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1868

ECLECTIC

SABBATH SCHOOL

HYMN BOOK

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THE

ECLECTIC

SABBATH-SCHOOL

HYMN-BOOK.

COMPILED BY

AN OLD S. S. SUPERINTENDENT,

ASSISTED BY

A NUMBER OF S. S. TEACHERS AND OTHERS.

BALTIMORE:
T. NEWTON KURTZ,
151 WEST PRATT STREET.
1868.

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PREFACE.

WHAT! *another* SUNDAY-SCHOOL HYMN-BOOK! many will doubtless exclaim. Yes; but we claim for *this* one certain peculiarities and advantages possessed by no other, which, we think, will be obvious to all who will give it a careful examination.

It is an acknowledged *fact*, that in most of the Sunday-school music-books published, there are found hymns and tunes of doubtful propriety for the use of Sabbath-schools, while others are absolutely worthless. It has been our aim to carefully cull the *choicest* hymns and tunes scattered among the most popular Sunday-school music-books,—such as have become *general favorites*,—and embody them in this little volume.

Heretofore, in order to use these favorite hymns and tunes, it has been necessary that the *whole school* be supplied with *several different sets of* Sunday-school music-books, involving no little expense and considerable annoyance; it is *just here* that the peculiar advantages of *this* collection are manifest: only this *one* book will be required. Comparatively few Sunday-school scholars understand or are able to read music at sight: they learn the tunes, for the most part, by *air*: it is

only necessary, therefore, that the Chorister or Leader be supplied with a *single copy* of each of the *music*-books containing *these hymns;* the scholars will follow the Leader, and readily catch the *tune* after two or three rehearsals. Thus every school can enjoy a much wider range of music, and at *much less* expense. On the score of *economy alone*, therefore, regardless of its intrinsic merits, this Sunday-School Hymn-Book should recommend itself to the favorable consideration of all interested in the Sunday-School cause.

The selections have been made mainly from the Sunday-School Bell, Nos. 1 and 2; the Golden Chain, Shower, Censer, and Harp; the Sunday-School Hosanna, Diadem, Casket, Oriola, Happy Voices, Pilgrims' Songs, Glad Tidings, Fresh Laurels, etc.

Above each Hymn will be found the name of the *Books* or Tune, and the *page* on which the music can be found. The L. M., C. M., S. M., &c. hymns have appropriate tunes designated; but others can be substituted to suit the taste of the Leader or choice of the School.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL HYMNS.

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1 **G. Chain 4, G. Tidings 123, Happy Voices 97, Oriola 144.**

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

1. The Sunday-school, that blessed place!
Oh, I would rather stay
Within its walls, a child of grace,
Than spend my hours in play.
The Sunday-school, the Sunday-school,
Oh, 'tis the place I love,
For there I learn the golden rule
Which leads to joys above.

2. 'Tis there I learn that Jesus died
For sinners such as I;
Oh, what has all the world beside,
That I should prize so high?
The Sunday-school, &c.

3. Then let our grateful tribute rise,
And songs of praise be given,
To Him who dwells above the skies,
For such a blessing given.
The Sunday-school, &c.

4. And welcome, then, the Sunday-school!
We'll read, and sing, and pray,
That we may keep the golden rule,
And never from it stray.
The Sunday-school, &c.

G. Chain 5, S. S. Hosanna 66.

2 SUNDAY-SCHOOL RECRUITING SONG.

1. To our dear Sabbath-school there ought many to come,
Who spend Sunday wandering or trifling at home;
I'll try to bring *one*, or I'll try to bring *two*,
Yes, all that I can I'm determined to do.
God meant all the people who live in this place
To hear of his goodness and join in his praise;
So I'll try to bring *one*, or I'll try to bring *two*,
Yes, all that I can I'm determined to do.

2. Let me think: are there none of the dear ones at home,
The large or the little, who never have come?
Oh, I'll beg, and I'll coax, try for *one*, try for *two*,
Yes, all that I can I'm determined to do.
My cousins and playmates, who live in this street,
I'll ask them to come, the next time that we meet;
Who knows but among them I'll get *one* or *two?*
For all that I *can* I'm determined to do.

3. Out there in the lot that I pass every day,
How many spend Sunday in frolic or play!
If I could but get *one* of those boys, now, or *two*,
To come here next Sabbath, what good it might do!
Perhaps up to heaven some day I may go;
What glory and blessedness then I shall know!
But I want in that glory that many may share,
That one, two, yes, all I can take, may be there.

S. S. Bell, No. 1—31.

3 COME TO THE SABBATH-SCHOOL.

1. COME to the Sabbath-school, all children come;
Cheerful its pious rule, pleasant as home;
Leave rude and naughty plays, love and keep the holy days,
Come, learn to pray and praise in Sabbath-school.

2. Come, where our teachers meet, faithful and true;
Come, learn the lessons sweet, ready for you;
Come, school will not be long; come, join our happy
throng;
Come, sing our pretty song in Sabbath-school.

3. Oh, there's a school on high, where angels praise;
Joy beams in every eye, sweet strains they raise;
There seraph children sing anthems to our glorious
King,
And crowns to Jesus bring,—blest Sabbath-school.

Diadem 12, or Oriola 92.

4 DEAR SABBATH-SCHOOL.

1. YES, dear Sabbath-school, I love thee:
Here I meet with friends most dear;
None to scorn or feel above me,
None to dread with slavish fear;
And the teachers,
And the teachers,
Kindly all my lessons hear;
And the teachers,
And the teachers,
Kindly all my lessons hear.

2. Here I learn of richer treasures
Than the mines of earth afford;
Earthly friends and earthly pleasures
Shall not keep me from the Lord:
Precious lessons
Here are spoken from his word.

3. Yet my heart is fill'd with wonder:
Parents, teachers, can you tell
Why neglected many wander,
When so near the school they dwell?
Oh, invite them:
They will love the school so well.

4. I will go and tell those children
There is room for them and me;
And to school will straightway bring them,
If persuaded they will be:
I am thankful
That my friends invited me.

S. S. Bell, No. 1—17, Oriola 62, or G. Tidings 46.

5 HAPPY GREETING TO ALL.

1. COME, children, and join in our festival song,
And hail the sweet joys which this day brings along;
We'll join our glad voices in one hymn of praise
To God, who has kept us and lengthen'd our days.
CHORUS.—Happy greeting to all!
Happy greeting to all!
Happy greeting, happy greeting,
Happy greeting to all!

2. Our Father in heaven, we lift up to thee
Our voice of thanksgiving, our glad jubilee;
Oh, bless us, and guide us, dear Saviour, we pray,
That from thy blest precepts we never may stray.
CHORUS.—Happy greeting, &c.

3. And if, ere this glad year has drawn to a close,
Some loved one among us in death shall repose,
Grant, Lord, that the spirit in heaven may dwell,
In the bosom of Jesus, where all shall be well.
CHORUS.—Happy greeting, &c.

4. Kind teachers, we children would thank you this day
That faithfully, kindly, you've taught us the way
How we may escape from the world's sinful charms,
And find a safe refuge in the Saviour's loved arms.
CHORUS.—Happy greeting, &c.

5. Dear pastor, we ask thee, as lambs of thy fold,
To teach us that wisdom more precious than gold;

Our footsteps to guide in the pathway of truth,
To "love our Creator in the days of our youth."
CHORUS.—Happy greeting, &c.

S. S. Bell, No. 1—66, Oriola 27.

6 SAB. SCHOOLS MUST HAVE THEIR CONCERT.

1. SABBATH-SCHOOLS must have their concert
When the appointed time comes round;
Surely 'tis a precious meeting,
For the children there are found.
'Tis not safe to pass it over
For the rain or for the snow;
Children love their own dear meeting:
Parents, why not let them go?

2. There they sing of Him who never
Thrust aside their precious claims,
But took children to his bosom,
As a shepherd doth his lambs.
Some there were who tried to keep them
Waiting till some other day;
Yet the Lord, their zeal rebuking,
Told them of a better way.

3. There their hearts go up to heaven,
On the fragrant breath of prayer;
Who shall say it is too early
For the children to be there?
Jesus says, Why should they linger
(Speaking from his throne above)
Till they are a little older,
Since they're old enough to love?

4. Oh, then, let them have their concert,
Be the weather foul or fair;
So that when the Saviour calls them,
They may answer, "Here we are."
Tell them they can't come too early
To their Friend who reigns above;

For ere they can lisp his praises,
They are old enough to love.

S. S. Bell, No. 1—23.

7 WHERE DO CHILDREN LOVE TO GO?

1. WHERE do children love to go
When the wintry breezes blow?
What is it attracts them so?
'Tis the Sunday-school.

2. When the spring re-decks the trees,
And a warmth comes with the breeze,
Children can thank God for these,
In the Sunday-school.

3. Where do children love to be
When the summer birds we see
Warbling praise on every tree?
In the Sunday-school.

4. When the autumn blasts so chill
Every flower of earth must kill,
Where do children gather still?
In the Sunday-school.

5. Where are they so kindly taught
Who should rule in every thought,
What the blood of Christ has bought?
In the Sunday-school.

6. May we love this holy day,
Love to sing, and read, and pray,—
Find salvation's narrow way,—
In the Sunday-school.

G. Shower 103, Oriola 214.

8 SWEET REST IN HEAVEN.

1. COME, schoolmates, don't grow weary,
But let us journey on;

The moments will not tarry,
This life will soon be gone.
CHORUS.—There is sweet rest in heaven,
There is sweet rest in heaven,
There is sweet rest, there is sweet rest,
There is sweet rest in heaven.

2. We've listed for the army,
We've listed for the war;
We'll fight until we conquer,
By faith and humble prayer.
CHO.—There is sweet rest, &c.

3. Our Captain's gone before us,
He bids us all to come;
High up in endless glory
He's fitted up our home.
CHO.—There is sweet rest, &c.

4. And Jesus will be with us
E'en to our journey's end,
In every sore affliction
His "present help" to lend.
CHO.—There is sweet rest, &c.

5. Then glory be to Jesus,
Who bought us with his blood,
And glory be to Jesus,
Who gives us every good.
CHO.—There is sweet rest, &c.

9 **G. Chain 51, S. S. Bell, No. 1—50.**

THE MORNING BELLS. *8s & 7s.*

1. HARK! the morning bells are ringing!
Children, haste without delay;
Prayers of thousands now are winging
Up to heav'n their silent way.
CHO.—Come, children, come! the bells are ringing,
To the school with haste repair;

Let us all unite in singing,
All unite in solemn prayer.

2. 'Tis an hour of happy meeting,
Children meet for praise and prayer;
But the hour is short and fleeting,
Let us then be early there.
CHO.—Come, children, come! &c.

3. Do not keep our teachers waiting,
While you tarry by the way,
Nor disturb the school reciting:
'Tis the holy Sabbath-day.
CHO.—Come, children, come! &c.

4. Children, haste! the bells are ringing,
And the morning's bright and fair;
Thousands now unite in singing,
Thousands, too, in solemn prayer.
CHO.—Come, children, come! &c.

Happy Voices 29.

10 FORBID THEM NOT.

1. WHEN many to the Saviour's feet
Their little children brought,
And from the source of blessedness
A Saviour's blessing sought;
To some who with mistaken zeal
The near approach forbade,
"Let little children come to me,"
The blessed Saviour said.

2. "Forbid them not, nor harshly chide
Their wish to see my face;
For little children such as these
My Father's kingdom grace."
Then, gather'd in his loving arms
And folded to his breast,
He pour'd a blessing all divine
On every little guest.

3. Dear children, Jesus is the same,
Though now enthroned above;
He waits to bless you, as of old,
With his forgiving love.
He marks with joy each faint attempt
His favor to obtain,
And those who early seek his face
Shall never seek in vain.

4. But sin prevents, and Satan strives
To keep you from his arms;
And to allure the soul away,
The world displays its charms.
But look to Jesus, for his power
Your foes can ne'er withstand;
Let him but say, "Forbid them not,"
They'll fly at his command.

Happy Voices 30.

11 COME TO THE SAVIOUR TO-DAY.

1. Oh, come to the Saviour, dear children, to-day,
'Tis folly to wait till you're older;
The heart is now tender, but, if you delay,
'Twill surely grow harder and bolder.
Chorus.—The Saviour is calling to-day;
He waits to receive you and save;
Give heed to the warning,
Ere life's sunny morning
Be closed in the night of the grave.

2. You hear of the cross where Immanuel bled,
And tears down your faces are stealing;
But when a few years have roll'd over your head,
You'll hear of that cross without feeling.
Cho.—The Saviour is calling to-day, &c.

3. How many short graves in the graveyard you see
How many dear children there slumber!

And few may the days of your pilgrimage be;
No mortal can tell us their number.
CHO.—The Saviour is calling to-day, &c.

4. Then fly to the Saviour, dear children, to-day,
While life's feeble taper is burning;
The Spirit now strives; should you grieve him away
In vain may you wait his returning.
CHO.—The Saviour is calling to-day, &c.

S. S. Bell, No. 1—1, Oriola 210.

12 OH, COME, LET US SING.

1. OH, come, let us sing,
Our youthful hearts now swelling,
To God above, a God of love,—
Oh, come, let us sing!
Our joyful spirits, glad and free,
With high emotions rise to thee
In heavenly melody,—
Oh, come, let us sing!

2. The full notes prolong,
Our festal celebrating,
We hail the day with cheerful lay,
And full notes prolong.
Both cheerful youth and silvery age,
And childhood pure, the gay, the sage,
These thrilling scenes engage
Full notes to prolong.

3. Oh, swell, swell the song,
His praises oft repeating:
His Son he gave our souls to save,—
Oh, swell, swell the song.
The humble heart's devotion bring,
Whence gushing streams of love do spring,
And make the welkin ring
With sweet-swelling song.

4. We'll chant, chant his praise,
Our lofty strains now blending,

A tribute bring to Christ our King,
And chant, chant his praise!
Our Saviour Prince was crucified,
"'Tis finish'd!" then he meekly cried,
And bow'd his head and died,—
Then chant, chant his praise!

G. Chain 8.

13

GOD SPEED THE RIGHT.

1. Now to heaven our prayer ascending,
God speed the right!
In a noble cause contending,
God speed the right!
Be their zeal in heaven recorded,
With success on earth rewarded.
God speed the right!
God speed the right!

2. Be that prayer again repeated,
God speed the right!
Ne'er despairing, though defeated,
God speed the right!
Like the good and great in story,
If they fail, they fail with glory.
God speed the right!
God speed the right!

3. Patient, firm, and persevering,
God speed the right!
Ne'er the event or danger fearing,
God speed the right!
Pains, nor toils, nor trials heeding,
And in heaven's own time succeeding,
God speed the right!
God speed the right!

4. Still their onward course pursuing,
God speed the right!
Every foe at length subduing,
God speed the right!

Truth, thy cause, whate'er delay it,
There's no power on earth can stay it.
God speed the right!
God speed the right!

G. Chain 14, S. S. Bell, No. 1—35.

14 WHO SHALL SING?

1. WHO shall sing, if not the children?
Did not Jesus die for them?
May they not, with other jewels,
Sparkle in his diadem?
Why to them were voices given,
Bird-like voices, sweet and clear,
Why, unless the song of heaven
They begin to practise here?

2. There's a choir of infant songsters,
White-robed, round the Saviour's throne;
Angels cease, and, waiting, listen!
Oh, 'tis sweeter than their own!
Faith can hear the rapturous choral,
When her ear is upward turn'd;
Is not this the same, perfected,
Which upon the earth they learn'd?

3. Jesus, when on earth sojourning,
Loved them with a wondrous love;
And will he, to heaven returning,
Faithless to his blessing prove?
Oh, they cannot sing too early!
Fathers, stand not in their way!
Birds do sing while day is breaking—
Tell me, then, why should not they?

S. S. Bell, No. 1—26, S. S. Hosan. 43, Oriola 127.

15 I'M A PILGRIM.

1. I'M a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger;
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.

Do not detain me, for I am going
To where the fountains are ever flowing.
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger,
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.

2. There the glory is ever shining:
I am longing, I am longing for the sight.
Here in this country so dark and dreary
I have been wandering, forlorn and weary.
CHORUS.—I'm a pilgrim, &c.

3. There's the city to which I journey
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is its light;
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
There is no sin there, nor any dying.
CHORUS.—I'm a pilgrim, &c.

16 G. Chain 4, Happy Voices 96.

C. M.

1. How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
CHORUS.—I do believe, I now believe
That Jesus died for me,
And through his blood, his precious blood,
I shall from sin be free.

2. It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.
CHORUS.—I do believe, &c.

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.
CHORUS.—I do believe, &c.

Duke Street. S. S. Hosanna 133, Oriola 153.

YOUTHFUL PIETY.

17

L. M.

1. We are but young, yet we may sing
The praises of our heavenly King;
He made the earth, the sea, the sky,
And all the starry worlds on high.

2. We are but young, yet we have heard
The gospel news, the heavenly word:
If we despise the only way,
Dreadful will be the judgment day.

3. We are but young, yet we must die;
Perhaps our latter end is nigh;
Lord, may we early seek thy grace,
And find in Christ a hiding-place.

4. We are but young; we need a guide;
Jesus, in thee we would confide;
Oh, lead us in the path of truth,
Protect and bless our helpless youth.

5. We are but young, yet God has shed
Unnumber'd blessings on our head;
Then let our youth and riper days
Be all devoted to his praise.

18 **Evan. Woodstock. G. Censer 93, S. S. Hosanna 3.**

C. M.

1. Now condescend, Almighty King,
To bless this happy throng;
And kindly listen while we sing
Our grateful morning song.

2. We come to own the power divine
That watches o'er our days;
For this our cheerful voices join
In hymns of grateful praise.

3. We come to learn thy holy word
And ask thy tender care;
Before thy throne, Almighty Lord,
We bend in humble prayer.

4. May we in safety pass this day,
From sin and danger free;
And ever walk in that sure way
That leads to heaven and thee.

G. Chain 16.

19 IF I WERE A VOICE.

1. If I were a voice, a persuasive voice,
That could travel the wide world through,
I would fly on the wings of the morning light,
And speak to the men with a gentle might,
And tell them to be true,
Be true, be true,
And tell them to be true, &c.

2. I would fly, I would fly o'er land and sea,
Where a human heart might be;
I would tell them a tale, or I'd sing a song,
In praise of the right, in blame of the wrong,
And tell them to be good,
Be good, be good,
And tell them to be good, &c.

3. If I were a voice, a consoling voice,
I would fly on the wings of the air,
The houses of sorrow and guilt I'd seek,
And calm and truthful words I'd speak,
And whisper of sweet hope,
Sweet hope, sweet hope,
And whisper of sweet hope, &c.

4. If I were a voice, an immortal voice,
I would fly the whole earth around;
And wherever man with error bow'd,
I'd publish, in notes both long and loud,

The truth's most joyful sound,
Joyful sound, joyful sound,
The truth's most joyful sound, &c.

5. I would fly, I would fly on the wings of day,
And point to the realms above;
I would fly, I would fly over city and town,
And drop like a happy sunlight down,
And whisper, God is love,
God is love, God is love,
And whisper, God is love.

G. Chain 32.

20 A HOME IN HEAVEN.

1. A HOME in heaven! what a joyful thought,
As the poor man toils in his weary lot,
His heart oppress'd, and with anguish riven,
From his home below to his home in heaven.
CHO.—His home, his home, his happy home in heaven,
His home, his home, his happy home in heaven.

2. A home in heaven! as the sufferer lies
On his bed of pain, and uplifts his eyes
To that bright home, what a joy is given,
With the blessed thought of his home in heaven!
CHORUS.—His home, &c.

3. A home in heaven! when our pleasures fade,
And our wealth and fame in the dust are laid,
And strength decays, and our health is riven,
We are happy still with our home in heaven.
CHORUS.—Our home, &c.

4. A home in heaven! when the faint heart bleeds,
By the Spirit's stroke, for its evil deeds,
Oh, then, what bliss, in that heart forgiven,
Does the hope inspire of a home in heaven!
CHORUS.—A home, &c.

5. A home in heaven! when our friends are fled
To the cheerless gloom of the mouldering dead,
We wait in hope on the promise given;
We will meet up there, in our home in heaven.
CHORUS.—Our home, &c.

6. Our home in heaven! oh, the glorious home!
And the Spirit join'd with the Bride says, Come;—
Come, seek his face, and your sins forgiven,
And rejoice in hope of your home in heaven.
CHORUS.—Your home, &c.

Martyrdom. S. S. Hosanna 138.

21 THE GOSPEL INVITATION. *C. M.*

1. THE Saviour calls,—let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound;
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear;
Hope smiles reviving round.

2. For every thirsty, longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow;
And life and health and bliss impart,
To banish mortal wo.

3. Here springs of sacred pleasure rise,
To ease your every pain;
Immortal fountain! full supplies!
Nor shall you thirst in vain.

4. Ye sinners, come,—'tis mercy's voice;
That gracious voice obey;
Mercy invites to heavenly joys,
And can you yet delay?

5. Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts;
To thee let sinners fly
And take the bliss thy love imparts,
And drink, and never die.

Chain 34, Pilgrims' Songs 44.

22 SHALL WE SING IN HEAVEN?

1. SHALL we sing in heaven forever?
Shall we sing? Shall we sing
Shall we sing in heaven forever,
In that happy land?
Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land,
They that meet shall sing forever,
Far beyond the rolling river,
Meet to sing and love forever
In that happy land.

2. Shall we know each other ever
In that land? In that land?
Shall we know each other ever
In that happy land?
Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land,
They that meet shall know each other,
Far beyond the rolling river, &c.

3. Shall we sing with holy angels
In that land? In that land?
Shall we sing with holy angels
In that happy land?
Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land,
Saints and angels sing forever,
Far beyond the rolling river, &c.

4. Shall we rest from care and sorrow
In that land? In that land?
Shall we rest from care and sorrow
In that happy land?
Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land,
They that meet shall rest forever,
Far beyond the rolling river, &c.

G. Chain 36, S. S. Hosan. 61, Pilgrims' Songs 56.

23 REST FOR THE WEARY.

1. IN the Christian's home in glory
There remains a land of rest;

There my Saviour's gone before me,
To fulfil my soul's request.
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for you,
On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
There is rest for you.

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

3. Pain and sickness ne'er shall enter,
Grief nor woe my lot shall share,
But in that celestial centre
I a crown of life shall wear.
CHORUS.—There is rest, &c.

4. Sing, oh, sing, ye heirs of glory;
Shout your triumphs as you go;
Zion's gates will open for you,
You will find an entrance through.
CHORUS.—There is rest, &c.

24

Balerma, in S. S. Hosanna 136.

C. M.

1. LORD, I would own thy tender care,
And all thy love to me;
The food I eat, the clothes I wear,
Are all bestow'd by thee.

2. And thou preservest me from death,
And dangers every hour;
I cannot draw another breath
Unless thou give the power.

3. My health and friends and parents dear
To me by God are given;
I have not any blessings here
But what are sent from heaven.

4. Such goodness, Lord, and constant care,
A child can ne'er repay;
But may it be my daily prayer
To love thee and obey.

G. Chain 43, S. S. Bell, No. 1—60, Oriola 219, S. S. Hosanna 24.

25

WALK IN THE LIGHT.

1. PLEASANT is the Sabbath bell,
In the light, in the light,
Seeming much of joy to tell,
In the light of God.
But a music sweeter far,
In the light, in the light,
Breathes where angel spirits are,
In the light of God.
CHORUS.—Let us walk in the light,
Walk in the light,
Let us walk in the light,
In the light of God.

2. Shall we ever rise to dwell,
In the light, in the light,
Where immortal praises swell,
In the light of God?
And can children ever go,
In the light, in the light,
Where eternal Sabbaths glow,
In the light of God?
CHORUS.—Let us walk, &c.

3. Yes, that bliss our own may be,
In the light, in the light,
All the good shall Jesus see,
In the light of God.

For the good a rest remains,
In the light, in the light,
Where the glorious Saviour reigns,
In the light of God,
CHORUS.—Let us walk, &c.

G. Chain 10, Fresh Laurels 97, Oriola 248,
Pilgrims' Songs 3.

26 SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

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 seasons 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!

27 **Martyrdom, in S. S. Hosanna 138.**

C. M.

1. Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2. Was it for crimes that I had done
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

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

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

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

28 **S. S. Bell, No. 1—41, S. S. Hosanna 77, Happy Voices 43, Oriola 206, Glad Tidings 124.**

HAPPY DAY.

1. Preserved by thine almighty power,
O Lord, our Maker, Saviour, King,
And brought to see this happy hour,
We come thy praises here to sing.
Chorus.—Happy day, happy day!
Here in thy courts we'll gladly stay,
And at thy footstool humbly pray
That thou wouldst take our sins away.
Happy day, happy day,
When Christ shall wash our sins away!

2. We praise thee for thy constant care,
For life preserved, for mercies given:
Oh, may we still those mercies share,
And taste the joys of sins forgiven!
CHORUS.—Happy day, &c.

3. We praise thee for the joyful news
Of pardon through a Saviour's blood;
O Lord, incline our hearts to choose
The way to happiness and God.
CHORUS.—Happy day, &c.

4. And when on earth our days are done,
Grant, Lord, that we at length may join,
Teachers and scholars, round thy throne,
The song of Moses and the Lamb.
CHORUS.—Happy day, &c.

S. S. Bell, No. 1—42, Oriola 37, S. S. Hosan. 117.

29 COME, LET US SING OF JESUS.

1. COME, let us sing of Jesus,
While hearts and accents blend,
Come, let us sing of Jesus,
The sinner's only Friend;
His holy soul rejoices,
Amid the choirs above,
To hear our youthful voices,
Exulting in his love.

2. We love to sing of Jesus,
Who wept our path along;
We love to sing of Jesus,
The tempted and the strong.
None who besought his healing
He passed unheeded by,
And still retains his feeling
For us above the sky.

3. We love to sing of Jesus,
Who died our souls to save;

We love to sing of Jesus,
  Triumphant o'er the grave;
And in our hour of danger
  We'll trust his love alone,
Who once slept in a manger,
  And now sits on the throne.

4. Then let us sing of Jesus,
  While yet on earth we stay,
And hope to sing of Jesus
  Throughout eternal day;
For those who here confess him
  He will in heaven confess,
And faithful hearts that bless him
  He will forever bless.

30

Woodland, in S. S. Hosanna 32.

C. M.

1. If you will turn away from sin
  In childhood's early day,
The Lord will make you pure within,
  And take your guilt away.

2. He'll show you all his matchless love,
  He'll make you heirs of light,
And give you grace, that you may prove
  Still faithful in his sight.

3. He'll lead you in the pleasant way
  Of holiness and peace,
And guide you thus to endless day,
  Where sin and sorrow cease.

4. Oh, stay not in the road to death,
  But to the Saviour come!
And when you lose life's fleeting breath,
  He'll send and take you home.

Varina, in S. S. Hosanna 143.

31

C. M.

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

2. There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3. Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dress'd in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

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

Tune in Oriola 100.

32

L. M.

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

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

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

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

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

6. Chain 40.

33 THE ROYAL PROCLAMATION.

1. HEAR the royal proclamation,
The glad tidings of salvation,
Publishing to every creature,
To the ruin'd sons of nature,
CHORUS.—Jesus reigns, Jesus reigns, Jesus reigns,
Jesus reigns, he reigns victorious,
Over heaven and earth most glorious,
Jesus reigns, Jesus reigns, Jesus reigns.

2. See the royal banner flying,
Hear the heralds loudly crying,
"Rebel sinners, royal favor
Now is offer'd by the Saviour."
CHO.—Jesus reigns, &c.

3. "Here is wine, and milk, and honey;
Come, and purchase without money;
Mercy flowing from a fountain,
Streaming from the holy mountain."
CHO.—Jesus reigns, &c.

4. Shout, ye tongues of every nation,
To the bounds of the creation;
Shout the praise of Judah's Lion,
The Almighty Prince of Zion.
CHO.—Jesus reigns, &c.

5. Shout, ye saints, make joyful mention,
Christ hath purchased our redemption;
Angels, shout the pleasing story
Through the brighter worlds of glory.
CHO.—Jesus reigns, &c.

Oriola 100.

34 A POOR WAYFARING MAN, &c. *L. M.*

1. A POOR wayfaring man of grief
Hath often cross'd me on my way,
Who sued so humbly for relief
That I could never answer nay.
I had not power to ask his name,
Whither he went, or whence he came;
Yet there was something in his eye
That won my love, I knew not why.

2. Once, when my scanty meal was spread,
He enter'd; not a word he spake,
Just perishing for want of bread;
I gave him all; he bless'd it, brake,
And ate, but gave me part again.
Mine was an angel's portion then;
And while I fed with eager haste,
The crust was manna to my taste.

3. I spied him where a fountain burst
Clear from the rock; his strength was gone;
The heedless water mock'd his thirst;
He heard it, saw it hurrying on.
I ran and raised the sufferer up;
Thrice from the stream he drain'd my cup;
Dipp'd, and return'd it running o'er;
I drank, and never thirsted more.

4. 'Twas night; the floods were out; it blew
A wintry hurricane aloof:
I heard his voice abroad, and flew
To bid him welcome to my roof.

I warm'd, I clothed, I cheer'd my guest,
Laid him on my own couch to rest,
Then made the earth my bed, and seem'd
In Eden's garden while I dream'd.

5. Then, in a moment, to my view
The stranger started from disguise;
The tokens in his hands I knew;
My Saviour stood before my eyes!
He spake, and my poor name he named:
"Of me thou hast not been ashamed;
These deeds shall thy memorial be;
Fear not; thou didst it unto me."

35 Sicilian Hymn, in S. S. Hosanna 122.

8s, 7s, and 4s

1. CHILDREN, hear the melting story
Of the Lamb that once was slain;
'Tis the Lord of life and glory;
Shall he plead with you in vain?
Oh, receive him,
And salvation now obtain.

2. Yield no more to sin and folly,
So displeasing in his sight;
Jesus loves the pure and holy;
They alone are his delight;
Seek his favor,
And your hearts to him unite.

3. All your sins to Him confessing
Who is ready to forgive,
Seek the Saviour's richest blessing,
On his precious name believe;
He is waiting;
Will you not his grace receive?

S. S. Bell, No. 2—46, or S. S. Hosan. 82.

36 BE KIND TO THE LOVED ONES, &c.

1. Be kind to thy father; for when thou wast young,
Who loved thee so fondly as he?
He caught the first accents that fell from thy tongue,
And join'd in thy innocent glee.
Be kind to thy father, for now he is old,
His locks intermingled with gray;
His footsteps are feeble,—once fearless and bold:
Thy father is passing away.

2. Be kind to thy mother; for, lo! on her brow
May traces of sorrow be seen;
Oh, well mayst thou cherish and comfort her now,
For loving and kind she hath been.
Remember thy mother; for thee will she pray
As long as God giveth her breath;
With accents of kindness, then, cheer her lone way,
E'en to the dark valley of death.

3. Be kind to thy brother: his heart will have dearth
If the smile of thy joy be withdrawn;
The flowers of feeling will fade at their birth,
If the dew of affection be gone.
Be kind to thy brother, wherever you are;
The love of a brother shall be
An ornament purer and richer by far
Than pearls from the depth of the sea.

4. Be kind to thy sister: not many may know
The depth of true sisterly love;
The wealth of the ocean lies fathoms below
The surface that sparkles above.
Be kind to thy father, once fearless and bold;
Be kind to thy mother so near;
Be kind to thy brother, nor show thy heart cold;
Be kind to thy sister so dear.

S. S. Bell, No. 2—152, G. Tidings 88, or Casket 76.

37 THERE IS A BEAUTIFUL WORLD.

1. THERE is a beautiful world,
Where saints and angels sing;
A world where peace and pleasure reign,
And heavenly praises ring.

CHORUS.—We'll be there, be there;
Oh, yes! we'll be there.
Palms of victory, crowns of glory,
We all shall wear,
We shall wear glorious crowns,
In that beautiful world on high.

CHORUS IN CASKET.—We'll be there, we'll be there;
Palms of victory, crowns of glory,
We shall wear,
In that beautiful world on high.

2. There is a beautiful world,
Where sorrow never comes;
A world where tears shall never fall
In sighing for our home.
CHO.—We'll be there, be there, &c.

3. There is a beautiful world,
Unseen to mortal sight,
And darkness never enters there,—
That home is fair and bright.
CHO.—We'll be there, be there, &c.

4. There is a beautiful world
Of harmony and love;
Oh, may we safely enter there,
And dwell with God above.
CHO.—We'll be there, be there, &c.

G. Chain 64, Glad Tidings 120.

38 ZION'S HILL.

1. WHAT are these soul-reviving strains
Which echo thus from Salem's plains?

What anthems loud, and louder still,
So sweetly sound from Zion's hill?
CHORUS.—Hosanna, hosanna, hosanna
To the Lamb of God!
Hosanna, hosanna, hosanna
In the highest, in the highest, in the highest!

2. Lo! 'tis an infant chorus sings
Hosanna to the King of kings;
The Saviour comes! and babes proclaim
Salvation sent in Jesus' name.
CHO.—Hosanna, hosanna, &c.

3. Messiah's name shall joy impart
Alike to Jew and Gentile heart;
He bled for us, he bled for you,
And we will sing hosanna, too.
CHO.—Hosanna, hosanna &c.

4. Proclaim hosannas, loud and clear;
See David's Son and Lord appear;
All praise on earth to him be given,
And glory shout through highest heaven.
CHO.—Hosanna, hosanna, &c.

G. Chain 65, or Oriola 198, or S. S. Hosan. 107.

39 LONELY TRAVELLER.

1. I'M a lonely traveller here,
Weary, oppress'd;
But my journey's end is near,
Soon I shall rest.
Dark and dreary is the way,
Toiling I've come;
Ask me not with you to stay:
Yonder's my home.

2. I'm a weary traveller here,
I must go on;
For my journey's end is near,
I must be gone.

Brighter joys than earth can give
Win me away;
Pleasures that forever live:
I cannot stay.

3. I'm a traveller to a land
Where all is fair,
Where is seen no broken band:
Saints all are there.
Where no tear shall ever fall,
No heart be sad;
Where the glory is for all,
And all are glad.

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

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

40 **Ives, in S. S. Hosanna 130, or Oriola 186.**

1. LITTLE travellers Zionward,
Each one entering into rest,
In the kingdom of your Lord,
In the mansions of the blest,
There to welcome Jesus waits,
Gives the crowns his followers win:

Lift your heads, ye golden gates,
Let the little travellers in.

2. Who are those whose little feet,
Pacing life's dark journey through,
Now have reach'd that heavenly seat
They had ever kept in view?
"I, from Greenland's frozen land;"
"I, from India's sultry plain;"
"I, from Afric's barren sand;"
"I, from islands of the main."

3. "All our earthly journey past,
Every tear and pain gone by,
Here together met at last
At the portal of the sky!"
Each the welcome "Come" awaits,
Conquerors over death and sin:
Lift your heads, ye golden gates,
Let the little travellers in.

41 **S. S. Bell, No. 1—31, S. S. Hosanna 63, Happy Voices 1.**

THE HAPPY LAND.

1. THERE is a happy land,
Far, far away;
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day;
Oh, how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is the Saviour King,
Loud let his praises ring,
Praise, praise for aye!

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.

42 Lischer, H. M., in S. S. Hosanna 113, or Oriola 213.

1. When little Samuel woke,
And heard his Maker's voice,
At every word he spoke,
How much did he rejoice!
Oh, blessed, happy child, to find
The God of heaven so near and kind!

2. If God would speak to me,
And say he was my friend,
How happy should I be!
Oh, how would I attend!
The smallest sin I then should fear,
If God Almighty were so near.

3. And does he never speak?
Oh, yes; for in his word
He bids me come and seek
The God whom Samuel heard:
In almost every page I see,
The God of Samuel calls to me.

4. And I, beneath his care,
May safely rest my head;
I know that God is there,
To guard my humble bed:
And every sin I may well fear,
Since God Almighty is so near.

5. Like Samuel, let me say,
Whene'er I read his word,

"Speak, Lord: I would obey
The voice that Samuel heard:"
And when I in thy house appear,
Speak, for thy servant waits to hear.

Zion, in S. S. Hosanna 127, or Fresh Laurels 11.

43

8s, 7s, and 4s.

1. YES! we trust the day is breaking,
Joyful times are near at hand;
God—the mighty God—is speaking,
By his word, in every land:
When he chooses,
Darkness flies at his command.

2. Oh, 'tis pleasant, 'tis reviving
To our hearts, to hear, each day,
Joyful news from far arriving,
How the gospel wins its way,
Those enlightening
Who in death and darkness lay.

3. God of Jacob, high and glorious,
Let thy people see thy hand;
Let the gospel be victorious
Through the world, in every land;
Then shall idols
Perish, Lord, at thy command.

S. S. Bell, No. 1-32, Oriola 140, Hosan. 120, G. Tid's. 117.

44

I WANT TO BE AN ANGEL.

1. I WANT to be an angel,
And with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand:
There, right before my Saviour,
So glorious and so bright,
I'd wake the sweetest music,
And praise him day and night.

2. I never would be weary,
   Nor ever shed a tear,
Nor ever know a sorrow,
   Nor ever feel a fear;
But, blessed, pure, and holy,
   I'd dwell in Jesus' sight,
And with ten thousand thousands
   Praise him both day and night.

3. I know I'm weak and sinful,
   But Jesus will forgive;
For many little children
   Have gone to heaven to live.
Dear Saviour, when I languish,
   And lay me down to die,
Oh, send a shining angel
   To bear me to the sky.

4. Oh, there I'll be an angel,
   And with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
   A harp within my hand;
And there, before my Saviour,
   So glorious and so bright,
I'll join the heavenly music,
   And praise him day and night.

S. S. Bell, No. 1—24, S. S. Hosanna 86.

45 KIND WORDS CAN NEVER DIE.

1. KIND words can never die:
   Heaven gave them birth;
Wing'd with a smile, they fly
   All o'er the earth.
Kind words the angels brought,
Kind words our Saviour taught:—
Sweet melodies of thought!
   Who knows their worth?
Kind words can never die, &c.

2. Kind deeds can never die:
Though weak and small,
From his bright throne on high
God sees them all;
He doth reward with love
All those who faithful prove;
Round them, where'er they move,
Rich blessings fall.
Kind deeds can never die, &c.

3. God's word can never die;
Though fallen man
Oft dares its truth deny,—
Dares it in vain.
God's word alone is pure
His promises are sure;
Trust him, and rest secure
Heaven you shall gain.
God's word can never die, &c.

4. Our souls can never die:
God's word we trust;
He to our bodies said,
"Dust unto dust."
Saviour, our souls prepare
Thy happy home to share;
Us to thy mansions bear
When life is past.
Our souls can never die, &c.

46 Unity, in S. S. Hosanna 80, or Happy Voices 147.

1. WHEN shall we meet again,
Meet ne'er to sever?
When will peace wreathe her chain
Round us forever?
Our hearts will ne'er repose
Safe from each blast that blows
In this dark vale of woes,
Never,—no, never.

2. When shall love freely flow,
Pure as life's river?
When shall sweet friendship glow
Changeless forever,
Where joys celestial thrill,
Where bliss each heart shall fill,
And fears of parting chill
Never,—no, never?

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

4. Soon shall we meet again,
Meet ne'er to sever;
Soon will peace wreathe her chain
Round us forever;
Our hearts will then repose,
Secure from worldly woes;
Our songs of praise shall close
Never,—no, never.

47 **Oriola 6.**

TRIBUTE OF PRAISE. *7s and 6s.*

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

2. The dearest gift of Heaven,
Love's written word of Truth,

To us is early given,
To guide our steps in youth:
We hear the wondrous story,
The tale of Calvary;
We read of homes in glory,
From sin and sorrow free.

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

G. Chain 66.

48 THE RIVER OF LIFE.

1. Oh, there is a river whose fresh waters flow
O'er earth's broadest surface, a cure for all wo;
Its streams are all healing, there's life in each wave.
Oh, try it and prove it, 'tis mighty to save.

CHORUS.

Jesus calls, will you come? will you come? will you come? will you come?
Jesus calls, will you come? will you come? Come to Jesus, come now.
Yes, come, oh, come to Jesus, come to Jesus, come now.
Yes, come, oh, come to Jesus, come to Jesus, come now.

2. Oh, drink of this river, its full crystal flood
Refreshes and lightens of sin's weary load;
Its ripples ne'er mix with the billows of strife;
This is the "Pure River of Water of Life."

CHORUS.—Jesus calls, &c.

3. This beautiful river our boast well may be,
'Tis fresh, overflowing, and, better, 'tis free!
The sin-sick rejoice in this "peace-speaking" tide,
This river is Jesus, the "once crucified."

CHORUS.—Jesus calls, &c.

49 S. S. Bell, No. 2—12.

IS IT TRUE? 7s.

1. Is it true that I must lie
In the graveyard by-and-by,
And, with others gone before,
Sleep till time shall be no more?
CHORUS.—Is it true—oh, is it true?
Is it true—oh, is it true?

2. Is it true, as many say,
Life is but a passing day,
And that heaven is lost or won
Ere this fleeting day has flown?
CHO.—Is it true—oh, is it true? &c.

3. Is it true that on the cross
Jesus bled and died for us,
And, while hanging on the tree,
Upward sent a prayer for me?
CHO.—Is it true—oh, is it true? &c.

4. Is it true that all death's slain
Will arise and live again,
And to final judgment go,
Some for bliss and some for wo?
CHO.—Is it true—oh, is it true? &c.

50 S. S. Hosanna 63, Oriola 61, Happy Voices 79.

THE SAVIOUR CALLS.

1. TO-DAY the Saviour calls:
Ye wanderers, come!
O ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam?

2. To-day the Saviour calls;
For refuge fly;
The storm of vengeance falls,
Ruin is nigh.

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

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

51 S. S. Hosanna 128, H. Voices 69, Oriola 200.

8s, 7s, and 4s.

1. GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

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

3. When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid the swelling stream divide;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

52 S. S. Bell, No. 1—88, S. S. Hosanna 129.

SABBATH.

1. SAFELY through another week
God has brought us on our way;

Let us now a blessing seek,
  Waiting in his courts to-day,—
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

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

3. As we meet, thy name to praise,
  Let us feel thy presence near;
May thy glory meet our eyes
  While we in thy house appear;
There afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

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

53 **Oriola 184, Censer 100, or S. S. Hosanna 98.**

WILL YOU GO?

1. WE'RE travelling home to heaven above:
  Will you go?
To sing the Saviour's dying love:
  Will you go?
Millions have reach'd that blest abode,
Anointed kings and priests to God,
And millions more are on the road:
  Will you go?

2. We're going to walk the plains of light:
  Will you go?

Far, far from death and curse and night:
Will you go?
The crown of life we then shall wear,
The conqueror's palm we then shall bear,
And all the joys of heaven we'll share:
Will you go?

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

4. Oh, could I hear some sinner say,
"I will go,"
Oh, could I hear him humbly pray,
"Make me go,"
And all his old companions tell,
"I will not go with you to hell;
I long with Jesus Christ to dwell:
Let me go."

S. S. Bell, No. 2—32, H. Voices 14.

54 HOSANNA TO THE LAMB.

1. COME, O my soul, in joyous lays
Attempt thy great Redeemer's praise;
But, oh, what tongue can speak his fame,
What verse can reach the lofty theme?

CHORUS.—Glory, glory, let us sing,
While heaven and earth with glory ring;
Hosanna! hosanna!
Hosanna to the Lamb of God!

2. Enthroned amid the radiant spheres,
He glory like a garment wears;

To form a robe of light divine,
Ten thousand suns around him shine.
CHO.—Glory, glory, let us sing, &c.

3. Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
Do thou, my soul, his glories sing;
And let his praise employ my tongue
Till listening worlds shall join the song.
CHO.—Glory, glory, let us sing, &c.

S. S. Hosanna 88, or Chain 114.

55 THE SONG OF ANGELS.

1. THERE'S a song the angels sing,
And its notes with rapture ring,
Round the throne whose radiance fills the heavens above.
Shepherds heard the distant strain,
Watching on Judea's plain,
"Glory be to God, to men be peace and love!"

CHORUS.

Through the earth and through the sky
Let the anthem ever fly,
"Peace, good will to men, and glory be to God on high!"

2. 'Tis a song for children too;
To the Saviour 'tis their due;
Let its grateful notes ascend to him again;
Join with angels in their song,
And the heavenly strain prolong,
"Glory be to God, good will and peace to men!"
CHO.—Through the earth, &c.

3. Soon around that throne may we
With those happy angels be,
Striking harps to strains that nevermore shall cease:
Mingling love with loftiest praise,
Still the chorus there we'll raise,
"Glory be to God, to men good will and peace!"
CHO.—Through the earth, &c.

56 **Boylston, in S. S. Hosanna 114, or Dennis, in S. S. Hosanna 105.** *S. M.*

1. How serious is the charge
To train the infant mind!
'Tis God alone must give the heart
To such a work inclined.

2. May we, in Christian bonds,
The Christian name adorn
By active deeds for public good,
Nor mind the sinner's scorn.

3. While wicked men unite
Our youth to lead aside,
'Tis ours to show them wisdom's path,
In wisdom's path to guide.

4. Dependent, Lord, on thee
Our humble means to bless,
We gladly join our hearts and hands
And look for large success.

57 **G. Harp 36.**

THE LION OF JUDAH.

1. 'TWAS Jesus, my Saviour, who died on the tree,
To open a fountain for sinners like me;
His blood is that fountain which pardon bestows,
And cleanses the foulest wherever it flows.
CHO.—For the Lion of Judah shall break ev'ry chain,
And give us the vict'ry again and again.

2. And when I was willing with all things to part,
He gave me my bounty, his love in my heart;
So now I am join'd with the conquering band,
Who are marching to glory at Jesus' command.
CHO.—For the Lion of Judah, &c.

3. Though round me the storms of adversity roll,
And the waves of destruction encompass my soul

In vain this frail vessel the tempest shall toss:
My hopes rest secure on the blood of the cross.
CHO.—For the Lion of Judah, &c.

4. And when the last trumpet of judgment shall sound,
And wake all the nations that sleep in the ground,
Then, when heaven and earth shall be melting away,
I'll sing of the blood of the cross in that day.
CHO.—For the Lion of Judah, &c.

5. And when with the ransom'd, by Jesus my head,
From fountain to fountain I then shall be led,
I'll fall at his feet, and his mercy adore,
And sing of the blood of the cross evermore.
CHO.—For the Lion of Judah, &c.

G. Harp 48, or Pil. Songs 100.

58 SHALL WE KNOW EACH OTHER, &c.

1. WHEN we hear the music ringing
In the bright celestial dome,
When sweet angel voices singing
Gladly bid us welcome home
To the land of ancient story,
Where the spirit knows no care,
In that land of light and glory,
Shall we know each other there?
CHORUS.—Shall we know each other?
Shall we know each other?
Shall we know each other?
Shall we know each other there?

2. When the holy angels meet us,
As we go to join their band,
Shall we know the friends that greet us
In the glorious spirit-land?
Shall we see the same eyes shining
On us as in days of yore?
Shall we feel their dear arms twining
Fondly round us, as before?
CHO.—Shall we know each other, &c.

3. Yes, my earth-worn soul rejoices,
And my weary heart grows light;
For the thrilling angel voices,
And the angel faces bright,
That shall welcome us in heaven,
Are the loved of long ago,
And to them 'tis kindly given
Thus their mortal friends to know.
CHO.—Shall we know each other? &c.

4. Oh, ye weary, sad, and toss'd ones.
Droop not, faint not, by the way;
Ye shall join the loved and just ones
In the land of perfect day!
Harp-strings touch'd by angel fingers,
Murmur'd in my raptured ear,
Evermore their sweet song lingers,
"We shall know each other there!"
CHO.—We shall know each other, &c.

S. S. Hosan. 33, H. Voices 182, or S. S. Bell, No. 1—88, or Casket 33.

59

ROCK OF AGES.

1. ROCK of Ages, cleft for me!
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side that flow'd,
Be of sin the perfect cure;
Save me, Lord, and make me pure.

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

3. While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,

When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!

Oriola 232.

60 OUR LOVING REDEEMER.

1. Our loving Redeemer, we trust in thy word,
The word which of old call'd the children to thee;
Its tones, all so tender, with joy we have heard,
Forbid not the lambs who would come unto me,
Forbid not the lambs who would come unto me.

Chorus.

We come, oh, we come; thou wilt welcome us home
The rest of our souls on thy bosom shall be; &c.

2. We think of the Garden,—thy sweat as of gore;
We think of the Cross, with its anguish untold;
And light are the pleasures which charm'd us before,
More precious thy smile than all silver and gold,
More precious thy smile than all silver and gold.

Chorus.

We come, oh, we come; thou wilt welcome us home
To quiet repose in thine own happy fold; &c.

3. Our sins, tho' as scarlet, they all shall be clean,
Wash'd white in thy blood, as the beautiful snow;
The robe of thy righteousness on us be seen,
The joy of forgiveness our young hearts shall know.

Chorus.

We come, oh, we come; thou wilt welcome us home,
Our peace, like a river, unbroken shall flow; &c.

4. When life is all over, we hope then above,
Where cometh no terror, where falleth no tear,
To sing in sweet numbers thy wonderful love,
With all who in childhood have follow'd thee here.

Chorus.

We come, oh, we come; thou wilt welcome us home,
In the glory of heaven at last to appear; &c.

Pilgrims' Songs 112, H. Voices 216.

61 OH, SING TO ME OF HEAVEN.

1. OH, sing to me of heav'n
When I am call'd to die,
Sing songs of holy ecstasy,
To waft my soul on high.
CHORUS.—There'll be no sorrow there,
There'll be no sorrow there,
In heaven above, where all is love,
There'll be no sorrow there.

2. When cold and sluggish drops
Roll off my marble brow,
Break forth in songs of joyfulness,
Let heaven begin below.
CHO.—There'll be no sorrow there, &c.

3. Then to my raptured soul
Let one sweet song be given,
Let music cheer me last on earth
And greet me first in heaven.
CHO.—There'll be no sorrow there, &c.

G. Harp 56, or Casket 34, or Pilgrims' Songs 30, or G. Censer 125.

62 NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

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

2. Though like a wanderer,
Daylight all gone,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone.

Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, &c.

3. There let the way appear
Steps up to heaven;
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given,
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, &c.

4. Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise,
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, &c.

5. Or if, on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, &c.

Oriola 30, or S. S. Hosanna 21.

63 MY BIBLE.

1. My Bible! 'tis a book divine,
Where heavenly truth and mercy shine,
And wisdom speaks in every line,
And speaks to me.

2. My Bible! in this book alone
I find God's holy will made known;
And here his love to man is shown,—
His love to me.

3. My Bible! here with joy I trace
The records of redeeming grace;
Glad tidings to a sinful race;
Good news to me.

4. My Bible! here it is I read
How Jesus did for sinners bleed:
Oh, this was wondrous love indeed!
Christ bled for me.

5. My Bible! Oh that I may ne'er
Consult it but with faith and prayer,
That I may see my Saviour there,
Who died for me!

G. Censer 97, H. Voices 96, or G. Tidings 86.

64 I NOW BELIEVE.

1. THERE is a fountain, fill'd with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.
CHORUS.—I now believe, I do believe
That Jesus died for me;
That on the cross he shed his blood,
From sin to set me free.

2. The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day,
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
CHO.—I now believe, I do believe, &c.

3. Thou dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd Church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.
CHO.—I now believe, I do believe, &c.

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.
CHO.—I now believe, I do believe, &c

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.
CHO.—I now believe, I do believe, &c.

S. S. Hosanna 119, H. Voices 125, Oriola 174, or Glad Tidings 78.

65 MISSIONARY HYMN.

1. FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand;
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,—
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2. What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

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

4. Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spread from pole to pole;

Till o'er our ransom'd nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

Pilgrims' Songs 40.

66 LORING. L M.

1. PEACE, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan
Hath taught these rocks their notes of wo;
Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan,
And let thy tears forget to flow:
Behold, the precious balm is found
To lull thy pain, to heal thy wound.

2. Come, freely come, by sin oppress'd,
Unburthen here thy weighty load;
Here find thy refuge and thy rest,
And trust the mercy of thy God:
Thy God's thy Saviour,—glorious word!
Forever love and praise the Lord.

G. Harp 10, or S. S. Hosanna 52.

67 HEAVENLY HOME.

1. HEAVENLY home! heavenly home! precious name to me!
I love to think the time will come when I shall rest in thee.
I've no abiding city here,
I seek for one to come,
And though my pilgrimage be drear,
I know there's rest at home.
CHO.—Heavenly home! heavenly home! &c.

2. Heavenly home! heavenly home! there no clouds arise,
No tear-drops fall, no dark nights dim thy ever-smiling skies.

This earthly home is fair and bright,
  Yet clouds will often come;
And, oh, I long to see the light
  That gilds my heavenly home!
    CHO.—Heavenly home! heavenly home! &c.

3. Heavenly home! heavenly home! ne'er shall sorrow's gloom,
Nor doubts nor fears, disturb me there, for all is peace at home.
I know I ne'er shall worthy be
  To dwell 'neath heaven's bright dome;
But Christ, my Saviour, died for me,
  And now he calls me home.
    CHO.—Heavenly home! heavenly home! &c.

G. Censer 105, or Glad Tidings 22.

68 HE LEADETH ME BESIDE STILL WATERS.

1. "HE leadeth me:" oh, blessed thought!
Oh, words with heavenly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God that leadeth me.
    CHORUS.—He leadeth me! he leadeth me!
      By his own hand he leadeth me.
      His faithful follower I would be,
      For by his hand he leadeth me.

2. Sometimes mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,—
Still 'tis God that leadeth me!
    CHORUS.—He leadeth me! &c.

3. Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine,—
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis God that leadeth me.
    CHORUS.—He leadeth me! &c.

4. And when my task on earth is done,
When by thy grace the victory's won,

E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.
CHORUS.—He leadeth me! &c.

G. Censer 19, Pilgrims' Songs 32.

69

MORN OF ZION'S GLORY.

1. MORN of Zion's glory,
Brightly thou art breaking,
Holy joy thy light awaking;
Morn of Zion's glory,
Ancient saints foretold thee,
Seraph angels glad behold thee;
Far and wide
See them glide;
Streams of rich salvation
Flow to every nation.

2. Morn of Zion's glory,
Every human dwelling
With thy notes of joy is swelling
Morn of Zion's glory,
Distant hills are ringing,
Echoed voices sweet are singing.
Haste thee on,
Like the sun,
Paths of splendor tracing,
Heathen midnight chasing.

3. Morn of Zion's glory,
Now the night is riven;
Now the star is high in heaven;
Morn of Zion's glory,
Joyful hearts are bounding,
Hallelujah sweetly sounding;
Peace with men
Dwells again,
Jesus reigns forever!
Jesus reigns forever!

Pilgrims' Songs 68, New G. Chain 55.

70 LET ME GO. *8s & 7s.*

1. LET me go where saints are going,
To the mansions of the blest;
Let me go where my Redeemer
Has prepared his people's rest.
I would gain the realms of brightness,
Where they dwell for evermore;
I would join the friends that wait me
Over on the other shore.

CHORUS.—Let me go, 'tis Jesus calls me,
Let me gain the realms of day;
Bear me over, angel pinions;
Longs my soul to be away.

2. Let me go where none are weary,
Where is raised no wail of wo;
Let me go and bathe my spirit
In the raptures angels know.
Let me go, for bliss eternal
Lures my soul away, away,
And the victor's song triumphant
Thrills my heart: I cannot stay.

CHO.—Let me go, 'tis Jesus calls me, &c.

3. Let me go, why should I tarry?
What has earth to bind me here?
What but cares and toils and sorrows?
What but death and pain and fear?
Let me go, for hopes most cherish'd
Blasted round me often lie;
Oh, I've gather'd brightest flowers
But to see them fade and die.

CHO.—Let me go, 'tis Jesus calls me, &c.

Oriola 146.

71 KIND WORDS ARE NEVER LOST.

1. KIND words are never lost;
Though years may fly,

While on life's billows toss'd,
Mid dangers nigh,
Like chimes of Sabbath bells,—
In childhood loved so well,—
Their echoes still will dwell
Deep in the heart.
CHORUS.—Kind words are never lost,
Never lost, never lost,
Kind words are never lost,
No, never lost.

2. Kind smiles are never lost,
But, cherish'd yet,
The hearts they gladden'd most
Will not forget;
Through mists of weary years,
Oft dimm'd by falling tears,
Their radiance still appears,
Cheering and bright.
CHO.—Kind smiles are never lost, &c.

3. Kind deeds are never lost,
Nor done in vain;
Like seed in spring-time cast
On fertile plains,
Their fruit shall yet appear,
Rich harvests full in ear,
And every bud shall bear
An hundred-fold.
CHO.—Kind deeds are never lost, &c.

Oriola 148.

72 "COME, YE BLESSED OF MY FATHER."

THEN shall the King say unto them on his ‖ right ‖ hand,
Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom
prepared for you
From the foundation of the world.
GIRLS. —For I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat;

BOYS.—I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink;
GIRLS.—I was a stranger, and ye took me in;
BOYS.—Naked, and ye clothed me;
GIRLS.—I was sick, and ye visited me;
BOYS.—I was in prison, and ye came unto me;
(*Recite*—Matthew, 25th chapter; 37, 38, 39, and part of 40th verse.)
"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least
Of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me,
Ye have done it unto me."

S. S. Hosanna 103, Oriola 197, or Glad Tidings 57.

73 CHILD OF SIN AND SORROW.

1. CHILD of sin and sorrow, fill'd with dismay,
Wait not for to-morrow; yield thee to-day.
Heaven bids thee come,
While yet there's room.
Child of sin and sorrow,
Hear and obey.

2. Child of sin and sorrow, why wilt thou die?
Come, while thou canst borrow help from on high:
Grieve not that love
Which from above—
Child of sin and sorrow—
Would bring thee nigh.

3. Child of sin and sorrow, where wilt thou flee
Through that long to-morrow, eternity?
Exiled from home,
Darkly to roam,—
Child of sin and sorrow,
Where wilt thou flee?

4. Child of sin and sorrow, lift up thine eye!
Heirship thou canst borrow in worlds on high,
In that high home,
Graven thy name:
Child of sin and sorrow,
Swift homeward fly!

G. Shower 86, Oriola 179, or S. S. Hosanna 65, or S. S. Bell, No. 1—94, or Glad Tidings 79.

74 BEAUTIFUL ZION.

1. BEAUTIFUL Zion, built above,
Beautiful city, that I love,
Beautiful gates of pearly white,
Beautiful temple,—God its light!
He who was slain on Calvary
Opens those pearly gates to me.

2. Beautiful heaven, where all is light,
Beautiful angels, clothed in white,
Beautiful strains that never tire,
Beautiful harps through all the choir!
There shall I join the chorus sweet,
Worshiping at the Saviour's feet.

3. Beautiful crowns on every brow,
Beautiful palms the conquerors show,
Beautiful robes the ransom'd wear,
Beautiful all who enter there!
Thither I press with eager feet;
There shall my rest be long and sweet.

4. Beautiful throne for Christ our King,
Beautiful songs the angels sing,
Beautiful rest, all wanderings cease,
Beautiful home of perfect peace!
There shall my eyes the Saviour see;
Haste to this heavenly home with me.

Oriola 121, S. S. Bell, No. 1—51, H. Voices 211.

75 JOYFULLY! JOYFULLY!

1. JOYFULLY, joyfully, onward we move,
Bound to the land of bright spirits above
Jesus, our Saviour, in mercy says, Come,
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to your home.
Soon will our pilgrimage end here below,
Soon to the presence of God we shall go;

Then, if to Jesus our hearts have been given,
Joyfully, joyfully, rest we in heaven.

2. Teachers and scholars have pass'd on before,
Waiting, they watch us approaching the shore,
Singing to cheer us, while passing along,
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to your home.
Sounds of sweet music there ravish the ear,
Harps of the blessed, your strains we shall hear,
Filling with harmony heaven's high dome,
Joyfully, joyfully, Jesus, we come.

3. Death with his arrow may soon lay us low,
Safe in our Saviour, we fear not the blow;
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb,
Joyfully, joyfully, will we go home.
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death shall be conquer'd, his sceptre be gone,
Over the plains of sweet Canaan we'll roam,
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

S. S. Hosanna 149, Happy Voices 78.

76 EXPOSTULATION. 11s.

1. Oh, turn ye, oh, turn ye, for why will ye die,
When God in great mercy is coming so nigh?
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says, Come,
And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

2. How vain the delusion, that while you delay
Your hearts may grow better by staying away!
Come wretched, come starving, come just as you be,
While streams of salvation are flowing so free.

3. And now Christ is ready your souls to receive:
Oh, how can you question if you will believe?
If sin is your burden, why will you not come?
'Tis you he bids welcome; he bids you come home.

4. Come, give us your hand, and the Saviour your heart,
And, trusting in Heaven, we never shall part;

Oh, how can we leave you? why will you not come?
We'll journey together, and soon be at home.

Pilgrims' Songs 66.

77 DIE ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

1. FIRMLY, brethren, firmly stand,
All united heart and hand,
One unbroken, valiant band,
Dauntless, brave and true.
CHORUS.—Die on the field of battle,
Die on the field of battle,
Die on the field of battle,
Glory in view.

2. Lift your standard, lift it high,
Raise the Christian battle-cry,
Christ your glorious leader nigh,
Calls aloud to you.
CHO.—Die on the field of battle, &c.

3. Once our father-freemen cried,
"Victory or death" betide;
But with Jesus on our side,
Death and victory too.
CHO.—Die on the field of battle, &c.

4. There to die, the battle won,
There to fall, the warfare done,
Glory brighter than the sun,
Then our promised due.
CHO.—Die on the field of battle, &c.

5. Christ, our Captain's name we boast,
Quells the dark Satanic host;
Fall we, then, each at his post,
Fall as Christians do.
CHO.—Die on the field of battle, &c.

Oriola 22, S. S. Hosanna 42, Happy Voices 210, Glad Tidings 125.

78 HOMEWARD BOUND.

1. OUT on an ocean all boundless we ride,
We're homeward bound;
Toss'd on the waves of a rough, restless tide
We're homeward bound;
Far from the safe quiet harbor we've rode,
Seeking our Father's celestial abode,
Promise of which on us each he bestow'd:
We're homeward bound.

2. Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars,
We're homeward bound;
Look! yonder lie the bright heavenly shores,
We're homeward bound;
Steady, O pilot! stand firm at the wheel;
Steady! we soon shall outweather the gale.
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 oppress'd,
Join in our number, oh, come and be blest,
Journey with us to the mansions of rest:
We're homeward bound.

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

S. S. Hosanna 26. *11s.*

79 HOME.

1. Mid scenes of confusion and creature complaints,
How sweet to my soul is communion with saints,—
To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home!
Chorus.—Home, home! sweet, sweet home!
Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my home.

2. Sweet bonds, that unite all the children of peace,
And thrice-precious Jesus, whose love cannot cease!
Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold thee in glory at home.
Cho.—Home, home, &c.

3. I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
Which hinders my joy and communion with thee;
Though now my temptation like billows may foam,
All, all will be peace when I'm with thee at home.
Cho.—Home, home, &c.

4. While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
Oh, give me submission and strength as my day;
In all my afflictions to thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.
Cho.—Home, home, &c.

5. Whate'er thou deniest, oh, give me thy grace,
The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy face;
Endue me with patience to wait at thy throne
And find even now a sweet foretaste of home.
Cho.—Home, home, &c.

S. S. Hosanna 108, Oriola 90, H. Voices 206.

80 HOW SWEET IS THE SABBATH TO ME. *8s.*

1. How sweet is the Sabbath to me,
The day when the Saviour arose!

'Tis heaven his beauties to see,
And in his soft arms to repose,
He knows I am weak and defiled,
My life is but empty and vain;
But if he will make me his child,
I'll never forsake him again.

2. This day he invites me to come:
How kindly he bids me draw near!
He offers me heaven for home,
And wipes off the penitent tear:
He offers to pardon my sin,
And keep me from every snare,
To sprinkle and cleanse me within,
And show me his tenderest care.

3. I cannot, I must not refuse;
His goodness has conquer'd my heart;
The Lord for my portion I choose,
And bid all my folly depart.
How sweet is the Sabbath to me,
The day my Redeemer arose!
'Tis heaven his beauties to see,
And in his soft arms to repose.

Happy Voices 181.

81 THE STILL SMALL VOICE.

1. OFT as I rove, in thoughtless mood,
Along life's flowery, sunny road,
Unconscious how the path may end,
Unheeding where my footsteps tend,
I hear a voice which seems to say,
In a gentle whisper, Come away,
Come away!
Softly it whispers, Come away,
Come away, Come away!

2. From day to day that voice I hear,
And oftenest when no friend is near,—

When on some secret purpose bent,
Or on some pleasure too intent,—
A still small voice, which seems to say,
In a gentle whisper, Come away,
Come away!
Softly it whispers, Come away,
Come away, Come away!

3. At times, perchance, too near I tread
Some cruel quicksand's treach'rous bed,
Some yawning gulf, some fatal snare,
Some spot where death is in the air;
Then comes that warning voice to say,
In a gentle whisper, Come away,
Come away!
Softly it whispers, Come away,
Come away!

4. Ah, gentle Spirit, faithful Friend,
Be with me always to life's end,
Till He who keeps my heavenly crown
Shall send his loving angel down,
Upon my brow his hand to lay,
And kindly bid me, Come away,
Come away!
And softly whisper, Come away,
Come away!

82

Happy Voices 86.

THE CONFLICT.

1. Oh, why do I find it so hard to do right?
The good are the happy, I know;
And why should I ever in sin take delight,
When sin is the parent of wo?
I vanity love, and I folly pursue,
I yield me to passion's control;
My wishes are faint and my struggles are few
For that which can solace the soul.

2. I never did wrong but a something within
Admonish'd and blamed me the while;
I never did right but that something again
Approved and allured by its smile.
I'm not in a region of heathenish night,
Then why to the sinful belong?
I know it is better by far to do right,
Then why do I follow the wrong?

3. I dwell in the midst of pollution and crime,
And all is disorder within;
I'm lured by the glittering baubles of time,
A captive to Satan and sin.
Thus helpless and hopeless, dear Saviour, I cry
For purity, pardon, and peace;
Oh, let me no more in captivity lie,
But grant me a happy release.

4. I question no longer thy power to redeem,
My soul on thy merit depends;
I see in the cross, with its red flowing stream,
The fountain to save and to cleanse:
Renew'd by thy grace, I will walk in the light,
While others to darkness belong;
Oh, then 'twill be easy to follow the right,
And easy to turn from the wrong.

G. Chain 87, S. S. Hosanna 56, Oriola 98.

83 A HOME BEYOND THE TIDE.

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

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

3. Come on board, oh, ship for glory,
Be in haste, make up your mind,
For our vessel's weighing anchor,
And you may be left behind.
CHO.—All the storms, &c.

4. When we all are safely anchor'd,
We will shout our journey o'er,
We will walk about the city
And will sing for evermore.
CHO.—All the storms, &c.

84

Martyn, in S. S. Hosanna 73, Oriola 26.

7s. Double.

1. MARY to the Saviour's tomb
Hasted at the early dawn;
Spice she brought, and sweet perfume,
But the Lord she loved, had gone
For a while she lingering stood,
Fill'd with sorrow and surprise,
Trembling, while a crystal flood
Issued from her weeping eyes.

2. But her sorrows quickly fled
When she heard his welcome voice:
Christ had risen from the dead;
Now he bids her heart rejoice:
What a change his word can make,
Turning darkness into day!
Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,
He will wipe your tears away.

85 **S. S. Hosanna 94, or Oriola 92.**

6s and 4s.

1. COME, thou Almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise!
Father all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of Days.

2. Jesus, our Lord, arise,
Scatter our enemies,
Now make them fall!
Let thine almighty aid
Our sure defence be made,
Our souls on thee be stay'd:
Lord, hear our call!

3. Come, thou incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend!
Come, and thy people bless;
Come, give thy word success:
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend!

86 **Happy Voices 104.**

REMEMBER THE SABBATH-SCHOOL.

1. OH, remember the Sabbath-school
When the summer is past,
And the chill winds sigh mournfully,
And the snow-flakes fly fast.
Do not say, "It looks drearily;
'Tis a cold wintry day;"
Come with eyes sparkling merrily;
Come, boys and girls, away.
CHORUS.—Yes, away to the Sabbath-school,
The Sabbath-school, the Sabbath-school,
Yes, away to the Sabbath-school,
The blessed Sabbath-school.

2. When the spring buds are opening,
To the school you repair;
When the summer flower's blossoming,
Oh, you love to be there:
Like the bright and the beautiful,
Love to hon or God's day;
Come with hearts warm and dutiful,
Come, boys and girls, away.
CHO.—Yes, away to the Sabbath-school, &c.

3. Oh, the same friends will meet you there,
And around you will cling;
And the same songs will greet you there,
That you sung in the spring;
And the same truth address you there;
And if you will obey,
The dear Saviour will bless you there;
Then, boys and girls, away.
CHO.—Yes, away to the Sabbath-school, &c.

87 **Happy Voices 141, New G. Chain 115.**

LOVE AT HOME.

1. THERE is beauty all around,
When there's love at home;
There is joy in every sound,
When there's love at home.
Peace and plenty here abide,
Smiling sweet on every side,
Time doth softly, sweetly glide,
When there's love at home.
CHORUS.—Love at home, love at home;
Time doth softly, sweetly glide
When there's love at home.

2 In the cottage there is joy,
When there's love at home;
Hate and envy ne'er annoy,
When there's love at home.

Roses blossom 'neath our feet,
All the earth's a garden sweet,
Making life a bliss complete,
When there's love at home.
CHO.—Love at home, love at home, &c.

3. Kindly heaven smiles above,
When there's love at home;
All the earth is fill'd with love,
When there's love at home.
Sweeter sings the brooklet by,
Brighter beams the azure sky,
Oh, there's One who smiles on high,
When there's love at home.
CHO.—Love at home, love at home, &c.

4. Jesus, show thy mercy mine,
Then there's love at home;
Sweetly whisper, I am thine,
Then there's love at home
Source of love, thy cheering light
Far exceeds the sun so bright—
Can dispel the gloom of night;
Then there's love at home.
CHO.—Love at home, love at home, &c.

S. S. Bell, No. 2—182, Oriola 52.

88 THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

1. THE Lord is my Shepherd, how happy am I!
How tender and watchful my wants to supply!
He daily provides me with raiment and food,
Whate'er he denies me, is meant for my good.

2. The Lord is my Shepherd, then must I obey
His gracious commandment, and walk in his way;
His fear he will teach me, my heart he'll renew,
And though I'm so sinful, my sins he'll subdue.

3. The Lord is my Shepherd, how happy am I!
I'm blest while I live, and I'm blest when I die,

In death's gloomy valley no evil I'll dread,
"For I will be with thee," my Shepherd has said.

4. "The Lord is my Shepherd," I'll sing with delight,
Till call'd to adore him in regions of light,
Then praise him, with angels, to bright harps of gold,
And ever and ever his glory behold.

Martyn, in S. S. Hosanna 73, Oriola 26, or H. Voices 54, or Glad Tidings 102.

89

7s. Double.

JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

1. JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past:
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last.

2. Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
Leave, oh, leave me not alone!
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on thee is stay'd;
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;
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

90 Shirland, in S. S. Hosanna 135, or H. Voices 117.

S. M.

1. I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

2. I love thy church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3. For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4. Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5. Jesus, thou friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.

6. Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

91 S. S. Hosanna 136, or H. Voices 80.

C. M.

1. COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

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

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

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

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

Pilgrims' Songs 96, New G. Chain 76.

92 THE EVERGREEN SHORE.

1. We are joyously voyaging over the main,
Bound for the evergreen shore,
Whose inhabitants never of sickness complain,
And never see death any more.
Chorus.—Then let the hurricane roar,
It will the sooner be o'er;
We will weather the blast,
And will land at last
Safe on the evergreen shore.

2. We have nothing to fear from the wind and the wave,
Under our Saviour's command;
And our hearts in the midst of the dangers are brave,
For Jesus will bring us to land.
Cho.—Then let the hurricane roar, &c.

3. Both the winds and the waves our Commander con-
Nothing can baffle his skill: [trols;

And his voice, when the thundering hurricane rolls,
Can make the loud tempest be still.
CHO.—Then let the hurricane roar, &c.

4. In the thick murky night, when the stars and the moon
Send not a glimmering ray,
Then the light of his countenance, brighter than noon,
Will drive all our terror away.
CHO.—Then let the hurricane roar, &c.

5. Let the high heaving billow and mountainous wave
Fearfully overhead break;
There is One by our side that can comfort and save;—
There's One who will never forsake.
CHO.—Then let the hurricane roar, &c.

6. Let the vessel be wreck'd on the rock, or the shoal,
Sink to be seen never more,
He will bear none the less every passenger soul
Safe, safe to the evergreen shore.
CHO.—Then let the hurricane roar, &c.

Happy Voices 195.

93 HOME OF THE BLEST.

1. OH, when shall I dwell in a mansion all bright,
And Jesus my Saviour behold,
Or walk by his side like an angel of light,
In a city all garnish'd with gold?
CHORUS.—Home of the blest, home of the blest,
When wilt thou ever be mine?
Home of the blest, home of the blest,
Soon shalt thou ever be mine.

2. No pearl from the ocean, no gold from the mine,
Can pardon and purity buy;
I'll trust in the blood of a Saviour divine,
And I'll cling to his cross till I die.
CHO.—Home of the blest, home of the blest, &c.

3. Though light are the sorrows that burden a child,
And fleeting the tempest of woe,
I long for the land that was never defiled;
To the home of the blest would I go.
CHO.—Home of the blest, home of the blest, &c.

4. But while I'm a stranger away from my home,
I'll toil in the vineyard and pray;
I'll carry the cross while I think of the crown,
And I'll watch for the break of the day.
CHO.—Home of the blest, home of the blest, &c.

94 G. Shower 83, P. Songs 75, or Glad Tidings 84.

"EVEN ME."

1. LORD, I hear of show'rs of blessings
Thou art scattering full and free,
Show'rs the thirsty land refreshing,
Let some droppings fall on me,—
Even me, even me,
Let some droppings fall on me.

2. Pass me not, O God, my Father,
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let thy mercy light on me,—
Even me, &c.

3. Pass me not, O gracious Saviour,
Let me live and cling to thee
Fain I'm longing for thy favor;
Whilst thou'rt calling, call for me,—
Even me, &c.

4. Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesses of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me,—
Even me, &c.

5. Love of God, so pure and changeless;
Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
Grace of God, so rich and boundless,
Magnify it all in me,—
Even me, &c.

6. Pass me not, thy lost one bringing;
Bind my heart, O Lord, to thee;
Whilst the streams of life are springing,
Blessing others, oh, bless me,—
Even me, &c.

S. S. Hosanna 122, or H. Voices 66.

95

8s and 7s.

1. ONE there is above all others
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end.

2. Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But this Saviour died to have us
Reconciled, in him, to God.

3. When he lived on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was his name;
Now, above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same.

4. Oh for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above.

Happy Voices 220.

96

BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

1. SHALL we gather at the river
Where bright angel feet have trod,
With its crystal tide forever
Flowing by the throne of God?

CHO.—Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river,
Gather with the saints at the river
That flows by the throne of God.

2. On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever,
All the happy, golden day.
CHO.—Yes, we'll gather at the river, &c.

3. Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.
CHO.—Yes, we'll gather at the river, &c.

4. At the smiling of the river,
Mirror of the Saviour's face,
Saints whom death will never sever,
Lift their songs of saving grace.
CHO.—Yes, we'll gather at the river, &c.

5. Soon we'll reach the silver river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.
CHO.—Yes, we'll gather at the river, &c.

Happy Voices 163.

97 ANGELS' WELCOME.

1. MY home is in heaven, my rest is not here,
Then why should I murmur when trials appear?
Be hush'd, my dark spirit: the worst that can come
But shortens my journey and hastens me home.

CHORUS.

Then the angels will come, with their music will come,
With music, sweet music, to welcome me home;

In the bright gates of crystal the shining ones will
stand,
And sing me a welcome to their own native land.

2. It is not for me to be seeking my bliss
And building my hopes in a region like this;
I look for a city which hands have not piled,
I pant for a country by sin undefiled.
CHO.—Then the angels will come, &c.

3. The thorn and the thistle around me may grow;
I would not recline upon roses below;
I ask not my portion, I seek not my rest,
Till I find them forever on Jesus' own breast.
CHO.—Then the angels will come, &c.

98 **G. Chain 83, P. Songs 118, H. Voices 200, G. Tidings 121.**

THE SHINING SHORE.

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.
CHO.—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 heavenly home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.
CHO.—For, oh, we stand on Jordan's strand, &c

3. Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest naught can molest
Where golden harps are ringing.
CHO.—For, oh, we stand on Jordan's strand, &c.

4. Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each chord on earth to sever;
Our King says, Come, and there's our home,
Forever, oh, forever.
CHO.—For, oh, we stand on Jordan's strand, &c.

99 **G. Chain 85, H. Voices 80, New G. Chain 85.**

CROSS AND CROWN. *C. M*

1. MUST Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No: there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

2. How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here!
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

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

100 **Happy Voices 149.**

A BEAUTIFUL HOME.

1. THERE'S a beautiful home for thee, brother,
A home, a home for thee;
In that land of bliss where pleasure is,
There, brother,'s a home for thee.

CHO.—A beautiful home for thee, brother,
A beautiful home for thee;
In that land of bliss where pleasure is,
There, brother,'s a home for thee.

2. There's a beautiful rest for thee, brother,
A rest, a rest for thee;
In those mansions above, where all is love,
There, brother, 's a rest for thee.
CHO.—A beautiful rest for thee, brother, &c.

3. There's a beautiful crown for thee, brother,
A crown, a crown for thee;
When the battle is done, and the victory won,
Our Saviour will give it to thee.
CHO.—A beautiful crown for thee, &c.

4. There's a beautiful robe for thee, brother,
A robe, a robe for thee;
A robe of white, so pure and bright,
A glorious robe for thee.
CHO.—A beautiful robe for thee, &c.

5. Wilt seek that beautiful home, brother,
That home, that home above,
In that land of light, where all is bright,
That land where all is love?
CHO.—A beautiful home for thee, &c.

G. Chain 78.

101 THE BETTER LAND.

1. BOYS.—WHITHER, pilgrims, are you going,
Going each with staff in hand?
GIRLS.—We are going on a journey,
Going at our King's command.
ALL.—Over hills and plains and valleys,
We are going to his palace,
We are going to his palace,
Going to the better land;
We are going to his palace,
Going to the better land.

2. BOYS.—Fear ye not the way so lonely,
You, a little, feeble band?
GIRLS.—No; for friends, unseen, are near us.
Holy angels round us stand.
ALL.—Christ, our leader, walks beside us;
He will guard and he will guide us,

He will guard and he will guide us,
Guide us to that better land;
He will guard and he will guide us,
Guide us to that better land.

3. BOYS.—Tell me, pilgrims, what you hope for
In that far-off better land.
GIRLS.—Spotless robes and crowns of glory
From a Saviour's loving hand.
ALL.—We shall drink of life's clear river,
We shall dwell with God forever,
We shall dwell with God forever,
In that bright, that better land.

4. BOYS.—Pilgrims, may we travel with you
To that bright and better land?
GIRLS.—Come and welcome, come and welcome,
Welcome to our pilgrim band.
ALL.—Come, oh, come, and do not leave us,
Christ is waiting to receive us,
Christ is waiting to receive us,
In that bright, that better land.

102 **G. Censer 13, Pil. Songs 90, Glad Tidings 84.**

SWEET LAND OF REST. *C. M.*

1. SWEET land of rest! for thee I sigh,
When will the moment come
When I shall lay my armor by
And dwell with Christ at home?
REFRAIN.—Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
And dwell with Christ at home.

2. No tranquil joys on earth I know,
No peace and sheltering home;
This world's a wilderness of wo,
This world is not my home.
REF.—Home, home, &c.

3. To Jesus Christ I sought for rest,
He bade me cease to roam,
But fly for succor to his breast,
And he'd conduct me home.
REF.—Home, home, &c.

4. Weary of wandering round and round
This vale of sin and gloom,
I long to leave the unhallow'd ground
And dwell with Christ at home.
REF.—Home, home, &c.

Casket 65.

103 THERE, THERE IS REST.

1. COME, poor pilgrim, sad and weary,
Why heaves thy breast?
Roaming this wide world so dreary,
Sighing for rest.
CHORUS.—Rest, rest, sweet rest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

2. There is rest for thee in glory,
Among the blest;
Listen to the joyful story,
There, there is rest.
CHO.—Rest, rest, &c.

3. There are those who've gone before us,
All who are blest;
Singing now the happy chorus,
There, there is rest.
CHO.—Rest, rest, &c.

4. There the golden harps are ringing,
Harps of the blest;
And the angel bands are singing,
There, there is rest.
CHO.—Rest, rest, &c.

5. And while we on earth are praying,
Jesus, the blest,
Unto us is sweetly saying,
There, there is rest.
CHO.—Rest, rest, &c.

6. We shall meet where parting never
Comes to the blest;
And we'll safely dwell forever
In heavenly rest.
CHO.—Rest, rest, &c.

G. Chain 88, Oriola 242, Pil. Songs 46.

104 A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW.

1. THERE'S a light in the window for thee, brother,
There's a light in the window for thee;
A dear one has moved to the mansions above,
There's a light in the window for thee.
CHORUS.—A mansion in heaven we see,
And a light in the window for thee;
A mansion in heaven we see,
And a light in the window for thee.

2. There's a crown, and a robe, and a palm, brother.
When from toil and from care you are free,
The Saviour has gone to prepare you a home,
With a light in the window for thee.
CHO.—A mansion in heaven we see, &c.

3. O, watch, and be faithful, and pray, brother
All your journey o'er life's troubled sea;
Though afflictions assail you, and storms beat severe,
There's a light in the window for thee.
CHO.—A mansion in heaven we see, &c.

4. Then on, perseveringly on, brother,
Till from conflict and suffering free;
Bright angels now beckon you over the stream,
T'iere's a light in the window for thee.
CHO.—A mansion in heaven we see, &c.

105 G. Chain 93, Pil. Songs 67.

ANGELS ARE HOVERING ROUND.

1. ANGELS are hovering round,
Hovering round, hovering round,
Angels are hovering round,
Then, Christian, never fear.

REFRAIN.—Cheer up, then, pilgrim, never more despair;
For Jesus sends his angel, and he is ever near,
For Jesus sends his angel, and he is ever near.

2. Spirits blest are hovering round,
Hovering round, hovering round;
Spirits blest are hovering round,
Then, Christian, never fear.
REF.—Cheer up, then, pilgrim, &c.

3. Dear friends are hovering round,
Hovering round, hovering round;
Dear friends are hovering round,
Then, Christian, never fear.
REF.—Cheer up, then, pilgrim, &c.

106 G. Chain 94, Oriola 64, G. Harp 100.

SAVIOUR, LIKE A SHEPHERD, &c.

1. SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us:
Much we need thy tender care;
In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use thy folds prepare.
Blessed Jesus!
Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

2. We are thine: do thou befriend us,
Be the guardian of our way;
Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray.
Blessed Jesus!
Hear young children when they pray.

3. Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free.
Blessed Jesus!
Let us early turn to thee.

4. Early let us seek thy favor,
Early let us do thy will;
Holy Lord, our only Saviour,
With thy grace our bosom fill.
Blessed Jesus!
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

107 **G. Shower 55, H. Voices 157, or New G. Chain 97.**

WHEN I CAN READ, &c. *C. M.*

1. When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

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

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

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

108 **G. Shower 53, S. S. Hosanna 142, or Diadem 3.**

CORONATION. *C. M.*

1. All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;

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

2. Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.

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

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

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

G. Chain 102.

109 THE ECHO CHORUS.

1. SHALL hymns of grateful love
Through heaven's high arches ring,
And all the hosts above
Their songs of triumph sing?
CHO.—And shall not we take up the strain,
And send the echo back again?
And send the echo, send the echo,
Send the echo, send the echo, send the echo,
Send the echo back again.

2. Shall every ransom'd tribe
Of Adam's scatter'd race,
To Christ all powers ascribe,
Who saved them by his grace?
CHO.—And shall not we take up, &c.

3. Shall they adore the Lord,
Who bought them with his blood,
And all the love record
That led them home to God?
CHO.—And shall not we take up, &c.

4. Then spread the joyful sound,
The Saviour's love proclaim,
And publish all around
Salvation through his name.
CHO.—Till all the world take up, &c.

110

G. Chain 103, S. S. Hosanna 94, P. Songs 125.

AMERICA.—National Hymn.

1. MY country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died;
Land of the pilgrims' pride;
From every mountain-side
Let freedom ring.

2. My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3. Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

G. Chain 124, Oriola 249, P. Songs 102, S. S. Hos. 159.

111 THAT BEAUTIFUL LAND.

1. A BEAUTIFUL land by faith I see,
A land of rest, from sorrow free,
The home of the ransom'd, bright, and fair,
And beautiful angels, too, are there.
CHO.—Will you go, will you go,
Go to that beautiful land with me?
Will you go, will you go,
Go to that beautiful land?

2. That beautiful land, the City of Light,
It ne'er has known the shades of night;
The glory of God, the light of day,
Hath driven the darkness far away.
CHO.—Will you go, will you go, &c.

3. In vision I see its streets of gold,
Its beautiful gates I too behold,
The river of life, the crystal sea,
The ambrosial fruit of life's fair tree.
CHO.—Will you go, will you go, &c.

4. The heavenly throng, array'd in white,
In rapture range the plains of light;
And in one harmonious choir they praise
Their glorious Saviour's matchless grace.
CHO.—Will you go, will you go, &c.

Casket 104.

112 PARTING HYMN.

1. PLEASE to watch us, blessed Saviour,
As we leave our Sabbath home;
Guide and keep us from all danger
Till again to thee we come.

CHO.—Though we very often wander
In the path of vice and sin,
Yet we pray that thou wouldst hear us,
Cleanse and make us pure within.

2. Make each spirit meek and lowly,
Make us leave the ways of strife,
Lead us in the path of duty,
Lead us to the better life.
CHO.—Thus we'd serve thee, blessed Saviour,
Till we've cross'd life's stormy sea,
And, with each loved friend and teacher,
All are gather'd home to thee.

113 **G. Chain 121, or S. S. Bell, No. 1—119, S. S. Hos. 121.**

I OUGHT TO LOVE MY MOTHER.

1. I OUGHT to love my mother:
She loved me long ago;
There is on earth no other
That ever loved me so.
When a weak babe, much trial
I caused her, and much care;
For me no self-denial
Nor labor did she spare.

2. When in my cradle lying,
Or on her loving breast,
She gently hush'd my crying,
And rock'd her babe to rest;
When any thing has ail'd me,
To her I told my grief:
Her fond love never fail'd me
In finding some relief.

3. What sight is that which, near me,
Makes home a happy place,
And has such power to cheer me?—
I' is my mother's face.

What sound is that which ever
  Makes my young heart rejoice
With tones that tire me never?—
  It is my mother's voice.

4. When she is ill, to tend her
  My daily care shall be:
Such help as I can render
  Will all be joy to me.
Though I can ne'er repay her
  For all her tender care,
I will honor and obey her
  While God our lives shall spare.

G. Chain 112, S. S. Hosanna 162, Oriola 240.

114 MARCHING ALONG.

1. THE children are gath'ring from near and from far,
The trumpet is sounding the call for the war,
The conflict is raging, 'twill be fearful and long,
We'll gird on our armor and be marching along.

CHORUS.

Marching along, we are marching along,
Gird on the armor and be marching along,
The conflict is raging, 'twill be fearful and long,
Then gird on the armor and be marching along.

2. The foe is before us in battle array,
But let us not waver nor turn from the way:
The Lord is our strength, be this ever our song,
With courage and faith we are marching along.

CHO.—Marching along, &c.

3. We've 'listed for life, and will camp on the field,
With Christ as our Captain we never will yield;
The "sword of the Spirit," both trusty and strong,
We'll hold in our hands as we're marching along.

CHO.—Marching along, &c.

4. Through conflicts and trials our crowns we must win,
For here we contend 'gainst temptation and sin.
But one thing assures us, we cannot go wrong,
If trusting our Saviour, while marching along.
CHO.—Marching along, &c.

G. Shower 50.

115 THE LAND OF BEULAH. C. M.

1. MY latest sun is sinking fast,
My race is nearly run;
My strongest trials now are past,
My triumph is begun.

REFRAIN.

O, come, angel band, come and around me stand,
O, bear me away on your snowy wings,
To my immortal home.
O, bear me away on your snowy wings,
To my immortal home.

2. I know I'm nearing the holy ranks
Of friends and kindred dear,
For I brush the dews on Jordan's banks,
The crossing must be near.
REF.—O, come, angel band, &c.

3. I've almost gain'd my heavenly home,
My spirit loudly sings;
The holy ones, behold, they come;
I hear the noise of wings.
REF.—O, come, angel band, &c.

4. O, bear my longing heart to Him
Who bled and died for me,
Whose blood now cleanses from all sin,
And gives me victory.
REF.—O, come, angel band, &c.

G. Censer 123, Pil. Songs 106.

116 WATCHMAN, TELL ME.

1. WATCHMAN, tell me, does the morning
Of fair Zion's glory dawn?
Have the signs that mark its coming
Yet upon thy pathway shone?
Pilgrim, yes! arise, look round thee,
Light is breaking in the skies;
Gird thy bridal robes around thee,
Morning dawns, arise, arise!

2. Watchman, see, the light is beaming
Brighter still upon the way;
Signs through all the earth are gleaming,
Omens of the coming day,
When the Jubal trumpet sounding
Shall awake from earth and sea,
And the saints of God, now sleeping,
Clad in immortality.

3. Watchman, hail the light ascending
Of the grand Sabbatic year;
All with voices loud proclaiming
That the kingdom's very near:
Pilgrim, yes! I see, just yonder,
Canaan's glorious heights arise;
Salem too appears in grandeur,
Towering 'neath its sunlit skies.

4. Watchman, in the golden city,
Seated on his jasper throne,
Zion's King, enthroned in beauty,
Reigns in peace from zone to zone;
There, on sunlit hills and mountains,
Golden beams serenely glow;
Purling streams and crystal fountains,
On whose banks sweet flow'rets blow.

5. Watchman, see, the land is nearing,
With its vernal fruits and flowers;
On just yonder, oh, how cheering,
Bloom forever Eden's bowers!
Hark! the choral strains are ringing,
Wafted on the balmy air;
See the millions, hear them singing,
Soon the pilgrim will be there.

117 S. S. Hosanna 140, G. Chain 85, Oriola 111.

C. M.

1. Come, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppress'd,
And make this last resolve:

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

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

4. "I'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives;
Perhaps he may command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives.

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

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

118 **S. S. Hosanna 134, H. Voices 80, Oriola 111.**

C. M.

1. WHENE'ER I take my walks abroad,
How many poor I see!
What shall I render to my God
For all his gifts to me!

2. Not more than others I deserve,
Yet God hath given me more;
For I have food while others starve
Or beg from door to door.

3. How many children in the street
Half naked I behold,
While I am clothed from head to feet,
And cover'd from the cold!

4. While some poor wanderers scarce can tell
Where they may lay their head,
I have a home wherein to dwell,
And rest upon my bed.

5. While others early learn to swear,
And curse, and lie, and steal,
Lord, I am taught thy name to fear,
And do thy holy will.

6. Are these thy favors, day by day,
To me above the rest?
Then let me love thee more than they,
And try to serve thee best.

119 **G. Shower 10, Pilgrims' Songs 4.**

THE MERCY-SEAT. *L. M.*

1. FROM ev'ry stormy wind that blows,
From ev'ry swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat,
'Tis found beneath the Mercy-seat.

CHORUS.—The Mercy-seat, the Mercy-seat,
The blessed Mercy-seat,
The Mercy-seat, the Mercy-seat,
The blessed Mercy-seat.

2. There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,—
A place than all beside more sweet:
It is the blood-bought Mercy-seat.
CHO.—The Mercy-seat, &c.

3. There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet
Around one common Mercy-seat.
CHO.—The Mercy-seat, &c.

4. There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the Mercy-seat.
CHO.—The Mercy-seat &c.

G. Shower 16, Pilgrims' Songs 22.

120 I OUGHT TO LOVE MY SAVIOUR.

1. I OUGHT to love my Saviour!
No earthly friend can be
One-half so kind and faithful
As he has been to me.
Before my lips could utter
His sweet and precious name,
Until the present moment,
His love has been the same.
REFRAIN.—I ought to love my Saviour,
My precious, precious Saviour,
I ought to love my Saviour,
He loves me well, I know.

2. He left his home in glory,
To save my soul from death,
And now in all life's dangers
He still sustains my breath.
I lay me down and slumber
All through the hours of night,
And wake again in safety
To hail the morning light.
REF.—I ought to love my Saviour, &c.

3. It is but very little
For him that I can do;
Then let me seek to serve him
My earthly journey through,
And without sigh or murmur
To do his holy will,
And in my daily duties
His wise commands fulfil.
REF.—I ought to love my Saviour, &c.

4. And when I reach the mansion
He has prepared for me,
'Twill be my grateful pleasure
My Saviour's face to see.
And mid the angels' music,
Which then will greet my ear,
How eagerly I'll listen
My Saviour's voice to hear!
REF.—I ought to love my Saviour, &c.

G. Shower 20.

121 A LAND WITHOUT A STORM.

1. BOYS.—TRAVELLER, whither art thou going,
Heedless of the clouds that form?
GIRLS.—Naught to me the winds rough blowing,
Mine's a land without a storm.

CHORUS.—And I'm going, yes, I'm going
To that land that has no storms,
And I'm going, yes, I'm going
To the land that has no storms.

2. BOYS.—Traveller, art thou here a stranger,
Not to fear the tempest's power?
GIRLS.—I have not a thought of danger,
Tho' the sky more darkly lower.
CHO.—And I'm going, yes, I'm going, &c.

3. BOYS.—Traveller, now a moment linger,
Soon the darkness will be o'er.
GIRLS.—No; I see a beckoning finger,
Guiding to a far-off shore.
CHO.—And I'm going, yes, I'm going, &c.

4. BOYS.—Traveller, yonder narrow portal
Opens to receive thy form.
GIRLS.—Yes; but I shall be immortal
In that land without a storm.
CHO.—And I'm going, yes, I'm going, &c.

G. Shower 24.

122 HEAVENLY SONG.

1. THERE'S a country, dear children, of endless delight,
Unclouded by sorrow, ne'er shaded in night,
Where the spirits in glory unite in the psalm
Ascribing all honor to God and the Lamb.
Will you go? will you go,
To join them in praise unto God and the Lamb?
Will you go? will you go,
To join them in praise unto God and the Lamb?

2. And may all the children unite with that throng?
Shall they to the choir celestial belong?

Oh, say, may our voices with seraphim chime,
And join the redeem'd in that music sublime?
May we go,
And join the redeem'd in that music sublime?

3. Yes, come with your young hearts to Jesus, and pray
That early he'll help you to find the good way;
Oh, he'll meet you, dear ones, with his own smile of love,
And appoint you a place in the mansions above.
You may come,
He'll give you a place in the mansions above.

4. Oh, heaven, with joy from this world of distress,
Where sin is a burden and trials oppress,—
From the wilderness drear, where uncertain we roam,
We look to that land where the soul has a home.
We will go,
Will go to that land where the soul has a home.

G. Shower 30, P. Songs 30.

123 WE'RE NEARER HOME.

1. We know not what's before us,
What trials are to come;
But each day passing o'er us
Brings us still nearer home.
Cho.—We're nearer, nearer home,
Our blessed, happy home,
Where grief and sin can never come,
We're nearer, nearer home,
Nearer home, nearer home,
Nearer to my happy home,
Nearer home, nearer home,
Our blessed, happy home.

2. Tho' dark our path and lonely,
And clouds our sky o'ercast,

Let us remember only
That it will soon be past.
CHO.—We're nearer, nearer home, &c.

3. Whate'er of gloom or anguish
Life to our hearts may bring,
In doubt we will not languish,
But cheerfully we'll sing.
CHO.—We're nearer, nearer home, &c.

Pilgrim's Songs 24, G. Shower 32.

124 LOOKING HOME.

1. AH, this heart is void and chill,
Mid earth's noisy throngings,
For my Father's mansions still
Earnestly is longing.
REFRAIN.—Looking home, looking home,
Towards the heavenly mansions
Jesus hath prepared for me
In his Father's kingdom.

2. Soon the glorious day will dawn,
Heavenly pleasures bringing;
Night will be exchanged for morn,
Sighs give place to singing.
REF.—Looking home, &c.

3. Oh, to be at home again,
All for which we're sighing,
From all earthly want and pain
To be swiftly flying.
REF.—Looking home, &c.

4. With this load of sin and care
Then no longer bending,
But with waiting angels there
On our soul attending.
REF.—Looking home, &c.

5. Blessed home, oh! blessed home,
All for which we're sighing,
Soon our Lord will bid us come
To our Father's kingdom.
REF.—Looking home, &c.

G. Shower 36, Oriola 134, or G. Tidings 71, without Chorus.

125 GOOD TIDINGS.

1. SHOUT the tidings of salvation,
To the aged and the young,
Till the precious invitation
Waken every heart and tongue.
CHO.—Send the sound the earth around,
From the rising to the setting of the sun,
Till each gath'ring crowd
Shall proclaim aloud,
The glorious work is done.

2. Shout the tidings of salvation
O'er the prairies of the West,
Till each gath'ring congregation
With the gospel sound is blest.
CHO.—Send the sound the earth around, &c.

3. Shout the tidings of salvation,
Mingling with the ocean's roar,
Till the ships of every nation
Bear the news from shore to shore.
CHO.—Send the sound the earth around, &c.

4. Shout the tidings of salvation
O'er the islands of the sea,
Till, in humble adoration,
All to Christ shall bow the knee.
CHO.—Send the sound the earth around, &c.

G. Shower 92.

126 THE ANGELS THERE WILL TEACH US.

1. To the heavenly land, to the heavenly land,
Where the saints and seraphs stand,
We are on our way, we are on our way,
A united and happy band.
CHORUS.—For the angels there will teach us
How to sing a sweeter song!
And no sorrow'll ever reach us,
In that happy, happy throng,
In the heavenly land, in the heavenly land,
Where the saints and the seraphs stand.

2. Tho' we often tire, tho' we often tire,
Where the pathway is steep and straight,
We will still press on, we will still press on,
Till we press through the Golden Gate.
CHO.—For the angels there will teach us, &c.

3. But we need not fear, but we need not fear,
For we've Jesus to be our guide;
And with him so near, ay, with him so near,
Naught of evil can e'er betide.
CHO.—For the angels there shall teach us, &c.

4. Will you go with us? will you go with us?
Come and share this bright home above,
Where the endless day, where the endless day
Is illumed by our Father's love.
CHO.—For the angels there shall teach us, &c.

Pilgrims' Songs 50, G. Shower 66.

127 THE CHRISTIAN'S DEAR HOME.

1. SPEED away! speed away! happy soul of the blest,
From thy prison-house fly, like a bird to her nest;
Angel spirits are bending in love from the sky,
To welcome thee home to the mansions on high,
To the land where no night is, no tears, no decay!

Speed away, speed away, happy soul of the blest,
Speed away, speed away, to the land of thy rest.

2. Speed away! speed away! Oh, why linger below,
When thy measure of glory no mortal can know,
And the visions of beauty that beam on thy sight
All come from the Christian's dear home of delight,
Thy darkness is turn'd into infinite day!
Speed away, speed away, happy soul of the blest,
Speed away, speed away, to the land of thy rest.

3. Speed away! speed away! happy soul of the blest,
To the land where the weary, worn pilgrim may rest,
To the city celestial, that beautiful shore,
Where the presence of death we shall fear nevermore.
Up! heavenward! let nothing thy journey delay!
Speed away, speed away, happy soul of the blest,
Speed away, speed away, to the land of thy rest.

G. Shower 80, Oriola 187.

128 NOW WE LIFT OUR TUNEFUL VOICES.

1. Now we lift our tuneful voices,
In a new, melodious song;
While each youthful heart rejoices
To behold the gath'ring throng.
CHORUS.—As we lift our waving banners
To the breezes soft and mild,
May the tide of glad hosannas
Flow from bosoms undefiled.

2. Ye who join our celebration,
Sweetest melodies employ;
Bow with us in adoration,
Fill'd with holy, heavenly joy.
CHO.—As we lift, &c.

3. Teachers kind, whose care unceasing
All must honor and approve;
Thanks for labor still unceasing,
Heaven reward your works of love.
CHO.—As we lift, &c.

4. Thanks to God for every blessing
Which his bounteous hand bestows;
All on earth that's worth possessing
From that hand incessant flows.
CHO.—As we lift, &c.

Pilgrims' Songs 80, G. Shower 72.

129 THE BRIGHT HILLS OF GLORY.

1. OH, give me a harp on the bright hills of glory,
A home when life's sorrows are o'er,
Where joys that await the meek and the lowly
Will more than lost Eden restore.

CHORUS.

Where the new song of glory, Is the theme of the holy,
And the ransom'd are safe evermore,
Where the new song of glory, Is the theme of the holy,
And the ransom'd are safe evermore.

2. Oh, there let me roam on the banks of the river,
Escorted by angels along;
And with them adore the Bounteous Giver
Whose love is rehearsed by the throng.

CHORUS.

Where the new song is given, To the loved ones in heaven,
And the angels re-echo the song,
Where the new song is given, To the loved ones in heaven,
And the angels re-echo the song.

3. There sweetly we'll rest in those mansions forever,
And bask in the fulness of love,
Where fields are all bright with flow'rets that never
Shall wither in Eden above.

CHORUS.

There the new song of pardon, Is the theme over Jordan,
And each harp swells the chorus of love,
There the new song of pardon, Is the theme over Jordan,
And each harp swells the chorus of love.

4. Oh, who has prepared this banquet of pleasures,
In heaven's sweet bower of rest,
And bids us partake of all its rich treasures,
And waits now to welcome each guest?

CHORUS.

It is Jesus our Saviour, And we'll praise him forever,
When we're safe in those mansions of rest,
It is Jesus our Saviour, And we'll praise him forever
When we're safe in those mansions of rest.

Oriola 128, G. Shower 91, or Happy Voices 184,
S. S. Hosanna 152.

130 HEAVEN IS MY HOME.

1. I'M but a stranger here,
Heaven is my home;
Earth is a desert drear,
Heaven is my home;
Dangers and sorrows stand
Round me on every hand,
Heaven is my Fatherland,
Heaven is my home.

2. What though the tempests rage,
Heaven is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heaven is my home;
And time's wild wintry blast
Soon will be over past,
I shall reach home at last,—
Heaven is my home.

3. Therefore I murmur not;
Heaven is my home;
Whate'er my earthly lot,
Heaven is my home;
And I shall surely stand
There at my Lord's right hand;
Heaven is my Fatherland,
Heaven is my home.

G. Shower 74.

131 WE HAVE COME REJOICING.

1. We have come rejoicing on this happy day,
In our Sunday-school we dearly love to stay,
And with voices blending in a sacred song,
We the Saviour's praise prolong.
Chorus.—There we shall never grieve him more,
But with the angels on that shore,
Strike the harps of glory in a sweeter strain,
And ever with them praise his holy name.

2. Thro' the week he's kept us, and his smiling face
Still is beaming on us in this happy place;
And the gracious Spirit from his holy throne
Tells us of a better home.
Cho.—There we shall never grieve him more, &c.

3. Jesus there is smiling, on his Father's throne,
Saying, "Come in, welcome, come, for here is room
In these shining mansions I have still a place,
Children, hasten to my face."
Cho.—There we shall never grieve him more, &c.

4. "And in robes of glory, like the stars above,
Shall my loved ones ever, ever with me rove,
Where the waving flow'rets of immortal bloom
Shed around their sweet perfume."
Cho.—There we shall never grieve him more, &c.

G. Shower 76.

132 JESUS IS KING.

1. He who once to earth came down,
Toil'd and suffer'd here below,
Sits upon his heavenly throne,
Wears the crown of glory now.

CHORUS.—While angels join to sing,
And loud the sweet words ring,—
Jesus is King,
Jesus is King.

2. Many little ones are there,
Gather'd in that shining throng;
Listen! through the Sabbath air
You may hear their joyful song.
CHO.—Come let us join to sing,
Loud let the sweet words ring,—
Jesus is King,
Jesus is King.

3. Yes, our loved and lost are there,
They have reach'd the happy land,
Now white robes and crowns they wear,
They have join'd the angel band.
CHO.—They strike each golden string,
And loud the sweet words ring,—
Jesus is King,
Jesus is King.

4. Christians in the song unite,
Gladly swell the notes of praise,
And, with saints and angels bright,
Still the grateful anthem raise.
CHO.—Come let us join to sing,
Loud let the sweet words ring,—
Jesus is King,
Jesus is King.

5. Surely we that song may share,
Jesus bids the children come,
Gives the lambs his tender care,
Guides them to his heavenly home.
CHO.—Come let us join to sing,
Loud let the sweet words ring,—
Jesus is King,
Jesus is King.

H. Voices 42, or S. S. Hosanna 99, or Oriola 117.
or Glad Tidings 58.

133 GOD IS LOVE.

1. COME, let us all unite to sing,
God is love.
Let heaven and earth their praises bring;
God is love.
Let every soul from sin awake,
Each in his heart sweet music make,
And sing with us, for Jesus' sake,
God is love.

2. Oh, tell to earth's remotest bound,
God is love.
In Christ we have redemption found;
God is love.
His blood has wash'd our sins away,
His Spirit turn'd our night to day,
And now we can rejoice to say,
God is love.

3. How happy is our portion here!
God is love.
His promises our spirits cheer;
God is love.
He is our sun and shield by day,
Our help, our hope, our strength, and stay;
He will be with us all the way:
God is love.

4. What though my heart and flesh should fail,
God is love.
Through Christ I shall o'er death prevail:
God is love.
Though Jordan swell, I need not fear,
My Saviour will be with me there,
My head above the waves to bear;
God is love!

5. In Zion we shall sing again,
God is love.
Yes, this shall be our lofty strain,
God is love.
While endless ages roll along,
In concert with the heavenly throng,
This shall be still our sweetest song,
God is love.

G. Censer 24, Musical Leaves 23.

134 WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR?

1. Oh, who is my neighbor? pray tell me,
As I journey along here below.
For my Bible commands me to love him
As myself, and my neighbor I'd know.
Is it he who sits down at my table,
My brother so dear unto me,
Or my friend who hath done me a favor,—
My neighbor, oh, where may he be?
Where may he be? where may he be
My neighbor, oh! where may he be?

2. The world is thy neighbor, poor pilgrim;
From the beggar so wretched to see,
To the rich man that rides in his carriage,—
All alike have a claim upon thee!
Go ye out in the highways and hedges,
The alleys, the lanes, and the street;
For ye never have need to stand idle
The want of a neighbor to greet!
A neighbor to greet,—a neighbor to greet,
The want of a neighbor to greet.

3. Drink deep from sweet charity's fountain;
Little failings in kindness o'erlook;
For our Saviour had pity for others,
And he never his neighbor forsook.

He hath said that a cup of cold water,
If given in the name of the Lord,
In that day when he makes up his jewels,
Shall meet with a tenfold reward!
A tenfold reward, a tenfold reward,
Shall meet with a tenfold reward!

G. Censer 3, Musical Leaves 59.

135 GLORY, GLORY TO THE LAMB.

1. HARK, the sweetest notes of angels singing,
Glory, glory to the Lamb!
All the hosts of heaven their tribute bringing,
Raising high the Saviour's name.
REFRAIN.—We will join the beautiful angels,
We will join the beautiful angels,
Singing away, singing away,
Glory, glory to the Lamb.

2. Ye for whom his precious life was given,
Sacred themes to you belong;
Come, and join the glorious choir of heaven,
Join the everlasting song.
REF.—We will join the beautiful angels, &c.

3. Hearts all fill'd with holy emulation,
We unite with those above;
Sweet the theme,—the theme of free salvation,
Founts of everlasting love.
REF.—We will join the beautiful angels, &c.

4. Endless life in Christ our Lord possessing,
Let us praise his precious name;
Glory, honor, riches, power, and blessing
Be forever to the Lamb.
REF.—We will join the beautiful angels, &c.

G. Censer 35.

136 THE LAND BEYOND THE RIVER.

1. No mortal eye that land hath seen, Beyond, beyond
the river,
Its smiling valleys, hills so green, Beyond, beyond the
river.
Its shores are coming nearer,
The skies are growing clearer,
Each day it seemeth dearer,
That land beyond the river.
REFRAIN.—We'll stand the storm, we'll stand the
Its rage is almost over; [storm,
We'll anchor in the harbor soon
In the land beyond the river.

2. No cankering care nor mortal strife, Beyond, &c.
But happy, never-ending life, Beyond, &c.
Through the eternal hours,
God's love, in heavenly showers,
Shall water faith's fair flowers,
In the land beyond the river.
REF.—We'll stand the storm, we'll stand the storm, &c.

3. That glorious day will ne'er be done, Beyond, &c.
When we've the crown and kingdom won, Beyond, &c.
There is eternal pleasure,
And joys that none can measure,
For those who have their treasure In the land, &c.
REF.—We'll stand the storm, we'll stand the storm, &c.

4. When shall we look from Zion's hill, Beyond, &c.
With endless bliss our hearts shall thrill, Beyond, &c.
There angels bright are singing,
Where golden harps are ringing,
We ne'er shall cease our singing In the land, &c.
REF.—We'll stand the storm, we'll stand the storm, &c.

G. Shower 114.

137 HOSANNA. "Blessed is he that cometh"—Anth.

HOSANNA, Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna,
Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!
Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna,
Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!
Blessed be the kingdom of our father David,
That cometh, that cometh in the name of the Lord!
Blessed be the kingdom of our father David,
That cometh, that cometh in the name of the Lord!
Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna in the highest,
Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna!

FULL CHORUS.

Blessed be the kingdom of our father David,
Hosanna in the highest, in the highest!
Amen, Amen.

G. Censer 116.

138 GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST.—Anth.

1. GLORY to God in the highest!
Glory to God, Glory to God,
Glory to God in the highest!
Shall be our song to-day;
Another year's rich mercies prove
His ceaseless care and boundless love;
So let our loudest voices raise
Our Anniversary song of praise.

FULL CHORUS.—Glory to God in the highest!
Glory to God in the highest!
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Glory be to God on high!

2. The song that woke the glorious morn
When David's greater son was born,
Sung by a heavenly host, and we
Would join th' angelic company.

F. CHO.—Glory to God in the highest, &c.

3. And while we with the angels sing,
Gifts, with the wise men, let us bring
Unto the Babe of Bethlehem,
And offer our young hearts to him.
F. Cho.—Glory to God in the highest, &c.

4. Oh, may we, an unbroken band,
Around the throne of Jesus stand,
And there, with angels and the throng
Of his redeem'd ones, join the song.
F. Cho.—Glory to God in the highest, &c.

Diadem 94.

139 ANGEL VISITS.

1. In the mild and pensive twilight,
When the earth is calm and still,
And a deep, mysterious sadness
Doth my spirit's chambers fill,
In the gathering shades of evening,
When the friendly stars appear,
There are soft and silvery voices
From yon distant, lofty sphere.

Chorus.

When earth's cares and sorrows all are over,
I shall gain that blissful, blissful home,
Whence the happy, happy ransom'd spirit
Shall no more, no more a wand'rer roam.

2. E'en the forms of the departed,
Floating through the heavenly air,
Seem, with soft, melodious voices,
Whispering words of comfort rare;
Pictured on the melting azure,
Gleam their robes of shadowy light,
While their mild and tender glances
Shine upon me softly bright.
Cho.—When earth's cares, &c.

3. Faces o'er whose gentle beauty
I in silent anguish wept,

As in death's unchanging slumber
They before my vision slept;
Forms which I beheld enshrouded
In the drapery of the tomb,
And who long with dust have mingled
In the churchyard's silent gloom.
CHO.—When earth's cares, &c.

4. Friends whom I most fondly cherish'd
When their lives with mine did twine,
And who still within my memory
Love doth sacredly enshrine:
These, in fair, seraphic beauty,
Smile upon me from the sky,
Often gently whispering to me
That the blessed goal is nigh.
CHO.—When earth's cares, &c.

Diadem 96.

140 OH, HAD I FLEET WINGS.

1. OH, had I fleet wings like a dove, to fly
Away from this world of care,
My soul would mount to the realms on high,
And seek for refuge there.
But is there no heaven for me here on earth?
No hope for the wounded breast?
No favor'd spot where content has birth,
In which I may find a rest?

2. Oh, yes, it is written, "Believe and live!"
The heart, by bright hope allured,
Shall find the comfort these words can give,
And be by its faith assured.
Then why should we shrink from the world's chilling frown,
When truth to the heart has given
A light in darkness to guide us on
In joy to the paths of heaven?

3. There is, oh, there is in God's holy word,
That word which can ne'er depart,
There is a promise of mercy stored
For them that are pure in heart.
"My yoke it is easy, my burden is light,
Then come unto me for rest."
These are the words of sweet promise stored
To soothe every wounded breast.

G. Censer 88.

141 OH, WE ARE VOLUNTEERS.

1. Oh, we are volunteers in the army of the Lord,
Forming into line at our Captain's word;
We are under marching orders to take the battle-field,
And we'll ne'er give o'er the fight till the foe shall yield.

Chorus.

Come and join the army, the army of the Lord,
Jesus is our Captain, we rally at his word;
Sharp will be the conflict with the powers of sin,
But, with such a Leader, we are sure to win.

2. The glory of our flag is the emblem of the dove,
Gleaming are our swords from the forge of love;
We go forth, but not to battle for earthly honors vain,
'Tis a bright immortal crown that we seek to gain.
Cho.—Come and join the army, &c.

3. Our foes are in the field, pressing hard on every side,
Envy, anger, hatred, with self and pride;
They are cruel, fierce, and strong, ever ready to attack;
We must watch, and fight, and pray, if we'd drive them back.
Cho.—Come and join the army, &c.

4. Oh, glorious is the struggle in which we draw the sword,
Glorious in the kingdom of Christ our Lord;

It shall spread from sea to sea, it shall reach from
shore to shore,
And his people shall be blessed for evermore.
CHO.—Come and join the army, &c.

TUNE, Robin Adair, and G. Censer 89, or Fresh Laurels 77, or Musical Leaves 64.

142 JESUS IS MINE.

1. FADE, fade each earthly joy,
Jesus is mine;
Break every tender tie,
Jesus is mine;
Dark is the wilderness,
Earth has no resting-place,
Jesus alone can bless,
Jesus is mine.

2. Tempt not my soul away,
Jesus is mine;
Here would I ever stay,
Jesus is mine;
Perishing things of clay,
Born but for one brief day,
Pass from my heart away,
Jesus is mine.

3. Farewell, ye dreams of night,
Jesus is mine;
Lost in this dawning light,
Jesus is mine;
All that my soul has tried,
Left but a dismal void
Jesus has satisfied,
Jesus is mine.

4. Farewell, mortality,
Jesus is mine;
Welcome, eternity,
Jesus is mine;

Welcome, O loved and blest,
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest,
Welcome, my Saviour's breast,
Jesus is mine.

G. Censer 96, or Happy Voices 139.

143 MARCHING ON.

1. MARCHING on, marching on, glad as birds on the wing,
Come the bright ranks of soldiers from near and from far;
Happy hearts full of song 'neath our banners we bring,
We are soldiers of Zion prepared for the war.
CHORUS.—Marching on, marching on,

Sound the-battle cry, sound the battle-cry!
For the Saviour is before us, and for him we draw the sword;
Marching on, marching on,
Shout the victory, the victory, the victory!
We will end the battle singing hallelujah to the Lamb.

2. Pressing on, pressing on, to the din of the fray,
With the firm tread of faith to the battle we go;
Mid the cheering of angels, our ranks march away,
With our flags pointing ever right on tow'rds the foe.
CHO.—Marching on, &c.

3. Fighting on, fighting on, in the midst of the strife,
At the call of our Captain, we draw ev'ry sword;
We are battling for God, we are struggling for life,
Let us strike every sinner that fights 'gainst the Lord.
CHO.—Marching on, &c.

4. Singing on, singing on, from the battle we come,
Ev'ry flag bears a wreath, ev'ry soldier renown;

Heav'nly angels are waiting to welcome us nome,
And the Saviour will give us a robe and a crown.
CHO.—Marching on, &c.

Diadem 36.

144 KINDLY AND GRACIOUSLY.

1. KINDLY and graciously, prompted by love,
Jesus came down from the bright world above;
Though he was glorious, almighty, divine,
Sun of that world where the bright spirits shine,
Yet, meek and lowly, and gentle and mild,
Like us poor children, he, too, was a child;
Praise him! oh, praise him! for, prompted by love,
Jesus came down from the bright world above.

2. Lovingly, lovingly, close to his breast,
Once little children so fondly he press'd,
Laid each dear hand on some little one's head,
Tenderly smiling as sweetly he said,
"Dear little children, so happy and free!
Suffer the children to come unto me."
Lovingly, lovingly, close to his breast,
Then the dear little ones fondly he press'd.

3. Tenderly, tenderly, free from alarms,
Jesus now folds the dear lambs in his arms.
Hark! there is melody thro' the air borne,—
Borne from the "happy land" whither they're gone
"Parents, and sisters, and brothers most dear!
Weep not, but meet us, oh, meet with us here!
Tenderly, tenderly, free from alarms,
Jesus now folds us, his lambs, in his arms."

Diadem 82.

145 ANGELS SINGING.

1. WHEN, of old, sweet angels singing,
Borne upon the morning winds,
To the air of shepherds winging,
Fear and wonder fill'd their minds.

Till they listen'd to the story,
Then all doubt and trembli g cease,
Unto God above be glory,
And to men on earth be peace,
Unto God above be glory,
And to men on earth be peace.

2. Still the same sweet song is singing,
If we only strive to hear;
When the heart is upward winging,
Then the angels do appear;
When we listen to the story,
All our fears and sorrows cease.
Unto God above, &c.

3. Oh, ye heavy hearts and weary,
Earthly joys can not suffice;
Brightest prospects will grow dreary,
Seek not here for Paradise;
Tell to Christ your sad, sad story,
He will from all sin release.
Unto God above, &c.

G. Censer 104, Mus. Leaves 45, Happy Voices 193.

146 BEAUTIFUL LAND OF REST.

1. JERUSALEM, forever bright,—
Beautiful land of rest,
No winter there, nor chill of night,—
Beautiful land of rest!
The dripping cloud is chased away,
The sun breaks forth in endless day,—
Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
The beautiful land of rest.

CHORUS.—Beautiful land, Beautiful land,
Beautiful land of rest,
Beautiful land, Beautiful land,
Beautiful land of rest.

2. Jerusalem, forever free,—
Beautiful land of rest!
The soul's sweet home of Liberty,—
Beautiful land of rest!
The gyves of sin, the chains of woe,
The ransom'd there will never know.
Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
The beautiful land of rest.
CHO.—Beautiful land, &c.

3. Jerusalem, forever dear,—
Beautiful land of rest!
Thy pearly gates almost appear,—
Beautiful land of rest!
And when we tread thy lovely shore,
We'll sing the song we've sung before,—
Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
The beautiful land of rest.
CHO.—Beautiful land, &c.

G. Censer 112.

147 A CRY FROM MACEDONIA.

1. THERE'S a cry from Macedonia,—Come and help us,
The light of the gospel bring, Oh, come!
Let us hear the joyful tidings of salvation,
We thirst for the living spring.
O ye heralds of the cross, be up and doing,
Remember the great command, Away!
Go ye forth and preach the word to every creature,
Proclaim it in ev'ry land.

CHORUS.—They shall gather from the East,
They shall gather from the West,
With the patriarchs of old,
And the ransom'd shall return
To the kingdoms of the blest,
With their harps and crowns of gold.
There's a cry from Macedonia,—Come and help us;
The light of the gospel bring, Oh, come!

Let us hear the joyful tidings of salvation,
We thirst for the living spring.

2. Oh, how beautiful their feet upon the mountains
The tidings of peace who bring, *Who bring*
To the nations of the earth who sit in darkness,
And tell them of Zion's King;
Then, ye heralds of the cross, be up and doing,
Go work in your Master's field, Away!
Sound the trumpet, sound the trumpet of salvation,
The Lord is your strength and shield.
CHO.—Let the distant isles be glad,
Let them hail the Saviour's birth,
And the news of pardon free,
Till the knowledge of the truth
Shall extend to all the earth,
As the waters o'er the sea.
There's a cry from Macedonia,—Come and help us;
The light of the gospel bring, Oh, come!
Let us hear the joyful tidings of salvation,
We thirst for the living spring.

3. Ye have listed in the army of the faithful,
Like heroes the battle fight, Away!
There are foes on every hand that will assail you,
Then gird on your armor bright;
With the banner of the cross unfurl'd before you,
The sword of the Spirit wield, Away!
Ye shall conquer through his mercy who hath loved you,
The Lord is your strength and shield.
CHO.—Ye are marching to the land
Where the saints in glory stand,
And the just for joy shall sing,
Ye by faith may bring it nigh;
Ye shall reach it by-and-by,
And your shouts of triumph ring.
There's a cry from Macedonia,—Come and help us;

The light of the gospel bring, Oh, come!
Let us hear the joyful tidings of salvatior,
We thirst for the living spring.

G. Censer 44, G. Tidings 122, Musical Leaves 24.

148 CLIMBING UP ZION'S HILL.

1. "I'M trying to climb up Zion's hill,"
For the Saviour whispers, "Love me;"
Tho' all beneath is dark as death,
Yet the stars are bright above me.
Then upward still
To Zion's hill,
To the land of joy and beauty,
My path before,
Shines more and more,
As it nears the golden city.
CHORUS.—I'm climbing up Zion's hill,
I'm climbing up Zion's hill,
Climbing, climbing, climbing up Zion's hill.

2. I know I'm but a little child,
My strength will not protect me;
But then I am the Saviour's lamb,
And he will not neglect me.
Then all the time
I'll try to climb
This holy hill of Zion;
For I am sure
The way is pure,
And on it comes "no lion."
CHO.—I'm climbing up, &c.

3. Then come with me, we'll upward go,
And climb this hill together;
And as we walk, we'll sweetly talk,
And sing as we go thither.
Then mount up still
God's holy hill,

Till we reach the pearly portals,
Where raptured tongues
Proclaim the songs
Of the shining-robed immortals.
CHO.—I'm climbing up, &c.

G. Shower 26, Oriola 88.

149 A SAVIOUR EVER NEAR.

1. HUSH'D be my murmurings, let cares depart,
Jesus is near me, to cheer my heart;
He's near to help me whilst life's hours remain,
He speaks to cheer me in toil and in pain,
He speaks to cheer me in toil and in pain.
CHORUS.—Gentle angels near me glide,
Hopes of glory round me 'bide,
And there lingers by my side
A Saviour, a Saviour, a Saviour ever near,
A Saviour, a Saviour, a Saviour ever near.

2. Why should I languish?—why should I fear?
In sorrow and anguish he's ever near;
Sleeping or waking, in pleasure or pain,
Roaming or resting, he'll near me remain.
CHO.—Gentle angels, &c.

3. Scenes that will vanish smile on me now,
Joys of a moment play round my brow;
But soon in heaven he'll meet me again,
There'll end my sorrow, and there'll end my pain.
CHO.—Gentle angels, &c.

S. S. Bell, No. 1—85, H. Voices 45, or S. S. Hosan. 145.

150 I WAS A WANDERING SHEEP. *S. M., Double.*

1. I WAS a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold;
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controll'd;

I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home,
I did not love my Father's voice,
I loved afar to roam.

2. The Shepherd sought his sheep,
The Father sought his child;
They follow'd me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild:
They found me nigh to death,
Famish'd and faint and lone;
They bound me with the bands of love,
They saved the wandering one.

3. Jesus my Shepherd is;
'Twas he that loved my soul,
'Twas he that wash'd me in his blood,
'Twas he that made me whole:
'Twas he that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep;
'Twas he that brought me to the fold;
'Tis he that still doth keep.

4. No more a wandering sheep,
I love to be controll'd;
I love my tender Shepherd's voice,
I love the peaceful fold.
No more a wayward child,
I seek no more to roam;
I love my heavenly Father's voice;
I love, I love his home.

Diadem 76.

151 JUDEA'S PLAINS.

1. WATCHING on Judea's plain,
Shepherds spent their dewy night,
When there came a heavenly train,
In their robes of spotless white;
Joyful news they brought to earth,
Long by prophet tongues foretold,

Tidings of our Saviour's birth,
Tuned with harps of shining gold.
CHORUS.—Glory in the highest sing!
Glory be to God above!
Peace on earth we come to bring,
Unto men good will and love.

2. Let us raise an anthem now
To the name of Christ our King,
And with joy and gladness bow,
While our youthful praise we sing.
Jesus is the children's friend;
He will hear their earnest prayer;
He will lead them to the end,
And will keep them in his care.
CHO.—Glory in the highest sing, &c.

3. Let the joyful tidings fly
All the spacious earth around,
Till all lands beneath the sky
Hear and love the holy sound,—
Till the Saviour's name is known,
Friend, Redeemer, Prince of Peace,
And in rapture to his throne
Praise shall evermore increase.
CHO.—Glory in the highest sing, &c.

Diadem 78.

152 WELCOME NEWS.

1. ON the mountain's top appearing,
Lo, the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion long in hostile lands:
Mourning captive, mourning captive!
God himself will loose thy bands,
God himself will loose thy bands.

2. Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?

Cease thy mourning! Cease thy mourning!
Zion still is well beloved,
Zion still is well beloved.

3. God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end.
Great deliverance, Great deliverance,
Zion's King vouchsafes to send,
Zion's King vouchsafes to send.

Casket 57, Oriola 18.

153 SILOAM. *C. M.*

1. By cool Siloam's shady rill,
How fair the lily grows!
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

2. Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart, by influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

3. And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power
And stormy passion's rage.

4. O Thou who givest life and breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own.

G. Censer 94.

154 JOYFUL EVERMORE.

1st.—Semi-Chorus.—Thro' the world we're march-
Chorus.—Joyful, joyful, joyful! [ing on,
1st.—Soon our heaven will be won,
Chorus.—Joyful evermore.

2d.—Night will soon be turn'd to day,
CHORUS.—Joyful, joyful, joyful!
2d.—God will wipe all tears away,
CHORUS.—Joyful evermore!
REFRAIN.—Oh, the road is short and straight,
Leading up to Zion's gate,
There our loved ones for us wait,
Joyful, joyful evermore.

1st.—SEMI-CHORUS.—Tho' we here must bear the
CHORUS.—Joyful, joyful, joyful; [cross,
1st.—Counting earthly gain as loss,
CHORUS.—Joyful evermore.
2d.—When we lay life's burden down,
CHORUS.—Joyful, joyful, joyful;
2d.—We shall take the promised crown,
CHORUS.—Joyful evermore.
REFRAIN.—Oh, the road is short, &c.

1st.—Now we look to Christ for aid,
CHORUS.—Joyful, joyful, joyful;
1st.—None in vain to Him have pray'd,
CHORUS.—Joyful evermore.
2d.—Let us place our trust in Him,
CHORUS.—Joyful, joyful, joyful;
2d.—Never let our faith grow dim,
CHORUS.—Joyful evermore.
REFRAIN.—Oh, the road is short, &c.

Diadem 64, Musical Leaves 55.

155 OH, SAY, SHALL WE MEET YOU, &c.

SOLO.—1. WHERE do you journey, my brother,
Oh, where do you journey, I pray?
Where do you journey, my sister?
For stormy and dark is the way.
DUETT.—We're journeying onward to Canaan,
Through suffering, and trial, and care,
And when we get safely to glory,
Oh, say, shall we meet you all there?

CHORUS.—Oh, say, shall we meet you all there?
Oh, say, shall we meet you all there?
And when we get safely to glory,
Oh, say, shall we meet you all there?

SOLO.—2. What is your mission, my brother,
Oh, what is your mission below?
What is your mission, my sister,
As journeying onward you go?
DUETT.—Our mission is practicing mercy,
Sweet charity, patience, and love,
And following the footsteps of Jesus,
That lead to the mansions above!
CHO.—Oh, say, shall we, &c.

SOLO.—3. Oh, yes! you will meet us, my brother,
God helping our weakness and sin,
And bearing the cross, we, my sister,
The crown will endeavor to win.
DUETT.—We'll walk through the vale and the shadow,
Through suffering, and trial, and care,
And when you get safely to glory,
You'll meet, yes, you'll meet us all there!
CHO.—Oh, yes, you will meet, &c.

Happy Voices 66, G. Shower 101, Oriola 32, or Diadem 18.

156

8s & 7s. Double.

1. COME, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise;
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount,—I'm fix'd upon it,-
Mount of God's unchanging love.

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 his precious blood.

3. Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
Let that grace now, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering soul 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.

Our Song-Birds 28.

157 PARTING HYMN.

1. LITTLE sunbeams we'll away
From our Sabbath-school to-day,
Hearts with love are bounding free,
Happier than birds are we.
CHORUS.—Teachers dear, a sweet good-bye,
As we leave you for our homes;
Teachers dear, a sweet good-bye,
Till another Sabbath comes.

2. When the bells again shall call,
May our little sunbeams, all,
Here in joy together meet,
Teachers, scholars, all to greet.
CHO.—Teachers dear, &c.

3. When our days on earth are o'er,
And we reach the golden shore,
May each little sunbeam shine,
Brighter still, in light divine.
CHO.—Teachers dear, &c.

Our Song-Birds 29.

158 WE ARE LITTLE SUNBEAMS.

1. WE are little sunbeams,
Shining and free,
We are little sunbeams,
Happy are we;
No clouds our skies o'ercast,
No storms are here,
Our brightness e'er shall last,
We will not fear.
CHORUS.—We are little sunbeams, &c.

2. We are little sunbeams,
Like those above,
We are little sunbeams,
Warming with love.
Into dark haunts of woe,
Sorrow and shame,
Swift may our bright beams go,
In Jesus' name.
CHO.—We are little sunbeams, &c

3. We are little sunbeams,
With work to do,
We are little sunbeams,
May we be true.
Where Jesus led the way,
With footsteps sure,
There we may safely stay,
There are secure.
CHO.—We are little sunbeams, &c.

G. Censer 80.

159 SOMETHING TO DO IN HEAVEN.

1. THERE'LL be something in heaven for children to do,
None are idle in that blessed land;

There'll be loves for the heart, there'll be thoughts
for the mind,
And employment for each little hand.

FULL CHORUS.

There'll be something to do, There'll be something
to do,
There'll be something for children to do;
On the bright shining shore, where there's joy ever-
more,
There'll be something for children to do.

2. There'll be lessons to learn of the wisdom of God,
As they wander the green meadows o'er;
And they'll have for their teachers, in that blest abode,
All the good that have gone there before.
CHO.—There'll be something to do, &c.

3. There'll be errands of love from the mansions
above
To the dear ones that linger below;
And it may be our Father the children will send
To be angels of mercy in woe.
CHO.—There'll be something to do, &c.

G. Censer 70, or Casket 69.

160 "JUST NOW."

COME to Jesus, Come to Jesus, Come to Jesus just
now;
Just now come to Jesus, Come to Jesus just now.

1. Come to Jesus, just now, &c.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—*Matt.* 11: 28.

2. He will save you just now, &c.

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."—*Acts* 16: 31.

3. Oh, believe him just now, &c.

"God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son,

that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."—*John* 3: 16.

4. He is able.

"He is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for us."—*Heb.* 7: 25.

5. He is willing.

"The Lord is long-suffering to usward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance."—2 *Pet.* 3: 9.

6. He'll receive you.

"Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."—*John* 6: 37.

7. Then flee to Jesus.

"Flee from the wrath to come."—*Matt.* 3: 7.

8. Call unto him.

"Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved."—*Acts* 2: 21.

9. Mercy on me.

"Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy on me."—*Mark* 10: 47.

G. Censer 12, or G. Tidings 8, or Mus. Leaves 22, or Casket 9.

161 JESUS PAID IT ALL.

1. NOTHING, either great or small,
Remains for me to do;
Jesus died, and paid it all,—
Yes, all the debt I owe.

CHORUS.—Jesus paid it all,
All the debt I owe,
Jesus died, and paid it all,
Yes, all the debt I owe.

2. When he from his lofty throne
Stoop'd down to do and die,
Every thing was fully done,
"'Tis finish'd!" was his cry.

CHO.—Jesus paid it all, &c.

3. Weary, working, plodding one,
Oh, wherefore toil you so?
Cease your doing,—all was done,
Yes, ages long ago.
CHO.—Jesus paid it all, &c.

4. Till to Jesus' work you cling
Alone by simple faith,
"Doing" is a deadly thing,
Your "doing" ends in death.
CHO.—Jesus paid it all, &c.

5. Cast your deadly "doing" down,
Down all at Jesus' feet;
Stand in Him, in Him alone,
All glorious and complete.
CHO.—Jesus paid it all.

G. Censer 92.

162 "I AM SO HAPPY."

1. I AM so happy all day long,
I cannot keep from singing;
Glad words are ever on my tongue,
And pleasant thoughts are springing.
CHO.—Teacher, teacher, tell me why I am so happy,
Happy, happy, in our own dear Sabbath-school.

2. We love the cheerful hymns of praise
That tune our souls to gladness,
And while their choral notes we raise,
There is no time for sadness.
CHO.—Children, children, this is why you are so happy,
Happy, happy, in our own dear Sabbath-school.

3. Fly swift, ye weekdays, come and go,
And bring the holy morning;
I rise with pleasure all aglow,
To greet its earliest dawning.
CHO.—Teacher, teacher, tell me why I am so happy,
&c.

4. It is our gentle Shepherd's voice
That tells the pleasing story,
That makes our hearts in love rejoice,
And leads to life and glory.
CHO.—Children, children, this is why you are so happy, &c.

5. We love to hear the Sabbath bells,
That call us to our teachers;
Where kindness in each bosom dwells,
And lights their happy features.
CHO.—Teacher, teacher, tell me why I am so happy, &c.

G. Censer 17, Casket 80, Mus. Leaves 33.

163 WE ARE COMING, BLESSED SAVIOUR.

1. WE are coming, blessed Saviour,
We hear thy gentle voice;
We would be thine forever,
And in thy love rejoice.
FULL CHORUS.—We are coming, we are coming,
We are coming, blessed Saviour,
We are coming, we are coming,
We hear thy gentle voice.

2. We are coming, blessed Saviour,
To meet that happy band,
And sing with them forever,
And in thy presence stand.
CHO.—We are coming, &c.
To meet that happy band.

3. We are coming, blessed Saviour,
Our Father's house we see,—
A glorious mansion ever
For children young as we.
CHO.—We are coming, &c.
Our Father's house we see.

4. We are coming, blessed Saviour,
That happy home is ours;

If here we gain thy favor,
We'll reach those fragrant bowers.
CHO.—We are coming, &c.
That happy home is ours.

5. We are coming, blessed Saviour,
To crown our Jesus King,
And then with angels ever
His praises we will sing.
CHO.—We are coming, &c.
To crown our Jesus King.

G. Censer 8, or Casket 14, with alteration in chorus, or Glad Tidings 14, or Diadem 20, with alteration in chorus.

164 DARE TO DO RIGHT, &c.

1. DARE to do right, dare to be true,
You have a work that no other can do;
Do it so bravely, so kindly, so well,
Angels will hasten the story to tell.
CHORUS.—Dare, dare, dare to do right!
Dare, dare, dare to be true!
Dare to be true, dare to be true!

2. Dare to do right, dare to be true,
Other men's failures can never save you:
Stand by your conscience, your honor, your faith;
Stand like a hero, and battle till death.
CHO.—Dare to do right, &c.

3. Dare to do right, dare to be true,
God, who created you, cares for you too,
Treasures the tears that his striving ones shed,
Counts and protects every hair of your head.
CHO.—Dare to do right, &c.

4. Dare to do right, dare to be true;
Keep the great judgment-seat always in view;
Look at your work as you look at it then,—
Scann'd by Jehovah, and angels, and men.
CHO.—Dare to do right, &c.

5. Dare to do right, dare to be true,
Jesus, your Saviour, will carry you through;
City, and mansion, and throne all in sight,
Can you not dare to be true and do right?
CHO.—Dare to do right, &c.

G. Harp 88.

165 GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD.

1. FATHER of love,
Father above,
Send down thy blessing upon each head;
Shield us from pride
While we here bide,
Give us this day our daily bread,
Give us this day our daily bread.

2. Humbly we pray,
Humbly we say
Words that our Lord and Redeemer said;
Trustful and weak,
Humbly we speak,
Give us this day our daily bread,
Give us this day our daily bread.

3. Make us resign'd,
Patient of mind,
While to the throne of thy grace we're led;
Make us content
With what is sent,
Give us this day our daily bread,
Give us this day our daily bread.

4. Sinful are we,
Thoughtless of thee,
While round our footsteps thy care is shed;
Though we forget,
Watch o'er us yet,
Give us this day our daily bread,
Give us this day our daily bread.

Oriola 82, S. S. Hosanna 106.

166 CHRISTMAS MORNING.

1. LITTLE children, can you tell,
Do you know the story well,
Every girl and every boy,
Why the angels sing for joy
On the Christmas morning?

2. Shepherds sat upon the ground,
Fleecy flocks were scatter'd round,
When the brightness fill'd the sky,
And a song was heard on high,
On the Christmas morning.

3. "Joy and peace," the angels sang,
Far the pleasant echoes rang,
"Peace on earth, to men good will!"
Hark! the angels sing it still
On the Christmas morning.

4. For a little babe that day,
Christ, the lord of angels, lay,
Born on earth our Lord to be:
This the wondering angels see,
On the Christmas morning.

5. Let us sing the angels' song,
And the pleasant sounds prolong:
This fair babe of Bethlehem
Children loves, and blesses them
On the Christmas morning.

6. "Peace" our little hearts shall fill,
"Peace on earth, to men good will!"
Hear us sing the angels' song,
And the pleasant notes prolong,
On the Christmas morning.

S. S. Bell, No. 1—44, G. Tidings 118, H. Voices 11, or Oriola 102, S. S. Hosan. 58, G. Censer 115, Fresh Laurels 7, G. Chain 118.

167 AROUND THE THRONE OF GOD, &c.

1. AROUND the throne of God in heaven
Thousands of children stand,
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band,
Singing glory, glory,
Glory be to God on high.

2. In flowing robes of spotless white
See every one array'd,
Dwelling in everlasting light,
And joys that never fade,
Singing glory, &c.

3. What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love?
How came those children there?
Singing glory, &c.

4. Because the Saviour shed his blood,
To wash away their sin;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean!
Singing glory, &c.

5. On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved his name;
So now they see his blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb,
Singing glory, &c.

G. Shower 68, H. Voices 105, Diadem 35.

168 JESUS LOVES ME.

1. JESUS loves me! this I know,
For the Bible tells me so:

Little ones to him belong,
They are weak, but he is strong.
CHORUS.—Yes, Jesus loves me,
Yes, Jesus loves me,
Yes, Jesus loves me,
The Bible tells me so.

2. Jesus loves me! He who died,
Heaven's gate to open wide;
He will wash away my sin,
Let his little child come in.
CHO.—Yes, Jesus loves me, &c.

3. Jesus loves me! loves me still,
Though I'm very weak and ill;
From his shining throne on high,
Comes to watch me where I lie.
CHO.—Yes, Jesus loves me, &c.

4. Jesus loves me! He will stay
Close beside me all the way:
If I love him, when I die
He will take me home on high.
CHO.—Yes, Jesus loves me, &c.

S. S. Bell, No. 2—6.

169 DON'T YOU HEAR THE ANGELS, &c.

1. HOLY angels, in their flight,
Traverse over earth and sky,
Acts of kindness their delight,
Wing'd with mercy as they fly.

SEMI-CHORUS OF GIRLS.

Don't you hear them? coming over hill and plain,
Scattering music in their heavenly train?

CHORUS.

Oh! don't you hear the angels coming, singing as they come?
Oh! bear me, angels, angels, bear me home.

2. Though their forms we cannot see,
They attend and guard our way,
Till we join their company
In the fields of heavenly day.
CHO.—Don't you hear, &c.

3. Had we but an angel's wing,
And an angel's heart of flame,
Oh, how sweetly would we ring
Thro' the world the Saviour's name!
CHO.—Don't you hear, &c.

4. Yet methinks if I should die,
And become an angel, too,
I, perhaps, like them might fly,
And the Saviour's bidding do.
CHO.—Don't you hear, &c.

Diadem 28.

170 I'LL NEVER FORSAKE THEE.

1. I'LL never forsake thee, my Saviour
Who died upon Calvary for me;
When tempted by weakness and folly,
My heart shall cling closer to thee.
By the blood that so willingly heal'd me,
By the mercy and grace that have seal'd me,
By the spirit so ready to shield me,
I'll never forsake thee, no, never.
CHORUS.—I'll never forsake him,
No, never forsake him,
Who died upon Calvary for me.

2. I'll never forsake thee, my Saviour,
Who left thy bright kingdom on high,
And dwelt among suffering and sorrow,
To save such a sinner as I.
By the grace that awaken'd my spirit,
By the heaven that I hope to inherit,
By the cross and the crown not my merit,
I'll never forsake thee, no, never.
CHO.—I'll never forsake him, &c.

3. I'll never forsake thee, my Saviour,
Though darkness come down like a pall,
Though blighted the hopes of life's morning,
Like Samuel, I'll come at thy call.
By the love that can never know measure,
By the peace that hath been my soul's pleasure,
By the glory laid up as my treasure,
I'll never forsake thee, no, never.
CHO.—I'll never forsake him, &c.

Diadem 106.

171 WE SHALL SLEEP.

1. WE shall sleep, but not forever;
There will be a glorious dawn;
We shall meet to part, no, never!
On the resurrection morn!
From the deepest caves of ocean,
From the desert and the plain,
From the valley and the mountain,
Countless throngs shall rise again.
CHORUS.—We shall sleep, but not forever;
There will be a glorious dawn;
We shall meet to part, no, never!
On the resurrection morn!

2. When we see a precious blossom
That we tended with such care,
Rudely taken from our bosom,
How our aching hearts despair!
Round its little grave we linger,
Till the setting sun is low,
Feeling all our hopes have perish'd
With the flower we cherish'd so.
CHO.—We shall sleep, but not forever, &c.

3. We shall sleep, but not forever,
In the lone and silent grave;
Blessed be the Lord that taketh,
Blessed be the Lord that gave.

In the bright eternal city
Death can never, never come;
In his own good time he'll call us
From our rest of Home, Sweet Home.
CHO.—We shall sleep, but not forever, &c.

Casket 47.

172 THE GLORIOUS PROSPECT.

1. AMID the hours that rapid fly,
Amid the flow'rs that soon must die,
Amid our tears while here we roam,
How sweet the thought, we're going home!
CHORUS.—Going home, going home,
How sweet the thought, we're going, going home!

2. We're going home, with saints to dwell,
Where angel hosts their chorus swell,
To join the glorious ransom'd band
Which stand in bliss at God's right hand.
CHO.—Going home, &c.

3. We'll cling to Jesus in the hour
When sin and Satan use their power,
And murmur not when sorrows come,
For by-and-by we're going home.
CHO.—Going home, &c.

4. No dying groans shall there be heard,
And we shall speak no parting word;
O sinner, to our Saviour come,
And join the band that's going home.
CHO.—Going home, &c.

Casket 12, H. Voices 93.

173 BETHLEHEM'S STAR.

1. WHEN, marshall'd on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wand'ring eye.

Hark, hark! to God the chorus breaks
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the Star, it is the Star,
It is the Star of Bethlehem,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

2. Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawn'd, and rudely blow'd
The wind that toss'd my found'ring bark.
Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the Star, it was the Star,
It was the Star of Bethlehem,
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

3. It was my guide, my life, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And thro' the storm and danger's thrall
It led me to the port of peace.
Now, safely moor'd, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
Forever and for evermore,
It was the Star of Bethlehem, &c.

G. Harp 44.

174 THE BEAUTIFUL SHORE.

1. THERE'S a beautiful shore where the loved ones
are gone,
Mid the flow'rs deck'd in evergreen bloom,
And we know they have cross'd o'er the dark death-
wave,
And they dwell in that bright angel home;
They have fought the good fight, and the faith have
kept,
And they join in the angel throng,

And the soft melting notes of the chorus above
In beauty are borne along.

CHORUS.

There's a beautiful shore where the loved ones are gone,
A beautiful shore where the loved ones are gone.

2. Oh, that beautiful shore where the loved ones are gone,
And the flowers and the evergreen trees,
We shall see when the death-damp is on our brow,
And the breath faintly dies on the breeze;
We shall meet the loved ones who have gone before
And have bloom'd in the world of souls,
When our spirits shall pass to that bright, happy shore,
Our bodies, the tomb below.
CHO.—There's a beautiful shore, &c.

3. To that beautiful shore where the loved ones are gone,
To the flowers and the evergreen glade,
We shall one day pass, like the brave of yore,
And bask in the beautiful shade.
We must bear the good part, must not shrink from toil,
Till the pilot shall bear us o'er
To the union of hearts in the land of the blest,
Where parting shall come no more.
CHO.—There's a beautiful shore, &c.

Golden Harp 122.

175 DID CHRIST O'ER SINNERS WEEP?

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

2. The Son of God in tears
The wondering angels see:
Be thou astonish'd, O my soul:
He shed those tears for thee.

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

176 Happy Voices 133.

1. THERE'S a voice in the air, a still, small voice,
And it comes to our ear while we play;
In the morning it comes, tho' we heed not the sound,
And at noon and at evening it follows us round:
"Go work in my vineyard to-day;
Go work in my vineyard to-day."

2. 'Tis the voice of our Father, from heav'n it comes,
And it finds us wherever we stray;
In the field or the town, in the house or the street,
Whether welcome or not, the same accents we meet:
"Go work in my vineyard to-day;
Go work in my vineyard to-day."

3. 'Tis our Father who calls; he calls us in love;
Let us hasten that call to obey.
He has given us life and each good we enjoy;
Let us then for his love all our efforts employ.
We'll work in his vineyard to-day,
We'll work in his vineyard to-day.

4. All blessings come down from his throne in the sky;
All he asks is that we should obey. [end,
He has saved us from death: when life's journey shall
He will love us forever, our Saviour and Friend.
We'll work in his vineyard to-day,
We'll work in his vineyard to-day.

H. Voices 179, G. Chain 82.

177 STAND UP FOR JESUS.

1. THIS life is a battle 'gainst Satan and sin,
And we are the soldiers the vict'ry to win,
And Christ is the Captain of our little band;
Whatever opposes, for him we will stand.
CHORUS.—Then stand up for Jesus, whatever befall;
On Calvary's mountain he stood for us all;
Then stand up for Jesus, stand up for Jesus,
Stand up for Jesus, for Jesus.

2. To God for our armor we'll fail not to go,
He'll clothe us with truth and with righteousness too;
The "gospel of peace" shall our footsteps attend,
And the "good shield of faith" from all harm shall defend.
CHO.—Then stand up for Jesus, &c.

3. Salvation our helmet, the Bible our sword,
Though wily our foes, we are "strong in the Lord;"
While watching and praying our armor keeps bright,
Our Jesus will help us to stand for the right.
CHO.—Then stand up for Jesus, &c.

4. Though little temptations—the worst ones of all—
Will often beset us to make us to fall,
We'll stand up for Jesus; and, when life is o'er,
For us he'll be standing on Jordan's bright shore.
CHO.—Then stand up for Jesus, &c.

Casket 22.

178 WAITING BY THE RIVER.

1. WE are waiting by the river,
We are watching on the shore,
Only waiting for the boatman:
Soon he'll come to bear us o'er.

2. Though the mist hang o'er the river,
And its billows loudly roar,

Yet we hear the song of angels,
Wafted from the other shore.
CHO.—We are waiting, &c.

3. And the bright celestial city,
We have caught such radiant gleams
Of its towers, like dazzling sunlight,
With its sweet and peaceful streams.
CHO.—We are waiting, &c.

4. He has call'd for many a loved one,
We have seen them leave our side;
With our Saviour we shall meet them,
When we too have cross'd the tide.
CHO.—We are waiting, &c.

5. When we've pass'd that vale of shadows,
With its dark and chilling tide,
In that bright and glorious city
We shall evermore abide.
CHO.—We are waiting, &c.

Casket 30.

179 NEARER HOME.

1. O'ER the hills the sun is setting,
And the eve is drawing on;
Slowly drops the gentle twilight,
For another day is gone.
Gone for aye—its race is over;
Soon the darker shades will come.
Still, 'tis sweet to know, at even,
We are one day nearer home.

2. Worn and weary, oft the pilgrim
Hails the setting of the sun;
For the goal is one day nearer,
And his journey nearly done.
Thus we feel when o'er life's desert,
Heart and sandal sore, we roam;
As the twilight gathers o'er us,
We are one day nearer home.

3. Nearer home! yes, one day nearer
To our Father's house on high—
To the green fields and the fountains
Of the land beyond the sky.
For the heav'ns grow brighter o'er us,
And the lamps hang in the dome,
And our tents are pitch'd still closer,
For we're one day nearer home.

4. "One day nearer," sings the mariner,
As he glides the waters o'er,
While the light is softly dying
On his distant native shore.
Thus the Christian on life's ocean,
As his light boat cuts the foam,
In the evening cries with rapture,
"I am one day nearer home."

Casket 84, or S. S. Hosanna 28, or Pil. Songs 60, or G. Tidings 28.

180 MERCY'S FREE.

1. By faith I see my Saviour dying,
On the tree, on the tree;
To ev'ry nation he is crying,
Look to me, look to me.
He bids the guilty now draw near,
Repent, believe, dismiss your fear.
Hark! hark! what precious words I hear!
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

2. Did Christ, when I was sin pursuing,
Pity me, pity me?
And did he snatch my soul from ruin,
Can it be, can it be?
Oh, yes, he did salvation bring,
He is my Prophet, Priest, and King;
And now my happy soul can sing,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

3. Jesus my weary soul refreshes,—
Mercy's free, mercy's free,—

And every moment Christ is precious
Unto me, unto me.
None can describe the bliss I prove,
While through this wilderness I rove;
All may enjoy the Saviour's love,—
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

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

H. Voices 189, Casket 86, S. S. Bell, No. 2—25, Musical Leaves 8.

181 SHALL WE MEET?

1. SHALL we meet beyond the river,
Where the surges ne'er shall roll,
Where, in all the bright forever,
Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul?
CHO.—Shall we meet, shall we meet, shall we meet?
Shall we meet beyond the river,
Where the surges ne'er shall roll?

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

3. Shall we meet in yonder city,
Where the towers of crystal shine,
Where the walls are all of jasper,
Built by workmanship divine?
CHO.—Shall we meet, &c.

4. Shall we meet with many a loved one,
That was torn from our embrace?

Shall we listen to their voices,
And behold them face to face?
CHO.—Shall we meet, &c.

182 **Oriola 28, Casket 106, H. Voices 227, G. Harp 104.**

WE'LL WAIT TILL JESUS COMES.

1. MY heav'nly home is bright and fair,
We'll be gather'd home,
No pain nor death can enter there,
We'll be gather'd home.
Its glittering towers the sun outshine,
We'll be gather'd home,
That heavenly mansion shall be mine,
We'll be gather'd home.
CHO.—We'll wait till Jesus comes,
We'll wait till Jesus comes,
We'll wait till Jesus comes,
And we'll be gather'd home.

2. Let others seek a home below,
We'll be gather'd home,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow,
We'll be gather'd home.
Be mine the happier lot to own,
We'll be gather'd home,
A heavenly mansion near the throne,
We'll be gather'd home.
CHO.—We'll wait till Jesus comes, &c.

3. Then fail this earth, let stars decline,
We'll be gather'd home,
And sun and moon refuse to shine,
We'll be gather'd home.
All nature sink and cease to be,
We'll be gather'd home,
That heavenly mansion stands for me,
We'll be gather'd home.
CHO.—We'll wait till Jesus comes, &c.

Casket 108.

183 I WANT TO CROSS OVER.

1. Oh, have you not heard of that realm of delight
To which our blest Saviour doth each one invite?
'Tis prepared for the good and the pure and the blest,
'Tis over the river where the weary find rest.

Chorus.

Oh, I want to cross over, to dwell where he reigns,
And join the glad angels on Eden's fair plains;
I want to be gather'd with all the redeem'd:
Yes, over the river where the fields are all green.
Yes, over the river where the fields are all green.

2. 'Tis a land of rare beauty, a realm of delight,
O'erflowing with gladness, refulgent with light;
Its verdure ne'er withers, its flowers ne'er die,
Oh, I long to cross over with Jesus on high.
Cho.—Oh, I want to cross over, &c.

3. There the weary may rest, and the wicked ne'er come;
There the saints are all safe in their heavenly home;
With their harps and their crowns they forever are seen,
Away o'er the river where the valleys are green.
Cho.—Oh, I want to cross over, &c.

4. 'Tis Jesus invites me this glory to see,
To reign with him ever, all happy and free;
I'll join with the ransom'd and with them abide,
I'll cross the dark river,—bright angels will guide.
Cho.—Oh, I want to cross over, &c.

Casket (Supplement) 10.

184 THE BEAUTIFUL GATE.

1. Oh, come ye, oh, come ye, in youth's sunny time,
Where innocent pleasures shall only be thine;
Come, gather the flowers so sweet and so fair,
Nor dream that the thorns are lingering there.

S. Cho.—Oh, come where no sorrows shall over thee roll,
Oh, come where no earth-storms shall sully thy soul.
Oh, come, oh, come to the beautiful gate!

Chorus.—For the highway of the ransom'd will surely lead you there;
And its massive bars will open when you reach its portals fair,—
Then come, oh, come to the beautiful gate.

2. Oh, come in the glory of manhood's full prime,—
Come, when cares, hopes, and pleasures and sorrows combine;
By the trace on thy brow too surely I know
That thy "cup of rejoicing" is mingled with wo.

S. C.—Come, ere the vain world has enslaved ev'ry thought,
Oh, come where earth's sorrows shall all be forgot.
Oh, come, oh, come to the beautiful gate.

Chorus.—For the highway, &c.

3. Come ye who are bearing the burden of years,
Who have felt that this life is a "vale of tears,"
Do ye mourn that the silvery sands are run,
That the shadow must fall to the rising sun?

S. C.—Oh, come where affection shall never decay,—
Oh, come "where the beautiful fades not away."
Oh, come, oh, come to the beautiful gate.

Chorus.—For the highway, &c.

4. Come ye who are crossing o'er death's chilling tide,
And drifting alone where the deep waters glide;
Do ye fear the waves that are bearing thee o'er,—
That are bearing thee on to the silent shore?

S. C.—Oh, come where are joys in perennial bloom,
Where "beauty immortal awakes from the tomb."
Oh, come, oh, come to the beautiful gate.

Chorus.—For the highway, &c.

Casket (Supplement) **6.**

185 THE NOBLE ARMY OF CHILDREN.

1. THE Sunday-school army has gather'd once more,
Its numbers are greater than ever before;
Its banners are spread, and shall never be furl'd,
Till Jesus our Captain has conquer'd the world.

CHORUS.

Sing! sing! sing! as we're marching along;
Sing! sing! sing! as we're marching along.
Our army is noble, and our Leader is strong,
And with a cheerful song we go marching along.

2. We fight against evil, and all that is wrong;
Our sword is the Bible, both trusty and strong;
Bright Hope is our helmet, and Faith is our shield,
And never, no, never to foes will we yield.

CHO.—Sing, sing, &c.

3. To Jesus, our Captain, hosanna we raise,
And join with the angels in singing his praise;
His soldiers we are, and his soldiers will be,
Till Jesus discharges, or death sets us free.

CHO.—Sing, sing, &c.

Casket 23.

186 STAND UP FOR JESUS.

1. STAND up for Jesus, Christian, stand!
Firm as a rock on ocean's strand;
Beat back the waves of sin that roll
Like raging floods around thy soul.

CHORUS.—Stand up for Jesus, nobly stand!
Firm as a rock on ocean's strand.
Stand up, his righteous cause defend;
Stand up for Jesus, your best friend.

2. Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand!
Sound forth his name o'er sea and land;
Spread ye his glorious word abroad,
Till all the world shall own him Lord.

CHO.—Stand up for Jesus, &c.

3. Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand!
Lift high the cross with steadfast hand,
Till heathen lands, with wond'ring eye,
Its rising glory shall descry.
CHO.—Stand up for Jesus, &c.

4. Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand!
Soon with the blest immortal band
We'll dwell for aye, life's journey o'er,
In realms of light, on heaven's bright shore.
CHO.—Stand up for Jesus, &c.

187

Casket 72.

THE JOYOUS CHORUS.

1. I WANT to join the ransom'd,
And with the ransom'd stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand.
I want to join their chorus,
My voice I want to raise,
And swell the song so joyous,
To my Redeemer's praise.
CHORUS.—I want to join their chorus,
My voice I want to raise,
And swell the song so joyous,
To my Redeemer's praise.

2. Angels look on in wonder,
They cannot join the song,
But list in silent rapture,
While saints the notes prolong.
Make me a saint in glory,
Oh, let me see thy face,
Like those who now before thee
Repeat thy wondrous grace.
CHO.—Make me a saint in glory, &c.

3. They cast their crowns before thee,
They hail thee, Saviour, King,

And, while they thus adore thee,
New praises strive to sing.
And thus through endless ages
The blissful rapture grows;
And thus through endless ages
Thy love unchanging flows.
CHO.—And thus through endless ages, &c.

Casket 10.

188 FLEE TO YOUR MOUNTAIN.

1. FLEE as a bird to your mountain,
Thou who art weary of sin;
Go to the clear-flowing fountain,
Where you may wash and be clean.
Fly, for th' avenger is near thee;
Call, and the Saviour will hear thee;
He on his bosom will bear thee;
O thou who art weary of sin,
O thou who art weary of sin.

2. He will protect thee forever,
Wipe ev'ry sad-falling tear;
He will forsake thee, O never,
Cherish'd so tenderly there.
Haste, then, the hours now are flying;
Spend not the moments in sighing;
Cease from your sorrow and crying;
The Saviour will wipe ev'ry tear,
The Saviour will wipe ev'ry tear.

3. Come, then, to Jesus thy Saviour,
He will redeem thee from sin;
Bless with a sense of his favor,
Make thee all glorious within.
Call, for the Saviour is near thee,
Waiting in mercy to hear thee,
And by his presence to cheer thee,
O thou who art weary of sin,
O thou who art weary of sin.

Casket 38.

189 LOOK FOR THE PROMISED LAND.

1. PILGRIMS on the burning sand,
Look away, yes, look away;
Yonder is the promised land.
Look, look away.
Jesus bids his followers "Come;"
There you'll find a happy home.
CHORUS.—Look away, look away,
Look for the promised land

2. If the way seems dark and drear,
Look away, yes, look away;
Jesus calls thee, never fear.
Look, look away.
By the eye of faith you'll see
Mansions there prepared for thee,
CHO.—Look away, look away, &c.

3. Should your lot be hard to bear, &c.,
Jesus will thy burden share, &c.
With each trial grace is given,
Grace which points thee up to heaven.
CHO.—Look away, &c.

4. When the tempest's most severe, &c.,
Jesus comes, thy heart to cheer, &c.
Pearly gates you'll soon behold,
Streets all paved with shining gold.
CHO.—Look away, &c.

Musical Leaves 90, Fresh Laurels 18.

190 YOUR MISSION.

1. IF you cannot on the ocean
Sail among the swiftest fleet,
Rocking on the highest billows,
Laughing at the storms you meet,
You can stand among the sailors
Anchor'd yet within the bay,
You can lend a hand to help them,
As they launch their boats away.

2. If you are too weak to journey
Up the mountain steep and high,
You can stand within the valley,
While the multitudes go by;
You can chant in happy measures,
As they slowly pass along:
Though they may forget the singer,
They will not forget the song.

3. If you have not gold and silver
Ever ready to command;
If you cannot t'wards the needy
Reach an ever open hand;
You can visit the afflicted,
O'er the erring you can weep,
You can be a true disciple,
Sitting at the Saviour's feet.

4. If you cannot, in the conflict,
Prove yourself a soldier true,
If, where fire and smoke are thickest,
There's no work for you to do;
When the battle-field is silent,
You can go with careful tread,
You can bear away the wounded,
You can cover up the dead.

5. Do not, then, stand idly waiting
For some greater work to do:
Fortune is a lazy goddess,
She will never come to you.
Go and toil in any vineyard,
Do not fear to do or dare;
If you want a field of labor,
You can find it anywhere.

191 S. S. Banner 86, Golden Promise 70.

1. HARK, hark, the battle-cry is sounding o'er the hill,
Quick to your duty now, and haste the ranks to fill;

Let us rally round our standard like the heroes of the past,
And to those who fight with courage bold, there's victory at last.

CHORUS.

Marching on together, singing ever as we go;
Truth shall be our watchword, and the world our traitor foe.
But salvation is our helmet, and our sword can never fail;
For our Captain we will nobly fight, and in his strength prevail.

2. Who will join our army? though the struggle may be long,
Nobly we will brave it, for our hearts in God are strong;
If we trust our great Commander, aid and comfort we shall find,
And he'll drive the foe before us, like the chaff before the wind.

CHO.—Marching on, &c.

3. Onward, ever onward, then our steady course we'll keep,
Onward, ever onward, till we climb the mountain steep;
For our Captain's gone before us, and the war will soon be past. [at last.
He has promised all his faithful ones a glorious crowr

CHO.—Marching on, &c.

192 Diadem 98.

1. I LOOK for stormy days,
I look for hours of care;
I welcome all—they bear me on
Where God and the angels are.
I wander now no more;
Not all this world can give
Can turn my footsteps from that shore
Where God and the angels live.

CHORUS.—Where God and the angels live,
Where God and the angels live,
Can turn my footsteps from that shore
Where God and the angels live.

2. Only a narrow path,
In sight a boundless sea,
Where, one by one, my friends are gone,
And soon will they call for me.
Jesus is all my strength,—
To him my soul I give;
Oh, meet me there, in that pure air
Where God and the angels live.
CHO.—Where God, &c.

3. Farewell, my comrades all,
I seek that purer air;
No power on earth can touch my soul,
Where God and the angels are.
Some golden days I miss,
All these I freely give,
For many more laid up in store
Where God and the angels live.
CHO.—Where God, &c.

S. S. Bell, No. 1—114.

193 STAR OF THE EVENING.

1. BEAUTIFUL star in heaven so bright,
Softly falls thy silvery light,
As thou movest from earth afar,
Star of the evening, beautiful star.
CHORUS.—Star of the evening, beautiful star,
Beautiful star, beautiful star,
Star of the evening,
Beautiful, beautiful star.

2. In Fancy's eye thou seem'st to say,
Follow me, come from earth away;
Upward thy spirit's pinions try,
To realms of love beyond the sky.
CHO.—Star of the evening, &c.

3. Shine on, O star of love divine,
And may our souls' affections twine
Around thee, as thou movest afar,
Star of the twilight, beautiful star!
CHO.—Star of the evening, &c.

Musical Leaves 30.

194 THE ANGELS IN THE AIR.

1. WHEN life's labor-song is sung,
And the ebon arch is sprung
O'er the shaded couch of death so still,
Then the Lord will light the scene
With the angels' starry sheen,
As they welcome us to Zion's hill.

CHORUS.

We'll meet each other there,
Yes! we'll meet each other there,
With the angels in the air;
Yes! we'll meet each other there;
We'll meet each other there,
Yes! we'll meet each other there,
With the angels, with the angels in the air.

2. Dark the shadows in the vale,
Fierce the howling of the gale,
But the shining ones are near our door;
With our robes as bright as they,
We will tread the starry way,
With the shadow and the storm no more.
CHO.—We'll meet each other, &c.

3. Flood the heart with parting tears,
Frost the head with passing years,
Mingle want and wo together here;
But the Lord will lift the cloud
That enwraps the shining crowd,
And we'll never know a sorrow there.
CHO.—We'll meet each other, &c.

Musical Leaves 73, Edwards, in S. S. Hosanna 150, Fr. Laurels 10, Golden Promise 108, New Shining Star 90, New G. Chain 19.

195

1. I KNOW 'tis Jesus loves my soul,
And makes the wounded sinner whole;
My nature is by sin defiled,
Yet Jesus loves a little child.

CHORUS.—Sweetly, sweetly, sweetly singing,
Let us praise him, praise him, bringing
Happy voices, voices, ringing
Like the songs of angels round the throne.

2. How kind is Jesus, oh, how good!
'Twas for my soul he shed his blood:
For children's sake he was reviled,
For Jesus loves a little child.
CHO.—Sweetly, sweetly, &c.

3. When I offend by thought or tongue,
Omit the right, or do the wrong,
If I repent, he's reconciled;
For Jesus loves a little child.
CHO.—Sweetly, sweetly, &c.

4. To me may Jesus now impart,
Although so young, a gracious heart;
Alas! I'm oft by sin defiled,
Yet Jesus loves a little child.
CHO.—Sweetly, sweetly, &c.

Glad Tidings 4.

196

COME TO ME.

1. OUR bark is afloat on Time's rough sea;
Dark billows gather round us fast;
But Jesus has promised that we shall be
Safe anchor'd beyond the raging blast.
CHORUS.—Come to me, come to me;
Jesus the Saviour says, Come to me;
Children, come, children, come;
Jesus the Saviour says, Come.

2. My children, fear not, for I will save
All those who put their trust in me;
I'll pilot you o'er life's turbid wave,
To mansions above, prepared for thee.
CHO.—Come to me, come to me, &c.

3. Then, children, cheer up, we'll soon be free
A light springs up amid the gloom:
'Tis Jesus who calls us, Come to me;
I'll give you sweet rest beyond the tomb.
CHO.—Come to me, come to me, &c.

4. We're bound for that land, so bright and fair
Where we may dwell forever blest;
The ransom'd of God are waiting there;
They're bidding us come and be at rest.
CHO.—Come to me, come to me, &c.

197 **Glad Tidings 6.**

GOD SEEN IN HIS WORKS.

1. THERE'S not a star whose twinkling light
Illumes the distant earth,
And cheers the solemn gloom of night,
But goodness gave it birth.
There's not a cloud whose dews distil
Upon the parching clod,
And clothe with verdure vale and hill,
That is not sent by God.

2. There's not a place in earth's vast round,
In ocean deep, or air,
Where skill and wisdom are not found;
For God is everywhere.
Around, beneath, below, above,
Wherever space extends,
There heaven displays its boundless love,
And power with goodness blends.

198 **Glad Tidings 15.**

1. WE shall meet no more to part;
Cease thy sorrow, mourning heart;

Weary days will soon depart,
Then we may rest forever.
When the work of life is done,
When the victor's crown is won,
Then, immortal life begun,
We no more shall sever.
CHORUS.—We shall meet no more to part;
Cease thy sorrows, mourning heart;
Weary days will soon depart,
Then we may rest forever.

2. In the home of peace and bliss,
In the world where Jesus is,
When we bid adieu to this,
Then we may love forever!
Purified from every stain,
Through the Lamb that once was slain,
Brethren, we shall meet again,
And be parted never.
CHO.—We shall meet, &c.

Glad Tidings 38.

199 HAPPY HAPPY MEET WE HERE.

(Anniversary Hymn.)

1. HAPPY, happy meet we here,
Time has roll'd another year;
Spring-tide brings the festal day,—
Now we lift the thankful lay:
Thanks for daily mercies given,
Crown'd with Sabbath light from heaven;
Thanks to God, who gives us breath;
Thanks to God, who saves from death.

2. Happy, happy meet we here:
Blessed Jesus, be thou near;
Let our pleasures ever be
Only those approved by thee.
Praise the Saviour's precious name!—
He to save from heaven came,—
For our sins did bleed and die:
Now he pleads for us on high

3. Happy, happy meet we here:
Parents, pastors, teachers dear,
All, with gladsome heart and voice,
Share with us our festive joys.
Thanks to God for parents kind;
Thanks for friends with hearts inclined
Thus to guide us in the road
Leading safely up to God.

200 Glad Tidings 40, S. S. Bell, No. 2—21.

TEACHERS.—NEVER forget the Sabbath-school,
The lessons taught you here,
The gentle words of love and truth,
The true and earnest care.
Remember, too, the teachers dear,
Who oft for you will pray,
That Jesus, by his gracious love,
May keep you in the way.

CHORUS OF TEACHERS AND SCHOLARS.

We'll never forget the Sabbath-school,
The precious Sabbath-school,
We'll never forget the Sabbath-school,
The precious Sabbath-school.

SCHOLARS.—Can we forget the Sabbath-school,
The place of light and love,
Place where we learn of wisdom's ways,
That lead to homes above?
Wherever we may wander,
Where through the week we roam,
We'll not forget the teachers dear
Of this our Sabbath home.
CHO.—We'll never forget, &c.

ALL.—So, then, together let us sing
In songs of grateful praise,
To Him who reigneth in the skies
Our grateful tribute raise,

And pray that through another year
His blessings may attend,
And that we never may forget
The sinner's truest Friend.
CHO.—We'll never forget, &c.

Glad Tidings 43.

201 THE BIBLE AND THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

1. THE Sunday-school! the Sunday-school!
Blest be the wondrous plan!
So strong its pow'r, so fraught with love,
Descending down to man!
The Bible and the Sunday-school
Our bulwark firm shall be,
To guard our rights, maintain our laws,
Preserve our liberty.

2. We hold the blessed Bible as
Our charter and our shield,
Its precepts and its promises
A powerful sword to wield:
With free-born minds and bounding hearts,
We prize its sacred truth,
For comfort in declining years,
Or guide in early youth.

3. Oh, holy book! Oh, happy day!
May unborn millions stand,
Surrounded by those bulwarks strong,
Throughout this happy land!
Nor tyrant's rod, nor despot's power,
Deprive us of our right
To serve our country and our God
In freedom's blessed light.

4. And when we stand on Zion's heights,
In the bright world above,
Where golden harps are sounding forth
The Saviour's dying love,

The Bible and the Sunday-school
Our anthems still shall be,
For they have led our wandering feet,
O Lord, to heaven and thee.

202

Glad Tidings 44.

1. FAREWELL, brother! deep and lowly
Rest thee on thy bed of clay:
Kindred spirits, angels holy,
Bore thy heav'nward soul away:
Sad we gave thee to the number
Laid in yonder icy halls,
And above thy peaceful slumber
Many a show'r of sorrow falls.

2. Hear our prayer, O God of glory,
Lowly breathed in sorrow's song:
Bleeding hearts lie bare before thee,—
Come, in holy trust made strong!
Hark! a voice moves nearer, stronger,
From the shadowy land we dread;
Mortals! mortals! seek no longer
Those that live—among the dead.

3. Farewell, brother! soon we'll meet thee
Where no cloud of sorrow rolls;
For glad tidings float, how sweetly!
From the glorious land of souls:
Death's cold gloom now parts asunder:
Lo! the folding shades are gone:
Mourner, upward! yonder, yonder!
God's broad day comes pouring on.

203

Glad Tidings 46.

HASTE AWAY.

1. SWEETLY the Sabbath bell
Steals on the air,

That in the house of God
Bids us appear;
"Children of God," it seems
Softly to say,
"Haste away, haste away,
Haste, haste away."

2. Oft as the Sabbath chimes
Summon to pray,
May we their holy call
Gladly obey:
Then when the last sad bell
For us shall sound,
Ready all, ready all,
May we be found.

204

Glad Tidings 52, Oriola 16.

1. WHEN Sabbath's sacred morning light
Begins on earth to dawn,
We'll wake with eyes all sparkling bright,
And bid dull sloth begone.
CHORUS.—Then haste to the school away,
And keep this sacred day,
Yes, haste away, yes, haste away,
And keep this sacred day.

2. The tuneful birds in concert meet,
And carol sweet their lays:
In nature's temple they repeat
Their great Creator's praise.
CHO.—Then haste, &c.

3. From valley, field, and mountain air
They pour their warbling strains,
And in one chorus loud declare
That God forever reigns.
CHO.—Then haste, &c.

4. Then in the temple of the Lord,
That consecrated place,

We'll listen to God's holy word
And seek his pardoning grace.
CHO.—Then haste, &c.

5. Then, with united heart and voice,
Our song to God we'll raise,
While millions more with us rejoice
And join in prayer and praise.
CHO.—Then haste, &c.

Fresh Laurels 50.

205 THE WATER OF LIFE.

1. JESUS the water of life will give,
Freely, freely, freely,
Jesus the water of life will give
Freely to those that love him;
Come to that fountain, oh, drink and live,
Freely, freely, freely,
Come to that fountain, oh, drink and live,
Flowing for those that love him.
CHO. The Spirit and the Bride say, Come,
Freely, freely, freely,
And he that is thirsty, let him come
And drink of the water of life;
The fountain of life is flowing,
Flowing, freely flowing,
The fountain of life is flowing,
Is flowing for you and for me.

2. Jesus has promised a home in heaven,
Freely, freely, freely,
Jesus has promised a home in heaven,
Freely to those that love him;
Treasures unfading will there be given,
Freely, freely, freely,
Treasures unfading will there be given,
Freely to those that love him. CHO.

3. Jesus has promised a robe of white,
Freely, freely, freely,
Jesus has promised a robe of white,
Freely to those that love him;
Kingdoms of glory and crowns of light,
Freely, freely, freely,
Kingdoms of glory and crowns of light,
Freely to those that love him. CHO.

4. Jesus has promised eternal day,
Freely, freely, freely,
Jesus has promised eternal day,
Freely to those that love him;
Pleasures that never shall pass away,
Freely, freely, freely,

Pleasures that never shall pass away,
Freely to those that love him. CHO.

5. Jesus has promised a calm repose,
Freely, freely, freely,
Jesus has promised a calm repose,
Freely to all that love him;
Come to the water of life that flows
Freely, freely, freely,
Come to the water of life that flows
Freely to all that love him. CHO.

Glad Tidings 70 and 99.

206 OUTSIDE THE GATE.

1. I STOOD outside the gate,
A poor, wayfaring child;
Within my heart there beat
A tempest loud and wild.
A fear oppress'd my soul,
That I might be too late;
And, oh! I trembled sore,
And pray'd outside the gate.

2. "Mercy!" I loudly cried,
"Oh, give me rest from sin!"
"I will," a voice replied;
And Mercy let me in.
She bound my bleeding wounds;
She soothed my aching head;
She eased my burden'd soul,
And bore the load instead,
And bore the load instead.

3. In Mercy's guise I knew
The Saviour long abused,
Who often sought my heart,
And wept when I refused.
Oh, what a blest return
For ignorance and sin!
I stood outside the gate,
And Jesus let me in,
And Jesus let me in.

207 Glad Tidings 76.

WE SEEM TO HEAR.

1. We seem to hear a voice of praise,
Here, mid the leafy bow'rs;
From murm'ring streams whose crystal maze
Doth cheer the thirsty flow'rs.
But louder where yon lofty trees
By summer's hand are drest,
It swells on ev'ry gentle breeze,
From bough and spray and nest.

2. But if the things by nature taught
Pour music o'er the sod,
How high should rise our raptured thought,
Who learn the word of God!
To us he speaks from morning's dell,
From evening's dewy sphere,
And when the holy Sabbath bell
Salutes the Christian's ear.

3. To us he speaks, he guides our choice,
By heav'n's own book divine,
And aids our teacher's much-loved voice
To fix each treasured line.
To us he speaks, and we in praise
Would still our off'rings bring,
Here, where creation joins our lays,
And there, where angels sing.

208 Glad Tidings 88, S. S. Bell, No. 2—152.

WE SHALL WEAR GLORIOUS CROWNS.

1. There is a beautiful world,
Where saints and angels sing;
A world where peace and pleasure reign,
And heav'nly praises ring.

Chorus.

We'll be there, be there; oh, yes, we'll be there.
Palms of victory, crowns of glory, we all shall wear.
We shall wear glorious crowns
In that beau iful world on high.

2. There is a beautiful world,
Where sorrow never comes;
A world where tears shall never fall,
In sighing for our home.
CHO.—We'll be there, &c.

3. There is a beautiful world,
Unseen to mortal sight,
And darkness never enters there,—
That home is fair and bright.
CHO.—We'll be there, &c.

4. There is a beautiful world
Of harmony and love:
Oh, may we safely enter there,
And dwell with God above.
CHO.—We'll be there, &c.

Glad Tidings 98, Happy Voices 208.

209 WE SPEAK OF THE REALMS OF THE BLEST

1. WE speak of the realms of the blest,
That country so bright and so fair
And oft are its glories confess'd;
But what must it be to be there!

2. We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials without and within;
But what must it be to be there!

3. We speak of its service of love,
The robes which the glorified wear,
The church of the first-born above;
But what must it be to be there!

4. O Lord, in this valley of woe,
Our spirits for heaven prepare;
And shortly we also shall know
And feel what it is to be there!

Glad Tidings 100.

210 ONLY WAITING.

1. ONLY waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown,
Till the night of earth has faded
From the heart once full of day,
Till the stars of heav'n are breaking
Through the twilight soft and gray.

REFRAIN.—Here we are waiting, only waiting,
Till our time for rest shall come,
Working, watching, hoping, waiting,
Till our Father calls us home.

2. Only waiting till the reapers
Have the last sheaf gather'd home;
For the summer-time is faded,
And the autumn winds have come.
Quickly, reapers, quickly gather
The last ripe corn of my heart;
For the bloom of life is wither'd,
And I hasten to depart.
REF.—Here we are waiting, &c.

3. Only waiting till the angels
Open wide the mystic gate
At whose feet I long have linger'd,
Weary, poor, and desolate.
Even now I hear their footsteps
And their voices far away:
If they call me, I am waiting,
Only waiting to obey.
REF.—Here we are waiting, &c.

Glad Tidings 112.

211 THE HAPPY THRONG.

1. A BEAUTIFUL home beyond the tide,
Where beautiful angels e'er reside;

A beautiful choir, with harps of gold,
Are caroling sweet with David of old,
Shouting Hosanna to the Lamb,
Glory and honor to his name.
REFRAIN.—We will join that happy throng,
Shouting Hosanna to the Lamb.
We will join that happy throng,
Shouting Hosanna to the Lamb.

2. In beautiful notes, this Easter-Tide,*
They're chanting a song by Jesus' side,
And telling of rest in heaven's pure light,
Where beautiful robes of spotless white
Are waiting for all the saints of peace,
Whose pilgrimage here ere long must cease.
REF.—We will join, &c.

3. This beautiful choir we soon shall join,
Singing with them this sweetest song:—
Glory and honor, love and praise,
Jesus, be thine through endless days!
Saviour, whene'er our time shall come,
Take us, oh, take us to thy home,
REF.—There to join the happy throng, &c.

Fresh Laurels 5.

212 RESTING BY-AND-BY.

1. WHEN faint and weary toiling,
The sweat-drops on my brow,
I long to rest from labor,
To drop the burden now,—
There comes a gentle chiding
To quell each mourning sigh:
"Work while the day is shining,
There's resting by-and-by."
CHORUS.—Resting by-and-by,
There's resting by-and-by;

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* Instead of "Easter-Tide," in this line, may be read "Sabbath-day," "joyous day," or "festal day," to suit the occasion.

We shall not always labor,
We shall not always cry;
The end is drawing nearer,
The end for which we sigh;
We'll lay our heavy burdens down,
There's resting by-and-by.

2. This life to toil is given,
And he improves it best
Who seeks by patient labor
To enter into rest;
Then, pilgrim, worn and weary,
Press on, the goal is nigh;
The prize is straight before thee,
There's resting by-and-by.
CHO.—Resting by-and-by, &c.

3. Nor ask when overburden'd,
You long for friendly aid,
"Why idle stands my brother,
No yoke upon him laid?"
The Master bids him tarry;
And dare you ask him why?
"Go labor in my vineyard,
There's resting by-and-by."
CHO.—Resting by-and-by, &c.

4. Wan reaper in the harvest,
Let this thy strength sustain.
Each sheaf that fills the garner
Brings you eternal gain;
Then bear the cross with patience,
To fields of duty hie;
'Tis sweet to work for Jesus,—
There's resting by-and-by.
CHO.—Resting by-and-by, &c.

Fresh Laurels 9.

213 BEAUTIFUL MANSIONS.

1. BEAUTIFUL mansions, Home of the blest,
Land where the faithful Ever shall rest;

There is my treasure, There shall I be,
Lord, I am weary, Lead me to thee.
CHORUS.—Saviour, be near me,
Thy gentle voice can cheer me,
O Jesus my Saviour,
Lead me to thee.

2. Here in a desert Cheerless I roam,
Laden with sorrow, Far from my home;
Clouds on my pathway Darkly I see,
Lord, I am weary, Lead me to thee.
CHO.—Saviour, be near me, &c.

3. Thou wilt not leave me Comfortless here,
Why should I doubt thee? What do I fear?
Light in the distance, Breaking I see,
Yet I am weary, Lead me to thee.
CHO.—Saviour, be near me, &c.

4. Jesus, I love thee, Dwell in my heart,
Never, O never From me depart;
Hope, like a rainbow, Shining I see,
Yet I am weary, Lead me to thee.
CHO.—Saviour, be near me, &c.

Fresh Laurels 20.

214 WANDERER.

1. JESUS, I come to thee, a wand'rer, a wand'rer,
A stranger from my Father's house
I would no longer be.
Jesus, I plead with thee, a wand'rer, a wand'rer,
Oh, wash me in thy cleansing blood,
And set my spirit free.

CHORUS.

Now, blessed Saviour, take thy weary, wand'ring child,
Keep me, oh, keep me from the tempest wild;
My lonely heart, by sin oppress'd,
Would lose its burden on thy breast,
And find a calm and peaceful rest
Forever there.

2. Jesus, the living way, oh, save me, oh, save me;
Oh, lead me to the precious fold,
And let me never stray;
Oh, let me hear thy voice, my Father, dear Father,
In gentle tones my pardon speak,
And bid my soul rejoice.
CHO.—Now, blessed Saviour, &c.

3. Jesus, the way is bright before me, before me,
My prayer is heard, the clouds are gone,
I see thy glorious light:
Jesus, no more I'll roam a wand'rer, a wand'rer,
My Father holds me in his arms,
And bids me welcome home.
CHO.—Now, blessed Saviour, &c.

215 **Fresh Laurels 23.**

LOVE FOR JESUS.

1. I LOVE the name of Jesus:
That name the angels sing;
And with their loud hosannas
The heavenly portals ring.
To him my all confiding,
In him my joy complete,
I learn, with Christian meekness,
My duty at his feet.

REFRAIN.—I love, I love, I love the name of Jesus,
The sweetest name, The name, The name
the angels sing.

2. I love to think of Jesus,
When all is calm and still;
When pure and holy feelings
My grateful bosom fill.
I love to think of Jesus,
Whose mercy crowns my days:
How just are all his counsels,
And true are all his ways!
REF.—I love, I love, &c.

3. I love to work for Jesus,
And worship at his throne;
Oh, may his Spirit help me
To live for him alone!
To labor for my Saviour,
My greatest joy shall be:
I know that Jesus loves me,
Because he died for me.
REF.—I love, I love, &c.

Fresh Laurels 31.

216 JESUS, DEAR, I COME TO THEE.

1. JESUS, dear, I come to thee,
Thou hast said I may;
Tell me what my life should be,
Take my sins away.
Jesus, dear, I learn of thee,
In thy word divine;
Ev'ry promise there I see,
May I call it mine.
CHORUS.—Jesus, hear my humble song,
I am weak, but thou art strong;
Gently lead my soul along;
Help me come to thee.

2. Jesus, dear, I long for thee,
Long thy peace to know;
Grant those purer joys to me,
Earth can ne'er bestow:
Jesus, dear, I cling to thee;
When my heart is sad,
Thou wilt kindly speak to me,
Thou wilt make me glad.
CHO.—Jesus, hear, &c.

3. Jesus, dear, I trust in thee,
Trust thy tender love,
There's a happy home for me
With thy saints above;

Jesus, I would come to thee,
Thou hast said I may;
Tell me what my life should be,
Take my sins away.
CHO.—Jesus hear, &c.

Fresh Laurels 34.

217 MY SAVIOUR'S THRONE.

1. I WANT to go where the Saviour reigns
On the beautiful throne above,
And catch the strains of the heavenly choir,
As they sing of his dying love,
As they sing of his dying love.
REFRAIN.—Oh, that beautiful, beautiful throne,
That beautiful Golden Throne!
I want to go where the Saviour reigns,
And sit in the beautiful throne.

2. I want to sit by the living stream,
As it flows from the Golden Throne,
And bathe my soul in its crystal flood,
And dwell with the saints at home,
And dwell with the saints at home.
REF.—Oh, that beautiful, &c.

3. I want to taste the ambrosial fruit,
As it grows on the tree of life,
And feast and live by the throne of God,
When the saints shall be free from strife,
When the saints shall be free from strife.
REF.—Oh, that beautiful, &c.

4. I want to walk in the golden streets,
Along with the blood-wash'd throng,
And greet the friends who have gone before,
And unite in the new-made song,
And unite in the new-made song.
REF.—Oh, that beautiful, &c.

218

Fresh Laurels 48.

ALL THE WAY.

1. I'M but a youthful pilgrim,
My journey's just begun;
They say I'll meet with sorrow
Before my journey's done.
The world is full of trouble,
And trials, too, they say;
But I will follow Jesus
All the way.

CHORUS.—But I will follow Jesus
All the way.

2. Then, like a little pilgrim,
Whatever I may meet,
I'll take it,—joy or sorrow,—
And lay at Jesus' feet.
He'll comfort me in trouble,
He'll wipe my tears away;
With joy I'll follow Jesus
All the way.

CHO.—With joy I'll follow, &c.

3. Then trials cannot vex me,
And pain I need not fear;
For when I'm close by Jesus,
Grief cannot come too near.
Not even death can harm me,
When death I meet one day;
To heaven I'll follow Jesus
All the way.

CHO.—To heaven I'll follow, &c.

219

Fresh Laurels 58.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

1. O TEACHER, sad and weary
Because thy work seems vain,
Look from thyself to Jesus,
And thou wilt hope again.

Perchance thou art discouraged
That yet no fruit appears;
But ere the joyful harvest,
The seed is sown in tears.
Sown in tears, sown in tears,
The seed is sown in tears.

2. Hast thou so soon forgotten
The promise of thy Lord,
That none for him who labor
Shall fail of their reward?
If thus thou pray and labor,
Immortal souls to win,
Thou at thy Lord's appearing
Bright as the stars shall shine.
Bright as stars, bright as stars,
Bright as the stars shall shine.

Fresh Laurels 78.

220 PISGAH'S MOUNTAIN.

1. JOYFUL away to Pisgah's mountain,
Borne on the wings of faith, we soar;
Sweetly we hear the echo ringing,
Happy voices on the other shore.
Hark! they sing, in the bright vales of Eden,
Songs of praise to the Lamb that was slain;
Round his throne with the martyrs they gather,
There united forever to reign.

CHORUS.

Would you sit by the banks of the river,
With the friends you have loved by your side,
Would you join in the songs of the angels,
Then be ready to follow your guide.

2. Christians, behold the hill of Zion,
See where our purest treasure lies;
Work for the Lord, whate'er our trials,
Oh be faithful, we shall win the prize.

Crown'd with light in a mansion of beauty,
We shall dwell with the pure and the blest,
We shall sing with the faithful in glory,
Where the weary forever shall rest.
CHO.—Would you sit, &c.

3. We're pressing on with eager longing,
Pressing toward the swelling tide;
Jesus will bear us safely over,
We shall anchor on the other side.
Saved by grace to his kingdom exalted,
When the billows of Jordan are pass'd,
We shall sing with the friends we have cherish'd,
Glory, glory, we're home, home at last.
CHO.—Would you sit, &c.

Fresh Laurels 80.

221 COME, OH, COME.

1. COME, oh, come, our festive day returning,
Fill'd with joy, its rosy light we see;
God of love, our hearts with rapture burning,
Breathe, in a grateful song, our homage to thee.

CHORUS.

Here once again our mingled voices swelling;
Here with delight we love thy praise to sing.
We will rejoice of all thy goodness telling,
Oh, be thou exalted high, our Saviour and King.

2. Come, oh, come, the flow'rs with verdure teeming,
Bless the hand that made the forms so gay;
Come, oh, come, the sun with lustre beaming,
Crowns with a happy smile our high festive day.
CHO.—Here once again, &c.

3. Come, oh, come, the day is now before us,
Not a cloud to dim its golden ray;
Angel eyes from heaven are bending o'er us,
Gilding the tranquil hours with joy while they
CHO.—Here once again, &c. [stay.

Fresh Laurels 92.

222 JACOB'S PRAYER.

1. ALL night long, till break of day,
Jacob wept his bitter prayer,
Till the angel on his way,
Christ the Angel, blest him there.
I'm a needy sinner too,
Torn with anguish, guilt, and fears;
I to Jesus too will go,
Go and bathe his feet with tears.

2. Jesus, at thy cross I lie
All night long till break of day;
Perish here, if I must die,—
Unforgiv'n, go not away.
Saviour, wilt thou take my heart?
It is all I have to give.
Sin-defiled in every part,
Such a gift wilt thou receive?

3. Oh, how kindly Jesus spake:
"Go in peace,—all is forgiven.
Wilt thou all for me forsake,
Love, and follow me to heaven?"
Jesus, I thy goodness bless,
And with wondering love adore;
Let me never love thee less,
Let me love thee more and more.

Fresh Laurels 94.

223 MY HOME IS THERE.

1. ABOVE the waves of earthly strife,
Above the ills and cares of life,
Where all is peaceful, bright, and fair;
My home is there, my home is there.

CHORUS.

My beautiful home, my beautiful home,
In the land where the glorified ever shall roam,
Where angels bright wear crowns of light,
My home is there, my home is there.

2. Where living fountains sweetly flow,
Where buds and flowers immortal grow,
Where trees their fruits celestial bear
My home is there, my home is there.
CHO.—My beautiful home, &c.

3. Away from sorrow, doubt, and pain,
Away from worldly loss and gain,
From all temptation, tears, and care;
My home is there, my home is there.
CHO.—My beautiful home, &c.

4. Beyond the bright and pearly gates,
Where Jesus, loving Saviour, waits,
Where all is peaceful, bright, and fair;
My home is there, my home is there.
CHO.—My beautiful home, &c.

Fresh Laurels 110.

224 CHORUS OF FIRE.

1. O! GOLDEN Hereafter,
Thine ev'ry bright rafter
Will shake in the thunder of sanctified song;
And ev'ry swift angel
Proclaim an evangel,
To summon God's saints to the glorified throng

CHORUS.

Oh, chorus of fire,
That will burst from God's choir,
When the loud hallelujahs leap up from the soul,
Till the flowers on the hills,
And the waves in the rills,
Shall tremble with joy in the music's deep roll.

2. O host without number,
Awaked from death's slumber,
Who walk in white robes on the emerald shore;
The glory is o'er you,
The throne is before you,
And weeping will come to your spirits no more.
CHO.—Oh! chorus of fire, &c.

3. O mansions eternal,
In fields ever vernal,
Awaiting your tenantry ransom'd from sin,
We'll stand on your pavement,
No more in enslavement,
With home-songs to Jesus who welcomes us in.
CHO.—Oh! chorus of fire, &c.

4. O Jesus, our Master,
Command to beat faster
These weary life-pulses that bring us to thee,
Till, past the dark portal,
We stand up immortal,
And sweep with hosannas the jasper-lit sea.
CHO.—Oh! chorus of fire, &c.

Fresh Laurels 112.

225 LET ME DIE IN THE HARNESS.

1. LET me die in the harness, let me die in the work,
In the work my Master has given me to do;
With his arm to uphold me, and his promise to cheer,
Oh, how joyful my way I'll pursue!
Strong in him I'll bear my burden,
Cheerful in the heat of day,
Through temptation, storm, and danger,
Gladly I'll follow where he leads the way.

2. Let my hand never weary, let my heart never faint,
He has said his grace is sufficient for me;
Let me work in the vineyard, let me work in the field,
For my Master who suffer'd for me.
I am his, I feel, I know it,
Blest assurance, faith divine!
Oh, 'tis sweet for him to labor,
Jesus, my Saviour, what rapture is mine!

3. With my lamp trimm'd and burning, and my staff in my hand,
While the gospel truth for my sandals I wear,
May my Lord, when he cometh, find me still in the work,
Ever faithful, and watching in prayer!

Then, through him to life awaking,—
I shall see his smiling face,
On seraphic pinions wafted,
Rest me forever in his dear embrace.

Fresh Laurels 125.

226 I AM WAITING BY THE RIVER.

1. I AM waiting by the river,
And my heart has waited long;
Now I think I hear the chorus
Of the angels' welcome song.
Oh, I see the dawn is breaking
On the hill-tops of the blest,
"Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary be at rest."

2. Far away beyond the shadows
Of this weary vale of tears,
There the tide of bliss is sweeping
Through the bright and changeless years.
Oh, I long to be with Jesus,
In the mansions of the blest,
"Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary be at rest."

3. They are launching on the river,
From the calm and quiet shore,
And they soon will bear my spirit
Where the weary sigh no more;
For the tide is swiftly flowing,
And I long to greet the blest,
"Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary be at rest."

Fresh Laurels 145.

227 SING TO ME, MOTHER.

1. SING to me, mother, oh! sing some sweet strain,
That each low cadence my heart will enchain,
Soothing, with music's melodious flow,
Murmurs of passion, or moanings of woe.

Tired is my spirit of watching and pain;
Shelter me now with thy strong arms again;
Sorrow's dark pinions have shadow'd my brow,
Sing to me, mother, oh, sing to me now!
Sing to me, mother, oh, sing to me now!

2. Oft have our voices been blended in song,
Oft have the night-winds our strains borne along;
Oft have the morning birds, warbling in glee,
Tuned their sweet notes to our gay melody;
But the long winter that silenced their strain
Chill'd my young heart with the frost-touch of pain;
Mute is my voice like the birds on the bough.
Sing to me, mother, oh, sing to me now!
Sing to me, mother, oh, sing to me now!

3. Sing to me, mother, oh, sing some sweet strain,
Low and soft-thrilling each tender refrain:
Something I loved, when, in childhood's bright years,
Sunshine and smiles were unmingled with tears.
Memories, pure as the pearly spring rain,
Wake at the sound of thy music again;
Tenderly, softly, while lowly I bow,
Sing to me, mother, oh, sing to me now!
Sing to me, mother, oh, sing to me now!

Harmonia Sacra 386.

228 PRAYER, SWEET PRAYER.—Chant.

1. When torn is the bosom with sorrow and care,
Be it ever so simple, there's | nothing . . like | prayer;
It eases, and softens, subdues, yet sus— | tains,
Gives vigor to hope, and puts | passion . . in | chains.
Chorus.—Prayer, prayer, oh, sweet prayer!
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer.

2. When far from the friends we hold dearest, we part,
What fond recollections still | cling . . to the | heart;
Past converse, past scenes, past enjoyments are | there,
How hurtfully pleasing till | hallow'd . . by | prayer.
Cho.—Prayer, &c.

3. When pleasures would woo us from piety's arms,
The siren sings sweetly, or | silent. ly | charms;
We listen, love, loiter, are caught in the | snare,
In looking to Jesus we | conquer by | prayer.
CHO.—Prayer, &c.

4. While strangers to prayer, we are strangers to bliss,
Heav'n pours its full stream through no | medium but | this!
And till we the seraph's full ecstasy | share,
Our chalice of joy must be | guarded by | prayer.
CHO.—Prayer, &c.

Evangelical Psalmist 376.

229 GOD OUR REFUGE.—Chant.

1. DEAR refuge of my weary soul, On thee, when | sorrows rise;
On thee, when waves of trouble roll, My | fainting | hope re-|lies.
2. To thee I tell each rising grief, For thou a-|lone | canst | heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief For | ev'ry | pain I | feel.
3. Thy mercy seat is open still,—Here let my | soul re-treat;
With humble hope attend thy will, And | wait be-| neath thy | feet.

Evangelical Psalmist 376.

230 PLEADING FOR MERCY.—Chant.

1. JESUS, and didst thou condescend,
When vail'd in | human | clay,
To heal the sick, the lame, the blind,
And | drive dis-|ease a-|way?
2. Didst thou regard the beggar's cry,
And give the | blind to | see?
Jesus, thou son of David, hear,—
Have | mercy, | too, on | me.

3. And didst thou pity mortal woe,
And sight and | health re-|store?
Then pity, Lord, and save my soul,
Which | needs thy | mercy | more.

4. Didst thou regard thy servant's cry,
When sinking | in the | wave?
I perish, Lord! oh, save my soul!
For | thou a-|lone canst | save.

Oriola 264, G. Shower 100, S. S. Bell, No. 2—49, Fresh Laurels 141.

231

GIVE THANKS.—Chant.

PSALM CXXXVI.

1. O, GIVE thanks unto the Lord, for he is good;
CHO.—For his mercy endureth forever.

2. O, give thanks unto the God of gods;
CHO.—For his mercy endureth forever.

3. O, give thanks unto the Lord of lords;
CHO.—For his mercy endureth forever.

4. To him who alone doeth great wonders;
CHO.—For his mercy endureth forever.

5. To him that by wisdom made the heavens;
CHO.—For his mercy endureth forever.

6. To him that stretched out the earth above the waters;
CHO.—For his mercy endureth forever.

7. To him that made great lights;
CHO.—For his mercy endureth forever.

8. The sun to rule by day; the moon and stars to rule by night;
CHO.—For his mercy endureth forever.

9. Who remembered us in our low estate;
CHO.—For his mercy endureth forever.

10. And hath redeemed us from our enemies;
CHO.—For his mercy endureth forever.
11. Who giveth food to all flesh;
CHO.—For his mercy endureth forever.
12. O, give thanks unto the God of heaven;
CHO.—For his mercy endureth forever.
Amen.

G. Shower 101, S. S. Bell, No. 1—68, Oriola 257, G. Promise 109.

232 THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.—Chant.

PSALM XXIII.

1. THE Lord is my shepherd; I | shall not | want.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me be-|side the | still— | waters.
2. He re-|storeth my | soul.
He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness | for his | name's | sake.
3. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will | fear no | evil.
For thou art with me; thy rod and thy | staff they | com-fort | me.
4. Thou preparest a table before me in the | presence ..of mine | enemies.
Thou anointest my head with | oil, my | cup .. runneth | over.
5. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the | days of..my | life.
And I will dwell in the house of the | Lord for-| ever. A-|men.

G. Shower 101, Glad Tidings 104, Oriola 262, P. Songs 61, Fresh Laurels 140, S. S. Bell, No. 1—68.

233 COME UNTO ME.—Chant.

1. WITH tearful eyes I look around,
Life seems a dark and | stormy | sea:
Yet, 'midst the gloom, I hear a sound,
A heavenly | whisper, | Come to me.

2. It tells me of a place of rest—
It tells me where my | soul may | flee:
Oh! to the weary, faint, opprest,
How sweet the | bidding, | Come to | me.

3. When nature shudders, loth to part
From all I love, en—|joy, and | see:
When a faint chill steals o'er my heart,
A sweet voice | utters, | Come to | me.

4. Come, for all else must fall and die,
Earth is no resting | place for | thee:
Heavenward direct thy weeping eye,
I am thy | portion, | Come to | me.

5. O, voice of mercy! voice of love!
In conflict, grief, and | ago-|ny,
Support me, cheer me from above!
And gently | whisper, | Come to | me.

H. Voices 244.

234 O, COME, LET US SING.—Chant.

1. O, COME, let us sing un-|to the | Lord;
Let us heartily rejoice in the | strength of | our sal-|vation.
Let us come before his presence | with thanks-|giving,
And show ourselves | glad in | him with | psalms.

2. For the Lord is a | great— | God;
And a great | King a-bove | all gods.
In his hand are all the corners | of the | earth;
And the strength of the | hills is | his— | also.

3. The sea is his, | and he | made it;
And his hands pre-|par-ed—the | dry .. | land.
O, come, let us worship | and fall | down,
And kneel be-|fore the | Lord our | Maker.

4. For he is the | Lord our | God;
And we are the people of his pasture, and the | sheep of | his— | hand.
O, worship the Lord in the | beauty .. of | holiness;
Let the whole earth | stand in | awe of | him.

5. Glory be to the Father, and | .o the | Son,
And | to the | Holy | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever |
shall be,
World | without | end. A-|men.

S. S. Hosanna 143, Oriola 263.

235 I WILL LIFT UP MINE EYES, &c.—Chant.

1. I WILL lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence | cometh .. my | help.

2. My help cometh from the Lord, which made | heaven .. and | earth.‖

3. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee | will not | slumber.

4. Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither | slumber .. nor | sleep. |

5. The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon thy | right— | hand.

6. The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the | moon by | night.‖

7. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall pre-|serve thy | soul.

8. The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and thy coming in, from this time forth, and even for | ever-|more.

Oriola 261, H. Voices 175, Mus. Leaves 5 and 31, Casket 126, or sing in G. Tidings 50.

236 THE LORD'S PRAYER.—Chant.

1. OUR Father, which art in heaven, | hallowed | be thy | name: |
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on | earth, as it | is in | heaven

2. Give us this | day our | dai-ly | bread;
And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive | them that | tres-pass a- | gainst us;

3. And lead us not into temptation, but de-|liv-er | us from | evil;
For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for-|ev-er. | A-|men.

G. Shower 56, S. S. Bell, No. 1—19, Fresh Laureis 140, Oriola 8, H. Voices 35, G. Tidings 103, P. Songs 109, G. Promise 115.

237 JUST AS I AM.—Chant or Hymn.

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 toss'd about
With many a conflict, | many a | doubt,
Fightings within, and | foes with-|out,
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 I | find,—
O | Lamb of | God, I | come!

5. Just as I am, | thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, | cleanse, re-|lieve,
Because thy promise | I be-|lieve,—
O | Lamb of | God, I | come!

6. Just as I am, thy love, I own,
Has bro|ken every | barrier | down;
Now to be thine, and | thine a-|lone,
O | Lamb of | God, I | come!

Diadem 118.

238 'TIS NOT FOR MAN TO TRIFLE.—Chant.

1. 'Tis not for man to trifle! Life is brief and | sin
is | here.‖
Our age is but the falling of a leaf—A | dropping |
tear.‖
We have no time to sport a-|way the | hours,‖
All must be earnest in a world like ours.

2. Not many lives, but only one have we, one, | only
| one!‖
How sacred should that one life ever be—That | nar-
row | span!‖
Day after day filled up with | blessed | toil,‖
Hour after hour still bringing in new spoil.‖

3. Our being is no shadow of thin air, no | vacant |
dream,‖
No fable of the things that never were, but | only |
seem.‖
'Tis full of meaning as of | myste-|ry,‖
Though strange and solemn may that meaning be.‖

4. Our sorrows are no phantom of the night, no | idle
| tale;‖
No cloud that flits along the sky of light on | summer
| gale.‖
They are the true reali-|ties of | earth,‖
Friends and companions even from our birth.‖

5. O, life below! how brief, and poor, and sad! One
| heavy | sigh.‖
O, life above! how long, how fair and glad! One |
endless | joy!"
Oh! to be done with | dying | here;‖
Oh! to begin the living in your sphere!‖

S. S. Bell, No. 1—116.

239 THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

1. Into her chamber went
A litt'e child, one day,

And by her chair she knelt,
And thus began to pray:
Jesus, my eyes are closed,
Thy form I cannot see—
If thou art near me, Lord,
Wilt thou not speak to me?
A still, small voice she heard with-|in her | soul,
"What is it, child? I hear thee, | tell me | all."

2. I pray thee, Lord, she said,
That thou wilt condescend
To stay within my heart,
And ever be my friend;
The path of life looks dark—
I would not go astray;
Oh, let me have thy hand
To lead me in the way.
"Fear not, thou shalt not run the | race a-|lone;"
She thought she felt a soft hand | press her | own.

3. They tell me, Lord, that all
The living pass away;
The aged soon must die,
And even children may;
Oh, let my parents live
Till I a woman grow;
For if they die, what can
A little orphan do?
"Fear not, my child; whatever | ills may | come,
I'll not forsake thee, till I | bring thee | home."

4. Her little prayer was said,
And from her chamber, now,
She pass'd forth, with the light
Of heaven upon her brow.
"Mother, I've seen the Lord;
His hand in mine I felt;
And oh, I heard him say,
As by my chair I knelt,
'Fear not, my child; whatever | ills may | come,
I'll not forsake thee, till I | bring thee | home'"

240

Oriola 262, S. S. Hosanna 147, or Casket 126.

THY WILL BE DONE.—Chant.

1. "THY will be | done!" || In devious way
The hurrying stream of | life may | run; ||
Yet still our grateful hearts shall say, |
"Thy will be | done." ||

2. "Thy will be | done!" || If o'er us shine
A gladd'ning and a | prosp'rous | sun, ||
This prayer will make it more divine— |
"Thy will be | done." ||

3. "Thy will be | done!" || Though shrouded o'er
Our | path with | gloom, || one comfort—one
Is ours:—to breathe, while we adore, |
"Thy will be | done." ||

241

Oriola 256, Fresh Laurels 143.

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.

TO THE FIRST PART OF THE CHANT.

1. GLORY be to | God on | high, || and on earth |
peace, good | will towards | men.

2. We praise thee, we bless thee, we | worship | thee, ||
we glorify thee, we give thanks to thee | for thy
great— | glory.

TO THE SECOND PART.

3. O Lord God, | Heavenly | King, || God the |
Father | Al-'— | mighty!

4. O Lord, the only-begotten Son, | Jesus | Christ, ||
O Lord God, Lamb of God, | Son . . of the |
Fa— | ther!

TO THE THIRD PART.

5. That takest away the | sins . . of the | world, || have
mercy up- | on— | us.

6. Thou that takest away the | sins . . of the | world, ||
have mercy up- | on— | us.

7. Thou that takest away the | sins . . of the | world, ‖ re- | ceive our | prayer.

8. Thou that sittest at the right hand of | God the | Father, ‖ have mercy up- | on— | us.

TO THE FIRST PART.

9. For thou only | art— | holy, ‖ Thou | only | art the | Lord.

10. Thou only, O Christ, with the | Holy Ghost, ‖ art most high in the | glory . . of | God the | Father. ‖ A- | men.

242

8s, 7s and 4s.

1. Now is past the time of teaching,
Ended is the hour we love,
Hush'd the voice of friends, beseeching
Us to seek for joys above;
Precious Sabbaths!
Swiftly, oh, they swiftly move.

2. Wake, then, every tender feeling,
Ere from school we go away;
Saviour, come, thy grace revealing;
In our hearts assert thy sway:
Bless us, parting,
On this sacred Sabbath-day.

3. Soon our Sabbaths will be ended,
All our Sabbath-schools be past;
Like the leaf to earth descended,
Wither'd in the autumn blast:
Life is passing;
We must see the grave at last.

4. Then may heaven be beaming o'er us
With its glories, sunny bright;
And with millions, saved before us,
May we join, in worlds of light,
Praising Jesus,
Where the Sabbath knows no night.

243

L. M.

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

244

C. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God, whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

245

S. M.

YE angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, praise the Son,
And bless the Spirit, too.

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