TEACHERS' EDITION

NEW

HYMN AND TUNE-BOOK.

LAURA N. GULLEY.

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TEACHERS' EDITION

OF THE

NEW CHRISTIAN HYMN AND TUNE-BOOK

CONSISTING OF

Rudiments and Exercises for use in Singing-Schools or Private Study,

IN ADDITION TO THE

SELECTION OF HYMNS AND TUNES OF THE REGULAR CHURCH EDITION,

TO WHICH ALSO IS ADDED

A SELECTION OF ANTHEMS,

COMPILED AND ARRANGED BY JAS. H. FILLMORE.

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PREFACE.

A MATTER of first importance to the Church of Christ is, that her members be taught to sing her psalmody. No matter to what perfection she may attain in her Collections of Hymns and Tunes, their perfections remain a dead letter to the mass of disciples, because no adequate means is provided for their learning them.

Our schools and colleges that teach music do not supply the Church with singers. Even singing-schools, that are taught professedly for this purpose, fail, because their work is spent upon that which is not used in Church-worship after it is learned. Books compiled for singing-schools do not contain the music of the Church, nor can Church hymn and tune-books (in their usual form) be used as singing-school text-books.

The *need* of the times is, that we have some feasible plan for teaching *congregations, as such*, the art of *singing for worship*. The writer claims that this need is fully met in the TEACHERS' EDITION OF THE NEW CHRISTIAN HYMN AND TUNE-BOOK.

The following is a brief outline of the plan of the book:

The "Musical Theory" consists of plain statements of the fundamental facts of the science, unmixed with ideas that are false or misleading. It would be impossible to give all the details in a work like this, but if the student will digest what is here given, a basis will be laid for the working out of true details.

In the "Practical Exercises" the long list of exercises that so commonly burden such books, and which often amount to little more than musical curiosities, has been omitted, and such given as will at once prepare pupils for intelligently reading the notation of ordinary tunes and anthems. In this department especially, much is left to the teacher—the exercises are short, but full of ideas to be developed by him. After mature consideration, I have thought it best to leave the dynamic, poiotic, and phrasing expression of the exercise-tunes entirely to the teacher, rather than to print directions with the tunes. There will be more freshness and freedom from spontaneous expression directed by the teacher, than from printed directions.

As a singing-school text-book, this edition possesses an advantage over any book of the kind in this,—in every key a number of tunes may be found (such as Balerma, Nettleton, etc.,) that are familiar to almost every one, and after the notation of each key has been explained, pupils can, of themselves, sing these familiar tunes by their notation, thus easily, naturally, and permanently fixing the positions of the keys in the mind. This feature will be a never-failing source of encouragement and growth to pupils in music reading—the most difficult part of musical attainment.

The body of the book—the regular Church hymns and tunes—presents itself in the most acceptable shape to singers, *i. e.*, the music printed on separate staffs with the words of the leading hymn immediately over or under the notes. In my judgment this edition will be the most generally popular with those who do the singing.

The Anthems have been selected with a view to their practical usefulness to the mass of singers, both in grade of difficulty and the general demand for subjects. I hope they will add much to the enjoyment and edification of the singers and of the Church.

While the present singing members of the Church have been regarded in this edition of the Hymn and Tune-Book, it is pre-eminently an effort in behalf of those who have not been in the habit of singing with the congregation from want of instruction or encouragement. It also looks to the wants of the thousands of young Christians that are constantly coming into the Church, and who need instruction in music.

Verily the work is great. Who will help? Praying the Divine blessing upon the book and its mission, I lay aside my pen and go into the field in behalf of the cause it represents.

JAS. H. FILLMORE.

Cincinnati, Jan. 1, 1883.

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MUSICAL THEORY.

THE following chapters on the elements of music are not intended for use, in this form, in class-teaching. The teacher is supposed to be familiar with the substance of them, and will use the points as he chooses in verbal instruction. *The pupils' book-lessons begin with the "Practical Exercises" in the following pages.* This is an attempt at stating the facts of the theory clearly and in order, for the teachers' private use, or for pupils *after* they have been over the ground *in practice.*

CHAPTER I.

GENERAL DIVISIONS OF THE SUBJECT.

Musical sounds are called TONES.

By analysis, we find in every tone *four* properties: *length*, *pitch*, *power*, and *quality*.

While a tone can not exist without all these properties, or elements, we may, by emphasis, or by directing especial attention to any one of them, bring it prominently to view for study or practice.

For this purpose the subject is divided into *four** departments, called,—

RHYTHMICS,
MELODICS,
DYNAMICS, and
POIOTICS.

These words are all from the Greek. Their meanings will appear in the following statements:

The DEPARTMENT OF RHYTHMICS embraces everything that relates to *lengths;* such as *notes*, *rests*, *measures*, and *movements.*

The DEPARTMENT OF MELODICS embraces everything that relates to *pitches;* such as *staffs*, *clefs*, *keys*, and *scales.*

The DEPARTMENT OF DYNAMICS embraces everything that relates to *powers;* such as *loud*, *soft*, *medium*, etc.

The DEPARTMENT OF POIOTICS embraces everything that relates to *qualities*—the *timbre*, also the *character of tone*, as *good* or *bad.*

* It has been the custom to divide the subject into *three* departments, but it seems to me that consistency demands a *fourth.* I have, therefore, taken the liberty to introduce a new term.—J. H. F.

CHAPTER II.

RHYTHMICS—NOTES AND RESTS.

Longer and *shorter* tones are represented by NOTES.

The round part of the note is called the *head;* the line attached, the *stem;* the stroke attached to the stem, the *hook.*

Notes, as their names indicate, represent only *relative* lengths.

That is to say, we do not always sing just so many quarter notes to the minute. The length of time given to each note depends upon the *movement* of the tune. If the movement requires 60 quarters per minute, it will require 30 halves, or, on the other hand, 120 eighths.

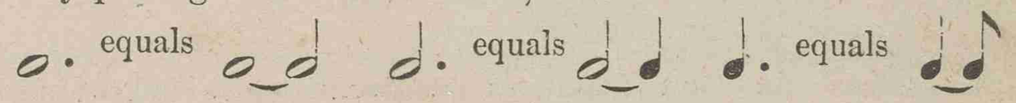
Silence is represented by RESTS. Rests correspond in name and relative significance to notes.

To aid the memory, it may be observed that the whole rest *sinks;* the half rest *floats;* the quarter rest is like a reversed figure 7; the eighth rest is like the figure 7.

Tone-lengths other than *wholes*, *halves*, *quarters*, etc., are represented in the following *five* ways:

1. By TYING different notes together, thus:

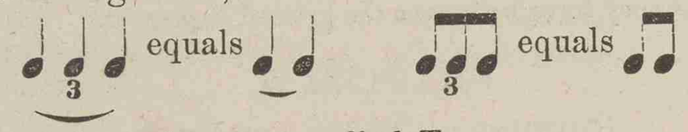
2. By placing a DOT after a note, thus:



3. By placing *two dots* after a note, thus:

4. By the use of what is called the PAUSE, thus , or , prolonging the tone according to taste or feeling.

5. By shortening them, thus:



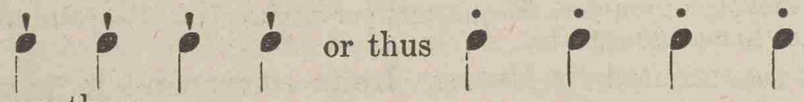
Notes grouped as above are called TRIPLETS.

The *Pause* is sometimes placed over a double bar in sacred music, indicating a brief stop.

Rest-lengths are represented by a similar use of the characters shown in the foregoing examples of notes.

Whole Rests are sometimes used where full measures of silence are required, regardless of the length of the measures. In such instances the rests are called *whole measure rests.*

When tones are to be sung in *detached* style, the notes are marked thus:



to be sung thus:

The *points* are called STACCATO MARKS, the *dots*, MARCATO MARKS.

CHAPTER III.

RHYTHMICS—MEASURES.

One of the pleasing effects of music is the feeling of pulsations, or beats, that follow one another in regular succession during its performance.

These pulsations are not all alike in force—some are stronger and others weaker. In some instances *one* weak pulse follows each strong one, as does the stress of voice on the syllables of the following sentence spoken with proper accent:

Ac-cent *al*-ways *one* of *two.*

In other instances *two* weak pulses follow each strong one, as in the syllables of the following sentence spoken with proper accent:

Ac-cent-ing *al*-ways the *first* of the *three.*

Thus, by accenting, the pulses of music are grouped together, and these groups of pulses form what are called MEASURES.

Measures take their names from the number of pulses they contain: A measure of *two* pulses is called DOUBLE MEASURE; A measure of *three* pulses is called TRIPLE MEASURE, etc.

Speaking of measures, the pulses are called *parts*, thus Double Measure is said to have *two parts*, and Triple Measure *three parts*, etc.

In the full representation of measures we have *four* signs: (1) the sign that shows the *number of pulses in the measure;* (2) the sign that shows the *kind of note that represents a pulse;* (3) the *notes or rests, or both, that make up the measure*, and (4) the lines that *mark the divisions into measures.*

MEASURES REPRESENTED.

In the above example the upper figure indicates *two parts* to the Measure, or Double Measure; the lower figure designates the quarter note as *beat-note;* the notes and rests show the *length of tones or rests of each measure*, the division lines show the extent of the measures.

The two figures may be called the *Measure Signature;* the lines are called BARS; the heavy bar (in the middle of the example) is called a DOUBLE BAR; the two double bars at the end are called the CLOSE.

As further distinction between the bars, it may be explained that the light bar is called the *measure bar* (it divides the music into measures); the heavy bar is called the *phrase bar* (it divides the music into phrases). The *close* shows the end of the composition.

The learner should note that the double bar does not usually occur at the *end* of a measure, as in the foregoing example, but more frequently *within* a measure. It must not be confused with measure bars as showing the end of measures.

Further explanation will be found under the head of *Phrasing.*

Kinds of Measure.

The two kinds of measure already mentioned (Double and Triple) form the basis of all the measures in use—they are the germs out of which the others grow.

There are *six* kinds of measure in common use: *Double*, or two-part; *Triple*, or three-part; *Quadruple*, or four-part; *Sextuple*, or six-part; *Compound Triple*, or nine-part; *Compound Quadruple*, or twelve-part.

These larger measures will be easily understood when it is explained that they are formed by putting into one measure two or more of the smaller ones.

Thus Quadruple measure may be looked upon as *two* Double measures in one; Sextuple may be viewed as *two* Triple measures in one; Compound Triple as *three* Triple measures in one; Compound Quadruple as *four* Triple measures in one, or *two* Sextuple measures in one.

By means of these larger measures we are often furnished with many beautiful rhythmical shadings and effects.

Accent.

In all measures the *first part* is accented, and in those measures in which other parts are accented also, the *first part* has the strongest, or principal accent.

Learners should note this:—In Double, Triple, and Quadruple measures, the notes *shorter* than the *beat-note* should be grouped into *twos* by a very slight accent—the exception is when the notes are marked *triplets*. On the other hand, in Sextuple, Compound Triple and Compound Quadruple measures, the shorter notes (generally eights) are to be grouped into *threes* by a slight accent.

When tones are sustained to some length, there is a tendency among singers to manifest the pulsations of the rhythm in the tone by swellings or throbbings of voice. This must not be done, but the tone should either be sustained steadily throughout its length, or a neat swell be given to it as a whole. The pulsations in long tones are counted in the mind.

Sometimes the regular accent of the measure is interrupted by a tone *beginning on an unaccented part* and *continuing over to an accented part*. In such cases the accent is *brought forward* to the unaccented part, or, in other words, the unaccented part then becomes accented. Such accenting is called Syncopation.

Beating Time.

It is natural to the mind, while it listens passively to music, to appreciate and enjoy the pulsations of the rhythm; but to perform it and keep the rhythm requires a great deal of cultivation, and even artificial means are necessary to help the mind in its first stages of learning.

The most unique device for measuring tones and keeping the measure is the practice of "beating time" with the hand, if pupils will but give to it the practice and attention sufficient to make it a reliable guide. No pupil should slight this practice. The use of a metronome is also a great help, and may be used in connection with beating time to advantage.

A description of the movements of the hand for beating time accompanies the exercises.

Movements.

The degrees of movement, from very slow to very fast, are usually designated by Italian words at the beginning of the composition, or where the movement changes. The following comprise those most commonly used:

Adagio, *Largo*, *Larghetto*,	Very slow, and slow.	*Lento*, *Andante*, *Andantino*,	Rather slow.
Moderato, *Allegretto*, *Allegro Moderato*,	Not fast, not hurried.	*Allegro*, *Presto*, *Prestissimo*.	Fast and very fast.

These terms are not as definite as they might be. There is not perfect agreement among musicians as to the exact movement each term describes. In this book the metronome and tape marks give the movements accurately.

There are other terms used for temporarily changing the movement:

Accelerando or *accel.*, gradually faster.

Piu mosso, rather faster.

Ritard or *Rit.*, *Lentando*, *Rallentando*, gradually slower.

Ad. lib., slow or fast, at pleasure.

A tempo, in time.

The important work of placing metronome and tape marks in this book was given to Professor J. P. Powell, whose long experience and observation in this line, gives him rare qualifications for the task. The marks may, therefore be relied on for good taste and accuracy.

The following explanations and remarks from him will be read with interest in this connection:

"A Metronome is a small, clock-like instrument, designed for regulating movements in music. It is wound like a clock, but ticks louder, and may be adjusted so as to tick any desirable number of times per minute. It only needs to be examined to be understood. It is too large to be carried in the pocket; but can be used to great advantage in a private room or music hall.

"A carpenter's spring-tape, that coils in a neat little case, about the size of a lady's watch, makes a very convenient pocket metronome. Draw out any desirable length of tape, hold the end steadily between thumb and finger, suspend, (the case becoming the weight), and put this pendulum in motion, and regular vibrations will be the result. The length of tape must be calculated from the center of the case. To assist teachers, choristers, and private parties in determining proper movements for the various pieces of music in this book, each piece has placed over it two movement marks, which, when understood, are identical and positive. I refer to the groups of figures; the first group denotes the degree of movement by the metronome; the second group denotes the number of inches of tape to be used by the pocket metronome. Thus the movement marks over "Duke Street," page 3, might be explained: ♩ = means that a quarter note, or its value, is to be sung to each tick of the metronome; 92 means that the weight on the pendulum of the metronome is to be placed so that its top lines with the figure 92 on the dial—the result will be 92 ticks per minute; = $16\frac{1}{2}$ means that $16\frac{1}{2}$ inches of tape will vibrate 92 times per minute, and that the quarter note or its value is to be sung to each vibration of the *pocket metronome;* therefore the two movements are identical. So it is throughout the book.

"In many instances the movement marks indicate a sub-division of measure, as over "Selena," page 29, (♩=116=$10\frac{1}{2}$). If this be not desirable, the primitive form can be obtained by taking half of the metronome number and four times the pocket metronome number, then "Selena" would stand thus: (𝅗𝅥=58=42). "Blessing," page 55, stands thus: (♩=100=14). Changed would stand thus: (𝅗𝅥=50=56).

"In some instances the movement marks indicate a derived form of measure, as over "Excelsior," page 215, (𝅗𝅥=56=45). These measures can be reduced to their primitive form by doubling the metronome mark, and taking one-fourth of the pocket metronome mark. Then "Excelsior" would stand thus: (♩=112=$11\frac{1}{4}$). These rules do not apply to compound measures.

"In setting metronome marks over the tunes of this work the highest authorities on the *character* of tunes and the subject of movements have been taken as our standard of measurement. I will mention as some of my authorities Dr. T. HASTINGS, Dr. LOWELL MASON, WM. B. BRADBURY, the fathers of church music of this country. For living authorities I have closely consulted Mr. H. R. PALMER, of this country, and Mr. JOSEPH BARNBY, of England—both superior scholars in church music.

"Formerly andante, allegro, etc., etc., were used to indicate movements; but these terms were not definite in their meanings, and uniformity of movements in the various parts of the country could not be attained from them. But since the invention and introduction of the metronome, definite movements can be indicated, and uniformity therein can be attained. To a congregation uneducated in the elements of music some of the movements may appear to be a little too quick; but as skill in the science is acquired, this appearance will vanish, and some of the pieces may even seem to be marked a little too slow. The movements are such as I use in my practice, both in class drill and in the congregation during public worship, and as found to be quite suitable for 150 to 250 singers. When the number of singers exceed 250 the movements must be taken a little slower than marked. 'The larger the chorus the slower the movement.' Wise teachers and leaders need no further explanation of this matter. It is to be hoped that he who pretends to lead in this beautiful part of divine worship may so educate himself in time and tune that he may be able to lead in an edifying manner. Brother teachers and leaders, we must do this or we may expect to receive the displeasure of our God. J. P. POWELL."

[The bell metronome has an attachment by which bell taps may be regulated so as to strike for the beginning of every measure.

The publishers of this work will send by express a bell metronome for $6.65, or a metronome without a bell for $4.35. They will mail a tape measure for 60 cents.]

CHAPTER IV.

MELODICS—ABSOLUTE PITCH.

PITCH is a technical term that expresses the highness or lowness of tones. The word is often used instead of tone when only the pitch of the tone is under consideration.

The names of pitches are divided into *two classes*,—(1) Those names that express their independent, or *absolute* pitch, and (2) those that express their *relationships*.

Alphabet names are used for absolute pitch names.

Pitch is the result of regular successive vibrations of air. The greater the number of vibrations within a given time, the higher the pitch. The pitch produced by 128 vibrations per second is named c. If the number of vibrations be doubled (256 per second) the pitch produced will be another c, which, however, is distinguished by a mark under it, thus c. The first mentioned is called *small* c, the second *once-marked small* c.

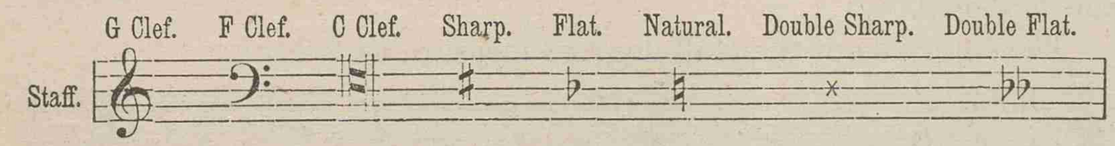
The pitch produced by doubling the vibrations of any given tone is called its *octave*, because it is the *eighth tone* of a series that exists between them. Thus from c to c the pitches are named c d e f g a b c; if we proceed upward c d e f g a b c, and so on, the names being *once-marked small* c, *once-marked small* d, or *twice-marked small* c, *twice-marked small* d, etc., each higher series having an additional mark.

The series lying below small c are called *large* B A G F E D C; the series still below, *once-marked large* B A G F, etc., etc.

In addition to these there are what are called *intermediate pitches*—pitches between c and d, d and e, etc. Such pitches have the names c *sharp*, d *sharp*, or d *flat*, e *flat*, etc.

On account of the names c *sharp*, d *flat*, etc., it is sometimes necessary to use the terms c *natural*, d *natural*, etc., to make sure that the pitches c and d are understood.

There are still other intermediate pitches (less frequently used) named c *double sharp*, d *double sharp*, etc., also d *double flat*, e *double flat*, etc.

There are seven characters used for the representation of pitches: STAFFS, CLEFS, SHARPS, FLATS, NATURALS, DOUBLE SHARPS, and DOUBLE FLATS.

The staff represents pitch-degrees. Each line and each space is a degree.

Clefs fix the absolute pitches of the staff.

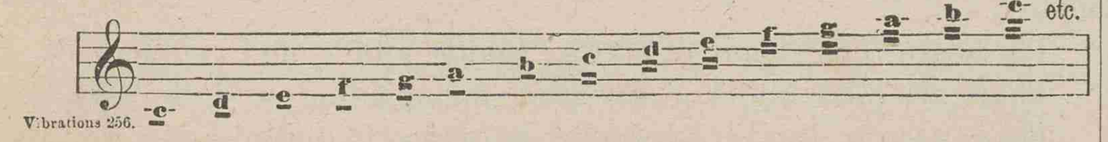
Sharps or flats change the degrees to represent intermediate pitches.

Naturals restore degrees that have been changed by sharps or flats.

Double sharps and double flats make a greater change than sharps and flats, which will be explained further on.

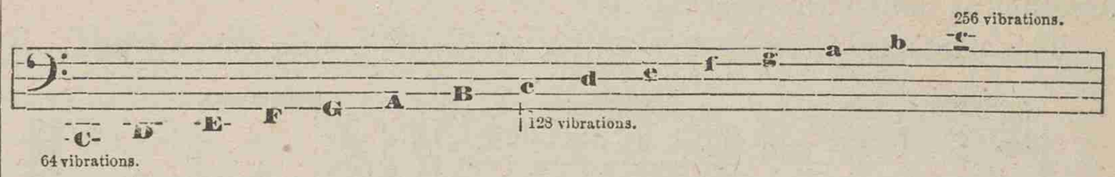
The five-line staff represents *eleven* pitch-degrees, named as follows: space below, first line, first space, second line, second space, third line, third space, fourth line, fourth space, fifth line, and space above. It is enlarged, when necessary, by short lines above or below, called ADDED LINES.

The staff and G clef represent pitches as follows:



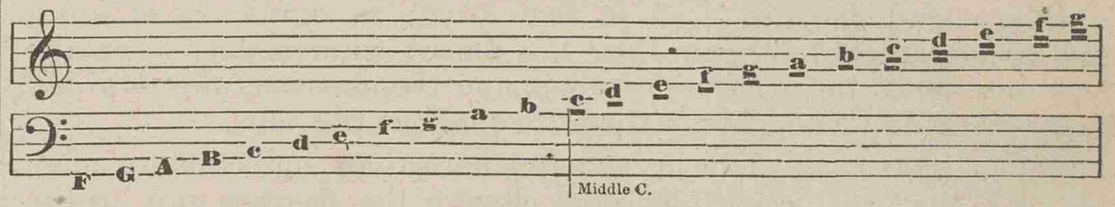
This clef is also called the *Treble* or *Soprano* clef, and represents the pitches that ladies sing.

The staff and the F clef represent pitches as follows:

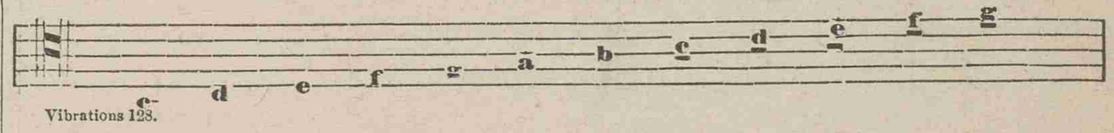


This clef is also called the *Base clef*, and represents the pitches that gentlemen sing.

It will be noticed that the c of the added line above the Base clef is the same as the added line below the Soprano clef. It has been given the name MIDDLE C, because it is at the middle of the compass of the human voice, male and female.

The two staffs are properly put together thus:

From F to c represents the compass of gentlemen's voices who sing low, or Base. From c to g represents the compass of ladies' voices who sing high, or Soprano.

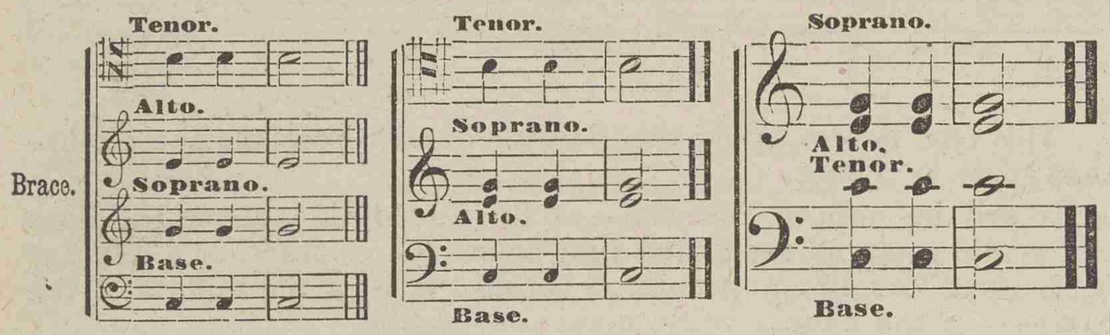
There are some soprano voices that sing higher, and some base voices that sing lower than is here contemplated; but this compass embraces the limit of usual tune writing. Gentlemen who do not sing as low as base, but somewhat higher, are called *Tenors*, and when their part is not written on the upper part of the base staff the C clef, or *Tenor clef* is used.



It may be noticed that the tenor clef represents pitches an octave lower than the G clef.

Ladies who do not sing as high as soprano, but somewhat lower, are called *Altos*. Their part is written upon the G clef staff.

The character that indicates the number of parts to be sung together is called the BRACE.

The parts are arranged in either of the following three ways:

SHARPS AND FLATS.

Sharps and flats are used in two ways: as *signatures* of keys, and as *accidentals*. When they are placed immediately after the clefs they form the *signature of a key*, and the *degrees of the staff and their octaves* are changed by them throughout the tune.

When sharps or flats occur elsewhere than immediately after the clefs, they are *accidentals*, and change the degrees only to the next bar (measure bar).

In American music this rule is observed. In foreign music an accidental changes a degree till a natural is used to restore it.

Double sharps and double flats are used to further change a degree of the staff *that has been changed by the signature of the key.*

This is at least true in all vocal music. It is *possible* to form keys so that a double sharp or double flat will be needed for the signature; but such instances are *very rare*. Hence double sharps and double flats are only used as accidentals, and generally to represent a relative pitch, which, to the singer, is in effect the same as a sharp or flat when the signature has but few, or none.

This point is illustrated in the Practical Exercise Department.

CHAPTER V.

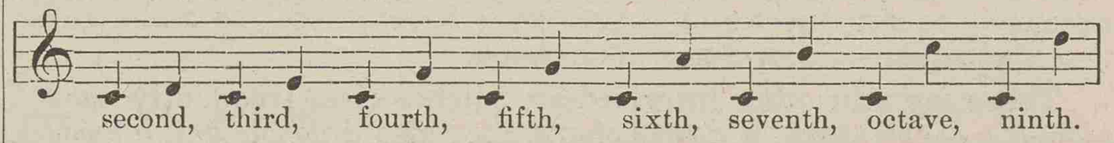
PITCH RELATIONSHIPS.

Pitches have *four* relationships: INTERVAL, KEY, SCALE, and CHORD.

INTERVALS.

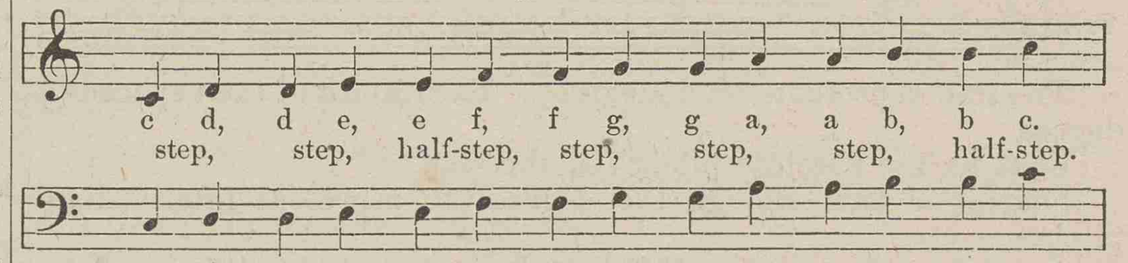
The interval relationship embraces any *two* tones.

Intervals are named *primes*, *seconds*, *thirds*, *fourths*, *fifths*, *sixths*, *sevenths*, *octaves*, and *ninths*.

They take their names from the *number of staff-degrees included* in their representation, thus:

The *distance* between all seconds, thirds, fourths, etc., are not the same, hence such qualifying terms as *major seconds*, *minor seconds*, *major thirds*, *minor thirds*, etc.

The *distance* between intervals is *measured* by the terms *step* and *half-step*.

The intervals of the staff-degrees measure as follows:



It should be remembered that between the pitches e f and b c the distance is a *half-step*, and the other seconds are a *step*.

There are *two* kinds of primes: perfect and augmented.

There are *three* kinds of seconds: major, minor, and augmented.

There are *three* kinds of thirds: major, minor, and diminished.

There are *three* kinds of fourths: perfect, diminished, and augmented.

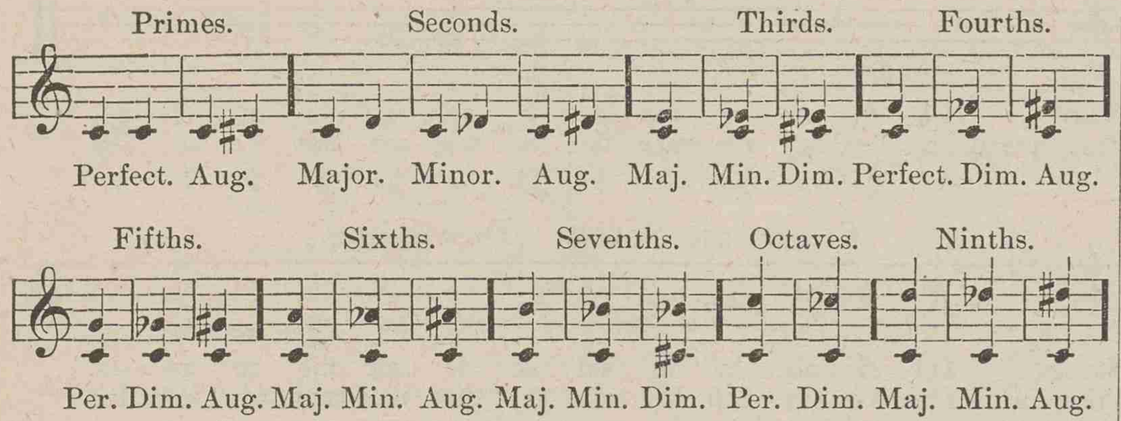
There are *three* kinds of fifths: perfect, diminished, and augmented.

There are *three* kinds of sixths: major, minor, and augmented.

There are *three* kinds of sevenths: major, minor, and diminished.

There are *two* kinds of octaves: perfect, and diminished.

There are *three* kinds of ninths: major, minor, and augmented.

Intervals Represented.

For brevity, further lessons and explanations are left to the teacher.

Keys.

Key relationship embraces pitches throughout the whole musical compass that bear a certain fixed interval relation to a tone called the *key-note*,

The tones of a key have the numeral names 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7; 8 is used for 1 at times as a convenience.

There are *two* kinds of keys—MAJOR and MINOR. (The major is much the more commonly used.)

The interval relationship that the pitches of the major keys bear to the *key-note* are as follows:

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8 or 1
Key-note.	Maj. 2d.	Maj. 3d.	Per. 4th.	Per. 5th.	Maj. 6th.	Maj. 7th.	Per. Octave and Key-note.

The interval relationship that the pitches of the minor keys bear to the *key-note* are as follows:

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8 or 1
Key-note.	Maj. 2d.	Min. 3d.	Per. 4th.	Per. 5th.	Min. 6th.	Maj. 7th.	Per. Octave and Key-note.

The keys, either major or minor, take their names from the absolute pitch names of their key-notes. Thus, if C is the pitch of the key-note, the key is called "Key of C." If the pitch of the key-note is D, the key is called "Key of D," etc.

In representation each major key is known by its SIGNATURE.

The signatures of keys consist of either the clefs, or clefs and sharps, or clefs and flats.

The clefs alone form the signature of the key of C. (The word clef is from the French, and means key.)

The clefs and *one* sharp form the signature of the key of G. The clefs and *two* sharps form the signature of the key of D, etc.

In naming the various keys where sharps or flats belong to the signature it is customary to omit mention of the clefs, as understood, giving only the number of sharps or flats concerned, as:

The signature of the key of G is "one sharp." The signature of the key of D is "two sharps." etc.

The signatures of the various keys are to be learned in connection with reading and singing in the keys; hence further remarks on this subject will be found in the Practical Exercise Department.

Each major key has its relative minor, or, *vice versa*, each minor key has its relative major.

The *sixth* of a major key is the *key-note* of its relative minor key.

The *third* of a minor key is the *key-note* of its relative major key.

The minor keys have no independent signatures; the signature of each major key stands for the signature of its relative minor key also.

Minor keys may be known in notation by the frequent appearance of the accidental sharp or natural that is necessary to represent its *seventh* tone, also by the last note in the base, which is always a key-note.

The ear recognizes minor music by its peculiar plaintive, and sometimes depressing effect.

The most common use of minor keys in modern music is the introduction of passages or strains from the relative minor into the major.

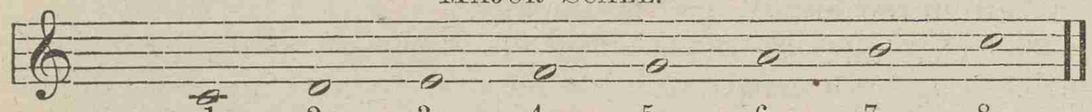
Scales.

When all the pitches of a key, within the octave, are written or performed in succession the result is a *scale.*

If the key be major the scale will be a *major scale.* If the key be minor the scale will be a *minor scale.*

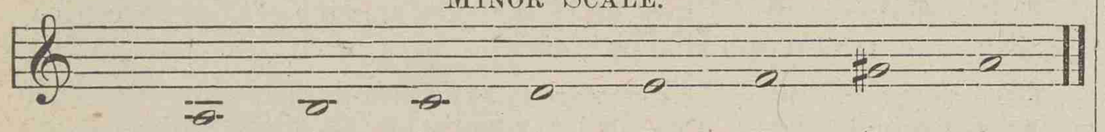
In addition to the key names 1, 2, 3, 4, etc., we have also syllable names for singing the scales as follows:

MAJOR SCALE.



	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8.
Syllable names.	Do	re	mi	fa	sol	la	si	do.
Pronounced.	Doe	ray	mee	fah	sole	lah	see	doe.

MINOR SCALE.

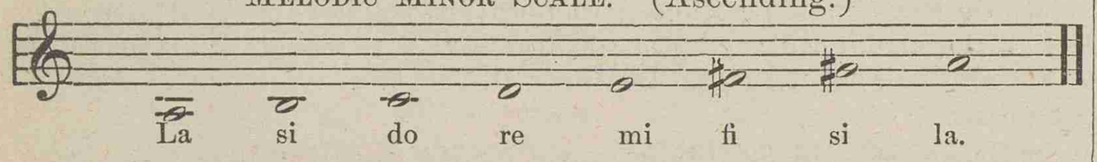


	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8.
Syllable names.	La	si	do	re	mi	fa	si	la.
Pronounced.	Lah	see	doe	ray	mee	fah	see	lah.

The above minor scale represents the tones of the minor key. It is called the *Harmonic minor scale*, because it represents the tones of the key as they are used in harmonic combinations.

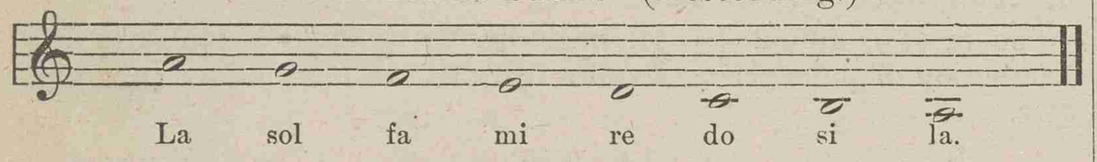
There is what is called the *Melodic minor scale*, which ascends and descends differently, as follows:

MELODIC MINOR SCALE. (Ascending.)



La si do re mi fi si la.

MELODIC MINOR SCALE. (Descending.)

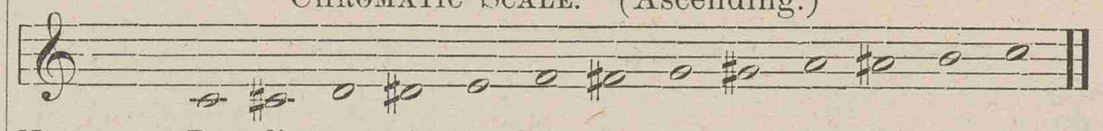


La sol fa mi re do si la.

This is called the melodic minor scale because it is more melodious than the other, and because when it is used some of its tones are passed by without being harmonized.

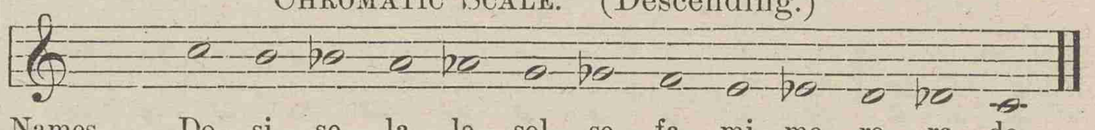
The scale that presents the pitches of the octave in half-step succession is called the *Chromatic scale.* Its representation is as follows:

CHROMATIC SCALE. (Ascending.)



Names.	Do	di	re	ri	me	fa	fi	sol	si	la	li	si	do.
Pronounced.	Doe	dee	ray	ree	mee	fah	fee	sole	see	lah	lee	see	doe.
	1	♯1	2	♯2	3	4	♯4	5	♯5	6	♯6	7	8.

CHROMATIC SCALE. (Descending.)



Names.	Do	si	se	la	le	sol	se	fa	mi	me	re	ra	do.
Pronounced.	Doe	see	say	lah	lay	sole	say	fah	mee	may	ray	rah	doe.

The regular tones of a key are called *diatonic* tones. Intermediate tones—those that do not belong to the key—are called *chromatic* tones.

Each tone of a key has its individual character (a quality) that results from its relationship to the key-note and other tones of the key—hence the helpfulness to the mind that comes from the practice of associating with each tone a syllable name with an appropriate vowel sound.

CHORDS.

By combining two or more intervals, CHORDS are formed.

The lowest tone of a chord is called its *fundamental tone.*

When to a *fundamental tone* a *third* and a *fifth* are added, a *common chord* is the result. This common chord is also called the *triad.*

The chord names of the tones of keys are as follows:

1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Tonic.	Super-tonic.	Mediant.	Sub-dominant.	Dominant.	Sub-mediant.	Sub-tonic.

Thus a chord based upon 1 of the key is called the *tonic chord;* the tones of the key forming it are 1 3 5.

The chord based upon 2 of the key is called the super-tonic chord—its tones of the key are 2 4 6—etc.

The *tonic*, *dominant*, and *sub-dominant* chords are the most important of the key, and are the most frequently used.

The chord formed by adding the seventh to the dominant is an important chord. It is called the *dominant seventh chord.*

Modulation.

The various keys bear a relationship to each other. The key of G is closely related to the key of C. The reason is that there is only one tone wherein they differ from each other. The key of G has the tone f♯ instead of f♮ as in the key of C.

The key of F is also closely related to the key of C; it differs only in one tone—b♭ instead of b♮.

Thus the relationship of all the keys is close or remote in proportion to the number of tones they have in common with each other. The signatures of the keys show how nearly related the different keys are: The key with *two* sharps for its signature is closely related to the key with *three* sharps for its signature; also to the key which has *one* sharp for its signature. The key with *two* flats for its signature is closely related to the key which has *three* flats for its signature; also to the key which has *one* flat for its signature, etc.

Modulation is passing temporarily out of one key into a nearly related one, as in passing from the key of C to the key of G, or from G to D, etc.

Modulations are effected by the use of accidentals.

Sometimes a sudden passage is made into a remote key; such a change is called a *Transition.*

Transposition.

Transposition is the act of writing or performing a tune, exercise or scale in a higher or lower key.

To write tunes or scales in different keys the pupil must have a thorough acquaintance with the signatures of the various keys. It is not strictly necessary that the *philosophy* of transposition be understood to enable pupils to transpose tunes and exercises.

It is very easy to sing a tune or scale in different keys.

The "transposition of the scale," as it is called, has been the source of great confusion and discouragement to classes and pupils, (1) because it has so often been presented to them before their minds were ripe for it, and (2) because such poor methods have been employed for presenting it. Anything more than a perfect familiarity with the signatures of all the keys is not essential to good and intelligent note-reading; however, the teacher may lead his pupils deeper into the *causes* if he has a good, practicable method. It is not thought necessary to use valuable space here with diagrams and illustrations.

CHAPTER V.

Dynamics.

The expression of ordinary tunes is usually left to the taste and judgment of the director or singers. When, however, a composer desires, he indicates the *degrees of force* to be given the composition in general, or to phrases, or to tones by the following words, abreviations, or signs:

Pianissimo, or *pp.* Very soft. (Pronounced pee-ah-*nee*-see-mo.)

Piano, or *p.* Soft. (pee-*ah*-no.)

Mezzo, or *m.* Medium. (*met*-zo.)

Forte, or *f.* Loud. (For-*tay.*)

Fortissimo, or *ff.* Very loud. (For-*tee*-see-mo.)

Crescendo, or *Cres.* or <. Gradually increasing.

Diminuendo, or *dim.* / *Decresendo*, or *decres.* } or >. Gradually decreasing.

Swell, or <>. Increase and diminish.

Fortzando, or *fz.* / *Sfortzando*, or *sfz.* } Suddenly diminishing from loud to soft.

Organ Tone, or ═. Begin, continue, and end with an equal degree of power.

CHAPTER VI.

Poiotics.

A most important matter to the learner is the practice of the proper exercises, in the proper manner, to insure correct habits in the production of voice. Attention to this should begin with the first lessons, and continue through all the study.

Closely following this thought is the important concern to the singer—the *timbre* of voice to be employed for the expression of the various emotions of song.

If the first (the proper vocal effort) be neglected, no high attainment is possible; if the second (the art of feeling the sentiment and expressing the emotion of the song) be wanting, the singing will be lifeless and devoid of interest.

Voice Culture.

The basis of all good vocal utterance is the proper management of the breath. Inhalations should be taken through the nostrils, (it may also be sipped through the almost closed lips,) and deep down into the chest cavity.

The position of the body should be erect, without stiffness, the chin slightly elevated, and the shoulders back and down.

The standing posture is best, but sitting is good, and contributes to repose.

The first exercise may consist of filling the lungs well and exhaling slowly. The second, fill the lungs as before, and count one, two, three, etc., measuredly, as high as ten; afterwards twelve, fifteen, and so on. A third, fill the lungs, and gradually exhale to the sound of *sh*, (as in hu*sh*), noting the action of the diaphragm and abdominal muscles. A fourth, fill the lungs, and begin a tone softly to the vowel sound of *oo* or *ah*, and increase and diminish, making a swell.

Select a natural, easy pitch: c or d.

The tone wave should be directed well forward in the mouth, toward the upper, front teeth. The sound *oo* is good for this practice.

After tones have been well formed on the vowels *oo* and *ah*, other vowels should be blended with them, as *oo-ah-a-ee*, etc., with care that the forward direction of the tone wave is not changed.

The pressure that expels the breath should come only from below the lungs, at least the sensation should only be felt there.

If the tones are not so agreeable at first, the remedy is not to be sought at the throat. See that the breathing is right, and the tone will improve.

The face and mouth should assume a natural and almost smiling position. The mouth usually needs a little wider opening than the pupil would make without attention being directed to it.

Of course different vowel sounds will modify the positions of the mouth, but the attention needs to be directed toward keeping it open.

The tongue should lie flat in the mouth, the tip touching the lower, front teeth. Care must be taken not to make it rigid.

As the vocal chords harden and the voice becomes purer a less amount of breath is required.

Among the common faults of intonation are:

1 The *nasal voice*, which is a result from more or less of the tone-wave issuing through the nose—a very unmusical sound in proportion as it partakes of the nasal quality. The fault is caused by the soft palate failing to contract and lift itself up away from the air column; also the back and middle part of the tongue will be found to be raised.

2 The *guttural voice* is a rough, throaty quality, resulting from too great a contraction of the muscles of the neck and throat and tongue, producing a strained, choking sound. The remedy must be sought through means of good breathing and a free and relaxed throat and tongue.

3 The *thin, wiry voice*, harsh and grating. Such voices should use for practicing the vowel sounds *oo* and *aw*, studying for good breath and free throats.

The easier and better remedy for the faults mentioned, and any others, is to be found in the imitation of good tones by a teacher or some one of good vocal habits.

Young voices, and the voices of those who have not been in the habit of singing, should be exercised cautiously and with restraint. Fifteen or twenty minutes is long enough time for each application with such voices. The compass of the exercises and tunes for them must be limited, and in easy range.

The compass of voice extends from the strengthening of the tones within easy range.

The voice must be rested the moment it shows signs of fatigue.

Timbre.

Tones are divided into two general classes as to timbre: *clear* and *somber*.

The *clear timbre* expresses the various degrees of brightness, such as joyousness, cheerfulness, gaiety, etc.

The *somber timbre* expresses the various degrees of gravity, such as reverence, dignity, pathos, awfulness, etc.

The two timbres are more or less blended in the expressions of courage, boldness and such like.

For the production of the clear timbre, the larynx is lifted higher in the throat, and the back part of the mouth, (the pharynx), is contracted.

For the production of the somber timbre the larynx is depressed in the throat, and the pharynx lifted and widened.

It is not meant by the above descriptions to give directions to thus contract or distend the pharynx to produce these qualities—rather the pupil must constantly cultivate the faculty of appreciating and feeling the sentiment and emotion in the music that is performed, and nature will prompt the vocal organs to the proper effort.

In the preparatory practice of singing hymns for worship it will be an interesting study to analyze them with a view to deciding the timbre of voice best adapted to their expression.

The following are some of the terms used to indicate timbre of voice:

Affetuoso, with tenderness and pathos.
Agitato, (Ah-jee-tah-to), agitated, excited.
Amorosa, or *con Amore*, affectionately, tenderly.
Cantabile, (Can-tah-bee-lay) in a smooth, graceful style
Con Dolore, with grief.
Con Energia, with energy.
Con Espressione (Es-pres-see-o-nay), with expression.
Con Forza, (Forts-ah), with force.
Con Fuoco, with fire.
Dolce, (Dol-chay), soft and sweet.
Dolorosa, sorrowful.
Energico, (En-er-jee-co), with energy.
Espressivo, with expression.
Furioso, Furiously.
Grazioso, (Grat-see-o-zo), gracefully.
Leggiero, (Led-je-ai-ro), lightly, gaily.
Maestoso, majestic.
Religioso, with religious feeling.
Resoluto, resolutely.
Scherzando, (Skert-sando), light and sportive.
Semplice, (Sem-plee-chay), with simplicity.
Serioso, Seriously.
Smorzando, dying away.
Sotto Voce, (Vo-chay), softly, in an undertone.
Vigoroso, with vigor.
Vivo, (Vee-vo), animated.

CHAPTER VII.

Phrasing.

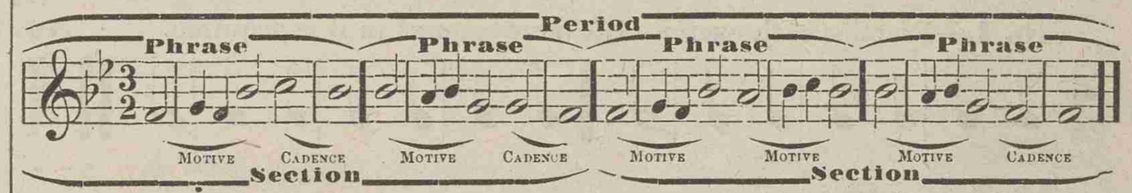
Music is divided into *periods*, *sections*, *phrases*, and sometimes into smaller parts, called *designs* or *motives*, and also *cadences*.

An ordinary tune to *four* lines of poetry forms a *period*. A tune to *eight* lines of poetry usually consists of *two* periods, etc.

Each period is divided into *two sections;* each section into *two phrases*.

Motives are the germs out of which the tune is developed.

Cadences are the endings. The principal cadences used are the *perfect* and *imperfect*. The perfect cadence makes a full stop—a repose—the imperfect, a partial ending, leaving the impression that more is to follow.



Music constructed as in the above example is called Thematic music. That in which no motives appear is called Lyric music.

The concern of the singer is to note the phrasing. In church music the phrases usually consist of the music to each line of poetry, hence they are marked by double bars.

Breath must be taken at the beginning of each phrase.

Phrases should vary in stress of voice in comparison with each other.

Quite generally phrasing may be regarded as question and answer—the first phrase a question, the second an answer to it, and so on.

In tunes like above the first and third phrases should receive more stress of voice than the second and fourth—stress of voice in the crescendo style.

Generally the highest note in the soprano is the point of climax in the tune, and stress of voice should be so graduated as to bring its greatest stress at this point.

The study of phrasing in connection with learning new tunes can be made very interesting and profitable.

PRACTICAL EXERCISES.

The following exercises embrace about all the kinds and varieties of measure in common use.
They are to be sung to the syllable *la*, (*lah*), beating the time
Variety may be added by dividing the class into four sections, and giving to each section a tone of the common chord.
It is left to the teacher to select the number of exercises for each lesson.
It is a good plan, previous to introducing a new tune, to choose from these exercises one that corresponds in measure and variety to the tune to be learned, and here practice the rhythm first.
Beating time for double measure the strokes of the hand are *down*, *up*, and the accent is given to the downward beat.
If the metronome is used with the exercises, set it about 76 (= 24½ tape) for each beat of the hand. The movement may be made faster or slower to accomodate the abilities of the class. Repeat each exercise a number of times.

DOUBLE MEASURE.

No. 1.—Practice each exercise till thoroughness in it is acquired.

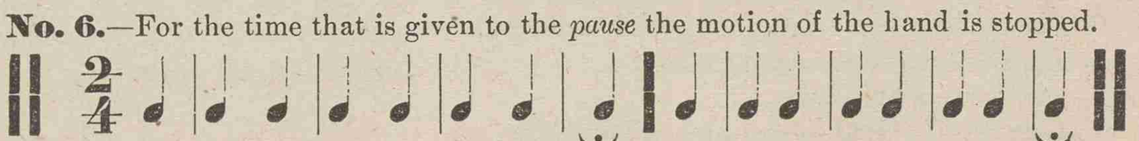
No. 2.

No. 3.

No. 4.

No. 5.

No. 6.—For the time that is given to the *pause* the motion of the hand is stopped.



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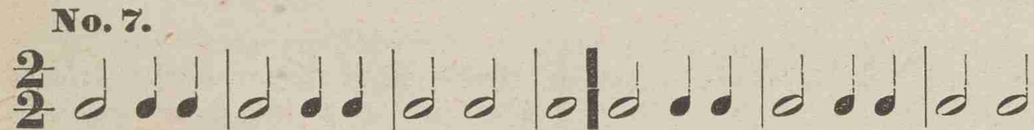

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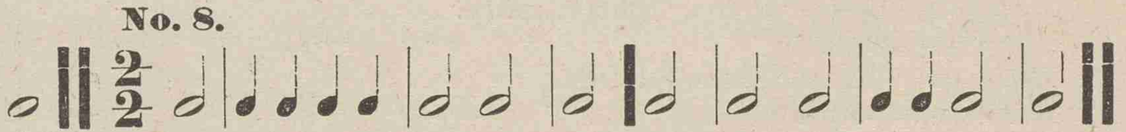

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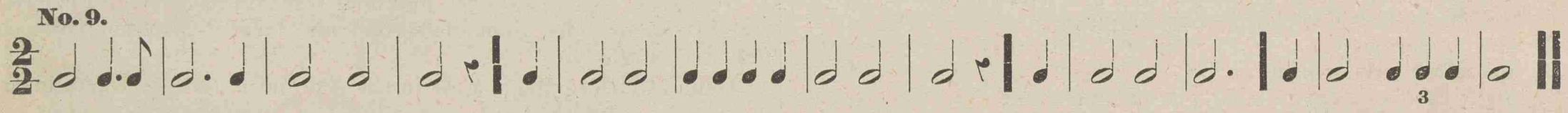

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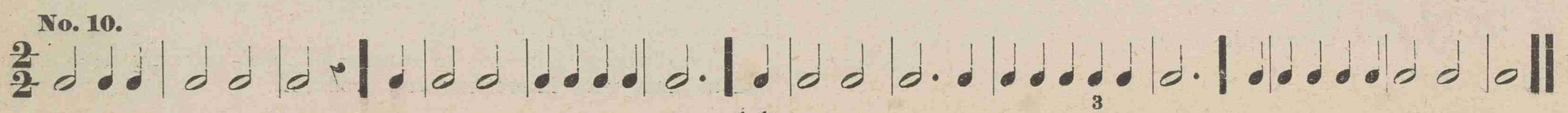
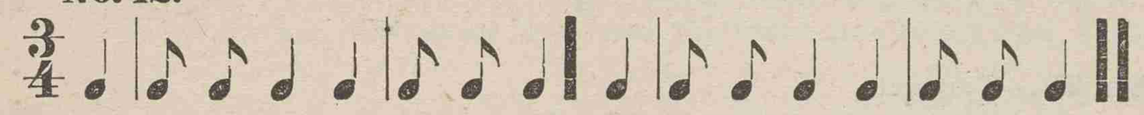

TRIPLE MEASURE.

Beating time for Triple measure the strokes are *down, left, up,* and the accent is given to the the downward beat.

No. 11.—Practice each exercise till thoroughness in it is acquired. The dots mean repeat.

No. 12.



No. 13.

No. 14.

No. 15.

No. 16.

No. 17.

No. 18.

QUADRUPLE MEASURE.

Beating time for Quadruple measure the strokes are *down, left, right, up,* and the *down* and *right* beats are accented.

No. 19.

No. 20.

No. 21.

No. 22.

No. 23.

No. 24.

SEXTUPLE MEASURE.

When the movement of sextuple measure is *slow*, it is better to give each part a beat of the hand. The usual form is *down, left, left, right, up, up*, but *down, left, up, down, left, up*, is given the preference here, because it has already been learned; and slow movements so seldom occur, that it is thought impracticable to learn a new form when one that answers so well is at hand.

For lively sextuple movements the hand beats simply *down, up*, giving *three parts* (or counts) to the beat.

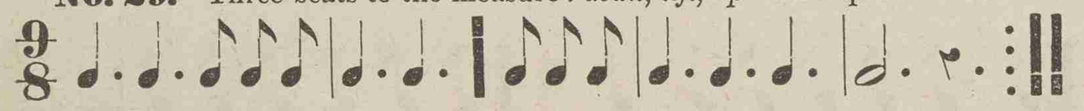
No. 25.—Six beats to the measure.

No. 26.—Two beats.

No. 27.—Two beats.

No. 28.

COMPOUND TRIPLE MEASURE.

No. 29.—Three beats to the measure: *down, left, up*—three parts to each measure.

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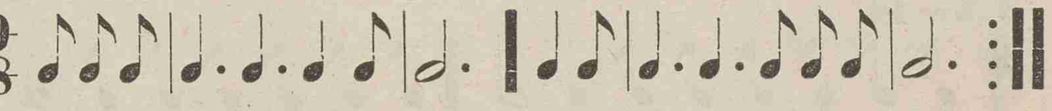

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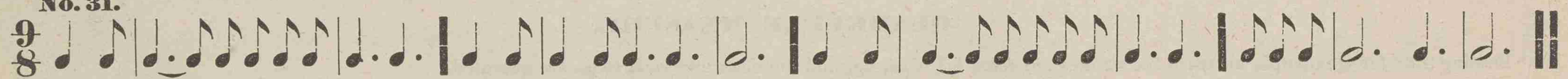

COMPOUND QUADRUPLE MEASURE.

No. 32.

No. 33.

SYNCOPATION.

No. 34.

No. 35.

PRACTICAL EXERCISES.

Key of C. The signature of the key of C is—Clefs.

The object of the following exercises is to *fix in the mind* the *positions* of the *tones* of the key.

Pupils, see that your practice of each exercise accomplishes this object before you leave it.

The best method of practice is to *name* the tones attentively first, then *sing* them *slowly*. Accent strongly and it will help impress the lesson.

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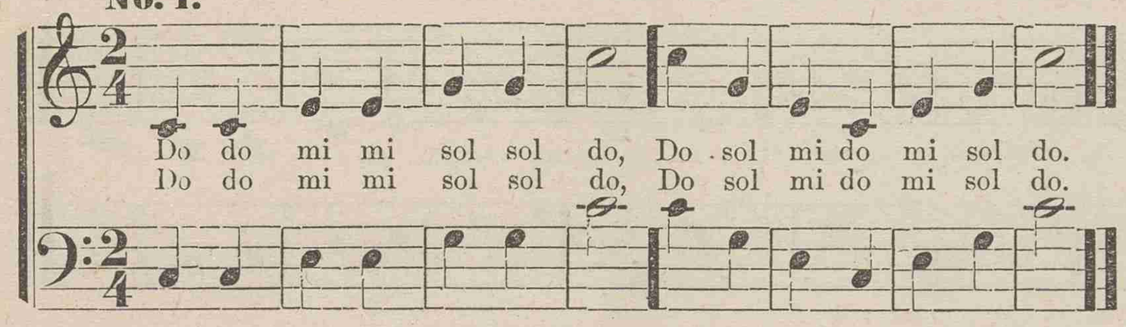
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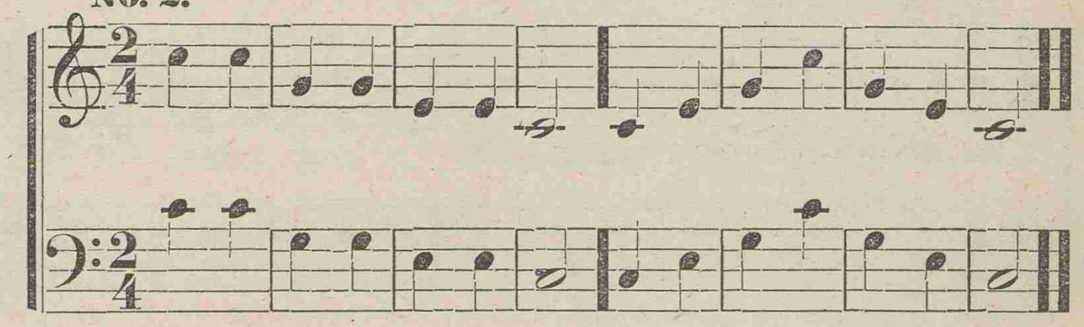
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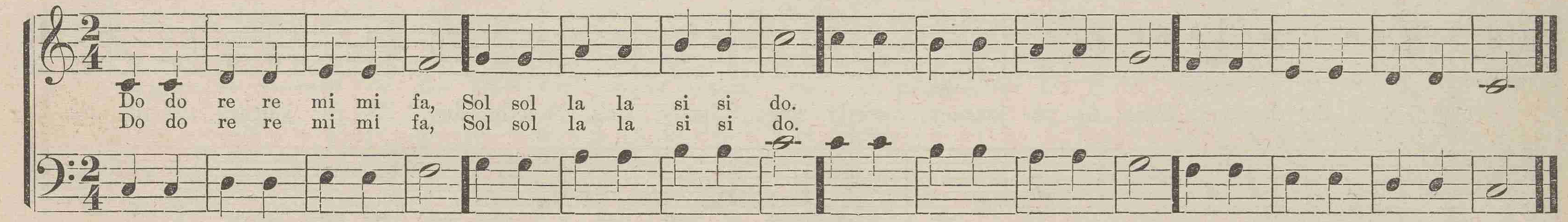
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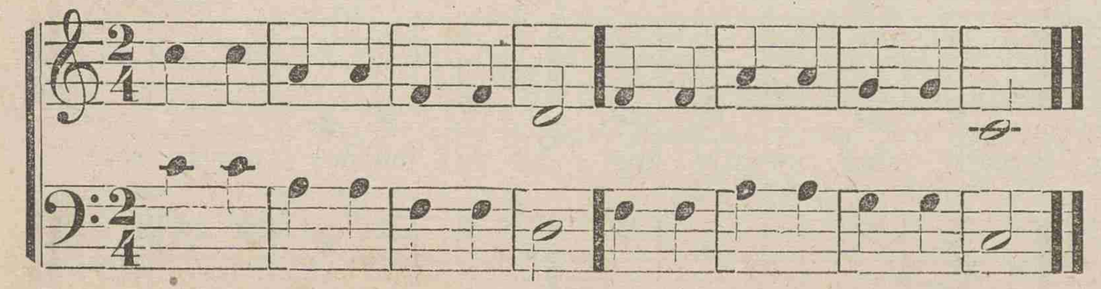

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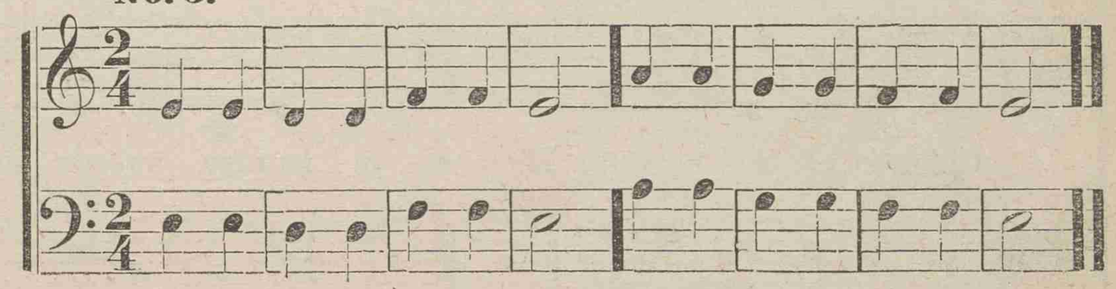

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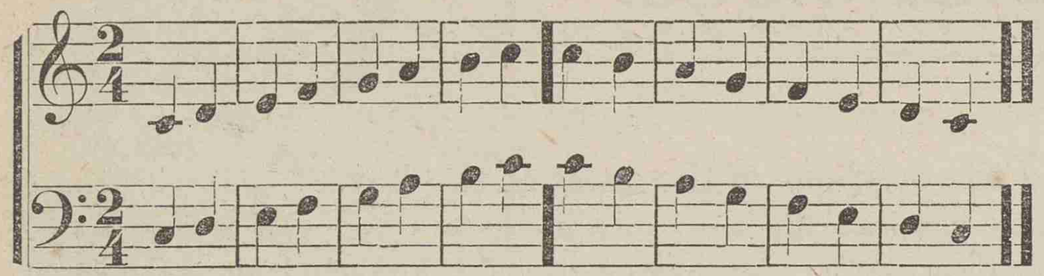
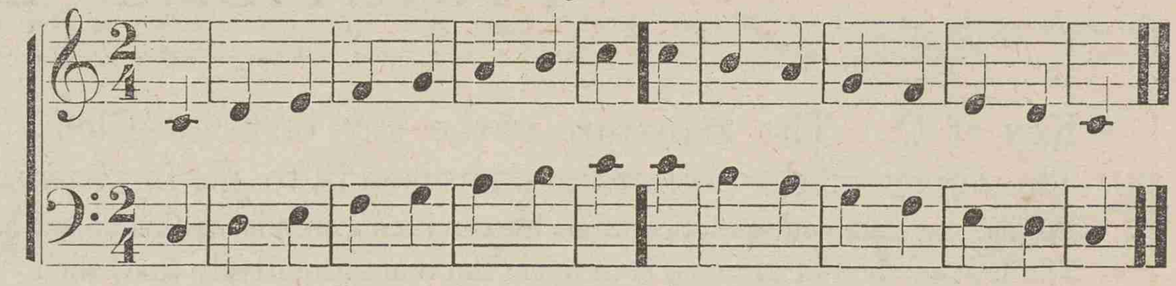


No. 7.—Note how great the difference between this and No. 6, and all merely because the accent is changed.



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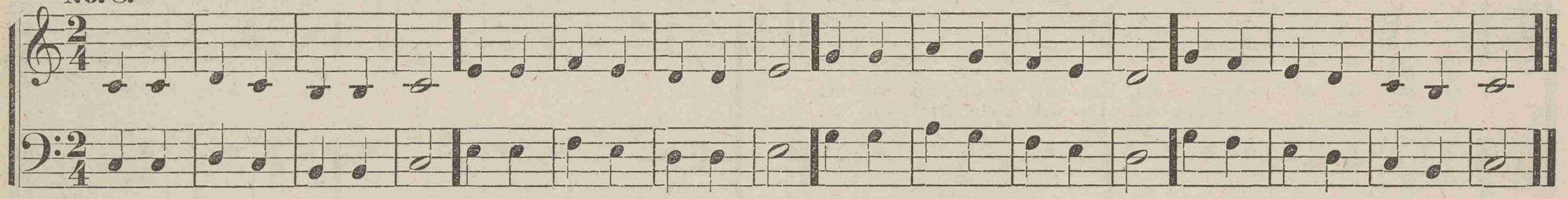
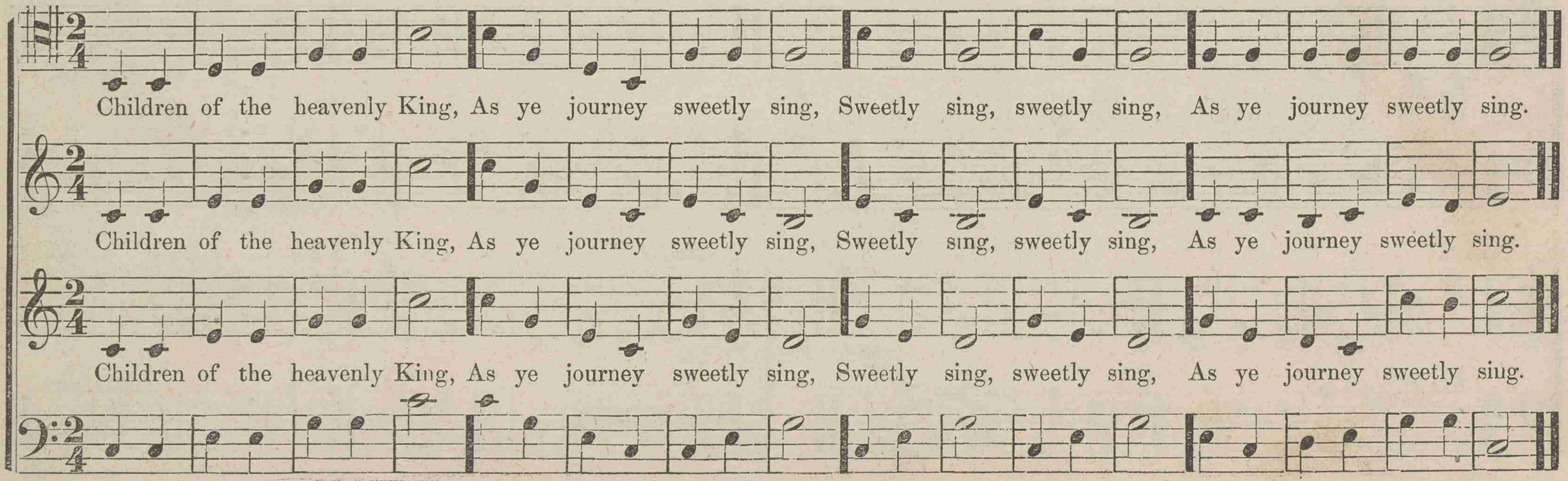

No. 9. SWEETLY SING.—J. H. F. (♩=100=14.)



No. 10. UPWARD, ONWARD.—J. H. F. (♩ = 88 = 18.) (H. 503.) *

1. Like the ea - gle, upward, onward, Let my soul in faith be borne; Calmly gaz - ing, skyward, sunward, Let my eye un - shrinking turn.

2. When the cross, God's love revealing, Sets the fettered spir - it free; Where it sheds its wondrous healing, There, my soul, thy rest shall be.

3. O may I no longer, dreaming, I - dly waste my golden day, But each precious hour re - deeming, Upward, onward, press my way.

No. 11. MATTIE.—J. H. F. (♩ = 80 = 22.) (H. 225.) *

1. Sing, all ye ransomed of the Lord, Your great De - liverer sing; Ye pilgrims, now for Zi - on bound, Be joy - ful in your King.

2. His hand di - vine shall lead you on, Thro' all the bliss - ful road, Till to the sa - cred mount you rise, And see your gracious God.

3. Bright garlands of im - mor - tal joy Shall bloom on ev - ery head; While sorrow, sigh - ing and dis - tress, Like shadows, all are fled.

4. March on in your Re - deemer's strength, Pursue his foot - steps still; And let the prospect cheer your eye While laboring up the hill.

* These figures refer to the number of the hymn in the body of the book.

† Choice notes—sing the lower if you can.

No. 12. DEAN.—J. H. F. (♩ = 80 = 22.) (H. 92.)

1. Awake, my soul, and with the sun Thy daily course of du - ty run; Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise To pay thy morning sac - ri - fice.

2. Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart, And with the angels bear thy part, Who, all night long, un - wearied sing, Glory to the E - ter - nal King.

3. Glory to thee, who safe hast kept, And hast refreshed me, while I slept! Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake, I may of endless life par - take.

No. 13. HALLIE.—J. P. Powell. (♩ = 88 = 18.) (H. 457.)

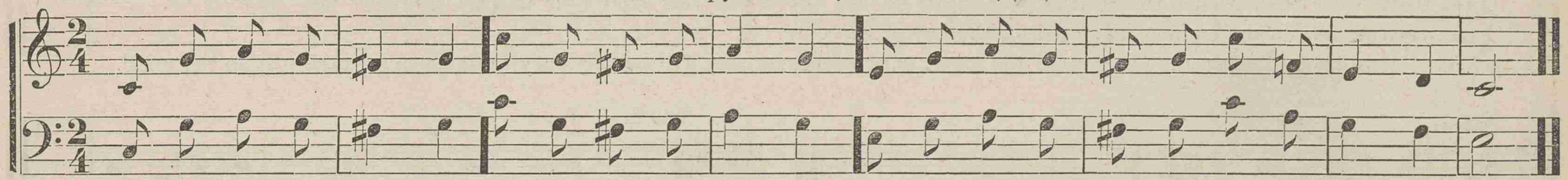
1. Prince of peace, con - trol my will; Bid this struggling heart be still; Bid my fears and doubtings cease; Hush my spir - it in - to peace.

2. Thou hast bought me with thy blood, Opened wide the gate of God: Peace I ask—but peace must be, Lord, in be - ing one with thee.

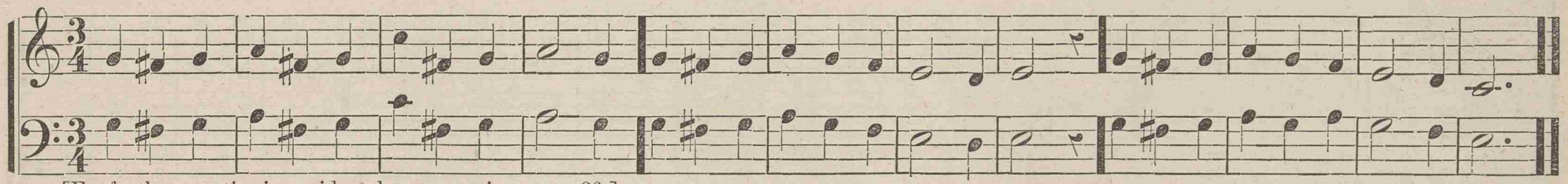
3. May thy will, not mine, be done; May thy will and mine be one; Chase these doubtings from my heart—Now thy per - fect peace im - part.
4. Sa - viour, at thy feet I fall; Thou, my Life, my God, my All, Let thy hap - py ser - vant be One for ev - er - more with thee.

ACCIDENTALS.

No. 14.—The accidental introduced in these exercises is called *sharp four*. The syllable name is fi, (fee).

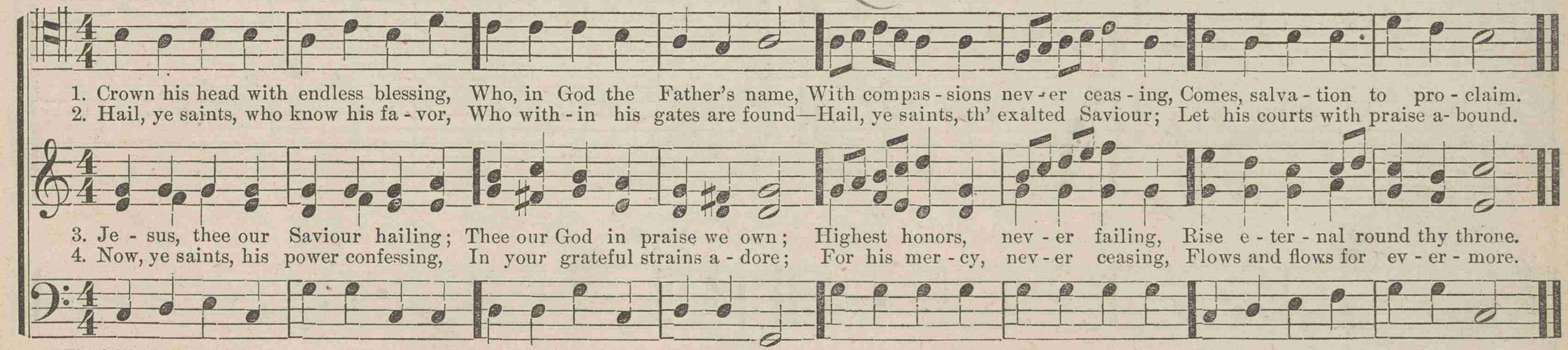


No. 15.



[For further practice in accidentals, see exercises, page 36.]

No. 16. ARMSTRONG.—J. H. F. (♩=80=22.) (H. 487.)



The following tunes, in the body of the book, are in the key of C, and may be used for further practice in this key.

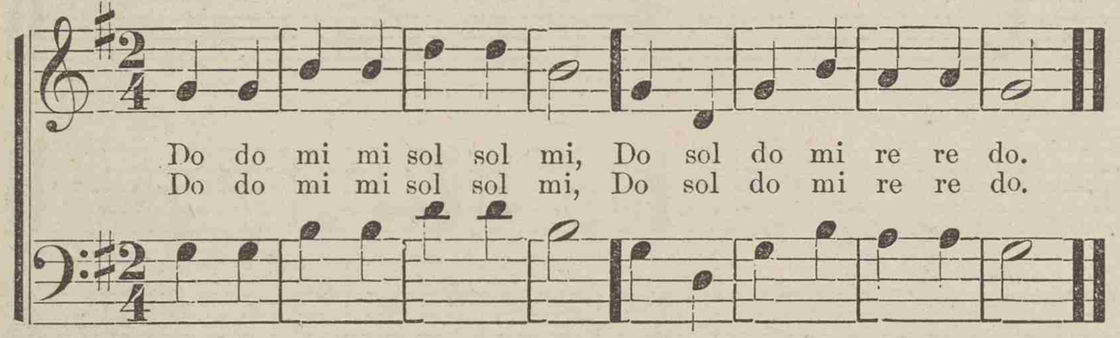
Without Accidentals.	Page		Page		Page	With Accidentals.	Page		Page	Familiar Tunes.	Page
Clapton	23	Prayer	88	Heber	74	Peters	116	Zephyr	63	Fountain	204
Wyatt	138	Skene	162	What hast thou done	238	Oliphant	180	Silver St.	21	Laban	126
Laban	126	Chimes	93	Ho! Reapers of Life's H.	231	Dort	142	Monkland	150	Boylston	124
I bring my sins	221	Siberia	185	Essex	163	Rathbun	164	Bringing in the Sheaves	285	Retreat	201
		Mt. Vernon	171	Ferguson	121			Lanesboro	18		

Key of G. The signature of the key of G is—one sharp.

The object of the following exercises is to *fix in the mind* the *positions* of the *tones* of the key of G.

Practice according to the method suggested for the key of C.

If close attention is given to the positions of the tones, only a few exercises will be necessary to fix them permanently in the mind.

No. 1.

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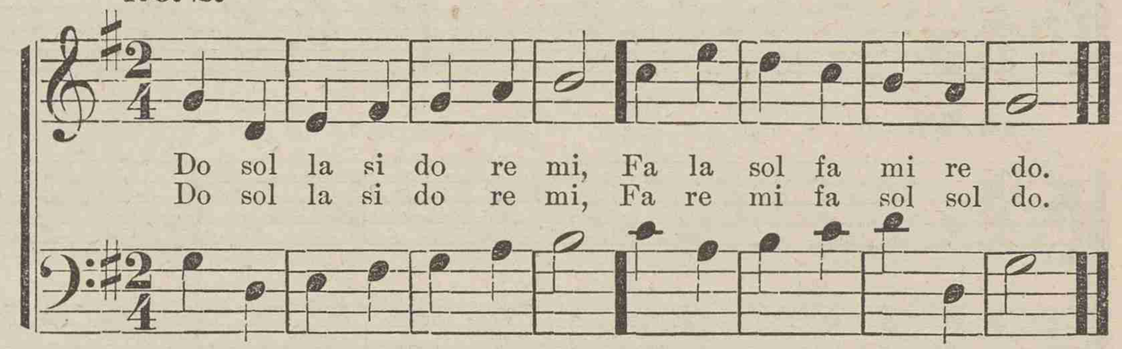
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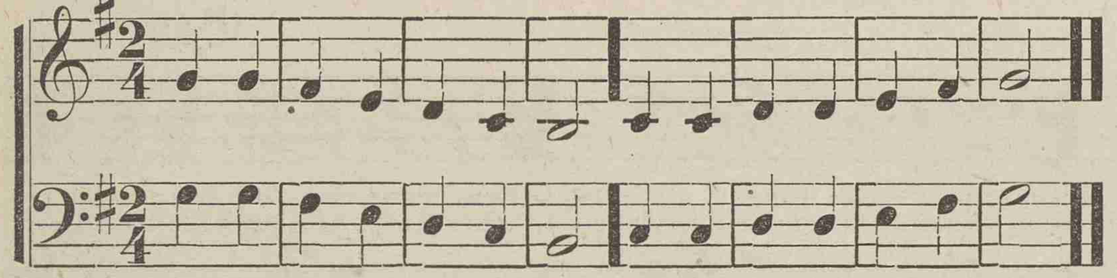

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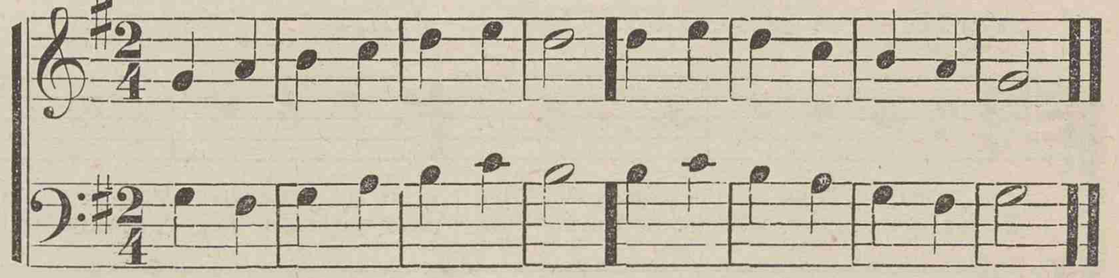

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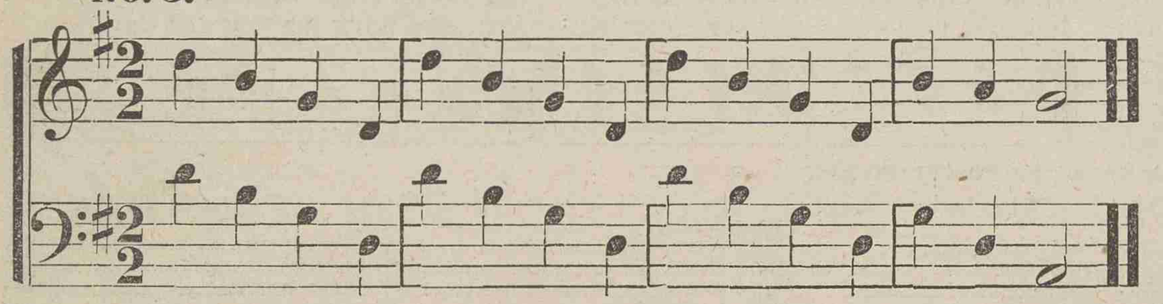

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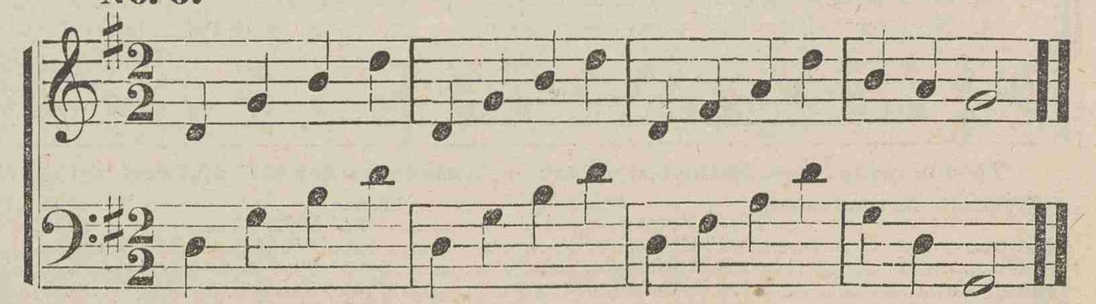
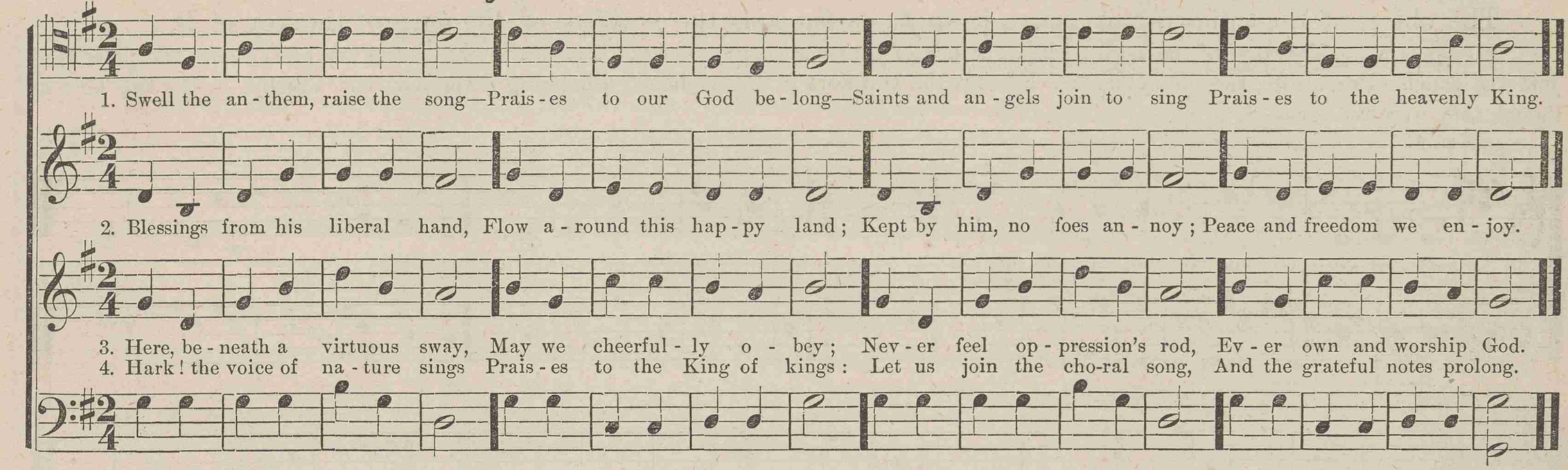
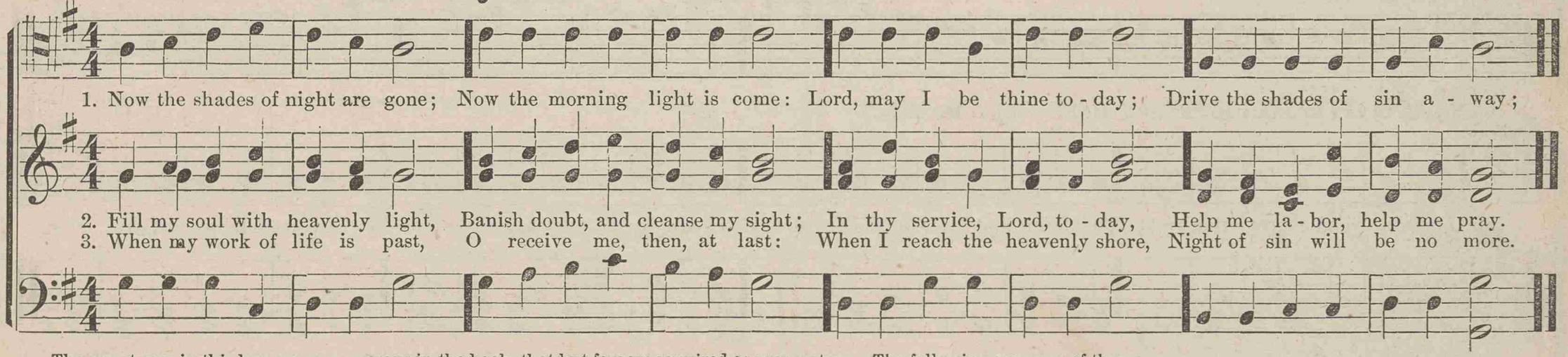


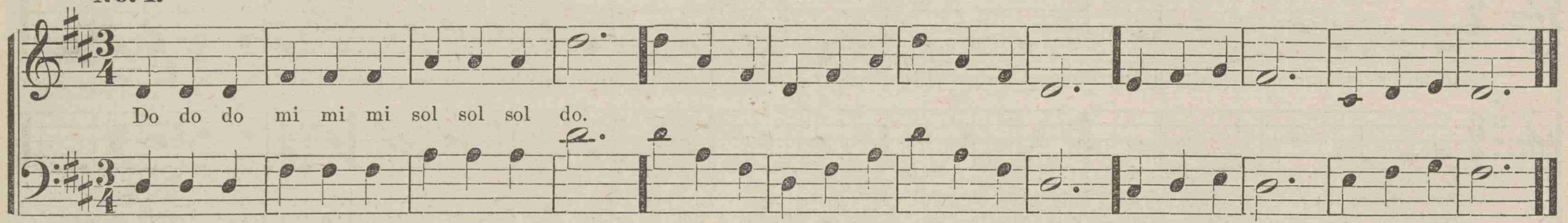
No. 7. SHORT.—J. H. F. (♩ = 88 = 18.) (H. 449.)

No. 8. GLENN.—J. H. F. (♩ = 92 = 16½.) (H. 459.)

The easy tunes in this key are so numerous in the book, that but few are required as preparatory. The following are some of them:

Without Accidentals.	Page		Page		Page		Page	Familiar Tunes.	Page		Page
Vogel	217	Wales	266	Peoria	100	Wonderful Words	225			Azmon	97
Devizes	70	Middletown	176	Eltham	155	With Accidentals.		Rockingham	26	Dennis	122
Precious Bible	31	More Like Jesus	272	Chopin	70	Leyden	8	Coronation	68	Bethany	211
Merdin	229	Harvey's Chant	10	Tappan	58	Medfield	14	Marlow	73	Pleyel's Hymn	146
		By and By	237	Even Thee	279	The Pearl	244	Arlington	72		

Key of D. The signature of the key of D is—two sharps.

The object of the following exercises is to *fix in the mind* the *positions* of the *tones* of the key of D.

Five flats is the signature of the key of D♭. The key of D♭ occupies the same position on the staff as the key of D, hence the notes read just the same. Practically, the only difference between the two keys is, D♭ is pitched a half-step lower than D. Practice in the two keys as though they were the same.

No. 1.

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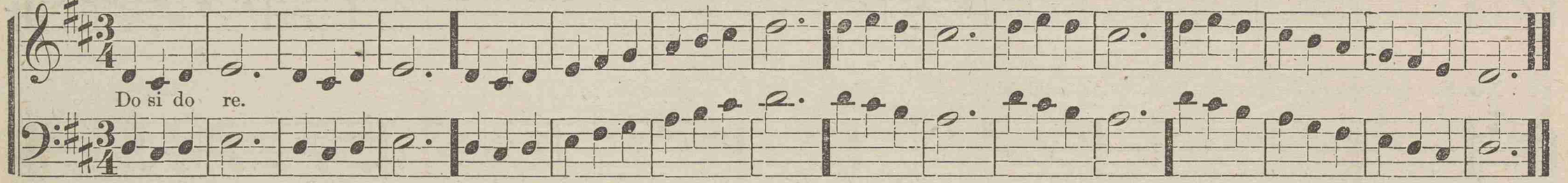
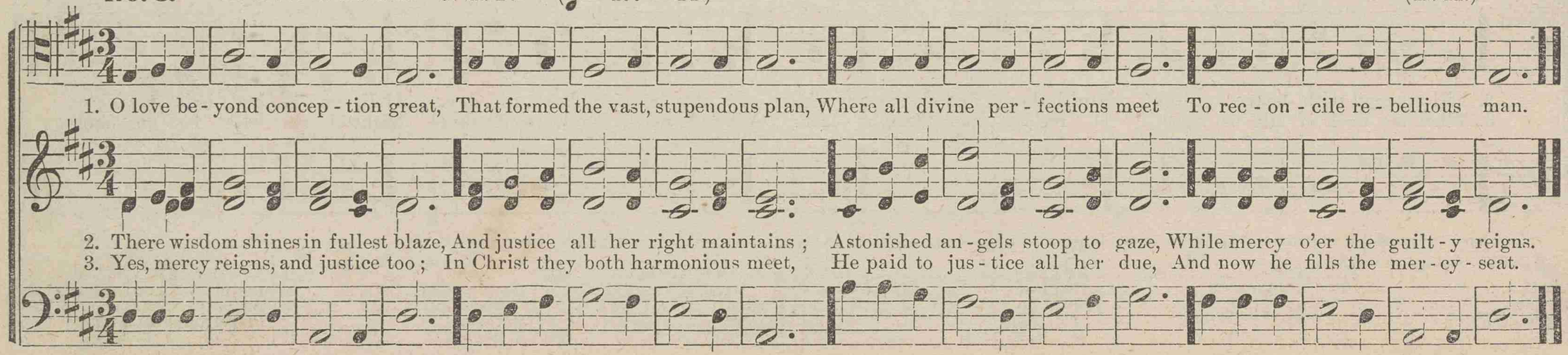
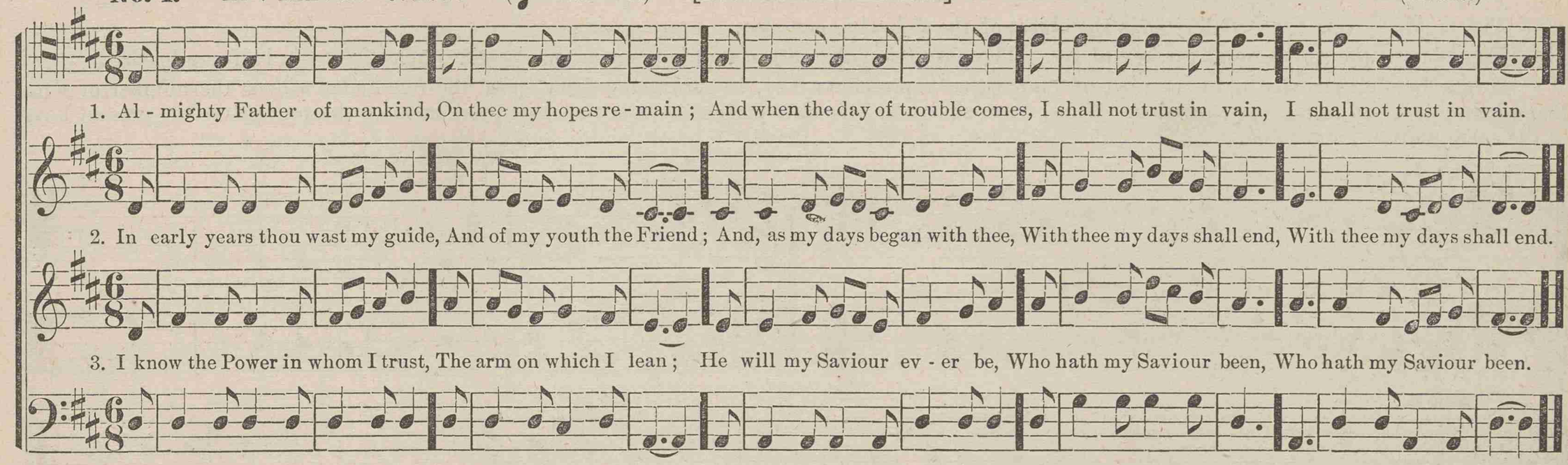
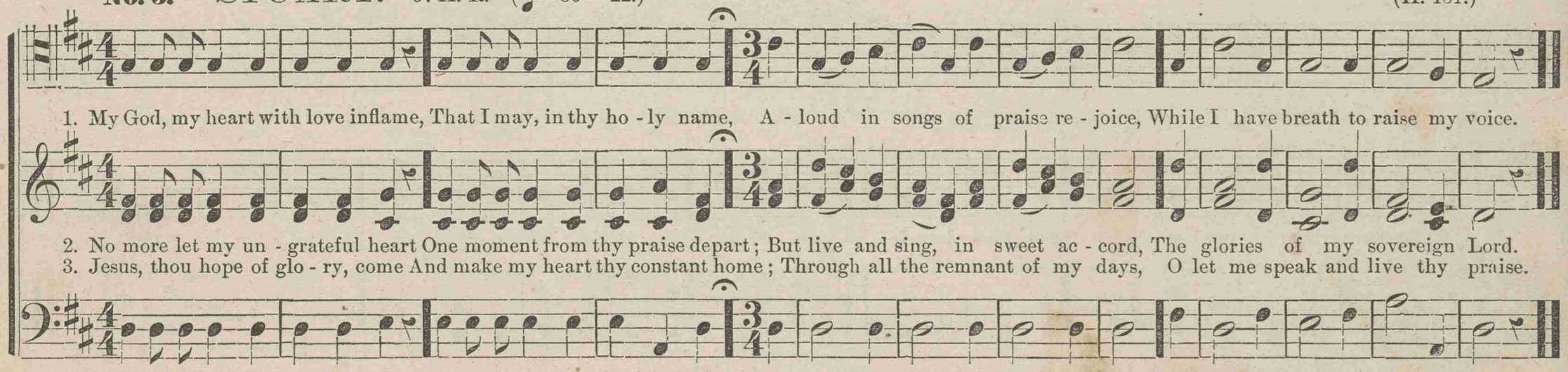

No. 3. BURGESS.—J. H. F. (♩ = 100 = 14.) (H. 11.)



No. 4. EVANS.—J. H. F. (♪=132=8.) [Two beats to the measure.] (H. 300.)



No. 5. STUART.— J. H. R.—(♩=80=22.) (H. 151.)



The following are some of the easy tunes in the key of D in the body of the book:

Without Accidentals.	Page
Malvern	57
Brattle St.	111
Christmas	81
Amboy	154

With Accidentals.	Page
Blessing	55
Edmeston	103
Dover	20
Truro	7
Brewer	41
Bradford	74
Warwick	75
Darwall	139
Haddam	140

Key of D♭	Page
Molucca	262
Corinth	108
Ellinwood	133
Thou art Gone	192

Familiar Tunes.	Page
Antioch	32
Zion	181
Sweet Hour	199
Siloam	85
Come ye disconsolate	280
Rest	64
Cowper	208
Fading, still Fading	196

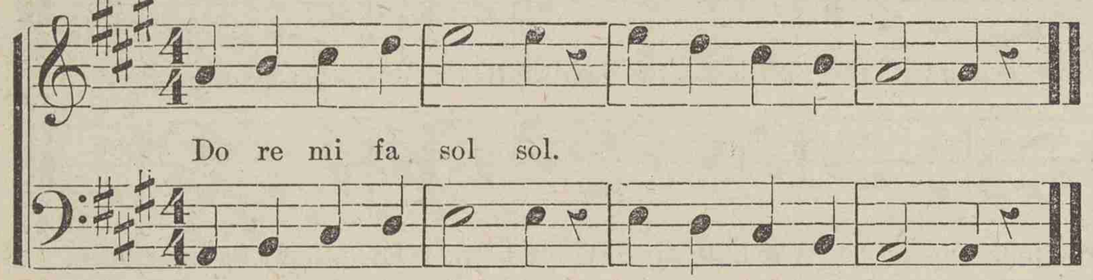
Key of A. The signature of the key of A is—three sharps.

The pupil, by this time, understands the object of the following exercises.

Four flats is the signature of the key of A♭. The position of A♭ on the staff is the same as A—the pitch of A♭ is a half-step lower.

It may be observed that if the number of sharps that represents a key, be subtracted from *seven*, the remainder will be the number of *flats* that represents a key in the same position. Thus, *three* sharps or *four* flats present keys in the same position—*two* sharps, or *five* flats present keys in the same position, and so on.

No. 1.



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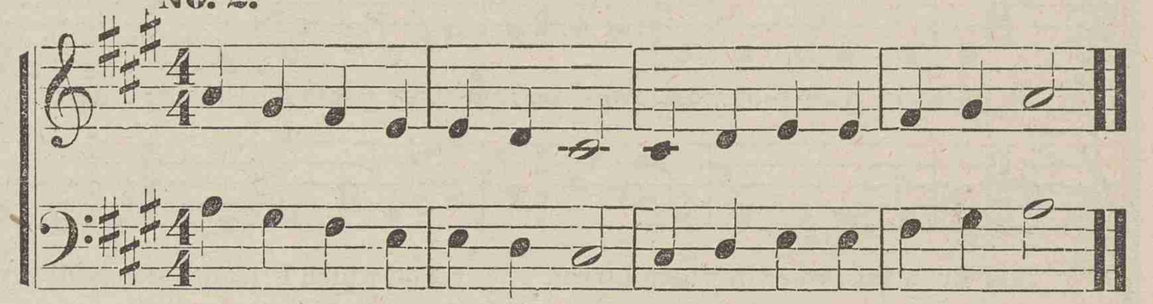
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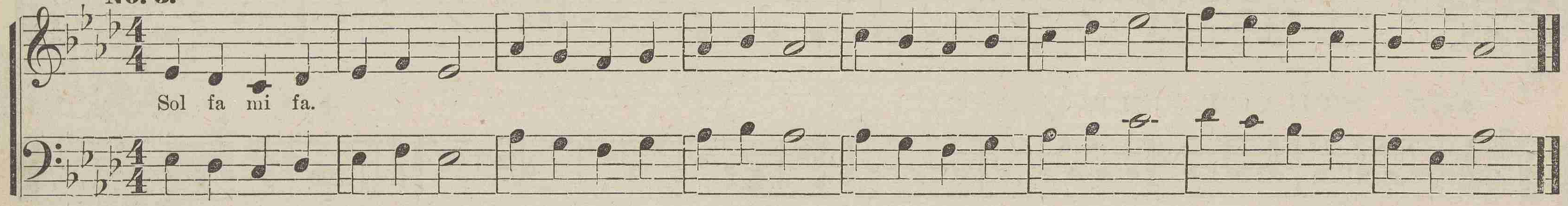
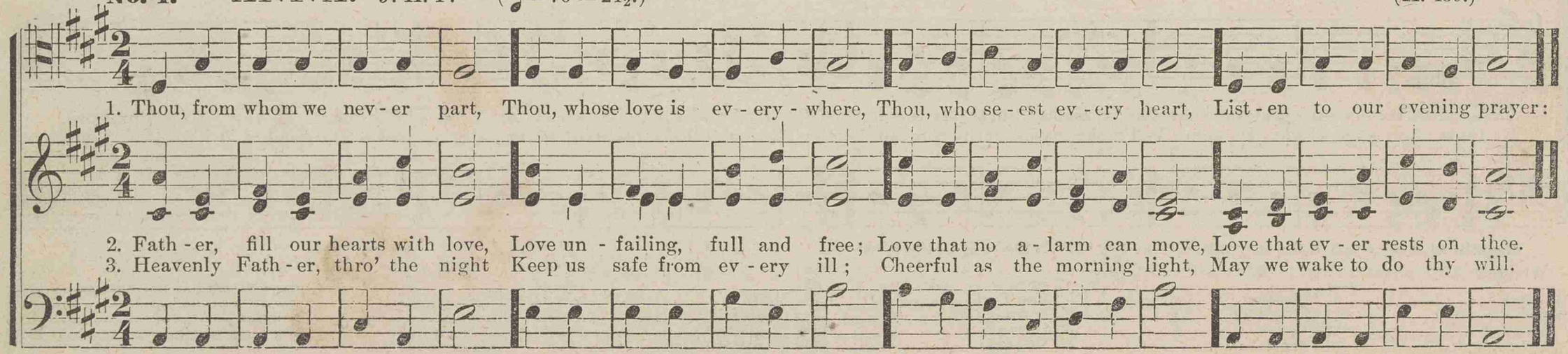
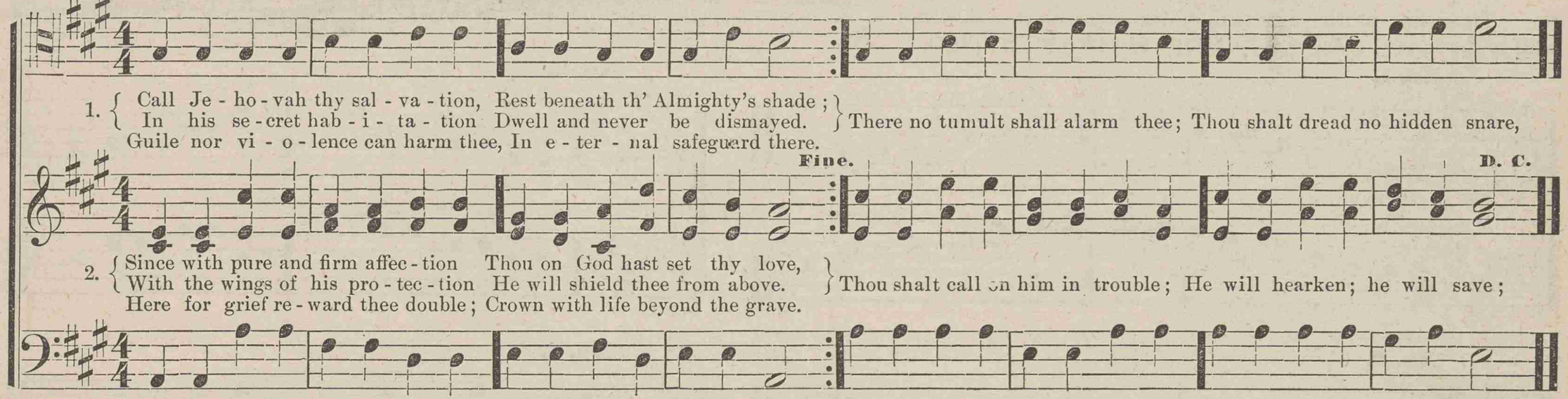
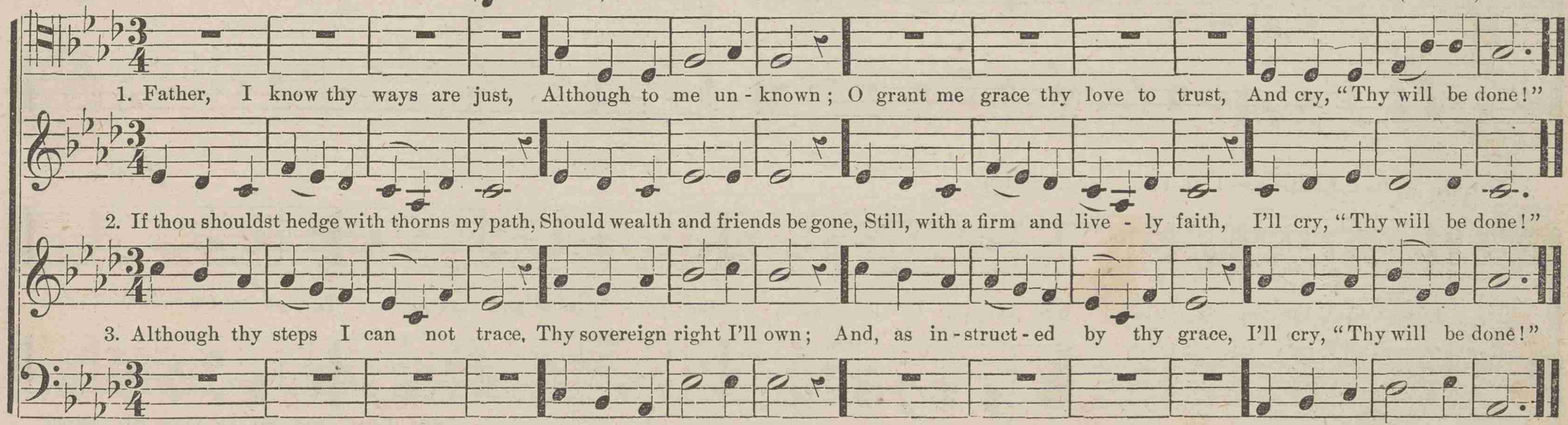


No. 4. ANNA.—J. H. F. ($\frac{1}{2}$ = 76 = 24½.) (H. 439.)

No. 5. ABINGTON.—A. D. FILLMORE. (♩ = 96 = 15½.) [**D. C.** means repeat from the beginning. **Fine** means the end.] (H. 509.)

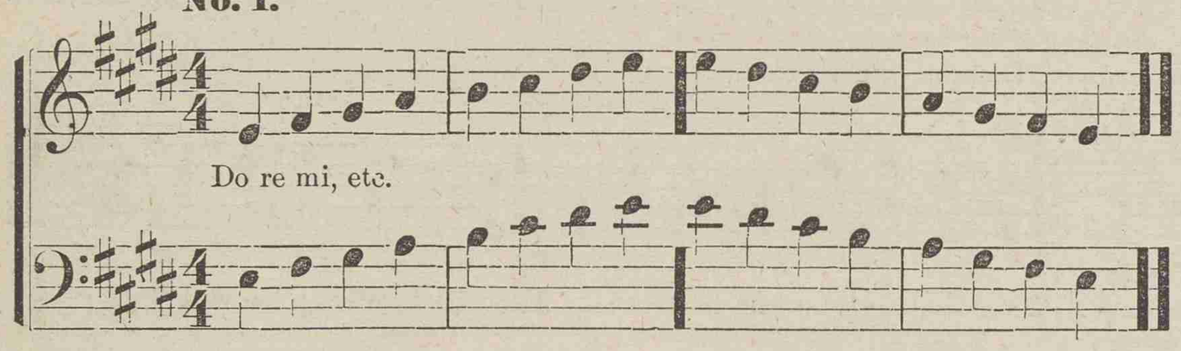


No. 6. PERRY.—J. H. F. (♩ = 84 = 20.) (H. 317.)

The following are some of the easy tunes, in the body of the book, in the keys of A and A♭. The key of A is named first.

Without Accidentals.	Page		Page		Page		Page	Familiar Tunes.	Page
Warning	282	Buckle on the Armor	249	Evan	95	Stow	141	Manoah	91	Balerma	86
Dix	153	Gorton	129	Arcadia	92	Horton	222	Selena	29	Foundation	277
Lisbon	118	The Rock that is H..	269	With Accidentals.		Hummel	19	I need thee	212	Ortonville	104
Whiter than Snow	275	Across the River	258	Metropolis	112	Hosanna	37	Excelsior	215	Mt. Pisgah	206
		Precious Name	253	Dalston	116	Whitney	84	St. Louis	65		

Key of E. The signature of the key of E is—four sharps.

Three flats is the signature of the key of E♭. The key of E♭ is more commonly used than the key of E. The position of the keys on the staff is the same—there is a half-step difference in the pitch.

No. 1.

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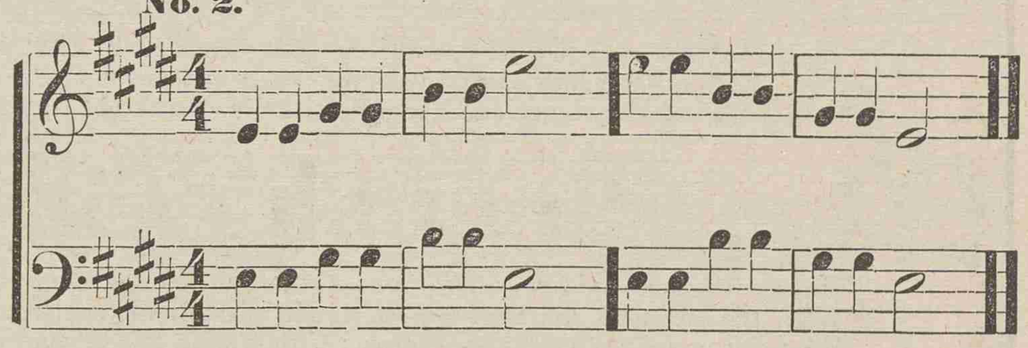
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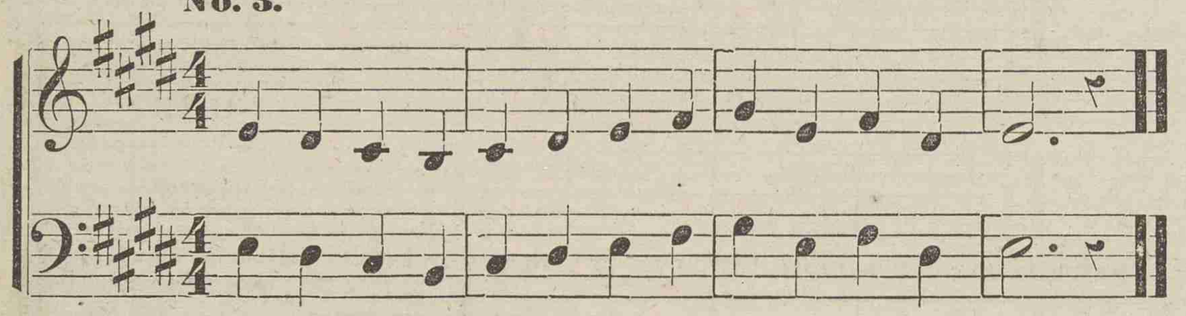
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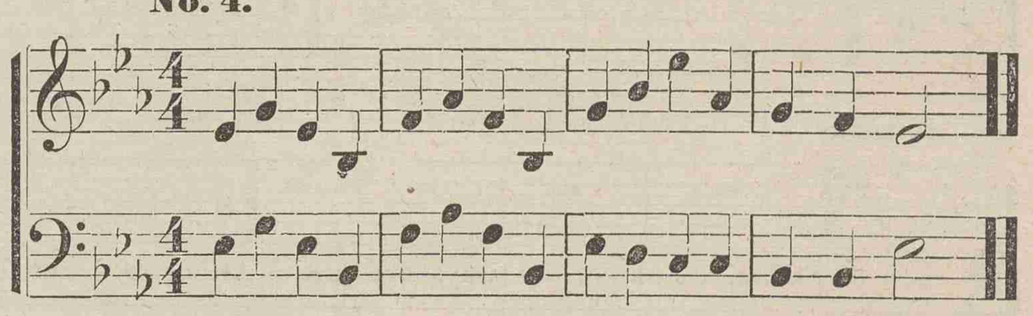
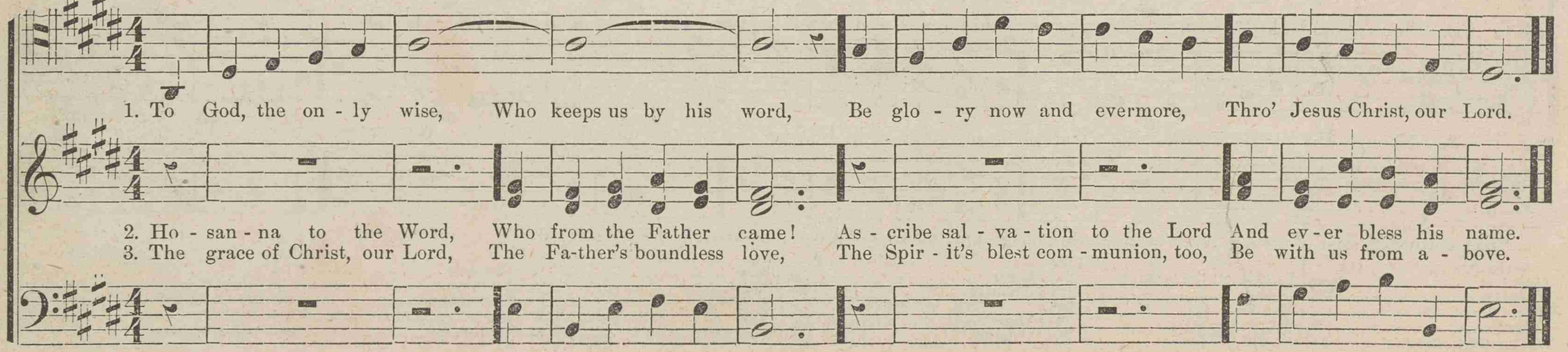
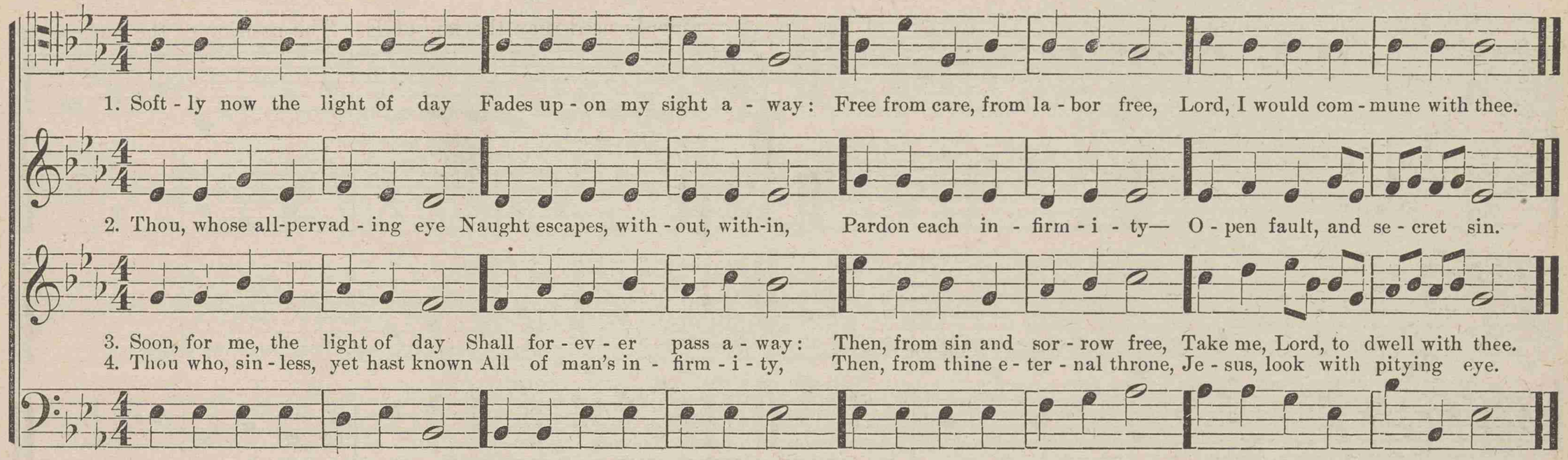
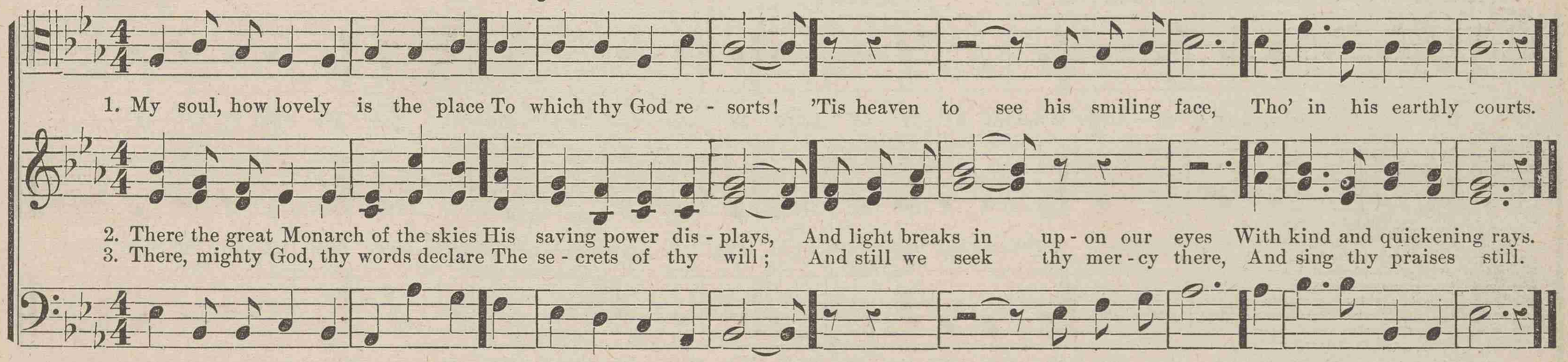
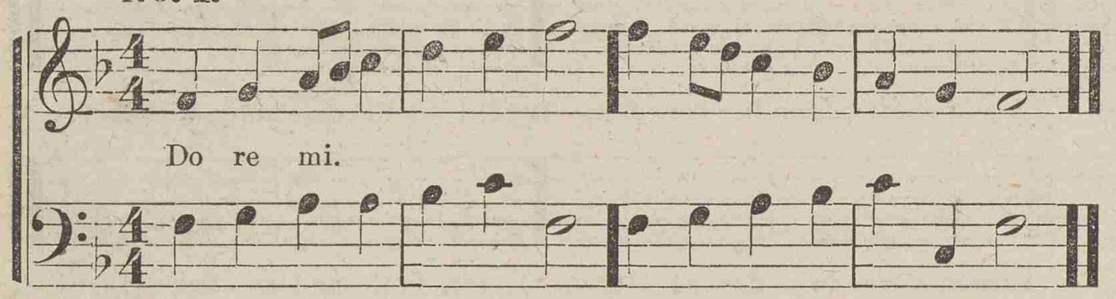

No. 5. ETHEL.—J. H. F. (♩=92=16½.) (H. 367.)

No. 6. MINNIE.—J. P. P. (♩ = 66 = 32.) (H. 453.)

No. 7. McLEAN.—J. H. R. (♩ = 72 = 27.) (H. 232.)

Some of the easy tunes in the keys E and E♭, in the body of the book, are as follows:

Without Accidentals.	Page		Page		Page		Page		Page
Benevento	156	Gratitude	48	Draw me close to thee	256	Luton	8	Sorrows.	186	Home	281
Is it far	288	Olney	135	Tarry with me	289	Downs	106	Familiar Tunes.		Naomi	107
The Rock and the Sand	270	Are you Ready	251	With Accidentals.		Coronal	182	Nettleton	261	Missionary H	160
Wolford	177	Athens	33	Sicily	165	Flower	149	Olivet	213	Meribah	113
		The Great Physician	262	Appleton	39	Robinson	260	Woodworth	201	Duke St	3

Key of F. The signature of the key of F is—one flat.

No. 1.

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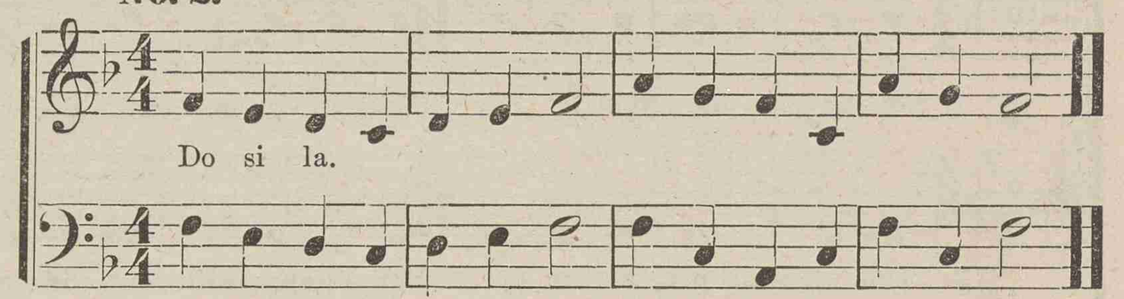
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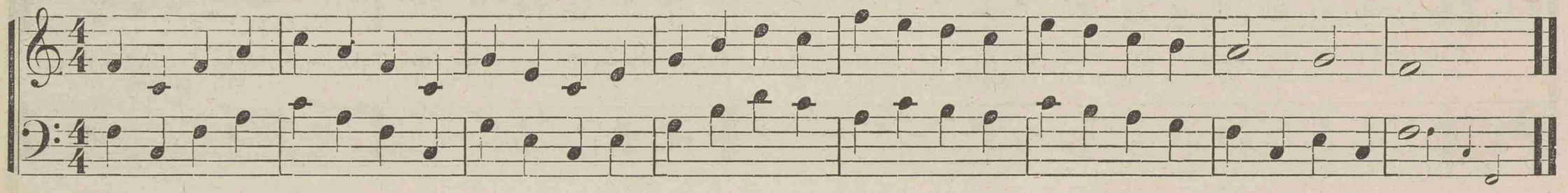
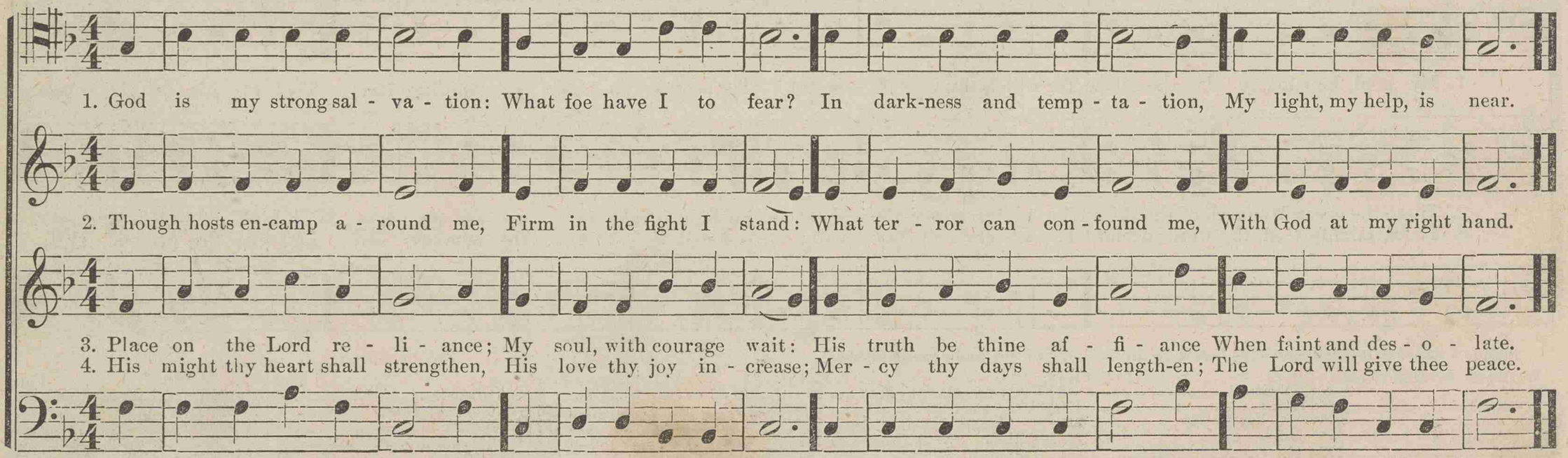
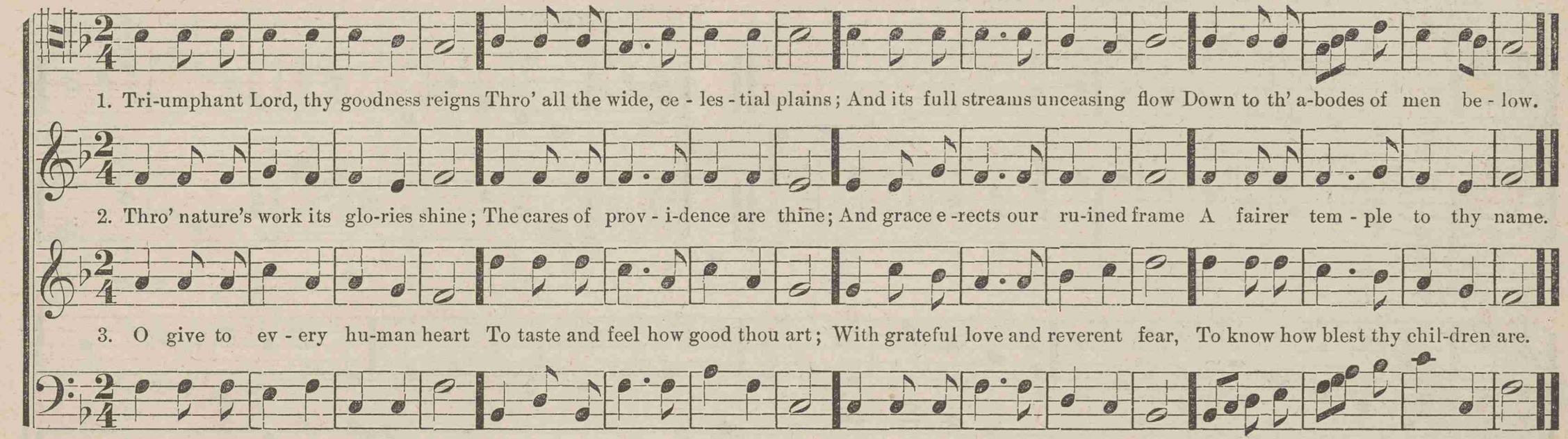
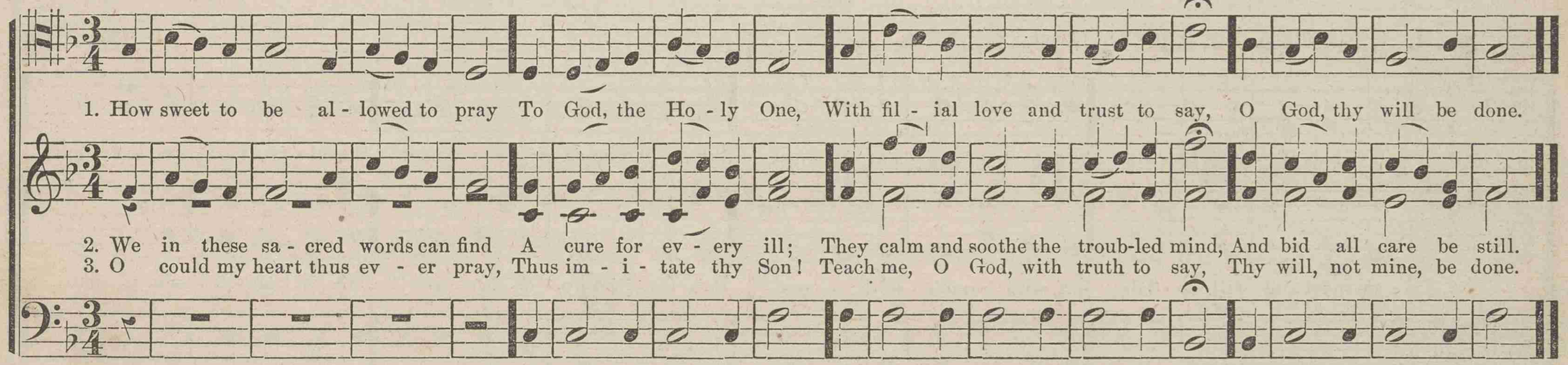

No. 4. HUDDLESTON.—J. H. F. ($\frac{1}{2}$ = 92 = 16½.) (H. 475.)



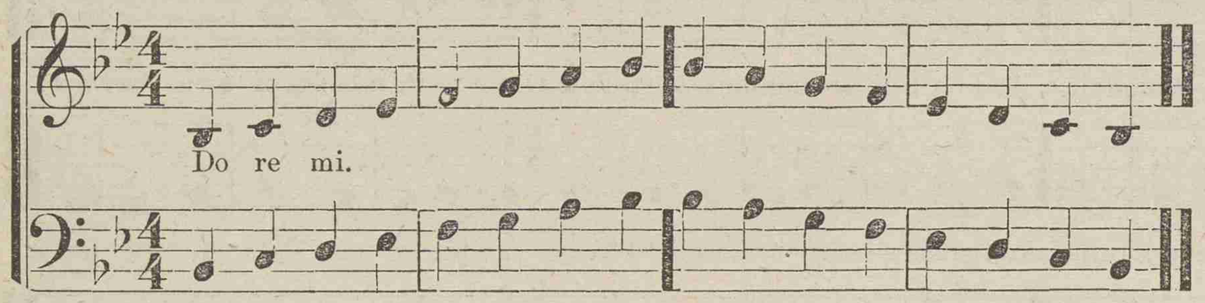
No. 5. EPPLY.—J. H. F. (♩ = 80 = 22.) (H. 23.)

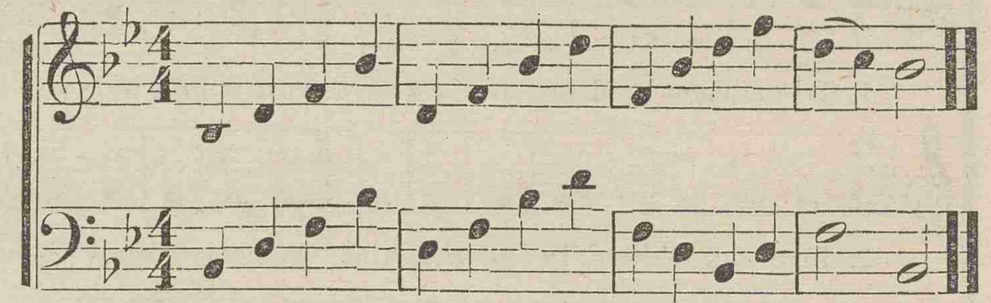


No. 6. LIDA.—J. P. P. (♩ = 80 = 22.) (H. 319.)

The following are some of the easy tunes, in the key of F, in the body of the book:

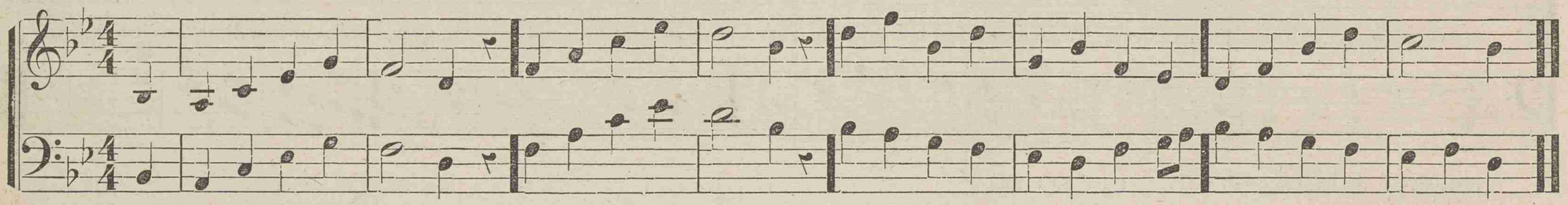
Without Accidentals.	Page		Page	With Accidentals.	Page		Page		Page		Page
Henley	280	Luther	24	Edgeworth	96	To the Work	287	Linwood	42	Martyn	228
Dorrnance	167	Marton	183	Clarendon	88	Is it for me	234	New Court	30	America	143
Remember Me	204	Byefield	100	Solney	163	Vigil	132	Familiar Tunes.		Work for the Night	244
I could not do	235	Mt. Blanc	189	Austria	172	Federal St	62	Greenville	173	What a Friend	243
		Love, Joy, Peace	267			Hursley	59	Mear	80		

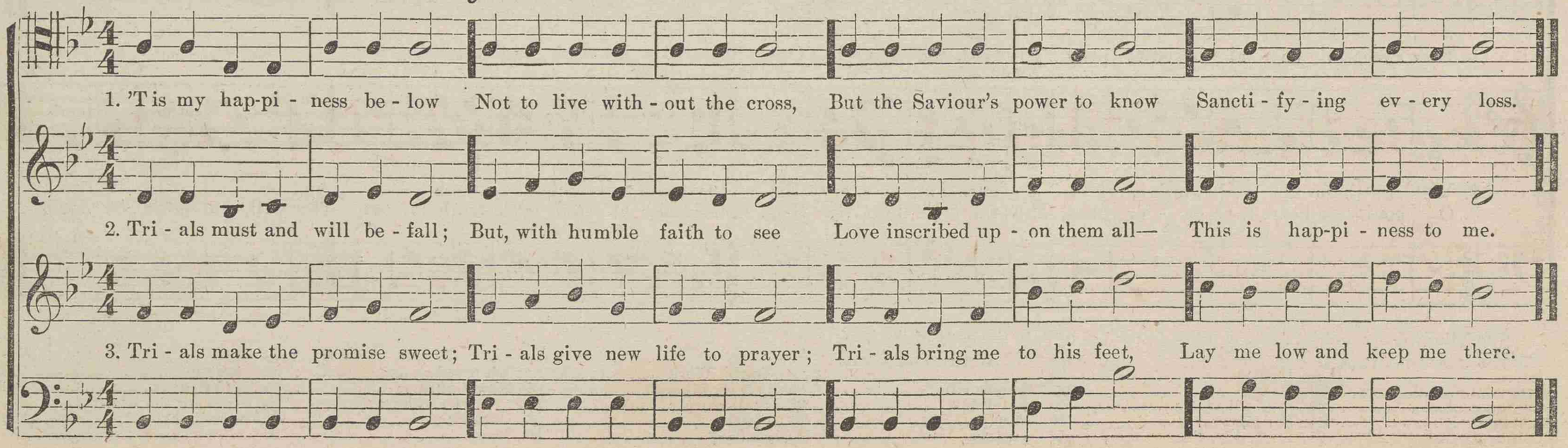
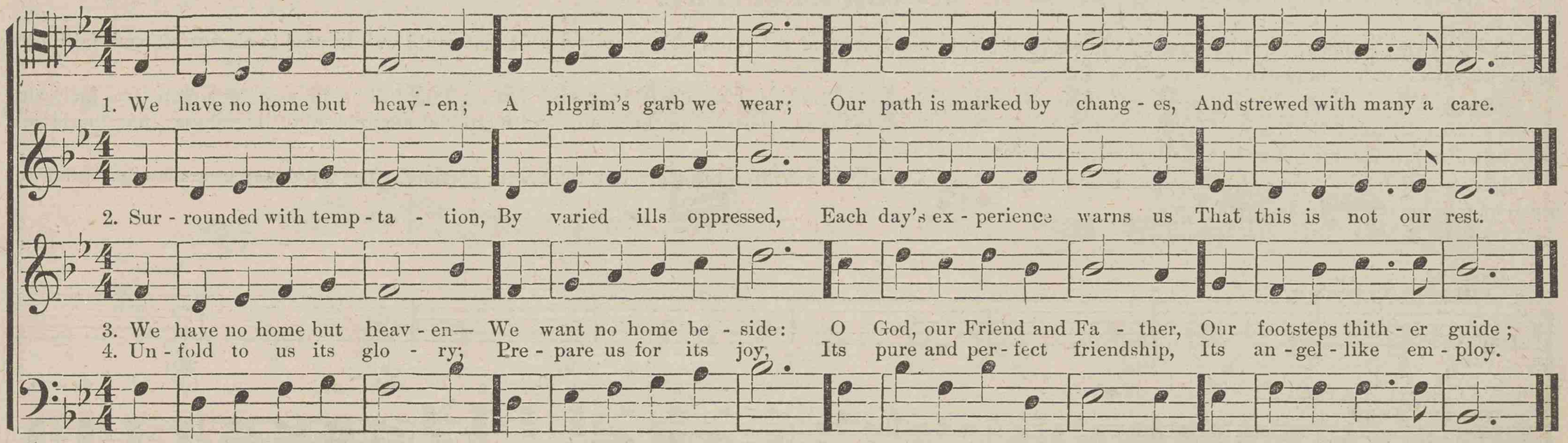
Key of B flat. The signature of the key of B flat is—two flats.

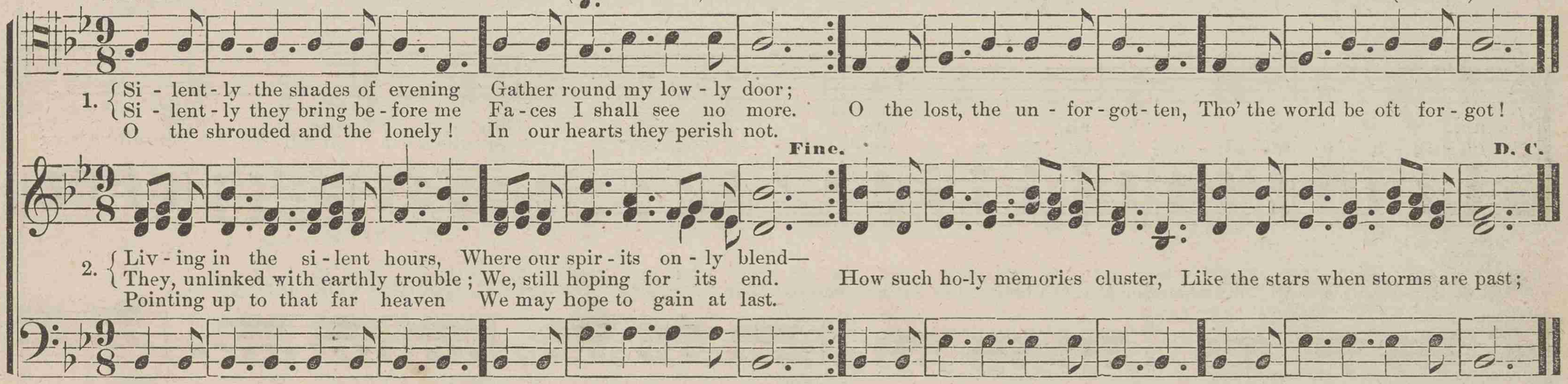
No. 1.

No. 2.



No. 3.



No. 4. NORA.—J. P. P. ($\frac{3}{4}$ = 92 = 16½.) (H. 456.)

No. 5. WINFREY.—FRED. A. F. (♩=108=12.) (H. 477.)

No. 6. MACKLIN.—J. H. F. (♩.=54=48.) (H. 492.)



The following are some of the easier tunes in the key of B flat, in the body of the book:

WITHOUT ACCIDENTALS.	PAGE
Wilmot	31
Happy Zion	265
Mendon	38
State St	128
Cambridge	114
How can I	215
Calm	114
WITH ACCIDENTALS.	
Broomsgrove	12
All Saints	46
Ernan	49
Henry	76
Northfield	115
Wesley	190
Welton	56
Stockwell	166
Rosefield	227
How Strong is thy	286
Gilead	40
FAMILIAR TUNES.	
Hebron	52
Rock of Ages	226
Brown	101
Sessions	44
Ward	60
Webb	230
Iowa	187

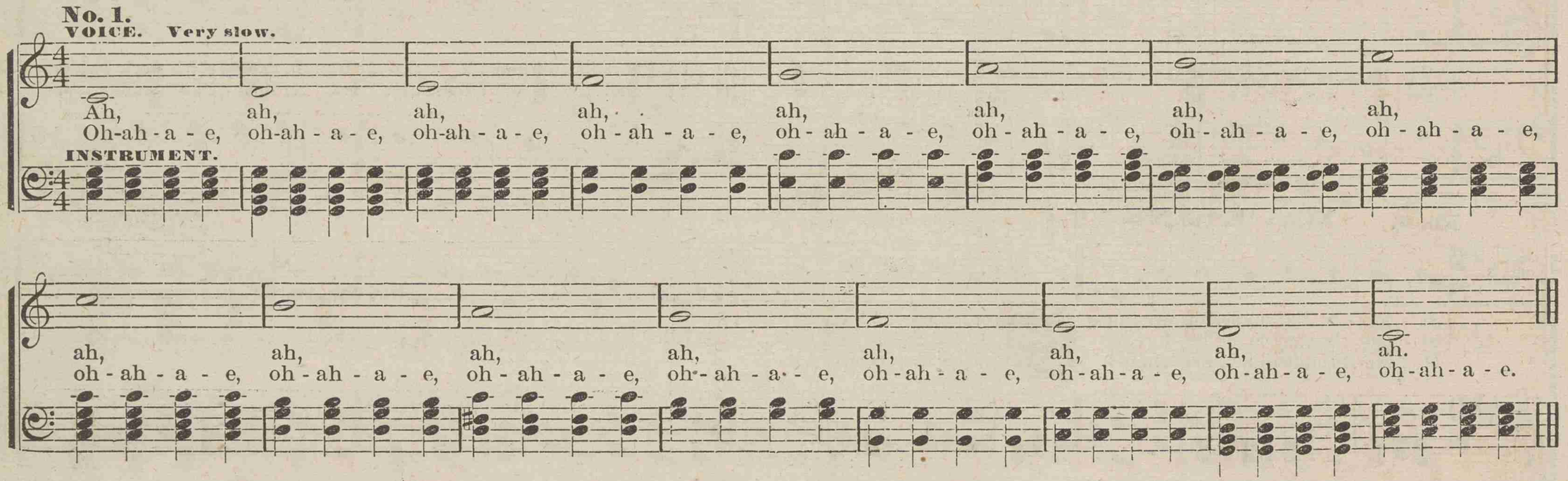
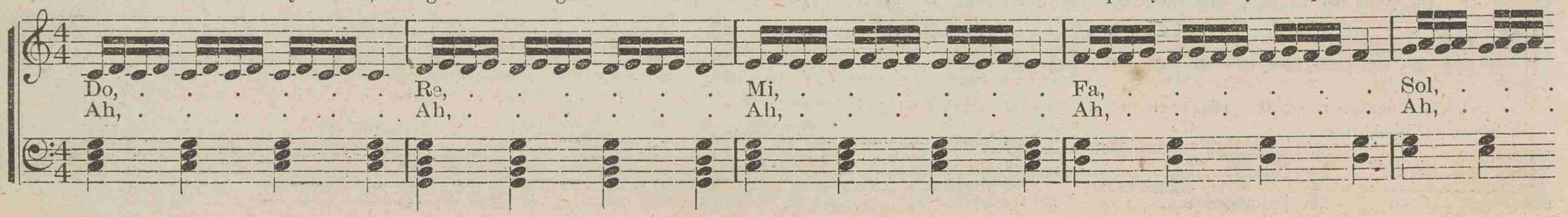
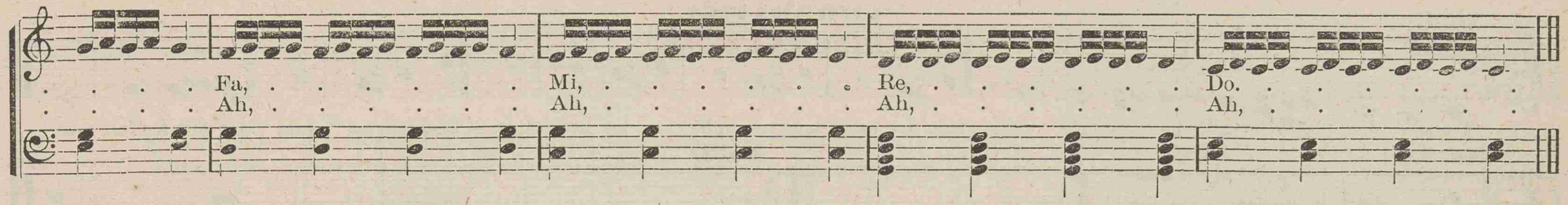
VOICE CULTURE.

The following exercises form the bases of what is used for the cultivation of the voice. They comprise all that could well be used in class work, and, faithfully practiced, will lay the foundation for correct singing.

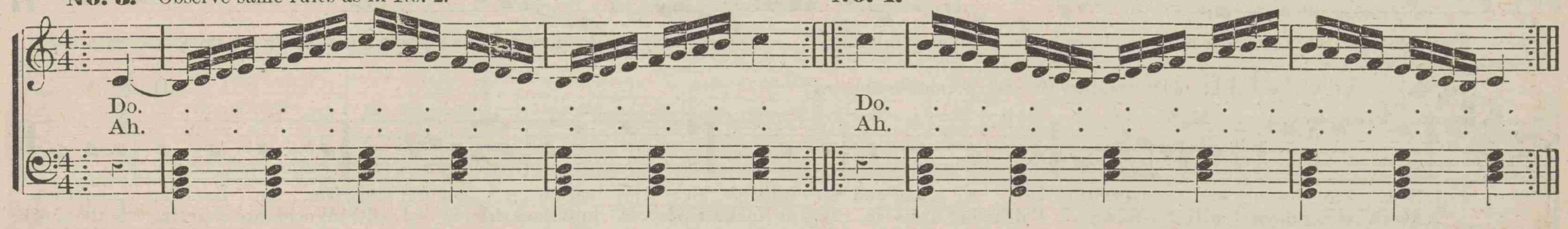
Practice No. 1, in the following manner: Erect position of the body and head; shoulders back and down. Take full breath and sing organ tones first, with rather stronger than medium power, the attention being given to directing the tone forward in the mouth—with especial attention to the breathing: that the breath is expelled from below the lungs by the diaphragm and abdominal muscles.

After practicing in the above manner, each tone may be made a swell, the attention being given to the breath pressure. The tones may be made eight beats instead of four, as represented.

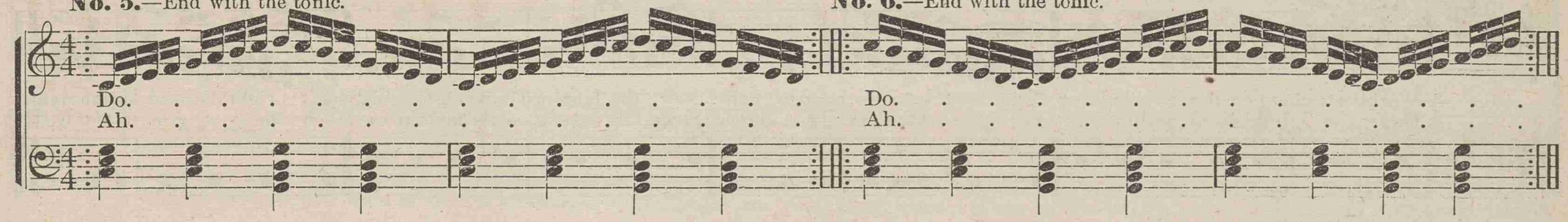
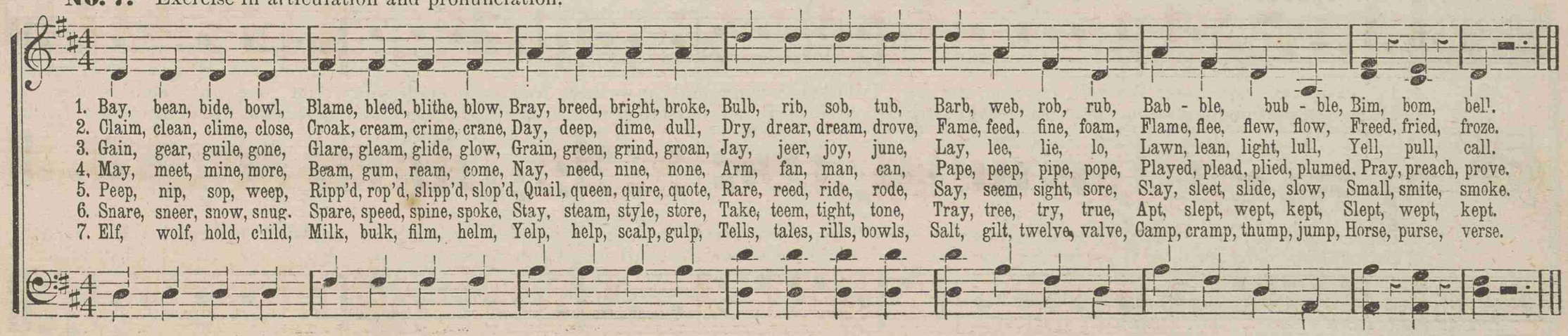
All the vowel sounds may be applied.

No. 1.

No. 2.—Practice slowly at first, seeing that the tongue lies flat and motionless in the mouth. Increase the rapidity as ability is acquired.

No. 3.—Observe same rules as in No. 2.

No. 4.

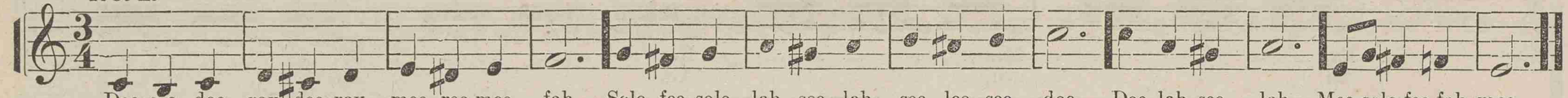


No. 5.—End with the tonic.

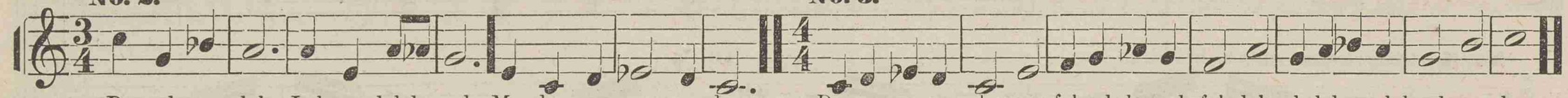
No. 6.—End with the tonic.

No. 7.—Exercise in articulation and pronunciation.

1. Bay, bean, bide, bowl, Blame, bleed, blithe, blow, Bray, breed, bright, broke, Bulb, rib, sob, tub, Barb, web, rob, rub, Bab - ble, bub - ble, Bim, bom, bell.
2. Claim, clean, clime, close, Croak, cream, crime, crane, Day, deep, dime, dull, Dry, drear, dream, drove, Fame, feed, fine, foam, Flame, flee, flew, flow, Freed, fried, froze.
3. Gain, gear, guile, gone, Glare, gleam, glide, glow, Grain, green, grind, groan, Jay, jeer, joy, june, Lay, lee, lie, lo, Lawn, lean, light, lull, Yell, pull, call.
4. May, meet, mine, more, Beam, gum, ream, come, Nay, need, nine, none, Arm, fan, man, can, Pape, peep, pipe, pope, Played, plead, plied, plumed, Pray, preach, prove.
5. Peep, nip, sop, weep, Ripp'd, rop'd, slipp'd, slop'd, Quail, queen, quire, quote, Rare, reed, ride, rode, Say, seem, sight, sore, Slay, sleet, slide, slow, Small, smite, smoke.
6. Snare, sneer, snow, snug. Spare, speed, spine, spoke, Stay, steam, style, store, Take, teem, tight, tone, Tray, tree, try, true, Apt, slept, wept, kept, Slept, wept, kept.
7. Elf, wolf, hold, child, Milk, bulk, film, helm, Yelp, help, scalp, gulp, Tells, tales, rills, bowls, Salt, gilt, twelve, valve, Camp, cramp, thump, jump, Horse, purse, verse.

CHROMATICS.

No. 1.

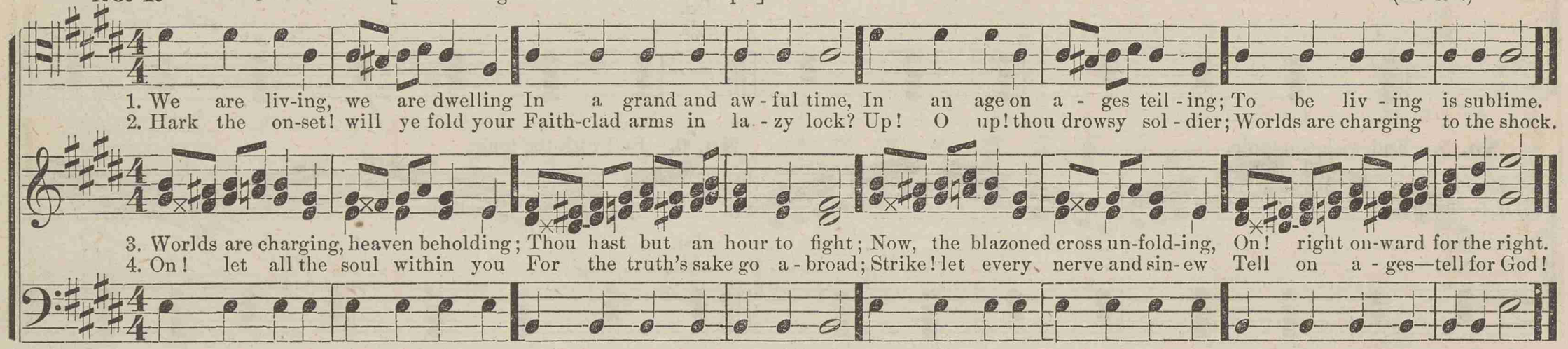


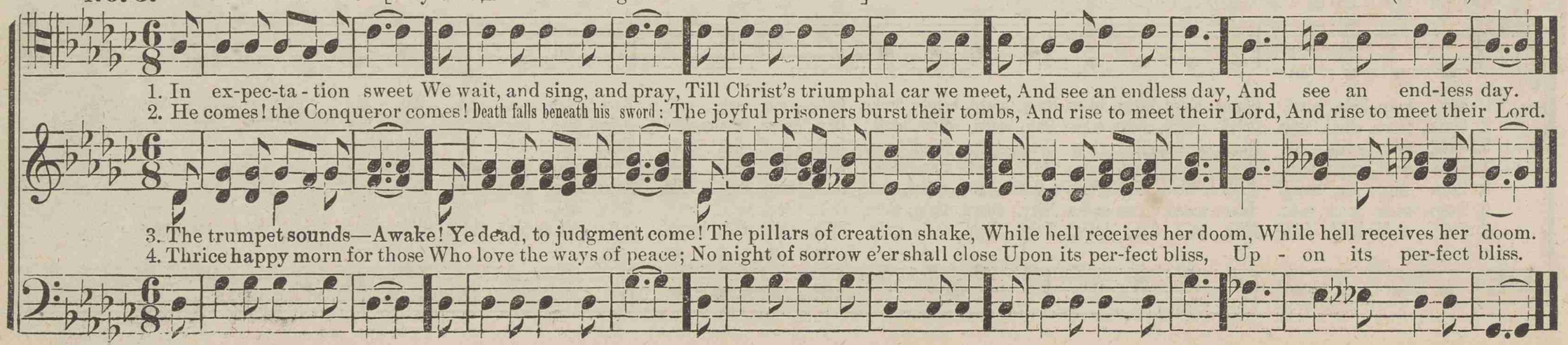
No. 2.



No. 3.

No. 4. WORTH.—[Illustrating the use of Double Sharps.] (H. 484.)



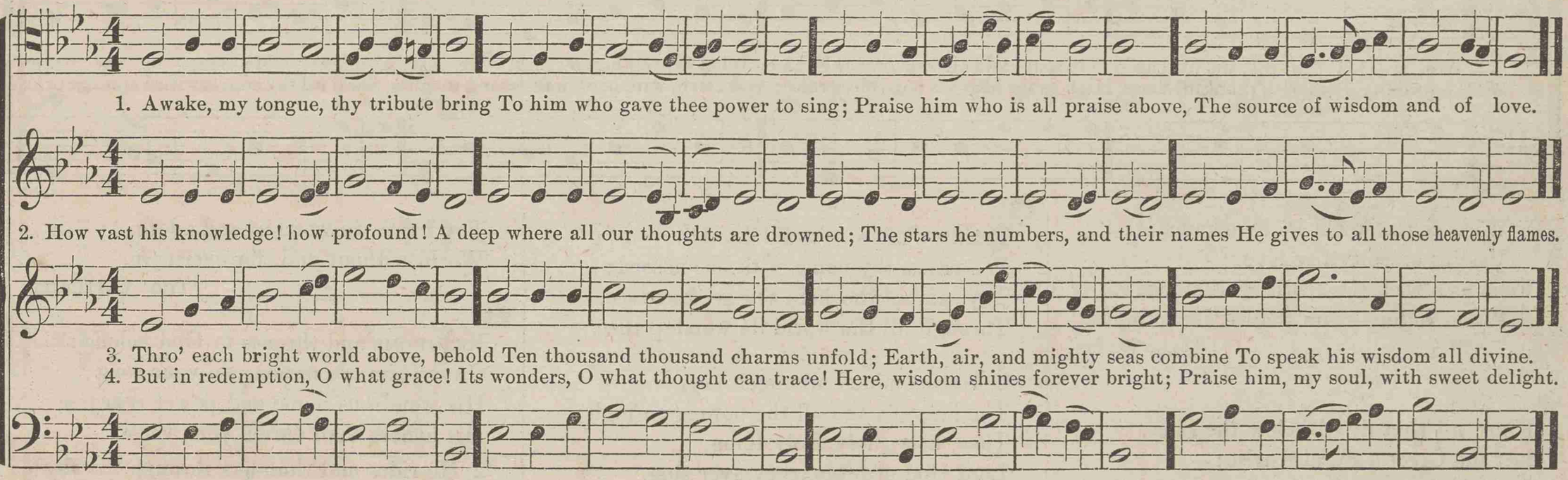
No. 5. STELLA.—[Key of G♭. Illustrating the use of Double Flats.] (H. 386.)

TEACHERS' EDITION

OF THE

NEW CHRISTIAN HYMN AND TUNE-BOOK.

PART I.

1 DUKE STREET. L. M.—JOHN HATTON. (Metronome ♩=92=16½ inches.) JOHN NEEDHAM.



2

JEHOVAH reigns; his throne is high;
His robes are light and majesty;
His glory shines with beams so bright
No mortal can sustain the sight.

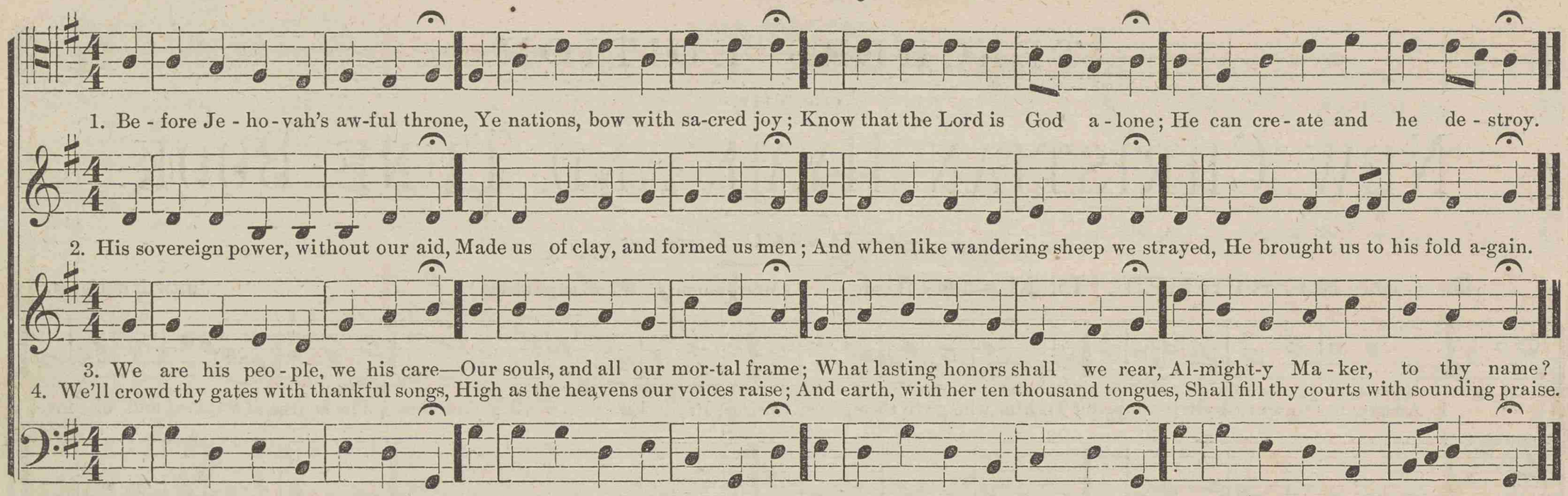
2 His terrors keep the world in awe:
His justice guards his holy law;
His love reveals a smiling face;
His truth and promise seal the grace.

3 Through all his works his wisdom shines,
And baffles Satan's deep designs;
His power is sovereign to fulfill
The noblest counsels of his will.

4 And will this glorious Lord descend
To be my Father and my Friend?
Then let my songs with angels join;
Heaven is secure, if God be mine.

ISAAC WATTS.

3 OLD HUNDRED. L. M.—Guillaume Franc. (♩ = 54 = 48.)



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

Isaac Watts.

4

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

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

Isaac Watts.

5

Thee we adore, eternal Lord;
We praise thy name with one accord;
Thy saints, who here thy goodness see,
Through all the world do worship thee.

2 To thee aloud all angels cry,
The heavens and all the powers on high;
Thee, holy, holy, holy King,
Lord God of hosts, they ever sing.

3 Th' apostles join the glorious throng;
The prophets swell th' immortal song;
The martyrs' noble army raise
Eternal anthems to thy praise.

4 From day to day, O Lord, do we
Highly exalt and honor thee;
Thy name we worship and adore,
World without end, for evermore.

Thos. Cotterill.

6

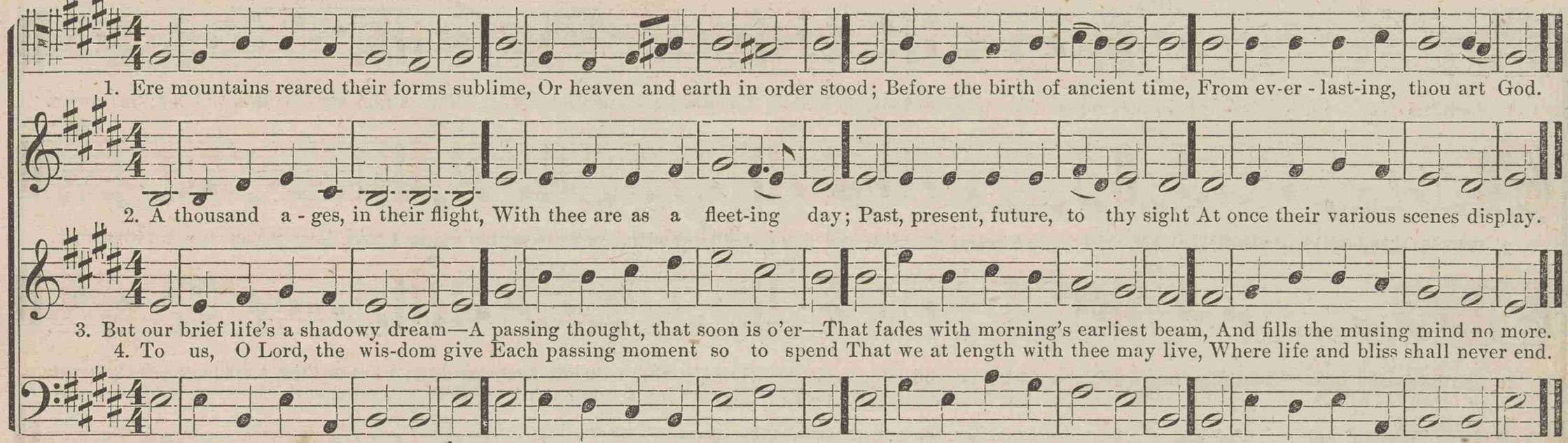
Kingdoms and thrones to God belong:
Crown him, ye nations, in your song;
His wondrous name and power rehearse:
His honors shall enrich your verse.

2 He rides and thunders through the sky;
His name, Jehovah, sounds on high;
Praise him aloud, ye sons of grace;
Ye saints, rejoice before his face.

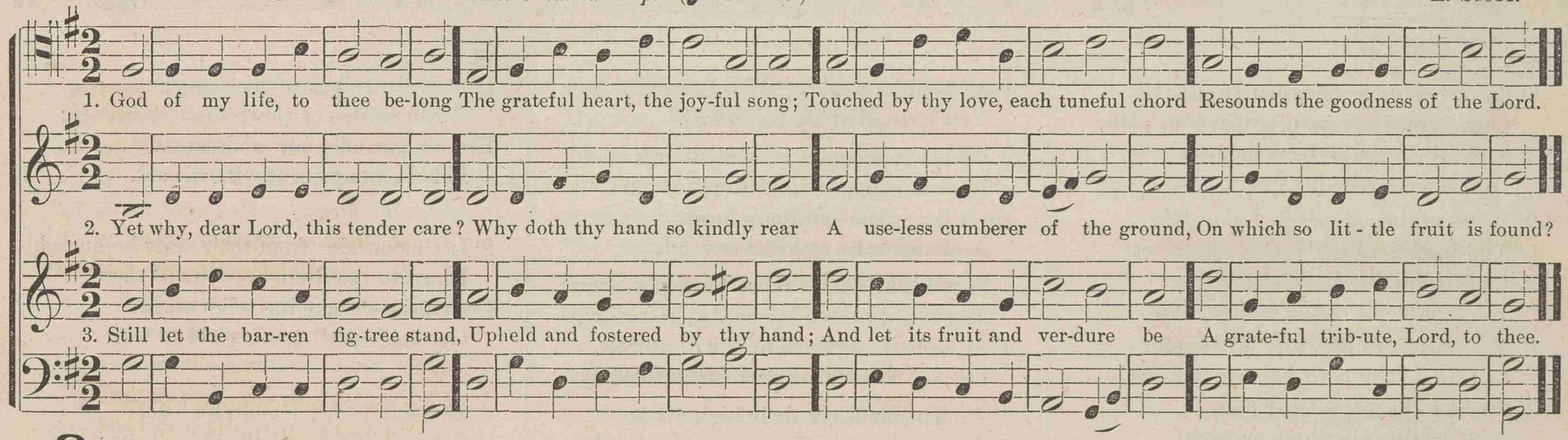
3 God is our shield, our joy, our rest;
God is our King: proclaim him blest.
When terrors rise, when nations faint,
He is the strength of every saint.

Isaac Watts.

7 UXBRIDGE. L. M.—Lowell Mason. (♩=80=22.)

Harriet Auber.

8 UPTON. L. M.—*Masons' Sacred Harp.* (♩=84=20.)

E. Scott.



9

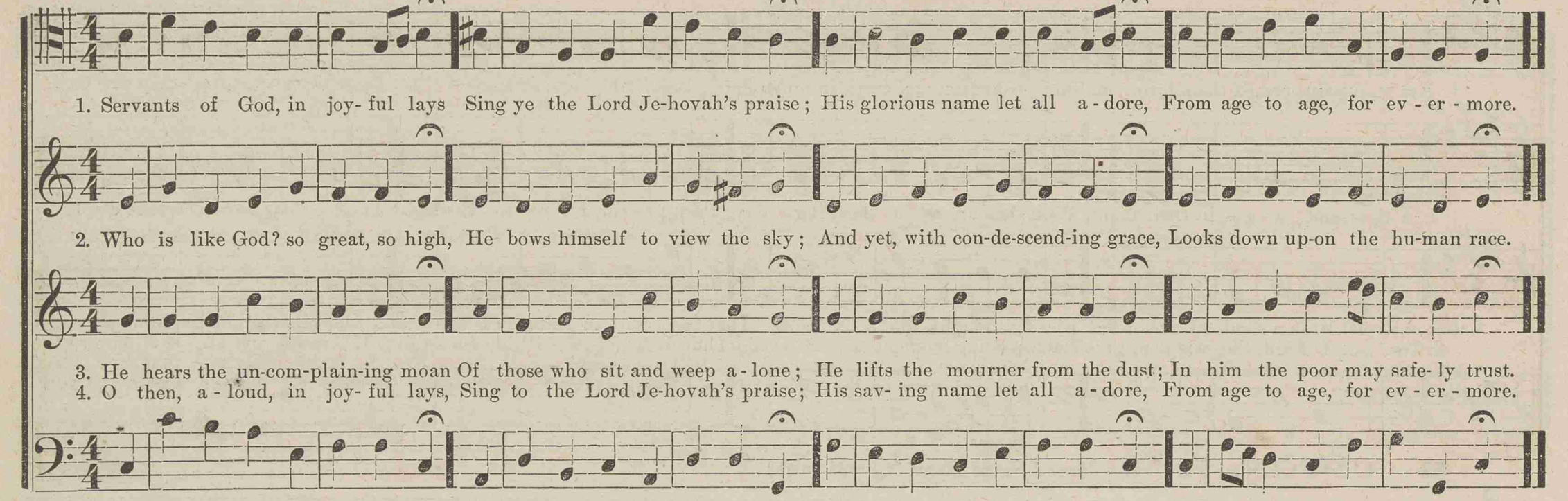
With deepest reverence at thy throne,
Jehovah, peerless and unknown,
Our feeble spirits strive, in vain,
A glimpse of thee, great God, to gain.

2 Who, by the closest search, can find
Th' eternal, uncreated Mind?
Nor men, nor angels can explore
Thy heights of love, thy depths of power.

3 That power we trace on every side;
O may thy wisdom be our guide!
And while we live, and when we die,
May thine almighty love be nigh.

E. Butcher.

10 MAINZER. L. M.—Joseph Mainzer. (♩ = 88 = 18.) James Montgomery.



11

O Love beyond conception great,
That formed the vast, stupendous plan,
Where all divine perfections meet
To reconcile rebellious man.

2 There wisdom shines in fullest blaze,
And justice all her right maintains;
Astonished angels stoop to gaze,
While mercy o'er the guilty reigns.

3 Yes, mercy reigns, and justice too;
In Christ they both harmonious meet,
He paid to justice all her due,
And now he fills the mercy-seat.

Unknown.

12

Ere the blue heavens were stretched abroad,
From everlasting was the Word;
With God he was, the Word was God,
And must divinely be adored.

2 By his own power were all things made;
By him supported, all things stand;
He is the whole creation's head,
And angels fly at his command.

3 But, lo! he leaves those heavenly forms;
The Word descends and dwells in clay,
That he may converse hold with worms,
Dressed in such feeble flesh as they.

4 Archangels leave their high abode
To learn new mysteries here, and tell
The love of our descending God,
The glories of Immanuel.

Isaac Watts.

13

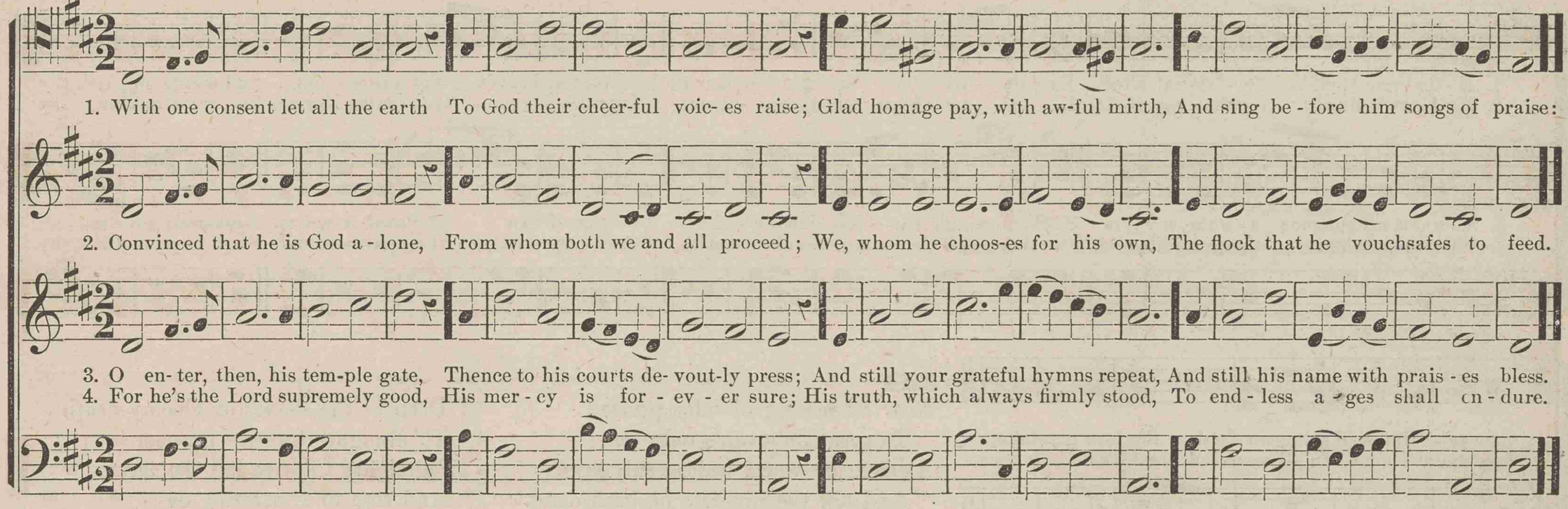
God is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.

2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there,
Convulsions shake the solid world,
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3 Zion enjoys her monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on his truth, and armed with power.

Isaac Watts.

14 TRURO. L. M.—Charles Burney. (♩ = 69 = 29½.) Tate and Brady.



15

Jehovah reigns; he dwells in light,
Arrayed with majesty and might;
The world, created by his hands,
Still on its firm foundation stands.

2 But ere this spacious world was made,
Or had its first foundation laid,
His throne eternal ages stood,
Himself the Ever-living God.

3 Forever shall his throne endure;
His promise stands forever sure;
And everlasting holiness
Becomes the dwellings of his grace.

Isaac Watts.

16

The Lord will come, the earth shall quake,
The hills their fixéd seat forsake;
And withering, from the vault of night,
The stars withdraw their feeble light.

2 The Lord will come, but not the same
As once in lowly form he came;
A silent Lamb to slaughter led,
The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.

3 The Lord will come—a dreadful form,
With wreath of flame, and robe of storm.
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
Anointed Judge of human kind.

4 While sinners in despair shall call,
"Rocks, hide us! mountains, on us fall!"
The saints, ascending from the tomb,
Shall joyful sing, "The Lord is come!"

Reginald Heber.

17

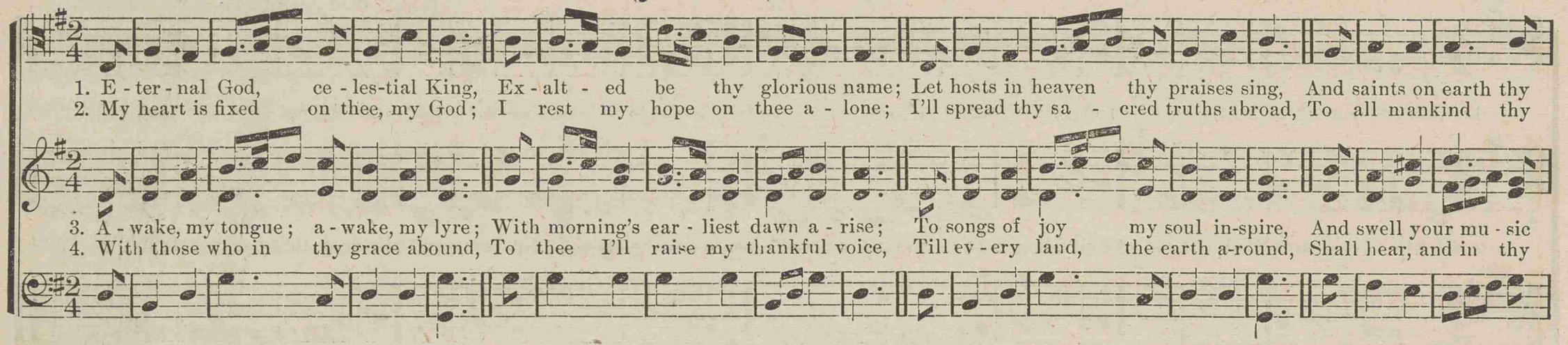
The Lord is King! Lift up thy voice,
O earth! and all ye heavens, rejoice!
From world to world the joy shall ring—
"The Lord omnipotent is King!"

2 The Lord is King! Who, then, shall dare
Resist his will, distrust his care?
Holy and true are all his ways;
Let every creature speak his praise.

3 O when his wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, his love forsake,
Then may his children cease to sing
"The Lord omnipotent is King!"

Josiah Conder.

18 LEYDEN. L. M.—Costello. (♩ = 66 = 32.)

Wm. Wrangham.

19

Now for a song of lofty praise
To great Jehovah's only Son;
Awake, my voice, in heavenly lays,
And tell the wonders he hath done.

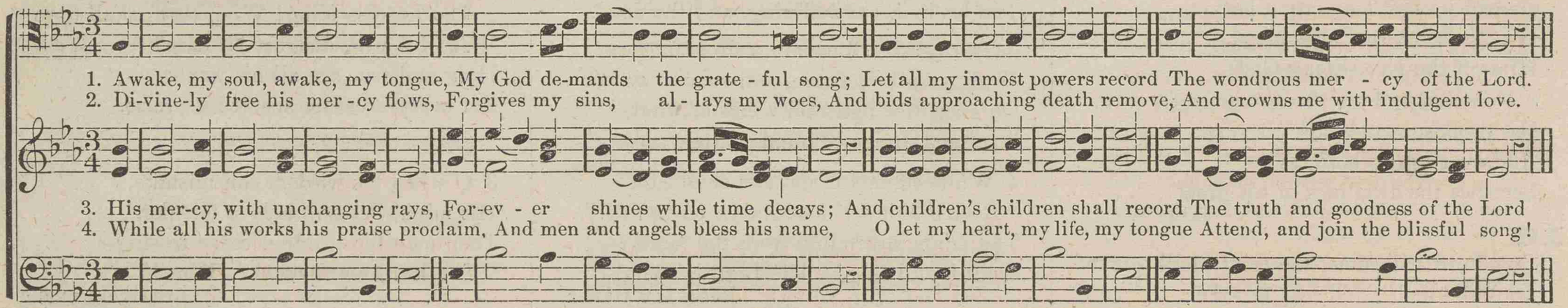
2 Sing how he left the worlds of light,
And those bright robes he wore above;
How swift and joyful was his flight,
On wings of everlasting love!

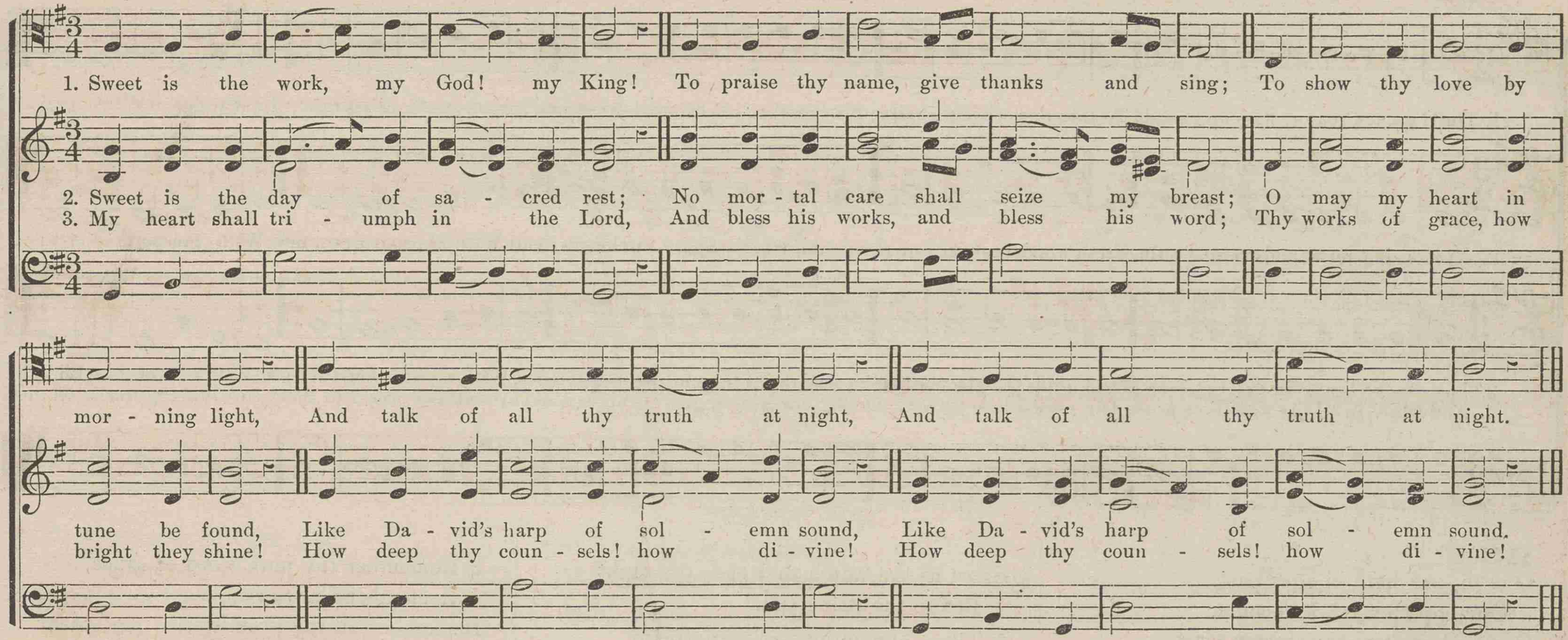
3 Deep in the shades of gloomy death
Th' almighty Captive prisoner lay;
Th' almighty Captive left the earth,
And rose to everlasting day.

4 Among a thousand harps and songs,
Jesus, the Lord, exalted reigns;
His sacred name fills all their tongues,
And echoes through the heavenly plains.

Isaac Watts.

20 LUTON. L. M.—George Burder. (♩ = 96 = 15¼.)

Anne Steele.

21 PARK STREET. L. M.—Frederick M. A. Venua. (♩ = 84 = 20.) Isaac Watts.



22

High in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That vails and darkens thy designs.

2 Forever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep:
Wise are the wonders of thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3 My God, how excellent thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort springs!
The sons of Adam, in distress,
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

4 Life, like a fountain, rich and free,
Springs from the presence of my Lord;
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in thy word.

Isaac Watts.

23

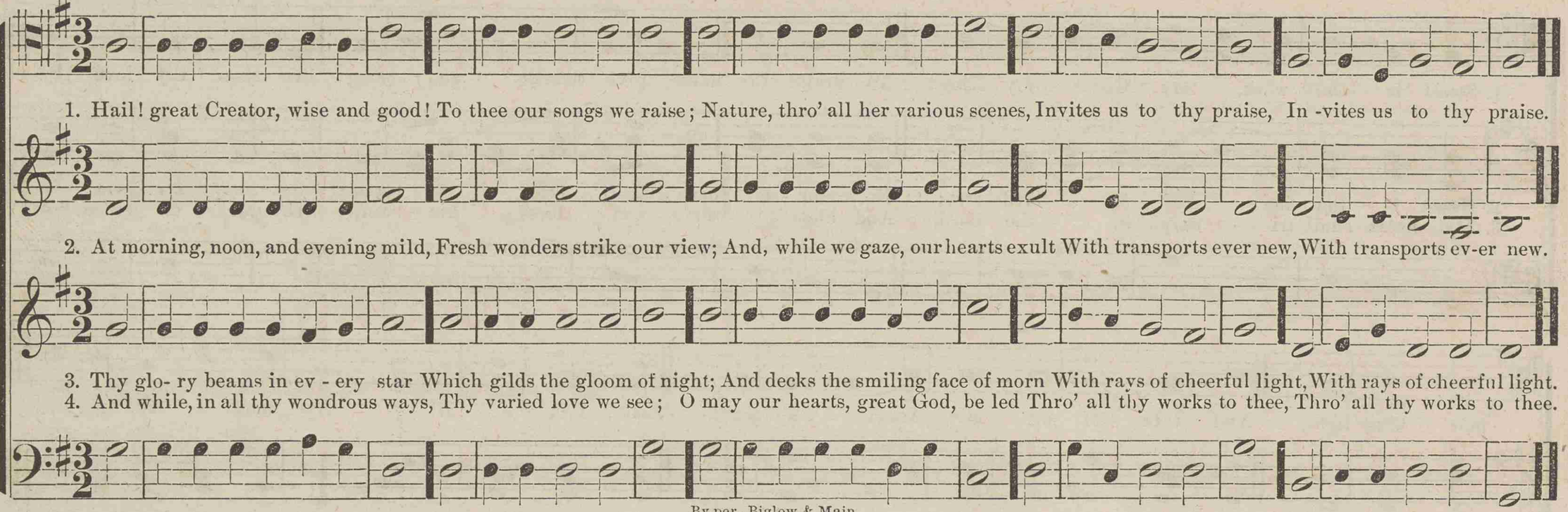
Triumphant Lord, thy goodness reigns
Through all the wide, celestial plains;
And its full streams unceasing flow
Down to th' abodes of men below.

2 Through nature's work its glories shine;
The cares of providence are thine;
And grace erects our ruined frame
A fairer temple to thy name.

3 O give to every human heart
To taste and feel how good thou art;
With grateful love and reverent fear,
To know how blest thy children are.

Philip Doddridge.

24 HARVEY'S CHANT. C. M.—Wm. B. Bradbury. ($\frac{3}{2}$ = 69 = 29½.) Anon.



By per. Biglow & Main.

25

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

2 Beneath the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm, alone,
And our defense is sure.

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

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

5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

6 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while life shall last,
And our eternal home!

Isaac Watts.

26

[To other tune, No. 563.]

Jesus, thou art the sinner's friend;
As such I look to thee:
Now in the fullness of thy love,
O Lord, remember me.

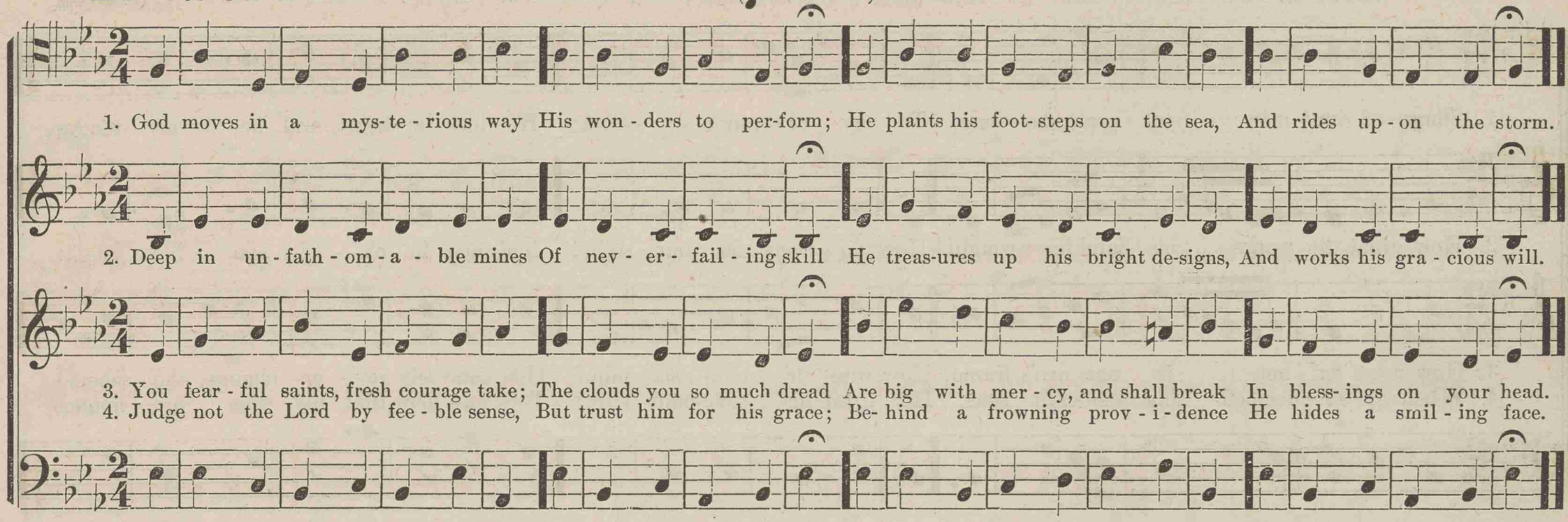
2 Remember thy pure word of grace,
Remember Cal-va-ry;
Remember all thy promises,
And then remember me.

3 I own I'm guilty, own I'm vile;
Yet thy salvation's free:
Then in thy all-abounding grace
O Lord, remember me.

4 And when I close my eyes in death,
And creature helps all flee,
Then, O my great Redeemer, Lord,
I pray, remember me.

Richard Burnham.

27 DUNDEE. C. M.—Guillaume Franc. (♩ = 58 = 42.)



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

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

William Cowper.

28

Thy kingdom, Lord, forever stands,
While earthly thrones decay;
And time submits to thy commands,
While ages roll away.

2 Thy sovereign bounty freely gives
Its unexhausted store;
And universal nature lives
On thy sustaining power.

3 Holy and just in all thy ways,
Thy providence divine;
In all thy works, immortal rays
Of power and mercy shine.

4 The praise of God—delightful theme!—
Shall fill my heart and tongue;
Let all creation bless his name
In one eternal song.

Isaac Watts.

29

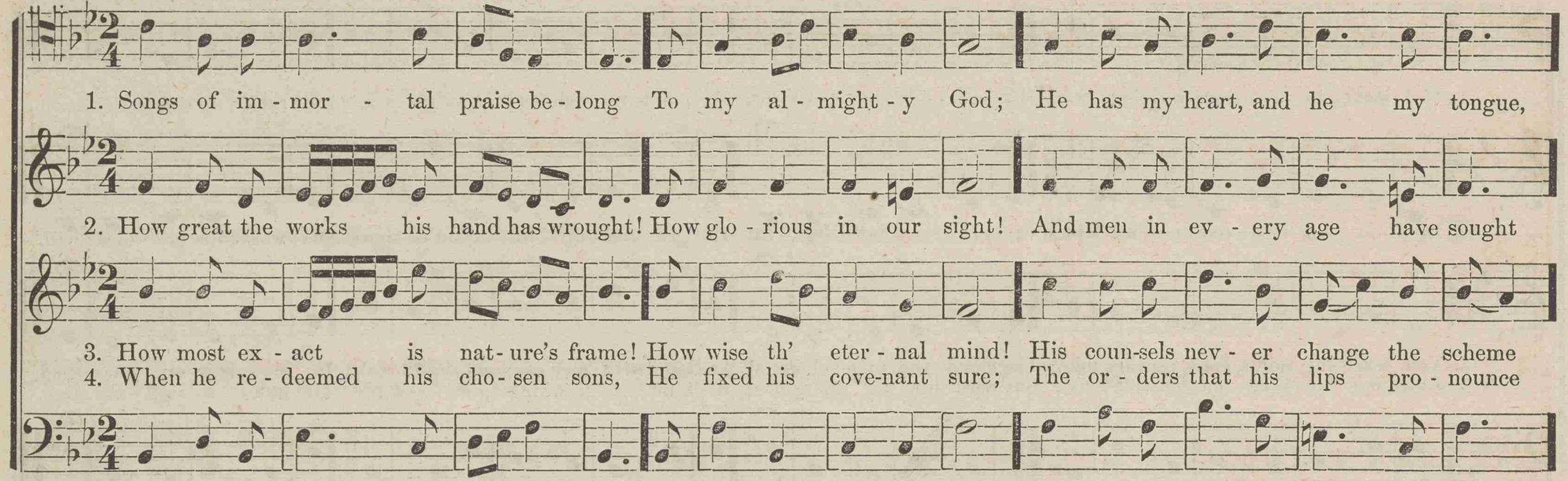
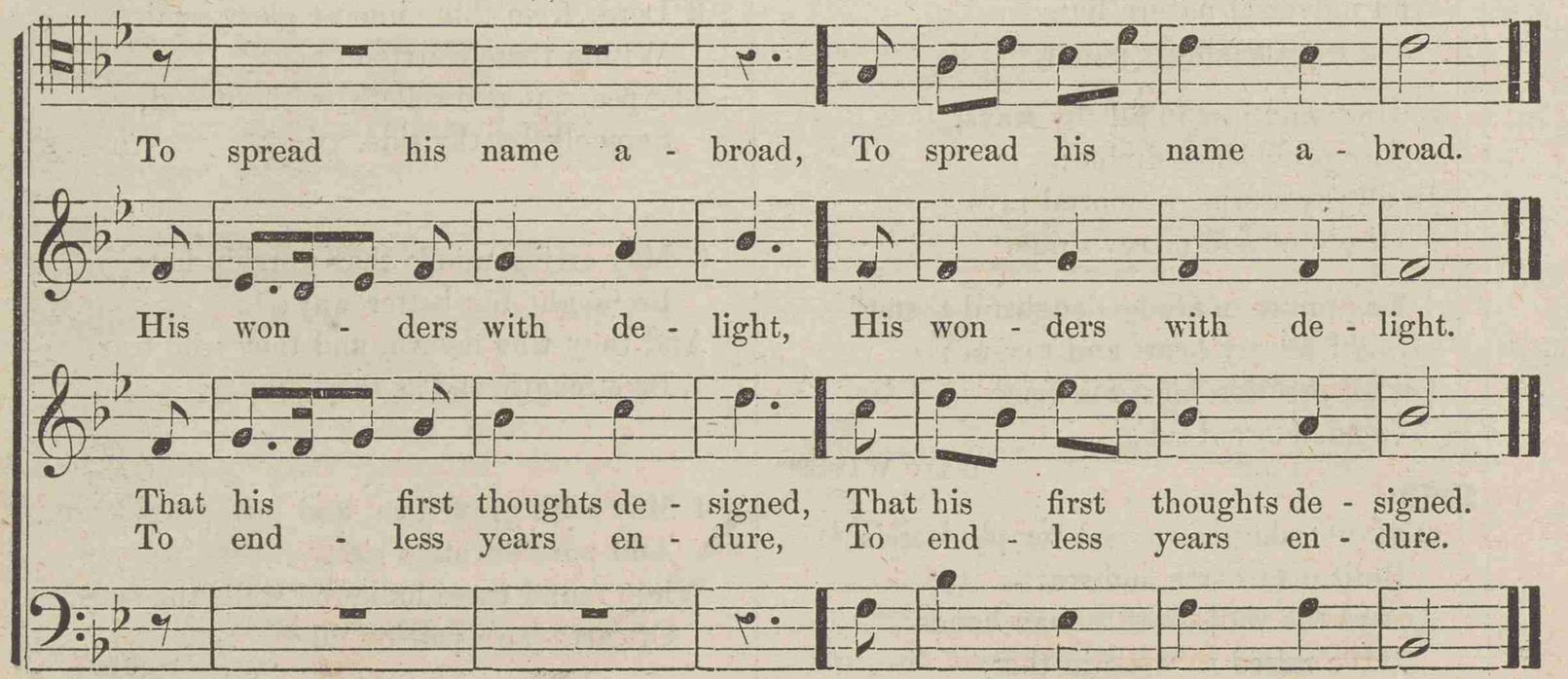
O thou, whose own vast temple stands
Built over earth and sea,
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised to worship thee.

2 Lord, from thine inmost glory send,
Within these courts to bide,
The peace that dwelleth, without end,
Serenely by thy side.

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

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

W. C. Bryant.

30 BROOMSGROVE. C. M.—Anon. (♩ = 72 = 27.) Isaac Watts.



31

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

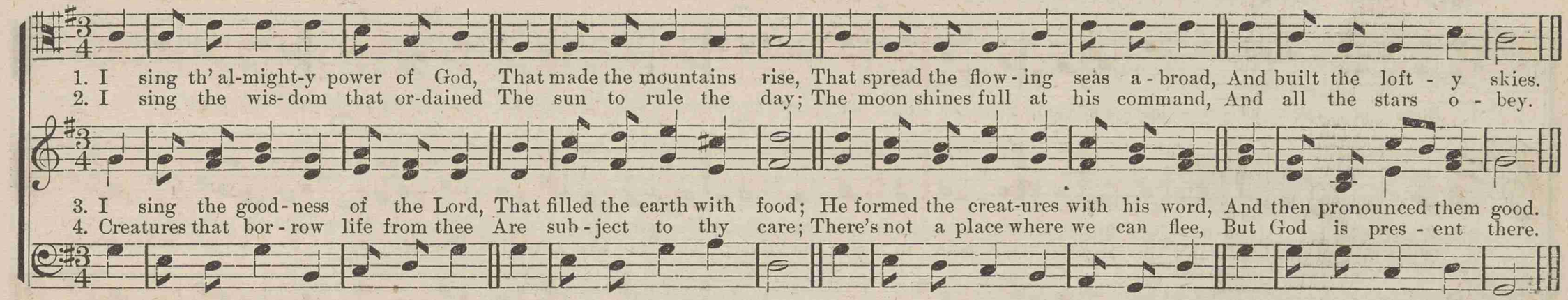
2 I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.

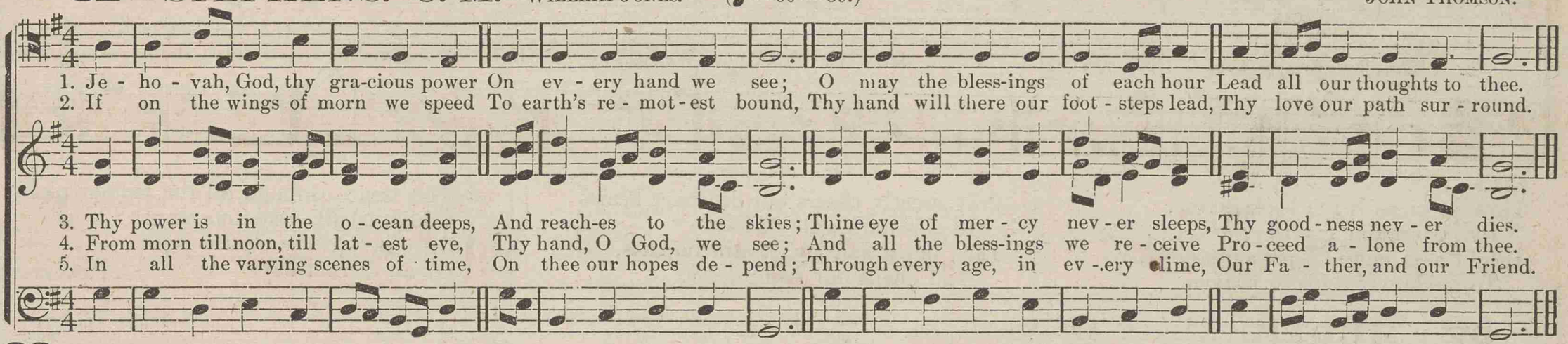
3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food;
He formed the creatures with his word,
And then pronounced them good.

4 Creatures that borrow life from thee
Are subject to thy care;
There's not a place where we can flee,
But God is present there.

Isaac Watts.

(31) ROCHESTER. C. M.—Israel Holdroyd. (♩ = 63 = 35½.)

Isaac Watts.

32 STEPHENS. C. M.—William Jones. (♩ = 60 = 39.)

John Thomson.

33

Sweet is the memory of thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King!
Let age to age thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.

2 God reigns on high, but not confines
His goodness to the skies;
Through the whole earth his bounty shines,
And every want supplies.

3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food;
Thy liberal hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouths with good.

4 How kind are thy compassions, Lord!
How slow thine anger moves!
But soon he sends his pardoning word
To cheer the souls he loves.

5 Creatures, with all their endless race,
Thy power and praise proclaim;
But saints, that taste thy richer grace,
Delight to bless thy name.

Isaac Watts.

34

Behold the sure foundation-stone,
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heavenly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise!

2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
And saints adore the name;
They trust their whole salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer shame.

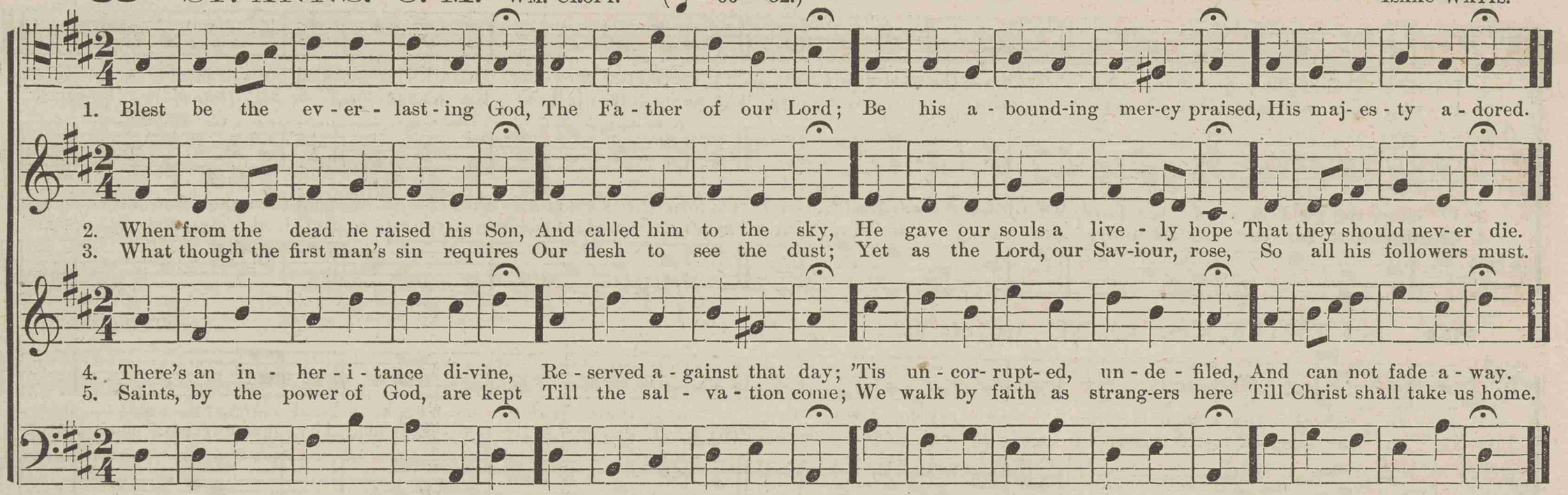
3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain;
Yet on this Rock the Church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.

4 What though the gates of hell withstood,
Yet must this building rise;
'Tis thine own work, Almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.

Isaac Watts

35 ST. ANNS. C. M.—Wm. Croft. (♩ = 66 = 32.)

Isaac Watts.



36

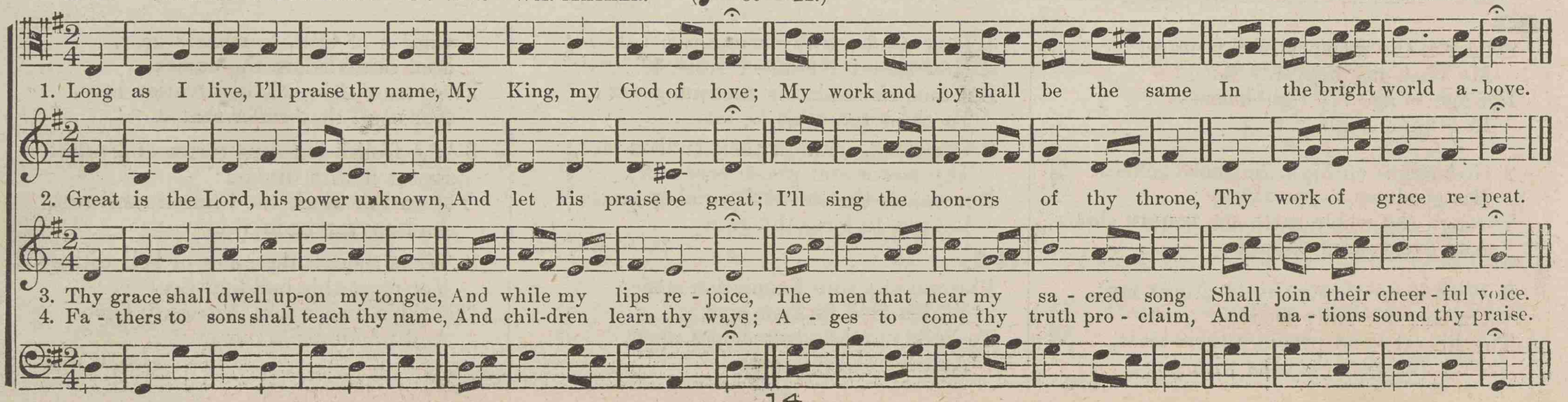
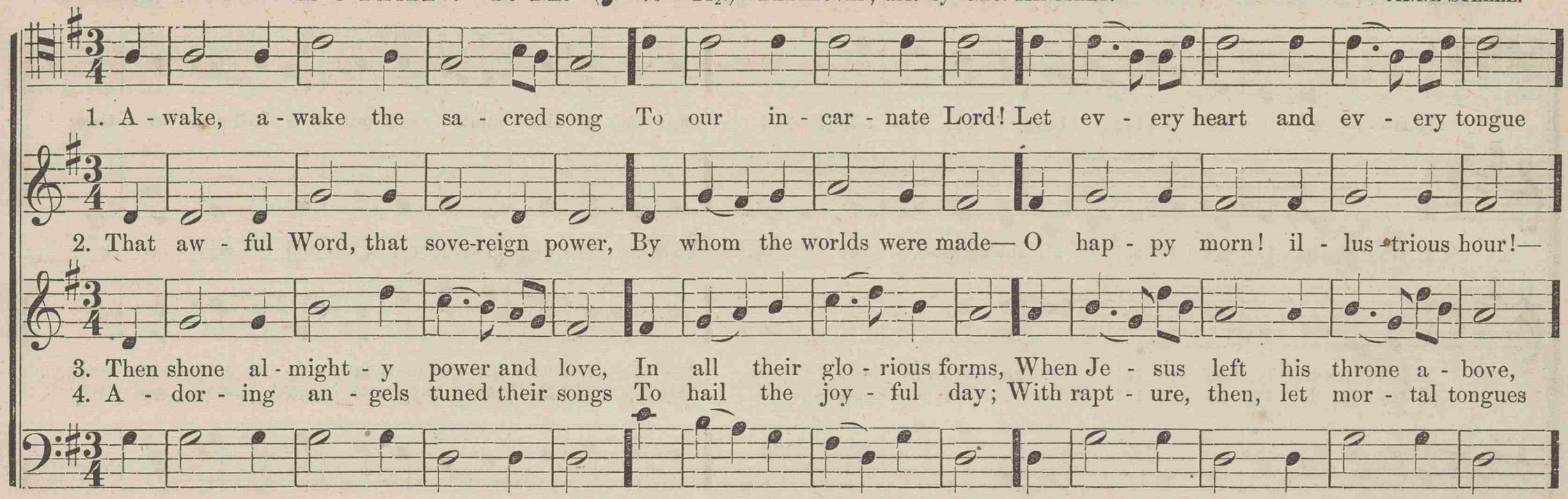
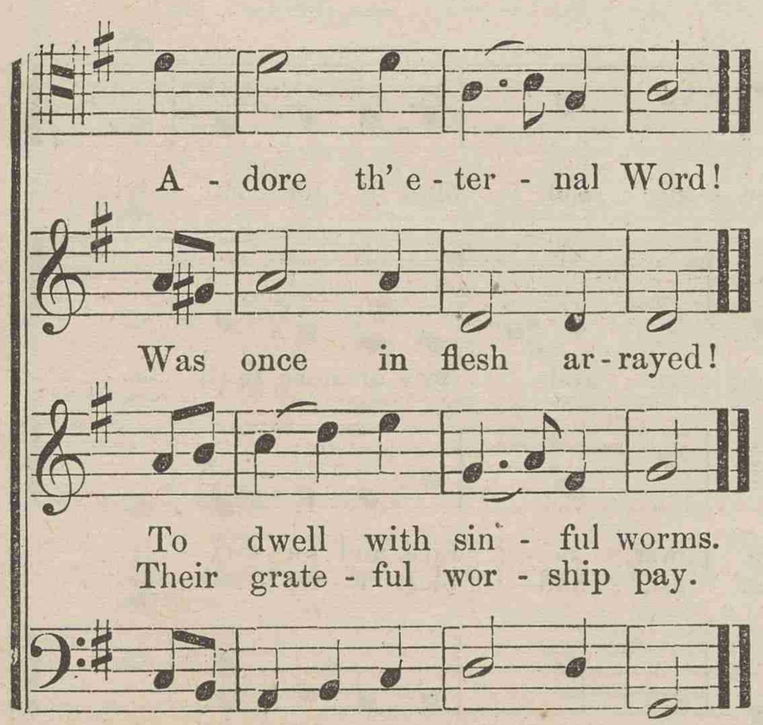
How precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its precepts shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy, it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

J. Fawcett.

37 MEDFIELD. C. M.—Wm. Mather. (♩ = 80 = 22.)

Isaac Watts.

38 BRIDGMAN. C. M. (♩=76=24½.) BEETHOVEN, arr. by GEO. KINGSLEY. ANNE STEELE.

4

39

WHAT glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun!
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none.

2 The hand that gave it still supplies
His gracious light and heat;
His truths upon the nations rise;
They rise, but never set.

3 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display
As makes the world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The paths of truth and love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

WILLIAM COWPER.

40

LORD, let thy Spirit penetrate
This heart and soul of mine;
And my whole being with thy grace
Pervade, O Life divine!

2 As this clear air surrounds the earth,
Thy grace around me roll;
As the fresh light pervades the air,
So pierce and fill my soul.

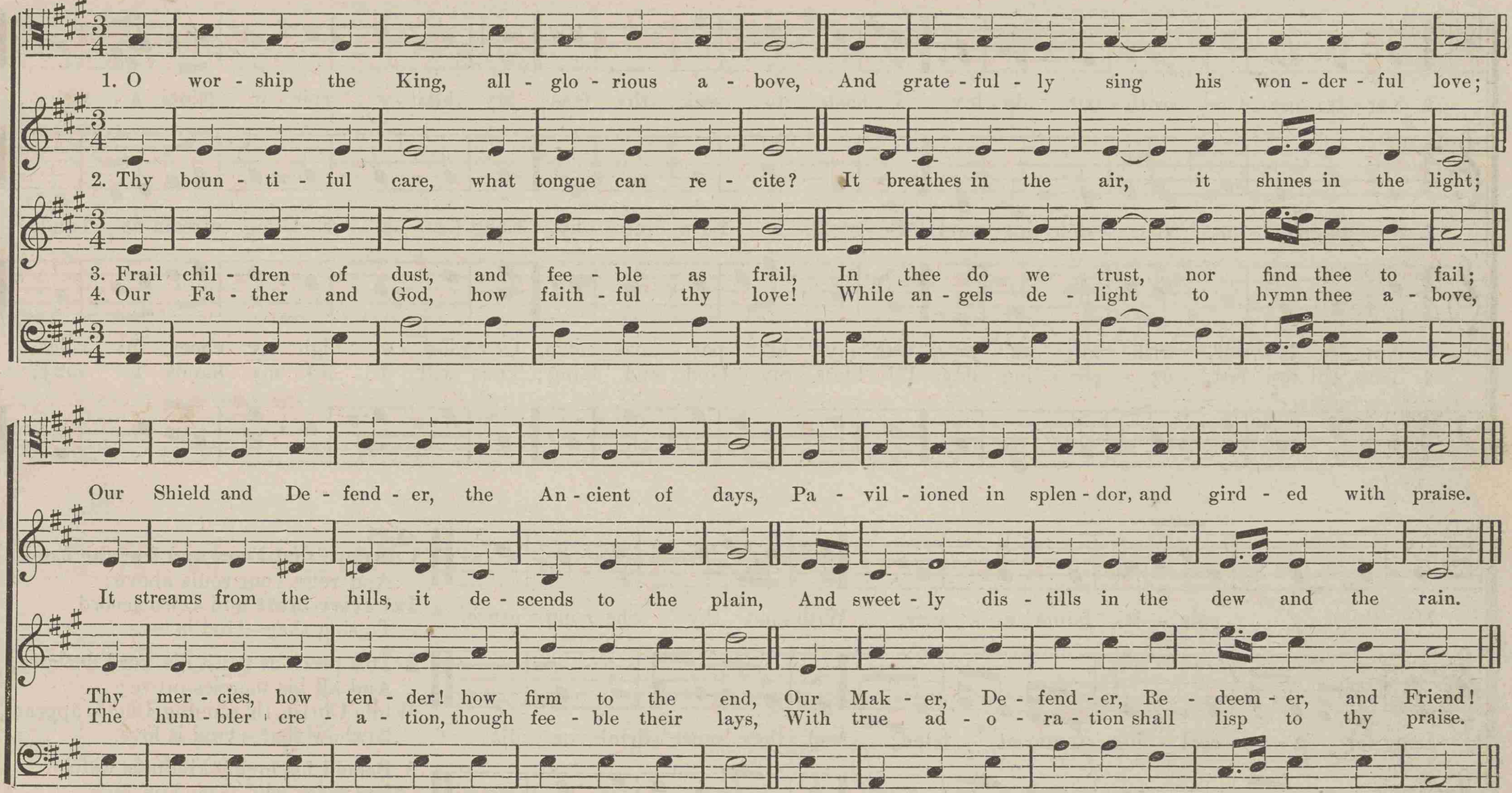
HORATIUS BONAR.

41 NICÆA. 11s, 12s & 10s.—John B. Dykes. (♩ = 84 = 20.) Reginald Heber, *alt.*

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to thee;
2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! all the saints a - dore thee, Cast-ing down their gold-en crowns a-round the crys - tal sea;
3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! tho' the darkness hide thee, Tho' the eye of sin - ful man thy glo - ry may not see;
4. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y! All thy works shall praise thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea;

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! mer - ci - ful and might - y! God o - ver all, and blest e - ter - nal - ly.
Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim fall-ing down be - fore thee, Who wast, and art, and ev - er-more shalt be.
On - ly thou art ho - ly, there is none be - side thee; Per - fect in power, in love, and pu - ri - ty.
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! mer - ci-ful and might - y! God o - ver all, and blest e - ter - nal - ly.

42 LYONS. 11s & 10s.—Haydn. (♩ = 84 = 20.) Robert Grant.



43

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

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

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

Charles Wesley.

44 LANESBORO. C. M.—Wm. Dixon. (♩ = 80 = 22.) Isaac Watts.

1. Ear - ly, my God, with - out de - lay, I haste to seek thy face; My thirst - y spir - it faints a - way,
2. So pil-grims on the scorch - ing sand, Be - neath a burn - ing sky, Long for a cool - ing stream at hand,
3. Not life it - self, with all its joys, Can my best pas - sions move, Or raise so high my cheer - ful voice,
4. Thus, till my last, ex - pir - ing day, I'll bless my God and King; Thus will I lift my hands to pray,

My thirst - y spir - it faints a - way, With - out thy cheer-ing grace.
Long for a cool - ing stream at hand; And they must drink, or die.
Or raise so high my cheer - ful voice, As thy for - giv - ing love.
Thus will I lift my hands to pray, And tune my lips to sing.

45

Come, ye that know and fear the Lord,
And raise your souls above;
Let every heart and voice accord
To sing that—God is love.

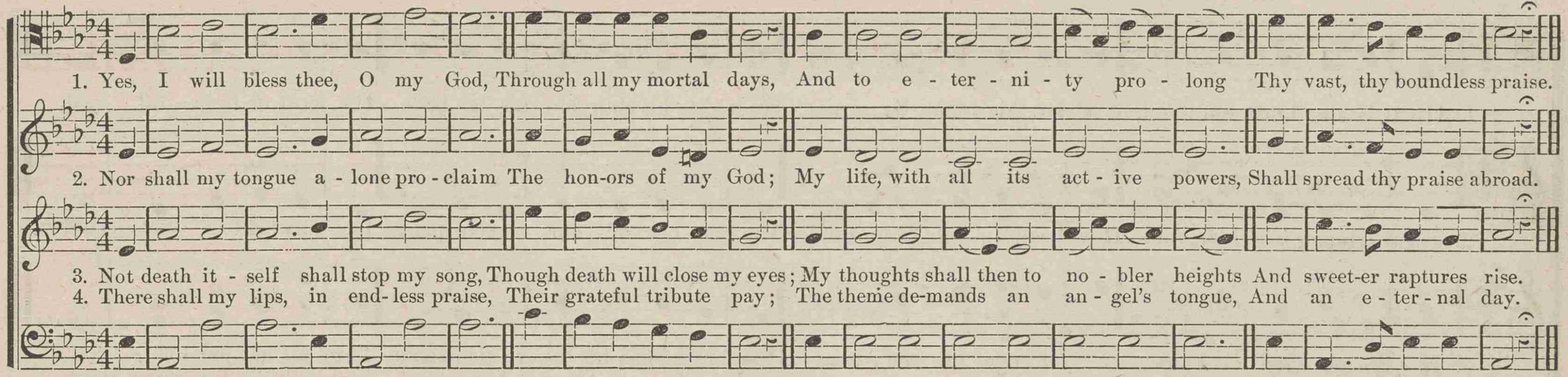
2 This precious truth his word declares,
And all his mercies prove;
While Christ, th' atoning Lamb, appears,
To show that—God is love.

3 Behold his loving-kindness waits
For those who from him rove,
And calls of mercy reach their hearts,
To teach them—God is love.

4 O may we all, while here below,
This best of blessings prove,
Till warmer hearts, in brighter worlds,
Shall shout that—God is love.

G. Burder.

46 HUMMEL. C. M.—H. C. Zeuner. (♩ = 100 = 14.) O. Heginbotham.



47

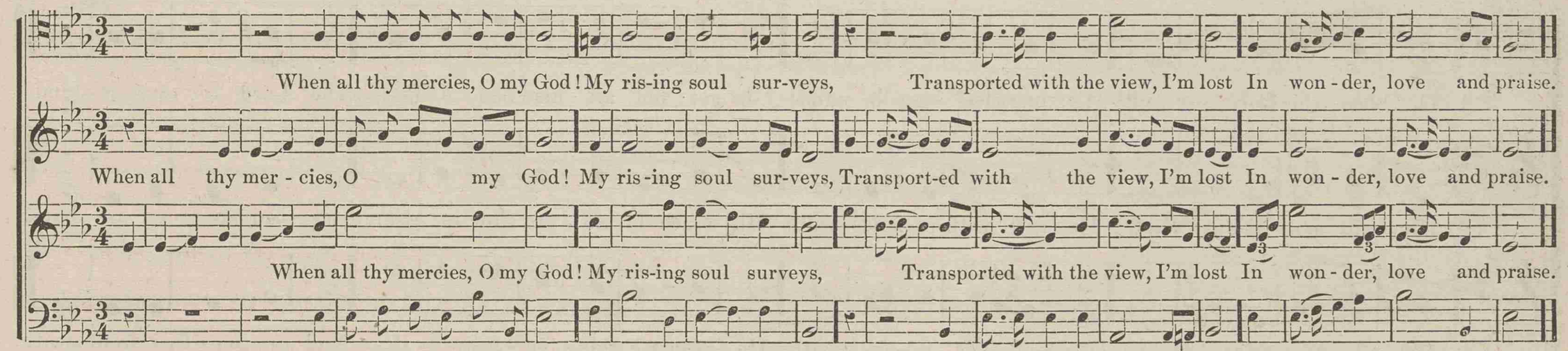
Lord, while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
O hear us for our native land,
The land we love the most.

2 O guard our shores from every foe;
With peace our borders bless;
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.

3 Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and thee;
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.

4 Lord of the nations, thus to thee
Our country we commend;
Be thou her Refuge and her Trust,
Her everlasting Friend.

J. R. Wreford.

48 GENEVA. C. M.—John Cole. (♩ = 76 = 24½.)

2 Unnumbered comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

3 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And lead me up to man.

4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy.

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

Joseph Addison.

49 DOVER. S. M.—Aaron Williams. (♩= 60 = 39.)

Isaac Watts.

1. Great is the Lord, our God, And let his praise be great; He makes his churches his a - bode, His most de-light - ful seat.

2. These temples of his grace, How beau- ti - ful they stand—The hon - ors of our na-tive place, The bulwarks of our land!

3. In Zi - on God is known, A ref - uge in dis - tress; How bright has his sal - va-tion shone Thro' all her pal - a - ces!

4. In ev - ery new dis - tress We'll to his house re - pair; We'll think up-on his wondrous grace, And seek de - liv-erance there.

50 SWABIA. S. M.—Anon. (♩=72 = 27.)

Isaac Watts.

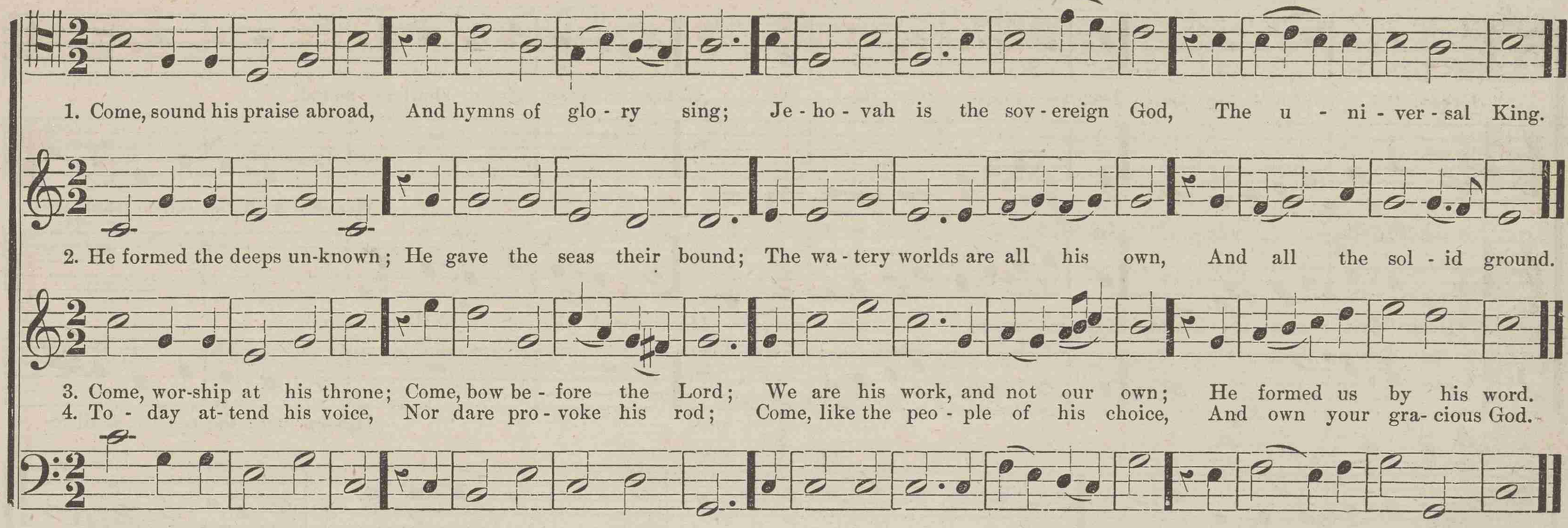
1. O bless the Lord, my soul! His mer-cies bear in mind; For- get not all his ben - e - fits; The Lord to thee is kind.

2. He will not al-ways chide; He will with patience wait; His wrath is ev - er slow to rise, And read - y to a - bate.

3. He par- dons all thy sins, Pro-longs thy fee-ble breath; He heal- eth thine in - firm - i - ties, And ran-soms thee from death.

4. Then bless his ho- ly name, Whose grace hath made thee whole, Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days; O bless the Lord, my soul!

51 SILVER STREET. S. M.—Isaac Smith. ($\frac{2}{2}$ = 63 = 35½.) Isaac Watts.



52

The Lord Jehovah reigns:
Let all the nations fear;
Let sinners tremble at his throne,
And saints be humble there.

2 Jesus, the Saviour, reigns;
Let earth adore its Lord;
Bright cherubs his attendants wait,
Swift to fulfill his word.

3 In Zion stands his throne;
His honors are divine;
His Church shall make his wonders known,
For there his glories shine.

4 How holy is his name!
How fearful is his praise!
Justice, and truth, and judgment join
In all the works of grace.

Isaac Watts.

53

My soul, repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

3 His power subdues our sins;
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

4 The pity of the Lord,
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

5 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

6 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

Isaac Watts.

54 CRANBROOK. S. M.—Thomas Clark. (♩=100=14.)

Grace! 'tis a charm - ing sound, Har-mo - nious to the ear; Heaven with the ech - o shall re - sound,

Heaven with the ech - o shall re-

Grace! 'tis a charm - ing sound, Har - mo - nious to the ear; Heaven with the ech - o shall re - sound,

Heaven with the ech - o shall re-

Heaven with the ech - o shall re-sound, And all the earth shall hear, And all the earth, and all the earth shall hear.

sound, Heaven with the ech - o shall re - sound, And all the earth shall hear, And all the earth shall hear, And all the earth shall hear.

Heaven with the ech - o shall re - sound, And all the earth shall hear, And all the earth shall hear, And all the earth shall hear.

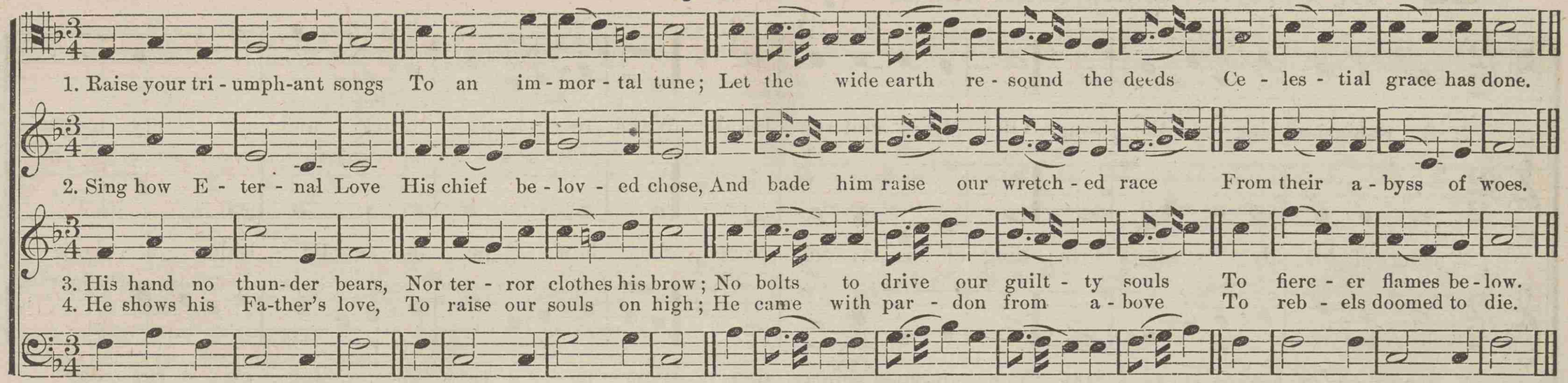
sound, Heaven with the ech - o shall resound, And all the earth shall hear, And all the earth, and all the earth shall hear.

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

3 Grace led our wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour we meet
While pressing on to God.

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

Philip Doddridge.

55 GERAR. S. M.—Lowell Mason. (♩ = 76 = 24½.)

5 Now, sinners, dry your tears;
Let hopeless sorrow cease;
Bow to the scepter of his love,
And take the offered peace.

Isaac Watts.

56

Thy name, almighty Lord,
Shall sound through distant lands;
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word;
Thy truth forever stands.

2 Far be thine honor spread,
And long thy praise endure,
Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be exchanged no more.

Isaac Watts.

57

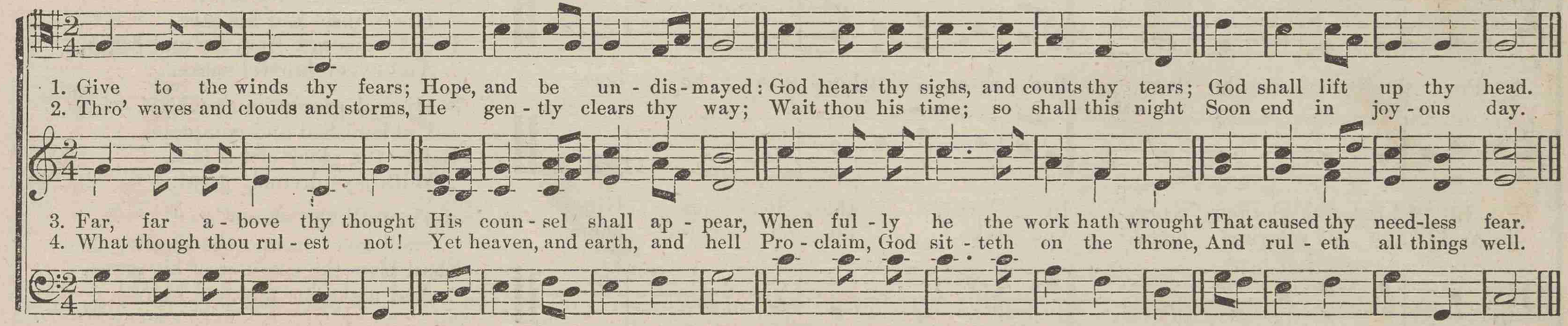
God is the fountain whence
Ten thousand blessings flow;
To him my life, my health, and friends,
And every good, I owe.

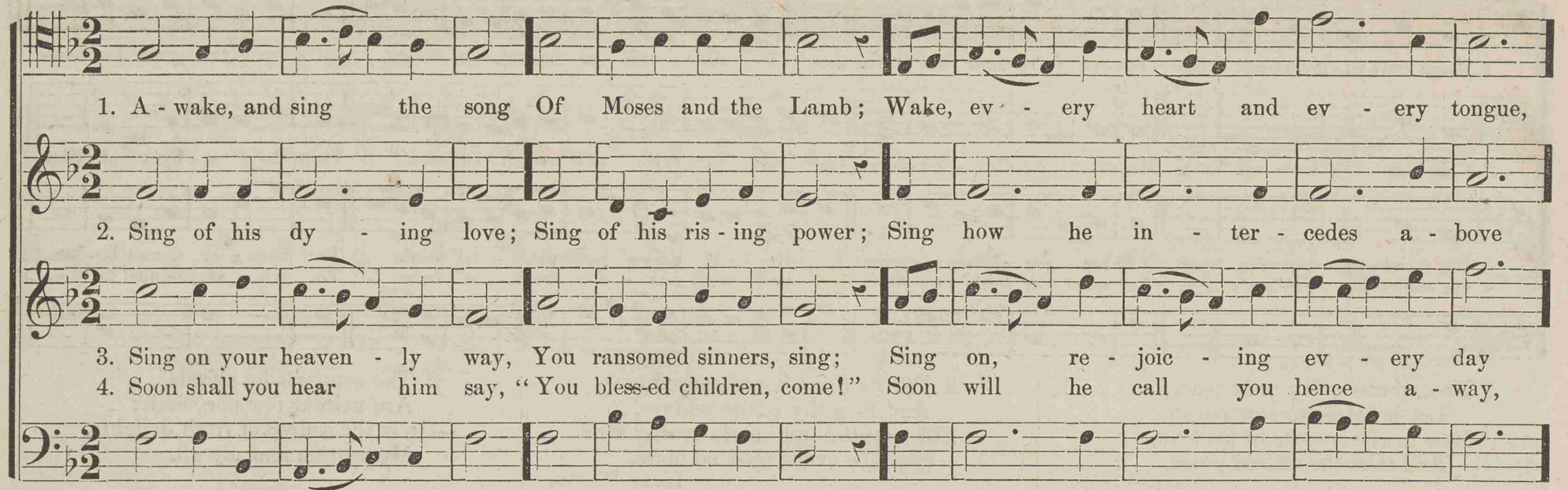
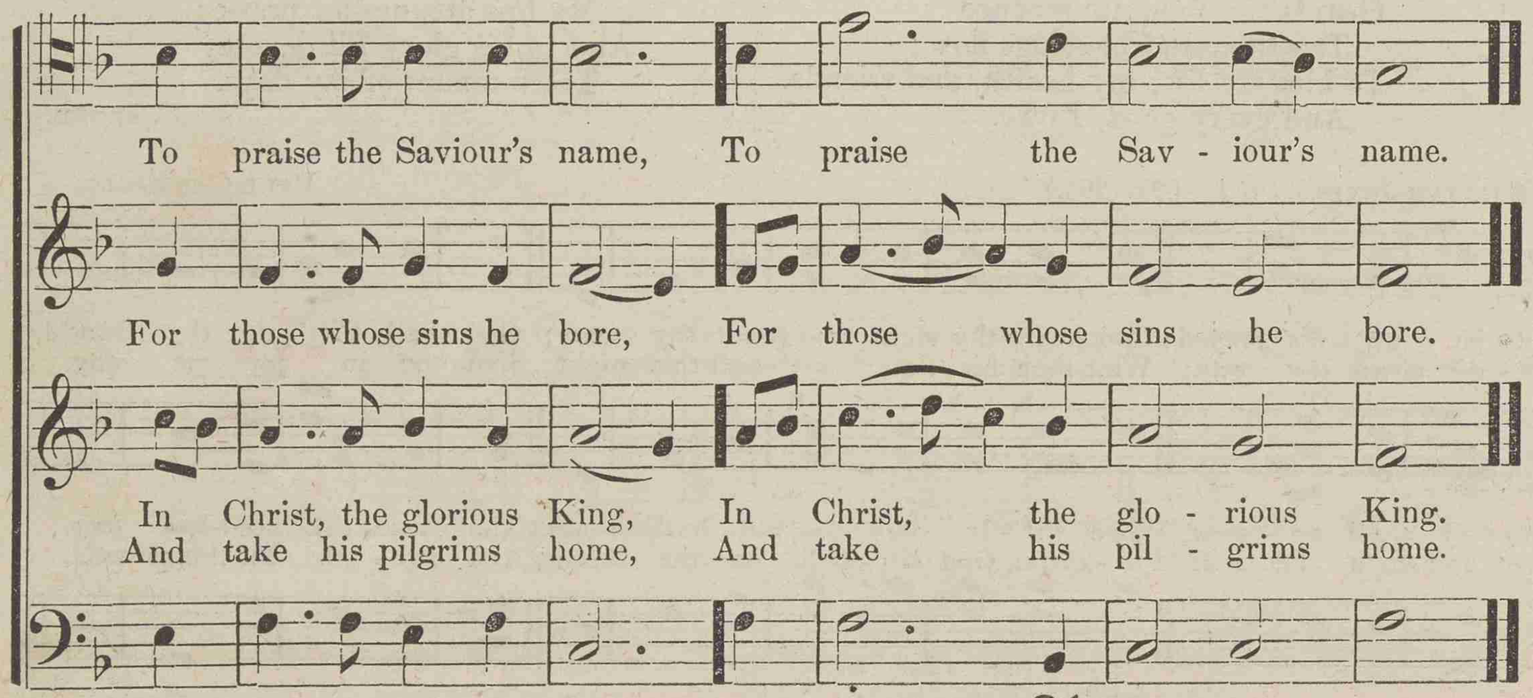
2 The comforts he affords
Are neither few nor small;
He is the source of fresh delights,
My portion and my all.

3 He fills my heart with joy,
My lips attunes for praise;
And to his glory I'll devote
The remnant of my days.

Unknown.

58 CLAPTON. S. M.—William Jones. (♩ = 69 = 29½.)

Paul Gerhardt.

59 LUTHER. S. M.—Thomas Hastings. (♩ = 96 = 15¼.) Wm. Hammond.



60

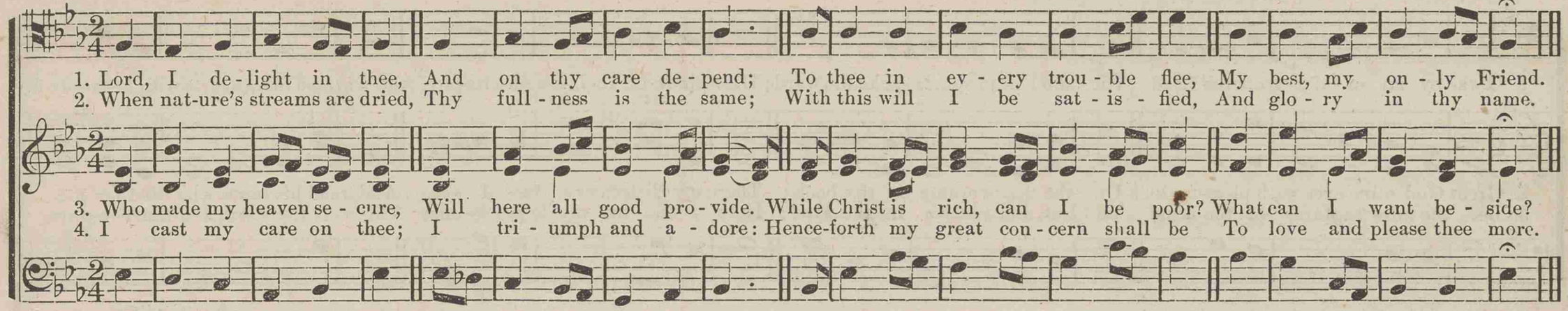
To God, the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

2 'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserve us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls,
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

Isaac Watts.

61 CARLISLE. S. M.—Charles Lockhart. (♩ = 69 = 29½.) John Ryland.

62

Blest are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs;
Their soul is his abode.

2 Still to the lowly soul
He doth himself impart,
And for his temple and his throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

3 Lord, we thy presence seek:
May ours this blessing be;
O give the pure and lowly heart,—
A temple meet for thee.

John Keble.

63

Great Source of life and light
Thy heavenly grace impart;
Thy Holy Spirit grant, and write
Thy law upon my heart.

2 My soul would cleave to thee;
Let naught my purpose move;
O let my faith more steadfast be,
And more intense my love.

3 Long as my trials last,
Long as the cross I bear,
O let my soul on thee be cast
In confidence and prayer.

4 Conduct me to the shore
Of everlasting peace,
Where storm and tempest rise no more,
Where sin and sorrow cease.

Unknown.

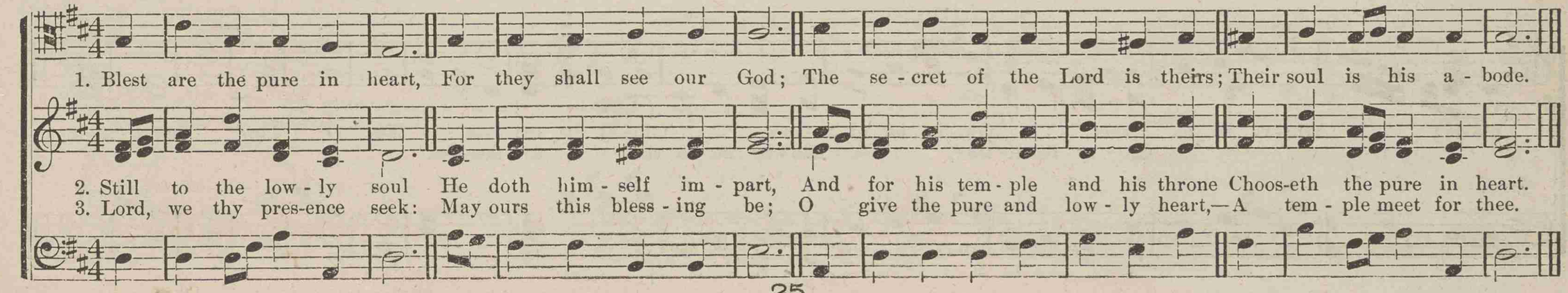
64

Heirs of unending life,
While yet we sojourn here,
O let us our salvation work
With trembling and with fear.

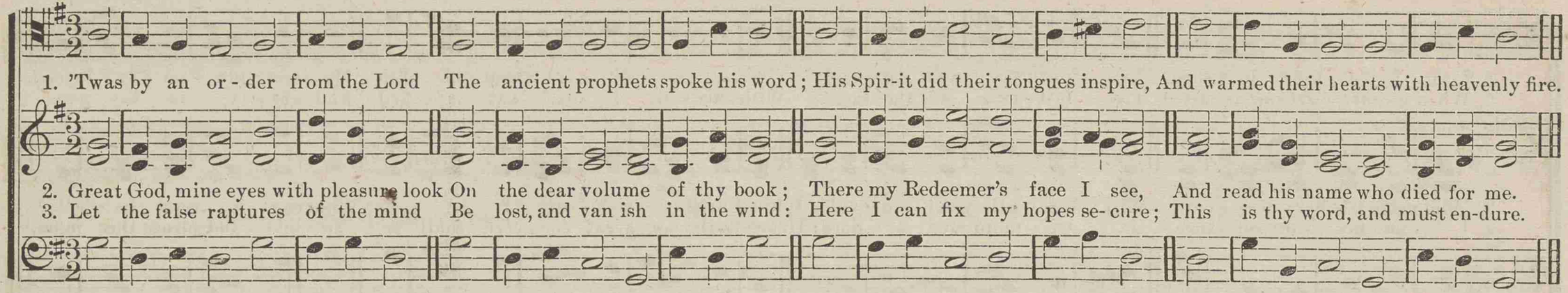
2 God will support our hearts
With might before unknown;
The work to be performed is ours,
The strength is all his own.

3 'Tis he that works to will,
'Tis he that works to do;
His is the power by which we act,
His be the glory too!

Unknown.

(62) GILCREST. S. M.—J. H. Rosecrans. (♩ = 72 = 27.) John Keble.

65 ROCKINGHAM. L. M.—Lowell Mason. (♩ = 58 = 42.)

Isaac Watts.



66

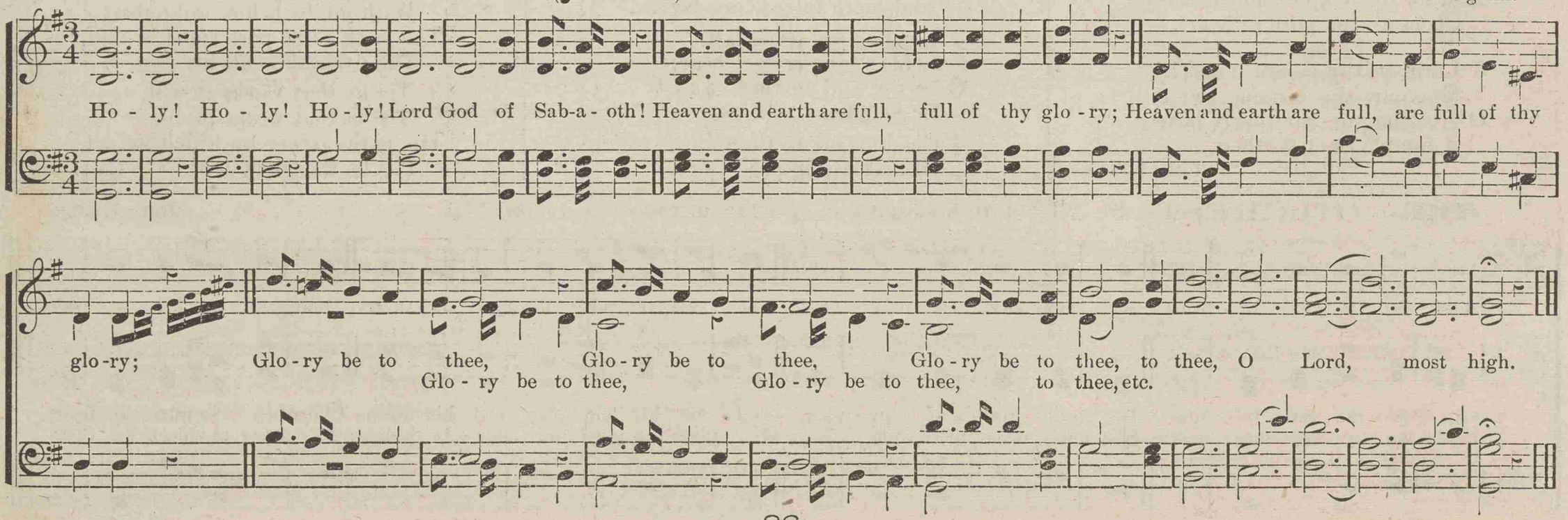
O Love of God, how strong and true;
Eternal and yet ever new;
Above all price, and still unbought;
Beyond all knowledge and all thought.

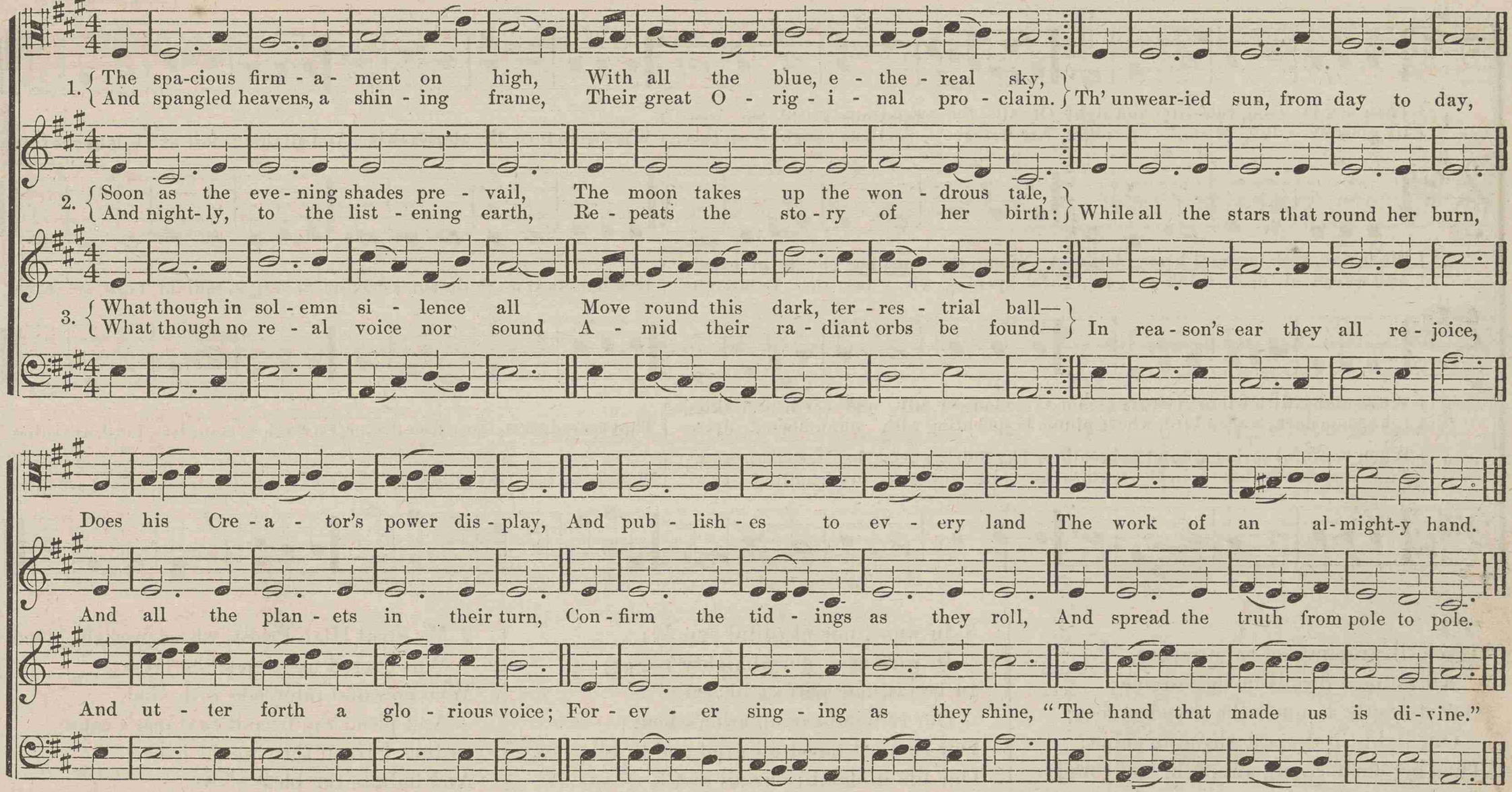
2 O wide-embracing, wondrous love,
We read thee in the sky above·
We read thee in the earth below,
In seas that swell and streams that flow.

3 We read thee best in him who came
To bear for us the cross of shame;
Sent by the Father from on high,
Our life to live, our death to die.

Horatius Bonar.

67 DOXOLOGY. Irr. (♩ = 88 = 18.)

English.

68 CREATION. L. M. D.—Haydn. (♩ = 112 = 11¼.)

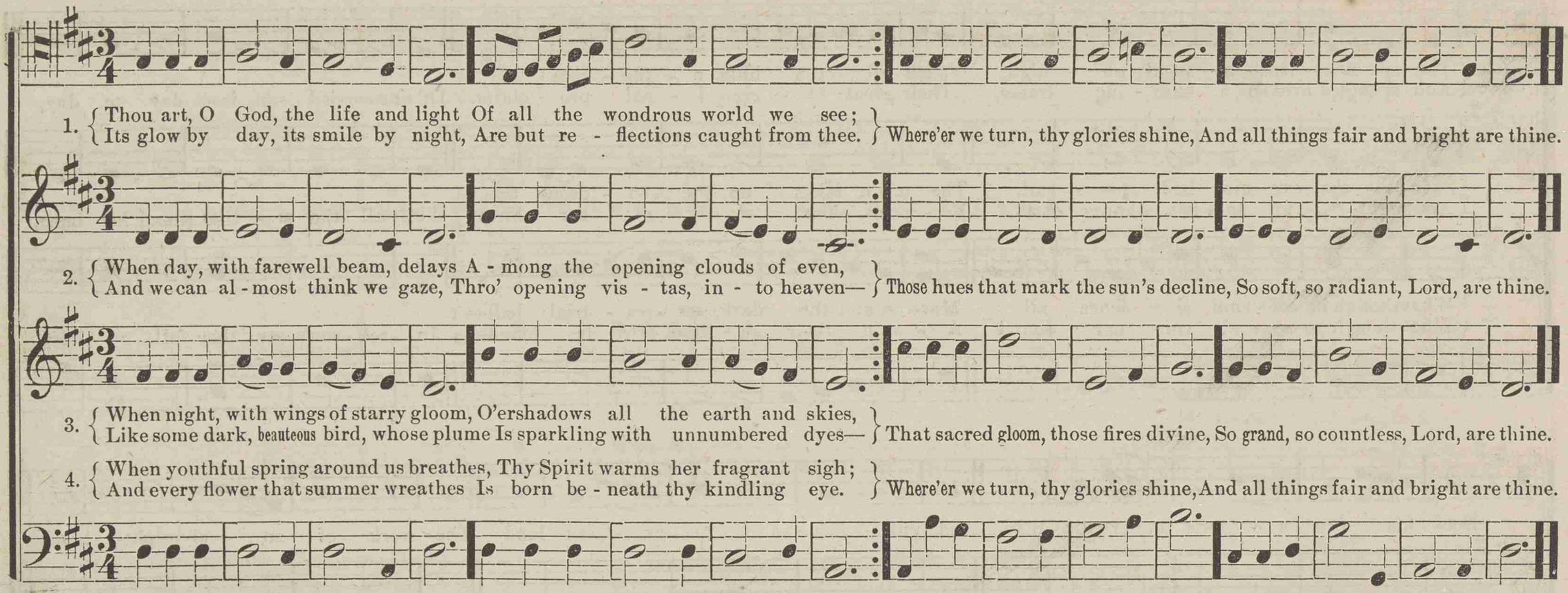
Joseph Addison.

69

The heavens declare thy glory, Lord;
In every star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.
The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days, thy power confess;
But the blest volume thou hast writ
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

2 Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So, when thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.
Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blest,
That see the light, or feel the sun.

3 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise;
Bless the dark world with heavenly light;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.
Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renewed, and sins forgiven:
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

Isaac Watts.

70 WAVERTREE. L. M. 61. —Wm. Shore. (♩ = 84 = 20.) Thomas Moore.

71

Jesus, thou source of calm repose,
All fullness dwells in thee divine;
Our strength, to quell the proudest foes;
Our light, in deepest gloom to shine;
Thou art our fortress, strength, and tower,
Our trust and portion evermore.

2 Jesus, our comforter thou art;
Our rest in toil, our ease in pain;
The balm to heal each broken heart;
In storms our peace, in loss our gain;
Our joy beneath the worldling's frown;
In shame, our glory and our crown;

3 In want, our plentiful supply;
In weakness, our almighty power;
In bonds, our perfect liberty;
Our refuge in temptation's hour;
Our comfort midst all grief and thrall;
Our life in death; our all in all.

Charles Wesley.

72

My Prophet thou, my Heavenly Guide,
Thy sweet instructions I will hear;
The words that from thy lips proceed,
O how divinely sweet they are!
Thee, my great Prophet, I would love,
And imitate the blest above.

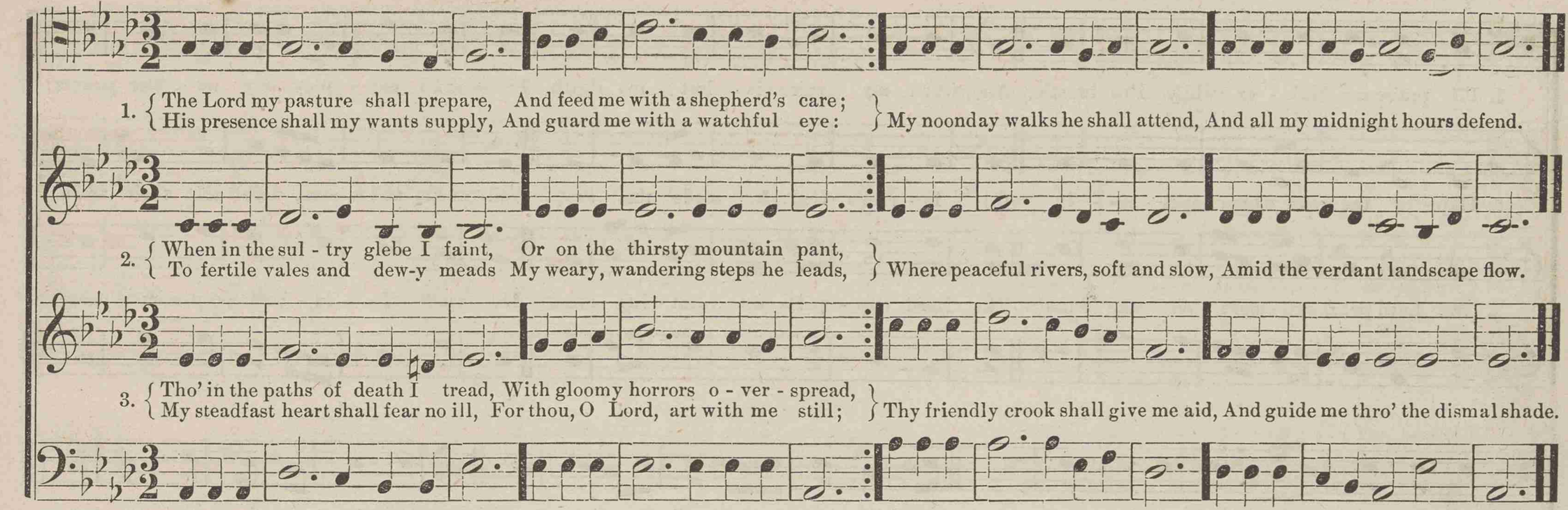
2 My great High Priest, whose precious blood
Was offered once upon the cross;
Who now dost intercede with God,
And plead the friendless sinner's cause,—
In thee I trust, thee would I love,
And imitate the blest above.

3 My King supreme, to thee I bow,
A willing subject at thy feet;
All other lords I disavow,
And to thy government submit;
My Saviour King this heart would love,
And imitate the blest above.

Unknown.

73 SELENA. L. M. 61.—I. B. Woodbury. (♩ = 116 = 10½.)

Joseph Addison.



74

Though waves and storms go o'er my head,
Though strength, and health, and friends be gone;
Though joys be withered all, and dead,
Though every comfort be withdrawn;
On this my steadfast soul relies—
Father, thy mercy never dies.

2 Fixed on this ground will I remain,
Though my heart fail, and flesh decay;
This anchor shall my soul sustain,
When earth's foundations melt away;
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Loved with an everlasting love.

J. A. Rothe, tr. by J. Wesley.

75

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

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

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

Edward Mote.

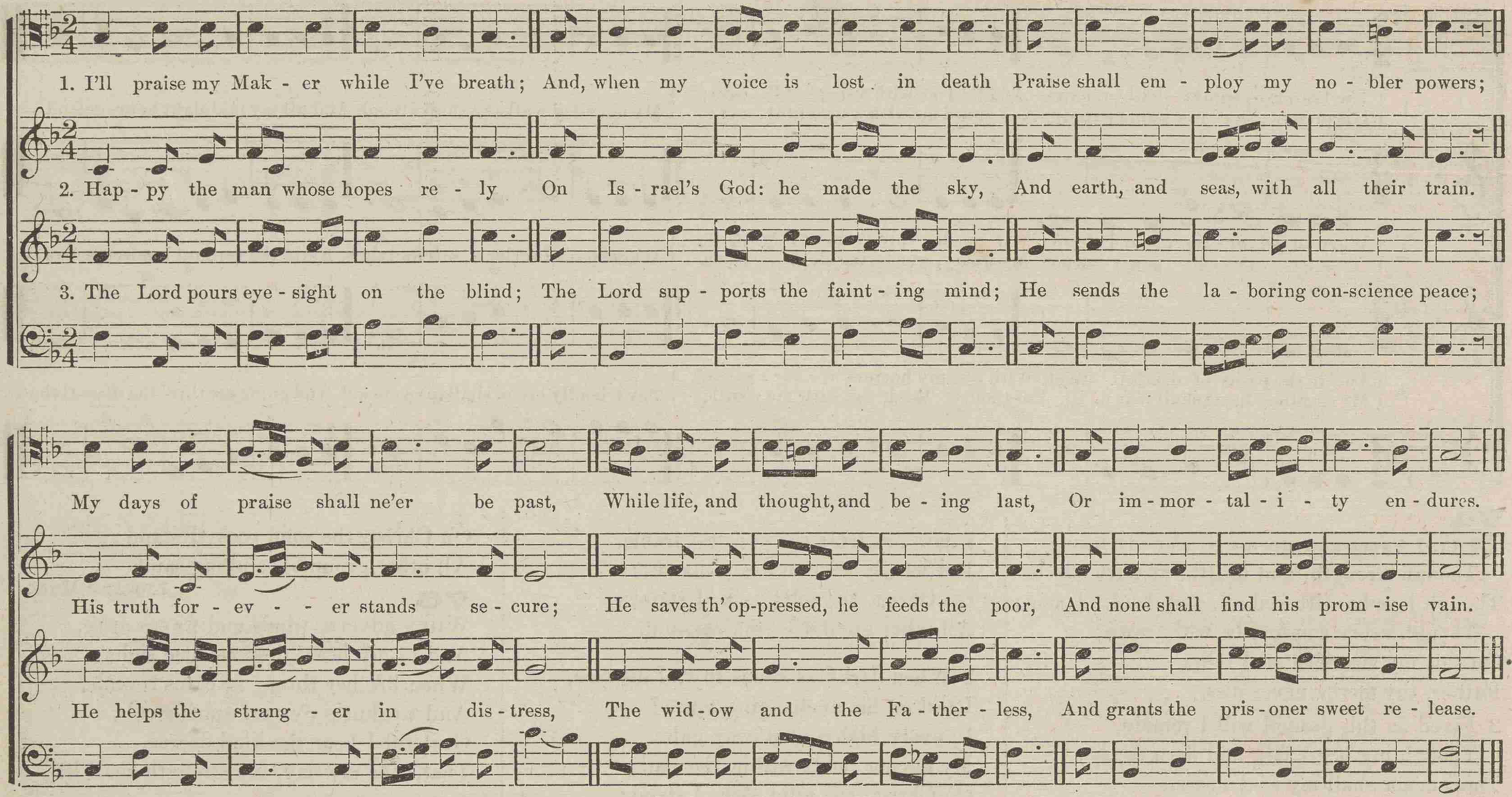
76

When adverse winds and waves arise,
And in my heart despondence sighs;
When life her throng of cares reveals,
And weakness o'er my spirit steals,
Grateful I hear the kind decree,
That, "as my day, my strength shall be."

2 One trial more must yet be past,
One pang—the keenest and the last;
And when, with brow convulsed and pale,
My feeble, quivering heart-strings fail,
Redeemer, grant my soul to see
That "as my day, my strength shall be."

Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.

77 NEWCOURT. L. P. M.—Thos. Bowman. (♩ = 66 = 32.) Isaac Watts.



78

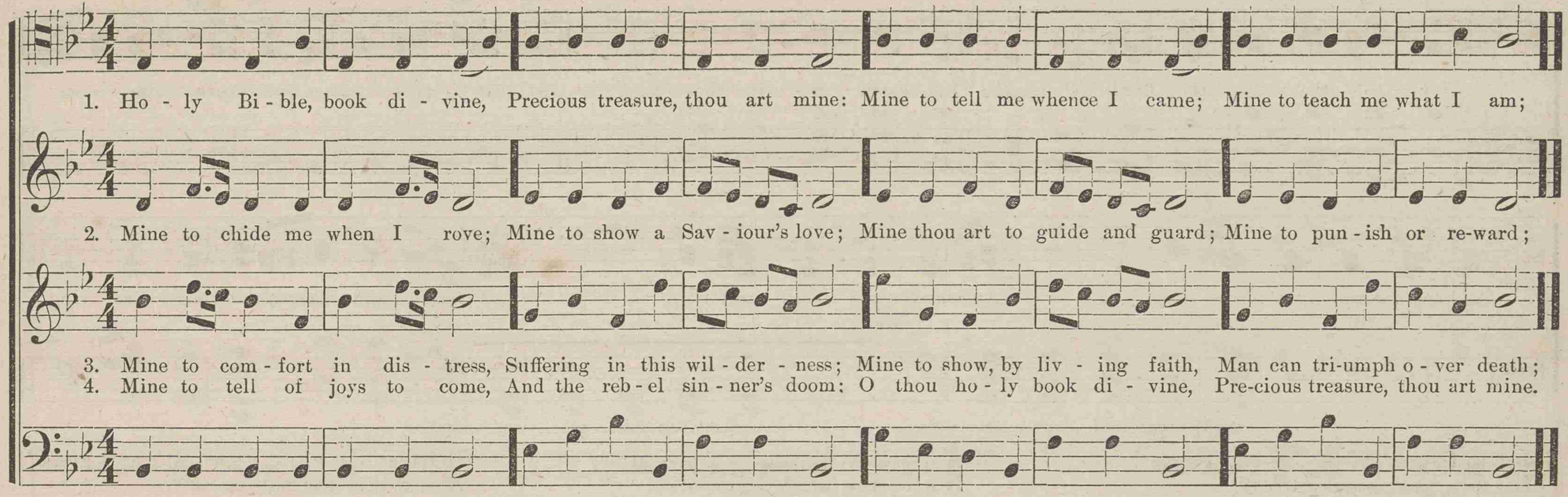
I LOVE the volume of thy word:
What light and joy its truths afford
To souls benighted and distressed!
Thy precepts guide my doubtful way;
Thy fear forbids my feet to stray;
Thy promise leads my heart to rest;

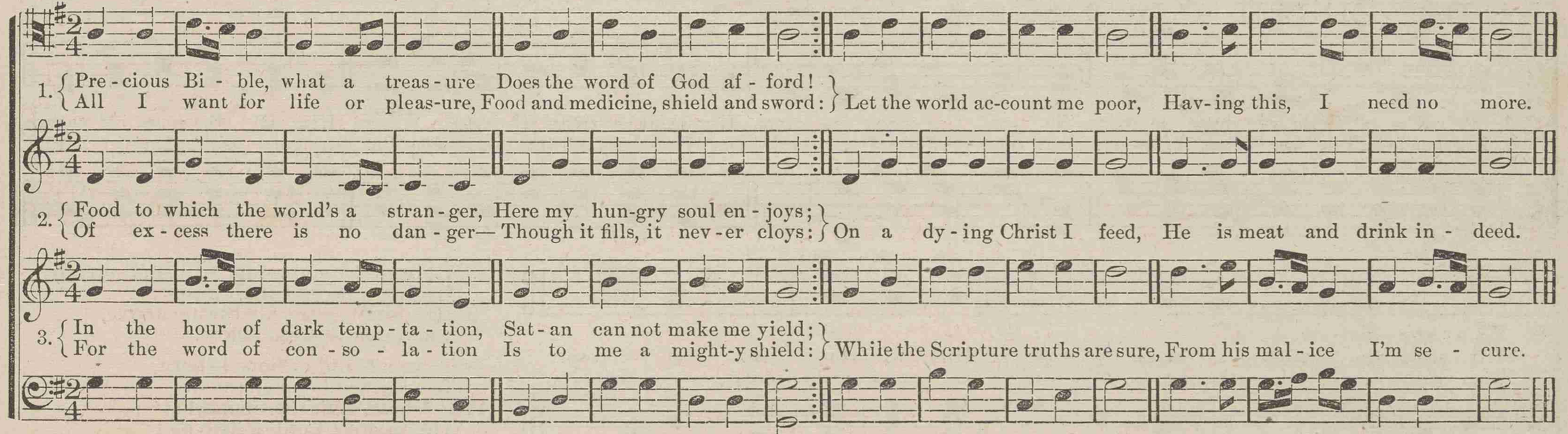
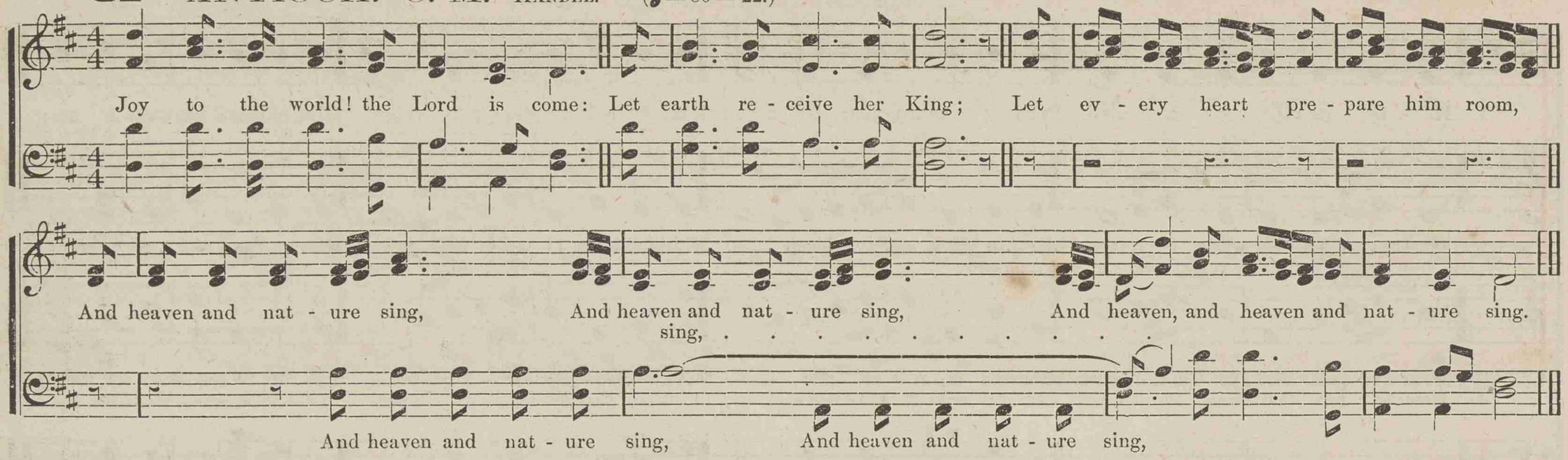
2 Thy threatenings wake my slumbering eyes,
And warn me where my danger lies.
But 'tis thy blesséd gospel, Lord,
That makes my guilty conscience clean,
Converts my soul, subdues my sin,
And gives a free, but large, reward.

3 Who knows the errors of his thoughts?
My God, forgive my secret faults,
And from presumptuous sins restrain;
Accept my poor attempts of praise,
That I have read thy book of grace,
And book of nature, not in vain.

Isaac Watts.

79 WILMOT. 7s.—C. M. von Weber. (♩ = 72 = 27) John Burton.

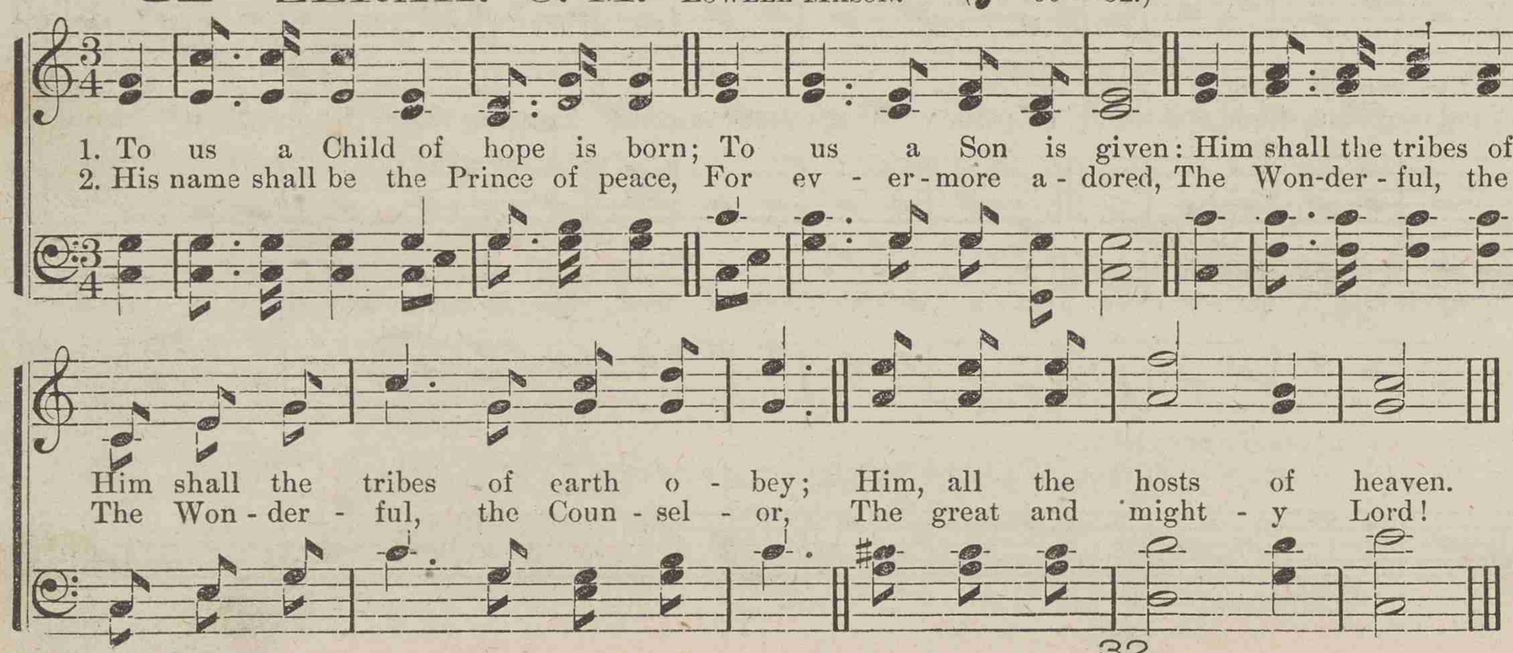


80 PRECIOUS BIBLE. 8s, 7s & 7s.—Arr. by A. D. Fillmore. (♩ = 80 = 22.) John Newton.

81 ANTIOCH. C. M.—Handel. (♩ = 80 = 22.)

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

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

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

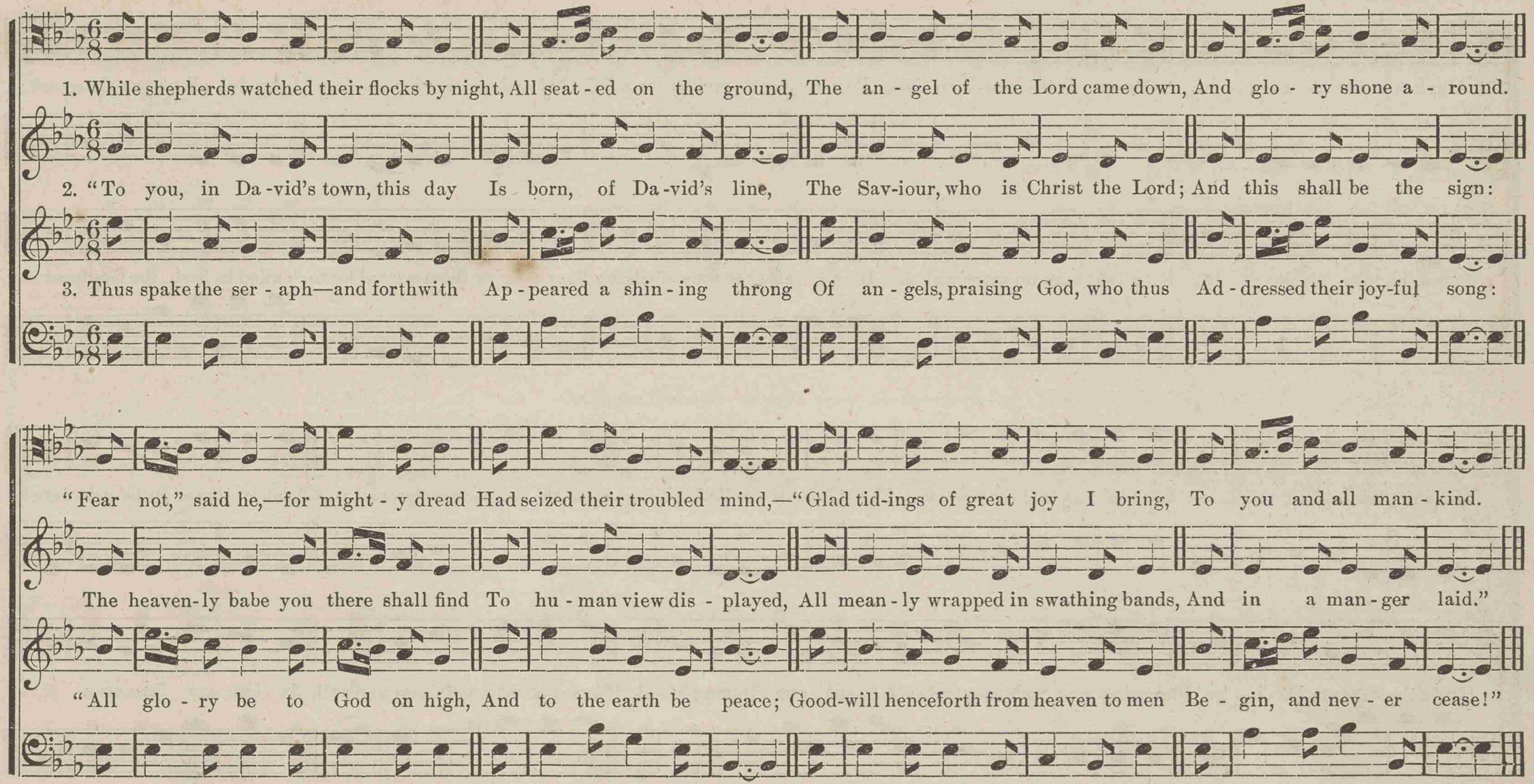
Isaac Watts.

82 ZERAH. C. M.—Lowell Mason. (♩ = 66 = 32.)

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

4 To us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
The Wonderful, the Counselor,
The mighty Lord of heaven!

John Morrison.

83 ATHENS. C. M. D.—F. Giardini. (♪ = 132 = 8.) Tate and Brady.



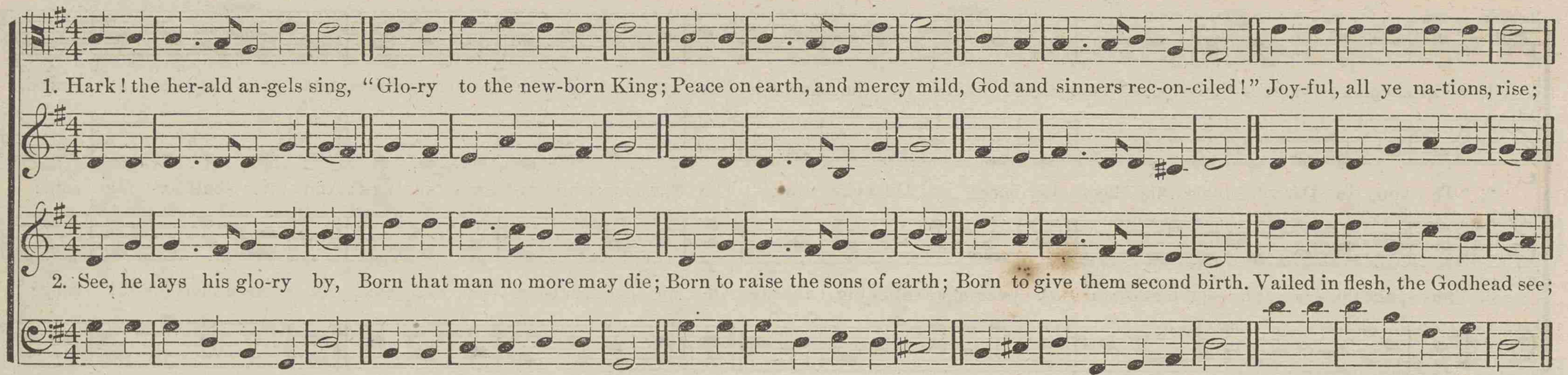
84

Hark, the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.
He comes, the prisoner to release,
In Satan's bondage held:
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

2 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyeballs of the blind
To pour celestial day.
He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And, with the treasures of his grace,
T' enrich the humble poor.

Philip Doddridge.

85 HERALD ANGELS. 7s. D.—Mendelssohn. (♩ = 96 = 15¼.)



3 Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings.
Let us, then, with angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King!
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled."

Charles Wesley.

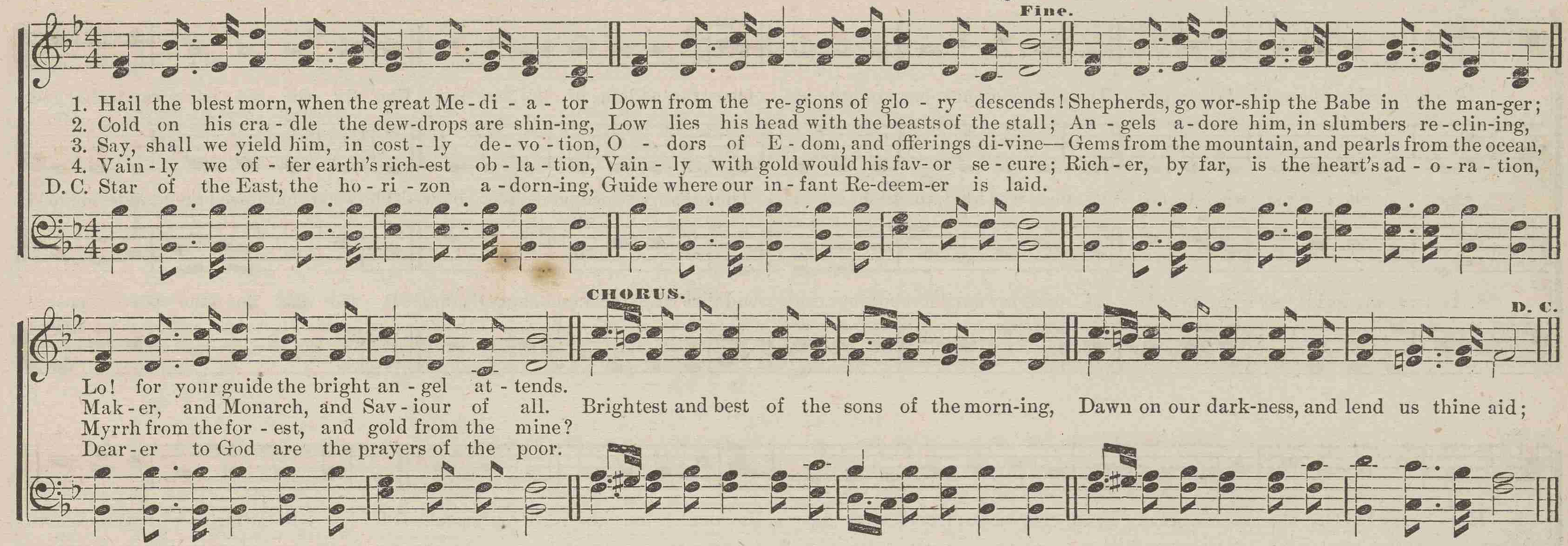
86

Bright and joyful was the morn
When to us a Child was born;
From the highest realms of heaven
Unto us a Son was given.
On his shoulder he shall bear
Power and majesty, and wear,
On his vesture and his thigh,
Names most awful, names most high.

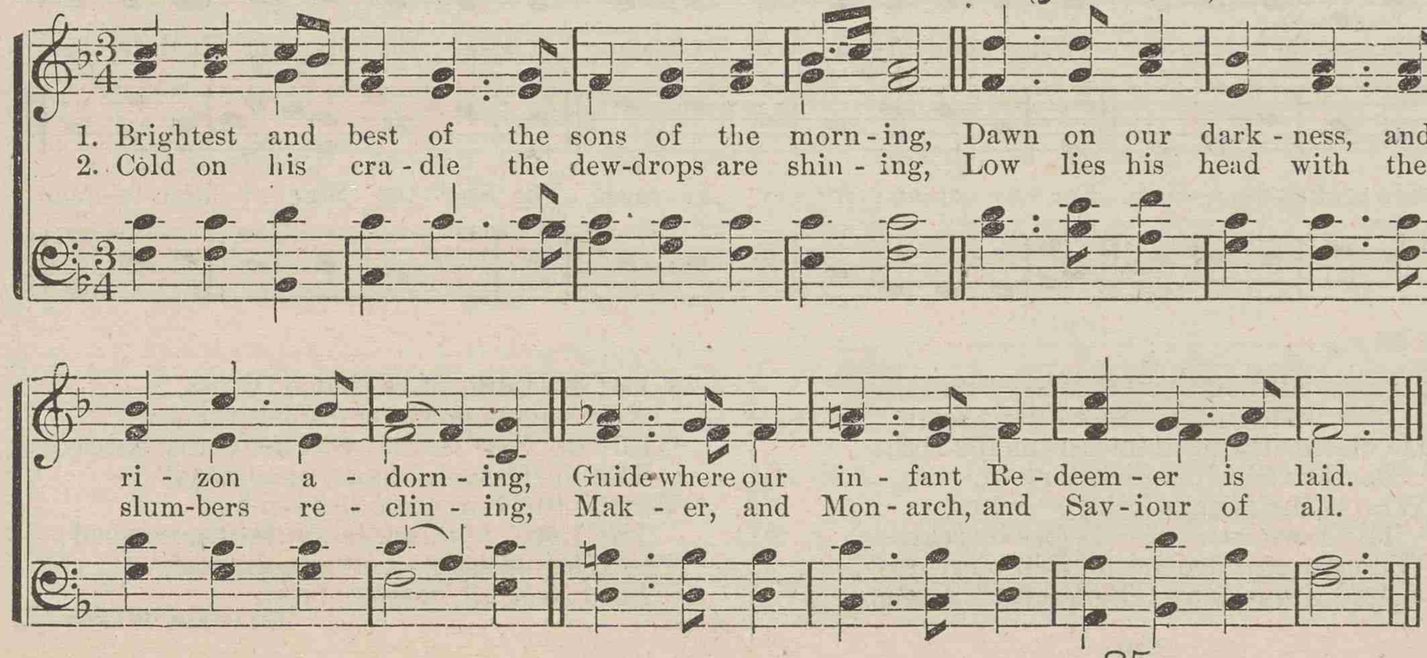
2 Wonderful in counsel he,
Christ, th' incarnate Deity;
Sire of ages ne'er to cease;
King of kings, and Prince of Peace.
Come and worship at his feet;
Yield to him the homage meet:
From the manger to the throne,
Homage due to God alone.

James Montgomery.

87 FENNOR. 11s & 10s, with Chorus.—I. B. Woodbury. (♩ = 80 = 22.) Reginald Heber.



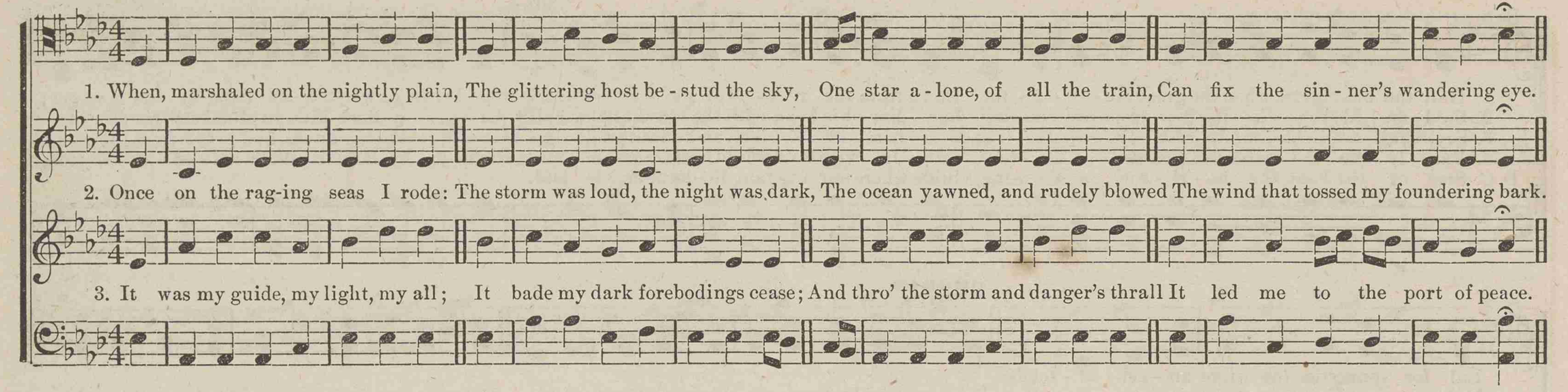
(87) LAURA. 11s & 10s.—W. A. Barrett. (♩ = 84 = 20.) Reginald Heber.



3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom and offerings divine—
Gems from the mountain, and pearls from the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer earth's richest oblation,
Vainly with gold would his favor secure;
Richer, by far, is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

88 DUANE STREET. L. M. D.—George Coles. (♩ = 92 = 16½.) H. K. White.



89

Our Lord is risén from the dead,
Our Saviour is gone up on high;
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky.
There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;
"Lift up your heads, you heavenly gates;
You everlasting doors, give way."

2 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene:
He claims those mansions as his right—
Receive the King of glory in.
Who is the King of glory—who?
The Lord, who all his foes o'ercame;
Who sin and death and hell o'erthrew,
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.

3 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
"Lift up your heads, you heavenly gates;
You everlasting doors, give way."
Who is the King of glory—who?
The Lord, of boundless might possessed;
The King of saints and angels, too—
Lord over all, forever blest.

Charles Wesley.

90 HOSANNA. L. M. 6 l., with Chorus.—New arrangement. (♩ = 92 = 16½.) Unknown.

1. { Thy worthi-ness is all our song, O Lamb of God; for thou wast slain, / And by thy blood brought'st us to God, Out of each nation, tribe and tongue; } To God hast made us kings and priests; And we shall reign upon the earth:

2. { Sal-va-tion to our God, who shines In face of Je-sus, on the throne, / The on-ly just and mer-ci-ful— Sal-va-tion to the worthy Lamb, } With loud voice all the church ascribes; "Amen," say angels round the [throne:

3. { To him who loved us, and hath washed Us from our sins in his own blood, / And who hath made us kings and priests To his own Father and his God, } The glory and do-min-ion be To him e-ter-nal-ly. A-men.

𝄋 CHORUS. Fine. D. S.

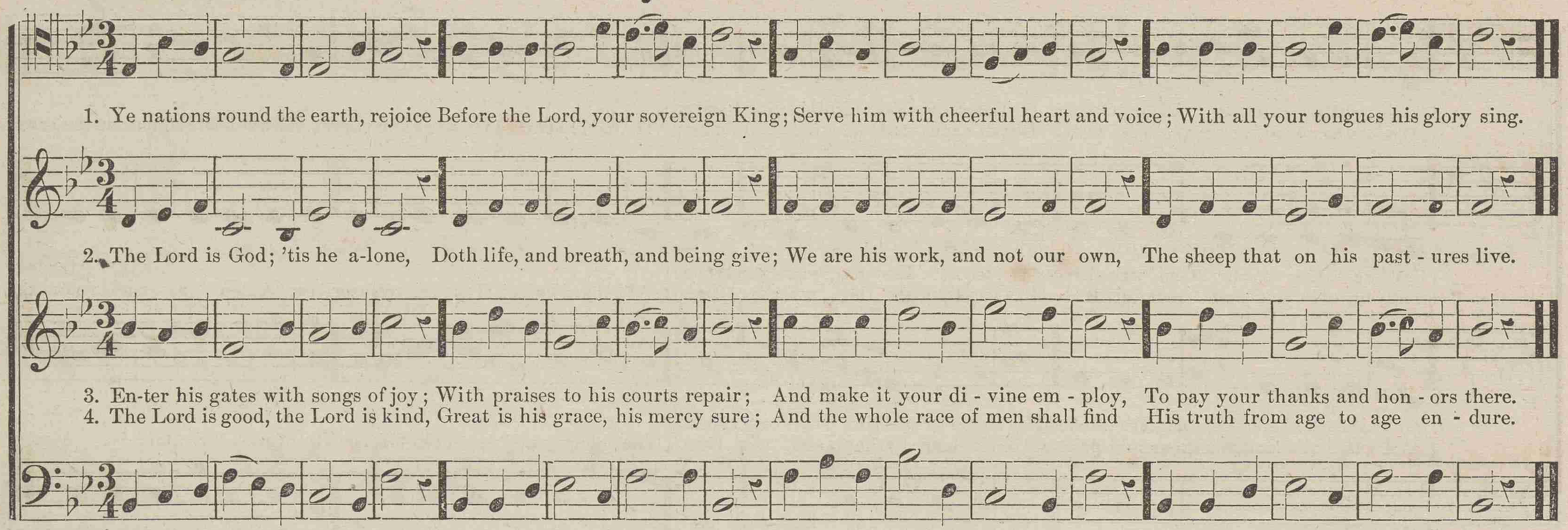
D. S. Ho-san-na! ho-san-na! Ho-san-na to the Lamb of God! Glo-ry! glo-ry! let us sing Grateful prais-es to our King:

Fine. D. S.

D. S. Ho-san-na! ho-san-na! Ho-san-na to the Lamb of God! Glo-ry! glo-ry! let us sing Grateful prais-es to our King:

91 MENDON. L. M.—German. (♩ = 76 = 24½.)

ISAAC WATTS.



92

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

2 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who, all night long, unwearied, sing
Glory to the Eternal King.

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

4 Lord, I my vows to thee renew:
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

THOMAS KEN.

93

GOD, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known;
'Tis here his richest mercy shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

2 Here sinners of a humble frame
May taste his grace and learn his name;
'Tis writ in characters of blood—
Severely just, immensely good.

3 Here Jesus, in ten thousand ways,
His soul-attracting charms displays;
Recounts his poverty and pains,
And tells his love in melting strains.

4 May this blest volume ever lie
Close to my heart, and near my eye,
Till life's last hour my soul engage,
And be my chosen heritage.

BENJ. BEDDOME.

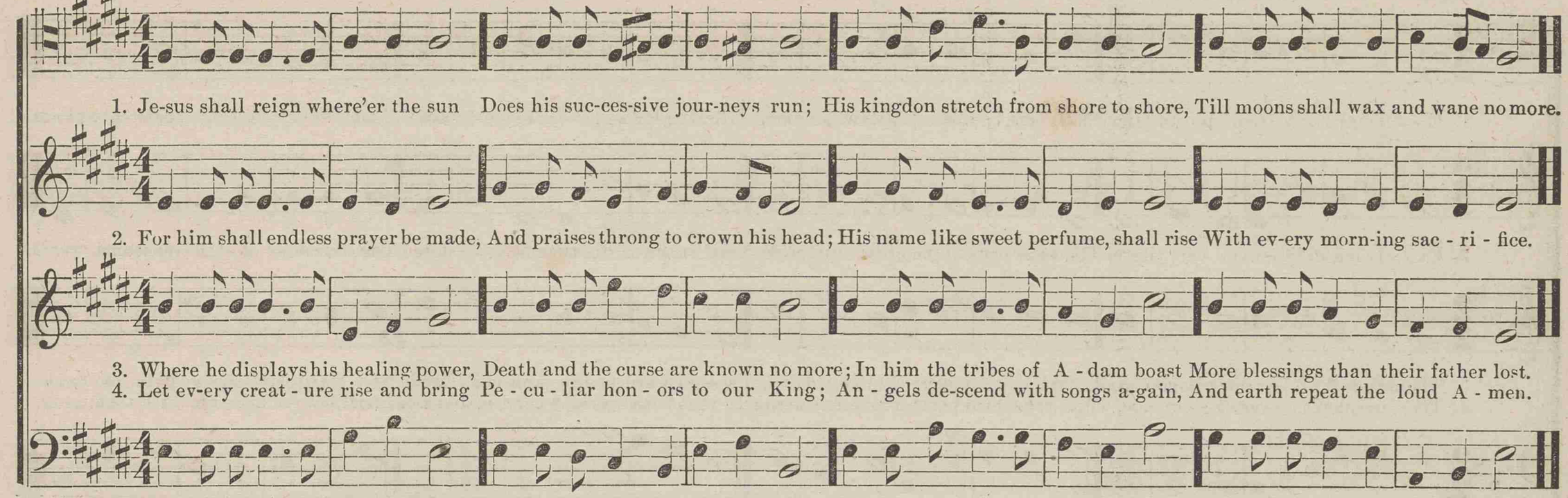
94

ZION, awake, thy strength renew;
Put on thy robes of beauteous hue;
Church of our God, arise and shine,
Bright with the beams of truth divine.

2 Soon shall thy radiance stream afar,
Wide as the heathen nations are;
Gentiles and kings thy light shall view,
All shall admire and love thee too.

WILLIAM SHRUBSOLE.

95 APPLETON. L. M.—William Boyce. (♩ = 63 = 35½.) Isaac Watts.



96

Redeemed from guilt, redeemed from fears,
My soul enlarged, and dried my tears,
What can I do, O Love Divine,
What to repay such gifts as thine?

2 What can I do, so poor, so weak,
But from thy hands new blessings seek:
A heart to feel thy mercies more,
A soul to know thee, and adore?

3 O teach me at thy feet to fall,
And yield to thee myself, my all—
Before thy saints my sins to own,
And live and die to thee alone.

H. F. Lyte.

97

Glory to thee, whose powerful word
Bids the tempestuous wind arise!
Glory to thee, the sovereign Lord
Of air and earth, and seas and skies!

2 Let air, and earth, and skies obey,
And seas thine awful will perform;
From them we learn to own thy sway,
And shout to meet the gathering storm.

3 What tho' the floods lift up their voice,
Thou hearest, Lord, our silent cry;
They can not damp thy children's joys,
Or shake the soul, while God is nigh.

4 Roar on, ye waves; our souls defy
Your roaring to disturb their rest;
In vain t' impair the calm ye try—
The calm in a believer's breast.

Charles Wesley.

98

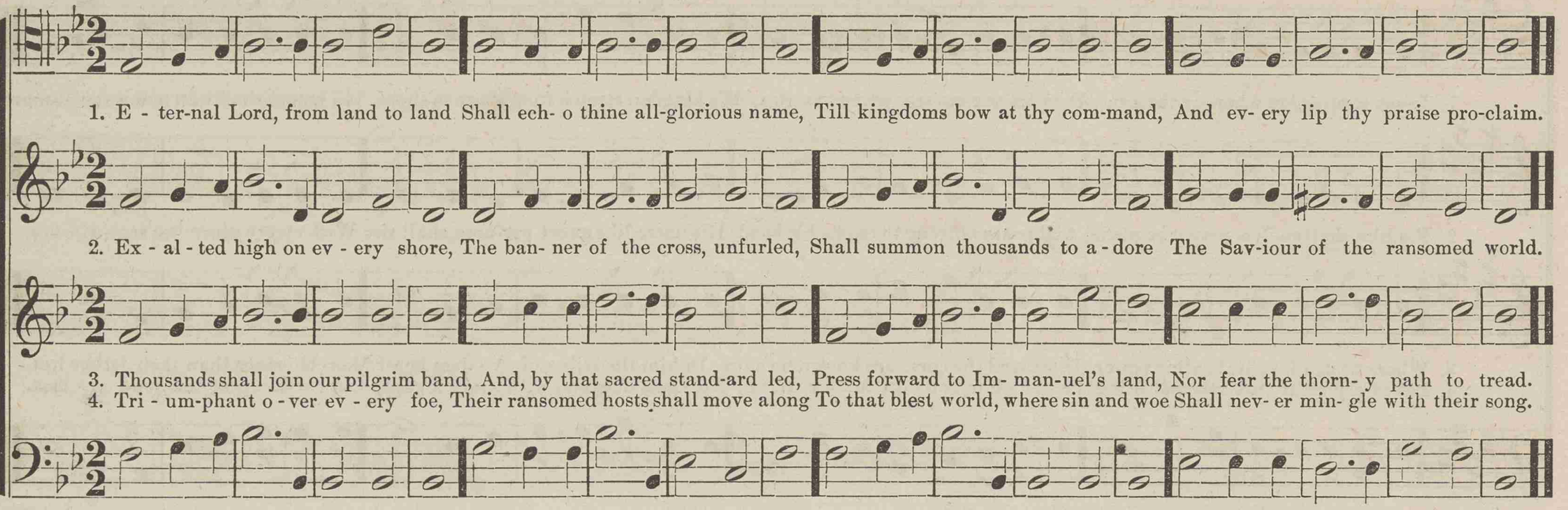
Thy footsteps, Lord, with joy we trace,
And mark the conquests of thy grace.
Complete the work thou hast begun,
And let thy will on earth be done.

2 O show thyself the Prince of peace;
Command the din of war to cease;
O bid contending nations rest,
And let thy love rule every breast.

3 Thou good and wise and righteous Lord,
All move subservient to thy word;
O soon let every nation prove
The perfect joy of Christian love.

Unknown.

99 GILEAD. L. M.—C. H. MEHUL. ($\frac{2}{2}$ = 63 = 35½.) Unknown.



100

THERE's nothing bright, above, below,
From flowers that bloom to stars that glow,
But in its light my soul can see
Some features of the Deity.

2 There's nothing dark, below, above,
But in its gloom I trace thy love,
And meekly wait the moment when
Thy touch shall make all bright again.

3 The light, the dark, where'er I look,
Shall be one pure and shining book,
Where I may read, in words of flame,
The glories of thy wondrous Name.

THOMAS MOORE.

101

HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be absent, I am found,
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.

2 Were I inspired to preach and tell
All that is done in heaven and hell;
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing without love.

3 Should I distribute all my store
To feed the hungry, clothe the poor,
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name,—

4 If love to God and love to men
Be absent, all my hopes are vain;
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The work of love can e'er fulfill.

ISAAC WATTS.

102

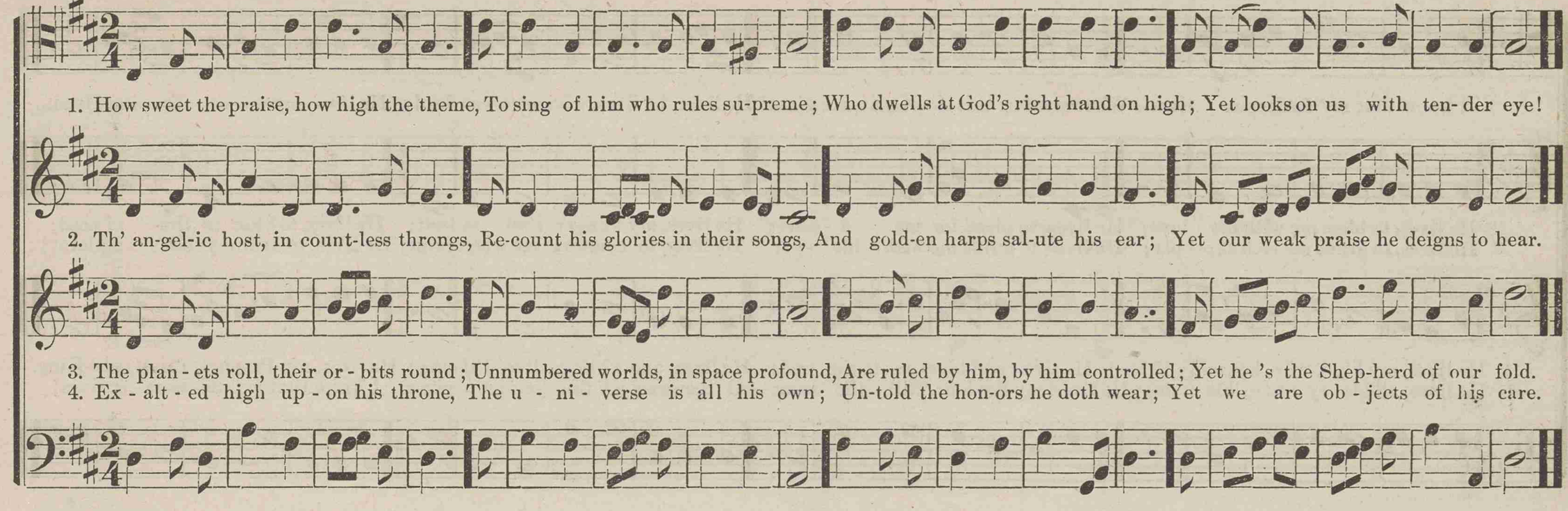
O RENDER thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love,
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Has stood, and shall forever last.

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

3 Extend to me that favor, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford:
From my transgressions set me free,
And let me ever joy in thee.

ISAAC WATTS.

103 BREWER. L. M.—*From Masons' Sacred Harp.* (♩ = 72 = 27.) BENJ. SKENE.



104

Now be my heart inspired to sing
The glories of my Saviour King;
He comes with blessings from above,
And wins the nations to his love.

2 Thy throne, O Lord, forever stands;
Grace is the scepter in thy hands;
Thy laws and works are just and right,
But truth and mercy thy delight.

3 Let endless honors crown thy head;
Let every age thy praises spread;
Let all the nations know thy word,
And every tongue confess thee Lord.

ISAAC WATTS.

105

PRAISE ye the Lord! 'Tis good to raise
Our hearts and voices in his praise;
His nature and his works invite
To make this duty our delight.

2 Great is the Lord, and great his might,
And all his glories infinite;
His wisdom vast, and knows no bound—
A deep where all our thoughts are drowned.

3 He loves the meek, rewards the just,
Humbles the wicked in the dust,
Melts and subdues the stubborn soul,
And makes the broken spirit whole.

4 His saints are precious in his sight;
He views his children with delight;
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
Approves and loves his image there.

ISAAC WATTS.

106

O, COME, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our Almighty King;
For we our voices high should raise,
When our salvation's Rock we praise.

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

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

NAHUM TATE.

107 LINWOOD. L. M.—Rossini. (♩ = 80 = 22.)

Samuel Medley.

1. I know that my Redeemer lives—What comfort this sweet sentence gives! He lives, he lives, who once was dead; He lives, my ev - er - liv - ing Head.

2. He lives, to bless me with his love; He lives, to plead for me a - bove; He lives, my hungry soul to feed; He lives, to bless in time of need;
3. He lives, to grant me rich sup - ply; He lives, to guide me with his eye; He lives, to comfort me when faint; He lives, to hear my soul's complaint;

4. He lives, my kind, wise, heavenly Friend; He lives, and loves me to the end; He lives, and while he lives I'll sing: He lives, my Prophet, Priest, and King.
5. He lives, all glo - ry to his name; He lives, my Saviour, still the same— O the sweet joy this sen-tence gives: I know that my Re-deem - er lives!

108 WARE. L. M.—George Kingsley. (𝅗𝅥 = 112 = 11¼.)

G. W. Doane.

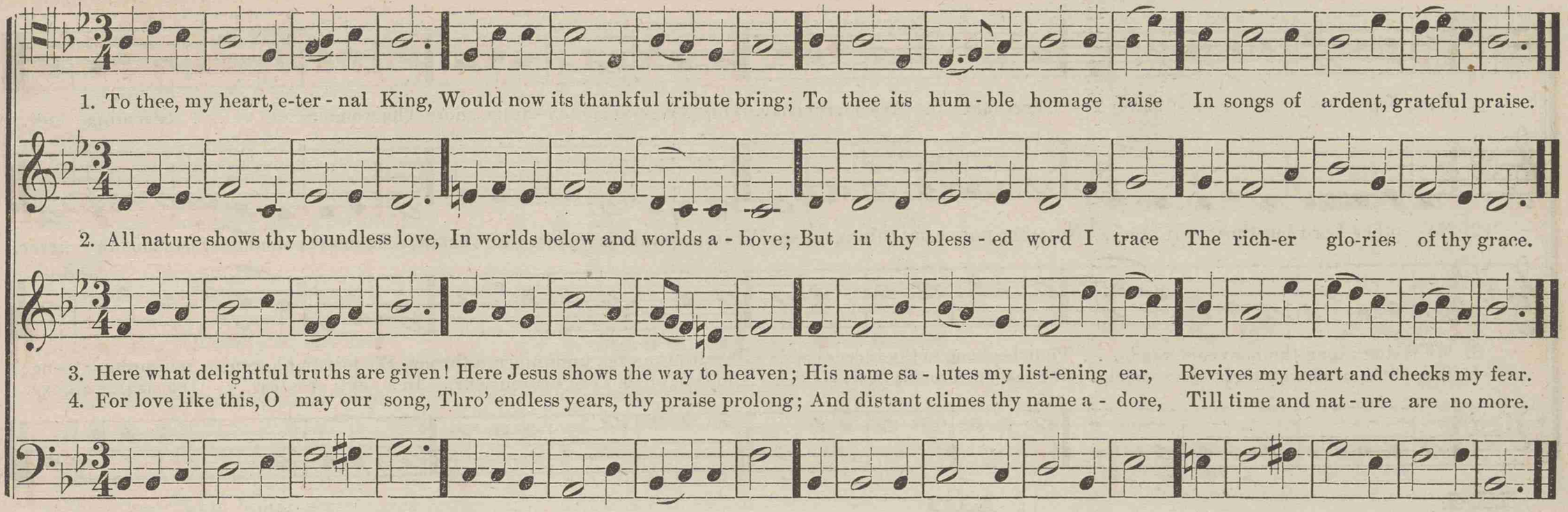
1. Fling out the ban-ner; let it float Skyward and seaward, high and wide—The sun, that lights its shining folds, The cross, on which the Saviour died.

2. Fling out the ban-ner; an-gels bend, In anxious si-lence, o'er the sign, And vain-ly seek to comprehend The wonder of the love di-vine.

3. Fling out the ban-ner; let it float Skyward and seaward, high and wide— Our glo - ry, on - ly in the cross; Our only hope, the Cru-ci - fied.
4. Fling out the ban-ner, wide and high, Seaward and skyward, let it shine; Nor skill, nor might, nor merit, ours: We conquer only in that sign.

109 GERMANY. L. M.—Beethoven. (♩=80=22.)

Exeter Collection.



110

O source divine, and life of all,
The fount of being's wondrous sea,
Thy depth would every heart appall,
That saw not love supreme in thee.

2 We shrink before thy vast abyss,
Where worlds on worlds eternal brood;
We know thee truly but in this,
That thou bestowest all our good.

3 And so, 'mid boundless time and space,
O grant us still in thee to dwell;
And through the ceaseless web to trace
Thy presence, working all things well.

John Sterling.

111

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

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

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

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

Isaac Watts.

112

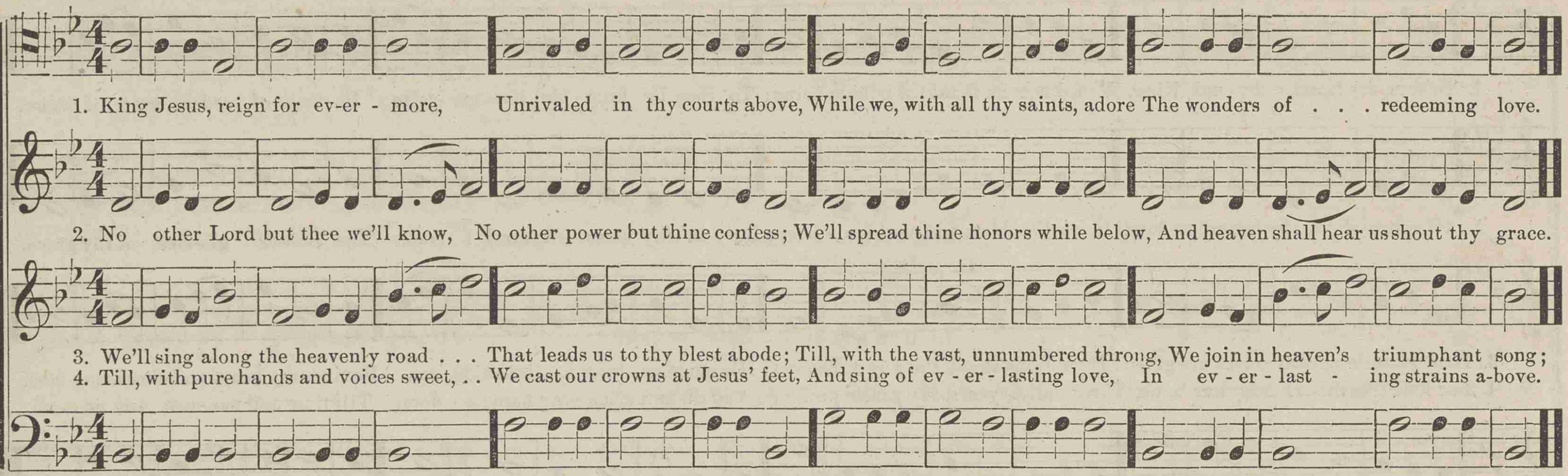
Soon may the last glad song arise
Through all the millions of the skies—
That song of triumph, which records
That all the earth is now the Lord's.

2 Let thrones and powers and kingdoms be
Obedient, mighty God, to thee;
And over land and stream and main,
Now wave the scepter of thy reign.

3 O let that glorious anthem swell;
Let host to host the triumph tell,
That not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Saviour reigns.

Mrs. Voke.

113 SESSIONS. L. M.—L. O. Emerson. (♩=88=18.) Ralph Wardlaw.



114

Great God, the followers of thy Son,
We bow before thy mercy-seat,
To worship thee, the Holy One,
And pour our wishes at thy feet.

2 O grant thy blessing here to-day;
O give thy people joy and peace;
The tokens of thy love display,
And favors that shall never cease.

3 We seek the truth which Jesus brought,
His path of light we long to tread;
Here be his holy doctrine taught,
And here its purest influence shed.

4 May faith, and hope, and love abound,
Our sins and errors be forgiven;
And we, from day to day, be found
The sons of God and heirs of heaven.

H. Ware.

115

Father of mercies, bow thine ear,
Attentive to our earnest prayer.
We plead for those who plead for thee;
Successful pleaders may they be.

2 How great their work, how vast their charge!
Do thou their anxious souls enlarge;
Their best endowments are our gain;
We share the blessings they obtain.

3 O clothe with energy divine
Their words, and let those words be thine;
To them thy sacred truth reveal;
Suppress their fears, inflame their zeal.

4 Let thronging multitudes around
Hear from their lips the joyful sound;
In humble strains thy grace adore,
And feel thy new-creating power.

Benj. Beddome.

116

Lo! God is here—let us adore,
And own how dreadful is this place;
Let all within us feel his power,
And, silent, bow before his face.

2 Lo! God is here—him day and night
United choirs of angels sing;
To him, enthroned above all height,
Let saints their humble worship bring.

3 Lord God of hosts, O may our praise
Thy courts with grateful incense fill;
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sovereign will.

J. Wesley, *tr.*

117

In prayer together let us fall,
And cry for mercy, one and all;
And weep before the Judge, and say,
O turn from us thy wrath away.

2 Thy grace have we offended sore,
By sins, O God, which we deplore;
Pour down upon us from above
The riches of thy pardoning love.

3 Remember, Lord, though frail we be,
That yet thy handiwork are we;
Nor let the honor of thy name
Be by another put to shame.

4 Forgive the sin that we have wrought,
Increase the good that we have sought;
That we at length, our wanderings o'er,
May please thee here and evermore.

JOHN M. NEALE.

118

O BOW thine ear, Eternal One,
On thee our heart, adoring, calls;
To thee, the followers of thy Son
Have raised, and now devote these walls.

2 Here let thy holy days be kept;
And be this place to worship given,
Like that bright spot where Jacob slept,
The house of God, the gate of heaven.

3 Here may thine honor dwell; and here,
As incense, let thy children's prayer,
From contrite hearts and lips sincer
Rise on the still and holy air.

4 Here be thy praise devoutly sung;
Here let thy truth beam forth to save,
As when, of old, thy Spirit hung,
On wings of light, o'er Jordan's wave.

5 And when the lips, that with thy name
Are vocal now, to dust shall turn,
On others may devotion's flame
Be kindled here, and purely burn.

JOHN PIERPONT.

119

WHILE o'er our guilty land, O Lord,
We view the terrors of thy sword,
O whither shall the helpless fly?
To whom but thee direct their cry?

2 The helpless sinner's cries and tears
Are grown familiar to thine ears;
Oft has thy mercy sent relief,
When all was fear and hopeless grief.

3 On thee, our guardian God, we call;
Before thy throne of grace we fall.
And is there no deliverance there?
And must we perish in despair?

4 See, we repent, we weep, we mourn,
To our forsaken God we turn;
O spare our guilty country; spare
The church which thou hast planted here.

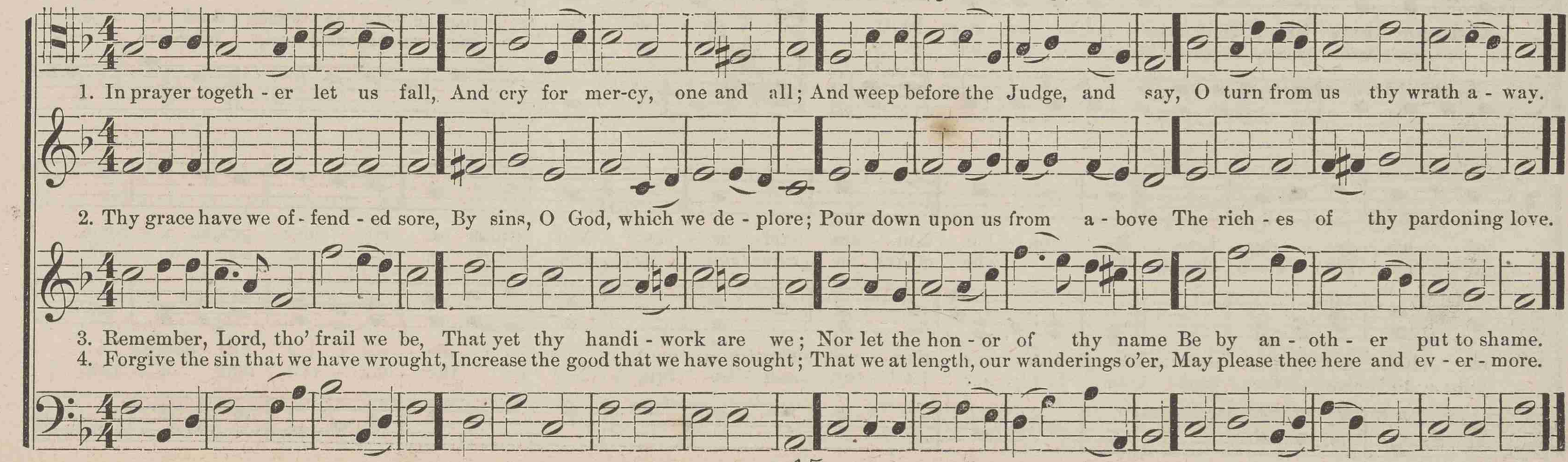
5 We plead thy grace, indulgent God;
We plead thy Son's atoning blood;
We plead thy gracious promises—
And are they unavailing pleas?

6 These pleas, presented at thy throne,
Have brought ten thousand blessings down
On guilty lands in helpless woe;
Let them prevail to save us, too.

SAMUEL DAVIS.

(117) RUSSIAN HYMN. L. M.—THEODORE LWOFF. (♩ = 96 = 15¼.)

JOHN M. NEALE.



120 ANVERN. L. M.—Lowell Mason. (♪ = 120 = 9¾.)

Philip Doddridge.

1. Tri-umph-ant Zi - on, lift thy head From dust and dark - ness and the dead; Though humbled long, a - wake at length, And gird thee
2. Put all thy beau-teous gar-ments on, And let thy ex - cel - lence be known; Decked in the robes of right-eous - ness, The world thy
3. No more shall foes un-clean in - vade, And fill thy hal - lowed walls with dread; No more shall hell's in - sult - ing host Their vic - tory
4. God, from on high, has heard thy prayer; His hand thy ru - ins shall re - pair; Nor will thy watch - ful mon-arch cease To guard thee

with thy Sav-iour's strength, And gird thee with thy Sav-iour's strength.
glo - ries shall con - fess, The world thy glo-ries shall con - fess.
and thy sor - rows boast, Their victory and thy sor - rows boast.
in e - ter - nal peace, To guard thee in e - ter - nal peace.

121 ALL SAINTS. L. M.

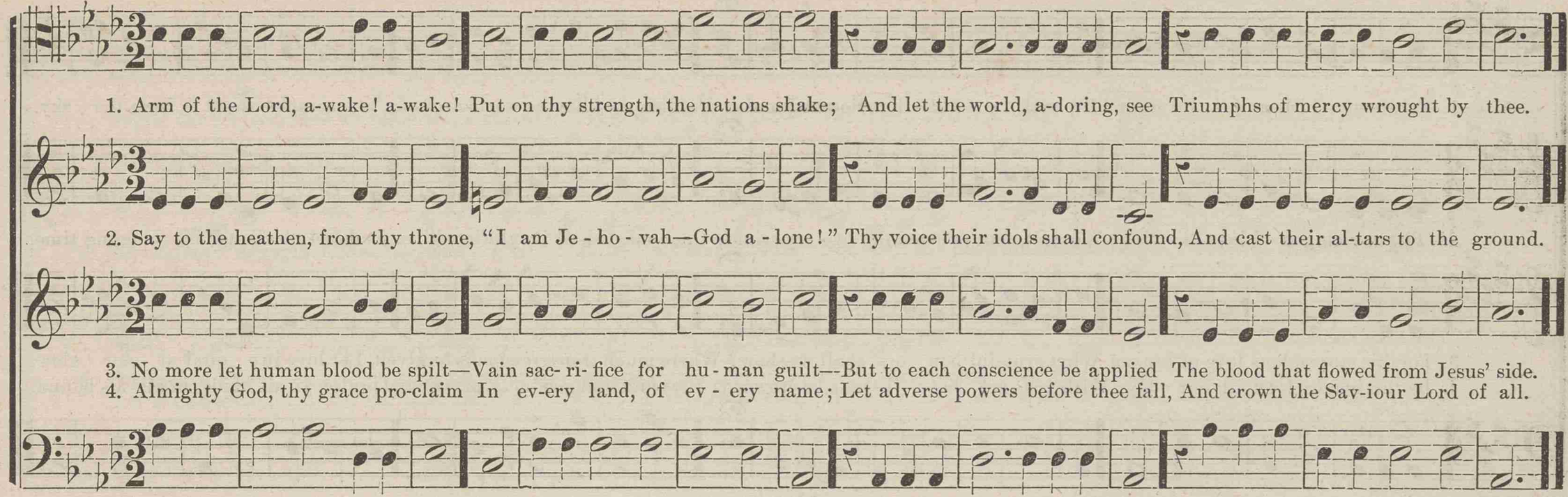
William Knapp. (♩ = 80 = 22.)

Isaac Watts.

1. Now to the Lord, who makes us know The won - ders
2. 'Twas he who cleansed us from our sins, And washed us
3. Be - hold, on fly - ing clouds he comes, And ev - ery
4. The un - be - liev - ing world shall wail, While we re -

of his dy - ing love, Be hum - ble hon - ors paid be - low, And strains of no - bler praise a - bove.
in his pre - cious blood; 'Tis he who makes us priests and kings, And brings us, reb - els, near to God.
eye shall see him move; Though with our sins we pierced him once, Now he dis - plays his par - doning love.
joice to see the day. Come, Lord, nor let thy prom - ise fail, Nor let thy cha - riot long de - lay.

122 MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.—H. C. Zeuner. (♩ = 120 = 9¾.) Wm. Shrubsole.



123

Ye Christian heralds, go, proclaim
Salvation in Immanuel's name;
To distant climes the tidings bear,
And plant the Rose of Sharon there.

2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire,
With holy zeal your hearts inspire,
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And calm the savage breast to peace.

3 And when our labors are all o'er,
Then shall we meet to part no more—
Meet, with the blood-bought throng to fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

Anon.

124

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

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

3 Scarce morning twilight had begun
To chase the shades of night away,
When Christ arose—unsetting Sun
The dawn of joy's eternal day.

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

5 God's goodness let us bear in mind,
Who to his saints this day has given,
For rest and serious joy designed,
To fit us for the bliss of heaven.

Ralph Wardlaw.

125

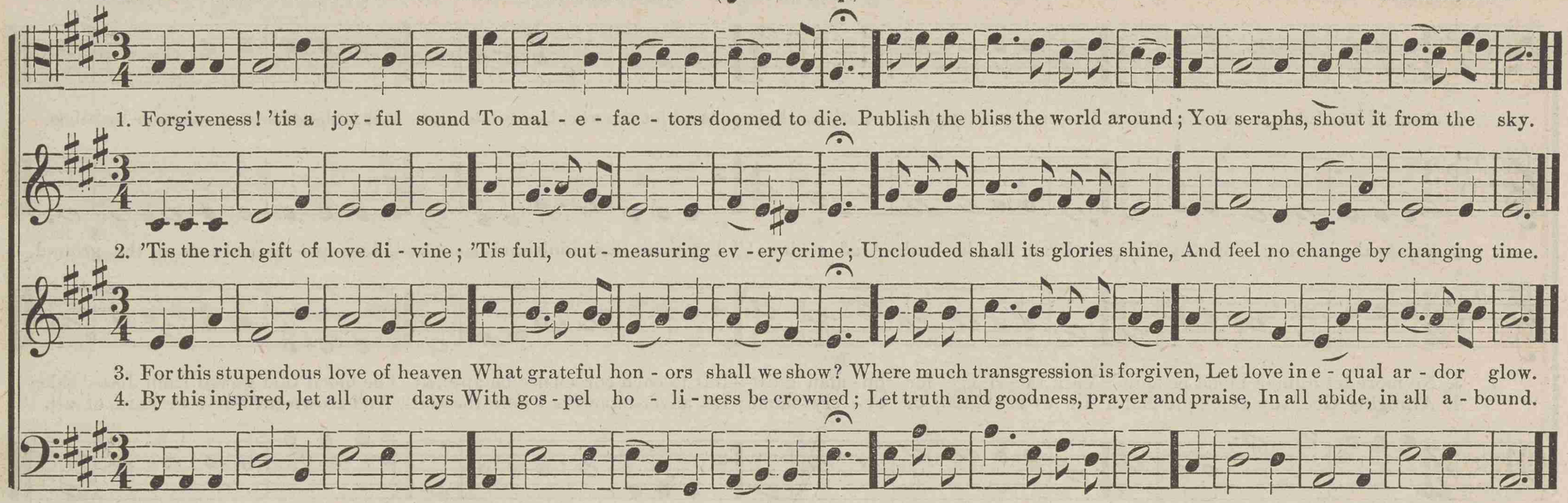
Lord, now we part in thy blest name,
In which we here together came;
Grant us, our few remaining days,
To work thy will and spread thy praise.

2 Teach us, in life and death, to bless
Thee, Lord, our strength and righteousness,
And grant us all to meet above,
Where we shall better sing thy love.

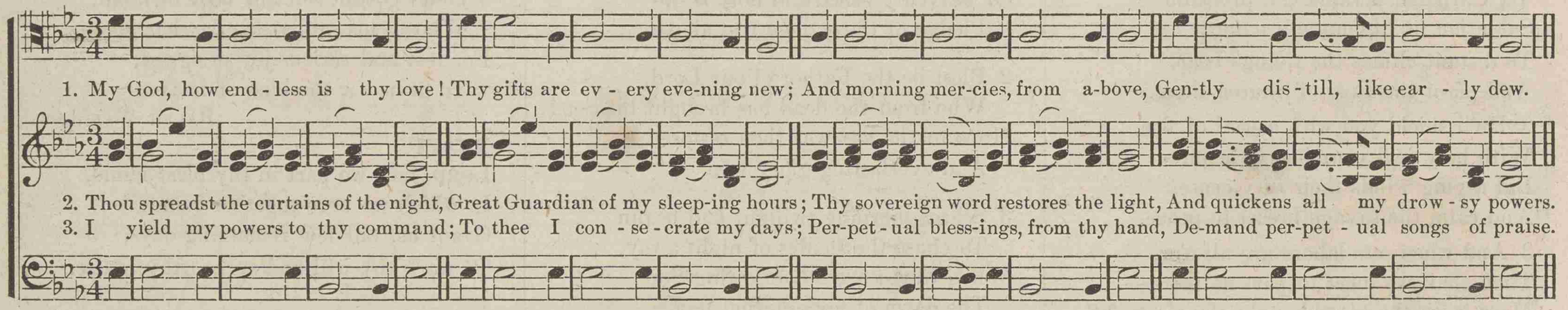
Reginald Heber.

126 MIGDOL. L. M.—Lowell Mason. (♩=76=24½.)

Thos. Gibbons.



127 GRATITUDE. L. M.—Ami Bost. (♩=69=29½.)

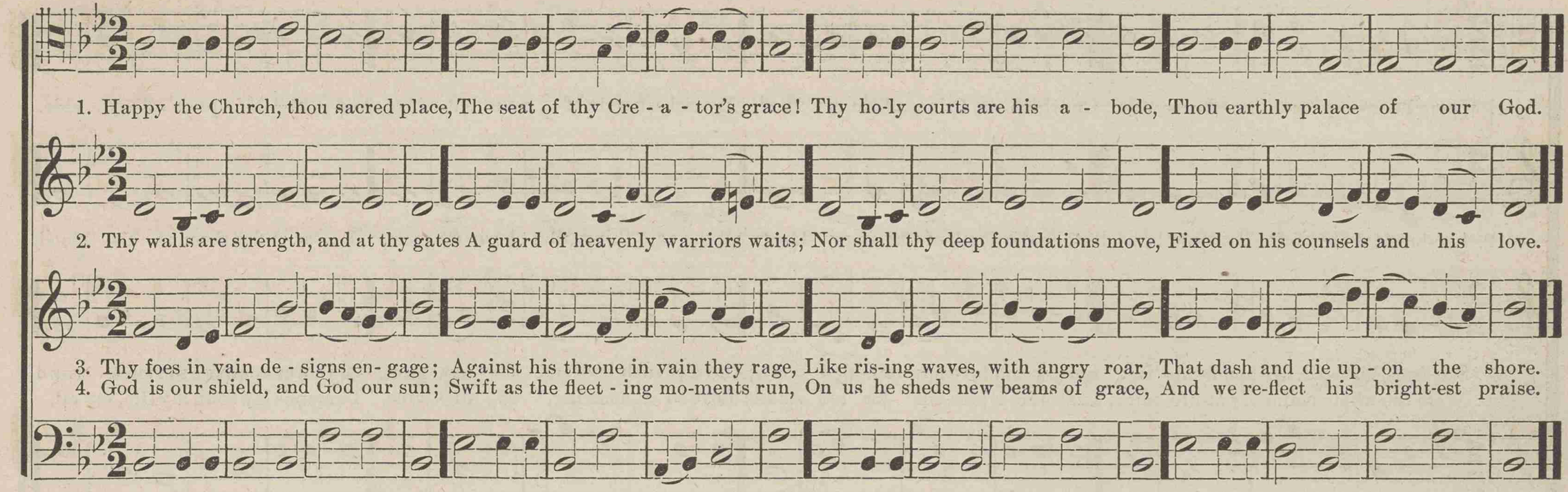
Isaac Watts.

128

How sweetly flowed the gospel sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and gladness filled the place!

2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unvailing an immortal day.

3 "Come, wanderers, to my Father's home;
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest."
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.

John Bowring.

129 ERNAN. L. M.—Lowell Mason. (♩=54=48.) Isaac Watts.

By permission.

130

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

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

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

Thos. Kelly.

131

Jesus, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

2 Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

3 Here may we prove the power of prayer,
To strengthen faith and banish care;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

Wm. Cowper.

132

Dear is the spot where Christians sleep,
And sweet the strains their spirits pour.
O why should we in anguish weep?
They are not lost, but gone before.

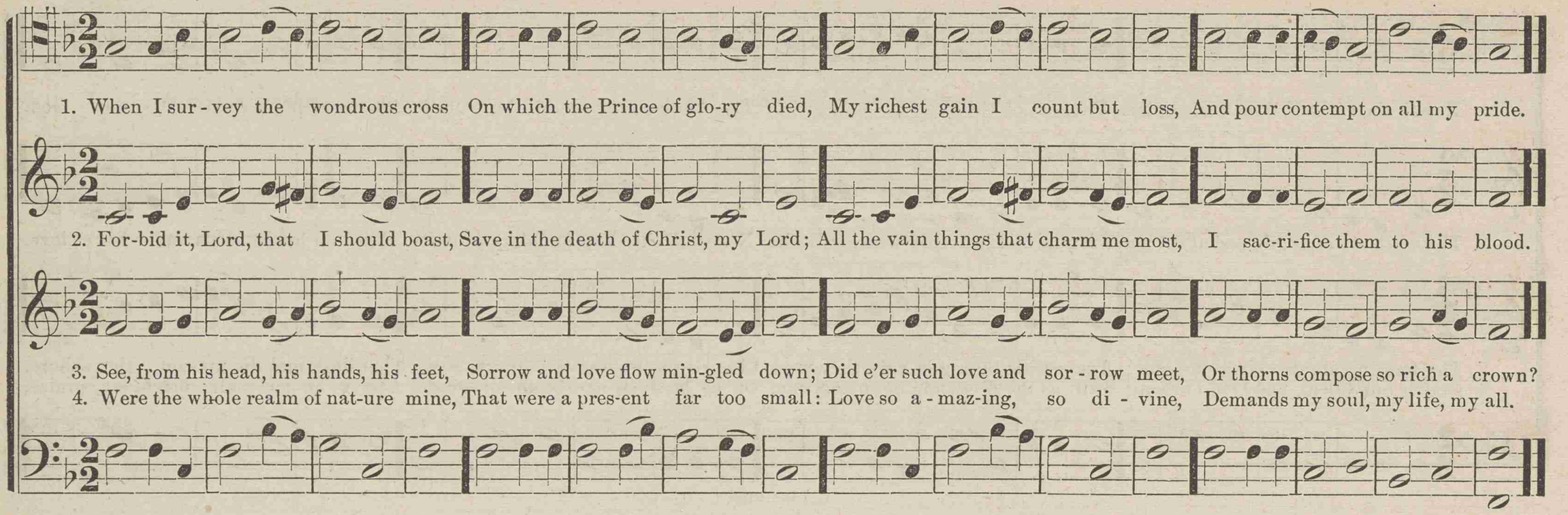
2 Secure from every mortal care,
By sin and sorrow vexed no more;
Eternal happiness they share,
Who are not lost, but gone before.

3 To Zion's peaceful courts above,
In faith triumphant, may we soar,
Embracing, in the arms of love,
The friends not lost, but gone before.

4 To Jordan's bank whene'er we come,
And hear the swelling waters roar,
Jesus, convey us safely home,
To friends not lost, but gone before.

Unknown.

133 HAMBURG. L. M.—Arr. by LOWELL MASON. (♩ = 96 = 151/4.) ISAAC WATTS.



134

THEE we adore, O gracious Lord;
We praise thy name with one accord;
Thy saints, who here thy goodness see,
Through all the world do worship thee.

2 To thee aloud all angels cry,
And ceaseless raise their songs on high;
Both cherubim and seraphim,
The heavens and all the powers therein.

3 Th' apostles join the glorious throng;
The prophets swell th' immortal song;
The martyrs' noble army raise
Eternal anthems to thy praise.

4 Thee, holy, holy, holy King;
Thee, O Lord God of hosts, they sing;
Thus earth below, and heaven above,
Resound thy glory and thy love.

THOS. COTTERILL.

135

HE dies, the Friend of sinners dies;
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
A solemn darkness vails the skies,
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

2 Here's love and grief beyond degree—
The Lord of glory dies for men;
But, lo! what sudden joys we see—
Jesus, the dead, revives again.

3 The rising Lord forsakes the tomb
(The tomb in vain forbids his rise);
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

4 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliverer reigns;
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the monster Death in chains.

5 Say, "Live forever, wondrous King,
Born to redeem, and strong to save;"
Then ask the monster, "Where's thy sting?
And where thy victory, boasting grave?"

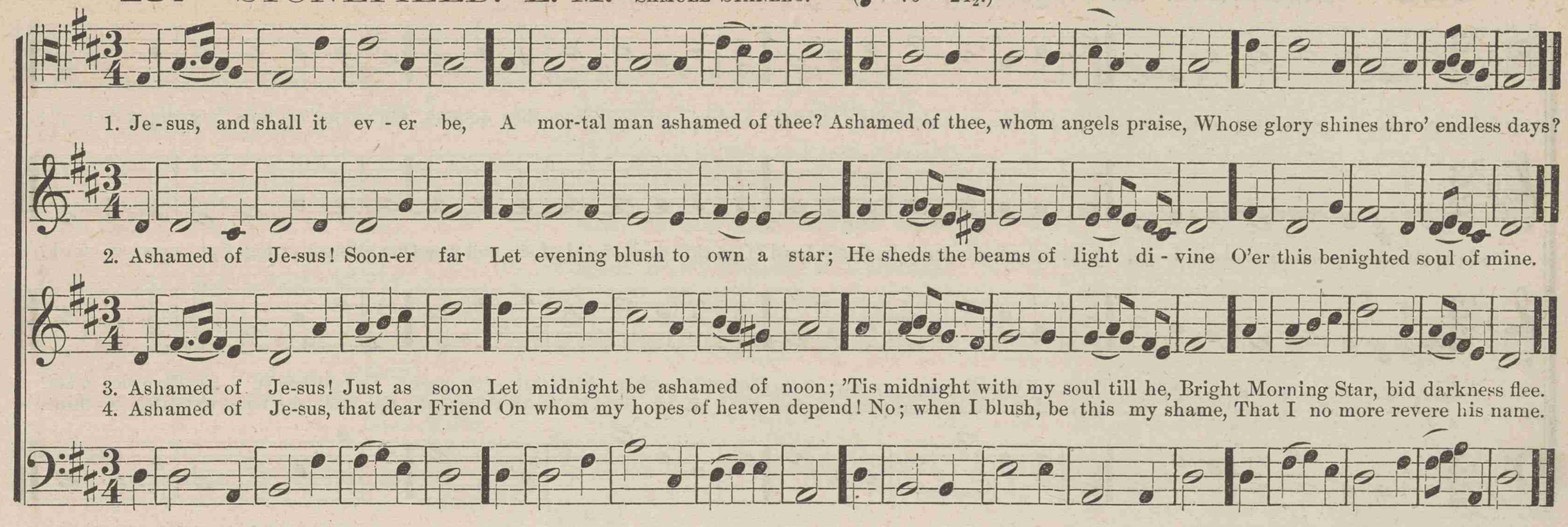
ISAAC WATTS.

136

THE peace which God alone reveals,
And by his word of grace imparts,
Which only the believer feels,
Direct, and keep, and cheer our hearts.

JOHN NEWTON.

137 STONEFIELD. L. M.—Samuel Stanley. (♩=76=24½.)



5 Ashamed of Jesus! Yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I'll boast a Saviour slain;
And O may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

Joseph Grigg.

138

How beauteous were the marks divine,
That in thy meekness used to shine,
That lit thy lonely pathway, trod
In wondrous love, O Son of God!

2 O who like thee, so calm, so bright,
So pure, so made to live in light?
O who like thee did ever go
So patient, through a world of woe?

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

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

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

A. C. Coxe.

139

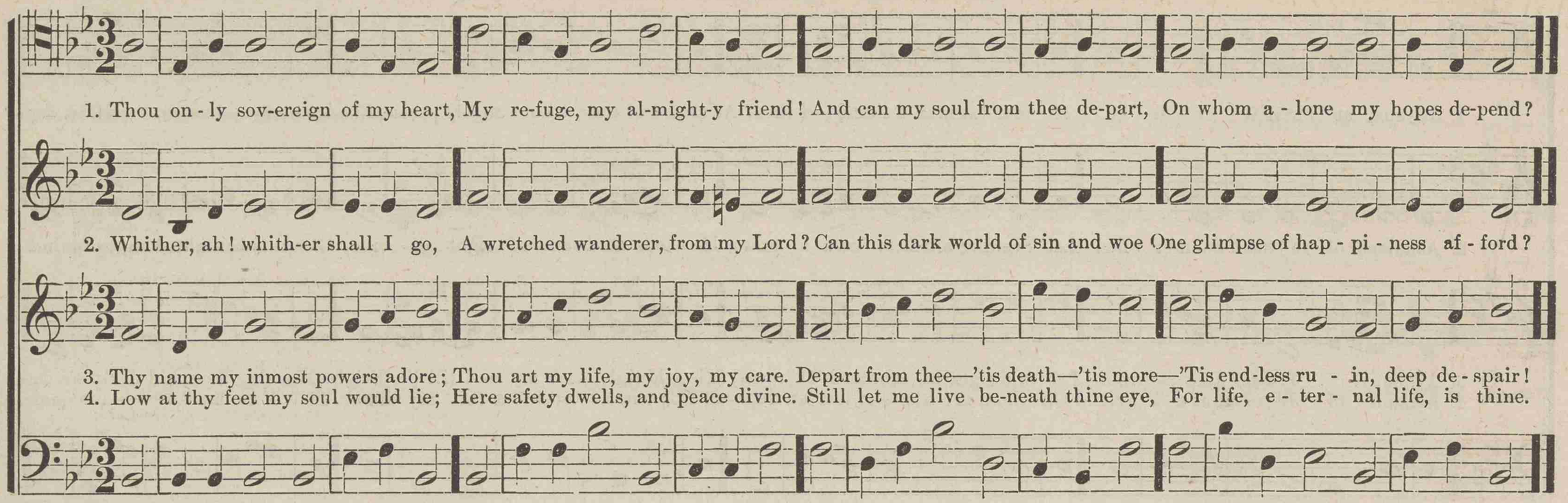
O Love Divine, that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On thee we cast each earth-born care;
We smile at pain while thou art near.

2 Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near.

3 On thee we fling our burdening woe,
O Love Divine, forever dear;
Content to suffer while we know,
Living or dying, thou art near.

O. W. Holmes.

140 HEBRON. L. M.—Lowell Mason. ($\frac{1}{2}$ = 58 = 42.)

Anne Steele.

141

Thus far the Lord has led me on;
Thus far his power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

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

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

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

Isaac Watts.

142

Jesus, thou Shepherd of the sheep,
Thy little flock in safety keep;
These lambs within thine arms now take,
Nor let them e'er thy fold forsake.

2 Secure them from the scorching beam,
And lead them to the living stream;
In verdant pastures let them lie,
And watch them with a shepherd's eye.

3 O teach them to discern thy voice,
And in its sacred sound rejoice;
From strangers may they ever flee,
And know no other guide but thee.

4 Lord, bring thy sheep that wander yet,
And let their number be complete;
Then let the flock from earth remove
And reach the heavenly fold above.

W. B. Collyer.

143

Welcome, ye hopeful heirs of heaven,
To this rich feast of gospel love;
This pledge is but the prelude given
To that immortal feast above.

2 How great the blessing, thus to meet,
According to our Saviour's word,
And hold, by faith, communion sweet
With our unseen, yet present, Lord!

3 And if so sweet this feast below,
What will it be to meet above,
Where all we see, and feel, and know,
Are fruits of everlasting love!

4 Soon shall we tune the heavenly lyre,
While listening worlds the song approve;
Eternity itself expire,
Ere we exhaust the theme of love.

Unknown.

144

LET me but hear my Saviour say,
"Strength shall be equal to thy day;"
Then I rejoice in deep distress,
Leaning on all-sufficient grace.

2 I can do all things—or can bear
All suffering, if my Lord be there;
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
While he my sinking head sustains.

3 I glory in infirmity,
That Christ's own power may rest on me;
When I am weak, then am I strong;
Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.

ISAAC WATTS.

145

KINDRED in Christ, for his dear sake
A hearty welcome here receive;
May we together now partake
The joys which only he can give.

2 May he by whose kind care we meet
Send his good Spirit from above,
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love.

3 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When Christians meet together thus;
We only wish to speak of him
Who lived, and died, and reigns for us.

4 Thus, as the moments pass away,
We'll love, and wonder, and adore;
And hasten on the glorious day
When we shall meet to part no more.

JOHN NEWTON.

146

WHEN we the sacred grave survey,
In which the Saviour deigned to lie,
We see fulfilled what prophets say,
And all the power of death defy.

2 This empty tomb shall now proclaim
How weak the bands of conquered death;
Sure pledge that all who trust his name
Shall rise and draw immortal breath.

3 Jesus, once numbered with the dead,
Unseals his eyes to sleep no more;
And ever lives their cause to plead
For whom the pains of death he bore.

4 Then, though in dust we lay our head,
Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave
Our flesh forever with the dead,
Nor lose thy children in the grave.

Unknown.

147

FOUNTAIN of grace, rich, full, and free,
What need I, that is not in thee—
Full pardon, strength to meet the day,
And peace which none can take away?

2 Doth sickness fill my heart with fear?
'Tis sweet to know that thou art near.
Am I with dread of justice tried?
'Tis sweet to know that Christ hath died.

3 In life, thy promises of aid
Forbid my heart to be afraid;
In death, peace gently vails the eyes—
Christ rose, and I shall surely rise.

J. EDMESTON.

148

TO-DAY, if you will hear his voice,
Now is the time to make your choice;
Say, will you to Mount Zion go?
Say, will you come to Christ or no?

2 Say, will you be forever blest,
And with this glorious Jesus rest?
Will you be saved from guilt and pain?
Will you with Christ forever reign?

3 Make now your choice, and halt no more,
He now is waiting for the poor;
Say, now, poor souls, what will you do?
Say, will you come to Christ or no?

4 Fathers and sons, for ruin bound,
Amidst the gospel's joyful sound,
Come, go with us, and seek to prove
The joys of Christ's redeeming love.

5 Matrons and maids, we look to you—
Are you resolved to perish, too?
To rush in carnal pleasures on,
And sink in flaming ruin down?

6 Once more we ask you in his name,
(We know his love remains the same),
Say, will you to Mount Zion go?
Say, will you come to Christ or no?

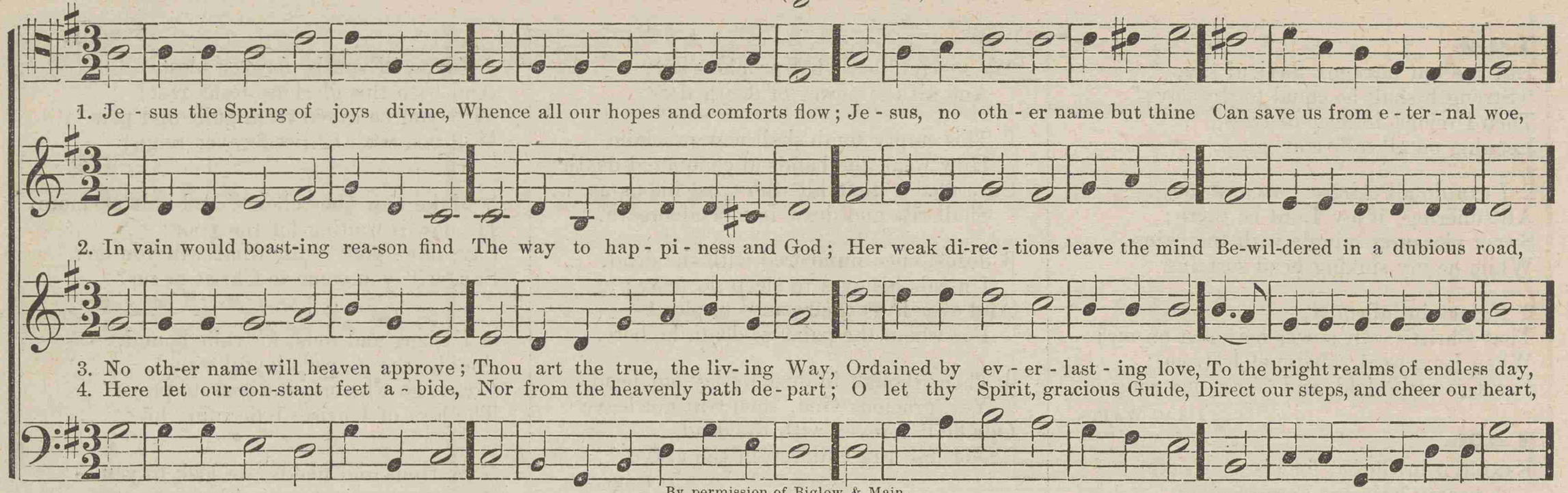
MILLER.

149

DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord;
Help us to feed upon thy word;
All that has been amiss, forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

2 Though we are guilty, thou art good;
Cleanse all our sins in Jesus' blood
Give every burdened soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

JOS. HART.

150 ROLLAND. L. M.—Wm. B. Bradbury. (♩ = 58 = 42.) Anne Steele.

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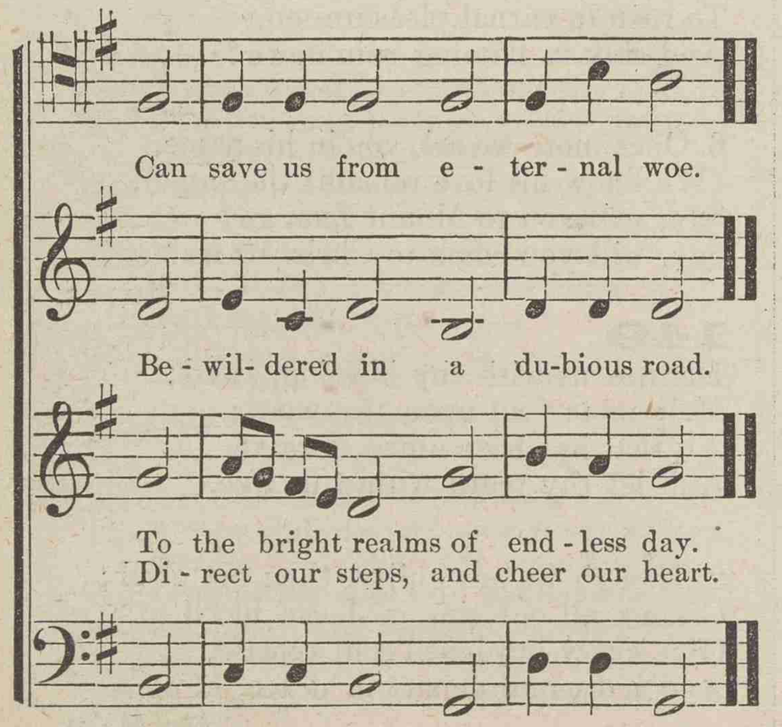

151

My God, my heart with love inflame,
That I may, in thy holy name,
Aloud in songs of praise rejoice,
While I have breath to raise my voice.

2 No more let my ungrateful heart
One moment from thy praise depart;
But live and sing, in sweet accord,
The glories of my sovereign Lord.

3 Jesus, thou hope of glory, come
And make my heart thy constant home;
Through all the remnant of my days,
O let me speak and live thy praise.

Unknown.

152

Behold the Christian warrior stand
In all the armor of his God:
The Spirit's sword is in his hand,
His feet are with the gospel shod;

2 In panoply of truth complete,
Salvation's helmet on his head;
With righteousness a breastplate meet,
And faith's broad shield before him spread,

3 Undaunted to the field he goes;
Yet, vain were skill and valor there,
Unless, to foil his legion foes,
He takes the trustiest weapon, prayer.

4 Thus, strong in his Redeemer's strength,
Sin, death, and hell he tramples down,
Fights the good fight and wins at length,
Through mercy, an immortal crown.

James Montgomery.

153

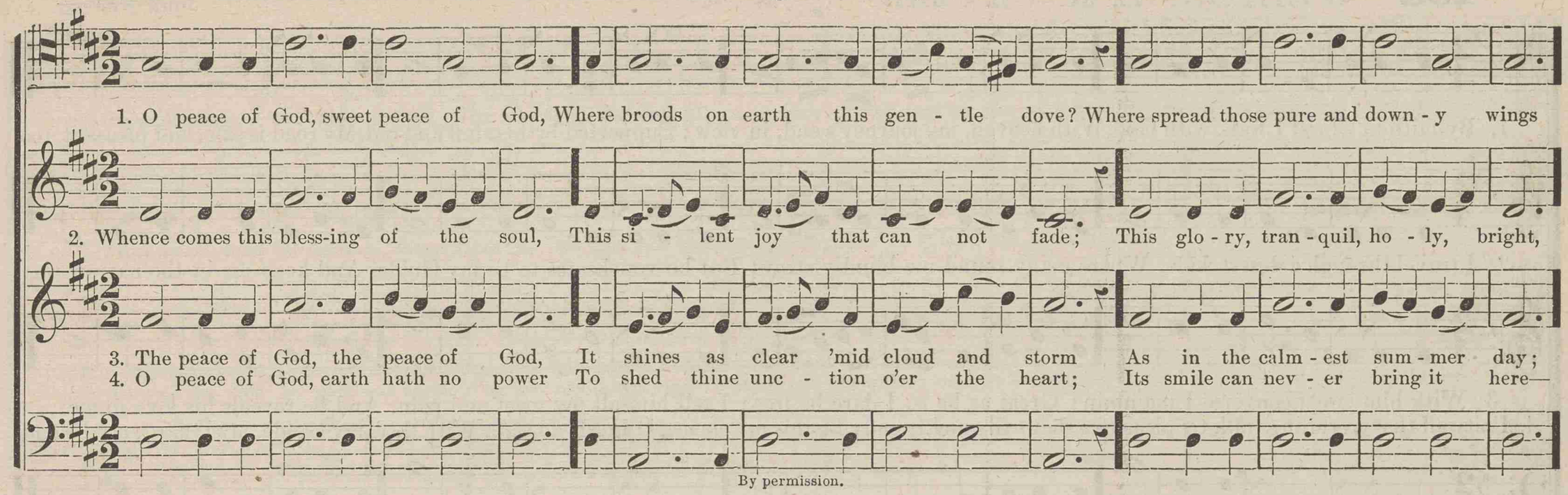
Exalted Prince of Life, we own
The royal honors of thy throne;
'Tis fixed by God's almighty hand,
And seraphs bow at thy command.

2 Exalted Saviour, we confess
The mighty triumphs of thy grace,
Where beams of gentle radiance shine,
And temper majesty divine.

3 Wide thy resistless scepter sway,
Till all thine enemies obey;
Wide let thy cross its virtues prove,
And conquer millions by its love.

Philip Doddridge.

154 BLESSING. L. M.—I. B. Woodbury. (♩ = 100 = 14.)



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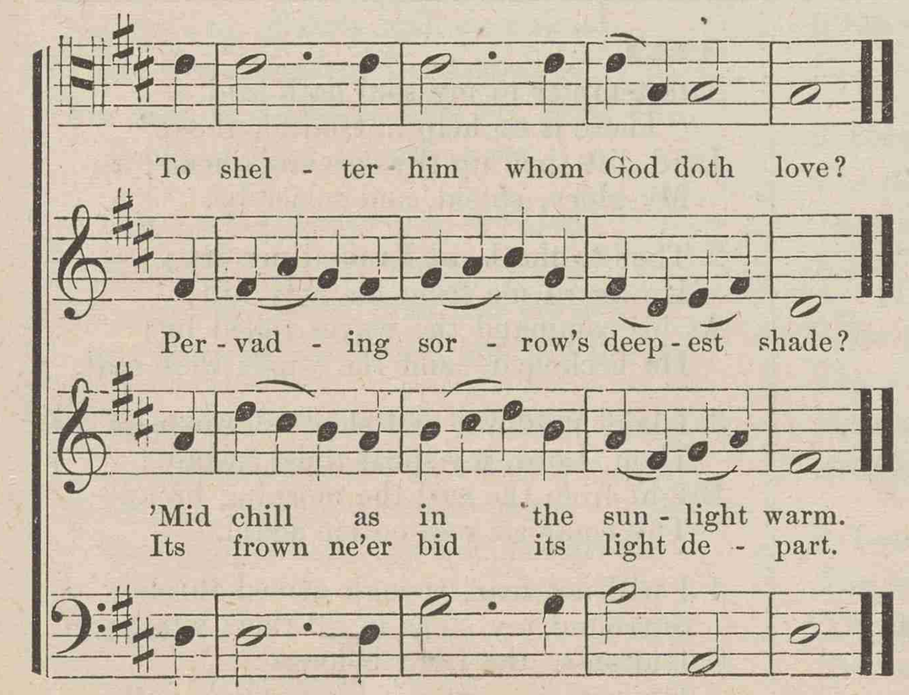

5 Sweet peace! O let thy heavenly ray
Shed its calm radiance o'er my road;
Its kindly light shall cheer me on—
Guide to the endless peace of God.

Unknown.

155

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

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

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

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

D. E. Ford.

156

How blest are they whose transient years
Pass like an evening meteor's flight;
Not dark with guilt, nor dim with tears,
Whose course is short, unclouded, bright!

2 O cheerless were our lengthened way;
But heaven's own light dispels the gloom,
Streams downward from eternal day,
And casts a glory round the tomb.

3 O stay thy tears: the blest above
Have hailed a spirit's heavenly birth,
And sung a song of joy and love—
Then why should anguish reign on earth?

Norton.

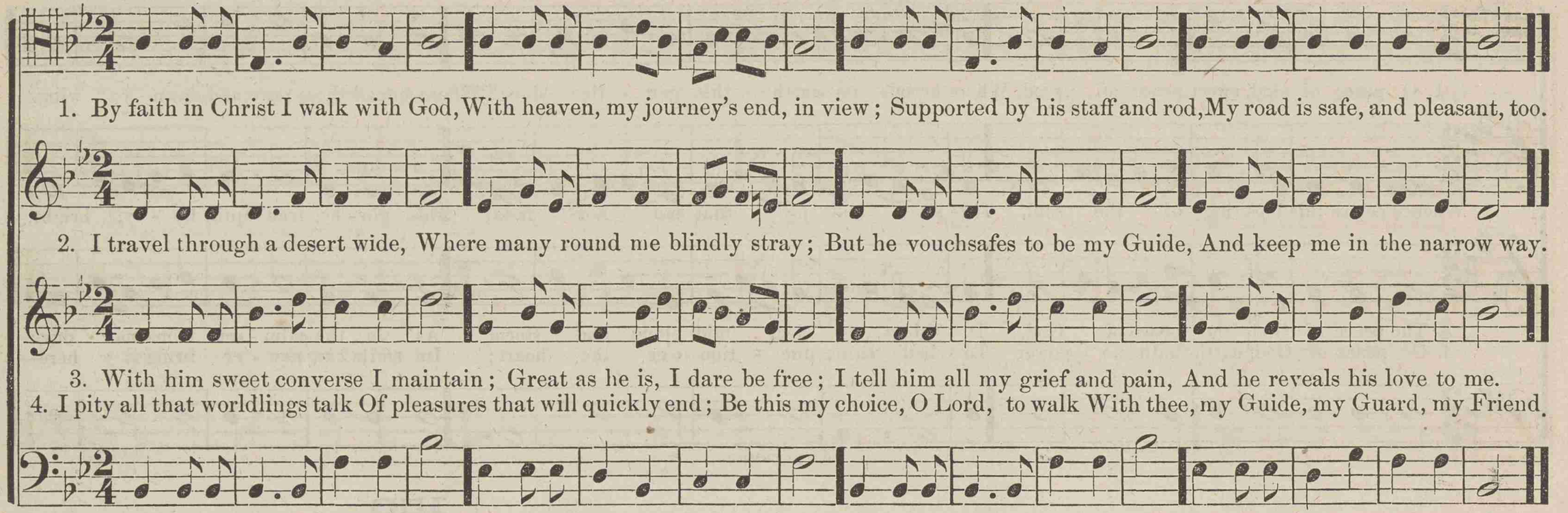
157

O for a strong, a lasting faith,
To credit what th' Almighty saith,
T' embrace the message of his Son,
And call the joys of heaven our own!

2 Then should the earth's old pillars shake,
And all the wheels of nature break,
Our steady souls should fear no more
Than solid rocks when billows roar.

Isaac Watts.

158 WELTON. L. M.—C. H. A. Malan. (♩ = 58 = 42.) John Newton.



159

Let thoughtless thousands choose the road
That leads the soul away from God;
This happiness, blest Lord, be mine,
To live and die entirely thine.

2 On Christ, by faith, my soul would live,
From him my life, my all, receive;
To him devote my fleeting hours,
Serve him alone with all my powers.

3 Christ is my everlasting all;
To him I look, on him I call;
He will my every want supply,
In time, and through eternity.

4 Soon will the Lord, my life, appear;
Soon shall I end my trials here;
Leave sin and sorrow, death and pain;
To live is Christ, to die is gain.

Josiah Hopkins.

160

Blest are the humble souls that see
Their emptiness and poverty;
Treasures of grace to them are given,
And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.

2 Blest are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart;
The blood of Christ divinely flows,
A healing balm for all their woes.

3 Blest are the souls who thirst for grace,
Hunger and thirst for righteousness;
They shall be well supplied and fed
With living streams and living bread.

4 Blest are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the glowing coals of strife;
They shall be called the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God, the God of peace.

Isaac Watts.

161

The tempter to my soul hath said,
"There is no help in God for thee;"
Lord, lift thou up thy servant's head;
My glory, shield, and solace be.

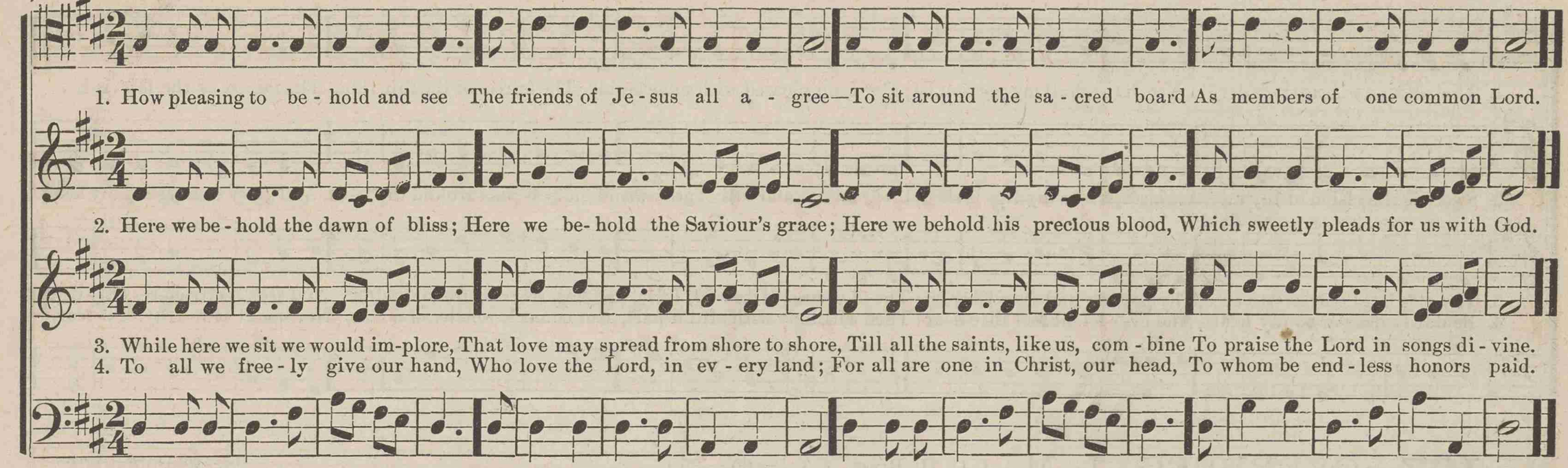
2 Thus to the Lord I raised my cry;
He heard me from his holy hill;
At his command the waves rolled by;
He beckoned—and the winds were still.

3 I laid me down and slept—I woke—
Thou, Lord, my spirit didst sustain;
Bright from the east the morning broke—
Thy comforts rose on me again.

4 I will not fear, though armed throngs
Surround my steps in all their wrath;
Salvation to the Lord belongs:
His presence guards his people's path.

Jas. Montgomery.

162 MALVERN. L. M.—Lowell Mason. (♩ = 66 = 32.) John Dobell.



163

No change of time shall ever shock
My firm affection, Lord, to thee;
For thou hast always been my rock,
A fortress and defense to me.

2 Thou my deliverer art, my God!
My trust is in thy mighty power;
Thou art my shield from foes abroad,
At home my safeguard and my tower.

3 To thee will I address my prayer,
To whom all praise I justly owe;
So shall I, by thy watchful care,
Be guarded from my treacherous foe.

Tate and Brady.

164

Glory to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thine own almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill which I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Be thou my Guardian while I sleep;
Thy watchful station near me keep;
My heart with love celestial fill,
And guard me from th' approach of ill.

4 Lord, let my soul forever share
The bliss of thy paternal care;
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,
To see thy face, and sing thy love!

Thos. Ken.

165

A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

2 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemned to die.

3 Then will I teach the world thy ways;
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pardoning God.

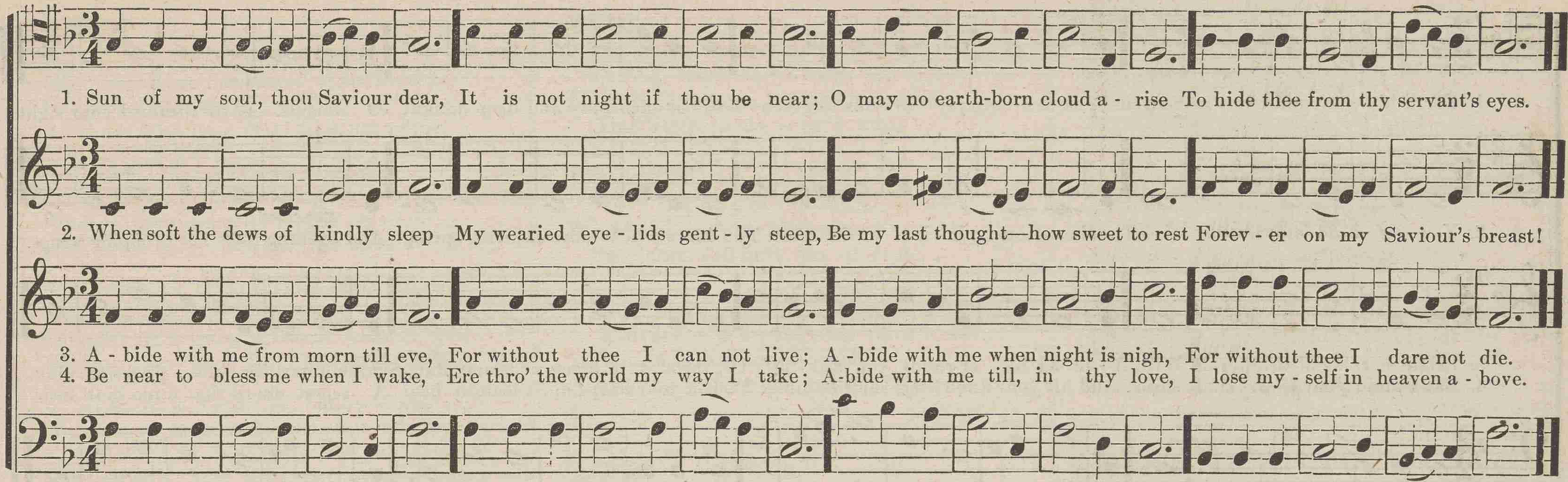
Isaac Watts.

166 TAPPAN. L. M.—Geo. Kingsley. (♩ = 120 = 9¾) G. Tersteegen.

1. Tho' all the world my choice deride, Yet Jesus shall my portion be; For I am pleased with none beside; The fairest of the fair is he, The fairest of the fair is he.
2. Sweet is the vision of thy face, And kindness o'er thy lips is shed; Lovely art thou, and full of grace, And glory beams around thy head, And glory beams around thy head.
3. Thy sufferings I embrace with thee, Thy poverty and shameful cross; The pleasures of the world I flee, And deem its treasures only dross, And deem its treasures only dross.
4. Be dai-ly dear-er to my heart, And ever let me feel thee near; Then willingly with all I'd part, Nor count it worthy of a tear, Nor count it worthy of a tear.

167 OVERBERG. L. M.—J. C. H. Rink. (♩ = 60 = 39.) Philip Doddridge.

1. My gracious Lord, I own thy right To ev- ery serv-ice I can pay, And call it my su-preme delight To hear thy dictates, and o - bey.
2. What is my be - ing but for thee, Its sure sup-port, its no-blest end? 'Tis my de-light thy face to see, And serve the cause of such a Friend.
3. I would not sigh for world-ly joy, Or to in - crease my worldly good; Nor future days nor powers employ To spread a sound-ing name a - broad.
4. 'Tis to my Saviour I would live, To him who for my ran-som died; Nor could all world-ly hon- or give Such bliss as crowns me at his side.
5. His work my hoar - y age shall bless, When youthful vig-or is no more; And my last hour of life con-fess His dy - ing love, his sav-ing power.

168 HURSLEY. L. M. —Arr. by W. H. Monk. (♩=88=18.) J. Keble.

169

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

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

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

Isaac Watts.

170

Father of spirits, nature's God,
Our inmost thoughts are known to thee;
Thou, Lord, canst hear each idle word,
And every private action see.

2 Could we, on morning's swiftest wings,
Pursue our flight through trackless air,
Or dive beneath deep ocean's springs,
Thy presence still would meet us there.

3 In vain may guilt attempt to fly,
Concealed beneath the pall of night;
One glance from thy all-piercing eye
Can kindle darkness into light.

4 Search thou our hearts, and there destroy
Each evil thought, each secret sin,
And fit us for those realms of joy,
Where naught impure shall enter in.

John Bowring.

171

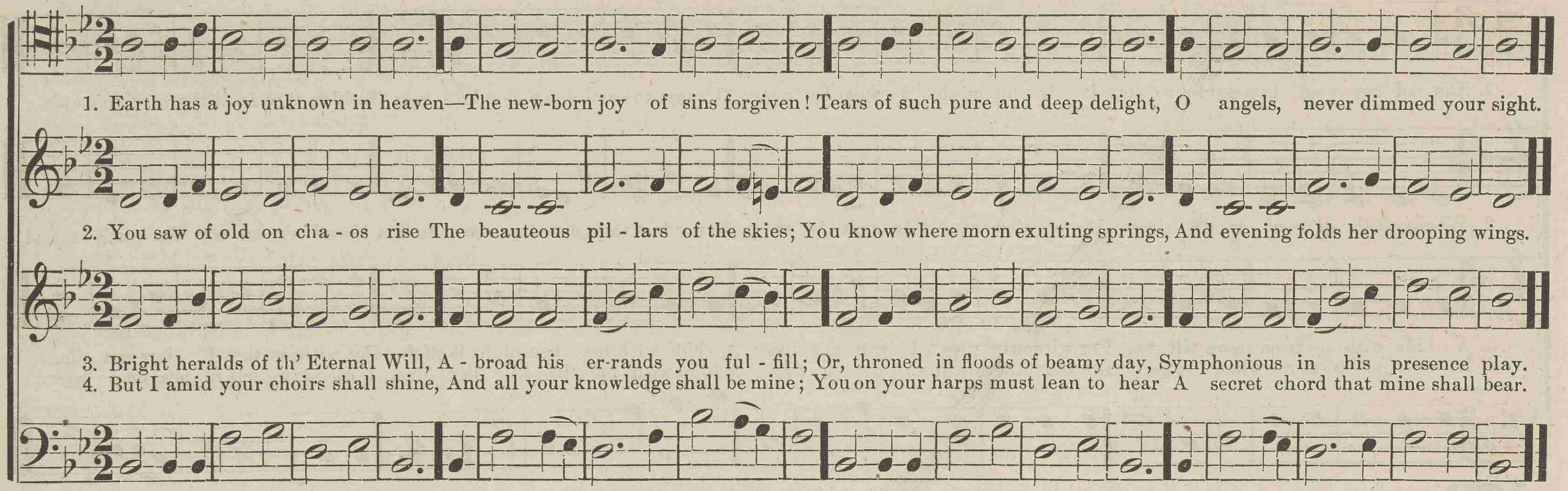
Now let our souls, on wings sublime,
Rise from the vanities of time;
Draw back the parting vail, and see
The glories of eternity.

2 Born by a new, celestial birth,
Why should we grovel here on earth?
Why grasp at vain and fleeting toys,
So near to heaven's eternal joys?

3 Shall aught beguile us on the road,
While we are walking back to God?
For strangers into life we come,
And dying is but going home.

Thos. Gibbons.

172 WARD. L. M.—Arr. by LOWELL MASON. (♩ = 108 = 12.) A. L. HILLHOUSE.



173

GREAT was the day, the joy was great,
When the beloved disciples met;
And on their heads the Spirit came,
And sat like tongues of cloven flame.

2 What gifts, what miracles he gave—
The power to kill, the power to save!
Furnished their tongue with wondrous words,
Instead of shields, and spears, and swords!

3 Thus armed, he sent the champions forth,
From east to west, from south to north;
Go, and assert your Saviour's cause—
Go, spread the mystery of the cross.

4 These weapons of the holy war,
Of what almighty force they are,
To make our stubborn passions bow,
And lay the proudest rebel low!

ISAAC WATTS.

174

THOU, Saviour, from thy throne on high,
Enrobed with light, and girt with power,
Dost note the thought, the prayer, the sigh,
Of hearts that love the tranquil hour.

2 Oft thou thyself didst steal away,
At even-tide from labor done,
In some still, peaceful shade to pray,
Till morning watches were begun.

3 Thou hast not, dearest Lord, forgot
Thy wrestlings on Judea's hills;
And still thou lov'st the quiet spot
Where praise the lowly spirit fills.

4 Now to our souls, withdrawn awhile
From earth's rude noise, thy face reveal,
And, as we worship, kindly smile,
And for thine own our spirits seal.

RAY PALMER.

175

How blest the sacred tie that binds,
In sweet communion, kindred minds!
How swift the heavenly course they run,
Whose hearts and faith and hopes are one.

2 To each the soul of each how dear!
What tender love, what holy fear!
How doth the generous flame within
Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin!

3 Their streaming eyes together flow
For human gilt and mortal woe;
Their ardent prayers together rise
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.

4 Nor shall the glowing flame expire,
When dimly burns frail nature's fire;
Soon shall they meet in realms above,
A heaven of joy, a heaven of love.

MRS. A. L. BARBAULD.

176

Not all the nobles of the earth,
Who boast the honors of their birth,
So high a dignity can claim
As those who bear the Christian name.

2 To them the privilege is given
To be the sons and heirs of heaven—
Sons of the God who reigns on high,
And heirs of joy beyond the sky.

3 His will he makes them early know,
And teaches their young feet to go;
Imparts instruction to their minds,
And on their hearts his precepts binds.

4 Their daily wants his hands supply,
Their steps he guards with watchful eye;
Leads them from earth to heaven above,
And crowns them with eternal love.

S. Stennett.

177

When Jesus dwelt in mortal clay,
What were his works, from day to day,
But miracles of power and grace,
That spread salvation through our race.

2 Teach us, O Lord, to keep in view
Thy pattern, and thy steps pursue;
Let alms bestowed, let kindness done,
Be witnessed by each rolling sun.

3 That man may last, but never lives,
Who much receives, but nothing gives,
Whom none can love, whom none can thank,
Creation's blot, creation's blank.

4 But he who marks from day to day
In generous acts his radiant way,
Treads the same path the Saviour trod,
The path to glory and to God.

Thos. Gibbons.

178

Blest hour, when mortal man retires
To hold communion with the Lord;
To send to heaven his warm desires,
And listen to the sacred word!

2 Blest hour, when earthly cares resign
Their empire o'er his anxious breast,
While, all around, the calm divine
Proclaims the holy day of rest!

3 Blest hour, when God himself draws nigh,
Well pleased his people's voice to hear,
To hush the penitential sigh,
And wipe away the mourner's tear!

T. Raffles.

179

Behold, the blind their sight receive!
Behold, the dead awake and live!
The dumb speak wonders, and the lame
Leap like the hart, and bless his name!

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

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

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

Isaac Watts.

180

Our Saviour bowed beneath the wave,
And meekly sought a watery grave;
Come, seek the sacred place he trod,
A path well-pleasing to our God.

2 His voice we hear, his footsteps trace,
And hither come to seek his face,
To do his will, to feel his love,
And join our songs with songs above.

3 Hosanna to the Lamb divine!
Let endless glories round him shine!
High o'er the heavens forever reign,
O Lamb of God, for sinners slain.

Unknown.

181

While life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found, and peace is given;
But soon, ah! soon, approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

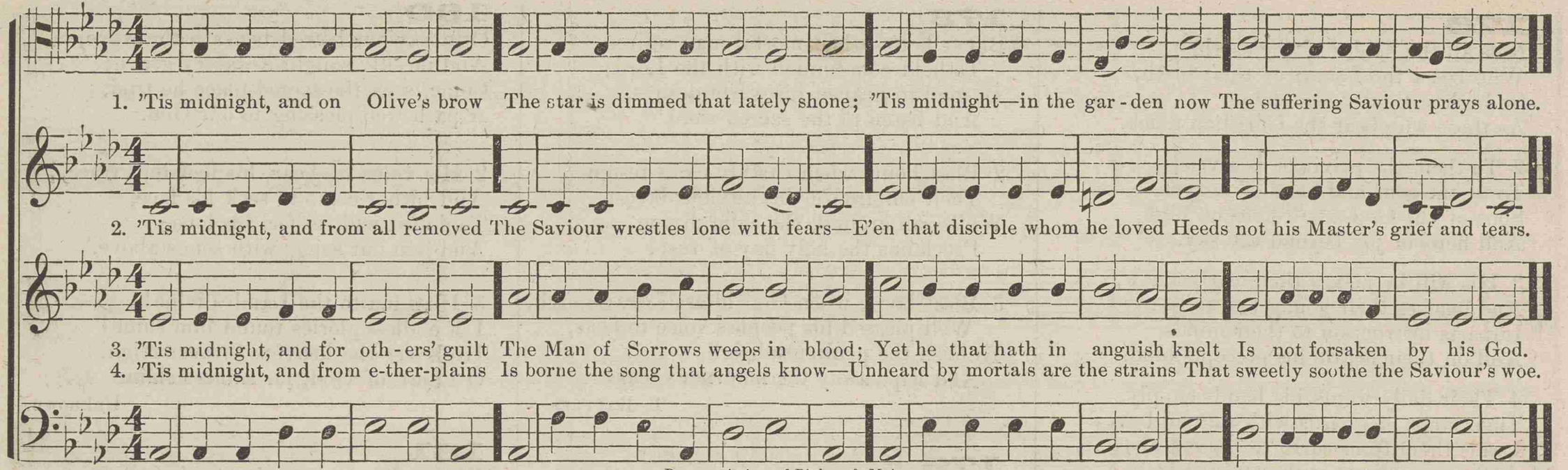
2 While God invites, how blest the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

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

4 Now God invites: how blest the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinner, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

Timothy Dwight.

182 OLIVE'S BROW. L. M.—Wm. B. Bradbury. (♩ = 66 = 32.) W. B. Tappan.



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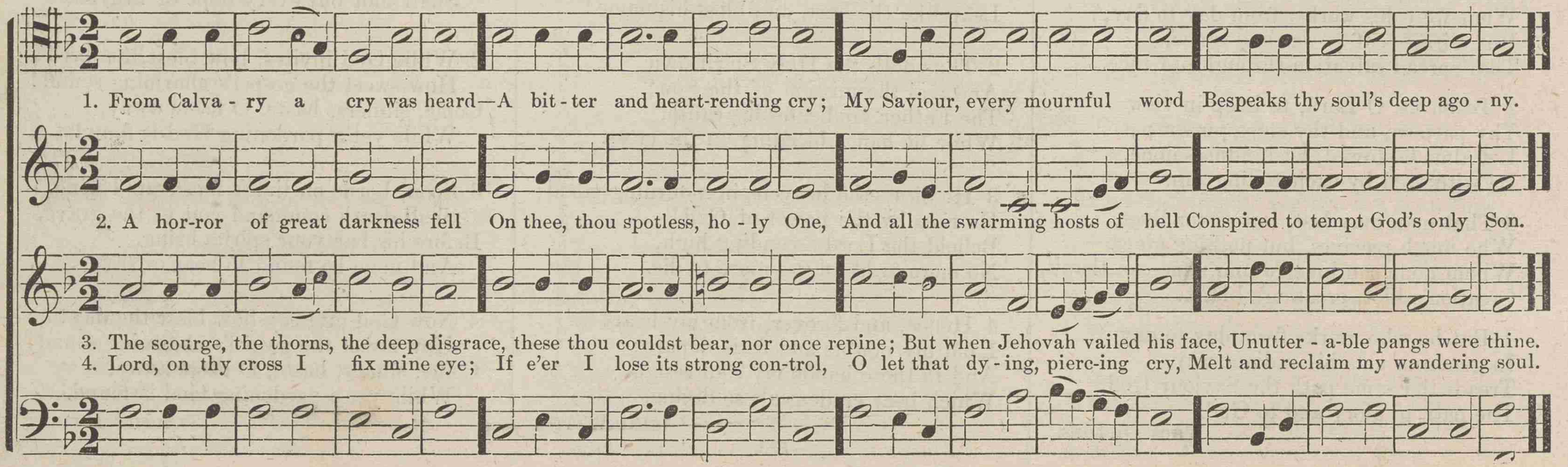
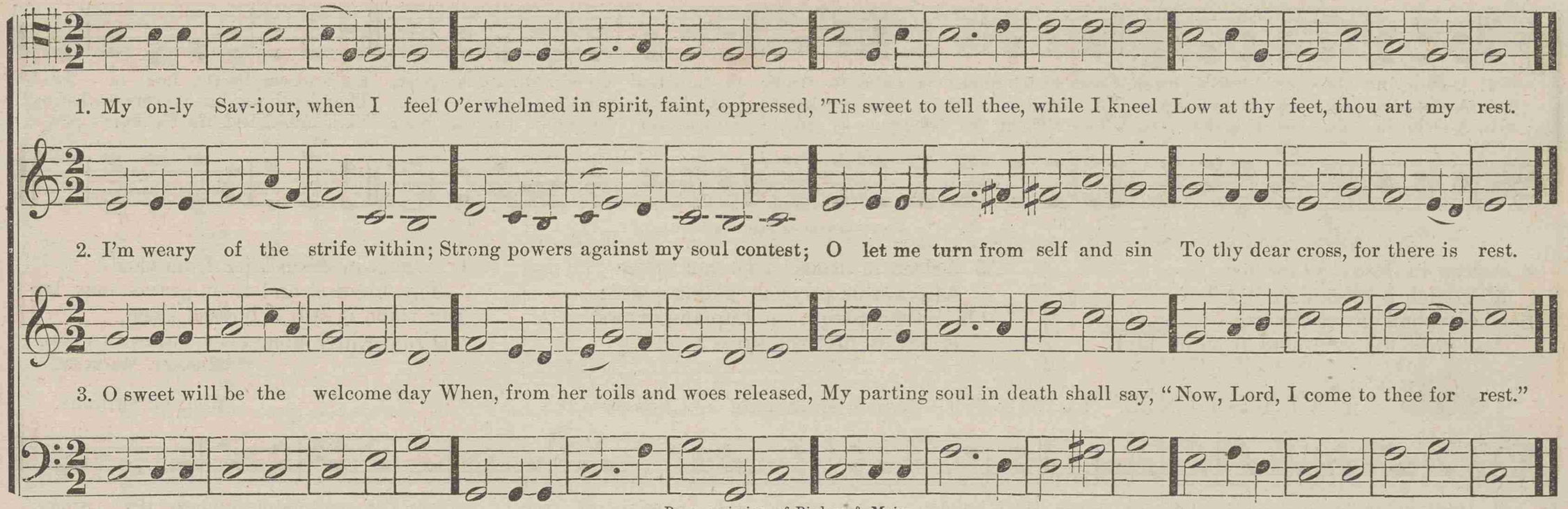
183 FEDERAL STREET. L. M.—H. K. Oliver. (♩ = 100 = 14.) J. W. Cunningham.



184 ZEPHYR. L. M.—Wm. B. Bradbury. (♩ = 116 = 10½.) Unknown.



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185

Away from earth my spirit turns—
Away from every transient good;
With strong desire my bosom burns
To feast on heaven's diviner food.

2 Thou, Saviour, art the living bread;
Thou wilt my every want supply;
By thee sustained, and cheered, and led,
I'll press through dangers to the sky.

3 What though temptations oft distress,
And sin assails and breaks my peace,
Thou wilt uphold, and save, and bless,
And bid the storms of passion cease.

4 Then let me take thy gracious hand,
And walk beside thee onward still,
Till my glad feet shall safely stand,
Forever firm, on Zion's hill.

Ray Palmer.

186

O suffering Friend of human kind,
How, as the fatal hour drew near,
Came thronging on thy holy mind
The images of hope and fear!

2 Gethsemane's sad midnight scene,
The faithless friends, th' exulting foes,
The thorny crown, the insult keen,
The scourge, the cross, before thee rose.

3 Did not thy spirit shrink dismayed,
As the dark vision o'er it came,
And, though in sinless strength arrayed,
Turn, shuddering, from the death of shame?

4 Onward, like thee, thro' scorn and dread,
May we our Father's call obey,
Steadfast the path of duty tread,
And rise, through death, to endless day.

S. G. Bulfinch.

187

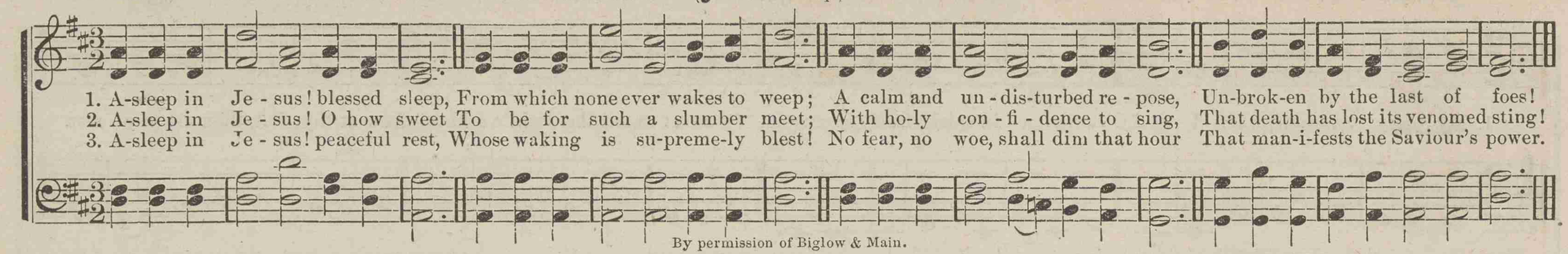
Come, weary souls, with sin distressed;
The Saviour offers heavenly rest;
The kind, the gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.

2 Oppressed with guilt, a heavy load,
O come, and bow before your God.
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.

3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes;
Pardon, and life, and endless peace—
How rich the gift, how free the grace!

Anne Steele.

188 REST. L. M.—Wm. B. Bradbury. (♩ = 96 = 15¼.)



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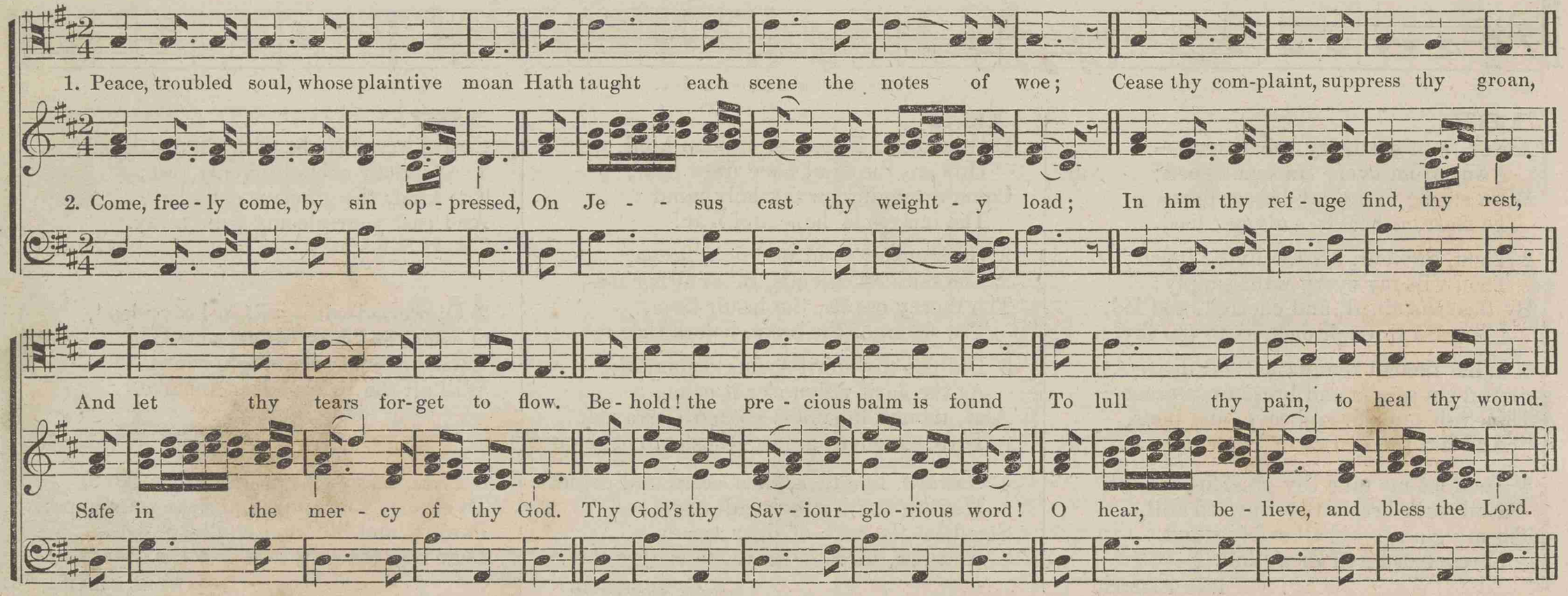
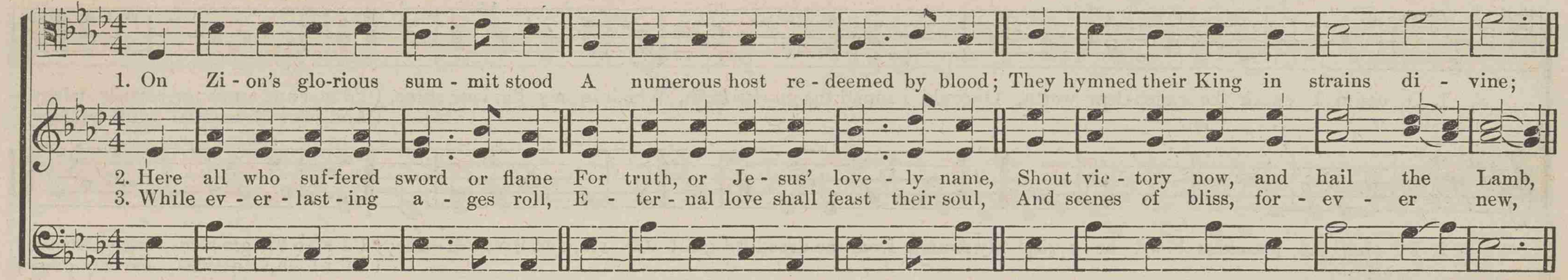
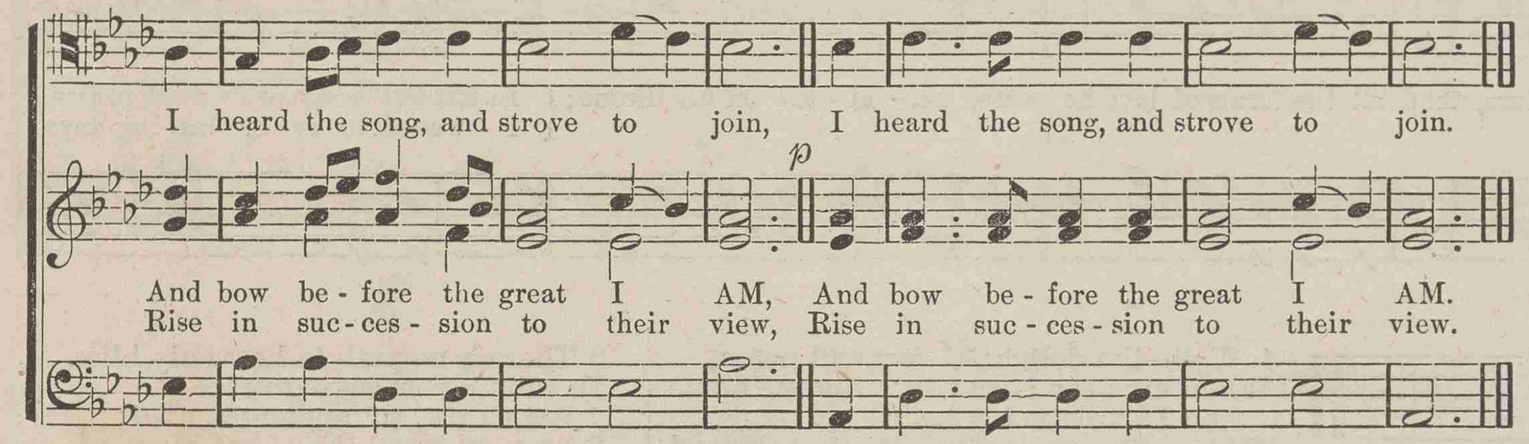
4 Asleep in Jesus! O for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

5 Asleep in Jesus! time nor space
Affects this precious hiding-place;
On Indian plains, on Lapland snows,
Believers find the same repose.

6 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blesséd sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

Mrs. M. Mackay.

189 PALESTINE. L. M. 6 l.—Joseph Mazzinghi. (♪ = 88 = 18.)

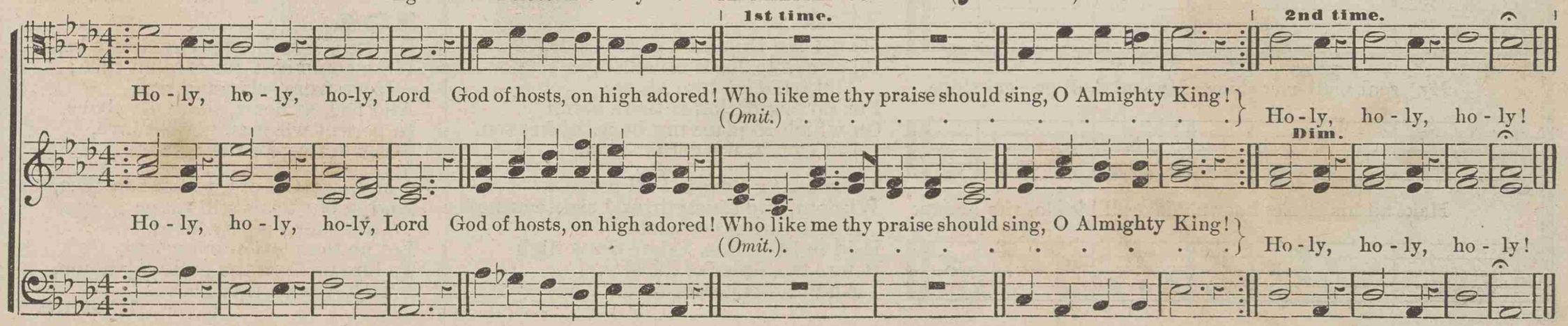
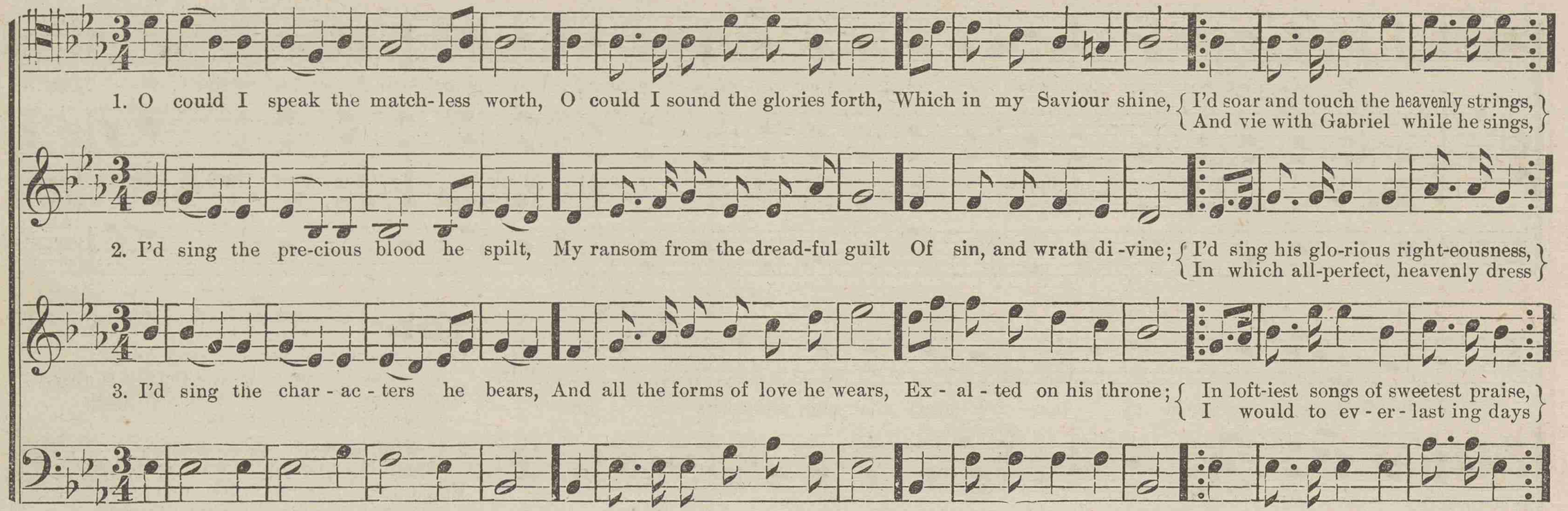
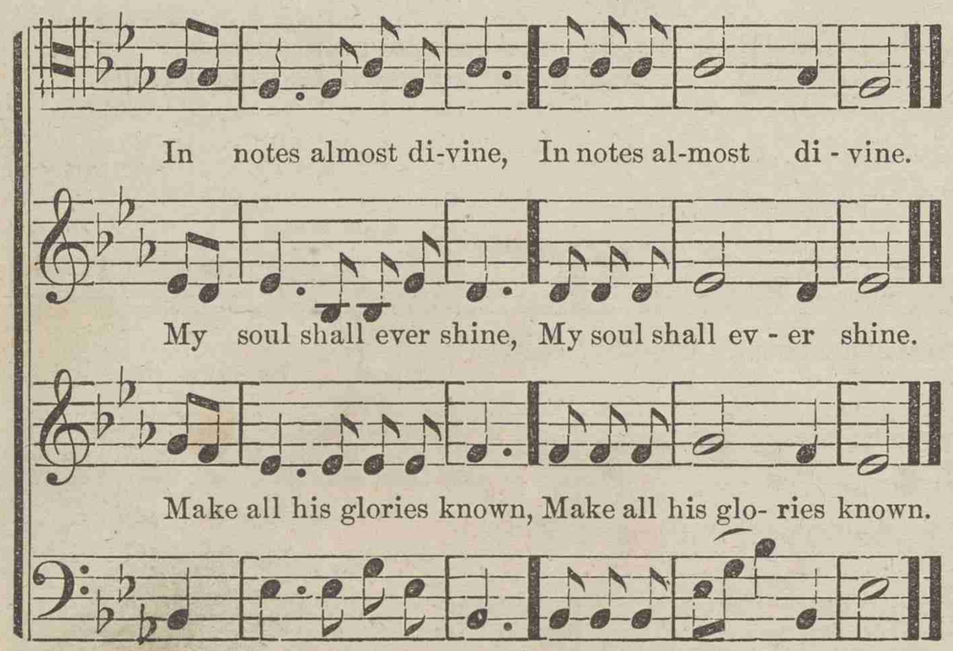
Walter Shirley.

190 ST. LOUIS. L. M., with Sanctus.—ANON. (♩ = 96 = 15¼.) KENT.

191

O SWEET employ, to sing and trace
Th' amazing heights and depths of grace;
And spend, from sin and sorrow free,
A blissful, vast eternity!

2 O what a sweet, exalted song,
When every tribe, and every tongue,
Redeemed by blood, with Christ appear,
And join in one full chorus there!

3 My soul anticipates the day—
Would stretch her wings and soar away,
To aid the song, the palm to bear,
And praise my great Redeemer there.

KENT.

SANCTUS. To be sung after the close of the hymn. "MANHATTAN COLL." (♩ = 84 = 20.)

192 ARIEL. C. P. M.—Lowell Mason. (♩=72=27.)



4 Well—the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face;
Then, with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

S. Medley.

193

Had I ten thousand gifts beside,
I'd cleave to Jesus crucified,
And build on him alone;
For no foundation is there given
On which to place my hopes of heaven,
But Christ, the corner-stone.

2 Possessing Christ, I all possess—
Wisdom, and strength, and righteousness,
And holiness complete;
Bold in his name, I dare draw nigh
Before the Ruler of the sky,
And all his justice meet.

3 There is no path to heavenly bliss,
To solid joy or lasting peace,
But Christ, th' appointed road;
O may we tread the sacred way,
By faith rejoice, and praise, and pray,
Till we sit down with God.

Chatham.

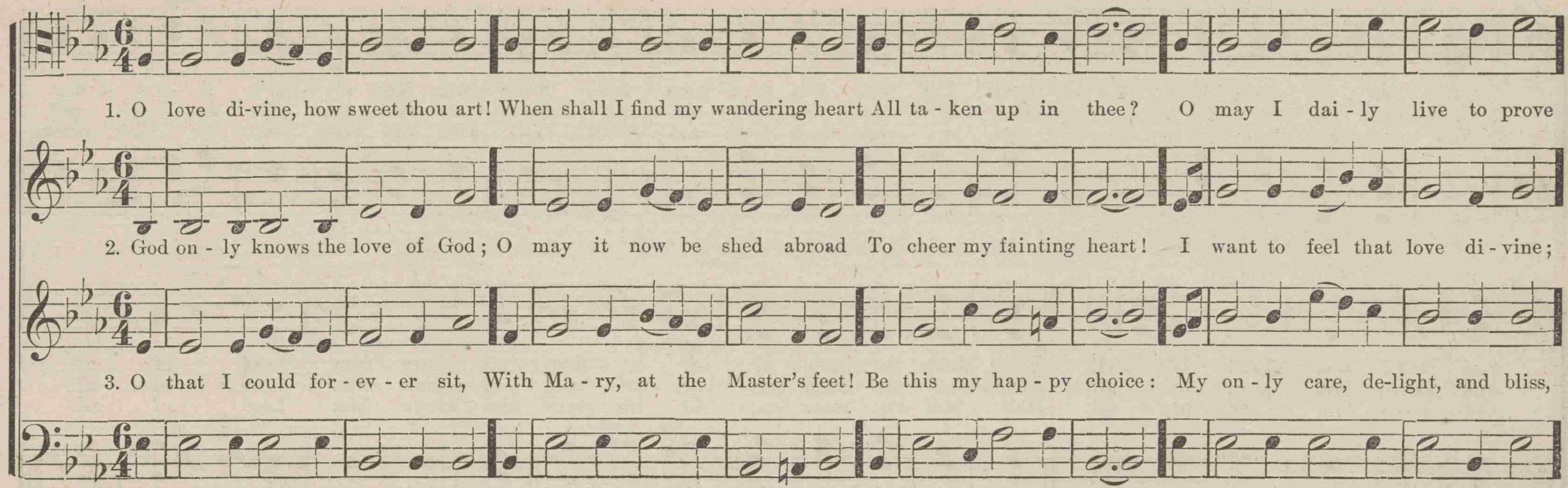
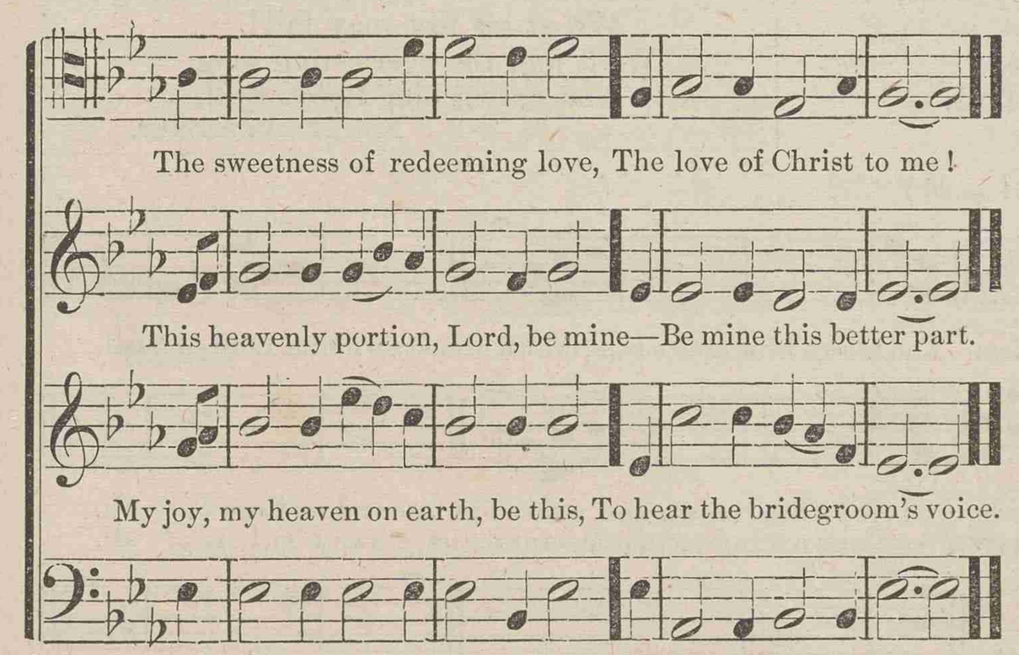
194

O Lord, how happy should we be,
If we could cast our care on thee;
If we from self could rest,
And feel, at heart, that One above,
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best!

2 Help us, O Lord, to trust in thee,
And in our trials still to see
The tokens of thy love;
Let no temptation overcome,
To lure us from the pathway home,
To live with thee above.

J. Anstice.

195 BREMEN. C. P. M.—Thos. Hastings. (♩ = 120 = 9¾.)



4 O that I might, with happy John,
Recline my weary head upon
The blest Redeemer's breast!
From care, and fear, and sorrow free,
Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
My everlasting rest.

Charles Wesley.

196

Come, join, ye saints, with heart and voice,
Alone in Jesus to rejoice,
And worship at his feet;
Come, take his praises on your tongues,
And raise to him your thankful songs—
"In him ye are complete."

2 In him who all our praise excels,
The fullness of the Godhead dwells,
And all perfections meet;
The head of all celestial powers,
Divinely theirs, divinely ours—
"In him ye are complete."

3 Still onward urge your heavenly way;
Dependent on him day by day,
His presence still entreat;
His precious name forever bless,
Your glory, strength, and righteousness—
"In him ye are complete."

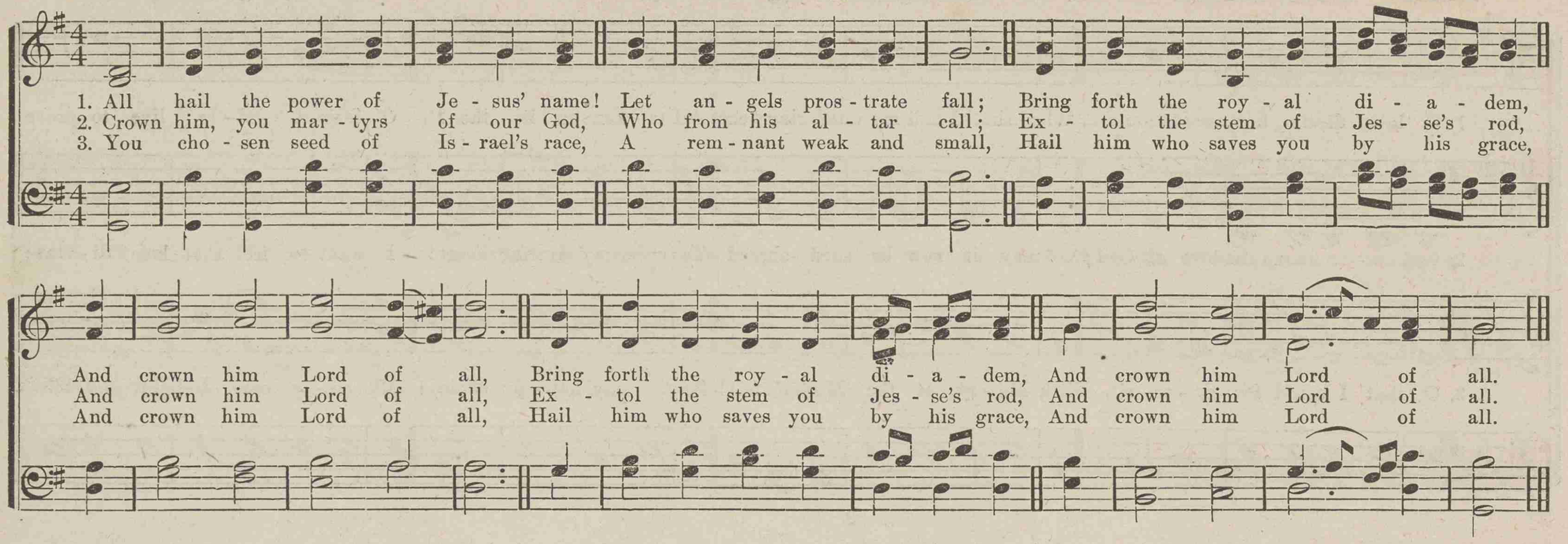
Anon.

197

Be it my only wisdom here,
To serve the Lord with filial fear,
With loving gratitude;
Superior sense may I display,
By shunning every evil way,
And walking in the good.

2 O may I still from sin depart;
A wise and understanding heart,
Jesus, to me be given;
And let me through thy Spirit know
To glorify my God below,
And find my way to heaven.

Charles Wesley.

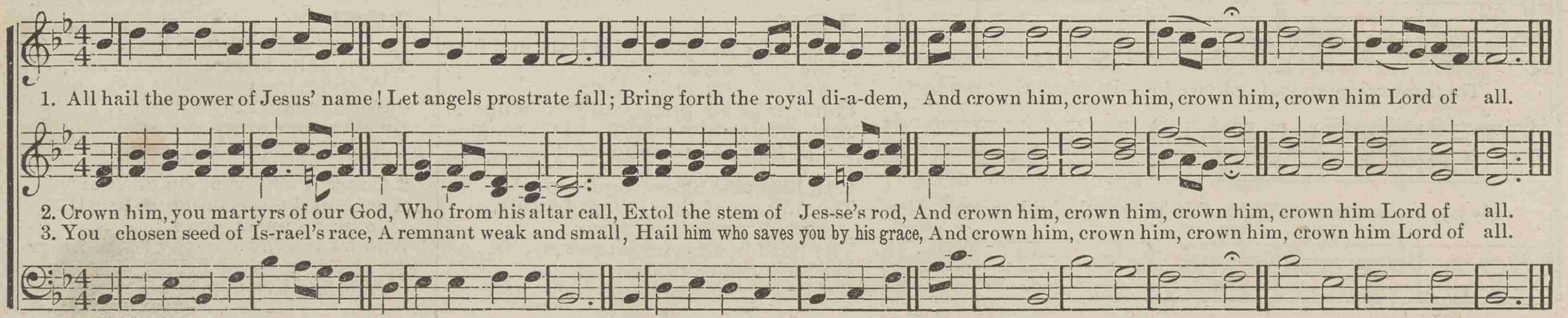
198 CORONATION. C. M.—Oliver Holden. (♩ = 76 = 24½.)

4 You Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

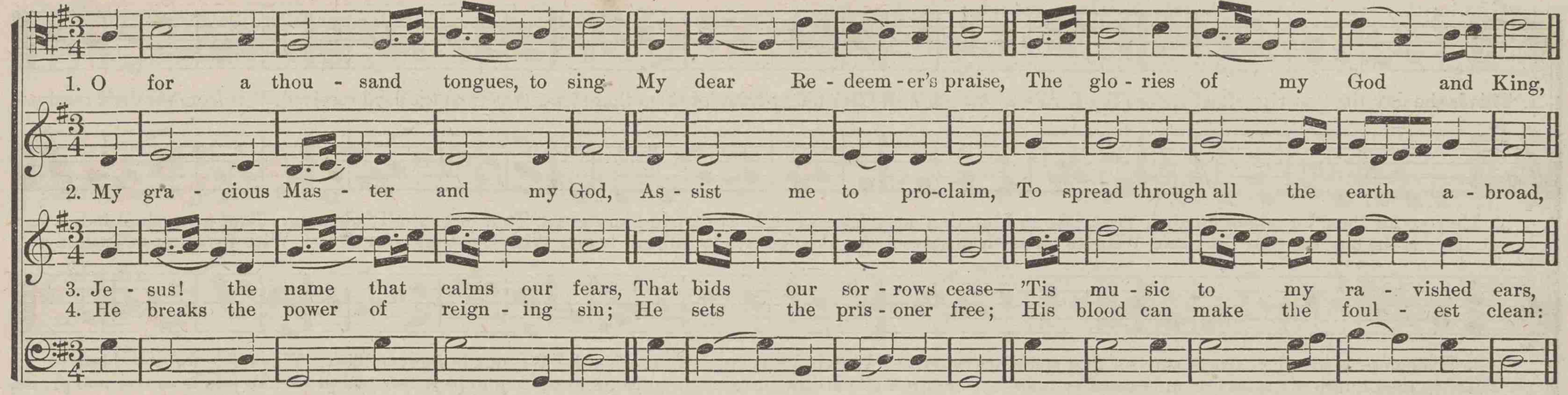
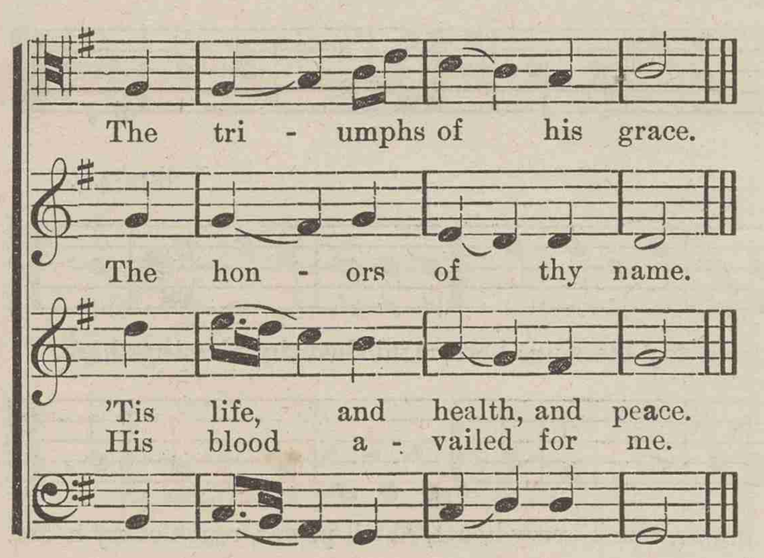
5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

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

Edward Perronet.

(198) MILES LANE. C. M.—Wm. Shrubsole. (♩ = 84 = 20.)



199 ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.—William Tansur. (♩=69=29½.) Charles Wesley.



200

Give me the wings of faith, to rise
Within the vail, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

2 Once they were mourning here below,
And poured out cries and tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them whence their victory came;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

4 They marked the footsteps that he trod;
His zeal inspired their breast;
And, following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.

Isaac Watts.

201

To him that loved the sons of men,
And washed us in his blood,
To royal honors raised our heads,
And made us priests to God—

2 To him let every tongue be praise,
And every heart be love,
All grateful honors paid on earth,
And nobler songs above.

3 Behold! on flying clouds he comes;
His saints shall bless the day,
While they that pierced him sadly mourn
In anguish and dismay

4 Thou art the First, and thou the Last;
Time centers all in thee,
Almighty Lord, who wast, and art,
And evermore shalt be!

Unknown.

202

O thou, my light, my life, my joy,
My glory and my all!
Unsent by thee, no good can come,
Nor evil can befall.

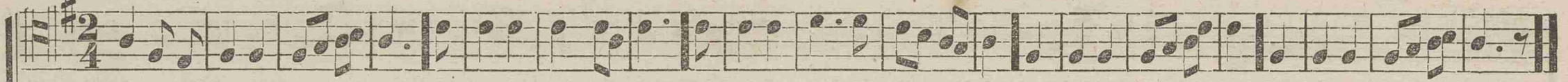
2 Such are thy schemes of providence,
And methods of thy grace,
That I may safely trust in thee
Through all this wilderness.

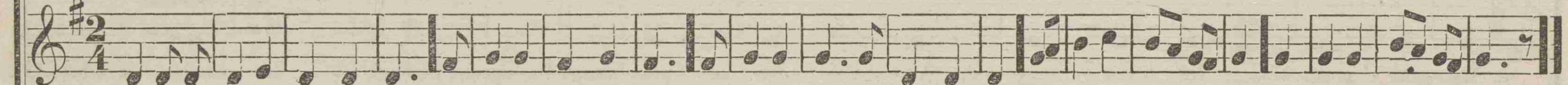
3 'Tis thine outstretched and powerful arm
Upholds me in the way;
And thy rich bounty well supplies
The wants of every day.

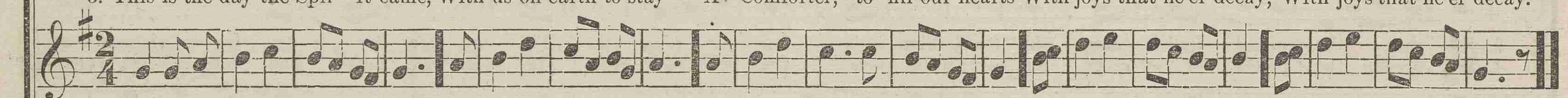
4 For such compassion, O my God,
Ten thousand thanks are due;
For such compassion I esteem
Ten thousand thanks too few.

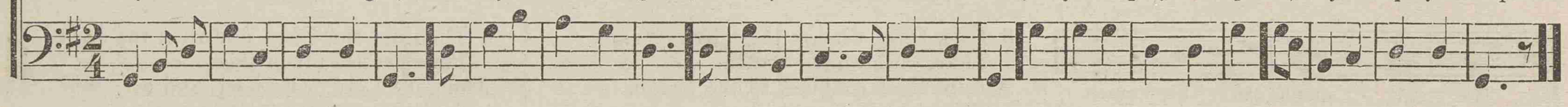
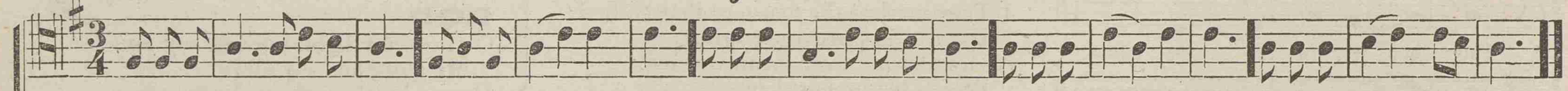
Jas. Montgomery.

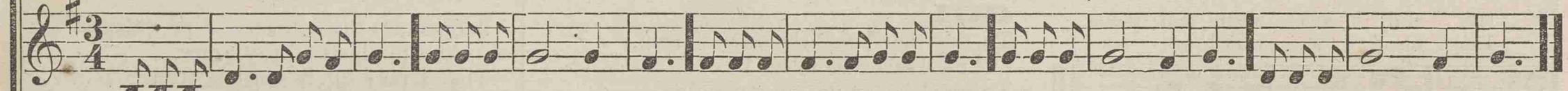
203 DEVIZES. C. M.—Isaac Tucker. (♩ = 60 = 39.) Unknown.



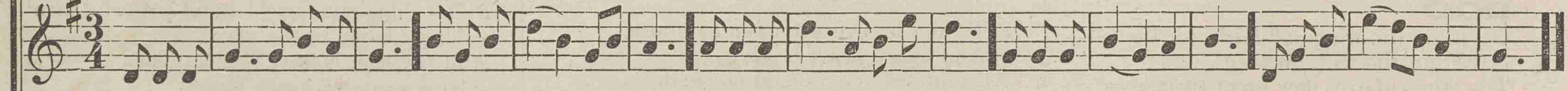
1. This is the day the first ripe sheaf Before the Lord was waved, And Christ, first-fruits of them that slept, Was from the dead received, Was from the dead received.

2. He rose for them for whom he died, That, like to him, they may Rise when he comes, in glory great, That ne'er shall fade away, That ne'er shall fade away.
3. This is the day the Spir - it came, With us on earth to stay— A Comforter, to fill our hearts With joys that ne'er decay, With joys that ne'er decay.



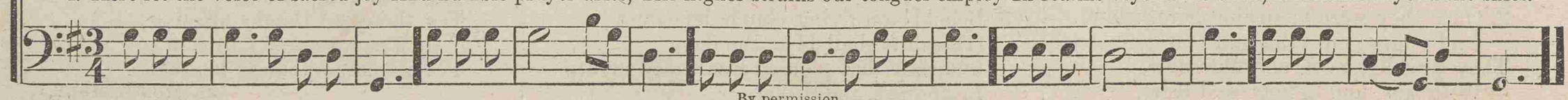
4. His comforts are the earnest sure Of that same heavenly rest Which Jesus entered on, when he Was made forever blest, Was made forever blest.
5. This day the Church of Christ began, Formed by his wondrous grace; This day the saints in concord meet, To join in prayer and praise, To join in prayer and praise.

204 CHOPIN. C. M.—I. B. Woodbury. (♪ = 112 = 11¼.) Unknown.

1. Within thy house, O Lord, our God, In glory now appear; Make this a place of thine abode, And shed thy blessings here, And shed thy blessings here.



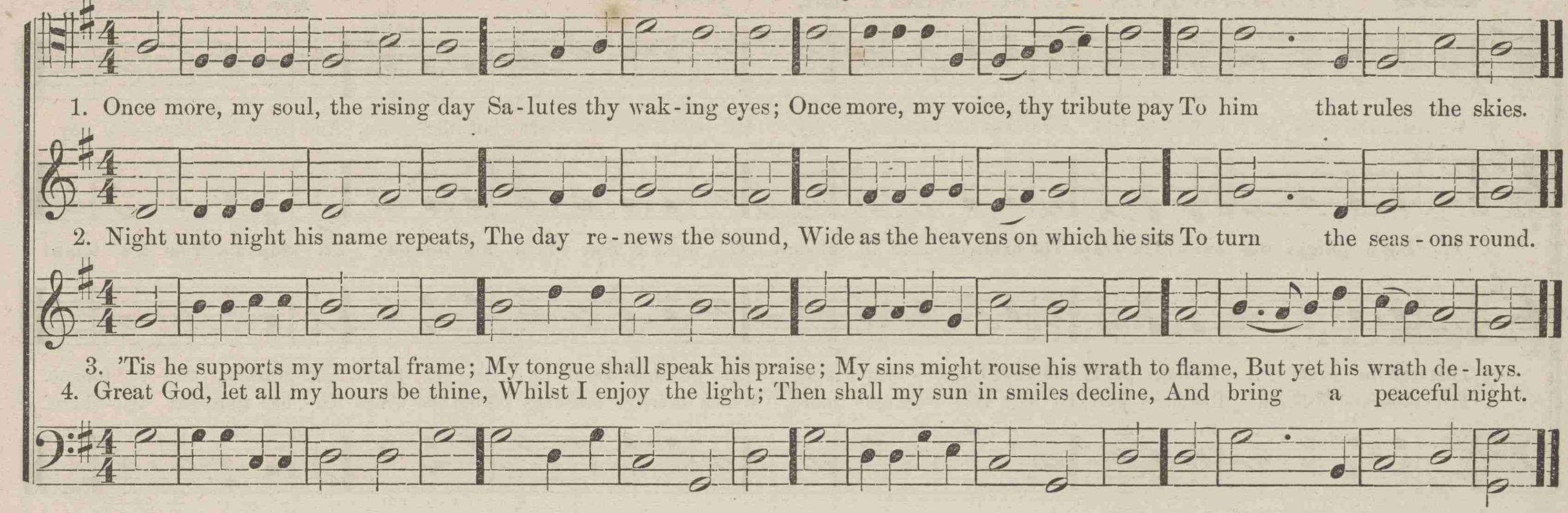
2. When we thy mercy-seat surround, Thy Spirit, Lord, impart; And let thy gospel's joyful sound, With power, reach every heart, With power, reach every heart.



3. Here let the blind their sight obtain; Here give the mourners rest; Let Jesus here triumphant reign, Enthroned in every breast, Enthroned in every breast.
4. Here let the voice of sacred joy And humble prayer arise, Till higher strains our tongues employ In realms beyond the skies, In realms beyond the skies.



By permission.

205 PETERBORO. C. M.—Ralph Harrison. (♩ = 100 = 14.) Isaac Watts.

206

Arise, ye people, and adore,
  Exulting strike the chord;
Let all the earth, from shore to shore,
  Confess th' almighty Lord.

2 Glad shouts aloud, wide echoing round,
  Th' ascending Lord proclaim;
Th' angelic choir respond the sound,
  And shake creation's frame.

3 They sing of death and hell o'erthrown
  In that triumphant hour;
And God exalts his conquering Son
  To his right hand of power.

H. F. Lyte.

207

This is the day the Lord hath made,
  He calls the hours his own;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
  And praise surround the throne.

2 To-day he rose and left the dead,
  And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints his triumphs spread,
  And all his wonders tell.

3 Hosanna to th' anointed King,
  To David's holy Son;
Help us, O Lord—descend and bring
  Salvation from thy throne.

4 Hosanna in the highest strains
  The Church on earth can raise!
The highest heavens, in which he reigns,
  Shall give him nobler praise.

Isaac Watts.

208

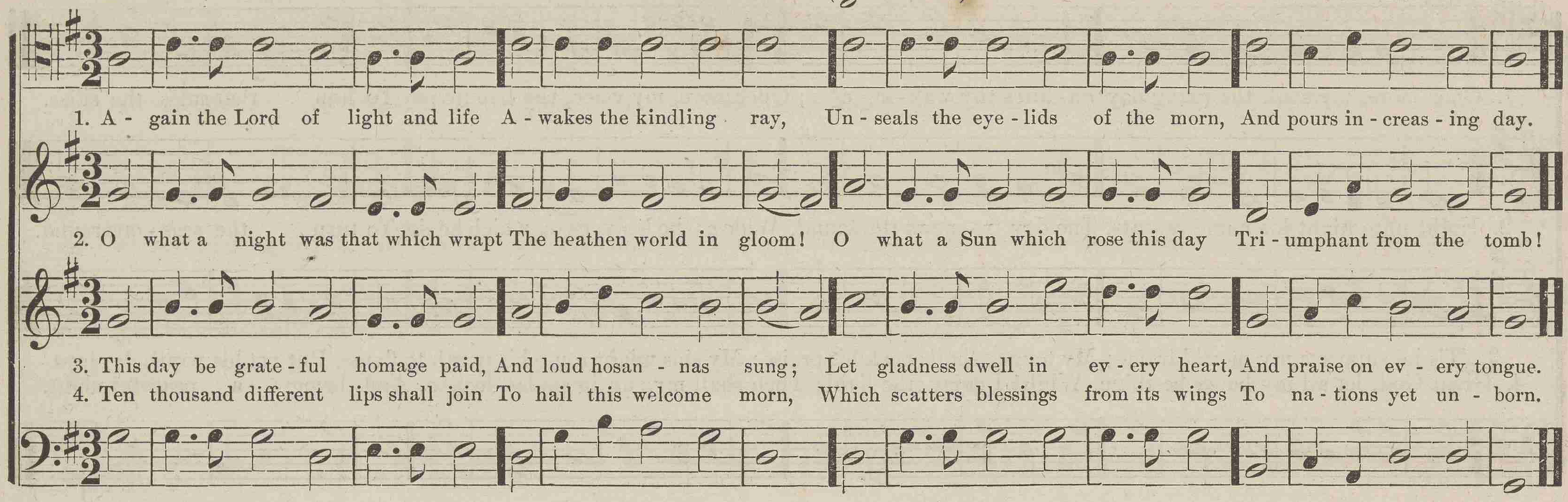
How rich thy favors, God of grace,
  How various and divine!
Full as the ocean they are poured,
  And bright as heaven they shine.

2 He to eternal glory calls,
  And leads the wondrous way
To his own palace, where he reigns
  In uncreated day.

3 The songs of everlasting years
  That mercy shall attend,
Which leads, through sufferings of an hour,
  To joys that never end.

Philip Doddridge.

209 ARLINGTON. C. M.—Thomas A. Arne. (♩=58=42.) Mrs. Anna L. Barbauld.



210

We sing the Saviour's wondrous death;
He conquered when he fell;
'Tis finished, said his dying breath,
And shook the gates of hell.

2 'Tis finished, our Immanuel cries;
The dreadful work is done;
Hence shall his sovereign throne arise;
His kingdom is begun.

3 His cross a sure foundation laid
For glory and renown,
When through the regions of the dead
He passed to reach the crown.

Unknown.

211

Hosanna to the Prince of light,
That clothed himself in clay,
Entered the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away!

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

3 Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach his blest abode;
Sweet be the accents of your songs
To our incarnate God.

4 Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,
Your sweetest voices raise:
Let heaven, and all created things,
Sound our Immanuel's praise.

Isaac Watts.

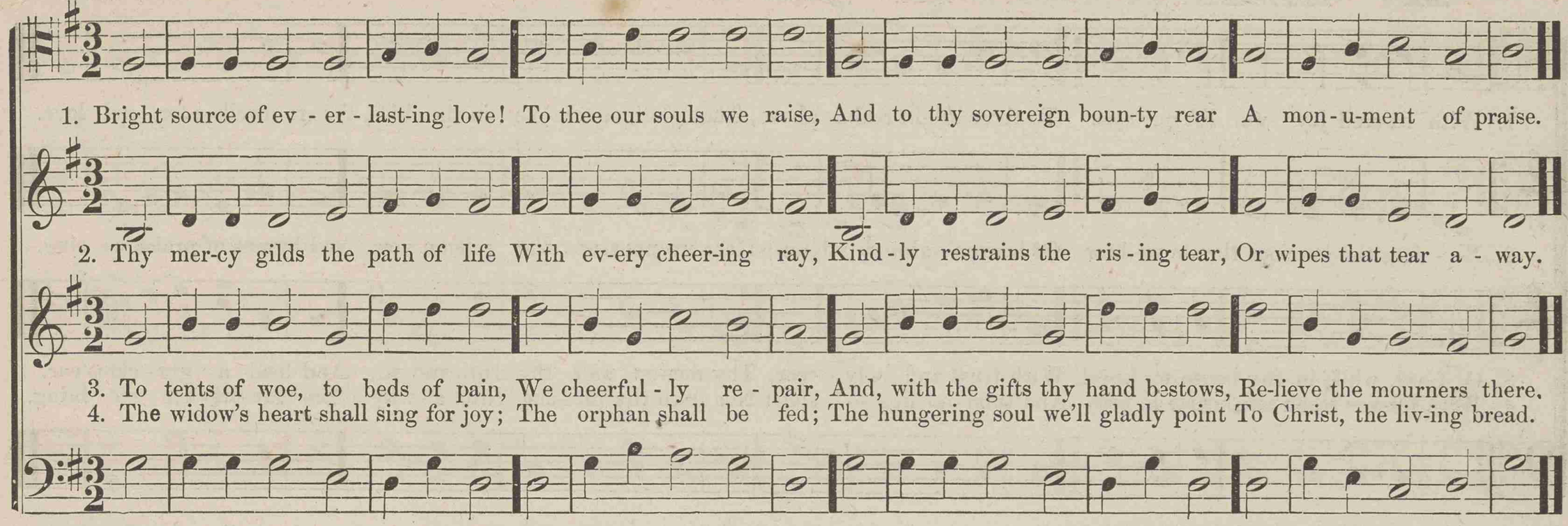
212

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

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

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

Isaac Watts.

213 MARLOW. C. M.—John Chetham. (♩ = 58 = 42.) James Boden.

214

The Saviour risen to-day we praise,
In concert with the blest;
For now we see his work complete,
And enter into rest.

2 On this first day a brighter scene
Of glory was displayed,
By the Creating Word, than when
The universe was made.

3 He rises who mankind has bought
With grief and pain extreme:
'Twas great to speak the world from naught;
'Twas greater to redeem.

4 How vain the stone, the watch, the seal!
Naught can forbid his rise;
'Tis he who shuts the gates of hell,
And opens paradise.

Unknown.

215

Blest morning, whose young, dawning rays
Beheld our rising Lord;
That saw him triumph o'er the dust,
And leave his dark abode!

2 In the cold prison of a tomb
The great Redeemer lay,
Till the revolving skies had brought
The third, th' appointed day.

3 Death and the grave unite their force,
To hold our Lord, in vain;
The sleeping Captive soon awakes,
And bursts their feeble chain.

4 To thy great name, almighty Lord,
These sacred hours we pay;
And loud hosannas shall proclaim
The triumph of the day.

Isaac Watts.

216

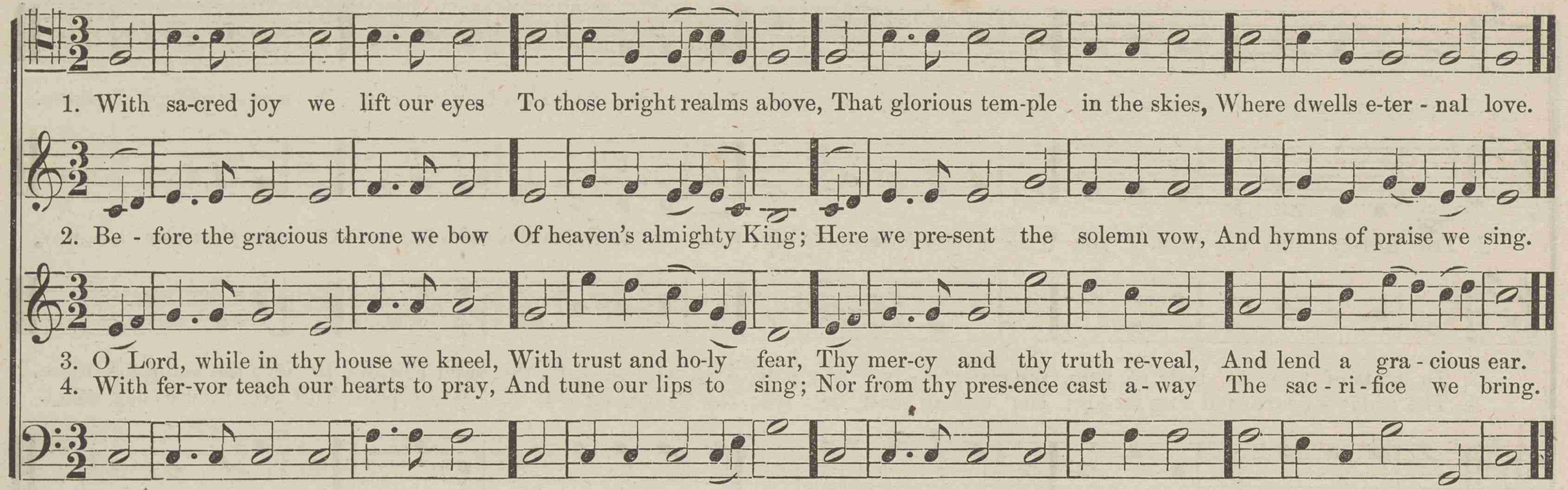
How free and boundless is the grace
Of our redeeming God,
Extending to the Greek and Jew,
And men of every blood!

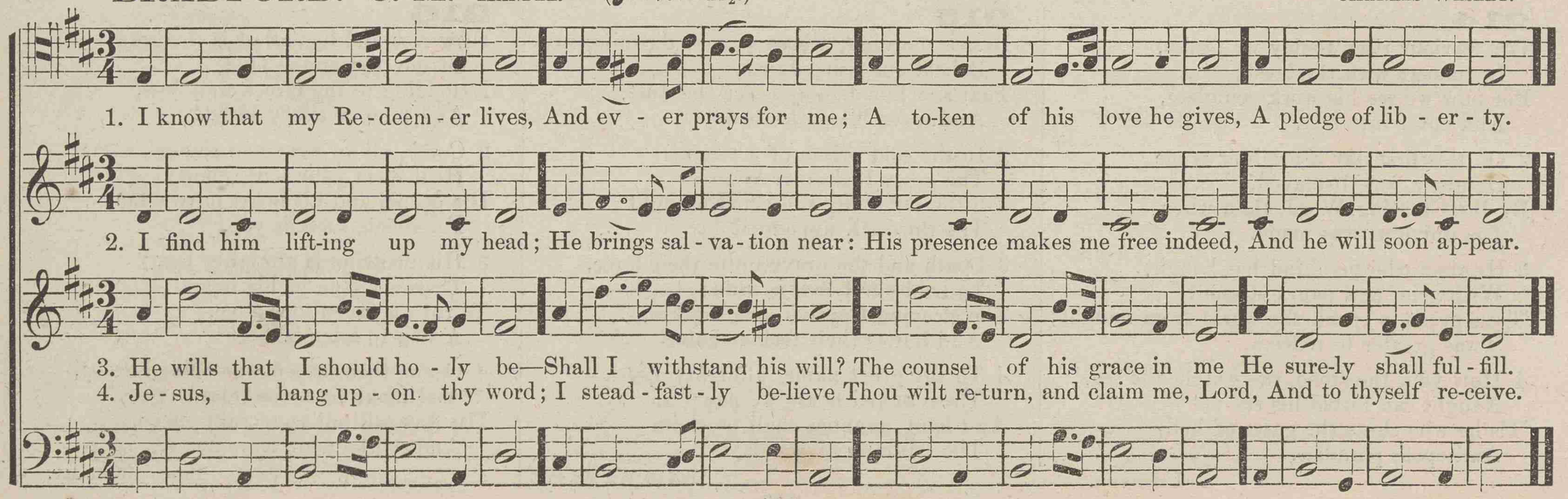
2 Come, all ye wretched sinners, come:
He'll form your souls anew;
His gospel and his heart have room
For rebels such as you.

3 His doctrine is almighty love;
There's virtue in his name
To turn a raven to a dove,
A lion to a lamb.

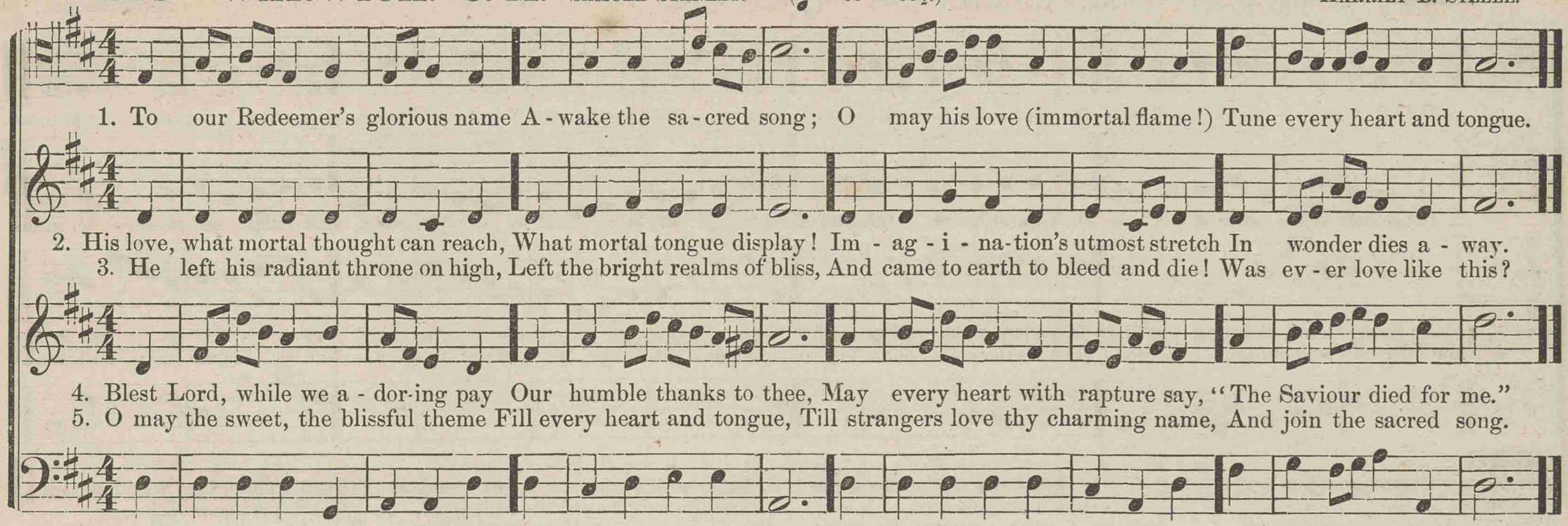
4 Come, then, accept the offered grace,
And make no more delay:
His love will all your guilt efface,
And soothe your fears away.

Benj. Beddome.

217 HEBER. C. M.—Geo. Kingsley. (♩ = 58 = 42.) Isaac Watts.

BRADFORD. C. M.—Handel. (♩ = 76 = 24½.) Charles Wesley.



219 WARWICK. C. M.—Samuel Stanley. (♩ = 63 = 35½.) Harriet B. Steele.



220

O God, my heart is fully bent
To magnify thy name;
My tongue, with cheerful songs of praise,
Shall celebrate thy fame.

2 To all the listening tribes, O Lord,
Thy wonders I will tell;
And to those nations sing thy praise
That round about us dwell.

3 Because thy mercy's boundless height
The highest heaven transcends;
And far beyond th' aspiring clouds
Thy faithful truth extends,

4 Be thou, O God, exalted high
Above the starry frame;
And let the world, with one consent,
Confess thy glorious name.

Tate and Brady.

221

Behold, the mountain of the Lord
In latter days shall rise
On mountain tops, above the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.

2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues, shall flow;
"Up to the hill of God," they'll say,
"And to his house we'll go."

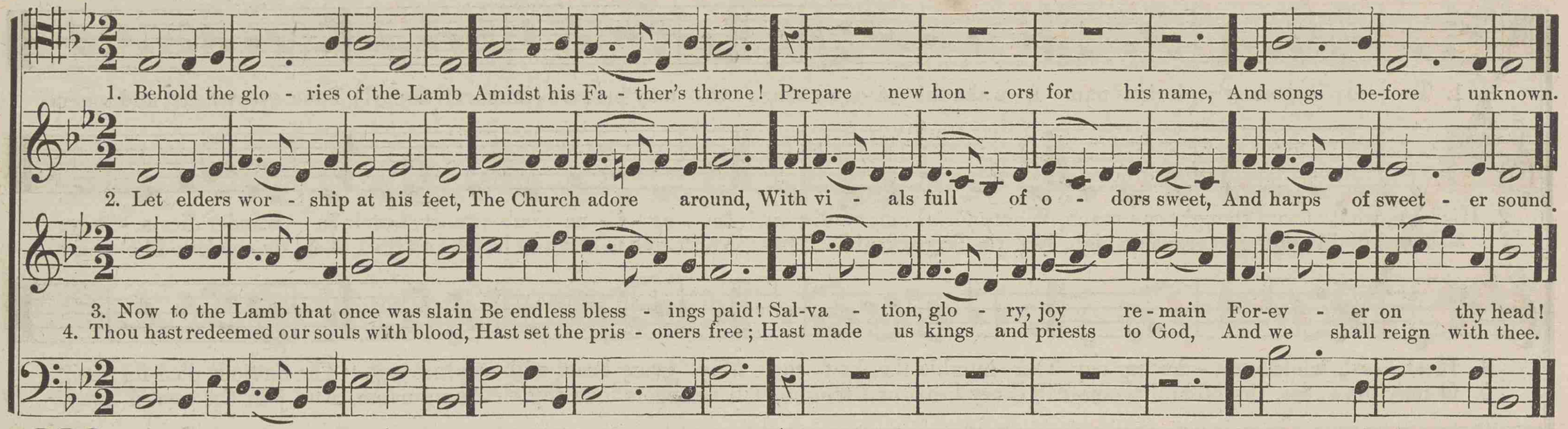
3 The beam that shines from Zion's hill
Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Salem's towers
Shall all the world command.

4 No strife shall vex Messiah's reign,
Or mar the peaceful years;
To plowshares men shall beat their swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.

5 No longer hosts, encountering hosts,
Their millions slain deplore;
They hang the trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more.

M. Bruce.

222 HENRY. C. M.—Sylvanus B. Pond. (♩ = 116 = 10½.)

Isaac Watts.

223

Almighty Father, gracious Lord,
Kind Guardian of my days,
Thy mercies let my heart record,
In songs of grateful praise.

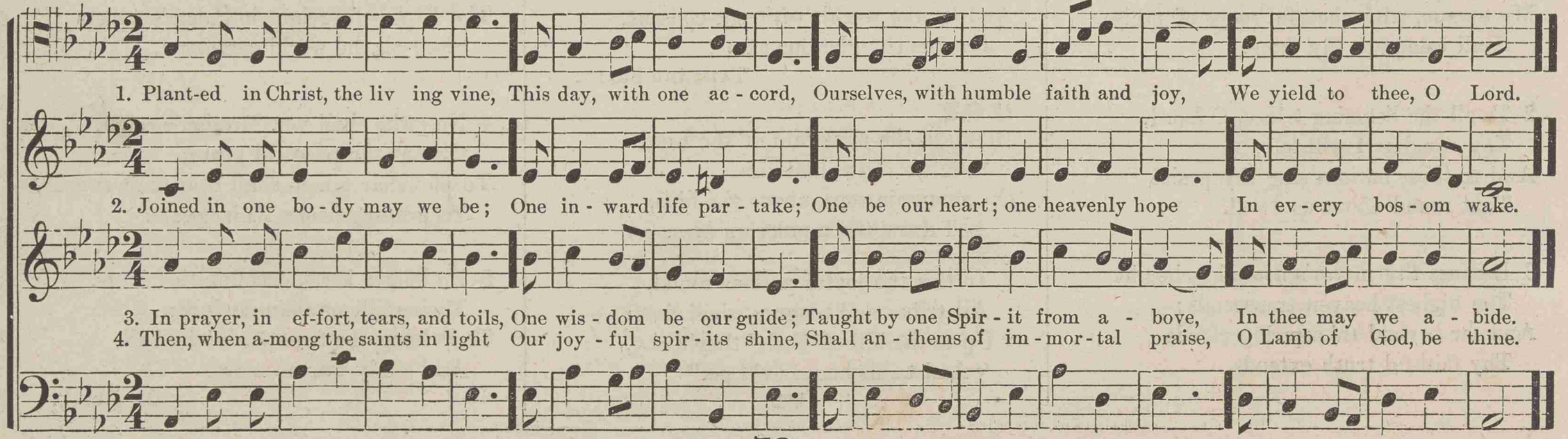
2 In life's first dawn, my tender frame
Was thine indulgent care,
Long ere I could pronounce thy name,
Or breathe the infant prayer.

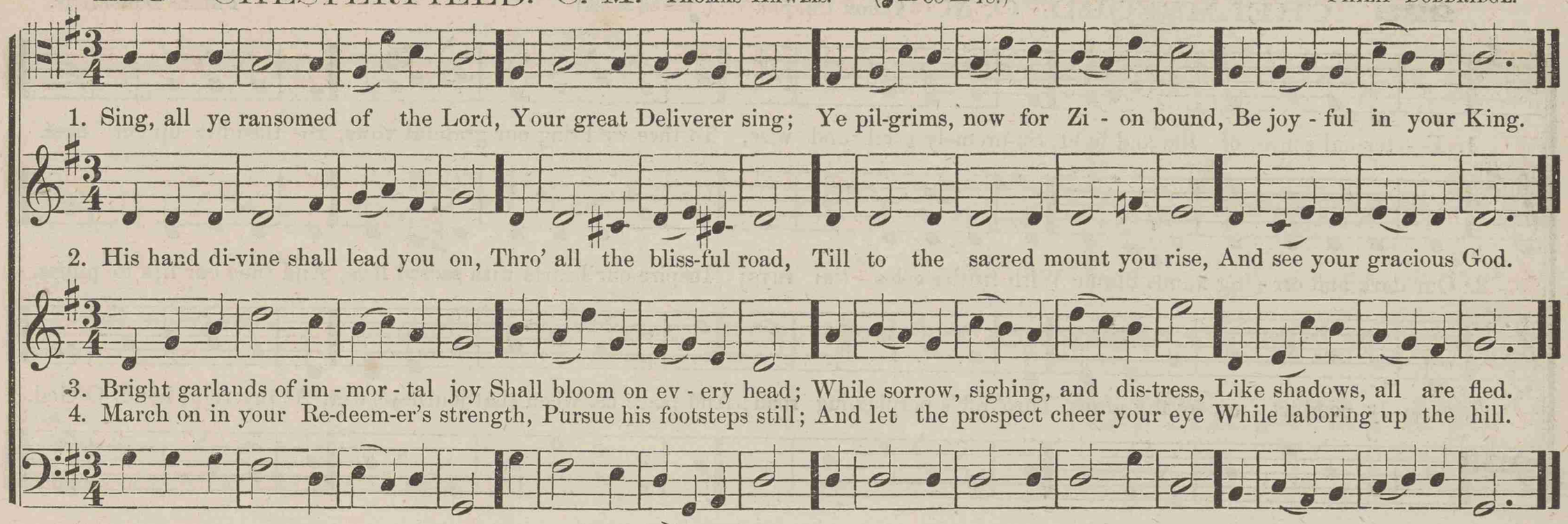
3 Each rolling year new favors brought
From thine exhaustless store—
But, ah! in vain my laboring thought
Would count thy mercies o'er.

4 Still I adore thee, gracious Lord,
For favors more divine:
That I have known thy sacred word,
Where all thy glories shine.

Anne Steele.

224 DEDHAM. C. M.—William Gardiner. (♩ = 58 = 42.)

S. F. Smith.

225 CHESTERFIELD. C. M.—Thomas Haweis. (♩= 88 = 18.) Philip Doddridge.



225

Sing, all ye ransomed of the Lord,
  Your great Deliverer sing;
Ye pilgrims, now for Zion bound,
  Be joyful in your King.

2 His hand divine shall lead you on,
  Through all the blissful road,
Till to the sacred mount you rise,
  And see your gracious God.

3 Bright garlands of immortal joy
  Shall bloom on every head;
While sorrow, sighing, and distress,
  Like shadows, all are fled.

4 March on in your Redeemer's strength,
  Pursue his footsteps still;
And let the prospect cheer your eye
  While laboring up the hill.

Philip Doddridge.

226

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

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

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

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

Alexander Pirie.

227

Again our earthly cares we leave,
  And to thy courts repair;
Again with joyful feet we come
  To meet our Saviour here.

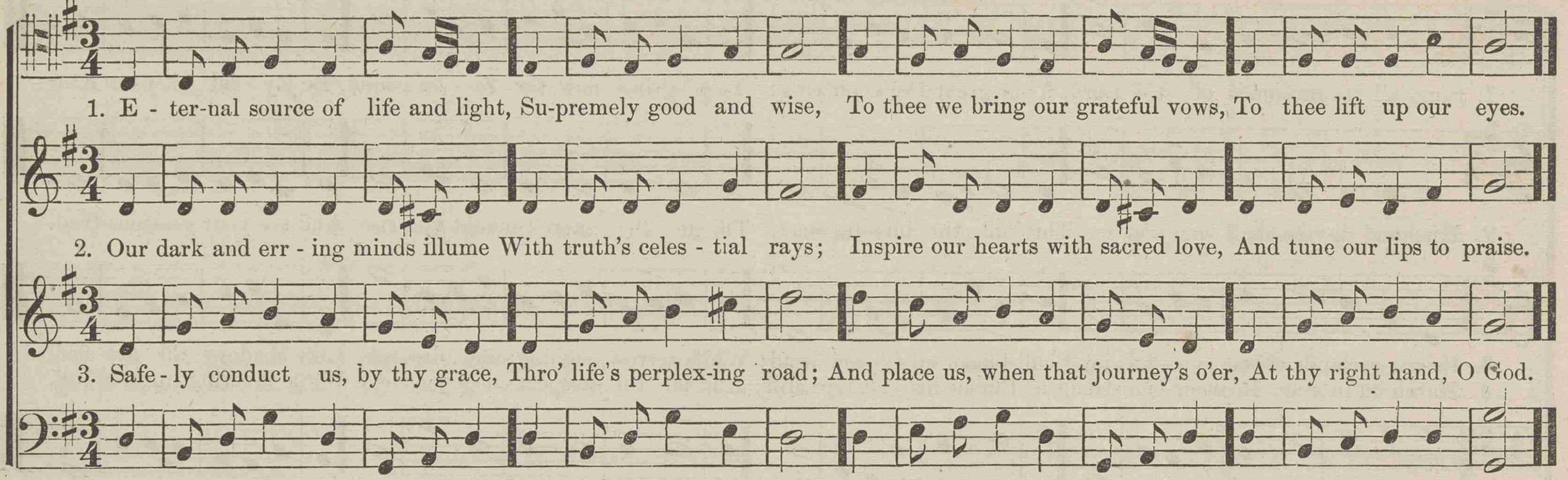
2 Within these walls let holy peace,
  And love and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
  The wounded spirit heal.

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

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

John Newton.

228 CHELMSFORD. C. M.—Aaron Chapin. (♩=58=42.) Philip Doddridge.



229

How happy is the Christian's state!
His sins are all forgiven;
A cheering ray confirms the grace,
And lifts his hopes to heaven.

2 Though in the rugged path of life
He heaves the pensive sigh,
Yet, trusting in his God, he finds
Delivering grace is nigh.

3 If, to prevent his wandering steps,
He feels the chastening rod,
The gentle stroke shall bring him back
To his forgiving God.

4 And when the welcome message comes
To call his soul away,
His soul in raptures shall ascend
To everlasting day.

Unknown.

230

What shall I render to my God
For all his kindness shown?
My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.

2 Among the saints who fill thy house,
My offering shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul, in anguish, made.

3 How happy all thy servants are!
How great thy grace to me!
My life, which thou hast made thy care,
Lord, I devote to thee.

4 Now I am thine, forever thine;
Nor shall my purpose move;
Thy hand hath loosed my bonds of pain,
And bound me with thy love.

5 Here, in thy courts, I leave my vow,
And thy rich grace record;
Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,
If I forsake the Lord.

Isaac Watts.

231

O how divine, how sweet the joy,
When but one sinner turns,
And, with a humble, broken heart,
His sins and errors mourns!

2 Pleased with the news, the saints below
In songs their tongues employ;
Beyond the skies the tidings go,
And heaven is filled with joy.

3 Well pleased the Father sees and hears
The contrite sinner's moan;
Jesus receives him in his arms,
And claims him for his own;

4 Nor angels can their joy contain,
But kindle with new fire;
"The sinner lost is found," they sing,
And strike the sounding lyre.

JOHN NEEDHAM.

232

MY SOUL, how lovely is the place
To which thy God resorts!
'Tis heaven to see his smiling face,
Though in his earthly courts.

2 There the great Monarch of the skies
His saving power displays,
And light breaks in upon our eyes
With kind and quickening rays.

3 There, mighty God, thy words declare
The secrets of thy will;
And still we seek thy mercy there,
And sing thy praises still.

ISAAC WATTS.

233

BLEST be the dear, uniting love,
That will not let us part;
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are one in heart.

2 Joined in one Spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints, we go;
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And show his praise below.

3 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
The same in mind and heart,
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death, can part.

CHARLES WESLEY.

234

"PROCLAIM," saith Christ, "my wondrous grace
To all the sons of men;
He that believes and is baptized,
Salvation shall obtain."

2 Let plenteous grace descend on those
Who, hoping in thy word,
This day have publicly declared
That Jesus is their Lord.

3 With cheerful feet my they advance,
And run the Christian race,
And, through the troubles of the way,
Find all-sufficient grace.

JAS. NEWTON.

235

LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds,
With an inviting voice.

2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
Who feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind,

3 Eternal wisdom has prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

4 Ho! you that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die,
Here may you quench your raging thirst
From springs that never dry.

5 Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

6 Great God, the treasures of thy love
Are everlasting mines;
Deep as our helpless miseries are,
And boundless as our sins.

ISAAC WATTS.

236

AND now, my soul, another year
Of thy short life is past;
I can not long continue here,
And this may be my last.

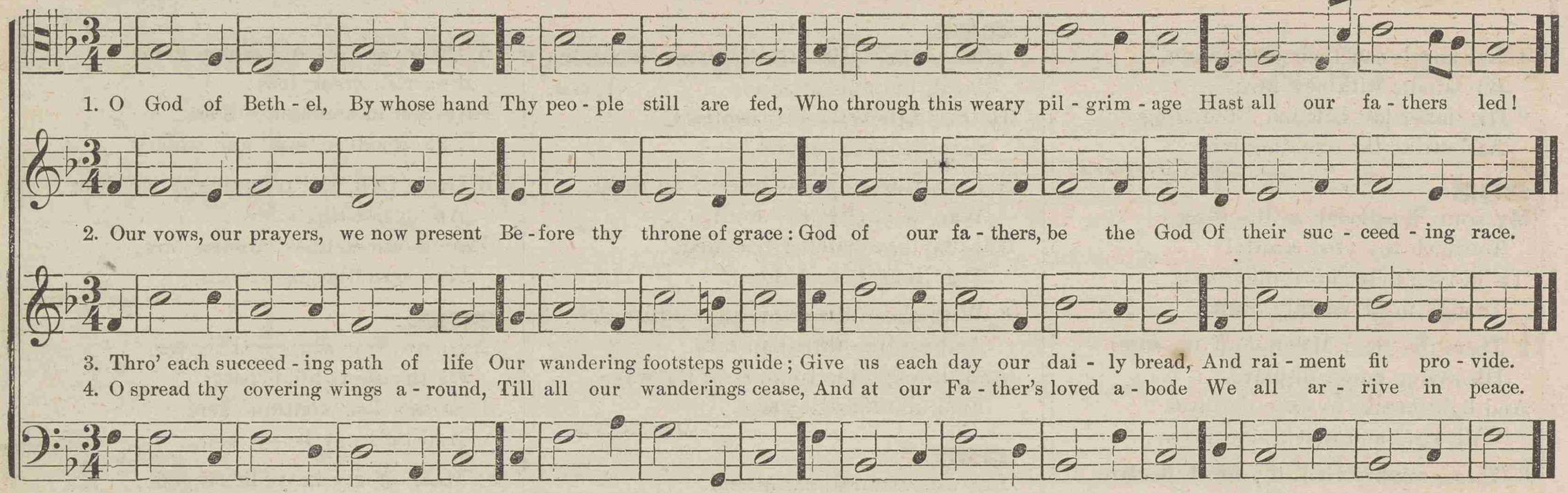
2 Much of my hasty life is gone,
Nor will return again;
And swift my passing moments run
The few that yet remain.

3 Awake, my soul; with utmost care
Thy true condition learn:
What are thy hopes? how sure? how fair?
What is thy great concern?

4 Behold, another year begins:
Set out afresh for heaven;
Seek pardon for thy former sins,
In Christ so freely given;

5 Devoutly yield thyself to God.
And on his grace depend;
With zeal pursue the heavenly road,
Nor doubt a happy end.

Unknown.

237 MEAR. C. M.—Aaron Williams. (♩ = 69 = 29½.)

5 Such blessings from thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
And thou shalt be our chosen God,
Our portion evermore.

Philip Doddridge.

238

In memory of the Saviour's love
We keep the sacred feast,
Where every humble contrite heart
Is made a welcome guest.

2 Under his banner thus we sing
The wonders of his love,
And thus anticipate by faith
The heavenly feast above.

Unknown.

239

Faith adds new charms to earthly bliss,
And saves us from its snares;
It yields support in all our toils,
And softens all our cares.

2 The wounded conscience knows its power
The healing balm to give;
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.

3 Unvailing wide the heavenly world,
Where endless pleasures reign,
It bids us seek our portion there,
Nor bids us seek in vain.

4 There still unshaken would we rest
Till this frail body dies;
And then, on faith's triumphant wing,
To endless glory rise.

D. Turner.

240

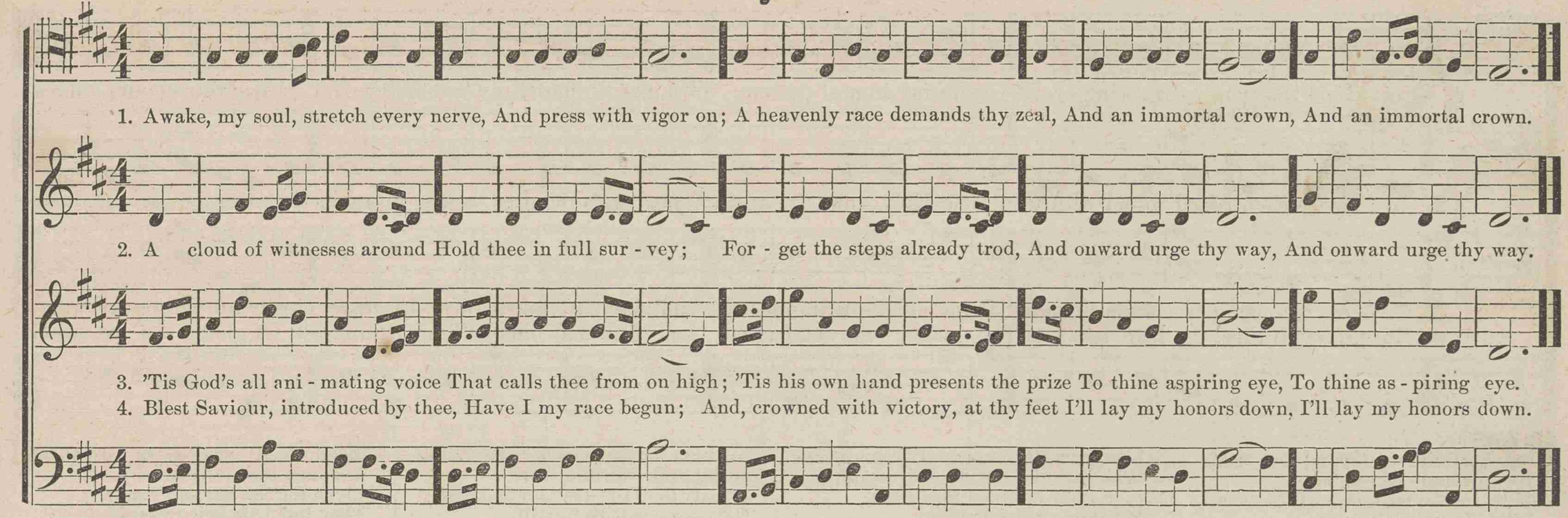
And did the Holy and the Just,
The sovereign of the skies,
Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,
That guilty man might rise?

2 Yes, the Redeemer left his throne,
His radiant throne on high—
Surpassing mercy! love unknown!—
To suffer, bleed, and die.

3 He took the dying rebel's place,
And suffered in our stead;
For sinful man—O wondrous grace!—
For sinful man he bled!

Anne Steele.

241 CHRISTMAS. C. M.—Handel. (♩= 84 = 20.) Philip Doddridge.



242

Bright was the guiding star that led,
With mild, benignant ray,
The Gentiles to the lowly shed
Where the Redeemer lay.

2 But, lo! a brighter, clearer light
Now points to his abode;
It shines through sin and sorrow's night
To guide us to our God.

3 O gladly tread the narrow path
While light and grace are given:
Who meekly follow Christ on earth
Shall reign with him in heaven.

Harriet Auber.

243

Rise, O my soul, pursue the path
By ancient heroes trod;
Ambitious view those holy men
Who lived and walked with God.

2 Though dead, they speak in reason's ear,
And in example live;
Their faith and hope and mighty deeds
Still fresh instruction give.

3 'Twas through the Lamb's most precious blood
They conquered every foe;
And to his power and matchless grace
Their crowns and honors owe.

4 Lord, may we ever keep in view
The patterns thou hast given,
And ne'er forsake the blessèd road
Which led them safe to heaven.

John Needham.

244

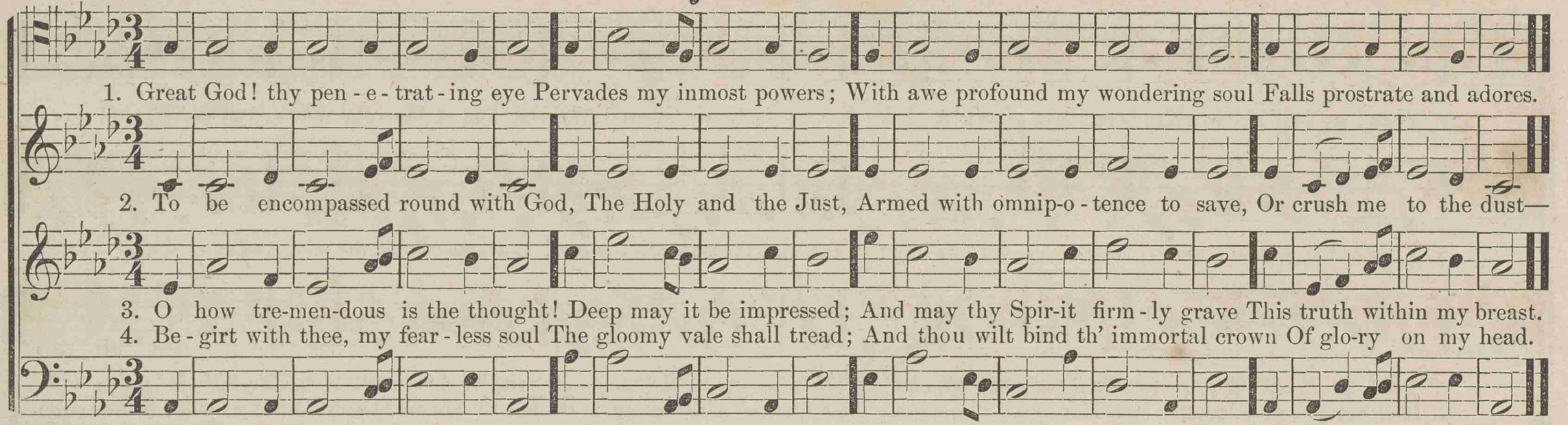
Come, let us join, with one accord,
In hymns around the throne;
This is the day our risén Lord
Hath made and called his own.

2 This is the day which God hath blest,
The brightest of the seven,
Type of the everlasting rest
The saints enjoy in heaven.

3 Then let us in his name sing on,
And hasten on that day
When our Redeemer shall come down,
And shadows pass away.

Charles Wesley.

245 AVON. C. M.—Hugh Wilson. (♩ = 84 = 20.) E. Scott.



246

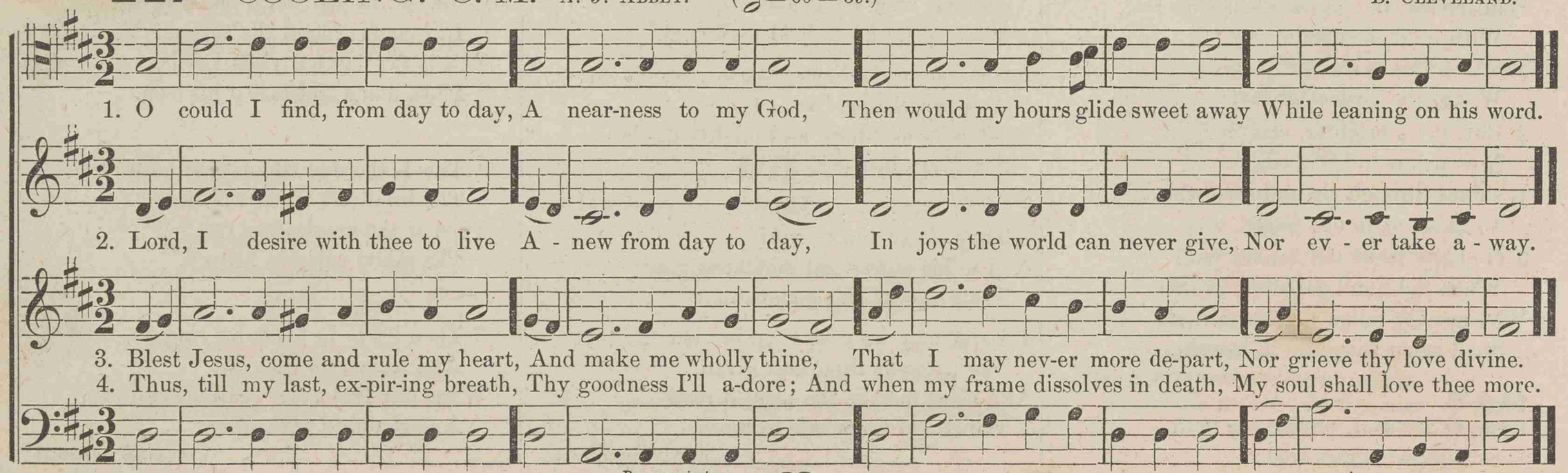
Lord, lead the way the Saviour went,
By lane and cell obscure,
And let love's treasures still be spent,
Like his, upon the poor.

2 Like him, thro' scenes of deep distress,
Who bore the world's sad weight,
We, in their crowded loneliness,
Would seek the desolate.

3 For thou hast placed us side by side
In this wide world of ill;
And that thy followers may be tried,
The poor are with us still.

4 Mean are all offerings we can make;
Yet thou hast taught us, Lord,
If given for the Saviour's sake,
They lose not their reward.

W. Croswell.

247 COOLING. C. M.—A. J. Abbey. (𝅗𝅥 = 60 = 39.) B. Cleveland.

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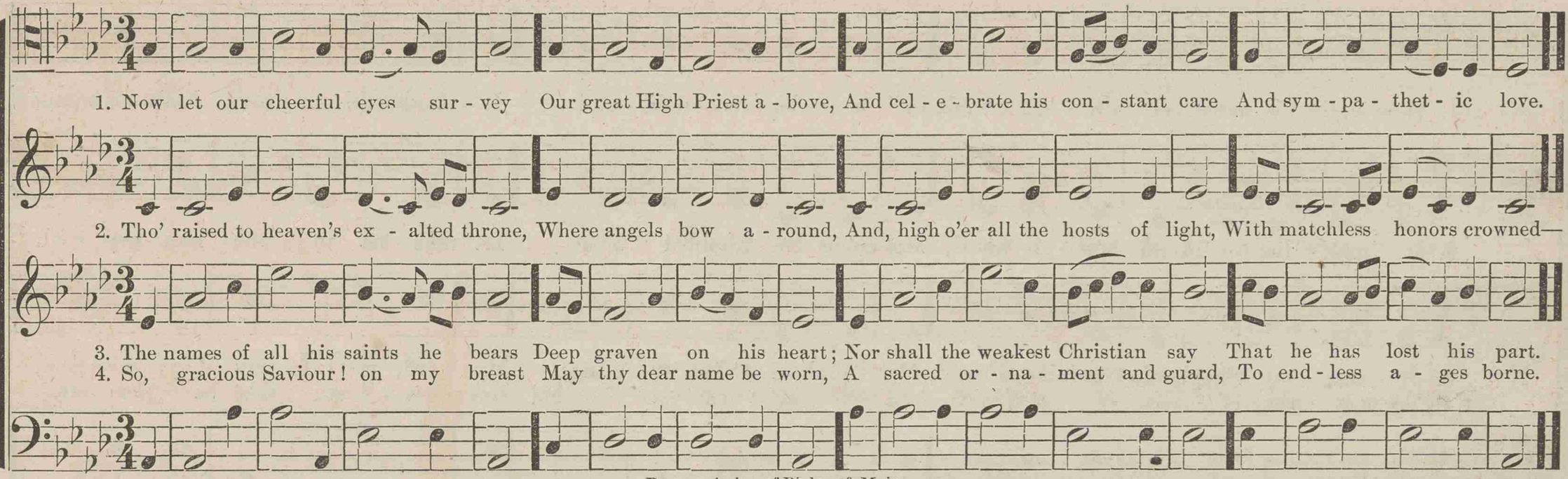
248 CADDO. C. M.—Wm. B. Bradbury. ($\frac{1}{4}$ = 92 = 16½.) Philip Doddridge.

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(248)

Now let our cheerful eyes survey
Our great High Priest above,
And celebrate his constant care
And sympathetic love.

2 Tho' raised to heaven's exalted throne,
Where angels bow around,
And, high o'er all the hosts of light,
With matchless honors crowned—

3 The names of all his saints he bears
Deep graven on his heart;
Nor shall the weakest Christian say
That he has lost his part.

4 So, gracious Saviour! on my breast
May thy dear name be worn,
A sacred ornament and guard,
To endless ages borne.

Philip Doddridge.

249

And can my heart aspire so high,
To say, "My Father God!"
Lord, at thy feet I long to lie,
And learn to kiss the rod.

2 I would submit to all thy will,
For thou art good and wise;
Let every anxious thought be still,
Nor one faint murmur rise.

3 Thy love can cheer the darkest gloom,
And bid me wait serene,
Till hopes and joys immortal bloom,
And brighten all the scene.

4 My Father! O permit my heart
To plead her humble claim;
And ask the bliss those words impart,
In my Reedeemer's name.

Anne Steele.

250

O happy they who know the Lord,
With whom he deigns to dwell!
He feeds and cheers them by his word,
His arm supports them well.

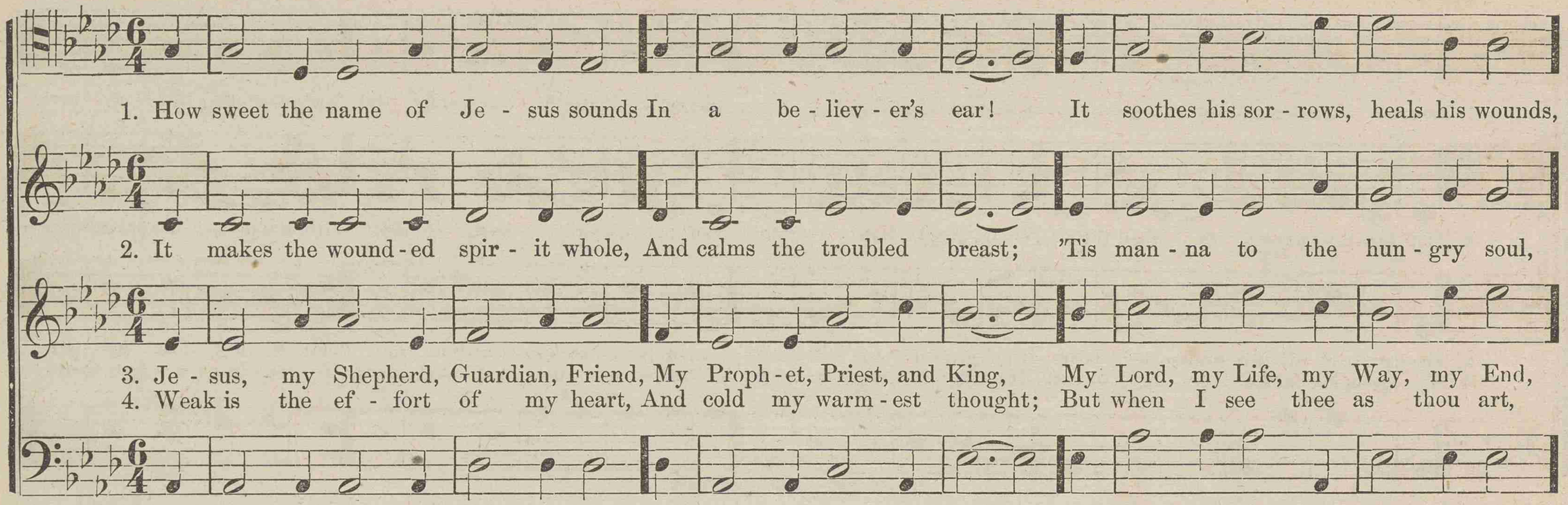
2 To them, in each distressing hour,
His throne of grace is near;
And when they plead his love and power,
He stands engaged to hear.

3 His presence sweetens all our cares,
And makes our burdens light;
A word from him dispels our fears,
And gilds the gloom of night.

4 May we enjoy and highly prize
These tokens of thy love,
Till thou shalt bid our spirits rise
To worship thee above.

Unknown.

251 WHITNEY. C. M.—Arr. by LOWELL MASON. (♩ = 120 = 9¾.) JOHN NEWTON.



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252

OUR souls are in the Saviour's hand,
And he will keep them still;
And you and I shall surely stand
With him on Zion's hill.

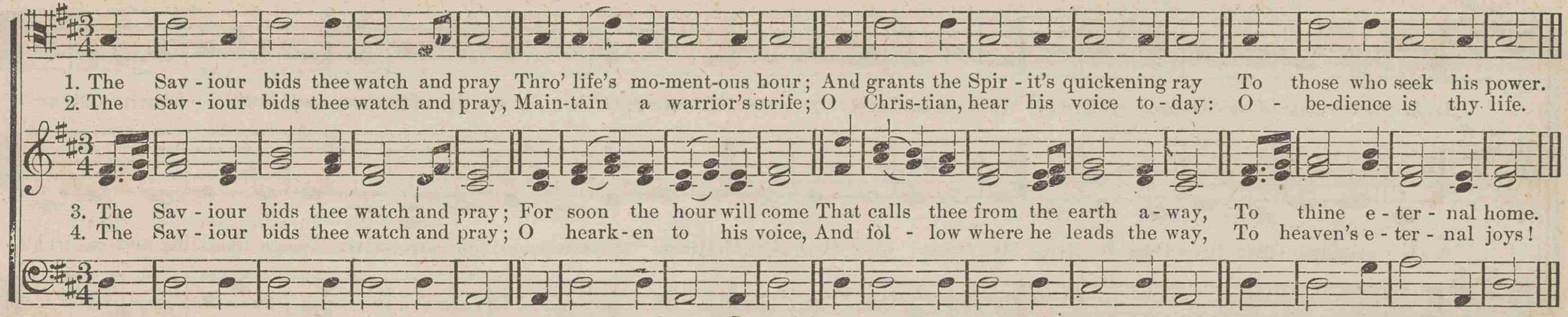
2 Him eye to eye we there shall see,
Our face like his shall shine;
O what a glorious company,
When saints and angels join!

3 O what a joyful meeting there,
In robes of white array!
Palms in our hands we all shall bear,
And crowns that ne'er decay.

4 When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we first begun!

Unknown.

253 SILOAM. C. M.—I. B. Woodbury. (♩ = 69 = 29½.) Thos. Hastings.



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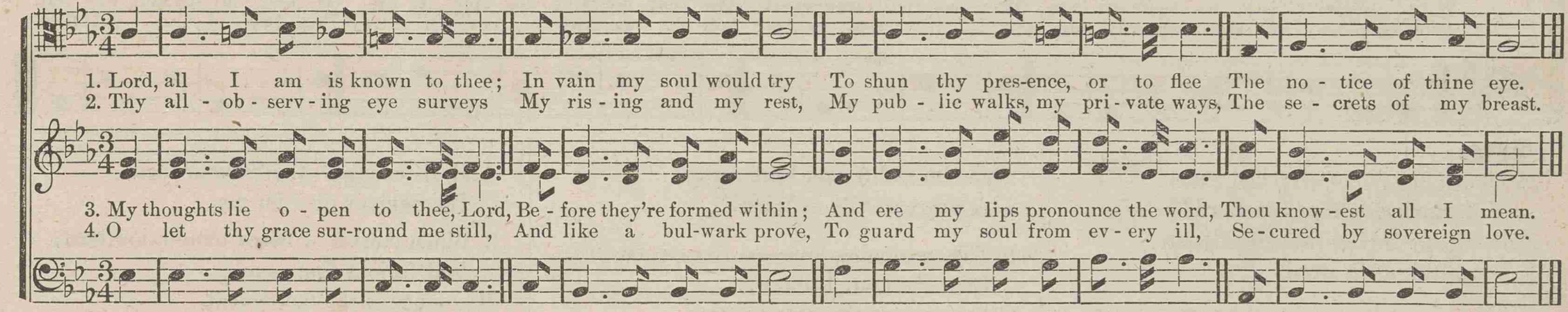
254 SERENITY. C. M.—Wm. V. Wallace. (♩ = 60 = 39.) Isaac Watts.

255

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

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

3 Thy precepts make us truly wise:
We hate the sinner's road;
We hate our own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, O God!

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

Isaac Watts.

256

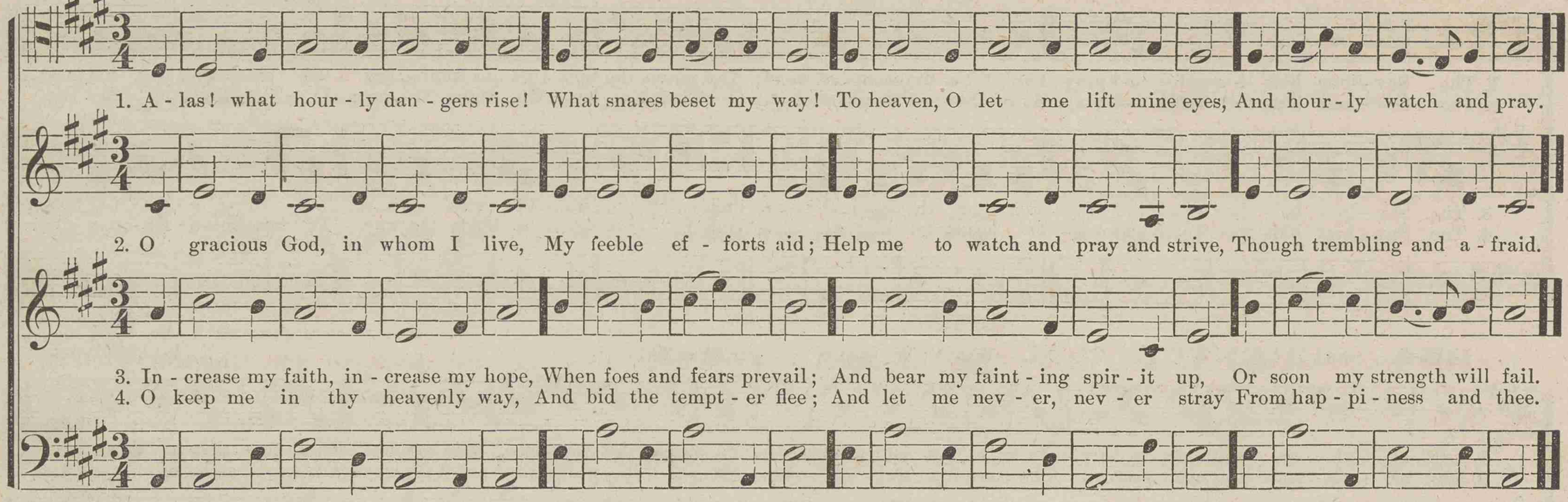
If human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie;
If tender thoughts within us burn
To feel a friend is nigh—

2 O shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To him who died our fears to quell,
Who bore our guilt and woe?

3 While yet his anguished soul surveyed
Those pangs he would not flee,
What love his latest words displayed—
"Meet, and remember me!"

4 Remember thee! thy death, thy shame,
The pangs which thou didst bear!
O memory, leave no other name
But his recorded there! G. T. Noel.

257 BALERMA. C. M.—R. Simpson. (♩=80=22.)

Anne Steele.

258

How oft, alas! this wretched heart
  Has wandered from the Lord!
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
  Forgetful of his word!

2 Yet sovereign mercy calls, "Return!"
  Dear Lord, and may I come?
My vile ingratitude I mourn—
  O take the wanderer home!

3 And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive,
  And bid my crimes remove?
And shall a pardoned rebel live
  To speak thy wondrous love?

4 Almighty grace! thy healing power
  How glorious—how divine,
That can to life and bliss restore
  A heart so vile as mine!

5 Thy pardoning love—so free, so sweet—
  Dear Saviour, I adore;
O keep me at thy sacred feet,
  And let me rove no more.

Anne Steele.

259

Thou art my hiding-place, O Lord!
  In thee I put my trust,
Encouraged by thy holy word,
  A feeble child of dust.

2 I have no argument beside,
  I urge no other plea—
And 'tis enough—the Saviour died,
  The Saviour died for me.

3 When storms of fierce temptation beat,
  And furious foes assail,
My refuge is the mercy-seat,
  My hope within the vail.

4 And when thy awful voice commands
  This body to decay,
And life, in its last lingering sands,
  Is ebbing fast away—

5 Then, though it be in accents weak,
  My voice shall call on thee,
And ask for strength in death to speak,
  "My Saviour died for me."

Thos. Raffles.

260

ASHAMED of Christ! Our souls disdain
The mean, ungenerous thought:
Shall we disown that Friend whose blood
To man salvation brought?

2 With the glad news of love and peace
From heaven to earth he came;
For us endured the painful cross,
For us despised the shame.

3 To his command let us submit
Ourselves without delay;
Our lives—yea, thousand lives of ours—
His love can ne'er repay.

4 To bear his name—his cross to bear—
Our highest honor this!
Who nobly suffers for him now,
Shall reign with him in bliss.

Unknown.

261

COME, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve:

2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Has like a mountain rose;
His kingdom now I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 Humbly I'll bow at his command,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll own I am a wretch undone,
Without his sovering grace.

4 Surely he will accept my plea,
For he has bid me come;
Forthwith I'll rise, and to him flee,
For yet, he says, there's room.

5 I can not perish if I go;
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die.

E. JONES.

262

FATHER, I wait before thy throne;
Call me a child of thine,
And let the Spirit of thy Son
Fill this poor heart of mine.

2 There shed thy promised love abroad,
And make my comfort strong;
Then shall I say, my Father, God!
With an unwavering tongue.

ISAAC WATTS.

263

LORD, at thy table we behold
The wonders of thy grace;
But, most of all, admire that we
Should find a welcome place.

2 What strange, surprising grace is this,
That we, so lost, have room?
Jesus our weary souls invites,
And freely bids us come!

3 Ye saints below, and hosts of heaven,
Join all your sacred powers:
No theme is like redeeming love;
No Saviour is like ours.

JOSEPH STENNETT.

264

BURIED beneath the yielding wave,
The great Redeemer lies;
Faith views him in the watery grave,
And thence beholds him rise.

2 And thus do willing souls, to-day,
Their ardent zeal express,
And, in the Lord's appointed way,
Fulfill all righteousness.

3 With joy we in his footsteps tread,
And would his cause maintain;
Like him be numbered with the dead,
And with him rise and reign.

4 Now we, blest Saviour, would to thee
Our grateful voices raise;
Washed in the fountain of thy blood,
Our lives shall be thy praise.

BENJ. BEDDOME.

265

WHEN languor and disease invades
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond my pains,
And long to fly away;

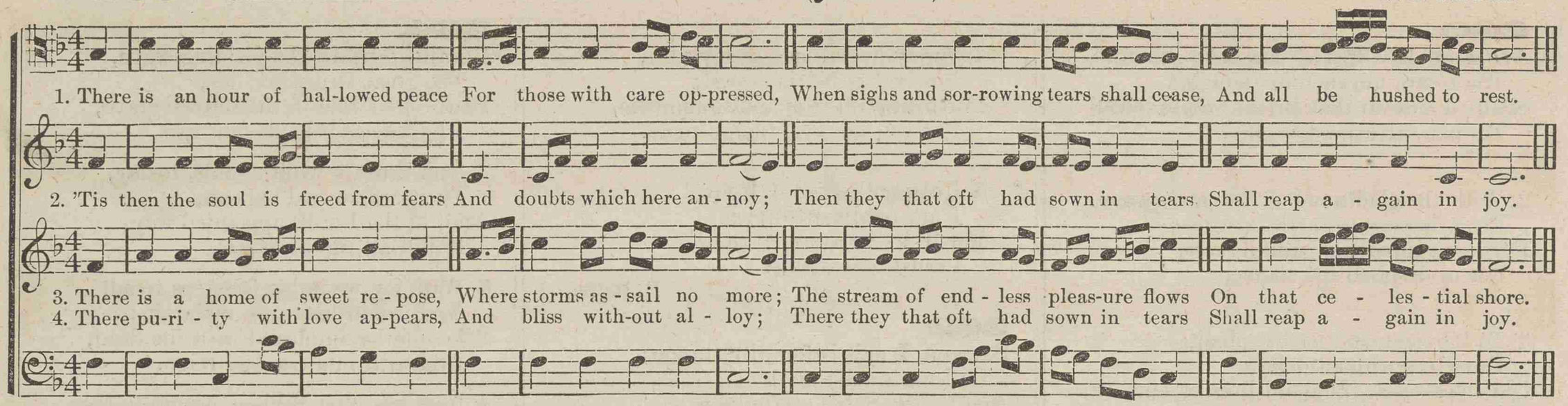
2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of his love;
Sweet to look upward to the place
Where Jesus pleads above;

3 Sweet to look back and see my name
In life's fair book set down;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own;

4 Sweet to rejoice in lively hope
That when my change shall come,
Angels shall hover round my bed,
And waft my spirit home.

A. M. TOPLADY.

266 CLARENDON. C. M.—Isaac Tucker. (♩ = 66 = 32.)

W. B. Tappan.

267

How happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven!
This earth, he cries, is not my place—
I seek my home in heaven.

2 A country far from mortal sight,
Yet O, by faith, I see
The land of rest, the saints' delight,
The heaven prepared for me.

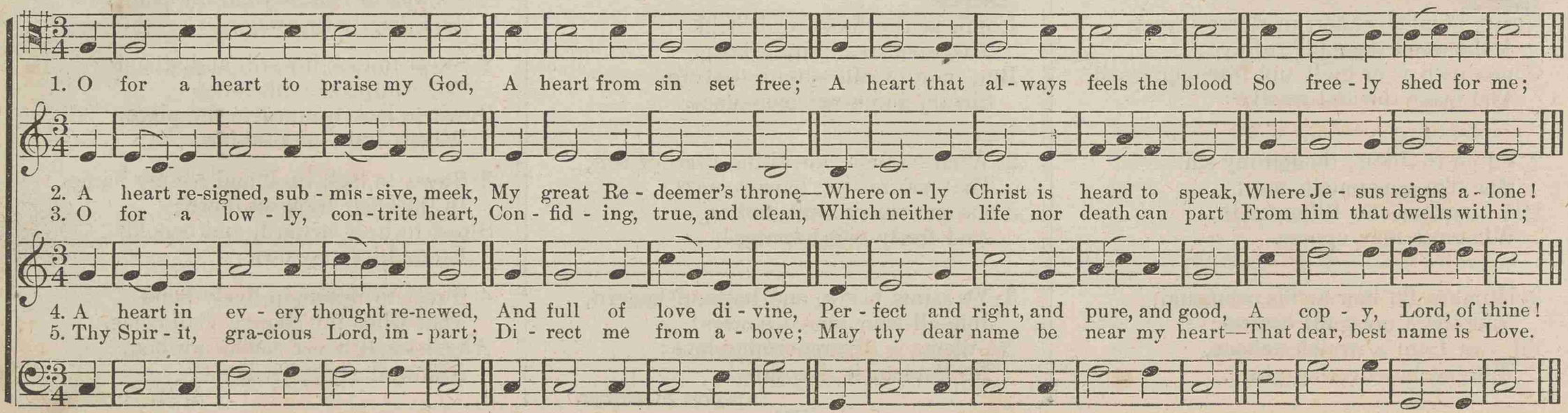
3 O what a blesséd hope is ours!
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And antedate that day.

4 We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ concealed,
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels filled.

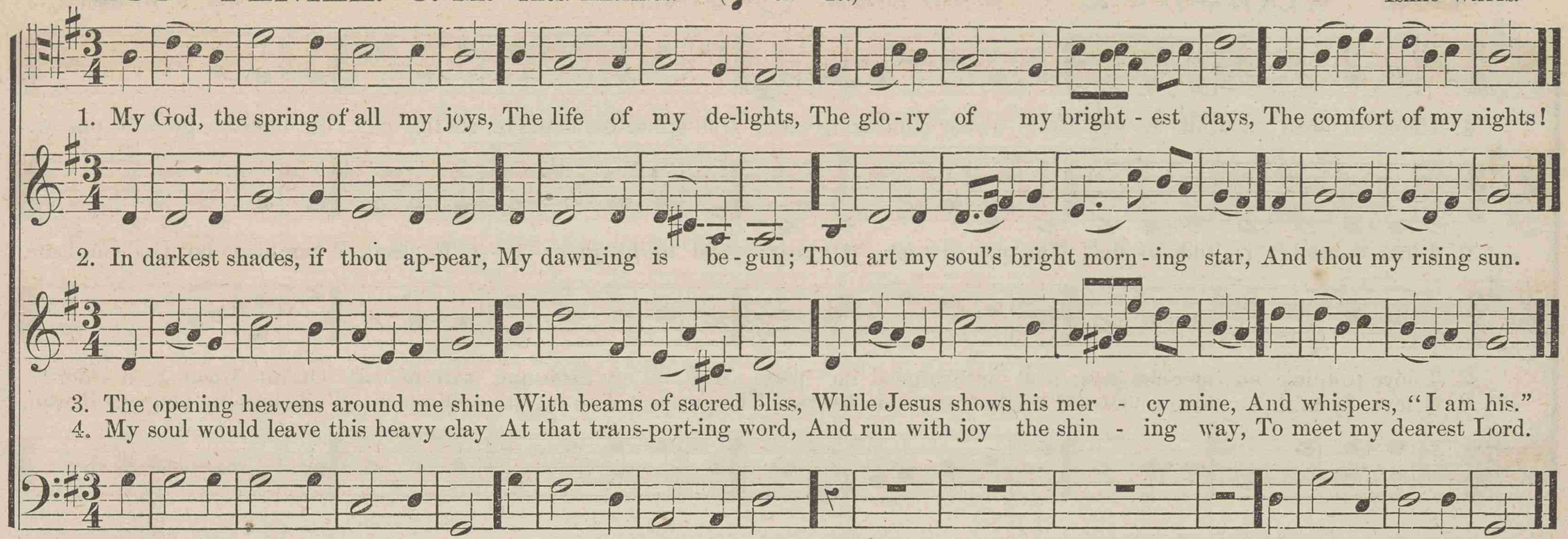
Charles Wesley.

268 PRAYER. C. M.—T. J. Cook. (♩ = 84 = 20.)

Wm. Cowper.



269 PENIEL. C. M.—Thos. Hastings. (♩ = 84 = 20.) Isaac Watts.



269

My God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
The comfort of my nights!

2 In darkest shades, if thou appear,
My dawning is begun;
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows his mercy mine,
And whispers, "I am his."

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
And run with joy the shining way,
To meet my dearest Lord.

Isaac Watts.

270

With joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is full of tenderness,
His bosom glows with love.

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

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

4 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In each distressing hour.

Isaac Watts.

271

O Father, though the anxious fear
May cloud to-morrow's way,
No fear nor doubt shall enter here;
All shall be thine to-day.

2 We will not bring divided hearts
To worship at thy shrine;
But each unworthy thought departs,
And leaves this temple thine.

3 Sleep, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,
Of earth and folly born;
Ye shall not dim the light that streams
From this celestial morn.

Mrs. Anna L. Barbauld.

272 WOODSTOCK. C. M.—D. Dutton. (𝅗𝅥 = 58 = 42.) Mrs. P. H. Brown.

1. I love to steal a-while a-way From ev-ery cumbering care, And spend the hours of set-ting day In humble, grateful prayer.

2. I love in sol - i - tude to shed The pen - i - ten - tial tear; And all his prom - is - es to plead, Where none but God can hear.

3. I love to think on mer-cies past, And fu-ture good im - plore, And all my cares and sorrows cast On him whom I a - dore.

4. I love, by faith, to take a view Of brighter scenes in heaven; The prospect doth my strength renew, While here by tempests driven.

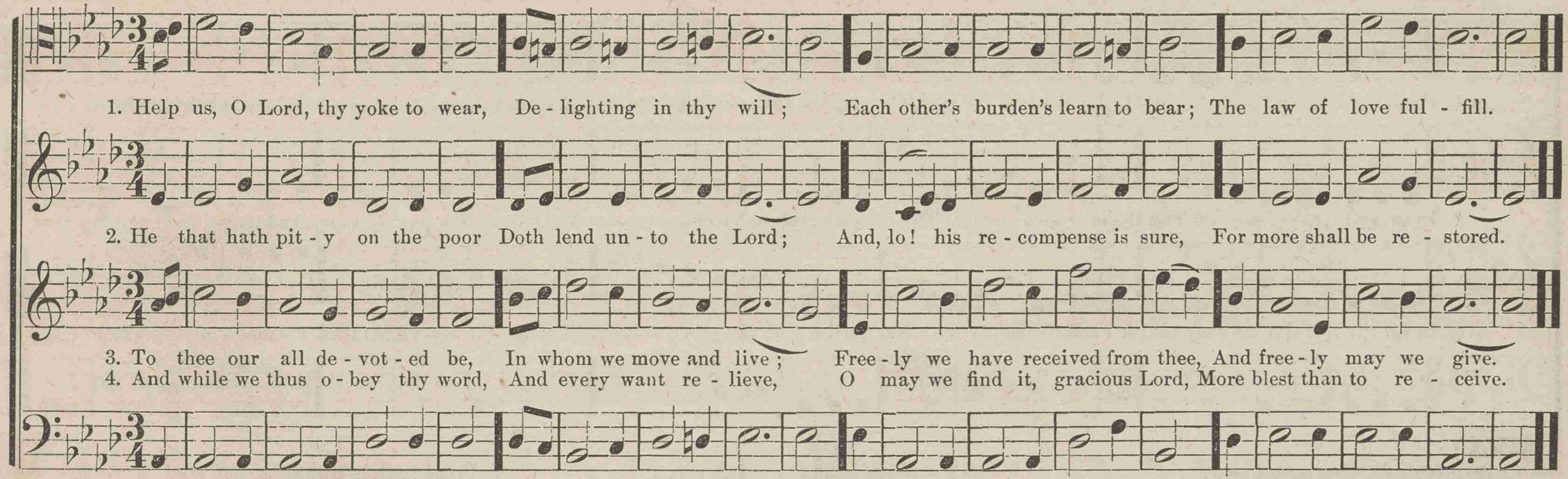
273 OAKSVILLE. C. M.—H. C. Zeuner. (♩ = 80 = 22.) W. H. Balhurst.

1. O for a faith that will not shrink, Tho' pressed by every foe; That will not tremble on the brink Of a - ny earth-ly woe;

2. That will not murmur or complain Be-neath the chastening rod, But, in the hour of grief or pain, Will lean up - on its God.

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

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

274 MANOAH. C. M.—Haydn. (♩=88=18.) Thos. Cotterill.

275

O for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

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

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

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

Wm. Cowper.

276

O thou who driest the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to thee!

2 But thou wilt heal the broken heart
Which, like the plants that throw
eir fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

3 When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And e'en the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears
Is dimmed and vanished too—
4 Then sorrow, touched by thee, grows bright
With more than rapture's ray;
The darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

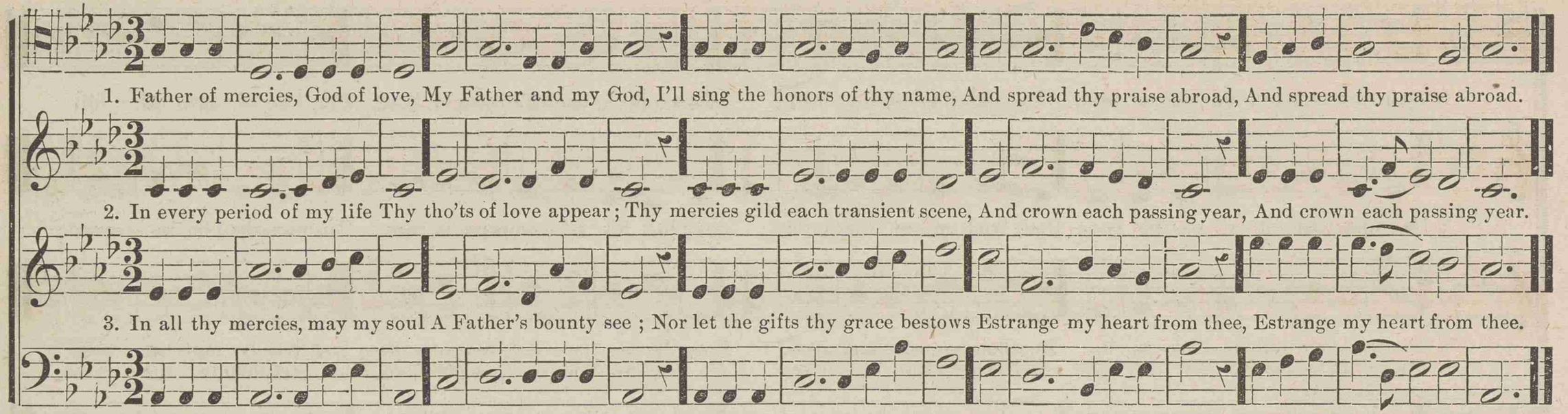
Thos. Moore.

277

Hosanna to our conquering King!
All hail, incarnate Love!
Ten thousand songs and glories wait
To crown thy head above.

2 Thy victories and thy deathless fame
Through all the world shall run,
And everlasting ages sing
The triumphs thou hast won.

Isaac Watts.

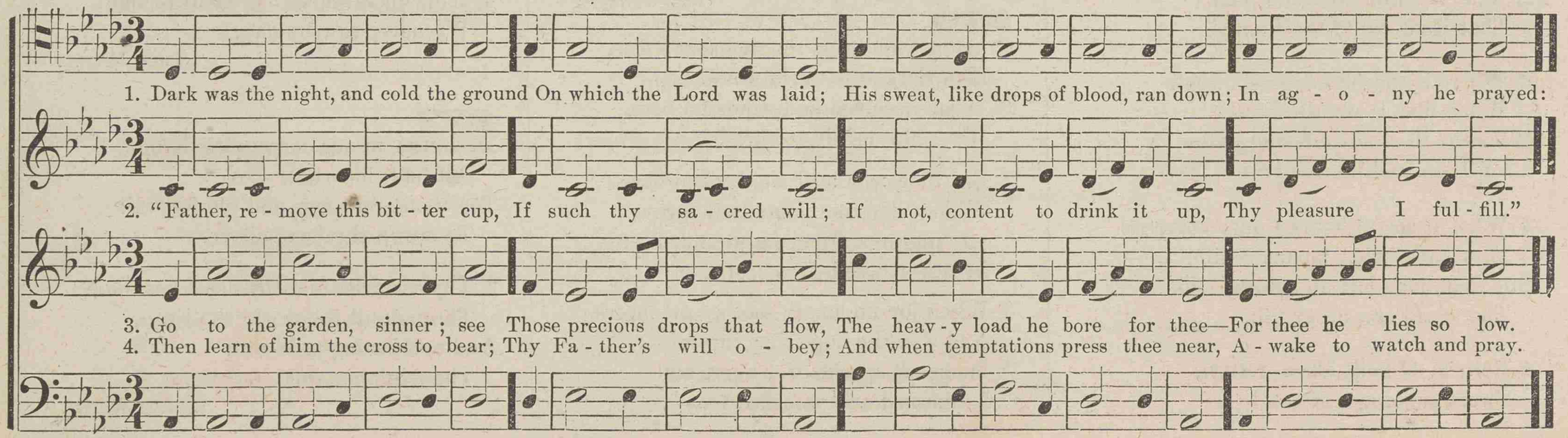
278 ARCADIA. C. M.—Thos. Hastings. ($\frac{3}{2}$ = 120 = $9\frac{3}{4}$.) O. Heginbotham.

279

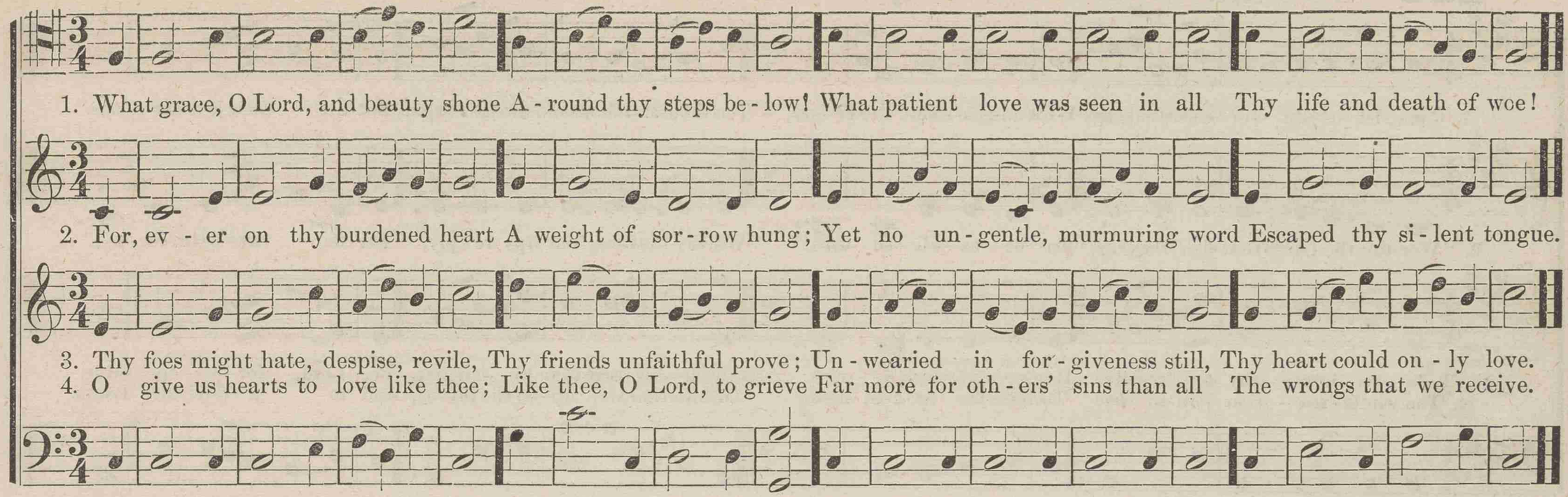
In every trouble, sharp and strong,
My soul to Jesus flies;
My anchor-hold is firm in him
When swelling billows rise.

2 His comforts bear my spirit up:
I trust a faithful God;
The sure foundation of my hope
Is in a Saviour's blood.

3 Loud hallelujahs sing, my soul,
To thy Redeemer's name;
In joy and sorrow, life and death,
His love is still the same. Unknown.

280 ADULLAM. C. M.—P. H. Dayhoff. ($\frac{3}{2}$ = 80 = 22.) Unknown.



281 CHIMES. C. M.—Lowell Mason. (♩=84=20.)

5 One with thyself, may every eye,
In us, thy brethren, see
The gentleness and grace that spring
From union, Lord, with thee.

Edward Denny.

282

The Saviour! O what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound!
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads sweet peace around.

2 Here pardon, life, and joys divine
In rich profusion flow,
For guilty rebels, lost in sin,
And doomed to endless woe.

3 Th' almighty Former of the skies
Stooped to our vile abode,
While angels viewed with wondering eyes,
And hailed th' incarnate God.

4 O the rich depths of love divine;
Of bliss, a boundless store!
Blest Saviour, let me call thee mine;
I can not wish for more.

Anne Steele.

283

Do not I love thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart, and see;
And turn the dearest idol out
That dares to rival thee.

2 Is not thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound,
My Saviour's voice to hear?

3 Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock
I would disdain to feed?
Hast thou a foe, before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead?

4 Would not my heart pour forth its blood
In honor of thy name,
And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp th' immortal flame?

5 Thou knowest that I love thee, Lord;
But, O, I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

Philip Doddridge.

284 GOULD. C. M.—J. E. Gould. (♩ = 72 = 27.)

Isaac Watts.

1. Come, let us join our cheerful songs With an-gels round the throne; Ten thousand thousand are their tongues, But all their joys are one.

2. "Wor-thy the Lamb that died," they cry, "To be ex-alt-ed thus!" "Worthy the Lamb," our lips re-ply, "For he was slain for us!"

3. Je-sus is wor-thy to re-ceive Hon-or and power di-vine; And blessings more than we can give, Be, Lord, for-ev-er thine.
4. The whole crea-tion join in one To bless the sa-cred name Of him that sits up-on the throne, And to a-dore the Lamb.

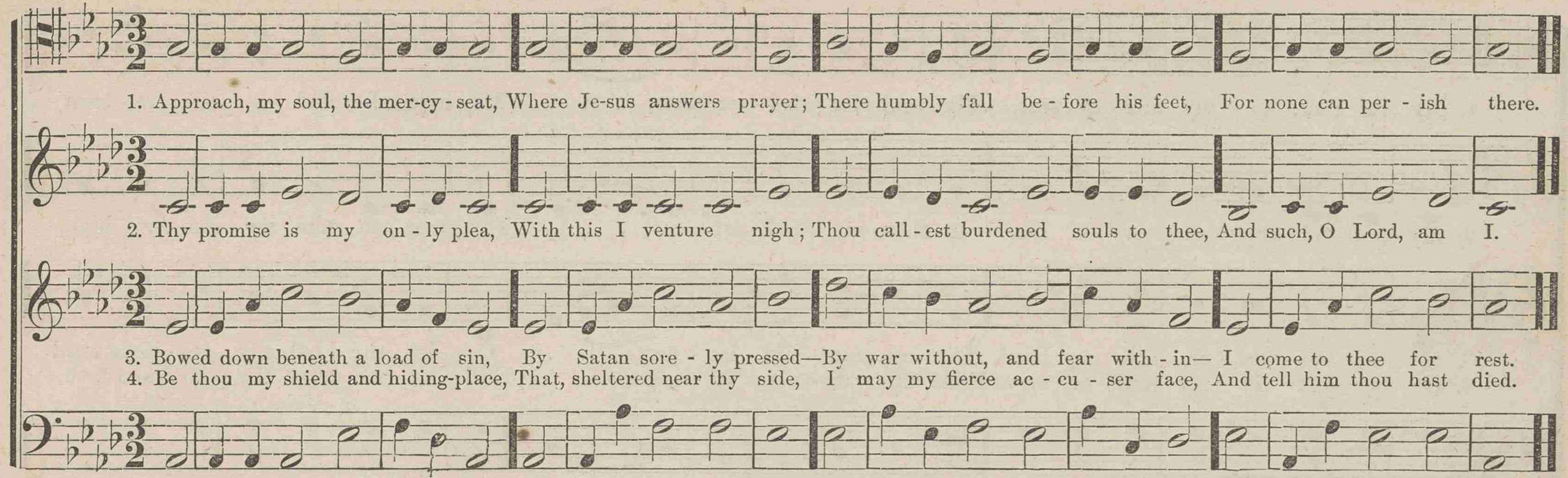
285 ALLHALLOWS. C. M.—Samuel Webbe. (♪ = 120 = 9¾.)

George W. Doane.

1. Thou art the Way: to thee a-lone From sin and death we flee; And he who would the Fa-ther seek, Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

2. Thou art the Truth: thy word a-lone True wis-dom can im-part; Thou, on-ly, canst in-form the mind, And pur-i-fy the heart.

3. Thou art the Life: the rend-ing tomb Proclaims thy con-quering arm; And those who put their trust in thee, Nor death nor hell shall harm.
4. Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life: Grant us that way to know, That truth to keep, that life to win, Whose joys e-ter-nal flow.

286 EVAN. C. M.—Arr. by H. W. Havergal. (♩ = 60 = 39.)

5 O wondrous love, to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name!

JOHN NEWTON.

287

GLORY to God, who deigns to bless
This consecrated day,
Unfolds his wondrous promises,
And makes it sweet to pray!

2 Glory to God, who deigns to hear
The humblest sigh we raise,
And answers every heartfelt prayer,
And hears our hymn of praise.

Unknown.

288

FATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines!
Forever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find—
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here springs of consolation rise
To cheer the fainting mind,
And thirsty souls receive supplies,
And sweet refreshment find.

4 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

ANNE STEELE.

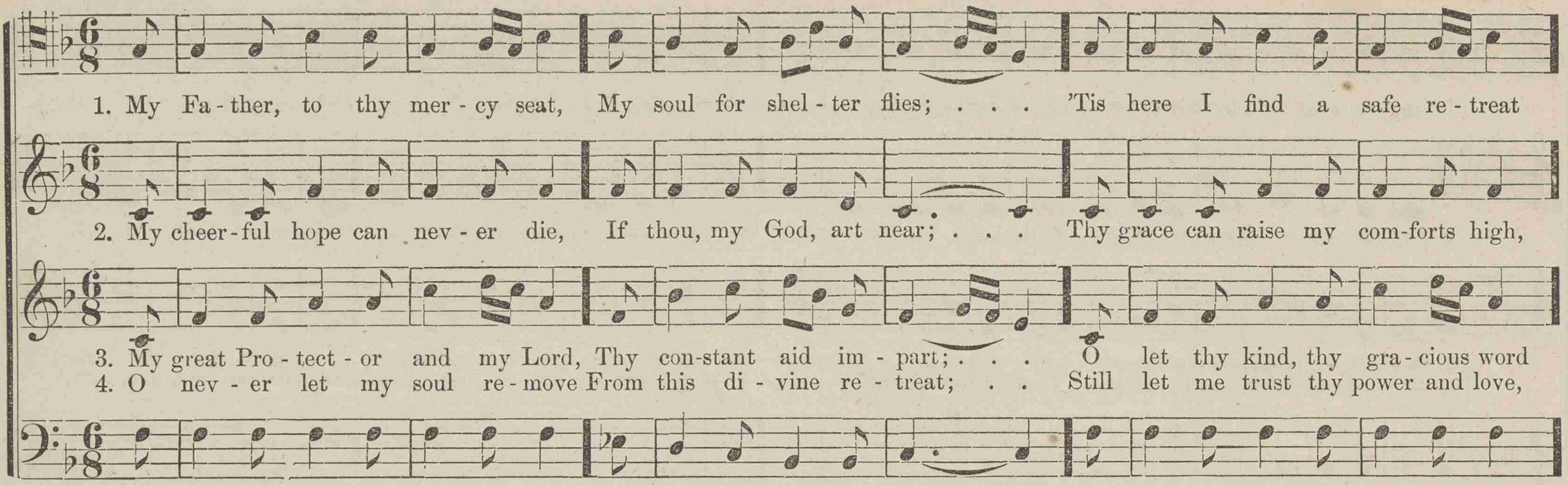
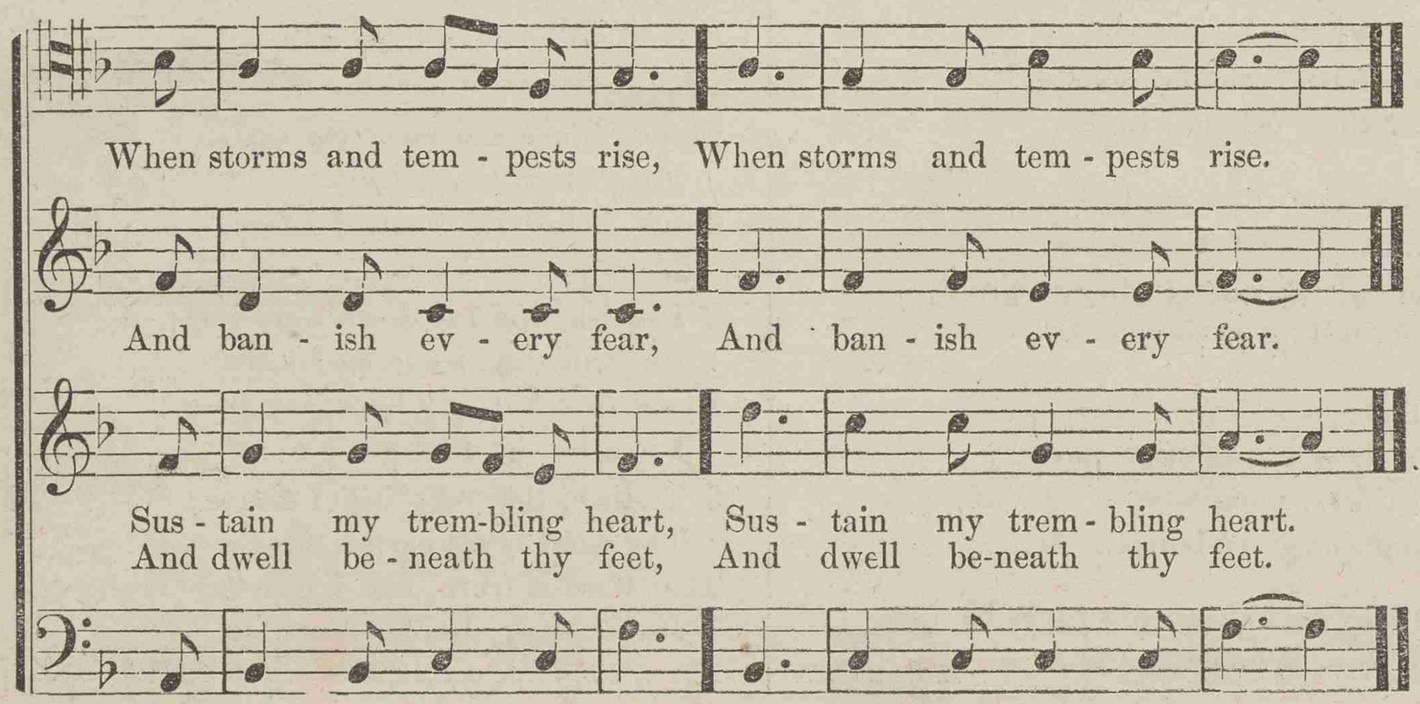
289

MERCY alone can meet my case:
For mercy, Lord, I cry;
Jesus, Redeemer, show thy face
In mercy, or I die.

2 I perish, and my doom were just;
But wilt thou leave me? No.
I hold thee fast, my hope, my trust;
I will not let thee go.

3 To thee, thee only will I cleave;
Thy word is all my plea—
That word is truth, and I believe;
Have mercy, Lord, on me.

JAS. MONTGOMERY.

290 EDGEWORTH. C. M.—Thos. Hastings. (♪ = 104 = 13.) Anne Steele.

291

My God, my Father—blissful name!—
O may I call thee mine?
May I with sweet assurance claim
A portion so divine?

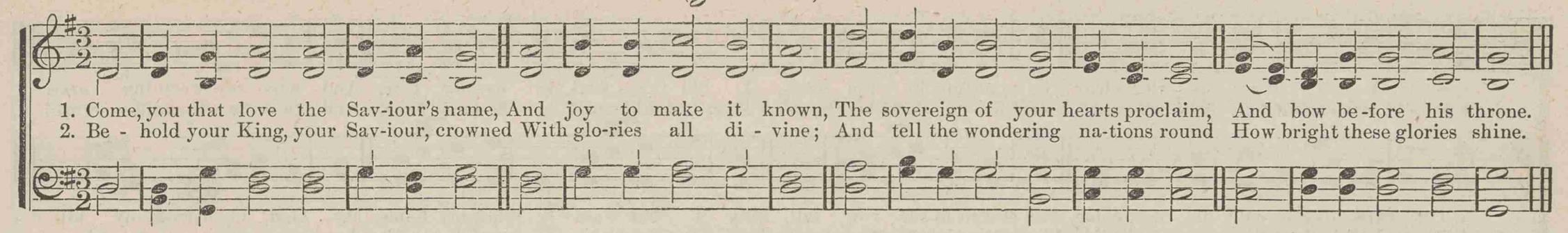
2 This only can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly:
What harm can ever reach my soul
Beneath my Father's eye?

3 Whate'er thy providence denies,
I calmly would resign;
For thou art good and just and wise;
O bend my will to thine.

4 Whate'er thy sacred will ordains,
O give me strength to bear;
And let me know my Father reigns,
And trust his tender care.

Anne Steele.

292 AZMON. C. M.—C. G. Glaser. (♩=60=39.)



3 Infinite power and boundless grace
In him unite their rays;
You that have seen his lovely face,
Can you forbear his praise?

4 When in the earthly courts we view
The beauties of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.

5 And shall we long and wish in vain?
Lord, teach our songs to rise!
Thy love can animate our strain,
And bid it reach the skies.

Anne Steele.

293

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

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

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

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

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

Isaac Watts.

294

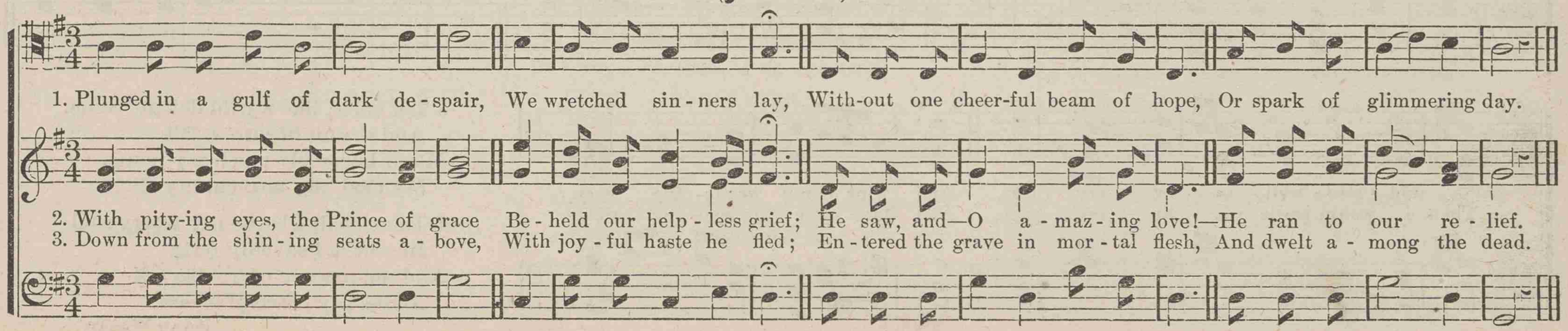
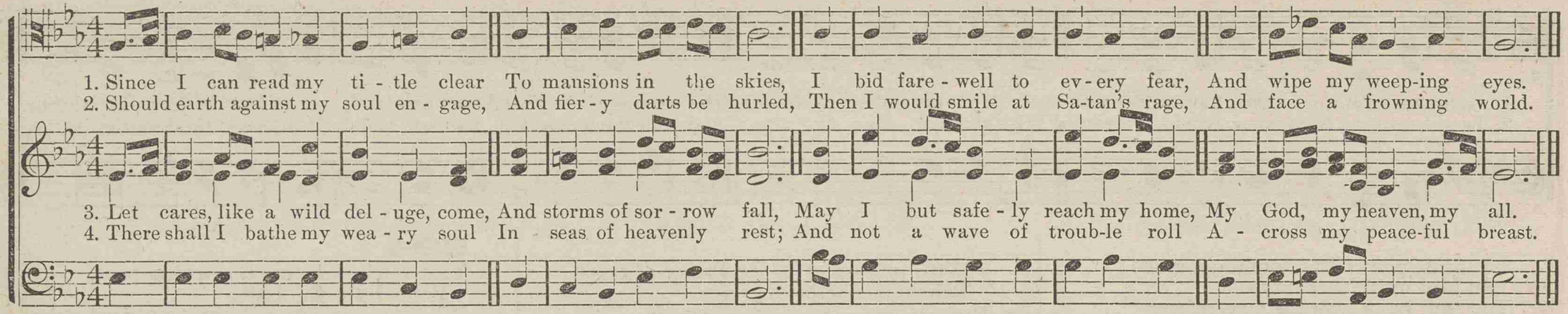
Ye wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast;
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store
For every humble guest.

2 See, Jesus stands with open arms;
He calls, he bids you come.
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms;
But see, there yet is room—

3 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart:
There love and pity meet;
Nor will he bid the soul depart
That trembles at his feet.

4 And yet ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come.
Ye longing souls, the grace adore;
Approach—there yet is room.

Anne Steele.

(293) GROTON. C. M.—H. C. Zeuner. (♩=60=39.)

295 BURLINGTON. C. M.—J. F. Burrows. (♩ = 72 = 27.) Isaac Watts.

296

O LAND of rest, for thee I sigh;
When will the moment come
When I shall lay my armor by,
And dwell in peace at home?

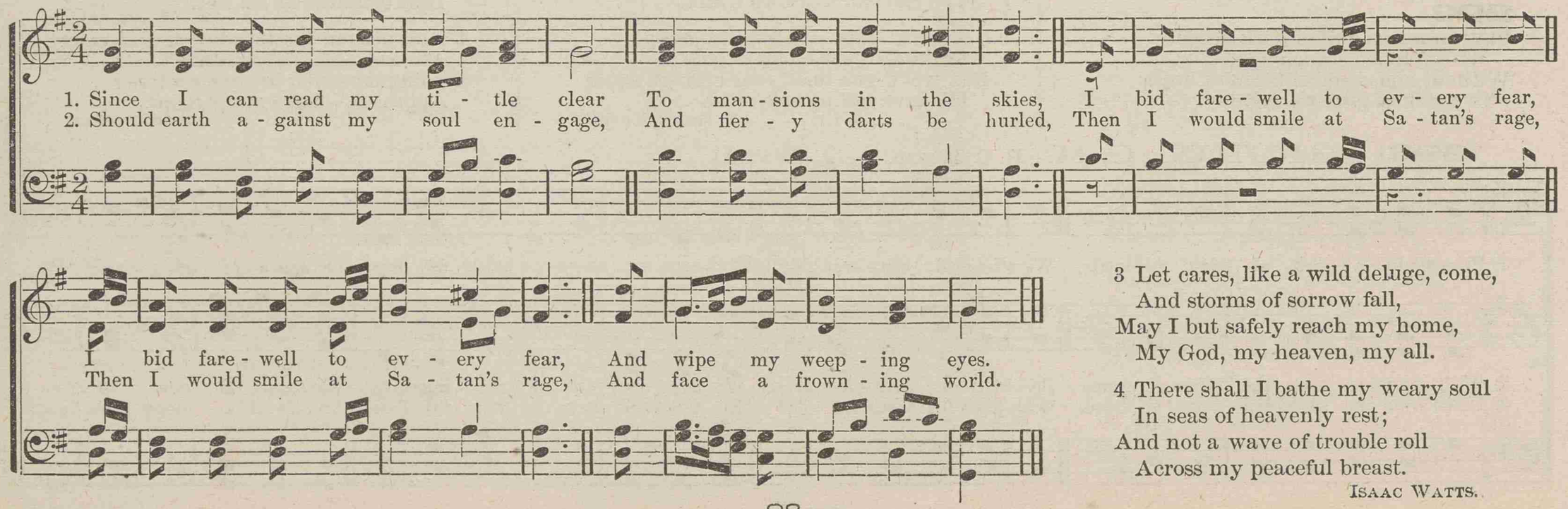
2 No tranquil joy on earth I know,
No peaceful, sheltering dome;
This world's a wilderness of woe,
This world is not my home.

3 When, by affliction sharply tried,
I view the opening tomb,
Although I dread death's chilling tide,
Yet still I sigh for home.

4 Weary of wandering round and round
This vale of sin and gloom,
I long to quit th' unhallowed ground,
And dwell with Christ at home.

Unknown.

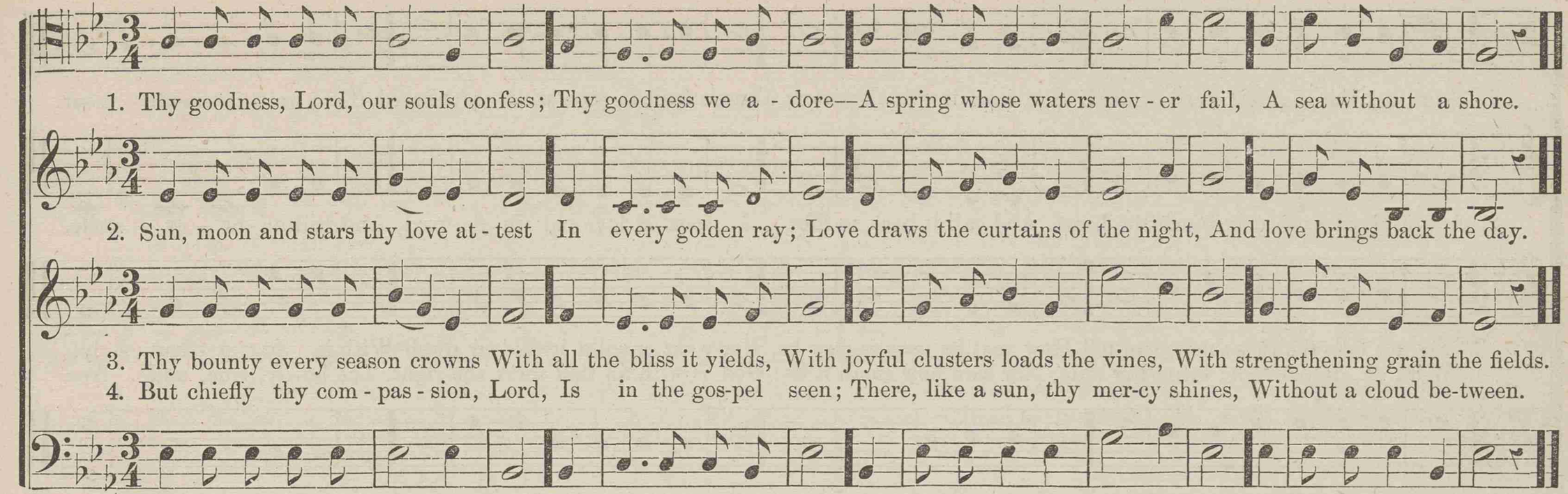
(295) ASPIRATION. C. M.—Anon. (♪ = 88 = 18.)



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

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

Isaac Watts.

297 ELIZABETHTOWN. C. M.—George Kingsley. (♩=66=32.) Thos. Gibbons.

298

O God, unseen, yet ever near,
Reveal thy presence now,
While we, in love that hath no fear,
Before thy glory bow.

2 Here may obedient spirits find
The blessings of thy love—
The streams that through the desert wind,
The manna from above.

3 Awhile beside the fount we stay
And eat this bread of thine;
Then go, rejoicing, on our way,
Renewed with strength divine.

Unknown.

299

As pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So pants my soul, O Lord, for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.

2 For thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
O when shall I behold thy face,
Thou Majesty Divine?

3 I sigh to think of happier days,
When thou, O Lord, wast nigh;
When every heart was tuned to praise,
And none more blest than I.

4 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Trust God, who will employ
His aid for thee, and change those sighs
To thankful hymns of joy.

Tate and Brady.

300

Almighty Father of mankind,
On thee my hopes remain;
And when the day of trouble comes,
I shall not trust in vain.

2 In early years thou wast my guide,
And of my youth the friend;
And, as my days began with thee,
With thee my days shall end.

3 I know the Power in whom I trust,
The arm on which I lean;
He will my Saviour ever be,
Who hath my Saviour been.

Michael Bruce.

301 BYEFIELD. C. M.—Thomas Hastings. (♩ = 66 = 32.) Unknown.

1. Scorn not the slightest word or deed, Nor deem it void of power; There's fruit in each wind-wafted seed, That waits its na-tal hour.

2. A whispered word may touch the heart, And call it back to life; A look of love bid sin de-part, And still un-ho-ly strife.

3. No act falls fruitless; none can tell How vast its powers may be, Nor what re-sults in-fold-ed dwell With-in it si-lent-ly.

4. Work on, despair not; bring thy mite, Nor care how small it be; God is with all that serve the right, The ho-ly, true, and free.

302 PEORIA. C. M.—Wm. B. Bradbury. (♩ = 84 = 20.) J. A. Wallace.

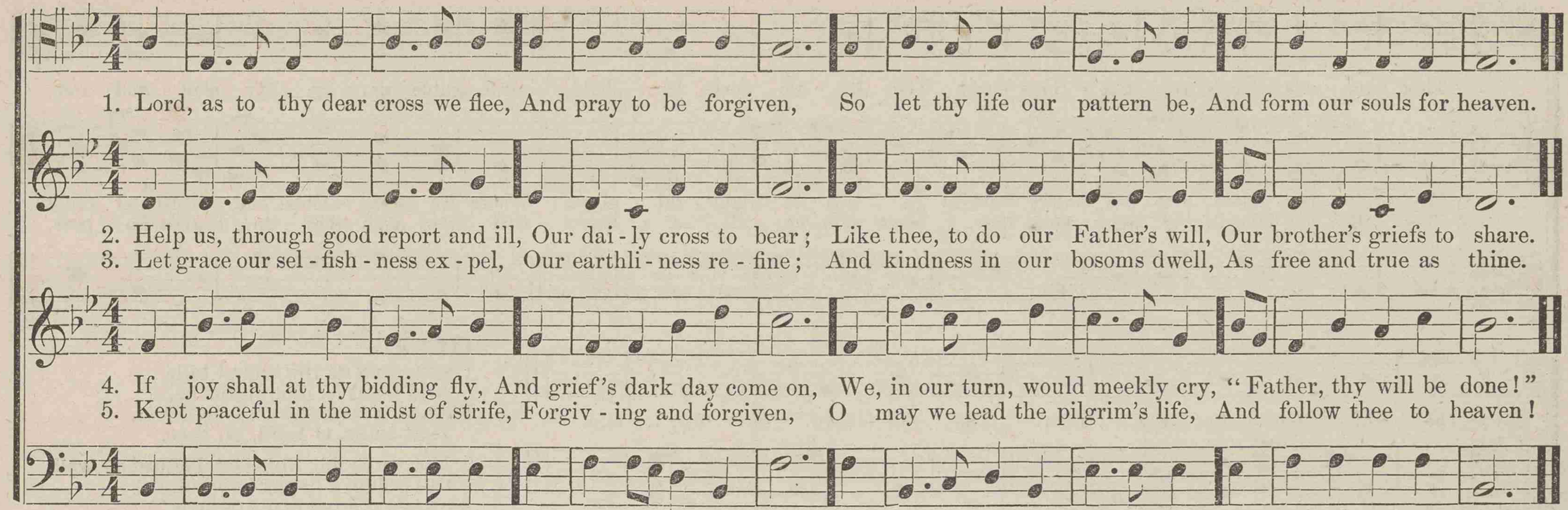
1. There's not a tint that paints the rose, Or decks the lil-y fair, Or streaks the humblest flower that blows, But God has placed it there.

2. There's not a star whose twinkling light Illumes the dis-tant earth, And cheers the solemn gloom of night, But goodness gave it birth.

3. There's not a cloud whose dews distill Up-on the parching clod, And clothe with verdure vale and hill, That is not sent of God.

4. A-round, be-neath, below, above, Wherever space extends, There heaven displays its boundless love, And power with goodness blends.

303 BROWN. C. M.—Wm. B. Bradbury. (♩ = 80 = 22.) J. H. Gurney.



By permission of Biglow & Main.

304

Lord, when my raptured thought surveys
Creation's beauties o'er,
All nature joins to teach thy praise,
And bid my soul adore.

2 Where'er I turn my gazing eyes,
Thy radiant footsteps shine;
Ten thousand pleasing wonders rise,
And speak their source divine.

3 On me thy providence hath shone
With gentle, smiling rays;
O let my lips and life make known
Thy goodness and thy praise.

4 All-bounteous Lord, thy grace impart;
O teach me to improve
Thy gifts, with ever-grateful heart,
And crown them with thy love!

Anne Steele.

305

How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those that love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfill the word;

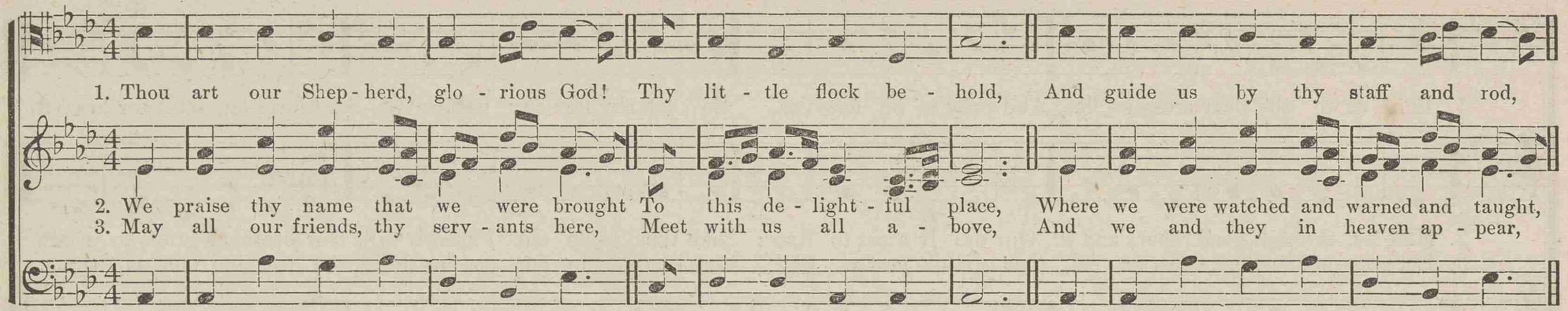
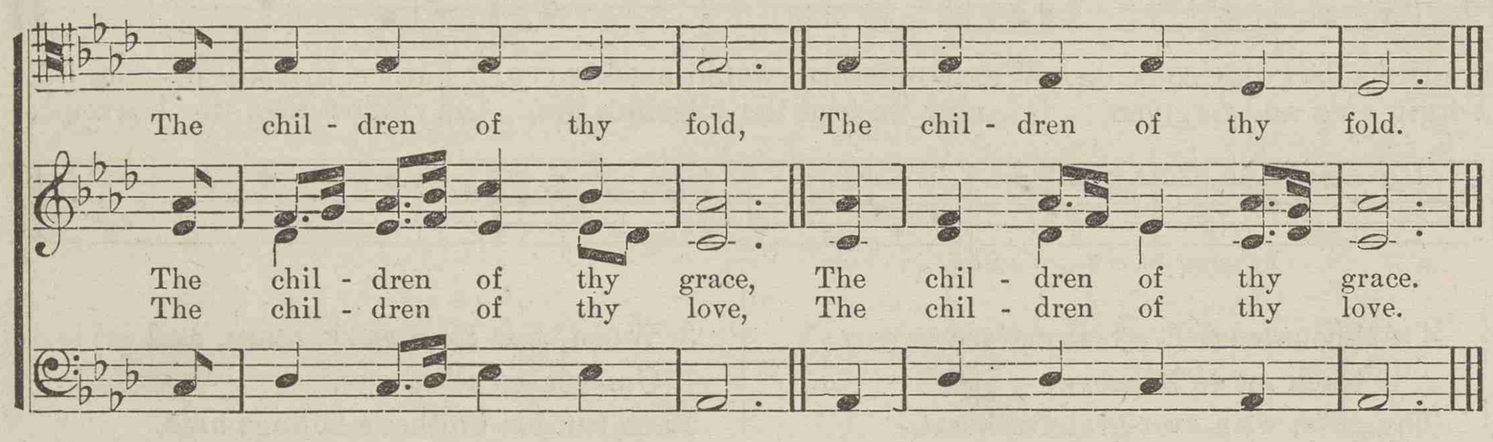
2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part:
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart;

3 When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love;

4 When love, in one delightful stream
Through every bosom flows;
When union sweet and dear esteem
In every action glows!

5 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven who finds
His bosom glow with love.

Joseph Swain.

306 CHESTER. C. M.—Thos. Hastings. ($\frac{4}{4}$ = 69 = 29½.) Unknown.

307

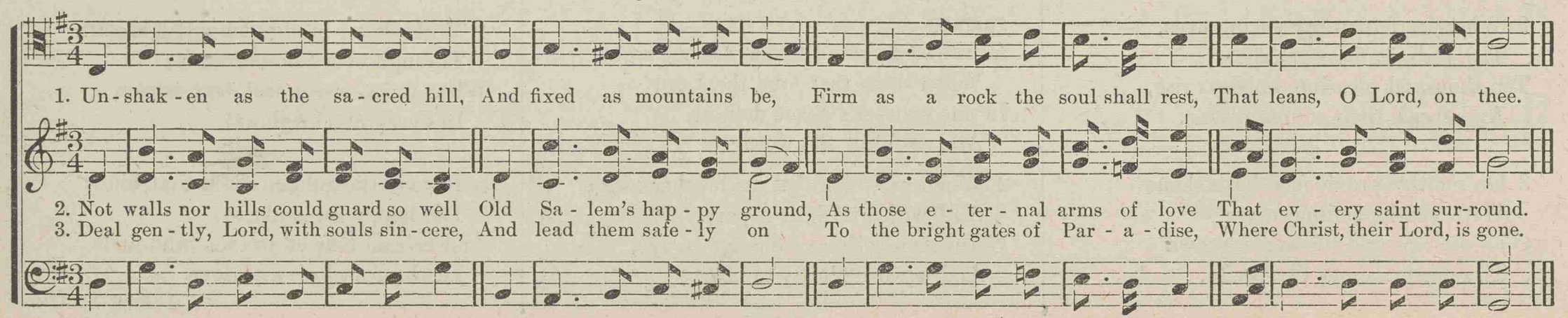
Unshaken as the sacred hill,
And fixed as mountains be,
Firm as a rock the soul shall rest,
That leans, O Lord, on thee.

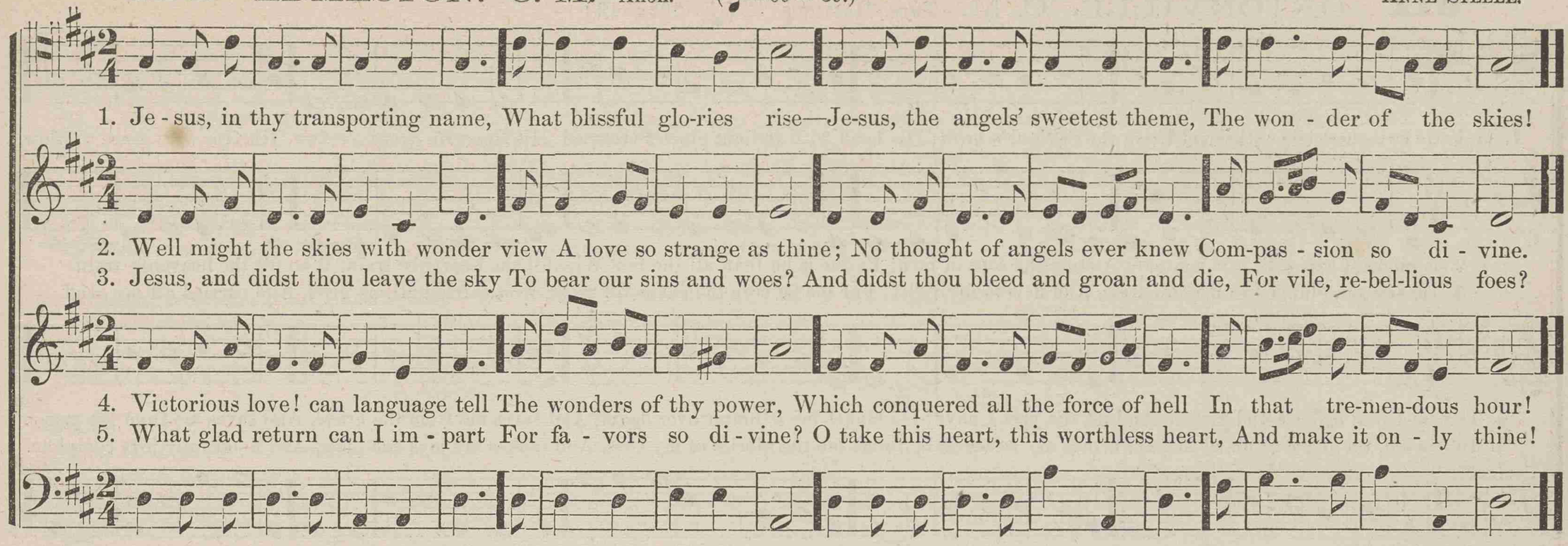
2 Not walls nor hills could guard so well
Old Salem's happy ground,
As those eternal arms of love
That every saint surround.

3 Deal gently, Lord, with souls sincere,
And lead them safely on
To the bright gates of Paradise,
Where Christ, their Lord, is gone.

Isaac Watts.

(307) HAYDN. C. M.—Haydn. ($\frac{3}{4}$ = 66 = 32.) Isaac Watts.



308 EDMESTON. C. M.—Anon. (♩ = 60 = 39.) ANNE STEELE.

309

THOU art my portion, O my God;
Soon as I know thy way,
My heart makes haste t' obey thy word,
And suffers no delay.

2 I choose the path of heavenly truth,
And glory in my choice;
Not all the riches of the earth
Could make me so rejoice.

3 The testimonies of thy grace
I set before mine eyes;
Thence I derive my daily strength,
And there my comfort lies.

4 If once I wander from thy path,
I think upon my ways,
Then turn my feet to thy command,
And trust thy pardoning grace.

5 Now I am thine, forever thine;
O save thy servant, Lord!
Thou art my shield, my hiding-place;
My hope is in thy word.

ISAAC WATTS.

310

OUR blest Redeemer, ere he breathed
His tender, last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter bequeathed,
With us on earth to dwell.

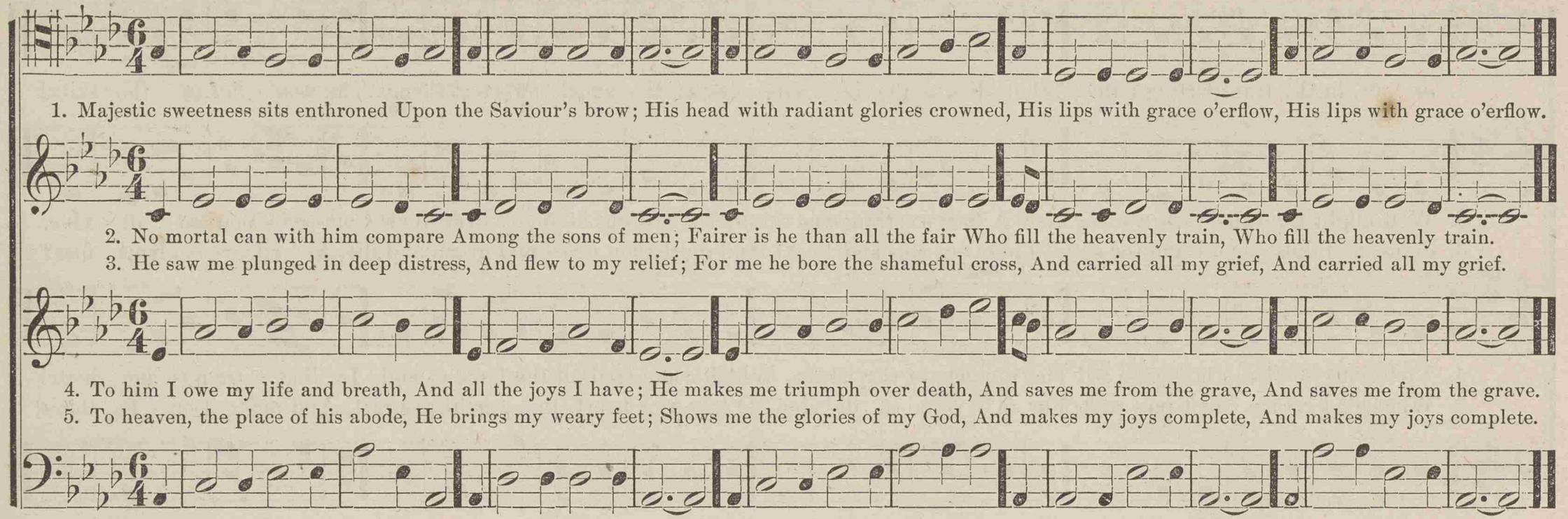
2 He came in tongues of living flame,
To teach, convince, subdue;
All powerful as the wind he came,
And all as viewless, too.

3 He came, sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest,
While he can find one humble heart
Wherein to fix his rest.

4 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see;
O make our hearts thy dwelling-place,
Purer and worthier thee!

HARRIET AUBER.

311 ORTONVILLE. C. M.—Thos. Hastings. (♩ = 108 = 12.)



6 Since from thy bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.

Samuel Stennett.

312

With joy we own thy servant, Lord,
Thy minister below,
Ordained to spread thy truth abroad,
That all thy name may know.

2 O may he now, and ever, keep
His eye intent on thee;
Do thou, great Shepherd of the sheep,
His bright example be.

3 With plenteous grace his heart prepare
To execute thy will;
And give him patience, love, and care,
And faithfulness and skill.

4 As showers refresh the thirsty plain,
So let his labors prove;
By him extend thy righteous reign—
The reign of truth and love.

Jas. Montgomery.

313

O for an overcoming faith,
To cheer my dying hours;
To triumph o'er approaching death,
And all his frightful powers!

2 Joyful, with all the strength I have,
My quivering lip should sing,—
"Where is thy boasted victory, grave?
And where, O death, thy sting?"

3 If sin be pardoned, I'm secure—
Death has no sting beside:
The law gives sin its fatal power;
But Christ, my ransom, died.

4 Now to the God of vic-to-ry
Immortal thanks be paid.
Who makes us conquerors while we die,
Through Christ, our living Head.

Isaac Watts.

314

Behold the Saviour of mankind
Nailed to the shameful tree!
How vast the love that him inclined
To bleed and die for me!

2 Hark! how he groans, while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend!
The temple's vail asunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.

3 'Tis finished! now the ransom's paid,
"Receive my soul!" he cries;
See how he bows his sacred head;
He bows his head and dies!

4 But soon from death he'll rise again,
And in full glory shine;
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine?

S. WESLEY.

315

ALL as God wills, who wisely heeds
To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told.

2 Enough that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track;
That, whersoe'er my feet have swerved,
His chastening turned me back;

3 That more and more a Providence
Of love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
Sweet with eternal good;

4 That death seems but a covered way
Which opens into light,
herein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight.

G. WHITTIER.

316

BLEST is the man whose softening heart
Feels all another's pain,
To whom the supplicating eye
Was never raised in vain;

2 Whose breast expands with generous warmth,
A stranger's woes to feel:
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal.

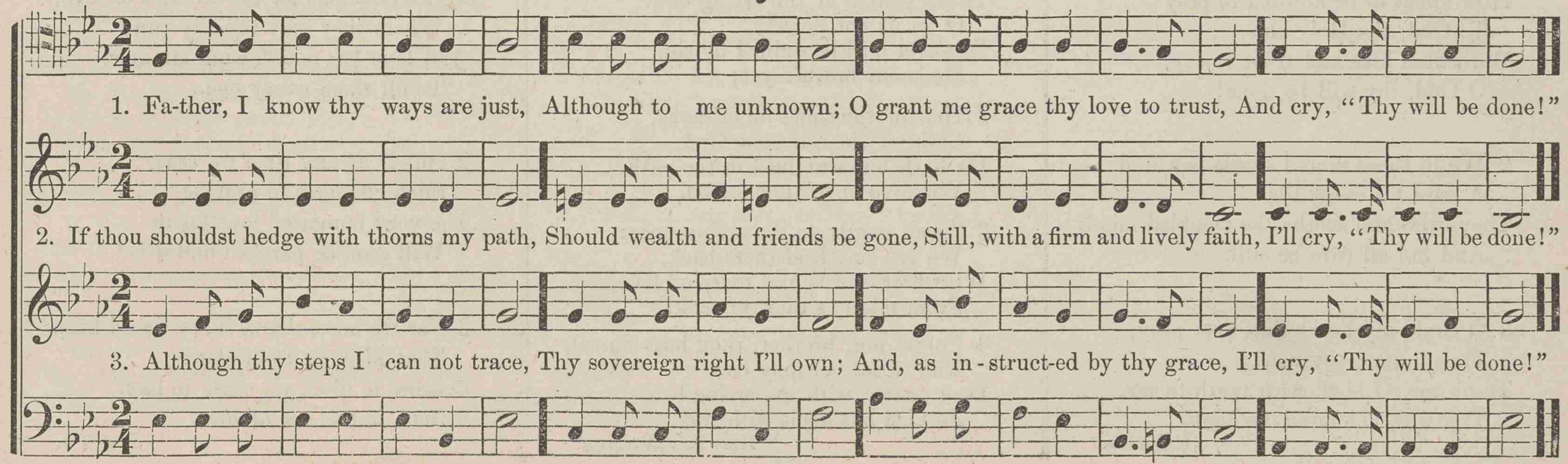
3 He spreads his kind, supporting arms
To every child of grief;
His sacred bounty largely flows,
And brings unasked relief.

4 To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow;
He views, through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe.

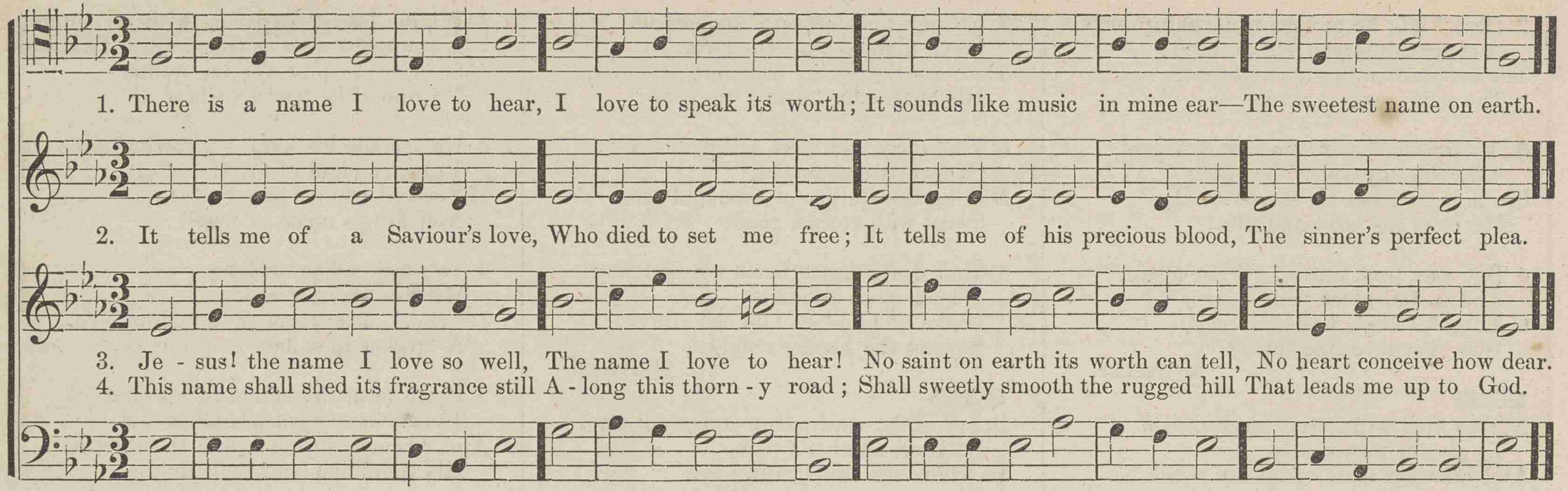
5 Peace from the bosom of his God
The Saviour's grace shall give;
And when he kneels before the throne,
His trembling soul shall live.

MRS. ANNA L. BARBAULD.

317 MERTON. C. M.—JAS. P. JEWSON. (♩=60=39.) *Percy Chapel Collection.*



318 DOWNS. C. M.—Lowell Mason. (♩=60=39.) Frederick Whitfield.



319

How sweet to be allowed to pray
To God, the Holy One,
With filial love and trust to say,
O God, thy will be done!

2 We in these sacred words can find
A cure for every ill;
They calm and soothe the troubled mind,
And bid all care be still.

3 O could my heart thus ever pray,
Thus imitate thy Son!
Teach me, O God, with truth to say,
Thy will, not mine, be done.

Unknown.

320

Think gently of the erring one:
O let us not forget,
However darkly stained by sin,
He is our brother yet;

2 Heir of the same inheritance,
Child of the self-same God,
He hath but stumbled in the path
We have in weakness trod.

3 Speak gently to the erring ones:
We yet may lead them back,
With holy words and tones of love,
From misery's thorny track.

4 Forget not, brother, thou hast sinned,
And sinful yet may be;
Deal gently with the erring heart,
As God has dealt with thee.

Miss E. Fletcher.

321

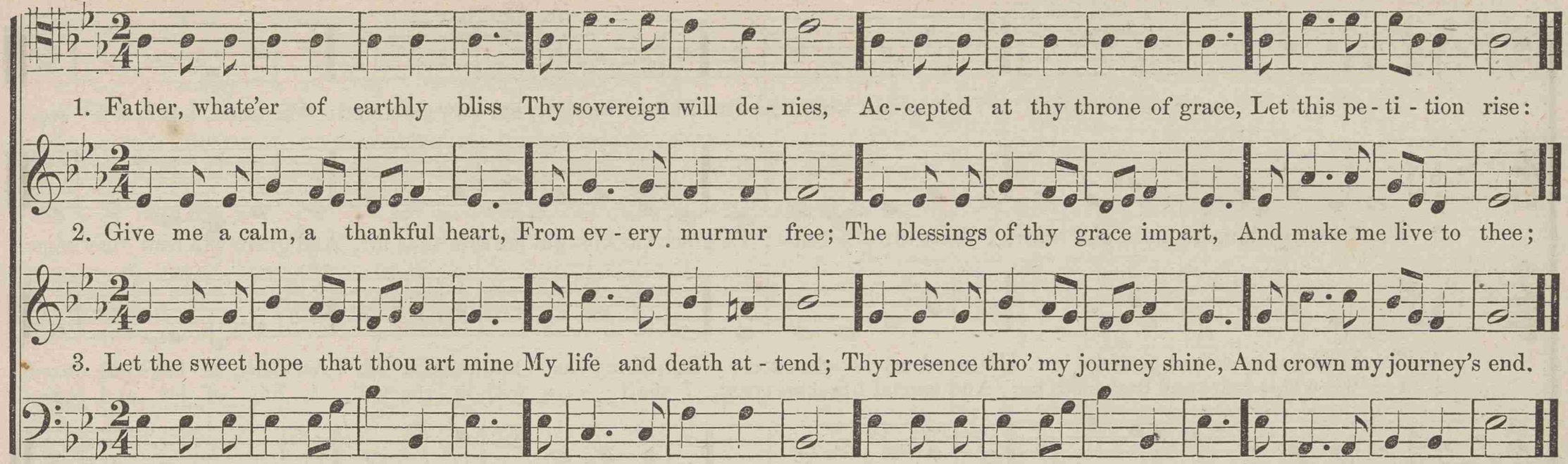
Make channels for the streams of love,
Where they may broadly run;
And love has overflowing streams,
To fill them every one.

2 But if at any time we cease
Such channels to provide,
The very founts of love for us
Will soon be parched and dried.

3 For we must share, if we would keep
That blessing from above;
Ceasing to give, we cease to have:
Such is the law of love.

French.

322 NAOMI. C. M.—J. G. Nageli. (♪=104=13.) Anne Steele.



323

Jesus, I love thy charming name;
'Tis music to my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That all the earth might hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All that my ardent soul can wish,
In thee doth richly meet;
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

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

Philip Doddridge.

324

Lord, in whose might the Saviour trod
The dark and stormy wave,
And trusted in his Father's arm,
Omnipotent to save,

2 When thickly round our footsteps rise
The floods and storms of life,
Grant us thy Spirit, Lord, to still
The dark and fearful strife.

3 Strong in our trust, on thee reposed,
The ocean path we'll dare,
Though waves around us rage and foam,
Since thou art present there.

L. S. Bulfinch.

325

She loved her Saviour, and to him
Her costliest present brought;
To crown his head, or grace his name,
No gift too rare, she thought.

2 So let the Saviour be adored,
And not the poor despised;
Give to the hungry from your hoard,
But all, give all to Christ.

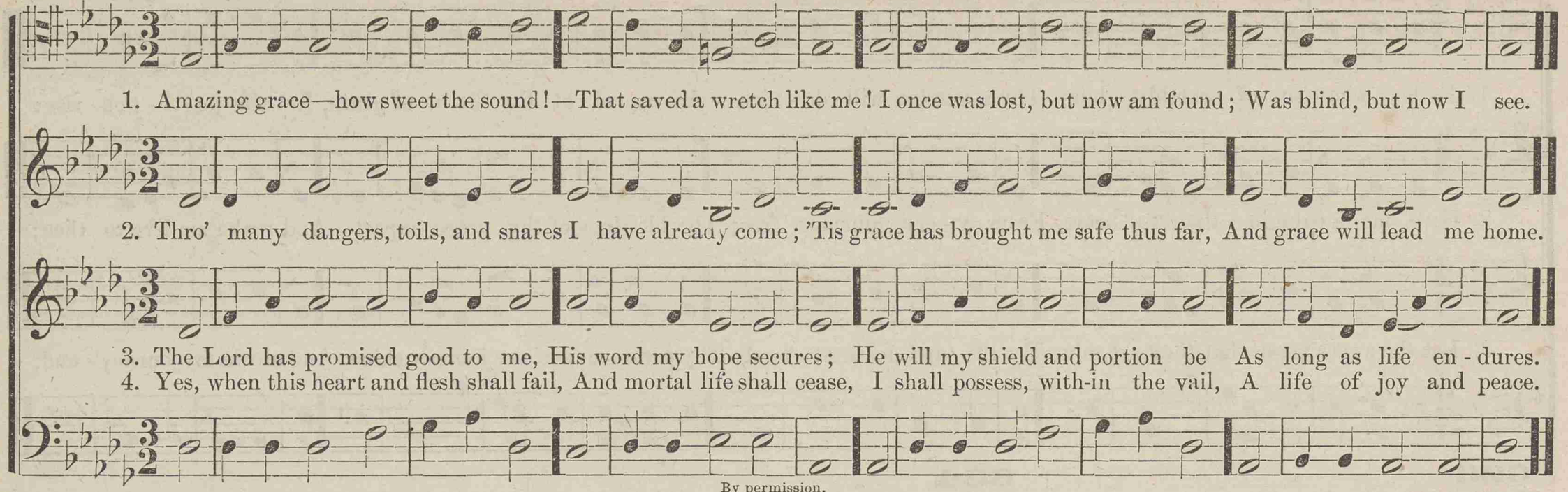
3 Go, clothe the naked, lead the blind,
Give to the weary rest;
For sorrow's children comfort find,
And help for all distressed.

4 But give to Christ alone thy heart,
Thy faith, thy love supreme;
Then for his sake thine alms impart,
And so give all to him.

Wm. Cutter.

326 CORINTH. C. M.—Lowell Mason. (♩=60=39.)

John Newton.



By permission.

327

Happy the home when God is there,
And love fills every breast;
Where one their wish, and one their prayer,
And one their heavenly rest.

2 Happy the home where Jesus' name
Is sweet to every ear;
Where children early lisp his fame,
And parents hold him dear.

3 Happy the home where prayer is heard,
And praise is wont to rise;
Where parents love the sacred word,
And live but for the skies.

4 Lord, let us in our homes agree
This blesséd peace to gain;
Unite our hearts in love to thee,
And love to all will reign.

Unknown.

328

When blooming youth is snatched away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay
Which pity must demand.

2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
O may this truth, impressed
With awful power, "I, too, must die,"
Sink deep in every breast.

3 Let this vain world engage no more;
Behold the opening tomb:
It bids us seize the present hour;
To-morrow death may come.

4 O let us fly, to Jesus fly,
Whose powerful arm can save;
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.

Anne Steele.

329

Vouchsafe, O Lord, thy presence now;
Direct us in thy fear;
Before thy throne we humbly bow,
And offer fervent prayer.

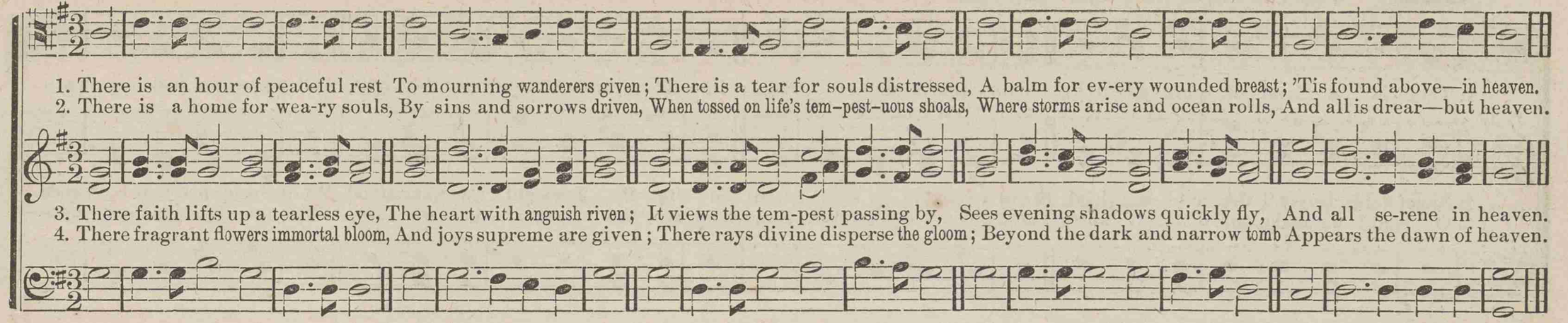
2 Give us the men whom thou shalt choose
Thy house on earth to guide;
Those who shall ne'er their power abuse,
Or rule with haughty pride.

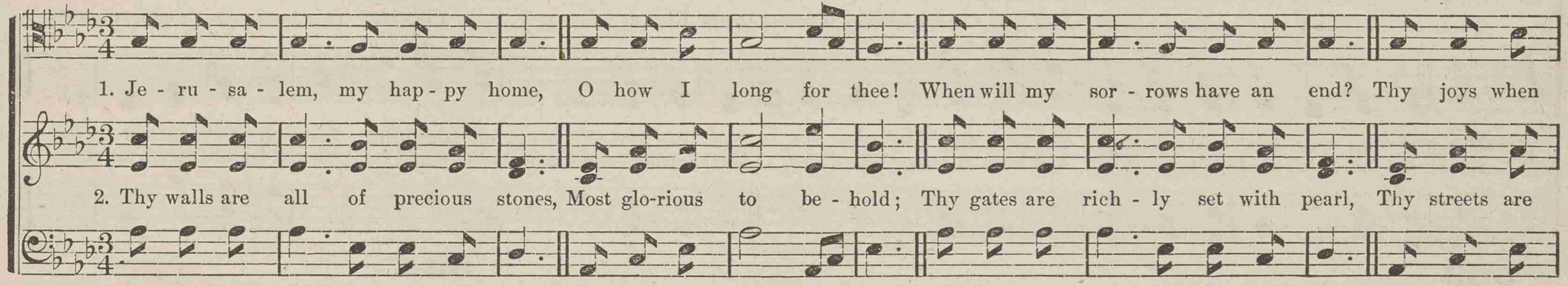
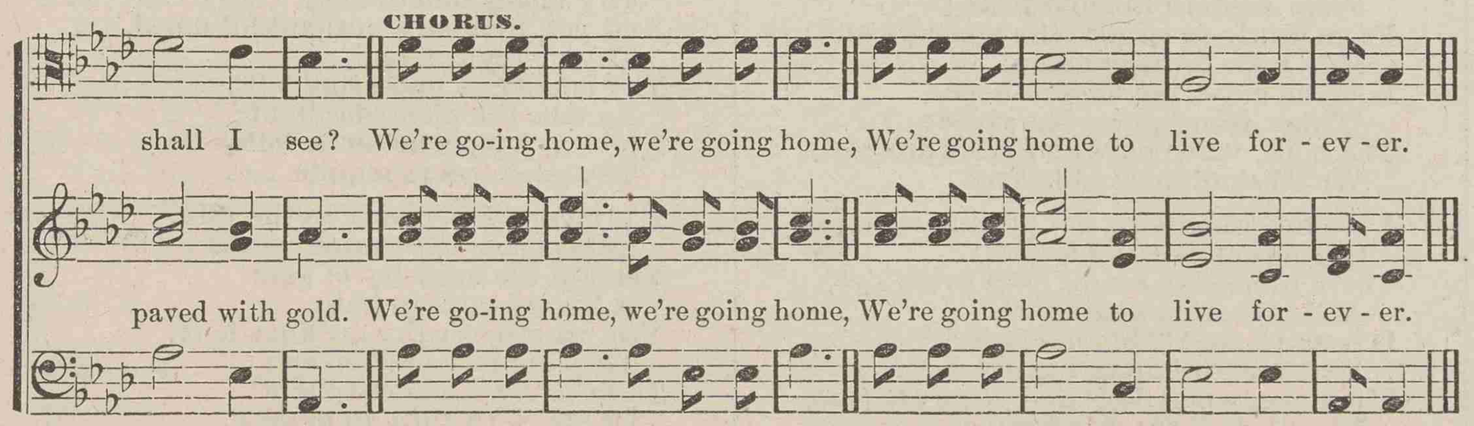
3 Inspired with wisdom from above,
And with discretion blest,
Displaying meekness, temperance, love,
Of every grace possessed—

4 These are the men we seek of thee,
O God of righteousness!
Such may thy servants ever be;
With such thy people bless.

G. B. Ide.

330 WOODLAND. C. M. 51.—N. D. Gould. (♩=60=39.) W. B. Tappan.



331 GOING HOME. C. M., with Chorus.—A. D. Fillmore. (♪=116=10½.)



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

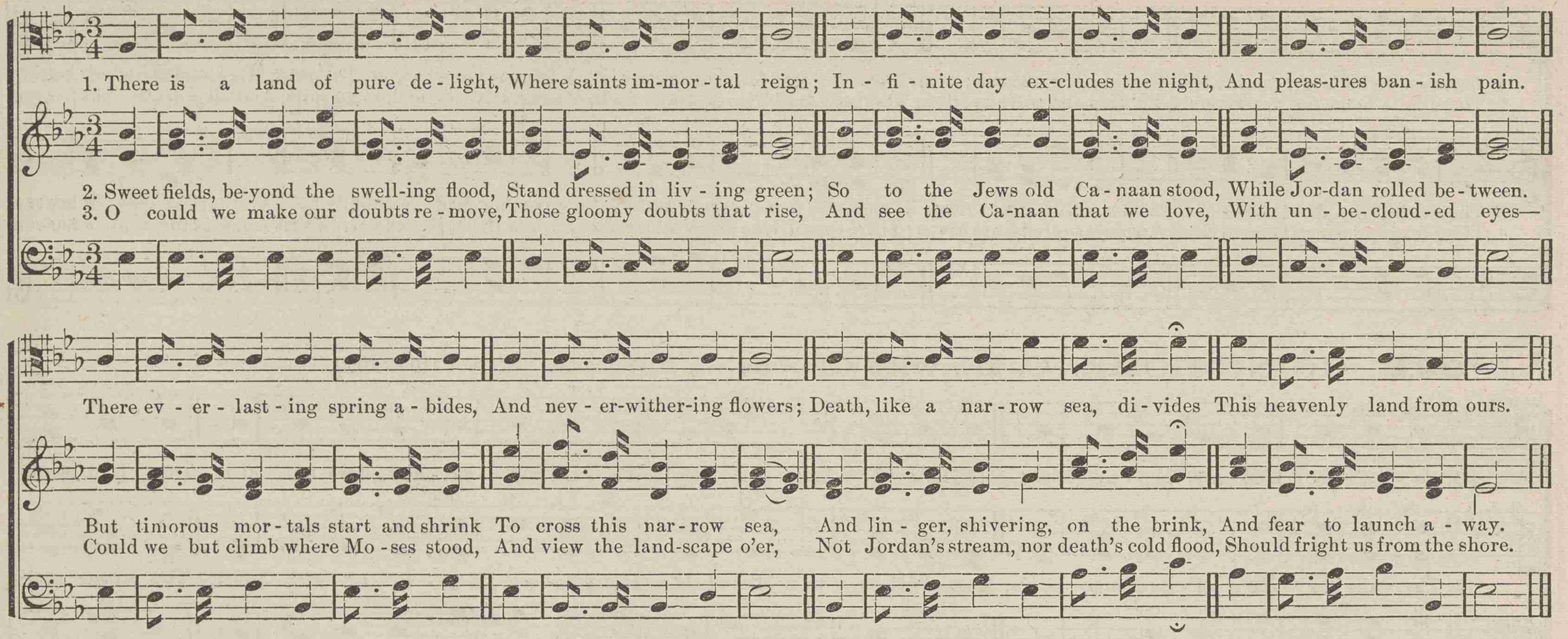
4 If heavén be thus glorious, Lord,
Why should I stay from thence?
What folly 'tis that I should dread
To die and go from hence!—Cho.

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

Unknown.

332 VARINA. C. M. D.—Arr. by G. F. Root. (♩ = 76 = 24½.)

Isaac Watts.



333

Hail, sweetest, dearest tie, that binds
Our glowing hearts in one!
Hail, sacred hope, that tunes our minds
To harmony divine!
It is the hope, the blissful hope,
Which Jesus' grace has given;
The hope, when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven.

2 What though the northern wintry blast
Shall howl around our cot!
What though beneath an eastern sun
Be cast our distant lot!
Yet still we share the blissful hope
Which Jesus' grace has given;
The hope, when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven.

3 From eastern shores, from northern lands,
From western hill and plain;
From southern climes, the brother-bands
May hope to meet again.
It is the hope, the blissful hope,
Which Jesus' grace has given;
The hope, when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven.

4 No lingering look, nor parting sigh,
Our future meeting knows;
There friendship beams from every eye,
And love immortal glows.
O sacred hope! O blissful hope!
Which Jesus' grace has given;
The hope, when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven.

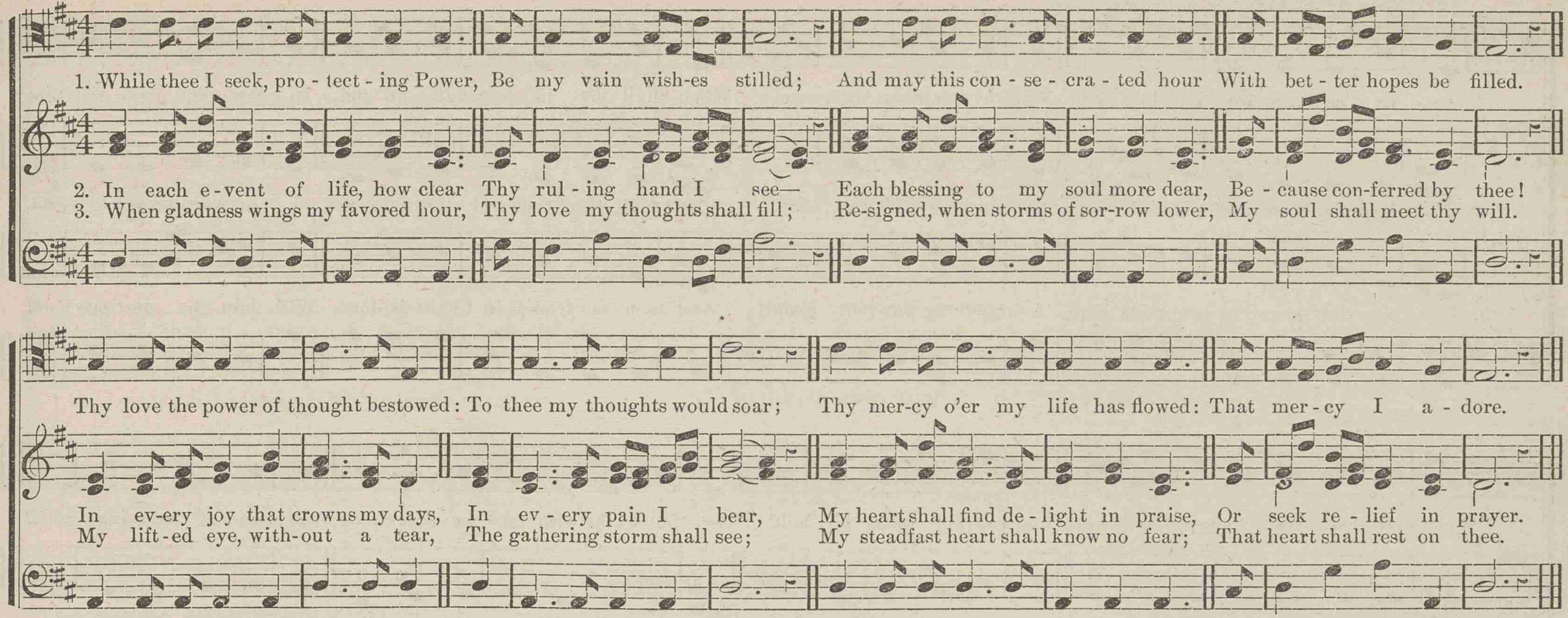
334

O God, unchanging fount of good,
Thy mercy faileth not;
And yet, by man's unthankful mood,
Thy mercy is forgot.
Thy bounty as unceasing falls,
As falls the plenteous light;
And every blessing on us calls,
Thy goodness to requite.

2 If mercy, too, comes as the rain,
'Mid clouds of seeming wrath
Yet still the ministry of pain
A kindly mission hath.
Yea, whatsoe'er thy dealings here,
They are in mercy given;
To fit us for a nobler sphere
Of life, with thee, in heaven.

C. W. Pearson.

335 BRATTLE STREET. C. M. D.—I. Pleyel. (♩ = 63 = 35½.) Miss H. M. Williams.



336

Almighty God! thy word is cast,
  Like seed, into the ground;
Now let the dew of heaven descend,
  And righteous fruits abound.
Let not the foe of Christ and man
  This holy seed remove;
But give it root in every heart,
  To bring forth fruits of love.

J. Cawood.

337

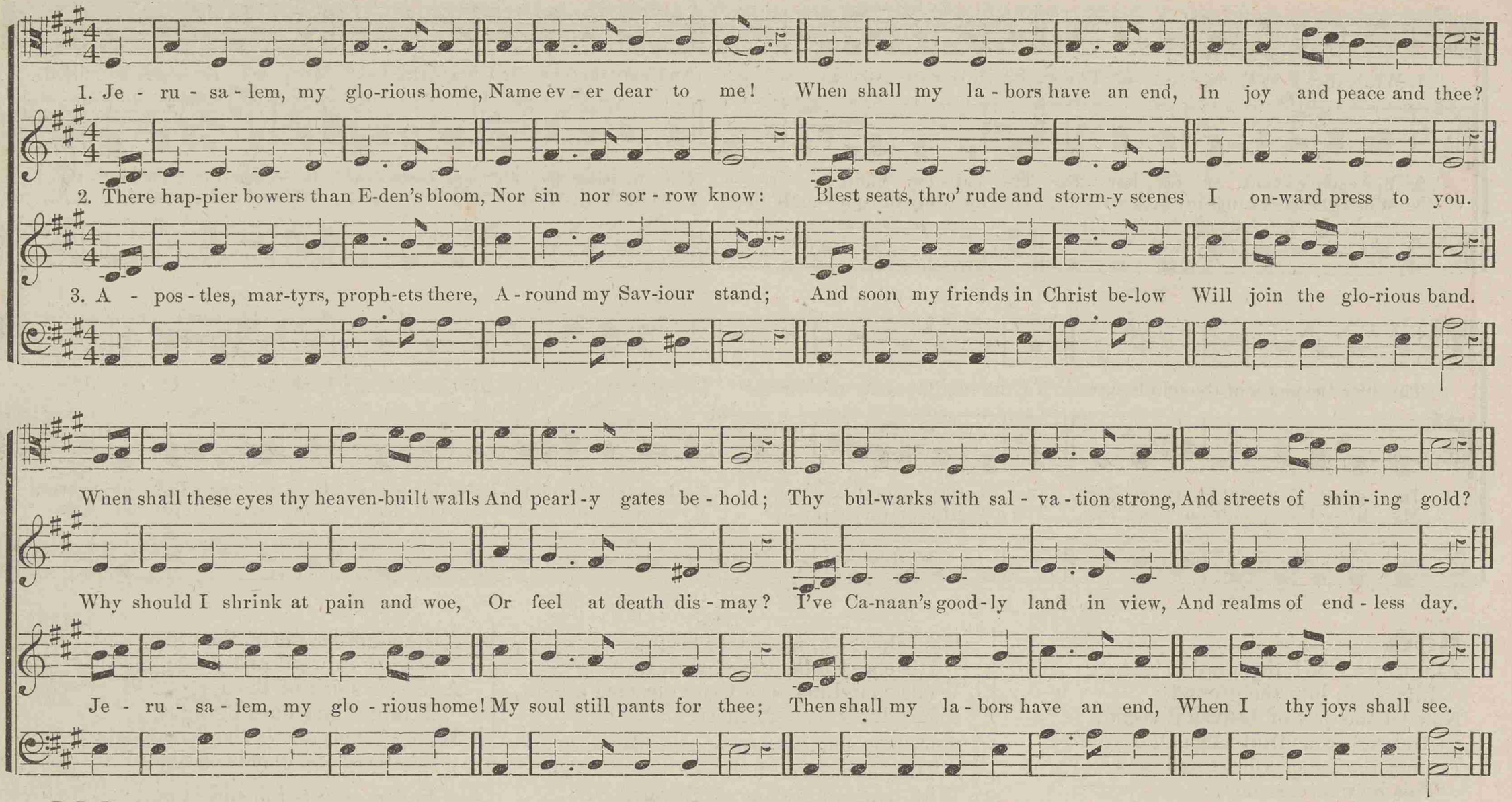
Fallén on Zion's battle-field,
  A soldier of renown,
Armed in the panoply of God,
  In conflict cloven down!
His helmet on, his armor bright,
  His cheek unblanched with fear,
While round his head there gleamed a light,
  His dying hour to cheer.

2 Fallén, while cheering with his voice
  The sacramental host!
With banners floating on the air,
  Death found him at his post.
In life's high prime the warfare closed,
  But not ingloriously,
He fell beyond the outer wall,
  And shouted vic-to-ry!

3 Fallén, a holy man of God,
  An Israelite indeed,
A standard-bearer of the cross,
  Mighty in word and deed;
A master spirit of the age,
  A bright and burning light,
Whose beams across the firmament
  Scattered the clouds of night!

4 Fallén, as sets the sun at eve,
  To rise in splendor where
His kindred luminaries shine,
  Their heaven of bliss to share!
Beyond the stormy battle-field
  He reigns in triumph now,
Sweeping a harp of wondrous song,
  With glory on his brow.

J. N. Maffitt.

338 METROPOLIS. C. M. D.—E. L. White. (♩ = 84 = 20.) Unknown.

339

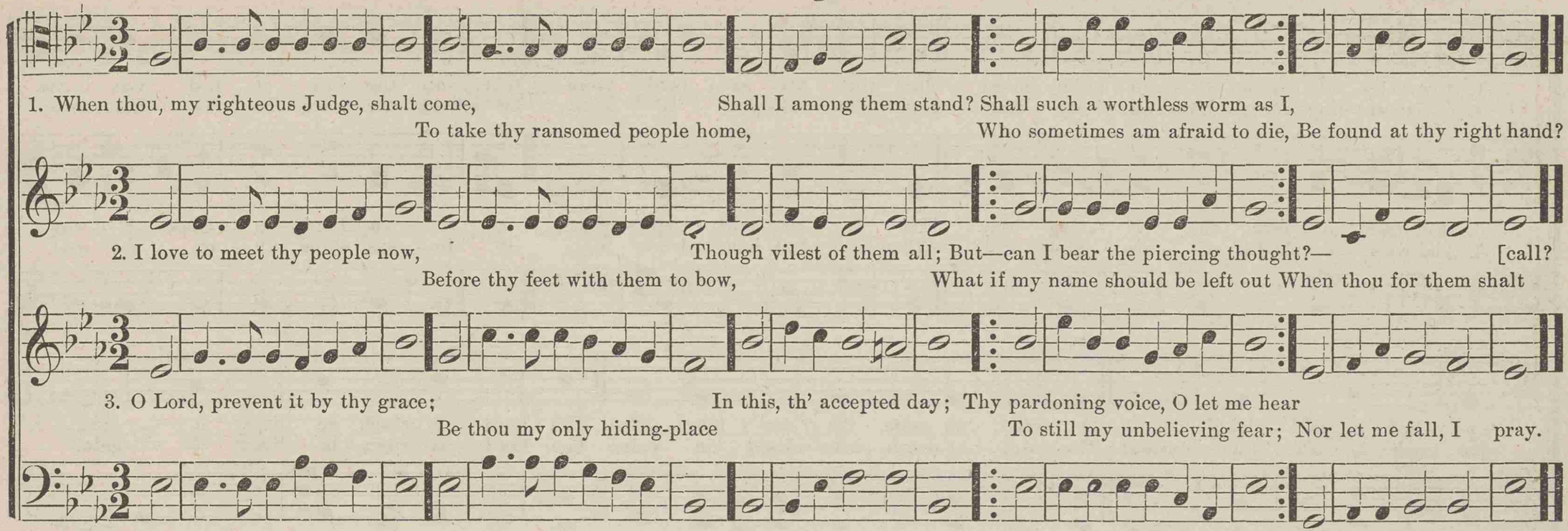
Come, let us join our friends above
  Who have obtained the prize,
And, on the eagle wings of love,
  To joys celestial rise.
Let saints below in concert sing
  With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King
  In heaven and earth are one:

2 One family—we dwell in him;
  One church—above, beneath—
Though now divided by the stream,
  The narrow stream of death;
One army of the living God,
  To his command we bow—
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
  And part are crossing now

3 E'en now to their eternal home
  Some happy spirits fly;
And we are to the margin come,
  Expecting soon to die.
Dear Saviour, be our constant guide;
  Then, when the word is given,
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,
  And land us safe in heaven.

Charles Wesley.

340 MERIBAH. C. P. M.—Lowell Mason. ($\frac{3}{2}$ = 63 = 35½.)



4 And when the final trump shall sound,
Among thy saints let me be found,
To bow before thy face;
Then in triumphant strains I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With praise of sovereign grace.

Countess of Huntingdon.

341

To him who did salvation bring
Wake every tuneful power, and sing
A song of sweetest praise;
His grace diffuses, as the rains
Crown nature's flowery hills and plains,
And spreads a thousand ways.

2 Salvation is the noblest song;
O may it dwell on every tongue,
And all repeat, Amen!
The Lord will come from heaven to earth,
To give his people second birth,
And make them one again.

3 By faith we view them coming down,
With angels hovering all around;
He smiles upon his saints;
He cries aloud in melting strains,
"I come to save you from your pains,
And end your sore complaints."

Unknown.

342

Lord thou hast won—at length I yield;
My heart, by mighty grace compelled,
Surrenders all to thee:
Against thy terrors long I strove,
But who can stand against thy love?
Love conquers even me.

2 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone—
Come, take possession of thine own,
For thou hast set me free;
Released from Satan's hard command,
See all my powers in waiting stand,
To be employed by thee.

John Newton.

343 CALM. C. L. M.—Thos. Hastings. (♩=104=13.)

Thos. Hastings.

1. How calm and beau - ti - ful the morn That gilds the sa - cred tomb Where once the Cru - ci - fied was borne,
2. Ye mourn - ing saints, dry ev - ery tear For your de - part - ed Lord; "Be - hold the place— he is not here;"
3. How tran - quil now the ris - ing day! 'Tis Je - sus still ap - pears, A ris - en Lord, to chase a - way
4. And when the shades of eve - ning fall, When life's last hour draws nigh, If Je - sus shine up - on the soul,

And vailed in mid - night gloom! O weep no more the Sav - iour slain; The Lord is risen, he lives a - gain.
The tomb is all un - barred: The gates of death were closed in vain; The Lord is risen, he lives a - gain.
Your un - be - liev - ing fears; O weep no more your com - forts slain; The Lord is risen, he lives a - gain.
How bliss - ful then to die! Since he has risen who once was slain; Ye die in Christ to live a - gain.

344 CAMBRIDGE. C. M.—John Randall. (𝅗𝅥=100=14.)

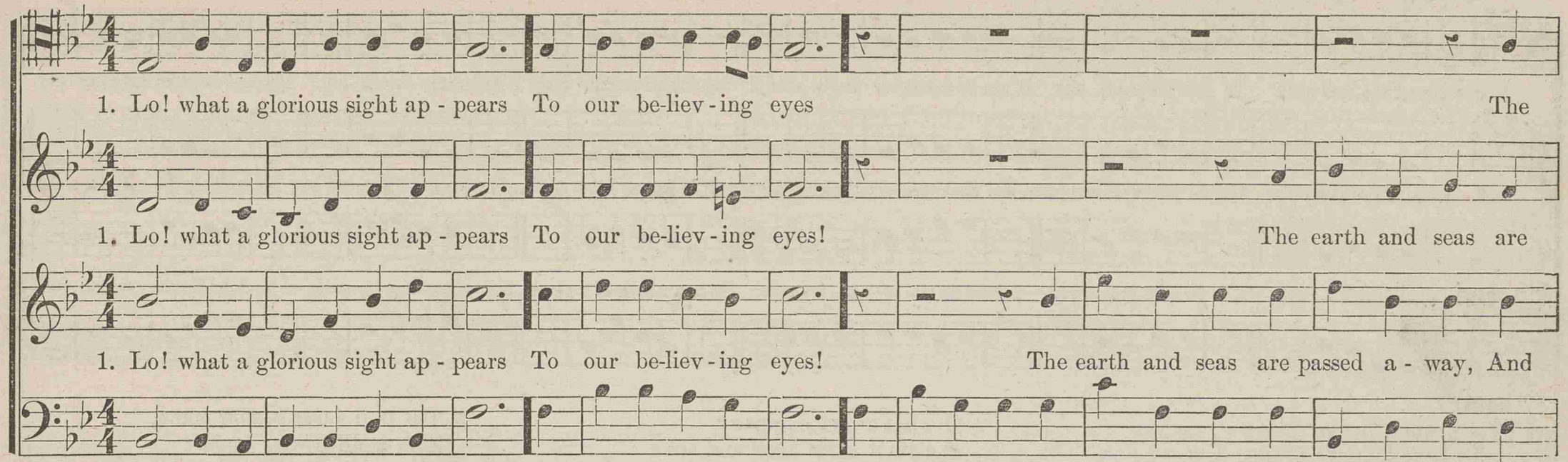
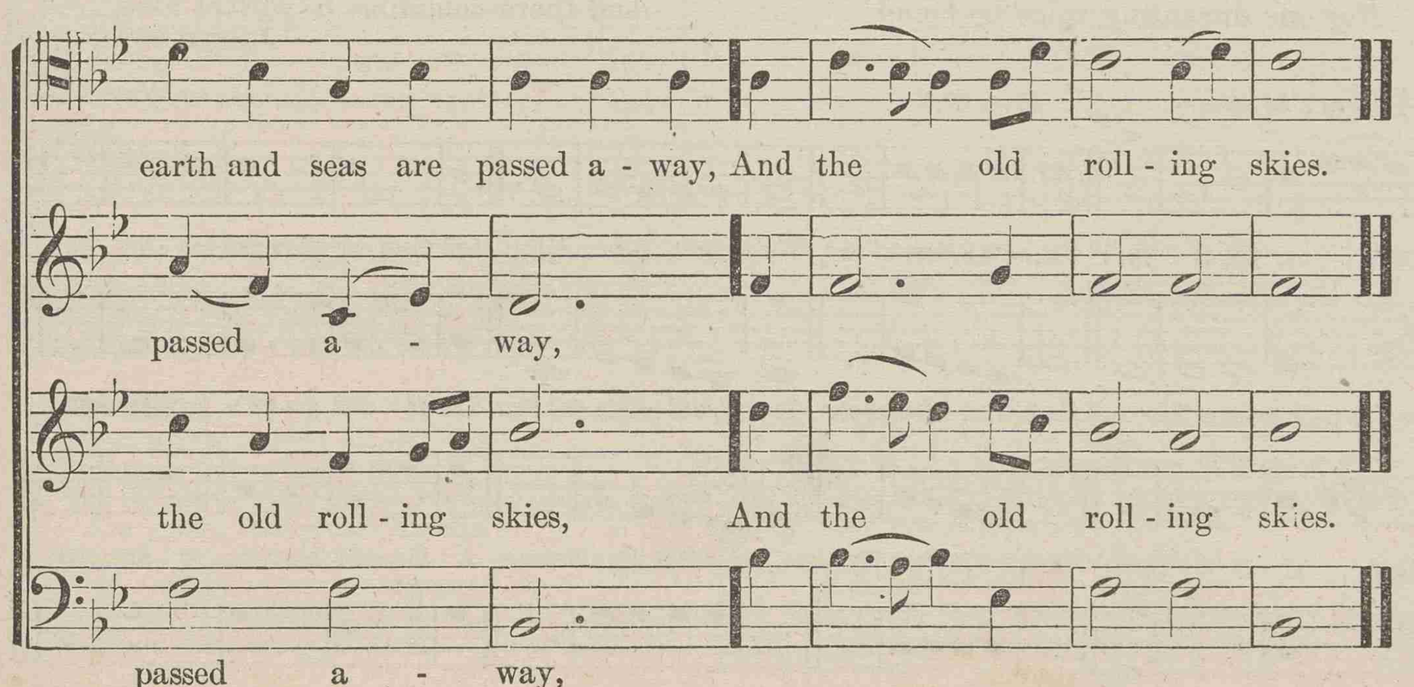
1. With songs and honors sounding loud, Ad-dress the Lord on high; Over the heavens he spreads his cloud, And waters vail the sky, And waters vail the sky, And waters vail the sky.
2. He sends his showers of blessings down, To cheer the plains be - low; He makes the grass the mountains crown, And corn in valleys grow, And corn in valleys grow, And corn in val-leys grow.
3. His steady counsels change the face Of the de - clin-ing year; He bids the sun cut short his race, And wintry days appear, And wintry days appear, And wintry days ap - pear.

4 His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,
Descend and clothe the ground;
The liquid streams forbear to flow
In icy fetters bound.

5 He sends his word, and melts the snow,
The fields no longer mourn;
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.

6 The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey his mighty word;
With songs and honors sounding loud,
Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

Isaac Watts.

345 NORTHFIELD. C. M.—Jeremiah Ingalls. (♩ = 92 = 16½.)



2 From the third heaven, where God resides,
That holy, happy place,
The New Jerusalem comes down,
Adorned with shining grace.

3 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing:
"Mortals! behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King.

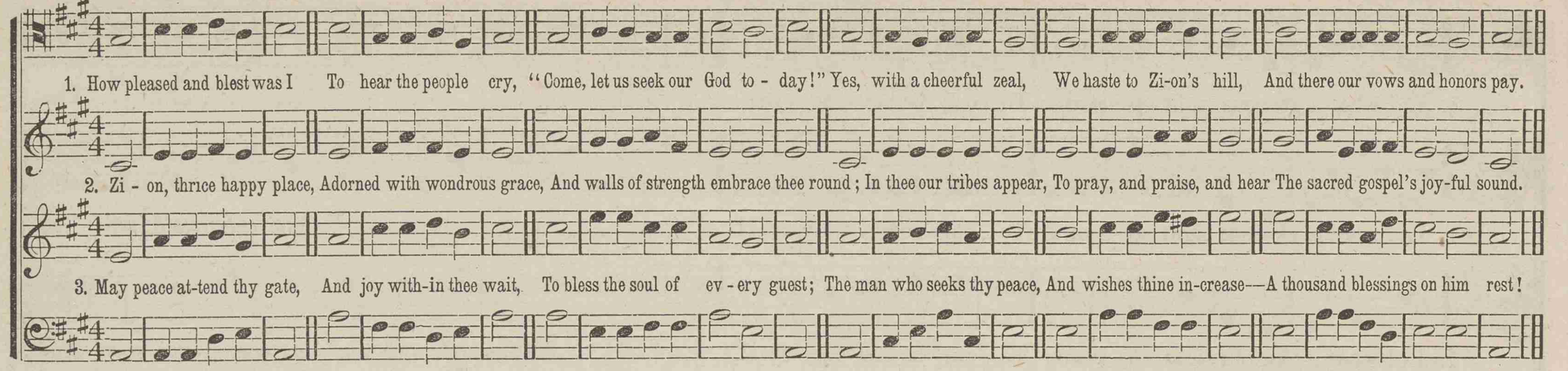
4 "The God of glory down to men
Removes his blest abode—
Men, the dear objects of his grace,
And he, the loving God.

5 "His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye;
And pains and groans, and griefs and fears,
And death itself, shall die."

6 How long, dear Saviour, O how long
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day!

Isaac Watts.

346 DALSTON. S. P. M.—Aaron Williams. (♩ = 100 = 14.) Isaac Watts.



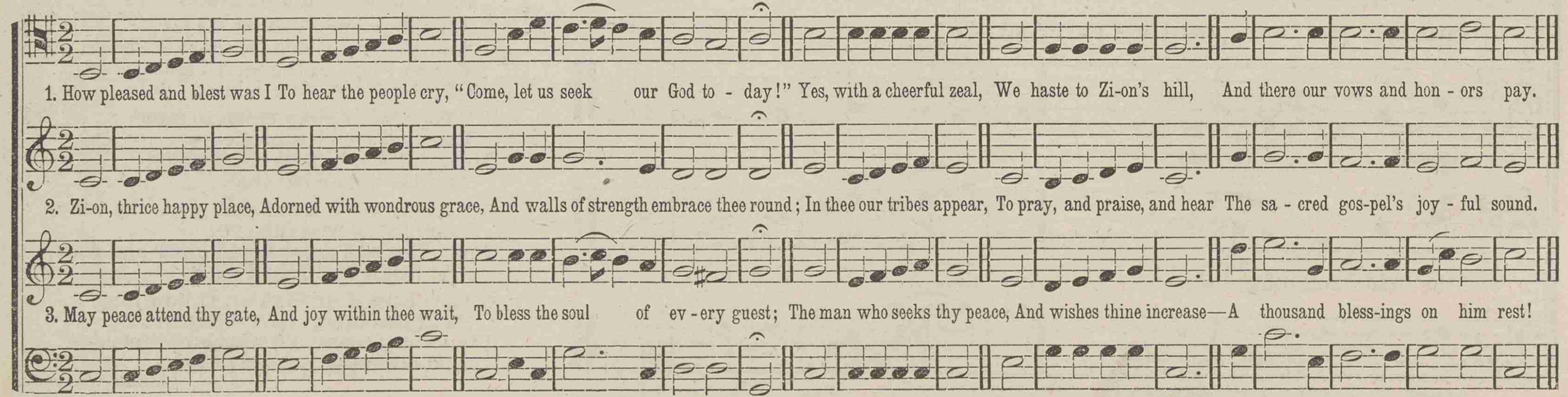
347

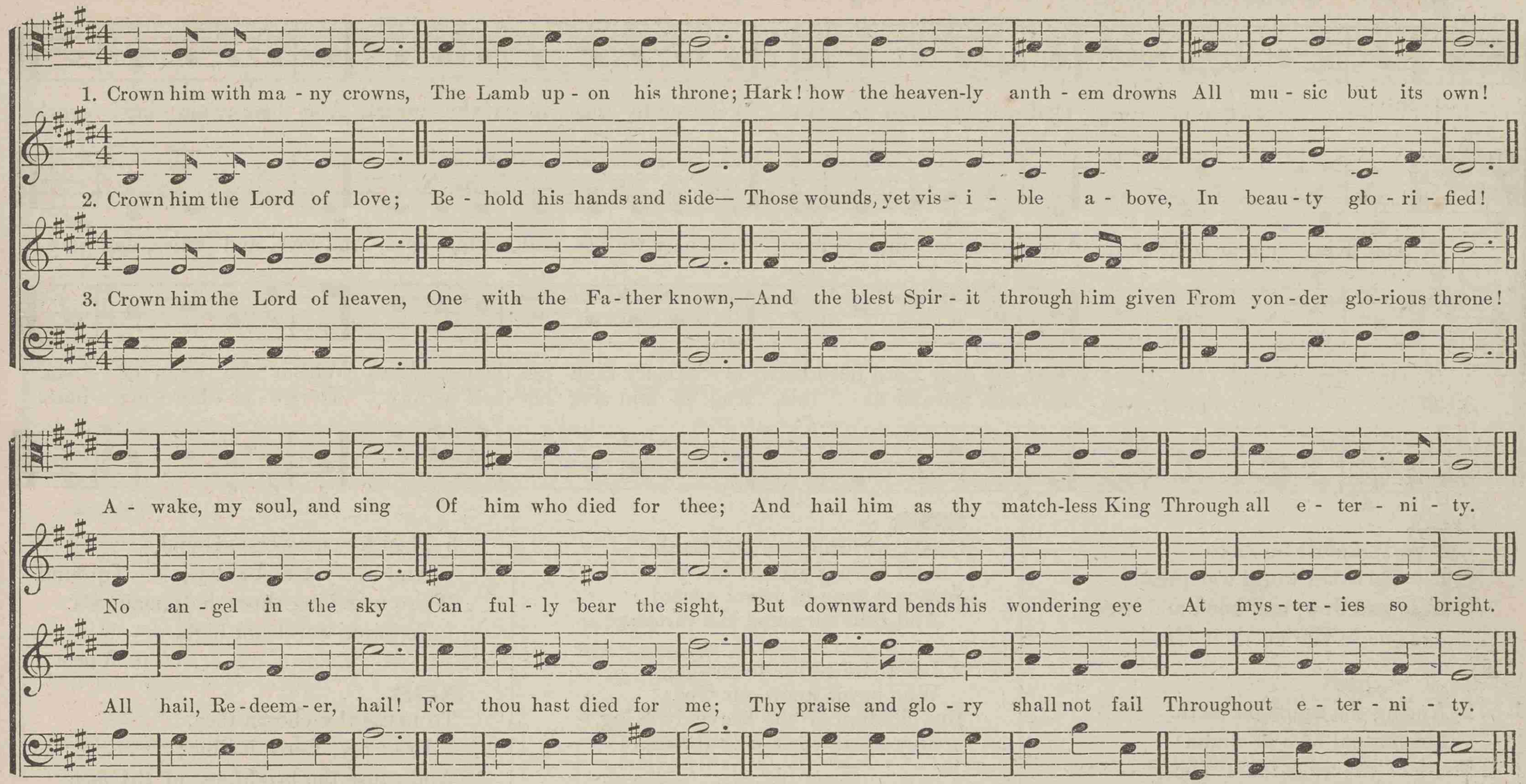
'Tis heaven begun below
To hear Christ's praises flow
In Zion, where his name is known.
What will it be above
To sing redeeming love,
And cast our crowns before his throne!

2 O what sweet company
We then shall hear and see
What harmony will there abound,
When souls unnumbered sing
The praise of Zion's King,
Nor one dissenting voice be found!

3 Till that blest period come,
Zion shall be our home;
And may we never thence remove,
Till from the Church below
To that on high we go,
And there commune in perfect love.

Joseph Swain.

(346) PETERS. S. P. M.—Lowell Mason. (𝅗𝅥 = 60 = 39.) Isaac Watts.

348 DIADEMATA. S. M. D.—George J. Elvey. (♩ = 84 = 20.) M. Bridges.



349

Beyond the starry skies,
Far as th' eternal hills,
There, in the boundless world of light,
Our great Redeemer dwells.
Around him angels fair
In countless armies shine;
And ever, in exalted lays,
They offer songs divine.

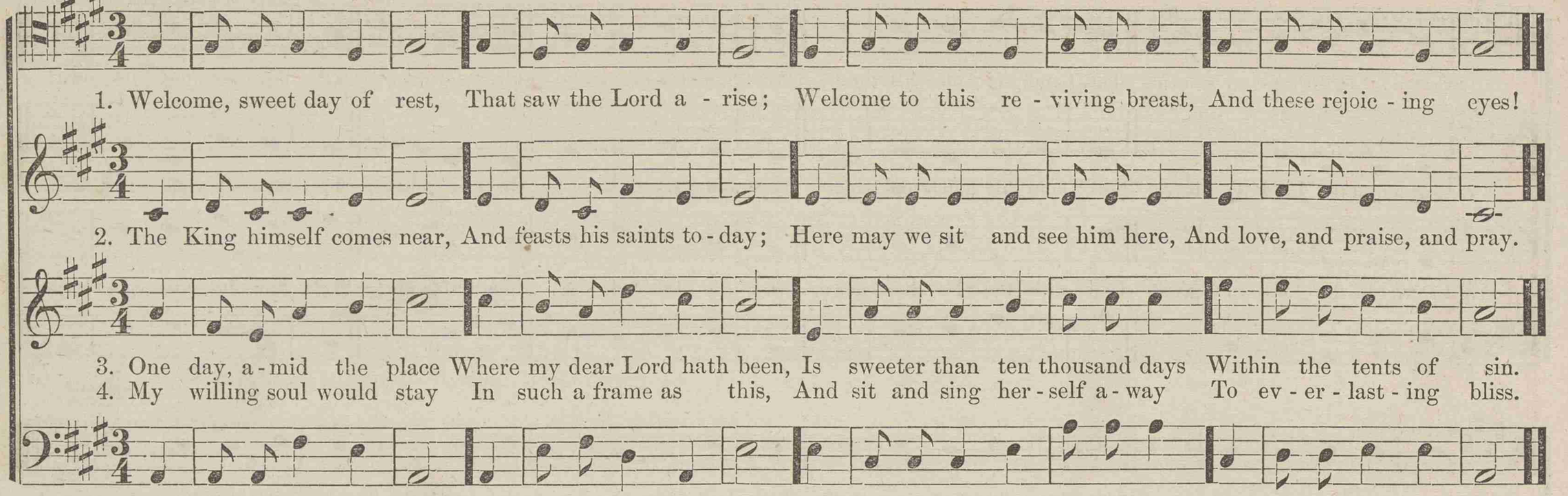
2 "Hail, Prince of life!" they cry,
"Whose unexampled love
Moved thee to quit these glorious realms
And royalties above."
And when he stooped to earth,
And suffered rude disdain,
They cast their honors at his feet,
And waited in his train.

3 They saw him on the cross,
While darkness vailed the skies,
And when he burst the gates of death,
They saw the Conqueror rise.
They thronged his chariot wheels,
And bore him to his throne;
They swept their golden harps and sung,
"The glorious work is done."

J. Fanch.

350 LISBON. S. M.—Daniel Read. (♩=60=39.)

Isaac Watts.



351

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

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

3 Thus will the Church below
Resemble that above,
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
And every heart is love.

Benj. Beddome.

352

Come, we who love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song of sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 Let those refuse to to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

3 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

4 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

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

Isaac Watts.

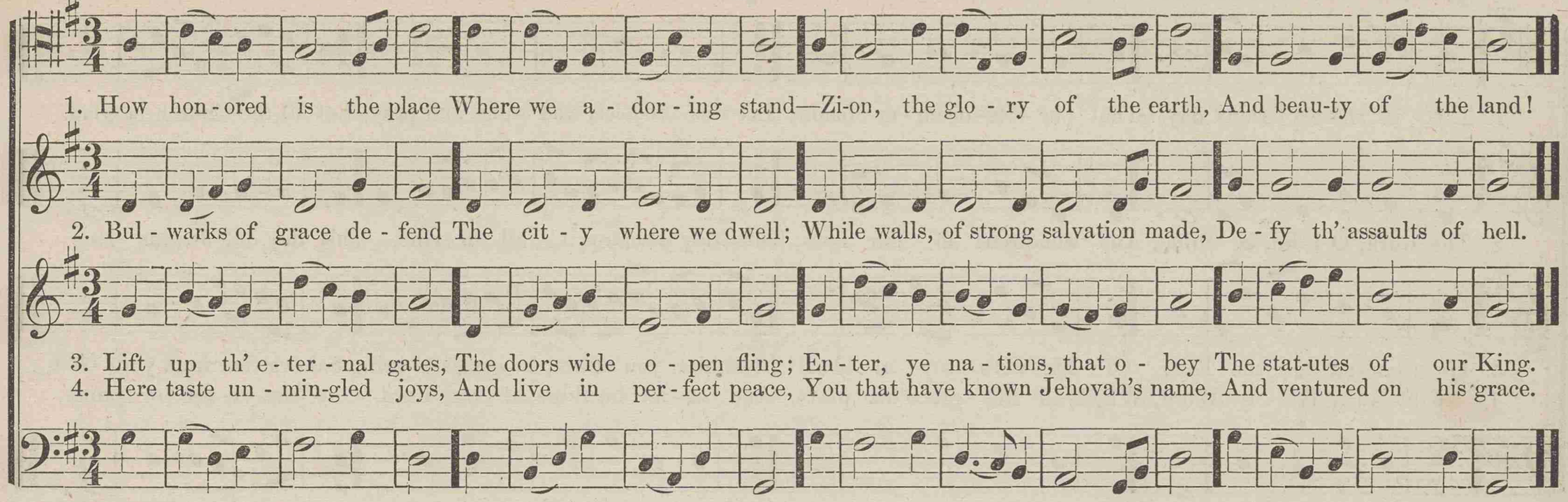
353

To bless thy chosen race,
In mercy, Lord, incline;
And cause the brightness of thy face
On all thy saints to shine,

2 That so thy wondrous way
May through the world be known,
While distant lands their homage pay,
And thy salvation own.

Tate and Brady.

354 THATCHER. S. M.—Handel. (♩ = 80 = 22.) Isaac Watts.



355

Behold, what wondrous grace
The Father hath bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!

2 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.

3 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
His Holy Spirit, like a dove,
Will rest within my heart!

4 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
Our faith shall Abba, Father! cry,
And thou the kindred own.

Isaac Watts.

356

My spirit on thy care,
Blest Saviour, I recline;
Thou wilt not leave me to despair,
For thou art love divine.

2 In thee I place my trust;
On thee I calmly rest;
I know thee good, I know thee just,
And count thy choice the best.

3 Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform;
Safe in thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.

4 Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me—
Secure of having thee in all,
Of having all in thee.

H. F. Lyte.

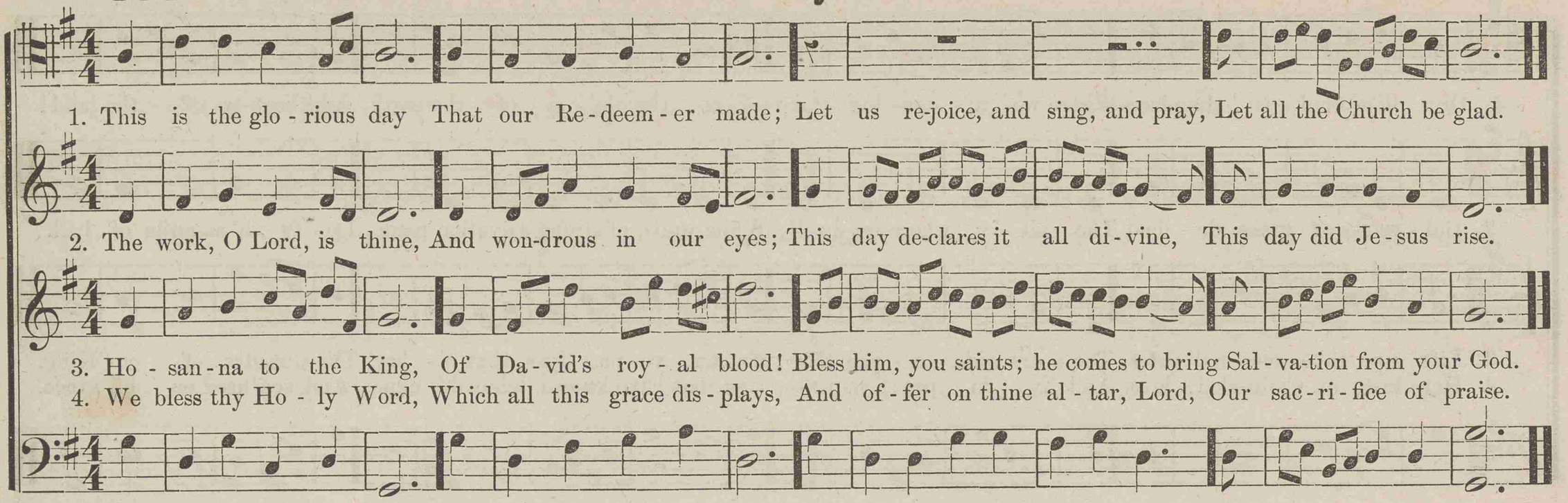
357

Forever here my rest,
Close to thy bleeding side;
This all my hope, and all my plea—
For me the Saviour died.

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

Charles Wesley.

358 SHIRLAND. S. M.—Samuel Stanley. (♩ = 60 = 39.) Isaac Watts.



359

Soldiers of Christ, arise,
And put your armor on;
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his belovéd Son;

2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in his mighty power;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than con-quer-or.

3 Stand, then, in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

4 Leave no unguarded place,
No weakness of the soul;
Take every virtue, every grace,
And fortify the whole;

5 That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
You may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

Charles Wesley.

360

Our heavenly Father calls,
And Christ invites us near;
With both our friendship shall be sweet,
And our communion dear.

2 God pities all our griefs;
He pardons every day,
Almighty to protect our souls,
And wise to guide our way.

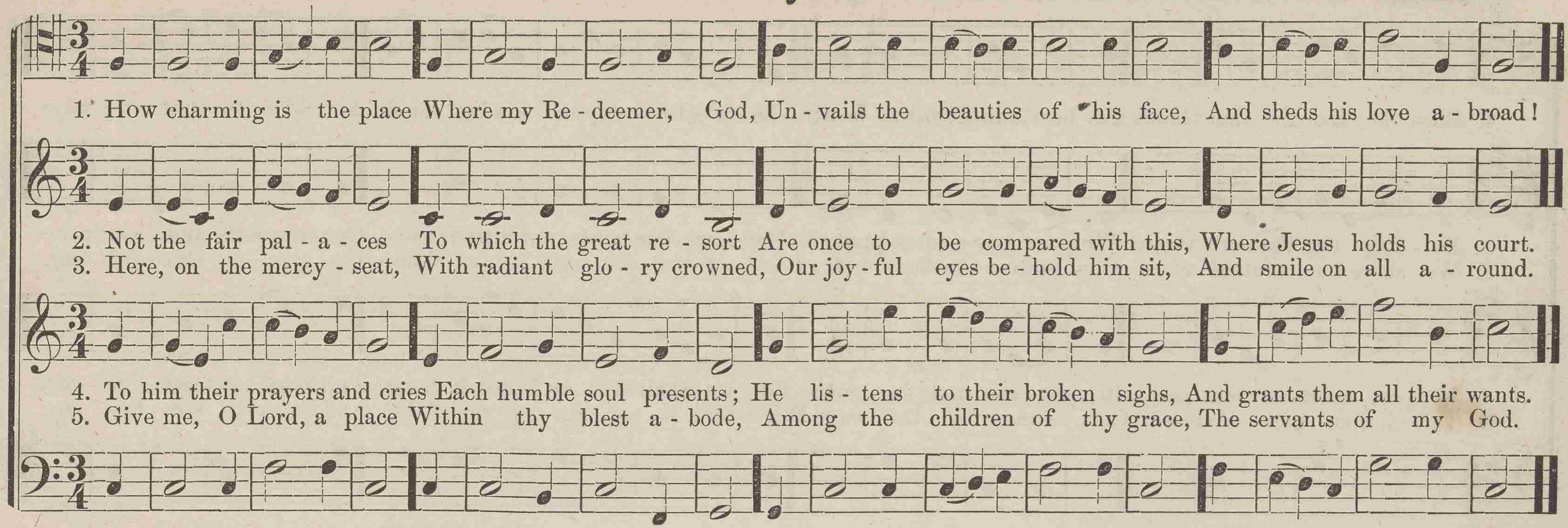
3 How large his bounties are!
What various stores of good,
Diffused from our Redeemer's hand,
And purchased with his blood!

4 Jesus, our living head,
We bless thy faithful care,
Our Advocate before the throne,
And our Forerunner there.

5 Here fix, my roving heart,
Here wait, my warmest love,
Till the communion be complete,
In nobler scenes above.

Philip Doddridge.

361 FERGUSON. S. M.—Geo. Kingsley. (♩ = 84 = 20.) Samuel Stennet.



362

Had I the gift of tongues,
  Great God, without thy grace,
My loudest words, my loftiest songs,
  Would be but sounding brass.

2 Though thou shouldst give me skill
  Each mystery to explain,
Without a heart to do thy will,
  My knowledge would be vain.

3 Had I such faith in God
  As mountains to remove,
No faith could work effectual good,
  That did not work by love.

4 Grant, then, this one request,
  Whatever be denied—
That love divine may rule my breast,
  And all my actions guide.

Samuel Stennett.

363

We give thee but thine own,
  Whate'er the gift may be:
All that we have is thine alone,
  A trust, O Lord, from thee.

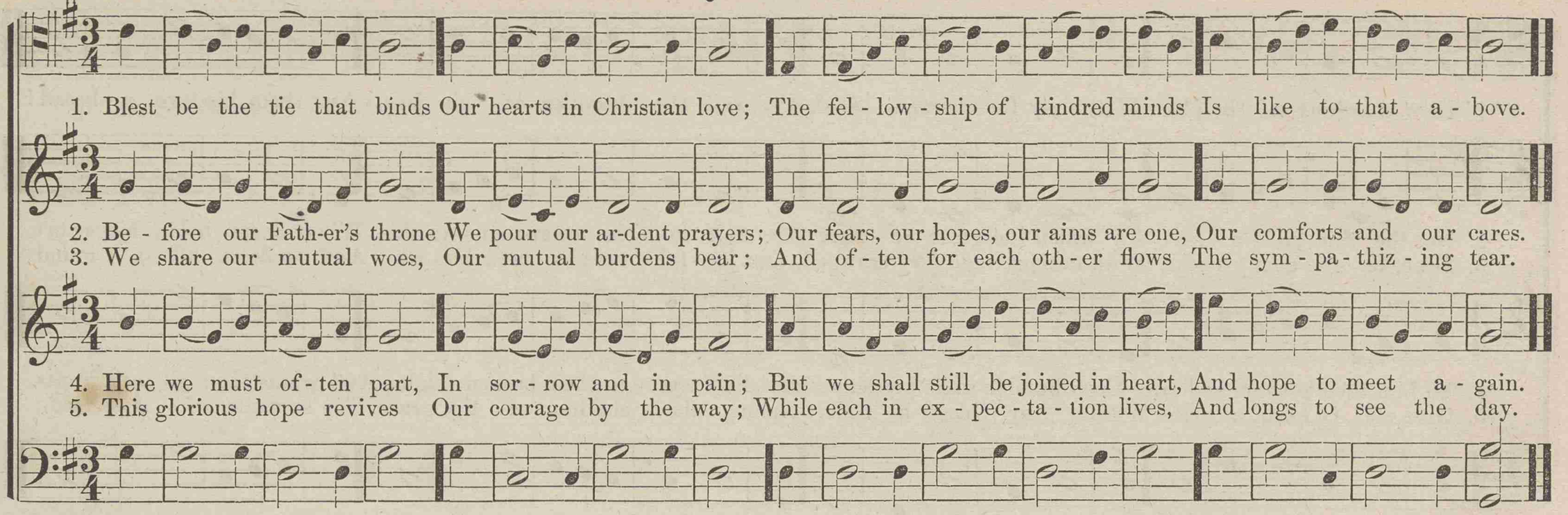
2 May we thy bounties thus
  As stewards true receive,
And gladly, as thou blessest us,
  To thee our first-fruits give.

3 To comfort and to bless,
  To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless,
  Is angels' work below.

4 The captive to release,
  To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace—
  It is a Christ-like thing.

5 And we believe thy word,
  Though dim our faith may be,
Whate'er for thine we do, O Lord,
  We do it unto thee.

W. W. How.

364 DENNIS. S. M.—H. G. Nageli. (♩ = 66 = 32.)

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

JOHN FAWCETT.

365

LET men their songs employ,
Angels their music raise,
And earth and heaven unite their joy
To sound our Father's praise.

C. Q. WRIGHT.

366

How gentle God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.

2 Beneath his watchful eye
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears creation up,
Shall guard his children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
O seek your heavenly Father's throne,
And peace and comfort find.

4 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day;
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

367

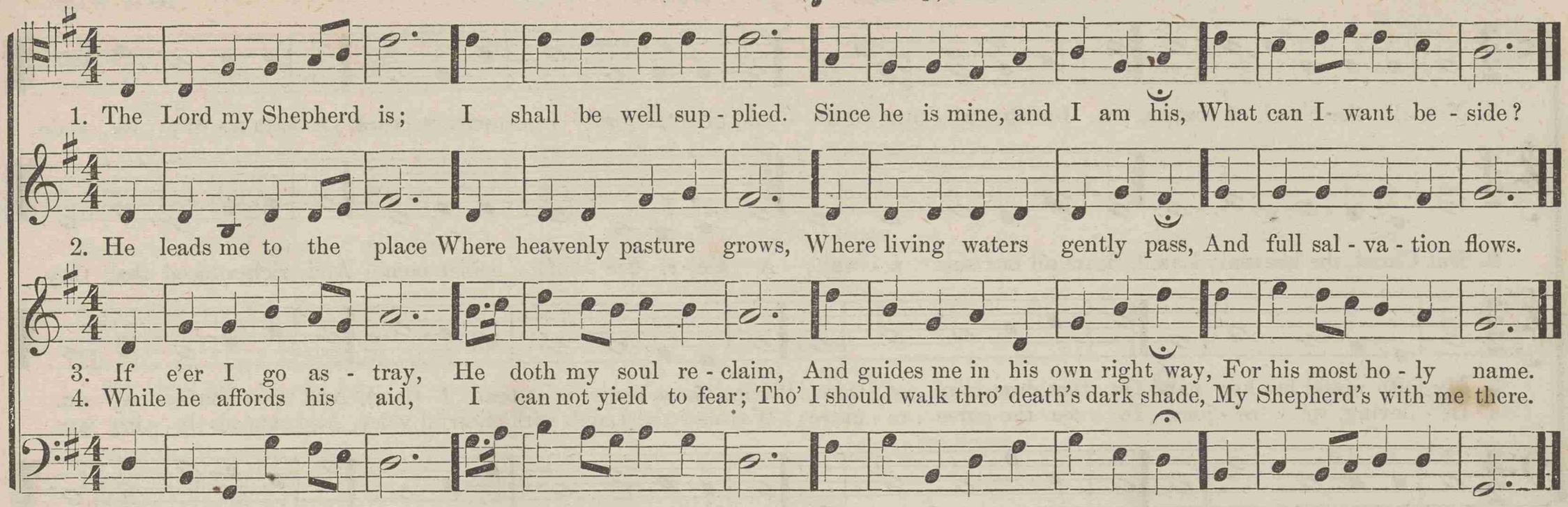
TO GOD the only wise,
Who keeps us by his word,
Be glory now and evermore,
Through Jesus Christ, our Lord.

2 Hosanna to the Word,
Who from the Father came!
Ascribe salvation to the Lord,
And ever bless his name.

3 The grace of Christ, our Lord,
The Father's boundless love,
The Spirit's blest communion, too,
Be with us from above.

ISAAC WATTS.

368 ST. THOMAS. S. M.—Aaron Williams. (♩ = 69 = 29½.) Isaac Watts.



369

In every trying hour
My soul to Jesus flies;
I trust in his almighty power,
When swelling billows rise.

2 His comforts bear me up;
I trust a faithful God;
The sure foundation of my hope
Is in my Saviour's blood.

3 Loud hallelujahs sing
To our Redeemer's name;
In joy or sorrow—life or death—
His love is still the same.

Unknown.

370

Thou source of life and light,
When in thy word we read
The wondrous love to mortals given,
To save us in our need

2 Our hearts to thee we turn,
In gratitude and love,
That when no other power could save,
Thy Son came from above.

3 O gracious gift of God—
His love to manifest
To sinful man, that he may turn
And be forever blest!

4 Our Father and our God,
Accept our grateful praise;
Help us, that we may always live
And walk in wisdom's ways.

J. C. Tully.

371

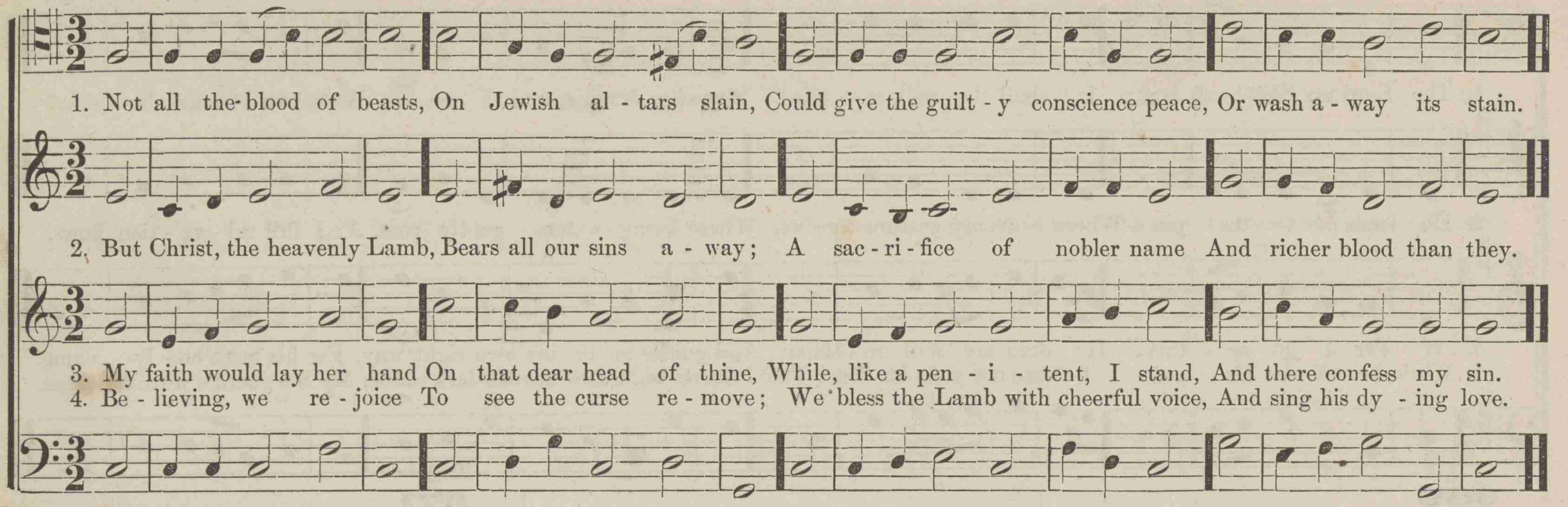
In all my ways, O God,
I would acknowledge thee;
And seek to keep my heart and house
From all pollution free.

2 Where'er I have a tent,
An altar will I raise;
And thither my oblations bring
Of humble prayer and praise.

3 Could I my wish obtain,
My household, Lord, should be
Devoted to thyself alone,
A nursery for thee.

Unknown.

372 BOYLSTON. S. M.—Lowell Mason. (♩ = 60 = 39.) Isaac Watts.



373

Hungry, and faint, and poor,
Behold us, Lord, again
Assembled at thy mercy's door,
Thy bounty to obtain.

2 Thy word invites us nigh,
Or we would starve indeed;
For we no money have to buy,
Nor righteousness to plead.

3 The food our spirits want,
Thy hand alone can give;
O hear the prayer of faith, and grant
That we may eat and live!

Unknown.

374

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

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

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

Benj. Beddome.

375

And can I yet delay
My little all to give;
To tear my soul from earth away,
My Saviour to receive.

2 Nay, but I yield, I yield;
I can hold out no more;
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own thee Con-quer-or.

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

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

Charles Wesley.

376

I BLESS the Christ of God,
I rest on love divine,
And with unfaltering lip and heart,
I call this Saviour mine.

2 His cross dispels each doubt;
I bury in his tomb
Each thought of unbelief and fear,
Each lingering shade of gloom.

3 I praise the God of peace;
I trust his truth and might;
He calls me his, I call him mine,
My God, my joy, my lig

4 'Tis he who saveth me,
And freely pardon gives:
I love because he loveth me;
I live because he lives.

HORATIUS BONAR.

377

YE SERVANTS of the Lord,
Each in his office wait;
With joy obey his heavenly word,
And watch before his gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in the might
Of his most holy name.

3 Watch! 'tis the Lord's command,
And while we speak he's near;
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

4 O happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

378

SEE how the rising sun
Pursues his shining way,
And wide proclaims his Maker's praise
With every brightening ray

2 Thus would my rising soul
Its heavenly parent sing;
And to its great Original
A humble tribute bring.

3 O may I grateful use
The blessings I receive,
And ne'er in thought, or word, or deed,
His Holy Spirit grieve.

ELIZABETH SCOTT.

379

JESUS invites his saints
To meet around his board;
Here pardoned rebels sit, and hold
Communion with their Lord.

2 This holy bread and wine
Maintain our fainting breath
By union with our living Lord
And interest in his death.

3 Let all our powers be joined
His glorious name to raise;
Let holy love fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.

ISAAC WATTS.

380

YE MESSENGERS of Christ,
His sovereign voice obey;
Arise and follow where he leads,
And peace attend your way.

2 The Master whom you serve
Will needful strength bestow:
Depending on his promised aid,
With sacred courage go.

3 Mountains shall sink to plains,
And hell in vain oppose;
The cause is God's, and will prevail,
In spite of all his foes.

4 Go, spread a Saviour's fame,
And tell his matchless grace,
To the most guilty and depraved
Of Adam's fallen race.

MRS. VOKE.

381

LORD, at this closing hour,
Establish every heart
Upon thy word of truth and power,
To keep us when we part.

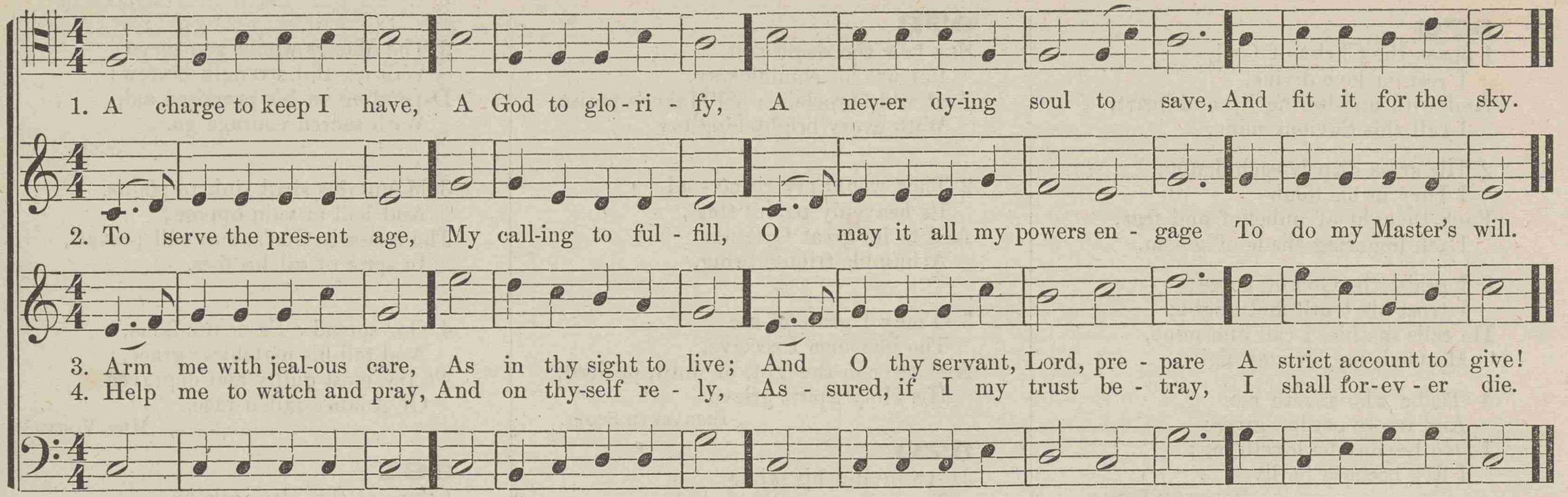
2 Peace to our brethren give;
Fill all our hearts with love;
In faith and patience may we live
And seek our rest above.

3 Through changes bright or drear,
We would thy will pursue;
And toil to spread thy kingdom here,
Till we its glory view.

4 To God, the only wise,
In every age adored,
Let glory from the Church arise,
Through Jesus Christ, our Lord!

E. T. FITCH.

382 LABAN. S. M.—Lowell Mason. (♩ = 88 = 18.) Charles Wesley.



383

Saviour, thy law we love,
  Thy pure example bless,
And with a firm, unwavering zeal,
  Would in thy footsteps press.

2 Not to the fiery pains
  By which the martyrs bled;
Not to the scourge, the thorn, the cross,
  Our favored feet are led;

3 But at this peaceful tide,
  Assembled in thy fear,
The homage of obedient hearts
  We humbly offer here.

Unknown.

384

My soul, be on thy guard:
  Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
  To draw thee from the skies.

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

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
  Nor lay thine armor down;
Thy arduous work will not be done
  Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
  Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee at thy parting breath,
  To his divine abode.

George Heath.

385

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

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

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

J. Dobell.

386

In expectation sweet
We wait, and sing, and pray,
Till Christ's triumphal car we meet,
And see an endless day.

2 He comes! the Conqueror comes!
Death falls beneath his sword;
The joyful prisoners burst their tombs,
And rise to meet their Lord.

3 The trumpet sounds—Awake!
Ye dead to judgment come!
The pillars of creation shake,
While hell receives her doom.

4 Thrice happy morn for those
Who love the ways of peace;
No night of sorrow e'er shall close
Upon its perfect bliss.

JOSEPH SWAIN.

387

TEACH me, my God and King,
Thy will in all to see;
And what I do in any thing,
To do it as for thee;

2 To scorn the senses sway,
While still to thee I tend
In all I do be thou the way;
In all, be thou the end.

3 All may of thee partake;
Nothing so small can be
But draws, when acted for thy sake,
Greatness and worth from thee.

4 If done beneath thy laws,
E'en servile labors shine;
Hallowed is toil, if this the cause;
The meanest work divine.

HERBERT.

388

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

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

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

4 Then, when the glorious end,
The day of God, shall come,
The angel reapers shall descend,
And heaven shout, "Harvest home!'

JAS. MONTGOMERY.

389

A PARTING hymn we sing
Around thy table, Lord;
Again our grateful tribute bring,
Our solemn vows record.

2 Here have we seen thy face,
And felt thy presence here;
So may the savor of thy grace
In word and life appear.

3 The purchase of thy blood—
By sin no longer led—
The path our dear Redeemer trod,
May we, rejoicing, tread.

4 In self-forgetting love,
Be Christian union shown,
Until we join the Church above,
And know as we are known.

A. R. WOLFE.

390

SERVANT of God, well done!
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.

2 The voice at midnight came;
He started up to hear:
A mortal arrow pierced his frame;
He fell, but felt no fear.

3 Tranquil amid alarms,
It found him on the field,
A veteran slumbering on his arms,
Beneath his red-cross shield.

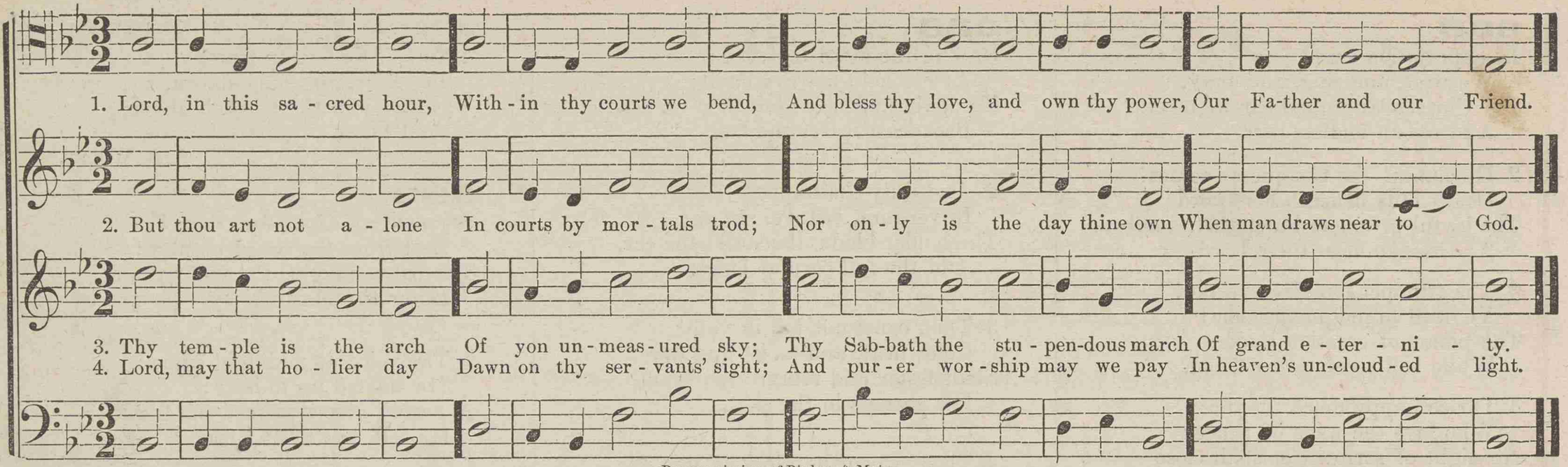
4 At midnight came the cry,
"To meet thy God prepare!"
He woke, and caught his Captain's eye;
Then, strong in faith and prayer,

5 His spirit, with a bound,
Left its encumbering clay;
His tent, at sunrise, on the ground,
A darkened ruin lay.

6 The pains of death are past;
Labor and sorrow cease,
And, life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.

JAS. MONTGOMERY.

391 STATE STREET. S. M.—J. C. Woodman. (♩ = 60 = 39.) S. G. Bulfinch.



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392

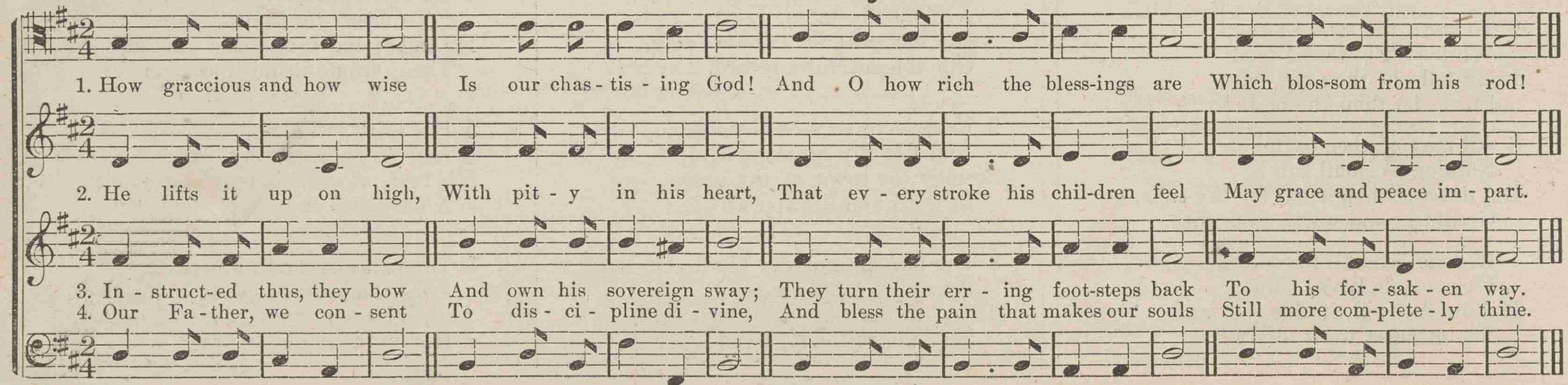
To-morrow, Lord, is thine,
Lodged in thy sovereign hand;
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.

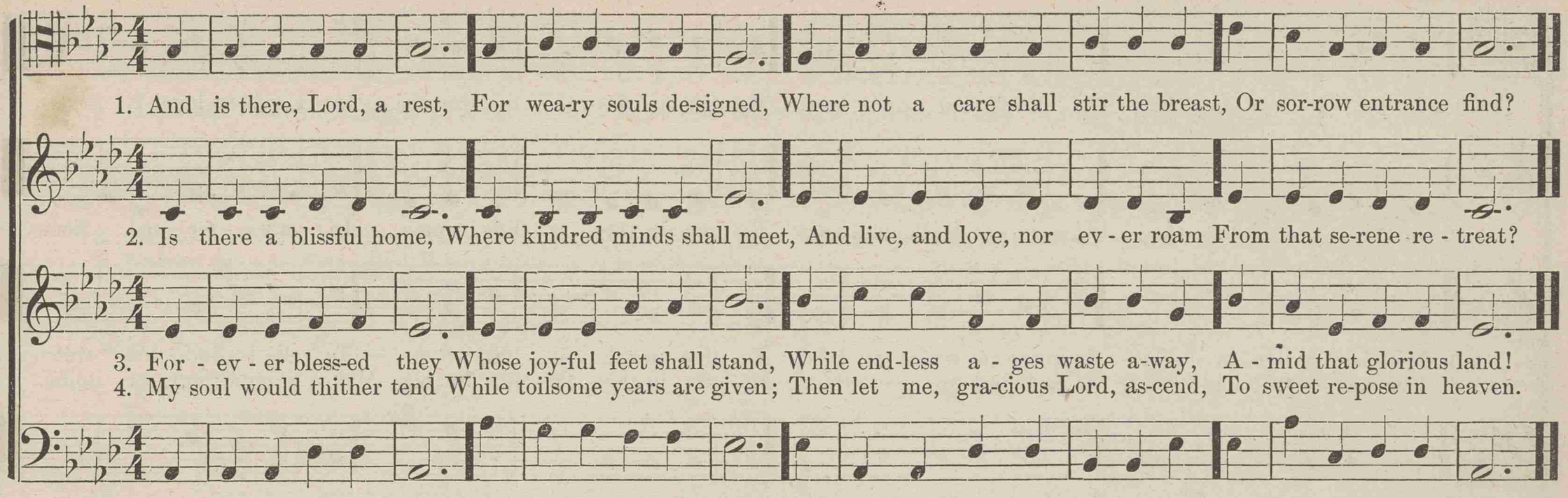
2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away;
O make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.

3 One thing demands our care;
O be it still pursued!
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed.

4 To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young, golden beams should die
In sudden, endless night.

Philip Doddridge.

(394) SHAWMUT. S. M.—Arr. by Lowell Mason. (♩ = 60 = 39.) Philip Doddridge.

393 GORTON. S. M.—Beethoven. ($\frac{1}{2}$ = 76 = 24½.) Ray Palmer



394

How gracious and how wise
Is our chastising God!
And O how rich the blessings are
Which blossom from his rod!

2 He lifts it up on high,
With pity in his heart,
That every stroke his children feel
May grace and peace impart.

3 Instructed thus, they bow
And own his sovereign sway;
They turn their erring footsteps back
To his forsaken way.

4 Our Father, we consent
To discipline divine,
And bless the pain that makes our souls
Still more completely thine.

Philip Doddridge.

395

"My times are in thy hand:"
My God, I wish them there;
My life, my soul, my all, I leave
Entirely to thy care.

2 "My times are in thy hand,"
Whatever they may be,
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to thee.

3 "My times are in thy hand"—
Why should I doubt or fear?
My Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

4 "My times are in thy hand:"
I'll always trust in thee,
Till I possess the promised land,
And all thy glory see.

W. F. Lloyd.

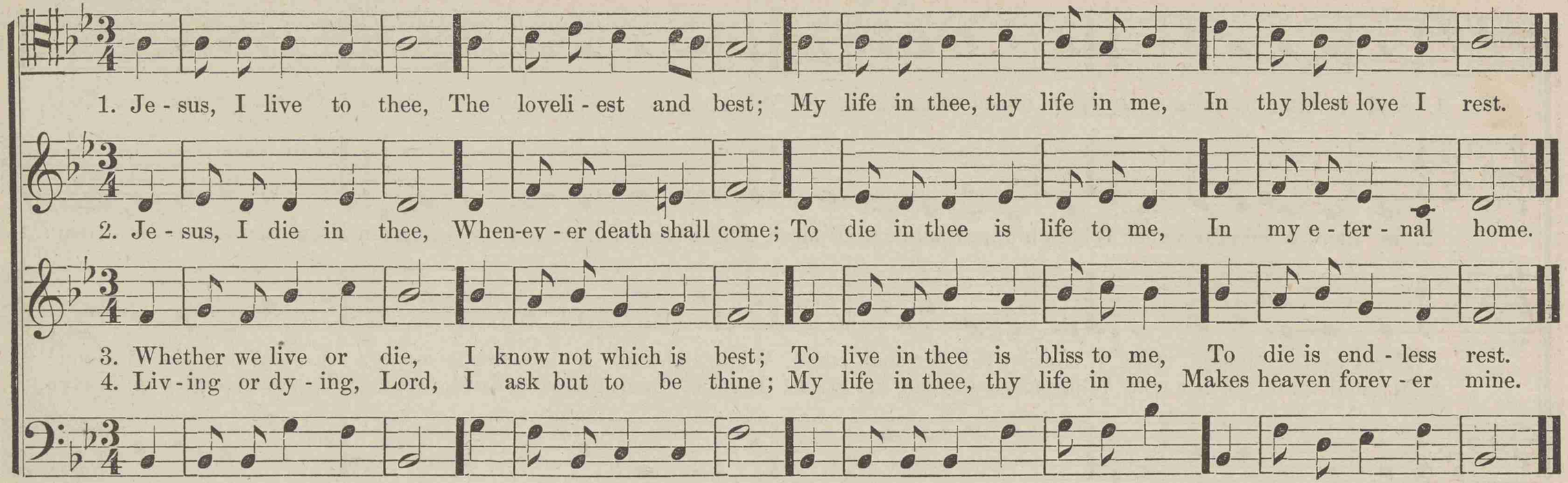
396

Give to the Lord thine heart;
In him all pleasures meet;
O come and choose the better part,
Low at the Saviour's feet.

2 Hear, and your soul shall live;
His peace shall be your stay—
Peace which the world can never give,
Can never take away.

Unknown.

397 OLMUTZ. S. M.—Arr. by Lowell Mason. (♩ = 63 = 35½.) Henry Harbaugh.



398

Blest Comforter Divine,
Whose rays of heavenly love
Amid our gloom and darkness shine,
And point our souls above;

2 Thou, whose inspiring breath
Can make the cloud of care,
And e'en the gloomy vale of death,
A smile of glory wear;

3 Thou, who dost fill the heart
With love to all our race—
Blest Comforter, to us impart
The blessings of thy grace.

Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.

399

How tender is thy hand,
O thou most gracious Lord!
Afflictions come at thy command,
And leave us at thy word.

2 How gentle was the rod
That chastened us for sin!
How soon we found a smiling God
Where deep distress had been!

3 A Father's hand we felt,
A Father's heart we knew:
'Mid tears of penitence we knelt,
And found his word was true.

4 Now we will bless the Lord,
And in his strength confide;
Forever be his name adored,
For there is none beside.

Thomas Hastings.

400

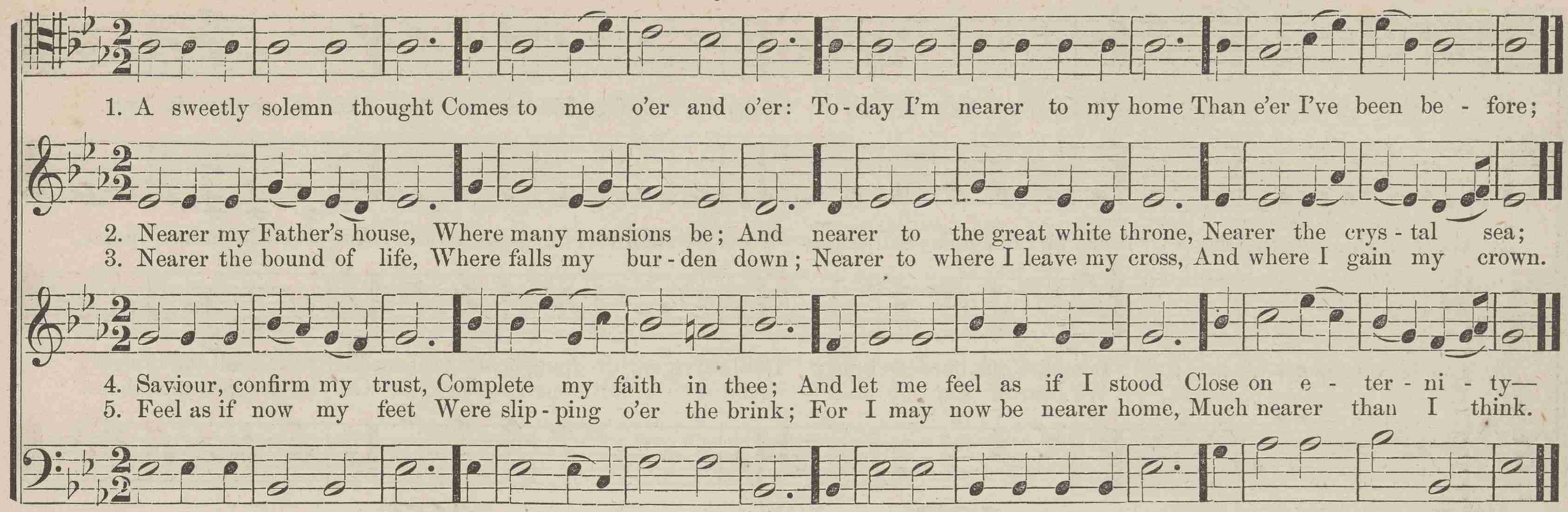
Another day is past,
The hours forever fled,
And time is bearing me away,
To mingle with the dead.

2 My mind in perfect peace
My Father's care shall keep;
I yield to gentle slumber now,
For thou canst never sleep.

3 How blesséd, Lord, are they,
On thee securely stayed!
Nor shall they be in life alarmed,
Nor be in death dismayed.

Unknown.

401 OZREM. S. M.—I. B. Woodbury. (♩=88=18.) Phœbe Cary.



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402

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

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

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

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

5 Lord God of truth and grace,
  Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banished from thy face,
  And evermore undone.

Jas. Montgomery.

403

Lord of our highest love,
  Let now thy peace be given;
Fix all our thoughts on things above,
  Our hearts on thee in heaven.

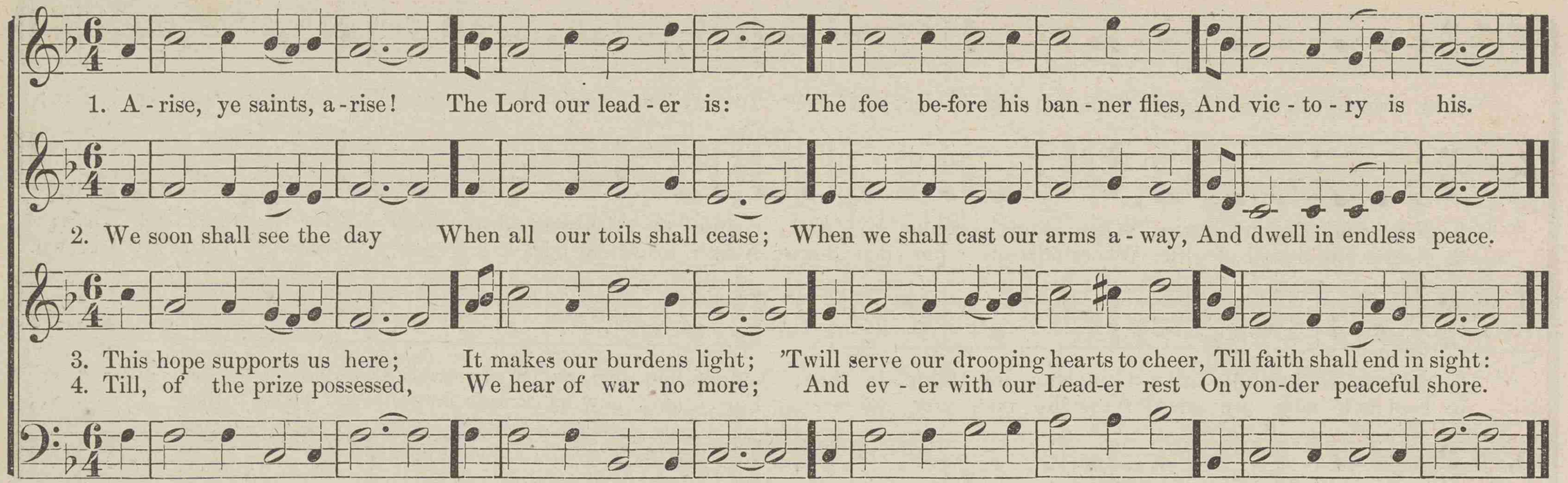
2 And when the loaf we break,
  Thine own rich blessing give;
May all, with loving hearts, partake,
  And all new strength receive.

3 Dear Lord, what memories crowd
  Around the sacred cup:
The upper room—Gethsemane—
  Thy foes—thy lifting up!

4 O scenes of suffering love,
  Enough our souls to win;
Enough to melt our hearts, and prove
  The antidote of sin!

G. Y. Tickle.

404 VIGIL. S. M.—Paisello. (♩ = 116 = 10½.)

Thomas Kelly.

405

Rest for the toiling hand,
Rest for the anxious brow,
Rest for the weary, way-worn feet,
Rest from all labor now.

2 Soon shall the trump of God
Give out the welcome sound
That shakes thy silent chamber-walls,
And breaks the turf-sealed ground.

3 Ye dwellers in the dust,
Awake! come forth and sing;
Sharp has your frost of winter been,
But bright shall be your spring.

4 'Twas sown in weakness here;
'Twill then be raised in power:
That which was sown an earthly seed
Shall rise a heavenly flower.

Horatius Bonar.

406

I have a home above,
From sin and sorrow free;
A mansion which eternal love
Designed and formed for me.

2 My Father's gracious hand
Has built this sweet abode;
From everlasting it was planned—
My dwelling-place with God.

3 My Saviour's precious blood
Has made my title sure;
He passed thro' death's dark, raging flood,
To make my rest secure,

4 The Comforter has come,
The earnest has been given;
He leads me onward to the home
Reserved for me in heaven.

H. Bennett.

407

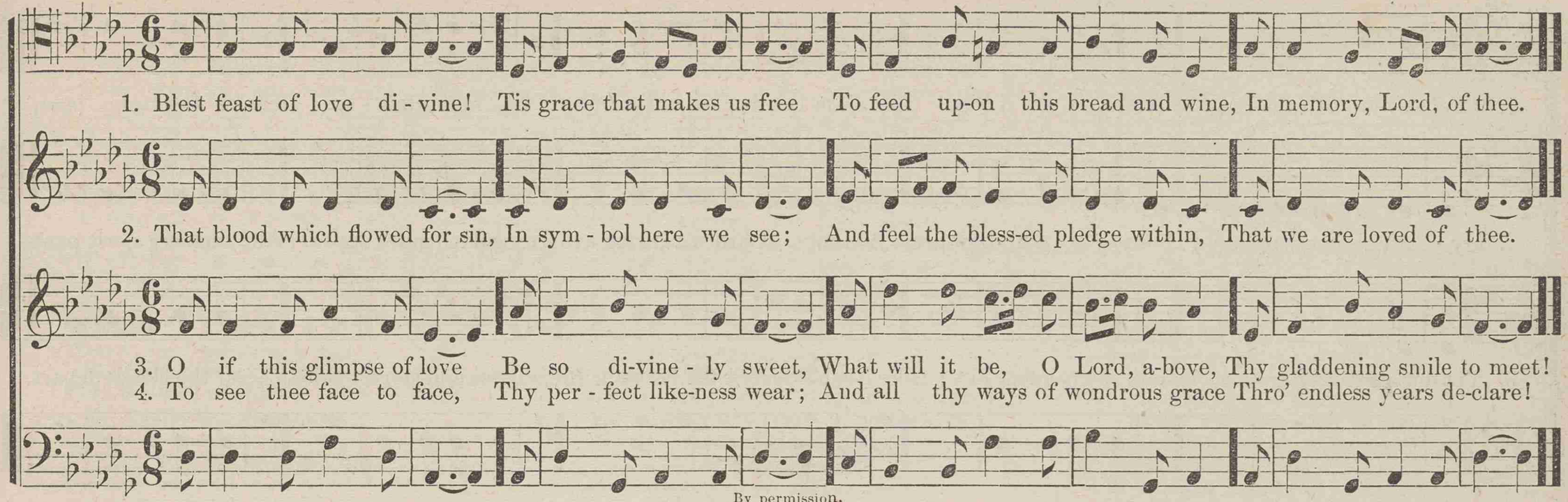
My soul, it is thy God
Who calls thee by his grace:
Now loose thee from each cumbering load,
And bend thee to the race.

2 Make thy salvation sure;
All sloth and slumber shun;
Nor dare a moment rest secure,
Till thou the goal hast won.

3 Thy crown of life hold fast;
Thy heart with courage stay;
Nor let one trembling glance be cast
Along the backward way.

4 Thy path ascends the skies,
With conquering footsteps bright;
And thou shalt win and wear the prize
In everlasting light.

Leonard Swain.

408 ELLINWOOD. S. M.—F. B. Rice. (♪ = 108 = 12.) Edward Denny.

By permission.

409

How various and how new
Are thy compassions, Lord!
Each morning shall thy mercies show,
Each night thy truth record.

2 Thy goodness, like the sun,
Dawned on our early days,
Ere infant reason had begun
To form our lips to praise.

3 Each object we beheld
Gave pleasure to our eyes;
And nature all our senses held
In bands of sweet surprise.

4 But pleasures more refined
Awaited that blest day
When light arose upon our mind
And chased our sins away.

5 How new thy mercies, then!
How sovereign and how free!
Our souls, that had been dead in sin,
Were made alive to thee.

Joseph Stennett.

410

Go to thy rest, fair child;
Go to thy dreamless bed,
While yet so gentle, undefiled,
With blessings on thy head.

2 Before thy heart had learned
In waywardness to stray;
Before thy feet had ever turned
The dark and downward way;

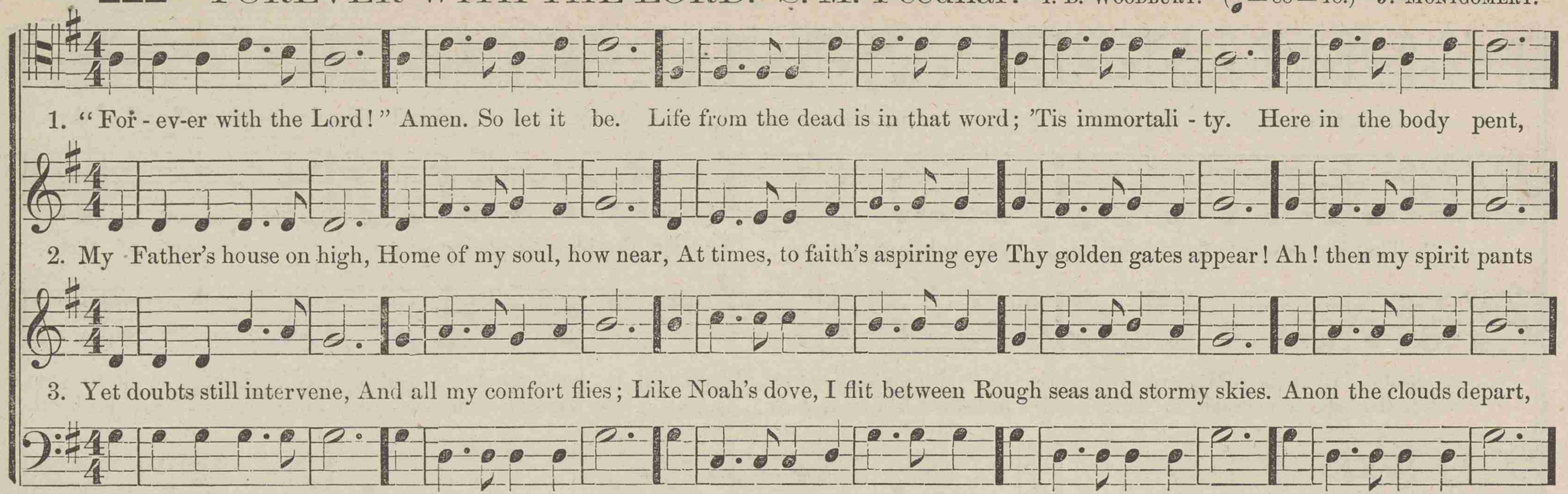
3 Ere sin had seared the breast,
Or sorrow woke the tear;
Rise to thy home of changeless rest
In yon celestial sphere.

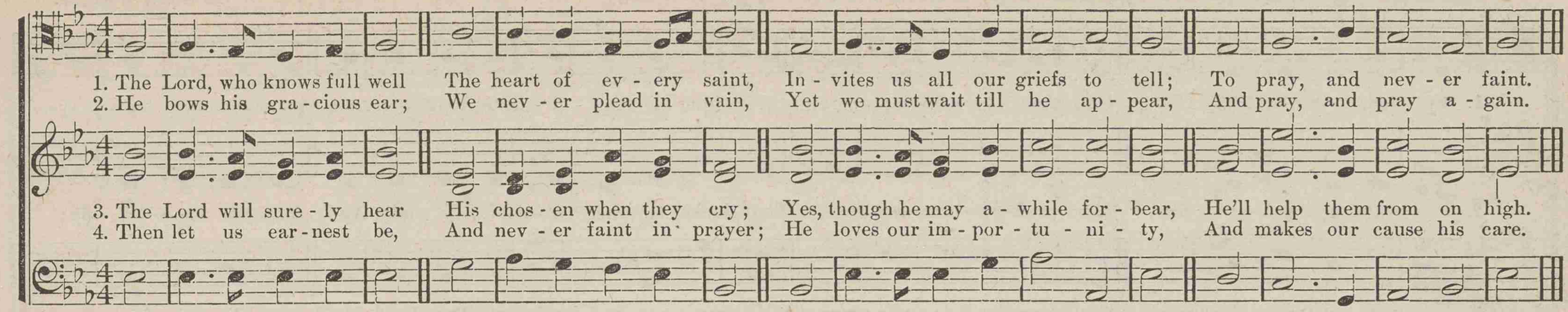
4 Because thy smile was fair,
Thy lip and eye so bright;
Because thy loving cradle-care
Was such a dear delight,

5 Shall love, with weak embrace,
Thy upward wing detain?
No! gentle angel, seek thy place
Amid the cherub train.

Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.

411 FOREVER WITH THE LORD. S. M. Peculiar.—I. B. Woodbury. (♩=88=18.) J. Montgomery.



412 OLNEY. S. M.—Lowell Mason. (♩=88=18.) Weston.

413

While my Redeemer's near,
My Shepherd and my Guide,
I bid farewell to anxious fear;
My wants are all supplied.

2 To ever-fragrant meads,
Where rich abundance grows,
His gracious hand indulgent leads,
And guards my sweet repose.

3 Dear Shepherd, if I stray,
My wandering feet restore;
To thy fair pastures guide my way,
And let me rove no more.

4 Unworthy, as I am,
Of thy protecting care,
Jesus, I plead thy gracious name;
For all my hopes are there.

Anne Steele.

414

Come to the house of prayer,
O thou afflicted, come:
The God of peace shall meet thee there;
He makes that house his home.

2 Come to the house of praise,
Ye who are happy now;
In sweet accord your voices raise,
In kindred homage bow.

3 Thou, whose benignant eye
In mercy looks on all—
Who seest the tear of misery,
And hear'st the mourner's call—

4 Up to thy dwelling-place
Bear our frail spirits on,
Till they outstrip time's tardy pace,
And heaven on earth be won.

E. Taylor.

415

Once more, before we part,
O bless the Saviour's name!
Let every tongue and every heart
Adore and praise the same.

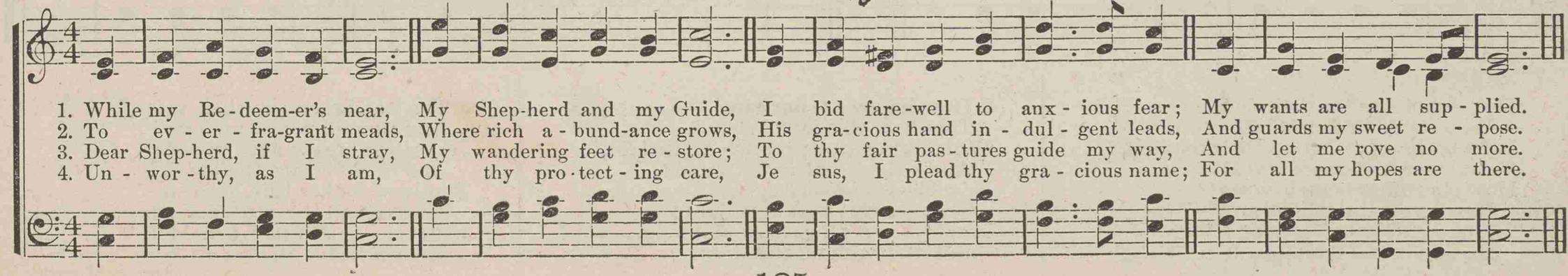
2 Lord, in thy grace we came,
That blessing still impart;
We met in Jesus' sacred name,
In Jesus' name we part.

3 Still on thy holy word
Help us to feed, and grow,
Still to go on to know the Lord,
And practice what we know.

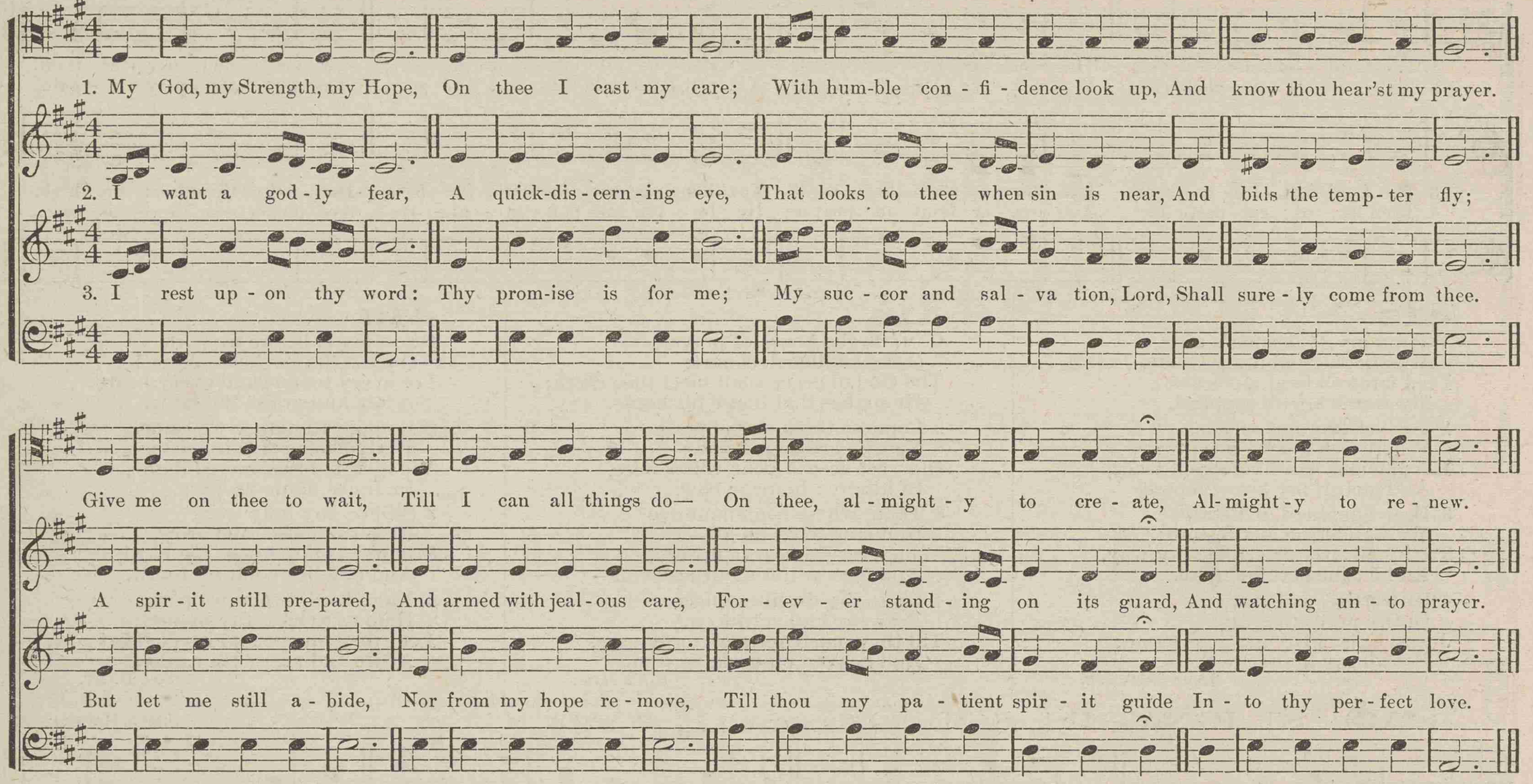
4 Now, Lord, before we part,
Help us to bless thy name;
Let every tongue and every heart
Adore and praise the same.

Jos. Hart.

(413) ST. IGNATIUS. S. M.—H. J. Gauntlett. (♩=76=24½.) Anne Steele.



416 WORLEY. S. M. D.—J. H. Rosecrans. (♩ = 88 = 18.)

Charles Wesley.

417

How beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill,
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!
How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are:
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King;
He reigns and triumphs here!"

2 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!
How blessèd are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

3 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.
The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

Isaac Watts.

418 BEALOTH. S. M. D.—Anon. (♩ = 84 = 20.) Timothy Dwight.

1. I love thy king-dom, Lord, The house of thine a - bode, The Church our blest Re-deem - er saved With his own pre-cious blood;

2. For her my tears shall fall, For her my prayers as - cend; To her my cares and toils be given, Till toils and cares shall end.

3. Je - sus, thou Friend di - vine, Our Sav - iour and our King, The hand from ev - ery snare and foe Shall great de - liv - erance bring.

I love thy Church, O God, Her walls be - fore thee stand, Dear as the ap - ple of thine eye, And grav - en on thy hand.

Be - yond my high - est joy, I prize her heavenly ways, Her sweet com-mun - ion, sol - emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.

Sure as thy truth shall last, To Zi - on shall be given The bright-est glo - ries earth can yield, And bright-er bliss of heaven.

419

All you that have confessed
That Jesus is the Lord,
And to his people joined yourselves,
According to his word,
In Zion you must dwell,
Her altars ne'er forsake;
Must come to all her solemn feasts,
Of all her joys partake.

2 She must employ your thoughts,
And your unceasing care;
Her welfare be your constant wish,
And her increase your prayer.
With humbleness of mind
Among her sons rejoice—
A meek and quiet spirit is,
With God, of highest price.

3 Never offend nor grieve
Your brethren by the way;
But shun the dark abodes of strife,
Like children of the day.
In all your Saviour's ways
With willing footsteps move;
Be faithful unto death, and then
You'll reign with him above.

Unknown.

420 LISCHER. H. M.—F. Schneider. (♩ = 88 = 18.)

Hayward.

1. { Wel- come, de-light - ful morn, Thou day of sa - cred rest! / I hail thy kind re - turn: Lord, make these mo-ments blest. } From the low train of mor - tal toys, I soar to reach im - mor - tal joys,

2. { Now may the King de - scend And fill his throne with grace; / The scep - ter, Lord, ex - tend, While saints address thy face; } Let sin - ners feel thy quickening word, And learn to know and fear the Lord,

I soar to reach (I soar to reach) im - mor - tal joys.

And learn to know (and learn to know) and fear the Lord.

421 WYATT. H. M.—J. H. Fillmore.

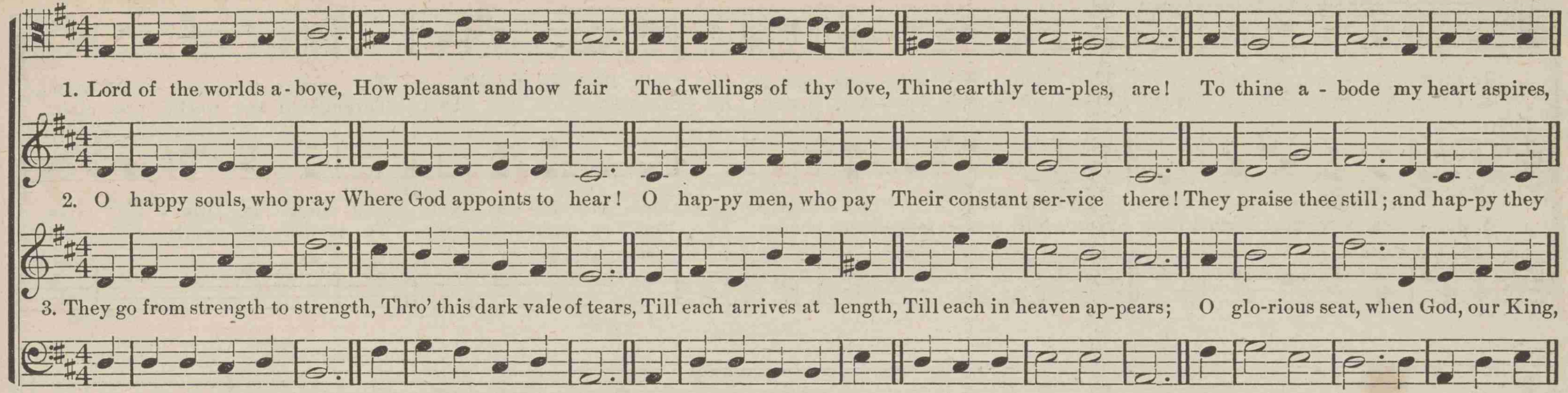
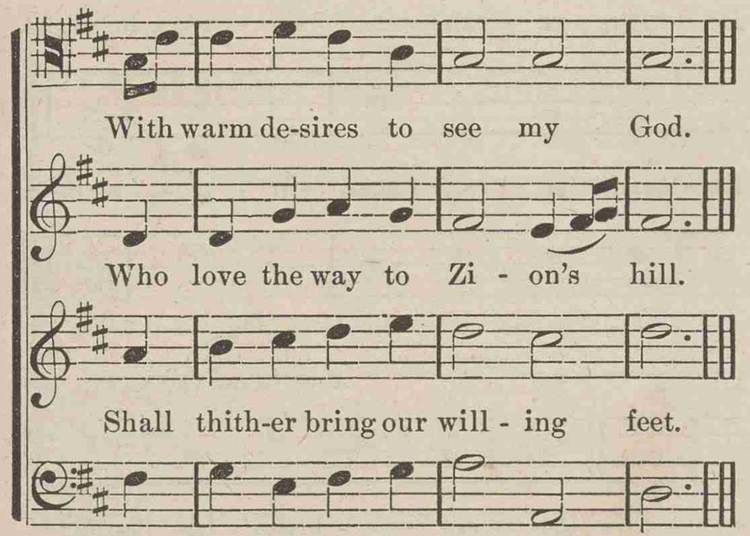
(♩ = 92 = 16½.)

Thos. Cotterill.

1. A-wake, ye saints, a-wake, And hail the sa-cred day; In loftiest songs of
2. On this aus-pic-ious morn The Lord of life a- rose, And burst the bars of
3. All hail, triumphant Lord! Heaven with hosannas rings, And earth, in humbler

praise Your grateful homage pay: Come bless (come bless) the day that God (that God) hath blest, The type of heaven's e - ter - nal rest.

death, And vanquished all our foes; And now (and now) he pleads our cause (our cause) a - bove, And reaps the fruit of all his love.
strains, Thy praise responsive sings: Wor - thy (wor-thy) the Lamb that once (that once) was slain, Through end - less years to live and reign.

422 DARWALL. H. M.—John Darwall. (♩=88=18.) Isaac Watts.

423

Christ is our Corner-stone;
On him alone we build;
With his true saints alone
The courts of heaven are filled:
On his great love our hopes we place,
Of present grace and joys above.

2 O then with hymns of praise
These hallowed courts shall ring;
Our voices we will raise,
The name of Christ to sing;
And thus proclaim, in joyful song,
Both loud and long, that glorious Name.

J. Chandler, *tr.*

424

In sweet, exalted strains,
The King of glory praise:
O'er heaven and earth he reigns,
Through everlasting days:
Beneath this roof, O deign to show
How God can dwell with men below.

2 Here may thine ears attend
Our interceding cries,
And grateful praise ascend,
All fragrant, to the skies;
Here may thy word melodious sound,
And spread the joys of heaven around.

3 Here may th' attentive throng
Imbibe thy truth and love;
And converts join the song
Of seraphim above;
And willing crowds surround thy board,
With sacred joy and sweet accord.

4 Here may our unborn sons
And daughters sound thy praise,
And shine like polished stones
Through long succeeding days;
Here, Lord, display thy saving power,
While temples stand and men adore.

Benj. Francis.

425

To God, the only wise;
To Jesus Christ, his Son—
Let songs of praise arise,
From angels round the throne;
Let men unite in sweet accord,
To praise the goodness of the Lord.

L. H. Jameson.

426 LENOX. H. M.—Lewis Edson. (♩ = 92 = 16½.)

Charles Wesley.

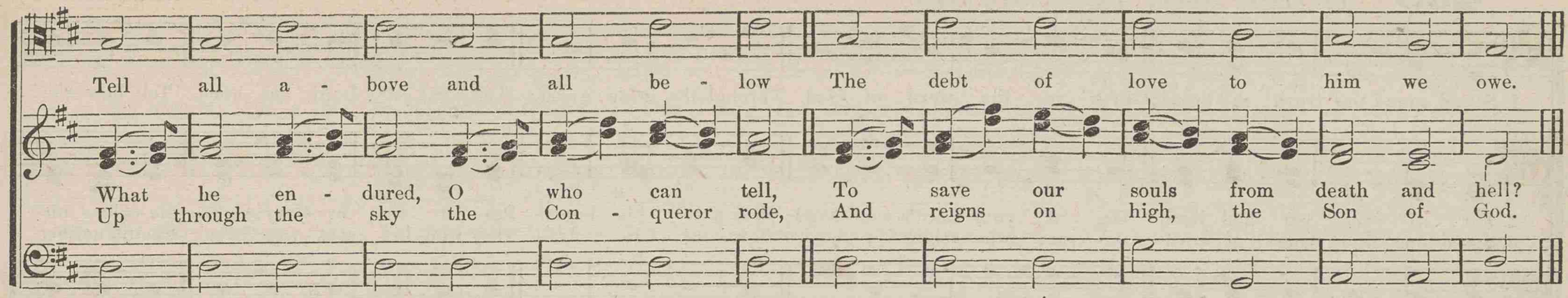
1. Blow ye the trum - pet, blow The glad - ly sol - emn sound; Let all the na - tions know, To earth's re - mot - est bound,
2. Ex - alt the Lamb of God, The sin - a - ton - ing Lamb; Re - demp-tion by his blood Throughout the world pro - claim.
3. Ye slaves of sin and hell, Your lib - er - ty re - ceive, And safe in Je - sus dwell, And blest in Je - sus live.
4. Je - sus, our great High Priest, Has full a - tone - ment made: Ye wea - ry spir - its, rest; Ye mourn - ing souls, be glad.

The year of ju - bi - lee has come: Re - turn, ye ran - somed sin - ners, home, Re - turn, ye ran - somed sin - ners, home.

The year of ju - bi - lee has come: Re - turn, ye ran - somed sin - ners, home, Re - turn, ye ran - somed sin - ners, home.

427 HADDAM. H. M.—Arr. by Lowell Mason. (♩ = 100 = 14.)

Samuel Stennett.

1. Come, ev - ery pi - ous heart, That loves the Sav - iour's name, Your no - blest powers ex - ert, To cel - e - brate his fame;
2. He left his star - ry crown, And laid his robes a - side; On wings of love came down, And wept, and bled, and died:
3. From the dark grave he rose, The man - sion of the dead, And thence his might - y foes In glo - rious tri - umph led;

428

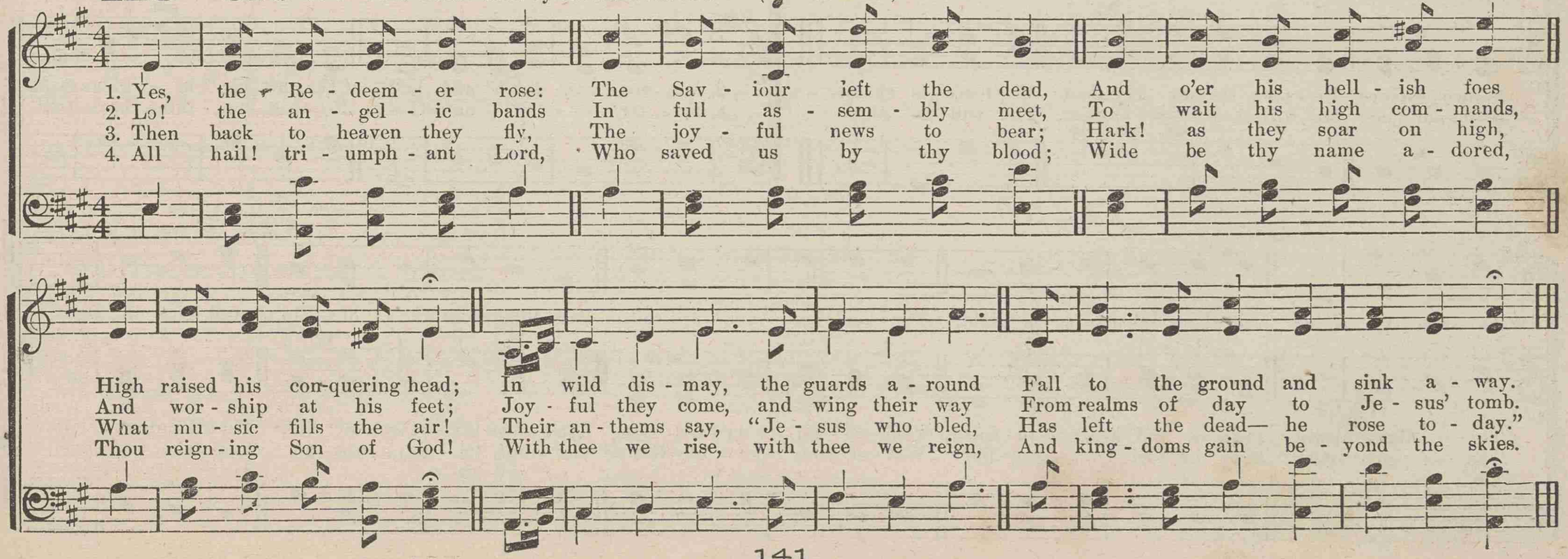
THE promises I sing,
Which sovereign love hath spoke—
Nor will th' eternal King
His words of grace revoke:
They stand secure and steadfast still;
Not Zion's hill abides so sure.

2 The mountains melt away,
When once the Judge appears;
And sun and moon decay,
That measures mortal years:
But still the same, in radiant lines,
The promise shines through all the flame.

3 Their harmony shall sound
Through mine attentive ears,
When thunders cleave the ground,
And dissipate the spheres:
'Midst all the shock of that dread scene,
I stand serene, thy word my rock.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

429 STOW. H. M.—Arr. by LOWELL MASON. (♩=60=39.)

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

430 DORT. 6s & 4s.—Lowell Mason. (♩ = 84 = 20.)

Thos. Kelly.

1. Sound, sound the truth a - broad; Bear ye the word of God Through the wide world; Tell what our Lord has done, Tell how the
2. Far o - ver sea and land, Go, at your Lord's com-mand; Bear ye his name— Bear it to ev - ery shore, Re - gions un -
3. Speed on the wings of love— Je - sus, who reigns a - bove, Bids us to fly— They who his mes - sage bear, Should neither

day is won, Tell from his loft - y throne Sa - tan is hurled.
known ex-plore, En - ter at ev - ery door: Si - lence is shame.
doubt nor fear; He will their Friend ap-pear, He will be nigh.

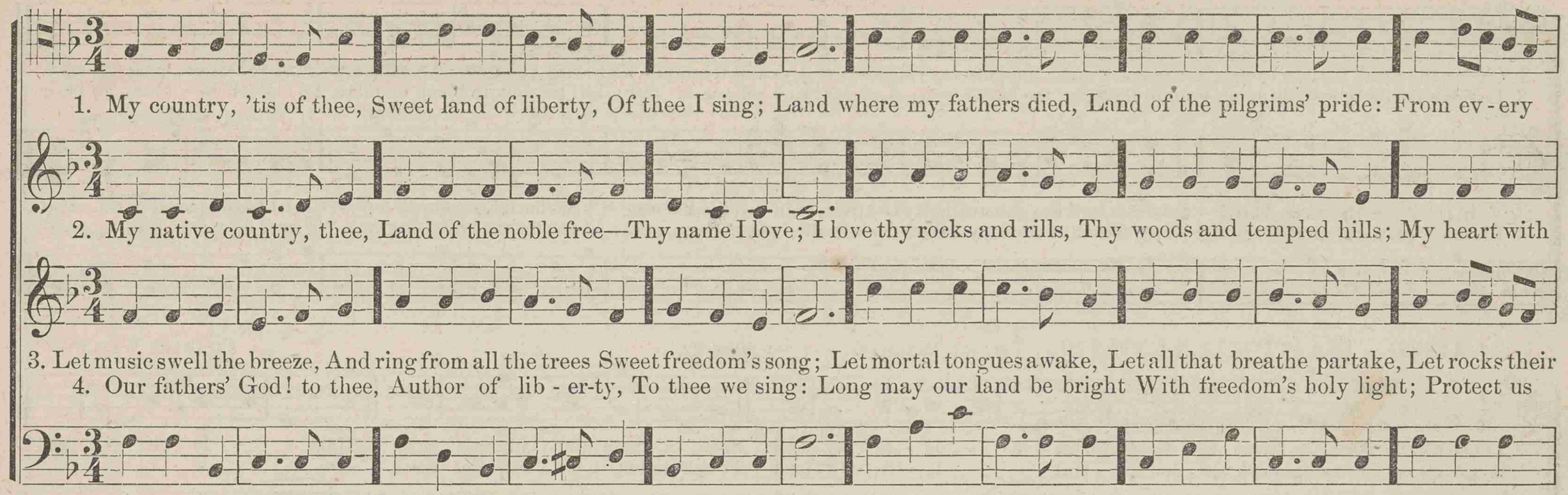
431 ITALIAN HYMN. 6s & 4s.—F. Giardini.

(♩ = 80 = 22.)

M. Bridges.

1. Rise, glo-rious Lead - er, rise In - to thy na - tive skies—
2. Vic - tor o'er death and hell, Cher - u - bic le - gions swell
3. En - ter, in - car - nate God: No feet but thine have trod

As - sume thy right; And where, in many a fold, The clouds are back-ward rolled, Pass thro' those gates of gold, And reign in light.
Thy ra-diant train; Prais-es all heaven in - spire; Each an - gel sweeps his lyre, And waves his wings of fire, Thou Lamb once slain.
The ser-pent down. Blow the full trum - pet—blow! Wid - er your por - tals throw! Sav - iour, tri - umph - ant go, And take thy crown!

432 AMERICA. 6s & 4s.—Henry Carey. (♩=66=32.) S. F. Smith.

433

God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand
  Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do thou our country save
  By thy great might.

2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God above the skies;
  On him we wait.
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To thee aloud we cry,
  God save the State!

J. S. Dwight.

434

The God of harvest praise;
In loud thanksgiving, raise
  Hand, heart, and voice;
The valleys smile and sing,
Forests and mountains ring,
The plains their tribute bring,
  The streams rejoice.

2 Yes, bless his holy name,
And purest thanks proclaim
  Through all the earth;
To glory in your lot
Is duty—but be not
God's benefits forgot,
  Amidst your mirth.

3 The God of harvest praise;
Hands, hearts, and voices raise
  With sweet accord;
From field to garner throng,
Bearing your sheaves along,
And, in your harvest song,
  Bless ye the Lord.

Jas. Montgomery.

435 MOZART. 7s.—Mozart. (♩ = 76 = 24½.)

Charles Wesley.

1. Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day, Sons of men and an-gels say: Raise your joys and triumphs high; Sing, ye heavens; thou earth, reply, Sing, ye heavens; thou earth, reply.
2. Love's redeeming work is done; Fought the fight, the battle won: Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er; Lo! he sets in blood no more, Lo! he sets in blood no more.
3. Vain the stone, the watch, the seal— Christ hath burst the gates of hell; Death in vain forbids his rise—Christ hath opened par-a-dise, Christ hath opened par-a - dise.
4. Lives a-gain our glorious King: Where, O death, is now thy sting? Once he died our souls to save: Where's thy victory, boasting grave? Where's thy victory, boast-ing grave?

(435) EASTER HYMN. 7s.—J. Worgan. (♩ = 80 = 22.)

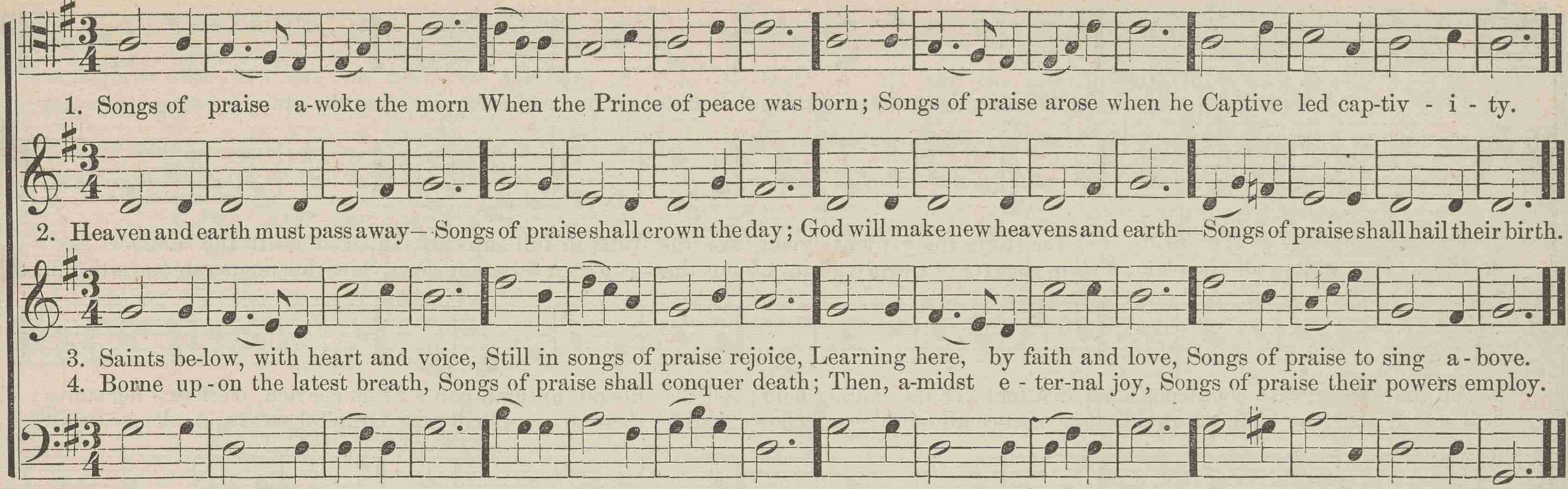
Charles Wesley.

1. Christ, the Lord, is risen to - day; Hal - - le - lu - jah! Sons of men and an - gels say: Hal - - le - lu - jah!
2. Love's re - deem-ing work is done; Hal - - le - lu - jah! Fought the fight, the bat - tle won: Hal - - le - lu - jah!
3. Vain the stone, the watch, the seal— Hal - - le - lu - jah! Christ hath burst the gates of hell; Hal - - le - lu - jah!
4. Lives a - gain our glo-rious King: Hal - - le - lu - jah! Where, O death, is now thy sting? Hal - - le - lu - jah!

Raise your joys and tri-umphs high: Hal - - le - lu - jah! Sing, ye heavens, thou earth re - ply: Hal - - le - lu - jah!
Lo! our Sun's e - clipse is o'er; Hal - - le - lu - jah! Lo! he sets in blood no more: Hal - - le - lu - jah!

Death in vain for - bids his rise— Hal - - le - lu - jah! Christ hath o - pened par - a - dise: Hal - - le - lu - jah!
Once he died our souls to save: Hal - - le - lu - jah! Where's thy vic - tory, boast-ing grave? Hal - - le - lu - jah!

436 NOTTINGHAM. 7s.—Mozart. (♩ = 112 = 11¼.) Jas. Montgomery.



437

God with us! O glorious name!
Let it shine in endless fame;
God and man in Christ unite—
O mysterious depth and height!

2 God with us! amazing love
Brought him from his courts above:
Now, ye saints, his grace admire;
Swell the song with holy fire.

3 God with us! O wondrous grace!
Let us see him face to face,
That we may Immanuel sing,
As we ought, our God and King.

S. Slinn.

438

Now begin the heavenly theme;
Sing aloud in Jesus' name;
Ye who his salvation prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Ye who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

3 Welcome, all by sin oppressed,
Welcome to his sacred rest!
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

4 Hither, then, your music bring;
Strike aloud each cheerful string;
Mortals, join the hosts above—
Join to praise redeeming love.

Martin Madan.

439

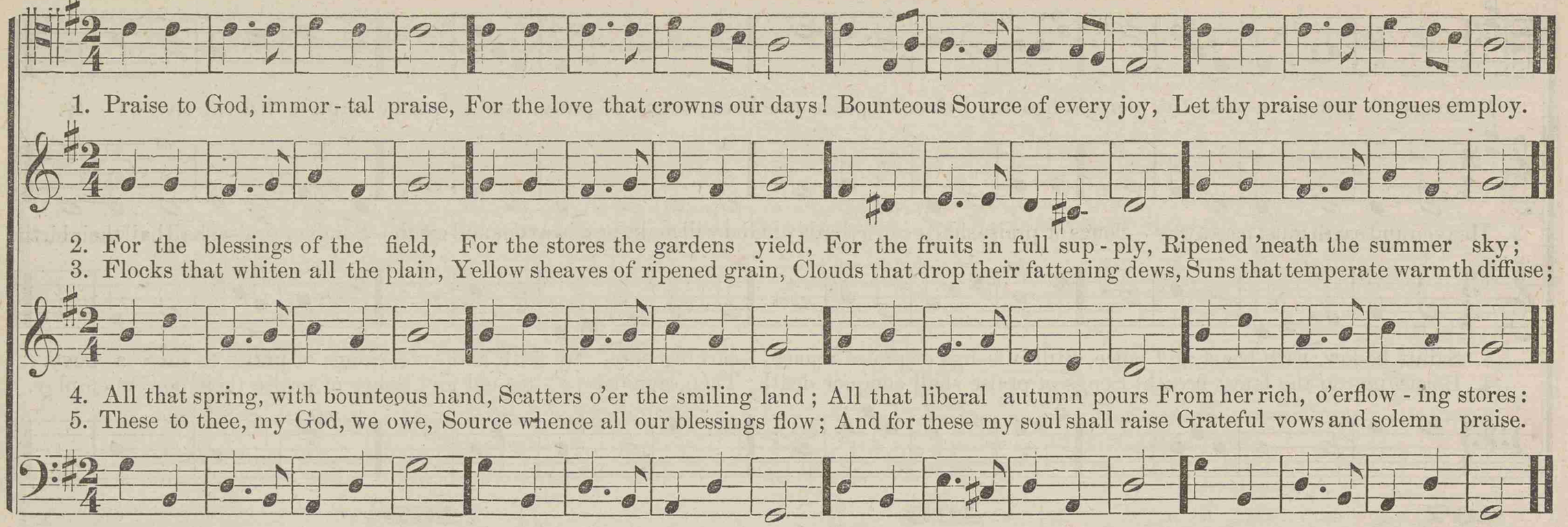
Thou, from whom we never part,
Thou, whose love is everywhere,
Thou, who seest every heart,
Listen to our evening prayer:

2 Father, fill our hearts with love,
Love unfailing, full and free;
Love that no alarm can move,
Love that ever rests on thee.

3 Heavenly Father, through the night
Keep us safe from every ill;
Cheerful as the morning light,
May we wake to do thy will.

Anon.

440 PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.—Ignaz Pleyel. (♩ = 60 = 39.) Mrs. A. L. Barbauld.



441

Shepherd of thy little flock,
Lead me to the shadowing rock,
Where the richest pasture grows,
Where the living water flows.

2 By that pure and silent stream,
Sheltered from the scorching beam,
Shepherd, Saviour, Guardian, Guide,
Keep me ever near thy side.

Unknown.

442

Lord of hosts, to thee we raise
Here a house of prayer and praise;
Thou thy people's hearts prepare
Here to meet for praise and prayer.

2 Let the living here be fed
With thy word, the heavenly bread;
Here, in hope of glory blest,
May the dead be laid to rest;

3 Here to thee a temple stand,
While the sea shall gird the land;
Here reveal thy mercy sure,
While the sun and moon endure.

4 Hallelujah!—earth and sky
To the joyful sound reply;
Hallelujah!—hence ascend
Prayer and praise till time shall end.

Jas. Montgomery.

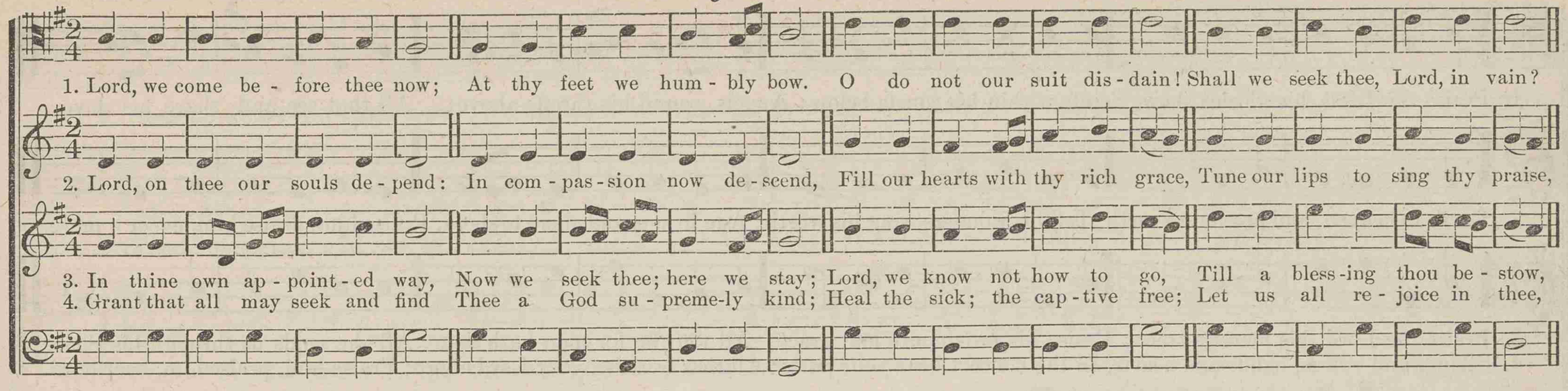
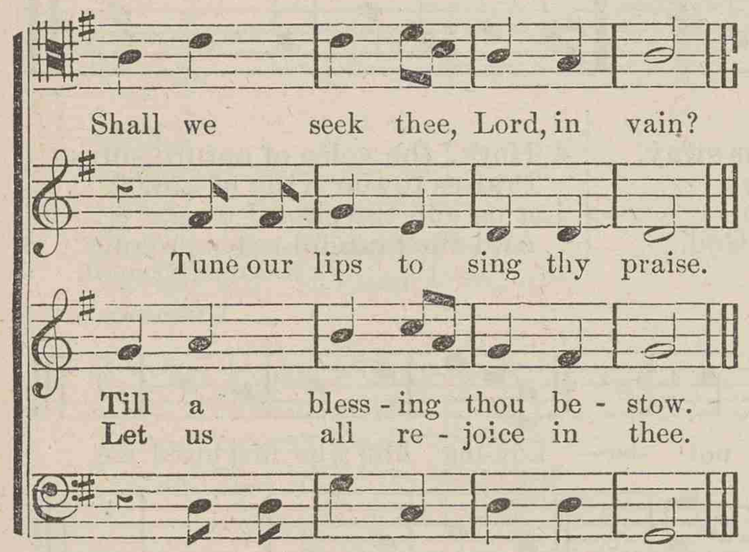
443

For a season called to part,
Let us now ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.

2 Jesus, hear our humble prayer;
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep,
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.

3 In thy strength may we be strong;
Sweeten every cross and pain;
Give us, if thou wilt, ere long
Here to meet in peace again.

John Newton.

444 HENDON. 7s.—C. H. A. Malan. (♩ = 63 = 35½.) W. Hammond.

445

Sovereign Ruler of the skies,
Ever gracious, ever wise,
All my times are in thy hand,
All events at thy command.

2 Times of sickness, times of health,
Times of penury and wealth—
All must come, and last, and end,
As shall please my heavenly Friend.

3 O thou gracious, wise and just!
In thy hands my life I trust.
Have I somewhat dearer still?
I resign it to thy will.

4 Thee at all times will I bless;
Having thee, I all possess;
How can I bereavéd be,
Since I can not part with thee?

John Ryland.

446

To thy temple we repair—
Lord, we love to worship there,
When within the vail we meet
Thee upon the mercy-seat.

2 While thy glorious name is sung,
Tune our lips, unloose our tongue:
Then our joyful souls shall bless
Thee, the Lord our righteousness.

3 While to thee our prayers ascend,
Let thine ear in love attend;
Hear us, for thy spirit pleads—
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

4 From thy house when we return,
Let our hearts within us burn,
That at evening we may say:
"We have walked with God to-day."

Jas. Montgomery.

447

Lord, whom winds and seas obey,
Guide us through the watery way;
In the hollow of thy hand
Hide, and bring us safe to land.

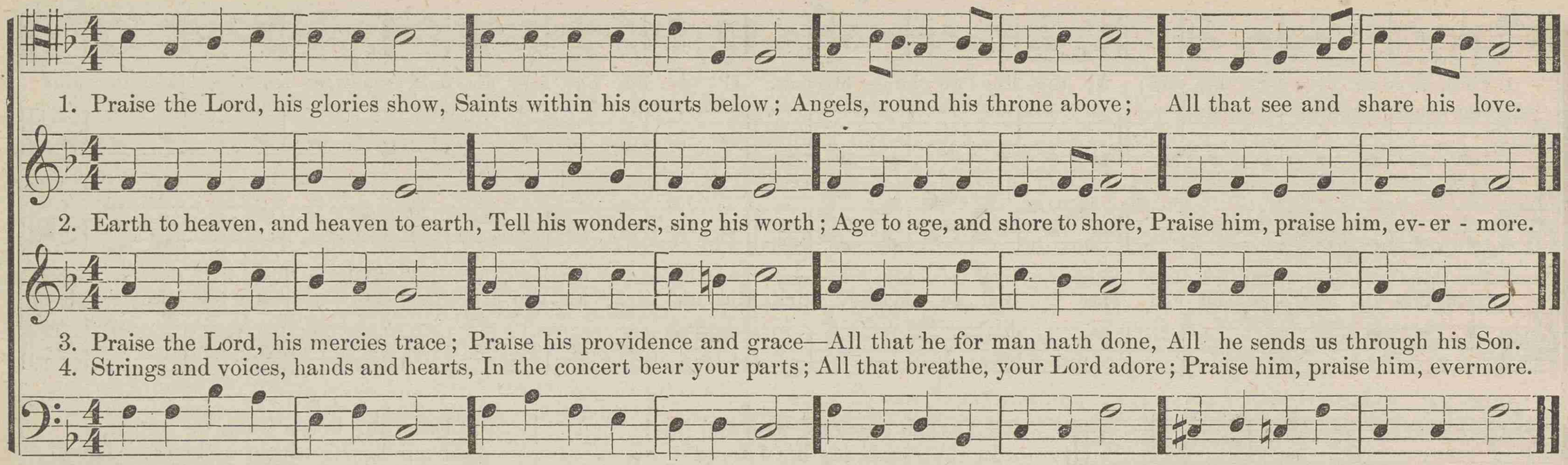
2 Jesus, let our faithful mind
Rest, on thee alone reclined;
Cause each anxious thought to cease:
Keep our souls in perfect peace.

3 Keep the souls whom now we leave:
Bid them to each other cleave;
Bid them walk on life's rough sea;
Bid them come by faith to thee.

4 Save, till all these tempests end,
All who on thy love depend;
Waft our happy spirits o'er,
Land us on the heavenly shore.

Charles Wesley.

448 UNIVERSITY COLLEGE. 7s.—H. J. Gauntlett. (♩=80=22.) H. F. Lyte.



449

Swell the anthem, raise the song—
Praises to our God belong—
Saints and angels join to sing
Praises to the heavenly King.

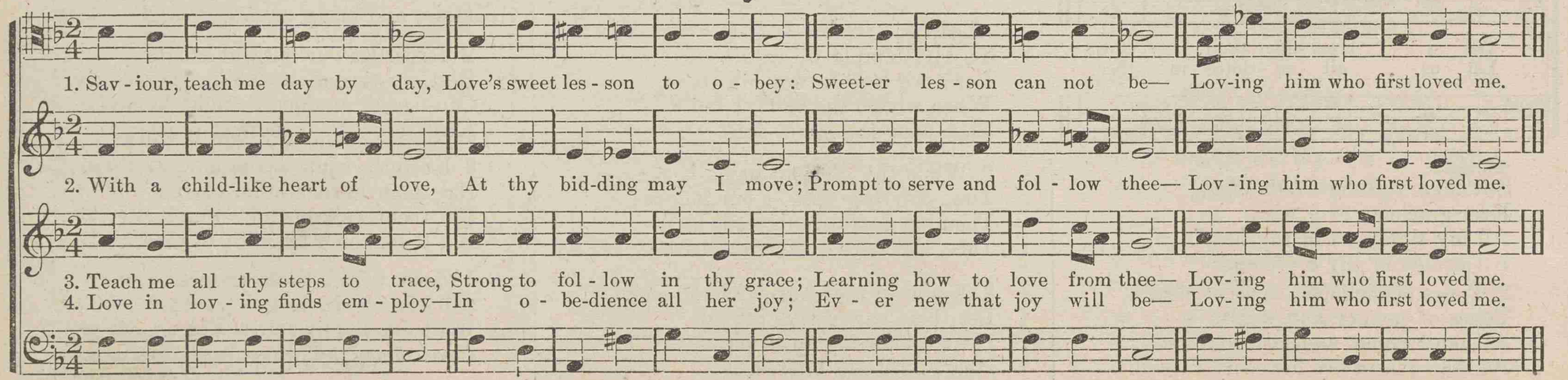
2 Blessings from his liberal hand
Flow around this happy land;
Kept by him, no foes annoy;
Peace and freedom we enjoy.

3 Here, beneath a virtuous sway,
May we cheerfully obey;
Never feel oppression's rod,
Ever own and worship God.

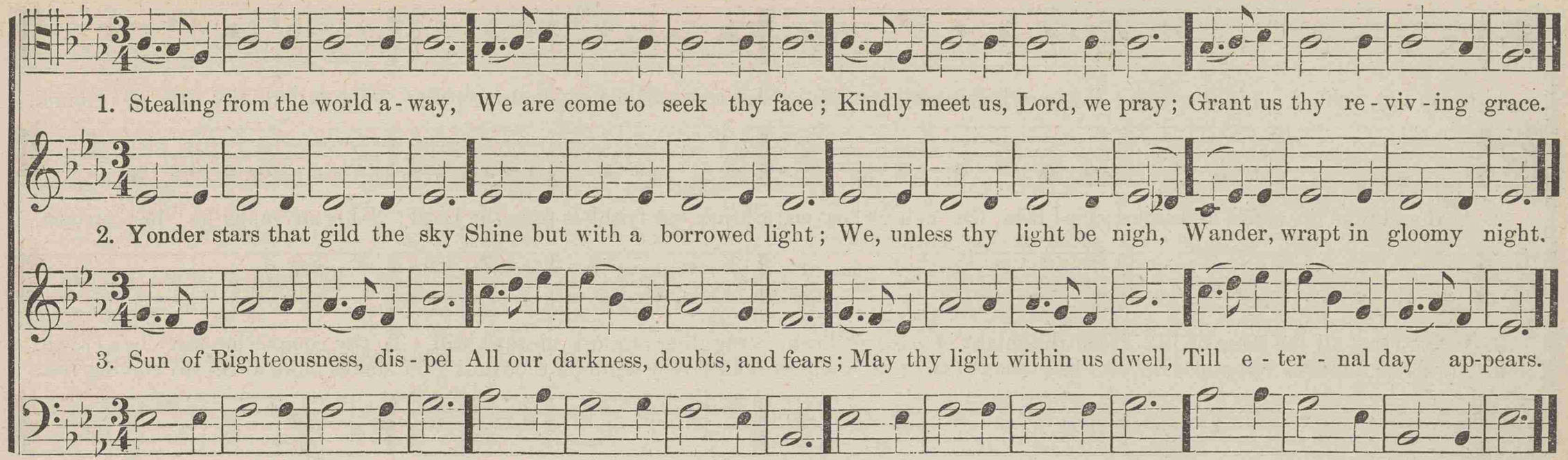
4 Hark! the voice of nature sings
Praises to the King of kings:
Let us join the choral song,
And the grateful notes prolong.

Nathan Strong.

(451) SEYMOUR. 7s.—C. M. Von Weber. (♩=88=18.) Unknown.



450 FLOWER. 7s.—Jas. H. Fillmore. (♩ = 80 = 22.) Ray Palmer.



451

Saviour, teach me, day by day,
Love's sweet lesson to obey:
Sweeter lesson can not be—
Loving him who first loved me.

2 With a child-like heart of love,
At thy bidding may I move;
Prompt to serve and follow thee—
Loving him who first loved me.

3 Teach me all thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in thy grace;
Learning how to love from thee—
Loving him who first loved me.

4 Love in loving finds employ—
In obedience all her joy;
Ever new that joy will be—
Loving him who first loved me.

Unknown.

452

Jesus, Lord, we look to thee:
Let us in thy name agree;
Show thyself the Prince of peace;
Bid our jars forever cease.

2 By thy reconciling love,
Every stumbling-block remove;
Each to each unite, endear;
Come, and spread thy banner here.

3 Make us of one heart and mind—
Courteous, pitiful, and kind;
Lowly, meek, in thought and word—
Altogether like our Lord.

Charles Wesley.

453

Softly now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away:
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, I would commune with thee.

2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity—
Open fault, and secret sin.

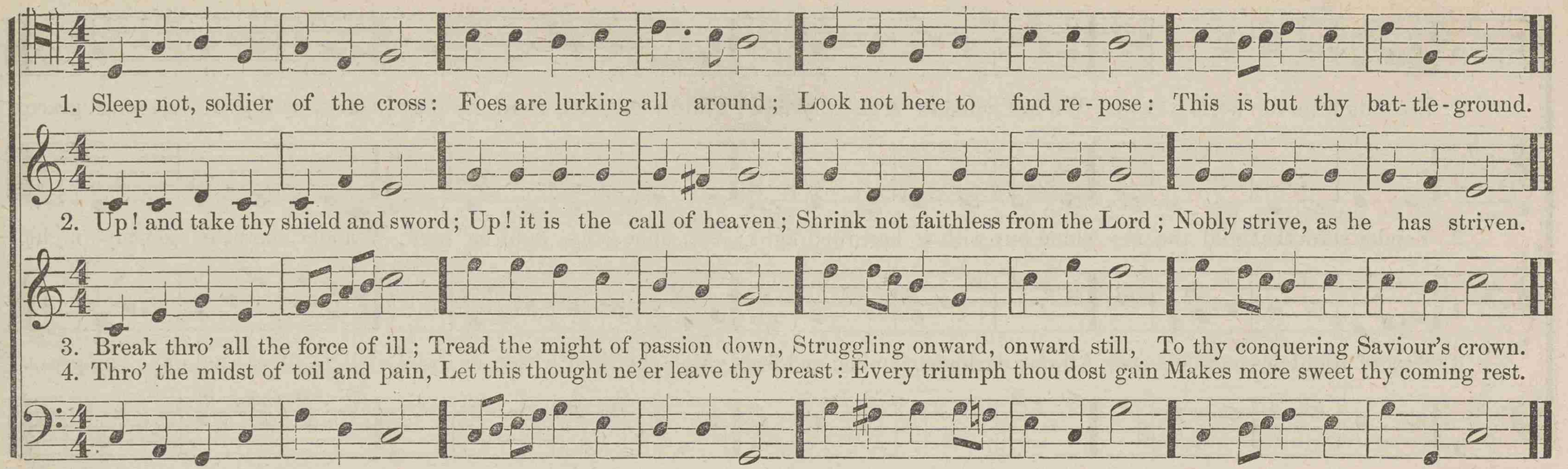
3 Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall forever pass away:
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee.

4 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity,
Then, from thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

G. W. Doane.

454 MONKLAND. 7s.—John P. Wilkes. (♩=84=20.)

Mrs. E. C. Gaskell.



455

Oft in sorrow, oft in woe,
Onward, Christian, onward go;
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the bread of life.

2 Onward, Christian, onward go;
Join the war, and face the foe.
Will you flee in danger's hour?
Know you not your Captain's power?

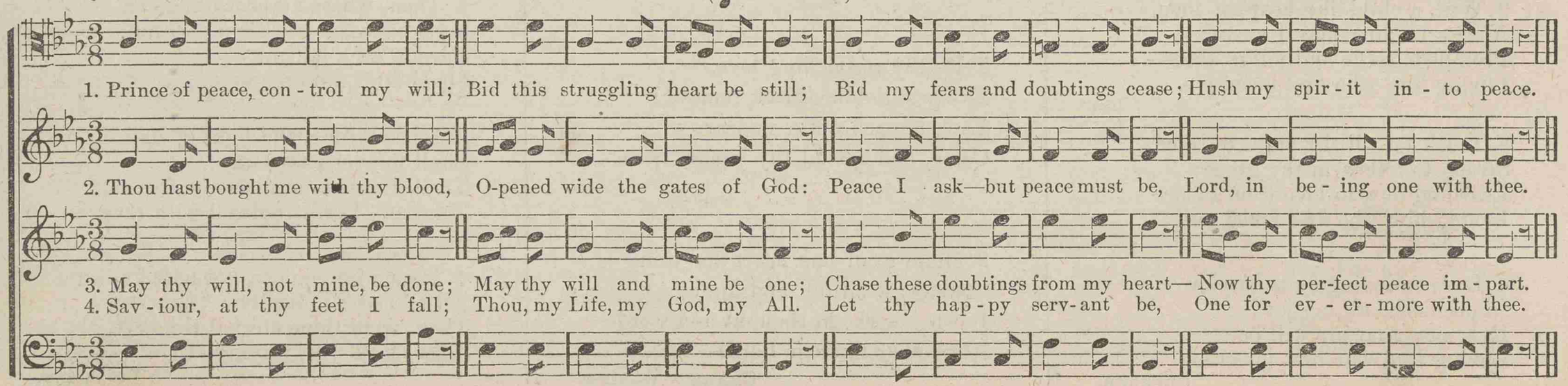
3 Let your drooping heart be glad;
March, in heavenly armor clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long:
Soon shall victory tune your song.

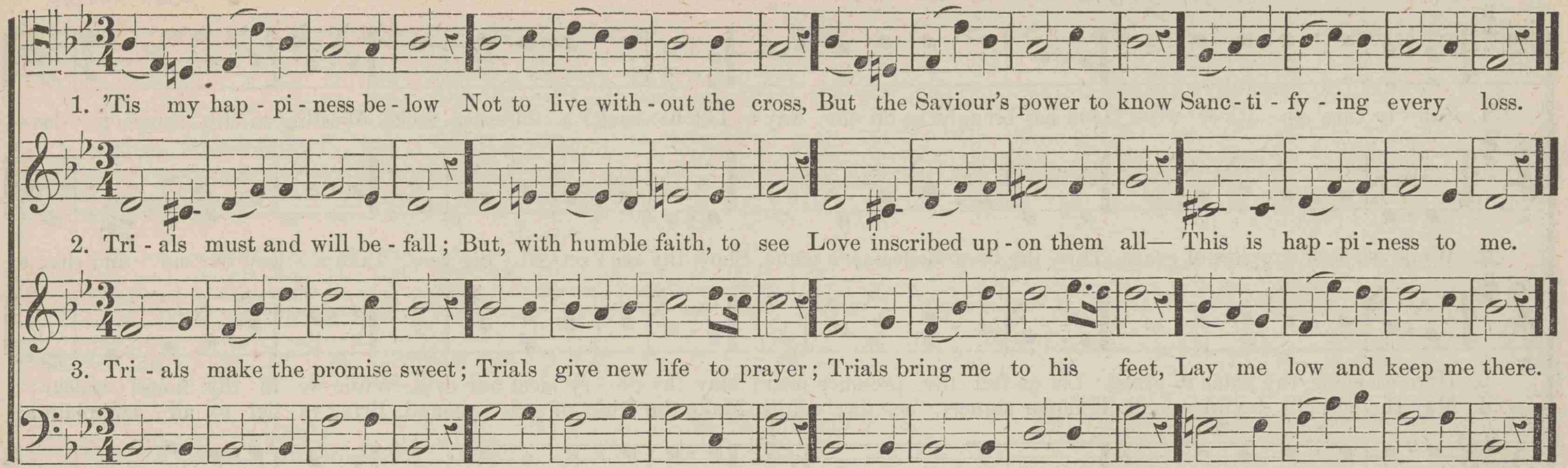
4 Let not sorrow dim your eye:
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fears your course impede:
Great your strength, if great your need.

H. K. White, Miss F. F. Maitland.

(457) HATFIELD. 7s.—W. T. Porter. (♪=88=18.)

Mary A. S. Barber.



456 MERCY. 7s.—Arr. from L. M. Gottschalk. (♩ = 88 = 18.) Wm. Cowper.

457

Prince of peace, control my will;
Bid this struggling heart be still;
Bid my fears and doubtings cease;
Hush my spirit into peace.

2 Thou hast bought me with thy blood,
Opened wide the gate of God:
Peace I ask—but peace must be,
Lord, in being one with thee.

3 May thy will, not mine, be done;
May thy will and mine be one;
Chase these doubtings from my heart—
Now thy perfect peace impart.

4 Saviour, at thy feet I fall;
Thou, my life, my God, my All.
Let thy happy servant be,
One for evermore with thee.

Mary A. S. Barber.

458

Blessèd fountain, full of grace—
Grace for sinners, grace for me—
To this source alone I trace
What I am, and hope to be:

2 What I am, as one redeemed,
Saved and rescued by the Lord,
Hating what I once esteemed,
Loving what I once abhorred;

3 What I hope to be ere long,
When I take my place above,
When I join the heavenly throng,
When I see the God of love.

4 Then I hope like him to be,
Who redeemed his saints from sin,
Whom I now obscurely see,
Through a vail that stands between.

Thos. Kelly.

459

Now the shades of night are gone;
Now the morning light is come:
Lord, may I be thine to-day;
Drive the shades of sin away;

2 Fill my soul with heavenly light,
Banish doubt, and cleanse my sight;
In thy service, Lord, to-day,
Help me labor, help me pray.

3 When my work of life is past,
O receive me, then, at last:
When I reach the heavenly shore,
Night of sin will be no more.

Unknown.

460 SABBATH. 7s. 6 l.—Lowell Mason. (♩ = 63 = 35½.) John Newton.

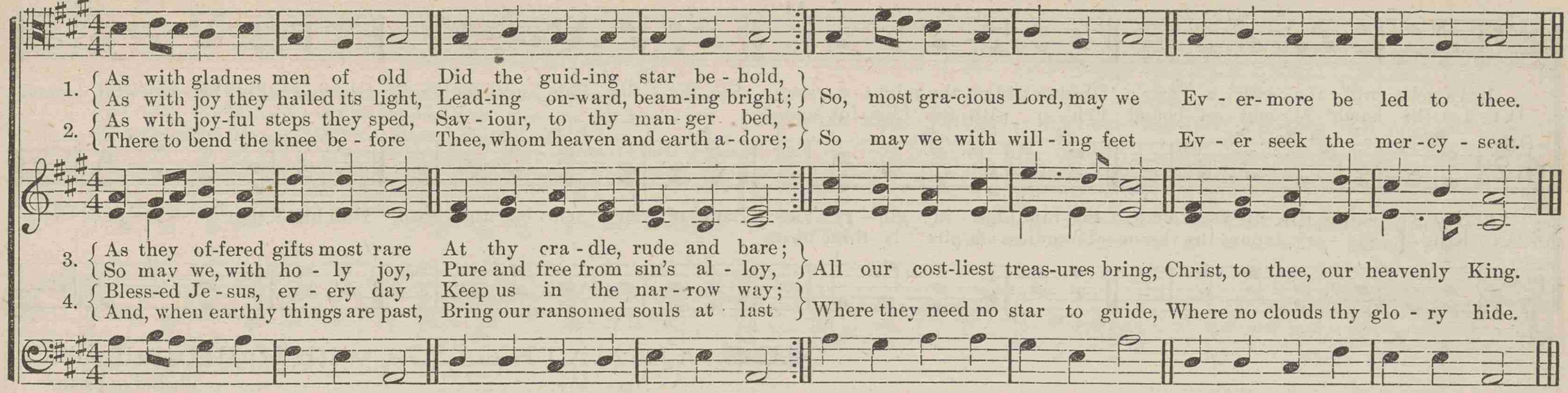
1. Safe - ly thro' an - oth-er week God has brought us on our way: Let us each a blessing seek, Waiting in his courts to - day—
2. While we seek supplies of grace, Thro' the blest Redeemer's name, Show thy rec - on - cil - ing face, Take a - way our sin and shame;
3. Here we come, thy name to praise: Let us feel thy presence near; May thy glo - ry meet our eyes, While we in thy house appear;
4. May the gospel's joyful sound Conquer sinners, comfort saints, Make the fruits of grace abound, Bring re - lief to all complaints;

Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e - ter - nal rest, Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e - ter - nal rest.

From our worldly care set free, May we rest this day in thee, From our worldly care, set free, May we rest this day in thee.

Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing rest, Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last-ing rest.
Thus let all our worship prove, Till we join thy courts a - bove, Thus let all our worship prove, Till we join thy courts a - bove.

461 DIX. 7s. 6 l.—Conrad Kocher. (♩=72=27.) W. C. Dix.



462

Glory, glory to our King!
Crowns unfading wreathe his head!
Jesus is the name we sing—
Jesus, risen from the dead;
Jesus, Victor o'er the grave;
Jesus, mighty now to save.

2 Now behold him high enthroned,
Glory beaming from his face
By adoring angels owned
God of holiness and grace.
O for hearts and tongues to sing,
Glory, glory to our King!

3 Jesus, on thy people shine:
Warm our hearts and tune our tongues,
That with angels we may join—
Share their bliss, and swell their songs.
Glory, honor, praise, and power,
Lord, be thine for evermore!

Thomas Kelly.

463

If 'tis sweet to mingle where
Christians meet for social prayer;
If 'tis sweet with them to raise
Songs of holy joy and praise,
Passing sweet that state must be
Where they meet eternally.

2 Saviour, may these meetings prove
Antepasts to that above;
While we worship in this place,
May we go from grace to grace,
Till we each, in his degree,
Fit for endless glory be.

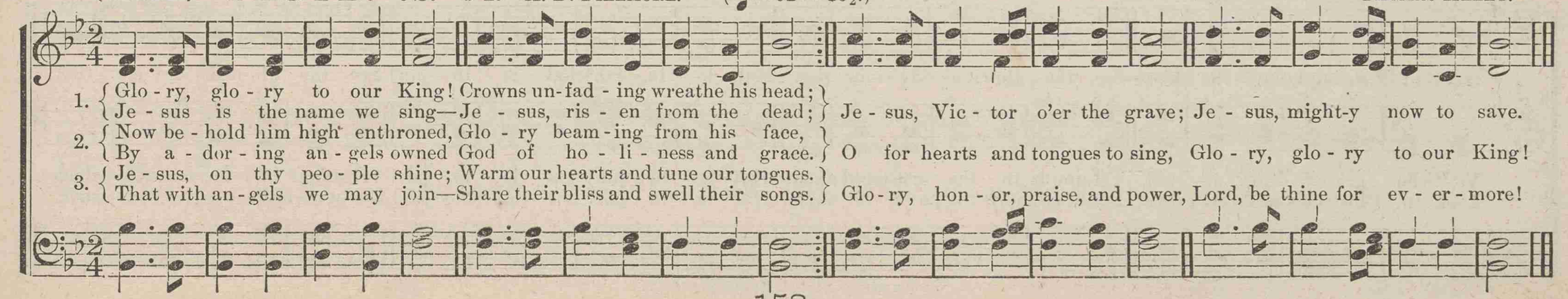
Unknown.

464

Glory be to God on high—
God, whose glory fills the sky!
Glory to the Lamb be given—
Glory in the highest heaven!
Wisdom, riches, praise, and power
Be to God for evermore!

Unknown.

(462) FLOYD. 7s. 6 l.—A. D. Fillmore. (♩=92=16½.) Thomas Kelly.



465 AMBOY. 7s. D.—Lowell Mason. (♩ = 60 = 39.)

Thomas Scott.

Fine.

1. An-gels, roll the rock a - way; Death, yield up thy might-y prey: See, the Sav - iour leaves the tomb, Glowing with im - mor - tal bloom.
D. C. Let the earth's re - mot - est bound Ech - o with the bliss-ful sound.

2. Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes; See him high in glo - ry rise: Ranks of an - gels on the road, Hail him—the in - car - nate God.
D. C. King of glo - ry, mount thy throne—Boundless em-pire is thine own.

Hark! the wondering an-gels raise Louder notes of joy - ful praise:

D. C.

Heaven un-folds its por-tals wide: See the Conqueror thro' them ride!

466 ARIMATHEA. 7s, with Hallelujah.—C. F. R.

(♪ = 96 = 15¼)

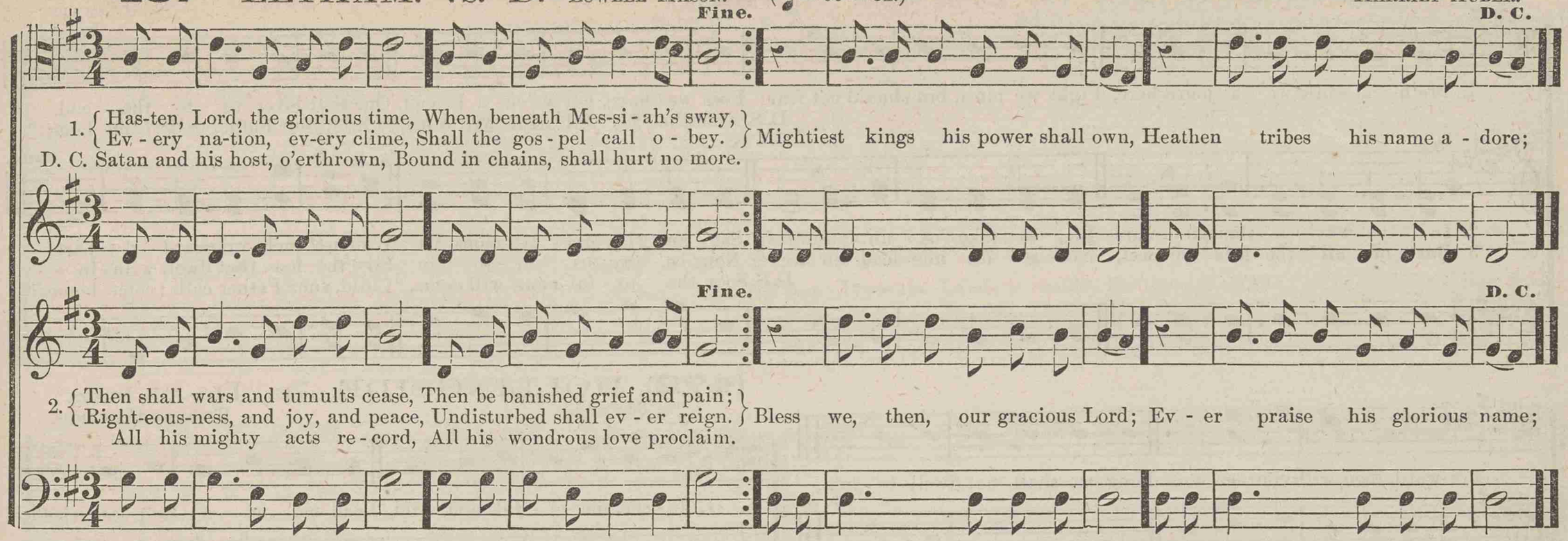
W. B. Collyer.

1. Morn-ing breaks up-on the tomb; Je - sus dis - si-pates its gloom;
2. Drive your anxious cares a-way; See the place where Je-sus lay;
3. Christians, dry your flow-ing tears; Chase those un - be-liev - ing fears:

Day of tri-umph thro' the skies—See the glo-rious Sav - iour rise. Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! See the glo-rious Sav-iour rise.

Ye, who are of death a - fraid, Tri-umph in the scat-tered shade: Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Tri-umph in the scat-tered shade
Look on his de - sert - ed grave; Doubt no more his power to save: Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Doubt no more his power to save.

By permission of F. J. Huntington & Co.

467 ELTHAM. 7s. D.—Lowell Mason. (♩=66=32.) Harriet Auber.

468

Peace! the welcome sound proclaim;
Dwell with rapture on the theme;
Loud, still louder swell the strain—
Peace on earth, good-will to men!
Breezes, whispering soft and low,
Gently murmur as ye blow,
Now, when war and discord cease
Praises to the God of peace.

2 Ocean's billows, far and wide
Rolling in majestic pride,
Loud, still louder swell the strain:
Peace on earth, good-will to men!
Vocal songsters of the grove,
Sweetly chant in notes of love,
Now, when war and discord cease,
Praises to the God of peace.

Unknown.

469

Thou who roll'st the year around,
Crowned with mercies large and free,
Rich thy gifts to us abound,
Warm our praise shall rise to thee.
Kindly to our worship bow,
While our grateful thanks we tell,
That, sustained by thee, we now
Bid the parting year farewell.

2 All its numbered days are sped,
All its busy scenes are o'er,
All its joys forever fled,
All its sorrows felt no more.
Mingled with th' eternal past,
Its remembrance shall decay-
Yet to be revived at last
At the solemn judgment day.

3 All our follies, Lord, forgive;
Cleanse us from each guilty stain;
Let thy grace within us live,
That we spend not years in vain.
Then, when life's last eve shall come,
Happy spirits, may we fly
To our everlasting home,
To our Father's house on high.

Ray Palmer.

470 BENEVENTO. 7s. D.—S. Webbe. (♩ = 88 = 18.)

J. Swain.

1. Breth-ren, while we so-journ here, Fight we must, but should not fear; Foes we have, but we've a Friend, One that loves us to the end.
D. S. Soon the joy-ful news will come, "Child, your Father calls: come home."

2. In the way a thousand snares Lie, to take us un-a-wares; Sat-an, with ma-li-cious art, Watches each un-guard-ed part;
3. But of all the foes we meet, None so oft mis-lead our feet— None be-tray us un-to sin Like the foes that dwell with-in.
D. S. Soon the joy-ful news will come, "Child, your Father calls: come home."

For-ward, then, with courage go: Long we shall not dwell be-low;
But from Sat-an's mal-ice free, Saints shall soon vic-to-rious be;
Yet let nothing spoil our peace: Christ shall al-so con-quer these;

(472) HOLLINGSIDE. 7s. D.—J. B. Dykes.

(♩ = 66 = 32.)

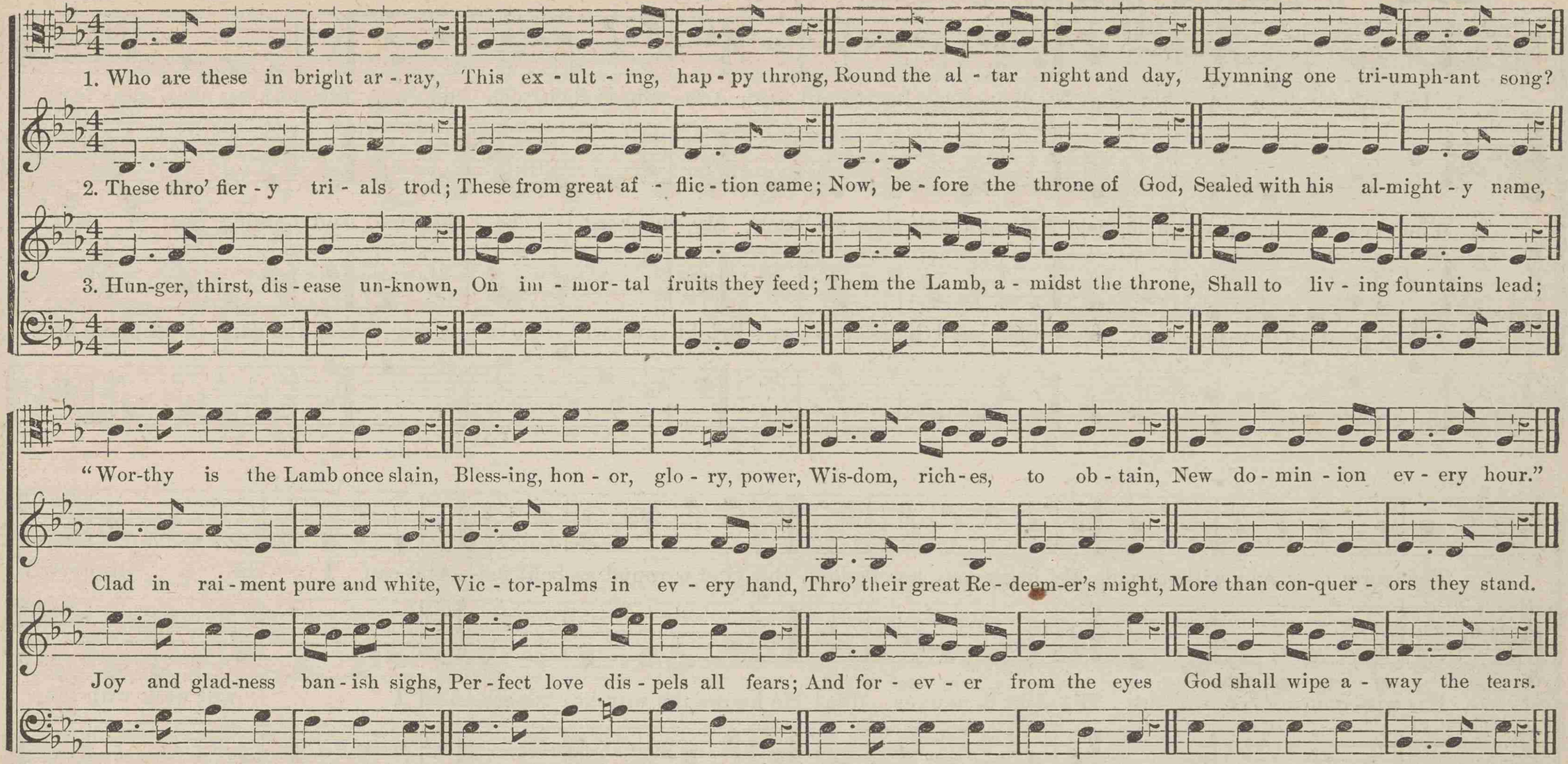
Thomas Hastings.

1. Je-sus, mer-ci-ful and mild, Lead me as a help-less child;
2. Thou canst fit me by thy grace, For the heavenly dwell-ing-place;

On no oth-er arm but thine Would my wea-ry soul re-cline; Thou art read-y to for-give, Thou canst bid the sin-ner live:
D. S. Guide the wanderer, day by day, In the strait and nar-row way.

All thy prom-is-es are sure, Ev-er shall thy love en-dure. Then what more could I de-sire? How to great-er bliss as-pire?
D. S. All I need, in thee I see, Thou art all in all to me.

471 IVES. 7s. D.—Arr. by ELAM IVES. (♩ = 88 = 18.) JAS. MONTGOMERY.



472

JESUS, merciful and mild,
Lead me as a helpless child:
On no other arm but thine
Would my weary soul recline;
Thou art ready to forgive,
Thou canst bid the sinner live:
Guide the wanderer day by day,
In the strait and narrow way.

2 Thou canst fit me by thy grace,
For the heavenly dwelling-place;
All thy promises are sure,
Ever shall thy love endure.
Then what more could I desire?
How to greater bliss aspire?
All I need, in thee I see;
Thou art all in all to me.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

473

THINE forever—God of love,
Hear us from thy throne above—
Thine forever may we be,
Here and in eternity.
Thine forever—Lord of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife;
Thou, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

2 Thine forever—Saviour, keep
These thy frail and trembling sheep;
Safe alone beneath thy care,
Let us all thy goodness share.
Thine forever—thou our Guide,
All our wants by thee supplied
All our sins by thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.

MRS. MARY F. MAUDE.

474 WARING. 7s & 6s.—MENDELSSOHN. (♩ = 69 = 29½.) ANNA L. WARING.

1. In heavenly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear; And safe is such con - fid - ing, For noth-ing chan - ges here.

2. Wher - ev - er he may guide me, No want shall turn me back; My Shepherd is be - side me, And nothing can I lack.

3. Green pastures are be - fore me, Which yet I have not seen; Bright skies will soon be o'er me, Where the dark clouds have been.

The storm may roar without me, My heart may low be laid, But God is round a - bout me—And can I be dismayed?

His wis - dom ev - er wak-eth, His sight is nev - er dim; He knows the way he tak-eth, And I will walk with him.

My hope I can not meas-ure, My path to life is free; My Saviour has my treas-ure, And he will walk with me.

475

GOD is my strong salvation:
What foe have I to fear?
In darkness and temptation,
My light, my help, is near.

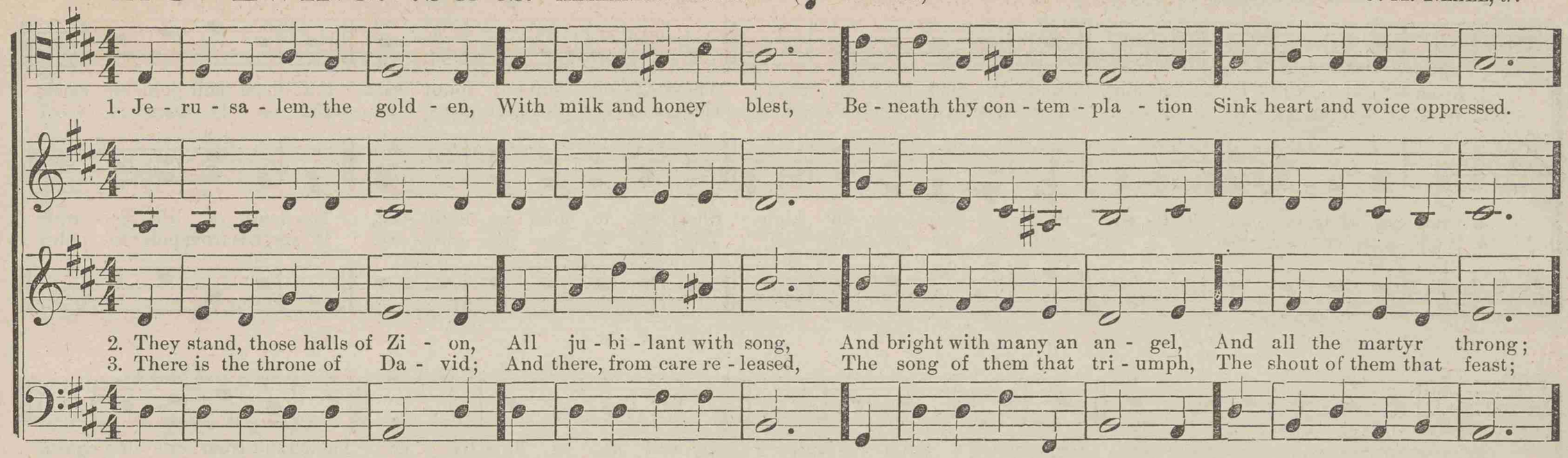
Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm in the fight I stand:
What terror can confound me,
With God at my right hand?

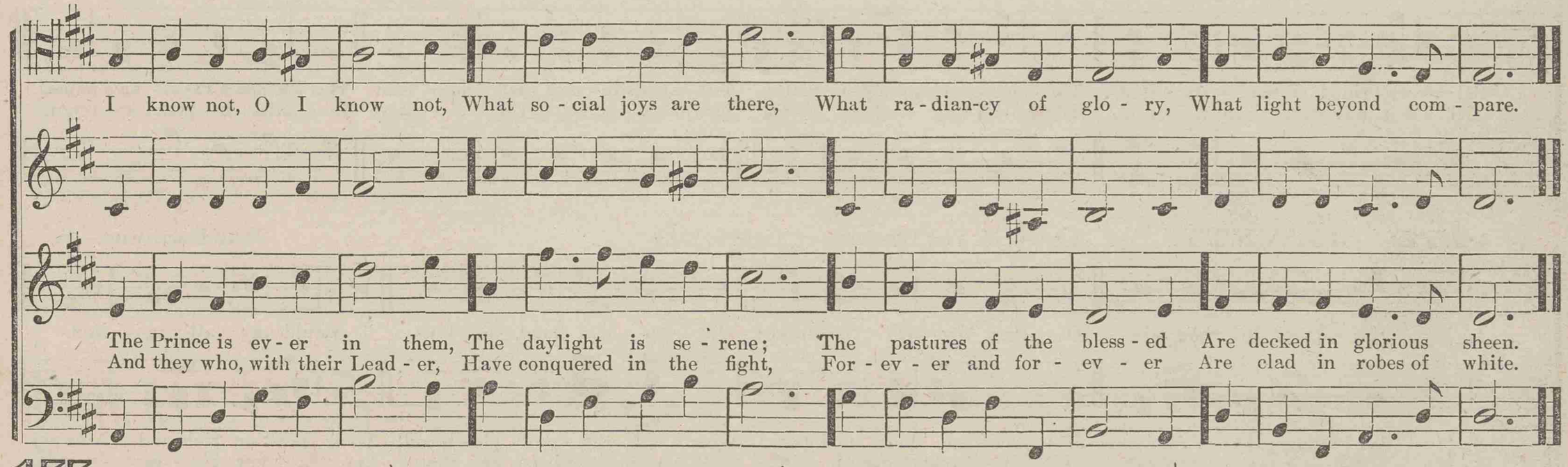
2 Place on the Lord reliance;
My soul, with courage wait;
His truth be thine affiance
When faint and desolate.

His might thy heart shall strengthen,
His love thy joy increase;
Mercy thy days shall lengthen;
The Lord will give thee peace.

JAS. MONTGOMERY.

476 EWING. 7s & 6s.—Alexander Ewing. (♩=72=27.) J. M. Neale, *tr.*





477

1 We have no home but heaven;
A pilgrim's garb we wear;
Our path is marked by changes,
And strewed with many a care;
Surrounded with temptation,
By varied ills oppressed,
Each day's experience warns us
That this is not our rest.

2 We have no home but heaven—
We want no home beside:
O God, our Friend and Father,
Our footsteps thither guide;
Unfold to us its glory,
Prepare us for its joy,
Its pure and perfect friendship,
Its angel-like employ. Unknown.

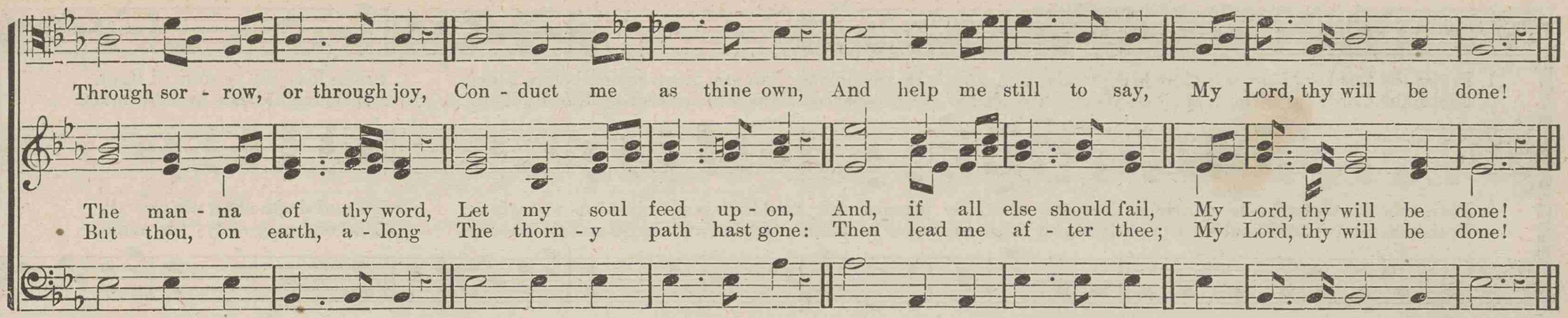
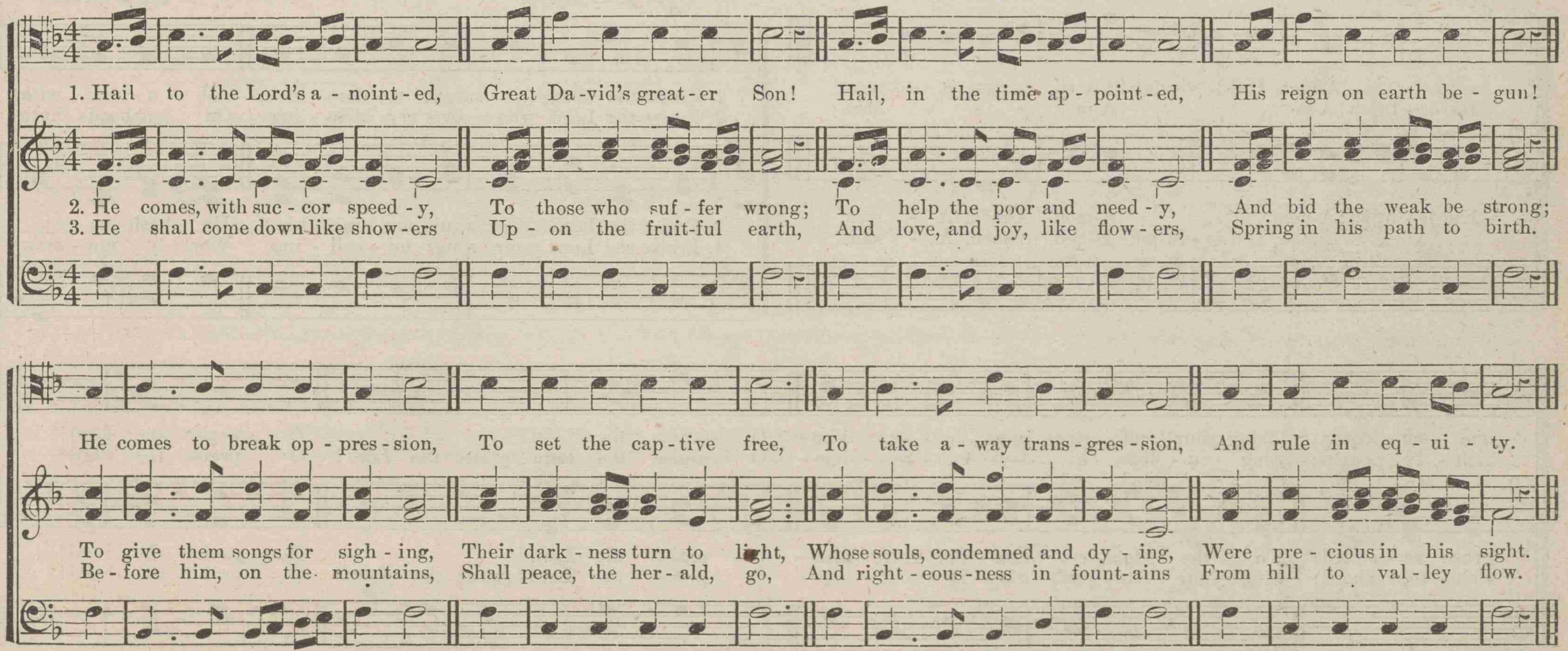
478 MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 6s. D.—Lowell Mason. (♩ = 80 = 22.) R. Heber.

1. From Greenland's i - cy mount-ains, From In - dia's cor - al strand; Where Af - ric's sun - ny fount - ains Roll down their gold - en sand;
2. What though the spi - cy breez - es Blow soft o'er Cey - lon's isle— Though ev - ery pros-pect pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile!
3. Shall we, whose souls are light - ed By wis - dom from on high— Shall we, to man be - night - ed, The lamp of life de - ny?
4. Waft—waft, ye winds, his sto - ry; And you, ye wa - ters, roll, Till, like a sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole;

From many an an - cient riv - er, From many a palm - y plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.
In vain, with lav - ish kind - ness, The gifts of God are strown; The heath-en, in their blind - ness, Bow down to wood and stone.
Sal - va - tion! O sal - va - tion! The joy - ful sound pro - claim, Till earth's re - mot - est na - tion Has learned Mes - si - ah's name.
Till o'er our ran-somed na - ture, The Lamb, for sin-ners slain, Re - deem - er, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss re - turns to reign.

479 JEWETT. 6s. D.—C. M. Von Weber. (♩ = 69 = 29½.) Jane Borthwick—*tr.*

1. My Sav - iour, as thou wilt— O may thy will be mine! In - to thy hand of love I would my all re - sign.
2. My Sav - iour, as thou wilt— If need - y here and poor, Give me thy peo - ple's bread, Their por-tion rich and sure;
3. My Sav - iour, as thou wilt: If a - mong thorns I go, Still sometimes here and there Let a few ros - es blow.

JEWETT. Concluded.

480 MENDEBRAS. 7s & 6s. D.—Arr. by LOWELL MASON. (♩ = 84 = 20.) JAS. MONTGOMERY.

481 PEREZ. 8s & 7s, with Hallelujah.—Lowell Mason. (♩ = 100 = 14.) J. Kempthorne.

1. Praise the Lord; ye heavens, adore him; Praise him, angels in the height; Sun and moon rejoice before him; Praise him, all ye stars of light.
2. Praise the Lord: for he hath spoken; Worlds his mighty voice o-beyed; Laws which never shall be bro-ken, For their guidance he hath made.
3. Praise the Lord: for he is glorious; Nev-er shall his promise fail; God hath made his saints victorious; Sin and death shall not prevail.
4. Praise the God of our sal - va-tion; Hosts on high his power proclaim; Heaven and earth, and all creation, Laud and mag-ni-fy his name.

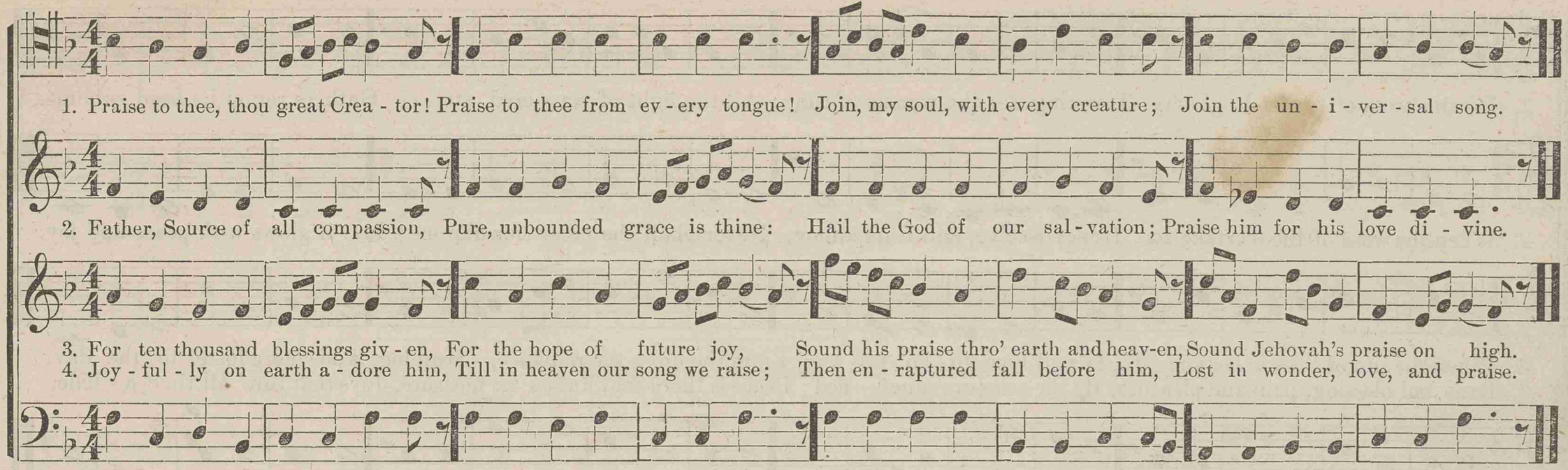
A-men, Hal-le - lu-jah! A-men, A-men, A - men.
Hal-le - lujah! A-men, A-men, A - - men.
Hal-le - lujah! A-men, A-men, A-men, A - men.
A-men, Hal-le - lu-jah! A-men, A-men, A - men.

482 SKENE. 8s, 7s & 4.—Jas. H. Fillmore.

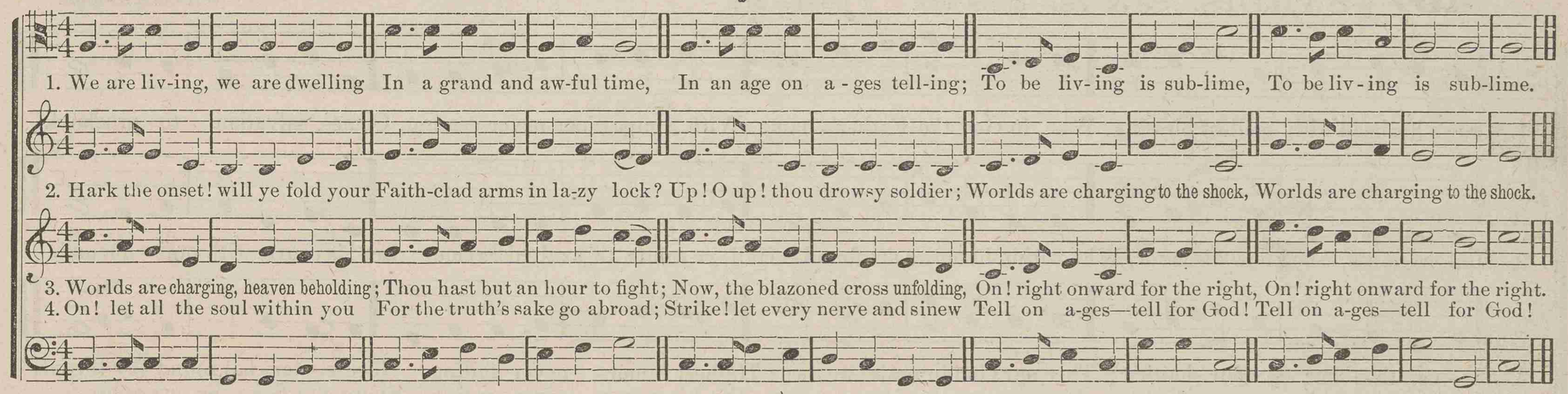
(♩ = 92 = 16½.) Benj. Skene.

1. Praise the Lord; ye saints, a - dore him; All u - nite with one ac - cord; Bring your off - erings, come be - fore him— O praise the Lord! O praise the Lord!
2. Praise the Lord, who ev - ery bless - ing On our heads hath rich - ly poured; Sing a - loud, his love con - fess - ing— O praise the Lord! praise the Lord! O praise the Lord!
3. Praise the Lord! Who would not praise him? He hath us to grace re - stored: To the high - est hon - ors raise him— O praise the Lord! O praise the Lord!
4. Praise the Lord, your songs ex - cell - ing World-ly mu - sic's rich - est chord; Sing—your Sav - iour's glo - ry tell - ing— O praise the Lord! praise the Lord! O praise the Lord!

483 SOLNEY. 8s & 7s.—I. A. P. Schulz. (♩=84=20.) J. Fawcett.



484 ESSEX. 8s & 7s.—Thomas Clark. (♩= 80 = 22.) A. C. Coxe.



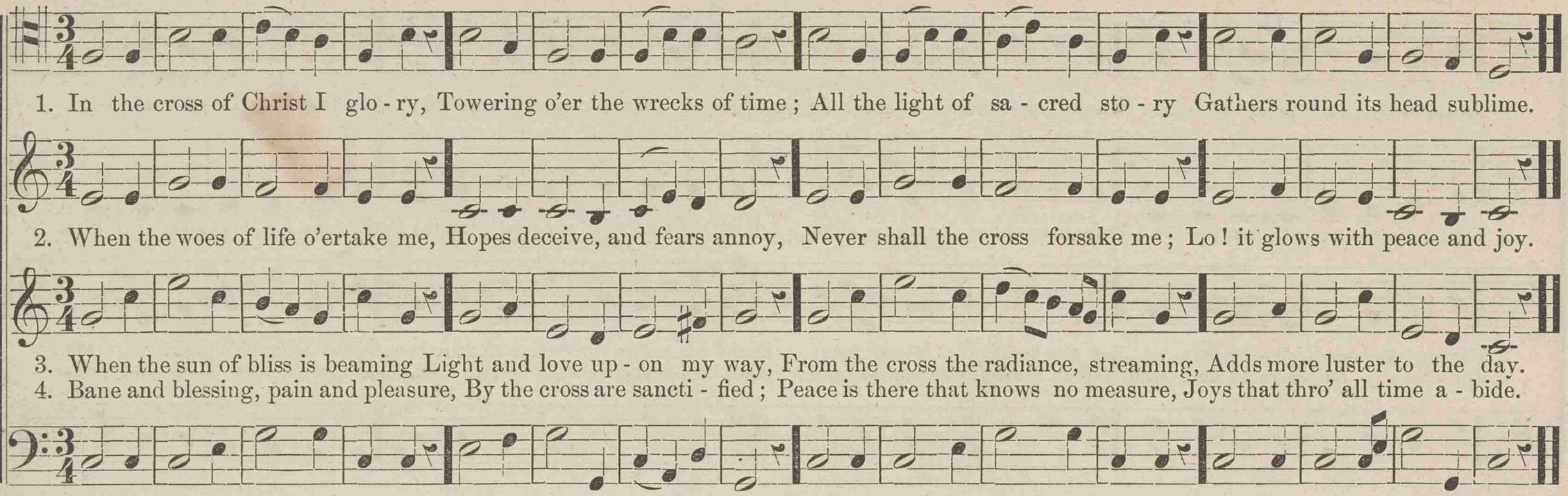
485

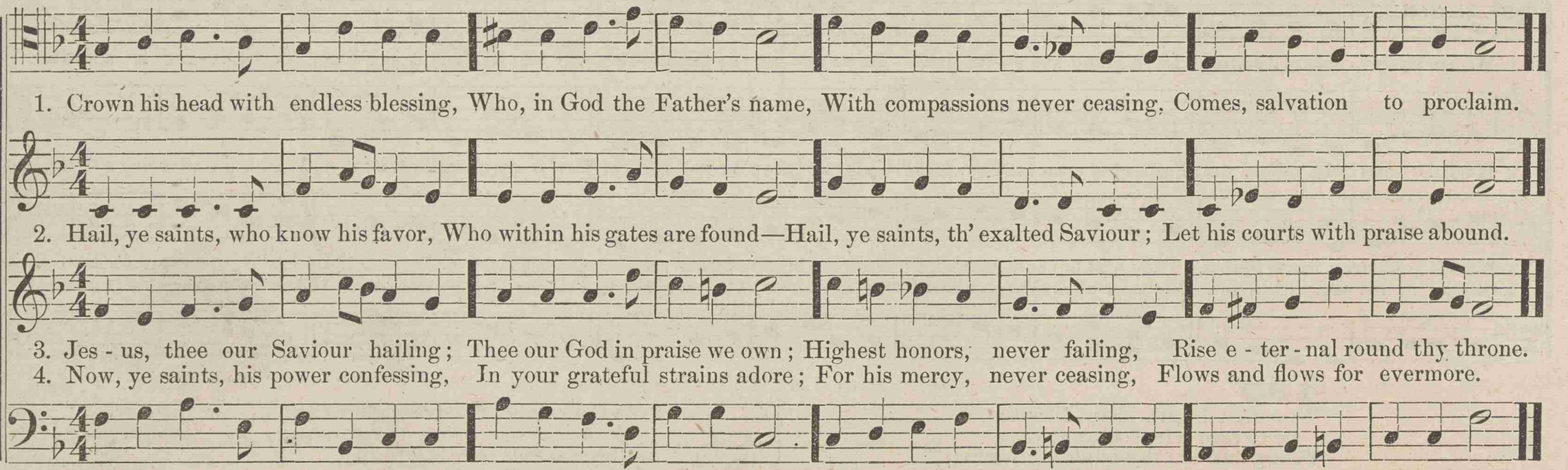
Worship, honor, glory, blessing,
Be to him who reigns above;
Young and old thy name confessing,
Saviour, let us share thy love.

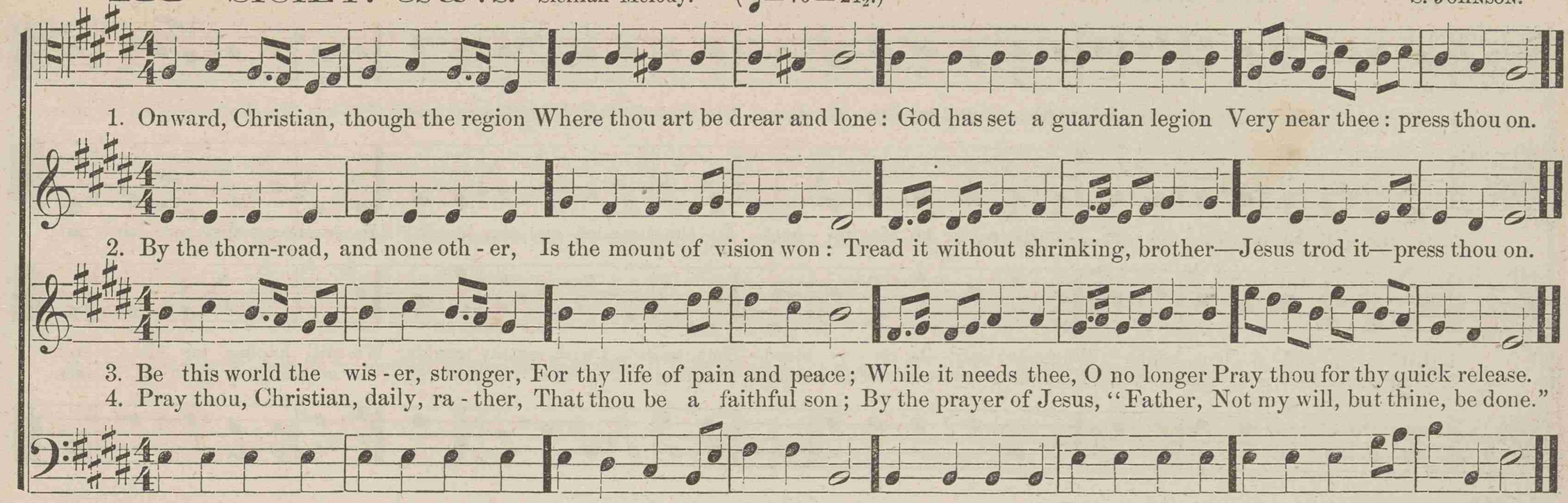
2 As the saints in heaven adore thee,
We would bow before thy throne;
As thine angels bow before thee,
So on earth thy will be done.

Unknown.

486 RATHBUN. 8s & 7s.—Ithamar Conkey. (♩ = 92 = 16½.) J. Bowring.



487 SARDIS. 8s & 7s.—Beethoven. (♩ = 84 = 20.) William Goode.

488 SICILY. 8s & 7s.—Sicilian Melody. (♩ = 76 = 24½.) S. JOHNSON.



489

PRAISE the Saviour, all ye nations,
Praise him, all ye hosts above;
Shout, with joyful acclamations,
His divine, victorious love.

2 Be his kingdom now promoted,
Let the earth her Monarch know;
Be my all to him devoted:
To my Lord my all I owe.

3 With my substance I will honor
My Redeemer and my Lord;
Were ten thousand worlds my manor,
All were nothing to his word.

4 While the heralds of salvation
His abounding grace proclaim,
Let his friends of every station
Gladly join to spread his fame.

BENJ. FRANCIS

490

CAST thy bread upon the waters,
Thinking not 'tis thrown away:
God himself saith, thou shalt gather
It again some future day.

2 Cast thy bread upon the waters:
Wildly though the billows roll,
They but aid thee as thou toilest
Truth to spread from pole to pole.

3 As the seed, by billows floated
To some distant island lone,
So to human souls benighted,
That thou flingest may be borne.

4 Cast thy bread upon the waters.
Why wilt thou still doubting stand?
Bounteous shall God send the harvest,
If thou sow'st with liberal hand.

J. H. HANAFORD.

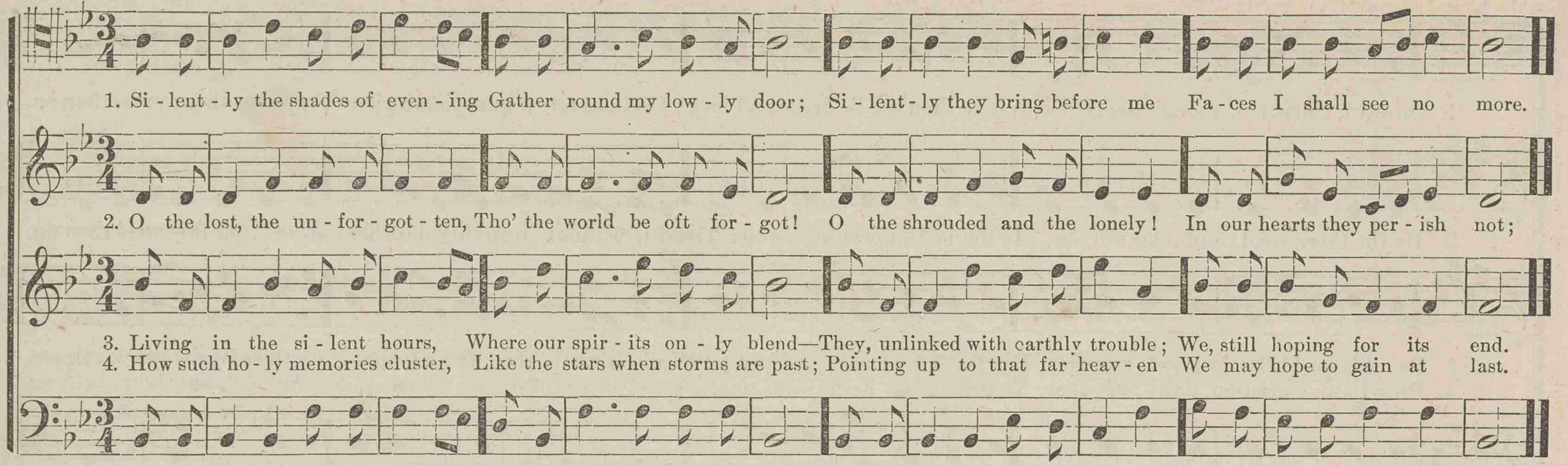
491

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing;
Bid us now depart in peace;
Still on heavenly manna feeding,
Let our faith and love increase.

2 Fill each breast with consolation:
Up to thee our hearts we raise;
When we reach our blissful station,
Then we'll give thee nobler praise.

E. SMYTHE.

492 STOCKWELL. 8s & 7s.—D. E. Jones. (♩ = 60 = 39.) C. C. Cox.



493

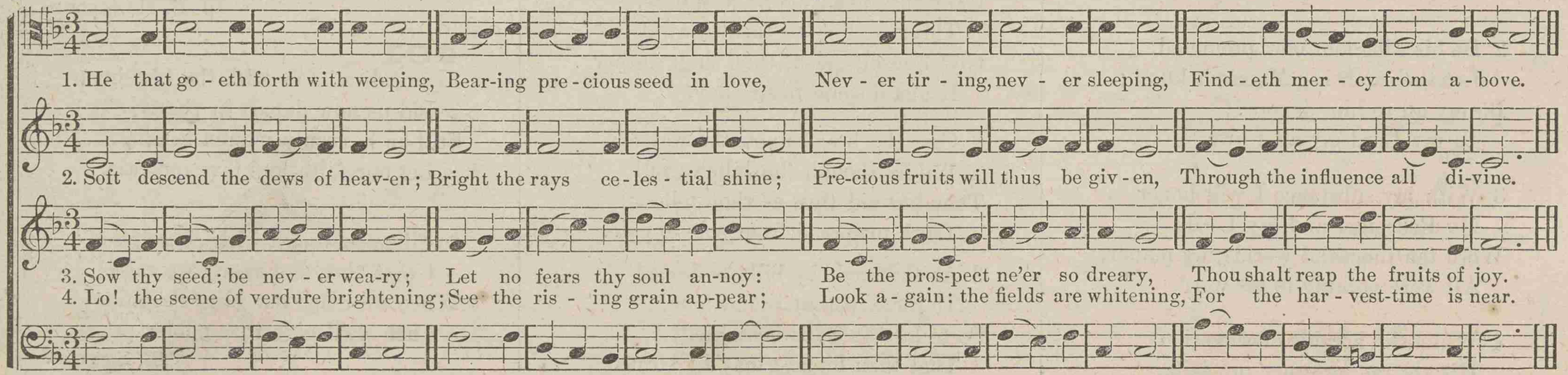
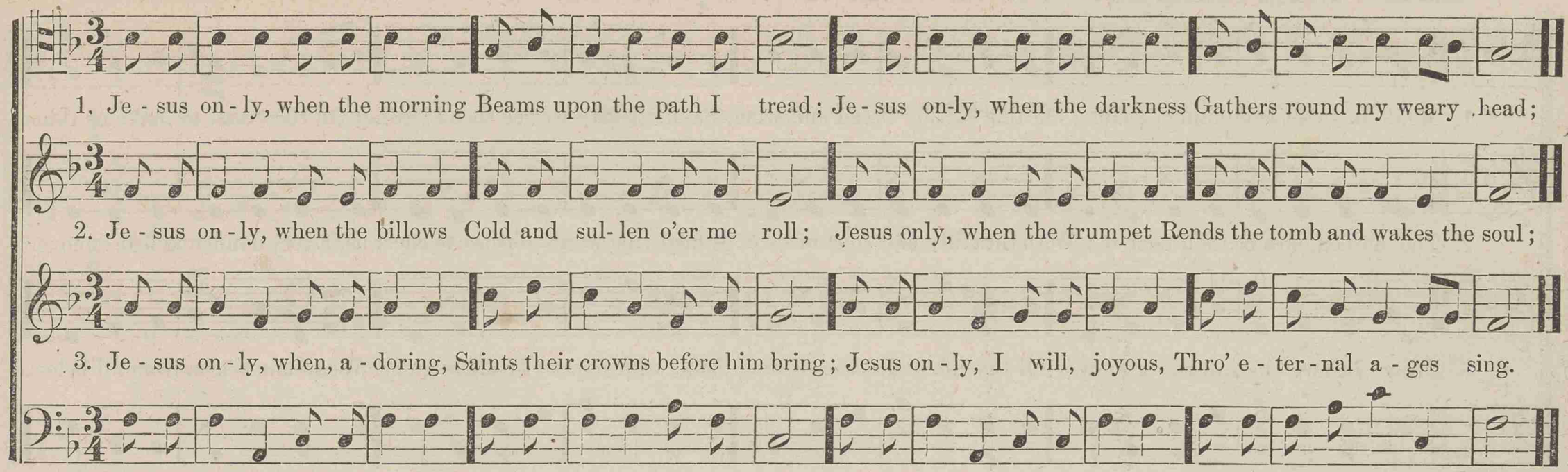
SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal.
Sin and want we come confessing:
Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.

2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel guards from thee surround us—
We are safe if thou art nigh.

3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness can not hide from thee;
Thou art he who, never weary,
Watchest where thy people be.

4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in bright and deathless bloom.

J. EDMESTON.

(495) THOMAS. 8s & 7s.—Fred. A. Fillmore. (♩ = 84 = 20.) Thos. Hastings.

494 DORRNANCE. 8s & 7s.—I. B. Woodbury. (♩ = 63 = 35½.) E. Nason.

495

He that goeth forth with weeping—
Bearing precious seed in love,
Never tiring, never sleeping,
Findeth mercy from above.

2 Soft descend the dews of heavén;
Bright the rays celestial shine;
Precious fruits will thus be givén,
Through the influence all divine.

2 Sow thy seed; be never weary;
Let no fear thy soul annoy:
Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,
Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.

4 Lo! the scene of verdure brightening;
See the rising grain appear;
Look again: the fields are whitening,
For the harvest-time is near.

Thomas Hastings.

496

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 our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in him to God.

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

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

John Newton.

497

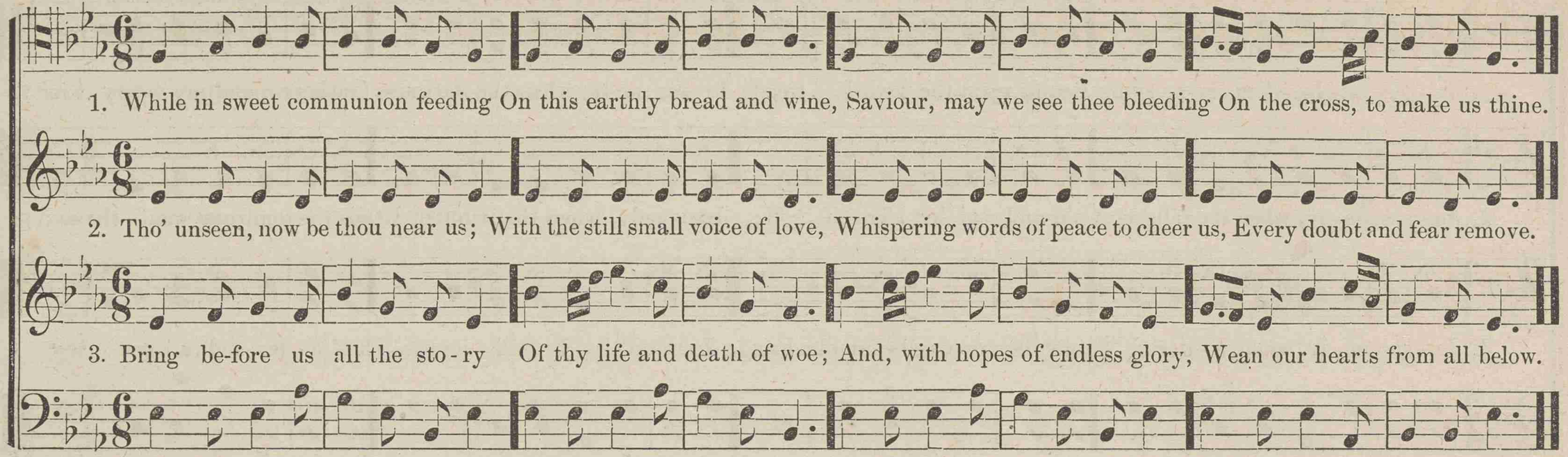
Take my heart, O Father; mold it
In obedience to thy will;
And, as ripening years unfold it,
Keep it true and childlike still.

2 Father, keep it pure and lowly,
Strong and brave, yet free from strife,
Turning from the paths unholy
Of a vain or sinful life.

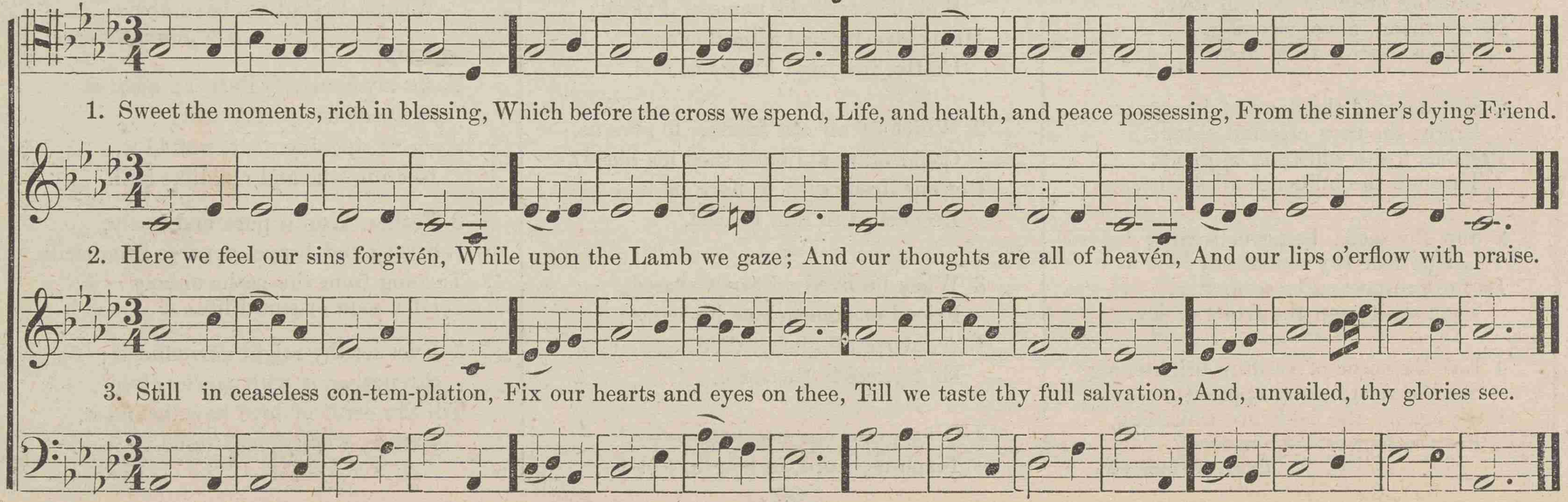
3 Ever let thy might surround it;
Strengthen it with power divine,
Till thy cords of love have bound it,
Father, wholly unto thine.

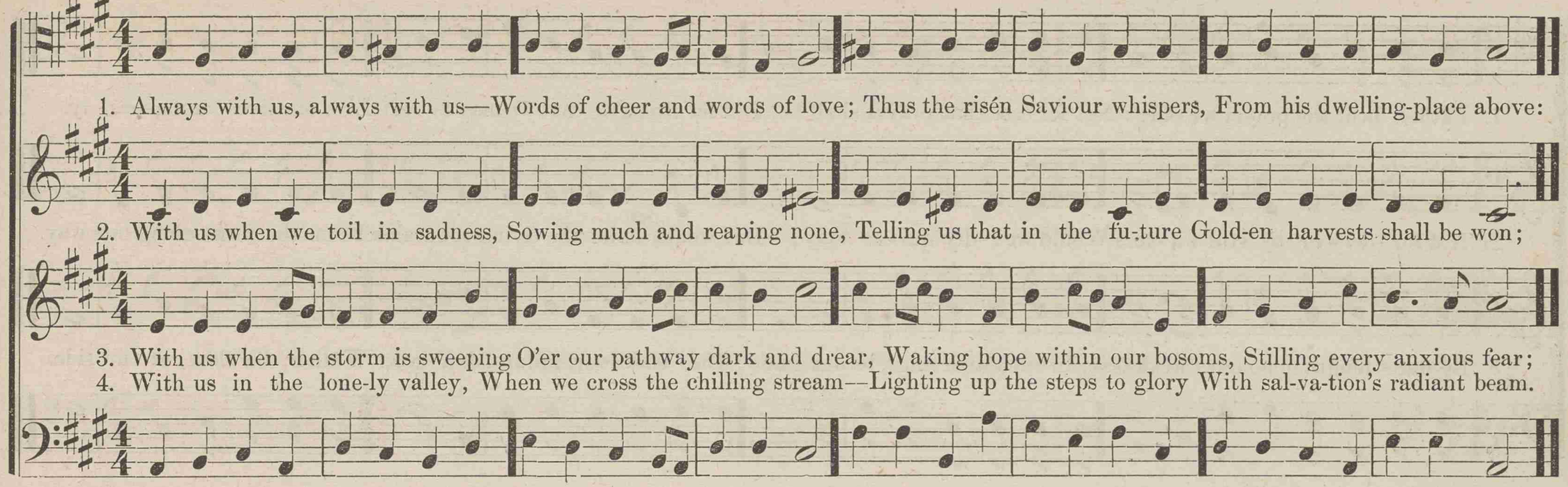
Unknown.

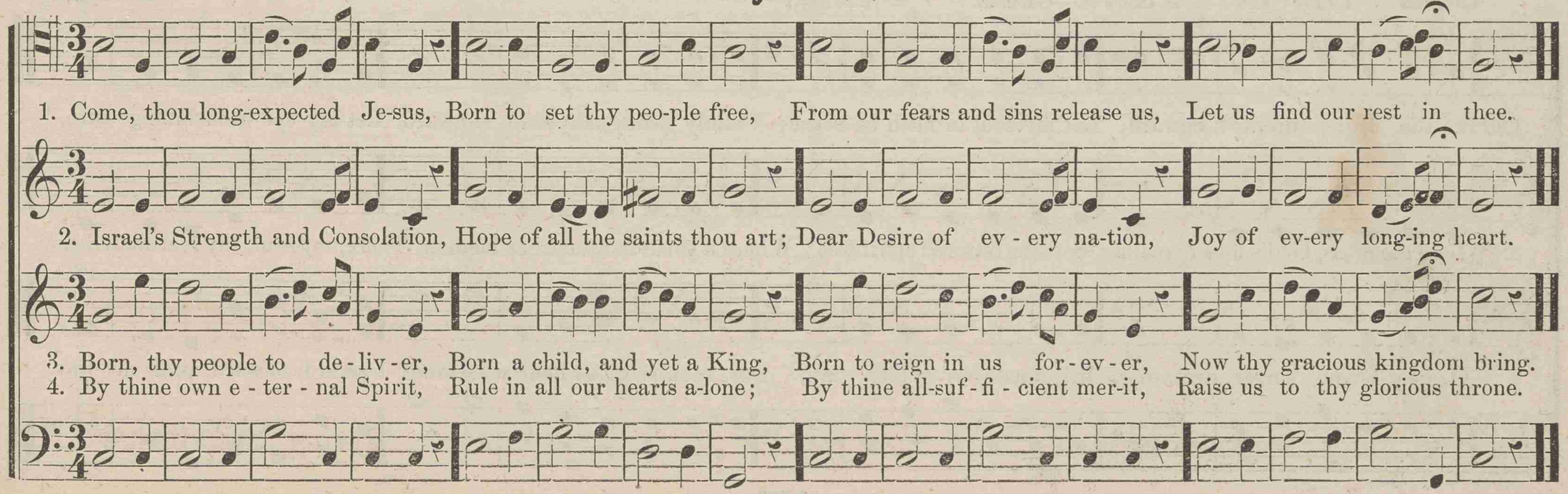
498 BARTIMEUS. 8s & 7s.—Stephen Jenks. (♪ = 112 = 11¼.) Edward Denny.



499 STEARNS. 8s & 7s.—Joseph Mazzinghi. (♩ = 80 = 22.) J. Allen.



500 CARTER. 8s & 7s.—E. S. Carter. (♩ = 88 = 18.) E. H. Nevin.

501 WILSON. 8s & 7s.—Mendelssohn. (♩ = 80 = 22.) Charles Wesley.



502 ST. SYLVESTER. 8s & 7s.—J. B. Dykes. (♩ = 63 = 35½.) Anon.

1. Father, hear the prayer we offer: Not for ease that prayer shall be, But for strength, that we may ev - er Live our lives courageous - ly.

2. Not for - ev - er by still wa - ters Would we i - dly qui - et stay; But would smite the living fountains From the rocks along our way.

3. Be our strength in hours of weakness; In our wanderings, be our guide; Thro' endeavor, failure, dan - ger, Father, be thou at our side.

503 DIJON. 8s & 7s.—German. (♩ = 76 = 24½.) H. Bonar.

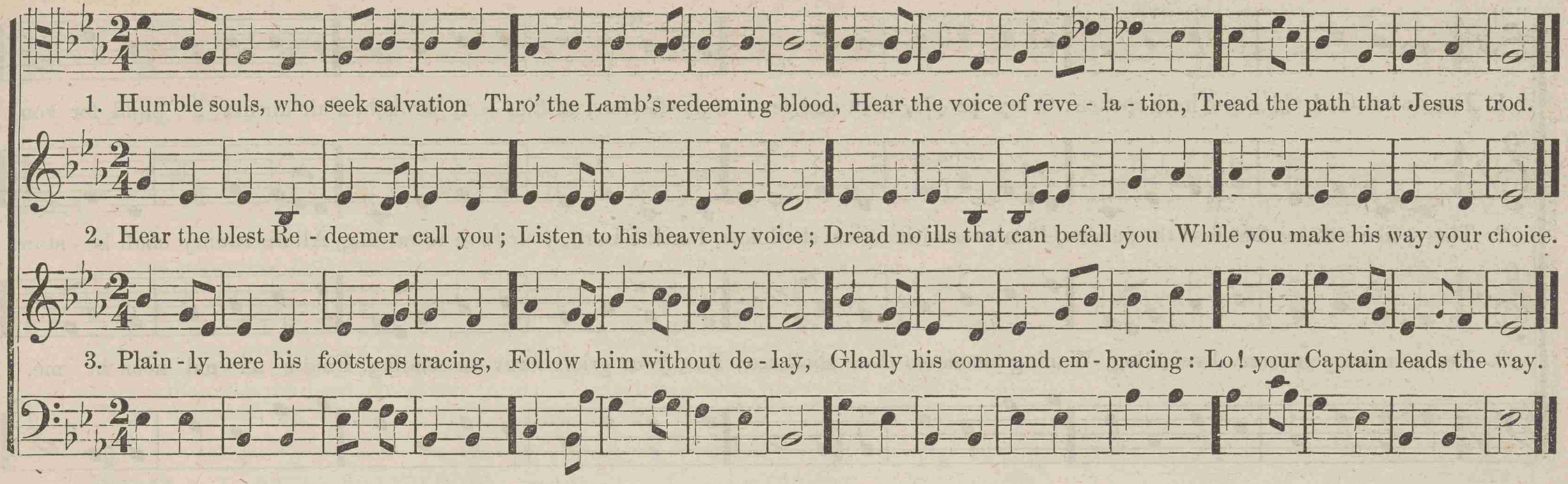
1. Like the eagle, upward, onward, Let my soul in faith be borne; Calmly gazing, skyward, sunward, Let my eye unshrinking turn.

2. Where the cross, God's love revealing, Sets the fettered spirit free; Where it sheds its wondrous healing, There, my soul, thy rest shall be.

3. O may I no longer, dreaming, Idly waste my golden day, But, each precious hour redeeming, Upward, onward, press my way.

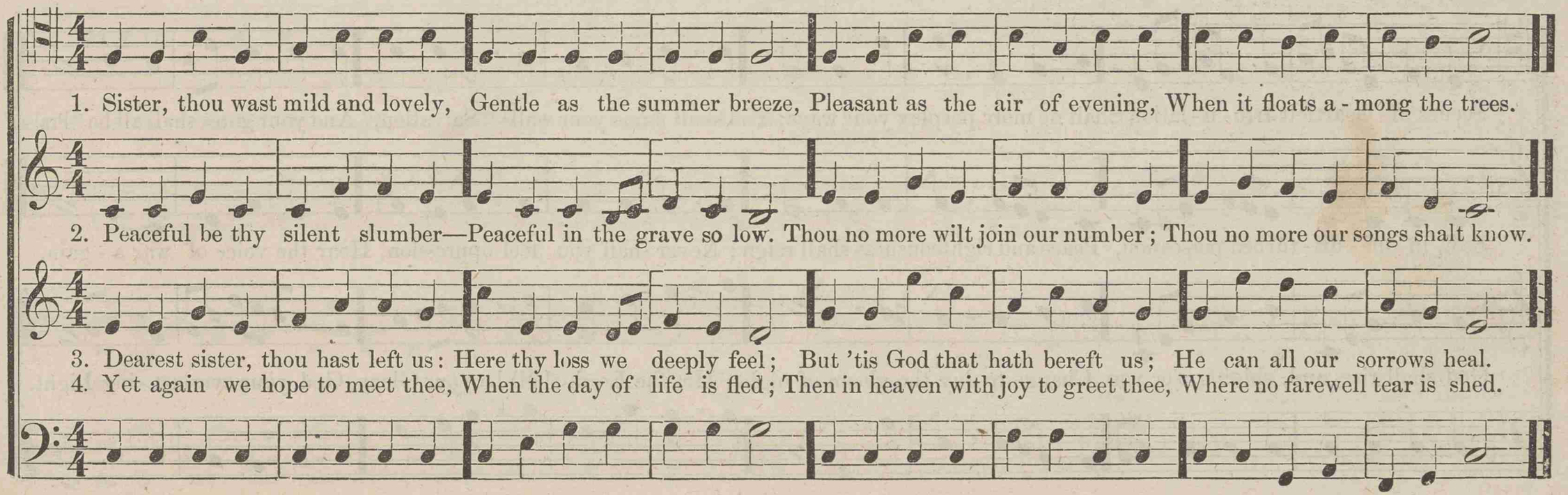
504 MILWAUKEE. 8s & 7s.—J. Zundel. (♩ = 69 = 29½.)

John Fawcett.

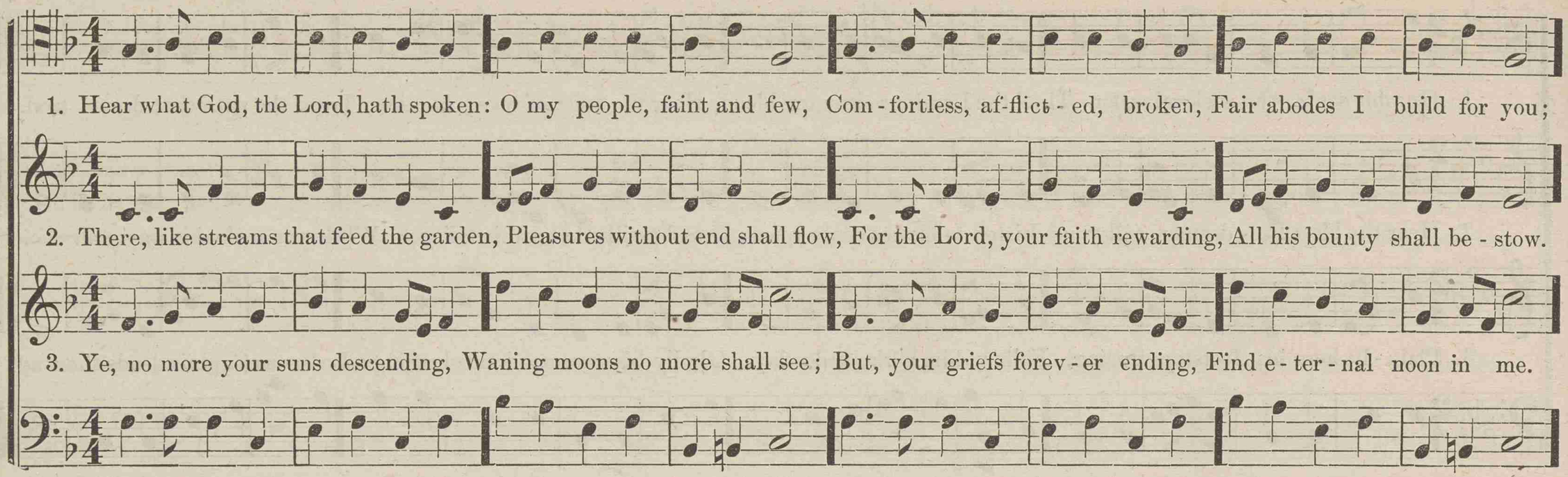


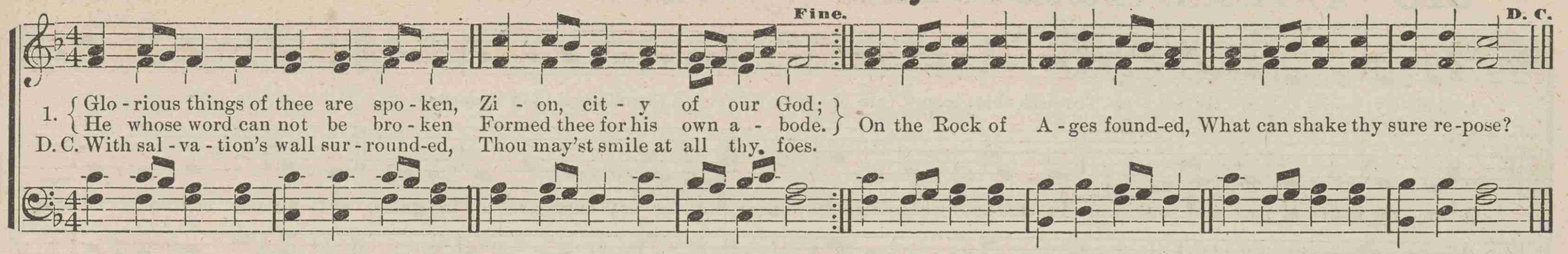
505 MOUNT VERNON. 8s & 7s.—Lowell Mason. (♩ = 60 = 39.)

S. F. Smith.



506 AUSTRIA. 8s & 7s. D.—Haydn. (♩=76=24½.) Wm. Cowper.



507 GREENVILLE. 8s & 7s. D.—J. J. Rosseau. (♩=80=22.)

2 See the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of drought remove.
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage—
Grace, which like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age?

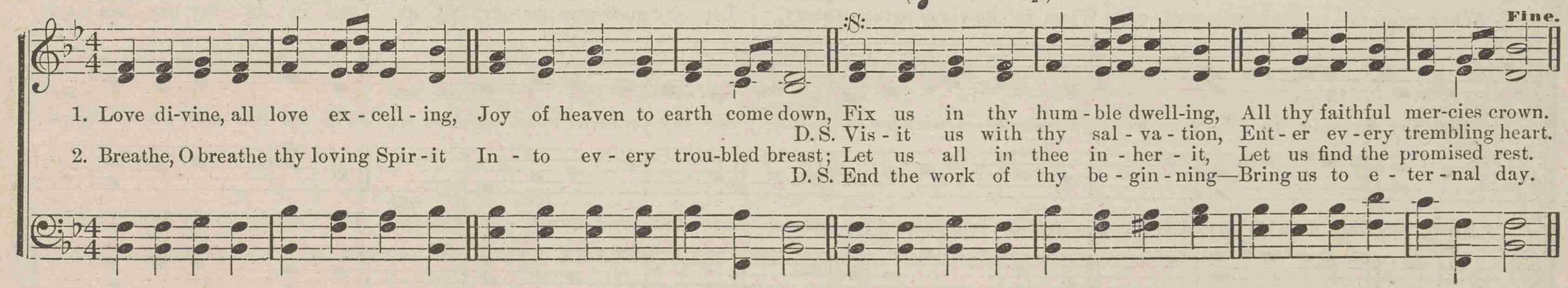
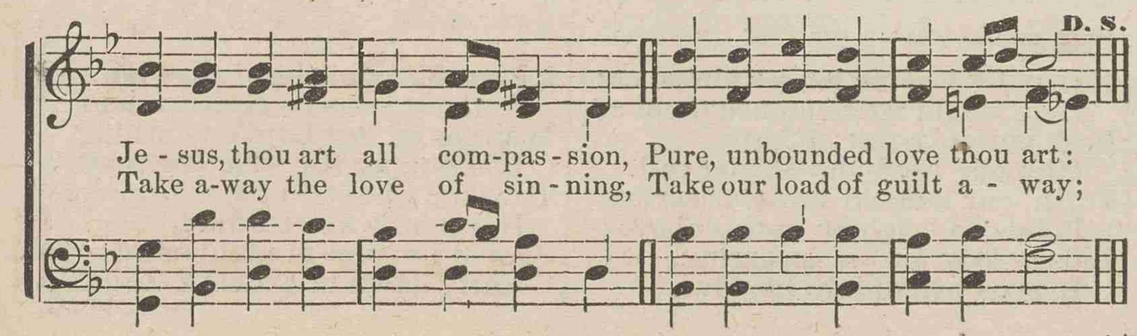
3 Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Washed in the Redeemer's blood,
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God.
'Tis his love his people raises
With himself to reign as kings;
And, as priests, his solemn praises
Each for a thank-offering brings.

4 Saviour, since of Zion's city
I through grace a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in thy name.
Fading is the worldling's treasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
Solid joy and lasting pleasure
None but Zion's children know.

John Newton.

508 LOVE DIVINE. 8s & 7s. D.—John Zundel. (♩=76=24½.)

Charles Wesley.

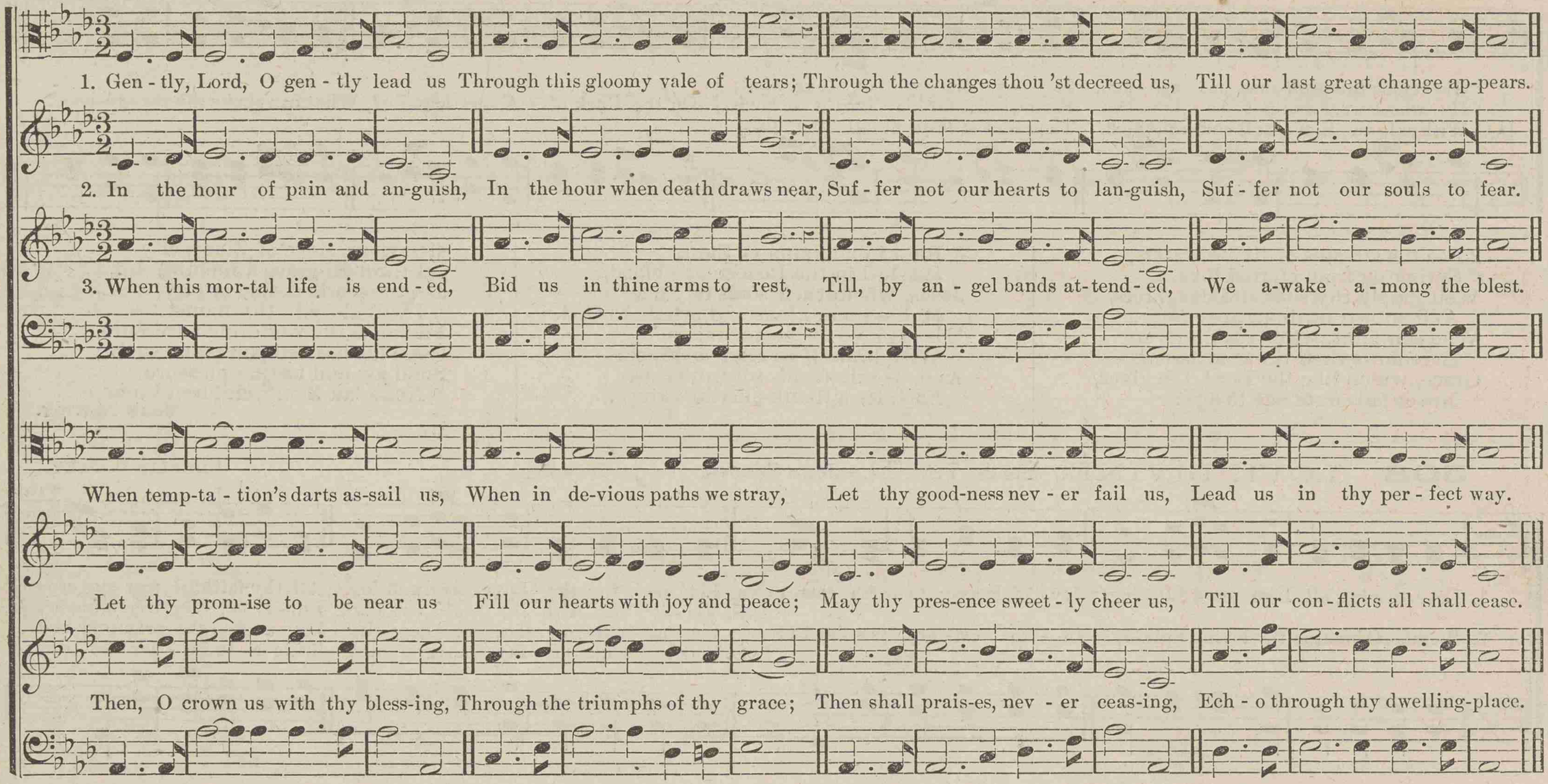


509

Call Jehovah thy salvation,
Rest beneath th' Almighty's shade;
In his secret habitation
Dwell, and never be dismayed.
There no tumult shall alarm thee;
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare.
Guile nor violence can harm thee,
In eternal safeguard there.

2 Since with pure and firm affection
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of his protection
He will shield thee from above.
Thou shalt call on him in trouble;
He will hearken; he will save;
Here for grief reward thee double;
Crown with life beyond the grave.

Jas. Montgomery.

510 AUTUMN. 8s & 7s. D.—Marechio. (♩=66=32.) Thos. Hastings.

511

Hail, thou God of grace and glory,
Who thy name hast magnified,
By redemption's wondrous story,
By the Saviour crucified!
Thanks to thee for every blessing,
Flowing from the Fount of love;
Thanks for present good unceasing,
And for hopes of bliss above.

2 Bind thy people, Lord, in union,
With the sevenfold cord of love;
Breathe a spirit of communion
With the glorious hosts above;
Let thy work be seen progressing;
Bow each heart, and bend each knee,
Till the world, thy truth possessing,
Celebrates its jubilee.

T. A. Aveling.

512

Earthly joys no longer please us;
Here would we renounce them all,
Seek our only rest in Jesus,
Him our Lord and Master call.
Faith, our languid spirits cheering,
Points to brighter worlds above;
Bids us look for his appearing,
Bids us triumph in his love.

2 May our lights be always burning,
And our loins be girded round,
Waiting for our Lord's returning,
Longing for the welcome sound.
Thus the Christian life adorning,
Never will we be afraid,
Should he come at night or morning,
Early dawn or evening shade.

C. L. Ford.

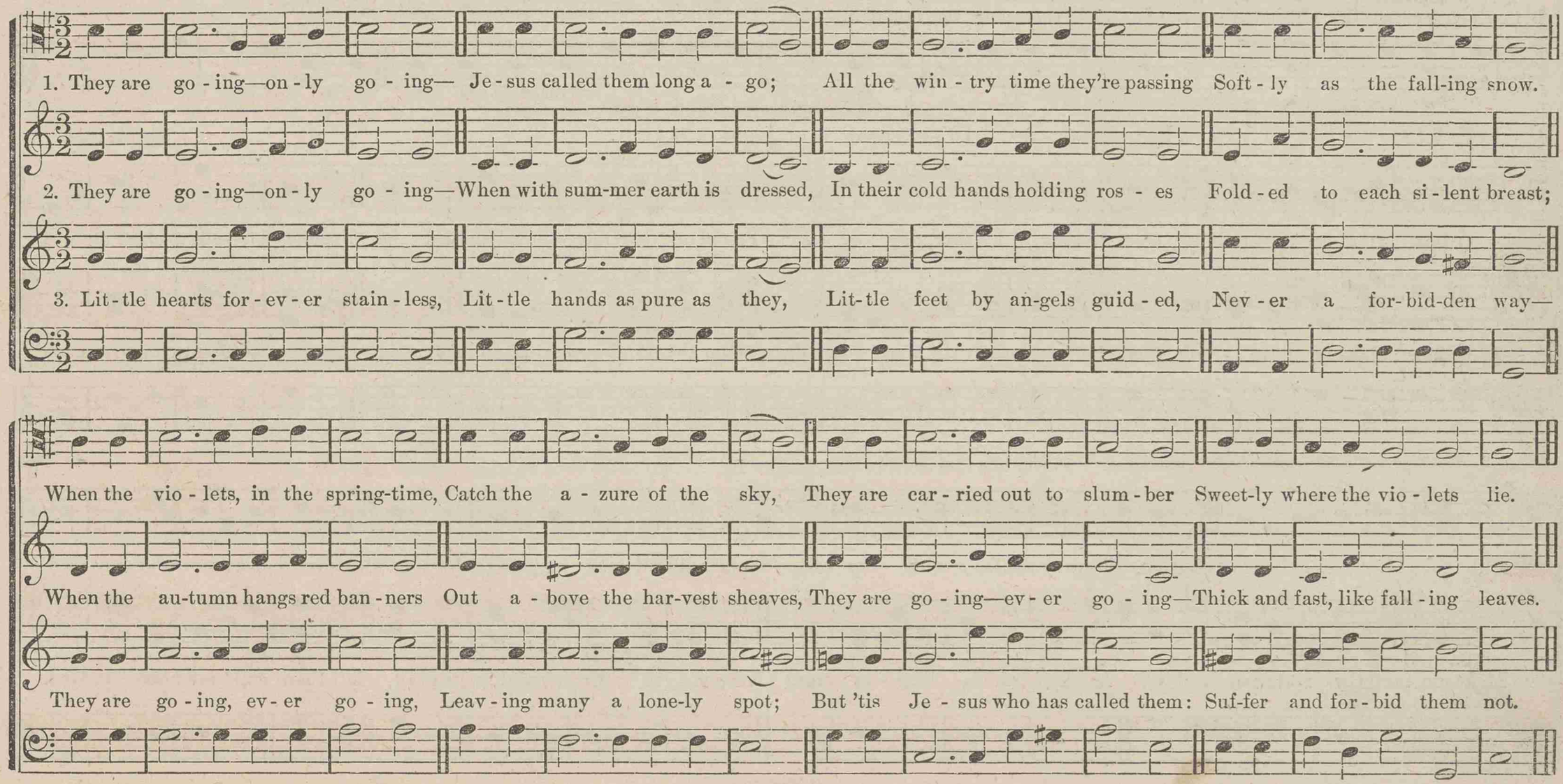
513

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 is faded
From the heart once full of day;
Till the stars of heaven are breaking
Through the twilight soft and gray.

2 Only waiting till the reapers
Have the last sheaf gathered home;
For the summer-time is faded,
And the autumn winds have come.
Quickly, reapers, gather quickly
The last ripe hours of my heart;
For the bloom of life is withered,
And I hasten to depart.

3 Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown;
Then, from out the gathered darkness,
Holy, deathless stars shall rise,
By whose light my soul shall gladly
Tread its pathway to the skies.

MRS. F. L. MACE.

514 FABEN. 8s & 7s. D.—J. H. WILCOX. ($\mathbb{d}$ = 63 = 35½.) Unknown.

515 MIDDLETOWN. 8s & 7s. D.—English. (♩=84=20.) GRINFIELD.

1. O how kind-ly hast thou led me, Heavenly Fa-ther, day by day;
Found my dwelling, clothed and fed me, Furnished friends to cheer my way!
Didst thou bless me, didst thou chasten, With thy smile or with thy rod,
D. C. 'Twas that still my step might hast-en Homeward, heavenward, to my God.

Fine. D. C.

2. O how slow-ly have I oft - en Followed where thy hand would draw!
How thy kindness failed to soft - en! How thy chastening failed to awe!
Make me for thy rest more read - y, As thy path is long-er trod;
D. C. Keep me in thy friendship stead-y, Till thou call me home, my God.

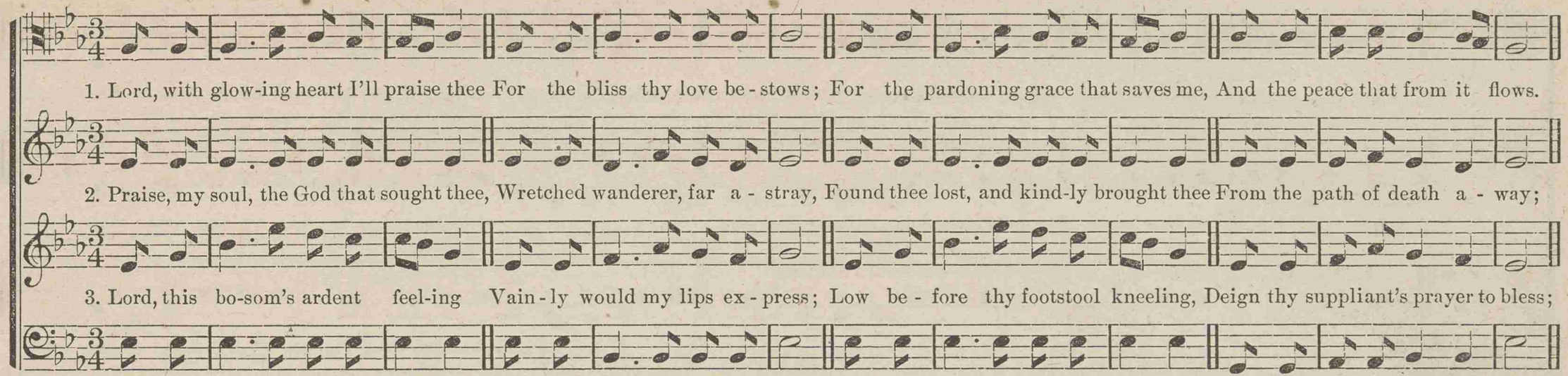
(515) GUIDANCE. 8s & 7s. D.—FLOTOW. (♩=84=20.) GRINFIELD.

1. O how kind-ly hast thou led me, Heavenly Fa-ther, day by day; Found my dwelling, clothed and fed me, Furnished friends to cheer my way!

2. O how slow-ly have I oft - en Followed where thy hand would draw! How thy kind-ness failed to soft - en! How thy chastening failed to awe!

Didst thou bless me, didst thou chasten, With thy smile or with thy rod, 'Twas that still my step might hast-en Homeward, heavenward, to my God.

Make me for thy rest more read-y, As thy path is long - er trod; Keep me in thy friendship stead - y, Till thou call me home, my God.

516 WOLFORD. 8s & 7s. D.—English Melody. (♩ = 72 = 27.) S. F. KEY.

517

TAKE me, O my Father, take me—
Take me, save me, through thy Son;
That which thou wouldst have me, make me;
Let thy will in me be done.
Long from thee my footsteps straying,
Thorny proved the way I trod;
Weary come I now, and praying—
Take me to thy love, my God.

2 Fruitless years with grief recalling,
Humbly I confess my sin;
At thy feet, O Father, falling,
To thy household take me in.
Freely now to thee I proffer
This reluctant heart of mine;
Freely life and soul I offer,
Gift unworthy love like thine.

3 Once the world's Redeemer, dying,
Bore our sins upon the tree;
On that sacrifice relying,
Now I look in hope to thee.
Father, take me! all forgiving,
Fold me to thy loving breast:
In thy love forever living,
I must be forever blest.

RAY PALMER.

518

PRAISE the God of all creation;
Praise the Father's boundless love;
Praise the Lamb, our expiation—
Priest and King, enthroned above;
Praise the Author of salvation—
Him by whom our spirits live;
Undivided adoration
To the one Jehovah give.

Unknown.

519 CLARINGTON. 8s. D.—Anon. (♩=100=14.) Wm. B. Collyer.

1. The angels that watched round the tomb, Where low the Redeemer was laid, When deep in mortal - i - ty's gloom He hid for a season his head;

2. You saints, who once languished below, But long since have entered your rest, I pant to be glo - ri - fied too, To lean on Im - man - uel's breast.

3. O sweet is the season of rest, When life's weary journey is done! The blush that spreads over its west, The last lingering ray of its sun!
4. Then welcome the last rending sighs, When these aching heart-strings shall break; When death shall extinguish these eyes, And moisten with dew the pale cheek.

That vailed their fair face while he slept, And ceased their sweet harps to employ, Have witnessed his rising, and swept The chords with the triumphs of joy.

The grave in which Jesus was laid Has buried my guilt and my fears; And while I contemplate its shade, The light of his presence ap - pears.

Though dreary the empire of night, I soon shall emerge from its gloom, And see im - mor-tal-i - ty's light A - rise on the shades of the tomb.
No terror the prospect be - gets— I am not mor - tal - i - ty's slave; The sunbeam of life, as it sets, Paints a rainbow of peace o'er the grave.

520 SMART. 8s. D.—Jas. H. Fillmore. (♪ = 108 = 12.) Maxwell.

1. How shall I my Sav-iour set forth? How shall I his beau-ties de-clare? O how shall I speak of his worth, Or what his chief dig-ni-ties are?
2. In him all the full-ness of God For-ev-er trans-cend-ent-ly shines; Tho' once like a mor-tal he stood, To fin-ish his gra-cious designs.
3. O sin-ners, be-lieve and a-dore This Sav-iour, so rich to re-deem: No crea-ture can ev-er ex-plore The treasures of good-ness in him.

His an-gels can nev-er ex-press, Nor saints who sit near-est his throne, How rich are his treasures of grace—No, this is a se-cret unknown.

Tho' once he was nailed to the cross, Vile reb-els like me to set free, His glo-ry sus-tain-ed no loss, E-ter-nal his king-dom shall be.
Come, all ye who see yourselves lost, And feel yourselves burdened with sin, Draw near, while with ter-ror you're tossed; O-bey, and your peace shall be-gin.

521 DE FLEURY. 8s. D.—German. (♪ = 120 = 9¾.) B. Francis.

1. { My gra-cious Redeemer I love; His prais-es a-loud I'll pro-claim, / And join with the armies a-bove, To shout his a-dor-a-ble name. } To gaze on his glo-ries di-vine Shall be my e-ter-nal em-ploy,
D. C. And feel them in-ces-sant-ly shine, My bound-less, in-ef-fa-ble joy.

Fine. D. C.

2. { You pal-a-ces, scepters and crowns, Your pride with dis-dain I sur-vey; / Your pomps are but shadows and sounds, And pass in a mo-ment a-way. } The crown that my Saviour bestows Yon per-ma-nent sun shall outshine;
D. C. My joy ev-er-last-ing-ly flows—My God, my Re-deem-er, is mine.

522 OLIPHANT. 8s, 7s & 4s.—Arr. by Lowell Mason. (♩ = 84 = 20.) Jas. Montgomery.

1. God is in his ho - ly tem - ple: All the earth keep si - lence here; Wor-ship him in truth and spir - it, Reverence him with
2. God in Christ re - veals his pres - ence, Throned up - on the mer - cy - seat: Saints, re - joice! and sin - ners, trem - ble! Each pre-pare his
3. Hail him here with songs of prais - es; Him with prayers of faith sur - round; Hearken to his glo - rious gos - pel, While the preacher's

god - ly fear. Ho - ly, ho - ly, Ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord of hosts, our Lord, ap - pear, Lord of hosts, our Lord, ap - pear.
God to meet; Low - ly, low - ly, Low - ly, low - ly, Bow a - dor - ing at his feet, Bow a - dor - ing at his feet.
lips ex-pound: Bless - ed, bless - ed, Bless - ed, bless - ed, They who know the joy - ful sound, They who know the joy - ful sound.

523 HARWELL. 8s, 7s & 4s.—Lowell Mason. (♩ = 76 = 24½.) Thos. Kelly.

1. Hark! ten thousand harps and voic - es Sound the note of praise a - bove; Je - sus reigns, and heaven re-joic - es— Je - sus reigns, the God of love.
2. Je - sus, hail! whose glo-ry brightens All a-bove, and gives it worth: Lord of life, thy smile en - light-ens, Cheers, and charms thy saints on earth;
3. King of glo - ry, reign for - ev - er— Thine an ev - er - last - ing crown: Noth-ing from thy love shall sev - er Those whom thou hast made thine own;
4. Sav-iour, hast - en thine ap - pear-ing; Bring, O bring the glo - rious day, When, the aw - ful sum-mons hear-ing, Heaven and earth shall pass a-way.

See, he sits on yon-der throne; Je-sus rules the world a-lone. Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus rules the world a-lone.
When we think of love like thine, Lord, we own it love di-vine. Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Lord, we own it love di-vine.

Hap - py ob-jects of thy grace, Des-tined to be-hold thy face. Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Des-tined to be-hold thy face.
Then, with golden harps, we'll sing, "Glo - ry, glo - ry to our King!" Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry to our King!

524 ZION. 8s, 7s & 4s.—Thos. Hastings. (♩ = 80 = 22.) Thos. Kelly.

1. On the mount-ain's top ap - pear - ing, Lo! the sa - cred her - ald stands, Welcome news to Zi - on bear - ing— Zi - on,
2. Has thy night been long and mourn - ful? Have thy friends un - faith - ful proved? Have thy foes been proud and scorn - ful, By thy

3. God, thy God, will now re - store thee; He him - self ap-pears thy Friend; All thy foes shall flee be - fore thee; Here their
4. Peace and joy shall now at - tend thee; All thy war - fare now be past; God, thy Sav - iour, will de - fend thee; Vic - to -

long in hos - tile lands. Mourning cap - tive, God him-self will loose thy bands, Mourning cap - tive, God him - self will loose thy bands.
sighs and tears un - moved? Cease thy mourning: Zi - on still is well be - loved, Cease thy mourning: Zi - on still is well be - loved.

boasts and tri-umphs end; Great de - liv-erance Zi - on's King will sure - ly send, Great de - liv-erance Zi - on's King will sure - ly send.
ry is thine at last; All thy con - flicts End in ev - er - last - ing rest, All thy con - flicts End in ev - er - last - ing rest.

525 CORONAL. 8s, 7s & 4s.—I. B. Woodbury. ($\frac{3}{4}$ $\frac{1}{2}$ = 76 = 24½.) Thos. Kelly.

1. Look, ye saints: the sight is glo - rious— See the Man of Sor - rows now From the fight re - turned vic - to - rious:
2. Crown the Sav - iour, an - gels, crown him! Rich the troph - ies Je - sus brings: In the seat of power en - throne him,
3. Sin - ners in de - ris - ion crowned him, Mock - ing thus the Sav - iour's claim: Saints and an - gels crowd a - round him,
4. Hark, those bursts of ac - cla - ma - tion! Hark, those loud, tri - umph - ant chords! Je - sus takes the high - est sta - tion,

Ev - ery knee to him shall bow. Crown him, crown him: Crowns be - come the Vic - tor's brow, Crowns be - come the Vic - tor's brow.
While the heaven - ly con - cert rings; Crown him, crown him: Crown the Sav - iour King of kings, Crown the Sav - iour King of kings.

Own his ti - tle, praise his name; Crown him, crown him; Spread a - broad the Vic - tor's name, Spread a - broad the Vic - tor's name.
O what joy the sight af - fords! Crown him, crown him King of kings, and Lord of lords, King of kings, and Lord of lords.

526 CALVARY. 8s, 7s & 4s.—Samuel Stanley. ($\frac{4}{4}$ $\frac{1}{2}$ = 80 = 22.) J. Evans.

1. Hark! the voice of love and mer - cy Sounds a - loud from Cal - va - ry; See, it rends the rocks a - sun - der,
2. It is fin - ished: O what pleas-ure Do these pre - cious words af - ford! Heaven-ly bless - ings with - out meas - ure
3. Fin - ished all the types and shad-ows, Of the cer - e - mon - ial law! Fin - ished all that God hath prom - ised!

Shakes the earth, and vails the sky. "It is fin - ished!" "It is fin - ished!" Hear the dy - ing Sav - iour cry.

Flow to us from Christ the Lord. It is fin - ished: It is fin - ished: Saints, the dy - ing words re - cord.
Death and hell no more shall awe. It is fin - ished: It is fin - ished: Saints, from this your com - fort draw.

527 MARTON. 8s, 7s & 4s.—Anon. (♩=72=27.)

W. Williams.

1. O'er the gloom - y hills of dark - ness, Look, my soul; be still and gaze: All the prom - is - es do trav - ail With a glo-rious day of grace.
2. Let the In - dian, let the ne - gro, Let the rude bar - ba - rian see That di - vine and glorious con - quest Once ob-tained on Cal - va - ry;
3. Kingdoms wide that sit in dark - ness, Grant them, Lord, the glorious light, And from east - ern coast to west - ern May the morning chase the night,
4. Fly a - broad, thou mighty gos - pel; Win and conquer, nev - er cease; May thy last - ing, wide do - min - ion Mul - ti - ply and still in - crease.

Bless-ed jubi-lee, Let thy glo-rious morn-ing dawn, Bless-ed jubi - lee, Let thy glorious morn-ing dawn, Let thy glo - rious morn - ing dawn.
Let the gos - pel Loud re-sound from pole to pole, Let the gos - pel Loud resound from pole to pole, Loud re - sound from pole to pole.

And re-demp-tion, Free - ly purchased, win the day, And re-demption, Free-ly purchased, win the day, Free - ly pur-chased, win the day.
Sway thy scep - ter, Sav - iour, all the world a-round, Sway thy scep - ter, Sav-iour, all the world a-round, Sav - iour, all the world a - round.

528 PERON. 8s, 7s & 4s.—Lowell Mason. (♩. = 60 = 39.)

W. Williams.

1. Guide me, O thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim through his bar - ren land;
   I am weak, but thou art might - y: Hold me with thy power-ful hand;
   Bread of heav - en, Bread of heav - en,
2. O - pen thou the crys - tal fount - ain Whence the heal - ing wa - ters flow;
   Let the fier - y, cloud - y pil - lar Lead me all my jour - ney through;
   Strong de - liv - erer, Strong de - liv - erer,
3. When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anx - ious fears sub - side;
   Bear me through the swell - ing cur - rent, Land me safe on Ca - naan's side:
   Songs of prais - es, Songs of prais - es,

Feed me till I want no more.

Be thou still my strength and shield.
I will ev - er give to thee.

529 REGENT SQUARE. 8s, 7s & 4s.—Henry Smart.

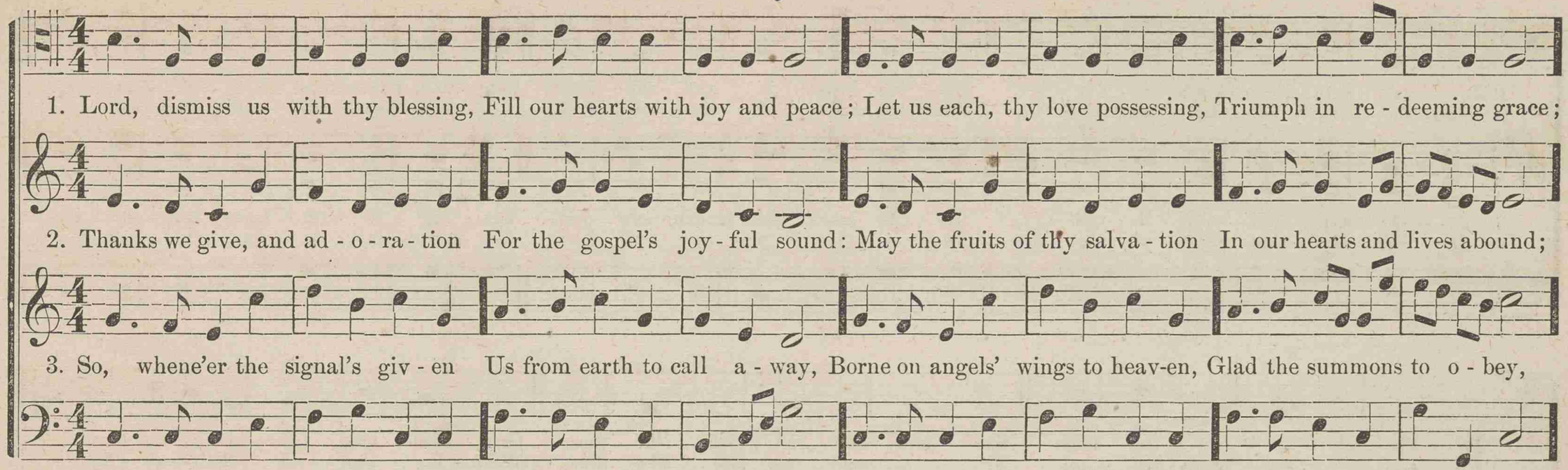
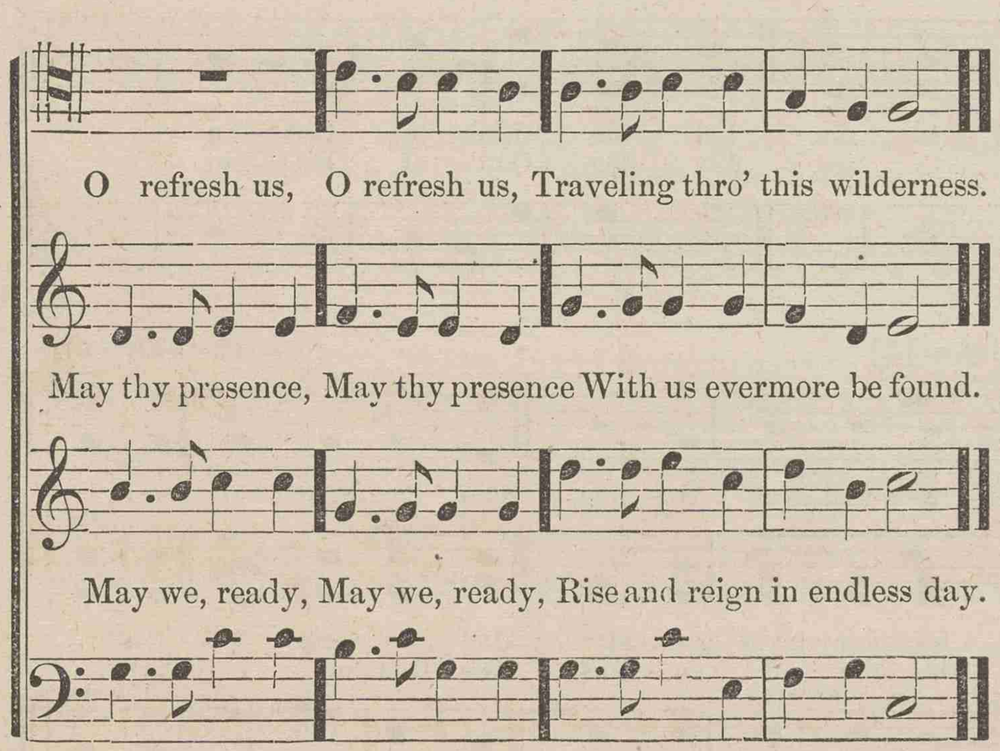
(♩ = 80 = 22.)

H. F. Lyte.

1. Praise, my soul, the King of heav - en; To his feet thy trib-ute bring;
2. Praise him for his grace and fav - or To our fath-ers in dis - tress;
3. Fa - ther - like he tends and spares us; Well our fee -ble frame he knows;

Ransomed, healed, restored, for-giv - en, Who like thee his praise should sing? Praise him, praise him, Praise him, praise him, Praise the ev-er-last-ing King.

Praise him, still the same for - ev - er, Slow to chide and swift to bless; Praise him, praise him, Praise him, praise him, Glorious in his faith-ful - ness.
In his hands he gen - tly bears us— Res-cues us from all our foes: Praise him, praise him, Praise him, praise him, Widely as his mer - cy flows.

530 SIBERIA. 8s, 7s & 4s.—S. B. Pond. (♩ = 80 = 22.) Shirley.



531

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.
Mark his progress:
Darkness flies at his command.

2 While the foe becomes more daring,
While he "enters like a flood,"
God the Saviour is preparing
Means to spread his truth abroad;
Every language
Soon shall tell the love of God.

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

Thomas Kelly.

532

Lo! he comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favored sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train.
Hallelujah!
Jesus now shall ever reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold him
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at naught and sold him,
Pierced and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 Every island, sea, and mountain,
Heaven and earth, shall flee away;
All who hate him, must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day:
Come to judgment;
Come to judgment, come away.

4 Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear:
All his saints by man rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air.
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear.

Charles Wesely.

533 CHALLEN. 8s & 7s. Peculiar.—James Challen. (♩ = 108 = 12.) Edward Denny.

1. Je - sus wept: those tears are o - ver, But his heart is still the same; Kins - man, Friend, and Eld - er Broth - er,
2. When the pangs of tri - al seize us, When the waves of sor - row roll, I will lay my head on Je - sus—
3. Je - sus wept, and still, in glo - ry, He can mark each mourn - er's tear— Liv - ing to re - trace the sto - ry
4. Je - sus wept: that tear of sor - row Is a leg - a - cy of love; Yes - ter - day, to - day, to - mor - row,

Is his ev - er - last - ing name. Sav - iour, who can love like thee, Gra - cious One of Beth - an - y?
Pil - low of the troub - led soul. Tru - ly, none can feel like thee, Weep - ing One of Beth - an - y.

Of the hearts he sol - aced here. Lord, when I am called to die, Let me think of Beth - an - y.
He the same shall ev - er prove. Thou art all in all to me, Liv - ing One of Beth - an - y.

534 SORROWS. 6s, 5s & 7.—J. P. Powell. (♪ = 108 = 12.) L. H. Jameson.

1. Night, with eb - on pin - ion, Brood - ed o'er the vale; All a - round was si - lent, Save the night-wind's wail,
2. Smit - ten for of - fens - es Which were not his own, He, for our trans - gres - sions, Had to weep a - lone;
3. Ab - ba, Fa - ther, Fa - ther, If in - deed it may, Let this cup of an - guish Pass from me, I pray.

SORROWS. Concluded.

When Christ, the Man of Sor - rows, In tears and sweat and blood, Pros - trate in the gar - den, Raised his voice to God.

No friend with words of com - fort, Nor hand to help was there, When the Meek and Low - ly Hum - bly bowed in prayer.
Yet, if it must be suf - fered By me, thine on - ly Son, Ab - ba, Fa - ther, Fa - ther, Let thy will be done.

By permission.

535 IOWA. 8s.—A. D. Fillmore. (♩ = 88 = 18.)

1. We speak of the realms of the blest, That coun - try so bright and so fair, And oft are its glo - ries con - fessed:
2. We speak of its path - ways of gold, Of its walls decked with jew - els so rare, Of its won - ders and pleas - ures un - told:
3. We speak of its free - dom from sin, From sor - row, temp - ta - tion and care, From tri - als with - out and with - in:

But what must it be to be there! But what must it be to be there!

But what must it be to be there! But what must it be to be there!

4 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!

5 O Lord, in this valley of woe,
Our spirits for heavén prepare;
Then shortly we also shall know
And feel what it is to be there.

Mrs. E. Mills.

536 RAYNOLDS. 10s.—Mendelssohn. (♩ = 84 = 20.)

Horatius Bonar.

1. Here, O my Lord, I see thee face to face; Here would I touch and han - dle things un - seen;
2. Here would I feed up - on the bread of God; Here drink with thee the roy - al wine of heaven;
3. Too soon we rise; the sym - bols dis - ap - pear; The feast, though not the love, is passed and gone;
4. Feast aft - er feast thus comes and pass - es by; Yet, pass - ing, points to the glad feast a - bove—

Here grasp with firm - er hand th' e - ter - nal grace, And all my wea - ri - ness up - on thee lean.
Here would I lay a - side each earth - ly load, Here taste a - fresh the calm of sin for - given.
The bread and wine re - move, but thou art here— Near - er than ev - er— still my Shield and Sun.
Giv - ing sweet for - taste of the fes - tal joy, The Lamb's great brid - al feast of bliss and love.

537 EVENTIDE. 10s.—W. H. Monk. (♩ = 88 = 18.)

H. F. Lyte.

1. A - bide with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark - ness deep - ens: Lord, with me a - bide;
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glo - ries pass a - way;
3. I need thy pres - ence ev - ery pass - ing hour: What but thy grace can foil the temp - ter's power?
4. Hold thou thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies:

EVENTIDE. Concluded.

When oth - er help - ers fail, and com - forts flee, Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me.
Change and de - cay in all a - round I see: O thou who chang - est not, a - bide with me.

Who, like thy - self, my guide and stay can be? Through cloud and sun - shine, O a - bide with me.
Heaven's morn - ing breaks, and earth's vain shad - ows flee: In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me.

538 MT. BLANC. P. M.—J. J. Husband. (♩=92=16½.) Charles Beecher.

1. We are on our jour - ney home, Where Christ, our Lord, is gone; We shall meet a - round his throne,
2. We can see that dis - tant home, Though clouds rise dark be - tween; Faith views the rad - iant dome,

3. O ho - ly, heaven - ly home! O rest e - ter - nal there! When shall the ex - iles come
4. Our hearts are break - ing now Those man - sions fair to see: O Lord, thy heav - ens bow,

When he makes his peo - ple one, In the new, ... In the new . . . . In the new Je - ru - sa - lem.
And a lus - ter flash - es keen From the new, ... From the new . . . . Je - - ru - - sa - - lem.

Where they cease from earth - ly care, In the new, ... In the new . . . . Je - - ru - - sa - - lem?
And raise us up with thee— To the new, ... To the new . . . . To the new Je - ru - sa - lem.

539 WESLEY. 11s & 10s.—Lowell Mason. (♩ = 92 = 16½.) Thos. Hastings.

1. Hail to the bright-ness of Zi - on's glad morn - ing! Joy to the lands that in dark-ness have lain!
2. Hail to the bright-ness of Zi - on's glad morn - ing, Long by the proph - ets of Is - rael fore - told!
3. Lo! in the des - ert rich flow - ers are spring - ing; Streams ev - er cop - ious are glid - ing a - long;
4. See from all lands—from the isles of the o - cean— Praise to Je - ho - vah as - cend - ing on high;

Hushed be the ac - cents of sor - row and mourn - ing: Zi - on in tri - umph be - gins her mild reign.
Hail to the mill - ions from bond - age re - turn - ing! Gen - tiles and Jews the blest vis - ion be - hold.

Loud from the mount-ain - tops ech - oes are ring - ing; Wastes rise in ver - dure and min - gle in song.
Fall'n are the en - gines of war and com - mo - tion, Shouts of sal - va - tion are rend - ing the sky.

540 COMFORT. 10s & 11s.—Jer. Ingalls. (♩ = 88 = 18.) John Newton.

1. Though troub-les as - sail and dan - gers af - fright, Though friends should all fail, and foes all u - nite;
2. The birds, with - out barn or store-house are fed: From them let us learn to trust for our bread;
3. We may, like the ships, by tem - pests be tossed On per - il - ous deeps, but can not be lost;
4. His call we o - bey, like A - bram of old, Not know - ing our way, but faith makes us bold;

Yet one thing se - cures us, what - ev - er be - tide, The Script - ure as - sures us, the Lord will pro - vide.
His saints what is fit - ting will ne'er be de - nied, So long as 'tis writ - ten, the Lord will pro - vide.

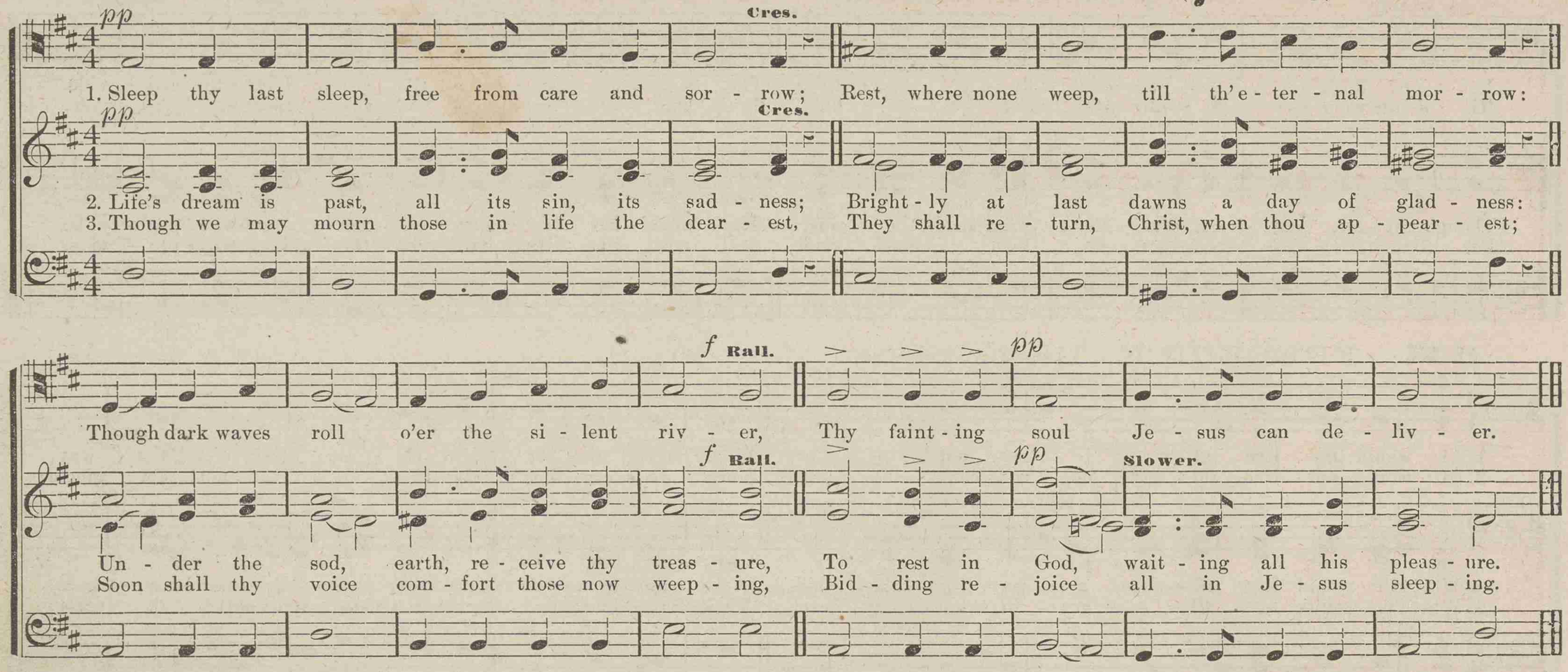
Though Sat - an en - rag - es the wind and the tide, The prom - ise en - gag - es, the Lord will pro - vide.
For though we are stran - gers, we have a good Guide, And trust, in all dan - gers, the Lord will pro - vide.

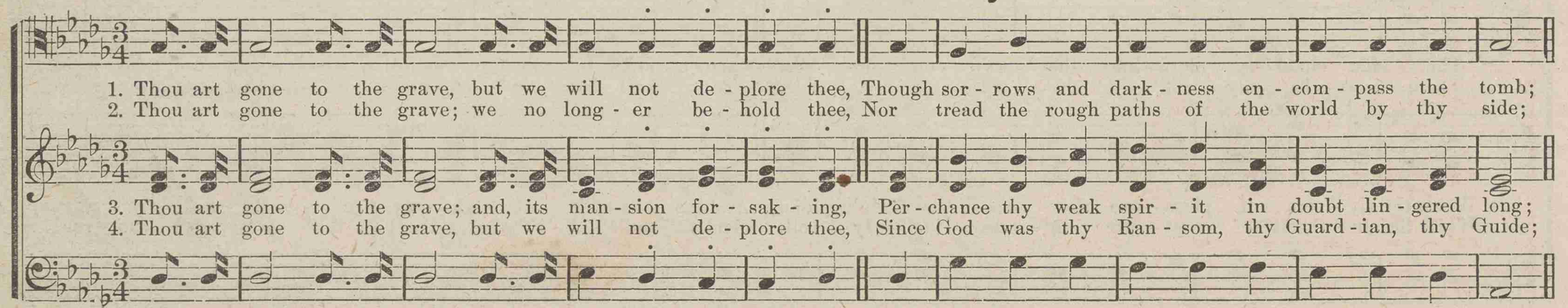
541 FREDERICK. 11s.—Geo. Kingsley. (♩ = 84 = 20.) W. A. Muhlenberg.

1. I would not live al - ways; I ask not to stay Where storm af - ter storm ris - es dark o'er the way;
2. I would not live al - ways; no, wel - come the tomb! Since Je - sus has lain there, I dread not its gloom;
3. Who, who would live al - ways, a - way from his God, A - way from yon heav - en, that bliss - ful a - bode,
4. Where the saints of - all a - ges in har - mony meet, Their Sav - iour and breth - ren trans - port - ed to greet;

The few cloud - y morn - ings that dawn on us here Are e - nough for life's woes, full e - nough for its cheer.
There sweet be my rest, till he bid me a - rise, To hail him in tri - umph de - scend - ing the skies.

Where the riv - ers of pleas - ure flow o'er the bright plains, And the noon - tide of glo - ry e - ter - nal - ly reigns;
While the an - thems of rapt - ure un - ceas - ing - ly roll, And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul?

542 SLEEP THY LAST SLEEP. 10s. (Quartet.)—Joseph Barnby. (♩ = 76 = 24½.) E. A. Dayman.

543 THOU ART GONE. 12s & 11s.—Jas. H. Fillmore. (♩ = 72 = 27.) R. Heber.



THOU ART GONE. Concluded.

The Sav - iour has passed through its por - tals be - fore thee, And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom.
But the wide arms of mer - cy are spread to en - fold thee, And sin - ners may hope, since the Sav - iour has died.

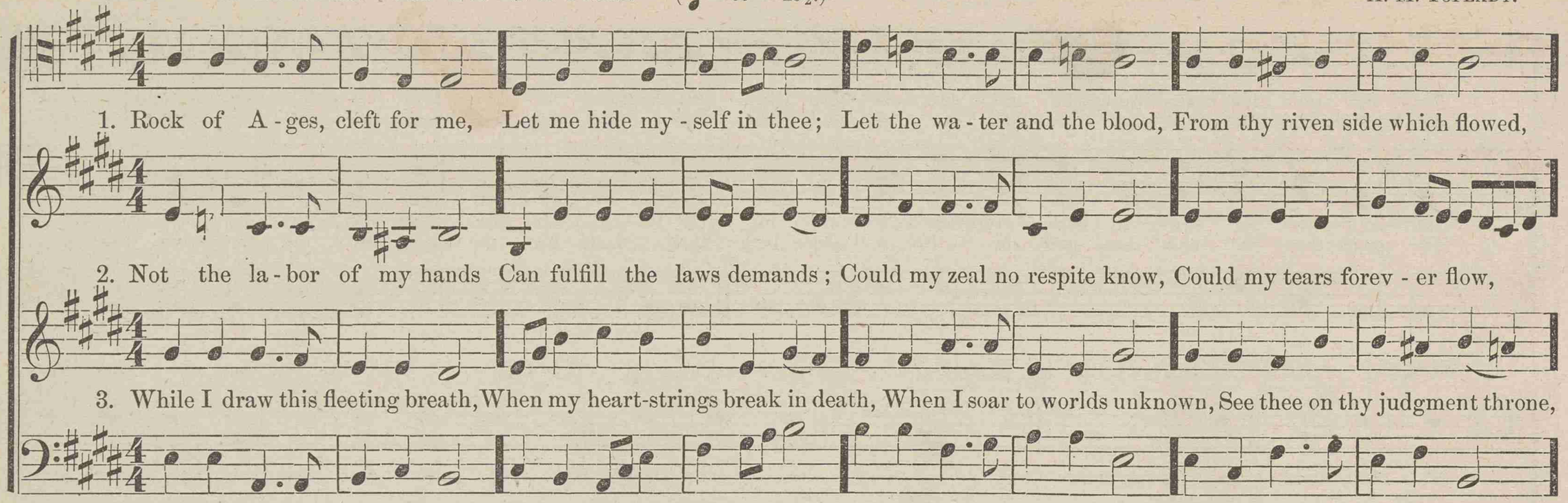
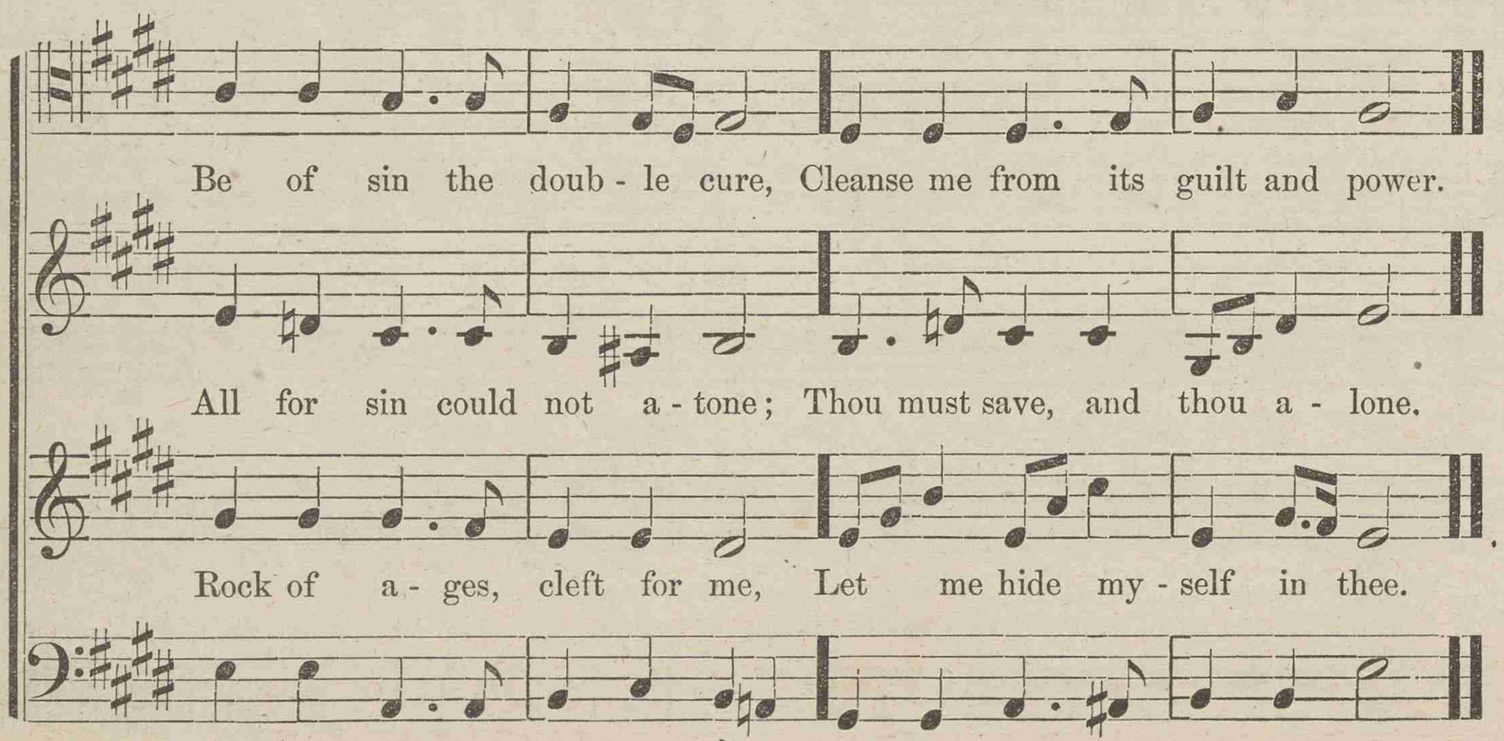
But the sun-shine of heav - en beamed bright on thy wak - ing, And the sound thou did'st hear was the ser - aph - im's song.
He gave thee, he took thee, and he will re - store thee; And death has no sting, since the Sav - iour has died.

544 SILENT NIGHT. 6,6,9,9,6.—German Melody. (♪ = 92 = 16½.) Unknown.

1. Si - lent night! hal - lowed night! Land and deep si - lent sleep! Soft - ly glit - ters bright Beth - le - hem's star,
2. Si - lent night! hal - lowed night! On the plain wakes the strain, Sung by heav - en - ly har - bin - gers bright,
3. Si - lent night! hal - lowed night! Earth a - wake,. si - lence break; High your an - thems of mel - o - dy raise,

Beckon - ing Is - ra - el's eye from a - far, Where the Sav - iour is born, Where the Sav - iour is born.

Fraught with tid - ings of bound - less de - light: Christ the Sav - iour has come, Christ the Sav - iour has come.
Heaven and earth in full cho - rus of praise: Peace for - ev - er shall reign, Peace for - ev - er shall reign.

545 DYKES. 7s. 6l.—J. B. DYKES. ($\frac{1}{4}$ = 69 = 29½.) A. M. TOPLADY.

546

"TILL he come:" O let the words
Linger on the trembling chords;
Let the little while between
In their golden light be seen;
Let us think how heaven and home
Lie beyond that—"Till he come."

2 When the weary ones we love
Enter on their rest above,
Seems the earth so poor and vast,
All our life-joy overcast?
Hush! be every murmur dumb·
It is only—"Till he come."

3 See, the feast of love is spread:
Drink the wine, and eat the bread—
Sweet memorials—till the Lord
Call us round his heavenly board—
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only—"Till he come."

E. H. BICKERSTETH.

547 LUX BENIGNA. 10s & 4s.—J. B. Dykes. (♩=69=29½.) J. H. Newman.

1. Lead, kindly Light, a - mid th' encircling gloom, Lead thou me on. The night is dark, and I am far from home:

2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that thou Shouldst lead me on. I loved to choose and see my path; but now

3. So long thy power has blest me, sure it still Will lead me on, O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till

Lead thou me on. Keep thou my feet: I do not ask to see The distant scene; one step e - nough for me.

Lead thou me on. I loved the gar - ish day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years.

The night is gone, And with the morn those an - gel fa - ces smile Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while.

548 FADING, STILL FADING. P. M., with Refrain.—Scotch Air. (♩=88=18.) SELINA HUNTINGTON.

1. Fad - ing, still fad - ing, the last beam is shining; Fa - ther in heav - en, the day is de - clin-ing: Safe - ty and in - no - cence

2. Fa - ther in heav - en, O hear when we call; Hear, for Christ's sake, who is Sav - iour of all. Fee - ble and faint-ing, we

flee with the light, Temp-ta - tion and dan - ger walk forth with the night. From the fall of the shade till the morning bells chime, Shield us from

trust in thy might; In doubt - ing and dark - ness thy love be our light; Let us sleep on thy breast while the night ta - per burns, Wake in thine

REFRAIN.

2nd verse.

dan - ger, keep us from crime. Fa - ther, have mer - cy, Fa - ther, have mer- cy, Fa - ther, have mer-cy, thro' Je-sus Christ, our Lord. A - men.

arms when morn - ing re - turns. Fa - ther, have mer - cy, Fa - ther, have mer- cy, Fa - ther, have mer-cy, thro' Je-sus Christ, our Lord. A - men.

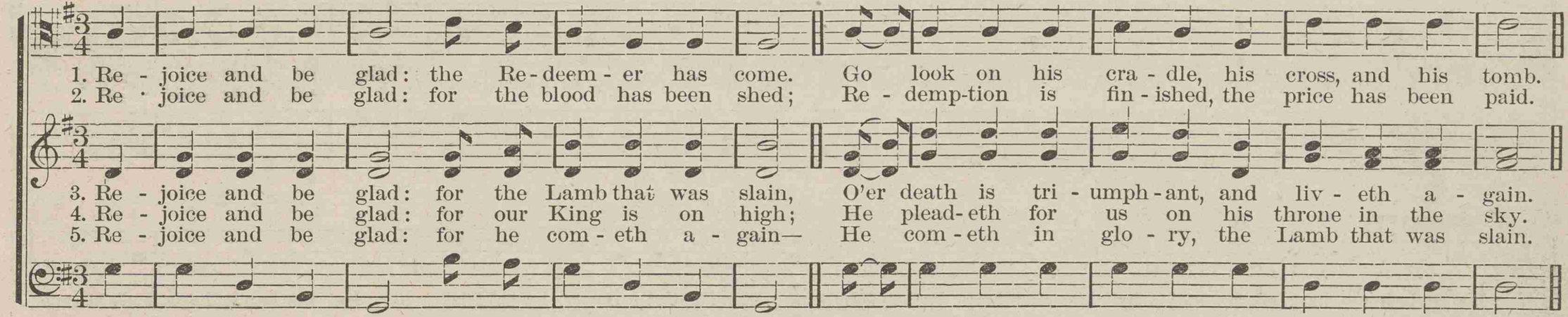
TEACHERS' EDITION

OF THE

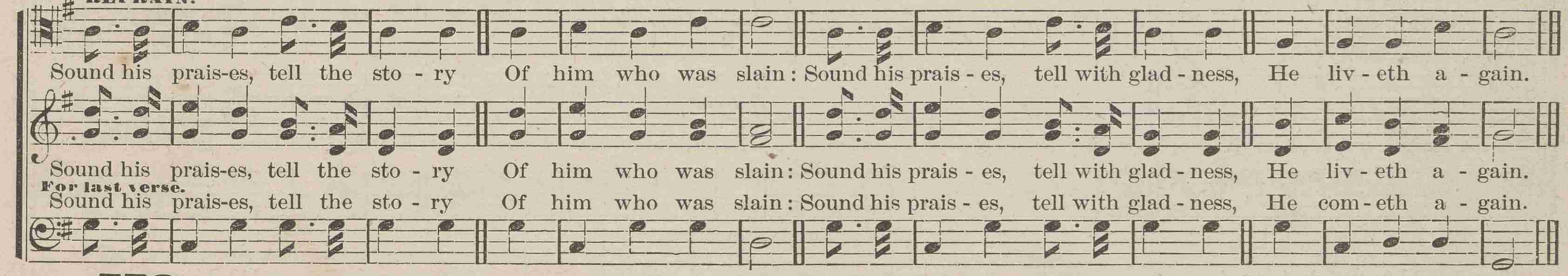
NEW CHRISTIAN HYMN AND TUNE-BOOK.

PART II.

549 REJOICE AND BE GLAD. P. M., with Refrain.—J. J. HUSBAND. (♩ = 100 = 14.) H. BONAR.



REFRAIN.



550

WE PRAISE thee, O God, for the Son of thy love,
For Jesus who died, and is now gone above.

REF.—Sound his praises, tell the story Of him who was slain:
Sound his praises, tell with gladness, He liveth again.

2 We praise thee, O God, for thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night.

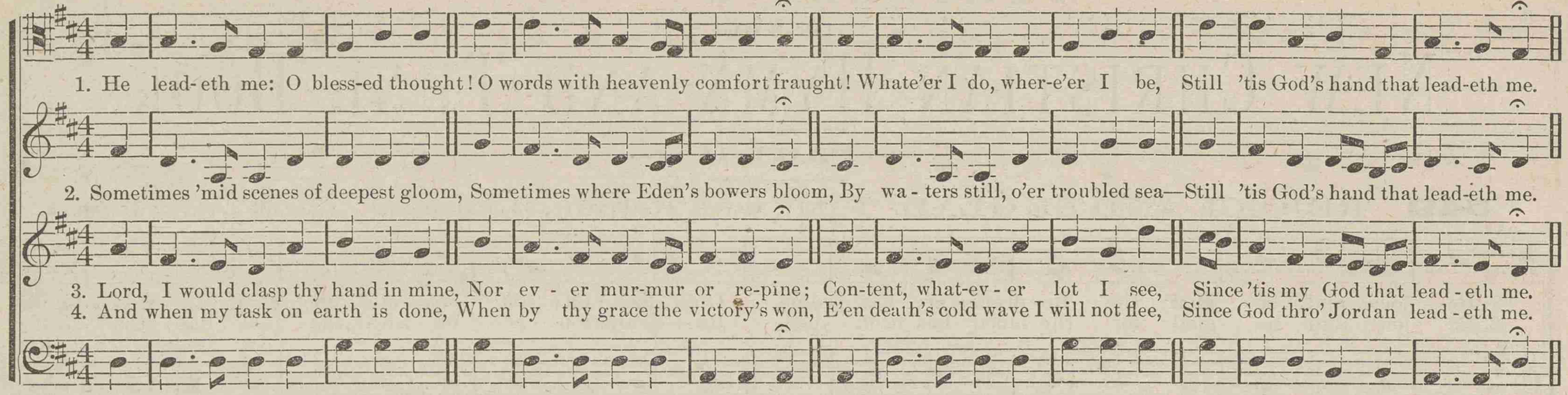
3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain!

4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways!

5 Revive us again; fill each heart with thy love;
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

W. P. MACKEY.

551 HE LEADETH ME. L. M., with Ref., or L. M. D.—Wm. B. Bradbury. (♩ = 76 = 24½.) J. H. Gilmore.



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552

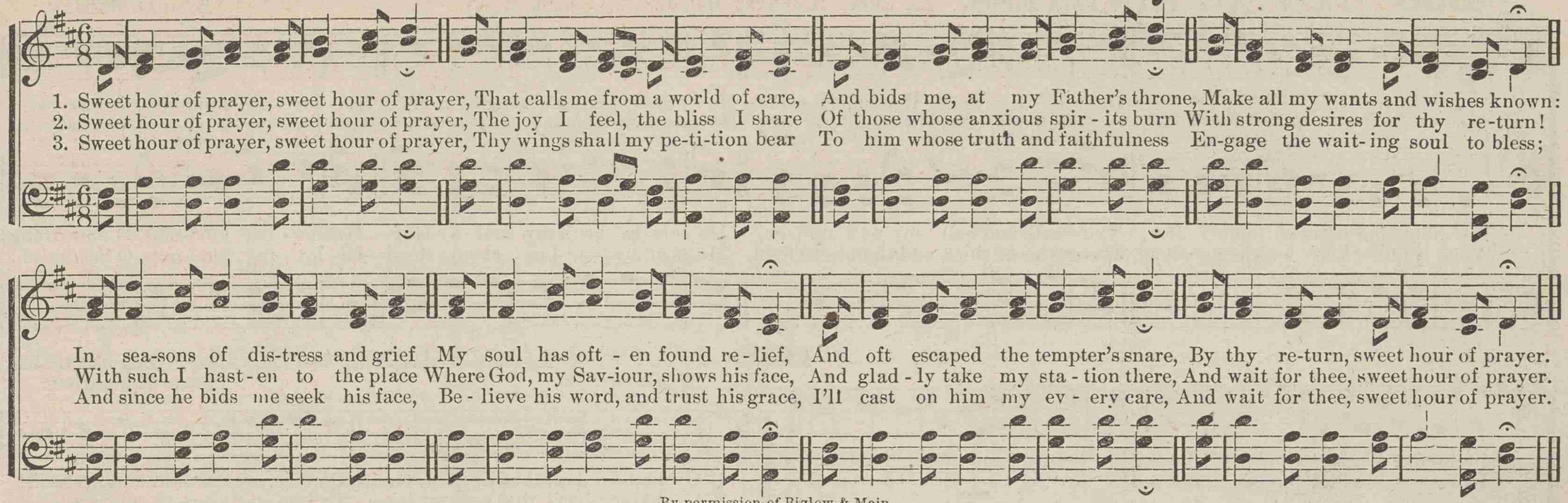
The Lord himself doth condescend
To be my Shepherd and my Friend;
I on his faithfulness rely,
His care shall all my wants supply.
In pastures green he doth me lead,
And there in safety makes me feed;
Refreshing streams are ever nigh,
My thirsty soul to satisfy.

2 When strayed, or languid, I complain,
His grace revives my soul again;
For his name's sake in ways upright
He makes me walk with great delight.
Yea, when death's gloomy vale I tread,
With joys e'en there, I'll lift my head;
From fear and dread he'll keep me free,
His rod and staff shall comfort me.

3 Thou spread'st a table, Lord, for me,
While foes with spite thy goodness see;
Thou dost my head with oil anoint,
And a full cup for me appoint.
Goodness and mercy shall to me,
Through all my life, extended be;
And when my pilgrimage is o'er,
I'll dwell with thee for evermore.

New York Dutch Reformed Collection of Hymns.

553 SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER. L. M. D.—Wm. B. Bradbury. (♪ = 112 = 11¼.) W. W. Walford.



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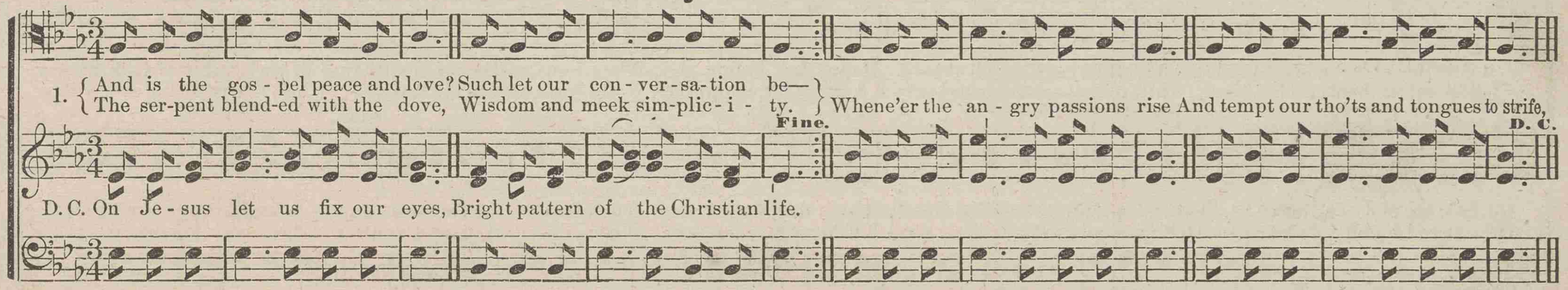
554

And is the gospel peace and love?
Such let our conversation be—
The serpent blended with the dove,
Wisdom and meek simplicity.
Whene'er the angry passions rise
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
On Jesus let us fix our eyes,
Bright pattern of the Christian life.

2 O how benevolent and kind!
How mild! how ready to forgive!
Be his the temper of our mind,
And his the rule by which we live.
To do his heavenly Father's will
Was his employment and delight;
Humility, and love, and zeal
Shone through his life divinely bright.

3 Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labors of his life were love:
O if we love the Saviour's name,
Let his divine example move!
Thy fair example may we trace,
To teach us what we ought to be;
Make us, by thy transforming grace,
Lord Jesus, daily more like thee.

Anne Steele.

(554) YOUNG. L. M. D.—Anon. (♪ = 120 = 9¾.)

555 LOVING KINDNESS. L. M.—American Melody. (♩ = 88 = 18.)

SAMUEL MEDLEY.

1. A - wake, my soul, to joy-ful lays, And sing the great Redeemer's praise: He just - ly claims a song from me— His lov - ing kind-ness, O how free!
2. He saw me ru - ined in the fall, Yet loved me, not-with-stand-ing all; He saved me from my lost es-tate— His lov - ing kind-ness, O how great!
3. Tho' numerous hosts of mighty foes, Tho' earth and hell my way op-pose, He safe - ly leads my soul a - long— His lov - ing kind-ness, O how strong!
4. When trouble, like a gloomy cloud, Has gathered thick and thundered loud, He near my soul has always stood—His lov - ing kind-ness, O how good!

His lov-ing kindness, loving kindness, His lov-ing kind-ness, O how free!
His lov-ing kindness, loving kindness, His lov-ing kind-ness, O how great!
His lov-ing kindness, loving kindness, His lov-ing kind-ness, O how strong!
His lov-ing kindness, loving kindness, His lov-ing kind-ness, O how good!

556 HAPPY DAY. L. M., with Cho.—E. F. RIMBAULT.

(♩ = 60 = 39.)

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

1. O hap-py day, that fixed my choice On thee, my Sav-iour and my God!
2. O hap-py bond, that seals my vows To him who mer - its all my love!
3. 'Tis done, the great transaction's done; I am my Lord's and he is mine.
4. Now rest, my long-di - vid - ed heart, Fixed on this bliss - ful cen - ter, rest;

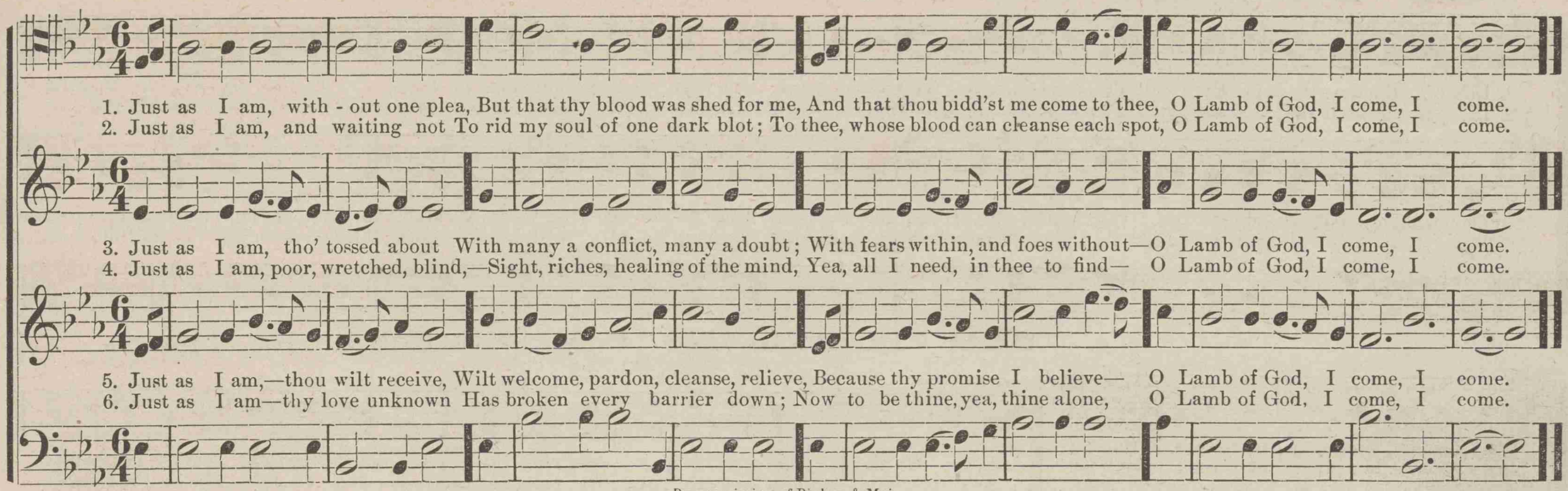
CHORUS.

Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all abroad. Happy day, happy day, When Jesus washed my sins away; { He taught me how to watch and pray,
Let cheer-ful anthems fill his house, While to that sacred shrine I move. D. S. Happy day, happy day, When Jesus washed my sins away! { And live rejoicing ev-ery day. }

He drew me, and I followed on, Charmed to confess the voice divine. Happy day, happy day, When Jesus washed my sins away; { He taught me how to watch and pray,
Here have I found a no-bler part, Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast. D. S. Happy day, happy day, When Jesus washed my sins away! { And live rejoicing ev-ery day. }

Fine. D. S.

557 WOODWORTH. L. M.—Wm. B. Bradbury. (♩ = 88 = 18.) Charlotte Elliott.



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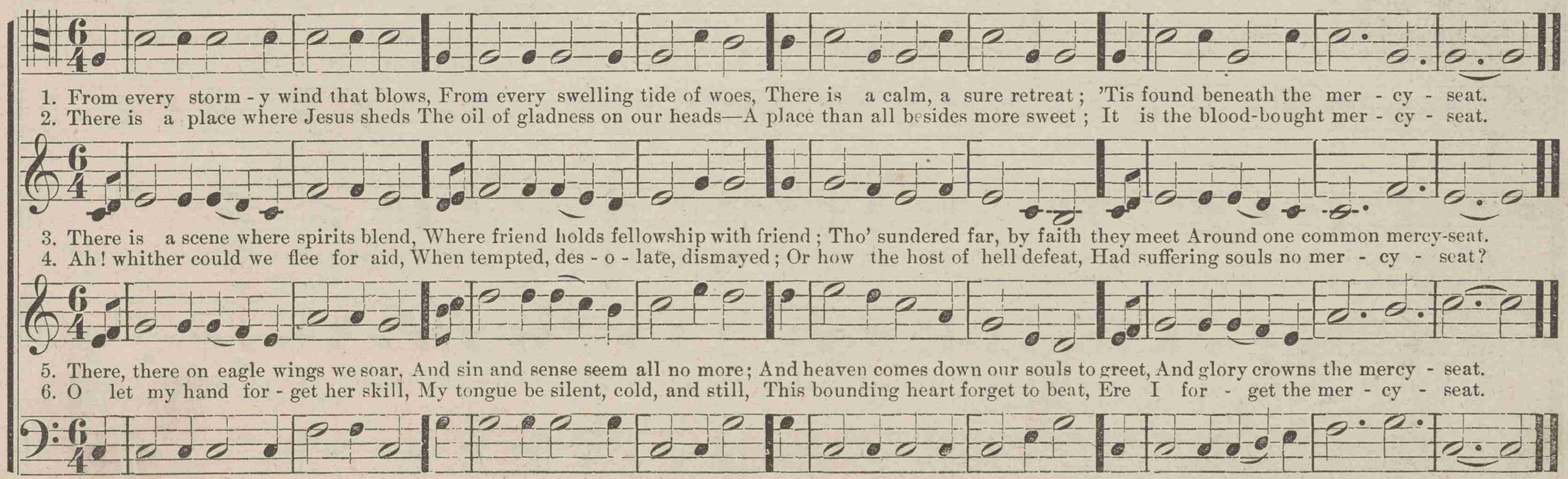
558 RETREAT. L. M.—Thos. Hastings. (♩ = 92 = 16½.) H. Stowell.



559 CHESTNUT STREET. L. M.—M. C. Ramsey. (♩ = 84 = 20.)

Isaac Watts.

1. Life is the time to serve the Lord, The time t' insure the great re-ward; And while the lamp holds out to burn, O hast-en, sin-ner, to re-turn,
2. Life is the hour that God has given T' es-cape from hell, and fly to heaven; The day of grace, when mortals may Se-cure the blessings of the day,
3. Then what my tho'ts de-sign to do, My hands, with all your might pursue: Since no de-vice nor work is found, Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground,
4. There are no acts of par-don passed In the cold grave to which we haste: O may we all re-ceive thy grace, And see with joy thy smil-ing face,

O hast-en, sin-ner, to re-turn.
Se-cure the bless-ings of the day.

Nor faith, nor hope, be-neath the ground.
And see with joy thy smil-ing face.

560 ROSECRANS. L. M., with Refrain.—Jas. H. Fillmore.

(♩ = 84 = 20.)

Unknown.

1. O do not let the word de-part, And close thine eyes a-gainst the light; Poor sin-ner, harden
2. To-mor-row's sun may nev-er rise, To bless thy long-de-lud-ed sight; This is the time: O
3. Our God in pit-y lingers still, And wilt thou thus his love re-quite? Renounce at once thy
4. Our bless-ed Lord re-fus-es none Who would to him their souls u-nite; Be-lieve, o-bey him,

REFRAIN.

not thine heart: Thou wouldst be saved: why not to-night? Why not to-night? why not to-night? Thou wouldst be saved: why not, why not to-night?
then be wise—Thou wouldst he saved: why not to-night? why not to-night?

Cres.

pp

stub-born will; Thou wouldst be saved: why not to-night? Why not to-night? why not to-night? Thou wouldst be saved: why not, why not to-night?
and 'tis done: Thou wouldst be saved: why not to-night? why not to-night?

561 THE FOUNDATION-STONE. L. M., with Chorus.—T. C. O'Kane. (♩ = 88 = 18.) *S. S. Journal.*

1. There stands a Rock, on shores of time, That rears to heaven its head sublime; That Rock is cleft, and they are blest Who find with - in this cleft a rest.

2. That Rock's a cross, its arms outspread, Celes - tial glory bathes its head; To its firm base my all I bring, And to the Cross of A - ges cling.

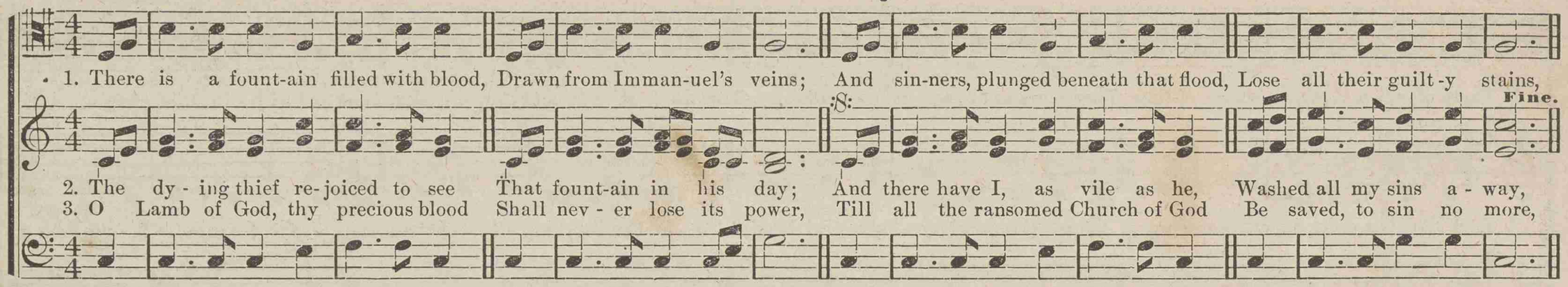
3. That Rock's a Tower, whose lofty height, Illumed with heaven's unclouded light, Opes wide its gates beneath the dome, Where saints find rest with Christ at home.

CHORUS.

Some build their hopes on the ever-drifting sand,
Some on their fame or their treasure or their land;
Mine's on the Rock that forever shall stand,
Jesus, the "Rock of A - ges."

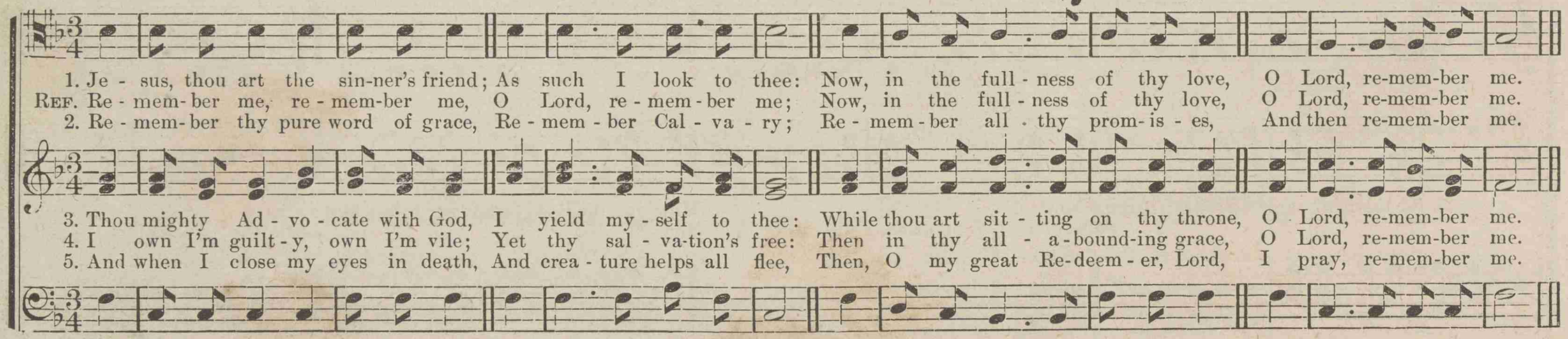
Some build their hopes on the ever-drifting sand,
Some on their fame or their treasure or their land;
Mine's on the Rock that forever shall stand,
Jesus, the "Rock of A - ges."

By permission.

562 FOUNTAIN. C. M.—Arr. from LOWELL MASON. (♩ = 80 = 22.)

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

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

WM. COWPER.

563 REMEMBER ME. C. M., with Refrain.—ASA HULL. (♩ = 69 = 29½.) RICHARD BURNHAM.

Copyright, 1867, by Asa Hull.

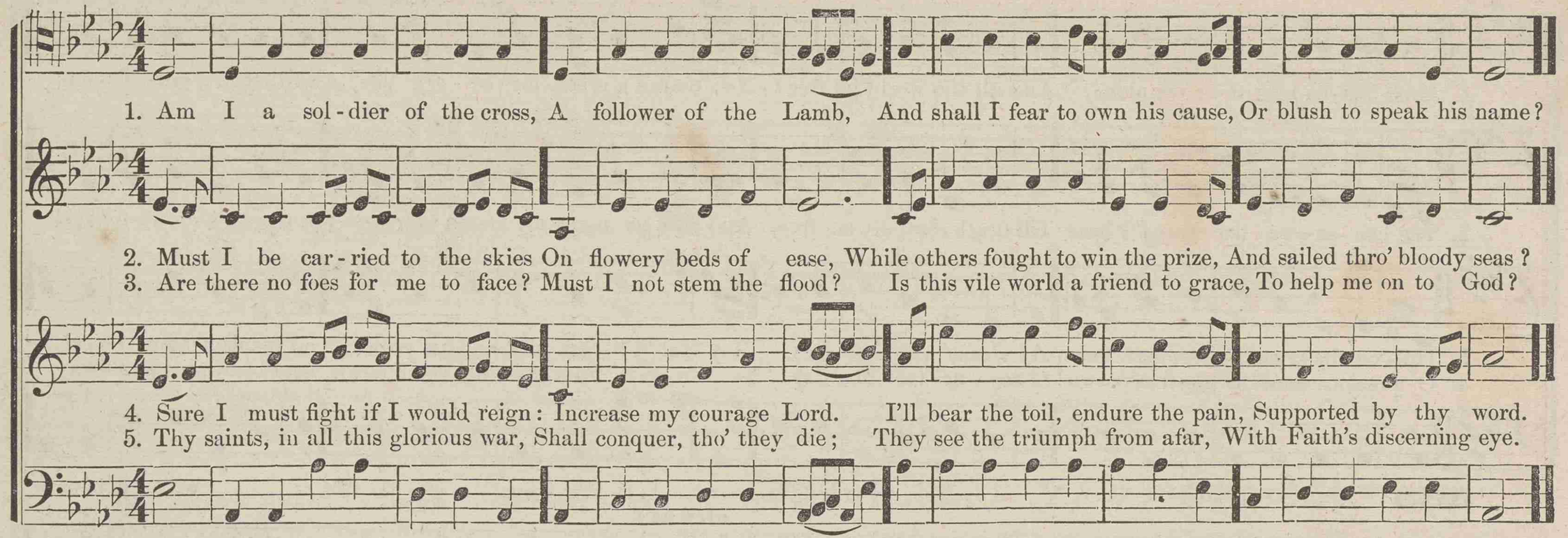
564 MAITLAND. C. M.—G. N. Allen. (♪ = 116 = 10½.)

1. Must Jes - us bear the cross alone, And all the world go free? No; there's a cross for ev - ery one, And there's a cross for me.
2. The con - se - cra - ted cross I'll bear Till death shall set me free, And then go home my crown to wear—For there's a crown for me.
3. Up - on the crystal pavement, down At Jesus' pierc-ed feet, Joy - ful I'll cast my golden crown, And his dear name repeat.
4. O precious cross! O glorious crown! O res - ur - rec - tion day! Ye an - gels, from the stars come down, And bear my soul a - way.

565 PASSING AWAY. C. M., with Chorus. —A. D. Fillmore. (♩ = 63 = 35½.) W. B. Collyer.

CHORUS.

1. { Re - turn, O wanderer, now return, And seek thy father's face: / Those new desires which in thee burn Were kindled by his grace. } { We are pass - ing a - way, We are passsing a - way; / We are pass - ing a - way, To the great judgment day. }
2. { Re - turn, O wanderer, now return: He hears thy humble sigh; / He sees thy softened spirit mourn, When no one else is nigh. } { We are pass - ing a - way, We are pass - ing a - way; / We are pass - ing a - way, To the great judgment day. }
3. { Re - turn, O wanderer, now return: Thy Saviour bids thee live: / Go to his feet, and grateful learn How freely he'll for - give. } { We are pass - ing a - way, We are pass - ing a - way; / We are pass - ing a - way, To the great judgment day. }
4. { Re - turn, O wanderer, now return, And wipe the fall - ing tear: / Thy Father calls—no longer mourn; 'Tis love invites thee near. }

566 MT. PISGAH. C. M.—American Melody. (♩=76=24½.)

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

ISAAC WATTS.

567

I'M NOT ashamed to own my Lord,
Nor to defend his cause;
Maintain the honor of his word,
The glory of his cross.

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

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

4 Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint for me a place.

ISAAC WATTS.

568

YE MEN and angels, witness now:
Before the Lord we speak;
To him we make our solemn vow—
A vow we dare not break—

2 That, long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield;
Nor from his cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field.

3 We trust not in our native strength,
But on his grace rely:
May he, with our returning wants,
All needful aid supply.

4 O guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in thy ways;
And, while we turn our vows to prayers,
Turn thou our prayers to praise.

BENJ. BEDDOME.

569 VAIL. C. M., with Chorus.—S. J. Vail. (♪ = 116 = 10½.) Isaac Watts.

1. A - las! and did my Sav - iour bleed? And did my Sov - ereign die? Would he de-vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
2. Was it for crimes that I had done He groaned up-on the tree? A - maz - ing pit - y! grace unknown! And love be-yond de - gree!
3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in, When God's own Son was cru - ci - fied For man the creature's sin.
4. Thus might I hide my blush-ing face While his dear cross ap - pears, Dis - solve my heart in thank-ful-ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
5. But drops of grief can ne'er re-pay The debt of love I owe: Here, Lord, I give my - self a-way—'Tis all that I can do.

CHORUS.

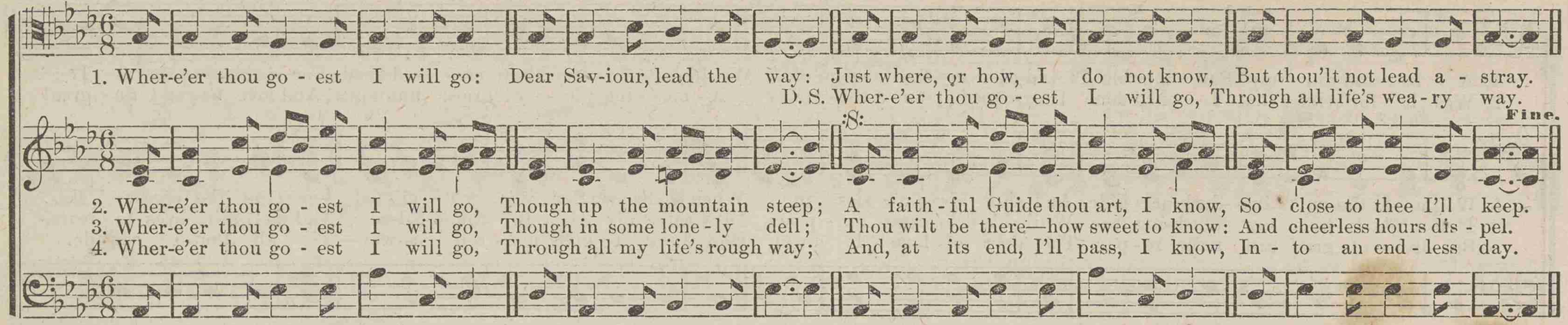
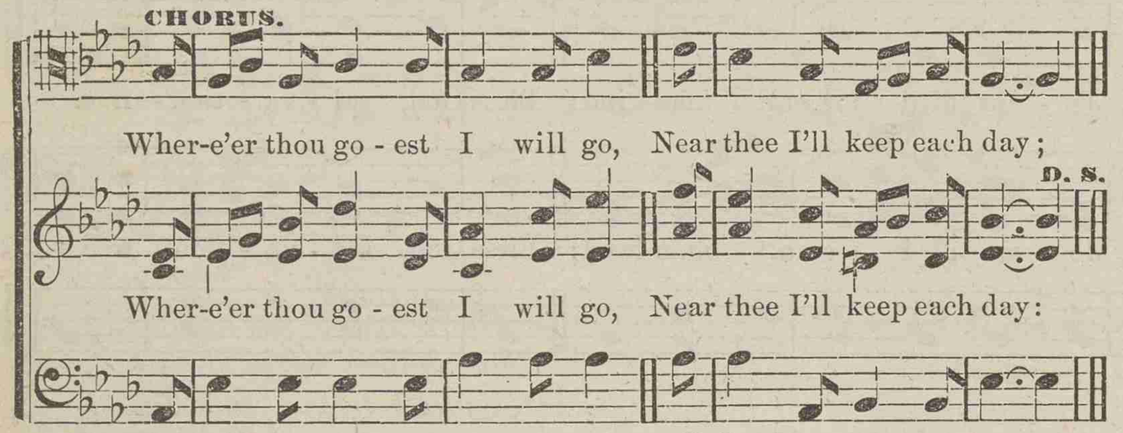
Je - sus died for you, Je - sus died for me; Yes, Je - sus died for all man-kind: Bless God, sal - va - tion's free.

Je - sus died for you, Je - sus died for me; Yes, Je - sus died for all man-kind: Bless God, sal - va - tion's free.

By permission.

570 I BELIEVE. C. M., with Refrain.—Anon. (♩ = 72 = 27.) J. R. Wreford.

1. Lord, I be - lieve; thy power I own; Thy word I would o - bey; I wan-der com-fort - less and lone, When from thy truth I stray.
Ref. I do be - lieve, I do be - lieve, That Je - sus died for me; And thro' his blood, his precious blood, I shall from sin be free.
2. Lord, I be - lieve; but gloom-y fears Sometimes be - dim my sight; I look to thee with prayers and tears, And cry for strength and light.
3. Lord, I be - lieve; but oft, I know, My faith is cold and weak: My weakness strengthen, and be-stow The con - fi-dence I seek.
4. Yes, I be - lieve; and on - ly thou Canst give my soul re - lief: Lord, to thy truth my spir - it bow; "Help thou mine un - be - lief."

571 WHERE'ER THOU GOEST. C. M., with Chorus.—T. E. Hall. (♪ = 120 = 9¾.) T. E. Hall.

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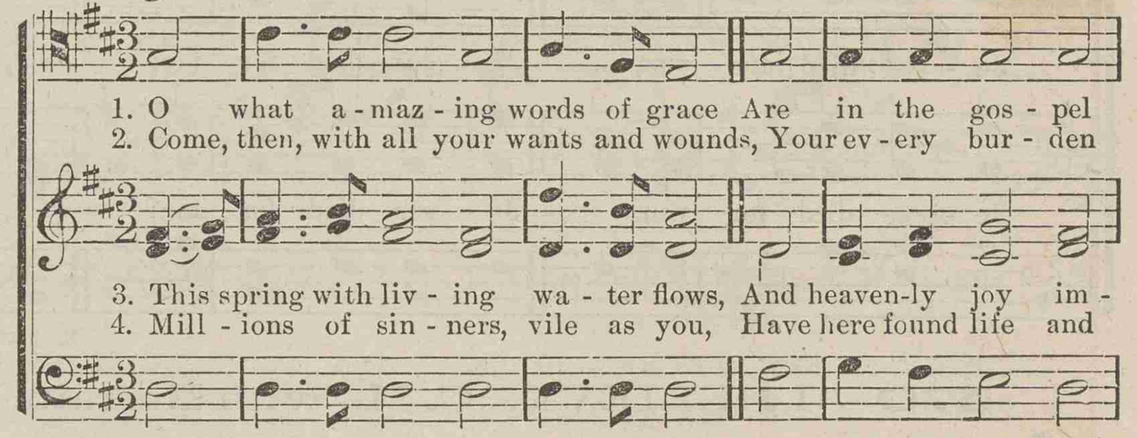
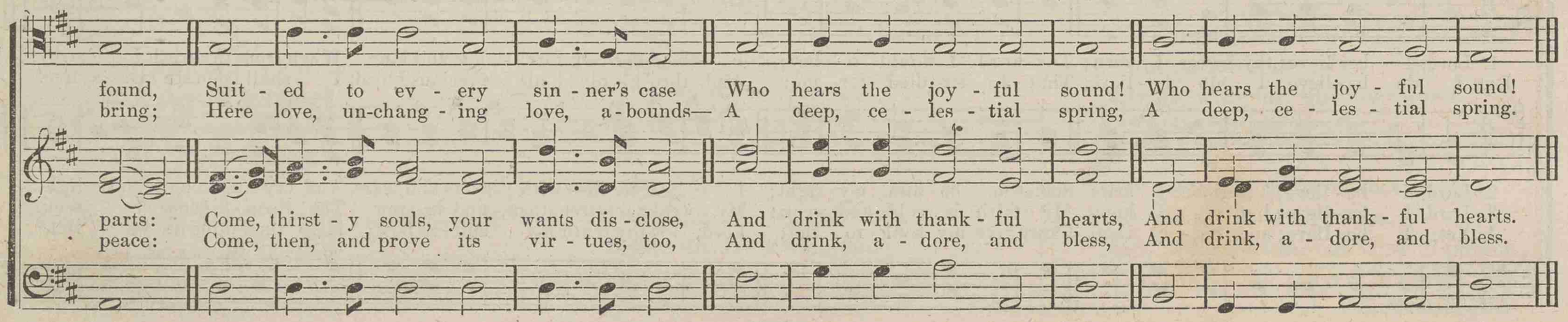
572 COWPER. C. M.—Lowell Mason.

(♩ = 63 = 35½.) Samuel Medley.





573 ON JORDAN'S STORMY BANKS. C. M., with Cho.—T. C. O'KANE. (♩=80=22.) SAM'L. STENNETT.

CHORUS.

1. On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wishful eye To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my possessions lie. We will rest in the fair and happy
2. O'er all those wide-extended plains Shines one eternal day; There God, the Sun, forever reigns, And scatters night a - way. We will rest in the fair and happy
3. When shall I reach that happy place, And he forever blest? When shall I see my Father's face And in his bos - om rest?
4. Filled with delight, my raptured soul Would here no longer stay; Tho' Jordan's waves around me roll, Fearless I'd launch a-way. We will rest in the fair and happy

land, (by and by), Just a - cross on the ev - er - green shore, Sing the song of Mo - ses and the Lamb, (by and by,) And dwell with Jesus ever-more.

land, (by and by), Just a - cross on the ev - er - green shore, ever-green shore, Sing the song of Mo - ses and the Lamb, (by and by,) And dwell with Jesus ever-more.

land, (by and by), Just a - cross on the ev - er - green shore, ever-green shore, Sing the song of Mo - ses and the Lamb, (by and by,) And dwell with Jesus ever-more.

By permission.

574 PURER IN HEART. 6s & 4s. D.—Jas. H. Fillmore. (♩=100=14.) Mrs. A. L. Davison.

1. Pur - er in heart, O God, Help me to be; May I de - vote my life Whol - ly to thee.

2. Pur - er in heart, O God, Help me to be; Teach me to do thy will Most lov - ing - ly.

3. Pur - er in heart, O God, Help me to be; That I thy ho - ly face One day may see.

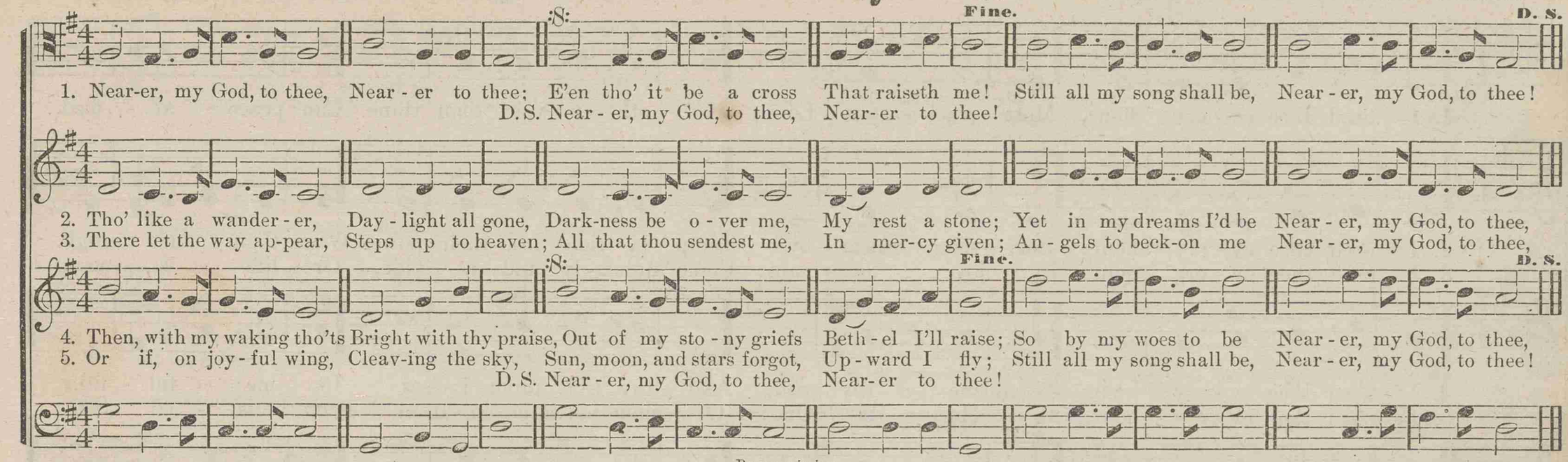
Watch thou my way - ward feet, Guide me with coun - sel sweet; Pur - er in heart Help me to be.

Be thou my Friend and Guide, Let me with thee a - bide; Pur - er in heart Help me to be.

Keep me from se - cret sin, Reign thou my soul with - in; Pur - er in heart Help me to be.

575 BETHANY. 6s & 4s. D.—Lowell Mason. (♩=96=15¼.)

Mrs. S. F. Adams.



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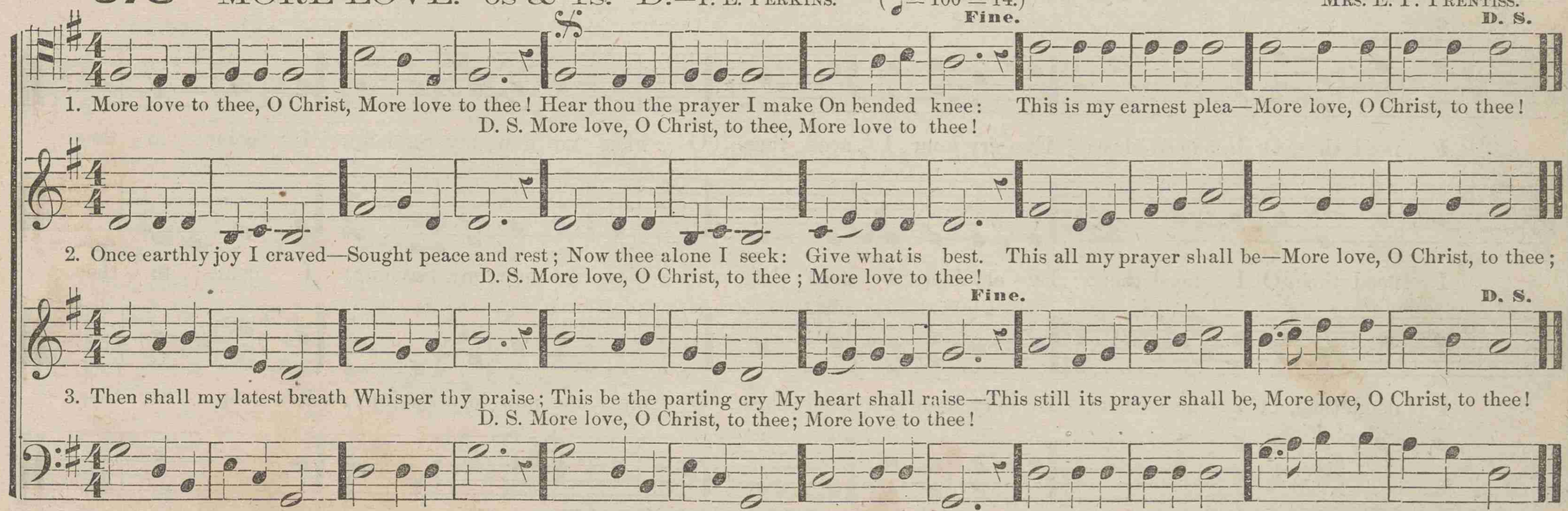
576 MORE LOVE. 6s & 4s. D.—T. E. Perkins. (♩=100=14.)

Mrs. E. P. Prentiss.

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577 I NEED THEE. 6s & 4s, with Refrain.—Robert Lowry. (♩ = 69 = 29½.) Mrs. Annie S. Hawks.

1. I need thee ev - ery hour, Most graci - ous Lord; No oth - er voice than thine Can peace af - ford.
2. I need thee ev - ery hour: Stay thou near by— Temp - ta - tions lose their power When thou art nigh.
3. I need thee ev - ery hour, In joy or pain: Come quick - ly and a - bide, Or life is vain.
4. I need thee ev - ery hour: Teach me thy will, And thy rich prom - i - ses In me ful - fill.
5. I need thee ev - ery hour, Most Ho - ly One: O make me thine in - deed, Thou bless - ed Son.

REFRAIN.

I need thee, O I need thee; Ev - ery hour I need thee. O bless me now, my Saviour: I come to thee.

I need thee, O I need thee; Ev - ery hour I need thee. O bless me now, my Saviour: I come to thee.

I need thee, O I need thee; Ev - ery hour I need thee. O bless me now, my Saviour: I come to thee.

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578 OLIVET. 6s & 4s.—Lowell Mason. (♩ = 88 = 18.)

Ray Palmer.

1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Cal-va-ry, Saviour divine: { Now hear me while I pray; / Take all my guilt a-way; } O let me, from this day, Be wholly thine.

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

3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be thou my guide; { Bid darkness turn to day, / Wipe sorrow's tears away, } Nor let me ev-er stray From thee a-side.

4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold, sullen stream Shall o'er me roll; { Blest Saviour, then, in love, / Fear and distrust remove; } O bear me safe a-bove—A ransomed soul.

579 DEPENDENCE. 6s & 4s. D.—N. Billings. (♩ = 92 = 16½.)

Henry Bennett.

1. { Cling to the Mighty One, Cling in thy grief; / Cling to the Ho-ly One: He gives re-lief; } Cling to the Gracious One, Cling in thy pain; Cling to the Faithful One: He will sus-tain.

2. { Cling to the Living One, Cling in thy woe; / Cling to the Loving One, Thro' all be-low; } Cling to the Pardoning One, He speaketh peace; Cling to the Healing One: Anguish shall cease.

3. { Cling to the Bleeding One, Cling to his side; / Cling to the Ris-en One, In him a-bide; } Cling to the Coming One, Hope shall a-rise; Cling to the Reigning One: Joy lights thine eyes.

580 MY PRAYER. 6s & 5s. D.—P. P. Bliss. (♩. = 60 = 39.)

P. P. Bliss.

1. More ho - li - ness give me, More strivings with - in; More patience in suffering, More sor - row for sin;

2. More grat - i - tude give me, More trust in the Lord; More pride in his glo - ry, More hope in his word;

3. More pu - ri - ty give me, More strength to o'er - come; More freedom from earth-stains, More longings for home;

More faith in my Sav - iour, More sense of his care; More joy in his ser - vice, More pur - pose in prayer.

More tears for his sor - rows, More pain at his grief; More meek-ness in tri - al, More praise for re - lief.

More fit for the king - dom, More use - ful I'd be; More bless - ed and ho - ly, More, Saviour, like thee.

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581 HOW CAN I BUT LOVE HIM? 6s & 5s, with Ref.—E. S. Lorenz. (♩ = 69 = 29½.) J. E. Rankin.

1. So ten - der, so pre - cious, My Sav - iour to me; So true and so gra - cious, I've found him to be.
2. So pa - tient, so kind - ly, Toward all of my ways; I blund - der so blind - ly— His love still re - pays.
3. Of all friends the fair - est And tru - est is he; His love is the rar - est That ev - er can be.
4. His beau - ty, though bleed-ing And cir - cled with thorns, Is then most ex - ceed - ing, For grief him a - dorns.

REFRAIN.

How can I but love him? But love him, but love him? There's no friend a - bove him, Poor sin - ner, for thee.

How can I but love him? But love him, but love him? There's no friend a - bove him, Poor sin - ner, for thee.

By permission.

582 EXCELSIOR. 6s & 5s. D.—S. J. Vail. (♩ = 56 = 45.) Unknown.

1. Pur-er yet and pur - er I would be in mind, Dear-er yet and dear - er Ev-ery du - ty find: Hop-ing still, and trusting, God without a fear,
D. S. Pa - tient-ly be - liev-ing He will make all clear.

2. Calmer yet and calm-er, Tri - al bear and pain; Sur - er yet and sur - er, Peace at last to gain; Suffering still and do - ing, To his will re-signed,
D. S. And to God sub-du - ing Heart and will and mind.

3. Higher yet and high-er, Out of clouds and night; Nearer yet and near - er, Ris - ing to the light; Oft these ear-nest longings Swell within my breast;
D. S. Yet their in - ner meaning Ne'er can be expressed.

Fine. D. S.

By permission.

583 SOMETHING FOR JESUS. 6s & 4s. D.—Robert Lowry. (♩ = 96 = 15¼.) S. D. Phelps.

1. Sav - iour, thy dy - ing love Thou gav - est me; Nor should I aught with-hold, Dear Lord, from thee:

2. O'er the blest mer - cy - seat, Plead - ing for me, My fee - ble faith looks up, Je - sus, to thee;

3. Give me a faith - ful heart— Like - ness to thee— That each de - part - ing day Hence - forth may see

In love my soul would bow, My heart ful - fill its vow, Some offer - ing bring thee now—Something for thee.

Help me the cross to bear, Thy wondrous love declare, Some song to raise, or prayer—Something for thee.

Some work of love be - gun, Some deed of kind - ness done, Some wanderer sought and won— Something for thee.

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584 VOGEL. 6s & 5s. D.—J. P. Powell. (♩=66=32.) Peter Vogel.

1. Long I was a wanderer— Je-sus now is mine; Yes I've found a Sav-iour, Hu-man and Di-vine. High he lived in glo-ry— Low to earth he came; Told the won-drous sto-ry, Life in Je-sus' name.
2. E-qual with the Fa-ther—Poor like man on earth; Mighty as Cre-a-tor— Weak as babes at birth; Hat-ed and re-ject-ed, For our sins to die; Bur-ied, risen, as-cend-ed, Pleads my cause on high.
3. "I will ne'er for-sake thee"—Thus his promise stands; "In my hands I'll bear thee O'er the burn-ing sands." Full on him re-ly-ing, Weakness is my strength; Wait-ing, toil-ing, dy-ing, Heaven is mine at length.
4. Sweet, so sweet, the ser-vice Which to him I give: Hearken—come—dear sinner: Now thy soul doth live. Taste the precious Sav-iour—Feel the joy di-vine; Know the love un-bound-ed: Je-sus now is mine.

585 JESUS, I WILL TRUST THEE. 6s & 5s. D.

J. H. F. (♩=84=20.) Unknown.

1. Je-sus, I will trust thee, When a-cross my soul, Like a fear-ful tem-pest, Doubts and fears shall roll. When the tempter com-eth, Sure-ly he will flee When I ut-ter "Je-sus, I am trust-ing thee!"
2. Je-sus, I will trust thee; There is none be-side; In thine arms of mer-cy I will ev-er hide; And for my ac-cept-ance, This my on-ly plea— Je-sus died for sin-ners, Je-sus died for me.
3. Je-sus, I will trust thee; Trust thee e-ven now; Trust thee when the death-dew Gathers on my brow; Trust thee in the sun-shine, Trust thee in the shade; With thy precious shel-ter, I am not a-fraid.

586 I HEAR THY WELCOME VOICE.

S. M., with Chorus.—*From Hallowed Songs.* (♩ = 69 = 29½.) L. HARTSOUGH.

. I hear thy welcome voice, That calls me, Lord, to thee, For cleansing in thy precious blood That flowed on Calva - ry.

2. Tho' coming weak and vile, Thou dost my strength assure; Thou wilt my vileness fully cleanse, And make my conscience pure.
3. 'Tis Je - sus calls me on To per - fect faith and love, To perfect hope and peace and trust, For earth and heaven above.

4. 'Tis Je - sus who con - firms The bless - ed work within, By adding grace to welcomed grace, Where reigned the power of sin.
5. And he as - surance gives To loy - al hearts and true, That ev - ery promise is fulfilled To those who hear and do.

CHORUS.

I am com - ing, Lord, Com - ing now to thee: Wash me, cleanse me in the blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.

I am com - ing, Lord, Com - ing now to thee: Wash me, cleanse me in the blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.

I am com - ing, Lord, Com - ing now to thee: Wash me, cleanse me in the blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.

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587 NEARER MY HOME. S. M., with Chorus.—J. M. Evans. (♩. = 60 = 39.) Arr. by L. H. Jameson.

1. A crown of glo - ry bright By eyes of faith I see, In realms of un - cre - at - ed light, Laid up in heaven for me.
2. O may I faith - ful prove, And keep that crown in view, Sus - tained by faith and hope and love, My heavenward way pur - sue.
3. Je - sus, be thou my guide; My ev - ery step at - tend; By day and night, be near my side, And keep me to the end.
4. Be thou my hid - ing - place, My ev - er - pres - ent guard; And help me, by thy sovereign grace, To reach my great re - ward.

CHORUS.

I'm near - er my home, near-er my home, Near-er my home to - day; Yes, near - er my home in heaven to-day Than ev - er I've been be - fore.

I'm near - er my home, near-er my home, Near-er my home to - day; Yes, near - er my home in heaven to-day Than ev - er I've been be - fore.

588 OAK. 6s & 4s. D.—Lowell Mason. (♩ = 96 = 15¼.) T. R. Taylor.

1. { I'm but a stran-ger here, Heaven is my home; / Earth is a des - ert drear, Heaven is my home; } Dan-ger and sor-row stand Round me on ev-ery hand; Heaven is my fa-ther-land—Heaven is my home.
2. { What tho' the tempest rage, Heaven is my home; / Short is my pil-grim-age, Heaven is my home; } And time's wild wintry blast Soon will be o - ver-past; I shall reach home at last—Heaven is my home.
3. { There, at my Saviour's side—Heaven is my home— / I shall be glo - ri - fied; Heaven is my home. } There with the good and blest, Those I loved most and best, I shall for - ev - er rest—Heaven is my home.

589 ALL TO CHRIST I OWE. 6s & 7.—John T. Grape. (♩ = 80 = 22.) Mrs. E. M. Hall, *alt.*

1. I hear the Saviour say, Thy strength indeed is small: Come to me—I'll be thy stay; Find in me thine all in all.

2. For nothing good have I Whereby thy grace to claim—Jesus died my soul to save, And bless-ed be his name.

3. When from my dy-ing bed My ransomed soul shall rise, "Jesus died my soul to save," Shall rend the vaulted skies.

4. And when, before the throne, I stand in him complete, "Jesus died my soul to save," My lips shall still re-peat.

CHORUS.

Je-sus died for me, All to him I owe— Sin had left a crimson stain: He washed it white as snow.

Je-sus died for me, All to him I owe— Sin had left a crimson stain: He washed it white as snow.

Je-sus died for me, All to him I owe— Sin had left a crimson stain: He washed it white as snow.

By permission.

590 I BRING MY SINS TO THEE. 6s & 8s. 61.—P. P. Bliss. (♩=76=24½.) Miss F. R. Havergal.

1. I bring my sins to thee, The sins I can not count, I bring them, Sa - viour, all to thee;
That all may cleans-ed be In thy once o - pened fount— The burden is too great for me,
The burden is too great for me.

2. I bring my grief to thee, The grief I can not tell; I bring the sor - row laid on me,
No words shall needed be, Thou knowest all so well— O suffering Saviour, all to thee,
O suffering Saviour, all to thee.

3. My joys to thee I bring, The joys thy love has given, I bring them, Saviour, all to thee,
That each may be a wing To lift me near - er heaven— Who hast procured them all for me,
Who hast procured them all for me.

4. My life I bring to thee; I would not be my own: My heart, my life, my all I bring
O Sa - viour, let me be Thine ev - er, thine a - lone— To thee, my Sa - viour and my King,
To thee, my Saviour and my King.

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591 SPEER. 6s.—Jas. H. Fillmore. (♩=80=22.) John Byrom.

1. My spir - it longs for thee With - in my troub - led breast, Tho' I un - worth - y be Of so di - vine a Guest.

2. Of so di - vine a Guest Un - worth - y tho' I be, Yet has my heart no rest Un - less it come from thee.

3. Un - less it come from thee, In vain I look a - round; In all that I can see No rest is to be found.

4. No rest is to be found, But in thy bless-ed love: O let my wish be crowned, And send it from a - bove.

592 HORTON. 7s.—Wartensee. (♩ = 80 = 22.) S. Longfellow.

1. Love for all! and can it be? Can I hope it is for me— I, who strayed so long a - go; Strayed so far, and fell so low?

2. I, the dis - o - bedient child, Wayward, pas - sion - ate and wild; I, who left my Father's home, In for - bid - den ways to roam;
3. I, who spurned his loving hold; I, who would not be controlled; I, who would not hear his call; I, the wil - ful prod - i - gal—

4. To my Father can I go? At his feet my - self I'll throw; In his house there yet may be Place—a servant's place—for me.
5. See! my Father waiting stands; See! he reaches out his hands: God is love; I know, I see, Love for me—yes, ev - en me.

593 WHITER THAN SNOW. 7s, with Ref.—K. S. Arr. by J. H. Rosecrans. (♩ = 80 = 22.) K. Shaw.

Fine. REFRAIN. D. S.

1. I am sinful; Lord, to thee In my anguish I would flee: To the fountain let me go, Make me whiter than the snow, Whiter than the snow, Whiter than the snow.

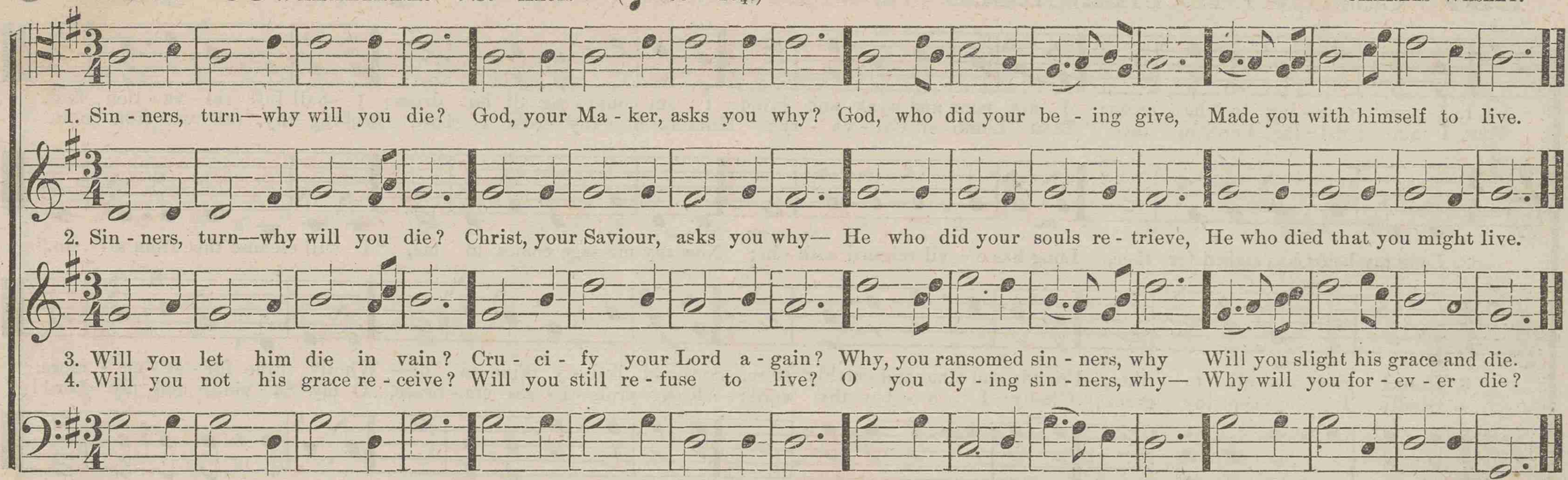
2. Blind and lost, I call for aid: Let thy hand on me be laid—Thou alone canst, Lord, I know, Make me whiter than the snow, Whiter than the snow, Whiter than the snow.

D. S. *To the fountain let me go, Make me whiter than the snow.*

Fine. REFRAIN. D. S.

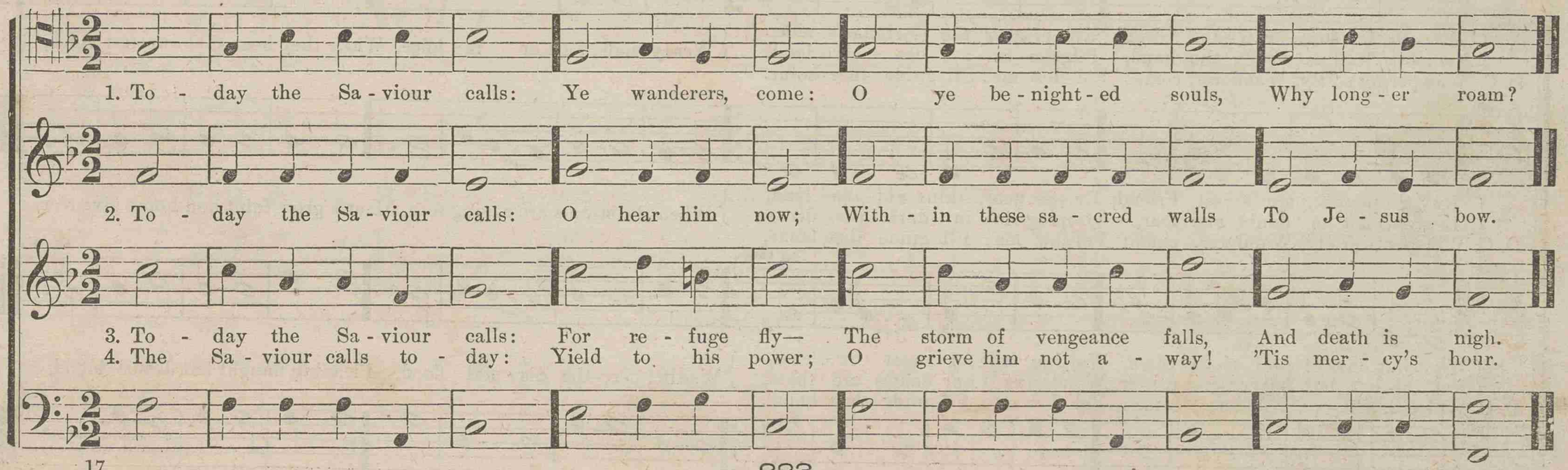
3. Cleanse me in thy precious blood, Love's pure, crimson, streaming flood, Robes of brightness, Lord bestow, Make me whiter than the snow, Whiter than the snow, Whiter than the snow.

594 COOKHAM. 7s.—Anon. (♩=96=15¼.) CHARLES WESLEY.



595 1. 'Tis re-li - gion that can give Sweetest pleasure while we live; 'Tis re - li - gion must sup - ply Sol - id comfort when we die.
2. Af - ter death, its joys will be Last - ing as e - ter - ni - ty; Be the liv - ing God my friend, Then my bliss shall never end.

Unknown.

596 AMOY. 6s & 4s.—LOWELL MASON. (♩=84=20.) S. F. SMITH.

597 COMING TO THE CROSS. 7s, with Refrain.—Wm. G. Fischer. (♩=76=24½.) W. McDonald, *alt.*

1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor and weak and blind; I am count - ing all but dross; I shall full sal - va - tion find.
Ref. I am trust - ing, Lord, in thee, Blest Lamb of Cal - va - ry; Humbly at thy cross I bow, Seeking thy sal - va - tion now.

2. Long my heart has sighed for thee, Long has e - vil reigned with - in; Now thy message comes to me, "I will cleanse thee from all sin."

3. Here I give my all to thee, Friends and time and earthly store, Soul and bod - y, thine to be— Wholly thine for - ev - er - more.
4. Gladly I ac - cept thy grace; Gladly I o - bey thy word; All thy prom - i - ses em - brace, O my Sa - viour and my Lord!

By permission.

598 GUIDE. 7s. D.—M. M. Wells. (♩=116=10½.) M. M. Wells, *alt.*

Fine. D. C.

1. { Bless-ed Je - sus, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side,
   { Gen - tly lead us by the hand, Pilgrims in a des - ert land. } Weary souls, for-e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweetest voice,
D. C. Whispering softly, Wanderer, come; Fol - low me: I'll guide thee home.

2. { Ev - er present, tru - est Friend, Ev - er near, thine aid to lend,
   { Leave us not to doubt and fear, Groping on in dark - ness drear; } When the storms are raging sore, Hearts grow faint and hopes give o'er,
D. C. Whisper soft - ly, Wanderer, come; Fol-low me: I'll guide thee home.

Fine. D. C.

3. { When our days of toil shall cease, Waiting still for sweet re - lease,
   { Nothing left but heaven and prayer, Wondering if our names are there, } Wading deep the dis - mal flood, Pleading naught but Jesus' blood,
D. C. Whisper soft - ly, Wanderer, come; Fol - low me: I'll guide thee home.

599 WONDERFUL WORDS OF LIFE. 8s & 6s.—P. P. Bliss. (♩. = 63 = 35½.) P. P. Bliss.

1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Wonder-ful words of life; Let me more of their beauty see, Wonderful words of life:

2. Christ, the bless-ed One, gives to all, Wonderful words of life: Sin - ner, list to the lov - ing call, Wonderful words of life,

3. Sweet - ly ech - o the gos - pel call, Wonderful words of life; Of - fer par - don and peace to all, Wonderful words of life:

Words of life and beauty, Teach me faith and du - ty— Beauti - ful words, wonderful words, Wonderful words of life, life.

All so freely giv - en, Wooing us to heav - en-- Beauti - ful words, wonderful words, Wonderful words of life, life.

Je - sus, on - ly Saviour, Sancti - fy for - ev - er, Beauti - ful words, wonderful words, Wonderful words of life, life.

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600 ROCK OF AGES. 7s. 6 l.—Thos. Hastings. (♩=60=39.)

A. M. Toplady.

Fine. D. C.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in thee; Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy riv - en side which flowed,
D. C. Be of sin the double cure—Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2. Not the la - bor of my hands Can ful - fill the law's de - mands; Could my zeal no res - pite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
D. C. All for sin could not a - tone—Thou must save, and thou a - lone. Fine. D. C.

3. Nothing in my hand I bring; Simp - ly to thy cross I cling; Naked, come to thee for dress; Helpless, look to thee for grace;
D. C. Foul, I to the fountain fly: Wash me, Sav - iour, or I die.

4. While I draw this fleeting breath, When my heart-strings break in death, When I soar to worlds un - known, See thee on thy judgment throne,
D. C. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee.

601 PILOT. 7s. 6 l.—J. E. Gould. (♩=63=35½.)

E. Hopper.

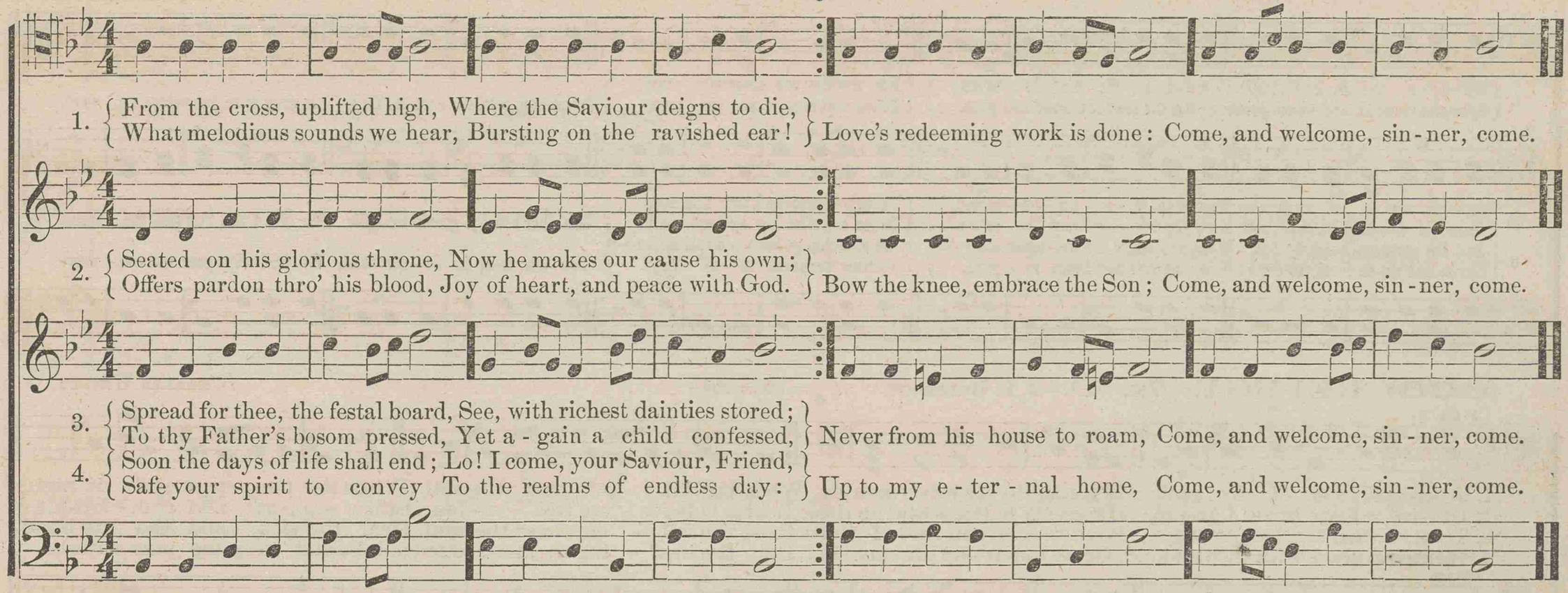
1. Je - sus, Saviour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tempestuous sea: Unknown waves be - fore me roll, Hiding rock and treacherous shoal;
D. C. Chart and compass came from thee: Je - sus, Saviour, pi - lot me.

Fine. D. C.

2. As a mother stills her child, Thou canst hush the ocean wild; Boisterous waves o - bey thy will When thou say'st to them, "Be still!"
D. C. Wondrous Sovereign of the sea, Je - sus, Saviour, pi - lot me.

3. When, at last, I near the shore, And the fearful breakers roar 'Twixt me and the peaceful rest, Then, while leaning on thy breast,
D. C. May I hear thee say to me, "Fear not: I will pi - lot thee!"

By permission.

602 ROSEFIELD. 7s. 6 l.—H. A. C. Malan. (♩ = 72 = 27.) T. Haweis.

603

Jesus, Lamb of God, for me
Thou, the Lord of life, didst die:
Whither—whither but to thee,
Can a trembling sinner fly?
Death's dark waters o'er me roll:
Save, O save my sinking soul.

2 All my soul, by love subdued,
Melts in deep contrition there;
By thy mighty grace renewed,
New-born hope forbids despair.
Lord, thou canst my guilt forgive;
Thou hast bid me look and live.

3 While with broken heart I kneel,
Sinks the inward storm to rest;
Life, immortal life, I feel
Kindled in my throbbing breast;
Thine, forever thine, I am:
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

Ray Palmer.

604

Now, from labor and from care,
Evening shades have set me free;
In the work of praise and prayer,
Lord, I would converse with thee:
O behold me from above,
Fill me with a Saviour's love.

2 Sin and sorrow, guilt and woe,
Wither all my earthly joys;
Naught can charm me here below,
But my Saviour's melting voice:
Lord, forgive—thy grace restore,
Make me thine for evermore.

3 For the blessings of this day,
For the mercies of this hour,
For the gospel's cheering ray,
For the Spirit's quickening power—
Grateful notes to thee I raise:
O accept my song of praise.

Unknown.

605 MARTYN. 7s. D.—S. B. Marsh. (♪ = 108 = 12.) John Newton.

1. Ma - ry to the Saviour's tomb Hast - ed at the ear - ly dawn; For awhile she lingering stood,
Spice she brought, and sweet perfume; But the Lord she loved had gone. Filled with sorrow and sur - prise; Trembling, while a crys-tal flood Is-sued from her weep-ing eyes.

2. Je - sus, who is al ways near, Though too oft - en un - per - ceived, Though at first she knew him not,
Came, her drooping heart to cheer, Kind - ly ask - ing why she grieved. When he called her by her name, She her heav-y griefs for- got; For she found him still the same.

3. And her sor-rows quick-ly fled, When she heard his wel-come voice— What a change his word can make—
Christ had ris-en from the dead; Now he bids her heart re - joice. Turning darkness in - to day! You who weep for Je - sus' sake, He will wipe your tears a - way.

(606) REFUGE. 7s. D.—J. P. Holbrook. (♩ = 69 = 29½.) Charles Wesley.

DUET.

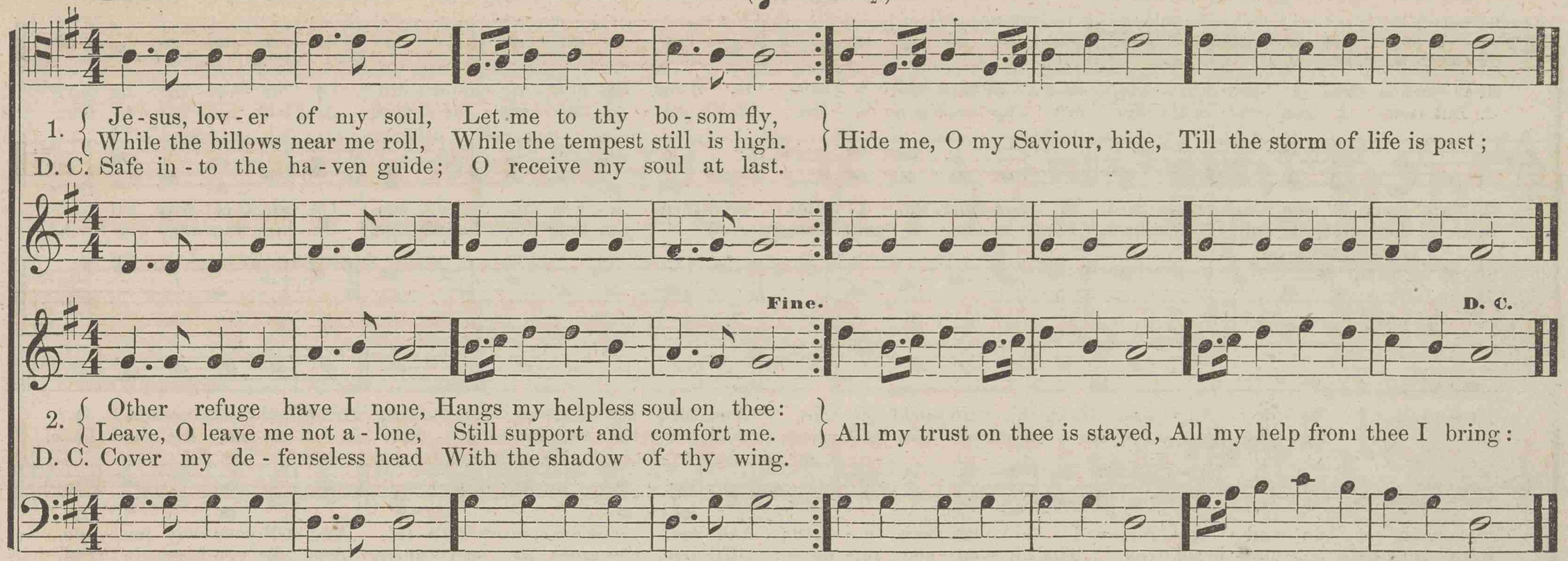
1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly, While the bil - lows near me roll, While the tem - pest still is high;
2. Oth-er ref-uge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on thee: Leave, O leave me not a - lone, Still sup-port and com - fort me.
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; Boundless love in thee I find: Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
4. Plenteous grace with thee is found, Grace to par-don all my sin: Let the heal - ing streams abound; Make and keep me pure with-in.

Alto.

Hide me, O my Sav-iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past; Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; O re- ceive my soul at last.
All my trust on thee is stayed, All my help from thee I bring: Cov - er my de - fense-less head With the shadow of thy wing.

Just and ho - ly is thy name, Prince of peace and righteous-ness—Most un - wor - thy, Lord, I am; Thou art full of love and grace.
Thou of life the fount-ain art: Free - ly let me take of thee; Spring thou up with-in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

By permission.

606 MERDIN. 7s. D.—Lowell Mason. (♩=76=24½.)

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
Boundless love in thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
Prince of peace and righteousness—
Most unworthy, Lord, I am;
Thou art full of love and grace.

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

Charles Wesley.

607

What could your Redeemer do
More than he has done for you?
To procure your peace with God,
Could he more than shed his blood?
After all this flow of love,
All his drawings from above,
Why will you your Lord deny?
Why will you resolve to die?

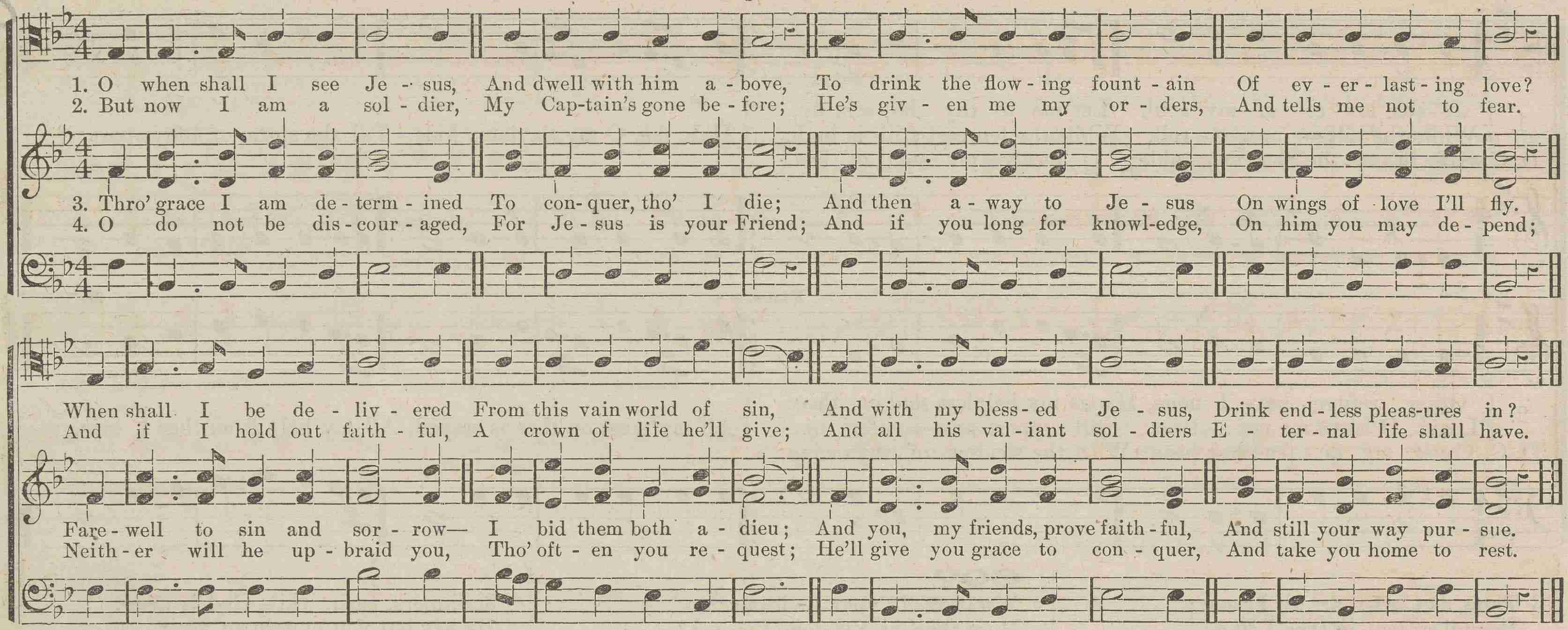
2 "Turn," he cries, "O sinner, turn!
By his life your God hath sworn
He would have you turn and live—
He would all the world receive.
If your death were his delight,
Would he thus to life invite?
Would he ask, beseech, and cry,
Why will you resolve to die?"

3 Sinners, turn, while God is near:
He has left you naught to fear;
Now, e'en now, your Saviour stands,
All day long he spreads his hands,
Cries—"You will not happy be;
No, you will not come to me—
Me, who life to none deny:
Why will you resolve to die?"

4 Can you doubt that God is love,
Who thus calls you from above?
Will you not his word receive?
Will you not his oath believe?
See, the suffering Lord appears;
Jesus weeps: believe his tears—
Mingled with his blood, they cry,
"Why will you resolve to die?"

Charles Wesley.

608 WEBB. 7s & 6s. D.—G. J. WEBB. (♩ = 84 = 20.)

Unknown.

609

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

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus;
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this his glorious day.
"Ye that are men, now serve him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

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

G. DUFFIELD.

610

I SAW the cross of Jesus,
When burdened with my sin·
I sought the cross of Jesus,
To give me peace within;
I brought my soul to Jesus,
He cleansed it with his blood;
And in the cross of Jesus,
I found my peace with God.

2 Sweet is the cross of Jesus!
There let my weary heart
Still rest in peace unshaken,
Till with him, ne'er to part;
And then in strains of glory
I'll sing his wondrous power,
Where sin can never enter,
And death is known no more.

Unknown.

611

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

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

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

S. F. SMITH.

612 HO! REAPERS OF LIFE'S HARVEST.

7s & 6s. D.—I. B. Woodbury. ($\frac{1}{2}$=96=15½.) I. B. Woodbury.

1. Ho! reapers of life's harvest, Why stand with rusted blade, Un - til the night draws round thee, And day begins to fade?

2. Thrust in your sharpened sickle, And gath - er in the grain: The night is fast ap - proaching, And soon will come a - gain.

3. Come down from hill and mountain In morning's ruddy glow, Nor wait un - til the di - al Points to the noon be - low;
4. Mount up the heights of wisdom, And crush each er - ror low; Keep back no word of knowledge That human hearts should know.

Why stand ye i - dle, waiting For reapers more to come? The gold - en morn is pass - ing: Why sit ye i - dle, dumb?

The Mas - ter calls for reapers, And shall he call in vain? Shall sheaves lie there ungathered, And waste up - on the plain?

And come with stronger sin - ew, Nor faint in heat or cold, And pause not till the evening Draws round its wealth of gold.
Be faith - ful to thy mis - sion, In ser - vice of the Lord, And then a gold - en chaplet Shall be thy just re - ward.

By permission.

613 I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

7s & 6s, with Cho.—Wm. G. Fischer. (♩ = 92 = 16½.) Catherine Hankey.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of unseen things above, Of Je-sus and his glory, Of Jesus and his love. I love to tell the story, Because I know 'tis true ;
2. I love to tell the sto - ry ; More wonderful it seems Than all the golden fancies Of all our golden dreams. I love to tell the story ; It did so much for me—
3. I love to tell the sto - ry ; 'Tis pleasant to repeat What seems, each time I tell it, More wonderfully sweet. I love to tell the story ; For some have never heard
4. I love to tell the sto - ry ; For those who know it best Seem hungering and thirsting To hear it, like the rest. And when, in scenes of glory, I sing the new, new song,

CHORUS.

It sat - is-fies my longings, As nothing else can do. I love to tell the story—'Twill be my theme in glory, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Jesus and his love.
And that is just the reason I tell it now to thee. I love to tell the story—'Twill be my theme in glory, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Jesus and his love.
The message of salvation From God's own holy word.
'Twill be the old, old story That I have loved so long. I love to tell the story—'Twill be my theme in glory, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Jesus and his love.

By permission.

614 JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN. 7s & 6s. D., with Cho.—J. R. Murray. (♩ = 88 = 18.) J. R. M.

1. Jerusalem the Golden, I languish for one gleam
Of all thy glory, fold-en In distance and in dream;
My thoughts, like palms in exile, Climb up to look and pray For a glimpse of that dear country That lies so far a - way.

2. Jerusalem the Golden, When sun sets in the west,
It seems the gate of Glory, Thou City of the Blest;
And midnight's starry torch - es, Thro' intermediate gloom, Are waving with their welcome To thy e - ter - nal home.

3. Jerusalem the Golden—There all our birds that flew,
Our flowers but half unfolden, Our pearls that turnd to dew,
And all the glad life-mu - sic, Now heard no longer here, Shall come again to greet us, As we are drawing near.

4. Jerusalem the Golden, I toil on, day by day;
Heart-sore each night with longing, I stretch my hands and pray
That, midst thy leaves of healing, My soul shall find her rest, Where the wicked cease from troubling The weary are at rest.

CHORUS.

Je - ru - sa - lem the Gold - en, My hope, my heaven, my home, With song of joy and sweet em-ploy, To thee, to thee we come.

Je - ru - sa - lem the Gold - en, My hope, my heaven, my home, With song of joy and sweet em-ploy, To thee, to thee we come.

Je - ru - sa - lem the Gold - en, My hope, my heaven, my home, With song of joy and sweet em-ploy, To thee, to thee we come.

By permission.

615 NO FRIEND LIKE JESUS. 7s & 6s. D., with Cho.—J. R. Murray. (♩=88=18.) E. E. Rexford.

1. There is no friend like Je - sus, When sorrows flood the breast;
   He was "a man of sor-rows," And had no place to rest.
   But when our sorrows vex us, He gives us sym - pa - thy, And, leaning on his bo - som,

2. There is no friend like Je - sus; Tho' earthly friends are true,
   They can not travel with us Our earthly jour-ney through;
   But Je-sus ne'er will leave us, He holds us by the hand, And guides us in the path-way,

3. There is no friend like Je - sus; In hap - pi-ness and pain,
   In sor-row and in sun - shine, Our friend he will re - main.
   To him we turn for com-fort, To him we look for rest; And we find them on his bo - som—

CHORUS.

He comforts you and me. O there's no friend like Je - sus, Tho' dear are all the rest; There is no friend like Je - sus, The dear-est and the best.
To-ward the bet - ter land. O there's no friend like Je - sus, Tho' dear are all the rest; There is no friend like Je - sus, The dear-est and the best.
On Je - sus' lov-ing breast.

By permission.

616 IS IT FOR ME? 7s & 6s, with Chorus.—T. C. O'Kane. (♩=80=22.) Miss F. R. Havergal.

1. Is it for me, dear Sav-iour, Thy glo - ry and thy rest— For me, so weak and sin - ful? O shall I so be blest?
2. Is it for me, thy wel-come, Thy gra - cious "En - ter in"— For me thy "Come, ye bless - ed," For me, so full of sin?
3. O Sav-iour, pre-cious Sav-iour, My heart is at thy feet; I bless thee, and I love thee, And thee I long to meet.
4. I'll be with thee for - ev - er, And nev - er grieve thee more; Dear Sav-iour, I must praise thee, And love thee ev - er - more.

IS IT FOR ME? Concluded.

CHORUS.

O Sav-iour, my Re - deem-er, What can I but a - dore, And mag - ni - fy and praise thee, And love thee ev - er - more?

O Sav-iour, my Re - deem-er, What can I but a - dore, And mag - ni - fy and praise thee, And love thee ev - er - more?

By permission.

617 I COULD NOT DO WITHOUT THEE. 7s & 6s. D.—J. R. Murray. (♩ = 76 = 24½.) Miss F. R. Havergal.

1. I could not do with-out thee, O Sav - iour of the lost, Whose pre - cious blood re - deemed me, At such tre - mend-ous cost.
2. I could not do with-out thee, I can not stand a - lone; I have no strength or good - ness, No wis - dom of my own.
3. I could not do with-out thee; For O the way is long, And I am oft - en wea - ry, And sigh re - plac - es song.
4. I could not do with-out thee; For years are fleet - ing fast; And soon in sol - emn lone-li-ness, The riv - er must be passed.

Thy right - eous-ness, thy par - don, Thy pre - cious blood must be My on - ly hope and com - fort, My glo - ry and my plea.
But thou, be - lov - ed Sav - iour, Art all in all to me; And weak - ness will be pow - er, If lean - ing hard on thee.

How could I do with - out thee? I do not know the way; Thou know - est and thou lead - est, And wilt not let me stray.
But thou wilt nev - er leave me; And, though the waves roll high, I know thou wilt be near me, And whis - per, "It is I."

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618 GOING HOME AT LAST. 7s & 6s, with Chorus.—E. S. Lorenz. (♩ = 88 = 18.) W. Gossett.

1. The e-vening shades are fall-ing, Our sun is sink-ing fast; The Ho-ly One is call-ing, We're go-ing home at last.
2. The road's been long and drear-y, The toils come thick and fast; In bod-y weak and wea-ry, We're go-ing home at last.
3. We now are near-ing heav-en, And soon shall be at rest; Our crowns will soon be giv-en— We're go-ing home at last.
4. O praise the Lord for-ev-er! Our sor-rows all are past; We'll part no more—no, nev-er; We're go-ing home at last.

CHORUS.

Go-ing home at last! Go-ing home at last! The march will soon be o-ver; We're go-ing home at last.

Go-ing home at last! Go-ing home at last! The march will soon be o-ver; We're go-ing home at last.

By permission.

619 O SION, SION. 7s & 6s, with Chorus.—J. H. Rosecrans. (♩ = 84 = 20.) L. H. Jameson.

1. There is a hab-i-ta-tion, Built by the liv-ing God, For all, of ev-ery na-tion, Who seek that grand a-bode.
2. A cit-y of found-a-tions, Firm as th'e-ter-nal throne; Nor wars, nor des-o-la-tions Shall ev-er move a stone.
3. No night is there, no sor-row, No death, and no de-cay; No yes-ter-day, no mor-row— But one e-ter-nal day.
4. With-in its pearl-y por-tals, An-gel-ic arm-ies sing, With glo-ri-fied im-mor-tals, The prais-es of its King.

O Si - on, love - ly Si - on, I long thy gates to see: O Si - on, love - ly Si - on, When shall I dwell in thee?

O Si - - on, Si - on, I long thy gates to see: O Si - - on, Si - on, When shall I dwell in thee?
O Si - on, love - ly Si - on, O love-ly Si - on, love - ly Si - on,

620 BY AND BY. 7s & 6s. D.—Arr. from W. T. DALE. (♩=72=27.) W. T. DALE.

1. O - ver Jor - dan we shall meet, By and by, by and by, In a fel - low-ship so sweet, By and by, by and by;
2. All our sor - rows shall be past, By and by, by and by; We shall reach our home at last, By and by, by and by;
3. There we'll join the ran-somed throng, By and by, by and by, Chant-ing love's re-deem - ing song, By and by, by and by;

We shall gath - er on the shore, With our kin - dred gone be - fore, And the Sav - iour's name a - dore, By and by, by and by.

With the ran-somed we shall stand There, a ho - ly, hap - py band, Crowned with glo - ry in that land, By and by, by and by.
There we'll meet be - fore the throne, There we'll lay our troph-ies down, And re - ceive a shin - ing crown, By and by, by and by.

621 WHAT HAST THOU DONE FOR ME? 6s & 8.—P. P. Bliss. (♩. = 63 = 35½.) Miss F. R. Havergal.

1. I gave my life for thee, My precious blood I shed, That thou might'st ransomed be, And quickened from the dead.

2. My Father's house of light, My glo - ry - cir-cled throne, I left—for earth - ly night, For wanderings sad and lone.

3. I suffered much for thee— More than thy tongue can tell, Of bitterest ag - o - ny, To res - cue thee from hell.
4. And I have brought to thee, Down from my home a - bove, Sal - va - tion full and free, My par - don and my love.

I gave, I gave my life for thee: What hast thou given for me? I gave, I gave my life for thee: What hast thou given for me?

I left, I left it all for thee: Hast thou left aught for me? I left, I left it all for thee: Hast thou left aught for me?

I've borne, I've borne it all for thee: What hast thou borne for me? I've borne, I've borne it all for thee: What hast thou borne for me?
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee: What hast thou brought to me? I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee: What hast thou brought to me?

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622 COME, O COME TO ME. 8s, 5s & 9.—Fred. A. Fillmore. (♩ = 92 = 16½.) J. S. Lowe.

1. Far a - way from home I'm wandering, Far a - way from thee: Art thou, O my Fa - ther, watching? Art thou call - ing me?
2. Canst thou, wilt thou, O my Fa - ther, Love me as thy child— Love me in my sin and sor - row? Wretch-ed and de - filed?
3. Canst thou turn my grief to glad - ness— Turn my sighs to praise? Canst thou grant me free for - give - ness? Tell me—canst thou save?
4. With a bro - ken, con - trite spir - it, Now to thee I flee; Trust - ing not up - on my mer - it, Trust - ing on - ly thee.

Wan - derer, wan - derer, come, O come to me. In thy Fa - ther's house there's wel - come, And a home for thee.
Wan - derer, wan - derer, come, O come to me. In thy wanderings I have loved thee: Haste, O haste to me.

Wan - derer, wan - derer, come, O come to me. All thy bur - dens I will car - ry: Come, O come to me.
Sav - iour, Sav - iour, hear my ferv - ent cry! Help, O help me in this con - flict— Help me, or I die.

623 WE SCATTER SEEDS. 8s, 6s & 4s.—J. H. Rosecrans. (♩ = 92 = 16½.) John Deble.

1. We scatter seeds with careless hand, And dream we ne'er shall see them more; But for a thousand years Their fruit appears, In weeds that mar the land, Or healthful store.
2. The deeds we do, the words we say, In-to still air they seem to fleet; We count them ever past; But they shall last—And in the judgment day, We them shall meet.
3. I charge thee by the years gone by, For the love's sake of brethren dear, Keep, thou, the one true way Thro' all thy day, Lest in that world their cry Of woe thou hear.

624 EVERY DAY. 7s & 9s, with Refrain.—W. H. Doane. (♩ = 63 = 35½.) F. C. Van Alstyne.

1. Sa - viour, more than life to me, I am clinging, clinging close to thee; Ev - er be a present friend,
2. Thro' this chang - ing world be - low Lead me gently, gently as I go: Trusting thee, I can not stray,
D. S. May thy ten - der love to me
3. Let me love thee more and more, Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er; Till my soul is lost in love,
D. S. May thy ten - der love to me

Fine. **REFRAIN.** **D. S.**

Leave me never, nev - er to the end. Ev - ery day and hour, ev - ery day and hour, Let me feel thy cleansing power;
I can nev - er, nev - er lose my way. Ev - ery day, ev - ery hour,
Bind me clo - ser, clos - er, Lord, to thee. Let me feel thy cleansing power;
In a brighter, brighter world a - bove. Ev - ery day, ev - ery hour,
Bind me clos - er, clos - er, Lord, to thee. Ev - ery day and hour, ev - ery day and hour, Let me feel thy cleansing power;

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625 WE'RE GOING HOME TO-MORROW. 4s & 7s, with Cho.—P. P. Bliss. (♩=88=18.) Paulina.

SOLO.

1. We're go - ing home, No more to roam, No more to sin or sor - row; No more to wear The brow of care—We're go-ing home to-mor - row.
2. For wea - ry feet There waits a street Of wondrous pave and gold-en; For hearts that ache The an - gels wake The sto - ry sweet and old - en.
3. For those who sleep, And those who weep, A - bove the por-tals nar - row, The mansions rise Be - yond the skies—We're go-ing home to-mor - row.
4. O joy - ful song! O ransomed throng, Where sin no more shall sev - er! Our King to see, And, O to be With him at home for-ev - er.

CHORUS.

We're go - ing home, we're go - ing home, We're go - ing home to - mor - row; We're go-ing home, we're go-ing home, We're go - ing home to-mor - row.

We're go - - ing home, We're go - ing home to - mor - row; We're go - - ing home, We're go - ing home to-mor - row.
We're go - ing home, we're go - ing home, We're go-ing home, we're go-ing home,

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626 HE KNOWS IT ALL. 8s & 4.—J. H. Leslie. (♩.=58=42.) Unknown.

1. He knows the bit - ter, wea - ry way, The end - less striv-ing day by day, The souls that weep, the souls that pray—He knows it all.
2. He knows how hard the fight has been, The clouds that come our lives be-tween, The wounds the world has nev - er seen--He knows it all.
3. He knows, when, faint and worn, we sink, How deep the pain, how near the brink Of dark despair we pause and shrink—He knows it all.
4. He knows! O thought so full of bliss! For though on earth our joys we miss, We still can bear it, feel - ing this— He knows it all.

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627 COMING NOW. 7s & 6s, with Chorus.—Fred. A. Fillmore. (♩. = 66 = 32.) Robert Moffett.

1. Je - sus, I am com - ing now, Com - ing to the fount - ain; Pre-cious is th' a - ton - ing blood Shed on Cal-v'ry's mount-ain.
2. Je - sus, make me true to thee, Pure, and meek, and low - ly, While I walk the nar - row way To the cit - y ho - ly.
3. Je - sus, fill my heart with peace, Flow - ing like a riv - er; Day by day my joy in-crease, Till the glad for - ev - er.

CHORUS.

Com - ing now, com - ing now, Seek - ing grace and fav - or, That my wea - ry soul may find Rest in thee for - ev - er.

Com - ing now, com - ing now, Seek - ing grace and fav - or, That my wea - ry soul may find Rest in thee for - ev - er.

628 WE'LL WORK. C. M., with Cho.—Wm. Miller. Harmonized by H. P. Main. (♩ = 92 = 16½.) Elizabeth Mills.

1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh: When will the mo-ment come, When I shall lay my arm - or by, And dwell in peace at home?
2. No tran-quil joys on earth I know, No peace-ful, sheltering dome; This world's a wil - der - ness of woe, This world is not my home.
3. To Je - sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam, And lean for suc - cor on his breast, Till he con-duct me home.
4. I sought at once my Sav-iour's side; No more my steps shall roam; With him I'll brave death's chilling tide, And reach my heavenly home.

WE'LL WORK. Concluded.

CHORUS.

We'll work till Je - sus comes, We'll work till Je - sus comes, We'll work till Je - sus comes, And we'll be gathered home.

We'll work till Je - sus comes, We'll work till Je - sus comes, We'll work till Je - sus comes, And we'll be gathered home.
We'll work We'll work We'll work

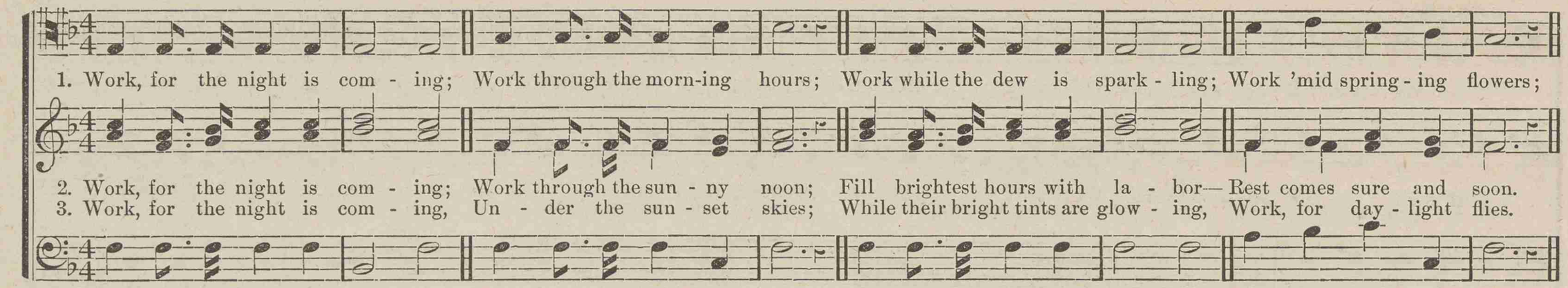
629 WHAT A FRIEND. 8s & 7s.—C. C. Converse. (♩ = 80 = 22.) Horatius Bonar.

1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear! What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - ery thing to God in prayer!
2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there trouble a - ny - where? We should nev - er be dis - cour-aged: Take it to the Lord in prayer.
3. Are we weak and heavy - lad - en, Cumbered with a load of care? Pre-cious Sav-iour, still our ref - uge— Take it to the Lord in prayer!

O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what needless pain we bear, All because we do not car - ry Ev - ery thing to God in prayer!

Can we find a friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sor-rows share? Je - sus knows our ev-ery weak-ness: Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends de - spise, for - sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer: In his arms he'll take and shield thee; Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.

By permission.

630 WORK SONG. 7s, 6s & 5s.—Lowell Mason. (♩=104=13.) Sidney Dyer.

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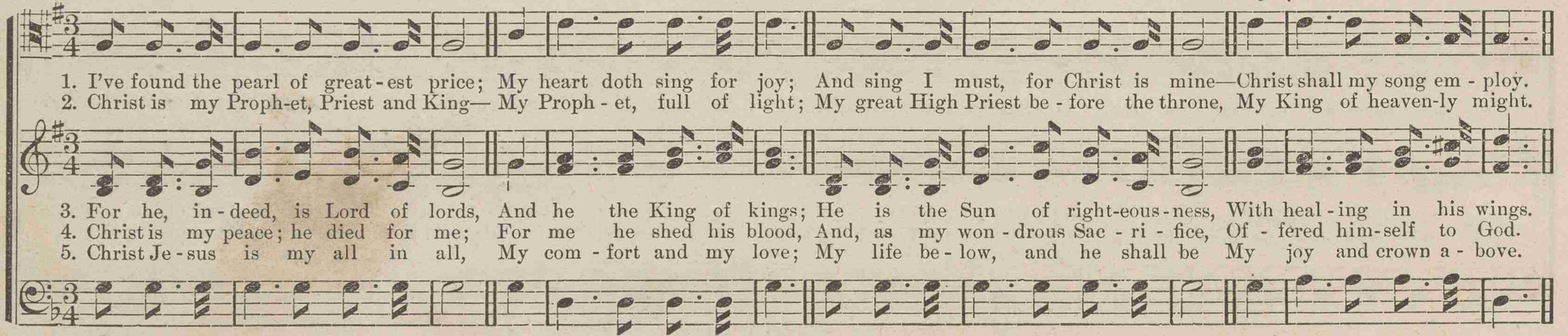
631 THE PEARL OF GREATEST PRICE. C. M., with Cho.—P. P. Bliss. (♩=84=20.) John Mason.

THE PEARL OF GREATEST PRICE. Concluded.

CHORUS.

I've found the pearl of great - est price; My heart doth sing for joy; And sing I must, for Christ is mine—Christ shall my song em - ploy.

I've found the pearl of great - est price; My heart doth sing for joy; And sing I must, for Christ is mine—Christ shall my song em - ploy.

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632 PASS ME NOT. 8s & 5s, with Chorus.—W. H. Doane. (♩=88=18.) F. C. Van Alstyne.

1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - iour; Hear my hum - ble cry; While on oth - ers thou art smil - ing, Do not pass me by.
2. Let me at thy throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief, Kneel-ing there in deep con - tri - tion; Help mine un - be - lief.
3. Trusting on - ly in thy mer - it, Would I seek thy face: Heal my wound-ed, bro - ken spir - it, Save me by thy grace.
4. Thou the Spring of all my com - fort, More than life to me, Whom on earth have I be - side thee? Whom in heaven but thee?

CHORUS.

Sav - iour, Sav - iour, hear my hum - ble cry; While on oth - ers thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.

Sav - iour, Sav - iour, hear my hum - ble cry; While on oth - ers thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.

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633 NEAR THE CROSS. 7s & 6s, with Chorus.—W. H. Doane. (♩ = 63 = 35½.) F. C. Van Alstyne.

1. Je - sus, keep me near the cross: There a pre - cious fount - ain, Free to all, a heal - ing stream, Flows from Cal - vary's mount-ain.

2. Near the cross, a tremb-ling soul, Love and mer - cy found me; There the bright and morn - ing star Sheds its beams a - round me.
3. Near the cross! O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes be - fore me; Help me walk from day to day, With its shad - ow o'er me.

CHORUS.

In the cross, in the cross, Be my glo - ry ev - er, Till my rapt - ured soul shall find Rest be - yond the riv - er.

In the cross, in the cross, Be my glo - ry ev - er, Till my rapt - ured soul shall find Rest be - yond the riv - er.

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634 SHOUT THE TIDINGS. 8s & 7s, with Chorus.—Wm. B. Bradbury. (♩ = 104 = 13.) Unknown.

1. Shout the tidings of sal - va - tion To the a - ged and the young; Till the precious in - vi - ta - tion Wak - en ev - ery heart and tongue.
2. Shout the tidings of sal - va - tion O'er the prairies of the West, Till each gathering congre - ga - tion With the gos - pel sound is blest.

3. Shout the tidings of sal - va - tion, Mingling with the o-cean's roar, Till the ships of ev - ery na - tion Bear the news from shore to shore.
4. Shout the tidings of sal - va - tion, O'er the isl-ands of the sea, Till, in humble a - dor - a - tion, All to Christ shall bow the knee.

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SHOUT THE TIDINGS. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Send the sound the earth around, From the rising to the set-ting of the sun, Till each gathering crowd shall proclaim aloud, The glorious work is done.

Send the sound the earth around, From the rising to the set-ting of the sun, Till each gathering crowd shall proclaim aloud, The glorious work is done.

635 BLESSED BIBLE. 8s & 7s. D.—A. D. Fillmore. (♩=72=27.) Mrs. Phœbe Palmer.

1. Bless-ed Bi - ble, how I love it! How it doth my bo - som cheer! What hath earth like this to cov - et? O what stores of wealth are here!
2. Yes, I'll to my bo-som press thee; Pre-cious Word, I'll hide thee here; Sure my ver - y heart will bless thee, For thou ever say'st "Good cheer!"
3. Yes, sweet Bi - ble, I will hide thee, Hide thee rich - ly in this heart; Thou, thro' all my life, wilt guide me, And in death we will not part.

Man was lost, and doomed to sor-row; Not one ray of light or bliss Could he from earth's treasures bor - row, Till his way was cheered by this.

Speak, my heart, and tell thy ponderings, Tell how far thy rov-ings led, When this book bro't back thy wanderings, Speaking life as from the dead.
Part in death! no, nev-er, nev - er! Thro' death's vale I'll lean on thee; Then in worlds a - bove, for - ev - er, Sweet-er still thy truths shall be.

636 HE WILL HIDE ME. 8s & 7s, with Cho.—Jas. McGranahan. (♩. = 72 = 27.) M. E. Servoss.

1. When the storms of life are raging, Tempests wild on sea and land, I will seek a place of refuge In the shadow of God's hand.
2. Tho' he may send some affliction, 'Twill but make me long for home; For in love and not in an - ger, All his chastenings will come.
3. En - e - mies may strive to injure, Satan all his arts em - ploy; He will turn what seems to harm me In - to ev - er-lasting joy.
4. So, while here the cross I'm bearing, Meeting storms and billows wild, Je - sus for my soul is caring; Naught can harm his Father's child.

CHORUS.

He will hide me, he will hide me, Where no harm can e'er betide me; He will hide me, safely hide me, In the shad - ow of his hand.

He will hide me, he will hide me, Where no harm can e'er betide me; He will hide me, safely hide me, In the shadow of his hand.

He will hide me, he will hide me, Where no harm can e'er betide me; He will hide me, safely hide me, In the shad - ow of his hand.

He will hide me, he will hide me, Where no harm can e'er betide me; He will hide me, safely hide me, In the shadow of his hand.

By permission.

637 BUCKLE ON THE ARMOR. 8s & 7s, with Cho.—J. H. Rosecrans. (♩=108=12.) C. Jay Smith.

1. Life is one contin - ued bat - tle, Never end - ed, never o'er; And the Christian's path to glory Is a conflict ev-er - more.

2. Sa - tan ev - er watches round him, Seeks to find the weakest part, And in moments most un - heeded Quickly throws his fiery dart.

3. If perchance thy heart grows weary, With the struggle and the fight, And the day seems dark and dreary, Little sunshine, little light;
4. Be that light but faint and feeble, It shall guide thee ev - er - more, And at every bat - tle leave thee Stronger than thou wast before.

CHORUS.

Christian, buckle on thy armor, Let the weak points strengthened be; Fight thy fight—all heaven shall greet thee In the hour of vic - to - ry.

Christian, buckle on thy armor, Let the weak points strengthened be; Fight thy fight—all heaven shall greet thee In the hour of vic - to - ry.

Christian, buckle on thy armor, Let the weak points strengthened be; Fight thy fight—all heaven shall greet thee In the hour of vic - to - ry.

638 PRECIOUS PROMISE. 8s & 7s, with Ref.—P. P. Bliss. (♩. = 76 = 24½.) Nathaniel Niles.

1. Precious promise God hath giv - en To the wear-y pass - er - by, On the way from earth to heav-en, "I will guide thee with mine eye."
2. When temptations al - most win thee, And thy trusted watchers fly, Let this promise ring with - in thee, "I will guide thee with mine eye."
3. When thy secret hopes have perished In the grave of years gone by, Let this promise still be cherished, "I will guide thee with mine eye."
4. When the shades of life are fall - ing, And the hour has come to die, Hear thy trus - ty Pi - lot calling, "I will guide thee with mine eye."

REFRAIN.

I will guide thee, I will guide thee, I will guide thee with mine eye; On the way from earth to heav - en I will guide thee with mine eye.

I will guide thee, I will guide thee, I will guide thee with mine eye; On the way from earth to heav - en I will guide thee with mine eye.

I will guide thee, I will guide thee, I will guide thee with mine eye; On the way from earth to heav - en I will guide thee with mine eye.

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639 ARE YOU READY? 8s & 7s, with Refrain.—E. S. Lorenz. (♩=88=18.) J. W. Slaughenhaupt.

1. Soon the even-ing shad-ows fall-ing, Close the day of mor-tal life; Soon the hand of death ap-pall-ing, Draws thee
2. Soon the aw-ful trum-pet, sound-ing, Calls thee to the judg-ment-throne; Now pre-pare, for love a-bound-ing Yet has
3. O how fat-al 'tis to lin-ger! Are you read-y— read-y now—Read-y, should death's ic-y fin-ger Lay its
4. Priceless love and free sal-va-tion, Free-ly still are of-fered thee: Yield no long-er to temp-ta-tion, But from

REFRAIN.

from its wea-ry strife. Are you read-y? Are you read-y? 'T is the Spir-it call-ing:
left thee not a-lone.

chill up-on thy brow? Are you read-y? (are you read-y?) Are you read-y? (are you read-y?) 'T is the Spir · it call-ing:
sin and sor-row flee.

why de-lay? Are you read-y? Are you read-y? Do not lin-ger long-er; come to-day.

why de-lay? Are you read-y? (are you read-y?) Are you read-y? (are you read-y?) Do not lin-ger long-er; come to-day.

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640 MY REDEEMER. 8s & 7s, with Chorus.—James McGranahan. (♩.=72=27.) P. P. Bliss.

1. I will sing of my Re-deem-er, And his won-drous love to me; On the cru-el cross he suf-fered, From the curse to set me free.
2. I will tell the wondrous sto-ry How, my lost es-tate to save, In his boundless love and mer-cy, He the ran-som free-ly gave.
3. I will praise my dear Re-deem-er; His tri-umph-ant power I'll tell— How the vic-to-ry he giv-eth O-ver sin and death and hell.
4. I will sing of my Re-deem-er, And his heaven-ly love to me; He from death to life hath bro't me, Son of God, with him to be.

CHORUS.

Sing, O sing of my Re-deem-er, Sing, O sing of my Re-deem-er: With his blood . . . . . he ransomed me, he ransomed me;
Sing, O sing . . . . . of my Re-deem-er: With his blood . . . . . he ransomed me; . . . . . .
Sing, O sing of my Re-deem-er, Sing, O sing of my Re-deem-er: With his blood he ransomed me, With his blood he ransomed me;

On the cross he sealed my par-don, On the cross he sealed my par-don, Gave his life and made me free, and made me free, and made me free.
On the cross . . . . . he sealed my par-don, Gave his life . . . . . and made me free, and made me free.
On the cross he sealed my par-don, On the cross he sealed my par-don, Gave his life and made me free, and made me free. . . . . .

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641 PRECIOUS NAME. 8s & 7s. with Cho.—W. H. Doane. (♩=104 = 13.) Mrs. Lydia Baxter.

1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor - row and of woe: It will joy and comfort give you: Take it, then, where'er you go.

2. Take the name of Je - sus ev - er As a shield from every snare; If temptations round you gath - er, Breathe that ho - ly name in prayer.

3. O the precious name of Je - sus, How it thrills our souls with joy, When his loving arms receive us, And his songs our tongues employ!

4. At the name of Je - sus bow - ing, Falling prostrate at his feet, King of kings, in heaven we'll crown him, When our journey is complete.

CHORUS.

Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heaven! Precious name, O how sweet! how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heaven.

Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heaven! Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heaven.

Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heaven! Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heaven.

Precious name, O how sweet! Precious name, O how sweet! how sweet!

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642 BEAUTIFUL VALLEY OF EDEN. 8s & 6s, with Ref.—Wm. F. Sherwin. (♩. = 66 = 32.) W. O. Cushing.

1. Beau-ti-ful val-ley of E-den, Sweet is thy noon-tide calm, O-ver the hearts of the wea-ry, Breathing thy waves of balm.

2. O-ver the heart of the mourn-er Shin-eth the gold-en day, Waft-ing the songs of the an-gels Down from the far-a-way.

3. There is the home of my Sav-iour; There, with the blood-washed throng, O-ver the high-lands of glo-ry Roll-eth the great new song.

REFRAIN.

Beau-ti-ful val-ley of E-den, Home of the pure, the pure and blest, How oft-en a-mid the wild bil-lows I dream of thy rest—sweet rest!

Rit.

Beau-ti-ful val-ley of E-den, Home of the pure and blest, . . . How oft-en a-mid the wild bil-lows I dream of thy rest—sweet rest!

the pure and blest,

Rit.

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643 CHRIST IS PRECIOUS. 8s & 7s, with Chorus.—Jas. H. Fillmore. (♩ = 104 = 13.) Eliza Sherman.

1. O the precious love of Je-sus, Growing sweeter day by day, Tun-ing all my heart so joy-ous To a heavenly mel-o-dy.

2. But we can not know the full-ness Of the Saviour's wondrous love, Till we see and know his glo-ry, In the heavenly home a-bove.

3. Come and taste the love of Je-sus, At his feet thy burdens lay; Trust him with thy grief and sor-row, Bear this joy-ful song a-way.

CHRIST IS PRECIOUS. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Christ is pre-cious, Christ is pre-cious, In life's journey he will lead thee; Christ is pre-cious, Christ is pre-cious, He will lead thee all the way.

Christ is pre-cious, Christ is pre-cious, In life's journey he will lead thee; Christ is pre-cious, Christ is pre-cious, He will lead thee all the way.

644 SHINING SHORE. 8s & 7s, with Chorus.—Geo. F. Root. (♩=76=24½.) David Nelson.

1. My days are glid - ing swift - ly by, And I, a pil-grim stran-ger, Would not de - tain them as they fly, Those hours of toil and dan - ger.
2. We'll gird our loins, my breth - ren dear, Our dis - tant home dis-cern - ing; Our ab - sent Lord has left us word, Let ev - ery lamp be burn - ing.
3. Should coming days be cold and dark, We need not cease our sing - ing; That per - fect rest naught can mo - lest, Where gold - en harps are ring - ing.
4. Let sor - row's rud - est tem-pest blow, Each cord on earth to sev - er; Our King says "Come;" and there's our home, For-ev - er, O for - ev - er.

CHORUS.

For, O we stand on Jor-dan's strand, Our friends are pass - ing o - ver; And just be - fore the shin - ing shore We may al-most dis - cov - er.

For, O we stand on Jor-dan's strand, Our friends are pass - ing o - ver; And just be - fore the shin - ing shore We may al-most dis - cov - er.

By permission.

645 DRAW ME TO THEE. 8s & 6s, with Chorus.—E. S. Lorenz. (♩. = 69 = 29½.) M. A. W.

1. Lord, weak and im - po - tent I stand, As fet - tered by an unseen hand: Break thou the strong and subtle band, And draw me close to thee.

2. In vain I struggle to be free; I would, but can not, fly to thee: Ope thou the pris - on door for me, And draw me close to thee.

3. O bring me nearer, nearer still, That thine own peace my soul may fill, And I may rest in thy sweet will; Lord, draw me close to thee.

4. Here, Lord, I would for-ev - er bide, And nev - er wander from thy side: Beneath thy wing do thou me hide, And draw me close to thee.

CHORUS.

Close to thee, Saviour, close to thee; Be - neath thy wing do thou me hide, And draw me close to thee.

Draw me close to thee, Saviour, Draw me close to thee; Be - neath thy wing do thou me hide, And draw me close to thee.

Draw me close to thee, Saviour, Draw me close to thee; Be - neath thy wing do thou me hide, And draw me close to thee.

Close to thee, Saviour, close to thee; Be - neath thy wing do thou me hide, And draw me close to thee.

By permission.

646 ELLESDIE. 8s & 7s. D.—Mozart. (♩ = 84 = 20.)

H. F. Lyte.

1. Jes-us, I my cross have taken, All to leave, and follow thee; I am poor, despised, forsaken—Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.
D. S. Yet how rich is my condition— God and heaven are still my own.

2. Let the world despise and leave me—It has left my Saviour, too; Human hearts and looks deceive me—Thou art not, like them, untrue;
D. S. Foes may hate, and friends may scorn me—Show thy face and all is bright.

3. Go, then, earthly frame and treasure; Come, disaster, scorn and pain; In thy service, pain is pleasure; With thy fa-vor, loss is gain.
D. S. Storms may howl, and clouds may gather, All will work for good to me.

4. Man may trouble and distress me—'Twill but drive me to thy breast; Life with trials hard may press me—Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
D. S. O 't were not in joy to charm me, Were that joy unmixed with thee.

Per-ish ev-ery fond am-bi-tion, All I've sought and hoped and known:
Whilst thy grac-es shall a-dorn me, God of wis-dom, love, and might,
I have called thee, Ab-ba, Fath-er; I have set my heart on thee;
O 'tis not in grief to harm me While thy love is left to me;

647

Soul, then know thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin and fear and care,
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear;
Think what Spirit dwells within thee,
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think that Jesus died to save thee:
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

2 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer:
Heaven's eternal day's before thee—
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission;
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

H. F. Lyte.

648 ACROSS THE RIVER. 8s & 7s, with Cho.—Fred. A. Fillmore. (♩=96=15¼.) Emma Pitt.

1. I have friends a - cross the river, Where for me they gladly wait; Hold a - jar with an - gel fingers Yonder bright and pearly gate.

2. In that home that knows no sorrow, All our partings will be o'er; We shall sing the song of glo - ry On that happy, golden shore.

3. Yes, I've friends across the river, And I hope to greet them there, When this earthly toil is o - ver, In that land so bright and fair.

CHORUS.

O how sweet will be the meeting In that happy home a - bove! And how welcome be the greeting Of the Saviour whom I love!

O how sweet will be the meeting In that happy home a - bove! And how welcome be the greeting Of the Saviour whom I love!

O how sweet will be the meeting In that happy home above! (above!) And how welcome be the greeting Of the Saviour whom I love!

649 WHEN THE MISTS. 8s & 7s. D., with Cho.—J. H. Anderson. (♩ = 104 = 13.) Annie Herbert.

1. When the mists have rolled in splendor From the beau - ty of the hills, And the sun-shine, warm and ten - der, Falls in kiss - es on the rills,
2. If we err in hu - man blindness, And for - get that we are dust; If we miss the law of kind - ness When we strug-gle to be just,
3. When the sil - ver mist has vailed us From the fa - ces of our own, Oft we deem their love has failed us, And we tread our path a - lone;
4. When the mists have risen a-bove us, As our Fa - ther knows his own, Face to face with those that love us, We shall know as we are known.

We may read love's shining let - ter In the rain-bow of the spray; We shall know each oth - er bet - ter When the mists have cleared away.
Snow - y wings of peace shall cov - er All the plain that hides a - way, When the wea - ry watch is o - ver, And the mists have cleared away.
We should see them near and tru - ly, We should trust them day by day, Neith-er love nor blame un - du - ly, If the mists were cleared away.
Lo! be - yond the o - rient meadows Floats the gold - en fringe of day; Heart to heart, we bide the shad-ows Till the mists have cleared away.

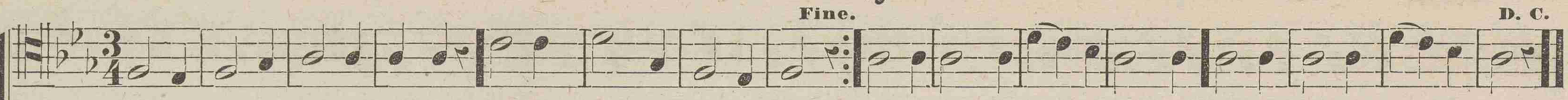
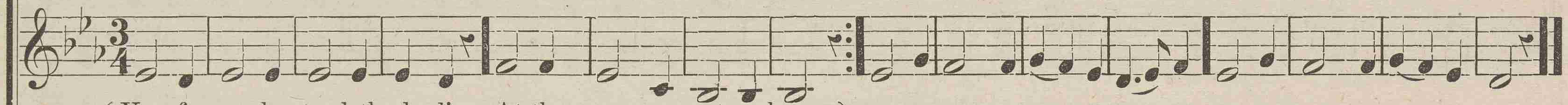
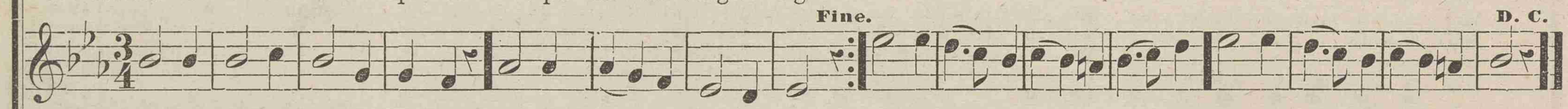
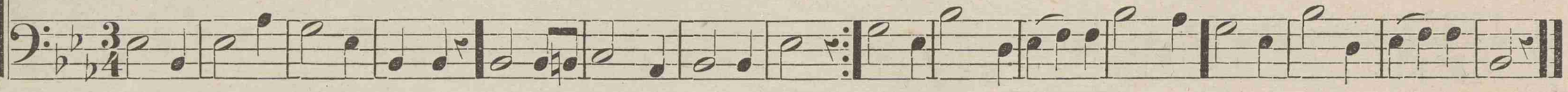
CHORUS.

We shall know . . . . as we are known, ... Nev-er - more . . . . to walk a - lone, In the dawn - - ing of the morn - ing,
We shall know as we are known, Nev-er-more to walk a - lone, In the dawning

When the mists . . . have cleared away; In the dawn - - ing of the morning, When the mists . . . . have cleared away.
When the mists have cleared away; In the dawning When the mists have cleared away.

Rit.

By permission.

650 ROBINSON. 8s & 7s. D.—THOS. HASTINGS. (♩ = 132 = 8.) Unknown.

1. { Yes, for me, for me he car-eth With a brother's ten-der care; / Yes, with me, with me he shareth Every bur-den, ev-ery fear. } Yes, o'er me, o'er me he watcheth, Ceaseless watcheth night and day;
D. C. Yes, e'en me, e'en me he snatcheth From the per-ils of the way.

2. { Yes, for me he standeth pleading, At the mer-cy-seat a-bove, / Ev-er for me in-ter-ceding, Constant in un-tiring love. } Yes, in me a-broad he sheddeth Joys unearthly, love and light,
D. C. And to cov-er me he spreadeth His pa-ter-nal wing of might.

3. { Yes, in me, in me he dwelleth—I in him, and he in me; / And my empty soul he fill-eth, Here and thro' e-ter-ni-ty. } Thus I wait for his re-turning, Singing all the way to heaven—
D. C. Such the joy-ful song of morning, Such the tranquil song of even.

651

HARK! the voice of Jesus calling—
"Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white, the harvest waiting—
Who will bear the sheaves away?"
Loud and long the Master calleth,
Rich reward he offers free:
Who will answer, gladly saying,
"Here am I, O Lord: send me"?

2 If you can not cross the ocean,
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door;
If you can not speak like angels,
If you can not preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say he died for all.

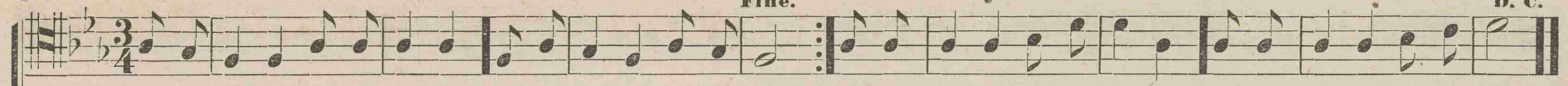
3 While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you,
Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do."
Gladly take the task he gives you,
Let his work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when he calleth,
"Here am I, O Lord: send me."

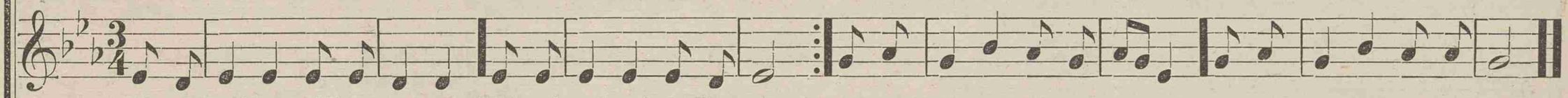
DANIEL MARCH.

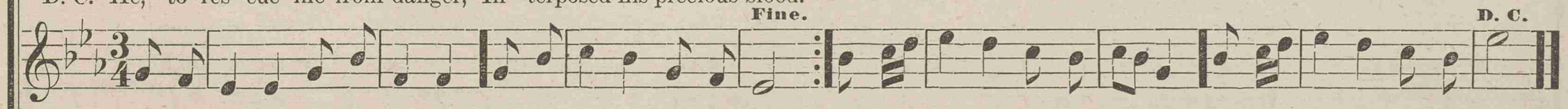
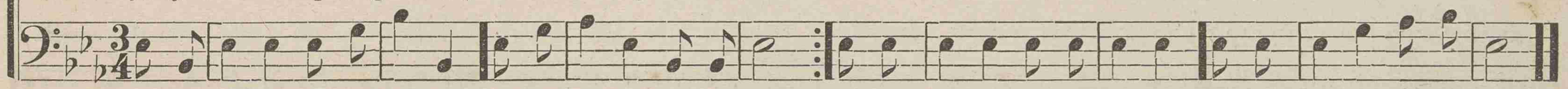
652

YES, he knows the way is dreary,
Knows the weakness of our frame,
Knows that hand and heart are weary;
He in all points felt the same.
Look to him, and faith shall brighten,
Hope shall soar, and love shall burn,
Peace once more thy heart shall brighten:
Rise: he calleth thee: return.

MISS F. R. HAVERGAL.

653 NETTLETON. 8s & 7s. D.—Asahel Nettleton. (♩ = 69 = 29½.) R. Robinson.

1. { O thou fount of ev - ery blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace:
   { Streams of mercy, never ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise. Teach me ev - er to a - dore thee: May I still thy goodness prove,
D. C. While the hope of endless glo - ry Fills my heart with joy and love.



2. { Here I'll raise my Eben - e - zer; Hither by thy help I've come;
   { And I hope by thy good pleasure, Safe-ly to ar - rive at home. Je - sus sought me when a stranger, Wandering from thy fold, O God;
D. C. He, to res - cue me from danger, In - terposed his precious blood.

3. { O to grace how great a deb - tor Dail - y I'm constrained to be!
   { Let thy goodness, like a fet - ter, Bind me closer still to thee, Nev - er let me wander from thee, Nev - er leave thee whom I love;
D. C. By thy Word and Spir-it guide me, Till I reach thy courts above.

654

Sinner, hear the invitation:
Mercy calls you from above.
Come, receive this great salvation,
Purchased by redeeming love.
Jesus calls with sweet compassion,
"Come, ye weary souls, to me:"
Sinner, heed the invitation;
Rise forthwith—he calleth thee.

2 On the rugged cross-tree bleeding,
Hear the wounded Lamb of God
For transgressors interceding,
While they shed his precious blood;
Hear that dying intercession,
Offered on that bloody tree:
He will pardon your transgression:
Rise forthwith—he calleth thee.

3 Sinner, soon the day of favor
Will forever pass away:
Hasten to the bleeding Saviour,
Hasten while it is to-day.
He will comfort all your sorrow,
And from every burden free:
Wait not for the coming morrow;
Rise forthwith—he calleth thee.

L. H. Jameson.

655

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

John Newton.

656 MOLUCCA. 8s, 7s & 4s.—I. B. Woodbury. (♩ = 80 = 22.) J. Allen.

1. Sin-ners, will you scorn the message Sent in mer-cy from a-bove?
Ev-ery sentence, O how ten-der! Ev-ery line is full of love. Lis-ten to it, Lis-ten to it: Ev-ery line is full of love.

2. Hear the her-alds of the gos-pel News from Zion's King proclaim:
"Pardon to each reb-el sin-ner, Free for-giveness in his name." O how gracious! O how gracious! Free for-giveness in his name.

3. Will you not re-ceive the mes-sage—Lis-ten to the joy-ful word—
And em-brace the news of par-don Of-fered to you by the Lord? Can you slight it— Can you slight it— Of-fered to you by the Lord?

4. O ye an-gels, hovering round us, Waiting spirits, speed your way;
Haste ye to the court of heav-en; Tid-ings bear without de-lay: Reb-el sin-ners, Reb-el sin-ners Glad the message will o-bey.

657 THE GREAT PHYSICIAN. 8s & 7s, with Cho.—Arr. by J. H. Stockton. (♩. = 69 = 29½.) Wm. Hunter, *alt.*

CHORUS.

1. The great Phy-si-cian now is near, The sym-pa-thiz-ing Je-sus;
He speaks, the drooping heart to cheer: O hear the voice of Je-sus. "Sweetest note in seraph song,
Sweetest name on mortal tongue, Sweetest carol ev-er sung—Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus!"

2. He speaks to us of sins forgiven—O hear the voice of Je-sus—
And how to walk the path to heaven, And wear a crown with Jesus. "Sweetest note in seraph song,
Sweetest name on mortal tongue, Sweetest carol ev-er sung—Je-sus, bless-ed Jes-sus!"

3. All glo-ry to the dy-ing Lamb! I now believe in Je-sus;
I love the bless-ed Saviour's name, I love the name of Je-sus.

4. And when to that bright world above, We rise to see our Je-sus,
We'll sing around the throne of love, His name, the name of Je-sus. "Sweetest note in seraph song,
Sweetest name on mortal tongue, Sweetest carol ev-er sung—Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus!"

658 BAVARIA. 8s & 7s. D.—German. (♩=72=27.) L. H. JAMESON.

1. Hea - vy - la-den, sad and wea-ry, Lord, we come for help to thee; All on earth is dark and dreary: Wilt thou grant our light to be?

2. Man - y are our sore tempta - tions, Man - y are our doubts and fears, Man-y are our trib - u - lations, Man - y are our bitter tears.

3. When we go astray, re - strain us By the drawings of thy love; From the tempter's power regain us, For thyself in worlds a - bove;

With thy presence, ev - er cheer us, As we journey on our way; And be pleased to kindly hear us, When we bow, and meekly pray.

Wilt thou grant to not forsake us, While we tar - ry here be - low, And, when life is ov - er, take us Where such sorrows none can know?

Ev - ery fleeting day and hour May we live for thee a - lone; And may thy almight - y power Bring us near thy glorious throne.

659 INVITATION. 8s, 7s & 4s, or 8s & 7s, with Cho.—Anon. (♩ = 80 = 22.) CHARLES WESLEY.

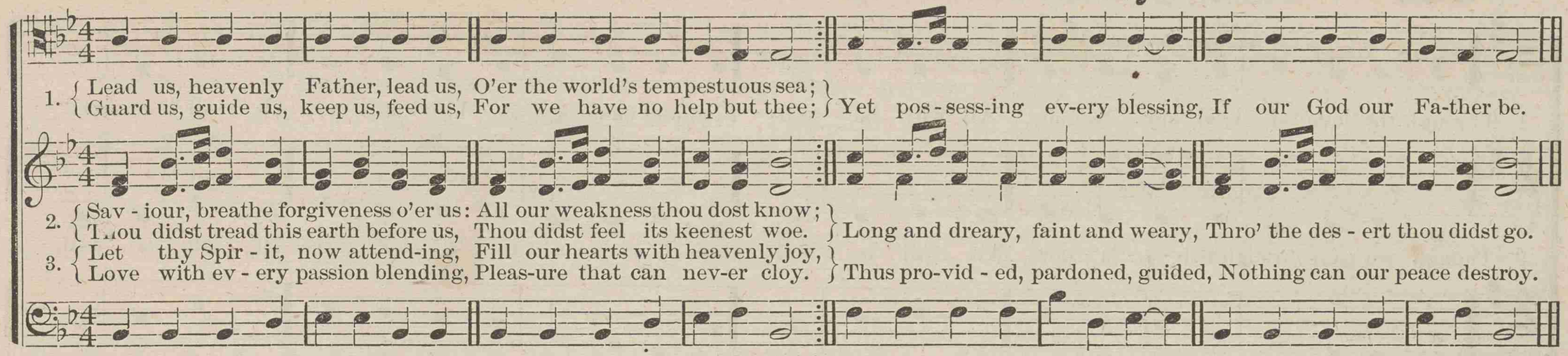
1. Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need-y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore: Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and power.
2. Let not conscience make you lin - ger, Nor of fit - ness fond - ly dream: All the fit - ness he re - quir - eth, Is to feel your need of him.
3. Come, you wear - y, heav-y - la - den, Bruised and mangled by the fall: If you tar - ry till you're bet - ter, You will nev - er come at all;
4. Ag - on - iz - ing in the gar - den, Lo! your Saviour prostrate lies: On the bloody tree behold him; Hear him cry be - fore he dies,
5. Lo! the ris - ing Lord as - cending, Pleads the vir - tue of his blood: Venture on him, venture free - ly; Let no oth - er trust in - trude.

He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is willing—doubt no more, He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is willing—doubt no more.
CHO.*_Turn to the Lord and seek sal - va - tion; Come, the gos - pel call o - bey; Hearken to the in - vi - ta - tion; O re - ceive his grace to - day._

This he gives you, This he gives you; 'Tis the Sa-viour's ris-ing beam, This he gives you, This he gives you; 'Tis the Sa-viour's ris - ing beam.
Not the righteous— Not the righteous—Sinners, Je - sus came to call, Not the righteous—Not the righteous—Sinners, Je - sus came to call.

"It is fin - ish - ed!" "It is finished!" Sinners, will not this suf - fice? "It is finished!" "It is finished!" Sinners, will not this suf - fice?
None but Je - sus, None but Je - sus Can do helpless sinners good; None but Je - sus, None but Je - sus Can do help - less sinners good.

*The chorus may be used instead of the last two lines of each verse.

660 HAPPY ZION. 8s 7s & 4s, or 8s, 7s & 7s.—I. B. Woodbury. (♩=72=27.) Jas. Edmeston.

By permission.

661

Listen, sinner: mercy hails you;
With her sweetest voice she calls;
Bids you hasten to the Saviour,
Ere the hand of justice falls:
Listen, sinner:
'Tis the voice of mercy calls.

2 See the storm of vengeance gathering
O'er the path you dare to tread;
Hark! the awful thunders rolling
Loud and louder o'er your head:
Flee, O sinner,
Lest the lightnings strike you dead.

3 Haste, O hasten to the Saviour;
Sue his mercy while you may:
Soon the day of grace is over,
Soon your life will pass away:
Hasten, sinner:
You must perish, if you stay.

Andrew Reed.

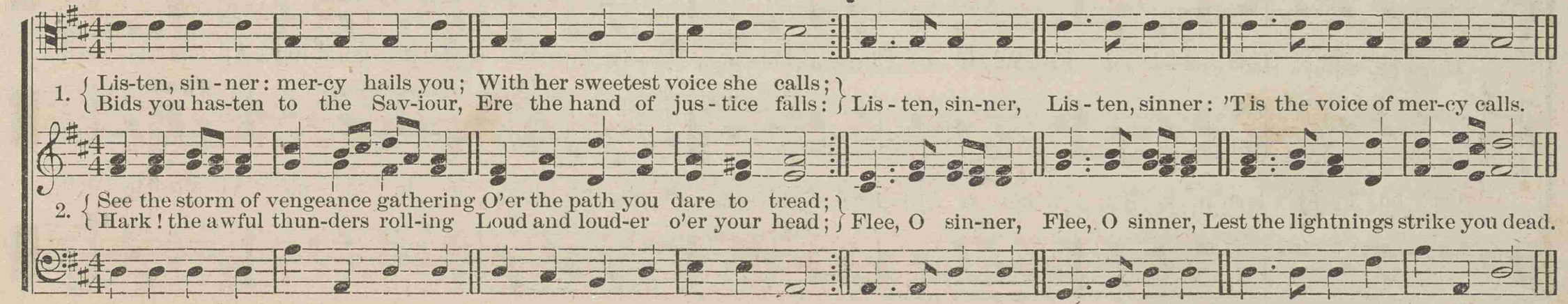
662

Come to Calvary's holy mountain,
Sinners, ruined by the fall:
Here a pure and healing fountain
Flows, to cleanse the guilty soul,
In a full, perpetual tide,
Opened when the Saviour died.

2 Come in sorrow and contrition,
Wounded, impotent, and blind:
Here the guilty find remission;
Here the lost a refuge find;
Health this fountain will restore;
He that drinks shall thirst no more.

3 Come, ye dying, live forever:
'Tis a soul-reviving flood;
God is faithful—he will never
Break the cov'nant sealed in blood—
Signed when our Redeemer died,
Sealed when he was crucified.

Jas. Montgomery.

(661) OSGOOD. 8s, 7s & 4s.—Arr. from Ritter. (♩=84=20.)

663 WALES. 8s & 4s.—Welsh Air. ($\frac{1}{2}$ = 63 = 35½.) MARY B. PETERS.

1. Through the love of God, our Saviour, All will be well; Free and changeless is his fav - or— All, all is well.

2. Though we pass through trib - u - la - tion, All will be well; Ours is such a full sal - va - tion—All, all is well.

3. We ex- pect a bright to - morrow; All will be well; Faith can sing, thro' days of sor - row, All, all is well.

Precious is the blood that healed us; Per- fect is the grace that sealed us; Strong the hand stretched out to shield us—All must be well.

Hap - py, still in God con-fid - ing; Fruitful, if in Christ a - bid - ing; Ho - ly, thro' the Spir - it's guid-ing—All must be well.

On our Father's love re - ly - ing, Je - sus ev - ery need supplying, Or in liv - ing, or in dy - ing, All must be well.

664 LOVE, JOY AND PEACE. 8s & 4s.—J. H. Fillmore. (♩.=58=42.) D. R. Lucas.

1. What care I for fame's o - pin - ion? Love, love is mine; Scorn and hate have lost do - min - ion, Love, love is mine;
2. In my heart is Je - sus reign-ing, Joy, joy is mine; Ban - ished thence is all complain-ing, Joy, joy is mine;
3. As a fruit of prom-ised Spir - it, Peace, peace is mine— Which the pure in heart in - her - it, Peace, peace is mine;

An-ger's bonds no more en-slave me, Je - sus died, in love, to save me, And his Spir - it free - ly gave me; Love, love is mine.

Wrath no more can round me hov - er, Dark de-spair my fu - ture cov - er, All my fears and doubts are o - ver; Joy, joy is mine.
Peace at morn, and peace at e - ven; All my sins have been for - giv - en, 'Tis a fore-taste here of heav-en; Peace, peace is mine.

665 PEACE IS MINE. 8s & 4s.—Wm. B. Bradbury. (♩=63=35½.) Unknown.

1. While I hear life's surging billows, Peace, peace is mine; Why suspend my harp on willows? Peace, peace is mine. { I may sing with Christ beside me / Tho' a thousand ills be - tide me; }
D. S. Safe - ly he has sworn to guide me; Peace, peace is mine.

2. Ev - ery tri - al draws me nearer—Peace, peace is mine; All his strokes but make him dearer—Peace, peace is mine. { Bless I then the hand that smiteth / Gen - tly, and to heal de-light-eth; }
D. S. 'Tis against my sins he fighteth—Peace, peace is mine.

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666 BEULAH LAND. 8s, with Chorus.—Jno. R. Sweney. (♩ = 92 = 16½.) Edgar Page.

1. I've reached the land of corn and wine, And all its rich - es free - ly mine; Here shines undimmed one bliss - ful day, For
2. My Sav - iour comes and walks with me, And sweet com-mun - ion here have we; He gen - tly leads me by his hand, For
3. A sweet per-fume up - on the breeze Is borne from ev - er - ver - nal trees, And flowers that, nev - er fad - ing, grow, Where
4. The zeph - yrs seem to float to me Sweet sounds of heav-en's mel - o - dy, As an - gels' with the white-robed throng, Join

CHORUS.

all my night has passed a - way. O Beulah Land, sweet Beulah Land, As on thy high-est mount I stand, I look a - way a -
this is heav-en's bor - der-land.

streams of life for - ev - er flow. O Beulah Land, sweet Beulah Land, As on thy high-est mount I stand, I look a - way a -
in the sweet re - demption song.

cross the sea, Where mansions are pre - pared for me, And view the shin-ing glo - ry shore, My heaven, my home for ev - er - more.

cross the sea, Where mansions are pre - pared for me, And view the shin-ing glo - ry shore, My heaven, my home for ev - er - more.

By permission.

667 THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER. 8s, with Chorus.—W. G. Fischer. (♩ = 88 = 18.) E. Johnson.

1. O sometimes the shad - ows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal; And sor - rows, how oft - en they sweep,
2. O sometimes how long seems the day, And some-times how heav - y my feet! But, toil - ing in life's dust - y way,
3. O near to the Rock let me keep, Or bless - ings, or sor - rows pre - vail; Or climb - ing the mountain-way steep,

CHORUS.

Like tem-pests, down o - ver the soul! O then to the Rock let me fly, let me fly, To the Rock that is high - er, is high - er than I; O then to the Rock let me fly, let me fly, To the Rock that is high - er than I.

The Rock's bless-ed shad - ow how sweet! O then to the Rock let me fly, let me fly, To the Rock that is high - er than
Or walk - ing the shad - ow - y vale. is
I; O then to the Rock let me fly, let me fly, To the Rock that is high - er than I.
high - er than I;

By permission.

668 THE ROCK AND THE SAND. 9s, 8s & 12s, with Cho.—J. H. Rosecrans. (♩=88=18.) H. R. Trickett.

1. On what are you build-ing, my broth-er, Your hopes of an e-ter-nal home? Is it loose, shift-ing sand, or the
2. On one or the oth-er, my broth-er, You are build-ing your hopes, day by day; You are risk-ing your soul on the
3. Your Sav-iour has warned you, my brother: I pray you give heed to his voice: There is life on the rock, but there's
4. No mat-ter how care-ful, my broth-er, The sand for your house you pre-pare, 'Twill be all swept a-way when the

firm, sol-id rock, You are trust-ing for a-ges to come? Hear-ing and do-ing, we build on the Rock;
works that you do: Will the dark wa-ters sweep you a-way?

CHORUS.

death on the sand— O my broth-er, pray tell me your choice. Hear-ing and do-ing, we build on the Rock;
floods shall de-scend, Leav-ing noth-ing but death and de-spair.

Hear-ing a-lone, we build on the sand; Both will be tried by the storm and the flood— On-ly the Rock the tri-al will stand.

Hear-ing a-lone, we build on the sand; Both will be tried by the storm and the flood— On-ly the Rock the tri-al will stand.

By permission.

669 O WHERE ARE THE REAPERS? 10s & 9s, with Cho.—Geo. F. Root. (♩ = 96 = 15¼.) Eben E. Rexford.

1. O where are the reap - ers that gar - ner in The sheaves of the good from the fields of sin? With sick - les of truth must the
2. Go out in the by-ways, and search them all—The wheat may be there, tho' the weeds are tall— Then search in the high-way, and
3. The fields all are ripening, and far and wide The world is now wait - ing the har - vest tide; But reap - ers are few, and the
4. So come with your sick - les, ye sons of men, And gath - er to - geth - er the gold - en grain; Toil on till the Lord of the

CHORUS.

work be done, And no one may rest till the "har - vest home." Where are the reap - ers? O who will come And
pass none by, But gath - er from all for the home on high.

work is great, And much will be lost should the har - vest wait. Where are the reap - ers? O who will come And
har - vest come, Then share ye his joy in the "har - vest home."

share in the glo - ry of the "harvest home"? O who will help us to gar - ner in The sheaves of good from the fields of sin?

share in the glo - ry of the "harvest home"? O who will help us to gar - ner in The sheaves of good from the fields of sin?

By permission.

670 MORE LIKE JESUS. 11s & 6s, with Chorus.—T. C. O'Kane. (♩ = 96 = 15¼.) F. Merrick.

1. More like Je - sus, more like Je - sus would I be— More like Je - sus in sub - mis - sion, Like him trust-ful, un - re - pin - ing,
2. More like Je - sus, more like Je - sus would I be— More like Je - sus, true and stead - fast, Like him striv-ing, ev - er do - ing,
3. Bless-ed Je - sus, come and make me all like thee— All like thee, O bless - ed Je - sus, In the glo - ry of thy man - hood,

CHORUS.

Pa - tient like him, like him in hu - mil - i - ty. More and more, more and more, More like Je - sus ev - ery
Ear nest like him, like him in fi - del - i - ty. More and more, more and more, More and more like Je - sus ev - ery
In the beau - ty of thy spot-less pur - i - ty. More and more, more and more, More like Je - sus ev - ery

day; . . . . . More and more, more and more, More like Je - sus ev - ery day.
day, (ev - ery day); More and more, (more and more), more and more, (more and more,) More like Je - sus ev - ery day.

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671 ONCE FOR ALL. 10s, 9 & 8, with Chorus.—P. P. Bliss. (♩ = 69 = 29½.)

P. P. Bliss.

1. Free from the law, O hap - py con - di - tion! Je - sus hath bled, and there is re - mis - sion; Cursed by the
2. Now are we free—there's no con - dem - na - tion; Je - sus pro - vides a per - fect sal - va - tion; "Come un - to
3. "Chil-dren of God," O glo - ri - ous call - ing! Sure - ly his grace will keep us from fall - ing; Pass - ing from

CHORUS.

law, and bruised by the fall, Grace hath re-deemed us once for all. Once for all! O sin - ner, re - ceive it; Once for
me," O hear his sweet call; Come, and he saves us once for all. Once for all! O sin - ner, re - ceive it; Once for
death to life at his call, Bless-ed sal - va - tion, once for all!

all! O broth-er, be-lieve it; Cling to the cross: the bur - den will fall; Christ has re-deemed us once for all.

all! O broth-er, be-lieve it; Cling to the cross: the bur - den will fall; Christ has re-deemed us once for all.

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672 WHOSOEVER WILL. 10, 11s & 7, with Chorus.—P. P. Bliss. (♩=100=14.) P. P. Bliss.

1. "Who-so - ev - er hear - eth," shout, shout the sound; Send the bless-ed tid - ings all the world a - round; Spread the joy - ful news wher-
2. Who-so - ev - er com - eth, need not de - lay; Now the door is o - pen: ent - er while you may: Je - sus is the true, the
3. "Who-so - ev - er will," the promise is se - cure; "Whoso - ev - er will" for - ev - er must en - dure; "Who-so - ev - er will," 'tis

CHORUS.

ev - er man is found—"Who-so - ev - er will, may come." "Who-so - ev - er will, who-so - ev - er will," Send the proc - la -
on - ly liv - ing Way—"Who-so - ev - er will, may come." "Who-so - ev - er will, who-so - ev - er will," Send the proc - la -
life for - ev - er-more—"Who-so - ev - er will, may come."

ma - tion o - ver vale and hill: 'Tis the lov - ing Fa - ther calls the wanderer home—"Who-so - ev - er will, may come."
ma - tion o - ver vale and hill: 'Tis the lov - ing Fa - ther calls the wanderer home—"Who-so - ev - er will, may come."

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673 WHITER THAN SNOW. 11s, with Cho.—Wm. G. Fischer. (♩. = 112 = 11¼.) James Nicholson.

1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole; I want thee for - ev - er to live in my soul: Break down ev - ery i - dol, cast
2. Lord Je - sus, look down from thy throne in the skies, And help me to make a com - plete sac - ri - fice: I give up myself, and what-
3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most humbly en - treat; I wait, bless - ed Lord, at thy cru - ci - fied feet; By faith, for my cleansing, I
4. Lord Je - sus, thou se - est I pa - tient - ly wait: Come now, and with - in me a new heart cre - ate. To those who have sought thee, thou

CHORUS.

out every foe; Now wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow. Whiter than snow—yes, whiter than snow; Now wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.
ev - er I know: Now wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow. Whiter than snow—yes, whiter than snow; Now wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.
see thy blood flow: Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
never said'st No: Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow. Whiter than snow—yes, whiter than snow; Now wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.

By permission.

674 PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11s.—J. READING. (♩ = 56 = 45.) JAS. MONTGOMERY.

1. The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know; I feed in green pastures, safe fold - ed I rest; He lead - eth my soul where the still wa - ters flow, Re - stores me when wandering, re - deems when op - pressed, Re - stores me when wandering, re - deems when op - pressed.

2. Thro' the val - ley and shadow of death tho' I stray; Since thou art my Guardian, no e - vil I fear; Thy rod shall de - fend me, thy staff be my stay; No harm can be - fall, with my Com-fort - er near, No harm can be - fall, with my Com-fort - er near.

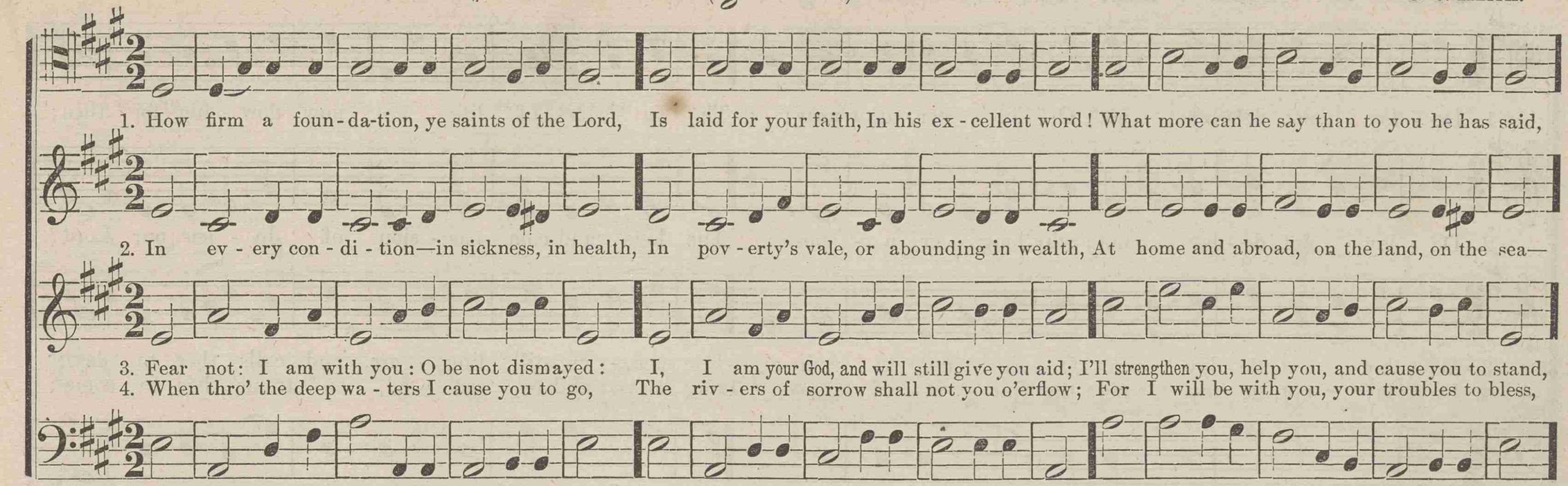
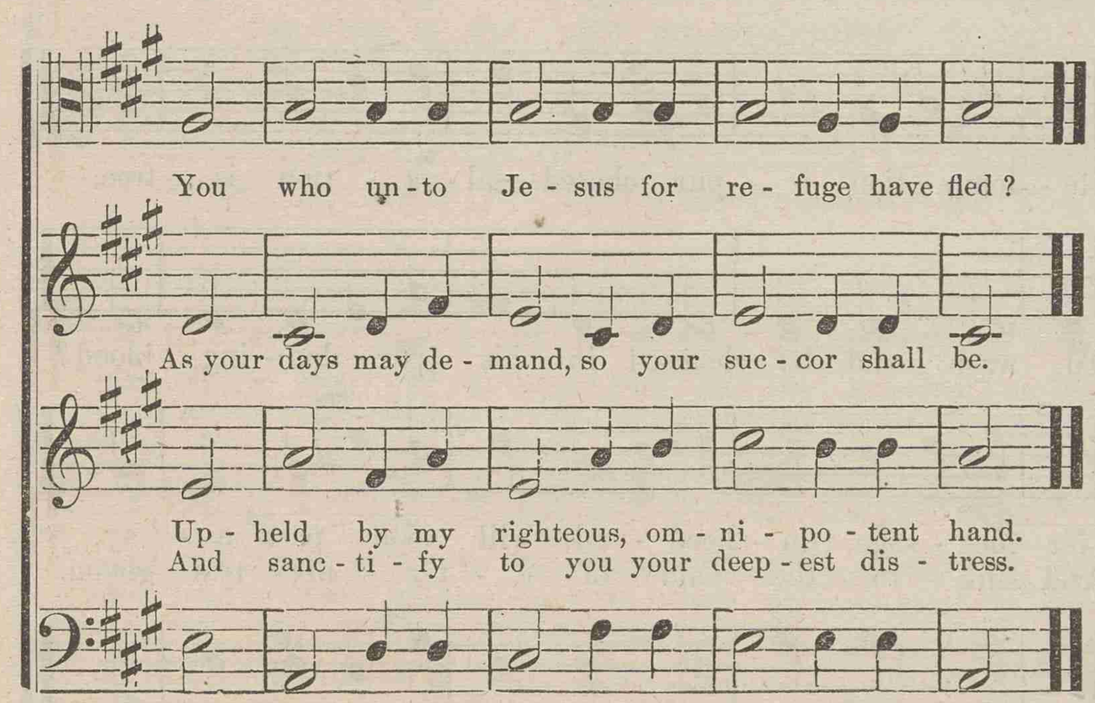
3. In the midst of af - flic - tion my ta - ble is spread; With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er; With per - fume and oil thou a- noint - est my head— O what shall I ask of thy prov - i - dence more? O what shall I ask of thy provi - dence more?

4. Let good - ness and mer - cy, my boun - ti - ful God, Still fol - low my steps till I meet thee a - bove: I seek, by the path which my fore - fa - thers trod, Thro' the land of their sojourn, thy kingdom of love, Thro' the land of their so - journ, thy kingdom of love.

675

OUR Father in heavén, we hallow thy name:
May thy kingdom holy, on earth be the same;
O give to us daily our portion of bread—
It is from thy bounty that all must be fed.

2 Forgive our transgressions, and teach us to know
That humble compassion that pardons each foe;
Keep us from temptation, from weakness and sin,
And thine be the glory forever. Amen.

676 FOUNDATION. 11s.—Anon. (♩ = 56 = 45.) GEO. KEITH.



5 When through fiery trials your pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be your supply;
The flames shall not hurt you; I only design
Your dross to consume, and your gold to refine.

6 E'en down to old age all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

7 The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I can not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all heli should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake.

677 GOSHEN. 11s.—Arr. by THOS. HASTINGS. ($\frac{2}{2}$ = 63 = 35½.) THOS. HASTINGS.

1. De - lay not, de - lay not; O sin - ner, draw near: The wa - ters of life are now flow - ing for thee;
2. De - lay not, de - lay not: why long - er a - buse The love and com - pas - sion of Je - sus, our Lord?
3. De - lay not, de - lay not, O sin - ner, to come: For mer - cy still ling - ers, and calls thee to - day;
4. De - lay not, de - lay not: the Spir - it of grace, Long grieved and re - sist - ed, en - treats thee to come:

No price is de - mand - ed, the Sa - viour is here, Re - demp - tion is pur - chased—sal - va - tion is free.
A fount - ain is o - pened—how canst thou re - fuse To wash and be cleansed in his par - don - ing blood?
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb; Her mes - sage, un - heed - ed, will soon pass a - way.
Be - ware, lest in dark - ness thou fin - ish thy race, And sink to the vale of e - ter - ni - ty's gloom.

678 EVEN THEE. P. M.—Wm. B. Bradbury. (♩ = 120 = 9¾.) L. H. Jameson.

1. Sin - ners, come to Christ, the Sav - iour; Now his gra-cious call o - bey; Come: this is the day of fav - or; Mer - cy calls: do not de - lay.
2. Time, on light-ning pin - ions fly - ing, Sweeps the sons of earth a - way; Ev - ery mo-ment men are dy - ing: Sin - ner, why do you de - lay?
3. Hear the gos - pel in - vi - ta - tion, Ring-ing in your ears to - day, Of-fering par - don and sal - va - tion: Sin - ner, come, without de - lay.
4. By the Sav-iour's earth-ly plead-ing, Be per-suad - ed to o - bey; By his heavenly in - ter - ced - ing, Be constrained, do not de - lay.

Come to - day, come to - day: Mer - cy calls: do not de - lay.
Come to - day, come to - day: Sin - ner, why do you de - lay?
Come to - day, come to - day: Sin - ner, come with-out de - lay.
Come to - day, come to - day: Be constrained, do not de - lay.
Come to - day, come to - day: Be constrained, do not de - lay.

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679 EXPOSTULATION. 11s.—Josiah Hopkins.

(♩ = 63 = 35½.) Josiah Hopkins.

1. O turn you, O turn you: for why will you die, When God in his mer - cy is com - ing so nigh? Now Je - sus in - vites you; the Spir - it says, Come, And an - gels are wait - ing to wel - come you home.
2. How vain the de lu - sion that, while you de - lay, Your hearts may grow bet - ter by stay - ing a - way! Come wretched, come starv-ing, come just as you be: Here streams of sal - va - tion are flow - ing most free.
3. Here Je - sus is read - y your souls to re-ceive: O how can you ques-tion, since now you be - lieve? Since sin is your bur - den, why will you not come? He now bids you wel-come, he now says there's room.
4. In rich - es, in pleas-ure, what can you ob - tain, To soothe your af - flic - tion, or ban - ish your pain; To bear up your spir - it when sum - moned to die, Or waft you to man-sions of glo - ry on high?

680 COME, YE DISCONSOLATE. 11s & 10s.—S. Webbe. (♩ = 88 = 18.) Thomas Moore.

1. Come, ye dis-con - so - late, wher - e'er you lan - guish; Come, at the shrine of God fer - vent-ly kneel; Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your
2. Joy of the des - o - late, light of the stray - ing, Hope of the pen - i - tent, fade - less and pure, Here speaks the Comfort-er, ten - der - ly
3. Here see the bread of life; see wa-ters flow - ing Forth from the throne of God, pure from a - bove; Come to the feast of love—come, ev - er

an - guish; Earth has no sor - row that heaven can not heal.
say - ing, Earth has no sor - row that heaven can not cure.
know - ing Earth has no sor - row but heaven can re-move.

681 HENLEY. 11s & 10s.—Lowell Mason.

(♪ = 100 = 14.) Unknown.

1. Come un - to me when shad-ows dark - ly gath - er, When the sad
2. Ye who have mourned when the spring flowers were taken; When the ripe
3. Large are the mansions in your Fa-ther's dwell-ing, Glad are the
4. There, like an E - den, blos - som-ing in glad - ness, Bloom the fair

heart is wea - ry and dis-tressed, Seek-ing for com-fort from your heavenly Fa - ther, Come un - to me, and I will give you rest.
fruit fell rich - ly to the ground; When the loved slept, in bright-er homes to wak - en, Where their pale brows with spir - it-wreaths are crowned.
homes that sor - rows nev - er dim; Sweet are the harps in ho - ly mu - sic swell - ing, Soft are the tones that raise the heaven-ly hymn.
flowers the earth too rude - ly pressed: Come un - to me, all ye who droop in sad - ness, Come un - to me, and I will give you rest.

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682 HOME. 11s, with Chorus.—H. R. Bishop. (♪=92=16½.) David Denham.

1. 'Mid scenes of con - fu - sion and creature complaints, How sweet to my soul is communion with saints; To find at the banquet of

2. Sweet bonds that u - nite all the children of peace! And thrice bless-ed Jesus, whose love can not cease! Tho' oft from thy presence in

3. While here in the val - ley of con - flict I stray, O give me submis-sion and strength as my day; In all my afflict - ions to
4. I long, dearest Lord, in thy beau - ty to shine, No more as an ex - ile in sor - row to pine; And in thy dear image a-

CHORUS.

mercy there's room, And feel in the presence of Je - sus at home! Home, home, sweet, sweet home! Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my home.

sad - ness I roam, I long to behold thee in glo - ry, at home. Home, home, sweet, sweet home! Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my home.

thee would I come, Rejoic - ing in hope of my glo-ri - ous home.
rise from the tomb, With glorified millions, to praise thee at home. Home, home, sweet, sweet home! Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my home.

683 WARNING. 12s & 11s.—Wm. B. Bradbury. (♩ = 69 = 29½.) J. B. Hayne.

1. Hark, sin - ner, while God from on high doth en-treat thee, And warn - ings with ac - cents of mer - cy do blend;
2. De - spised and re - ject - ed, at length he may leave thee: What an - guish and hor - ror thy bos - om will rend!
3. Ere long, and Je - ho - vah will come in his power; Our God will a - rise, with his foes to con - tend.
4. The Sa - viour will call thee in judg - ment be - fore him: O bow to his scep - ter, and make him thy friend;

Give ear to his voice, lest in judg - ment he meet thee: "The har - vest is passing, the sum - mer will end."
Then haste thee, O sin - ner, while he will receive thee: "The har - vest is passing, the sum - mer will end."
Haste, haste thee, O sin - ner, pre - pare for that hour: "The har - vest is passing, the sum - mer will end."
Now yield him thy heart; make haste to a - dore him: "The har - vest is passing, the sum - mer will end."

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684 LUCAS. 10s, 5s & 11s.—JAMES LUCAS. (♩=66=32.) CHARLES WESLEY.

1. Come, let us a - new Our jour-ney pur-sue—Roll round with the year, And nev - er stand still till the Master appear; His a - dor - a - ble will Let us
2. Our life is a dream; Our time, as a stream, Glides swiftly a - way, And the fug - i - tive moment re - fus - es to stay; The ar - row is flown, The
3. O that each, in the day Of his coming, may say, "I have fought my way thro'; I have finished the work thou did'st give me to do!" O that each from his Lord May re-

glad - ly ful - fill, And our tal - ents improve By the pa-tience of hope, and the la - bor of love, By the pa-tience of hope, and the la - bor of love.
mo - ment is gone, The mil-len - ni - al year, Rush-es on to our view, and e - ter - ni-ty's near, Rushes on to our view, and e - ter - ni - ty's near.
ceive the glad word, "Well and faithfully done: En - ter in - to my joy and sit down on my throne, En-ter in - to my joy and sit down on my throne."

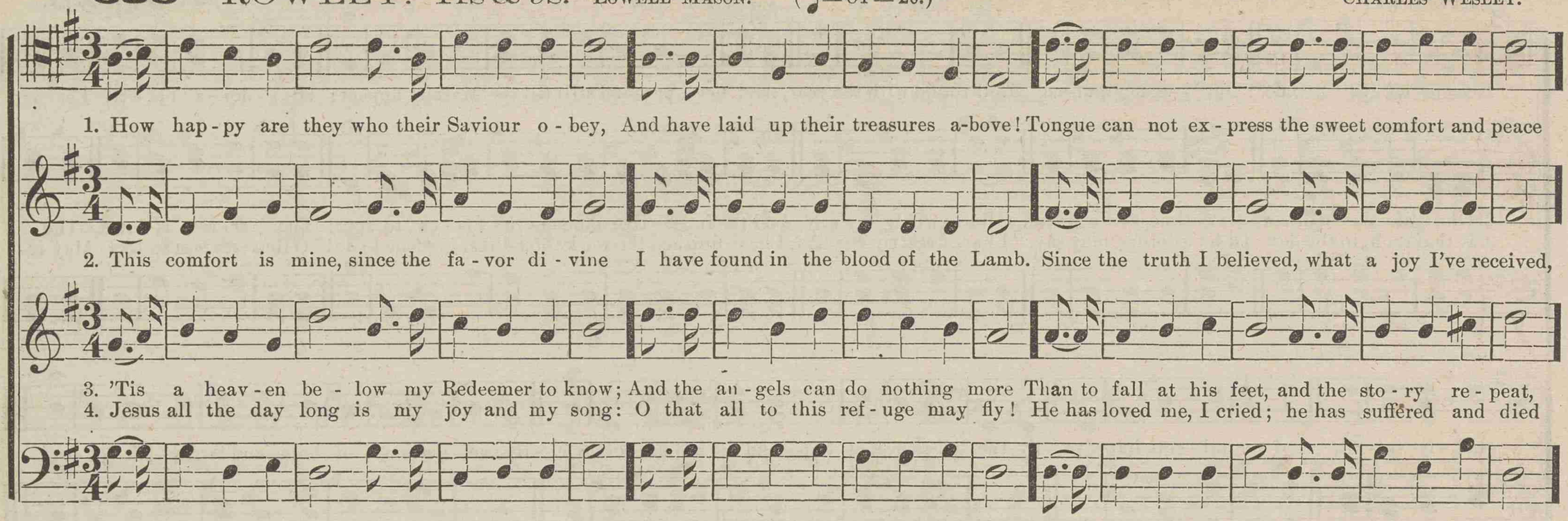
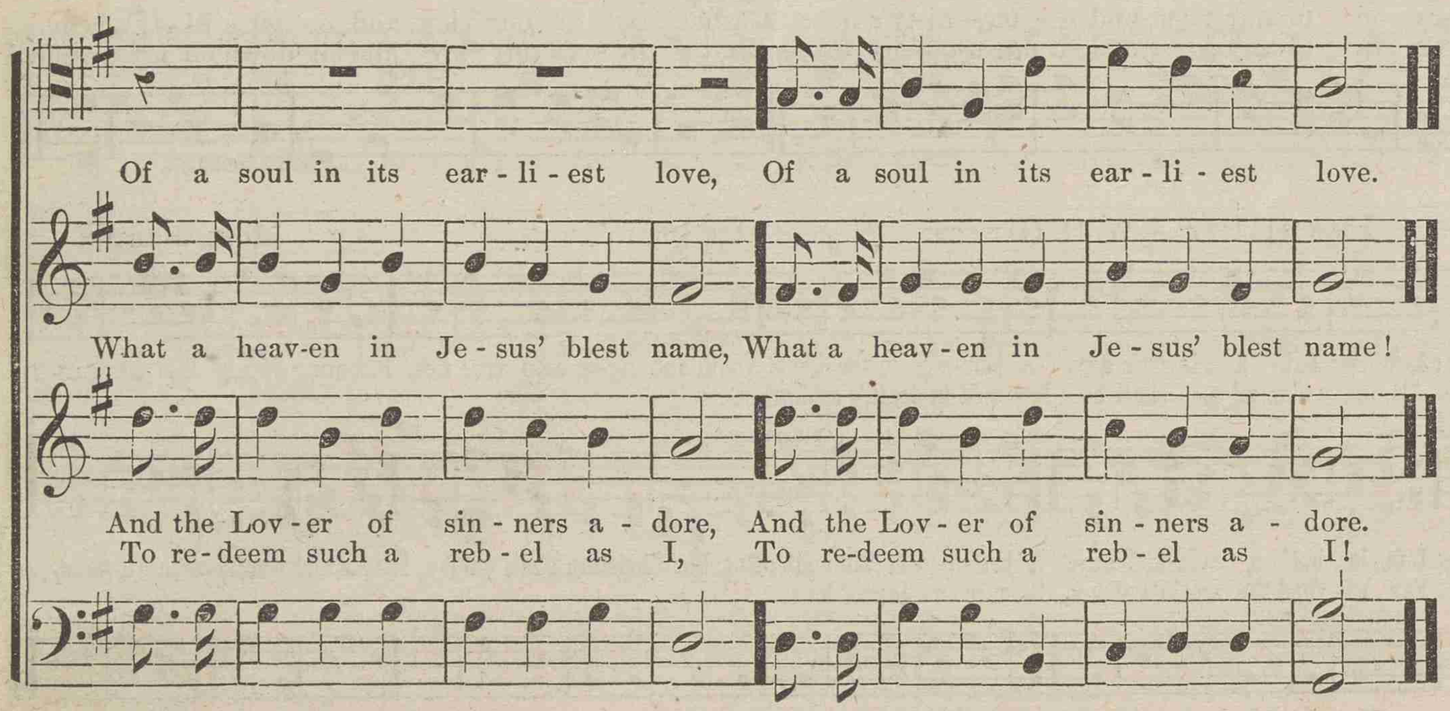
685 PENITENCE. 7s & 6s. Peculiar.—W. H. OAKLEY. (♪=92=16½.) JOHN BURTON.

1. Time is wing-ing us a-way To our e - ter - nal home; Life is but a win-ter's day, A jour-ney to the tomb. Youth and vig-or soon will flee, Blooming beauty lose its charms;
D. S. All that's mor-tal soon shall be Enclosed in death's cold arms.

2. Time is wing-ing us a-way To our e - ter - nal home; Life is but a win-ter's day, A jour-ney to the tomb; But the Christian shall en-joy Health and beauty soon a-bove,
D. S. Far be-yond the world's al-loy, Se-cure in Je-sus' love.

686 ROWLEY. 11s & 9s.—Lowell Mason. (♩=84=20.)

Charles Wesley.



5 On the wings of his love I am carried above
All my sin and temptation and pain:
O why should I grieve, while on him I believe?
O why should I sorrow again?

6 O the rapturous height of that holy delight,
Which I find in the life-giving blood!
Of my Saviour possessed, I am perfectly blessed,
Being filled with the fullness of God!

7 Now my remnant of days will I spend to his praise,
Who has died, me from sin to redeem;
Whether many or few, all my years are his due—
They shall all be devoted to him.

8 What a mercy is this! what a heaven of bliss!
How unspeakably happy am I!
Gathered into the fold, with believers enrolled—
With believers to live and to die!

687 BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES. 12s & 11s, with Cho. KNOWLES SHAW. (♩=84=20.) K. S.

1. Sowing in the morn - ing, sowing seeds of kind - ness; Sow - ing in the noon-tide, and the dew - y eves; Waiting for the har - vest,

2. Go and tell the na - tions now in heathen blindness; Tell them Je - sus died—now no excuse he leaves; Bid them come to Je - sus—

D. S. Waiting for the har - vest,

3. Sowing in the sun - shine, sow - ing in the shadows; Fearing neither clouds nor win - ter's chilling breeze; By and by the har - vest,

Fine. CHORUS. D. S.

and the time of reap - ing—We shall come rejoic - ing, bringing in the sheaves. the golden sheaves, the golden sheaves,

Bringing in the golden sheaves, Bringing in the golden sheaves,

thus prepare the harvest: You shall come rejoic - ing, bringing in the sheaves. Bringing in the golden sheaves, Bringing in the golden sheaves,

and the time of reap - ing—We shall come rejoic - ing, bringing in the sheaves.

Fine. D. S.

and the time of reap - ing—We shall come rejoic - ing, bringing in the sheaves. Bringing in the golden sheaves, Bringing in the golden sheaves,

the golden sheaves, the golden sheaves.

688 HOW STRONG IS THY FAITH? 11s & 5s.—S. M. Lutz. (♩. = 66 = 32.) D. R. Lucas.

1. How strong is thy faith in the Saviour divine? Say, brother, O say! How strong is thy hope? Dost thou ever repine? Say, brother, O say!

2. How much of thy time dost thou give to the Lord? Say, brother, O say! How much of thy time dost thou study his word? Say, brother, O say!

3. How far on thy journey to heaven art thou? Say, brother, O say! If Je-sus should call, are you ready just now? Say, brother, O say!

How deep in thy heart is the fountain of love? Say, brother, O say! Is Je-sus enthroned there, all others above? Say, brother, O say!

How many poor souls art thou leading from sin? Say, brother, O say! How many for Christ art thou striving to win? Say, brother, O say!

How bright is the crown that is waiting for thee—Say, brother, O say! When Jesus shall call you across the dark sea? Say, brother, O say!

689 TO THE WORK. 12s, with Chorus.—W. H. Doane. (♩=100=14.) Fanny J. Crosby.

1. To the work! to the work! We are serv - ants of God: Let us fol - low the path that our Mas - ter has trod; With the
2. To the work! to the work! Let the hun - gry be fed; To the fount - ain of life let the wea - ry be led; In the
3. To the work! to the work! There is la - bor for all; For the king - dom of dark - ness and er - ror shall fall, And the
4. To the work! to the work, In the strength of the Lord! And a robe and a crown shall our la - bor re - ward, When the

CHORUS.

balm of his coun - sel our strength to re - new, Let us do with our might what our hands find to do. Toil - ing on, toil - ing
cross and its ban - ner our glo - ry shall be, While we her - ald the tid - ings, "Sal - va - tion is free!"

name of Je - ho - vah ex - alt - ed shall be In the loud-swell-ing cho - rus, "Sal - va - tion is free!" Toil-ing on, toil - ing
home of the faith-ful our dwell-ing shall be, And we shout with the ransomed, "Sal - va - tion is free!" Toil - ing on, toil - ing

on, toil-ing on, toil-ing on, toil-ing on, toil-ing on, Let us hope and trust, let us watch and pray, And la - bor till the Mas-ter comes.
on, (toil-ing on), toil-ing on, (toiling on), toil-ing on, (toil-ing on), Let us hope (and trust), let us watch (and pray), And la - bor till the Mas-ter comes.

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690 IS IT FAR? 8s & 11s, with Chorus.—Knowles Shaw. (♩=88=18.) Knowles Shaw.

1. Is it far to the land of rest, Where the wea-ry feet shall nev - er, nev - er roam: To the mansions of the pure and the blest,
2. Is it far to that peaceful shore, Where the ach-ing heart shall sor - row not a - gain; Where the friends who meet shall part nevermore,
3. Is it far to the plains of light, To that cit - y with its jas - per walls a - glow, Where the glo-ry of the Lord is the light?

CHORUS.

Where we all shall meet at home. Is it far to that beauti - ful home of the blest? Will you tell me, broth-er pil-grim, is it
But with Christ for - ev - er reign. Is it far? Is it far? Will you tell me, broth-er pil-grim, is it
To that home, say, will you go? Is it far to that beauti - ful home of the blest?

far, is it far? To that mansion of the blest, Where the wea - ry are at rest? O say, broth-er pil-grim, is it far?
far, (is it far?) To that mansion of the blest, Where the wea - ry are at rest? O say, broth-er pil-grim, is it far?

By permission.

691 TARRY WITH ME. 8s & 7s, with Chorus.—Knowles Shaw. ($\dot{\text{J}}. = 76 = 24\frac{1}{2}$.) Mrs. C. S. Smith.

1. Tar-ry with me, O my Saviour: For the day is passing by; See, the shades of evening gather, And the night is drawing nigh.

2. Many friends were gathered round me In the bright days of the past; But the grave has closed above them, And I linger here at last.

3. Deeper, deep-er grow the shadows, Paler now the glowing west; Swift the night of death advances: Shall it be the night of rest?

4. Tar-ry with me, O my Saviour; Lay my head up-on thy breast Till the morning; then awake me—Morning of e-ter-nal rest.

CHORUS.

Tar-ry with me, bless-ed Saviour; Leave me not till morning light: For I'm lonely here without thee: Tar-ry with me thro' the night.

Tar-ry with me, bless-ed Saviour; Leave me not till morning light: For I'm lonely here without thee: Tar-ry with me thro' the night.

Tar-ry with me, bless-ed Saviour; Leave me not till morning light: For I'm lonely here without thee: Tar-ry with me thro' the night.

By permission.

692 THE GLORIOUS LAND. 9s & 10s, with Chorus.—A. D. Fillmore. (♪ = 126 = 9.)

1. The Bi - ble re-veals a Glo - rious Land, Where angels and pu - ri - fied spir - its dwell, Where pleasures ne'er end, at God's right hand,

SOLO.

2. Out-gush-ing be-neath the throne of God, And of the blest Lamb at his right hand, Thence runneth the crys - tal stream of life,

:S: Fine. CHORUS. D. S.

And anthems of praises for - ev - er swell. In that Glorious Land, what a hap - py band! E'er long we shall stand, and sing with them,
D. S. In the Cit - y of God, Je - ru - sa - lem.

:S: Fine. D. S.

A fountain of joy in that Glo - rious Land. In that Glorious Land, what a hap - py band! E'er long we shall stand, and sing with them,
D. S. In the Cit - y of God, Je - ru - sa - lem.

3 In th' midst of the street, on either side,
The tree of life, arching the way, o'ershades,
With health-giving foliage far and wide—
No sickness this Glo-ri-ous Land invades.

4 Twelve manner of fruits hang pendent there,
And they who partake shall never die:
With Jesus they dwell, and ever share
The joys of that Glo-ri-ous Land on high.

5 Th' afflictions of life are brief and light,
While faith looks beyond the dark Jordan's strand,
Where splendidly shine the mansions bright,
Which Jesus prepares in that Glorious Land.

6 Then come, my dear brethren, let us haste
To finish our work with unfaltering hand,
And soon the sweet joys of heaven we'll taste,
With all the redeemed, in that Glorious Land.

A. D. Fillmore.

693 IS MY NAME WRITTEN THERE?

12s & 6s, with Cho.—W. T. GIFFE. (♩=108=12.) W. T. GIFFE.

1. In the Lamb's book of life that is kept in heav-en, Are written the names of those for-giv-en: Is my name written there?

2. All the good that I do is there re-corded, And in heav-en by grace I'll be re-warded: Is my name written there?

3. Tho' my life may be fraught with afflictions fearful, I can bear with it all, and my heart be cheerful, If my name's written there?

CHORUS.

Is my name writ-ten there? Is my name writ-ten there? In the Lamb's book of life, Is my name written there?

Is my name writ-ten there? Is my name writ-ten there? In the Lamb's book of life, Is my name written there?

Is my name writ-ten there? Is my name writ-ten there? In the Lamb's book of life, Is my name written there?

By permission.

694 ONLY WAITING. 8s & 7s, with Chorus.—Jas. H. Fillmore. (♩ = 92 = 16½.) W. G. Irvin.

1. I am waiting for the morn - ing Of the bless-ed day to dawn, When the sorrow and the sad-ness Of this changeful life are gone.
2. I am waiting, worn and wea-ry With the bat-tle and the strife, Hoping, when the war-fare's o-ver, To re-ceive a crown of life.
3. Waiting, hoping, trusting ev - er, For a home of boundless love; Like a pilgrim, looking for-ward To the land of bliss a - bove.
4. Hop-ing soon to meet the loved ones Where the "many mansions" be; Listening to the hap-py wel-come Of my Sav-iour calling me.

CHORUS.

I am wait-ing, wait-ing, wait-ing, on - ly wait-ing, on - ly wait-ing Till this wea - ry, wea - ry, wea - ry— till this
I am wait - - - - - ing, on - ly wait-ing, Till this wea - - - - - - ry life is
I am wait-ing, wait-ing, wait-ing, on - ly wait-ing, on - ly wait-ing Till this wea - ry, wea - ry, wea - ry— till this

wea-ry life is o'er; On-ly wait-ing, wait-ing, wait-ing for my welcome, for my welcome, From my Saviour on the oth - er shore.
o'er; On-ly wait - - - - ing for my welcome, From my Saviour on the oth - er shore.
wea-ry life is o'er; On-ly wait-ing, wait-ing, wait-ing for my welcome, for my welcome,

695 SUMMER-LAND. 12s, 10 & 7, with Refrain.—Dr. A. B. Everett. (♩=96=15¼.) Mrs. M. B. C. Slade.

1. Be - yond this land of part - ing, los - ing, and leav - ing, Far be - yond the loss - es dark - en - ing this, And
2. Be - yond this land of toil - ing, sow - ing, and reap - ing, Far be - yond the shad - ows dark - en - ing this, And
3. Be - yond this land of sin - ning, faint - ing, and fall - ing, Far be - yond the doubt-ings dark - en - ing this, And
4. Be - yond this land of wait - ing, seek - ing, and sigh - ing, Far be - yond the sor - rows dark - en - ing this, And

REFRAIN.

far be - yond the tak - ing and the be - reav - ing, Lies the summer-land of bliss. Land be - yond, so fair and bright!
far be - yond the sigh - ing moan-ing, and weep - ing, Lies the summer-land of bliss.

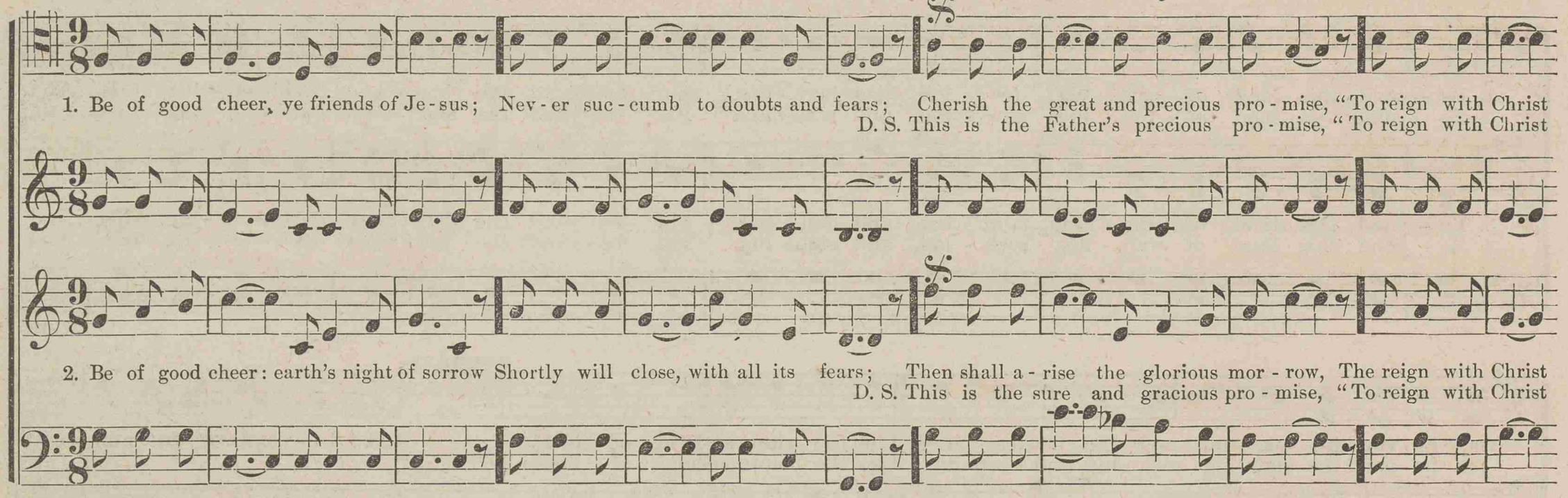
far be - yond the griefs and dan - gers be - fall - ing, Lies the summer-land of bliss. Land be - yond, ... so fair and bright!
far be - yond the pain and sick - ness and dy - ing, Lies the summer-land of bliss. Land be - yond, so fair and bright!

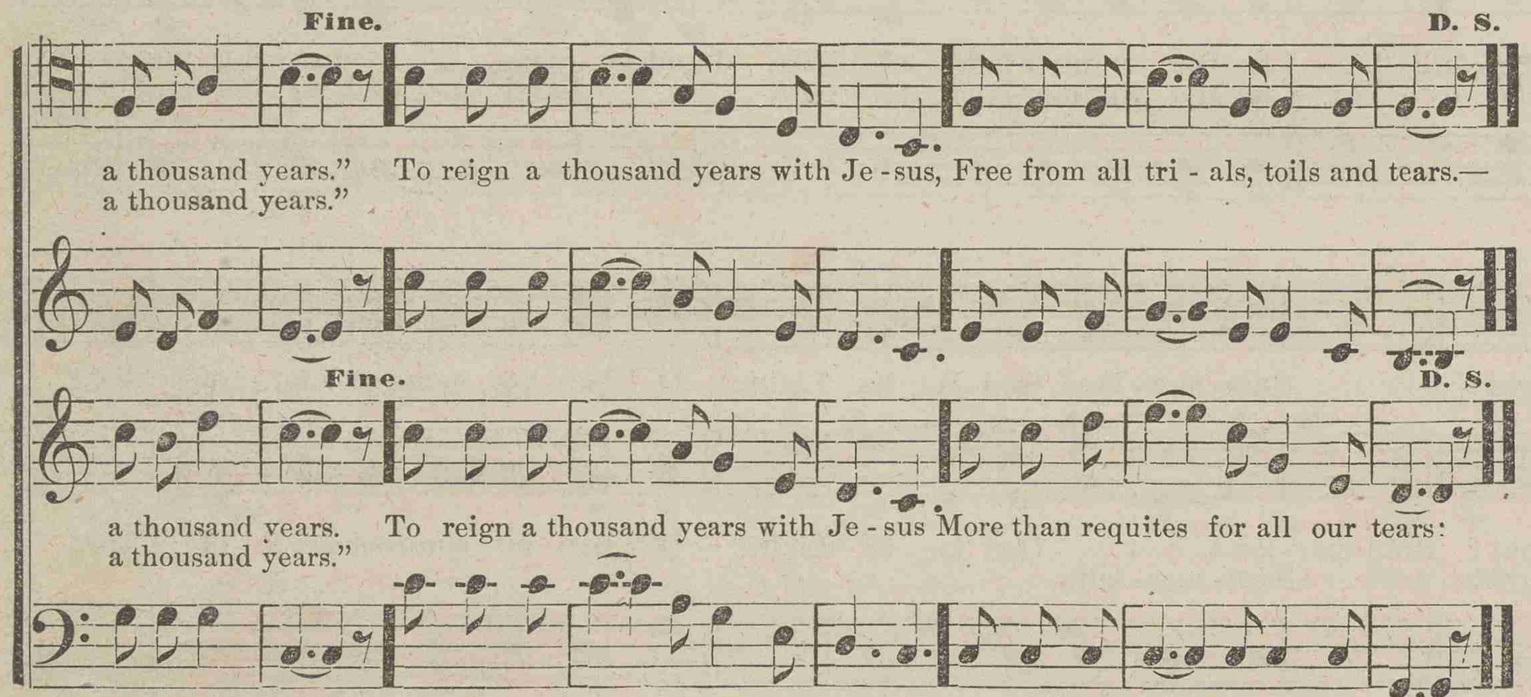
Land be - yond, where is no night! Sum - mer - land, God is its Light, O hap - py summer-land of bliss!

Land be - yond, ... where is no night! Sum-mer - land, ... God is its Light, O hap - py summer-land of bliss!
Land be - yond, where is no night! Sum - mer - land,

By permission.

696 THE THOUSAND YEARS. 9s & 8s. D.—Henry C. Work. (♩. = 76 = 24½.) L. H. Jameson.

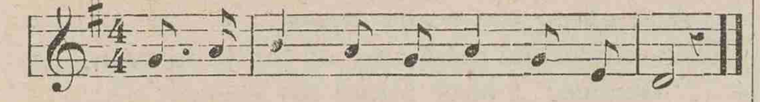




3 Be of good cheer: time's painful conflicts
All will be done when Christ appears;
Then will begin the glorious era,
The reign with Christ a thousand years.
To reign a thousand years with Jesus,
Far from the tempters lures and snares,
With the redeemed of every nation
Reigning with Christ a thousand years.

4 Be of good cheer: ten thousand ages,
Perfect in bliss and free from tears,
Soon will begin their endless cycle,
Reigning with Christ a thousand years.
Ten thousand times ten thousand ages,
Freedom from sin and death and tears—
What an "eternal weight of glory"
Comes with that reign of a thousand years!

By permission.

697 Sweet By-and-By.

THERE'S a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we can see it afar;
For the Father waits over the way,
To prepare us a dwelling-place there.

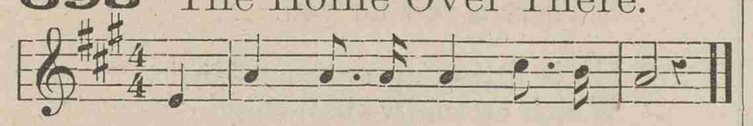
CHO.—In the sweet by-and-by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore;
In the sweet by-and-by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

2 We shall sing on that beautiful shore
The melodious songs of the blest;
And our spirits shall sorrow no more—
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.

3 To our bountiful Father above
We will offer the tribute of praise,
For the glorious gifts of his love,
And the blessings that hallow our days.

S. FILLMORE BENNETT.

698 The Home Over There.



O THINK of the home over there,
By the side of the river of light,
Where the saints, all immortal and fair,
Are robed in their garments of white—
Over there, over there,
O think of the home over there.

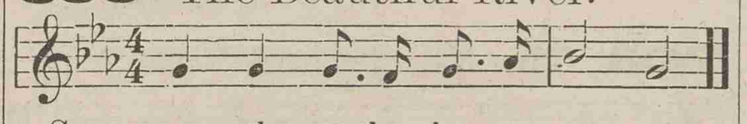
2 O think of the friends over there,
Who before us the journey have trod,
Of the songs that they breathe on the air,
In their home in the palace of God—
Over there, over there,
O think of the friends over there.

3 My Saviour is now over there;
There my kindred and friends are at rest:
Then away from my sorrow and care,
Let me fly to the land of the blest.
Over there, over there,
My Saviour is now over there.

4 I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see;
Many dear to my heart over there,
Are watching and waiting for me.
Over there, over there,
I'll soon be at home over there.

D. W. C. HUNTINGTON.

699 The Beautiful River.



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.

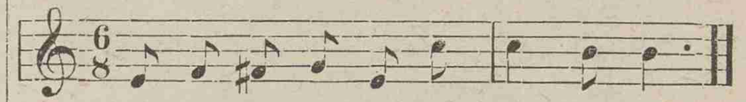
2 On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever,
All the happy golden day.

3 Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.

4 Soon we'll reach the silver river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.

ROBERT LOWRY.

700 What Shall the Harvest Be?



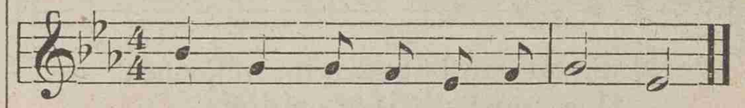
SOWING the seed by the daylight fair,
Sowing the seed by the noonday glare,
Sowing the seed by the fading light,
Sowing the seed in the solemn night:
O what shall the harvest be?

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

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

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

MRS. EMILY S. OAKEY.

701 Shall We Know Each Other?

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?

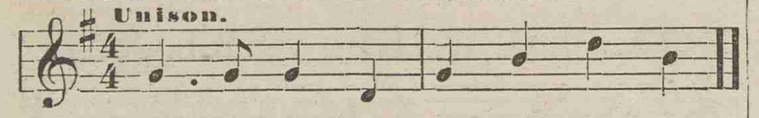
2 When the holy angels meet us,
As we go to join their band,
Shall we know the friends that greet us
In the glorious spirit-land?
Shall we see the same eyes shining
On us as in days of yore?
Shall we feel their dear arms twining
Fondly round us as before?

3 Yes, my earth-worn soul rejoices,
And my weary heart grows light;
For the sweet and cheerful voices,
And the forms so pure and bright,
That shall welcome us in heavén,
Are the loved of long ago;
And to them 'tis kindly givén,
Thus their mortal friends to know.

4 O ye weary, sad and tossed ones,
Droop not, faint not by the way:
Ye shall join the loved and just ones
In the land of perfect day.
Harp-strings touched by angel fingers
Murmured in my raptured ear—
Evermore their sweet song lingers—
We shall know each other there.

ROBERT LOWRY.

702 Here and Yonder.



HERE we are but straying pilgrims,
Here our path is often dim;
But to cheer us on our journey,
Still we sing this wayside hymn:

CHO.—Yonder, over the rolling river,
Where the shining mansions rise,
Soon will be our home forever,
And the smile of the blesséd Giver
Gladden all our longing eyes.

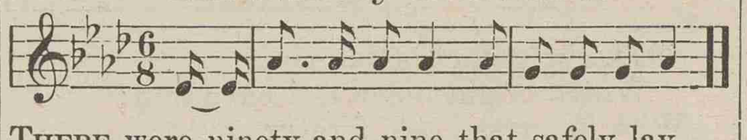
2 Here our feet are often weary,
On the hills that throng our way;
Here the tempest darkly gathers,
But our hearts within us say:

3 Here our souls are often fearful
Of the pilgrim's lurking foe;
But the Lord is our defender,
And he tells us we may know:

4 Here our shadowed homes are transient,
And we meet the stranger's frown;
So we'll sing with joy while going,
E'en to death's dark billow down:

I. N. CARMAN.

703 The Ninety and Nine.



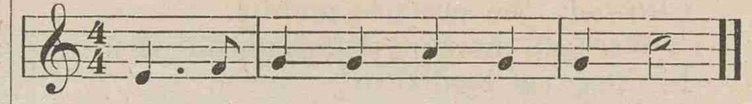
THERE were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold,
But one had wandered far away,
In the desert so lone and cold—
Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the Shepherd's tender care.

2 Shepherd, hast thou not here thy ninety and nine?
Are they not enough for thee?
But the Shepherd replied, "This one of mine,
Has wandered away from me;
The way may be wild, and rough, and steep,
I go to the desert to find my sheep."

3 But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed,
Nor how dark was the night the Lord passed through
Ere he found the sheep that was lost;
Away in the desert he heard its cry,
So feeble, and helpless, and ready to die.

4 And far up the mountain, thunder-riven,
And along the rocky steep,
There arose the glad song of joy to heaven,
"Rejoice: I have found my sheep!"
And the angels echoed around the throne,
"Rejoice: for the Lord brings back his own!"

ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE.

704 Rest for the Weary.

IN THE Christian's home in glory
There remains a land of rest;
There my Saviour's gone before me,
To fulfill my soul's request.

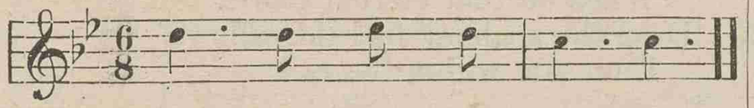
CHO.—There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for you;
On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
There is rest for you.

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

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

4 Death itself shall then be vanquished,
And his sting shall be withdrawn:
Shout for gladness, O ye ransomed,
Hail with joy the rising morn.

SAMUEL Y. HARMER.

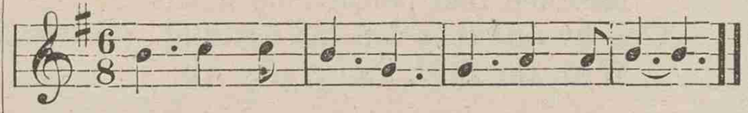
705 Yield not to Temptation.

YIELD not to temptation:
For yielding is sin;
Each victory will help you
Some other to win:
Fight manfully onward,
Dark passions subdue,
Look ever to Jesus:
He'll carry you through.

CHO.—Ask the Saviour to help you,
Comfort, strengthen, and keep you;
He is willing to aid you,
He will carry you through.

2 Shun evil companions,
Bad language disdain,
God's name hold in rev'rence
Nor take it in vain;
Be thoughtful and earnest,
Kind-hearted and true,
Look ever to Jesus:
He'll carry you through.

3 To him that o'ercometh
God giveth a crown;
Through faith we shall conquer,
Though often cast down;
He who is our Saviour
Our strength will renew:
Look ever to Jesus:
He'll carry you through.

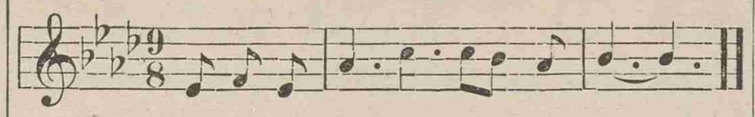
H. R. PALMER.

706 Almost Persuaded.

"ALMOST persuaded" now to believe;
"Almost persuaded" Christ to receive.
Seems now some soul to say,
"Go, Spirit, go thy way,
Some more convenient day
On thee I'll call."

2 "Almost persuaded," come, come to-day;
"Almost persuaded," turn not away.
Jesus invites you here,
Angels are lingering near;
Prayers rise from hearts so dear:
O wanderer, come!

3 "Almost persuaded," harvest is passed;
"Almost persuaded," doom comes at last;
"Almost" can not avail;
"Almost" is but to fail—
Sad, sad the bitter wail—
"Almost, but lost!"

P. P. BLISS.

707 Beautiful Zion.

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.

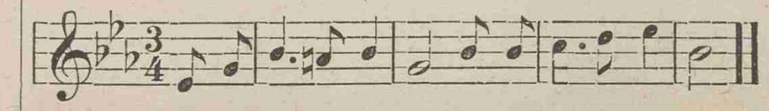
2 Beautiful heaven, where all is light;
Beautiful angels, clothed in white,
Beautiful strains that never tire,
Beautiful harps through all the choir
There shall I join the chorus sweet,
Worshiping at the Saviour's feet.

3 Beautiful crowns on every brow,
Beautiful palms the conquerors show,
Beautiful robes the ransomed 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.

GEORGE GILL.

708 Home of the Soul.



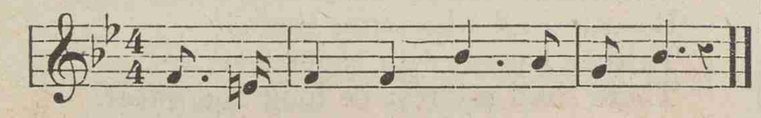
I WILL sing you a song of that beautiful land,
The far-away home of the soul,
Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand,
While the years of eternity roll.

2 O that home of the soul, in my visions and dreams,
Its bright, jasper walls I can see,
Till I fancy but thinly the vail intervenes
Between the fair city and me.

3 There the great Tree of Life in its beauty doth
And the River of Life floweth by; [grow,
For no death ever enters that city, you know,
And nothing that maketh a lie.

4 O how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain,
With songs on our lips, and with harps in our
To meet one another again! [hands,

MRS. E. H. GATES.

709 Waiting at the Door.

I AM waiting for the Master,
Who will rise and bid me come
To the glory of his presence,
To the gladness of his home.

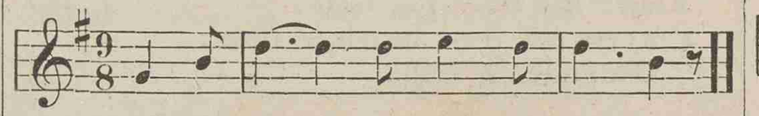
CHO.—They are watching at the portal,
They are waiting at the door,
Waiting only for my coming—
All the loved ones gone before.

2 Many friends that traveled with me
Reached that portal long ago;
One by one they left me battling
With the dark and crafty foe.

3 O how soon shall I be with them,
And shall join their glorious throng,
There to mingle in their worship,
And to swell their mighty song!

4 Yet, O Lord, I wait thy pleasure,
For thy time and ways are best:
Hear me, Lord, for I am weary;
O my Father, bid me rest.

KATE M. REASONER.

710 Safe Within the Vail.

"LAND ahead!" Its fruits are waving
O'er the hills of fadeless green;
And the living waters laving
Shores where heavenly forms are seen.

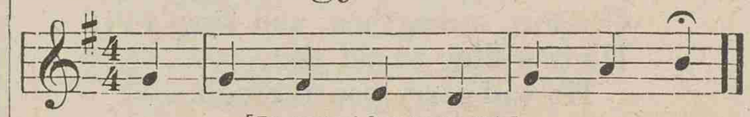
CHO.—Rocks and storms I'll fear no more,
When on that eternal shore:
Drop the anchor; furl the sail:
I am safe within the vail.

2 Onward, bark: the cape I'm rounding:
See the blesséd wave their hands;
Hear the harps of God resounding
From the bright immortal bands.

3 Now we're safe from all temptation,
All the storms of life are past:
Praise the rock of our salvation:
We are safe at home at last.

Unknown.

711 Doxology.



[Inserted by request.]

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.

THOMAS KEN.

712 BE JOYFUL IN GOD. Hymn Anthem.—Lowell Mason. (♩ = 108 = 12.)

1. Be joy - ful in God, all ye lands of the earth, O serve him with gladness and fear; Ex - ult in his presence with mu - sic and mirth,

2. O en - ter his gates with thanksgiving and song; Your vows in his tem - ple pro-claim; His praise with melodious ac - cord-ance pro - long,

With love and de - vo - tion draw near. The Lord he is God, and Je - ho - vah a - lone, Cre - a - tor, and rul - er of all;

And bless his a - dor - a - ble name. For good is the Lord, in - ex - pres - si - bly good, And we are the work of his hand;

And we are his people, his sceptre we own; His sheep, and we fol - low his call— We fol - low his call— We fol - low his call.

His mer-cy and truth from e - ter - ni - ty stood, And shall to e - ter - ni - ty stand—To e - ter - ni - ty stand—To e - ter - ni - ty stand.

713 GREAT IS THE LORD. Anthem.—Dr. Calcott. (♩ = 100 = 14.)

f

Great is the Lord, and great-ly to be prais-ed, and great-ly to be prais-ed, and great-ly to be prais-ed,

f *m*

Great is the Lord, and great-ly to be prais-ed, and great-ly to be prais-ed, and great-ly to be prais-ed, In the cit - y of our

f

Great . . . . . is the

f

God, In the cit - y of our God, In the mountain of his ho - li-ness, In the mountain of his ho - li-ness. Great is the Lord, and greatly to be prais-ed,

m

Lord, ... and great - ly to be prais - ed, In the cit - y of our God, In the cit - y of our God, In the mountain of his ho - li-ness, In the

m **Alto.**

Great is the Lord, and great-ly to be prais-ed, In the cit - y of our God, In the cit - y of our God, In the mountain of his ho - li-ness, In the

mountain of his ho - li - ness. Great is the Lord, and great - ly to be prais - ed, Great is the Lord, and great - ly to be prais-ed, In the

mountain of his ho - li - ness. Great is the Lord, and great - ly to be prais - ed, Great is the Lord, and great - ly to be prais-ed, In the

cit - y of our God, In the cit - y of our God, In the mountain of his ho - li - ness, In the mountain of his ho - li - ness. Great is the

cit - y of our God, In the cit - y of our God, In the mountain of his ho - li - ness, In the mountain of his ho - li - ness. Great is the

Lord, and great - ly to be prais-ed, In the cit - y of our God, In the mountain of his ho - li - ness. A - men, A - men.

Lord, and great - ly to be prais-ed, In the cit - y of our God, In the mountain of his ho - li - ness. A - men, A - men.

714 GREAT AND MARVELOUS. Anthem.—(♩ = 132 = 8.)

Spirited.

Great and mar - vel-ous are thy works, Lord God Al - might - y. Great and mar-vel-ous, great and mar- vel-ous, Great and mar-vel-ous

Great and mar - vel-ous are thy works, Lord God Al - might - y. Great and mar-vel-ous, great and mar- vel-ous, Great and mar-vel-ous

are thy works. Just and true, Just and true, Just and

are thy works. Just and true, Just and true, Just and

are thy works. Just and true, Just and true, Just and

Just and true are all thy ways, thou King, thou King of saints, True are all thy ways, thou King of saints, Just and

(♩ = 88 = 18.)

Adagio. A tempo. Adagio.

true are thy ways, thou King of saints. Ho - ly, ho - ly, Thou a-lone art ho - ly. Hal-le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! A - men, A - men.

Adagio. A tempo. Adagio.

true are thy ways, thou King of saints. Ho - ly, ho - ly, Thou a-lone art ho - ly. Hal-le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! A - men, A - men.

715 O SING TO JEHOVAH. Anthem.—Arranged. (♩ = 100 = 14.)

Spirited. *m* Cres.

O sing to Je - ho - vah, and mag-ni - fy his name, O sing to Je - ho-vah, and mag-ni - fy his name, Ex- alt his name, Ex-alt his name, and

m Cres.

O sing to Je - ho - vah, and mag-ni - fy his name, O sing to Je - ho-vah, and mag-ni - fy his name, Ex- alt his name, Ex-alt his name, and

name, ...

Cres. *f* *ff*

mag - ni - fy his ho - ly name; Sing to Je - ho - vah, and mag - ni - fy his name, Ex - tol him, Ex- tol him, and mag - ni - fy his name;

Cres. *f* *ff*

mag - ni - fy his ho - ly name; Sing, ... Ex - tol him, Ex- tol him, and mag - ni - fy his name;

Sing to Je - ho - vah, and mag - ni - fy his name,

f Cres. *ff*

Sing to Je - ho-vah, Ex - tol him, Ex - tol him; Hal-le - lu-jah, Hal-le - lu - jah, A - men, A - men, A - men, A - men, A - men.

f Cres. *ff*

Sing to Je - ho-vah, Ex - tol him, Ex - tol him; Hal-le - lu - - - jah, Hal-le - lu - - - jah, A - men, A - men, A - men, A - men, A - men.

A good effect will be produced by following this anthem with a tune by the congregation—such as Old Hundred, page 4, or Upton, page 5, or Leyden or Park Street, page 8—any appropriate hymn and tune in the key of G.

716 DEAL GENTLY, O FATHER. Anthem.—T. J. Cook. (♩ = 92 = 17.)

Supplicatory.

mp

Deal gen - tly, O Fa - ther, in thy good pleasure, in thy good pleasure deal gen - tly to Zi - on; Fa - ther, deal gen - tly,

Deal gen - tly, O Fa - ther, in thy good pleasure, in thy good pleasure deal gen - tly to Zi - on; Fa - ther, deal gen - tly,

mp

Deal gen - tly, O Fa - ther, in thy good pleasure, in thy good pleasure deal gen - tly to Zi on; Fa - ther, deal gen - tly,

Cres.

in thy good pleasure, in thy good pleasure deal gen - tly. Build thou now the walls of Je - ru-sa-lem, Build thou now the

in thy good pleasure, in thy good pleasure deal gen - tly. Build thou now the walls of Je - ru-sa-lem, Build thou now the

Cres.

in thy good pleasure, in thy good pleasure deal gen - tly. Build thou now the walls of Je - ru-sa-lem, Build thou now the

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walls, the walls of Je - ru - salem.

walls, the walls of Je - ru - salem. Deal gen - - - tly O Fa - - - ther, in thy good pleasure, deal gen - tly in

DUET.

walls, the walls of Je - ru - salem. Deal gen - - - tly O Fa - - - ther, in thy good pleasure, deal gen - tly in
walls, the walls of Je - ru - salem.

Zi - on; Deal gen - - - tly, O Fa - - - ther, in thy good pleasure, deal gen - tly, O Fa - - - - ther.

Deal gen - - - tly, O Fa - - - ther, in thy good pleasure, deal gen - tly, O Fa - - - - ther.

Zi - on; Deal gen - - - tly, O Fa - - - ther, in thy good pleasure, deal gen - tly, O Fa - - - ther.

717 NOW LET THE GATES OF ZION RING. Anthem.—T. J. Cook. (♩ = 108 = 12.)

f **Maestoso.**

Now let the gates of Zi - on ring, the gates, the gates of Zi - on ring, Now let the gates of Zi - on ring, of

Now let the gates of Zi - on ring, the gates, the gates of Zi - on ring, Now let the gates of Zi - on ring, of

TRIO. **Alto.**

ff **CHORUS.** **Tenor.**

Zi- - on ring, And challenge her re - sent - ful foes; She triumphs in her Saviour King—And challenge her re - sent - ful foes; She

1st Soprano.

ff

2nd Soprano.

Alto.

Zi - on ring, And challenge her re - sent - ful foes; She triumphs in her Saviour King—And challenge her re - sent - ful foes; She

triumphs in her Sav - iour King. Who from the

f

triumphs in her Sav - iour King. In him who from the dead a - rose, For - ev - er reign, vic - to-rious King; Our King . . . . . Who from the

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dead a - rose, Shall reign vic - to-rious King, For-ev - er reign, vic - to-rious King, for - ev - er reign, vic - to - rious King.

. . . . . shall reign, ... For - ev - er reign, vic - to-rious King, for - ev - er reign, vic - to - rious King. Our

dead a - rose, Shall reign vic - to-rious King,

TRIO. Alto. f CHORUS. Tenor.

Shall reign our King, vic - to-rious King, Shall reign, for-ev - er reign, vic-torious King, shall reign. Now

Our King, ... shall reign, ...

1st Sopr.

2nd Sopr.

King, shall reign, vic-to-rious King, for - ev - er reign, vic - to-rious King, Shall reign, for-ev - er reign, vic-torious King, shall reign. Now

Shall reign our King, vic - to-rious King,

let the gates of Zi - on ring, For - ev - er reign, vic - to - rious King, For - ev - er reign, vic - to-rious King, vic - to - rious King.

let the gates of Zi - on ring, For - ev - er reign, vic - to - rious King, For - ev - er reign, vic - to-rious King, vic - to - rious King.

718 THE LORD IS MY LIGHT.—Geo. F. Root. (♩=108=12.)

f **Moderato.** *p* *f* *p*

The Lord is my light, is my light and my sal-va-tion, Whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength, is the strength of my life, of

f *p* *f* *p*

The Lord is my light, is my light and my sal-va-tion, Whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength, is the strength of my life, of

whom shall I be a - fraid? Tho' a host should encamp a - - gainst . . . . . me, my heart shall not fear, Tho'

whom shall I be a - fraid? Tho' a host should encamp a - - gainst . . . . . me, my heart shall not fear, Tho'

Tho' a host should encamp a - gainst me,

wars should rise a - gainst . . . . . me, in this will I be con - fi - dent; One thing have I de - sired of the Lord,

wars should rise a - gainst . . . . . me, in this will I be con - fi - dent; One thing have I de - sired of the Lord,

Tho' wars should rise a - gainst me,

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That will I seek af - ter: That I may dwell in the house of the Lord, That I may dwell in the house of the Lord, That I may dwell in the

That will I seek af - ter: That I may dwell in the house of the Lord, That I may dwell in the house of the
That I may dwell in the house of the Lord, That I may dwell in the

house of the Lord, That I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, all the days of my life, all the

Lord, That I may dwell in the house of the Lord
house of the Lord, That I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, all the days of my life, all the

m *f.*

days, all the days of my life, That I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days, all the days of my life. A - men.

m *f*

days, all the days of my life, That I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days . . . . . of my life. A - men.
days, all the days of my life.

719 I WILL ARISE. Sentence.—Cecil. (♩ = 76 = 24½.)

will a - rise, and go to my Fa - ther; and will say un - to him,

I will a - rise, I will a - rise, will a - rise, and go to my Fa - ther; and will say un - to him,

Fa - ther, I have sin - ned, have sin - ned, I have sin - ned a - gainst heaven and be - fore thee, be - fore

Fa - ther, Fa - ther, I have sin - ned, have sin - ned, I have sin - ned a - gainst heaven and be - fore thee, be - fore

thee, and am no more wor - thy to be call - ed thy son, and am no more wor - thy to be call - ed thy son.

Lentando pia.

thee, and am no more wor - thy to be call - ed thy son, and am no more wor - thy to be call - ed thy son.

720 O HOW LOVELY IS ZION! Trio and Chorus.—T. J. Cook. (♩=100=14.)

mf 1st Soprano.

O how love-ly, O how lovely is Zi - on, cit - y of our God! Joy and peace shall dwell in thee, shall dwell in thee, O

2nd Soprano.

Alto.

Zi - - on. O how love-ly is Zi - - - - on, Zi - on, cit - y of our God! Joy and peace shall dwell in thee, shall dwell in

Rit.

f CHORUS. Tenor.

dwell in thee, shall dwell in thee. Joy and peace shall dwell in thee, Joy and peace shall dwell in thee, Joy and peace shall

Soprano.

Alto.

thee, shall dwell in thee. Joy and peace shall dwell in thee, Joy and peace shall dwell in thee, Joy and peace shall

p *f*

dwell in thee, Zi - on, cit - y of our God; Joy and peace shall dwell in thee, shall dwell in thee. . . .

p *f*

dwell in thee, Zi - on, cit - y of our God; Joy and peace shall dwell in thee, shall dwell in thee. . . .

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721 REMEMBER, O LORD.—Himmel. (♩ = 60 = 39.)

SOLO. Baritone or Alto.

Remember, O Lord, thy ten - der mercies, re - mem-ber, re -

Cres. **Cres.**

mem-ber, O Lord, thy lov-ing kind-ness, which hath been of old, which hath been of old; Re-mem-ber thy serv - ant for thy good-ness'

Cres. **Cres.**

sake, ac-cord-ing to thy mer-cy, re - mem-ber me; ac-cording to thy mer-cy, re-member me, re-member, remember me, O God.

p CHORUS.

Re-mem - ber, O Lord, thy ten - der mer-cies, re - - mem - - ber, Lord, thy lov - ing kind-ness,
re - mem - ber, re - mem - ber, O Lord, thy lov - ing kind-ness, which

p

Re-mem - ber, O Lord, thy ten - der mer-cies, re - - - mem - ber, Lord, thy lov - ing kind-ness, which

Cres. Dim. Cres.

which hath been . . . . of old, ... hath been of old; re-mem-ber thy serv-ant for thy goodness' sake, re - mem - ber
hath been of old,

Cres. Dim. Cres.

which hath been . . . . of old, which hath been of old; re - mem - ber thy serv - - ant for thy goodness' sake, re - mem - ber

Dim.

me for thy good - - ness' sake; Ac-cord-ing to thy mer - cy, re-mem-ber me, re-mem-ber me, O Lord.

Dim.

me for thy good - - ness' sake; Ac-cord-ing to thy mer - cy, re - mem - - ber me, re-mem-ber me, O Lord.
for thy goodness' sake, ... re - - mem - - ber me,

722 THE EARTH IS THE LORD'S. Anthem.—R. A. Smith. (♩=100=14.)

Maestoso.

The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein: For he hath founded it up-on the seas, and established it up-

The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein: For he hath founded it up-on the seas, and established it up-

on the floods; For he hath founded it up-on the seas, and es-tablished it up-on the floods. (♩=76=24½.) Andante. Who shall as-cend in-to the hill of the Lord? or

Alto.

on the floods; For he hath founded it up-on the seas, and es-tablished it up-on the floods. Who shall as-cend in-to the hill of the Lord? or

who shall stand in his ho-ly place?

who shall stand in his ho-ly place? He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul un-to van-i-ty, nor sworn de-ceit-ful-ly.

Ad lib.

He shall re-ceive the blessing from the Lord, and right-eous-ness from the God of his sal - va-tion, and

A tempo.

Alto.

He shall re-ceive the bless-ing from the Lord, He shall re - ceive the blessing from the Lord, and right-eous-ness from the God of his sal - va-tion, and

Andante. (♩ = 76 = 24½.)

right-eous-ness from the God of his sal - va-tion. This is the gen - er - a-tion of them that seek him, that seek thy face, O God of Ja - cob.

right-eous-ness from the God of his sal - va-tion. This is the gen - er - a-tion of them that seek him, that seek thy face, O God of Ja - cob.

A tempo.

Lift up your heads, Lift up your heads, Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift - ed up, ye ev - er-last-ing doors;

Lift up your heads, Lift up your heads, Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift - ed up, ye ev - er-last-ing doors; And the King of glo-ry shall come

Lift up your heads, Lift up your heads, Lift up your heads, O ye gates, Be ye lift-ed up ye ev-er-last-ing doors, And the

Lift up your heads, Lift up your heads, Lift up your heads, O ye gates, And the King of glo-ry shall come in, ... And the
in. Be ye lift-ed up ye ev-er-last-ing doors,

King of glo - ry shall come in.

Ad lib.

King of glo - ry shall come in. Who is he, who is he, this king, this king of glory? Je-hovah, Je - ho-vah, Je - ho-vah strong and mighty, Je - ho-vah, Je-

Omit in repeat.

(♩ = 116 = 10½.)

Allegro.

Je - ho-vah of hosts, Je - ho-vah of hosts, He is the King of glo-ry, Je - ho-vah of hosts, Je - ho-vah of hosts, He

ho - vah, might-y in bat-tle. Je - ho-vah of hosts, Je - ho-vah of hosts, He is the King of glo-ry, Je - ho-vah of hosts, Je - ho-vah of hosts, He

is the King of glo - ry, He is the King of glo - ry, He is the King, the

f

is the King of glo - ry, Je - ho - vah of hosts, ... He is the King of glo - ry, He is the King, the

Je - ho - vah of hosts, ...

King of glo - ry, Je - ho - vah of hosts, he is the King of glo - ry, Je - ho - vah of hosts, he is the King of glo - ry, He

King of glo - ry, Je - ho - vah of hosts, he is the King of glo - ry, Je - ho - vah of hosts, he is the King of glo - ry, He is the King, . .

He

is the King of glo - ry, He is the King of glo - ry, He is the King, the King of glo - ry, He is the King, the King of glo - ry.

Largo.

. . . . . He is the King of glo - ry, He is the King, the King of glo - ry, He is the King, the King of glo - ry.

is the King of glo - ry, He is the King, ...

723 I WILL SING PRAISE. Anthem.—Arr. from BORDESE, by J. A. B. (♩=108=12.)

Allegro Brillante.

ff

f I will sing praise to thee, O Lord; I will sing praise, I will sing praise to thee, O Lord;

f *ff*

I will sing praise to thee, O Lord; I will sing praise to thee, O Lord; I will sing praise, I will sing praise to thee, O Lord;

ff

f I will sing praise to thee, O Lord; I will sing praise, I will sing praise to thee, O Lord;

ff

I will sing praise to thee, O Lord; I will sing praise to thee, O Lord; I will sing praise, I will sing praise to thee, O Lord;

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SOLO. Dolce.

I will be glad, I will re-joice in thee, I will sing prais-es to thee, O

DUO. Dolce.

I will be glad, I will re-joice in thee, I will sing prais-es to thee, O

Lord; I will be glad, I will re-joice in thee, and sing prais-es to thee, O

CHORUS.

f

I will sing praises to thy name, I will sing un - to thy name, O thou Most

Lord; I will re - joice in thee, I will sing prais - es to thy name,

f CHORUS.

Lord; I will re - joice in thee, I will sing prais - es to thy name, O thou Most

f

I will sing praises to thy name, I will sing un - to thy name,

f

High. *f* I will sing un - to thy name, O thou Most High. A - men, *ff* A - men.

f

High. I will sing prais - es to thy name, O thou Most High. A - men, *ff* A - men.

f

I will sing un - to thy name,

724 TEACH ME, O LORD. Anthem. NEUKOMM, Arr. (♩=72=27.)

Teach me, O Lord, the way of thy Commandments, Teach me, O Lord, the way of thy Commandments, for thou art my

Teach me, O Lord, the way of thy Commandments, Teach me, O Lord, the way, the way of thy Commandments, for thou art my

Teach me, O Lord, the way of thy Commandments, Teach me, O Lord, the way of thy Commandments, for thou art my

Teach me, O Lord, the way of thy Commandments, Teach me, O Lord, the way of thy Commandments, for thou art my

God, for thou art my God. Teach me, O Lord, the way of thy Commandments, for thou art my God, for thou art my

God, for thou art my God. Teach me, O Lord, the way of thy Commandments, for thou art my God, for thou art my

God, for thou art my God. Teach me, O Lord, the way of thy Commandments, for thou art my God, for thou art my

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m

God! Lead me, O Lord! Lead me, O Lord! Lead me, lead me in - to the paths, the paths of

God! Lead me, O Lord' Lead me, O Lord! Lead me in - to the paths, in - to the paths, the paths of

God! Lead me, O Lord! Lead me, O Lord! Lead me in - to the paths, in - to the paths, of
Lead me, O Lord, in - to the paths, of.

f p p

truth: Lead me, in - to the paths, the paths, in - to the paths of

f p

truth: Lead me, O Lord! Lead me, lead me, in - to the paths, the paths . . . . . of

f p

truth: Lead me, O Lord! lead me, lead me in - to the paths, the paths . . . .
truth: the paths. . . .

truth, in - to the paths, the paths of truth, the paths of truth; Lead me, lead me,

truth, in - to the paths, the paths of truth, the paths of truth; Lead me, lead me,

truth, in - to the paths, the paths of truth, the paths of truth; Lead me, lead me

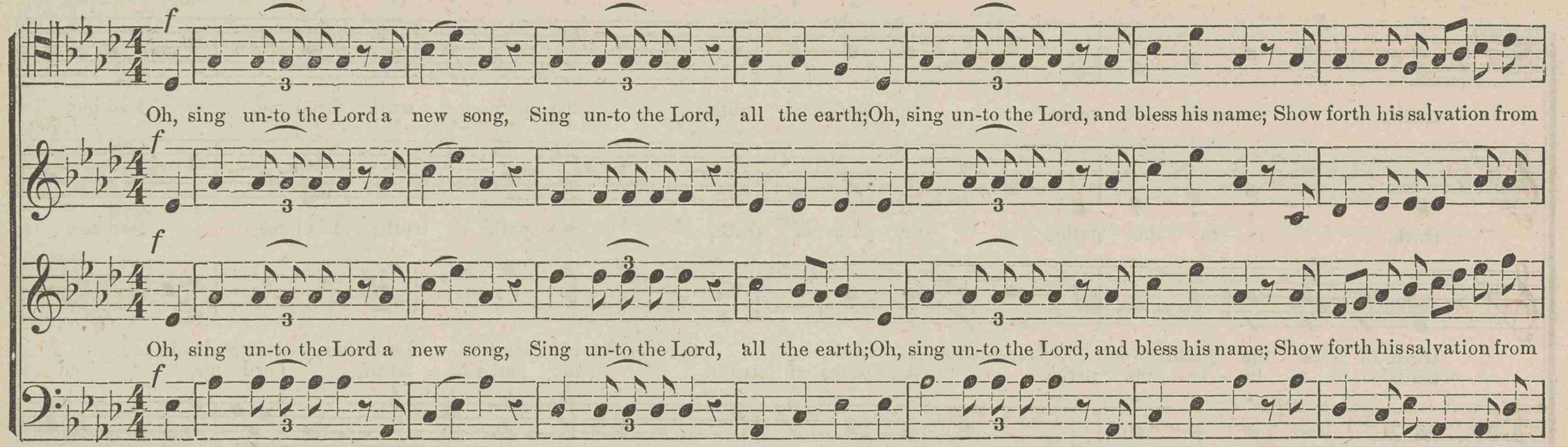
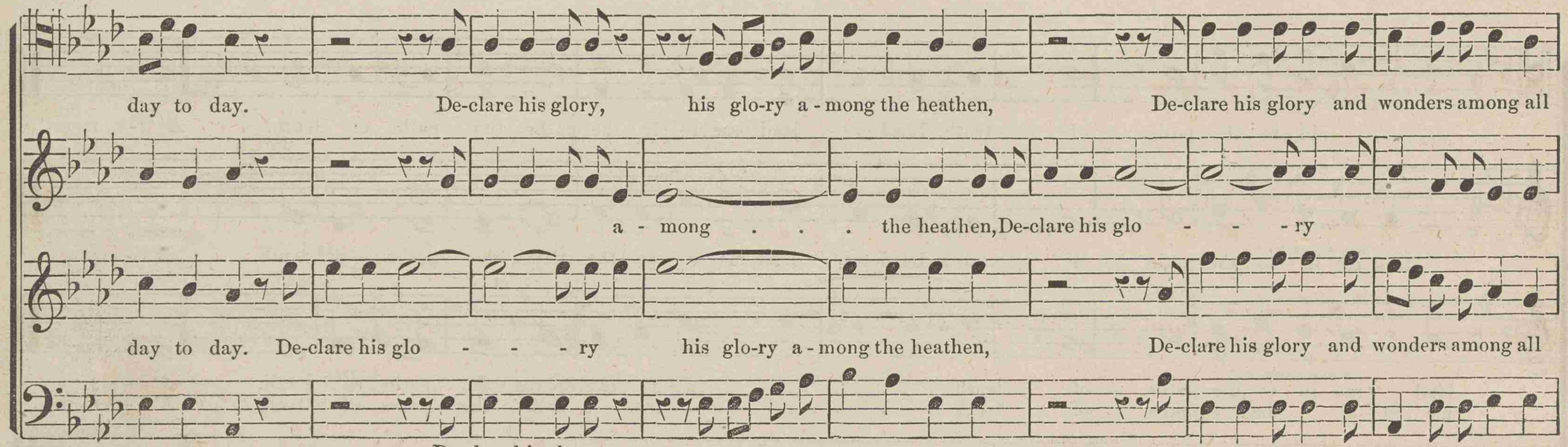
truth, in - to the paths, the paths of truth, the paths of truth; Lead me, lead

in - to the paths of truth, Lead me, lead me in - to the paths, the paths of truth. A - men.

lead me in - to the paths of truth, Lead me, lead me in - to the paths, the paths of truth. A - men.

lead me in - to the paths of truth . . . in - to the paths, the paths of truth. A - men.

me in - to the paths of truth . . . the paths, the paths of truth. A - men.

725 O SING UNTO THE LORD. Anthem.—J. A. Butterfield. (♩=100=14.)



people. For the Lord is great, and greatly to be prais - ed; He is to be fear - ed a - bove all gods. Sing unto the Lord, sing a new song;

people. For the Lord is great, and greatly to be prais - ed; He is to be fear - ed a - bove all gods. Oh, sing unto the Lord a new song;

sing a new song;

Slentando.

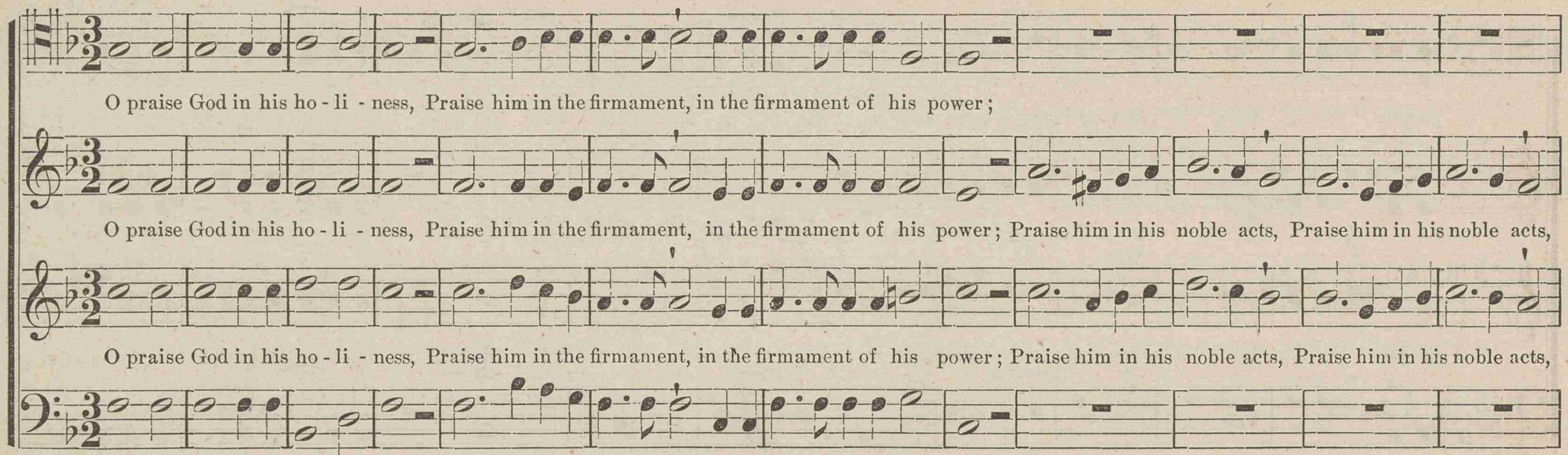
Sing un-to the Lord, sing, all the earth, Sing unto the Lord, sing and bless his name; Show his sal-va - tion from day to day. A - men.

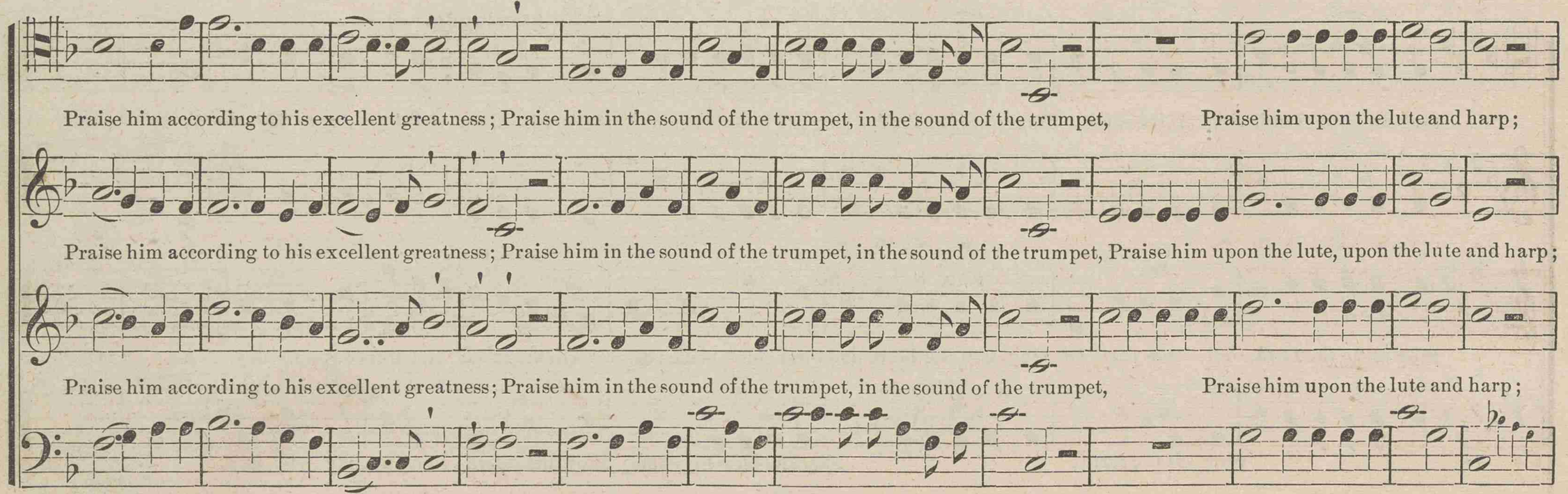
Slentando.

Sing un-to the Lord, all the earth, Oh, sing unto the Lord, and bless his name; Show forth his sal-va - tion from day to day. A - men.

Sing, all the earth; Sing and bless his name; Show his sal-va - tion from day to day.

726 O PRAISE GOD IN HIS HOLINESS. Anthem.—Lowell Mason. (𝅗𝅥=100=14.)





Praise him in the cymbals, in the cymbals and dances, Praise him on strings, on strings and pipes,

Praise him in the cymbals, in the cymbals and dances, Praise him on strings, on strings and pipes, Let every thing that hath breath, Let

Praise him in the cymbals, in the cymbals and dances, Praise him on strings, on strings and pipes, Let every thing that hath breath, Let every thing that hath breath Let

Let ev - ery thing that hath breath praise the Lord, that hath breath praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord.

ev - ery thing that hath breath, that hath breath praise the Lord, that hath breath praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord.

ev - ery thing that hath breath, that hath breath praise the Lord, that hath breath praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord.

727 WHEN THE LORD SHALL BUILD UP ZION. Anthem.—J. Cole, arr. (♩ = 104 = 13.)

When the Lord shall build up Zi - on, He shall ap-pear in his glo - ry, in his glo - ry,

When the Lord shall build up Zi - on, He shall ap - pear in his glo - - - ry, in his glo - ry, He shall ap -

Cres.

When the Lord shall build up Zi - on, He shall ap - pear in his glo - ry, his glo - ry, He shall ap - pear in his glo - ry,

When the Lord shall build up Zi - on, He shall ap-pear in his glo - ry, in his glo - ry,

Omit in the D. C. repeat—sing last brace instead.

He shall ap-pear in his glo - ry. O pray for the peace, the peace of Je - ru - sa-lem, They shall pros - per that love thee.

pear, shall ap-pear, ap - pear in his glo - ry. O pray for the peace, the peace of Je - ru - sa-lem, They shall pros - per that love thee.

He shall appear, in his glo - ry. O pray for the peace, the peace of Je - ru - sa-lem, They shall pros - per that love thee.

He shall ap-pear in his glo - ry.

D. C. Fine.

Peace be with-in thy walls, Peace be with-in thy walls, and plenteous-ness with - in thy pal - a - ces.

Peace be with-in thy walls, Peace be with-in thy walls, thy walls, and plenteous-ness with - in thy pal - a - ces.

D. C. Fine.

Peace be with-in thy walls, Peace be with-in thy walls, and plenteous-ness with - in thy pal - a - ces.

D. S.

Peace be within thy walls, Peace be within thy walls, thy walls, and plenteousness within thy pal - a- ces.

Peace be within thy walls, Peace be within thy walls, Peace be within thy walls, and plenteousness within thy pal - a- ces.

D. S.

Peace be within thy walls, Peace be within thy walls, thy walls, and plenteousness within thy pal - a- ces.

728 HOLINESS BECOMETH THINE HOUSE. Anthem.—J. CHAPPEL, arr. (♩ = 100 = 14.)

Ho - li - ness, ho - li - ness, ho - li - ness be - com-eth thine house, Ho - li - ness be-com-eth thine house, Ho - li - ness be -

Ho - li - ness, ho - li - ness, ho - li - ness be - com-eth thine house, Ho - li - ness be-com-eth thine house, Ho - li - ness be -

Ho - li - ness, ho - li - ness, ho - li - ness be - com-eth thine house, Ho - li - ness be-com-eth thine house, Ho - li - ness be -

cometh thine house. Ho - li - ness, ho - li - ness, Ho - li - ness be - com-eth thine house. O worship the Lord in the

cometh thine house. Ho - li - ness be - com-eth thine house.

cometh thine house. Ho - li - ness, ho - li - ness, Ho - li - ness be - com-eth thine house.
Ho - li - ness, ho - li - ness, ho-li - ness be - com-eth thine house.

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beau-ty of ho - li - ness, O wor-ship the Lord in the beau-ty of ho - li - ness, O wor-ship the Lord in the beau-ty of

O wor-ship the Lord in the beau-ty of ho - li - ness, O wor-ship the Lord in the beau-ty of

O wor-ship the Lord in the beau-ty of ho - li - ness, O wor-ship the Lord in the beau-ty of

ho - li-ness, Fear be - fore him, all the earth, in the beau - ty of ho - li-ness.

ho - li-ness, Fear be - fore him, all the earth, in the beau - ty of ho - li-ness.

ho - li-ness, Fear be - fore him, all the earth, O wor-ship in the beau - ty of ho - li-ness.

Fear be - fore him, ... all the earth, ... O wor-ship the Lord in the beau - ty of ho - li-ness.

DUET.

Give un - to the Lord the glo - ry due his name; bring an offer-ing, bring an offer-ing, and come in - to his courts.

Give un - to the Lord the glo - ry due his name, bring an offer-ing, bring an offer-ing, and come in - to his courts.

f

Cres.

O wor-ship the Lord in the beau - ty of ho - li-ness, in the beau-ty of ho - li-ness, in the beau-ty of ho - li-ness.

O wor-ship the Lord in the beau - ty of ho - li-ness, in the beau-ty of ho - li-ness, in the beau-ty of ho - li-ness.

f

Cres.

O wor-ship the Lord in the beau - ty of ho - li-ness, in the beau-ty of ho - li-ness, in the beau-ty of ho - li-ness.

p **Cres.**

Ho - li - ness, ho - li - ness, ho - li - ness be - com - eth thine house, For - ev - er and ev - er, for - ev - er, A -

Ho - li - ness, ho - li - ness, ho - li - ness be - com - eth thine house, For - ev - er and ev - er, for - ev - er, A -

p **Cres.** **A little faster.**

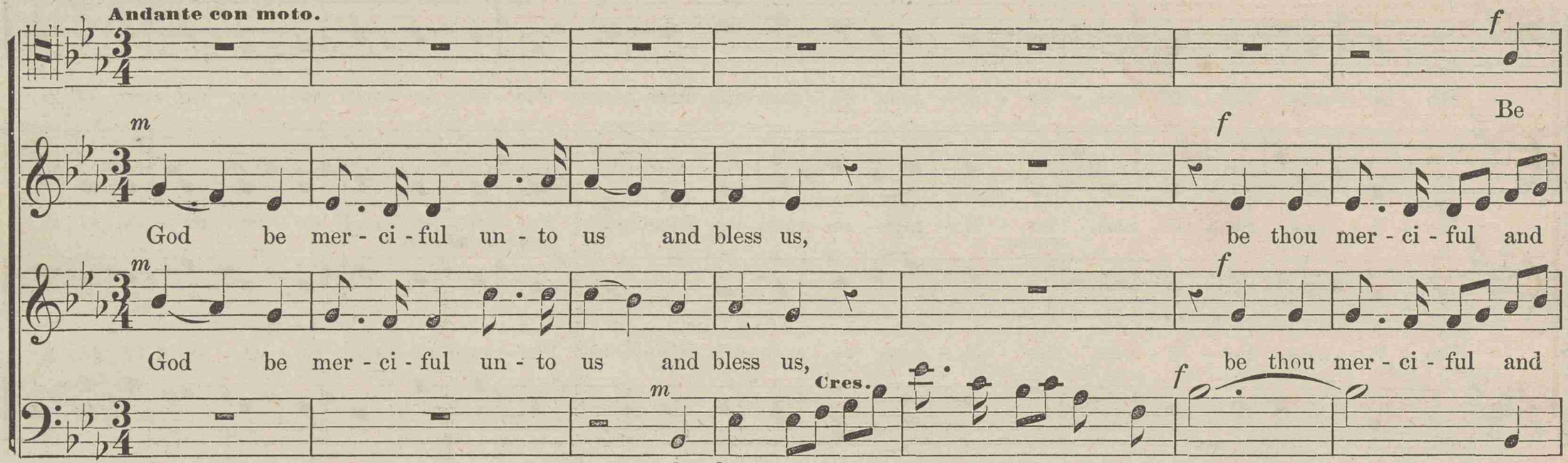
Ho - li - ness, ho - li - ness, ho - li - ness be - com - eth thine house, For - ev - er and ev - er, for - ev - er, A -

Adagio.

men, For - ev - er and ev - er, for - ev - er, A - men, For - ev - er, A - men, For - ev - er, A - men. A - men, A - men.

men, For - ev - er and ev - er, for - ev - er, A - men, For - ev - er, A - men, For - ev - er, A - men. A - men, A - men.

men, For - ev - er and ev - er, for - ev - er, A - men, For - ev - er, A - men, For - ev - er, A - men. A - men, A - men.

729 GOD BE MERCIFUL. Anthem.—J. A. Butterfield. (♩=72=27.)

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ff **Dim.**

mer - ci - ful, be mer - ci - ful, be mer - ci - ful to us and bless us, be mer - - - - - -

ff **Dim.**

mer - ci - ful, be mer - ci - ful, be mer - ci - ful to us and bless us, mer - ci - ful to us and

ff **Dim.**

mer - ci - ful, be mer - ci - ful, be thou mer - ci - ful to us and bless us, mer - ci - ful to us and

ff **Dim.**

be mer - ci - ful, be mer - ci - ful to us and bless us, mer - ci - ful to us and

p *f*

- - - ci - ful; may be known up - on the earth, be known up - on the

p *f*

bless us; That thy way may be known, be known up - on the

p *f*

bless us; That thy way may be known, be known up - on the

p *f*

bless us; Thy way may be known up - on the earth, be known up - on the

ff m

earth, be known up - on the earth; a-mong all na - tions, a-mong all

ff m

earth, be known up - on the earth; a-mong all na - tions, a-mong all

ff

earth, be known up - on the earth;

ff f

earth, be `nown up - on the earth; And thy sav- ing health, thy sav - ing health a - mong, ...

Cres. Poco a poco.

na - tions, a-mong all na - tions. Oh, let the peo-ple praise thee, Oh, let the peo - ple praise

Cres. Poco a poco.

na - tions, a-mong all na - tions. Oh, let the peo-ple praise thee, Oh, let the peo - ple praise

m Cres. Poco a poco.

a-mong all na - tions. Let the people praise thee, Oh, let the peo - ple praise thee, yea,

m Cres. Poco a poco.

a-mong all na - tions. Let the people praise thee, Oh, let the peo - ple praise thee, yea,

thee, yea, let all the na - tions praise thee! God shall bless us, God shall bless us, and

thee, yea, let all the na - tions praise thee! God shall bless us, God shall bless us, and

let all the na - tions praise, oh, praise thee! God shall bless us, God shall bless us, and

let all the na - tions praise, oh, praise thee! God shall bless us, God shall bless us, and

all the ends of the world shall fear him. A - - - - - men, A - men! . . .

all the ends of the world shall fear him. A - - - - - men! . . .

all the ends of the world shall fear him. A - men, A - men! . . .

all the ends of the world shall fear him. A - - - men, A - - - - - men! . . .

730 CAST THY BURDEN ON THE LORD. Sentence.—Wm. B. Bradbury. (♩ = 54 = 48.)

Cast thy burden on the Lord, ... Cast thy bur-den on the Lord, And he will sus-tain thee, And

Cast thy bur-den on the Lord, Cast thy bur-den on the Lord, Cast thy burden on the Lord, Cast thy burden on the Lord, And he will sus-tain thee, And

Cast thy bur-den on the Lord,

m *p*

strengthen thee, and com - fort thee, He will sus - tain thee, and com - fort thee, He will sus - tain thee, and com - fort thee,

strengthen thee, and com - fort thee, He will sus - tain thee, and com - fort thee, He will sus - tain thee, and com - fort thee,

m Repeat *pp*

He will sus - tain thee, He will com - fort thee; Cast thy bur - den on the Lord, Cast thy bur - den on the Lord.

He will sus - tain thee, He will com - fort thee; Cast thy bur - den on the Lord, Cast thy bur - den on the Lord.

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731 EASTER ANTHEM.—Billings. (♩=72=27.)

Hal - le - lu - jah, The Lord is ris'n in - deed, Hal - le - lu - jah,

Hal - le - lu - jah, The Lord is ris'n in - deed, Halle - lu - jah,

The Lord is ris'n in - deed, Hal - le - lu - jah, The Lord is ris'n indeed, Hal - le - lu - jah, Now is Christ ris'n from the

Now is Christ the first fruits of them that slept. Hallelujah,

Now is Christ risen from the dead, And become the first fruits of them that slept. Hallelujah,

dead, And become the first fruits of them that slept. Now is Christ risen from the dead, And become the first fruits of them that slept. Hallelujah, hallelujah,

Hal - le - lu - jah. And did he rise, And did he rise . . . . did he rise? Hear, O ye nations, hear it, O ye dead.

Hal - le - lu - jah. And did he rise, did he rise? Hear, O ye nations, hear it, O ye dead.

Hal - le - lu - jah. And did he rise, And did he rise, ... did he rise? Hear, O ye nations, hear it, O ye dead.

Hal - le - lu - jah. And did he rise, . . . And did he rise, ...

He rose, he rose, He burst the bars of death, He burst the bars of death, And triumph'd o'er the grave.

He rose, he rose, He burst the bars of death, He burst the bars of death, He burst the bars of death, And triumph'd o'er the grave.

He rose, he rose, he rose, he rose, He burst the bars of death, He burst the bars of death, He burst the bars of death, And triumph'd o'er the grave.

Then, then, then I rose, Then I rose, Then first humanity triumphant passed the crystal ports of light, And seiz'd e - ternal youth.

Then, then, then I rose, then I rose, Then I rose, Then first humanity triumphant passed the crystal ports of light, And seiz'd e - ternal youth.

Then, then, then I rose, Then I rose, then I rose, Then I rose, Then first humanity triumphant passed the crystal ports of light, And seiz'd e - ternal youth.

Thine all the glory, man's the boundless bliss.

Man, all immortal, hail! hail! Heaven all lavish of strange gifts to man, Thine all the glory, man's the boundless bliss, Thine all the glory, man's the boundless bliss.

Man, all immortal, hail! hail! Heaven all lavish of strange gifts to man, Thine all the glory, man's the boundless bliss, Thine all the glory, man's the boundless bliss.

723 BEFORE JEHOVAH'S AWFUL THRONE. Anthem.—Dr. Madan. (♩ = 56 = 45.)

p **Maestoso.** *m* *f*

1. Be-fore Je - ho-vah's aw-ful throne, Ye na-tions, bow with sa - cred joy: Know that the Lord is God a - lone; He can cre - ate—and

1. Be-fore Je - ho-vah's aw-ful throne, Ye na-tions, bow with sa - cred joy: Know that the Lord is God a - lone; He can cre - ate—and

p *m* *f*

1. Be-fore Je - ho-vah's aw-ful throne, Ye na-tions, bow with sa - cred joy: Know that the Lord is God a - lone; He can cre - ate—and

(♪ = 76 = 24½.)

p

he de - stroy, He can cre - ate—and he de-stroy. 2. His sovereign power, with-out our aid, Made us of clay, and formed us men, And

he de - stroy, He can cre - ate—and he de-stroy. 2. His sovereign power, with-out our aid, Made us of clay, and formed us men, And

p

he de - stroy, He can cre - ate—and he de-stroy. 2. His sovereign power, with-out our aid, Made us of clay, and formed us men, And

(♩ = 54 = 48.)

when, like wandering sheep, we strayed, He bro't us to his fold a - gain, He bro't us to his fold a-gain. 3. We are his peo-ple, we his care—

when, like wandering sheep, we strayed, He bro't us to his fold a - gain, He bro't us to his fold a-gain. 3. We are his peo-ple, we his care—

when, like wandering sheep, we strayed, He bro't us to his fold a - gain, He bro't us to his fold a-gain. 3. We are his peo-ple, we his care—

(♩ = 96 = 15¼.)

Our souls, and all our mor-tal frame, What last-ing hon-ors shall we rear, Al - might-y Mak-er, to thy name? We'll crowd thy gates with

Our souls, and all our mor-tal frame, What last-ing hon-ors shall we rear, Al - might-y Mak-er, to thy name? We'll crowd thy gates with

Our souls, and all our mor-tal frame, What last-ing hon-ors shall we rear, Al - might-y Mak-er, to thy name? We'll crowd thy gates with

thank - ful songs, High as the heavens our voic - es raise; And earth, and earth, with all her thousand, thousand tongues, Shall fill thy courts with

thank - ful songs, High as the heavens our voic - es raise; And earth, and earth, with all her thousand, thousand tongues, Shall fill thy courts with

thank - ful songs, High as the heavens our voic - es raise; And earth, and earth, with all her thousand, thousand tongues, Shall fill thy courts with

(♩ = 72 = 27.)

sound-ing praise, Shall fill thy courts with sound-ing praise, Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise. 5. Wide, wide as the world is thy com-mand,

sound-ing praise, Shall fill thy courts with sound-ing praise, Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise. 5. Wide, wide as the world is thy com-mand,

sound-ing praise, Shall fill thy courts with sound-ing praise, Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise. 5. Wide, wide as the world is thy com-mand,

Vast as e - ter - ni-ty, e - ter - ni - ty, thy love; Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand, When rolling years shall cease to move, shall cease to move,

Vast as e - ter - ni-ty, e - ter - ni - ty, thy love; Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand, When rolling years shall cease to move, shall cease to move,

Vast as e - ter - ni-ty, e - ter - ni - ty, thy love; Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand, When rolling years shall cease to move, shall cease to move,

When roll - ing years shall cease to move, When roll - - ing years shall cease to move, shall cease to move, cease to move.

When roll - ing years shall cease to move, When roll - - ing years shall cease to move, shall cease to move, cease to move.

When roll - ing years shall cease to move, When roll - - ing years shall cease to move, shall cease to move, cease to move.

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