"Blow ye the trumpet in Zion, and sound an alarm in my holy mountain: . . . . for the day of the Lord cometh, for it is nigh at hand." — JOEL ii. 1.

THE GOSPEL ALARM

A NEW SONG BOOK

BY

S. M. BROWN AND J. M. HUNT.

Z7
B818
1889

PRICE, 35 CENTS. $30 PER HUNDRED.

PUBLISHED BY
THE JOHN CHURCH CO.,
CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Pitts Theology Library

Emory University
Atlanta, Georgia 30322

THE

GOSPEL ALARM.

A COLLECTION OF

OLD AND NEW SONGS

FOR

SABBATH SCHOOLS, PRAYER MEETINGS,

REVIVALS, AND ALL RELIGIOUS WORSHIP.

BY

S. M. BROWN AND J. M. HUNT.

Copyrighted, 1886, by Brown & Hunt.
Copyrighted, 1889, by Brown & Hunt.

CINCINNATI:
PUBLISHED BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.

46434

Hmn
1889 A
GOSP

PREFACE.

Having long felt a necessity for a Song Book, combining two important features, we offer to the public the following pages.

The special features referred to are: 1. A book for all religious purposes. We herein endeavor to bridge the chasm between the music of the Sunday-School and that of the regular Church services, so that as the children take their places in the regular worship in the Lord's house, they will find themselves familiar with the songs and tunes sung in the Sanctuary, and may thus lend their aid to the much-desired and long-sought end, *Congregational Singing*.

Another advantage arising from this feature will be the deliverance from the necessity of carrying two or three different books to church.

2d. A book *reviving* and *preserving* the good tunes and songs of our fathers and the generations past, as nearly as possible *as they sung them*. Consequently, the critic may find some objections to the crudeness of the harmony of many of these old tunes; but we have thought it best to reproduce them as they were sung in years gone by.

The sacred memory of these songs in the past will cause them to win a response from all hearts. That they may cheer the aged, inspire the young, and bind us all closer in bonds of Christian love, is our desire.

S. M. Brown.
J. M. Hunt.

St. Louis, Mo.

THE GOSPEL ALARM.

No. 1. When I can read my title clear.

C. M. Harmonized by J. M. HUNT.

No. 2. Oh, how happy are they.

6s & 9s.

1. Oh, how hap - py are they, Who their Sav - iour o - bey,
2. That sweet comfort was mine When the fa - vor di - vine
3. 'Twas a heav - en be - low My Re - deem - er to know;
4. Je - sus all the day long, Was my joy and my song:
5. Oh, the rap - tu - rous height Of that ho - ly de - light

And have laid up their treas - ure a - bove!
I had found in the blood of the Lamb;
And the an - gels could do noth - ing more
Oh, that all his sal - va - tion might see!
Which I felt in the life - giv - ing blood!

Tongue can nev - er ex - press The sweet com - fort and peace
When at first I be -lieved, What true joy I re - ceived!
Than to fall at his feet And the sto - ry re - peat,
"He that loved me," I cried, "He hath suf - fered and died
Of my Sav - iour pos-sessed, I was per - fect- ly blest,

Of a soul in its ear - li - est love.
What a heav - en in Je - sus' sweet name!
And the Lov - er of sin - ners a - dore.
To re - deem such a reb - el as me."
As if filled with the full - ness of God.

No. 3. Safely There.

"There is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day."—2 Tim. iv: 8.

J. M. HUNT. J. M. HUNT.

1. Is my walk toward the heavenly land, Or does it lead a-stray;
2. Is my hope for the fu - ture life, Rest-ing on Je - sus' grace;
3. Is my name but re-cord - ed there, Safe on that page so white;

Am I clasp - ing my Sav - iour's hand, Nev - er to lose my way?
Am I sure that this earth-ly strife Fits for that heavenly place?
Shall I, then, in that home so fair, Rest in that heavenly light?

REFRAIN.

Safe - ly there, safe - ly there, My home shall for - ev - er be;
Safe - ly there, safe - ly there, Safe-ly there, safe - ly there,
Safe - ly there, safe - ly there, Safe - ly there, safe - ly there,
safe - ly there, A crown is prepared for me.

Copyrighted by W. E. Penn. From "Harvest Bells," by per.

No. 4. The Handwriting on the Wall.

"And the King saw the part of the hand that wrote.—Dan. v: 5.

K. SHAW. KNOWLES SHAW.

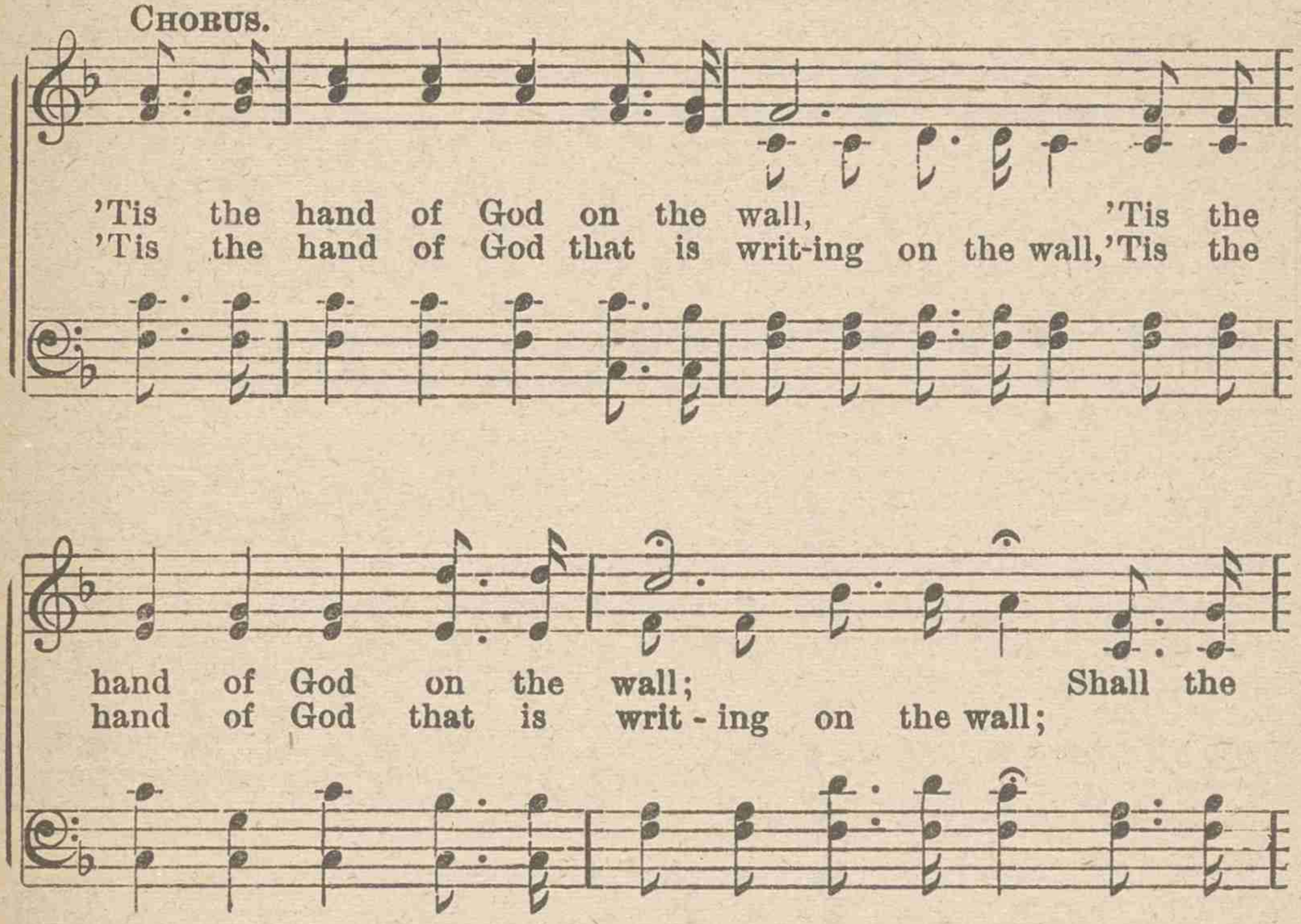
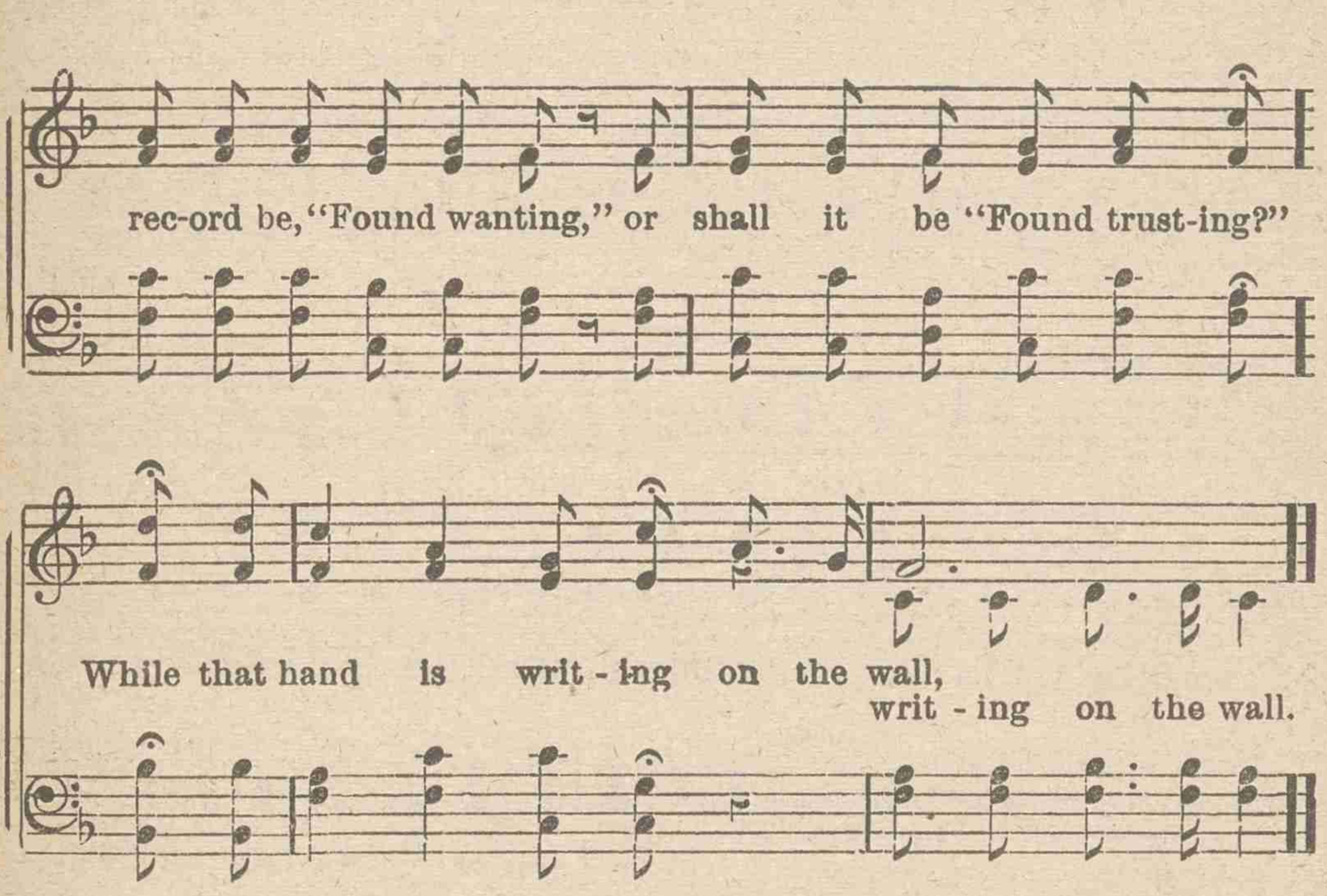
1. At the feast of Bel - shaz-zar and a thousand of his lords,
2. See the brave cap - tive Dan-iel as he stood before the throng,
3. See the faith, zeal, and courage that would dare to do the right,

While they drank from golden ves-sels, as the book of truth records;
And re-buked the haughty monarch for his might - y deeds of wrong;
Which the spir - it gave to Dan-iel, this the se - cret of his might;

In the night, as they rev-el in the roy - al pal - ace hall,
As he read out the writing, 'twas the doom of one and all,
In his home in Ju - de - a, or a cap - tive in the hall,

They were seized with con-ster-na-tion, 'twas the hand up-on the wall.
For the kingdom now was fin-ished, said the hand up-on the wall.
He un - der-stood the writ-ing of his God up-on the wall.

Copyrighted by Knowles Shaw. Used by per.

The Handwriting on the Wall. Concluded.



4 So our deeds are recorded—there's a Hand that's writing now,
Sinner, give your heart to Jesus, to His royal mandate bow;
For the day is approaching—it must come to one and all,
When the sinner's condemnation will be written on the wall.

No. 5. Come to the Lamb of God.

"Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world."—John i: 29.

J. M. HUNT. J. M. HUNT.

1. Lone-ly the pen - i - tent sin - ner does go, Ev - er la -
2. Je - sus, your Sav - iour, the ran - som has paid, For on His
3. Come to thy Sav - iour, now wait - ing for thee, Trust-ing the

ment-ing his bur - den of woe; Where for his soul can he
shoulders your sins have been laid; He gained thy par - don at
blood that He shed on the tree; Though you have wan-dered in

find that sweet peace, When from this bondage, he gains its re - lease.
in - fi-nite cost, Had He not gained it your soul had been lost.
dark-ness and sin, Come to the Sav - iour, He'll welcome thee in.

CHORUS.

Come..... to thy Sav - iour, plead - ing for

Come to thy Saviour, now pleading for thee; Come to thy Saviour, now

thee;.... Come.... to the Lamb of God, He'll set thee free.

pleading for thee; Come, sinner, come to the Lamb of God.

Copyrighted by W. E. Penn. From "Harvest Bells," by per.

No. 6. By the Hand of Jesus.

"And he took him by the right hand, and lifted him up."—Acts iii: 7.

J. M. HUNT. J. M. HUNT.

1. When I'm weary, I am led By the hand of Jesus; When I'm hungry,
2. I have faith to dai - ly toil By the hand of Jesus; I can all temp
3. I am strengthen'd for my load By the hand of Jesus; I am pointed

I am fed By the hand of Je - sus; When I'm fainting, I'm sustained
tations foil By the hand of Je - sus; Oh! His love! I drink it in
'long the road By the hand of Je - sus; If I fall, I'm lift - ed up

By the hand of Je - sus; When I'm lost I am reclaimed
By the hand of Je - sus; I am res-cued from all sin
By the hand of Je - sus; From the Fount of Life I sup

CHORUS.

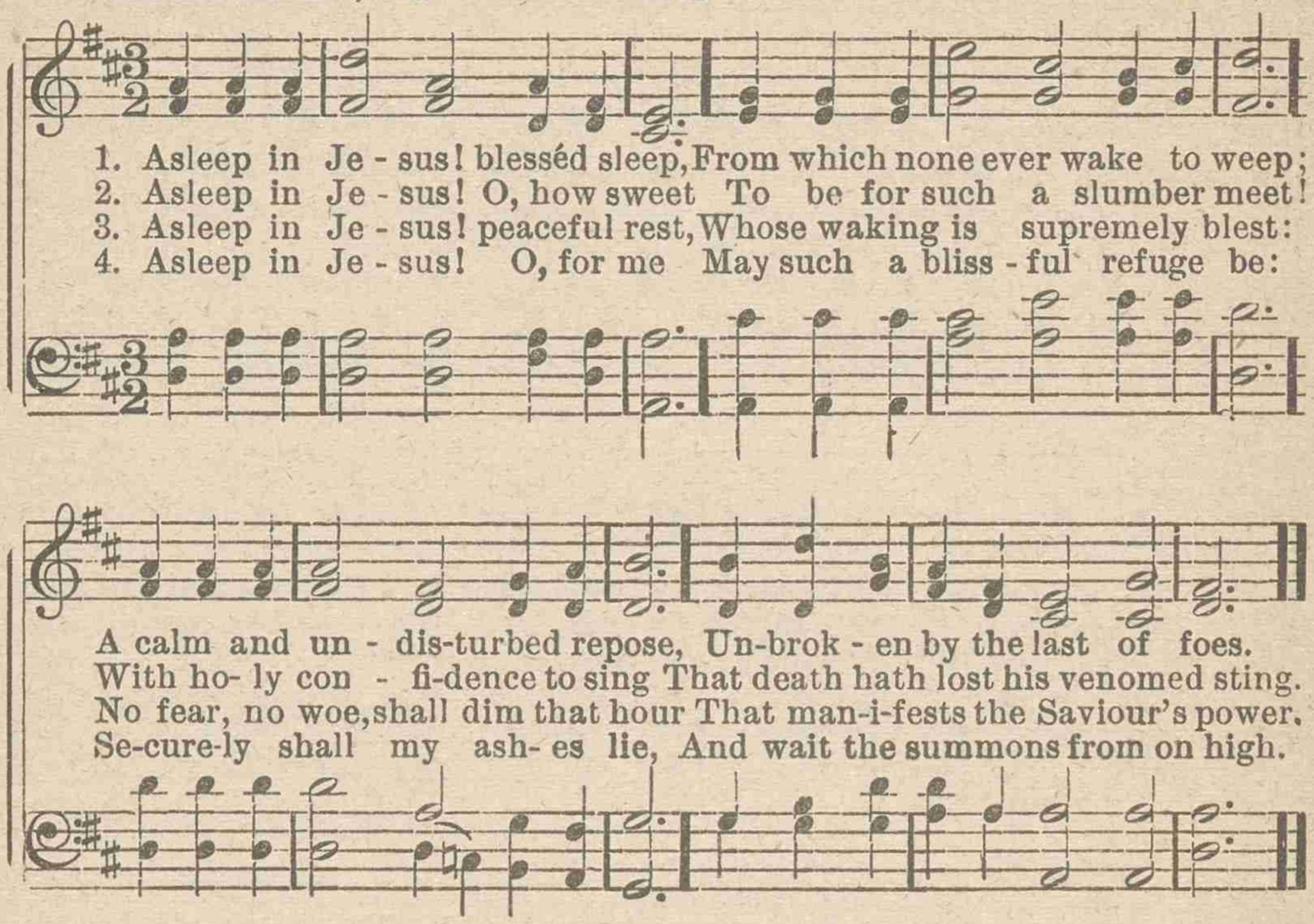
By the hand of Jesus. Oh! His hand, His precious hand, Ever leads me

on my way; Tho' I'm weak, and lame, and blind, Jesus leads me ev'ry day.

Copyrighted by W. E. Penn. From "Harvest Bells," by per.

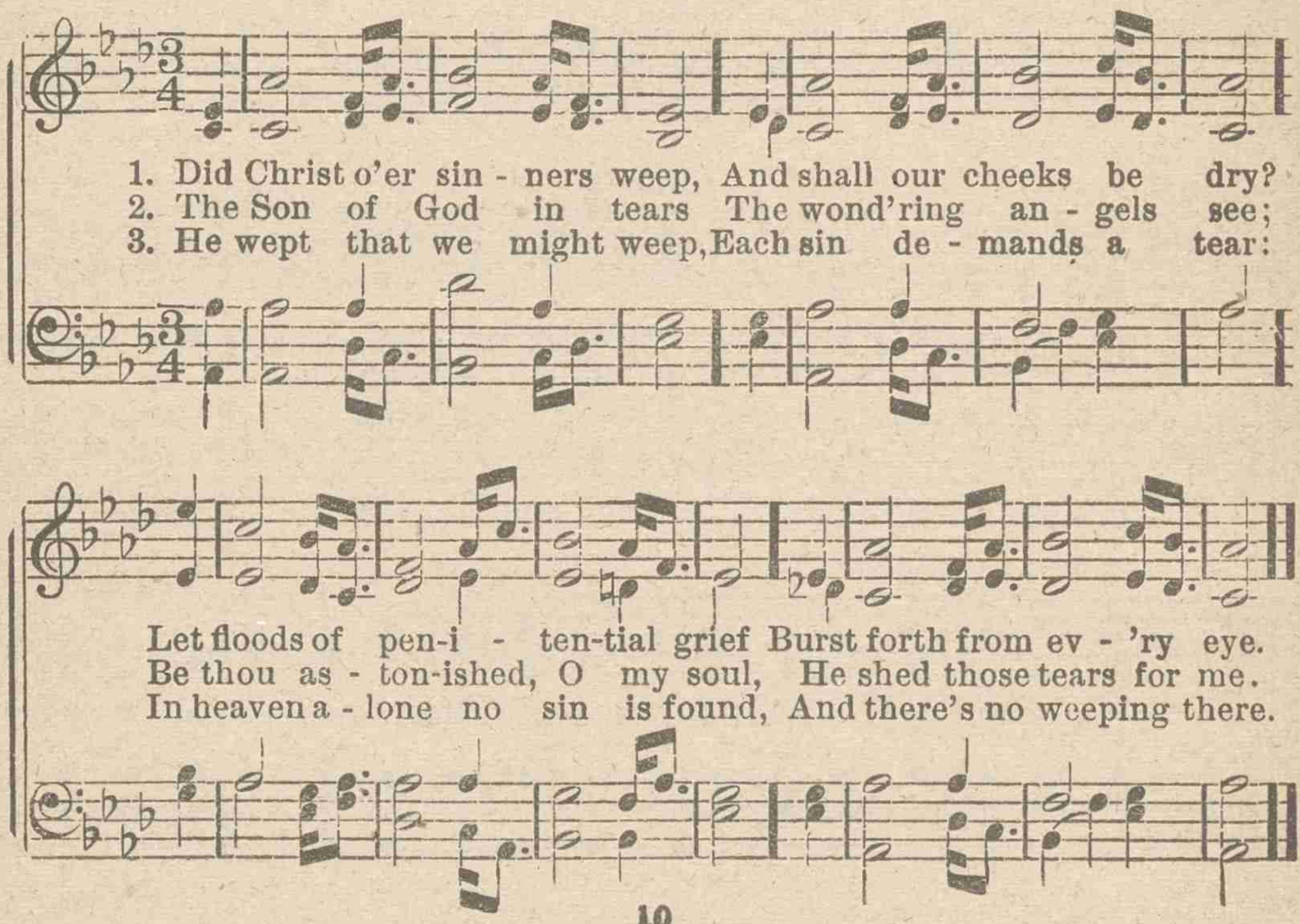
No. 7. Rest.

MARGARET MACKAY, 1832. L. M. W. B. BRADBURY.



No. 8. Kentucky.

BEDDAME. S. M. Old Melody.



No. 9. Crown Him Lord of all.

EDW. PERRONET. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, by per.

Vigoroso.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name, Let an-gels prostrate fall; Bring
2. Ye cho-sen seed of Israel's race, Ye ransomed from the fall; Hail

forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.

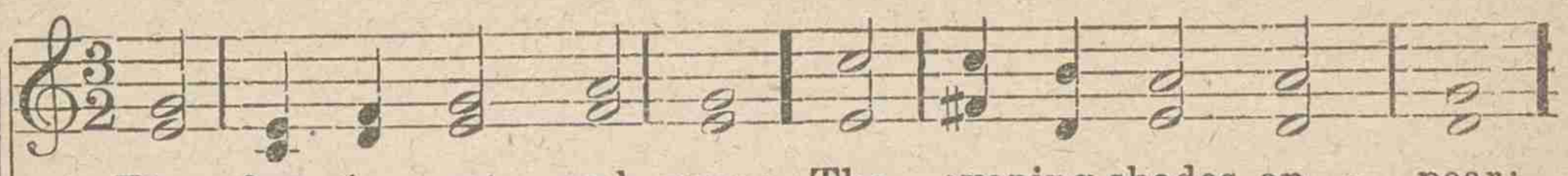
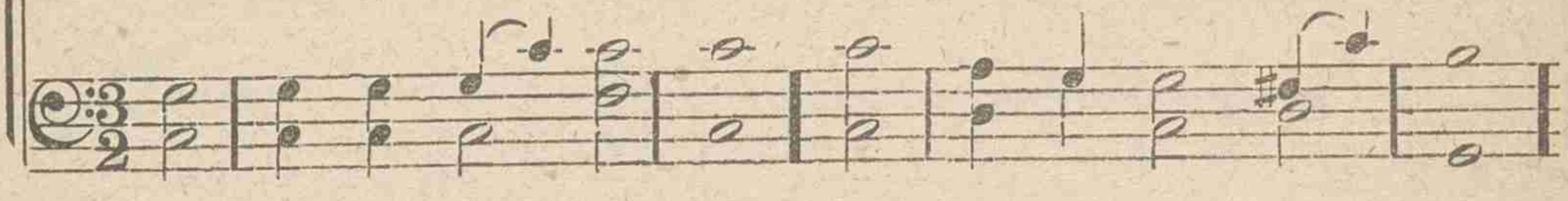
CHORUS.

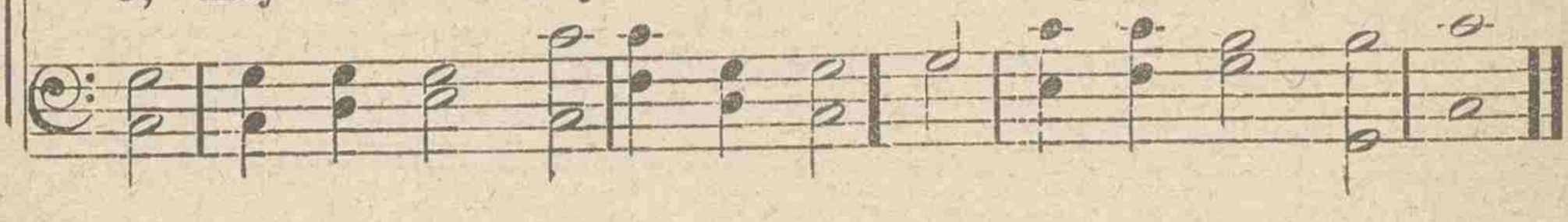
And crown Him, And crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all; Bring
Crown Him Lord of all, Hail

Crown Him Lord of all, Crown Him Lord of all,

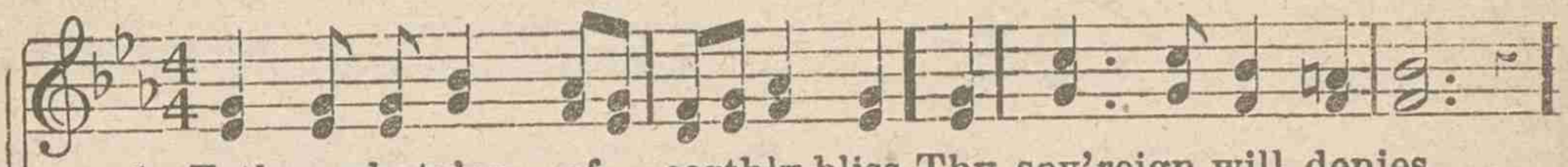
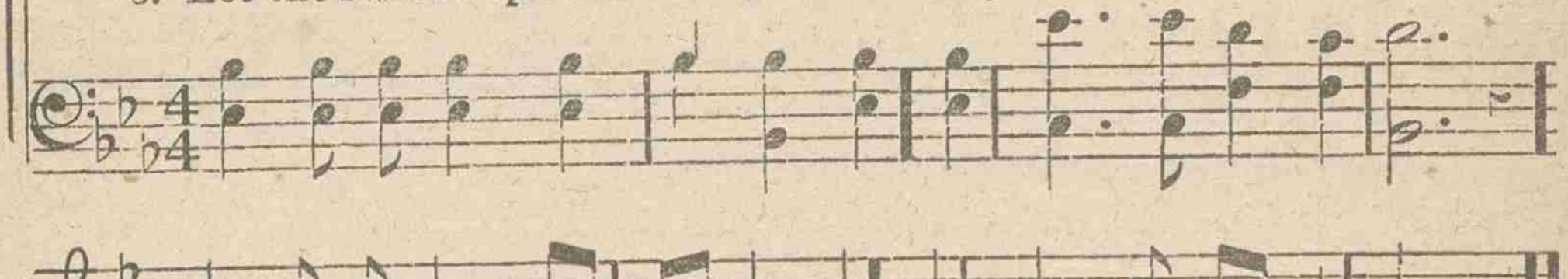
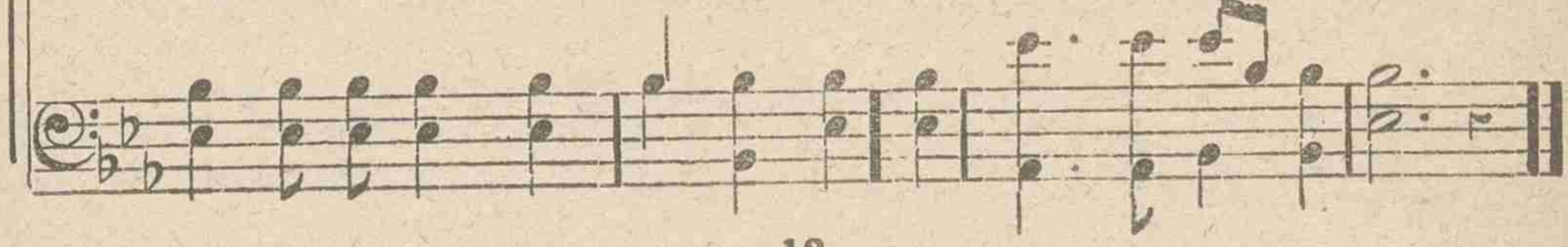
forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.

No. 10. Boylston.

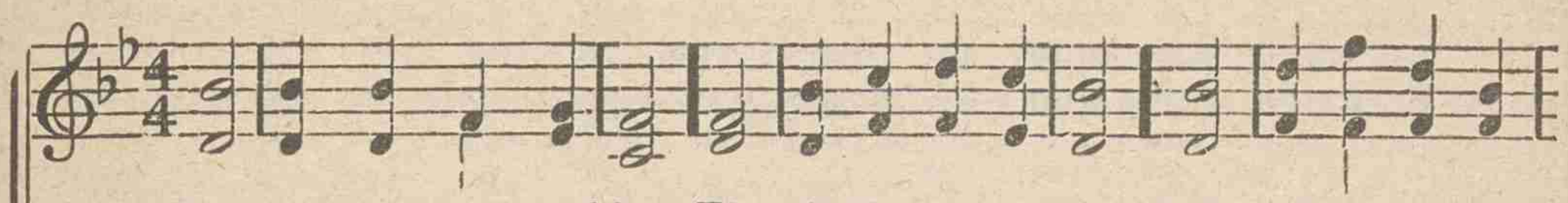
JOHN LELAND, 1804. S. M. L. MASON.

1. The day is past and gone; The evening shades ap - pear;
2. I lay my gar - ments by, Up - on my bed to rest:
3. Lord, keep me safe this night, Se - cure from all my fears;
4. And when I ear - ly rise, To view th'un-wea- ried sun;
5. And when my days are past, And I from time re - move,

O, may I ev - er keep in mind, The night of death draws near.
So death shall soon disrobe us all Of what we've here possessed.
May an-gels guard me while I sleep, Till morning light appears.
May I set out to win the prize, And af - ter glo - ry run.
O, may I in Thy bo-som rest, The bo-som of Thy love!

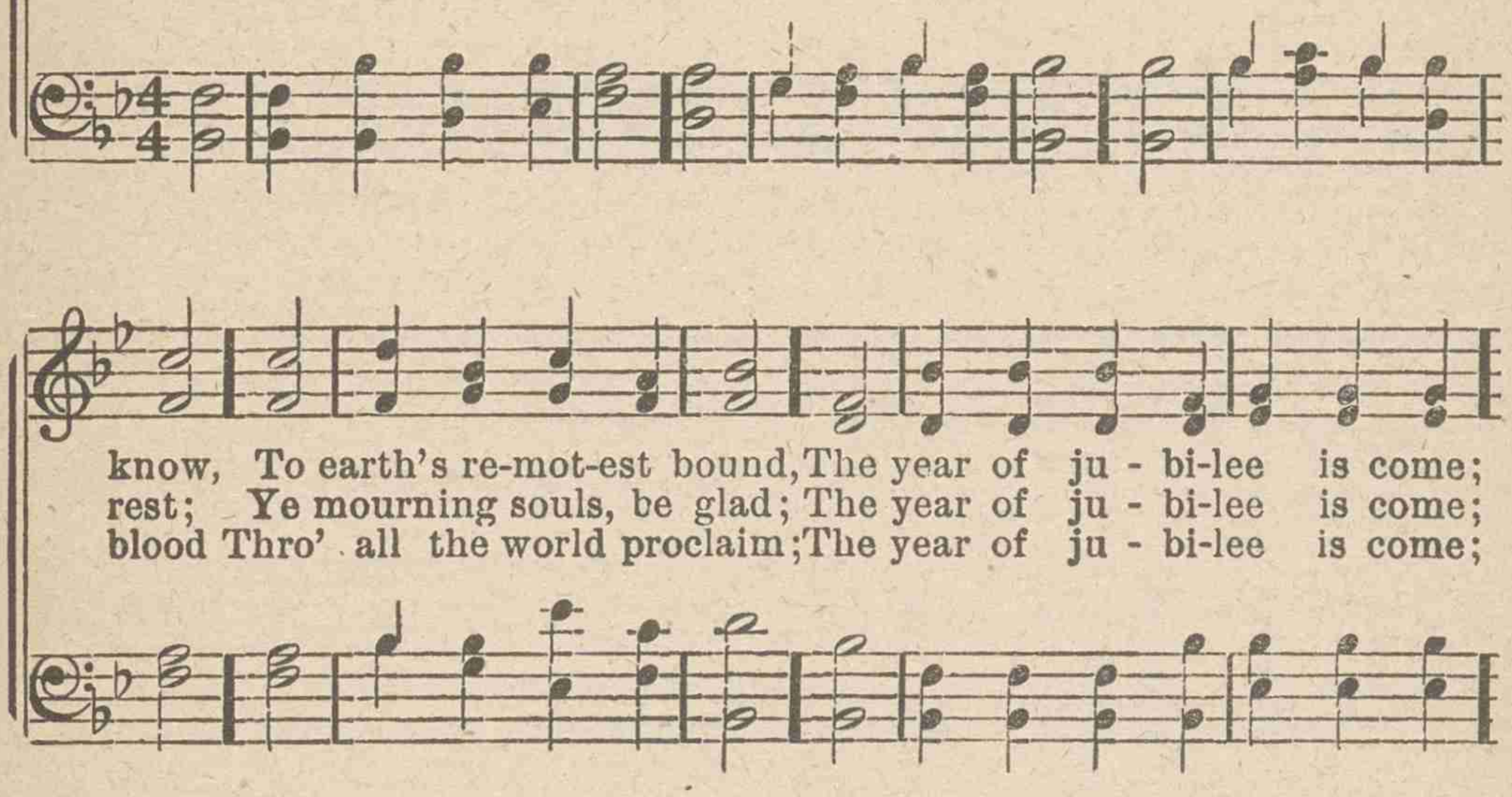


No. 11. Naomi.

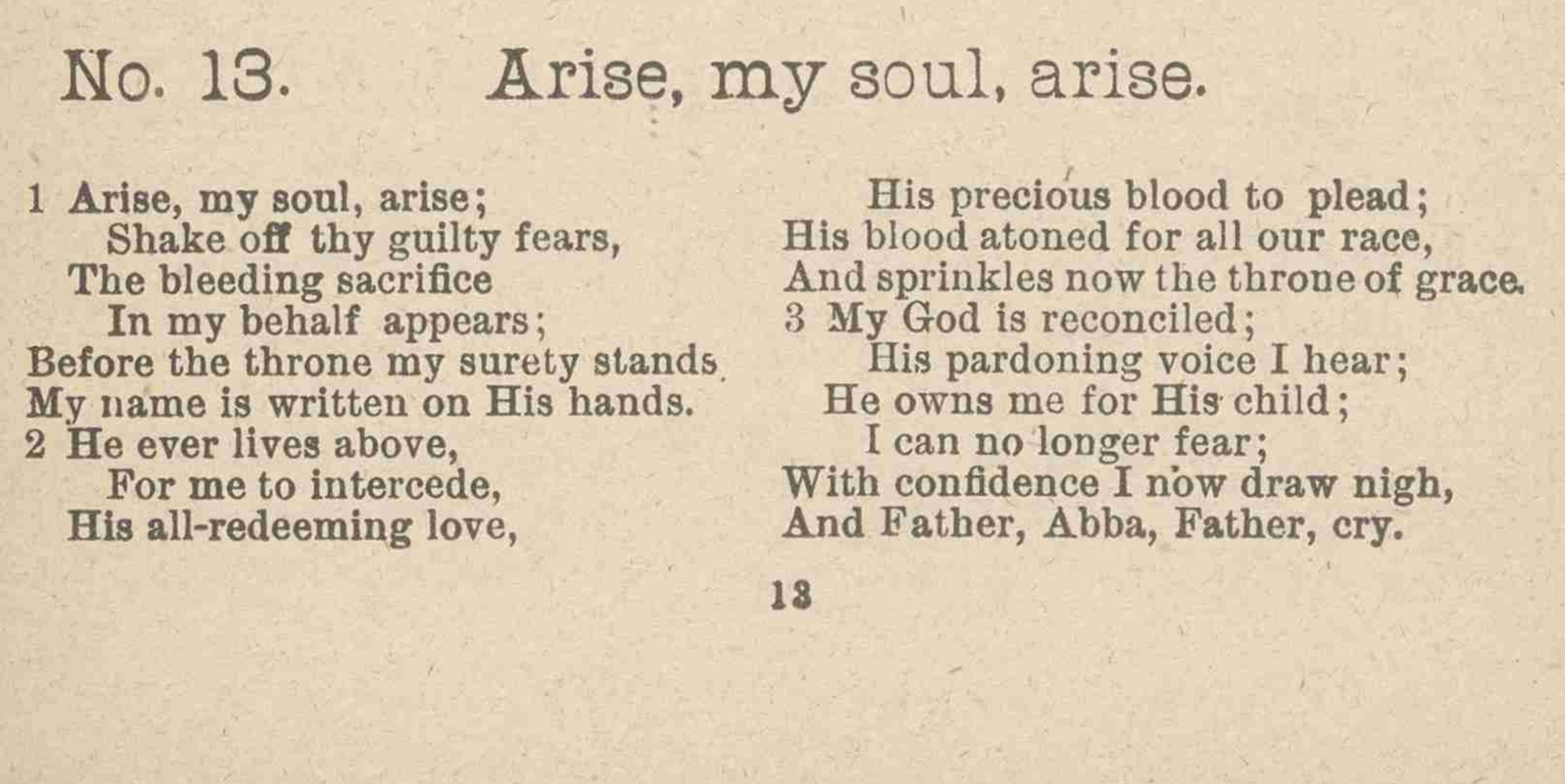
C. M. DR. L. MASON.

1. Father, whate'er of earthly bliss Thy sov'reign will denies,
2. Give me a calm, a thankful heart, From eve-ry murmur free;
3. Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine My life and death attend;

Ac-cept-ed at Thy throne of grace, Let this pe-ti - tion rise:—
The blessings of Thy grace impart, And make me live to Thee.
Thy presence thro' my journey shine, And crown my journey's end.

No. 12. Blow ye the Trumpet.

"Then shalt thou cause the trumpet of the jubilee to sound."—Lev. xxv: 9.

CHAS. WESLEY. EDSON.

1. Blow ye the trumpet, blow The gladly solemn sound; Let all the nations
2. Jesus, our great High Priest, Has full atonement made; Ye weary spirits,
3. Ex - alt the Lamb of God, The sin-a-ton-ing Lamb; Redemption by his



know, To earth's re-mot-est bound, The year of ju - bi-lee is come;
rest; Ye mourning souls, be glad; The year of ju - bi-lee is come;
blood Thro' all the world proclaim; The year of ju - bi-lee is come;



The year of ju - bi-lee is come; Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

No. 13. Arise, my soul, arise.

1 Arise, my soul, arise;
Shake off thy guilty fears,
The bleeding sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my surety stands
My name is written on His hands.

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 My God is reconciled;
His pardoning 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.

No. 14. The Evergreen Shore.

1. We are joy - ous - ly voy - ag - ing o - ver the main,
2. We have noth - ing to fear from the wind and the wave,
3. Both the winds and the waves our Com-mand - er con - trols;
4. Let the ves - sel be wrecked on the rock, or the shoal,

Bound for the ev - er-green shore, Whose in-hab - i-tants nev - er of
Un - der our Saviour's command, And our hearts in the midst of the
Noth-ing can baf - fle his skill; And His voice when the thunder - ing
Sink to be seen nev - er more; He will bear, none the less, ev - ery

sick - ness com-plain, And nev - er see death an - y more;
dan - gers are brave; For Je - sus will bring us to land.
hur - ri - cane rolls, Can make the loud tem - pest be still.
pas - sen - ger soul, Safe, safe to the ev - er - green shore.

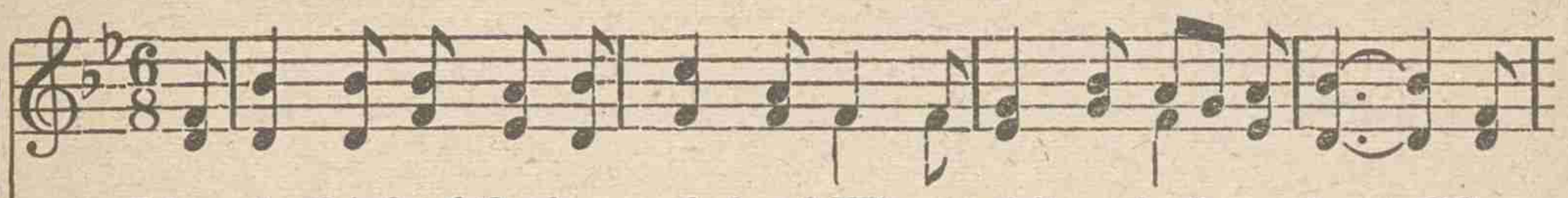
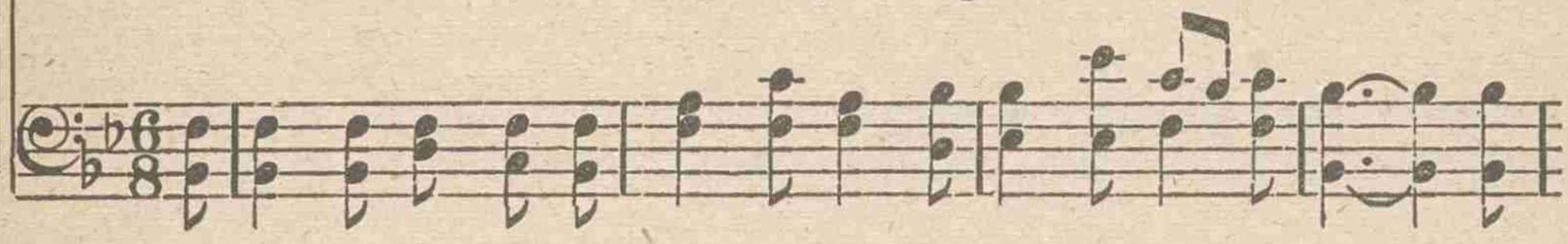
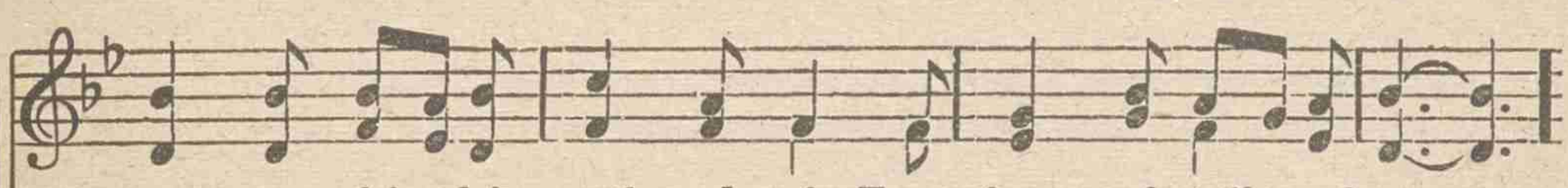
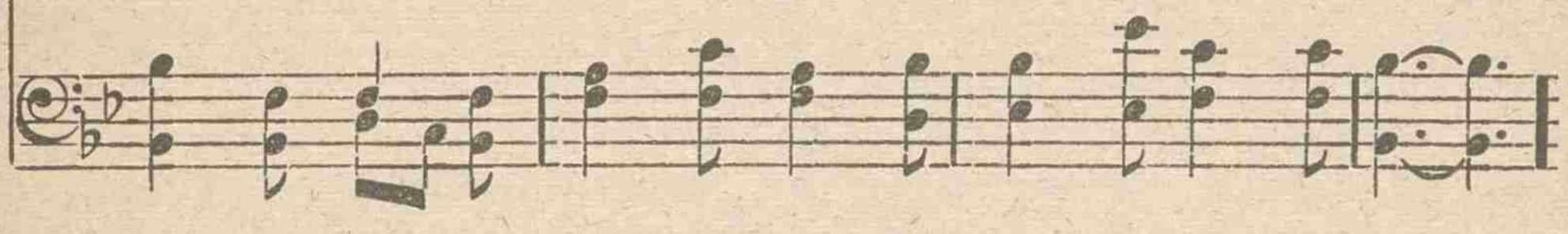
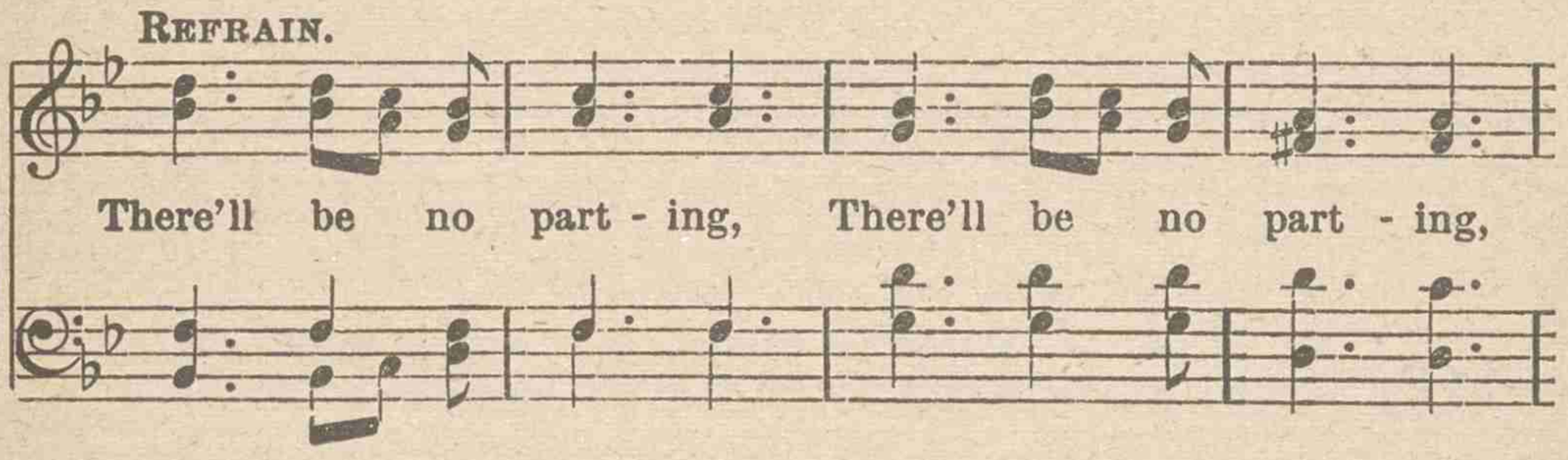
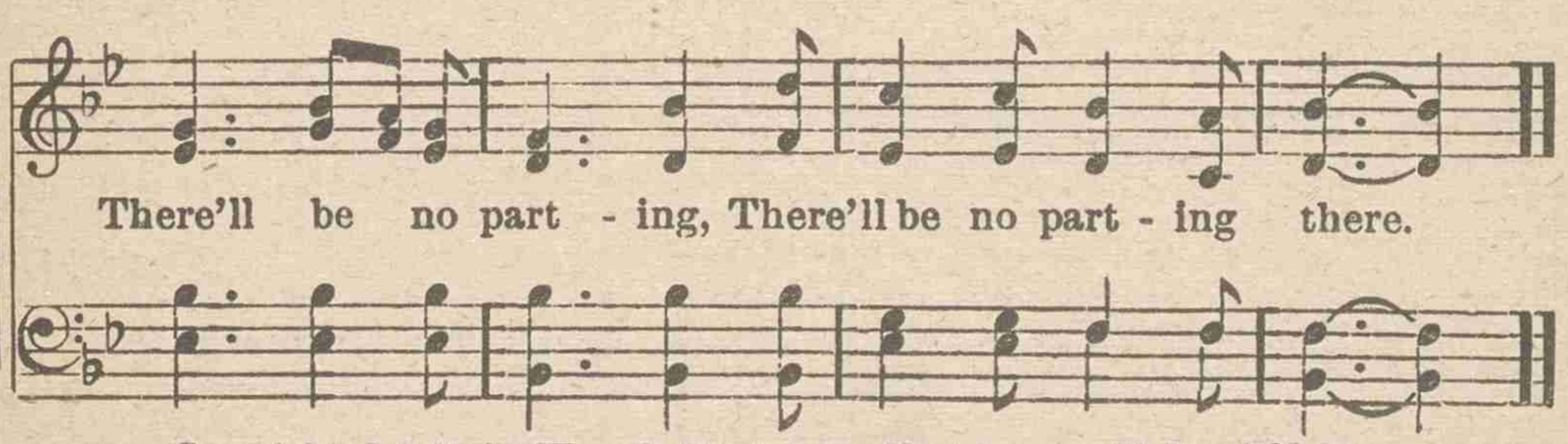
CHORUS to each stanza.

Then let the hur - ri - cane roar, It will the soon-er be o'er;
roar.....

We will weather the blast, and will land at last, Safe on the ev-er-green shore.

Copyrighted, 1861, in "The Golden Chain," by W. B. Bradbury. Used by per. Biglow & Main.

No. 15. The Heavenly Land.

P. M.

1. I love to think of the heavenly land, Where white-robed angels are; Where
2. I love to think of the heavenly land, Where my Redeemer reigns, Where
3. I love to think of the heavenly land, The saints' e - ter-nal home, Where
4. I love to think of the heavenly land, That promised land so fair, O,

many a friend is gathered safe From fear, and toil, and care.
rapturous songs of tri-umph rise In end - less, joy-ous strains.
palms, and robes, and crowns ne'er fade, And all our joys are one.
how my raptured spir - it longs To be for-ev - er there!

REFRAIN.

There'll be no part - ing, There'll be no part - ing,

There'll be no part - ing, There'll be no part - ing there.

Copyrighted, 1861, by Wm. B. Bradbury. Used by per. Biglow & Main.

No. 16. Sailing o'er life's ocean.

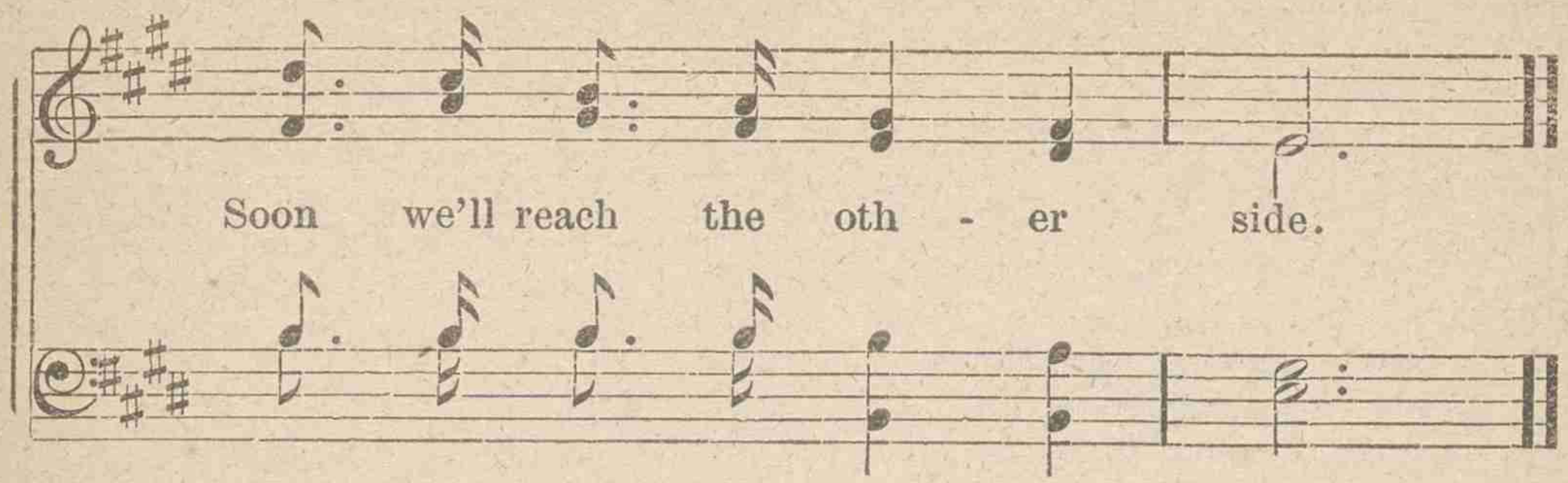
CHAS. E. POLLOCK.

1. We're a faithful pil-grim band, Sailing to the heavenly land, With a
Tho' the tempest rages long, There is one among the throng, Who wi-

swell - ing sail we on - ward sweep;
guide the sail - or . . . o'er the deep.

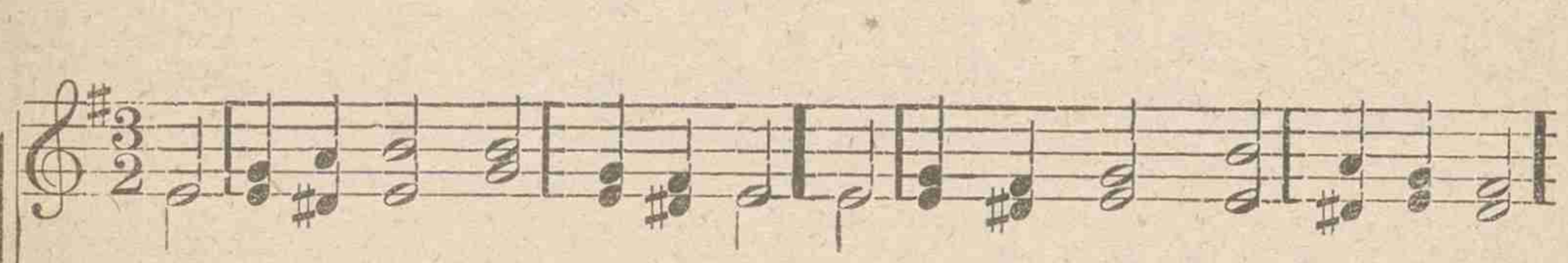
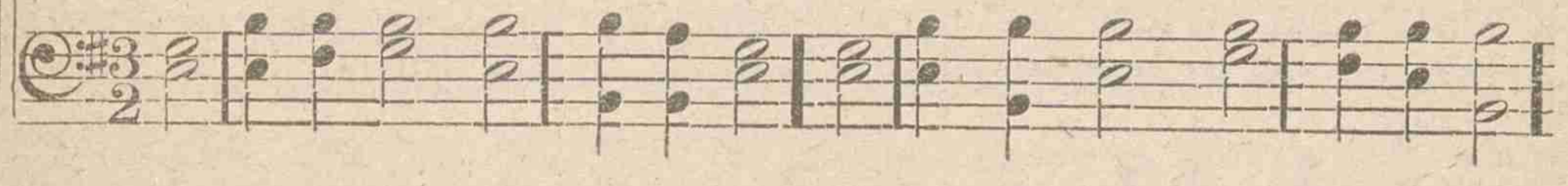
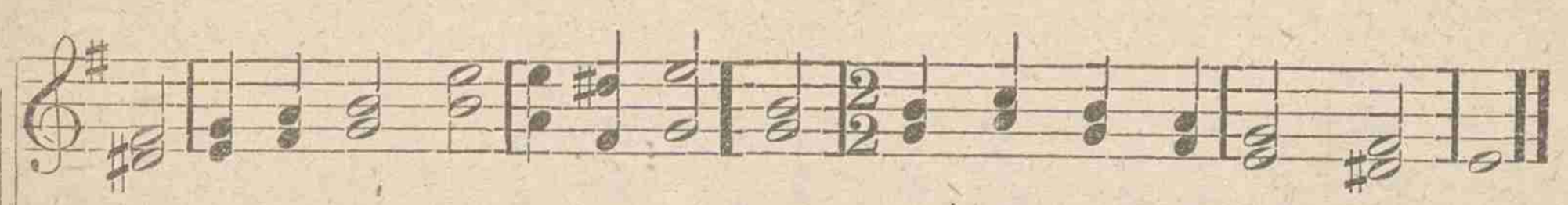
CHORUS.

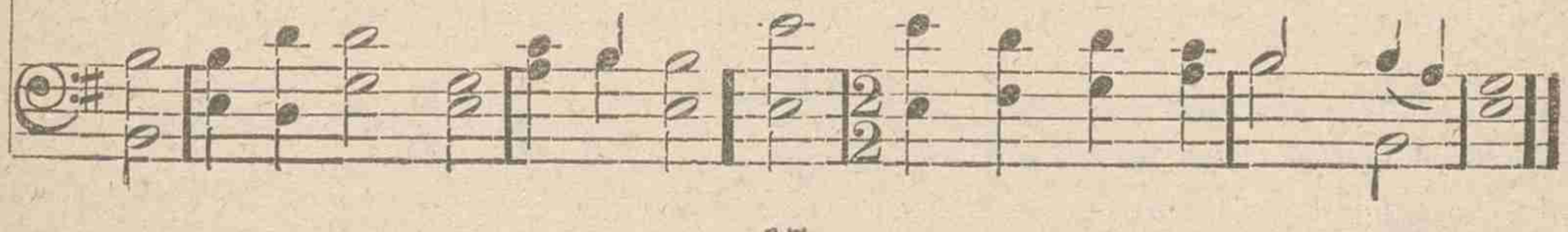
We are sail - - ing o'er the o - cean, We are
We are sail-ing o'er the o-cean, We are drifting with the tide, We are
drift - ing with the tide, Soon the
sail-ing o'er the o-cean, We are drift-ing with the tide, Soon the
storm .... will all be o - ver,
storm will all be o - ver, Soon the storm will all be o - ver.

Sailing o'er life's ocean. Concluded.

2 Tho' the roaring billows swell,
Yet securely we may dwell;
Tho' the breakers roar upon the lea,
'Mid the storm by day or night,
If we trust our Captain's might,
He will guide us safely o'er the sea.

3 Tho' for many ages past
She has long withstood the blast,
And in safety crossed the billows o'er;
Yet, amid the rocks and shoals,
She has landed many souls
On fair Canaan's bright and peace-ful shore.

No. 17. Windham.

WATTS. L. M. DANIEL READ.

1. Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk together there,
2. "De-ny thy-self and take thy cross," Is the Re-deemer's great command:
3. The fearful soul that tires and faints, And walks the ways of God no more,
4. Lord, let not all my hopes be vain; Create my heart en - tire-ly new,



But wisdom shows a narrow path, With here and there a trav - el - er.
Nature must count her gold but dross, If she would gain this heavenly land.
Is but esteemed almost a saint, And makes his own destruc - tion sure.
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain, Which false apostates nev - er knew.

No. 18. The Doomed Man.

C. M. J. M. HUNT.

1. There is a time we know not when, A place we know not where,
That marks the des - ti - ny of men, To glo - ry or de - spair.

2. To pass that lim - it is to die— To die as if by stealth;
It does not quench the beaming eye, Or pale the glow of health.

3. But on that forehead God hath set In - del - i - bly a mark,
Un - seen by man, for man as yet Is blind, and in the dark.

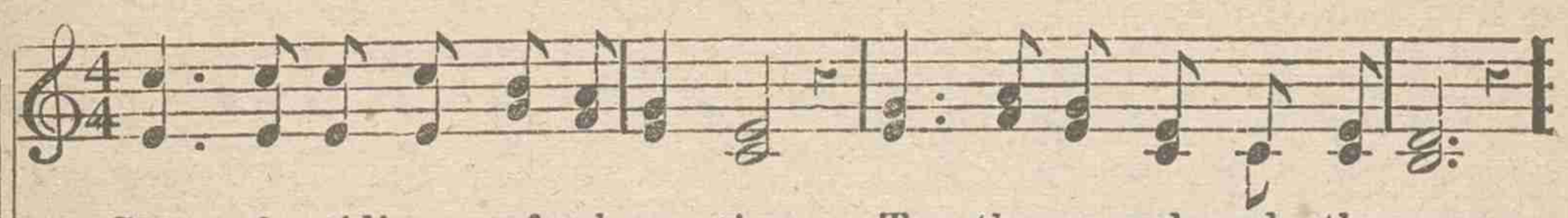
4. He knows, he feels that all is well, And ev - 'ry fear is calmed;
He lives, he dies, he wakes in hell, Not on - ly doomed, but damned.

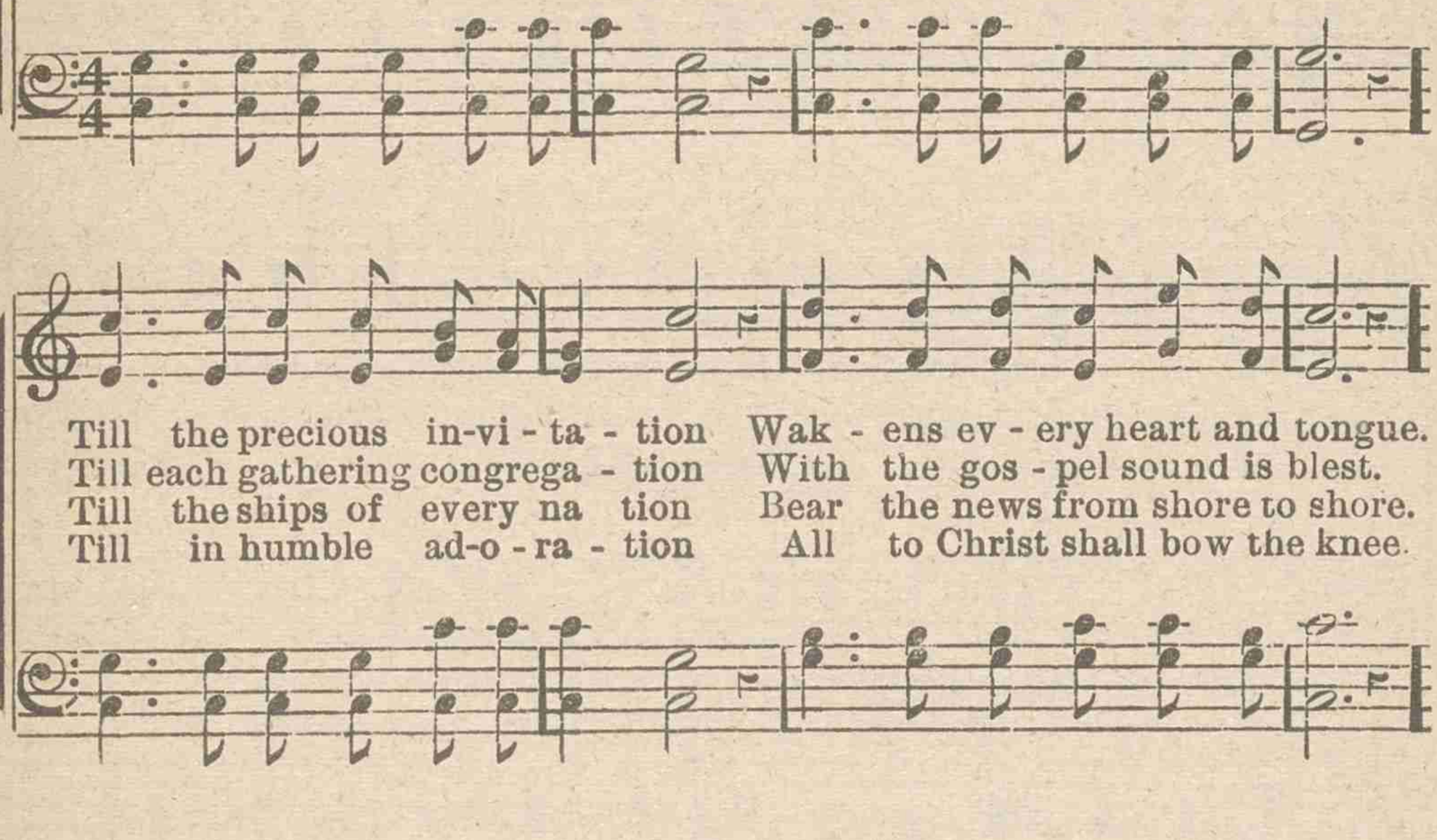
5. How far may men go on in sin? How long will God for - bear?
Where does hope end, and where be-gin The con - fines of despair?

There is a line, by us unseen, That cross - es ev - 'ry path,
The conscience may be still at ease, The spir - its light and gay,
And still the doomed man's path below May bloom as E - den bloomed;
Oh! where is that mys-te-rious bourne, By which our path is crossed,
An an-swer from the skies is sent, "Ye that from God de - part.

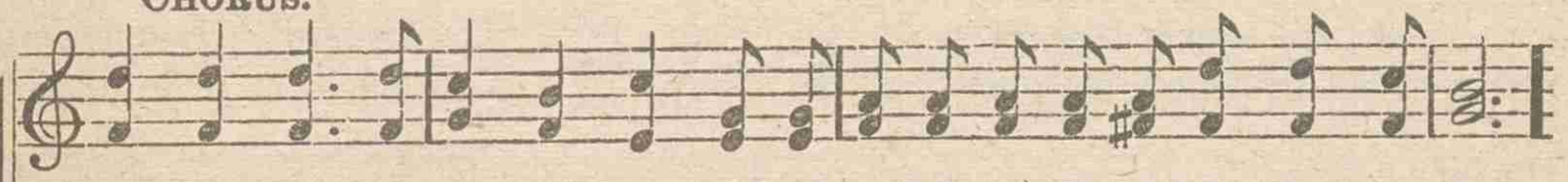
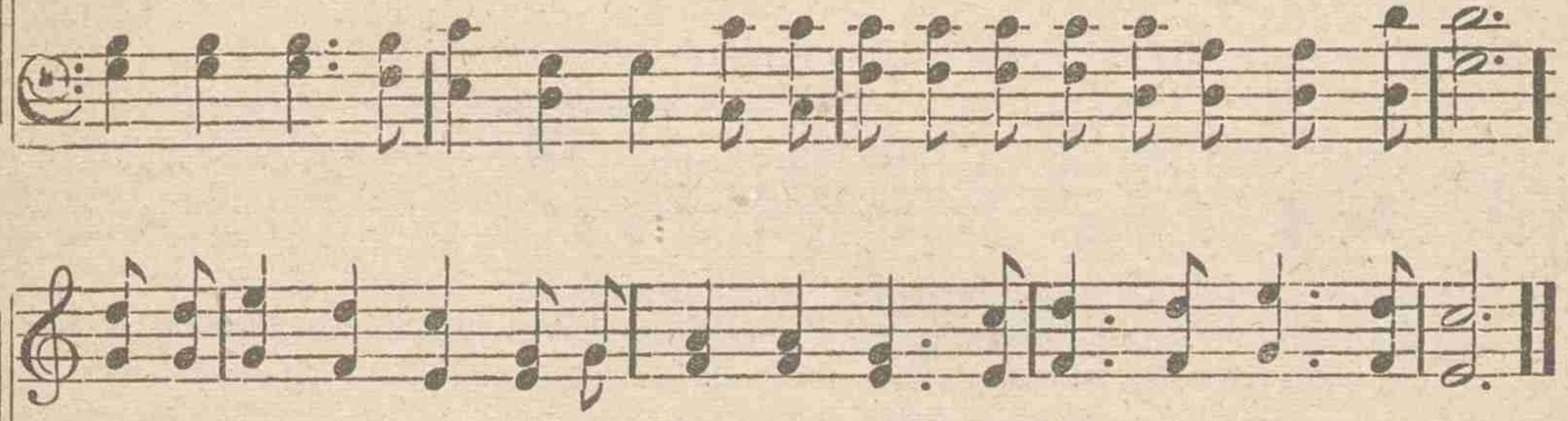
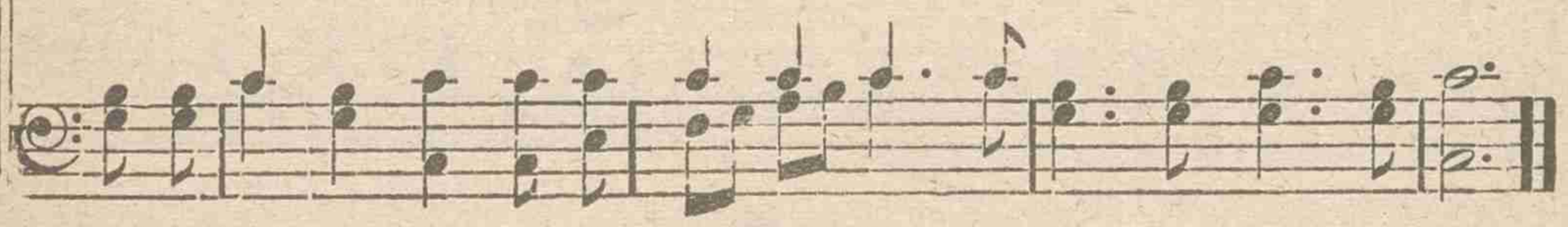
The hid-den boun-da - ry between God's patience and His wrath.
That which is pleasing still may please, And care be thrust a - way.
He did not, does not, will not know, Or feel that he is doomed.
Be-yond which, God Himself hath sworn, That he who goes is lost?
While it is called to - day, repent, And hard-en not your heart."

No. 19. Shout the tidings.

J. M. Hunt.

1. Shout the tidings of sal-va - tion To the a-ged and the young,
2. Shout the tidings of sal-va - tion O'er the prairies of the west,
3. Shout the tidings of sal-va - tion Ming-ling with the o-cean's roar,
4. Shout the tidings of sal-va - tion O'er the islands of the sea,



Till the precious in-vi - ta - tion Wak - ens ev - ery heart and tongue.
Till each gathering congrega - tion With the gos - pel sound is blest.
Till the ships of every na tion Bear the news from shore to shore.
Till in humble ad-o - ra - tion All to Christ shall bow the knee.

Chorus.

Send the sound the earth around, From the rising to the setting of the sun;

Till each gathering cloud, Shall proclaim aloud The glorious work is done.

Copyrighted, 1859, in "The Oriola," by Wm. B. Bradbury. Used by per. Biglow & Main.

No. 20. Happy, all so happy.

J. M. HUNT.

SEMI-CHORUS.

1. O whith-er now so bright and gay? Hap-py, all so hap-py, O
2. And will you tell us what you do? Hap-py, all so hap-py, That
3. We oft-en read the Bi-ble too, Hap-py, all so hap-py, But

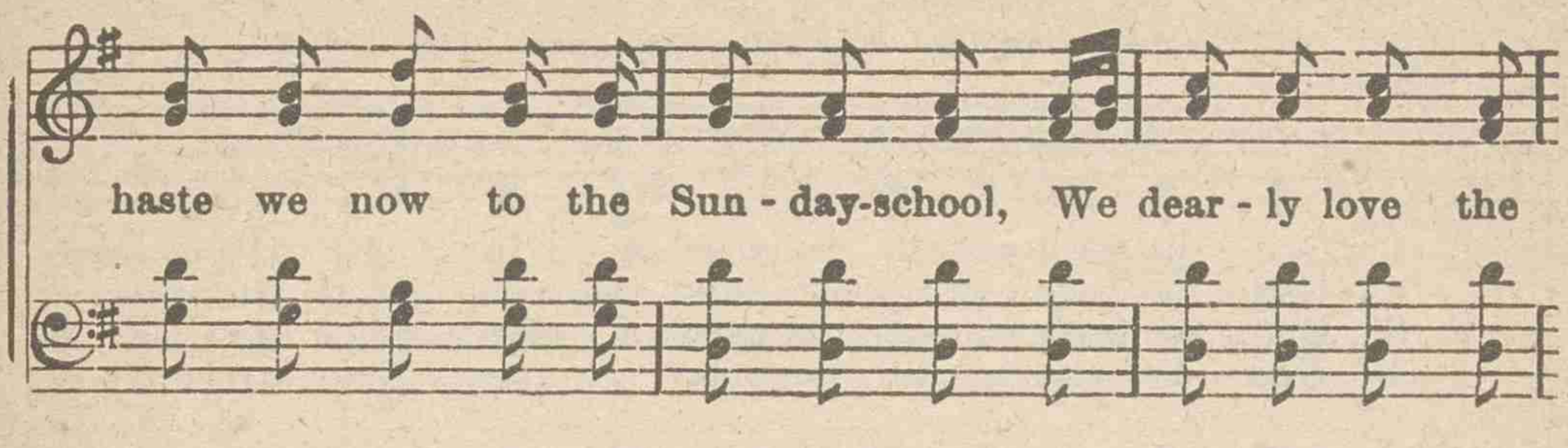
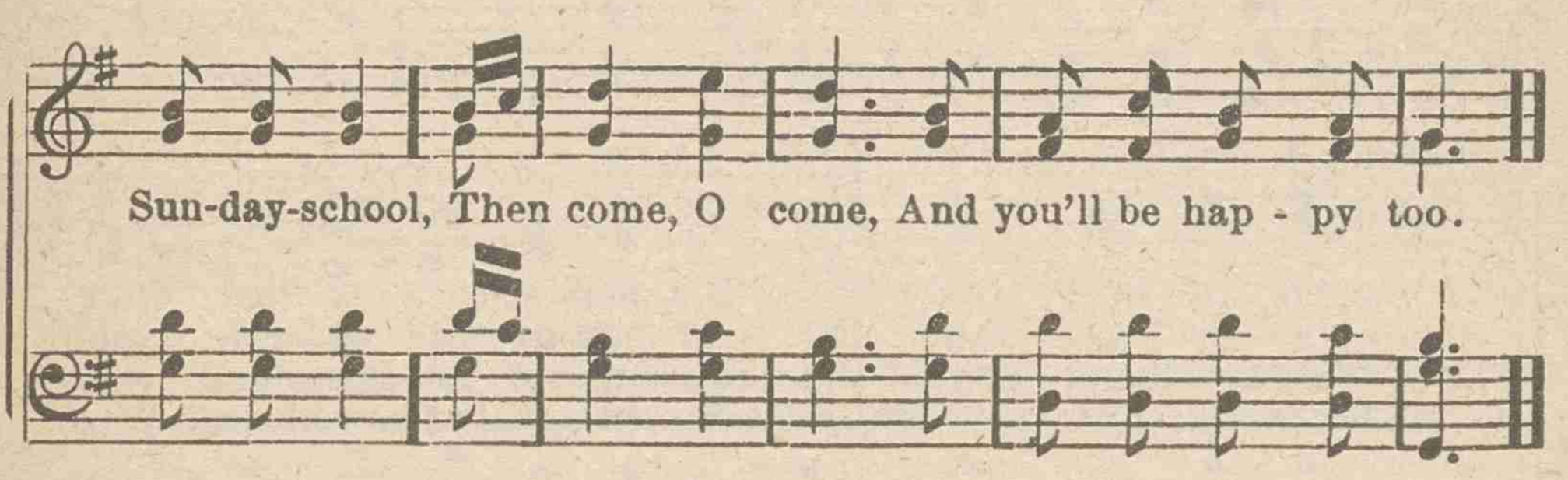
RESPONSE.

whither now so bright and gay? Happy with delight. To Sabbath-school we're
we may share your pleasure too? Happy with delight. We read our Saviour's
is there nothing else you do? Happy with delight. Oh yes, we kneel to

on our way, Hap-py, all so hap-py, And this is why we
ho-ly word, Hap-py, all so hap-py, The sweetest book you
God in pray'r, Hap-py, all so hap-py, And learn to sing His

CHORUS.

feel to-day, Happy with de-light. Then come, O come, yes,
ev-er heard, Happy with de-light.
prais-es there, Happy with de-light.

Happy, all so happy. Concluded.

No. 21. Melody.

C. M.

No. 22. God be with you.

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you."—1 Cor. xvi: 23.

J. E. RANKIN. W. G. TOOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain; By His counsels guide, up - hold you; With His sheep se-cure - ly fold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain; 'Neath His wings se- cure - ly hide you; Dai - ly man-na still di - vide you,
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain; When life's per - ils thick con-found you; Put His arms un - fail-ing round you,
4. God be with you till we meet a - gain; Keep love's ban-ner float - ing o'er you; Smite death's threatening waves before you,

CHORUS.

God be with you till we meet a-gain. Till we meet.... till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet;
God be with you till we meet again.

Copyrighted, 1880, by J. E. Rankin. Used by per. Biglow & Main.

No. 23. Bright for evermore.

J. M. HUNT.

1. There is a land, a sun - ny land, Whose skies are ev - er bright,
2. There is a home, a glo-rious home, A heavenly man-sion fair,
3. We soon shall leave these fading scenes, That glide so quick-ly by,

Where ev' - ning shad-ows nev - er fall, The Saviour is its light.
And those we loved so fond - ly here, Will bid us wel - come there.
And join the shin - ing host a - bove, Where joy can nev - er die.

CHORUS.

If the cross..... we meek - ly bear, Then a
If the cross we meek-ly bear,

crown we shall wear, When we dwell..... among the
Then a crown we shall wear, When we dwell

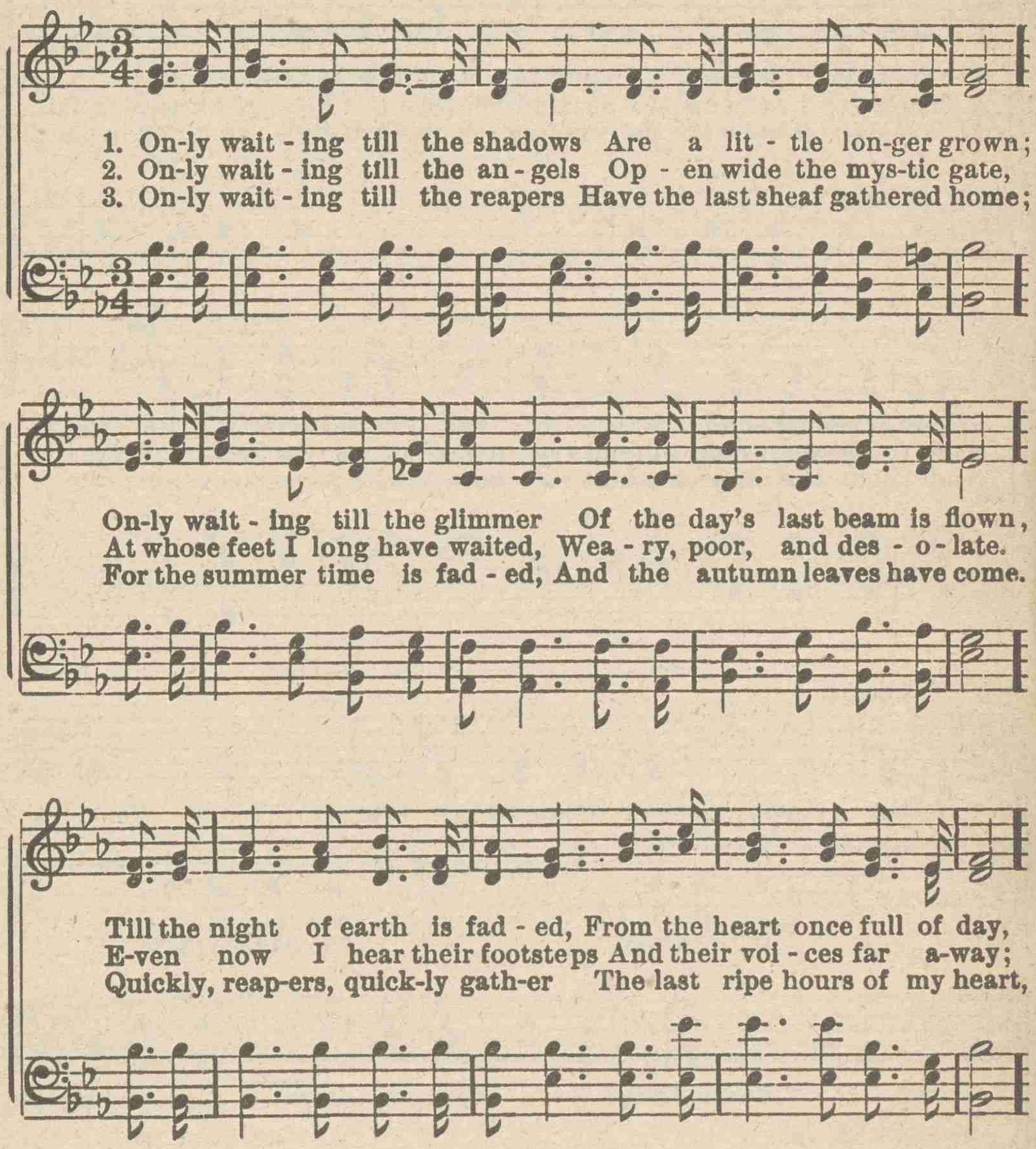
fair, In the bright for - ev - er - more.
a - mong the fair,

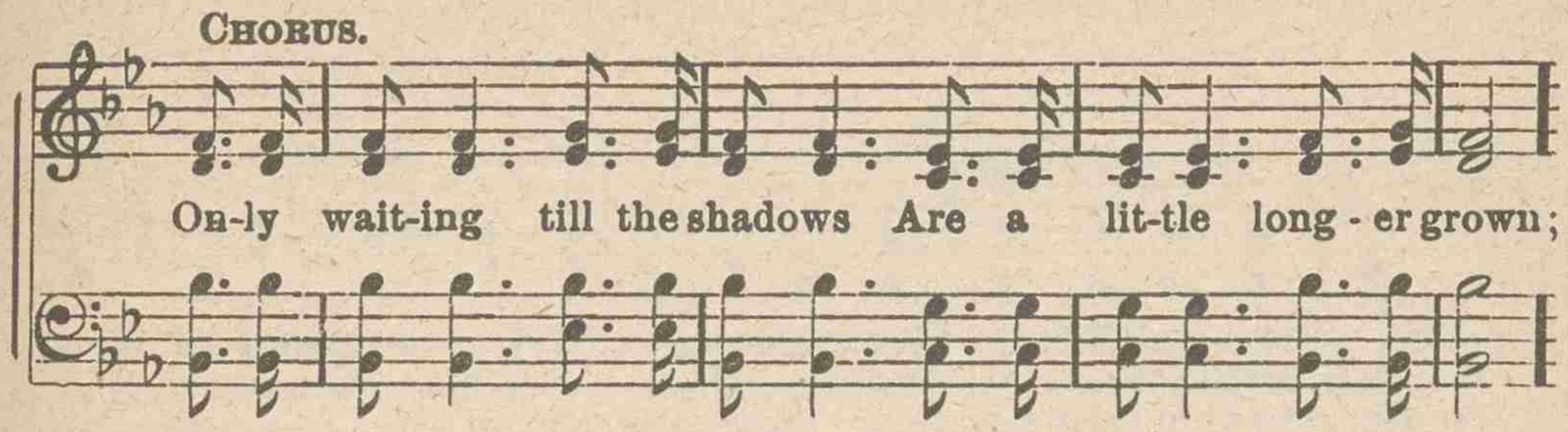
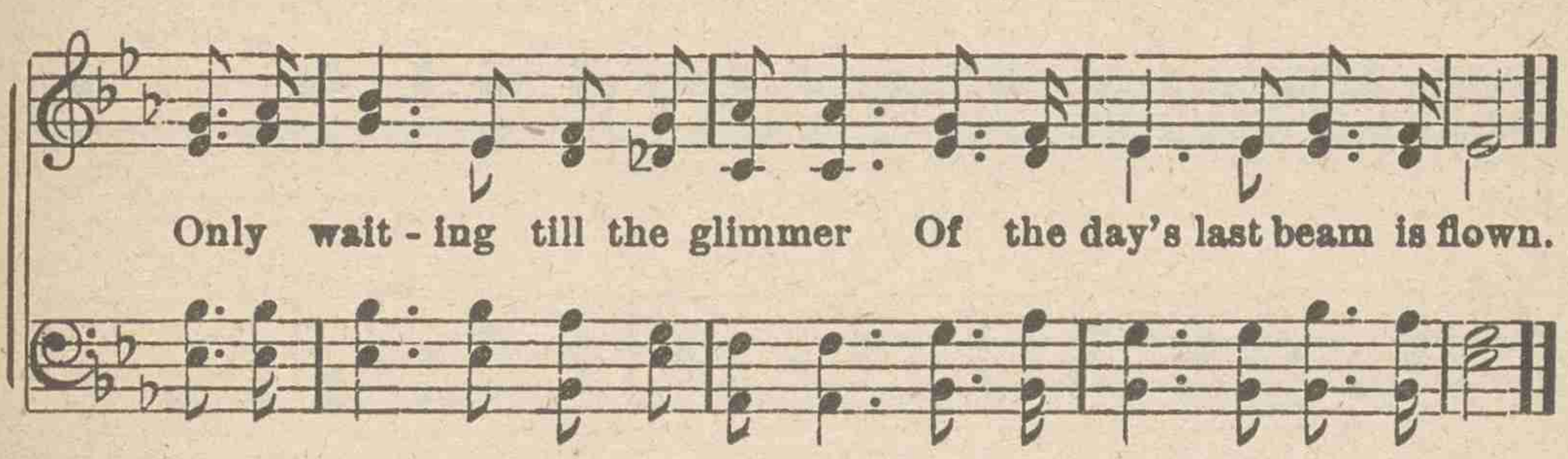
Copyrighted by W. E. Penn. From "Harvest Bells No. 2," by per.

No. 24. Only Waiting.

"Waiting for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ."—1 Cor. 1: 7.

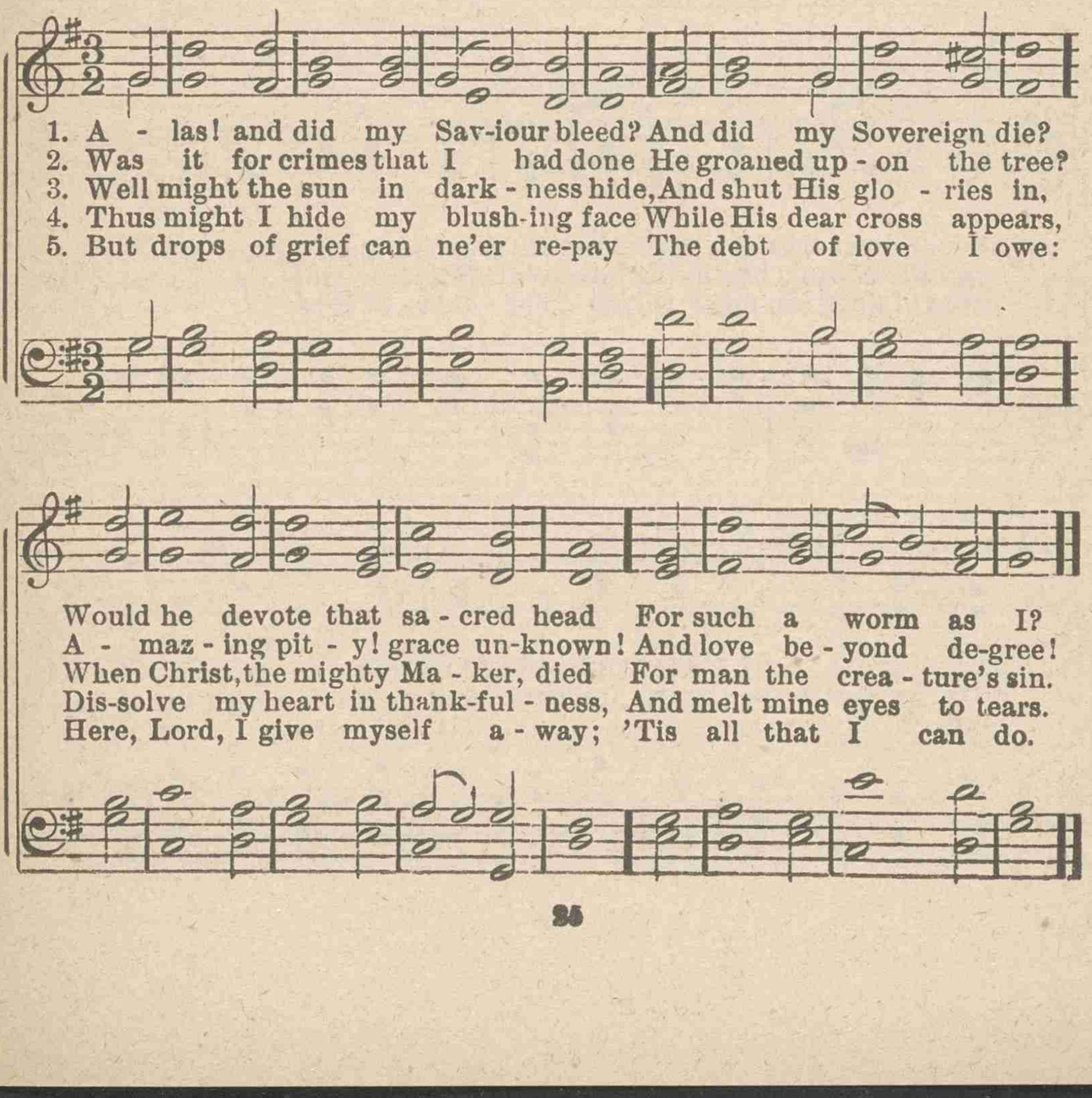
J. M. HUNT.



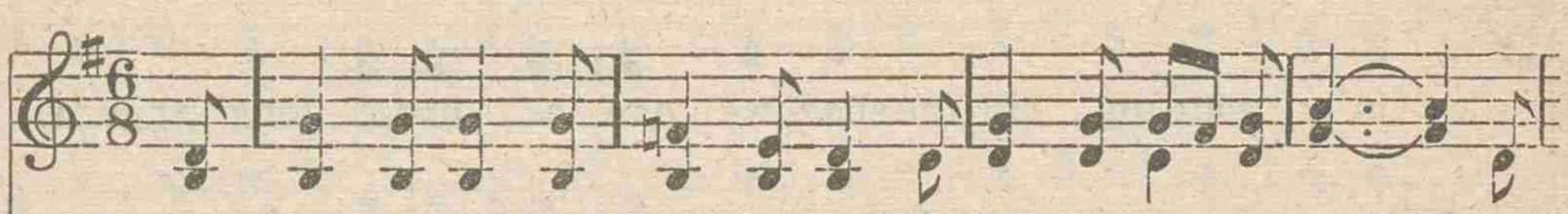
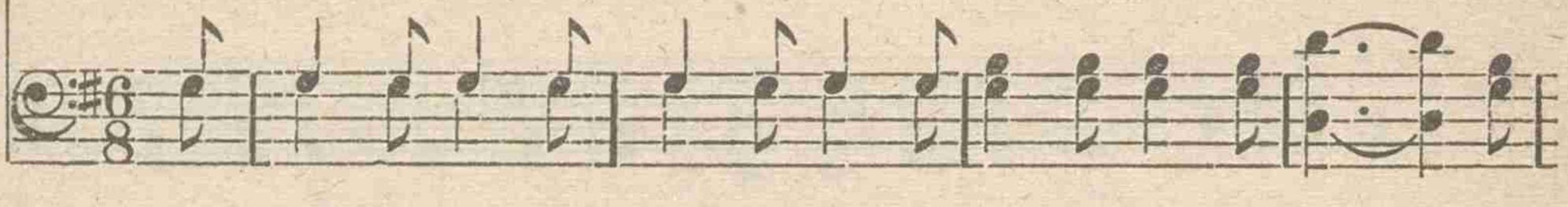
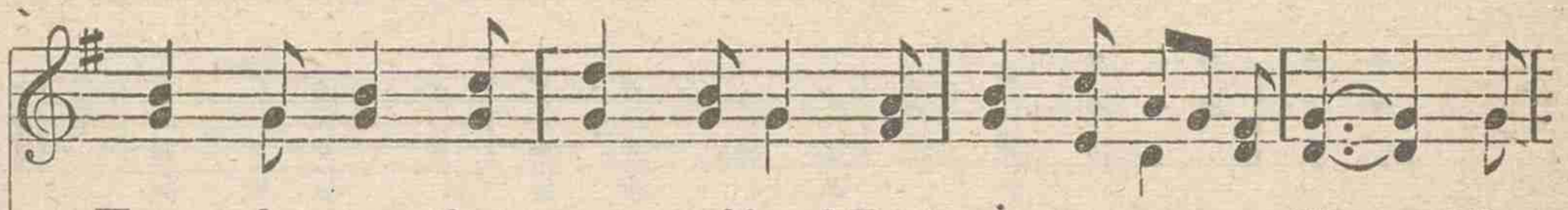
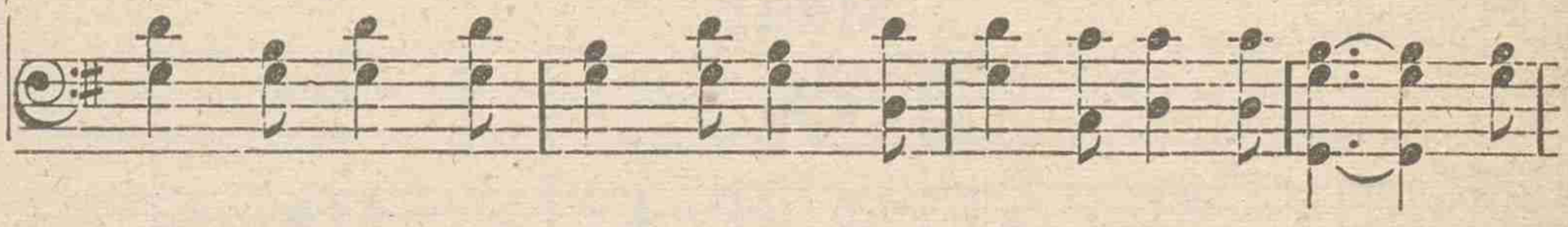
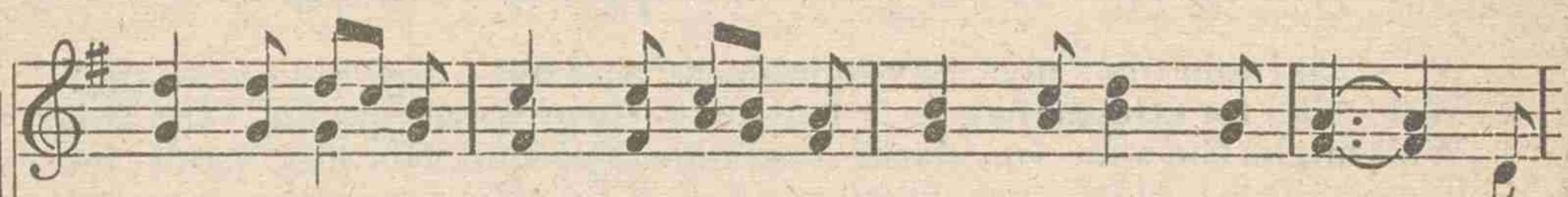
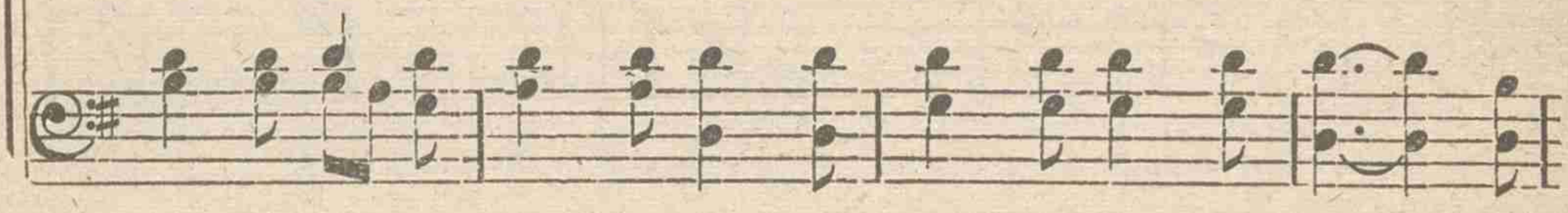
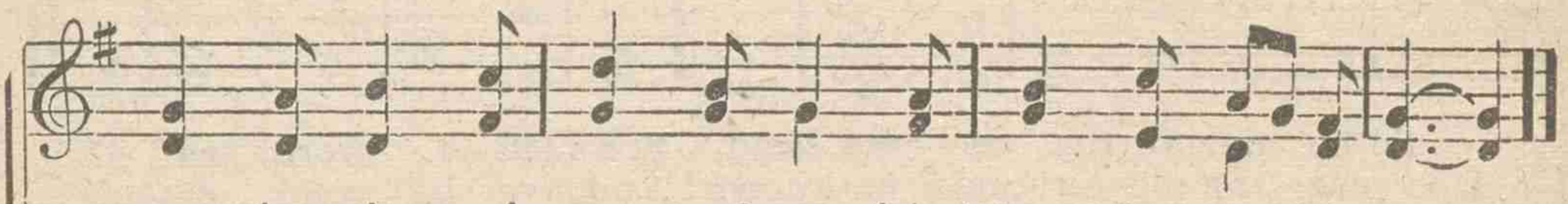
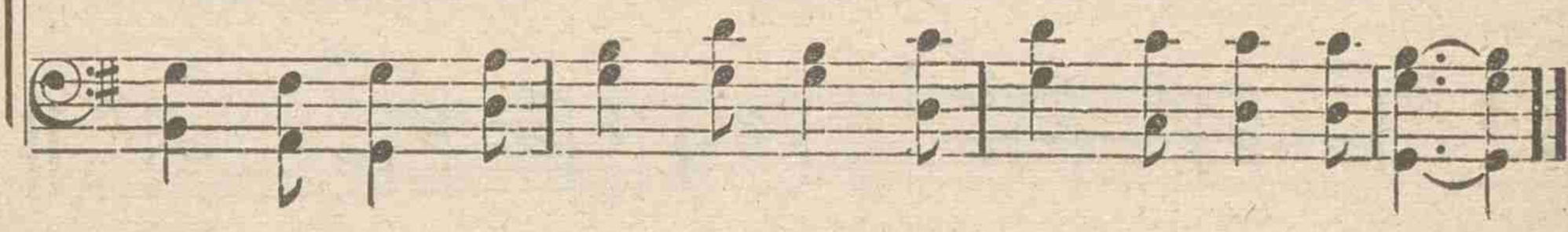
Only Waiting. Concluded.



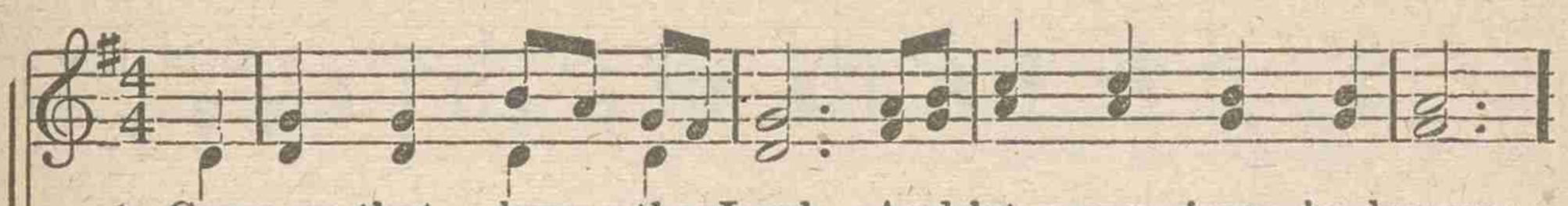
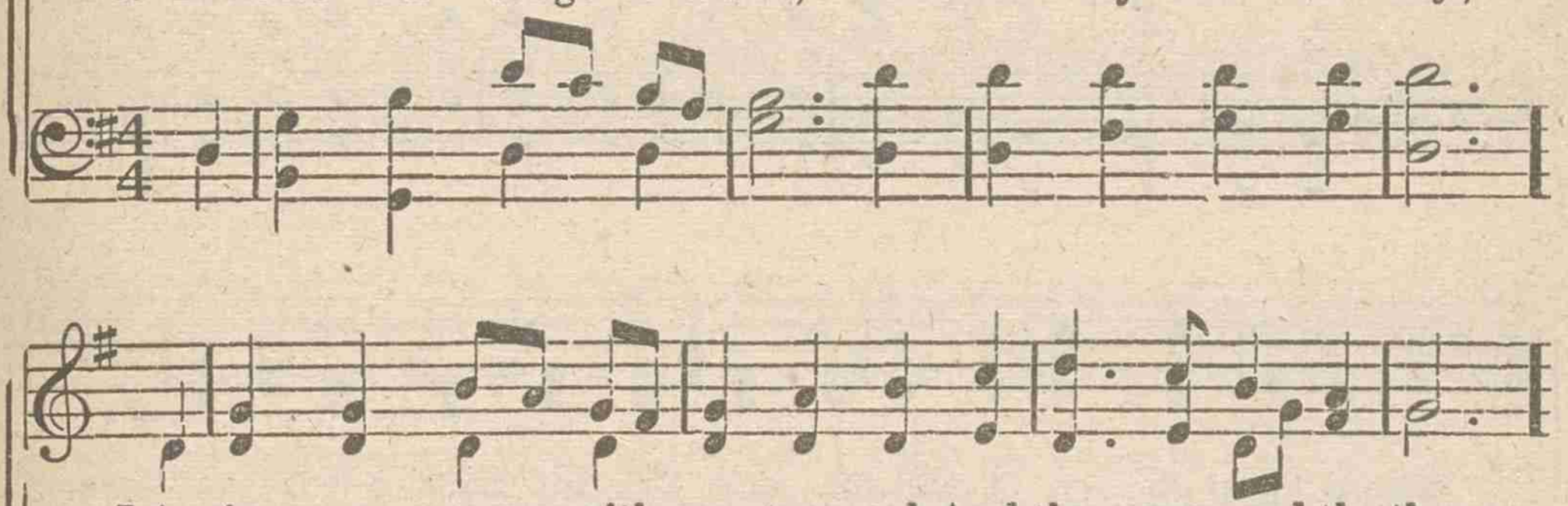
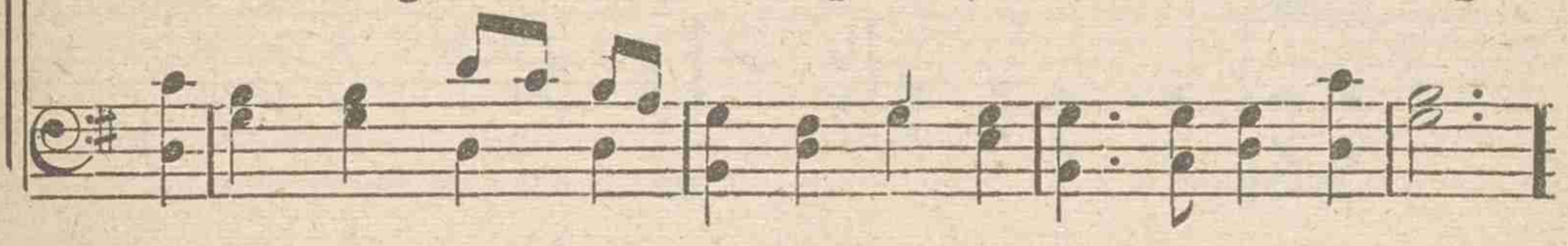
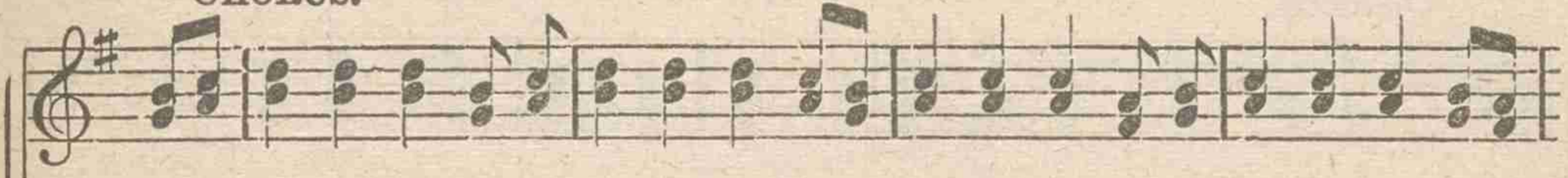
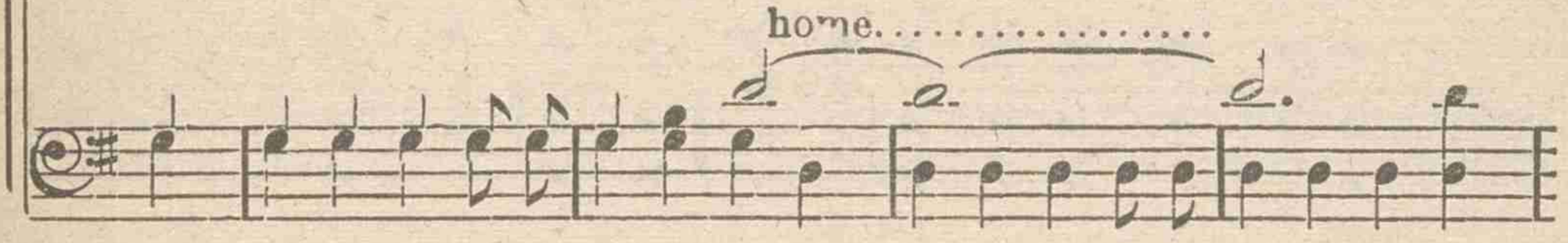
No. 25. Mear.

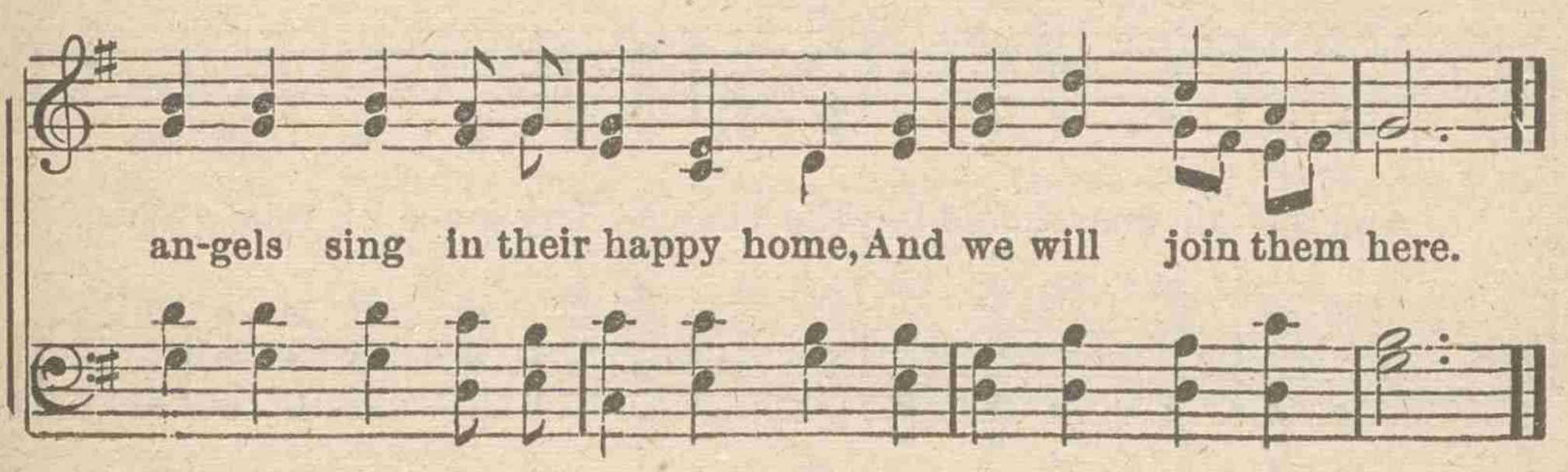
C. M.



No. 26. Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?

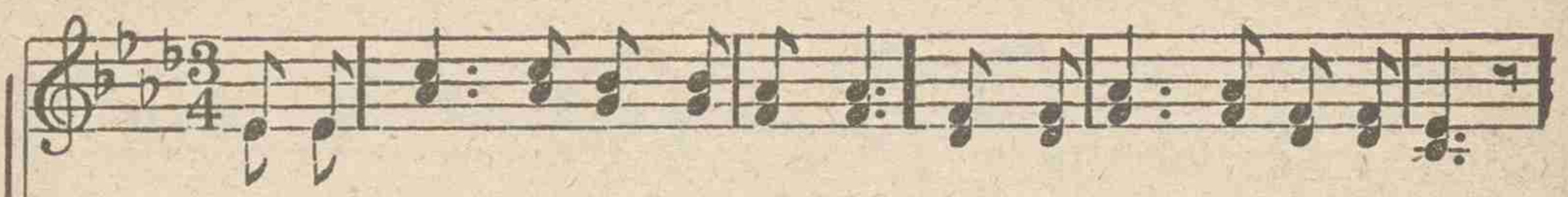
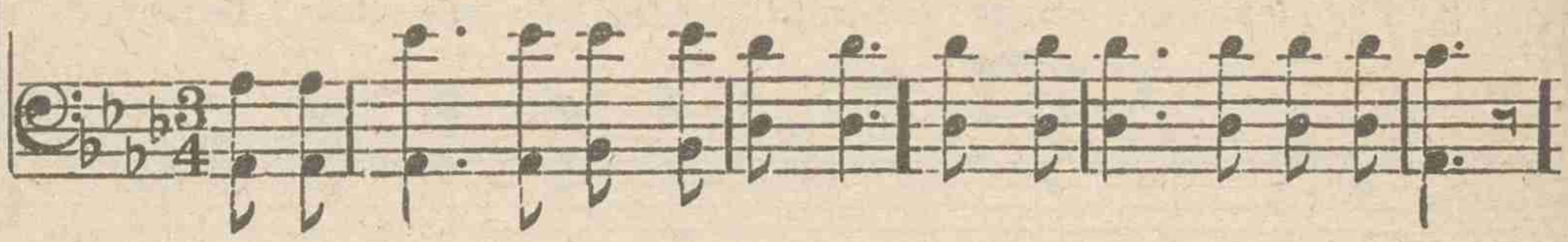
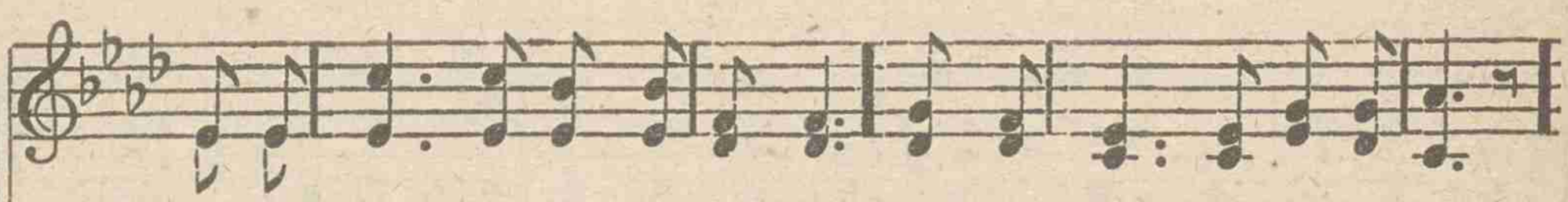
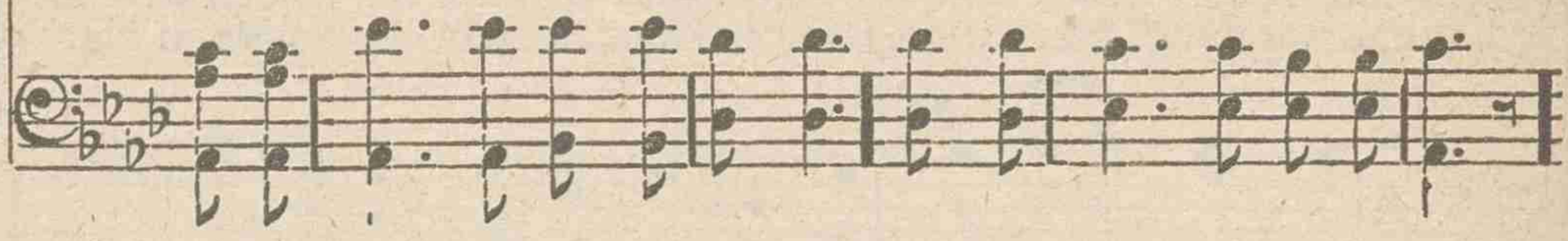
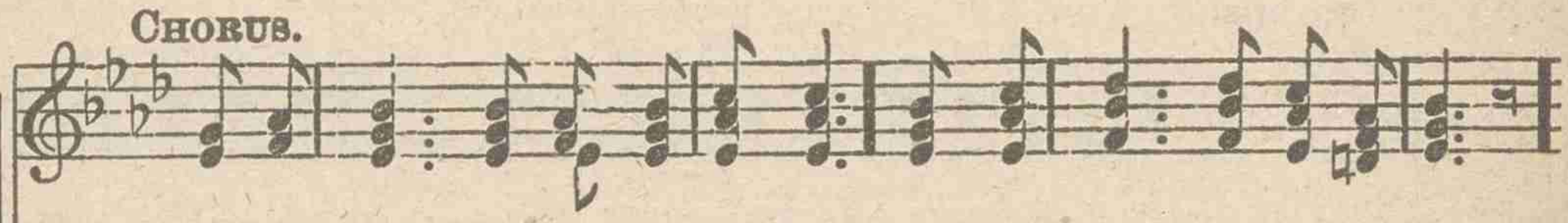
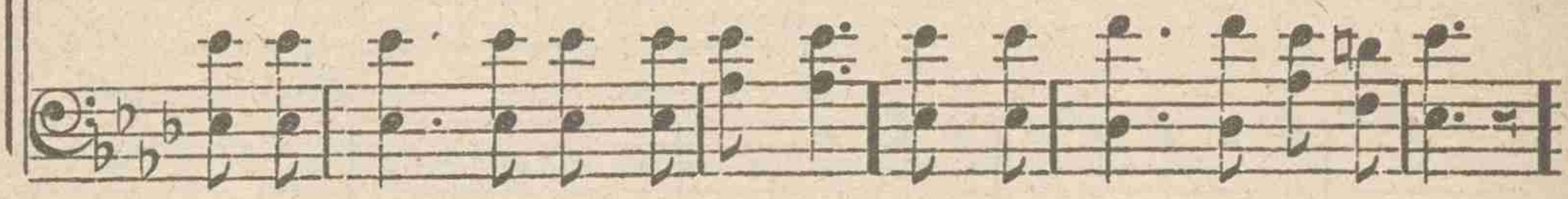
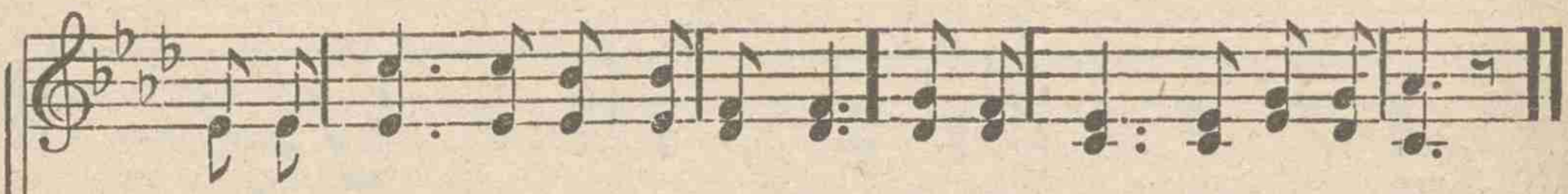
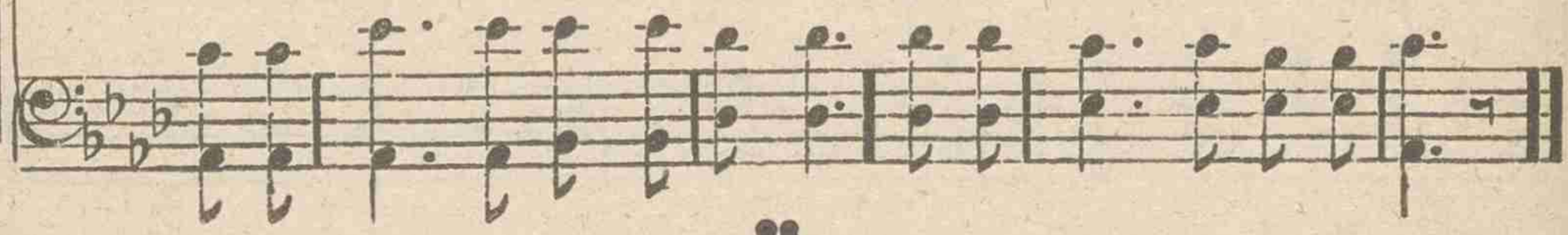
Harmonized by J. M. HUNT.

1. A - las! and did my Saviour bleed? And did my Sovereign die? Would
2. Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut his glories in, When
3. But drops of grief can ne'er repay The debt of love I owe: Here,

He devote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I? Was
Christ, the might - y Ma - ker, died For man the creature's sin. Thus
Lord, I give my - self a-way; 'Tis all that I can do. But

it for crimes that I had done He groaned upon the tree? A -
might I hide my blush - ing face While His dear cross ap - pears, Dis -
drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe: Here,

maz - ing pit - y! grace unknown! And love be - yond de - gree!
solve my heart in thank - ful - ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do.

No. 27. The Angels Sing.

S. M.

1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known;
2. The sorrows of the mind Be ban-ished from the place;
3. Let those re - fuse to sing, That nev - er knew our God;
4. The hill of Zi - on yields A thou-sand sa - cred sweets,
5. Then let our songs a-bound, And ev - ery tear be dry;

Join in a song with sweet accord, And thus surround the throne.
Re - lig - ion nev - er was designed To make our pleasures less.
But favorites of the heavenly King May speak their joys abroad.
Be-fore we reach the heavenly fields, Or walk the golden streets.
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, To fair - er worlds on high.

CHORUS.

The angels sing in their happy home, The angels sing in their happy home, The

home.....



an-gels sing in their happy home, And we will join them here.

No. 28. I will follow Thee.

8s & 7s.

1. I will fol - low Thee, my Saviour, Where-so-e'er my lot may be;
2. Tho' the road be rough and thorny, Trackless as the foaming sea,
3. Tho' I meet with trib - u - la-tions, Sore-ly tempt-ed tho' I be,
4. Tho' to Jor-dan's roll-ing billows, Cold and deep, Thou leadest me,

Where Thou go - est I will fol - low, Yes, my Lord, I'll follow Thee.
Thou hast trod this way before me, And I glad - ly follow Thee.
I re - mem-ber Thou wast tempted, And rejoice to follow Thee.
Thou hast cross'd its waves before me, And I still will follow Thee.

CHORUS.

I will follow Thee, my Saviour; Thou didst shed Thy blood for me;

And tho' all men should forsake Thee, By Thy grace I'll follow Thee.

No. 29. Keep the Banner Unfurled.

J. H. LUTHER. J. M. HUNT.

1. Our coun-try for Je - sus, The land of the free, From o-cean to
2. Our coun-try for Je - sus, The light of the world; Our triumph is
3. The children are call-ing, Are call-ing for light, While thousands are

ocean, From mountain to sea; The Lord is our Captain, His word is our
certain, With banner unfurled; For truth is victorious O'er er - ror and
praying And toiling with might; Then let us be faithful, The harvest is

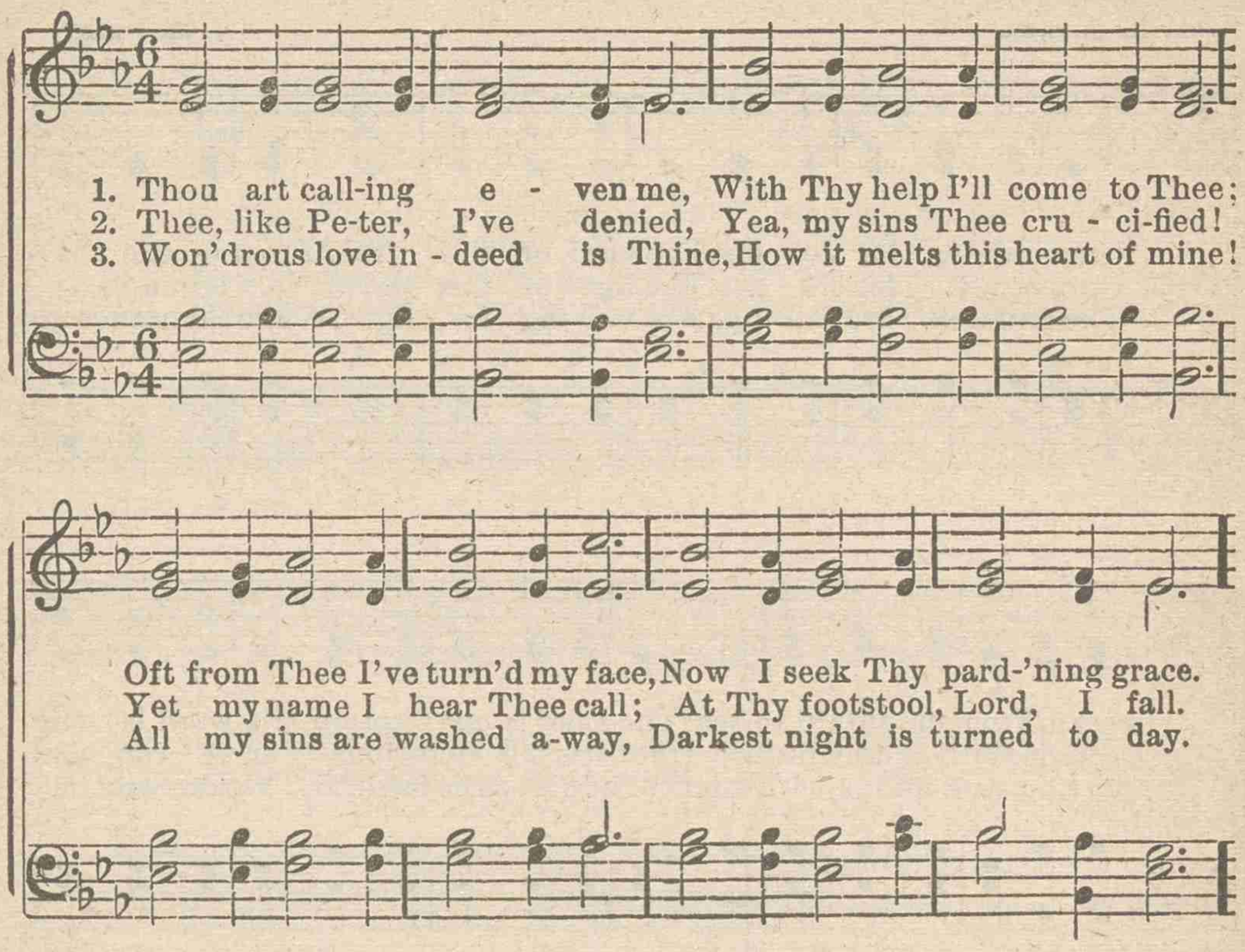
ff CHORUS.

guide, We're only to fol - low What e'er may betide. Keep the banner un-
race, While love sings melodious The song of free grace.
white, The Bridegroom is coming, Our lamps should be bright.

furled And the vict'ry loud sing, Thus to conquer the world For Jesus our King.

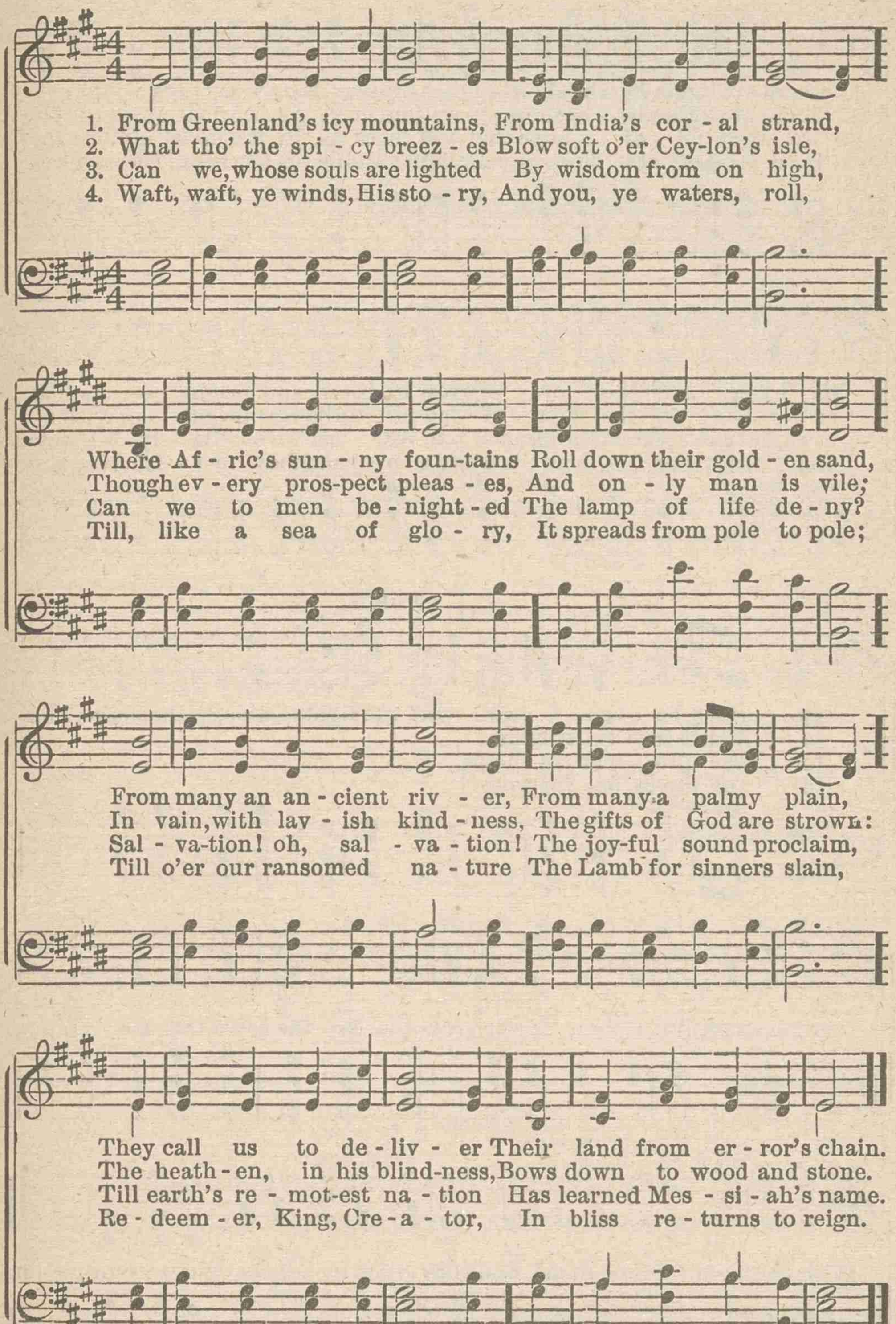
No. 30. Thou wilt never let me die.

J. M. HUNT.



No. 31. Missionary Hymn.

Ts & Co. Dr. L. Mason.



No. 32. Lights along the shore.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD. H. ROBERTS.

1. There are lights by the shore of that country, Where my bark a-mid per-
2. There are lights by the shore as we jour-ney, As we float down the riv-
3. Oh! they tell of a hope that will cheer us, In the midst of our sor-
4. Then for-get not to keep your light shining, O Christian! be earnest

ils I steer: And they ev - er grow brighter, and bright - er, As that
er of time; All the days of my pil - grim-age bright - en, With a
rows and cares; When the lamp of our ves - sel burns dim - ly, We watch
and true; For a soul on life's o - cean may per - ish, May sink

CHORUS.

glo - rious ha - ven I near. Oh! the lights along the shore, That
ra - diance tru - ly sublime.
for the glim - mer of theirs.
in the waves but for you.

nev-er grow dim, nev-er, nev-er grow dim, Are the souls that are aflame,

With the love of Jesus' name, And they guide us, yes, they guide us unto Him.

Used by permission of O. Ditson & Co., owners of copyright.

No. 33. Gathered Home.

J. M. Hunt.

1. Shall we all meet at home in the morning On the shores of the bright crystal
2. Shall we all meet at home in the morning And from sorrow for-ev-er be
3. Shall we all meet at home in the morning, Our blessed Re-deem-er to

sea; With the loved ones who long have been wait-ing? What a
free; Shall we join in the songs of the ransomed? What a
see; Shall we know, and be known by our loved ones? What a

Chorus.

meet-ing in-deed it will be. Gathered home, gathered
meet-ing in-deed it will be.
meet-ing in-deed it will be.

gathered home,

home, On the shores of the bright crystal sea;

gathered home,

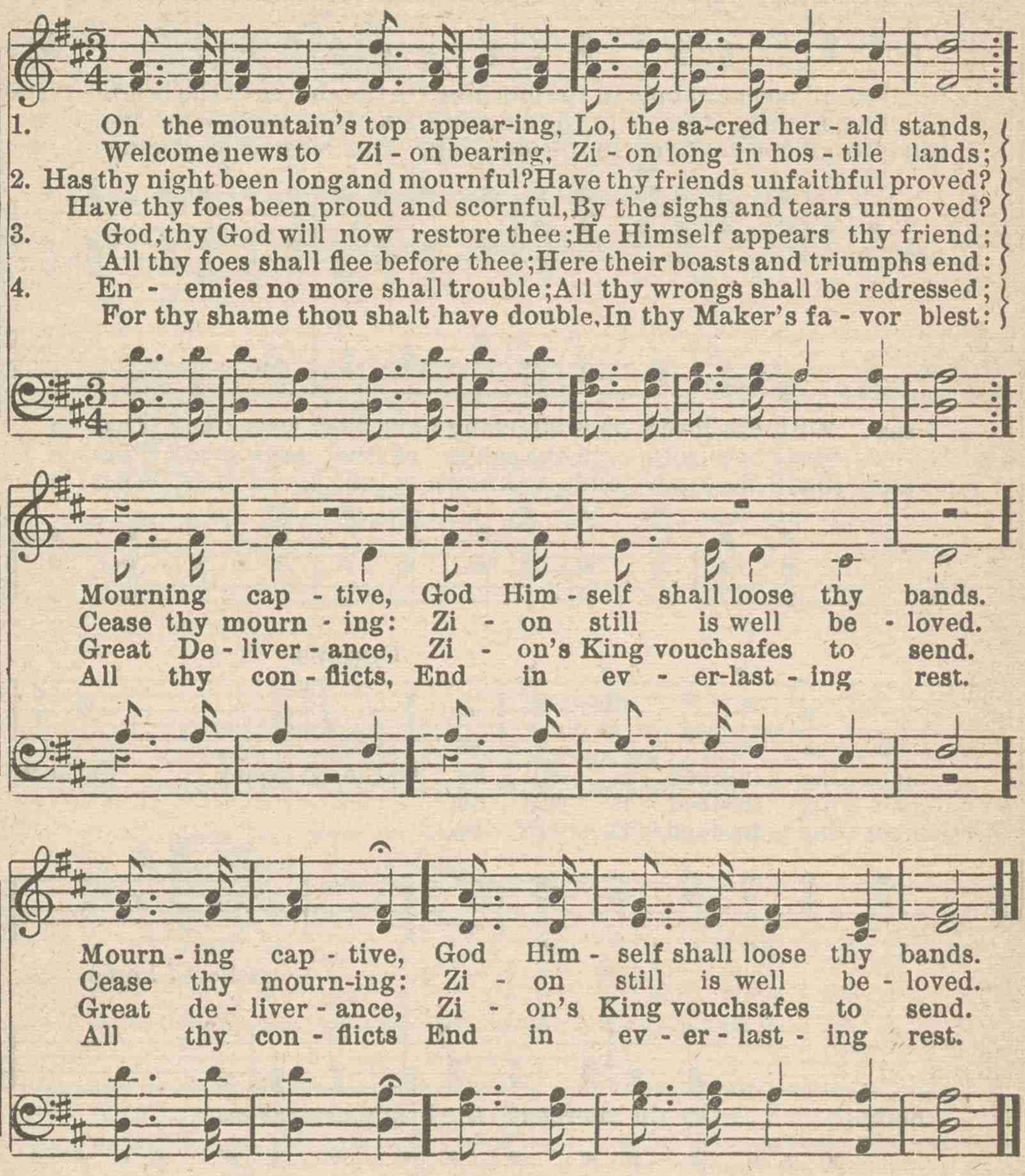
crys-tal sea,

Gathered home, gathered home, With our loved ones forever to be.

gathered home, gathered home,

No. 34. Zion.

THOMAS KELLY, 1804. 8s, 7s & 4s. T. HASTINGS.



No. 35. Zion stands with hills surrounded.

THOMAS KELLY, 1806.

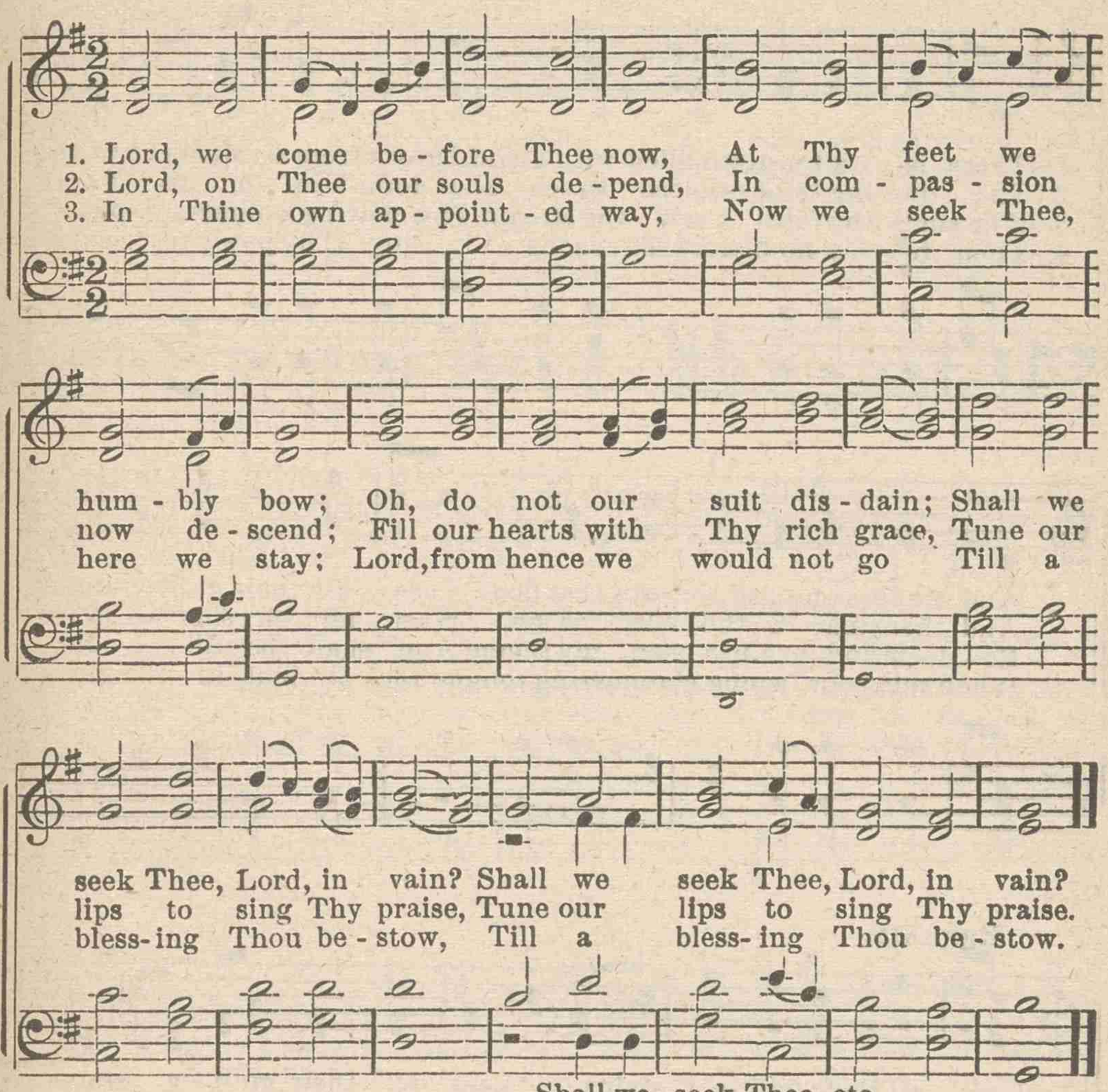
1 Zion stands with hills surrounded,
Zion, kept by power divine;
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine;
Happy Zion,
What a favored lot is thine!

2 Every human tie may perish;
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
Mothers cease their own to cherish;
Heaven and earth at last remove;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 If thy God should show displeasure,
'T is to save, and not destroy:
If He punish, 't is in measure;
'T is to rid thee of alloy.
Be thou patient;
Soon thy grief shall turn to joy.

No. 36. Hendon.

7s.

"Before they call I will answer, and while they are yet speaking, I will hear."

No. 37. To Thy pastures fair and large.

7s.

1 To Thy pastures fair and large,
Heav'nly Shepherd, lead Thy charge,
And my couch with tend'rest care
'Mid the springing grass prepare,
'Mid the springing grass prepare.

2 When I faint with summer's heat,
Thou shalt guide my weary feet
To the streams that still and slow,
Thro' the verdant meadows flow,
Thro' the verdant meadows flow.

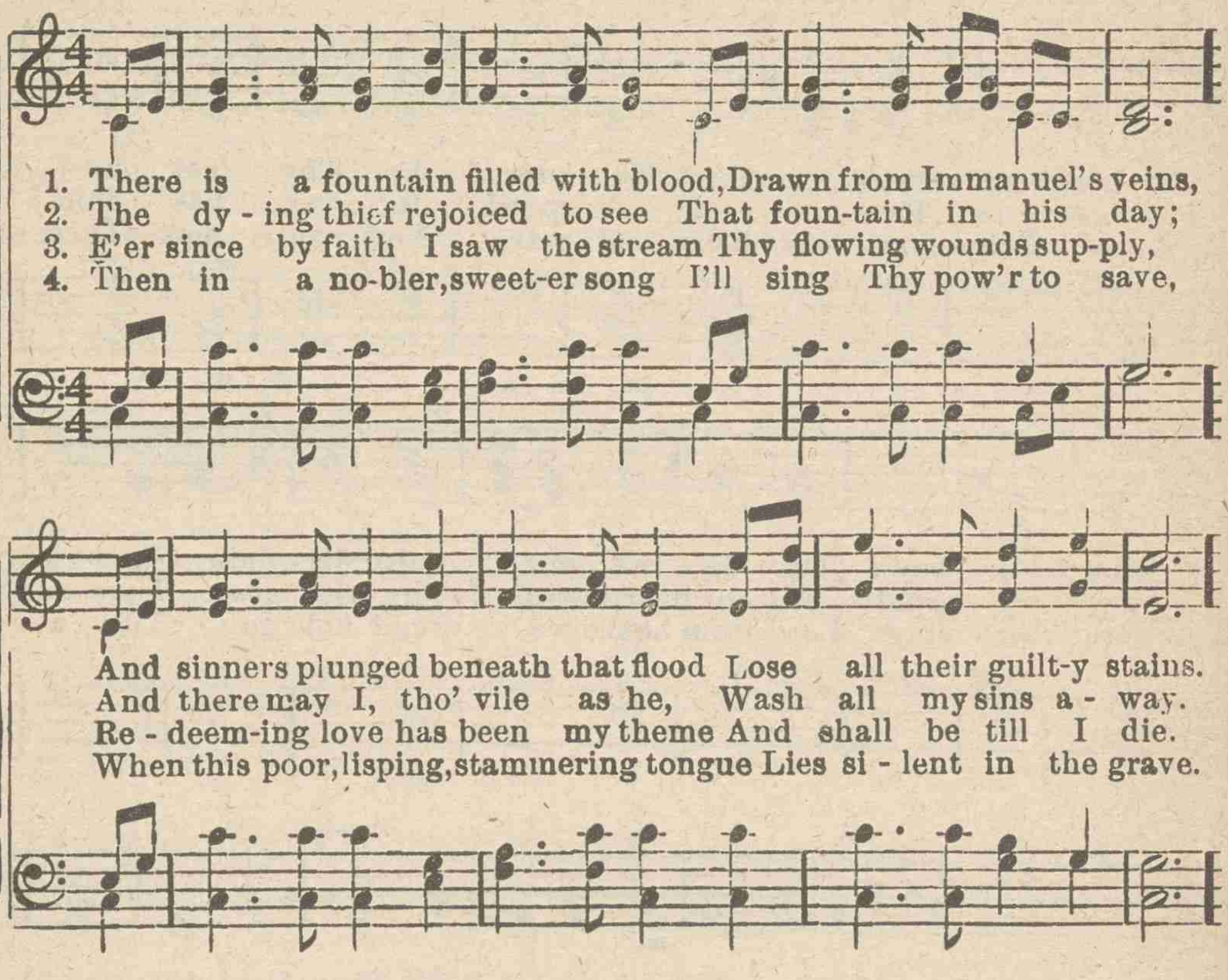
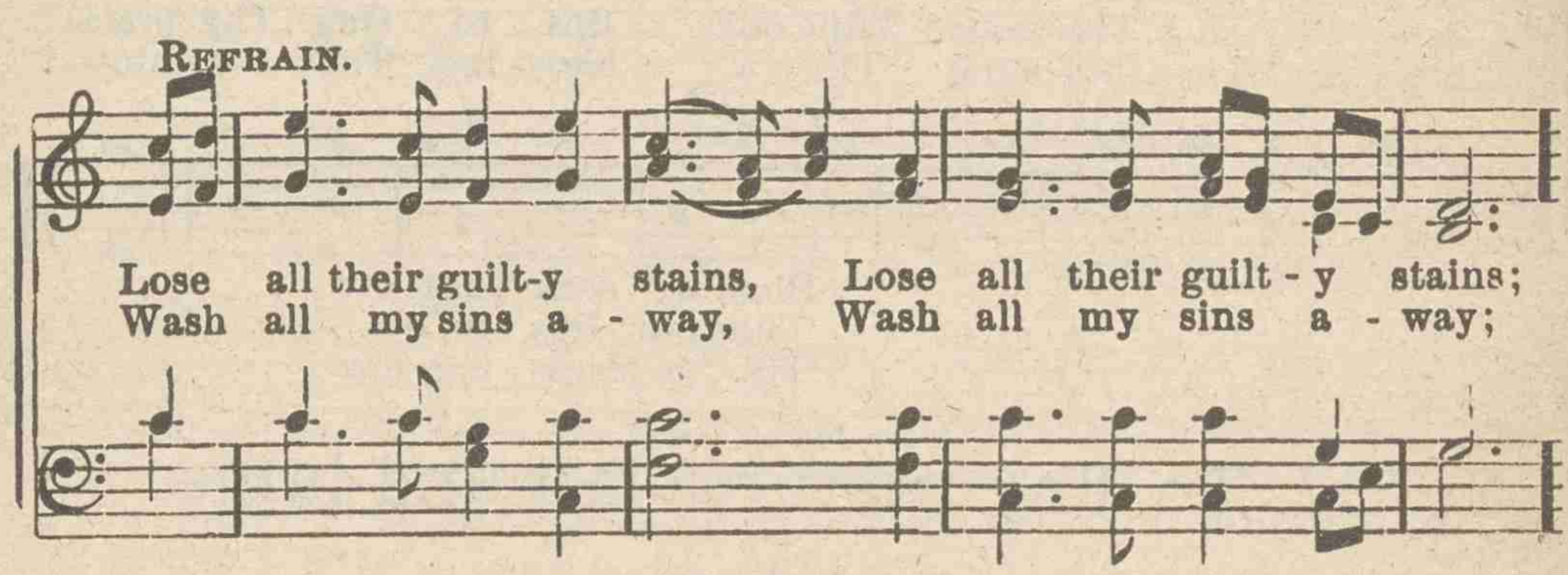
3 Safe the dreary vale I tread,
By the shades of death o'erspread,
With Thy rod and staff supplied,
This my guard and this my guide,
This my guard and this my guide.

4 Constant to my latest end
Thou my footsteps shall attend,
And shall bid Thy hallowed dome
Yield me an eternal home,
Yield me an eternal home.

No. 38. There is a Fountain.

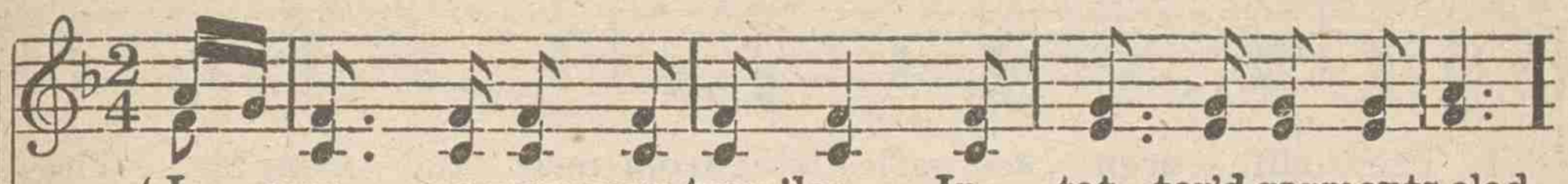
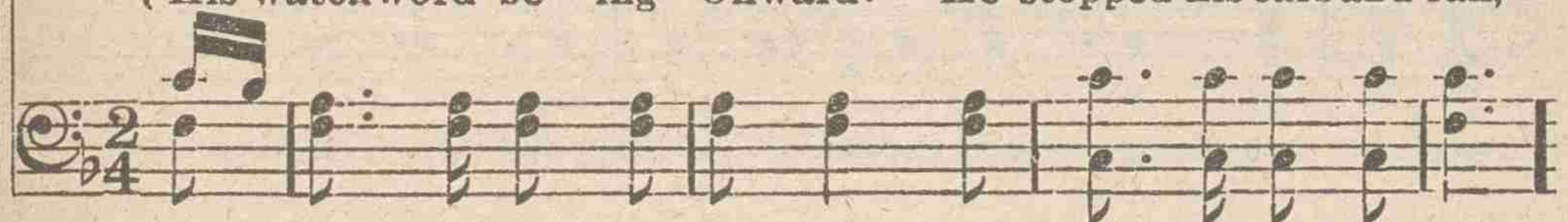
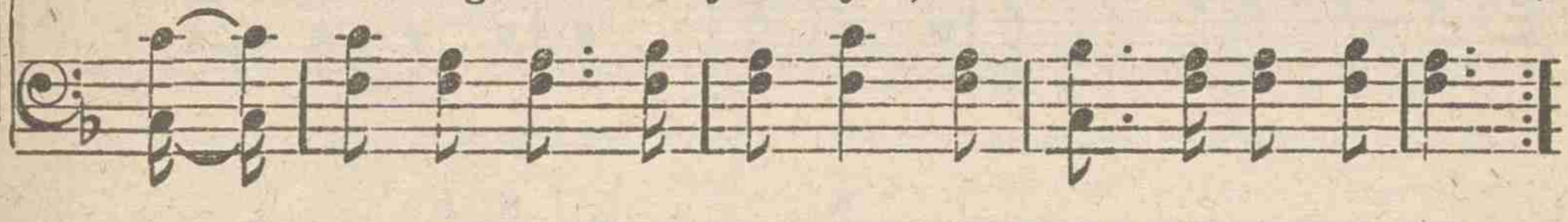
"A fountain open for sin."—Zech. xiii: 1.

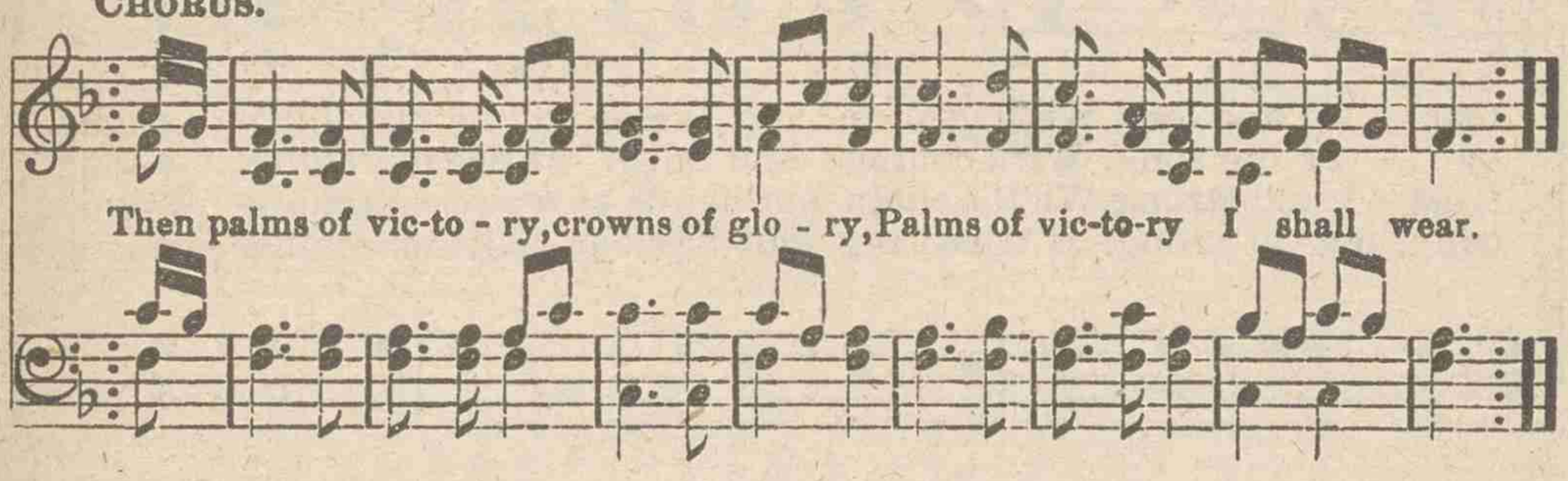
WM. COWPER, 1779. Western Melody.



No. 39. Deliverance will come.

"We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said, I will give you."—Num. x: 29.

J. B. M. Rev. Jno. B. Matthias, 1836.

1. I saw a wayworn trav-'ler In tat - ter'd garments clad,
   His back was la - den heav - y, His strength was almost gone,
2. The sum - mer sun was shin - ing, The sweat was on his brow,
   But he kept press-ing on - ward, For he was wending home;
3. The song - sters in the ar - bor, That stood beside the way,
   His watchword be - ing "Onward!" He stopped his ears and ran,

And struggling up the mountain, It seem'd that he was sad;
Yet he shouted as he journeyed, De - liv - er-ance will come.
His garments worn and dust - y, His step seem'd ve-ry slow:
Still shouting as he journeyed, De - liv - er-ance will come.
At - tract - ed his at - ten-tion, In - vit - ing his de - lay:
Still shouting as he journeyed, De - liv - er-ance will come.

Chorus.



Then palms of vic-to - ry, crowns of glo - ry, Palms of vic-to-ry I shall wear.

4 I saw him in the evening,
  The sun was bending low,
He'd overtopped the mountain,
  And reached the vale below:
He saw the golden city,—
  His everlasting home,—
And shouted loud, Hosanna,
  Deliverance will come!

5 While gazing on that city,
  Just o'er the narrow flood,
A band of holy angels
  Came from the throne of God:
They bore him on their pinions
  Safe o'er the dashing foam;
And joined him in his triumph,—
  Deliverance has come!

6 I heard the song of triumph
  They sang upon that shore,
Saying, Jesus has redeemed us
  To suffer nevermore:
Then, casting his eyes backward
  On the race which he had run,
He shouted loud, Hosanna,
  Deliverance has come!

No. 40. Marching Along.

March movement.

1. The chil - dren are gath - 'ring from near and from far, The
2. The foe is be - fore us in bat - tle ar - ray, But
3. We've 'list - ed for life, and will camp on the field, With
4. Thro' con - flicts and tri - als our crowns we must win, For

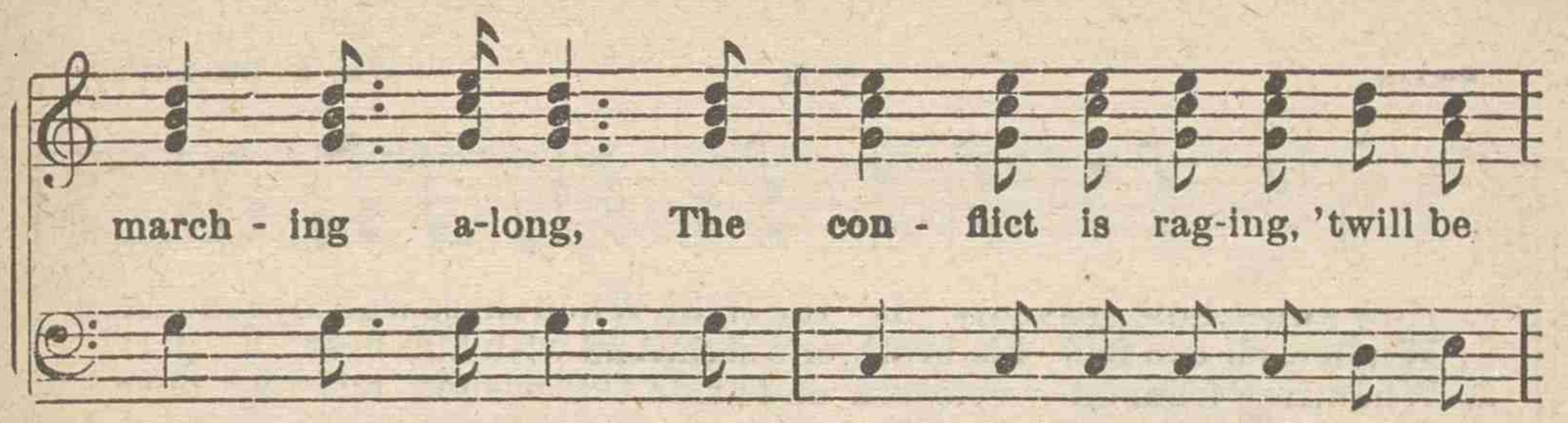
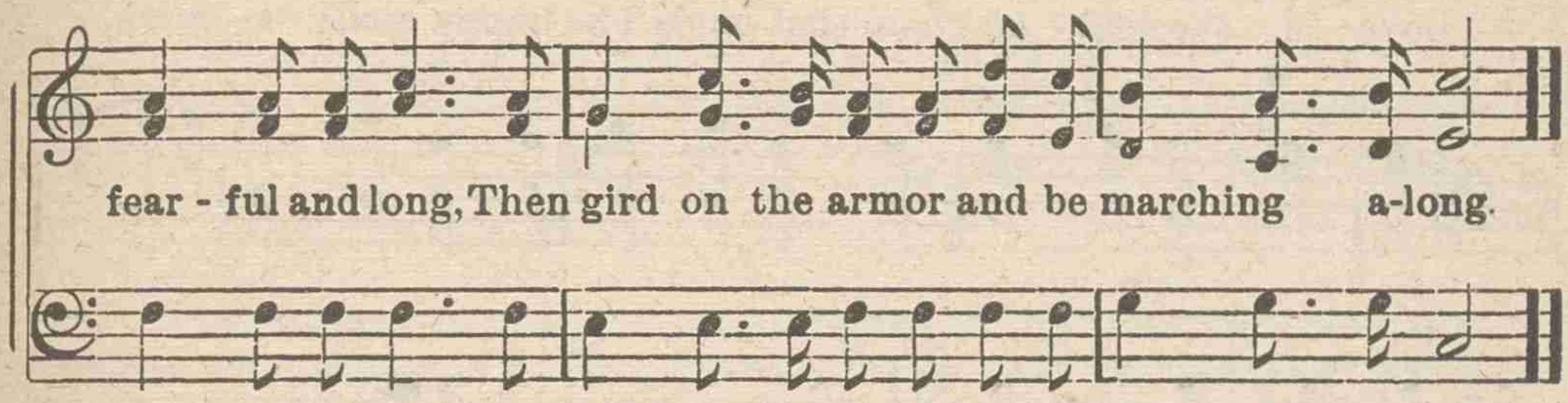
trump-et is sounding the call for the war, The conflict is raging, 'twill be
let us not waver nor turn from the way, The Lord is our strength, be this
Christ as our Captain we never will yield. The "sword of the Spirit," both
here we contend 'gainst temptation and sin; But one thing assures us, we

fear - ful and long, We'll gird on our armor, and be marching a-long.
ev - er our song, With courage and faith we are marching a-long.
trust - y and strong, We'll hold in our hands as we're marching a-long.
can - not go wrong, If trust - ing our Saviour, while marching a-long.

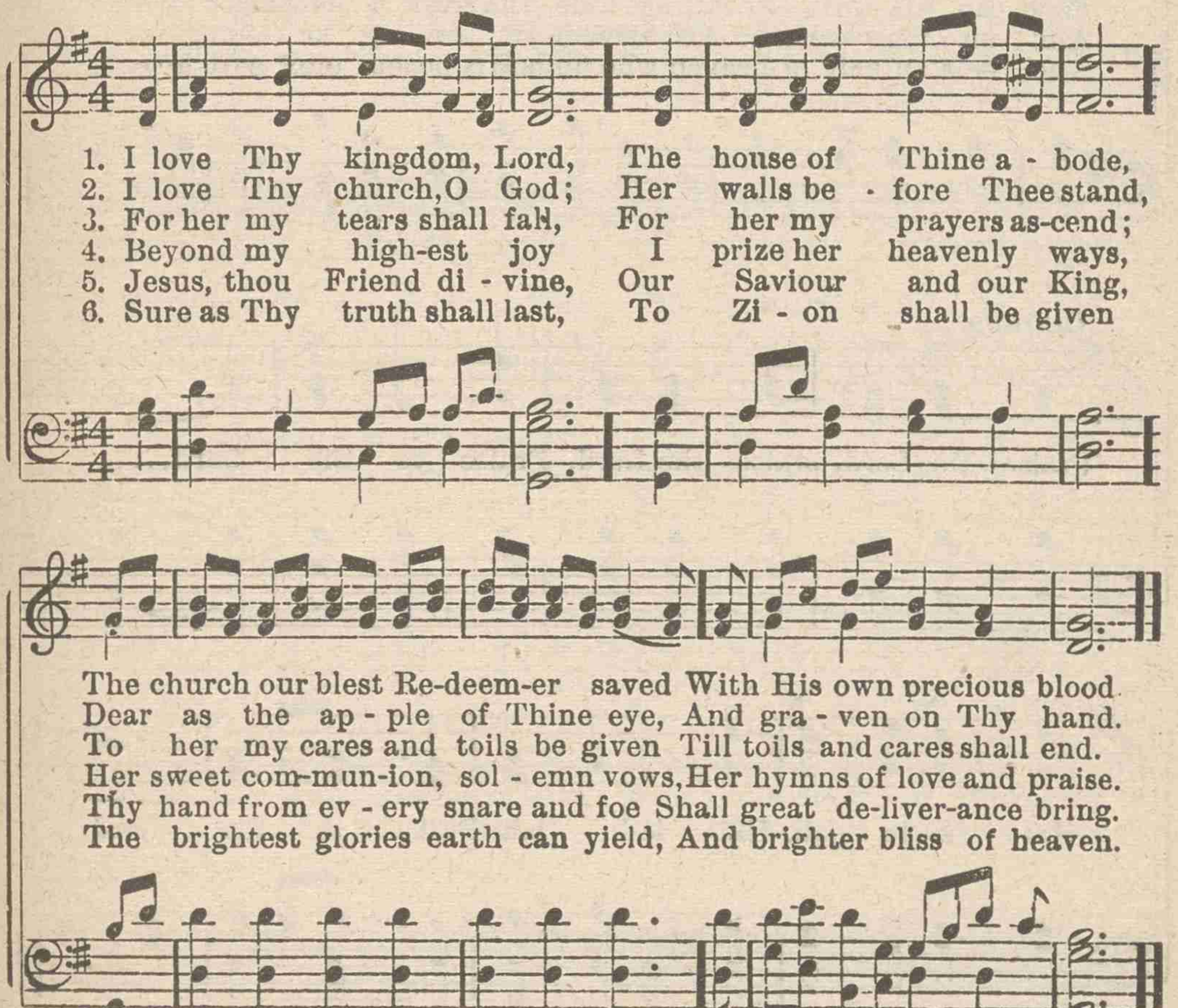
CHORUS. *ff*

March - ing along, we are marching along, Gird on the armor, and be

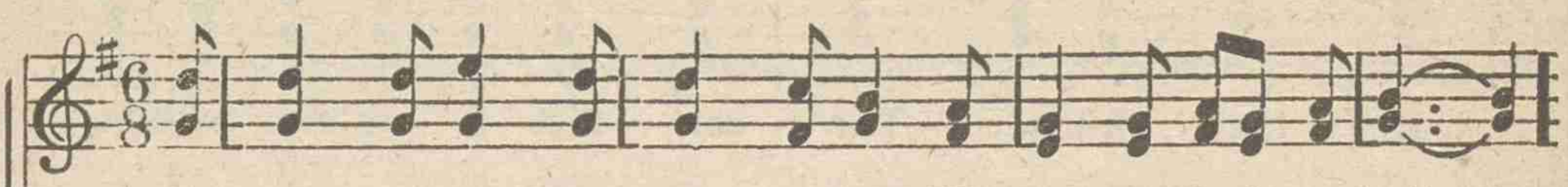
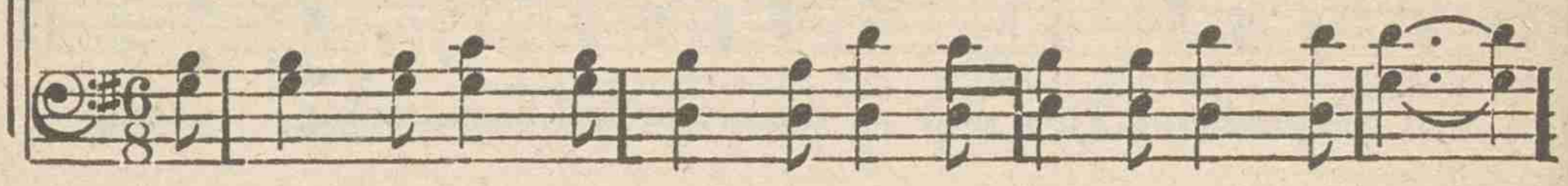
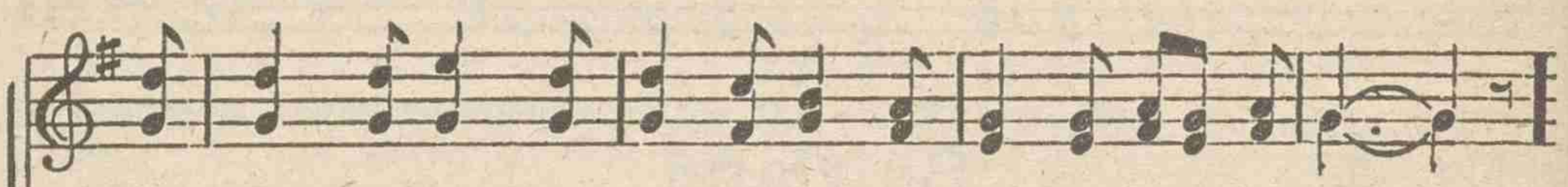
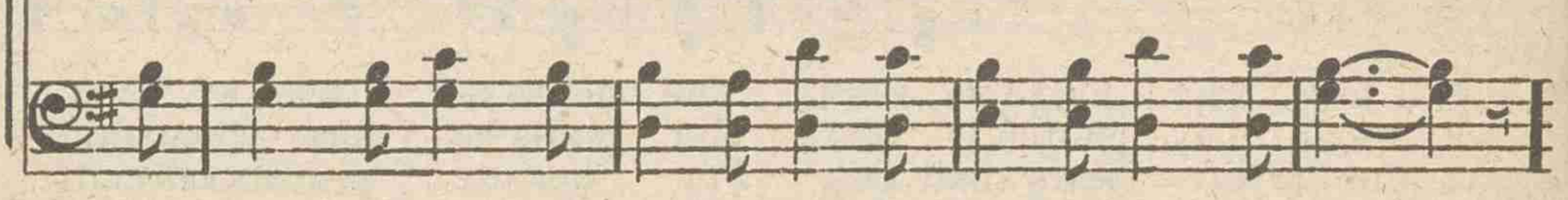
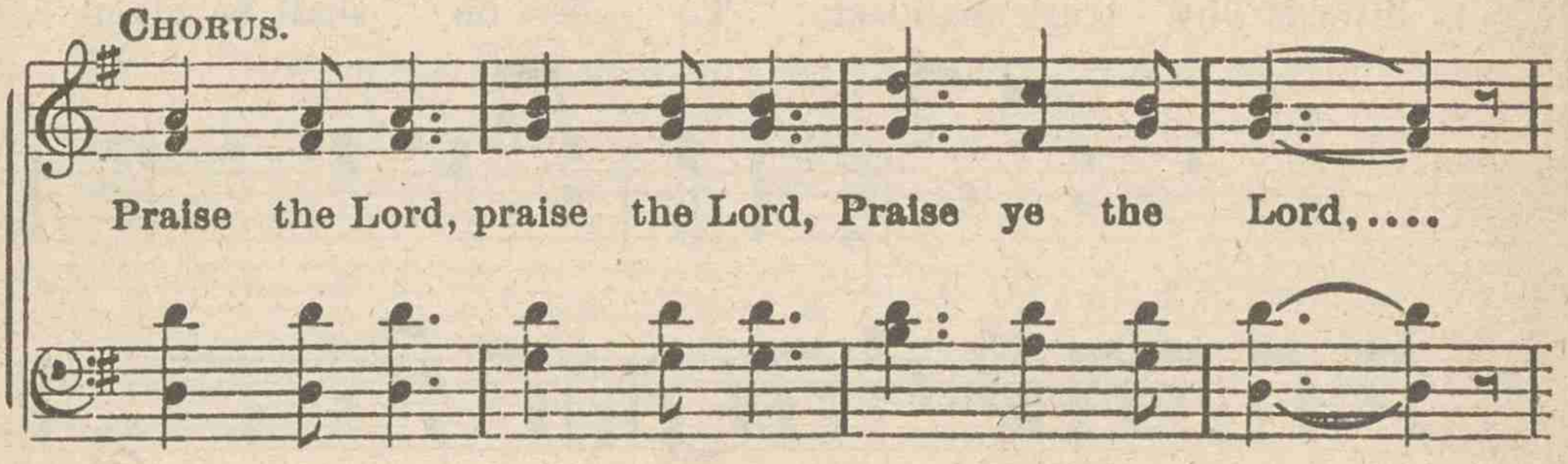
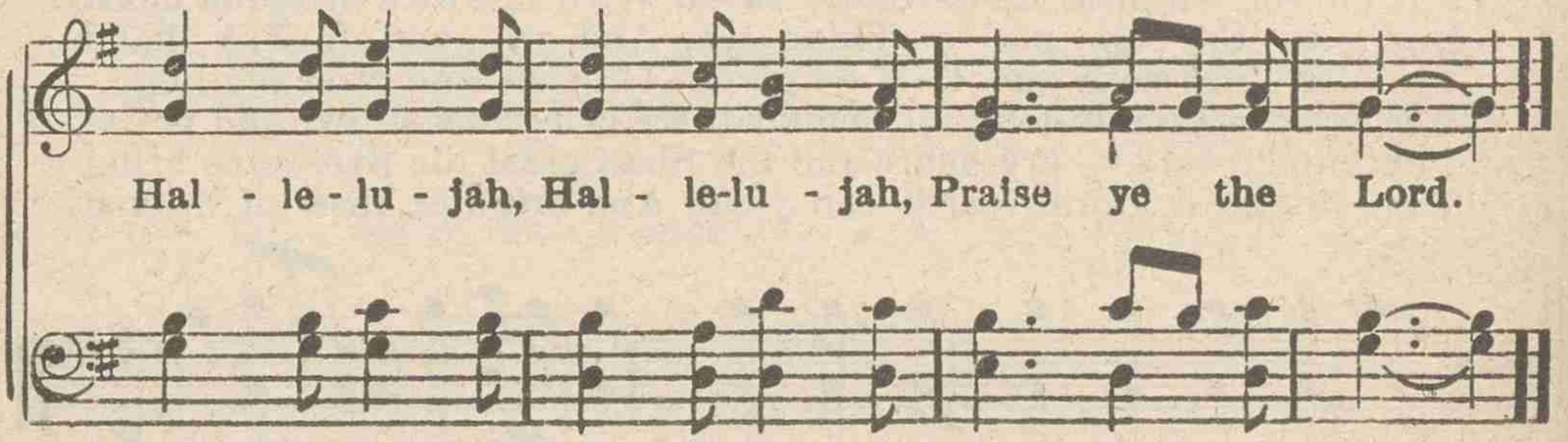
Copyrighted, 1861, by Wm. B. Bradbury. Used by per. Biglow & Main.

Marching Along. Concluded.

No. 41. Shirland.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT, 1802. S. M. STANLEY.



No. 42. Praise the Lord.

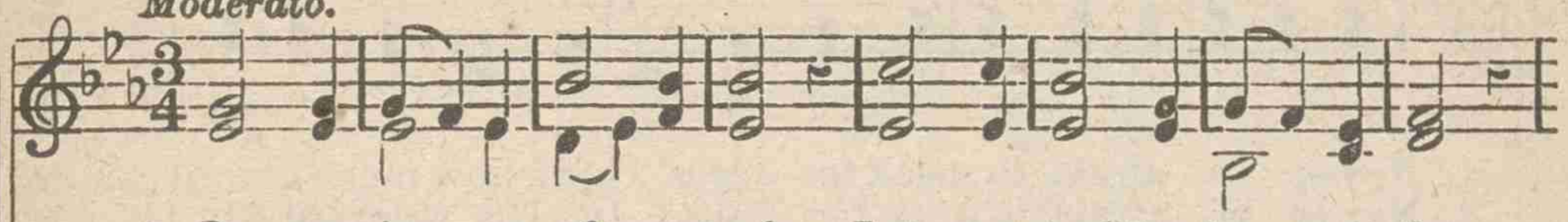
SWAIN. C. M. WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. How sweet, how heavenly is the sight, When those who love the Lord,
2. When each can feel his broth-er's sigh, And with him bear a part!
3. When, free from en - vy, scorn and pride, Our wishes all a - bove,
4. Let love, in one de-light-ful stream, Thro' every bo - som flow,
5. Love is the gold - en chain that binds The happy souls a - bove;

In one an-oth - er's peace delight, And so ful - fill His word!
When sor-row flows from eye to eye, And joy from heart to heart!
Each can his broth-er's failings hide, And show a brother's love!
And un - ion sweet, and dear esteem In ev - ery ac - tion glow.
And he's an heir of heaven who finds His bosom glow with love.

CHORUS.

Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Praise ye the Lord,....

Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le-lu - jah, Praise ye the Lord.

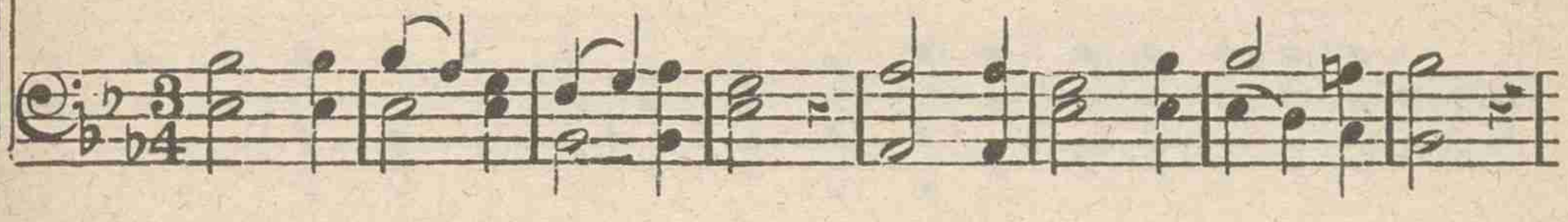
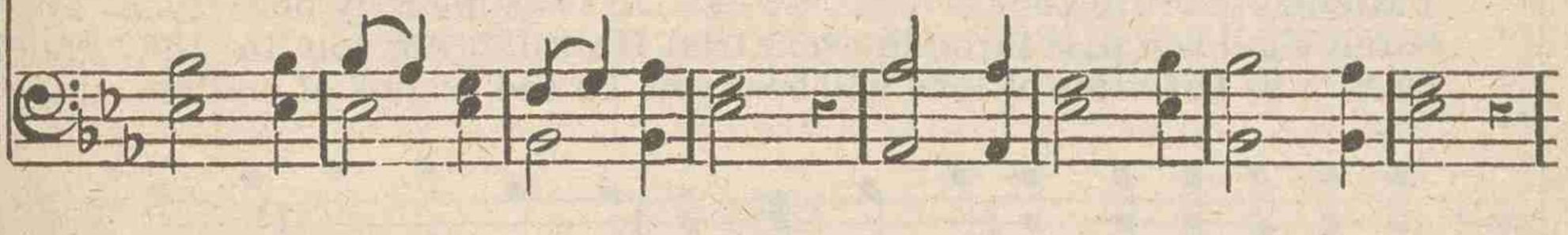
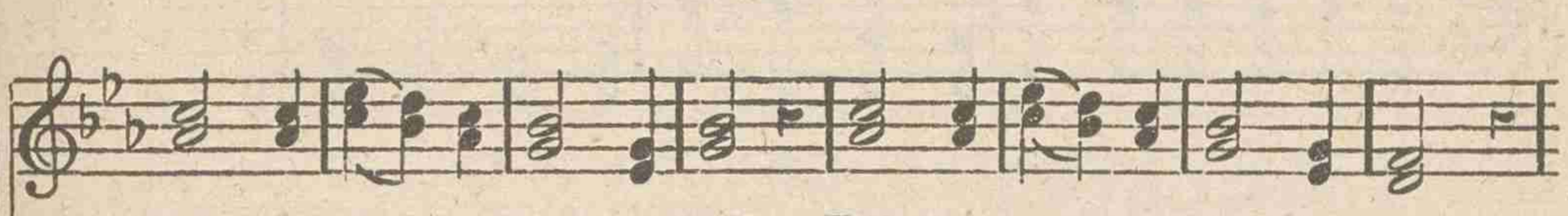
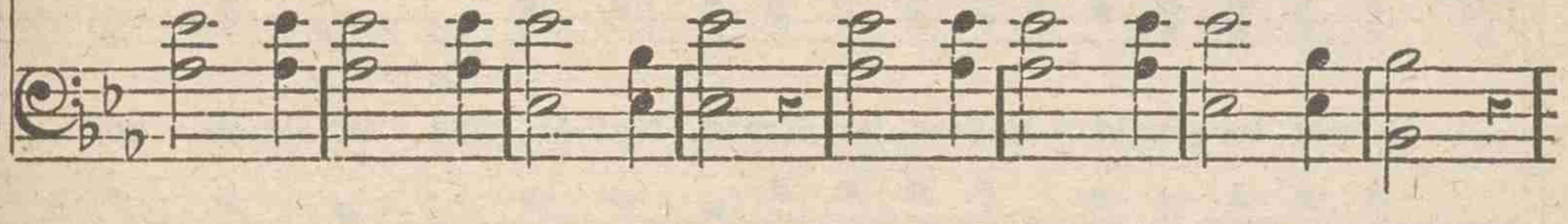
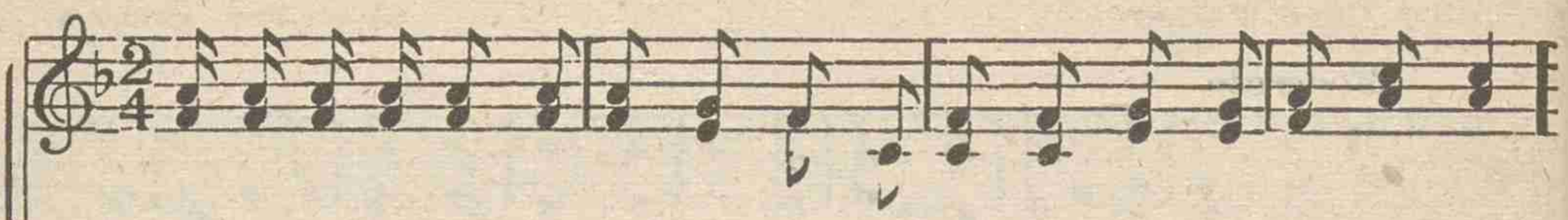
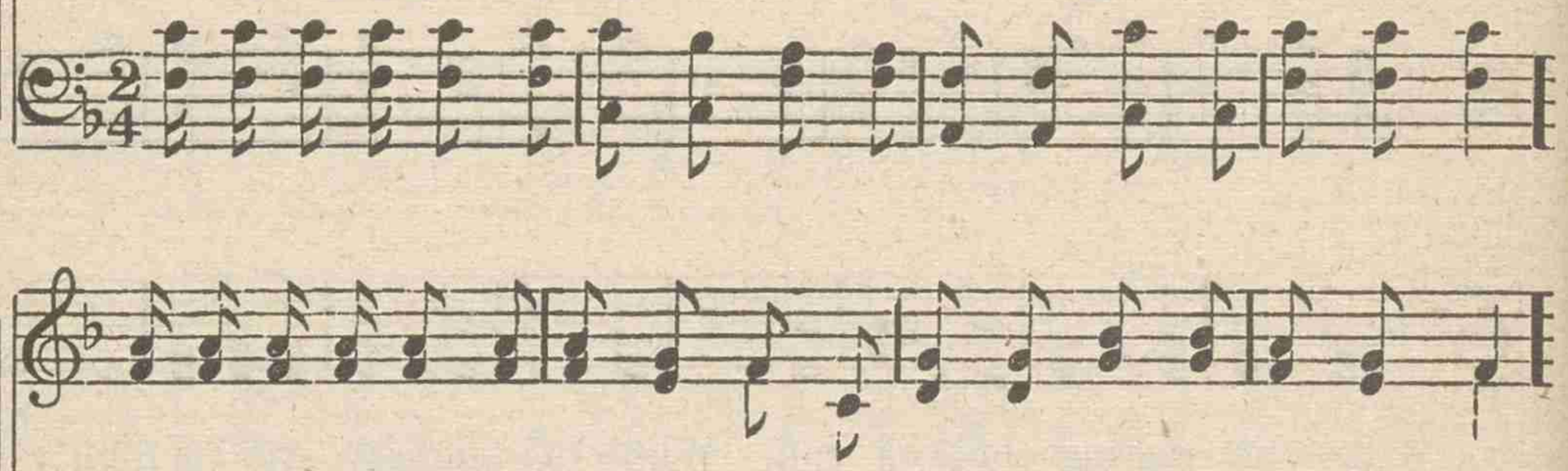
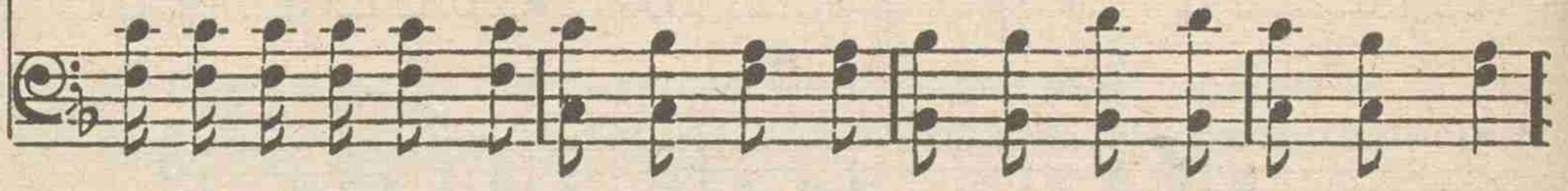
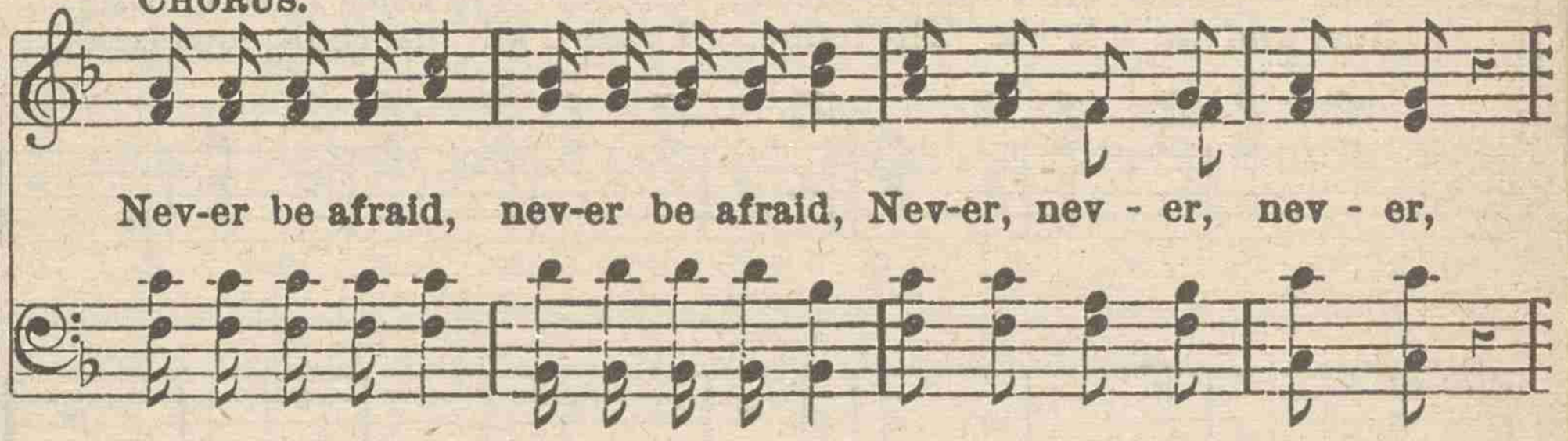
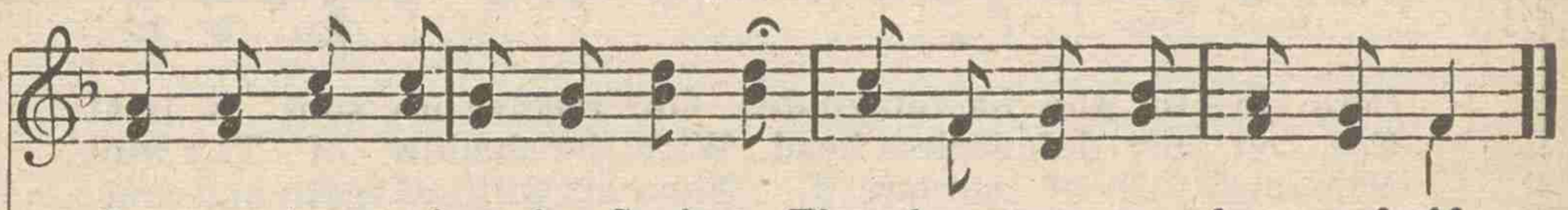
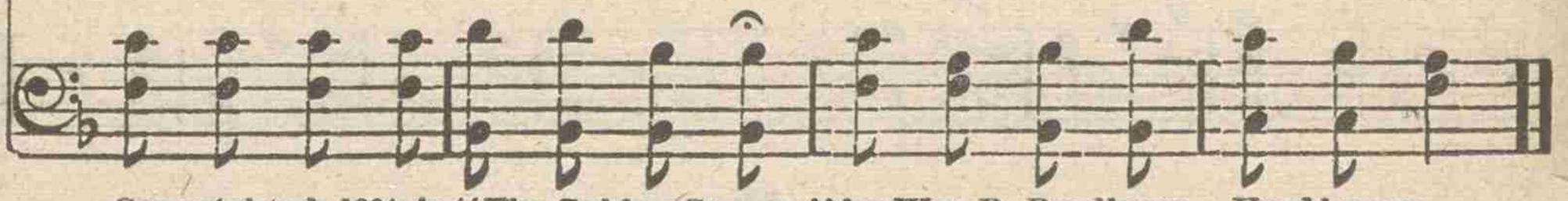
Copyrighted, 1866, in the "New Golden Shower," by Wm. B. Bradbury. Used by per. Biglow & Main.

No. 43. Jesus, lover of my soul.

Rev. Chas. Wesley. Chas. Edw. Pollock.

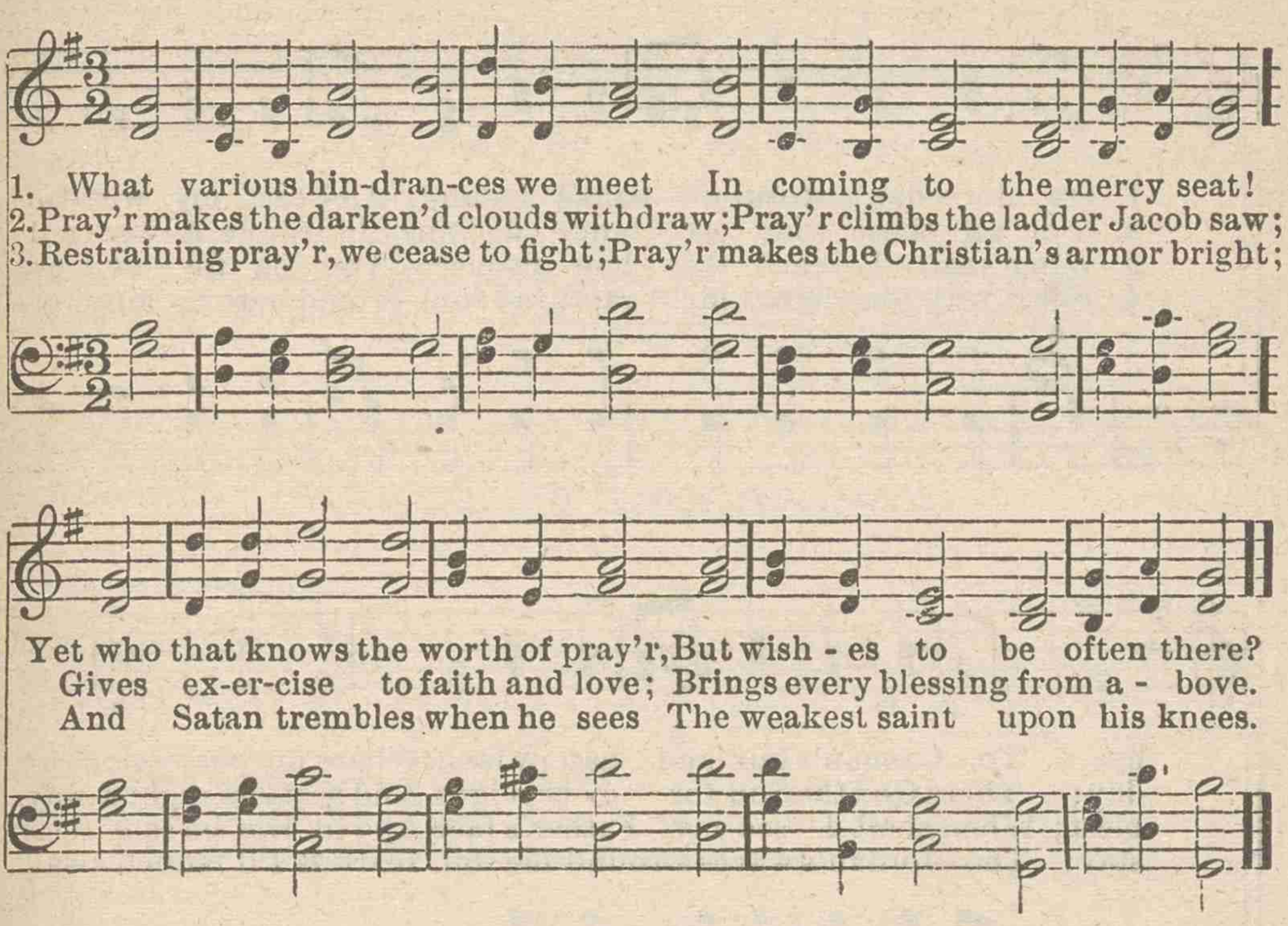
Moderato.



1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
2. Oth-er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on Thee!
3. Thou, O Christ! art all I want; All in all in Thee I find;

While the rag-ing billows roll, While the tempest still is high:
Leave, ah, leave me not alone! Still support and comfort me;
Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick and lead the blind;

Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on Thee is stayed; All my help from Thee I bring:
Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am all un-right-eous-ness;

Safe in - to the ha-ven guide; Oh! receive my soul at last!
Cov - er my defenceless head With the shadow of Thy wing.
Vile, and full of sin am I, Thou art full of truth and grace.

No. 44. Never be afraid.

1. Nev-er be afraid to speak for Jesus, Think how much a word can do;
2. Nev-er be afraid to work for Jesus, In His vineyard day by day;
3. Nev-er be afraid to bear for Jesus, Keen reproaches when they fall;
4. Nev-er be afraid to live for Jesus, If you on His care de - pend,
5. Nev-er be afraid to die for Jesus; He the life, the truth, the way,

Never be afraid to own your Saviour, He who loves and cares for you.
Labor with a kind and willing spir - it, He will all your toil re - pay.
Patiently endure your ev-ery tri - al, Je - sus meek-ly bore them all.
Safely shall you pass through every trial, He will bring you to the end.
Gently in His arms of love will bear you To the realms of endless day.

CHORUS.

Nev-er be afraid, nev-er be afraid, Nev-er, nev - er, nev - er,

Je - sus is your lov - ing Saviour, Therefore, nev - er be a-fraid.

Copyrighted, 1864, in "The Golden Censer," by Wm. B. Bradbury. Used by per. Biglow & Main.

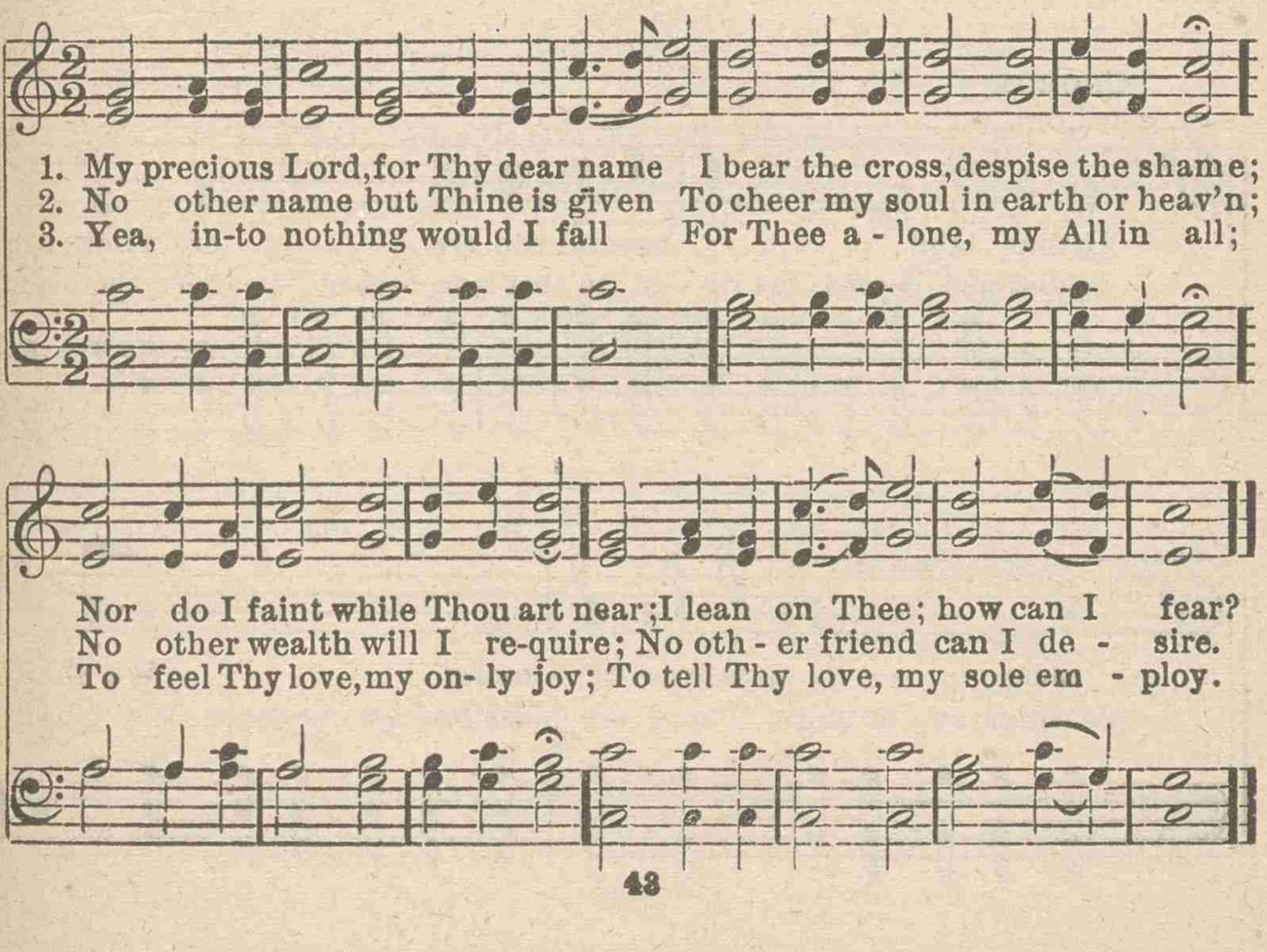
No. 45. Rockingnam.

WM. COWPER. L. M. LOWELL MASON.



No. 46. Sessions.

L. M.



No. 47. On Jordan's stormy banks.

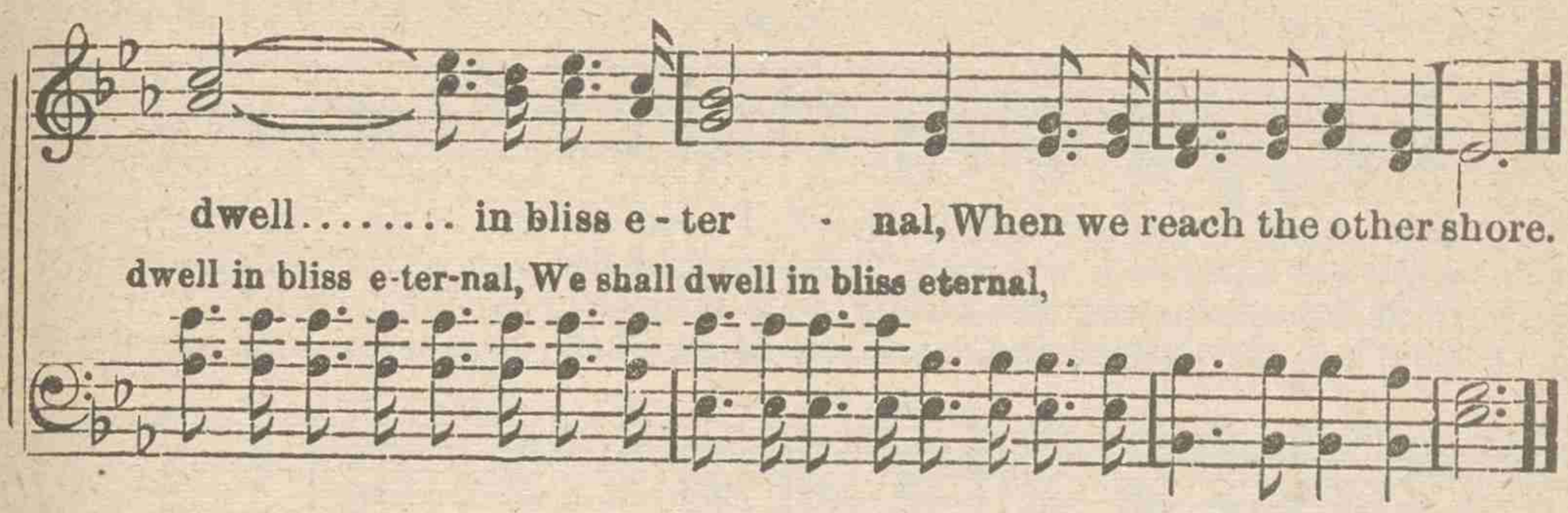
Rev. Samuel Stennett. C. E. Pollock, by per.

1. On Jor - dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast my wist-ful eye To Canaan's fair and hap-py land, Where my possessions lie.
2. O'er all those wide ex - tend - ed plains, Shines one e - ter - nal day; There God the Son for ev-er reigns, And scatters night a-way.
3. When shall I reach that hap - py place, And be for - ev - er blest; When shall I see my Father's face And in His bo-som rest?
4. Filled with de - light, my raptured soul Would here no long - er stay; Tho' Jordan's waves a-round me roll, fearless I'd launch away.

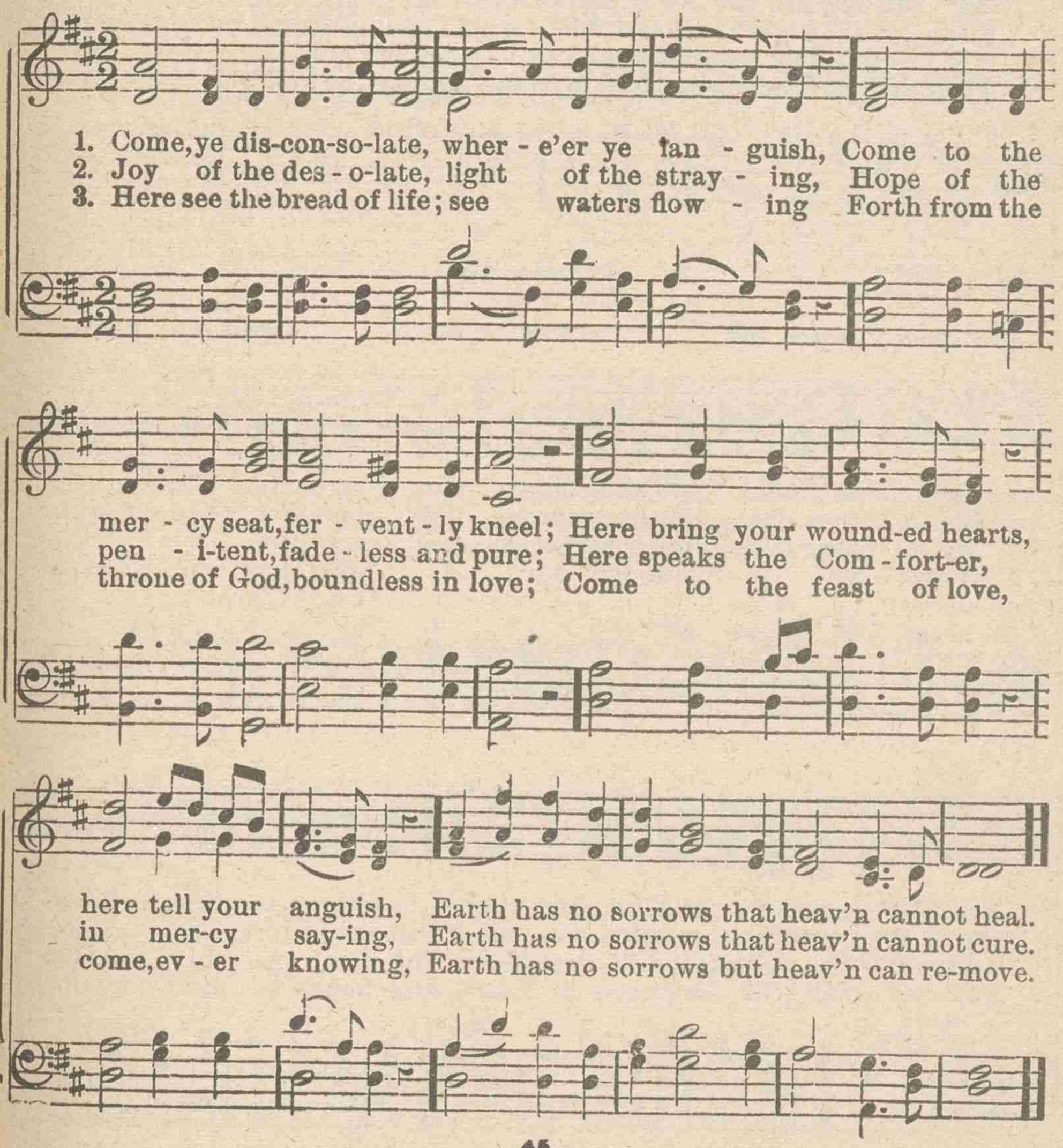
Chorus.

In that land..... beyond the riv - er, There are
In that land beyond the riv - er, In that land beyond the riv-er, There are

pleas - ures ev - er - more, We shall
pleasures ev - er-more, There are pleasures ev - er-more, We shall

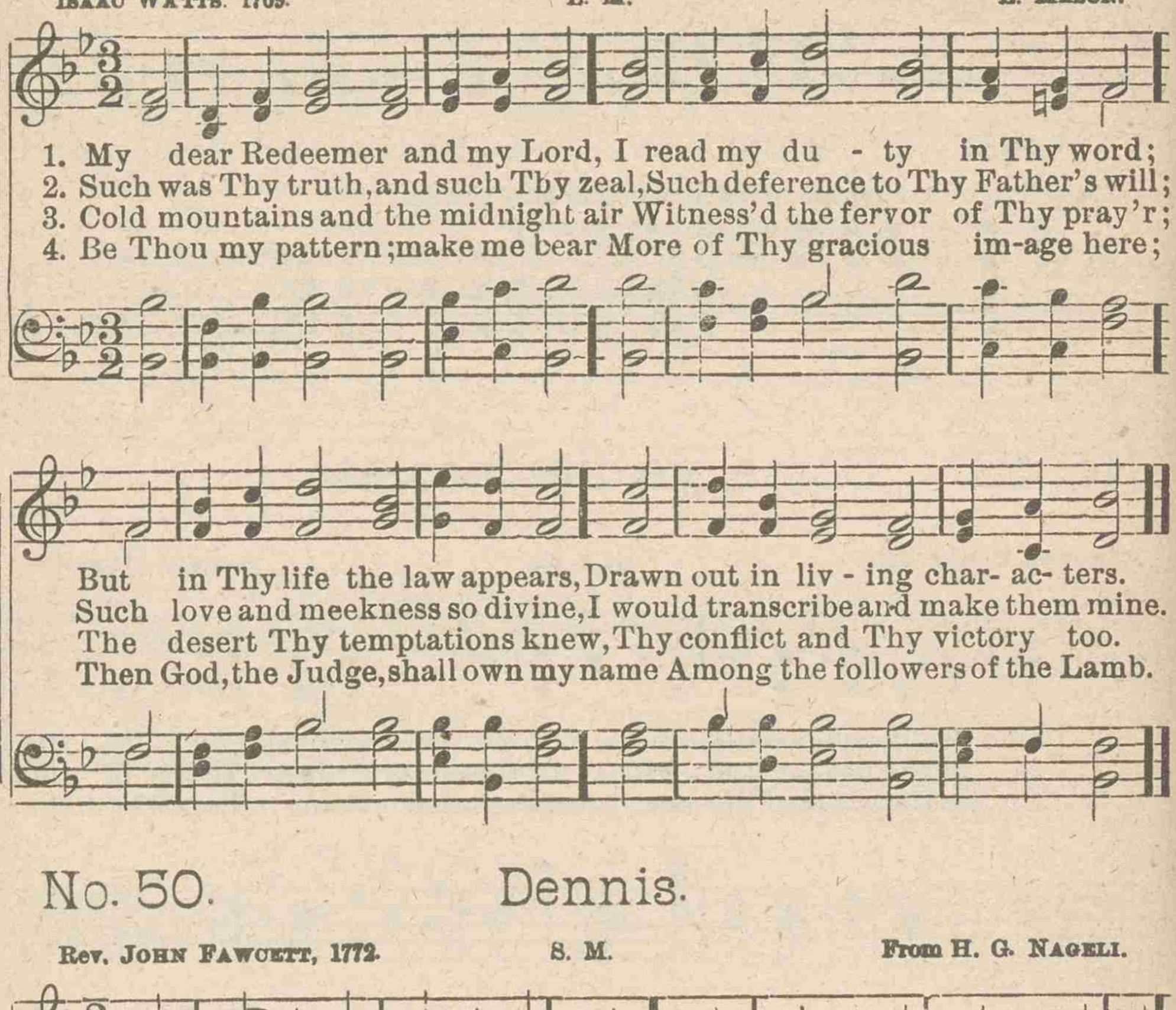
On Jordan's stormy banks. Concluded.

No. 48. Come, ye disconsolate.

THOMAS MOORE, 1816. 11s & 10s. SAMUEL WEBBE.



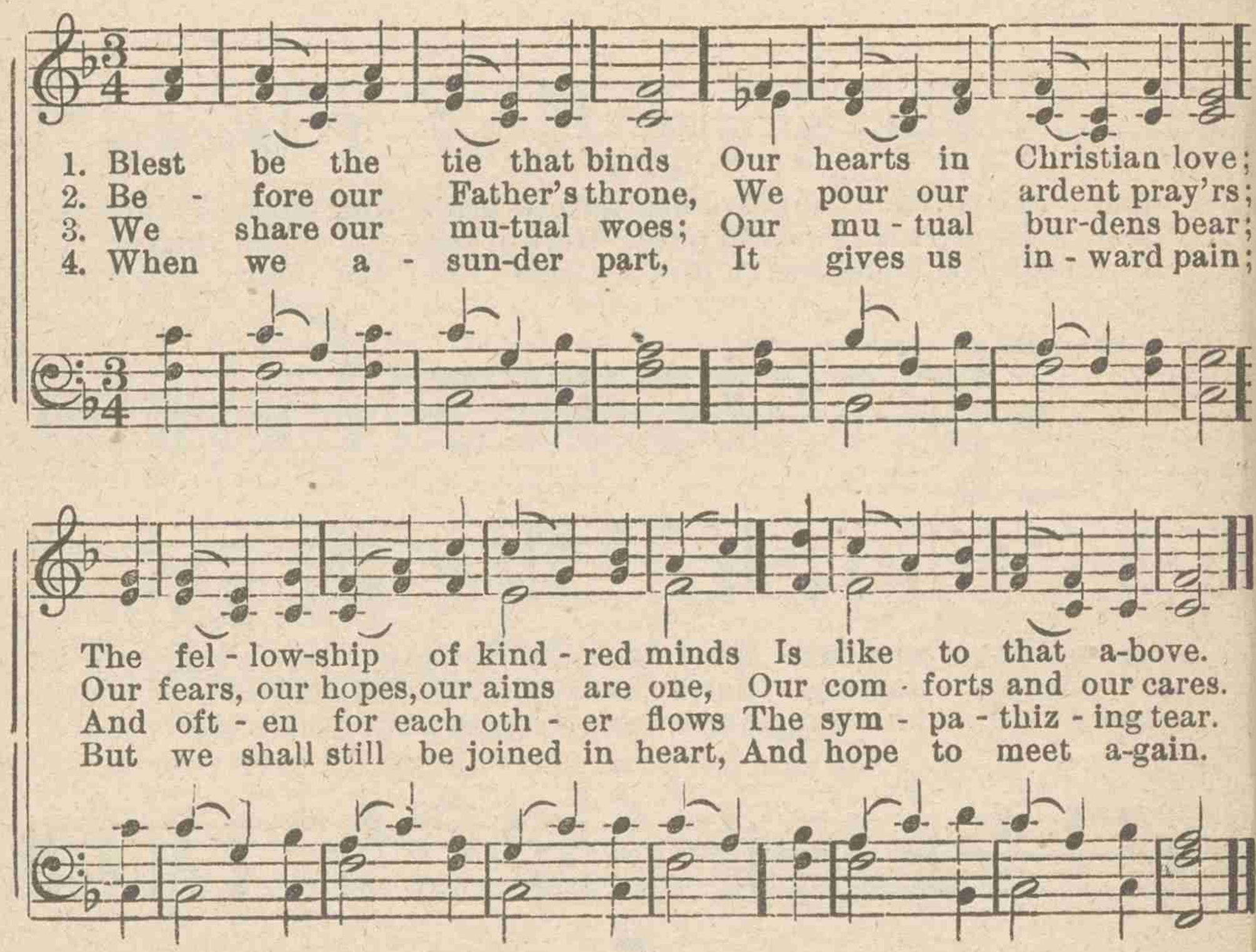
No. 49. Hebron.

ISAAC WATTS. 1709. L. M. L. MASON.

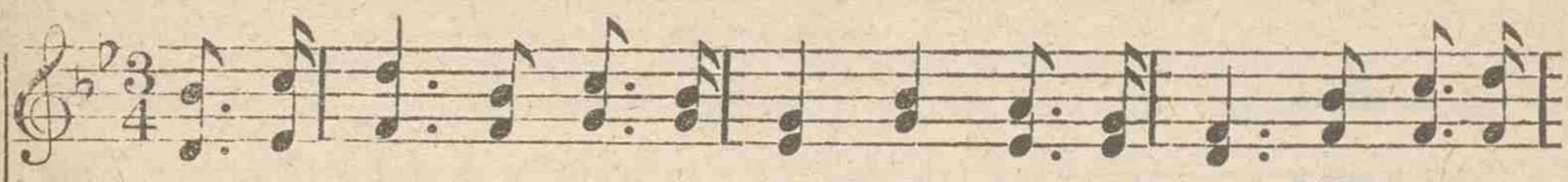


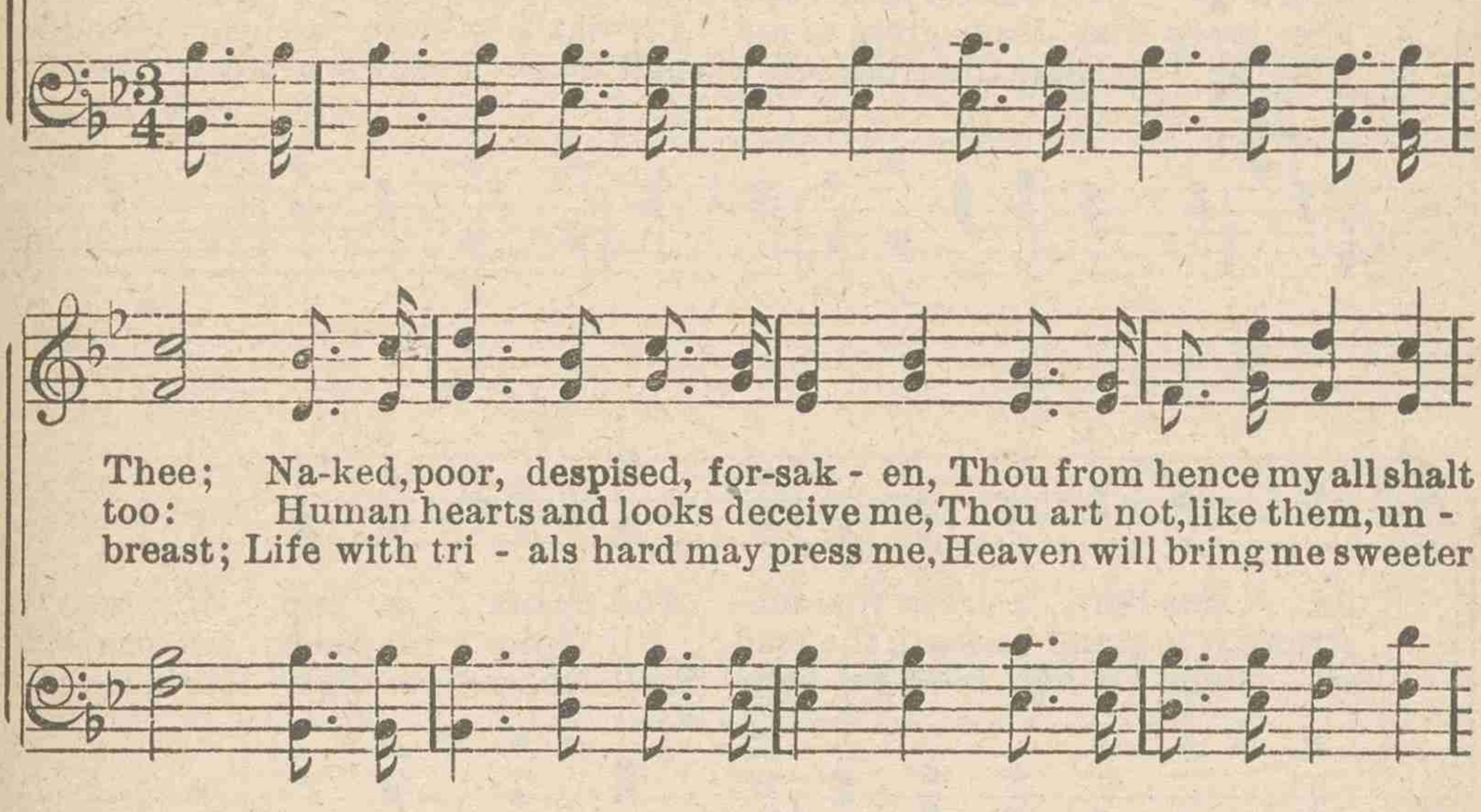
No. 50. Dennis.

Rev. JOHN FAWCETT, 1772. S. M. From H. G. NAGELI.

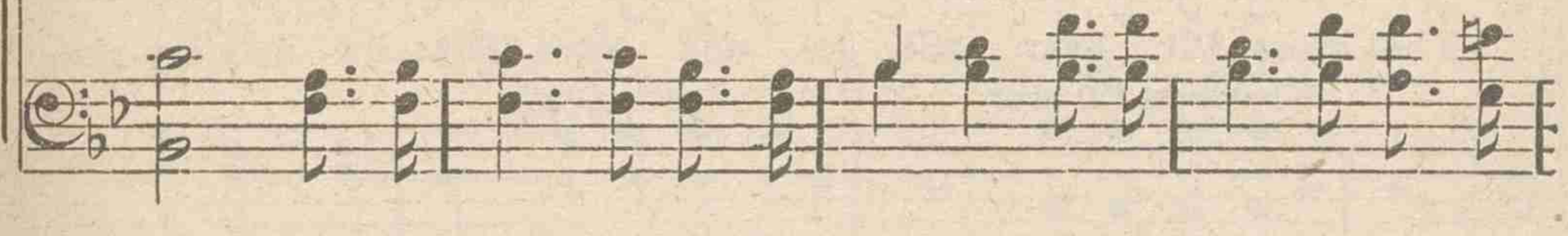


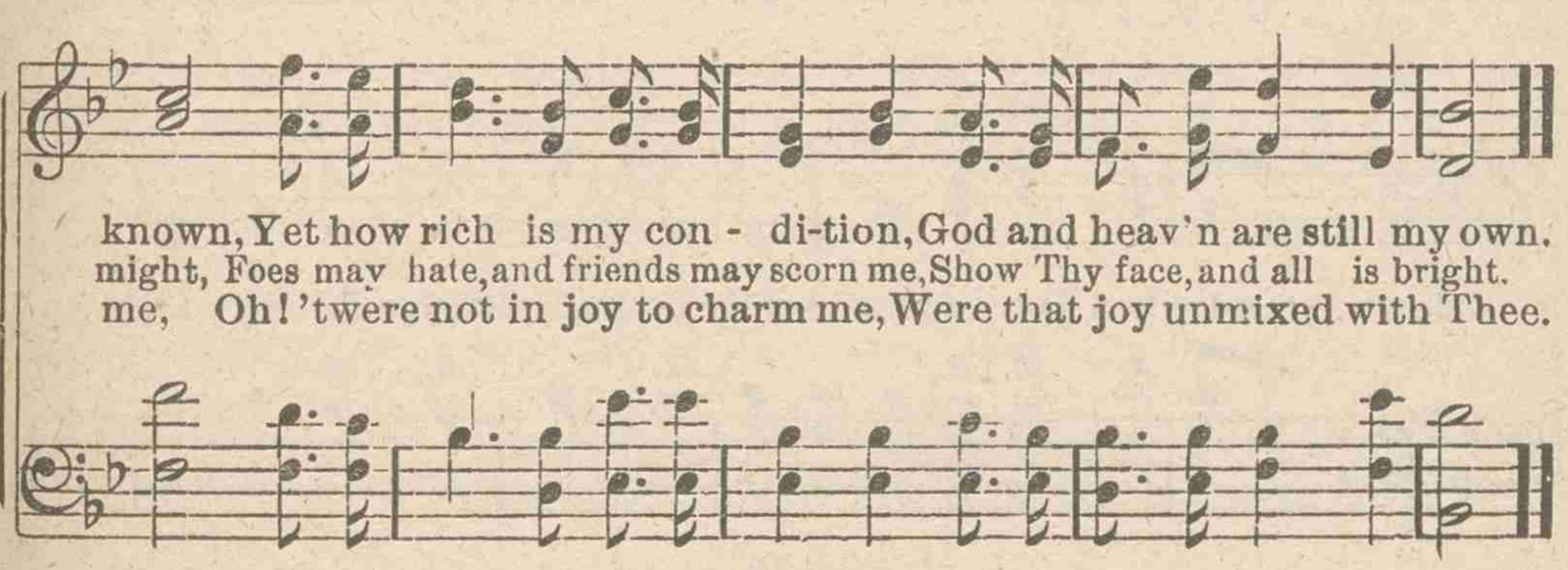
No. 51. Jesus, I my cross have taken.

8s & 7s. S. M. BROWN.

1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave, and fol-low
2. Let the world des-pise and leave me, They have left my Saviour,
3. Man may trouble and dis-tress me, 'Twill but drive me to Thy



Thee; Na-ked, poor, despised, for-sak - en, Thou from hence my all shalt
too: Human hearts and looks deceive me, Thou art not, like them, un -
breast; Life with tri - als hard may press me, Heaven will bring me sweeter

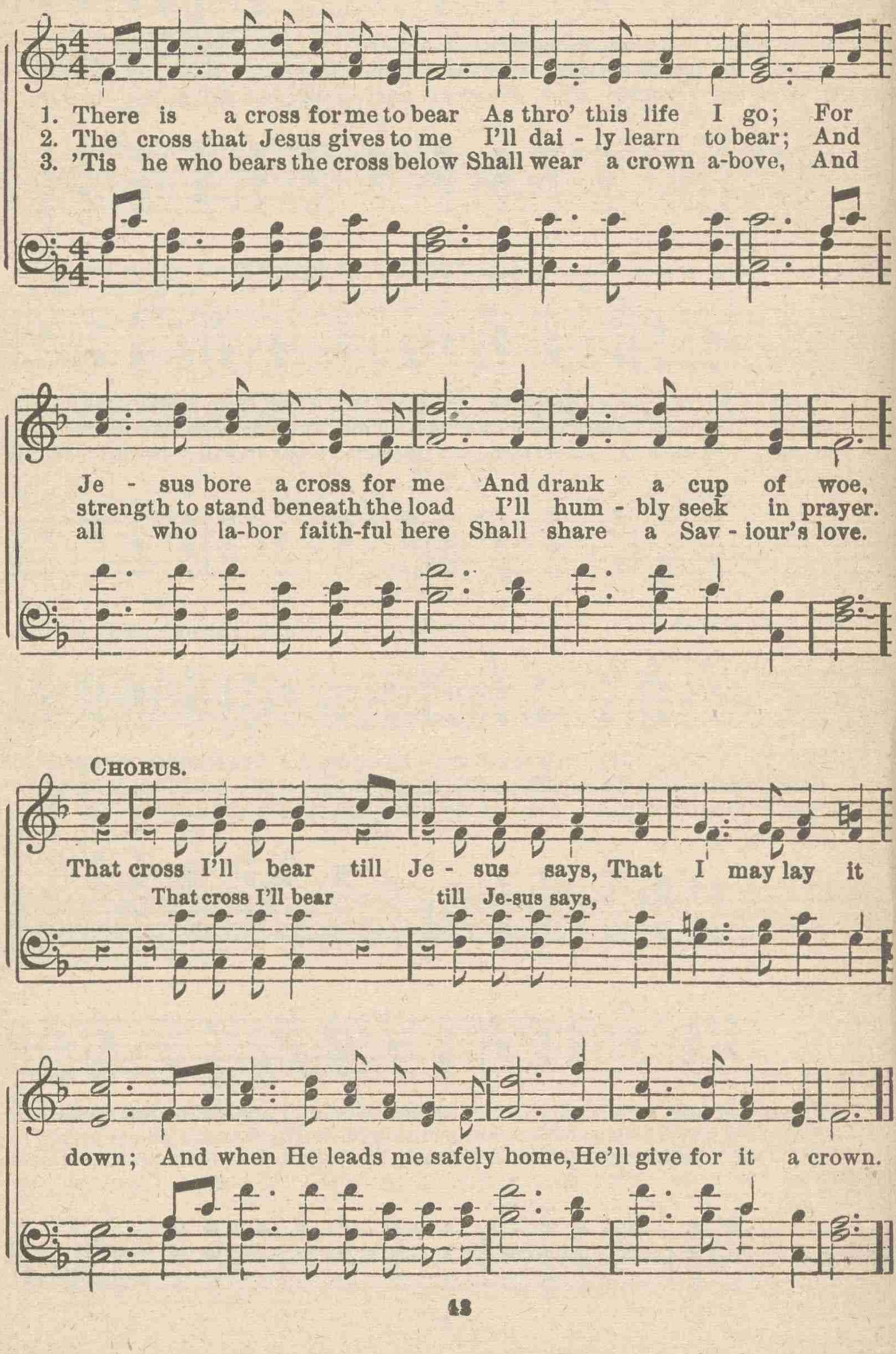
be: Per - ish eve - ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought or hoped or
true; And whilst Thou shalt smile upon me, God of wis-dom, love and
rest. Oh! 'tis not in grief to harm me, While Thy love is left to

known, Yet how rich is my con - di-tion, God and heav'n are still my own.
might, Foes may hate, and friends may scorn me, Show Thy face, and all is bright.
me, Oh! 'twere not in joy to charm me, Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

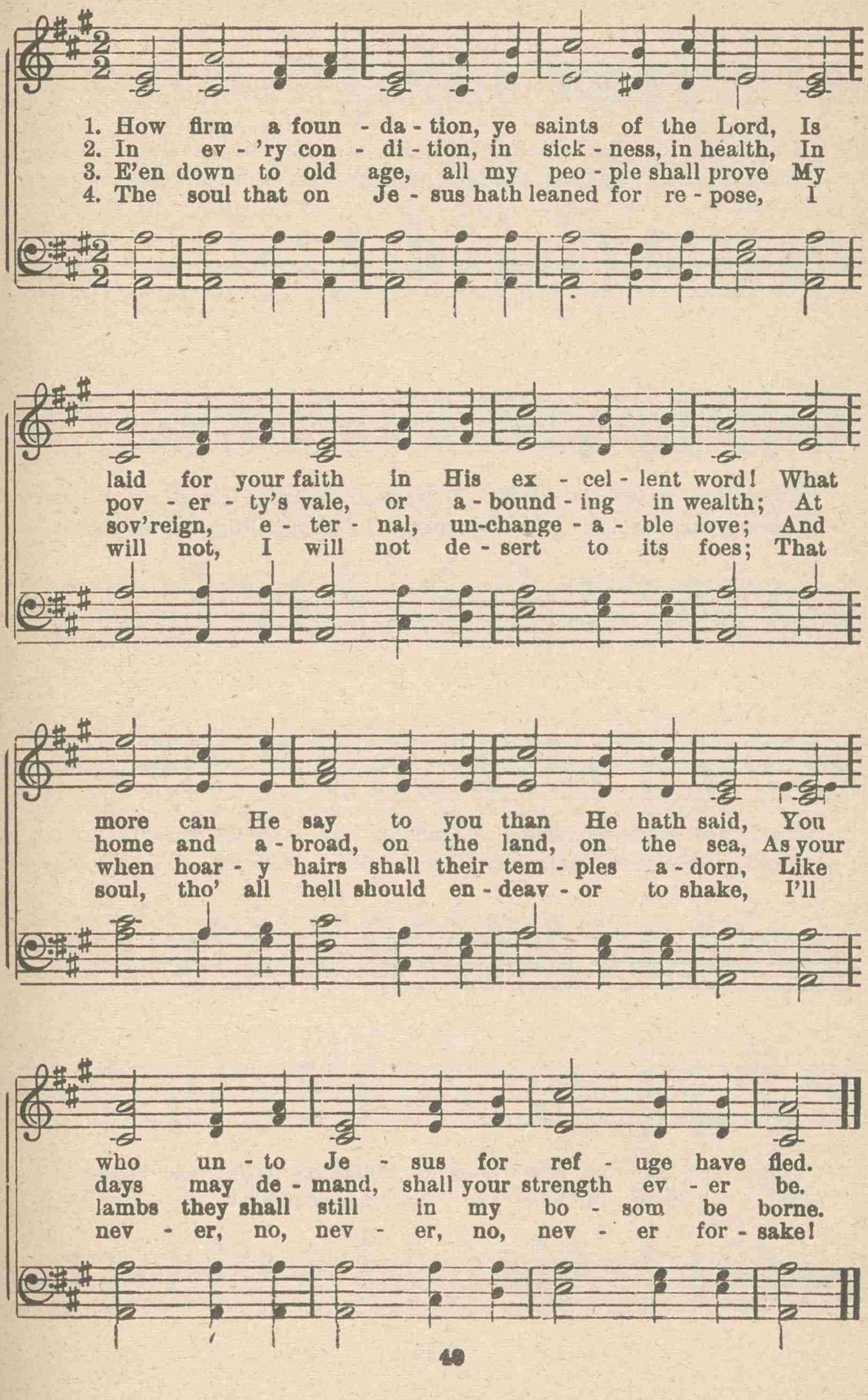


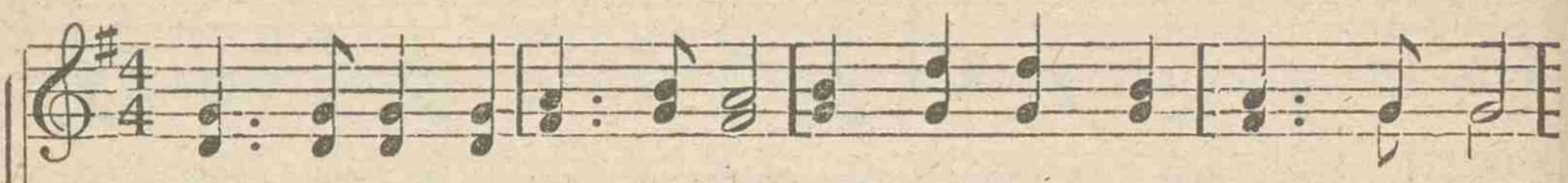
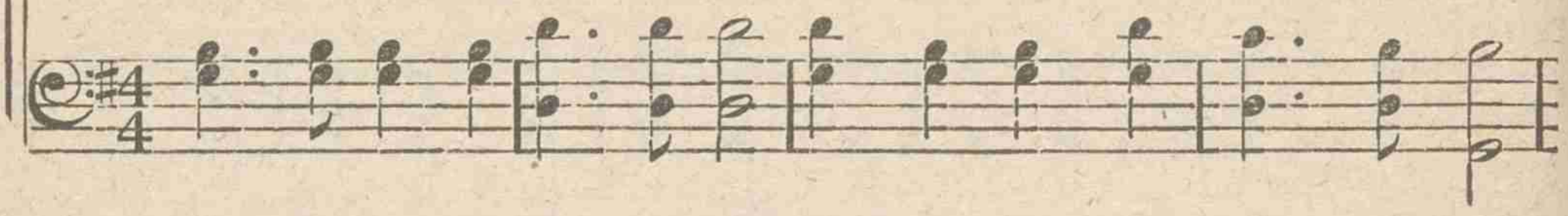
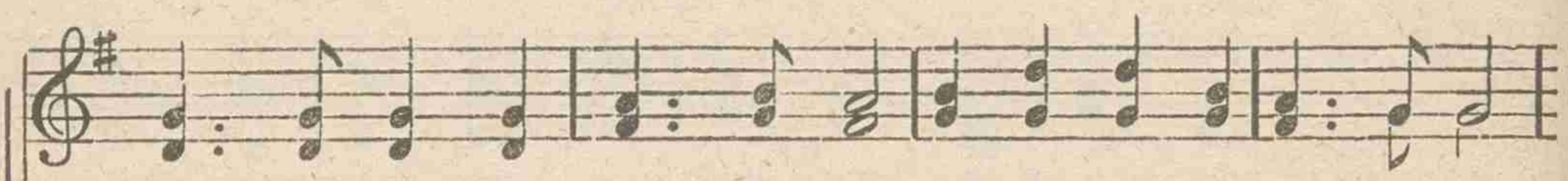
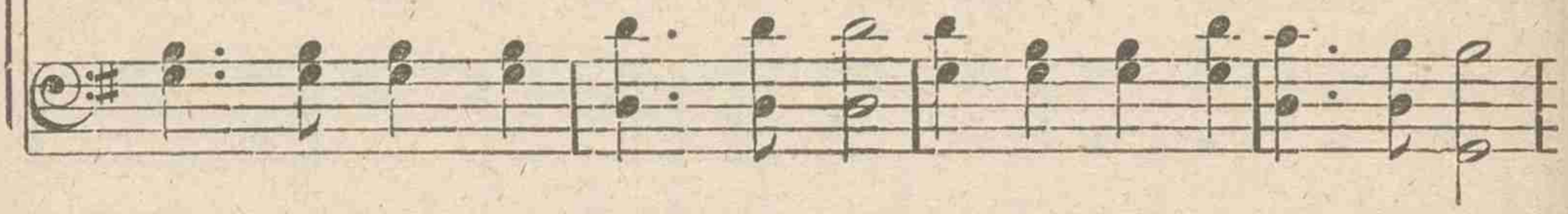
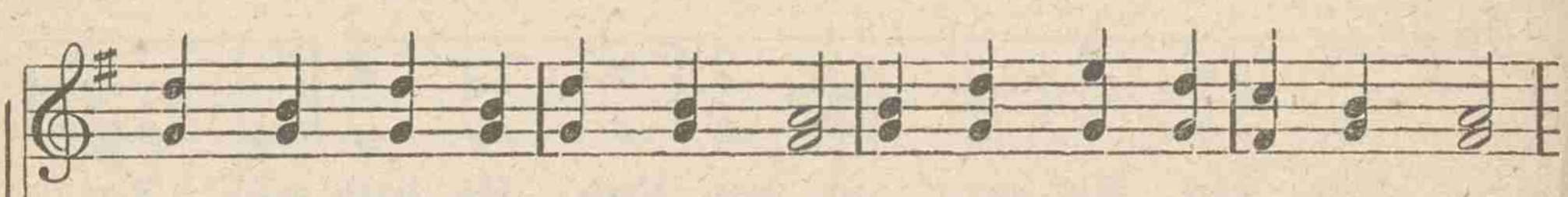
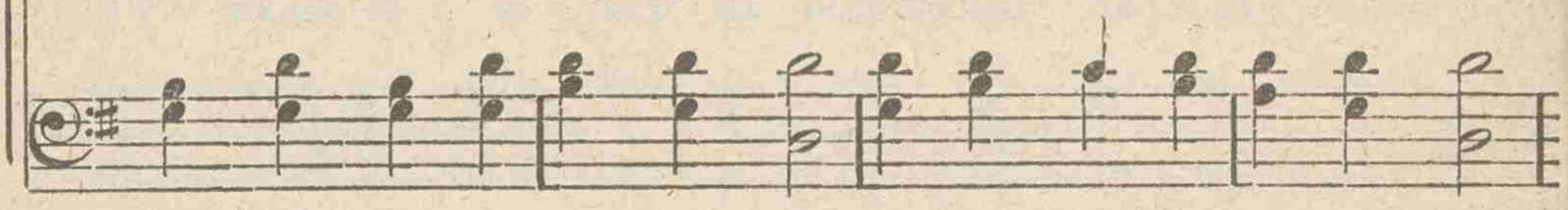
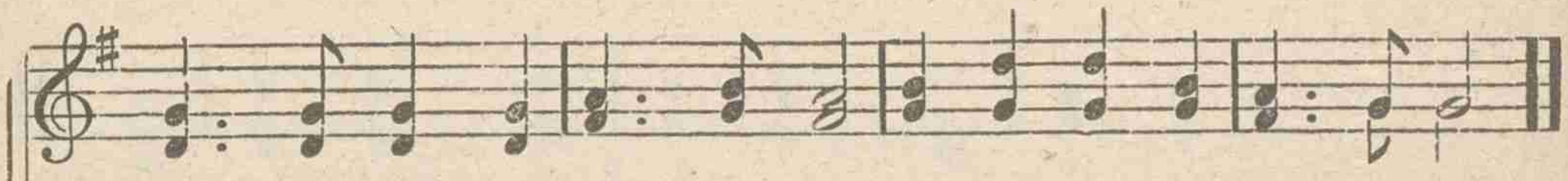
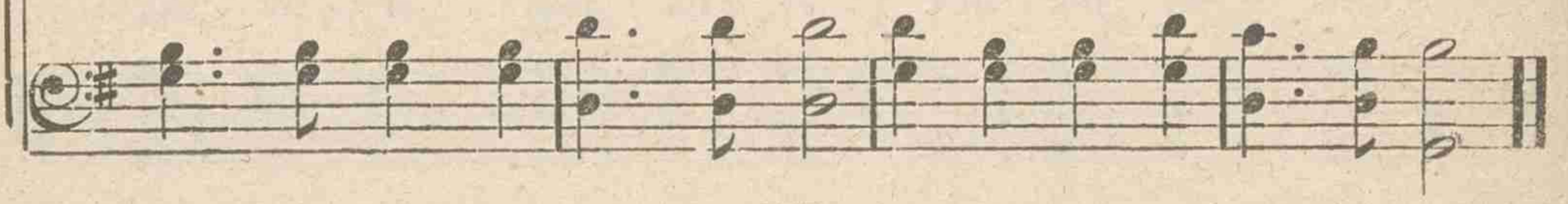
No. 52. There is a cross for me.

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

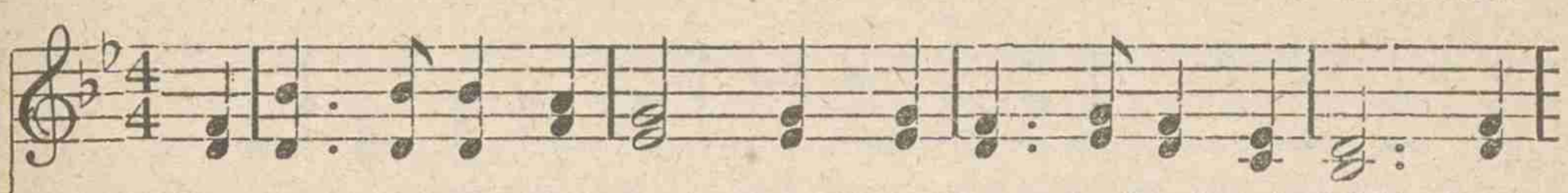
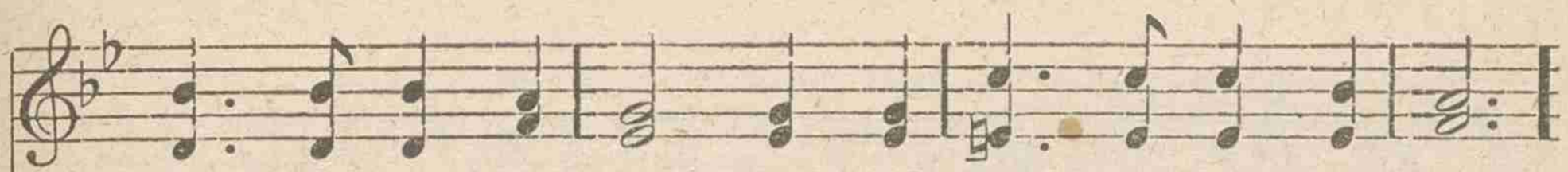
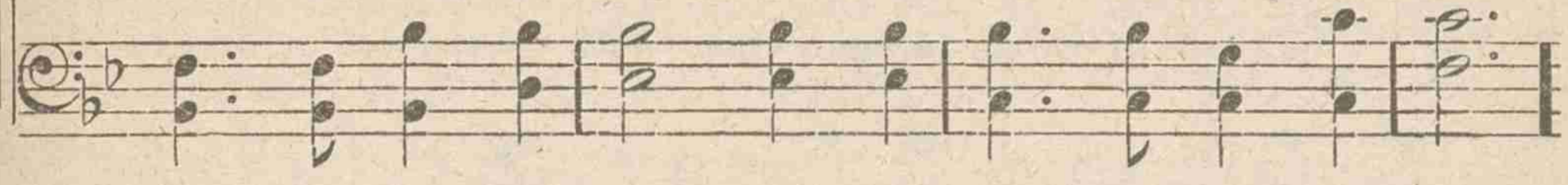
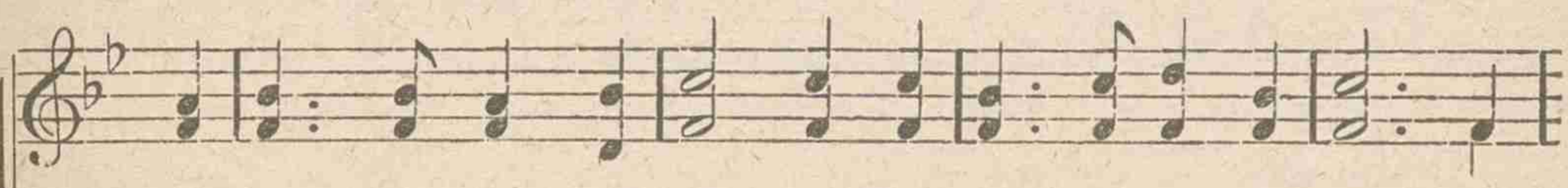
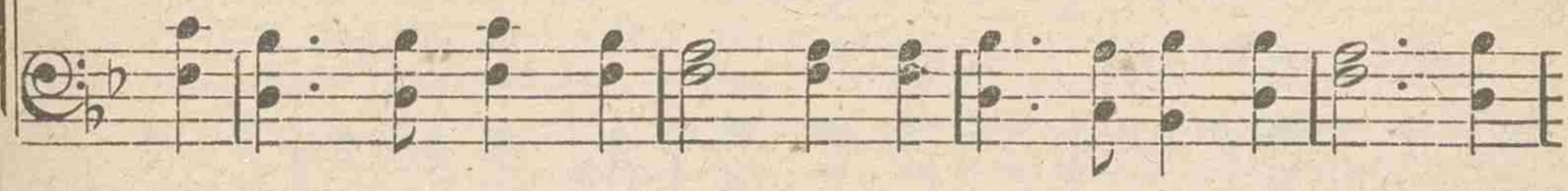
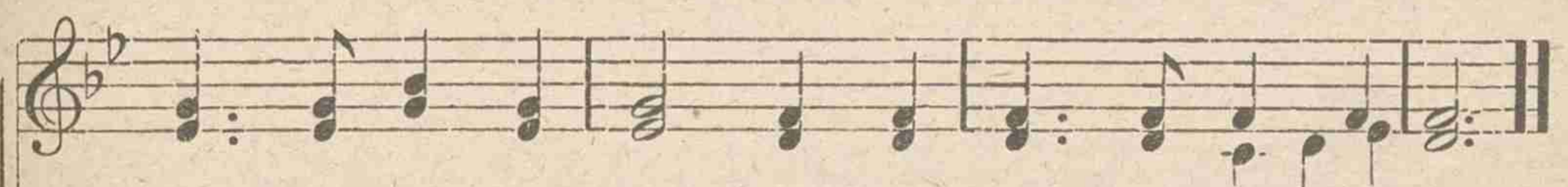
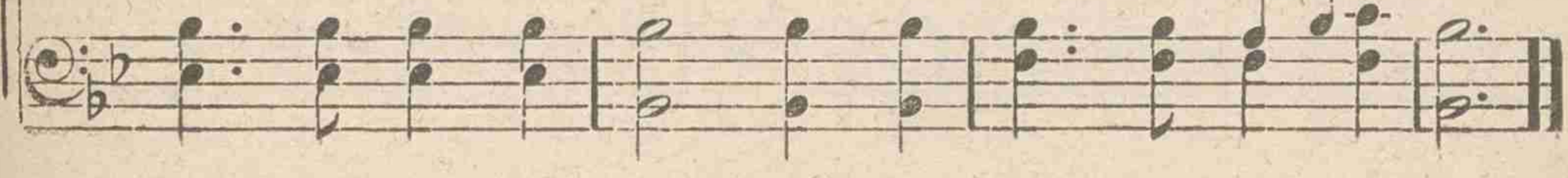
J. M. HUNT. C. M. J. M. HUNT.

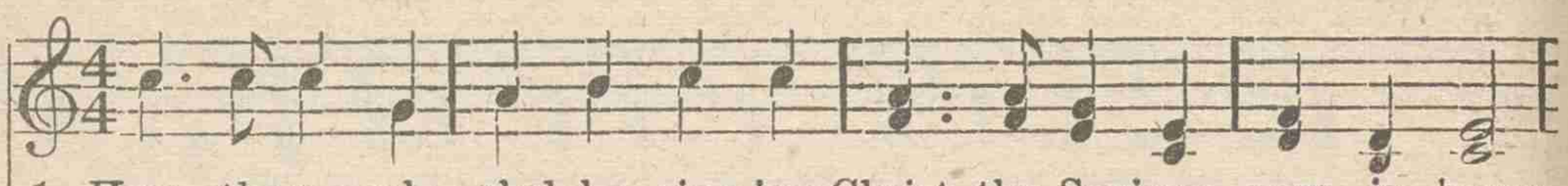
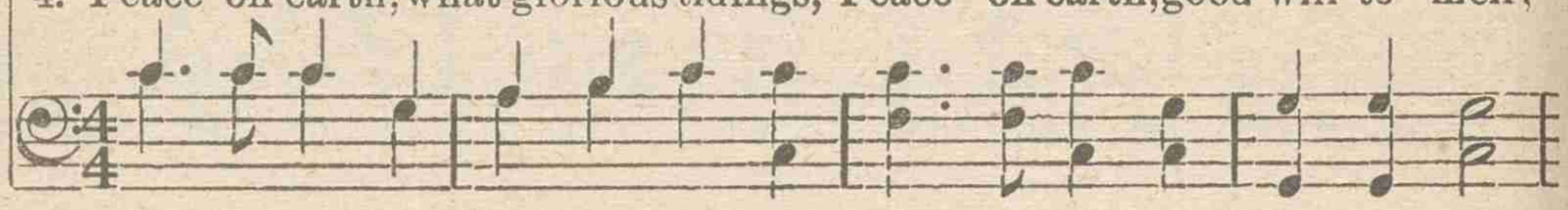
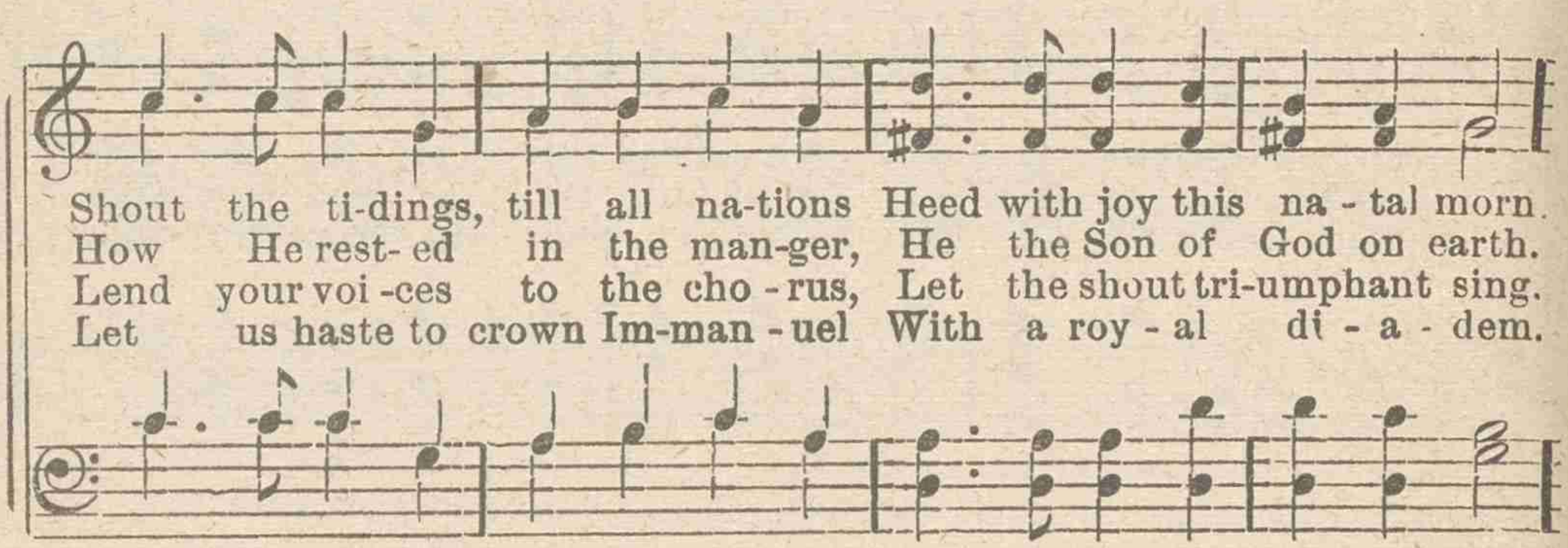


No. 53. How firm a foundation.

No. 54. Children of the Heavenly King.

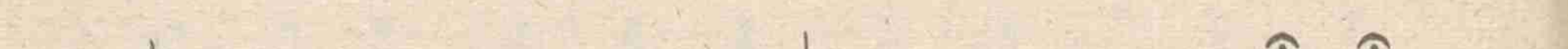
7s. Harmonized by J. M. HUNT.

1. Chil - dren of the heavenly King, As ye jour - ney, sweet - ly sing;
2. Shout, ye lit - tle flock, and blest; You on Je - sus' throne shall rest;

Sing your Saviour's worth - y praise, Glorious in His works and ways.
There your seat is now prepared, There your kingdom and reward.

Ye are traveling home to God, In the way the fathers trod;
Lord, sub-mis-sive make us go, Glad-ly leav-ing all be - low;

They are hap - py now, and ye Soon their hap-pi-ness shall see.
On - ly Thou our Lead - er be, And we still will fol - low Thee.

No. 55. Seeking the lost sheep.

"To-day, if ye will hear His voice."—Heb. iii: 15.

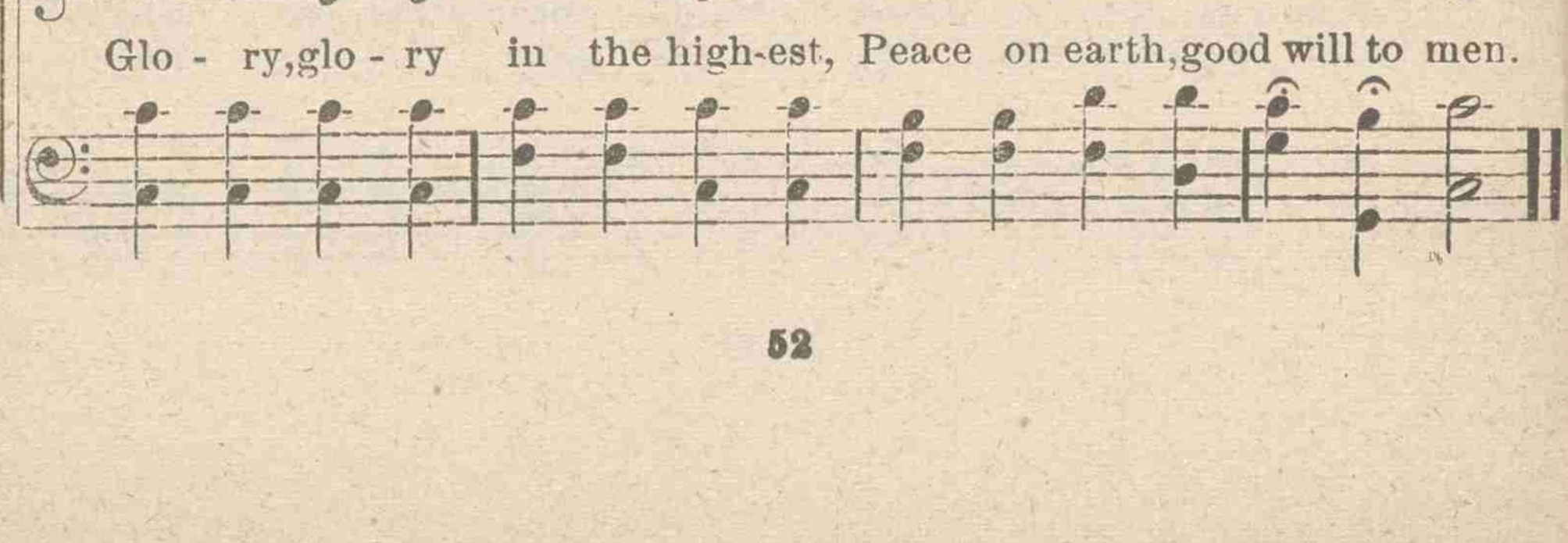
J M. Hunt.

1. How ma-ny sheep are stray - ing, Lost from the Saviour's fold! Up-
2. O who will go to find them, Who, for the Saviour's sake Will
3. O who will seek to find them, From pleasant bow'rs of ease? Will

on the lone - ly moun - tains, They shiv - er in the cold;
search with tire - less pa - tience, Thro' bri - er and thro' brake?
you go forth de - ter - mined To find the least of these?

With-in the tan - gled thick - et, Where poison vines do creep, And
Un-heed - ing thirst and hun - ger, Who still from day to day, Will
For still the Sav - iour calls them, And looks across the wold, And

o - ver rock - y ledg - es, Wan - der the poor lost sheep.
seek as for a treas - ure, The sheep that go a-stray?
still He holds wide o - pen The door in - to His fold.

No. 56. Peace on Earth.

J. M. HUNT. S. M. BROWN.

1. Hear the an-gels glad-ly sing-ing, Christ the Saviour now is born;
2. Loud proclaim the wondrous message, Of a Saviour's low-ly birth;
3. Lift your heads, ye faint and wea-ry, See your Lord, Im-man-uel, King,
4. Peace on earth, what glorious tidings, Peace on earth, good will to men;



Shout the ti-dings, till all na-tions Heed with joy this na-tal morn.
How He rest-ed in the man-ger, He the Son of God on earth.
Lend your voi-ces to the cho-rus, Let the shout tri-umphant sing.
Let us haste to crown Im-man-uel With a roy-al di-a-dem.



CHORUS.



Glo-ry, glo-ry in the high-est, Hear the an-gels sing a-gain,

Glo-ry, glo-ry in the high-est, Peace on earth, good will to men.

No 57. O, how I love Jesus.

C. M.

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

Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y! grace unknown! And love beyond de - gree!
When God's own Son was cru - ci - fied For man, the creature's sin.
Dis - solve my heart in thank - ful - ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way— 'Tis all that I can do.

CHORUS.

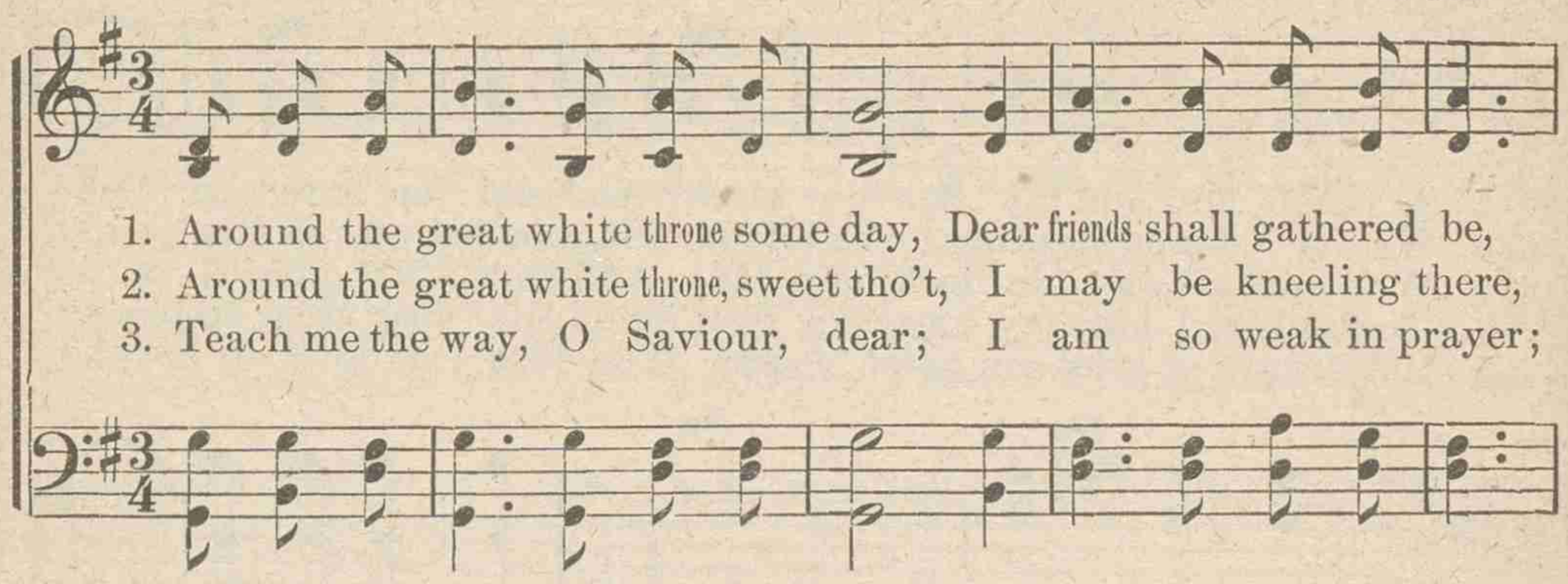
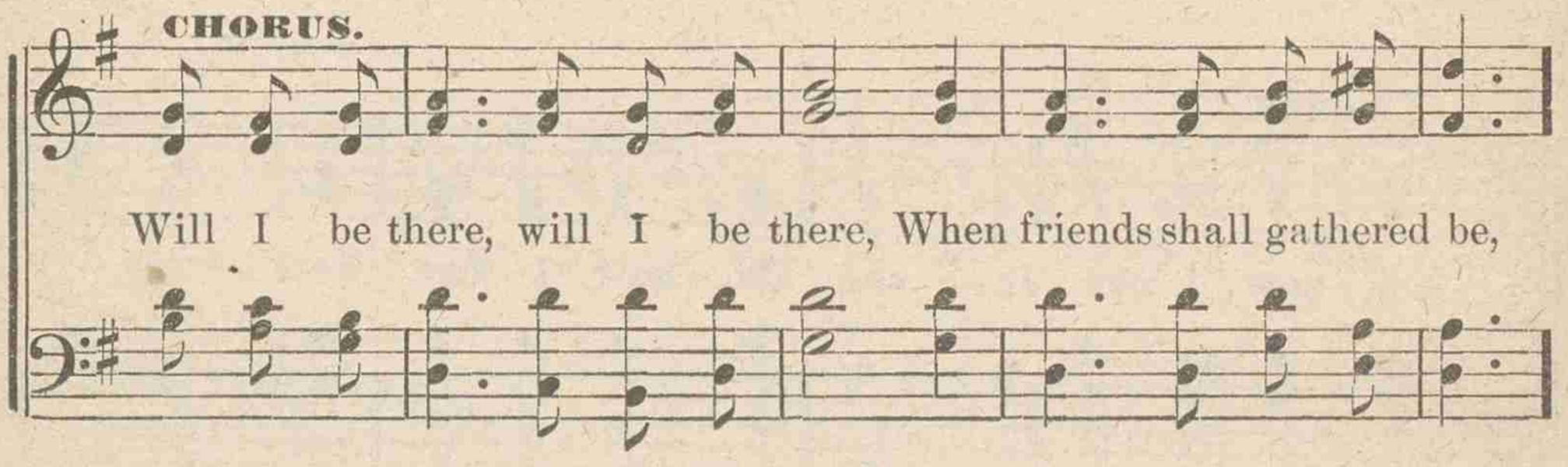
Oh, how I love Je - sus, Oh, how I love Je - sus,

Oh, how I love Je - sus, Be - cause He first loved me.

No. 58. Will I Be There?

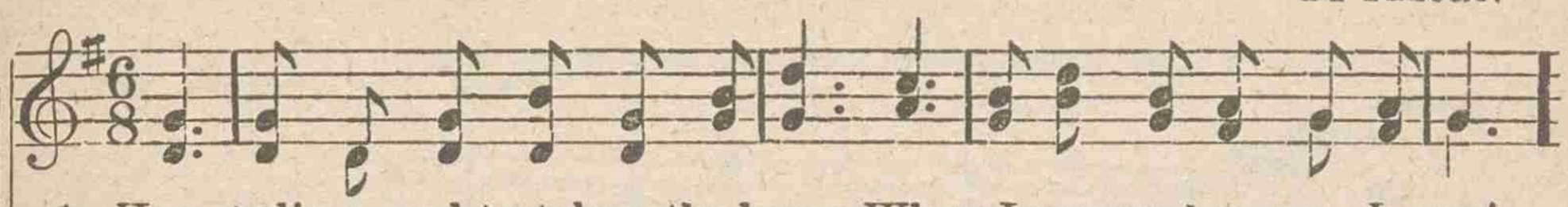
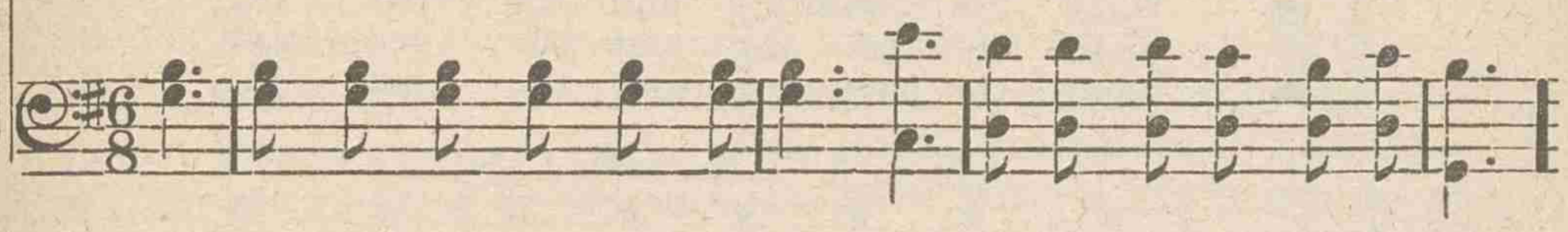
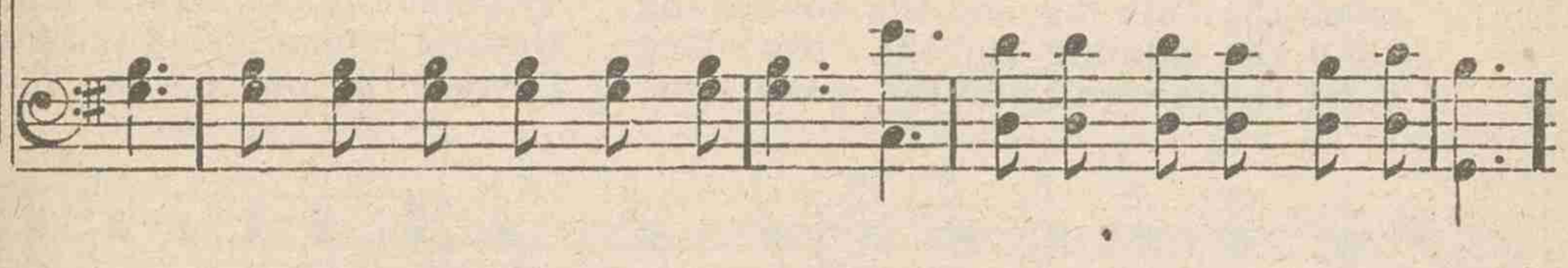
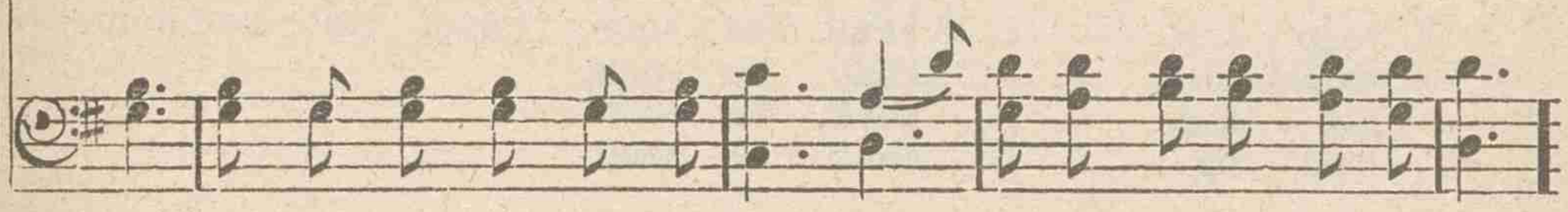
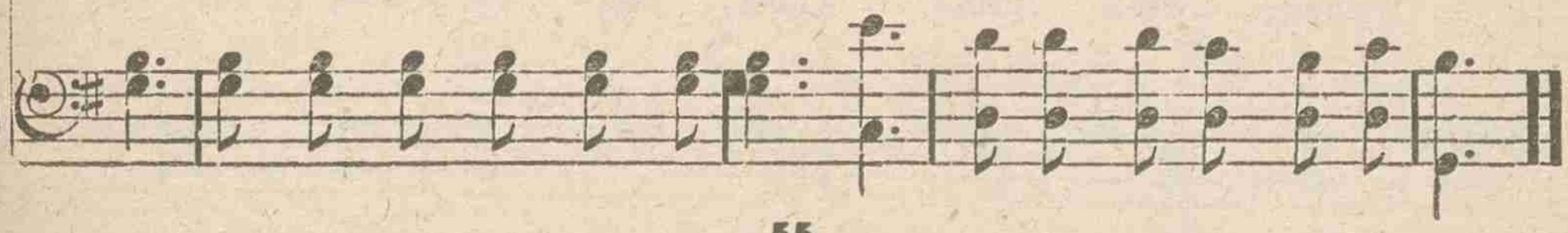
"And behold, a throne was set in heaven, and one sat on the throne."—Rev. 4: 2.

J. M. HUNT. By per.



From "Harvest Bells Consolidated," by Rev. W. E. Penn.

No. 59. De Fleury.

DE FLEURY.

1. How tedious and tasteless the hours, When Jesus no lon-ger I see!
2. His name yields the richest perfume, And sweeter than music His voice;
3. Con-tent with be-hold-ing His face, My all to His pleasure resigned,
4. Dear Lord, if in-deed I am Thine, If Thou art my Sun and my song,

Sweet prospects, sweet birds and sweet flow'rs, Have lost all their sweetness to me.
His presence dis-pers-es my gloom, And makes all within me rejoice.
No chan-ges of sea-son or place Would make any change in my mind;
Say, why do I languish and pine, And why are my winters so long?

The midsummer sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay;
I should, were He always thus nigh, Have nothing to wish or to fear;
While bless'd with a sense of His love, A pal-ace a toy would appear;
O, drive these dark clouds from my sky; Thy soul-cheering presence restore;

But when I am hap-py in Him, De-cem-ber's as pleasant as May.
No mor tal so hap-py as I; My summer would last all the year.
And prisons would pal-a-ces prove, If Jesus would dwell with me there.
Or take me un-to Thee on high, Where winter and clouds are no more.

No. 60.
Beyond the smiling and the weeping.

BONAR. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, by per.

Slowly.

1. Be - yond the smil - ing and the weep - ing, Be -
2. Be - yond the bloom-ing and the fad - ing, Be -
3. Be - yond the ris - ing and the set - ting, Be -
4. Be - yond the part - ing and the meet - ing, Be -

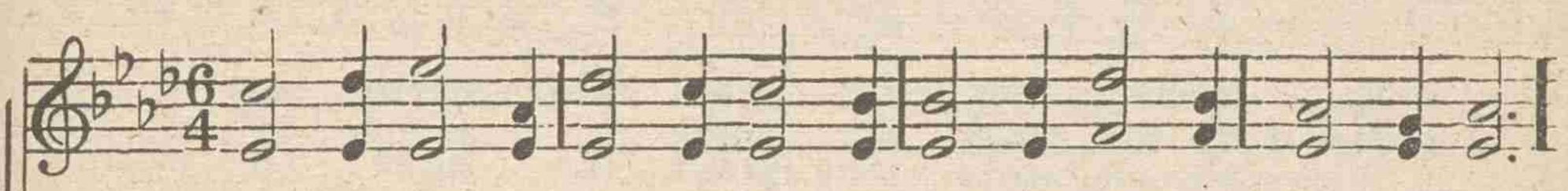
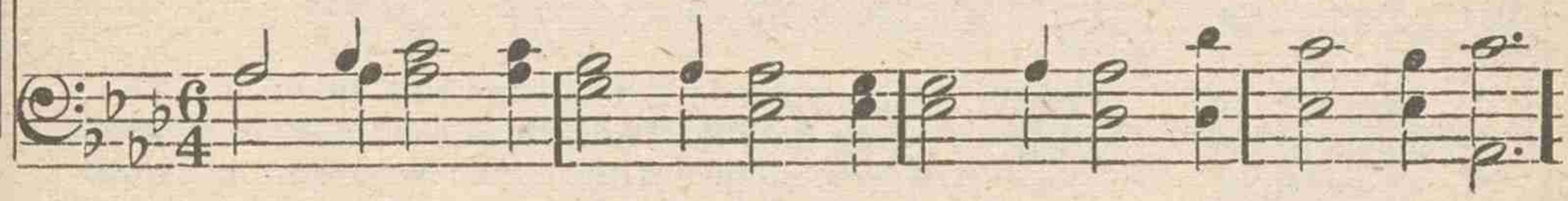
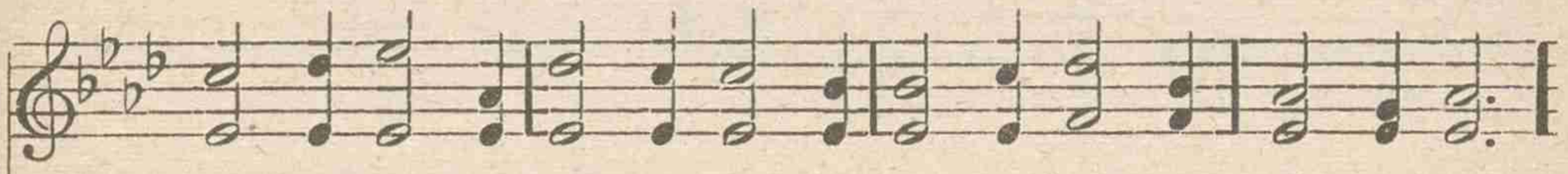
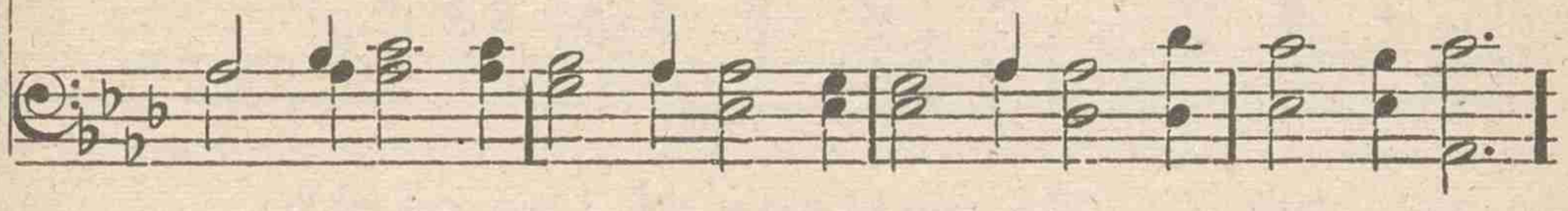
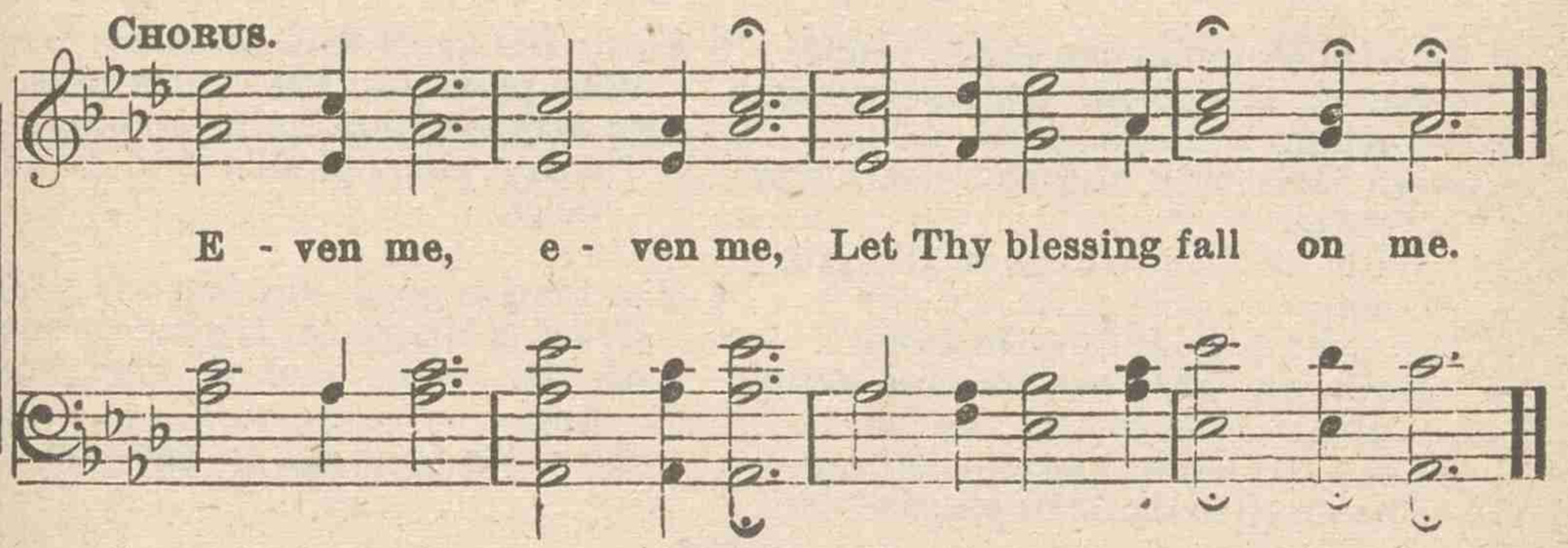
yond the wak-ing and the sleep - ing, Beyond the sowing and the
yond the shin-ing and the shad - ing, Beyond the hoping and the
yond the calming and the fret - ting, Beyond rememb'ring and for-
yond the farewell and the greet - ing, Beyond the pul-se's fe - ver

CHORUS.

reap - ing, I shall be soon. Love, rest and home,
dread -ing, I shall be soon.
get - ting, I shall be soon.
beat - ing, I shall be soon.

sweet, sweet home, Lord, tar - ry not, but come.

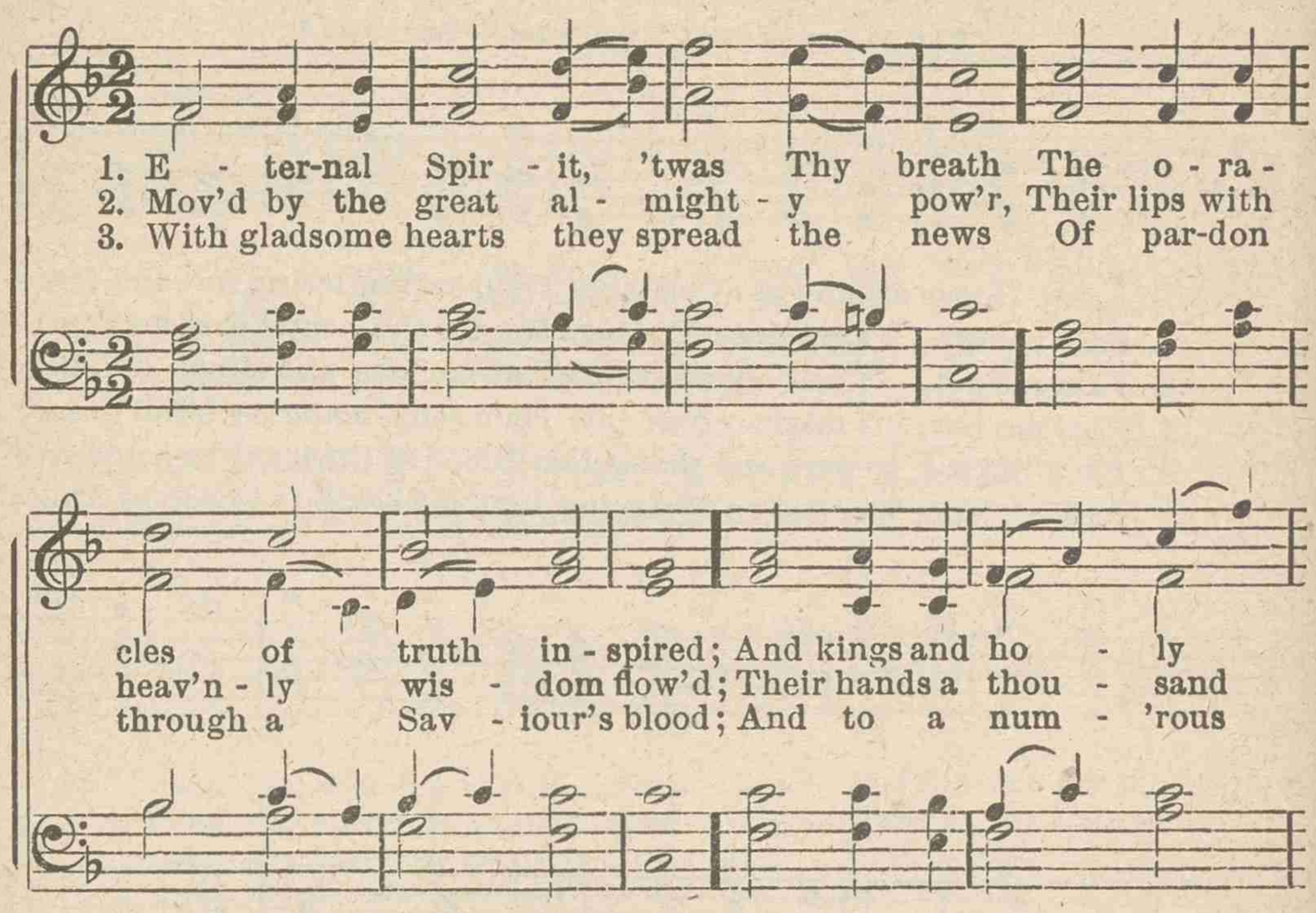
No. 61. Even me.

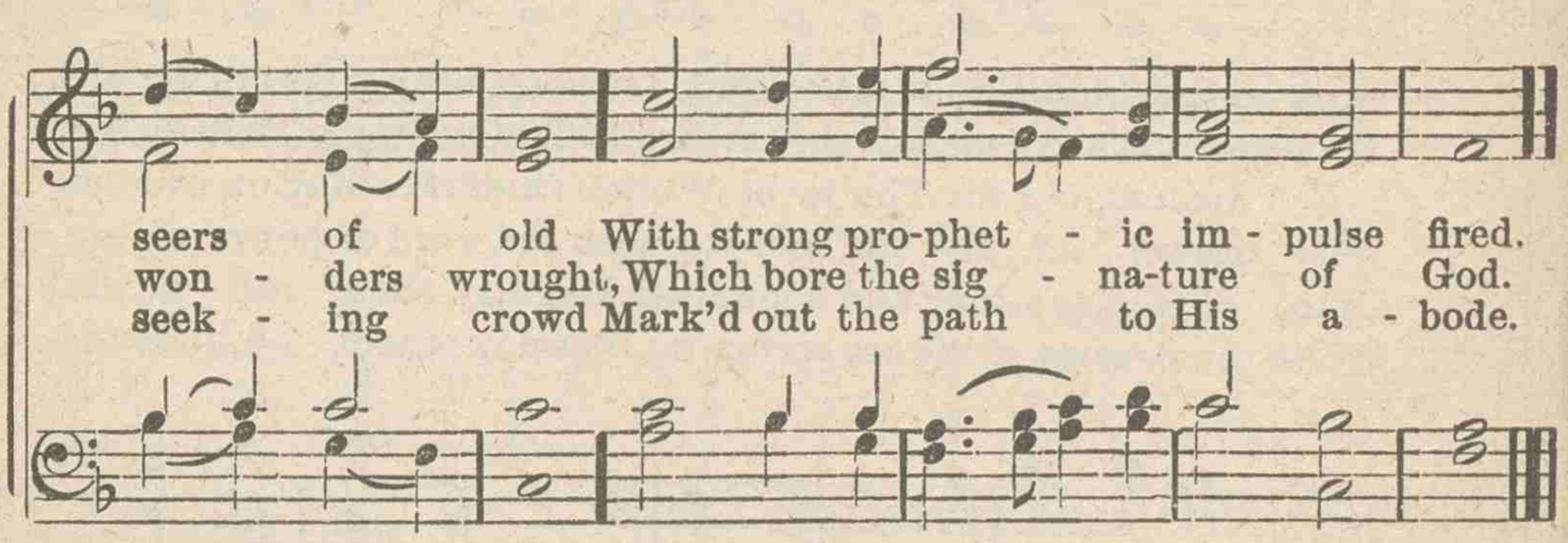
"Bless me, even me also, O my Father."—Gen. xxvii: 34.

1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of blessing Thou art scattering full and free—
2. Pass me not, O gracious Fa-ther! Sin-ful tho' my heart may be;
3. Pass me not, O ten - der Saviour! Let me love and cling to Thee;
4. Pass me not, O might-y Spir - it! Thou canst make the blind to see;
5. Love of God, so pure and changeless; Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
6. Pass me not! Thy lost one bringing, Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee;

Show'rs, the thirsty land refreshing; Let some droppings fall on me.
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather Let Thy mer-cy fall on me.
I am long-ing for Thy favor; Whilst Thou'rt calling, oh, call me.
Wit - nes-ser of Je - sus' mer-it, Speak the word of power to me.
Grace of God, so strong and boundless; Magnify them all in me.
While the streams of life are springing, Blessing others, oh, bless me.

CHORUS.

E - ven me, e - ven me, Let Thy blessing fall on me.

Copyrighted, 1862, in "Golden Shower," by Wm. B. Bradbury. Used by per.
Biglow & Main.

No. 62. Duke Street.

L. M. HATTON.





No. 63. Ye nations of the earth.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

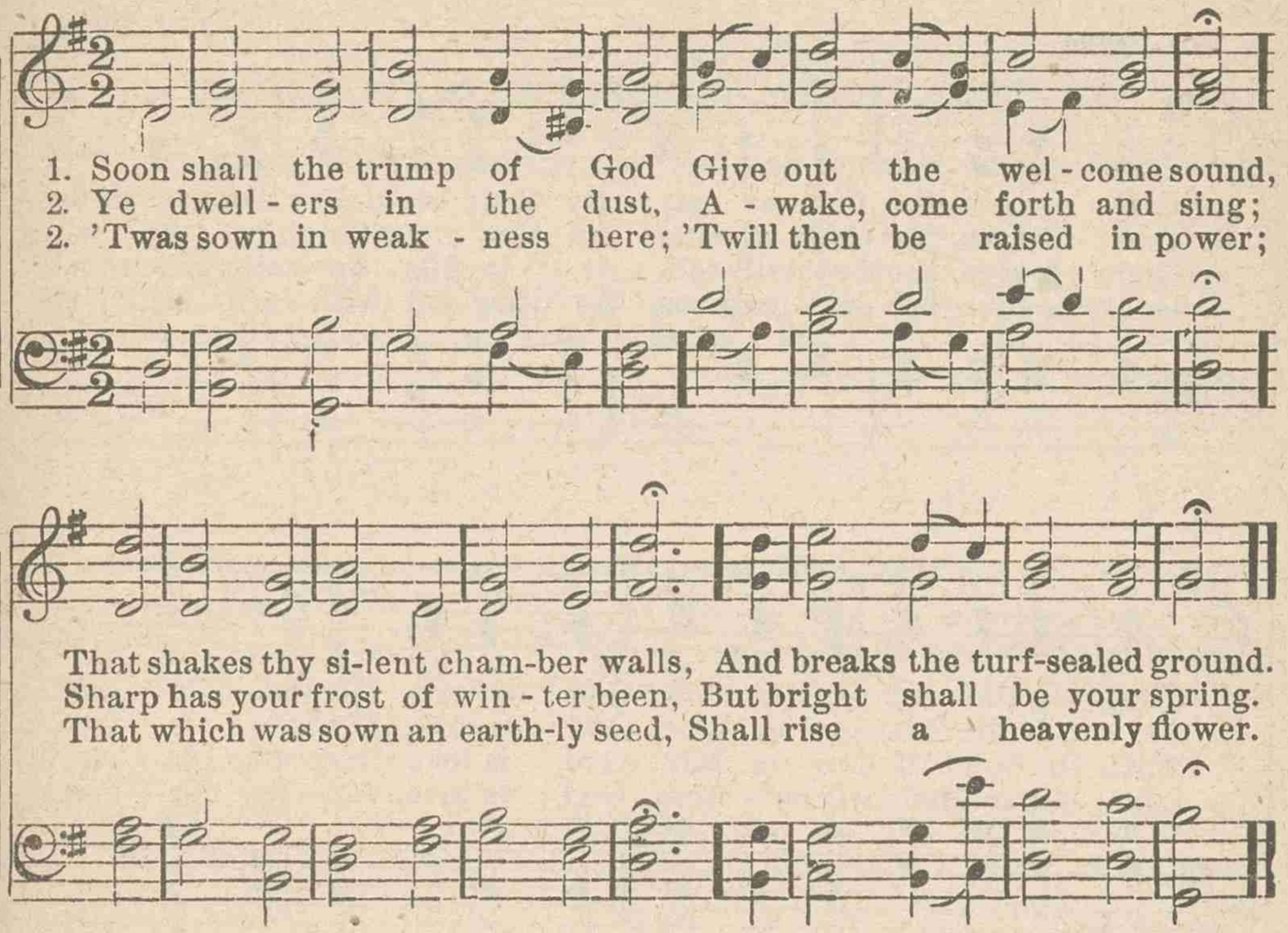
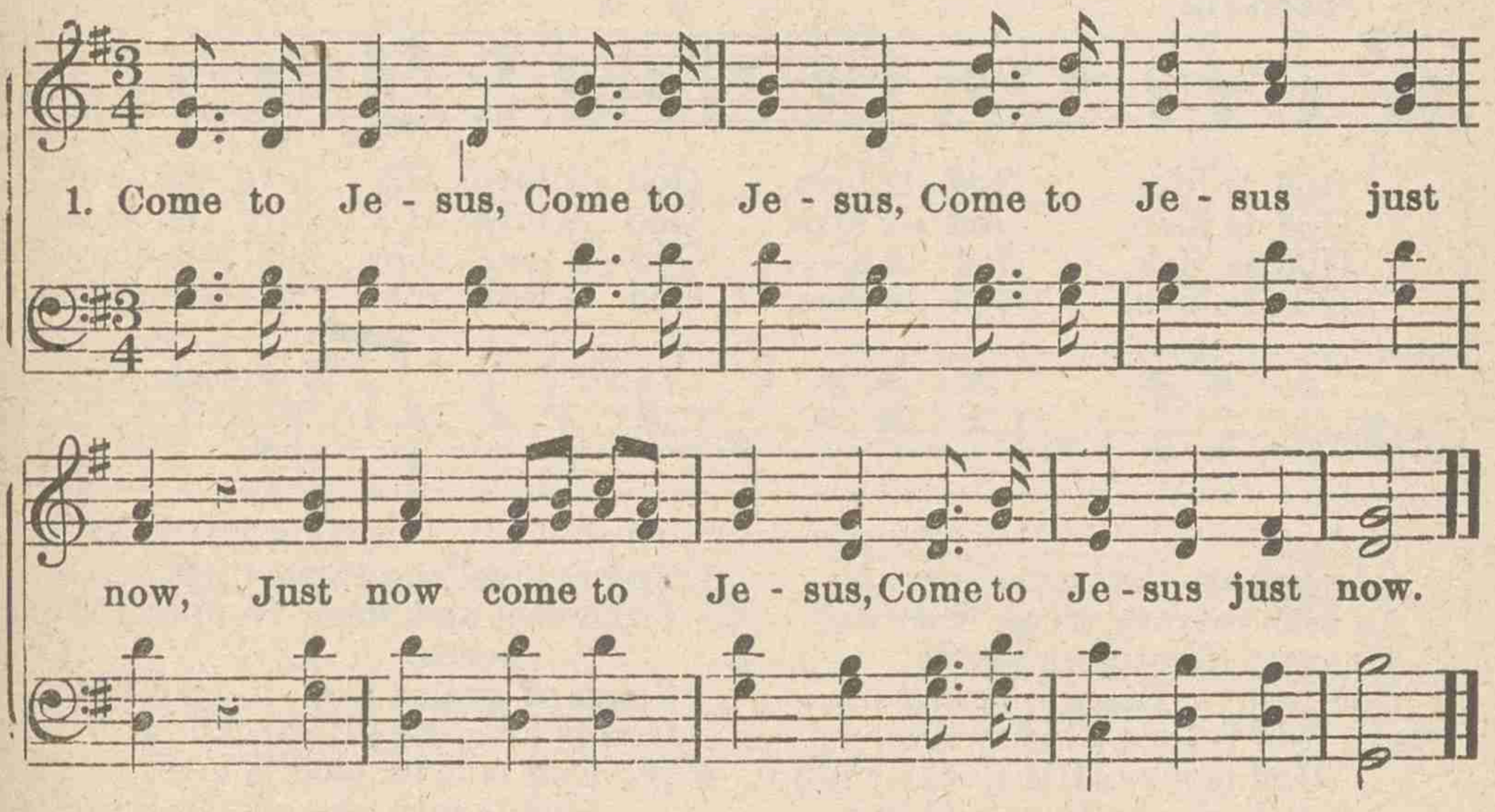
1 Ye nations round the earth, rejoice
Before the Lord, your sovereign King,
Serve Him with cheerful heart and voice,
With all your tongues His glory sing.

2 The Lord is God; 'tis He alone
Doth life and breath and being give;
We are His work, and not our own;
The sheep that on His pastures live.

3 Enter His gates with songs of joy,
With praises to His courts repair,
And make it your divine employ
To pay your thanks and honors there.

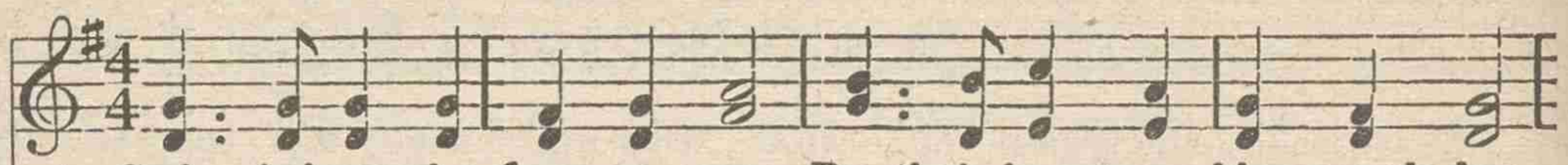
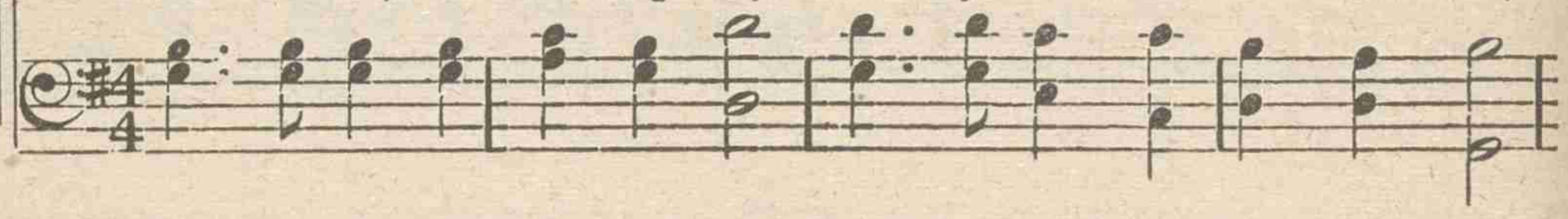
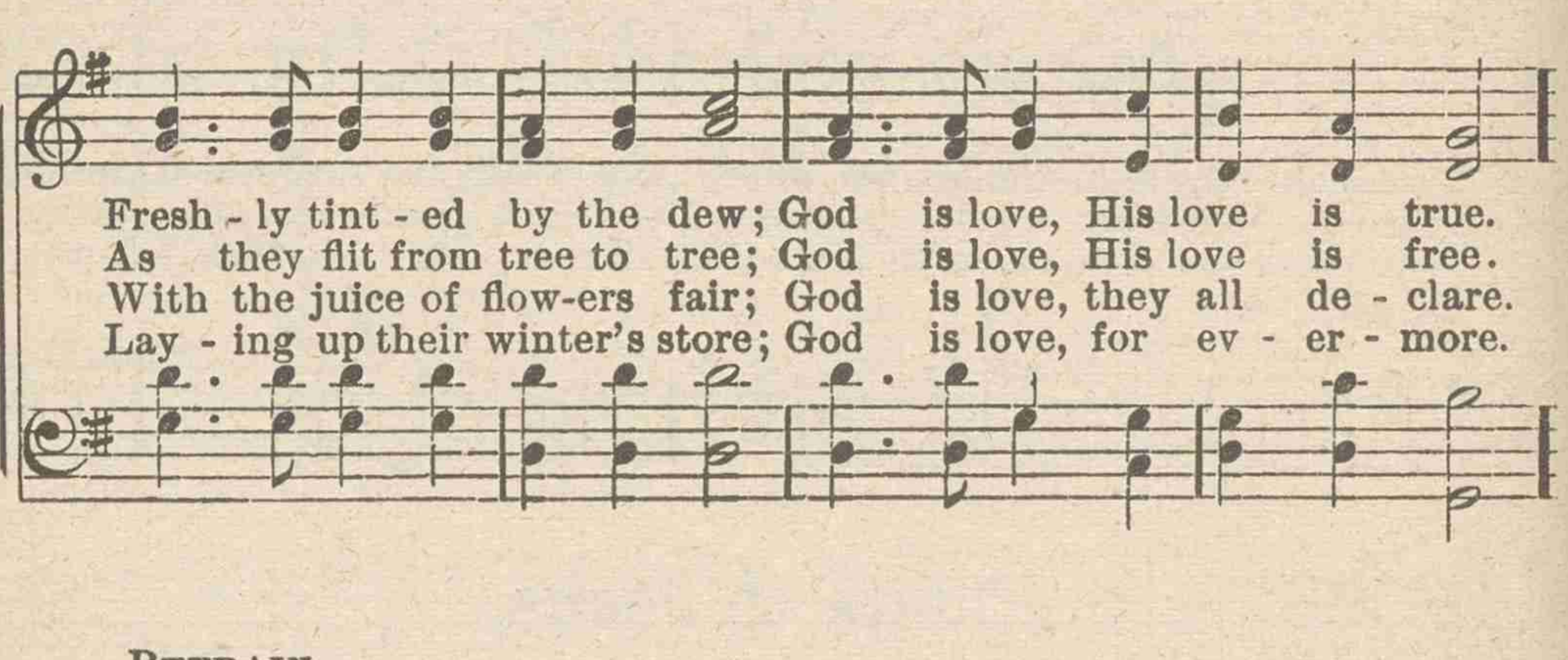
4 The Lord is good; the Lord is kind;
Great is His grace, His mercy sure;
And the whole race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

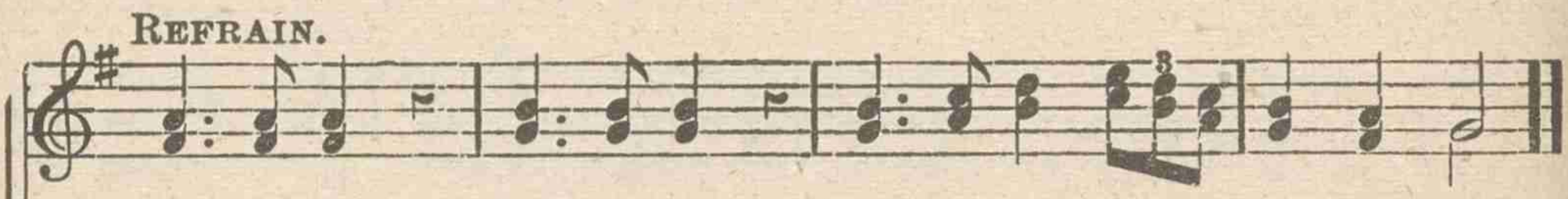
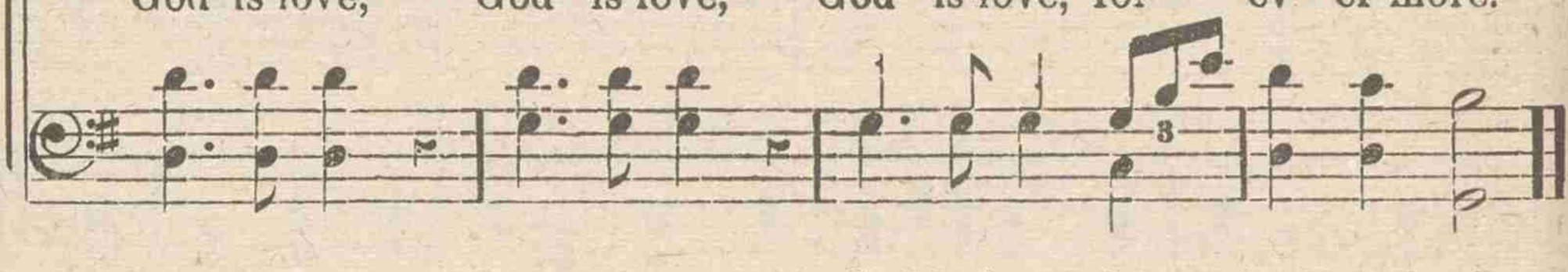
No 64. St. Thomas.

BONAR. S. M. HANDEL.

No. 65. Come to Jesus.

2 He will save you, &c.
3 Oh, believe Him.
4 He is able.
5 He is willing.
6 He'll receive you.
7 Call upon Him.
8 He will hear you.
9 Look unto Him.
10 He'll forgive you.
11 He will cleanse you.
12 Jesus loves you.
13 Only trust Him.

No. 66. God is love.

"He that loveth not, knoweth not God; for God is love."—1 John iv: 8.

J. M. HUNT. J. M. HUNT.

1. God is love, the flow-ers say, By their beauteous bloom each day,
2. God is love, the birds all sing, As they mount high up on wing,
3. God is love, the bee doth tell, As it fills up cell by cell,
4. God is love, the ants express, As they toil with earn - est - ness,

Fresh - ly tint - ed by the dew; God is love, His love is true.
As they flit from tree to tree; God is love, His love is free.
With the juice of flow-ers fair; God is love, they all de - clare.
Lay - ing up their winter's store; God is love, for ev - er - more.

REFRAIN.

God is love, God is love, God is love, His love is true.
God is love, God is love, God is love, His love is free.
God is love, God is love, God is love, they all de-clare.
God is love, God is love, God is love, for ev - er-more.

5 God is love, the ocean speaks,
As with mighty wave, it seeks
To exert its utmost power;
God is love, His works endure.
REF. God is love, God is love,
God is love, His works endure.

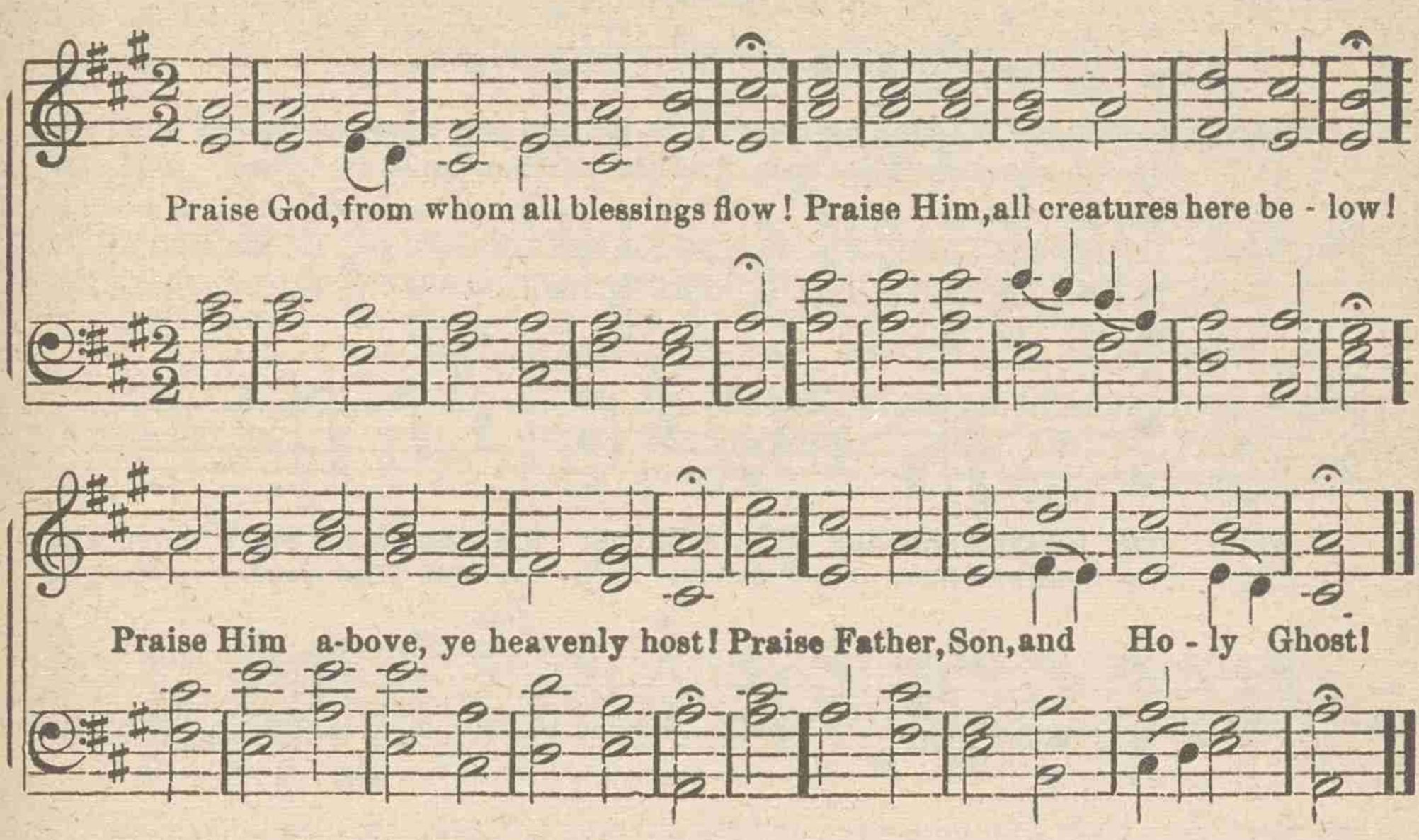
6 God is love, the forests chime,
From sturdy oak to clinging vine;
In their verdure, they express,
God is love, and tenderness.
REF. God is love, God is love,
God is love, and tenderness.

7 God is love, the earth sings forth,
From east and west, from south and north,
Songs of praise from it doth flow,
God is love, we all can know.
REF. God is love, God is love,
God is love, we all can know.

8 God is love, I too would shout,
For I am clothed all round about
With that love, so pure, so dear;
God is love, and ever near.
REF. God is love, God is love,
God is love, and ever near.

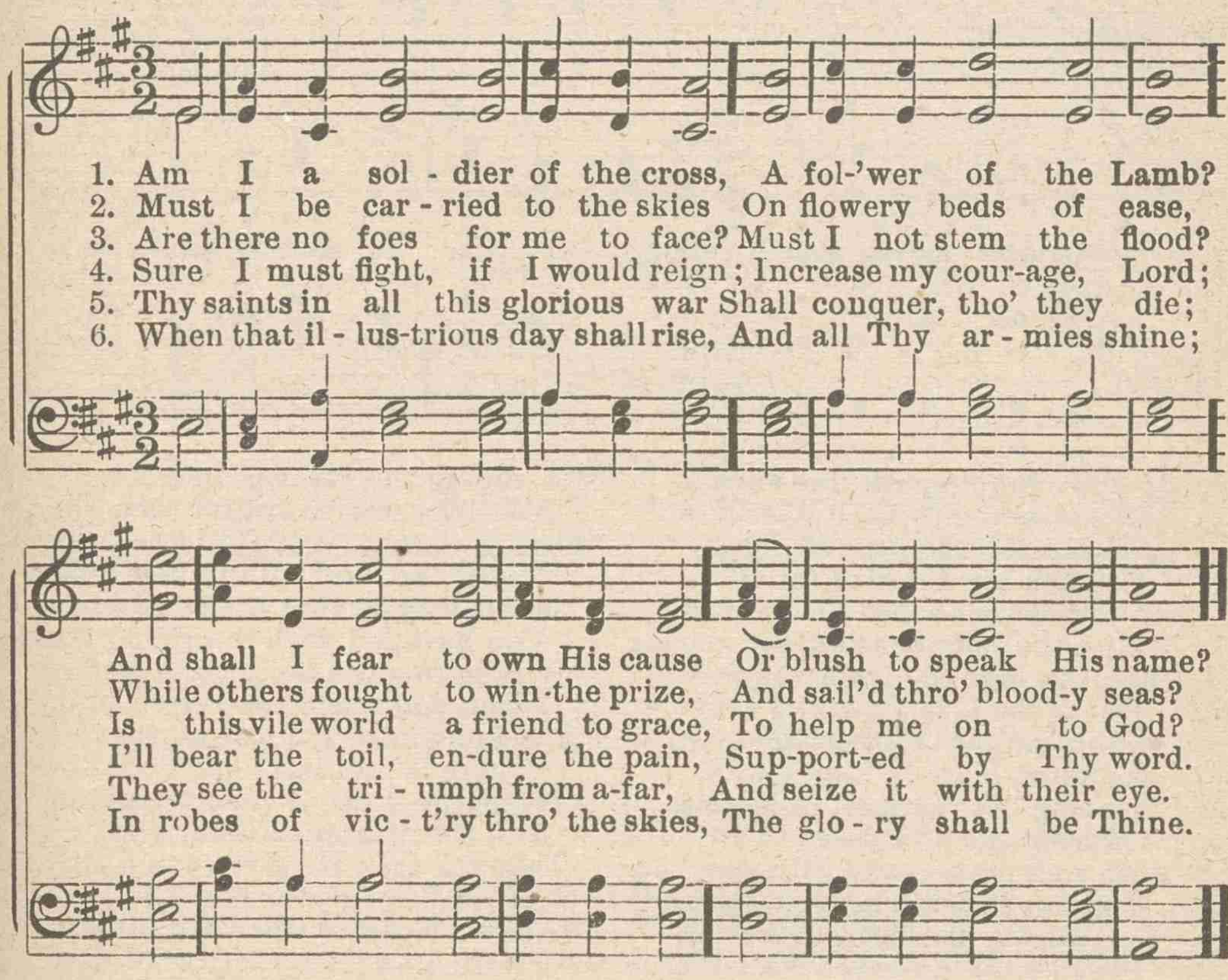
No. 67. Old Hundred.

L. M. LUTHER.



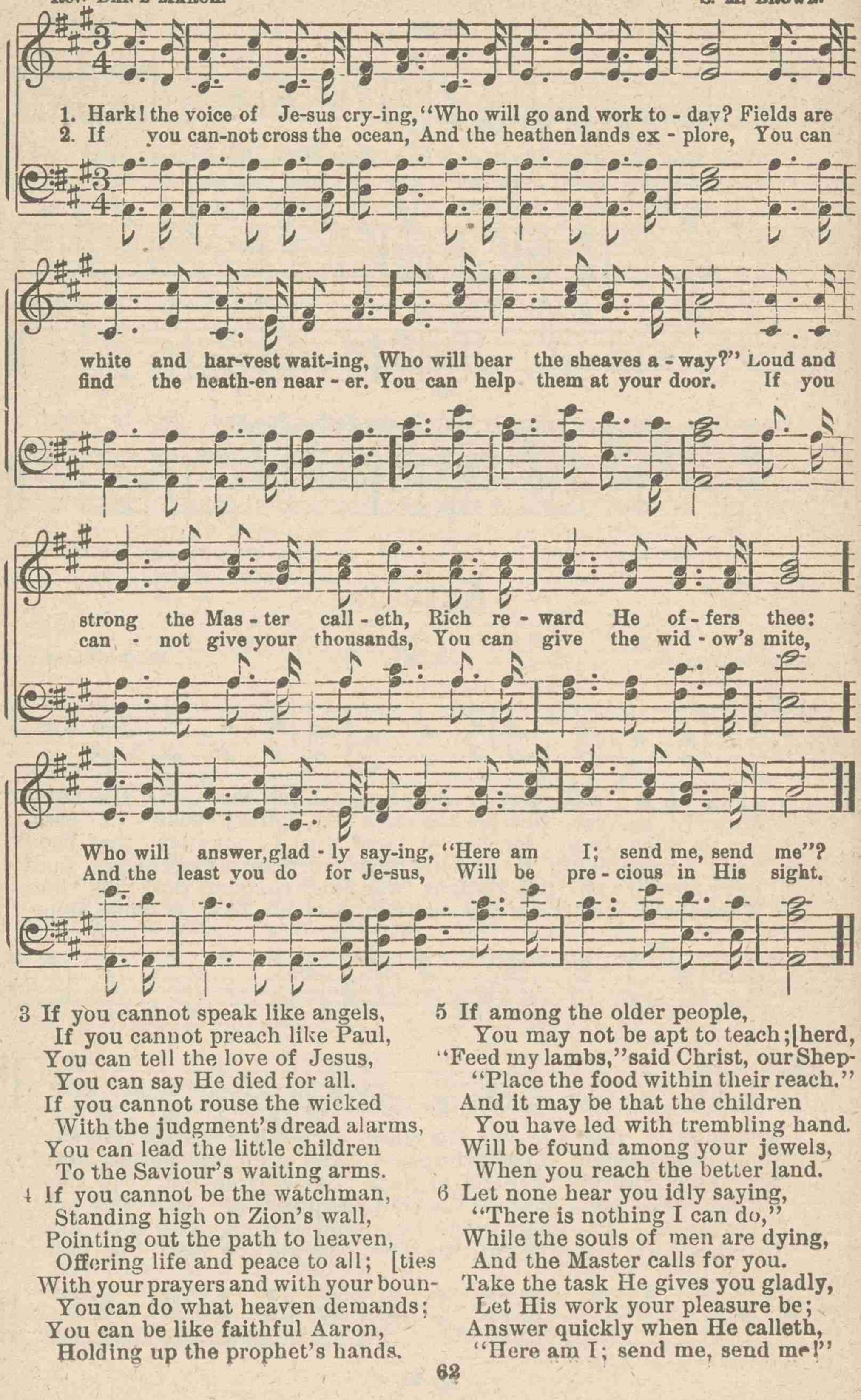
No. 68. Azmon.

ISAAC WATTS. C. M. C. G. GLASER.



No. 69. Here am I, send me.

Rev. DAN'L MARCH. S. M. BROWN.



3 If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say He died for all.
If you cannot rouse the wicked
With the judgment's dread alarms,
You can lead the little children
To the Saviour's waiting arms.

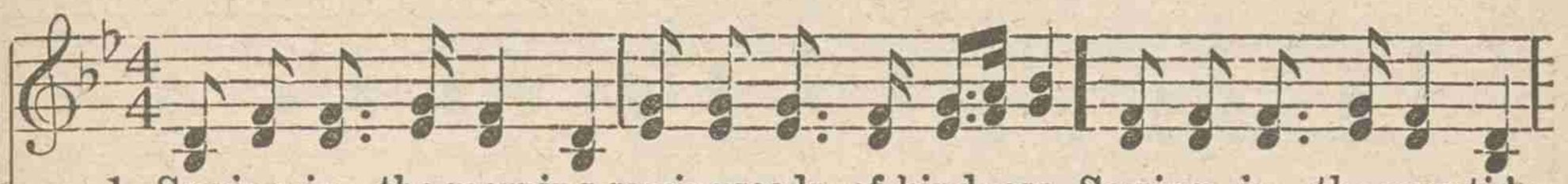
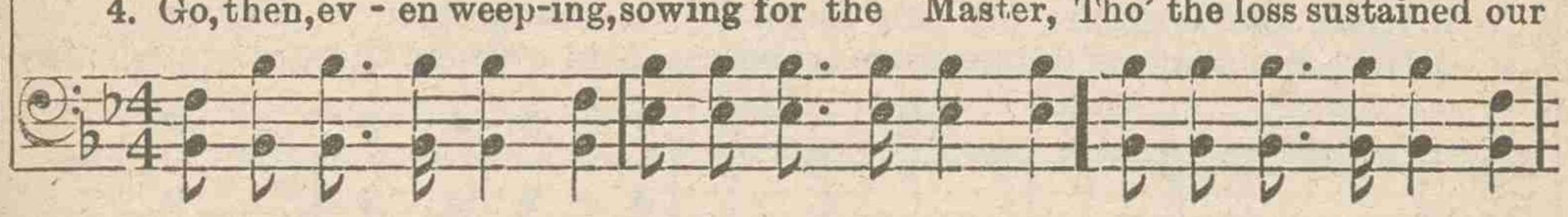
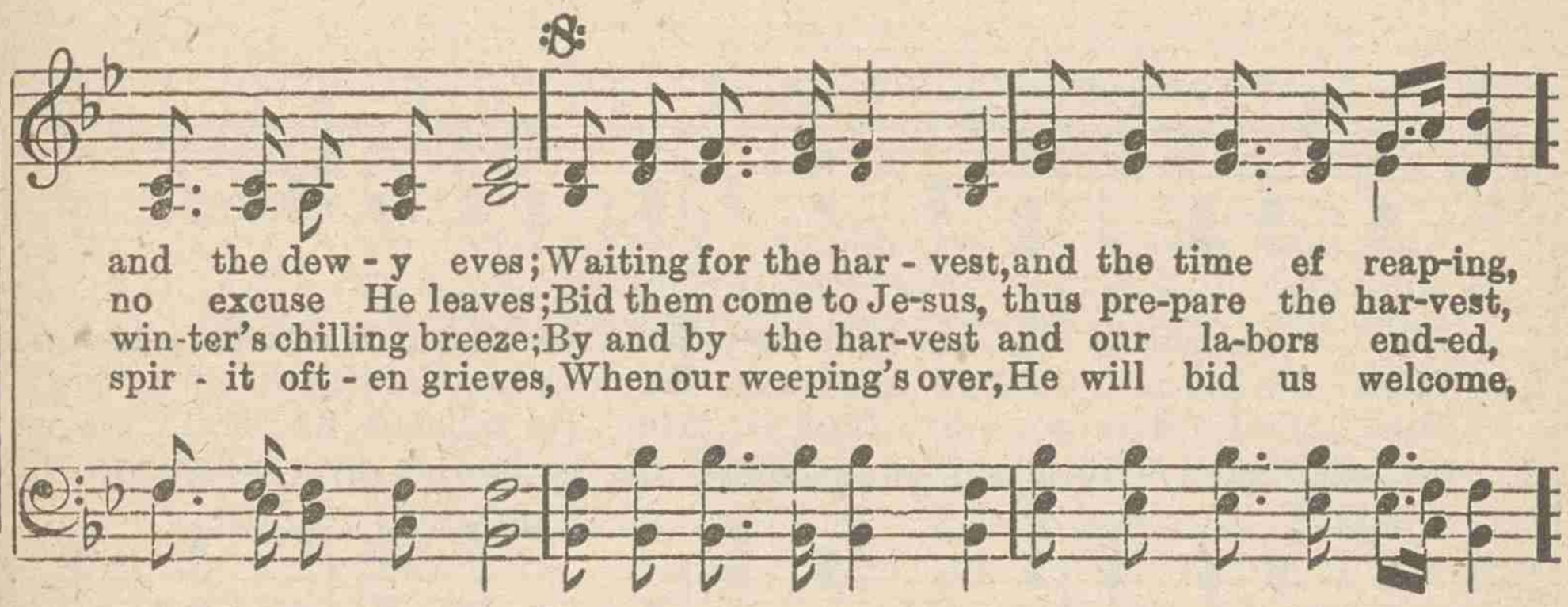
4 If you cannot be the watchman,
Standing high on Zion's wall,
Pointing out the path to heaven,
Offering life and peace to all; [ties
With your prayers and with your boun-
You can do what heaven demands;
You can be like faithful Aaron,
Holding up the prophet's hands.

5 If among the older people,
You may not be apt to teach; [herd,
"Feed my lambs," said Christ, our Shep-
"Place the food within their reach."
And it may be that the children
You have led with trembling hand.
Will be found among your jewels,
When you reach the better land.

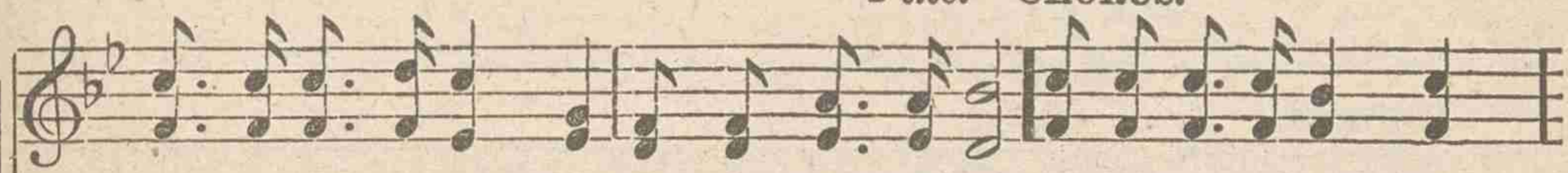
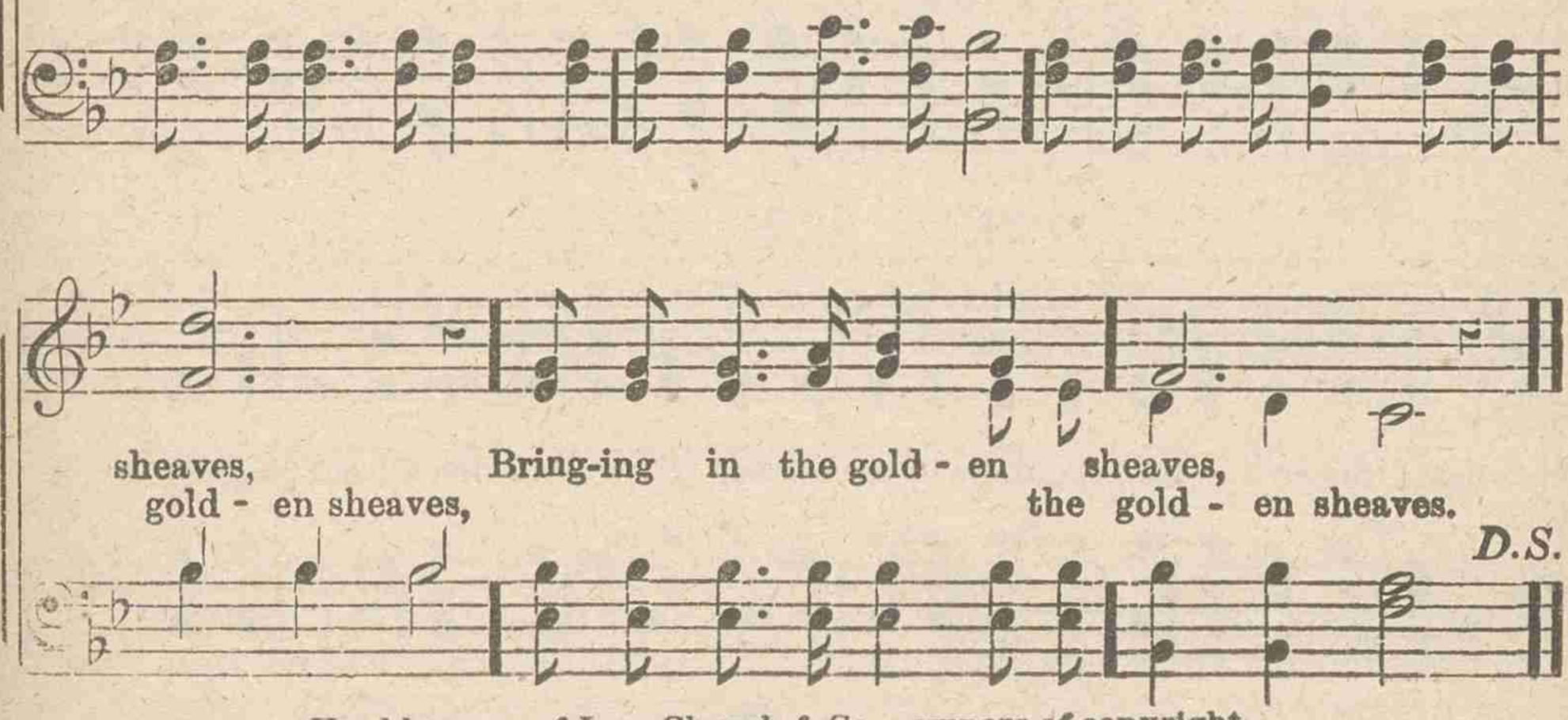
6 Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do,"
While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you.
Take the task He gives you gladly,
Let His work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when He calleth,
"Here am I; send me, send me!"

No. 70. Bringing in the sheaves.

12s & 11s

"He that goeth forth bearing precious seed."

1. Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, Sowing in the noontide
2. Go and tell the na-tions now in heathen blindness, Tell them Je-sus died, now
3. Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows, Fearing neither clouds nor
4. Go, then, ev - en weep-ing, sowing for the Master, Tho' the loss sustained our



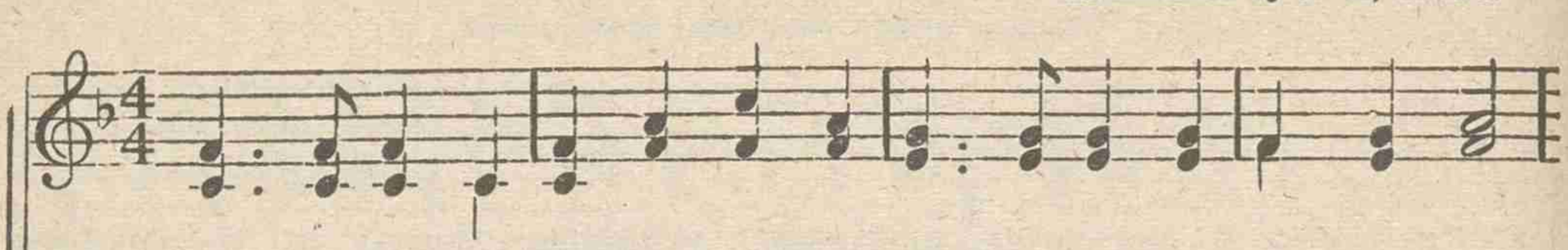
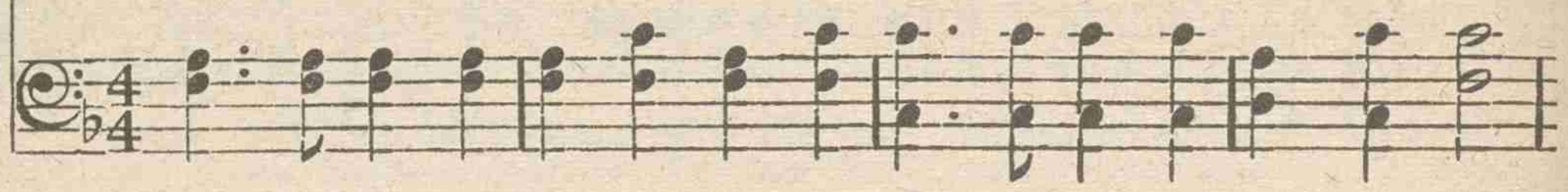
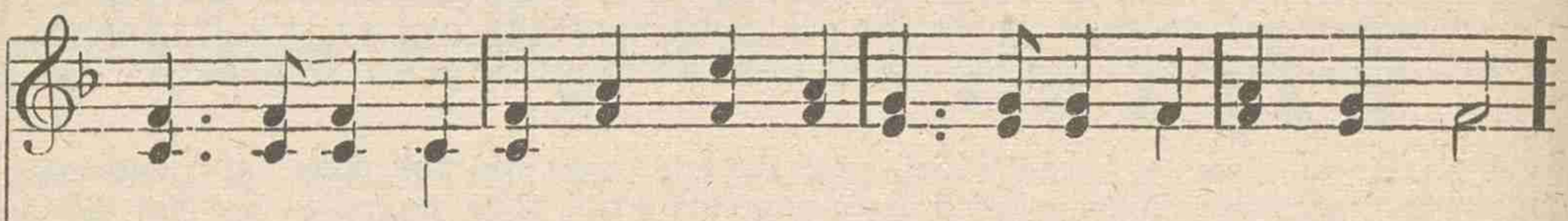
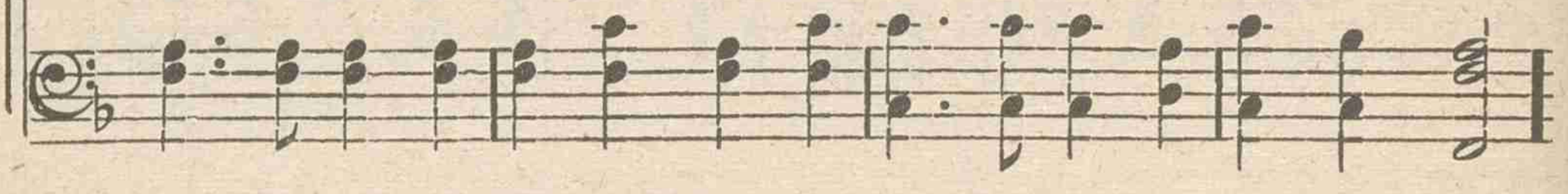
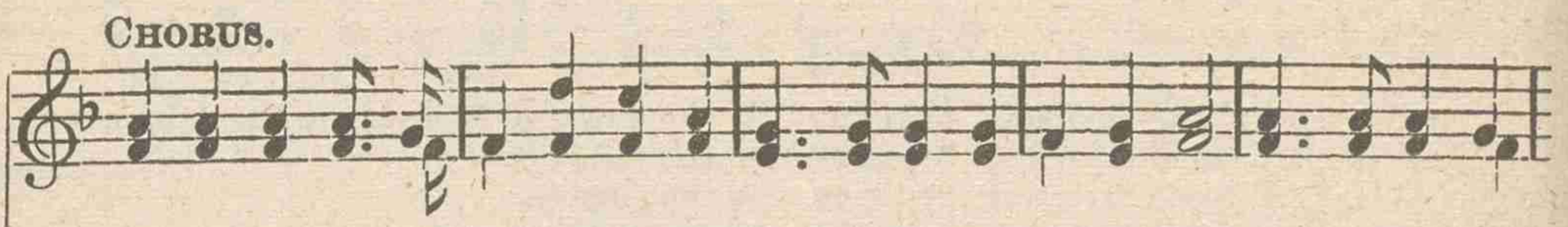
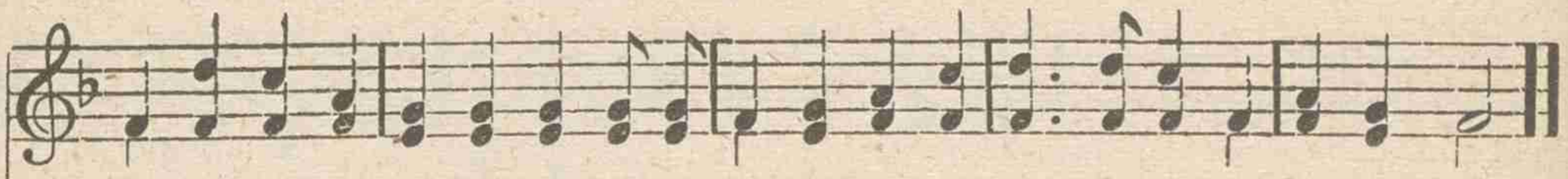
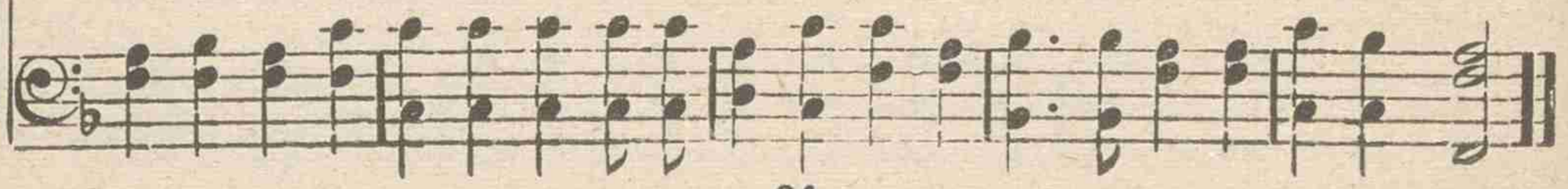
and the dew - y eves; Waiting for the har - vest, and the time ef reap-ing,
no excuse He leaves; Bid them come to Je-sus, thus pre-pare the har-vest,
win-ter's chilling breeze; By and by the har-vest and our la-bors end-ed,
spir - it oft - en grieves, When our weeping's over, He will bid us welcome,

Fine. CHORUS.

We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves. Bringing in the golden
You shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

sheaves, Bring-ing in the gold - en sheaves,
gold - en sheaves, the gold - en sheaves.

D.S.

Used by per. of Jno. Church & Co., owners of copyright.

No. 71. Yonder, over the rolling river.

Harmonized by J. M. Hunt.

1. Here we are but straying pilgrims, Here our path is oft - en dim;
2. Here our feet are oft - en wea-ry On the hills that throng our way;
3. Here, our souls are oft - en fear-ful Of the pilgrim's lurk-ing foe;
4. Here, our shadow'd homes are transient, And we meet the stranger's frown;

But to cheer us on our jour-ney, Still we sing this way-side hymn.
Here the tempest dark-ly gath-ers, But our hearts within us say:
But the Lord is our de - fend-er, And He tells us we may know:
So we'll sing with joy while go-ing, E'en to death's dark billow down:

Chorus.

Yon-der, o-ver the roll-ing river, Where the shining mansions rise, Soon will be our

home for-ev - er, And the smile of the blessed Giver Glad-den all our longing eyes.

No. 72. Peacefully sleep.

Slow and gentle with expression.

1. Peace - ful - ly lay her down to rest, Place the turf kind - ly on her breast; Sweet is the slumber be - neath the sod,
2. Close to her lone and nar - row house, Grace-ful - ly wave, ye wil - low boughs; Flow'rs of the wild wood, your o - dors shed
3. Qui - et - ly sleep, be - lov - ed one, Rest from thy toil, thy labor is done; Rest till the trump from the open - ing skies

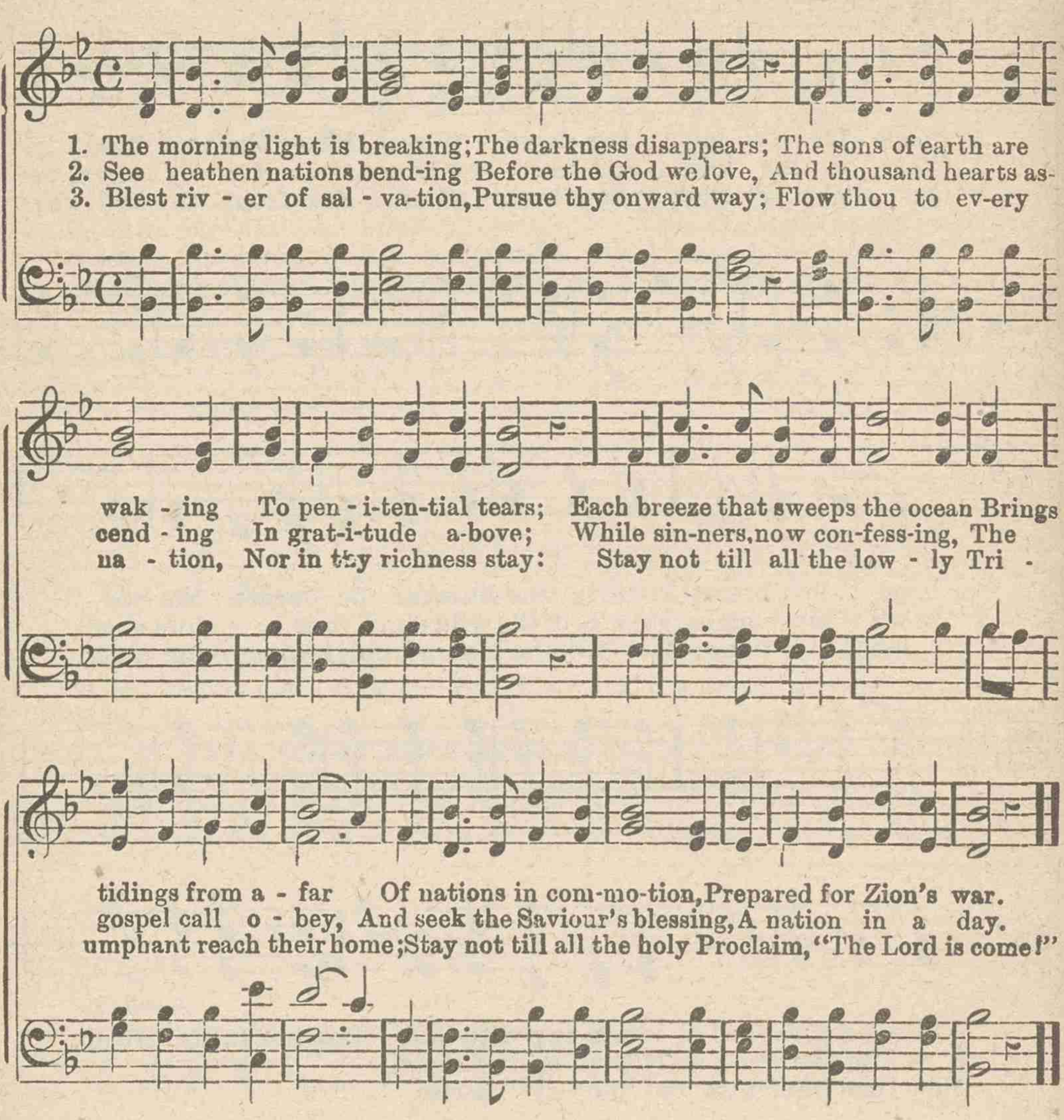
While the pure soul is rest-ing with God. Peace - ful-ly sleep,
O - ver the ho - ly, beau-ti - ful dead.
Bid thee from dust to glo - ry a-rise.

Peace-ful-ly sleep, Sleep till the morning, Peace - ful - ly sleep.

Copyrighted, 1861, in "The Golden Chain," by Wm. B. Bradbury. Used by per. Biglow & Main.

No. 73. Webb.

S. F. Smith. 7s & 6s. G. J. Webb.



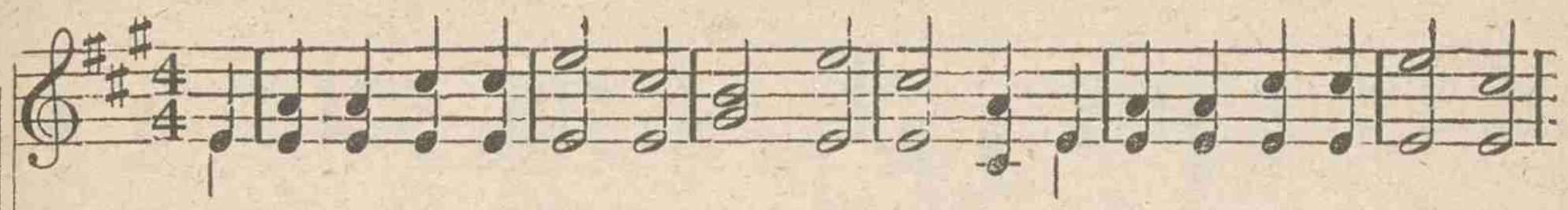
No. 74. Stand up for Jesus.

7s & 6s.

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

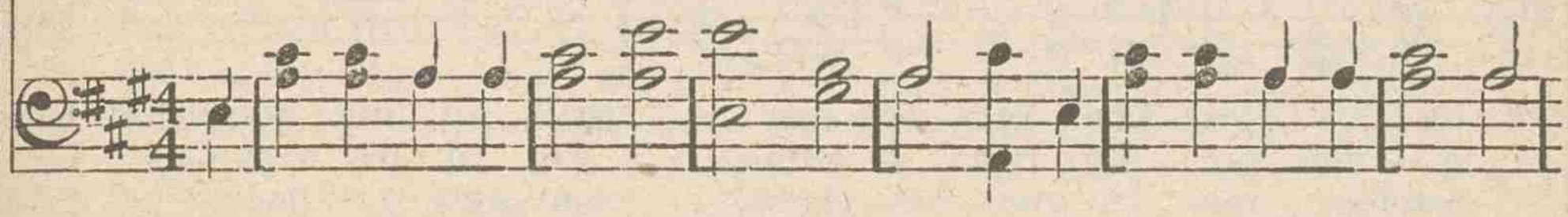
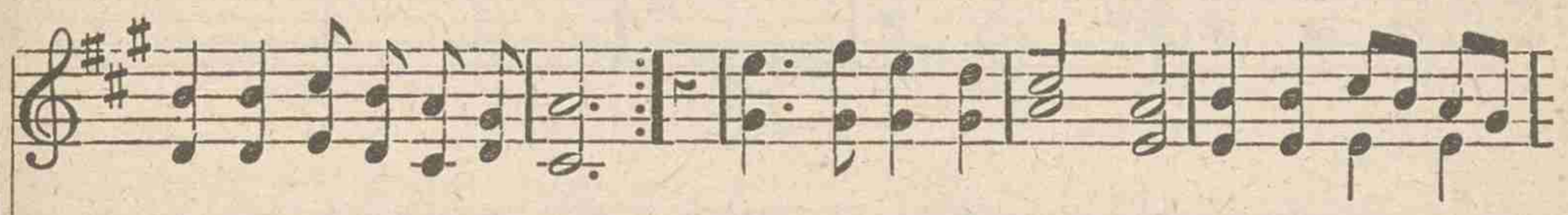
2 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
And watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls or danger,
Be never wanting there.

3 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

No 75. The Gospel Ship.

1. { The gospel ship is sail-ing, sail - ing, sail-ing, The gospel ship is sail-ing
   { All who would ship for glory, glo - ry, glo - ry, All who would ship for glory,

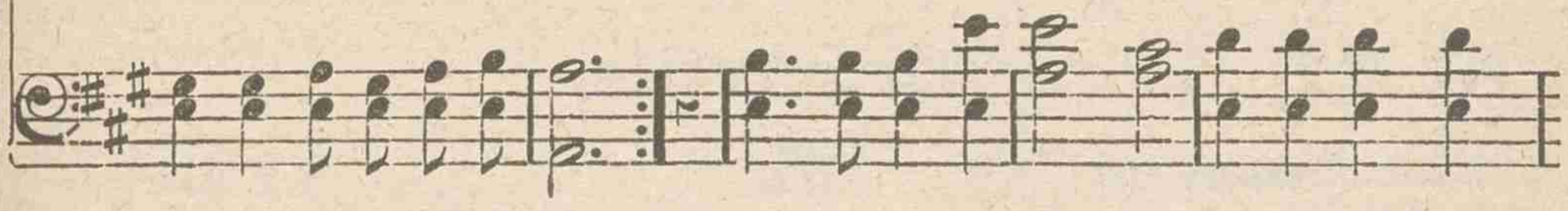
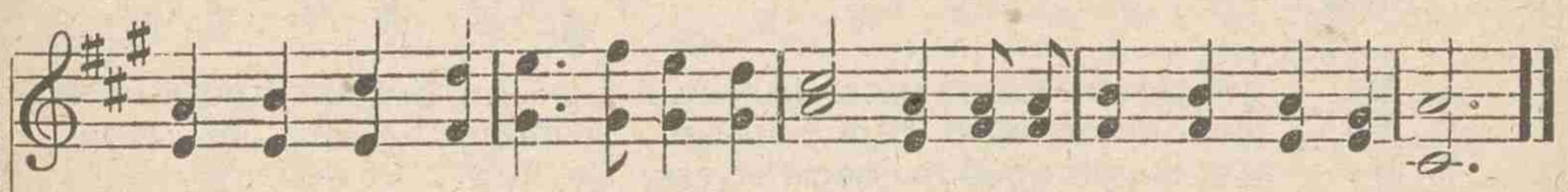
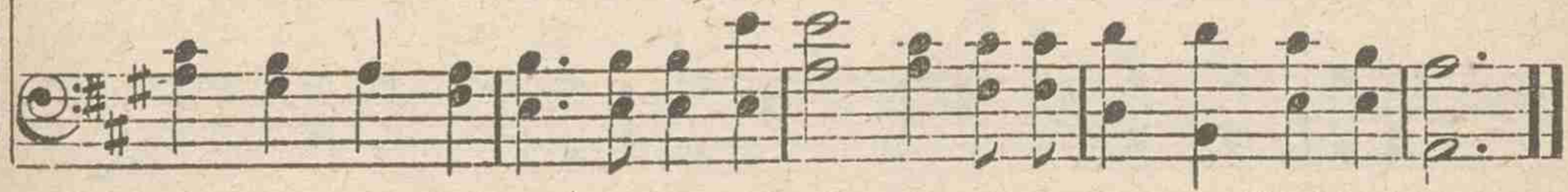
2. { She's landed many thousands, thousands, thousands, She's landed many thousands,
   { And thousands now are sailing, sail - ing, sail-ing, And thousands now are sailing,

3. { Sails fill'd with heav'nly breezes, breezes, breezes, Sails fill'd with heav'nly breezes,
   { Her com-pa-ny are sing-ing, sing - ing, sing-ing, Her company are sing-ing,

4. { Take passage now for glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, Take passage now for glo-ry,
   { With us you shall be hap-py, hap - py, hap-py, With us you shall be hap-py,

Bound for Canaan's happy shore. { Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! All on board are
Come and welcome rich and poor, {

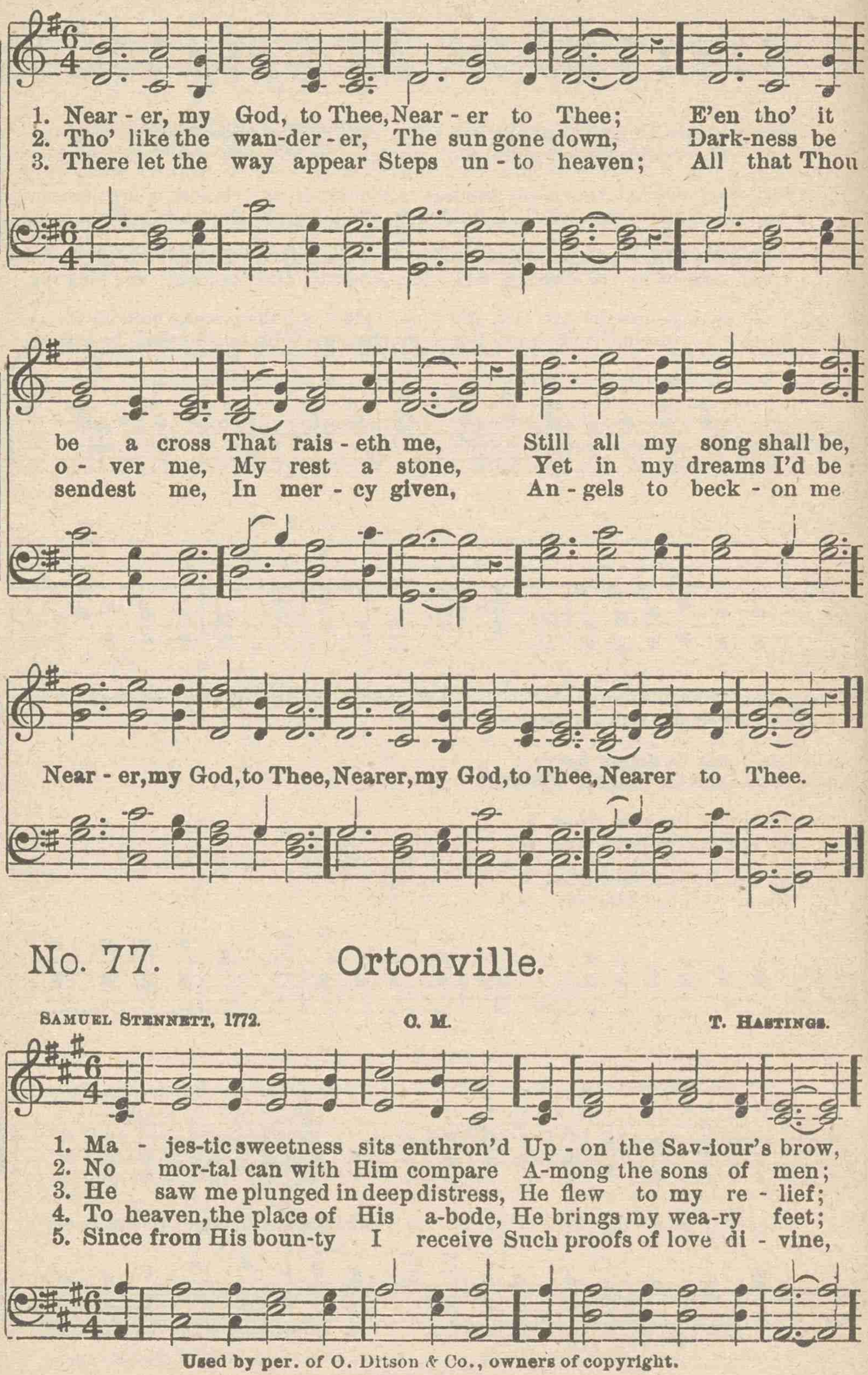
On fair Canaan's happy shore. {
Yet there's room for thousands more. {

Swiftly glides the ship along. {
Glory, glory, is their song. {

Sailing o'er life's troubled sea. {
Happy through eternity. {

sweet - ly sing - ing, Glo - ry hal-le - lu - jah! Halle - lu - jah to the Lamb.

Copyrighted, 1861, in "The Golden Chain," by Wm. B. Bradbury. Used by per.
Biglow & Main.

No. 76. Bethany.

6s & 4s. L. MASON.

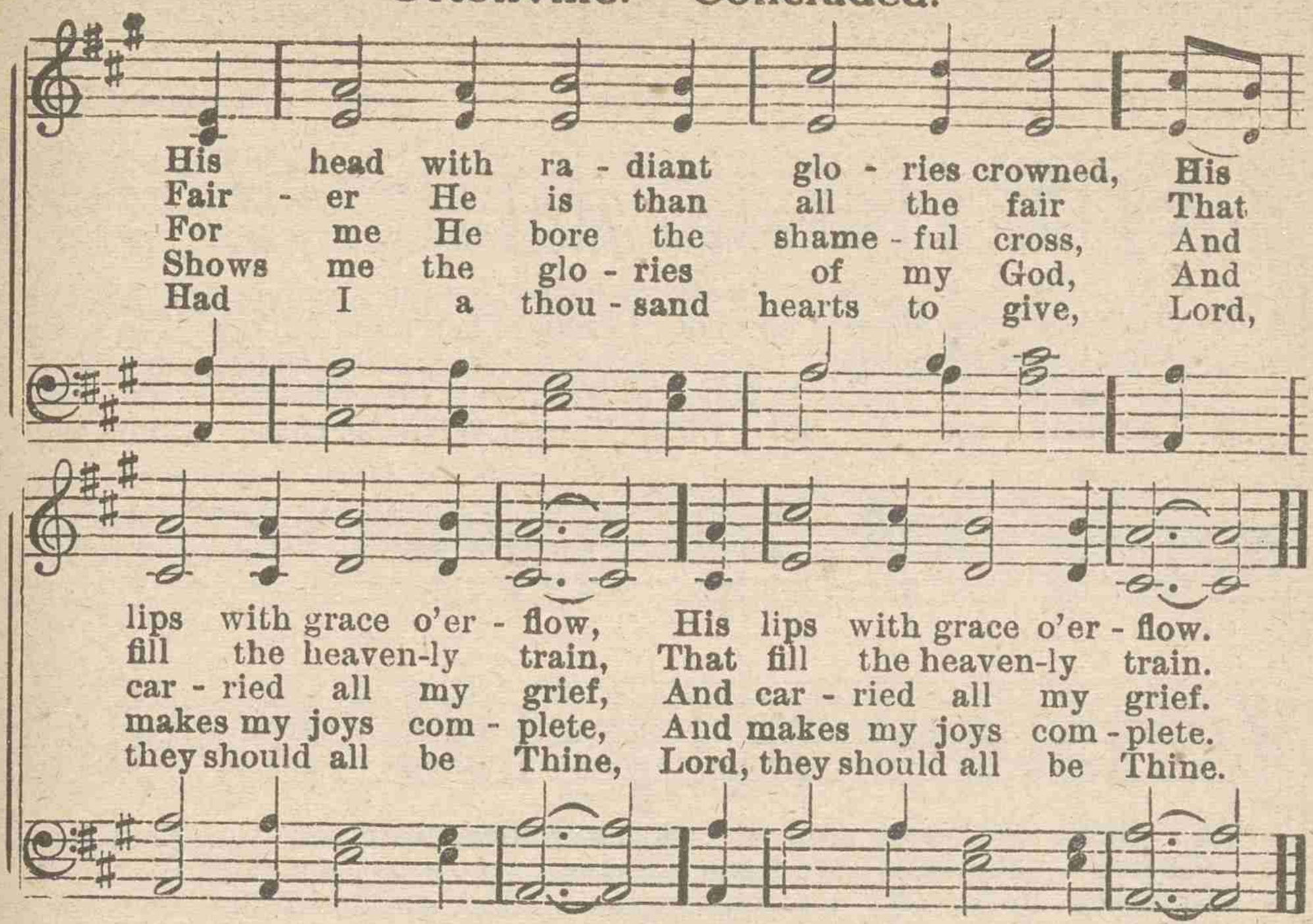


No. 77. Ortonville.

SAMUEL STENNETT, 1772. C. M. T. HASTINGS.

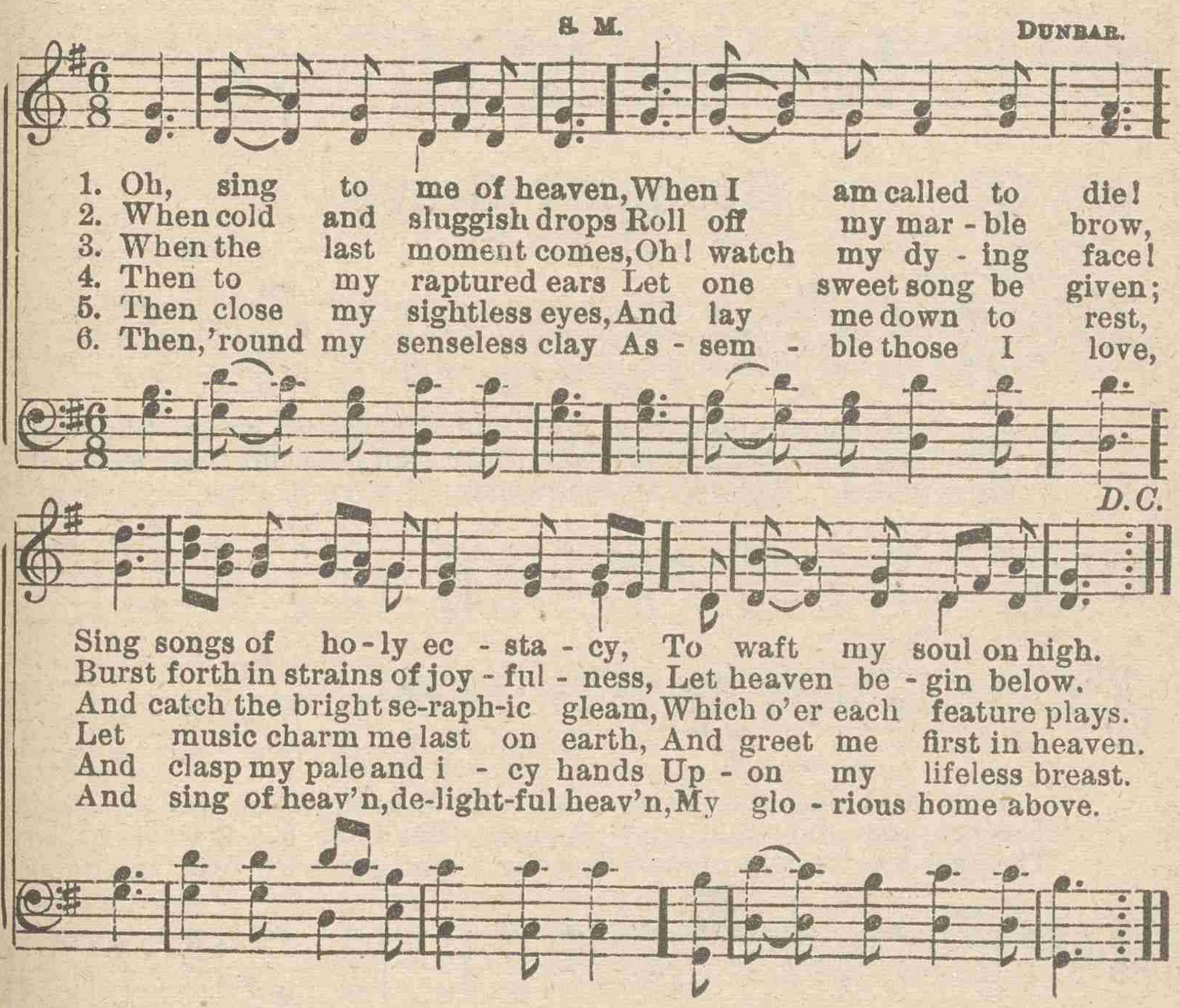
Used by per. of O. Ditson & Co., owners of copyright.

Ortonville. Concluded.



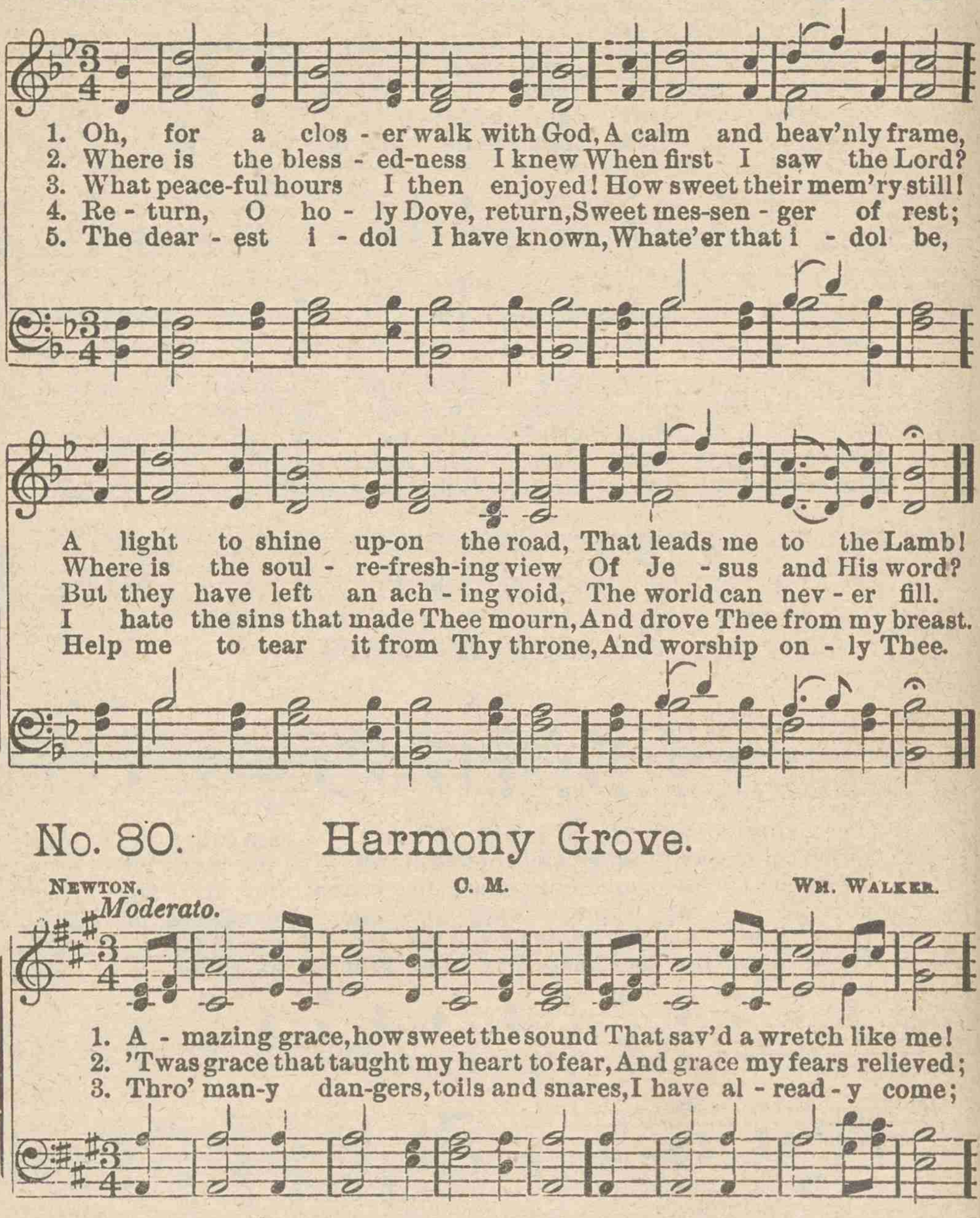
No. 78. No sorrow there.

S. M. DUNBAR.



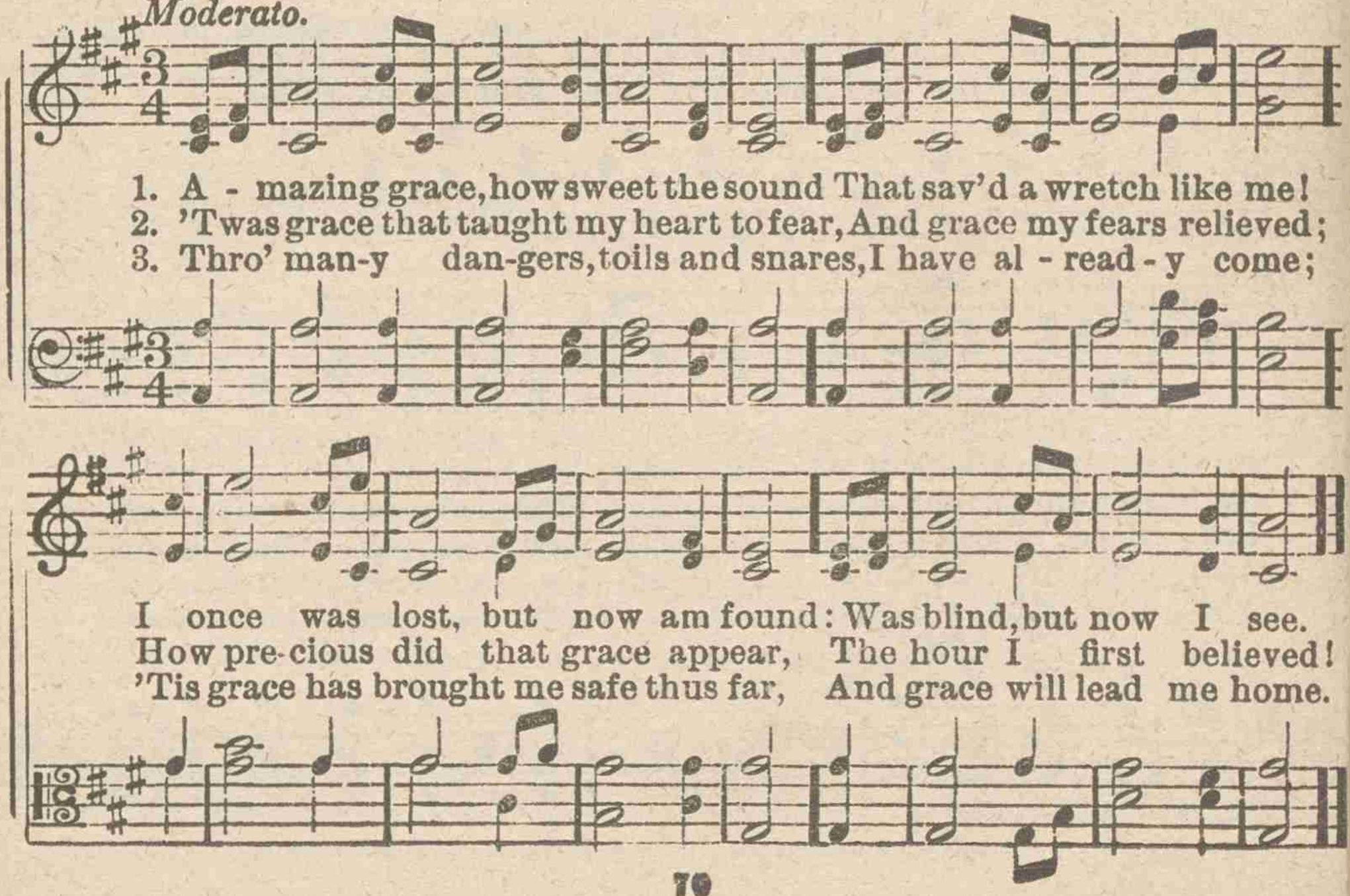
No. 79. Balerma.

COWPER. C. M. SCOTCH AIR.

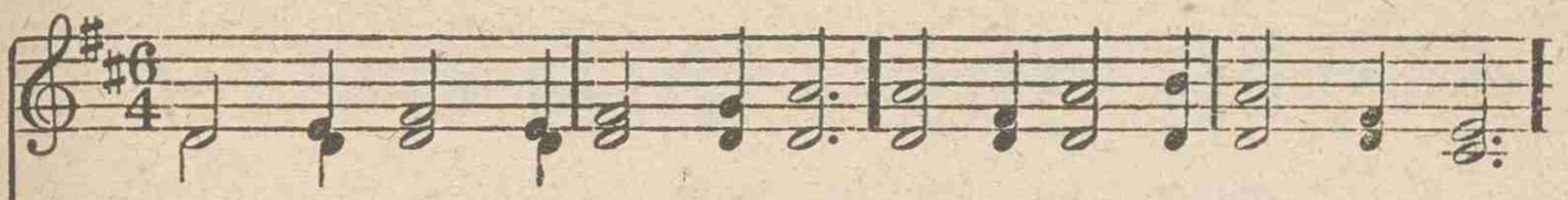


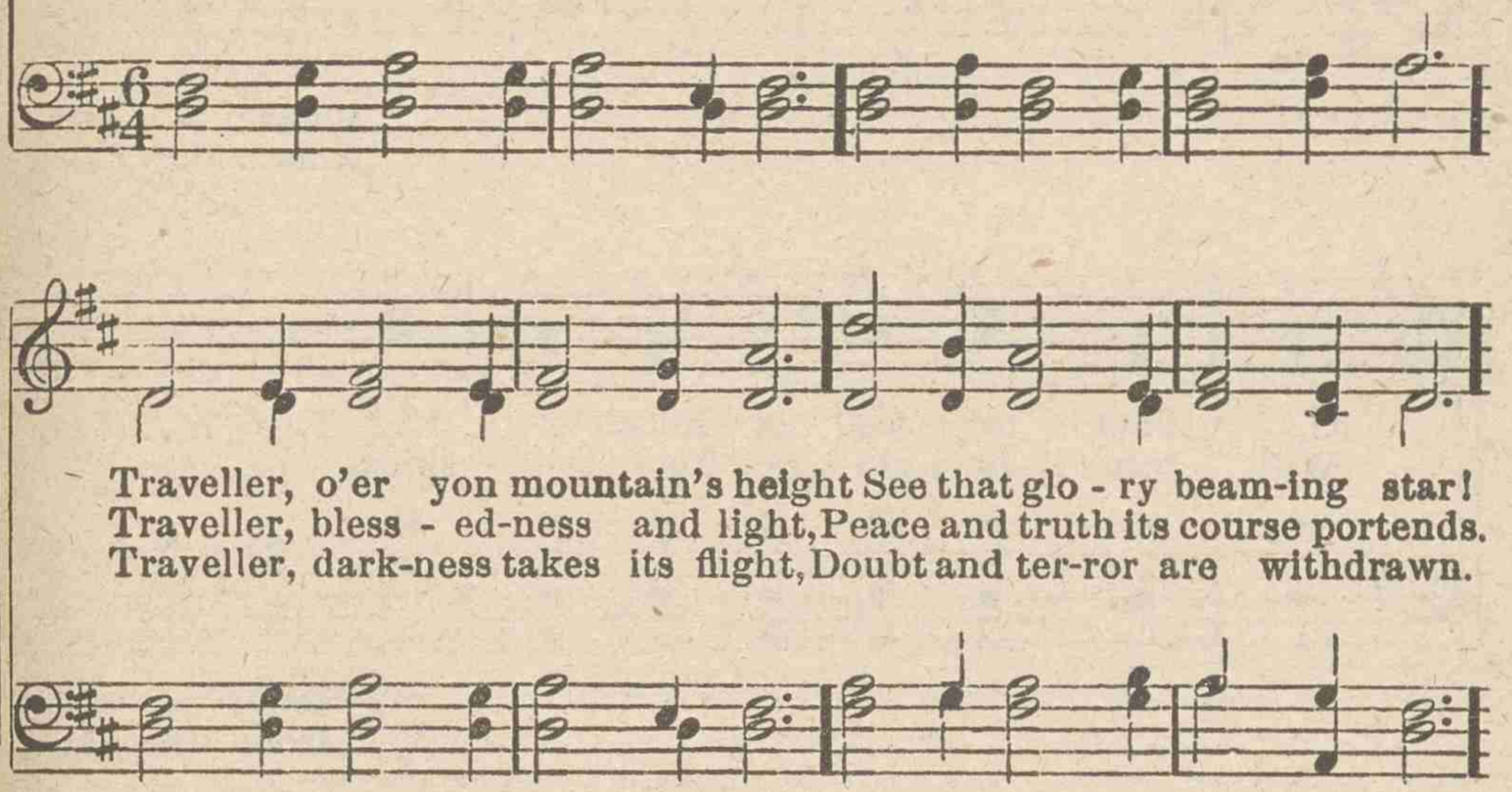
No. 80. Harmony Grove.

NEWTON. C. M. WM. WALKER.

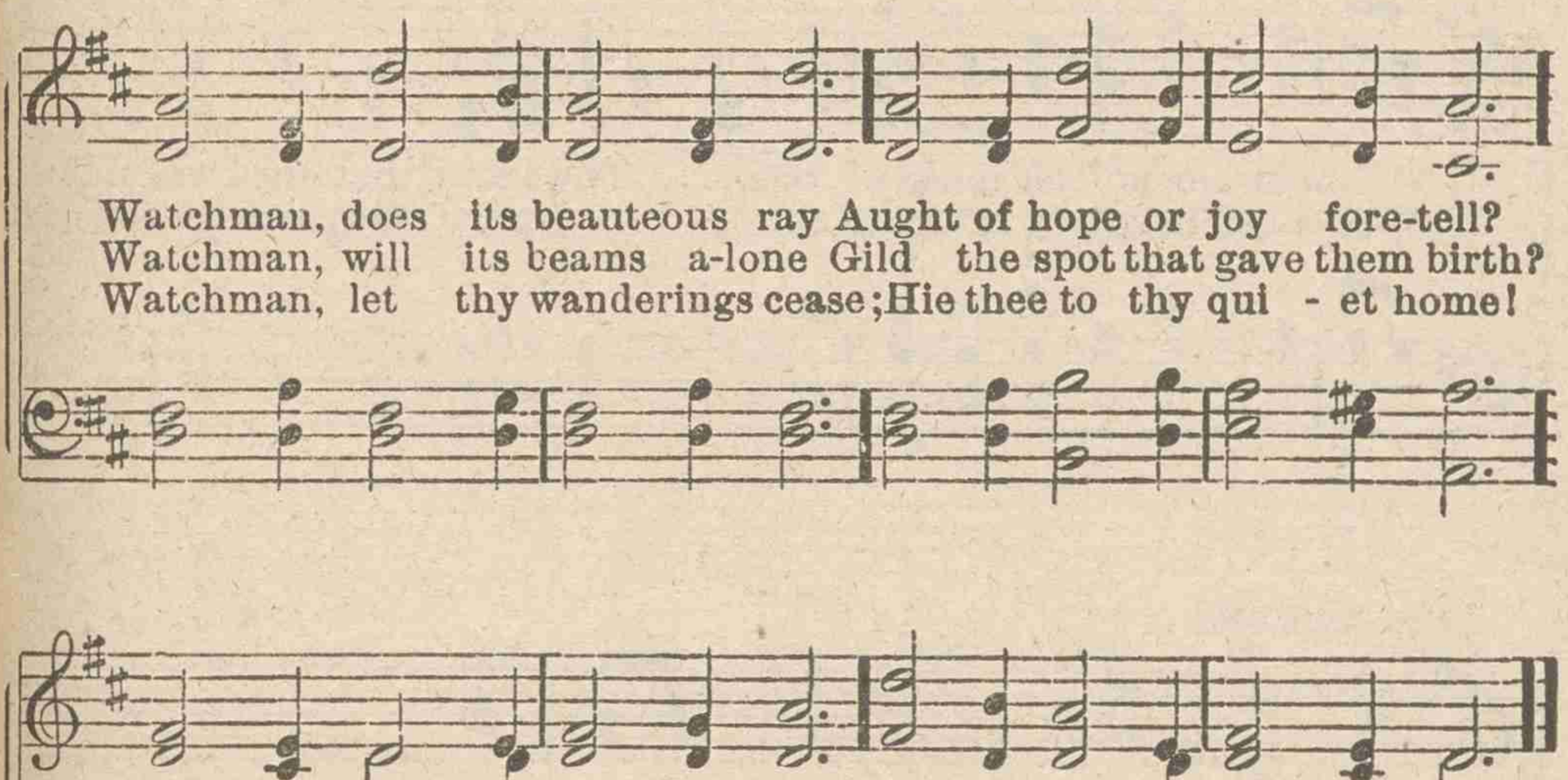


No. 81. Watchman, tell us of the night.

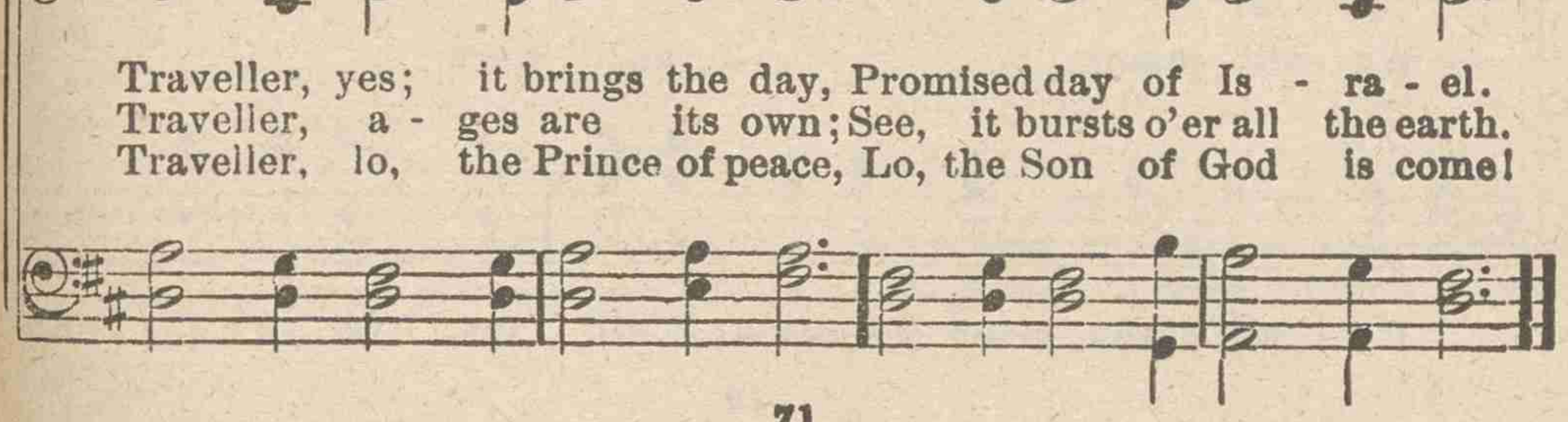
SIR JOHN BOWRING, 1823. 7s. D. L. MASON.

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



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

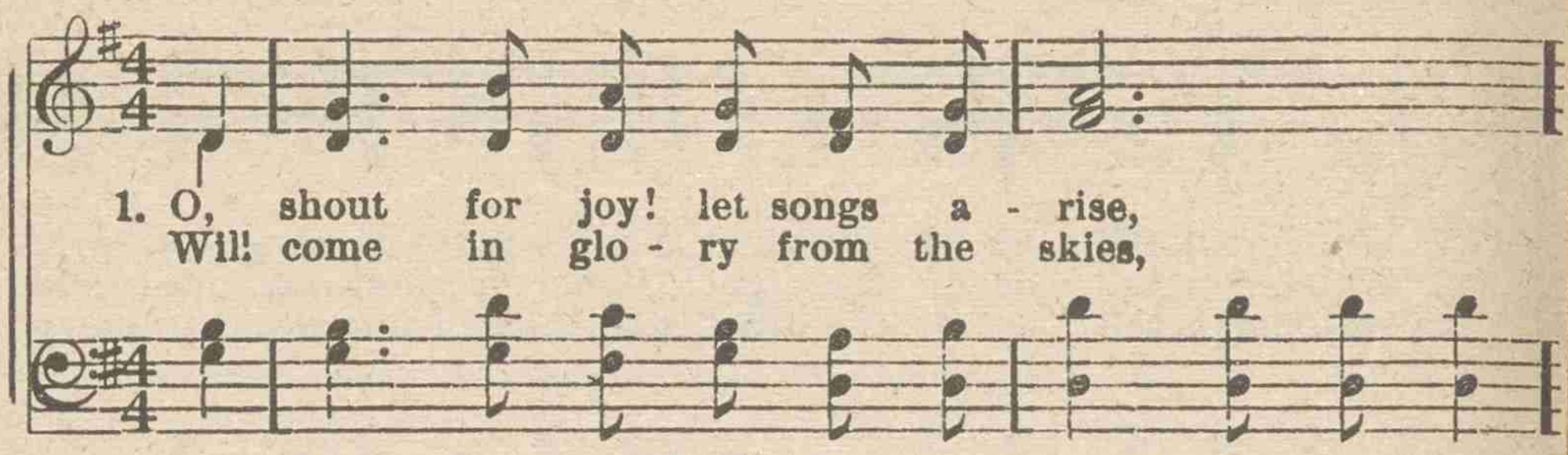
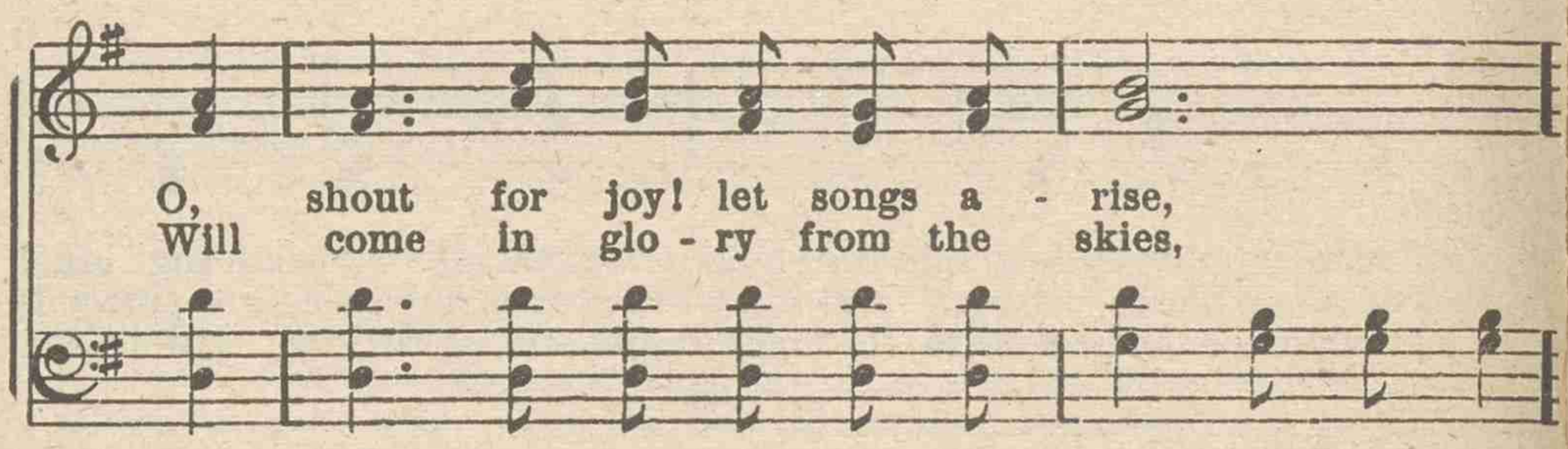
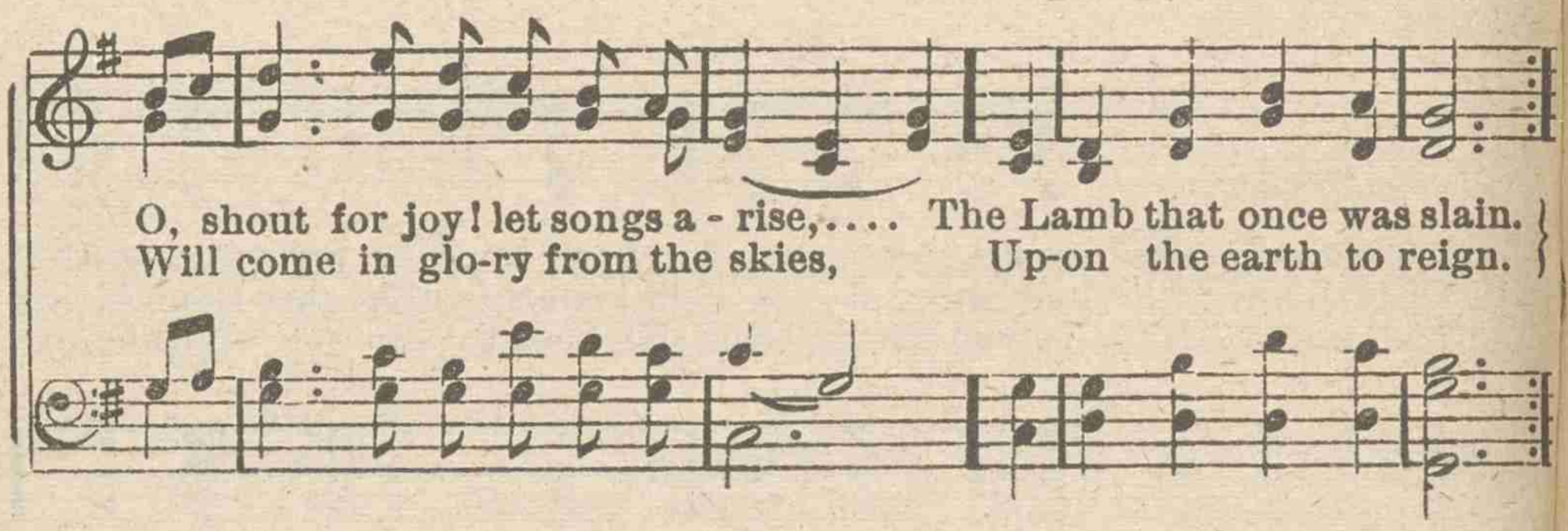


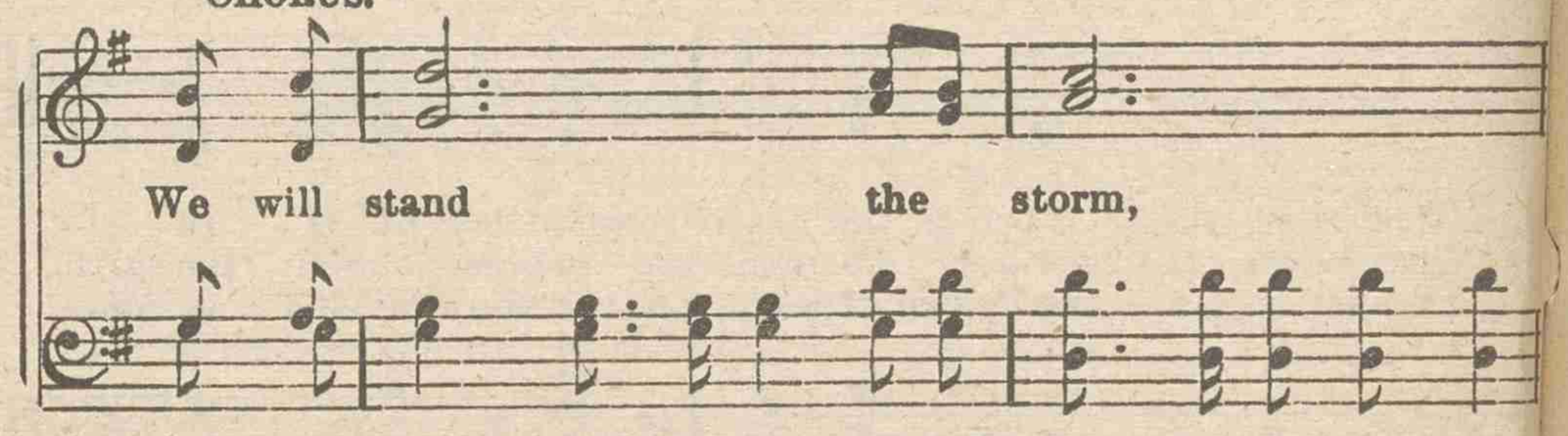
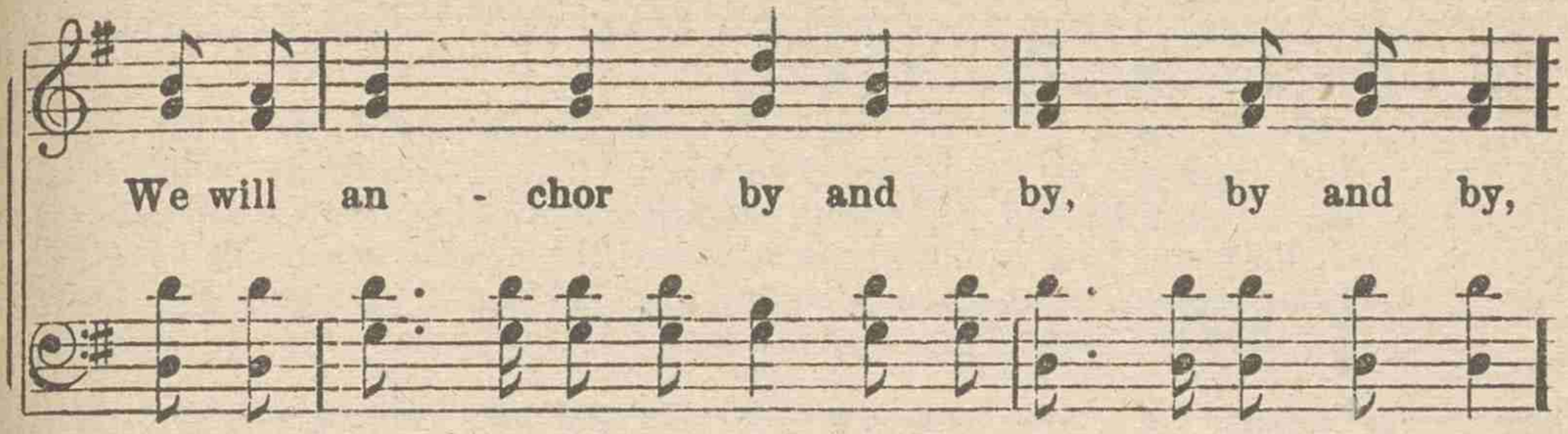
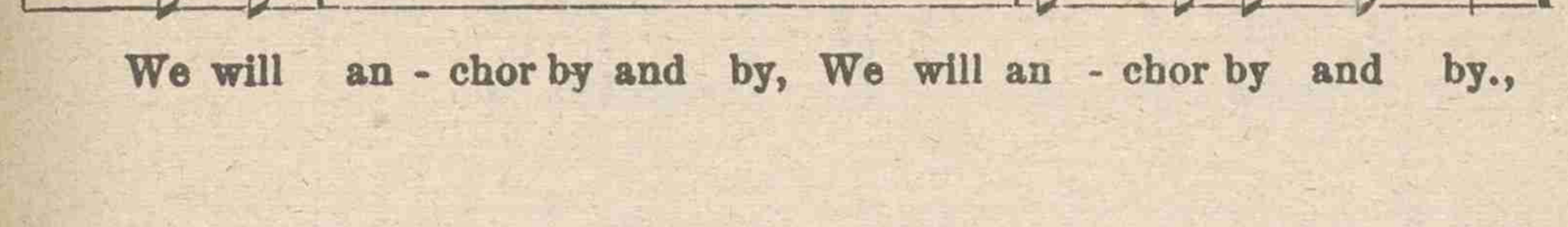
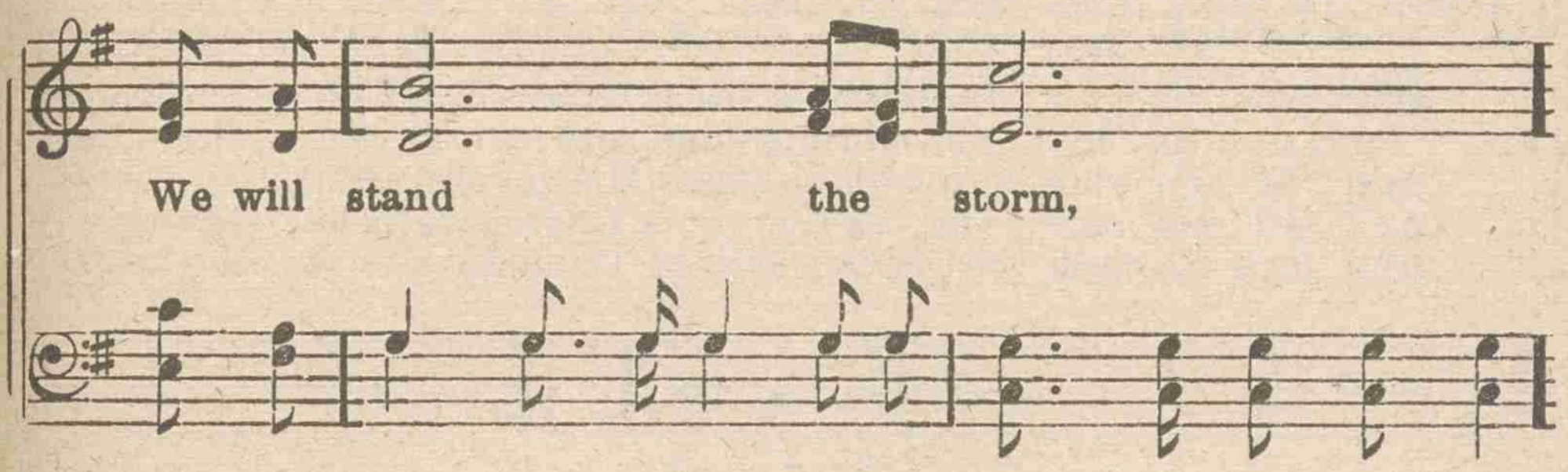
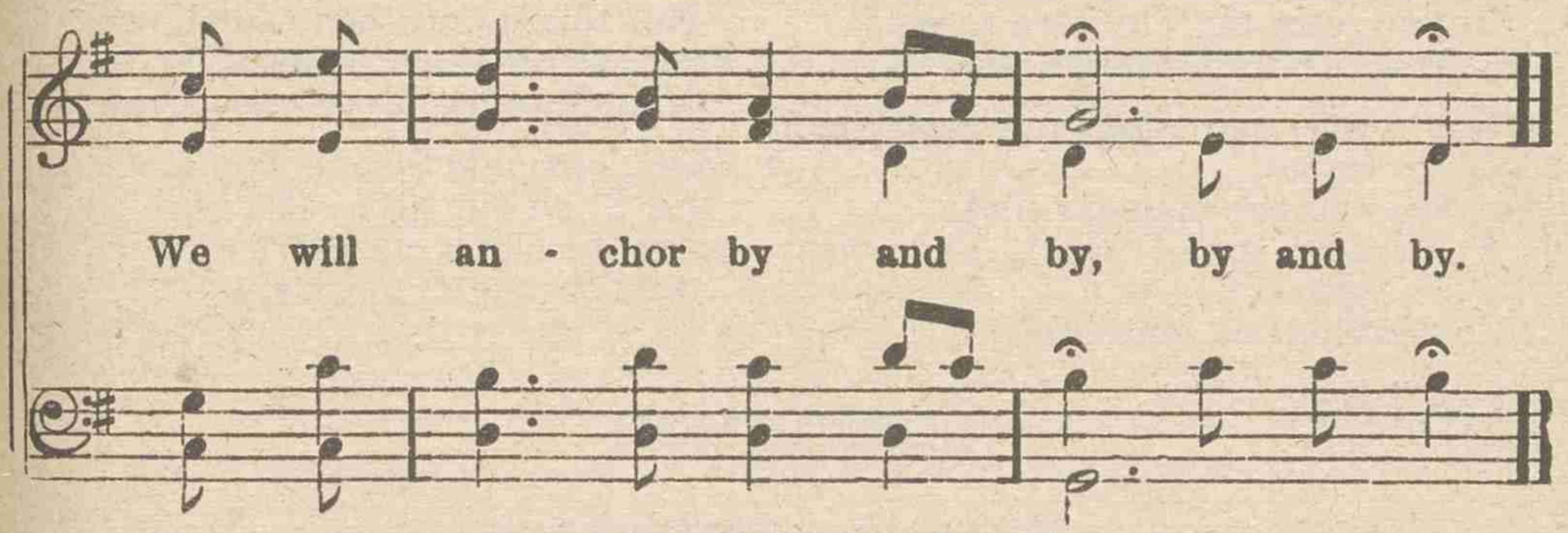
Watchman, does its beauteous ray Aught of hope or joy fore-tell?
Watchman, will its beams a-lone Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Watchman, let thy wanderings cease; Hie thee to thy qui - et home!



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

No. 82. We'll stand the storm.

UNKNOWN C. M. T. C. O'KANE.



CHORUS.

We'll stand the storm. Concluded.



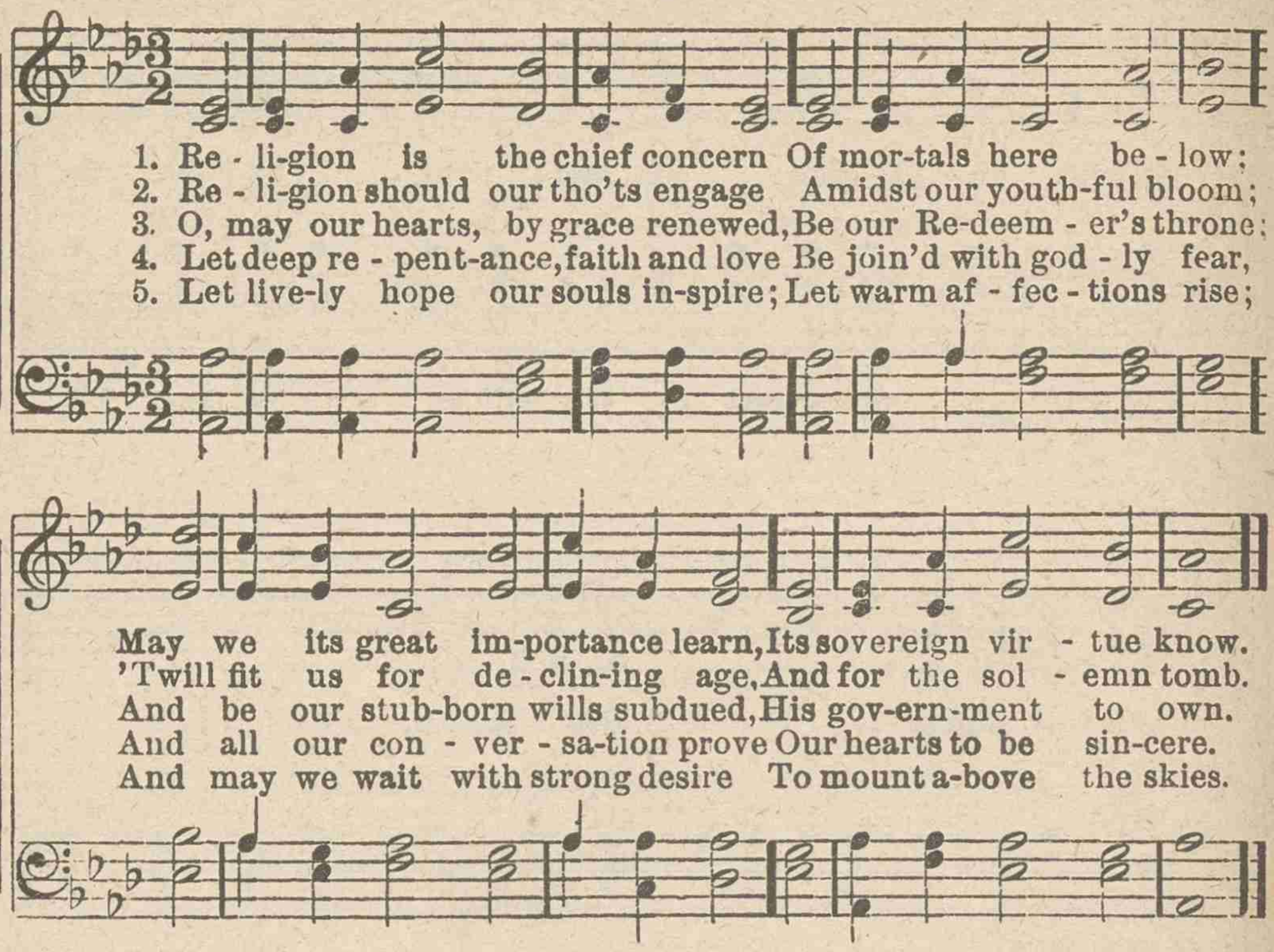
2 The trumpet sounds; its awful voice
Is heard o'er land and sea;
And saints arising now rejoice
To live eternally.

3 Yes, they shall live forevermore,
Secure from toil and pain;
And on that bright and happy shore,
With their Redeemer reign.

4 All hail that bright, eternal day,
When David's rightful heir
Shall take the throne and hold the sway,
In glorious triumph there.

No. 83. Evan.

FAWCETT. C. M. DR. LOWEL MASON.



No. 84. Jesus, the very thought of Thee.

1 Jesus, the very thought of Thee
With gladness fills my breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

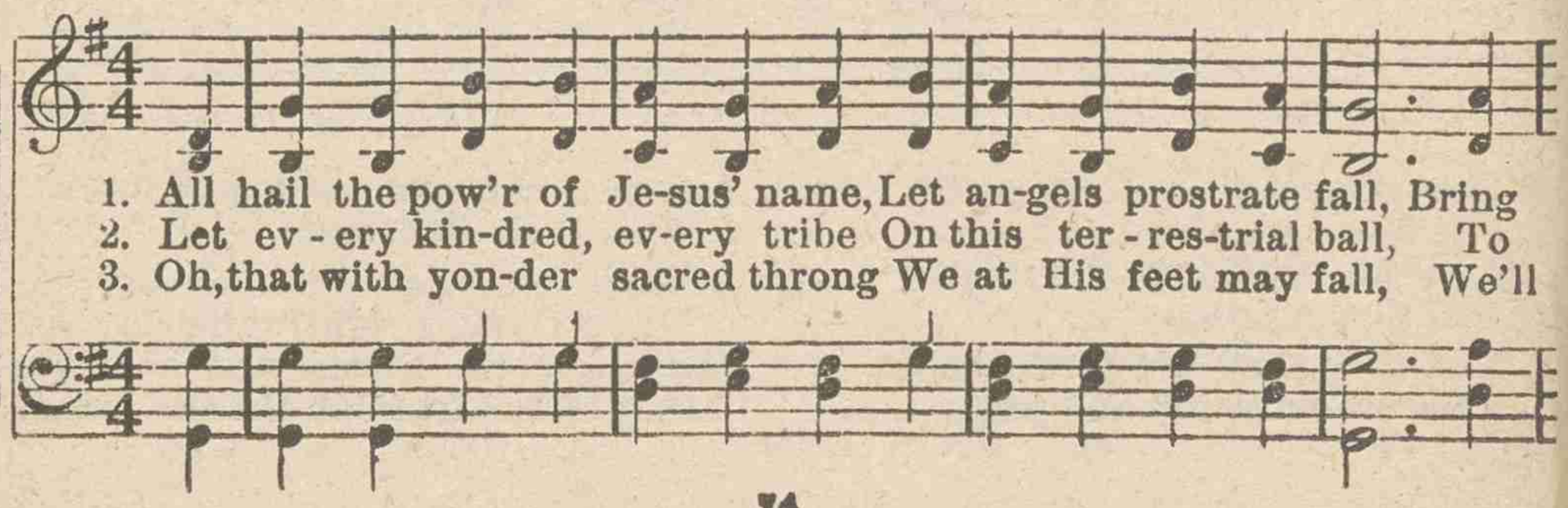
2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

3 And those who find Thee, find a bliss
Nor tongue nor pen can show:
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but His loved ones know.

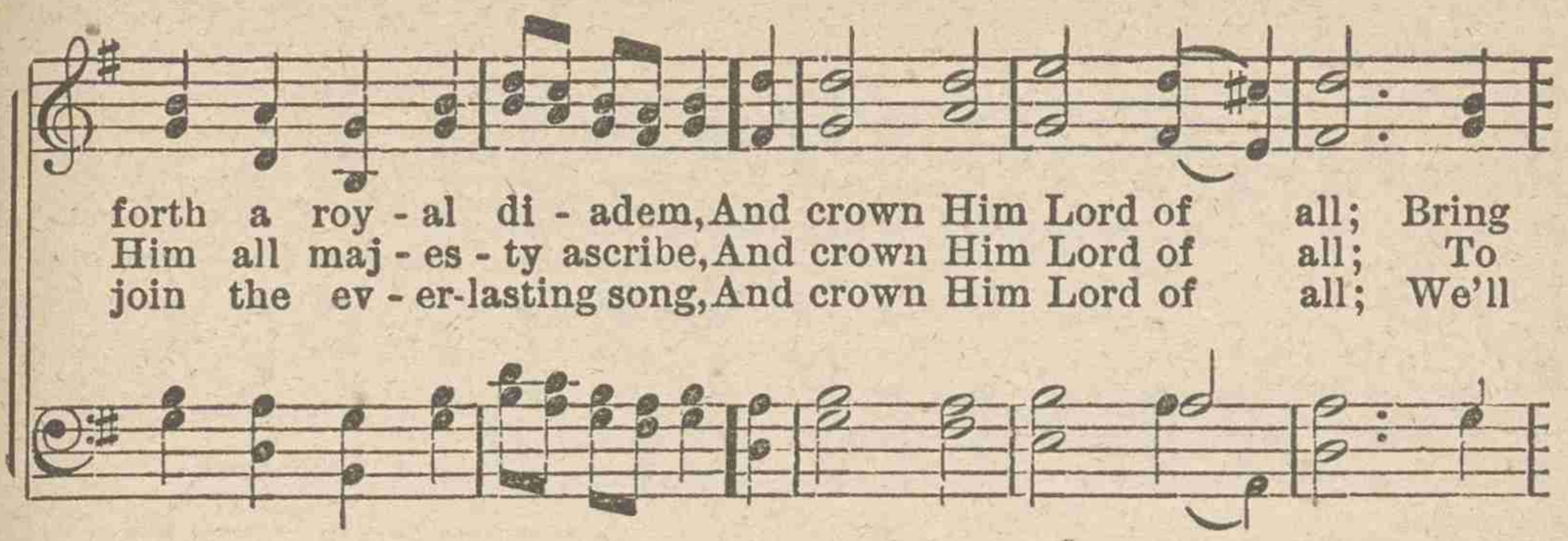
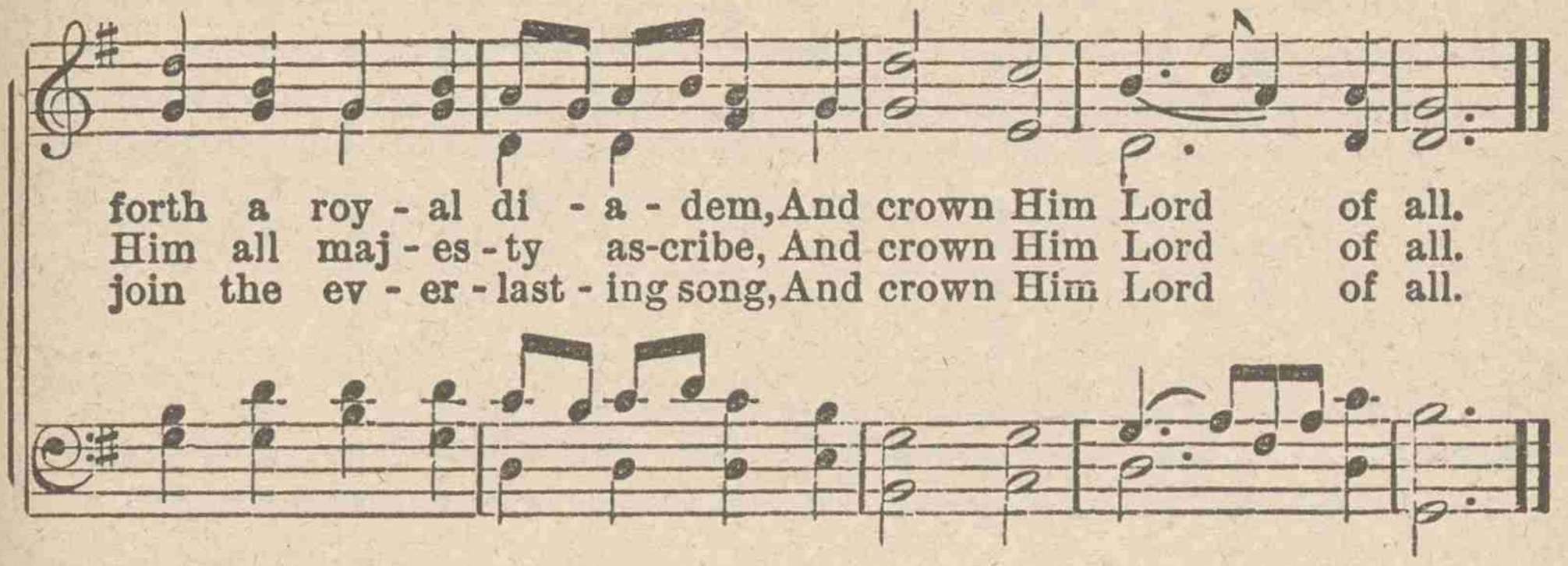
4 Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus, be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

No. 85. Coronation.

"Exalted above all blessing and praise."

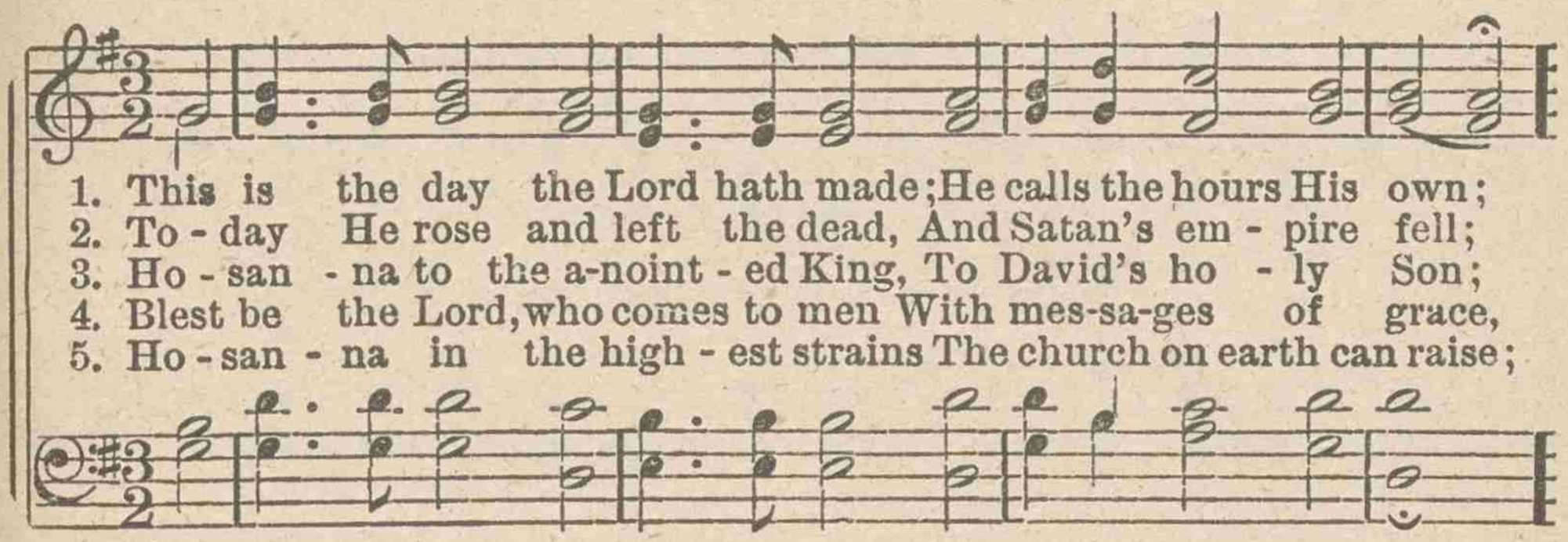


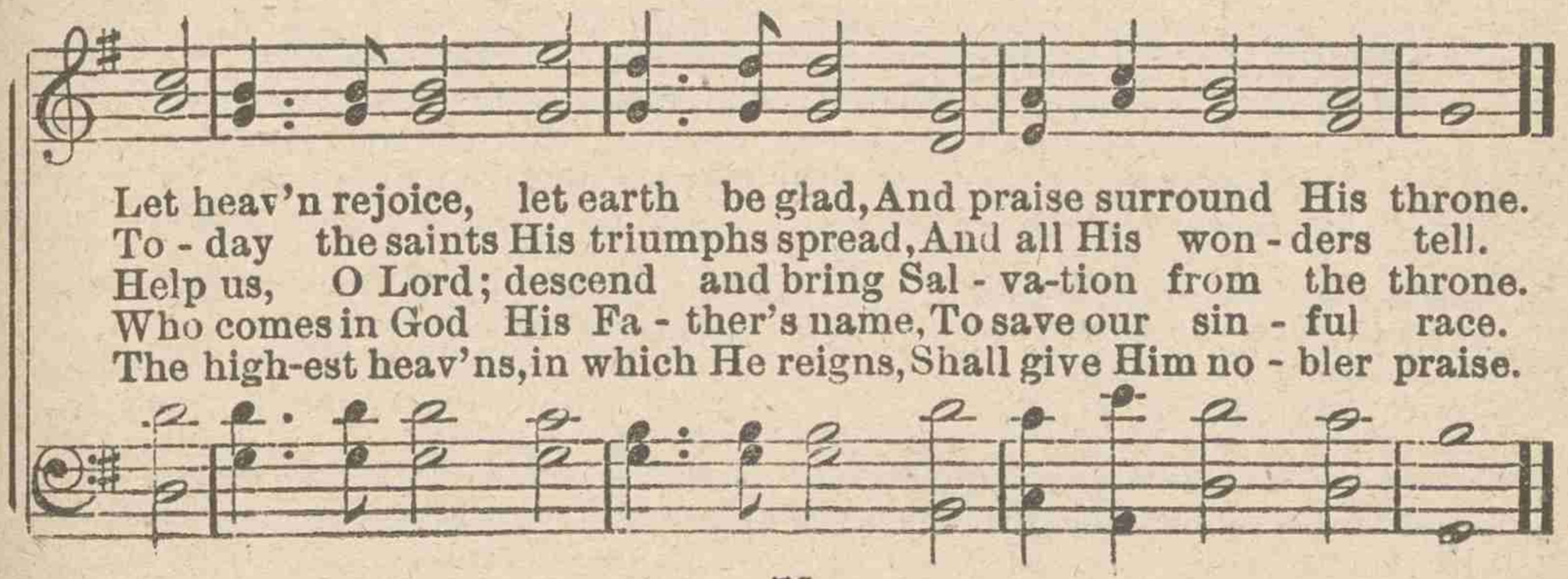
Coronation. Concluded.



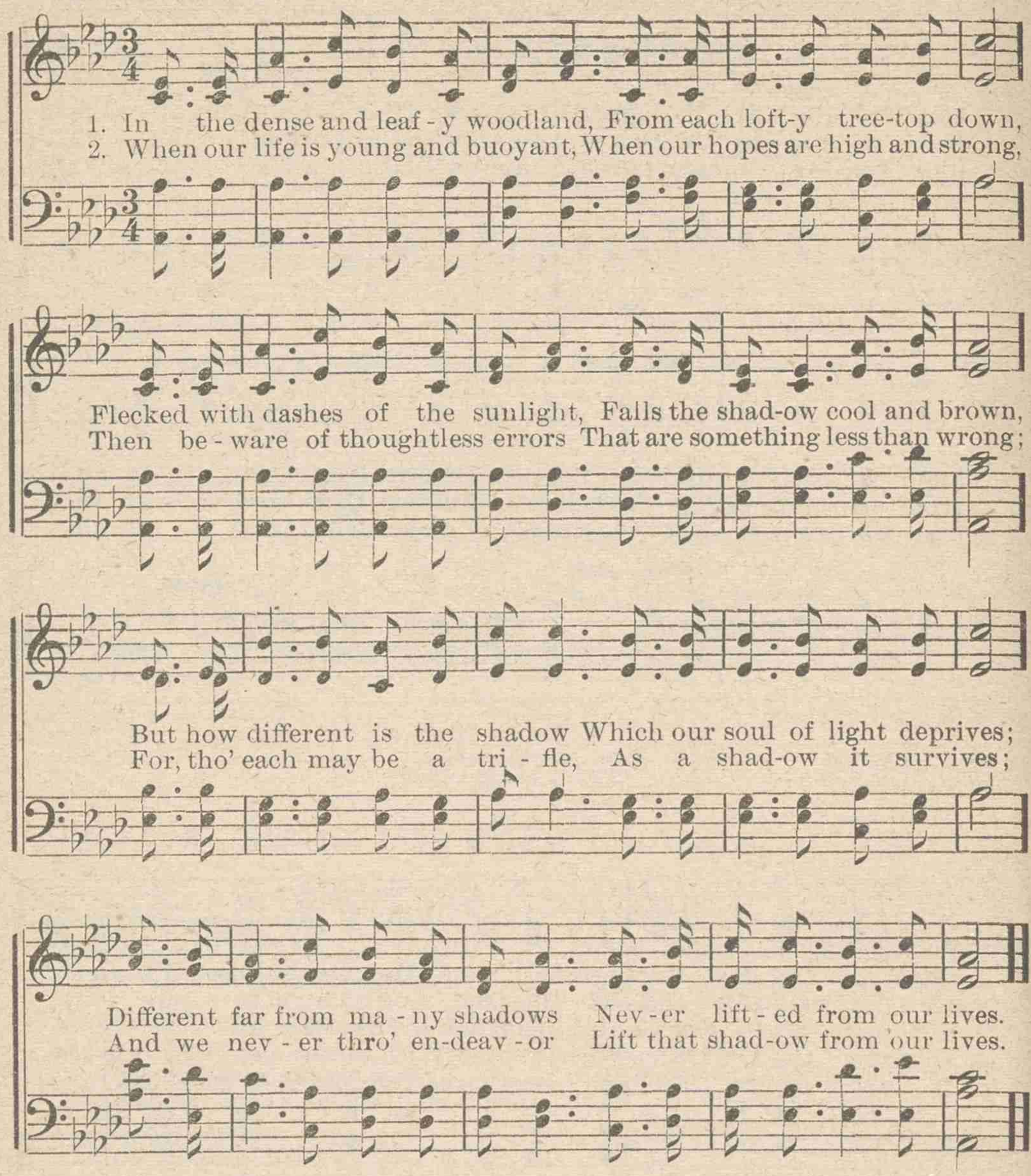
No. 86. Arlington.

C. M.





No. 87. Shadows On Our Lives.

THOS. DUNN ENGLISH. S. M. BROWN.

3 Words, in careless moments uttered,
And by us forgotten soon,
Grow with those whose hearts are wounded,
As the freshets swell in June;
More than burthens they may crush us,
They may gall us more than gyves;
Strive we e'er so much we never
Lift the shadows from our lives.

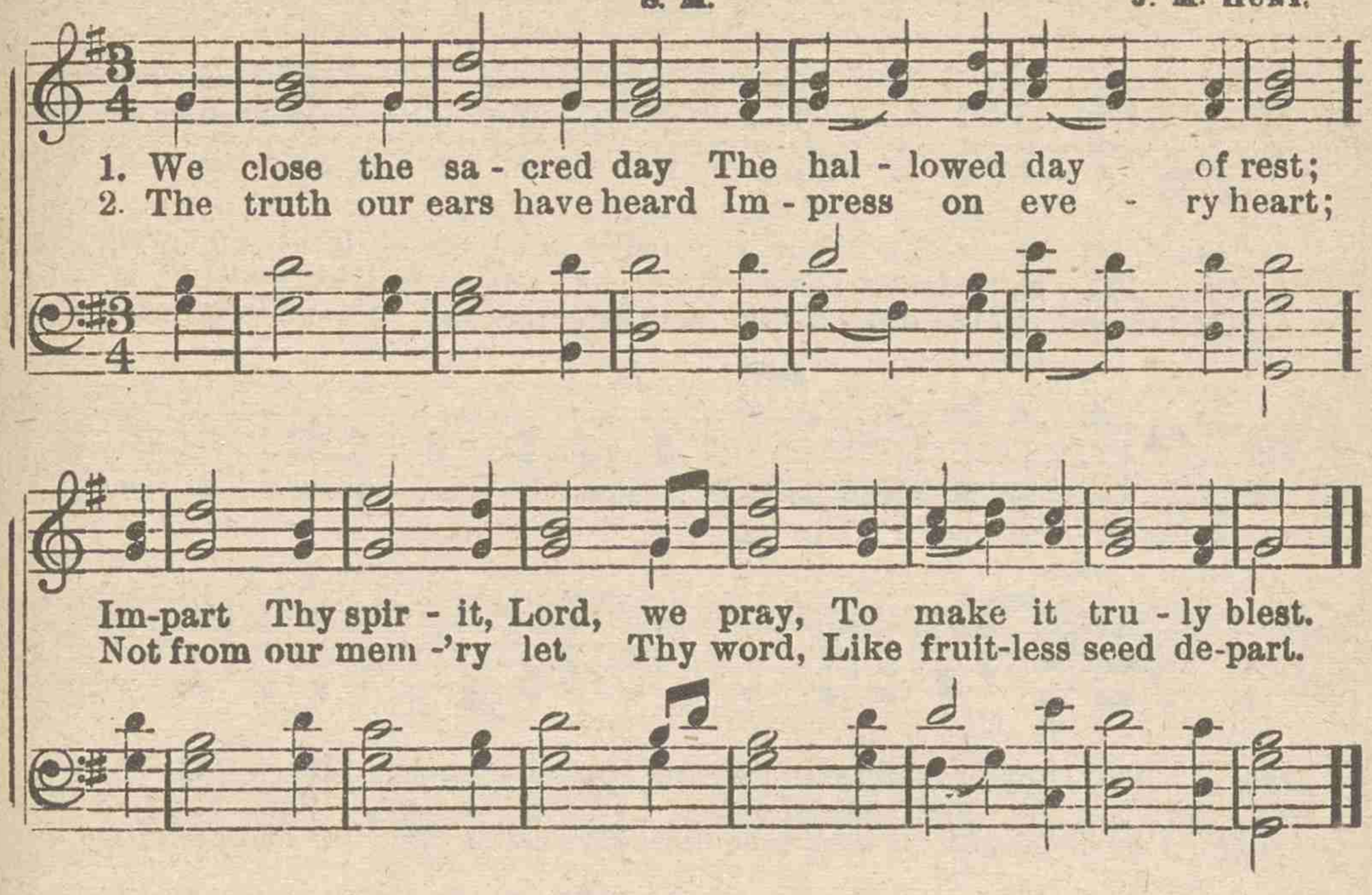
4 Some neglect of bounden duty,
But a trifle at the time,
Merely discord in the music,
Merely error in the rhyme—
Worse than whips some day may lash us,
Or may wound us worse than knives,
And our deep remorse shall never
Lift that shadow from our lives.

5 When, our life's day nearly ended,
Comes the setting of the sun,
Though the crimson, gold and purple
Of a sunset sky be won;
Though we close the day in honor,
Heroes even to our wives,
Yet this glow expiring never
Lifts the shadow from our lives.

6 When our sunset fades to twilight,
And the final hour is here;
When the world around is passing,
And the world to come is near;
Then our memories throng around us
And the flesh with spirit strives,
And we never, never, never
Lift the shadows from our lives.

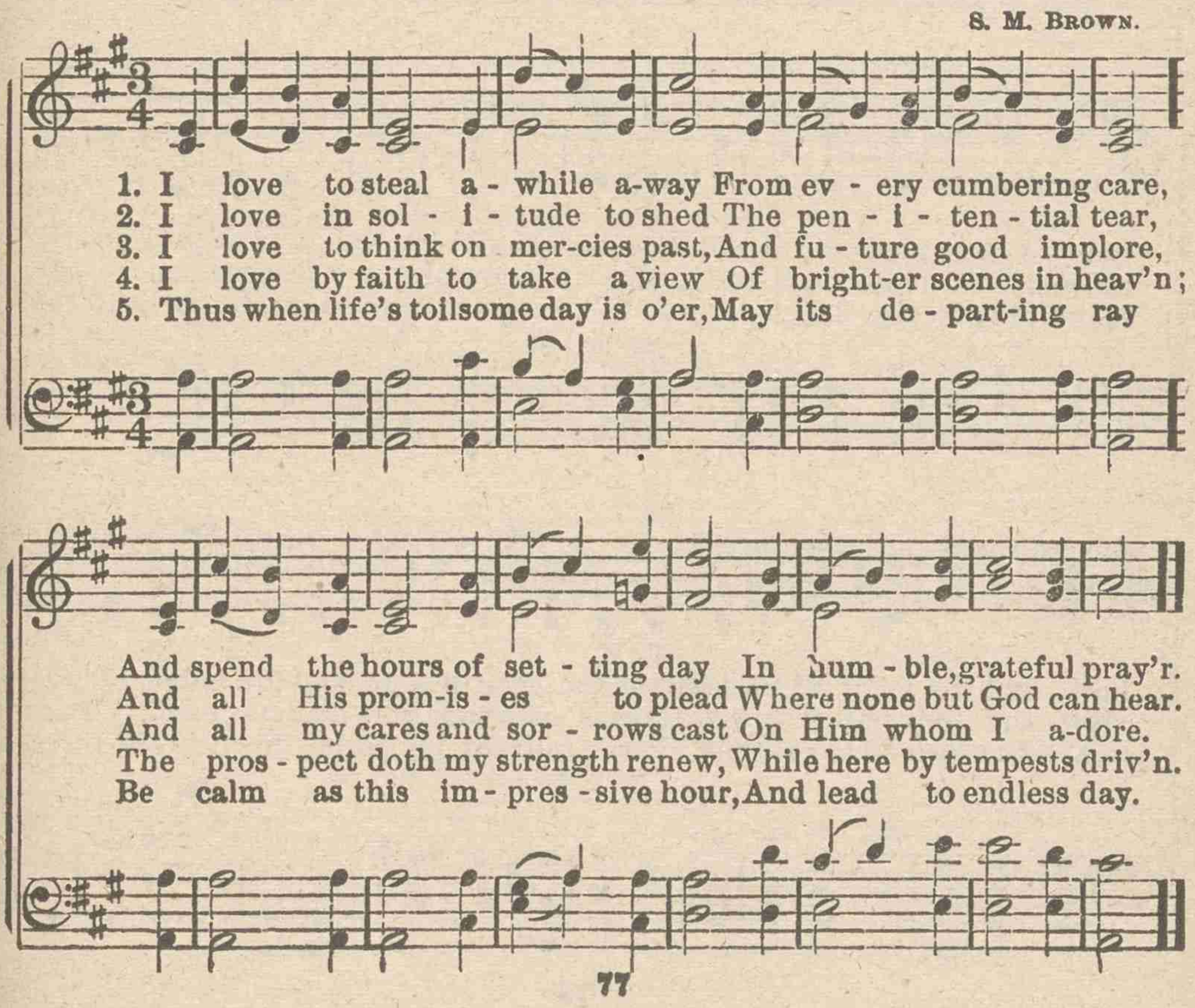
No. 88. Day of rest.

S. M. J. M. Hunt.

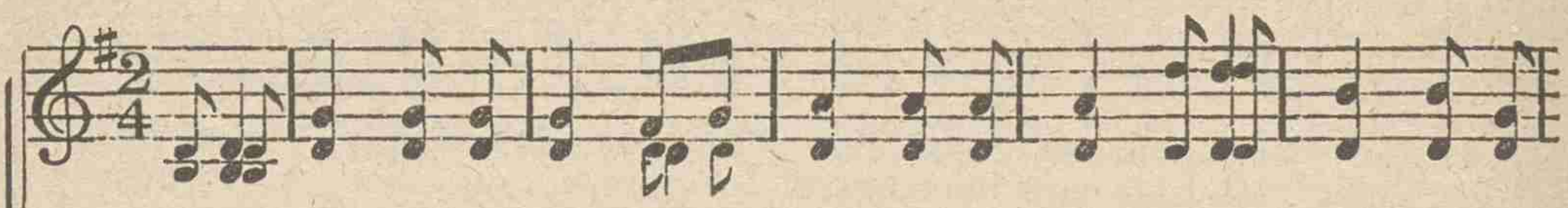
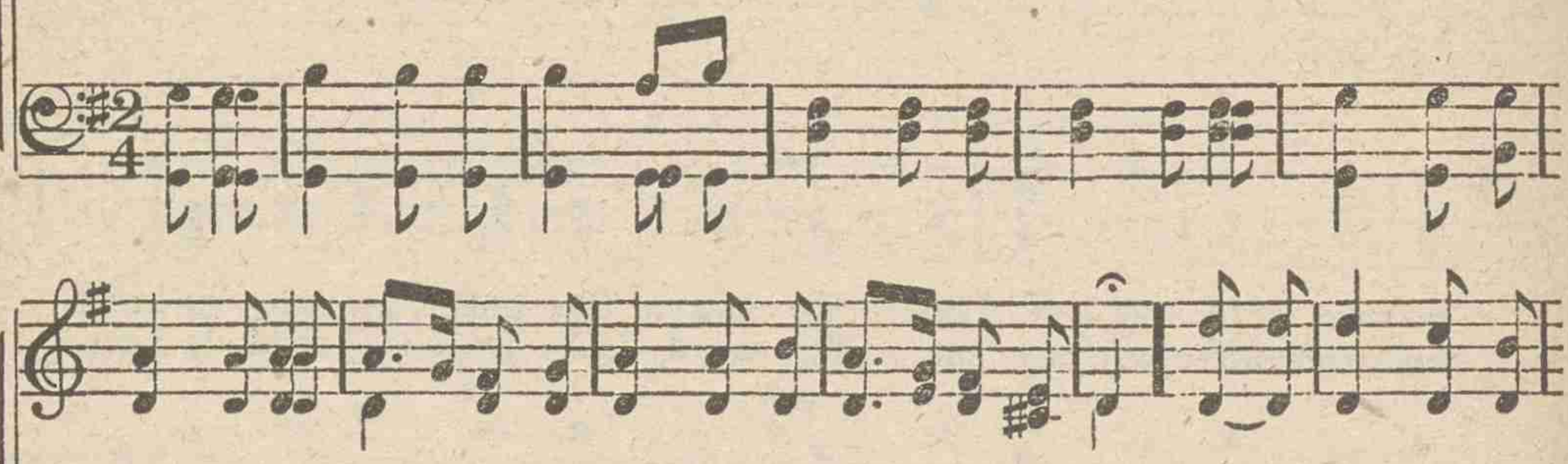
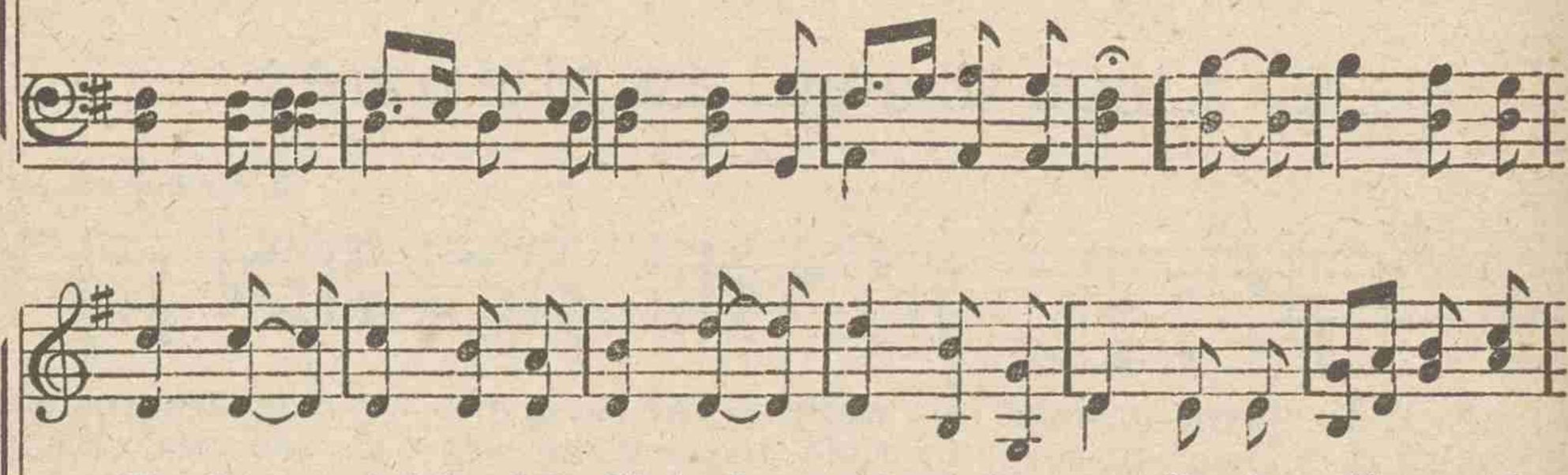
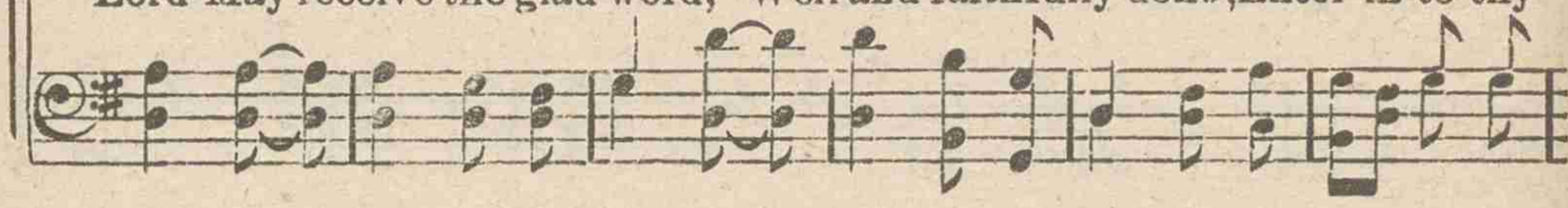
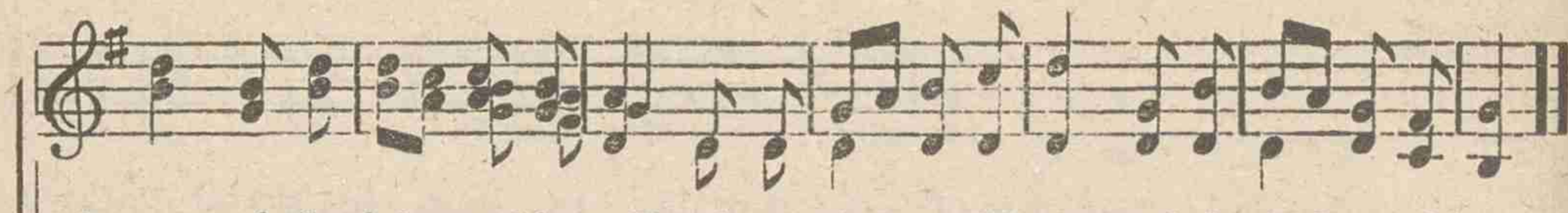
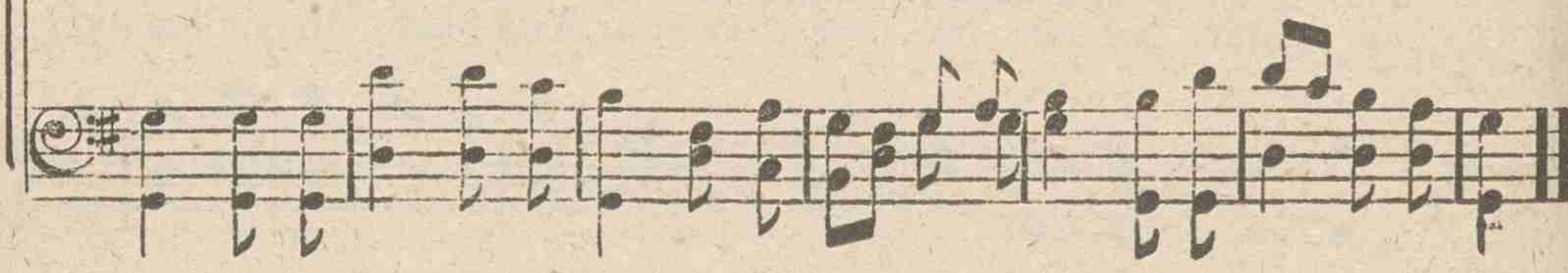


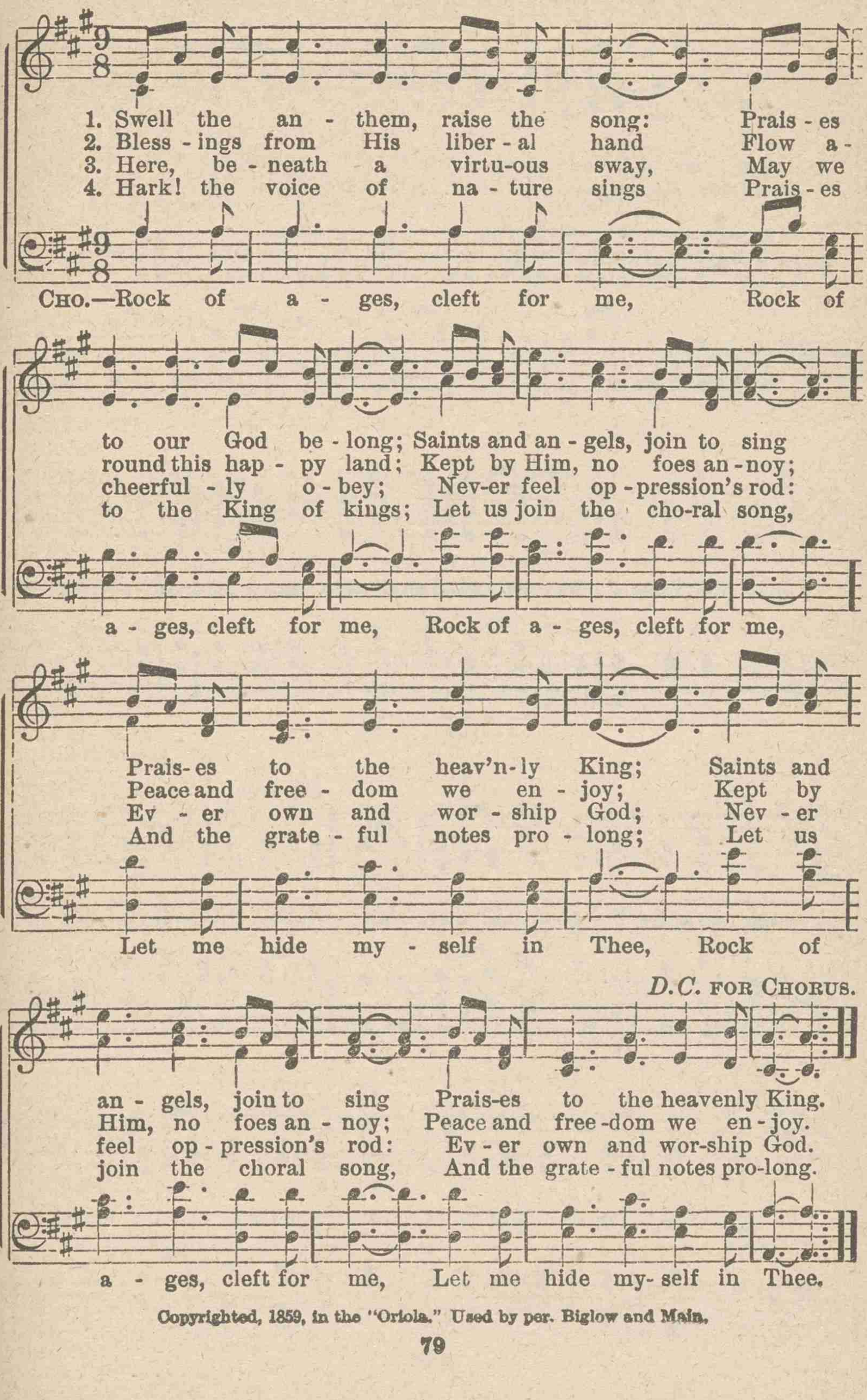
No. 89. I love to steal awhile away.

S. M. Brown.



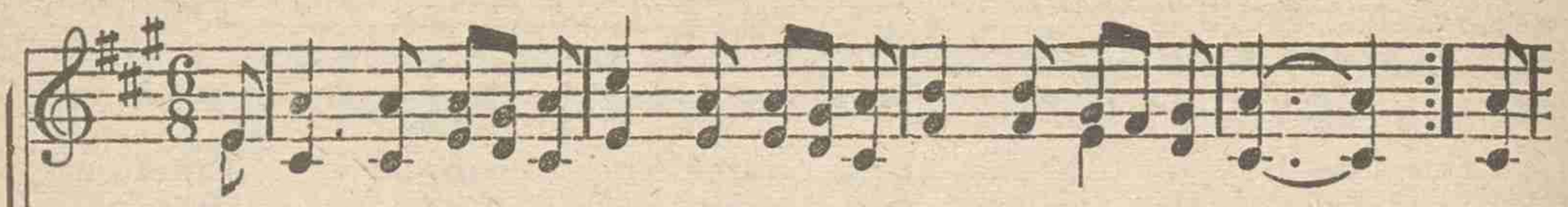
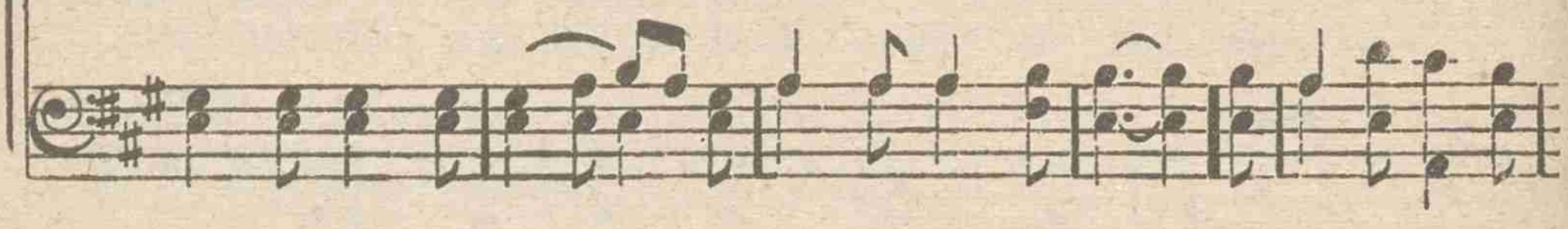
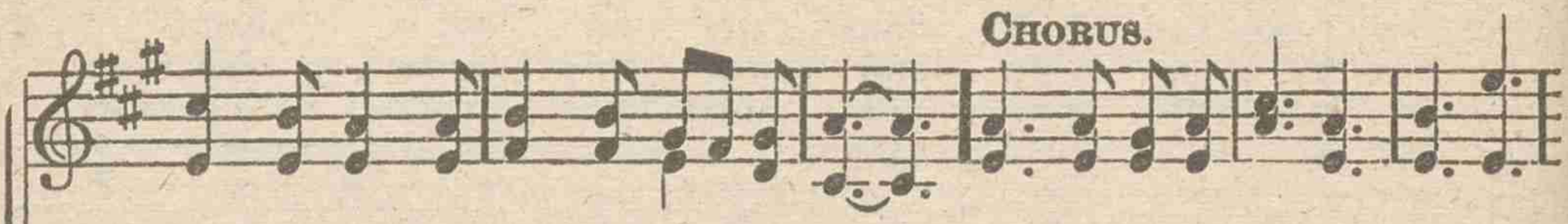
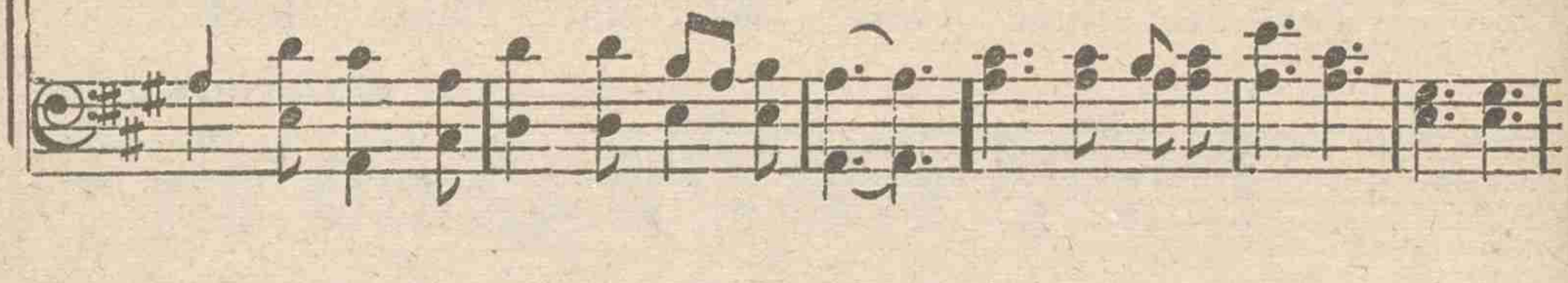
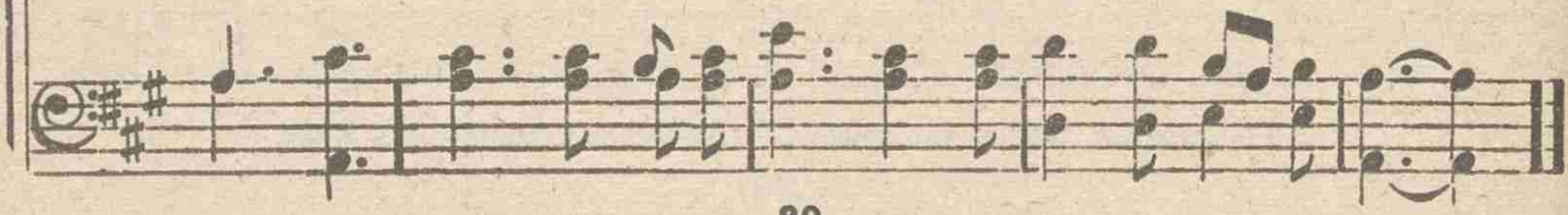
No. 90. Exhortation.

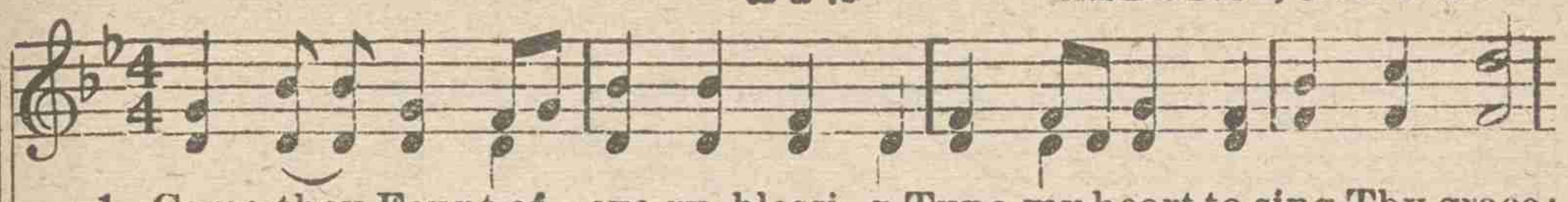
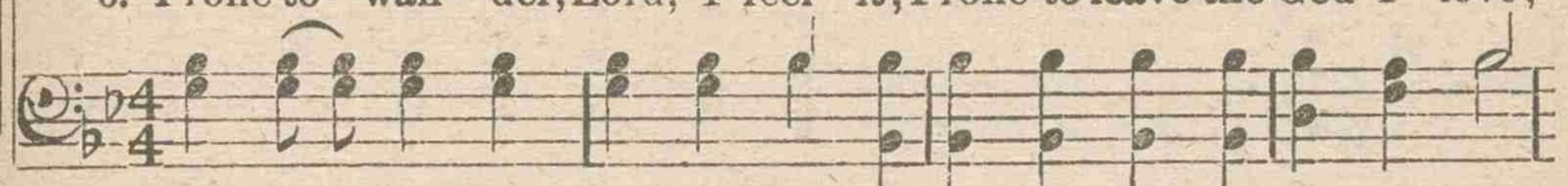
5s, 6s & 11s.

1. Come, let us a-new Our journey pur - sue, Roll round with the
2. Our life is a dream; Our time, as a stream, Glides swift - ly a -
3. O that each, in the day Of his com-ing may say, "I have fought my way

year, And nev-er stand still till the Master ap-pear: His a-dor - a-ble
way, And the fu - gi-tive moment re - fu-ses to stay; The ar - row is
through; I have finished the work thou didst give me to do:" O that each from his

will Let us glad-ly ful - fil, And our talents improve, By the patience of
flown; The moment is gone; The mil-len-nial year Rushes on to our
Lord May receive the glad word, "Well and faithfully done; Enter in-to thy

hope, and the labor of love, By the patience of hope, and the la-bor of love.
view, and e-ter-ni-ty's near, Rushes on to our view, and e - ter-ni-ty's near.
joy, and sit down on thy throne," Enter into thy joy, and sit down on thy throne.

No. 91. Swell the anthem, raise the song.

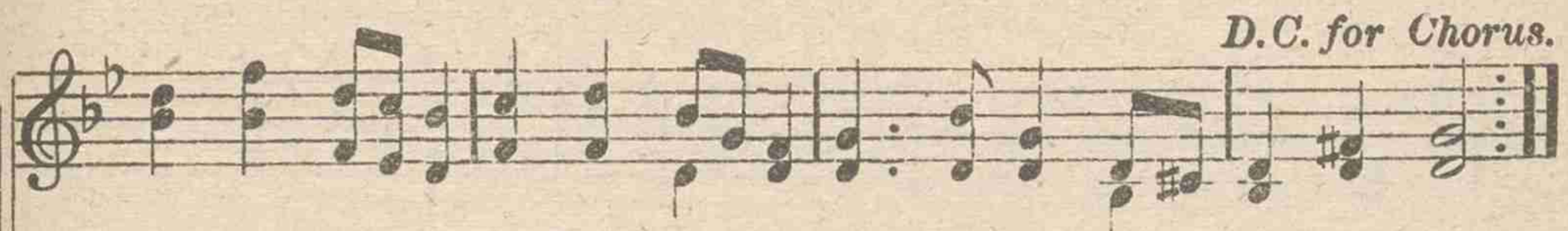
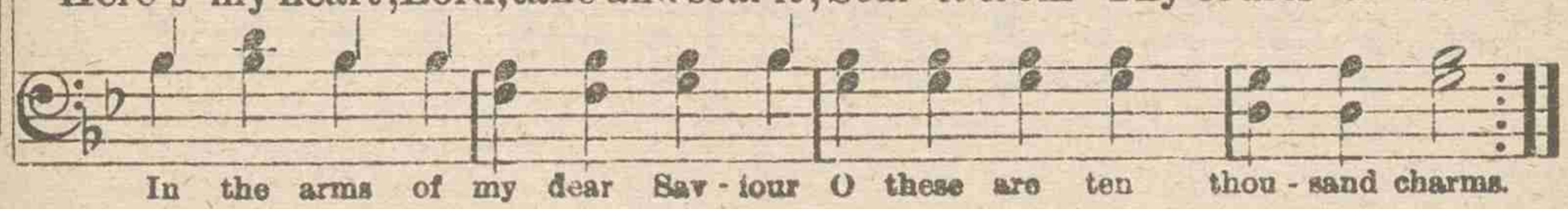
Harmonized by J. M. HUNT.

Copyrighted, 1859, in the "Oriola." Used by per. Biglow and Main.

No. 92. Canaan.

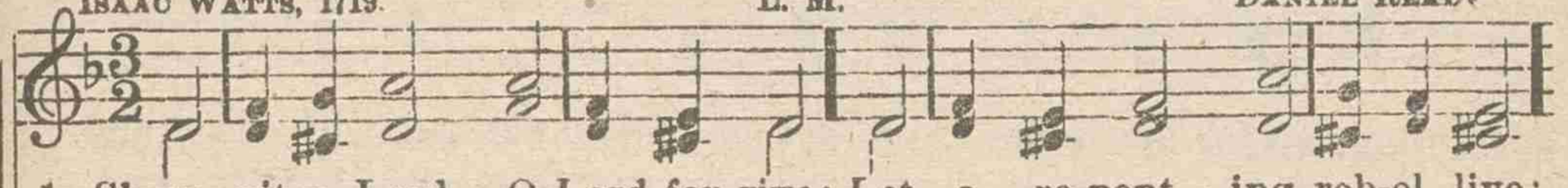
C. M.

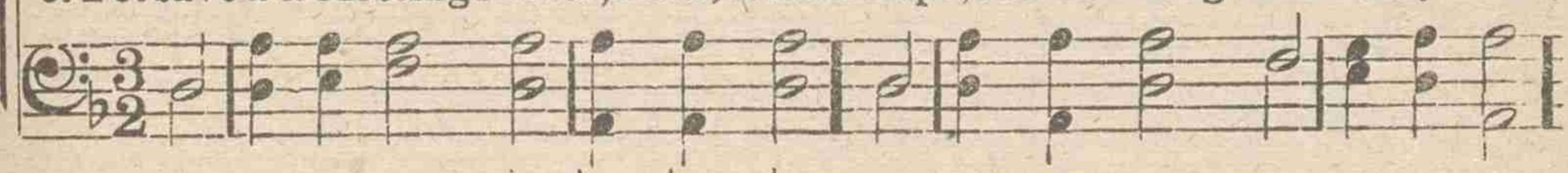
1. { How pleasant thus to dwell below In fel - low-ship of love! And, tho' we part, 'tis bliss to know The good shall meet above. } The
2. { Yes, happy tho't! when we are free From earthly grief and pain, In heav'n we shall each other see And nev-er part a - gain. }
3. { Then let us each in strength divine, Still walk in wisdom's ways, That we with those we love may join In never-ending praise. }

good shall meet a - bove, The good shall meet above: And, tho' we part, 'tis

CHORUS.

bliss to know The good shall meet above. Oh, that will be joyful, joy-ful,

joy - ful! Oh, that will be joy - ful, To meet to part no more.

No. 93. I will arise and go to Jesus.

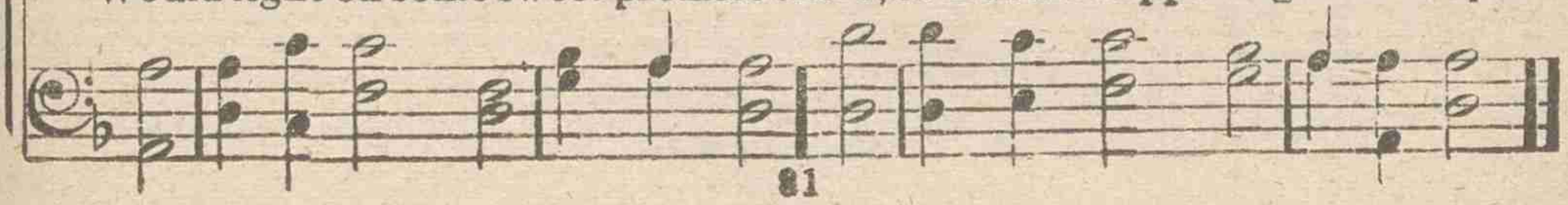
Sa & Fa. Harmonized by J. M. Hunt.

1. Come, thou Fount of eve-ry blessi..g, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
2. Teach me some me - lo-dious sonnet, Sung by flaming tongues a-bove;
3. Here I raise my Eb - en - e - zer; Fith-er by Thy help I'm come;
4. Je - sus sought me when a stranger, Wandering from the fold of God;
5. Oh, to grace how great a debt - or Dai - ly I'm constrained to be!
6. Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it; Prone to leave the God I love;

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

D.C. for Chorus.

Streams of mer-cy nev - er ceasing, Call for songs of loud-est praise.
Praise the mount, oh fix me on it, Mount of God's unchanging love.
And I hope by Thy good pleasure, Safe-ly to ar - rive at home.
He, to save my soul from danger, In - ter-posed His precious blood.
Let that grace, Lord, like a fet-ter, Bind my wandering heart to Thee.
Here's my heart; Lord, take and seal it; Seal it from Thy courts a - bove.

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

No. 94. Windham.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719. L. M. DANIEL READ.

1. Show pit-y, Lord, O Lord, for-give; Let a re-pent - ing reb-el live;
2. My crimes, tho' great, do not surpass The pow'r and glo - ry of Thy grace;
3. O, wash my soul from eve - ry sin, And make my guilty conscience clean;
4. My lips with shame, my sins confess, Against Thy law, against Thy grace;
5. Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord, Whose hope, still hov'ring round Thy word,



Are not Thy mercies large and free? May not a sin - ner trust in Thee?
Great God, Thy nature hath no bound, So let Thy pardoning love be found.
Here on my heart the bur-den lies, And past of - fen - ces pain mine eyes.
Lord, should Thy judgment grow severe, I am condemned, but thou art clear.
Would light on some sweet promise there, Some sure support against despair.

No. 95. Something to do in heaven.

1. There'll be something in heav-en for children to do; None are
2. There'll be les-sons to learn of the wis-dom of God, As they
3. There'll be errands of love from the mansions a - bove, To the

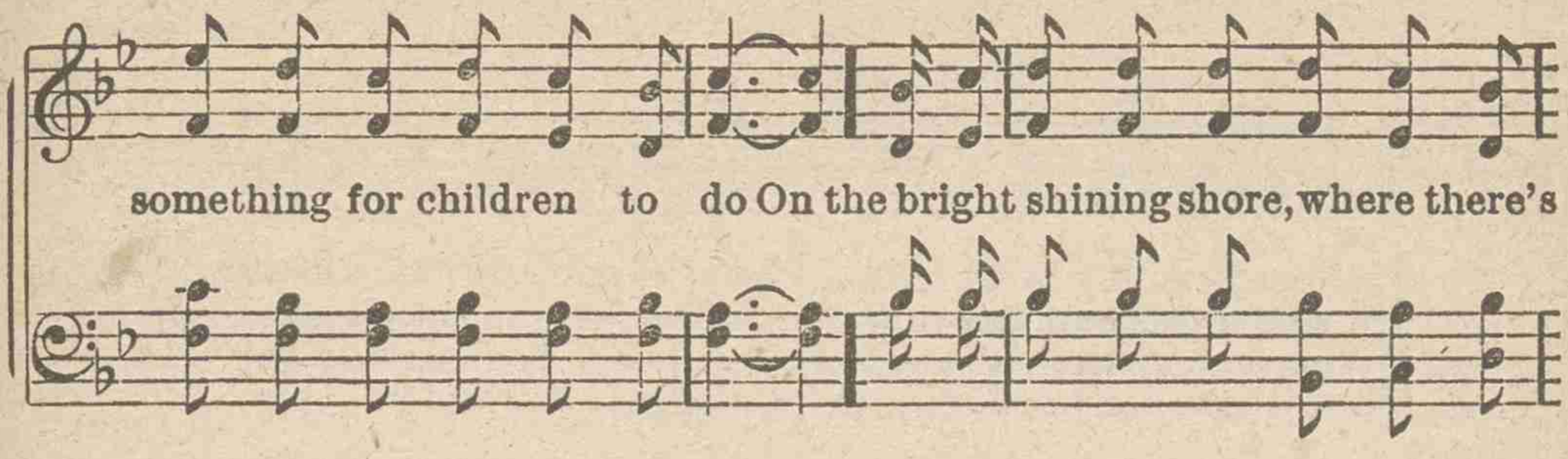
i - dle in that blessed land. There'll be loves for the heart, there'll be
wander the green meadows o'er; And they'll have for their teachers in
dear ones that lin-ger be - low; And it may be our Fa-ther the

thoughts for the mind, And em-ploy-ment for each lit - tle hand.
that blest a - bode, All the good that have gone there be - fore.
child - ren will send To be an-gels of mer - cy in woe.

FULL CHORUS.

There'll be something to do; There'll be something to do; There'll be

Copyrighted, 1864, in "The Golden Censer," by Wm. B. Bradbury. Used by per. Biglow & Main.

Something to do in heaven. Concluded.

No. 96. Sweet was the time.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

No. 97. Let Him In.

J. M. Hunt.

1. Wide, ye heav'nly gates, unfold, Clos'd no more by death and sin; Lo! the
2. He who God's pure law fulfill'd; Jesus, the incarnate word; He whose
3. "Who shall up to that abode Follow in the Saviour's train?" They who
4. They whose daily actions prove Steadfast faith and holy fear, Fervent

conquering Lord be - hold; Let the King of glo - ry in.
truth with blood was sealed, He is heav'n's all glo-rious Lord.
in His cleans - ing blood Wash a-way each guilt - y stain.
zeal and grate - ful love; They shall dwell for - ev - er here.

Chorus.

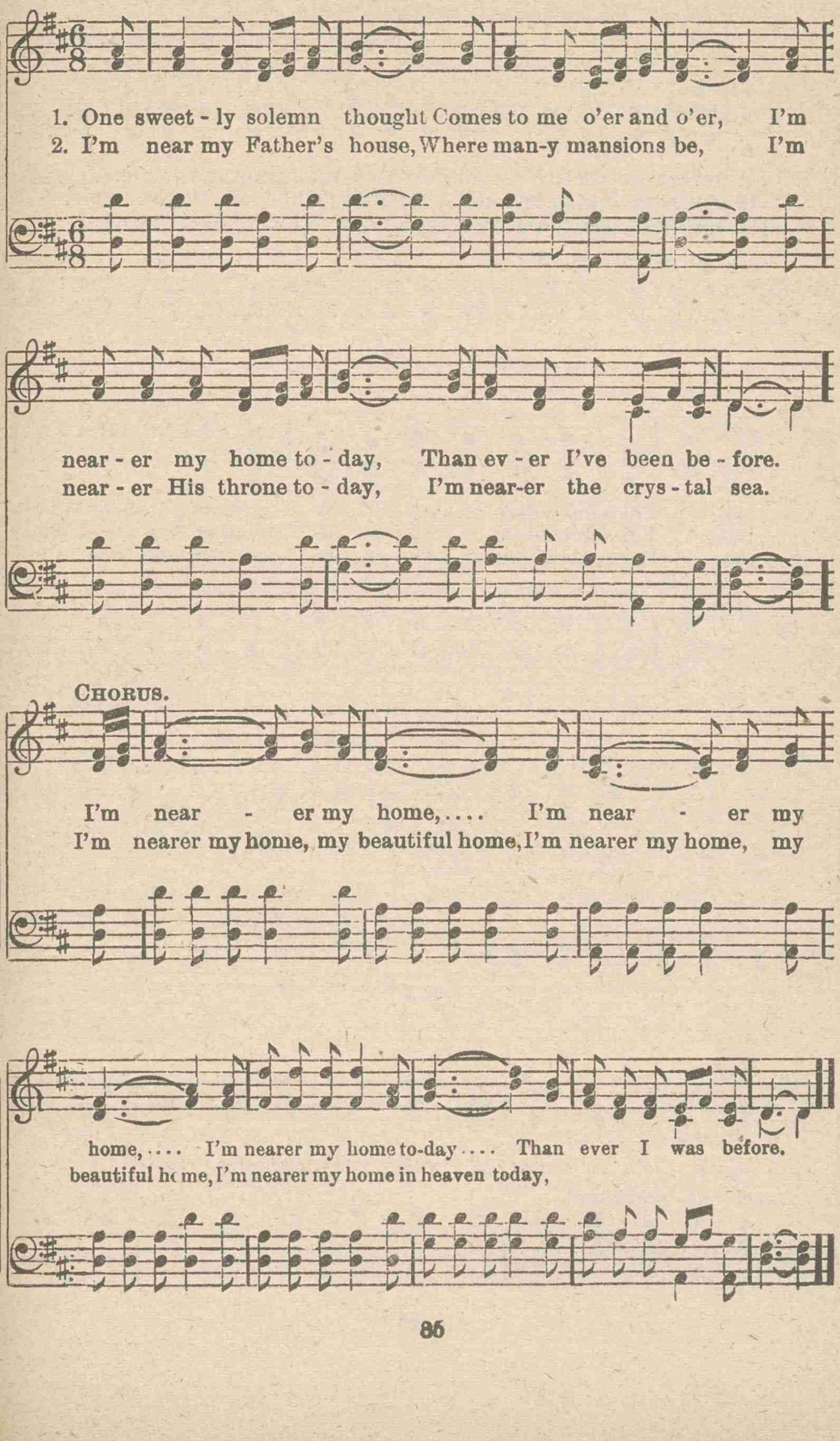
Let Him in, let Him in, Let the King of glory in;

Let Him in, let Him in, let Him in,

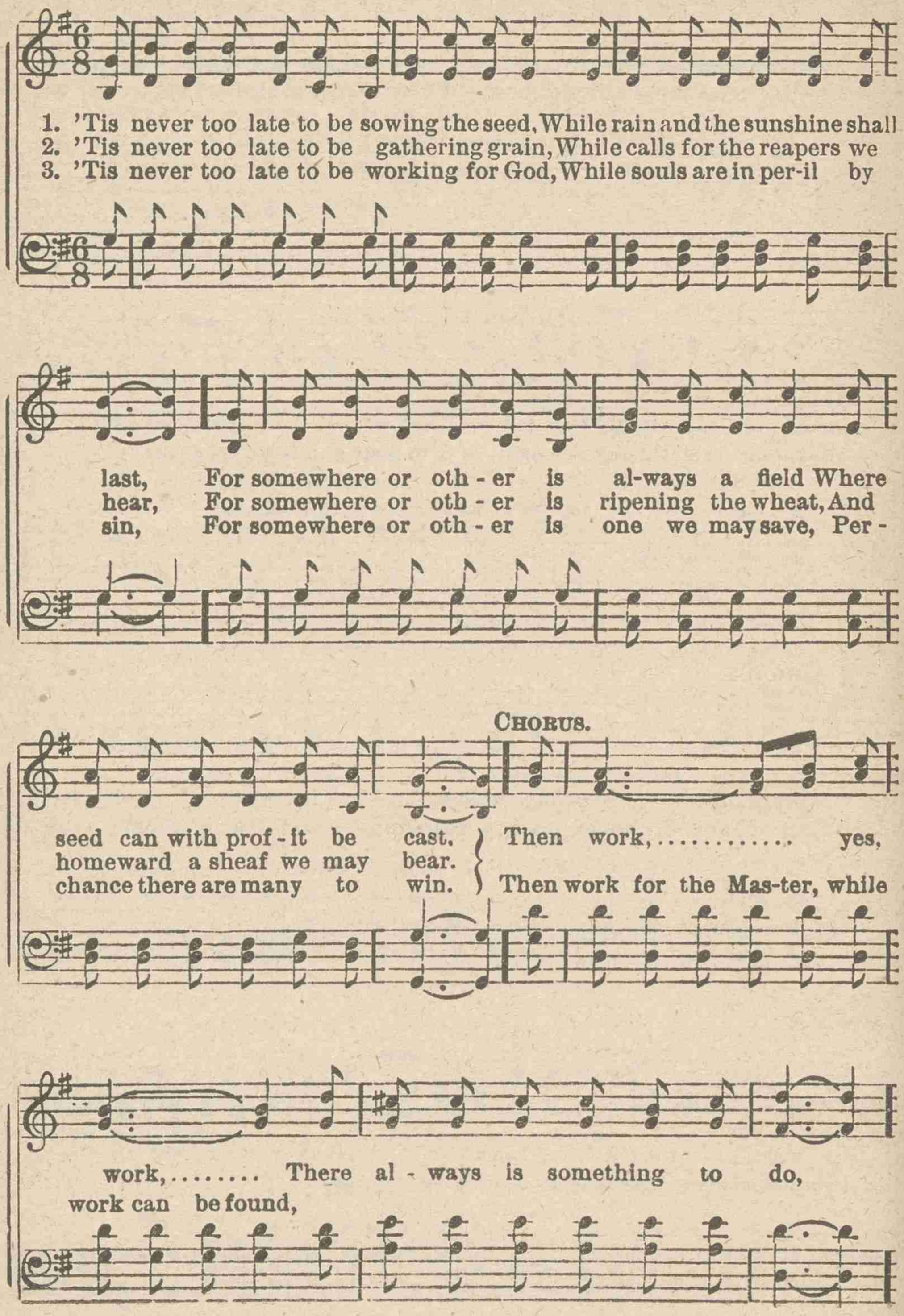
Let Him in, let Him in, Let the King of glory in.

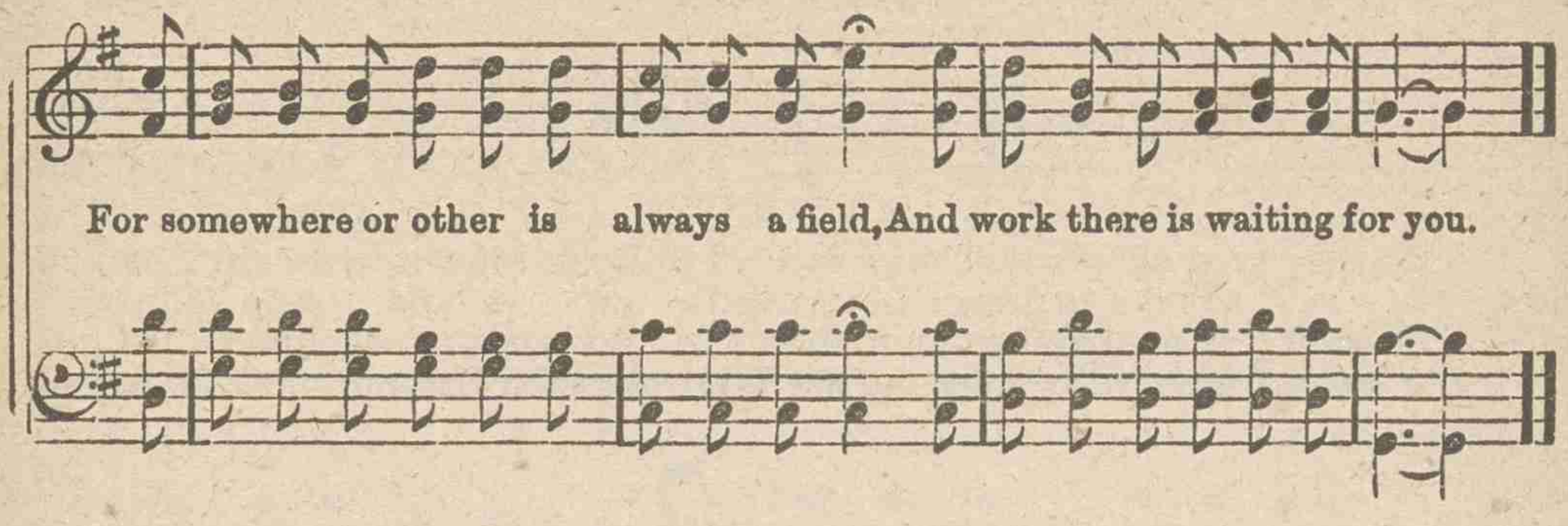
Let Him in, let Him in,

No. 98. Nearer Home.

ALICE CAREY. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

No. 99. Something to do.

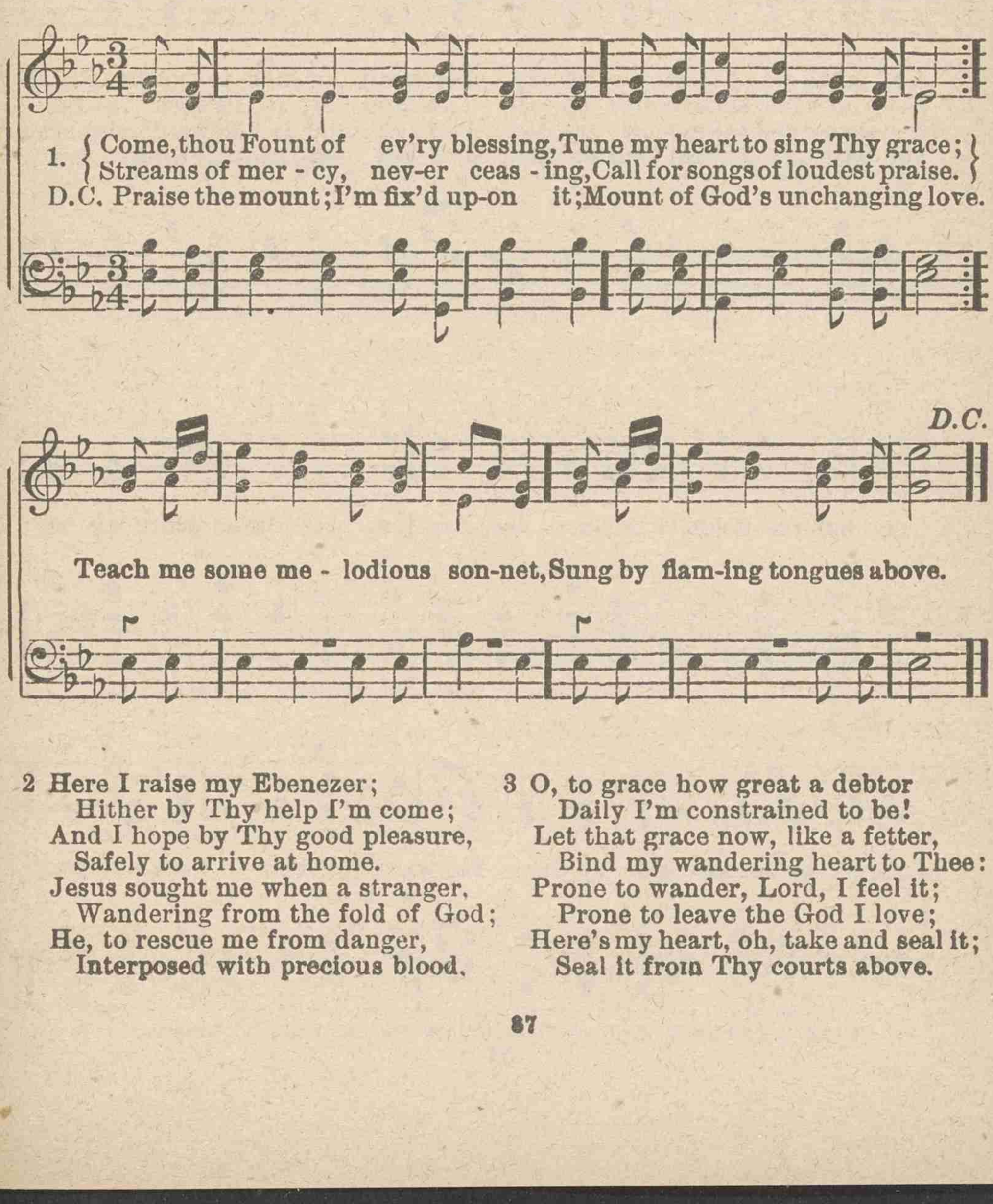
"Go work to-day in my vineyard."—Matt. xxi: 28.

J. M. HUNT.

Something to do. Concluded.



No. 100. Nettleton.

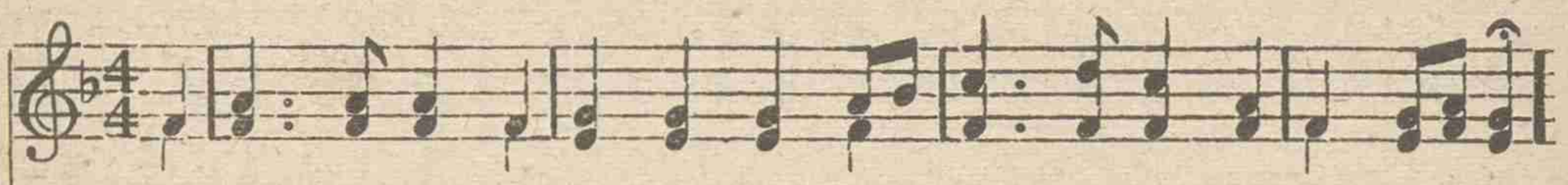
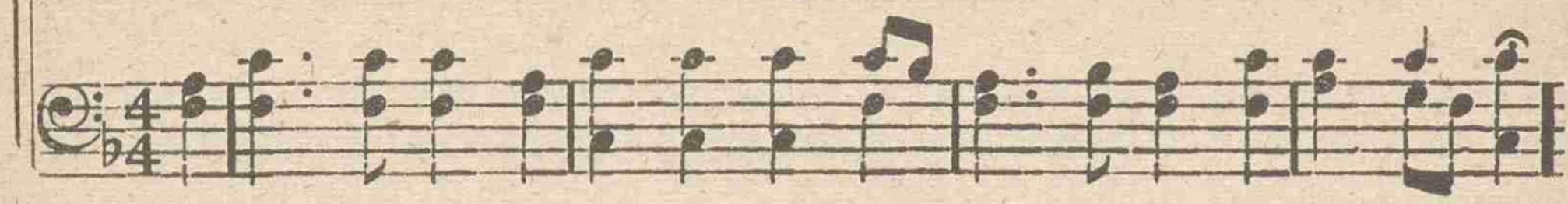
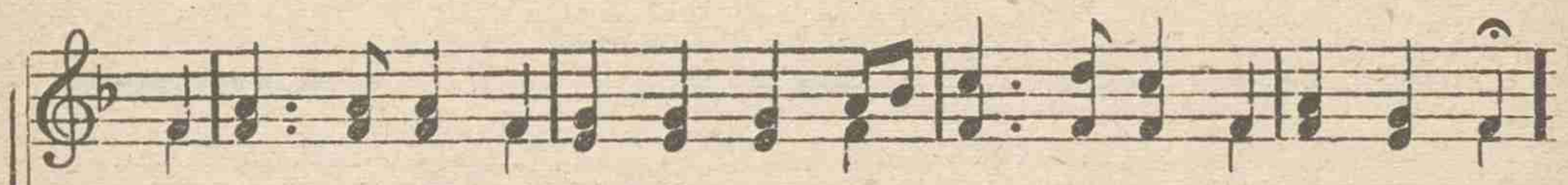
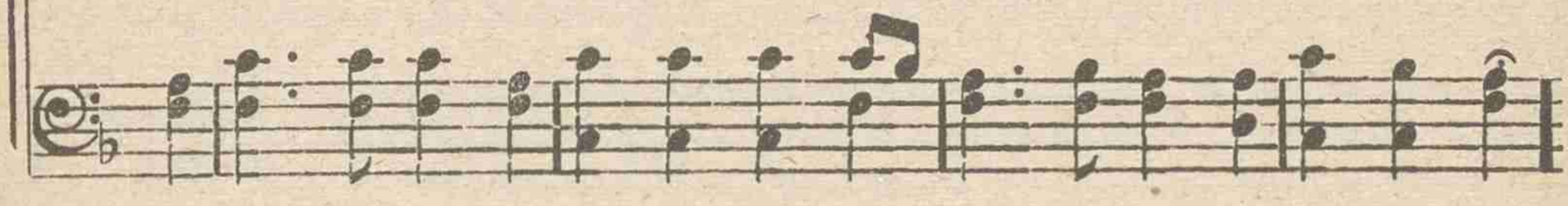
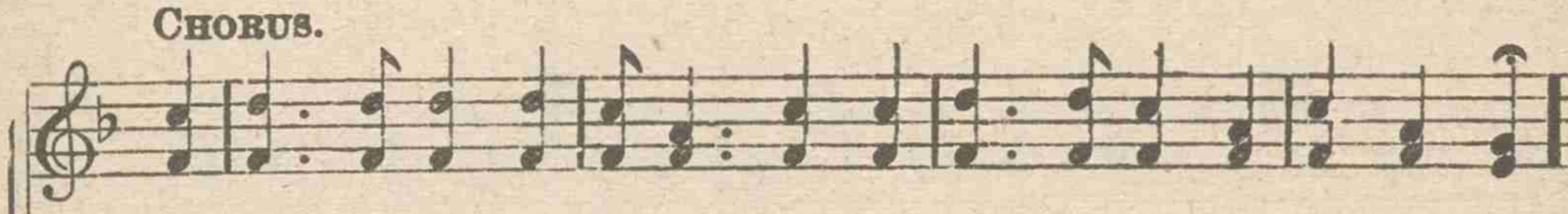
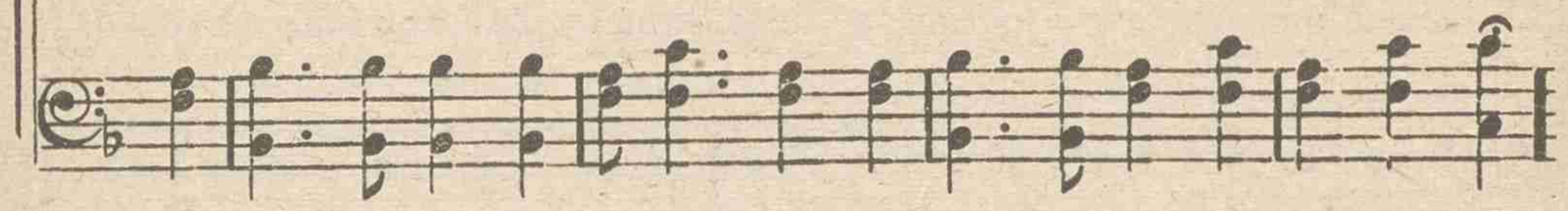
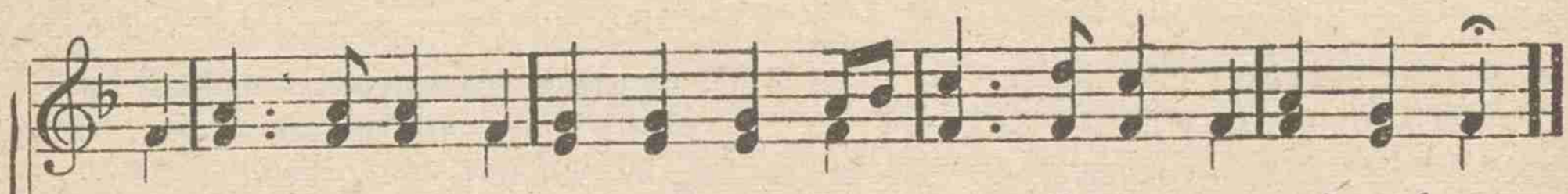
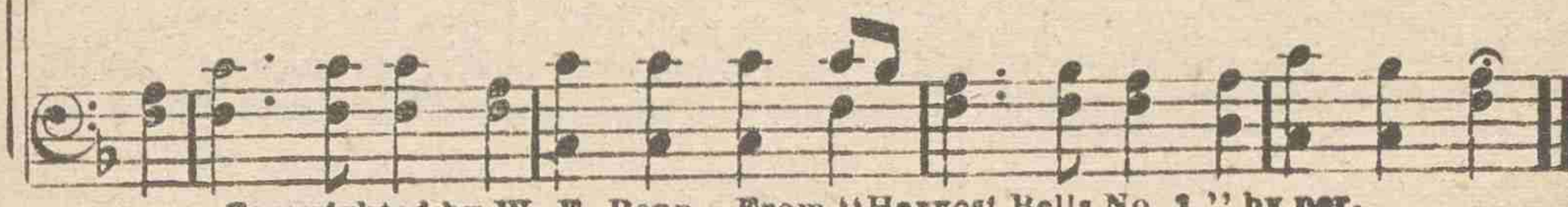
ROBERT ROBINSON, 1757. 8s & 7s. D. A. NETTLETON.



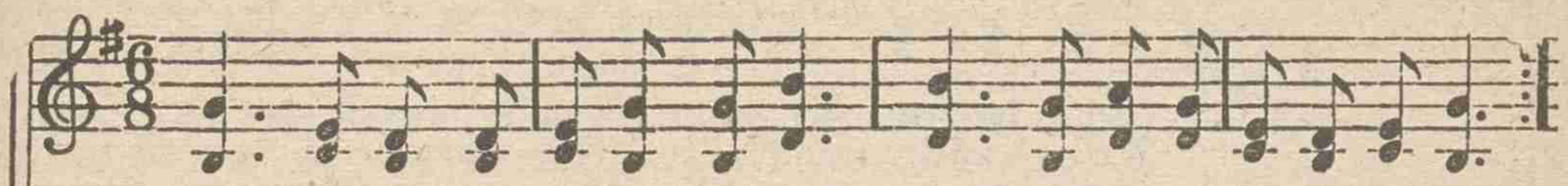
2 Here I raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed with precious blood.

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

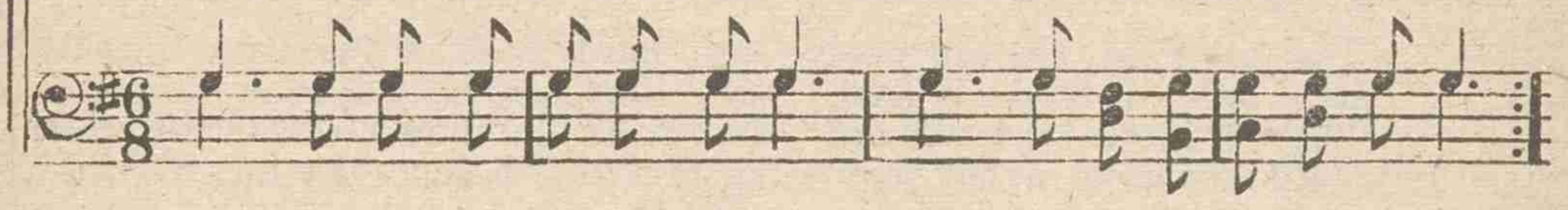
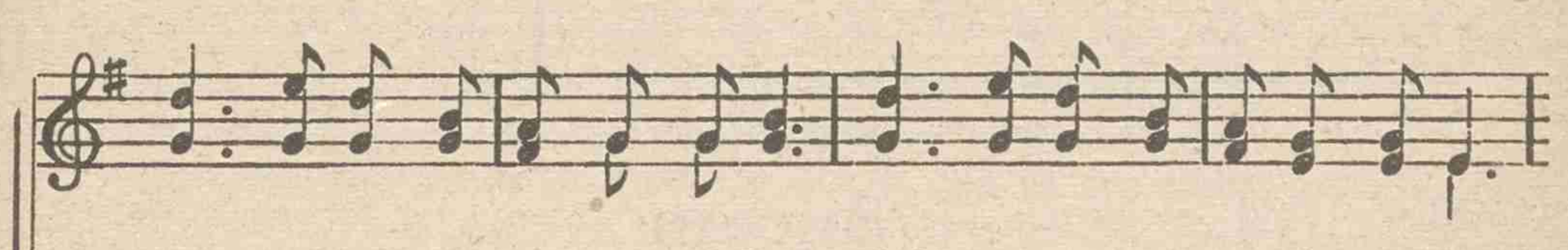
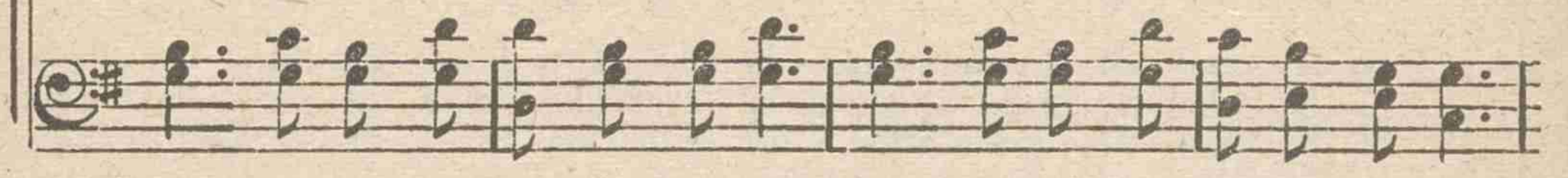
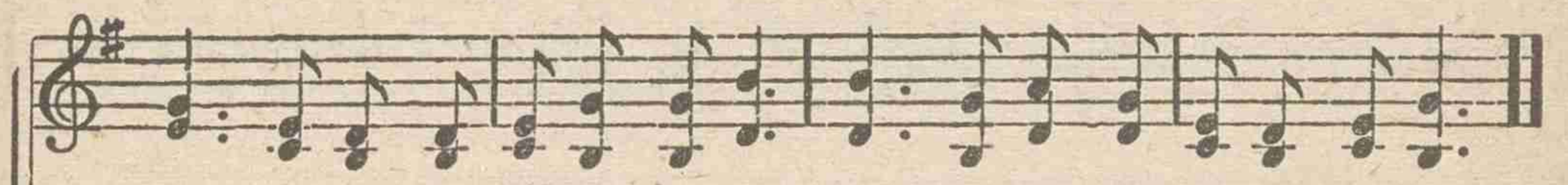
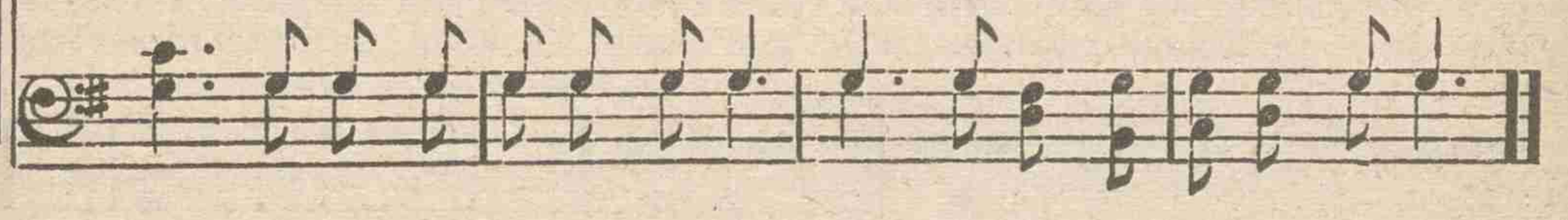
No. 101. The harvest is white.

W. E. Penn. John iv: 35. Chas. Edw. Pollock.

1. Lift up your eyes behold and see, The fields are white as white can be;
2. For want of men to preach the truth, In ev' - ry land, to age and youth;
3. For want of men and women too, To do what'er they find to do,
4. For want of men both young and old, Who love their Saviour more than gold,

And much we're loosing ev'ry day, For want of men to work and pray.
For Je - sus' sake to give up all, And hum - bly at His feet to fall.
For-sake the fol-lies of the day, And toil and la-bor, watch and pray.
For want of lib'-ral hearted men, The gos - pel thro' the earth to send.

Chorus.

The har-vest fields, O brother, see, Are just as white as white can be,

And much we're loosing ev'-ry day, For want of men to work and pray.

Copyrighted by W. E. Penn. From "Harvest Bells No. 2," by per.

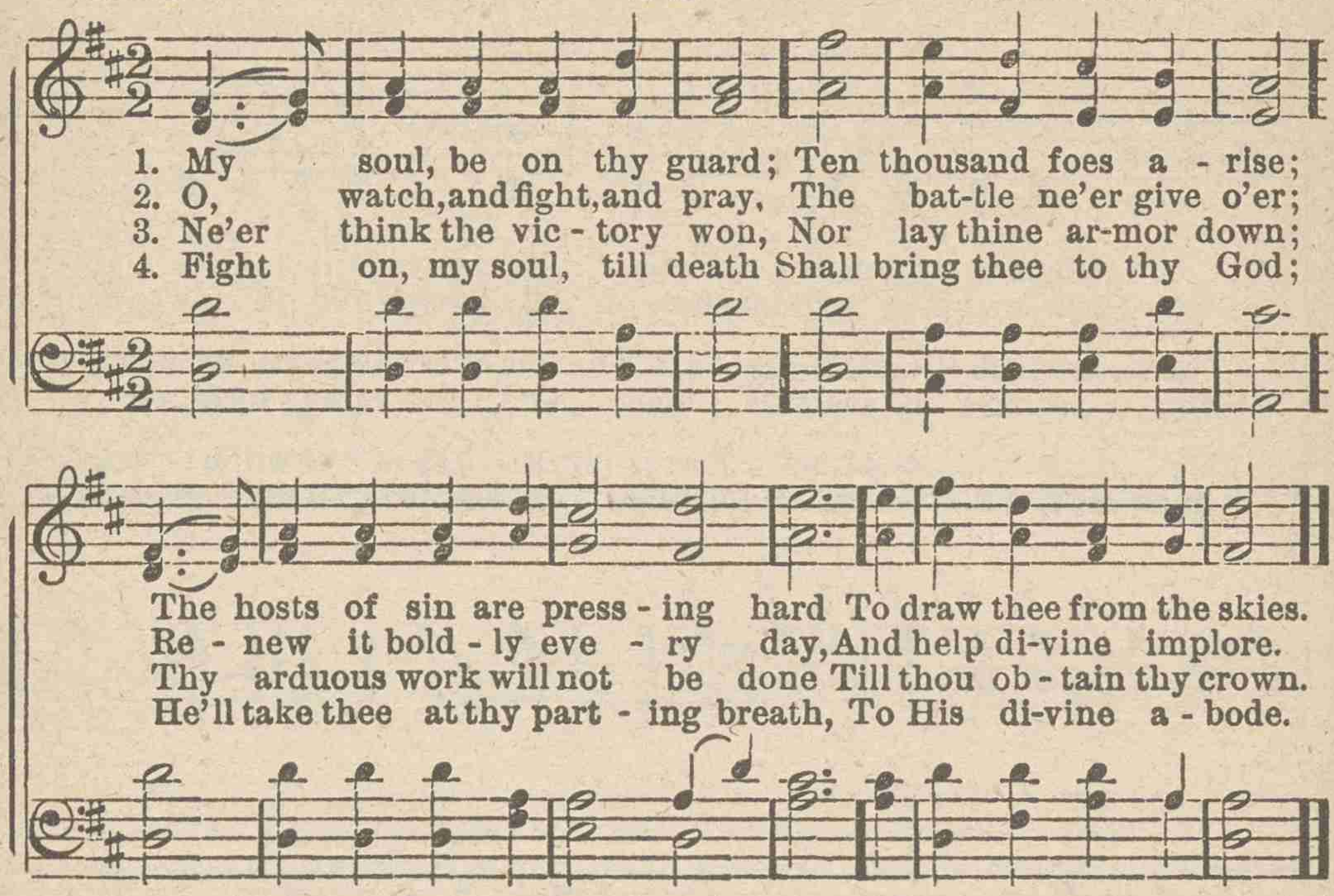
No. 102. A debtor to mercy alone.

Harmonized by J. M. HUNT.

1. { A debt-or to mercy alone, Of covenant mercy I sing;
   Nor fear, with Thy righteousness on, My person and off'ring to bring. }

2. { The work which His goodness began, The arm of His strength will complete:
   His promise is yea and amen, And nev-er was forfeited yet. }

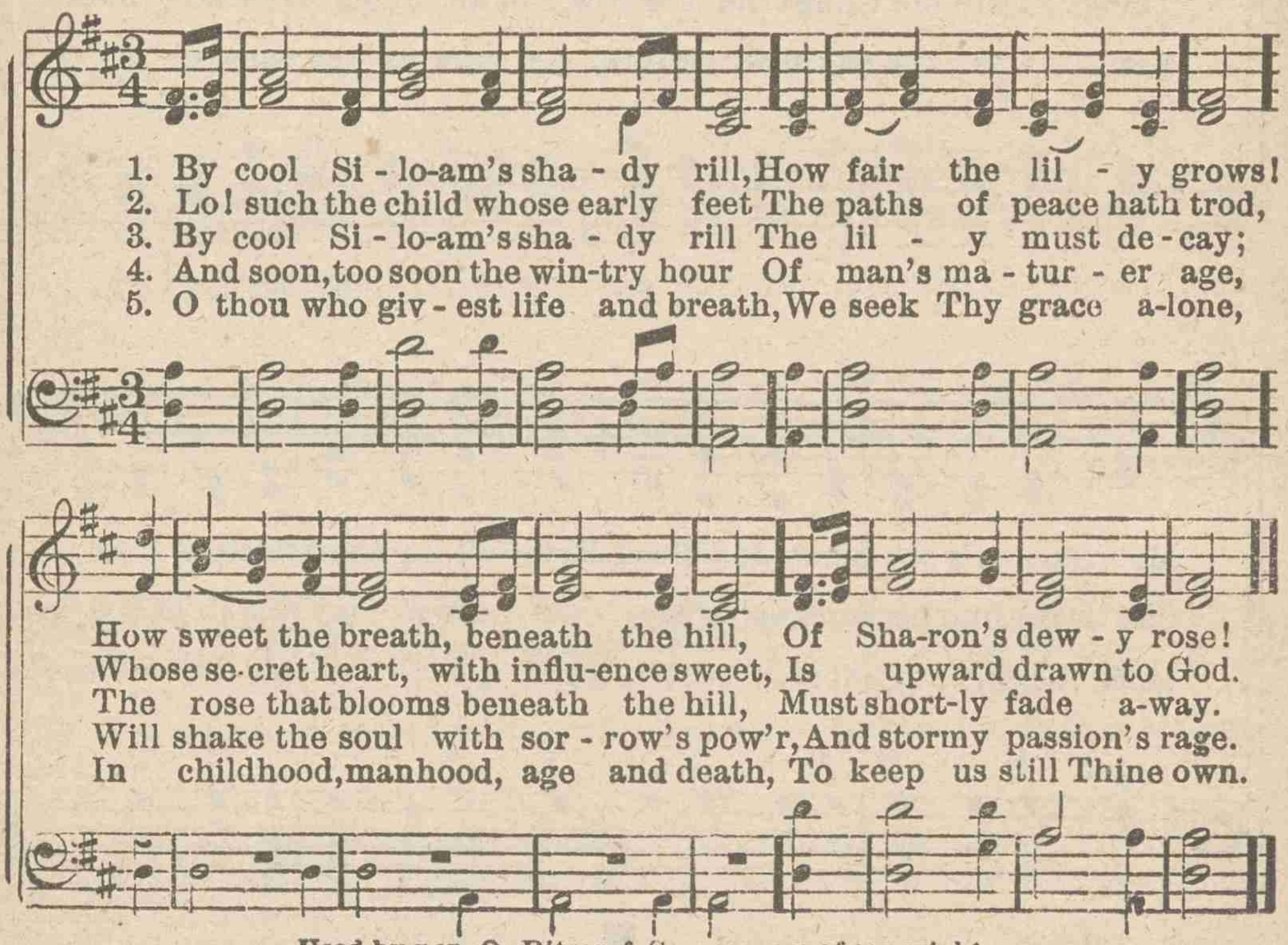
3. { My name from the palms of His hands E - ter-ni - ty will not erase;
   Impressed on His heart it remains, In marks of in-del - a-ble grace: }

The terrors of law and of God, With me can have nothing to do;
Things future, nor things that are now, Not all things below nor above,
Yes, I to the end shall endure, As sure as the earnest is given;

My Saviour's obedience and blood Hide all my trangressions from view.
Can make him his purpose forego, Or sev-er my soul from His love.
More happy, but not more secure, The glo-ri - fied spir-its in heav'n.

No. 103. Laban.

HEATH. S. M DR. LOWELL MASON.



No. 104. Siloam.

BISHOP HEBER. C. M.



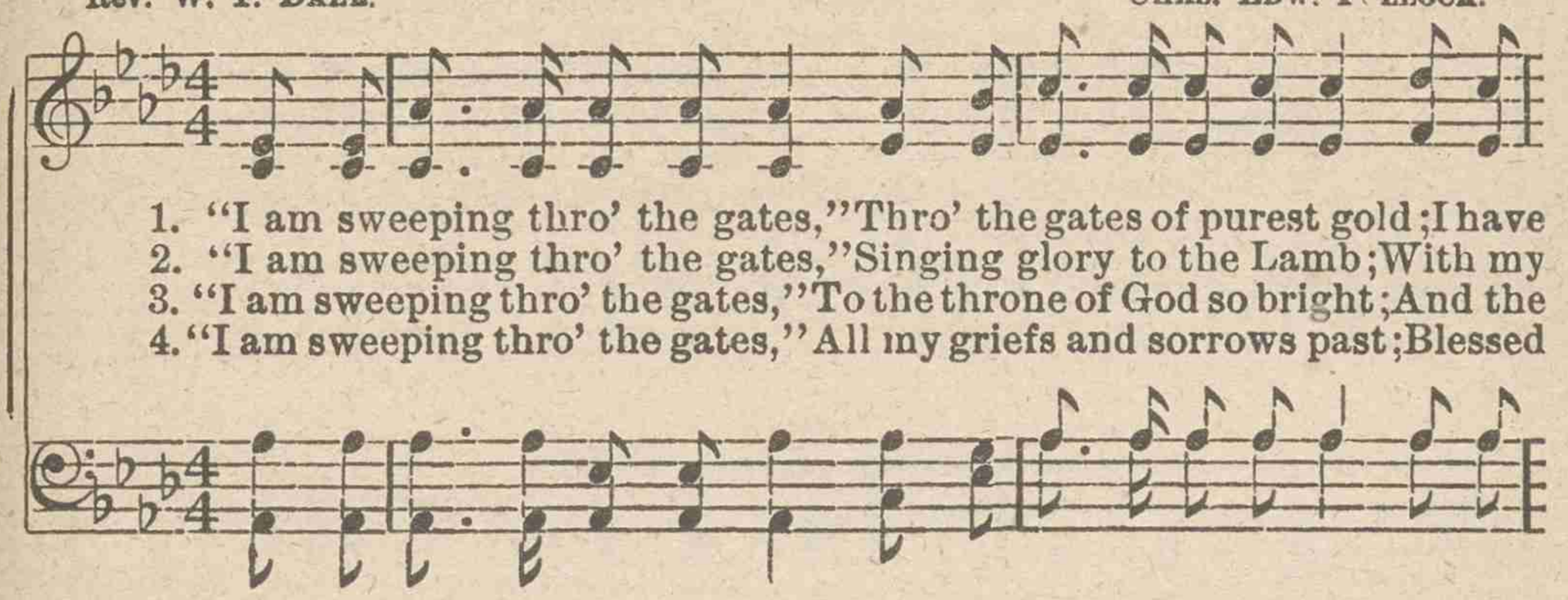
Used by per. O. Ditson & Co., owners of copyright.

No. 105. Sweeping through the gates

"I am sweeping through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb."

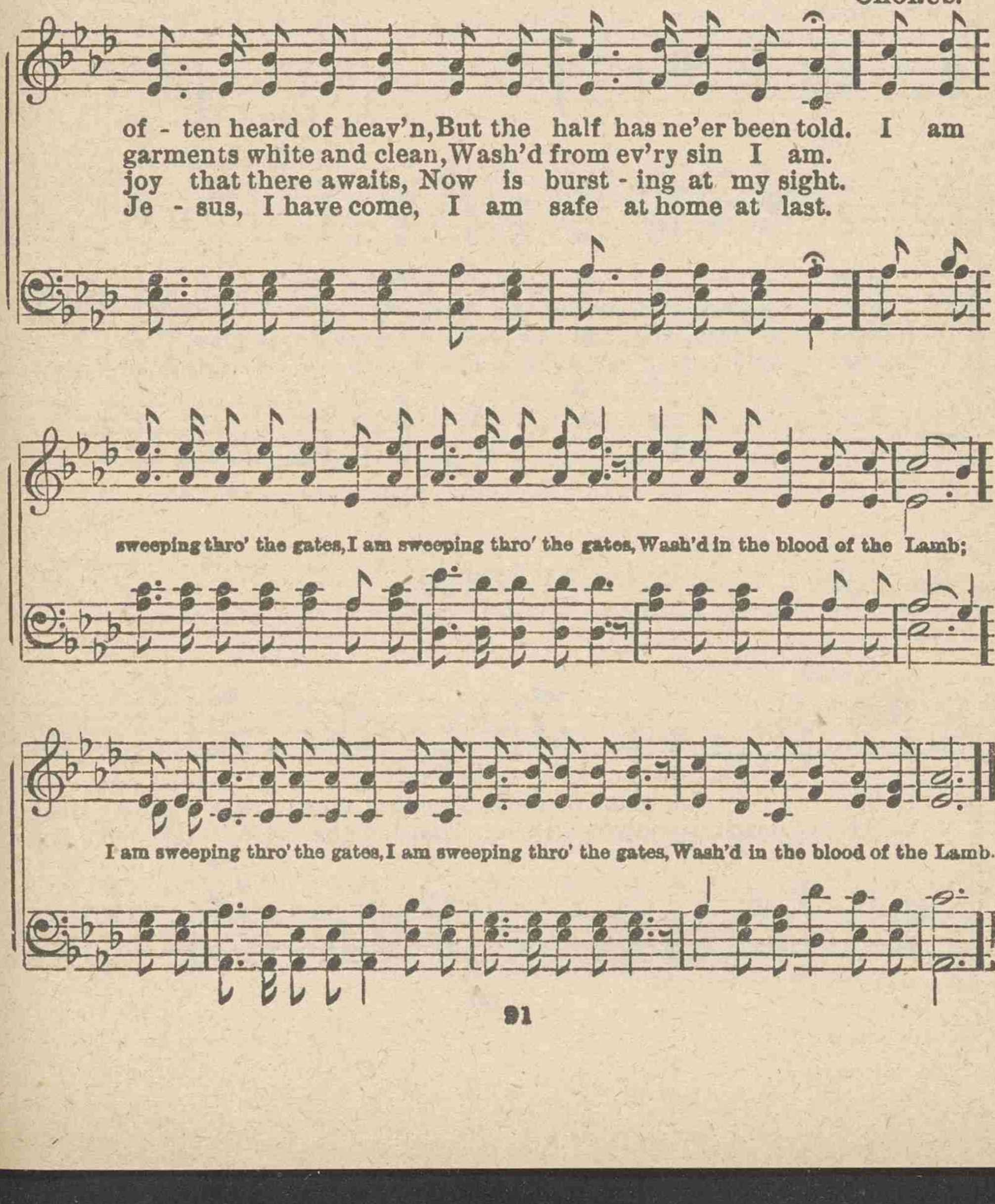
Last words of Rev. ALFRED COOKMAN.

Rev. W. T. DALE. CHAS. EDW. P. LLOCK.



1. "I am sweeping thro' the gates," Thro' the gates of purest gold; I have
2. "I am sweeping thro' the gates," Singing glory to the Lamb; With my
3. "I am sweeping thro' the gates," To the throne of God so bright; And the
4. "I am sweeping thro' the gates," All my griefs and sorrows past; Blessed

CHORUS.



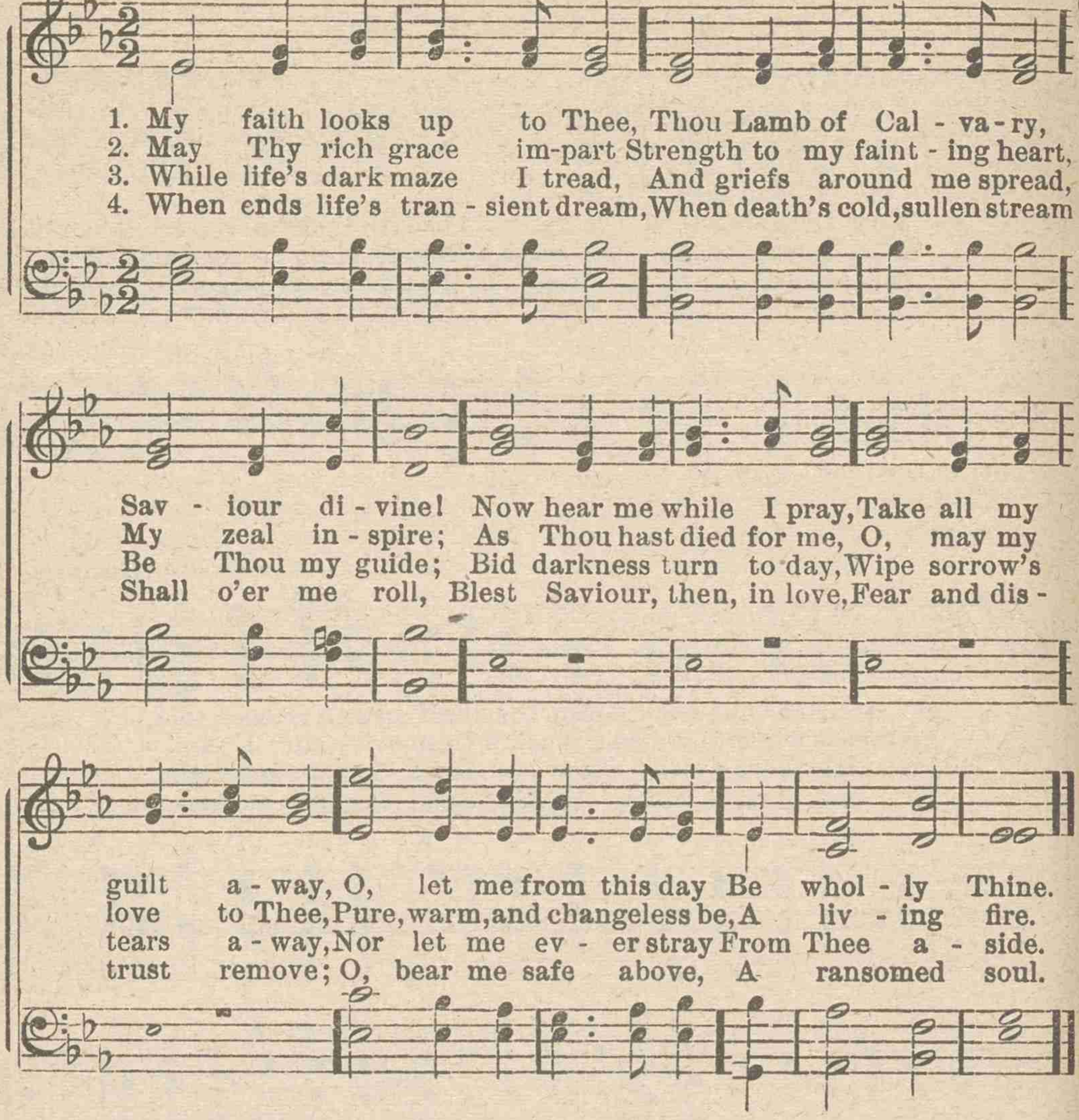
of - ten heard of heav'n, But the half has ne'er been told. I am
garments white and clean, Wash'd from ev'ry sin I am.
joy that there awaits, Now is burst - ing at my sight.
Je - sus, I have come, I am safe at home at last.

sweeping thro' the gates, I am sweeping thro' the gates, Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb;

I am sweeping thro' the gates, I am sweeping thro' the gates, Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.

No. 106. Olivet.

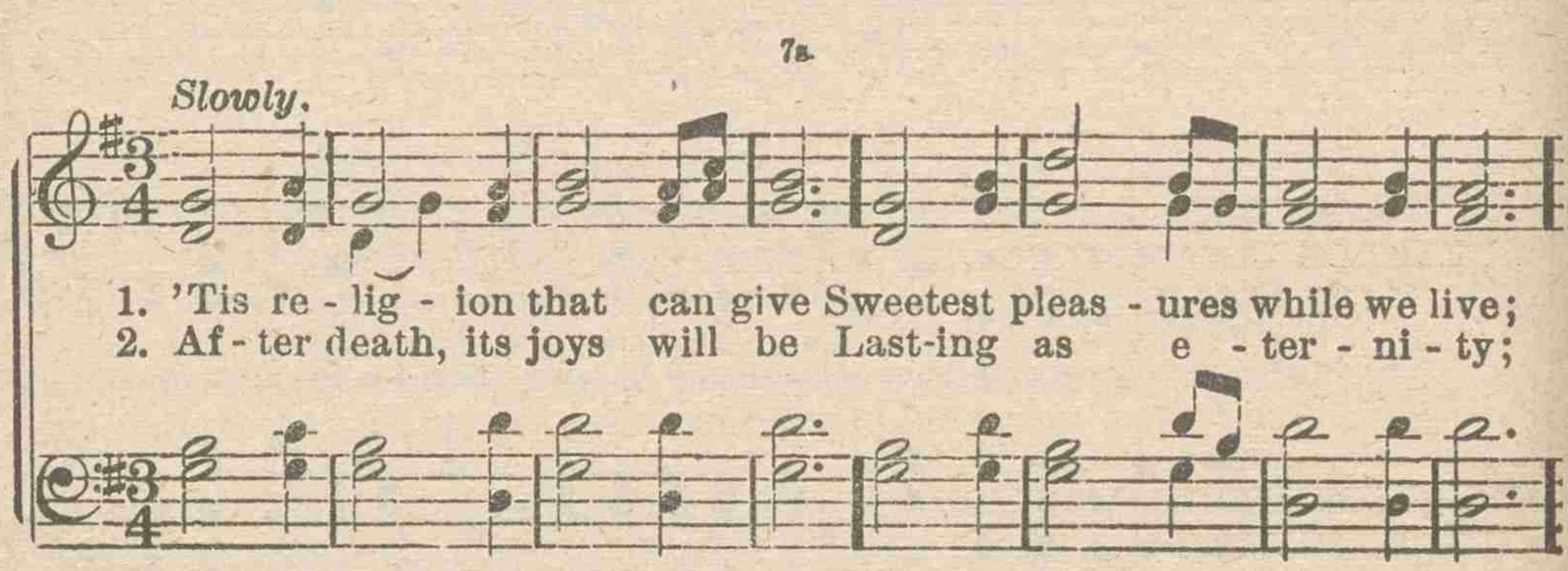
RAY PALMER, 1830. 6s & 4s. L. MASON.

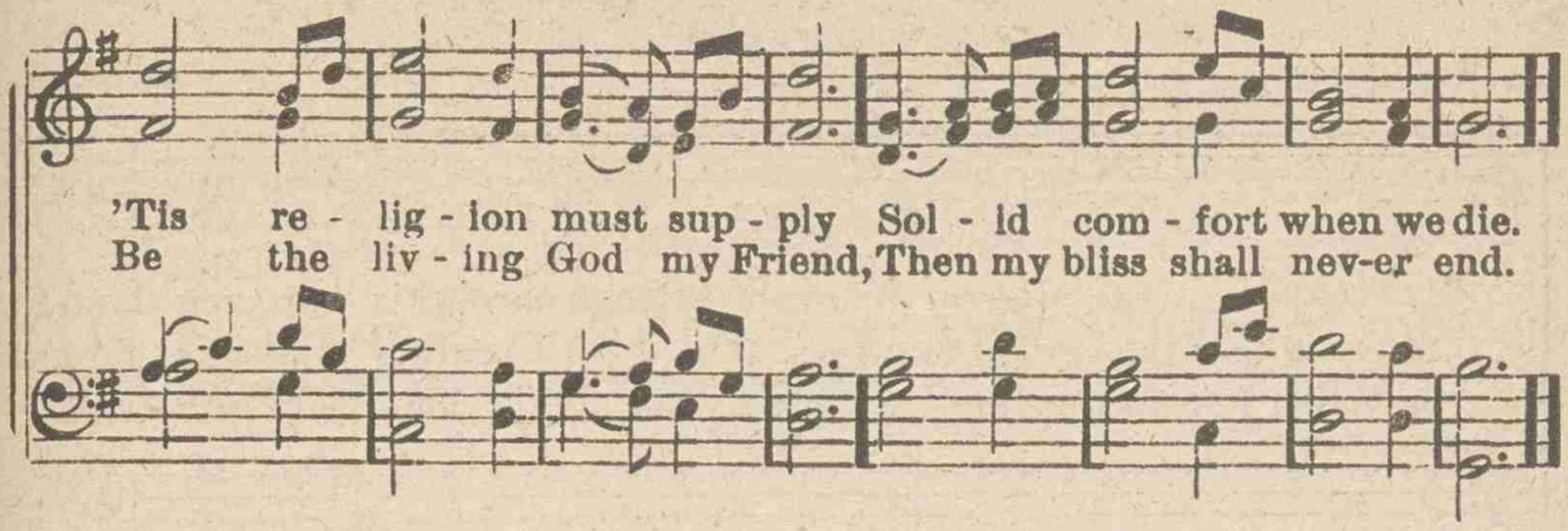


No. 107. Grace.

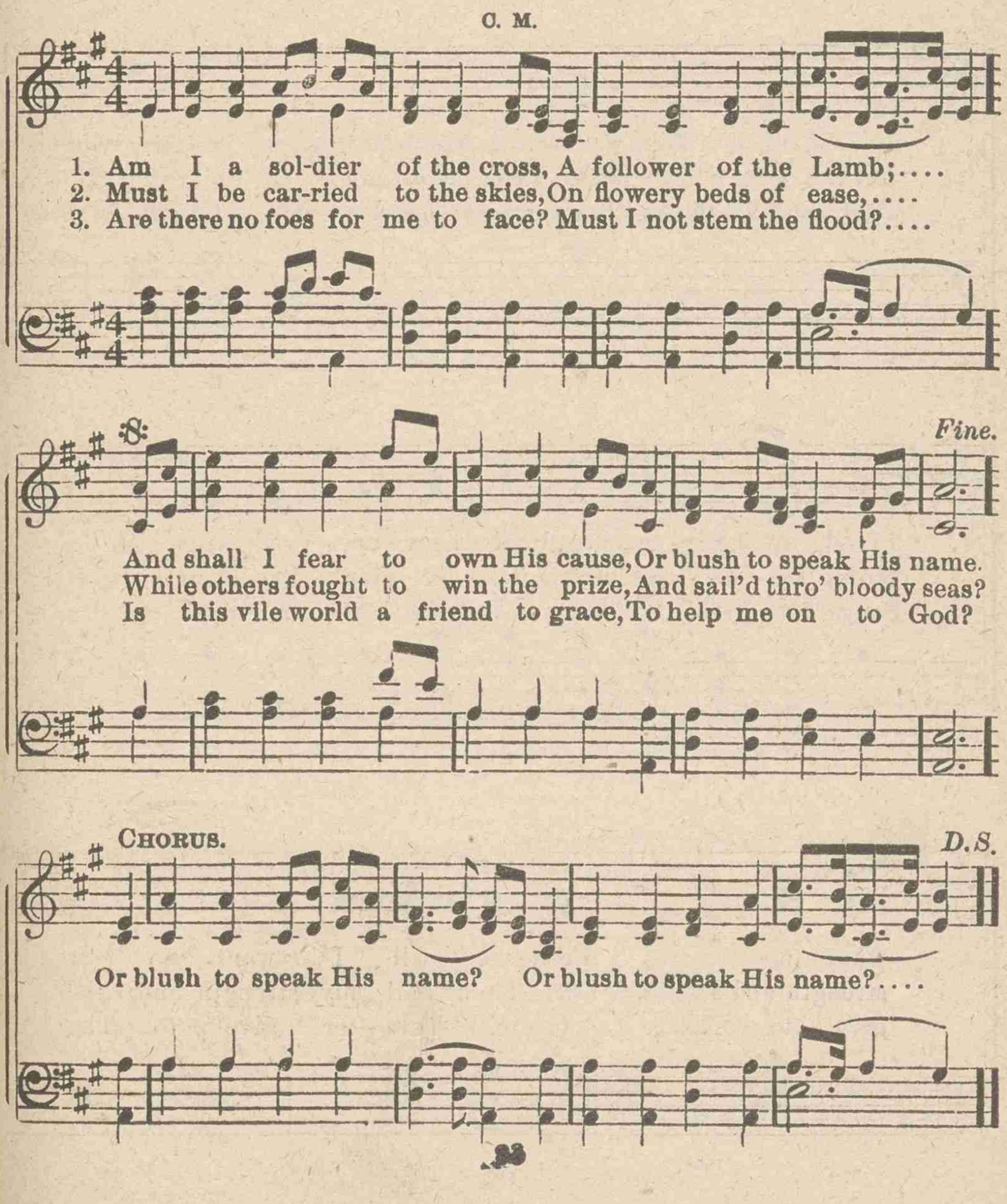
7s.

Slowly.



Grace. Concluded.

No. 108. Mount Pisgah.

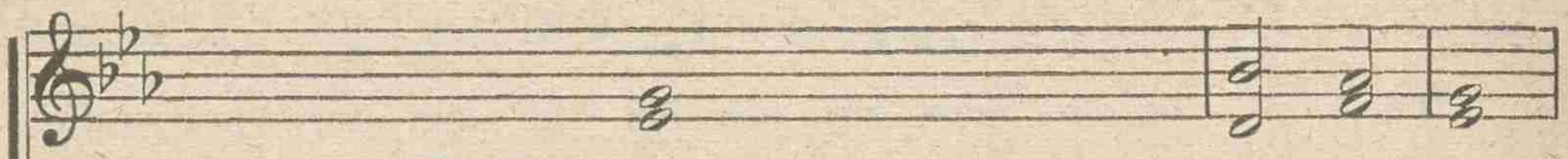
C. M.

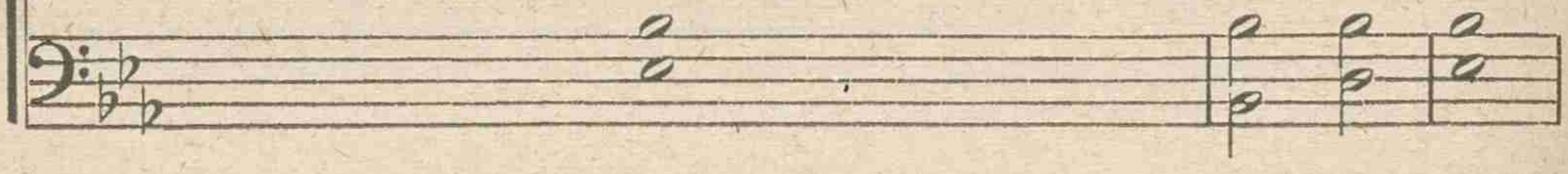
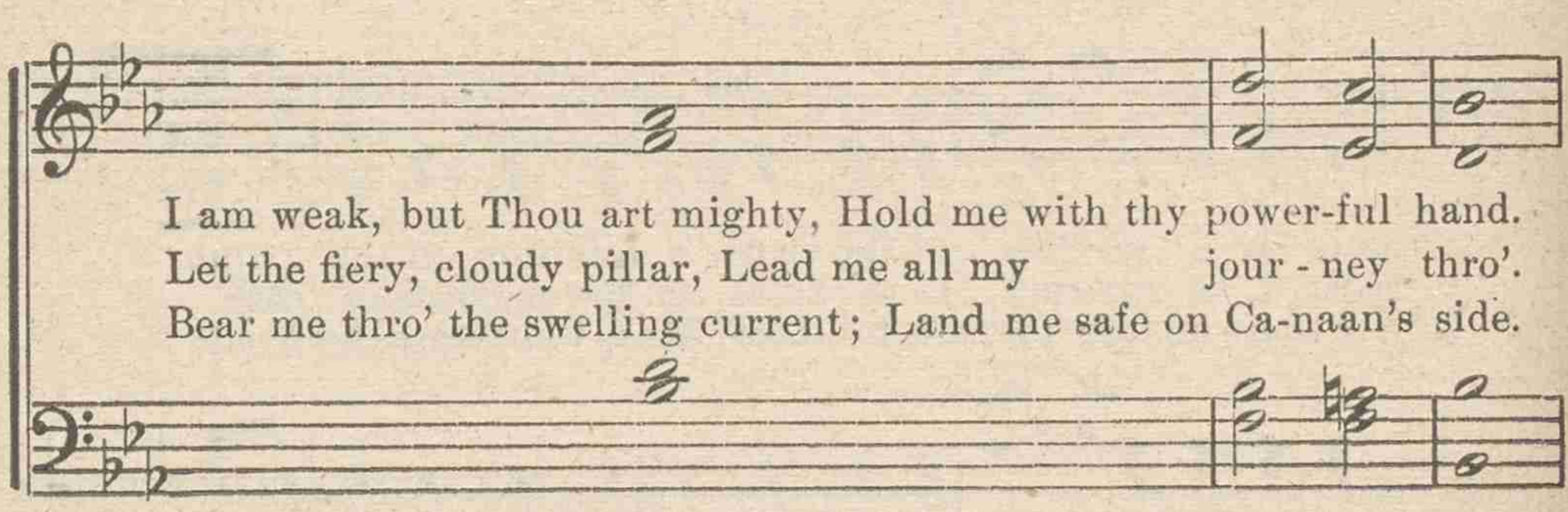


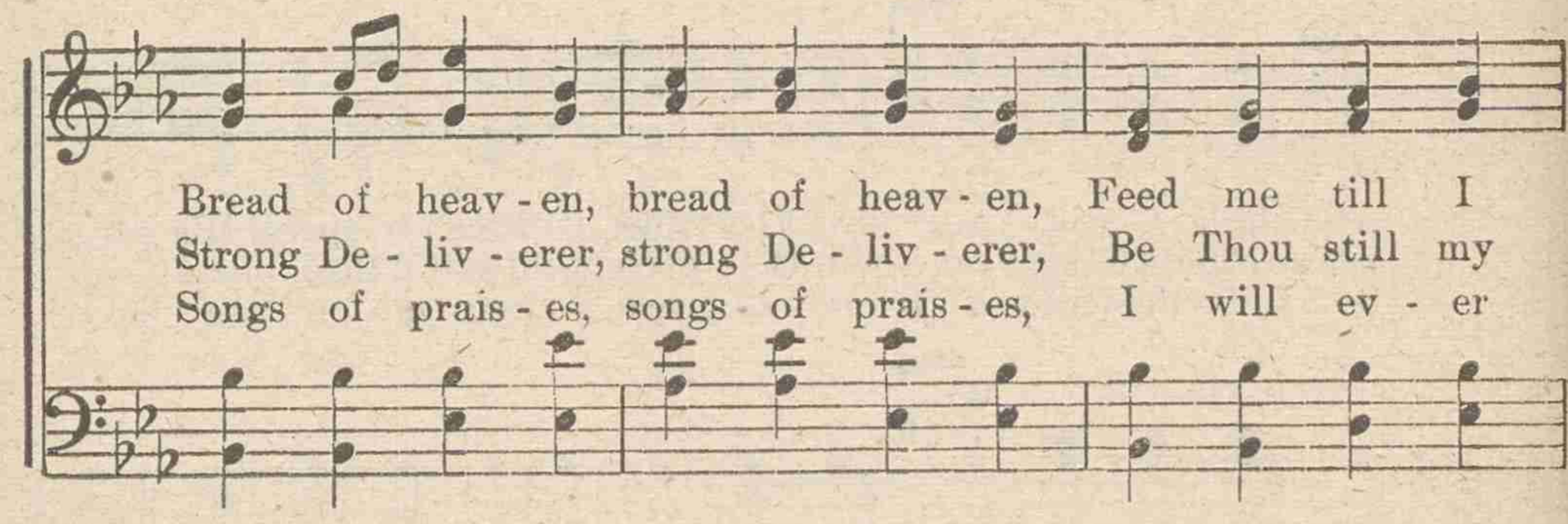
No. 110. Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah!

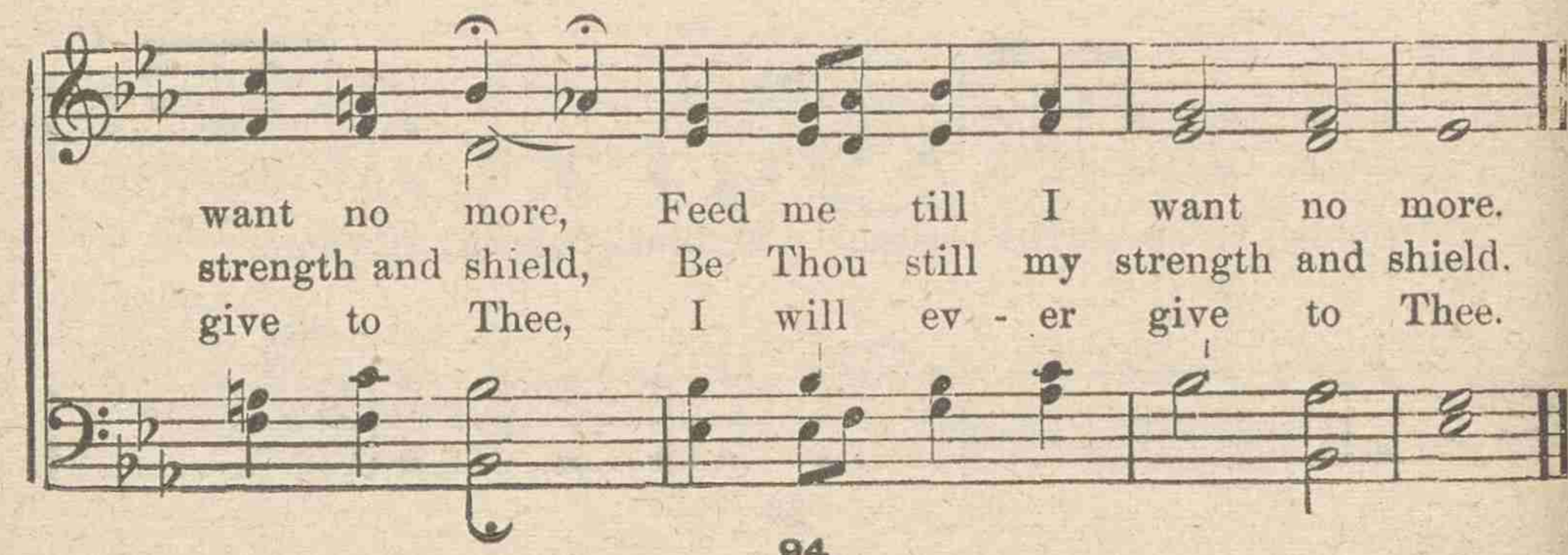
(CHANT.)

W. WILLIAMS. J. M. HUNT.



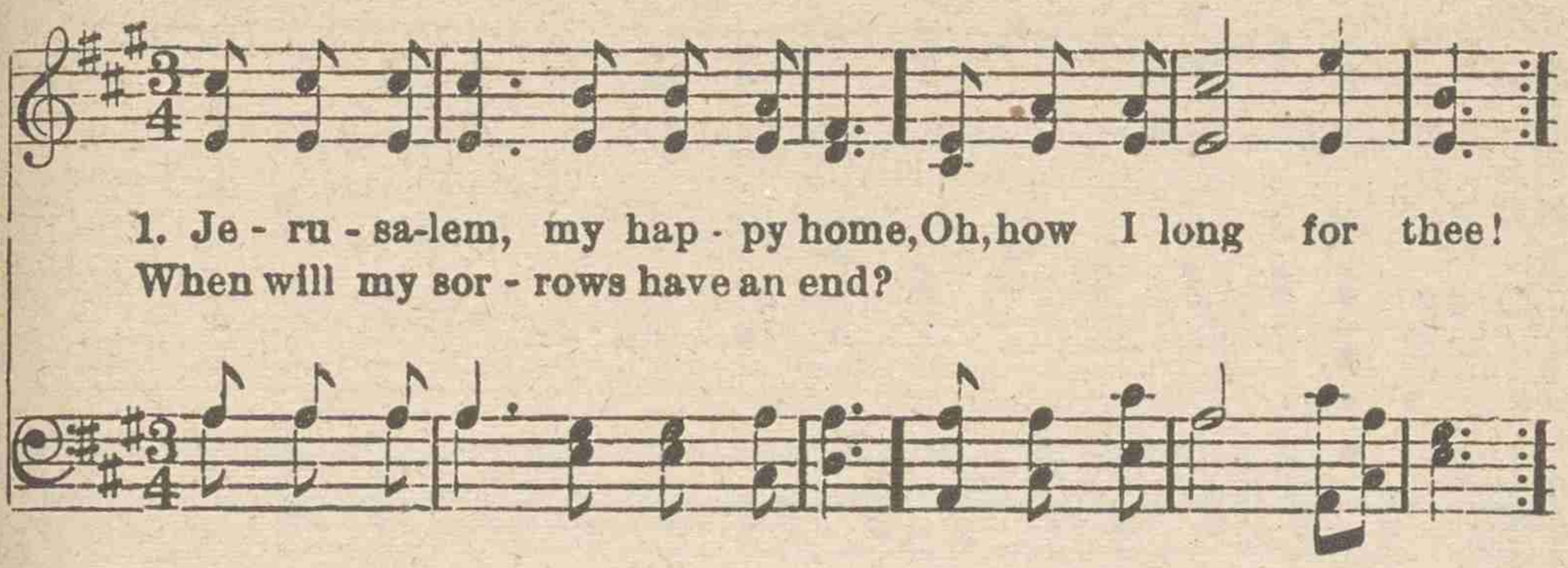
1. Guide me, O thou great Jehovah, Pilgrim thro' this bar - ren land;
2. Open now the crystal fountain, Whence the healing wa - ters flow;
3. When I tread the verge of Jordan, Bid my anxious fears sub - side;

I am weak, but Thou art mighty, Hold me with thy power-ful hand.
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar, Lead me all my jour - ney thro'.
Bear me thro' the swelling current; Land me safe on Ca-naan's side.



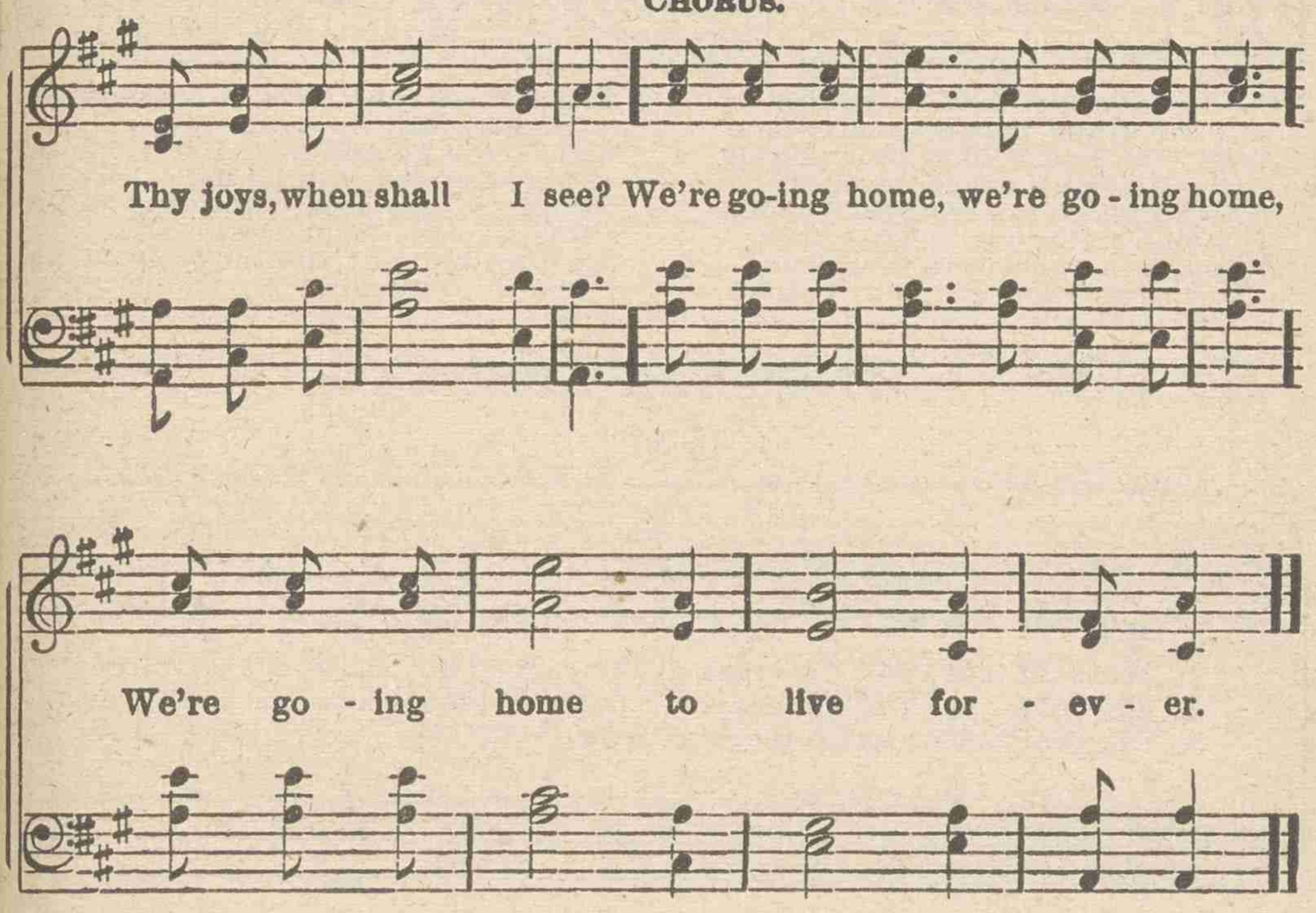
Bread of heav - en, bread of heav - en, Feed me till I
Strong De - liv - erer, strong De - liv - erer, Be Thou still my
Songs of prais - es, songs of prais - es, I will ev - er

want no more, Feed me till I want no more.
strength and shield, Be Thou still my strength and shield.
give to Thee, I will ev - er give to Thee.

No. 111. Jerusalem, my happy home.

UNKNOWN.



CHORUS.



2 Thy walls are all of precious stones,
Most glorious to behold!
Thy gates are richly set with pearl,
Thy streets are paved with gold.

3 Thy gardens and Thy pleasant greens
My study long have been;
Such sparkling gems by human sight
Have never yet been seen.

4 If heaven be thus glorious, Lord,
Why should I stay from thence?
What folly 'tis that I should dread
To die and go from hence!

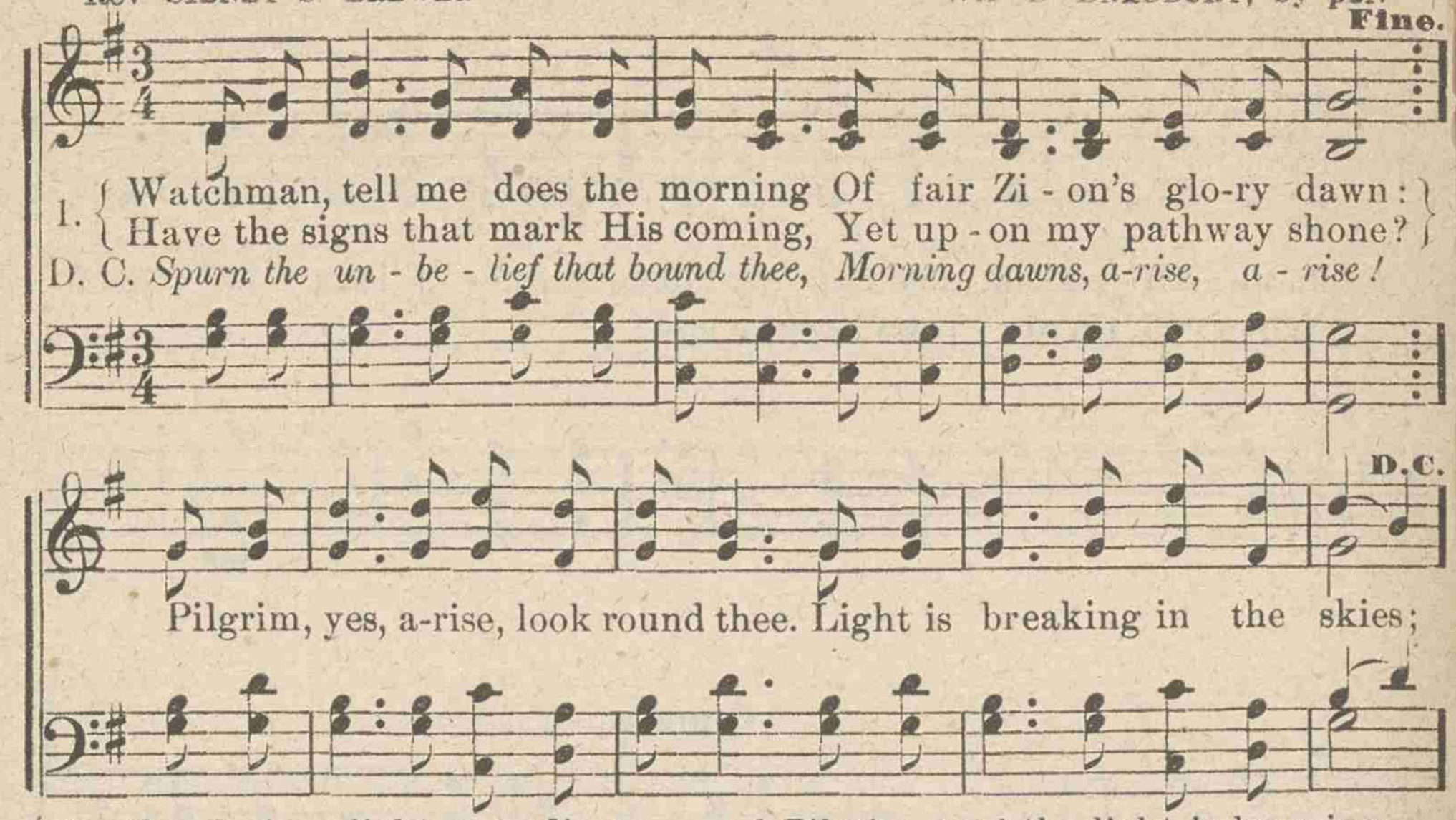
5 Reach down, reach down thine arms
And cause me to ascend [of grace,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths never end.

6 Jesus, my Lord, to glory's gone;
Him will I go and see;
And all my brethren here below
Will soon come after me.

No. 112. Watchman, Tell Me.

Watchman, what of the night: - Isa. 21 11

Rev SIDNEY S BREWER — WM B BRADBURY, by per.



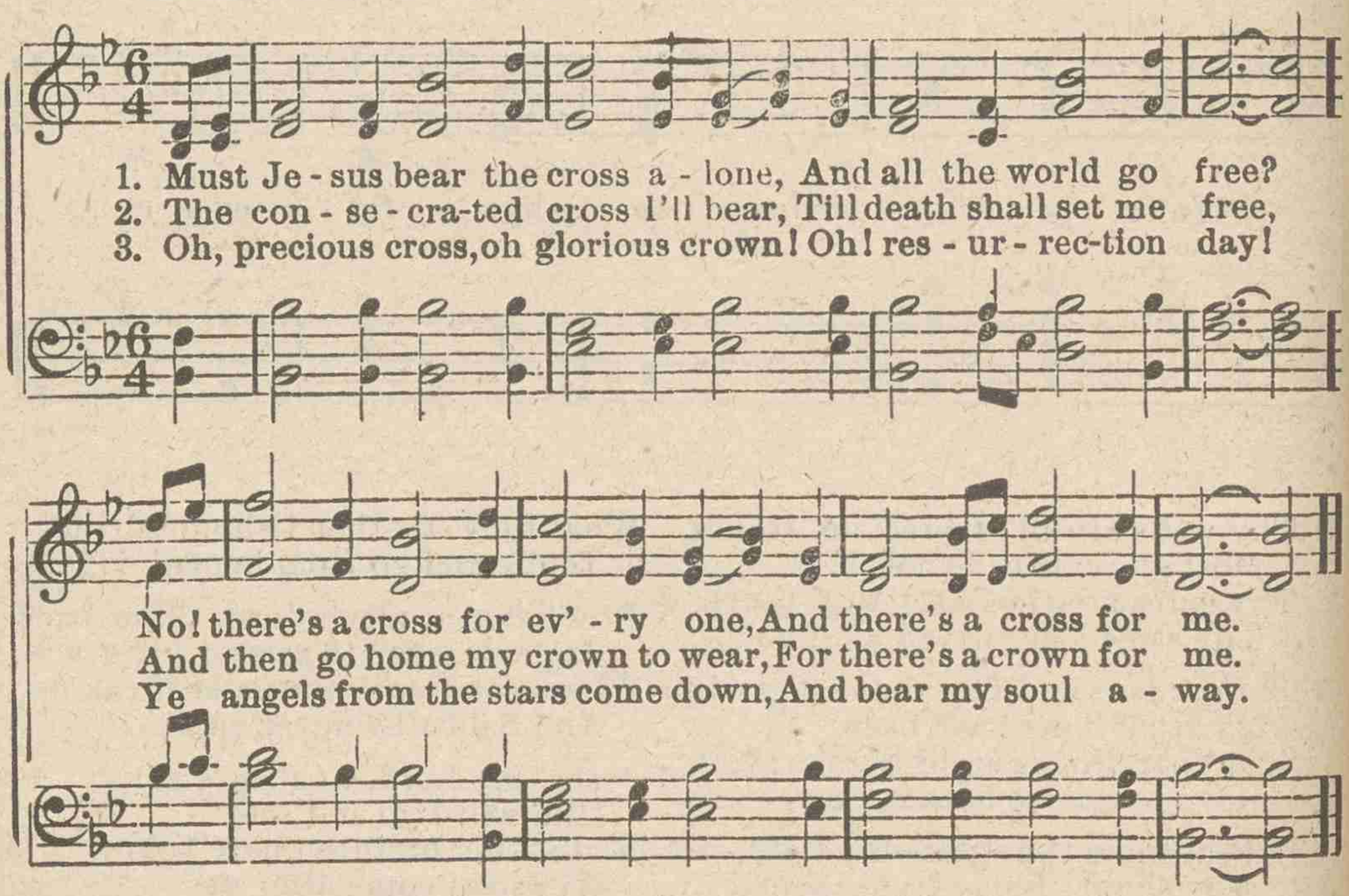
2 See the glorious light ascending
Of the grand Sabatic year;
Hark! the voices loud proclaiming
The Messiah's kingdom near;
Watchman, yes! I see just yonder
Canaan's glorious heights arise;
Salem, too, appears in grandeur,
Tow'ring 'neath her sunlit skies.

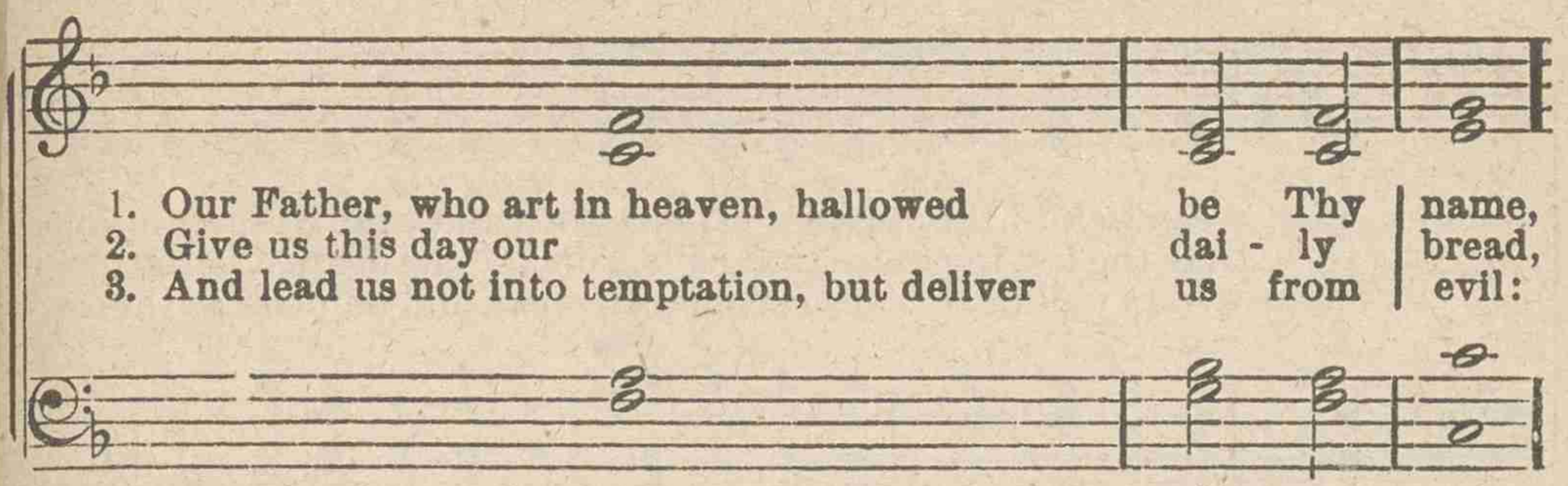
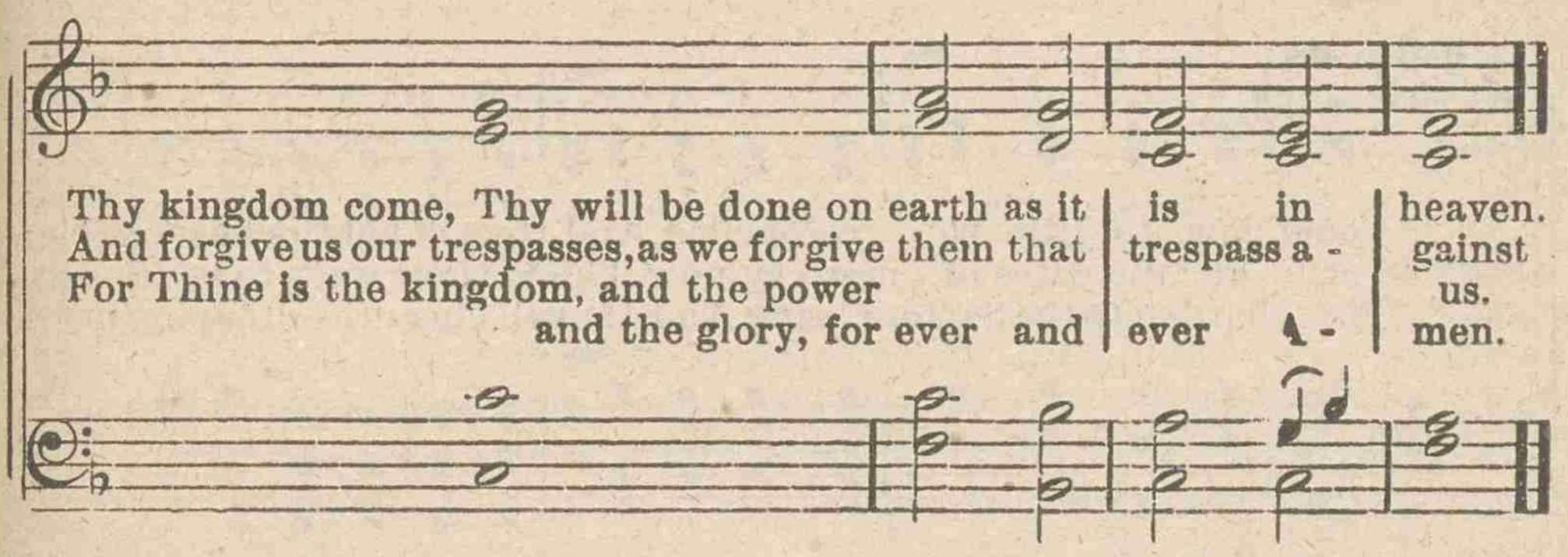
3 Pilgrim, see! the light is beaming
Brighter still upon thy way;
Signs thro' all the earth are gleaming
Omens of the coming day.
When the last loud trumpet sounding
Shall awake from sea to sea
All the saints of God now sleeping,—
Clad in immortality.

No. 113. Cross and Crown.

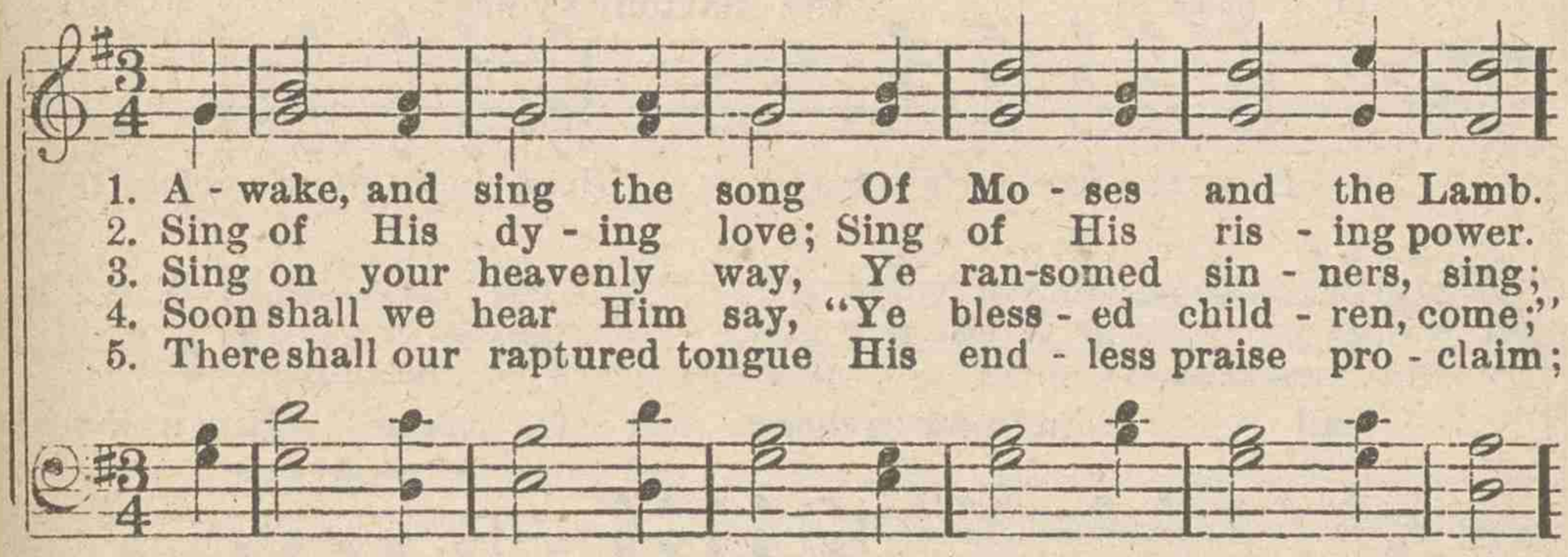
C. M.

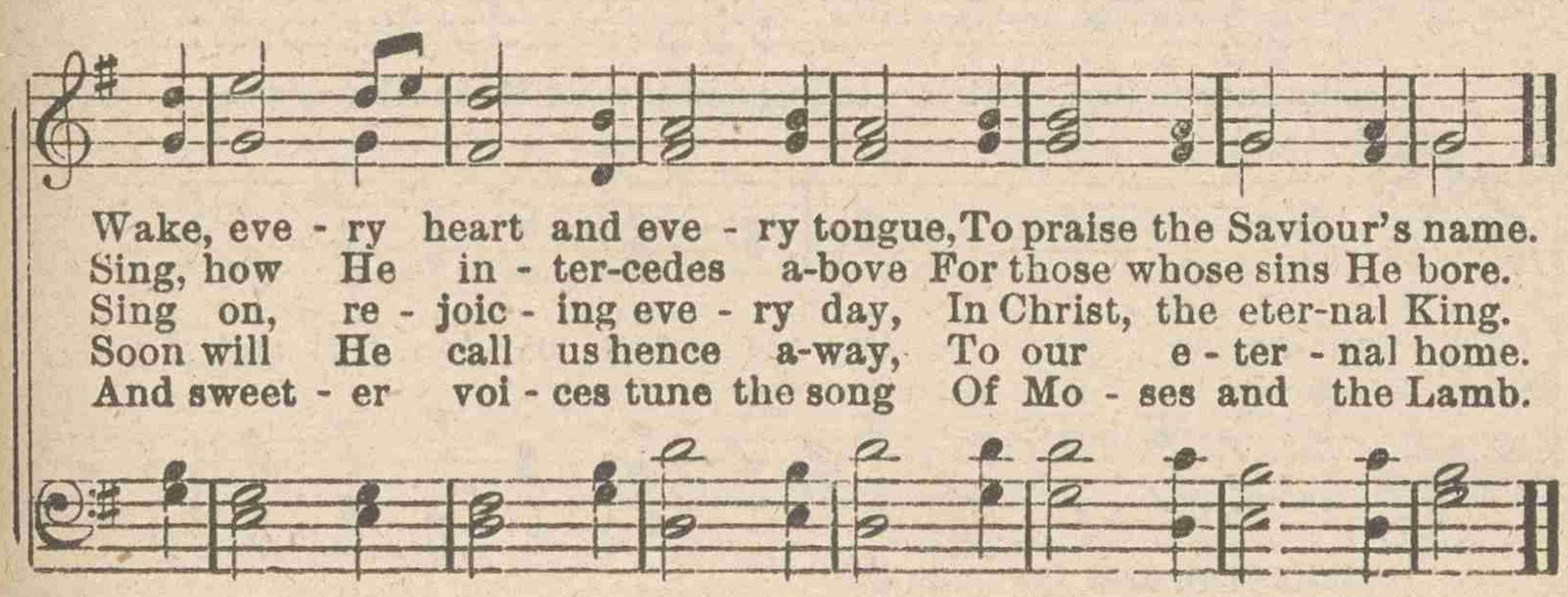
"Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me....my yoke is easy and my burden is light."



No. 114. The Lord's Prayer.



No. 115. Awake, and sing the song.





No. 116. Stay, weary Child.

R. A. GLENN. From "Beauty of Praise," by per. CHARLES EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Stay, wea-ry child, the Saviour calls, O turn and hear His gentle voice;
2. O hear the lov-ing voice that calls, Forsake the dearest paths of sin,
3. Then, wea-ry child, to Jesus come, All weak and helpless as thou art,

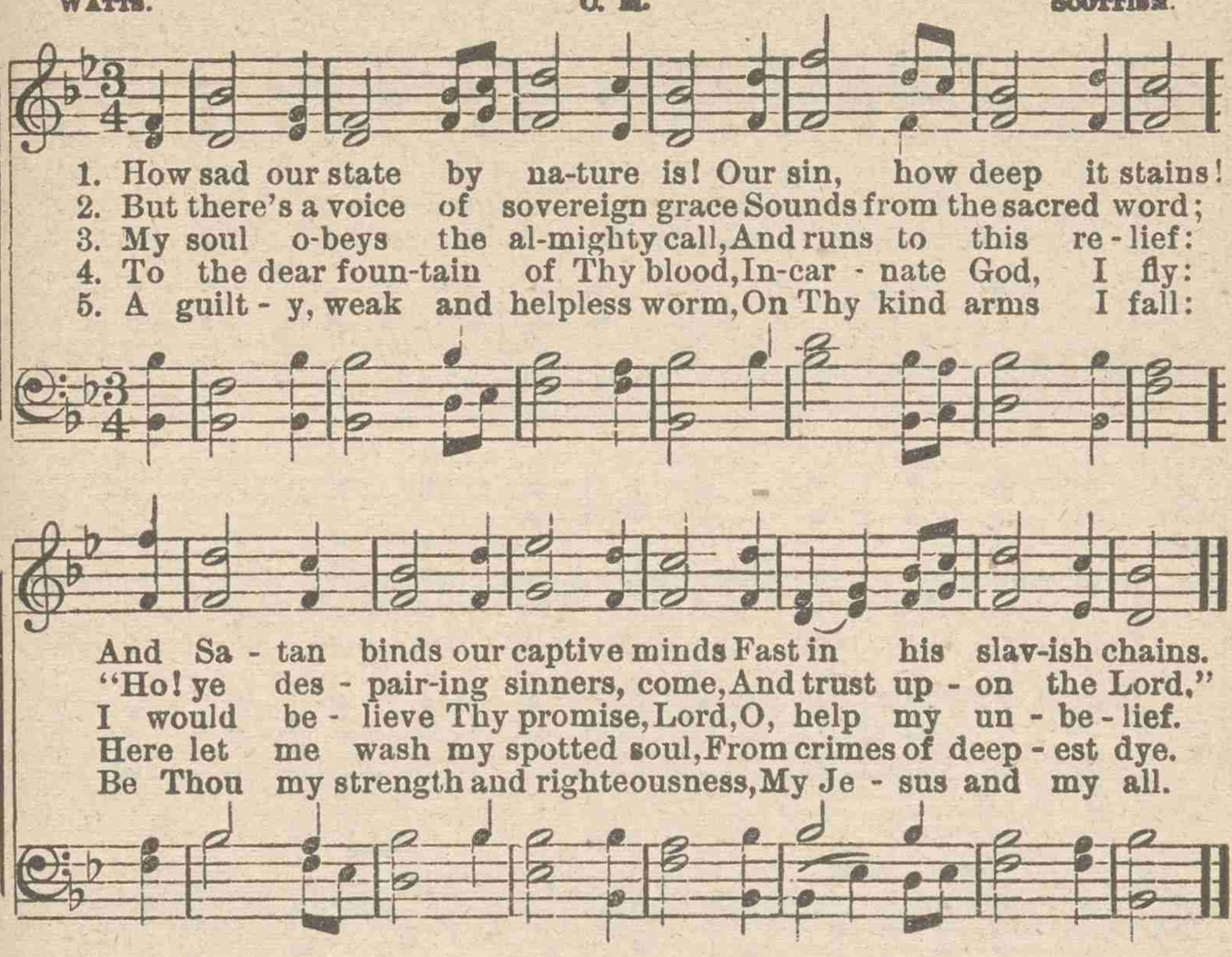
Come, now, to Him be reconciled, And He will bid thy heart rejoice.
For at the gates of mer - cy, now, The Saviour waits to let thee in.
Thy burden to the Saviour bring And He will cheer thy drooping heart.

CHORUS.

O, hear the Saviour's voice; He's
Hear the Saviour's voice, Hear the Saviour's voice, He's
call - ing now to thee; O, make Him now your
calling now to thee, He's calling now to thee; Make Him now thy choice,
choice, He of - fers par-don, full and free.
Make Him now thy choice.

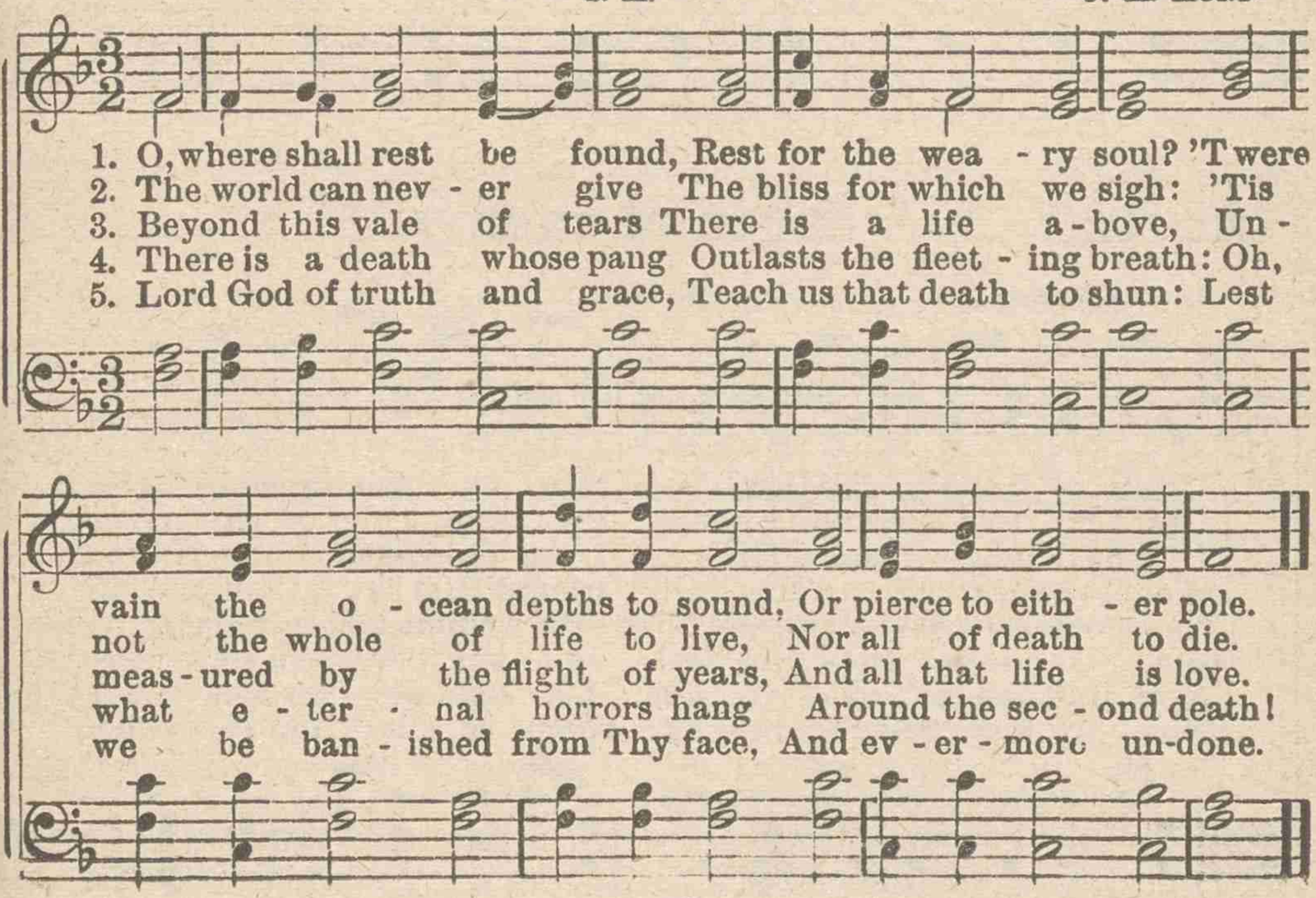
No. 117. Avon.

WATTS. C. M. SCOTTISH.

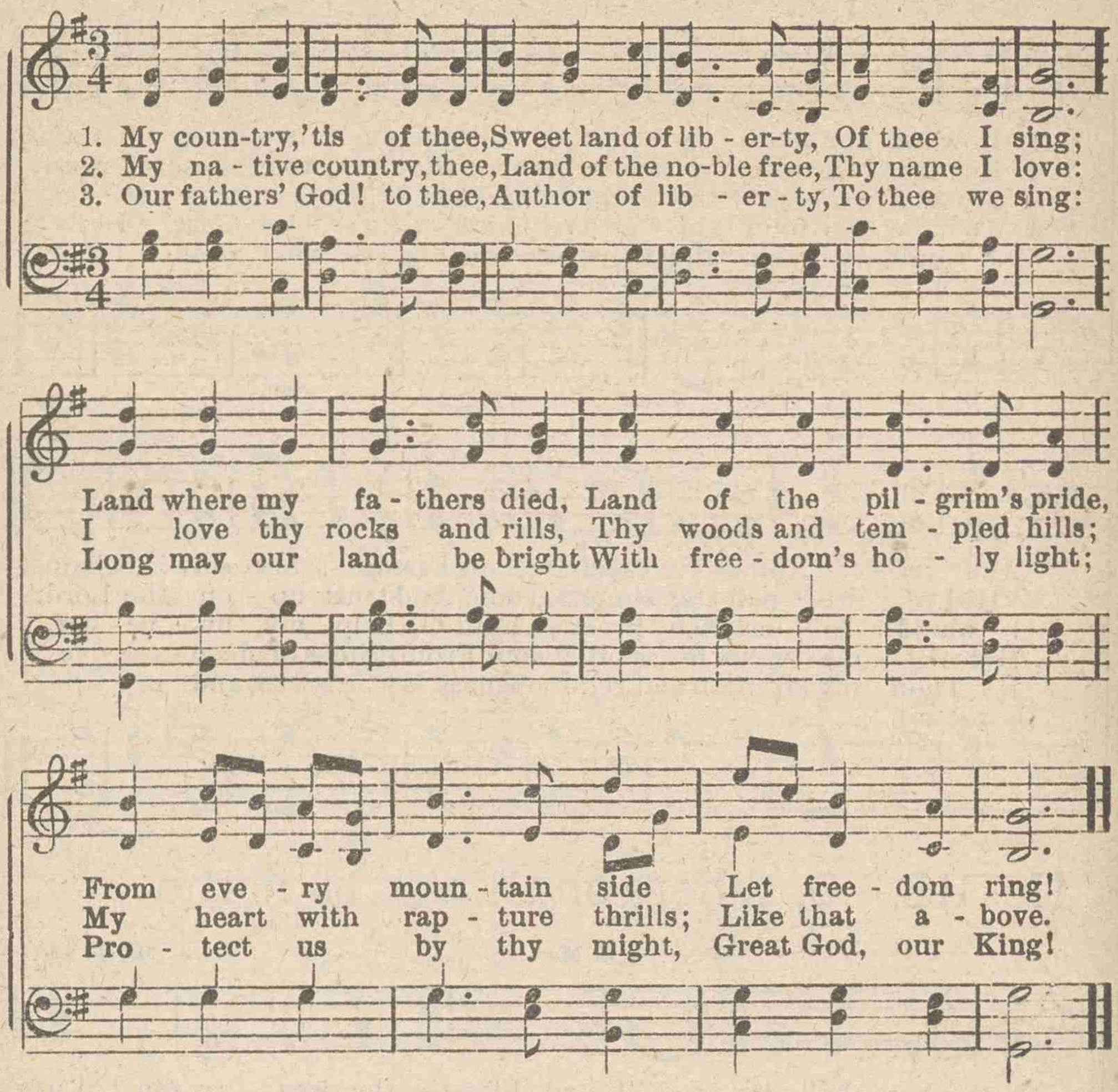


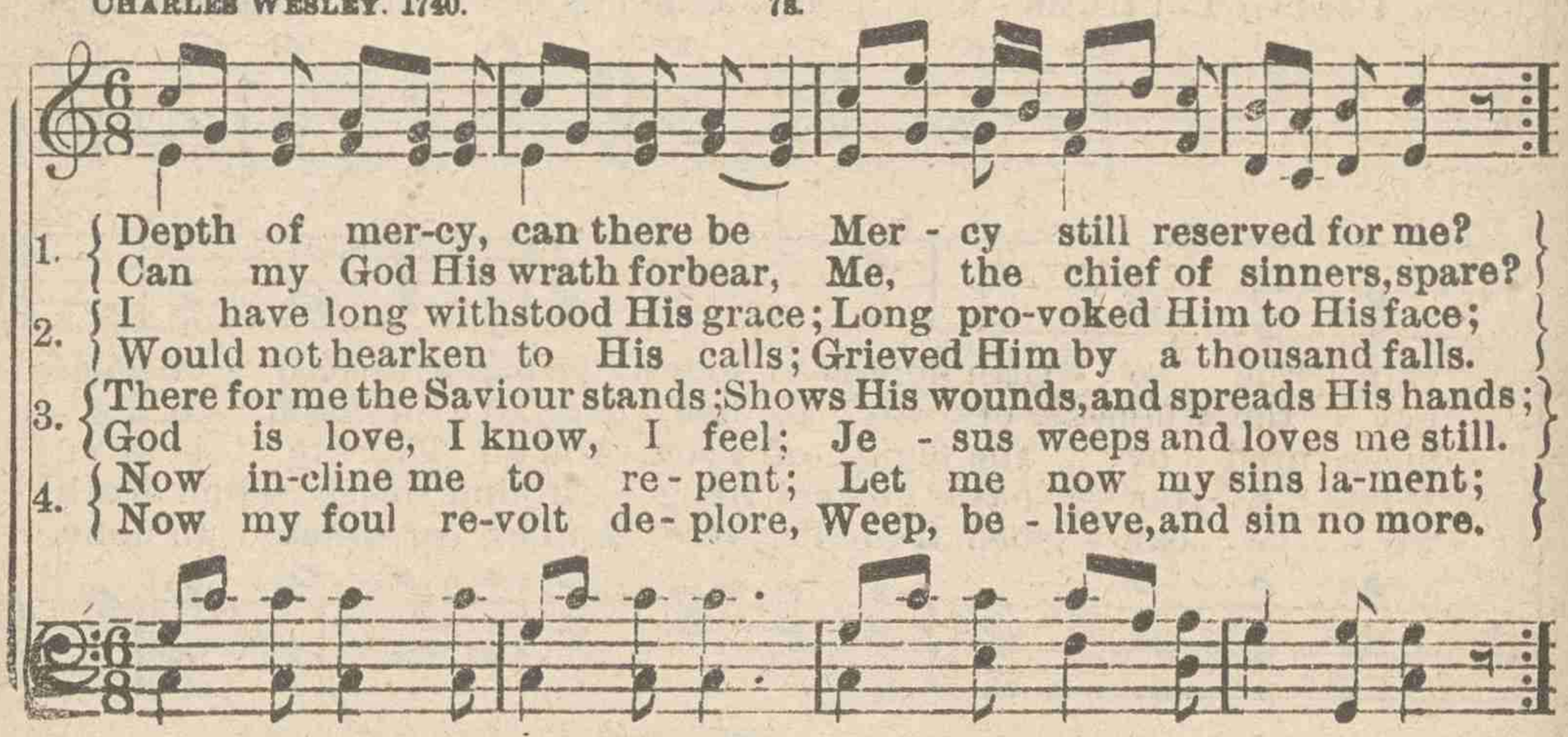
No. 118. O, where shall rest be found.

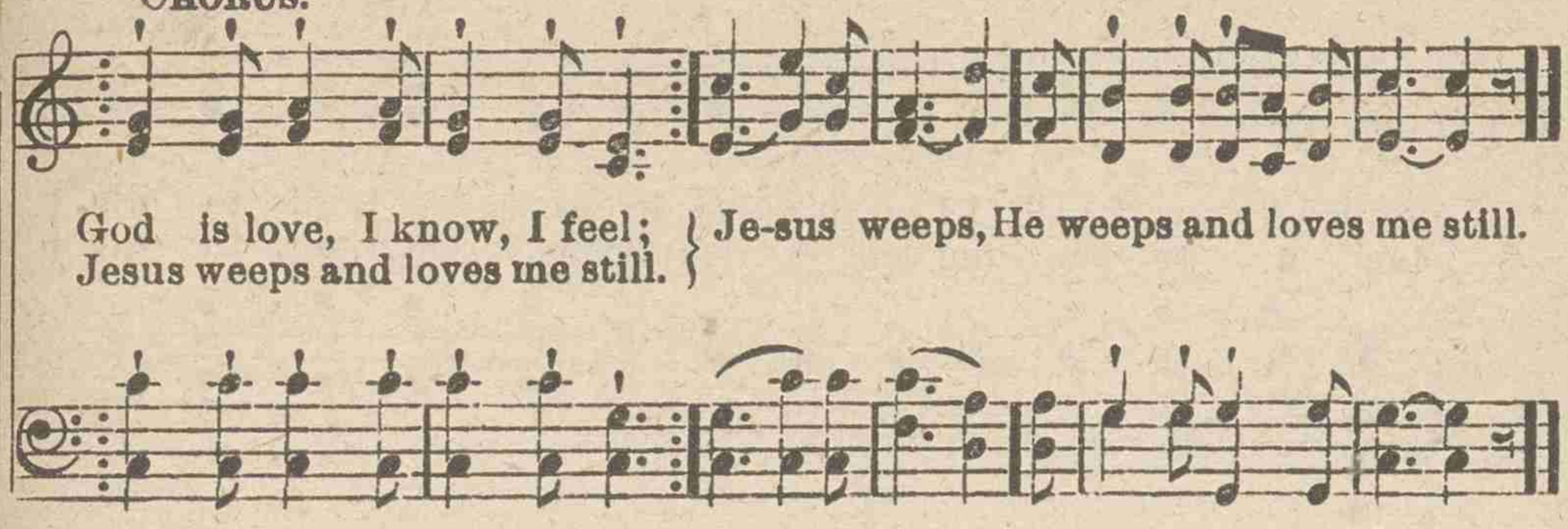
S. M. J. M. HUNT.

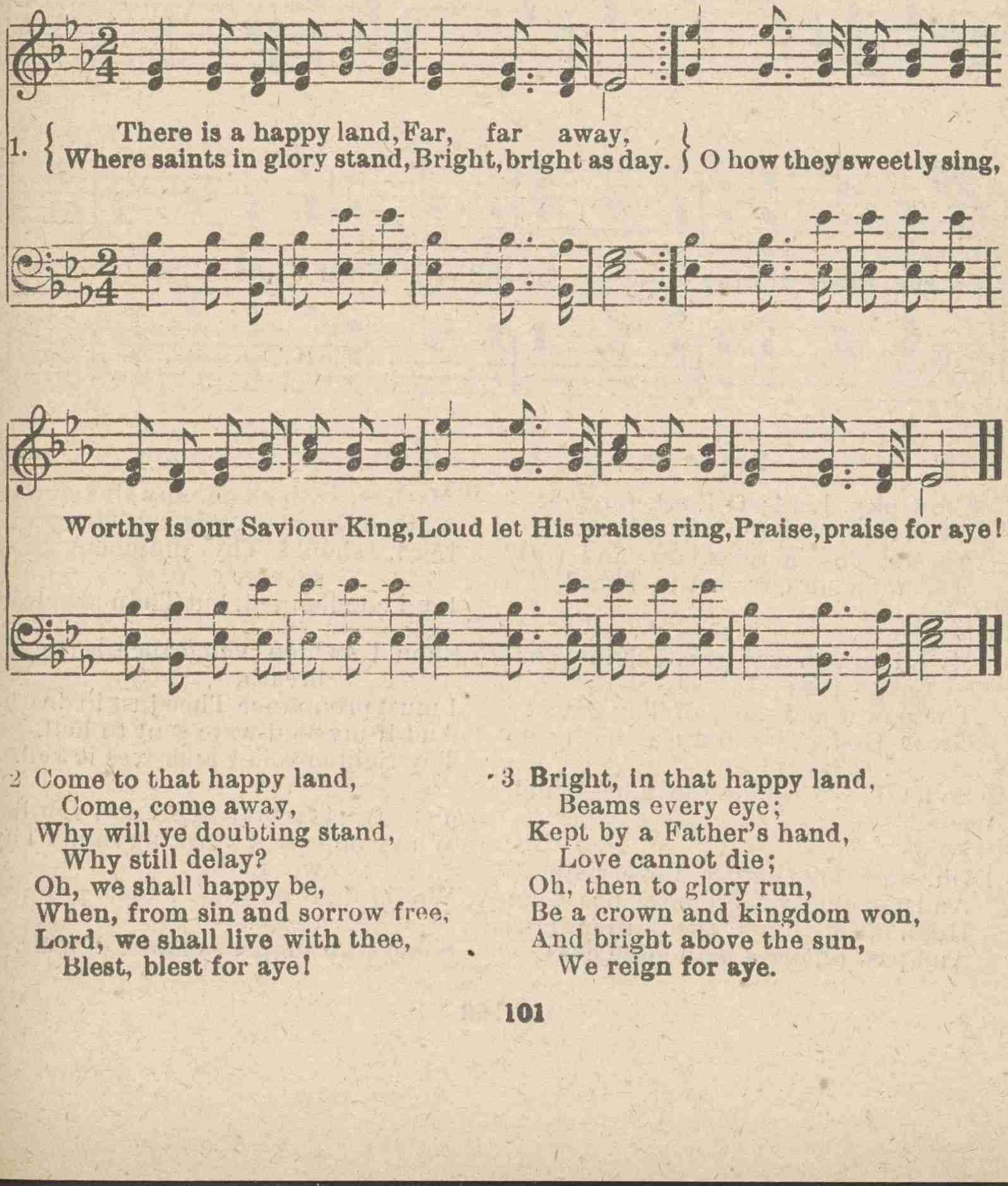


No. 119. America.

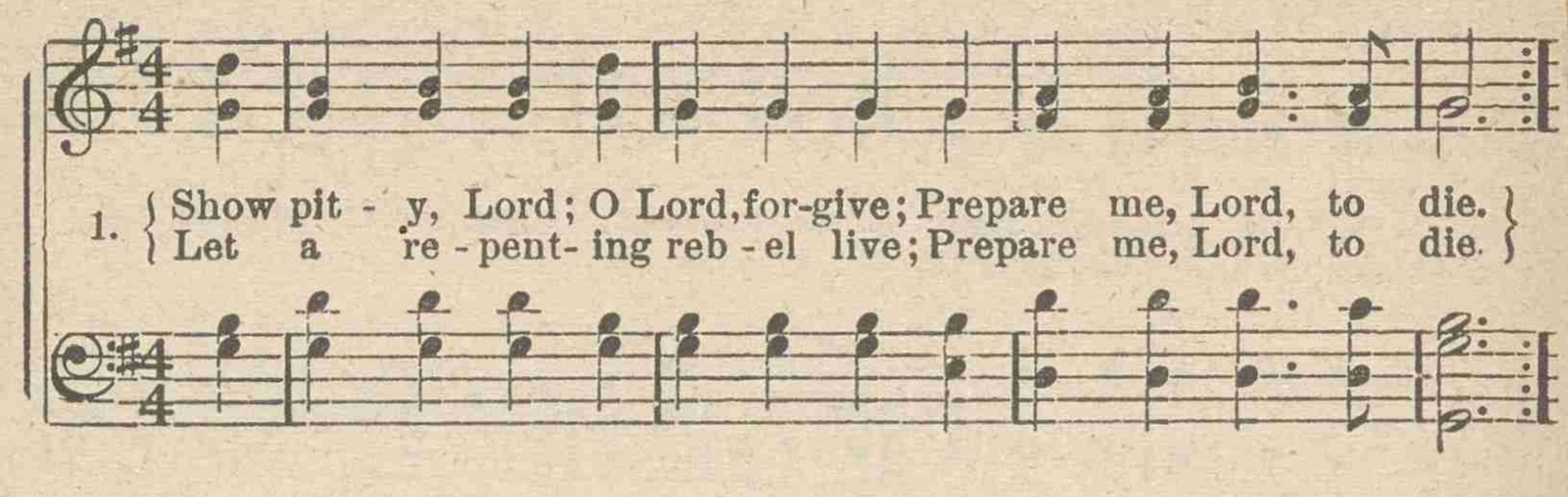
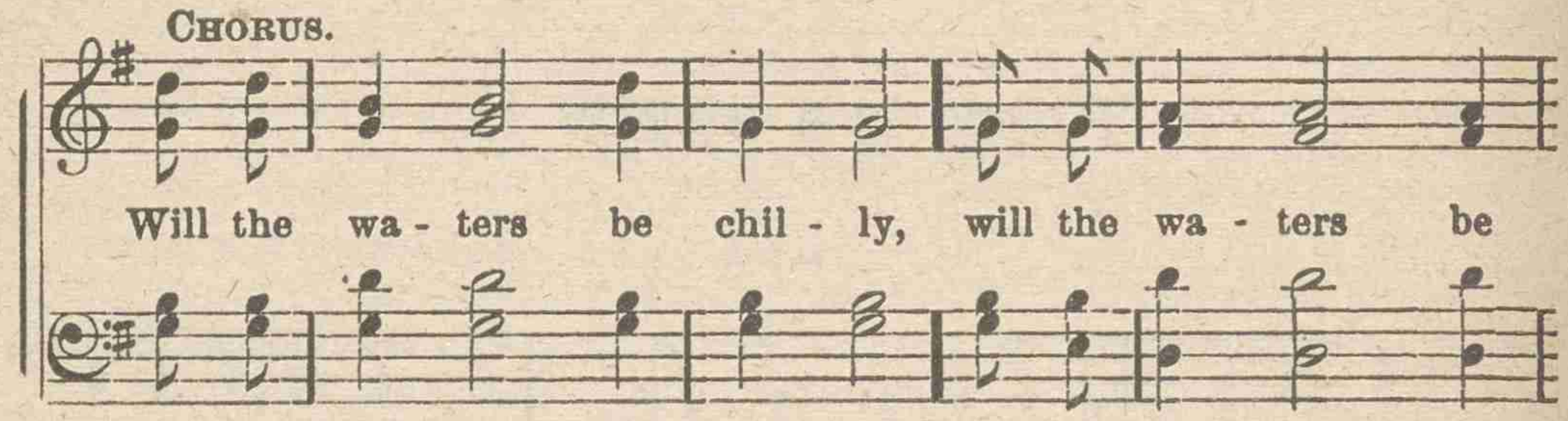
S. F. Smith. 6s & 4s.

No. 120. Depth of mercy.

Charles Wesley. 1740. 7s.

Depth of mercy. Concluded.

CHORUS.

No. 121. There is a happy land.

6s & 4s. Harmonized by J. M. HUNT.

2 Come to that happy land,
Come, come away,
Why will ye doubting stand,
Why still delay?
Oh, we shall happy be,
When, from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with thee,
Blest, blest for aye!

3 Bright, in that happy land,
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die;
Oh, then to glory run,
Be a crown and kingdom won,
And bright above the sun,
We reign for aye.

No. 122. Will the water be chilly?

1 Show pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not Thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in Thee?

2
My crimes, though great, cannot surpass
The power and glory of Thy grace:
Great God, Thy nature hath no bound;
So let Thy pardoning love be found.

3 Oh, wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here, on my heart, the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.

4 My lips, with shame, my sins confess
Against Thy law, against Thy grace;
Lord, should Thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemned, but Thou art clear.

5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce Thee just in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round Thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

No. 123. Going Home.

L. M.

1. My heavenly home is bright and fair; Nor pain, nor death can enter there:
   Its glitt'ring tow'rs the sun outshine; That heav'nly mansion shall be mine.
2. My Father's house is built on high, Far, far above the starry sky:
   When from this earthly prison free, That heav'nly mansion mine shall be.
3. Let others seek a home below, Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow;
   Be mine a hap - pier lot to own A heav'nly mansion near the throne.

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;

No. 124. O sing to me of heaven.

S. M. J. M. HUNT.

1. Oh, sing to me of heaven, When I am called to die!
2. When cold and sluggish drops Roll off my mar - ble brow,
3. When the last mo-ment comes, Oh, watch my dy - ing face!
4. Then to my raptured ears Let one sweet song be given;
5. Then close my sightless eyes, And lay me down to rest,
6. Then, 'round my senseless clay As - sem - ble those I love,

Sing songs of ho - ly ec - sta - cy, To waft my soul on high.
Burst forth in strains of joy - ful-ness, Let heaven be-gin be - low.
And catch the bright se - raph - ic gleam, Which o'er each feature plays.
Let mu - sic charm me last on earth, And greet me first in heaven.
And clasp my pale and i - cy hands Up - on my life - less breast.
And sing of heav'n, de - light-ful heav'n, My glo-rious home a-bove.

No. 125. My home is there.

J. M. HUNT.

1. A - bove the waves of earth - ly strife, A - bove the
2. Where liv-ing foun - tains sweet-ly flow, Where buds and
3. A - way from sor - row, doubt and pain, A - way from
4. Be-yond the bright and pearl - y gates, Where Je - sus,

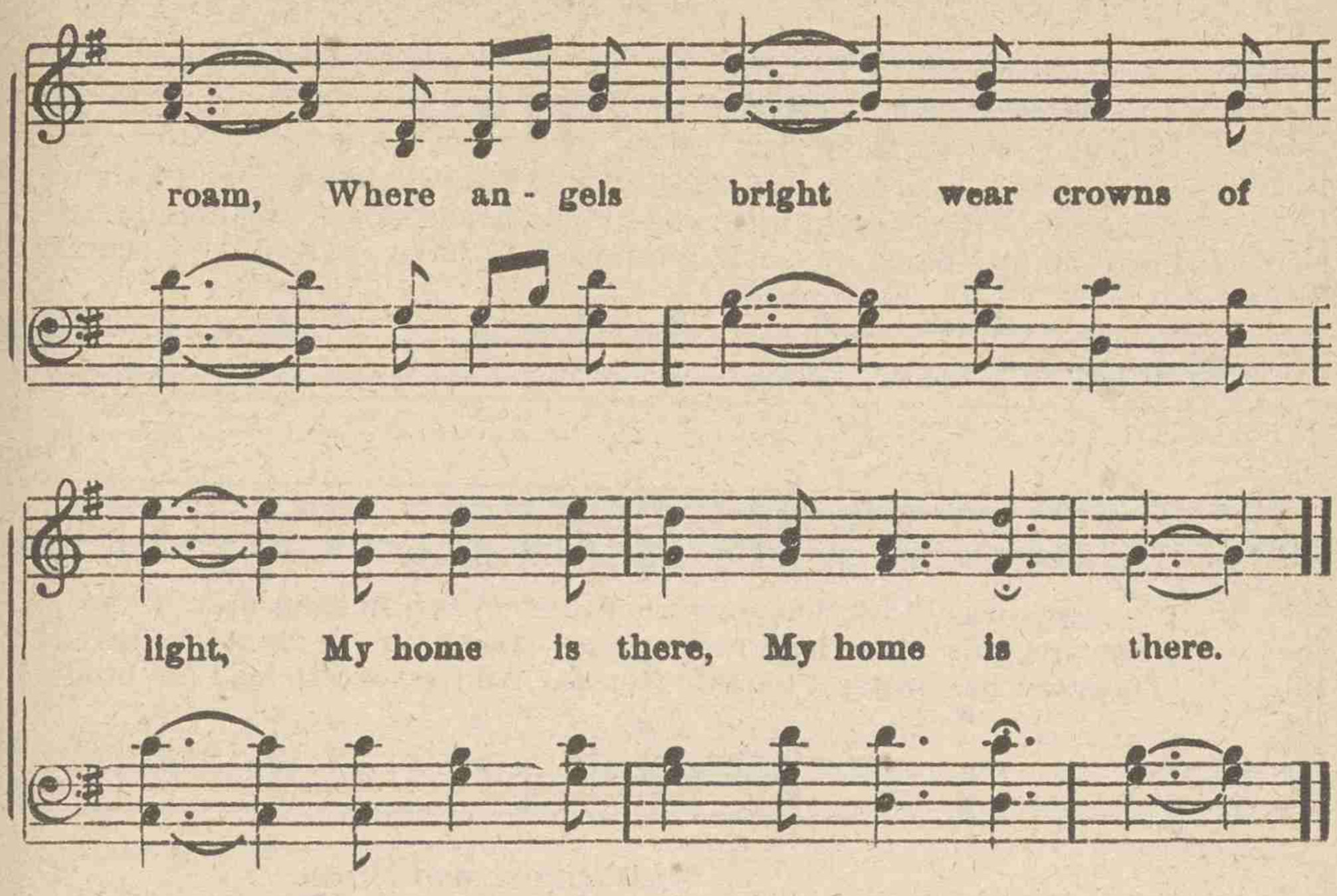
ills and cares of life, Where all is peace - ful, bright and
flowers im-mor - tal grow, Where trees their fruits ce - les - tial
world - ly loss and gain, From all temp - ta - tion, tears and
lov - ing Sav - iour, waits, Where all is peace - ful, bright and

CHORUS.

fair; My home is there, My home is there. My beau - ti - ful
bear; My home is there, My home is there.
care; My home is there, My home is there.
fair; My home is there, My home is there.

home, My beautiful home, In the land where the glorified ever shall

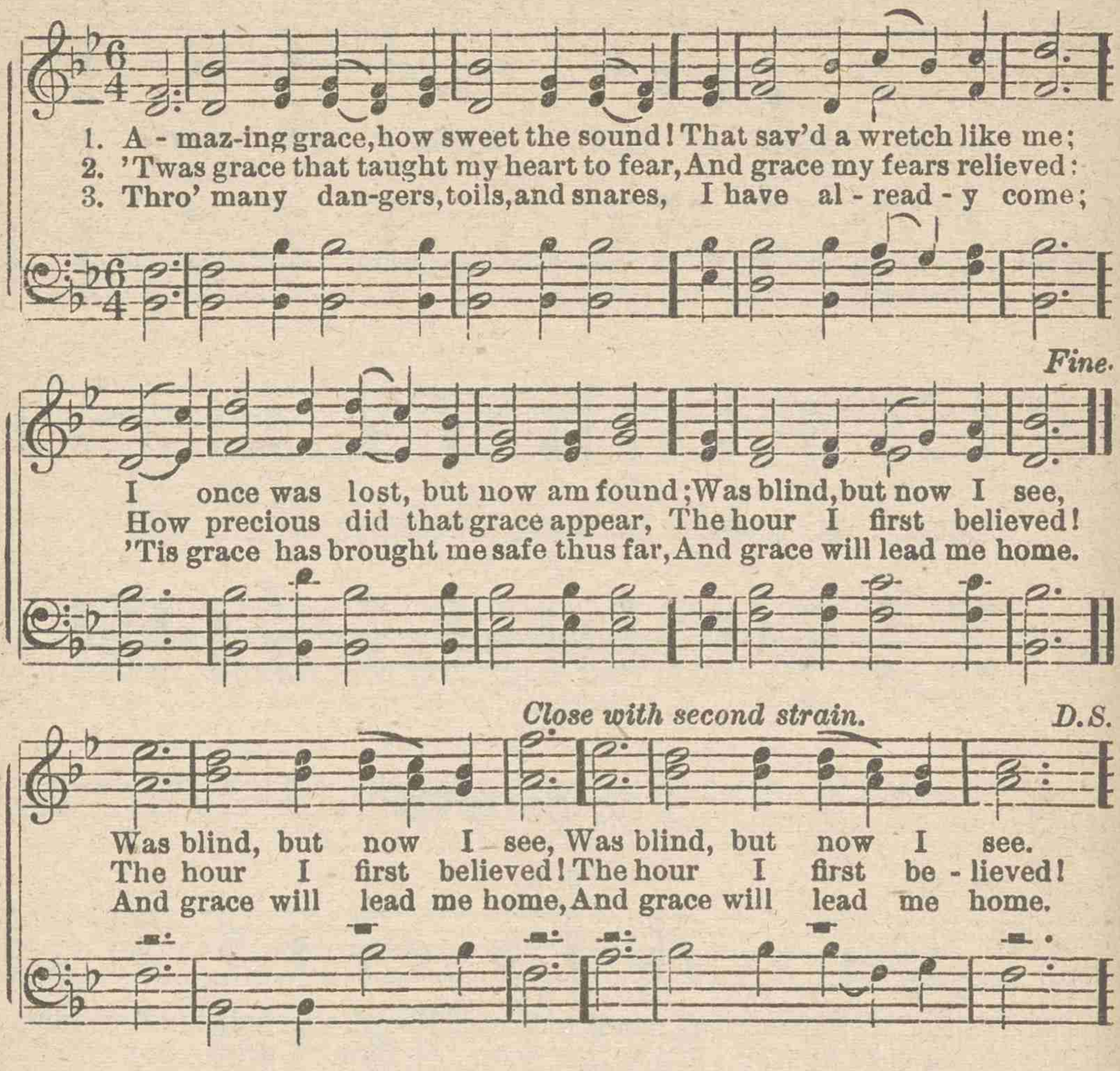
Words by Mrs. M. A. Kidder. Copyrighted, 1867, by Wm. B. Bradbury. Used by per. Biglow & Main.

My home is there. Concluded.

No. 126. I do believe.

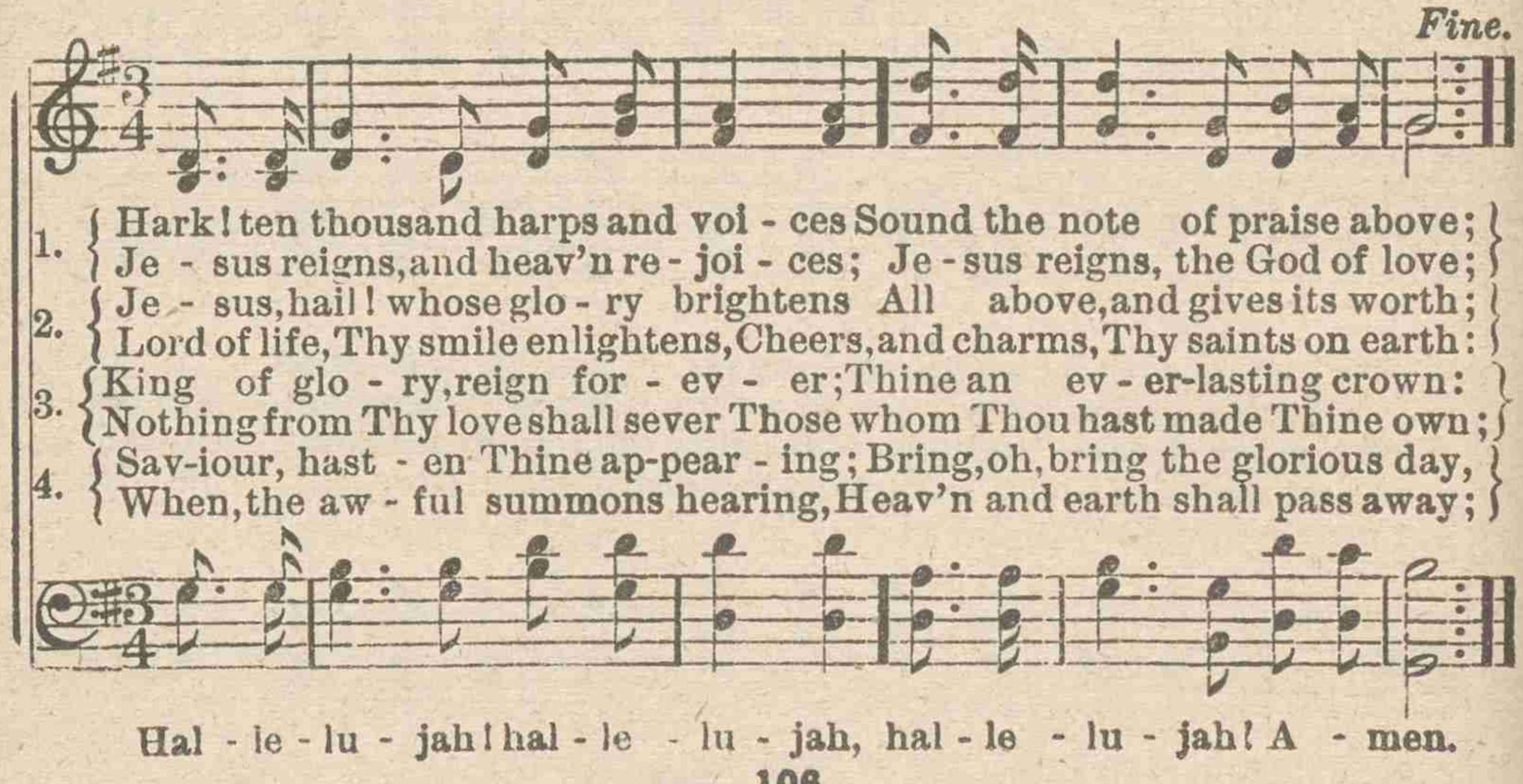
C. WESLEY. C. M.

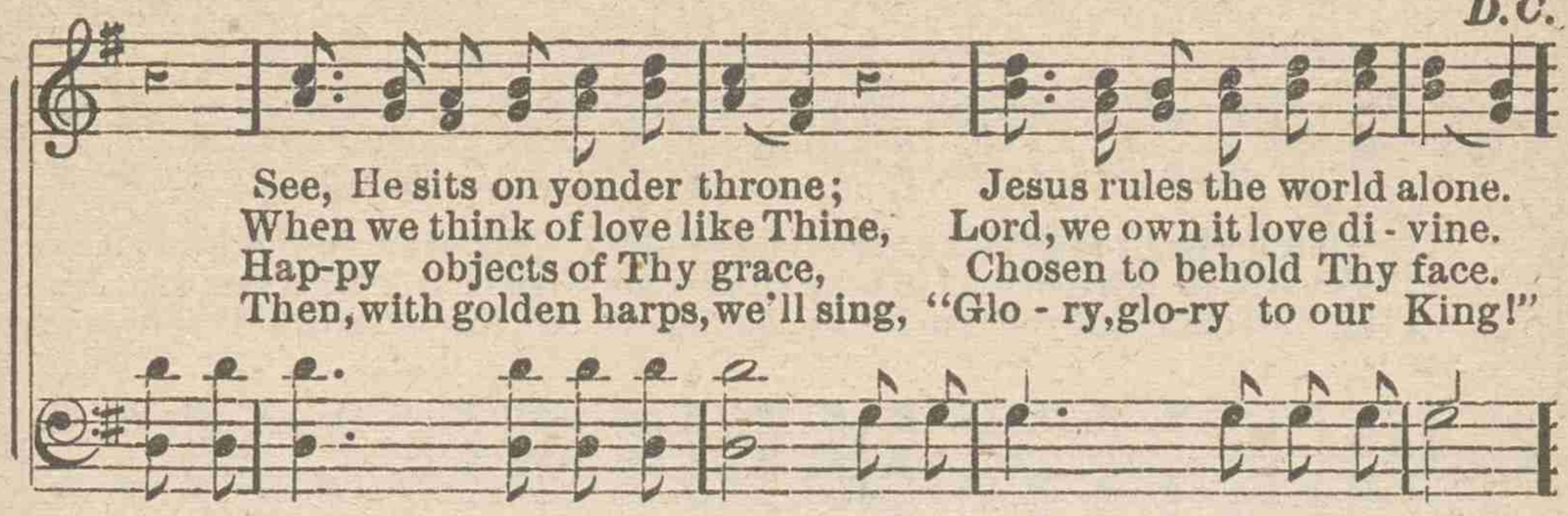
No. 127. Amazing grace.

C. M.



No. 128. Harwell.

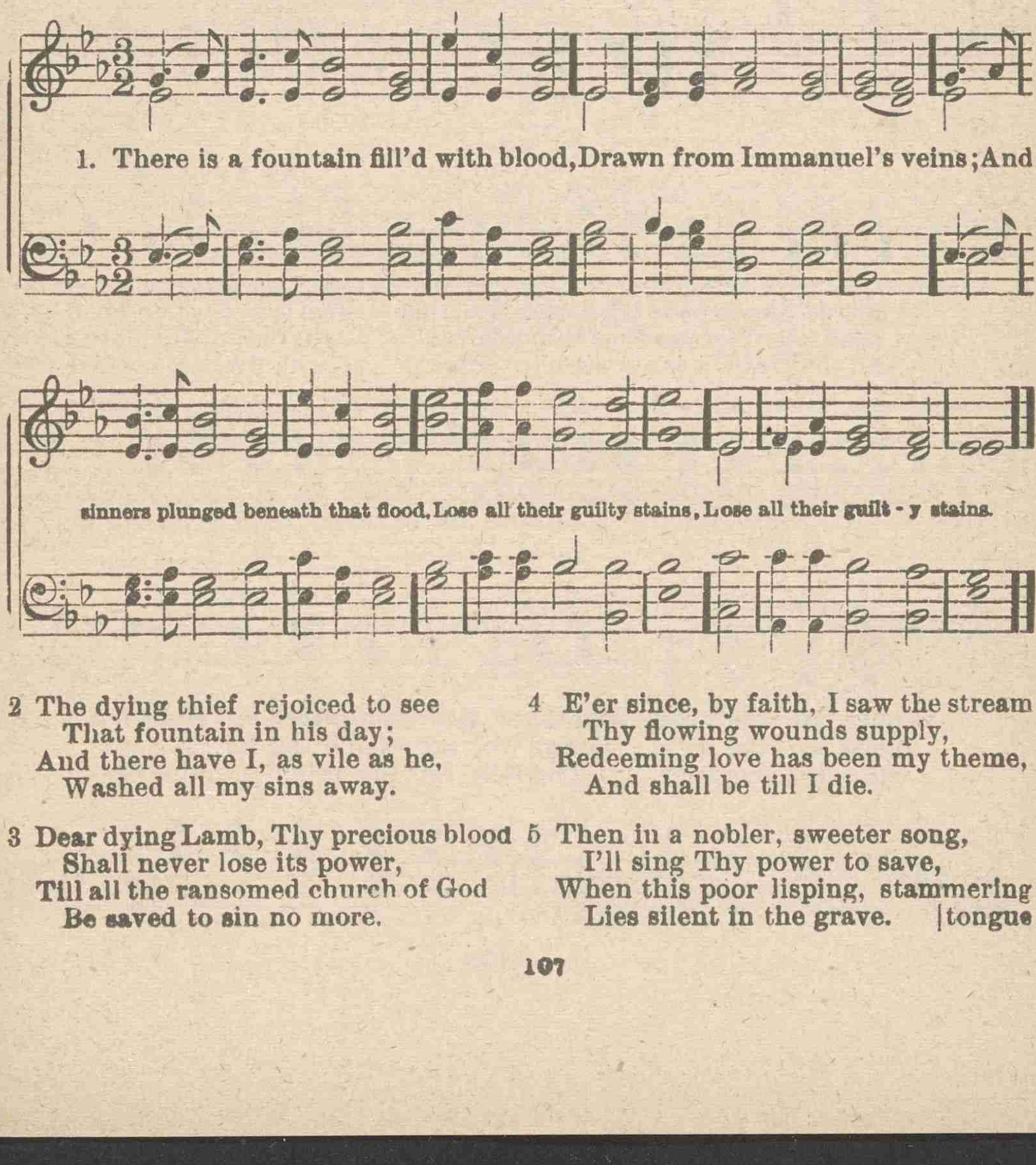
THOMAS KELLY, 1836. 8s & 7s. L. MASON.

Harwell. Concluded.



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

No. 129. Cowper.

WILLIAM COWPER, 1779. C. M. T. HASTINGS.



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

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

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

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

No. 130. Let the little ones come unto Me.

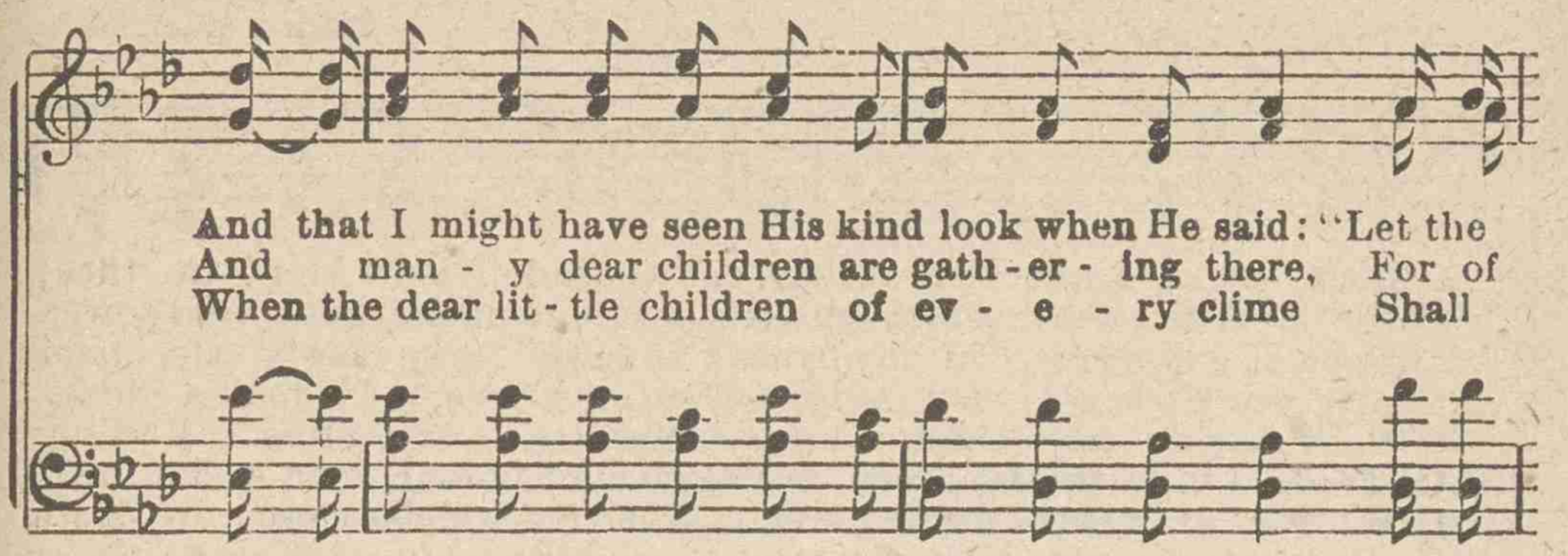
J. M. HUNT.

Slowly.

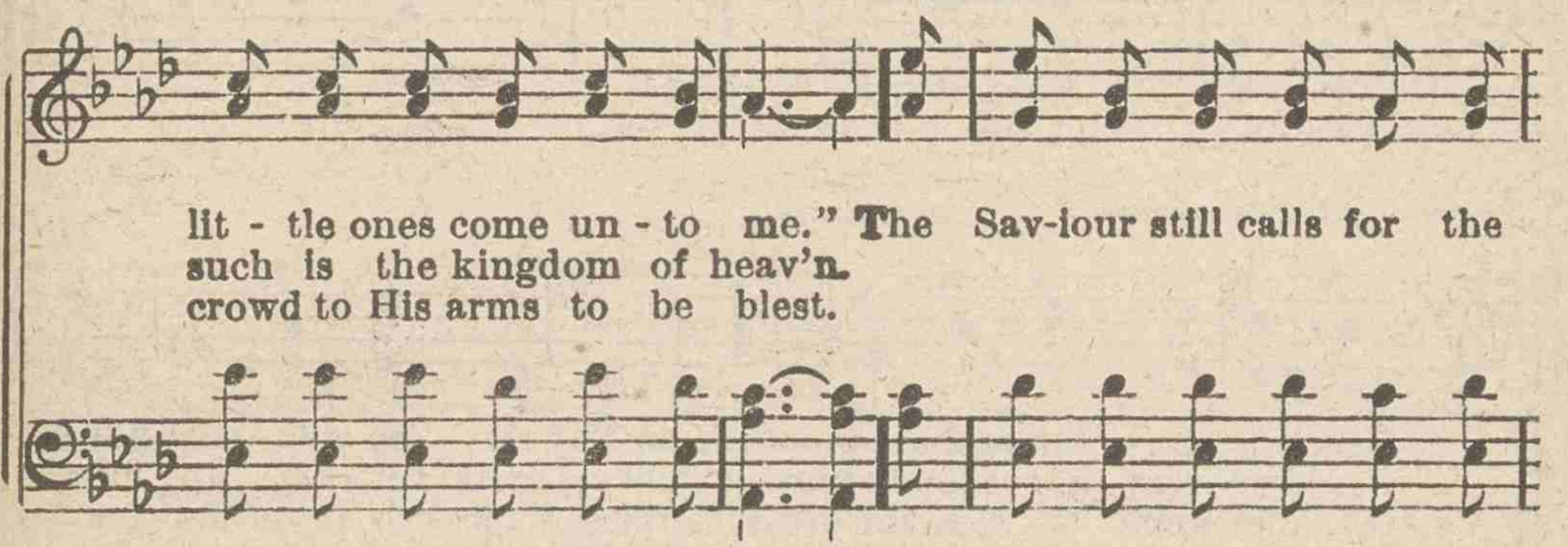
1. I think when I read that sweet story of old, When Jesus dwelt here among men; How He call'd lit-tle children as lambs to His fold,
2. Yet still to His footstool in pray'r I may go And ask for a share in His love; And if I thus earn-est - ly seek Him be - low,
3. But thousands and thousands who wander and fall, Never heard of that heavenly home; I should like them to know there is room for them all,

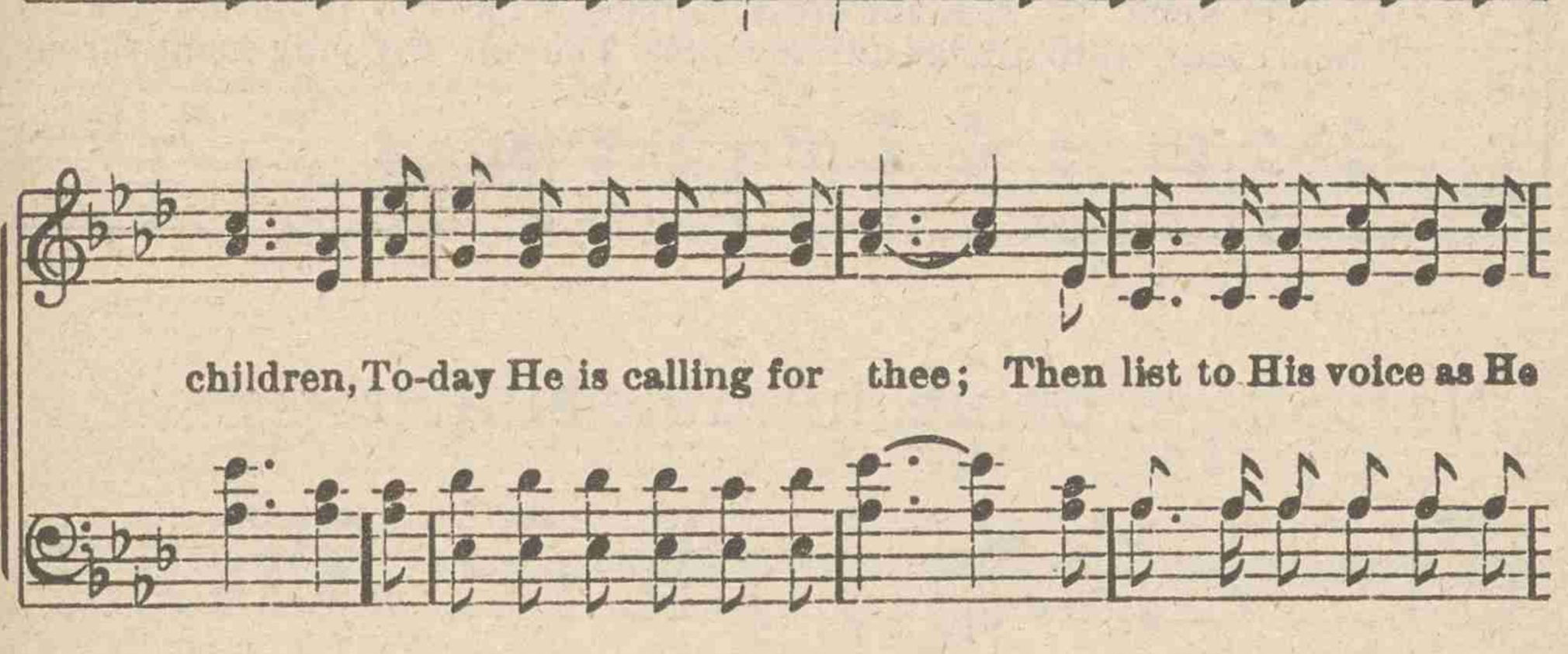
I should like to have been with Him then; I wish that His hand had been
I shall hear Him, and see Him a-bove; In that beautiful place He is
And that Jesus has bid them to come; I long for that blessed and

put on my head, And that I had been placed on His knee;
gone to pre-pare, For all who are wash'd and for-giv - en;
glo - ri - ous time, The fair - est, the bright-est, the best;

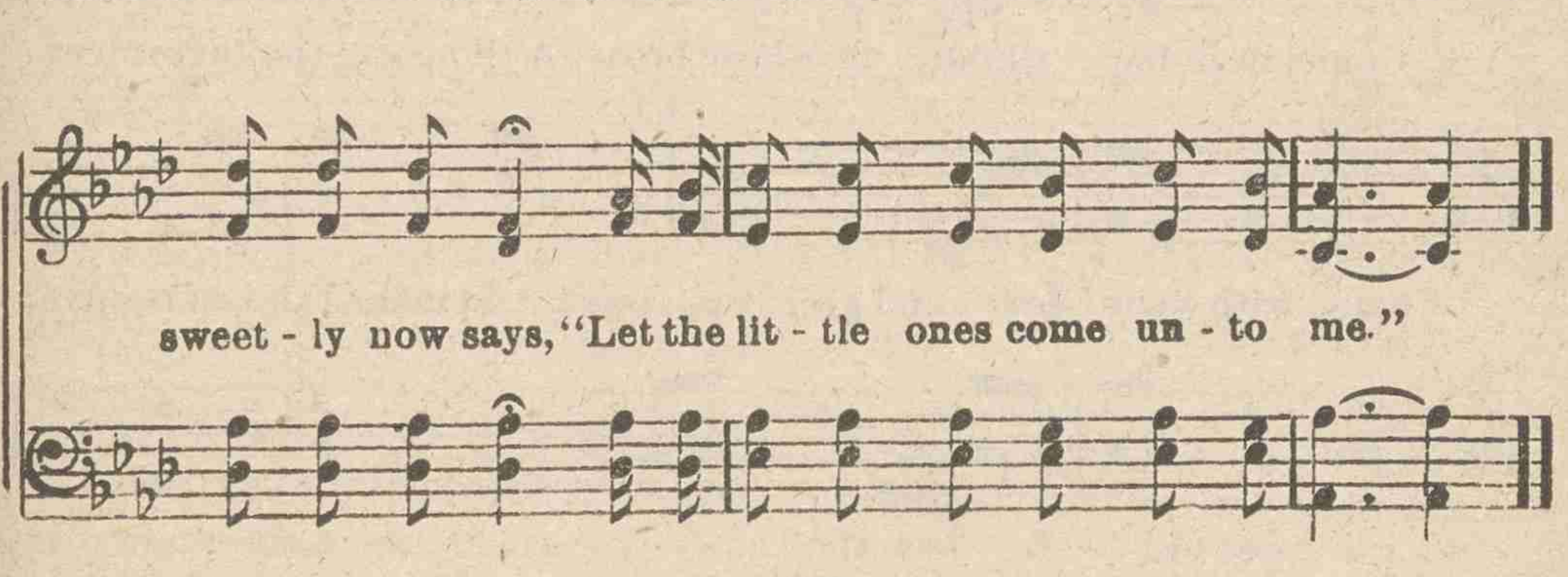


And that I might have seen His kind look when He said: "Let the
And man - y dear children are gath - er - ing there, For of
When the dear lit - tle children of ev - e - ry clime Shall

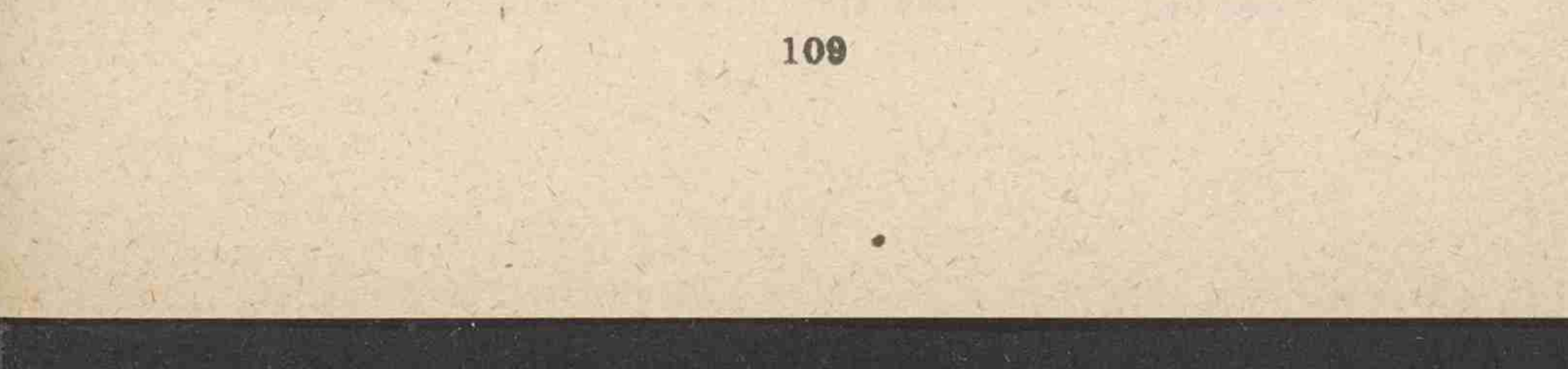
CHORUS.

lit - tle ones come un - to me." The Sav-iour still calls for the
such is the kingdom of heav'n.
crowd to His arms to be blest.



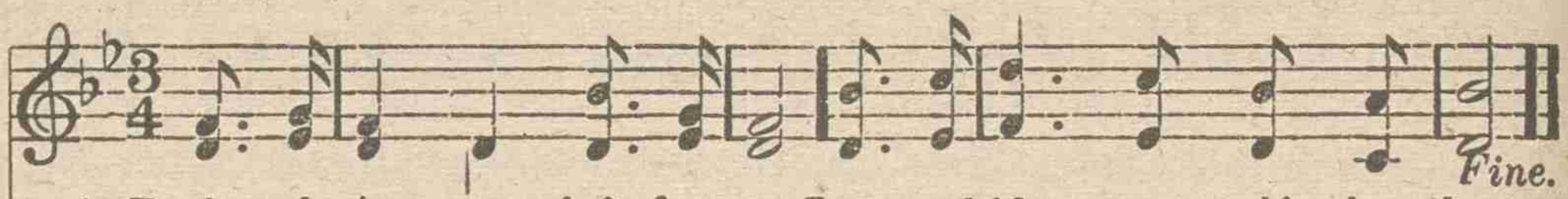
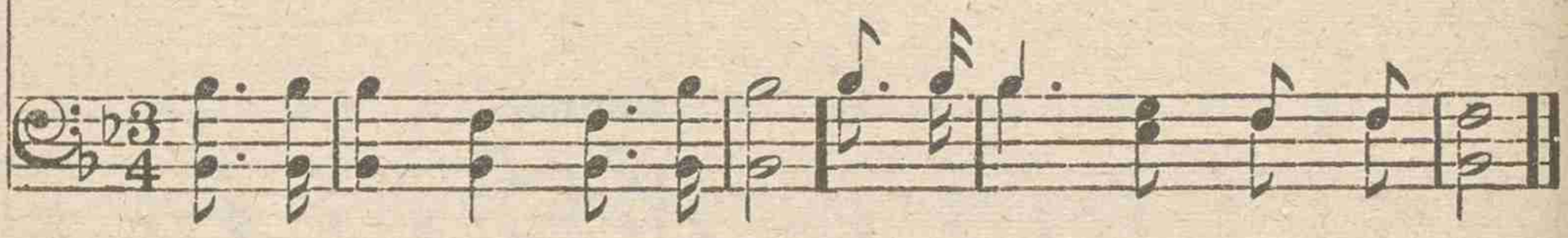
children, To-day He is calling for thee; Then list to His voice as He

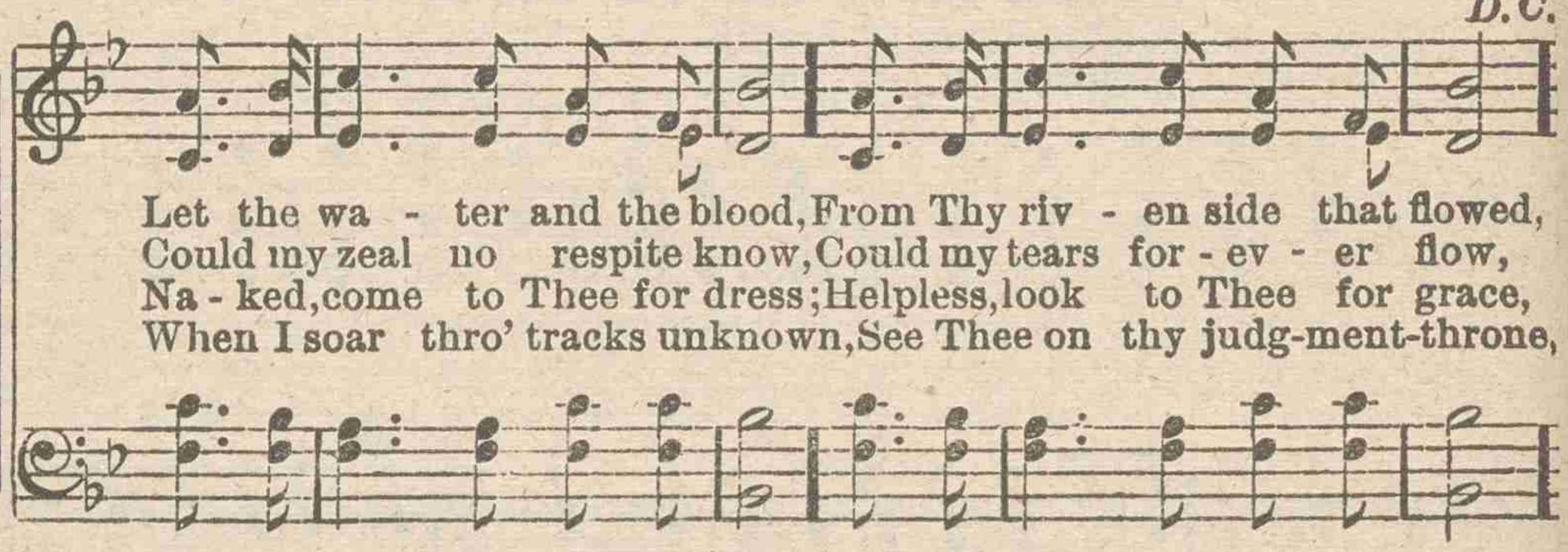


sweet - ly now says, "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to me."

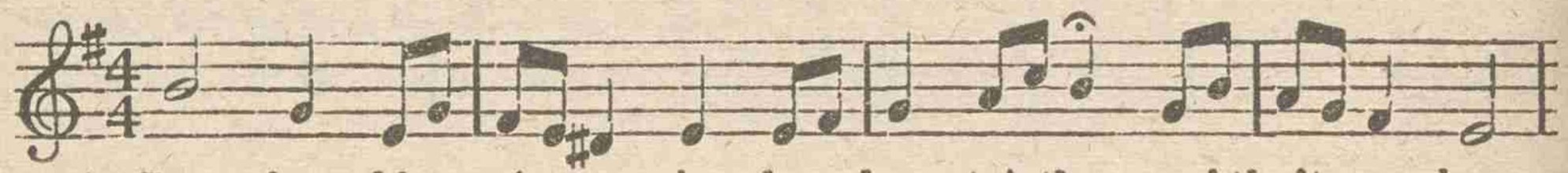


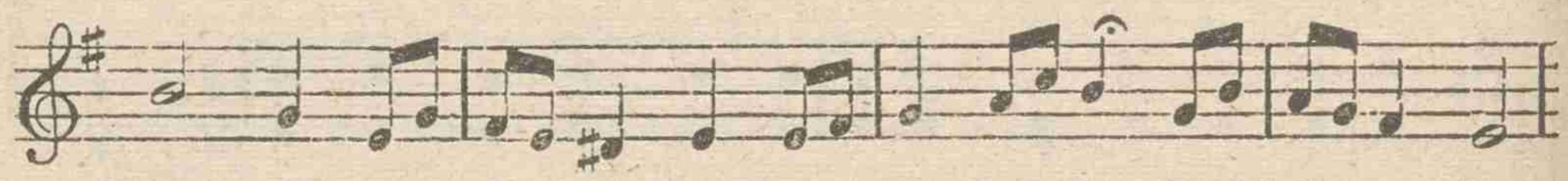
No. 131. Rock of Ages.

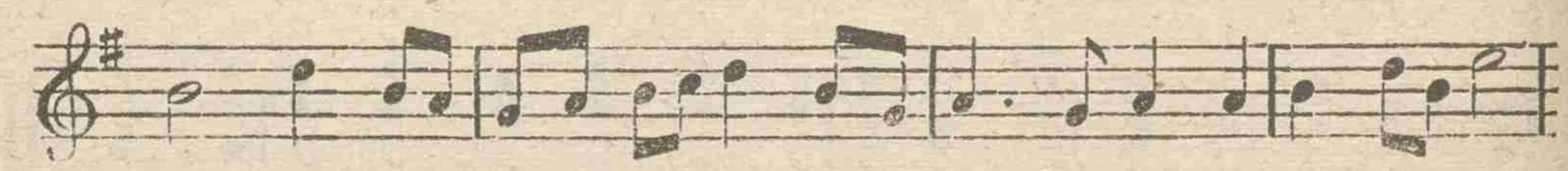
AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY, 1776. 7s. 6 lines. THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee;
D.C. Be of sin the double cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power.
2. Not the la - bors of my hands Can ful-fil thy law's de-mands;
D.C. All for sin could not a-tone, Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.
3. Noth - ing in my hand I bring, Simply to thy cross I cling;
D.C. Foul, I to the fountain fly: Wash me, Sav-iour, or I die!
4. Whilst I draw this fleeting breath, When my eyelids close in death,
D.C. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee.

D.C.

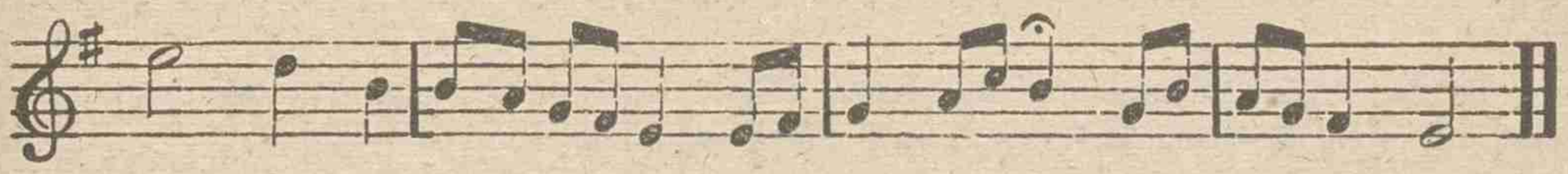


Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side that flowed,
Could my zeal no respite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
Na - ked, come to Thee for dress; Helpless, look to Thee for grace,
When I soar thro' tracks unknown, See Thee on thy judg-ment-throne,

No. 132. Come, humble sinner.

1. Come, hum-ble sinner, in whose breast A thousand tho'ts revolve;



Come, with your fear and guilt oppressed, And make this last resolve;

I'll go to Je - sus, tho' my sin Hath like a mountain rose;

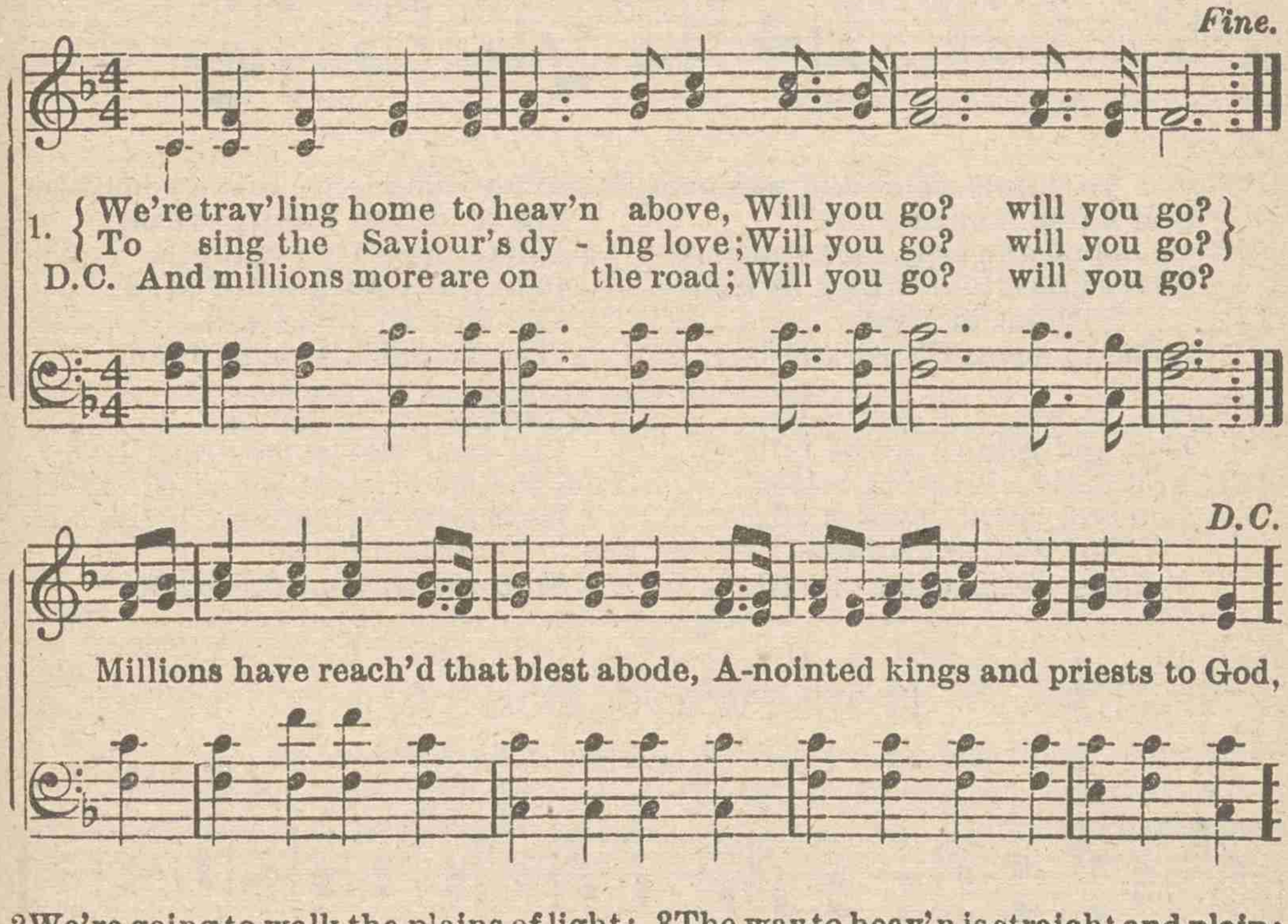
Come, humble sinner. Concluded.

I know His courts; I'll en - ter in, Whatev - er may op-pose.

2 "I'll prostrate lie before His throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell Him I'm a wretch undone,
Without His sovereign grace.
I'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives:
Perhaps He may command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives.

3 "Perhaps He will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my pray'r;
But, if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.
I can but perish if I go;
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must for ever die."

No. 133. Will you go?

8s & 3s. WESTERN MELODY.



1. { We're trav'ling home to heav'n above, Will you go? will you go?
To sing the Saviour's dy - ing love; Will you go? will you go? }
D.C. And millions more are on the road; Will you go? will you go?

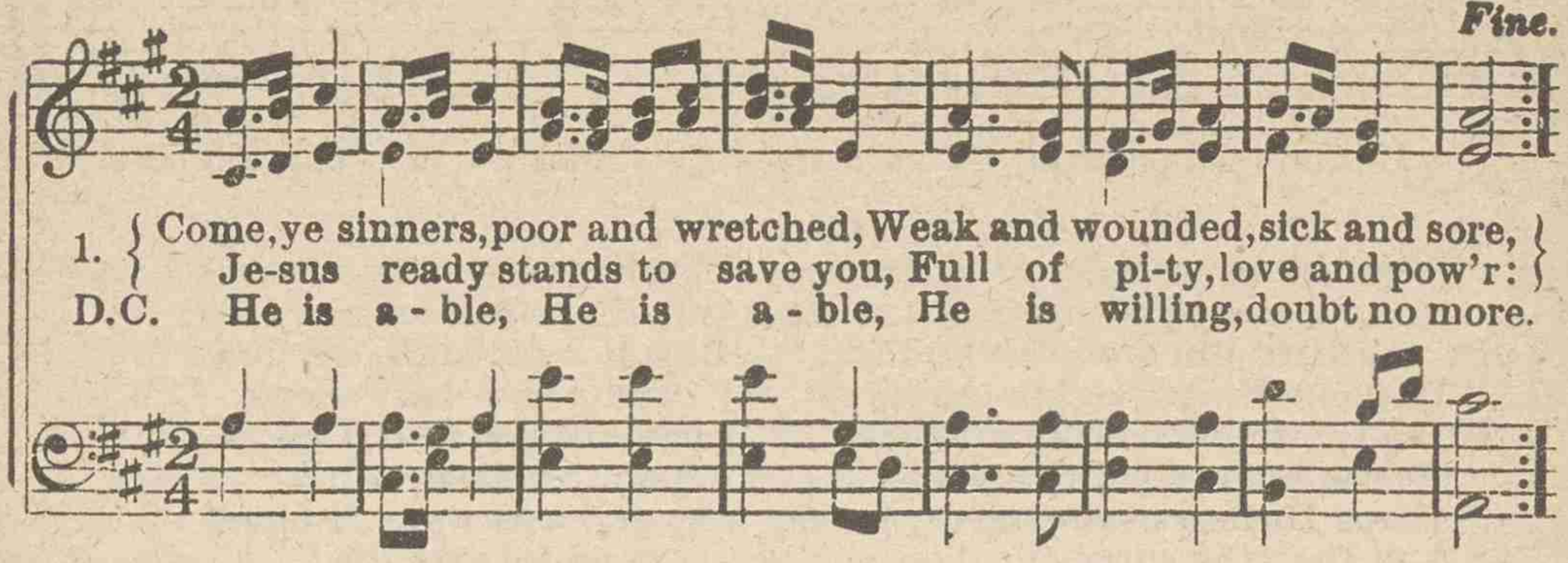
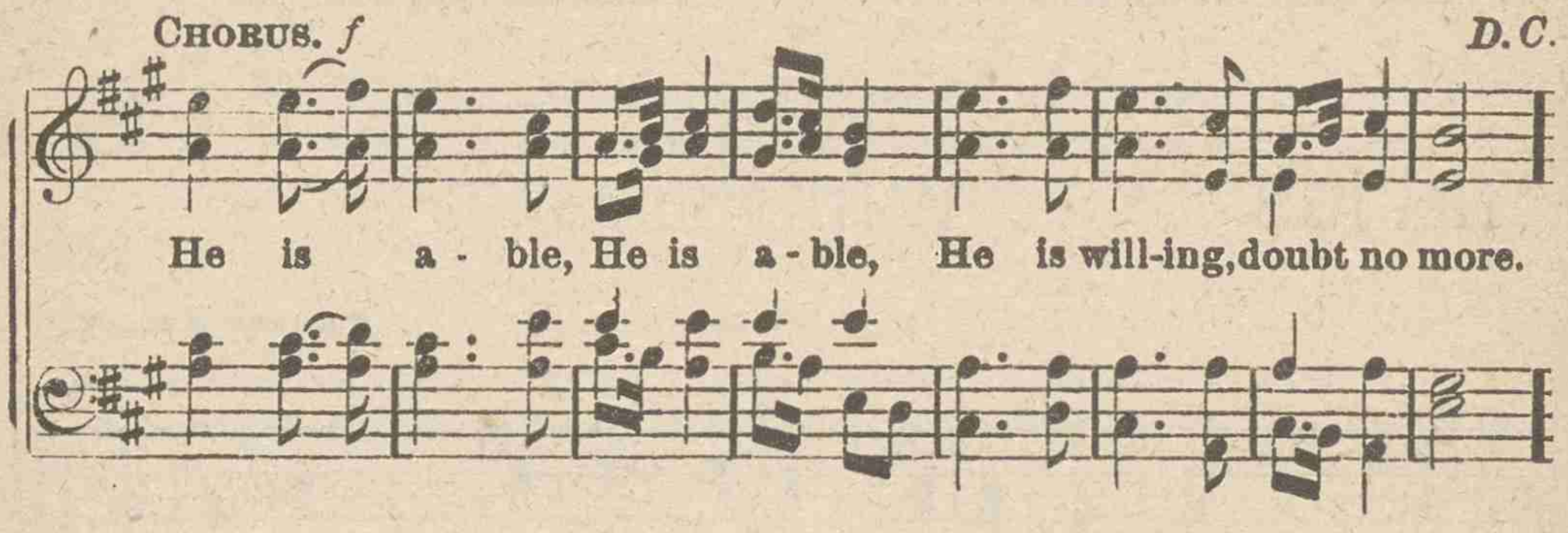
Millions have reach'd that blest abode, A-nointed kings and priests to God,

2 We're going to walk the plains of light;
Will you go?
Far, far from curse and death and night;
Will you go?
The crown of life we then shall wear,
The conqu'ror's palm we then shall bear,
And all the joys of heav'n we'll share;
Will you go?

3 The way to heav'n is straight and plain;
Will you go?
Repent, believe, be born again;
Will you go?
The Saviour cries aloud to thee,
"Take up your cross and follow me,
And thou shalt my salvation see,"
Will you go?

No. 134. Invitation.

8s, 7s & 4s.



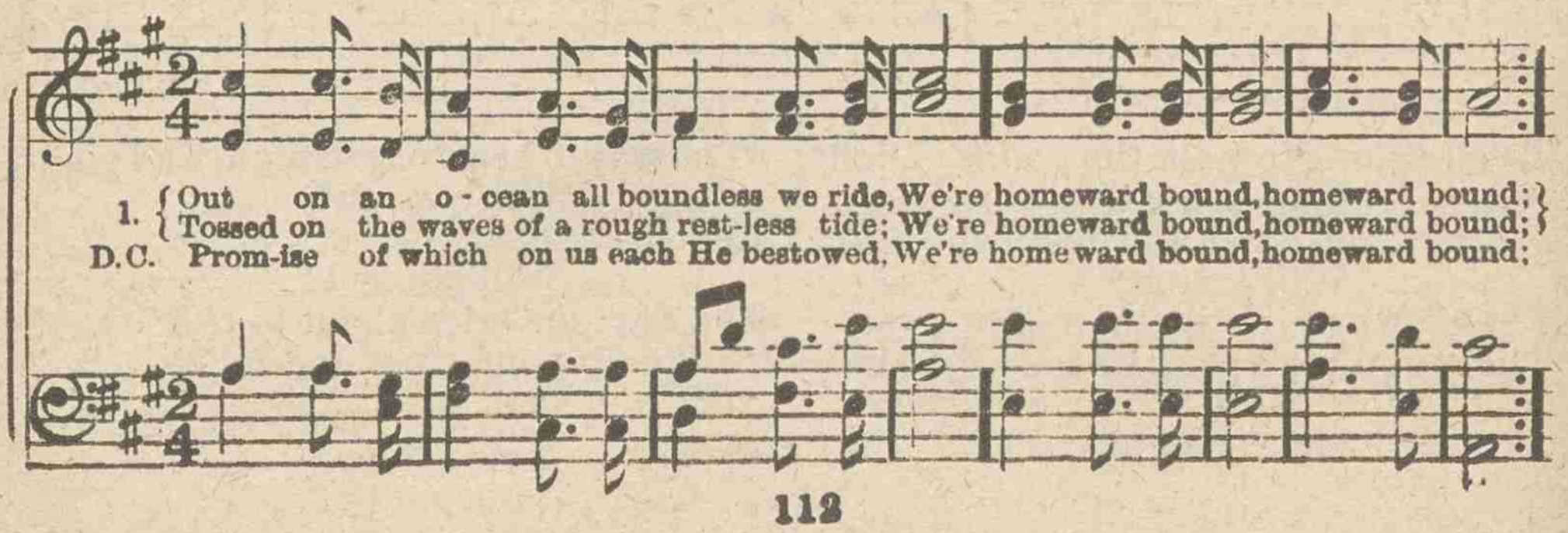
2 Come, ye thirsty, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh—
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy,

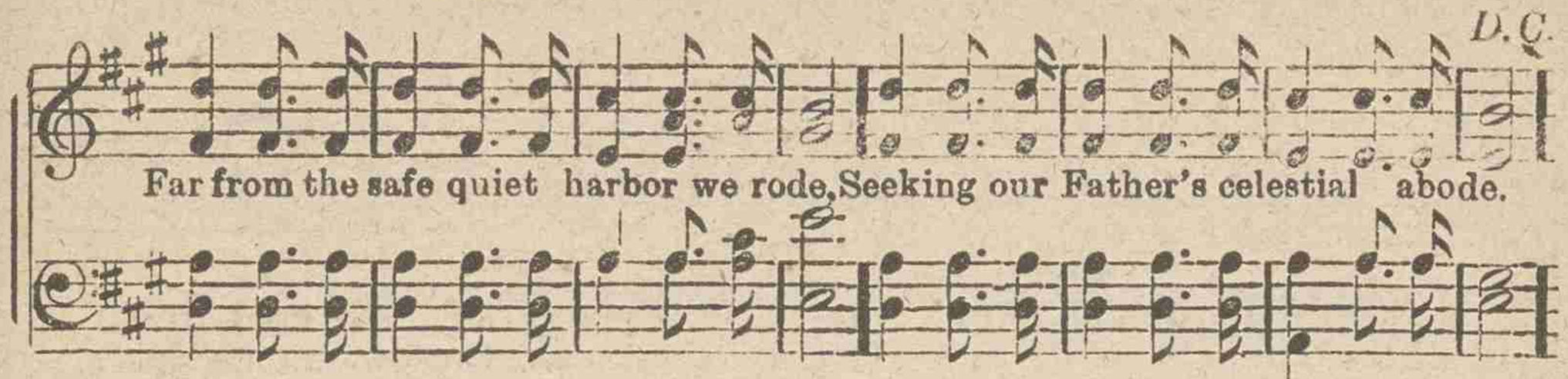
3 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Lost and ruined by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all:
Not the righteous—
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

4 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth,
Is to feel your need of Him:
This He gives you—
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Maker prostrate lies!
On the bloody tree behold Him;
Hear Him cry before He dies,
"It is finished!"
Sinners, will not this suffice?

No. 135. Homeward Bound.

J. W. Dadmun.

Homeward bound. Concluded.



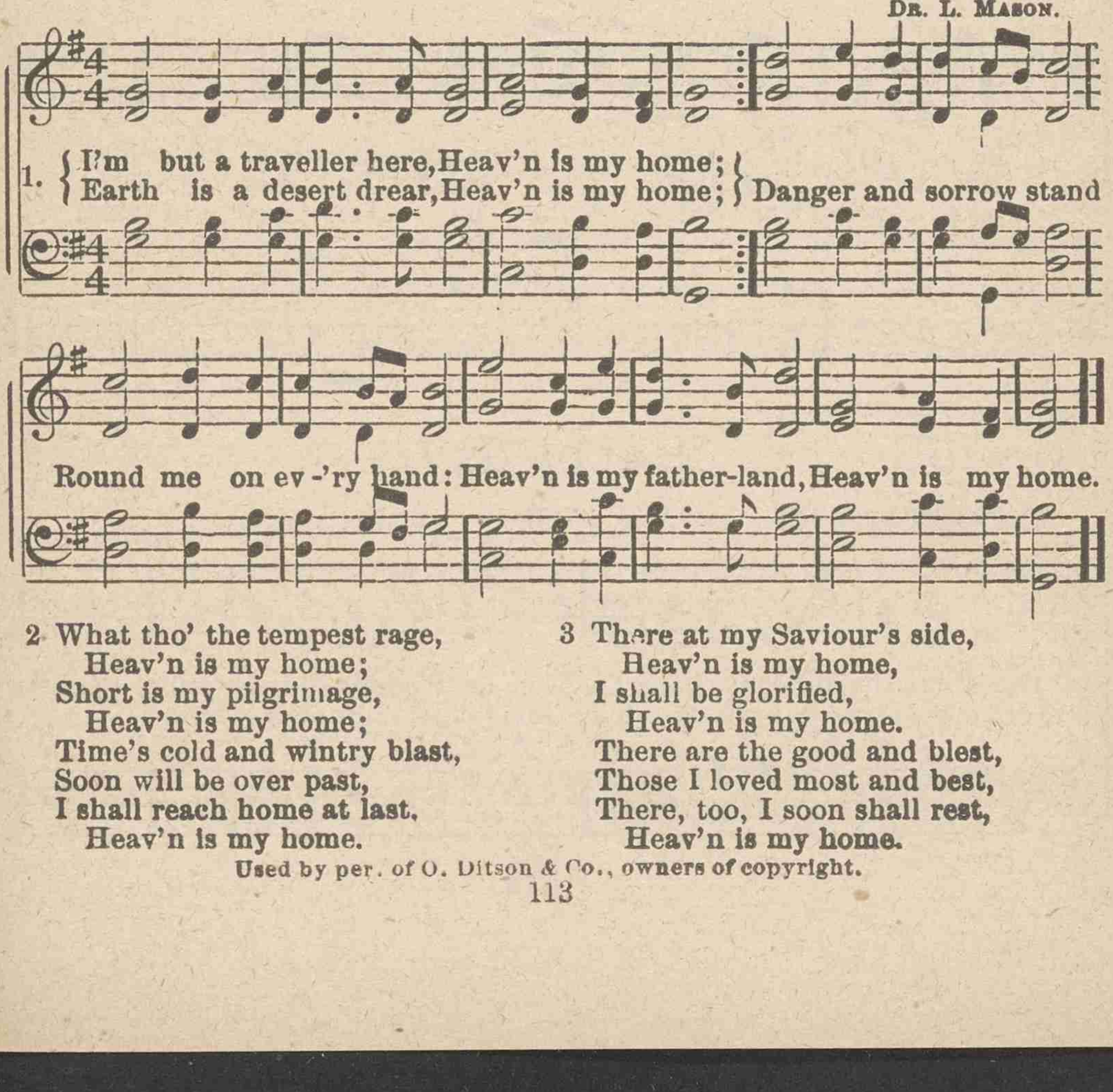
2 Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars;
We're homeward bound;
Look! yonder lie the bright heavenly shores,
We're homeward bound:
Steady! O pilot! stand firm at the wheel,
Steady, we soon shall outweather the gale,
Oh! how we fly 'neath the loud creaking sail,
We're homeward bound.

3 We'll tell the world as we journey along,
We're homeward bound;
Try to persuade them to enter our throng,
We're homeward bound;
Come, trembling sinner, forlorn and oppressed,
Join in our number, O come and be blest;
Journey with us to the mansions of rest,
We're homeward bound.

4 Into the harbor of heaven we now 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;
We stand secure on the glorified shore,
Glory to God! we will shout evermore,
We're home at last.

No. 136. Heaven is my home.

DR. L. MASON.



2 What tho' the tempest rage,
Heav'n is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heav'n is my home;
Time's cold and wintry blast,
Soon will be over past,
I shall reach home at last.
Heav'n is my home.

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

Used by per. of O. Ditson & Co., owners of copyright.

No. 137. Lischer.

H. M.

1. Welcome, de-light - ful morn; Sweet day of sa - cred rest,
   I hail thy kind re - turn; Lord, make these moments blest:
2. Now may the King des - cend, And fills His throne of grace;
   Thy scep-tre, Lord, ex - tend, While saints address Thy face;
3. Descend, ce - les - tial Dove, With all Thy quickening powers,
   Disclose a Sav - iour's love, And bless the sa - cred hours:

From low de - sires And fleeting toys, I soar to reach Im -
Let sin - ners feel Thy quickening word, And learn to know And
Then shall my soul New life obtain, Nor Sabbaths be En -

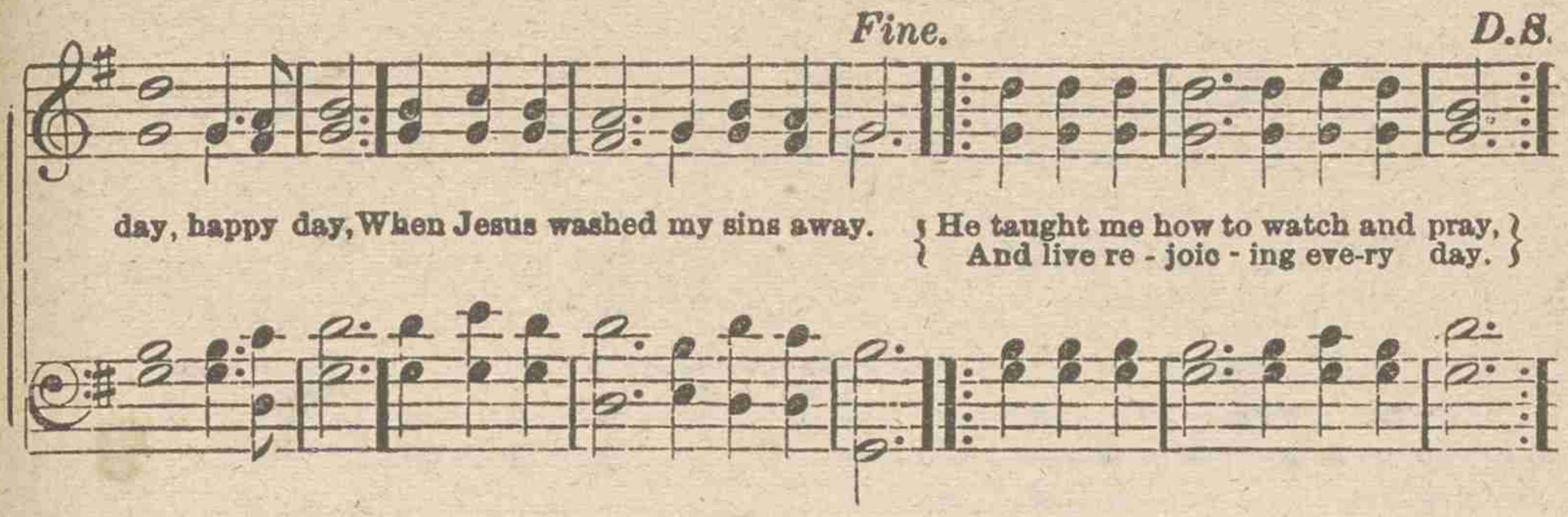
mortal joys, I soar to reach Im - mor - tal joys.
fear the Lord, And learn to know And fear the Lord.
joyed in vain, Nor Sab - baths be En - joyed in vain.

No. 138. Happy day.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1755. L. M.

𝄋 CHORUS.

1. O happy day, that fix'd my choice On Thee, my Saviour and my God! } Happy
   Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all abroad. }

Happy day. Concluded.

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love:
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done:
I am my Lord's, and He is mine:
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now, rest, my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful centre rest;
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When called on angel's bread to feast.

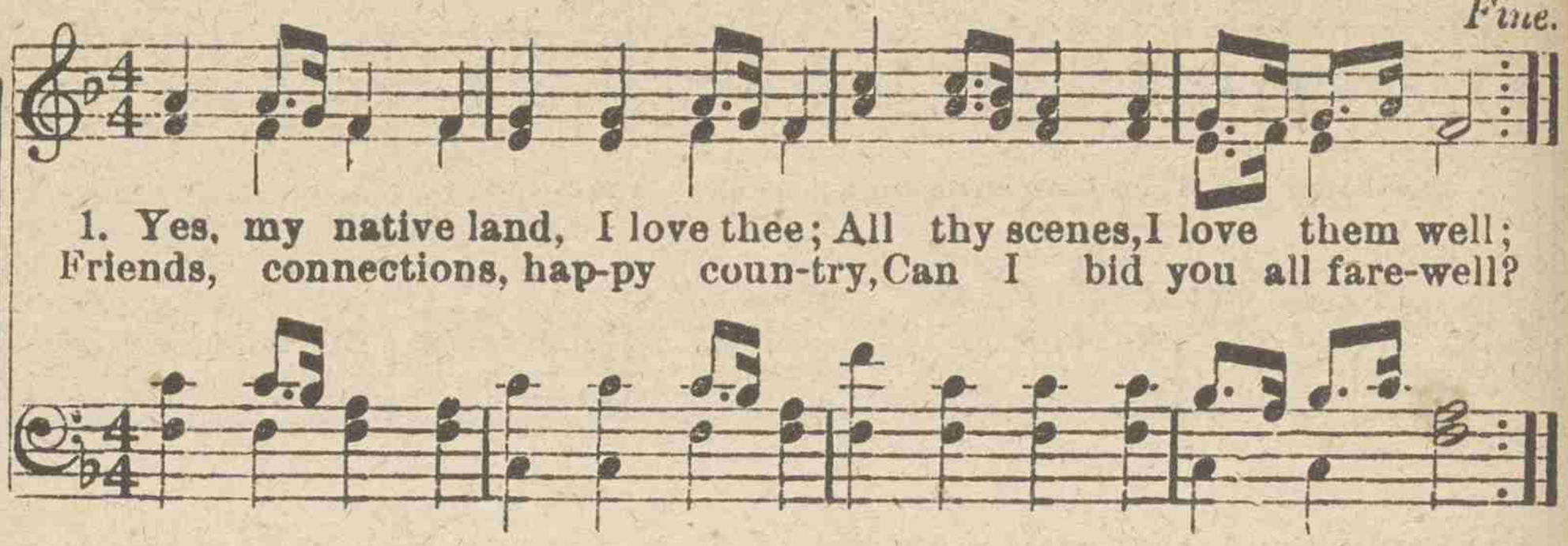
5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear;
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

No. 139. Pilgrim.

2 The pleasant fields of Paradise
So glorious to behold;
The valleys clad in living green,
The mountains paved with gold;
The trees of life with heavenly fruit,
Behold how rich they stand;
Blow, gentle gales, and bear my soul
Away to Canaan's land.

4 Already to my raptured sight
The blissful fields arise;
And plenty spreads her smiling stars,
Inviting to my eyes;
O sweet abode of endless rest,
I soon shall travel there;
Nor earth nor all her empty joys,
Shall long detain me here.

No. 140. Greenville.

8s, 7s & 4. ROSSEAU.

2 Home, thy joys are passing lovely,
Joys no stranger heart can tell;
Happy home, indeed I love thee;
Can I, can I say, "Farewell?"
Can I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

3 Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
Holy days and Sabbath bell,
Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure,
Can I say a last farewell?
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

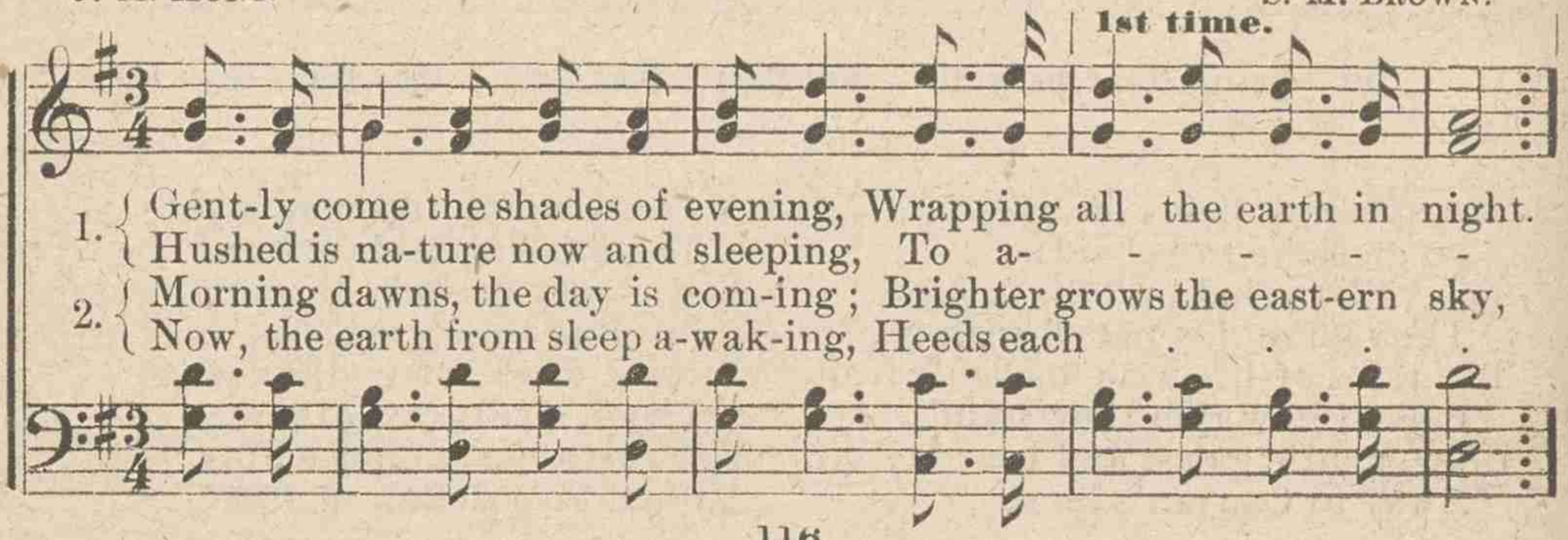
4 Yes, I hasten from you gladly,
From the scenes I loved so well;
Far away, ye billows, bear me;
Lovely native land, farewell.
Pleased I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

5 In the desert let me labor;
On the mountains let me tell
How He died,—the blessed Saviour,
To redeem a world from hell.
Let me hasten,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

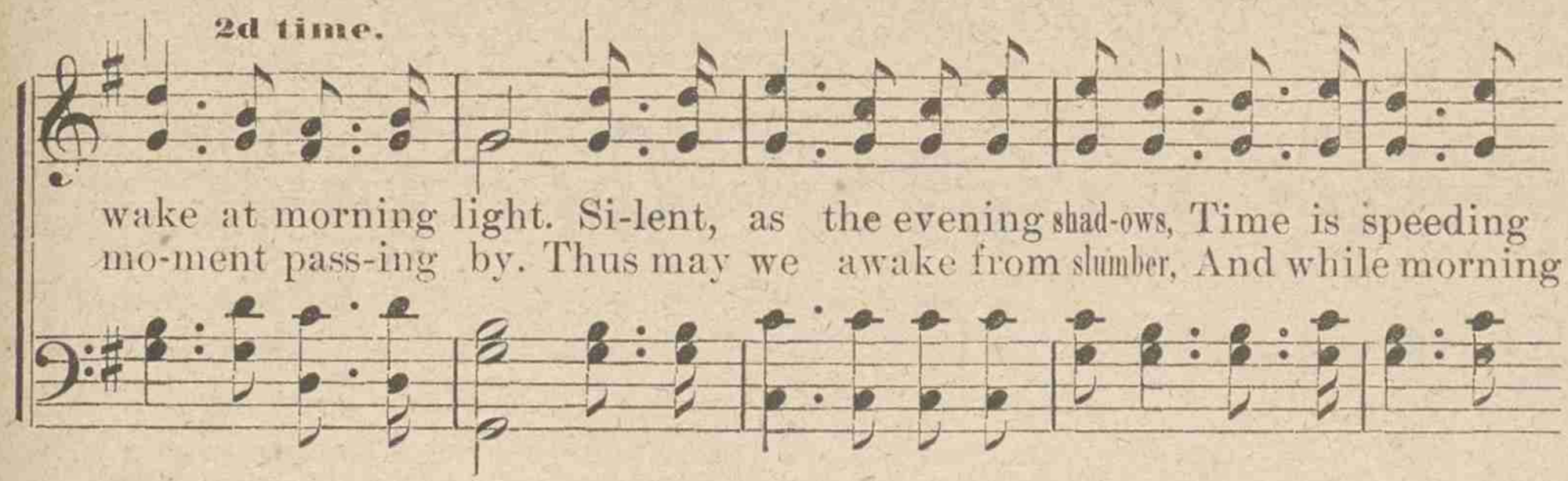
6 Bear me on, thou restless ocean;
Let the winds my canvas swell;
Heaves my heart with warm emotion,
While I go far hence to dwell:
Glad I bid thee,
Native land, farewell, farewell!

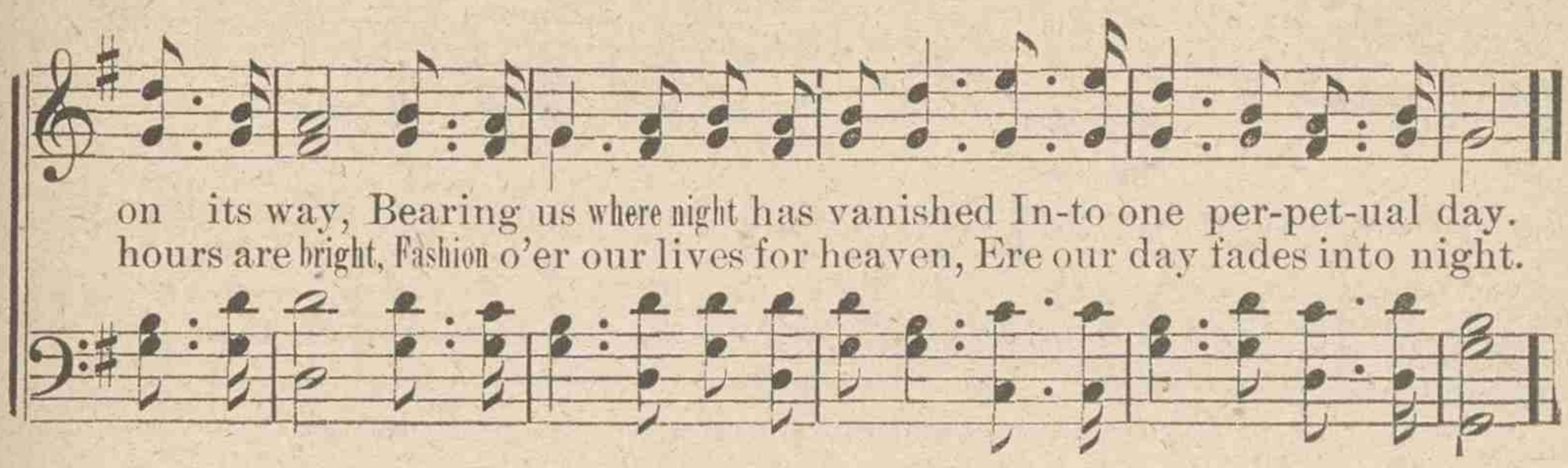
No. 141. Morning Dawns, the Day is Coming.

J. M. HUNT. S. M. BROWN.

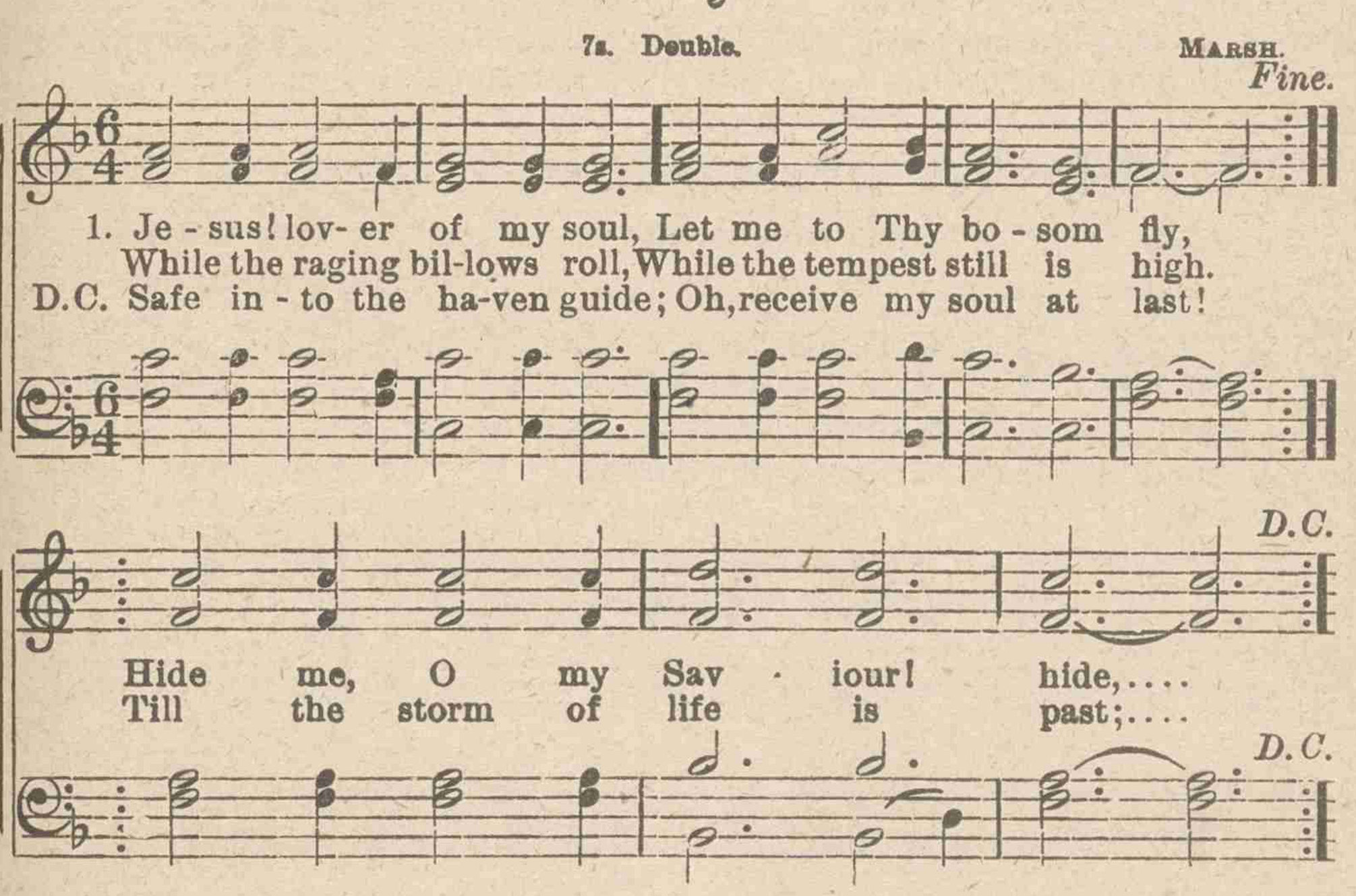


Morning Dawns, the Day is Coming. Concluded.





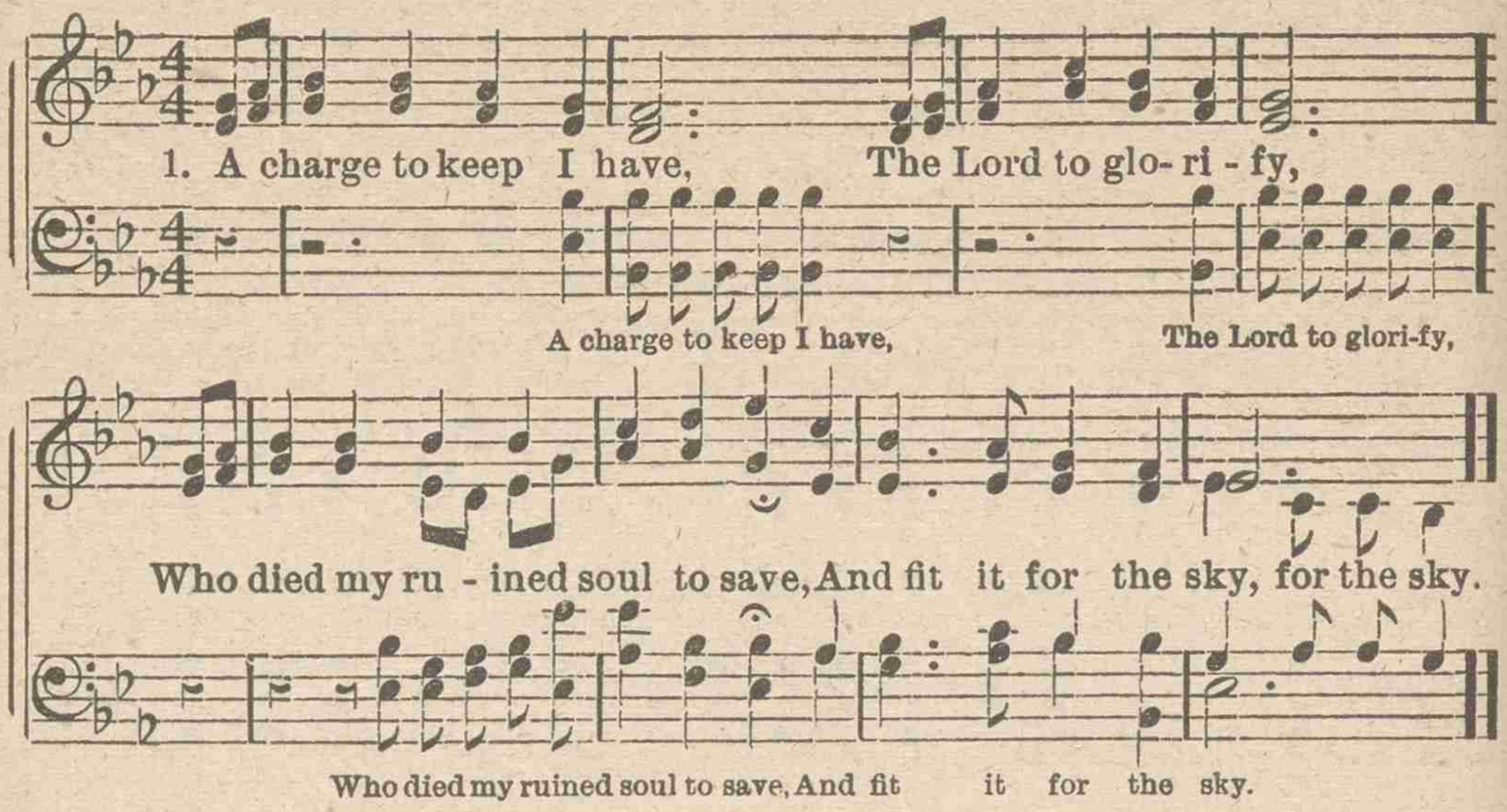
No. 142. Martyn.



2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed;
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
All in all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind;
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

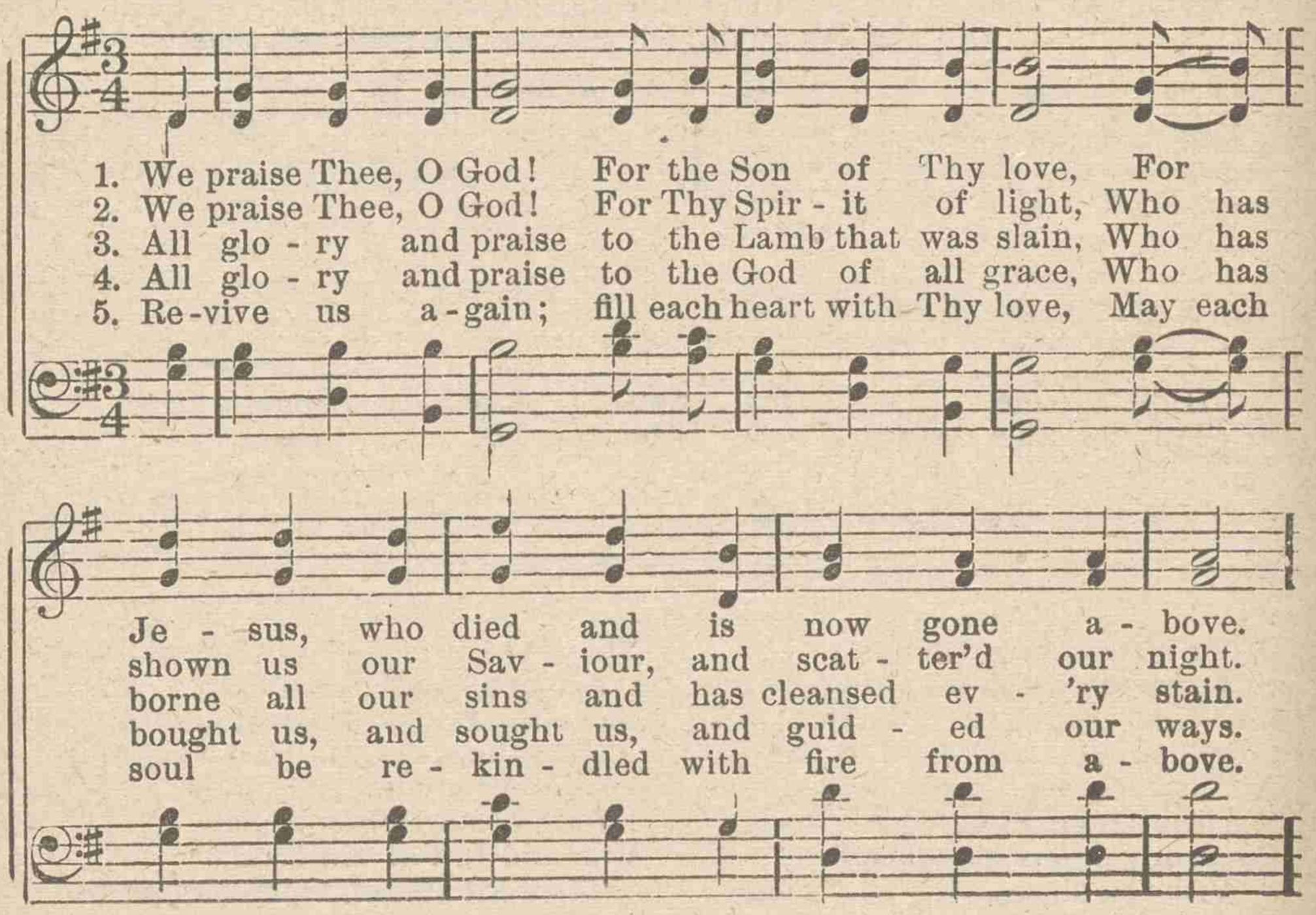
No. 143. A charge to keep I have.

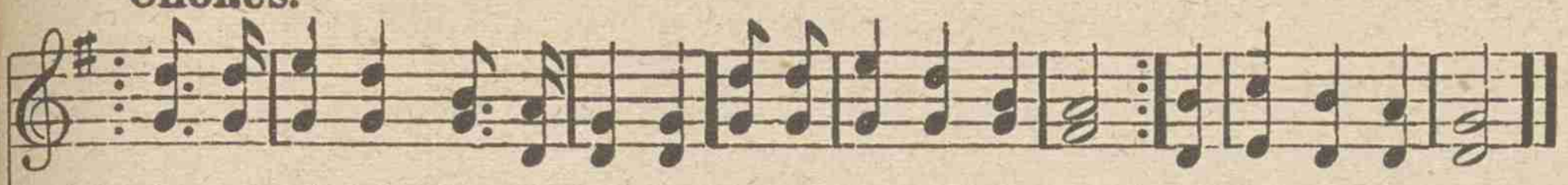
C. WESLEY. S. M. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

2 Let all my powers engage,
This calling to fulfill;
To serve and bless the present age,
And do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live;
And thus Thy servant, Lord, prepare'
A strict account to give!

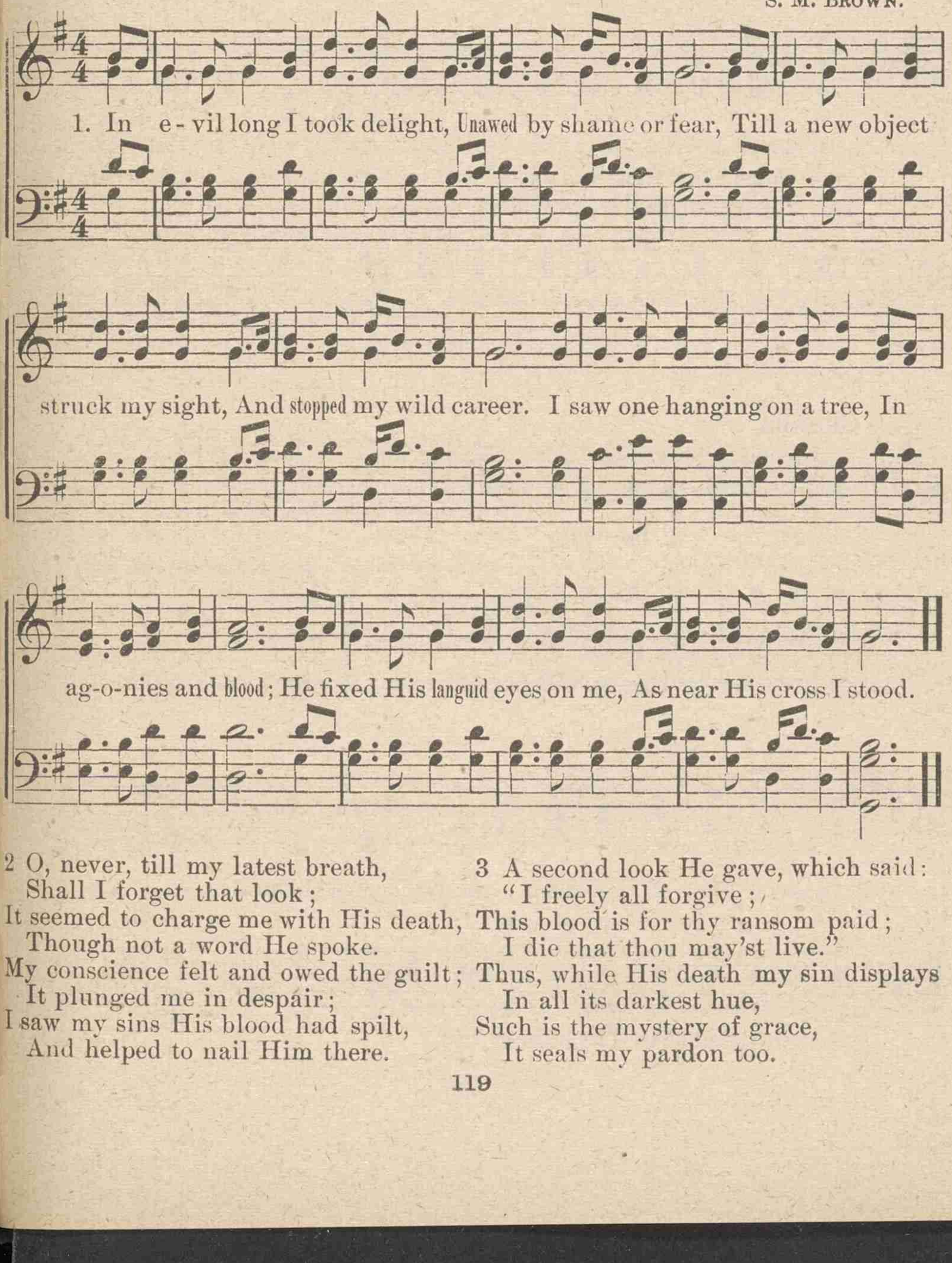
4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thy grace rely;
O, let me ne'er my trust betray,
But faithful live and die.

No. 144. We praise Thee, O God.

ENGLISH. "O Lord, revive Thy word."—Heb. iii: 2. ENGLISH.

We praise Thee, O God. Concluded.

CHORUS.

No. 145. In Evil Long I took Delight.

S. M. BROWN.



2 O, never, till my latest breath,
Shall I forget that look;
It seemed to charge me with His death,
Though not a word He spoke.
My conscience felt and owed the guilt;
It plunged me in despair;
I saw my sins His blood had spilt,
And helped to nail Him there.

3 A second look He gave, which said:
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid;
I die that thou may'st live."
Thus, while His death my sin displays
In all its darkest hue,
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals my pardon too.

No. 146. One more witness for Christ.

"For thou shalt be His witness unto all men."—Acts xxii: 15.

J. M. HUNT. J. M. HUNT.

1. One more witness for Christ to-night, Holding His banner un-furled;
2. One more soul is redeemed from sin, Wash'd by the blood of the Lamb;
3. Help us, Saviour, the vic - t'ry gain, Under Thy banner of love;

One more sol-dier arrayed to fight, Battling against the world.
One more heart that was toss'd within, Now has per-pet - ual calm.
Ev - er, then, shall we praise Thy name, And dwell with Thee above.

CHORUS.

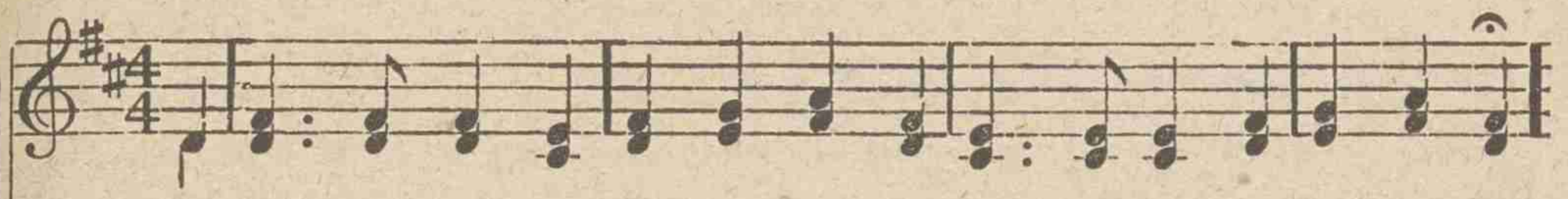
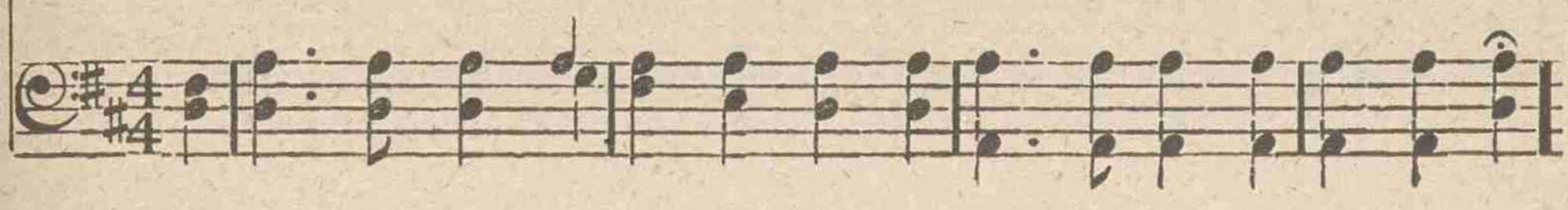
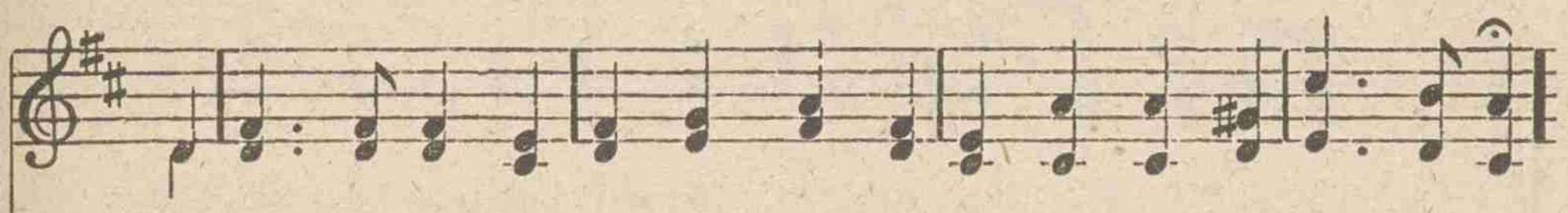
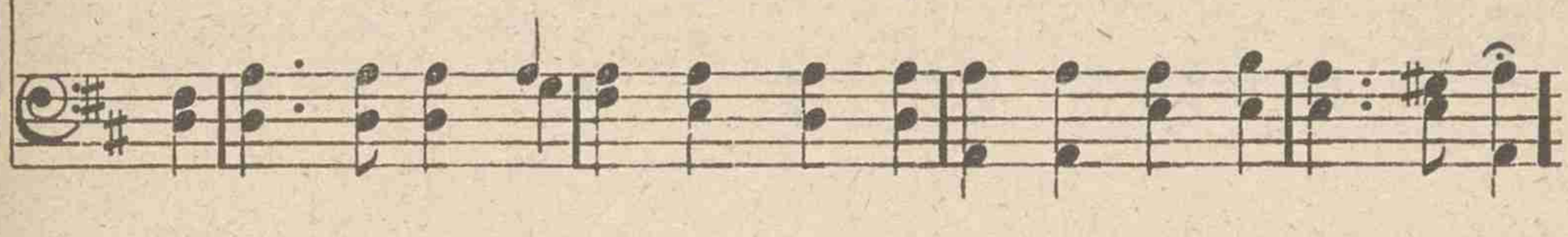
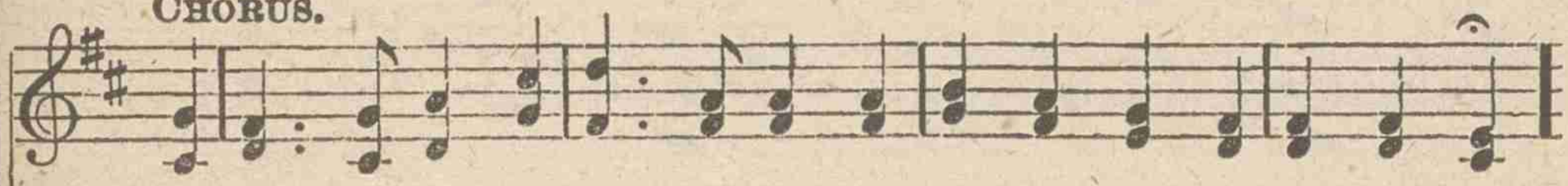
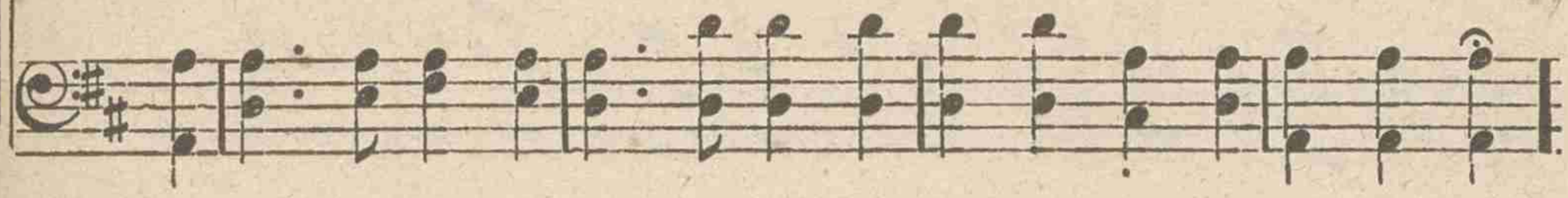
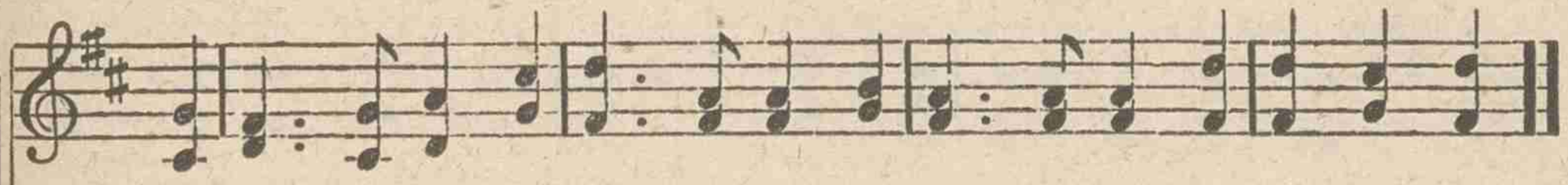
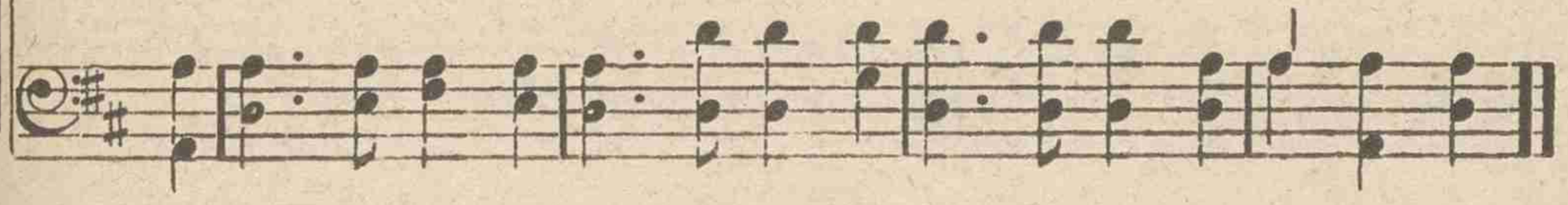
Bless - ed Re-deem - er, Bless - ed Re-deem - er,

Blessed Redeemer, by Thee we will stand, Marching, if onward shall be the command.

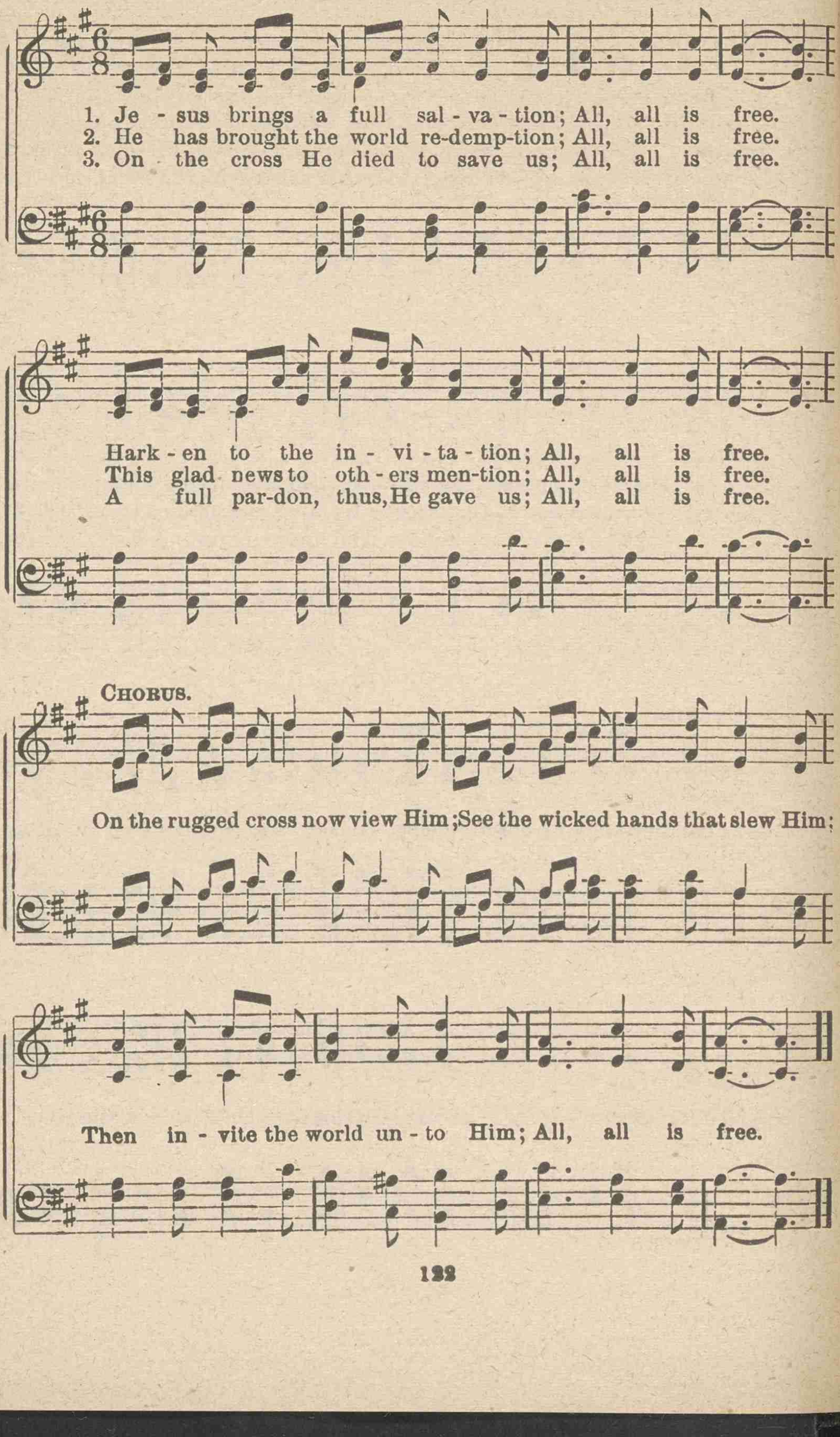
Bless - ed Re-deem - er, We'll give the praise to Thee.

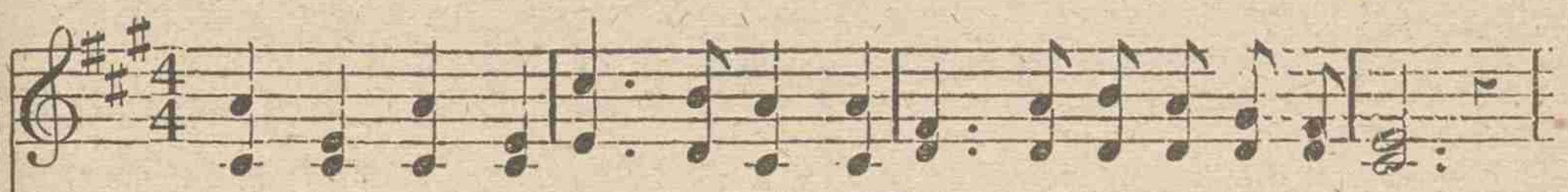
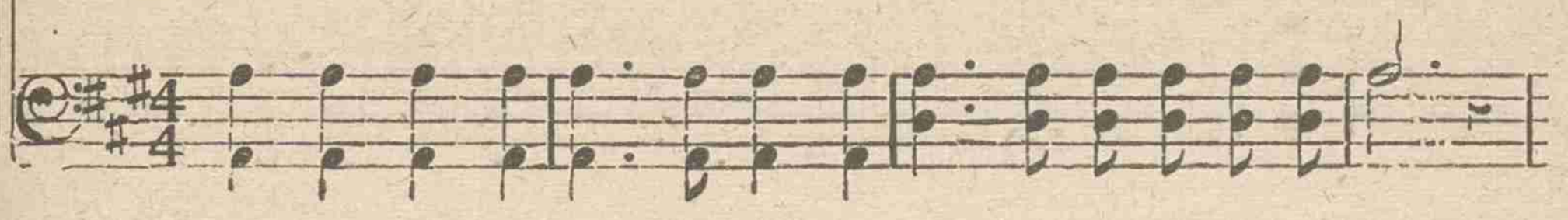
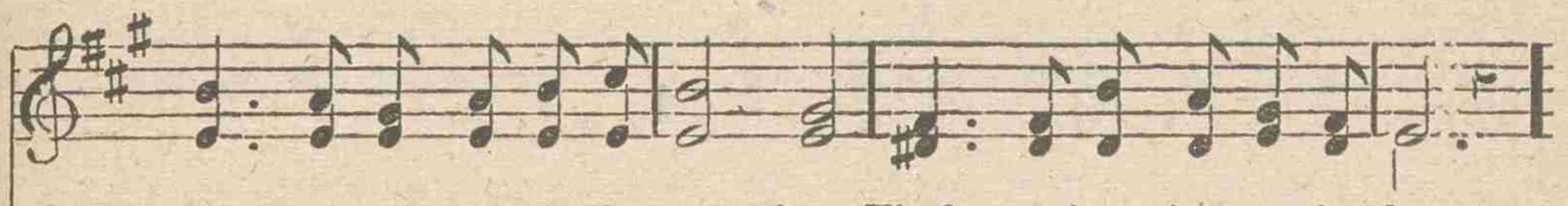
Ever unfurled shall Thy banner be;

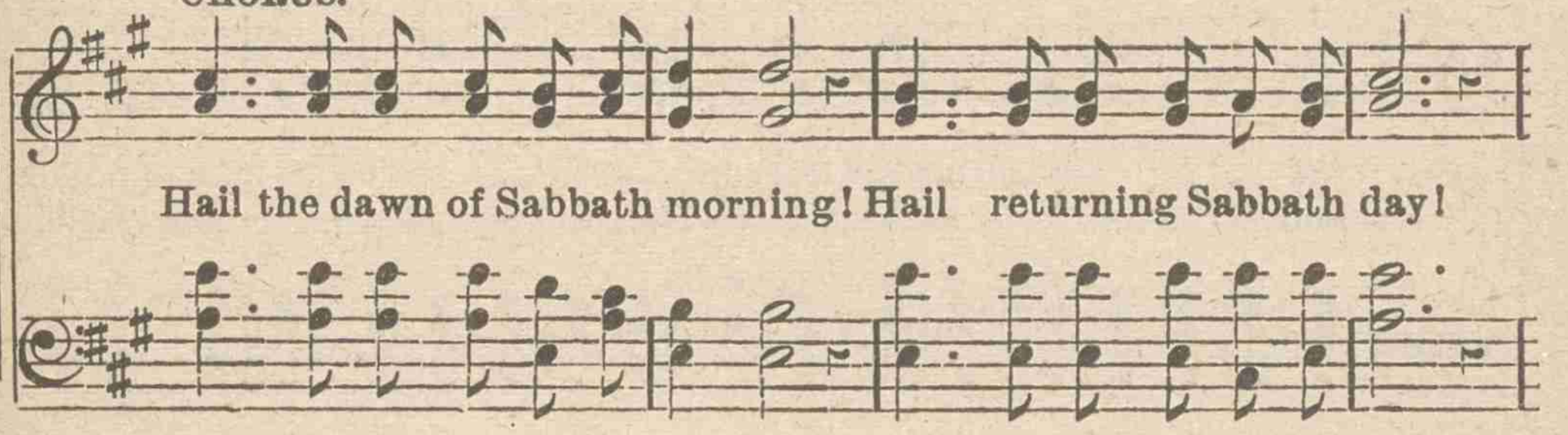
No. 147. Let children sing.

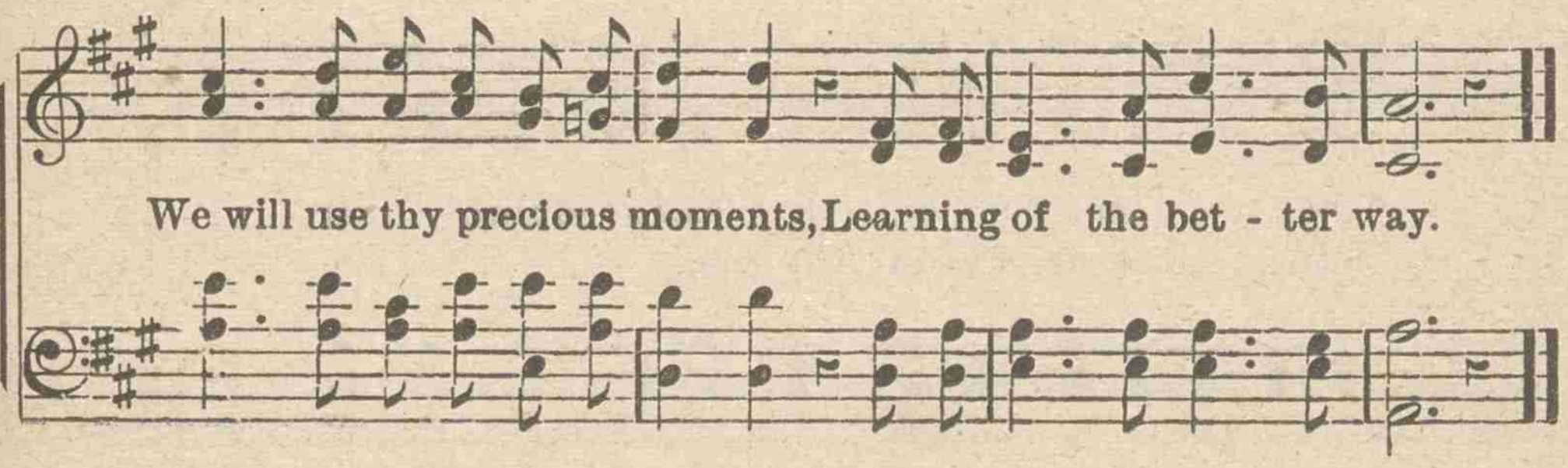
REDDIN ANDREWS. J. M. HUNT.

1. Out of the mouths of children small Does God found strength to silence all
2. Let them in youth do what they can For Je - sus and the good of man;
3. To them life's blessing God does give; To His name's honor should they live;

Who hate His word, oppose His ways, Or scoff at children's simple praise.
This will be pleasing in God's sight; He always sanctions what is right.
In Je - sus, now, may they believe, And heavenly rest at last receive.

CHORUS.

Let children sing, let children sing, Ho-san - nas to their God and King,

And gifts up-on the al - tar lay, On this the children's Mission day.

No. 148. All, all is free.

"He became the author of eternal salvation unto all them that obey Him."—Heb. v: 9.

J. M. HUNT. J. M. HUNT.

No. 149. School Greeting.

R. H. SCHOENBERGER. J. M. HUNT.

1. Welcome, welcome, Sabbath morning! Welcome, too, our school-mates dear!
2. Yes, "we come with hearts of gladness," Of the way of life to learn;
3. May the truth divine im-part-ed Guide us to the realms above;

Glad we come from toil retreat-ing, Find a joy in meeting here
Gleaning from the sacred vol - ume, Liv - ing tho'ts that in us burn
And our souls there be u - nit - ed, Where all sing a Saviour's love

CHORUS.

Hail the dawn of Sabbath morning! Hail returning Sabbath day!



We will use thy precious moments, Learning of the bet - ter way.

No. 150. Not my will, but Thine, be done.

J. M. HUNT. J. M. HUNT.

1. Not my will, O Lord! but Thine be done, With me and mine, I pray;
2. I dare not to trust in self, O Lord! For I am weak and blind;
3. Oh! give to me faith, that I may stand Unwav'ring at Thy side;

I know if I give my all to Thee, I cannot lose the way.
But trusting in Thee, how great my strength! Salvation I shall find.
For 'tis by Thy blood that I am saved, I feel that blood applied.

CHORUS.

Sav - iour, still walk with me, Help .... me to lean on Thee;
Saviour, O Saviour! still walk with me, Help me, yes, help me, to lean on Thee.

"Je - sus," my on - ly plea, Saved thro' e - ter - ni - ty.
Jesus, dear Jesus, my on - ly plea,

Copyrighted by W. E. Penn. From "Harvest Bells," by per.

No. 151. Blow ye the trumpet.

1. Blow ye the trum - pet, blow The glad - ly sol-emn sound, Let
2. Ye slaves of sin - ful hell, Your lib - er - ty re-ceive, And
3. The gos - pel trum - pet hear, The news of pard'ning grace, Ye

all the na - tions know, To earth's re - mot - est bound.
safe in Je - sus dwell, And blest in Je - sus live.
hap - py souls draw near, Be - hold your Sav - iour's face.

CHORUS.

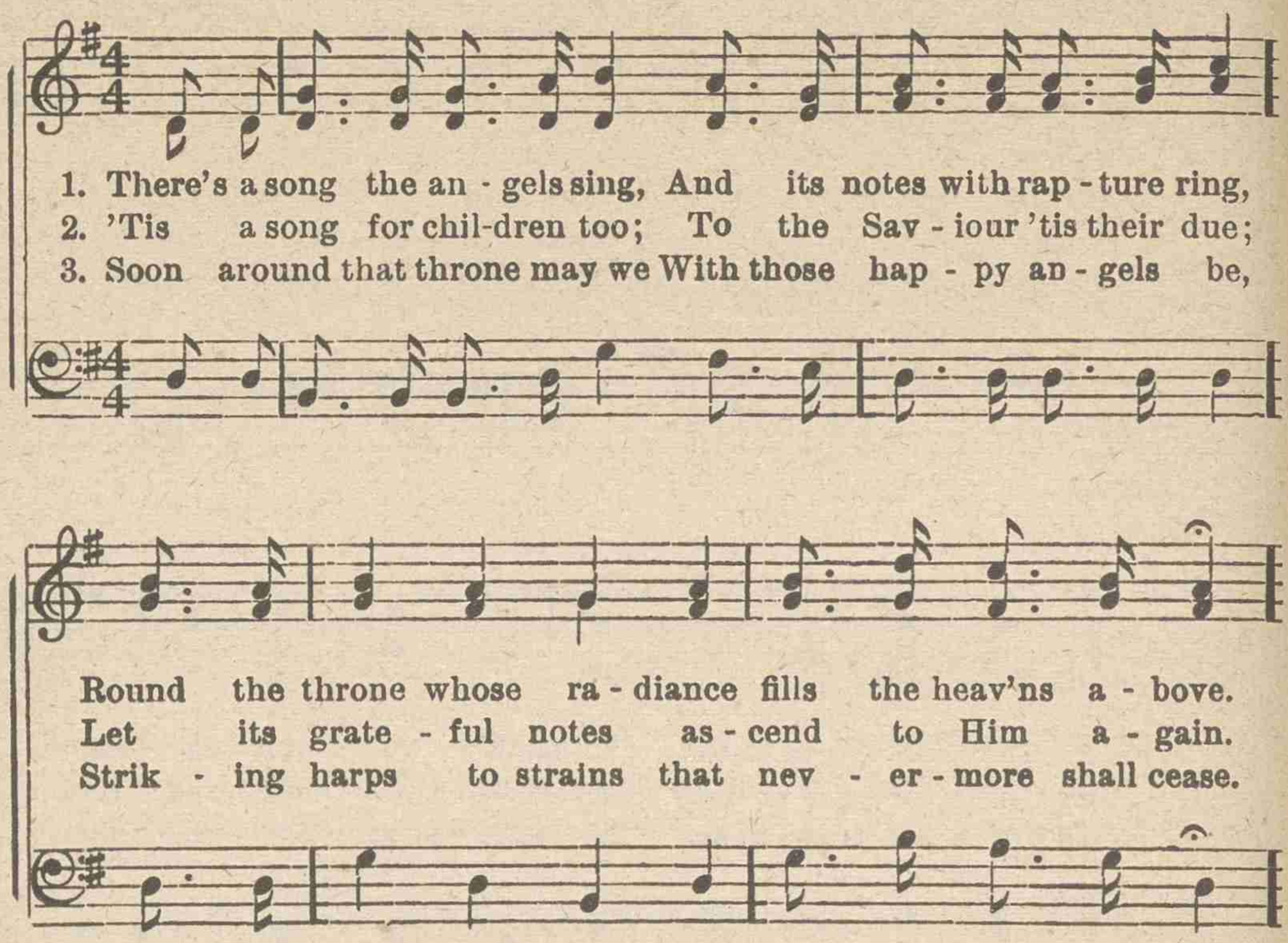
The year of ju - bi - lee is come, Re-

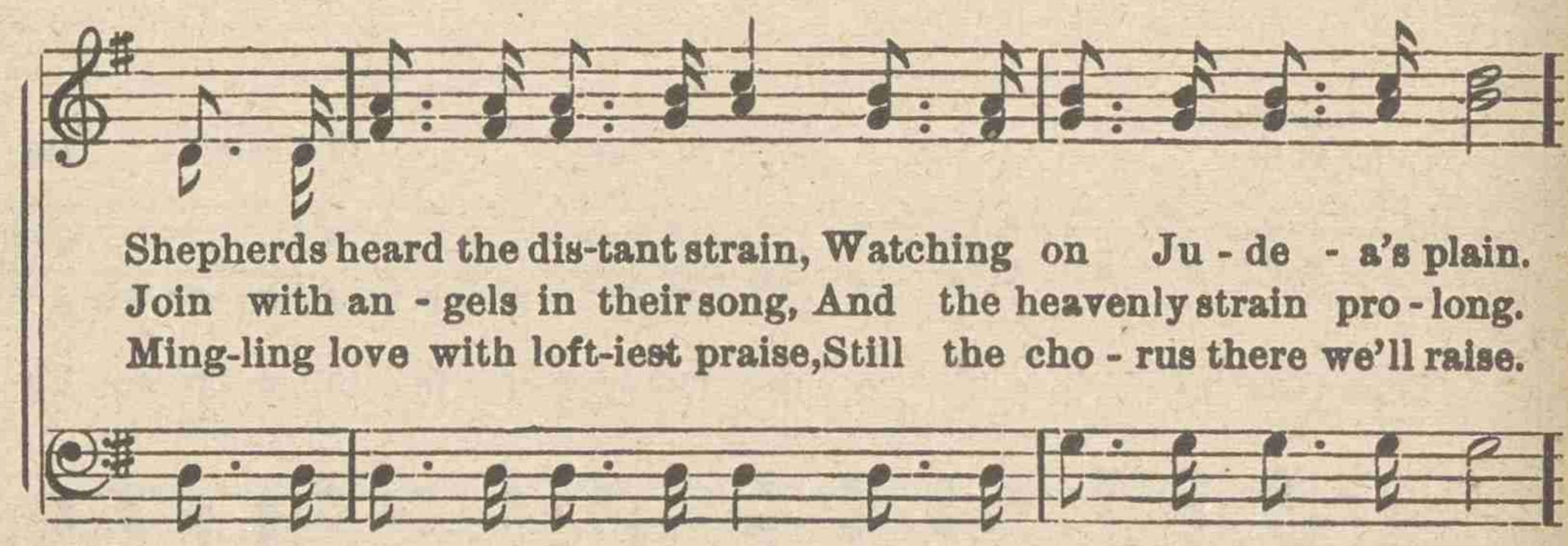
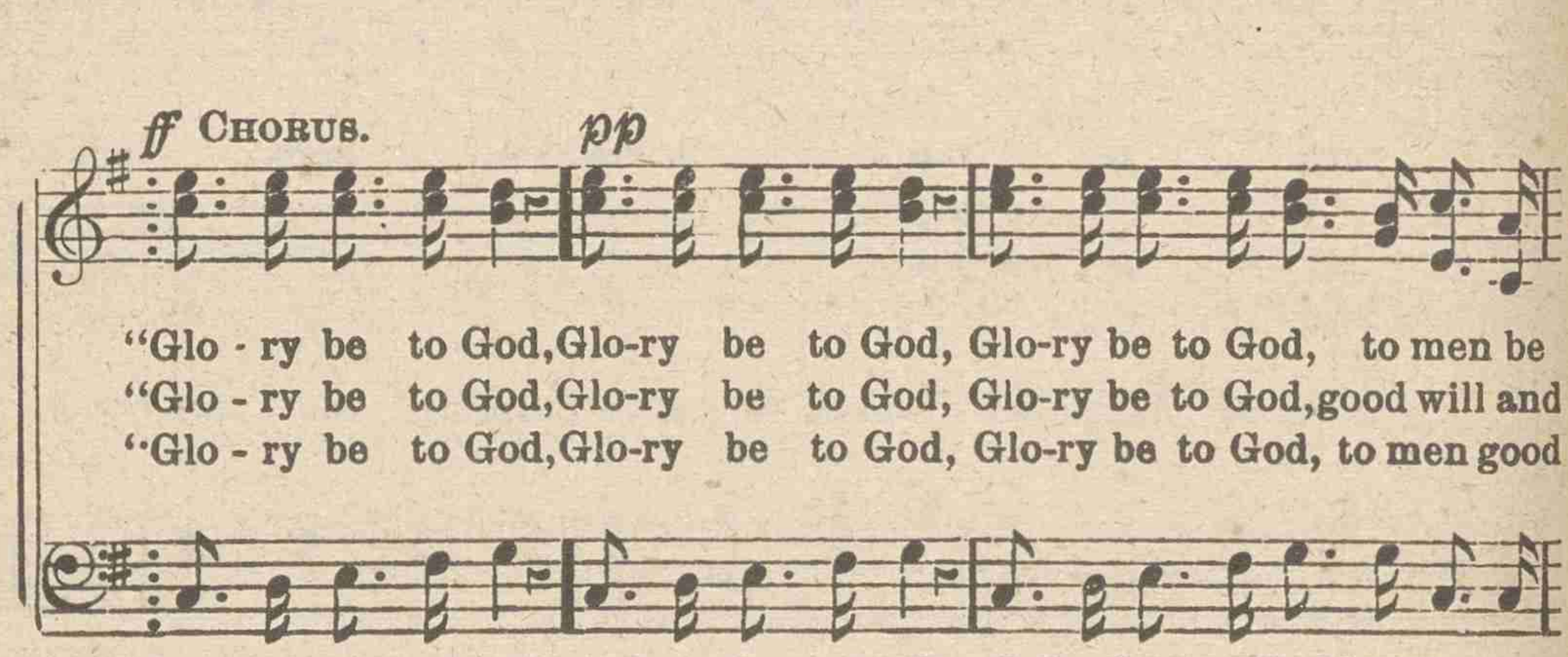
The year of ju - bi-lee is come, The year of ju - bi-lee is come, Re-

turn, ye ran - somed sin - ners, home.

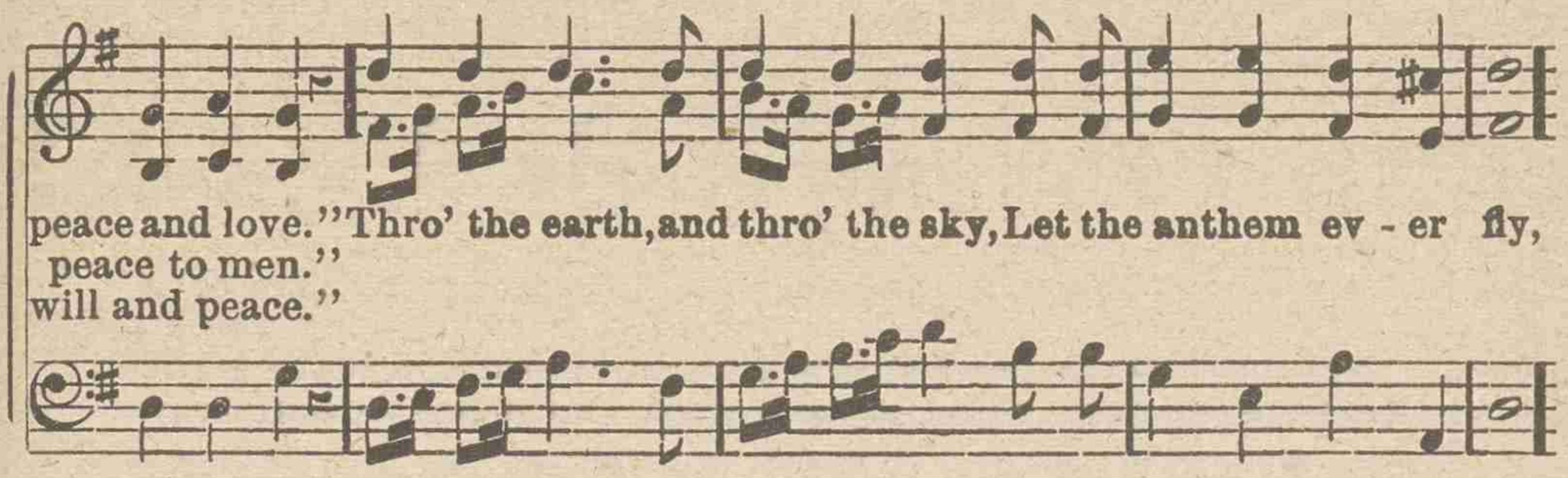
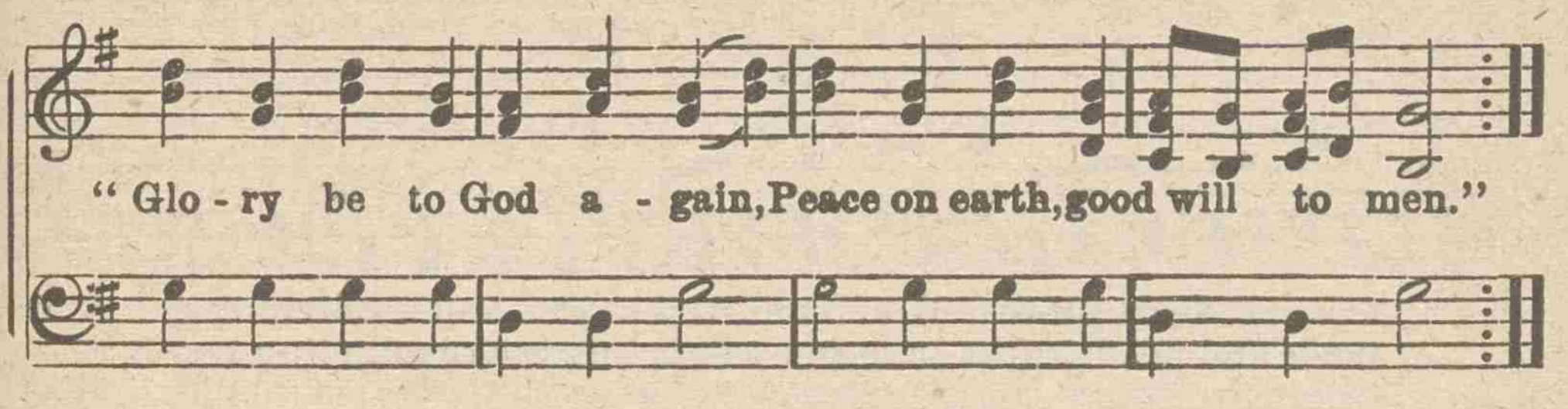
turn, ye ransomed sin-ners, home, ye ransomed sin - ners home.

No. 152. The Angels' Song.



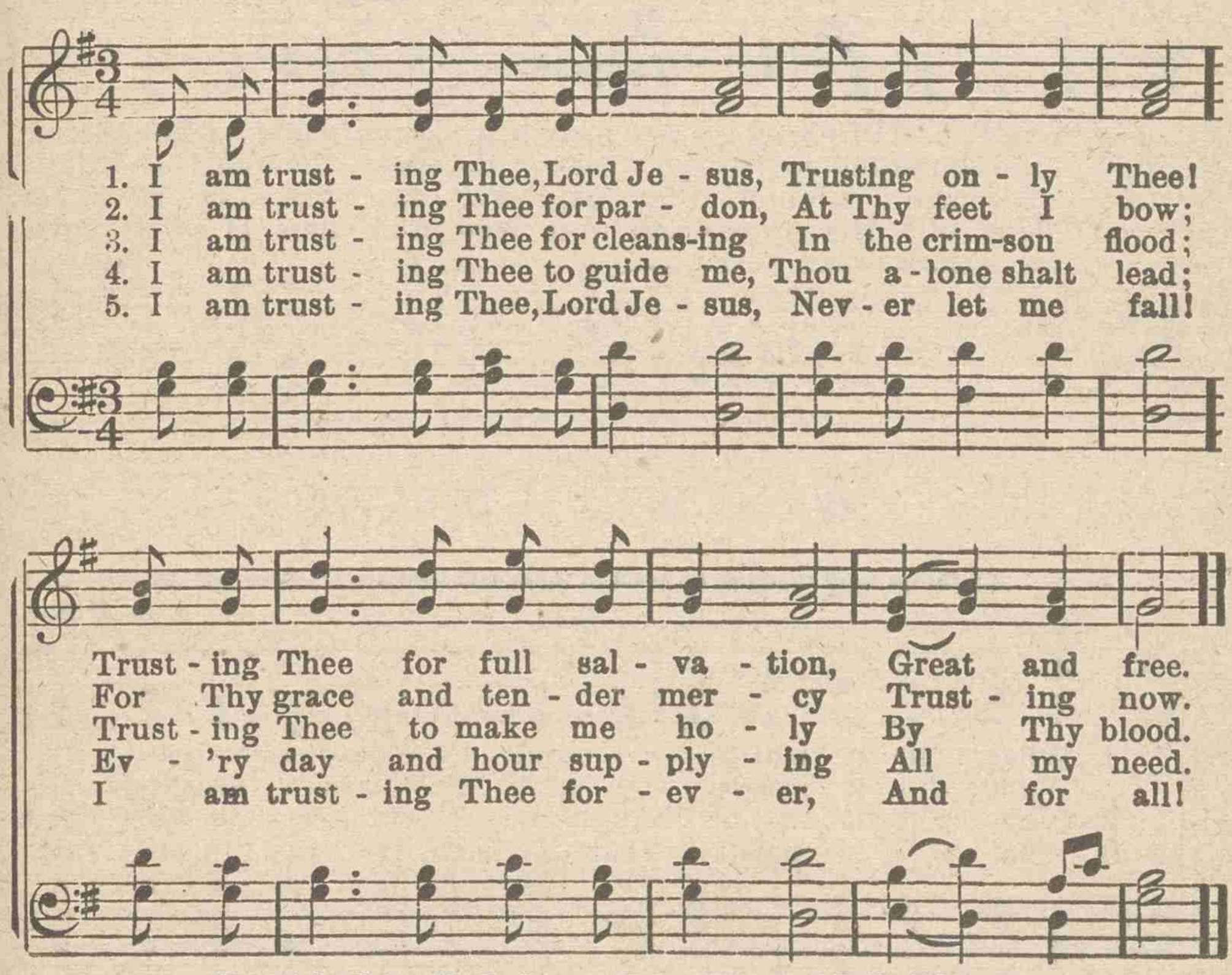


Copyrighted, 1861, in "The Golden Chain," by Wm. B. Bradbury. Used by per. Biglow & Main.

The Angels' Song. Concluded.



No. 153. I am trusting Thee.

"Trusting in the Lord."—Ps. cxii: 7.

J. M. Hunt.

Copyrighted by W. E. Penn. From "Harvest Bells," by per.

No. 154. Antioch.

Words by WATTS. C. M. HANDEL.

1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth receive her King! Let
2. Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns, Let men their songs employ: While
3. No more let sin and sorrow grow, Nor thorns infest the ground; He
4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the nations prove The

eve - ry heart prepare Him room, And heav'n and nature sing, And
fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains Repeat the sounding joy, Re -
comes to make His blessings flow Far as the curse is found, Far
glo-ries of His righteousness, And wonders of His love, And

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

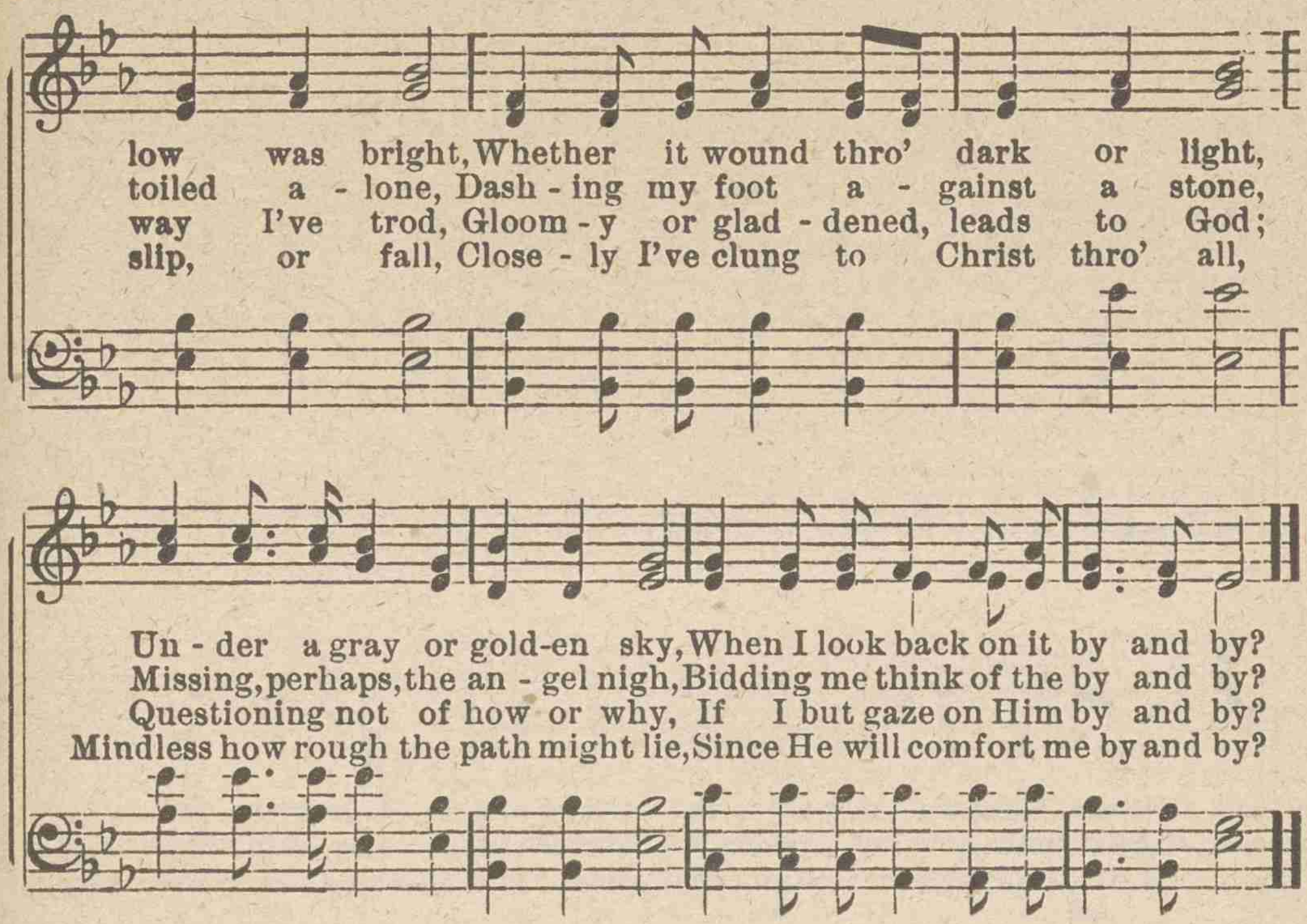
No. 155. What will it matter?

"All things work together for good to them that love God."—Rom. viii: 28.

J. M. HUNT.

1. What will it mat-ter by and by, Wheth-er my path be -
2. What will it mat-ter by and by, Wheth-er unhelped I
3. What will it mat-ter? Naught if I On - ly am sure that
4. What will it mat-ter? What the sigh, If in my fear, or

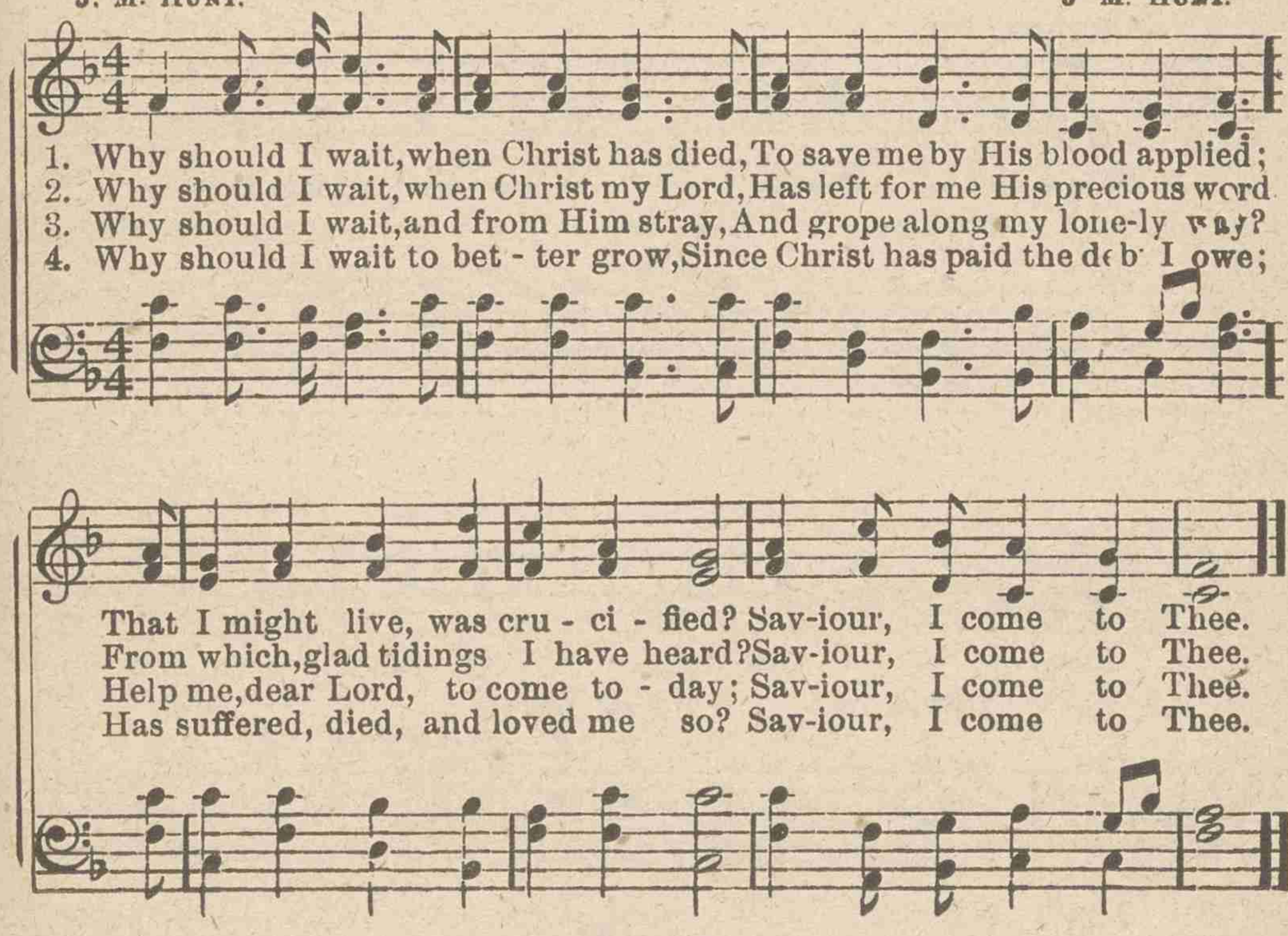
What will it matter? Concluded.



No. 156. Why should I wait?

"Come, for all things are now ready."—Luke xiv: 17.

J. M. HUNT. J M. HUNT.



No. 157. Flow on.

FRANK L. HUNT.

1. O flood of liv - ing wa -ters, And mighty crim-son tide,
2. Thy wa-ters drown all sor - rows, Ex-tinguish eve - ry grief,
3. Thy grace ex - cels the Jor - dan, Which made the leper whole;

Blest fountain of sal - va - tion, From Je - sus' pier - ced side.
And blot-ting out transgres - siou, Brings to the soul re - lief.
Lo! thou hast healed the sick - ness Which wasted in my soul.

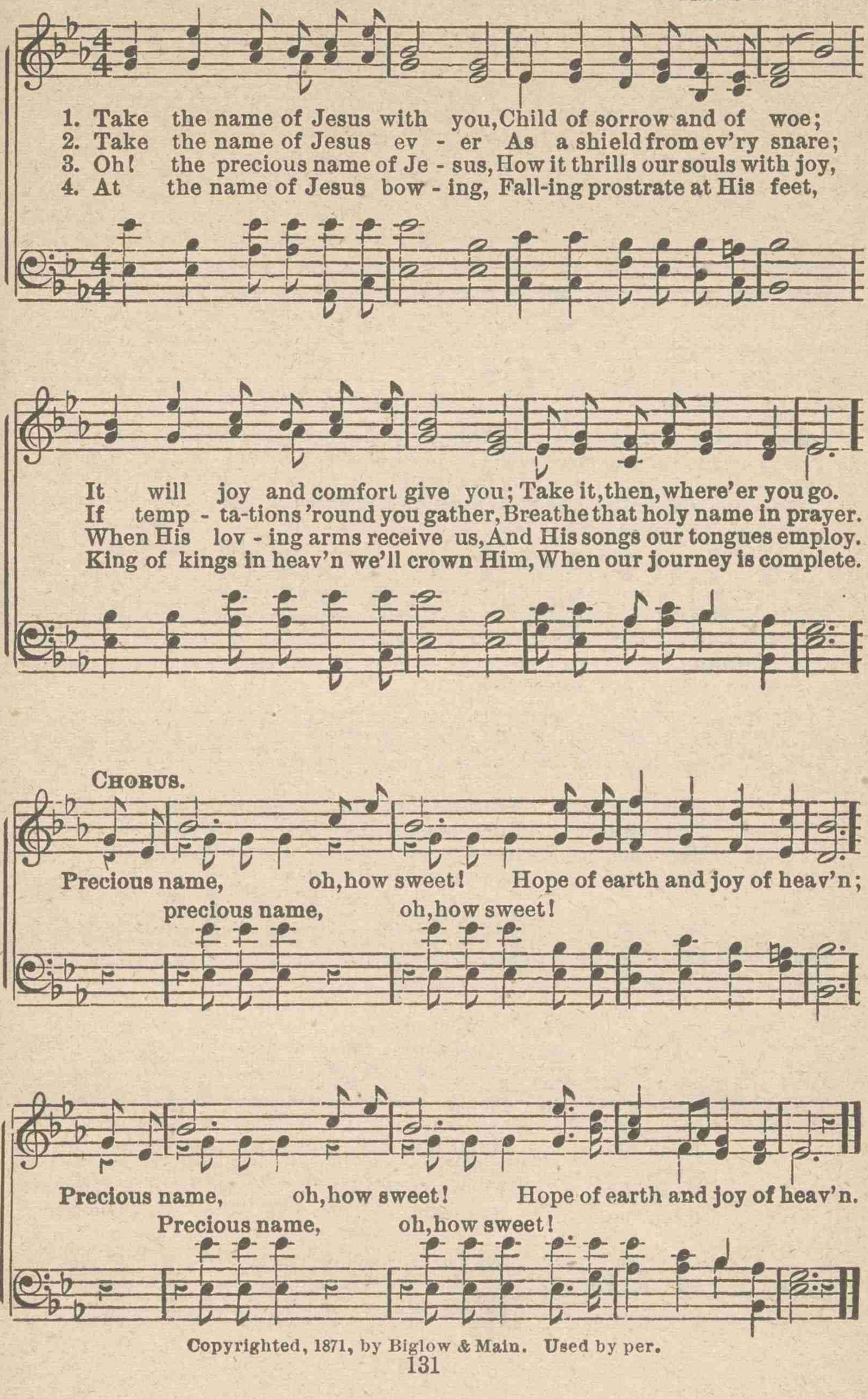
CHORUS.

Flow on, flow on, O, sa - cred stream, flow on,
Flow on, flow on, flow on,

Flow on, flow on, O, sacred stream, flow on.
Flow on, flow on,

No. 158. Take the name of Jesus with you.

FRANK L. HUNT.



Copyrighted, 1871, by Biglow & Main. Used by per.

No. 159. Showers of blessing.

T. W. Dennington.

1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of blessing Thou art scatt'ring full and free—
2. Pass me not, O God, my Father! Sinful tho' my heart may be;
3. Pass me not, O gracious Saviour! Let me live and cling to Thee,
4. Have I long in sin been sleeping, Long been slighting, grieving Thee?

Show'rs, the thirsty land refreshing, Let some droppings fall on me.
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather Let Thy mer - cy light on me.
For I'm longing for Thy fa-vor; Whilst Thou'rt calling, Oh, call me!
Has the world my heart been keeping? Oh, forgive and res-cue me!

Chorus.

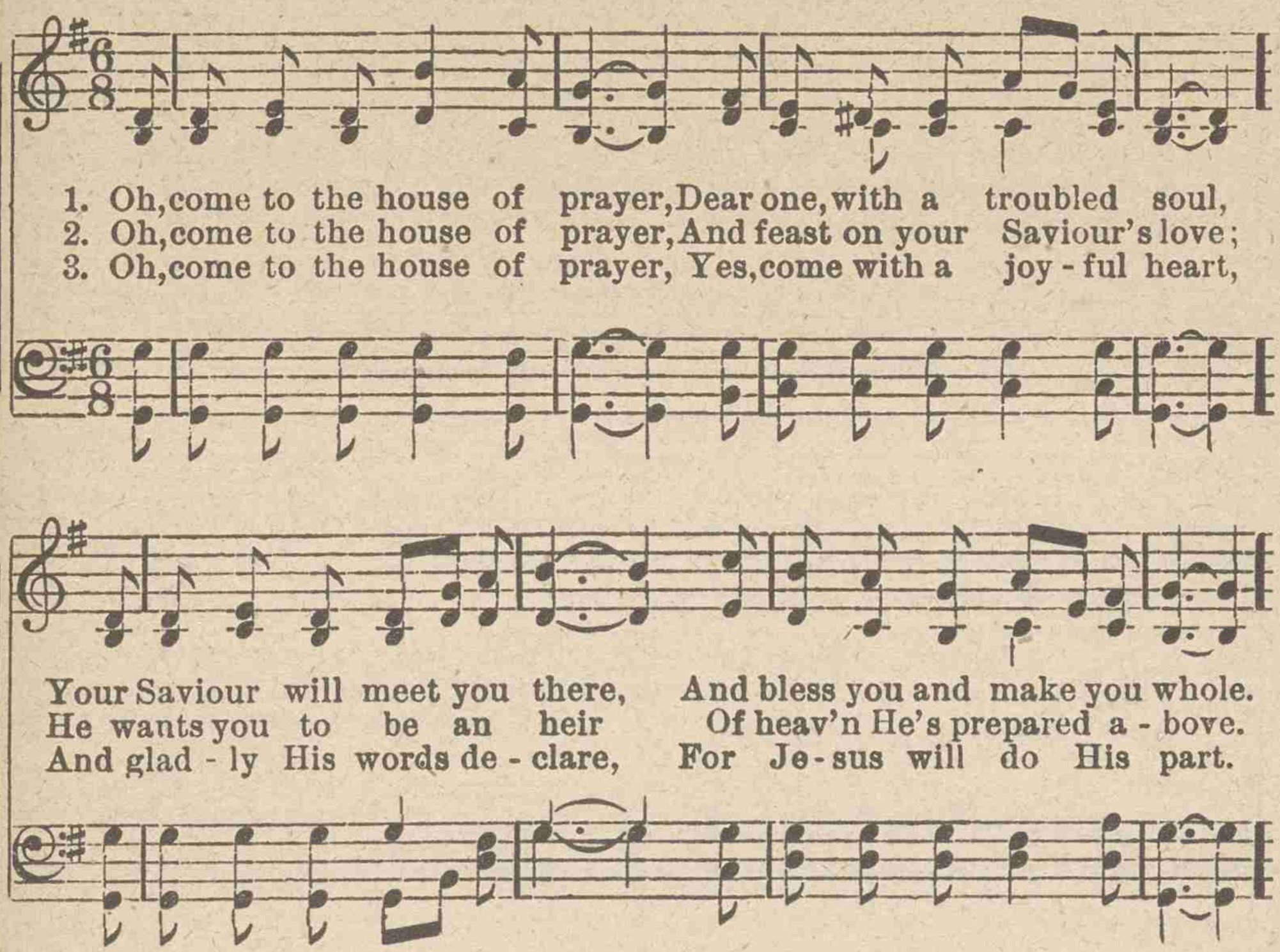
Even me, Even me,
Even me, Even me, Let some droppings fall on me.
Even me, Even me, Let Thy mer - cy light on me.
Even me, Even me, Whilst Thou'rt calling, Oh, call me.
Even me, Even me, Oh, for - give and res-cue me.

Even me, Even me,
Even me, Even me, Let some droppings fall on me.
Even me, Even me, Let Thy mer - cy light on me.
Even me, Even me, Whilst Thou'rt calling, Oh, call me.
Even me, Even me, Oh, for-give and res-cue me.

No. 160. Come to the house of prayer.

"For mine house shall be called an house of prayer for all people."—Isa. lvi: 7.

J. M. HUNT. J M. HUNT.



1. Oh, come to the house of prayer, Dear one, with a troubled soul,
2. Oh, come to the house of prayer, And feast on your Saviour's love;
3. Oh, come to the house of prayer, Yes, come with a joy - ful heart,

Your Saviour will meet you there, And bless you and make you whole.
He wants you to be an heir Of heav'n He's prepared a - bove.
And glad - ly His words de - clare, For Je - sus will do His part.

Your soul needs an anchor, sure, To save it from dark des - pair,
Retire from the world's dark maze; For-get for a-while your care;
Come, bow humbly at His feet; No friend can with Him com - pare;

Then, come where no sins al - lure, Yes, come to the house of prayer.
Re - joice in your Saviour's praise, Yes, come to the house of prayer.
En - gage in His ser-vice sweet, Yes, come to the house of prayer.

No. 161. Waiting.

H. L. ALISON.

1. I am wait - ing by the riv - er, And my heart has waited long;
2. Far a - way beyond the shad-ows Of this wea-ry vale of tears,
3. They are launching on the riv - er, From the calm and qui-et shore,

Now I think I hear the cho - rus Of the angels' welcome song.
There the tide of bliss is sweeping Thro' the bright and changeless years.
And they soon will bear my spir - it Where the wea-ry sigh no more.

Oh, I see the dawn is break-ing On the hill-tops of the blest,
Oh, I long to be with Je - sus! In the mansions of the blest,
For the tide is swift - ly flow - ing, And I long to greet the blest,

Where the wick - ed cease from troubling, And the wea - ry are at rest.
Where the wick - ed cease from troubling, And the wea - ry are at rest.
Where the wick - ed cease from troubling, And the wea - ry are at rest.

No. 162. Save me at the cross.

P. M.

1. Lov - ing Sav-iour, hear my cry, hear my cry, hear my cry,
I have sinned, but Thou hast died, Thou hast died, Thou hast died,

2. Tho' I per - ish, I will pray, I will pray, I will pray,
Thou hast said Thy grace is free, grace is free, grace is free,

3. Wash me in Thy cleansing blood, cleansing blood, cleansing blood,
On - ly faith will par - don bring, par - don bring, par - don bring,

Trembling to Thy arms I fly, O save me at the cross.
In Thy mer - cy let me hide, O save me at the cross.
Thou of life the liv - ing way, O save me at the cross.
Have com - pas-sion, Lord, on me, O save me at the cross.
Plunge me now beneath the flood, O save me at the cross.
In that faith to Thee I cling, O save me at the cross.

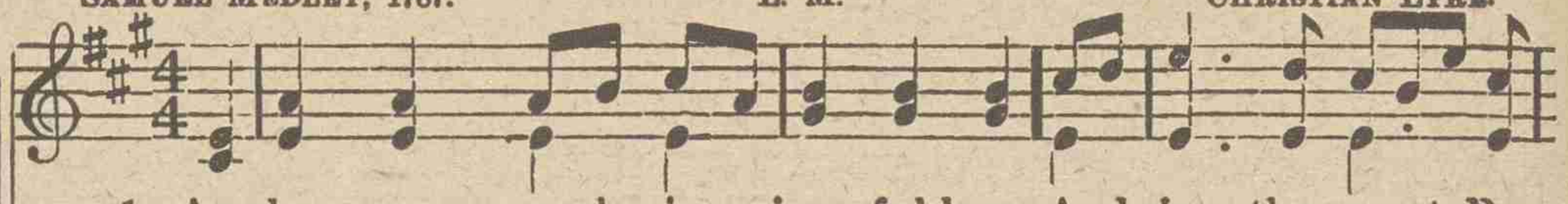
CHORUS.

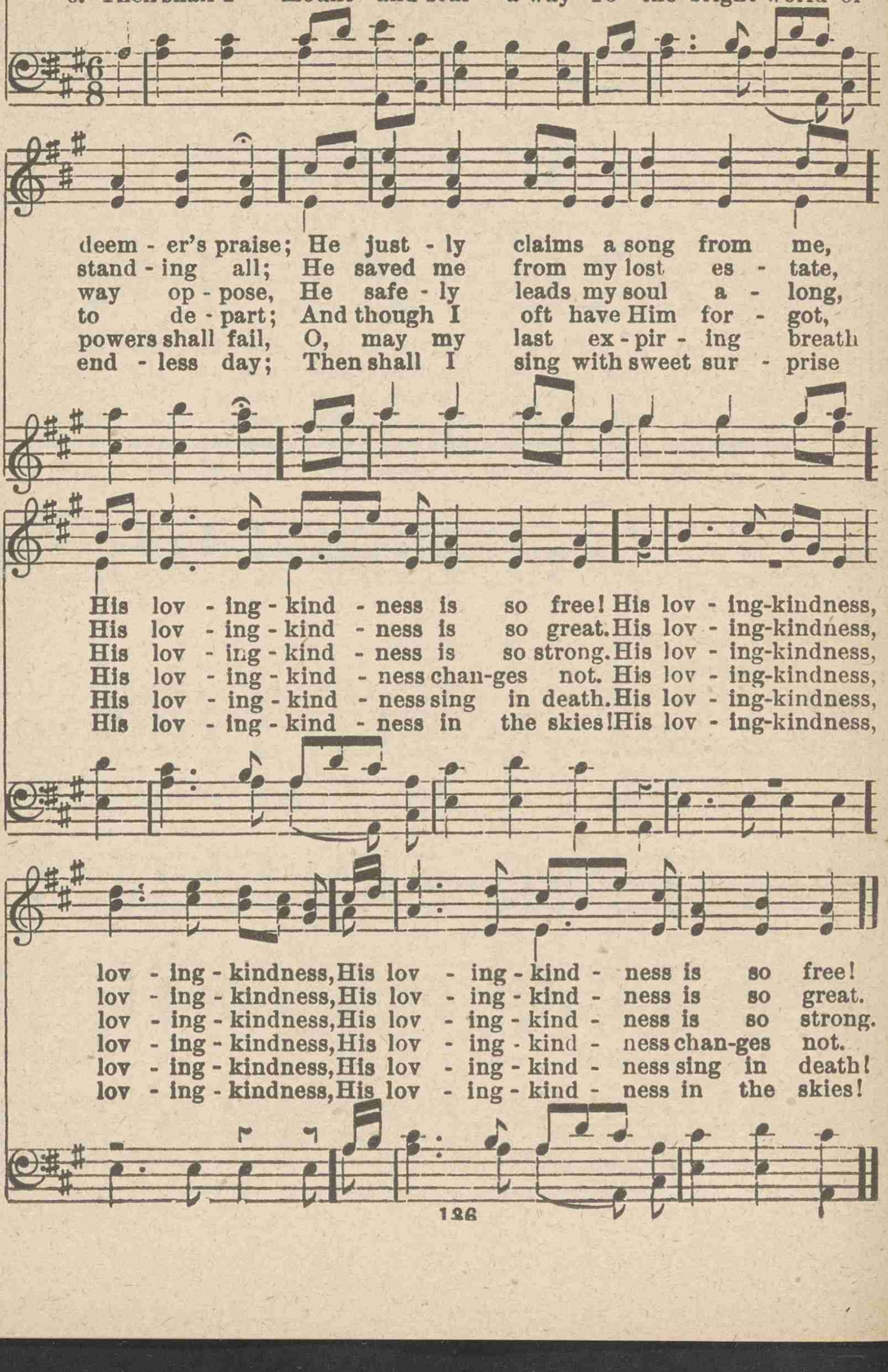
Dear Je - sus, receive me, No more would I grieve Thee,

Now, bless - ed Re-deem - er, O save me at the cross.

Copyrighted, 1874, by Biglow & Main. Used by per.

No. 163. Loving-kindness.

SAMUEL MEDLEY, 1787. L. M. CHRISTIAN LYRE.

1. Awake, my soul, in joy - ful lays, And sing thy great Re-
2. He saw me ru - ined in the fall, Yet loved me not - with-
3. Thro' mighty hosts of cru - el foes, Where earth and hell my
4. Of - ten I feel my sin - ful heart Prone from my Je - sus
5. So when I pass death's gloomy vale, And life and mor - tal
6. Then shall I mount and soar a-way To the bright world of



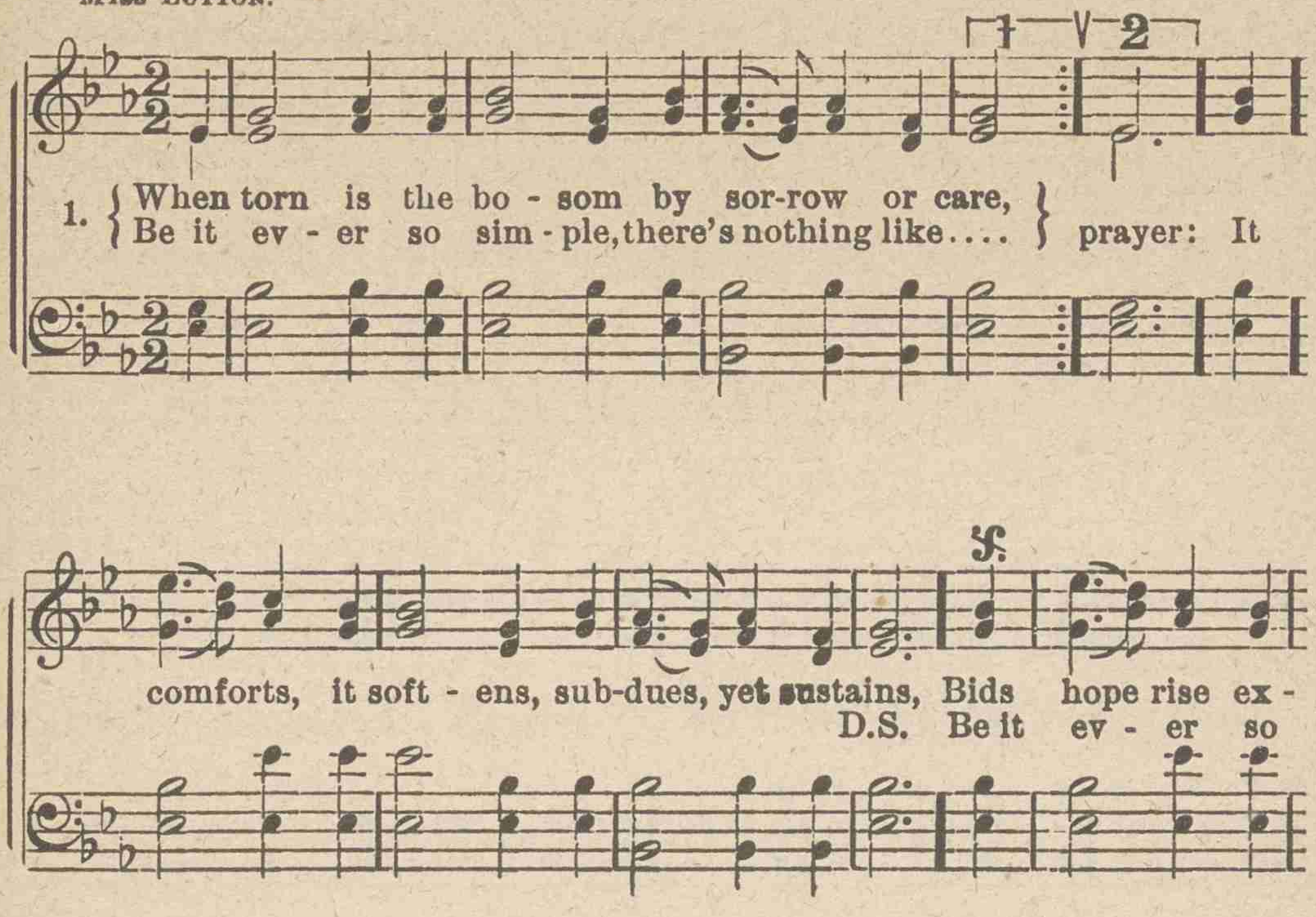
deem - er's praise; He just - ly claims a song from me,
stand - ing all; He saved me from my lost es - tate,
way op - pose, He safe - ly leads my soul a - long,
to de - part; And though I oft have Him for - got,
powers shall fail, O, may my last ex - pir - ing breath
end - less day; Then shall I sing with sweet sur - prise

His lov - ing - kind - ness is so free! His lov - ing-kindness,
His lov - ing - kind - ness is so great. His lov - ing-kindness,
His lov - ing - kind - ness is so strong. His lov - ing-kindness,
His lov - ing - kind - ness chan-ges not. His lov - ing-kindness,
His lov - ing - kind - ness sing in death. His lov - ing-kindness,
His lov - ing - kind - ness in the skies! His lov - ing-kindness,

lov - ing - kindness, His lov - ing - kind - ness is so free!
lov - ing - kindness, His lov - ing - kind - ness is so great.
lov - ing - kindness, His lov - ing - kind - ness is so strong.
lov - ing - kindness, His lov - ing - kind - ness chan-ges not.
lov - ing - kindness, His lov - ing - kind - ness sing in death!
lov - ing - kindness, His lov - ing - kind - ness in the skies!

No. 164. Prayer, sweet prayer.

MISS LUTTON.



D.S.

2 When far from the friends that are dearest we part,
What fond recollections still cling to the heart!
Past scenes and enjoyments live painfully there,
And restless we languish till peace comes in prayer;
Prayer, prayer, O sweet prayer! etc.

3 When earthly delusions would lead us astray
In folly's gay mazes, or sin's treacherous way,
How strong the enchantment, how fatal the snare!
But looking to Jesus, we conquer by prayer;
Prayer, prayer, O sweet prayer! etc.

4 While strangers to prayer we are strangers to bliss,
The world has no refuge, no solace like this;
And till we the seraph's full ecstacy share,
Our chalice of joy must be guarded by prayer;
Prayer, prayer, O sweet prayer! etc.

No. 165. Rest for the weary.

SAMUEL Y. HARMER, 1856. 8s & 7s. WILLIAM MCDONALD.

1. In the Christian's home in glo - ry, There re-mains a land of rest;
There my Saviour's gone before me, To ful - fil my soul's re-quest.

CHORUS.

There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for the wea - ry,
On the oth - er side of Jordan, In the sweet fields of E - den,

There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for you.
Where the tree of life is blooming, There is rest for you.

Rest for the weary. Concluded.

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 or sickness ne'er shall enter,
Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
But in that celestial centre,
I a crown of life shall wear.

4 Death itself shall then be vanquished,
And his sting shall be withdrawn;
Shout for gladness, oh, ye ransomed,
Hail with joy the rising morn!

5 Sing, oh, sing, ye heirs of glory,
Shout your triumph as you go;
Zion's gate will open for you,
You shall find an entrance through.

No. 166.

1 This is not my place of resting,—
Mine's a city yet to come;
Onward to it I am hasting,
On to my eternal home.

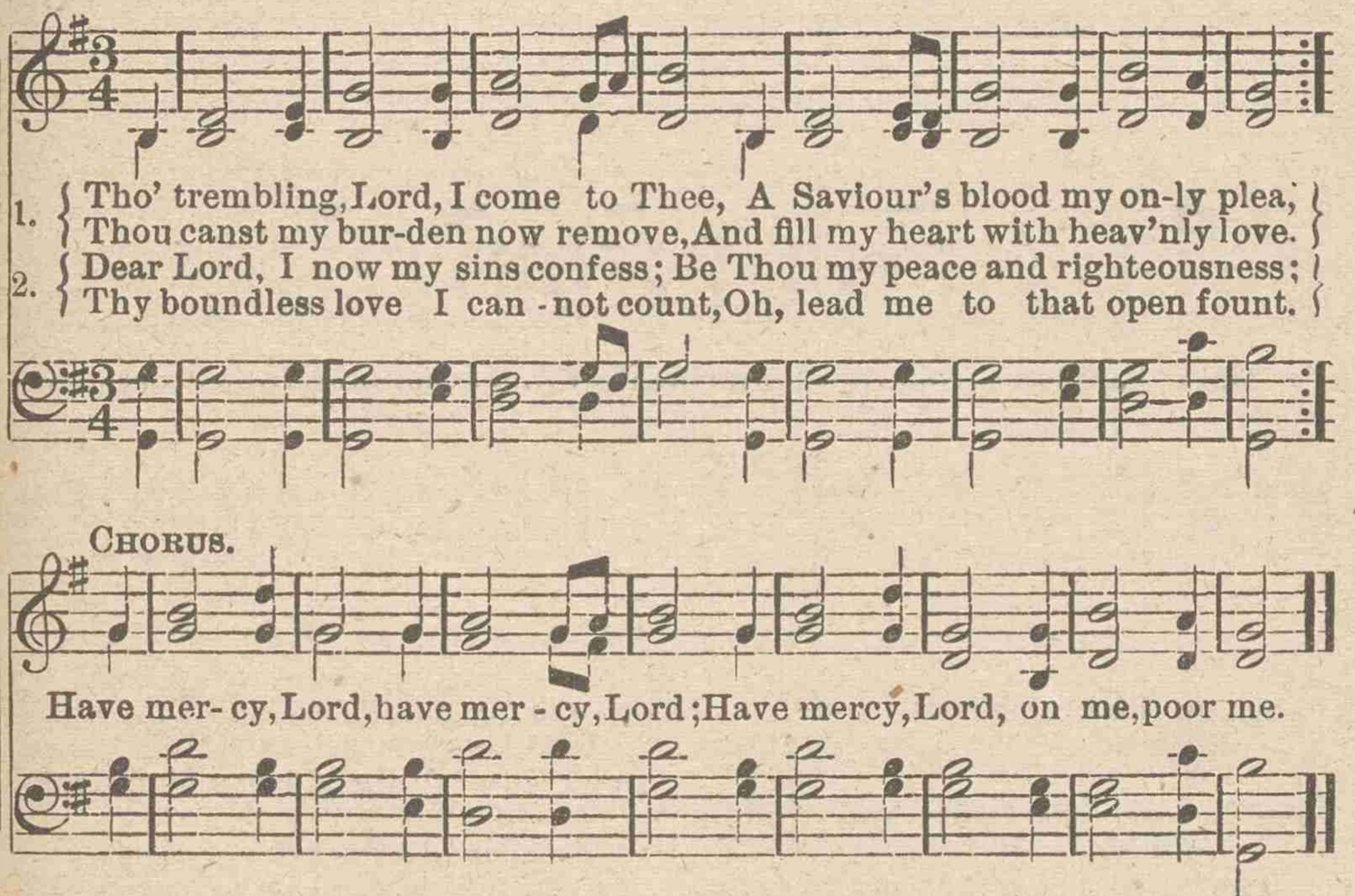
2 In it all is light and glory;
O'er it shines a nightless day;
Every trace of sin's sad story,
All the curse, hath passed away.

3 There the Lamb, our Shepherd, leads us
By the streams of life along,
On the freshest pastures feeds us,
Turns our sighing into song.

4 Soon we pass this desert dreary,
Soon we bid farewell to pain;
Never more are sad or weary,
Never, never sin again.

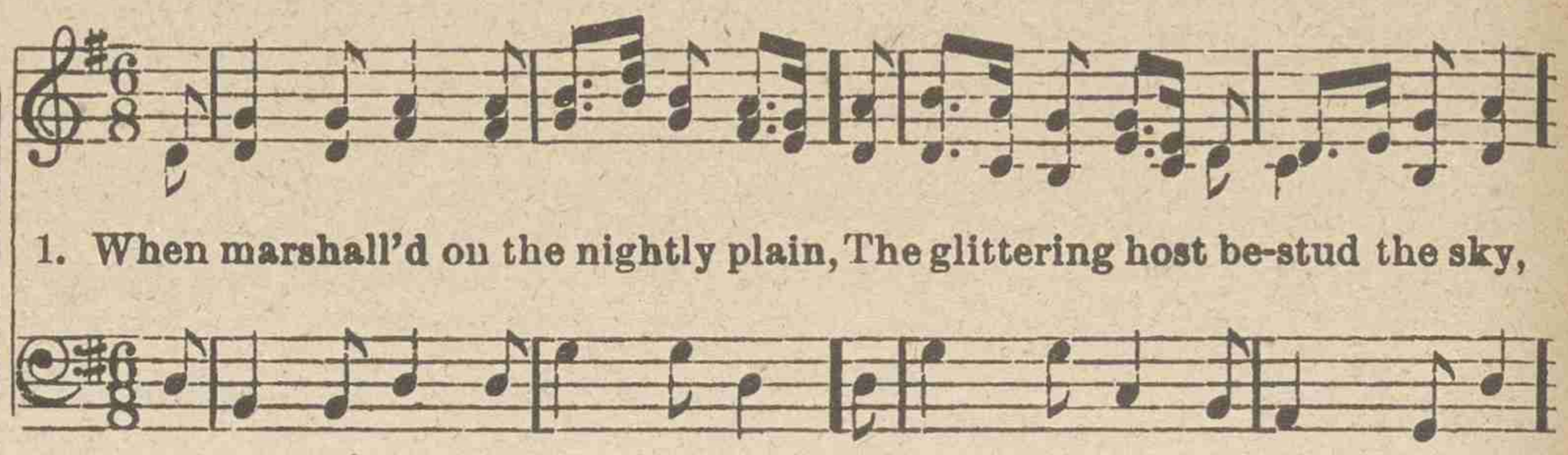
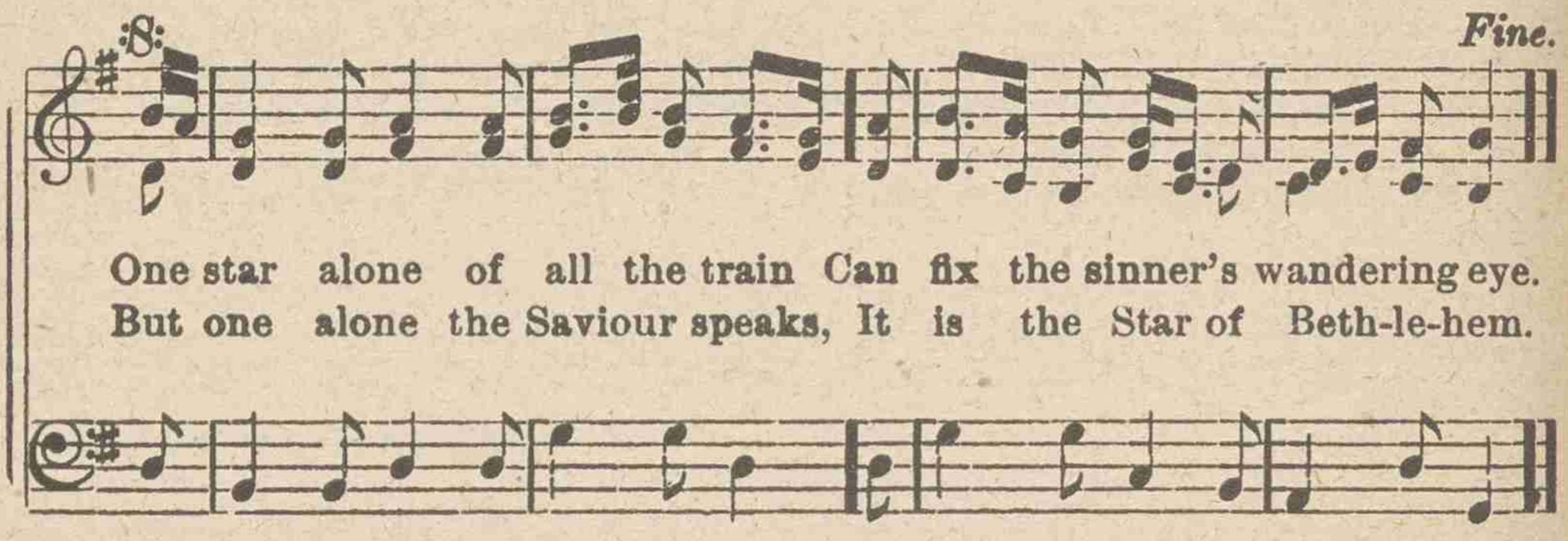
HORATIUS BONAR, 1845.

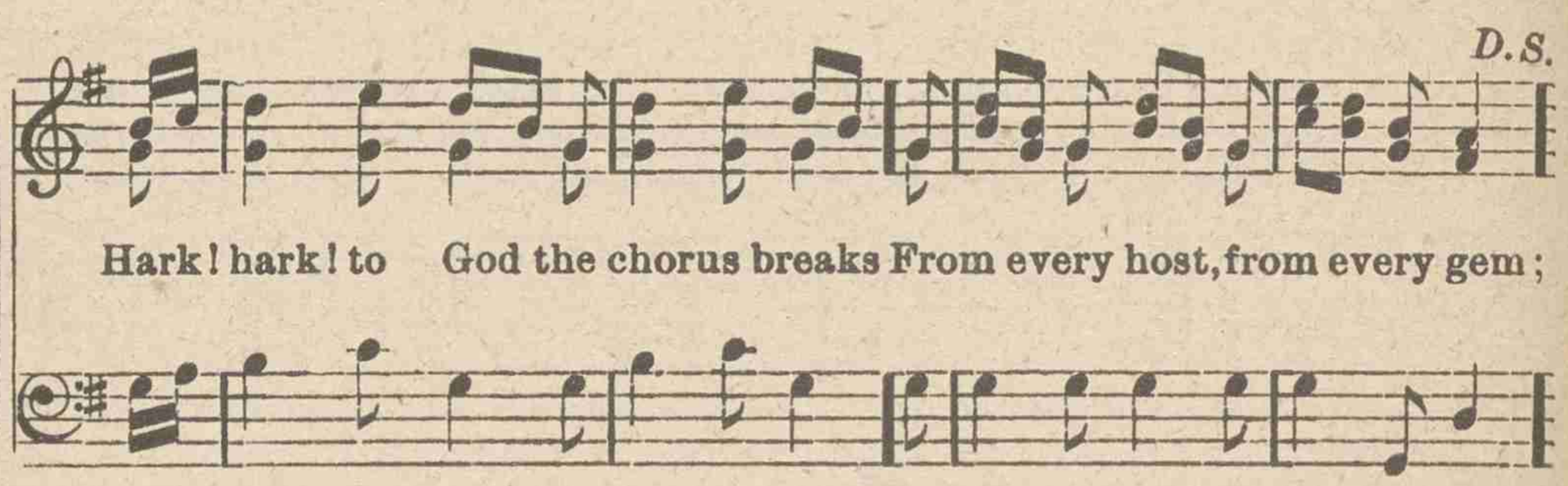
No. 167. Have mercy, Lord!

A. S. BUNTING. Harmonized by J. M. HUNT.

3 My sins, to Thee, O Lord, I bring,
And now accept Thee as my King;
I now submit to Thee alone,
And humbly bow before Thy throne.

4 I would alone on Thee rely,
And all the powers of sin defy;
Thy blessed strength, O Lord, impart,
Come now and rule within my heart.

No. 168. Star of Bethlehem.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE, 1806. L. M. D. SCOTTISH TUNE.

1. When marshall'd on the nightly plain, The glittering host be-stud the sky,

One star alone of all the train Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
But one alone the Saviour speaks, It is the Star of Beth-le-hem.



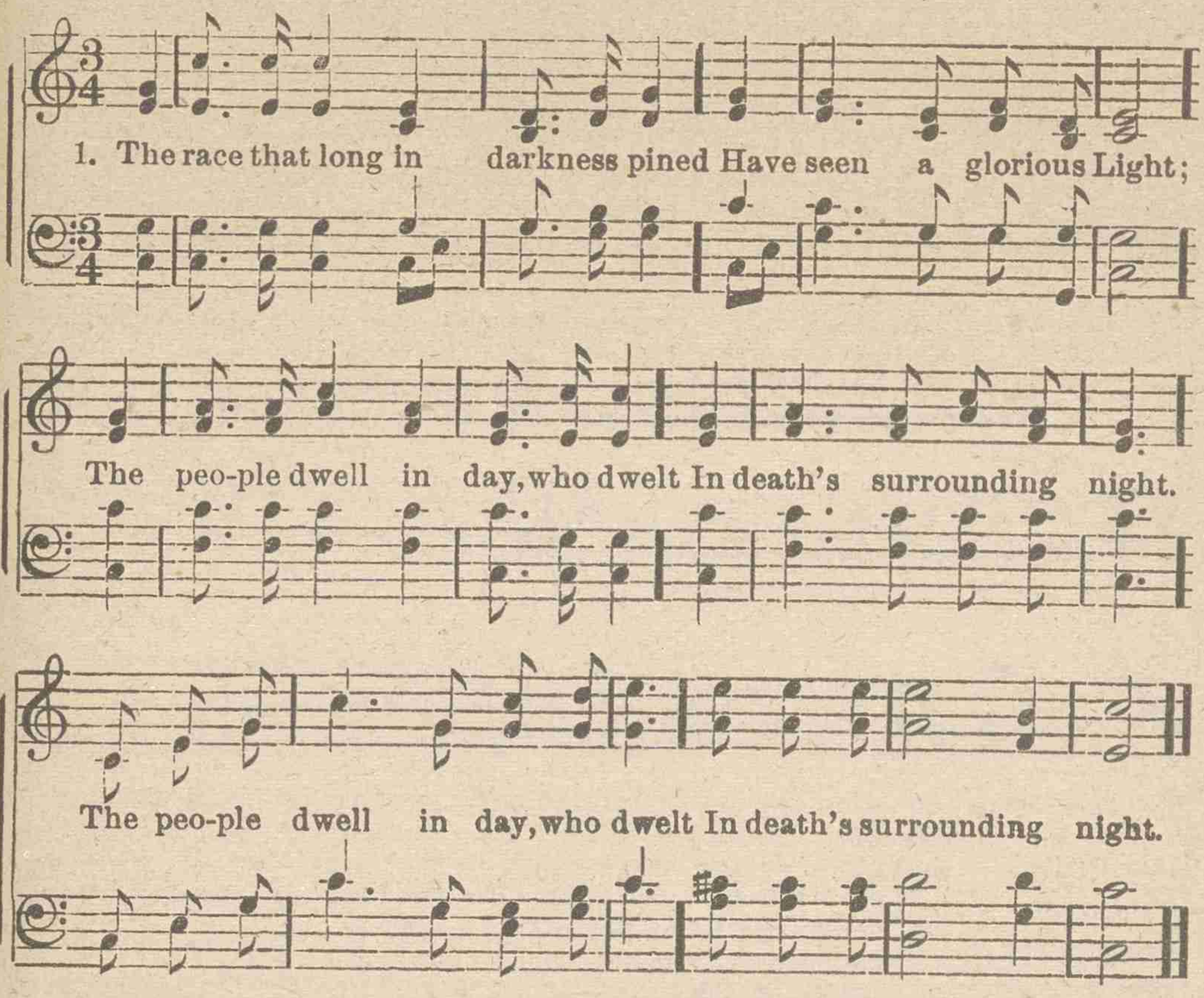
Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks From every host, from every gem;

2 Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.
Deep horror then my vitals froze;
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem!

3 It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease,
And through the storm and danger's thrall
It led me to the port of peace.
Now safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
Forever and forevermore,
The Star, the Star of Bethlehem!

No. 169. Zerah.

JOHN H. MORRISON, 1770. C. M.



2 To hail thy rise, thou better Sun,
The gathering nations come,
Joyous as when the reapers bear
The harvest-treasures home.

3 For Thou our burden hast removed,
And quelled th' oppressor's sway,
Quick as the slaughtered squadrons fell
In Midian's evil day.

4 To us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him all the hosts of heaven.

5 His name shall be the Prince of peace,
Forevermore adored;
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord.

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

No. 170.

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

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

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

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

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

6 "All glory be to God on high:
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin, and never cease!"

NAHUM TATE, 1703.

No. 170. Crowns of glory.

"Ye shall receive a crown of glory.—1 Peter v: 4.

KELLY. GEO. BAKER

1. Crowns of glo-ry ev - er bright Rest up - on the Conqueror's head;
2. He subdued the pow'rs of hell, In the fight He stood a - lone;
3. His the bat-tle, His the toil, His the hon-ors of the day;
4. Now proclaim His deeds a - far, Fill the world with His re - nown;

Crowns of glo - ry are His right, He "who liv - eth and was dead."
All His foes be-fore Him fell, By His sin - gle arm o'erthrown.
His the glo - ry and the spoil, Je - sus bears them all a - way.
His a - lone the vic - tor's car, His the ev - er - last-ing crown.

CHORUS.

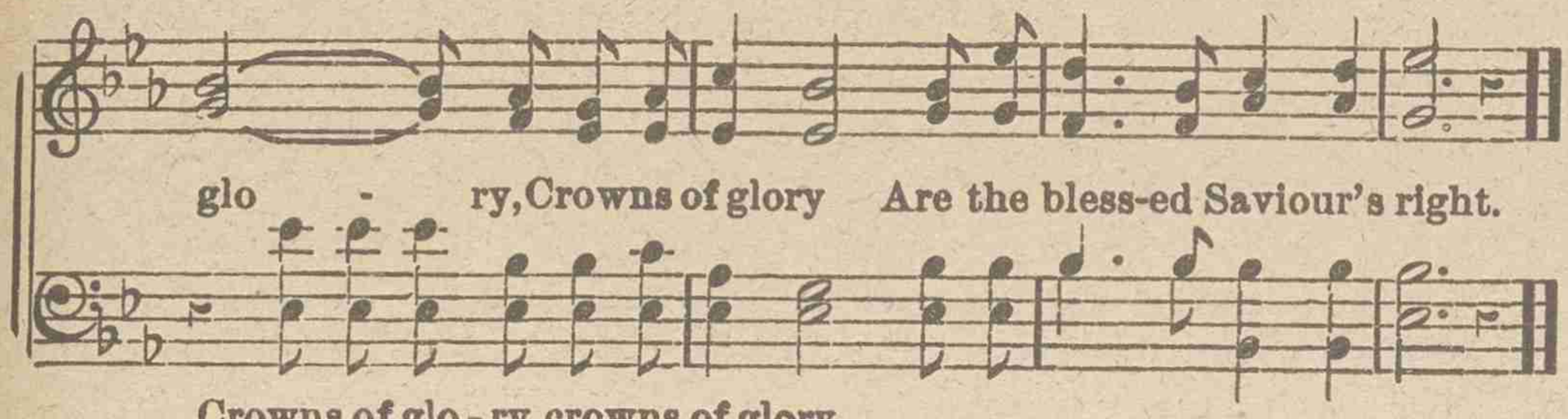
Crowns of glo - ry, Crowns of glo - ry, Crowns of

Crowns of glo - ry, Crowns of glo - ry,

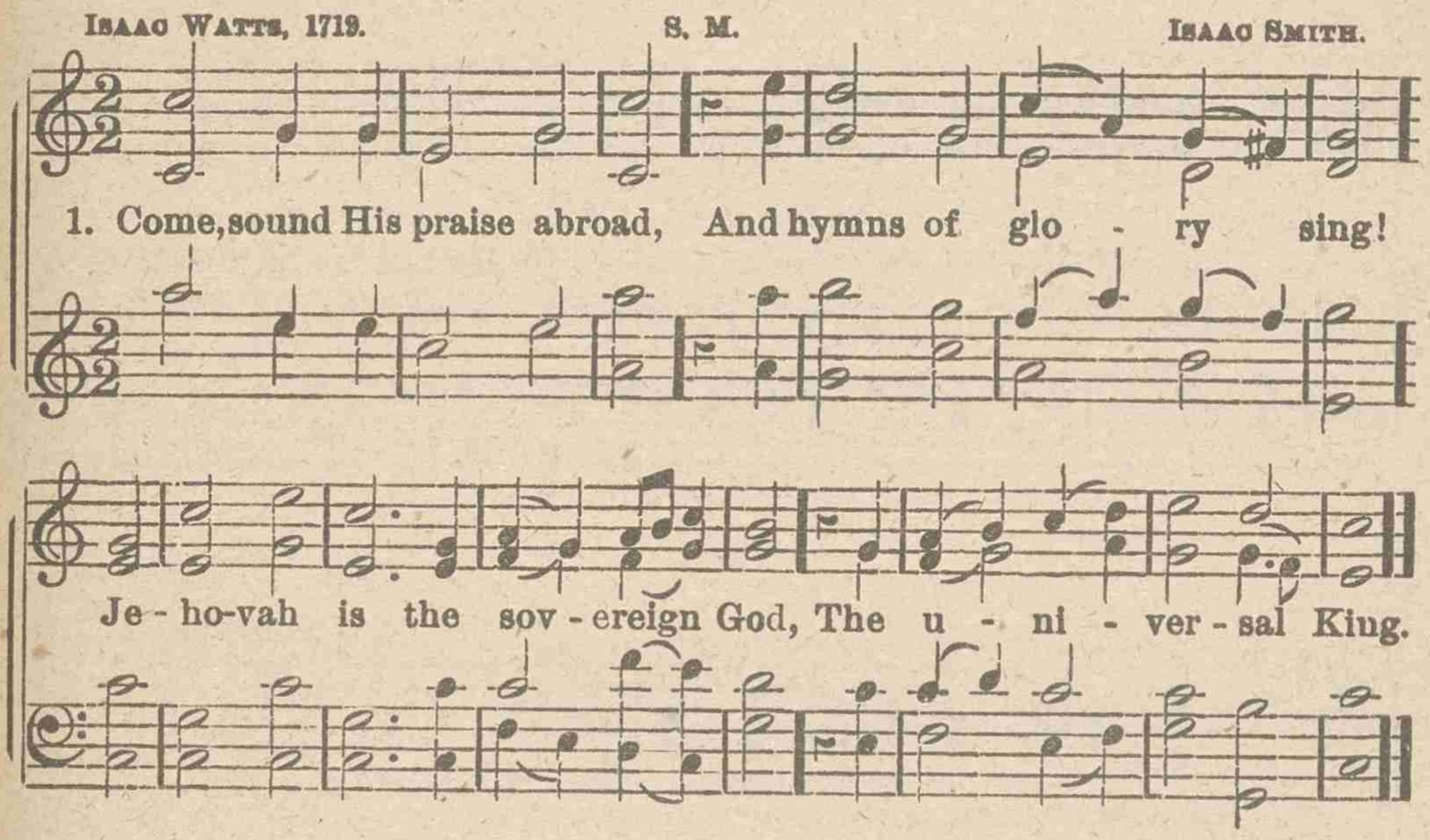
glo - ry ev - er bright, ev - er bright, Crowns of

Crowns of glo - ry ev - er bright,

Crowns of glory. Concluded.



No. 171. Silver Street.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719. S. M. ISAAC SMITH.

Psalm 95.

2 He formed the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all His own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at His throne,
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are His work, and not our own;
He formed us by His word.

4 To-day attend His voice,
Nor dare provoke His rod;
Come, like the people of His choice,
And own your gracious God.

2 These temples of His grace,
How beautiful they stand!
The honors of our native place,
The bulwarks of our land.

3 In Zion God is known
A refuge in distress;
How bright has His salvation shone
Through all her palaces!

4 Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen,
How well our God secures the fold
Where His own sheep have been.

5 In every new distress
We'll to His house repair,
We'll think upon His wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

No. 172.

Psalm 48.

1 Great is the Lord our God,
And let His praise be great;
He makes His churches His abode,
His most delightful seat.

No. 173. I am praying for you.

J. M. Hunt.

1. I have a Sav - iour, He's pleading in glo - ry, A dear, lov - ing
2. I have a Fa - ther, to me He has giv - en A hope for e -
3. I have a peace, it is calm as a riv - er— A peace that the

Saviour, tho' earth friends be few; And now He is watching in ten-der-ness
ter - ni-ty, bless - ed and true; And soon will He call me to meet Him in
friends of this world never knew; My Saviour a-lone is its Author and

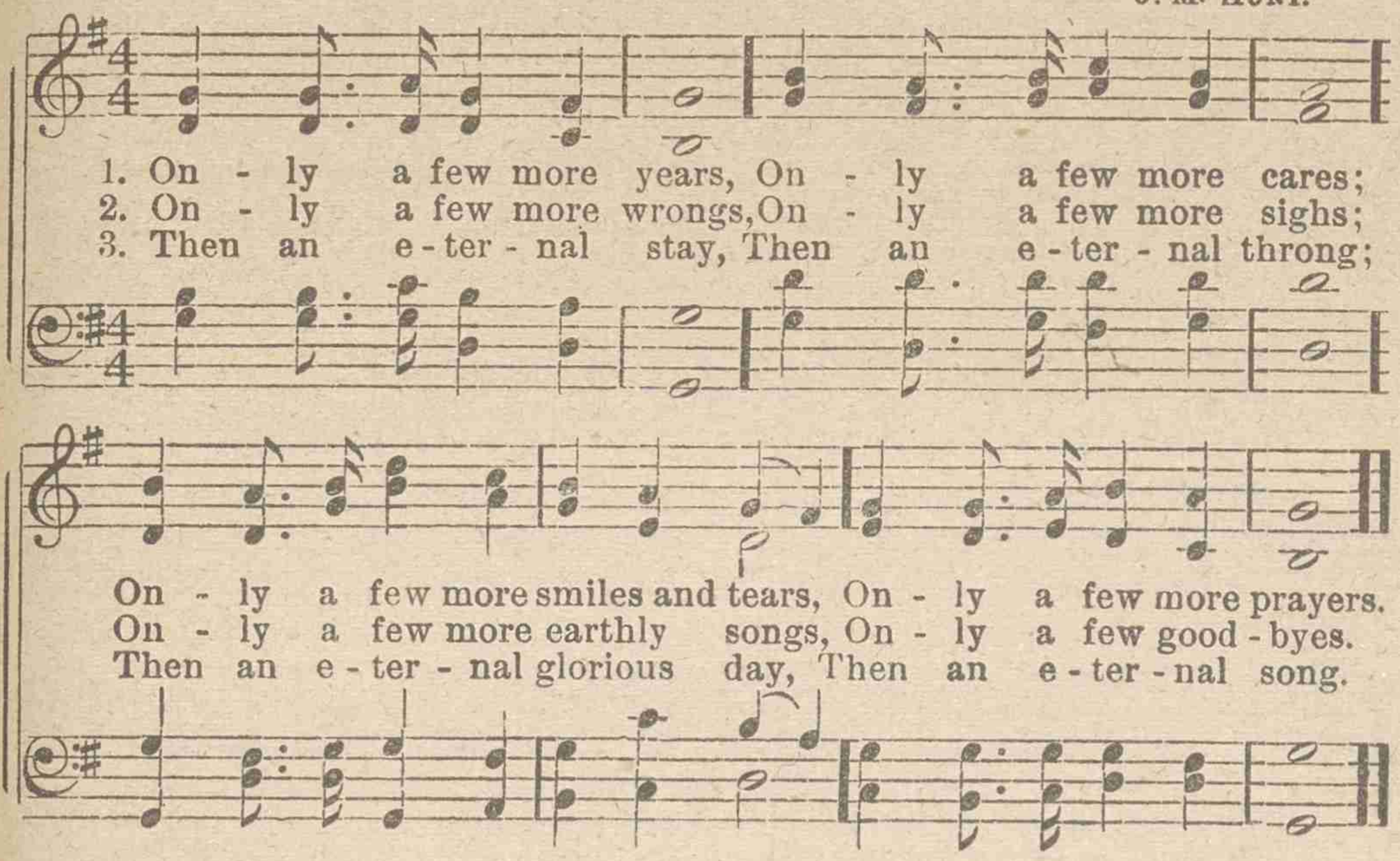
Chorus.

o'er me, And, oh! that my Saviour were your Saviour too. For you I am
heav-en, But, oh! that He'd let me bring you with me too.
Giv - er, And, oh! could I know it was giv - en to you.

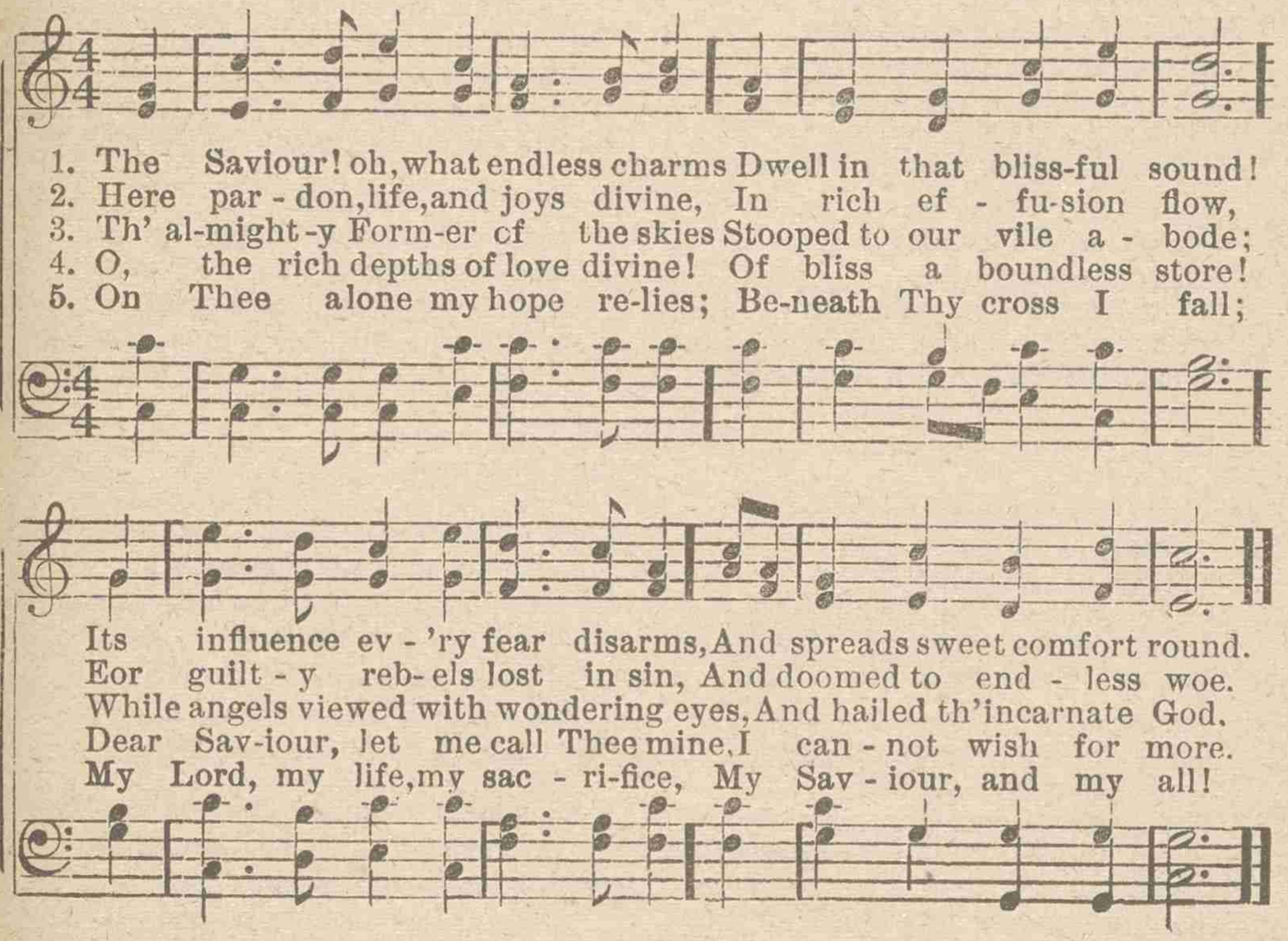
praying, For you I am praying, For you I am praying, I'm praying for you.

No. 174. Soon and forever.

"Though now for a season, if need be, ye are in heaviness."—1 Pet. i: 6.

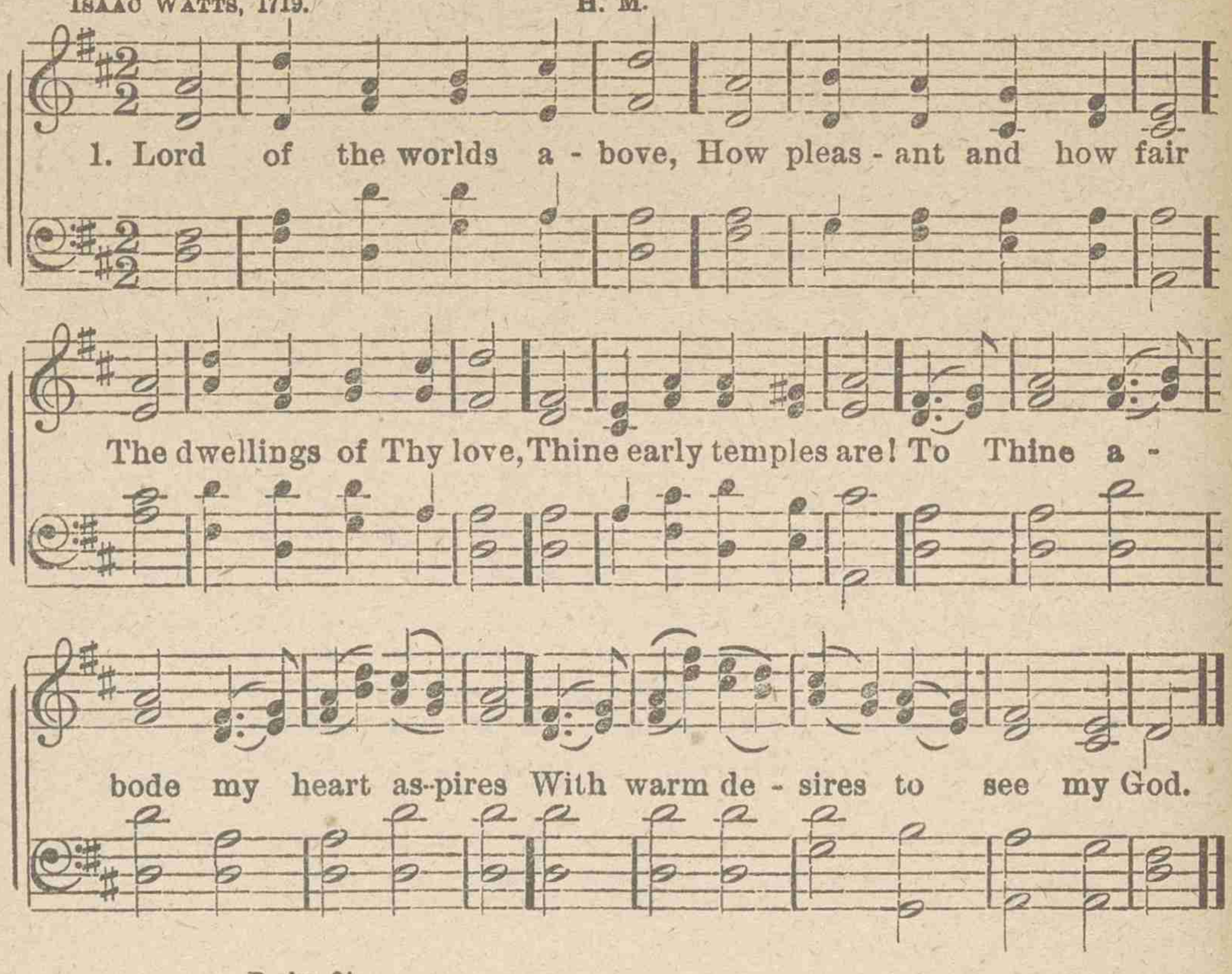
J. M. HUNT.

No. 175. Brown.

ANNE STEELE, 1760. C. M.



No. 176. Haddam.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719. H. M.



Psalm 84.

2 The sparrow for her young
With pleasure seeks a nest,
And wandering swallows long
To find their wonted rest:
My spirit faints with equal zeal
To rise and dwell among Thy saints.

3 O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear;
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there;
They praise Thee still, and happy they
That love the way to Zion's hill.

4 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
O glorious seat, when God our King
Shall thither bring our willing feet!

5 To spend one sacred day
Where God and saints abide,
Affords diviner joy
Than thousand days beside:
Where God resorts, I love it more
To keep the door, than shine in courts.

No. 177.

1 O Thou that hearest prayer,
Attend our humble cry,
And let Thy servants share
Thy blessing from on high:
We plead the promise of Thy word;
Grant us Thy Holy Spirit, Lord.

2 If earthly parents hear
Their children when they cry,
If they, with love sincere,
Their varied wants supply,
Much more wilt Thou Thy love display,
And answer when Thy children pray.

3 Our heavenly Father, Thou;
We, children of Thy grace:
O, let Thy spirit now
Descend and fill the place:
So shall we feel the heavenly flame,
And all unite to praise Thy name.

4 And send Thy spirit down
On all the nations, Lord,
With great success to crown
The preaching of Thy word,
Till heathen lands shall own Thy sway,
And cast their idol-gods away.

JOHN BURTON, 1824.

No. 178.

7s.

1 Angels, roll the rock away;
Death, yield up thy mighty prey;
See! He rises from the tomb,—
Rises with immortal bloom.

2 'Tis the Saviour; seraphs, raise
Your triumphant shouts of praise;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Hear the joy-inspiring sound.

3 Lift, ye saints, lift up your eyes;
Now to glory see Him rise:
Hosts of angels on the road
Hail and sing th' incarnate God.

4 Praise Him, all ye heavenly choirs,
Praise Him with your golden lyres;
Praise Him in your noblest songs;
Praise Him from ten thousand tongues.

No. 179.

1 O! what shall I do to be saved
From the sorrows that burden my soul?
Like the waves in the storm
When the winds are at war,
Chilling floods of distress o'er me roll.
What shall I do? what shall I do?
O! what shall I do to be saved?

2 O! what shall I do to be saved,
When the pleasures of youth are all fled?
And the friends I have loved,
From the earth are removed,
And I weep o'er the graves of the dead—
What shall I do? what shall I do?
O! what shall I do to be saved?

3 O! what shall I do to be saved,
When sickness my strength shall subdue?
Or the world in a day,
Like a cloud roll away,
And eternity opens to view?
What shall I do? what shall I do?
O! what shall I do to be saved?

4 O Lord! look in mercy on me,
Come, O come and speak peace to my soul;
Unto whom shall I flee,
Dearest Lord, but to Thee,
Thou canst make my poor, broken heart whole;
That will I do! that will I do!
To Jesus I'll go and be saved.

No. 180.

1 This rite our blest Redeemer gave
To all in Him believing;
He bids us seek this hallowed grave,
To His example cleaving.
I'll follow then my glorious Lord,
Whate'er the ties I sever,
He saved my soul, and left His word
To guide me now and ever.

2 For me the cross and shame to bear,
Dear Saviour, Thou wast willing:
Nor would I shrink Thy yoke to wear,
All righteousness fulfilling.
I'll follow, &c.

3 Jesus, to Thee I yield my all;
In Thy kind arms enfold me:
My heart is fixed; no fears appall;
Thy gracious power shall hold me.
I'll follow, &c.

S. D. Phelps.

No. 181.

C. M.

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

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

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

No. 182.

C. M.

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It sooths his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

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

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

No. 183.

C. M.

1 Jesus, I love Thy charming name;
'Tis music to my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That earth and heaven might hear.

2 Yes, Thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust:
Jewels to Thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish
In Thee doth richly meet;
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,
And shed its fragrance there,
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

5 I'll speak the honors of Thy name
With my last, laboring breath,
And, dying, clasp Thee in my arms,
The antidote of death.

No. 184.

L. M.

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

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

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

4 There, there on eagle wing we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

No. 185.

S. M.

1 Sow in the morn thy seed;
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed;
Broadcast it o'er the land;

2 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

3 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist and dry
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

4 Thence, when the glorious end,
The day of God, shall come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And heaven cry, "Harvest home!"

No. 186.

S. M.

1 Now is th' accepted time;
Now is the day of grace;
Now, sinners, come, without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.

2 Now is th' accepted time;
The Saviour calls to-day;
To-morrow it may be too late;
Then why should you delay?

3 Now is th' accepted time;
The gospel bids you come,
And every promise in His word
Declares there yet is room.

4 Lord, draw reluctant souls,
And feast them with Thy love;
Then will the angels swiftly fly
To bear the news above.

No. 187.

1 Shall we meet beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll?
Where, in all the bright forever,
Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul?

Cho.—Shall we meet, shall we meet,
Shall we meet beyond the river?
Shall we meet beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll?

2 Shall we meet in that blest harbor,
When our stormy voyage is o'er?
Shall we meet and cast the anchor
By the fair celestial shore?

3 Shall we meet in yonder city,
Where the tow'rs of crystal shine;
Where the walls are all of jasper,
Built by workmanship divine?

4 Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour,
When He comes to claim His own?
Shall we know His blessed favor,
And sit down upon His throne?

No. 188.

1 I gave My life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
That thou might'st ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead;
I gave, I gave My life for thee,
What hast thou given for Me?

2 My father's house of light,—
My glory-circled throne
I left, for earthly night,
For wand'rings sad and lone;
I left, I left it all for thee;
Hast thou left aught for me?

3 I suffered much for thee,
More than thy tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue thee from hell;
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee,
What hast thou borne for me?

4 And I have brought to thee,
Down from my home above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and My love;
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee,
What hast thou brought to me?

No. 189.

1 Grace! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear:
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

No. 190.

1 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers;
Work, when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for the daylight flies.
Work, till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work, while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

No. 191.

1 Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
I love to hear of Thee;
No music's like Thy charming name,
Nor half sō sweet can be.

2 O, let me ever hear Thy voice,
In mercy to me speak;
In Thee, my Priest, will I rejoice,
Thou great Melchisedec!

3 My Jesus, shall be still my theme,
While in the world I stay;
I'll sing my Jesus' lovely name,
When all things else decay.

4 When I appear in yonder cloud,
With all the favored throng,
Then will I sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be my song.

JOHN CENNICK, 1745, a.

No. 192.

C. M.

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

2 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
With blessing on your head.

3 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

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

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

No. 193.

L. M. 6L.

1 My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name:
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

2 When darkness seems to veil His face,
I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil:
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

3 His oath, His covenant and blood,
Support me in the 'whelming flood:
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay:
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

No. 194.

C. M.

1 Great King of glory and of grace,
We own with humble shame,
How vile is our degenerate race,
And our first father's name.

2 We live estranged, afar from God,
And love the distance well;
With haste we run the dangerous road
That leads to death and hell.

3 And can such rebels be restored?
Such matters made divine?
Let sinners see Thy glory, Lord,
And feel this power of Thine.

4 We raise our Father's name on high,
Who His own Spirit sends
To bring rebellious strangers nigh,
And turn His foes to friends.

No. 195.

C. M.

1 Firm as the earth Thy gospel stands,
My Lord, my hope, my trust;
If I am found in Jesus' hands,
My soul can ne'er be lost.

2 His honor is engaged to save
The meanest of His sheep;
All, whom His heavenly Father gave,
His hands securely keep.

3 Nor death nor hell shall e'er remove
His favorites from His breast;
Within the bosom of His love
They must forever rest.

No. 196.

1 I hear the Saviour say,
Thy strength indeed is small;
Child of weakness, watch and pray
Find in Me thine all in all.

Cho.—Jesus paid it all,
All to Him I owe;
Sin had left a crimson stain:
He washed it white as snow.

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

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

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

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

No. 197.

8s & 7s.

1 Sister, thou wast mild and lovely,
Gentle as the summer breeze,
Pleasant as the air of evening,
When it floats among the trees.

2 Peaceful be thy silent slumber,—
Peaceful in the grave so low;
Thou no more wilt join our number;
Thou no more our songs shalt know.

3 Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life is fled;
Then in heaven with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed.

No 198.

1 He who on earth as man was known,
And bore our sins and pains,
Now, seated on th' eternal throne,
The God of glory reigns.

2 His hands the wheels of nature guide
With an unerring skill;
And countless worlds, extended wide,
Obey His sovereign will.

3 While harps unnumbered sound His praise
In yonder world above,
His saints on earth admire His ways,
And glory in His love.

4 When troubles, like a burning sun,
Beat heavy on their head,
To this almighty rock they run,
And find a pleasing shade.

5 How glorious He, how happy they
In such a glorious friend,
Whose love secures them all the way,
And crowns them at the end!

JOHN NEWTON, 1779.

No. 199.

L. M.

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

No. 200.

L. M.

1 Faith is a living power from Heaven,
Which grasps the promise God has given:
A trust that cannot be o'erthrown,
Securely fixed on Christ alone.

2 Faith finds in Christ whate'er we need,
To save and strengthen, guide and feed:
Strong in His grace, it joys to share
His cross, in hope His crown to wear.

3 Faith feels the Spirit's kindling breath,
In hope and love that conquer death:
Faith brings us to delight in God,
And blesses e'en His smiting rod.

4 Such faith in us, O God, implant,
And to our prayers thy favor grant,
In Jesus Christ, Thy saving Son,
Who is our Fount of health alone.

No. 201.

1 The great Physician now is near,
The sympathizing Jesus:
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus.

CHO.—Sweetest note in seraph song,
Sweetest Name on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus, blessed Jesus.

2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blesséd Saviour's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

4 The children too, both great and small,
Who love the name of Jesus,
May now accept the gracious call
To work and live for Jesus.

5 Come, brethren, help me sing His praise,
Oh, praise the name of Jesus;
Come, sisters, all your voices raise,
Oh, bless the name of Jesus.

6 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh, how my soul delights to near
The precious name of Jesus.

7 And when to that bright world above,
We rise to see our Jesus,
We'll sing around the throne of love
His name, the name of Jesus.

No. 202.

C. M.

1 I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend His cause,
Maintain the honor of His word,
The glory of His cross.

2 Jesus, my God, I know His name;
His name is all my trust;
Nor will He put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as His throne His promise stands,
And He can well secure
What I've committed to His hands
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will He own my worthless name
Before His Father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

No. 203.

1 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known;
In reasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief;
‖: And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer. :‖

2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless.
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
‖: I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer! :‖

3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
May I thy consolation share,
Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home and take my flight;
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
‖: And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer! :‖

No. 204.

C. M.

1 There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Eternal day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-fading flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
That heavenly land from ours.

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

4 Oh, could we make our doubts remove,—
Those gloomy doubts that rise,—
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes,—

5 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.

No. 205.

1 Come home! come home!
You are weary at heart,
For the way has been dark,
And so lonely and wild.
O prodigal child!
Come home, oh, come home!

CHO.—Come home!
Come, oh, come home!

2 Come home! come home!
For we watch and we wait,
And we stand at the gate,
While the shadows are piled.
O prodigal child!
Come home, oh, come home!

3 Come home! come home!
From the sorrow and blame,
From the sin and the shame,
And the tempter that smiled.
O prodigal child!
Come home, oh, come home!

4 Come home! come home!
There is bread and to spare,
And a warm welcome there,
Then, to friends reconciled,
O prodigal child!
Come home, oh, come home!

Copyrighted, 1870, in "Songs of Devotion," by W. H. Doane. Used by per. Biglow & Main.

No. 206.

C. M.

1 Oh, 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 nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;—

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

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

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

No. 207.

8s & 6.

1 Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

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

5 Just as I am,—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

6 Just as I am,—Thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

No. 208.

C. M.

1 Religion is the chief concern
Of mortals here below;
May we its great importance learn,
Its sovereign virtue know.

2 Religion should our thoughts engage
Amid our youthful bloom;
'Twill fit us for declining age,
And for the solemn tomb.

3 Oh, may our hearts, by grace renewed,
Be our Redeemer's throne:
And be our stubborn wills subdued,
His government to own.

No. 209.

C. M.

1 Plunged in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and,—oh, amazing love!—
He flew to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste He fled,
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 Oh, 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.

No. 210.

1 My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,
Those hours of toil and danger.
For oh! we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over,
And just before the shining shore,
We may almost discover.

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

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

REV. DAVID NELSON.

No. 211.

C. M.

1 Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Unuttered or expressed,
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

No. 212.

L. M.

1 Awake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Glory to Thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept:
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

3 Lord, I to Thee my vows renew;
Dispel my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

4 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say,
That all my powers, with true delight,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

No. 213.

L. M.

1 My dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in Thy word;
But in Thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.

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

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

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

No. 214.

L. M.

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.

No. 215.

L. M. 6L.

1 "He leadeth me!" oh, blessed tho't,
Oh, words with heavenly comfort fraught,
Whate'er I do, whate'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.
He leadeth me: He leadeth me;
By His own hand He leadeth me.

2 Sometimes 'midst scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom;
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,-
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.

3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine;
Content, whate'er my lot may be,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

No. 216.

1 Nothing but leaves! the Spirit grieves
Over a wasted life;
O'er sins indulged while conscience slept,
O'er vows and promises unkept,
And reaps from years of strife
Nothing but leaves.

2 Nothing but leaves! no gathered sheaves
Of life's fair ripening grain;
We sow our seeds; lo! tares and weeds,
Words, idle words, for earnest deeds,
We reap with toil and pain
Nothing but leaves.

3 Nothing but leaves! sad memory weaves
No veil to hide the past;
And as we trace our weary way,
Counting each lost and misspent day,
Sadly we find at last
Nothing but leaves.

4 Ah! who shall thus the Master meet,
Bearing but withered leaves?
Ah! who shall at the Saviour's feet,
Before the awful judgment-seat,
Lay down, for golden sheaves,
Nothing but leaves?

No. 217.

1 Sowing the seed by the daylight fair,
Sowing the seed by the noonday glare,
Sowing the seed by the fading light,
Sowing the seed in the solemn night;
Oh, what shall the harvest be?
Oh, what shall the harvest be?

CHO.—‖: Sown in the darkness or sown in the light, :‖
‖: Sown in our weakness or sown in our might, :‖
Gathered in time or eternity,
Sure, ah, sure will the harvest be.

2 Sowing the seed by the wayside high,
Sowing the seed on the rocks to die,
Sowing the seed where the thorns will spoil,
Sowing the seed in the fertile soil;
Oh, what shall the harvest be?
Oh, what shall the harvest be?

3 Sowing the seed of a lingering pain,
Sowing the seed of a maddened brain,
Sowing the seed of a tarnished name,
Sowing the seed of eternal shame;
Oh, what shall the harvest be?
Oh, what shall the harvest be?

4 Sowing the seed with an aching heart,
Sowing the seed while the tear-drops start,
Sowing in hope till the reapers come,
Gladly to gather the harvest home;
Oh, what shall the harvest be?
Oh, what shall the harvest be?

Used by per. of Jno. Church & Co., owners of copyright.

No. 218.

1 Oh, where are the reapers that garner in
The sheaves of the good from the fields of sin?
With sickles of truth must the work be done,
And no one may rest till the "harvest home."

CHO.—Where are the reapers? Oh, who will come
And share in the glory of the "harvest home?"
Oh, who will help us to garner in
The sheaves of good from the fields of sin.

2 Go out in the by-ways and search them all;
The wheat may be there, though the weeds are tall;
Then search in the highway, and pass none by,
But gather from all for the home on high.

3 The fields all are ripening, and far and wide
The world now is waiting the harvest tide;
But reapers are few, and the work is great,
And much will be lost should the harvest wait.

4 So come with your sickles, ye sons of men,
And gather together the golden grain;
Toil on till the Lord of the harvest come,
Then share ye His joy in the "harvest home."

Used by per. of Jno. Church & Co., owners of copyright.

No. 219.

C. M.

1 Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace.

2 My gracious Master, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of Thy name.

3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

5 He speaks, and, listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

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

CHARLES WESLEY, 1740.

No. 220.

1 The mistakes of my life have been many,
The sins of my heart have been more,
And I scarce can see for weeping,
But I'll knock at the open door.

CHO.—I know I am weak and sinful,
It comes to me more and more;
But when the dear Saviour shall bid me come in,
I'll enter the open door.

2 I am lowest of those who love Him,
I am weakest of those who pray:
But I come as He has bidden,
And He will not say me nay.

3 My mistakes His free grace will cover,
My sins He will wash away,
And the feet that shrink and falter
Shall walk thro' the gates of day.

4 The mistakes of my life have been many,
And my spirit is sick with sin,
And I scarce can see for weeping,
But the Saviour will let me in.

No 221.

1 There is a gate that stands ajar,
And through its portals gleaming,
A radiance from the cross afar,
The Saviour's love revealing.

REF.—Oh, depth of mercy! can it be
That gate was left ajar for me?
For me, for me?
Was left ajar for me?

2 That gate ajar stands free for all
Who seek through it salvation;
The rich and poor, the great and small,
Of every tribe and nation.

3 Press onward, then, though foes may frown,
While mercy's gate is open;
Accept the cross, and win the crown,
Love's everlasting token.

4 Beyond the river's brink we'll lay
The cross that here is given,
And bear the crown of life away,
And love Him more in heaven.

No. 222.

1 The whole world was lost in the darkness of sin!
The Light of the world is Jesus;
Like sunshine at noonday, His glory shone in,
The Light of the world is Jesus.

CHO.—Come to the Light, 'tis shining for thee;
Sweetly the Light has dawned upon me,
Once I was blind, but now I can see:
The Light of the world is Jesus.

2 No darkness have we who in Jesus abide,
The Light of the world is Jesus;
We walk in the Light when we follow our Guide,
The Light of the world is Jesus.

3 Ye dwellers in darkness with sin-blinded eyes,
The Light of the world is Jesus;
Go, wash, at His bidding, and light will arise,
The Light of the world is Jesus.

4 No need of the sunlight in heaven, we're told,
The Light of the world is Jesus;
The Lamb is the Light in the City of Gold,
And the Light of that world is Jesus,

Used by per. of Jno. Church & Co., owners of copyright.

CONTENTS.

Titles in small caps; First lines in Romans.

Above the waves of earthly strife... 125
A CHARGE TO KEEP I HAVE..... 143
A DEBTOR TO MERCY ALONE. 102
All hail the power of Jesus' name.9, 85
Alas and did my Savior bleed...25, 57
ALAS AND DID MY SAVIOR BLEED.. 26
ALL, ALL IS FREE..... 148
Am I a soldier of the Cross.....68, 108
Amazing grace how sweet the sound 80, 127
AMERICA..... 119
ANTIOCH..... 157
Angels roll the rock away..... 178
ARISE, MY SOUL, ARISE..... 13
ARLINGTON..... 86
Around the great white throne.. 58
Asleep in Jesus' blessed sleep.... 7
At the feast of Belshazzar..... 4
AVON..... 117
Awake and sing the song..... 115
Awake, my soul, in joyful lays..... 163
Awake, my soul, and with the sun.. 212
AZMON..... 68

BALERMA..... 79
BEYOND THE SMILING AND THE WEEPING..... 60
BETHANY..... 76
BLOW YE THE TRUMPET.....12, 151
Blest be the tie that bind..... 50
BOYLSTON..... 10
BROWN..... 175
Broad is the road..... 17
BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES..... 70
BRIGHT FOREVERMORE..... 23
BY THE HAND OF JESUS..... 6
By cool Siloam's shady rill..... 104

CANAAN..... 92
CHILDREN OF THE HEAVENLY KING 54
COME TO THE LAMB OF GOD..... 5
Come holy Spirit, heavenly Dove.. 21
Come we that love the Lord..... 27
COME YE DISCONSOLATE..... 48
COME TO JESUS..... 65
Come thou Fount of every blessing.....93, 100
Come let us anew our..... 90
Come ye sinners, poor and needy.. 134
Come all ye mourning pilgrims.... 139
COME TO THE HOUSE OF PRAYER. 160
Come send his praise abroad..... 171
Come home, come home..... 205
CORONATION..... 85
COWPER..... 129
CROWN HIM LORD OF ALL..... 9
CROSS AND CROWN..... 113
CROWNS OF GLORY..... 170

DAY OF REST..... 88
DELIVERANCE WILL COME..... 39
DENNIS..... 50
DEFLEURY..... 59
DEPTH OF MERCY..... 120
Did Christ o'er sinners weep..... 8
DUKE STREET..... 62

Eternal Spirit 'twas thy breath..... 62
EVEN ME..... 61
EVAN..... 83
EXHORTATION..... 90

Father whate'er of earthly bliss.... 11
Father I stretch my hands to thee.. 126
Faith is a living power from..... 200
Firm as the earth, the gospel stands. 195
FLOW ON..... 157
From Greenland's icy mountains... 31
From every stormy wind that..... 184

GATHERED HOME..... 33
Gently come the shades of evening 141
GOD BE WITH YOU TILL WE MEET 22
GOD IS LOVE..... 66
God moves in a mysterious way.. 192
GOING HOME..... 123
GRACE..... 107
Grace! 't is a charming sound.... 187
Great is the Lord our God..... 172
Great king of glory and of grace. 194
GREENVILLE..... 140
GUIDE ME, O THOU GREAT JEHOVAH 110

HARMONY GROVE..... 80
Hark! the voice of Jesus crying... 67
Hark! ten thousand harps and.... 128
HARWELL..... 128
HAVE MERCY LORD..... 167
HADDAM..... 176
HAPPY, ALL SO HAPPY..... 20
HAPPY DAY..... 138
HENDON..... 36
HEBRON..... 49
Hear the angels gladly singing.... 56
HERE AM I SEND ME..... 69
Here we are but straying pilgrims.. 71
HEAVEN IS MY HOME..... 136
He who on earth as man was..... 198
He leadeth me..... 215
How sweet, how heavenly is the... 42
HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION..... 53
How many sheep are straying..... 55
How tedious and tasteless the hours 59
How pleasant thus to dwell below. 92
How sad our state by nature is.... 117
How sweet the name of Jesus..... 182
HOMEWARD BOUND..... 135

I am sweeping through the gates... 105
I AM TRUSTING THEE..... 153
I am waiting by the river..... 161
I AM PRAYING FOR YOU..... 173
I DO BELIEVE..... 126

I gave my life for thee..... 188
I have a Savior, he's pleading in. 173
I hear the Savior say..... 196
I love to think of the heavenly land 15
I love thy kingdom Lord..... 41
I LOVE TO STEAL AWHILE AWAY.. 89
I'm not ashamed to own my Lord 202
I'm but a traveler here..... 136
IN EVIL LONG I TOOK DELIGHT... 145
In the Christian's home of glory.. 165
In the dense and leafy woodlands 87
INVITATION..... 134
Is my walk toward the heavenly... 3
I saw a wayworn traveler..... 39
I think when I read that sweet story 130
IWILL FOLLOW THEE MY SAVIOR... 28
I WILL ARISE AND GO TO JESUS.... 93

JERUSALEM MY HAPPY HOME..... 111
JESUS LOVER OF MY SOUL..... 43
Jesus lover of my soul..... 142
JESUS I MY CROSS HAVE TAKEN.... 51
JESUS THE VERY THOUGHT OF THEE 84
Jesus brings a full salvation..... 148
Jesus I love thy charming name.... 183
Joy to the world, the Lord is come. 154
Just as I am without one plea..... 207

KEEP THE BANNER UNFURLED.... 29
KENTUCKY..... 8

LABAN..... 103
LET HIM IN..... 97
LET THE LITTLE ONES COME UNTO ME 130
LET CHILDREN SING..... 147
LIGHTS ALONG THE SHORE..... 32
Lift up your eyes, behold and see... 101
LISCHER..... 137
Lonely the penitent sinner does go. 5
Lord we come before thee now.... 36
Lord I hear of showers of blessing. 61, 159
Lord of the worlds above..... 176
Loving Savior hear my cry..... 162
LOVING KINDNESS..... 163

MARCHING ALONG..... 40
Majestic sweetness sits enthroned.. 77
MARTYN..... 142
MELODY..... 21
MEAR..... 25
MISSIONARY HYMN..... 31
MORNING DAWNS, THE DAY IS COM'G 141
MOUNT PISGAH..... 108
Must Jesus bear the Cross alone... 113
My precious Lord for thy..... 46
My dear Redeemer and my Lord.. .....49, 213
My soul be on thy guard..... 103
My faith looks up to thee..... 106
My country 'tis of thee..... 119
My heavenly home is bright and... 123
MY HOME IS THERE..... 125
My hope is built on nothing less.. 193
My days are gliding swiftly by.... 210
NAOMI..... 22
NEVER BE AFRAID..... 44
Nearer my God to thee..... 76
NEARER HOME..... 98
NETTLETON..... 100
NO SORROW THERE..... 78
NOT MY WILL, BUT THINE BE DONE. 150
Now is the accepted time..... 186
Nothing but leaves..... 216

O come to the house of prayer..... 160
O for a closer walk with God..... 79
O for a faith that will not shrink... 206
O flood of living waters..... 157
OH! HOW HAPPY ARE THEY..... 2
O for a thousand tongues to sing... 219
O happy day that fixed my choice.. 138
O HOW I LOVE JESUS..... 57
OLD HUNDRED..... 67
OLIVET..... 106
ON JORDAN'S STORMY BANKS I STAND..... 47
On the mountain's top appearing.. 34
Only a few more years..... 174
One sweetly solemn thought..... 98
ONE MORE WITNESS FOR CHRIST... 146
ONLY WAITING..... 24
ORTONVILLE..... 77
O sing to me of heaven.....78, 124
O shout for joy, let songs..... 82
O thou that hearest prayer..... 177
Our country for Jesus..... 29
Our Father who art in heaven..... 114
Out on an ocean all boundlest we.. 135
Out of the mouths of children, small 147
O whither now so bright and gay.. 20
O WHERE SHALL REST BE FOUND.. 118
O what shall I do to be saved..... 179
O where are the reapers..... 218

PEACE ON EARTH..... 56
PEACEFULLY SLEEP..... 72
Peacefully lay her down to rest.... 72
PILGRIM..... 139
Plunged in a gulf of deep..... 209
PRAISE THE LORD..... 42
Praise God from whom all blessings 67
PRAYER, SWEET PRAYER..... 164
Prayer is the soul's sincere desire.. 211

REST..... 7
Religion is the chief concern....83, 208
REST FOR THE WEARY..... 165
ROCK OF AGES..... 131

SAFELY THERE..... 3
SAILING O'ER LIFE'S OCEAN..... 16
SAVE ME AT THE CROSS..... 162
Salvation, oh the joyful sound..... 181
SCHOOL GREETING..... 149

SESSIONS..... 46
SEEKING THE LOST SHEEP..... 55
SHADOWS ON OUR LIVES..... 87
Shall we all meet at home in..... 33
SHIRLAND..... 40
SHOUT THE TIDINGS OF SALVATION 19
Show pity Lord.....94, 122
SHOWERS OF BLESSING..... 159
Shall we meet beyond the river.... 187
SILVER STREET..... 171
Sister, thou wast mild and lovely .. 197
SILOAM..... 104
Soon shall the trump of God..... 64
SOMETHING TO DO IN HEAVEN... 95
SOMETHING TO DO..... 99
SOON AND FOREVER..... 174
Sow in the morn thy seed..... 185
Sowing in the morning..... 70
Sowing the seed by the daylight fair 217
ST. THOMAS..... 64
Stand up, stand up for Jesus. 74
STAY, WEARY CHILD..... 116
STAR OF BETHLEHEM..... 168
SWELL THE ANTHEM RAISE THE SONG..... 91
SWEET WAS THE TIME..... 96
Sweeping through the gates. 105
Sweet hour of prayer..... 203

TAKE THE NAME OF JESUS WITH YOU..... 158
THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL.. 4
The day is past and gone..... 10
THE EVERGREEN SHORE..... 14
THE HEAVENLY LAND 15
THE DOOMED MAN..... 18
THE ANGEL'S SONG..... 152
THE ANGELS SING..... 27
The children are gathering..... 40
The morning light is breaking..... 73
THE GOSPEL SHIP IS SAILING..... 75
THE HARVEST IS WHITE..... 101
THE HEAVENLY RACE..... 109
THE LORD'S PRAYER..... 114
The race that long in darkness..... 169
The Savior! O what endless..... 175
The great Physician now is near.... 201
The mistakes of my life have..... 220
The whole world was lost in the... 222
There is a time we know not..... 18
There is a land, a sunny land..... 23
There are lights by the shore..... 32
There is a fountain.....38, 129
THERE IS A CROSS FOR ME TO BEAR. 52
THERE IS A HAPPY LAND..... 121
There is a song the angels sing ... 152
There is a land of pure delight..... 204
There is a gate that stands ajar.... 221
THOU WILT NEVER LET ME DIE.... 30
Thou art calling even me..... 30
Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb. 191
There'll be something in heaven for 95
This is the day the Lord hath..... 86
This is not my resting-place..... 166
This rite our blest Redeemer..... 180
Tho' trembling, Lord, I come to thee..... 167
'Tis religion that can give..... 107
'Tis never too late to be sowing the. 99
TO THY PASTURES FAIR AND LARGE 137

WAITING..... 160
WATCHMAN, TELL ME..... 112
WATCHMAN, TELL US OF THE NIGHT 81
We are joyously voyaging..... 14
We close the sacred day..... 88
WE PRAISE THEE, O GOD 144
Welcome, delightful morn,..... 137
Welcome, welcome, Sabbath morning..... 149
WEBB..... 73
WE'LL STAND THE STORM..... 82
We're a faithful pilgrim band..... 16
We're traveling home to heaven above..... 133
WHEN I CAN READ MY TITLE CLEAR 1
When I'm weary, I am led..... 6
When marshaled on the..... 168
When torn is the bosom..... 164
When I survey the wondrous..... 199
What various hindrances we..... 45
WHAT WILL IT MATTER..... 155
While shepherds watched their..... 170
WHY SHOULD I WAIT..... 156
WINDHAM..... 17, 94
Wide ye heavenly gates..... 97
WILL I BE THERE?..... 58
WILL THE WATERS BE CHILLY..... 122
WILL YOU GO..... 133
Work for the night is coming 190

YE NATIONS OF THE EARTH ... 63
Ye nations 'round the earth..... 63
Yes, my native land I love thee.... 140
YONDER OVER THE ROLLING RIVER. 71

ZERAH..... 169
ZION..... 34
ZION STANDS WITH HILLS SURROUNDED..... 35

POPULAR MUSICAL WORKS.

CHOIR LEADERS

Are aware of the fact that the greatest musical need of the choir is **GOOD, NEW** Scripture and Hymn Anthems for opening, closing and occasional use. This need the

Musical Visitor

proposes to supply **every month.** It will have in each number enough

Choice Anthems & Choir Pieces

to last a choir until the next issue. In addition to this, there will be a number of fine Organ Voluntaries, while in the reading department will be found the usual assortment of **SKETCHES, STORIES, ESSAYS,** and articles of special interest to choir and chorus members.

SUBSCRIPTION $1.50 A YEAR.

In Clubs of 5 or more, $1.00 each.

A Sample Copy of the "VISITOR," containing Anthems and Voluntaries, will be mailed to any address for 10 cents. Address

THE JOHN CHURCH CO., Cincinnati, O.

OUR SONG WORLD.

For Singing Classes, Churches and Conventions. Anthems, Glees, Part Songs, and Vocal Culture.

By Geo. F. Root and C. C. Case.

60 cents each by mail, postpaid; $6 per dozen by express, not prepaid.

THE

Musical Curriculum

Still leads as the most thorough and progressive of all piano methods. The only book that makes playing and singing go hand in hand. **$3.00, by mail, postpaid.**

SPECIAL SONGS

AND RESPONSIVE SERVICES

For Easter, S. S. Anniversaries, Thanksgiving, Christmas and other Festivals.

New every year. Everything in the musical line that can be wanted by Choir, Church, Sunday School or Choral Society, will be found in the greatest variety at the publishing house of

THE JOHN CHURCH CO., Cincinnati, O.

Send for our Complete Catalogue of Sheet Music and Music Books.

WONDROUS LOVE

A New Singing Book for Sunday Schools, by Geo. F. Root and C. C. Case.

THE WORDS

throughout the entire book are strong, helpful, and encouraging.

THE MUSIC

has been especially prepared to meet the increasing demand for bright and harmonious music that can be readily taken up and learned by the whole school. 192 pages, handsomely bound in boards.

Price 35 Cents by mail, postpaid; $3.60 a dozen by express, not prepaid.

CONSOLATION.

A Special Collection of Ninety-Six Hymns, Tunes and Chants

FOR

Funeral and Memorial Services,

Together with suitable "Gospel Songs," new and old, designed to comfort those that mourn. Edited by

JAMES R. MURRAY.

Bound in flexible cloth for convenience in carrying in the pocket.

Price 35 Cents each by mail, postpaid; $3.60 per dozen by express, not prepaid.

A CHOICE ANTHEM BOOK.

McPhail's Anthems.

By M. L. McPHAIL.

The aim of the author has been to provide music for choirs of every degree of proficiency, and for all the various uses of the church service, and to this end, beautiful and original compositions have been interspersed with choice selections and arrangements from the works of Mozart, Concone, Bellini, Tours, Barnby, Smart, Costa, Barri, Lindsay, etc., etc.

Price, $1.00 each by mail, postpaid; $10.00 a dozen by express, not prepaid. Specimen pages free.

PUBLISHED BY

THE JOHN CHURCH CO., Cincinnati, O.

Send for our Complete Catalogue of Sheet Music and Music Books.