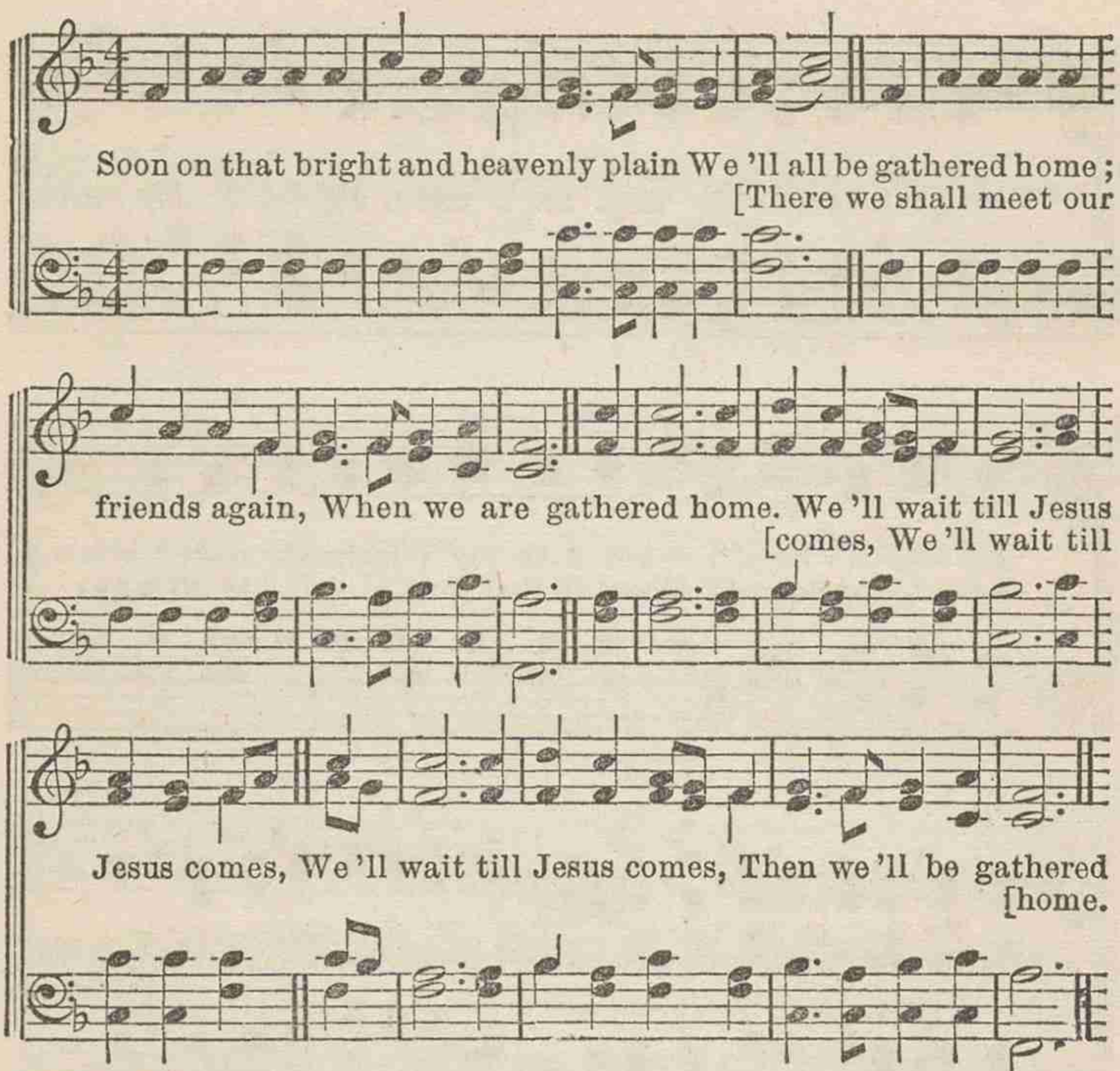


129 Triumphing over death.

2 Friends, fondly cherished, have passed on before;
Waiting, they watch me approaching that shore;
Singing to cheer me through death's chilling gloom,
Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.
Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear;
Harps of the blessed, your voices I hear!
Rings with the harmony heaven's high dome,—
Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.

3 Death, with thy weapons of war, lay me low;
Strike, king of terrors, I fear not the blow;
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb!
Joyfully, joyfully will I go home.
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death shall be banished, his scepter be gone;
Joyfully, then, shall I witness his doom,
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

* By permission of Prof. WILLIAM HUNTER.



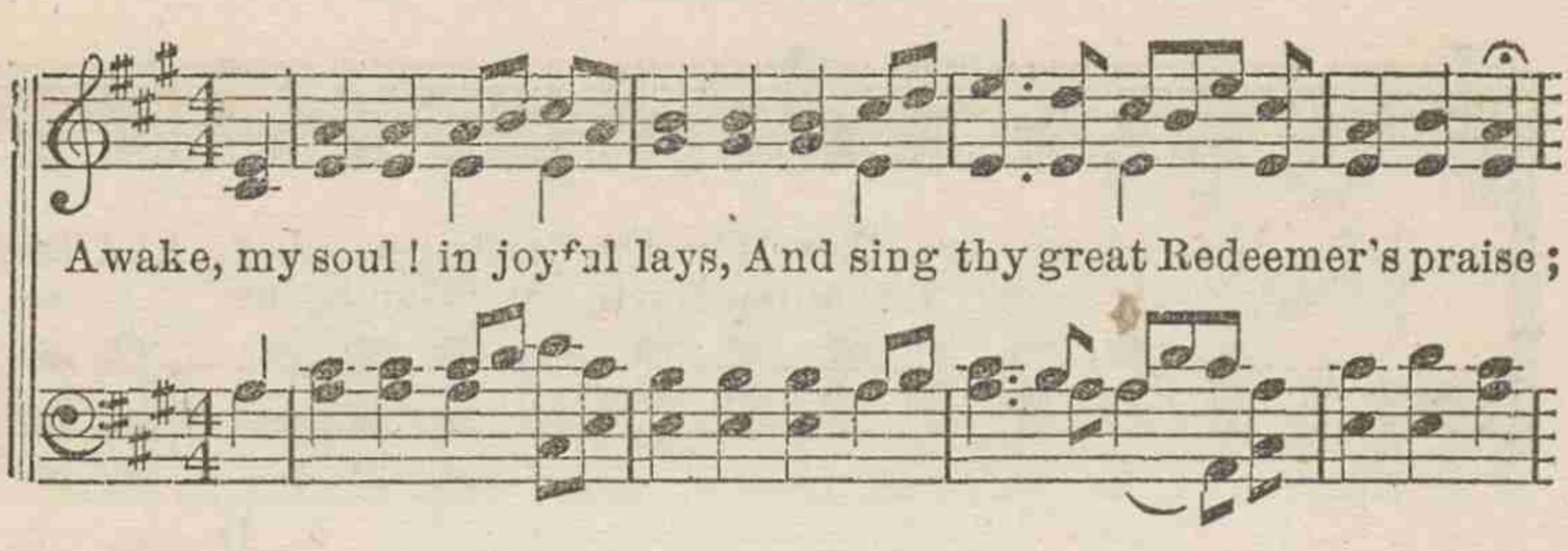
130 Glad anticipation.

2 O! what a cheering thought is this,
We 'll all be gathered home;
We soon shall dwell in endless bliss,
We 'll all be gathered home.
We 'll wait till Jesus comes, etc.

3 Our kindred dear have gone before,
We 'll all be gathered home;
I hear them on the distant shore,
We 'll all be gathered home.
We 'll wait till Jesus comes, etc.

4 When in those heavenly courts above,
We all are gathered home;
We 'll sing the Saviour's dying love,
When we are gathered home.
We 'll wait till Jesus comes, etc.

5 Then speed your flight, ye passing years,
We 'll all be gathered home;
'Till God shall wipe these falling tears,
Then we 'll be gathered home.
We 'll wait till Jesus comes, etc.





131 Loving-kindness.

2 He saw me ruined by the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate;—
His loving-kindness,—O! how great!

3 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick, and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood—
His loving-kindness,—O! how good!

4 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers shall fail;
O! may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death.

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



132 Joy of the young convert.

3 'Twas a heaven below
My Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more,
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song:
O that all his salvation might see:
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffered and died,
To redeem even rebels like me.

5 O the rapturous hight
Of that holy delight
Which I felt in the life-giving blood;
Of my Saviour possessed,
I was perfectly blest,
As if filled with the fullness of God.

7304



133 Rapturous anticipation.

3 Who on earth can conceive
How happy we live,
In the palace of God the great king:
What a concert of praise,
When our Jesus's grace
The whole heavenly company sing!

4 What a rapturous song,
When the glorified throng
In the spirit of harmony join!—
Join all the glad choirs,
Hearts, voices, and lyres,
And the burden is,—Mercy divine!

5 Halleluiah, they cry,
To the King of the sky,—
To the great everlasting I AM;
To the Lamb that was slain,
And that liveth again,—
Halleluiah to God and the Lamb!



134 His quickening power.

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

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

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

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

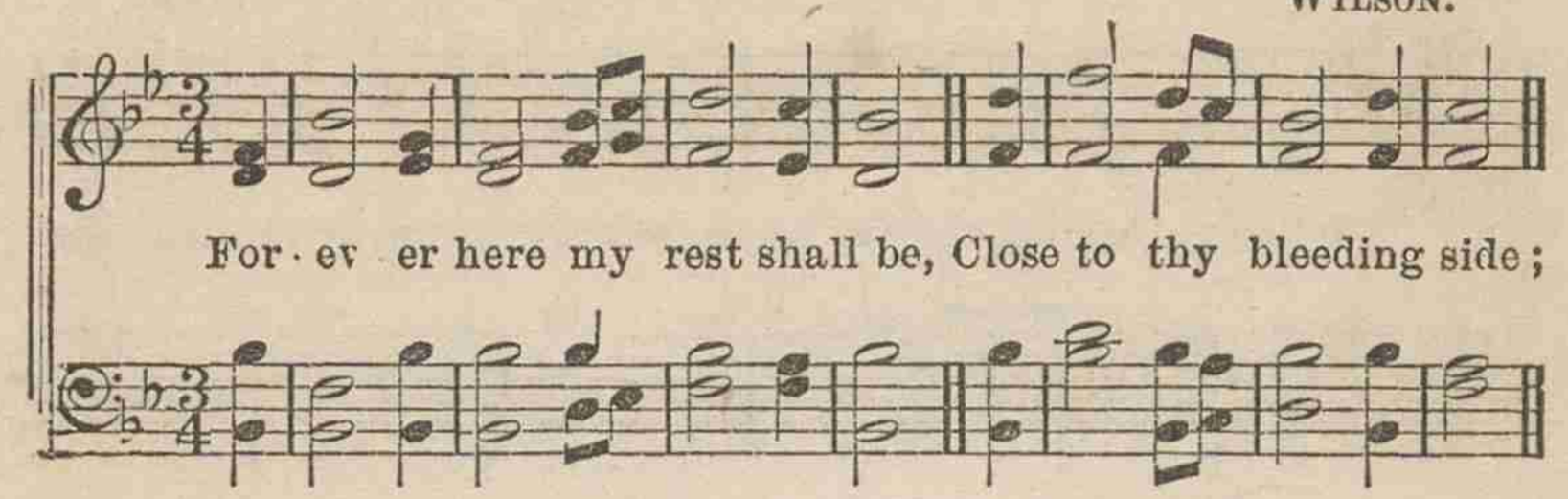
135 Confession and intercession.

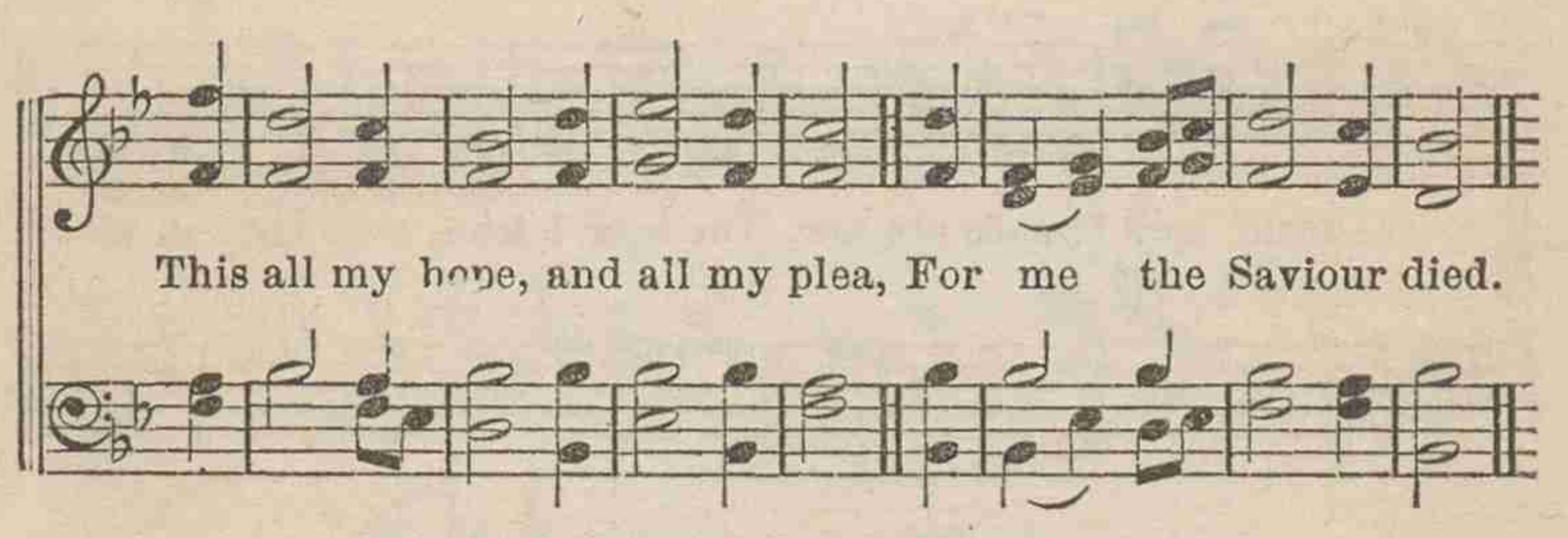
1 LORD, all I am is known to thee;
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, or to flee
The notice of thine eye.

2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
The secrets of my breast.

3 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sovereign love.

WILSON.





136 Entire purification.

2 My dying Saviour, and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own;
Wash me, and mine thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,—
My hands, my head, my heart.

4 Th' atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

137 Prayer for submission.

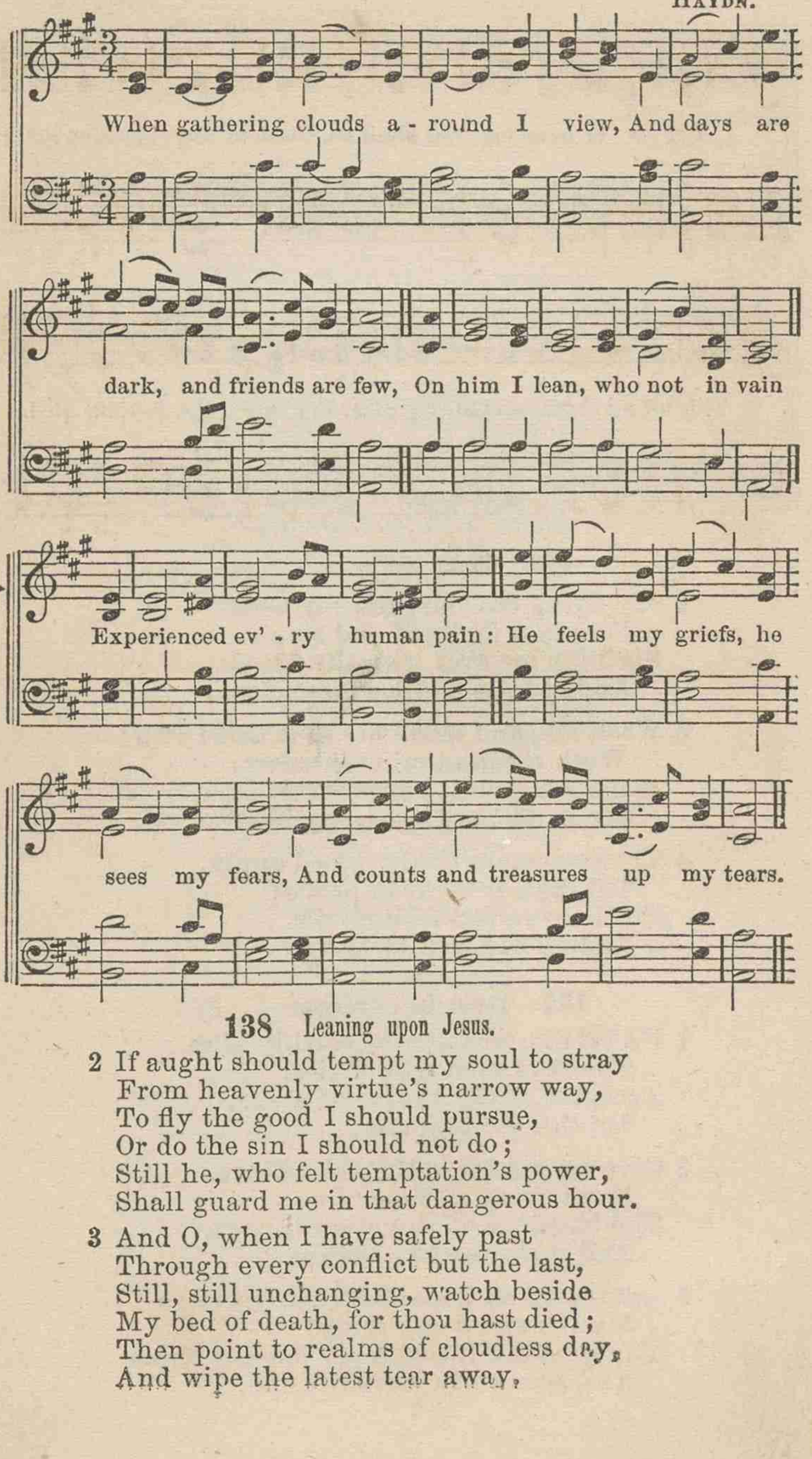
1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:

2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

BROWNELL. L. M.

HAYDN.

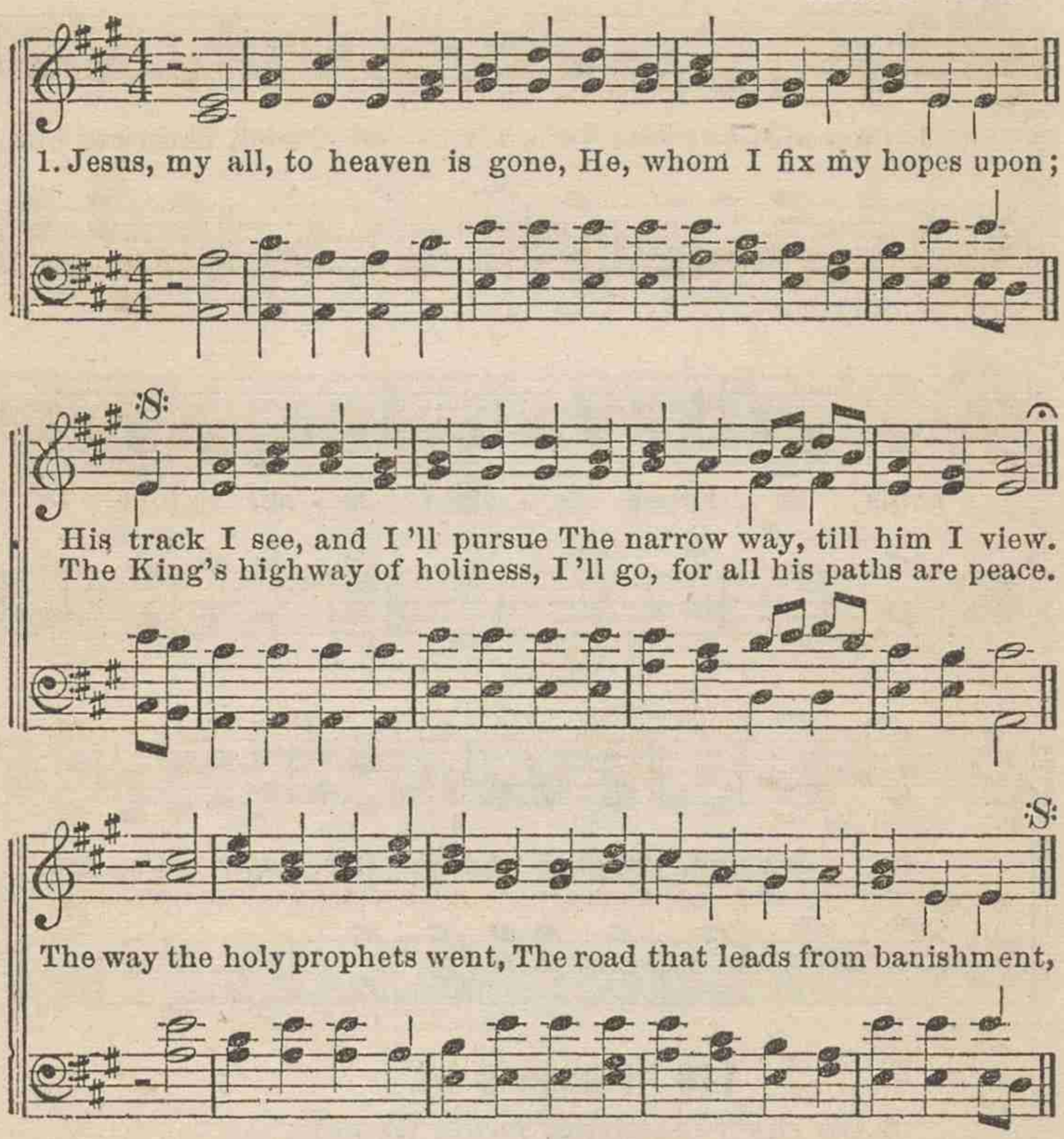


138 Leaning upon Jesus.

2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly virtue's narrow way,
To fly the good I should pursue,
Or do the sin I should not do;
Still he, who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

3 And O, when I have safely past
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My bed of death, for thou hast died;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

REV. G. COLES.



139 The highway of holiness.

2 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I was not saved from sin.
The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more;
Till late I heard my 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.

100 ERNAN. L. M.



140 Dedication to God.

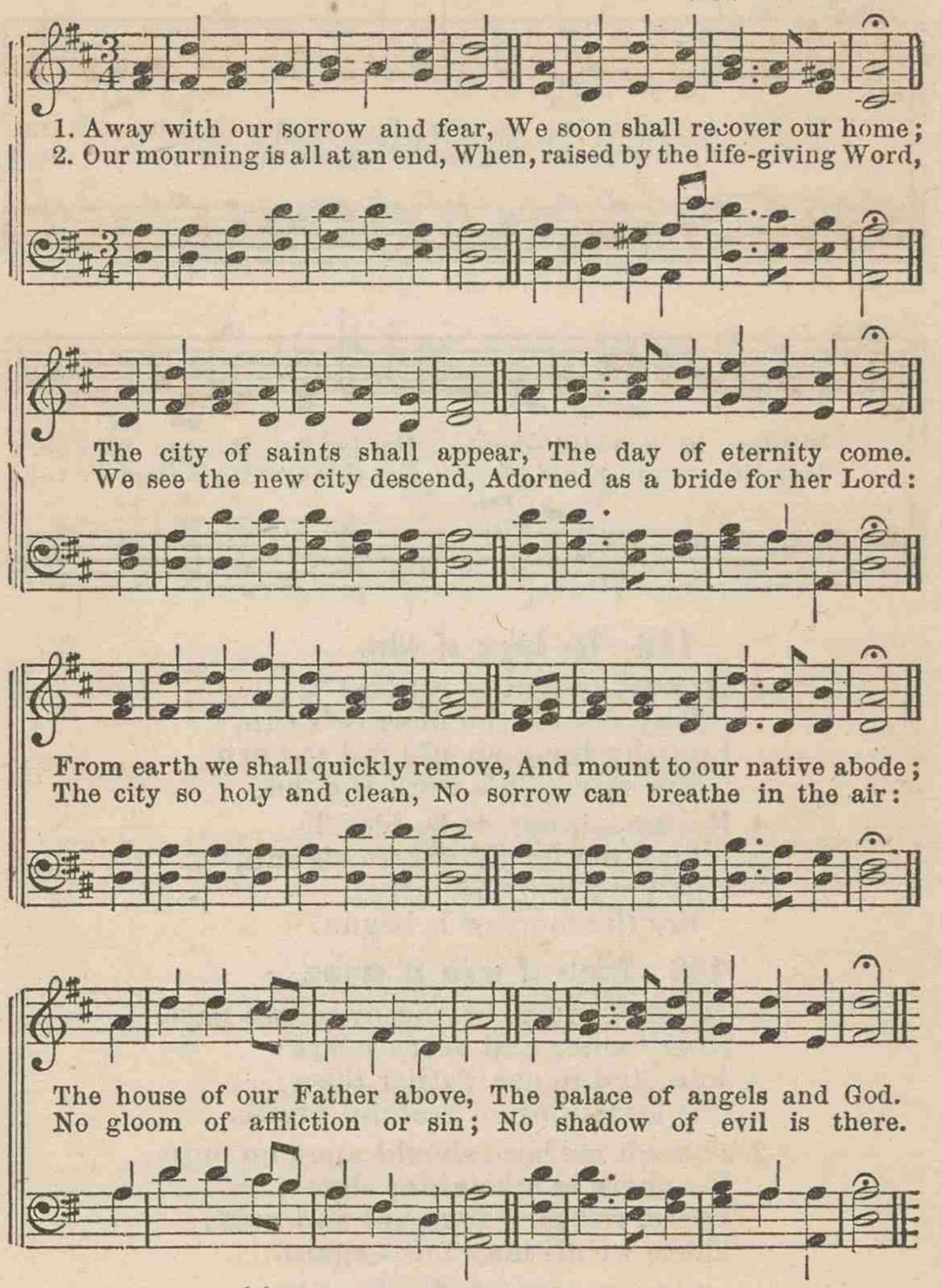
2 On thy redeeming name we call,
Poor and unworthy though we be;
Pardon and sanctify us all,
Let each thy full salvation see.

3 Our souls and bodies we resign,
To fear and follow thy commands;
O take our hearts, our hearts are thine,
Accept the service of our hands.

4 Firm, faithful, watching unto prayer,
Our Master's voice will we obey;
Toil in the vineyard here, and bear
The heat and burden of the day.

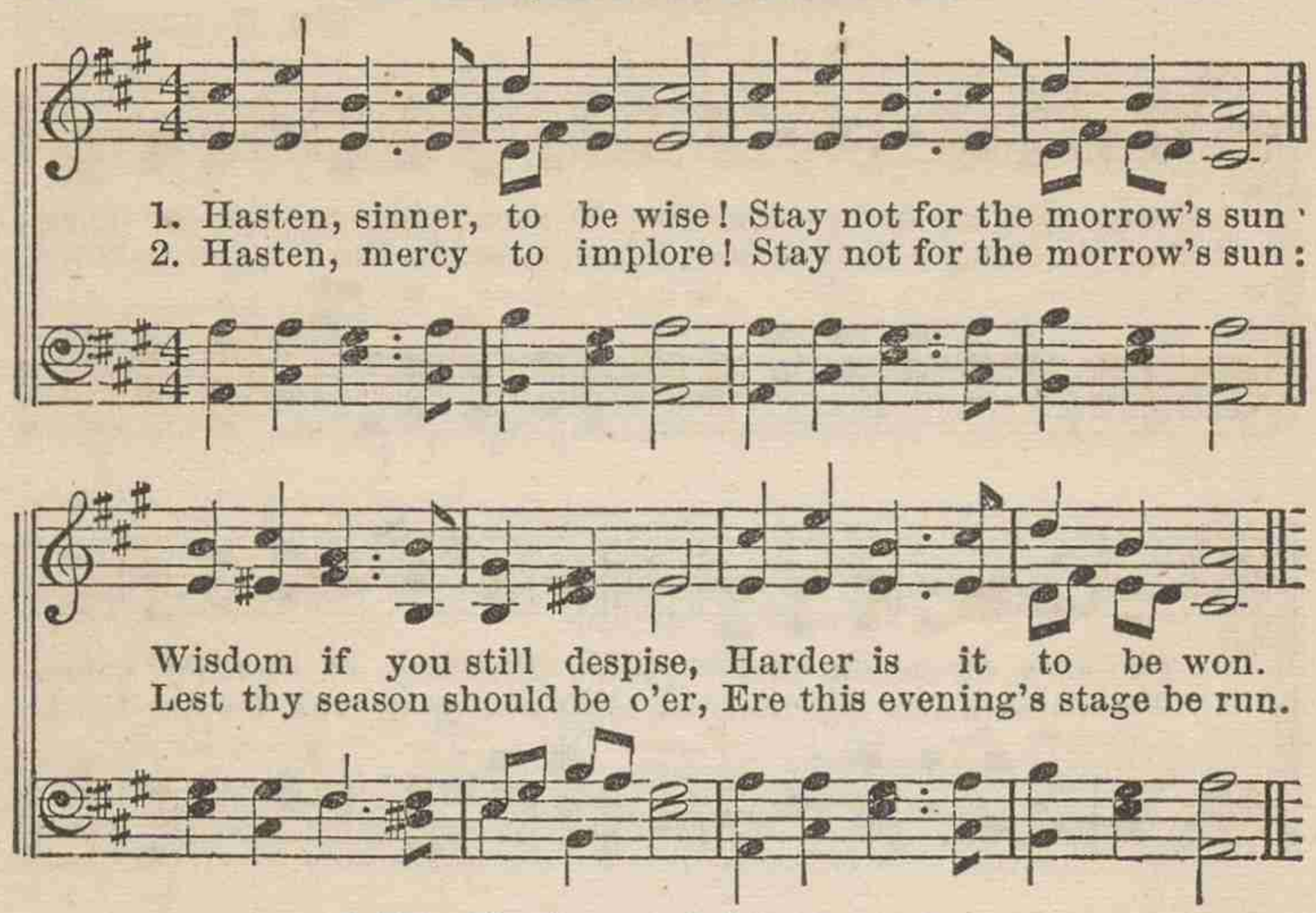
5 Yet, Lord, for us a resting-place
In heaven, at thy right hand, prepare;
And till we see thee face to face,
Be all our conversation there.

WM. H. OAKLEY.



140 The heavenly Jerusalem.

3 By faith we already behold
That lovely Jerusalem here
Her walls are of jasper and gold;
As crystal her buildings are clear;
Immovably founded in grace,
She stands as she ever hath stood,
And brightly her builder displays,
And flames with the glory of God.



142 The danger of delay.

3 Hasten, sinner, to return!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should fail to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest
Ere the morrow is begun.

143 Tribute of praise at parting.

1 CHRISTIANS, brethren, ere we part,
Every voice and every heart
Join, and to our Father raise
One last hymn of grateful praise.

2 Though we here should meet no more,
Yet there is a brighter shore;
There, released from toil and pain,
There we all may meet again.

144 Prayer for God's presence.

1 SAVIOUR, at thy feet we bow,
O! vouchsafe to meet us now;
At thy people's earnest cry,
Bring thy loving mercy nigh.

2 Thou hast said, where two or three
In thy worship shall agree,
That thou wilt be present there,
Answering their faithful prayer.



1. Children of the heavenly King, As we journey let us sing;



Sing our Saviour's worthy praise, Glorious in his works and ways.



2. We are trav'ling home to God, In the way our fathers trod;



They are happy now, and we Soon their happiness shall see.



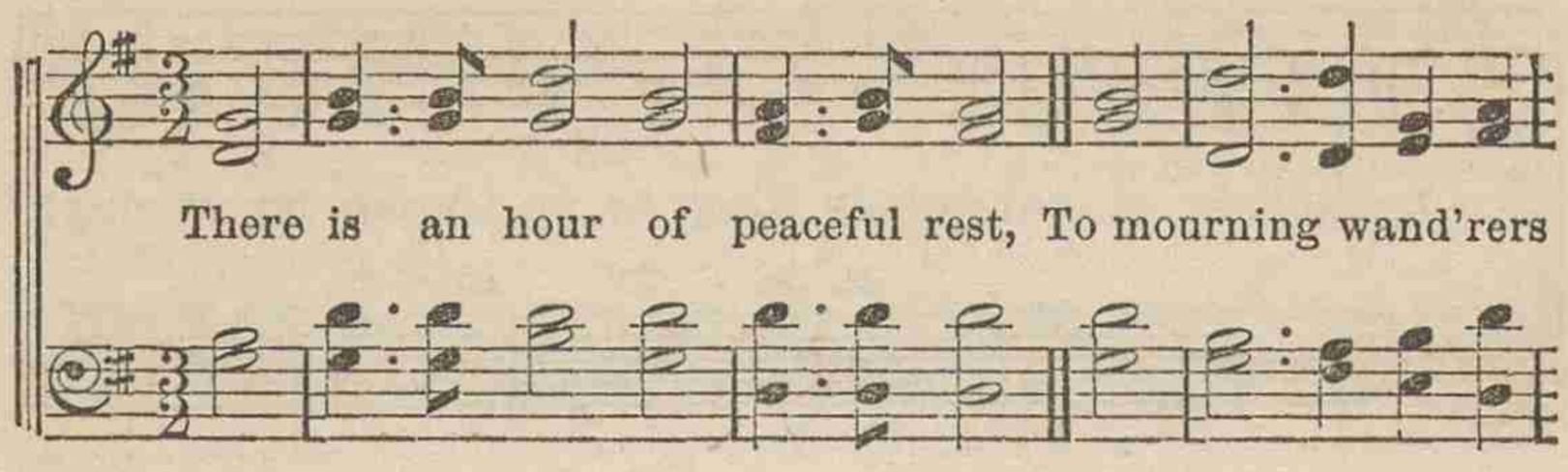
145 The pilgrim's song.

3 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of our land;
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us undismayed go on.

4 Lord! obediently we 'll go,
Gladly leaving all below:
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

WOODLAND. C. M.

GOULD.



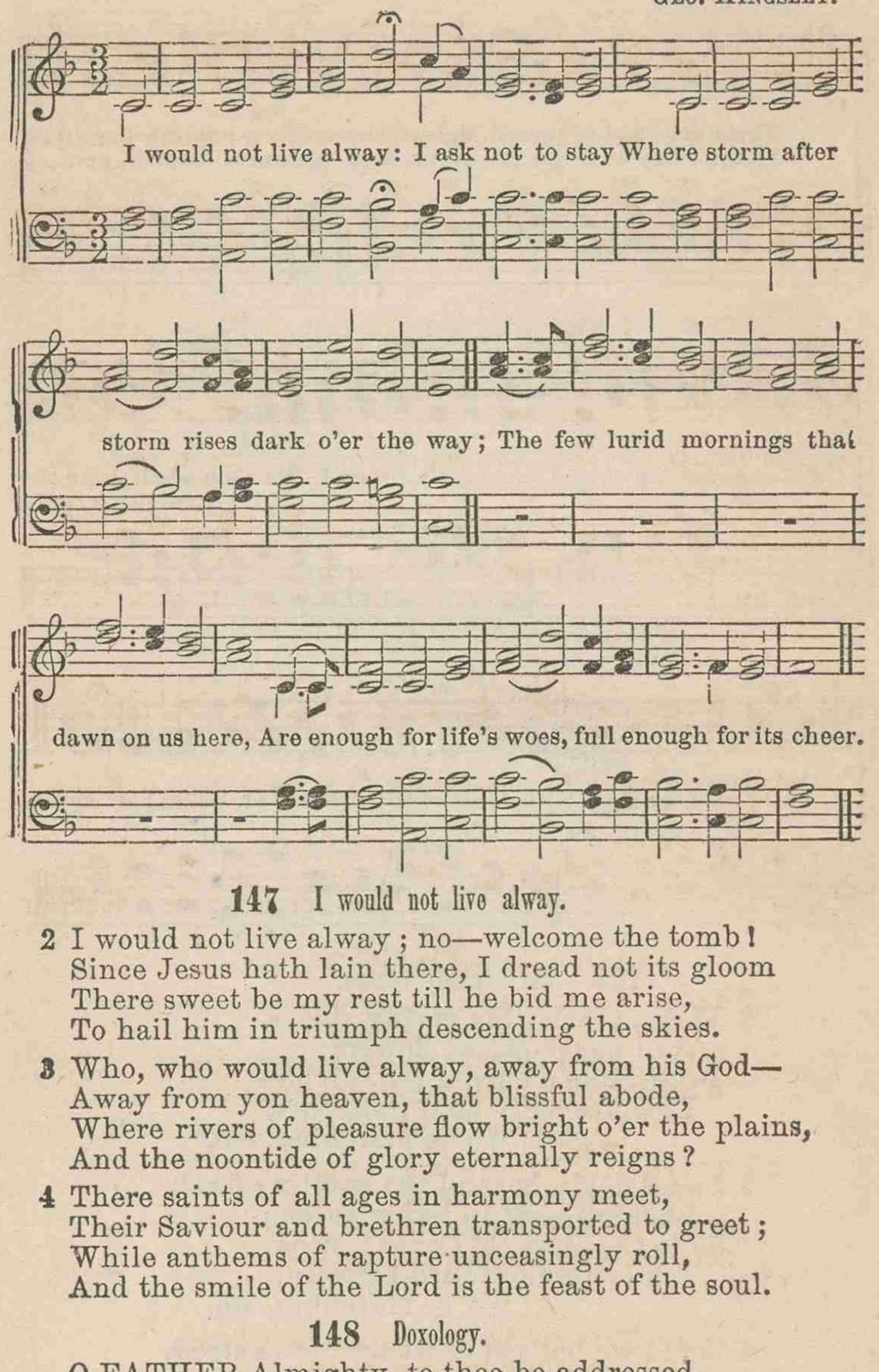
146 The land of rest.

2 There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven,
When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heaven.

3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
To brighter prospects given;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom;
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

GEO. KINGSLEY.



147 I would not live alway.

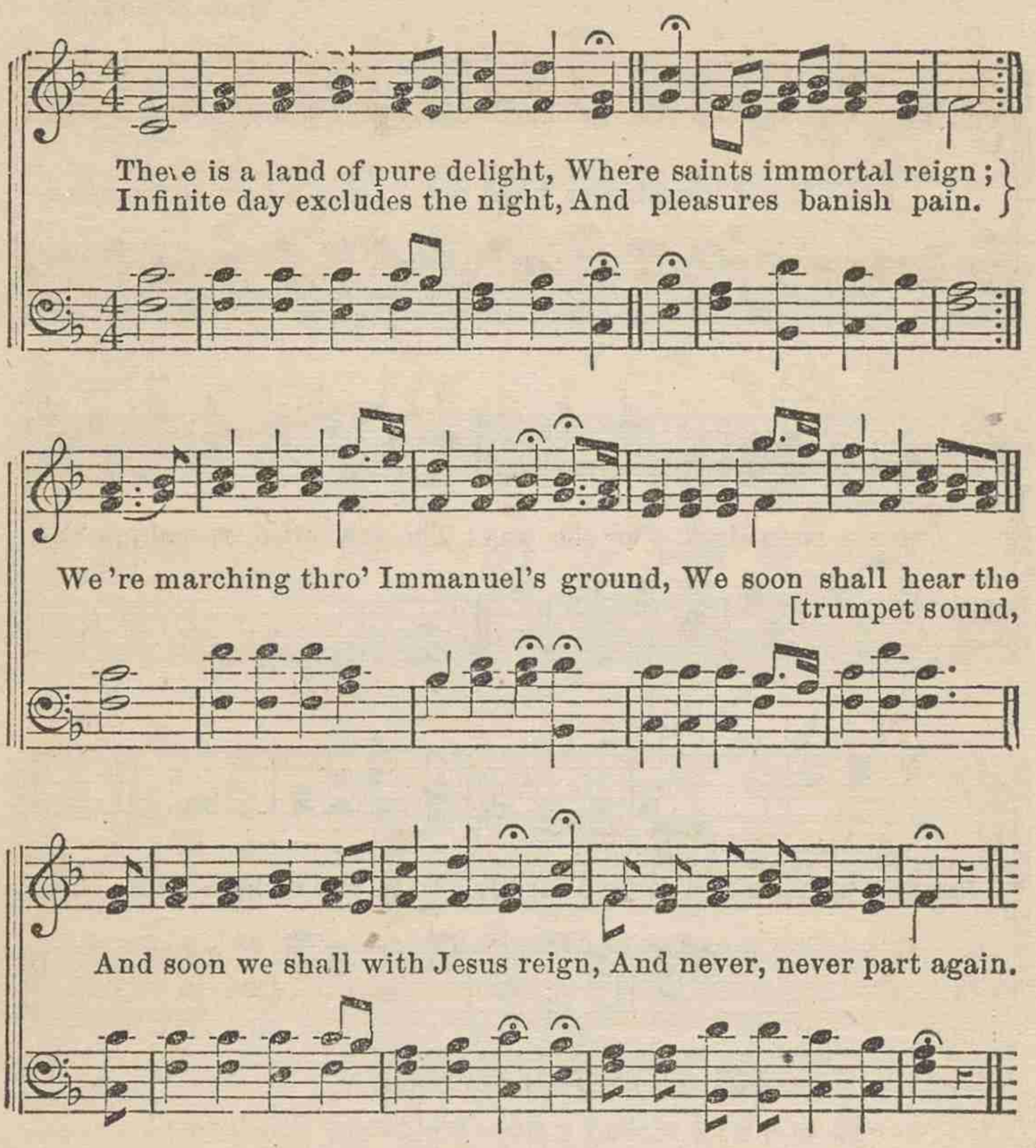
2 I would not live alway ; no—welcome the tomb!
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom
There sweet be my rest till he bid me arise,
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

3 Who, who would live alway, away from his God—
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where rivers of pleasure flow bright o'er the plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns ?

4 There saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet ;
While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

148 Doxology.

O FATHER Almighty, to thee be addressed,
With Christ and the Spirit, one God, ever blest,
All glory and worship, from earth and from heaven,
As was, and is now, and shall ever be given.



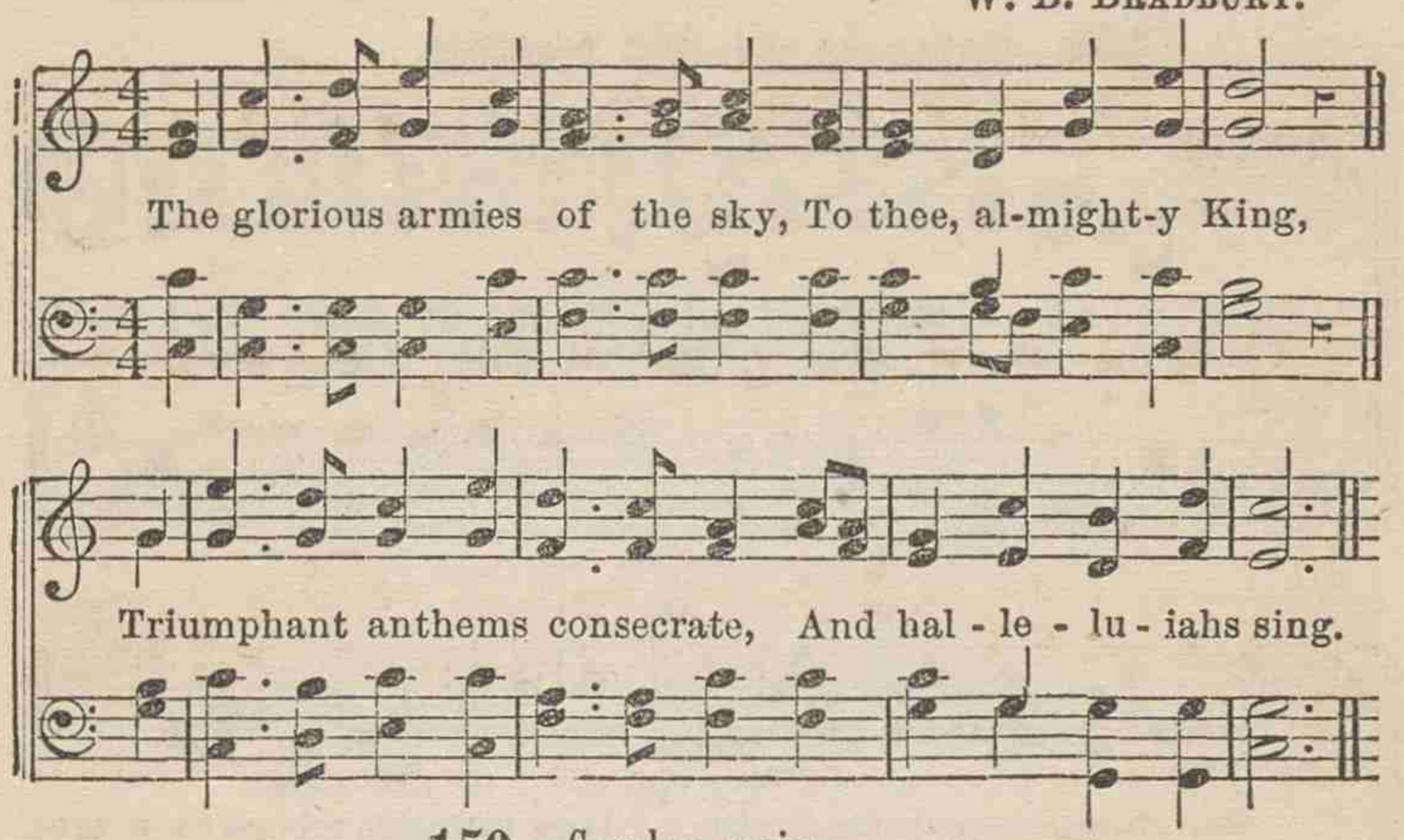
149 The heavenly Canaan.

2 There, everlasting spring abides,
And never-fading flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
We 're marching, etc.

3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
We 're marching, etc.

4 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.
We 're marching, etc.

W. B. BRADBURY.



150 Ceaseless praise.

2 But still their most exalted flights
Fall vastly short of thee;
How distant then must human praise
From thy perfections be.

3 Yet how, my God, shall I refrain,
When to my ravish'd sense,
Each creature everywhere around
Displays thy excellence?

4 Thy num'rous works exalt thee, Lord,
Nor will I silent be;
O rather let me cease to breathe,
Than cease from praising thee.

151 The believer's rest.

1 LORD, I believe a rest remains
To all thy people known;
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And thou art loved alone;

2 A rest where all our soul's desire
Is fix'd on things above:
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.

3 O that I now the rest might know,
Believe, and enter in;
Now, Saviour, now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin.

4 Remove this hardness from my heart;
This unbelief remove;
To me the rest of faith impart;—
The Sabbath of thy love.

J. T. HARRIS.

152 Longing for still closer communion.

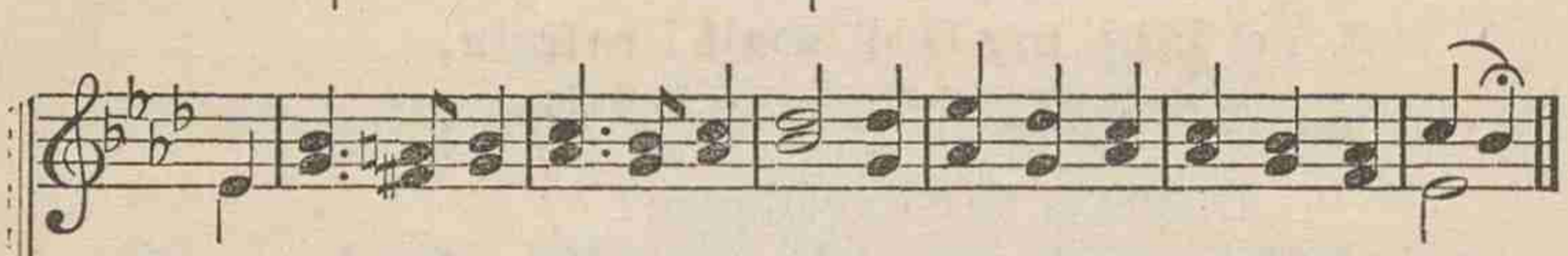


1. Thou Shepherd of Israel and mine, The joy and desire of my heart;
2. 'T is there, with the lambs of thy flock, There only, I covet to rest;



For closer communion I pine; I long to reside where thou art:
To lie at the foot of the rock, Or rise to be hid in thy breast:





The pasture I languish to find, Where all, who their Shepherd obey,
'T is there I would always abide, And never a moment depart,





Are fed, on thy bosom reclined, And screened from the heat of the day.
Concealed in the cleft of thy side, Eternally held in thy heart.



153 Evening; Perfect security.

1 INSPIRER and Hearer of prayer,
Thou Shepherd and Guardian divine,
My all to thy covenant care
I, sleeping or waking, resign.

While thou art my shield and my sun,
The night is no darkness to me;
And, fast as my minutes roll on,
They bring me but nearer to thee.

2 A sov'reign Protector I have,
Unseen, yet forever at hand;
Unchangeably faithful to save,—
Almighty to rule and command.
Thy minist'ring spirits descend
To watch, while thy saints are asleep;
By day and by night they attend,
The heirs of salvation to keep.

3 Their worship no interval knows;
Their fervor is still on the wing:
And while they protect my repose,
They chant to the praise of my King.
I, too, at the season ordained,
Their chorus forever shall join;
And love and adore, without end,
Their faithful Creator and mine.

154 Desiring to be with Christ.

1 O WHEN shall we sweetly remove,
O when shall we enter our rest,—
Return to the Zion above,
The mother of spirits distress'd;—
That city of God the Great King,
Where sorrow and death are no more,
Where saints our Immanuel sing,
And cherub and seraph adore?

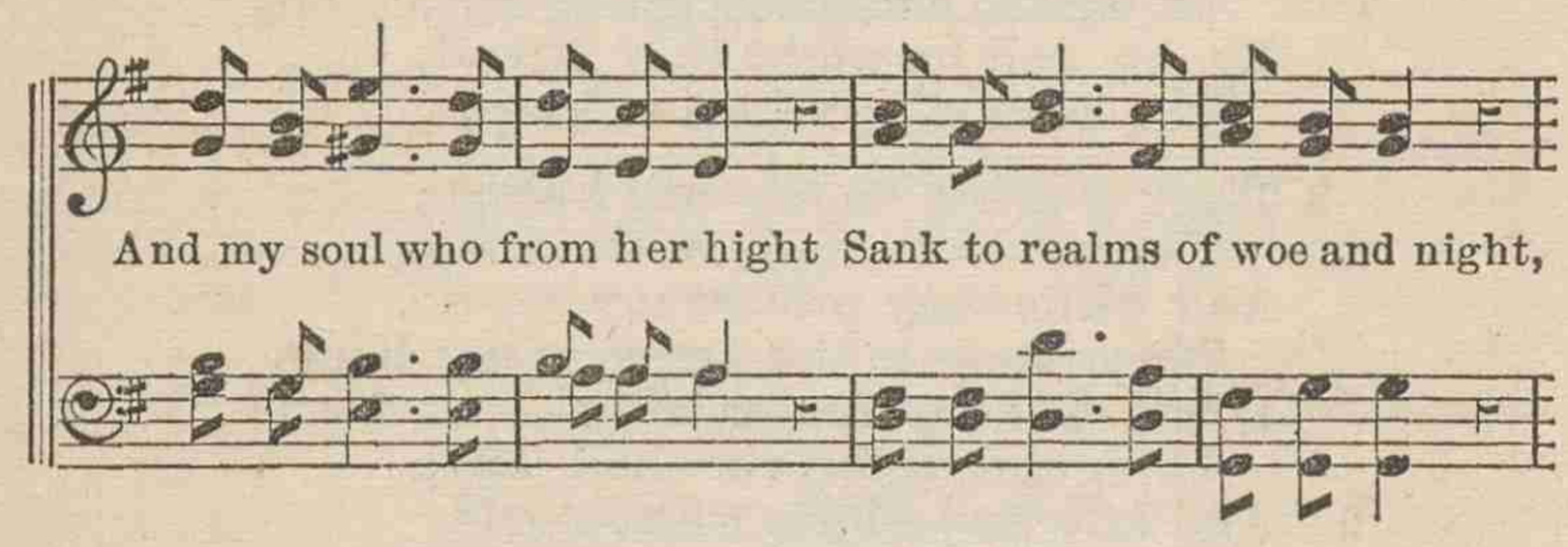
2 But angels themselves cannot tell
The joys of that holiest place,
Where Jesus is pleased to reveal
The light of his heavenly face;
When, caught in the rapturous flame,
The sight beatific they prove;
And walk in the light of the Lamb,
Enjoying the beams of his love.

3 Thou know'st in the spirit of prayer
We long thy appearing to see,
Resigned to the burden we bear,
But longing to triumph with thee:
'T is good at thy word to be here:
'T is better in thee to be gone,
And see thee in glory appear,
And rise to a share in thy throne.

OLIN.

OLD GERMAN TUNE.





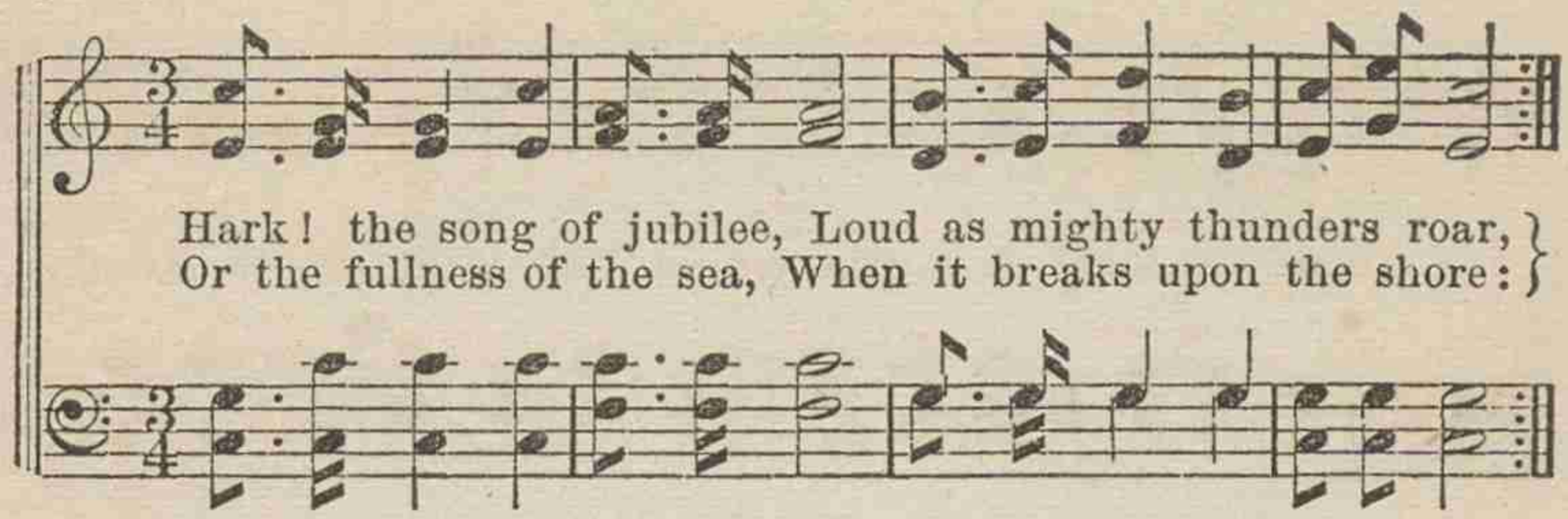


155 Sunshine after rain.

2 Bitter anguish have I known,
Keen regret my heart hath torn,
Sorrow dimmed my weeping eyes,
Satan blinded me with lies;
Yet at last am I set free
Help, protection, love, to me;
Once more true companions be:
Cometh sunshine after rain.

3 Though to-day may not fulfill
All thy hopes, have patience still;
For perchance to-morrow's sun,
Sees thy happier days begun;
As God willeth march the hours,
Bringing joy at last in showers,
And whate'er we asked is ours:
Cometh sunshine after rain.

OLD GERMAN TUNE.





156 The song of jubilee.

2 Halleluiah!—hark! the sound,
From the center to the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies:
See Jehovah's banners furl'd;
Sheathed his sword: he speaks—'t is done,
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of his Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have pass'd away;
Then the end;—beneath his rod,
Man's last enemy shall fall;
Halleluiah! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all.

E. IVES, JR.



157 Earthly trial and heavenly joy.

1 WHO are these in bright array?
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar night and day
Tuning their triumphant song?

Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
Blessing, honor, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain;
New dominion every hour.

2 These through fiery trials trod;
These from great affliction came;
Now before the throne of God,
Sealed with his eternal Name:
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor palms in every hand,
Through their great Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease, unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them the Lamb amidst the throne
Shall to living fountains lead;
Joy and gladness banish sighs:
Perfect love dispels their fears;
And forever from their eyes
God shall wipe away their tears.

158 Paradise.

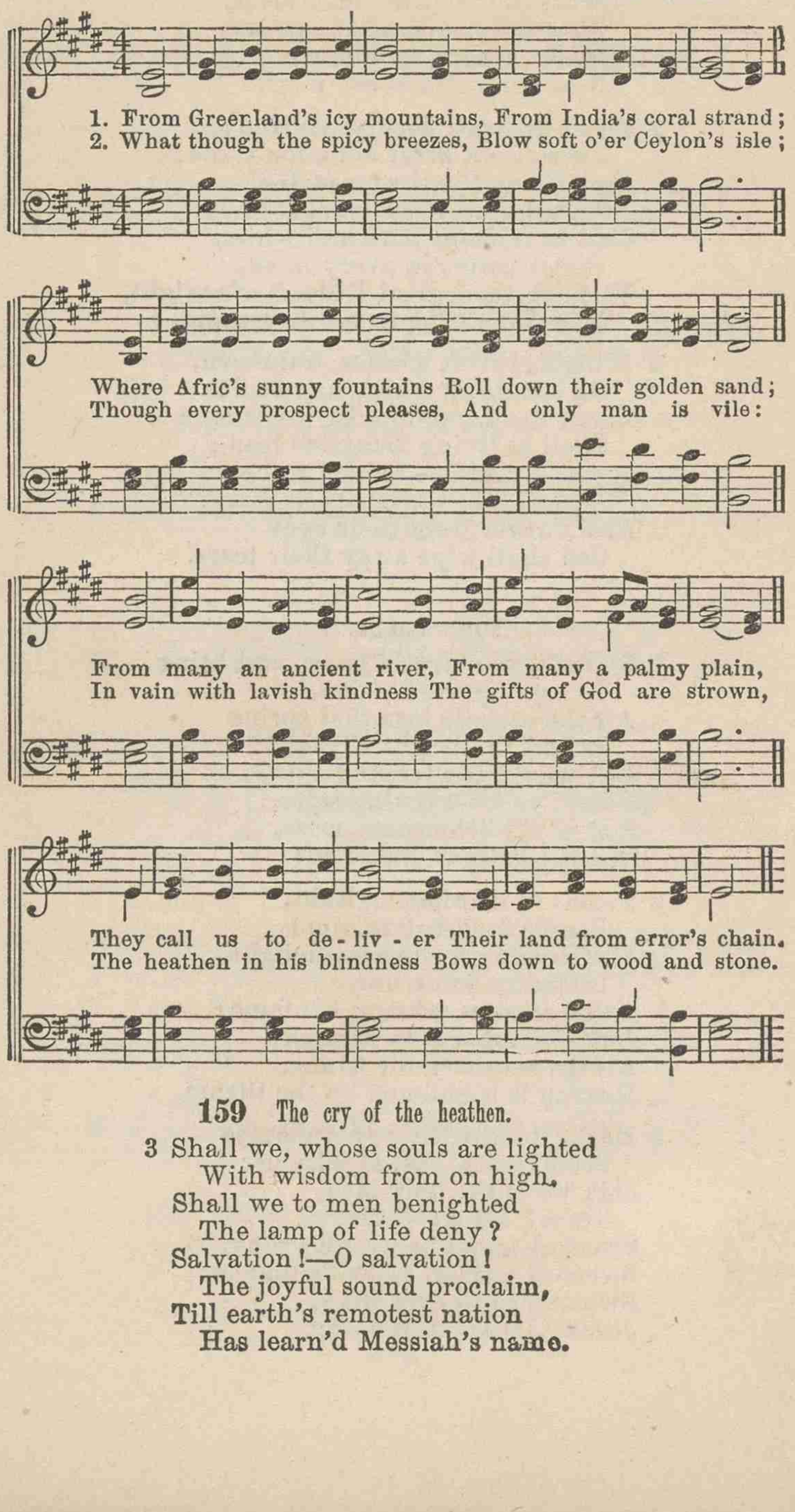
1 BURST, ye emerald gates, and bring
To my raptured vision,
All the ecstatic joys that spring
Round the bright Elysian.
Lo! we lift our longing eyes,
Break, ye intervening skies,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Ope the gates of Paradise!

2 Floods of everlasting light,
Freely flash before him!
Myriads, with supreme delight,
Instantly adore him;
Angel trumps resound his fame;
Lutes of lucid gold proclaim
All the music of his name;
Heaven is hightened by the theme.

3 Hark, the thrilling symphonies
Seem, methinks, to seize us;
Join we to the holy lays,
Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!
Sweetest sound in seraph's song,
Sweetest note on mortal's tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus! Jesus! flow along.

MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s, 6s.

DR. L. MASON.



159 The cry of the heathen.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation!—O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learn'd Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransom'd nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

160 The universal anthem.

1 WHEN shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along?
When hill and valley, ringing
With one triumphant song,
Proclaim the contest ended,
And him, who once was slain,
Again to earth descended,
In righteousness to reign?

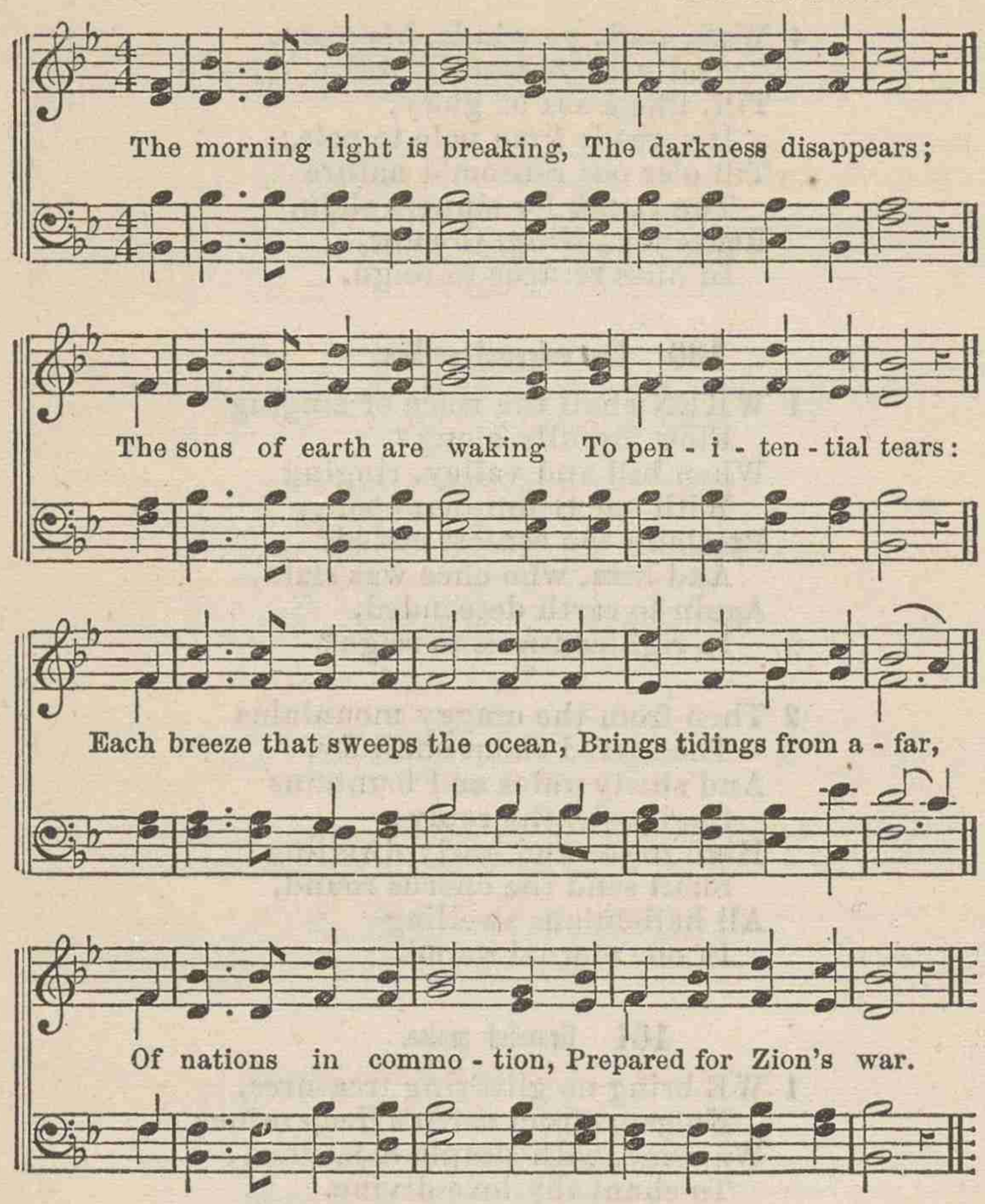
2 Then from the craggy mountains
The sacred shout shall fly,
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply:
High tower and lowly dwelling
Shall send the chorus round,
All halleluiahs swelling
In one eternal sound.

161 Grateful praise.

1 WE bring no glitt'ring treasures,
No gems from earth's deep mine;
We come, with simple measures,
To chant thy love divine.
Children, thy favors sharing,
Their voice of thanks would raise;
Father, accept our off'ring,
Our song of grateful praise.

2 Redeemer! grant thy blessing!
O! teach us how to pray,
That each, thy fear possessing,
May tread life's onward way;
Then where the pure are dwelling
We hope to meet again,
And sweeter numbers swelling,
Forever praise thy Name.

GEO. JAMES WEBB.



162 The world's hope.

1 THE morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears:
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above:

While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,—
A nation in a day.

3 Blessed river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim—the Lord is come.

163 The glory of His kingdom.

1 HAIL to the Lord's anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,—
To set the captive free;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

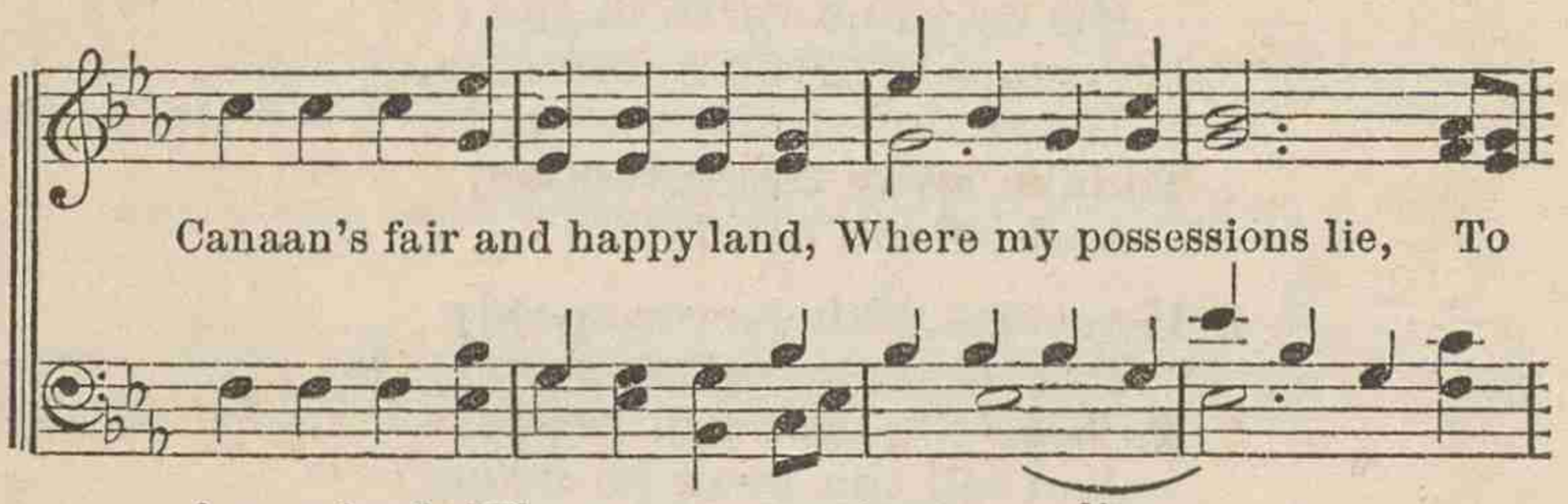
2 He comes with succor speedy
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,—
Their darkness turn to light,—
Whose souls, condemn'd and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

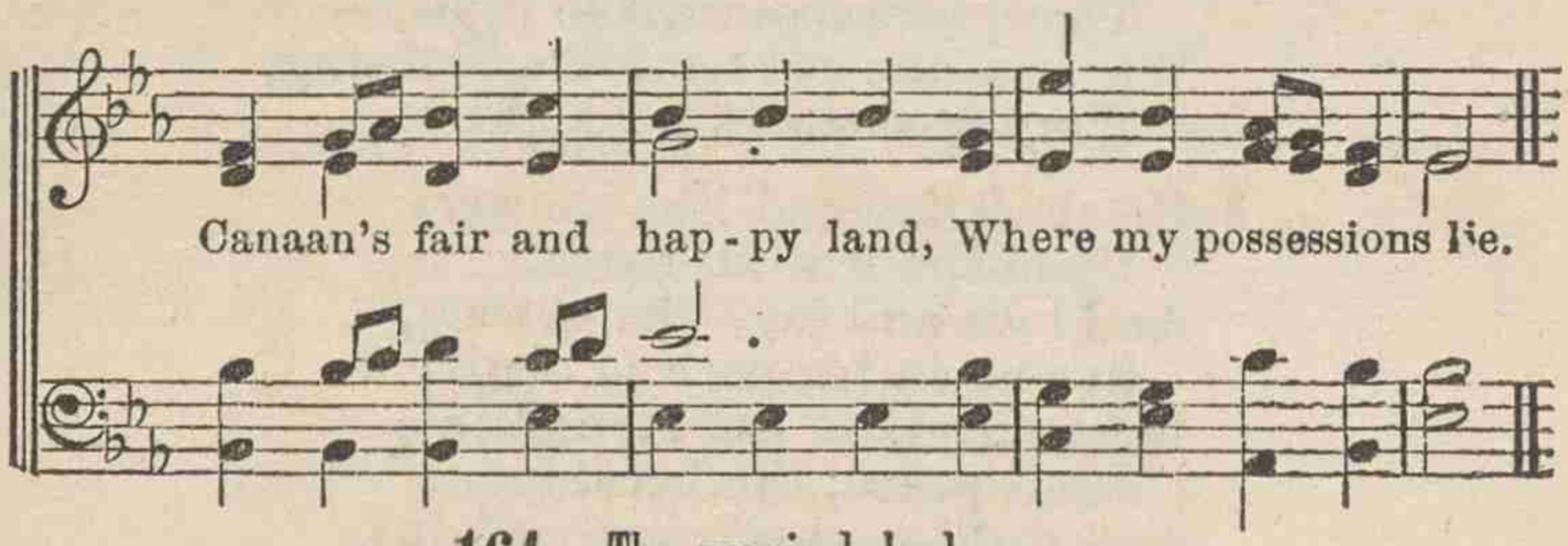
3 He shall descend like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love and joy, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth;
Before him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go,
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

4 To him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,—
A kingdom without end;
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand forever;
That name to us is Love.









164 The promised land.

2 O the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.

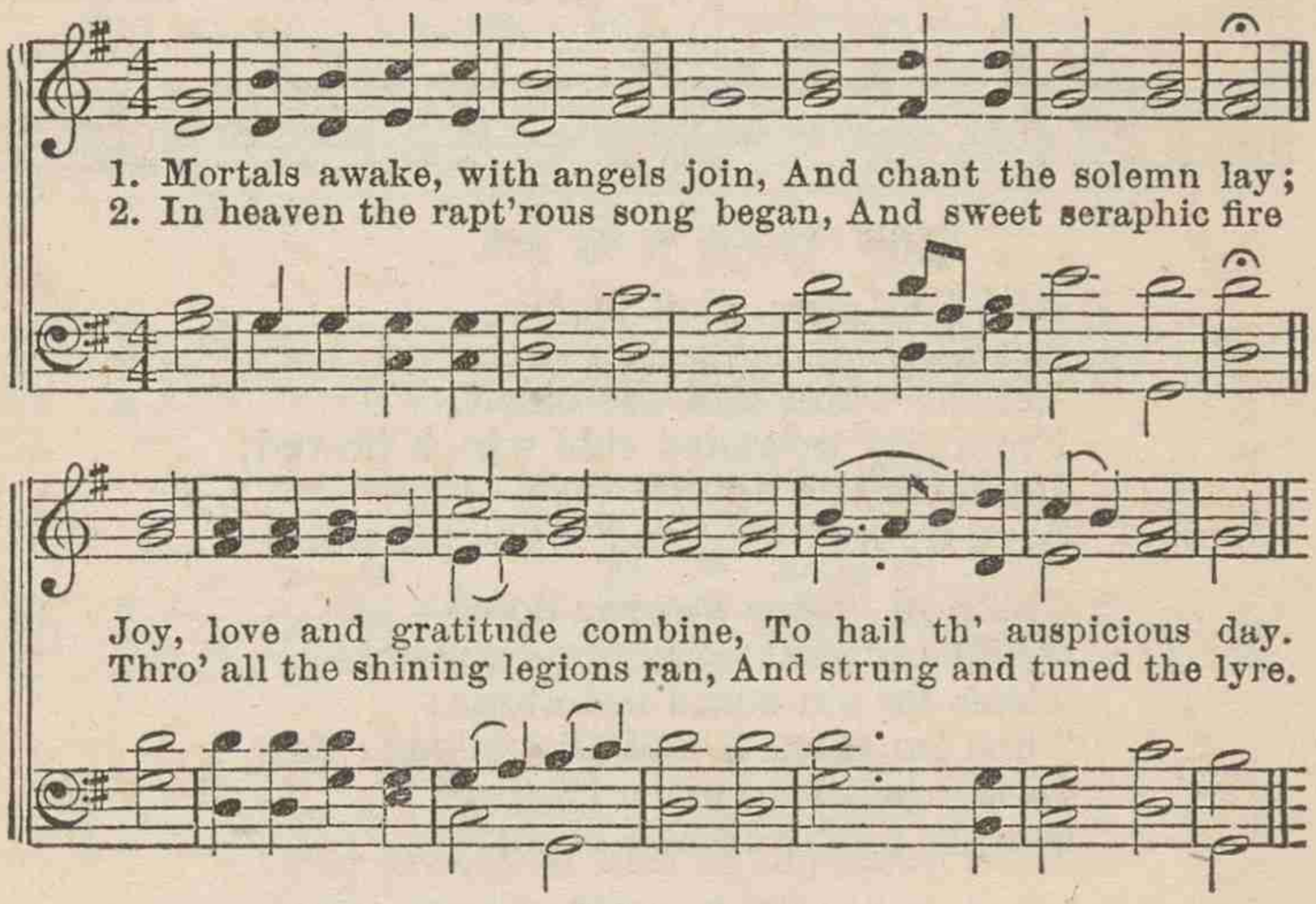
3 O'er all those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

4 No chilling winds, or pois'nous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

5 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

6 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

PETERBORO'. C. M.



165 Glory to God in the highest.

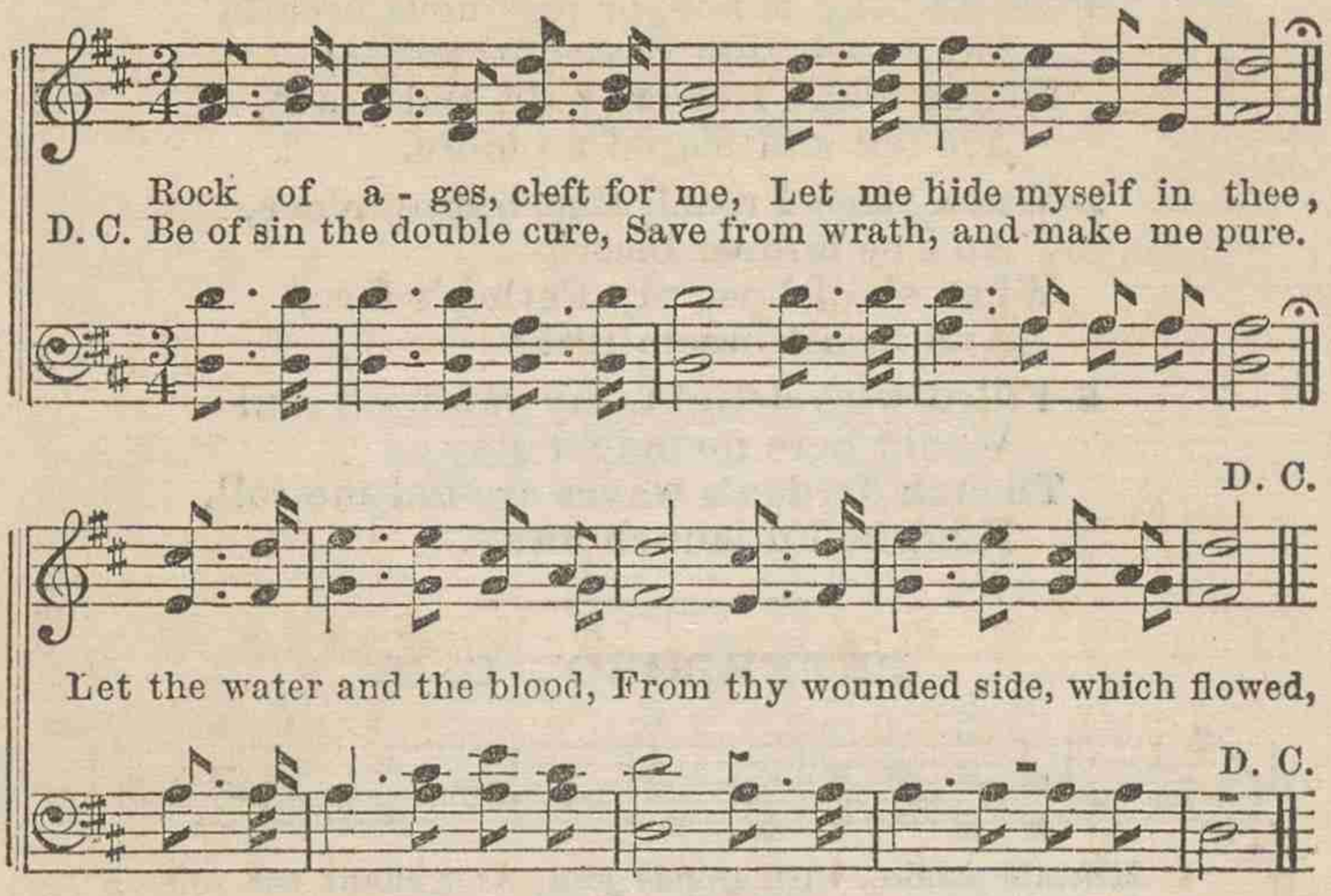
3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo rolled;
The theme, the song, the joy, was new,—
'T was more than heaven could hold.

4 Down through the portals of the sky
Th' impetuous torrent ran;
And angels flew, with eager joy,
To bear the news to man.

4 Hail, Prince of life, forever hail!
Redeemer, Brother, Friend!
Though earth, and time, and life shall fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

TOPLADY. 7s.

DR. T. HASTINGS.



166 Clinging to the cross.

1 ROCK of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,—
Save from wrath, and make me pure.

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

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,—
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

167 Entire consecration.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in Three, and Three in One,
As by the celestial host,
Let thy will on earth be done;
Praise by all to thee be given,
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven.

BY PERMISSION. WM. M. ROBERTS.



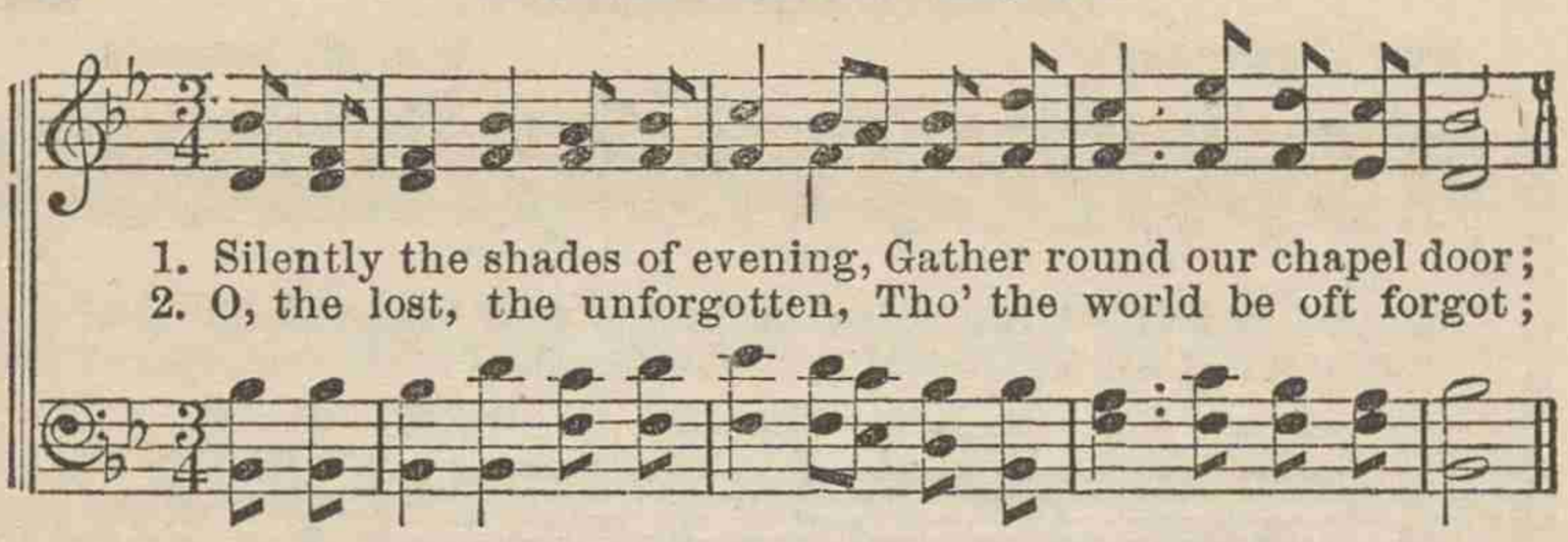
168 Mercy for the chief of sinners.

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

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

4 Kindled his relentings are;
Me he now delights to spare;
Cries, How shall I give thee up?—
Lets the lifted thunder drop.

5 There for me the Saviour stands;
Shows his wounds, and spreads his hands;
God is love! I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.





169 The lost, but unforgotten.

3 Living in the silent hours,
Where our spirits only blend,
They, unlinked with earthly trouble,
We still hoping for its end.

4 How such holy memories cluster,
Like the stars when storms are past;
Pointing up to that far heaven
We may hope to gain at last.

PILGRIM.



170 Strangers, as our fathers were.

2 There the sunbeams are ever shining,
I am longing for the sight;
Within a country unknown and dreary,
I have been wandering, forlorn and weary.

3 Of the country to which I'm going,
My Redeemer is the light;
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
Nor any sinning, nor any dying,

THERE'LL BE NO SORROW THERE.



171 The goodly land.

2 Fair land!—could mortal eyes
But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more

3 No cloud those regions know—
Realms ever bright and fair;
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

4 O may the prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith, and strong desire,
Bear every thought above.

5 Prepared, by grace divine,
For thy bright courts on high,
Lord, bid our spirits rise and join
The chorus of the sky.



My heavenly home is bright and fair, Nor pain, nor death, can enter [there;
Its glitt'ring towers the sun outshine, That heavenly mansion shall [be mine.



CHORUS.



I'm going home, I'm going home, I'm going home to die no more;
To die no more, to die no more, I'm going home to die no more.



172 I'm going home.

2 My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

3 While here a stranger, far from home,
Affliction's waves may round me foam;
And though, like Lazarus, sick and poor,
My heavenly mansion is secure.

4 Then fail this earth, let stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine,
All nature sink and cease to be,
That heavenly mansion stands for me.

173 Heavenly bliss in prospect.

1 ARISE, my soul, on wings sublime,
Above the vanities of time;
Let faith now pierce the vail, and see
The glories of eternity.

2 Shall aught beguile me on the road,—
The narrow road that leads to God?
Or can I love this earth so well,
As not to long with God to dwell?

3 To dwell with God,—to taste his love,
Is the full heaven enjoyed above;
The glorious expectation now
Is heavenly bliss begun below.

BY PERMISSION OF J. W. DADMUN.



Out on an ocean all boundless we ride, We 're homeward bound,
[homeward bound;
Tossed on the waves of a rough, restless tide, We 're homeward, etc.
D. C. Promise of which on us each he bestowed, We 're homeward, etc.





Far from the safe, quiet harbor we 've rode, Seeking our Father's
[celestial abode,

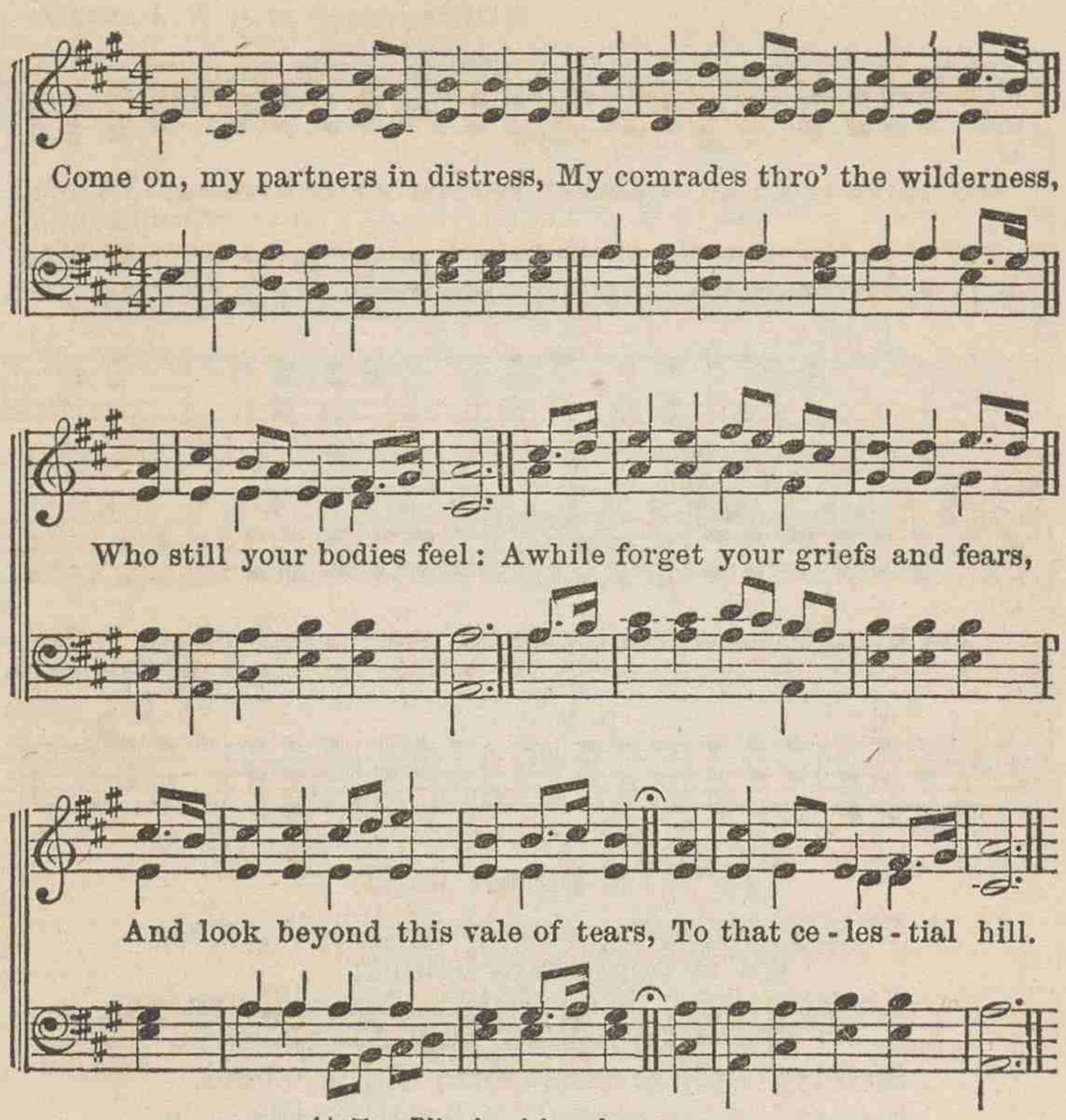


174 We 're homeward bound.

2 Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars,
We 're homeward bound;
Look! yonder lie the bright, heavenly shores,
We 're homeward bound;
Steady, O pilot! stand firm at the wheel,
Steady! we soon shall outweather the gale,
O how we fly 'neath the loud creaking sail,
We 're homeward bound.

3 Down the horizon the earth disappears,
We 're homeward bound;
Joyful, O comrades! no sighing or tears,
We 're homeward bound;
Listen! what music comes soft o'er the sea
"Welcome, thrice welcome and blessed are ye."
Can it the greeting of paradise be?
We 're homeward bound.

4 Into the harbor of heaven now we glide,
We 're home at last:
Softly we drift on its bright silver tide,
We 're home at last;
Glory to God; all our dangers are o'er;
Safely we stand on the radiant shore,
Glory to God! we will shout evermore,
We 're home at last.

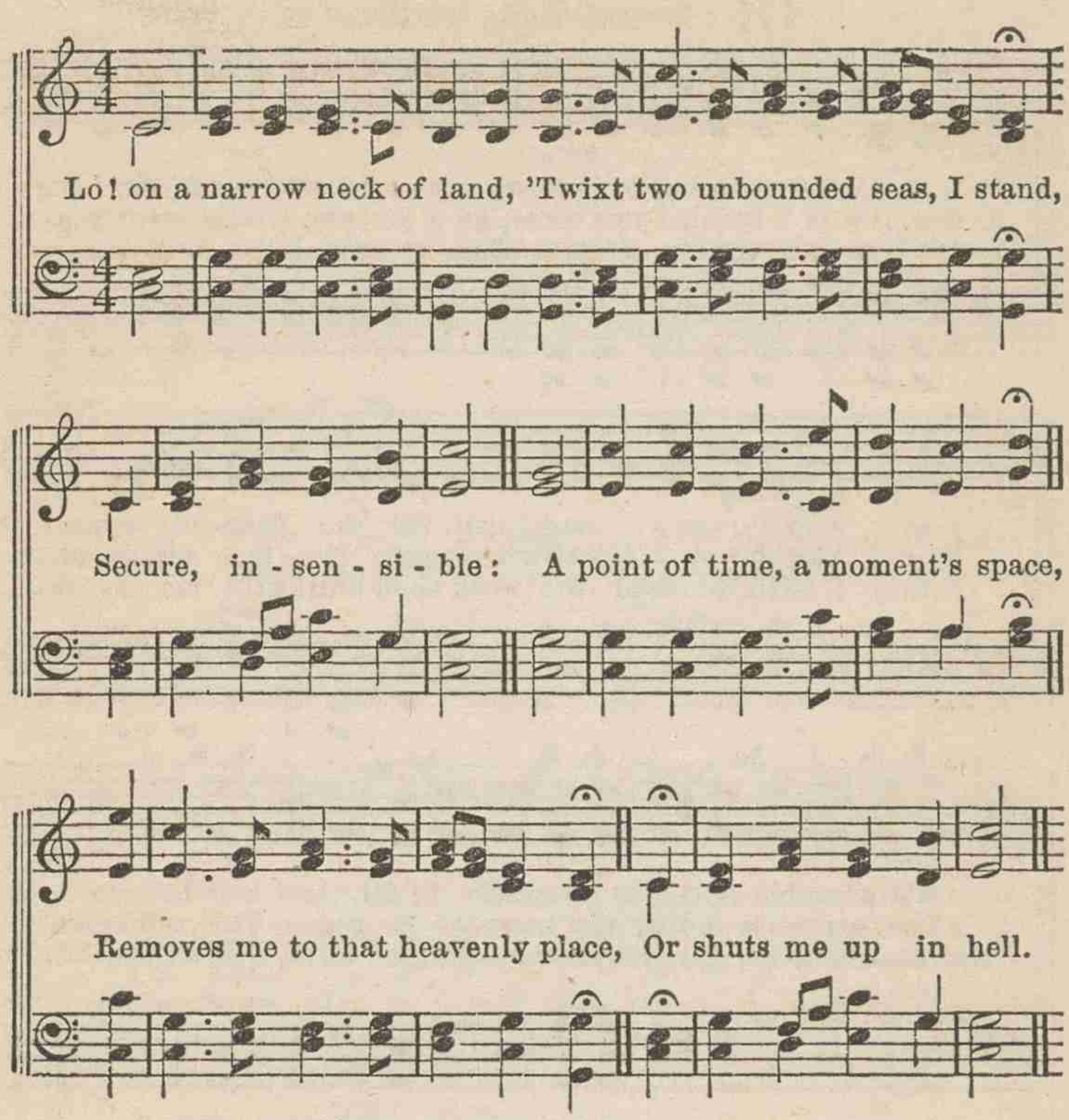


175 Bliss-inspiring hope.

2 Beyond the bounds of time and space,
Look forward to that heavenly place,
The saint's secure abode;
On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.

3 Who suffer with our Master here,
We shall before his face appear,
And by his side sit down;
To patient faith the prize is sure;
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.

4 Thrice blessed, bliss-inspiring hope!
It lifts the fainting spirits up;
It brings to life the dead;
Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
And you and I ascend at last,
Triumphant with our Head.



176 The brink of fate.

2 O God, mine inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress:
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.

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

4 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale, to live
And reign with thee above,
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope, in full, supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

177 Renewed fidelity and zeal.



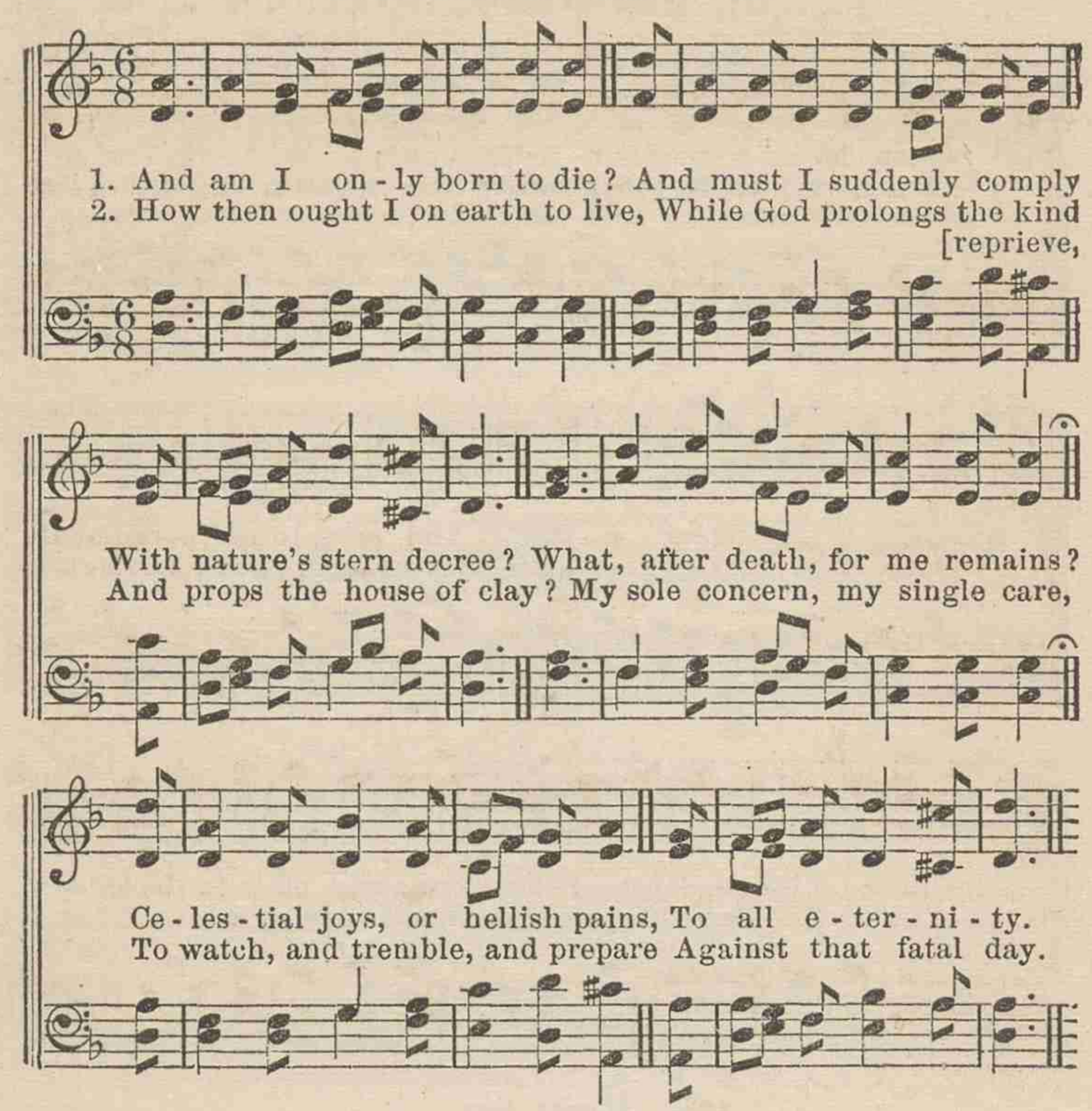


178 Eternity near.

2 At Jesus's call, we gave up our all;
And still we forego,
For Jesus's sake, our enjoyments below.
No longing we find for the country behind;
But onward we move,
And still we are seeking a country above;—

3 A country of joy without any alloy;
We thither repair;
Our hearts and our treasures already are there.
We march hand in hand to Immanuel's land;
No matter what cheer
We meet with on earth, for eternity's here!

4 The rougher the way, the shorter our stay;
The tempests that rise
Shall gloriously hurry our souls to the skies:
The fiercer the blast, the sooner 't is past;
The troubles that come
Shall come to our rescue, and hasten us home.



179 The momentous question.

3 No room for mirth or trifling here,
For worldly hope, or worldly fear,
If life so soon is gone;
If now the Judge is at the door,
And all mankind must stand before
Th' inexorable throne!

4 Nothing is worth a thought beneath,
But how I may escape the death
That never, never dies!
How make mine own election sure;
And when I fail on earth, secure
A mansion in the skies.

5 Jesus, vouchsafe a pitying ray;
Be thou my Guide, be thou my Way
To glorious happiness.
Ah! write the pardon on my heart;
And whensoe'er I hence depart,
Let me depart in peace.







180 No parting There.

3 Here we meet to part again,
But there we shall with Jesus reign,
There 'll be no parting there,
In that bright world above.
Shout! shout the victory, etc.

4 Here we meet to part again,
But when we join the heavenly train,
There 'll be no parting there,
In that bright world above.
Short! shout the victory, etc.

GREENVILLE. 8s, 7s.

J. ROUSSEAU.



Far from mortal cares retreating, Sordid hopes and vain desires,
Here our willing footsteps meeting, Ev'ry heart to heav'n aspires.

D. C. Mercy from above proclaiming, Peace and pardon from the skies.



D. C.



From the fount of glory beaming, Light celestial cheers our eyes



181 The fount of blessing.

2 Who may share this great salvation?
Every pure and humble mind,
Every kindred, tongue, and nation,
From the stains of guilt refined.
Blessings all around bestowing,
God withholds his care from none,
Grace and mercy ever flowing
From the fountain of his throne.

182 Sitting by the cross.

1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing
From the sinner's dying Friend.
Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe;
Still in faith and hope abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

2 O how blessed is the station!
Low before the cross I'll lie,
While I see Divine compassion
Pleading in the Victim's eye.
Here I'll sit, forever viewing,
Mercy streaming in his blood;
Precious drops, my soul bedewing
Plead and claim my peace with God.



Saviour, who thy flock art feeding, With the shepherd's kindest care,
Al the feeble gently leading, While the lambs thy bosom share;
D. C. There we know, thy word believing, Only there, secure from harm.





D. C.

Now these little ones receiving, Fold them in thy gracious arm;



183 Children uniting with the church.

2 Never, from thy pasture roving,
Let them be the Lion's prey:
Let thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them all life's dangerous way.
Then, within thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting-place;
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of thy grace.

184 The righteous dead.

1 THINK, O ye who fondly languish
O'er the grave of those you love,
While your bosoms throb with anguish,
They are singing hymns above.
While your silent steps are straying
Lonely through night's deepening shade,
Glory's brightest beams are playing
Round the happy Christian's head.

2 Light and peace at once deriving
From the hand of God most high;
In his glorious presence living,
They shall never, never die.
Cease, then, mourner, cease to languish
O'er the grave of those you love;
Pain, and death, and night, and anguish,
Enter not the world above.

CORONATION. C. M.

OLIVER HOLDEN.



185 Crown Him Lord of all.

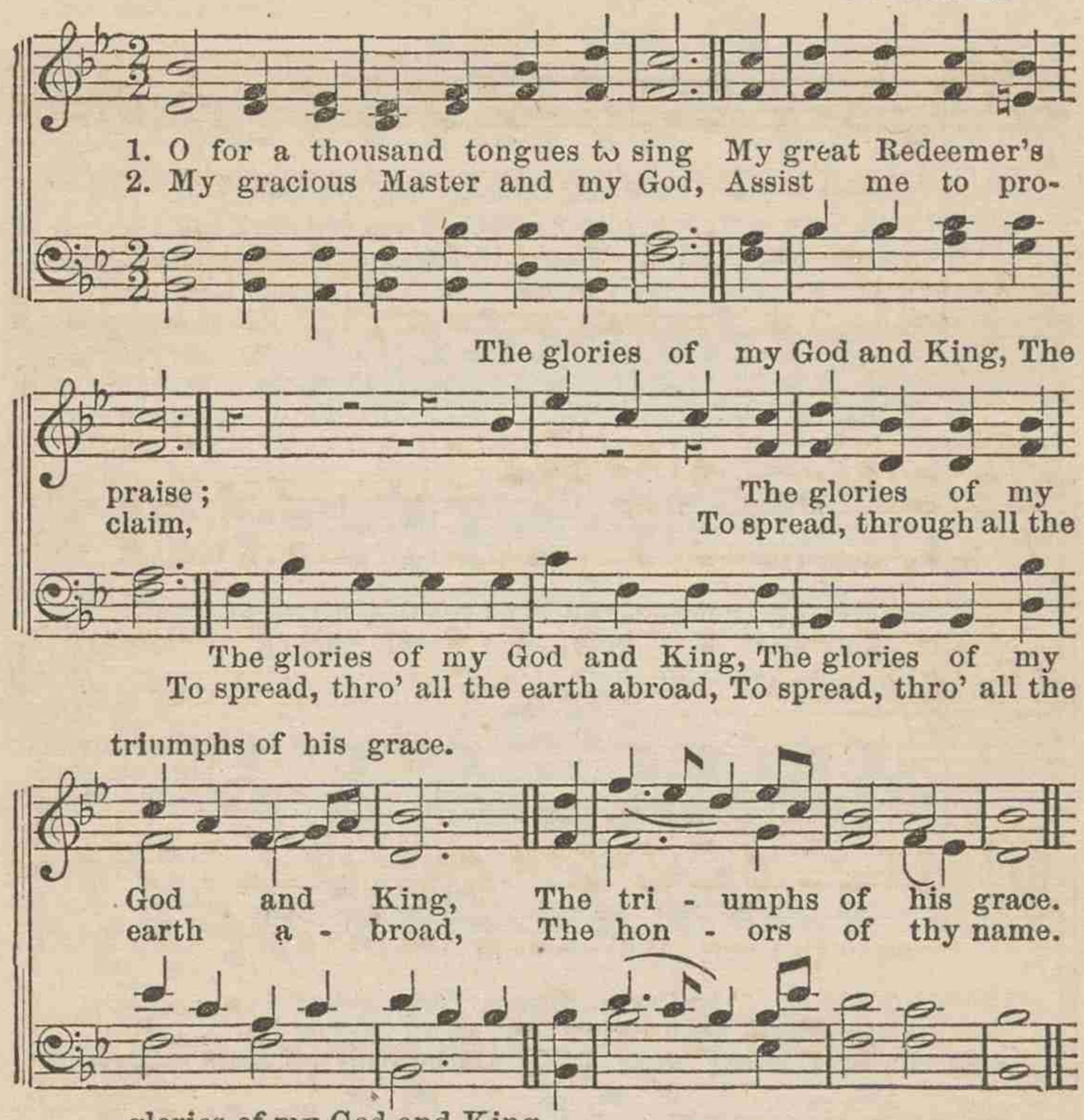
2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransom'd from the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace
And crown him Lord of all.

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

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

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

J. INGALLS.



186 General invitation to praise the Redeemer.

3 Jesus!—the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'T is music in the sinner's ears,
'T is life, and health, and peace,

4 He breaks the power of cancel'd sin,
He sets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

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

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

187 Eternal fellowship.

1. How pleasant thus to dwell below, In fellowship of love;
   And though we part, 't is bliss to know The good shall meet above.
2. Yes, happy thought, when we are free From earthly grief and pain,
   In heaven we shall each other see, And never part again.

The good shall meet above, The good shall meet above, And
And never part a - gain, And never part a - gain, In
D. C. To meet to part no more, On Canaan's happy shore, And

FINE.

though we part, 't is bliss to know, The good shall meet above.
heaven we shall each other see, And never part again.
sing the everlasting song With those who 've gone before.

O that will be joy - ful, joy - ful, joy - ful,

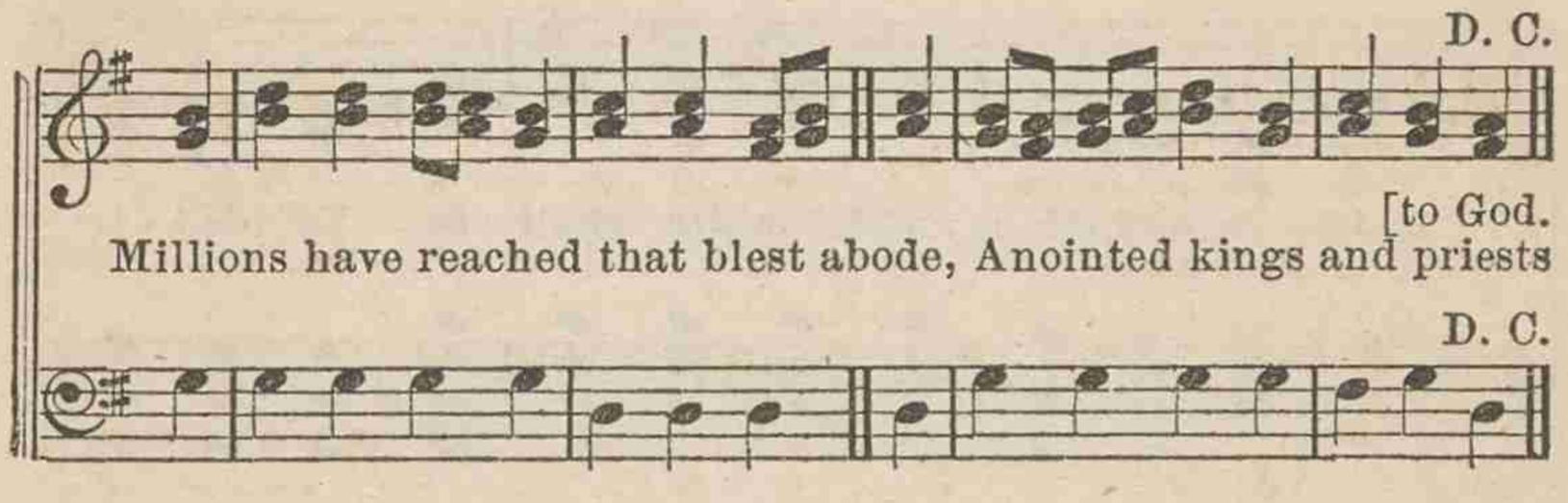
D. C. 𝄋

O, that will be joyful, To meet to part no more!

D. C. 𝄋







188 We're traveling home to heaven.

1 WE 'RE traveling home to heaven above,—Will you go?
To sing the Saviour's dying love,—Will you go?
Millions have reached that blest abode,
Anointed kings and priests to God,
And millions now are on the road,—Will you go?

2 We 're going to see the bleeding Lamb,—Will you go?
In rapturous strains to praise his name,—Will you go?
The crown of life we there shall wear,
The conqueror's palms our hands shall bear,
And all the joys of heaven we 'll share,—Will you go?

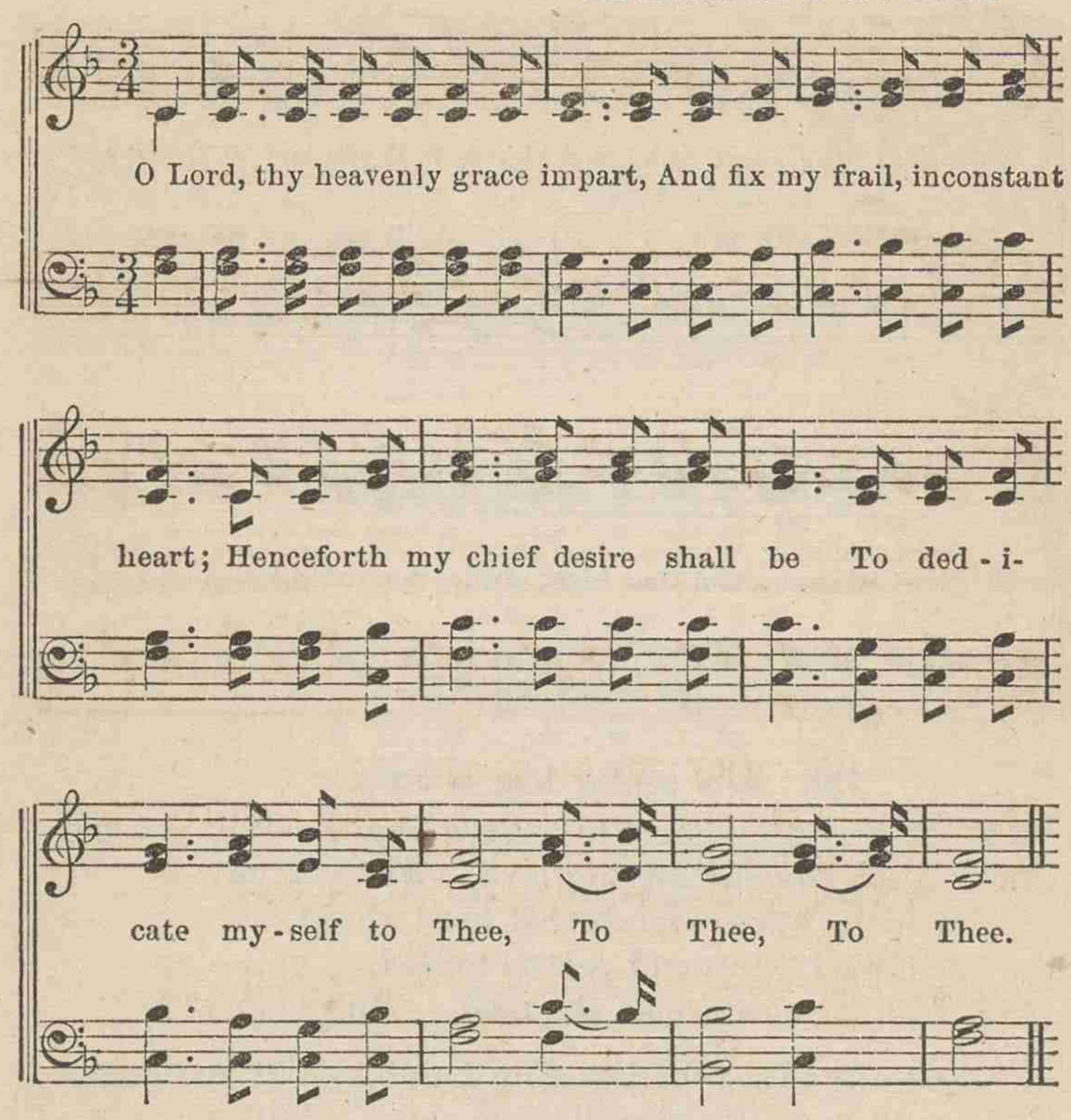
3 Ye weary, heavy laden, come,—Will you go?
In the blest house there still is room,—Will you go?
The Lord is waiting to receive,
If thou wilt on him now believe,
He 'll give thy troubled conscience ease,—Come believe.

4 The way to heaven is straight and plain,—Will you go?
Repent, believe, be born again,—Will you go?
The Saviour cries aloud to thee,
"Take up thy cross and follow me,
And thou shalt my salvation see,—Come to me!"

* From S. S. Bell, by permission of Horace Waters, Esq., N. Y. Publisher.

INVOCATION.

ARRANGED BY T. C. O'KANE.



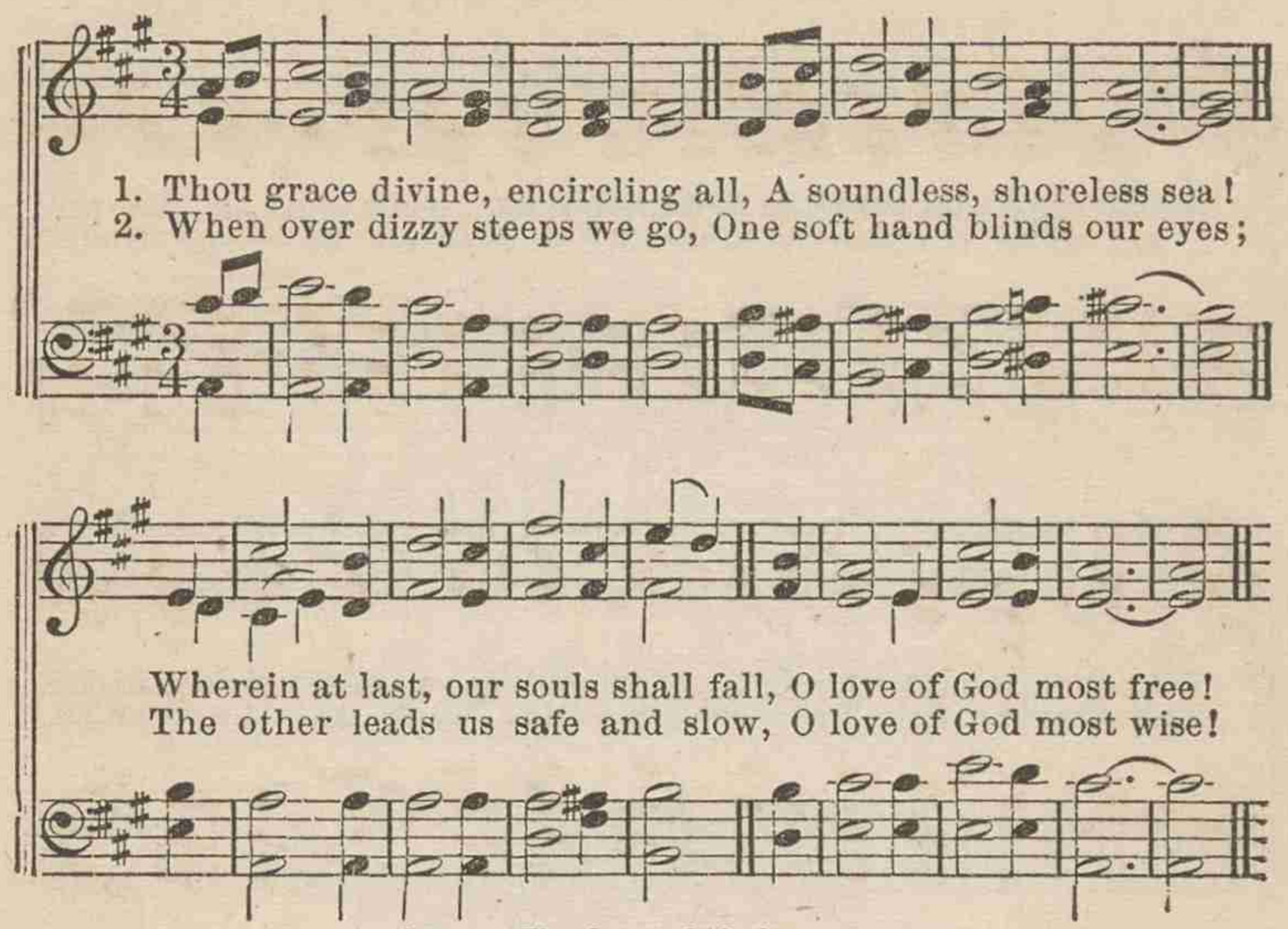
189 Self-dedication to the Lord.

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

2 Whate'er pursuits my time employ,
One thought shall fill my soul with joy:
That silent, secret thought shall be,
That all my thoughts are fixed on thee.

3 Thy glorious eye pervadeth space;
Thy presence, Lord, fills every place;
And wheresoe'er my lot may be,
Still shall my spirit rest with thee.

4 Renouncing every worldly thing,
And safe beneath thy spreading wing,
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be,
That all I want I find in thee.



190 The love of God.

3 And though we turn us from thy face,
And wander wide and long,
Thou hold'st us still in thine embrace,
O love of God most strong!

4 The saddened heart, the restless soul,
The toil-worn frame and mind,
Alike confess thy sweet control,
O love of God most kind!

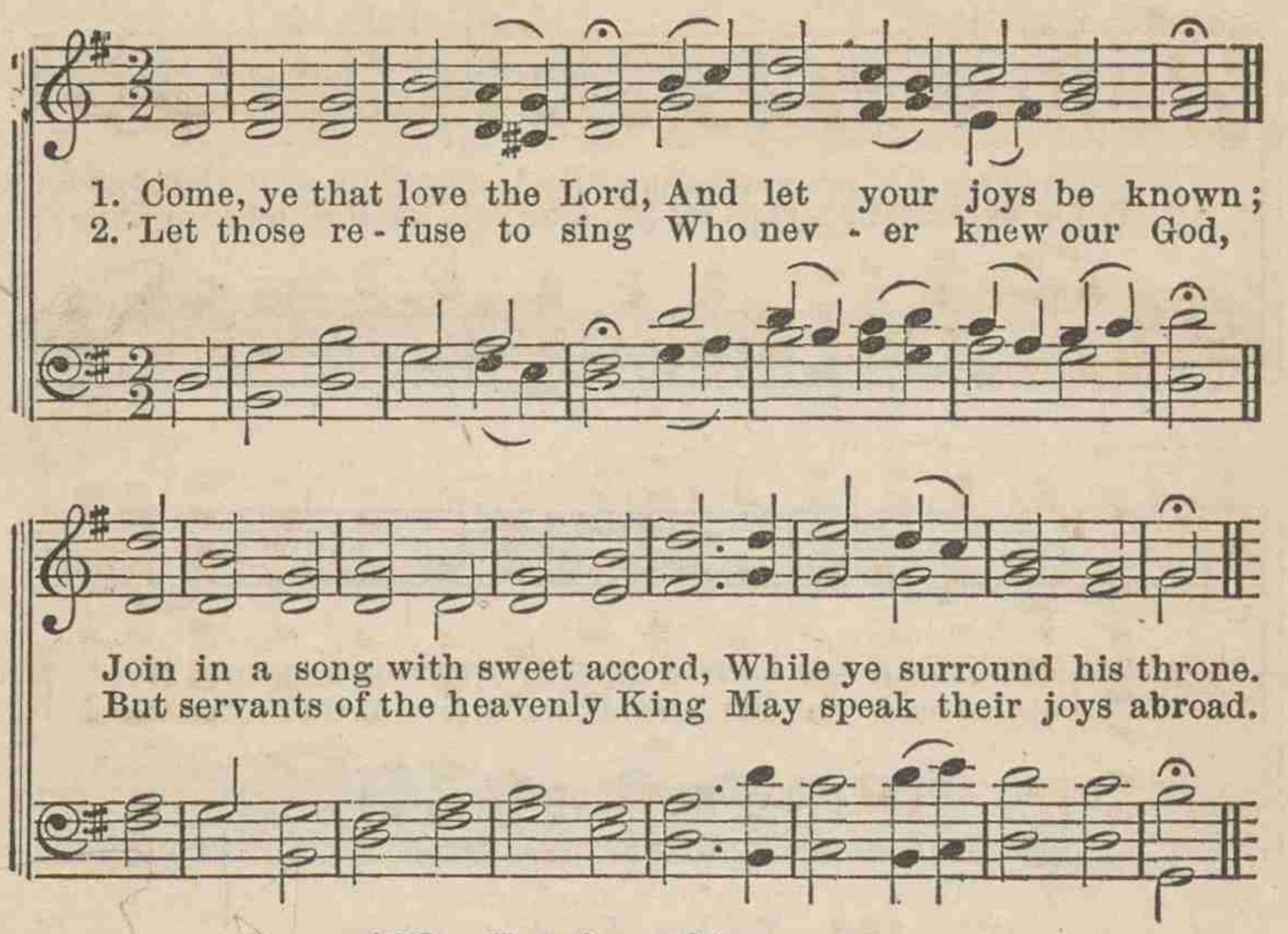
5 But not alone thy care we claim,
Our wayward steps to win;
We know thee by a dearer name,
O love of God within!

191 Walk in the light.

1 WALK in the light! so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love,
His Spirit only can bestow
Who reigns in light above.

2 Walk in the light! and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away,
Because that Light hath on thee shone
In which is perfect day.

3 Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.



192 Glory begun below.

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

4 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below:
Celestial fruit on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow:

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

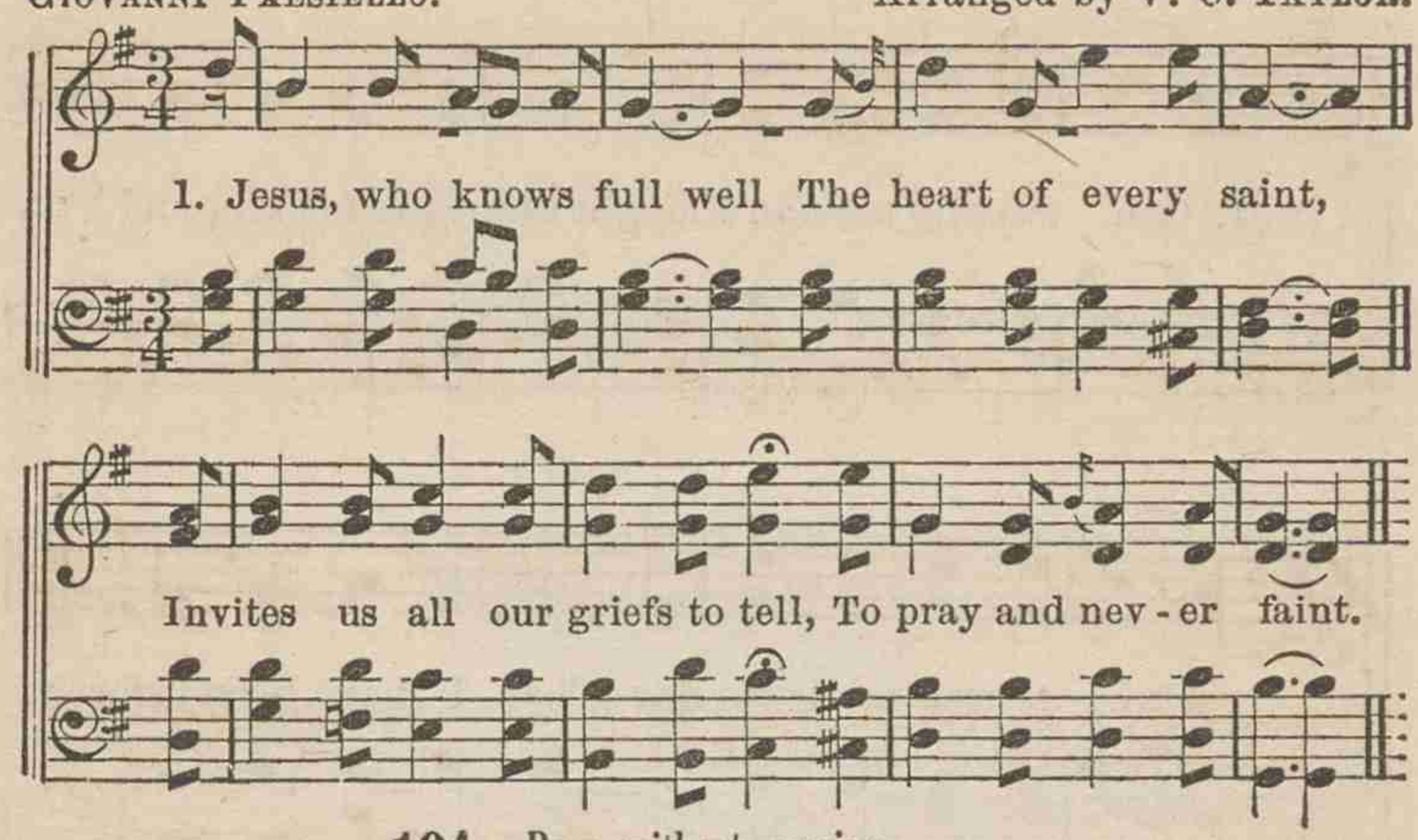
193 One in Christ Jesus.

1 LET party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their Head.

2 Among the saints on earth
Let mutual love be found;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crowned.

3 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above:
Where streams of bliss forever flow,
And every heart is love.

GIOVANNI PAESIELLO. Arranged by V. C. TAYLOR.



194 Pray without ceasing.

2 He bows his gracious ear—
We never plead in vain;
Then let us wait till he appear,
And pray, and pray again.

3 Jesus, the Lord, will hear
His chosen when they cry;
Yes, though he may a while forbear,
He 'll help them from on high.

4 Then let us earnest cry,
And never faint in prayer;
He sees, he hears, and from on high
Will make our cause his care.

195 Mutual Exhortation.

1 COME, brethren, let us go!
The evening closeth round;
'Tis perilous to linger here
On this wild desert ground.

2 Come, children, let us go!
Our Father is our guide;
And when the way grows steep and dark,
He journeys at our side.

3 The strong be quick to raise
The weaker when they fall;
Let love and peace and patience bloom
In ready help for all.

4 It will not last for long,
A little farther roam;
It will not last much longer now,
Ere we shall reach our home.

142 ONE SWEETLY SOLEMN THOUGHT.



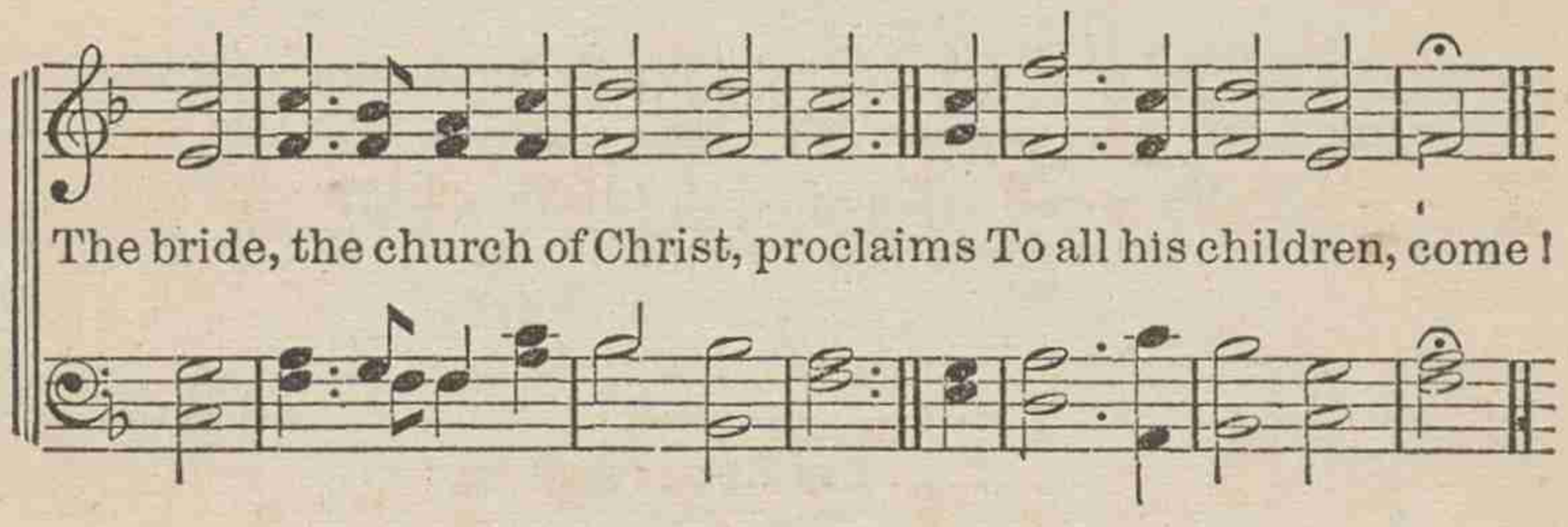
196 The Unknown Stream.

2 Nearer the bound of life,
Where burdens are laid down;
Nearer to leave the cross,
Nearer to gain the crown.
But lying dark between,
And winding through the night,
The dim and unknown stream,
Crossed ere we reach the light.

3 Jesus! confirm my trust;
Strengthen the hand of faith,
To feel thee, when I stand
Upon the shore of death;
To feel thee when my feet
Are slipping o'er the brink;
For I am nearer home,
Perhaps, than now I think.

[redacted]





197 The Invitation.

2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him, "Come!"
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the fountain, come!

3 Yes, whosoever will,
O! let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life;
'T is Jesus bids him come!

4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come!"
Lord, even so! I wait thy hour:
Jesus, my Savior, come!

WORDS BY LIZZIE ARNOLD. MUSIC BY C. DUNBAR.
BY PERMISSION.



Je - sus, my soul would fly, A - way from earth-born cares,
CHORUS. For O, in heaven above, My star - ry home so fair,





To dwell with thee in bliss on high, Far from this vale of tears.
The land of peace, and joy, and love, There is no sorrow there.



198 Longings for heaven.

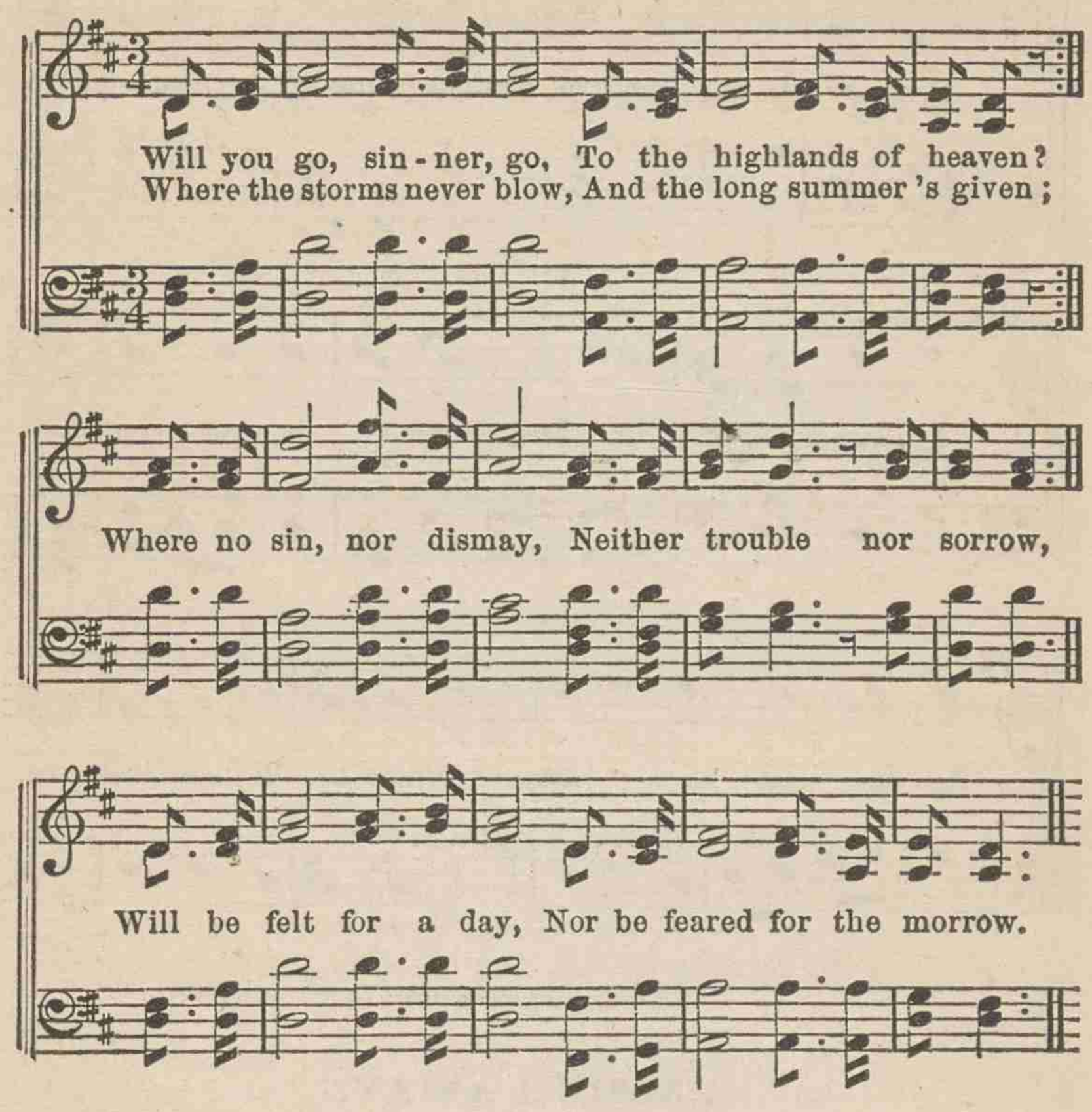
1 JESUS, my soul would fly,
Away from earth-born cares
To dwell with thee in bliss on high
Far from this vale of tears.
For O, in heaven above,
My starry home so fair,
The land of peace, and joy, and love,
There is no sorrow there.

2 Thou world of joy and light,
Thy gates of pearl unfold!
And open to my longing sight
The streets of shining gold.
For O, in heaven above, etc.

3 By faith I see the land
Where all is sweet and fair,
And I, at last, victorious stand,
Welcomed by Jesus there.
For O, in heaven above, etc.

4 The golden crown I've won;
The palm of victory bear!
O Lamb of God! the work is done,
And I thy kingdom share.
For O, in heaven above, etc.

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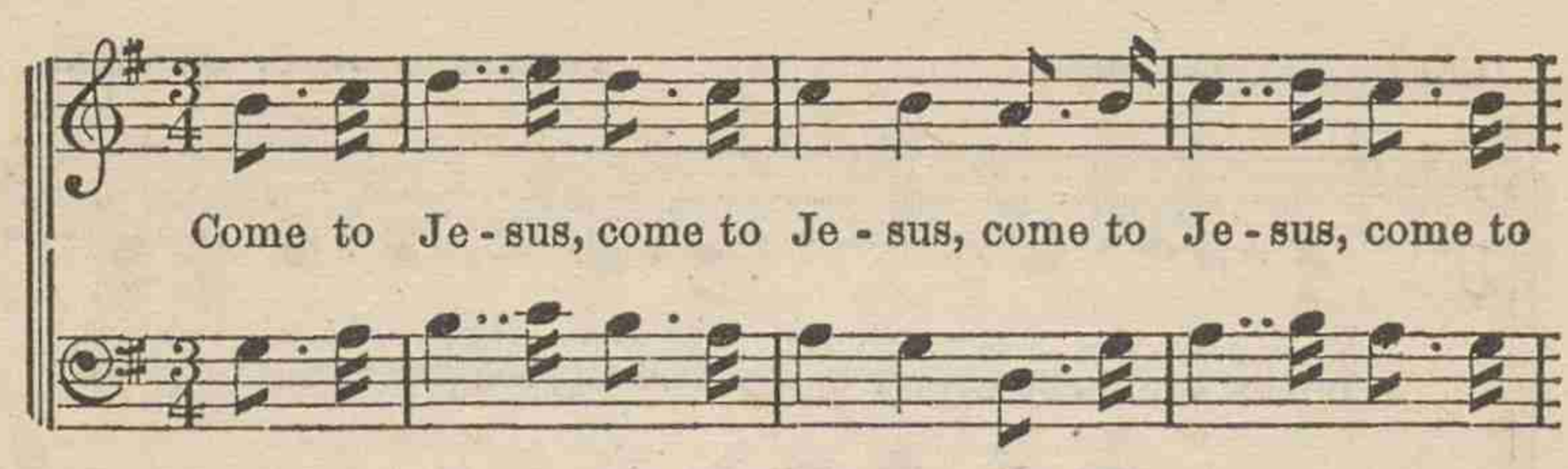


199 The sinner's invitation.

2 There the rivers of joy
O'er the bright plains are flowing;
And our bliss ne'er shall cloy!
To that land we are going.
Will you go, sinner, go,
And the world leave behind you?
Since its pleasures you know
Have but dazzled to blind you.

3 Will you go to that land
Where your friends wait to greet you?
There a beautiful band
Join with us to entreat you;
They are waiting above,
Waiting happy to hail you,
In those regions of love
Where no ills can assail you.

COME TO JESUS.

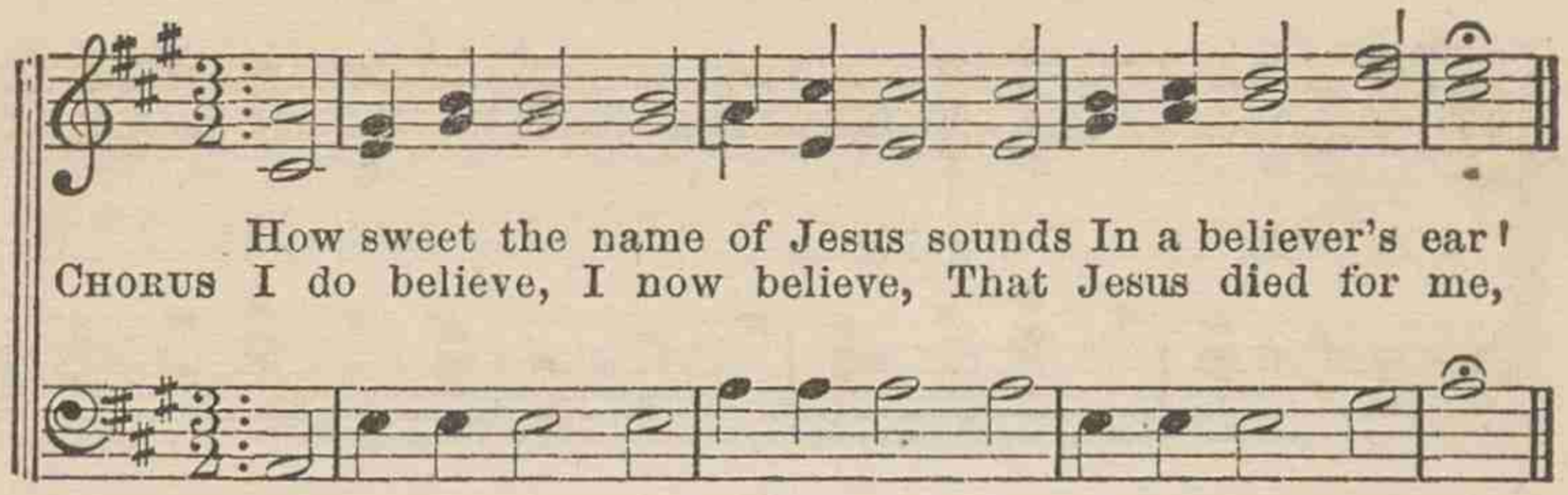


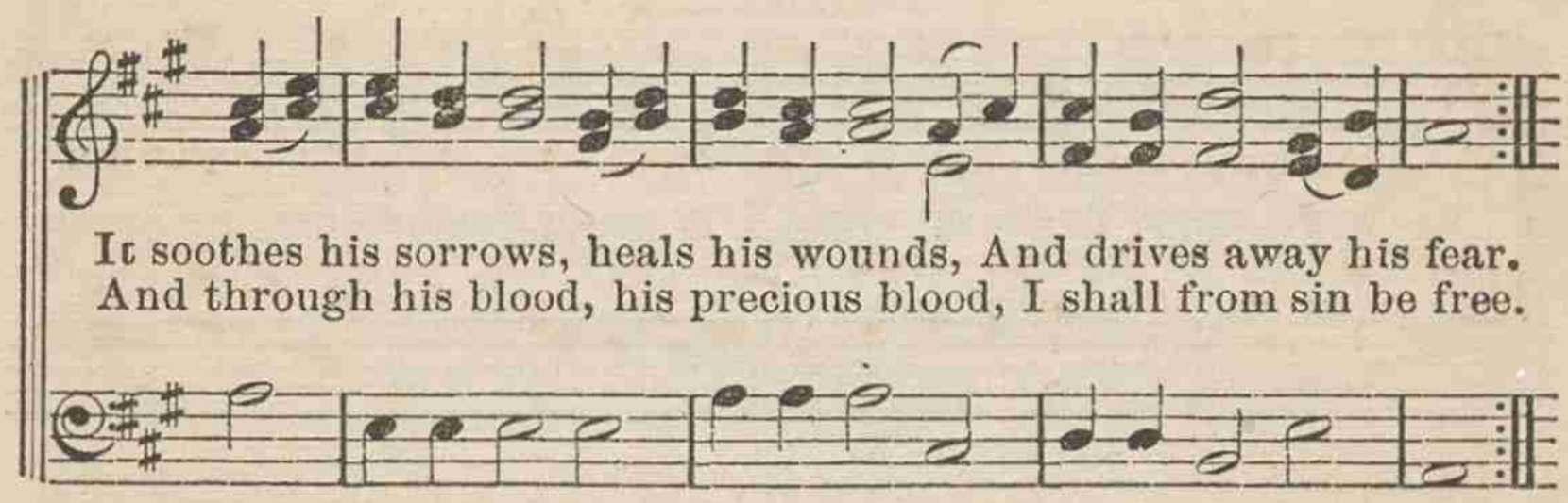


PASSING AWAY.



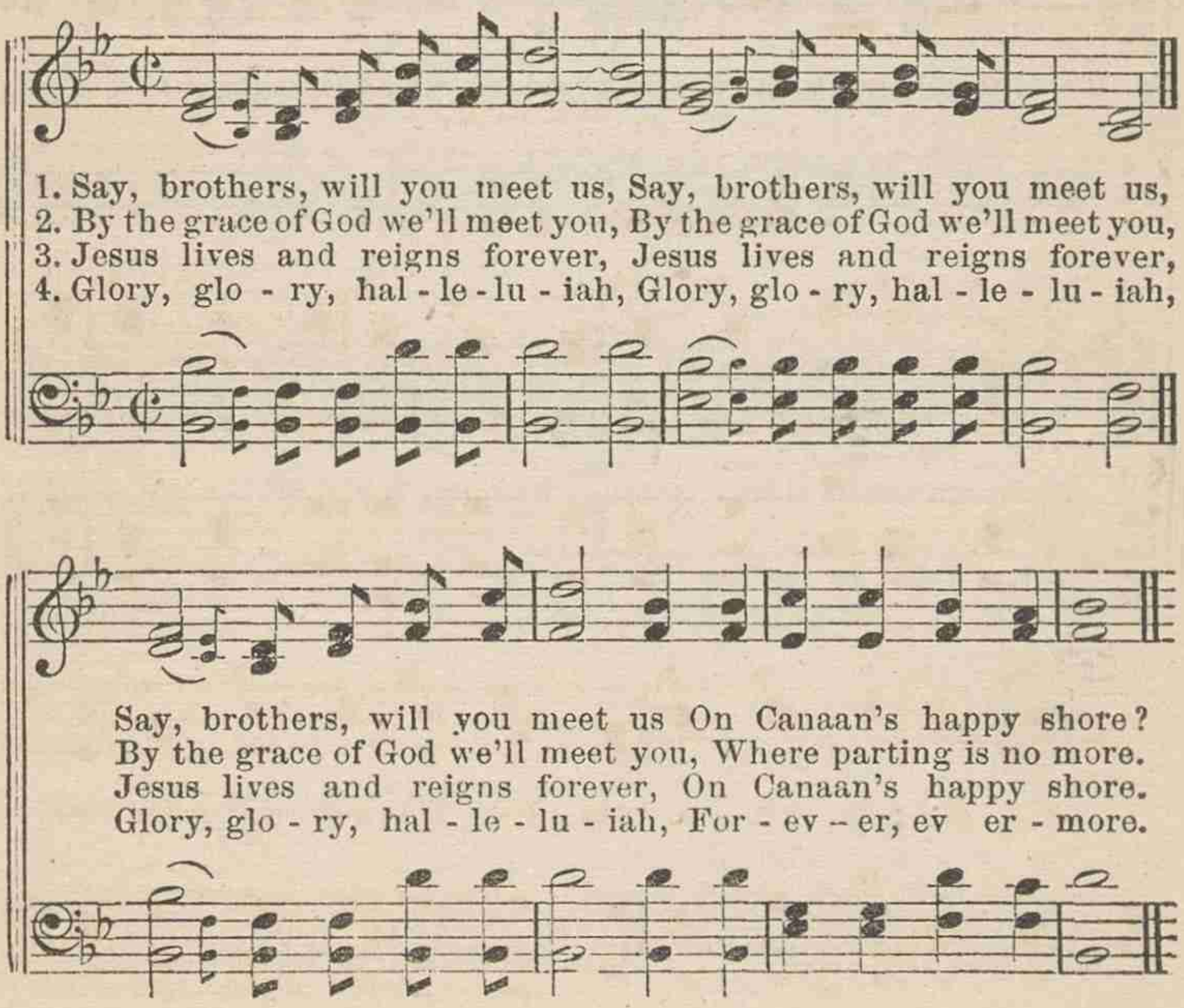




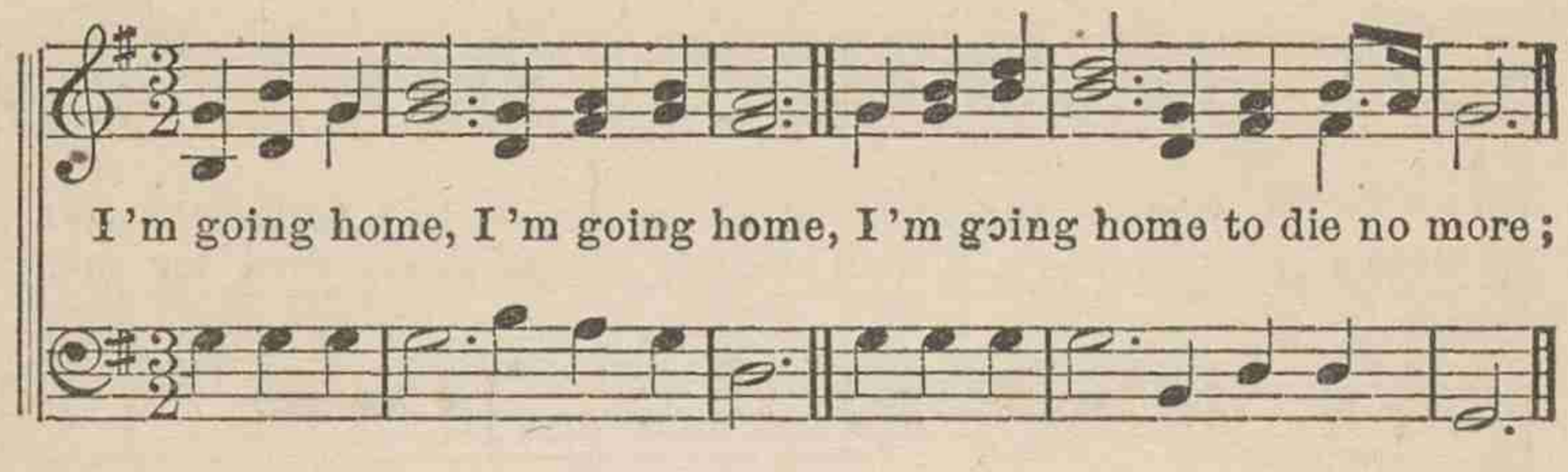


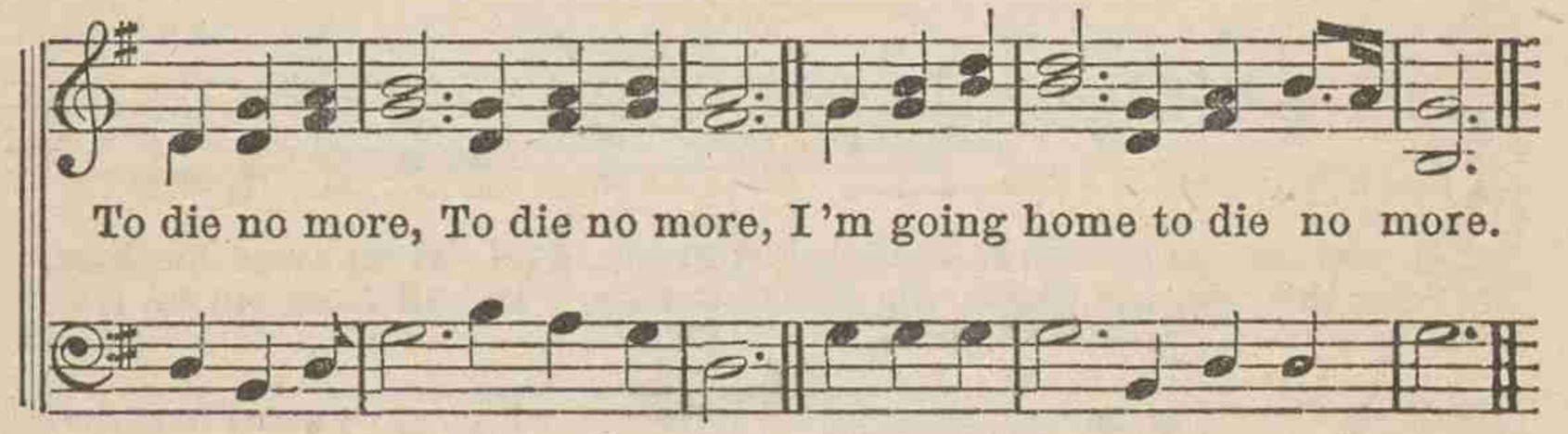
SAY, BROTHERS.

ARRANGED BY A. T.



I'M GOING HOME. L. M.





WE'LL STAND THE STORM.



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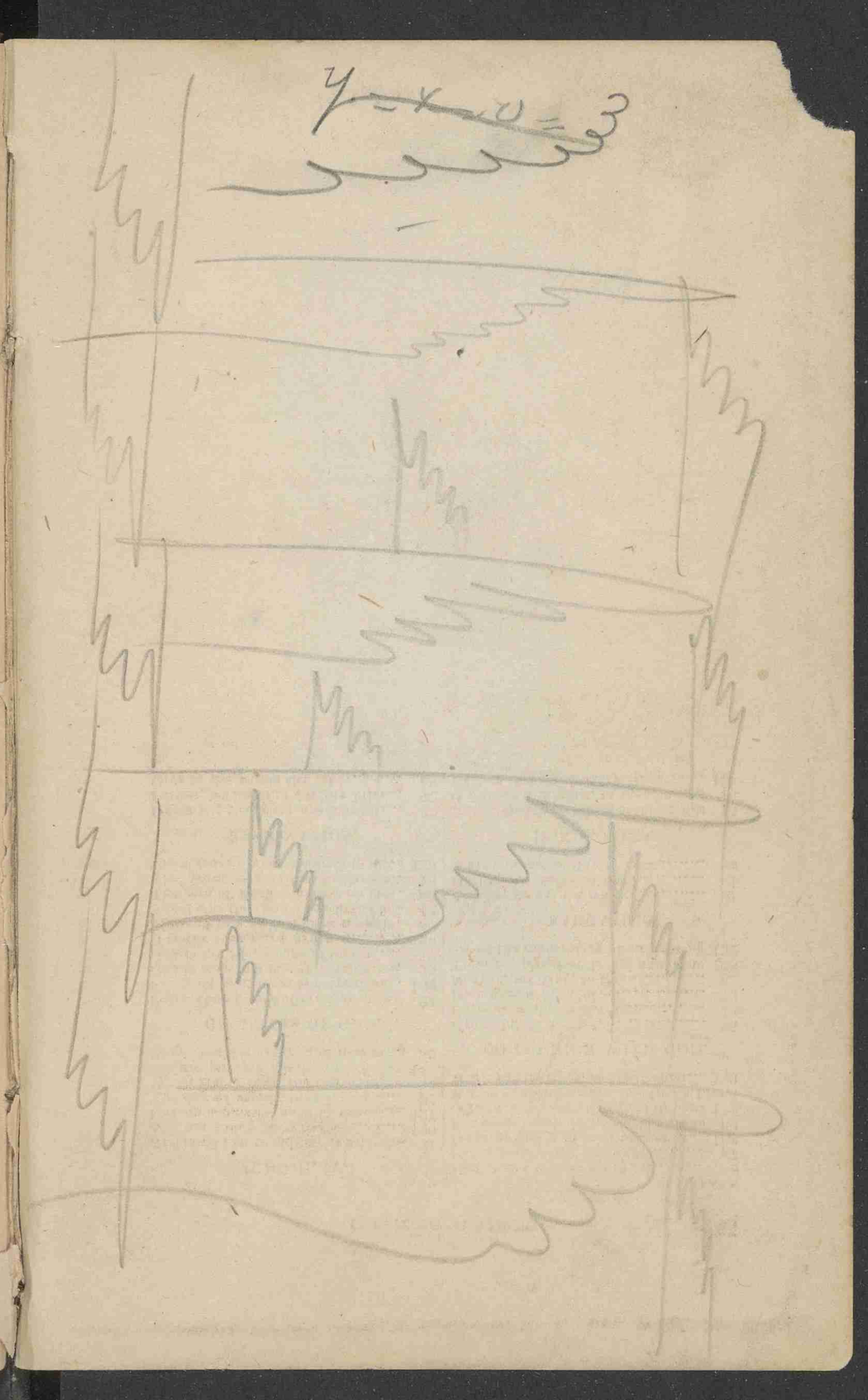
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Brat
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