WILLIAM L. CLEMENTS
LIBRARY OF
AMERICAN HISTORY
UNIVERSITY of MICHIGAN

scarce
1st Ed.

Benjamin,

Lectures Book

1813

THE BRETHREN'S

TUNE AND HYMN BOOK,

BEING A COMPILATION OF

SACRED MUSIC

ADAPTED TO ALL THE

PSALMS, HYMNS, AND SPIRITUAL SONGS,

IN

THE BRETHREN'S HYMN BOOK.

"It is good to sing praises unto our God: for it is pleasant, and praise is comely."—DAVID.
"I will sing with the spirit, and I will sing with the understanding also."—PAUL.

PUBLISHED BY

BENJAMIN FUNK,
SINGER'S GLEN, VIRGINIA.

H. R. HOLSINGER,
DALE CITY, PENNSYLVANIA.

1872.

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1872, *by*

BENJ. FUNK & H. R. HOLSINGER,

in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington, D. C.

Printed at the office of JOSEPH FUNK'S SONS.

SINGER'S GLEN, VA.

PREFACE.

THE true child of God ever keeps before his mind three great points—TRUTH, DUTY, and INTEREST. These three points are so closely connected, that he cannot see any one of them, without, at the same time, seeing the other two. To be impressed with truth, to be animated to duty, to be awakened to interest, is the great sum of spiritual blessings attainable in public worship. It is to this end we engage in the three leading exercises of the house of God, viz: Preaching, Praying, and Singing. The minister of the Gospel may preach in such a way that

"Truths divine, come mended from his tongue"—

He may pray with the fervor of an Apollos; but if the songs of Zion are left off, we feel that an indispensable part of the service has been omitted. Can this feeling be the result of habit? Habit may have something to do with it; but it mainly springs from our consciousness of the enlivening and edifying effect of good singing upon the heart. When do we gaze most rapturously through "opening vistas into heaven?" When do our spirits most ardently long to rise, and dwell on earth no more?" When do the songs of the redeemed most joyfully thrill our hearts? Every true Christian's experience answers, as if with one voice, when we are imitating those blissful strains of adoration, love, and praise to Almighty God. The utility of sacred music in awakening and strengthening our devotional affections, will, perhaps, only be fully known and felt, when we once read the records of the Book of Life.

We now offer the TUNE and HYMN BOOK to the Brethren, in the hope that it may greatly contribute to this desirable end. If it be desirable "that all be in the same mind, and *speak* the same thing," surely it cannot be less desirable that all likewise *sing* the same thing, that there may be a union in song as well as in doctrine.

When we visit distant branches of the church, and look in vain for one familiar face, how comfortable we are made, and what a home

feeling we enjoy, and what a deep sympathy springs up in our hearts for those around us, when we join with them in singing some good old tune which we learned in our heart's first love!

The Tune and Hymn Book contains nearly all of those venerable airs that have stood the test of time; together with many of equal merit that are new, which will likewise soon take their place in the list of old tunes, and be equally dear to the lambs of the flock, when they become old, as those are now dear to us.

In the hope that this book may meet with a cordial reception from the Brethren everywhere, and thus promote the great objects of true devotion, it is affectionately submitted by the compilers.

BENJAMIN FUNK.
H. R. HOLSINGER.

ARRANGEMENT.

The *number* of every hymn in this book corresponds to the *number* of the same hymn in the Brethren's Hymn Book; but the *order* of the hymns is not in every case the same. Thus: The regular order would throw the 14th hymn on the 12th page, but owing to necessity in the arrangement, the above hymn comes on the 8th page, instead of the 12th. Again: The regular place for the 13th hymn would be on the 12th page, but on account of the arrangement, it falls on the 13th page. All similar changes in the order of hymns will be clearly indicated at the proper place.

INTRODUCTION.

SINGING, when well performed, is one of the most interesting and edifying parts of Divine Worship; but in order to render it such, we must "sing with the spirit and with the understanding also."

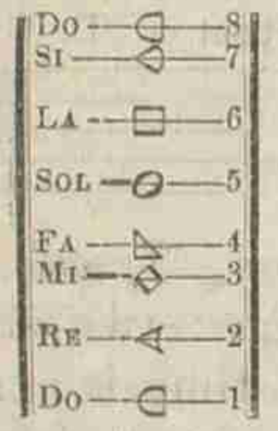
The union of THREE essential elements is necessary to good singing, namely:

TONE, TIME, and EXPRESSION;

and to secure this object singers must adhere to

UNIFORMITY in TONE; UNIFORMITY in TIME; UNIFORMITY in EXPRESSION.

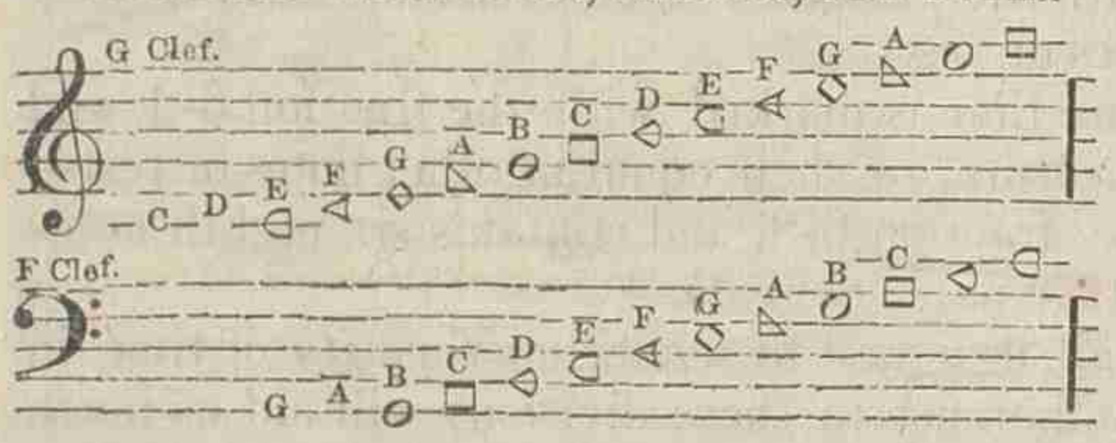
At the foundation of tones lies a series of eight notes called the DIATONIC SCALE.



To aid us in securing uniformity in tone we apply certain syllables or names to the tones of the scale; to the first sound we apply the syllable *do*; to the second *re;* to the third *mi;* to the fourth *fa;* to the fifth *sol;* to the sixth *la;* to the seventh *si;* and to the eighth *do* again, the same as the first, as in the accompanying Scale. Each note may be known by its figurate form.

The notes are written upon a character called a Staff. The staff is composed of five lines and four spaces. Notes are placed on the lines and in the spaces; thus *each line* and *each space* represents a *degree* of sound. Each degree of the staff represents a definite tone, and is known by its name. The degrees of the staff are named after the first seven letters of the alphabet, and are counted upward from the lowest, as in the following illustration:

THE STAFF WITH CLEFS, LETTERS, AND NOTES.



There are two staffs in use, which are distinguished from each other by a character called a Clef. There are two clefs used, the F clef and the G clef. When the F clef is placed on the staff, the first line represents G, the first space A, &c; but when the G clef is placed on the staff, the first line represents E, the first space F, &c.

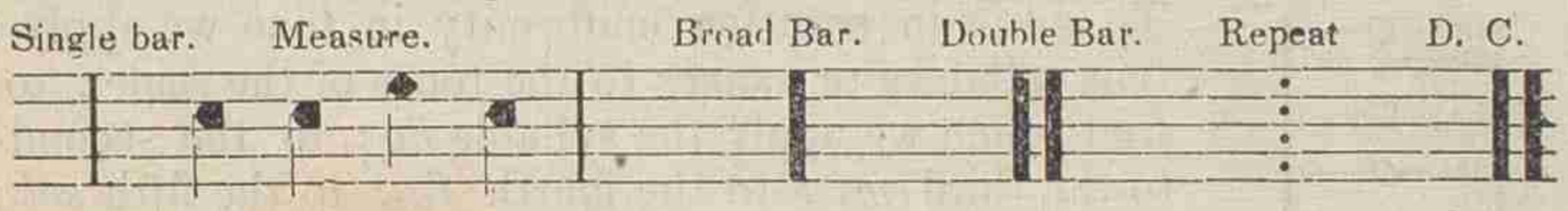
To aid singers in securing uniformity in time, and to represent the length of tones, the notes have certain distinct forms indicating their relative length, as follows:



One whole note is equal in time to two half notes, or four quarters, or eight eights, or sixteen sixteenths. The same *relative* length must be allowed to

each note: thus, if we sing the whole note in four seconds of time, the half note must be sung in two seconds, the quarter note in one second, the eighth note in a half second, and the sixteenth note in a quarter of a second. But if, in any piece of music, the whole note is sung in three seconds, the half note must be sung in a second and a half, and so on.

The notes of a piece of music are divided into equal measures by bars—each measure containing the same value of notes. There are three bars in common use, the single bar, the broad bar and the double bar. The single bar divides the staff into equal time-measures; the broad bar marks the end of a line of poetry, and the double bar shows where a strain ends that is to be repeated. When four dots are placed across the staff, the strain following is to be repeated.—When the letters D. C. are placed over the staff, they indicate a repetition of the first strain again, and closing with that.



There are three kinds of TIME in music, namely, *Common*, *Triple*, and *Compound Time*. There are *three* varieties of Common Time; two of Triple, and two of Compound. The first measure of common time is marked with the fraction 2-2, and contains two half notes in a measure, or their equal in other notes or rests. The second measure is marked with the fraction 4-4, and contains four quarter notes in a measure, or their equal in other notes or rests. The third measure is marked with the fraction 2-4, and contains two quarter notes in a measure or their equal in other notes or rests.

The first measure of Triple time is marked with the fraction 3-2, and contains three half notes in a measure, or their equal in other notes or rests; and the second measure is marked with the fraction 3-4, and contains three quarter notes, or their equal in other notes or rests.

The first measure of Compound time is marked with the fraction 6-4, and contains six quarter notes in a measure, or their equal in other notes or rests; and the second measure with the fraction 6-8, and contains six eighth notes in a measure, or their equal in other notes or rests.

These divisions of time are all designed to secure *uniformity* of time in our singing exercises. A close adherence to these divisions will aid us much in sucuring good singing.

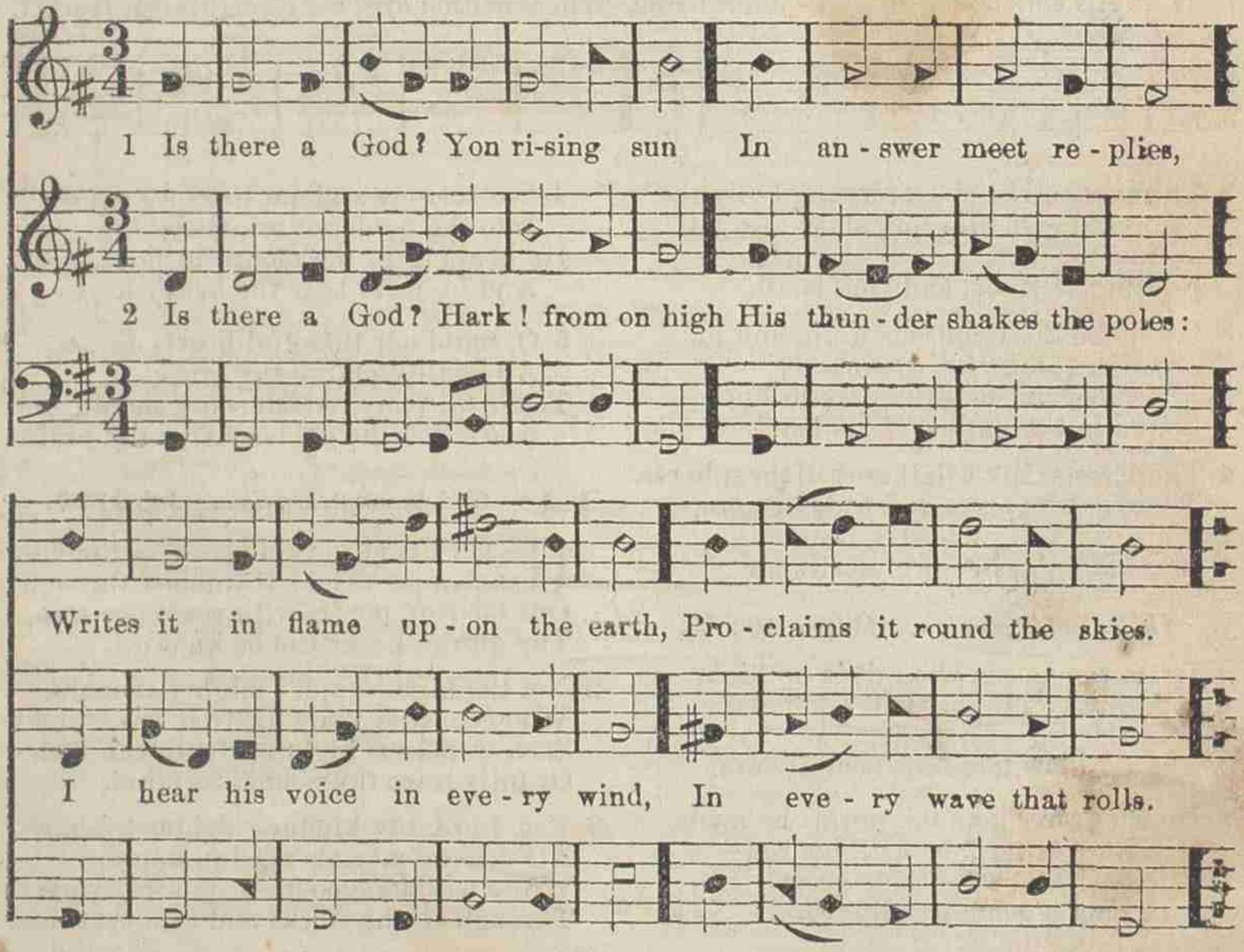
To secure uniformity of expression, singers should enter into those emotions which are expressed by the poetry. They should avoid a dull, heavy, unfeeling style of performance, and cultivate that which comes from the heart, which has some soul, some meaning, and which is appropriate to the words and music. For, to "sing with the spirit and with the understanding also," those heaven-inspiring words in unison with sweet strains of music, is what has such a powerful influence over the human mind. And when singers can realize the subject, and enter into the proper feeling and spirit of the poet, there is but little danger of not securing uniformity of expression.

THE BRETHREN'S

TUNE AND HYMN BOOK.

1

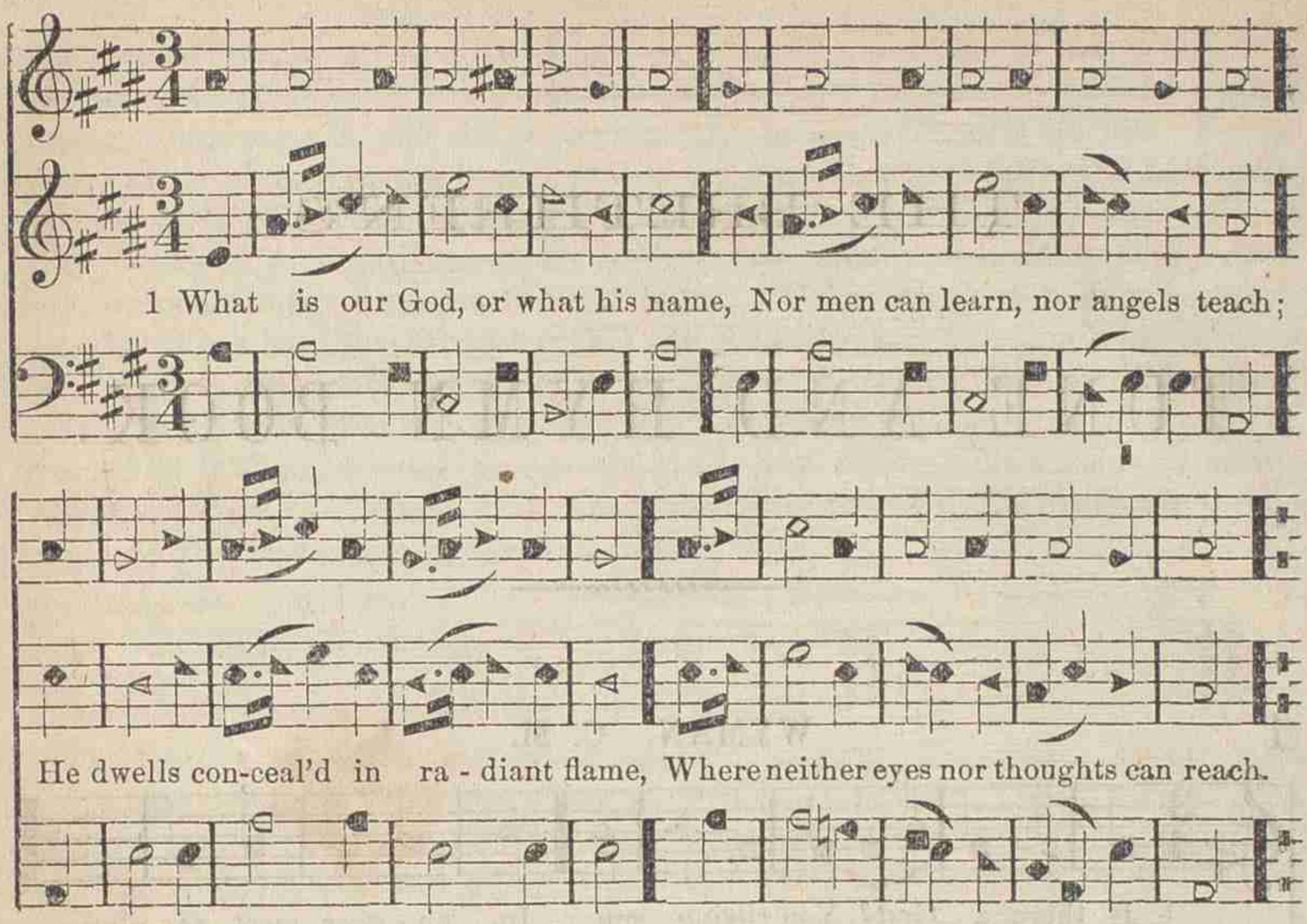
WYMAN. C. M.



3 Is there a God? with sacred fear
I upward turn my eyes;
"There is," each glitt'ring lamp of light—
"There is," my soul replies.

4 If such convictions to my mind
His works aloud impart,
O, let the wisdom of his word
Inscribe them on my heart.

AINCOURT. L. M.



2 The spacious worlds of heavenly light,
Compar'd with him, how short they fall!
They are too dark, and he too bright—
Nothing are they, and God is all.

3 He spoke the wondrous word, and lo,
Creation rose at his command;
Whirlwinds and seas their limits know,
Bound in the hollow of his hand.

4 There rests the earth, there roll the spheres,
There nature leans and feels her prop;
But his own self-sufficience bears
The weight of his own glories up.

3 *God's condescension.* Matth. 10 : 30.

UP to the Lord, who reigns on high,
And views the nations from afar;
Let everlasting praises fly,
And tell how large his bounties are.

2 He who can shake the worlds he made,
Or with his word, or with his rod—
His goodness, how amazing great!
And what a condescending God!

3 He overrules all mortal things,
And manages our mean affairs;
On humble souls the King of kings
Bestows his counsels and his cares.

4 Our sorrows and our tears we pour
Into the bosom of our God;
He hears us in the mournful hour,
And helps to bear the heavy load.

5 O, could our thankful hearts devise
A tribute equal to thy grace,
To the third heaven our songs should rise
And teach the golden harps thy praise.

14 *God incomprehensible.* Job 11 : 7.

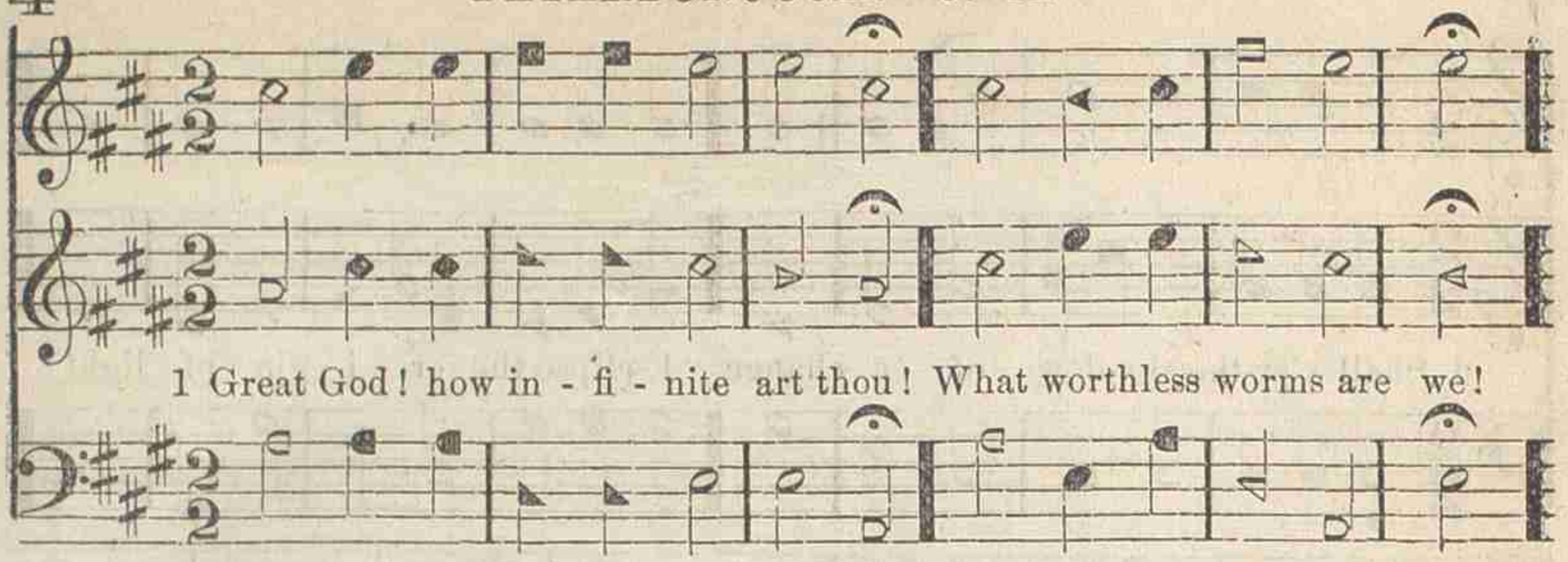
GREAT God, in vain man's narrow view
Attempts to look thy nature through;
Our lab'ring pow'rs with rev'rence own,
Thy glories never can be known.

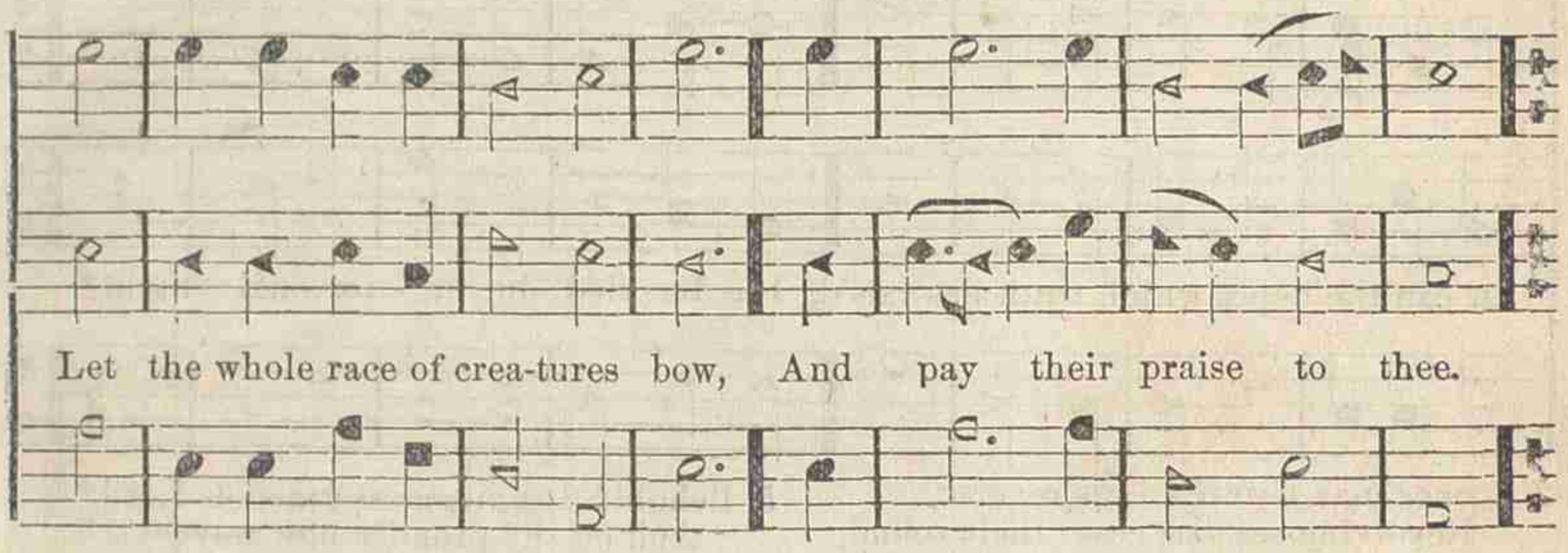
2 Not the high seraph's mighty thought,
Who countless years his God has sought,
Such wondrous hight or depth can find,
Or fully trace thy boundless mind.

3 Yet, Lord, thy kindness deigns to show
All that we mortals need to know;
While wisdom, goodness, pow'r divine,
Through all thy works and conduct shine.

4 O, may our souls with rapture trace
Thy works of nature and of grace;
Adore thy sacred name, and still
Press on to know and do thy will.

4 PETERBOROUGH. C. M.





2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made;
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

3 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view;
To thee, there's nothing old appears;
Great God! there's nothing new.

4 Our lives thro' various scenes are drawn,
And vex'd with trifling cares,
While thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturbed affairs.

5 *God over all.* Rom. 10: 12.

THE Lord our God is Lord of all;
His station who can find?
I hear him in the waterfall;
I hear him in the wind.

2 If in the gloom of night I shroud,
His face I cannot fly;
I see him in the evening cloud,
And in the morning sky.

3 He lives, he reigns in ev'ry land,
From winter's polar snows,
To where, across the burning sand,
The blasting meteor glows.

4 He smiles, we live; he frowns, we die;
We hang upon his word;
He rears his mighty arm on high,
We fall before his sword.

5 He bids his gales the fields deform;
Then, when his thunders cease,
He paints his rainbow on the storm,
And lulls the winds to peace.

6 *Holiness of God.* Isaiah 6: 3.

HOLY and rev'rend is the name
Of our eternal King;
"Thrice holy Lord," the angels cry;
"Thrice holy," let us sing.

2 The deepest rev'rence of the mind,
Pay, O my soul, to God;
Lift, with thy hands, a holy heart
To his sublime abode.

3 With sacred awe pronounce his name,
Whom words nor thoughts can reach;
A contrite heart shall please him more
Than noblest forms of speech.

4 Thou, holy God, preserve my soul
From all pollution free;
The pure in heart are thy delight,
And they thy face shall see.

ZEPHYR. L. M.



2 Sooner may nature's laws reverse,
Revolving seasons cease their round,
Nor spring appear in blooming pride,
Nor autumn be with plenty crown'd:

3 Yon shining orbs forget their course,
The sun his destin'd path forsake;
And nature lose her rapid force,
Before our God a change can make.

4 Earth may with all her works dissolve,
(If such her great Creator's will;)
But HE for ever is the same,
I AM! is his memorial still.

8 *The truthfulness of God.* 1 Sam. 15: 29.

JEHOVAH is a God of might,
He fram'd the earth, he built the sky;
And what he speaks is surely right,
"The strength of Israel will not lie!"

2 Ye weary souls, with sin oppress'd.
To him in every trouble fly;
His promise is, "I'll give you rest,"
"The strength of Israel will not lie."

3 Then why sunk down beneath despair?
To Jesus' throne of grace apply;
His promise plead, he'll hear your pray'r,
"The strength of Israel will not lie."

4 Ask what you will in Jesus' name,
He never will your suit deny;
To save you from the curse he came,
"The strength of Israel will not lie."

5 Behold! I come, most gracious Lord,
And on thy promise now rely;
In my distress, how sweet this word,
"The strength of Israel will not lie."

9 *Faithfulness of God.* Heb. 6: 17, 18.

YE humble saints, proclaim abroad
The honors of a faithful God;
How just and true are all his ways!
How much above your highest praise!

2 The words his sacred lips declare,
Of his own mind the image bear;
What should him tempt, from frailty free,
Blest in his self-sufficiency!

3 He will not his great self deny;
A God *all* truth can never lie;
As well might he his being quit,
As break his oath, or word forget.

4 Let frighten'd rivers change their course,
Or backward hasten to their source;
Swift through the air let rocks be hurl'd,
And mountains like the chaff be whirl'd:

5 Let suns and stars forget to rise,
Or quit their stations in the skies;
Let heav'n and earth both pass away—
Eternal truth shall ne'er decay.

6 True to his word, God gave his Son,
To die for crimes which man had done:
Blest pledge! he never will revoke
A single promise he has spoke.

10 DAYTON. C. M.



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

3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord
Before they 're formed within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.

4 O wond'rous knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.

5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secur'd by sov'reign love.

11 *The power of God.* Matth. 8: 27.

THE Lord our God is cloth'd with might,
The winds obey his will;
He speaks, and in his heav'nly hight,
The rolling sun stands still.

2 Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar;
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.

3 Howl, winds of night; your force combine:
Without his high behest,
Ye shall not, in the mountain pine,
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

4 His voice sublime is heard afar—
In distant peals it dies;
He yokes the whirlwinds to his car,
And sweeps the howling skies.

5 Ye nations, bend—in rev'rence bend;
Ye monarchs, wait his nod,
And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate our God.

12 *The Eternity of God.* Psalm 90: 2.

THOU didst, O mighty God, exist
Ere time began its race;
Before the ample elements
Fll'd up the void of space;

2 Before the pond'rous earthly globe
In fluid air was stayed;
Before the ocean's mighty springs
Their liquid stores display'd.

3 And when the pillars of the world
With sudden ruin break,
And all this vast and goodly frame
Sinks in the mighty wreck;

4 When from her orb the moon shall start,
Th' astonish'd sun roll back,
While all the trembling starry lamps
Their ancient course forsake;

5 Forever permanent and fixed,
From agitation free,
Unchanged in everlasting years,
Shall thy existence be.

13 *See page* 13.

DILL. L. M.



14 *See page* 8.

2 "But I descend to worlds below;
On earth I have a mansion too;
The humble spirit and contrite
Is an abode of my delight.

3 "The humble soul my words revive,
I bid the mourning sinner live;
Heal all the broken hearts I find,
And ease the sorrows of the mind."

4 Lord, may thy pard'ning grace be nigh,
Lest we should faint, despair, and die!
Then shall our grateful voice declare,
How free thy tender mercies are.

16 *The unity of God.* Isa. 44: 8.

ETERNAL God, almighty Cause,
Of earth, and seas, and worlds unknown,
All things are subject to thy laws—
All things depend on thee alone.

2 Thy glorious being singly stands,
Of all, within itself, possest;
By none controll'd in thy commands,
And in thyself completely blest.

3 To thee alone ourselves we owe;
Let heav'n and earth due homage pay:
All other gods we disavow—
Deny their claims, renounce their sway.

4 Worship to thee alone belongs—
Worship to thee alone we give;
Thine be our hearts and thine our songs,
And to thy glory we would live.

5 Spread thy great name through heathen lands.
Their idol-deities dethrone;
Subdue the world to thy commands,
And reign as thou art—God alone.

17 *God invisible to mortal eyes.* Heb. 11: 27.

ETERNAL and immortal King!
Thy peerless splendors none can bear;
But darkness vails seraphic eyes,
When God with all his glory 's there.

2 Yet faith can pierce the awful gloom,
The great Invisible can see;
And with its tremblings mingle joy,
In fix'd regards, great God! to thee.

3 Then every tempting form of sin,
Aw'd by thy presence, disappears;
And all the glowing, raptur'd soul,
The likeness it contemplates, wears.

4 O, ever present to my heart!
Witness to its extreme desire;
Behold, it presses on to thee,
For it hath caught the heav'nly fire.

5 This one petition would I urge:
To bear thee ever in my sight!
In life, in death, in worlds unknown,
My only portion and delight.

SHELLEY. C. M.



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

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

5 Creatures with all their endless race,
Thy pow'r and praise proclaim;
But we who taste thy richer grace,
Delight to bless thy name.

19 *God's goodness and love.* Nahum 1: 7.

YE humble souls, approach your God
With songs of sacred praise;
For he is good, immensely good,
And kind are all his ways.

2 All nature owns his guardian care;
In him we live and move:
But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of his love.

3 He gave his Son, his only Son
To ransom rebel worms;
'T is here he makes his goodness known
In its diviner forms.

4 To this dear refuge, Lord, we come;
On this our hope relies;
A safe defense, a peaceful home,
When storms of trouble rise.

5 Thine eye beholds with kind regard
The souls who trust in thee;
Their humble hope thou wilt reward
With bliss divinely free.

6 Great God, to thine almighty love
What honor shall we raise!
Not all the raptur'd songs above
Can render equal praise.

13 *God is love.* 1 John 4: 8.

COME, ye that know and fear the Lord!
And raise your souls above;
Let ev'ry 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 for mercy reach their hearts,
To teach them—God is love.

4 The work begun is carried on,
By pow'r from heav'n above;
And ev'ry step, from first to last,
Proclaims that—God is love.

5 In all his doctrines and commands,
His counsels and designs—
In ev'ry work his hands have framed,
His love supremely shines.

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

20 WAYNESVILLE. 8s 7s & 4.

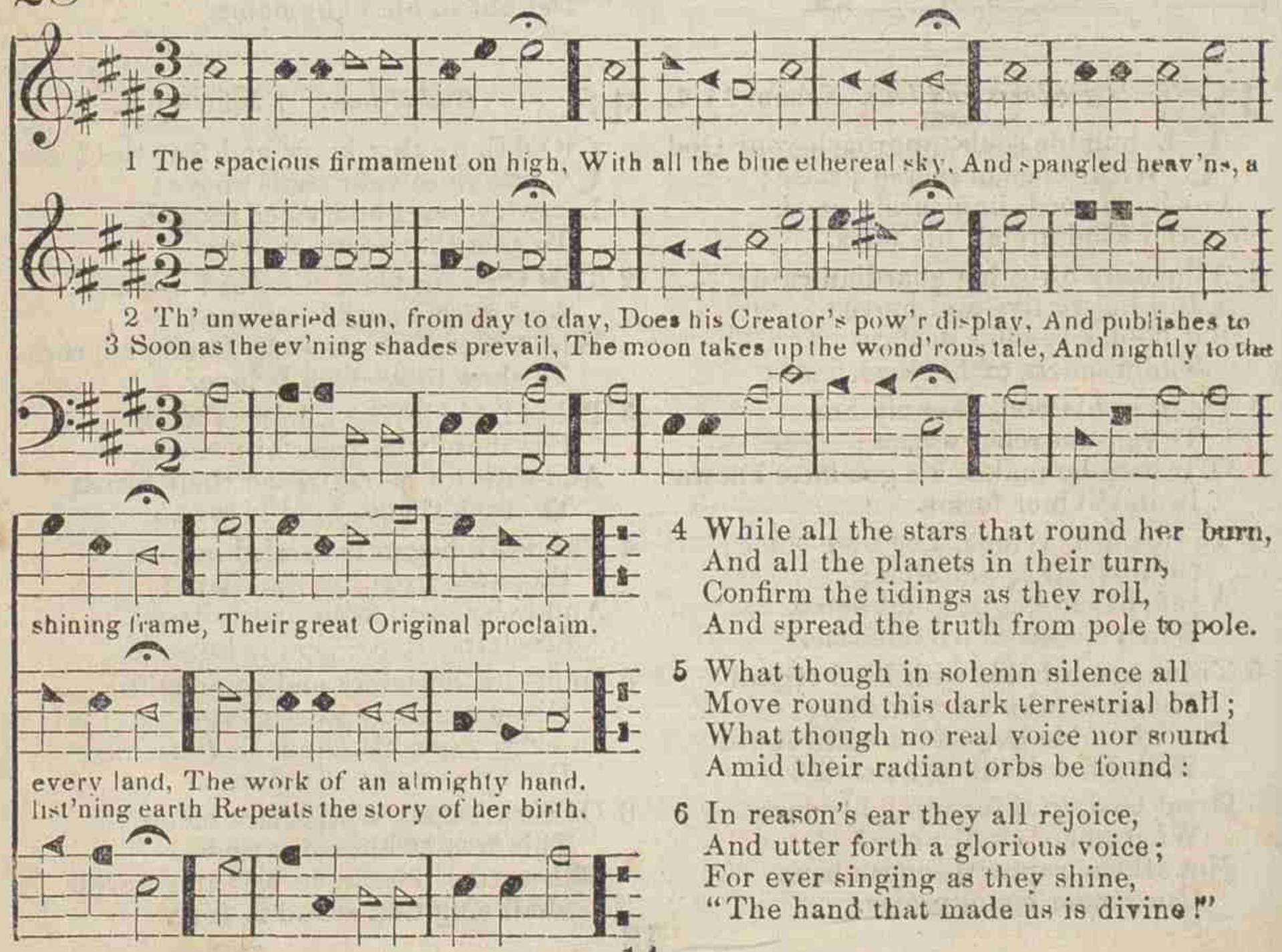




2 Open, Lord, the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow:
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliv'rer!
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fear subside;
Death of death, and hell's destruction!
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

28 TAVOY. L. M.



4 While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

5 What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found:

6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine!"

21 SHIRLAND. S. M.



2 He leads me to the place
Where heav'nly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.

4 While he affords his aid,
I can not yield to fear;
Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade,
My Shepherd 's with me there.

5 In sight of all my foes,
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

6 The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my future days;
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

22 *God all and in all.* Psalm 73: 25.

MY God, my life, my love,
To thee, to thee I call;
I can not live if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.

2 Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell;
'T is Paradise when thou art here,
If thou depart 't is hell.

3 The smilings of thy face,
How amiable they are!
'T is heav'n to rest in thine embrace,
And no where else but there.

4 Not all the harps above,
Can make a heav'nly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.

5 Nor earth nor all the sky
Can one delight afford,
No, not one drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.

6 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll,
The circle where my passions move,
And center of my soul.

NINETY-FIFTH. C. M.



2 Under 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 receiv'd her frame,
From everla-ting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 Thy word commands our flesh to dust,
"Return, ye sons of men!"
All nations rose from earth at first,
And turn to earth again.

5 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their lives and cares,
Are carried downward by the flood,
And lost in foll'wing years.

Support us through life's thorny vale,
And calm each anxious fear.

4 Yes, thou shalt be our guide through life,
And help and strength supply;
Sustain us in death's fearful strife,
And welcome us on high.

24 *God our portion.* Psa. 119 : 57.

WHOM have we, Lord, in heav'n but thee,
And whom on earth beside;
Where else for succor can we flee,
Or in whose strength confide.

2 Thou art our portion here below,
Our promis'd bliss above;
Ne'er may our souls an object know
So precious as thy love.

3 When heart and flesh, O Lord, shall fail,
Thou wilt our spirits cheer,

25 *God our Father.* Matt. 6 : 9.

MY God, my Father! cheering name!
O, may I call thee mine!
Give me with humble hope to claim
A portion so divine.

2 This only can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly;
What real harm can reach my soul
Beneath my Father's eye?

3 Whate'er thy providence denies,
I calmly would resign;
For thou art just, and good, and wise—
O bend my will to thine!

4 Whate'er thy sov'reign will ordains,
O give me strength to bear;
Still let me know a Father reigns,
Still trust a Father's care.

26 *See next page.*

27 REPOSE. C. H. M.



3 The dazzling sun at noonday hour—
Forth from his flaming vase
Flinging o'er earth the golden shower
Till vale and mountain blaze—
But shows, O Lord, one beam of thine;
What, then, the day where thou dost shine!

4 O, how shall these dim eyes endure
That noon of living rays!
Or how our spirits, so impure,
Upon thy glory gaze!
Anoint, O Lord, anoint our sight,
And fit us for that world of light.

28 *See page* 14.

---

28 *The primeval state of man.* Gen. 1: 27. C. M.

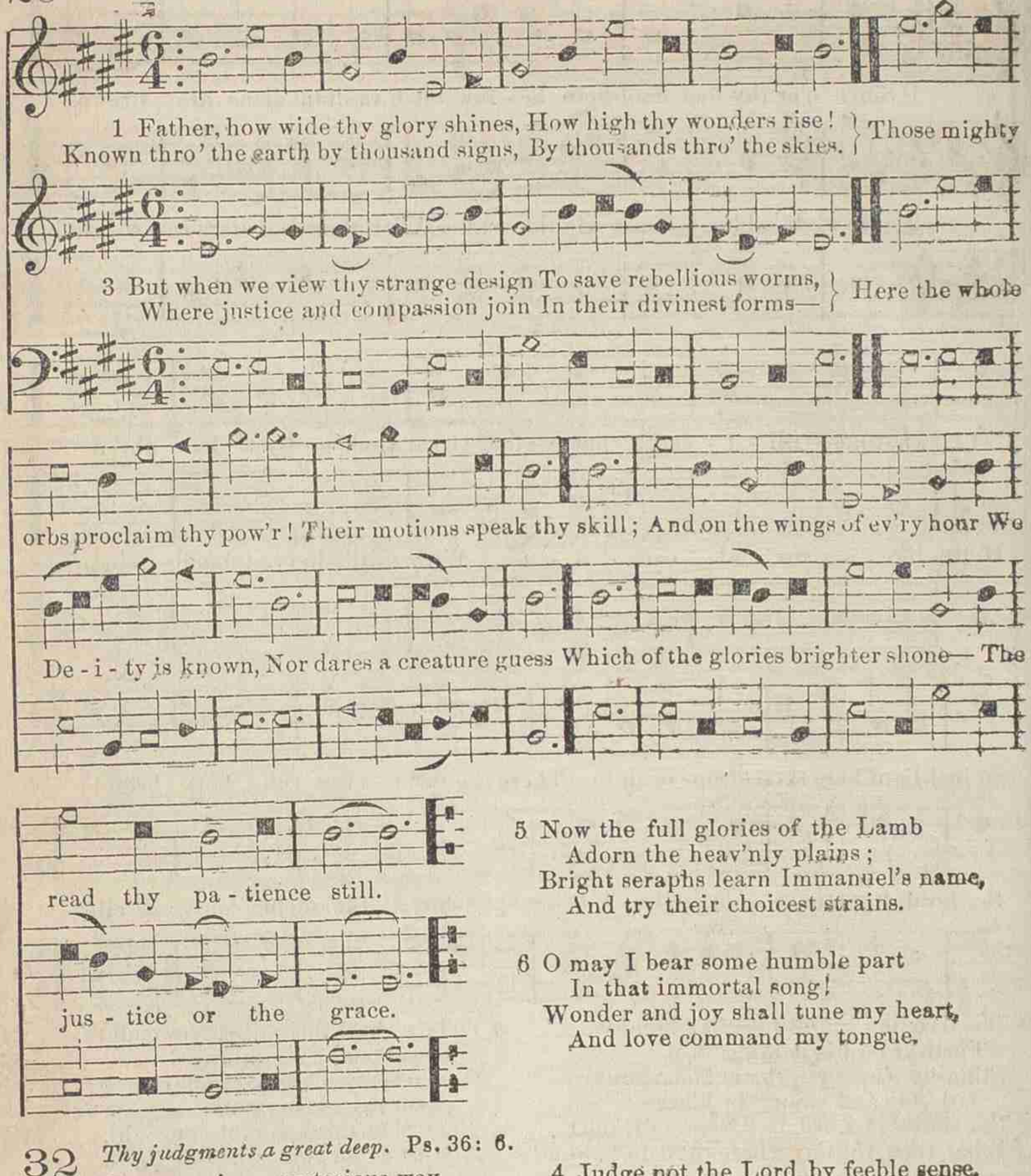
JEHOVAH'S image brightly shone
In Eden's lovely pair,
And oft, before his gracious throne,
They bow'd in praise and pray'r.

2 With rectitude, as with a robe,
Their spotless souls were dress'd;
With peace abounding, and with joy,
They were divinely bless'd.

3 No self-reproach, no slavish dread,
Disturb'd their peace within;
No frowning storm their path o'erspread,
While undefiled with sin.

4 Thus souls renew'd by saving grace—
Whose sins have been forgiv'n—
Behold the smiles of Jesus' face,
And feel an inward heav'n.

PLEASANT HILL. C. M.



5 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heav'nly plains;
Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.

6 O may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song!
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

32 *Thy judgments a great deep.* Ps. 36: 6.

GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

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

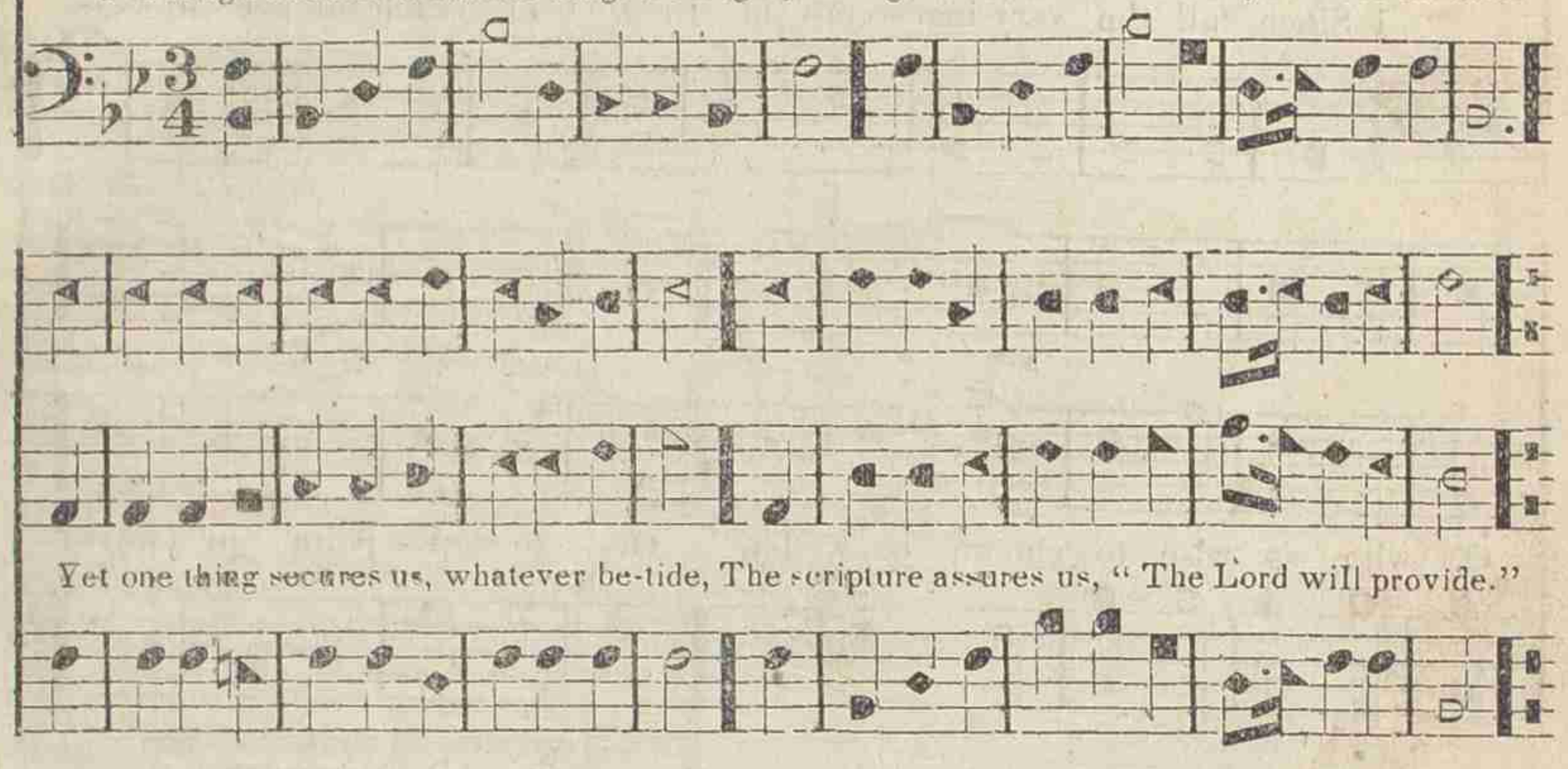
4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

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.



1 Though troubles assail and dangers affright, Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite—



Yet one thing secures us, whatever be-tide, The scripture assures us, "The Lord will provide."

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

3 His call we obey, like Abra'm of old—
Not knowing the way; but faith makes us bold;
For tho' we are strangers, we have a sure guide,
And trust in all dangers, "The Lord will provide."

4 When Satan appears to shut up our path,
And fills us with fears, we triumph by faith;
He can not take from us, though oft he has tried,
This heart-cheering promise, "The Lord will provide."

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

6 No strength of our own, or goodness we claim;
Yet since we have known the Savior's great name,
In this, our strong tower, for safety we hide;
The Lord is our power, "The Lord will provide."

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

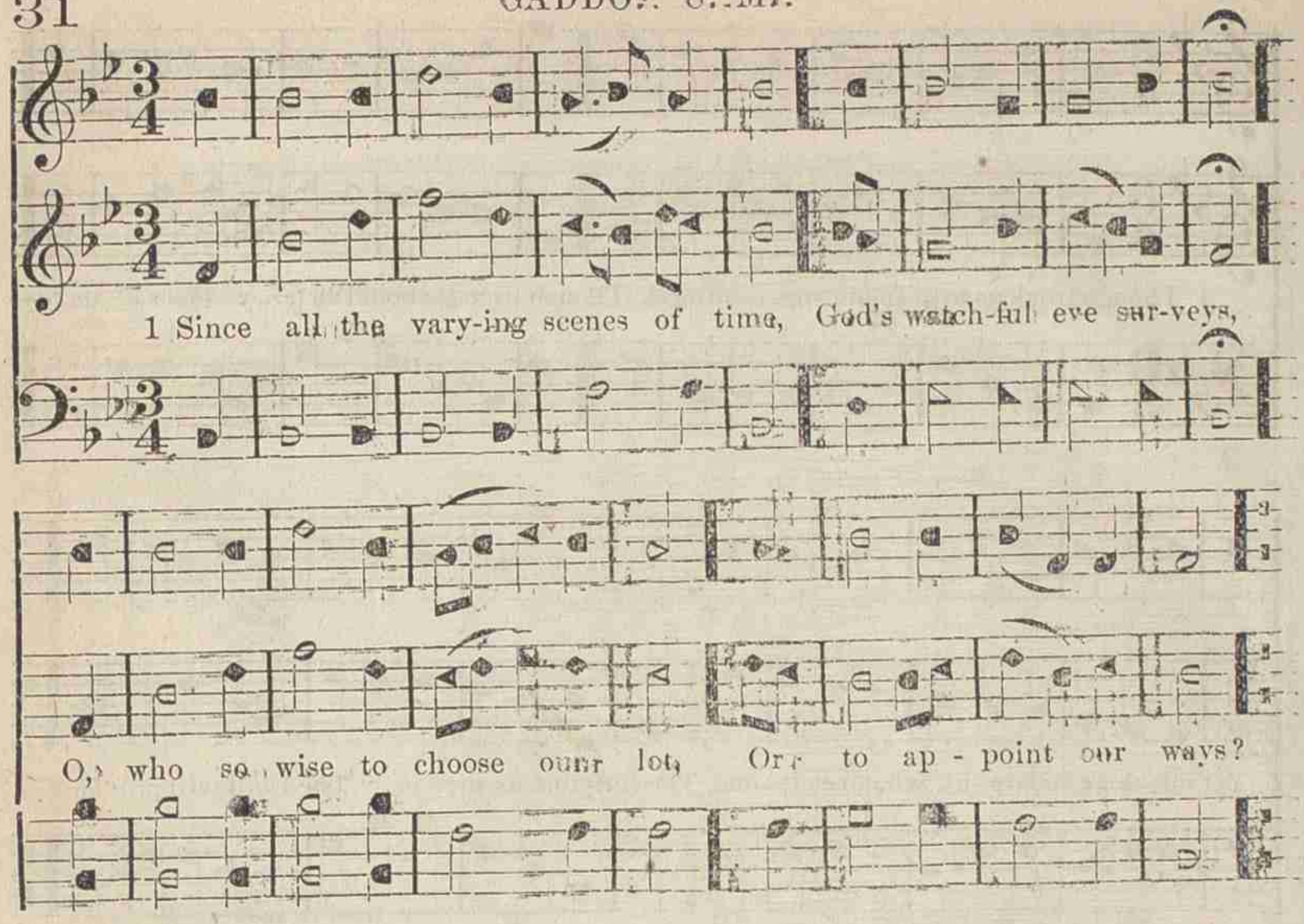
88 *God glorious.*

O, WORSHIP the King, all glorious above,
And gratefully sing his wonderful love,
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of Days,
Pavillion'd in splendor, and girded with praise.

2 O, tell of his might, and sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.

3 Thy bountiful care, what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

4 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.



2 Good when he gives—supremely good—
Nor less when he denies;
Afflictions from his sov'reign hand
Are blessings in disguise.

3 Why should we doubt a Father's love,
So constant and so kind?
To his unerring gracious will,
Be ev'ry wish resign'd.

32 *See page 18.*

33 *"Now we see through a glass darkly."*
1 Cor. 13: 12.

THY way, O God, is in the sea;
Thy paths I cannot trace,
Nor comprehend the mystery
Of thine unbounded grace.

2 Here the dark vails of flesh and sense
My captive soul surround:
Mysterious deeps of providence
My inward thoughts confound.

3 As through a glass I dimly see
The wonders of thy love;
How little do I know of thee,
Or of the joys above!

4 Though but in part I know thy will,
I bless thee for the sight;
When will thy love the whole reveal
In glory's clearer light?

5 In rapture shall I then survey
Thy providence and grace,
And spend an everlasting day
In wonder, love and praise.

34 *Your heavenly Father feedeth them.*
Matt. 6: 25—34.

O WHY despond in life's dark vale?
Why sink to fears a prey?
Th' Almighty Power can never fail,
His love can ne'er decay.

2 Behold the birds that wing the air,
Nor sow nor reap the grain;
Yet God, with all a father's care,
Relieves when they complain.

3 Behold the lilies of the field—
They toil nor labor know;
Yet royal robes to theirs must yield,
In beauty's richest glow.

4 That God who hears the raven's cry,
Who decks the lily's form,
Will surely all your wants supply,
And shield you in the storm.

5 Seek first his kingdom's grace to share;
Its righteousness pursue:
And all that needs your earthly care,
He will bestow on you.

:35 ZOAR. C. M.



:2 Our vows, our pray'rs, we now present
Before thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers! be the God
Of their succeeding race.

:3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wand'ring footsteps guide:
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

:4 O spread thy cov'ring wings around
Till all our wand'rings cease,
And at our Father's lov'd abode
Our souls arrive in peace!

:5 Such blessings from thy gracious hand
Our humble pray'rs implore;
And thou shalt be our chosen God,
And portion evermore.

:36 *God's servants safe on sea or land.*
Psalm 69: 15.

HOW are thy servants blest, O Lord,
How sure is their defense!
Eternal Wisdom is their guide,
Their help, Omnipotence.

:2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Thro' burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

3 When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

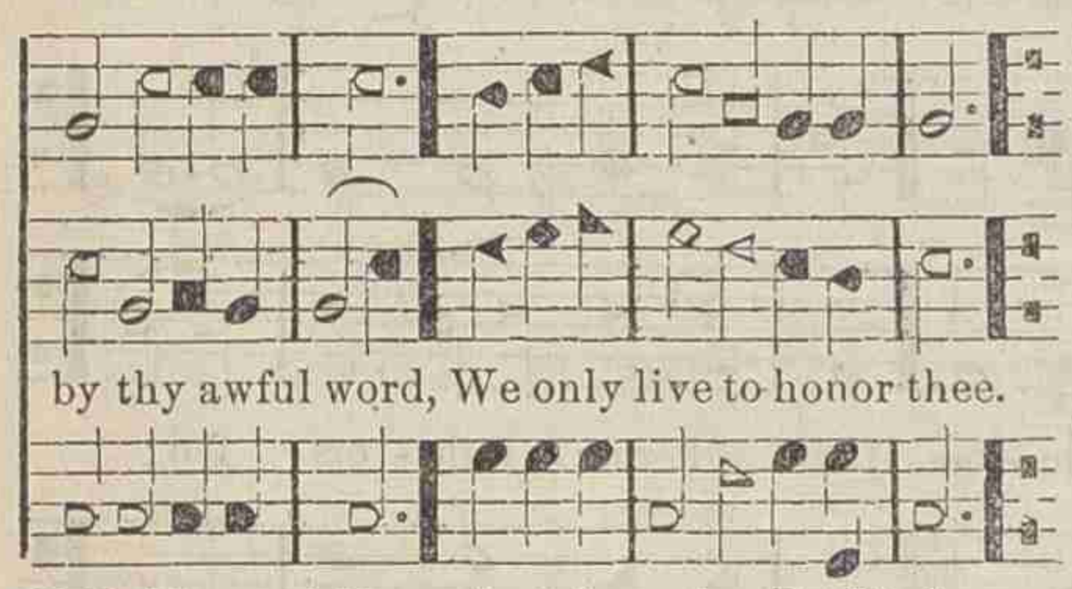
4 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea, that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.

5 In midst of dangers, fears and deaths,
Thy goodness we'll adore;
We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

6 Our life, while thou preserv'st that life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, when death shall be our lot,
Shall join our souls to thee.

37 LEWISBURG. L. M.





2 Where is their God? the heathen cry,
And bow to senseless wood and stone;
Our God, we tell them, fills the sky,
And calls ten thousand worlds his own.

3 Vain gods! vain men! the Lord alone,
Is Israel's worship, Israel's friend;
O fear his power, his goodness own,
And love him, trust him to the end.

4 Who lean on him, from strength to strength,
From light to light shall onward move,
Till through the grave they pass at length,
To sing on high his saving love.

38 *How amiable are thy tabernacles.* Ps. 84: 1.

LORD, what a heav'n of saving grace,
Shines through the beauties of thy face,
And lights our passions to a flame!
Lord, how we love thy charming name!

2 When I can say my God is mine,
When I can feel thy glories shine,
I tread the world beneath my feet,
And all that earth calls good or great.

3 While such a scene of sacred joys
Our raptur'd eyes and soul employs,
Here we could sit and gaze away
A long, an everlasting day.

4 Well, we shall quickly pass the night,
To the fair coasts of perfect light;
Then shall our joyful senses rove
O'er the dear object of our love.

5 Send comforts down from thy right hand,
While we pass through this barren land;
And in thy temple let us see
A glimpse of love, a glimpse of thee.

39 *The communion of spirits in worship.* 1 Cor. 5: 4.

BE still! be still! for all around,
On either hand, is holy ground,
Here in his house, the Lord to-day
Will listen, while his people pray.

2 Thou, tossed upon the waves of care,
Ready to sink with deep despair,
Here ask relief, with heart sincere,
And thou shalt find that God is here.

3 Thou who hast laid within the grave,
Those whom thou hadst no power to save,
Now to the mercy-seat draw near,
With all thy woes, for God is here.

4 Thou who hast dear ones far away,
In foreign lands, 'mid ocean's spray,
Pray for them now, and dry the tear,
And trust the God who listens here.

5 Thou who art mourning o'er thy sin,
Deploring guilt that reigns within,
The God of peace is ever near;
The troubled spirit meets him here.

40 *Longing after God.* Psalm 63.

GREAT God, indulge my humble claim;
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest;
The glories that compose thy name,
Stand all engag'd to make me blest.

2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
Thou art my Father and my God!
And I am thine by sacred ties,
Thy son, thy servant, bought with blood.

3 With ready feet I love t' appear
Among thy saints, and seek thy face,
Oft have I seen thy glory there,
And felt the power of sov'reign grace.

4 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise,
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
Throughout the remnant of my days.

41 BYRD. C. M. [DOUBLE.]



3 Up to her courts, with joys unknown,
The holy tribes repair;
The Son of David holds his throne,
And sits in judgment there.

4 He hears our praises and complaints,
And with his awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints:
We tremble and rejoice.

5 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest;
With holy gifts and heavenly grace,
Be her attendants blest.

6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains:
There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
There God my Savior reigns.

65 *The song of the Lamb.* Rev. 15: 3.

THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
We love to hear of thee;
No music's like thy charming name,
Nor half so sweet can be.

2 O may we ever hear thy voice,
In mercy to us speak:
And in our Priest we will rejoice,
Thou great Melchisedek.

3 Our Savior shall be still our theme,
While in this world we stay;
We'll sing our Jesus' lovely name,
When all things else decay.

4 When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all the favor'd throng,
Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be our song.



1 Join all the glorious names Of wisdom, love, and power, That ever mortals knew,



That angels ever bore: All are too mean to speak his worth, Too mean to set my Savior forth.



2 Great Prophet of my God,
My tongue would bless thy name:
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came:
The joyful news of sins forgiven—
Of hell subdu'd, and peace with heaven.

3 Be thou my counselor,
My pattern and my guide;
And through this desert land,
Still keep me near thy side:
O let my feet ne'er run astray,
Nor rove, nor seek the crooked way.

4 I love my Shepherd's voice,
His watchful eyes shall keep
My wandering soul among
The thousands of his sheep;
He feeds his flock, he calls their names,
His bosom bears the tender lambs.

5 Should all the hosts of death,
And powers of hell unknown,
Put their most dreadful forms
Of rage and mischief on;
I shall be safe, for Christ displays
Superior power, and guardian grace.

74 *Declare among the people his doings.* Psalm 9: 11.

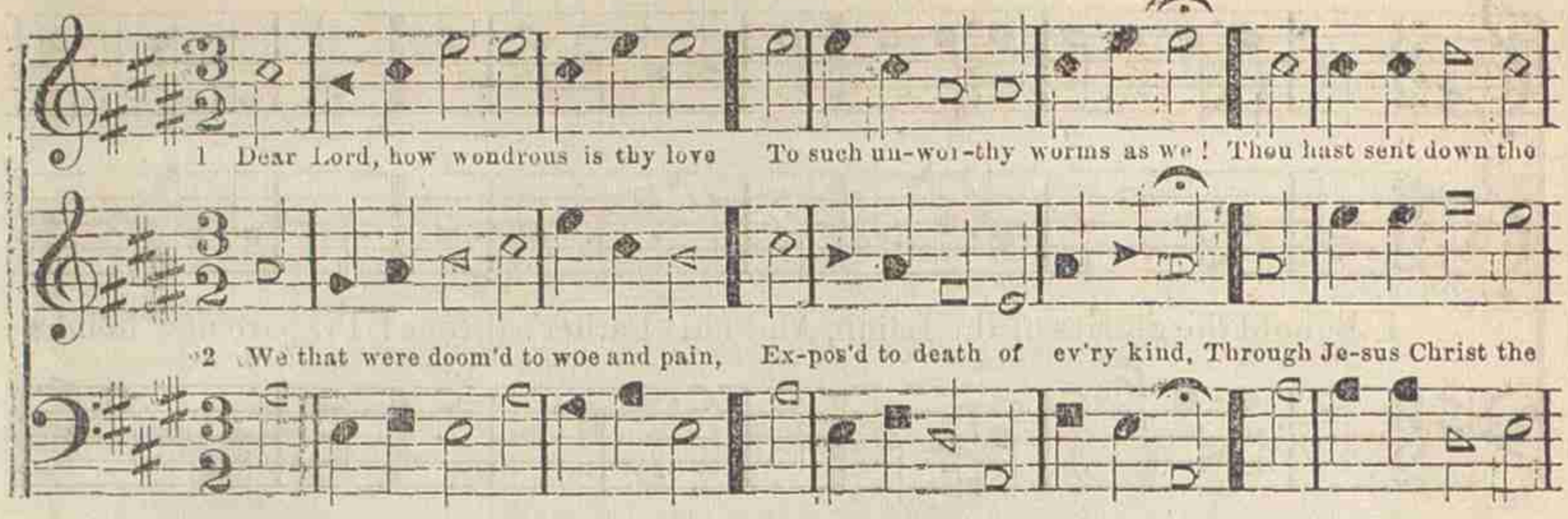
COME, ev'ry pious heart
That loves the Savior's name,
Your noblest pow'rs exert
To celebrate his fame:
Tell all above and all below
The debt of love to him you owe.

2 He left his starry crown,
And laid his robes aside;
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died:
What he endur'd, O who can tell,
To save our souls from death and hell!

3 From the dark grave he rose—
The mansion of the dead;
And thence his mighty foes
In glorious triumph led:
Up through the sky the Conq'ror rode,
And reigns on high the Son of God.

4 Jesus, we ne'er can pay
The debt we owe thy love,
Yet tell us how we may
Our gratitude approve:
Our hearts—our all to thee we give;
The gift, though small, do thou receive.

43 GRAVITY. L. M.



3 Shall we forget our Savior's grace,
Who died to save our guilty souls!
And bring us to his Father's face,
Where endless peace and pleasure rolls.

4 Forbid, O Lord, each wand'ring thought,
May Christ be all in our esteem;
Let earthly things be all forgot,
And counted loss compared with him.

5 Lord Jesus! make us bear in mind
Thy rich, thy pure redeeming love,
Till we shall be forever join'd
With those that sing thy praise above.

44 LISBON. S. M.

3 His hand no thunder bears,
No terror clothes his brow,
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below

4 'T was mercy fill'd the throne,
And wrath stood silent by,
When Christ was sent with pardons down
To rebels doom'd to die.

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

45 WOODLAND. C. M.



2 Let elders worship at his feet,
The Church adore around,
With vials full of odors sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.

3 Those are the pray'rs of all the saints,
And these the hymns they raise:
Jesus is kind to our complaints,
He loves to hear our praise.

4 Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood,
Hast set the pris'ners free—
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.

46 *The loveliness of Christ.*

COME, heav'nly love, inspire my song,
With thy immortal flame;
And teach my heart and teach my tongue
The Savior's lovely name.

2 The Savior! O what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound!
Its influence ev'ry fear disarms,
And spreads sweet comfort round.

3 Here pardon, life and joys divine,
In rich effusion flow,
For guilty rebels, lost in sin,
And doomed to dreadful woe.

4 God's only Son—stupendous grace!—
Forsook his throne above,
And swift to save our wretched race,
He flew on wings of love.

5 O, the rich depths of love divine,
Of bliss a boundless store!
Dear Savior, let me call thee mine,
I can not wish for more.

47 *Invitation to praise.*

COME, let us all unite to praise
The Savior of mankind!
Our thankful hearts in solemn lays
Be with our voices join'd.

2 But how shall dust his worth declare,
When angels try in vain!
Their faces vail when they appear
Before the Son of Man.

3 O Lord, we can not silent be;
By love we are constrain'd
To offer our best thanks to thee—
Our Savior and our Friend.

4 Though feeble are our best essays,
Thy love will not despise
Our grateful song of humble praise—
Our well-meant sacrifice.

5 Let ev'ry tongue thy goodness show,
And spread abroad thy fame;
Let ev'ry heart with praise o'erflow,
And bless thy sacred name!

ASHWELL. L. M.



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

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

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

52 *The unspeakable gift.* 2 Cor. 9: 15.

COME, worship at Emanuel's feet;
Behold in him what wonders meet!
Words are too feeble to express
His worth, his glory, or his grace.

2 He is the Head—each member lives,
And owns the vital power he gives,
The saints below, and saints above,
Joined by his Spirit and his love.

3 He is the vine—his heav'nly root
Supplies each branch with life and fruit;
O! may a lasting union join
My soul to Christ, the living Vine.

4 He is the rock—how firm he proves!
The Rock of Ages never moves;
But the sweet streams that from him flow,
Attend us all the journey through.

5 He is the Sun of Righteousness,
Diffusing light, and joy, and peace;
What healing in his beams appears,
To chase our clouds and dry our tears!

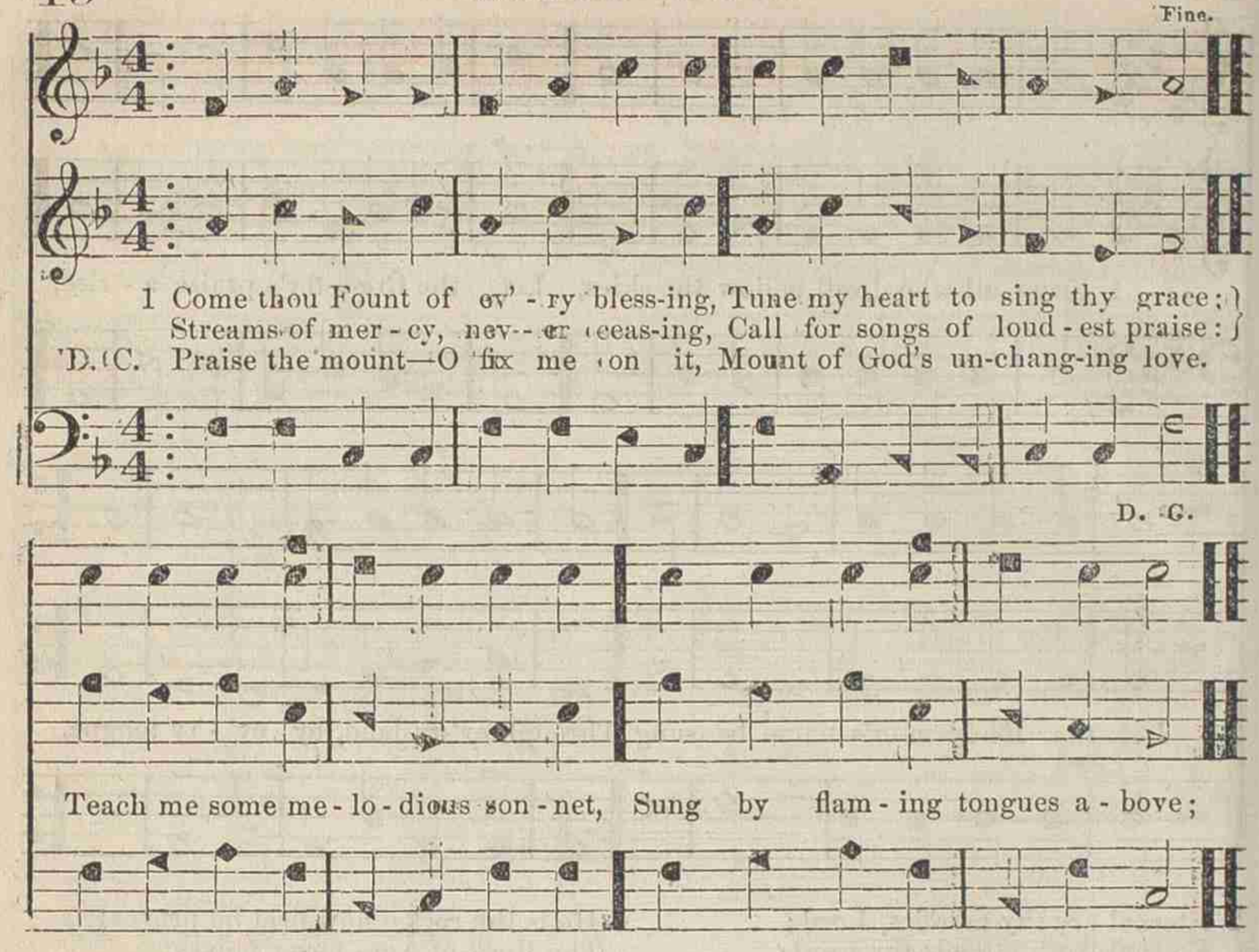
6 Yet faintly to us mortals here,
His glory, grace, and worth appear;
His beauties we shall clearly trace,
When we behold him face to face.

103 *There am I.* Matt. 18: 20.

WHERE two or three with sweet accord,
Obedient to their sov'reign Lord,
Meet to recount his acts of grace,
And offer solemn pray'r and praise:

2 "There," said the Savior, "will I be,
Amid this little company;
To them unvail my smiling face,
And shed my glories round the place."

3 We meet at thy cammand, dear Lord,
Relying on thy faithful word;
Now send thy Spirit from above,
Now fill our hearts with heav'nly love.



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

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

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

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

59 *O Lord, I will praise thee.* Isa. 12.: 1.

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

107 *Apostolic benediction.* 2 Cor. 13.: 14.

MAY the grace of Christ, our Savior,
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.

50 BADEA. S. M.

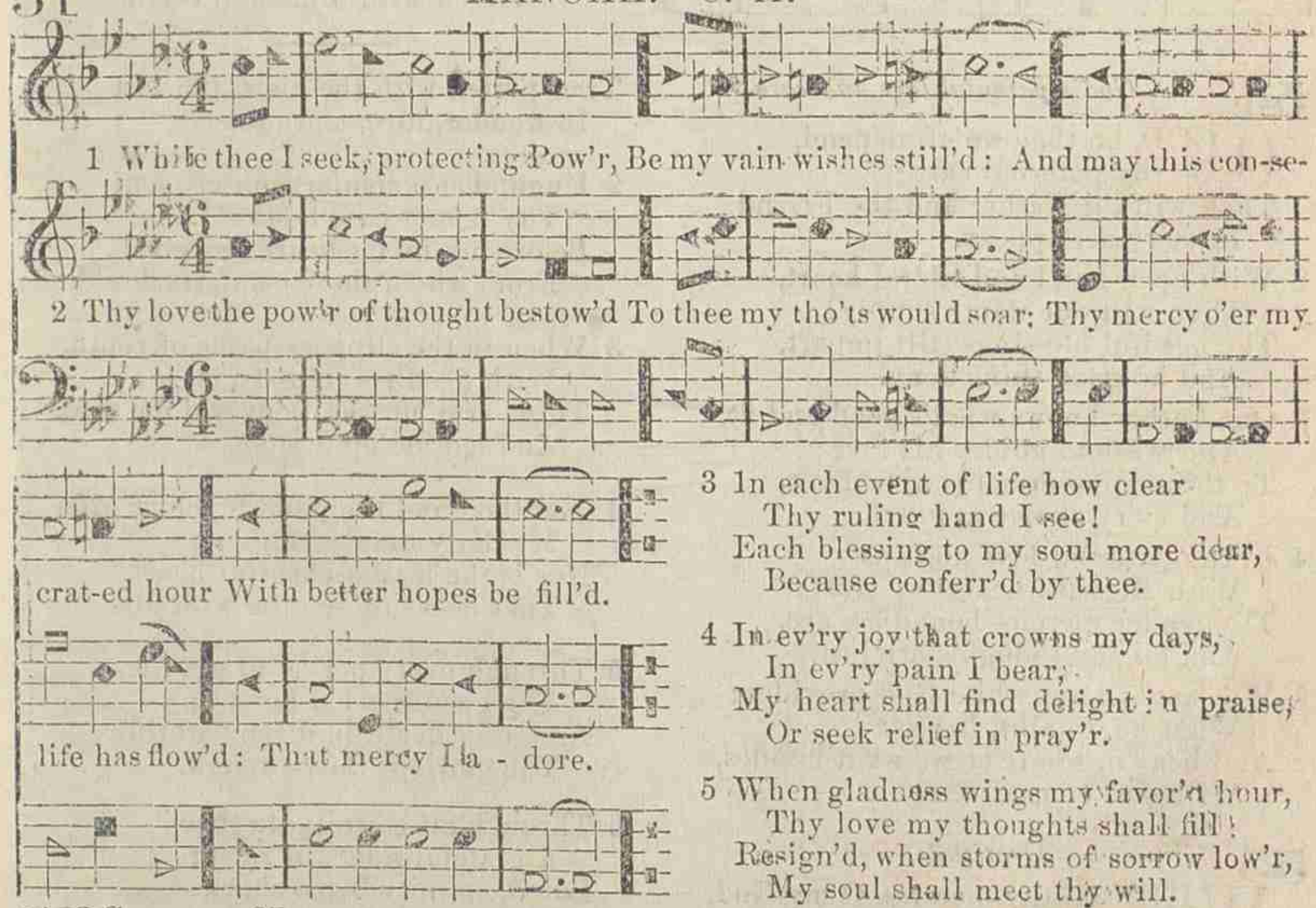


3 He will not always chide;
He will with patience wait;
His wrath is ever slow to rise,
And ready to abate.

4 The Lord forgives thy sins,
Prolongs thy feeble breath;
He healeth thine infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.

5 Then bless his holy name,
Whose grace hath made thee whole;
Whose loving kindness crowns thy days;
O bless the Lord, my soul!

51 MANOAH. C. M.



3 In each event of life how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferr'd by thee.

4 In ev'ry joy that crowns my days,
In ev'ry pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in pray'r.

5 When gladness wings my favor'd hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resign'd, when storms of sorrow low'r,
My soul shall meet thy will.

52 *See page 27.*



3 Blest be my God for what I see,
My God for what I hear;
I hear such blessed news from heav'n,
Not earth nor hell I fear.

4 I hear my Lord for me was born,
My Lord for me did die;
My Lord for me did rise again,
And did ascend on high.

5 On high he stands to plead my cause,
And will return again,
And set me on a glorious throne,
And I with him shall reign.

---

54 *God's parental love and care.*

O GOD, on thee we all depend,
On thy paternal care;
Thou wilt the Father and the Friend
In ev'ry act appear.

2 With open hand and lib'ral heart,
Thou wilt our wants supply;
The needful blessings still impart,
And no good thing deny.

3 Our Father knows what's good and fit,
And wisdom guides his love;
To thine appointments we submit,
And ev'ry choice approve.

4 In thy paternal love and care,
With cheerful hearts we trust:
Thy tender mercies boundless are,
And all thy thoughts are just.

5 We cannot want while God provides;
What he ordains, is best;
And heav'n, whate'er we want besides,
Will give eternal rest.

55 *Gratitude.*

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

2 Unnumber'd comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.

3 When in the slippery paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
And led 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 every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

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

ROSEDALE. L. M.



2 The wings of ev'ry hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear,
And ev'ry setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for thee.

3 Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim;
Thy bounty flows, an endless stream;
Thy mercy swift, thine anger slow,
But dreadful to the stubborn foe.

4 But who can speak thy wondrous deeds?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds;
Vast and unsearchable thy ways,
Vast and immortal be thy praise

57 *God blessed for his goodness.* Ps. 103.

BLESS, O my soul, the living God;
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad;
Let all the pow'rs within me join
In work and worship so divine.

2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace;
His favors claim thy highest praise;
Why should ungrateful silence hide
The blessings which his hands provide?

3 'Tis he, my soul, that sent his Son
To die for crimes which thou hast done;
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

4 The vices of the mind he heals,
And cures the pains that nature feels—
Redeems the soul from hell, and saves
Our wasting lives from threat'ning graves.

5 Our youth decay'd, his pow'r repairs;
His mercy crowns our growing years;
He fills our store with ev'ry good,
And feeds our souls with heav'nly food.

6 He sees th' oppressor and th' oppress'd,
And often gives the suff'rer rest;
But will his justice more display,
In the last great rewarding day.

66 *Christ hath the keys of hell and death.* Rev. 1: 18.

HAIL to the Prince of Life and Peace,
Who holds the keys of death and hell;
The spacious world unseen is his,
The sov'reign pow'r becomes him well.

2 In shame and anguish once he died;
But now he lives for ever more;
Bow down, ye saints, around his seat,
And all ye angel bands, adore.

3 Live, live forever, glorious Lord,
To crush thy foes and guard thy friends,
While all thy chosen tribes rejoice,
That thy dominion never ends.

4 Worthy thy hand to hold the keys,
Guided by wisdom and by love;
Worthy to rule our mortal lives,
O'er worlds below and worlds above.

HALLELUJAH. 7's.



3 Heav'n and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new heav'ns and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4 And shall man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No! the church delights to raise,
Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.

5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

6 Borne upon the latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their pow'rs employ.

59 *See page* 28.

DENNIS. S. M.



3 The God that rules on high,
That all the earth surveys;
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas:

4 This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love;
He will send down his heav'nly pow'rs,
To carry us above.

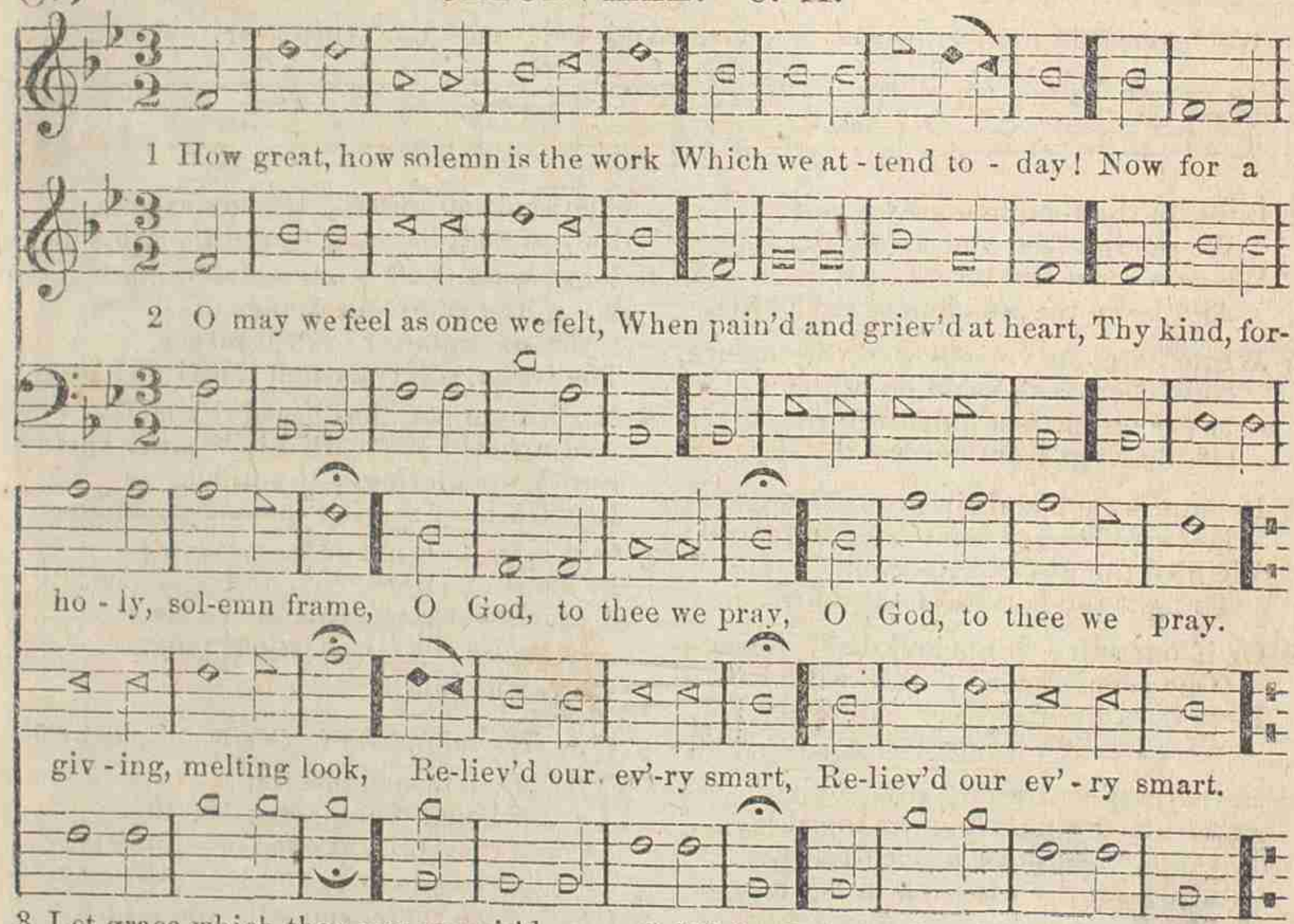


5 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below:
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

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

61, 62 *See page* 34.

63 ORTONVILLE. C. M.



3 Let grace which then was exercis'd,
Be exercis'd again;
And nurtur'd by celestial pow'r,
In exercise remain.

4 Awake our love, our fear, our hope,
Wake fortitude and joy;
Vain world, be gone; let things above
Our happy thoughts employ.

5 While thee, our Savior and our Lord,
To all around we own,
Drive each rebellious rival lust,
Each traitor from thy throne.

6 Instruct our minds, our wills subdue,
To heav'n our passions raise;
That hence our lives, our all, may be
Devoted to thy praise.

61 HEBRON. L. M.



2 Lord, in the temple of thy grace,
We see thy feet, and we adore;
We gaze upon thy lovely face,
And learn the wonders of thy power.

3 While here our various wants we mourn,
United groans ascend on high;
And prayer bears a quick return
Of blessings from beyond the sky.

4 If Satan's rage and sin grows strong,
Here we receive some cheering word;
We gird the gospel armor on,
To fight the battles of the Lord.

5 Or if our spirit faints and dies [stings,)
(Our conscience gall'd with inward
Here doth the righteous Sun arise,
With healing beams beneath his wings.

6 Father, my soul would still abide
Within thy temple, near thy side;
But if my feet must hence depart,
Still keep thy dwelling in my heart.

62 *God exalted above all praise.*

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

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

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

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

5 God is in heav'n, and men below;
Be short our tunes—our words be few!
A sacred rev'rence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

63 *See page* 33.

80 *Heavenly places in Christ.* Eph. 1: 3.

LORD, how delightful 't is to see
A whole assembly worship thee;
At once they sing, at once they pray;
They hear of heav'n, and learn the way.

2 I have been there, and still would go;
'T is like the dawn of heav'n below;
Not all that careless sinners say.
Shall tempt me to forget this day.

3 O, write upon my mem'ry, Lord,
The truths and precepts of thy word,
That I may break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before.

64 GANGES. C. P. M. 8,8,6,8,8,6.



2 With joy shall I behold the day,
That calls my thirsting soul away
To dwell among the blest!
For lo! my great Redeemer's power
Unfolds the everlasting door,
And leads me to his rest.

3 E'en now, to my expecting eyes
The heav'n-built towers of Salem rise;
E'en now, with glad survey,
I view her mansions, that contain
The angel forms, a beauteous train,
And shine with cloudless day.

65 *See page* 23.

66 *See page* 31.

4 Hither, from earth's remotest end,
Lo! The redeemed of God ascend,
Their tribute hither bring;
Here, crowned with everlasting joy,
In hymns of praise their tongues employ,
And hail th' Immortal King.

5 Let me, blest seat, my name behold
Among thy citizens enrolled—
In thee forever dwell;
Let charity my steps attend,
My sole companion and my friend,
And faith and hope farewell.

67 *See page* 38.

STATE STREET S. M.



2 Sing of his dying love,
Sing of his rising power;
Sing how he intercedes above,
For us, whose sins he bore.

3 Sing, till we feel our heart
Ascending with our tongue;
Sing, till the love of sin depart,
And grace inspire our song.

4 Sing on your heav'nly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day,
In Christ, th' Eternal King.

5 Soon shall we hear him say,
"Ye blessed children, come!"
Soon will he call us hence away,
To our eternal home.

79 *Worship a delight.* Isaiah 58: 13.

LORD, at thy sacred feet,
Joyful would we appear;
Within thy earthly temple meet,
To see thy glory here.

2 We come to worship thee,
For thou art God alone;
In humble pray'r to bend the knee
Before thy holy throne.

3 Thy word is our delight,
Thy truth will make us free!
'T is from thyself a heav'nly light,
It leads our souls to thee.

4 Thy goodness we behold,
While in thy presence, Lord;
Thy wondrous truth and love unfold—
The treasures of thy word.

5 In all our meetings here,
Our souls are blessed with good;
Thou wilt to waiting minds be near,
And give thy children food.

6 So will we render praise
To thee, the God of love;
With pleasure walk in all thy ways,
Till we shall meet above.



2 Now I'll sing of Jesus' merit,
Tell the world of his dear name,
That if any want his Spirit,
He is still the very same:
He that asketh, soon receiveth,
He that seeks is sure to find,
Come, for whosoe'er believeth,
He will never cast behind.

3 Now our Advocate is pleading
With his father and our God:
Now for us he's interceding,
As the purchase of his blood:
Now methinks I hear him praying,
Father, save them, I have died:
And the Father answers, saying,
They are freely justified.

183 *Christ our friend.* Prov. 18: 24.

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

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

3 When he liv'd on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was his name;
Now above all glory raised,
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.

LINGHAM. C. M.



2 Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'T is music to the sinner's ears,
'T is life, and health, and peace.

3 He breaks the pow'r of reigning sin,
He sets the pris'ners free;
His blood can make the foulest clean!
His blood avail'd for me.

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

5 Hear him, ye deaf! his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosen'd tongues employ:
Ye blind, behold your Savior come,
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

67 *Unto him that loved us.* Rev. 1 : 5.

THERE is a name I love to hear;
I love to sing its worth;
It sounds like music in mine ear,
The sweetest name on earth.

2 It tells me of a Savior's love,
Who died to set me free;
It tells me of his precious blood,
The sinner's perfect plea.

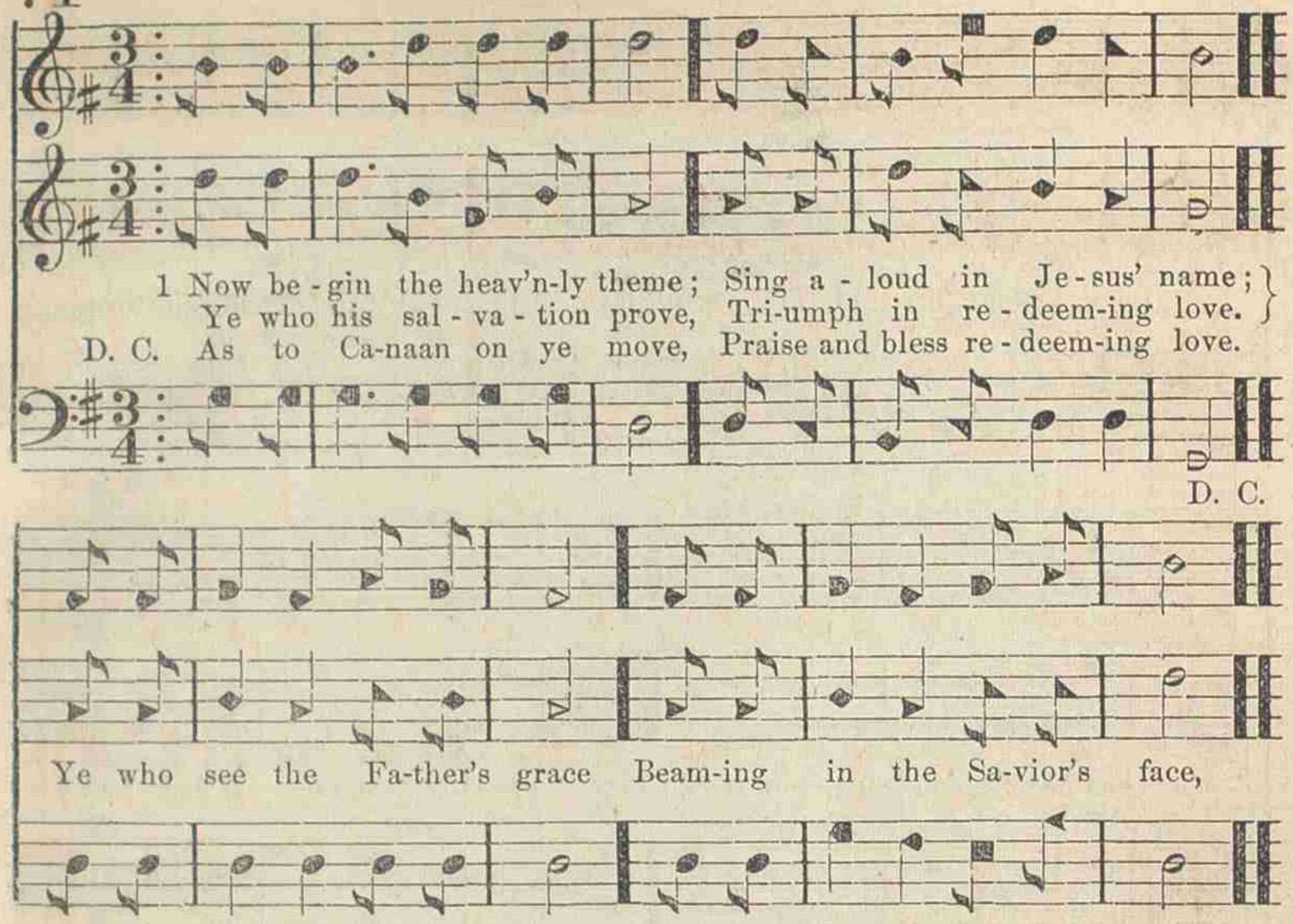
3 It tells of One whose loving heart
Can feel my smallest woe:
Who in each sorrow bears a part
That none can bear below.

4 Jesus! the name I love so well,
The name I love to hear!
No saint on earth its worth can tell,
No heart conceive how dear.

5 This name shall shed its fragrance still
Along this thorny road—
Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill
That leads me up to God:

6 And there, with all the blood-bought throng,
From sin and sorrow free.
I'll sing the new eternal song
Of Jesus' love to me.

71 BALTIMORE. 7s. (TWO VERSES.)



3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears;
Banish all your guilty fears,
See your guilt and curse remove,
Canceled by redeeming love,

4 Welcome, all by sin oppress'd,
Welcome to his sacred rest,
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

5 Hither, then, your music bring;
Strike aloud each cheerful string;
Mortals, join the host above—
Join to praise redeeming love.

72 *Strangers and pilgrims.* 1 Pet. 2: 11.

CHILDREN of the heav'nly King,
As ye journey sweetly sing:
Sing your Savior's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 Ye are traveling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now—and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest;
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared—
There your kingdom and reward.

4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

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

118 *God is present every where.*

THEY who seek the throne of grace
Find that throne in ev'ry place;
If we live a life of pray'r,
God is present ev'ry where.

2 In our sickness and our health,
In our want, or in our wealth,
If we look to God in pray'r,
God is present ev'ry where.

3 When our earthly comforts fail,
When the woes of life prevail,
'T is the time for earnest pray'r;
God is present ev'ry where.

4 Then, my soul, in ev'ry strait,
To thy Father come, and wait;
He will answer ev'ry pray'r:
God is present ev'ry where.

LOVING KINDNESS. L. M.



2 He saw me ruin'd by the fall,
Yet lov'd me notwithstanding all;
He sav'd me from my lost estate,
His loving kindness, O how great!

3 Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving kindness, O how strong!

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick and thunder'd loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving kindness, O how good!

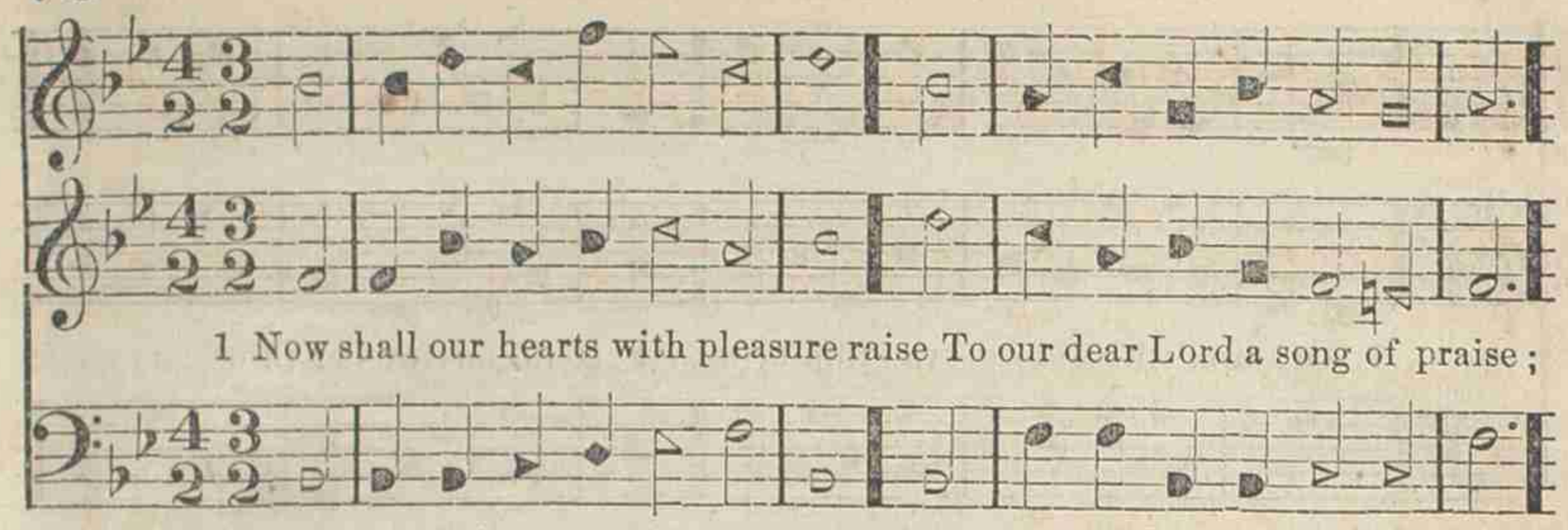
5 I often feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
But though I have him oft forgot,
His loving kindness changes not.

6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal pow'rs must fail;
O may my last expiring breath,
His loving kindness sing in death.

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

74 *See page* 24.

75 AMES. L. M.



2 With pitying eyes he view'd our case,
And came to save our ruin'd race;
He conquer'd sin and death and hell,
Our Jesus hath done all things well.

3 His work how great, his plan how vast!
But when it all appears at last,
It will our highest praise excel,
For Jesus will do all things well.

4 When the creation is restor'd,
And God shall be by all ador'd,
How loudly will the triumph swell,
Our Jesus hath done all things well.

5 Sin, death and hell, will Christ destroy,
And fill the universe with joy;
His love shall then each voice compel
To cry—he has done all things well.

6 All creatures then as one shall join
To shout aloud his praise divine—
As sacred prophecies foretell—
And say—He hath done all things well.

76 *Assurance of safety in Christ.* 2 Tim. 1: 12.

SAVIOR of men, we bless thy name,
For thou art good for ever more;
Thy pow'r and grace we would proclaim,
And thine eternal love adore.

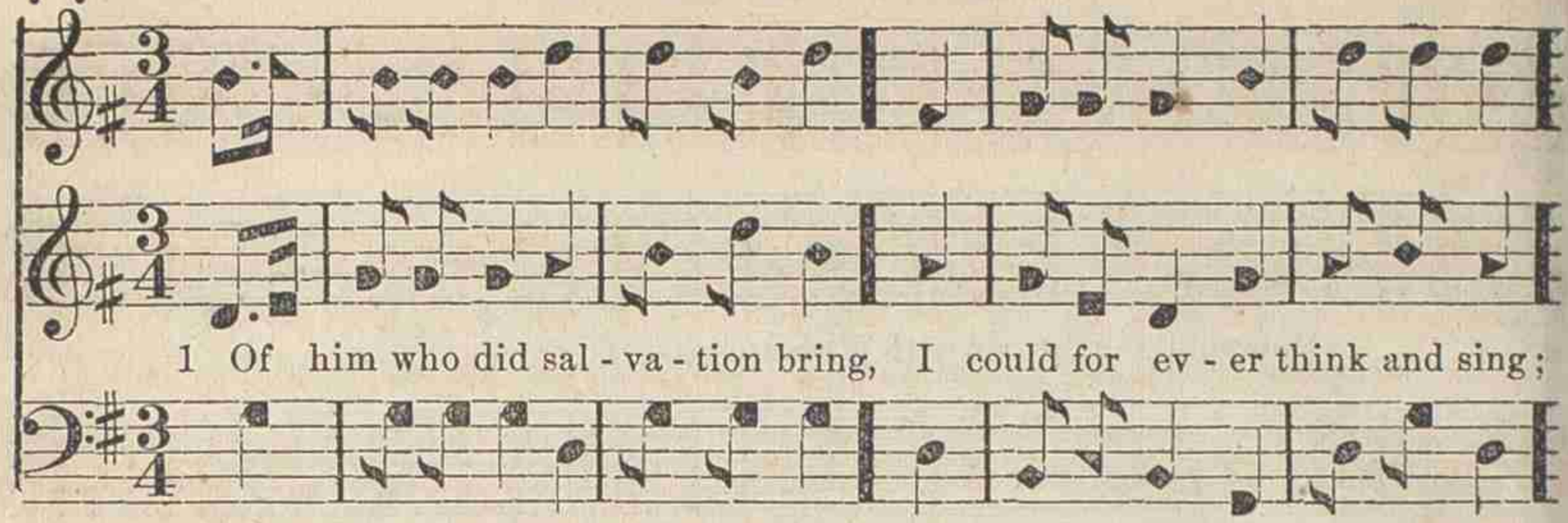
2 Thy glory shall for ever stand,
Thy truth remains both firm and sure;
Our souls we venture in thine hand,
And there we know we are secure.

3 Though troubles come and sorrows rise,
We will not fear for God's our aid;
Ill tidings can not those surprise,
Who are upon Jehovah stay'd.

4 Glory to Christ, our faithful friend;
He is the Lord whom angels fear;
On him we always would depend,
And in his righteousness appear.

5 We love the Lord our God most high—
His grace demands our noblest song;
All praise to Christ who came to die,
To him all glory doth belong.

77 ALDERWAY. L. M.





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

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

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

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

82 *Blessed are they that dwell in thy house.*
Psalm 84: 4.

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.

83 *Every place, a place of worship.*

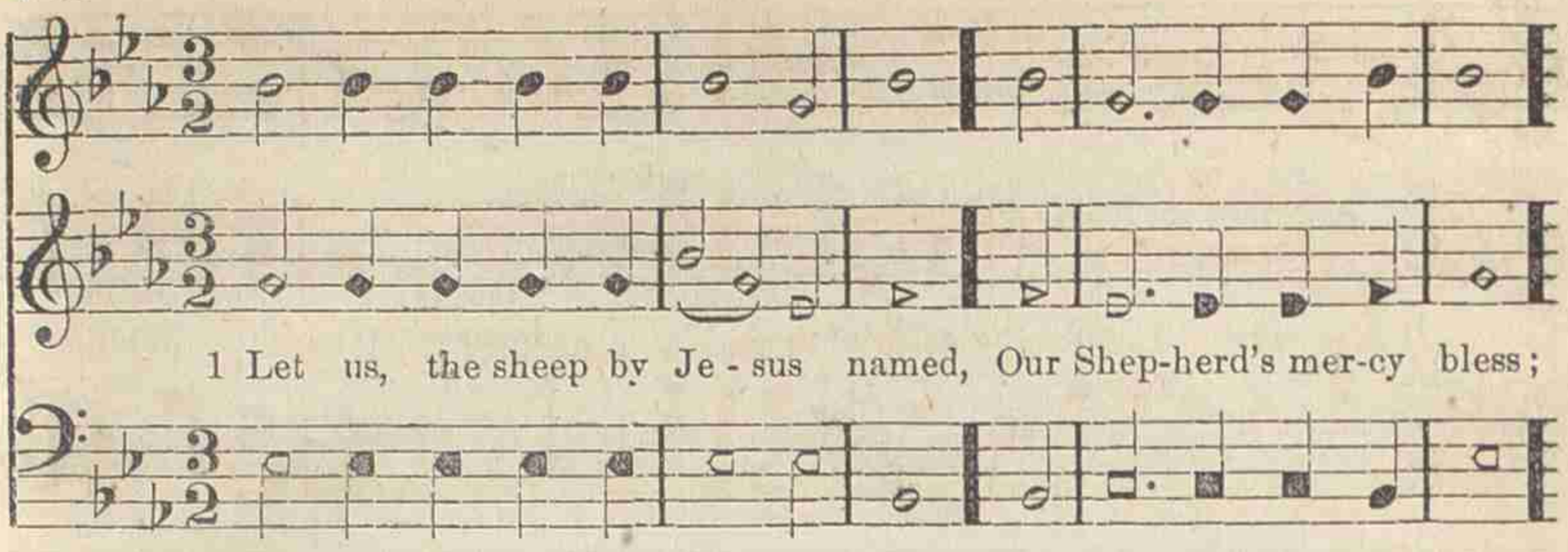
O THOU, to whom, in ancient time,
The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung,
Whom kings adored in songs sublime,
And prophets prais'd with glowing tongue.

2 Not now on Zion's hight alone
Thy favored worshiper may dwell,
Nor where, at sultry noon, thy Son
Sat, weary, by the patriarch's well.

3 From ev'ry place below the skies,
The grateful song, the fervent pray'r,
The incense of the heart, may rise
To heav'n, and find acceptance there.

4 O thou, to whom in ancient time,
The lyre of prophet bards was strung,
To thee, at last, in ev'ry clime,
Shall temples rise, and praise be sung.

78 ELIZABETHTOWN. C. M.



2 Not unto us, to thee alone,
Be praise and glory giv'n;
Here shall thy praises be begun,
But carried on in heav'n.

3 The hosts of spirits now with thee,
Eternal anthems sing,
To imitate them here, lo! we
Our hallelujahs bring.

4 Had we our tongues like them inspir'd,
Like theirs our songs should rise,
Like them we never should be tir'd,
But love the sacrifice.

5 Till we this vail of flesh lay down,
Accept our weaker lays;
And when, O Lord, we reach thy throne,
We'll join in nobler praise.

79 *See page* 36.

80 *See page* 34.

81 *The preparation of the heart.* Prov. 16: 1.

ONCE more we come before our God,
Once more his blessing ask;
O, may not duty seem a load,
Nor worship prove a task.

2 Father, thy quick'ning Spirit send
From heav'n, in Jesus' name,
To make our waiting minds attend,
And put our souls in frame.

3 May we receive the word we hear,
Each in an honest heart;
Hoard up the precious treasure there,
And never with it part.

4 To seek thee, all our hearts dispose,
To each thy blessings suit,
And let the seed thy servant sows
Produce a copious fruit.

5 Bid the refreshing north wind wake,
Say to the south wind, blow;
Let ev'ry plant the pow'r partake.
And all the garden grow.

6 Revive the parch'd with heav'nly show'rs,
The cold with warmth divine;
And as the benefit is ours,
Be all the glory thine.

82 *See page* 42.

83 *See page* 42.

LOVE. C. M.



2 I love to worship at his feet,
Though sin annoy me there;
But saints, exalted near his seat,
Have no assaults to fear.

3 I love to meet him in his court,
And taste his heav'nly love:
But still his visits seem too short,
Or I too soon remove.

4 He shines, and I am all delight;
He hides, and all is pain;
When will he fix me in his sight,
And ne'er depart again.

5 O Lord, I love thy service now;
Thy church displays thy power,
But soon in heav'n I hope to bow,
And praise thee evermore.

85 *The advantages of worship.*

HERE cares and angry passions cease,
For saints together meet
To spend an hour of prayer and praise
At their Redeemer's feet.

2 No sculptured wonders meet the sight,
Nor pictured saints appear,
Nor storied window's gorgeous light—
For God himself is here.

3 And here are comrades in the war,
With Satan and with sin,
Who now in God's own favor share,
And soon their heaven will win.

4 Glory to God! who deigns to bless
This consecrated day—
Unfolds his wondrous promises,
And makes it sweet to pray.

5 Glory to God! who deigns to hear
The humblest sigh we raise,
And answers ev'ry heart-felt prayer,
And hears our hymn of praise.

90 *Grateful acknowledgments.* Ps. 116: 12.

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 that fill thine house
My off'ring 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 has 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.

AMHERST. H. M.



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

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

109 *A prayer for success.*

ON what has now been sown,
Thy blessing, Lord, bestow;
The power is thine alone
To make it spring and grow;
Do thou the gracious harvest raise,
And thou alone shalt have the praise.

87 OLD HUNDRED. L. M.



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 pleas'd his people's voice to hear,
To hush the penitential sigh,
And wipe away the mourner's tear.

4 Blest hour, for where the Lord resorts—
Foretastes of future bliss are giv'n,
And mortals find his earthly courts
The house of God, the gate of heav'n.

88 *See page* 19.

89 *Grateful adoration.* Psalm 100.

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

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

3 We are his people, we his care—
Our souls and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name?

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

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

90 *See page* 44.

91 HORTON. 7s.



2 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee, here we stay;
Lord we know not how to go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.

3 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

4 Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return!
Those that are cast down, lift up,
Make them strong in faith and hope!

5 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a gracious God and kind:
Heal the sick, the captive free,
Let us all rejoice in thee.

99 *Prayer for a blessing on worship.*

TO Thy temple we repair:
Lord, we love to worship there;
There, within the vail we meet
Christ upon the mercy-seat.

2 While thy glorious name is sung,
Tune our lips, inspire our tongue;
Then our joyful souls shall bless
Christ, the Lord, our Righteousness.

3 While to thee our pray'rs ascend,
Let thine ear in love attend;
Hear us when thy Spirit pleads,
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

4 While thy word is heard with awe,
While we tremble at thy law,
Let thy Gospel's wondrous love,
Ev'ry doubt and fear remove.

5 From thy house when we return,
Let our hearts within us burn;
Then, at ev'ning, we may say,
"We have walked with God to-day."

156 *God with us.* Matt. 1: 23.

GOD with us! O glorious name!
Let it shine in endless fame;
God and man in Christ unite—
O mysterious depth and hight!

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.

WELTON. L. M.



2 Methinks I see Elijah stand,
His features glow with love and zeal,
In faith and pray'r he lifts his hand,
And makes to heav'n his great appeal.

3 "O God, if I thy servant am,
It is thy message fills my heart,
Now glorify thy holy name,
And show this people who thou art."

4 He spoke, and lo, a sudden flame
Consum'd the wood, the dust, the stone,
The people, struck, at once paoclaim:
"The Lord is God, the Lord alone."

5 Like him we mourn an awful day,
When more for Baal than God appear:
Like him, believers, let us pray,
And may the God of Israel hear.

93 *Speak, Lord, thy rervant heareth.*

1 Sam. 3: 10.

WHILE now thy throne of grace we seek,
O God! within our spirits speak;
For we will hear thy voice to-day,
Nor turn our harden'd hearts away.

2 Speak in thy gentlest tones of love,
Till all our best affections move;
We long to hear thy gentle call,
And feel that thou art all in all.

3 To conscience speak thy quick'ning word,
Till all its sense of sin is stirr'd;
For we would leave no stain of guile,
To cloud the radiance of thy smile.

4 Speak, Father, to the anxious heart,
Till ev'ry fear and doubt depart;
For we can find no home or rest,
Till with thy Spirit's whispers blest.

5 Speak to convince, forgive, console;
Childlike we yield to thy control:
These hearts, too often clos'd before,
Would grieve thy patient love no more.

101 *Take heed, therefore, how ye hear.*

Luke 8: 18.

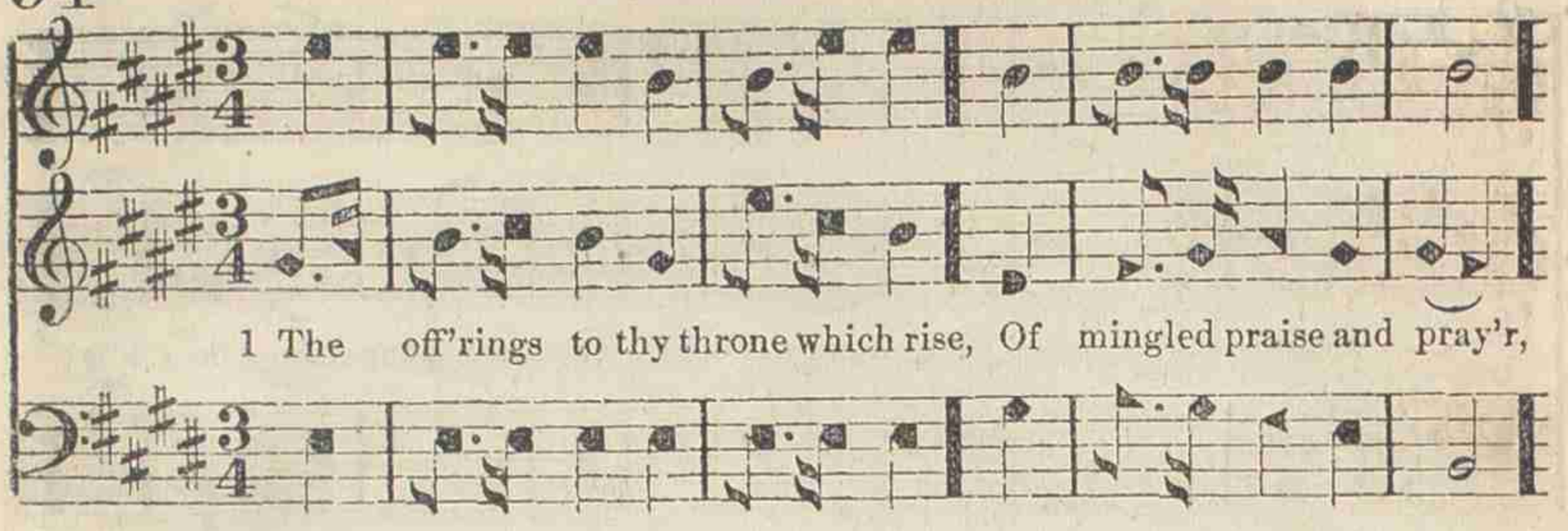
THY presence, gracious God, afford;
Prepare us to receive thy word;
Now let thy voice engage our ear,
And faith be mix'd with what we hear.

2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
And fix our hearts and hopes above;
With food divine may we be fed,
And satisfied with living bread.

3 To us thy sacred word apply,
With sov'reign pow'r and energy;
And may we, in thy faith and fear,
Reduce to practice what we hear.

2 Father, in us thy Son reveal;
Teach us to know and do thy will;
Thy saving pow'r and love display;
And guide us to the realms of day.

94 FOUNTAIN. C. M.



2 Upon thine all-discerning ear
Let no vain words intrude;
No tribute but the vow sincere—
The tribute of the good.

3 My off'rings will indeed be blest,
If sanctified by thee—
If thy pure Spirit touch my breast
With its own purity.

4 O, may that Spirit warm my heart
To piety and love,
And to life's lowly vale impart
Some rays from heaven above.

95 *Gathered together in my name.*

Matt. 18: 20.

IN thy great name, O Lord, we come,
To worship at thy feet;
O, pour thy Holy Spirit down
On all that now shall meet.

2 We come to hear Jehovah speak,
To hear the Savior's voice;
Thy face and favor, Lord, we seek;
Now make our hearts rejoice.

3 Teach us to pray and praise, and hear,
And understand thy word;
To feel thy blissful presence near,
And trust our living Lord.

4 Let sinners now thy goodness prove,
And saints rejoice in thee;
Let rebels be subdu'd by love,
And to the Savior flee.

96 *A prayer for liberty in worship.*

2 Cor. 3: 17.

O LORD, our languid souls inspire,
For here we trust thou art:
Send down a coal of heav'nly fire
To warm each waiting heart.

2 Show us some tokens of thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise;
And pour thy blessing from above,
That we may render praise.

3 Within these walls, let holy peace
And love and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

4 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humble mind bestow;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow.

5 May we in faith receive thy word,
In faith present our pray'rs;
And in the presence of our Lord
Unbosom all our cares.

6 And may the gospel's joyful sound,
Enforc'd by mighty grace,
Awaken sinners all around,
To come and fill the place.

97 ASHLAND. C. M.



2 Lord God! appear for our relief:
What can we do alone?
Come, Savior, banish unbelief,
And take us for thine own.

3 Our eyes, O Lord, are unto thee,
Assist us, Lord, we pray;
O may thy Spirit present be,
O Lord, thy pow'r display.

4 Jesus, let us thy gospel hear,
Teach us to know thy voice;
Make ev'ry stubborn sinner fear,
And all thy saints rejoice.

5 Come, Lord, nor let us be dismay'd:
Lord, hear thy people pray;
And let thy mercy be display'd
Among us here this day.

98 *The effectual door.* 1 Cor. 16: 9.

JESUS, thou dear redeeming Lord,
Thy blessing we implore;
Open the door to preach thy word,
The great, effectual door.

2 Gather the outcasts in, and save
From sin and Satan's pow'r!
And let them now acceptance have,
And know their gracious hour.

3 Lover of souls! thou know'st to prize
What thou hast bought so dear;
Come, then, and in thy people's eyes
With all thy wounds appear.

4 Appear, as when of old confess'd—
The suff'ring Son of God;
And let us see thee in thy vest,
But newly dipp'd in blood.

5 The hardness of our hearts remove,
Thou who for sin hast died;
Show us the tokens of thy love,
Thy feet, thy hands, thy side.

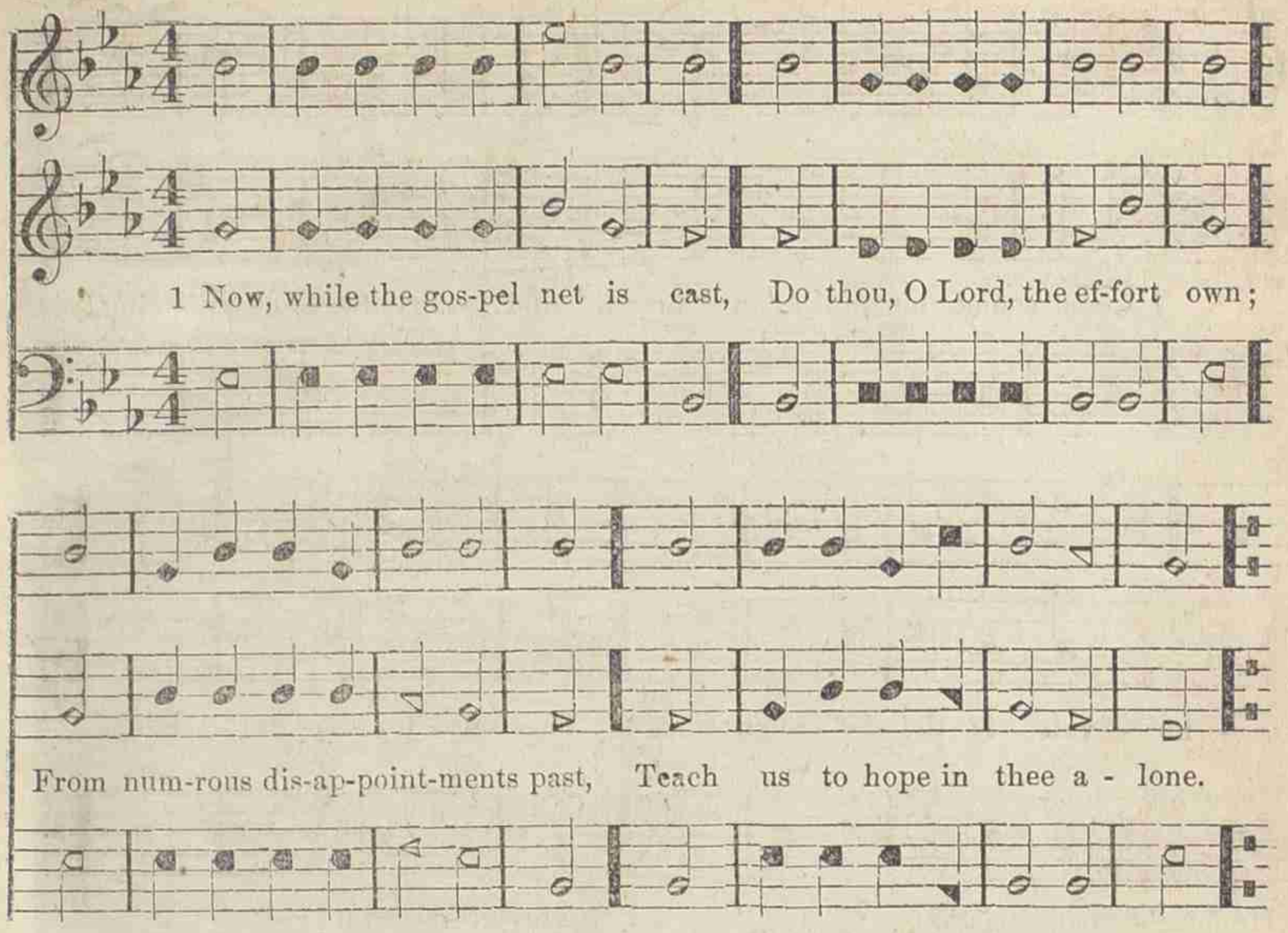
99 *See page* 47.

105 *The increase of God.* 1 Cor. 3: 6.

O GOD, by whom the seed is giv'n,
By whom the harvest blest;
Whose word, like manna shower'd from heav'n,
Is planted in our breast.

2 Preserve it from the passing feet,
And plunderers of the air;
The sultry sun's intenser heat,
And weeds of worldly care.

3 Though buried deep, or thinly strewn,
Do thou thy grace supply;
The hope in earthly furrows sown
Shall ripen in the sky.



2 May this be a much-favor'd hour,
To souls in Satan's bondage led;
O, clothe thy word with sov'reign pow'r
To break the rocks, and raise the dead.

3 To mourners speak a cheering word,
On seeking souls vouchsafe to shine;
Let poor backsliders be restor'd,
And all thy saints in praises join.

101 *See page* 48.

106 *The Lord bless thee and keep thee.*

Num. 6: 24.

ERE to the world again we go,
Its pleasures, cares, and idle show,
Thy grace, once more, O God, we crave,
From folly and from sin to save.

2 May the great truths we here have heard—
The lessons of thy holy word—
Dwell in our inmost bosoms deep,
And all our souls from error keep.

3 O, may the influence of this day
Long as our mem'ry with us stay,
And as an angel guardian prove,
To guide us to our home above.

110 *Dismission.*

DISMISS us from the house of pray'r,
With blessings such as mortals need,
And make our souls thy constant care,
Till we from evil shall be freed.

2 And if we never meet again,
Till we our Lord appearing see,
O may we all with Jesus reign,
And always with our Savior be!

111 *Dismission.*

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

2 Though we are guilty, thou art good—
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;
Give every fettered soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.



2 He form'd the deeps unknown,
He gave the seas their bound;
The wat'ry worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne,
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are his work, and not our own,
He form'd us by his word.

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

5 But if your ears refuse
The language of his grace,
And hearts grow hard like stubborn Jews,
That unbelieving race:

6 The Lord, in vengeance drest,
Will lift his hand and swear,
"You that despis'd my promis'd rest,
Shall have no portion there!"

103 *See page* 27.

104 *It is good that the heart be established.* Heb. 13: 9.

LORD, at this closing hour,
Establish ev'ry heart
Upon thy word of truth and pow'r,
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 ev'ry age ador'd,
Let glory from the church arise
Through Jesus Christ our Lord.

105 *See page* 50.

106 *See page* 51.

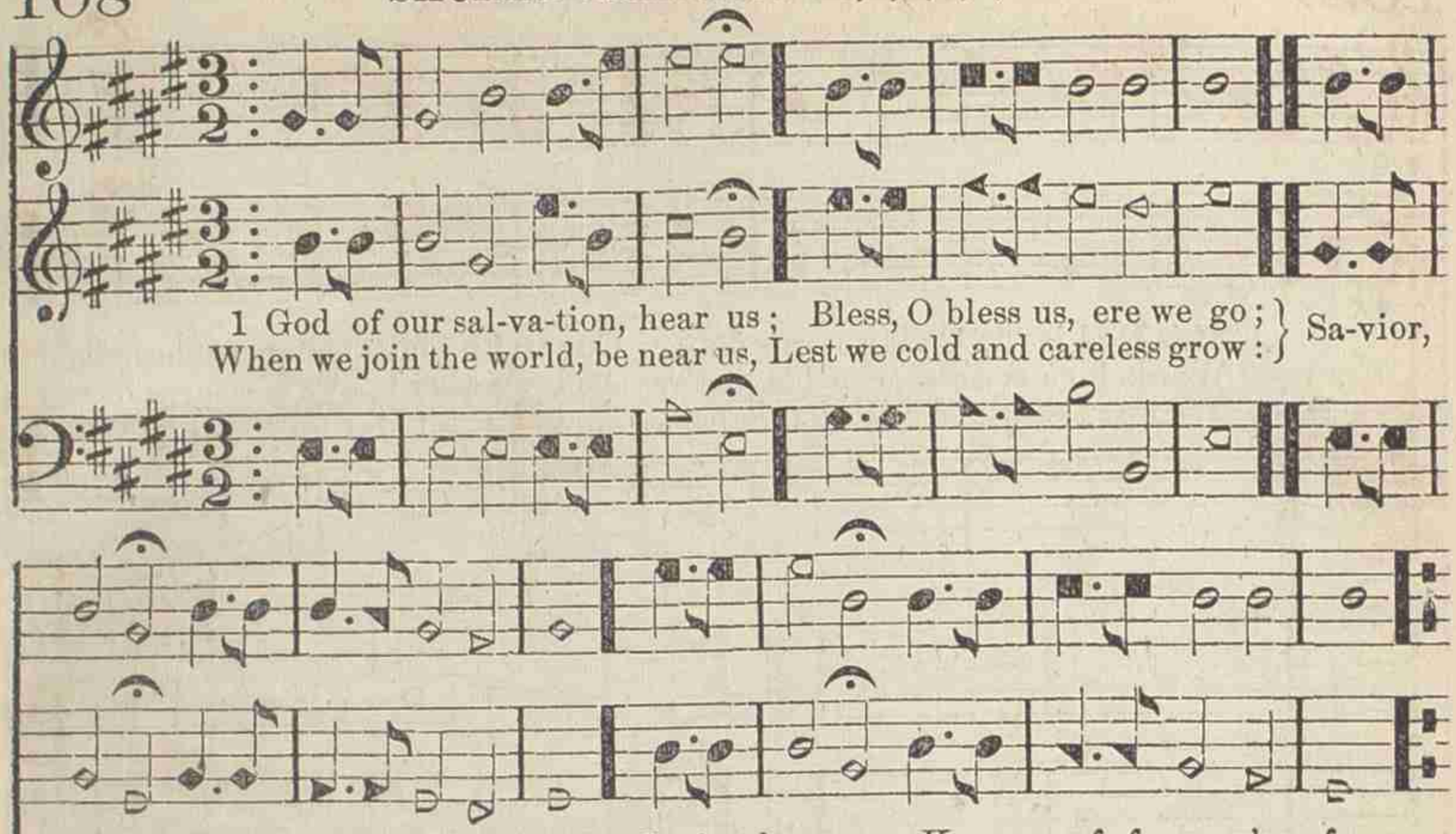
107 *See page* 28.

115 *At the close of meeting.*

ONCE more, before we part,
We'll bless the Savior's name;
Record his mercies, ev'ry heart;
Sing ev'ry tongue, the same.

2 Hoard up his sacred word,
And feed thereon and grow;
Go on, and seek to know the Lord,
And practice what you know.

3 And if we meet no more
On Zion's earthly ground,
O may we reach that blissful state
Where all thy saints are bound.



2 May we live in view of heaven,
Where we hope to see thy face;
Save us from unhallow'd leaven,
All that might obscure thy grace;
Keep us walking,
Each in his appointed place.

3 As our steps are drawing nearer
To the place we call our home,
May our view of heav'n grow clearer,
Hope more bright of joys to come;
And, when dying,
May thy presence cheer the gloom.

109 *See page* 45.

110 *See page* 51.

111 *See page* 51.

112 *See Index.*

114 *For the fulness of peace and joy.*

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

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound!
Ever faithful,
To the truth may we be found!

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

218 *How beautiful upon the mountains.* Isaiah 52: 7.

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

2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful?
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well beloved.

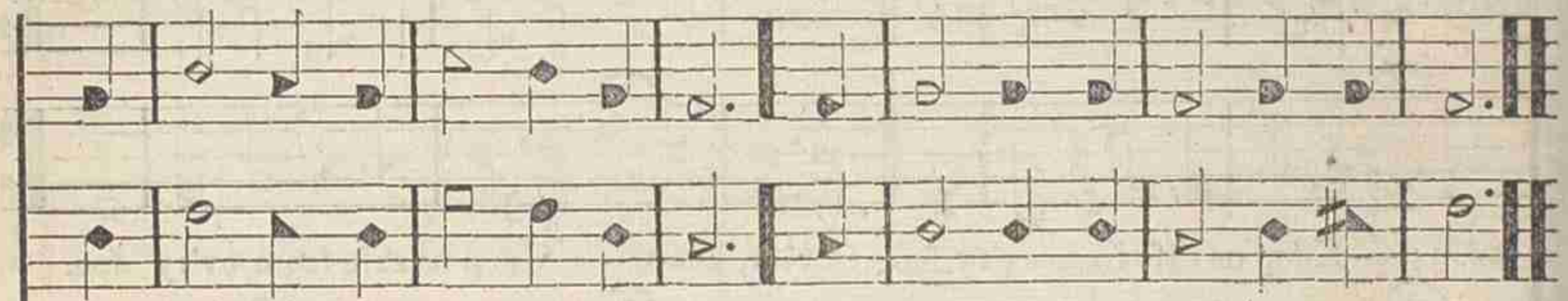
3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end:
Great deliv'rance
Zion's King will surely send.

4 Peace and joy shall now attend thee;
All thy warfare now be past;
God thy Savior will defend thee;
Victory is thine at last;
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.



1 This God is the God we a - dore, Our faith - ful, unchangeable Friend;
Whose love is as large as his pow'r, And nei-ther knows measure nor end:
D. C. We'll praise him for all that is past, And trust him for all that 's to come.





2 'Tis Je - sus, the First and the Last, Whose Spir - it shall guide us safe home;



We'll join the bright chorus on high,
And lean evermore on his breast.

114 *See page* 53.

115 *See page* 52.

205 *A lively hope.*

BEHOLD, the bright morning appears,
And Jesus revives from the grave;
His rising removes all our fears,
And shows him almighty to save.

2 How strong were his tears and his cries!
The worth of his blood, how divine!
How perfect is his sacrifice,
Who rose, though he suffer'd for sin.

3 The Man that was crowned with thorns,
The Man that on Calvary died,
The Man that bore scourging and scorns,
Whom sinners agreed to deride—

4 Now blessed for ever is made,
And life has rewarded his pain:
Now glory has crowned his head:
We sing of the Lamb that was slain.

5 Believing, we share in his joy;
By faith we partake in his rest;
With this we can cheerfully die,
For with him we hope to be blest.

6 When he shall appear in the sky,
To take us to mansions of rest;

293 *Baptism Significant.* 1 Pet. 3: 21.

HOW lovely the emblem of faith
In Christ, our adorable Head—
Who sought our redemption in death,
And, triumphing, rose from the dead.

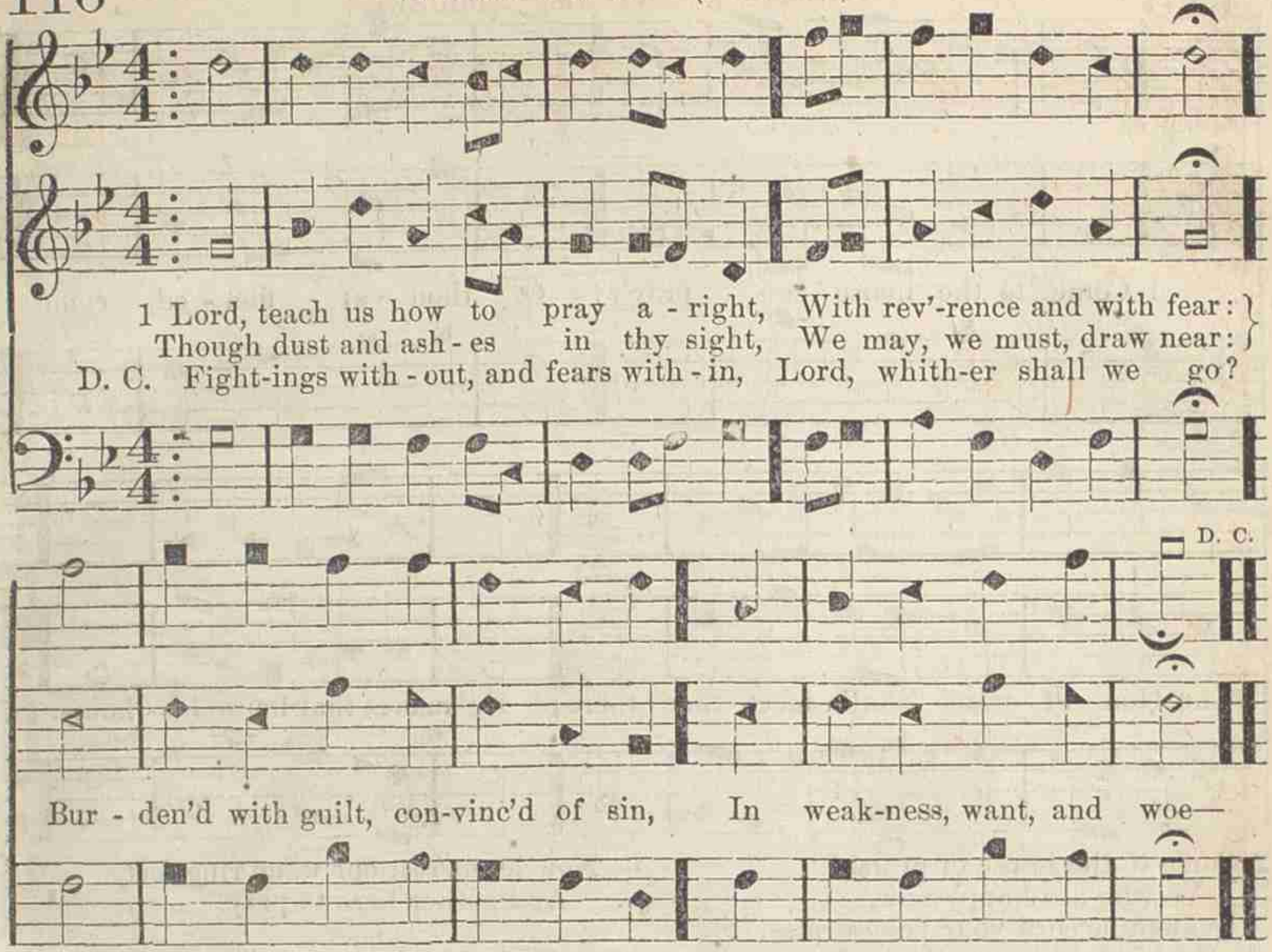
2 How sweet is this beautiful rite,
Our union with him to proclaim—
Our death to each sinful delight—
Our rising to life through his name.

3 How blessed, by bearing the cross,
To show our regard for his will—
To seek, while professing his cause,
"All righteousness here to fulfill."

4 How pleasant the path to pursue
His perfect example has led:
With the scene at the Jordan in view;
We haste in his footsteps to tread.

5 Dear Savior, thine ordinance bless,
The joy of thy presence make known;
Descend, O thou Spirit of grace,
And seal us forever thine own.

GLEN. C. M. (DOUBLE.)



3 God of all grace, we come to thee
With broken, contrite hearts;
Give what thine eye delights to see—
Truth in the inward parts.

4 Give deep humility; the sense
Of godly sorrow give;
A strong, desiring confidence,
To hear thy voice and live;

5 Patience, to watch, and wait, and weep,
Though mercy long delay;
Courage our fainting souls to keep,
And trust thee, though thou slay.

6 Give these, and then thy will be done;
Thus, strengthened with all might,
We, by thy Spirit and thy Son,
Shall pray, and pray aright.

119 *We took sweet counsel together.*

Psalm 55: 14.

O, IT is joy in one to meet
Whom one communion blends,
Council to hold in converse sweet,
And talk as Christian friends.

2 'T is joy to think the angel train,
Who 'mid heav'ns, temple shine,
To seek our earthly temples deign,
And in our anthems join.

3 But chief 't is joy to think that he,
To whom his church is dear,
Delights her gathered flock to see,
Her joint devotions hear.

4 Then who would choose to walk abroad,
While here such joys are giv'n?
"This is indeed the house of God,
And this the gate of heaven?"

122 *The influence of the Spirit desired.*

Acts 2: 2.

SPIRIT Divine! attend our pray'r,
And make this house thy home;
Descend with all thy gracious pow'r,
O! come, Great Spirit, come!

2 Come as the light; to us reveal
Our emptiness and wo;
And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.

3 Come as the fire, and purge our hearts
Like sacrificial flame;
Let our whole souls an off'ring be
To our Redeemer's name.

4 Come as the dew, and sweetly bless
This consecrated hour;
May barren minds be taught to own
Thy fertilizing power.

117 NEW HOPE. S. M.



2 Come to the house of praise!
Ye who are happy now,
In sweet accord your voices raise,
In kindred homage bow.

3 Ye aged, hither come!
For ye have felt his love;
Soon shall your trembling tongues be dumb,
Your lips forget to move.

4 Ye young! before his throne,
Come, bow; your voices raise;
Let not your hearts his praise disown,
Who gives the power to praise.

5 Thou, whose benignant eye
In mercy looks on all,
Who seest the tear of misery,
And hear'st the mourner's call—

6 Up to thy dwelling-place
Bear our frail spirits on,
Till they outstrip time's tardy pace,
And heav'n on earth be won.

118 *See page* 39.

119 *See page* 55.

120 *Opening meeting.*

IT is the hour of prayer:
Draw near and bend the knee,
And fill the calm and holy air
With voice of melody!

2 O'erwearied with the heat
And burden of the day,
Now let us rest our wand'ring feet,
And gather here to pray.

3 O, blessed is the hour
That lifts our hearts on high!
Like sunlight when the tempests low'r,
Pray'r to the soul is nigh;

4 Though dark may be our lot,
Our eyes be dim with care,
These saddening thoughts shall trouble not
This holy hour of pray'r.

137 *Welcome, sweet day of rest.*

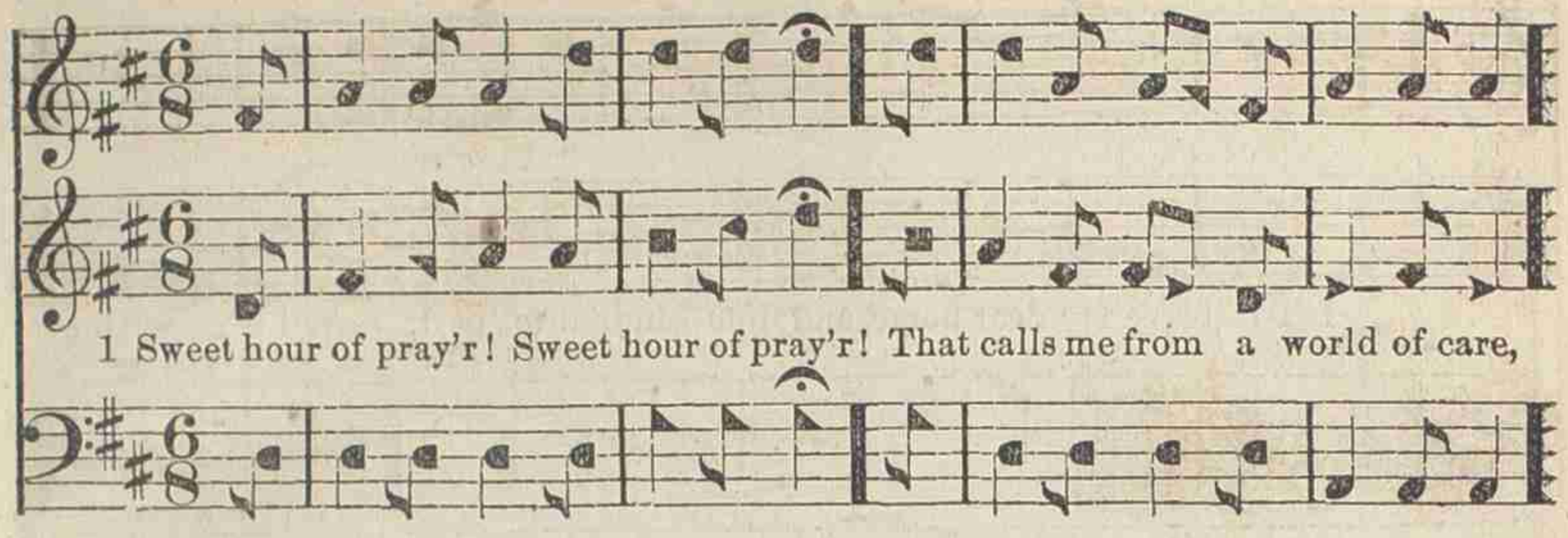
WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise:
Welcome to this reviving breast
And these rejoicing eyes.

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

3 One day, amid the place
Where Christ, my Lord, has been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasure and of sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
Till call'd to rise and soar away
To everlasting bliss.

SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER. L. M.



2 Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r!
Thy wings shall my petition bear,
To him whose truth and faithfulness,
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.

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

122 *See page* 55.



2 Sweet bower, where the vine and the green ivy spread
Their clustering branches a roof o'er my head;
How oft have I knelt on the downy turf there,
And pour'd out my soul to the Savior in prayer!

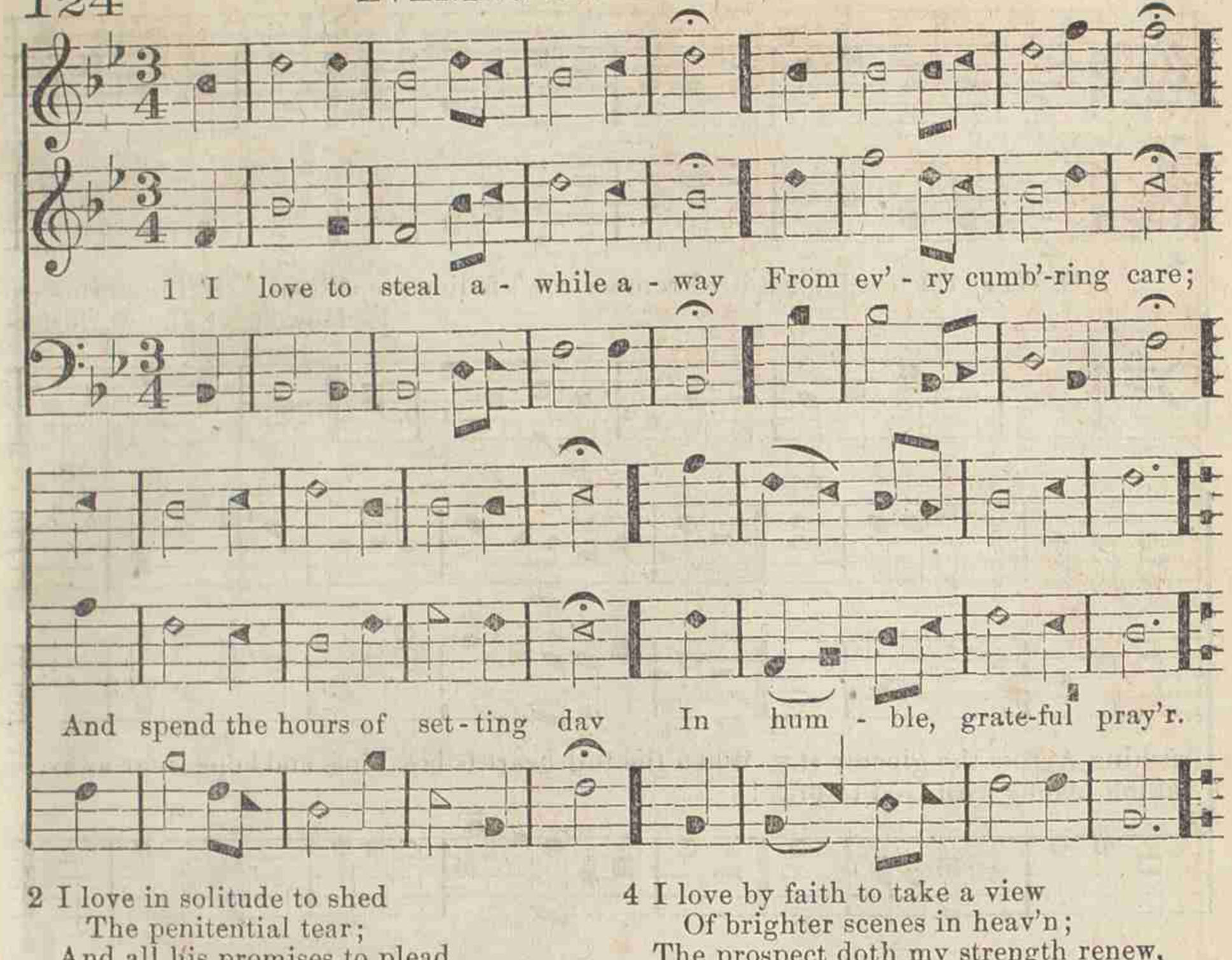
3 The lark's early note I observed as my bell,
To call me to duty from sleep's drowsy spell;
While soft gliding waters, and birds of the air,
Sung anthems of praise as I went forth to prayer.

4 How sweet were the breezes perfumed by the pine,
And rich was the breath of the wild eglantine;
But sweeter, O sweeter, and far richer were
The joys that I tasted in answer to prayer.

5 For Jesus my spirit deigned often to meet,
And grace with his presence my humble retreat;
Oft filled me with rapture and blessedness there,
And gave me a foretaste of heaven in prayer.

6 Dear bower, I must leave thee—must bid thee adieu,
To wander a stranger in scenes that are new;
But my gracious Savior resides every where,
And can in all places give answer to prayer.

124 EVENING TWILIGHT. C. M.



2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear;
And all his promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore:
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heav'n;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driv'n.

5 Thus when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray,
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

BOWER OF PRAYER—Continued.

129 *Advantages of secret prayer.*

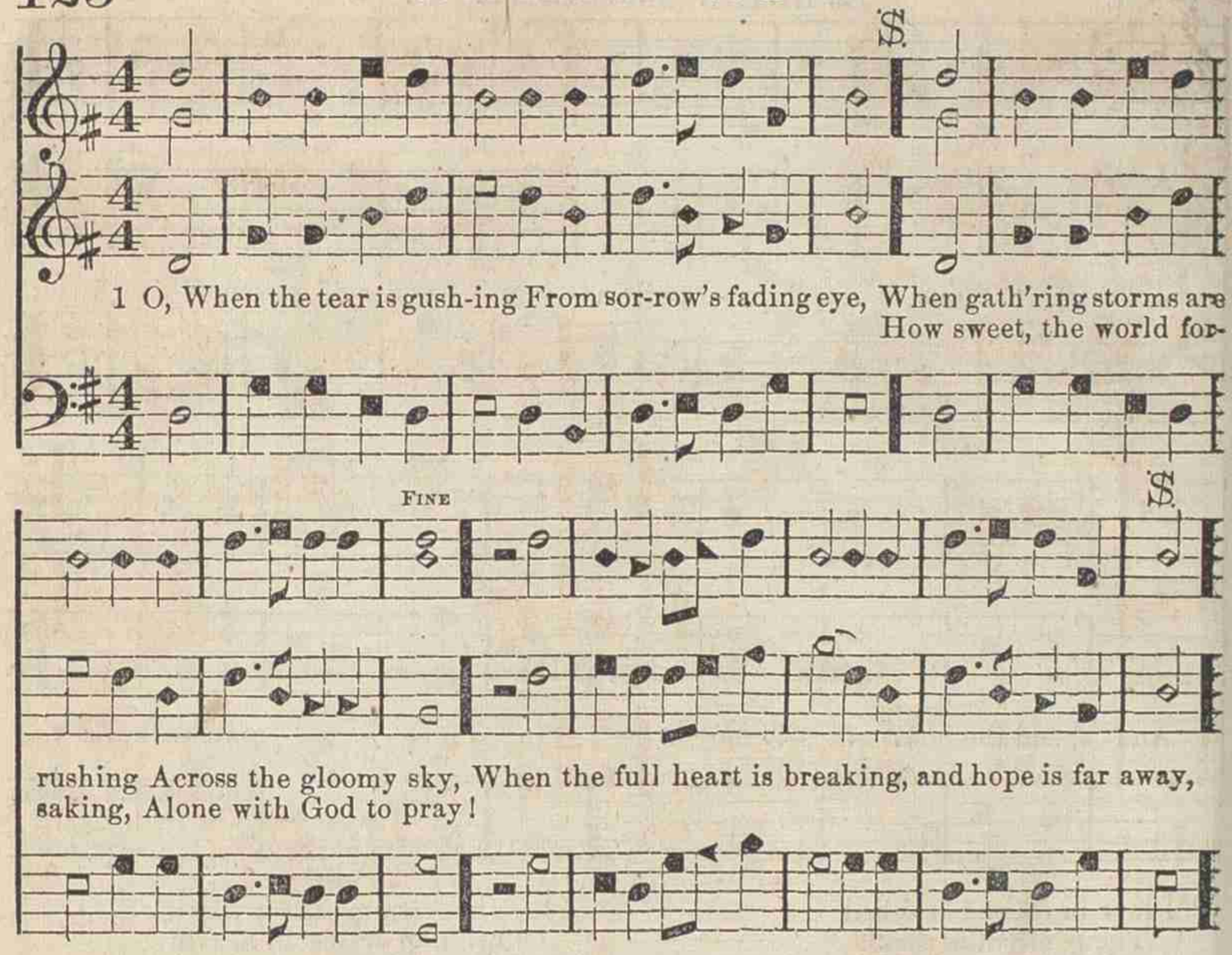
MY closet, my temple, my social retreat,
It's there with my Savior in concert I meet;
How many the objects inviting me there,
To pour out my soul in the order of pray'r.

2 When shades of great darkness come over my heart,
And I fear that my God is about to depart,
I come to my closet and find him still there,
His hands fill'd with blessings in answer to pray'r.

3 I bless the glad day when his grace I first felt,
His mercy then sav'd me and cancel'd my guilt;
I will visit my closet, and never despair—
It was there my Redeemer first answered my pray'r.

4 My Savior is found in all places below;
His mercy abounds and his grace overflows:
A temple, a closet, I find ev'ry where,
And Jesus is waiting to bless me in pray'r.

125 COMPLAINER. 7s & 6s.



1 O, When the tear is gush-ing From sor-row's fading eye, When gath'ring storms are rushing Across the gloomy sky, When the full heart is breaking, and hope is far away, How sweet, the world for-saking, Alone with God to pray!

2 The mourner, lowly bending,
Flies to the Savior's feet,
And healing balm, descending
From Mercy's holy seat,
The joy, that earth gives never,
Sheds o'er the troubled breast;
And peace that lasts forever,
Lulls every care to rest.

3 O, weary child of sadness,
Pilgrim bereft and lone,
Behold the fount of gladness,
Springing from heaven's throne;
Each want and sin confessing,
On Christ thy burden lay,
And learn how rich the blessing,
Alone with God, to pray!

2 Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee;
Pray, too, for those who hate thee,
If any such there be;
Then for thyself, in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim,
And blend with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name.

3 Or, if 't is e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee
When friends are round thy way,
E'en then the silent breathing,
Thy spirit raised above,
Will reach his throne of glory,
Where dwells eternal love.

126 *Enter into thy closet.* Matt. 6: 6.

GO when the morning shineth,
Go when the noon is bright,
Go when the eve declineth,
Go in the hush of night;
Go with pure mind and feeling,
Fling earthly thought away,
And, in thy closet kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

4 O, not a joy or blessing
With this can we compare—
The grace our Father gave us
To pour our souls in prayer:
Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,
Before his footstool fall:
Remember in thy gladness,
His love who gave thee all.

127 SWEET EVENING HOUR. L. M.



2 O thou great God, whose piercing eye
Distinctly marks each deep retreat,
In these sequestered hours draw nigh,
And let me here thy presence meet.

3 Through all the windings of my heart,
My search let heavenly wisdom guide,
And still its radiant beams impart,
Till all be known and purified.

4 Then let the visits of thy love
My inmost soul be made to share,
Till every grace combined to prove
That God has fixed his dwelling there.

128 *Retirement & meditation.* Gen. 24: 63.

SWEET ev'ning hour! sweet ev'ning hour!
That calms the air and shuts the flower,
That brings the wild bee to its rest,
That infant to its mother's breast!

2 O season of soft sounds and hues,
Of twilight walks among the dews,
Of feelings calm, and converse sweet,
And thoughts too shadowy to repeat!

3 Yes, lovely hour, thou art the time
When feelings flow, and wishes climb;
When timid souls begin to dare,
And God receives and answers prayer.

4 Then, trembling through the dewy skies,
Look out the stars, like thoughtful eyes
Of angels, calm reclining there,
And gazing on the world of care.

5 Sweet hour! for heavenly musing made,
When Isaac walked, and Daniel prayed;
When Abrah'm's off'ring God did own,
And Jesus loved to be alone.

129 *See page* 59.

130 *Good to give thanks.* Psa. 92: 1.

SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

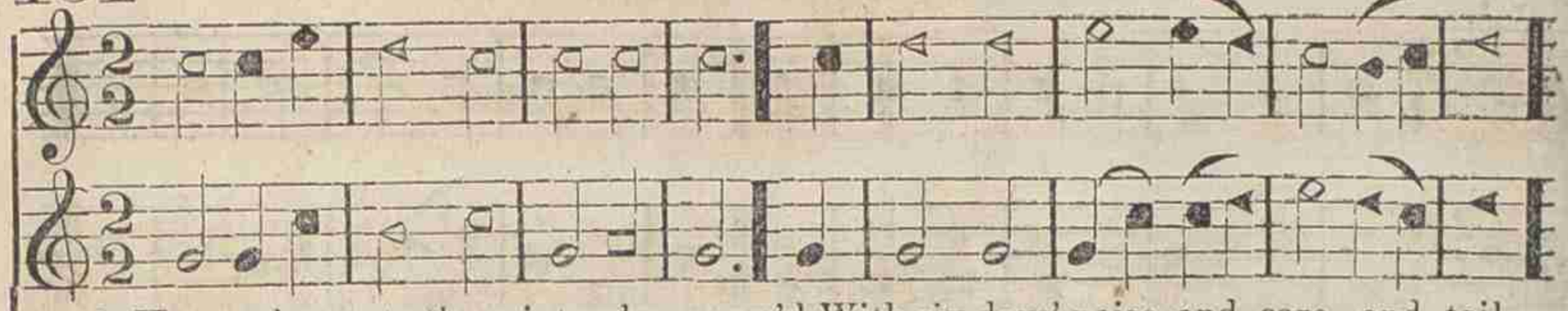
2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found
Like David's harp, of solemn sound.

3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works and bless his word:
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels, how divine!

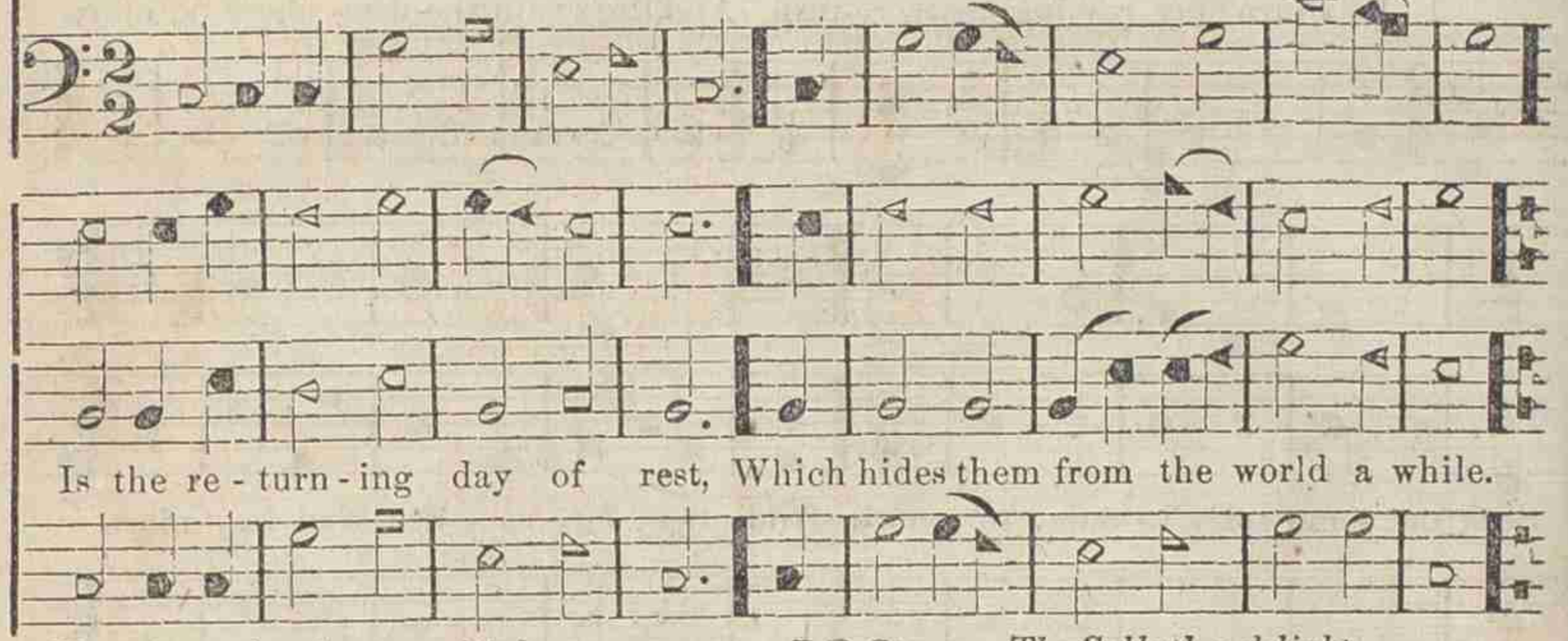
4 Lord, I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

131 HEALING BALM. L. M.



1 How welcome to the saints when press'd With six days' noise, and care, and toil,



Is the re - turn - ing day of rest, Which hides them from the world a while.

2 Now from the throng withdrawn away,
They seem to breathe a purer air;
Composed and softened by the day,
All things serener aspect wear.

3 Though pinched with poverty at home,
Or with afflictions daily fed;
It makes amends if they can come
To God's own house for heavenly bread.

4 With joy they hasten to the place
Where they the Savior oft have met:
And, while they feast upon his grace,
Their burdens and their griefs forget.

5 We thank thee for thy day, O Lord,
Here we thy promised presence seek;
Open thy hand, with blessings stored,
And give us manna for the week.

132 *The Sabbath a delight.*

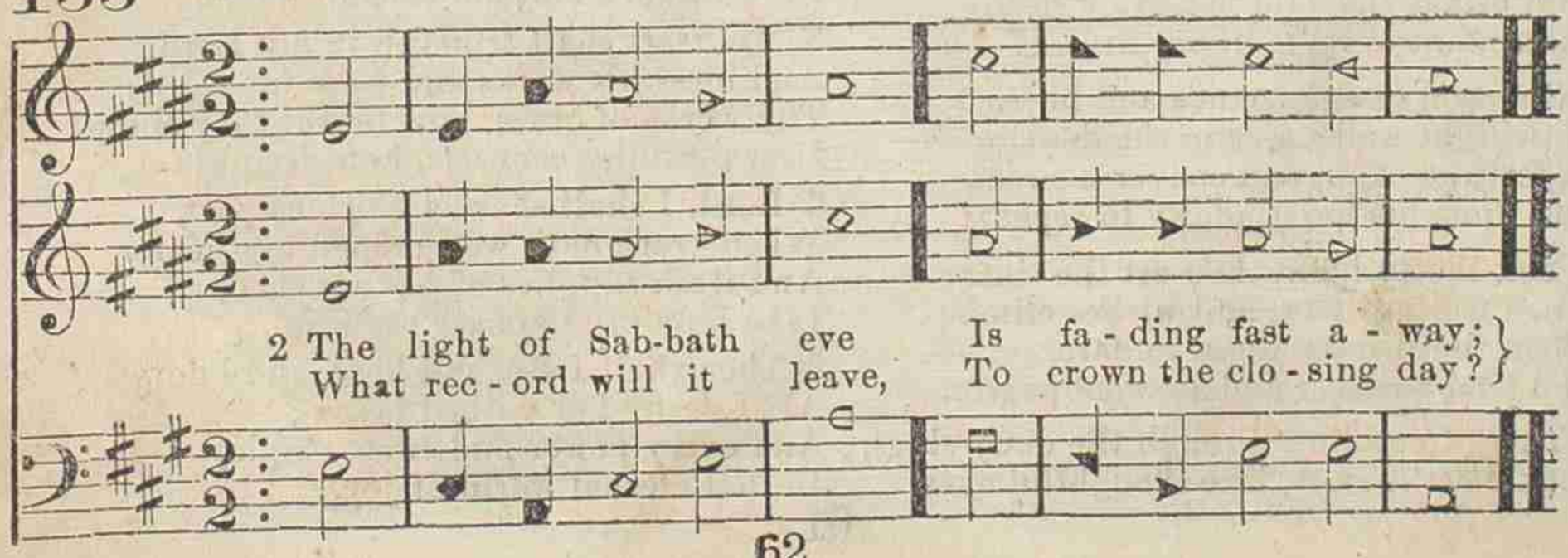
WE bless thee for this sacred day,
Thou who hast every blessing given,
Which sends the dreams of earth away,
And yields a glimpse of opening heaven.

2 Rich day of holy, thoughtful rest,
May we improve thy calm repose,
And, in God's service truly bless'd,
Forget the world, its joys, its woes.

3 Lord! may thy truth upon the heart
Now fall, and dwell as heavenly dew,
And flow'rs of grace in freshness start
Where once the weeds of error grew.

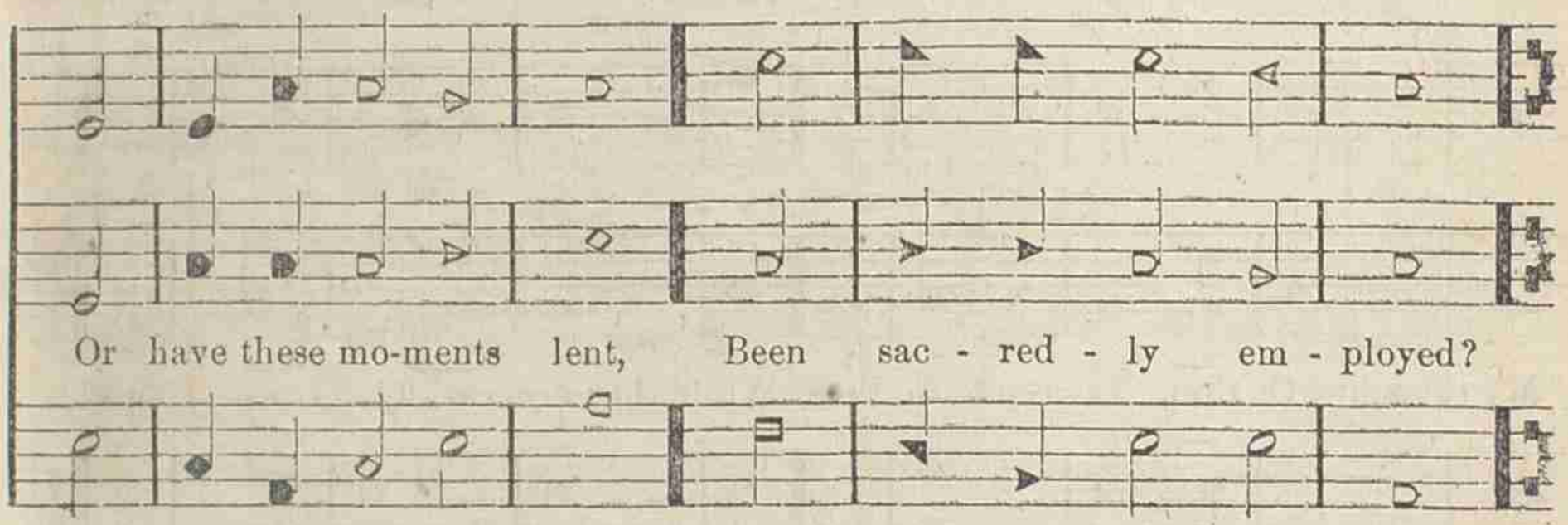
4 May prayer now lift her sacred wings,
Contented with that aim alone,
Which bears her to the King of kings,
And rests her at his shelt'ring throne.

133 LANMAN. 6s.



2 The light of Sab-bath eve Is fa - ding fast a - way;
What rec - ord will it leave, To crown the clo - sing day?





2 How dreadful and how drear,
In yon dark world of pain,
Will Sabbaths lost appear,
That cannot come again!
Then, in that hopeless place,
The wretched soul will say,
"I had those hours of grace,
But cast them all away."

3 To waste these Sabbath hours,
O, may we never dare;
Nor taint with thoughts of ours,
These sacred days of prayer:
But may our Sabbaths here
Inspire our hearts with love;
And prove a foretaste clear
Of that sweet rest above.

202 *I am the resurrection.* John 11 : 25.

SING praise! the tomb is void
Where the Redeemer lay;
Sing of our bonds destroyed,
Our darkness turned to day.

2 Weep for your dead no more;
Friends, be of joyful cheer;
Our star moves on before,
Our narrow path shines clear.

3 He who so patiently,
The crown of thorns did wear—
He hath gone up on high;
Our hope is with him there.

4 Now is his truth revealed,
His majesty and might;
The grave has been unsealed;
Christ is our life and light.

5 He who for men did weep;
Suffer, and bleed, and die—
First fruits of them that sleep—
Christ has gone up on high.

6 His victory hath destroyed,
The shafts that once could slay;
Sing praise! the tomb is void
Where the Redeemer lay.

421 *The soul longing for God.* Ps. 119: 20.

MY spirit longs for thee
To dwell within my breast;
Although I'm unworthy
Of so divine a Guest!

2 Of so divine a Guest—
Unworthy though I be,
Yet hath my heart no rest
Until it come to thee!

3 Until it come to thee;
In vain I look around;
In all that I can see,
No rest is to be found!

4 No rest is to be found
But in thy bleeding love;
O, let my wish be crowned,
And send it from above.



2 I yield my heart to thee alone,
Nor would receive another guest;
Eternal King, erect thy throne,
And reign sole monarch in my breast.

3 O bid this trifling world retire,
And drive each carnal thought away;
Nor let me feel one vain desire,
One sinful thought, through all the day,

4 Then, to thy courts when I repair,
My soul shall rise on joyful wing,
The wonders of thy love declare,
And join the strains which angels sing.

135 *See page* 65.

136 *There remaineth a rest, etc.* Heb. 4: 9.

THINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord we love;
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With cheerful hope and strong desire.

2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor death shall reach the place
No groans shall mingle with the songs
Which dwell upon immortal tongues;

3 No rude alarms of angry foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon,

4 O, long-expected day, begin;
Dawn on these realms of pain and sin;
With joy we'll tread the appointed road.
And sleep in death to rest with God.

137 *See page* 56.

138 *Lord's day evening.*

ANOTHER day has passed along,
And we are nearer to the tomb,
Nearer to join the heavenly song,
Or hear the last eternal doom.

2 Sweet is the light of Sabbath eve,
And soft the sunbeams ling'ring there;
For these blest hours, the world I leave,
Wafted on wings of faith and prayer.

3 The time, how lovely and how still;
Peace shines and smiles on all below—
The plain, the stream, the wood, the hill—
All fair with evening's setting glow.

4 Season of rest! the tranquil soul
Feels the sweet calm, and melts to love—
And while these sacred moments roll,
Faith sees the smiling heaven above.

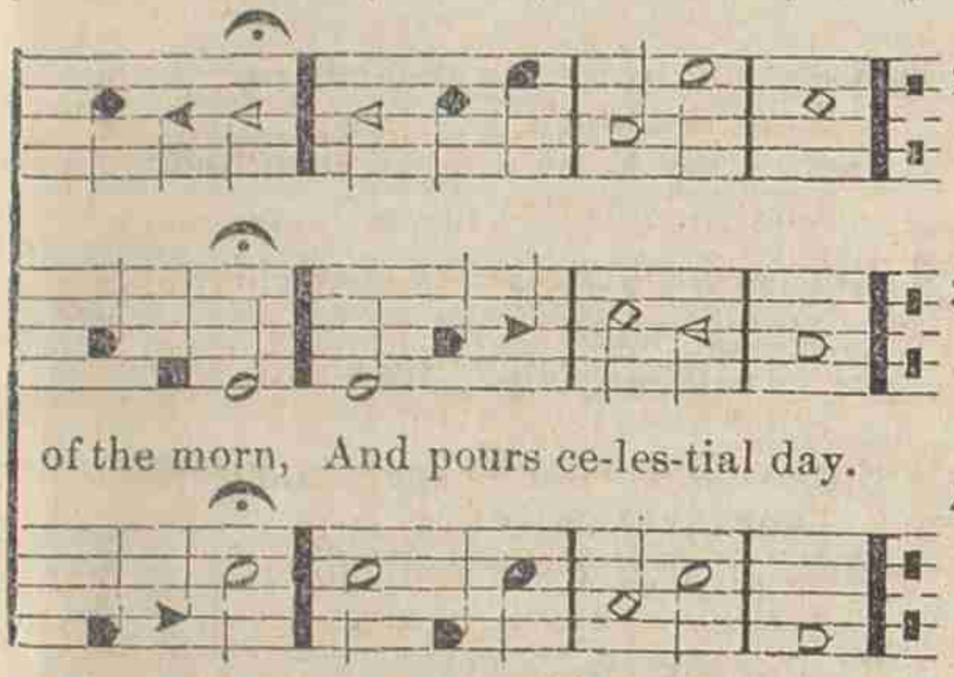
5 Nor will our days of toil be long,
Our pilgrimage will soon be trod;
And we shall join the ceaseless song—
The endless Sabbath of our God.

135 PRIMROSE. C. M.



1 A-gain the Lord of life and light A-wakes the kindling ray, Un-seals the eye-lids





of the morn, And pours ce-les-tial day.

2 O, what a night was that which wrapped
A sinful world in gloom!
O, what a sun which broke, this day,
Triumphant from the tomb!

3 On this glad day, a brighter scene
Of glory was displayed
By God's unbounded love, than when
The universe was made.

4 He rose who hath the nations bought
With pain and grief extreme:
'Twas great to speak the world from nought;
'T was greater to redeem.

5 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

6 Ten thousand joyful lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from above
On nations yet unborn.

136 *See page* 64.

137 *See page* 56.

138 *See page* 64.

139 *Christ the first fruits.* 1 Cor. 15: 20.

THIS is the day the first ripe sheaf
Before the Lord was waived,
And Christ, first fruits of them that slept,
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.

3 This is the day the Spirit came
With us on earth to stay—
A comforter to fill our hearts
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 for ever blest.

140 *A present rest.* Heb. 4: 3.

TO-DAY God bids the faithful rest,
To-day he showers his grace;
Seek ye my face, the Lord hath said;
Lord, we will seek thy face.

2 Come, let us leave the things on earth,
With God's assembly join;
Lo, heaven descends to welcome man,
To taste the things divine!

3 We come, dear Savior, lo, we come,
Lord of our life and soul!
We come diseased, and faint, and sick,
Be pleased to make us whole.

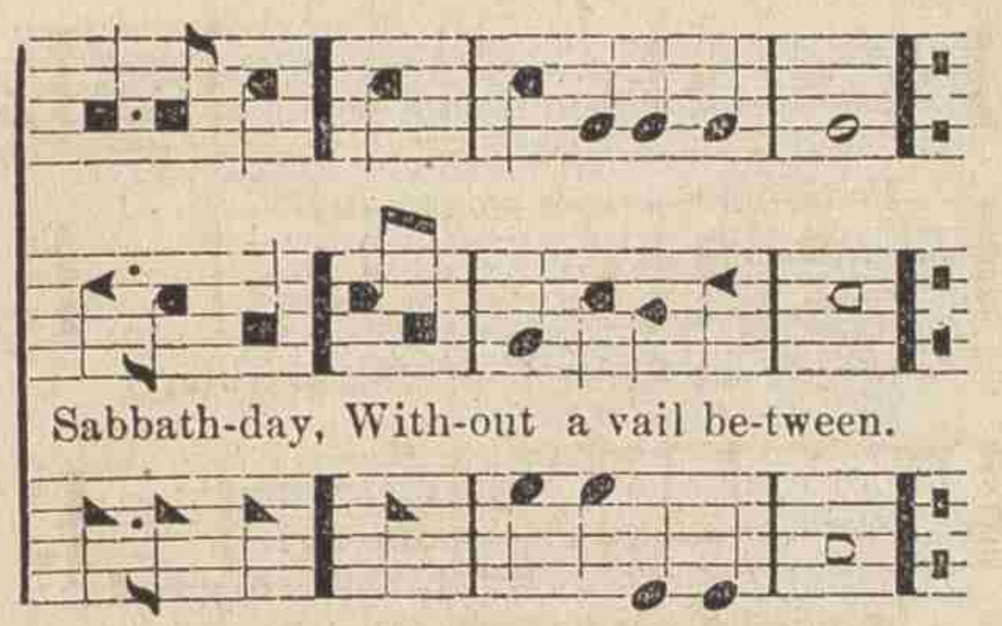
4 We thirst and flee to thee, O Lord!
Thou fountain-head of good!
Filthy we come, and all unclean;
O cleanse us in thy blood!

5 O may we please our God to-day;
May that be all our care!
Give, Lord, thy grace, lest evil thoughts
Should mingle in our prayer.

6 Amid th' assembly of thy saints
Let us be faithful found:
And let us join in humble prayer,
And in thy praise abound.

141 BROWN. C. M.





2 Assist me while I wander here,
Amidst a world of cares;
Incline my heart to pray with love,
And then accept my prayers.

3 Release my soul from every chain,
No more hell's captive led;
And pardon a repenting child,
For whom the Savior bled.

4 Spare me, O God, O spare the soul
That gives itself to thee;
Take all that I possess below,
And give thyself to me.

5 Thy Spirit, O my Father, give,
To be my guide and friend,
To light my way to ceaseless joys,
Where Sabbaths never end.

142 *Thy testimonies are my delight.* Psalm 119: 24.

FATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever 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 the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast;
Sublimer sweets than nature knows,
Invite the longing taste.

4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

5 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light!

6 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord!
Be thou for ever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Savior there.

143 *See page* 67.

144 *The riches of God's word.* Psalm 19: 10.

LET worldly men, from shore to shore,
Their chosen good pursue;
Thy word, O Lord, we value more
Than treasures of Peru.

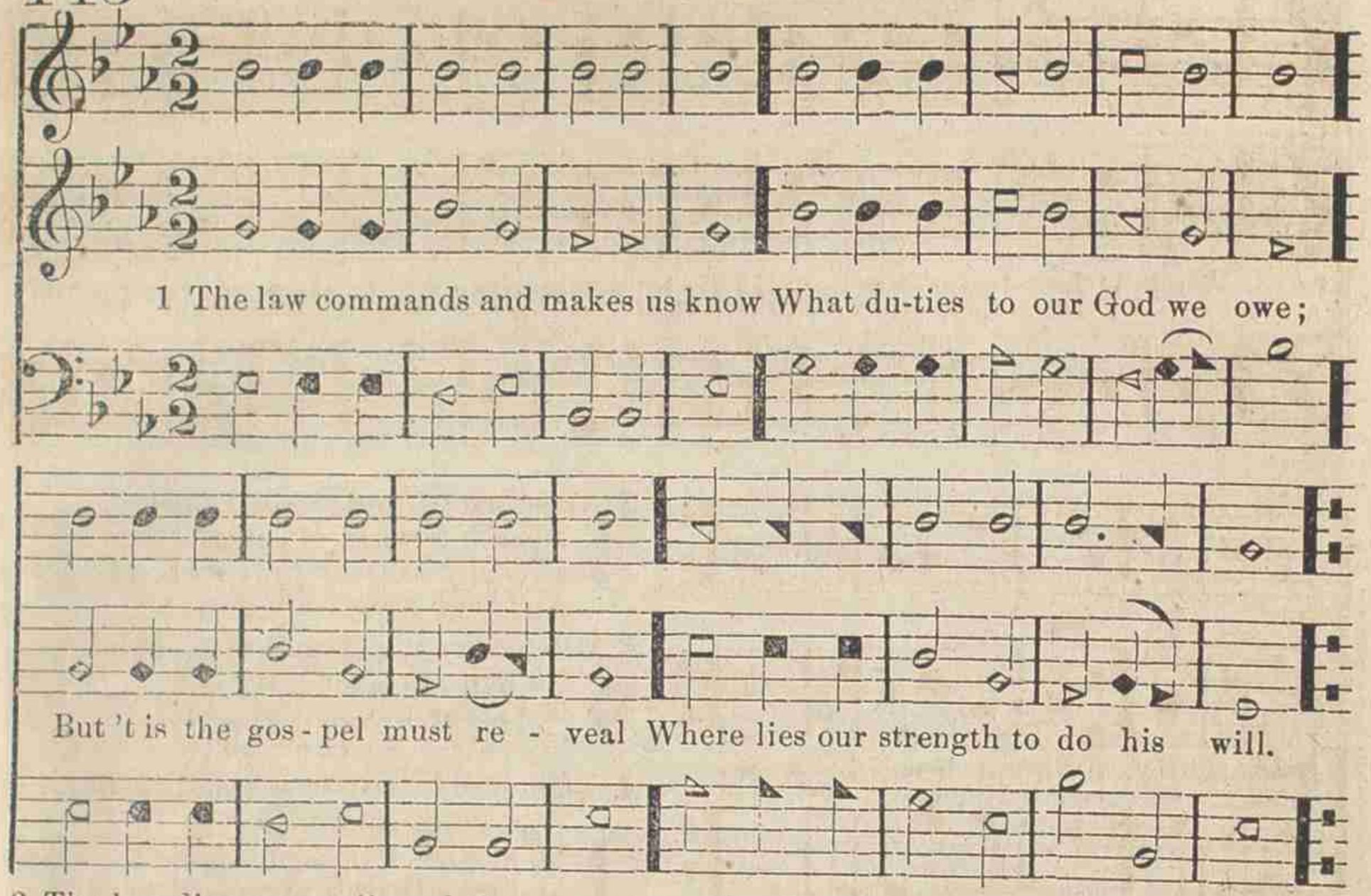
2 Here mines of knowledge, love and joy,
Are opened to our sight;
The purest gold without alloy,
And gems divinely bright.

3 The counsels of redeeming grace
These sacred leaves unfold,
And here the Savior's lovely face
Our raptured eyes behold.

4 Here light, descending from above,
Directs our doubtful feet;
Here promises of heavenly love
Our ardent wishes meet.

5 Our numerous griefs are here redressed,
And all our wants supplied;
Nought we can ask to make us blest
Is in this book denied.

143 PRENTISS. L. M.



2 The law discovers guilt and sin,
And shows how vile our hearts have been;
Only the gospel can express
Forgiving love and cleansing grace.

3 What curses doth the law denounce
Against the man that fails but once!
But in the gospel Christ appears,
Pard'ning the guilt of num'rous years.

4 My soul, no more attempt to draw
Thy life and comfort from the law;
Fly to the hope the gospel gives;
The man that trusts the promise, lives.

144 *See page* 66.

148 *Buy the truth and sell it not.* Pr. 23: 23.

THE worth of truth no tongue can tell,
'T will do to buy, but not to sell;
A large estate that soul has got,
Who buys the truth, and sells it not.

2 Truth, like a diamond, shines most fair,
More rich than pearls and rubies are,
More worth than gold and silver coin,
O may it ever in us shine!

3 'T is truth that binds, and truth makes free,
And sets the soul at liberty
From sin and Satan's heavy chain,
And then within the heart doth reign.

4 They have a freedom then indeed,
That doth all freedom else exceed;
Freedom from guilt, freedom from woe,
And never more shall bondage know.

5 O happy they, who in their youth
Are brought to know and love the truth!
For none but those whom truth makes free,
Can e'er enjoy their liberty.

6 Truth, like a girdle let us wear,
And always keep it clean and fair;
And never let it once be told,
That truth by us was ever sold.

150 *The power of God unto Salvation.* Rom. 1: 16.

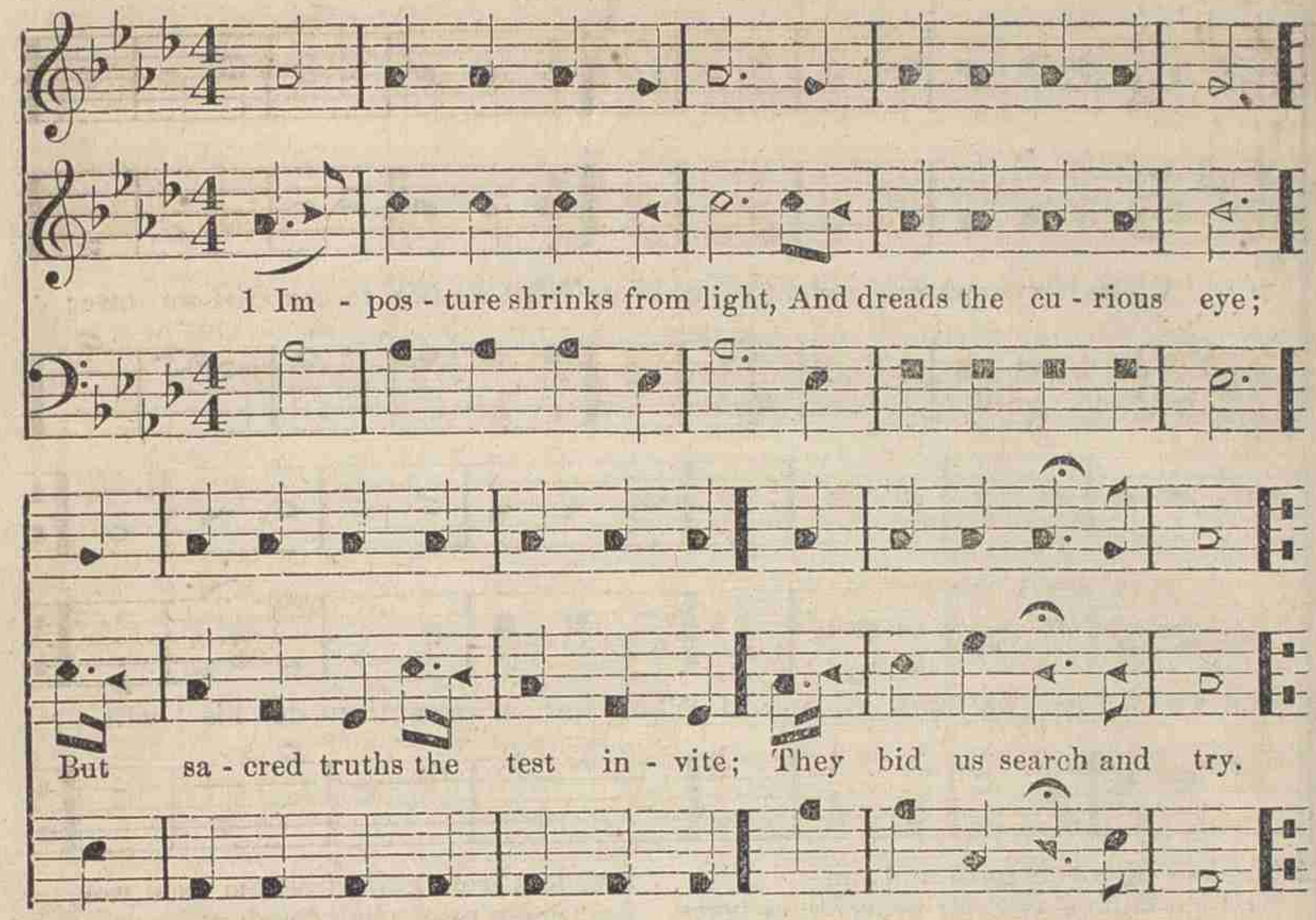
GOD in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known;
'T is here his richest mercy shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

2 Wisdom its dictates here imparts,
To form our minds, to cheer our hearts;
Its influence makes the sinner live;
It bids the drooping saint revive.

3 Our raging passions it controls,
And comfort yields to contrite souls;
It brings a better world in view,
And guides us all our journey through.

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.

145 HOME. S. M.



2 O, may we still maintain
A meek, inquiring mind;
Assured we shall not search in vain,
But hidden treasures find.

3 With understanding blest,
Created to be free,
Our faith on man we dare not rest—
Subject to none but thee.

4 Lord, give the light we need;
With soundest knowledge fill;
From noxious error guard our creed,
From prejudice our will.

5 The truth thou shalt impart,
May we with firmness own—
Abhorring each evasive art,
And fearing thee alone.

146 *See page* 79.

168 *Moses and Christ.* John 1: 17.

THE law by Moses came,
But peace, and truth, and love,
Were brought by Christ (a nobler name)
Descending from above.

2 Amidst the house of God
Their different works were done:
Moses a faithful servant stood,
But Christ a faithful Son.

3 Then to his new commands,
Be strict obedience paid:
O'er all his Father's house he stands,
The sovereign and the head.

4 The man that durst despise
The law that Moses brought,
Behold, how terribly he dies,
For his presumptuous thought.

5 But sorer vengeance falls
On that rebellious race,
Who hate to hear when Jesus calls,
And dare resist his grace.

172 *He beheld the city and wept over it.* Luke 19: 41.

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

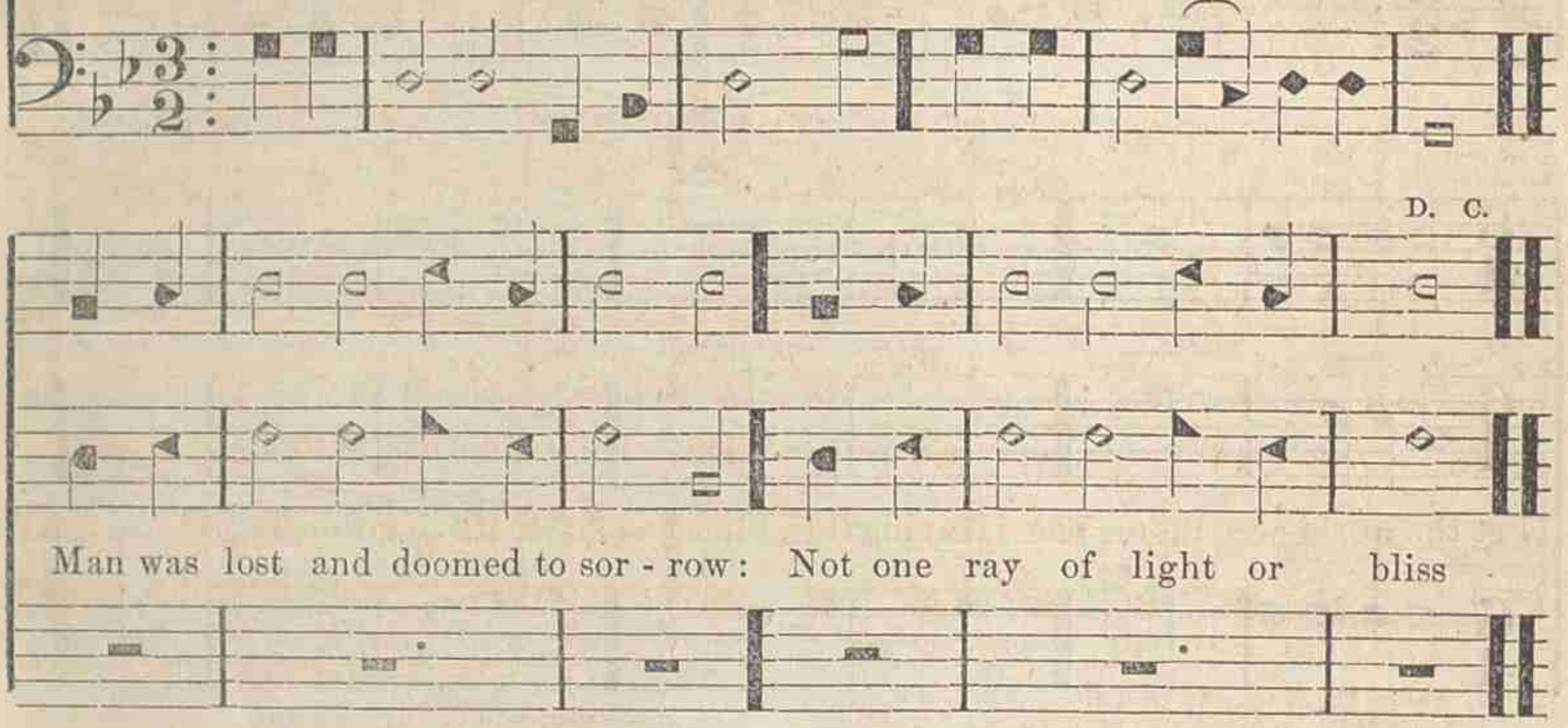
2 The Son of God in tears,
The wondering angels see;
Be thou astonished, O, my soul,
He shed those tears for thee.

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.

147 BLESSED BIBLE. 8s & 7s. (DOUBLE.)



1 Bles-sed 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!
D. C. Could he from earth's treasures bor - row, Till his way was cheered by this!



D. C.

Man was lost and doomed to sor - row: Not one ray of light or bliss

2 Yes, I'll to my bosom press thee,
Precious word, I'll hide thee here!
Sure my very heart will bless thee,
For thou ever say'st, "Good cheer!"
Speak, my heart, and tell thy pond'rings;
Tell how far thy rovings led,
When this book brought back thy wand'r-[ings,
Speaking life as from the dead!

3 Yes, sweet Bible! I will hide thee
Deep, yes, deeper in this heart;
Thou through all my life wilt guide me,
And in death we will not part!
Part in death! no, never, never!
Through death's vale I'll lean on thee;
Then, in brighter worlds, for ever,
Sweeter far thy truths shall be.

148 *See page* 67.

8,7,8,7,7,7. *For Music see "Precious Bible," next page.*

656 *Termination of the Christian warfare.*
Rev. 2: 10.

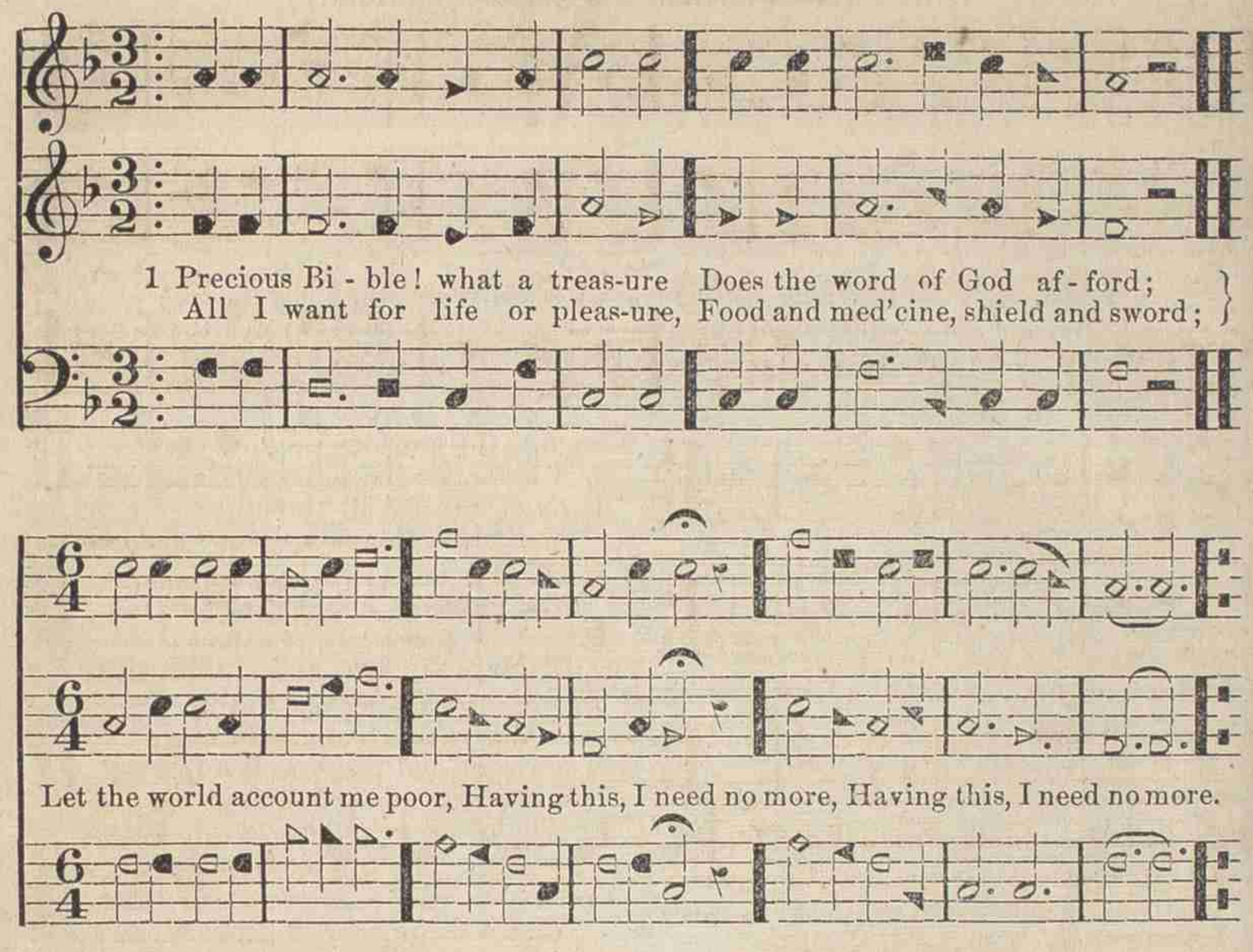
WHEN we pass through yonder river,
When we reach the farther shore,
There's an end of war for ever;
We shall see our foes no more;
All our conflicts then shall cease,
Follow'd by eternal peace.

2 After warfare, rest is pleasant:
O how sweet the prospect is!
Though we toil and strive at present,
Let us not repine at this:
Toil, and pain, and conflict past,
All endear repose at last.

3 When we gain the heavenly regions,
When we touch the heavenly shore—
Blessed thought!—no hostile legions
Can alarm or trouble more:
Far beyond the reach of foes,
We shall dwell in sweet repose.

4 O that hope! how bright, how glorious!
'T is his people's blest reward;
In the Savior's strength victorious,
They at length behold their Lord:
In his kingdom they shall rest,
In his love be fully blest.

19 PRECIOUS BIBLE. 8,7,8,7,7,7.



2 Food to which the world's a stranger,
Here my hungry soul enjoys;
Of excess there is no danger,
Though it fills, it never cloys;
On a dying Christ I feed,
He is meat and drink indeed.

3 When my faith is faint and sickly,
Or when Satan wounds my mind;
Cordials to revive me quickly,
Healing med'cines here I find:
To the promises I flee,
Each affords a remedy.

4 In the hour of dark temptation,
Satan cannot make me yield;
For the word of consolation
Is to me a mighty shield:
While the scripture-truths are sure,
From his malice I'm secure.

150 *See page* 67. **151** *See page* 79.

152 ASHTON. L. M.







153 *Thy word is very pure.* Psa. 119: 140.

GOD'S law demands our living faith,
Not a gaunt crowd of lifeless creeds;
Its warrants is a firm "God saith;"
Its claim, not words, but actual deeds.

2 Yet, Lord, forgive; thy simple law
Grows tarnished in our earthly grasp;
Pure in itself, without a flaw,
It dims in our too worldly clasp.

3 We handle it with unwashed hands;
We stain it with unhallowed breath;
We gloss it with device of man's,
And hide thine image underneath.

4 Forgive the sacrilege, and take
From off our souls th' unworthy stain;
And show us, for thy Son's dear sake,
Thy pure and perfect law again.

154 *The progress of truth.* Psalm 19: 4.

UPON the gospel's sacred page,
The gathered beams of ages shine;
And, as it hastens, every age
But makes its brightness more divine.

2 On mightier wings, in loftier flight,
From year to year does knowledge soar;
And, as it soars, the gospel light
Adds to its influence more and more.

3 More glorious still, as centuries roll,
New regions bless'd, new pow'rs unfurl'd,
Expanding with th' expanding soul,
Its waters shall o'erflow the world;

2 Such is thy glorious word, O God!
'T is for our light and guidance giv'n;
It sheds a lustre all abroad,
And points the path to bliss and heav'n.

3 It fills the soul with sweet delight,
And quickens its inactive pow'rs:
It sets our wandering footsteps right—
Displays thy love, and kindles ours.

4 Its promises rejoice our hearts;
Its doctrines are divinely true;
Knowledge and pleasure it imparts;
It comforts and instructs us too.

5 Ye favored lands, that have this word,
Ye saints, who feel its saving pow'r,
Unite your tongues to praise the Lord,
And his distinguished grace adore.

---

4 Flow to restore, but not destroy;
As when the cloudless lamp of day
Pours out its flood of light and joy,
And sweeps each ling'ring mist away.

155 *The inspiration of the scriptures.* 2 Pet. 1: 21.

'T WAS by an order from the Lord,
The ancient prophets spoke his word;
His Spirit did their tongues inspire,
And warmed their hearts with heav'nly fire.

2 The works and wonders which they wrought,
Confirmed the messages they brought:
The prophet's pen succeeds his breath,
To save the holy words from death.

3 Great God! mine eyes with pleasure look
On the dear volume of thy book;
There my Redeemer's face I see,
And read his name who died for me.

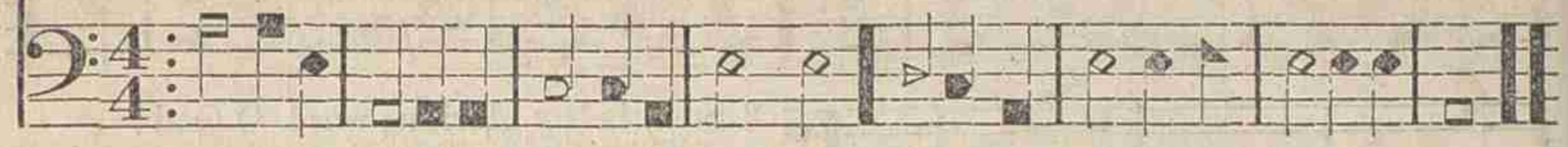
4 Let the false raptures of the mind
Be lost and vanish in the wind;
Here I can fix my hopes secure—
This is thy word, and must endure.

156 *See page* 47.

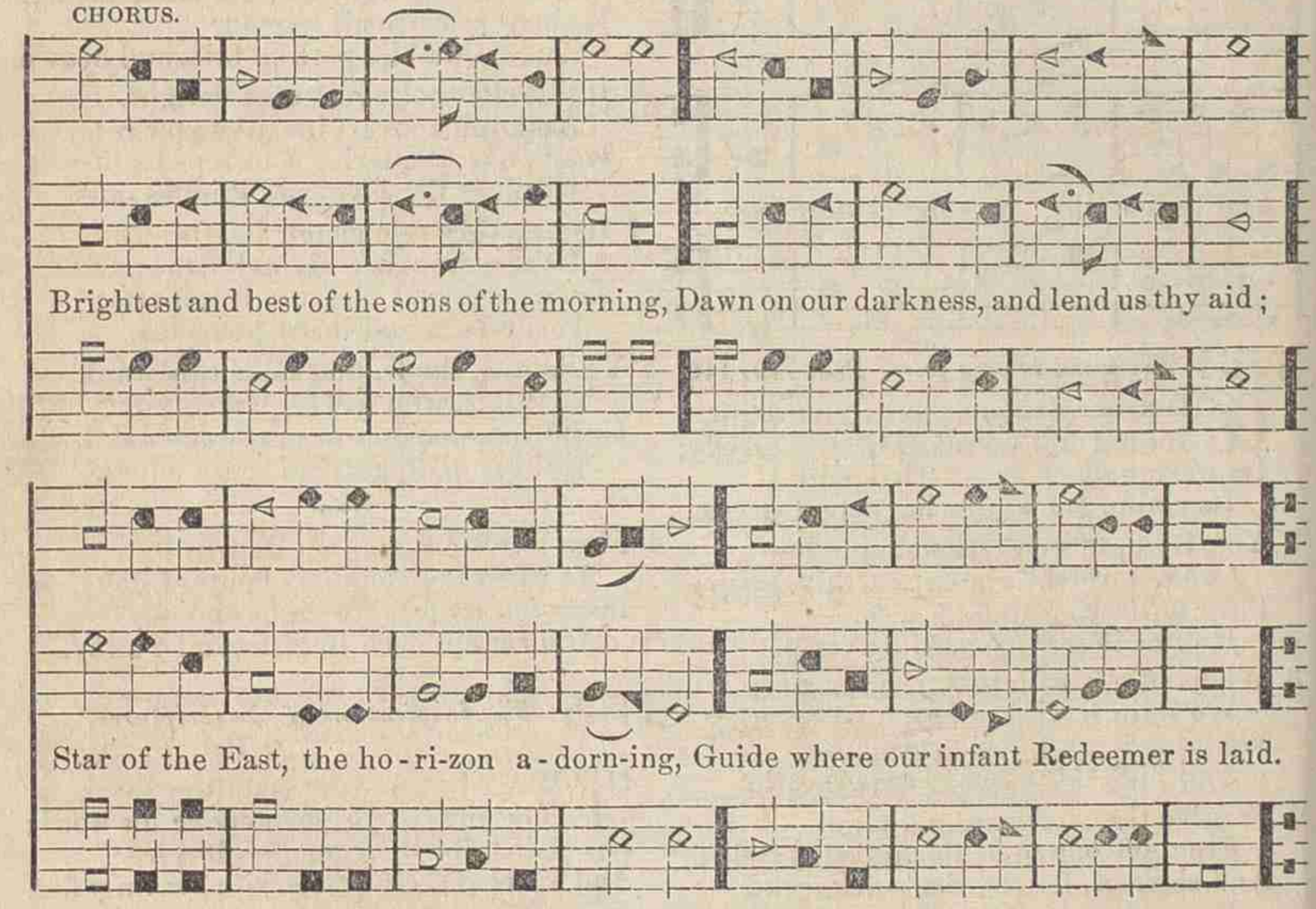
STAR IN THE EAST. 11,10,11,10.



1 Hail the blest morn! when the great Mediator Down from the regions of glory descends!
Shepherds, go worship the babe in the manger; Lo! for your guide the bright angel attends;



CHORUS.



Brightest and best of the sons of the morning, Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thy aid;

Star of the East, the ho-ri-zon a-dorn-ing, Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him in slumbers reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Savior of all!

3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Eden, 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!



2 Born thy people to deliver,
Born a child, and yet a King;
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring;
By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone:
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

182 *Christ our brother.* Heb. 2: 11.

YES, for me, for me he careth
With a brother's tender care;
Yes, with me, with me he shareth
Every burden, every fear.

2 Yes, o'er me, o'er me he watcheth,
Ceaseless watcheth, night and day;
Yes, e'en me, e'en me he snatcheth
From the perils of the way.

3 Yes, for me he standeth pleading,
At the mercy seat above;
Ever for me interceding,
Constant in untiring love.

4 Yes, in me abroad he sheddeth
Joys unearthly, love and light;
And to cover me he spreadeth
His paternal wing of night.

5 Yes, in me, in me he dwelleth;
I in him, and he in me!
And my empty soul he filleth,
Here and through eternity.

6 Thus I wait for his returning,
Singing all the way to heaven:
Such the joyful song of morning,
Such the tranquil song of even.

159 ANTIOCH. C. M.





2 Joy to the earth! the Savior reigns,
Let men their songs employ; [plains,
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and
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.

160 *The advent.*

HARK, the glad sound, the Savior comes,
The Savior promised long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 On him the Spirit largely pour'd,
Exerts his sacred fire;
Wisdom, and might, and zeal, and love,
His holy breast inspire.

3 He comes the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held:
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

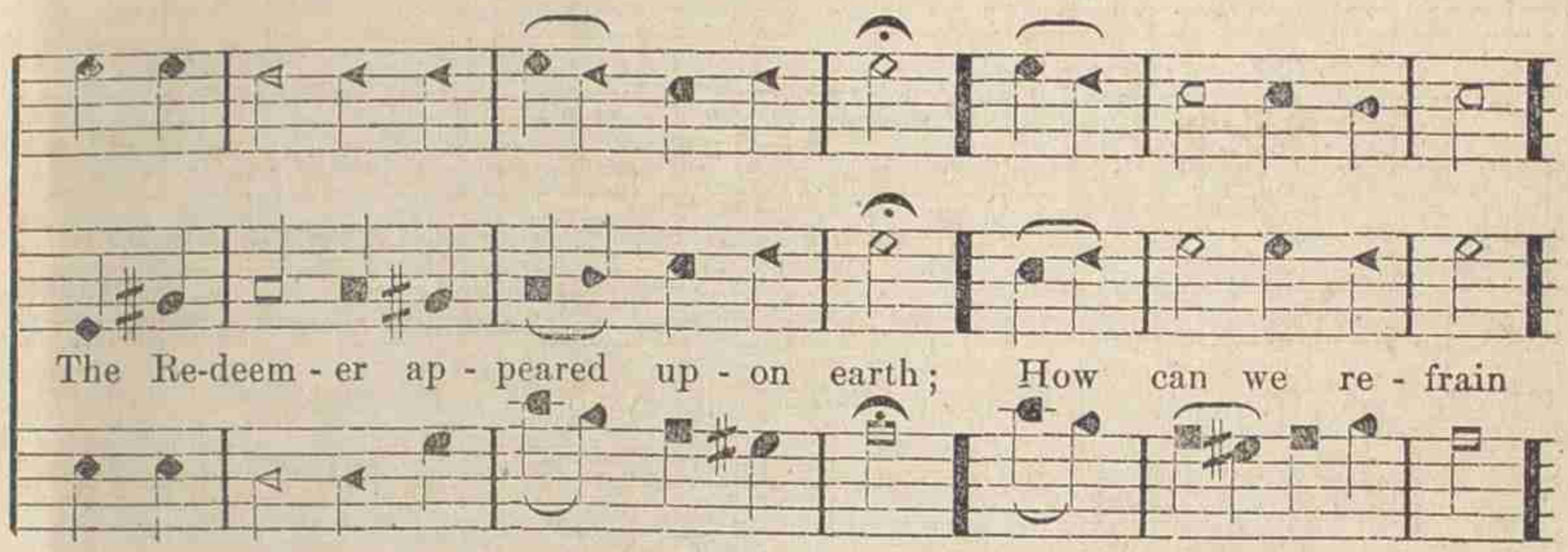
4 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray;
And on the eyes oppressed with night,
To pour celestial day.

5 He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of his grace,
T' enrich the humble poor.

6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring,
With thy beloved name.

EXULTATION. 5,6,9,5,6,9.





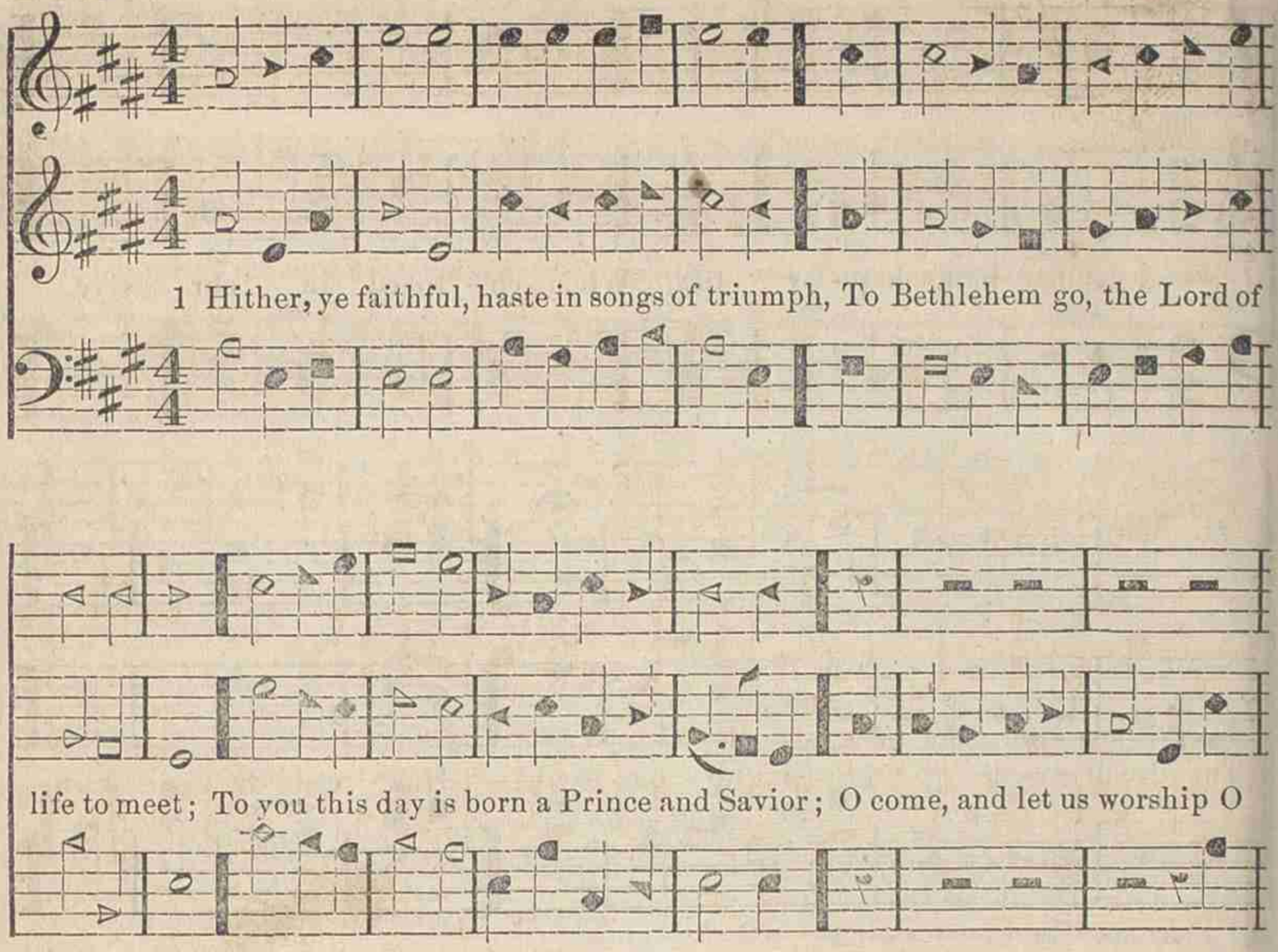


2 Ye angels of God,
Sound his praises abroad,
And acknowledge him JAH, the I AM;
We also will join
In a hymn so divine,
Giving glory to God and the Lamb!

3 O may the return
Of this once blessed morn
Be for ever remembered with joy:
Sweet accents of praise
All our voices shall raise;
Hallelujah shall be our employ.

4 Let echo prolong
The harmonious song—
Halielujahs again and again:
He kindles the fire,
Whom the nations desire,
And to him we devote the glad strain.

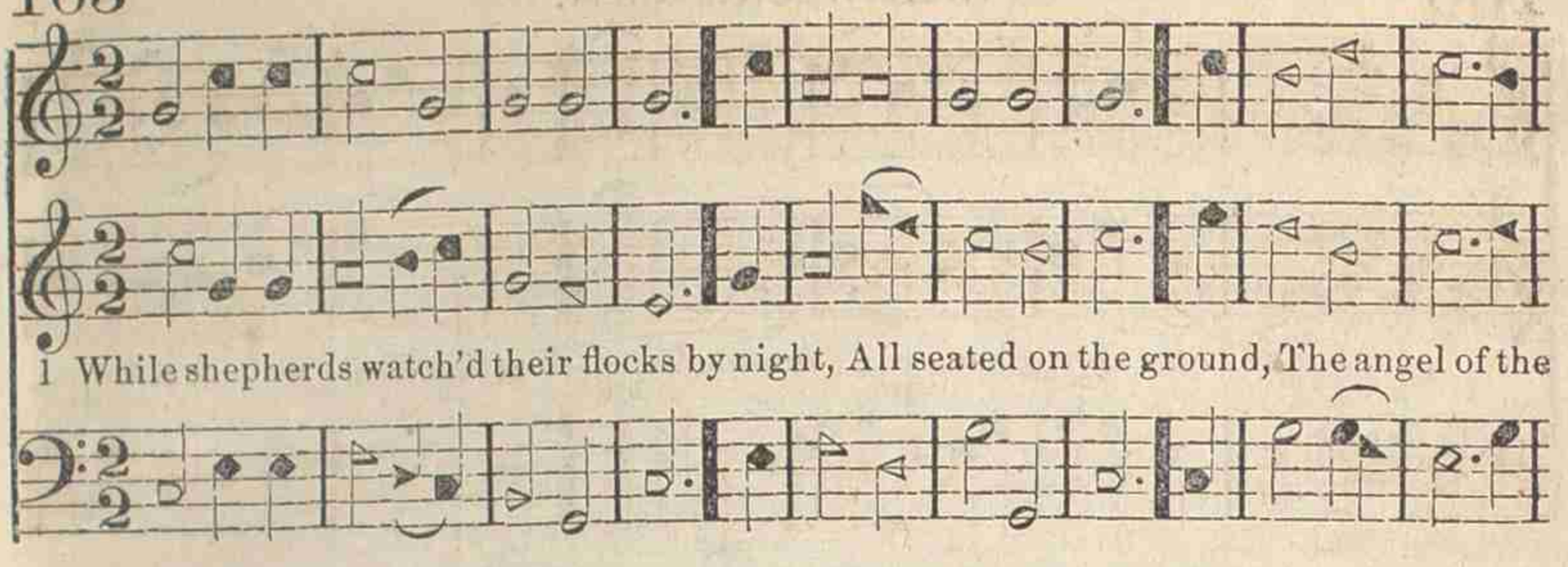
OPORTO. 11, 11, 11, 10.



2 O Jesus, for such wondrous condescension
Our praises and reverence are an off'ring meet;
Now is the word made flesh, and dwells among us;
O come, and let us worship at his feet.

3 Shout his almighty name, ye choirs of angels!
And let the celestial courts his praise repeat;
Unto our God be glory in the highest;
O come, and let us worship at his feet!

163 LANESBORO'. C. M.



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

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

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

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

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

164 *Christ foretold.* Is. 9 : 6.

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

2 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
Forevermore adored,—
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord.

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

165 *Behold the Lamb.* John 1 : 29.

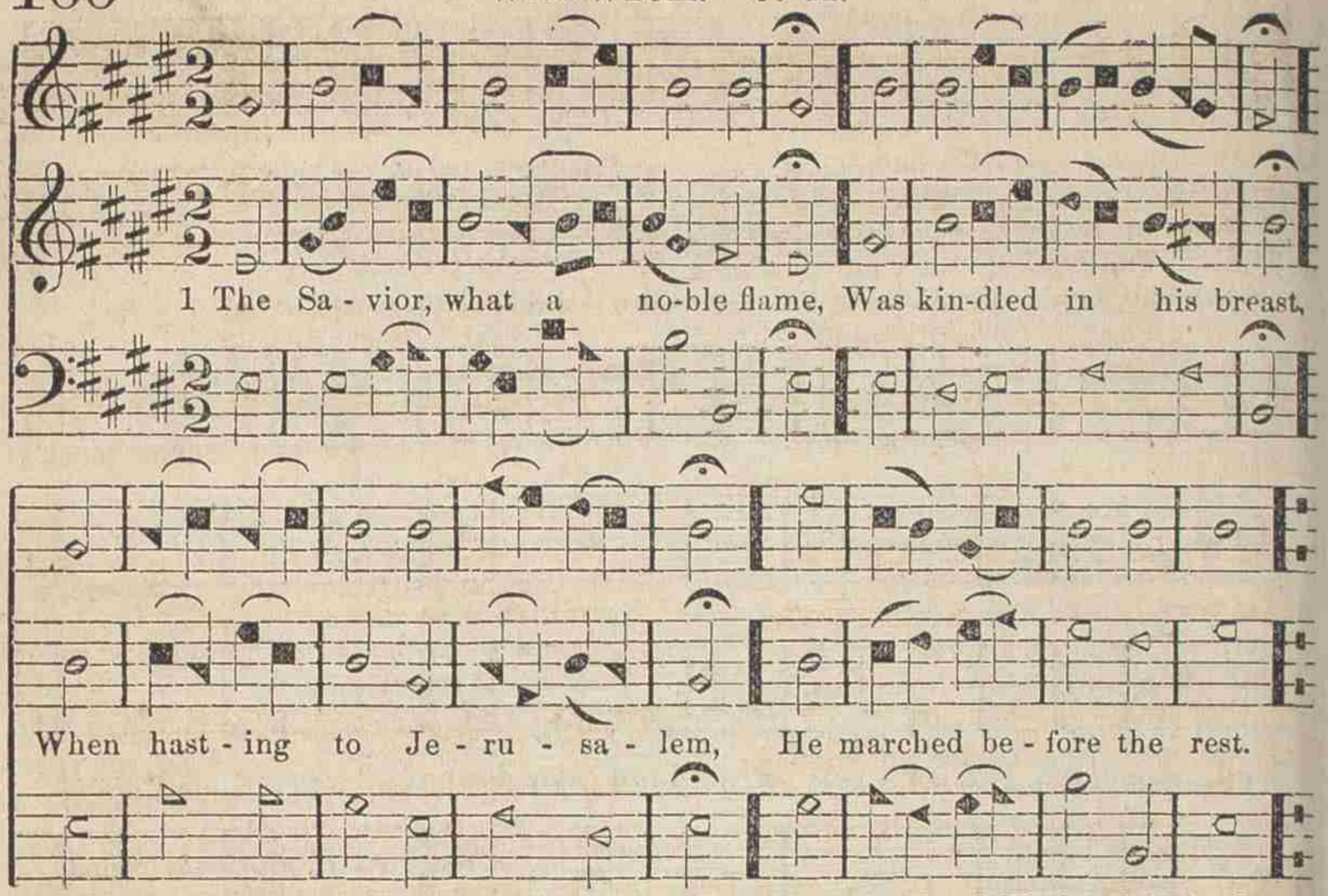
JESUS, the name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky;
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.

2 Jesus, the name to sinners dear,
The name to sinners given;
It scatters all their guilty fears;
It turns their hell to heaven.

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

4 His only righteousness I show,
His saving truth proclaim:
'T is all my business here below,
To cry, "Behold the Lamb!"

5 Happy, if with my latest breath,
I may but gasp his name!
Preach him to all, and cry, in death,
"Behold, behold the Lamb!"



2 Good will to men, and zeal for God,
His every thought engross;
He longs to be baptized with blood,
He pants to reach the cross.

3 With all his sufferings full in view,
And woes to us unknown,
Forth to the task his spirit flew;
'T was love that urged him on.

4 Lord, we return thee what we can;
Our hearts shall sound abroad
Salvation to the dying Man,
And to the rising God.

5 And while thy bleeding glories here
Engage our wondering eyes,
We learn our lighter cross to bear,
And hasten to the skies.

167 *Ye are complete in him.* Col. 2: 10.

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ears!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fears.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'T is manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 Dear name! the Rock on which I build,
My Shield and Hiding Place;
My never failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

168 *Ses page* 68.

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

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

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

174 *Christ the way, the truth, and the life.* John 14: 6.

THOU art the Way; to thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, through thee.

2 Thou art the Truth; thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst instruct the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life; the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering 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 to know that way,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Which lead to endless day.

146 *The Spirit of truth.*

THOU, long disowned, reviled, oppress,
Strange friend of human kind,
Seeking through weary years a rest
Within our hearts to find;

2 How late thy bright and awful brow
Breaks through these clouds of sin!
Hail, Truth, Divine! we know thee now,
Angel of God, come in!

3 Come, though with purifying fire,
And desolating sword,
Thou of all nations the desire!
Earth waits thy cleansing word.

4 Struck by the lightning of thy glance,
Let old oppressions die;
Before thy cloudless countenance
Let fear and falsehood fly.

5 Anoint our eyes with healing grace,
To see, as ne'er before,
Our Father in our brother's face,
Our Maker in his poor.

6 Flood our dark life with golden day;
Convince, subdue, enthrall:
Then to a mightier yield thy sway,
And Love be all in all.

151 *The reasoning of the Gospel.*

SHALL atheists dare insult the cross
Of our Redeemer God?
Shall infidels reproach his laws,
Or trample on his blood?

2 What if he chose mysterious ways
To cleanse us from our faults?
May not the works of sov'reign grace
Transcend our feeble thoughts?

3 What if the gospel bids us fight
With flesh, and self, and sin?
The prize is most divinely bright,
Which we are called to win?

4 What if the foolish and the poor
His glorious grace partake?
This but confirms his truth the more,
For so the prophets spake.

5 Do some that own his sacred name,
Indulge their souls in sin?
Jesus should never bear the blame;
His laws are pure and clean.

6 Then let our faith grow firm and strong;
Our lips profess his word;
Nor blush, nor fear to walk among
The men that love the Lord.

170 *He made himself of no reputation.*
Phil. 2: 7.

HE came not with his heavenly crown,
His scepter clad with pow'r;
His Coming was in feebleness,
The infant of an hour.

2 An humble manger cradled first,
The Virgin's holy birth,
And lowing herds surrounded there
The Lord of heav'n and earth.

3 He came, not in his robe of wrath,
With arm outstretch'd to slay;
But on the darkling paths of earth,
To pour celestial day—

4 To guide in peace the wand'ring feet,
The broken heart to bind,
And bear upon the painful cross,
The sins of human kind.

5 And thou hast borne them, Savior meek!
And therefore unto thee,
In humbleness and gratitude,
Our hearts shall offer'd be;

6 Our contrite hearts, an off'ring, Lord,
Which thou wilt not despise,
Our souls, our bodies, all be thine,
A living sacrifice!

178 *The chief among ten thousand.*
Cant. 5: 10.

MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Savior's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

2 No mortal can with him compare
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is he than all the fair
Who fill the heavenly train.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
And flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

4 To him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

186 *Christ, a merciful High Priest.*
Heb. 4: 14.

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.

GERIZIM. 8s & 7s.

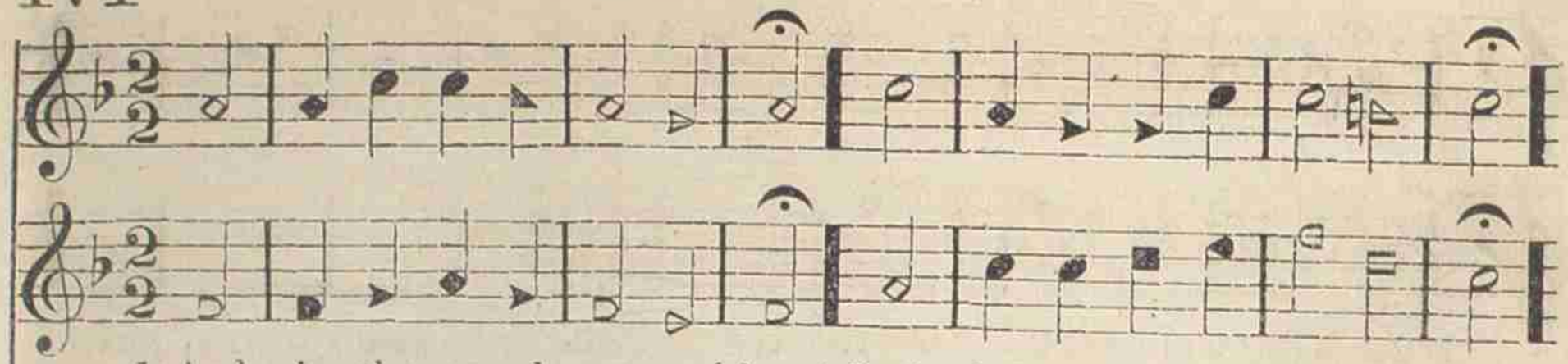


2 When the pangs of trial seize us,
When the waves of sorrow roll,
I will lay my head on Jesus—
Pillow of the troubled soul.
Truly, none can feel like thee,
Weeping One of Bethany!

3 Jesus wept, and still in glory
He can mark each mourner's tear—
Living to retrace the story
Of the hearts he solaced here.
Lord, when I am called to die,
Let me think of Bethany!

4 Jesus wept! the tear of sorrow
Is a legacy of love;
Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,
He the same shall ever prove.
Thou art all in all to me,
Living one of Bethany!

171 UXBRIDGE. L. M.



2 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.

3 O how benevolent and kind,
How mild, how ready to forgive!
Be this the temper of our mind,
And those the rules by which we live!

4 To do his heavenly Father's will,
Was his employment and delight;
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through his life, divinely bright.

5 Dispensing good where'er he came
The labors of his life were love;
If then we love the Savior's name,
Let his divine example move.

172 *See page* 68.

173 *Grace is poured into thy lips.*

Psalm 45: 2.

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 Christ came from heav'n; of heav'n he spoke;
To heaven he led his followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unvailing an immortal day.

3 "Come, wand'rers, 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.

4 Decay, then, tenements of dust;
Pillars of earthly pride, decay;
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

174 *See page* 78.

175 *Christ our example.* 1 Peter 2: 21.

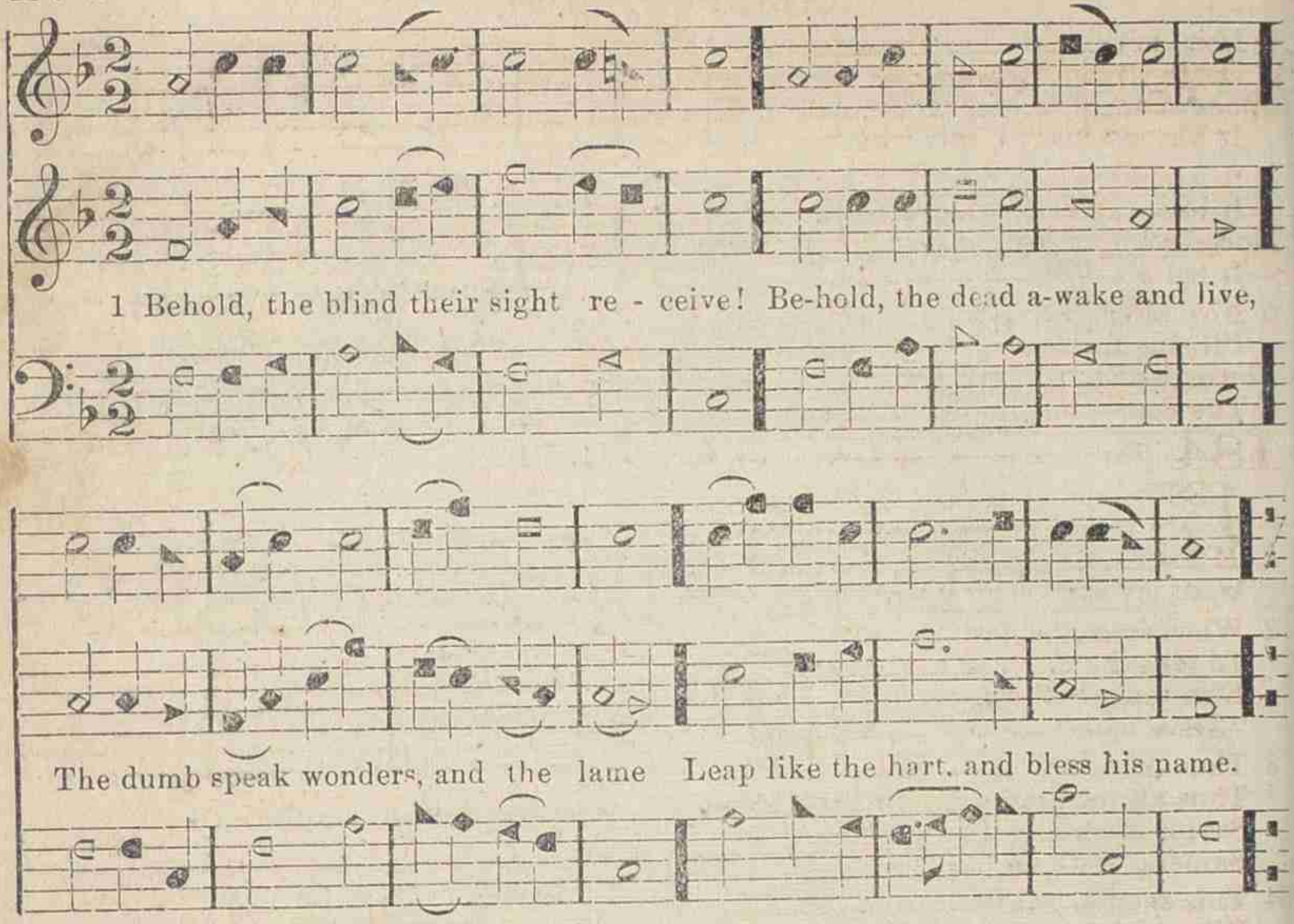
MY dear Redeemer, and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.

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

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

4 Be thou my pattern; may I bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my nam
Among the followers of the Lamb.

176 DUKE STREET. L. M.



2 Thus doth th' eternal 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 heav'ns 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 these hands my soul resign,
Which bears credentials so divine.

177 *The meekness of Christ.* 2 Cor. 10: 1.

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, God-like, high,
So glorious in humility.

4 The bending angels stooped to see
The lisping infant clasp thy knee,
And smile, as in a father's eye,
Upon thy mild divinity.

5 And death, which sets the pris'ner free,
Was pang, and scoff, and scorn to Thee;
Yet love through all thy torture glowed,
And mercy with thy life-blood flowed.

6 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!

178 *See page* 79.

179 *The Star of Bethlehem.* Matt. 2: 9.

WHEN marshall'd on the nightly plain,
The glitt'ring host bestud the sky,
One Star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wand'ring eye.

2 Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone, the Savior, speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

3 Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark;
The ocean yawned and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my found'ring bark.

4 Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a Star arose—
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

5 It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

6 Now safely moored—my perils o'er,
I'll sing first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem;

184 *The Lord our righteousness.* Jer. 23: 6.

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

2 When from the dust of death I rise,
To take my mansion in the skies—
E'en then shall this be all my plea,
"Jesus hath lived and died for me.

3 Thus Abraham, the friend of God,
Thus all the armies bought with blood,
Savior of sinners, thee proclaim!
Sinners, of whom the chief I am.

4 This spotless robe the same appears
When ruined nature sinks in years;
No age can change its glorious hue;
The robe of Christ is ever new.

5 O let the dead now hear thy voice!
Bid, Lord, thy banished ones rejoice;
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus, the Lord, our righteousness.

188 *Christ precious.* 1 Pet. 2: 7.

JESUS! the very thought is sweet;
In that dear name all heart-joys meet;
But sweeter than the honey far
The glimpses of his presence are.

2 No word is sung more sweet than this;
No name is heard more full of bliss;
No thought brings sweeter comfort nigh,
Than Jesus, Son of God, most high.

3 Jesus, the hope of souls forlorn!
How good to them for sin that mourn;
To them that seek thee, O how kind!
But what art thou to them that find?

4 No tongue of mortal can express,
No letters write its blessedness;
Alone, who hath thee in his heart
Knows, love of Jesus, what thou art.

192 *Christ's midnight prayer.* Matt. 26: 39.

'TIS midnight, and on Olive's brow,
The Star is dimmed that lately shone;
'T is midnight, in the garden now
The suff'ring Savior prays alone.

2 'T is midnight—and from all removed,
Immanuel wrestles lone with fears;
E'en the disciple that he loved,
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

3 'T is midnight—and, for others' guilt,
The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet He who hath in anguish knelt,
Is not forsaken by his God.

4 'T is midnight—and, from ether-plains,
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Savior's woe.

195 *Christ died for our sins.* 1 Cor. 15: 3.

DID our Immanuel die for us,
To save such poor, rebellious men?
Did he display his pity thus,
That we might come to God again?

2 All human language wants a name
For this unfathomed, wondrous love:
This pure, immortal, fervent flame,
Sprang only from the God above.

3 What can we add, our speech is faint;
We sink beneath the pond'rous load;
This love no eloquence can paint;
'T is grand; 't is worthy of a God.

4 O'erwhelmed with this abyss of love,
We stand astonished at the grace
That brought the Savior from above,
To die for all the fallen race!

5 Did our Immanuel die for us?
What more can be by sounds exprest?
For sinners Christ was made a curse:
Eternity must tell the rest.

197 *The dying Savior.*

STRETCH'D on the cross the Savior dies,
Hark! his expiring groans arise:
See, from his hands, his feet, his side,
Runs down the sacred crimson tide.

2 But life attends the deathful sound,
And flows from every bleeding wound;
The vital stream, how free it flows,
To cleanse and save his rebel foes!

3 Can I survey this scene of woe,
Where mingling grief and wonder flow,
And yet my heart unmoved remain,
Insensible to love or pain?

4 Come, dearest Lord, thy grace impart,
To warm this cold, this stupid heart,
Till all its powers and passions move
In melting grief and ardent love.

THE GREAT PHYSICIAN. 7s & 6s.

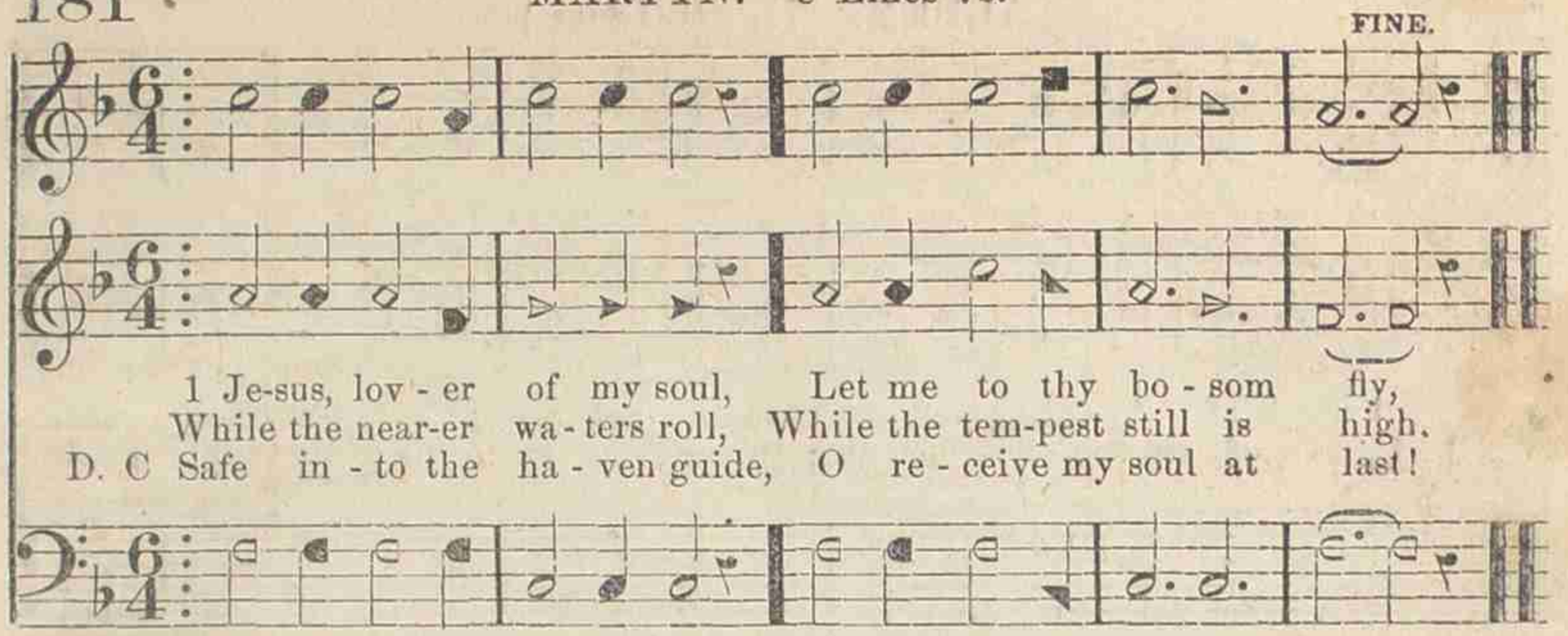


2 Of men great skill possessing,
I thought a cure to gain,
But that proved more distressing,
And added to my pain;
Some said that nothing ailed me,
Some gave me up for lost;
Thus every refuge failed me,
And all my hopes were crossed.

3 At length this great Physician—
How matchless is his power—
Accepted my petition,
And undertook my cure;
First gave me sight to view him,
For sin my sight had sealed,
Then bid me look unto him,
I looked, and I was healed.

4 A bleeding, dying Jesus,
Seen by an eye of faith,
At once from sin he frees us,
And saves our souls from death.
Come, then, to this Physician,
His help he'll freely give:
He makes no hard condition,
'T is only—Look and live.

181 MARTYN. 8 Lines 7s.





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

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

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sin—
Let the healing stream 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.

182 *See page* 73.

183 *See page* 37.

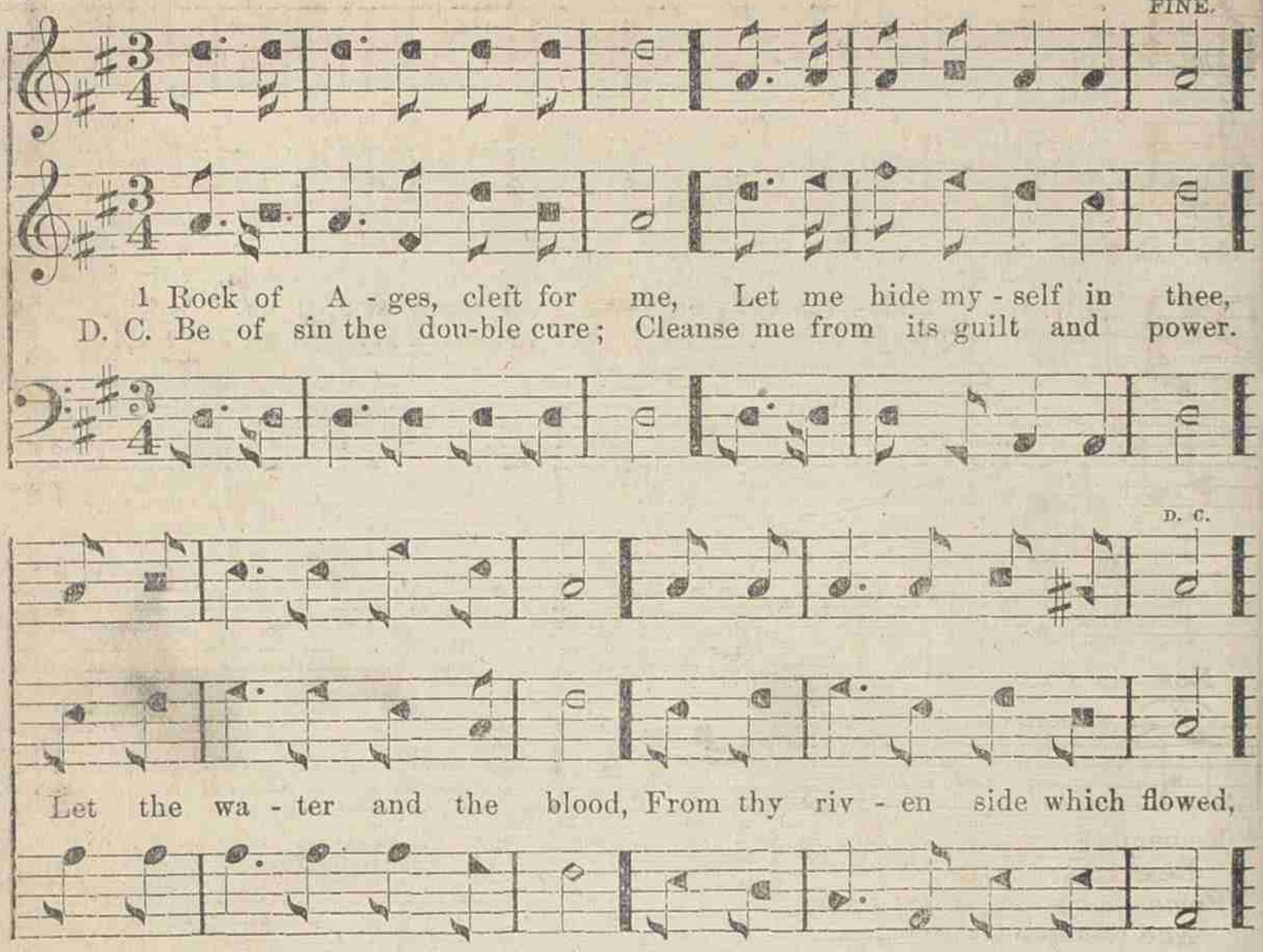
184 *See page* 83.

201 *Mary early at the tomb.* Mark 16 : 2.

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

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

185 ALDEN. 7s. (6 Lines.)



2 Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfill the law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress;
Helpless, look to thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Savior, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my heart-strings break in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment-throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

186 *See page* 79.

187 *See Index.*

188 *See page* 83.

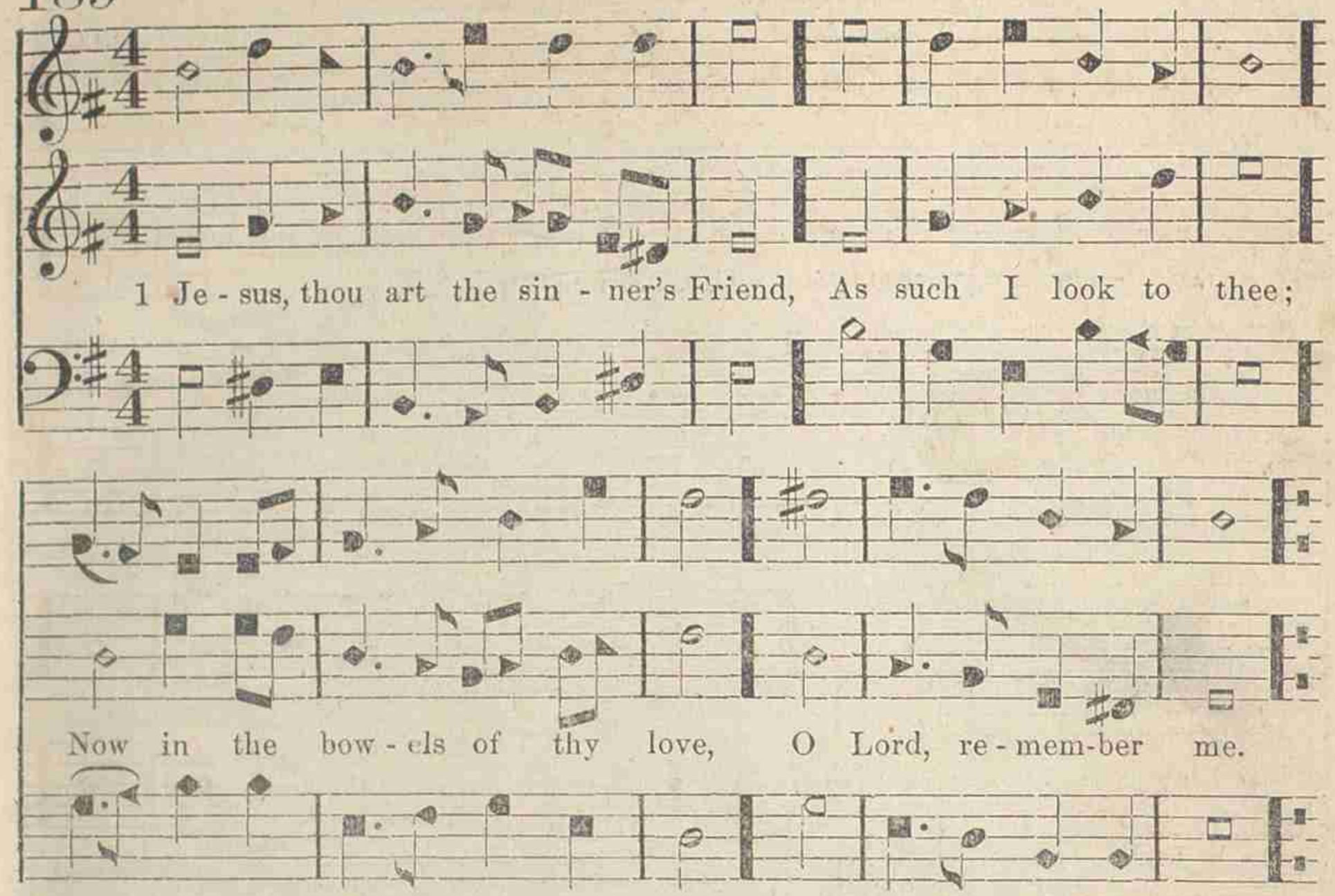
777 *How much we owe.*

WHEN we stand before the throne,
Dressed in beauty not our own,
When we see thee as thou art,
Love thee with unsinning heart—
Then, Lord, shall we fully know—
Not till then—how much we owe.

2 When the praise of heaven we hear,
Loud as thunder to the ear,
Loud as many waters' noise,
Sweet as harps' melodious voice,
Then, Lord, shall we fully know—
Not till then—how much we owe.

3 Even on earth, as through a glass,
Darkly let thy glory pass;
Make forgiveness feel so sweet,
Make thy Spirit's help so meet;
Even on earth, Lord, make us know
Something of how much we owe.

189 DETROIT. C. M.



2 Remember thy pure word of grace,
Remember Calvary;
Remember all thy dying groans,
And then remember me.

3 Thou wondrous Advocate with God!
I yield myself to thee:
While thou art sitting on thy throne,
O Lord! remember me.

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

5 Howe'er forsaken or distressed,
Howe'er oppressed I be,
Howe'er afflicted here on earth,
Do thou remember me.

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

193 *He suffered, the Just for the unjust.*

1 Pet. 3: 18.

ALAS! and did my Savior bleed!
And did my Sov'reign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

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

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide
And shut his glories in,
When God's own Son was crucified
For man, the creature's sin.

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

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'T is all that I can do.

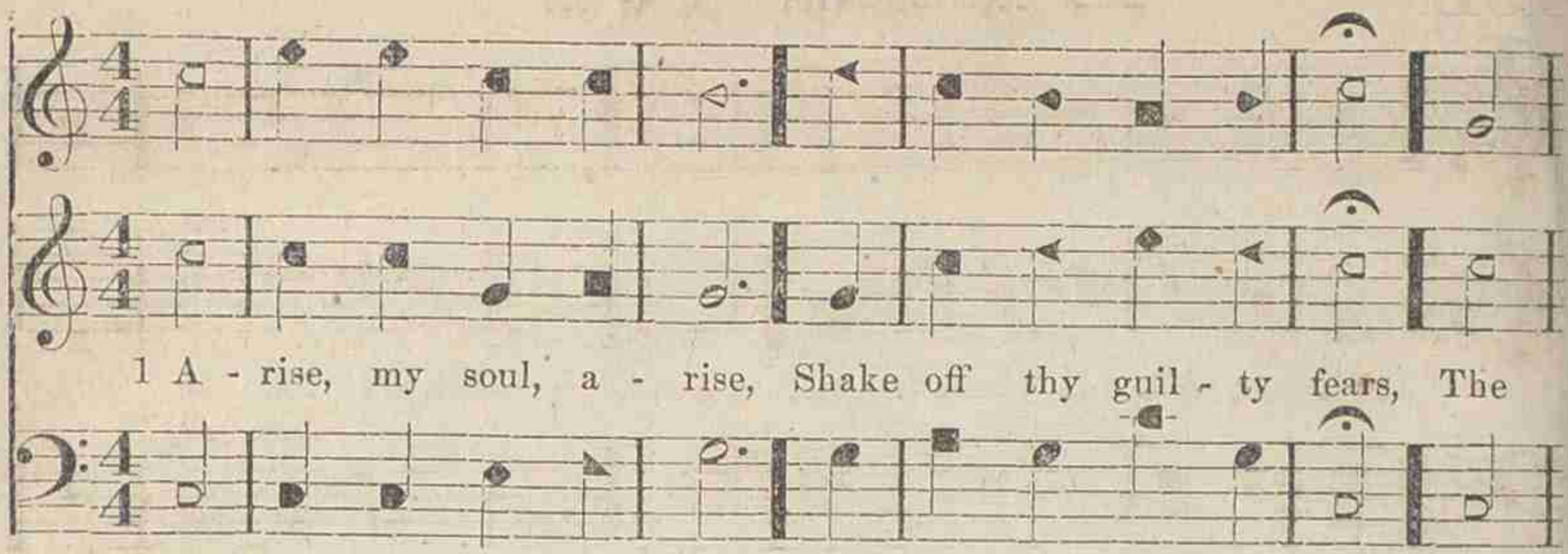
196 *Christ on the cross.*

BEHOLD the Savior of mankind
Nailed to the shameful tree!
How vast the love that him inclined,
To bleed and die for thee!

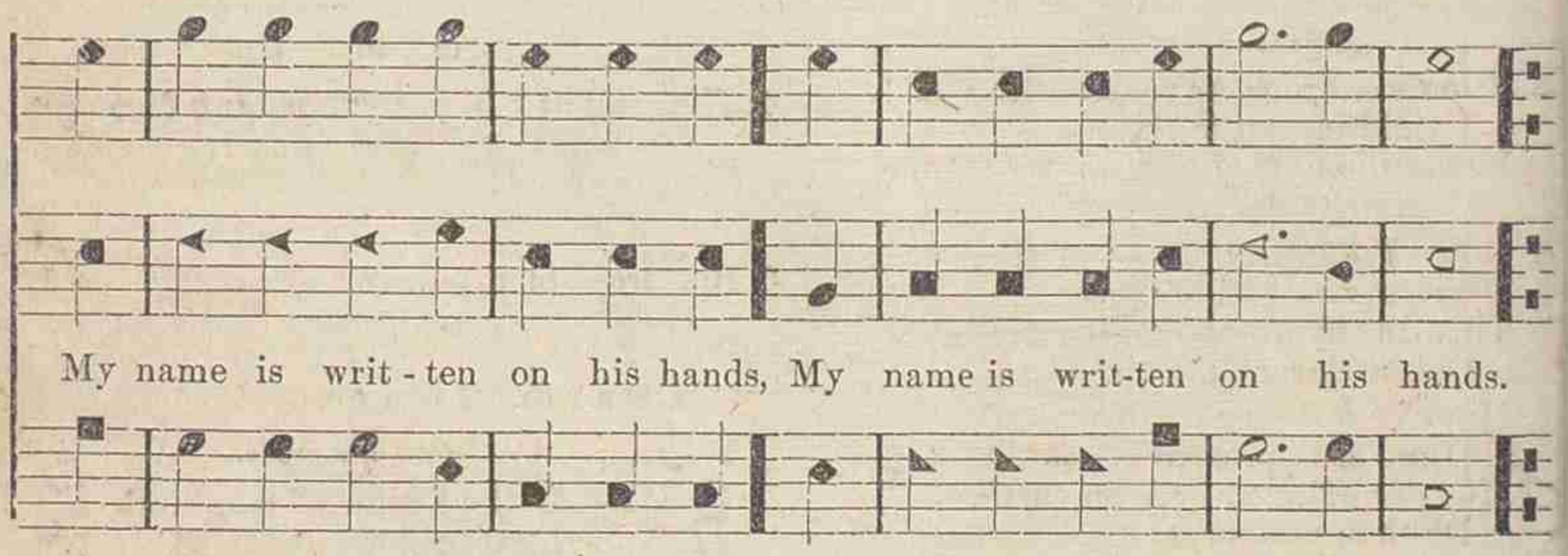
2 Hark, how he groans! while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend;
The temple's vail in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.

3 'T is done! the precious ransom 's paid,
Receive my soul! he cries:
See where he bows his sacred head,
He bows his head, and dies.

4 But soon he'll break death's pow'rful chain,
And in full glory shine!
O Lamb of God! was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine?





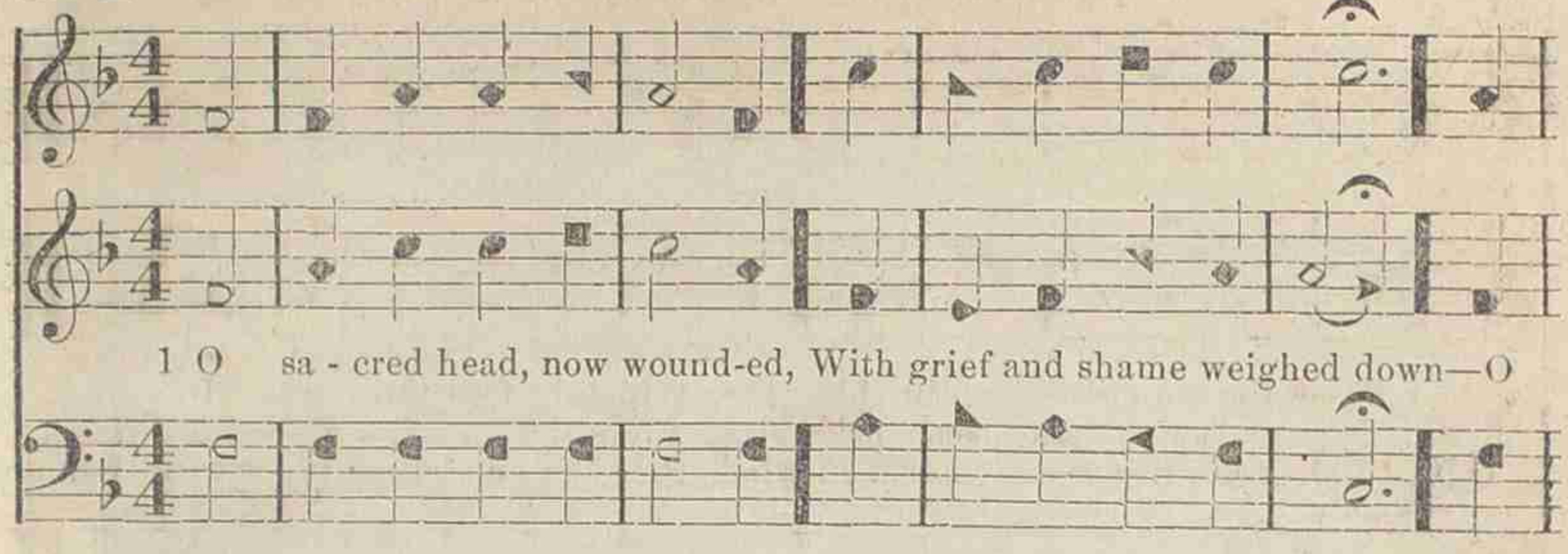


2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
With his redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead:
His blood was spilt for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

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

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

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



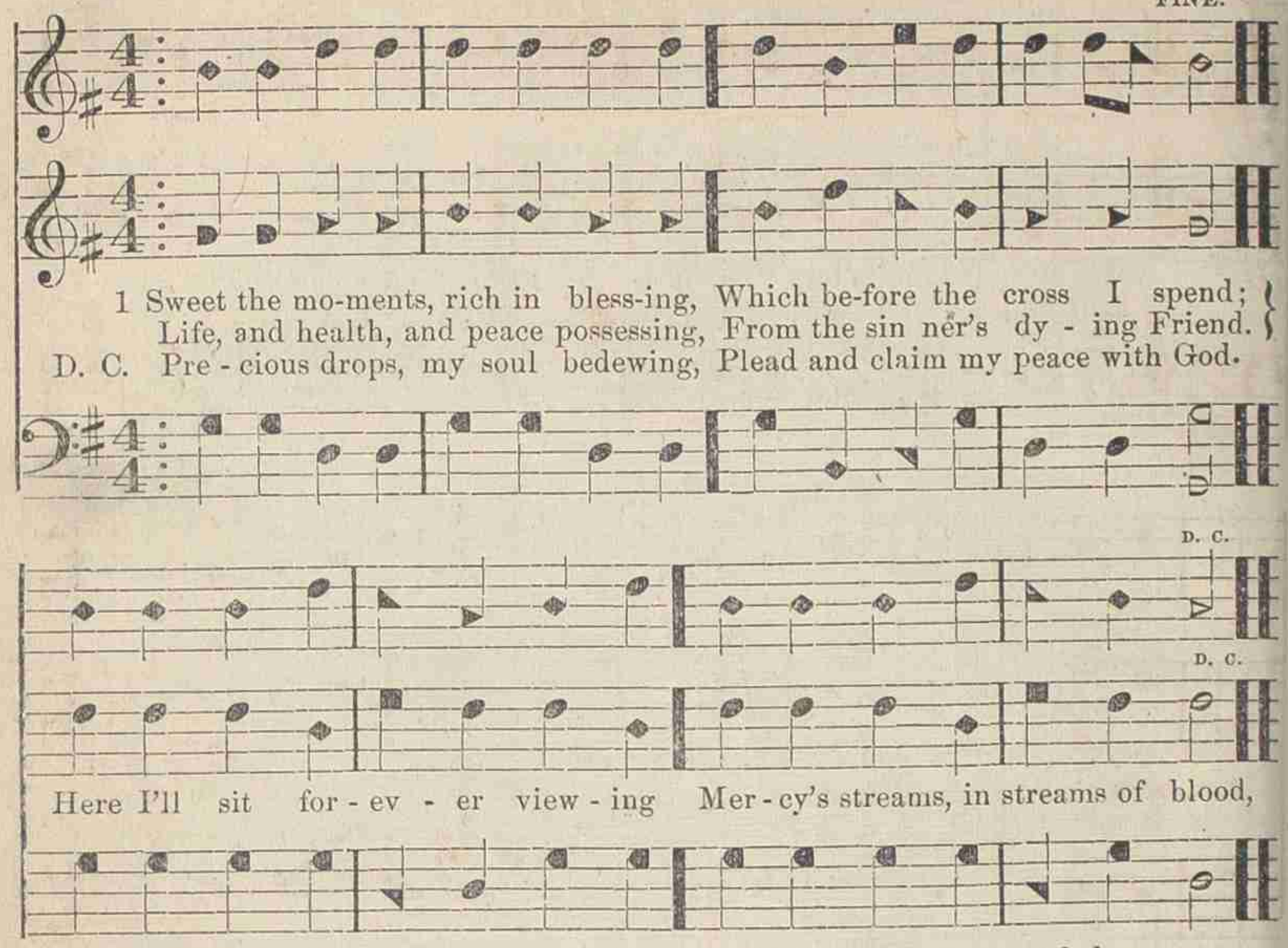
2 On me, as thou art dying,
O, turn thy pitying eye;
To thee for mercy crying,
Before thy cross I lie.
Thine, thine the bitter passion;
Thy pain is all for me;
Mine, mine the deep transgression;
My sins are all on thee.

3 What language can I borrow
To praise, thee, heavenly Friend,
For all this dying sorrow,
Of all my woes the end?
O, can I leave thee ever?
Then do not thou leave me;
Lord, let me never, never
Outlive my love to thee.

4 Be near when I am dying;
Then close beside me stand;
Let me, while faint and sighing,
Lean calmly on thy hand:
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From thee shall never move,
For he who dies believing,
Dies safely—in thy love.

192 *See page* 83.

193 *See page* 87.



3 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his cross to lie;
While I see divine compassion
Floating in his languid eye.

4 Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the cross I gaze;
Love I much? I'm more forgiven—
I'm a miracle of grace.

5 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe,
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

6 May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go:
Prove his wounds each day more healing,
And himself more fully know.

195 *See page* 83.

196 *See page* 87.

197 *See page* 83.

240 *Glorious things are spoken of thee.*

Psalm 87: 3.

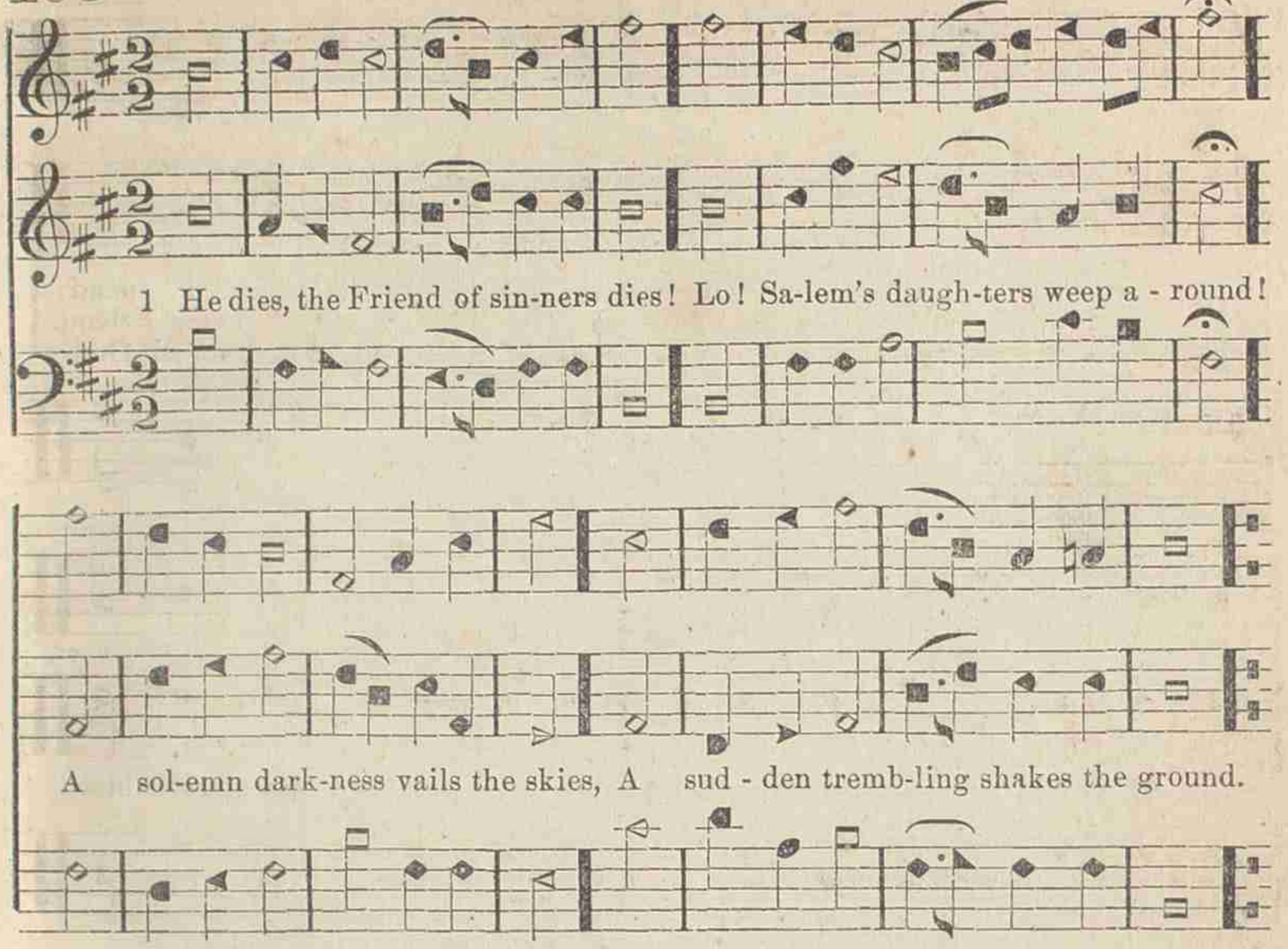
GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
He whose word can not be broken,
Formed thee for his own abode:
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's wall surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

2 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear!
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near:
Thus deriving from their banner
Light by night and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which he gives them when they pray.

3 Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Washed in the Redeemer's blood!
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God!
'T is his love his people raises
Over self to reign as kings:
And as priests, his solemn praises
Each for a thank-offering brings.

4 Savior, if 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 pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show!
Solid joys, and lasting treasure,
None but Zion's children know.

198 SALEM. L. M.



2 A conflict with the powers of hell,
Your Savior did for you sustain;
He nobly fought, but ah! he fell!
Break, heart of flint! the Lamb is slain.

3 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!

4 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!

5 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.

6 Say, "Live for ever, wondrous King!
Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Then ask the monster, "Where's thy sting?
And where's thy victory, boasting Grave?"

199 *See page* 92.

200 *Lift up your heads, ye gates.*
Psalm 24: 7.

OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky.

2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors, give way!

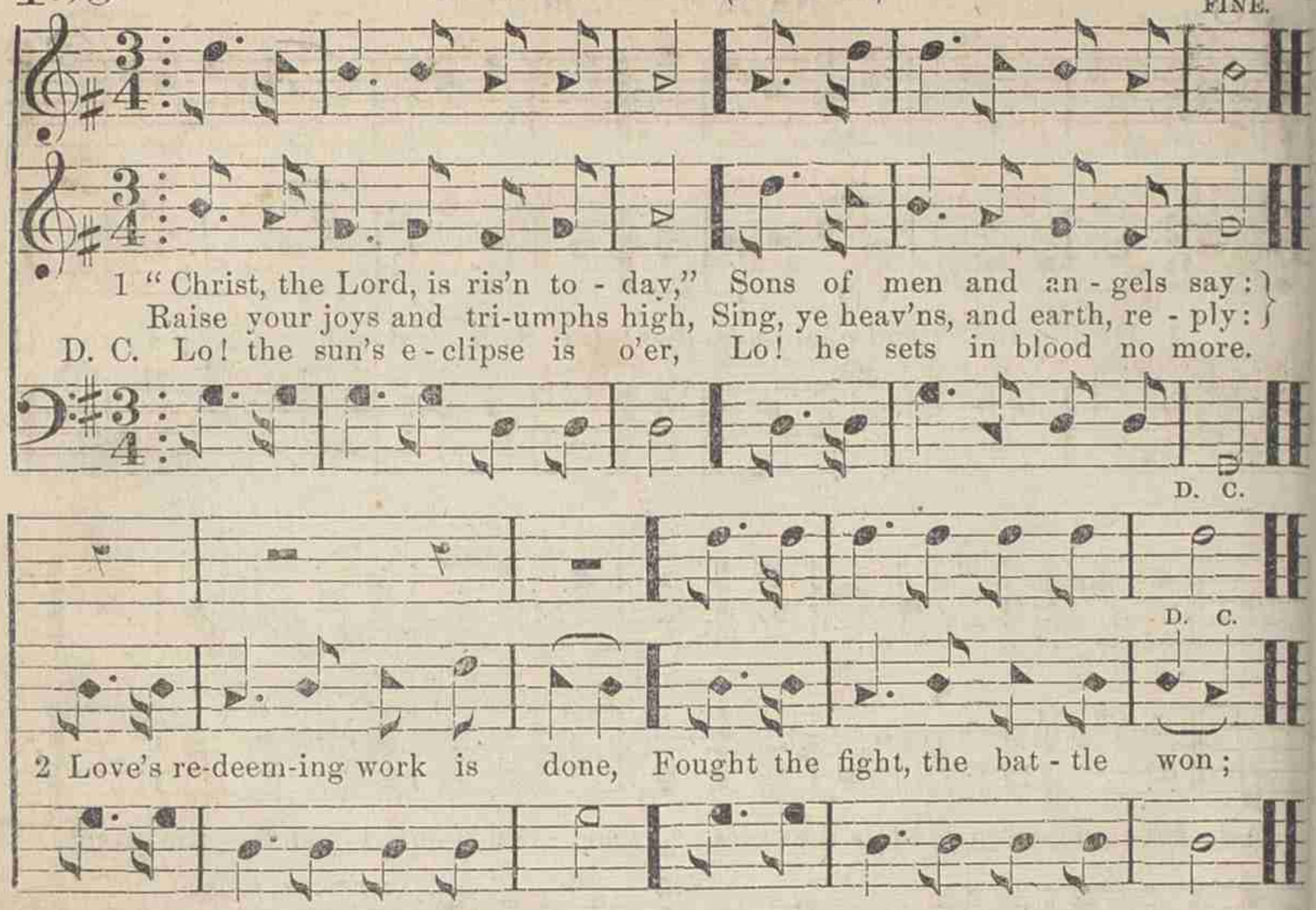
3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene;
He claims those mansions as his right—
Receive the King of glory in!

4 Who is the King of glory?—Who?
The Lord who all his foes o'ercame:
The world, sin, death and hell o'erthrow,
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.

5 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors, give way!

6 Who is the King of glory?—Who?
The Lord, of boundless might possest,
The King of saints and angels too,
Lord over all, for ever blest;

ENNIUS. 7s. (8 LINES.)



3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ has burst the gate of hell;
Death in vain forbids his rise,
Christ hath opened Paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King!
"Where, O death, is now thy sting?"
Once he died our souls to save:
"Where's thy victory, boasting grave?

5 Hail the Lord of earth and heaven!
Praise to thee by both be given!
Thee we greet triumphant now,
Hail! the Resurrection—Thou!

200 *See page* 91.

201 *See page* 85.

202 *See page* 63.

206 *Report of the watchman.* Isa. 21: 11.

WATCHMAN! tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are
Trav'ler! o'er yon mountain's hight,
See that glory-beaming Star.

2 Watchman! does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Trav'ler! yes, it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.

3 Watchman! tell us of the night;
Higher yet that Star ascends?
Trav'ler! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth its course portends.

4 Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Trav'ler! ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

5 Watchman! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn?
Trav'ler! darkness takes its flight;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn,

6 Watchman! let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home:
Trav'ler! lo! the Prince of Peace!
Lo! the Son of God is come!

246 *Admission into church.* Ruth 1: 16.

PEOPLE of the living God,
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort nowhere found.

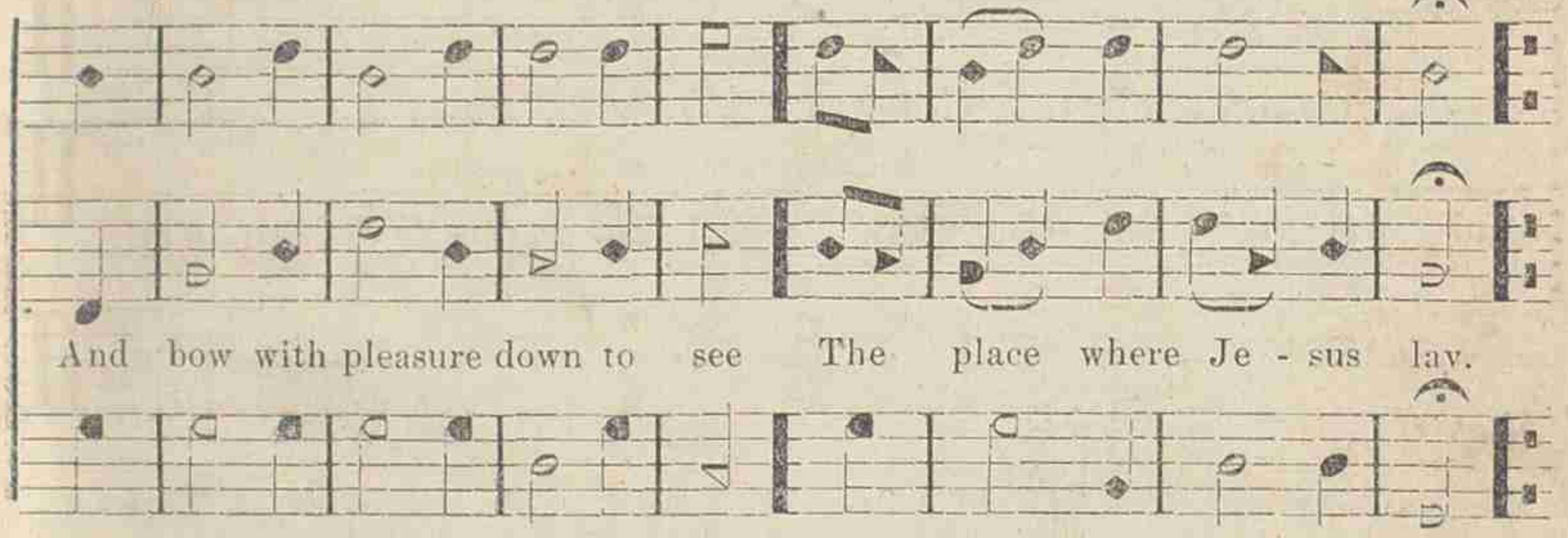
2 Now to you my spirit turns,
Turns a fugitive unblest;
Brethren, where your altar burns,
O receive me into rest!

3 Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave;
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave:

4 Mine the God whom you adore—
Your Redeemer shall be mine;
Earth can fill my soul no more—
Every idol I resign.

203 GIVE. C. M.





2 Thus low the Lord of life was brought;
Such wonders love can do;
Thus cold in death that bosom lay
Which throbbed and bled for you.

3 A moment give a-loose to grief —
Let grateful sorrows rise;
And wash the bloody stains away
With torrents from your eyes.

4 Then dry your tears, and tune your songs,
The Savior lives again;
Not all the bolts and bars of death
The Conq'ror could detain.

5 High o'er th' angelic bands he rears
His once dishonored head;
And, through unnumbered years he reigns,
Who dwelt among the dead.

6 With joy like his shall every saint
His empty tomb survey;
Then rise, with his ascending Lord,
To realms of endless day.

219 *All nations shall flow unto it.*
Isaiah 2: 2.

BEHOLD, the mountain of the Lord,
In latter days, shall rise
Above the mountains and 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 say,
"And to his courts we'll go."

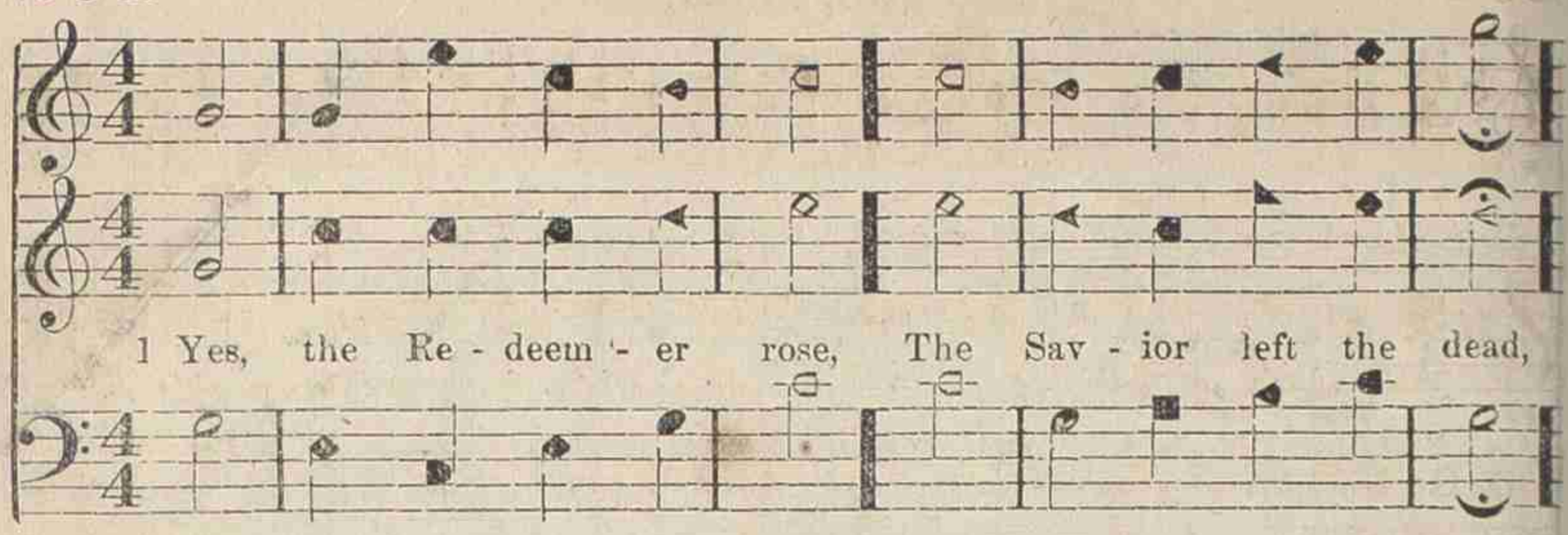
3 The beams that shine on Zion's Hill,
Thall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Zion's towers,
Shall all the world command.

4 Among the nations he shall judge;
His judgments truth shall guide;
His scepter shall protect the just,
And crush the sinner's pride.

5 No war shall rage, no hostile feuds
Disturb those peaceful years:
To plowshares men shall beat their swords,
To pruning hooks their spears.

6 Come, then, O house of Jacob, come,
And worship at his shrine;
And, walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine.

STOW. 6,6,6,6,8,8.



2 Behold, th' angelic bands
In full assembly meet,
To wait his high commands,
And worship at his feet.
Joyful they come,
And wing their way
From realms of day,
To Jesus' tomb.

3 Then back to heaven they fly,
The joyful news to bear;
Hark! as they soar on high,
What music fills the air!
Their anthems say,
"Jesus, who bled,
Hath left the dead:
He rose to-day."

4 Ye mortals, catch the sound—
Redeemed by him from hell—
And send the echo round
The globe on which you dwell;
Transported, cry,
"Jesus, who bled,
Hath left the dead.
No more to die."

205 *See page* 54.

1 Lift your glad voic-es in tri-umph on high, For Je - sus hath
D. C. Loud was the cho - rus of an-gels on high, The Sa - vior hath

2 Glo - ry to God, in full anthems of joy; The be - ing he
D. C. Lift, then, your voic-es in tri - umph on high, For Je - sus hath

FINE.

ris - en, and man shall not die; Vain were the ter-rors that gath-ered a-round him,
ris - en, and man shall not die.

gave us death can not de - stroy; Sad were the life we may part with to - mor-row,
ris - en, and man shall not die.

And short the do - min - ion of death and the grave; He burst from the fet-ters of

If tears were our birth-right, and death were our end; But Je-sus hath cheered the dark

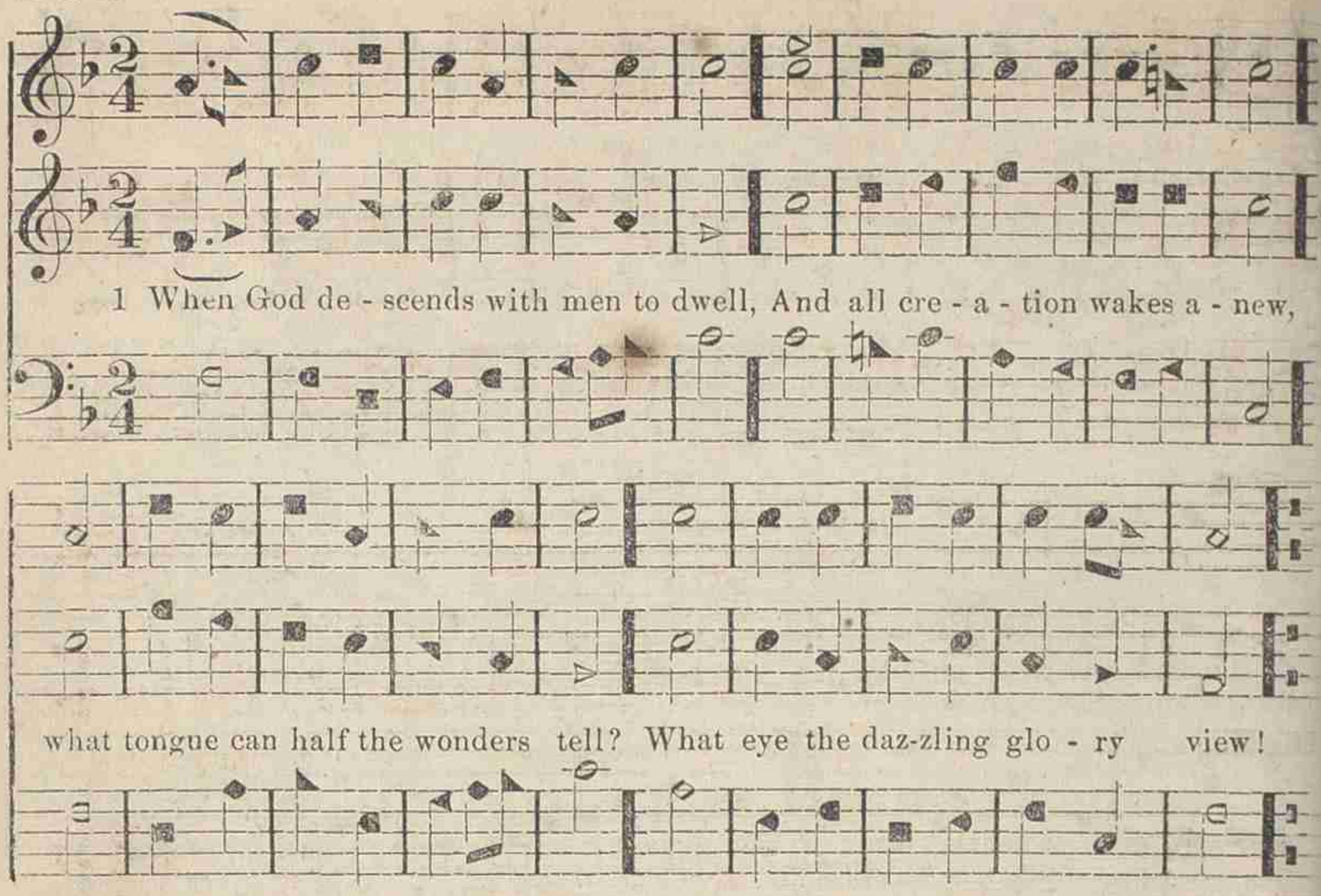
D. C.

darkness that bound him, Re-splend-ent in glo - ry to live and to save:

D. C.

val - ley of sor - row, And bade us, im - mor - tal, to heav - en as - cend:

208 LOTHA. L. M.



2 Zion, the desolate, again
Shall see her lands with roses bloom;
And Carmel's mount, and Sharon's plain,
Shall yield their spices and perfume.

3 Celestial streams shall gently flow;
The wilderness shall joyful be;
Lilies on parched ground shall grow;
And gladness spring on every tree.

4 The weak be strong, the fearful bold,
The deaf shall hear, the dumb shall sing,
The lame shall walk, the blind behold,
And joy through all the earth shall ring.

5 Monarchs and slaves shall meet in love;
Old pride shall die, and meekness reign,
When God descends from worlds above,
And truth and righteousness prevail.

209 *He shall reign for ever and ever.*

Rev. 11; 15.

LET the seventh angel sound on high,
Let shouts be heard thro' all the sky;
Kings of the earth, with glad accord,
Give up your kingdoms to the Lord.

2 Almighty God, thy power assume,
Who wast, and art, and art to come:
Jesus, the Lamb, who once was slain,
For ever live, for ever reign!

3 The angry nations fret and roar,
That they can slay the saints no more;
But now has come the day of God,
To pay the long arrears of blood.

4 Now must the rising dead appear;
Now the decisive sentence hear;
Now the dear martyrs of the Lord
Receive an infinite reward.

210 *The day of the Lord will come.*

THE Lord will come, the earth shall quake,
The hills their fixed 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 Can this be he who wont to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway,
By power oppressed, and mocked by pride?
O God, is this the Crucified?

5 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."

211 BREWER. L. M.





2 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Where he displays his healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more;
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

212 *See page* 98.

215 *The millennium.* Isaiah 11.

LOOK up, ye saints, with sweet surprise,
Toward the joyful, coming day,
When Jesus shall descend the skies,
And form his saints in bright array.

2 Nations shall in a day be born,
And swift, like doves, to Jesus fly;
The church shall know no cloud's return,
Nor sorrows mixing with their joy.

3 The Lion and the Lamb shall feed
Together in his peaceful reign;
And Zion, blest with heavenly bread,
Of pinching wants no more complain.

4 The Jew, the Greek, the bond, the free,
Shall boast their separate rights no more;
But join in sweetest harmony,
Their Lord, their Savior, to adore.

5 Thus, till a thousand years be past,
Shall holiness and peace prevail;
And every knee shall bow to Christ,
And every tongue shall Jesus hail.

216 *The latter day Glory.*

BEHOLD, the heathen waits to know
The joy the gospel will bestow;
The exiled captive to receive,
The freedom Jesus has to give.

2 Come, let us with a grateful heart,
In this blest labor share a part;
Our prayers and offerings gladly bring
To aid the triumphs of our King.

3 Our hearts exult in songs of praise,
That we have seen these latter days,
When our Redeemer shall be known,
Where Satan long hath held his throne.

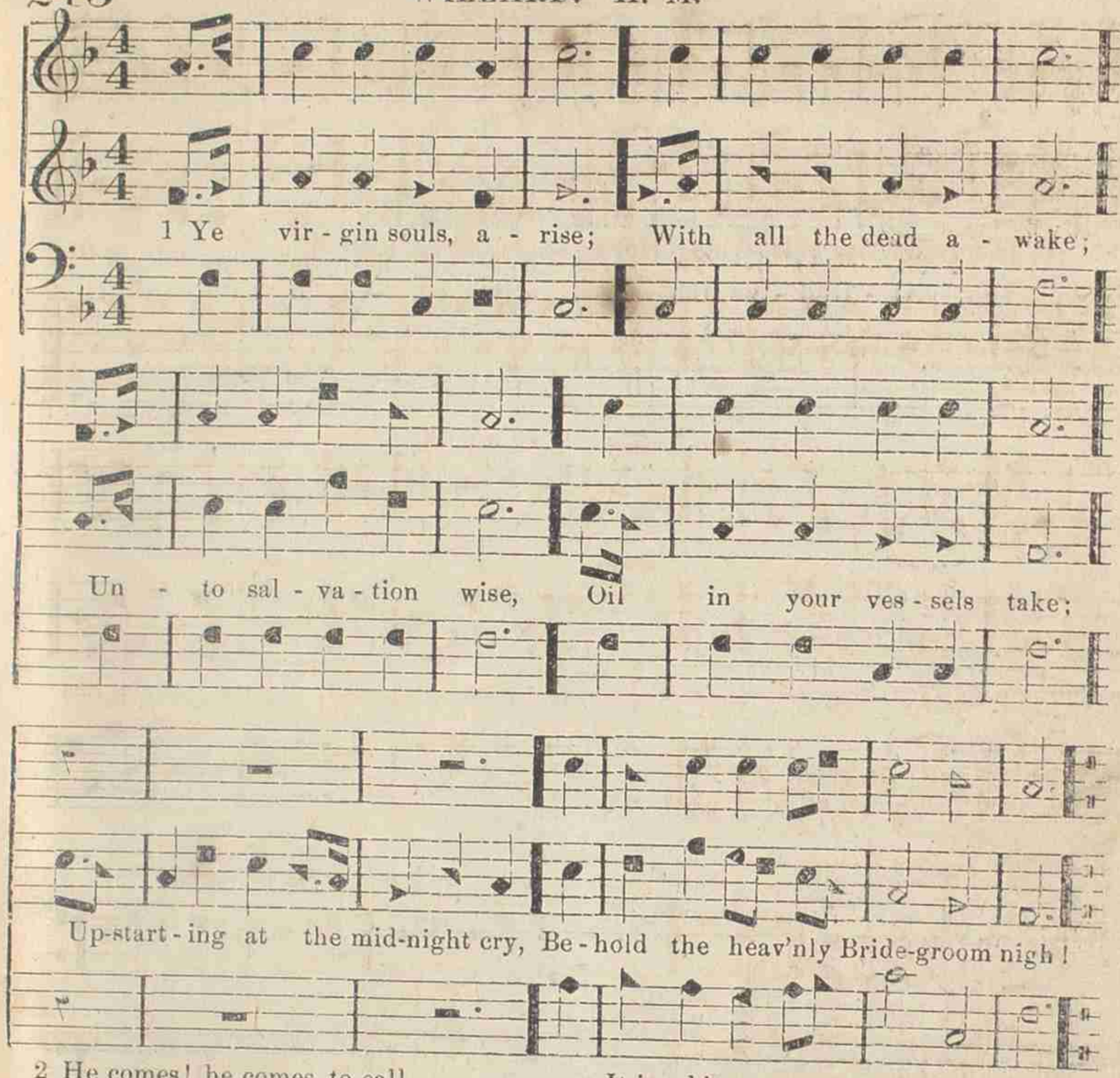
4 Where'er his hand hath spread the skies,
Sweet incense to his name shall rise;
And slave and freeman, Greek and Jew,
By sovereign grace be formed anew.

MOURNER. S. M. (DOUBLE.)



2 Saint after saint on earth
Has liv'd, and lov'd, and died:
And as they left us one by one,
We laid them side by side;
We laid them down to sleep,
But not in hope forlorn;
We laid them but to ripen there,
Till the last glorious morn.
Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!

3 The whole creation groans,
And waits to hear that voice
That shall restore her comeliness,
And make her wastes rejoice.
Come, Lord, and wipe away
The curse, the sin, the stain,
And make this blighted world of ours
Thine own fair world again.
Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!



2 He comes! he comes, to call
The nations to his bar,
And take to glory all
Who meet for glory are:
Make ready for your full reward;
Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.

3 Go, meet him in the sky,
Your everlasting Friend—
Your Head to glorify,
With all his saints ascend:
Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace,
To see, without a vail, his face.

4 Rejoice in glorious hope
Of that great day unknown,
When you shall be caught up
To stand before his throne;
Call'd to partake the marriage feast,
And lean on our Immanuel's breast.

279 *Trials of the ministry.* 2 Cor. 2: 16.

WHAT contradictions meet
In ministers' employ!
It is a bitter sweet,
A sorrow full of joy;
No other post affords a place
For equal honor or disgrace.

2 Who can describe the pain
Which faithful preachers feel,
Constrain'd to speak in vain
To hearts as hard as steel?
Or who can tell the pleasures felt
When stubborn hearts begin to melt?

3 If some small hope appear,
They still are not content;
But with a jealous fear,
They watch for the event:
Too oft they find their hopes deceived;
Then how their inmost souls are griev'd!

4 But when their pains succeed,
And from the tender blade
The ripening ears proceed,
Their toils are overpaid:
No harvest joy can equal theirs,
To find the fruits of all their cares.



2 What a day will that be when the Savior appears!
How welcome to those who have shared in his cross!
A crown incorruptible then will be theirs,
A rich compensation for suffering and loss.

3 What is loss in this world when compared with that day,
To the glory that then will from heaven be revealed?
"The Savior is coming," his people may say:
"The Lord whom we look for, our Sun and our Shield:"

4 O pardon us, Lord, that our love to thy name
Is so faint, with so much our affection to move!
Our deadness should fill us with grief and with shame;
So much to be loved, and so little to love.

215 *See page* 97. 216 *See page* 97.

217 SUNSET. L. M.



2 The glory of the Lord shall rest,
On her assemblies—ever blest;
For Christ, the Holy One of God,
Shall dwell in her, as his abode.

3 There he will place his glorious throne,
And kings his mighty power shall own;
There all the tribes of earth shall meet,
And spread their offerings at his feet,

4 From thence shall living waters flow,
In copious streams to all below;
Dispensing health and life and peace,
Till sin and pain and death shall cease.

3 The vail of darkness rend in twain,
Which hides their Shiloh's glorious light;
The severed olive branch again
Firm to its parent stock unite.

4 Hail, glorious day, expected long!
When Jew and Greek one pray'r shall pour,
With eager feet one temple throng,
With grateful praise one God adore.

218 *See page* 53.

219 *See page* 93.

224 *A prayer for the Jews.* Rom. 10: 1.

DISOWNED of heaven, by men oppressed,
Outcast from Zion's hallowed ground,
Wherefore should Israel's sons, once blessed,
Still roam the scorning world around?

2 Lord, visit thy forsaken race,
Back to thy fold the wanderers bring,
Teach them to seek thy slighted grace,
And hail in Christ their promised King.

236 *The church in trouble.* Rev. 12.

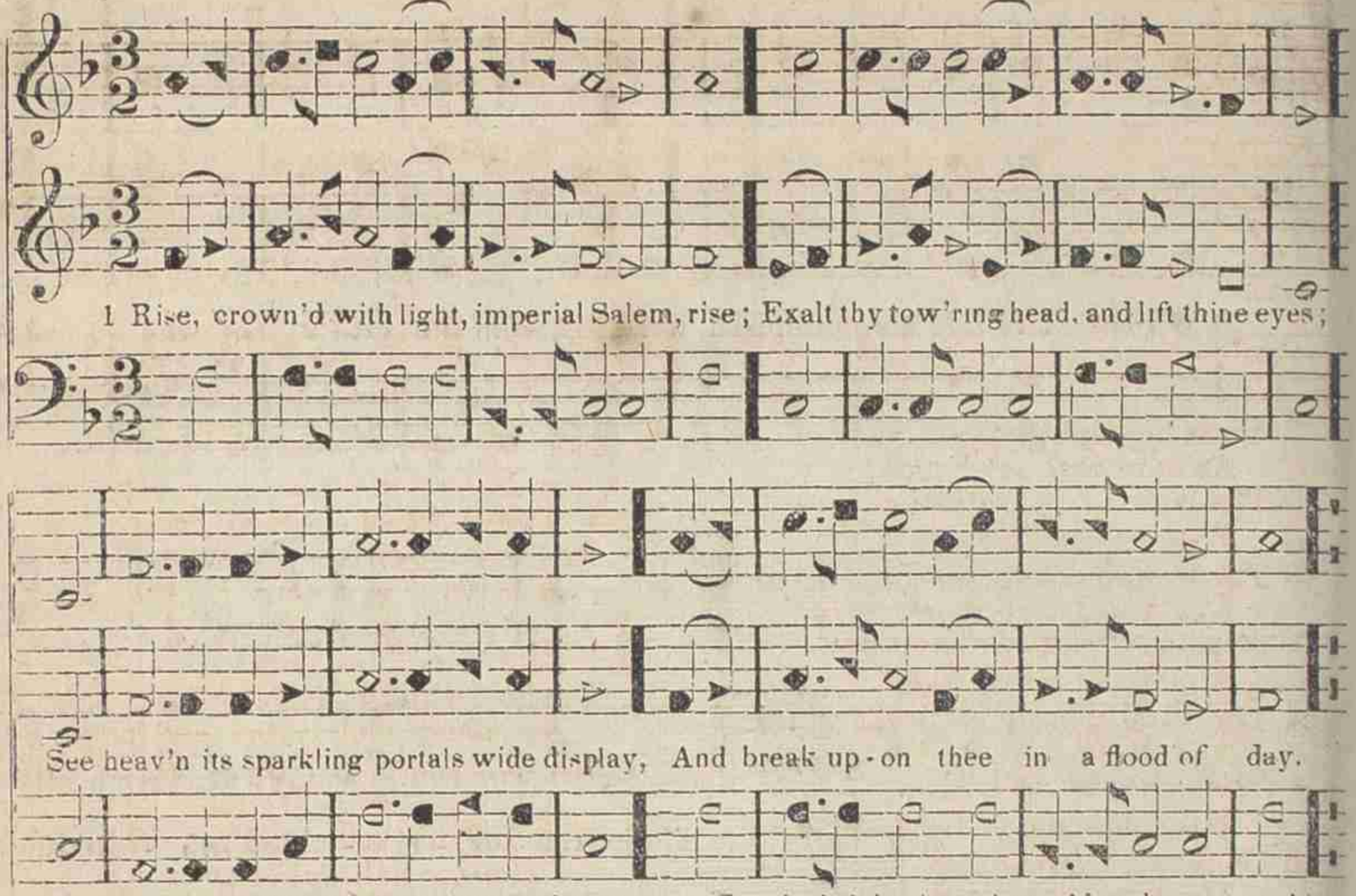
GREAT Shepherd of thine Israel,
Who didst between the cherubs dwell,
And lead the tribes, thy chosen sheep,
Safe through the desert and the deep:

2 Thy church is in the desert now;
Shine from on high, and guide us through;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore—
We shall be saved, and sigh no more.

3 Great God, whom heavenly hosts obey,
How long shall we lament and pray,
And wait in vain thy kind return?
How long shall thy fierce anger burn?

4 Instead of wine and cheerful bread,
Thy saints with their own tears are fed;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore—
We shall be saved, and sigh no more.

220 MELTON. 10s.



221 BINGEN. C. M.



BINGEN—Continued.



2 Until her righteousness return,
As day break after night—
The lamp of her salvation burn
With everlasting light.

3 The Gentiles shall her glory see,
And kings declare her fame;
Appointed unto her shall be
A new and holy name.

4 The watchmen on her walls appear,
And day and night proclaim,
"Zion's Deliverer is near;
Make mention of his name."

5 Go through, go through, prepare the way,
The gates wide open fling;
With loudest voice let heralds say,
"Behold thy coming King."

222 *Israel redeemed.*

HARK! 'tis the prophet of the skies
Proclaims redemption near:
The night of death and bondage flies;
The dawning tints appear.

2 Zion, from deepest shades of gloom,
Awakes to glorious day;
Her desert wastes with verdure bloom,
Her shadows flee away.

3 To heal her wounds, her night dispel,
The heralds cross the main;
On Calvary's mournful brow they tell
That Jesus lives again.

4 From Salem's towers the Islam sign
With holy zeal is hurled;
'Tis there Immanuel's symbols shine;
His banner is unfurled.

5 The gladdening news conveyed afar
Remotest nations hear;
To welcome Judah's rising Star,
The ransomed tribes appear.

6 Again in Bethlehem swells the song;
The choral breaks again;
While Jordan's shores the strain prolong,
"Good-will and piece to men."

223 *The restoration of the Jews.* Ez. 37.

NOR King nor Prince on Judah's throne
For many an age shall reign,
Nor beast upon her altar-stone,
A sacrifice be slain.

2 Pillar and Ephod cast away,
And Teraphim forgot,
Lie hid, while Judah's children stray,
As though such things were not.

3 But days shall come when Israel's feet
A holier path shall tread,
And Judah's crown and hope shall meet
Upon her holiest head.

4 Gathered from far, her tribes shall own
That David's Lord and Son
Should sit a king on David's throne,
Their last, their noblest one.

5 Blow ye the trumpet! let it sound
Till the wide earth shall hear:
Judah her Savior-King hath found,
And Israels Triumph's near.

224 *See page* 101.

225 *Thought on Judgment* Rom. 2: 6.

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

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

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

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

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



2 The glory! the glory! around him are poured
Mighty hosts of the angels that wait on the Lord:
And the glorified saints, and the martyrs are there,
And there, all who the palm-wreathes of victory wear!

3 The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all heard:
Lo! the depths of the stone-covered charnel are stirred!
From the sea, from the earth, from the south, from the north,
All the vast generations of men are come forth.

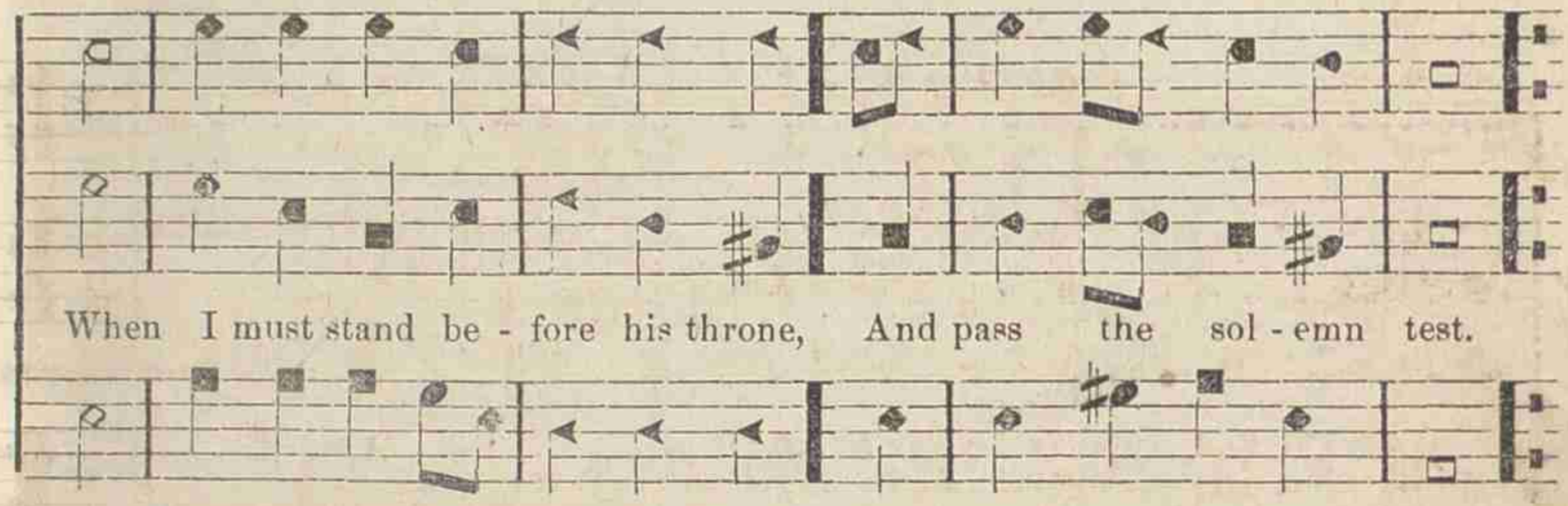
4 The judgment! the judgment! the thrones are all set,
Where the Lamb and the bright-crowned elders are met!
There all flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
And the doom of eternity hangs on his word.

227 FAIRFIELD. C. M.



FAIRFIELD—Continued.





2 Thou lovely Chief of all my joys!
Thou Sovereign of my heart!
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the sound, depart!

3 O wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love.

4 Jesus! I throw my arms around,
And hang upon thy breast;
Without a gracious smile from thee,
My spirit cannot rest.

5 O tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands,
Show me some promise in thy book,
Where my salvation stands.

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.

230 *See page* 106.

231 *He had in his right hand seven stars.* Rev. 1: 16.

OUR Lord hath reached his heavenly seat,
Through sorrow and through scars;
The golden lamps are at his feet,
And in his hand the stars.

2 O God of life, and truth, and grace,
Ere nature was begun!
Make welcome to our erring race
Thy Spirit and thy Son.

3 We hail the church, built high o'er all
The heathens' rage and scoff;
Thy providence its fenced wall.
"The Lamb the light thereof."

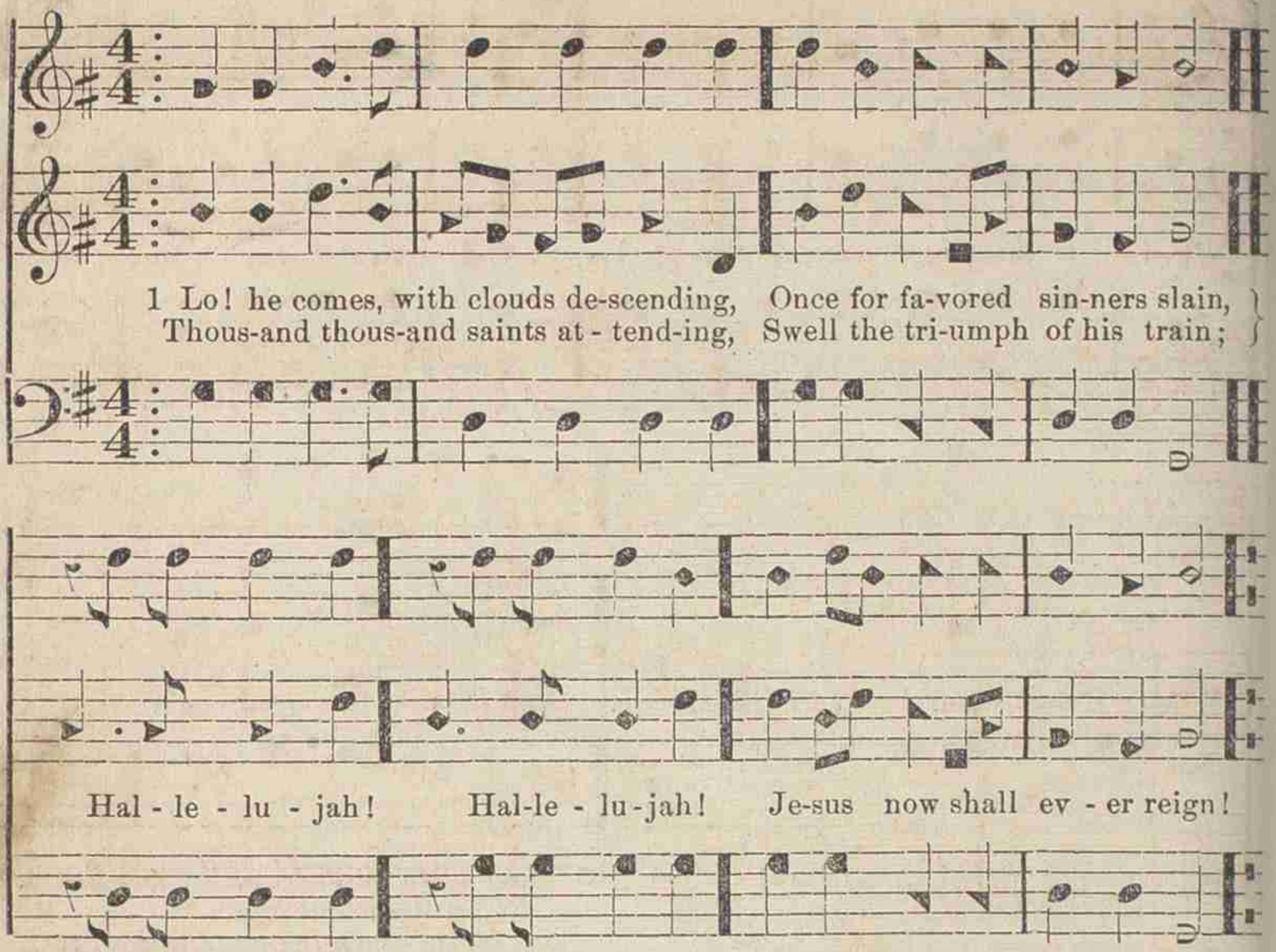
4 O, may he walk among us here,
With his rebuke and love—
A brightness o'er this lower sphere,
A ray from worlds above!

228 *See page* 106.

229 *The sure foundation* Isaiah 28: 16.

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,
Let saints adore the name;
They trust their whole salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer shame.



2 Every eye shall now behold him,
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at nought 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!

5 Lord, thy bride says by the Spirit,
Hasten thou the general doom!
Promised glory to inherit,
Take thy weary pilgrims home!
All creation
Travails, groans, and bids thee come.

6 Yes—Amen! Let all adore thee,
High on thy exalted throne;
Savior, take the power and glory,
Claim the kingdoms for thy own!
O! come quickly!
Hallelujah, come, Lord, come!

229 *See page* 105.

230 *God the defense of the church.*

Psalm 125: 2.

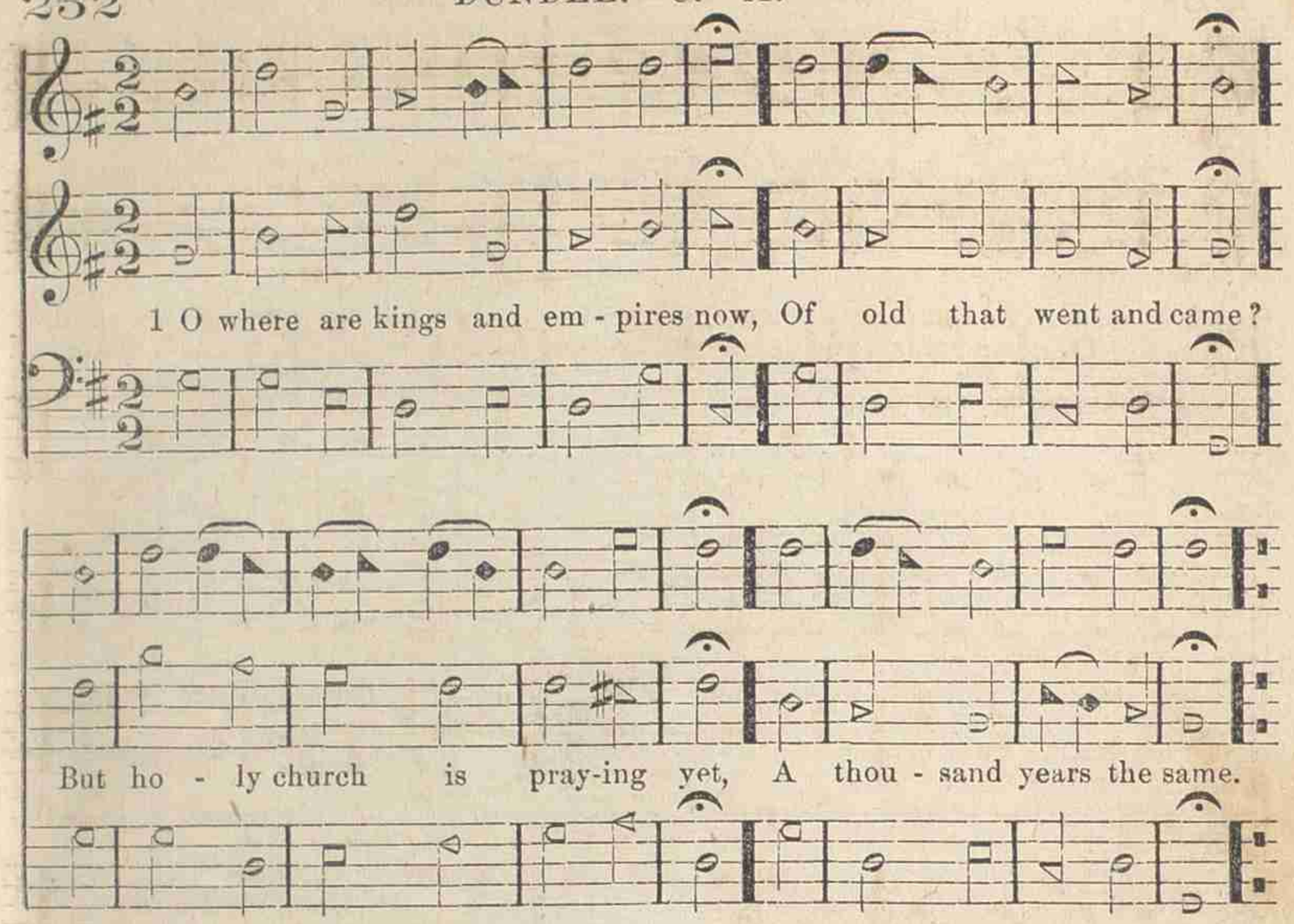
ZION stands with hills surrounded—
Zion, kept by power divine;
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine:
Happy Zion,
What a favored lot is thine!

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

3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
But can never cease to love thee;
Thou art precious in his sight:
God is with thee—
God, thine everlasting light.

231 *See page* 105.

232 DUNDEE. C. M.



2 Mark ye her holy battlements,
And her foundations strong;
And hear within, the solemn voice,
And her unending song.

3 For not like kingdoms of the world,
The holy church of God! [her,
Though earthquake shocks are rocking
And tempests are abroad;

4 Unshaken as eternal hills,
Immovable she stands—
A mountain that shall fill the earth,
A fane unbuilt by hands.

233 *See page* 108.

234 *Fear not, little flock.* Luke 12 : 32.

YE little flock, whom Jesus feeds,
Dismiss your anxious cares;
Look to the Shepherd of your souls,
And smile away your fears.

2 Though wolves and lions prowl around,
His staff is your defense: [voice
'Midst sands and rocks your Shepherd's
Calls streams and pastures thence.

3 Your Father will a kingdom give,
And give it with delight;
His feeblest child his love shall call
To triumph in his sight.

4 Ten thousand praises, Lord, we bring
For sure supports like these:
And o'er the pious dead we sing
Thy living promises.

5 For all we hope, and they enjoy,
We bless a Savior's name;
Nor shall that stroke disturb the song
Which breaks this mortal frame.

235 *Yet will I not forget thee.* Isaiah 49 : 15.

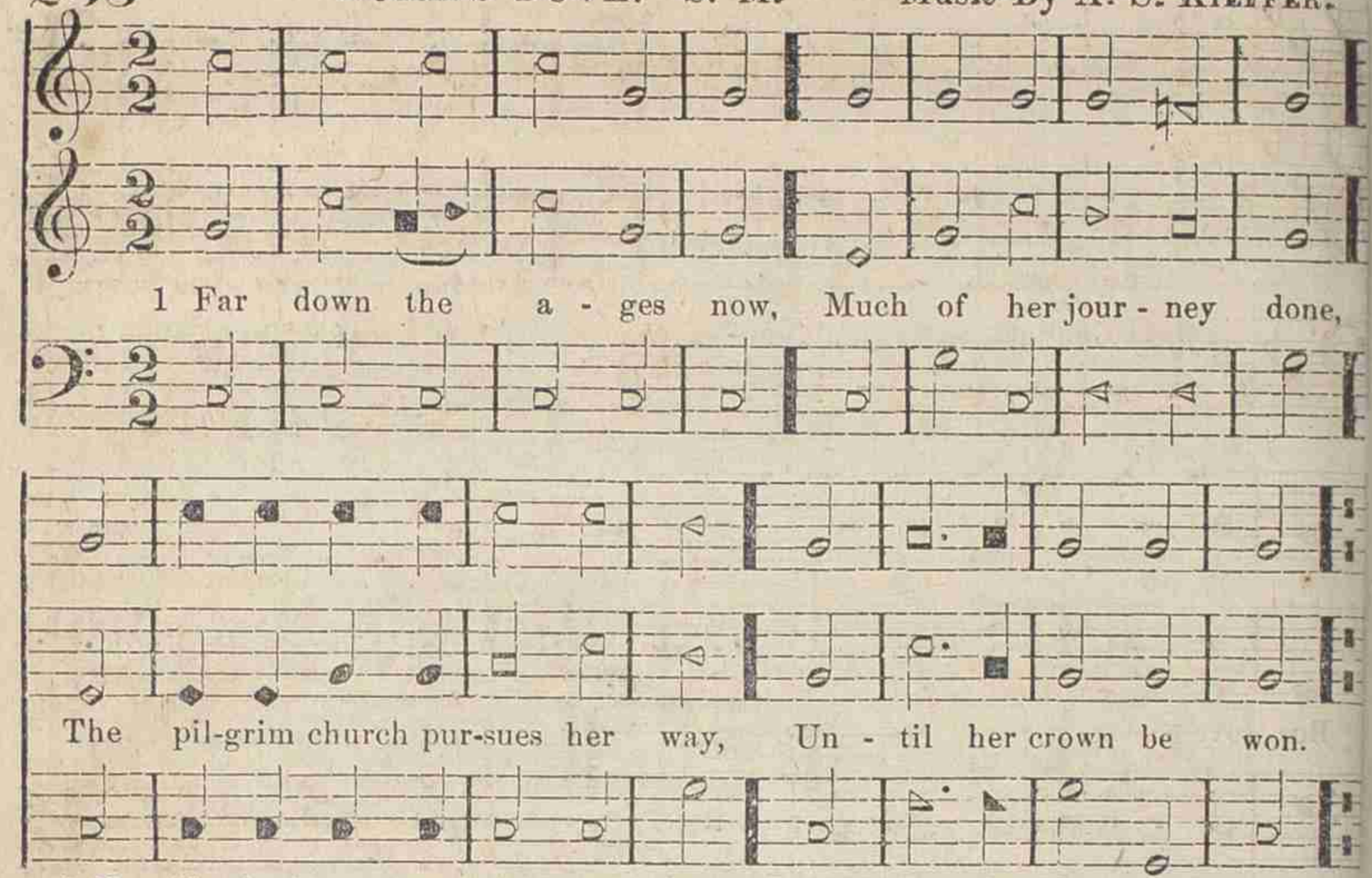
A MOTHER may forgetful be,
For human love is frail;
But thy Creator's love to thee,
O Zion! can not fail.

2 No! thy dear name engraven stands,
In characters of love,
On thy almighty Father's hands,
And never shall remove.

3 Before his ever-watchful eye
Thy mournful state appears;
And every groan, and every sigh,
Divine compassion hears.

4 O Zion! learn to doubt no more,
Be every fear suppressed;
Unchanging truth, and love, and power,
Dwell in thy Savior's breast.

233 NOAH'S DOVE. S. M. Music By A. S. KIEFFER.



2 No wider is the gate,
No broader is the way,
No smoother is the ancient path,
That leads to life and day

3 No sweeter is the cup,
Nor less our lot of ill;
'T was tribulation ages since,
'T is tribulation still.

4 No slacker grows the fight,
No feebler is the foe,
Nor less the need of armor tried,
Of shield, and spear, and bow.

5 Thus onward still we press,
Through evil and through good—
Through pain, and poverty, and want,
Through peril and through blood.

6 Still faithful to our God,
And to our Captain true,
We follow where he leads the way,
The kingdom in our view.

234 & **235** *See page* 107.

236 *See page* 101.

242 *The ark of God.* 1 Peter 3: 21.

LIKE Noah s weary dove,
That soared the earth around,
But not a resting-place above
The cheerless waters found—

2 O cease, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All the wide world to either pole
Has not for thee a home.

3 Behold the Ark of God,
Behold the open door;
Hasten to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

4 There safe thou shalt abide,
There sweet shall be thy rest,
Thy soul shall there be satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

5 And when the waves of ire,
Again the earth shall fill,
The ark shall ride the sea of fire,
Then rest on Zion's hill.

263 *A prayer for a minister.* 1 Thess. 5: 25.

GO with thy servant, Lord,
His every step attend;
All needful help to him afford,
And bless him to the end.

2 Preserve him from all wrong;
Stand thou at his right hand;
And keep him from the slanderous tongue
And persecuting band.

3 May he proclaim aloud
The wonders of thy grace;
And do thou, to the listening crowd,
His feeble labors bless.

4 Farewell, dear laborer, go;
We part with thee in love;
And if we meet no more below,
Oh may we meet above.

237 WIRTH. C. M.



2 Dear Savior, from thy bleeding veins
A living fountain flows,
To wash thy bride from all her stains,
And soothe her deepest woes.

3 Cleansed from her sins, renewed by grace,
Thy royal throne above,
Dear Savior, is her destined place—
Her sweet abode thy love.

4 Thine eye, in that unclouded day,
Shall, with supreme delight,
Thy fair and glorious bride survey,
Unblemished in thy sight.

238 *A figurative representation of the church.* Canticles 6 : 10.

SAY, who is she that looks abroad,
Like the sweet blushing dawn;
When, with her living light, she paints
The dew-drops of the lawn?

2 Fair as the moon, when in the skies
Serene her course she guides,
And o'er the twinkling stars supreme
In full-orbed glory rides;

3 Clear as the sun, when from the east
Without a cloud he springs,
And scatters boundless light and heat
From his resplendent wings;

4 Tremendous as a host that moves
Majestically slow,
With banners wide displayed all armed,
All ardent for the foe;

5 This is the church, by heaven arrayed,
With strength and grace divine;
Thus shall she strike her foes with dread,
And thus her glories shine.

241 *Sinai and Zion* Heb. 12 : 22.

NOT to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire and smoke;
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke;

2 But we are come to Zion's hill,
The city of our God.
Where milder words declare his will,
And spread his love abroad.

3 Behold th' innumerable host
Of angels clothed in light!
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turned to sight!

4 Behold the blest assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heaven!
And God, the Judge of all, declare
Their num'rous sins forgiven.

5 In such society as this
My weary soul would rest!
The man that dwells where Jesus is,
Must be for ever blest.





2 Thy walls are strength, and at thy gates
A guard of heavenly warriors waits;
Nor shall thy deep foundation move,
Fix'd on his counsels and his love.

3 Thy foes in vain designs engage;
Against thy throne in vain they rage
Like rising waves with angry roar,
That break and die upon the shore.

4 Then let our souls in Zion dwell,
Nor fear the wrath of earth and hell,
His arms embrace this happy ground,
Like brazen bulwarks built around.

5 God is our Shield, and God our Sun;
Swift as the fleeting moments run,
On us he sheds new beams of grace,
And we reflect his brightest praise.

240 *See page* 90.

241 *See page* 109.

242 *See page* 108.

243 *The wheat and the tares.*

Matt 13: 24—30.

THOUGH in the earthly church below
The wheat and tares together grow,
Jesus ere long will weed the crop,
And pluck the tares in anger up.

2 Will it relieve their horrors there,
To recollect their stations here?
How much they heard, how much they knew,
How long among the wheat they grew?

3 O! this will aggravate their case!
They perish under means of grace;
To them the word of life and faith
Became an instrument of death.

4 We seem alike when thus we meet—
Strangers might think we all were wheat;
But to the Lord's all-searching eyes
Each heart appears without disguise.

5 But though they grow so tall and strong,
His plan will not require them long;
In harvest, when he saves his own,
The tares shall into hell be thrown.

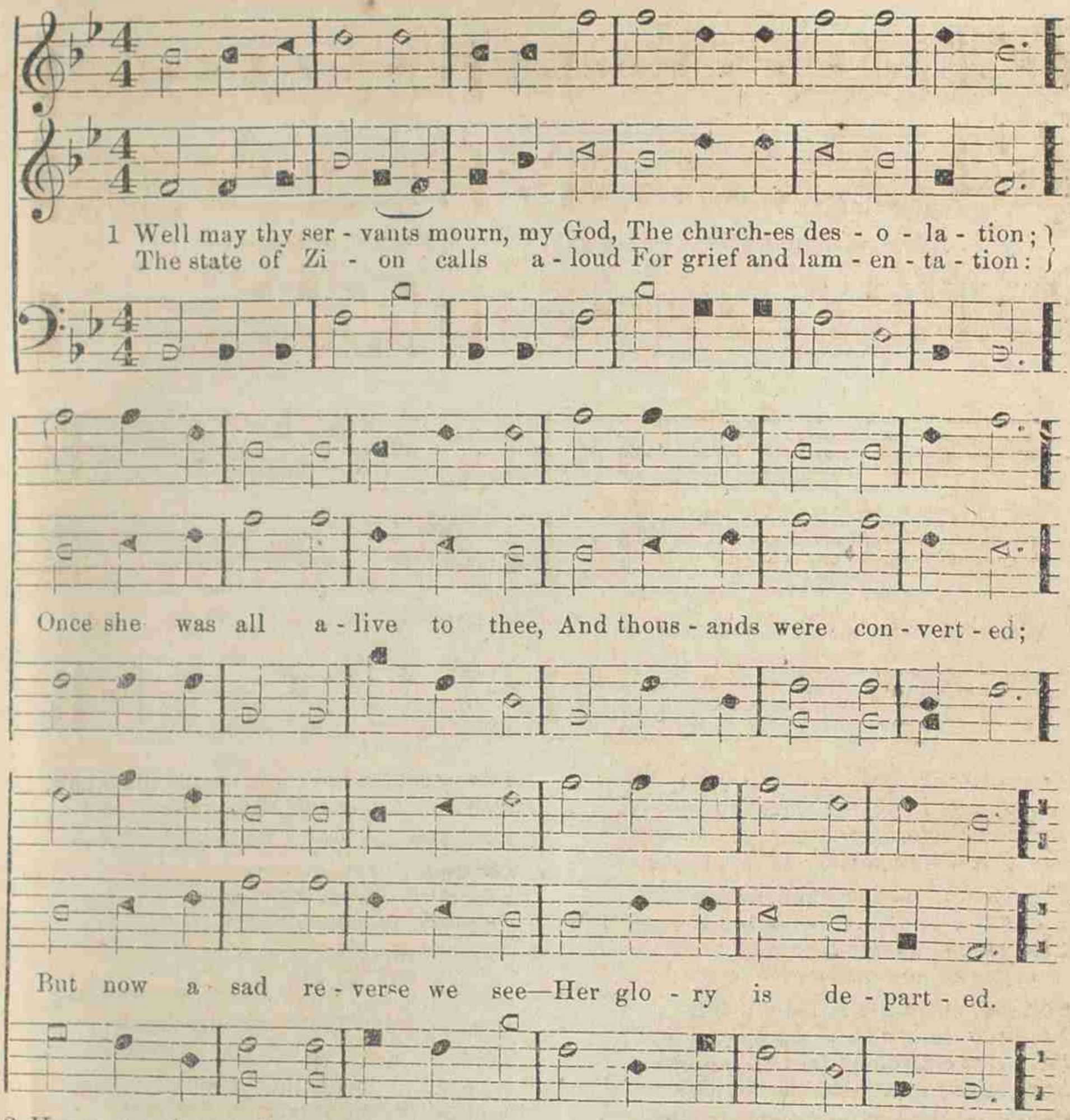
244 *A prayer for a church newly organized.*

LORD, bless thy saints assembled here,
In solemn covenant now to join;
Unite them in thy holy fear,
And in thy love their hearts combine,

2 O give this church a large increase
Of such as thou wilt own and bless;
Lord, fill their hearts with joy and peace,
And clothe them with thy righteousness.

3 Make her a garden walled with grace,
A temple built for God below,
Where thy blest saints may see thy face;
And fruits of thy blessed Spirit grow.

DESOLATION. 8s & 7s. [PECULIAR.]



2 Her pastors love to live at ease;
They covet wealth and honor;
And while they seek such things as these,
They bring reproach upon her.
Such worthless objects they pursue,
Warmly and undiverted;
The church they lead, and ruin, too—
Her glory is departed.

3 Her private members walk no more
As Jesus Christ has taught them:
Riches and fashion they adore—
With these the world has bought them.
The Christian name they still retain,
Absurdly and false-hearted;
And while they in the church remain,
Her glory is departed.

4 And has religion left the church,
Without a trace behind her?
Where shall I go, where shall I search,
That I once more may find her?
Adieu! ye proud, ye light and gay!
I'll seek the broken-hearted,
Who weep when they of Zion say,
Her glory is departed.

5 Some few, like good Elijah, stand,
While thousands have revolted;
In earnest for the heavenly land,
They never yet have halted.
With such religion doth remain,
For they are not perverted;
O! may they all through them regain
The glory that's departed.

245 DIGHTON. L. M.



2 Welcome to Jesus' gentle reign,
Free from the foe's malignant eye;
For God has loosed the tyrant's chain,
And love's soft bands its place supply.

3 But stop—we have not reached our rest;
We're pilgrims through a hostile land;
Oft by the foe we're sorely prest,
And dangers frown on every hand.

4 Yet welcome to our conflict still;
Danger has lost its deadly power;
Immanuel's hand, with wondrous skill,
With victory crowns the final hour.

5 O! welcome, then, to join the war,
And welcome to the Christian's crown,
The crown of life, which shines from far,
But shines for loyal hearts alone.

6 Brethren in Christ! by this new name
Our joyful hearts your coming greet;
Joyful, yet trembling, lest we shame
That cause in which our hearts now meet.

246 *See page* 92.

251 *Christ and his Church.* Psalm 45.

THE King of saints, how fair his face,
Adorned with majesty and grace!
He comes with blessings from above,
And wins the nations to his love.

2 At his right hand our eyes behold
The queen arrayed in purest gold;
The world admires her heavenly dress,
Her robe of joy and righteousness.

3 He forms her beauties like his own;
He calls and seats her near his throne:
Fair stranger, let thine heart forget
The idols of thy native state.

4 So shall the King the more rejoice
In thee, the favorite of his choice;
Let him be loved and yet adored,
For he's thy Maker and thy Lord.

5 O happy hour, when thou shalt rise
To his fair palace in the skies,
And all thy sons (a numerous train)
Each like a prince in glory reign!

252 *The church the birth-place of the saints.* Psalm 87.

GOD in his earthly temple lays
Foundations for his heavenly praise:
He likes the tents of Jacob well,
But still in Zion loves to dwell.

2 His mercy visits every house
That pay their night and morning vows;
But makes a more delightful stay
Where churches meet to praise and pray.

3 What glories were described of old!
What wonders are of Zion told!
Thou city of our God below,
Thy fame shall Tyre and Egypt know

4 Egypt and Tyre, and Greek and Jew,
Shall there begin their lives anew;
Angels and men shall join to sing
The hill where living waters spring.

5 When God makes up his last account
Of natives in his holy mount,
'T will be an honor to appear
As one new-born, or nourish'd there!

256 *Thou hast left thy first love.* Rev. 2: 4.

GOD named Love, whose fount thou art,
Thy crownless church before thee stands,
With too much hating in her heart
And too much striving in her hands.

2 "Love as I loved you"— was the sound
That on thy lips expiring sate!
Sweet words in bitter strivings drown'd!
We hated as the worldly hate.

3 Yet, Lord, thy wronged love fulfill,
Thy church, tho' fallen, before thee stands;
Behold, the voice is Jacob's still,
Albeit the hands are Esau's hands.

4 Hast thou no tears, like those be-spent
Upon thy Zion's ancient part?
No moving looks, like those which sent
Their softness through a traitor's heart?

5 No touching tale of anguish dear,
Whereby like children we may creep,
All trembling, to each other near,
And view each other's face and weep?

6 O, move us—thou hast power to move—
One in the One Belov'd to be;
Teach us the hights and depths of love;
Give thine—that we may love like thee!

257 *The ministry complete.* Eph. 4: 11.

THE Savior when to heaven he rose,
In splendid triumph o'er his foes,
Scattered his gifts on men below,
And still his royal bounties flow.

2 Hence sprang th' apostles' honored name,
Sacred beyond heroic fame:
In humbler forms, before our eyes,
Pastors and teachers hence arise.

3 From Christ they all their gifts derive,
And, fed by Christ, their graces live:
While, guarded by his mighty hand,
'Midst all the rage of hell they stand.

4 So shall the bright succession run
Through all the courses of the sun;
While unborn churches, by their care,
Shall rise and flourish large and fair.

5 Jesus, now teach our hearts to know
The spring whence all these blessings flow;
Pastors and people shout thy praise,
Through the long round of endless days.

260 *Motives to ministerial faithfulness.* Mark. 8: 36.

GO, labor on! spend and be spent,
And strive to do thy Father's will;
It is the way the Master went,
Should not the servant tread it still?

2 Go, labor on, while it is day!—
The long dark night is hast'ning on;
Speed, speed thy work—up from thy sloth;
It is not thus that souls are won.

3 See thousands dying at thy side,
Your brethren, kindred, friends at home;
See millions perishing afar;
Haste, brethren, to the rescue come!

4 Toil on, toil on: thou soon shalt find
For labor, rest; for exile, home: [voice,
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's
The midnight cry, "Behold, I come."

264 *Christians debtors to the heathen.* Rom. 1: 15.

CHRISTIANS, the glorious hope ye know,
Which soothes the heart in every woe;
While heathen, helpless, hopeless, lie—
No ray of glory meets their eye.

2 Christians, ye taste the heavenly grace
Which cheers believers in their race;
Uncheer'd by grace, through heathen gloom,
See millions hast'ning to the tomb.

3 Christians, ye prize the Savior's blood,
In which the soul is cleansed for God;
Millions of souls in darkness dwell,
Uncleans'd from sin—exposed to hell.

4 To distant lands that grace convey
Which trains the soul for endless day;
O strive that heathen soon may view
That precious blood which cleanseth you.

266 *Preach the gospel to every creature.* Mark 16: 15.

"GO preach my gospel," saith the Lord,
Bid the whole world my grace receive;
He shall be saved who trusts my word;
He be condemn'd who do' n't believe.

2 "I'll make your great commission known,
And ye shall prove my gospel true,
By all the works that I have done,
By all the wonders ye shall do.

3 "Teach all the nations my commands—
I'm with you till the world shall end;
All power is trusted in my hands—
I can destroy, and I defend."

4 He spake, and light shone 'round his head;
On a bright cloud to heaven he rode:
They, to the farthest nations, spread
The grace of their ascended God.

BEALOTH. S. M.


1 Far as thy name is known, The world de - clares thy praise;
Thy saints, O Lord, be - fore thy throne Their songs of hon - or raise.
With joy thy peo - ple stand On Zi - on's cho - sen hill,
Pro - claim the won - ders of thy hand, And coun-sels of thy will.

3 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell,
Compass and view thine holy ground,
And mark the building well.

4 The order of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,
And make a fair report.

5 How decent and how wise!
How glorious to behold!
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorned with gold.

6 The God we worship now,
Will guide us till we die;
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the sky.

253 *Attachment to the church.* Psa. 137 : 6.

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

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

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

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

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

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

255 *The church admonished.* Acts 2: 42.

ALL you who have confessed
That Jesus is the Lord,
And to his people joined yourselves,
According to his word:

2 In Zion you must dwell,
Her altar ne'er forsake;
Must come to all her solemn feasts,
Of all her joys partake.

3 She must employ your thoughts,
And your unceasing care;
Her welfare be your constant wish,
And her increase your prayer.

4 With humbleness of mind,
Among her sons rejoice;
A meek and quiet spirit is
With God of highest price.

5 Never offend nor grieve
Your brethren by the way;
But shun the dark abodes of strife,
Like children of the day.

6 In all your Savior's ways,
With willing footsteps move;
Be faithful unto death, and then
You'll reign with him above.

258 *How beautiful are the feet.* Rom. 10: 15.

HOW beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill!
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal.

2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Savior King,
He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

4 How blessed are our eyes
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad:
Let all the nations now behold
Their Savior and their God.

281 *A prayer for an increase of laborers.* Matt. 9: 38.

LORD of the harvest, hear
Thy needy servants' cry;
Answer our faith's effectual prayer,
And all our wants supply.

2 On thee we humbly wait,
Our wants are in thy view;
The harvest, Lord, is truly great,
The laborers are few.

3 Anoint and send forth more
Into thy church abroad;
Thy Spirit on their spirits pour,
And make them strong for God.

4 O let them spread thy name,
Their mission fully prove;
Thy universal grace proclaim,
Thine all-redeeming love.



2 O, that this dry and barren ground,
In springs of water may abound,
A fruitful soil become:
The desert blossoms as the rose,
While Jesus conquers all his foes,
And makes his people one.

3 Come, brethren, you that love the Lord,
Who taste the sweetness of his word,
In Jesus' ways go on;
Our troubles and our trials here,
Will only make us richer there
When we arrive at home.

249 *See page* 110.

4 The glorious time is rolling on,
The gracious work is now begun,
My soul a witness is:
I taste and see the pardon free,
For all mankind as well as me,
Who come to Christ may live.

5 Amen, amen, my soul replies,
I'm bound to meet you in the skies,
And claim my mansion there;
Now here's my heart, and here's my hand,
To meet you in that heav'nly land,
Where we shall part no more.

250 DIVINITY. C. M.



2 Give up ourselves, through Jesus' power,
His name to glorify;
And promise in this sacred hour,
For God to live and die.

3 The covenant we this moment make
Be ever kept in mind!
We will no more our God forsake,
Or cast his words behind.

4 We never will throw off his fear,
Who hear our solemn vow;
And if thou art well pleased to hear,
Come down and meet us now.

5 To teach the covenant blood apply
Which takes our sins away,
And register our names on high,
And keep us to that day.

251 & **252** *See page* 112.

253 & **255** & **258** *See page* 115.

254 *Organizing a church.*

PLANTED in Christ, the living vine,
This day with one accord,
Ourselves, with humble faith and joy,
We yield to thee, O Lord.

2 Joined in one body may we be;
One inward life partake;
One be our heart; one heavenly hope
In every bosom wake.

3 In prayer, in effort, tears, and toils,
One wisdom be our guide;
Taught by one Spirit from above,
In thee may we abide.

4 Complete in us, whom grace hath called,
Thy glorious work begun,
O thou, in whom the church on earth
And church in heaven are one.

5 Then, when, among the saints in light,
Our joyful spirits shine,
Shall anthems of immortal praise,
O Lamb of God, be thine.

256, **257** & **260**, *See page* 113.

259 *They watch for your souls.* Heb 13: 17.

LET Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take th' alarm they give;
Now let them from the mouth of God
Their awful charge receive.

2 'Tis not a cause of small import,
The pastor's care demands;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And filled a Savior's hands.

3 They watch for souls for which the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego;
For souls, which must forever live
In raptures or in woe.

4 May they in Jesus, whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer see;
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee.

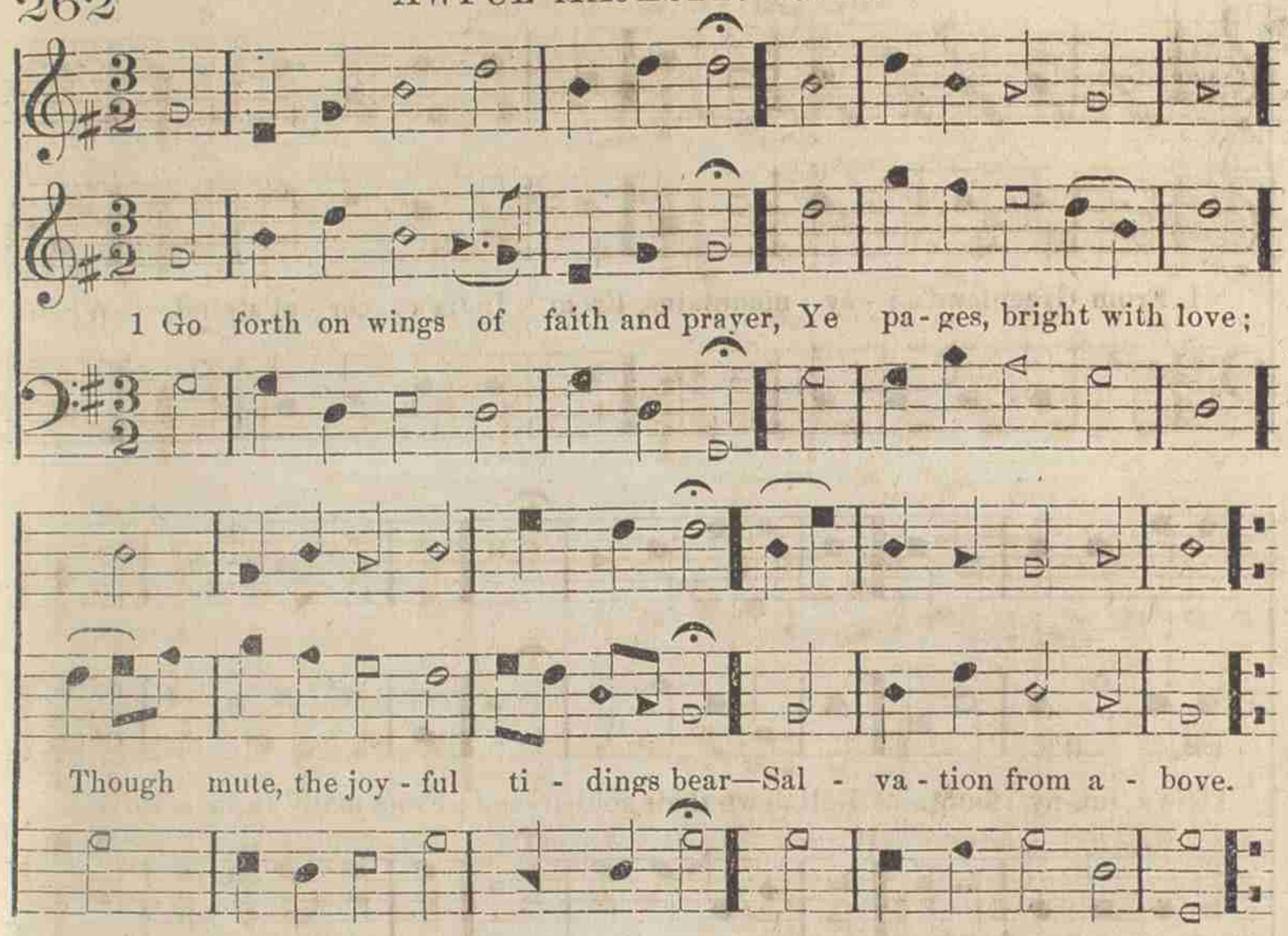


2 Go where the waves are breaking
On California's shore,
Christ's precious gospel taking,
More rich than golden ore;
On Alleghany's mountains,
Through all the Western Vale,
Beside Missouri's fountains,
Rehearse the wondrous tale.

3 Where prairie flowers are blooming,
Plant Sharon's fairer rose;
The farthest wilds illuming,
With light that ever glows;
To each lone forest-ranger,
The Word of Life unseal;
To every exile stranger,
Its saving truths reveal.

4 The love of Christ unfolding,
Speed on from east to west,
Till all, his cross beholding,
In him are fully blest.
Great Author of salvation;
Haste, haste the glorious day,
When we, a ransom'd nation,
Thy scepter shall obey.

262 AWFUL MAJESTY. C. M.



2 Go tell the sinful, careless soul
The warning God has given;
Go make the wounded spirit whole,
With healing balm from heaven.

3 Go to the rude, the dark, the poor,
That live estranged from God:—
Bid them the pearl of price secure,
Bought with a Savior's blood.

4 O Jesus, Friend of dying men,
Thy presence we implore;
Without thy blessing all is vain;
Be with us ever more.

263 *See page* 108.

264 *See page* 113.

277 *A choice for ministers.* Acts 1: 23–26.

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 blessed:
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.

278 *Ordination.* Titus 1: 5.

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 Inflame his mind with ardent zeal,
Thy flock to feed and teach;
And let him live, and let him feel,
The truths he's called to preach.

5 As showers refresh the thirsty plain,
So let his labors prove:
By him extend thy righteous reign—
The reign of truth and love.

265 MORNING LIGHT. 7s & 6s.



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

3 Can we whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of light deny?
Salvation, O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

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

266 *See page* 113.

267 BERLIN. L. M.



2 Awed by a mortal's frown, shall I
Conceal the word of God Most High?
How then before thee shall I dare
To stand, or how thine anger bear?

3 Shall I, to soothe th' unholy throng
Soften thy truth, or smoothe my tongue,
To gain earth's gilded toys—or flee
The cross, endur'd, my Lord, by thee?

4 What then is he whose scorn I dread?
Whose wrath or hate makes me afraid!
A man! an heir of death! a slave
To sin! a bubble on the wave!

5 Yea, let men rage; since thou wilt spread
Thy shadowing wings around my head:
Since in all pain thy tender love
Will still my sure refreshment prove.

6 Give me thy strength, O God of power,
Then let winds blow, or thunders roar,
Thy faithful witness will I be;
'Tis fix'd! I can do all through thee.

272 *Comfort and encouragement.*
Isaiah 40: 1.

COMFORT, ye ministers of grace,
Comfort the people of your Lord;
O, lift ye up the fallen race,
And cheer them by the gospel word.

2 Go into ev'ry nation, go,
Speak to their trembling hearts, and cry,
Glad tidings unto all we show;
Jerusalem, thy God is nigh.

3 The Lord your God shall quickly come;
Sinners, repent; the call obey;
Open your hearts to make him room;
Ye desert souls, prepare his way.

4 The Lord shall clear his way through all;
Whate'er obstructs, obstructs in vain;
The vale shall rise, the mountain fall,
Crooked be straight, and rugged plain.

5 The glory of the Lord, displayed,
Shall all mankind together view,
And what his mouth in truth hath said,
His own almighty hand shall do.

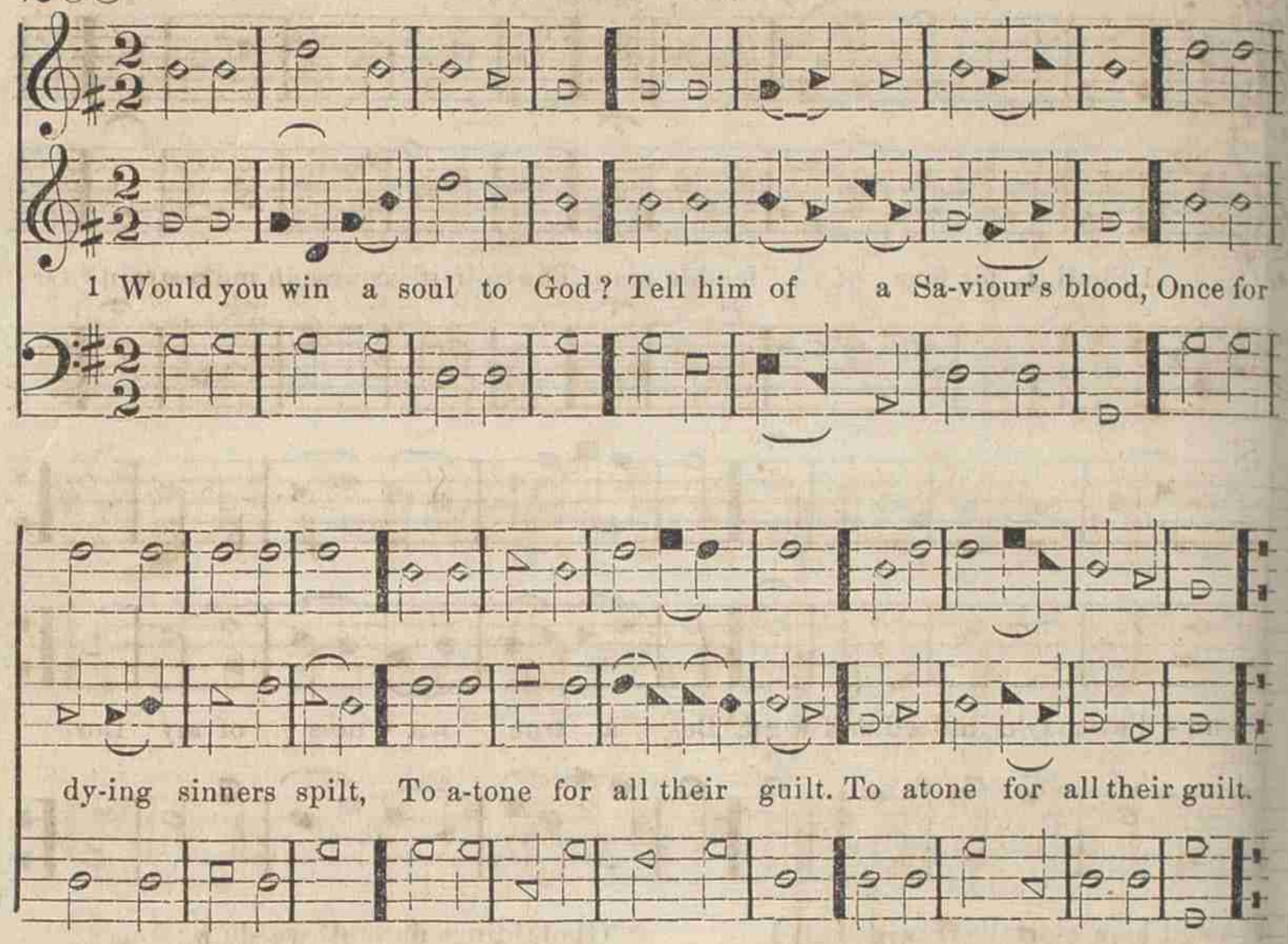
283 *A prayer for union in council.*

INDULGENT God of love and pow'r,
Be with us at this place and hour!
Smile on our souls; our plans approve,
By which we seek to spread thy love.

2 Let each discordant thought be gon
And love unite our hearts in one:
Let all we have and are combine
To foward objects so divine.

3 O, may we feel the worth of souls,
Be men of God, whom grace controls,
Fight the good fight, and win the crown,
And by our Father's side sit down.

268 HENDON. 4 lines 7s.



2 Tell him, how the streams did glide
From his hands, his feet, his side;
How his head with thorns was crown'd,
And his heart in sorrow drown'd;

3 How he yielded up his breath;
How he agonized in death;
How he lives to intercede—
Christ, our Advocate and Head.

4 Tell him of that liberty
Wherewith Jesus makes us free;
Sweetly speak of sins forgiven—
Earnest of the joys of heaven.

335 *The danger of delay.*

HASTEN, sinner, to be wise!
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Wisdom if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.

2 Hasten, mercy to implore!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er
Ere this evening's stage be run.

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

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

485 *Be clothed with humility.* 1 Pet. 5:5.

LORD, for ever at thy side
Let my place and portion be;
Strip me of the robe of pride;
Clothe me with humility.

2 Meekly may my soul receive
All thy Spirit hath revealed;
Thou hast spoken; I believe,
Though the oracle be sealed.

3 Humble as a little child,
Weaned from the mother's breast,
By no subtleties beguiled,
On thy faithful word I rest.

4 Israel, now and evermore
In the Lord, Jehovah, trust;
Him in all his ways adore,
Wise, and powerful, and just.

269 GOSPEL BANNER. 8s & 7s.



2 Where the Arctic ocean thunders,
Where the tropics fiercely glow,
Broadly spread its page of wonders,
Brightly bid its radiance flow;
India marks its luster stealing;
Shivering Greenland loves its rays,
Afric, 'mid her deserts kneeling,
Lifts the untaught strain of praise.

3 Rude in speech, or wild in feature,
Dark in spirit, though they be,
Show that light to every creature—
Prince or vassal, bond or free:
Lo! they haste to every nation;
Host on host the ranks supply:
Onward! Christ is your salvation,
And your death is victory.

271 *They spake the word of God, etc.*
Acts 4: 31.

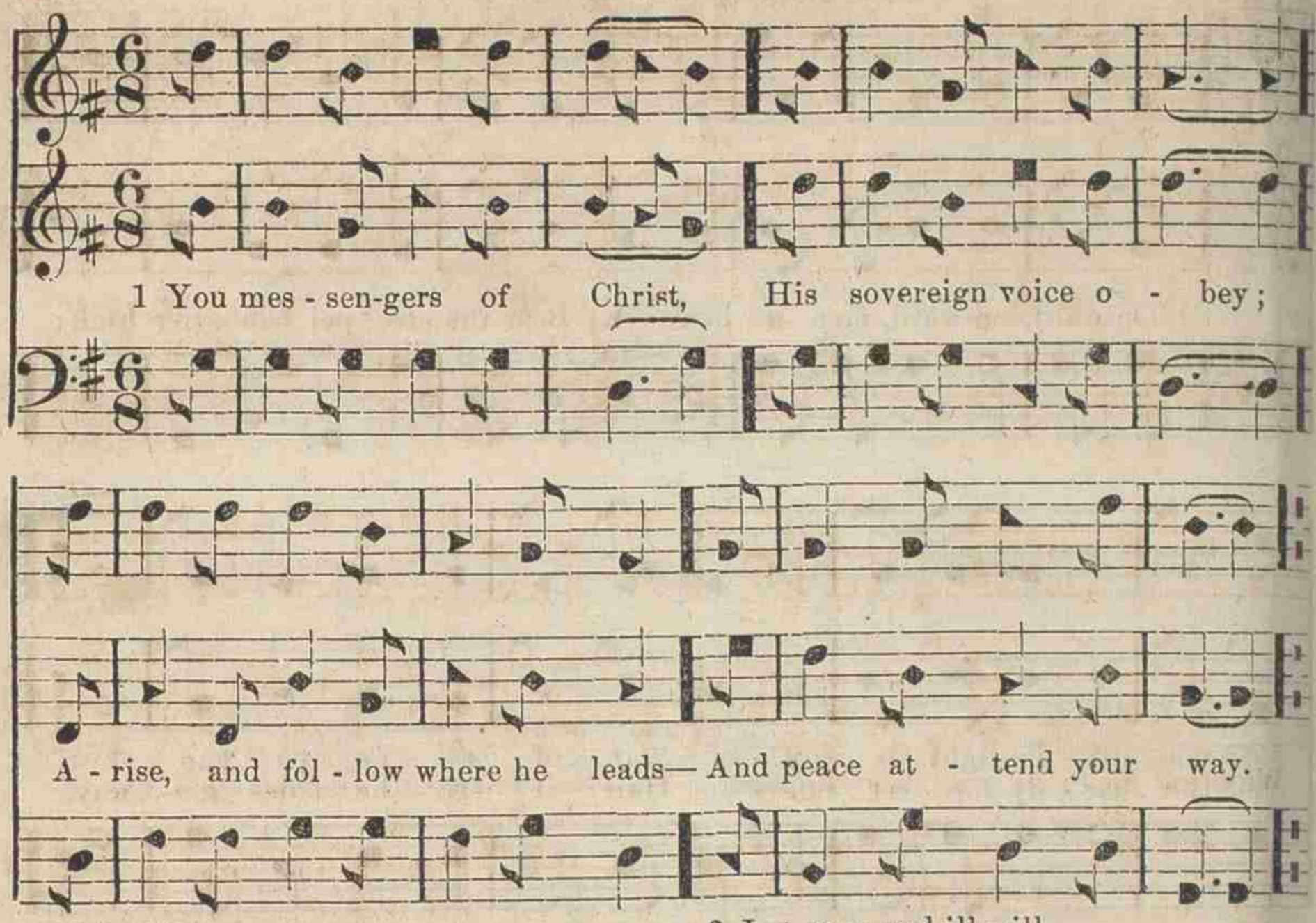
BOLD in speech, and bold in action,
Be for ever! Time will test,
Of the free-souled and the slavish,
Which fulfills life's mission best.

2 Be thou like the noble ancients—
Scorn the threat that bids thee fear;
Speak! no matter what betide thee;
Let them strike, but make them hear!

3 Be thou like the great apostle—
Be thou like heroic Paul;
If a true thought seek expression,
Speak it boldly! speak it all!

4 Face thy foes and thy accusers;
Scorn the prison, rack or rod!
And if thou hast truth to utter,
Speak! and leave the rest to God!

270 GREVILLE. S. M.



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 must 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 num'rous race.

5 We wish you in his name
The most divine success;
Assured that he who sends you forth
Will your endeavors bless.

271 *See page* 123.

272 *See page* 121.

316 *"Ye are all one in Christ Jesus."* Gal. 3 : 28.

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

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

3 Let envy and ill-will
Be banished far away:
Those should in strictest friendship dwell
Who the same Lord obey.

4 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above;
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
And ev'ry heart is love.

353 *The pool of Bethesda.* John 5 : 2.

BESIDE the gospel pool,
Appointed for the poor,
From year to year my longing soul
Has waited for a cure.

2 How often have I seen
The healing waters move,
And others round me stepping in
Their efficacy prove.

3 But I do still remain—
I feel the very same;
As full of guilt, and fear, and shame,
As when at first I came.

4 How often have I thought,
Why should I longer lie?
Surly the mercy I have sought
Is not for such as I?

5 But whither shall I go?
There is no other pool,
Where streams of sov'reign virtue flow,
Who make a sinner whole.

273 AMERICAN CHANT. L. M.



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 truths reveal;
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.

4 Teach them to sow the precious seed;
Teach them thy chosen flock to feed;
Teach them immortal souls to gain,
And thus reward their toil and pain.

5 Let thronging multitudes around
Hear from their lips the joyful sound,
In humble strains thy grace implore,
And feel thy Spirit's living power.

276 *A choice for deacons.* Acts 6: 3.

O ZION'S King, we suppliant bow,
And hail the grace thy church enjoys;
Her holy officers are thine,
With all the gifts thy love employs.

2 Up to thy throne we lift our eyes,
For blessings to attend our choice,
Of such whose generous prudent zeal
Shall make thy favored ways rejoice.

3 When pastors, saints, and poor they serve,
May their own hearts with grace be crown'd
While patience, sympathy and joy
Adorn, and through their lives abound.

4 By purest love to Christ and truth,
O may they win a good degree
Of boldness in the Christian faith,
And meet the smile of thine and thee.

5 And when the work to them assigned,
The work of love, is fully done,
Call them from serving tables here,
To sit around thy glorious throne.

280 *A prayer for the ordained.*

O THOU, who on thy chosen Son
Didst send thy Spirit like a dove,
To mark the long-expected One,
And seal the Messenger of love;

2 And when the heralds of his name
Went forth, his glorious truth to spread,
Didst send it down in tongues of flame
To hallow each devoted head;

3 So, Lord, thy servant now inspire
With holy unction from above:
Give him the tongue of living fire,
Give him the temper of the dove.

4 Lord, hear thy suppliant church to-day
Accept our work, our souls possess;
'Tis ours to labor, watch and pray;
Be thine to cheer, sustain and bless.



2 See the royal banner flying,
Hear the heralds loudly crying,
"Rebel sinners, royal favor
Now is offered by the Savior."

3 Here is wine, and milk, and honey,
Come and purchase without money,
Mercy like a flowing fountain,
Streaming like thy holy mountain.

4 Shout you tongues of every nation,
To the bounds of the creation;
Shout the praise of Judah's Lion,
The Almighty King of Zion.

5 Shout, O saints! make joyful mention,
Christ has purchased our redemption;
Angels, shout the joyful story,
Through the brighter worlds of glory.

275 *See Index.*
276 " *Page* 125.
277 " " 119.
278 " " 119.
279 " " 99.
280 " " 125.
281 " " 115.

282 AUGUSTA. C. M.





2 With harmony thy servants bless,
That we may own to thee
How good, how sweet, how pleasant 'tis,
When brethren all agree.

3 May Zion's good be kept in view,
And bless our feeble aim,
That all we undertake to do,
May glorify thy name.

283 *See page* 121.

284 *His commandments are not grievous.* 1 John 5: 3.

IT is a very pleasant thing
To follow Christ our Lord:
And thus obey our heavenly King,
According to his word.

2 Down to the water-side we go,
By Christ's example led;
Into the same we come also,
As did our glorious Head.

3 Saviour, we bless thy wondrous name,
For thy example bright;
We love to imitate the same,
As thou dost us invite.

4 We are baptized as Jesus was,
His easy yoke we bear;
And we are thus batiz'd, because
That we his subjects are.

5 Lord, may we to thy glory live?
Teach us thy heavenly ways;
To us thy Holy Spirit give,
And we thy name will praise.

6 As we thy sacred name profess,
May we our moments spend
In ways of truth and righteousness,
Until our lives shall end.

285 *Hinder me not.* Gen. 21: 56.

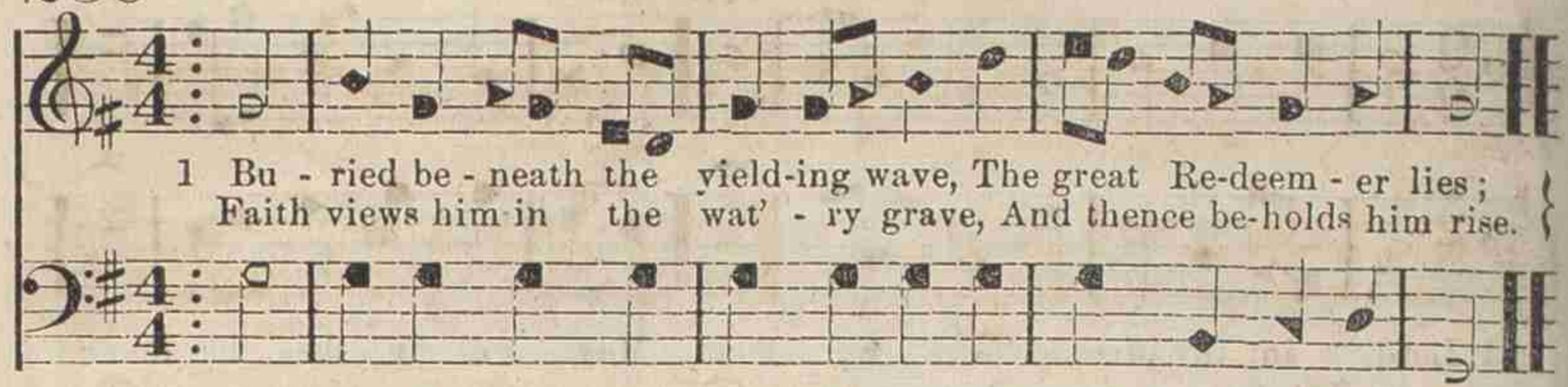
IN all my Lord's appointed ways,
My journey I'll pursue;
Hinder me not, you much loved saints,
For I must go with you.

2 Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
I'll follow where he goes;
Hinder me not, shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.

3 Through trials and through suff'rings too,
I'll go at his command:
Hinder me not, for I am bound
To my Immanuel's land.

4 And when my Savior calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be—
Hinder me not—come, welcome death—
I'll gladly go with thee.

286 GOSPEL WAY. C. M.





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 His presence oft revives our hearts,
And drives our fears away;
When he commands, and strength imparts,
We cheerfully obey.

289 *The emblematic dove.* Matt. 3: 16.

MEEKLY in Jordan's holy stream
The great Redeemer bow'd;
Bright was the glory's sacred beam
That hush'd the wond'ring crowd.

2 Thus God descended to approve
The deed that Christ had done;
Thus came the emblematic Dove,
And hovered o'er the Son.

3 So, blessed Spirit, come to-day
To our baptismal scene:
Let thoughts of earth be far away.
And ev'ry mind serene.

4 This day we give to holy joy;
This day to heaven belongs:
Raised to new life, we will employ
In melody our tongues.

290 *I am not ashamed of the gospel.* Rom. 1: 16.

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

2 Jesus, my 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 h s throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.

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

291 *Before baptism.* Luke 15: 10.

IF glorious angels do rejoice,
When sinners turn to God,
Let us unite with cheerful voice,
To spread his praise abroad.

2 When Jesus unto Jordan came,
And was baptized of John,
A voice from heaven did proclaim,
'Tis my beloved Son.

3 His ministers he sent about,
To preach the word of grace,
And to baptize the world throughout,
Who should his truth embrace.

4 Lord, we have here before our eyes,
Some that have set their hand
To serve thee and to be baptized,
As thou didst give command.

5 Glory to God, who reigns above,
For his abounding grace,
In this the token of his love,
To us a guilty race.

6 Let us employ our tongues to sing,
The praises of the Lord,
For calling sinners home to him,
By his all-powerful word.

294 *A prayer for the baptized.*

LET plenteous grace descend on those
Who, hoping in thy word,
This day have solemnly declared
That Jesus is their Lord.

2 With cheerful feet may they advance,
And run the Christian race,
And, through the troubles of the way,
Find all-sufficient grace.

3 Lord, plant us all into thy death,
That we thy life may prove—
Partakers of thy cross beneath,
And of thy crown above.

296 *Desiring an entire cleansing.* John 13: 9.

FOR ever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side;
This all my hope, and all my plea,
For me the Savior died.

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

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

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

297 *"Who went about doing good."* Acts. 10: 38.

BEHOLD, where in a mortal form
Appears each grace divine;
The virtues, all in Jesus met,
With mildest radiance shine.

2 To spread the rays of heav'nly light,
To give the mourner joy;
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was his divine employ.

3 Lowly in heart, to all his friends
A friend and servant found;
He wash'd their feet, he wiped their tears,
And healed each bleeding wound.

4 'Midst keen reproach and cruel scorn,
Patient and meek he stood;
His foes, ungrateful, sought his life;
He labored for their good.

5 Be Christ our pattern and our guide!
His image may we bear!
O may we tread his holy steps,
His joy and glory share!

301 *Love is the fulfilling of the law.* Rom. 13: 10.

YE foll'wers of the Prince of Peace,
Who round his table draw,
Remember what his spirit was,
What his peculiar law.

2 The love which all his bosom fill'd
Did all his actions guide;
Inspired by love, he lived and taught;
Inspired by love, he died.

3 Let each the sacred law fulfill;
Like his be ev'ry mind;
Be ev'ry temper form'd by love,
And every action kind.

4 Let none who call themselves his friends
Disgrace the honor'd name,
But by a near resemblance prove
The title which they claim.

302 *The feast of charity.* Jude 12 v.

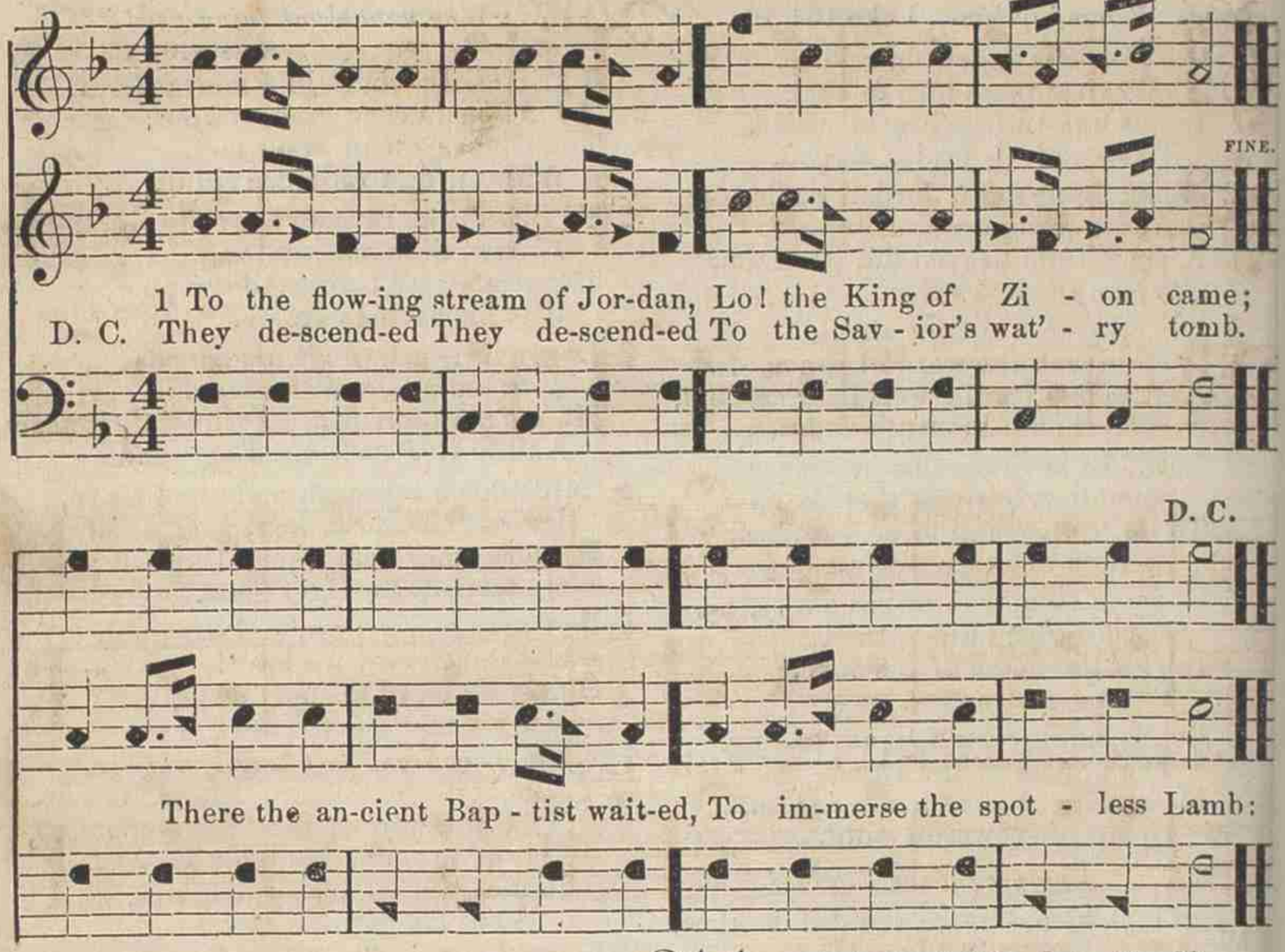
IN mem'ry of the Savior's love,
We keep the sacred feast,
Where ev'ry humble, contrite heart,
Is made a welcome guest.

2 Here let our ransom'd pow'rs unite
His honor'd name to raise;
Let grateful joy fill ev'ry mind,
And ev'ry voice be praise.

3 One fold, one faith, one hope, one Lord,
One God alone we know;
Brethren we are; let ev'ry heart
With kind affections glow.

4 Under his banner thus we sing
The wonders of his love;
And thus anticipate, by faith,
The heavenly feast above.

GREENVILLE. 8s & 7s.



2 Thus baptized, the great Redeemer
Show the way his saints should tread,
And, when rising from the water,
God approved and blest the deed,
And the Spirit
Rested on his sacred head!

3 Come, then, ye who love the Savior,
Fear not now to own your Lord,
Joyful though the world should scorn you,
Follow Christ, obey his word:
He'll defend you—
Fear ye not to follow him!

4 Hear the Savior saying to you,
From his glorious throne above—
Ye who trust in me for pardon,
By obedience show your love:
Be baptized,
My example shows the way.

5 Lord, our hearts incline to follow
In the way which thou didst tread;
We will turn from every other,
While thy sacred word we read:
O, Redeemer!
Gladly now we'll follow thee!

314 *"It is finished."* John 19 : 30.

HARK! the voice of love and mercy,
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See, it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth and vails the sky!
It is finished!
Hear the dying Savior cry.

2 It is finished! O what pleasure
Do these charming words afford;
Heavenly blessings without measure
Flow to us from Christ the Lord.
It is finished!
Saints, the dying words record.

3 Finished all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law;
Finished all that God had promised,
Death and hell no more shall awe.
It is finished!
Saints, from hence your comfort draw.

4 Happy souls, approach the table,
Taste the soul-reviving food;
Nothing half so sweet and pleasant
As the Savior's flesh and blood.
It is finished!
Christ has borne the heavy load.

5 Tune your hearts anew, ye seraphs,
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name—
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

288 DEVOTION. L. M.



2 We love thy name, we love thy laws,
And joyfully embrace thy cause;
We love thy cross, the shame, the pain,
O Lamb of God, for sinners slain.

3 We sink beneath thy mystic flood;
O, bathe us in thy cleansing blood;
We die to sin, and seek a grave,
With thee, beneath the yielding wave.

4 And as we rise with thee to live,
O, let the Holy Spirit give
The sealing unction from above,
The breath of life, the fire of love.

289 *See page* 128.

290 " " 128.

291 " " 129.

292 *The renunciation at baptism.*
2 Cor. 4 : 2.

SEE how the willing converts trace
The path their great Redeemer trod;
And follow through his liquid grave
The meek, the lowly Son of God!

2 Here they renounce their former deeds,
And to a heavenly life aspire,
Their rags for glorious robes exchanged,
They shine in clean and bright attire.

3 O sacred rite, by thee the name
Of Jesus we to own begin;
This is our resurrection pledge,
Pledge of the pardon of our sin.

4 Glory to God on high be given,
Who shows his grace to sinful men:
Let saints on earth, and hosts in heaven,
In concert join their loud Amen.

293 *See page* 54.

294 " " 129.

309 *Herein is love.* 1 John 4 : 10.

HAVE we no tears to shed for him,
While soldiers scoff, and Jews deride?
Ah! look how patiently he hangs—
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

2 What was thy crime, my dearest Lord?
By earth, by heaven, thou hast been tried
And guilty found of too much love;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

3 Found guilty of excess of love,
It was thy own sweet will that tied
Thee tighter far than helpless nails;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

4 O break, O break, hard heart of mine!
Thy weak self-love and guilty pride
His Pilate and his Judas were;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

295 ROCKBRIDGE. L. M.



2 For in that night he was betrayed,
He for us all a pattern laid;
Before his supper he did eat,
He rose and washed his brethren's feet.

3 The Lord who made the earth and sky,
Arose, and laid his garments by,
And washed their feet, to show that we
Should always kind and humble be.

4 He washed them all to make them clean,
But Judas still was full of sin:
May none of us, like Judas, sell
The Lord for gold, and go to hell.

5 Peter said, Lord, it shall not be,
Thou shalt not stoop to washing me.
O that no Christian here may say,
I'm too unworthy to obey.

6 Ye call me Lord and Master too,
Then do as I have done to you;
All my commands and counsels keep,
And show your love by washing feet.

7 Ye shall be happy if ye know,
And do these things by faith below;
And I'll protect you till you die,
And then remove you up on high.

296 *See page* 129.

297 *See page* 129.

298 *Omitted.*

299 *I have given you an example.*
John 13 : 15.

THE Church of God believes it right,
To think and do as Jesus bade,
When on that dark and doleful night
He gave his law, and plainly said:—

2 Mark the example which I give:
Keep it, and show your mutual love
My precepts do, and you shall live,
In bliss below, and heaven above.

3 Then, do we love our brethren now?
And are we bound in union sweet?
If so, like Jesus, let us bow,
And let us wash each other's feet.

4 Let no one be ashamed of this,—
Or, Peter-like, turn, and say, no;
But as we aim for heavenly bliss,
We'll in our Master's footsteps go.

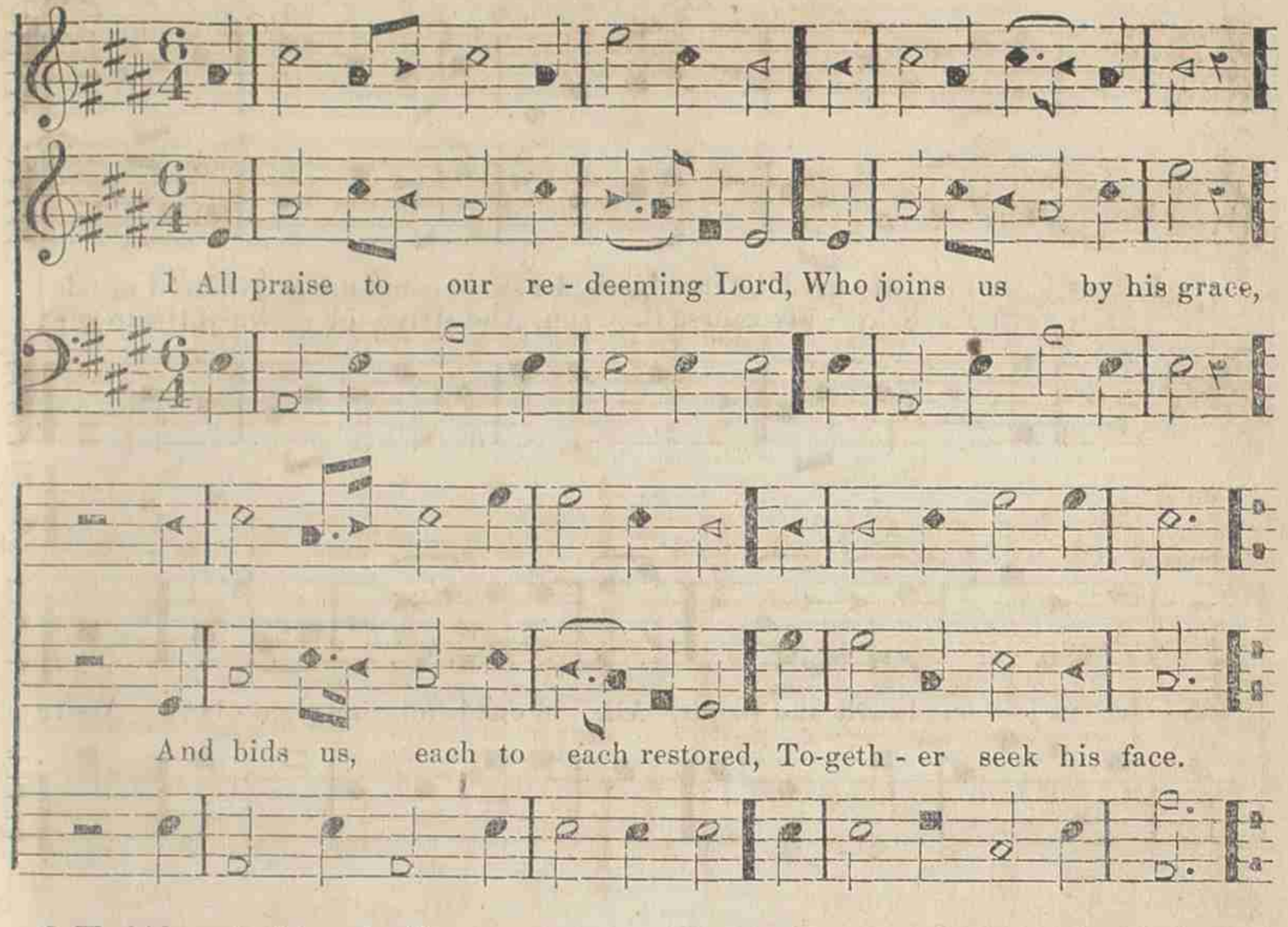
5 Now, Lord, we'll wash thy people's feet,
And here enjoy their fond embrace;
Each with a kiss of friendship greet,
And hope in love to see thy face.

6 And then we'll feast on heavenly love,
And find our joys to be complete:
Yes, then we'll sing thy praise above,
And bow, with angels, at thy feet.

300 *See Index:*

301 & **302** *See page* 129.

303 RESIGNATION. C. M.



2 He bids us build each other up;
And, gathered into one,
To our high calling's glorious hope,
We hand in hand go on.

3 The gift which he on one bestows,
We all delight to prove;
The grace through ev'ry vessel flows,
In purest streams of love.

4 E'en now we think and speak the same,
And cordially agree—
United all, through Jesus' name,
In perfect harmony.

5 The kiss of peace to each we give—
A pledge of Christian love;
In love, while here on earth, we'll live,
In love we'll dwell above.

6 Love is the golden chain that binds
Believers all in one;
And he's an heir of heaven that finds
His bosom glow with love.

306 *Coming to the table of the Lord.*

LET vain pursuits and vain desires
Be banished from the heart,
The Savior's love fill every breast,
And light and life impart.

2 He knew how frail our nature is,
Our souls how apt to stray;
How much we need his gracious help
To keep us in the way.

3 These faithful pledges of his love
His mercy did ordain,
To bring refreshment to our souls,
And faith and hope sustain.

4 Since such his condescending grace,
Let us with hearts sincere,
Obedient to his holy will,
To this dear feast draw near.

5 And while we join to celebrate
The suffering of our Lord,
May we receive new grace and power
To keep his holy word.

577 *Blessed are the dead, etc.* Rev. 14:13.

HEAR what the voice from heaven pro-
For all the pious dead; [claims
Sweet is the savor of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

2 They die in Jesus, and are blessed;
How kind their slumbers are!
From suffering and from sin released,
And freed from every snare.

3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord;
The labors of their mortal life
End in a large reward.









2 To each, the soul of each how dear!
What watchful 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 guilt and mortal woe;
Their ardent prayers together rise,
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.

4 They're one in life and one in death—
One in their joy, their trust, their faith;
One in their hope of rest above,
One in each other's faithful love.

5 Nor shall the glowing flame expire,
When dimly burns frail nature's fire:
In heaven it will the brighter burn,
Since there the graces are matured.

413 *Bonds and afflictions abide me.*

Acts 20 : 23.

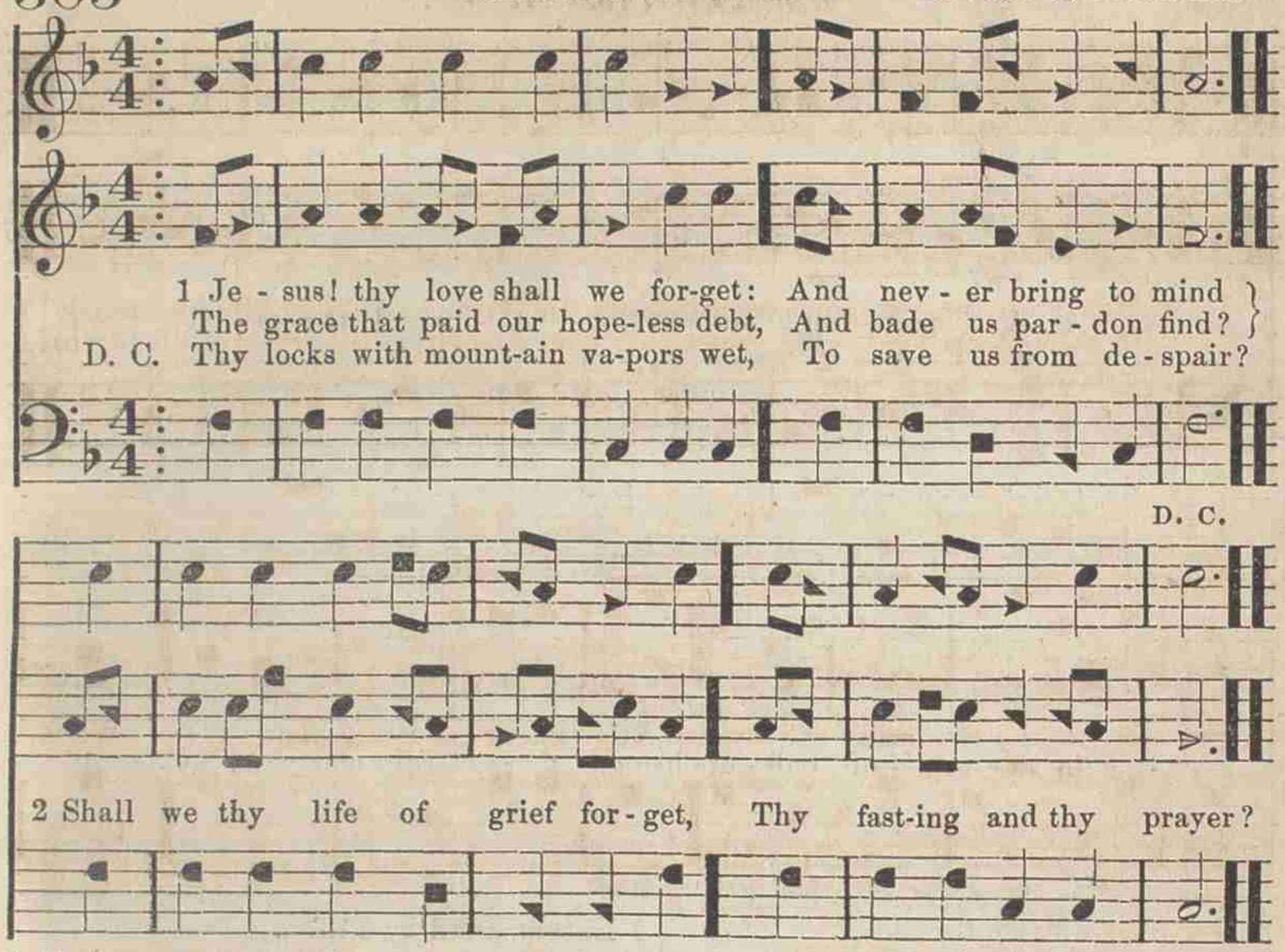
THROUGH this wide wilderness I roam,
Far distant from my blissful home:
My earthly joys are from me torn,
And oft an absent God I mourn.

2 My soul with various tempests tossed,
Her fairest hopes and projects crossed,
Sees every day new straits attend,
And wonders where the scene will end.

3 Is this, dear Lord, that thorny road
Which leads us to the mount of God?
Are these the toils thy people know,
While in the wilderness below?

4 'T is even so; thy faithful love
Doth all thy children's graces prove;
'T is thus our pride and self must fall,
That Jesus may be all in all.

305 GIBBONS. C. M. ALDINE S. KIEFFER.



3 Gethsemane, can we forget—
Thy struggling agony—
When night lay dark on Olivet,
And none to watch with thee?

4 Can we the crown of thorns forget—
The buffeting and shame;
When hell thy sinking soul beset,
And earth reviled thy name?

5 The nails, the spear can we forget,
The agonizing cry:—
"My God! my Father! wilt thou let
Thy Son forsaken die?"

6 Life's highest joys we may forget—
Our kindred cease to love;
But he who paid our hopeless debt,
Our constancy shall prove.

306 *See page* 133.

307 *See page* 136.

308 *Christ our passover.* 1 Cor. 5: 7.

LO! the destroying angel flies
To Pharaoh's stubborn land:
The pride and flower of Egypt dies
By his avenging hand.

2 He passed the tents of Jacob o'er,
Nor poured the wrath divine;
He saw the blood on every door,
And blessed the peaceful sign.

3 Thus the appointed Lamb must bleed
To break th' Egyptian yoke;
Thus Israel is from bondage freed,
And 'scapes the angel's stroke.

4 Lord, if my heart were sprinkled too,
With blood so rich as thine,
Justice no longer would pursue
This guilty soul of mine.

309 *See page* 131.

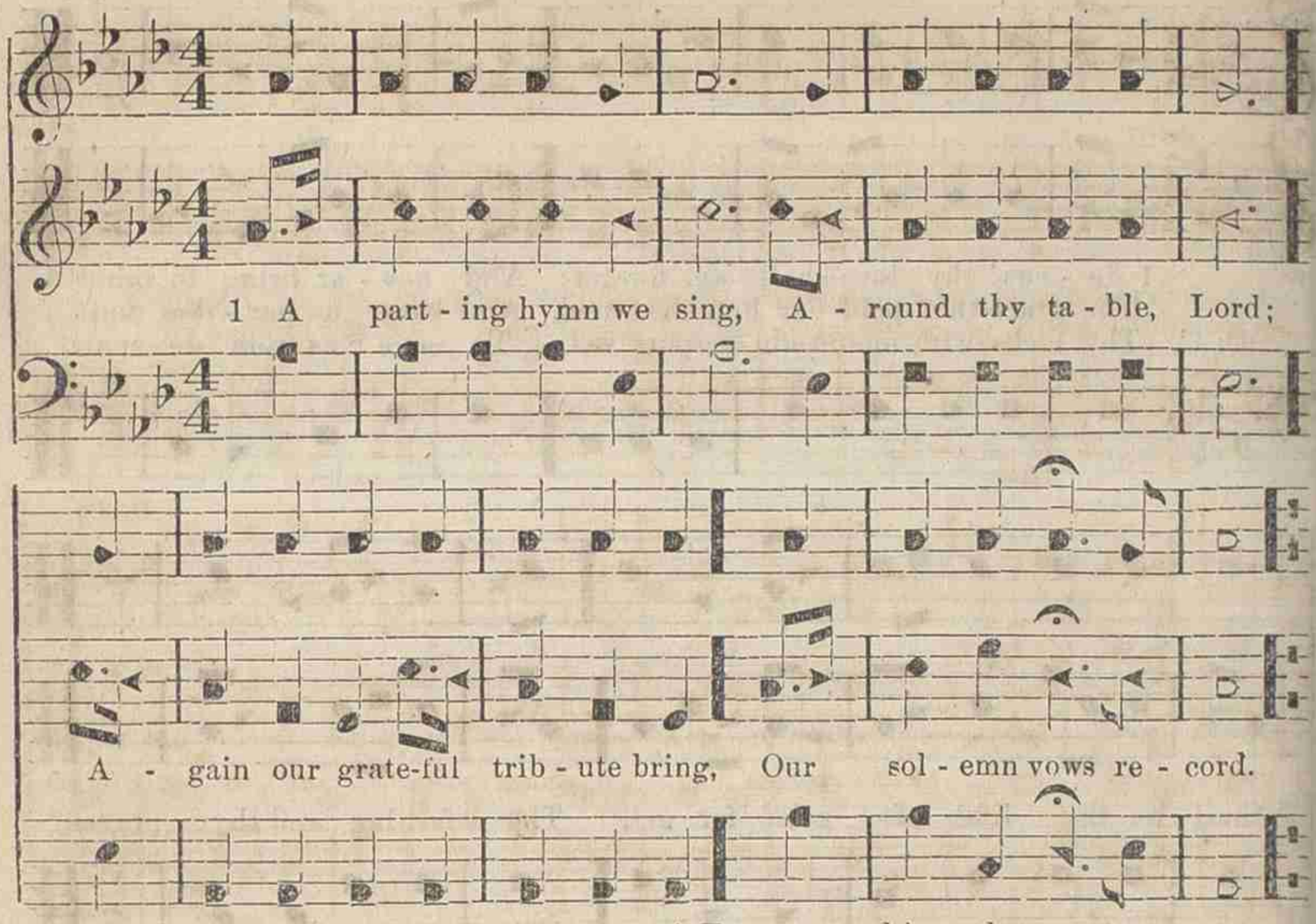
326 *My name shall be there.* 1 Kings 8: 29.

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.



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.

308 *See page* 135.

309 " " 113.

352 *Sinners warned.* Ezek. 3: 13.

DESTRUCTION'S dangerous road,
What multitudes pursue!
While that, which leads the soul to God,
Is known or sought by few.

2 Believers enter in
By Christ, the living door;
But they, who will not leave their sin,
Must perish evermore.

3 If self must be denied,
And sin forsaken quite;
They rather choose the way that's wide,
And strive to think it right.

4 Encompassed by a throng,
On numbers they depend;
They think so many can't be wrong
And miss a happy end.

5 But numbers are no mark
That men will right be found;
A few were saved in Noah's ark,
For many millions drown'd.

6 Obey the gospel call,
And enter while you may;
The flock of Christ remains still small,
And none are safe but they.

515 *This is the love of God.* 1 John 5: 4.

LOVE is the fountain whence
All true obedience flows;
The Christian serves the God he loves,
And loves the God he knows.

2 He treads the heavenly road,
And neither faints nor tires;
That generous love which warms his breast,
With fortitude inspires.

3 No burden seems so great,
No task so hard appears,
But this he cheerfully performs,
And that he meekly bears.

4 May love—that shining grace,
O'er all my powers preside;
Direct my thoughts, suggest my words,
And every action guide!



2 Let thy blood, by faith applied,
The sinner's pardon seal;
Speak us freely justified,
And all our sickness heal:
By thy passion on the tree,
Let all our griefs and troubles cease;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

768 *Jesus crucified.* 1 Cor. 2: 2.

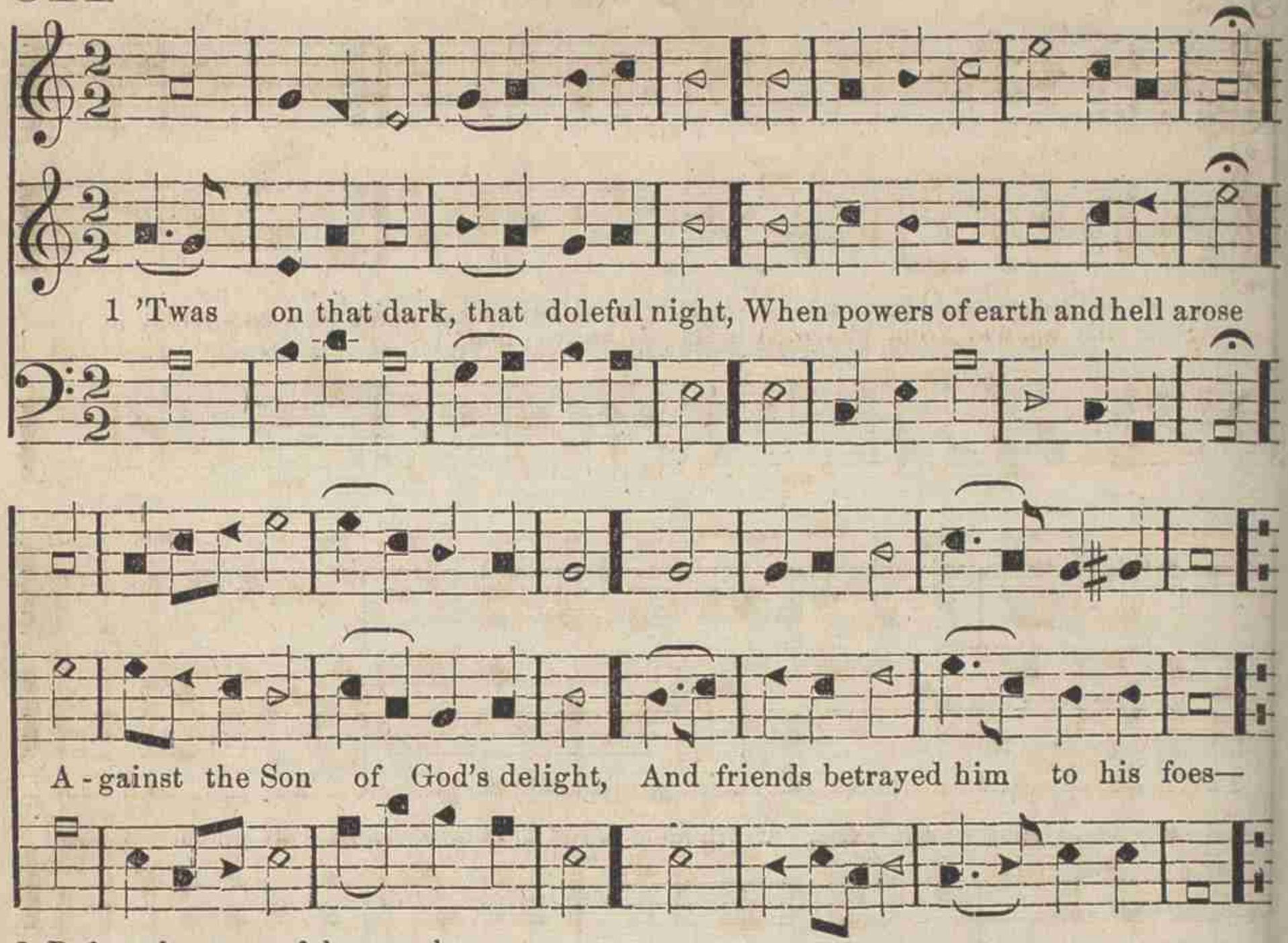
VAIN delusive world, adieu,
With all of creature good;
Only Jesus I pursue,
Who bought me with his blood:
All thy pleasures I forego:
I trample on thy wealth and pride;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

2 Other knowledge I disdain;
'T is all but vanity:
Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain—
He tasted death for me.
Me to save from endless woe
The sin-atoning Victim died;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

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

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

311 SOLEMNITY L. M.



2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and bless'd, and brake:
What love through all his actions ran!
What wondrous words of grace he spake!

3 "This is my body, broke for sin:
Receive and eat the living food;"
Then took the cup and blest the wine:
"Tis the new cov'nant in my blood."

4 "Do this," he cried, "till time shall end,
In memory of your dying friend:
Meet at my table, and record
The love of your departed Lord."

5 Jesus thy feast we celebrate;
We show thy death, we sing thy name,
Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage-supper of the Lamb.

315 *The effects of a view of the cross.*

Gal. 6: 14.

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

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my Lord:
All the vain things that charm me most
I sacrifice to Jesus' blood.

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

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

323 *Call for the elders of the church.*

James 5: 14.

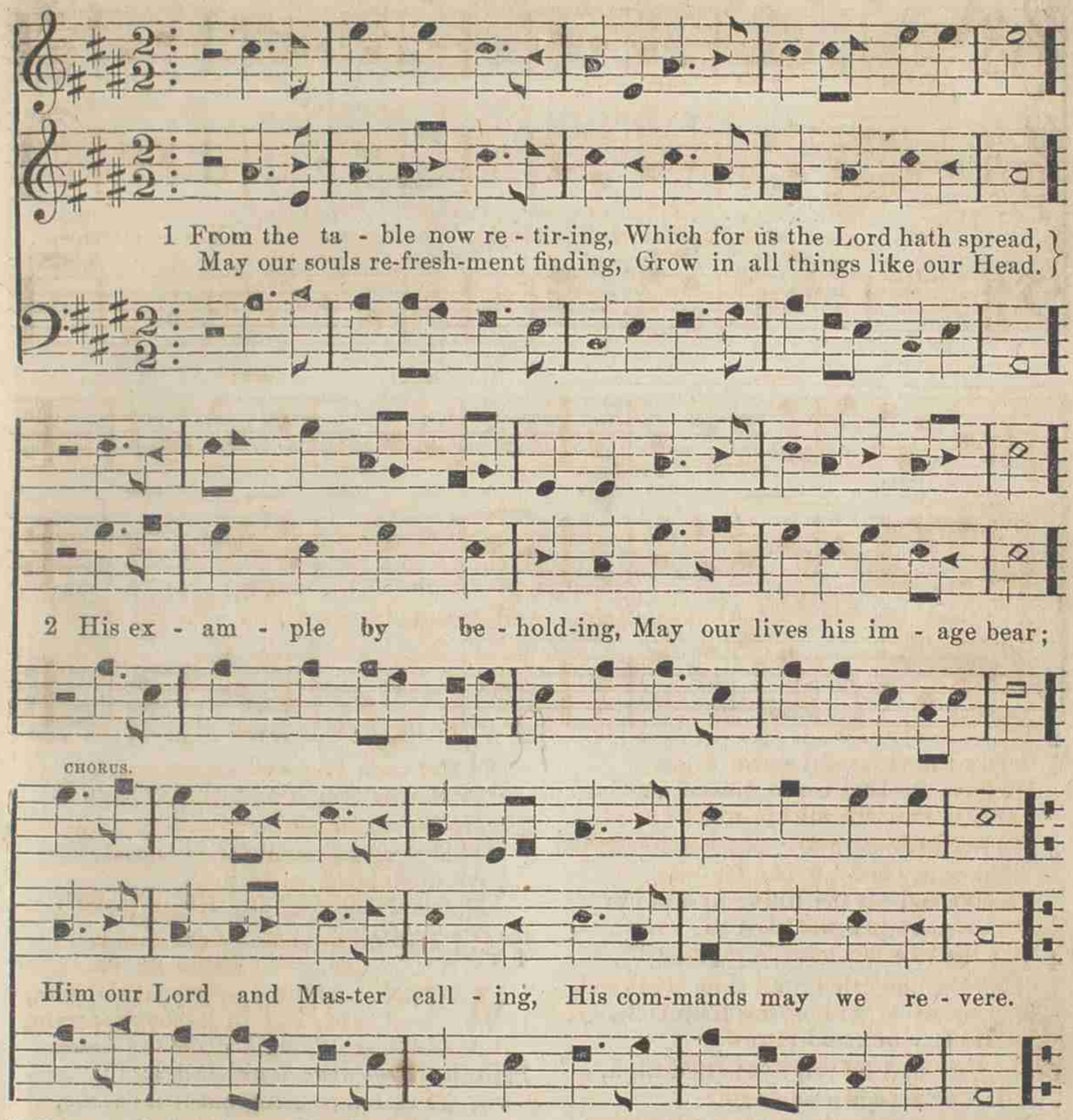
WHEN struggling on the bed of pain,
And earth and all its joys are vain,
How sweet, my God, to know thy power
Sustains me in this trying hour.

2 I would thy holy word obey
E'en while upon my bed I lie:
I call the elders here, O Lord,
To do according to thy word.

3 And while the oil's by faith applied,
O may my soul be sanctified
By the blest unction from above,
And then be filled with heavenly love.

4 Then shall my cheerful, grateful tongue,
In rapt'rous strains thy praise prolong;
My ransom'd soul adore thy grace,
And swifter run the heavenly race.

5 Or, should my days be near their end,
And I through death my steps must wend,
Then, O my Lord, receive me home,
To mingle with the blood-washed throng.



3 Love to God and man displaying,
Walking steadfast in his way,
Joy attend us in believing,
Peace from God through endless day.

349 *The gospel invitation.*

HARK! the jubilee is sounding,
O the joyful news is come!
Free salvation is proclaiming,
In and through God's own dear Son.
Now we have an invitation,
To the meek and lowly Lamb;
Glory, honor, and salvation,
Christ, the Lord, has come to reign.

2 Come, dear friends, and do n't neglect it,
Come to Jesus in your prime;
Great salvation, do n't reject it,
O receive it, now's your time!
Now the Savior is beginning
To revive his work again;
Glory, honor, and salvation,
Christ the Lord has come to reign.

3 Come, dear children, praise your Jesus,
Praise him, praise him evermore:
May his boundless love constrain us,
His great mercy to adore;
O then let us join together,
Crowns of glory to obtain;
Glory, honor, and salvation,
Christ the Lord has come to reign.

313 CONDESCENSION. C. M.



2 When justice, by our sins provoked,
Drew forth its dreadful sword,
He gave his soul up to the stroke
Without a murm'ring word.

3 He sunk beneath our heavy woes,
To raise us to his throne;
There's ne'er a gift his hand bestows
But cost his heart a groan.

4 This was compassion like a God,
That though the Savior knew
The price of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.

5 Now, though he reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great:
Well he remembers Calvary,
Nor lets his saints forget.

6 Here let our hearts begin to melt,
While we his death record,
And with our joy for pardon'd guilt,
Mourn that we pierced the Lord.

2 When streams of love, from Christ the spring,
Descend to every soul,
And heavenly peace, with balmy wing
Shades and bedews the whole.

3 'Tis like the oil divinely sweet,
On Aarons rev'rend head:
The trickling drops perfumed his feet,
And o'er his garments spread.

4 Tis pleasant as the morning dews
That fall on Zion's hill,
Where God his mildest glory shows,
And makes his grace distill.

314 *See page* 130.

315 *See page* 138.

316 *See page* 124.

318 *The union of brethren pleasant* Ps. 133.

LO! what an entertaining sight
Are brethren that agree!
Brethren whose cheerful hearts unite
In bands of piety.

354 *Rend your heart.* Joel 2: 13.

O SINNER, bring not tears alone,
Or outward form of prayer,
But let it in thy heart be known
That penitence is there.

2 To smite the breast, the clothes to rend,
God asketh not of thee;
Thy secret soul he bids thee bend
In true humility.

3 O let us, then, with heartfelt grief,
Draw near unto our God,
And pray to him to grant relief,
And stay the lifted rod.

4 O righteous Judge, if thou wilt deign
To grant us what we need,
We pray for time to turn again,
And grace to turn indeed.

317 SUTTON. C. M.



2 He comes, of hellish malice full,
To scatter, tear, and slay:
He seizes every straggling soul
As his own lawful prey.

3 Us into thy protection take,
And gather with thine arm;
Unless the fold we first forsake,
The wolf can never harm.

4 We laugh to scorn his cruel power,
While by our Shepherd's side;
The sheep he never can devour,
Unless he first divide.

5 O do not suffer him to part
The souls that here agree;
But make us of one mind and heart,
And keep us one in thee.

6 Together let us sweetly live,
Together let us die:
And each a starry crown receive,
And reign above the sky.

318 *See page* 140.

319 *The saints but one family.* Eph. 1: 10.

THE saints on earth, and those above,
But one communion make;
Joined to their Lord, in bonds of love,
All of his grace partake.

2 One family, we dwell in him,
One church above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

3 One army of the living God,
To his commands we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

4 Lo! thousands to their endless home
Are swiftly borne away;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon must launch as they.

5 Lord Jesus! be our constant guide!
Then when the word is given,
Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

691 *Parting with friends.*

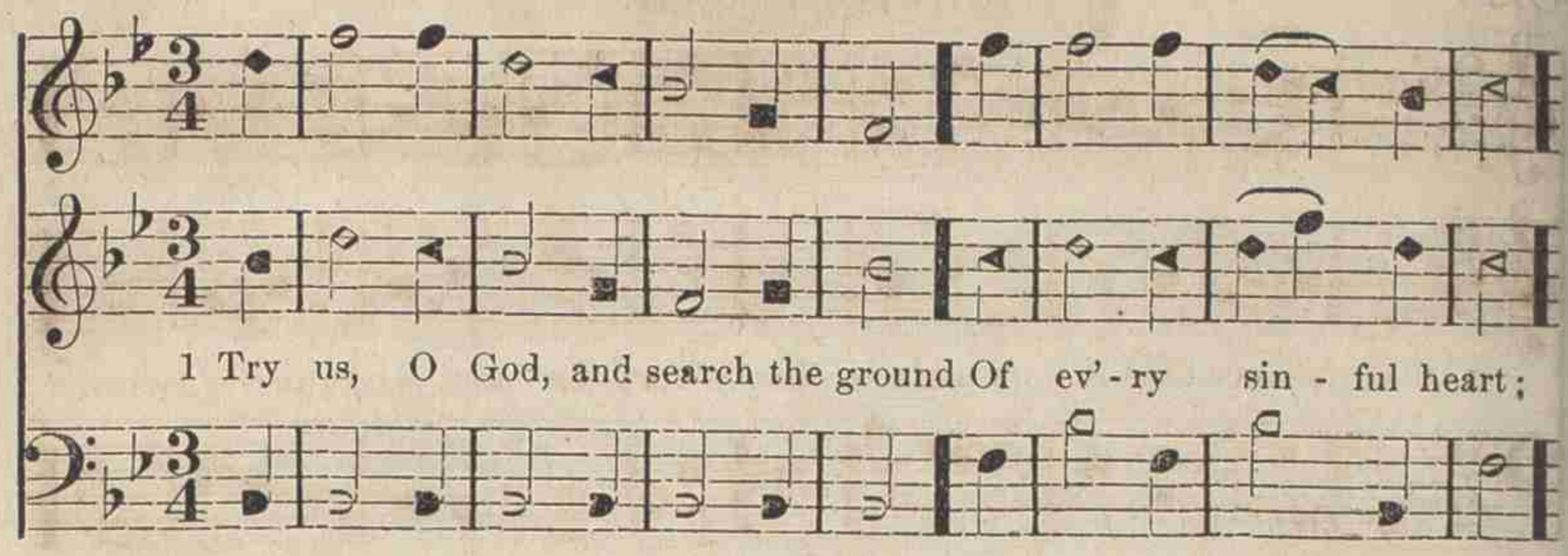
NOW, Lord, tho' we must part awhile,
Upon the heavenly road,
Yet let thy face upon us smile,
And keep us near our God.

2 And if on earth again we meet,
Lord, let us meet with thee;
And let thy gracious presence sweet,
From bondage set us free.

3 This, only this, we humbly crave,
While earth is our abode,
That we with Christ and saints may have
Communion on the road.

4 For since our fellowship below
Affords such joy and love,
We long its full extent to know,
When we shall meet above.

320 BALERMA. C. M.





2 When to the right or left we stray,
Leave us not comfortless;
But guide our feet into the way
Of everlasting peace.

3 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.

4 Help us to build each other up,
Our little stock improve;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

5 Up into thee, the living Head,
Let us in all things grow,
Till thou hast made us free indeed,
And spotless here below.

6 Then, when the mighty work is wrought,
Receive thy ready bride:
Give us in heav'n a happy lot
With all the sanctified.

327 *No peace to the wicked.* Isaiah 57 : 21.

SINNERS, the voice of God regard;
His mercy speaks to-day:
He calls you by his sov'reign word,
From sin's destructive way.

2 Like the rough sea that can not rest,
You live devoid of peace;
A thousand stings within your breast
Deprive your souls of ease.

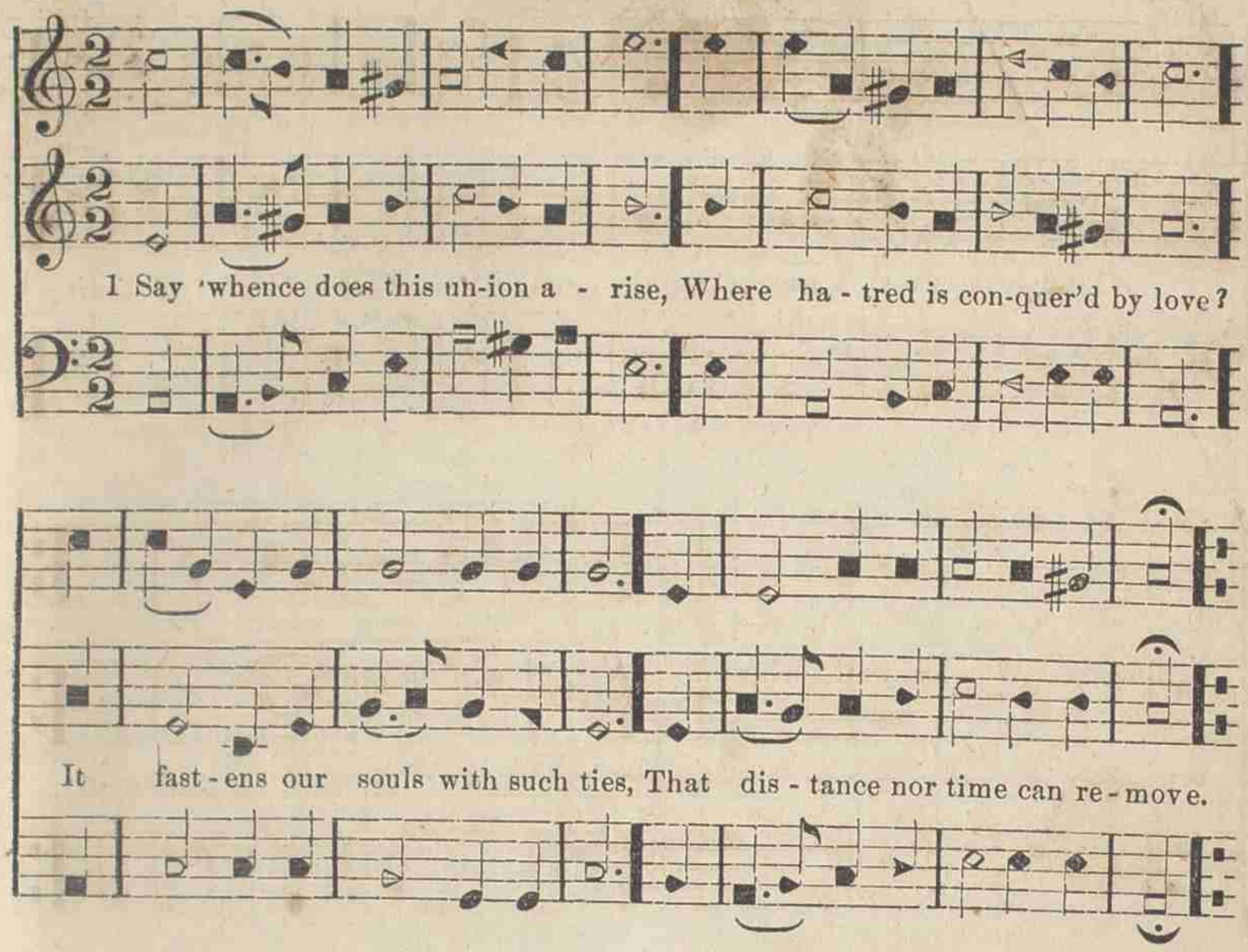
3 Your way is dark, and leads to hell;
Why will you persevere?
Can you in woe and darkness dwell,
Shut up in black despair?

4 Why will you in the crooked ways
Of sin and folly go?
In pain you travel all your days,
To reap eternal woe!

5 But he that turns to God shall live,
Through his abounding grace;
His mercy will the guilt forgive
Of those that seek his face.

6 His love exceeds your highest thoughts;
He pardons like a God;
He will forgive your num'rous faults,
Through a Redeemer's blood.

321 UNION. 8s.



2 It can not in Eden be found,
Nor yet in a Paradise lost;
It grows on Immanuel's ground,
And Jesus' life's blood it has cost.

3 My friends so endeared unto me,
Our souls so united in love;
Where Jesus is gone we shall be,
In yonder blest mansions above.

4 Why then so unwilling to part,
Since there we shall soon meet again,
Engraved on Immanuel's heart,
At distance we can not remain.

5 And then we shall see that bright day,
And join with the angels above,
Set free from our prisons of clay,
United in Jesus' kind love.

6 With Jesus we ever shall reign,
And all his bright glory shall see;
Then sing hallelujahs—Amen!
Amen! Even so let it be!

324 *A prayer in affliction.*

O THOU whose compassionate care,
Does all of thy creatures sustain,
Now graciously teach me to bear
The weight of affliction and pain.

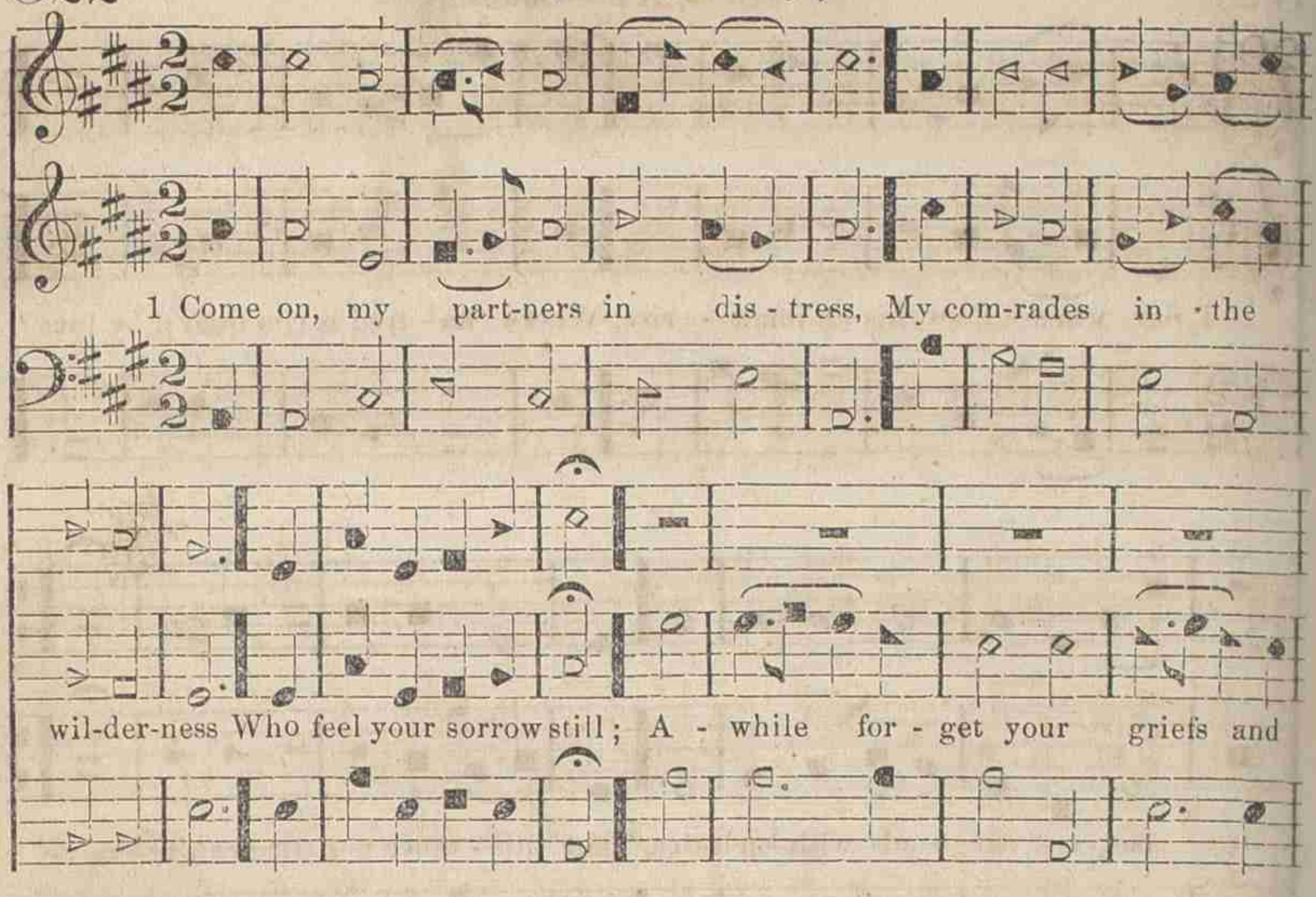
2 Though cheerless my days seem to flow,
Though weary and wakeful my nights,
What comfort it gives me to know
'T is the hand of a Father that smites!

3 A tender Physician thou art,
Who woundest in order to heal,
And comfort divine dost impart
To soften the anguish we feel.

4 O, let this affliction be blest,
And answer thy gracious design;
Then grant that my soul may find rest
In comforts so healing as thine.

5 And bless this anointing with oil,
And save me from every sin,
That when I am taken from earth,
In heaven with thee I may live.

322 RAPTURE. 8,8,6.





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

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

634 *Rapidity and uncertainty of time.*

MY days, my weeks, my months, my years,
Fly rapid as the whirling spheres,
Around the steady pole;
Time, like a tide, its motion keeps,
And I must launch through endless deeps,
Where endless ages roll.

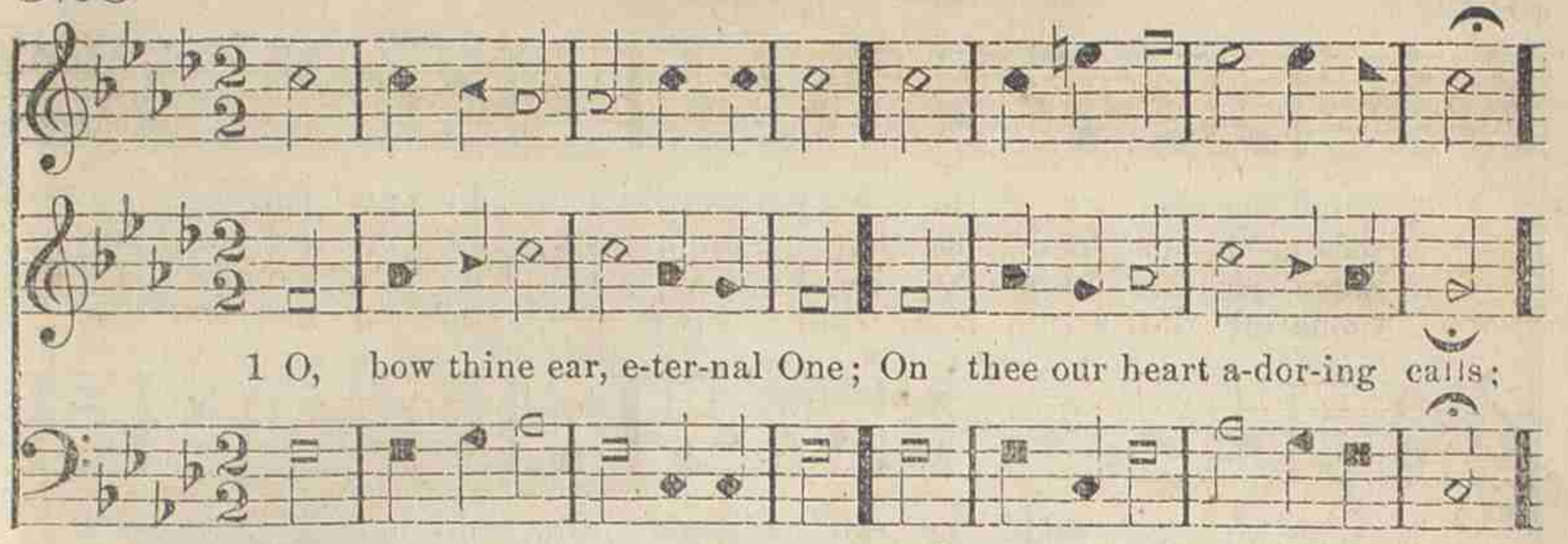
2 The grave is near the cradle seen;
How swift the moments pass between,
And whisper as they fly:
Unthinking man, remember this—
Though fond of sublunary bliss—
That thou must groan and die.

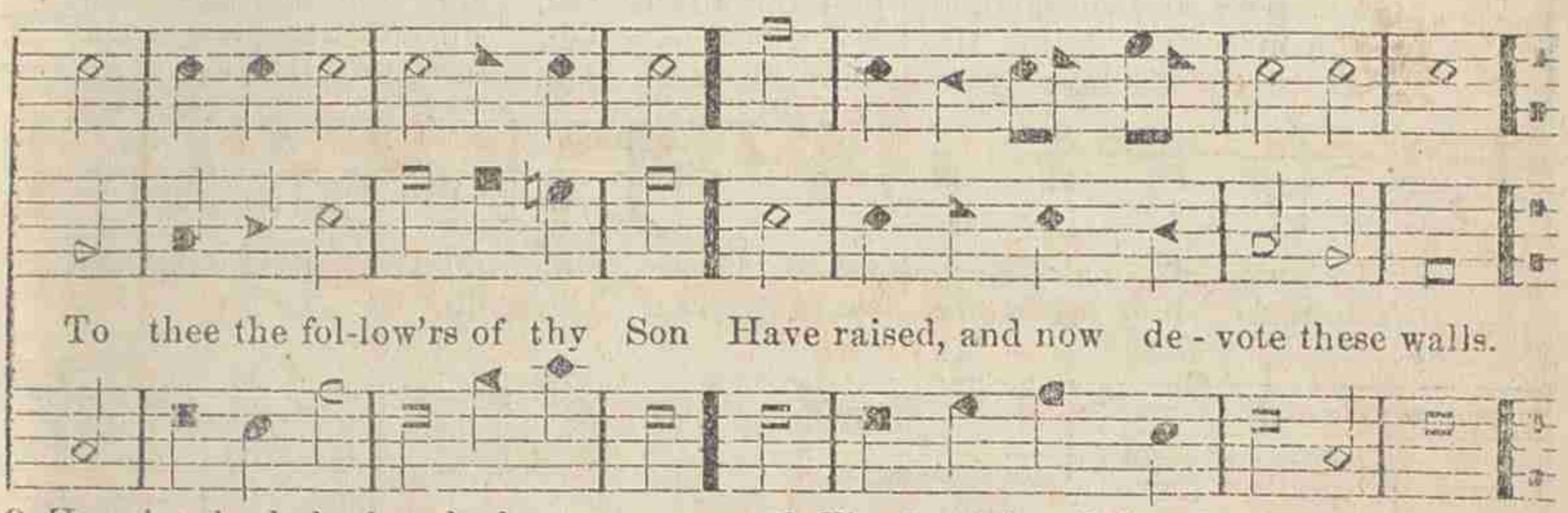
3 My soul, attend the solemn call!
Thy earthly tent must shortly fall,
And thou must take thy flight,
Beyond the vast expansive blue,
To sing above, as angels do,
Or sink in gloomy night.

323 *See page* 138.

324 *See page* 143.

325 WINDHAM. L. M.





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 sincere,
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.

326 *See page* 135.

327 *See page* 142.

328 *The broad and narrow way.*

Matt. 7: 13, 14.

BROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there;
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveler.

2 "Deny thyself and take thy cross,"
Is the Redeemer's great command;
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heavenly land.

3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteemed almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.

4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain;
Create my heart entirely new,
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which false apostates never knew.

329 *Invitation to sinners.*

I LONG to see the season come,
When sinners shall come flocking home,
To taste the heaven of Jesus' love,
And seek the joys that are above.

2 Hark! 't is the glorious gospel sound,
Inviting sinners all around;
Behold! the loving Savior stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.

3 He now is knocking at your heart,
Waiting Salvation to impart;
To wash you in atoning blood,
And seal you heirs and sons of God.

4 Take your companions by the hand,
And all your children in a band,
And give them up at Jesus' call,
To pardon, bless and save them all.

5 And when the day of Christ shall come,
And he collects his jewels home;
On Zion's mount you all shall stand,
And join the bright angelic band.



1 Come, sin-ners, to the gos-pel feast, Oh, do no long-er stay;
Ye need not one be left be-hind, Oh, do no long-er stay;
2 Since our dear Lord to you doth call, Oh, do no long-er stay;
Come all the world, come sin-ner, thou, Oh, do no long-er stay;

3 Come all ye souls, by sin oppress'd, Oh, do no long-er stay;
Ye poor and maim'd, and halt and blind, Oh, do no long-er stay;
4 The mes-sage from the Lord re-ceive, Oh, do no long-er stay;
O let his love your hearts constrain, Oh, do no long-er stay;

5 His love is might-y for to heal, Oh, do no long-er stay;
Yield to his love's re-deem-ing power, Oh, do no long-er stay;

Let eve-ry soul be Je-sus' guest, Oh, do no long-er stay a - way!
For God has bid-den all man-kind, Oh, do no long-er stay a - way!
The in - vi - ta-tion is to all; Oh, do no long-er stay a - way!
All things in Christ are ready now, Oh, do no long-er stay a - way!

Ye restless wand'rers af-ter rest! Oh, do no long-er stay a - way!
In Christ a heart-y welcome find, Oh, do no long-er stay a - way!
Ye all may come to Christ and live, Oh, do no long-er stay a - way!
Nor suf-fer him to die in vain, Oh, do no long-er stay a - way!

His conqu'ring love con-sent to feel: Oh, do no long-er stay a - way!
And strive against your God no more, Oh, do no long-er stay a - way!

338 *Haste thee.* Gen. 19: 22.

HASTE, trav'ler, haste! the night comes on,
And many a shining hour is gone;
The storm is gathering in the west,
And thou art far from home and rest.

2 O, far from home thy footsteps stray;
Christ is the Life, and Christ the Way,
And Christ the Light. Yon setting sun
Sinks ere the morn is scarce begun.

3 The rising tempest sweeps the sky,
The rains descend, the winds are high;
The waters swell, and death and fear
Beset thy path—no refuge near.

4 O yes, a shelter you may gain—
A covert from the wind and rain—
A hiding place, a rest, a home—
A refuge from the wrath to come.

5 Then linger not in all the plain—
Flee for thy life—the mountain gain;
Look not behind— make no delay—
O, speed thee, speed thee on thy way.

331 CONFIDENCE. 6,6,6,6,8,8.



2 No longer now delay,
Nor vain excuses frame;
He bids you come to-day,
Though poor, and blind, and lame;
All things are ready; sinner, come;
For every trembling soul there's room.

3 Believe the heavenly word
His messengers proclaim;
He is a gracious Lord,
And faithful is his name:
Backsliding souls, return and come,
Cast off despair, there yet is room.

4 Compelled by bleeding love,
Ye wandering sheep, draw near,
Christ calls you from above,
His charming accents hear!
Let whosoever will, now come;
In mercy's breast there still is room.

818 *A shadow of things to come, etc.* Col. 2: 17.

ISRAEL in ancient days,
Not only had a view
Of Sinai in a blaze,
But learned the gospel too;
The types and figures were a glass,
In which they saw the Savior's face.

2 The paschal sacrifice
And blood besprinkled door,
Seen with enlightened eyes,
And once applied with power,
Would teach the need of other blood,
To reconcile us to our God.

3 The Lamb, the Dove, set forth
His perfect innocence,
Whose blood of matchless worth
Should be the soul's defense;
For he who can for sin atone,
Must have no failings of his own.

4 The scape-goat on his head
The people's trespass bore,
And, to the desert led
Was to be seen no more:
In him our Surety seemed to say,
"Behold, I bear your sins away."

5 Dipt in his fellow's blood,
The living bird went free;
The type well understood,
Expressed the sinner's plea:
Described a guilty soul enlarged,
And by a Savior's death discharged.

6 Jesus, I love to trace
Throughout the sacred page,
The footsteps of thy grace,
The same in every age!
O grant that I may faithful be
To clearer light vouchsafe to me,

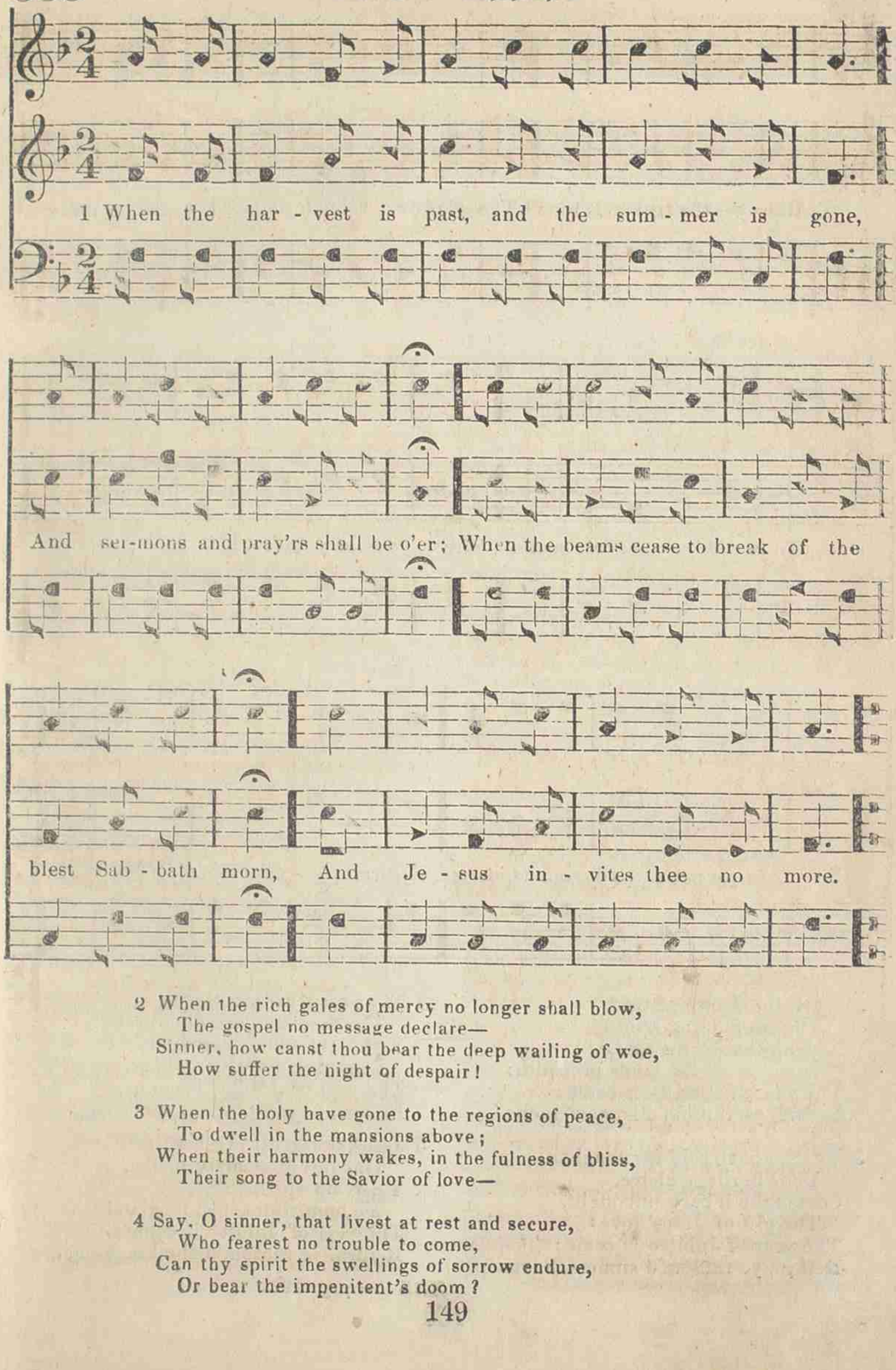


2 Hear the heralds of the Gospel,
News from Zion's King proclaim,
To each rebel sinner—"Pardon,
Free forgiveness in his name:"
How important!
Free forgiveness in his name!

3 Tempted souls, they bring you succor:
Fearful hearts, they quell your fears,
And with news of consolation,
Chase away the falling tears;
Tender heralds—
Chase away the falling tears.

4 False professors, grov'ling worldlings,
Callous hearers of the word,
While the messengers address you,
Take the warnings they afford;
We entreat you,
Take the warnings they afford.

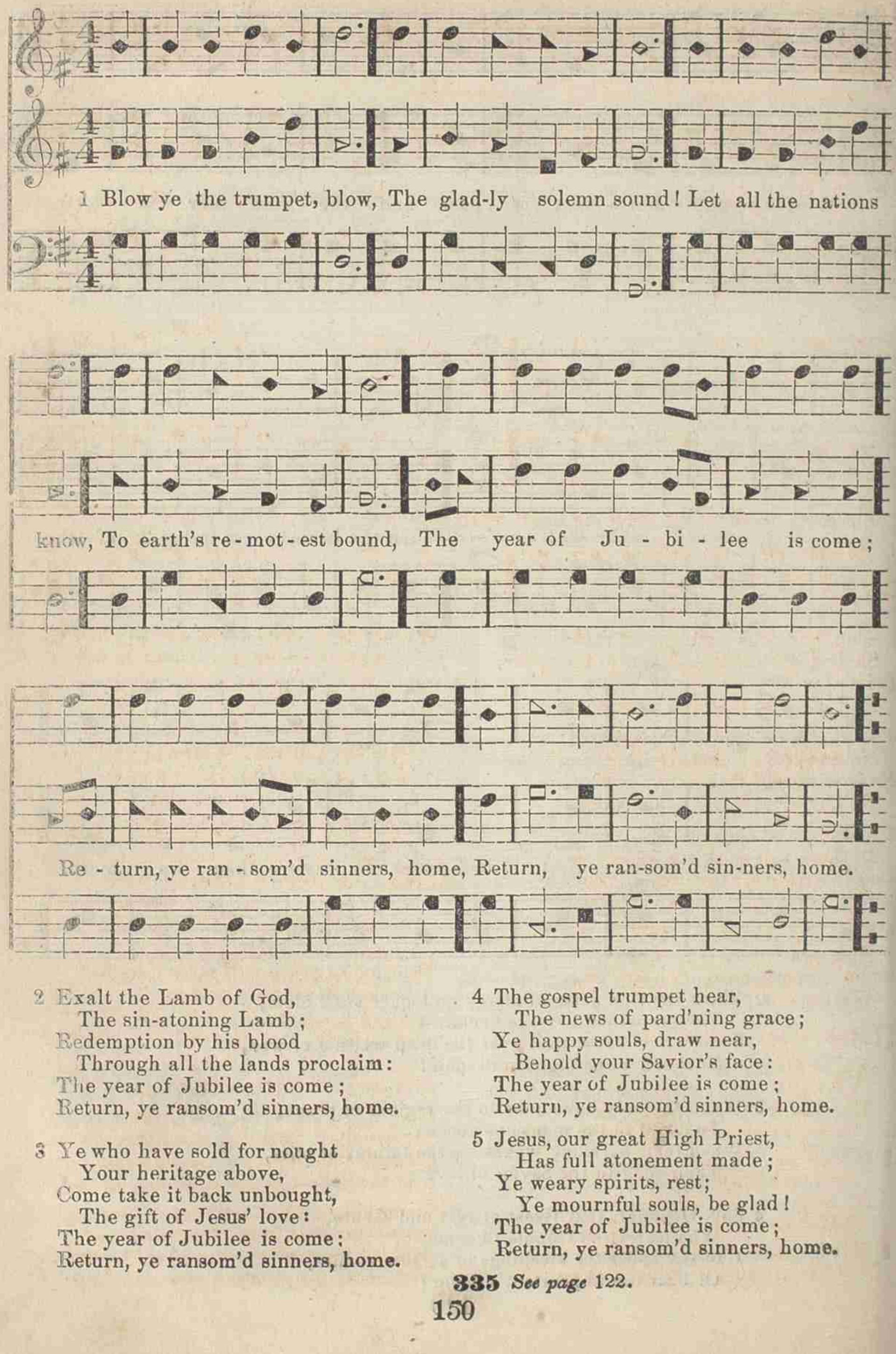
333 MERTON. 12,8,12,8.



2 When the rich gales of mercy no longer shall blow,
The gospel no message declare—
Sinner, how canst thou bear the deep wailing of woe,
How suffer the night of despair!

3 When the holy have gone to the regions of peace,
To dwell in the mansions above;
When their harmony wakes, in the fulness of bliss,
Their song to the Savior of love—

4 Say, O sinner, that livest at rest and secure,
Who fearest no trouble to come,
Can thy spirit the swellings of sorrow endure,
Or bear the impenitent's doom?



2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by his blood
Through all the lands proclaim:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

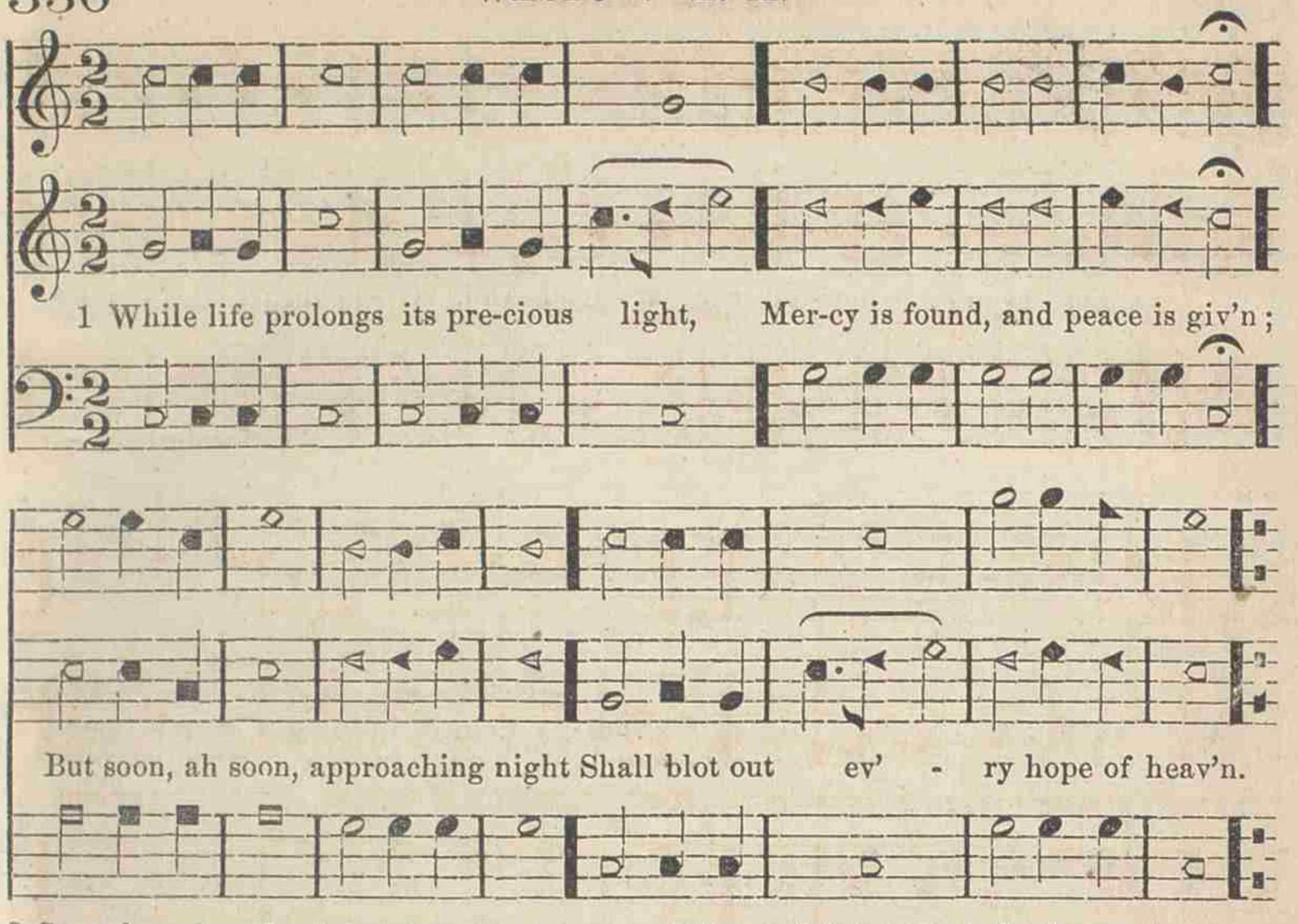
3 Ye who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Come take it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

4 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pard'ning grace;
Ye happy souls, draw near,
Behold your Savior's face:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

5 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad!
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

335 *See page* 122.

336 WESTON. L. M.



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

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

4 Silence, and solitude and gloom
In those forgetful realms appear;
Deep sorrows fill the dismal tomb,
And hope shall never enter there.

5 Now 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.

339 *Come unto me.* Matt. 11: 28.

WITH tearful eyes I look around,
Life seems a dark and stormy sea;
Yet, 'midst the gloom, I hear a sound,
A heavenly whisper, "Come to me."

2 It tells me of a place of rest—
It tells me where my soul may flee;
O! to the weary, faint, oppressed,
How sweet the bidding, "Come to me."

3 When nature shudders, loth to part
From all I love, enjoy, and see;
When a faint chill steals o'er my heart,
A sweet voice utters, "Come to me."

4 Come, for all else must fail and die;
Earth is no resting-place for thee;
Heavenward direct thy weeping eye,
I am thy portion, "Come to me."

5 O, voice of mercy! voice of love!
In conflict, grief, and agony,
Support me, cheer me from above!
And gently whisper, "Come to me."

355 *A broken heart God's sacrifice.* Psalm 51: 17.

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 is 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 Savior's blood,
And they shall praise a pardoning God.

4 O, may thy love inspire my tongue;
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

337 ATWATER. C. M.



2 Ho, all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind;

3 Eternal Wisdom hath prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

4 Ho, ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die,
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

5 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day;
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

338 *See page* 146.

339 " " 151.

343 *I will go in unto the King.*
Esther 4: 16.

YE humble sinners, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come, with your guilt and fear opprest,
And make this last resolve.

2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose:
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

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

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

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

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

350 *Prepare to meet thy God.* Amos 4 : 12.

VAIN man, thy fond pursuits forbear;
Repent, thy end is nigh;
Death at the farthest can't be far;
O, think before thou die!

2 Reflect, thou hast a soul to save.
Thy sins how high they mount!
What are thy hopes beyond the grave?
How stands that dark account?

3 Death enters, and there's no defense;
His time there's none can tell;
He'll in a moment call thee hence,
To heaven or to hell.

4 Thy flesh, perhaps thy chiefest care,
Shall crawling worms consume;
But ah! destruction stops not there;
Sin kills beyond the tomb.

5 To-day, the gospel calls to-day,
Sinners, it speaks to you;
Let every one forsake his way,
And mercy will ensue.

6 Rich mercy, dearly bought with blood,
How vile so e'er he be,
Abundant pardon, peace with God,
All given entirely free.

357 *Healing mercy implored.* Jer. 17 : 14.

HEAL us, Immanuel! here we stand,
Waiting to feel thy touch;
To wounded souls stretch forth thy hand;
Blessed Savior, we are such.

2 Remember him who once applied,
With trembling, for relief;
"Lord, I believe," with tears he cried,
"O help my unbelief?"

3 She, too, who touched thee in the press,
And healing virtue stole,
Was answered, "Daughter, go in peace;
Thy faith hath made thee whole."

4 Like her, with hopes and fears we come
To touch thee, if we may;
O! send us not despairing home,
Send none unhealed away.

365 *O that I knew where I might find him.* Job 23 : 3, 4.

O THAT I knew the secret place,
Where I might find my God!
I'd spread my wants before his face,
And pour my woes abroad.

2 I'd tell him how my sins arise,
What sorrows I sustain:
How grace decays, and conflict dies,
And leaves my heart in pain.

3 I'd say, how flesh and sense rebel,
What inward foes combine
With this vain world and powers of hell,
To vex this heart of mine.

4 He knows what arguments I'd take,
To wrestle with my God:
I'd plead for his own mercy's sake,
And for my Savior's blood.

5 My God will pity my complaints,
And heal my broken bones:
He takes the meaning of his saints,
The language of their groans.

6 Arise my soul from deep distress,
And banish every fear;
He calls thee to his throne of grace,
To spread thy sorrows there!

368 *Harden not your hearts.* Heb. 3 : 8.

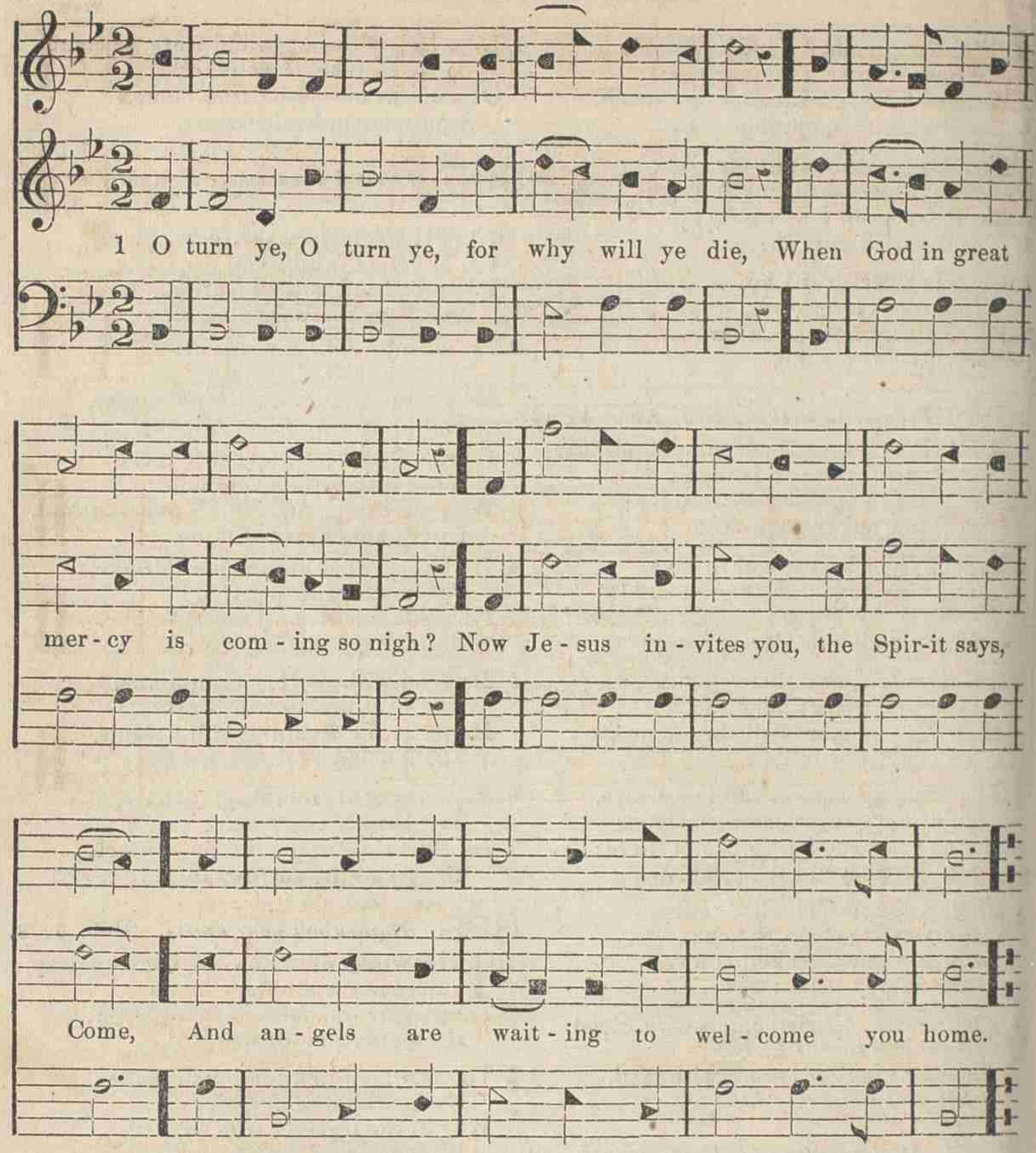
THE winds were howling o'er the deep,
Each wave a watery hill;
The Savior wakened from his sleep:
He spake, and all was still.

2 The madman in a tomb had made
His mansion of despair:
Woe to the traveler who strayed,
With heedless footsteps, there.

3 He met that glance so thrilling sweet,
He heard those accents mild;
And melting at Messiah's feet,
Wept like a weaned child.

4 O, madder than a raving man!
O, deafer than the sea!
How long the time since Christ began
To call in vain to me!

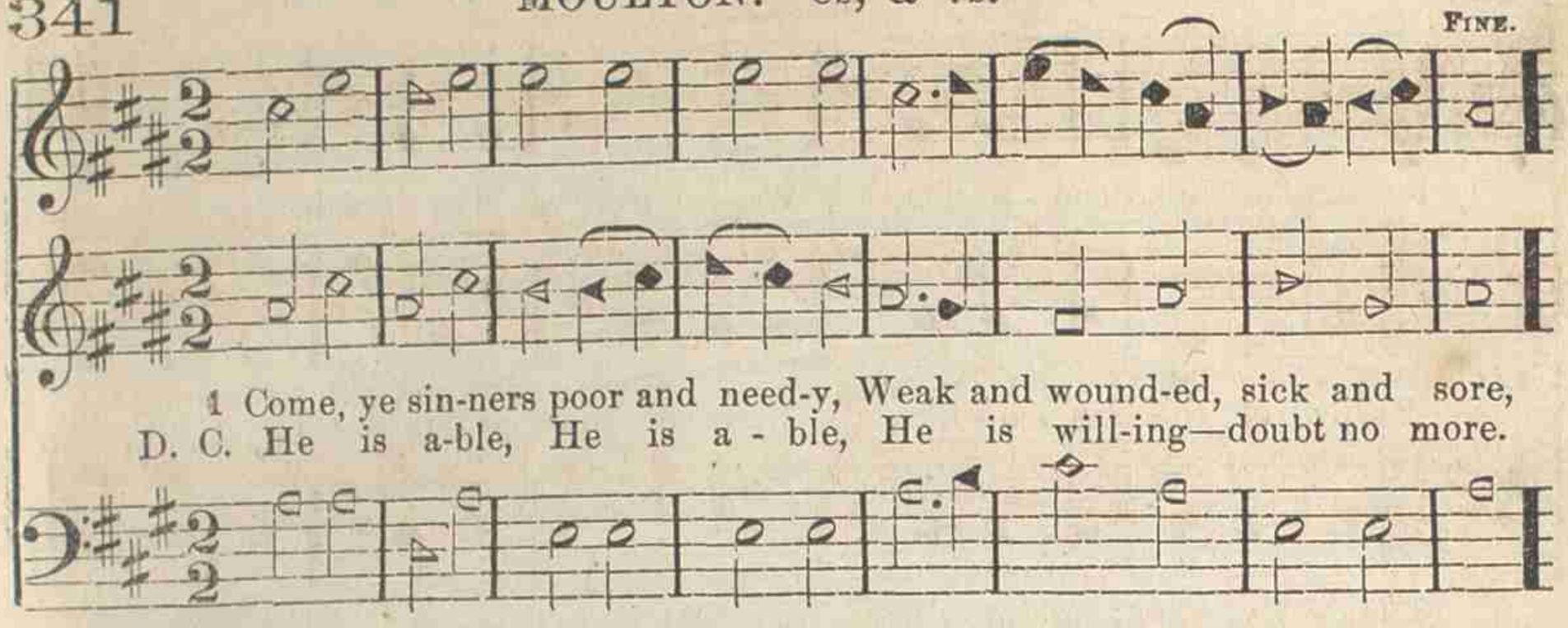
5 Yet could I hear him once again,
As I have heard of old,
Methinks he should not call in vain
His wanderer to the fold.

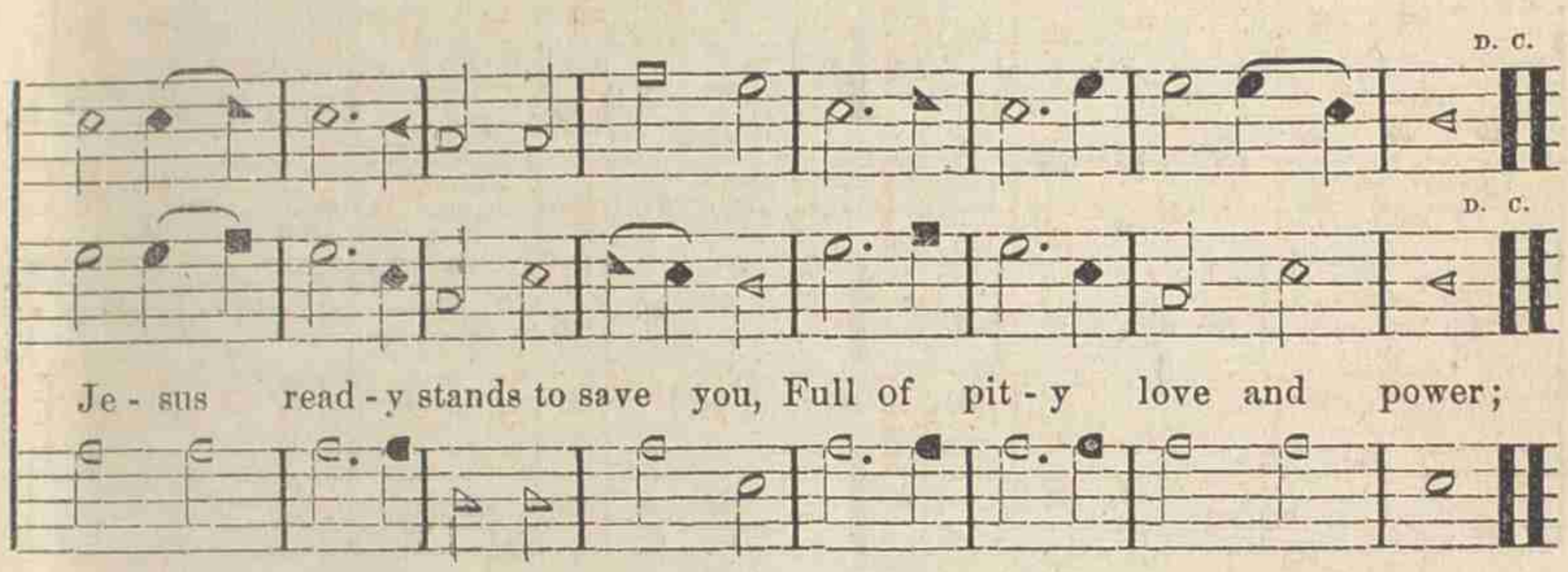


2 How vain the delusion, that while you delay,
Your hearts may grow better by staying away:
Come wretched, come starving, come just as you be,
While streams of salvation are flowing so free.

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

4 Come, give us your hand, and the Savior your heart,
And, trusting in heaven, we never shall part;
O, how can we leave you? why will you not come!
We'll journey together, and soon be at home.





2 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth,
Is to feel your need of him;
This he gives you,
'T is the Savior's rising beam.

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

4 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Savior prostrate lies!
On the bloody tree behold him!
Hear him cry before he dies,
"It is finished!"
Sinners, will not this suffice?

5 Lo! the rising Lord, ascending,
Pleads the virtue of his blood:
Venture on him, venture freely,
Let no other trust intrude;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

6 Saints and angels, joined in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb,
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name,
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may do the same.



502 *He who loves God.* 1 John 4: 51.

O HE whom Jesus loved has truly spoken,
The holier worship which God deigns to bless,
Restores the lost and heals the spirit broken,
And feeds the widow and the fatherless.

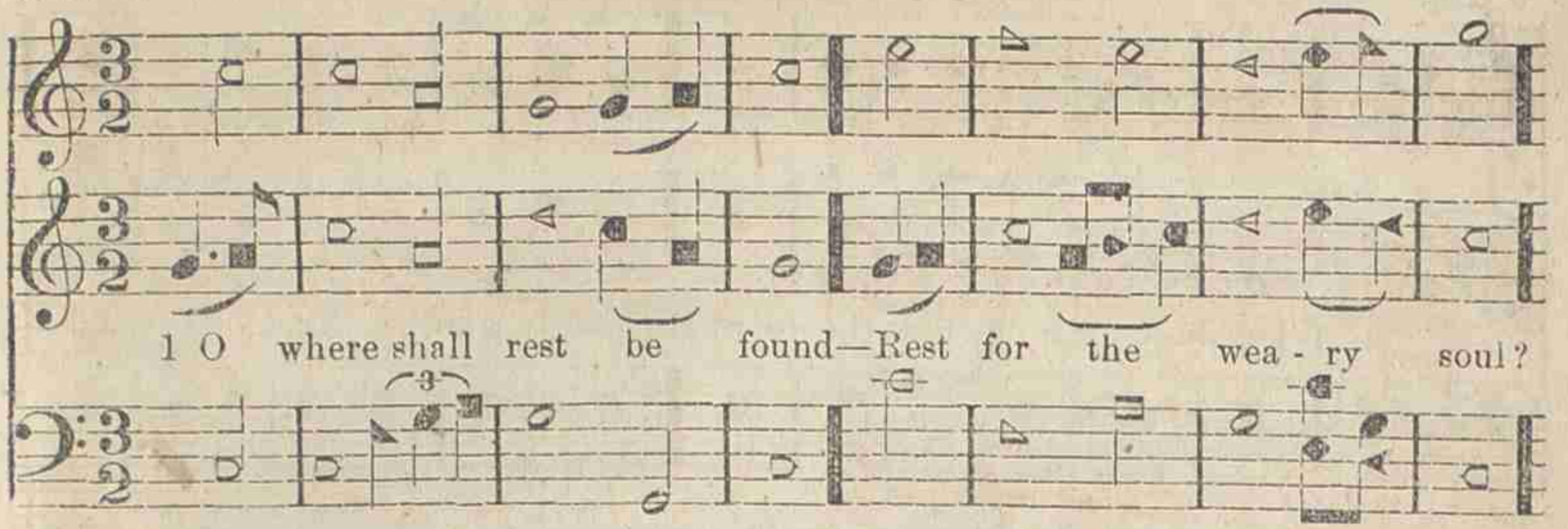
2 Then, brother man, fold to thy heart thy brother!
For where love dwells, the peace of God is there;
To worship rightly is to love each other;
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.

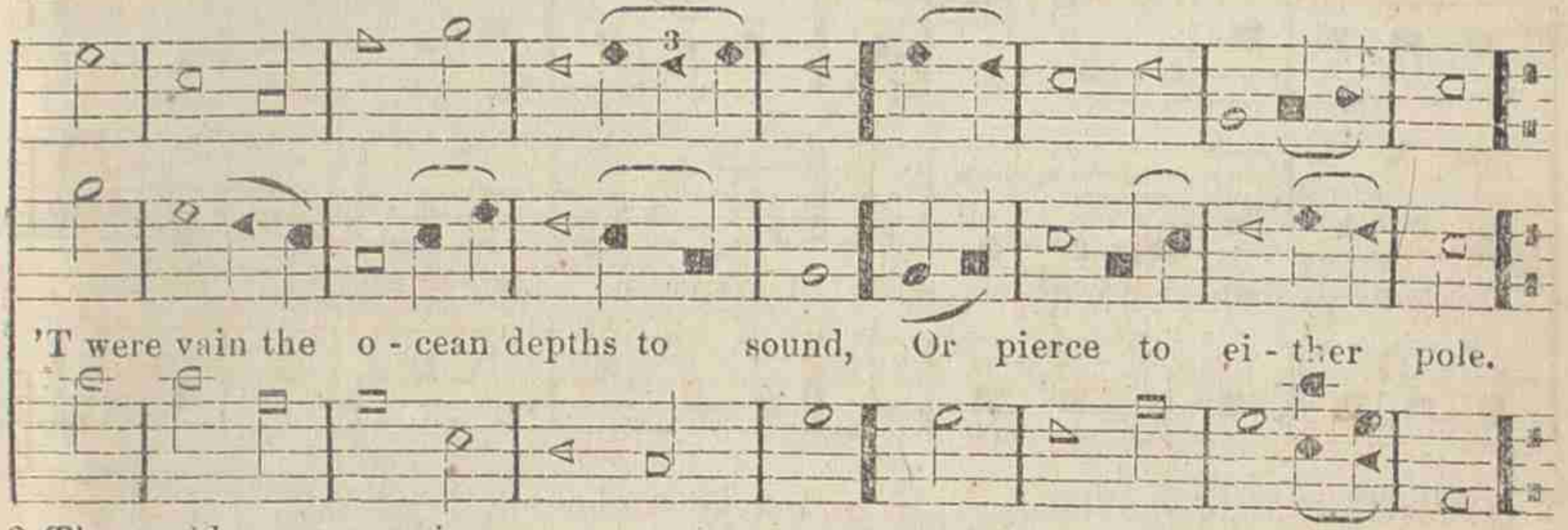
3 Follow, with rev'rent steps, the great example,
Of Him whose holy work was doing good;
So shall the wide earth seem our Father's temple,
Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.

4 Thus shall all shackles fall; the stormy clangor
Of wild war-music o'er the earth shall cease;
Love shall tread out the baleful fires of anger,
And in its ashes plant the tree of peace.

343 *See page* 152.

344 NINETY-THIRD. S. M.





2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh:
'T is 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.

361 *The good that I would, I do not.* Rom. 7 : 19.

I WOULD, but cannot sing,
I would, but cannot pray:
For Satan meets me when I try,
And frights my soul away.

2 I would, but can't repent,
Though I endeavor oft;
This stony heart can ne'er relent,
Till Jesus makes it soft.

3 I would, but cannot love,
Though woo'd by love divine;
No arguments have power to move
A soul so base as mine.

4 I would, but cannot rest,
In God's most holy will,
I know what he appoints is best,
Yet murmur at it still.

5 O could I but believe!
Then all would easy be;
I would but can not—Lord, relieve;
My help must come from thee!

367 *Ingratitude lamented.* Isaiah 1 : 2.

IS this the kind return?
Are these the thanks we owe?
Thus to abuse eternal Love,
Whence all our blessings flow.

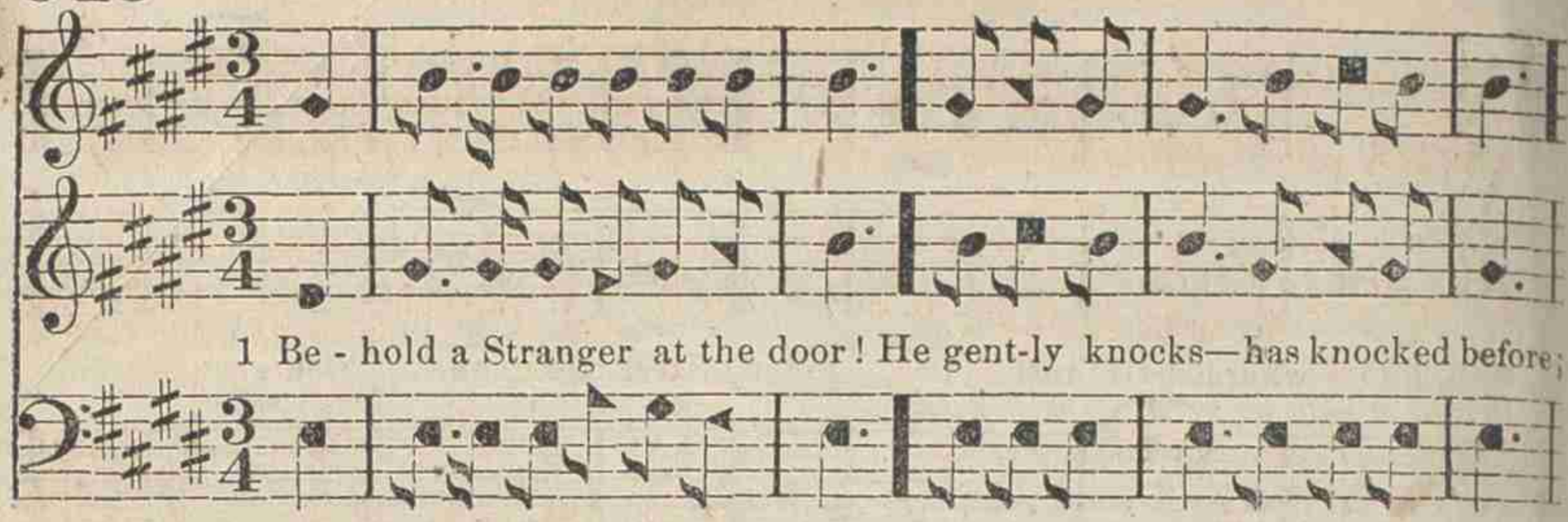
2 To what a stubborn frame
Has sin reduced our mind!
What strange rebellious wretches we,
And God is strangely kind!

3 On us he bids the sun
Shed his reviving rays;
For us the skies their circles run,
To lengthen out our days.

4 Turn, turn us mighty God,
And mould our souls afresh;
Break, sov'reign grace, these hearts of stone,
And give us hearts of flesh.

5 Let past ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes,
And hourly as new mercies fall,
Let hourly thanks arise.

345 HARTEL. L. M.





2 O! lovely attitude—he stands
With melting heart and loaded hands;
O! matchless kindness— and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes!

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

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

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

346 *Life, the time to labor.* Eccl. 9: 10.

LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time 't insure the great reward,
And while the Lamp holds out to burn,
O hasten, sinner, to return!

2 Life is the hour that God has given,
To 'scape from hell and fly to heaven,
The day of grace when mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.

3 The living know that they must die,
Beneath the clods their dust must lie;
Then have no share in all that's done
Beneath the circle of the sun.

4 Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands, with all your might pursue:
Since no device nor work is found,
Nor faith nor hope, beneath the ground.

5 There are no acts of pardon pass'd
In the cold grave to which we haste,
O may we all receive thy grace,
And see with joy thy smiling face.

347 *My yoke is easy.* Matt 11: 30.

COME, take my yoke, the Savior said,
To follow me, be not afraid;
For I in heart am lowly, meek,
And offer you the rest you seek.

2 The yoke of pleasure may allure,
And promise bliss that will endure;
But when it has thy youth despoil'd,
'Twill cast thee off as garments soil'd.

3 Take not on thee the yoke of wealth;
'Twill eat thy soul, destroy thy health,
And make thee feel how cheap the cost,
If worlds could buy the peace it lost.

4 Ambition, too, its yoke displays,
And hangs out its perennial bays;
Be not, poor soul, by it misled;
I offer thee a crown instead.

5 Then take my yoke—'t is soft and light,
'Twill ne'er disturb thy rest at night:
But guide thee to that world above,
Where no restraint is known but love.

348 *An appeal to the carrless.*
Isaiah 32 : 10.

WHY will ye lavish out your years,
Amidst a thousand trifling cares,
While, in the various range of thought,
The one thing needful is forgot?

2 Why will ye chase the fleeting wind,
And famish an immortal mind;
While angels with regret look down,
To see you spurn a heavenly crown?

3 Th' eternal God calls from above,
And Jesus pleads his dying love,
Awaken'd conscience gives you pain.
And shall they join their pleas in vain?

4 Not so your dying eyes shall view
Those objects which ye now pursue;
Not so shall heaven and hell appear,
When the decisive hour is near.

5 Almighty God! thine aid impart,
To fix conviction on the heart:
Thy power can clear the darkest eyes,
And make the hautiest scorner wise.

349 *See page* 139.

350 *See page* 153.

356 *Mourning for sin.*

O GIVE me, Lord, my sins to mourn,
My sins, which have thy body torn!
Give me with broken heart to see,
Thy last tremendous agony.

2 O could I gain the mountain's hight,
And gaze upon that bleeding sight!
O that with Salem's daughters, I
Could stand and see my Savior die!

3 I'd smite my breast and weep and mourn,
And never from the cross return:
I'd weep o'er the expiring Lord,
And mix my tears with Jesus' blood.

4 I'd hang around his cross and cry,
Lord, save a soul condemned to die!
O let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son!

358 *Pleading for pardon.* Psalm 51.

O LORD! show pity and forgive,
Let a repenting sinner live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

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

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

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

5 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord, [word,
Whose hopes, still hov'ring round thy
Would light on thy sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

369 *Thou art the guide of my youth.*
Jer. 3 : 4.

TO thine eternal arms, O God!
Take us, thine erring children, in;
From dang'rous paths too, boldly trod, [sin.
From wand'ring thoughts and dreams of

2 Those arms were round our childish ways,
A guard through helpless years to be;
O leave not our maturer days,
We still are helpless without thee!

3 We trusted hope and pride and strength;
Our strength proved false, our pride was vain,
Our dreams have faded all at length, [vain,
We come to thee, O Lord, again.

4 A guide to trembling steps yet be!
Give us of thine eternal powers!
So shall our paths all lead to thee,
And life smile on like childhood's hours.

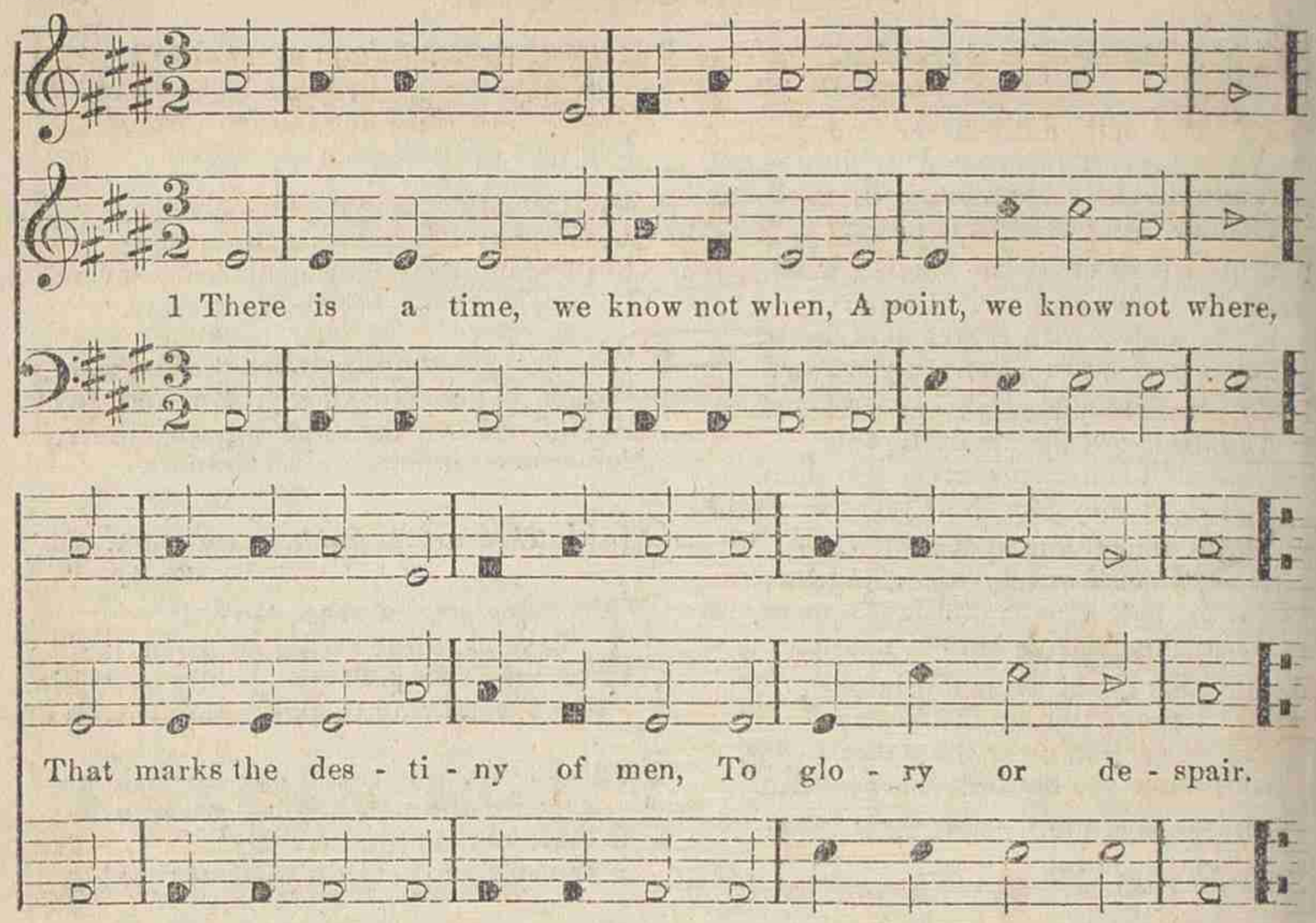
370 *The Pharisee and Publican.*
Luke 18 : 9-14.

BEHOLD how sinners disagree—
The Publican and Pharisee;
One doth his righteousness proclaim,
The other owns his guilt and shame.

2 This man at humble distance stands,
And cries for grace with lifted hands;
That boldly rises near the throne,
And talks of duties he has done.

3 The Lord their different language knows,
And different answers he bestows:
The humble soul with grace he crowns,
Whilst on the proud his anger frowns.

4 Dear Father, let me never be
Join'd with the boasting Pharisee;
I have no merit of my own,
But plead the sufferings of thy Son.



2 There is a line, by us unseen,
That crosses every path;
The hidden boundary between
God's patience and his wrath.

3 To pass that limit is to die—
To die as if by stealth:
It does not quench the beaming eye,
Or pall the glow of health.

4 The conscience may be still at ease,
The spirit light and gay;
That which is pleasing, still may please,
And care be thrust away.

5 O! where is this mysterious bourne,
By which our path is crossed;
Beyond which, God himself hath sworn,
That he who goes is lost!

6 How far may we go on in sin?
How long will God forbear?
Where does hope end? and where begin
The confines of despair?

7 An answer from the skies is sent:
"Ye that from God depart!
While it is called to-day, repent!
And harden not your heart."

352 *See page* 136.

353 " " 124.

354 " " 140.

355 " " 151.

356 " " 159.

357 " " 153.

358 " " 159.

366 *Pleading the merits of Chrirt.*

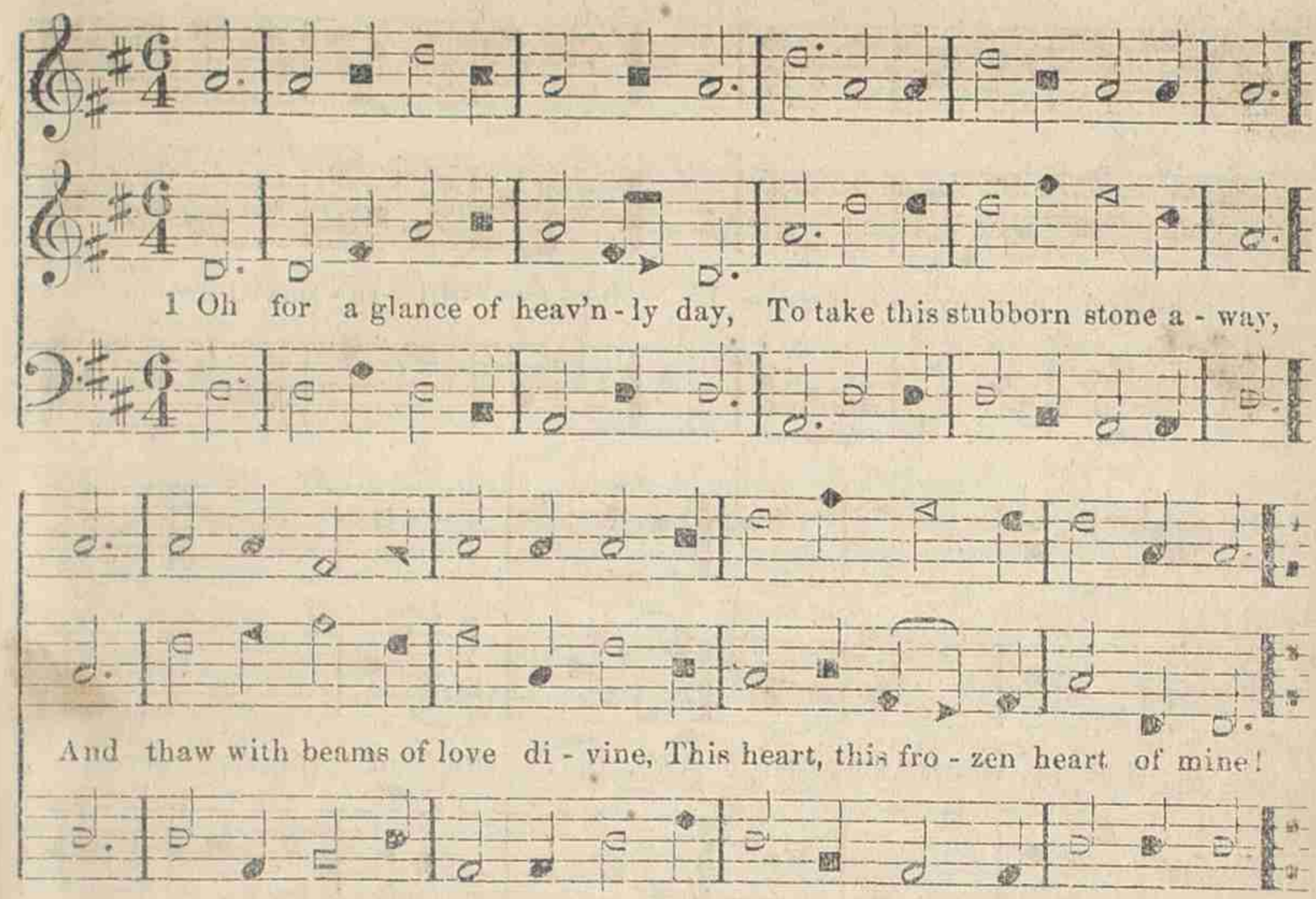
FATHER, I stretch my hands to thee,
No other help I know;
If thou withdraw thyself from me,
Ah! whither shall I go?

2 What did thy only Son endure,
Before I drew my breath?
What pain, what labor to secure
My soul from second death?

3 O Jesus, could I this believe,
I now should feel thy power;
Now my poor soul thou wouldst retrieve,
Nor let me wait an hour!

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

359 FROZEN HEART. L. M.



2 The rocks can rend, the earth can quake;
The seas can roar, the mountains shake;
Of feeling all things show some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
Dear Lord, an adamant would melt;
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing moves this heart of mine.

4 Thy judgments, too, unmoved I hear,
(Amazing thought!) which devils fear:
Goodness and wrath in vain combine,
To stir this stupid heart of mine.

5 Eternal Spirit! mighty God!
Apply to me the Savior's blood,
'T is his rich blood, and his alone,
Can move and melt this heart of stone.

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

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

5 I would, but thou must give the power,
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

6 Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,
Nor let thy chariot wheels delay;
Appear, in my poor heart, appear,
My God, my Savior, come away!

360 *The prayer of the heavy laden.* Matt. 11: 28.

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

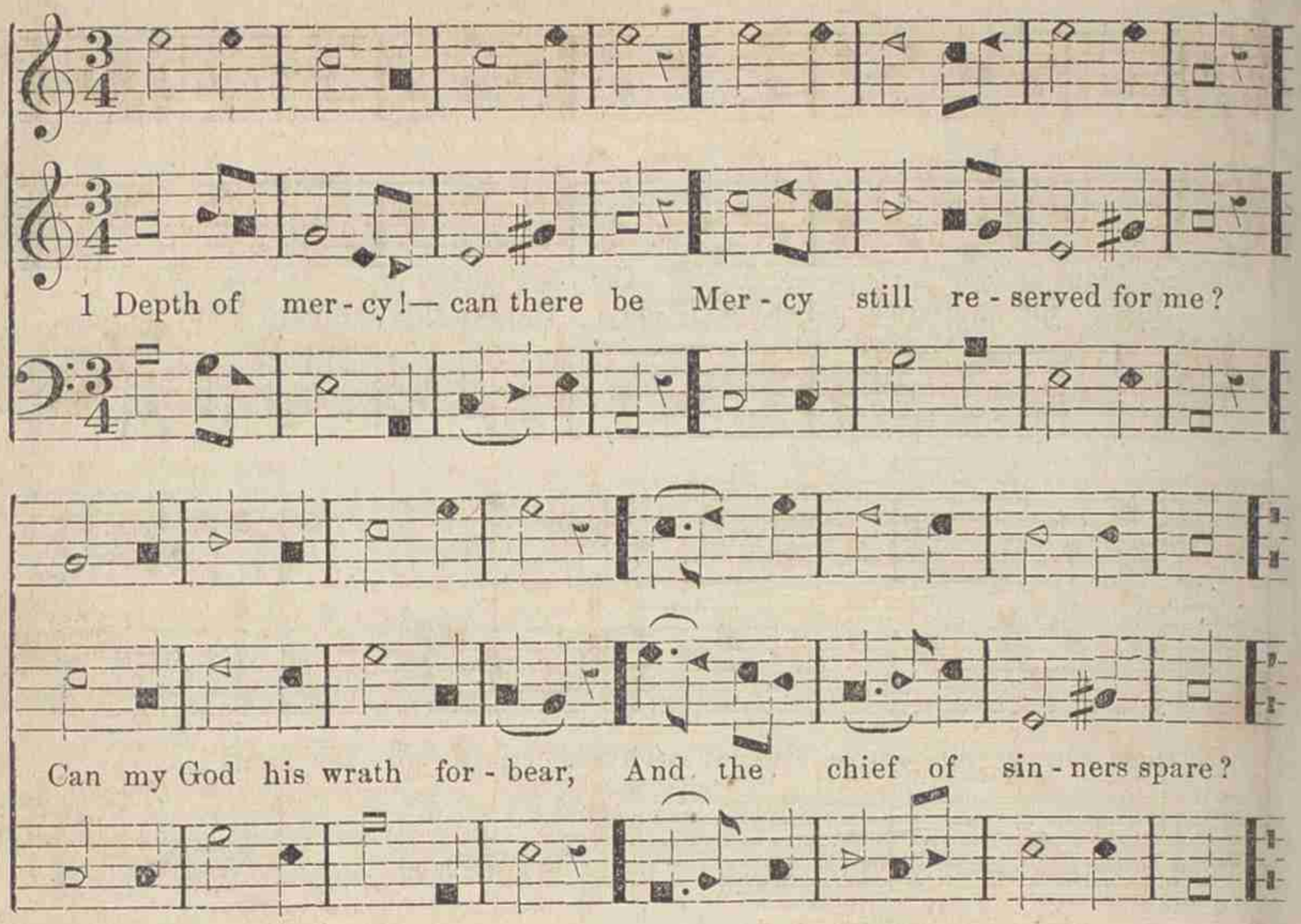
2 Rest for my soul I long to find,
Savior of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

361 *See page* 157.

715 *Be content with such things as ye have.* Heb. 13: 5.

IF peace and plenty crown my days,
Then help me, Lord, to sing thy praise!
If bread of sorrow be my food,
Those sorrows work my real good.

2 Be present at our table, Lord!
Be here, and everywhere adored!
Thy people bless, and grant that we
May feast in paradise with thee.



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

3 Jesus, answer from above:
Is not all thy nature love?
Wilt thou not the wrong forget?
Lo, I fall before thy feet.

4 Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my fall lament,
Deeply my revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

393 *As thy days, so shall thy strength be.* Deut. 33: 25.

WAIT, my soul, upon the Lord;
To his gracious promise flee,
Laying hold upon his word,
"As thy days, thy strength shall be."

2 If the sorrows of thy case
Seem peculiar still to thee,
God has promised needful grace:
"As thy days, thy strength shall be."

3 Days of trial, days of grief,
In succession thou may'st see;
This is still thy sweet relief,
"As thy days, thy strength shall be."

4 Rock of Ages, I'm secure
With thy promise full and free,
Faithful, positive, and sure—
"As thy days, thy strength shall be."

456 *Trust in Jesus.*

SAVIOR, happy would I be,
If I could but trust in thee!
Trust thy wisdom me to guide,
Trust thy goodness to provide.

2 Trust thy saving love and power,
Trust thee every day and hour;
Trust in sickness, trust in health,
Trust in poverty and wealth.

3 Trust in joy, and trust in grief,
Trust thy promise for relief;
Trust thy blood to cleanse my soul,
Trust thy grace to make me whole.

4 Trust thee living, dying too,
Trust thee all my journey through;
Trust thee, till my feet shall be
Planted on the crystal sea.

5 Trust thee, ever blessed Lamb,
Till I wear the victor's palm:
Trust thee till my soul shall be
Wholly swallowed up in thee.

363 SUPPLICATION. L. M.



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

3 Yet O the chief of sinners spare!
In honor of my great High Priest;
Nor in thy righteous anger swear,
I shall not see thy people's rest.

4 Yet if thou canst my sins forgive,
E'en now, O Lord! relieve my woes,
Into thy rest of love receive,
And bless me with a calm repose.

5 E'en now my weary soul release,
And raise me by thy gracious hand:
Guide me into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

364 *I acknowledge my transgression.* Psalm 51 : 3.

O THOU, who hearest when sinners cry;
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their memory from thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin:
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

3 Though I have grieved thy Spirit, Lord,
Thy help and comfort still afford;
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

4 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.

365 *See page* 153.
366 *See page* 160.
367 *See page* 157.
368 *See page* 153.
369 *See page* 159.
370 *See page* 159.

382 *My grace is sufficient.* 2 Cor. 2 : 9.

GRACE, 't is a most delightful theme;
'T is grace that rescues guilty man,
'T is grace divine, all conquering, free,
Or it had never rescued me.

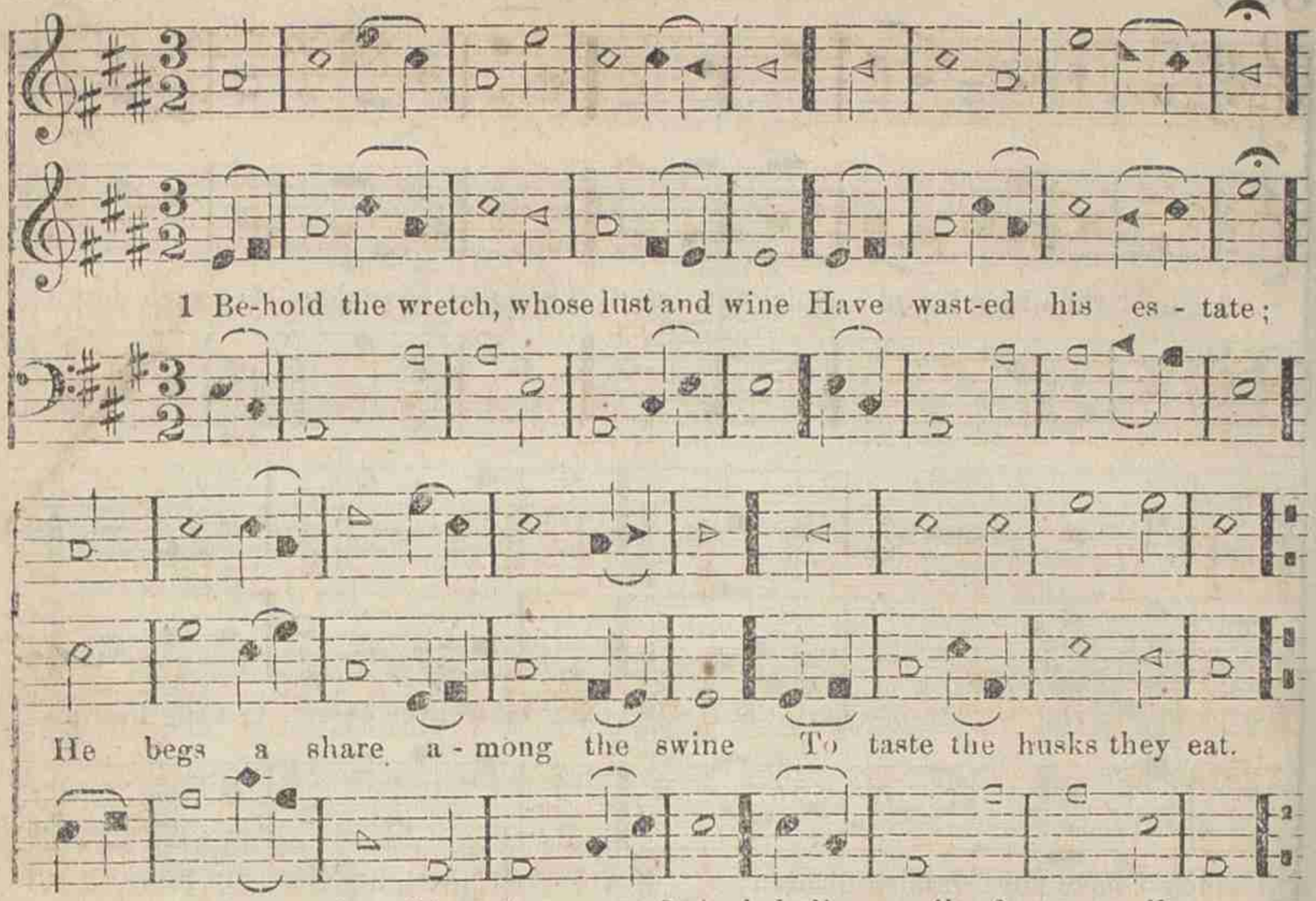
2 'T was grace that quickened me when dead,
And grace my soul to Jesus led:
Grace brought me pardon for my sin,
And grace subdues my lust within.

3 'T is grace that sweetens every cross,
And grace supports in every loss;
In Jesus' grace my soul is strong:
Grace is my shield, and grace my song.

4 'T is grace defends when dangers near,
By grace alone I persevere:
'T is grace constrains my soul to love,
And grace will bear me safe above.

5 Of grace, free grace, alone I boast,
And 't is in grace alone I trust;
And when I rise to heaven, my home,
I'll shout free grace, free grace alone!

371 SOLON. C. M.



2 "I die with hunger here," he cries,
"I starve in foreign lands:
My Father's house hath large supplies,
And bounteous are his hands.

3 "I'll go, and with a mournful tongue,
Fall down before his face;
Father, I've done thy justice wrong,
Nor can deserve thy grace."

4 He said, and hastened to his home,
To seek his father's love;
The father saw the rebel come,
And all his bowels move.

5 He ran and fell upon his neck,
Embraced and kiss'd his son;
The rebel's heart with sorrow brake
For follies he had done.

6 "A day of feasting I ordain,
Let mirth and joy abound;
My son was dead, and lives again,
Was lost, and now is found."

372 *Return unto me.* Malachi 3: 7.

O THOU, whose tender mercy hears,
Contrition's humble sigh;
Whose hand indulgent, wipes the tears,
From sorrow's weeping eye;

2 See! low before the throne of grace,
A wretched wand'rer mourn;
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
Hast thou not said, "Return!"

3 And shall my guilty fears prevail,
To drive me from thy feet?
O let not this dear refuge fail—
This only safe retreat.

4 Absent from thee, my guide, my light,
Without one cheering ray,
Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
How desolate the way!

5 O shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine;
And let thy healing voice impart,
A taste of joys divine.

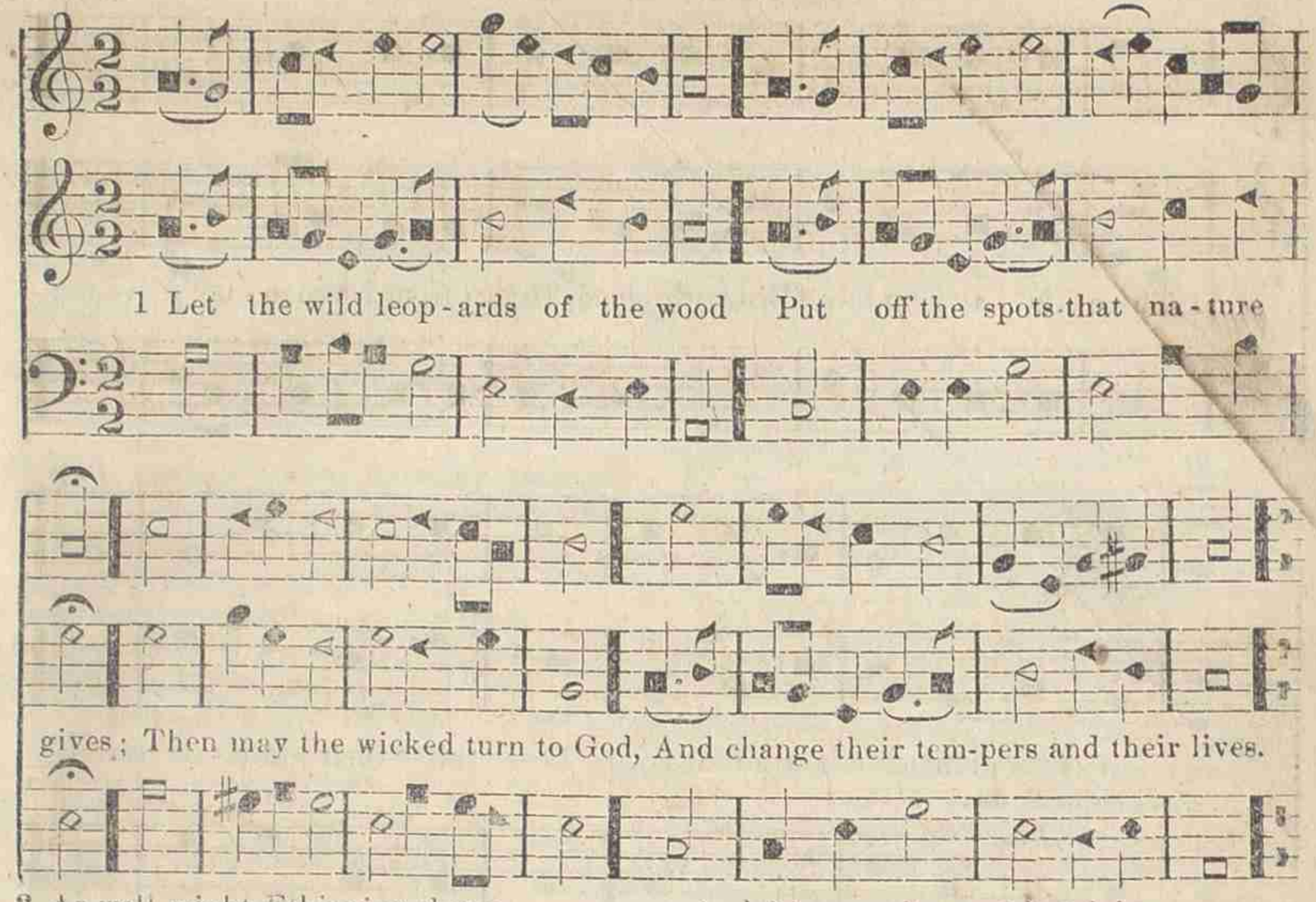
373 *The deceitfulness of sin.* Heb. 3: 13.

SIN has a thousand treach'rous arts
To practice on the mind;
With flatt'ring looks she tempts our hearts,
But leaves a sting behind.

2 With names of virtue she deceives
The aged and the young;
And while the heedless wretch believes,
She makes his fetters strong.

3 She pleads for all the joys she brings,
And gives a fair pretense;
But cheats the soul of heavenly things,
And chains it down to sense.

4 So on a tree, divinely fair,
Grew the forbidden food,
Our mother took the poison there,
And tainted all her blood.



2 As well might Ethiopian slaves
Wash out the darkness of their skin:
The dead as well may leave their graves,
As sinners save themselves from sin.

3 Where vice has held its empire long,
'T will not endure the least control:
None but a power divinely strong
Can turn the current of the soul.

4 Great God! I own thy power divine,
That works to change this heart of mine;
I would be formed anew, and bless
The wonders of creating grace.

375 *The fall lamented.* Psalm 119: 136.

ARISE, my tenderest thoughts, arise;
To torrents melt my streaming eyes;
And thou, my heart, with anguish feel
Those evils which thou canst not heal.

2 See human nature sunk in shame;
See scandal poured on Jesus' name:
The Father wounded through the Son;
The world abused, the soul undone.

3 See the short course of vain delight
Closing in everlasting night—
In flames, that no abatement know,
Though briny tears forever flow.

4 My God, I feel the mournful scene;
My bowels yearn o'er dying men;
And fain my pity would reclaim,
And snatch the firebrands from the flame.

5 But feebler my compassion proves,
And can but weep where most it loves
Thy own all-saving arm employ,
And turn these drops of grief to joy.

376 *See Index.*

377 *The fall and redemption.* Ez. 37: 9.

LOOK down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
See Adam's race in ruin lie,
Sin spreads its trophies o'er the ground,
And scatters slaughtered heaps around.

2 And can these mouldering corpses live?
And can these perished bones revive?
That mighty God to thee is known,
That wondrous work is all thy own.

3 Thy ministers are sent in vain
To prophesy upon the slain:
In vain they call, in vain they cry,
Till thine Almighty aid is nigh.

4 But if thy Spirit deign to breathe,
Life spreads thro' all the realms of death,
Dry bones obey thy powerful voice,
They move, they waken, they rejoice:

5 So when the trumpet's awful sound
Shall shake the heav'ns and rend the ground,
Dead saints shall from their tombs arise,
And spring to life beyond the skies.



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

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

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

5 And when this feeble, faltering tongue
Lies silent in the grave,
Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing thy power to save.

379 *Man's ruin and recovery.* Isa. 55: 1.

HOW sad our state by nature is!
Our sin how deep its stains!
And Satan binds our captive minds
Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace
Sounds from the sacred word;
"Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust upon the Lord."

3 My soul obeys th' Almighty call,
And runs to his relief;
I would believe thy promise, Lord,
O, help my unbelief!

4 To the dear fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate Lord, I fly;
Here let me wash my spotted soul,
From crimes of deepest dye.

5 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall;
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus, and my all.

380 *My soul shall rejoice in his salvation.* Psalm 35 : 9.

SALVATION! O, the joyful sound!
'T is 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.

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

381 *The coronation.*

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

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

3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 Babes, men, and sires, who know his love,
Who feel your sin and thrall,
Now join with all the hosts above,
And crown him Lord of all.

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

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

382 *See page* 163.

383 *I looked and there was none to help.* Isaiah 63 : 5.

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

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

384 *Salvation only in Christ.* Acts 4 : 12.

WHEN wounded sore, the stricken soul
Lies bleeding and unbound,
One only hand, a pierced hand,
Can salve the sinner's wound.

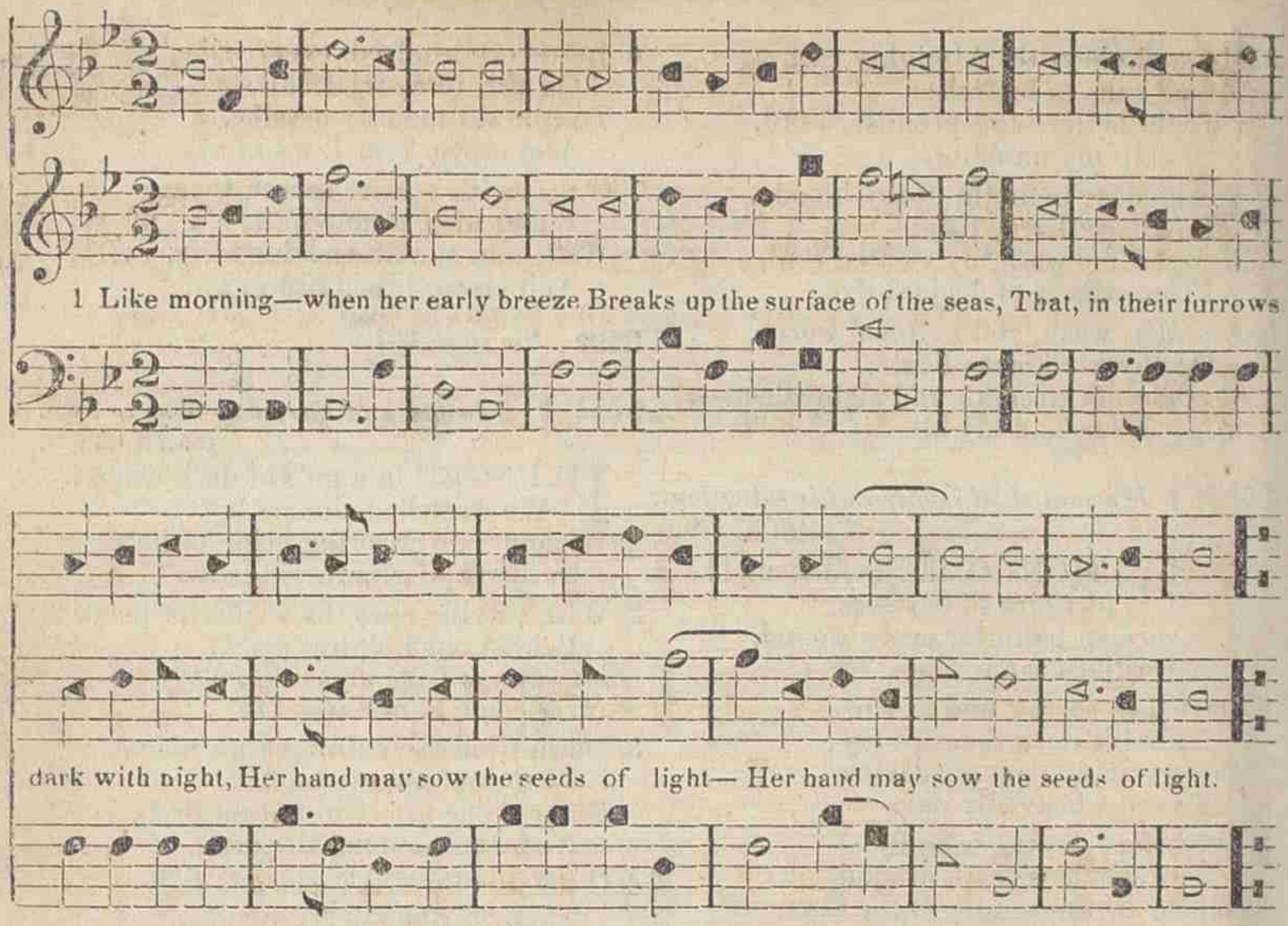
2 When sorrow swells the laden breast,
And tears of anguish flow,
One only heart, a broken heart,
Can feel the sinner's woe.

3 When penitence has wept in vain
Over some foul dark spot,
One only stream, a stream of blood,
Can wash away the blot.

4 'T is Jesus' blood that washes white,
This hand that brings relief,
This heart that's touched with all our joys,
And feeleth for our grief.

5 Lift up thy bleeding hand, O Lord,
Unseal that cleansing tide;
We have no shelter from our sin
But in thy wounded side.

385 DELTA. L. M.



2 Thy grace can send its breathings o'er
The spirit dark and lost before;
And, freshening all its depths, prepare
For truth divine to enter there.

3 Till David touched his sacred lyre,
In silence lay the unbreathing wire;
But when he swept its chords along,
Then angels stooped to hear the song.

4 So sleeps the soul, till thou, O Lord,
Shalt deign to touch its lifeless chord:
Till wak'd by thee, its breath shall rise
In music worthy of the skies.

386 *What is man?* Psalm 8: 4.

LORD, what is man! Extremes how wide
In this mysterious nature join!
The flesh to worms and dust allied,
The soul immortal and divine.

2 Divine at first, a holy flame
Kindled by heaven's inspiring breath;
Till sin, with power prevailing came;
Then followed darkness, shame, and death,

3 But Jesus, O amazing grace!
Assumed our nature as his own,
Obeyed and suffered in our place,
Then took it with him to his throne.

4 Now what is man, when grace reveals
The virtue of a Savior's blood!
Again a life divine he feels,
Despises earth and walks with God.

5 And what, in yonder realms above,
In ransomed man ordained to be!
With honor, holiness, and love,
No seraph more adorned than he.

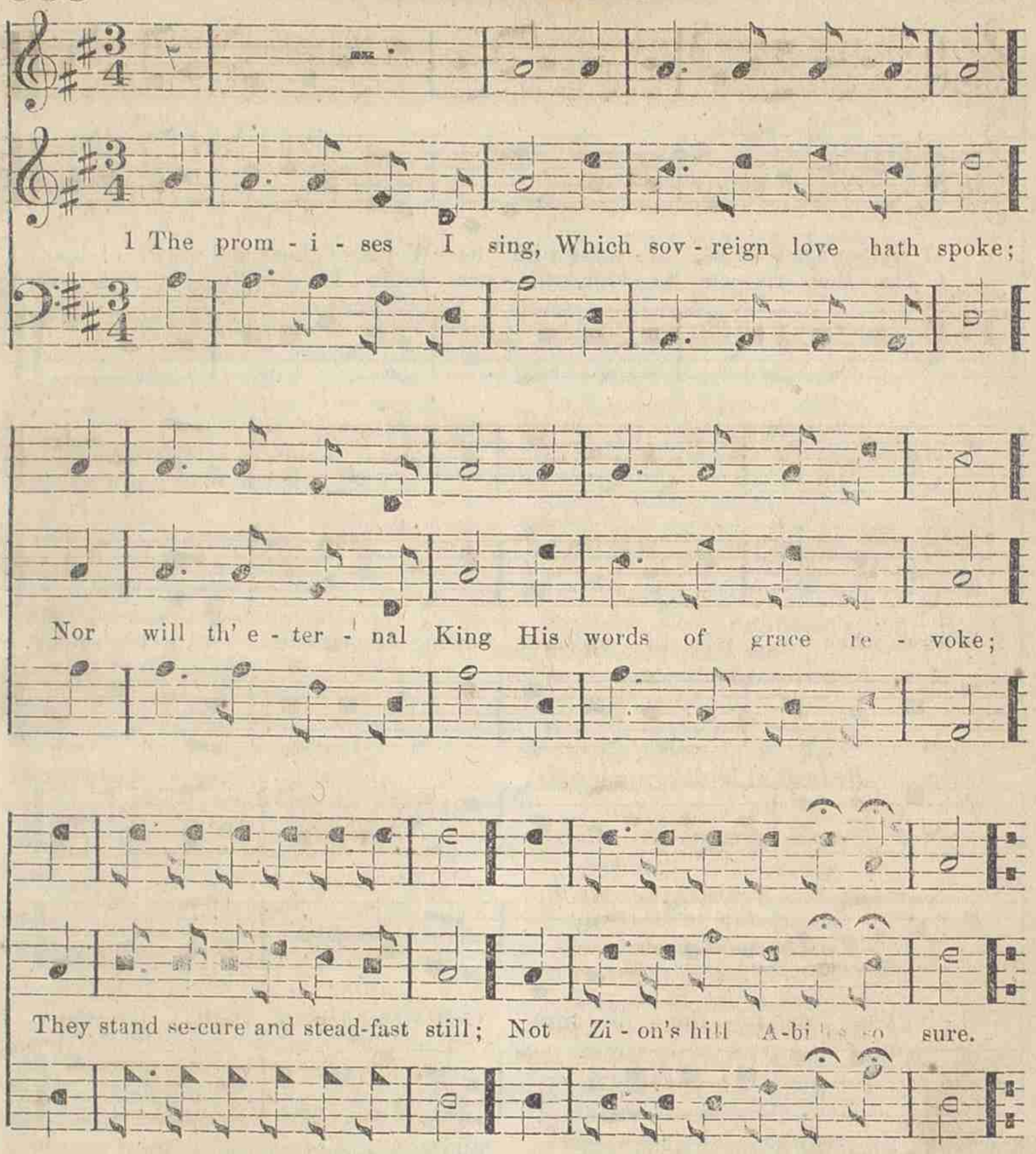
6 Nearest the throne, and first in song,
Man shall his hallelujahs raise;
While wondering angels round him throng
And swell the chorus of his praise.

387 *The divine attributes harmonized.* Psalm 85: 10.

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.



2 The mountains melt away
When once the Judge appears,
And sun and moon decay,
That measure mortal years;
But still the same,
In radiant lines,
The promise shines
Through all the flame.

3 Their harmony shall sound
Through my 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.



3 With us when the storm is sweeping
O'er our pathway dark and drear;
Waking hope within our bosoms,
Stilling every anxious fear;
Whilst hosannas we are singing,
May our hearts in rapture move—
Feel new grace in them still springing,
Breathe the air of purest love.

4 With us in the lonely valley,
When we cross the chilling stream,
Lighting up the steps to glory
With salvation's radiant beam.

395 *Desiring the Spirit.*

COME, descend, O heavenly Spirit!
Fan each spark into a flame;
Blessings let us now inherit,
Blessings that we can not name;

2 Let us sail in grace's ocean,
Float on that unbounded sea,
Guided into pure devotion,
Kept from paths of error free:
On thy heavenly manna feeding,
Screened from every envious foe:
Love, O love, for sinners bleeding,
All for thee we would forego.

3 Keep us, Lord, still in communion,
Daily nearer drawn to thee,
Sinking in the sweetest union
Of that heart-felt mystery.
Keep us safe from each delusion,
Well protected from all harms;
Free from sin and all confusion,
Circle us within thy arms.

402 *The pilgrim's hopes.*

DARK and thorny is the desert,
Thro' which pilgrims make their way,
Yet beyond this vale of sorrow,
Lie the fields of endless day.
Fiends, loud howling thro' the desert,
Make them tremble as they go:
And the fiery darts of Satan
Often bring their courage low.

2 O young pilgrims, are you weary
Of the roughness of the way?
Does your strength begin to fail you,
And your vigor to decay?
Jesus, Jesus will go with you,
He will lead you to his throne;
He who dyed his garments for you,
And the wine-press trod alone.

3 He whose thunder shakes creation,
He who bids the planets roll,
He who rides upon the tempest,
And whose scepter sways the whole;
Round him are ten thousand angels
Ready to obey command,
They are always hov'ring round you,
Till you reach the heavenly land.

4 There, on flow'ry hills of pleasure,
Lie the fields of endless rest:
Love and joy and peace for ever
Reign and triumph in your breast:
Who can paint the scenes of glory,
Where the ransomed dwell on high?
There, on golden harps for ever,
Sound redemption through the sky.

5 O their crowns! how bright they sparkle,
Such as monarchs never wore,
They are gone to richer pastures,
Jesus is their Shepherd there.
Hail, ye happy, happy spirits,
Death no more shall make you fear,
Grief nor sorrow, pain nor anguish,
Shall no more distress you there.

406 *In deep affliction.* Psalm 42: 7.

FULL of trembling expectation,
Feeling much and fearing more,
Mighty God of my salvation!
I thy timely aid implore:
Suffering Son of Man, be near me,
All my sufferings to sustain;
By thy sorer griefs to cheer me,
By thy more than mortal pain.

2 Call to mind that unknown anguish,
In thy days of flesh below;
When thy troubled soul did languish
Under a whole world of woe;
When thou didst our curse inherit,
Groan beneath our guilty load,
Burdened with a wounded spirit,
Bruised by all the wrath of God.

3 By the most severe temptation,
In that dark, Satanic hour;
By thy last, mysterious passion,
Screen me from the adverse power.
By thy fainting in the garden,
By thy bloody sweat, I pray,
Write upon my heart the pardon,
Take my sins and fears away.

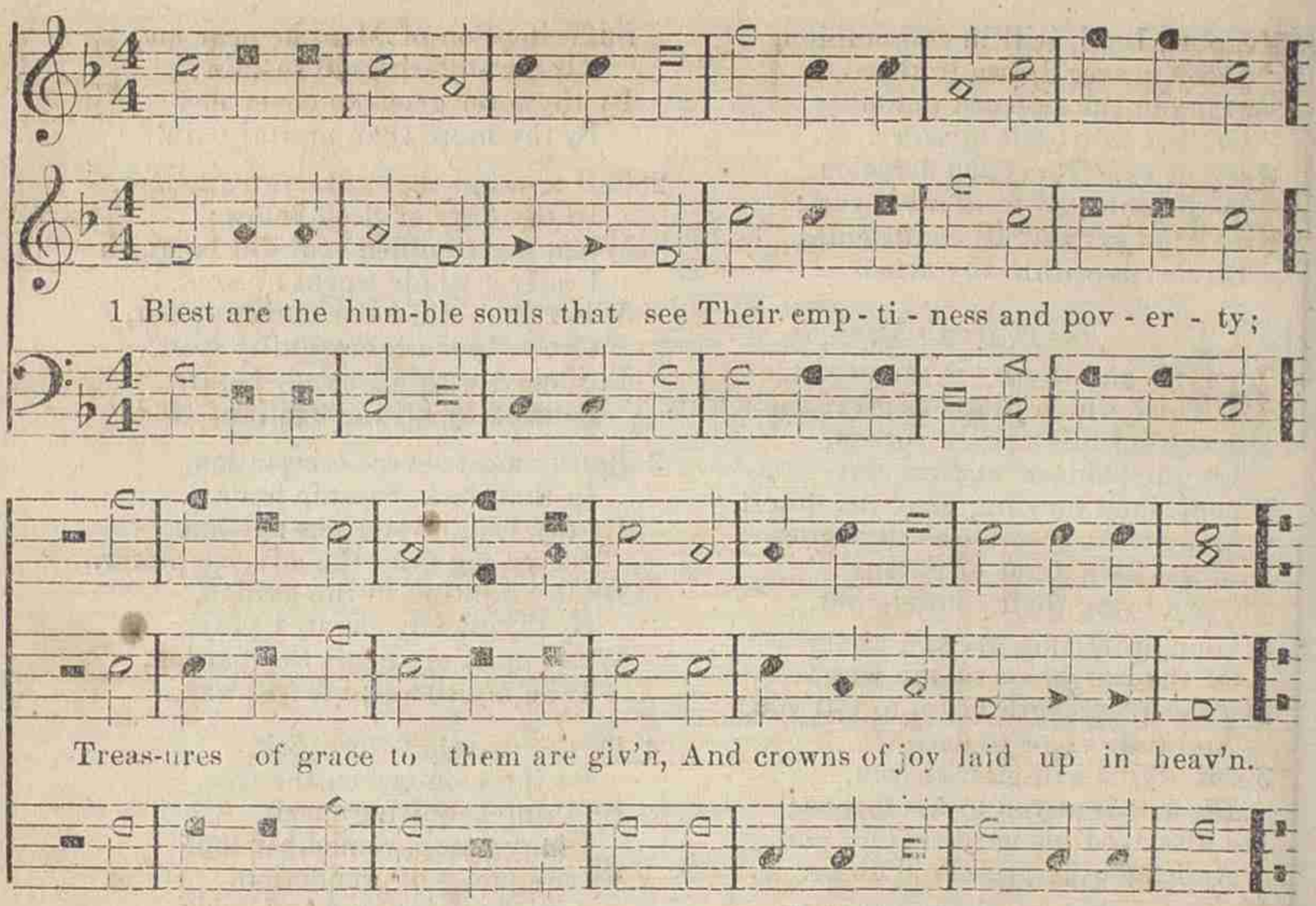
4 By the travel of thy spirit,
By thine outcry on the tree,
By thine agonizing merit,
In my pangs, remember me!
By thy pangs of crucifixion,
A weak, dying soul befriend;
Make me patient in affliction,
Keep me faithful to the end.

420 *All is vanity* Eccl. 1: 2.

I AM weary, I am weary
Of the cares and toils of life;
I am weary of its sorrows,
I am weary of its strife;
I am weary of its flowers,
That do bloom so soon to die;
And th' immortal spirit pineth
For its home beyond the sky.

2 I am weary of the trifles
That do occupy my days;
I am weary of the longing
For weak human love and praise;
I am weary of the thoughts that
Turn so constantly to earth;
Fain would my poor spirit rise
Above its idle joy and mirth.

3 I have seen the flowers wither;
I have seen the loved ones die;
I have seen the clouds of sorrow
Overcast youth's summer sky;
I am pining, I am pining
For my home among the blest;
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.



2 Bless'd 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 Bless'd are the souls that thirst for grace,
Hunger and thirst for righteousness:
They shall be well supplied, and fed
With living streams and living bread.

4 Bless'd 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.

5 Bless'd are the sufferers who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake:
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord:
Glory and joy are their reward.

415 *Psalm* 73: 25.

O LORD, thou know'st my soul's desires,
And thou canst give me perfect ease,
Thou art the God my heart admires,
There's nothing but thy love can please.

2 Give me, O Lord, the happiness
To sit and hear thy gracious voice;
Come, Savior, come, my soul possess,
And make my mourning heart rejoice.

3 Teach me to do thy holy will,
Unite my heart to fear thy name;
O lead me to thy heavenly hill,
Where stands the New Jerusalem.

4 Were not the Lord of hosts my strength,
I should have sunk in deep despair;
But now I trust I shall at length
Arrive at Canaan's harbor fair.

5 There shall I rest forevermore,
Fearless of storms and raging seas:
And sit upon the heavenly shore,
And dwell in everlasting ease.

417 *Rejoicing in tribulation.* 2 Cor. 7: 4.

O LOVE Divine, that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On thee we cast each earthborn 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 whisp'ring, thou art near!

3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us, thou art near!

4 On thee we fling our burdening woe,
O Love Divine, forever dear,
Content to suffer, while we know,
Living and dying, thou art near!

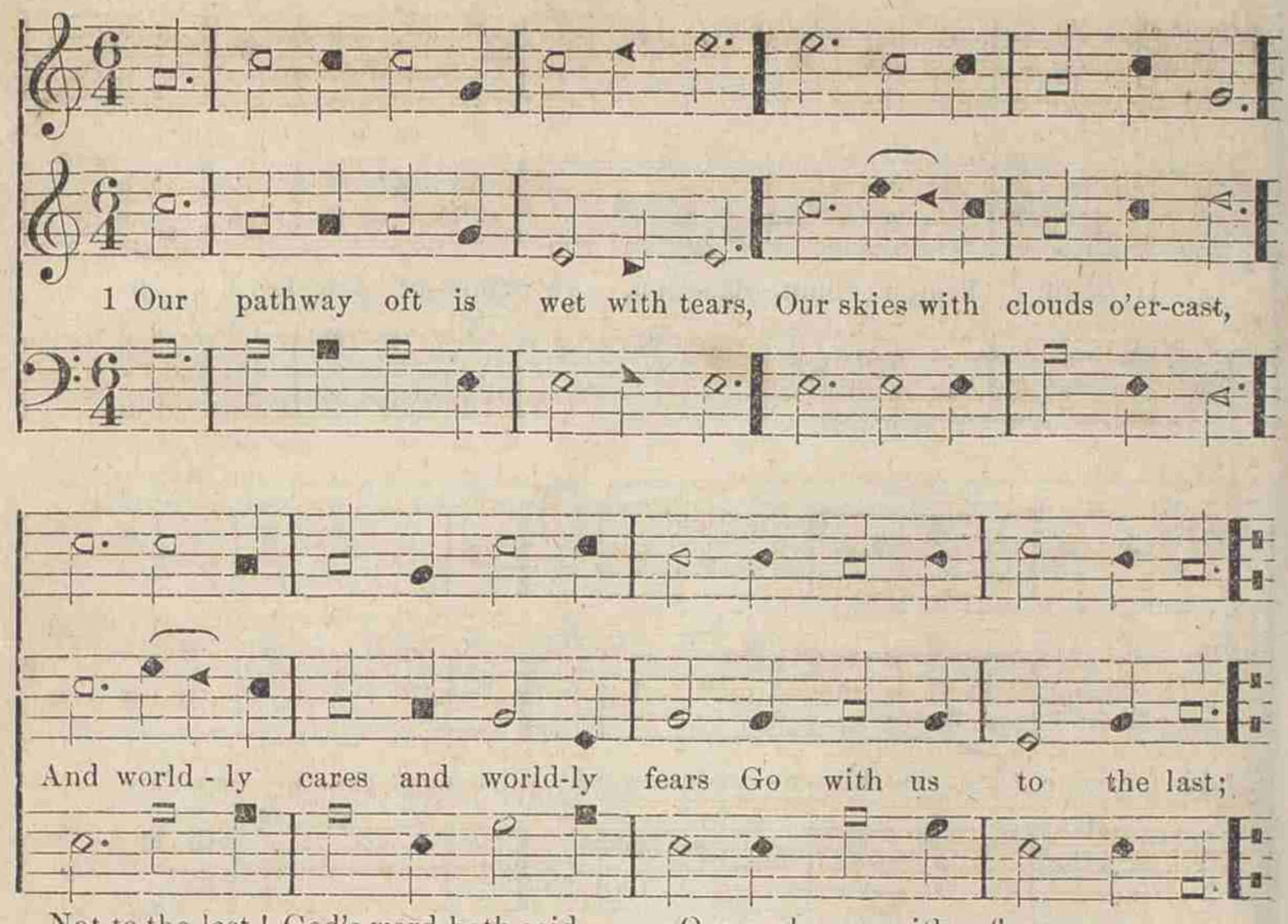
391 PROTECTION. 4 lines 11s.



2 In every condition—in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea—
As thy day may demand, shall thy strength ever be.

3 E'en down to old age all my people shall prove
My sov'reign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

4 The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for repose,
I will not, I will not, desert to its foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake!



Not to the last! God's word hath said,
Could we but read aright;
O pilgrim! lift in hope thy head,
At eve it shall be light!

2 Tho' earth-born shadows now may shroud
Our toilsome path awhile,
God's blessed word can part each cloud,
And bid the sunshine smile.
If we but trust in living faith,
His love and power divine,
Then, though our sun may set in death,
His light shall round us shine.

3 When tempest clouds are dark on high,
His bow of love and praise
'Shines beauteous in the vaulted sky,
Token that storms shall cease.
Then keep we on with hope unchilled
By faith and not by sight,
And we shall own his word fulfilled—
At eve there shall be light!

393 *See page* 162.

397 *Breathing after the Spirit.*

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Savior's love
In these cold hearts of ours.

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

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

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

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

398 *The descent of the Spirit.*

NO track is on the sunny sky,
No footprints on the air:
Jesus hath gone; the face of earth
Is desolate and bare.

2 That upper room is heaven on earth;
Within its precincts lie
All that earth has of faith, or hope,
Of heaven-born charity.

3 One moment—and the silentness
Was breathless as the grave;
The fluttered earth forgot to quake,
The troubled trees to wave.

4 He comes! he comes! that mighty Breath
From heaven's eternal shores;
His uncreated freshness fills
His Bride, as she adores.

5 Earth quakes before that rushing blast,
Heaven echoes back the sound,
And mightily the tempest wheels
That upper room around.

6 One moment—and the Spirit hung
O'er all with dread desire;
Then broke upon the heads of all
In cloven tongues of fire.

399 *The Comforter promised.* John 16: 7.

OUR blest Redeemer, e'er 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 And his that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And whispers us of heaven.

5 And every virtue we possess,
And every virtue won,
And every thought of holiness
Are his, and his alone.

405 *Thou hast delivered my soul, etc.*
Psalm 116: 8.

MY God, thy service well demands
The remnant of my days:
Why was this fleeting breath renewed,
But to renew thy praise?

2 Thine arms of everlasting love
Did this weak frame sustain,
When life was hovering o'er the grave,
And nature sunk with pain.

3 Thou, when the pains of death were felt,
Didst chase the fears of hell,
And teach my pale and quivering lips
Thy matchless grace to tell.

4 Calmly I bowed my fainting head
On thy dear, faithful breast;
Pleased to obey my Father's call
To his eternal rest.

5 Into thy hands, my Savior God,
Did I my soul resign,
In firm dependence on that truth
Which made salvation mine.

6 Back from the borders of the grave,
At thy command I come;
Nor will I urge a speedier flight
To my celestial home.

407 *The rivers shall not overflow thee.*
Isaiah 43: 2.

AFFLICTION is a stormy deep,
Where wave resounds to wave;
Though o'er our heads the billows roll,
We know the Lord can save.

2 When darkness, and when sorrows rose,
And pressed on every side,
The Lord hath still sustained our steps,
And still hath been our guide.

3 Perhaps before the morning dawn,
He will restore our peace;
For he who bade the tempest roar,
Can bid the tempest cease.

4 Here will we rest, here build our hopes—
Nor murmur at his rod;
He's more to us than all the world—
Our Health, our Life, our God.

409 *Complaint under temptation.* Psa. 13.

HOW long wilt thou conceal thy face?
My God, how long delay?
When shall I feel those heavenly rays
That chase my fears away?

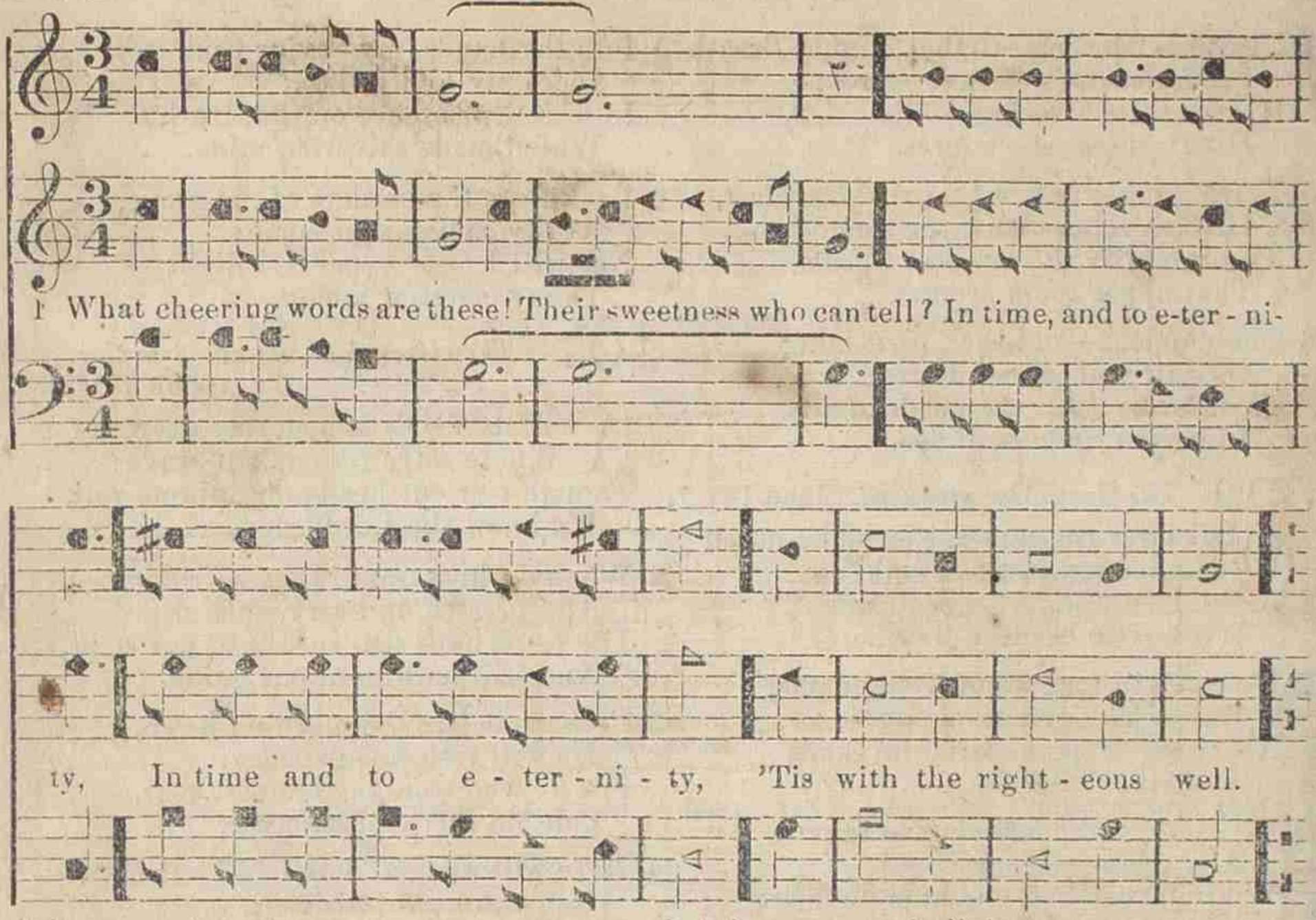
2 See how the prince of darkness tries
All his malicious arts;
He spreads a mist around my eyes,
And throws his fiery darts.

3 Be thou my sun and thou my shield,
My soul in safety keep;
Make haste before my eyes are sealed
In death's eternal sleep.

4 How would the tempter boast aloud,
If I became his prey!
Behold the sons of hell grow proud
At thy so long delay!

5 But they shall fly at thy rebuke,
And Satan hide his head;
He knows the terrors of thy look,
And hears thy voice with dread.

6 Thou wilt display that sovereign grace,
Where all my hopes have hung;
I shall employ my lips in praise,
And victory shall be sung.



2 In every state secure,
Kept by Jehovah's eye,
'Tis well with them while life endures,
And well when called to die.

3 'Tis well when joys arise,
'Tis well when sorrows flow;
'Tis well when darkness vails the skies,
And strong temptations blow.

4 'Tis well when on the mount
They feast on dying love;
And 'tis as well, in God's account,
When they the furnace prove.

5 'Tis well when, at his throne,
They wrestle, weep and pray;
'Tis well when at his feet they groan,
Yet bring their wants away.

6 'Tis well when Jesus calls;
"From earth and sin arise;
Join with the host of virgin souls
Made to salvation wise."

401 *Now are we the sons of God.* 1 Jn. 3: 2.

BEHOLD, what wondrous grace
The Father has 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 Savior here,
We shall be like our Head.

3 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure;
May purify our souls from sin,
As Christ, the Lord, is pure.

4 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit, like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.

5 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
Our faith shall Abba, Father, cry
And thou the kindred own.

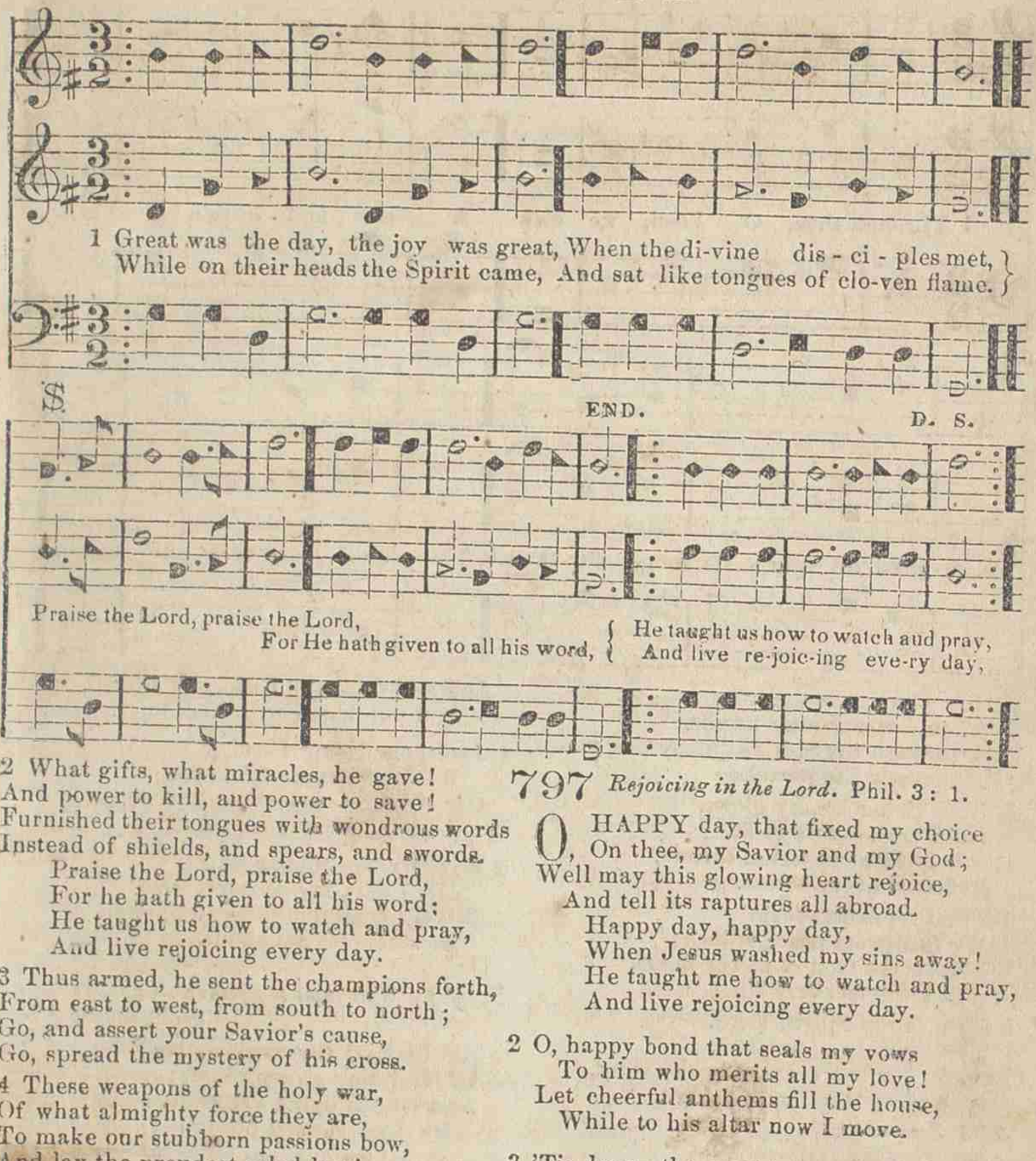
630 *Boast not thyself of to-morrow.* Pr. 27: 1

TO-MORROW, Lord! is thine,
Lodged in thy sov'reign 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 Since on this fleeting hour
Eternity is hung
Awake by thine almighty power,
The aged and the young.

4 One thing demands our care;
O, be it still pursued!
Lest slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed.



2 What gifts, what miracles, he gave!
And power to kill, and power to save!
Furnished their tongues with wondrous words
Instead of shields, and spears, and swords.
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord,
For he hath given to all his word;
He taught us how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day.

3 Thus armed, he sent the champions forth,
From east to west, from south to north;
Go, and assert your Savior's cause,
Go, spread the mystery of his 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!

5 Nations, the learned and the rude,
Are by these heavenly arms subdued;
While Satan rages at his loss,
And hates the doctrine of the cross.

6 Great King of grace, my heart subdue:
I would be led in triumph too,
A willing captive to my Lord,
And sing the victories of his word.

397 *See page* 174.

398 *See page* 174.

399 *See page* 175.

797 *Rejoicing in the Lord.* Phil. 3: 1.

O HAPPY day, that fixed my choice
On thee, my Savior and my God;
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,
And live rejoicing every day.

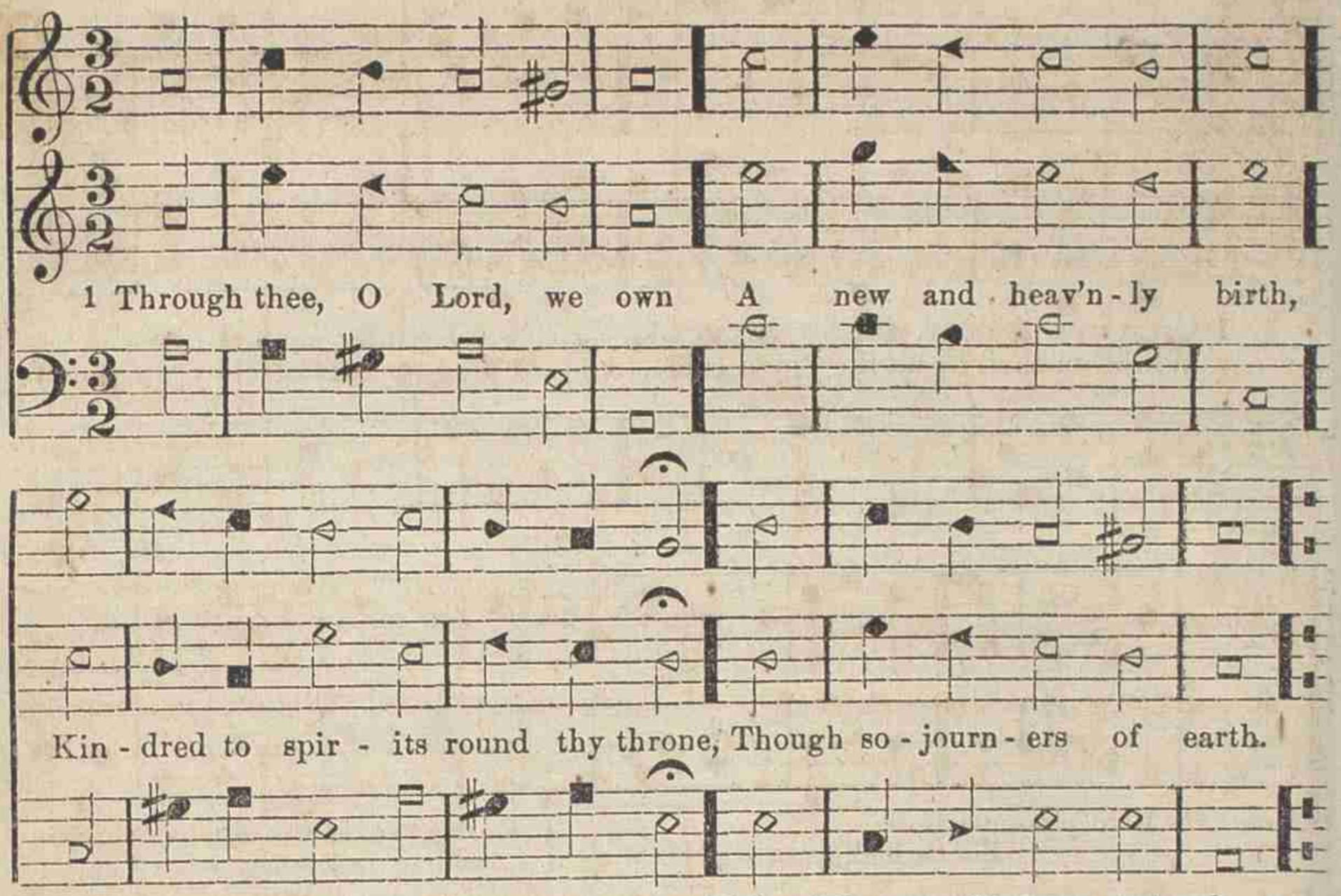
2 O, happy bond that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill the house,
While to his altar now I move.

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

4 Now rest my long-divided heart!
Fixed on this blissful center rest;
Here have I found a nobler part,
Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.

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

400 AYLESBURY. S. M.



2 How glorious is the hour
When first our souls awake,
And, through thy Spirit's quickening power,
Of the new life partake!

3 With richer beauty glows,
The world, before so fair;
Her holy light Religion throws,
Reflected every where.

4 Amid repentant tears
We feel sweet peace within;
We know the God of mercy hears,
And pardons every sin.

5 Born of thy Spirit, Lord,
Thy Spirit may we share;
Deep in our hearts inscribe thy word,
And place thine image there.

401 *See page* 176.

402 *See page* 171.

450 *We will come unto him.* John 14: 23.

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 guard 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.

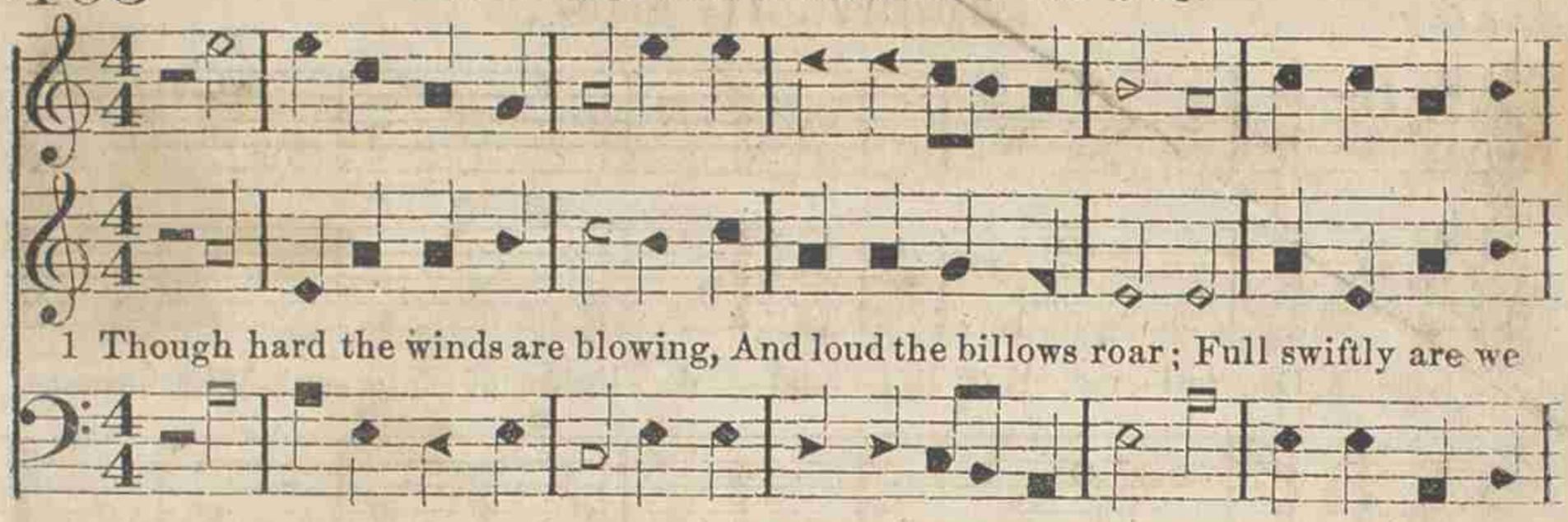
539 *Wilt thou not revive us again.* Psalm 85: 6.

O LORD! thy work revive
In Zion's gloomy hour;
And let our dying graces live
By thy restoring power.

2 O, let thy chosen few
Awake to earnest prayer;
Their solemn vows again renew
And walk in filial fear!

3 Thy Spirit then will speak
Through lips of humble clay,
Till hearts of adamant shall break,
Till rebels shall obey.

4 Now lend thy gracious ear,
Now listen to our cry:
O, come and bring salvation near!
Our souls on thee rely.



3 So sorrow often presses
Life's mariner along;
Afflictions and distresses
Are gales and billows strong.

4 The sharper and severer
The storm of life we meet,
The sooner and the nearer
Is heavens eternal seat.

5 Come, then, afflictions dreary,
Sharp sickness pierce my breast—
You only bear the weary
More quickly home to rest.

673 *And there shall be no night there.*
Rev. 22: 5.

THERE is no night in heaven:
In that blest world above,
Work never brings weariness—
For work itself is love.

2 There is no grief in heaven:
For life is one glad day,
And tears are of those former things
Which all have passed away.

3 There is no want in heaven:
The Lamb of God supplies
Life's tree of twelve-fold fruitage still,
Life's spring which never dries.

4 There is no sin in heaven:
Behold that blessed throng!
All holy is their spotless robe,
All holy is their song.

5 There is no death in heaven:
For they who gain that shore
Have won their immortality,
And they can die no more.



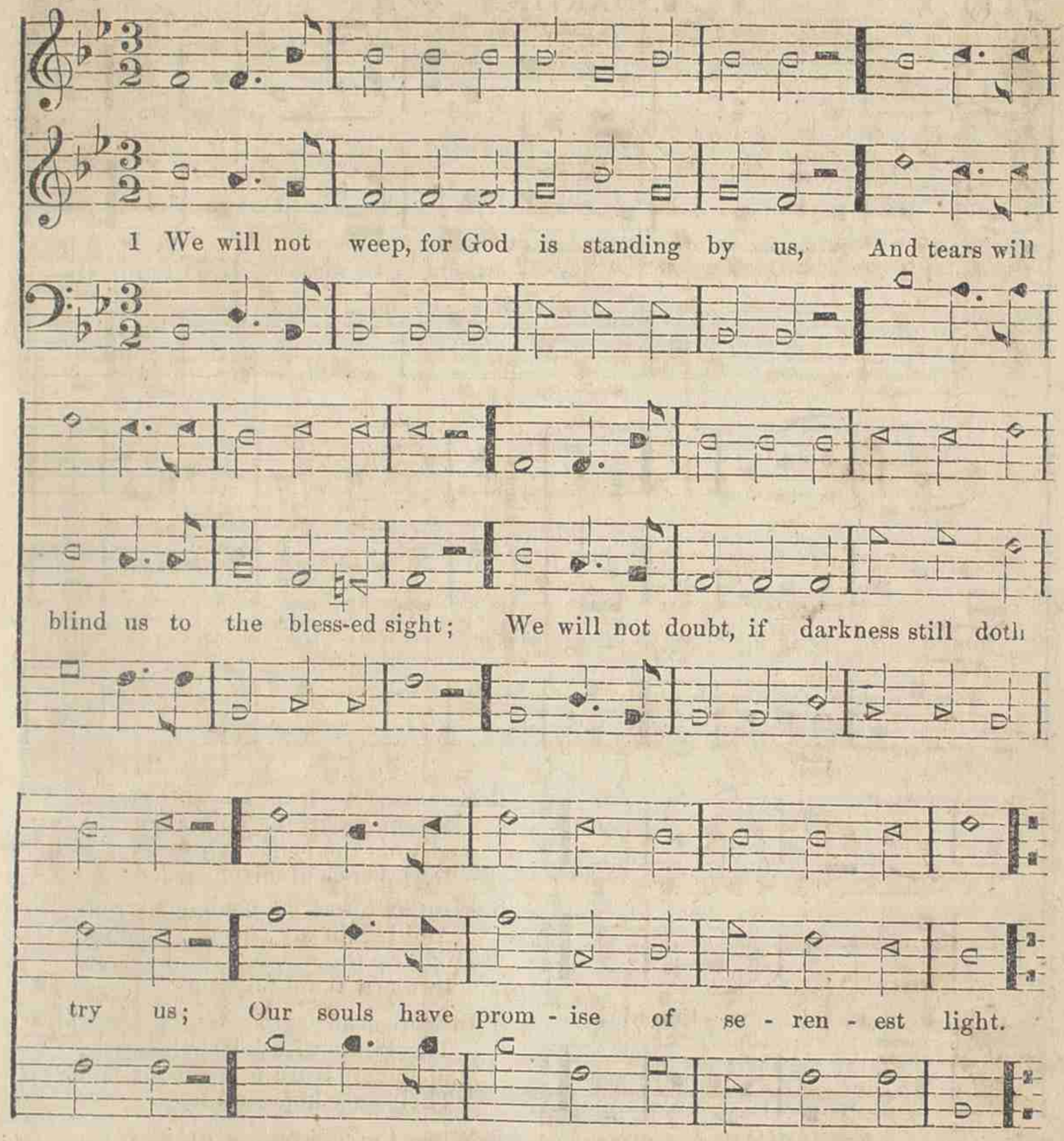
2 O, tell me the place where thy flocks are at rest,
Where the noontide will find them reposing?
The tempest now rages, my soul is distressed,
And the pathway of peace I am losing.

3 O, why should I stray with the flocks of thy foes,
'Mid the desert where now they are roving—
Where hunger and thirst, where affliction and woes,
And temptation their ruin are proving!

4 O, when shall my foes and my wandering cease?
And the follies that fill me with weeping!
Thou Shepherd of Israel, restore me that peace
Thou dost give to the flock thou art keeping.

5 A voice from the Shepherd now bids thee return
By the way where the footprints are lying—
No longer to wander, no longer to mourn;
O fair one, now homeward be flying!

405 *See page* 175. **406** *See page* 171. **407** *See page* 175.



2 We will not faint, if heavy burdens bend us;
They press no harder than our souls can bear;
The thorniest way is lying still behind us;
We shall be braver for the past despair.

3 O not in doubt shall be our journey's ending;
Sin with its fears shall leave us at the last;
All its best hopes in glad fulfillment blending,
Life shall be with us more when death is past.

4 Help us, O Father! when the world is pressing
On our frail hearts, that faint without their Friend;
Help us, O Father! let thy constant blessing
Strengthen our weakness, till the joyful end.

409 *See page* 175.

410 ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.





2 He raised me from a horrid pit,
Where mourning long I lay,
And from the bonds released my feet,
Deep bonds of miry clay.

3 Firm on a rock he made me stand,
And taught my cheerful tongue
To praise the wonders of his hand,
In a new thankful song.

4 I'll spread his works of grace abroad,
The saints with joy shall hear,
And sinners learn to make my God,
Their only hope and fear.

5 When I'm afflicted, poor and low,
And light and peace depart,
My God beholds my heavy woe,
And bears me on his heart.

---

411 *Light in darkness.*

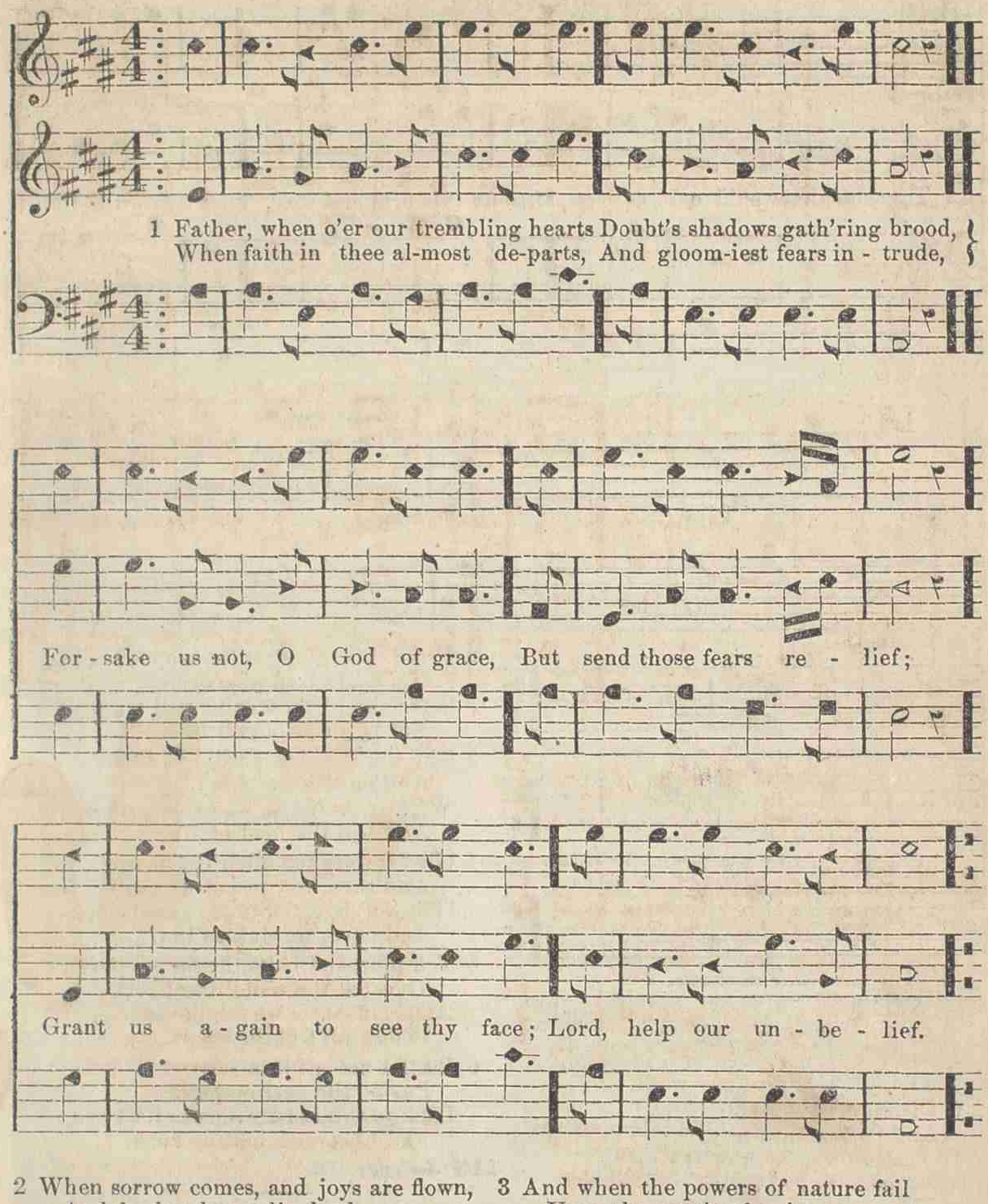
O THERE'S a better world on high;
Hope on, thou pious breast;
Faint not, thou traveler; on the sky
Thy weary feet shall rest.

2 Anguish may rend each vital part;
Poor man, thy strength how frail! [heart,
Yet heaven's own strength shall shield thy
When flesh and heart shall fail.

3 Thro' death's dark vale, of deepest shade
Thy feet must surely go;
Yet there, e'en there, walk undismayed;
'T is thy last scene of woe.

4 Thy God—and with the tenderest hand—
Shall guard the traveler through;
"Hail!" shalt thou cry: "hail! promised land!
And, wilderness, adieu!"

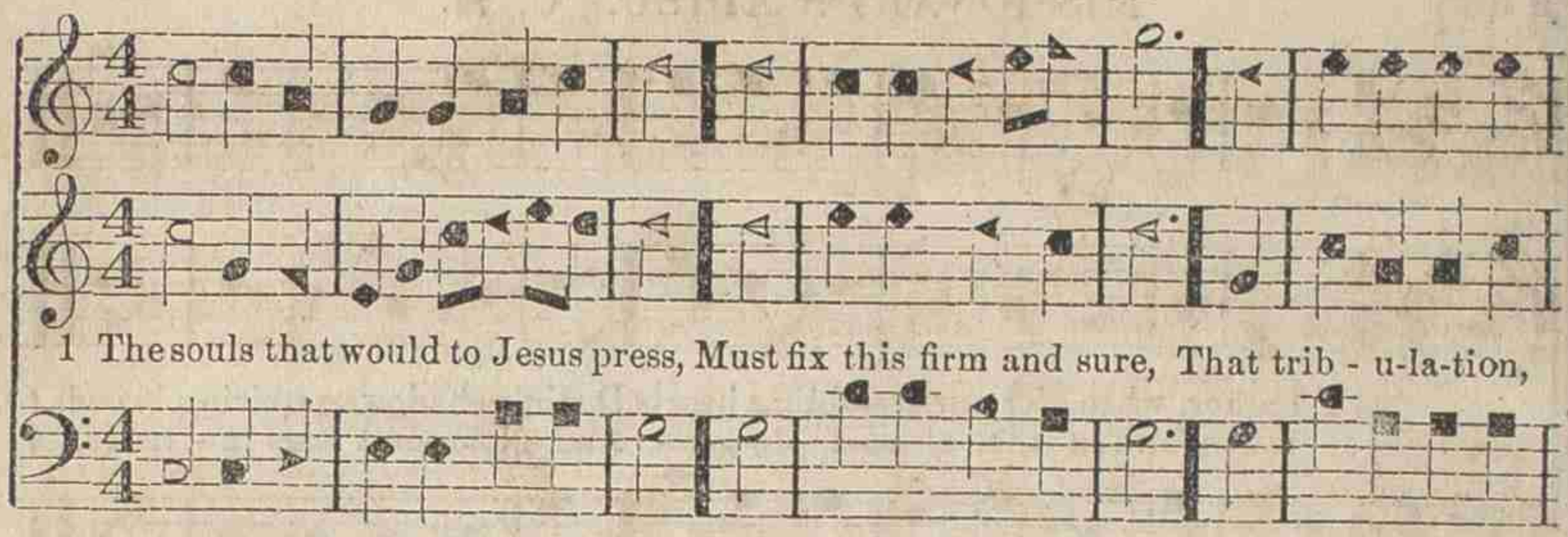
5 O Father, make our souls thy care,
And bring us safe to thee;
Where'er thou art—we ask not where—
But there 't is heaven to be.



2 When sorrow comes, and joys are flown,
And fondest hopes lie dead,
And blessings, long esteemed our own,
Are now for ever fled—
When the bright promise of our spring
Is but a withered leaf—
Lord, to thy truths still let us cling;
Help thou our unbelief.

3 And when the powers of nature fail
Upon the couch of pain,
Nor love nor friendship can avail
The spirit to detain—
Then, Father, be our closing eyes
Undimmed by tears of grief;
And if a trembling doubt arise,
Help thou our unbelief.

413 *See page* 134.



2 From this there can be none exempt;
'Tis God's own wise decree,
Satan the weakest saint will tempt,
Nor is the strongest free.

3 The world opposes from without,
And unbelief within;
We fear, we faint, we grieve, we doubt,
And feel the load of sin.

4 Glad frames too often lift us up;
And then how proud we grow;
'Till sad desertion makes us droop:
And down we sink as low.

5 Ten thousand baits the foe prepares,
To catch the wand'ring heart,
And seldom do we see the snares,
Before we feel the smart.

6 But let not all this terrify,
Pursue the narrow path:
Look to the Lord with steadfast eye,
And fight with hell by faith.

415 *See page* 172.

---

416 *Our weakness.*

LONG have I sat beneath the sound
Of thy salvation, Lord!
But still how weak my faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word.

2 Oft I frequent thy holy place,
And hear almost in vain;
How small a portion of thy grace,
My mem'ry can retain.

3 My dear Almighty and my God!
How little art thou known,
By all the judgments of thy rod,
And blessings of thy throne.

4 How cold and feeble is my love!
How negligent my fear!
How low my hopes of joys above!
How few affections there!

5 Great God! thy sovereign power impart,
To give the word success;
Write thy salvation in my heart,
And make me learn thy grace.

6 Show my forgetful feet the way,
That leads to joys on high:
There knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

417 *See page* 172.

418 MIGDOL. L. M.



2 The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears,
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are earnests of serener years.

3 O, there are days of hope and rest
For every dark and troubled night;
And grief may bide, an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.

4 And thou who o'er thy friend's low bier
Dost shed the bitter drops like rain,
Hope that a brighter, happier sphere
Will give him to thy arms again.

5 Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny;
Though with a pierced and broken heart,
And spurned of men, he goes to die.

425 *Communion with Christ in worship.* John 6 : 48.

FAR from my thot's, vain world, be gone,
Let my religious hours alone;
Fain would my eyes my Savior see;
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire:
Come, my dear Jesus, from above,
And feed my soul with heavenly love,

3 Haste then, but with a smiling face,
And spread the table of thy grace;
Bring down a taste of truth divine,
And cheer my heart with sacred wine.

4 Blessed Jesus, what delicious fare!
How sweet thy entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.

433 *Christ exalts his people.* 1 Sam. 2 : 8.

O COME, thou wounded Lamb of God,
Come wash us in thy cleansing blood!
Give us to know thy love, then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

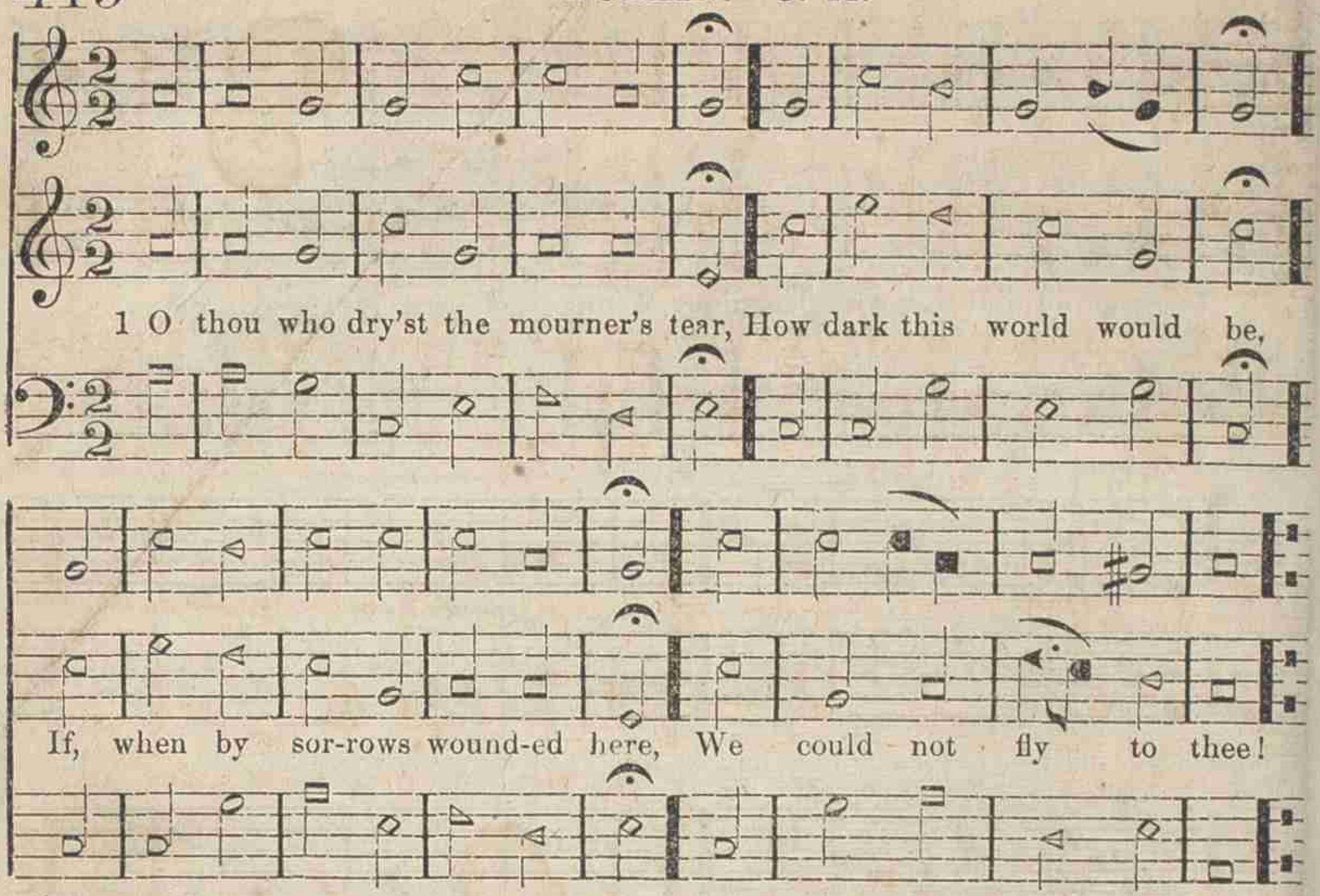
2 Take our poor hearts, and let them be
For ever closed to all but thee;
Seal thou our breasts, and let us wear
The pledge of love forever there.

3 How can it be, thou heavenly King,
That thou shouldst man to glory bring?
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
And give them an immortal crown!

4 Ah, Lord, enlarge our scanty thought,
To know the wonders thou hast wrought;
Unloose our stammering tongues to tell
Thy love immense, unsearchable.

5 First born of many brethren, thou,
To thee both earth and heaven must bow;
Help us to thee our all to give—
Thine may we die, thine may we live.

419 DUBLIN. C. M.



2 The friends, who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes, are flown;
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.

3 O, who could bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wings of love
Come, brightly wafting through the gloom
Our peace-branch from above?

4 Then sorrow, touched by thee, grows bright,
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

420 *See page* 171.
421 *See page* 63.

423 *Sighing for home.* Psalm 55: 6.

O Land of rest, for thee I sigh!
When will the moment come
When I shall lay my armor by,
And dwell with Christ at home

2 No tranquil joys on earth I know,
No peaceful shelt'ring dome;
This world's a wilderness of woe;
This world is not my home.

3 To Jesus Christ I sought for rest;
He bade me cease to roam,
And fly for succor to his breast,
And he'd conduct me home.

4 I would at once have quit this place,
Where foes in fury roam,
But, ah! my passport was not sealed—
I could not yet go home.

5 Weary of wand'ring round and round
This vale of sin and gloom,
I long to leave th' unhallowed ground,
And dwell with Christ at home.

432 *Walking with God.* Gen. 5: 24.

OH! for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame!
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

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

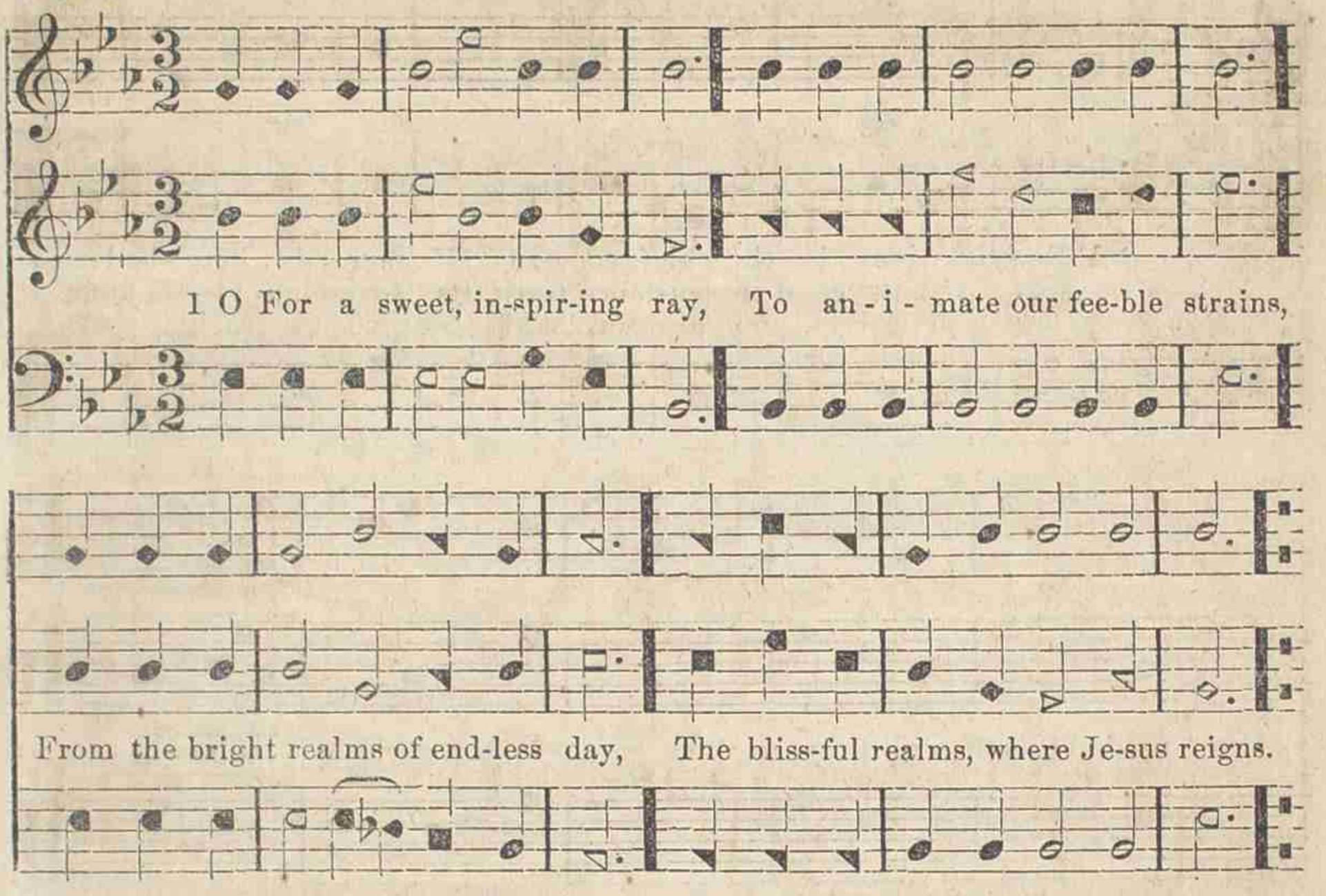
3 What peaceful hours I then enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

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

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

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road,
That leads me to the Lamb.

422 REST. L. M.



2 There low before his glorious throne,
Adoring saints and angels fall;
And, with delightful worship, own [all.
His smile their bliss, their heav'n, their

3 Immortal glories crown his head,
While tuneful Hallelujahs rise,
And love, and joy, and triumph spread
Through all th' assemblies of the skies.

4 He smiles, and seraphs tune their songs
To boundless rapture while they gaze;
Ten thousand thousand joyful tongues
Resound his everlasting praise.

5 There all the ransomed of the Lamb
Shall join at last the heavenly choir;
Oh, may the joy-inspiring theme
Awake our faith, our warm desire!

6 Dear Savior, let thy Spirit seal
Our interest in thy blissful place;
Till death remove this mortal vail,
And we behold thy lovely face.

423 *See page* 186.

436 *Desiring to be weaned from earth.*

Psalm 131 : 2.

O THAT I could forever dwell
With Mary at my Savior's feet,
And view the form I love so well,
And all his tender words repeat!

2 The world shut out from all my soul,
And heav'n brought in with all its bliss;
O, is there aught from pole to pole,
One moment to compare with this?

3 This is the hidden life I prize—
A life of pure and filial love,
When most my follies I despise,
And raise my highest thoughts above.

4 Thus would I live, till nature fail
And all my former sins forsake;
Then rise to God within the vail,
And of eternal joys partake.

439 *Because I live, ye shall live also.*

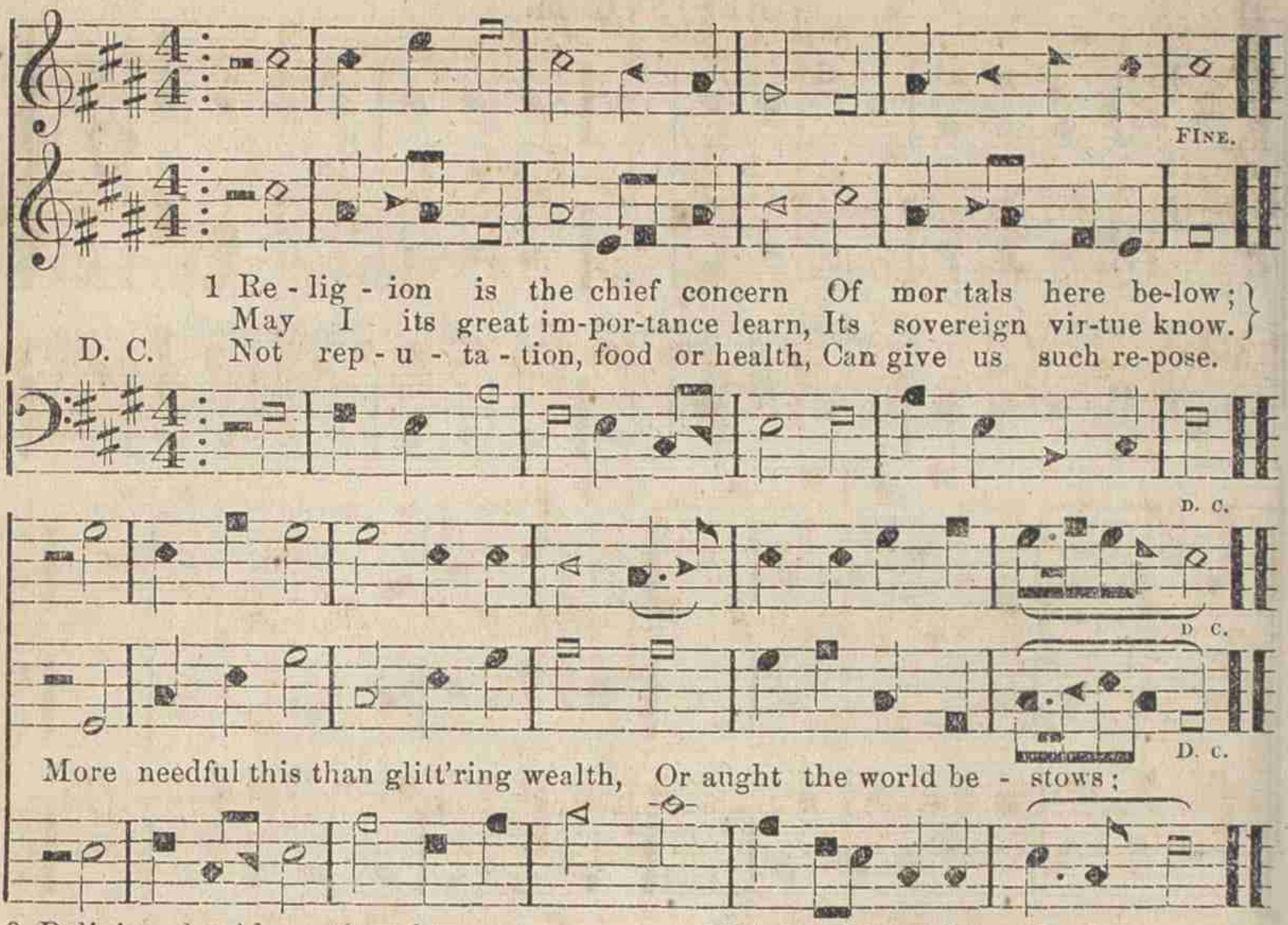
John 14 : 19.

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives!
What comfort this sweet sentence gives
He lives, he lives, who once was dead;
He lives—my ever-living Head.

2 He lives, to bless me with his love;
He lives, to plead for me above;
He lives, my hungry soul to feed;
He lives, to help in time of need.

3 He lives, and grants me daily breath;
He lives, and I shall conquer death;
He lives, my mansion to prepare—
He lives, to bring me safely there.

4 He lives—all glory to his name!
He lives—my Jesus, still the same!
O, the sweet joy this sentence gives,
"I know that my Redeemer lives!"



1 Re - lig - ion is the chief concern Of mor tals here be-low;
May I its great im-por-tance learn, Its sovereign vir-tue know.
D. C. Not rep - u - ta - tion, food or health, Can give us such re-pose.

More needful this than glitt'ring wealth, Or aught the world be - stows;

3 Religion should our thoughts engage
Amidst our youthful bloom;
'Twill fit us for declining age,
And for the awful tomb.

4 O, may my heart, by grace renewed,
Be my Redeemer's throne,
And be my stubborn will subdued,
His government to own!

5 Let deep repentance, faith and love,
Be joined with godly fear;
And all my conversation prove
My heart to be sincere.

6 Let lively hope my soul inspire;
Let warm affections rise:
And may I wait with strong desire
To mount above the skies.

425 *See page* 185.

428 *Desiring the Divine nature.* 2 Pet. 1: 4.

O FOR a heart to love my God!
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that always feels the blood,
So freely shed for me.

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

3 An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within.

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And filled with love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord! of thine.

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

438 *Fears calmed.* Matt. 14: 27.

WHEN waves of trouble round me swell,
My soul is not dismayed,
I hear a voice I know full well—
"'T is I; be not afraid."

2 When black the threat'ning skies appear,
And storms my path invade,
Those accents tranquilize each fear—
"'Tis I; be not afraid."

3 There is a gulf that must be crossed;
Savior be near to aid!
Whisper, when my frail bark is tossed—
"'Tis I; be not afraid."

4 There is a dark and fearful vale,
Death hides within its shade;
O say, when flesh and heart shall fail—
"'Tis I; be not afraid."



2 The souls that believe, in paradise live:
And me in that number will Jesus receive.
My soul, don't delay—he calls thee away:
Rise, follow thy Savior, and bless the glad day.

3 No mortal doth know what he can bestow—
What light, aid and comfort—go after him, go:
Lo, onward I move, to a city above;
None guesses how wondrous my journey will prove.

4 Great spoils I shall win from death, hell and sin:
'Midst outward afflictions I feel Christ within;
And when I'm to die, receive me, I'll cry;
For Jesus has loved me—I can not tell why.

5 But this I do find—we two are so joined,
He'll not live in glory, and leave me behind;
So this is the race I'm running, through grace,
Henceforth, till admitted to see my Lord's face.

GREENFIELDS. 8 lines 8's.



2 Ah! show me that happiest place,
That place of thy people's abode,
Where saints in an ecstacy gaze,
And hang on the crucified Lord:
Thy love for a sinner declare,
Thy passion and death on the tree;
My spirit to Calvary bear,
To suffer and triumph with thee.

3 'Tis there, with the lambs of the flock,
There only I covet to rest;
To lie at the foot of the Rock,
Or rise to be hid in thy breast;
'Tis there I would always abide,
And never a moment depart,
Concealed in the cleft of thy side,
Eternally held in thine heart.

428 *See page* 188.

RUSHFORD. 7s & 6s.

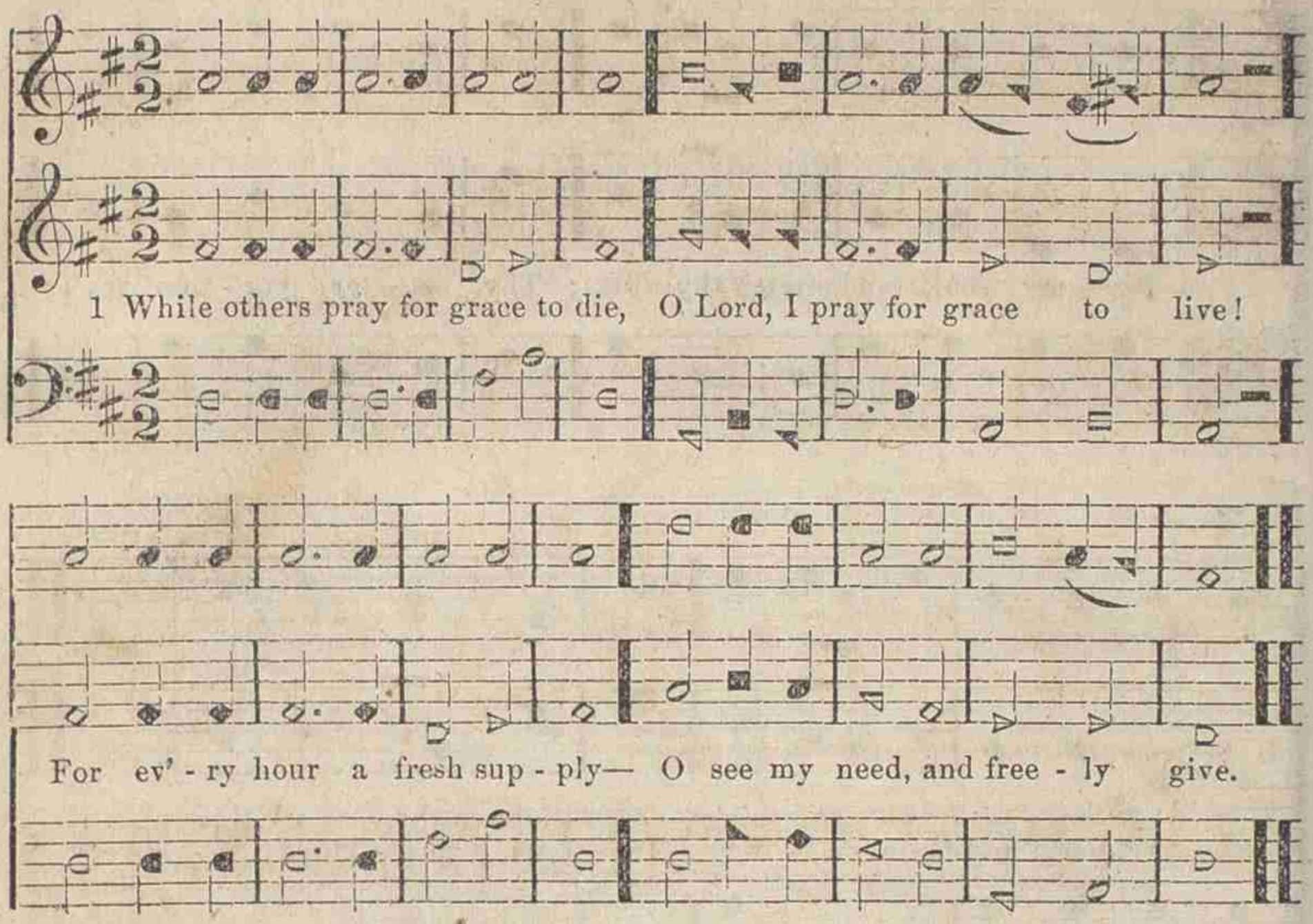






2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:
So a soul that's born of God
Pants to view his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn;
Press onward to the prize;
Soon your Savior will return
Triumphant in the skies:
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given,
All your sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.



2 I do not dread the hour of death—
If I am thine, no fears remain,—
I know that with my parting breath
I leave for ever mortal pain.

3 And if it should be then thy will
A cloud should on the future be,
The bow of promise spans it still,
I will believe—I need not see!

4 E'en if the darkness should appear
Too deep for faith as well as sight;
If I am thine, thou wilt be near,
And take me to thy heavenly light.

5 But oh, my Lord! in life's highway
I crave the sunshine of thy face!
And every moment of the day
I need thy strong supporting grace.

6 My weary spirit can not drink
At springs which rise from earth alone!
When I can do no more, I think
Of living waters from thy throne.

443 *Where is the blessedness ye speak of.* Gal. 4: 15.

O, WHERE is now that glowing love
That marked our union with the Lord!
Our hearts were fixed on things above,
Nor could the world a joy afford.

2 Where is the zeal that led us then
To make our Savior's glory known?
That freed us from the fear of men,
And kept our eye on him alone?

3 Where are the happy seasons spent
In fellowship with him we loved?
The sacred joy, the sweet content,
The blessedness that then we proved?

4 Behold, again we turn to thee;
O, cast us not away, though vile;
No peace we have, no joy we see,
O Lord our God, but in thy smile.

451 *We joy in God.* Rom. 5: 11.

IF on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

2 Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

3 O could we learn that sacrifice,
What light would all around us rise!
How would our hearts with wisdom talk,
Along life's dullest, dreariest walk!

4 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.







2 But now I am a soldier,
My Captain's gone before;
He's given me my orders,
And tells me not to fear.
And if I hold out faithful,
A crown of life he'll give,
And all his valliant soldiers
Eternal life shall have.

3 Through grace I am determined
To conquer though I die;
And then away to Jesus
On wings of love I'll fly.
Farewell to sin and sorrow,
I bid them both adieu:
And you, my friends, prove faithful,
And on your way pursue.

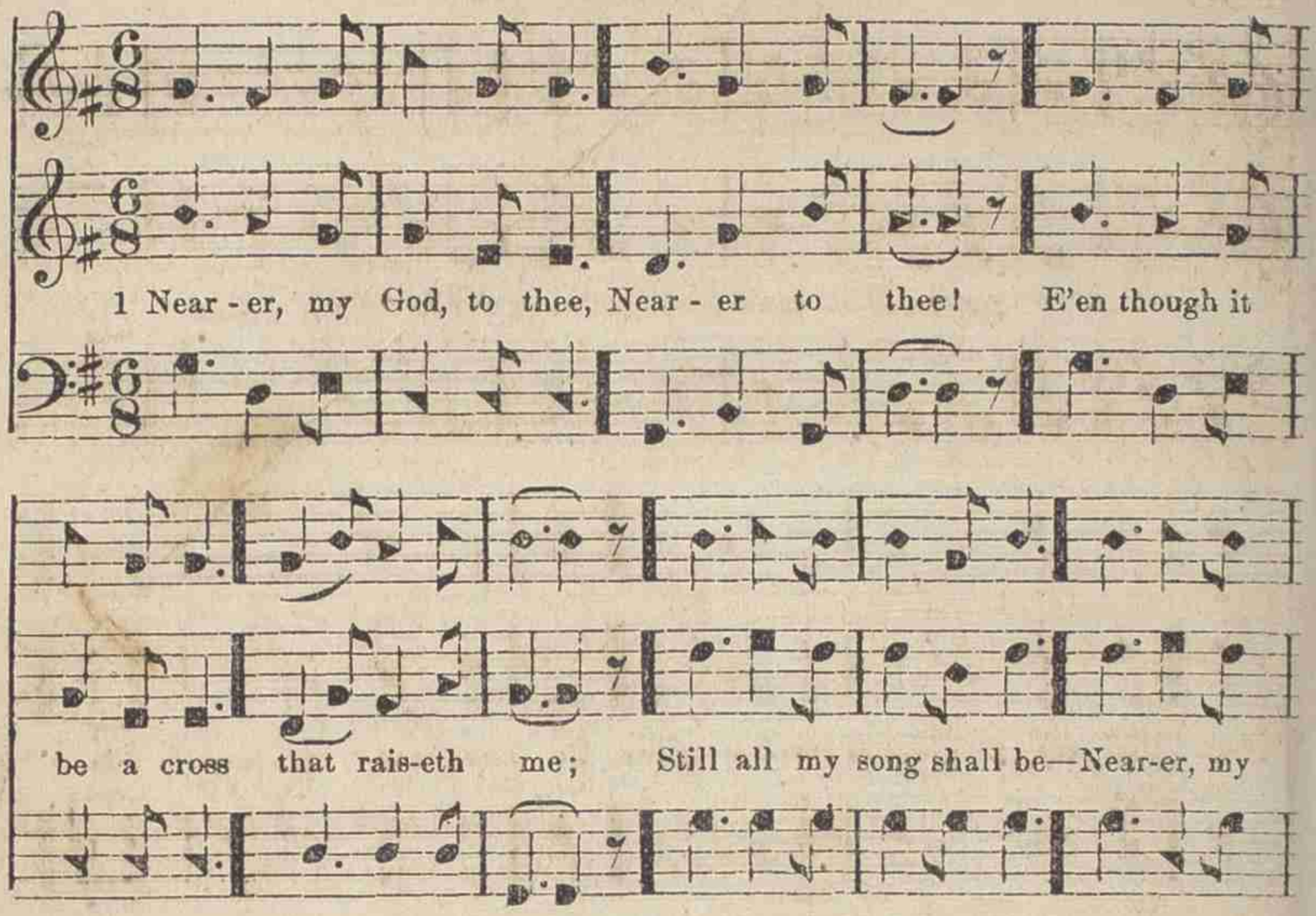
4 And if you meet with troubles
And trials on the way,
Then cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray.
Gird on the heavenly armor
Of faith, and hope, and love,
And when your warfare's ended,
You'll reign with him above.

5 O! do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your friend,
And if you long for knowledge,
On him you may depend;
Neither will he upbraid you,
Though often you request;
He'll give you grace to conquer
And take you home to rest.

432 *See page* 186.

433 *See page* 185.

BETHANY. 6s & 4s.



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

2 Though like the wanderer—
Daylight all gone,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone:
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee—
Nearer to thee!

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

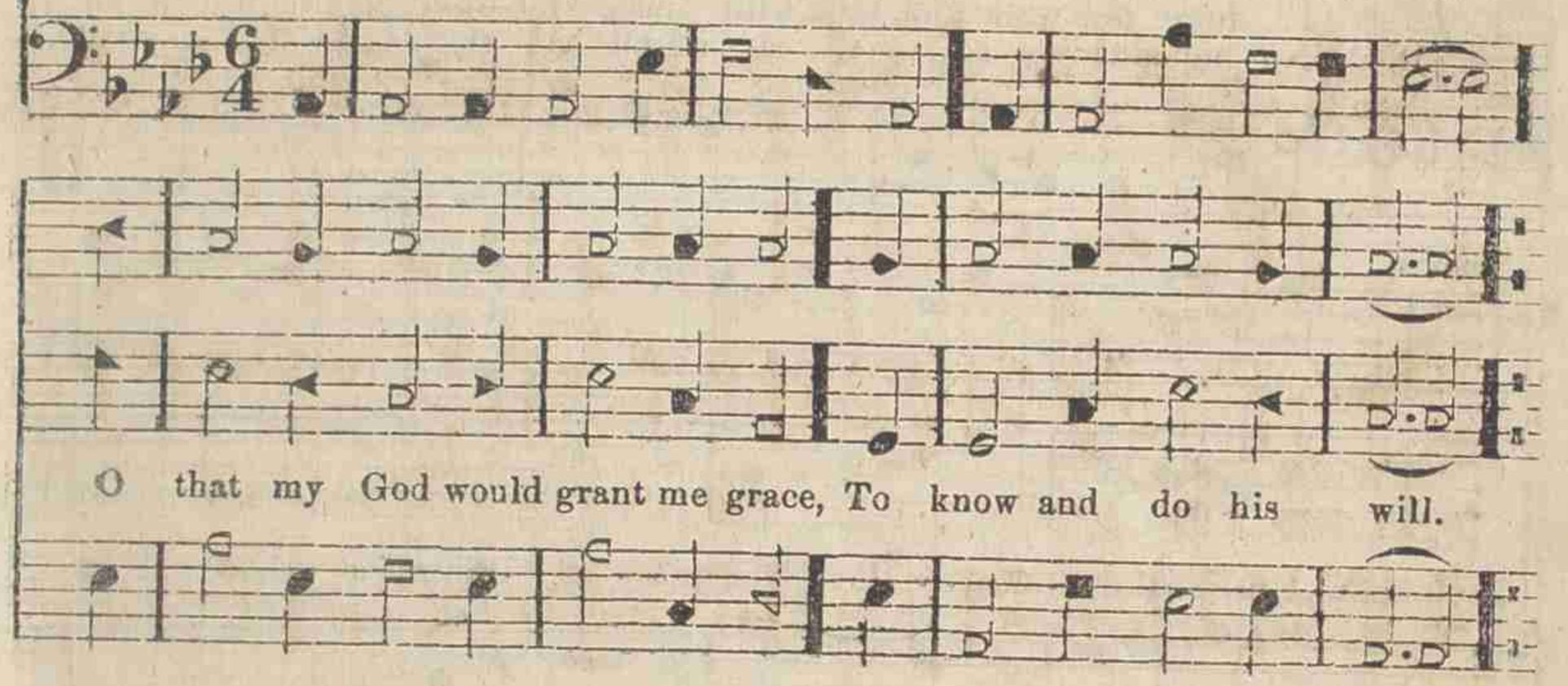
4 Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee—
Nearer to thee!

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

435 EVAN. C. M.



2 O that the Lord would guide my ways, To keep his stat-utes still!



O that my God would grant me grace, To know and do his will.

2 O send thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart!
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

3 From vanity turn off my eyes;
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires arise,
Within this soul of mine.

4 Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

5 My soul has gone too far astray,
My feet too often slip:
Yet since I've not forgot thy way,
Restore thy wand'ring sheep.

6 Make me to walk in thy commands,
'Tis a delightful road;
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
Offend against my God.

436 *See page* 187.

442 *The barren fig tree.* Matt. 21: 19.

SEE, in the vineyard of the Lord
A barren fig-tree stands;
It yields no fruit, no blossoms bears,
Though planted by his hands.

2 From year to year he seeks for fruit,
And still no fruit is found;
It stands, amid the living trees,
A cumberer of the ground.

3 But, see, an Intercessor pleads
The barren tree to spare;
"Let justice still withhold his hand,
And grant another year.

4 Perhaps some means of grace untried
May reach the stony heart;
The soft'ning dews of heavenly grace
May life anew impart.

5 But if these means should prove in vain,
No fruits thy efforts crown,
Then mercy shall no longer plead,
But justice cut it down."

701 *Cheerful confidence.*

IN mercy, Lord, remember me,
Through all the hours of night,
And grant to me most graciously,
The safeguard of thy might.

2 With cheerful heart I close mine eyes,
Since thou wilt not remove;
O, in the morning let me rise
Rejoicing in thy love.

3 Or, if this night should prove my last,
And end my transient days,
Lord, take me to thy promised rest,
Where I may sing thy praise.

437 AMITY. C. M.



1 A - las! my God, that thou shouldst be, To me so much un - known;
I long to walk and talk with thee, And dwell be-fore thy throne.
D. C. No mu-sic gives so sweet a sound As these two words—my God.





Thou know'st my soul doth dear-ly love The place of thine a - bode:.....

3 I long not for the fruit that grows
Within these gardens here:
I find no sweetness in the rose,
When Jesus is not near.

4 Thy gracious presence, O my Christ,
Can make a paradise,
Ah, what are all the goodly pearls
Unto this pearl of price?

5 Give me that sweet communion, Lord!
Thy people have with thee;
Thy spirit daily talks with them,
O let it talk with me.

6 Like Enoch, let me walk with God,
And thus walk out my day,
Attended with the heavenly guards,
Upon the King's highway.

438 *See page* 188.

439 *See page* 187.

441 *Security in God's covenant.* Deut. 7: 9.

MY God, the covenant of thy love
Abides forever sure;
And in its boundless grace I feel
My happiness secure.

2 Since thou, the everlasting God,
My Father art become—
My Savior, my almighty Friend,
And heaven my final home:

3 I welcome all thy sovereign will,
For all that will is love:
And when thy way, great God, is dark,
I wait thy light above.

4 Thy covenant, in my dying hour,
Shall dwell upon my tongue;
And when I wake, shall still employ
My everlasting song.

452 "*Underneath are the everlasting arms.*" Deut. 33: 27.

HOW can I sink with such a prop
As my eternal God,
Who bears the earth's huge pillars up,
And spreads the heavens abroad?

2 How can I die while Jesus lives,
Who rose and left the dead?
Pardon and grace my soul receives
From my exalted Head.

3 All that I am, and all I have,
Shall be forever thine;
Whate'er my duty bids me give,
My cheerful hand resign.

4 Yet, if I might make some reserve,
And duty did not call,
I love my God with zeal so great,
That I should give him all.



2 Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think what Jesus did to win thee:
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

3 God will give thee grace and glory;
Fight thy way, and get thy crown;
Canaan's land lies just before thee—
There you'll lay your armor down.

4 Soon you'll close your earthly mission,
Soon you'll pass your pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition—
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

441 *See page* 196.

442 *See page* 195.

443 *See page* 192.

444 *Declension lamented.* Job 29: 2.

ONCE, O Lord, thy garden flourished,
Every part looked gay and green;
Then thy word our spirit nourished,
Happy seasons we have seen!

2 But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see!
Lord, thy help is greatly needed,
Help can only come from thee.

3 Some, in whom we once delighted,
We shall see no more below;
Some, alas, we fear are blighted,—
Scarce a single leaf they show.

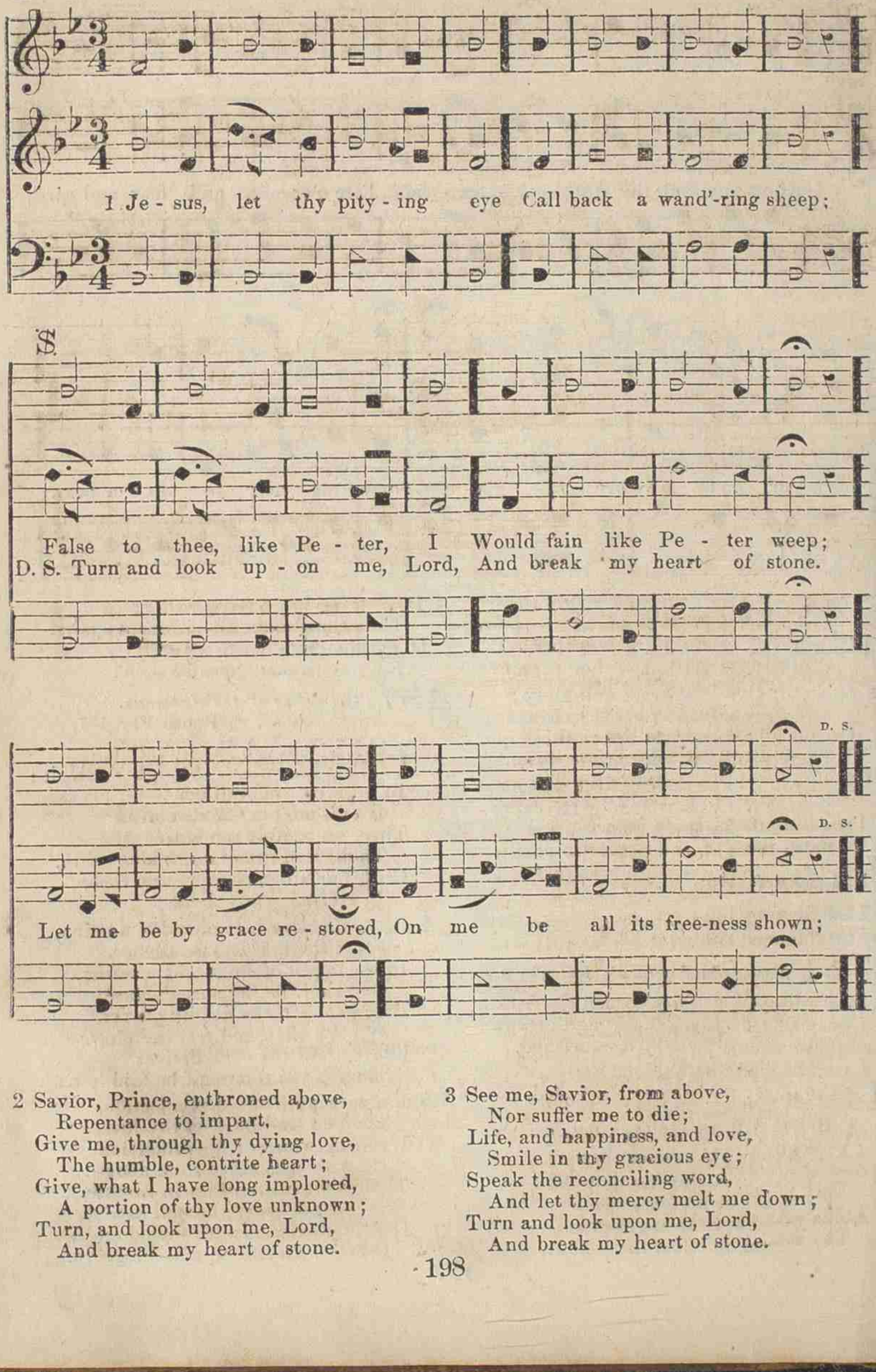
4 Dearest Savior, hasten hither:
Thou canst make them bloom again:
O, permit them not to wither,
Let not all our hopes be vain!

457 *The safety of the righteous.*
Psalm 91: 4–7.

CALL Jehovah thy salvation,
Rest beneath th' Almighty's shade;
In his secret habitation
Dwell, nor ever be dismayed;
There no tumult can alarm thee—
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare,
Guile nor violence can harm thee,
In eternal safety there.

2 From the sword, at noonday wasting,
From the noisome pestilence,
In the depth of midnight blasting,
God shall be thy sure defense:
Fear not thou the deadly quiver,
When a thousand feel the blow;
Mercy shall thy soul deliver,
Though ten thousand be laid low.

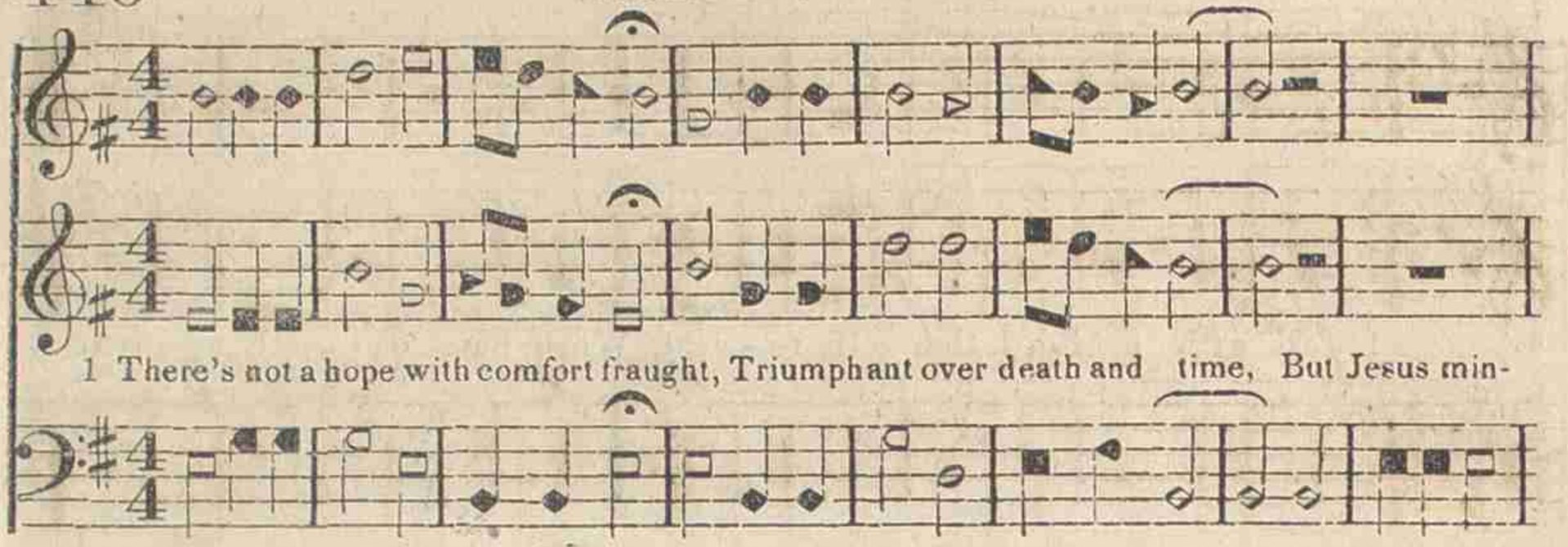
3 Since, with pure and firm affection,
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of his protection
He will shield thee from above:
Thou shalt call on him in trouble,
He will hearken, he will save;
Here, for grief, reward thee double,
Crown with life beyond the grave.



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

3 See me, Savior, from above,
Nor suffer me to die;
Life, and happiness, and love,
Smile in thy gracious eye;
Speak the reconciling word,
And let thy mercy melt me down;
Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

446 MORNING L. M.





2 His image meets me in the hour
Of joy, and brightens every smile;
I see him, when the tempests lower,
Each terror soothe, each grief beguile.

3 I see him, in the daily round
Of social duty, mild and meek;
With him I tread the hallowed ground,
Communion with my God to speak.

4 I see his pitying, gentle eye,
When lonely want appeals for aid;
I hear him in the frequent sigh
That mourns the waste which sin has made.

5 I meet him at the lowly tomb;
I weep where Jesus wept before;
And there, above the grave's dark gloom,
I see him rise, and weep no more.

449 *Abide with us.* Luke 24: 29.

ABIDE with us, the evening shades
Begin already to prevail,
And as the evening twilight fades,
Dark clouds around th' horizon sail.

2 Abide with us, and still unfold
Thy sacred though prophetic lore;
What wondrous things of Jesus told—
Stranger, we thirst, we pant for more.

3 O stay with us, and still converse
Of him that late on Calvary died—
Of him the prophecies rehearse—
It was our Friend they crucified.

4 Our souls are faint, our hearts are cold,
We thought that Israel he'd restore;
But sweet the truths thy lips have told,
And Stranger, we complain no more.

5 Thus while they prayed, at their request,
The Stranger bows with smile divine;
Then round the board the Unknown Guest,
And weary travelers recline.

6 Abide with us, amazed they cried,
As suddenly, while breaking bread,
Their own lost Jesus met their eyes,
With radiant glories round his head!

7 Abide with us, thou heavenly Friend,
Leave not thy followers alone,
The sweet communion here must end—
The heavenly Visitant is gone.

447 REPENT. C. M.



2 With thee conversing, we forget
All time, and toil, and care:
Labor is rest, and pain is sweet,
If thou, my God, art here.

3 Here then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,
And bid my heart rejoice;
My bounding heart shall own thy sway,
And echo to thy voice.

4 Thou callest me to seek thy face;
'T is all I wish to seek;
To attend the whispers of thy grace,
And hear thee inly speak.

5 Let this my every hour employ,
Till I thy glory see;
Enter into my Master's joy
And find my heaven in thee.

448 *Fellowship with God.* 1 John 1: 3.

FROM all that's mortal, all that's vain,
And from this earthly clod,
Arise, my soul, and strive to gain
Sweet fellowship with God.

2 Not life or all the toys of art,
Nor pleasure's flowery road,
Can to my soul such bliss impart,
As fellowship with God.

3 When I am made in love to bear
Affliction's needful rod,
Light, sweet and kind the strokes appear,
Through fellowship with God.

4 In fierce temptation's fiery blasts,
Or dark desertion's road,
I'm happy if I can but taste,
Some fellowship with God.

5 So when the icy hand of death
Shall chill my flowing blood,
With joy I'll yield my latest breath,
In fellowship with God.

6 When I at last to heaven ascend,
And gain my blest abode,
There an eternity I'll spend
In fellowship with God.

449 *See page* 199. **450** *See page* 178.
451 " " 192. **452** " " 196.

473 *It is good that I have been afflicted.* Psalm 119: 71.

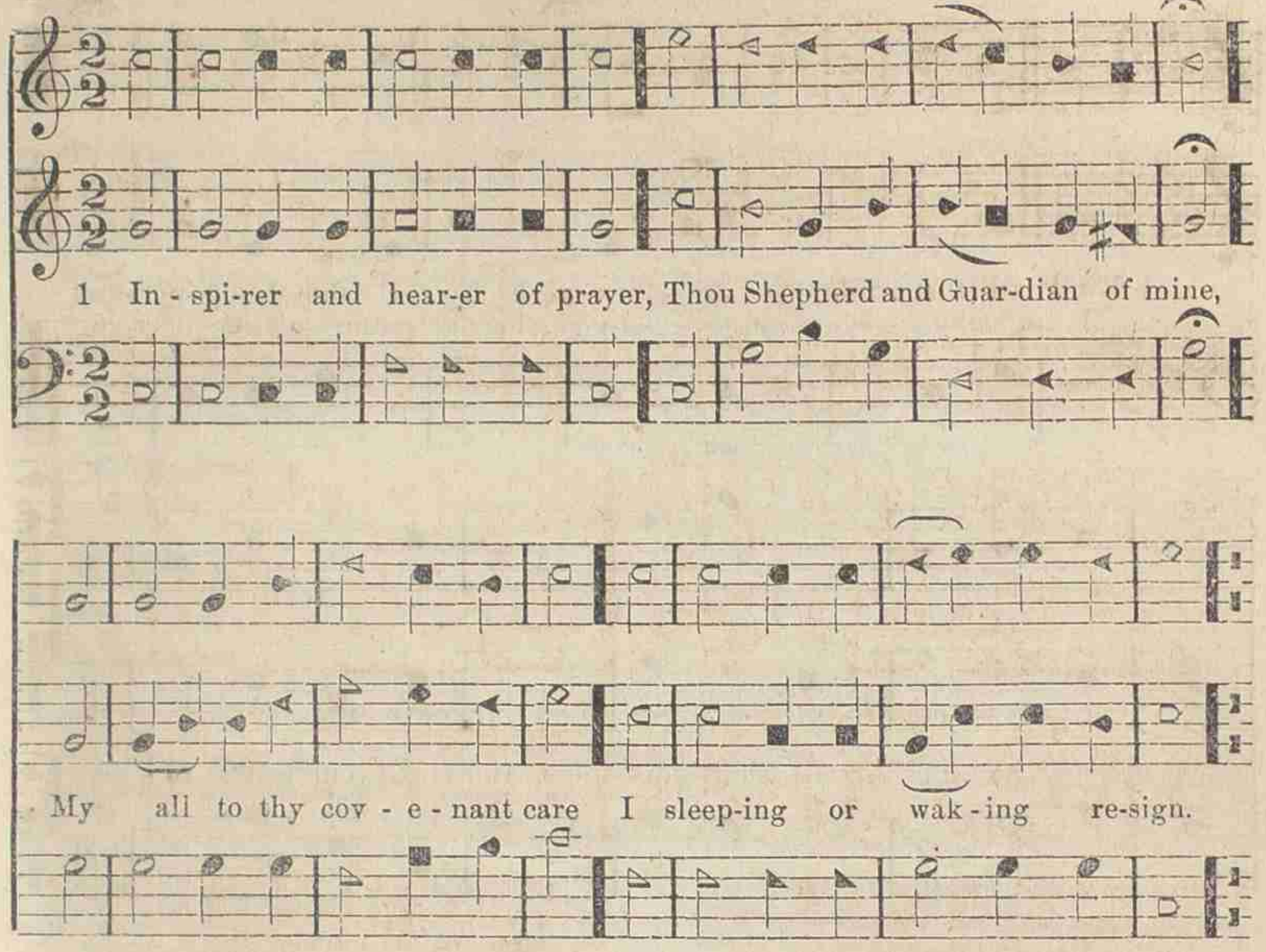
IN trouble and in grief, Oh God,
Thy smile hath cheered my way;
And joy hath budded from each thorn
That round my footsteps lay.

2 The hours of pain have yielded good,
Which prosperous days refused;
As herbs, though scentless when entire,
Spread fragrance when they're bruised.

3 The oak strikes deeper, as its boughs
By furious blasts are driven;
So life's tempestuous storms the more
Have fixed my heart in heaven.

4 All-gracious Lord, whate'er my lot
In other times may be,
I'll welcome still the heaviest grief
That brings me near to thee.

453 UTICA. 4 lines 8s.



2 If thou art my Shield and my Sun,
The night is no darkness to me;
And fast as my moments roll on,
They bring me but nearer to thee.

3 Thy minist'ring spirits descend
To watch while thy saints are asleep;
By day and by night they attend,
The heirs of salvation to keep.

4 Bright seraphs, dispatched from the throne,
Repair to their stations assigned;
And angels elect are sent down
To guard the elect of mankind.

5 Their worship no interval knows;
Their fervor is still on the wing;
And, while they protect my repose,
They chant to the praise of my King.

6 I too, at the season ordained,
Their chorus forever shall join,
And love and adore, without end,
Their faithful Creator and mine.

605 *The summons of death.*

HOW solemn the signal I hear!
The summons that calls me away,
In regions unknown to appear,
How shall I the summons obey?
What scenes in that world shall arise,
When life's latest sigh shall be fled,
And darkness hath sealed up mine eyes,
And deep in the dust I am laid?

2 No longer the world can I view,
The scenes which so long I have known,
My friends, I must bid you adieu,
For here I must travel alone:
Yet here my Redeemer has trod,
His hallowed footsteps I know;
I'll trust for defense to his rod,
And lean on his staff as I go.

3 Dear Shepherd of Israel, lead on,
My soul follows hard after thee;
The phantoms of death are all down,
When Jesus my Shepherd I see.
Dear brethren and sisters, I go
To wait your arrival above;
Be faithful, and soon you shall know
The triumphs and joys of his love.



3 What though my griefs are not removed,
Yet why should I despair?
While my kind Savior's arms support,
I can the burden bear.

4 Jesus, my Savior and my Lord!
'T is good to trust thy name:
Thy power, thy faithfulness and love,
Will ever be the same.

5 Weak as I am, yet through thy grace
I all things can perform;
And smiling, triumph in thy name,
Amidst the raging storm.

455 *The safety of believers.* Acts 27.

IF Paul in Cesar's court must stand,
He need not fear the sea;
Secured from harm on every hand
By the divine decree.

2 Though neither sun nor stars were seen,
Paul knew the Lord was near,
And faith preserved his soul serene,
When others shook with fear.

3 Believers thus are tossed about
On life's tempestuous main,
But grace assures beyond a doubt,
They shall their port attain.

4 They must, they shall appear one day,
Before their Savior's throne;
The storms they meet with by the way
But make his power known.

5 Their passage lies across the brink
Of many a threat'ning wave;
The world expects to see them sink,
But Jesus lives to save.

6 Lord, though we are but feeble worms;
Yet since thy word is past,
We'll venture through a thousand storms,
To see thy face at last.

456 *See page* 162.

457 " " 197.

467 *The strait gate.* Matt. 7 : 13.

STRAIT is the way, the door is strait,
That leads to joys on high;
'Tis but a few that find the gate,
While crowds mistake and die.

2 Beloved self must be denied,
The mind and will renewed,
Passion suppressed and patience tried,
And vain desires subdued.

3 Flesh is a dang'rous foe to grace,
Where it prevails and rules;
Flesh must be humbled, pride abased,
Lest they destroy our souls.

4 The love of gold be banished hence,
(That vile idolatry),
And every member, every sense,
In sweet subjection lie.

5 The tongue, that most unruly power,
Requires a strong restraint;
We must be watchful every hour,
And pray, but never faint.

6 Lord! can a feeble, helpless worm,
Fullfil a task so hard?
Thy grace must all my works perform,
And give the free reward.

472 *"If thou hadst been here"* John 11 : 21.

O LORD, hadst thou been here! but when
Is not the Savior nigh?
His power and love were present then,
Though Lazarus needs must die.

2 And when the Master seems to stay,
Regardless of our grief,
His tarrying never is delay,
But well-timed, sure relief.

3 He loves to come when others flee,
Or, coming, can not aid;
To save in faith's extremity,
When hope's last glimmerings fade.

4 The house of mourning he prefers
With voice of love to cheer;
And sorrows are the harbingers
That say—the Lord is near.

5 Lord, not in sorrow's hour alone,
We ask to feel thy grace;
The hearts that once thy love have known,
Would be thy dwelling-place.

474 *As many as I love, etc.* Rev. 3 : 19.

OFTEN the clouds of deepest woe
So sweet a message bear,
Dark tho' they seem, 'twere hard to find
A frown of anger there.

2 Kind, loving is the hand that strikes,
However keen the smart,
If sorrow's discipline can chase
One evil from the heart.

3 He was a man of sorrows—he
Who loved and saved us thus;
And shall the world, that frowned on him,
Wear only smiles for us?

4 No; we must follow in the path
Our Lord and Savior run;
We must not find a resting-place
Where he we love had none.

477 *Faith the evidence of things not seen.* Heb. 11.

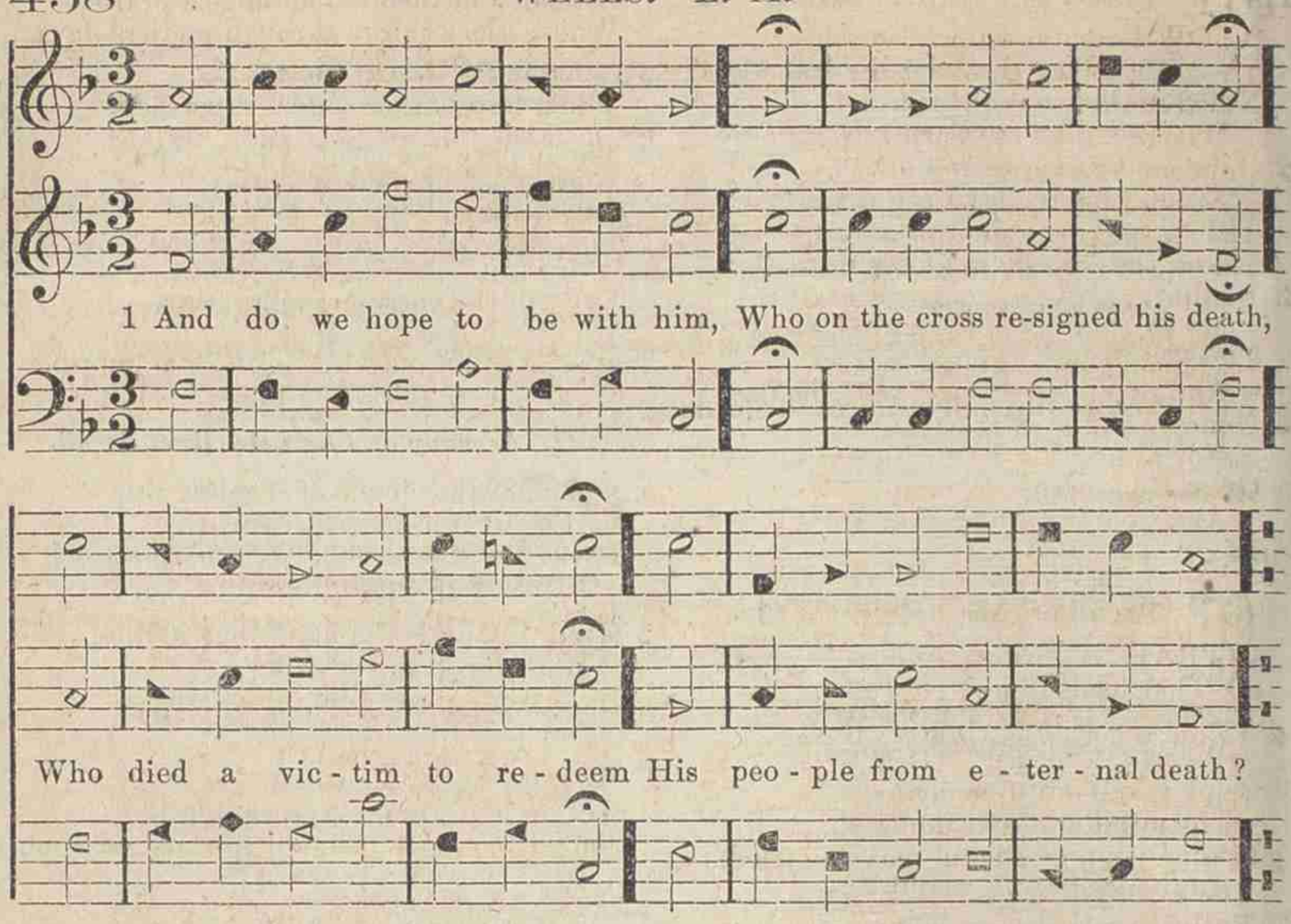
FAITH is the brightest evidence
Of things beyond our sight;
It pierces through the vail of sense,
And dwells in heavenly light.

2 It sets time past in present view,
Brings distant prospects home,
Of things a thousand years ago,
Or thousand years to come.

3 By faith we know the world was made
By God's almighty word;
We know the heavens and earth shall fade
And be again restored.

4 Abra'am obeyed the Lord's command,
From his own country driven;
By faith he sought a promised land,
But found his rest in heaven.

5 Thus through life's pilgrimage we stray,
The promise in our eye;
By faith we walk the narrow way
That leads to joy on high.



2 Then should the question oft recur—
What do we more than others do?
How do we show that we prefer
The things above to things below?

3 Where is the holy walk that suits
The name and character we bear?
And where are seen those heavenly fruits
That show we're not what once we were?

4 Allied to him who bore the cross,
And called the people of the Lord,
The world to us should seem but loss,
And little all it can afford.

459 *A conversation becoming the gospel.* Phil. 1: 27:

WHEN Jesus, our great Master, came,
To teach us in his Father's name,
In every act, in every thought,
He lived the precepts which he taught.

2 So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

3 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Savior, God,
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

4 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Ambition, envy, lust, and pride;
While justice, temperance, truth, and love
Our inward piety approve.

5 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

460 *Love not the world.* 1 John 2: 15.

REDEEMED ones, the heirs of God,
So dearly bought with Jesus' blood!
Are they not born to heavenly joys,
And shall they stoop to earthly toys?

2 Can laughter feed th' immortal mind?
Were spirits of celestial kind
Made for a jest, for sport and play,
To wear out time and waste the day?

3 Doth vain discourse or empty mirth,
Well suit the honors of their birth?
Shall they be fond of gay attire,
What children love and fools admire?

4 Lord, raise our hearts and passions higher
Touch our vain souls with sacred fire;
Then with a heaven-directed eye,
We'll pass these glittering trifles by.

5 We'll look on all the toys below
With such disdain as angels do;
And wait the call that bids us rise
To mansions promised in the skies.

461 *Present your bodies.* Rom 12: 1.

NOW I resolve with all my heart,
With all my powers to serve the Lord;
Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
Whose service is a rich reward.

2 O, be his service all my joy!
Around let my example shine,
Till others love the blest employ,
And join in labors so divine.

3 Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determined choice
To yield to his supreme control,
And in his kind commands rejoice.

4 O may I never faint nor tire,
Nor wandering, leave his sacred ways;
Great God, accept my soul's desire
And give me strength to live thy praise.

462 *Contentment.* Phil. 4: 11.

O LORD, how full of sweet content
My years of pilgrimage are spent!
Where'er I dwell. I dwell with thee,
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.

2 To me remains nor place nor time;
My country is in every clime;
I can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.

3 While place I seek, or place I shun,
The soul finds happiness in none;
But with my God to guide my way,
'T is equal joy to go or stay.

4 Could I be cast where thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot:
But regions none remote I call,
Secure of finding God in all.

463 *The joy unknown to angels.* Rev. 14: 3.

TREMBLING before thine awful throne,
O Lord, in dust my sins I own;
Justice and mercy for my life
Contend; O, smile and heal the strife!

2 The Savior smiles—upon my soul
New tides of hope tumultuous roll!
His voice proclaims my pardon found;
Seraphic transport wings the sound!

3 Earth has a joy unknown in heaven,
The new-born peace of sins forgiven.
Tears of such pure and rich delight,
Ye angels! never dimmed your sight.

4 Ye know where morn exulting springs,
And evening folds her drooping wings;
Loud in your song: the heavenly plain
Is shaken by your choral strain.

5 But I amid your choirs shall shine,
And all your knowledge will be mine;
Ye on your harps must lean to hear
A secret chord that mine will bear!

466 *Ashamed of Jesus.* Mark 8: 38.

JESUS, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee:
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glory shines through endless days.

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star!
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! Just as soon
Let morning be ashamed of noon:
'T is midnight with my soul, till he,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No! when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

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 Savior slain!
And O! may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

7 His institutions would I prize,
Take up my cross, the shame despise—
Dare to defend his noble cause,
And yield obedience to his laws.

469 *Following Christ in suffering.* 1 Peter 2: 21.

HOW shall I follow him I serve?
How shall I copy him I love?
Nor from those blessed footsteps swerve,
Which lead me to his seat above?

2 Privations, sorrows, bitter scorn,
The life of toil, the mean abode,
The faithless kiss, the crown of thorn—
Are these the consecrated road?

3 'T was thus he suffered through a Son,
Foreknowing, choosing, feeling all,
Until the perfect work was done—
And drank the bitter cup of gall.

4 Lord, should my path thro' suffering lie,
Forbid it I should e'er repine;
Still let me turn to Calvary,
Nor heed my griefs, remembering thine.

470 *Sympathy with Christ in suffering.* Luke 22: 28.

DEAR Lord, amid the throng that press'd
Around thee on the cursed tree,
Some loyal, loving hearts were there,
Some pitying eyes that wept for thee.

2 Like them may we rejoice to own
Our dying Lord, tho' crown'd with thorn;
Like thee, thy blessed self, endure
The cross with all its joy or scorn.

3 Thy cross, thy lonely path below,
Show what thy brethren all should be;
Pilgrims on earth, disowned by those
Who see no beauty, Lord, in thee.



2 "I delivered thee when bound,
And when wounded heal'd thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 "Can a woman's tender care
Cease toward the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the hights above;
Deeper than the depths beneath—
Free and faithful—strong as death.

5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done:
Partner of my throne shalt be;
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

6 Lord! It is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love thee and adore,
O for grace to love thee more!

465 *Adherence to duty.* Acts 4: 19.

DARE to think, though bigots frown;
Dare in words your thoughts express;
Dare to rise, though oft cast down;
Dare the wronged and scorned to bless.

2 Dare from custom to depart;
Dare the priceless pearl possess;
Dare to wear it next your heart;
Dare, when sinners curse to bless.

3 Dare forsake what you deem wrong;
Dare to walk in wisdom's way;
Dare to give where gifts belong,
Dare God's precepts to obey.

4 Do what conscience says is right;
Do what reason says is best;
Do with willing mind and heart;
Do your duty and be blest.

466 *See page* 205.

467 " " 203.

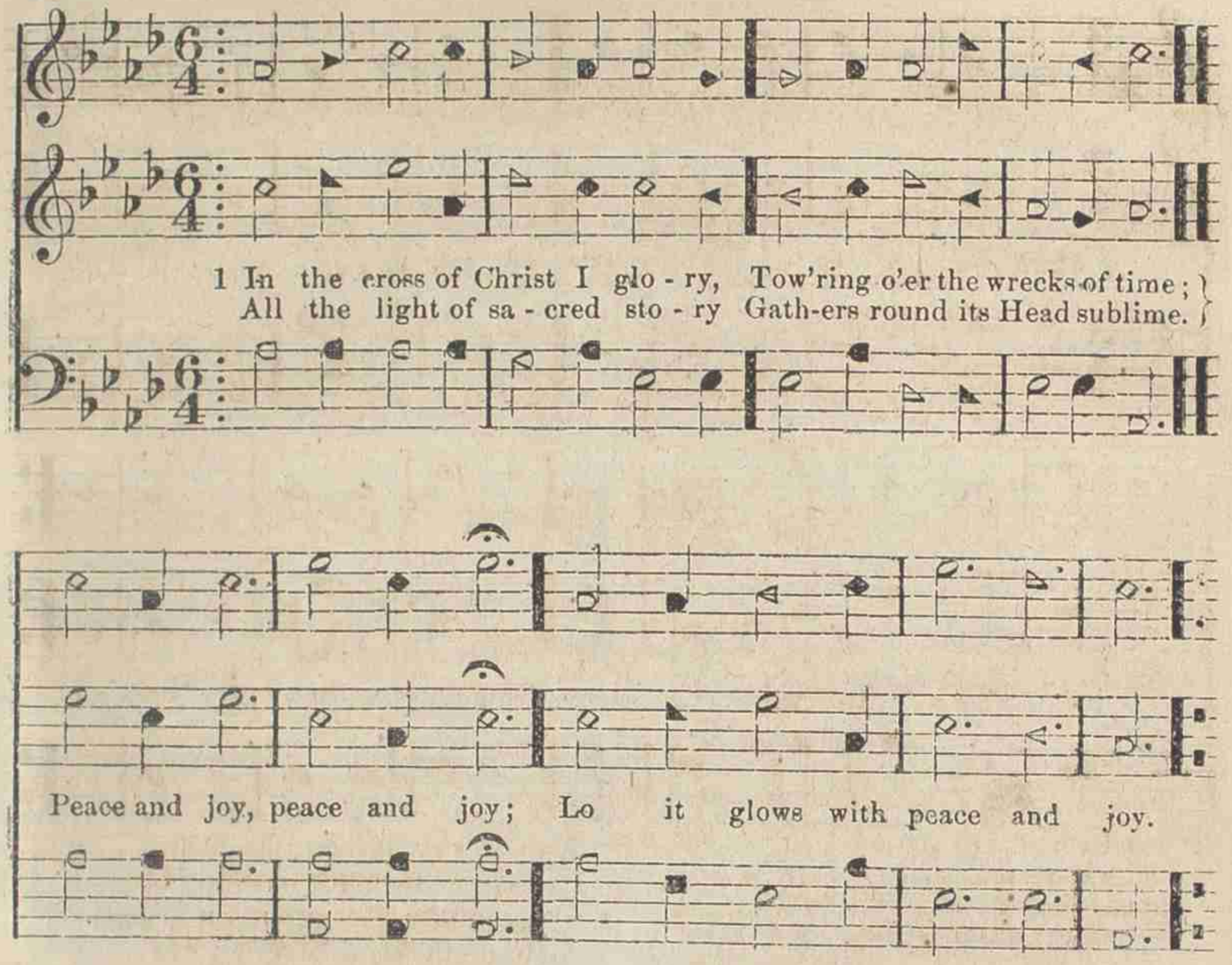
516 *Go fowward.* Ex. 14: 15.

WHEN we can not see our way,
Let us trust and still obey;
He who bids us forward go,
Can not fail the way to show.

2 Though the sea be deep and wide,
Though a passage seem denied;
Fearless let us still proceed,
Since the Lord vouchsafes to lead.

3 Though it seems the gloom of night,
Though we see no ray of light;
Since the Lord himself is there,
'Tis not meet that we should fear.

4 Night with him is never night,
Where he is there all is light;
When he calls us, why delay?
They are happy who obey.



2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me:
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
CHORUS.—Peace and joy, etc.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more luster to the day.
CHORUS.—Peace and joy, etc.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.
CHORUS.—Peace and joy, etc.

5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its Head sublime.
CHORUS.—Peace and joy, etc.

469 *See page* 105.

470 " " 105.

582 *Death of a pastor.*

PASTOR, thou art from us taken
In the glory of thy years,
As the oak, by tempests shaken,
Falls ere time its verdure sears.

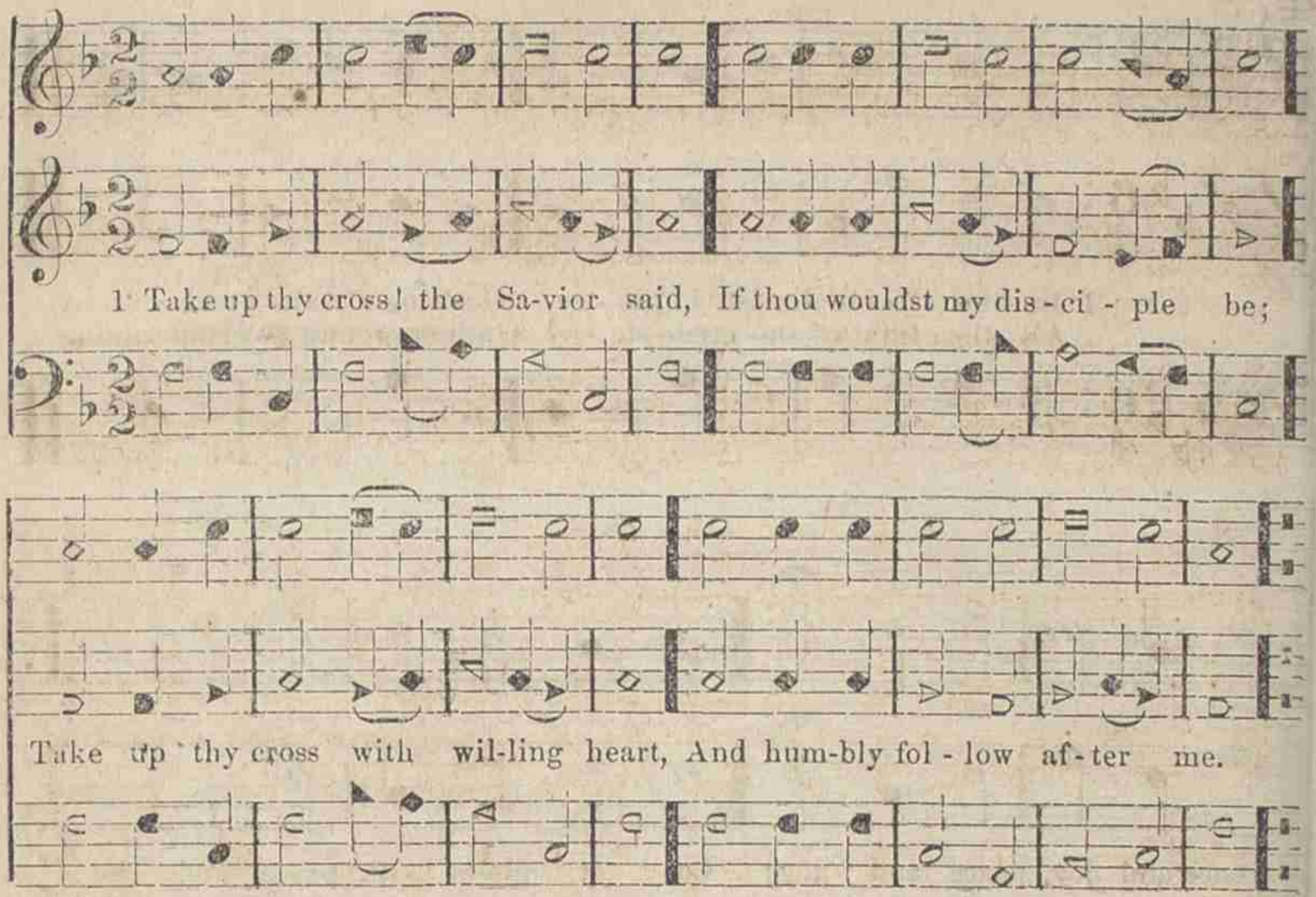
2 Here where oft thy lip hath taught us
Of the Lamb who died to save—
Where thy guiding hand hath brought us
To the deep baptismal wave—

3 Pale and cold we see thee lying
In God's temple, once so dear,
And the mourners' bitter sighing
Falls unheeded on thine ear.

4 All thy love and zeal, to lead us
Where immortal fountains flow,
And on living bread to feed us,
In our fond remembrance glow.

5 May the conquering faith that cheer'd thee
When thy foot on Jordan pressed,
Guide our spirits while we leave thee
In the tomb that Jesus blessed.

471 HAMBURG. L. M.



2 Take up thy cross! let not its weight
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm;
My strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart and nerve thy arm.

3 Take up thy cross! nor heed the shame,
And let thy foolish pride be still;
Thy Lord did not refuse to die
Upon the cross on Calvary's hill.

4 Take up thy cross, then, in his strength,
And calmly sin's wild deluge brave;
'T will guide thee to a better home,
It points to bliss beyond the grave.

5 Take up thy cross, and follow me,
Nor think till death to lay it down;
For only he who bears the cross,
May hope to wear the glorious crow

472 *See page* 203.

473 " " 200.

474 " " 203.

475 *"Perfect through suffering."*

Heb. 2: 10.

"PERFECT thro' suffering:" may it be,
Savior, made perfect, thus, for me!
I bow, I kiss, I bless the rod,
That brings me nearer to my God.

2 "Perfect through suffering:" be thy cross
The crucible to purge my dross!
Welcome, for that, its pangs, its scorns,
Its scourge, its nails, its crown of thorns.

3 "Perfect through suffering:" heap the fire,
And pile the sacrificial pyre;
But save each loved and loving one,
And let me feed the flames, alone.

4 "Perfect thro' suffering:" urge the blast,
More free, more full, more fierce, more fast;
By grace the suffering path I'll tread,
So the flame waft my soul to God!

476 *Faith looking into the future.*

Heb. 11: 13.

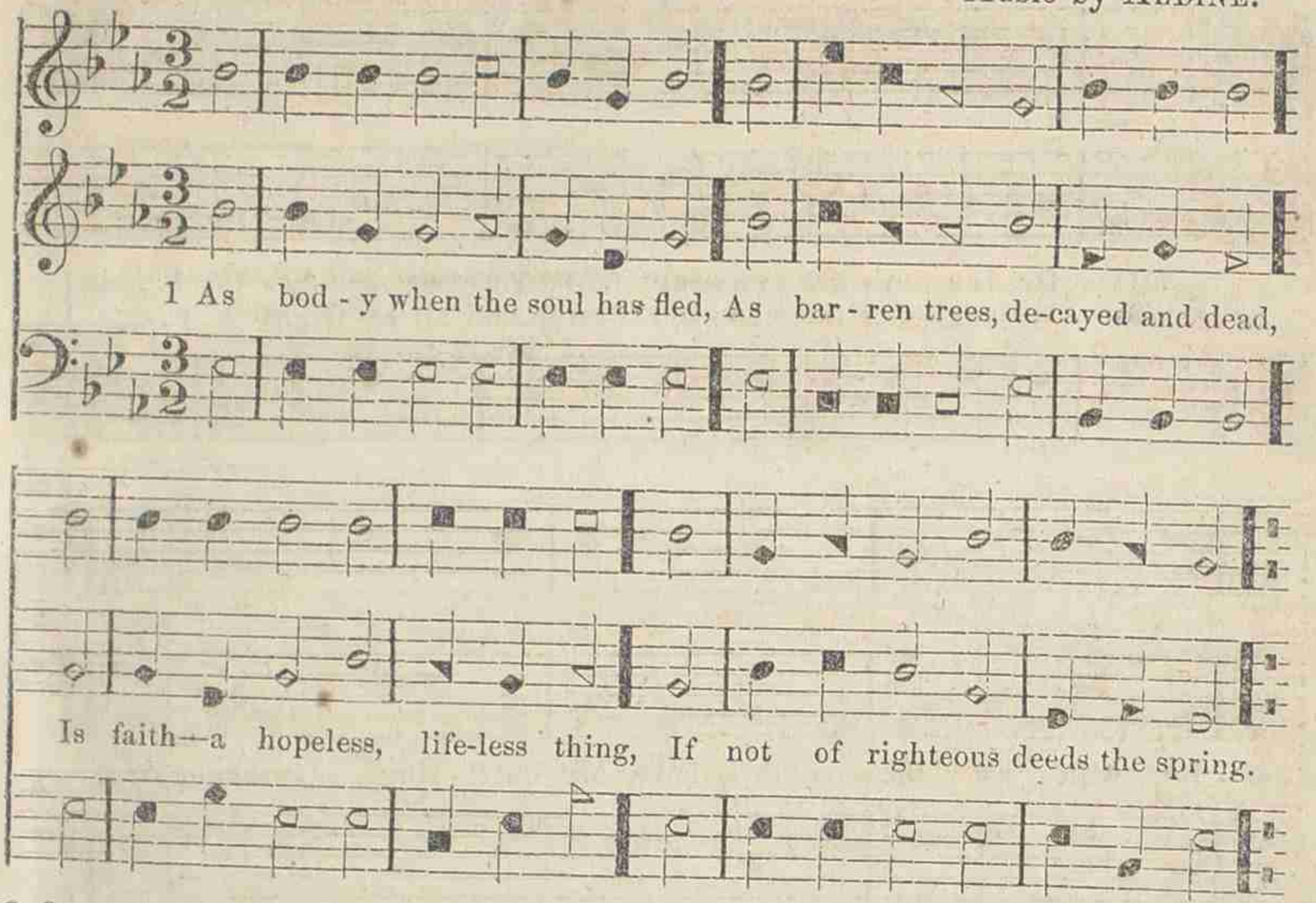
'TIS by thy faith of joys to come
We walk thro' deserts dark as night;
Till we arrive at heaven our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

2 The want of sight she well supplies;
She makes the pearly gates appear;
For into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heavenly ray,
Though lions roar, and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

4 So Abra'm, by divine command,
Left his own house to walk with God;
His faith beheld the promised land,
And cheered him on his toilsome road.

478 LINVILLÆ. L. M. Music by ALDINE.



2 One cup of healing oil and wine,
One tear-drop shed on mercy's shrine,
Is thrice more grateful, Lord, to thee,
Than lifted eye or bended knee.

3 In true and heaven-born faith we trace,
The source of every Christian grace;
Within the pious heart it plays,
A living fount of joy and praise.

4 Kind deeds of peace and love betray
Where'er the stream has found its way;
But where these spring not rich and fair,
The stream has never wandered there.

490 *Blessed is the man whose sins, etc.*
Rom. 4: 7.

COLD, how secure and blest are they
Who feel the joys of pardoned sin!
Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea,
Their minds have heaven and peace within.

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

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

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

5 They scorn to seek our golden toys,
But spend the day and share the night
In numbering o'er the richer joys
That heaven prepares for their delight.

493 *Joy of consecration to Christ.*

O SWEETLY breathe the lyres above,
When angels touch the quiv'ring string,
And wake, to chant Immanuel's love,
Such strains as angel-lips can sing!

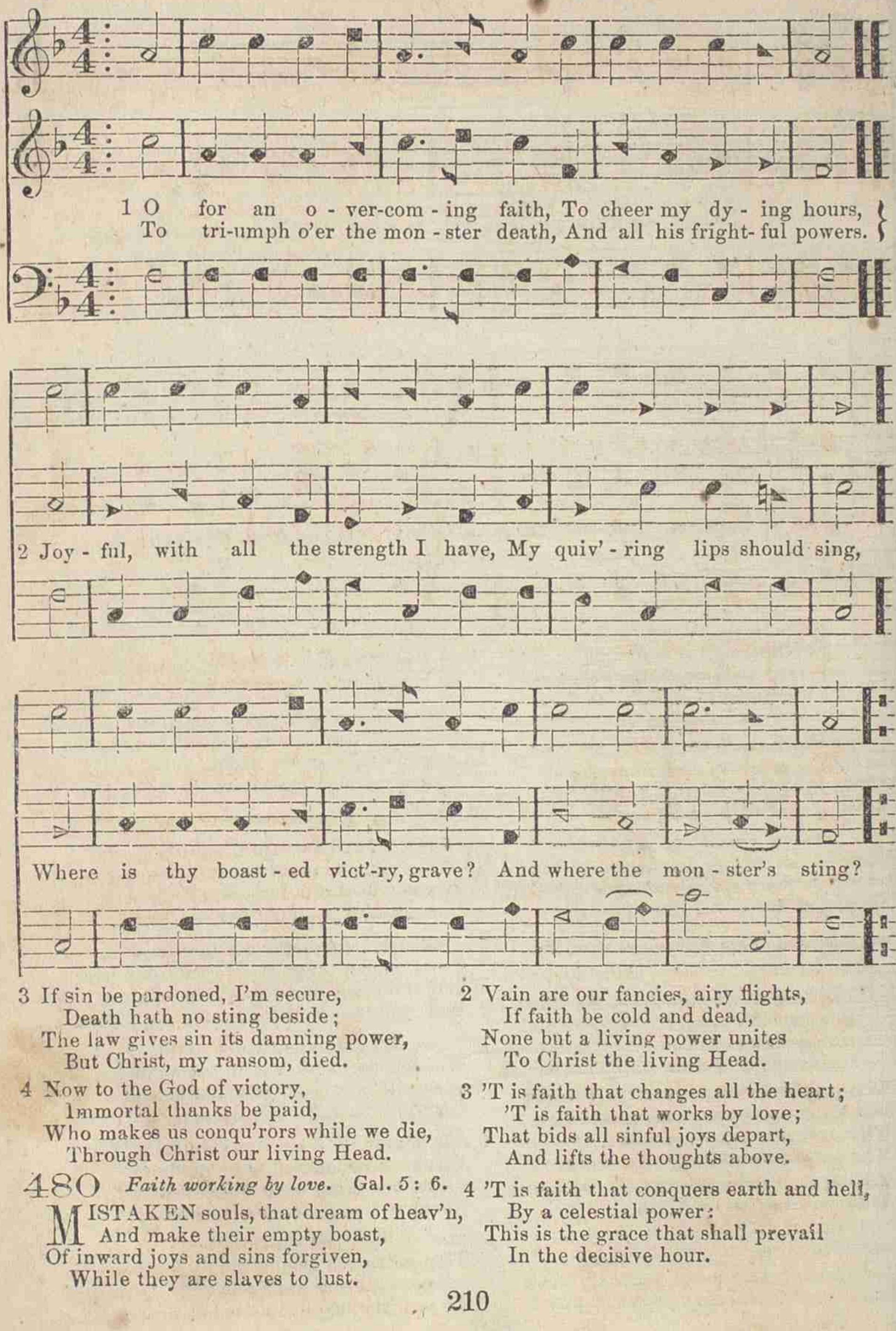
2 And sweet, on earth, the choral swell,
From mortal tongues, of gladsome lays;
When pardoned souls their raptures tell,
And, grateful, hymn Immanuel's praise.

3 Jesus, thy name our souls adore;
We own the bond that makes us thine;
And carnal joys, that charmed before,
For thy dear sake we now resign.

4 Our hearts, by dying love subdued,
Accept thine offered grace to-day;
Beneath the cross, with blood bedewed,
We bow, and give ourselves away.

5 In thee we trust—on thee rely;
Though we are feeble, thou art strong;
O, keep us till our spirits fly
To join the bright, immortal throng.

479 WENTLEITH. C. M.



3 If sin be pardoned, I'm secure,
Death hath no sting beside;
The law gives sin its damning power,
But Christ, my ransom, died.

4 Now to the God of victory,
Immortal thanks be paid,
Who makes us conqu'rors while we die,
Through Christ our living Head.

480 *Faith working by love.* Gal. 5: 6.

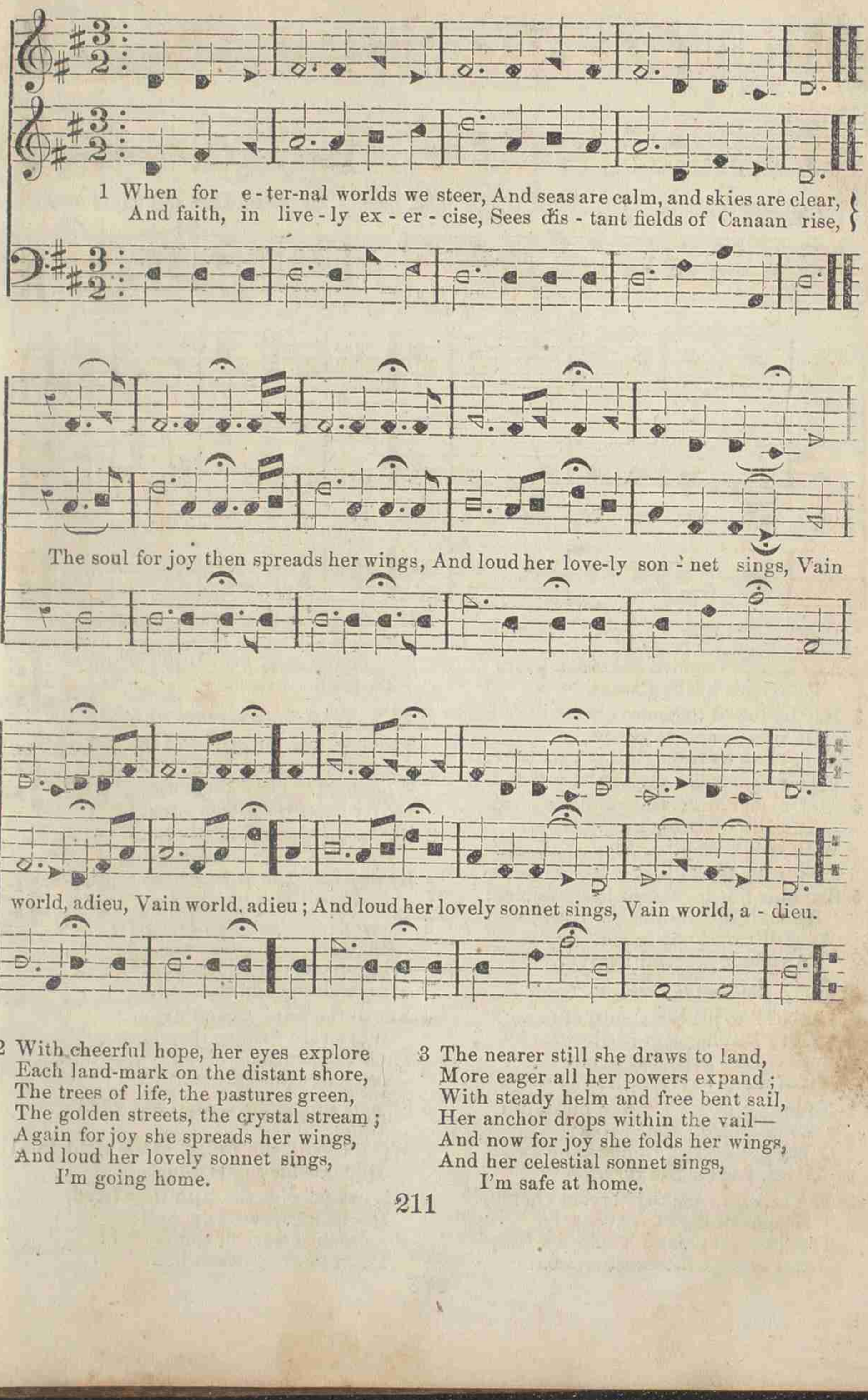
MISTAKEN souls, that dream of heav'n,
And make their empty boast,
Of inward joys and sins forgiven,
While they are slaves to lust.

2 Vain are our fancies, airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead,
None but a living power unites
To Christ the living Head.

3 'T is faith that changes all the heart;
'T is faith that works by love;
That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.

4 'T is faith that conquers earth and hell,
By a celestial power:
This is the grace that shall prevail
In the decisive hour.

481 SONNET. 8s & 4.



2 With cheerful hope, her eyes explore
Each land-mark on the distant shore,
The trees of life, the pastures green,
The golden streets, the crystal stream ;
Again for joy she spreads her wings,
And loud her lovely sonnet sings,
I'm going home.

3 The nearer still she draws to land,
More eager all her powers expand ;
With steady helm and free bent sail,
Her anchor drops within the vail—
And now for joy she folds her wings,
And her celestial sonnet sings,
I'm safe at home.



2 She bids the storms of life to cease,
The troubled breast be calm;
And in the wounded heart she pours
Religion's healing balm.

3 Her hallowed influence cheers life's hours
Of sadness and of gloom;
She guides us through this vale of tears,
To joys beyond the tomb.

4 And when our fleeting days are o'er,
And life's last hour draws near,
With still unwearied wing she hastes
To wipe the falling tear.

5 She bids the anguished heart rejoice:
Though earthly ties are riven,
We still may hope to meet again
In yonder peaceful heaven.

484 *Call me thy servant, Lord.*

DO NOT to fill the mouth of fame
My longing soul is stirred:
But give me a diviner name;
Call me thy servant, Lord!

2 No longer would my soul be known
As uncontrolled and free;
O, not mine own! O, not mine own!
Lord, I belong to thee.

3 Thy servant—me thy servant choose,
Nought of thy claim abate!
The glorious name I would not lose,
Nor change the sweet estate.

4 In life, in death, on earth, in heaven,
This is the name for me;
And be the same dear title given
Through all eternity.

487 *The blessedness of the righteous.* Psa. 1.

BLESS'D is the man who shuns the place
Where sinners love to meet;
Who fears to tread their wicked ways,
And hates the scoffer's seat;

2 But in the statutes of the Lord,
Has placed his chief delight;
By day he reads or hears the word,
And meditates by night.

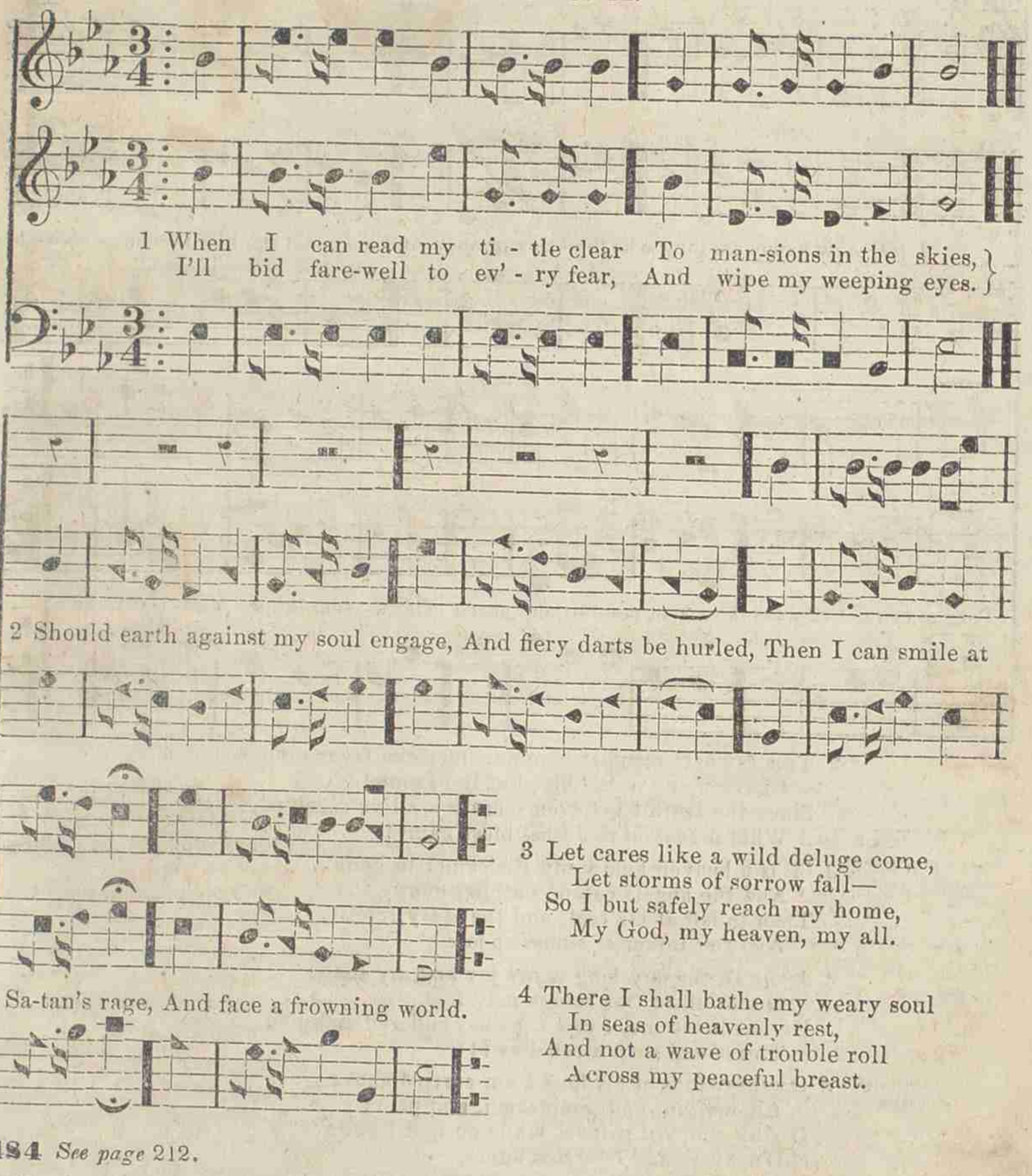
3 Green as the leaf, and ever fair
Shall his professions shine;
While fruits of holiness appear
Like clusters on the vine.

4 Not so the impious and unjust;
What vain designs they form!
Their hopes are blown away like dust,
Or chaff before the storm.

5 Sinners in judgment shall not stand
Among the sons of grace,
When Christ, the Judge, at his right hand
Appoints his saints a place.

6 His eye beholds the path they tread,
His heart approves it well;
But crooked ways of sinners lead
Down to the gates of hell.

VARINA. C. M.



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

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

484 *See page* 212.

485 *See page* 122.

486 *All my springs are in thee.*

Psalm 87 : 7.

MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
The comfort of my nights!

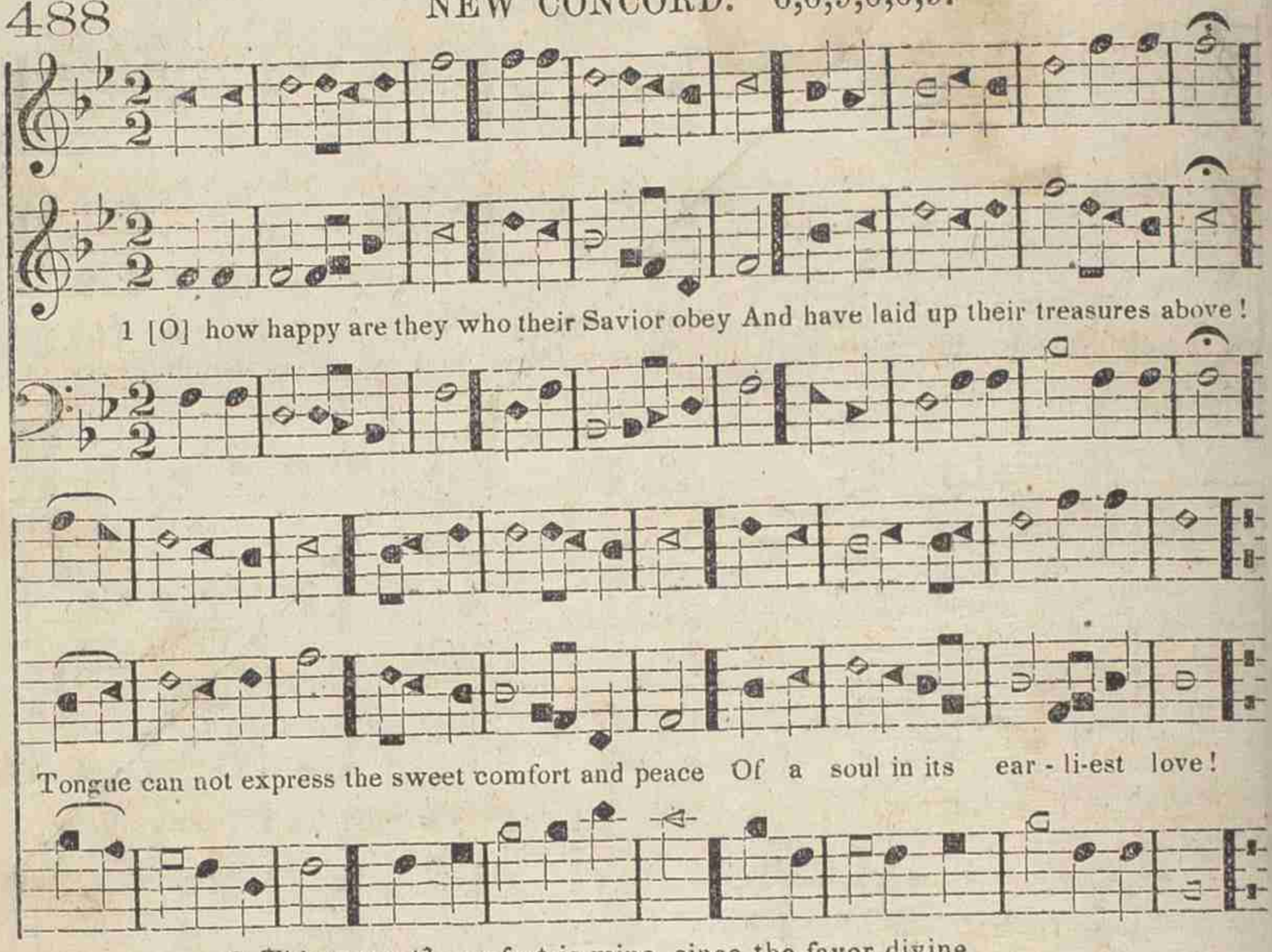
2 In darkest shades, if thou appear,
My dawning is begun;
Thou art my soul's bright morning star
And thou my rising sun.

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.

487 *See page* 212.

NEW CONCORD. 6,6,9,6,6,9.



2 This [sweet] comfort is mine, since the favor divine
I have found in the blood of the Lamb!
Since the truth I believed what a joy I've received,
What a heaven in Jesus' blest name!

3 'T is a heaven below my Redeemer to know,
And the angels can do nothing more
Than to fall at his feet, and the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore!

4 Jesus all the day long is my joy and my song;
O that all to this refuge may fly!
He has loved me, I cried, he has suffered and died
To redeem such a rebel as I!

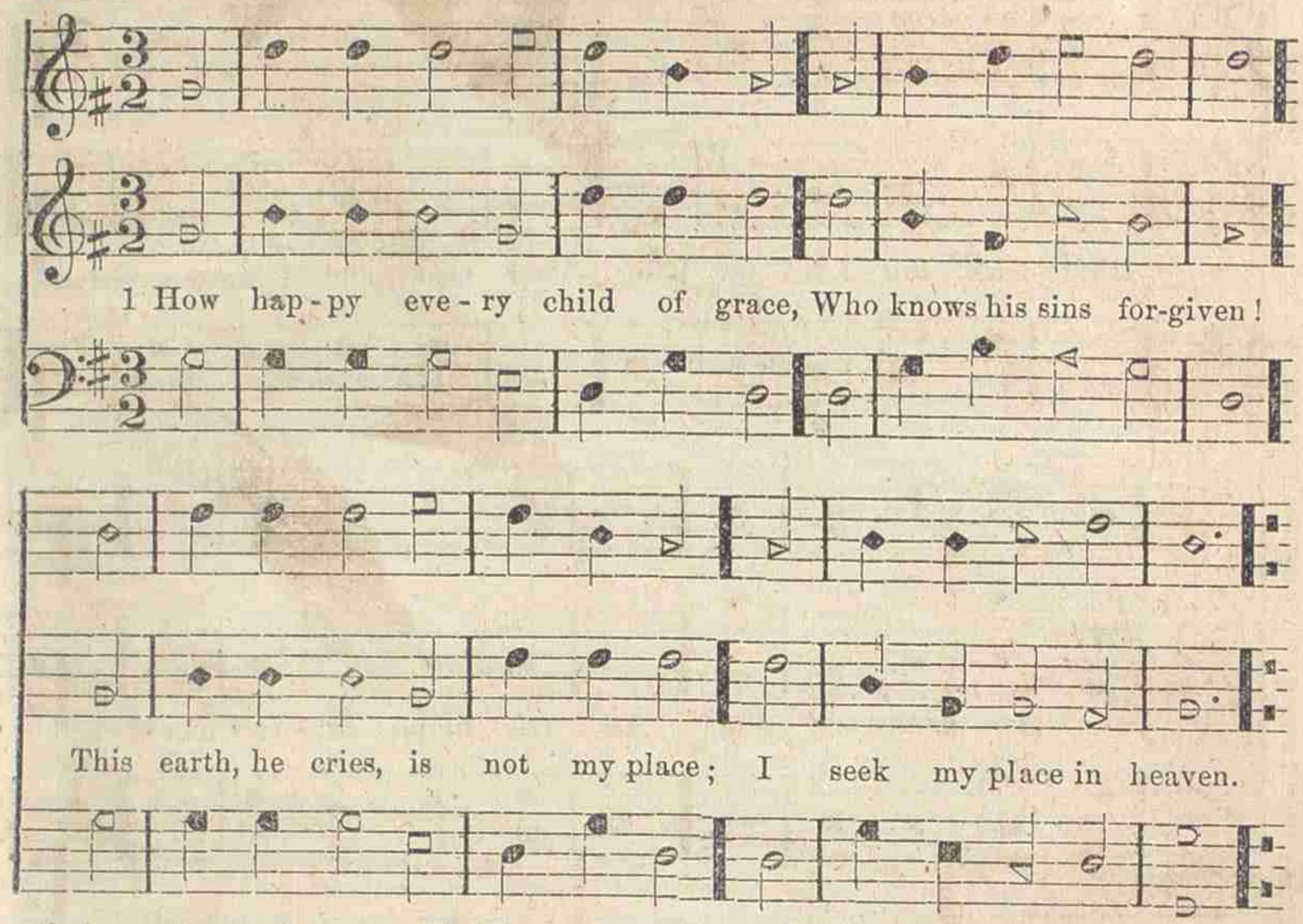
5 On the wings of his love I am carried above
All my sin, and temptation, and pain;
O why should I grieve, while on him I believe!
O why should I sorrow again.

6 O the rapturous hight of that holy delight,
Which I find in the life-giving blood!
Of my Savior possessed, I am perfectly blessed,
Being filled with the fulness 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!

489 MARLOW. C. M.



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 blessed 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.

490 *See page* 209.

491 *True happiness.*

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 rapture shall ascend
To everlasting day.

492 *Joy, the fruit of the Spirit.* Gal. 5 : 22.

JOY is a fruit that will not grow
In nature's barren soil:
All we can boast, 'till Christ we know,
Is vanity and toil.

2 But where the Lord has planted grace,
And made his glories known,
There fruits of heavenly joy and peace
Are found, and there alone.

3 A bleeding Savior, seen by faith,
A sense of pard'ning love,
A hope that triumphs over death,
Give joys like those above.

4 To take a glimpse within the vail,
To know that God is mine,
Are springs of joy that never fail,
Unspeakable, divine.

5 These are the joys that satisfy,
And sanctify the mind;
Which make the spirit mount on high,
And leave the world behind.

6 No more, believers, mourn your lot,
But if you are the Lord's,
Resign to them that know him not,
Such joys as earth affords.

493 *See page* 209.



2 Jesus the Savior reigns,
The God of truth and love,
When he had purged our stains,
He took his seat above;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice; again I say, rejoice.

3 His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice; again I say, rejoice.

4 He sits at God's right hand,
Till all his foes submit,
And bow to his command,
And fall beneath his feet:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice:
Rejoice: again I say, rejoice.

5 He all his foes shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy;
And every bosom swell,
With pure seraphic joy;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice; again I say, rejoice.

6 Rejoice in glorious hope,
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home;
We soon shall hear th' arch-angel's voice;
The trump of God shall sound, rejoice.

495 RUSSIA L. M.



2 Who shall adjudge the saints to hell?
'Tis Christ that suffered in their stead;
And their salvation to fulfill,
Behold him rising from the dead.

3 He lives! he lives and sits above,
For ever interceding there;
Who shall divide us from his love,
Or what should tempt us to despair?

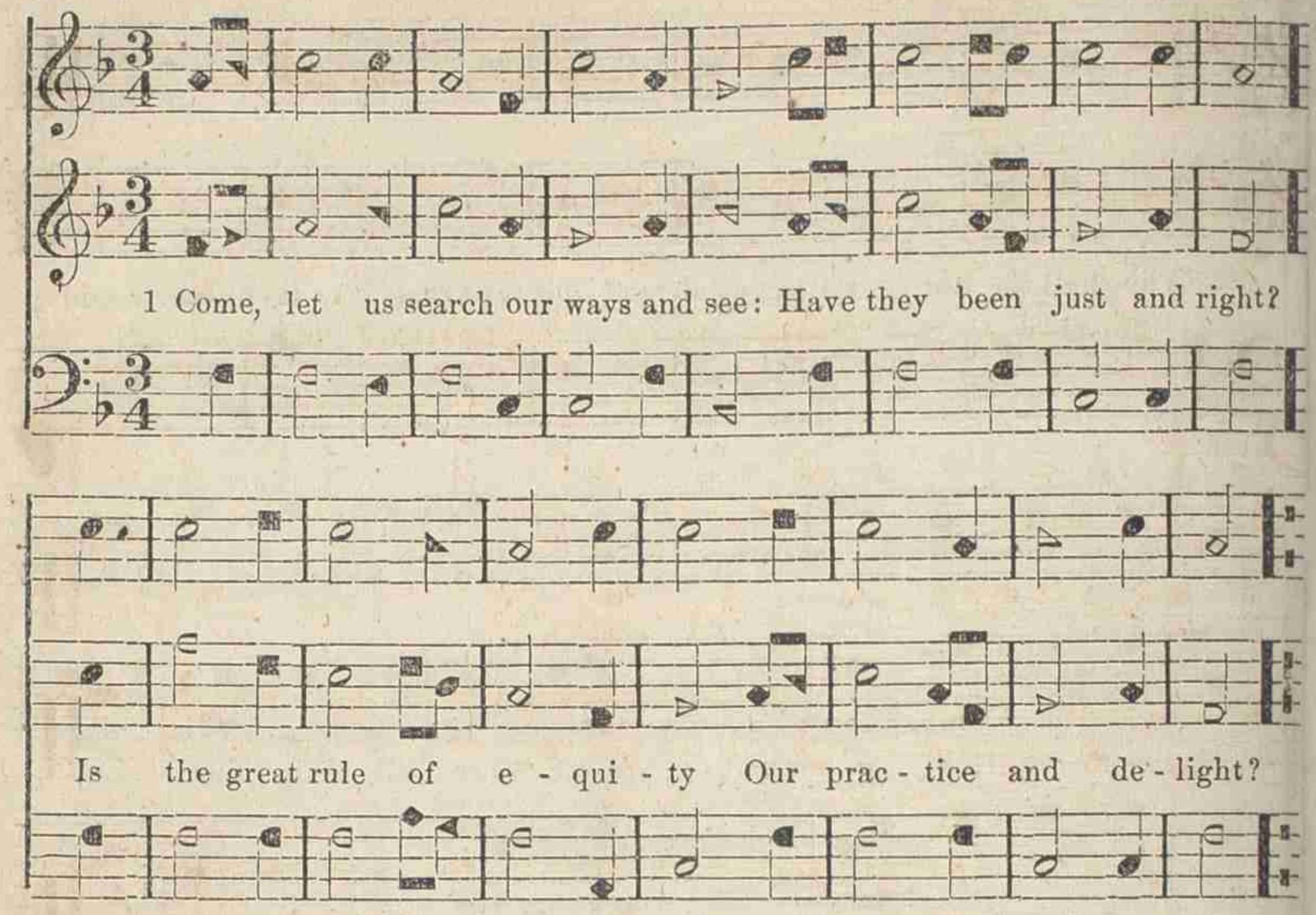
4 Shall persecution or distress,
Famine, or sword, or nakedness?
He that hath loved us, bears us through,
And makes us more than conqu'rors too.

513 *Blessed are the meek.* Matt. 5: 5.

HAPPY the meek, whose gentle breast,
Clear as the summer's evening ray,
Calm as the regions of the blest,
Enjoys on earth celestial day.

2 His heart no broken friendships sting;
No jars his peaceful tent invade;
He rests beneath th' Almighty's wing,
Hostile to none—of none afraid.

3 Spirit of grace! all meek and mild,
Inspire our hearts—our souls possess;
Repel each passion rude and wild,
And bless us, as we aim to bless.



2 What we would have our neighbor do,
Have we still done the same?
From others ne'er withheld the due
Which we from others claim?

3 Do we, in all we sell or buy,
Integrity mantain?
And, knowing God is always nigh,
Renounce unrighteous gain?

4 Then may we raise our modest prayer
To God the just and kind;
May humbly cast on him our care,
And hope his grace to find.

498 *Ye have the poor always with you.* Matt. 26: 11.

LORD, lead the way the Savior went,
By lane and cell obscure,
And let our treasures still be spent,
Like his, upon the poor.

2 Like him, through scenes of deep distress,
Who bore the world's sad weight,
We, in their gloomy 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 Small are the offerings we can make
Yet thou hast taught us, Lord,
If given for the Savior's sake,
They lose not their reward.

510 *Love and charity.* 1 Cor. 13: 4-13.

LET Pharisees of high esteem
Their faith and zeal declare;
All their religion is a dream,
If love be wanting there.

2 Love suffers long with patient eye,
Nor is provoked in haste;
She lets the present injury die,
And long forgets the past.

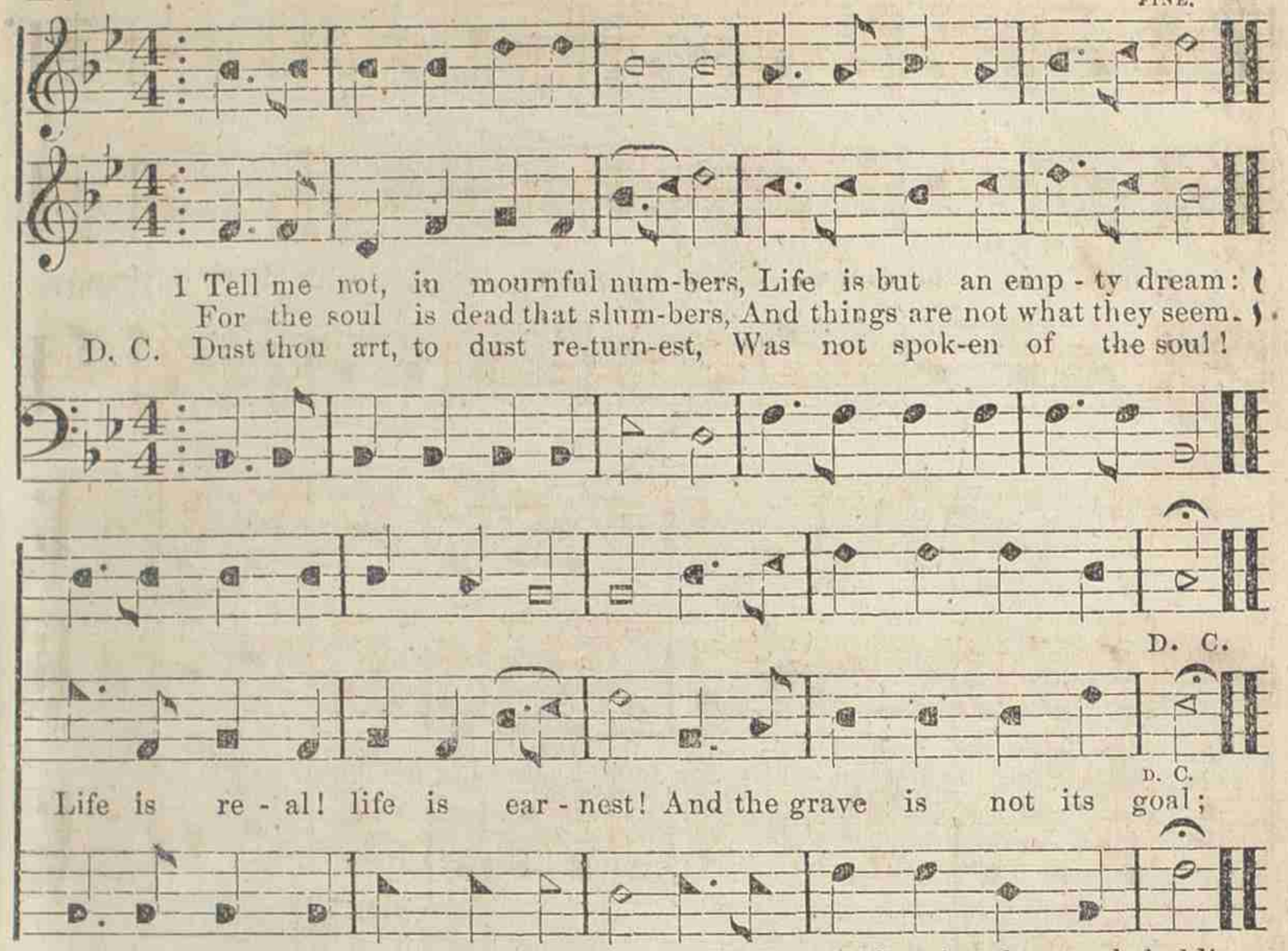
3 Malice and rage, those fires of hell,
She quenches with her tongue;
Hopes and believes, and thinks no ill,
Though she endures the wrong.

4 She ne'er desires nor seeks to know
The scandals of the time,
Nor looks with pride on those below,
Nor envies those that climb.

5 She lays her own advantage by,
To seek her neighbor's good;
So God's own Son came down to die,
And bought our lives with blood.

6 Love is the grace that keeps her power
In all the realms above;
Their faith and hope are known no more,
But saints for ever love.

497 PSALM OF LIFE. 8s & 7s.



1 Tell me not, in mournful num-bers, Life is but an emp - ty dream: (
For the soul is dead that slum-bers, And things are not what they seem.)
D. C. Dust thou art, to dust re-turn-est, Was not spok-en of the soul!

Life is re - al! life is ear - nest! And the grave is not its goal;

3 Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end and way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

4 Lives of true men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;

5 Footprints which perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother
Seeing, shall take heart again.

6 Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

498 *See page* 218.

505 *Quit you like men; be strong.* 1 Cor. 16: 13.

WE are living, we are dwelling
In a grand and awful time—
In an age on ages telling:
To be living is sublime.

2 Hark! the onset! will ye fold your
Faith-clad arms in lazy lock?
UP! O, up! thou drowsy soldier;
Worlds are charging to the shock.

3 Worlds are charging, heaven beholding;
Thou hast but an hour to fight;
Now, the blazoned cross unfolding,
On! right onward for the right.

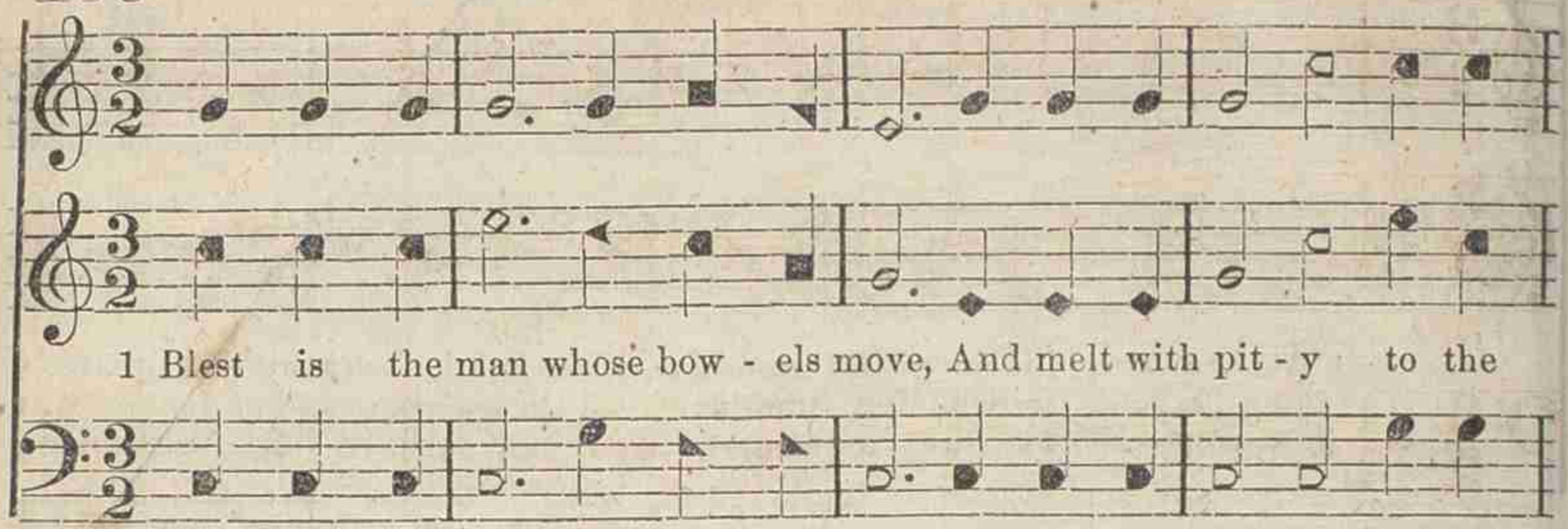
4 On! let all the soul within you
For the truth's sake go abroad:
Strike! let every nerve and sinew
Tell on ages—tell for God.

726 *The salutation of peace.* Matt. 10: 12.

PEACE be to this habitation;
Peace to all that dwell therein;
Peace, the earnest of salvation:
Peace, the fruit of pardoned sin;
Peace, that speaks the heavenly Giver,
Peace to worldly minds unknown;
Peace divine, that lasts forever,
Peace, that comes from God alone.

2 Jesus, Prince of Peace, be near us,
Fix in all our hearts thy home;
With thy gracious presence cheer us;
Let thy sacred kingdom come;
Raise to heaven our expectation,
Give our favored souls to prove
Glorious and complete salvation,
In the realms of bliss above.

499 HOPE. L. M. A. S. KIEFFER.



2 His heart contrives for their relief,
More good than his own hands can do;
He in the time of general grief,
Shall find the Lord has bowels too.

3 His soul shall live secure on earth,
With secret blessings on his head,
When drouth, and pestilence, and death
Around him multiply their dead.

4 Or if he languish on his couch,
God will pronounce his sins forgiven,
Will save him with a healing touch
Or take his willing soul to heaven.

506 *Love begets love.* 1 John 4: 19.

'TIS not the skill of human art
Which gives me pow'r my God to know;
The sacred lessons of the heart
Come not from instruments below.

2 Love is my teacher; he can tell
The wonders that he learnt above:
No other Master knows so well;
'T is love alone can tell of love.

3 Love is my Master: when it breaks,
The morning light, with rising ray,
To thee, O God! my spirit wakes,
And love instructs it all the day.

4 And when the gleams of day retire,
And midnight spreads its dark control,
Love's secret whispers still inspire
Their holy lessons in the soul.

508 *Love.* 1 Cor. 13: 1–3.

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 bowels of 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.

500 BOYLESTON. S. M.



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

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

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
A second death I'll die.

531 *A prayer for submission.*

I WANT a heart to pray,
To pray and never cease;
Never to murmer at thy stay,
Or wish my sufferings less.

2 This blessing above all,
Always to pray, I want;
Out of the deep on thee to call,
And never, never faint.

3 I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim—
Unmoved by threat'ning or reward—
To thee and thy great name.

4 A jealous, just concern
For thine immortal praise;
A pure desire that all may learn
And glorify thy grace.

5 I want with all my heart
Thy pleasure to fulfill;
To know myself, and what thou art,
And what thy perfect will.

6 I want I know not what;
I want my wants to see;
I want, alas! what want I not,
When thou art not in me?

551 *Do all to the glory of God.*

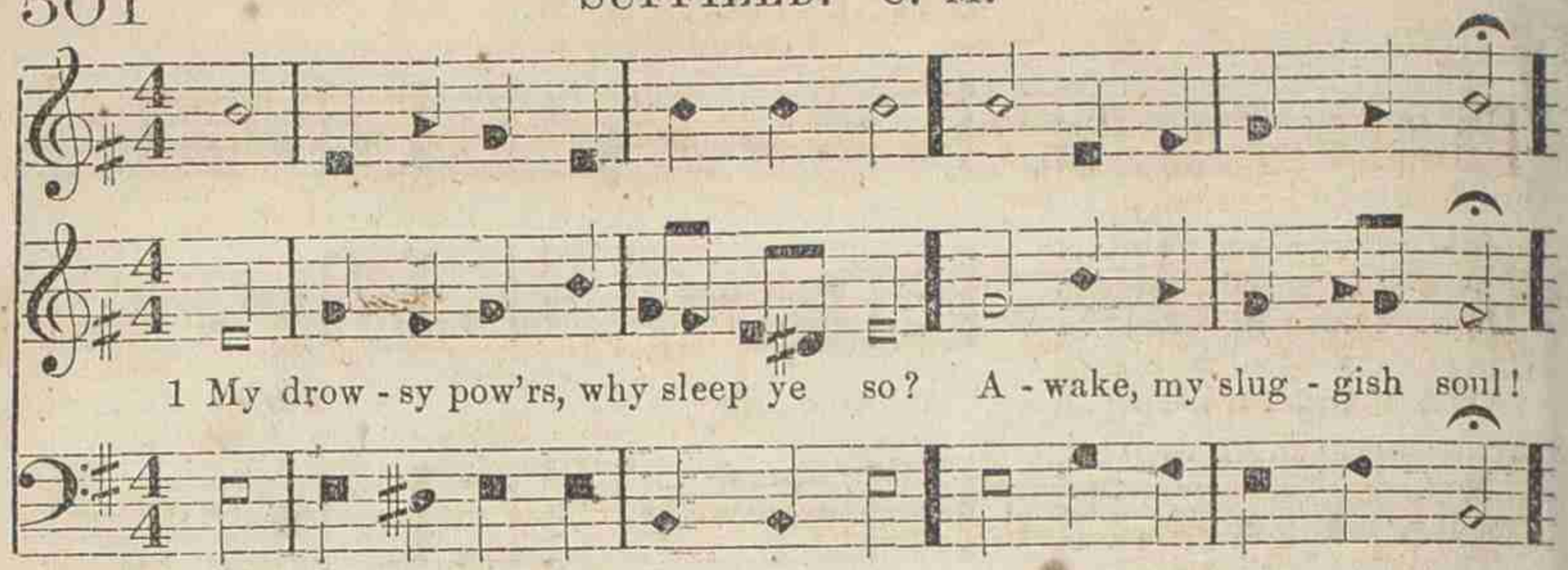
TEACH me, my God and King,
Thy will in all to see;
And what I do in any thing,
To do it as for thee!

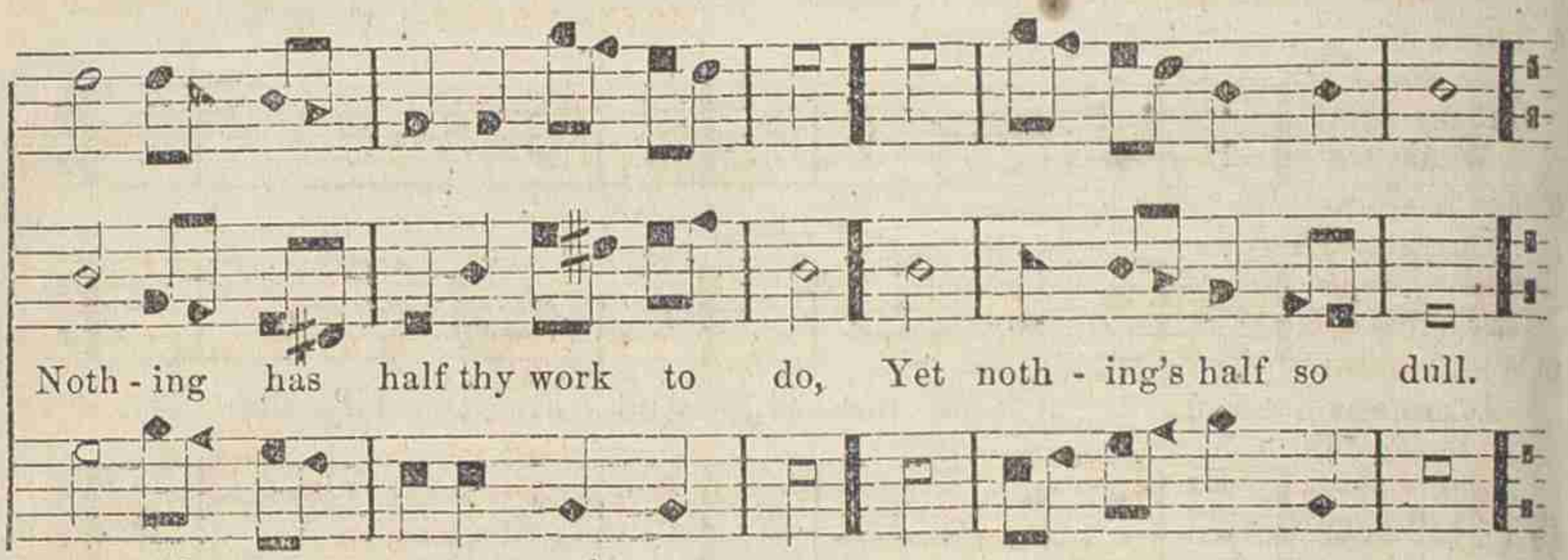
2 To scorn the senses' sway,
While still to thee I tend;
In all I do, be thou the way,
In all, be thou the end.

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.

501 SUFFIELD. C. M.





2 The little ants, for one poor grain,
Labor, and tug, and strive;
Yet we who have a heaven t' obtain,
How negligent we live!

3 We, for whose sake all nature stands,
And stars their courses move;
We, for whose guard the angel bands
Come flying from above;

4 We, for whom God's own Son came down,
And labored for our good;
How careless to secure that crown
He purchased with his blood!

5 Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still,
And never act our parts?
Come, holy Dove! from th' heavenly hill
And sit and warm our hearts.

6 Then shall our active spirits move,
Upward our souls shall rise:
With hands of faith and wings of love,
We'll fly and take the prize.

502 *See index.*

507 *Thou knowest that I love thee.* Jn. 21: 17

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 Savior'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 I love thee, dearest Lord;
But O! I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

511 *As I have loved you.* John 13: 24.

OUR God is love; and all his saints
His image bear below:
The heart with love to God inspired,
With love to man will glow.

2 None who are truly born of God
Can live at enmity;
Then may we love each other, Lord,
As we are loved by thee.

3 Heirs of the same immortal bliss,
Our hopes and fears the same,
With bonds of love our hearts unite,
With mutual love inflame.

4 So may the unbelieving world
See how true Christians love;
And glorify our Savior's grace,
And seek that grace to prove.

514 *To obey is better than sacrifice.*
1 Sam. 15 : 22.

TH' importance of a sacred rite
Depends upon the Lord;
For he's a being infinite,
And awful is his word.

2 If he a trifle shall command
His creatures to fulfill,
'Tis not a trifle to withstand
Or counteract his will.

3 Adam might think the thing but small,
And ventured to transgress;
But it produced a dreadful fall
To all the human race.

4 These may appear but little things
To do, or not to do;
But see what grievous evil springs
When not attended to.

5 Our business is to learn to know
Our great Redeemer's will,
And with alacrity to go
His pleasure to fulfill.

6 Whether the thing be great or small,
It matters not to us;
He is the Potter, and we all
Are vessels for his use.

519 *The Christian's peace permanent.*
John 14 : 27.

THE world can neither give nor take,
Nor can they comprehend,
The peace of God, which Christ has bought,
The peace which knows no end.

2 The burning bush was not consumed
While God remained there;
The three, when Jesus made the fourth,
Found fire as soft as air.

3 God's furnace doth in Zion stand;
But Zion's God sits by,
As the refiner views his gold,
With an observant eye.

4 His thoughts are high, his love is wise,
His wounds a cure intend;
And though he does not always smile,
He loves unto the end.

522 *Rooted and built up in him.* Col. 2 : 7.

TEACH me yet more of thy blest ways,
Thou holy Lamb of God;
And fix and root me in the grace
So dearly bought with blood.

2 O tell me often of each wound,
Of every grief and pain;
And let my heart with joy confess,
From hence comes all my gain.

3 For this, O may I freely count
Whate'er I have but loss;
And every name, and every thing,
Compared with thee, but ors.

4 Engrave this deeply on my heart
With an eternal pen:
That I may, in some small degree,
Return thy love again.

523 *Life a pilgrimage.*

LORD, what a wretched land is this,
That yields us no supply—
No cheering fruits, no wholesome trees,
No streams of living joy!

2 Our journey is a thorny maze;
But we march upward still,
Forget these troubles of the ways,
And press to Zion's hill.

3 See the kind angels, at the gates,
Inviting us to come;
There Jesus, the Forerunner, waits
To welcome travelers home.

4 There, on the green and flowery mount,
Our weary souls shall sit,
And with transporting joy recount
The labors of our feet.

5 Eternal glory to the King
Whose hand conducts us through;
Our tongues shall never cease to sing,
And endless praise renew.

524 *"As unknown, and yet well known."*
2 Cor. 6 : 9.

WHAT poor, despised company
Of travelers are these,
Who walk in yonder narrow way
Along the rugged maze?

2 Ah! these are of a royal line,
All children of a King;
Heirs of immortal crowns divine,
And, lo! for joy they sing.

3 Why do they, then, appear so mean,
And why so much despised?
Because of their rich robes, unseen,
The world is not apprised.

4 But some of them seem poor distressed,
And lacking daily bread;
O! they'er of boundless wealth possessed,
With hidden manna fed?

5 But why keep they the narrow road,
That rugged, thorny maze?
Why, that's the way their Leader trod;
They love and keep his ways.

6 Why must they shun that pleasant path
That worldlings love so well?
Because that is the way to death;
The open road to hell.

7 What! is there then no other road
To Salem's happy ground?
Christ is the only way to God;
None other can be found.

503 ALBION. S. M.



2 Go where the sick recline,
Where mourning hearts deplore;
And where the sons of sorrow pine,
Dispense your hallowed lore.

3 Urge with a tender zeal,
The erring child along
Where peaceful congregations kneel,
And pious teachers throng.

4 Be faith, which looks above,
With prayer your constant guest,
And wrap the Savior's changeless love
A mantle round your breast.

5 So shall you share the wealth
That earth may ne'er despoil,
And the blest gospel's saving health
Repay your arduous toil.

557 *The watchful servant.* Matt. 24: 42.

YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of his heavenly word,
And watchful at his gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

3 Watch; 't is your 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.

5 Christ shall the banquet spread,
With his own bounteous hand,
And raise that favorite servant's head
Amidst th' angelic band.

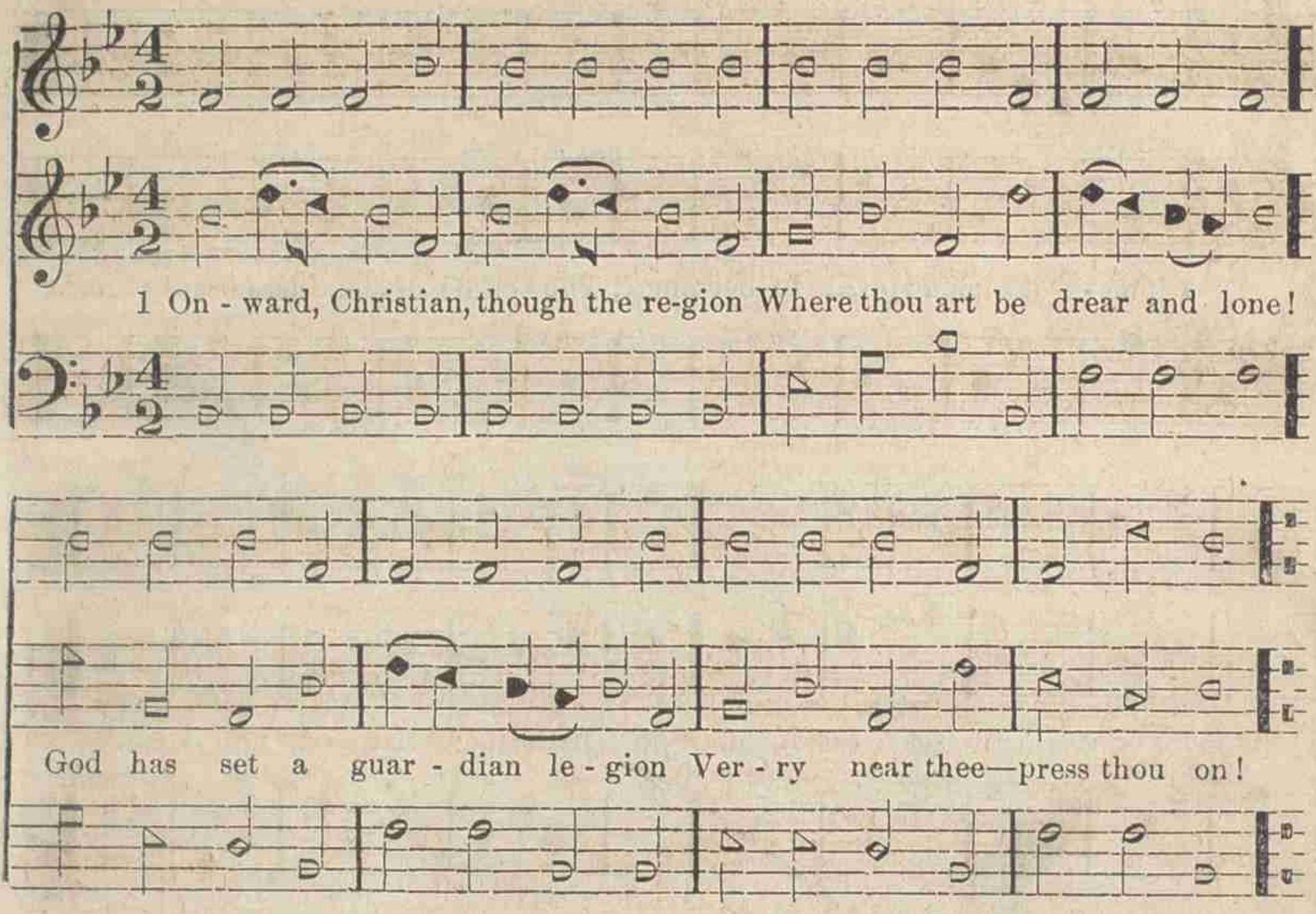
563 *Christian watchfulness.* 1 Cor. 16. 13.

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.



2 Listen, Christian, their Hosanna
Rolleth o'er thee—"God is love."
Write upon thy red-cross banner,
"Upward ever—heavens above."

3 By the thorn-road, and none other,
Is the mount of vision won;
Tread it without shrinking brother!
Jesus trod it—press thou on

4 Be this world the wiser, stronger,
For thy life of pain and peace;
While it needs thee, O, no longer,
Pray thou for thy quick release.

5 Pray thou, Christian, daily, rather,
That thou be a faithful son;
By the prayer of Jesus—"Father,
Not my will, but thine, be done!"

615 *Sorrow turned to joy.* John 16: 20.

HAPPY soul! thy days are ended,
All thy mourning days below;
Go, by angel guards attended,
To the sight of Jesus go!
Waiting to receive thy spirit,
Lo! the Savior stands above:
Shows the purchase of his merit,
Reaches out the crown of love.

505 *See page* 219.
507 *See page* 222.

2 Struggling through the latest passion
To thy dear Redeemer's breast,
To his uttermost salvation,
To his everlasting rest;
For the joy he sets before thee,
Bear thy transitory pain;
Die, to live a life of glory;
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

619 *Sorrow not even as others, etc.*
1 Thess. 4: 13.

CEASE, ye mourners, cease to languish,
O'er the grave of those you love;
Pain and death, and night and anguish,
Enter not the world above.

2 While our silent steps are straying
Lonely through night's deep'ning shade,
Glories' brightest beams are playing
Round the happy Christian's head.

3 Light and peace at once deriving
From the hand of God most high,
In his glorious presence living,
They shall never, never die.

4 Endless pleasures, pain excluding,
Sickness, there, no more can come;
There, no fear of woe intruding,
Sheds o'er heaven a moment's gloom.

506 *See page* 220.
508 *See page* 220.



But cheerless are those heavenly fields,
That cloudless clime no pleasure yields,
There is no bliss in bowers above,
If thou art absent, holy love!

2 The cherub near the viewless throne
Smiteth the harp with trembling hand;
And one with incense fire hath flown,
To touch with flame the angel-band;
But tuneless is the quivering string;
No melody can Gabriel bring;
Mute are its arches, when above
The harps of heaven wake not to love!

3 Earth, sea and sky, one language speak,
In harmony that soothes the soul;
'T is heard when scarce the zephyrs wake,
And when on thunders thunders roll:
That voice is heard, and tumults cease;
It whispers to the bosom peace;
Speak, thou Inspirer, from above,
And cheer our hearts, celestial Love!

510 *See page* 218.

211 *See page* 222.

517 *Christian patience.* Luke 21: 19.

PATIENCE! O, what a grace divine!
Sent from the God of power and love,
Submissive to his Father's hand,
As through the wilds of life we rove.

2 By patience we serenely bear
The troubles of our mortal state,
And wait contented our discharge,
Nor think our glory comes too late.

3 Though we, in full sensation, feel
The weight, the wounds, our God ordains,
We smile amid our heaviest woes,
And triumph in our sharpest pains.

4 O, for this grace! to aid us on,
And arm with fortitude the breast,
Till life's tumultuous voyage o'er—
We reach the shores of endless rest!

5 Faith into vision shall resign;
Hope shall in full fruition die;
And Patience in possession end
In the bright worlds of bliss on high.

520 *They are without fault.* Rev. 14: 5.

HAD I a throne above the rest,
Where angels and archangels dwell;
One sin, unslain, within my breast,
Would make that heav'n as dark as hell.

2 The prisoner sent to breathe fresh air,
And blessed with liberty again,
Would mourn were he condemned to wear
One link of all his former chain.

3 But O! no foe invades the bliss
When glory crowns the Christian's head;
One view of Jesus as he is,
Will strike all sin for ever dead.





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.

5 Thus may I rejoice to show
That I feel the love I owe;
Singing, till thy face I see,
Of his love who first loved me.

513 *See page* 217.
514 " " 223.
515 " " 136.
516 " " 206.
517 " " 226.

759 *God the source of every blessing.*

James 1 : 17.

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days!
Bounteous source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ.

2 For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield;
For the vines exalted juice,
For the generous olive's use.

3 Flocks that whiten all the plain;
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain;
Clouds that drop their fatt'ning dews;
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse:

4 All that Spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal Autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores:

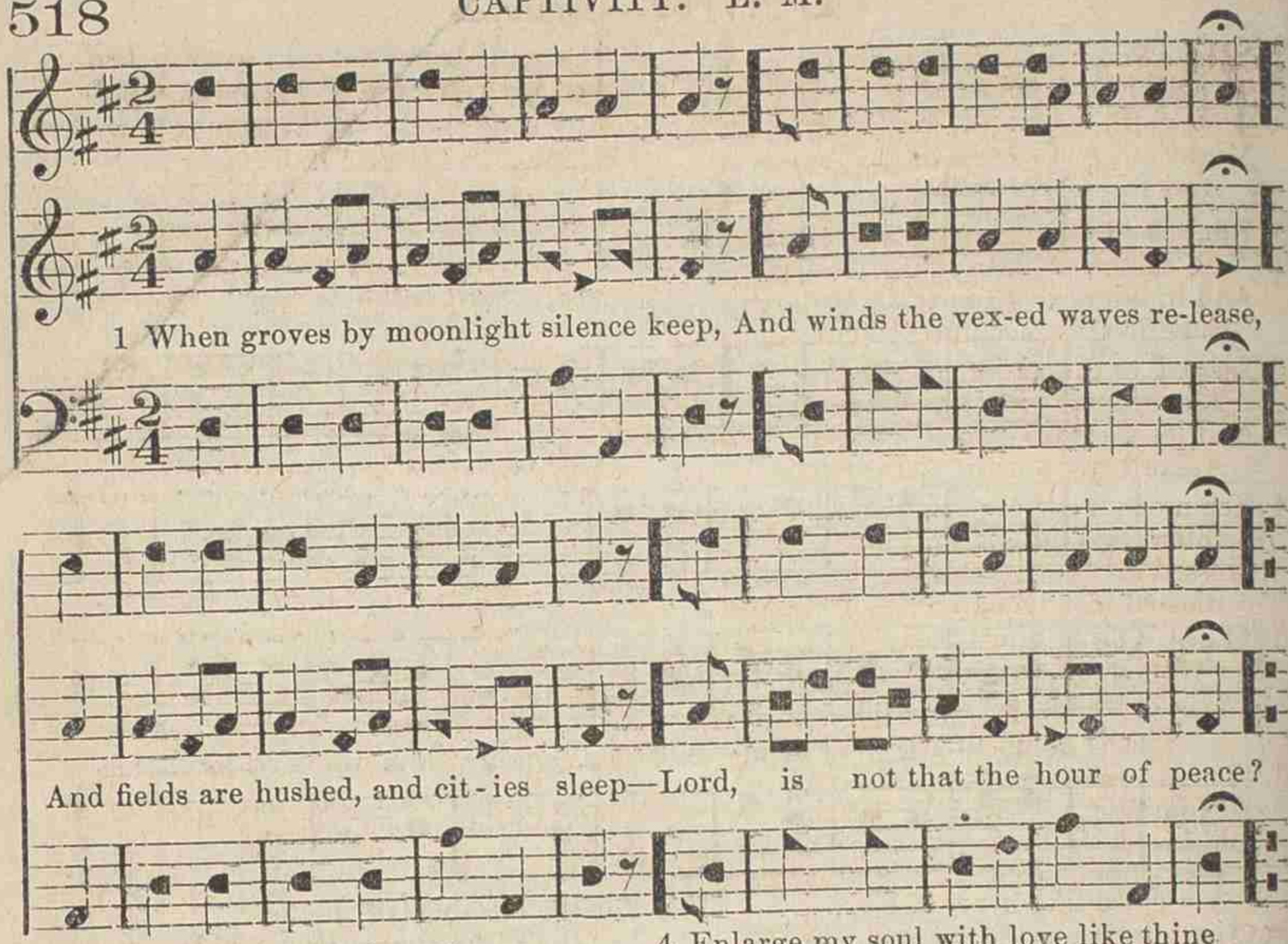
5 These to thee, my God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow;
And for these my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

792 *The pearl of great price.*

Matt. 13 : 45.

'TIS religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live;
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.

2 After death, its joys will be
Lasting as eternity!
Be the living God my friend,
Then my bliss shall never end.



2 When infancy at evening tries,
By turns to climb each parent's knees,
And gazing, meets their raptured eyes;
Lord, is not that the hour of peace?

3 In golden pomp, when autumn smiles,
And hill and dale, its rich increase
By man's full barns, exulting piles;
Lord, is not that the hour of peace?

4 When mercy points where Jesus pleads,
And faith beholds thine anger cease,
And hope to black despair succeeds:
This, Father, this alone is peace!

519 *See page* 223.

520 *See page* 226.

521 *Be ye perfect as your Father, etc.* Matt 5: 48.

GREAT author of the immortal mind!
For noblest tho'ts and views designed,
Make me ambitious to express
The image of thy holiness.

2 While I thy boundless love admire,
Grant me to catch the sacred fire;
Thus shall my heavenly birth be known,
And for thy child thou wilt me own.

3 Father, I see thy sun arise
To cheer thy friends and enemies;
And, when thy rain from heav'n descends,
Thy bounty both alike befriends.

4 Enlarge my soul with love like thine
My moral powers by grace refine:
So shall I feel another's woe,
And cheerful feed an hungry foe.

5 I hope for pardon, through thy Son,
For all the crimes which I have done;
O may the grace that pardons me,
Constrain me to forgive like thee.

522 *See page* 223.

523 *See page* 223.

524 *See page* 223.

525 *Even as thou wilt.* Matt 15: 28.

AND dost thou say, "Ask what thou wilt?"
Lord, I would seize the golden hour:
I pray to be released from guilt,
And freed from sin's polluting power.

2 More of thy presence, Lord, impart;
More of thine image let me bear;
Erect thy throne within my heart,
And reign without a rival there.

3 Give me to read my pardon sealed,
And from thy joy to draw my strength:
O be thy boundless love revealed
In all its hight, and breadth, and length.

4 Grant these requests—I ask no more,
But to thy care the rest resign:
Sick, or in health, or rich, or poor,
All shall be well, if thou art mine.

526 *Prayer answered by crosses.*

I ASKED the Lord that I might grow
In faith, and love, and every grace;
Might more of his salvation know,
And seek more earnestly his face.

2 I hoped that in some favored hour
At once he'd answer my request;
And by his love's constraining power,
Subdue my sins, and give me rest.

3 Instead of this, he made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart,
And let the angry powers of hell
Assault my soul in every part.

4 Yea more, with his own hand he seemed
Intent to aggravate my woe;
Crossed all the fair designs I schemed,
Blasted my hopes, and laid me low.

5 "Lord, why is this," I trembling cried—
"Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death?"
"'T is in this way," the Lord replied,
"I answer prayer for grace and faith."

6 "These inward trials I employ,
From self, and pride, to set thee free;
And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
That thou may'st seek thy all in me."

534 *Prayer for the Jews.*

FATHER of faithful Abrah'm, hear
Our earnest suit for Abrah'm's seed;
Justly they claim the tenderest prayer
From us, adopted in their stead.

2 Outcast from thee, and scattered wide
Through every nation under heaven,
Blaspheming whom they crucified,
Unsaved, unpitied, unforgiven.

3 But hast thou finally forsook,
For ever cast thine own away?
Wilt thou not bid the murd'rers look
On him they pierc'd, and weep and pray.

4 Come then, thou great Deliv'rer, come;
The vail from Jacob's heart remove;
O bring thine ancient people home,
And let them know thy dying love.

537 *Prayer for a revival.* Hab. 3: 2.

GREAT Lord, of all thy churches, hear
Thy minister's and people's prayer;
Perfumed by thee, O may it rise,
Like fragrant incense to the skies.

2 Revive thy churches with thy grace;
Forgive our sins, and grant us peace;
Rouse us from sloth, our hearts inflame
With ardent zeal for Jesus' name.

3 May young and old thy word receive,
Dead sinners hear thy voice and live;
The wounded conscience healing find,
And joy refresh each drooping mind.

4 May aged saints, matured with grace,
Abound in fruits of holiness;
And when translated to the skies,
May younger in their stead arise.

5 Thus we our suppliant voices raise,
And, weeping, sow the seed of praise,
In humble hope that thou wilt hear
Thy minister's and people's prayer.

547 *Duty to the erring.* James 5: 20.

WOULDST thou an erring soul redeem,
And lead a lost one back to God;
Wouldst thou a guardian angel seem
To one who long in guilt hath trod?

2 Go kindly to him—take his hand,
With gentlest words, within thine own;
And by his side a brother stand
Till thou the demon, sin, dethrone.

3 Scorn not the guilty, then, but plead
With him in kindest, gentlest mood,
And back the lost one thou mayest lead
To God, humanity and good!

4 Thou art thyself but man, and thou
Art weak, perchance, to fall as he;
Then mercy to the fallen show,
That mercy may be shown to thee!

549 *The believer's safety* 1 Pet. 3: 13.

THAT man, no guard or weapon needs,
Whose heart the blood of Jesus knows,
But safe may pass, if duty leads,
Thro, burning sands, or mountain snows.

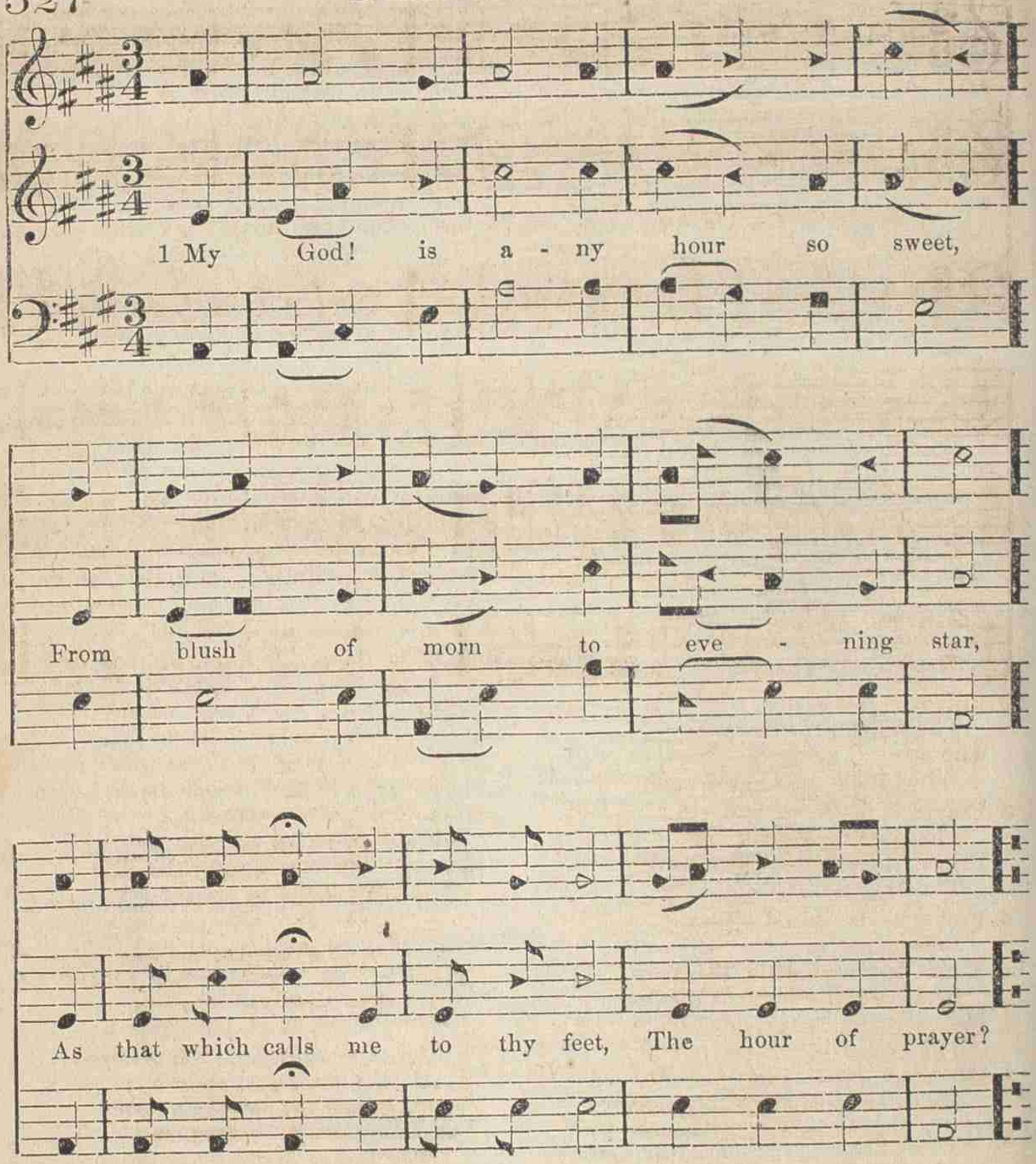
2 Released from guilt, he feels no fear,
Redemption is his shield and tower;
He sees his Savior always near,
To help in every trying hour.

3 Though I am weak, and Satan strong,
And often to assault me tries;
When Jesus is my shield and song,
Abashed the wolf before me flies.

4 His love possessing, I am blest,
Secure whatever change may come
Whether I go to east or west,
With him I still shall be at home.

5 If placed beneath the northern pole,
Tho, winter reigns with rigor there,
His gracious beams would cheer my soul,
And make a spring throughout the year.

6 Or if the desert's sun-burnt soil
My lonely dwelling e'er should prove,
His presence would support my toil,
Whose smile is life, whose voice is love.

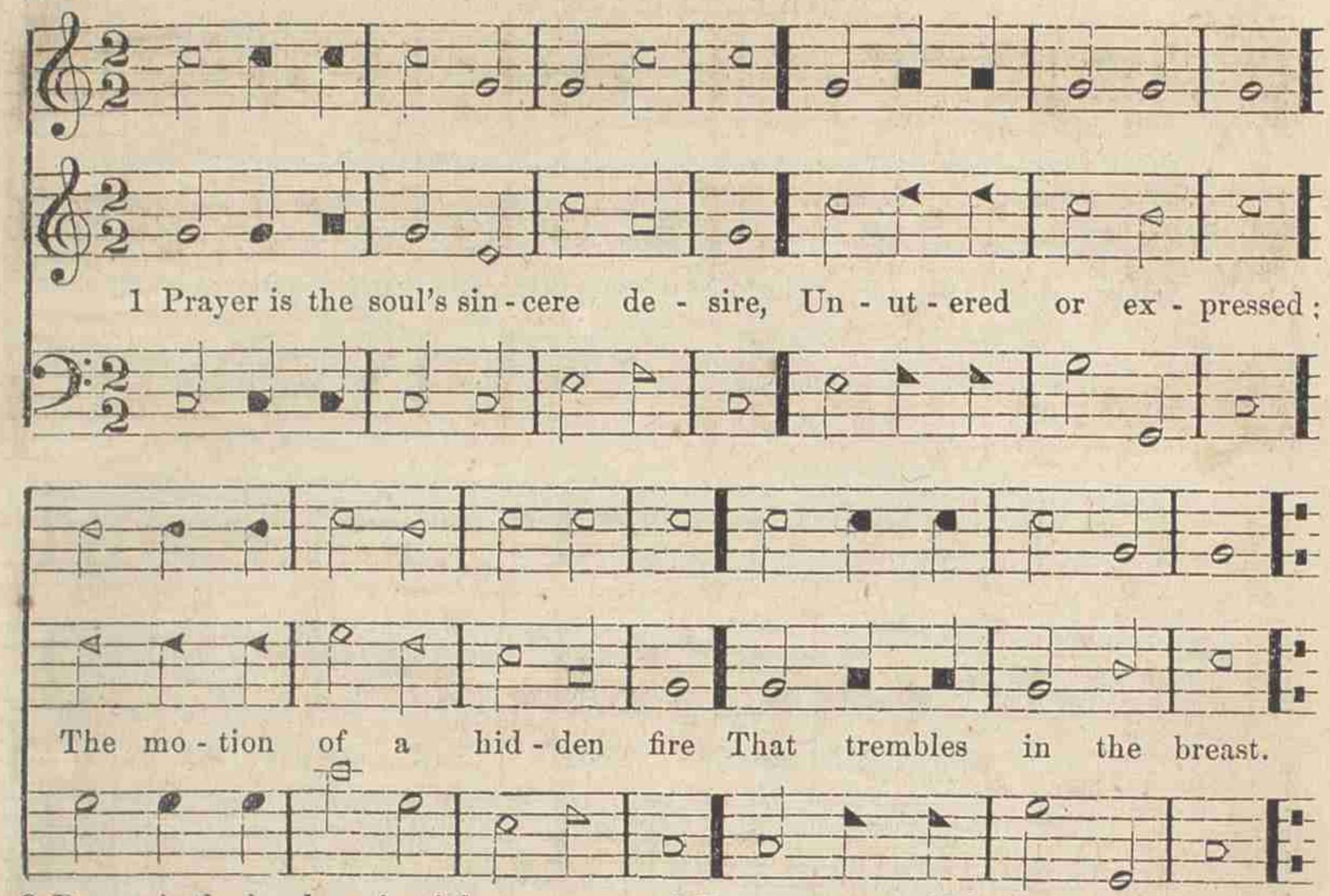


2 Blest is the tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that hour of solemn eve,
When on the wings of prayer upborne,
The world I leave.

3 Then is my strength by thee renewed;
Then are my sins by thee forgiven;
Then dost thou cheer my solitude
With hopes of heaven.

4 No words can tell what sweet relief
There from my every want I find;
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
What peace of mind.

5 Hushed is each doubt, gone every fear;
My spirit seems in heaven to stay:
And e'en the penitential tear
Is wiped away.



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

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

4 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And say—"Behold, he prays."

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

640 *Brevity and uncertainty of life.* Psalm 39 : 4–7.

THEE we adore, Eternal Name,
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we!

2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As months and days increase,
And every beating pulse we tell,
Leaves but the number less.

3 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, whate'er we be,
We're traveling to the grave.

4 Dangers stand thick thro' all the ground,
To push us to the tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.

5 Infinite joy, or wretched wo,
Attend on every breath:
And yet how unconcerned we go,
Upon the brink of death!

6 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dangerous road;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

678 *It is good to be here.* Matt. 17 : 4.

LORD, when together here we meet,
And taste thy heavenly grace,
Thy smiles are so divinely sweet,
We're loth to leave the place.

2 But, Father, since it is thy will
That we must part again,
O, may thy special presence still
With every one remain.

3 And let us all in Christ be one,
Bound with the cords of love;
Till we, before thy glorious throne,
Shall joyful meet above.

4 All sin and sorrow from each heart
Shall then for ever fly;
Nor shall a thought that we must part
Once interrupt our joy.



2 Troubles in long succession roll;
Wave rushes upon wave;
Pity, O pity my distress!
Thy child, thy suppliant, save!

3 O bid the roaring tempest cease;
Or give me strength to bear
Whate'er thy holy will appoints,
And save me from despair!

4 To thee, my God, alone I look,
On thee alone confide;
Thou never hast deceived the soul
That on thy grace relied.

5 Though oft thy ways are wrapt in clouds
Mysterious and unknown,
Truth, righteousness, and mercy stand
The pillars of thy throne.

6 Loud hallelujahs sing, my soul,
To thy Redeemer's name;
In joy and sorrow, life and death,
His love is still the same.

535 *Prayer in perplexity.*

THOU great First Cause? least understood,
In every clime adored;
We all know this—that thou art good,
The universal Lord!

2 If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, O teach my heart
To find that better way.

3 Save me alike from foolish pride
Or impious discontent,
At aught thy wisdom has denied,
Or aught thy goodness lent.

4 Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see:
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

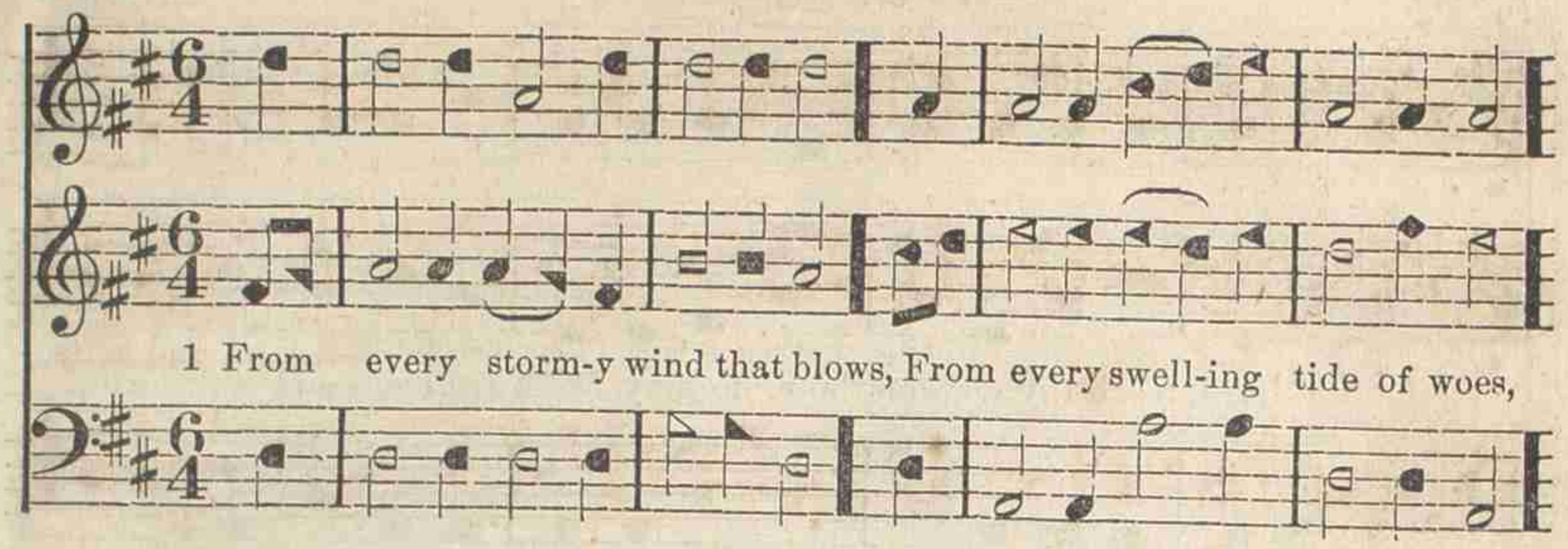
540 *Prayer divinely inspired.* Rom. 8:26.

PRAYER is the breath of God in man,
Returning whence it came;
Love is the sacred fire within,
And prayer the rising flame.

2 It gives the burdened spirit ease,
And soothes the troubled breast,
Yields comfort to the mourner here,
And to the weary rest.

3 When God inclines the heart to pray,
He hath an ear to hear;
To him there's music in a groan,
And beauty in a tear.

4 The humble suppliant can not fail
To have his wants supplied,
Since he for sinners intercedes
Who once for sinners died.



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

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

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

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

531 *See page* 221.

533 *Hinderances to prayer.* 1 Peter 3: 7.

WHAT various hinderances we meet
In coming to a mercy-seat;
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there.

2 Pray'r makes the darken'd clouds withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith and love—
Gives every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 Were half the breath that's vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent,
Our cheerful song would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me."

550 *Self examination.* 2 Cor. 13: 5.

WHAT strange perplexities arise!
What anxious fears and jealousies!
What crowds in doubtful light appear;
How few, alas, approved and clear!

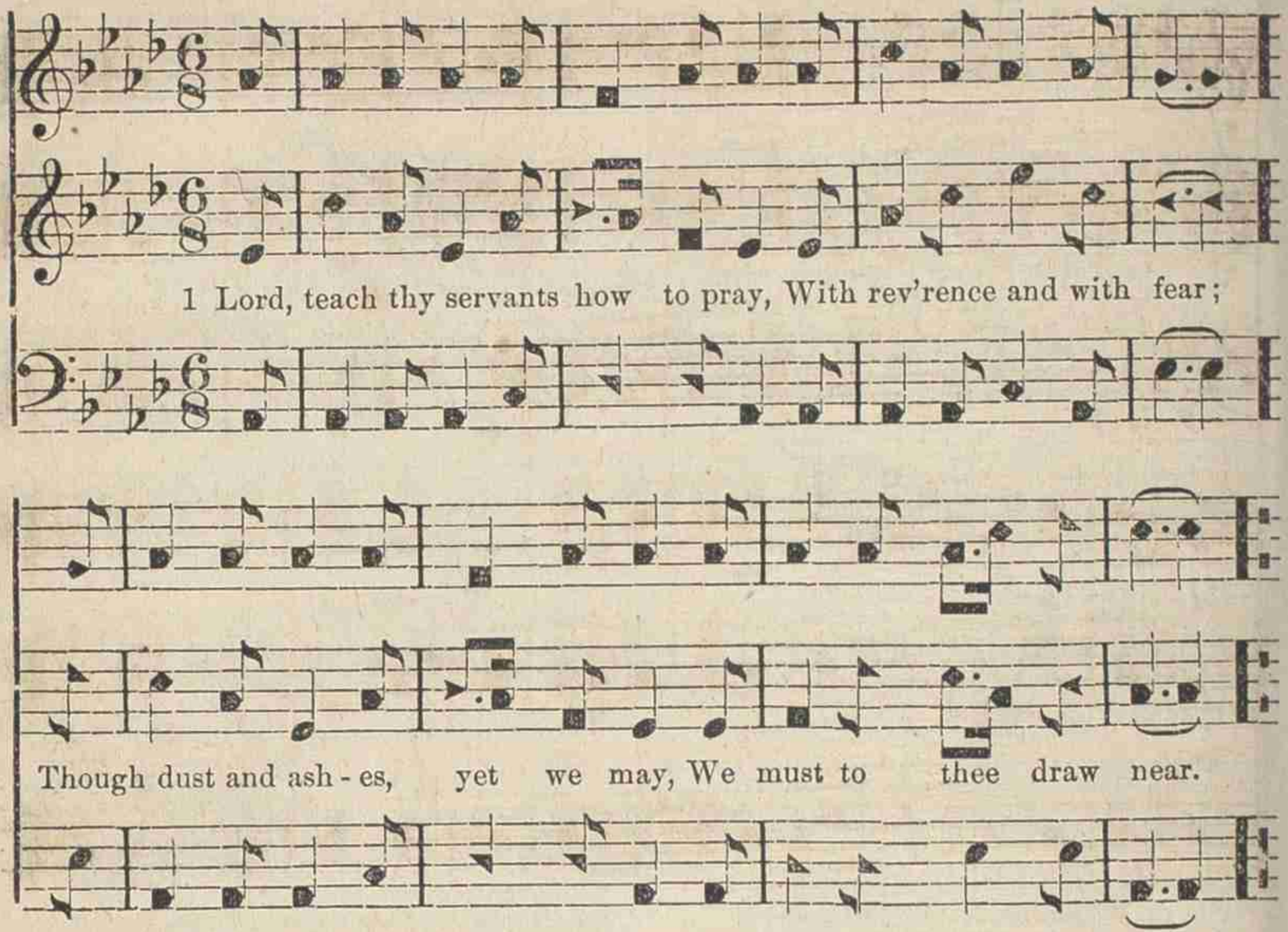
2 And what am I? My soul, awake,
And an impartial survey take:
Does no dark sign, no ground of fear,
In practice or in heart appear?

3 What image does my spirit bear?
Is Jesus formed and living there?
Say, do his lineaments divine
In thought, in word, and action shine?

4 Searcher of hearts, O search me still;
The secrets of my soul reveal;
My fears remove, let me appear
To God and my own conscience clear.

5 May I at that blest world arrive,
Where Christ through all my soul shall live,
And give full proof that he is there,
Without one gloomy doubt or fear!

ORNITHOS. C. M.



2 We come, then, God of grace, to thee!
Give broken, contrite hearts;
Give what thine eye delights to see,
Truth in the inward parts.

3 Give deep humility—the sense
Of godly sorrow give;
A strong desiring confidence
To see thy face and live.

4 Give faith in that one Sacrifice
Which can for sin atone;
To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes
On Christ—On Christ alone.

5 Give patience still to wait and weep,
Though mercy long delay—
Courage our fainting souls to keep,
And trust thee though thou slay.

6 Give these—and then thy will be done!
Thus strengthened with all might,
We, through thy Spirit and thy Son,
Shall pray, and pray aright.

533 *See page* 233.

534 *See page* 229.

535 *See page* 232.

536 *Supplication for our country.*

Gen. 18: 23–33.

WHEN Abrah'm, full of sacred awe,
Before Jehovah stood,
And, with an humble, fervent prayer,
For guilty Sodom sued—

2 With what success, what wondrous grace
Was his petition crowned!
The Lord would spare, if in that place
Ten righteous men were found.

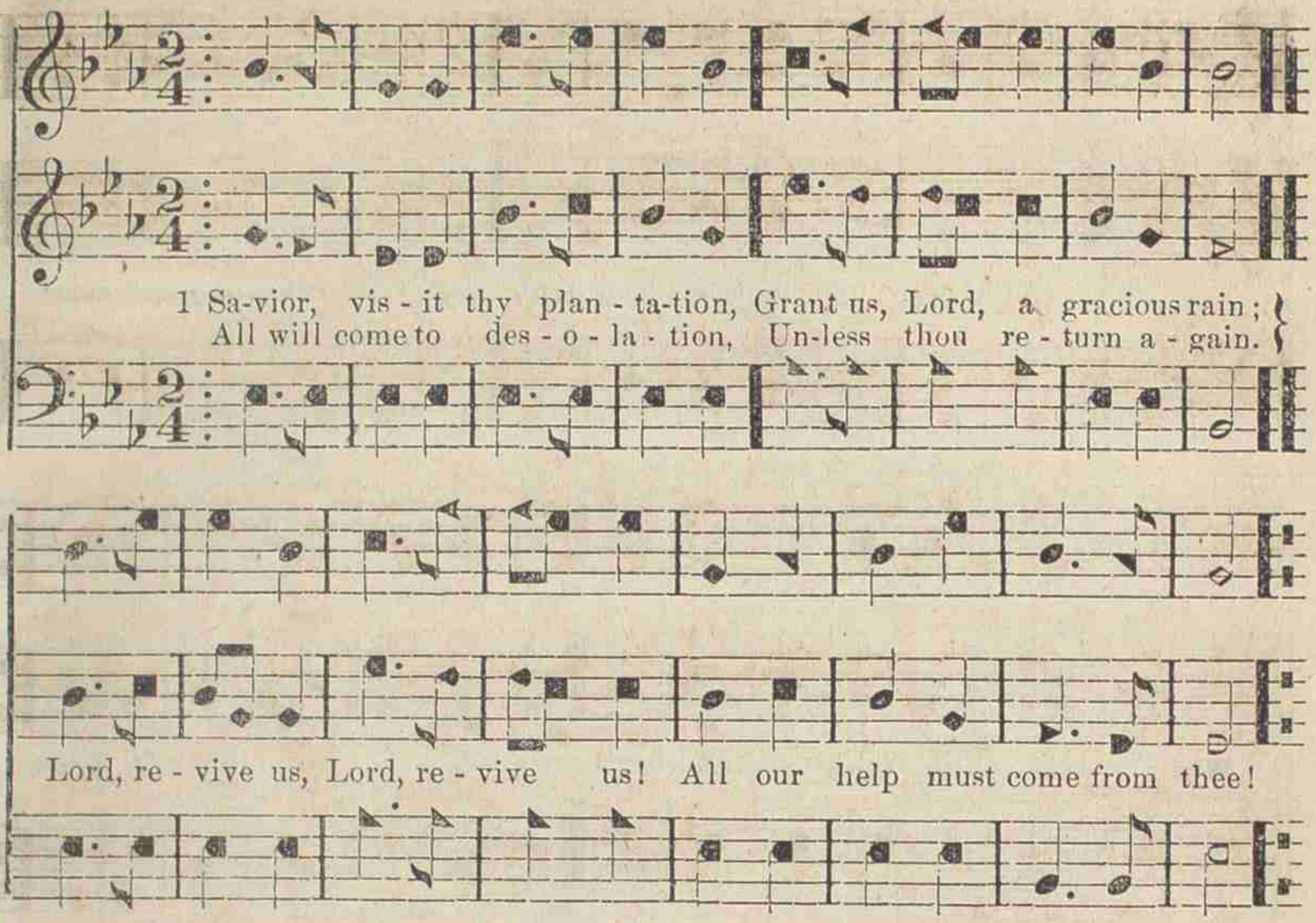
3 And could a single pious soul
So rich a boon obtain?
Great God, and shall a nation cry,
And plead with thee in vain?

4 Are not the righteous dear to thee
Now, as in ancient times?
Or does this sinful land exceed
Gomorrah in her crimes?

5 Still we are thine; we bear thy name;
Here yet is thine abode;
Long has thy presence blessed our land;
Forsake us not, O God!

537 *See page* 229.

538 ERWIN. 8s, 7s & 4s.



2 Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest, for want of thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die;
Lord, revive us!
All our help must come from thee!

3 Let our mutual love be fervent;
Make us prevalent in prayers;
Let each one, esteemed thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snares;
Lord, revive us!
All our help must come from thee!

4 Break the tempter's fatal power,
Turn the stony heart to flesh;
And begin from this good hour,
To revive thy work afresh;
Lord, revive us!
All our help must come from thee!

539 *See page* 178.
540 " " 232.

---

541 [*See next page.*]

O HELP us, Lord! each hour of need,
Thy heavenly succor give;
Help us in thought and word and deed,
Each hour on earth we live!

2 O help us when our spirits bleed
With contrite anguish sore;
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
O help us, Lord the more!

3 O help us, through the prayer of faith,
More firmly to believe;
For still the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.

4 If strangers to thy fold we call,
Imploring at thy feet
The crumbs that from thy table fall,
'Tis all we dare entreat.

5 But be it, Lord of mercy, all,
So thou wilt grant but this:
The crumbs that from thy table fall
Are light and life and bliss.

6 O help us, Jesus, from on high!
We know no help but thee:
O help us so to live and die,
As thine in heaven to be!

542 MATTIE. C. M.





2 Thy house is called a house of prayer,
A solemn, sacred place;
O let us now thy presence share,
While at the throne of grace.

3 With holy boldness may we come,
Though of a sinful race;
Thankful to find there yet is room
Before the throne of grace.

4 Thy tender pity and thy love
Our every fear can chase;
And all our help, we then shall prove,
Comes from the throne of grace.

5 We bless thee for thy word and laws,
We bless thee for thy peace;
And O, we bless thee, Lord, because
There is a throne of grace.

543 *The power of prayer.* Matt. 17 : 20.

THERE is an eye that never sleeps
Beneath the wing of night;
There is an ear that never shuts,
When sink the beams of light.

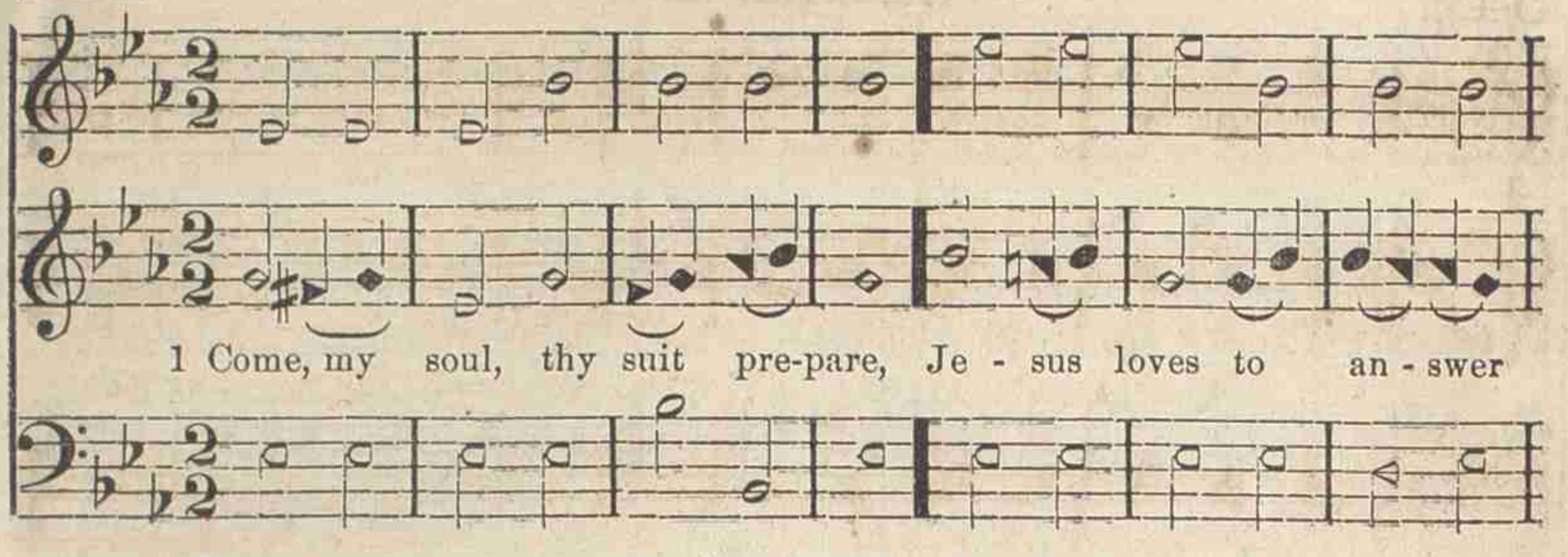
2 There is an arm that never tires,
When human strength gives way;
There is a love that never fails,
When earthly loves decay.

3 That eye is fixed on seraph throngs,
That arm upholds the sky;
That ear is filled with angel songs;
That love is throned on high.

4 But there's a power which man can wield
When mortal aid is vain,
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
That listening ear to gain.

5 That power is prayer, which soars on high,
Through Jesus, to the throne;
And moves the hand which moves the world,
To bring salvation down!

544 HOLLEY. 7s.



2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For his grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3 With my burden I begin,
Lord remove this load of sin;
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord, I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer:
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

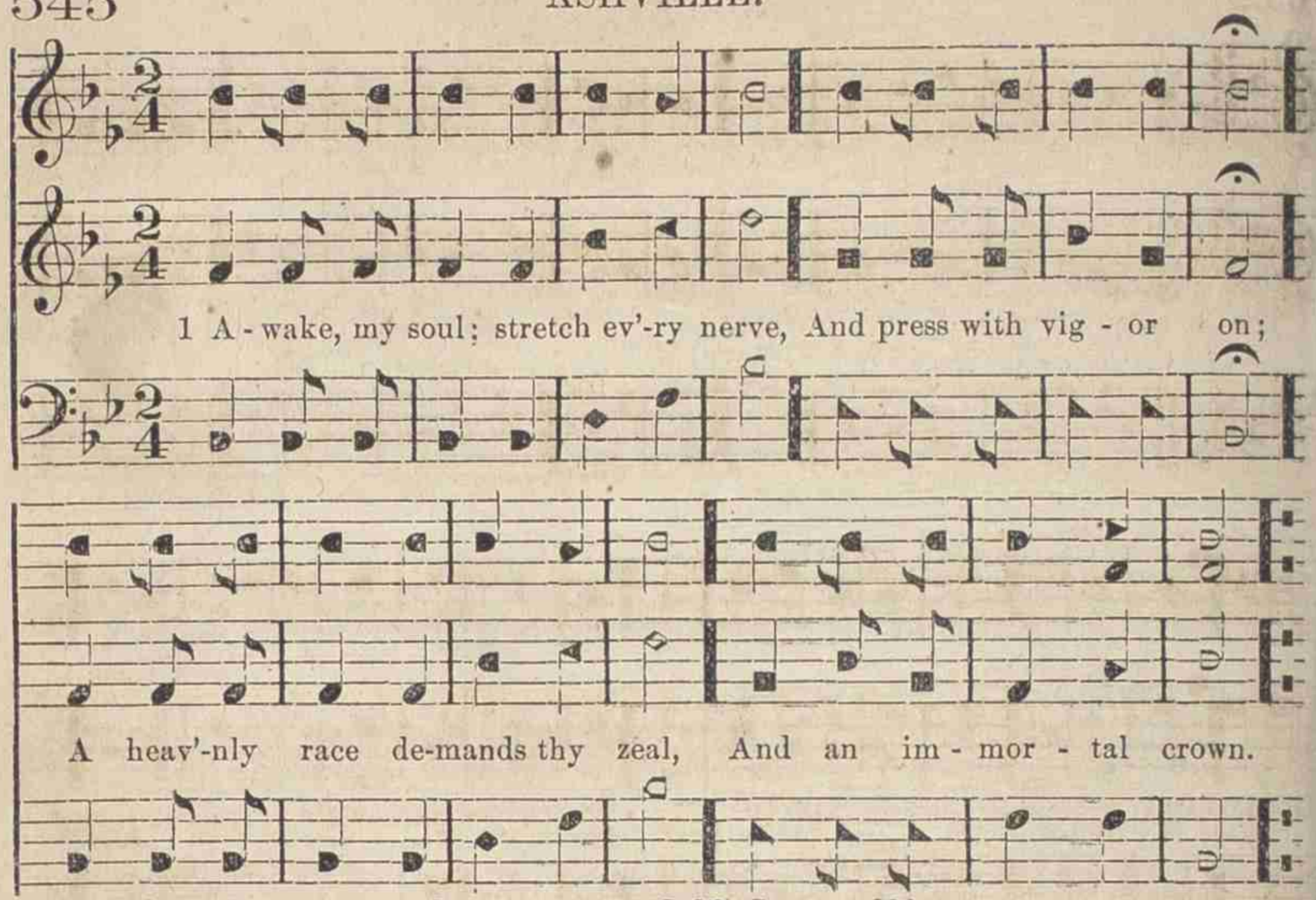
6 Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

674 *They rest from their labors.*
Rev. 14: 13.

HIGH in yonder realms of light,
Dwell the raptured saints above,
Far beyond our feeble sight,
Happy in Immanuel's love.
Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
Once they knew, like us below,
Gloomy doubts, distressing fears,
Tort'ring pain and heavy woe.

2 'Mid the chorus of the skies,
'Mid th' angelic lyres above,
Hark! their songs melodious rise,
Songs of praise to Jesus' love!
Happy spirits, ye are fled,
Where no grief can entrance find,
Lulled to rest the aching head,
Soothed the anguish of the mind.

3 All is tranquil and serene,
Calm and undisturbed repose;
There no cloud can intervene,
There no angry tempest blows!
Every tear is wiped away,
Sighs no more shall heave the breast,
Night is lost in endless day,
Sorrow in eternal rest.



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

3 'T is God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'T is his own hand presents the prize
To thine uplifted eye;—

4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new luster boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems,
Shall blend in common dust.

546 *He being dead, yet speaketh.* Heb. 11 : 4.

RISE, O my soul, pursue the path
By ancient worthies trod;
Aspiring, 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 hopes, and mighty deeds,
Still fresh instruction give.

3 'T was through the Lamb's most precious blood
They conquered ev'ry foe;
To his almighty power and grace
Their crowns of life they owe.

4 Lord, may I ever keep in view
The patterns thou hast given,
And ne'er forsake the blessed road
That led them safe to heaven.

247 *See page* 229.

548 *"Admonish him as a brother."*
2 Thess. 3 : 15.

SPEAK gently to the erring ones:—
Ye know not all the power
With which the dark temptation came,
In some unguarded hour.

2 Ye may not know how earnestly
They struggled, or how well,
Until the hour of weakness came,
And sadly thus they fell.

3 Speak gently to the erring one:—
O do not thou forget,
However darkly stained by sin,
He is thy brother yet.

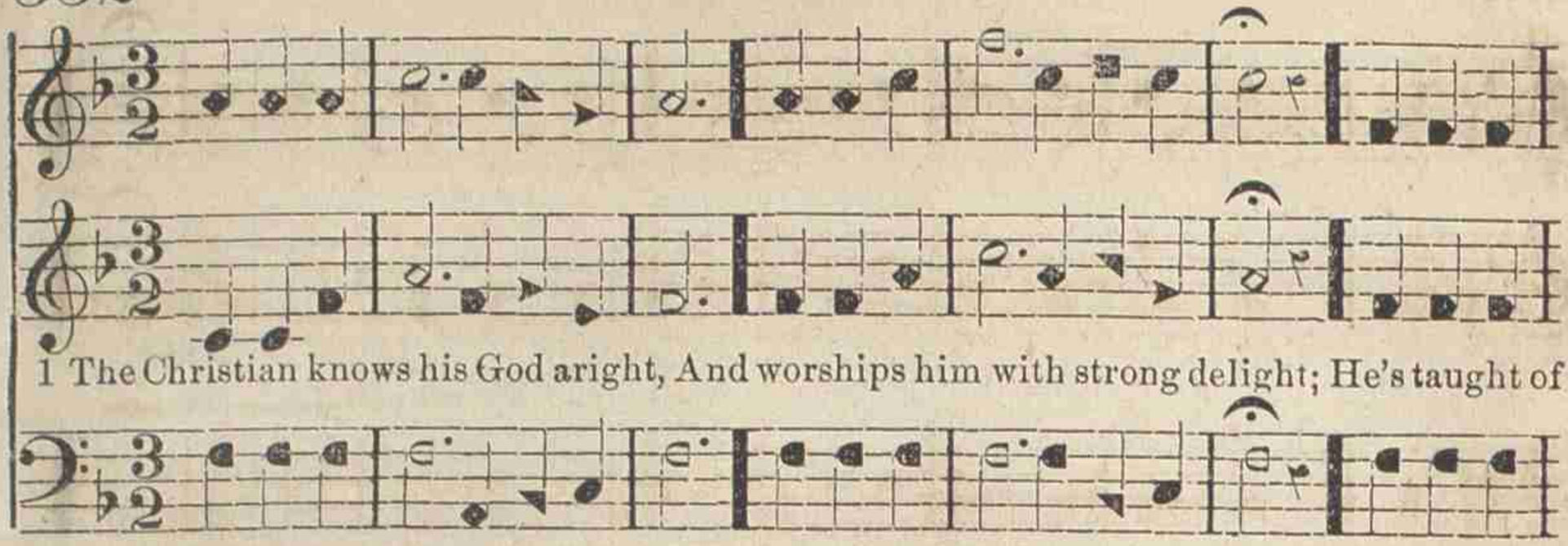
4 Heir of the self-same heritage,
Child of the self-same God,
He hath but stumbled in the path
Thou hast in weakness trod.

5 Speak gently to the erring ones:—
For is it not enough
That innocence and peace are gone,
Without our censure rough?

6 It surely is a weary lot
That sin-crushed heart to bear;
And they who share a happier fate
Their chidings well may spare.

549 *See page* 229.
550 *See page* 233.
551 *See page* 221.

552 ANVERN. L. M.



2 The Christian hates his every sin—
Evils external or within;
And with an humble, contrite heart,
From all that's sinful doth depart.

3 The Christian has a faith divine,
And doth to faith obedience join;
Believes the truth, the truth obeys
And always walks in holy ways.

4 The Christian is a man of God—
He takes the pure, the heavenly road;
All his affections rise above,
And all his heart is full of love.

5 To thee, O Lord, my soul aspires,
And kindles with seraphic fires;
The real Christian I would be,
And live conformed to heaven and thee.

554 *The cup of suffering.* Matt. 26: 42.

DEAR Lord! though bitter is the cup
Thy gracious hand deals out to me,
I cheerfully would drink it up;
That can not hurt which comes from thee.

2 Mix it with thy unchanging love;
Let not a drop of wrath be there!
The saints for ever blest above,
Were often most afflicted here.

3 From Jesus, thy incarnate Son,
I'll learn obedience to thy will;
And humbly kiss the chast'ning rod,
When its severest strokes I feel.

558 *War against evil proclaimed.* Matt. 10: 34.

JESUS, my king proclaims the war;
"Awake! the powers of hell are near;
To arms! to arms!" I hear him cry;
"'T is yours to conquer or to die!"

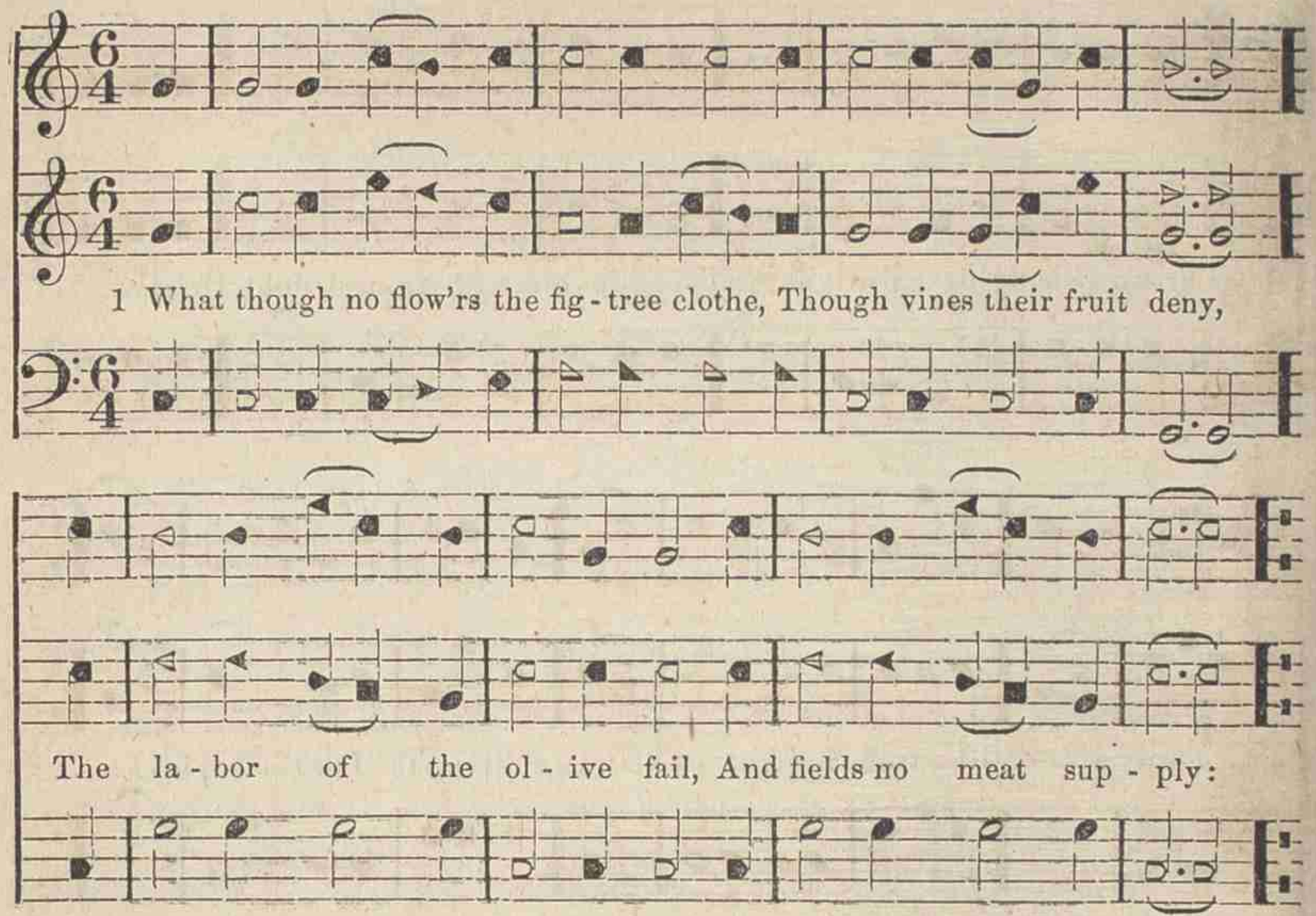
2 Roused by the animating sound,
I cast my eager eyes around;
I haste to gird my armor on,
And bid each trembling fear be gone.

3 Hope is my helmet, faith my shield;
The word of God the sword I wield;
With sacred truth my loins are girt;
And holy zeal inspires my heart.

4 Thus armed I venture on the fight,
Resolved to put my foes to flight,
While Jesus kindly deigns to spread
His conquering banner o'er my head.

5 In him I hope, in him I trust;
His bleeding cross is all my boast;
In long array, a numerous host;
Awake, my soul! or thou art lost.

553 ALIDA. C. M.



2 Though from the field; with sad surprise,
My flock cut off I see;
Though famine reign in empty stalls,
Where herds were wont to be;

3 Yet in the Lord will I be glad,
And glory in his love;
In him I'll joy, who will the God
Of my salvation prove.

4 God is the treasure of my soul,
The source of lasting joy;
A joy which want shall not impair,
Nor death itself destroy.

554 *See page* 239.

555 *Thy will be done.* Matt. 6: 10.

ONE prayer I have—all prayers in one—
When I am holy thine;
Thy will, my God, thy will be done,
And let that will be mine.

2 All-wise, almighty, and all-good,
In thee I firmly trust;
Thy ways, unknown or understood,
Are merciful and just.

3 May I remember that to thee
Whate'er I have I owe;
And back, in gratitude, from me
May all thy bounties flow.

4 And though thy wisdom takes away,
Shall I arraign thy will?
No; let me bless thy name, and say,
"The Lord is gracious still."

556 *Watching against evil talk.* Psalm 39: 1.

THUS I resolved before the Lord,
"Now will I watch my tongue,
Lest I let slip one sinful word,
Or do my neighbor wrong."

2 And if I'm e'er constrained to stay
With men of lives profane,
I'll set a double guard that day,
Nor let my talk be vain.

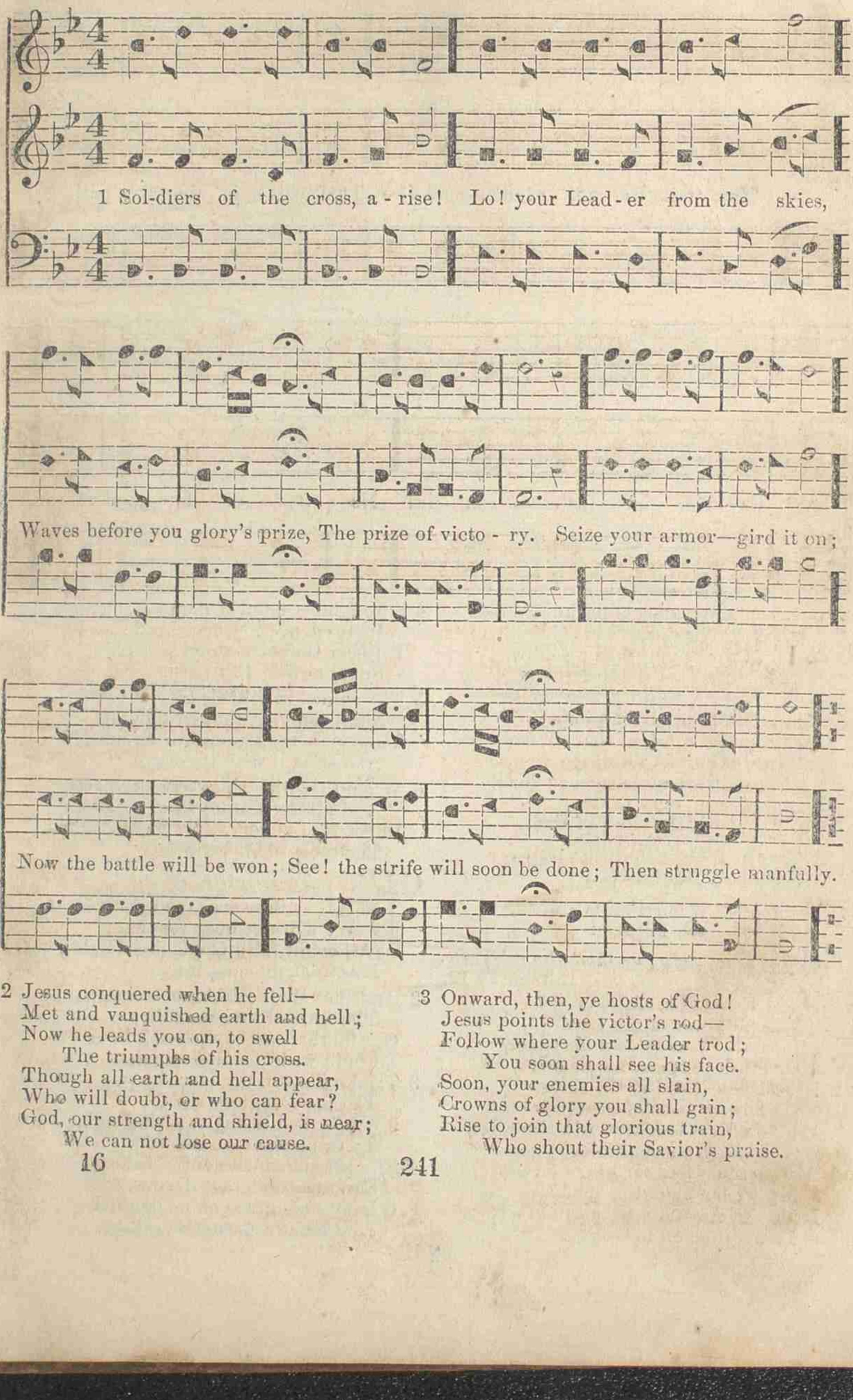
3 I'll scarce allow my lips to speak
The pious thoughts I feel,
Lest scoffers should the occasion take
To mock my holy zeal.

4 Yet, if some proper hour appear,
I'll not be overawed,
But let the scoffing sinners hear
That I can speak for God.

557 *See page* 224.

558 *See page* 239.

559 CHRISTIAN WARFARE. 7,7,7,5,7,7,7,5.

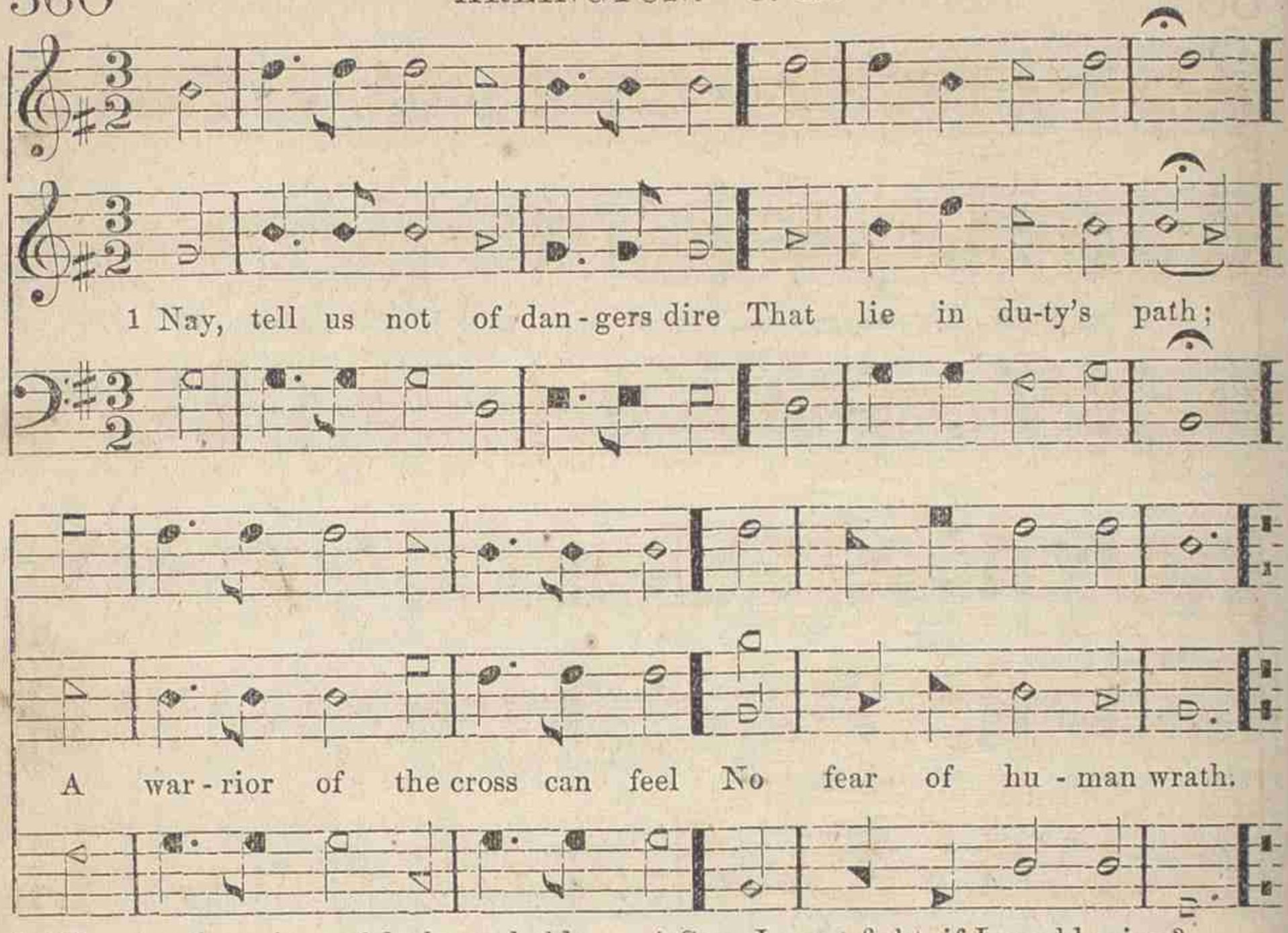


2 Jesus conquered when he fell—
Met and vanquished earth and hell;
Now he leads you on, to swell
The triumphs of his cross.
Though all earth and hell appear,
Who will doubt, or who can fear?
God, our strength and shield, is near;
We can not lose our cause.

16

3 Onward, then, ye hosts of God!
Jesus points the victor's rod—
Follow where your Leader trod;
You soon shall see his face.
Soon, your enemies all slain,
Crowns of glory you shall gain;
Rise to join that glorious train,
Who shout their Savior's praise.

241



2 Where'er the prince of darkness holds
His earthly reign abhorred,
Sword of the Spirit, thee we draw,
And battle for the Lord.

3 We go! we go, to break the chains
That bind the erring mind,
And give the freedom that we feel
To all of human kind.

4 But, O, we wear no burnished steel,
And seek no gory field;
Our weapon is the word of God,
His promise is our shield.

5 And still serene and fixed in faith,
We fear no earthly harm;
We know it is our Father's work,
We rest upon his arm.

561 *If we suffer, we shall also reign, etc.* 2 Tim. 2: 12.

AM I a soldier of the cross?
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
Whilst others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

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

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

5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They view the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

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

616 *To a departed saint.*

DEAR as thou wast, and justly dear,
We will not weep for thee;
One thought shall check the starting tear:
It is, that thou art free.

2 And thus shall faith's consoling power
The tears of love restrain:
O, who that saw thy parting hour
Could wish thee here again?

3 Triumphant in thy closing eye
The hope of glory shone;
Joy breathed in thy expiring sigh,
To think the race was run.

4 The passing spirit gently fled,
Sustained by grace divine;
O, may such grace on us be shed,
And make our end like thine.

562 HAYES. S. M.





2 Control my every thought;
My whole of sin remove;
Let all my works in thee be wrought;
Let all be wrought in love.

3 O arm me with the mind,
Meek Lamb, that was in thee;
And let my knowing zeal be joined
With perfect charity.

4 With calm and tempered zeal
Let me enforce thy call;
And vindicate thy gracious will,
Which offers life to all.

5 O may I love like thee—
In all thy footsteps tread;
Thou hatest all iniquity,
But nothing thou hast made.

6 O may I learn the art,
With meekness to reprove
To hate the sin with all my heart,
But still the sinner love.

563 *See page 224.*

575 *The Christian never dies.* John 11: 26.

IT is not death to die,
To leave this weary road,
And, 'midst the brotherhood on high,
To be at home with God.

2 It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake in glorious repose,
To spend eternal years.

3 It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise, on strong, exulting wing,
To live among the just.

4 Jesus, thou Prince of Life!
Thy chosen can not die;
Like thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with thee on high.

641 *Your fathers, where are they?* Zech. 1: 5.

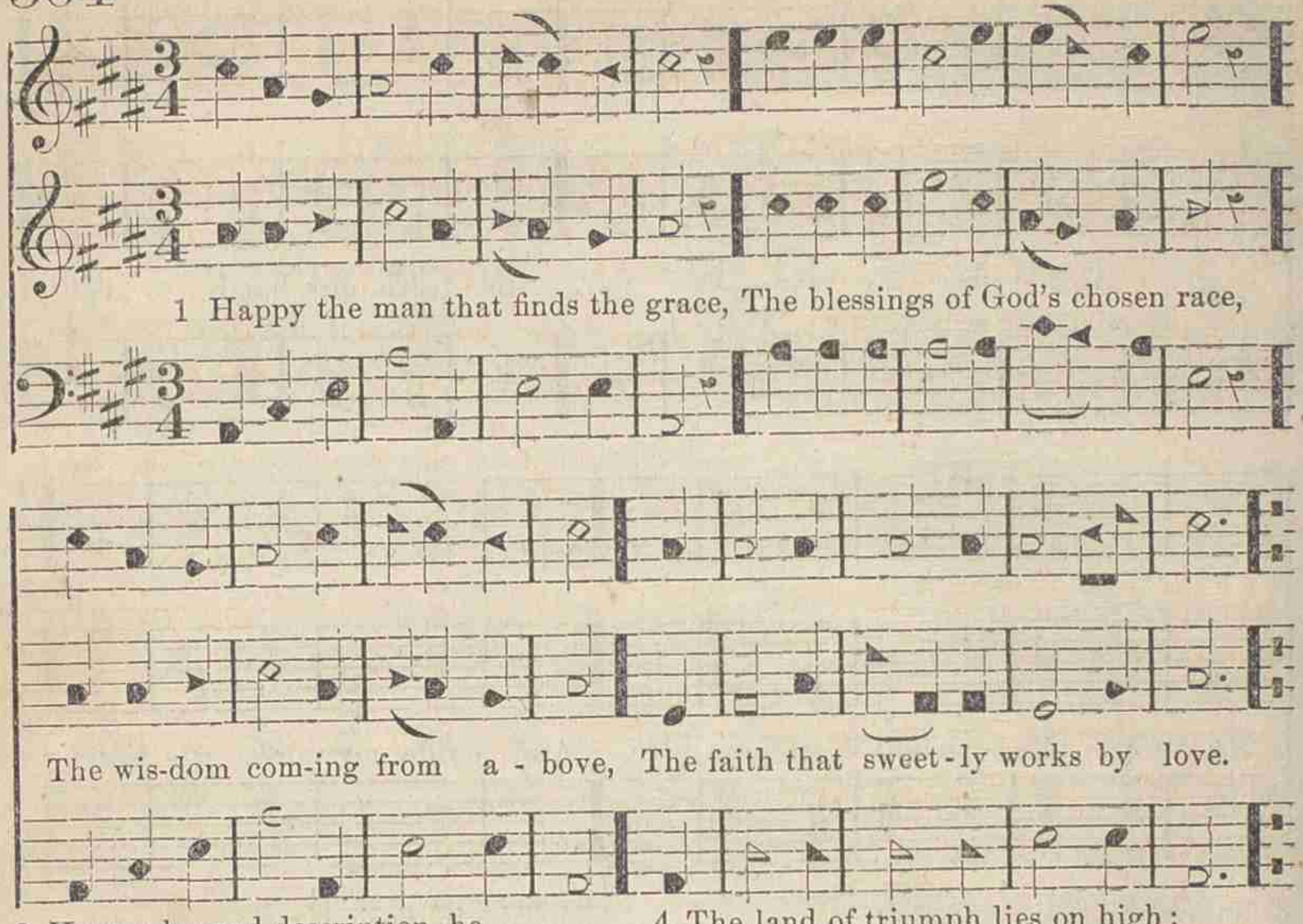
HOW swift the torrent rolls
That bears us to the sea:
The tide that hurries thoughtless souls
To vast eternity.

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

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

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

564 NAUWETA. L. M.



1 Happy the man that finds the grace, The blessings of God's chosen race,
The wis-dom com-ing from a - bove, The faith that sweet-ly works by love.

2 Happy, beyond description, he
Who knows "the Savior died for me,"
The gift unspeakable obtains,
And heavenly understanding gains.

3 Wisdom divine! who tells the price
Of wisdom's costly merchandise?
Wisdom to silver we prefer,
And gold is dross compared to her.

4 Her hands are filled with length of days,
True riches and Immortal praise—
Riches of Christ, on all bestowed,
And honor that descends from God.

5 To purest joys she all invites,
Chaste, holy, spiritual delights;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her flowery paths are peace.

565 *Zealous of good works.* Titus 2 : 14.

AWAKE, my zeal, awake my love,
To serve my Savior here below,
In works which perfect saints above
And holy angels can not do.

2 Awake my charity, and feed
The hungry soul, and clothe the poor;
In heaven are found no sons of need;
There all these duties are no more.

3 Subdue thy passions, O my soul;
Maintain the fight, thy work pursue;
Daily thy rising sins control,
And be thy victories ever new.

4 The land of triumph lies on high;
There are no foes t' encounter there:
Lord, I would conquer till I die,
And finish all the glorious war.

5 Let every flying hour confess
I gain thy gospel fresh renown,
And when my life and labors cease
May I possess the promised crown.

566 *Whose faith follow.* Heb 13 : 7.

O FOR that flame of living fire,
Which shone so bright in saints of old;
Which bade their souls to heaven aspire—
Calm in distress, in danger bold.

2 Where is that Spirit, Lord, which dwelt
In Abrah'm's breast, and sealed him thine?
Which made Paul's heart with sorrow melt,
And glow with energy divine?

3 That Spirit, which from age to age
Proclaim'd thy love, and taught thy ways?
Brightened Isaiah's vivid page,
And breathed in David's hallowed lays?

4 Is not thy grace as mighty now
As when Elijah felt its power;
When glory beamed from Moses' brow,
Or Job endured the trying hour?

5 Remember, Lord, the ancient days;
Renew thy work; thy grace restore;
And while to thee our hearts we raise,
On us thy Holy Spirit pour.

568 *Death of an infant.*

SO fades the lovely, blooming flower,
Frail, smiling solace of an hour;
So soon our transient comforts fly,
And pleasure only blooms to die.

2 Is there no kind, no healing art,
To soothe the anguish of the heart?
Divine Redeemer, be thou nigh:
Thy comforts were not made to die.

3 Then gentle patience smiles on pain,
And dying hope revives again;
Hope wipes the tear from sorrow's eye,
And faith points upward to the sky.

569 *Weep not for the dead.* Jer. 22: 10.

WHY weep for those, frail child of woe,
Who've fled and left thee mourning here
Triumphant o'er their latest foe,
They glory in a brighter sphere.

2 Weep not for them; beside thee now
Perhaps they watch with guardian care,
And witness tears that idly flow
O'er those who bliss of angels share.

3 Or round their Father's throne above,
With raptured voice, his praise they sing,
Or on his messages of love
They journey with unwearied wing.

4 Space can not check, tho't can not bound,
The high exulting souls, whom he
Who formed these million worlds around,
Takes to his own eternity.

5 Then weep no more—their voices raise
The song of triumph high to God,
And wouldst thou join their song of praise,
Walk humbly in the path they trod.

571 *The memory of the just.* Prov. 10: 7.

EARTH'S transitory things decay,
Its pomps, its pleasures pass away;
But the sweet memory of the good
Survives in the vicissitude.

2 As 'mid the ever-rolling sea,
The eternal isles established be,
'Gainst which the surges of the main
Fret, dash, and break themselves in vain:

3 As, in the heavens, the urns divine
Of golden light for ever shine;
Tho' clouds may darken, storms may rage,
They still shine on from age to age:

4 So, through the ocean-tide of years,
The memory of the just appears;
So, through the tempest and the gloom,
The good man's virtues light the tomb.

572 *Death only sometimes pleasant.*

WHEN life, as opening buds, is sweet,
And golden hopes the spirit greet,
And youth prepares his joy to meet,
Alas! how hard it is to die.

2 When scarce is seized some borrowed prize,
And duties press; and tender ties
Forbid the soul from earth to rise,
How awful, then, it is to die.

3 When, one by one, those ties are torn,
And friend from friend is snatched forlorn,
And man is left alone to mourn,
Ah! then, how easy 'tis to die.

4 When trembling limbs refuse their weight,
And films, slow gathering, dim the sight,
And clouds obscure the mental light,
'Tis nature's precious boon to die.

5 When faith is strong, and conscience clear,
And words of peace the spirit cheer,
And visioned glories half appear,
'Tis joy, 'tis triumph, then, to die.

573 *The death of the righteous.* Num. 23: 10.

HOW blest the righteous when he dies!
When sinks a weary soul to rest!
How mildly beam the closing eyes!
How gently heaves th' expiring breast!

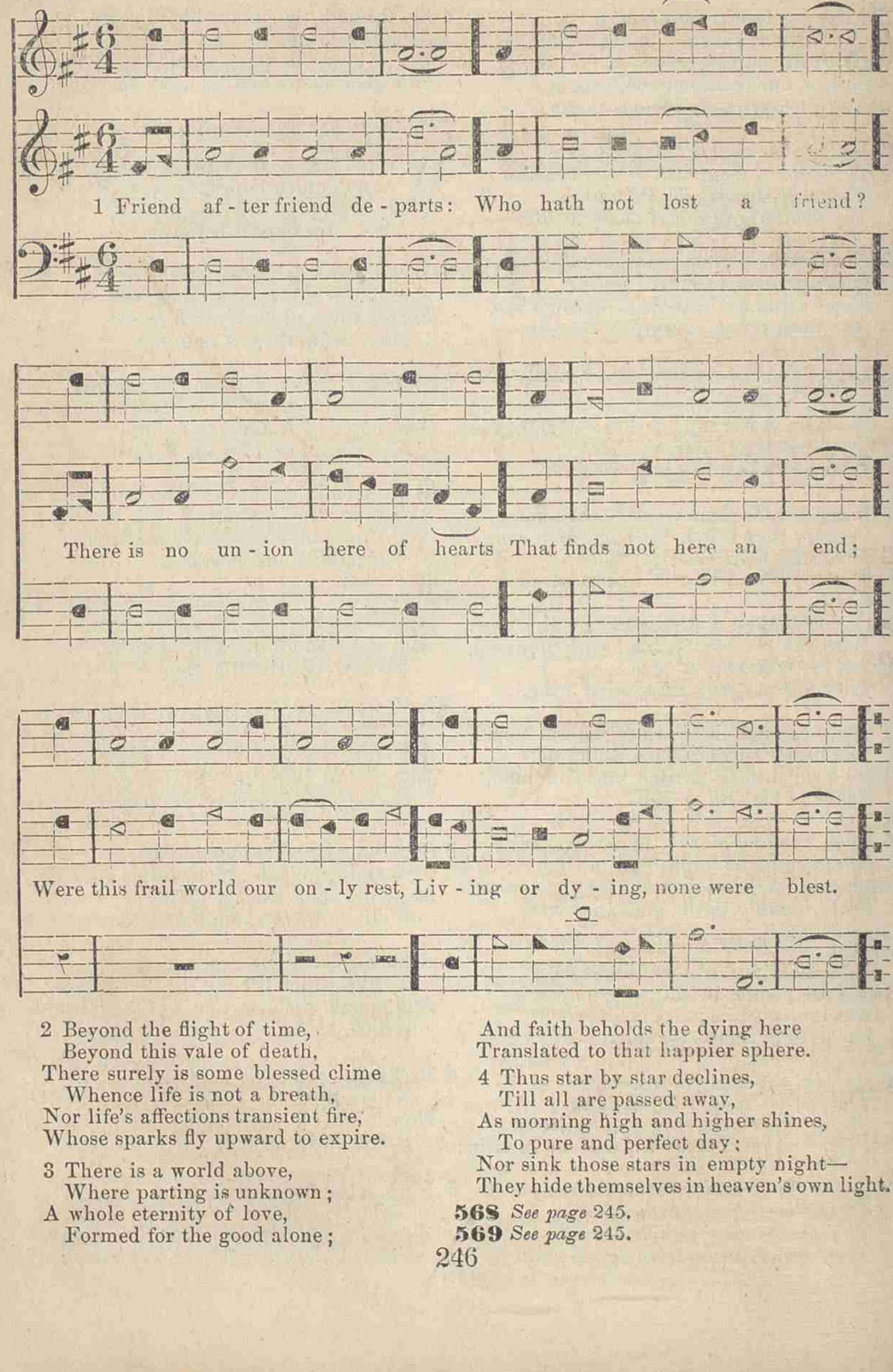
2 So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gentle shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys;
And naught disturbs that peace profound
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears.
Where light and shade alternate dwell;
How bright th' unchanging morn appears!
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell.

5 Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies,
While heaven and earth combine to say,
"How blest the righteous when he dies."

HASTINGS. 8,6,8,6,8,8.



2 Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond this vale of death,
There surely is some blessed clime
Whence life is not a breath,
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward to expire.

3 There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown;
A whole eternity of love,
Formed for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that happier sphere.

4 Thus star by star declines,
Till all are passed away,
As morning high and higher shines,
To pure and perfect day;
Nor sink those stars in empty night—
They hide themselves in heaven's own light.

568 *See page* 245.
569 *See page* 245.



2 Though his eye hath brightened
Oft our weary way,
And his clear laugh lightened
Half our heart's dismay;

3 Now let thought behold him
In his angel rest,
Where those arms enfold him
To a Savior's breast.

4 Yield we what was given,
At thy holy call;
The beautiful to heaven,
Thou who gavest all!

5 Still 'mid heavy mourning,
Look thee now to God!
There, thy spirit turning,
Kneel beside the sod.

571 *See page* 245.
572 *See page* 245.
573 *See page* 245.

For music see next page.

579 *Death of an infant.*

AS the sweet flow'r that scents the morn,
But withers in the rising day,
Thus lovely was this infant's dawn,
Thus swiftly fled its life away.

2 It died ere its expanding soul
Had ever burnt with wrong desires,
Had ever spurned at heaven's control,
Or ever quenched its sacred fires.

3 Yet the sad hour that took the boy
Perhaps has spared a heavier doom—
Snatched him from scenes of guilty joy,
Or from the pangs of ill to come.

4 He died to sin; he died to care:
But for a moment felt the rod;
Then, rising on the viewless air,
Spread his light wings and soared to God.

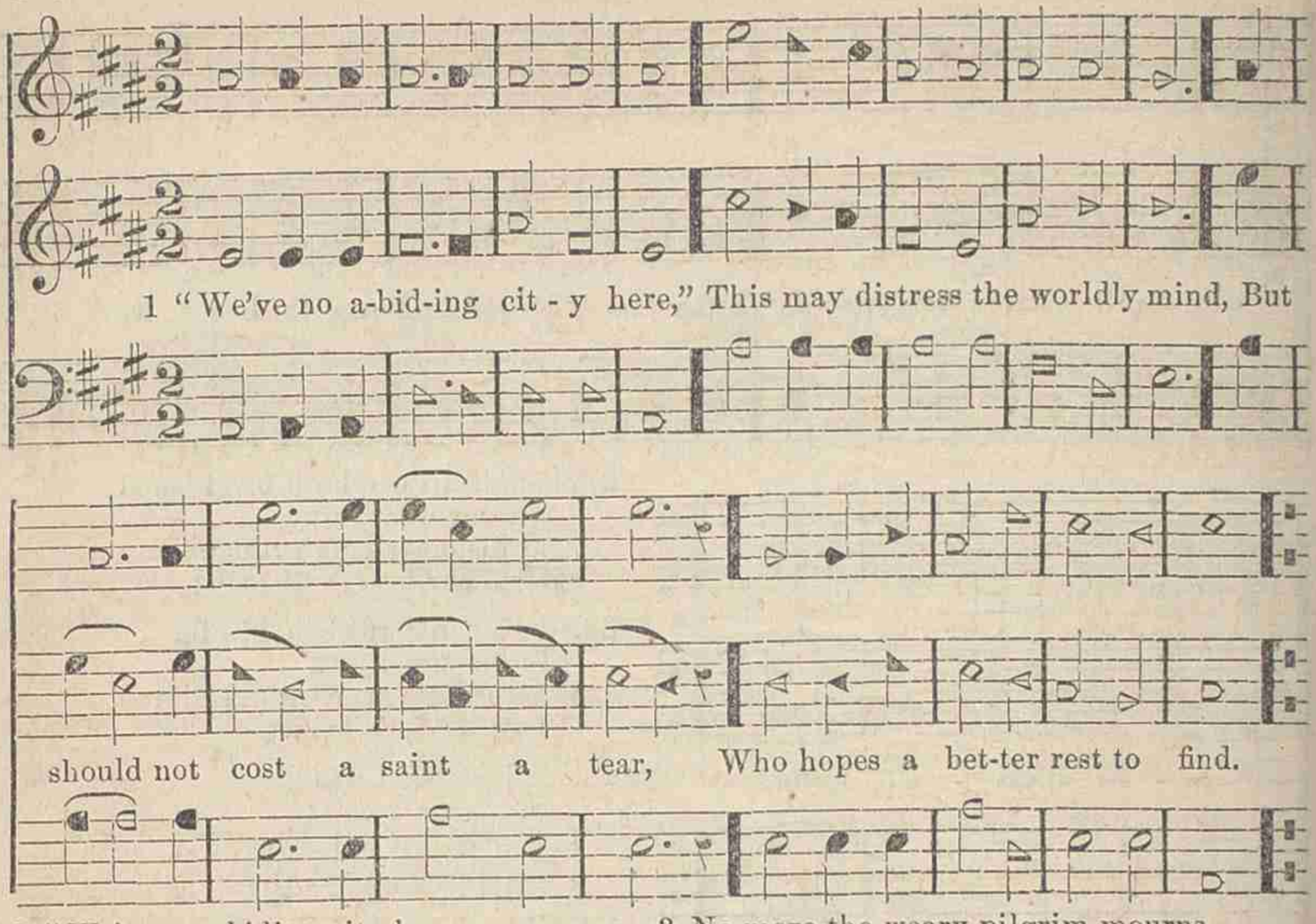
580 *Death the gate of heaven.*

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

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

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

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



2 "We've no abiding city here,
Sad truth, were this to be our home;
But let this thought our spirits cheer,
"We seek a city yet to come."

3 "We've no abiding city here,"
Then let us live as pilgrims do;
Let not the world our rest appear,
But let us haste from all below.

4 "We've no abiding city here,"
We seek a city out of sight:
Zion its name—the Lord is there,
It shines with everlasting light.

5 O! sweet abode of peace and love,
Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest;
Had I the pinions of the dove,
I'd fly to thee and be at rest.

6 But hush, my soul, nor dare repine,
The time my God appoints is best:
While here, to do his will be mine;
And his to fix my time of rest.

575 *See page* 243.

584 *The happy change.*

FROM his low bed of mortal dust,
Escaped the prison of his clay,
The new inhabitant of bliss
To heaven directs his upward way.

2 Ye fields! that witnessed once his tears,
Ye winds! that wafted oft his sighs,
Ye mountains! where he breath'd his pray'rs
When sorrow's shadow vailed his eyes—

3 No more the weary pilgrim mourns,
No more affliction wrings his heart;
Th' unfettered soul to God returns—
Forever he and anguish part!

4 Receive, O earth, his faded form
In thy cold bosom let it lie:
Safe let it rest from every storm—
Soon must it rise, no more to die,

588 *The Christian's parting hour.*

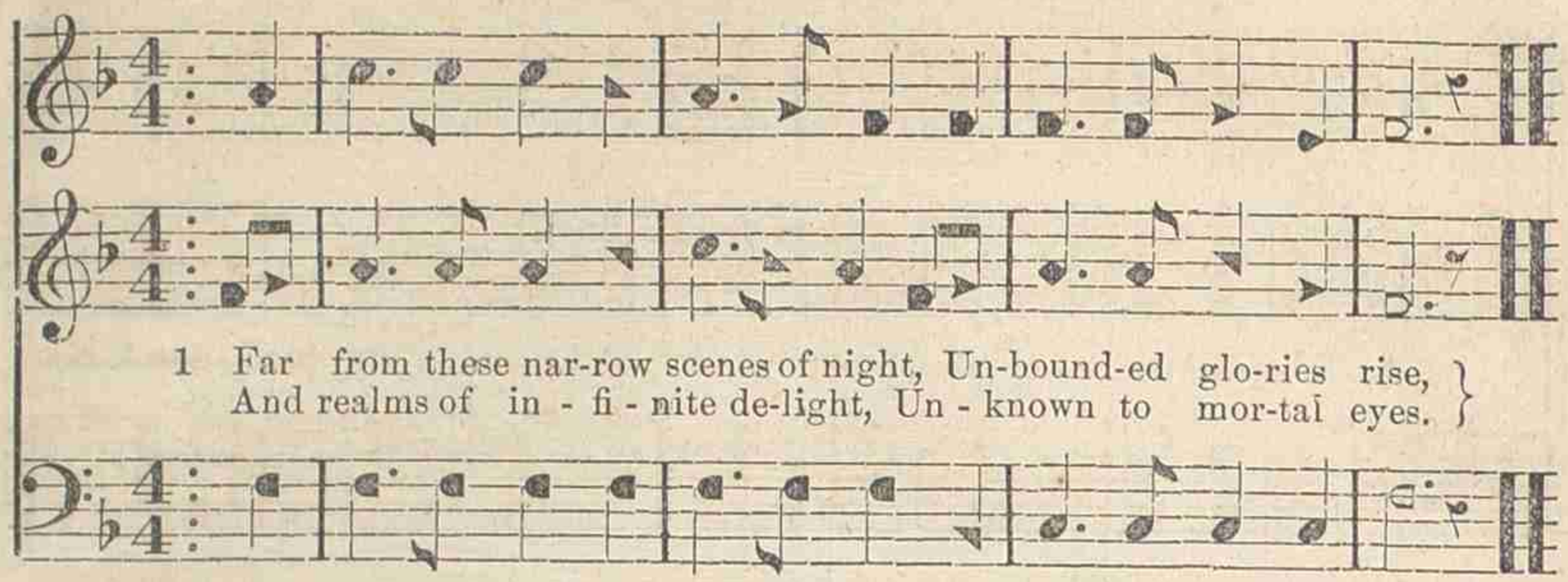
HOW sweet the hour of closing day,
When all is peaceful and serene,
And when the sun, with cloudless ray,
Sheds mellow luster o'er the scene!

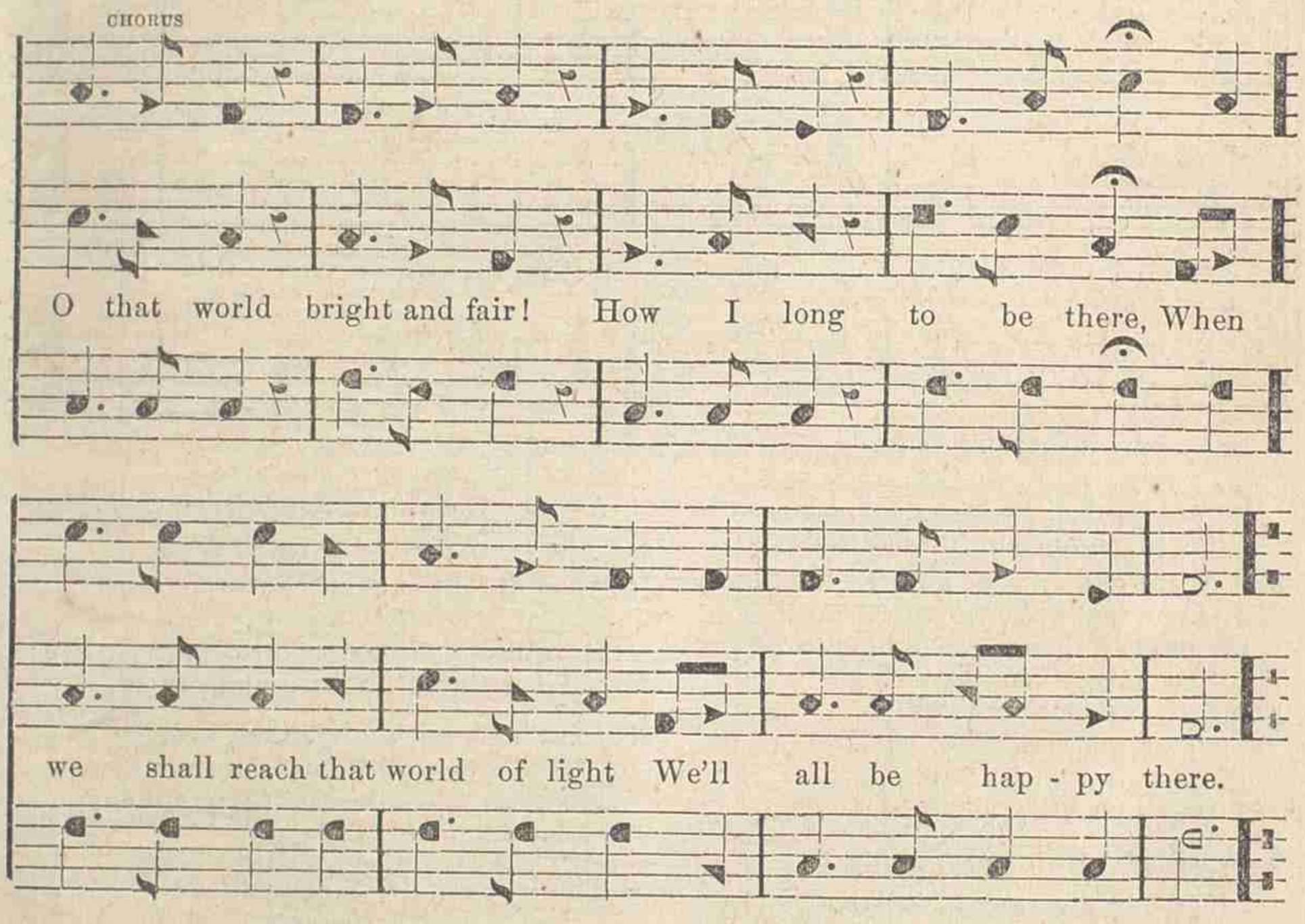
2 Such is the Christian's parting hour;
So peacefully he sinks to rest;
When faith, endued from heaven with pow'r
Sustains and cheers his languid breast.

3 Mark but that radiance of his eye,
That smile upon his wasted cheek:
They tell us of his glory nigh,
In language that no tongue can speak.

4 A beam from heaven is sent to cheer
The pilgrim on his gloomy road;
And angels are attending near,
To bear him to their bright abode.

5 Who would not wish to die like those
Whom God's own Spirit deigns to bless?
To sink into that soft repose,
Then wake to perfect happiness?





2 There pain and sickness never come,
And grief no more complains;
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And endless pleasure reigns.
CHO.—O that world, &c.

3 No clouds those blissful regions know,
For ever bright and fair:
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.
CHO.—O that world, &c.

4 There no alternate night is known,
Nor sun's faint, sickly ray;
But glory from the sacred throne
Spreads everlasting day.
CHO.—O that world, &c.

5 O may the heavenly prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith and strong desire,
Bear every thought above!
CHO.—O that world, &c.

6 Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,
For thy bright courts on high;
Then bid our spirits rise and join
The chorus of the sky.
CHO.—O that world, &c.

577 *See page* 133.

578 GO TO THY REST. S. M.



2 Before my heart had learned
In waywardness to stray;
Before my feet had ever turned
The dark and downward way;

3 E'er sin had seared the breast,
Or sorrow woke the tear;
Rise to thy throne 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.

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.

579 *See pagr* 247.

580 *See page* 247.

614 *At midnight there was a cry made.*

Matt. 25: 6.

SERVANT of God, well done!
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.

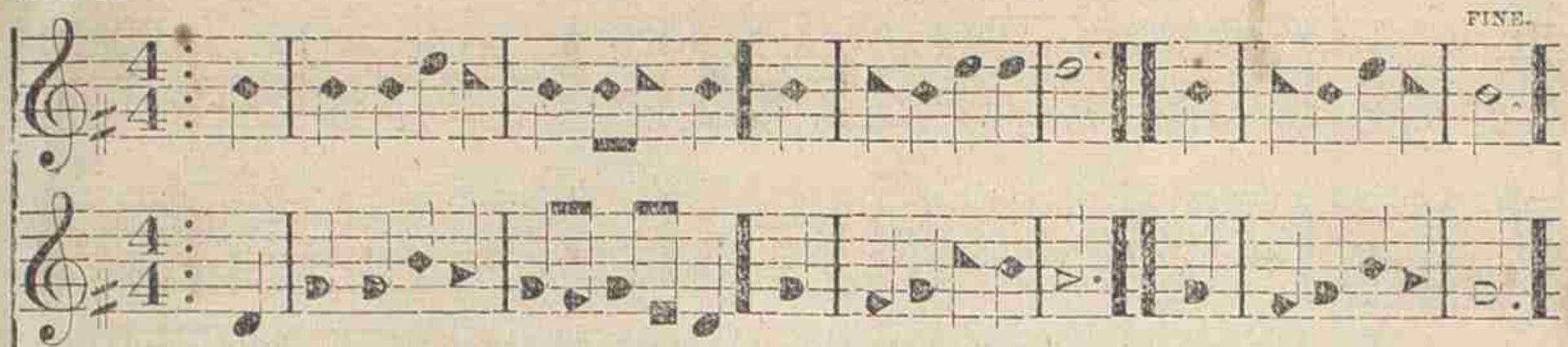
2 The voice at midnight came;
He started up to hear;
A mortal arrow pierced his frame,
He fell, but felt no fear.

716 *God the fount of all good.*

James 1: 17.

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.



1 Thy life I read, my dearest Lord, With transport all divine;
Thine image trace in every word, (OMIT.....) } Thy love in every line.
D. C. While infants in thy tender arms, (OMIT.....) Receive the smiling grace.



Me-thinks I see a thou - sand charms, Spread o'er thy love-ly face,

3 "I take these tender lambs," said he,
"And lay them in my breast;
Protection they shall find in me,
In me be ever blest.

4 "Death may the bands of life unloose,
But can't dissolve my love;
Millions of infant souls compose
The family above.

5 "Their feeble frames thy power shall raise,
And mold with heavenly skill:
I'll give them tongues to sing my praise,
And hands to do my will."

6 His words the happy parents hear,
And shout with joys divine,
Dear Savior, all we have and are,
Shall be for ever thine.

582 *See page* 207.

583 *Deliverance at hand.*

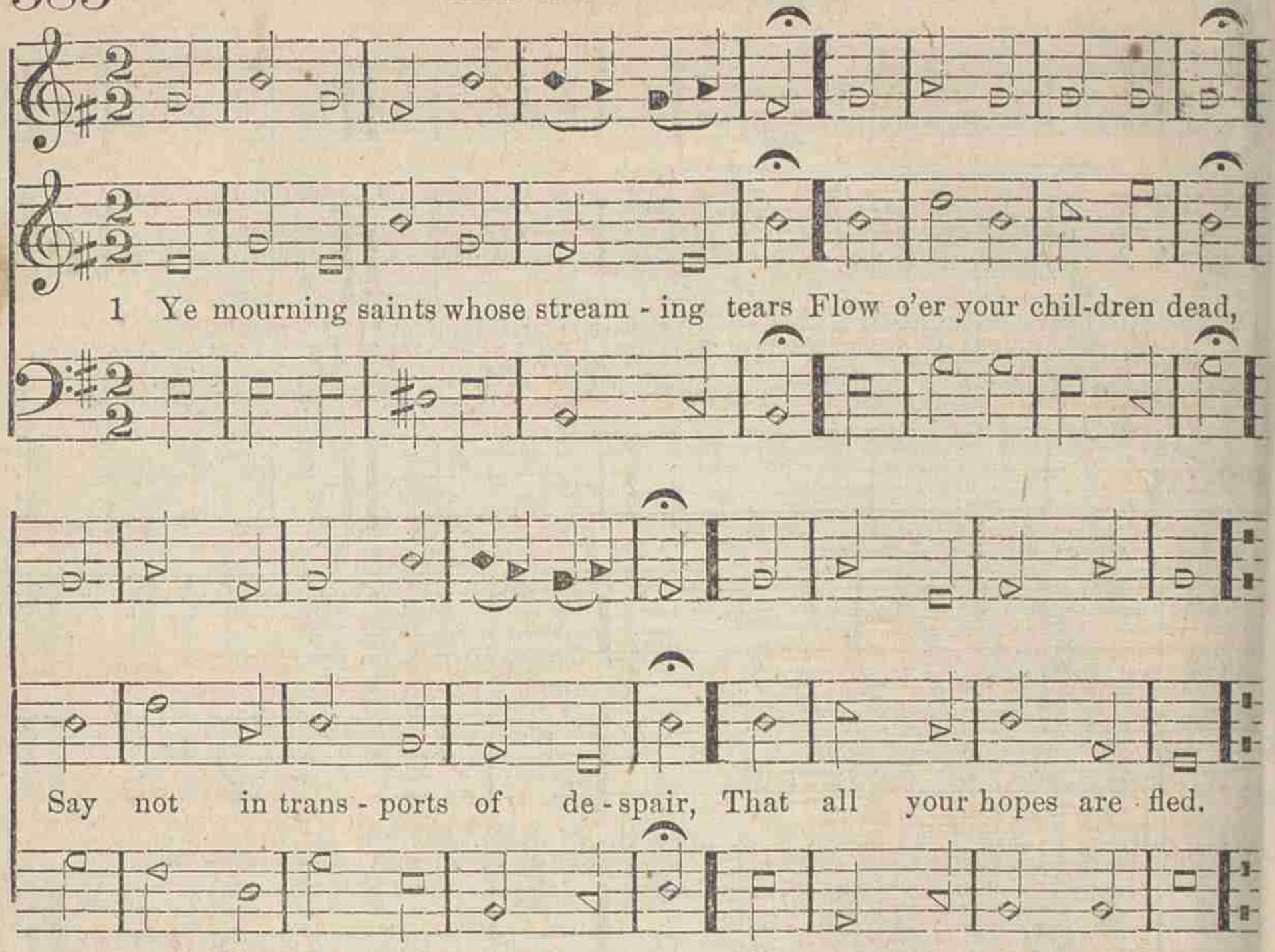
MY span of life will soon be done.
The passing moments say,
As length'ning shadows o'er the mead,
Proclaim the close of day.
O that my heart might dwell aloof,
From all created things,
And learn that wisdom from above,
Whence true contentment springs!

2 Courage, my soul, thy bitter cross,
In every trial here,
Shall bear thee to thy heaven above,
But shall not enter there.
The sighing ones that humbly seek,
In sorrowing paths below,
Shall in eternity rejoice,
Where endless comforts flow.

3 Soon will the toilsome strife be o'er
Of sublunary care,
And life's dull vanities no more
This anxious breast ensnare.
Courage, my soul, on God rely,
Deliverance soon will come,
A thousand ways has Providence,
To bring believers home.

4 Ere first I drew this vital breath,
From nature's prison free,
Crosses in number, measure, weight,
Were written, Lord, for me,
But thou, my Shepherd, Friend & Guide,
Hast led me kindly on,
Taught me to rest my fainting head
On Christ, the corner stone.

584 *See page* 248.



2 While cleaving to that darling dust,
In fond distress ye lie,
Rise and with joy and reverence view
A heavenly parent nigh.

3 Tho' your young branches torn away,
Like withered trunks ye stand,
With fairer verdure shall ye bloom,
Touched by th' Almighty's hand.

4 "I'll give the mourner," saith the Lord,
"In my own house a place;
No names of daughters and of sons,
Could yield so high a grace.

5 "Transient and vain is every hope,
A rising race can give,
In endless honor and delight,
My children all shall live."

6 We welcome, Lord, those rising tears,
Through which thy face we see,
And bless those wounds which through our hearts
Prepare a way for thee.

2 And you, mine eyes, look down and view
The hollow gaping tomb:
This gloomy prison waits for you,
Whene'er the summons come.

3 O could we die with those who die,
And place us in their stead!
Then would our spirits learn to fly,
And converse with the dead.

4 Then should we see the saints above,
In their own glorious forms,
And wonder why our souls should love
To dwell with mortal worms.

5 How we should scorn these clothes of flesh,
These fetters and this load;
And long for evening to undress,
That we may rest with God.

6 We should almost forsake our clay
Before the summons come,
And pray, and wish our souls away,
To their eternal home.

586 *A thought of death and glory.*

Deut 32: 29.

MY soul, come meditate the day,
And think how near it stands,
When thou must quit this house of clay,
And fly to unknown lands.

587 *Prepare for death.*

IF I must die, O let me die
With hope in Jesus' blood—
The blood that saves from sin and guilt,
And reconciles to God.

2 If I must die, O, let me die
In peace with all mankind,
And change these fleeting joys below
For pleasures more refined.

3 If I must die—and die I must—
Let some kind seraph come,
And bear me on his friendly wing
To my celestial home.

4 Of Canaan's land, from Pisgah's top,
May I but have a view,
Though Jordan should o'erflow its banks,
I'll boldly venture through.

588 *See page* 248.

591 *On the death of a child.*

WAKE up, my muse, condole the loss
Of those who mourn this day;
Let tears run down on every face,
And every mourner pray.

2 The tyrant, death, came rushing in
And here his power to show,
With icy hand he touched this child,
And laid its visage low.

3 No more the pleasant child is seen,
To please the parents' eye;
The tender plant, so fresh and green,
Is in eternity.

4 The golden bowl by death is broke,
The pitcher burst in twain;
The cistern wheel has felt the stroke,
The pleasant child is slain.

5 The winding sheet unfolds its limbs,
The coffin holds it fast;
To-day 't is seen by all its friends,
But this must be the last—

6 Until the Lord doth come to jude
The nations great and small;
When you and I the test shall stand,
Or at his presence fall.

594 *Beautiful emblems, etc.*

BEHOLD the western evening light!
It melts in deep'ning gloom;
So calmly Christians sink away,
Descending to the tomb.

2 The winds breathe low; the yellow leaf
Scarce whispers from the tree;
So gently flows the parting breath,
When good men cease to be.

3 How beautiful on all the hills
The crimson light is shed!
'T is like the peace the Christian gives
To mourners round his bed.

4 How mildly on the wandering cloud
The sunset beam is cast!
So sweet the memory left behind,
When loved ones breathe their last.

5 And lo, above the dews of night
The vesper star appears;
So faith lights up the mourner's heart,
Whose eyes are dim with tears.

6 Night falls, but soon the morning light
Its glories shall restore;
And thus the eyes that sleep in death
Shall wake to close no more.

596 *We are warned of death.*

BENEATH our feet, and o'er our head
Is equal warning given;
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
Above us is the heaven.

2 Their names are graven on the stone,
Their bones are in the clay;
And ere another day is done,
Ourselves may be as they.

3 Death rides on every passing breeze;
He lurks in every flower;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour.

4 Our eyes have seen the rosy light
Of youth's soft cheek decay,
And fate descend in sudden night
On manhood's middle day.

5 Turn, mortal, turn; thy danger know;
Where'er thy foot can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead.

597 *The righteous hath hope in his death.*

Prov. 14 : 32.

O, Most delightful hour by man
Experienced here below,
The hour that terminates his span,
His folly and his woe.

2 Worlds should not bribe me back to tread
Again life's dreary waste,
To see again my day o'erspread
With all the gloomy past.

3 My home henceforth is in the skies;
Earth, seas, and sun, adieu!
All heaven unfolded to my eyes,
I have no sight for you.

4 So speaks the Christian, firm possessed
Of faith's supporting rod,
Then breathes his soul into its rest,
The bosom of his God.





2 There glory sits on every face,
There friendship smiles in every eye;
There shall our tongues relate the grace
That led us homeward to the sky.

3 O'er all the names of Christ, our King,
Shall our harmonious voices rove;
Our harps shall sound from every string
The wonders of his bleeding love.

4 Come, sov'reign Lord! dear Savior, come!
Remove these separating days;
Send thy bright wheels to fetch us home,
That golden hour, how long it stays?

5 How long must we lie lingering here,
While saints around us take their flight?
Smiling they quit this dusky sphere,
And mount the hills of heavenly light.

6 Sweet soul, we leave thee to thy rest,
Enjoy thy Jesus and thy God,
Till we, from bands of clay released,
Spring out and climb the shining road.

593 *The widow's God.*

IN this lone hour of deep distress,
When heavy sorrows round me press,
Encouraged by thy gracious word,
I trust thee as the widow's God.

2 A husband lies in death's embrace,
The grave is now his resting-place;
O, as I pass beneath thy rod,
Reveal thyself the widow's God.

3 Assuage my grief, remove my fears,
Suppress my murmuring, dry my tears;
Help me to own thee as my lord,
And bless thee as the widow's God.

4 Be thou my counselor and stay,
Protect by night, and guide by day;
Then, as I travel life's rough road,
I'll praise thee as the widow's God.

595 *Not lost, but gone before.*

SAY, why should friendship grieve for those
Who safe arrive on Canaan's shores?
Released from all their hurtful foes,
They are not lost—but gone before.

2 How many painful days on earth
Their fainting spirits numbered o'er;
Now they enjoy a heavenly birth;
They are not lost, but gone before.

3 Dear is the spot where Christians sleep,
And sweet the strain which angels pour:
O why should we in anguish weep?
They are not lost—but gone before.

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





591 *See page* 253.

For music see next page.

592 L. M. *The bereaved husband.*

YES, she is gone—yet do not thou
  The goodness of the Lord distrust;
But meekly to his wisdom bow,
  Who lays thy loved one in the dust.
The form is there—but seek not there
  The spirit born for light and love;
Look upward—free from sin and care,
  It rests in joy with God above.

2 Through many checkered scenes of life,
  Ye, hand in hand have journeyed on;
For her the labor and the strife
  Are o'er—the peaceful goal is won,
2 Go to the grave; at noon from labor cease;
  Rest on thy sheaves; thy harvest task is done,
Come from the heat of battle, and in peace,
  Soldier, go home; with thee the fight is won.

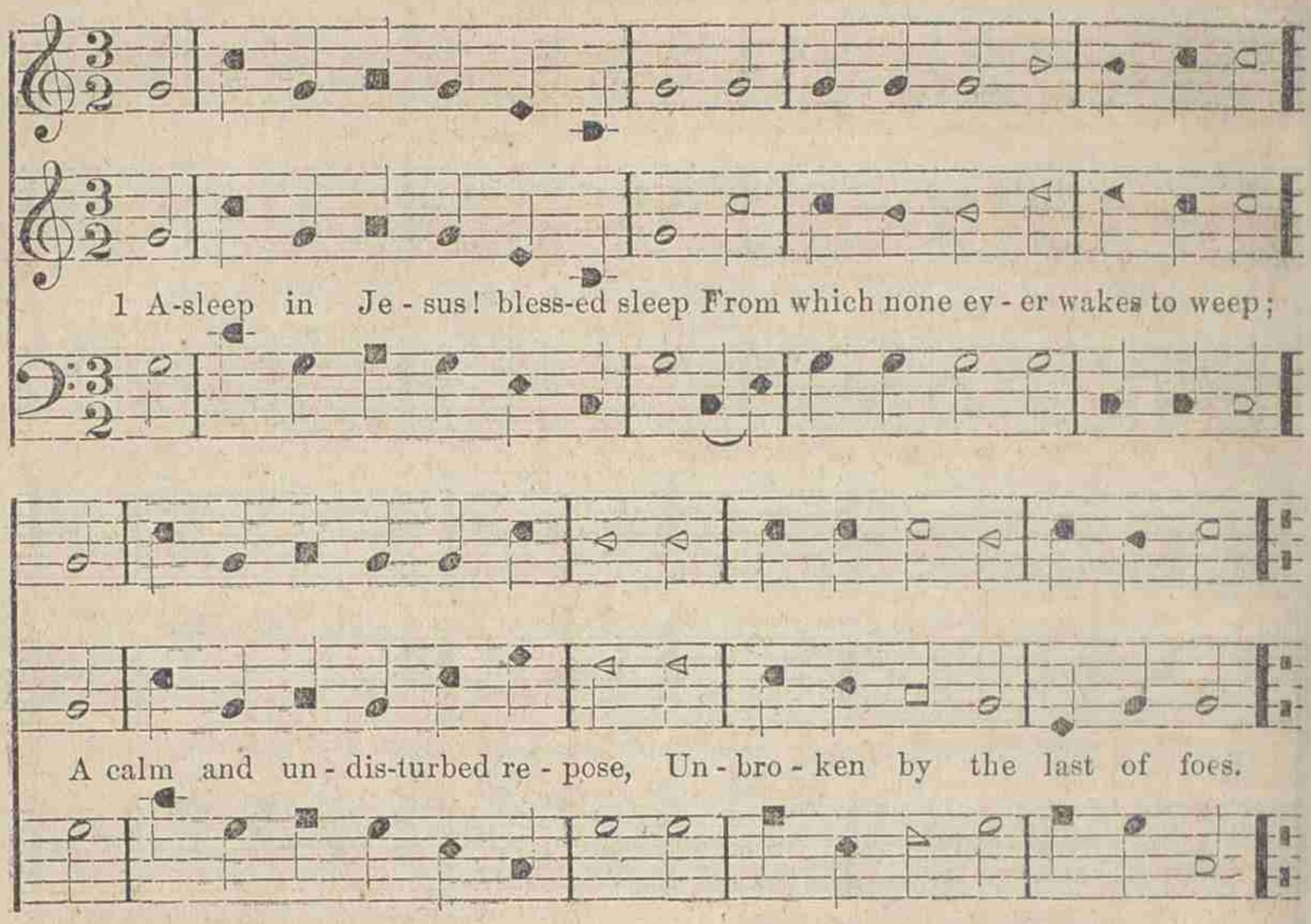
3 Go to the grave; for there thy Savior lay
  In death's embrace, ere he arose on high;
And all the ransomed by that narrow way,
  Pass to eternal life beyond the sky.

4 Go to the grave;—no; take thy seat above;
  Be thy pure spirit present with the Lord,
Where thou for faith and hope hast perfect love,
  And open vision for the written word.

Which oft hath sooth'd thy harrass'd mind,
  The pleasant voice and cheering smile,
Are gone but for a little while,
  She hath not left thee far behind.

3 Then mourn not that an heir of grace,
  Has reached the goal of hope and faith,
Press onward in the Christian race;
  Brief is your parting now by death;
Soon thou too wilt be called to leave
  This earth, where sadly thou dost roam;
Soon joyfully wilt thou receive,
  In heaven her gentle "Welcome Home."

593 *See page* 254. **596** *See page* 253.
594 " " 253. **597** " " 253.
595 " " 254.



2 Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That death has lost its venom'd sting!

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest:
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Savior's power.

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 or Lapland snows
Believers find the same repose.

601 *Life is not in length of days.*

GO, spirit of the sainted dead,
Go to thy longed-for, happy home!
The tears of man are o'er thee shed;
The voice of angels bids thee come.

2 If life be not in length of days,
In silvered locks and furrowed brow,
But living to the Savior's praise,
How few have lived so long as thou!

3 Though earth may boast one gem the less,
May not e'en heaven the richer be?
And myriads on thy footstep press,
To share thy blest eternity.

604 *Why seek ye the living among the dead?*

Luke 24 : 5.

AH! why should bitter tears be shed
In sorrow o'er the mounded sod,
When verily there are no dead
Of all the children of our God?

2 They who are lost to outward sense
Have but flung off their robes of clay,
And clothed in heavenly radiance,
Attends us on our lowly way.

3 And oft their spirits breathe in ours
The hope and strength and love of theirs,
Which bloom as bloom the early flowers
In breath of summer's viewless airs.

4 And silent aspirations start,
In promptings of their purer thought,
Which gently lead the troubled heart
To joys not even hope had wrought.

5 While sorrow's tears our eyes have wet
Shed o'er the consecrated dust,
Too much our darkened souls forget
The lessons of enduring trust.

6 Let living Faith serenely pour
Her sunlight on our pathway dim,
And Death can have no terrors more;
But holy Joy shall walk with him.

SWEET HEAVEN. C. M.

1 Why should our tears in sor - row flow, When God re - calls his own;
2 Is not e'en death a gain to those Whose life to God was given?

3 Their toils are past, their work is done, And they are ful - ly blest;
4 Then let our sor - rows cease to flow—God has re-called his own;

And bids them leave a world of woe For an im - mor - tal crown?
Glad - ly to earth their eyes they close, To o - pen them in heaven.

They fought the fight, the vict'-ry won, And en - tered in - to rest.
And let our hearts, in eve-ry woe, Still say—"Thy will be done!"

CHO.—O, heaven, sweet heaven! Home of the blest! How I long to be there,
In its glo - ries to share, And to lean on my Sa - vior's breast.

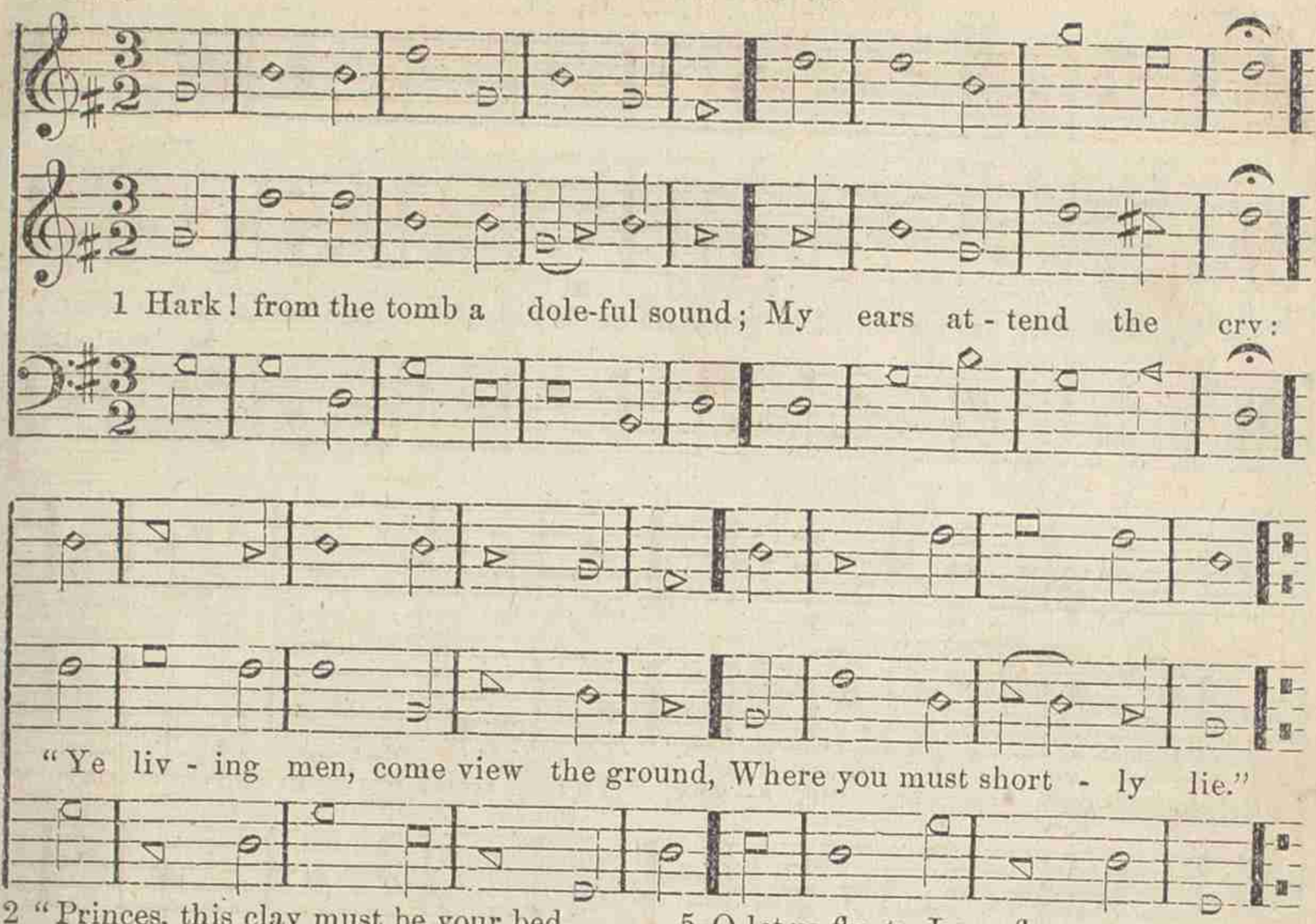
600 GONE TO THE GRAVE. 12s.

1 Thou art gone to the grave! but we will not de-plore thee,
2 Thou art gone to the grave! we no lon - ger be - hold thee,
3 Thou art gone to the grave! and, its man - sions for - sa - king
4 Thou art gone to the grave! but we will not de-plore thee,

Though sor - rows and dark - ness en - com - pass the tomb;
Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side;
What though thy weak spir - it in fear lin - gered long:
For God was thy ran - som, thy Guar - dian, and Guide:
The Sav - ior hath passed through its por - tals be - fore thee,
But the wide arms of mer - cy are spread to en - fold thee,
The sun - shine of par - a - dise beamed on thy wa - king,
He gave thee, he took thee, and he will re - store thee;
And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom.
And sin - ners may hope, for the Sin - less hath died.
And the sound which thou heard'st, was the ser - a - phim's song.
And death hath no sting, for the Sav - ior hath died.

601 *See page* 256.

602 MEAR. C. M.



2 "Princes, this clay must be your bed,
In spite of all your tow'rs!
The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head
Must lie as low as ours."

3 Great God! is this our certain doom?
And are we still secure?
Still walking downward to the tomb,
And yet prepare no more?

4 Grant us the power of quick'ning grace,
To fit our souls to fly;
Then when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.

603 *Death of a youth.*

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, imprest
With awful power—I too must die—
Sink deep in every breast.

3 Let this vain world engage no more;
Behold the gapping tomb!
It bids us seize the present hour,
To-morrow death may come.

4 The voice of this alarming scene,
May every heart obey;
Nor be the heavenly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.

5 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.

6 Great God, thy sovereign grace impart,
With cleansing, healing power;
This only can prepare the heart,
For death's surprising hour.

604 *See page* 256.

605 *See page* 201.

606 *She is not dead, etc.* Luke 8: 52.

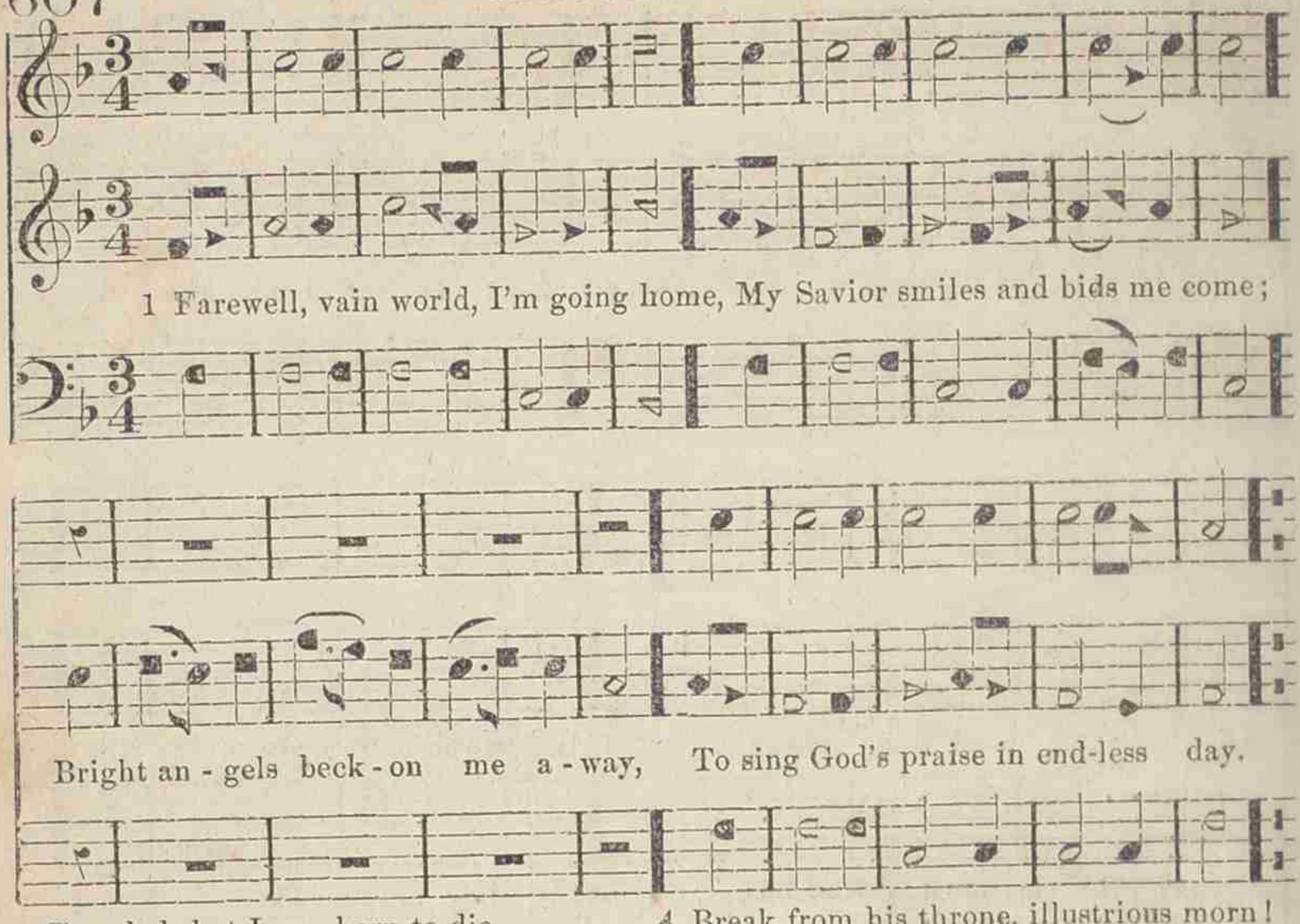
THE dead are like the stars by day—
Withdrawn from mortal eye,
Yet holding unperceived their way
Through the unclouded sky.

2 By them, through holy hope and love,
We feel, in hours serene,
Connected with a world above,
Immortal and unseen.

3 For death his sacred seal hath set
On bright and bygone hours;
And they we mourn are with us yet,
Are more than ever ours;

4 Ours, by the pledge of love and faith,
By hopes of heaven on high;
By trust, triumphant over death,
In immortality.

607 REFUGE. L. M.



1 Farewell, vain world, I'm going home, My Savior smiles and bids me come;
Bright an - gels beck - on me a - way, To sing God's praise in end-less day.

2 I'm glad that I was born to die,
From grief and woe my soul shall fly;
Bright angels shall convey me home,
Away to New Jerusalem.

3 And when to that bright world I fly,
And join the anthems in the sky,
O then my happy soul shall tell,
My Jesus has done all things well.

4 I hope to meet my brethren there,
Who once did join with me in prayer;
Our mourning time shall then be o'er,
And we shall live to die no more.

5 There shall I see my glorious God,
And triumph in his blest abode;
My theme through all eternity
Shall glory to my Jesus be.

613 *Unvail thy bosom, faithful tomb.*

UNVAIL thy bosom, faithful tomb!
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room,
To seek a slumber in the dust.

2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
Invade thy bounds; nor mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose.

3 So Jesus slept; God's dying Son
Pass'd thro' the grave, and bless'd the bed;
Rest here, blest saint, till, from his throne,
The morning break, and pierce the shade.

4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn!
Attend, O earth, his sov'reign word!
Restore thy trust: a glorious form
Shall then arise to meet the Lord.

622 *Immortality brought to light*
2 Tim. 1: 10.

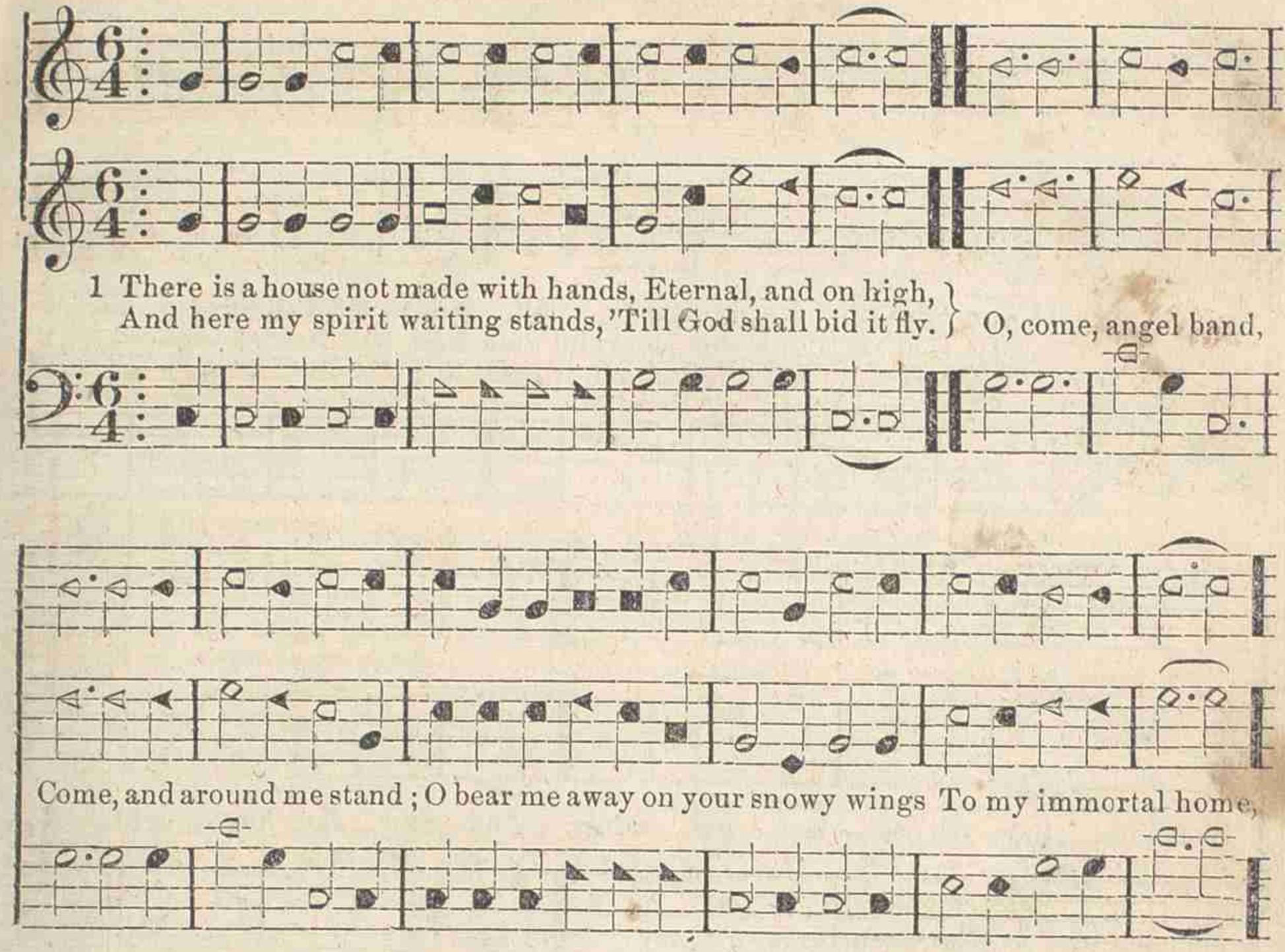
SHALL man, O God of light and life!
Forever molder in the grave?
Canst thou forget thy glorious work,
Thy promise, and thy power to save?

2 In those dark silent realms of night,
Shall peace and hope no more arise?
No future morning light the tomb,
Nor day-star gild the darksome skies?

3 Cease, cease, ye vain, desponding fears!
When Christ, our Lord, from darkness sprang,
Death, the last foe, was captive led,
And heaven with praise and wonder rang.

4 Faith sees the bright eternal doors
Unfold to make her children way;
They shall be clothed with endless life,
And shine in everlasting day.

5 The trump shall sound—the dead shall wake,
From the cold tomb the slumb'rers spring;
Through heav'n, with joy, their myriads rise
And hail their Savior and their king.

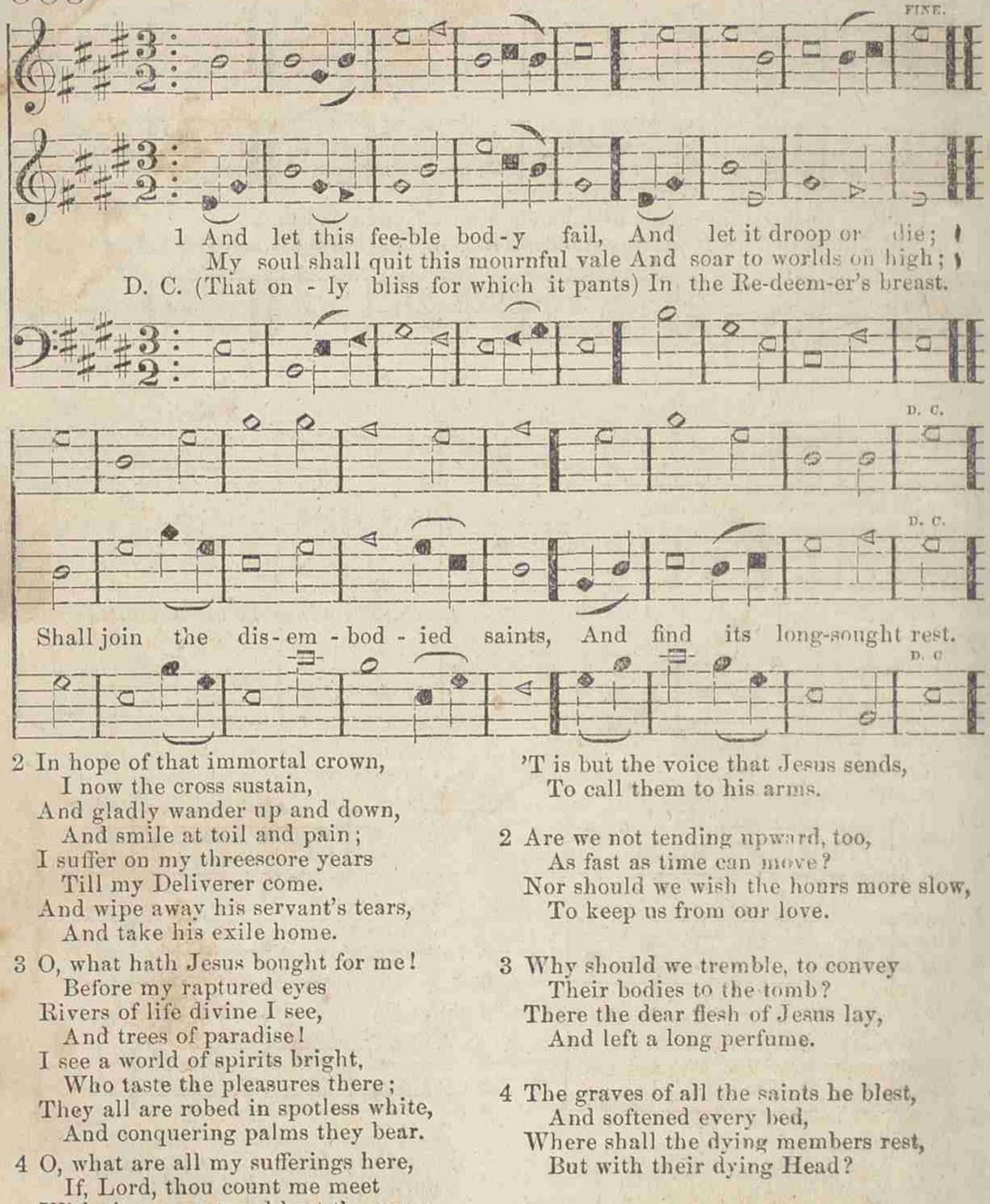


2 Shortly this prison of my clay,
Must be dissolved and fall ;
Then, O my soul, with joy obey
Thy heavenly father's call.

3 'Tis he, by his almighty grace,
That forms thee fit for heaven:
And as an earnest of the place,
Has his own Spirit given.

4 We walk by faith of joys to come;
Faith lives upon his word;
But while the body is our home,
We'er absent from the Lord.

5 'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace,
But we had rather see:
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with thee.



2 In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the cross sustain,
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain;
I suffer on my threescore years
Till my Deliverer come.
And wipe away his servant's tears,
And take his exile home.

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

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

610 *Death disarmed.*

WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'T is but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to his arms.

2 Are we not tending upward, too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor should we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our love.

3 Why should we tremble, to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

4 The graves of all the saints he blest,
And softened every bed,
Where shall the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?

5 Thence he arose; ascended high,
And showed our feet the way:
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly
At the great rising day.

6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake, ye nations under ground,
Ye saints ascend the skies.

618 *The comforts of Christian hope.*

THE broken ties of happier days,
How often do they seem
To come before the mental gaze,
Like a remembered dream;
And earthly hand can ne'er again
Unite these broken ties,
Around us each dissevered chain
In sparkling ruin lies.

2 O, who, in such a world as this,
Could bear their lot of pain,
Did not one radiant hope of bliss
Unclouded yet remain?
That hope the sovereign Lord has giv'n,
Who reigns above the skies:
Hope that unites our souls to heaven,
By faith's endearing ties.

3 Each care, each ill of mortal birth,
Is sent in pitying love
To lift the lingering heart from earth,
And speed its flight above.
And every pang that wrings the breast,
And every joy that dies,
Tells us to seek a purer rest,
And trust to holier ties.

620 *I will raise him up.* John 6: 40.

THROUGH sorrow's night and danger's path,
Amid the deep'ning gloom,
We, followers of our suffering Lord,
Are marching to the tomb.

2 There, when the turmoil is no more,
And all our powers decay,
Our cold remains in solitude
Shall sleep the years away.

3 Our labors done, securely laid
In this our last retreat,
Unheeded, o'er our silent dust,
The storms of earth shall beat.

4 Yet not thus buried, or extinct,
The vital spark shall lie;
For o'er life's wreck that spark shall rise
To seek its kindred sky.

5 These ashes, too, this little dust,
Our Father's care shall keep,
Till the last angel rise and break
The long and dreary sleep.

6 Then love's soft dew o'er every eye
Shall shed its mildest rays;
And the long silent voice awake
With shouts of endless praise.

623 *The dead and living saints meeting.*
1 Thess. 4: 17.

THE time draws nigh, when from the clouds
Christ shall with shouts descend,
And the last trumpet's awful voice
The heavens and earth shall rend.

2 Then they who live shall changed be,
And they who sleep shall wake;
The grave shall yield their ancient charge,
While earth's foundations shake,

3 The saints of God, from death set free,
With joy shall mount on high;
The heavenly hosts, with praises loud,
Shall meet them in the sky.

4 A few short years of exile past,
We reach the happy shore;
Where death-divided friends, at last,
Shall meet to part no more.

625 *Death swallowed up in victory.*
1 Cor. 15: 54.

HOW long shall death, the tyrant, reign,
And triumph o'er the just,
While the rich blood of martyrs slain
Lies mingled with the dust?

2 When shall the tedious night be gone?
When will our Lord appear?
Our fond desires would pray him down,
Our love embrace him here.

3 I see the Lord of glory come,
And flaming guards around!
The skies divide to make him room,
The trumpet shakes the ground!

4 I hear the voice; "Ye dead, arise!"
And lo! the graves obey;
And waking saints with joyful eyes
Salute th' expected day.

5 O! may my humble spirit stand
Among them clothed in white!
The meanest place at his right hand
Is infinite delight.

6 How will our joy and wonder rise,
When our returning King
Shall bear us homeward thro' the skies,
On love's triumphant wing.

631 *Brevity of life.* Gen. 47: 9.

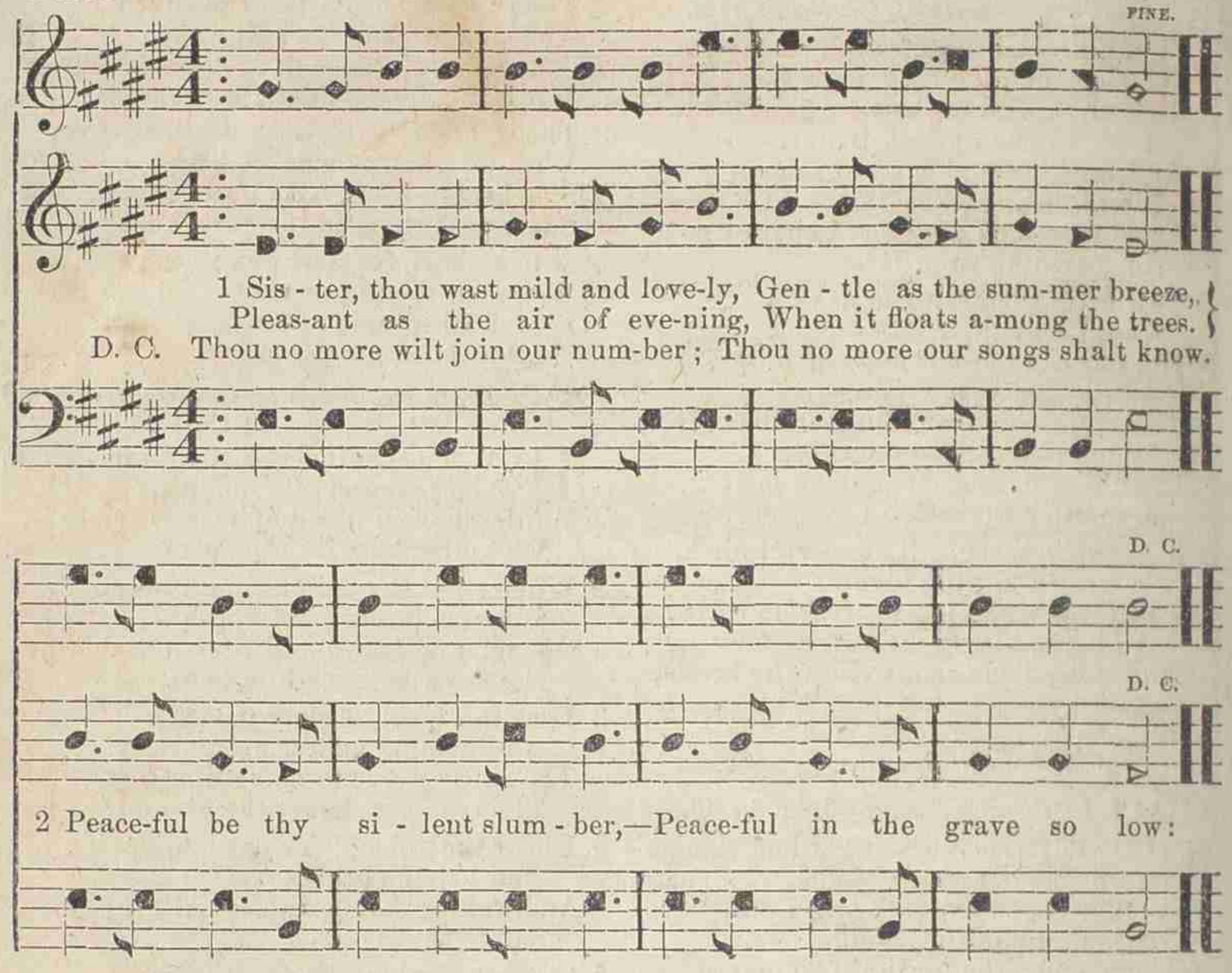
OUR days, alas! our mortal days
Are short and wretched too;
"Evil and few" the patriarch says,
And well the patriarch knew.

2 'Tis but at best a narrow bound,
That heaven allows to men:
And pains and sins run thro' the round
Of three score years and ten.

3 Well, if ye must be sad and few,
Run on, my days, in haste;
Moments of sin, and months of woe,
Ye can not flow too fast.

4 Let heavenly love prepare my soul,
And call her to the skies,
Where years of long salvation roll,
And glory never dies.

611 ENEE. 8s & 7s.



3 Dearest sister, thou hast left us;
Here thy loss we deeply feel;
But 't is God that hath bereft us:
He can all our sorrows heal.

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

706 *While I was musing.* Psalm 39 : 3.

SILENTLY the shades of evening
Gather round my lowly door;
Silently they bring before me
Faces I shall see no more.

2 O! the lost, the unforgotten,
Though the world be oft forgot;
O! the shrouded and the lonely—
In our hearts they perish not.

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

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

747 *Pardon sought for national sins.* Jonah 3 : 8.

DREAD Jehovah! God of nations!
From thy temple in the skies,
Hear thy people's supplications,
Now for their deliverance rise.

2 Though our sins, our hearts confounding,
Long and loud for vengeance call,
Thou hast mercy more abounding;
Jesus' blood can cleanse them all.

3 Let that love vail our transgression;
Let that blood our guilt efface;
Save thy people from oppression;
Save from spoil thy holy place.

4 Lo! with deep contrition turning,
Humbly at thy feet we bend;
Hear us, fasting, praying, mourning;
Hear us, spare us and defend.

612 HESTER. C. M.



2 The parent finds the long-lost child;
Brothers on brothers gaze;
The tear of resignation mild
Is changed to joy and praise.

3 Each tender tie dissolved with pain,
With endless bliss is crowned;
All that was dead revives again;
All that was lost is found.

4 Congenial minds, arrayed in light,
High thoughts shall interchange;
Nor cease, with ever-new delight,
On wings of love to range.

5 Their Father marks their generous flame,
And looks complacent down;
The smile that owns their filial claim,
Is their immortal crown

613 *See page* 260.
614 " " 250.
615 *See page* 225.
616 " " 242.

617 *The moment after death*

IN vain our fancy strives to paint,
The moment after death—
The glories that surround a saint,
When he resigns his breath.

2 One gentle sigh his fetters breaks;
One effort—and he's gone!
And lo! the willing spirit takes
Its mansion near the throne.

3 We strive, but all our efforts fail
To trace that upward flight:
No eye can pierce within the vail
Which hides the world of light.

4 Yet, though we see them not, we know
Saints are supremely blest;
And freed from sin, and care, and woe,
And with their Savior rest.

5 On harps of gold his name they praise,
His face they always view;
And if we here their footsteps trace,
There we shall praise him too.

618 *See page* 263.
619 " " 225.
620 " " 263.

649 *The pilgrimage of life.*

OUR country is Immanuel's ground—
We seek that promised soil;
The songs of Zion cheer our hearts,
While strangers here we toil.

2 Oft do our eyes with joy o'erflow,
And oft are bathed in tears;
Yet naught but heaven our hopes can raise,
And naught but sin our fears.

3 The flowers that spring along the road
We scarcely stoop to pluck:
We walk o'er beds of shining ore,
Nor waste one wishful look.

4 We tread the path our Master trod;
We bear the cross he bore;
And every thorn that wounds our feet
His temples pierced before.

621 IDUMEA. S. M.



2 Corruption, earth, and worms,
Shall but refine this flesh,
Till my triumphant spirit comes
To put it on afresh.

3 God, my Redeemer, lives,
And often from the skies,
Looks down and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.

4 Arrayed in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every form and every face,
Look heavenly and divine.

5 These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love;
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his power above.

622 *See page* 260.

923 *See page* 263.

636 *Dust thou art, etc.* Gen 3: 19.

LORD, what a feeble piece
Is this our mortal frame!
Our life, how poor a trifle 't is,
That scarce deserves the name.

2 Alas, the brittle clay,
That built our body first!
And every month, and every day,
'T is moldering back to dust.

3 Our moments fly apace,
Nor will our minutes stay;
Just like a flood our hasty days
Are sweeping us away.

4 Well, if our days must fly,
We'll keep their end in sight,
We'll spend them all in wisdom's way,
And let them speed their flight.

5 They'll waft us sooner o'er
This life's tempestuous sea!
Soon we shall reach the peaceful shore
Of blest eternity.

695 *Christ's example of early prayer.*
Mark 1: 35.

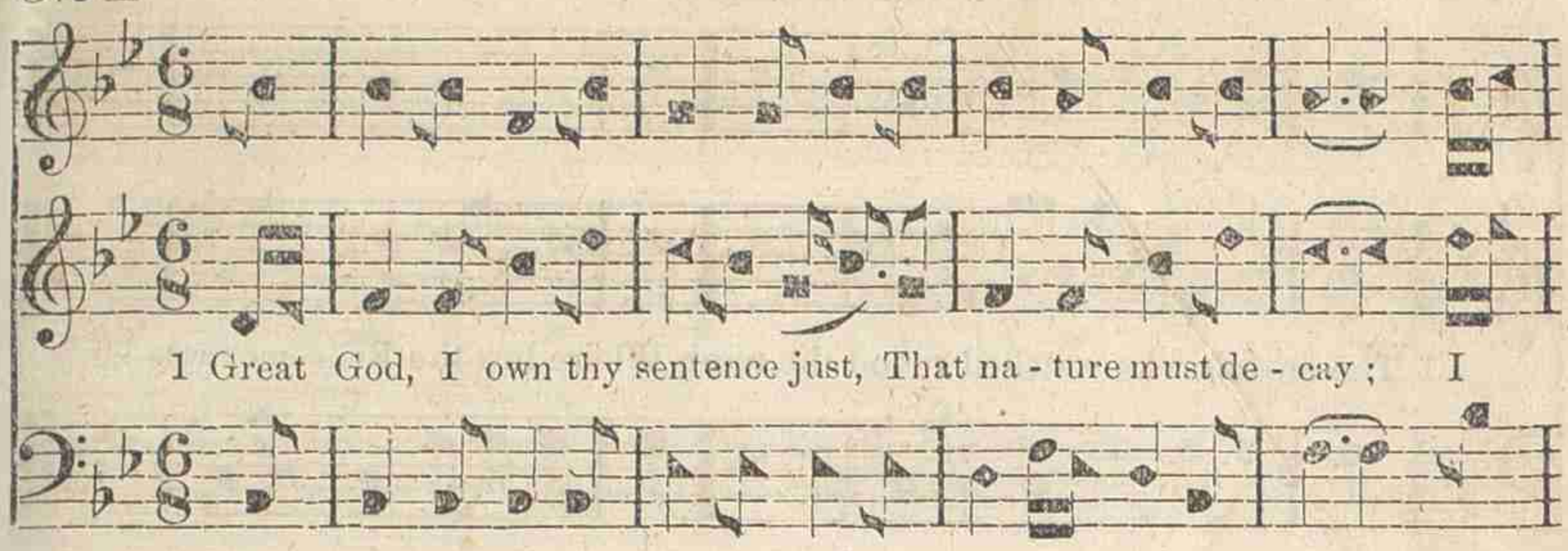
HOW sweet the melting lay
Which breaks upon the ear,
When at the hour of rising day,
Christians unite in prayer.

2 The breezes waft their cries
Up to Jehovah's throne;
He listens to their heaving sighs,
And sends his blessings down.

3 So Jesus rose to pray
Before the morning light;
Or on the chilling mount did stay,
And wrestle all the night.

4 Glory to God on high,
Who sends his blessings down
To rescue souls condemned to die,
And make his people one.

624 MAITLAND. C. M.



2 Yet faith may triumph o'er the graves,
And trample on the tombs,
My Jesus, my Redeemer lives,
My God my Savior comes.

3 The mighty conqu'ror shall appear
High on a royal seat,
And death, the last of all his foes,
Lie vanquished at his feet.

4 Though greedy worms devour my skin,
And gnaw my wasting flesh,
When God shall build my bones again,
He'll clothe them all afresh.

5 Then shall I see thy lovely face
With strong, immortal eyes,
And feast upon thy unknown grace
With pleasure and surprise.

625 *See page* 263.

637 *Our family.* 1 Peter 1 : 24.

LET others boast how strong they be,
Nor death nor danger fear;
But we'll confess, O Lord, to thee,
What feeble things we are.

2 Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,
And flourish bright and gay;
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
And fades the grass away.

3 Our life contains a thousand springs,
And dies if one be gone;
Strange! that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long!

4 But 'tis our God supports our frame,
The God who formed us first;
Praise be to his almighty name,
That reared us from the dust.

5 While we have breath, or life, or tongues,
Our Maker we'll adore;
His Spirit moves our heaving lungs,
Or they would breathe no more.

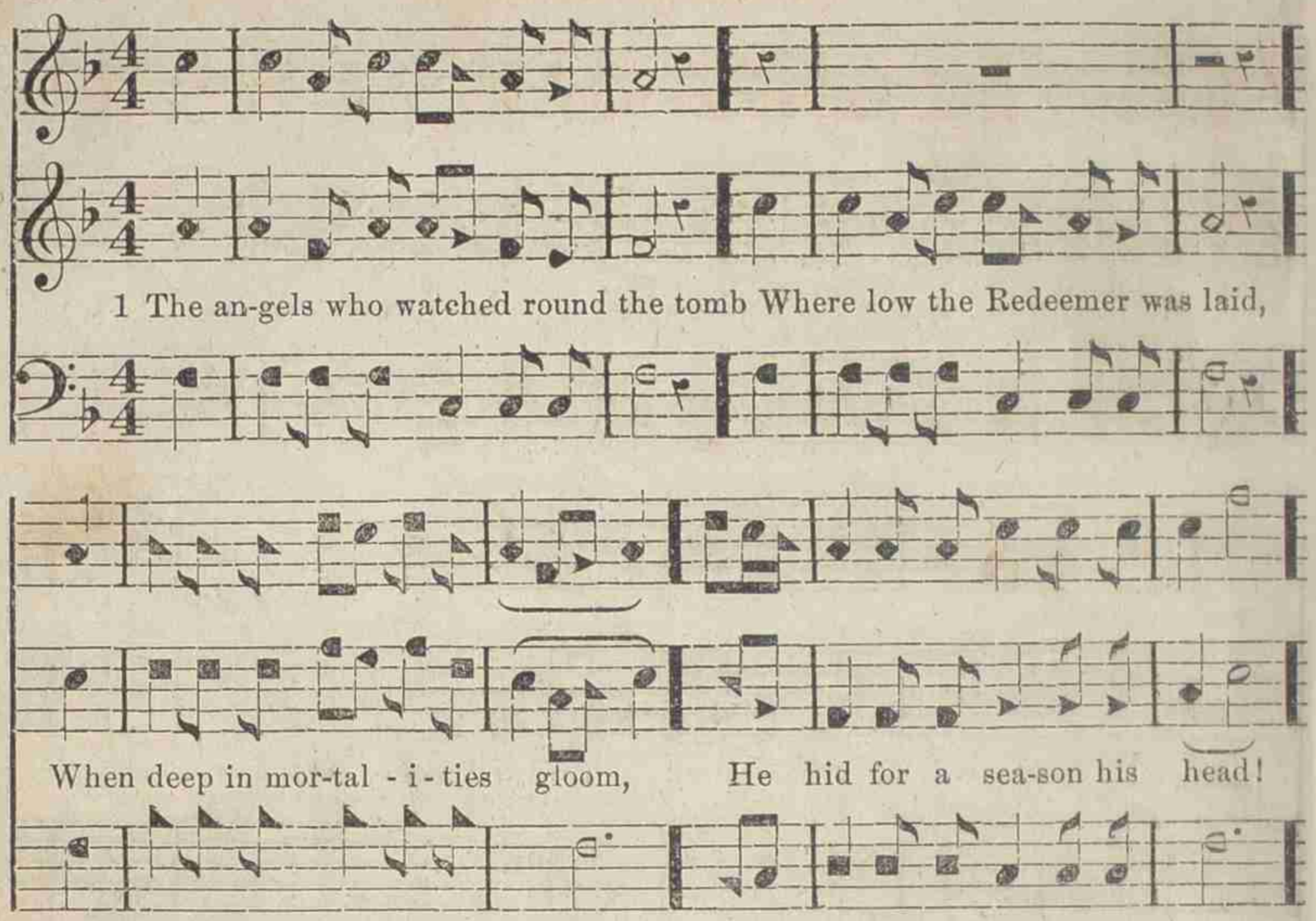
687 *The pilgrim's parting Hymn.*

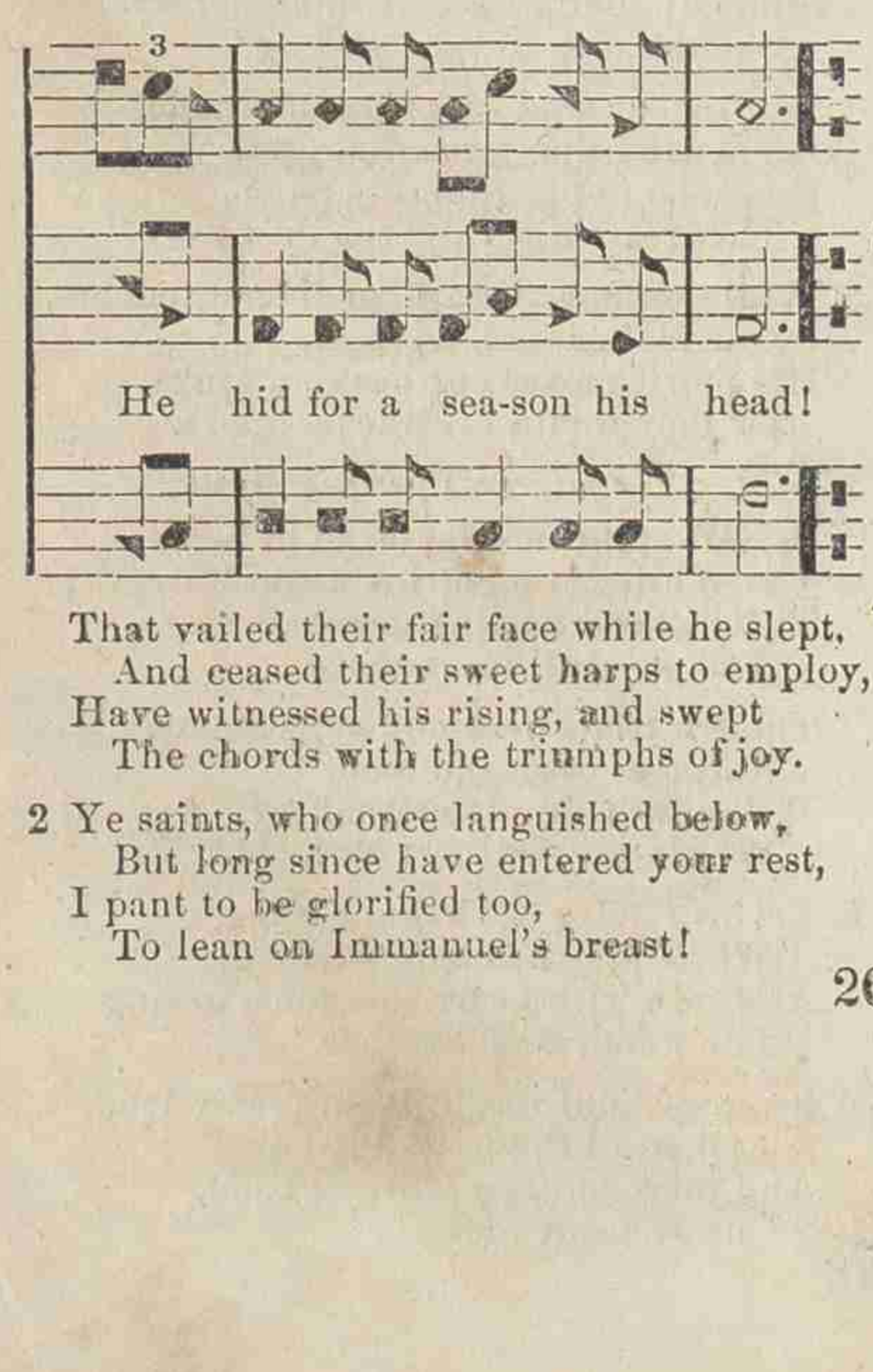
NOW, pilgrims, let us go in peace,
While through this world we rove;
Till all these parting moments cease,
And we shall meet above.

2 Though trials here our souls annoy,
And foes beset the road,
We'er hastening to eternal joy,
Where we shall rest with God.

3 Let us rejoice in God our King,
While pilgrims here we rove;
And join with heart and voice to sing
The wonders of his love.

4 Soon we shall reach the heavenly land,
And tread the peaceful shore;
And there unite, a glorious band,
Our Jesus to adore.





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.

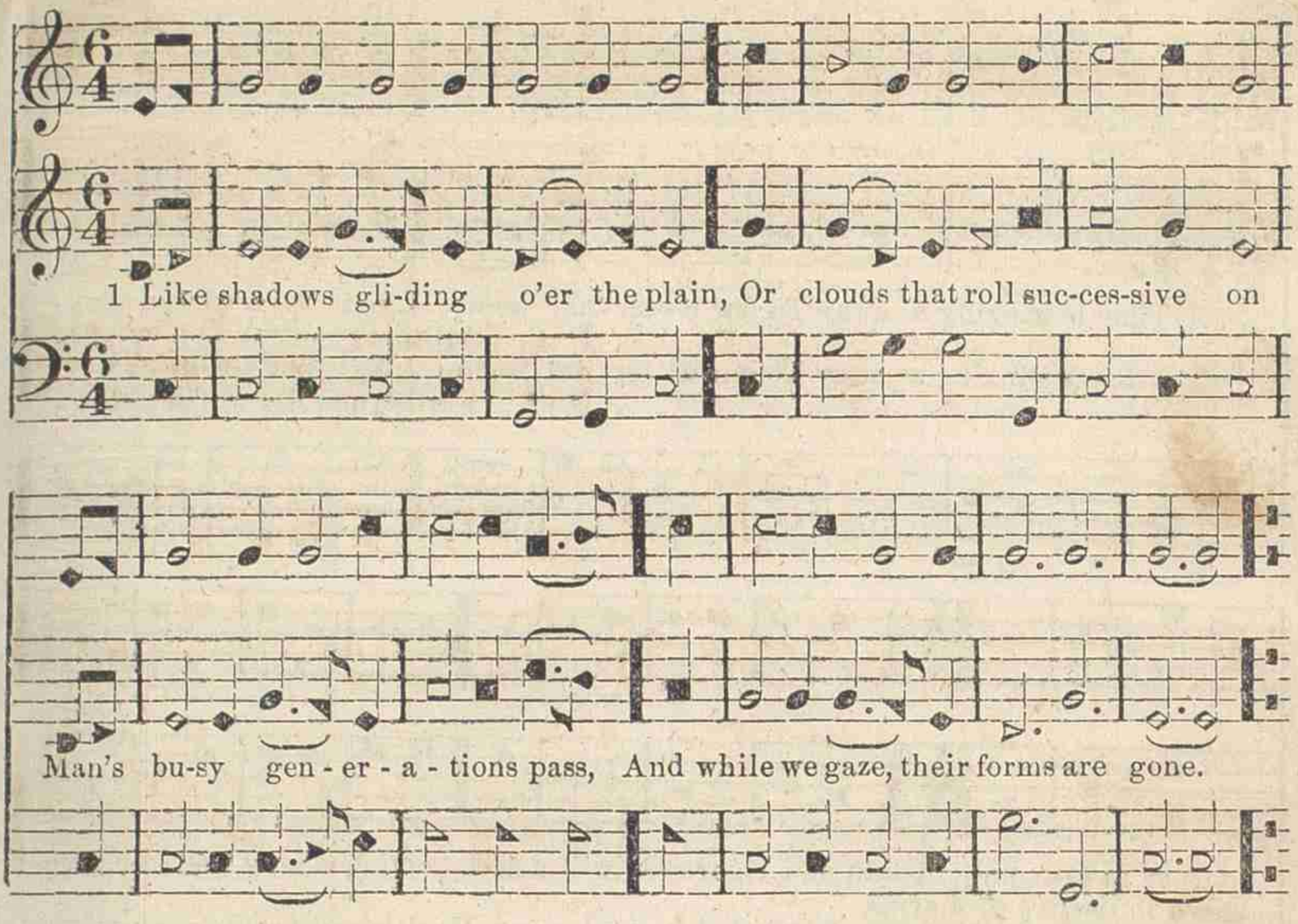
2 Ye saints, who once languished below,
But long since have entered your rest,
I pant to be glorified too,
To lean on Immanuel's breast!

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 appears.

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!
Though dreary the empire of night,
I soon shall emerge from its gloom,
And see immortality's light
Arise from the shades of the tomb.

4 Then welcome the last rending sigh,
When these aching heart-strings shall break;
When death shall extinguish these eyes,
And moisten with dew the pale cheek:
No terror the prospect begets,
I am not mortality's slave:
The sunbeam of life, as it sets,
Paints a rainbow of peace on the grave.

627 WOODWORTH. L. M.



2 "He lived—he died;" behold the sum,
The abstract of th' historian's page!
Alike in God's all-seeing eye,
The infant's day, the patriarch's age.

3 O Father! in whose mighty hand
The boundless years and ages lie,
Teach us the boon of life to prize,
And use the moments as they fly;

4 To crowd the narrow span of life
With wise designs and virtuous deeds!
So shall we wake from death's dark night,
To share the glory that succeeds.

628 *The importance of time.* Eph. 5 : 16.

O TIME! how few thy value weigh!
How few will estimate a day!
Days, months and years are rolling on,
The soul neglected and undone.

2 In painful cares, in empty joys,
Our life its precious hours destroys;
While death stands watching at our side,
Eager to stop the living tide.

3 Was it for this, ye mortal race,
Your Maker gave you here a place?
Was it for this his thoughts designed
The frame of your immortal mind?

4 For nobler cares, for joys sublime,
He fashioned all the sons of time;
Then let us every day give heed,
That we his servants be indeed.

629 *Value of a moment.*

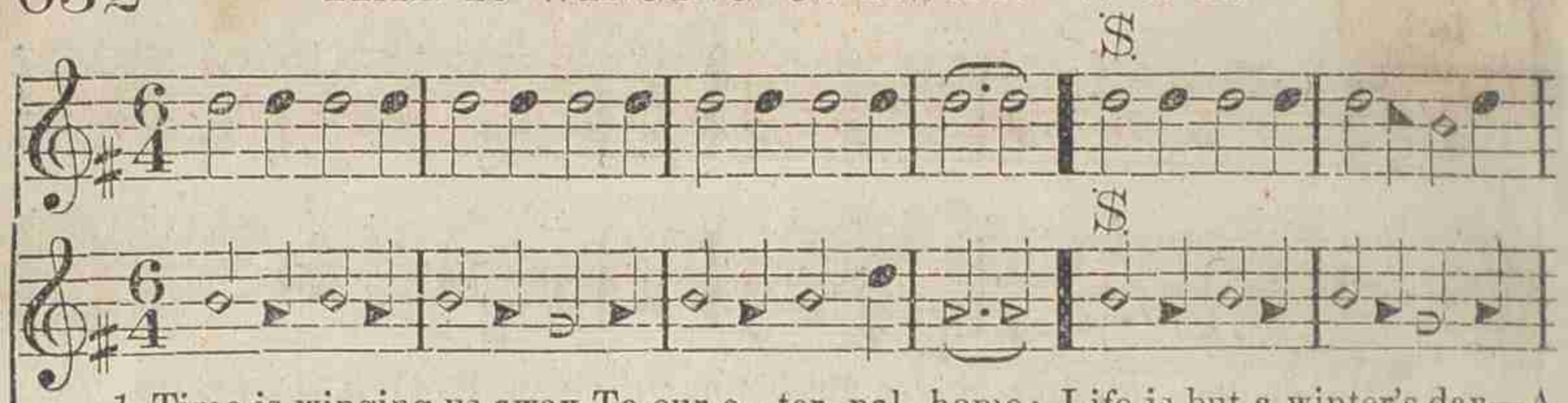
AT every motion of our breath,
Life trembles on the brink of death;
A taper's flame that upward turns,
While downward to the dust it burns.

2 Moment by moment years are past,
And one ere long will be our last;
There is a point no eyes can see,
Yet on it hangs eternity.

3 This is that moment—who shall tell,
Whether it leads to heaven or hell?
This is that moment—as we choose,
Th' immortal soul we save, or loose.

4 Time past and time to come are not—
Time present is our only lot;
O God! henceforth our hearts incline,
To seek no other love than thine.

630 *See page* 176.
631 *See page* 263.



L. M. *For music see page 272.*

690 *The happy meeting.*

O HAPPY day when saints shall meet
To part no more; the thought is sweet;
No more to feel the rending smart,
Oft felt below when Christians part.

2 O happy place, I still must say,
Where all but love is done away;
All cause of parting there is past;
Their social feast will ever last.

3 Such union here is sought in vain,
As there, in every heart will reign;
There separation can't compel
The saints to bid the sad farewell.

4 On earth, when friends together meet,
And find the passing moments sweet;
Time's rapid motions soon compel,
With grief to say—dear friends, farewell.

5 The happy season soon will come, [home;
When saints shall meet in heaven, their
Eternally with Christ to dwell,
Nor ever hear the sound, farewell.

744 *Marriage.* Gen. 2: 18.

IT si not good, Jehovah said,
For man new formed to be alone;
Then of his rib an help-meet made,
And man and wife pronounced but one.

2 From near this heart this rib he took,
To show the favor should be prized;
Not from his head, to overlook,
Nor from his foot, to be despised.

3 Beneath his arm, to signify
Wives should authority disclaim,
And that protection and supply
Are from the husbands due to them.

4 Bless, Lord, this newly-married pair,
And make the match a blessing prove;
Their interest one, their joys, their care,
Made happy in each other's love.

5 Jesus, we ask thy presence here;
O may thy face upon us shine;
Thy goodness more our hearts can cheer,
Than costliest food or richest wine.

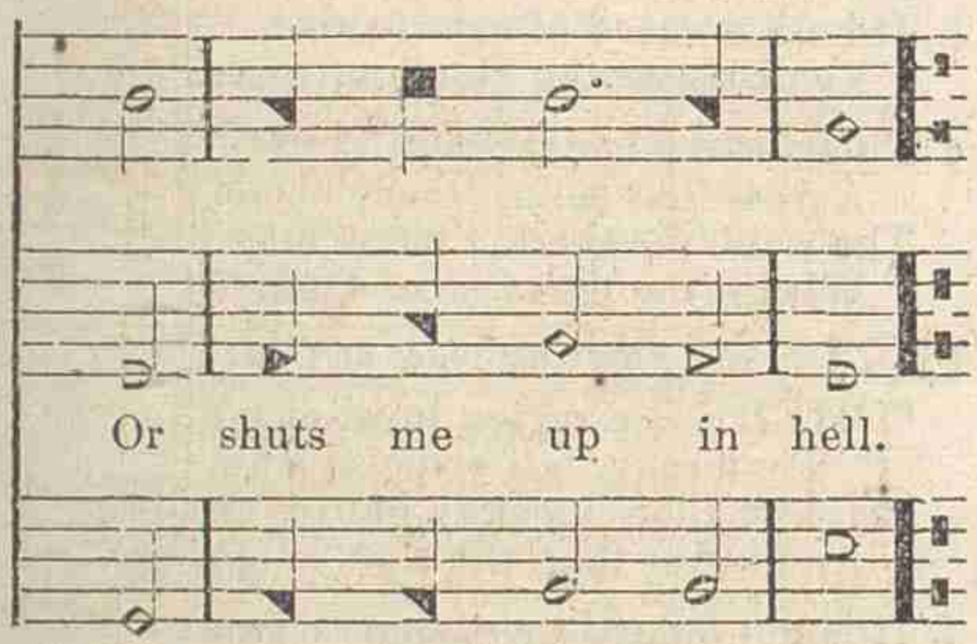
633 MERIBA C. P. M.



1 Lo! on a nar-row neck of land, 'Twixt two un-bounded seas I stand; Yet



how in-sen-si - ble! A point of time, a moment's space, Removes me to yon heavenly place,



Or shuts me up in hell.

2 O God, my inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtless heart
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And save me ere it be too late:
Wake me to righteousness.

3 Before me place, in bright array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom?

4 Be this my one great business here,
With holy trembling, holy fear,
To make my calling sure;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfill,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

634 *See page* 144.

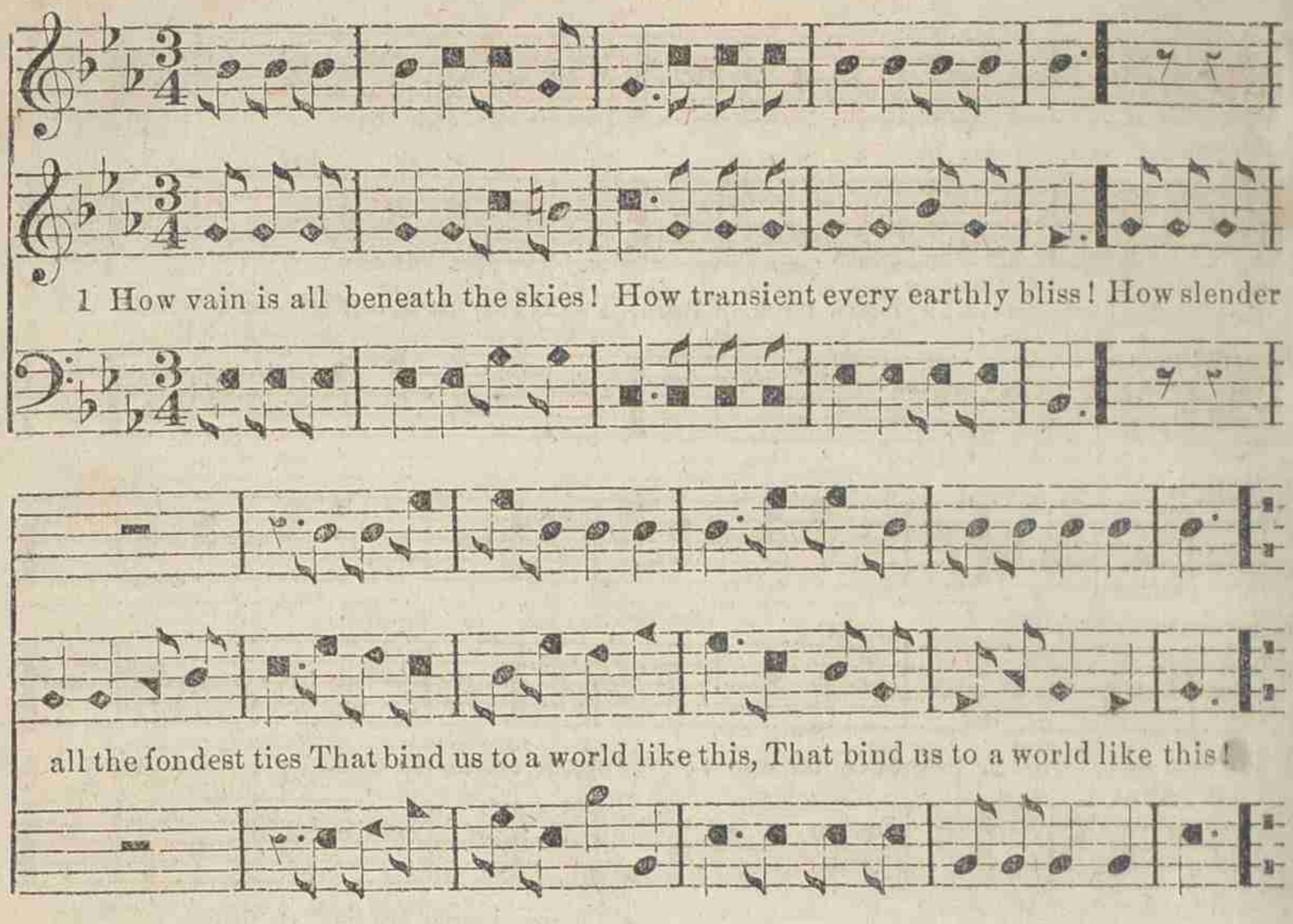
729 *The good resolve.* Josh. 24: 15.

I AND my house will serve the Lord;
But first obedient to his word,
I must myself appear;
By actions, words and temper show
That I my heavenly Master know,
And serve with heart sincere.

2 I must the fair example set;
From those that on my presence wait,
The stumbling-block remove;
Their duty by my life explain,
And still in all my works maintain,
The dignity of love.

3 Easy to be entreated, mild,
Quickly appeased and reconciled,
A foll'wer of my God;
A saint indeed I long to be,
And lead my faithful family
In the celestial road.

4 Lord, if thou didst the wish infuse,
A vessel fitted for thy use,
Into thy hands receive;
Work in me both to will and do,
And show them how believers true,
And real Christians live.



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

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

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

636 *See page* 266.

637 " " 267.

650 *The former things are past away.*

Rev. 21 : 4.

THERE is a land mine eye hath seen,
In visions of enraptured thought,
So bright that all which spreads between
Is with its radiant glory fraught.

2 A land upon whose blissful shore
There rests no shadow, falls no stain;
There those who meet shall part no more,
And those long parted meet again.

3 Its skies are not like earthly skies,
With varying hues of shade and light;
It hath no need of suns to rise,
To dissipate the gloom of night.

4 There sweeps no desolating wind
Across that calm, serene abode:
The wand'rer there a home may find,
Within the paradise of God.

661 *The dwelling place of God.*

THERE is a region lovelier far
Than sages tell or poets sing,
Brighter than noonday glories are,
And softer than the tints of spring.

2 It is not fanned by summer's gale:
'T is not refreshed by vernal showers;
It never needs the moon-beam pale—
For there are known no evening hours.

3 No: for that world is ever bright
With purest radiance all its own:
The streams of uncreated light
Flow round it from th' eternal throne.

4 It is all holy and serene,
The land of glory and repose;
No cloud obscures the radiant scene;
There not a tear of sorrow flows.

5 In vain the curious, searching eye
May seek to view the fair abode,
Or find it in the starry sky:
It is the dweeling-place of God.

692 *The pilgrim's farewell.*

PILGRIMS, with pleasure let us part,
Since we are of one mind and heart;
No length of days, no distant place,
Can ever break these bands of grace.

2 Parting with joy, we'll join and sing
The wonders of our bleeding King;
Our distant bodies may remove,
But nothing can divide our love.

3 In vain may earth and hell combine
To quench that love which is divine;
It will not cease with dying breath,
Nor cool when we are cold in death.

4 Now, joined in love in Jesus' name,
Let's part and fly to spread his fame,
That other souls may leave their woe,
And join with us in glory too.

5 A few more rolling days and years,
Shall bring a period to our tears,
Soon shall we reach the blissful shore,
Where parting shall be knwon no more.

6 There shall our souls adore the hand
That led us through this desert land,
Lose all our griefs, forget our pains,
And join in everlasting strains.

748 *For the hiding of God's countenance.*
Isai. 8: 17.

LORD, in these dark and dismal days,
We mourn the hidings of thy face;
And when to happier days we turn,
Those days but teach us how to mourn.

2 The blessing from thy truth withdrawn,
Its quickening, saving influence gone—
Unwarned, unwakened, sinners hear,
Nor see their awful danger near.

3 In dews unseen, or scanty showers,
Thy Spirit sheds its healing powers;
The thirsty ground is parched beneath,
And all is barrenness and death.

4 Yet still thy name be ever blessed,
On thee our hope shall safely rest:
Thy saints shall yet exult and sing
The matchless glories of their King.

749 *National ingratitude.*

HOW long hath God bestowed his care
On this indulged, ungrateful land!
How oft in times of danger near,
Preserved us by his sovereign hand.

2 Here peace and liberty have dwelt,
The glorious gospel brightly shone;
And oft our mightiest foes have felt
That God hath made our cause his own.

3 But, ah! both heav'n and earth have heard
Our vile requital of his love;
We, whom like children he has reared,
For all his care unthankful prove.

4 See! he uplifts his chastening rod!
O, where are now the faithful few,
Who tremble for the ark of God,
And know what Israel ought to do?

5 Lord, hear thy people every where,
Who meet this day to weep and pray;
Our sinful land in mercy spare,
In mercy turn thy wrath away!

751 *Grateful review.*

OUR helper, God, we bless thy name,
Whose love for ever is the same;
The tokens of thy gracious care
Begin, and crown, and close the year.

2 Amid ten thousand snares we stand,
Supported by thy guardian hand;
And see, when we review our ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.

3 Thus far thine arm has led us on;
Thus far we make thy mercy known;
And while we tread this desert land,
New mercies shall new songs demand.

4 Our grateful souls on Jordan's shore,
Shall raise one sacred pillar more;
Then bear, in thy bright courts above,
Inscriptions of immortal love.

758 *The season of harvest suggestive.*

GREAT God, as seasons disappear,
And changes mark the rolling year;
As time with rapid pinions flies,
May every season make us wise.

2 Long has thy favor crowned our days,
And summer shed again its rays;
No deadly cloud our sky has vailed;
No blasting winds our path assailed.

3 Our harvest months have o'er us rolled,
And filled our fields with waving gold;
Our tables spread, our garners stored!
Where are our hearts to praise the Lord?

4 The solemn harvest comes apace,
The closing day of life and grace;
Time of decision, awful hour!
Around it let no tempests lower!

5 Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,
Like stars in heaven to rise and shine;
Then shall our happy souls above
Reap the full harvest of thy love!



2 A span is all that we can boast,
An inch or two of time;
Man is but vanity and dust,
In all his flower and prime.

3 See the vain race of mortals move,
Like shadows o'er the plain,
They rage and strive, desire and love,
But all their noise is vain.

4 Some walk in honor's gaudy show;
Some dig for golden ore;
They toil for heirs they know not who,
And straight are seen no more.

5 What should I wish or wait for, then,
From creatures, earth and dust?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.

6 Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond desire recall;
I give my mortal interest up,
And make my God my all.

639 *Vanity of earthly enjoyments.* Eccl. 1: 2.

HOW vain are all things here below,
How false, and yet how fair!
Each pleasure has its poison, too,
And every sweet a snare.

2 The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flattering light;
We should suspect some danger nigh
Where we possess delight.

3 Our dearest joys and nearest friends,
The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wavering minds
And leave but half for God!

4 The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense!
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.

5 Dear Savior! let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food;
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

640 *See page* 231.

641 *See page* 243.

642 *Man is of few days, etc.* Job. 14: 1.

KIND souls, reflect awhile with me,
Upon our wretched state!
How frail our life, how short our time,
Our miseries, how great!

2 How short the pleasures earth affords!
How transient and how few,
Compared with heaven's eternal joys,
And pleasures ever new.

3 Come, let us leave the things of earth
(Whose pleasures poisons are),
And haste away to Canaan's land,
And try our interest there.

4 Make the extended skies your tomb,
Let heaven record your worth,
For know vain mortals all must die,
As nature's sickliest birth.

5 Would bounteous heav'n indulge my pray'r
A nobler choice I'd frame,
Than here to be esteemed great,
Or gain an earthly name.

6 But in thy book of life divine,
My God! inscribe my name:
There let it fill some humble place
Beneath the slaughtered Lamb.

646 *Thy eyes shall see the King in his beauty.* Isaiah 33: 17.

JERUSALEM! Jerusalem!
It is not to behold
The glory of thy Jasper-walls,
Thy streets of purest gold;

2 To see the twelve Apostles' names
Upon thy bulwark traced;
Thy gates—each one a solid pearl,
By each an angel placed;

3 The stream of life from 'neath the throne,
Nor yet that throne to see—
That I would pray, "O may my home
Be found at last in thee!"

4 No earthly eye I know hath seen
The glories that are thine;
Nor ear hath heard such strains as rise
From 'mid the host divine.

5 But O! than all thy streets can boast
My eager eyes would see
Jesus, the precious Lamb of God,
Who died to ransom me!

6 "Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
Name ever dear to me,
O may at last my name be found,"
With Christ, my Lord, in thee!

651 *A prospect of heaven.*

LO! I behold the scat'ring shades,
The dawn of heaven appears;
The sweet immortal morning spreads,
Its blushes round the spheres.

2 I see the Lord of glory come,
And flaming guards around;
The skies divide to make him room,
The trumpet shakes the ground!

3 I hear the voice—"ye dead, arise!"
And lo! the graves obey;
And walking saints with joyful eyes,
Salute th' expected day.

4 They leave the dust, and on the wing
Rise to the midway air;
In shining garments meet their King,
And low adore him there.

5 O may our humble spirits stand
Among them clothed in white,
The meanest place at his right hand,
Is infinite delight.

6 How will our joy and wonder rise,
When our returning King,
Shall bear us homeward through the skies,
On love's triumphant wing!

653 *They are safe—we follow.*

PRAISE to the Lord, for they are past,
They are gone safe before;
They've borne the wildest tempest-blast,
And heard the last storm's roar.

2 Mourners they were—they weep not now;
Sick—now they know not pain:
And glory shines on every brow
Of that once feeble train,

3 O blest, and beautiful, and bright,
How fair their white robes gleam!
O to behold the glorious sight,
Without a vail between!

4 Yet once like us with trembling fear,
Their unknown path they viewed;
Now, God has wiped away each tear,
From all that multitude.

5 Shout! they have gained their rest at last,
The port where they would be;
Through adverse gales and tempest's blast,
Their foll'wers still are we.

694 *Early will I seek thee.* Psalm 63: 1.

EARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away;
Without thy cheering grace.

2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink or die.

3 I've seen thy glory and thy power,
Through all thy temples shine:
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine.

4 Thus, till my last expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King:
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

643 CORWIN. 11s.



2 I would not live always, if fettered by sin—
Temptation without and corruption within;
And th' rapture of pardon be mingled with fears,
And th' cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

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

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

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



1 There is a place where my hopes are stayed, My heart and my treasure are there!

CHORUS. That bliss-ful place is my fa-ther-land; By faith its delights I explore;



Where ver-dure and blos-soms nev-er fade, And fields are e - ter-nal - ly fair.

Come, fa - vor my flight, an-gel - ic band, And waft me in peace to the shore.

2 There is a place where the angels dwell—
A pure and a peaceful abode;
The joys of that place no tongue can tell;
For there is the palace of God!
CHO.—That blissful place, &c.

3 There is a place where my friends are gone
Who suffered and worshipped with me;
Exalted with Christ, high on his throne,
The King in his beauty they see.
CHO.—That blissful place. &c.

4 There is a place where I hope to live,
When life and its labors are o'er;
A place which the Lord to me will give,
And then I shall sorrow no more.
CHO.—That blissful place, &c,

For music see page 276.

733

Life transitory and passing. 11*s*.

LIKE mist on the mountain, like ships on the sea,
So swiftly the years of our pilgrimage flee;
In the grave of our fathers how soon we shall lie!
Dear children, to-day to a [dear] Savior fly.

2 How sweet are the flow'rets of April and May!
But often the frost makes them wither away;
Like flowers you may fade!—are you ready to die?
While yet there is room, to a [dear] Savior fly.

3 When Samuel was young he first knew the Lord—
He slept in his smile and rejoiced in his word;
So most of God's children are early brought nigh;
O, seek him in youth—to a [dear] Savior fly!

4 Do you ask me for pleasure? then lean on his breast,
For there the sin laden and weary find rest:
In the valley of death you will triumphing cry—
If this be called dying, 'tis pleasant to die.

645 A HOME IN HEAVEN. 9,10,9,10.



2 A home in heaven! As the suff'rer lies
On his bed of pain, and uplifts his eyes
To that bright home, what a joy is given,
With the blessed thought of his home in heaven!

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

4 A home in heaven! When the faint heart bleeds
By the Spirit's strokes for its evil deeds,
O, then what bliss in that heart forgiven,
Does the hope inspire of a home in heaven!

5 A home in heaven! When our friends are fled
To the cheerless gloom of the moldering dead,
We wait in hope on the promise given—
We will meet up there in our home in heaven.

647 HOME. 11,11,11,11,5,11.

1 Oh where can the soul find relief from its foes? A shel-ter of safe-ty, a

home of re-pose? Can earth's high-est sum-mit, or deep - est hid vale,

CHORUS.

Give a ref - uge, nor sor - row, nor sin can as - sail? No, no!

there's no home! There's no home on earth— the soul has no home.

2 Shall it leave the low earth, and soar to the sky,
And seek for a home in the mansions on high?
In the bright realms of bliss will a dwelling be given,
And the soul find a home in the glory of heaven?
Yes, yes! there's a home!
There's a home in high heaven—the soul has a home.

3 O! holy and sweet its rest shall be there!
Free forever from sin, and from sorrow and care;
And the loud hallelujahs of angels shall rise,
To welcome the soul to its home in the skies
Home, home! home of the soul!
The bosom of God is the home of the soul!

652 *Sweet home.* Phil. 3: 20.

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

2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace!
And thrice precious Jesus, whose love can not cease!
Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold thee in glory, at home,
Home, home, sweet, sweet home, etc,

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

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

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

6 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to shine;
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine;
And in thy dear image arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise thee at home,
Home, home, sweet, sweet home, etc.

662 *The Christian's home.*

AN alien from God and a stranger to grace,
I wander through earth, its gay pleasures to trace;
In the pathway of sin I continue to roam,
Unmindful, alas! that it leads me from home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
O Savior, direct me to heaven, my home.

2 The pleasures of earth I have seen fade away,
They bloom for a season, but soon they decay;
But pleasures more lasting, in Jesus are given—
Salvation on earth, and a mansion in heav'n.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
The saints in those mansions are ever at home.

3 Allure me no longer, ye false glowing charms,
The Savior invites me, I'll go to his arms;
At the banquet of mercy, I hear there is room,
O there may I feast with his children at home!
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
O Jesus, conduct me to heaven, my home!

4 Farewell, vain amusements—my follies, adieu,
While Jesus, and heaven, and glory I view;
I feast on the pleasures that flow from his throne,
The foretaste of heaven, sweet heaven, my home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
O when shall I share the fruition of home!

5 The days of my exile are passing away,
The time is approaching, when Jesus shall say,
Well done, faithful servant, sit down on my throne,
And dwell in my presence for ever at home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
O there I shall rest with the Savior at home.

6 Affliction and sorrow, and death shall be o'er,
The saints shall unite to be parted no more,
Their loud hallelujah fill heaven's high dome,
They dwell with the Savior forever at home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
They dwell with the Savior for ever at home.

REST FOR THE WEARY. 8s & 7s.

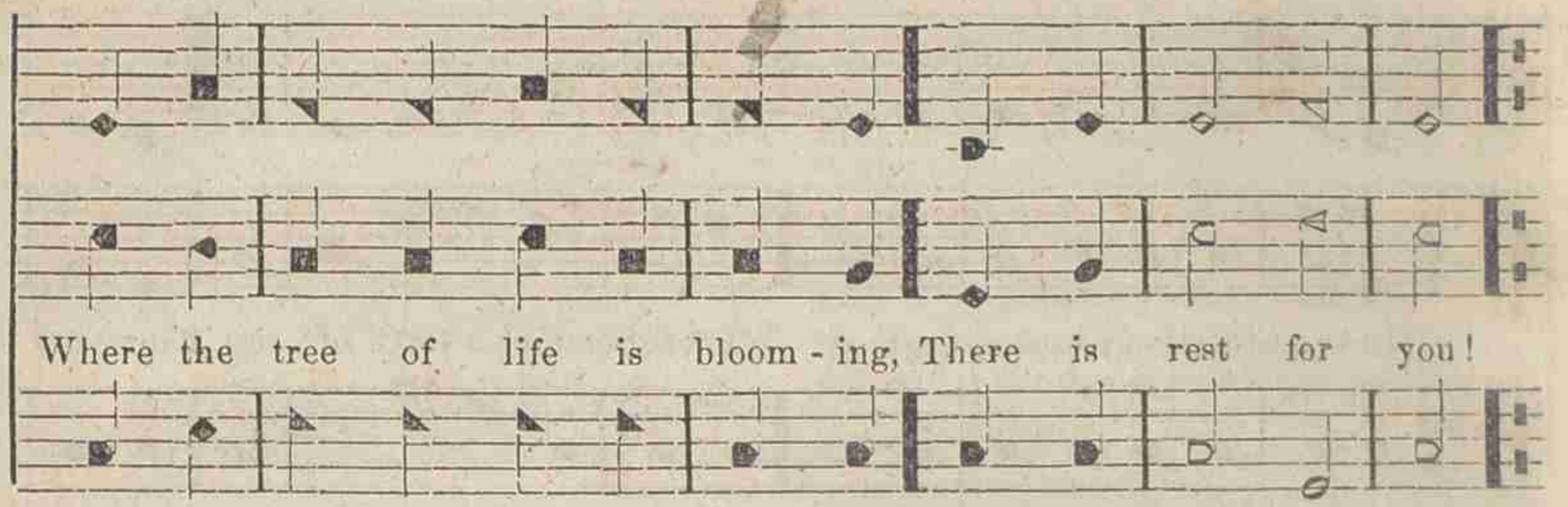
1 In the Christian's home in glo-ry There remains a land of rest, There my

CHORUS.

Sa-vior's gone before me, To ful - fil my soul's re-quest. There is rest for the wea-ry,

There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for you—

On the oth - er side of Jor - dan, In the sweet fields of E - den,



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

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

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.
CHO.—There is rest, &c.

5 Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory,
Shout your triumph as you go;
Zion's gate will open for you,
You shall find an entrance through.
CHO.—There is rest, &c.

649 *See page* 265.
650 *See page* 272.
651 *See page* 275.
652 *See page* 280.
653 *See page* 275.

654 LONG SOUGHT HOME. C. M.



LONG SOUGHT HOME—Continued.

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And perly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3 O, when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths never end?

4 There happier bow'rs than Eden's bloom
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

5 Why should I shrink at pain or woe?
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

6 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there,
Around my Savior stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

---

655 FOREVER WITH THE LORD. S. M.





3 My Father's house on high—
Home of my soul how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye
The golden gates appear!

4 "For ever with the Lord!"
Father, if 'tis thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
E'en here to me fulfill.

5 So when my latest breath
Shall rend the vail in twain,
In death I shall excape from death,
And life eternal gain.

6 Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
"For ever with the Lord."

656 *See page.* 69.

664 *A little while* John. 16: 16.

A FEW more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come;
And we shall lie with them that rest,
Asleep within the tomb.

CHO.—Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day;
O wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

2 A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall be where suns are not,
A far serener clime.

3 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore;
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more.

4 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more.

5 A few more meetings here
Shall cheer us on our way;
And we shall reach the endless rest,
Th' eternal Sabbath day.

682 *Acknowledgment for preserving mercy.*

AND are we yet alive,
And see each other's face?
Glory and praise to Jesus give,
For his Redeeming grace:
Preserved by power divine
To full salvation here,
Again in Jesus' praise we join,
And in his sight appear.

2 What troubles have we seen!
What conflicts have we passed!
Fightings without and fears within,
Since we assembled last;
But out of all the Lord
Hath brought us by his love;
And still he doth his help afford,
And hides our life above.

3 Then let us make our boast
Of this redeeming power,
Which saves us to the uttermost,
Till we can sin no more:
Let us take up the cross,
Till we the crown obtain,
And gladly recon all things loss,
So we may Jesus gain.

699 *Prayer at evening, morning and noon.* Psalm 55: 17.

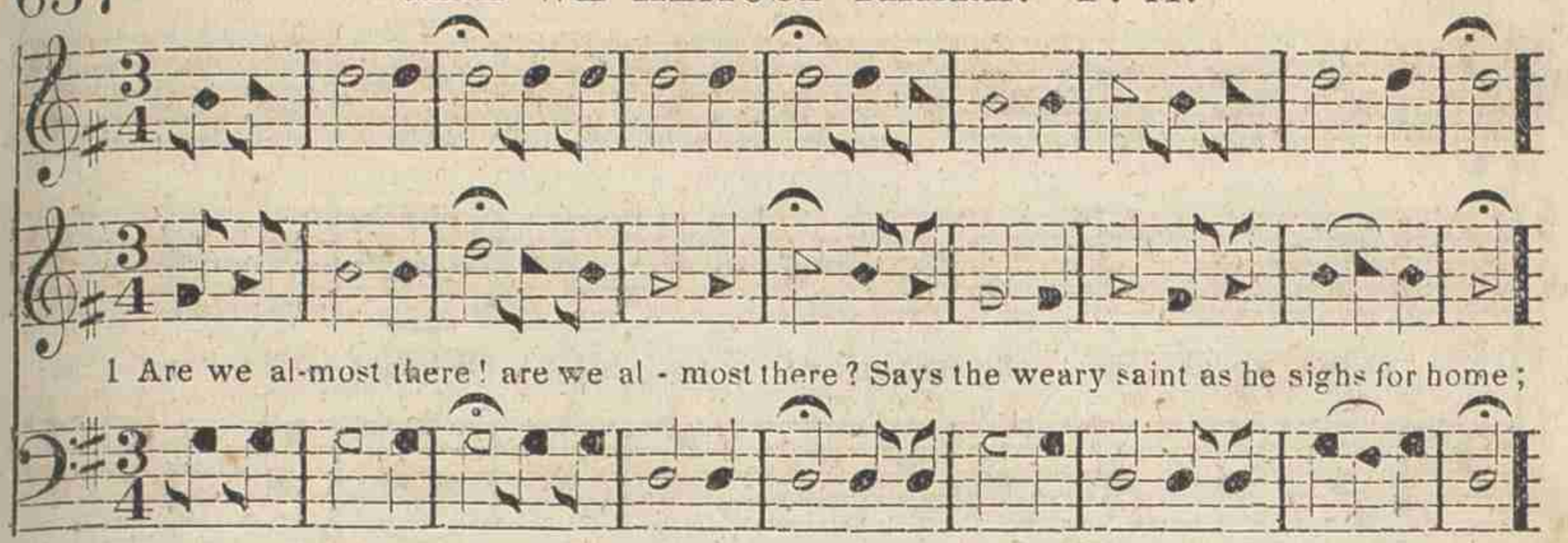
COME to the morning prayer,
Come let us kneel and pray;
Prayer is the Christian pilgrim's staff
To walk with God all day.

2 At noon beneath the Rock
Of Ages rest and pray;
Sweet is that shadow from the heat
When the sun smites by day.

3 At eve, shut to the door.
Round the home alter pray,
And finding there "the house of God,"
At "heaven's gate" close the day.

4 When midnight seals our eyes,
Let each in spirit say,
"I sleep, but my heart waketh, Lord,
With thee to watch and pray.

657 ARE WE ALMOST THERE. P. M.





2 Then he talks of the flowers, 'th unsullied stream,
That flows through the paradise of God;
And he longs to wake from life's troubled dream,
To walk those golden streets abroad.

3 He's weary and sick of this world's rude strife,
And pants for a holy, peaceful clime;
To glow with the vigor of endless life,
And be compassed no more by the bounds of time.

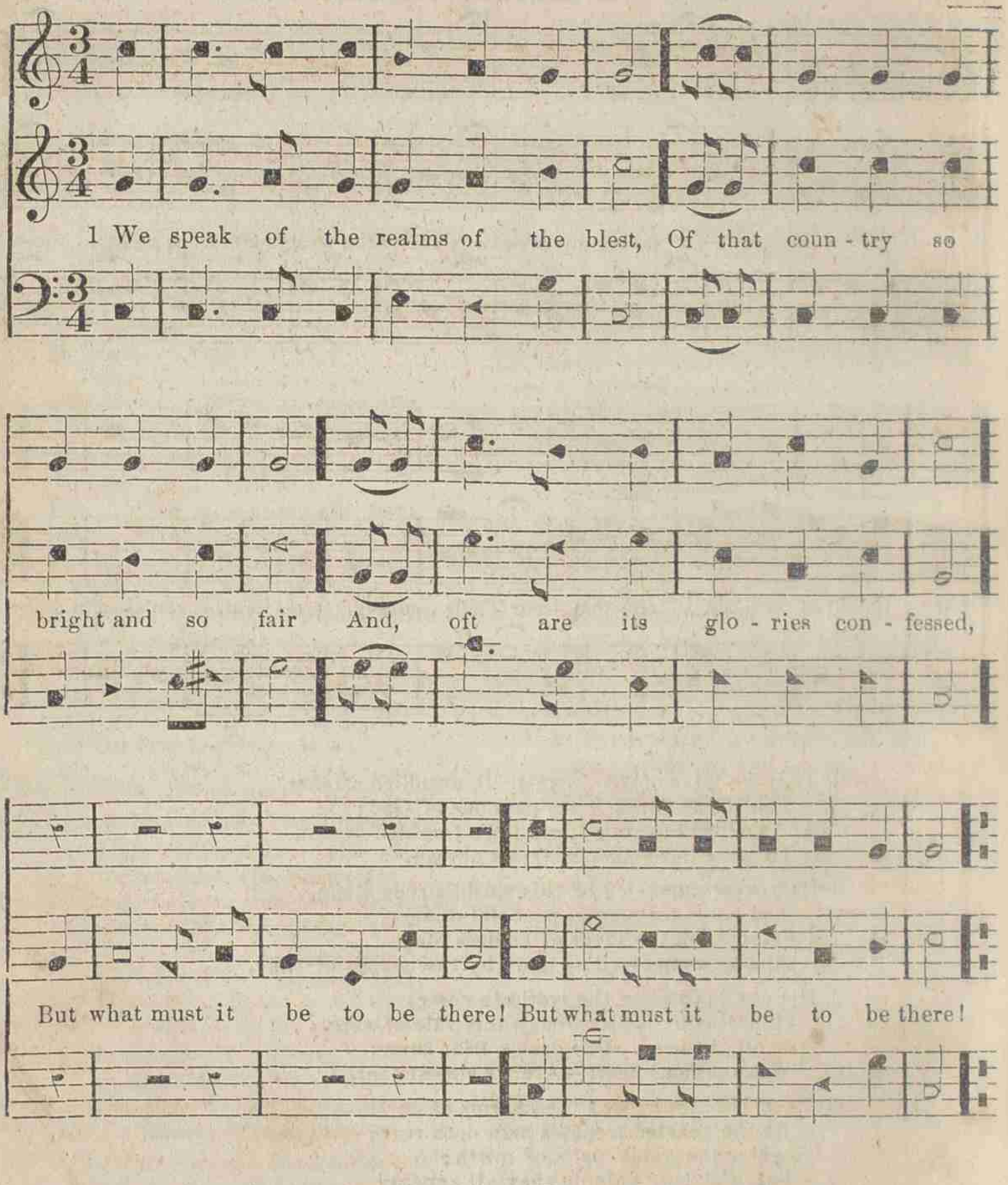
4 His eye is fixed on the world to come,
He walks by faith through this vale of care,
And oft inquires, as he draws near home,
With anxious heart—Are we almost there?

5 They bid him look at the charms of earth,
At the boasted trophies man doth rear;
To enter the giddy halls of mirth;
But, ah! how vain do they all appear!

6 For he's had an earnest of those joys
Which the righteous alone can ever share;
He turns with contempt from these earthly toys,
And fervently asks—Are we almost there?

7 He is waiting to hear the trumpet sound,
And to meet his Savior in the air!
The day-star dawns—soon, with joyous bound,
He can say indeed—We are almost there!

IOWA. 8s.



2 We speak of its pathways of gold—
Its walls, decked with jewels so rare—
Its wonders and pleasures untold;
But what must it be to be there?

3 We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care—
From trials without and within:
But what must it be to be there?

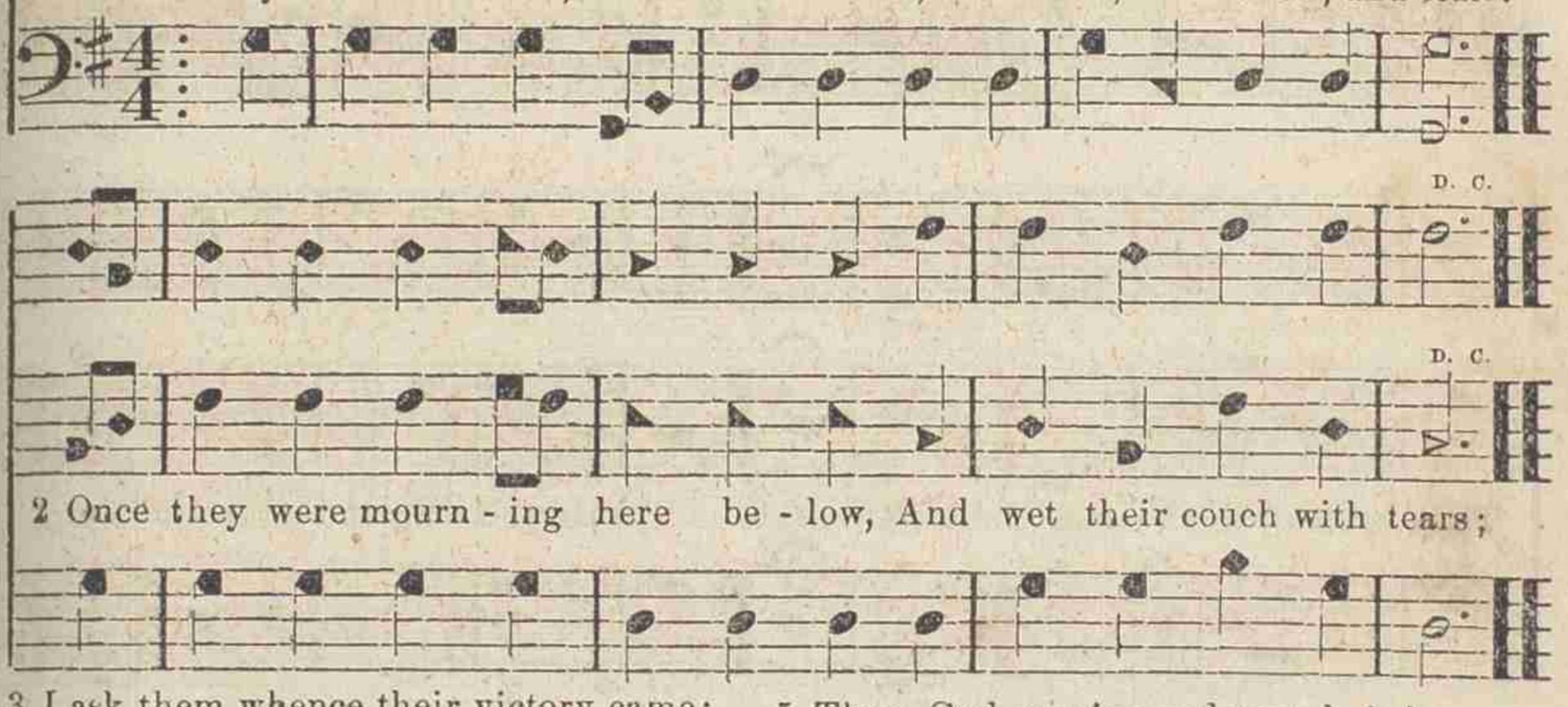
4 We speak of its service of love—
The robes which the glorified wear—
The church of the first-born above:
But what must it be to be there?

5 O Lord, amidst gladness or woe,
For heaven our spirits prepare;
And shortly we also shall know,
And feel what it is to be there.

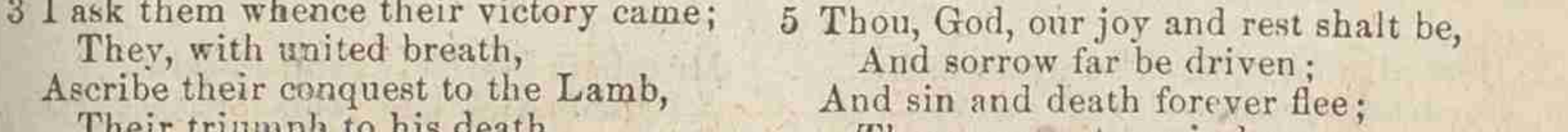
659 SOLON. C. M.



1 Give me the wings of faith to rise With-in the vail, and see
The saints a - bove—how great their joys! How bright their glories be!
D. C. They wres-tled hard, as we do now, With sins, and doubts, and fears.



2 Once they were mourn - ing here be - low, And wet their couch with tears;



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 Lord,
Possess the promised rest.

5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For his own pattern given,
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

660 *No tears in heaven.* Rev. 21: 4.

WHAT, if our bark, o'er life's rough wave,
By adverse winds be driven, [rave,
And howling tempests round us
There are no tears in heaven.

2 What, though affliction be our lot,
Our hearts with anguish riven!
Still, let it never be forgot—
There are no tears in heaven.

3 Our sweetest joys here vanish all,
And fade like hues at even;
Our brightest hopes like meteors fall—
There are no tears in heaven.

4 The mourner sad, who, drowned in grief,
Hath long in sorrow striven,
Shall find, at last, a sweet relief—
Tears wiped away in heaven.

5 Thou, God, our joy and rest shalt be,
And sorrow far be driven;
And sin and death forever flee;
There are no tears in heaven.

6 There, from the blooming tree of life
The healing fruit is given;
There, there, shall cease the painful strife;
There are no tears in heaven.

661 *See page* 272.

662 *See page* 280.

708 *A review at the close of the day.*

THOU Sovereign, let my evening song
Like holy incense rise;
Assist the offerings of my tongue
To reach the lofty skies.

2 Through all the dangers of the day,
Thy hand was still my guard,
And still to drive my wants away,
Thy mercy stood prepared.

3 Perpetual blessings from above,
Encompass me around;
But, O, how few returns of love
Hath my Creator found!

4 Sprinkled afresh with pardoning blood,
I lay me down to rest,
As in th' embraces of my God,
Or on my Savior's breast.

663 THE NEW SONG. L. M.



2 Here all who suffered sword or flame
For truth, or Jesus' lovely name,
Shout victory now, and hail the Lamb,
And bow before the great I AM.

3 While everlasting ages roll,
Eternal love shall feast their soul,
And scenes of bliss for ever new
Rise in succession to their view.

4 O sweet employ to sing and trace
Th' amazing hights and depths of grace;
And spend, from sin and sorrow free,
A blissful, vast eternity!

5 O what a sweet exalted song,
When every tribe and every tongue,
Redeemed by blood, with Christ appear,
And joined in one full chorus there!

6 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.

672 *Heavenly places in Christ.* Eph. 1 : 3.

HEAVEN is a place of rest from sin,
But all who hope to enter there,
Must here that holy course begin,
Which shall their souls for rest prepare.

2 Clean hearts, O God, in us create,
Right spirits, Lord, in us renew,
Commence we now that higher state,
Now do thy will as angels do.

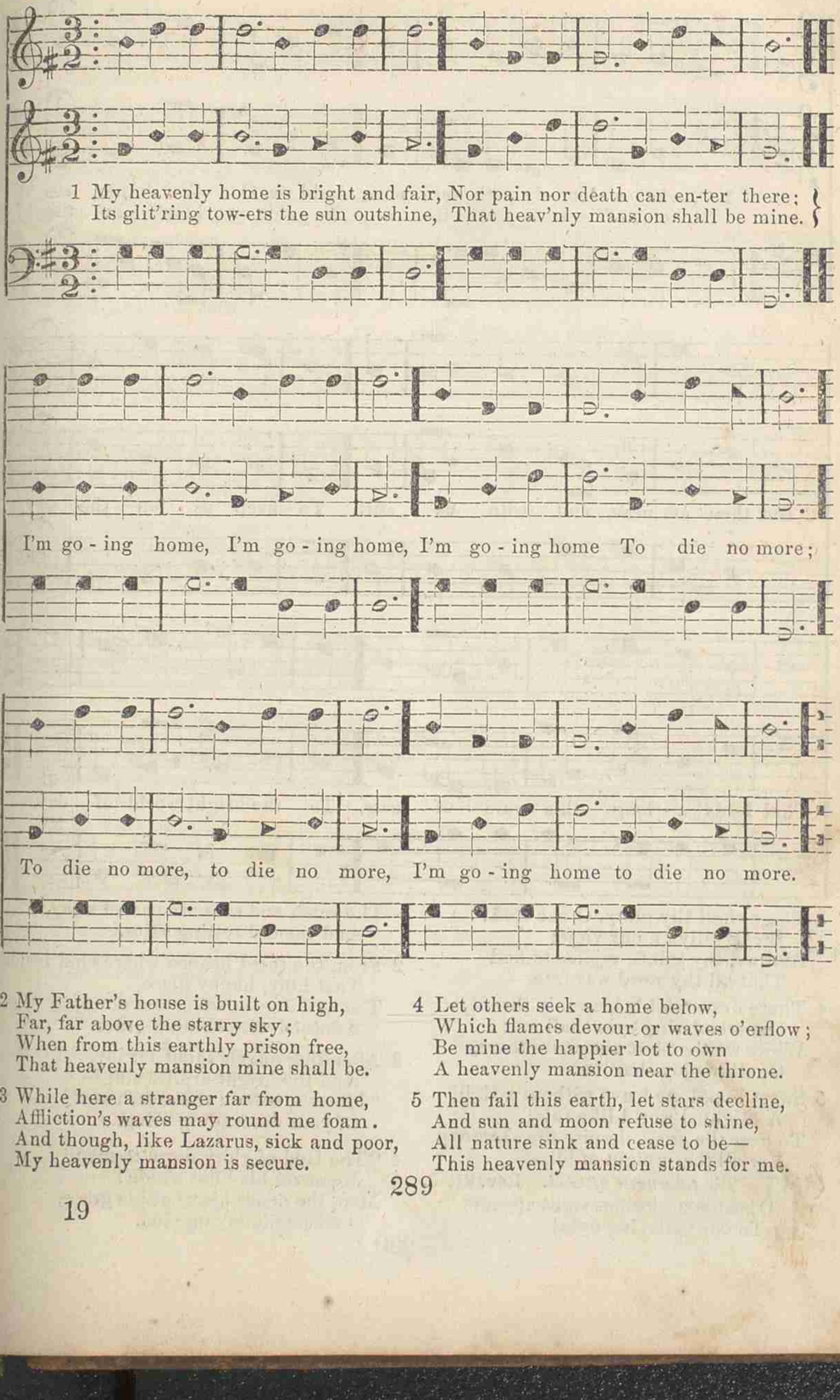
3 A life in heaven! O what is this!
The sum of all that faith believed;
Fulness of joy and depth of bliss,
Unseen, unfathomed, unconceived.

4 While thrones, dominions, princedoms, powers,
And saints made perfect, triumph thus,
A goodly heritage is ours,
There is a heaven on earth for us.

5 The church of Christ, the school of grace,
The Spirit teaching by the word;
In those our Savior's steps we trace,
By this his living voice is heard.

6 Firm in his footsteps may we tread,
Learn every lesson of his love,
And we from grace to glory led,
From heaven below, to heaven above.

MY HEAVENLY HOME. L. M.



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

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

4 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour or waves o'erflow;
Be mine the happier lot to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.

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



3 There shall thy glory, O our God!
Break fully on our view;
And we, thy saints, rejoice to find
That all thy word was true.

4 There Jesus on his heavenly throne,
Our wondering eyes shall see;
While we the blest associates there,
Of all his joy shall be.

5 Sweet hope! we leave without a sigh
A blighted world like this;
To bear the cross, despise the shame,
For all that weight of bliss.

667 *The tabernacle of God.* Rev. 21: 3.

LO! what a glorious sight appears
To our believing eyes!
The earth and seas are passed away,
And the old rolling skies.

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 kind 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 Savior, O how long
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

668 *A prospect of heaven, etc.* Deut. 34: 5.

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

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-with'ring flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
That heavenly land from ours.

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

4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger shiv'ring on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 O, could we make our doubts remove—
These gloomy doubts that rise—
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes;

6 Could we but clime where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er— [flood,
Not Jordan's streams, nor death's cold
Could fright us from the shore.

669 *Your redemption draweth nigh.* Luke 21: 28.

YE weary, heavy-laden souls,
Who are oppressed sore,
Ye trav'lers through the wilderness,
To Canaan's peaceful shore;
Through chilling winds, and beating rain,
And waters deep and cold,
And enemies surrounding you,
Take courage and be bold!

2 For Canaan's land is just before,
Sweet spring is coming on;
A few more beating winds and rains,
And winter will be gone.
Methinks I now begin to see
The borders of that land;
The trees of life, with heavenly fruit,
In beauteous order stand.

3 O what a glorious sight appears
To my believing eyes;
Methinks I see Jerusalem,
A city in the skies:
Bright angels whispering me away—
"O come, my brother, come!"
And I am willing to be gone
To my eternal home.

724 *The happy home.*

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 want to rise;
Where parents love the sacred word,
And live but for the skies.

4 Lord! let us in our homes agree,
This blessed peace to gain;
Unite our hearts in love to thee,
And love to all will reign.

725 *A prayer for the aged.* Psalm 71: 9.

GOD of my childhood, and my youth,
The guide of all my days,
I have declared thy heavenly truth,
And told thy wondrous ways.

2 Wilt thou forsake my hoary hairs,
And leave my fainting heart?
Who shall sustain my sinking years,
If God, my Strength, depart?

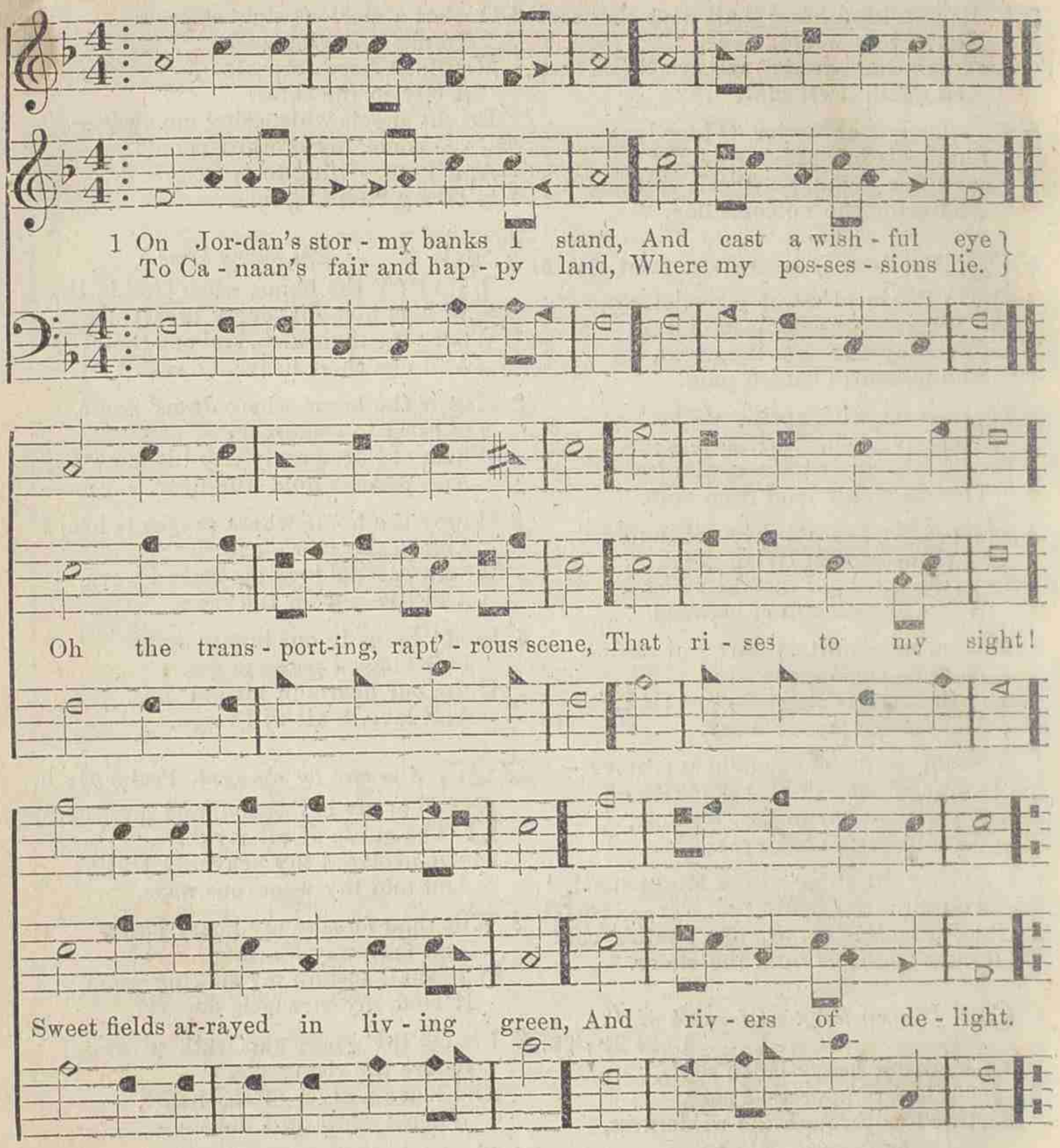
3 Let me thy power and truth proclaim
Before the rising age.
And leave a savor of thy name,
When I shall quit the stage.

4 The land of silence and of death
Attend my next remove;
O may these poor remains of breath
Teach the wild world thy love!

5 By long experience have I known
Thy sovereign power to save;
At thy command I venture down
Securely to the grave.

6 When I lie buried deep in dust,
My flesh shall be thy care;
These withered limbs with thee I trust,
To raise them strong and fair.

SWEET RIVERS. C. M.



3 There generous fruits that never fail,
On trees immortal grow;
There rocks and hills, and brooks and vales,
With milk and honey flow.

4 All o'er those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son for ever reigns
And scatters night away.

5 No chilling winds, nor pois'nous breath
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

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

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

685 *Unity and love.*

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 O may we ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside,
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified.

4 Closer and closer let us cleave
To his beloved embrace,
Expect his fulness to receive,
And grace to answer grace.

5 Partakers of the Savior's grace,
The same in mind and heart;
Nor joy nor grief, nor time nor place,
Nor life nor death can part.

6 But let us hasten to the day
Which shall our flesh restore;
When death shall all be done away,
And bodies part no more.

700 *Morning hymn.*

ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes my waking eyes;
Once more my voice, thy tribute pay,
To him who rules the skies.

2 Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound,
Wide as the heaven, on whichhe sits,
To turn the seasons round.

3 'T is he supports my mortal frame,
My tongue shall speak his praise:
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.

4 On a poor worm thy power might tread,
And I could ne'er withstand;
Thy justice might have crushed me dead
But mercy held thy hand.

5 A thousand wretched souls are fled,
Since the last setting sun,
And yet thou length'nest out my thread,
And yet my moments run.

6 Dear God, let all my hours be thine,
Whilst I enjoy the light;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a pleasant night.

721 *Parents' concern for their children.*

THOU, who a tender parent art,
Regard a parent's plea;
My offspring, with an anxious heart,
I now commend to thee.

2 My children are my greatest care—
A charge which thou hast given,
In all thy graces let them share,
And all the joys of heaven.

3 On me thou hast bestowed thy grace,
Be to my children kind;
Among thy saints give them a place,
And leave not one behind.

4 Happy we then shall live below,
The remnant of our days;
And when to brighter worlds we go,
Shall all resound thy praise.

730 *Early instructions.*

HOW happy are the young who hear
Instruction's warning voice:
And who celestial wisdom make
Their early, only choice.

2 For she has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold;
And her rewards more precious are
Than all their stores of gold.

3 She guides the young with innocence
In pleasure's path to tread;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the aged head.

4 According as her labors rise,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

772 *Where the Dove is to be found.*

O TELL me where the dove is flown
To build her downy nest,
And I will search the world around,
To win her to my breast.

2 I sought her in the rosy bower
Where pleasure holds her reign;
Where fancy flies from flower to flower,
But there I sought in vain.

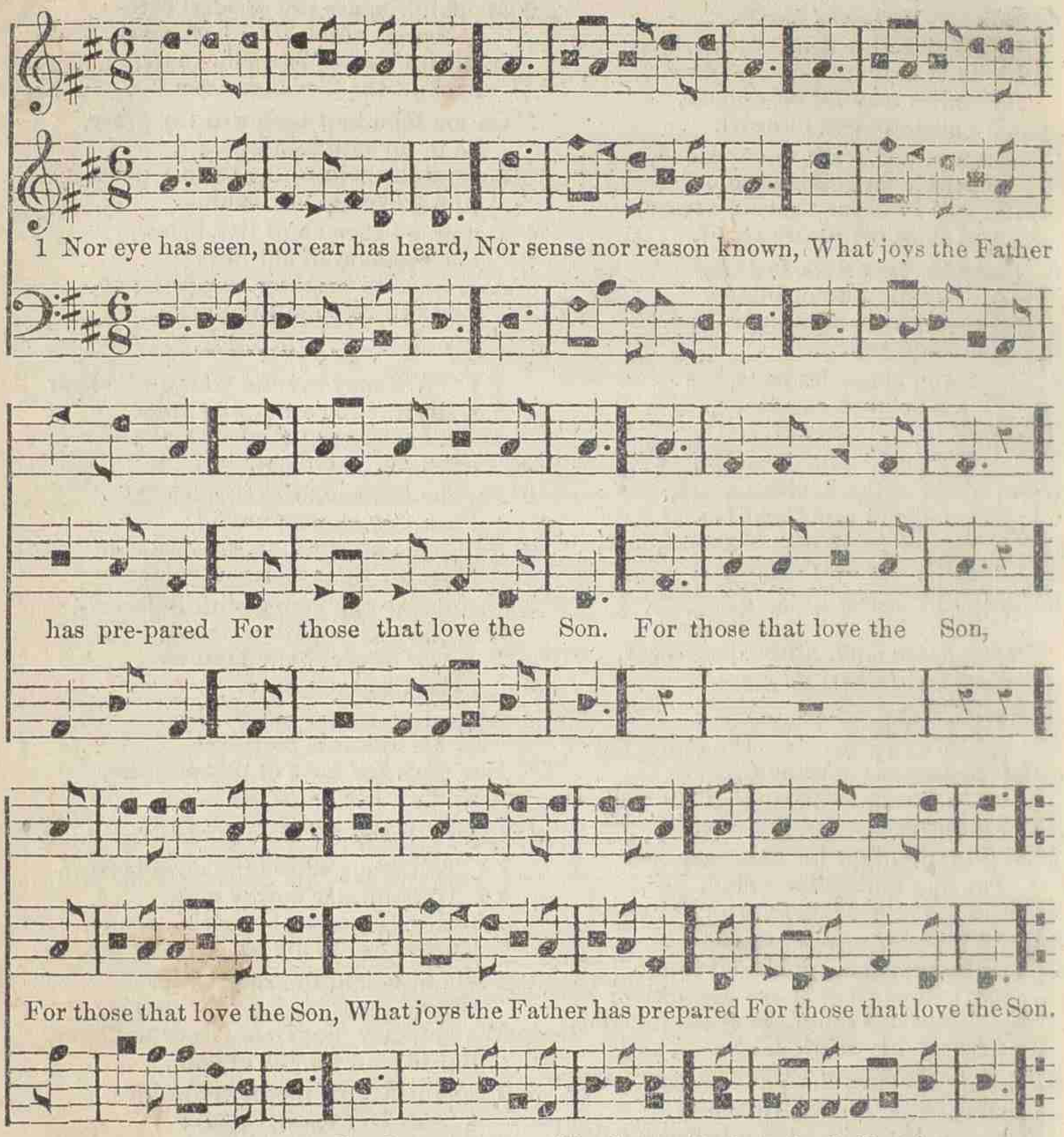
3 I sought her in the bower of love,
I knew her tender heart;
But she had flown—that peaceful dove
Had felt the traitor's dart.

4 Upon ambition's craggy hill
I thought this bird might stray,
And there I sought, but vainly still;
She never flew that way.

5 Faith smiled and shed the tender tear,
To see me search around,
And whispered, "I can tell thee where
The dove may yet be found.

6 In meek religion's humble cot,
She built her downy nest:
Go, seek that sweet secluded spot,
And win her to thy breast."

671 HEAVENLY PROSPECT. C. M.



2 But the good spirit of the Lord,
Reveals a heaven to come;
The beams of glory in his word,
Allure and guide us home.

3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace;
No wanton lips, nor envious eye
Can see or taste the bliss.

4 Those holy gates forever bar
Pollution, sin and shame;
None shall obtain admittance there,
But followers of the Lamb.

5 He keeps the Father's book of life,
There all their names are found;
The hypocrite in vain shall strive
To tread the heavenly ground.

672 *See page* 288.
673 *See page* 179.
674 *See page* 237.

676 *A rest for God's people.* Heb. 4: 9.

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

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

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

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

5 I would be thine, thou knowest I would,
And have thee all my own;
Thee, O my all-sufficient good,
I want, and thee alone.

6 Thy name to me, thy nature grant!
This— only this be given—
Nothing beside my God I want
Nothing in earth or heaven.

679 *Thanks rendered, etc.*

COME, let us strike our harps afresh
To great Jehovah's name;
Sweet be the accents of our tongues
When we his love proclaim.

2 'Twas by his bidding we were called
In pain a while to part;
'Tis by his care we meet again,
And gladness fills our heart.

3 Blest be the hand that has preserved
Our feet from every snare,
And bless the goodness of the Lord,
Which to this hour we share.

4 O, may the Spirit's quickening power
Now sanctify our joy,
And warm our zeal in works of love,
Our talents to employ.

5 Fast, fast our minutes fly away;
Soon shall our wand'rings cease;
Then with our Father we shall dwell
A family of peace.

684 *Upon the closing of a series of services.*

NOW, brethren, to your homes repair;
And as you pass along,
Employ your hearts in humble prayer,
And raise the cheerful song.

2 Praise God for what your ears have heard,
For what your eyes have seen;
Praise him for what has here occured—
For all you feel within

3 Improve the strength you here have gain'd,
To do God's holy will;
Improve the knowledge here attained,
To love and serve him still.

4 Let not the world have cause to say
You've served your God for nought;
But grow in grace, from day to day,
As you have here been taught.

5 Farewell—and to your homes repair;
And as you pass along,
Employ your hearts in humble prayer,
And raise to God a song.

697 *A morning prayer.* Psalm 5: 3.

LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye.

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there,
I will frequent thine holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

5 O may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness;
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

705 *The evening sacrifice.*

NOW from the alter of my heart,
Let incense flames arise;
Assist me, Lord, to offer up,
My evening sacrifice.

2 This day was God my sun and shield,
My keeper and my guide.
His tender care o'er me was shown,
His mercies multiplied.

3 Minutes and mercies multiplied,
Have made up all this day;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More fleet and free than they.

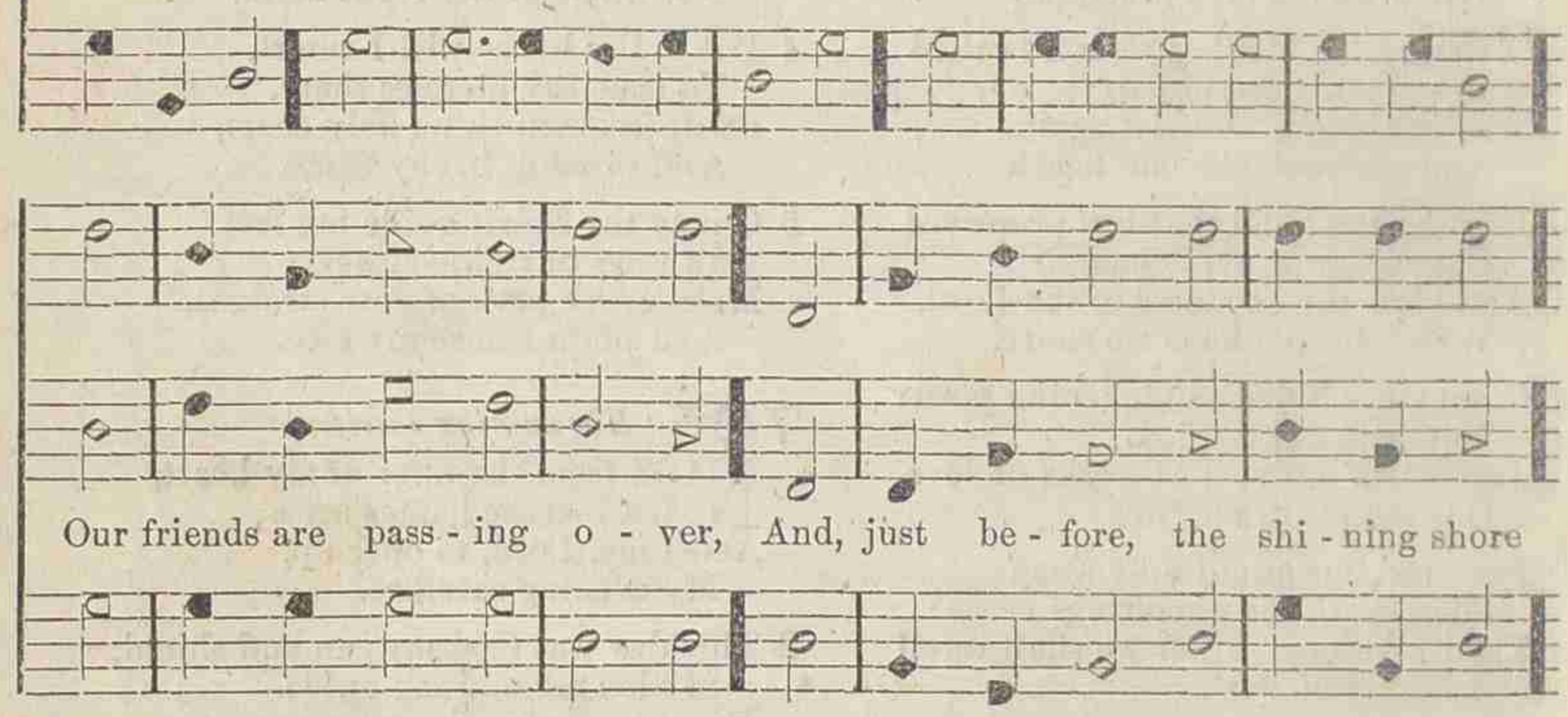
4 New time, new favor, and new joys,
New songs of praise require;
Till I shall praise thee as I would,
Accept my heart's desire.

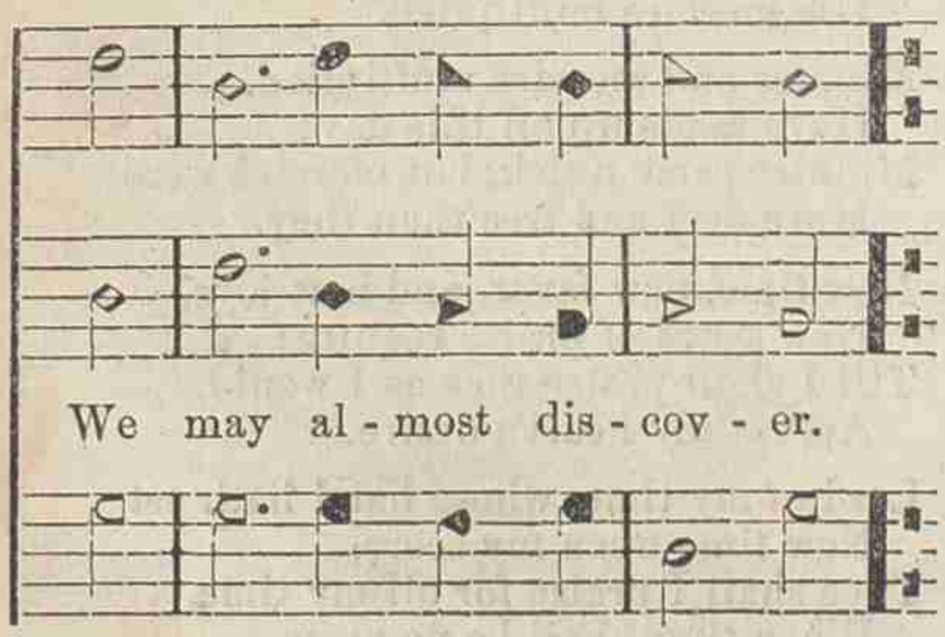
5 Lord of my time, whose hand hath set
New time upon my score,
Thee shall I praise for all my time,
When time shall be no more.

THE SHINING SHORE. 8s & 7s.









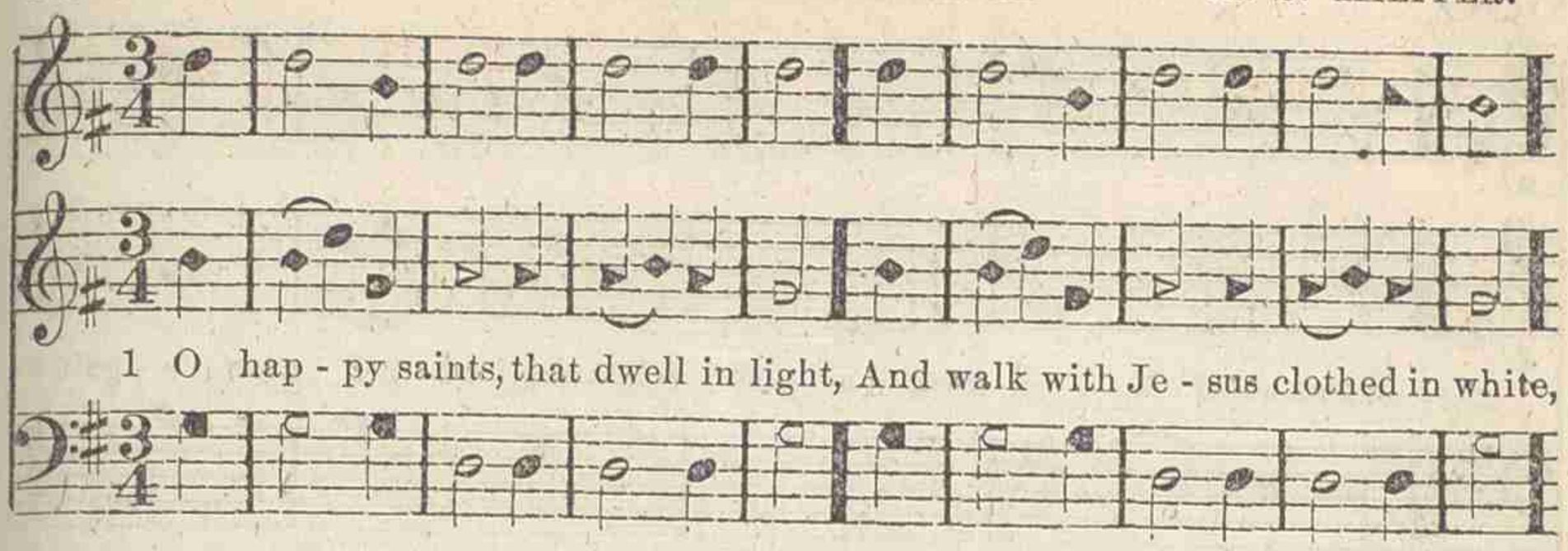
2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our heavenly home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.
Cho.—For now we stand, &c.

3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest naught can molest
Where golden harps are ringing.
Cho.—For now we stand, &c.

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each chord on earth to sever,
Our King says come, and there's our home,
For ever! O, forever!
Cho.—For now we stand, &c.

676 *See page* 249.

677 PEACEFUL SHORE. L. M. A. S. KIEFFER.



2 Released from sorrow, sin and strife,
Death was the gate to endless life,
And now they range the heavenly plains,
And sing his love in melting strains.

3 They gaze upon his beauteous face,
And tell the wonders of his grace;
Or, overwhelmed with raptures sweet,
Sink down, adoring at his feet,

4 Ah, Lord! with faltering steps I creep,
And sometimes sing, and sometimes weep;
When shall I wake in heaven, to prove
The hights and depths of Jesus' love?

678 *See page* 231.

679 *See page* 295.

707 *One day's journey less.*

NOW one day's journey less divides
Me from the world where God resides;
If I have walked by faith, in fear,
A stranger and a pilgrim here.

2 I've one day less my watch to keep,
My foes to fear, my falls to weep;
I've one day less to see within
Conflict, defeat, remorse, and sin.

3 And O, reflect, my fainting soul,
Thou'rt one stage nearer to the goal,
Thou'rt one stage nearer to the shore,
Where thou wilt grieve for sin no more.

4 If the sweet presence of thy God
To-day has cheered and blest thy road,
Think what must be that glorious place
Where he will never hide his face.

710 *Evening hymn.*

THUS far the Lord hath 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,
He 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 In vain the sons of earth or hell
Tell me a thousand frightful things—
My God in safety makes me dwell,
Beneath the shadow of his wings.

5 Faith in his name forbids my fear:
O may thy presence ne'er depart;
And in the morning make me hear
The love and kindness of thy heart.

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



2 Though in distant lands we sigh,
Parched beneath the hostile sky;
Though the deep between us rolls,
Friendship shall unite our souls;
And in faith's well-known domain,
Within the vail we'll meet again.

3 When the dreams of life are fled,
When its wasted lamps are dead,
When in cold oblivion's shade,
Beauty, wealth, and fame are laid—
Where immortal spirits reign,
There may we all meet again.

298

681 UNITY. 6s & 5s.



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

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

682 *See page* 284.

683 PARTING HAND. L. M.



1 My dearest friends, in bonds of love, Our hearts in sweetest union prove,
Your friendship's like a drawing band, Yet we must take the parting hand.
D. C. And when I see that we must part, You draw like chords around my heart.



Your pres-ence sweet, your union dear, Your words delightful to my ear;

2 How sweet the hours have passed away,
When we have met to sing and pray,
How loath I've been to leave the place
Where Jesus shows his smiling face.
O could I stay with friends so kind,
How would it cheer my struggling mind!
But duty makes me understand,
That we must take the parting hand.

3 And since it is God's holy will,
We must be parted for a while,
In sweet submission all in one,
We'll say our Father's will be done.
Dear fellow-youth in Christian ties,
Who seek for mansions in the skies:
Fight on, you'll win the happy shore,
Where parting hands are known no more.

4 How oft I've seen the flowing tears,
And heard you tell your hopes and fears;
Your hearts with love have seem'd to flame,
Which makes me hope we'll meet again.
Ye mourning souls, in sad surprise,
Jesus remembers all your cries;
O taste his grace, in all that land
We'll no more take the parting hand.

684 *See page* 295.

685 *See page* 293.

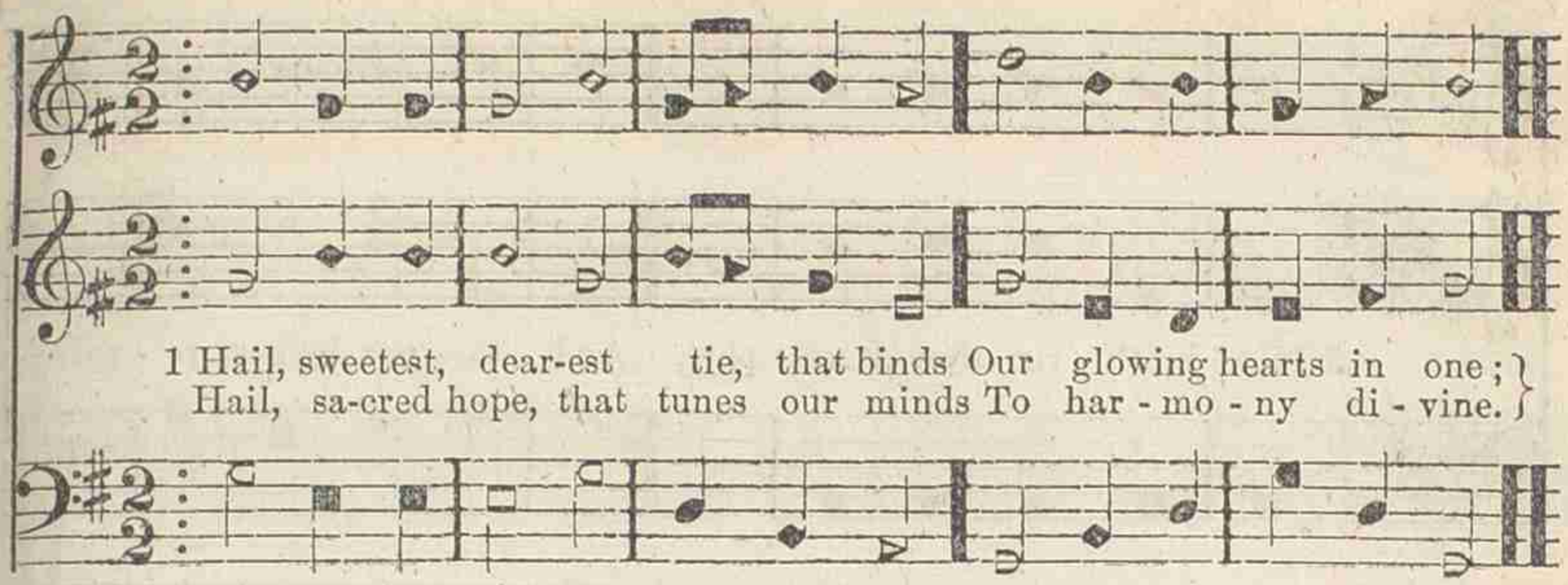
696 *A morning invocation.*

AWAKE my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run!
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise,
To pay the morning sacrifice!

2 Redeem thy mis-spent time that's past,
And live this day as 't were thy last;
T' improve thy talents take due care,
'Gainst the great day thyself prepare!

3 Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noonday clear!
Think how th' all-seeing God thy ways
And every secret thought surveys.

4 Glory to God, who safe hath kept,
And hath refreshed me while I slept,
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

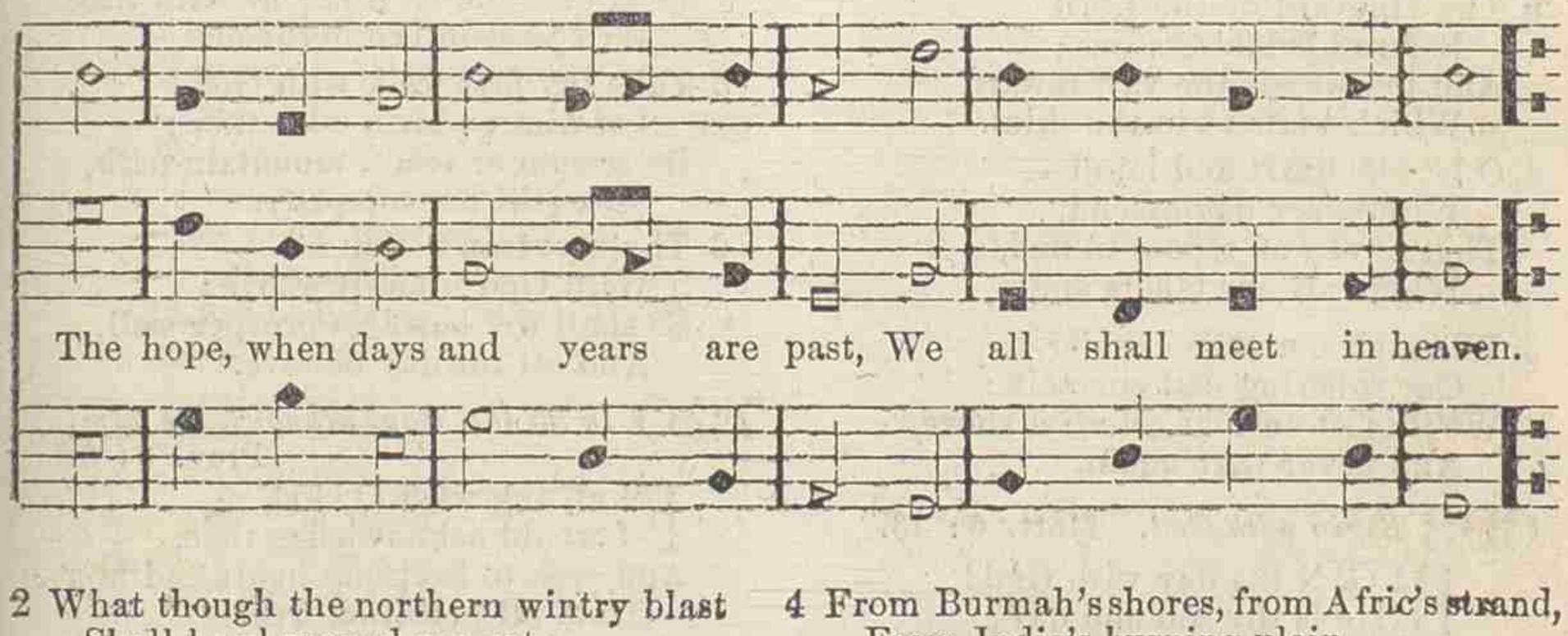


1 Hail, sweetest, dear-est tie, that binds Our glowing hearts in one;
Hail, sa-cred hope, that tunes our minds To har - mo - ny di - vine.

CHORUS.



It is the hope, the bliss - ful hope, Which Je - sus' 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.

3 From eastern shores, from northern lands,
From western hill and plain,
From southern climes, the brother-bands
May hope to meet again.

4 From Burmah's shores, from Afric's strand,
From India's burning plain,
From Europe, from Columbia's land,
We hope to meet again.

5 No lingering look, nor parting sigh.
Our future meeting knows;
There friendship beams from every eye,
And love immortal glows.

687 *See page* 267.

688 LAKE ENON. S. M.



2 O let us still proceed
In Jesus' work below;
And foll'wing our triumphant Head,
To further conquests go.

3 The vineyard of the Lord
Before his lab'rers lies;
And lo! we see the vast reward
Which waits us in the skies.

4 O let our heart and mind
With every day ascend,
That haven of repose to find,
Where all our labors end.

5 When all our toils are o'er,
Our suffering and our pain:
We'll meet on that celestial shore,
And never part again.

693 *Begin with God.* Matt. 6: 33.

BEGIN the day with God!
He is thy son and day;
His is the radiance of thy dawn,
To him address thy lay.

2 Look up, beyond these clouds!
Thither thy pathway lies;
Mount up, away, and linger not,
Thy goal is yonder skies.

3 Cast every weight aside!
Do battle with each sin;
Fight with the faithless world without,
The faithless heart within.

4 Take thy first meal with God!
He is thy heavenly food;
Feed *with* and *on* him; he with thee
Will feast in brotherhood.

5 Take thy first walk with God!
Let him go forth with thee;
By stream or sea or mountain-path,
Seek still his company.

6 Thy first transaction be
With God himself above;
So shall thy business prosper well,
And all the day be love.

720 *In all thy ways acknowledge him.* Prov. 3: 6.

IN all thy 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.

689 GREENWOOD. 8s, 7s & 4.



2 Jesus, pardon all our follies,
While together we have been;
Make us humble, make us holy,
Cleanse us all from every sin!
Farewell brethren, farewell sisters,
Till we all shall meet again.

3 May thy blessing, Lord, go with us,
To each one's respective home,
And the presence of our Jesus,
Rest upon us every one!
Farewell brethren, farewell sisters,
Till we all shall meet at home.

690 *See page* 270.
691 " " 141.
692 " " 273.
693 " " 302.
694 " " 275.
695 " " 266.
696 " " 300.
697 " " 295.

702 *The safety of the righteous, etc.* Job 5 : 19–21.

SAVIOR, breath an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save and thou canst heal.

2 Though destructions 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,
Watches where thy people be.

4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And command us to the tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in bright, eternal bloom.

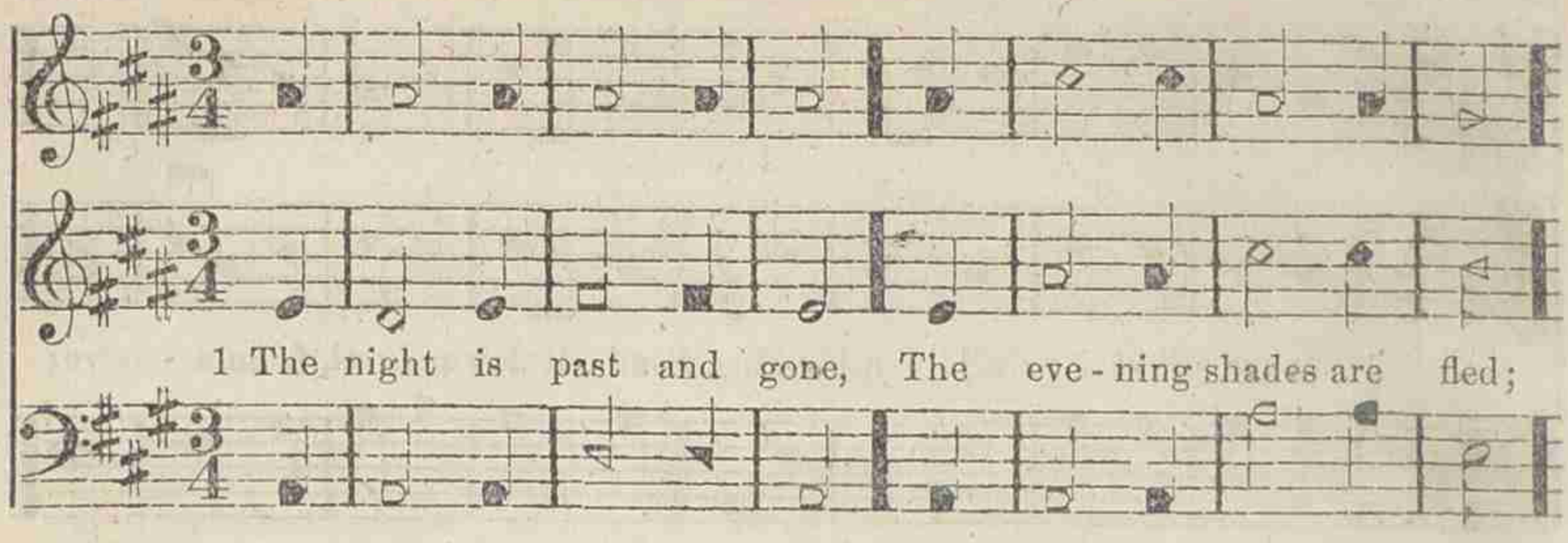
756 *Autumn.* Eccl. 11 : 9.

SEE the leaves around us falling
Dry and withered to the ground,
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
In a sad and solemn sound—

2 "Youth, on length of days presuming,
Who the paths of pleasure tread,
View us, late in beauty blooming,
Numbered now among the dead.

3 "What though yet no losses grieve you—
Gay with health and many a grace;
Let not cloudless skies deceive you;
Summer gives the autumn place."

4 On the tree of life eternal
Let our highest hopes be stayed:
This alone for ever vernal,
Bears a leaf that shall not fade.





2 We put our garments on,
Our labor to pursue;
So in the resurrection morn
Saints shall be clothed anew.

3 Lord, keep us safe this day,
Support us by thine arm;
May angels guard us on our way,
Secure from every harm.

4 Now may we all as one
The Christian course pursue;
And with new strength and courage run
To win the prize in view.

5 And when our nights are past,
And time bears us away,
May we possess a crown of life
In an eternal day.

699 *See page* 284.
700 *See page* 293.
701 *See page* 195.
702 *See page* 303.
703 *See Index.*

713 *Thoughts suggested by evening.*

THE day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear,
O may we all remember well,
The night of death draws near.

2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest.
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what we here possess.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

4 And if we early rise,
And view th' unwearied sun;
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run!

5 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
O may we in thy bosom rest—
The bosom of thy love!

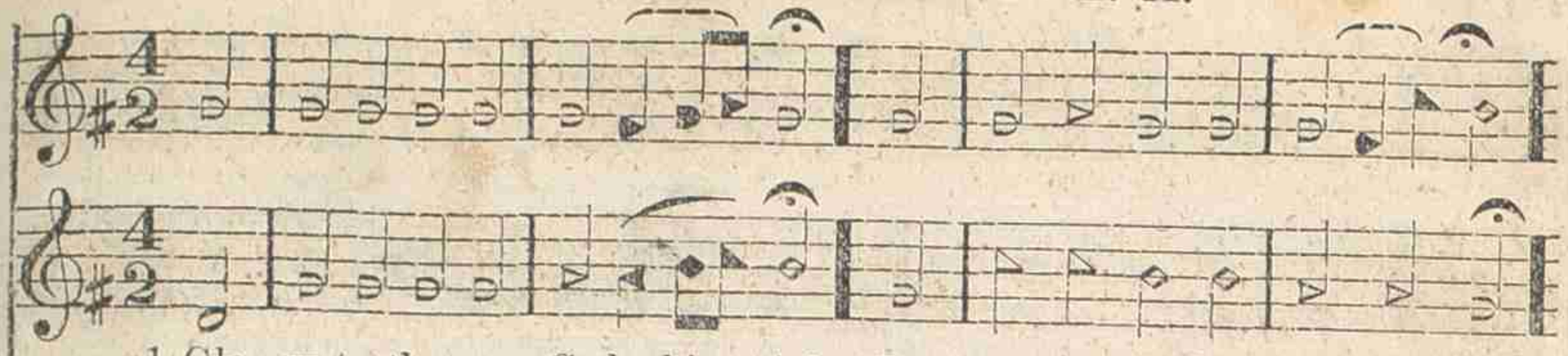
805 *Christ, the way, etc.*

I AM, saith Christ, the way;
Now if we credit him,
All other paths must lead astray,
How fair soe'er they seem.

2 I am, saith Christ, the truth;
Then all that lacks this test,
Proceed it from an angel's mouth,
Is but a lie at best.

3 I am, saith Christ, the life;
Let this be seen by faith,
It follows without further strife,
That all besides is death.

4 If what those words aver,
The Holy Ghost apply,
The simplest Christian shall not err,
Nor be deceived, nor die.



1 Glo - ry to thee, my God, this night, For all the blessings of the light:



Keep me, O keep me, King of kings, un - der thine own al - migh - ty wings.



2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
Whatever ills this day I've done,
That with the world, myself and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread,
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Triumphant rise at the last day.

4 O may my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep my eye-lids close,
Sleep that may me more vigorous make,
To serve my God when I awake.

5 Let my blest guardian, while I sleep;
Close to my bed, his vigils keep;
Let no vain dreams disturb my rest,
Nor powers of darkness me molest.

705 *See page* 295.
706 " " 264.
707 " " 297.
708 " " 287.

709 *Thy sleep shall be sweet.* Prov. 3 : 24.

SLEEP! drowsy sleep! come close mine eyes,
Tired with beholding vanities;
Sweet slumbers, come, and chase away
The toils and follies of the day.

2 On your soft bosom will I lie,
Forget the world, and learn to die.
O, Israel's watchful Shepherd! spread
Tents of angels round my bed;

3 Let not the spirits of the air,
While I slumber, me ensnare;
But save thy suppliant free from harms,
Clasped in thine everlasting arms.

4 Clouds and thick darkness are thy throne,
Thy wonderful pavilion;
O! dart from thence a shining ray,
And then my midnight shall be day!

5 Thus when the morn in crimson dressed,
Breaks through the windows of the East,
My hymns of thankful praise shall rise
Like incense at morning sacrifice!

712 *The Lord is my light.* Psalm 27 : 1.

SUN of my soul, thou Savior dear,
It is not night if thou be near;
O! may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes!

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought—how sweet to rest
For ever on my Savior's breast!

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I can not live!
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die!

4 Thou framer of the light and dark,
Steer through the tempest thine own ark,
Amid the howling wintry sea,
We are in port if we have thee.

711 WINE. C. M.



2 Thus, one day more of life is gone,
A doubtful few remain:
Come then, review what thou hast done
Eternal life to gain.

3 Dost thou get forward in thy race,
As time still posts away?
And die to sin, and grow in grace,
With every passing day?

4 This day, what conquest hast thou gained?
What sin is overcome?
What fresh degree of grace obtained,
To bring thee nearer home?

5 Thus let us still our course review,
Our real state to learn;
And with redoubled zeal, pursue
Our great and chief concern.

712 *Sse page* 305.

713 *See page* 304.

732 *Youth the seedtime of life.* Gal. 6: 8.

THE bud will soon become a flower,
The flower become a seed,
Then seize, O youth, the present hour;
Of that thou hast most need.

2 Do thy best always—do it now;
For in the present time,
As in the furrows of a plough,
Fall seeds of good or crime.

3 The sun and rain will ripen fast
Each seed that thou hast sown,
And every act and word at last
By its own fruit be known.

4 And soon the harvest of thy toil,
Rejoicing, thou shalt reap,
Or o'er thy wild neglected soil,
Go forth in shame to weep.

739 *Prayer for young persons.*

BESTOW, Dear Lord, upon our youth,
The gift of saving grace;
And let the seed of sacred truth
Fall in a fruitful place.

2 Grace is a plant where'er it grows,
Of pure and heavenly root;
But fairest in the youngest shows,
And yields the sweetest fruit.

3 Ye careless ones, O hear betimes
The voice of sovereign love;
Your youth is stained with many crimes,
But mercy reigns above.

4 For you the public prayer is made,
O, join the public prayer;
For you the secret tear is shed;
O, shed yourselves a tear!

5 We pray that you may early prove
The Spirit's power to teach:
You cannot be too young to love
That Jesus whom we preach.

See Weston, L. M., page 151.

714 *Providence.* Matt. 5 : 45.

GOD from his cloudy cisterns pours
On the parched earth enriching showers;
The grove, the garden, and the field,
A thousand joyful blessings yield.

2 O bless his name, ye nations, fed
With nature's chief supporter—bread;
While bread your vital strength imparts,
Serve him with vigor in your hearts.

715 *See page* 161. **716** *See page* 250.

See Boyleston, S. M., page. 221.

717 *Divine Goodness. S. M.*

O BLESS the Lord, my soul;
O, Let all within me join.
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favors are divine.

2 O, bless the Lord, my soul;
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

See Weston, L. M., page 151.

718 *Psalm* 106.

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

2 Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless!
What mortal eloquence can raise
A tribute equal to his praise!

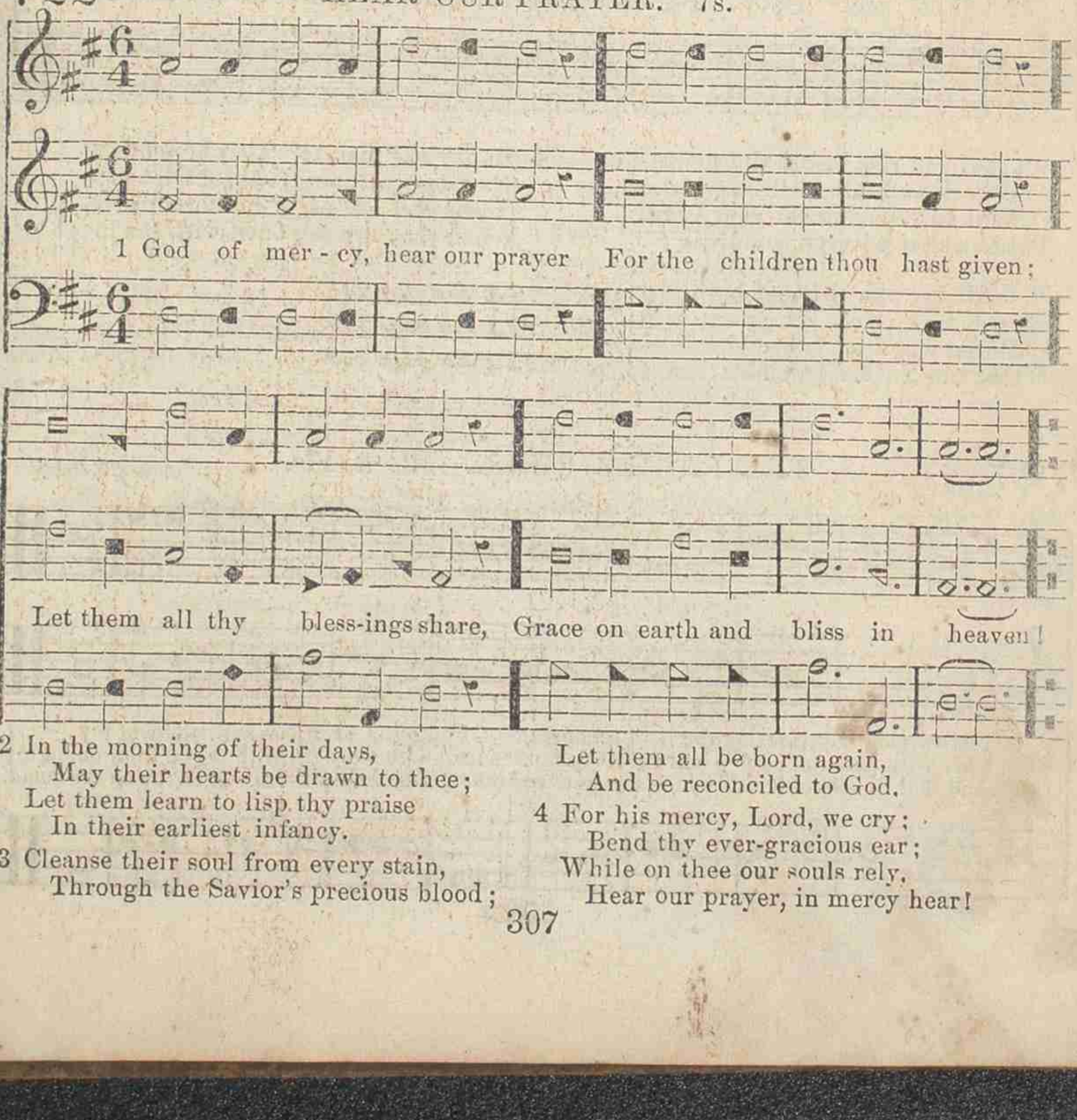
719 *Thou preparest a table.* Psa. 23 : 5.

BLESSINGS to God, for ever blest—
To God the Master of the feast—
Who hath for us a table spread,
And from his hands us creatures fed.

2 O, give us all a thankful heart;
Help us from evil to depart;
Our daily meat, Lord, let it be,
Thy will to do, and follow thee.

720 *See page* 302.
721 " " 293.

722 HEAR OUR PRAYER. 7s.



2 In the morning of their days,
May their hearts be drawn to thee;
Let them learn to lisp thy praise
In their earliest infancy.

3 Cleanse their soul from every stain,
Through the Savior's precious blood;
Let them all be born again,
And be reconciled to God.

4 For his mercy, Lord, we cry;
Bend thy ever-gracious ear;
While on thee our souls rely,
Hear our prayer, in mercy hear!

723 BROOKS. L. M.



2 What if you rise before the sun,
And work and toil when day is done,
Careful and sparing eat your bread
To shun that poverty you dread;

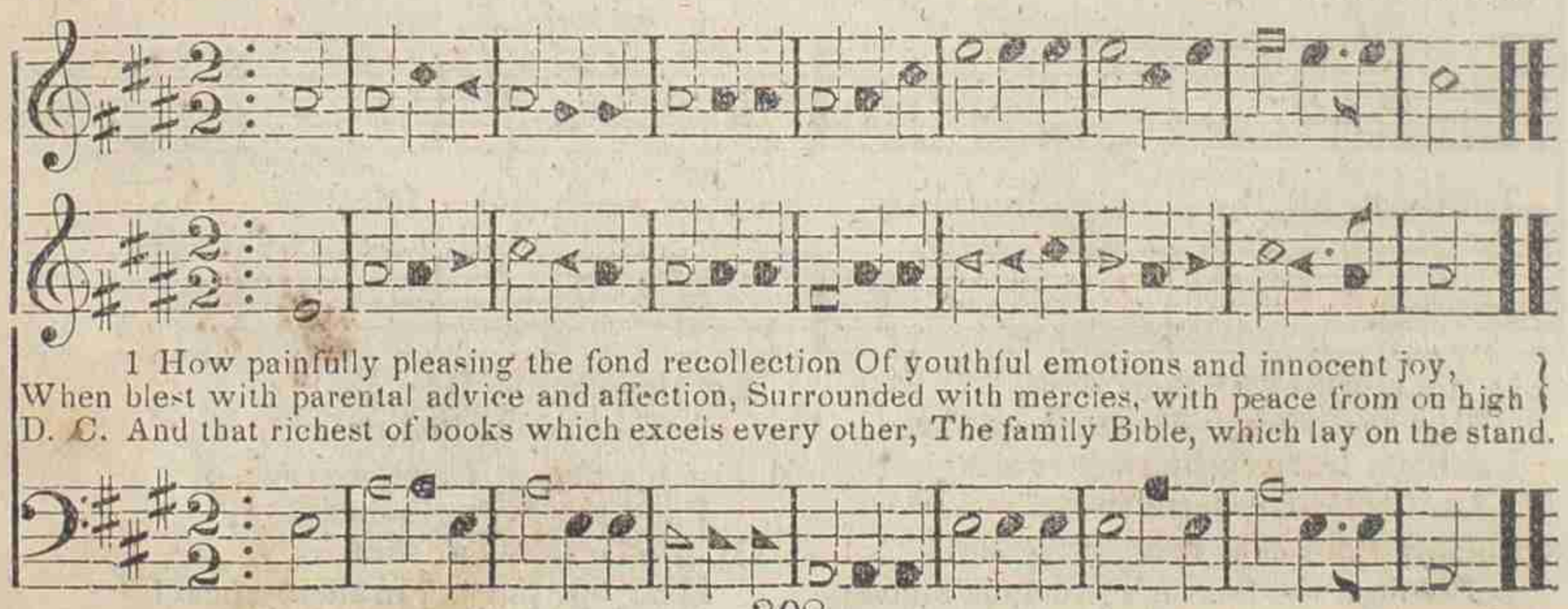
3 'T is all in vain, till God hath blest;
He can make rich, yet give us rest:
Children and friends are blessings too,
If God our Sovereign make them so.

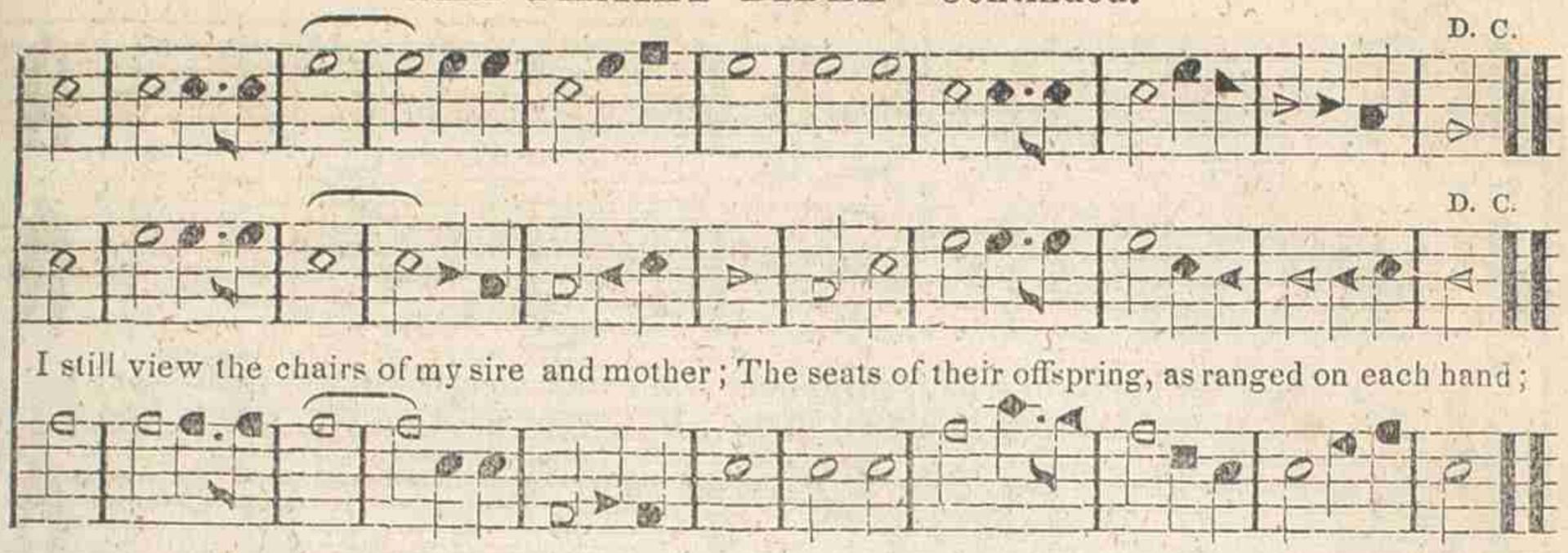
4 Happy the man to whom he sends
Obedient children, faithful friends:
How sweet our daily comforts prove,
When they are seasoned with his love!

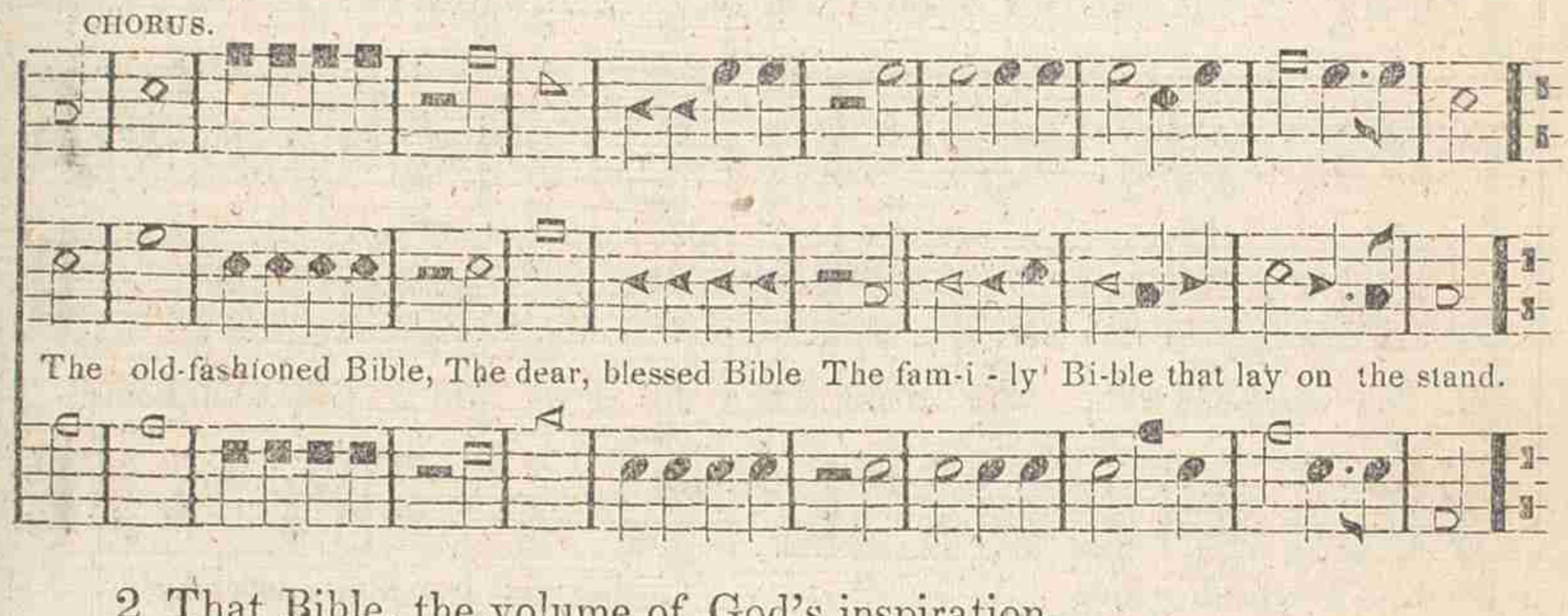
724 *See page* 291.
725 *See page* 291.
726 *See page* 219.

727 THE FAMILY BIBLE. 12s & 11s.

Close with chorus.



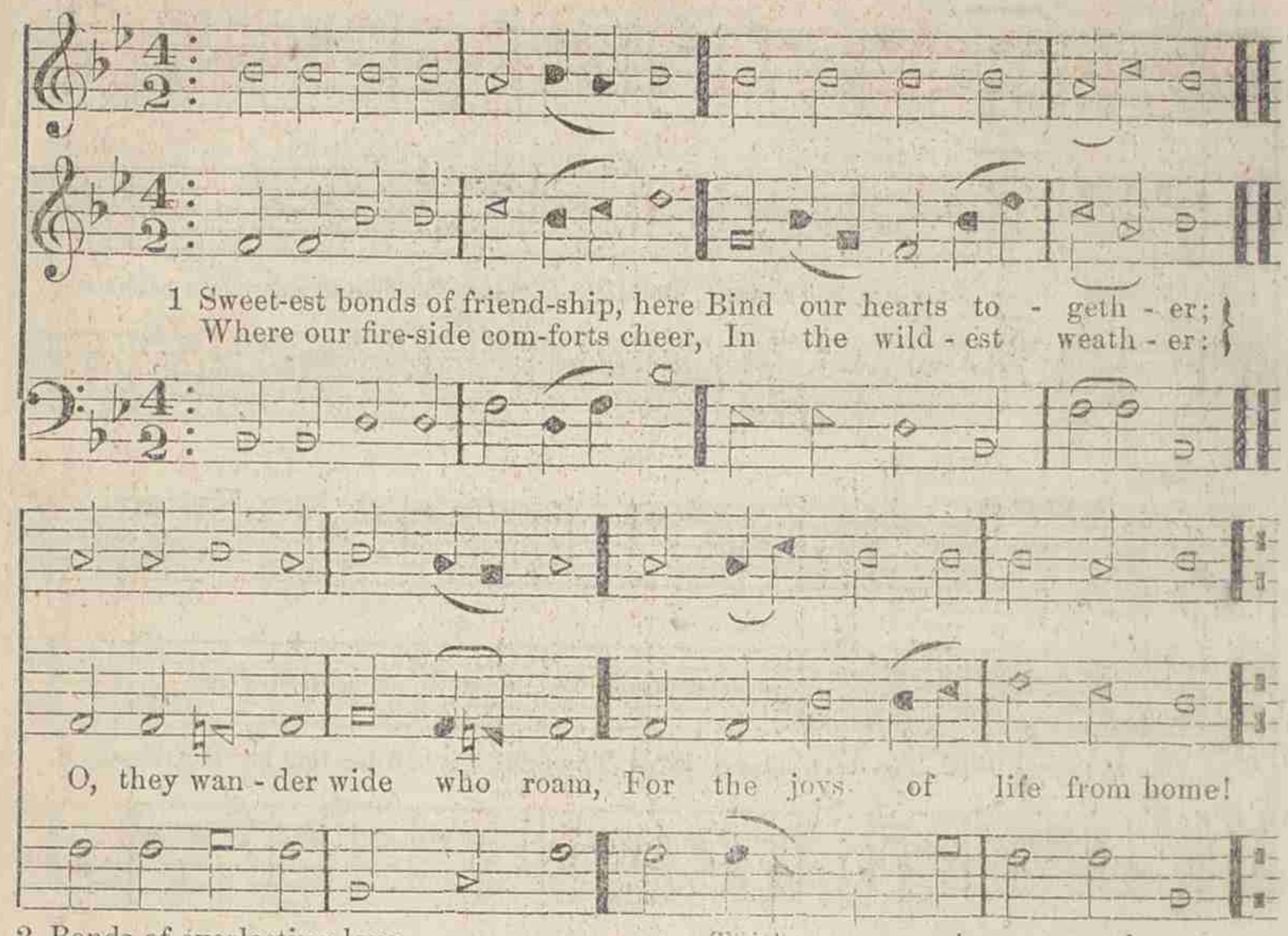




2 That Bible, the volume of God's inspiration,
At morn and at evening could yield us delight;
The prayer of our sire was a sweet invocation
For mercy by day and for safety through night.
Our hymns of thanksgiving with harmony swelling,
All warm from the heart of a family band,
Half raised us from earth to that rapturous dwelling,
Described in the Bible, that lay on the stand.
The old-fashioned Bible, etc.

3 Ye scenes of tranquillity, long have we parted,
My hopes almost gone, and my parents no more;
In sorrow and sadness I live broken-hearted,
And wander unknown on a far distant shore.
Yet how can I doubt my dear Savior's protection,
Forgetful of gifts from his bountiful hand?
O, let me, with patience, receive his correction,
And think of the Bible, that lay on the stand.
The old-fashioned Bible, etc.

728 ROSEFIELD. 7s & 6s.

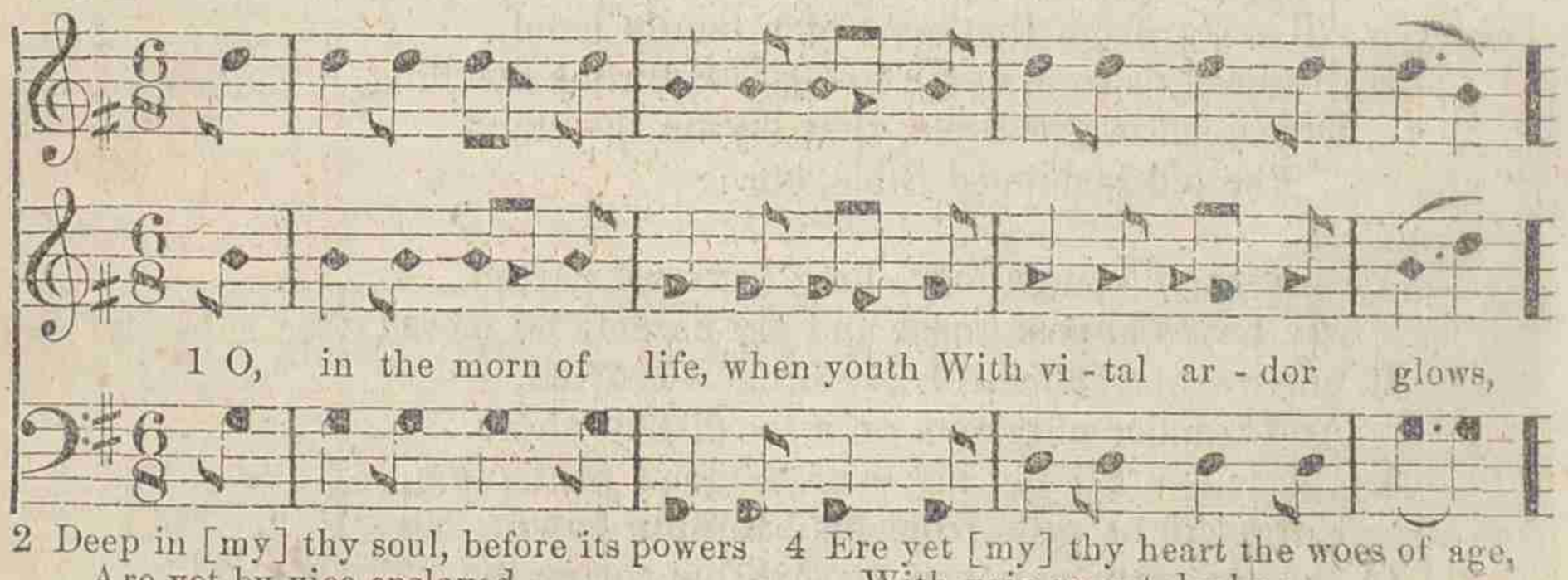


2 Bonds of everlasting love
Draw our souls in union,
To our Father's house above,
To the saint's communion.

Thither may our hopes ascend;
There may all our labors end!

729 *See page* 271.
730 *See page* 293.

731 O, MAY I LOVE JESUS! C. M.



2 Deep in [my] thy soul, before its powers
Are yet by vice enslaved,
Be [my] thy Creator's glorious name
And character engraved;

3 Ere yet the shades of sorrow cloud
The sunshine of [my] thy days,
And cares and toils, in endless round,
Encompass all [my] thy ways;

See page 306.

4 Ere yet [my] thy heart the woes of age,
With vain regret deplore,
And sadly muse on former joys,
That now return no more.

5 True wisdom, early sought and gained,
In age will give [me] thee rest;
O then improve the morn of life,
To make its evening blest.

733 *See page* 277.



807 *Whoso forsaketh not all that he hath.* Luke 14: 33.

AND must I part with all I have,
Jesus, my Lord! for thee?
This is my joy, since thou hast done
Much more than this for me.

2 Yes, let it go; one look from thee
Will more than make amends
For all the losses I sustain
Of credit, riches, friends.

3 Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand lives,
How worthless they appear,
Compared with thee, supremely good,
Divinely bright and fair!

4 Savior of souls! while I from thee
A single smile obtain,
Though destitute of all things else,
I'll glory in my gain.

811 *Divine protection acknowledged.* Psalm 3: 5.

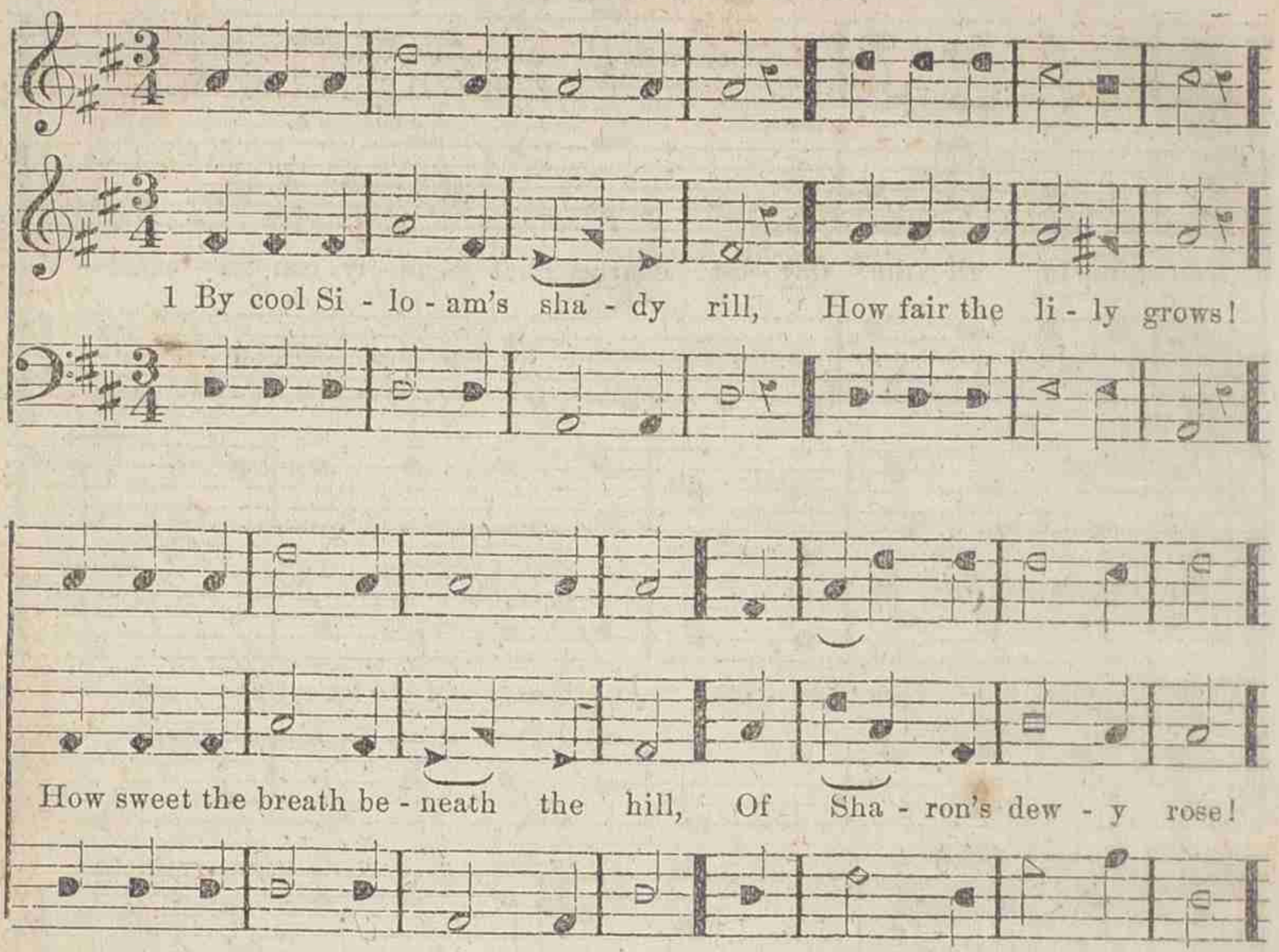
MY God was with me all the night,
And gave me sweet repose;
His angels watched me while I slept,
Or I had never rose.

2 Now for the mercies of the night
My humble thanks I'll pay,
And unto God I'll dedicate
The first fruits of the day.

3 In pressing dangers, fears and death,
Thy goodness I'll adore,
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

4 My life, if thou preserve my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, when death must be my lot,
Shall join my soul to thee.

734 HARRISBURG. C. M.





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

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill,
Must shortly fade away.

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

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

735 *Benefits of early piety.*

HAPPY is he, whose early years
Receive instruction well,
Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
The road that leads to hell.

2 'T is easier work, if we begin,
To serve the Lord betimes:
While sinners who grow old in sin,
Are hardened by their crimes.

3 It saves us from a thousand snares,
To mind religion young:
With joy it crowns succeeding years,
And makes our virtues strong.

4 To thee, Almighty God! to thee
Our hearts we now resign;
'T will please us to look back and see
That our whole lives were thine.

5 Let the sweet work of prayer and praise
Employ our daily breath:
Thus we're prepared for future days,
Or fit for early death.

736 *Scripture instruction.* Psa. 119 : 9.

HOW shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts,
To keep the conscience clean.

2 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

3 '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.

4 Thy precepts make me truly wise;
I hate the sinner's road—
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, my God.

5 Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

737 *Youth invited to Christ.*

YE hearts, with youthful vigor warm,
In smiling crowds draw near;
And turn from every mortal charm,
A Savior's voice to hear.

2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
Stoops to converse with you;
And lays his radiant glories by,
Your friendship to pursue.

3 "The soul that longs to see my face,
Is sure my love to gain:
And those that early seek my grace
Shall never seek in vain."

4 What object, Lord, my soul should move,
If once compared with thee?
What beauty should command my love,
Like what in Christ I see?

5 Away, ye false delusive toys,
Vain tempters of the mind!
'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,
And here true bliss I find.

741 *The orphan's hymn.* Psalm 10 : 14.

WHERE shall the child of sorrow find
A place for calm repose?
Thou Father of the fatherless,
Pity the orphan's woes.

2 What friend have I in heaven or earth,
What friend to trust, but thee?
My father's dead; my mother's dead;
My God, remember me.

3 Thy gracious promise now fulfill,
And bid my trouble cease;
In thee the fatherless shall find
Pure mercy, grace, and peace.

4 I've not a secret care or pain
But he that secret knows;
Thou Father of the fatherless,
Pity the orphan's woes.

743 *A birth-day hymn.*

LORD of my life, whose word of power
Did first inspire my breath,
Thy hand has kept me to this hour,
From danger and from death.

2 Spared to commence another year,
The past I now review:
How numerous do my sins appear,
How great thy mercies, too!

3 I thank thee for thy tender care
Through all my earlier days,
And for each privilege I share,
That still thy love displays.

4 For Jesus' sake, my sins forgive,
And strengthen me in grace;
That to thy glory I may live,
And run the Christian race.

5 How long or short my course may be,
'Tis not for me to know;
But may I yield my heart to thee,
And in thy favor grow.

765 *Deploring war.*

DESTRUCTIVE sword! how oft hast thou
Been bathed in human blood!
What cities, fields and seas, have been
Stained with the crimson flood!

2 All-gracious God! permit our souls,
Impressed with human woe,
With thee to plead, how long, how long
Shall this mad deluge flow?

3 How long shall brethren's hands, imbrued
With blood, each other slay?
The field with ghastly scenes be strewed,
Of man to man a prey?

4 To punish crime, though justly due,
Shall vengeance ever burn?
Back to the scabbard, whence it flew,
Sword of the world, return.

5 Thou God of hosts! whose sovereign will
Controls the swelling flood,
The madness of thy people still,
And bring from evil good.

6 O, may thy Spirit's mighty sword
Our lusts subdue and slay;
Then force and war shall yield to love,
And all from love obey.



2 Secure the heavenly treasure,
And bind it on thy heart;
And let no earthly pleasure
E'er cause it to depart.
It to depart.

3 Go, while the day-star shineth,
Go, while thy heart is light,
Go, e'er thy strength declineth,
While every sense is bright:
While sense is bright.

4 Sell all thou hast and buy it;
'T is worth all earthly things—
Rubies, and gold, and diamonds,
Scepters and crowns of kings!
And crowns of kings.

5 Go, e'er the cloud of sorrow
Steals o'er thy bloom of youth;
Defer not till to-morrow;
Go now, and buy the truth.
And buy the truth.

6 Go, seek thy great Creator;
Learn early to be wise;
Go place upon the altar
A morning sacrifice.
A sacrifice.

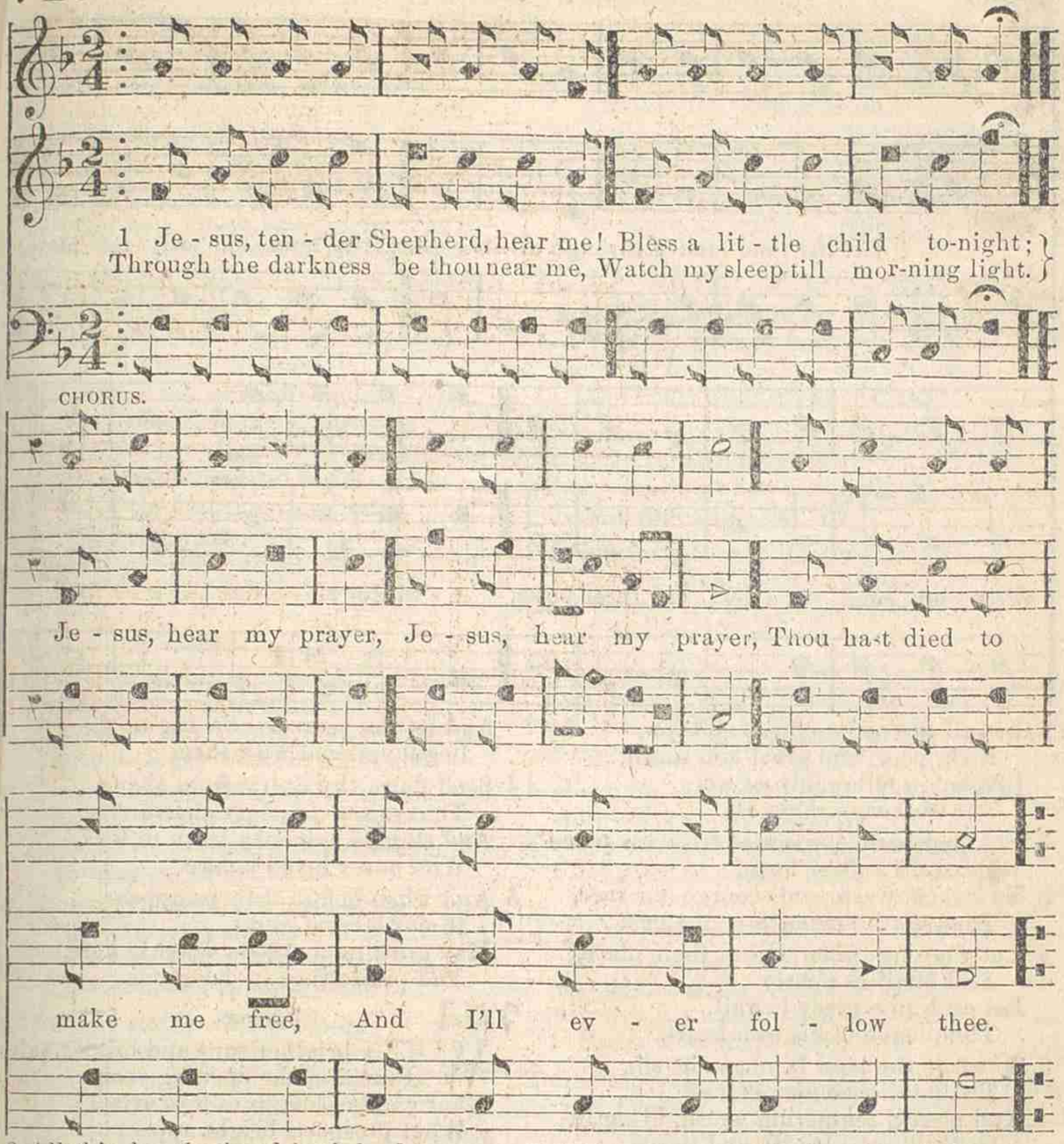
739 *See page* 306.

745 *Marriage.*

WHEN on her Maker's bosom
The new-born earth was laid,
And nature's opening blossom
Its fairest bloom displayed;
When all with fruit and flowers
The laughing soil was drest,
And Eden's fragrant bowers
Received their human guest:

2 No sin his face defiling,
The heir of nature stood,
And God benignly smiling,
Beheld that all was good!
Yet in that hour of blessing,
A single want was known:
A want the heart distressing—
For Adam was alone!

3 O God of pure affection!
By men and saints adored,
Who gavest thy protection
To Cana's nuptial board—
May such thy bounties ever
To wedded love be shown,
And no rude hand dissever
Whom thou hast linked in one.



2 All this day thy hand hath lead me,
And I thank thee for thy care;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed me, fed me,
Listen to my evening prayer.

3 Let my sins be all forgiven;
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy there with thee to dwell.

741 *See page* 313.

742 *Children praising the Lord.*

Matt. 21 : 15.

LORD, a little band, and lowly,
We are come to sing to thee:
Thou art great, and high, and holy—
O how solemn should we be!

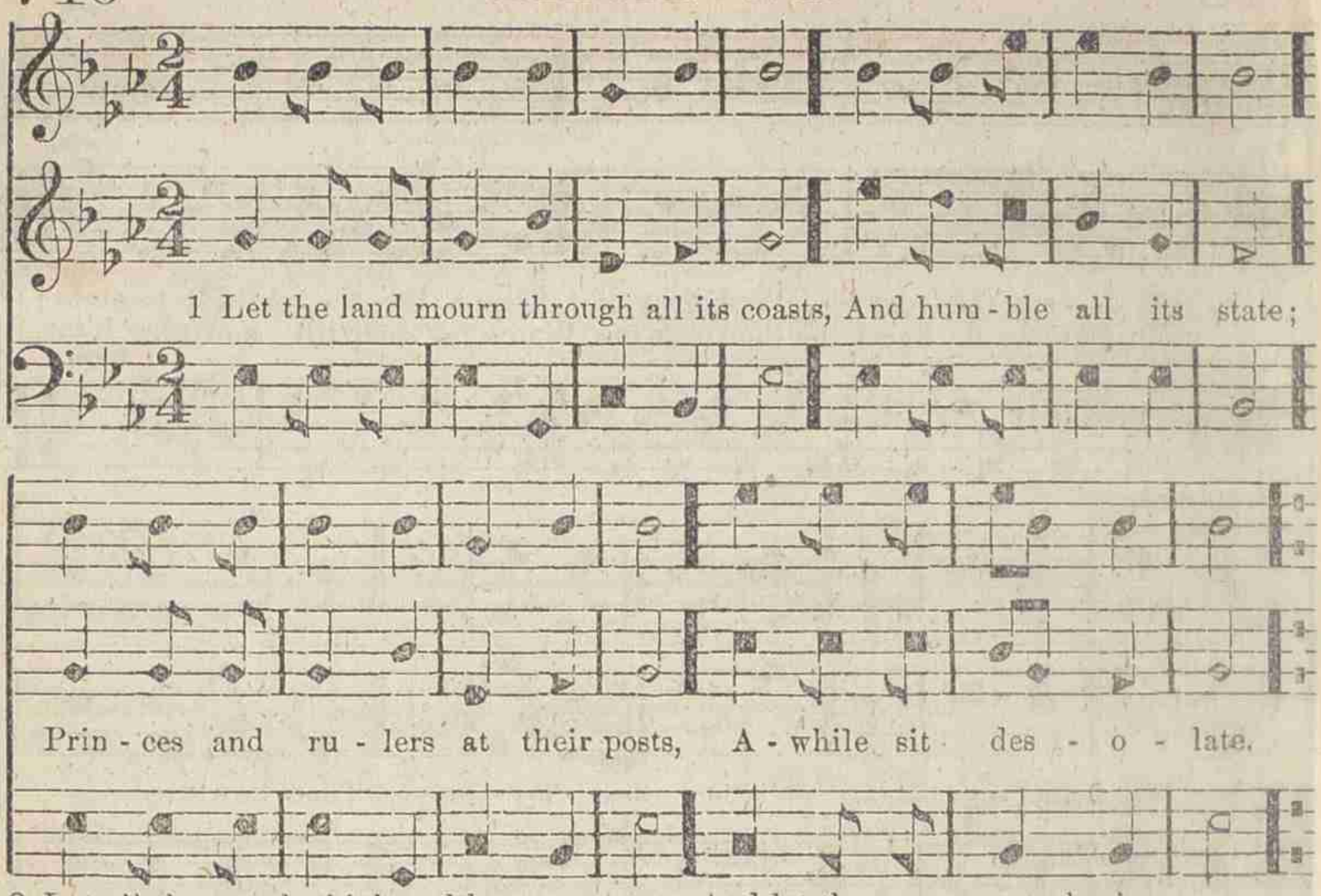
2 Fill our hearts with thoughts of Jesus,
And of heaven, where he is gone;
And let nothing ever please us
He would grieve to look upon.

3 For we know the Lord of glory
Always sees what children do,
And is writing now the story
Of our thoughts and actions, too.

4 Let our sins be all forgiven;
Make us fear what ere is wrong;
Lead us on our way to heaven,
There to sing a nobler song.

743 *See page* 313.
744 " " 270.
745 " " 314.

746 SOLITUDE. C. M.



2 Let all the people, high and low,
Rich, poor, and great and small,
Invoke, in fellowship of woe,
The Maker of them all.

3 For God hath summoned from his place
Death in a direr form,
To waken, warn, and scourge our race,
Than earthquakes, fire, or storm.

4 Let churches weep within their place,
And families apart;
Let each in secrecy bewail
The plague of his own heart.

5 So while the land bemoans its sin,
The pestilence may cease,
And mercy, tempering wrath, bring in
God's blessed health and peace.

747 *See page* 264.
748 *See page* 273.
749 *See page* 273.

752 *New Year's Day.*

NOW, gracious Lord, thine arm reveal,
And make thy glory known,
Now, let us all thy presence feel,
And soften hearts of stone.

2 Help us to venture near thy throne,
And plead a Savior's name,
For all that we can call our own,
Is vanity and shame.

3 From all the guilt of former sin,
May mercy set us free,
And let the year we now begin,
Begin and end with thee.

4 Send down thy Spirit from above,
That saints may love thee more,
And sinners now may learn to love,
Who never loved before.

5 And when before thee we appear,
In our eternal home,
May growing numbers worship here,
And praise thee in our room.

754 *Spring.*

WHEN brighter suns and milder skies
Proclaim the opening year,
What various sounds of joys arise!
What prospects bright appear!

2 Earth and her thousand voices give
Their thousand notes of praise;
And all, that by his mercy live,
To God their offering raise.

3 The streams, all beautiful and bright,
Reflect the morning sky;
And there, with music in his flight,
The wild bird soars on high.

4 Thus, like the morning, calm and clear
That saw the Savior rise,
The spring of heaven's eternal year
Shall dawn on earth and skies.

5 No winter there, no shades of night,
Obscure those mansions blest,
Where, in the happy fields of light,
The weary are at rest.

755 *Summer; a harvest hymn.* Isa. 9: 3.

TO praise the ever-bounteous Lord,
My soul, wake all thy powers:
He calls—and at his voice come forth
The smiling harvest hours.

2 His covenant with earth he keeps;
My tongue, his goodness sing;
Summer and winter know their time;
His harvest crowns the spring.

3 Well pleased, the toiling swains behold
The waving yellow crop;
With joy they bear the sheaves away
And sow again in hope.

4 Thus teach me, gracious God, to sow
The seeds of righteousness;
Smile on my soul, and with thy beams
The ripening harvest bless.

5 Then, in the last great harvest, I
Shall reap a glorious crop;
The harvest shall by far exceed
What I have sown in hope.

757 *Winter.*

STERN winter throws his icy chains,
Encircling nature round;
How black, how comfortless the plains,
Late with gay verdure crowned!

2 The sun withholds his vital beams,
And light and warmth depart;
And drooping, lifeless nature seems
An emblem of my heart.

3 Return, O blissful sun, and bring
Thy soul-reviving ray:
This mental winter shall be spring,
This darkness cheerful day.

4 O happy state! divine abode,
Where spring eternal reigns,
And perfect day, the smile of God,
Fills all the heavenly plains.

5 Great Source of light, thy beams display,
My drooping joys restore,
And guide me to the seat of day,
Where winter frowns no more.

764 *The prevalence of intemperance.*

INTEMP'RANCE, like a raging flood,
Is sweeping o'er the land;
Its dire effects, in tears and blood,
Are traced on every hand.

2 It still flows on, and bears away
Ten thousands to their doom;
Who shall the mighty torrent stay,
And disappoint the tomb?

3 Almighty God, no hand but thine
Can check this flowing tide;
Stretch out thine arm of power divine,
And bid the flood subside.

4 Dry up the source from whence it flows;
Destroy its fountain head;
That dire intemperance and its woes
No more the earth o'erspread.

770 *Weep for the lost.* Luke 19. 41.

WEEP for the lost! Thy Savior wept
O'er Salem's hapless doom;
He wept, to think their day was past,
And come their night of gloom.

2 Weep for the lost! The prophets wept
O'er Israel's gloomy fate,
When vengeance had unsheathed her sword
Repentance came too late.

3 Weep for the lost! Apostles wept,
That men should error choose;
That dying men should Christ reject,
And endless life refuse.

4 Weep for the lost! The lost will weep,
In that long night of woe,
On which no star of hope will rise,
And tears in vain will flow.

5 Weep for the lost! Lord, make us weep,
And toil with ceaseless care,
To save our friends, ere yet they pass
That point of deep despair.

775 *The equality of men.* Acts 17: 26.

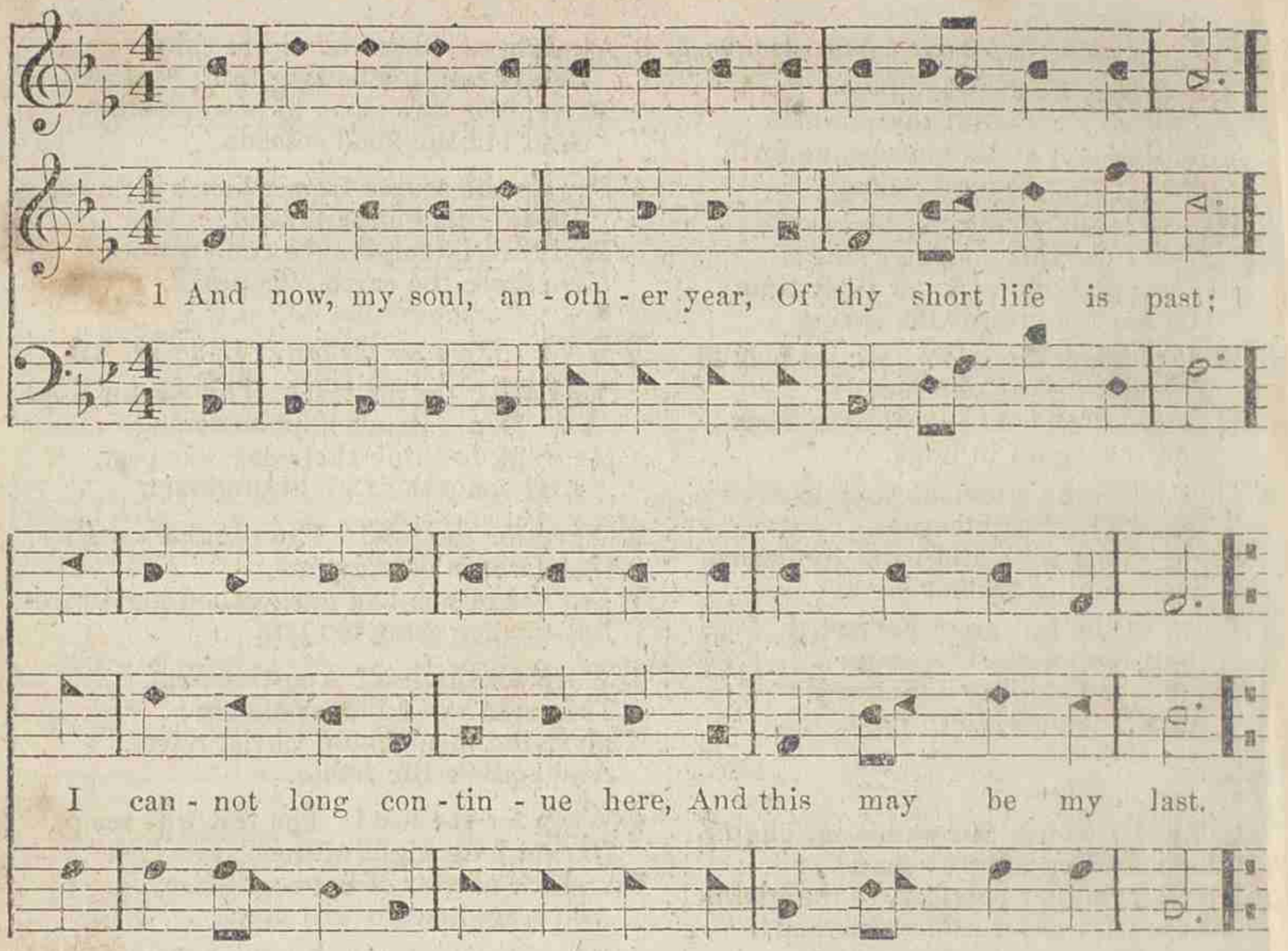
ALL men are equal in their birth,
Heirs of the earth and skies;
All men are equal when that earth
Fades from their dying eyes.

2 God meets the throngs who pay their vows
In courts that hands have made,
And hears the worshiper who bows
Beneath the plantain shade.

3 'T is man alone who difference sees,
And speaks of high and low,
And worships those, and tramples these,
While the same path they go.

4 O, let man hasten to restore
To all their rights of love;
In power and wealth exult no more,
In wisdom lowly move.

5 Ye great, renounce your earth-born pride,
Ye low, your shame and fear;
Live, as ye worship, side by side;
Your brotherhood revere.



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.

751 *See page* 273.

752 *See page* 316.

781 *Who follows in the train.*

THE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar,
Who follows in his train?

2 Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in his train!

3 That martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could look beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on him to save;

4 Like him, with pardon on his tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for those that did the wrong:
Who follows in his train?

5 A noble band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came,
Twelve valiant souls, their hope they knew,
And mocked the torch of flame;

6 They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane,
They bowed their necks the stroke to feel,
Who follows in their train?

7 A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the throne of God rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.

8 They climbed the steep ascents of heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain;
O God! to us may grace be given,
To follow in their train!



1 Come, let us anew our journey pursue—Roll round with the year, And never stand



still till the Master ap-pear; His a - do-ra - ble will let us glad-ly ful - fill,



And our talents improve, And our tal-ents im-prove By the patience of hope, and the



labors of love.

2 Our life is a dream; our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay:
The arrow is flown; the moment is gone;
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view—and eternity's near.

3 O that each in the day of his coming may say;
I have fought my way through;
I have finished the work thou didst give me to do.
O that each from his Lord may hear the glad word:
"Well and faithfully done;
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne."

760 STETTINIUS. L. M.



2 Thy name we bless, Almighty God,
For all the kindness thou hast shown
To this fair land the pilgrims, trod—
This land we fondly call our own.

3 Here Freedom spreads her banner wide,
And casts her soft and hallowed ray;
Here thou our fathers' steps didst guide
In safety through their dangerous way.

4 We praise thee that the gospel's light
Through all our land its radiance sheds,
Dispels the shades of error's night,
And heavenly blessings round us spreads.

5 Great God, preserve us in thy fear;
In danger still our Guardian be;
O, spread thy truth's bright precepts here;
Let all the people worship thee.

3 The rich profusion nature yields,
The harvest waving o'er the fields,
The cheering light, refreshing shower,
Are gifts from thy exhaustless store.

4 At thy command the vernal bloom
Revives the world from winter's gloom;
The summer's heat the fruit matures,
And autumn all her treasures pours.

5 From thee proceed domestic ties,
Connubial bliss, parental joys;
On thy support the nations stand,
Obedient to thy high command.

6 Let every power of heart and tongue,
Unite to swell the grateful song;
While age and youth in chorus join,
And praise the Majesty divine.

762 *Praise for national blessings.*

ALMIGHTY Sovereign of the skies,
To thee let songs of gladness rise,
Each greatful heart its tribute bring,
And every voice thy goodness sing.

2 From thee our choicest blessings flow,
Life, health and strength thy hands bestow;
The daily good thy creatures share,
Springs from thy providential care.

808 *Desiring the Divine presence.*
Ex. 33 : 15.

BE with me, Lord, where'er I go,
Teach me what thou wouldst have me do,
Suggest whate'er I think or say,
Direct me in the narrow way.

2 Assist and teach me how to pray;
Incline my nature to obey:
What thou abhor'st that let me flee,
And only love what pleases thee.

766 *Prayer for general peace.*

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 love pervade each human breast.

3 Then peace shall lift her balmy wing,
Glad plenty laugh, the valleys sing;
Reviving commerce lift her head,
And want, and woe, and hate be fled.

4 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.

771 *Against persecution and intolerance.* Rom. 12 : 19.

ABSURD and vain attempt! to bind
With iron chains the free-born mind;
To force conviction, and reclaim
The wandering, by destructive flame.

2 Bold arrogance! to snatch from heaven
Dominion not to mortals given:
O'er conscience to usurp the throne
Accountable to God alone.

3 Jesus, thy gentle law of love
Doth no such cruelties approve;
Mild as thyself, thy doctrine wields
No arms but what persuasion yields.

4 By proofs divine, and reason strong,
It leads the willing mind along;
And conquests to thy church acquires
By eloquence which heaven inspires.

778 *The anchor within the vail.* Heb. 6 : 19.

MY bark is on a troubled sea;
The winds and waves may adverse be;
But hope, my anchor's firmly cast
Within the vail forever fast.

2 How oft, when tempest-tossed at night,
I watch in vain for dawning light,
Yet think, when terrors would prevail,
My anchor is within the vail.

3 Within the vail—where Jesus stands,
And shows to God his blood-stained hands;
Within the vail—he went to bear
My name upon the breast-plate there.

4 My hope must have his righteousness,
For it can rest on nothing less;
Within the vail—is still my prayer,
O! may my anchor enter there.

5 Although the billows round me roll,
They never can o'erwhelm my soul;
Within the vail my anchor's cast,
Unshaken by the stormy blast.

6 Whene'er I quit this changing scene,
May I depart in hope serene;
And find, when heart and flesh shall fail,
My anchor cast within the vail.

779 *The Christian crowned.* Rev. 1 : 6.

HONOR and happiness unite
To make the Christian's name a praise;
How fair the scene, how clear the light,
That fills the remnant of his days!

2 A kingly character he bears,
No change his priestly office knows;
Unfading is the crown he wears,
His joys can never reach a close.

3 Adorned with glory from on high,
Salvation shines upon his face;
His robe is of the ethereal dye,
His steps are dignity and grace.

4 Inferior honors he disdains,
Nor stoops to take applause from earth;
The King of kings himself maintains
Th' expenses of his heavenly birth.

5 The noblest creatures seen below,
Ordained to fill a throne above;
God gives him all he can bestow,
His kingdom of eternal love!

6 My soul is ravished at the thought,
Methinks from earth I see him rise!
Angels congratulate his lot,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

780 *Love the proof of true piety.* 1 John 3 : 14.

YE different sects, who all declare,
"Lo, here is Christ, or Christ is there!"
Your stronger proofs divinely give,
And show us where the Christians live!

2 Your claim, alas! ye cannot prove;
Ye want the genuine mark of love:
Thou only, Lord, thine own canst know,
For sure thou hast a church below.

3 Scattered o'er all the earth they lie,
Till thou collect them with thine eye;
Draw by the music of thy name,
And charm into a beauteous frame.

4 For this the pleading spirit groans,
And cries in all thy banished ones:
Love, greatest of thy gifts, impart,
And make us of one mind and heart.

761 SWEADNER. C. M.



2 When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness marked its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.

3 The Spring's sweet influence, Lord, was thine;
The plants in beauty grew;
Thou gavest refulgent suns to shine,
And soft, refreshing dew.

4 These varied mercies from above,
Matured the swelling grain:
A kindly harvest crowns thy love
And plenty fills the plain.

5 We own and bless thy gracious sway,
Thy hand all nature hails:
Seed-time nor harvest, night nor day,
Summer nor winter fails.

762 *See page* 320.

787 *The water turned to wine.* John 2: 1-11.

DEAR Friend, whose presence in the house,
Whose gracious word benign
Could once, at Cana's wedding feast,
Change water into wine:

2 Come, visit us! and when dull work
Grows weary, line on line,
Revive our souls, and let us see
Life's water turned to wine.

3 Gay mirth shall deepen into joy,
Earth's hopes grow half divine,
When Jesus visits us, to make
Life's water glow as wine.

4 The social talk, the evening fire,
The homely household shrine,
Grow bright with angel visits, when
The Lord pours out the wine.

5 For when self-seeking turns to love,
Not knowing mine nor thine,
The miracle again is wrought,
And water turned to wine.

789 *Angels ministering spirits.* Heb. 1: 14.

ANGELS, where'er we go, attend
Our steps, whate'er betide,
With watchful care their charge defend,
And evil turn aside.

2 Myriads of bright cherubic bands,
Sent by the King of kings,
Rejoice to bear us in their hands,
And shade us with their wings.

3 Jehovah's charioteers surround;
The ministerial choir
Encamp, where'er his heirs are found,
And form our wall of fire.

4 Ten thousand offices unseen
For us they gladly do,
Deliver in the furnace keen,
And safe escort us through.

5 By thronging round, with busiest love
They guard the dying breast,
The lurking fiend far off remove,
And sing our souls to rest.

6 And when our spirits we resign,
On outstretched wings they bear,
And lodge us in the arms Divine,
And leave us ever there.

804 *Stand for the right.*

BE firm, be bold, be strong, be true,
"And dare to stand alone;"
Strive for the right, whate'er ye do,
Though helpers there be none.

2 Nay—bend not to the swelling surge
Of fashion's sneer and wrong;
'Twill bear thee on to ruin's verge,
With current wild and strong.

3 Stand for the right: though falsehood rail,
And proud lips coldly sneer;
A poisoned arrow can not wound
A conscience pure and clear.

4 Stand for the right, and with clean hands,
Exalt the truth on high;
Thou'lt find warm sympathizing hearts
Among the passers-by.

5 Stand for the right: proclaim it loud,
Thou'lt find an answering tone
In honest hearts, and then no more
Be doomed to stand alone.

806 *Walking in the light.* 1 John 1: 7.

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

2 Walk in the light! and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly his,
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.

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

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

5 Walk in the light! thy path shall be
Peaceful, serene, and bright:
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
And God himself is Light.

810 *In the beginning was the word.* John 1: 1.

IN the beginning was the word:
Athwart the chaos-night
It gleamed with quick, creative power,
And there was life and light.

2 Thy word, O God! is living yet,
Amid earth's restless strife
New harmony creating still,
And ever higher life.

3 And as that word moves surely on,
The light, ray after ray,
Streams further out athwart the dark,
And night grows into day.

4 O Word that broke the stillness first,
Sound on! and never cease
Till all earth's darkness be made light,
And all her discord peace!

5 Till wail of woe, and clank of chain,
And bruit of battle stilled—
The word with thy great music's pulse,
O word of love! be thrilled.

6 Till selfish passion, strife and wrong,
Thy summons shall have heard,
And thy creation be complete,
O thou eternal Word!

812 *Comfort in affliction.*

WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond my pain,
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:

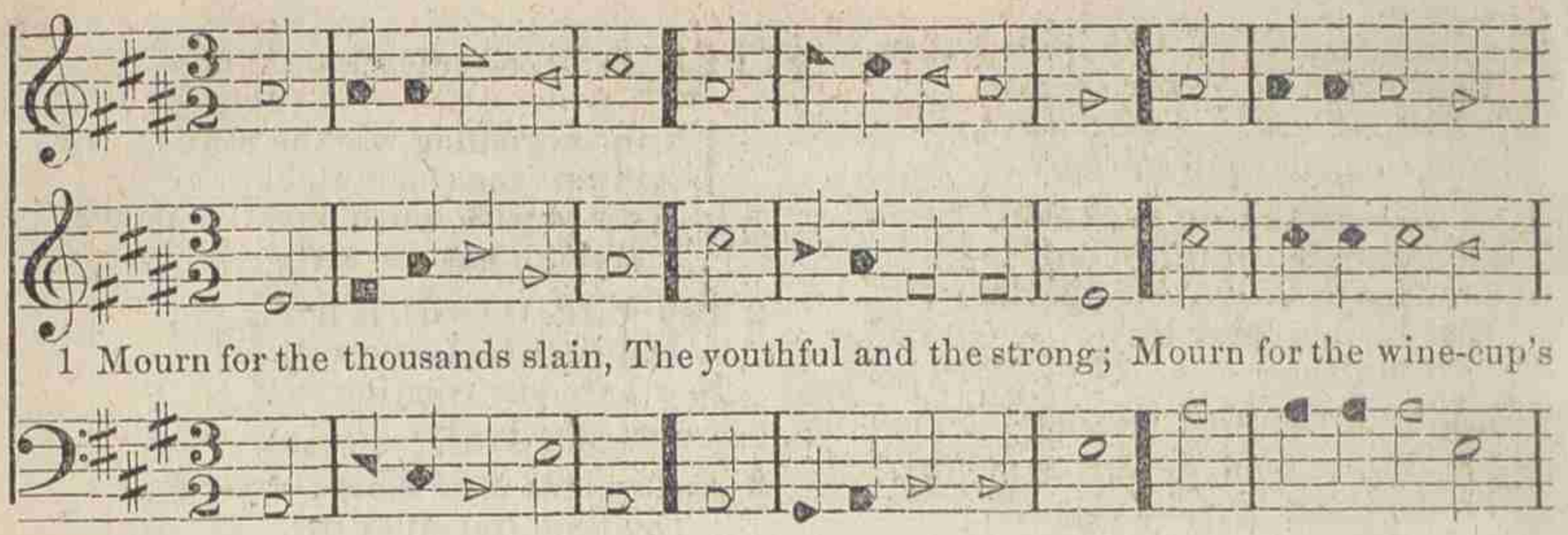
3 Sweet to look back, and see my name
In life's fair book set down;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own:

4 Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end;
Sweet on the covenant of his grace
For all things to depend:

5 Sweet, in the confidence of faith,
To trust his firm decrees;
Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but his.

6 If such the sweetness of the stream,
What must the fountain be;
Where saints and angels draw their bliss,
O Lord, direct from thee!

763 McCOY. S. M.



1 Mourn for the thousands slain, The youthful and the strong; Mourn for the wine-cup's



fa-tal reign, And the de-lu-ded throng.

2 Mourn for the tarnished gem—
For reason's light divine—
Quenched from the soul's bright diadem,
Where God hath bid it shine.

3 Mourn for the ruined soul—
Eternal life and light
Lost by the fiery, maddening bowl,
And turned to hopeless night.

4 Mourn for the lost; but call,
Call to the strong, the free;
Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall,
And to the refuge flee.

5 Mourn for the lost; but pray,
Pray to our God above
To break the fell destroyer's sway,
And show his saving love.

793 *Now is our salvation nearer, etc.* Rom. 13: 1.

A SWEETLY solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er,
To-day I'm nearer to my home
Than e'er I've been before.

2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be,
And nearer to the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea.

3 Nearer the bound of life,
Where falls my burden down;
Nearer to where I leave my cross,
And where I gain my crown.

4 Savior, confirm my trust,
Complete my faith in thee;
And let me feel as if I stood
Close on eternity;

5 Feel as if now my feet
Were slipping o'er the brink;
For I may now be nearer home,
Much nearer than I think.

796 *Without Christ.* Eph. 2: 12.

WRAPT in a Christless shroud,
He sleeps the Christless sleep;
Above him the eternal cloud,
Beneath, the fiery deep.

764 *See page* 317.

765 *See page* 313.

766 *See page* 321.

---

2 Laid in a Christless tomb,
There, bound with felon-chain,
He waits the terrors of his doom,
The judgment and the pain.

3 O Christless shroud, how cold,
How dark, O Christless tomb!
O grief that never can grow old,
O what a dreadful doom!

4 O Christless sleep, how sad!
What waking shalt thou know?
For thee no star, no dawning glad,
Only the lasting woe!

5 To rocks and hills in vain
Shall be the sinner's call;
O day of wrath, and death, and pain,
The lost soul's funeral!

6 O Christless soul, awake
Ere thy last sleep begin!
O Christ, the sleeper's slumbers break,
Burst thou the bands of sin!

816 *The branch can not bear fruit of itself.*
John 15 : 4.

TO keep the lamp alive
With oil we fill the bowl;
'Tis water makes the willow thrive,
And grace that feeds the soul.

2 The Lord's unsparing hand,
Supplies the living stream;
It is not at our own command,
But still derived from him.

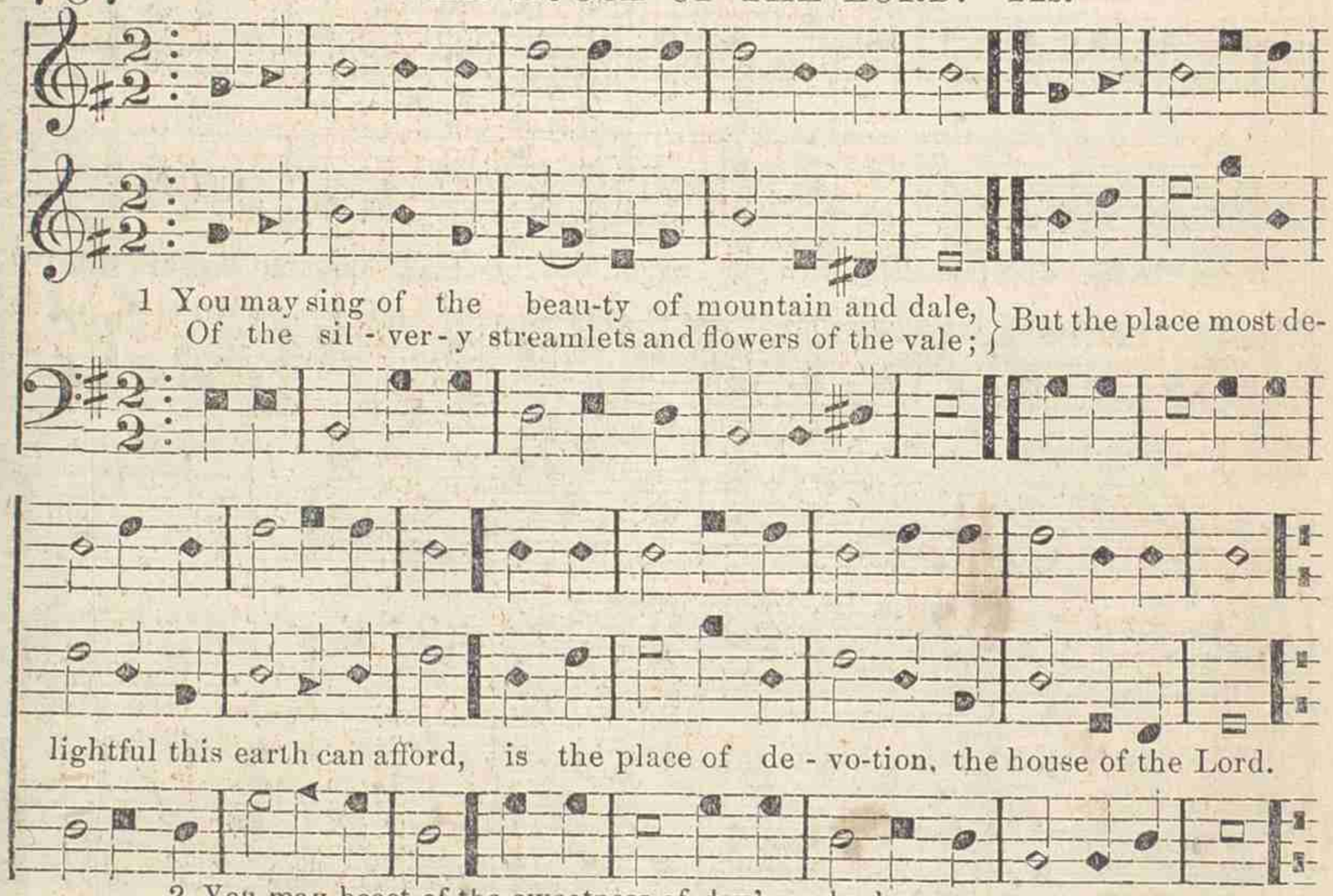
3 Beware of Peter's words,
Nor confidently stay,
"I never *will* deny thee, Lord,"
But grant I never *may*.

4 Man's wisdom is to seek
His strength in God alone;
And e'en an angel would be weak,
Who trusted in his own.

5 Retreat beneath his wings,
And in his grace confide;
This more exalts the King of kings
Than all your works beside.

6 In Jesus is our store,
Grace issues from his throne;
Whoever says, "I want no more,"
Confesses he has none.

767 THE HOUSE OF THE LORD. 12s.



2 You may boast of the sweetness of day's early dawn,
Of the sky's softning graces when day is just gone;
But there's no other season or time can compare
With the hour of devotion, the season of prayer.

3 You may value the friendships of youth and of age,
And select for your comrades the noble and sage;
But the friends that most cheer me on life's rugged road,
Are the friends of my Master, the children of God.

4 You may talk of your prospects, of fame or of wealth,
And the hopes that oft flatter the favorites of health;
But the hope of bright glory, of heavenly bliss—
Take away every other, and give me but this.

5 Ever hail, blessed temple, abode of my Lord!
I will turn to thee often, to hear from his word;
I will walk to thine altar with those that I love,
And rejoice in the prospects revealed from above.

768 *See page* 137.

769 CHRISTIAN SOLDIER. 9s & 8s. A. S. KIEFFER.



2 Tossed on time's rude relentless surges,
Calmly, composed, and dauntless, stand:
For Lo! beyond those scenes emerge
The hights that bound the promised land,
Behold! behold! the land is nearing,
Where the wild sea-storm's rage is o'er;
Hark! how the heavenly hosts are cheering,
See in what throngs they range the shore!

770 *See page* 317.
771 *See page* 321.

3 Cheer up! cheer up! the day breaks o'er thee,
Bright as the summer's noontide ray,
The star-gemmed crowns and realms of glory,
Invite thy happy soul away;
Away! away! leave all for glory,
Thy name is graven on the throne;
Thy home is in that world of glory,
Where thy Redeemer reigns alone.

772 *See page* 293.
773 *See next page.*

774 DILLON. L. M. (6 lines.)



1 What must it be to dwell a-bove, At God's right hand where Jesus reigns,
Since the sweet earn-est of his love O'er-whelms us on these drear-y plains?



No heart can think, no tongue ex-plain, What bliss it is with Christ to reign!



2 When sin no more obscures the sight,
And sorrow pains the heart no more,
How shall we view the Prince of light,
And all his works of grace explore?
What hights, what depths of love divine
Shall there through endless ages shine!

3 This is the heaven I long to know,
For this I would with patience wait;
Till weaned from earth and all below,
I mount to my celestial seat—
And wave my palm, and wear my crown,
And with the elders cast it down.

THE SWEET BY-AND-BY. 10s & 8s.

1 We shall greet them at home, we shall greet them, When the sorrows of life shall be o'er,
Our loved ones, we hope soon to meet them, On Eden's fair beau - ti - ful shore;

CHORUS.

In the sweet by - and - by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful
shore, by-and-by, In the sweet by-and - by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

2 The glorious thought, how consoling,
To know that the time is so nigh,
When Jesus, the world, shall, controlling,
Permit us to join them on high.

3 We shall greet them at home, we shall greet them
Tho' now they are hid from our sight,
We think of the time we shall meet them;
And it oft fills our hearts with delight;

4 We have laid them away in deep sadness,
Yet not without hope in our breast,
For again they will join us with gladness,
And enter the heavenly rest.

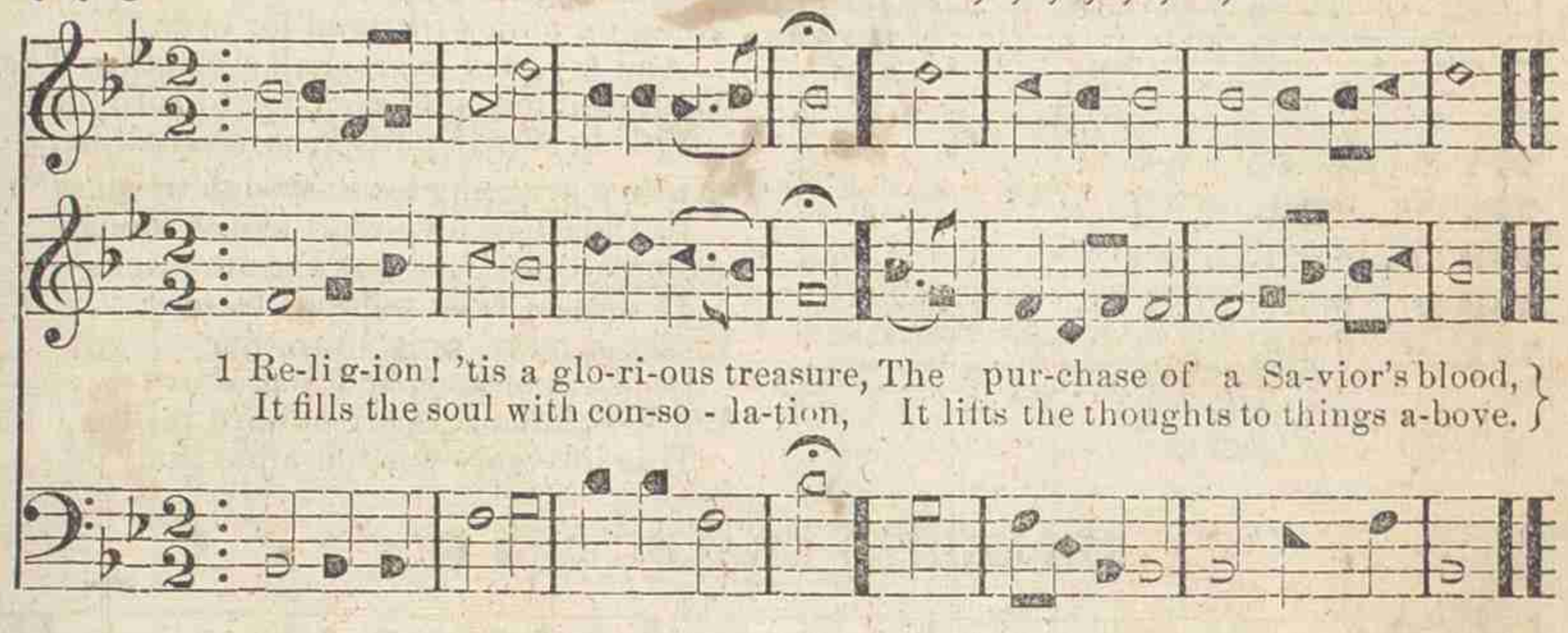
5 We shall greet them at home, we shall greet them
Where nothing can ever divide,
Where sickness, or death, can not harm them,
Nor tear them again from our side;

6 There we'll range beside life's cooling river,
'Neath the tree of life's shade we shall roam,
With the glory of God shining ever,
We'll greet them, we'll greet them at home.

774 *See page* 327.

775 *See page* 317.

776 HEAVENLY TREASURE. 9,8,9,8,9,8,10,8.





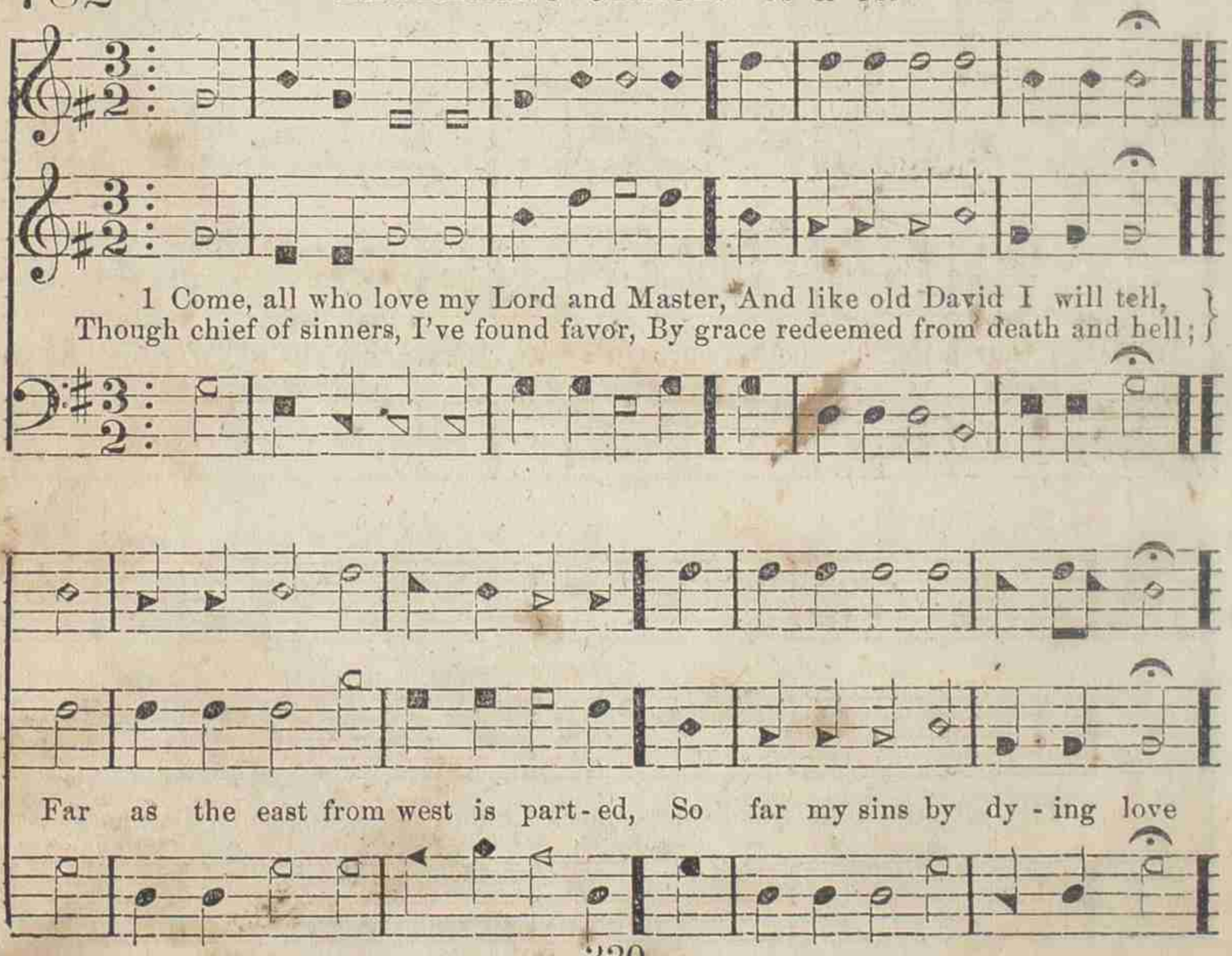
2 How fleeting—vain—how transitory,
This world with all its pomp and show;
Its vain delights, and short-lived pleasure—
I'll gladly leave them all below.
But love and grace shall be my story,
While I in Christ such beauties see;
While endless ages are onward rolling,
This heavenly portion mine shall be.

3 This earthly house must be dissolved,
And mortal life shall soon be oer;
All earthly care, and earthly sorrow
Shall pain my eyes and heart no more;
Religion pure will stand for ever,
And my glad heart shall strengthen'd be,
While endless ages are onward rolling.
This heavenly portion mine shall be.

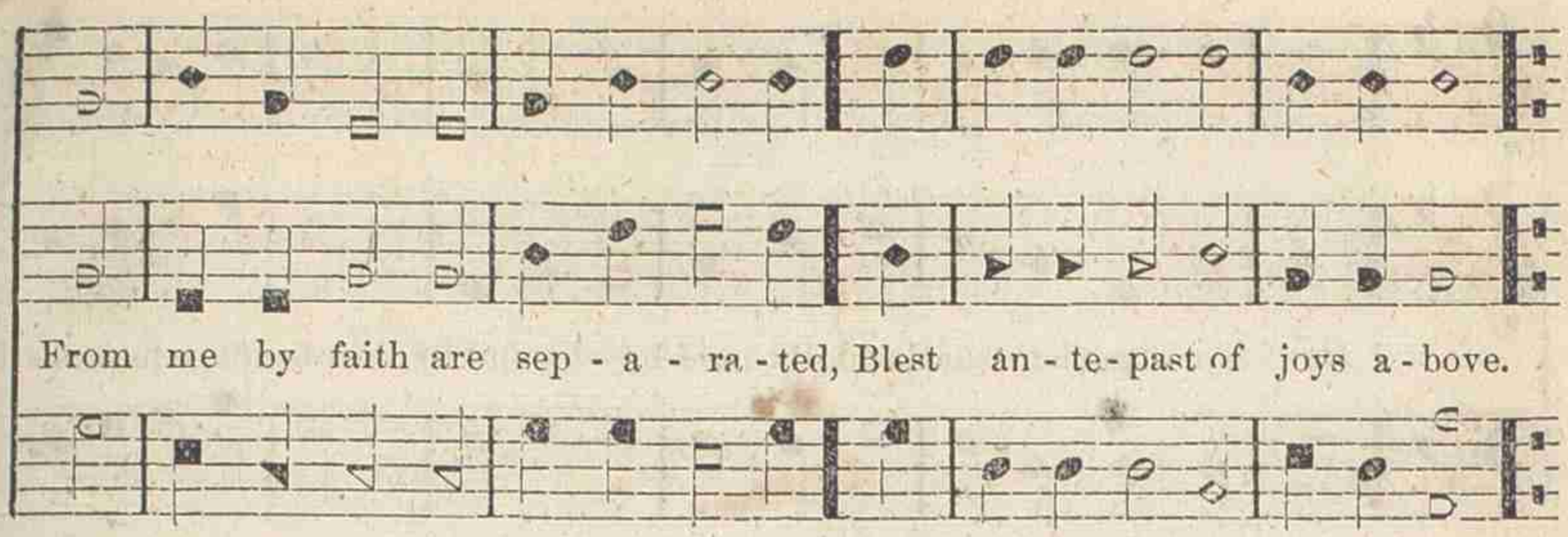
4 While journeying here through tribulation
In Christian love we'll march along;
And while strife severs the ambitious—
In Jesus Christ we'll all be one;
Religion, pure, unites together
In bonds of love, and makes us free:
While endless ages are onward rolling,
This heavenly portion mine shall be.

777 *See page* 86.
778 " " 321.
779 " " 321.
780 " " 321.
781 " " 318.

782 REDEEMING GRACE. 9s & 8s.



REDEEMING GRACE—Continued.

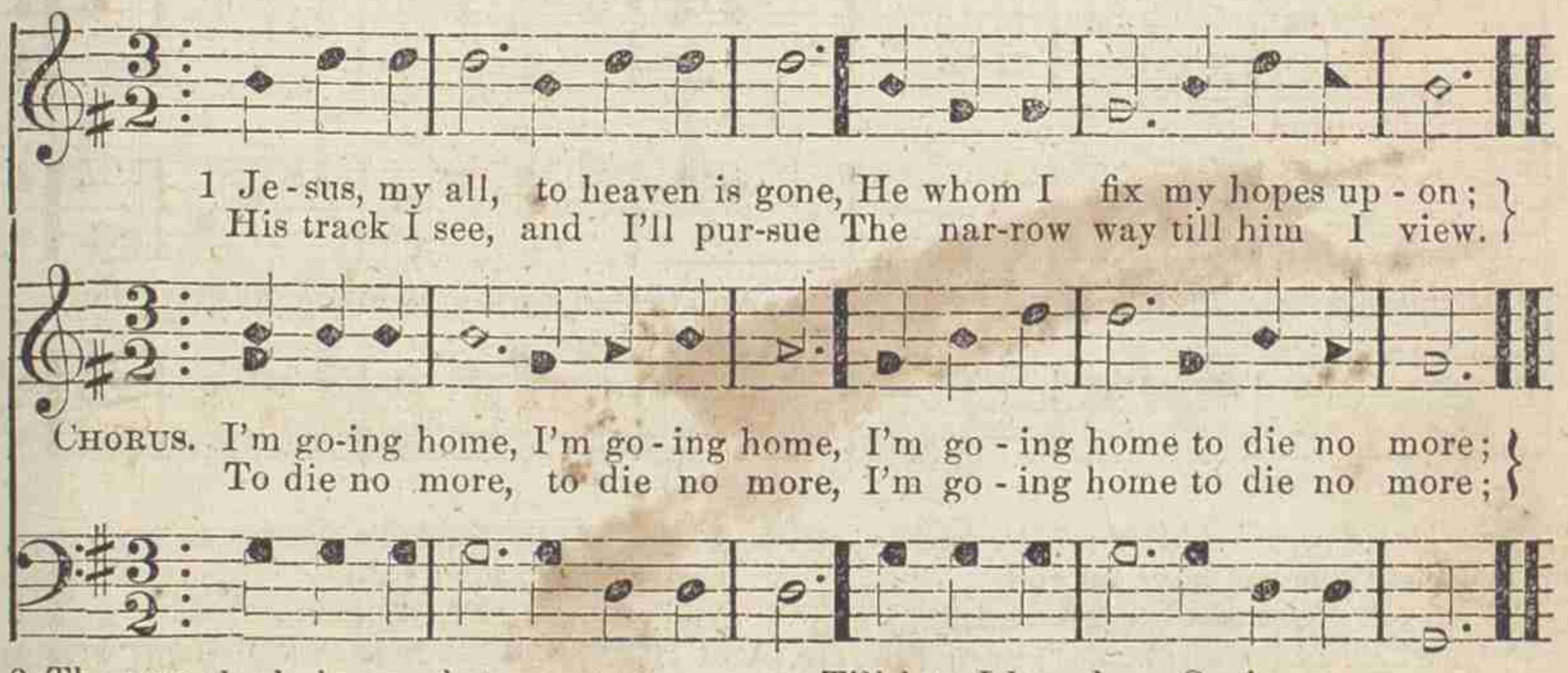


2 I late estranged, from Jesus wandered,
And thought each dang'rous poison good;
But he in mercy long pursued me,
With cries of his redeeming blood;
Though like Bartimeus I was blinded,
In nature's darkest night concealed,
But Jesus' love removed my blindness,
And he his pardoning grace revealed.

3 Now I will serve him while he spares me,
And with his people sing aloud;
Though hell oppose, and sinners mock me,
In rapturous songs, I'll praise my God;
By faith I view the heavenly concert,
They sing high strains of Jesus' Love;
O! with desire my soul is longing,
And fain would be with Christ above.

4 That blessed day is fast approaching,
When Christ in glorious clouds will come,
With sounding trumps and shouts of angels,
To call each faithful spirit home;
There's Abra'am, Isaac, holy prophets,
And all the saints at God's right hand;
There hosts of angels join in concert—
Shout as they reach the promised land.

783 I'M GOING HOME. L. M.



2 The way the holy prophets went,
The way that leads from banishment;
The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

3 This is the way I long had sought,
And mourned because I found it not,
My grief a burden long had been,
Oppressed with unbelief and sin.

4 The more I strove against their power,
I sinned and stumbled but the more;
Till late I heard my Savior say,
"Come hither, soul, I am the way."

5 Lo! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee, as I am:
Nothing but sin I thee can give;
Nothing but love shall I receive.

6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Savior I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God."



2 Our Deliv'rer he shall come, by and by, etc.
And our sorrows have an end,
With our three score years and ten,
And vast glory crown the day, by and by, etc.

3 Though our enemies are strong, we'll go on,
Though our hearts dissolve with fear, [etc.
Lo! Sinai's God is near!
While the fiery pillar moves, we'll go on, etc.

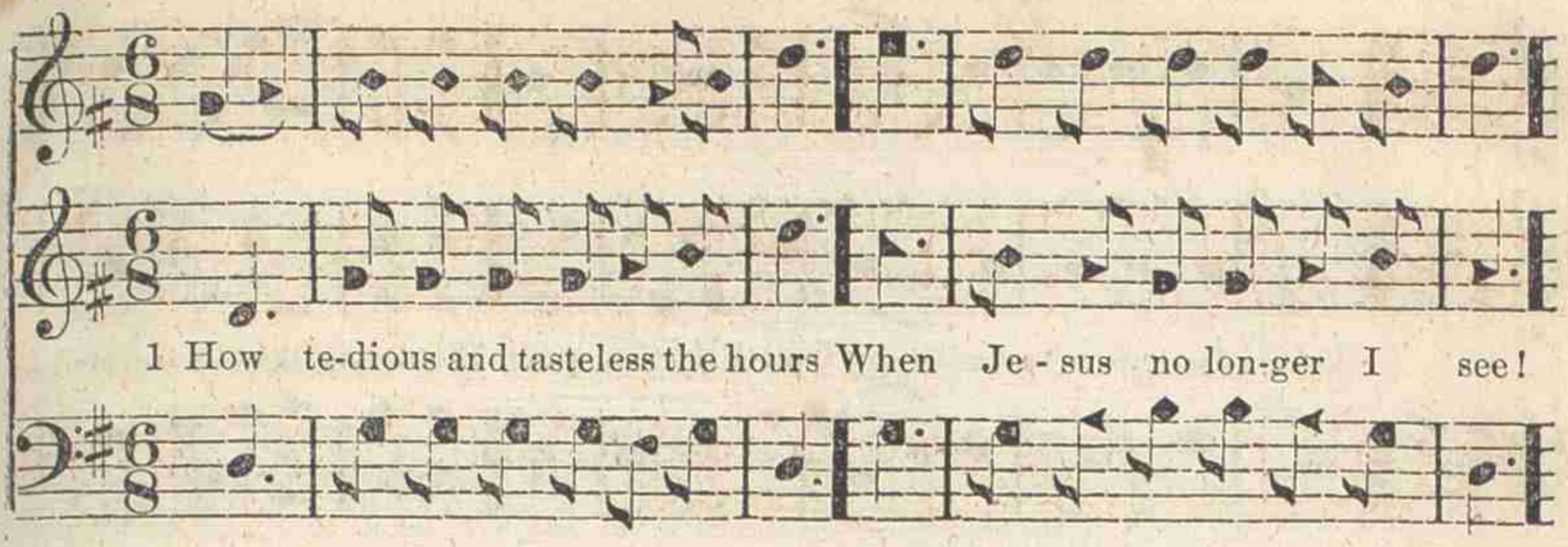
4 Through Marah's bitter streams, we'll go on,
Though Baca's vale be dry [etc.
And the land yield no supply;
To land of corn and wine, we'll go on, etc.

5 And when to Jordan's floods, we are come,
Jehovah rules the tide— [etc.
And the waters he'll divide
And the ransomed host shall shout, we are come, etc.

6 Then Friends shall meet again, who have loved, etc.
Our embraces shall be sweet,
At the dear Redeemer's feet;
When we meet to part no more, who have, etc.

7 Then with that happy throng, we'll rejoice,
Shout praises to our King,
Till the vaults of heaven ring
And through eternity, we'll rejoice, etc.

785 ZETA. 8s.





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

3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resigned,
No changes of seasons or place
Would make any change in my mind:
While blessed with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear.
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

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

THE ROCK. 11,12,12,11.

1 In sea-sons of grief to my God I'll re - pair, When my heart's o-ver-

whelmed in sor-row and care; From the end of the earth un - to thee will I cry,

Lead me to the Rock that is high - er than I— High - er than I—

High - er than I— Lead me to the Rock that is high - er than I.

788 CRUCIFIXION. 10,7,7,7,9.



2 He was extended, he was extended.
Painfully nailed to the cross;
Here he bowed his head and died,
Thus my Lord was crucified,
To atone for a world that was lost.

3 Darkness prevailed, darkness prevailed,
Darkness prevailed o'er the land,
And the sun refused to shine
When his Majesty Divine
Was derided, insulted, and slain.

4 Hail mighty Savior! hail mighty Savior!
Prince, and the author of peace!
O! he burst the bars of death,
And triumphant from the earth,
He ascended to mansions of bliss.

5 There interceding, there interceding,
Pleading that sinners may live,
Crying, "Father, I have died,
O, behold my hands and side,
O, forgive them, I pray thee, forgive."

6 "I will forgive them—I will forgive them
When they repent and believe;
Let them now return to thee,
And be reconciled to me,
And salvation they all shall receive."

THE ROCK—Continued.

2 When Satan, my foe, cometh in like a flood,
To drive my poor soul from the Fountain of good,
I'll pray to the Savior who kindly did die.
Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.
Higher than I, etc.

3 When tempted by Satan the Spirit to grieve,
And th' service of Christ thy Redeemer to leave,
I'll claim my relation to Jesus, on high—
The Rock of Salvation that's higher than I—
Higher than I, etc.

4 O Savior of sinners, when faint and depressed,
With manifold trials and sorrows oppressed.
I'll bow at thy feet, and with confidence cry,
"Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.
Higher than I, etc.

5 And when I have ended my pilgrimage here,
In Jesus' pure righteousness let me appear;
In the swelling of Jordan on thee I'll rely,
And look to the Rock that is higher than I,
Higher than I, etc.

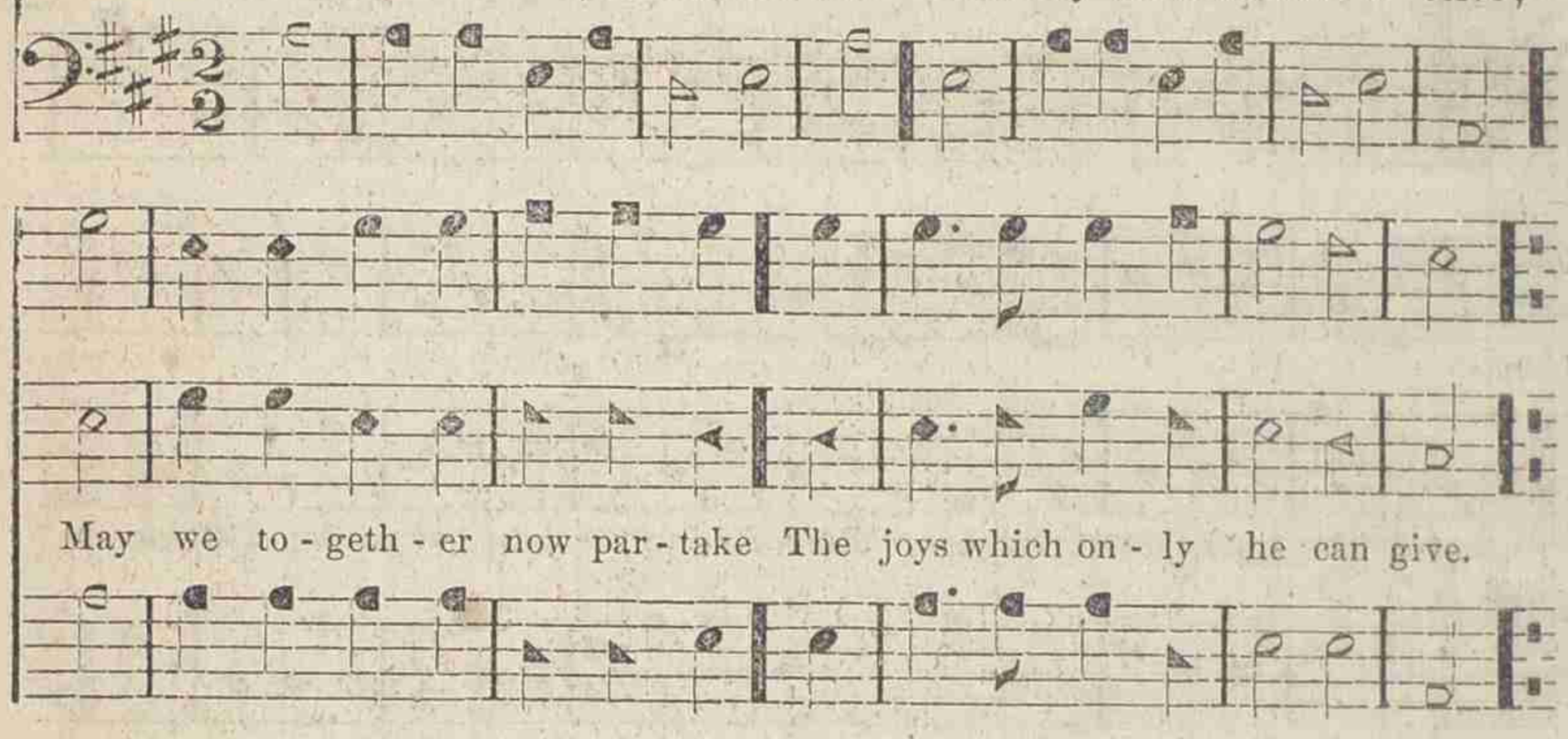
6 And when the last trumpet shall sound through the skies,
And the dead from the dust of the earth shall arise;
With millions I'll join far above yonder sky,
To praise the kind Rock that is higher than I,
Higher than I, etc.

789 *See page* 322.
790 *Omitted.*
791 *See Index.*
792 *See page* 227.
793 *See page* 324.
794 *See Index.*

795 BATTLE CREEK. L. M.



1 Kin-dred in Christ, for his dear sake A hear-ty wel-come here re-ceive;



May we to-geth-er now par-take The joys which on-ly 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 We'll talk of all he did, and said,
And suffered for us here below:
The path he marked for us to tread,
And what he's doing for us now.

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

802 *A prayer of the Christian.*

AS pilgrims in this vale of tears
We sigh to reach our heavenly home,
That we, released from all our fears,
May tune our harps and cease to roam.

2 O God, protect us by thy power,
And keep us safe within thy fold;
That we in each unguarded hour,
May never lose on thee our hold.

3 Oh, wipe the tears from sorrow's eye,
And let us all rejoice in thee;
Give joy for every rising sigh,
Make us from every fetter free.

4 Help us to view our dying Lord,
And gaze upon his bleeding side;
That we may faithful to his word,
Eternally in him abide.

5 Then when we quit this mortal frame,
Oh, may we soar away to thee;
Raise hallelujah's to thy name,
And our divine Redeemer see.

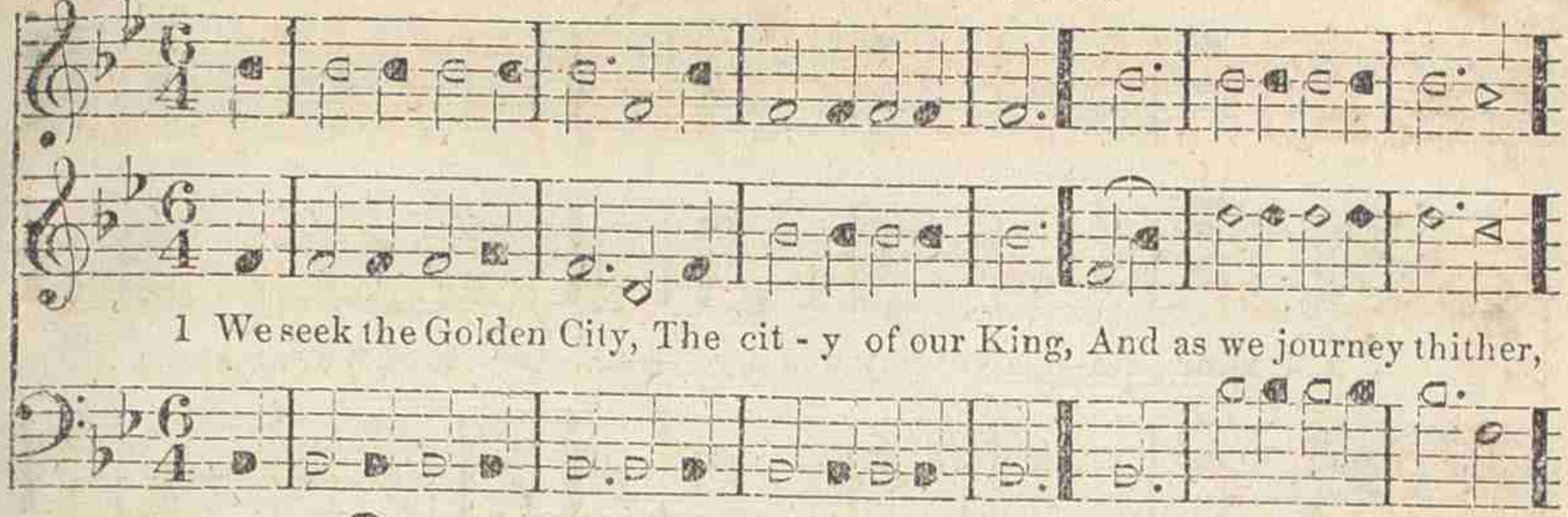
813 *The good old way.* Jer. 6: 16.

THE righteousness, th' atoning blood
Of Jesus is the way to God;
O may we then no longer stray,
But come to Christ, the good old way.

3 The prophets and apostles too,
Pursued this path while here below;
We therefore will without dismay,
Thus walk in Christ, the good old way.

3 With faith and love and holy care,
In this dear way I'll persevere:
And when I die, triumphant say,
This is the right, the good old way.

THE GOLDEN CITY. 7s & 6s.



1 We seek the Golden City, The cit - y of our King, And as we journey thither,



We joyfully will sing. Come, friends, come, friends, to - geth - er let us sing,



Of the Golden Cit-y, the beautiful Gold - en Cit - y, Of the Golden



Cit - y, The cit - y Of our King.

2 Its walls are built of jasper,
Its streets are of pure gold,
And countless are the glories
Which we shall there behold.
Come, friends, etc.

3 The pearly gates stand open,
For there they have no night,
Nor sun, nor moon, nor candle—
The Lamb, he is the light.
Come friends, etc.

4 And there is no more sorrow,
Nor pain, nor death, nor sin,
For naught that worketh evil
Shall ever enter in.
Come, friends, etc.

5 And there life's crystal river,
Eternally shall flow;
While leaves to heal the nations
Close by its waters grow.

6 But through that Golden City
Our loudest praise shall ring,
When we behold our Savior,
Our Prophet, Priest and King.
Come, friends, etc.

794 SILOAM. C. M.



L. M. For music see page 297.

2 To thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief,
For every pain I fell.

3 But O, when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust;
And still my soul would cleave to thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.

5 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
And shall I seek in vain?
And can the ear of sovereign grace
Be deaf when I complain?

6 No, still the ear of sovereign grace
Attends the mourner's prayer;
O may I ever find access,
To breathe my sorrows there.

795 *See page* 336.

796 *See page* 324.

797 *See page* 177.

799 *Home in view.* Acts 7: 56.

AS when the weary traveler gains
The hight of some o'erlooking hill,
His heart revives, if 'cross the plains
He eyes his home, though distant still.

2 While he surveys the much-loved spot,
He slights the space that lies between;
His past fatigues are now forgot,
Because his journey's end is seen.

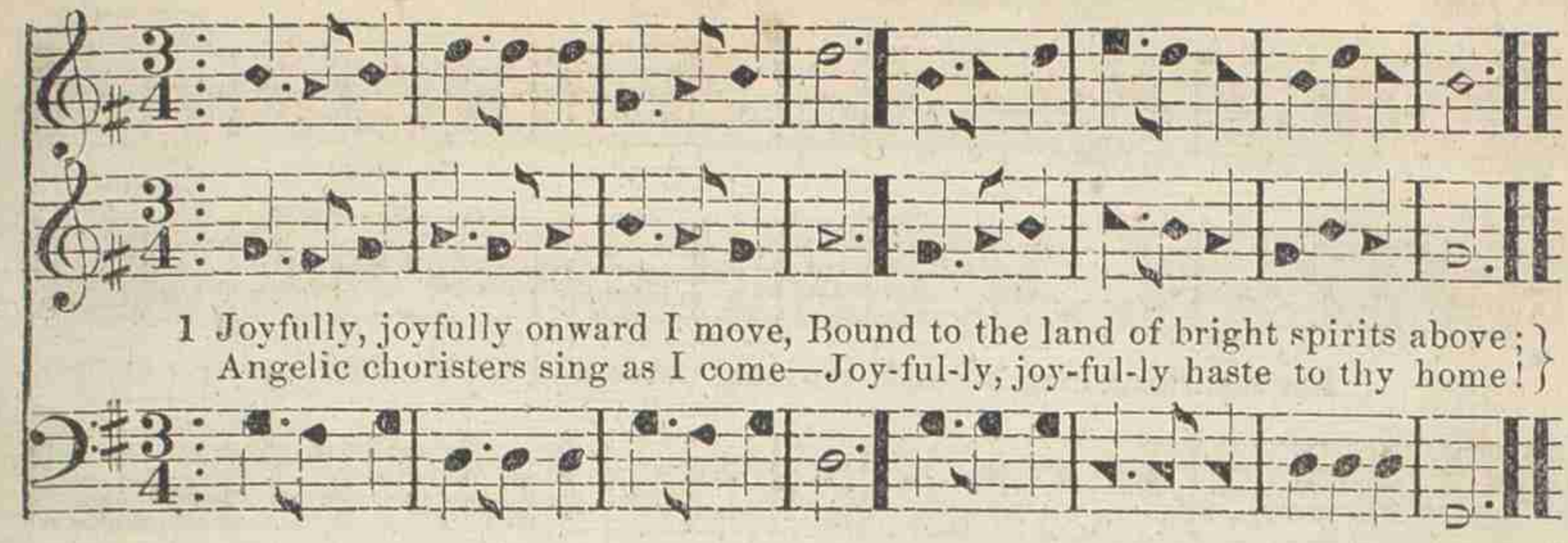
3 Thus, when the Christian pilgrim views
By faith his mansion in the skies,
The sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.

4 The thought of home his spirit cheers;
No more he grieves for troubles past,
Nor any future trial fears
So he may safe arrive at last.

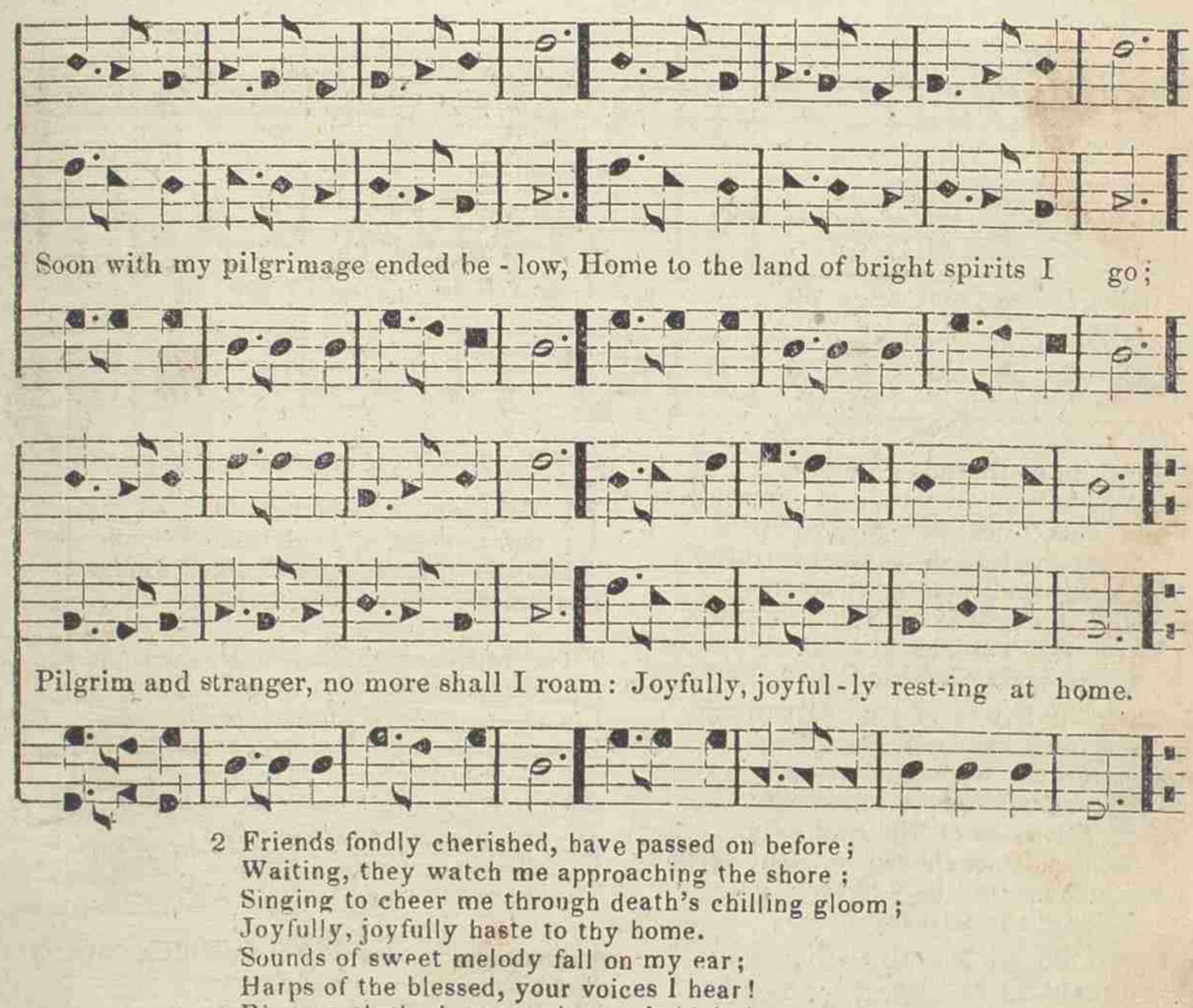
5 'T is there, he says, I am to dwell
With Jesus in the realms of day;
Then shall I bid my cares farewell,
And he shall wipe my tears away.

6 Jesus, on thee our hope depends,
To lead us on to thine abode:
Assured our home will make amends
For all our toil while on the road.

NEWKIRK. 8 lines 10's.



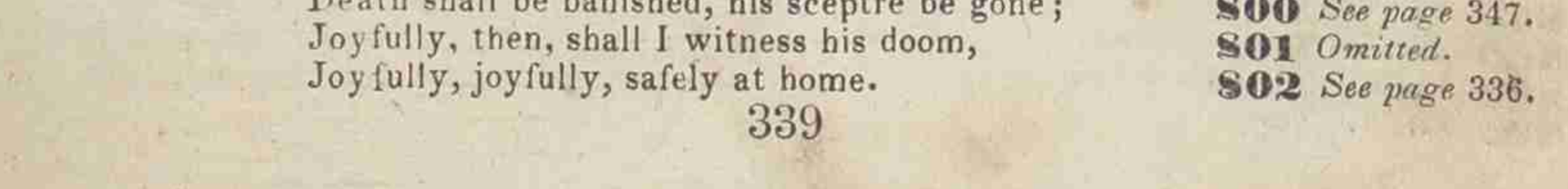
1 Joyfully, joyfully onward I move, Bound to the land of bright spirits above;
Angelic choristers sing as I come—Joy-ful-ly, joy-ful-ly haste to thy home!



Soon with my pilgrimage ended be - low, Home to the land of bright spirits I go;



Pilgrim and stranger, no more shall I roam: Joyfully, joyful - ly rest-ing at home.



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

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

799 *See page* 338.
800 *See page* 347.
801 *Omitted.*
802 *See page* 336.

803 TUNE.—(The Beautiful River.) 8s & 7s.



2 Lord, in us there is no merit,
We've been sinners from our youth:
Guide us, Lord, by thy good Spirit,
That shall teach us all thy truth;
On the gospel word we'll venture,
Till in death's cold arms we sleep;
Love's our bond, and Christ our center,
Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

3 Hear the Prince of your salvation,
Saying "Fear not, little flock,
I myself am your foundation,
Ye are buil t upon this rock:
Shun tbe paths of vice and folly,
Near your Shepherd constant keep,
Look to me and be ye holy,
I delight to feed my sheep."

4 Christ alone our souls shall rest on,
Taught by him we own his name;
Sweetest of all names is Jesus,
How it doth our hearts inflame!
Glory! glory! give him glory,
Strong is he, and he will keep,
He will clear our way before us,
The good Shepherd feeds his sheep.

804 *See page* 323.
805 " " 304.
806 " " 323.
807 " " 311.
808 " " 320.

814 *L. M., For music, See page* 288.

HOW proud we are, how fond, to show
Our clothes, and call them rich and new;
When the poor sheep and silk-worms wore
That very clothing long before.

2 The tulip and the butterfly
Appear in gayer coats than I:
Let me be dressed fine as I will,
Flies, worms, and flowers, exceed me still.

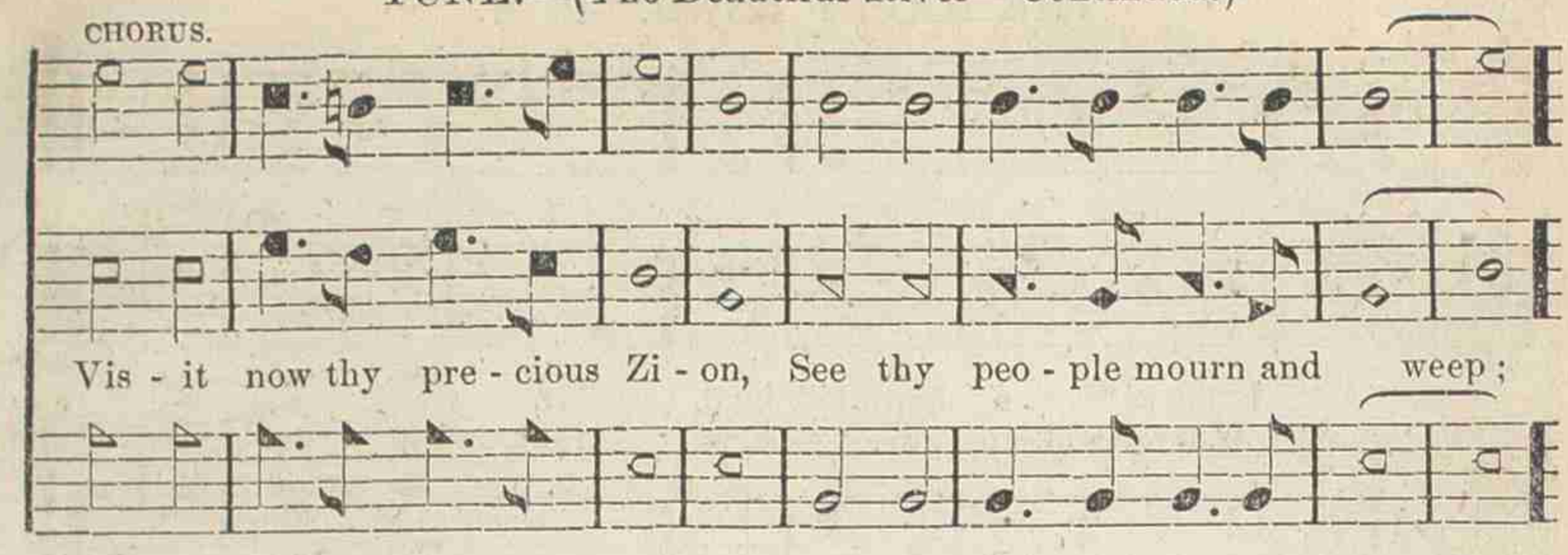
3 O, that my heart were set to find
Inward adornings of the mind!
Knowledge and virtue, truth and grace—
These are the robes of richest dress.

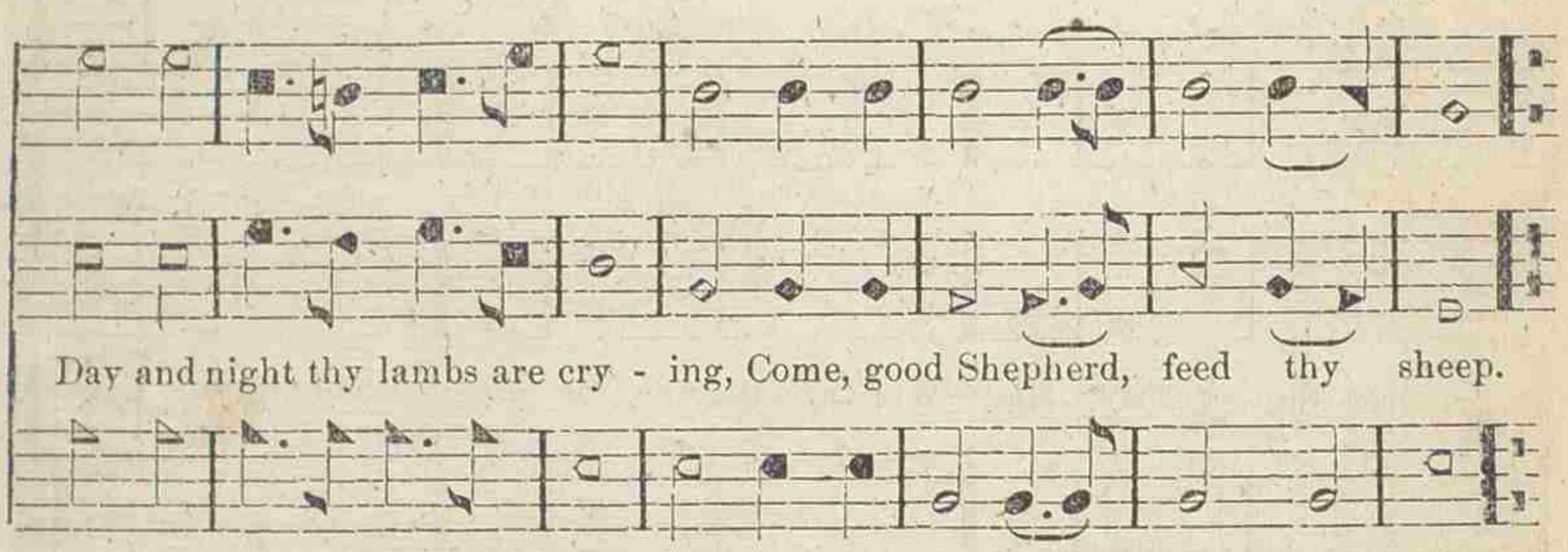
4 Then, worms would not with me compare,
For this is raiment angels wear;
The Son of God, when here below,
Put on this blest apparel too.

5 In this, on earth I should appear;
Then go to heaven, and wear it there;
God will approve it in his sight;
'Tis his own work, and his delight.

TUNE.—(The Beautiful River—Continued.)

CHORUS.





815 *Fear not.* Gen. 15: 1.

THOUGH thy days are dark with trouble,
And thy heart is filled with fear,
There is one that sees thee ever,
And will hold thee near and dear.
Cheerful hearts and smiling faces,
Often make thee happy here,
Yet no one was e'er so happy,
But sometimes the clouds appear.

2 All thy prospects will seem brighter
When the shadow leaves the heart,
And the steps of time beat lighter,
When the gloomy clouds depart.
Many days have dawned serenely.
While the birds sang with delight,
But the skies were dark and gloomy,
Ere the sun had reached its hight.

3 Soon will dawn a brighter morning
On a blessed tranquil shore;
Sighs will then give place to singing,
Tears to bliss forevermore.
Thou shalt see a world of glory,
And eternal joy and bliss;
Let not then thy soul be mourning
O'er the woes and cares of this.

817 *C. P. M. For music see page* 144.

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 posses,
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!

4 The types and shadows of the word
Unite in Christ, the Man, the Lord,
The Savior kind and true;
O may we still his word believe,
And all his promises receive,
And all his precepts do.





2 Come to this happy land,
Come, come away:
Why will ye doubting stand?
Why still delay?
O, we shall happy be!
[When] from sin and sorrow free;
Lord, we shall live with thee,
Blest evermore.

3 Bright in that happy land,
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.
O, then, to glory run;
[Be] a crown and kingdom won;
And bright above the sun,
Reign evermore.

810 *See page* 323.
811 " " 311.
812 " " 323.
813 " " 336.
814 " " 340.
815 " " 341.
816 *See page* 325.
817 *See page* 311.
818 *See page* 147.

The following pages will be filled up with some additional Tunes.

HARVEST HYMN. 7s.



PASS ME NOT. 8s & 5s.



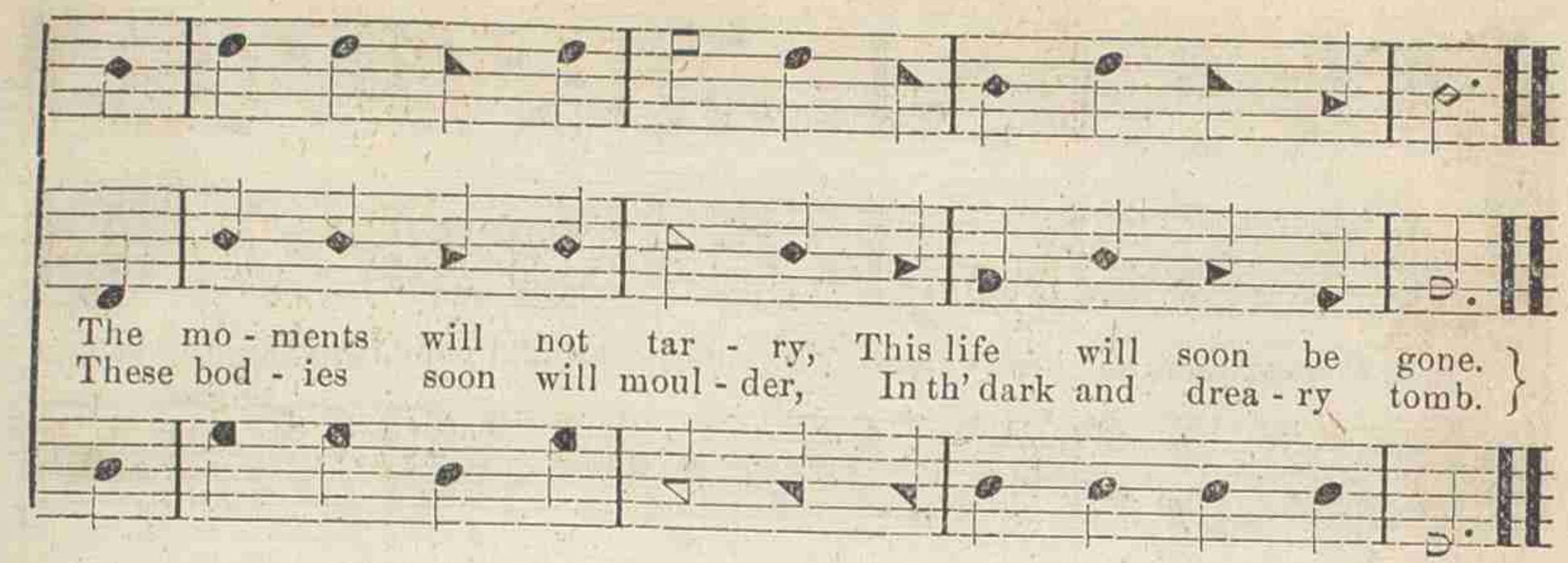
2 Let me at a throne of mercy
Find a sweet relief;
Kneeling there in deep contrition,
Help my unbelief.

3 Trusting only in thy merits,
Would I seek thy face;
Heal my wounded, broken spirit ;
Save me by thy grace.

4 Thou, the spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me,
Whom have I on earth beside thee ?
Whom in heaven but thee ?

HEAVENLY HOME. 6s & 7s.





CHORUS.

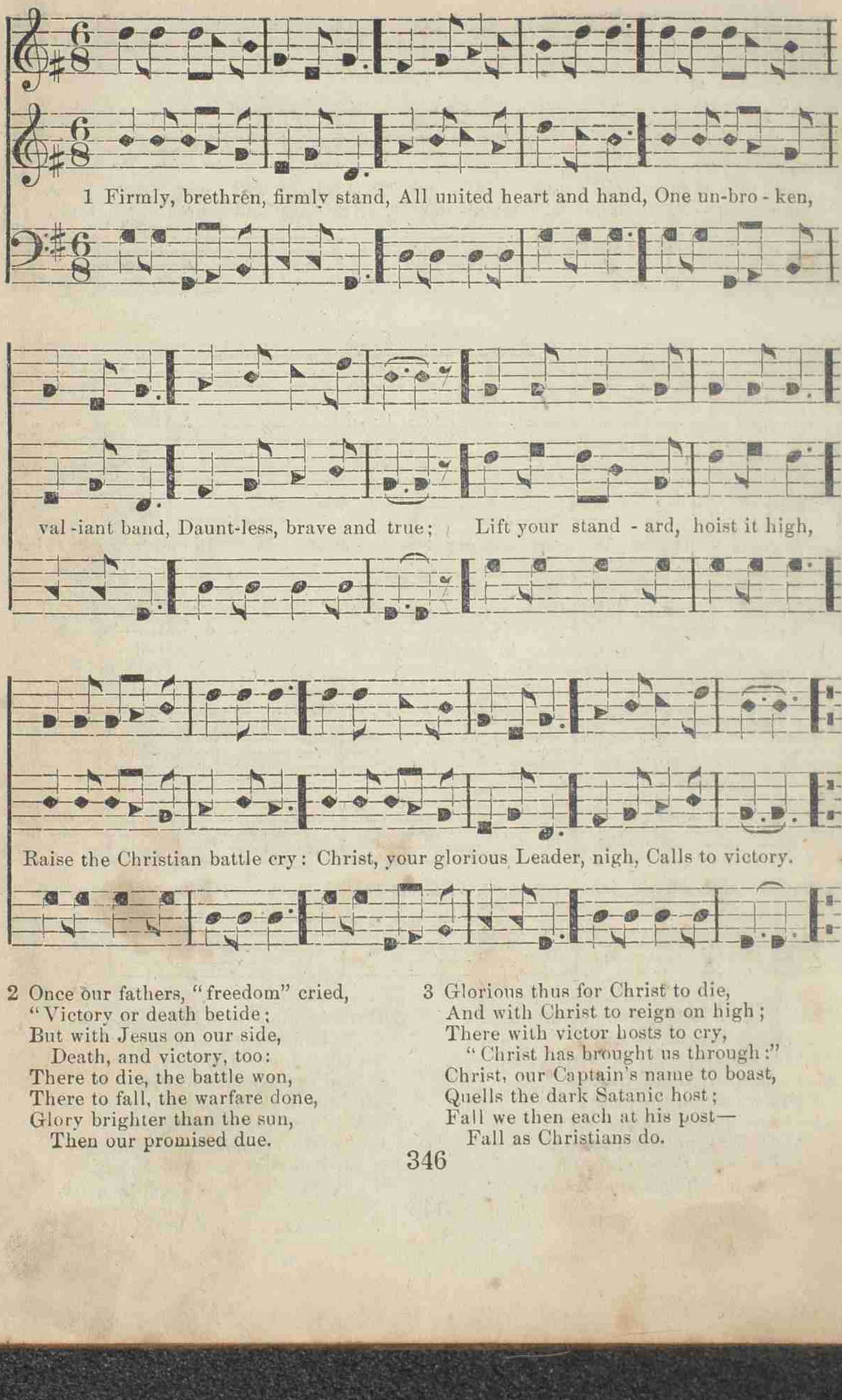




2 Loved ones have gone before us,
They beckon us away ;
O'er starry plains they're soaring,
Blest in eternal day.
But we are in the army,
And dare not leave our post ;
We'll fight until we conquer
The foe's most mighty host.
CHO.—There is sweet rest, &c.

3 Our Captain's gone before us ;
He kindly calls us home,
To yonder world of glory,
And sweetly bids us come.
The world, the flesh and Satan
Will try to hedge our way ;
But we'll o'ercome these powers,
We'll hourly watch and pray.
CHO.—There is sweet rest, &c.

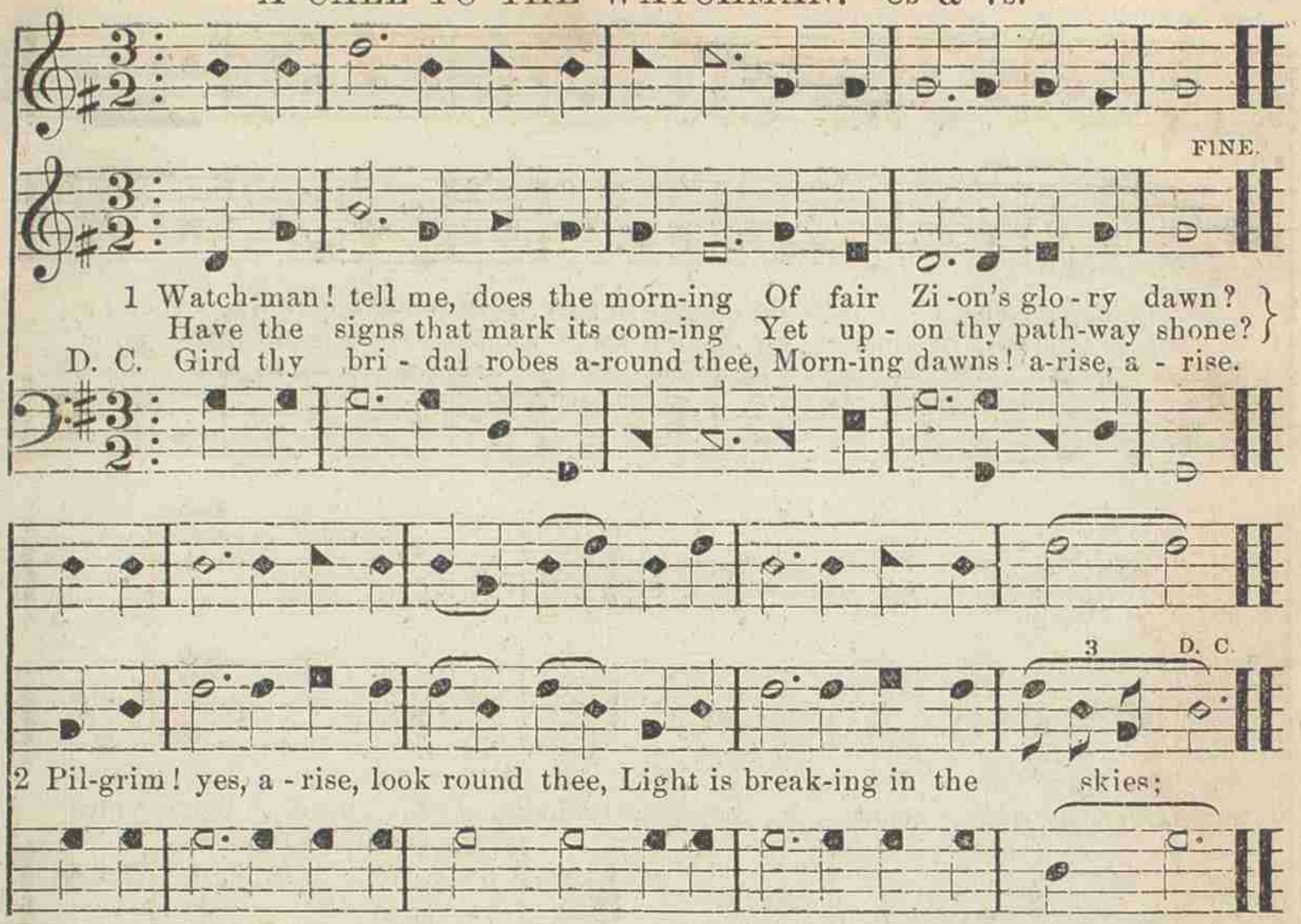
UNITY. 7,7,7,5.



2 Once our fathers, "freedom" cried,
"Victory or death betide;
But with Jesus on our side,
Death, and victory, too:
There to die, the battle won,
There to fall, the warfare done,
Glory brighter than the sun,
Then our promised due.

3 Glorious thus for Christ to die,
And with Christ to reign on high;
There with victor hosts to cry,
"Christ has brought us through:"
Christ, our Captain's name to boast,
Quells the dark Satanic host;
Fall we then each at his post—
Fall as Christians do.

A CALL TO THE WATCHMAN. 8s & 7s.



3 Watchman! see the light is beaming,
Brighter still upon the way;
Signs through all the earth are gleaming,
Omens of the coming day.

4 When the Jubal trumpet sounding
Shall awake from earth and sea,
And the saints of God now sleeping,
Clad in immortality.

5 Watchman! hail, the light ascending
Of the grand Sabbatic year;
All with voices loud proclaiming
That the Kingdom's very near.

6 Pilgrim! yes, I see just yonder,
Canaan's glorious heights arise;
Salem, too, appears in grandeur,
Towering neath its sunlit skies.

7 Watchman! in the Golden City,
Seated on his Jasper throne,
Zion's King enthroned in beauty,
Reigns in peace from zone to zone.

8 There on sunlit hills and mountains,
Golden beams serenely glow;
Purling streams and crystal fountains,
On whose banks sweet flow'rets blow.

---

800 *Perfect love casteth out fear.* 1 John 4: 18. [*For music see page* 118.]

THE wondrous love of Jesus,
From doubts and fears it frees us;
With pitying love he sees us,
And toiling here below:
Through tribulation driven,
We'll force our way to heaven;
Through consolation given,
Rejoicing on we'll go.

2 Companions now distressed,
By Satan sore oppressed,
Cheer up, you'll be relieved,
Your Captain's gone before:
In every trying hour,
He'll save you by his power,
And bring you safe to heaven,
On that eternal shore.

3 O yonder is the glory,
It lies but just before you,
And there we'll tell the story
Of all redeeming love:
And there we shall forever
Drink of that flowing river,
And ever, ever, ever,
Surround the throne of love.

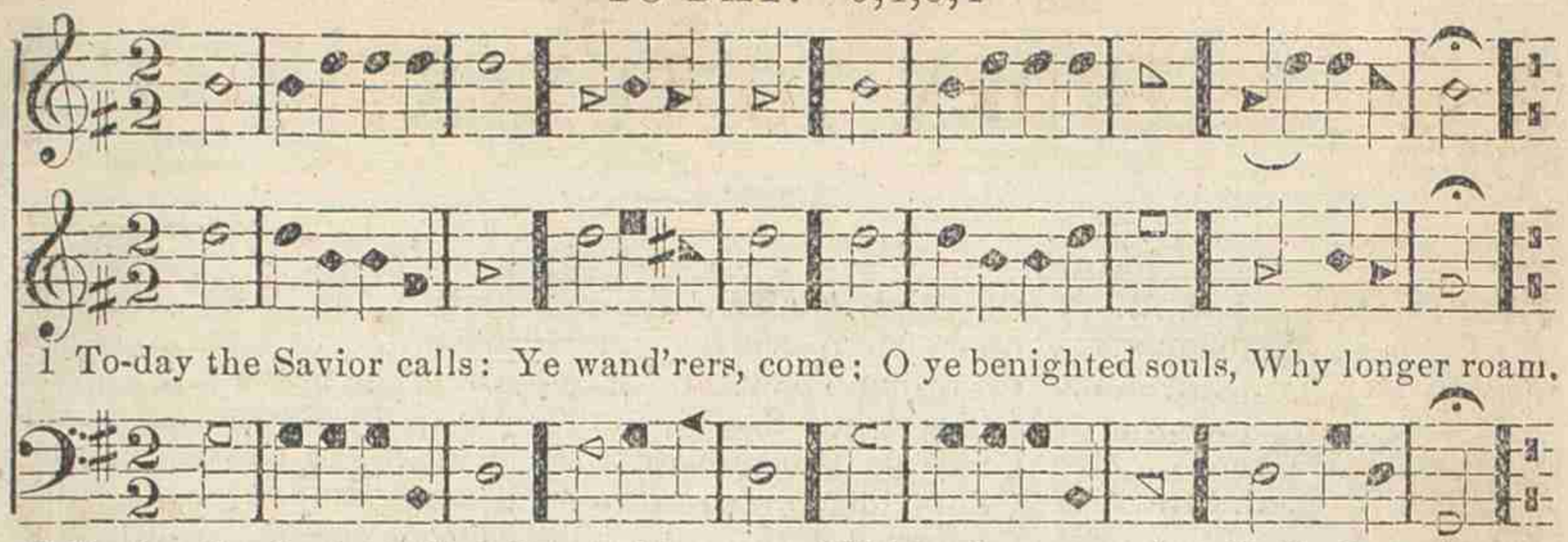
4 There in the blooming garden
Of Eden, gained by pardon,
Upon the banks of Jordan,
We'll worship the Lamb:
We'll sing the song of Moses,
While Jesus sweet composes
A song that never closes,
Of praises to his name.

DELIGHT. C. M. [DOUBLE.]

1 O Lord, I would de - light in thee, And on thy care de - pend;
To thee in ev - ery troub - le flee, My best, my on - ly Friend.
When all cre - a - ted streams are dried, Thy ful - ness is the same,
May I with this be sat - is - fied, And glo - ry in thy name.

2 He who has made my heav'n secure, Will here all good pro - vide;
While Christ is rich, can I be poor, What can I want be - side?
O Lord, I cast my care on thee, I tri - umph and a - dore;
Hence-forth my great con - cern shall be To love and please thee more.

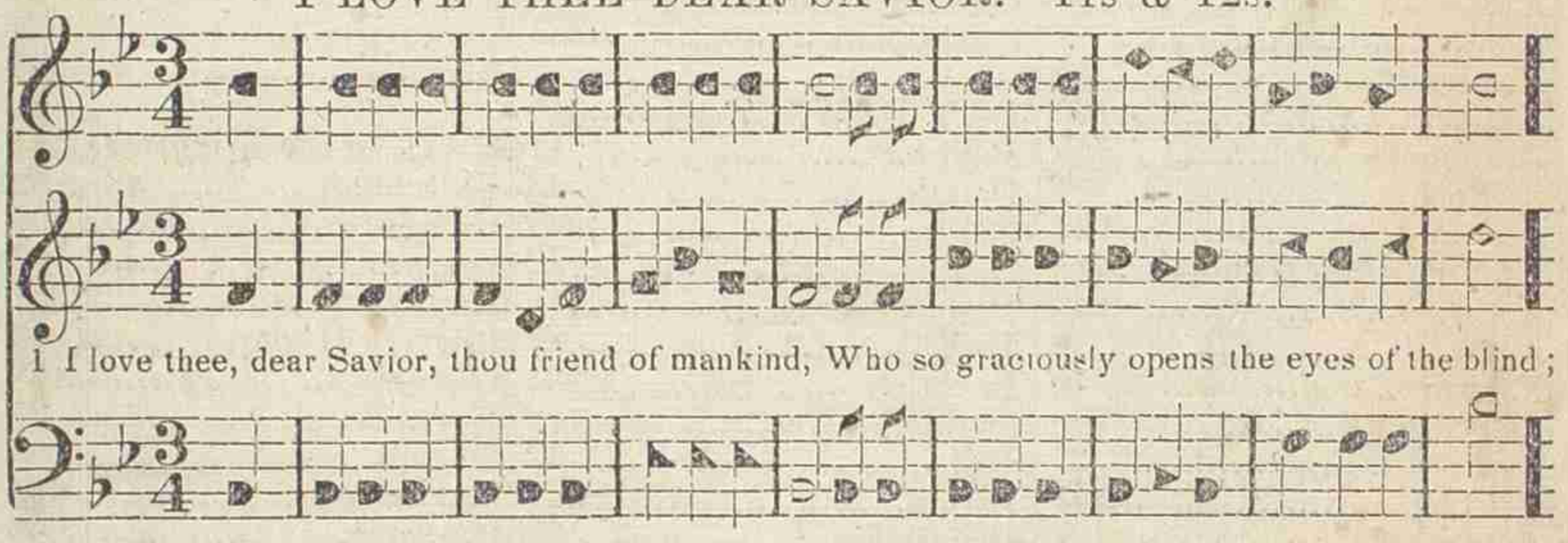
TO-DAY. 6,4,6,4



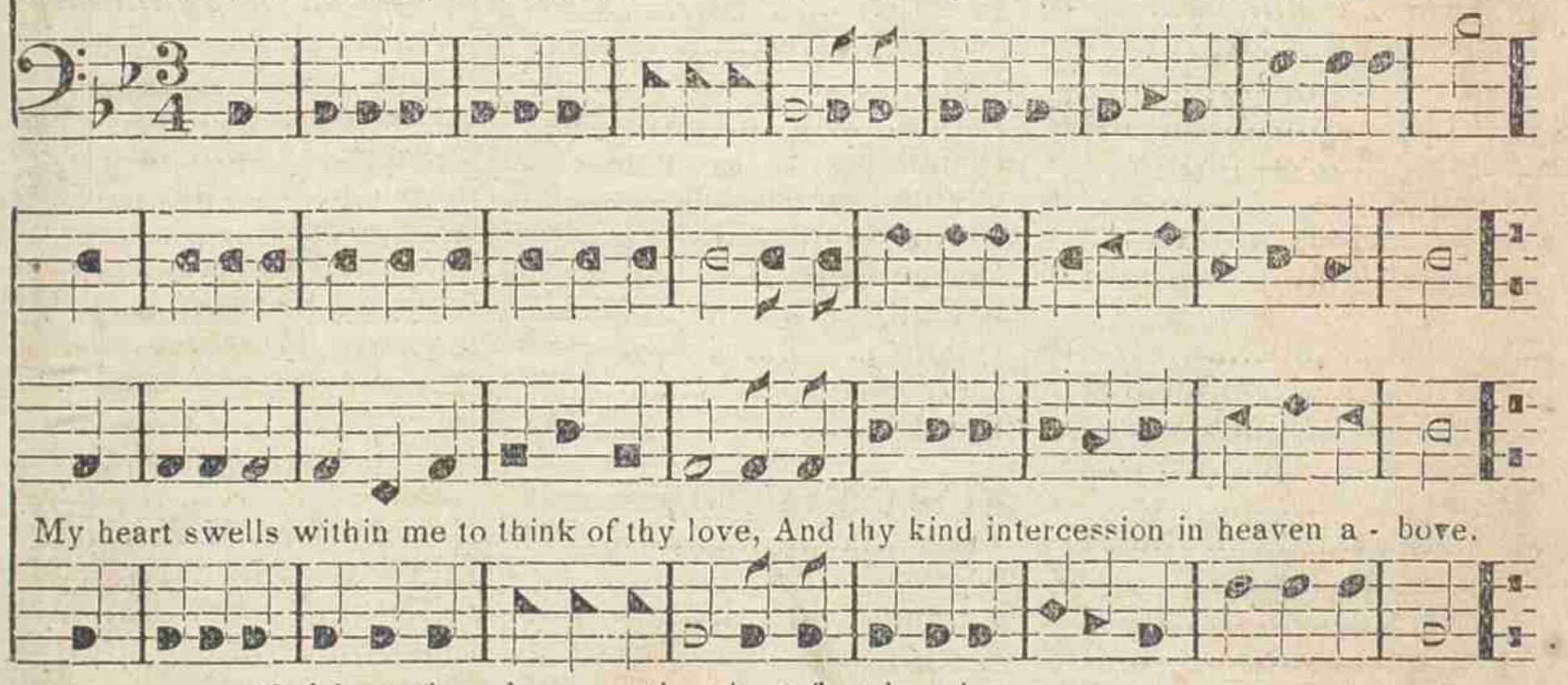
1 To-day the Savior calls: Ye wand'rers, come; O ye benighted souls, Why longer roam,

2 To-day the Savior calls: O hear him now; Within these sacred walls To Jesus bow.
3 To-day the Savior calls: For ref-uge fly: The storm of jus-tice falls, And death is nigh.
4 The Spirit calls to-day: Yield to his pow'r: Oh, grieve him not away; 'T is mercy's hour.

I LOVE THEE DEAR SAVIOR. 11s & 12s.



1 I love thee, dear Savior, thou friend of mankind, Who so graciously opens the eyes of the blind;



My heart swells within me to think of thy love, And thy kind intercession in heaven a - bove.

2 I love thee, because thou hast first loved me,
And borne in thy body my sins on the tree,
Thou didst drink of the cup of the wormwood and gall,
That salvation, by grace, might be given to all.

3 I thank thee, dear Savior, for what thou hast done,
And I glorify God for the gift of his Son;
In grateful devotion, my voice I will raise,
To bless and adore thee the rest of my days.

4 Oh, how shall I love thee sufficiently well!
Thy love and thy mercy no mortal can tell!
Receive my affection, though humble it be,
And reveal more completely thyself unto me.

INDEX TO TUNES.

	PAGE.
ADORATION	54
A Call to the Watchman	347
Advent Day	100
Advocate	37
A Home in Heaven	278
Aincourt	8
Albion	224
Alden	86
Alderway	42
Aleppo	116
Alida	240
American Chant	125
Ames	41
Amherst	45
Amity	196
Annapolis	169
Antioch	74
Anvern	239
Are We almost There	285
Arlington	242
Ashland	50
Ashton	70
Ashville	238
Ashwell	27
Atwater	152
Augusta	127
Autumn	73
Awful majesty	119
Aylesbury	178
BADEA	29
Balerma	142
Baltimore	39
Bartlette	230
Battle Creek	336
Bealoth	114
Beaula	232
Berlin	121
Bethany	194
Bingen	102
Blessed Bible	69
Bower of Prayer	58
Boylston	221
Brewer	97
Brooks	308
Brown	66
Byrd	23
CADDO	20
Captivity	228
Child of Grace	202
Chimes	30
Christian Soldier	326
Christian Warfare	241
Cleansing Fountain	166
Come, Angel Band	261
Come Ye Disconsolate	156
Complainer	60
Condescension	140
Confidence	147
Cookham	206
Cooper	150
Corwin	276
Cross of Christ	207
Crucifixion	335
DAY DAWN	318
Dayton	11
Delight	348
Delta	168
Dennis	32
Desolation	111
Detroit	87
Devotion	131
Dighton	112
Dill	12
Dillon	327
Dismission	51
Divine Compassion	90
Divine Inquiry	162
Divine Protection	184
Divinity	117
Dublin	186
Duke Street	82
Dundee	107
ELISABETH TOWN	43
Enee	264
Englewood	176
Ennius	92
Erwin	235
Evan	195
Evening Twilight	59
Evening prayer	315
Exultation	75
FAIRFIELD	104
Fair Fields	277
Forever With the Lord	283
Fountain	49
Frozen Heart	161
GANGES	35
Gerizim	80
Gibbons	135
Give	93
Glen	55
Go to the grave	255
Go to thy Rest	250
Gone to the Grave	258
Gospel Banner	123
Gospel Feast	146
Gospel Way	128
Gratitude	64
Gravity	25
Greenfields	190
Greenwood	303
Greenville	130
Greville	124
HAIL to the Brightness	181
Hallelujah	32
Hamburg	208
Happy Day	177
Happy Infancy	251
Harvest Hymn	343
Harwell	148
Harwich	24
Hartell	158
Harrisburg	312
Hastings	246
Hayes	243
Healing Balm	62
Heavenly Prospect	294
Heavenly Home	344
Heavenly Treasure	329
Hear our prayer	307
Hebron	34
Hendon	122
Hester	265
Hicks Farewell	174
Holley	237
Hollis	172
Home	68
Home	279
Hope	220
Horton	47
Hoylman	212
IDUMEA	266
Illumination	89
I'm Going Home	331
I Love thee dear Savior	349
Interrogation	227
Inquiry	180
Iowa	286
JUBILEE	139

LEBANON 52
Lake Enon 302
Lanesboro 77
Lanman 62
Lenox 88
Lewisburg 22
Lexington 118
Life's Morning 314
Life's Harvest 193
Lingham 38
Linville 209
Lisbon 25
Lindon 254
Long Sought Home 282
Lotha 96
Loving kindness 40
Love 44
Lyons 19

MAITLAND 267
Manoah 29
Marlow 215
Martyn 85
Martyrs 252
Mattie 236
McCoy 324
Mear 259
Melton 102
Meriba 271
Merton 149
Messiah 188
Migdol 185
Missouri 304
Missionary's Adieu 183
Montague 272
Mortality 274
Morning 199
Morning Light 120
Moulton 155
Mourner 98
My Heavenly Home 289

NAUWETA 244
Newcastle 231
New Concord 214
Newkirk 339
New Hope 56
New Year 319
Ninety-Fifth 16
Ninety-Third 157
Noah's Dove 108
Norford 218

OGDEN 160
Old hundred 46
O, may I love Jesus 310
Oporto 76
Ornithos 234
Ortonville 33
Our bond. here shall end. 332

PARTING HAND 300
Parting Hymn 298
Parting 136
Paradise 248
Pass me not 344
Perine 154
Peaceful Shore 297
Peterborough 9
Petersburg 226
Penitence 198
Pleasant Hill 18
Precious Bible 70
Prentice 67
Primrose 65
Protection 173
Psalm of Life 219

RAPTURE 144
Realms of the Blest 268
Refuge 260
Refuge 192
Remember Calvary 137
Redeeming Grace 330
Repose 17
Resignation 133
Resignation 262
Rest for the Weary 281
Rest 187
Restoration 197
Retreat 233
Repent 200
Rockbridge 132
Rosefield 310
Rosedale 31
Royal Proclamation 126
Rushford 191
Russian 28
Russia 217

SACRED HERALD 53
Sacred Tie 134
Salem 91
Salvation 290
Shelley 13
Shirland 15
Siloam 338
Sing to the Savior 247
Solitude 316
Solemnity 138
Solon 164
Solon 287
Sonnet 211
Star in the east 72
State Street 36
Stettinus 320
Steel 110
St. Martin's 182
Stow 94
Suffield 222
Supplication 163
Sunset 101
Surrey Chapel 106
Sutton 141
Sweer Evening Hour 61
Sweet Hour Of Prayer 57
Sweet Harmony 189
Sweet Heaven 257
Sweet Rivers 292
Sweadner 322

TALLIS' EV'NG HY 305
Tavoy 14
Tender Thought 165
The Beautiful River 340
The Chariot 104
The Family Bible 308
The Great Physician 84
The Golded City 337
The happy Land 342
The House of the Lord 325
The New Song 288
The Rock 334
The Shining Shore 296
The Spiritual Sailor 179
The Sweet By-and-By 328
The World of Light 249
Thorny Desert 170
Time is winging us away. 270
To-Day 349
Trumpet 95

UNION 143
Unity 299
Unity 346
Utica 201
Uxbridge 81

VARINA 213

WARWICK 78
Waynesville 14
Wells 204
Welton 48
Wentleith 210
We shall meet in Heav'n. 301
Weston 151
Willard 99
Wilmot 225
Windham 145
Wine 306
Wirth 109
Woodland 26
Woodworth 269
Wyman 7

ZEBULON 216
Zelek 256
Zephyr 10
Zeta 333
Zoar 21

INDEX TO FIRST LINES.

Page.

Abide with us, the evening shades, ...199
A broken heart, my God, my King,.....151
Absurd and vain attempt! to bind,.....321
A charge to keep I have,.....221
A few more years shall roll,.....284
Affliction is a stormy deep.....175
Again the Lord of life and..... 65
A home in heaven! what a joyful tho't,.278
Ah! why should bitter tears.....256
Alas! and did my Savior bleed,..... 87
Alas! my God, that thou should-t be,...196
All hail! happy day,..... 75
All hail the power of Jesus' name.....167
All men are equal in their.....317
All praise to our redeeming Lord,.....133
All you who have confessed,.....115
Almighty Sovereign of the skies,.....320
Always with us, always with us, ...170
Am I a soldier of the cross, ...242
A mother may forgetful be,.....107
An alien from God and a stranger to.....280
And are we yet alive,.....284
And dost thou say, "Ask what thou wilt? 228
And do we hope to be with him?.....204
And is the gospel peace and love?..... 81
And let this feeble body fail,.....262
And must I be to judgment.....103
And must I part with all I have?.....311
And must this body die, ...266
And now, my soul, another year,.....318
Angels where'er we go, attend, ...322
Another day has passed along..... 64
A parting hymn we.....136
Are we almost there, are we 285
Arise, my soul, arise,..... 88
Arise, my tenderest thoughts, ...165
As body when the soul has fled, ...209
Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep, ...256
As pilgrims in this vale of tears,.....336
As the sweet flower that scents.....247
A sweetly solemn thought,.....324
As when the weary traveler gains,.....338
At every motion of our breath,.....269
Awake, and sing the song,..... 36
Awake my soul, and with the sun, ...300
Awake my soul, in joyful lays,..... 40
Awake, my soul stretch every.....238
Awake, my zeal, awake, my love,.....244
Away from every mortal care,..... 34

Be firm, be bold, be strong, be true,.....323
Before Jehovah's awful throne,..... 46
Begin the day with God,.....302

Page.

Behold a stranger at the door,.....158
Behold how sinners disagree, ...159
Behold, the blind their sight receive,..... 82
Behold the bright morning appears,..... 54
Behold the glories of the Lamb,..... 26
Behold the heathen wait to know,..... 97
Behold the mountain of the Lord,..... 93
Behold the Savior of mankind,..... 87
Behold the sure foundation stone,.....105
Behold the western evening light!.....253
Behold the wretch whose lust and.....164
Behold what wondrous grace,.....176
Behold, where in a mortal form.....129
Beneath our feet and o'er our head.....253
Beside the gospel pool,.....124
Be still! be still! for all around,..... 22
Bestow, dear Lord, upon our youth,.....306
Be with me, Lord, where,er I go,.....320
Blessed are the humble souls that see,...172
Blessed Bible, how I love it! 69
Blessed is the man who shuns the.....212
Blessings to God, forever blest—.....307
Bless, O my soul, the living God,..... 31
Blest be my God that I was born,..... 30
Blest be the dear uniting love.....293
Blest hour when mortal man retires,..... 46
Blest hour, when virtuous friends shall .265
Blest is the man whose bowels move,....220
Blow ye the trumpet, blow,.....150
Bold in speech and bold in action,.....123
Broad is the road that leads to death, ...145
Buried beneath the yielding wave,.....128
By cool Siloam's shady rill,.....312

Call Jehovah thy salvation,.....197
Cease, ye mourners, cease to,.....225
Children of the heavenly King,..... 39
Christians, the glorious hope ye,.....113
Christian, the morn breaks. 326
Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day,..... 92
Come all who love my Lord and Master,..330
Come, descend, O heavenly Spirit,.....170
Come every pious heart,..... 24
Come, heavenly love, inspire my song.... 26
Come, Holy Spirit Dove divine.....131
Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove.....174
Come, let us all unite, to praise,..... 26
Come, let us anew our journey,.....319
Come, let us search our ways and see, ...218
Come, let us strike our harps afresh,.....295
Come, let us use the grace divine,.....117
Come, my soul, thy suit prepare,.....237
Come on, my partners in distress, ...144

Come, sinners, to the gospel feast,.....146
Come, sound his praise abroad, ... 52
Come, take my yoke, the Savior said.....158
Come, thou fount of every, ... 28
Come, thou long-expected Jesus..... 73
Come to the house of prayer, ... 56
Come to the morning prayer, ...284
Come, worship at Emanuel's feet, ... 27
Come, ye disconsolate, Where'er ye,.....156
Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,.....155
Come, ye that know and fear the,..... 13
Come, ye that love the Lord,..... 32
Comfort, ye ministers of grace,.....121
Converts to Christ's benignant sway,....112

Dare to think, though bigots frown, ...206
Dark and thorny is the desert,.....171
Dear as thou wast, and justly dear,.....242
Dear Friend, whose presence,.....322
Dear Lord, amid the throng that pressed, 205
Dear Lord, how wondrous is thy love. ... 25
Dear Lord, though bitter is the cup,.....239
Dear refuge of my weary soul, ...338
Deem not that they are blest, ...185
Depth of mercy, can there be,.....162
Destruction's dangerous road,.....136
Destructive sword! how oft hast thou,..313
Did Christ o'er sinners weep,..... 68
Did our Immanuel die for us,..... 83
Dismiss us from the house of prayer,..... 51
Dismiss us with thy blessing, Lord,..... 51
Disowned of heaven, by man oppressed, .101
Does it not grief and wonder move,..... 48
Do not I love thee, O my Lord,.....222
Dread Jehovah! God of nations,.....264

Early, my God, without delay,.....275
Earth's transitory things decay,.....245
Equip me for the war.....243
Ere to the world again we go,..... 51
Eternal and immortal King,..... 12
Eternal God, almighty Cause,..... 12
Eternal power, whose high abode,..... 34

Faith is the brightest evidence,.....203
Far as thy name is known,.....114
Far down the ages now,.....108
Farewell, bright soul, a short farewell...254
Farewell, vain world, I'm going home,...260
Far from my thoughts, vain world,.....185
Far from these narrow scenes,.....249
Father, how wide thy glory shines,..... 18
Father, I stretch my hands to,.....160
Father of faithful Abraham, hear,.....229
Father of mercies, bow thine ear.....125
Father of mercies, in thy word,..... 66
Father, when o'er our trembling,.....183
For ever here my rest shall be,.....129
For ever with the Lord.....283
For Zion's sake I will not rest,..... 102
Fountain of mercy, God of love,.....322
Friend after friend departs,.....246
From all that's mortal, all that's.....200
From all who dwell below the skies,.....27
From every stormy wind that blows,....233
From Greenland's icy mountains,.....120
From his low bed of mortal dust,.....248
From the table now retiring,.....139
Full of trembling expectation,.....171

Give me the wings of faith to rise,.....287
Glorious things of thee are spoken,..... 90
Glory to thee, my God, this night,.....305
God from his cloudy cistern pours,.....307
God in his earthly temple lays,.....112
God in the gospel of his Son,..... 67
God is the fountain whence,.....250
God moves in a mysterious way,..... 18
God named love, whose,.....113
God of mercy, hear our, ...307
God of my childhood and my youth.....291
God of our salvation, hear us,..... 53
God's law demands our living faith..... 71
God with us! O glorious name..... 47
Go forth on wings of faith and,.....119
Go labor on! spend and be spent, ...113
Go preach my gospel, saith the Lord,....113
Go, spirit of the sainted dead,.....256
Go thou, in life's fair morning,.....314
Go to the grave in all thy,.....255
Go to thy rest, fair child,.....250
Go when the morning shineth..... 60
Go with thy servant, Lord,.....108
Grace, 'tis a most delightful theme,.....163
Great Author of the immortal mind,.....228
Great God, as seasons disappear,.....273
Great God, how infinite art thou,..... 9
Great God, indulge my humble claim,.... 22
Great God, I own thy sentence just,.....267
Great God, in vain man's narrow,..... 8
Great God of nations, now to thee.....320
Great Lord, of all thy churches, hear....229
Great Shepherd of thine Israel,.....101
Great was the day, the joy was great,...177
Guide me O thou great Jehovah,,..... 14

Had I a throne above the rest,.....226
Had I ten thousand gifts beside,.....341
Had I the tongue of Greeks and Jews,...220
Hail sweetest, dearest tie that binds,.....301
Hail the blest morn, when the great..... 72
Hail to the Prince of life and..... 31
Happy is he whose early years,.....312
Happy soul thy days are ended,.....225
Happy the Church, thou sacred place....110
Happy the home, when God is there,....291
Happy the man that finds the, ...244
Happy the meek, whose gentle breast,...217

Hark! from the tomb a doleful sound,....259
Hark, my soul, it is the Lord,.....206
Hark the glad sound! the,..... 74
Hark! the jubilee is sounding,.....139
Hark! the voice of love and mercy,.....130
Hark! 'tis the prophet of the,.....103
Hasten, sinner, to be wise.....122
Haste, traveler, haste, the night,.....146
Have we no tears to shed for him,.....131
Heal us, Immanuel! here we stand,.....153
Hear the royal proclamation, ...126
Hear what the voice from heaven,.....133
Heaven is a place of rest from sin,.....288
He came not with his heavenly..... 79
He dies the friend of sinners dies..... 91
Here cares and angry passions,..... 44
High in yonder realms of light,.....237
Hither ye faithful, haste in songs of..... 76
Holy and reverend is the name..... ... 9
Honor and happiness unite,.....321
Hopeless and outcast once we lay.....109
How are thy servants blest, O Lord..... 21
How beauteous are their feet.....115
How beauteous were the marks..... 82
How blest the righteous.....245
How blest the sacred tie that binds.....134
How can I sink with such a prop.....196
How condescending and how kind.....140
How did my heart rejoice to hear..... 23
How firm a foundation ye saints 173
How great how solemn is the work..... 33
How happy are they who their.....214
How happy are the young, who.....293
How happy every child of grace.....215
How happy is the Christian's state.....215
How long hath God bestowed his.....273
How long shall death, the tyrant.....263
How long wilt thou conceal thy face....175
How lost was my condition..... 84
How lovely the emblem of faith 54
How painfully pleasing the fond.....308
How pleasant, how divinely fair..... 42
How proud are we, how fond to show....340
How sad our state by nature is.....166
How shall I follow him I serve.....205
How shall the young secure their.....313
How solemn the signal I hear.....201
How sweetly flowed the gospel..... 81
How sweet the hour of closing day.....248
How sweet the melting lay.....266
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds.... 78
How swift the torrent rolls.....243
How tedious and tasteless the hours.....333
How vain are all things here below.....274
How vain is all beneath the.....272
How welcome to the saints when pressed 62

I am saith Christ the way.....304
I am weary, I am weary.....171
I and my house will serve the.....271
I asked the Lord that I might grow.....229
If glorious angels do rejoice.....129
If God succeed not, all the cost.....308
If I must die, O, let me die 252
If on our daily course our mind.....192
If Paul in Cesar's court must.....202
If peace and plenty crown my days 161
I know that my Redeemer lives.....187
I long to see the season come.....145
I love thy kingdom, Lord.....115
I love to see the Lord below 44
I love to steal awhile away..... 59
I'm not ashamed to own my Lord 128
Imposture shrinks from light..... 68
In all my Lord's appointed ways 127
In all my vast concerns with thee..... 11
In all thy ways, O God.....302
Indulgent God of love.....121
In memory of the Savior's love.....129
In mercy Lord, remember me.....195
In seasons of grief to my God I'll.....334
Inspirer and hearer of prayer 201
Intemperance, like a raging flood.....317
In the beginning, was the word.....323
In the Christian's home in glory.....281
In the cross of Christ I glory.....207
In this lone hour of deep distress.....254
In thy great name, O Lord, we..... 49
In trouble and in grief, O God 200
In vain our fancy strives to paint.....265
Israel, in ancient days.....147
Is there a God? Yon rising sun..... 7
Is this the kind return?.....157
It is a very pleasant thing 127
It is not death to die.....243
It is not good, Jehovah said.....270
It is the hour of prayer 56
I waited patient for the Lord 182
I want a heart to pray.....221
I would but can not sing.....157
I would not live always; I ask.....276

Jehovah's image brightly shone..... 17
Jehovah is a God of might..... 10
Jerusalem! Jerusalem!.....275
Jerusalem, my glorious home.....282
Jesus and shall it ever be.....205
Jesus, grant us all a blessing.....303
Jesus, great Shepherd of the,.....141
Jesus, let thy pitying eye,.....198
Jesus, lover of my soul..... 85
Jesus, my all to heaven is gone,.....331
Jesus, my King, proclaims the war.....239
Jesus, shall reign where'er the sun..... 97
Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me.....315
Jesus, the Name high over all..... 77
Jesus, the very thought is sweet..... 83

Jesus, thou art the sinner's,..... 87
Jesus, thou dear redeeming Lord,..... 50
Jesus, thy blood and..... 83
Jesus, thy love shall we forget.....135
Jesus wept! those tears are over..... 80
Join all the glorious names..... 24
Joyfully, joyfully, onward I move.....339
Joy is a fruit that will not grow.....215
Joy to the world, the Lord is come..... 74

Kind are the words that Jesus.....202
Kindred in Christ, for his dear sake.....336
Kind souls, reflect awhile with me.....274
Know, my soul, thy full,.....197

Labors of Christ, arise.....224
Lamb of God, whose bleeding.....137
Let every mortal ear attend.....152
Let others boast how strong they be,.....267
Let party names no more 124
Let Pharisees of high esteem.....218
Let plenteous grace descend on.....129
Let the land mourn through all its.....316
Let the seventh angel sound on high 96
Let the wild leopards of the woods.....165
Let thy kingdom, blessed Savior,.....340
Let us the sheep by Jesus named,..... 43
Let vain pursuits and vain desires.....133
Let worldly men, from shore to..... 66
Let Zion's watchman all awake.....117
Life is the time to serve the Lord.....158
Lift your glad voices in triumph on..... 95
Like mist on the mountain, like ships...277
Like morning, when her early breeze...168
Like Noah's weary dove.....108
Like shadows gliding o'er the plain.....269
Lo! he comes, with clouds,.....106
Lo! I behold the scattering shades.....275
Long have I sat beneath the sound.....184
Look down, O Lord, with pitying.....165
Look up, ye saints, with sweet surprise.. 97
Lo! on a narrow neck of land.....271
Lord, a little band, and lowly.....315
Lord, at this cloosing hour..... 52
Lord, at thy sacred feet..... 36
Lord, bless thy saints assembled here...110
Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing..... 53
Lord, how delightful 'tis to see..... 34
Lord, how secure and blest are they.....209
Lord, I believe a rest remains.....294
Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear... 295
Lord, in these dark and dismal days.....273
Lord, in thy presence here we meet.....127
Lord, for ever at thy side.....122
Lord, lead the way the Savior.....218
Lord of my life, whose word of power...313
Lord of the harvest, hear.....115
Lord of the worlds above..... 45
Lord, teach thy servants how to pray....234
Lord, teach us how to pray..... 55
Lord, we, come before thee now..... 47
Lord, what a feeble piece 266
Lord, what a heaven of saving grace,... 22
Lord, what a wretched land is this.....223
Lord, what is man! extremes how.....168
Lord, when together here we meet.....231
Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise..... 28
Lo! the destroying angel flies.....135
Love is the fountain whence.....136
Lo! what a glorious sight appears.....290
Lo! what an entertaining sight.....140

Majestic sweetness sits enthroned..... 79
Make up the jewels, Lord, and [omitted]
Mary to the savior's tomb,..... 85
May the grace of Christ, our..... 28
Meekly in Jordan's holy stream,.....128
'Mid scenes of confusion and.....280
Mistaken souls that dream of heaven....210
Mourn for the thousands slain.....324
My bark is on a troubled sea.....321
My closet, my temple, my social..... 59
My days are gliding swiftly by.....296
My days, my wesks, my months, my.....144
My dearest friends, in bonds of love.....300
My dear Redeemer and my Lord..... 81
My drowsy powers, why sleep ye so 222
My God! my Father! cheering name... 16
My God, my King, thy various praise... 31
My God, my life, my love..... 15
My God! is any hour so sweet.....230
My God the covenant of thy love.....196
My God, the spring of all my joys.....113
My God, thy service well.....175
My God was with me all the night 311
My heavenly home is bright and fair....289
My opening eyes with rapture 64
My soul, be on thy guard.....224
My soul, come meditate the day.....252
My span of life will soon be,.....251
My spirit longs for thee..... 63

Nay, tell us not of dangers dire.....242
Nearer, my God, to thee.....194
Nor eye has seen, nor ear has heard.....294
Nor King nor Prince on Judah's 103
Not all tne blood of beasts [omitted]
No track is on the sunny sky.....174
Not to the terrors of the Lord 109
Not unto us, almighty Lord..... 22
Now begin the heavenly theme..... 39
Now, brethren, though we part.....302
Now, brethren, to your homes..... 295
Now, from the altar of my heart.....295
Now, gracious Lord, thine arm.....316
Now I resolve with all my heart.....205
Now, Lord, though we must part.....141

Now, O my soul! the circling sun,.....306
Now one day's journey less devides,.....297
Now, pilgrims, let us go in peace.....267
Now shall our hearts with pleasure..... 41
Now, while the gospel net is cast..... 51

O blessed Jesus! when I see [omitted.
O bless the Lord, my soul! 29
O bless the Lord, my soul!.....307
O bow thine ear, eternal One.....145
O come, thou wounded Lamb of God....185
Of him who did salvation bring..... 42
O for a heart to love my God.....188
O for an overcoming faith 210
O for a sweet inspiring ray.....187
O for a thousand tongues to sing..... 38
O for that flame of living fire.....244
Often the clouds of deepest woe.....203
O give me, Lord, my sins to mourn.....159
O God, by whom the seed is given 50
O God of Bethel, by whose hand..... 21
O God, on thee we all depend..... 30
O happy day that fixed my.....177
O happy day! when saints shall meet...270
O happy saints that dwell in light 297
O help us, Lord! each hour of.....235
O he whom Jesus loved, has truly,.....156
Oh! For a closer walk with God,.....186
Oh for a glance of heavenly day,.....161
Oh where can the soul find relief,.....279
O in the morn of life, when,.....310
O it is joy in one to meet,..... 55
O land of rest for thee I sigh,.....186
O Lord, hadst thou been here, but when,.203
O Lord, how full of sweet,.....205
O lord, our languid souls inspire,..... 49
O Lord, thou knowest my soul's desires, .172
O Lord, to us assembled here,.....236
O Lord! thy work revive,.....178
O Lord, show pity, and forgive, ,.....159
O love beyond conception great, ...168
O love divine that stooped to share,.....172
O most delightful hour by man, ...253
Once more before we part, ... 52
Once more my soul, the rising day,.....293
Once more we come before our God, ... 43
Once, O Lord, thy garden flourished,.....197
One prayer I have—all prayer,.....240
One there is above all others,..... 37
On Jordan's stormy banks I stand. 292
O not to fill the mouth of fame, ...212
On the mountain's top appearing 53
Onward, Christian, through the region, ..225
Onward, onward, men of heaven, ...123
On what has now been sown,..... 45
On Zion's glorious summit stood,.....288
O render thanks to God,.....307
O sacred head now,..... 89
O sinner, bring not tears alone,.....140
O sweetly breathe the lyres above,.....209
O tell me no more of this,.....189
O tell me thou life and delight,.....180
O tell me where the Dove is flown,.....293
O that I could forever dwell,.....187
O that I knew the secret place, ...153
O that my load of sin were gone, ...161
O that the Lord would guide my ways, ..195
O there's a better world on high, ...182
O thou to whom in ancient time,..... 42
O thou, who driest the mourner's tear,...186
O thou, who hearest when sinners cry,....163
O thou who on thy chosen Son, ...125
O thou, whose compassionate care, ...143
O thou, whose own vast temple, ...135
O thou, whose tender mercy,.....164
O time! how few thy value weigh,.....269
O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye,...154
Our blest Redeemer, ere he breathed,.....175
Our bondage, here shall end, ...332
Our country is Immanuel's, ...265
Our country's voice is, ...118
Our days, alas! are mortal days,.....263
Our God is love, and all, ...222
Our God, our help in ages past, ... 16
Our Heavenly Father calls, ...178
Our helper, God, we bless thy name, ...273
Our Lord hath reached his,.....105
Our Lord is risen from the dead, ... 91
Our pathway oft is wet with tears,.....174
O what a lonely path were ours, ...290
O when shall I see Jesus, ...193
O when the tear is gushing, ... 60
O where are kings and empires,.....107
O where is now that glowing love, ...192
O where shall rest be found,.....157
O why despond in life's dark vale, ... 20
O worship the King all glorious above,... 19
O Zion's King, we suppliant bow, ...125

Pastor, thou art from us taken, ...207
Patience! O what a grace divine, ...226
Peace be to this habitation, ...219
People of the Living God, ... 92
Perfect through sufferings! may it,.....208
Pilgrims, with pleasure let us part,.....273
Planted in Christ, the living vine,.....117
Plunged in a gulph of dark despair,.....167
Praise to God, immortal,.....227
Praise to the Lord, for they are past 275
Prayer is the breath of God in man,.....232
Prayer is the soul's sincere,.....231
Precious Bible! what a treasure,..... 70

Raise your triumphant songs, ... 25
Redeemed ones, the heirs of God,.....204
Rejoice, the Lord is King,.....216
Religion is the chief concern,,.....188
Religion, 't is a glorious treasure, ...329

Return, my roving heart, return, ... 61
Rise, crowned, with light, imperial, ...102
Rise, my soul, and stretch thy,.....191
Rise, O my soul, pursue the path,.....238
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,..... 86

Salvation! O the joyful sound,.....167
Savior, breathe an evening,.....303
Savior, happy would I be,.....162
Savior, I do feel thy merit,..... 37
Savior, now receive him.....247
Savior of men, we bless thy name,..... 41
Savior, teach me, day by day,.....227
Savior, visit thy plantation,.....235
Say, whence does this union arise,.....143
Say, who is she that looks abroad.....109
Say, why should friendship grieve for....254
Saw ye my Savior,.....335
See how the willing converts trace.....131
See in the vineyard of the Lord,.....195
See the leaves around us falling,.....303
Servant of God, well done,.....250
Shall Atheists date insult the cross?..... 79
Shall e'er the shadow of a change,..... 10
Shall I for fear of feeble man,.....121
Shall man, O God of light and life, ...260
Silently the shades of evening,.....264
Since all the varying scenes of time,..... 20
Since o'er thy footstool here,..... 17
Sing praise! the tomb is void,..... 63
Sin has a thousand treacherous arts, ...164
Sinners, the voice of God regard,.....142
Sinners, will you scorn the messsge?....148
Sister, thou wast mild and,.....264
Sleep! drowsy sleep! come close,.....305
So fades the lovely blooming,.....245
Soldiers of the cross, arise! 241
Songs of praise the angels, ... 32
Speak gently to the erring ones,.....238
Spirit Divine! attend our prayer,..... 55
Stay! thou insulted Spirit, stay!.....163
Stern Winter throws his icy chain,.....317
Strait is the way, the door is,.....203
Stretched on the cross, the,..... 83
Sun of my soul, thou Savior dear,.....305
Sweetest bonds of friendseip, here, ...310
Sweet ev'ning hour! Sweet ev'ning hour! 61
Sweet hour of pray'r! Sweet hour of pray'r! 57
Sweet is the memory of thy grace,..... 13
Sweet is the work, my God, my King,.... 61
Sweet the moments, rich in,..... 90

Take up thy cross, the Savior said,.....208
Talk with us, Lord, thyself.....200
Teach me yet more of thy blest,.....222
Teach me, my God and King,.....221
Teach me the measure of my days, ...274
Tell me not in mournful, ...219
That awful day will surely come, ...104
That man no guard or weapon,.....229
The angels who watched round the,.....268
The broken ties of happier,.....263
The bud will soon become a,.....306
The chariot! the chariot! its,.....104
The Christian knows his God aright,.....239
The church has waited long,..... 98
The church of God,.....132
The day is past and gone,.....304
The dead are like the stars by day,.....259
Thee we adore, eternal name,.....231
The festal morn, my God, is come,..... 35
The importance of a sacred right, ...223
The King of saints, how fair his face,....112
The law by Moses came, ... 68
The law commands and makes us, ... 67
The light of Sabbath eve, ... 62
The Lord into his garden comes,.....116
The Lord my Shepherd is,..... 15
The Lord our God is clothed, ... 11
The Lord our God, is Lord of,..... 9
The Lord will come! the earth shall,.... 96
The night is past and gone,.....304
The night is far spent, and the day is at,..100
The offerings to thy throne which, ... 49
The promises I sing,.....169
The ransomed spirit to her home,.....226
The reason we love friendship,.....000
There is a fountain filled with blood,.....166
There is a happy land,.....342
There is a house not made with hands,...261
There is a land mine eye hath seen, ...272
There is a land of pure delight,.....291
There is a name I love to hear, ... 38
There is an eye that never sleeps,.....236
There is a place where my hopes are 277
There is a region lovelier far,.....272
There is a time, we know,.....160
There is no night in heaven,.....179
There's not a hope with comfort 199
The righteousness, th' atoning blood.....336
The saints appear to tread the courts..... 50
The saints on earth and those above 141
The Savior, what a noble flame..... 78
The Savior, when to heaven he.....113
The Son of God goes forth to war.....318
The souls that would to Jesus press.....184
The spacious firmament on high..... 14
The time draws nigh when from the 263
The winds were howling o'er the deep ...153
The wondrous love of Jesus.....347
The world can neither give nor.....223
The worth of truth no tongue can tell.... 67
They who seek the throne of grace..... 39
Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord..... 64
This God is the God we adore..... 54
This is the day the first ripe sheaf..... 65
Thou art gone to the grave! but we.....258
Thou art the way; to thee alone,..... 78

Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb..... 23
Thou didst, O mighty God, exist..... 11
Though hard the winds are blowing.....179
Though in the earthly church below.....110
Though thy days are dark with trouble.341
Though troubles assail and dangers..... 19
Thou great first Cause! least understood.232
Thou long disowned, reviled,..... 79
Thou Shepherd of Israel and mine,.....190
Thou Sovereign, let my evening song ...287
Thou who a tender parent art.....293
Through thee, O Lord, we own.....178
Through this wide wilderness I.....134
Through sorrow's night and 263
Thus far the Lord hath led me on.....297
Thus I resolved before the Lord 240
Thus saith the high and lofty One..... 12
Thy footsteps, Lord, with joy we trace...321
Thy life I read, my dearest Lord 251
Thy presence, gracious God, affords..... 48
Thy way, O God, is in the sea, ... 20
Time is winging us away, ...270
'T is by the faith of joys to come,.....208
'T is midnight, and on Olive's..... 83
'T is not the skill of human.....220
'T is religion that can give.....227
To-day God bids the faithful rest..... 65
To keep the lamp alive.....325
To leave my dear home, and from kin ... 58
To-morrow, Lord, is thine 176
To praise the ever-bounteous Lord.....317
To thee, my God, whose presence.....232
To thee our wants are known.....000
To the flowing stream of Jordan 130
To thine eternal arms, O God.....159
To thy temple we repair..... 47
To us a child of hope is born..... 77
Trembling before thine awful 205
Try us, O God, and search the.....142
'T was by an order from the Lord..... 71
'T was on that dark, that doleful.....138

Unvail thy bosom, faithful tomb.....260
Upon the gospel's sacred page..... 71
Up to the Lord, who reigns on high..... 8

Vain, delusive world, adieu 187
Vain man, thy fond pursuits forbear.....153
Vouchsafe, O Lord, thy presence 119

Wait, my soul, upon the Lord 162
Wake up, my muse, condole the loss.....253
Walk in the light! so shalt thou know..323
Watchman! tell us of the night 92
We are living, we are dwelling.....219
We bless thee for this sacred day 62
Weep for the lost! Thy Savior wept.....317
Welcome, sweet day of rest..... 56
Well may thy servants mourn, my God..111
We seek the Golden City.....337
We shall greet them at home, we shall..328
We speak of the realms of the blest.....286
We've no abiding city here.....248
We will not weep, for God is.....181
What cheering words are these.....176
What contradictions meet..... 99
What happy children who follow Jesus..000
What if our bark, o'er life's rough wave.287
What is our God, or what his name..... 8
What must it be to dwell above.....327
What poor, despised company 223
What shall I render to my God 44
What strange perplexities arise 233
What though no flowers the fig-tree.....240
What various hinderances we meet 233
When Abraham, full of sacred awe.....234
When all thy mercies, O my God..... 30
When blooming youth is.....259
When brighter suns and milder 316
When floating on life's troubled sea.....212
When for eternal worlds we steer.....211
When God descends with men to..... 96
When God fulfills his promised word ...101
When groves by moonlight silence.....228
When I can read my title clear.....213
When Israel through the desert 70
When I survey the wondrous cross.....138
When Jesus Christ was here below.....132
When Jesus, our great Master, came.....204
When langour and disease invade 323
When life as opening buds is.....245
When marshalled on the nightly..... 82
When, O dear Jesus, when shall I 66
When on her Maker's bosom.....314
When shall we all meet again 298
When shall we meet again.....299
When struggling on the bed of pain.....138
When the harvest is passed and.....149
When waves of trouble round me swell..188
When we can not see our way.....206
When we pass through yonder 69
When we stand before the throne..... 86
When wounded sore the.....167
When shall the child of sorrow find.....313
Where two or three with sweet..... 27
While life prolongs its precious 151
While now thy throne of grace 48
While others pray for grace to die 192
While shepherds watched their flocks... 77
While thee I seek, protecting 29
Whom have we, Lord, in heaven but.... 16
Who shall the Lord's elect condemn.....217
Why do we mourn departing friends.....262
Why should our tears in sorrow flow.....257
Why should we start and fear to die.....247
Why weep for those, frail child of woe...245

Why will ye lavish out your 159
With joy we meditate the grace..... 79
With joy we own thy servant.....119
With tearful eyes I look around 151
Wouldst thou an erring soul redeem.....229
Would you win a soul to God 122
Wrapt in a Christless shroud.....324

Ye different sects, who all declare 321
Ye dying sons of men,.....147
Ye followers of the Prince of.....129
Ye hearts with youthful vigor.....313
Ye humble saints, proclaim abroad 10
Ye humble sinners, in whose breast.....152
Ye humble souls, approach your..... 13
Ye humble souls, that seek the..... 93
Ye little flock, whom Jesus feeds 107
Ye mourning saints, whose.....252
Ye servants of the Lord.....224
Yes, for me, for me he careth 73
Yes, she is gone—yet.....255
Yes, the Redeemer rose..... 94
Ye virgin souls, arise..... 99
Ye weary, heavy-laden souls.....291
You may sing of the beauties.....325
You messengers of Christ.....124

Zion stands with hills surrounded.....106

Stephen Sedgwick property 3rd Dist

Coll by MB
11-15-78

20253

CZ
1872
Ch

Church of Brethren
=