THE AMARANTH;

OR

Songs and Tunes

For the Children of the Church.

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1872.

This book belongs to
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D. E. H. Shepard.
626 Beaumont Pl.
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626 Beaumont Pl.

St. Louis -

1893.

THE AMARANTH:

A BOOK OF

SONGS, HYMNS, ANTHEMS, CHANTS, AND CONCERT PIECES,

FOR

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL;

WITH OCCASIONAL PIECES FOR THE CHOIR.

EDITED BY

ATTICUS G. HAYGOOD,
SUNDAY-SCHOOL SECRETARY.

R. M. McINTOSH,
EDITOR "TABOR," "GLAD TIDINGS," ETC.

Sing praises to God, sing praises.—*Psalm* xlvii. 6.
There are no songs comparable to the songs of Zion.—*Milton.*

Nashville, Tenn.:
PUBLISHED BY A. H. REDFORD, AGENT, FOR THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH.
1872.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1871, by A. H. Redford, Agent, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

PREFACE.

For several years past, the conviction has been growing in the mind of the Church that, in the use of perhaps not less than forty different books of Sunday-school music—ignoring, as most of them do, the choicest hymns of the Church—our children will "be taught *not* to sing with the congregation." Hoping to remedy, in some degree, this evil, the General Conference, which met in Memphis, May, 1870, passed the following:

"*Resolved*, That this General Conference hereby directs the publication of a suitable book of Sunday-school music as soon as practicable."

The duty of bringing out this work was assigned to the Sunday-school Secretary, and the following gentlemen were "appointed a committee to aid him" in the work: T. J. Magruder, W. H. Foster, Rev. W. P. Harrison, D.D., T. F. Childs, and O. B. Kerlin.

In the nature of the case these gentlemen have not been able to afford the Secretary that measure of assistance which he would gladly have received from them. This is stated in justice to the committee, that they may not be blamed for whatever may be imagined to be objectionable in the book. For what they have been able to do we are thankful.

To Messrs. Root & Cady, Mr. T. E. Perkins, Mr. Philip Phillips, Rev. Robert Lowry, Dr. A. B. Everett, W. H. Doane, O. W. Perkins, and others, among the leading publishers and most gifted composers, we are under many obligations. We are much indebted to the Book Editor, Rev. T. O. Summers, D.D., LL.D., for important assistance that his varied gifts and complete acquaintance with hymnology eminently prepared him to give. But in attempting to meet the requirement of the General Conference, in bringing out this book—for which neither talent nor education had fitted us—we owe most to Mr. R. M. McIntosh, a worthy member of our Church, whose interest in the cause induced him to bring to our aid both educated talent and ripe experience; for which the only remuneration that he accepts is the pleasure of doing good.

For the many excellences of this book our friends must receive the credit; for its defects we must be forgiven—we have done what we could.

While avowing that it does not reach even our own ideal of what such a work ought to be, it is not presumptuous to say that it is believed to be better adapted to the wants of a Christian Sunday-school than those we have been using. While the work retains the true characteristics of a Sunday-school Music-book, we hope to be approved for introducing many of those noble hymns in which the Church has long offered the incense of praise and celebrated the triumphs of grace.

We have ventured to call this little book of songs "The Amaranth:" a word that is not to be taken as descriptive of the humble volume that it adorns, but of those immortal gospel truths which give to sacred song all its inspiration. St. Peter has used the word, in its original form, to describe that "inheritance" which is not only "incorruptible and undefiled," but so divine in its nature and supports, that it may be said also, that it "*fadeth not away*, reserved in heaven for you who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation, ready to be revealed in the last time."

ATTICUS G. HAYGOOD,
Sunday-school Secretary

Nashville, *March* 1, 1871.

THE AMARANTH.

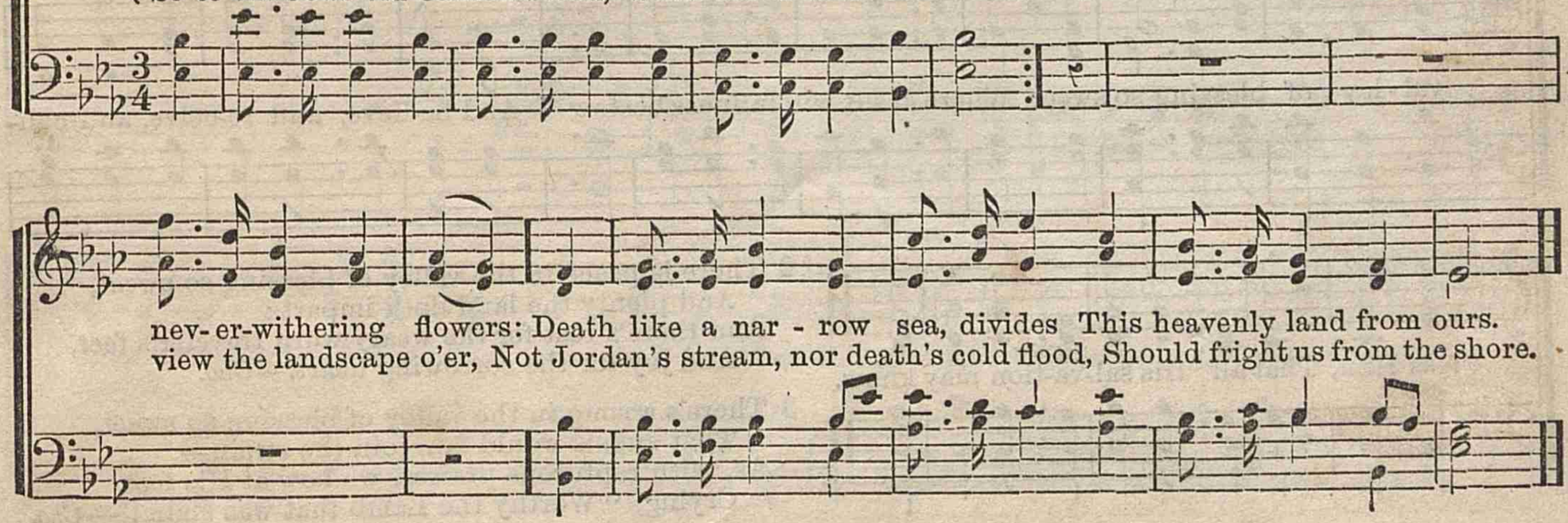
VARINA. C. M. Double.

Words by WATTS. Arranged from RINK, by GEO. F. ROOT.



1. 1. There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign:
In - finite day excludes the night, And pleasures ban-ish pain. } There everlasting spring abides, And never-withering flowers: Death like a nar - row sea, divides This heavenly land from ours.

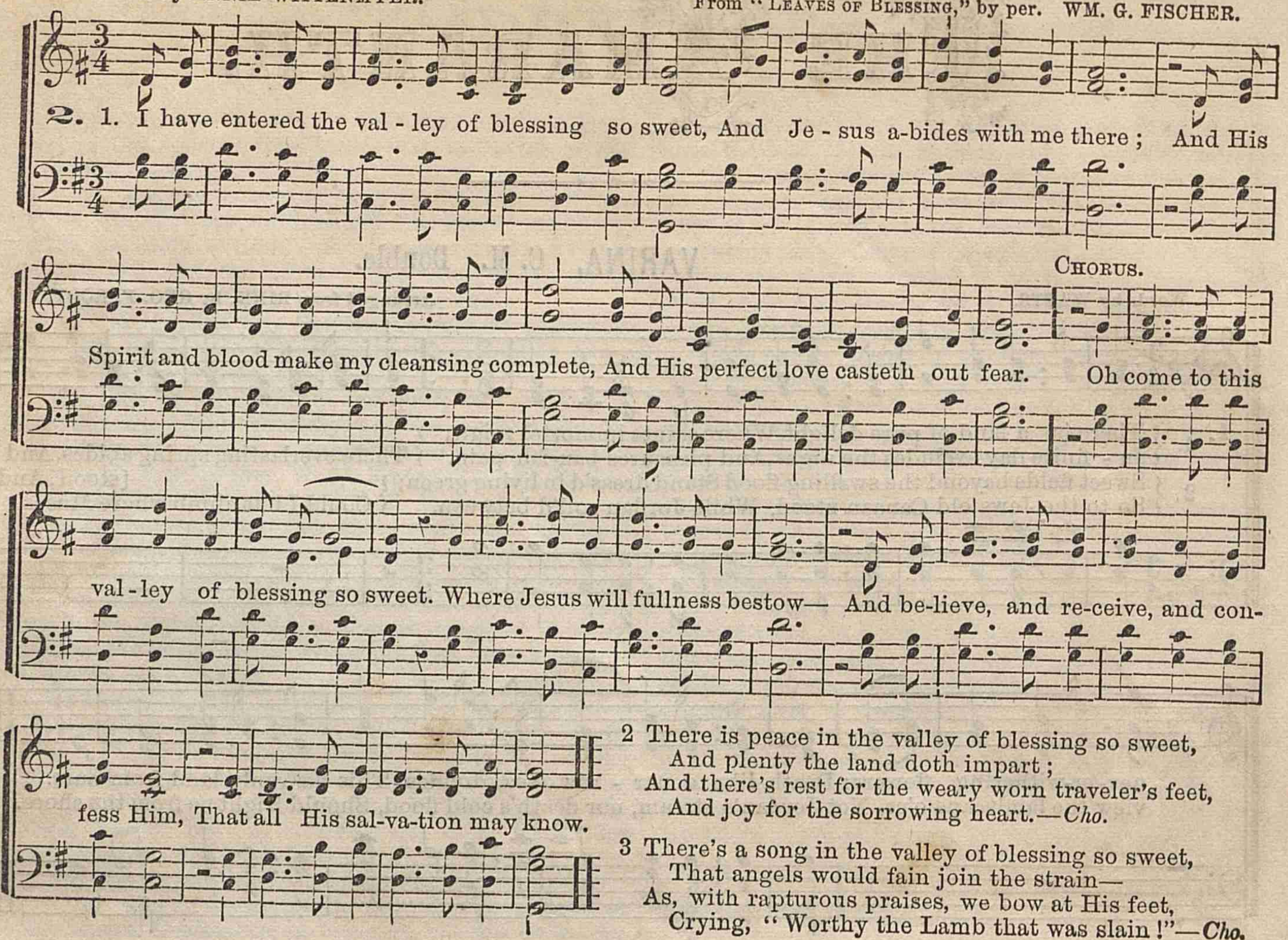
2. Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood Stand dress'd in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood, While Jordan roll'd between. } Could I but climb where Moses [stood, And view the landscape o'er, Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.



THE VALLEY OF BLESSING.

Words by ANNIE WITTENMYER.

From "LEAVES OF BLESSING," by per. WM. G. FISCHER.



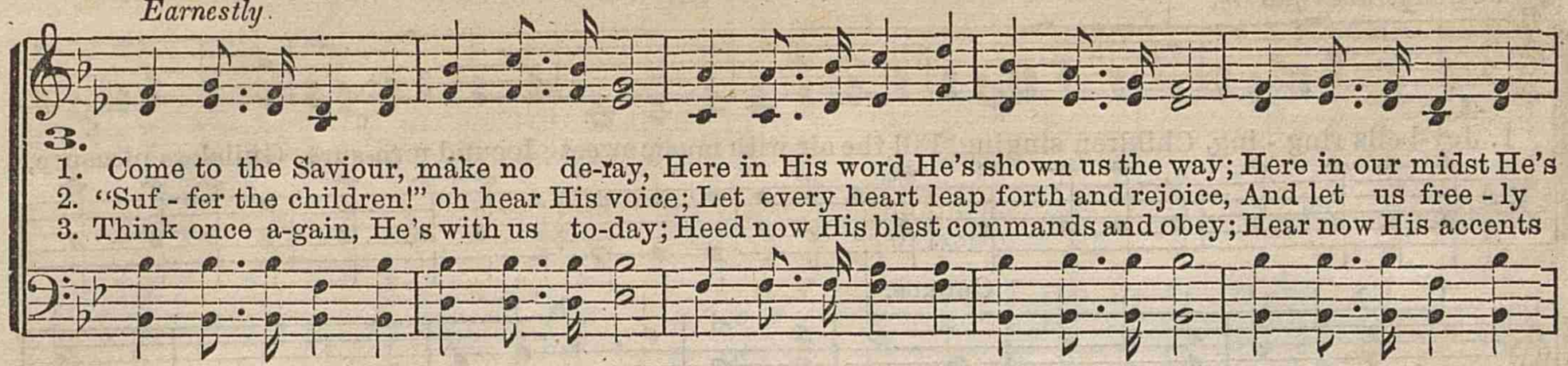
2 There is peace in the valley of blessing so sweet,
And plenty the land doth impart;
And there's rest for the weary worn traveler's feet,
And joy for the sorrowing heart.—*Cho.*

3 There's a song in the valley of blessing so sweet,
That angels would fain join the strain—
As, with rapturous praises, we bow at His feet,
Crying, "Worthy the Lamb that was slain!"—*Cho.*

COME TO THE SAVIOUR.

Words and Music by GEO. F. ROOT.

Earnestly.



3.

1. Come to the Saviour, make no de-lay, Here in His word He's shown us the way; Here in our midst He's
2. "Suf - fer the children!" oh hear His voice; Let every heart leap forth and rejoice, And let us free - ly
3. Think once a-gain, He's with us to-day; Heed now His blest commands and obey; Hear now His accents

CHORUS.



stand-ing to-day, Tender - ly say - ing, "Come." Joy-ful, joy - ful will the meeting be. When from sin our
make Him our choice; Do not de-lay, but Come.
ten - der - ly say, "Will you, my children Come?"

hearts are pure and free: And we shall gath - er, Sav - iour, with Thee In our e - ter - nal home.

JOY-BELLS.

Words by JOSEPHINE POLLARD. Music by HENRY TUCKER. By permission.

Joyfully, rather quickly.

4.

1. Joy-bells ring - ing, Children singing, Fill the air with music sweet; Jocund mea-sure, Guileless pleasure,

CHORUS.

Make the chain of song complete. Joy - bells! joy-bells! Nev - er, nev - er cease your ringing; Children!

Very soft. *Loud.*

child - ren! Nev - er, nev - er cease your singing: List, list, the song that swells, Joy-bells! joy-bells!

Soft. *Very loud.*

List, list, the song that swells, Joy - bells! joy - bells!

2.

Joy-bells ringing, Children singing,
Hark! their voices loud and clear,
Breaking o'er us, Like a chorus,
From a purer, happier sphere.
Joy-bells! joy-bells! &c.

WHO IS HE?

"To Him be glory both now and forever." 2 Peter 3; 18.

Words and Music by Rev. B. R. HANBY. From "CHAPEL GEMS."

CHORUS.





3 Who is He that stands and weeps
At the grave where Laz'rus sleeps?

4 Who is He in deep distress,
Fasting in the wilderness?

5 Lo! at midnight who is He
Prays in dark Gethsemane?

6 On the cross, lo! who is He,
Sheds his precious blood for me?

7 Who is He that, from the grave,
Comes to heal, and help, and save?

8 Who is He that on yon throne
Rules the world of light alone?

WATCH AND PRAY.

Rev R. LOWRY.*

G.

1. Watch, for the time is short ; Watch, while 'tis call'd to - day ; Watch, lest the world pre - vail,
2. Chase slumber from thine eyes ; Chase doubting from thy breast ; Thine is the promised prize
3. Take Je - sus for thy trust ; Watch, watch forev - er - more, Watch, for thou soon must sleep

Watch, christian, watch and pray ; Watch for the flesh is weak ; Watch, for the foe is strong ;
Of heaven's e-ter - nal rest ; Watch, christian, watch and pray ; Thy Saviour watch'd for thee ;
With thousands gone be - fore ; Now, when thy sun is up, Now, while 'tis called to - day,

O, watch, and pray, O,

CHORUS.

Watch, lest the bridegroom come ; Watch, tho' He tar-ry long. O, watch and pray, O, watch and pray O,
Till from His brow poured forth, Great drops of ag - o - ny.
Now is th'ac - cept-ed time ; Watch, christian, watch and pray.

*The Sunday-school is indebted to Rev. Mr. LOWRY for many of its best songs.

watch and pray;

watch and pray, O, watch and pray, O, watch in the darkness, and watch in the day; Christian, watch and pray.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

Words by Rev. WM. O. CUSHING. GEO. F. ROOT, From "CHAPEL GEMS," by per.

Joyfully. *Fine.*

7. 1. { Swell the songs of heav-en, there is joy to-day, For a soul return - ing from the wild; }
{ See! the Fath -er meets him out up -on the way; Welcom - ing His wea - ry, wand'ring child. }
D. C. 'Tis the ransomed ar - my, like a might-y sea, Peal- ing forth the an-them of the free.

CHORUS. D. C.

Glo - ry! glo - ry! how the an - gels sing; Glo - ry! glo - ry! how the loud harps ring;

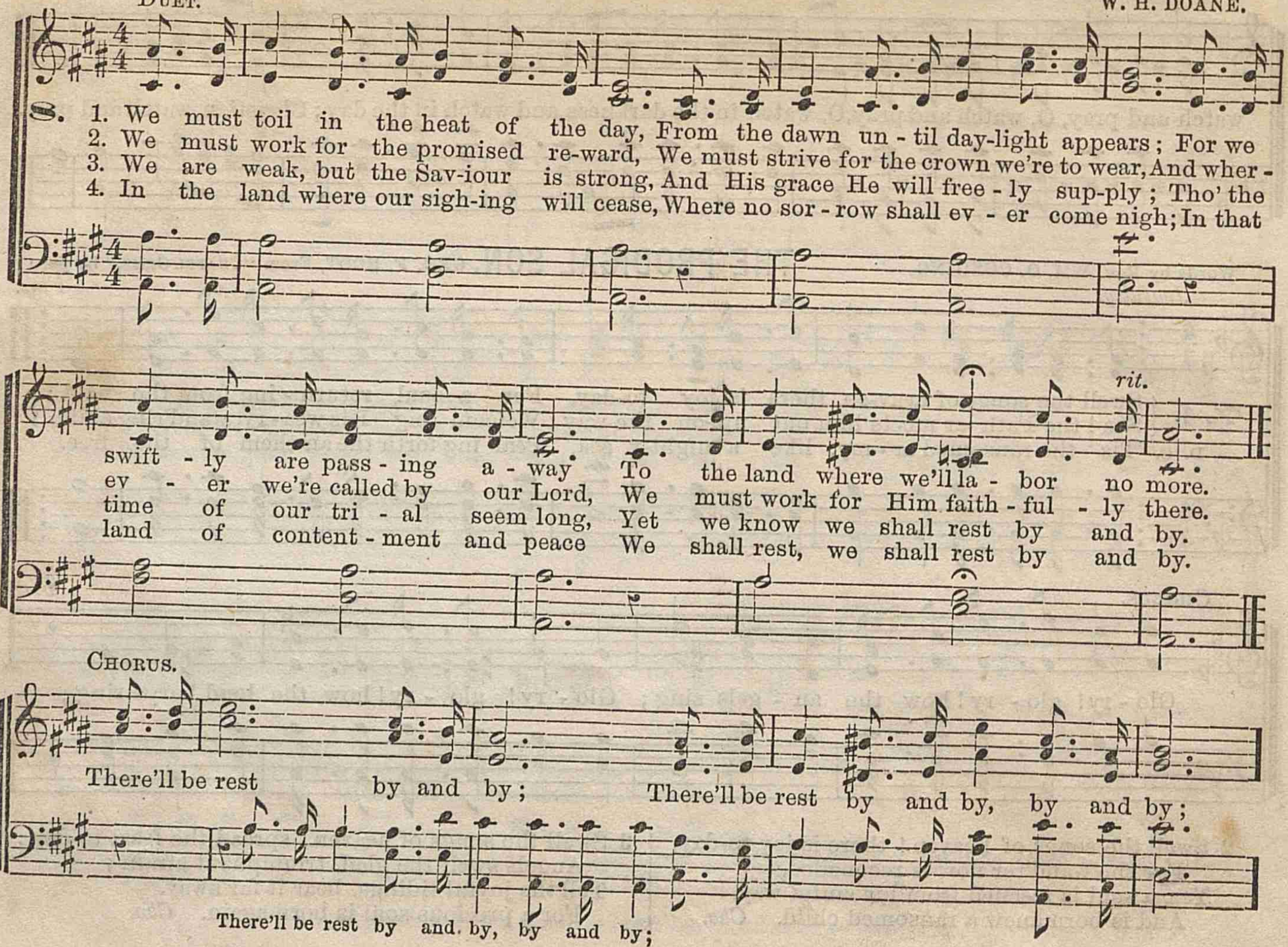
2 Swell the songs of heaven! there is joy to-day,
For the wand'rer now is reconciled,
Yes, a soul is rescued from his sinful way,
And is born anew a ransomed child. *Cho.*

3. Swell the songs of heaven! spread the feast to-day;
Angels swell the glad, triumphant strain;
Tell the joyful tidings, bear it far away,
For a precious soul is born again. *Cho.*

THERE'LL BE REST BY AND BY.

Words by JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

DUET. W. H. DOANE.



CHORUS.



PRAISE TO CHRIST.

L. C. EVERETT, Toronto, C. W.
From "CANADIAN WARBLER."





2 Come, lift your hearts on high, Hallelujah! Amen!
Let praises fill the sky, Hallelujah! Amen!
He is our guide and friend;
To us He'll condescend;
His love shall never end, Hallelujah! Amen!

3 Praise yet the Lord again, Hallelujah! Amen!
Life shall not end the strain, Hallelujah! Amen!
On heaven's blissful shore
His goodness we'll adore,
Singing for evermore, Hallelujah! Amen!

WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

From "SONG GARDEN." by per.

10.

1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morning hours, Work while the dew is
2. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the sun - ny noon; Fill brightest hours with

cres.

sparkling, Work 'mid springing flow'rs; Work when the day grows brighter, Work in the glowing sun,
la - bor, Rest comes sure and soon; Give ev - 'ry fly - ing min - ute Something to keep in store;

Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.
Work, for the night is com - ing, When man works no more.

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

"There shall be no more death." Dr. THOS. HASTINGS.

11.

1. I am wait - ing by the riv - er, And my heart has wait - ed long; Now I think I hear the
2. Far a - way beyond the shadows Of this wea - ry vale of tears, There the tide of bliss is
3. They are launching on the riv - er, From the calm and qui - et shore, And they soon will bear my

chorus Of the an - gels' welcome song; Oh! I see the dawn is break - ing On the
sweeping Thro' the bright and changeless years; Oh! I long to be with Je - sus, In the
spir-it Where the wea - ry sigh no more. For the tide is swift - ly flow - ing, And I

hill - tops of the blest, "Where the wick - ed cease from troubling, And the wea - ry be at rest."
man - sions of the blest, "Where the wick - ed cease from troubling, And the wea - ry be at rest."
long to greet the blest, "Where the wick - ed cease from troubling, And the wea - ry be at rest."

THE ANGELS IN THE AIR.

By permission. Rev. R. LOWRY.

12. 1. When life's la - bor-song is sung, And the eb - on arch is sprung, O'er the
2. Dark the sha - dows in the vale, Fierce the howl - ing of the gale, But the
3. Flood the heart with part - ing tears, Frost the head with pass - ing years, Min - gle

sha - ded couch of death so still; Then the Lord will light the scene With the
shin - ing ones are near our door; With our robes as bright as they, We will
want and woe to - geth - er here; But the Lord will lift the cloud, That en -

an - gels star - ry sheen, As they wel - come us to Zi - on's hill.
tread the star - ry way, With the sha - dow and the storm no more.
wraps the shin - ing crowd, And we'll nev - er know a sor - row there.

CHORUS.—*Steady time.*

We'll meet each oth - er there, Yes! we'll meet each oth - er there, With the

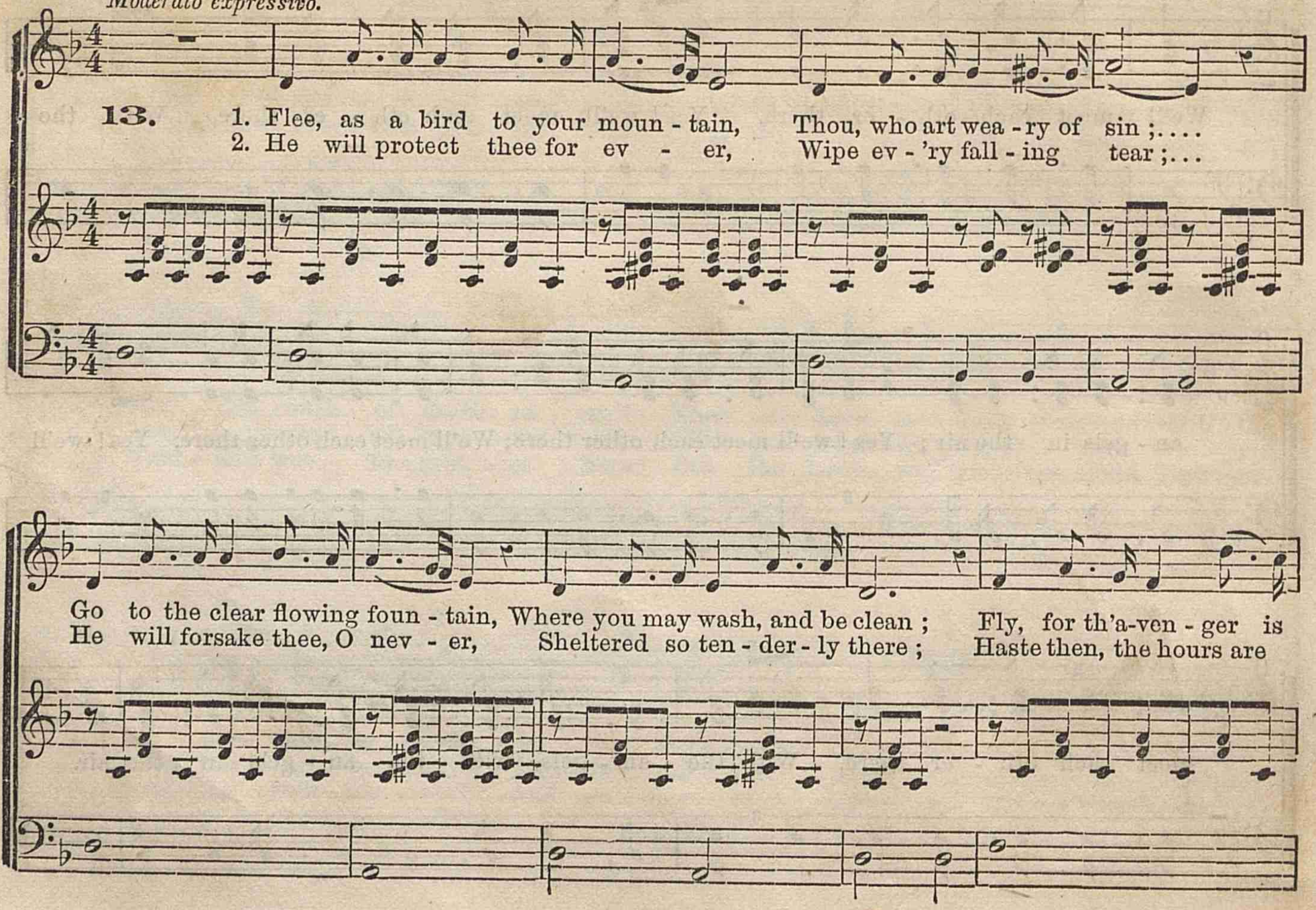
an - gels in the air; Yes! we'll meet each other there; We'll meet each other there, Yes! we'll

meet each oth - er there, With the an - gels, with the an - gels in the air.

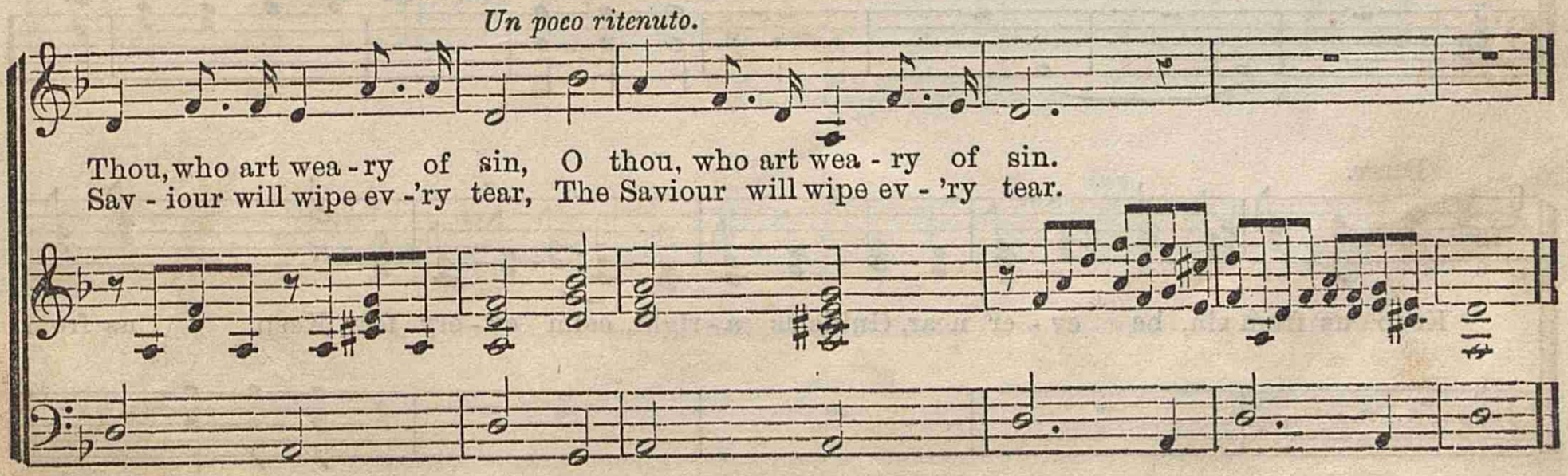
FLEE, AS A BIRD.

Arranged from Mrs. DANA by GEO. F. ROOT. By permission of Messrs. O. DITSON & Co.

Moderato expressivo.



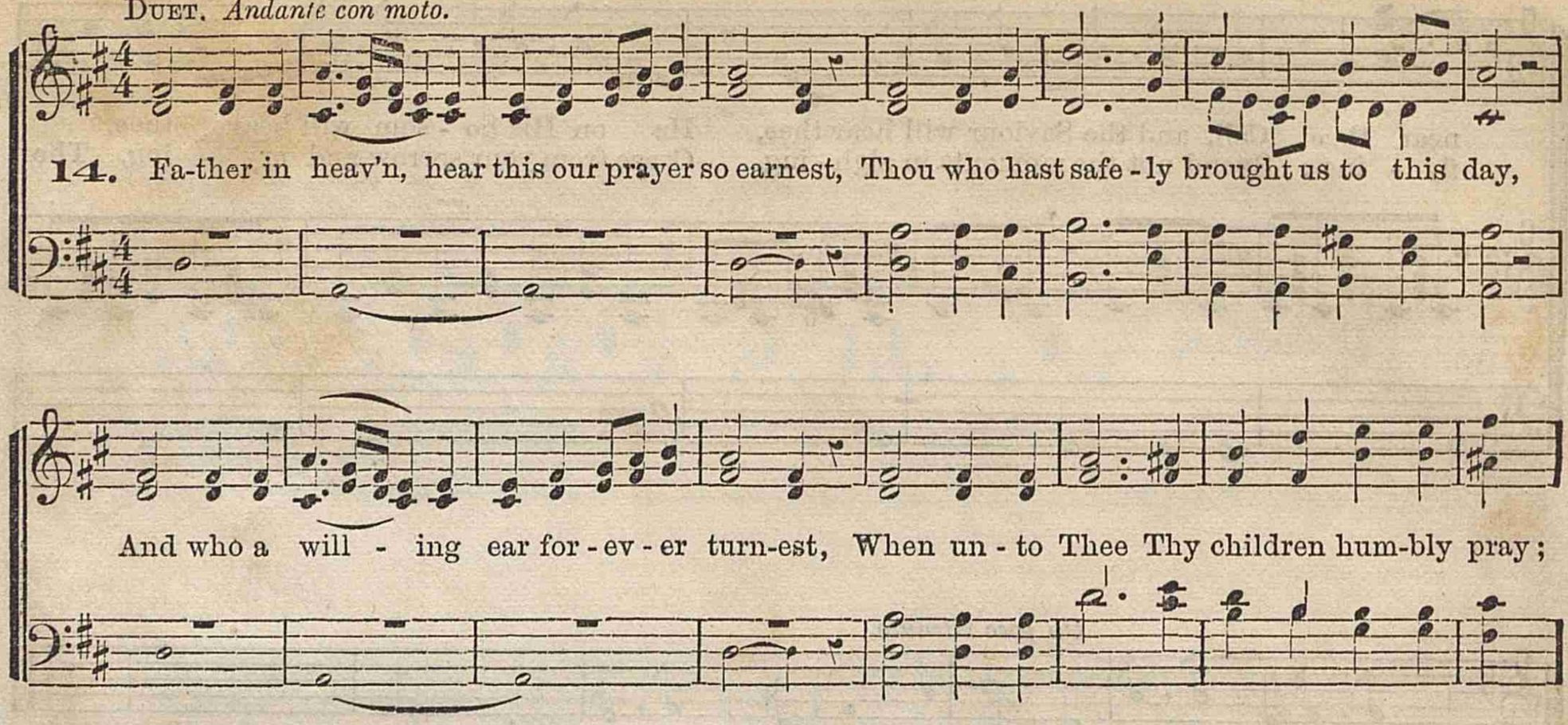

near thee, Call, and the Saviour will hear thee, He on His bo - som will bear thee,
fly - ing; Spend not the moments in sigh - ing, Cease from your sorrow and cry - ing, The


Un poco ritenuto.
Thou, who art wea - ry of sin, O thou, who art wea - ry of sin.
Sav - iour will wipe ev -'ry tear, The Saviour will wipe ev - 'ry tear.

FATHER IN HEAVEN.

Words by Mrs. MARY B. CLARKE. R. M. McINTOSH.

DUET. *Andante con moto.*



DUET.



sin, be ev - er near, Guide us a - right, calm..... ev - ery fear.

be ev - er near, Guide us a - right, calm eve - ry fear,.....

DUET. *Largo.* *cres*

Thine arm our souls can guard Safe through each danger - ous hour, Thine arm our

Safe through each danger - ous hour, &c.

p *dim.*

souls can guard, Safe through each dangerous hour, Safe through each dangerous hour.

BATTLING FOR THE LORD.

"Be strong in the Lord." Eph. 6: 10. T. E. PERKINS.

SEMI-CHORUS. CHORUS. SEMI-CHORUS.

15.

1. We've list-ed in a ho - ly war, Battling for the Lord! E - ter - nal life, our guiding star,
2. We've girded on our ar-mor bright, Battling for the Lord! Our Captain's word our strength and might,
3. We'll stand like heroes on the field, Battling for the Lord! And in His strength we'll never yield,

CHORUS. FULL CHORUS.

Bat - tling for the Lord! We'll work till Je - sus comes, We'll work till Je - sus comes, We'll
Bat - tling for the Lord!
Bat - tling for the Lord!

work till Je - sus comes, And then we'll rest at home.

4 Though sin and death our way oppose,
Battling for the Lord!
Through grace we'll conquer all our foes,
Battling for the Lord!—CHO.

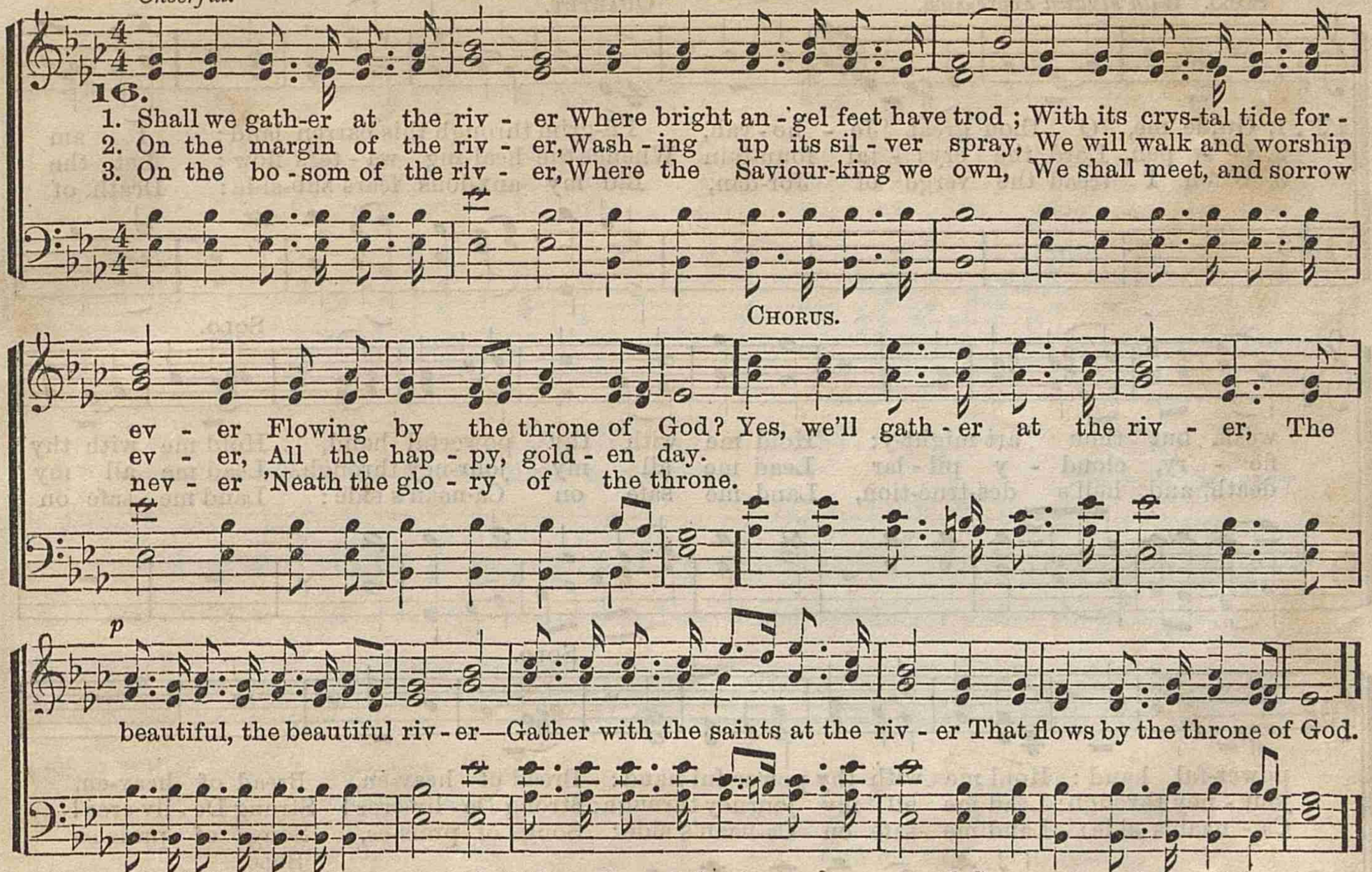
5 And when our glorious war is o'er,
Conqu'rors through the Lord!
We'll shout salvation evermore,
Conqu'rors through the Lord!—CHO.

BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

By per. of the author, Rev. R. LOWRY.

"And He shewed me a pure River of water of Life, clear as crystal proceeding out of the Throne of God and of the Lamb."—Rev. xxii. 1.

Cheerful.



4 Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down ;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown. *Cho.*

5 At the smiling of the river,
Rippling with the Saviour's face,
Saints, whom death will never sever,
Lift their songs of saving grace. *Cho.*

6 Soon we'll reach the shining river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease,
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace. *Cho.*

GUIDE ME, O THOU GREAT JEHOVAH. *

WILLIAMS. SOLO AND QUARTET. R. M. McINTOSH.

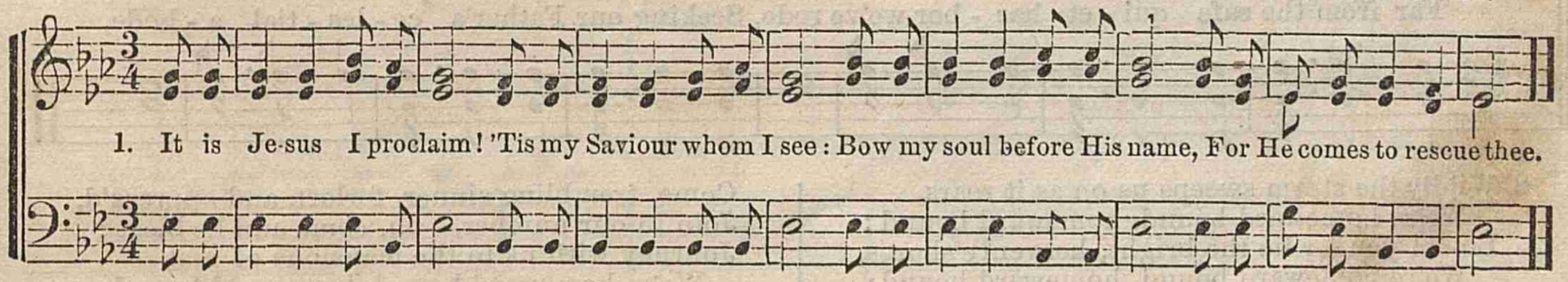


* For the Choir.



LOOKING TO CHRIST.

Words translated from the French by Mrs. MARY B. CLARKE. DR. A. B. EVERETT.



18. 2 With a word all wounds he cures,
Breaks the captive's chain away,
And His smile to us insures
Light—however dark the way.

3 Child of Adam, Lord am I;
Sin and wickedness I've brought:
But for sinners thou didst die—
Let me find what I have sought.

4 As the brazen serpent gave,
In the desert, life once more;
So one look to Thee can save,
And my dying soul restore.

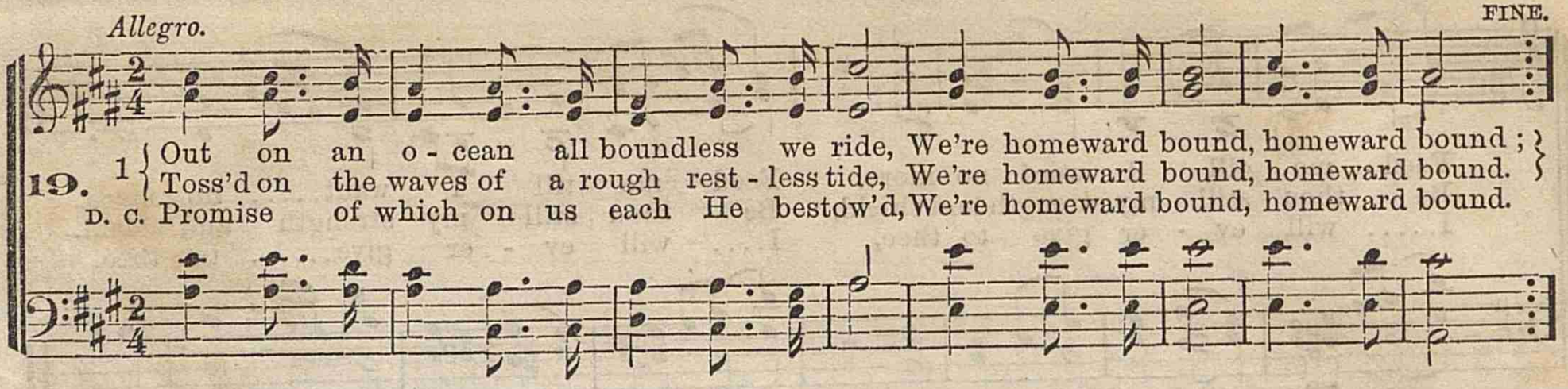
5 Teach me Lord this hope so sure—
Let me from Thee seek relief;
And, that faith and strength endure,
Lord augment my weak belief.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

Arr. by Rev. J. W. DADMUN.

Allegro.

FINE.



D. C.



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

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

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

From "TABOR," by permission. R. M. McINTOSH.

20. 1. I heard a voice from heaven say - ing un - to me: Write! Blessed are the dead, Write!

Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, who

die in the Lord from henceforth. Yea, saith the Spir - it, that they may rest, may rest from their

la - bors and their works, their works do fol - low them, and their works do fol - low them.

IF THE CROSS WE MEEKLY BEAR.

T. E. PERKINS. From "SONGS OF SALVATION."

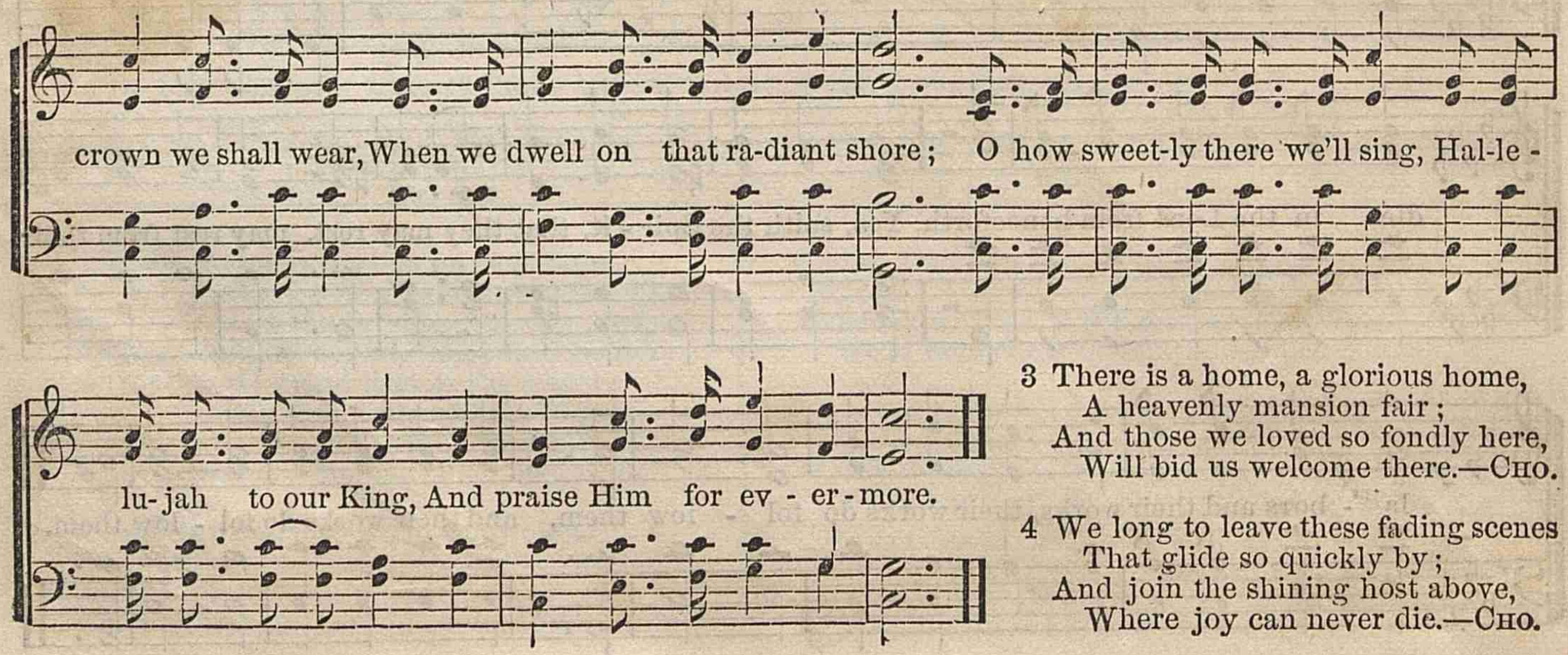
CHORUS.



21.

1. There is a land, a sunny land, Whose skies are always bright,
   Where evening shadows never fall, The Sav-iour is its light.
   If the cross we meekly bear, Then a

2. There is a clime, a peaceful clime, Be-yond life's narrow sea,
   Where every storm is hush'd to rest, There let our treasure be.
   If the cross we meekly bear, &c.



3 There is a home, a glorious home,
A heavenly mansion fair;
And those we loved so fondly here,
Will bid us welcome there.—CHO.

4 We long to leave these fading scenes
That glide so quickly by;
And join the shining host above,
Where joy can never die.—CHO.

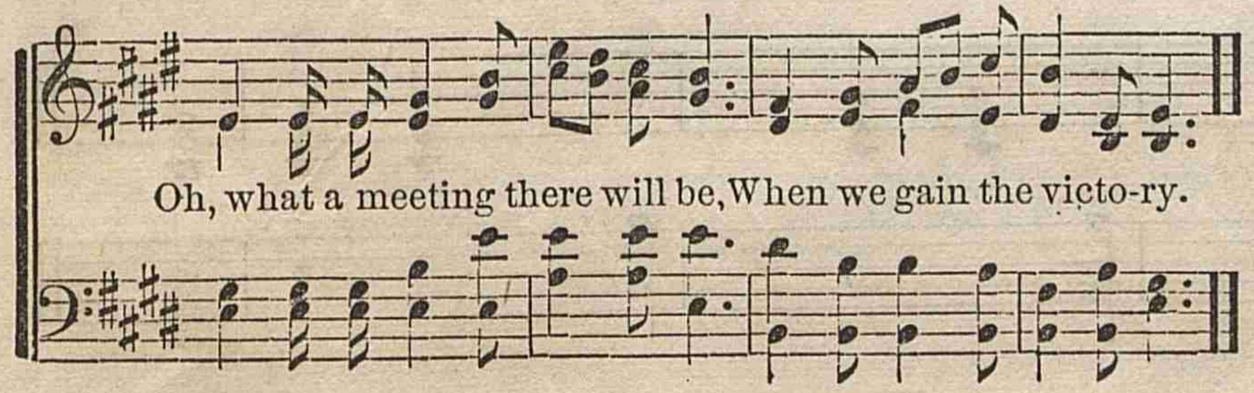
CHILDREN OF THE HEAVENLY KING.

Words by CENNICK. Music by HENRY TUCKER.



CHORUS.



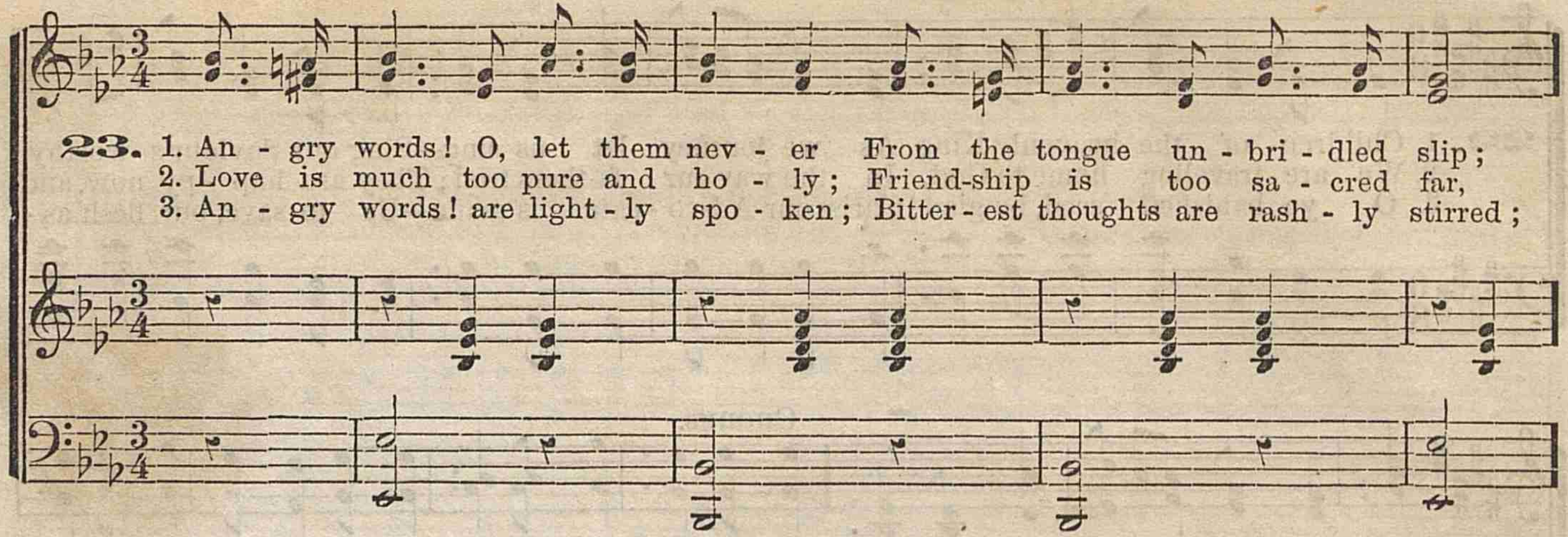


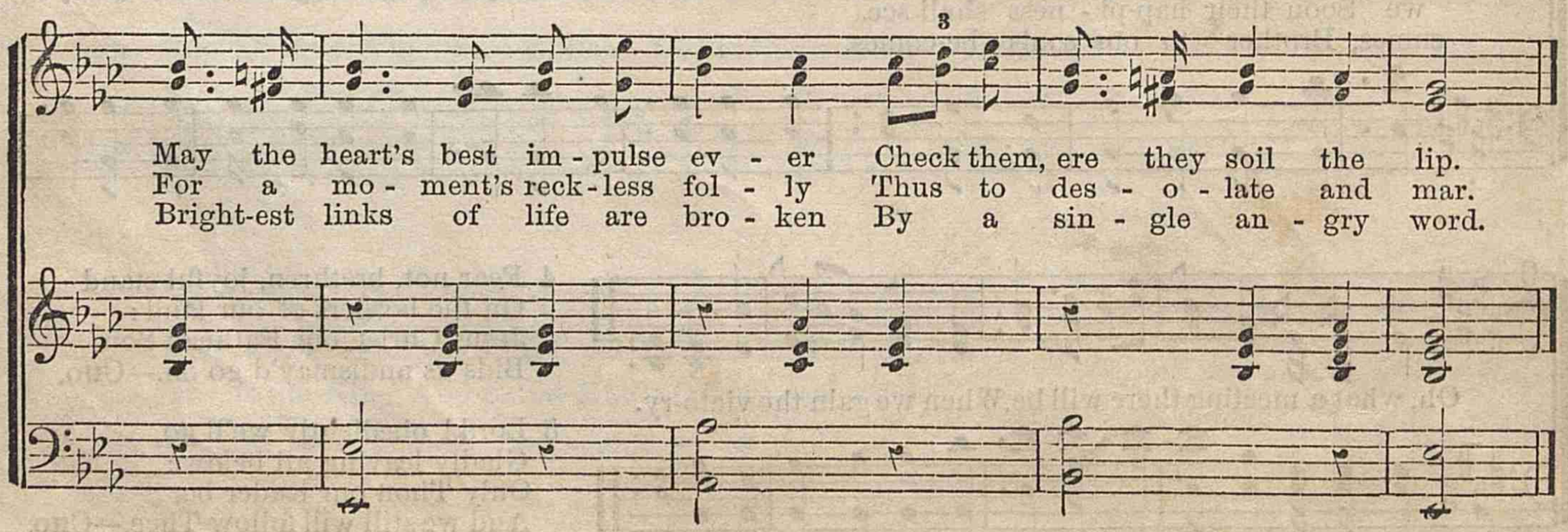
4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of our land:
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us undismay'd go on.—CHO.

5 Lord! obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below:
Only Thou our leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.—CHO.

ANGRY WORDS.

From "PALMER'S S. S. SONGS," by per. H. R. PALMER.





CHORUS.



THE LORD'S PRAYER.

"After this manner pray ye." Matt. 6 : 9. TALLIS.



24. 1. Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed | be thy | name ;
Thy kingdom come ; thy will be done, on | earth, · · as it | is in | heaven.
2. Give us this day our | daily | bread ;
And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive | those who | trespass a- | gainst us,
3. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver | us from | evil ;
For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for- | ever · and | ever. A- | men.

OVER THERE.

"I go to prepare a place for you." John 14 : 2.

T. C. O'KANE. From "HALLOWED SONGS, Revised."

25. 1. Oh, think of a home o - ver there, By the side of the riv - er of light, Where the
2. Oh, think of the friends o-ver there, Who be - fore us the journey have trod, Of the

O-ver there;

saints, all im - mor - tal and fair, Are robed in their gar-ments of white, O - ver there.
songs that they breathe on the air, In their home in the pal - ace of God, O - ver there.

REFRAIN.

O - ver there, O - ver there, Oh, think of a home O - ver there, O-ver there, O-ver
O - ver there, O - ver there, Oh, think of the friends O-ver there, O-ver there, O-ver



3 My Saviour is now over there,
There my kindred and friends are at rest;
Then away from my sorrow and care,
Let me fly to the land of the blest.
Over there,
My Saviour is now over there.

4 I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see,
Many dear to my heart over there,
Are watching and waiting for me.
Over there,
I'll soon be at home over there.

ROCK OF AGES. 7s. 6 lines.

DR. T. HASTINGS.



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

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

ONE BY ONE.

Words by Mrs. LYDIA BAXTER. Music by T. E. PERKINS, From "SABBATH CAROLS," by per.

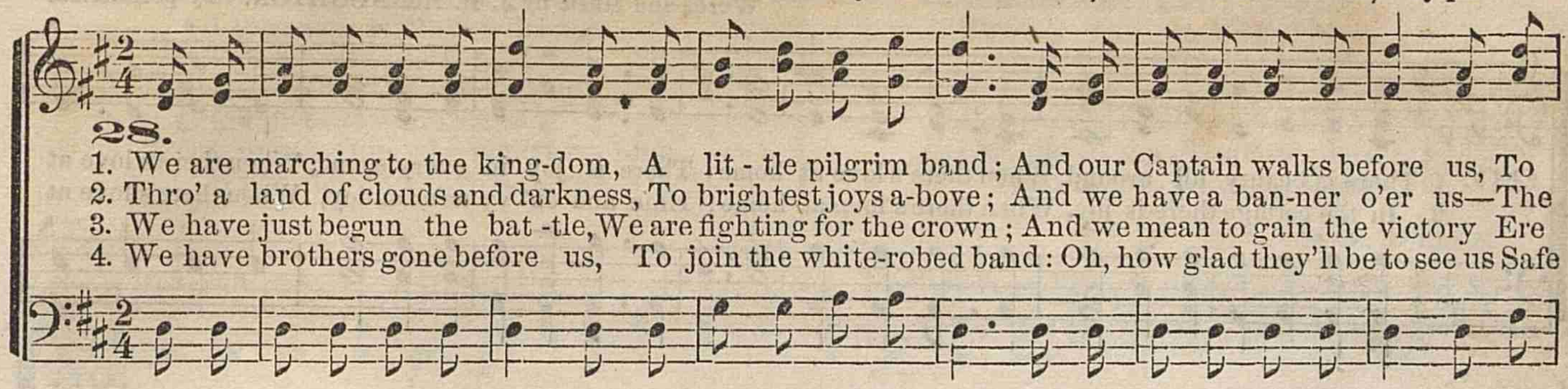
27.

1. One by one we cross the riv - er, One by one we're passing o'er: One by one the crowns are given,
On the bright and hap - py shore, Youth and childhood oft are pass-ing, O'er the dark and roll -ing
tide, And the bless - ed Ho - ly Spir - it Is the dy - ing Christian's guide, And the
lov - ing gen - tle Spir - it Bears them o'er the rolling tide.

2 One by one we come to Jesus,
As we heed His gentle voice;
One by one His vineyard enter,
There to labor and rejoice.
One by one sweet flow'rs we gather,
In the glorious work of love,—
Garlands for the blessed Saviour,
Gather for the realms above,
And the loving gentle Spirit
Bears them to our home of love.

WE ARE MARCHING TO THE KINGDOM.

Words by Mrs. MATILDA C. EDWARDS. Music by R. M. McINTOSH, From "GLAD TIDINGS," by per.



28.

1. We are marching to the king-dom, A lit - tle pilgrim band; And our Captain walks before us, To
2. Thro' a land of clouds and darkness, To brightest joys a-bove; And we have a ban-ner o'er us—The
3. We have just begun the bat -tle, We are fighting for the crown; And we mean to gain the victory Ere
4. We have brothers gone before us, To join the white-robed band: Oh, how glad they'll be to see us Safe

CHORUS *to each stanza.*

guide us thro' the land. We are marching, we are marching, We are marching to the kingdom, We are
name of it is love.
we lay our armor down.
in that hap-py land!

marching to the king - dom, A lit - tle pil-grim band.

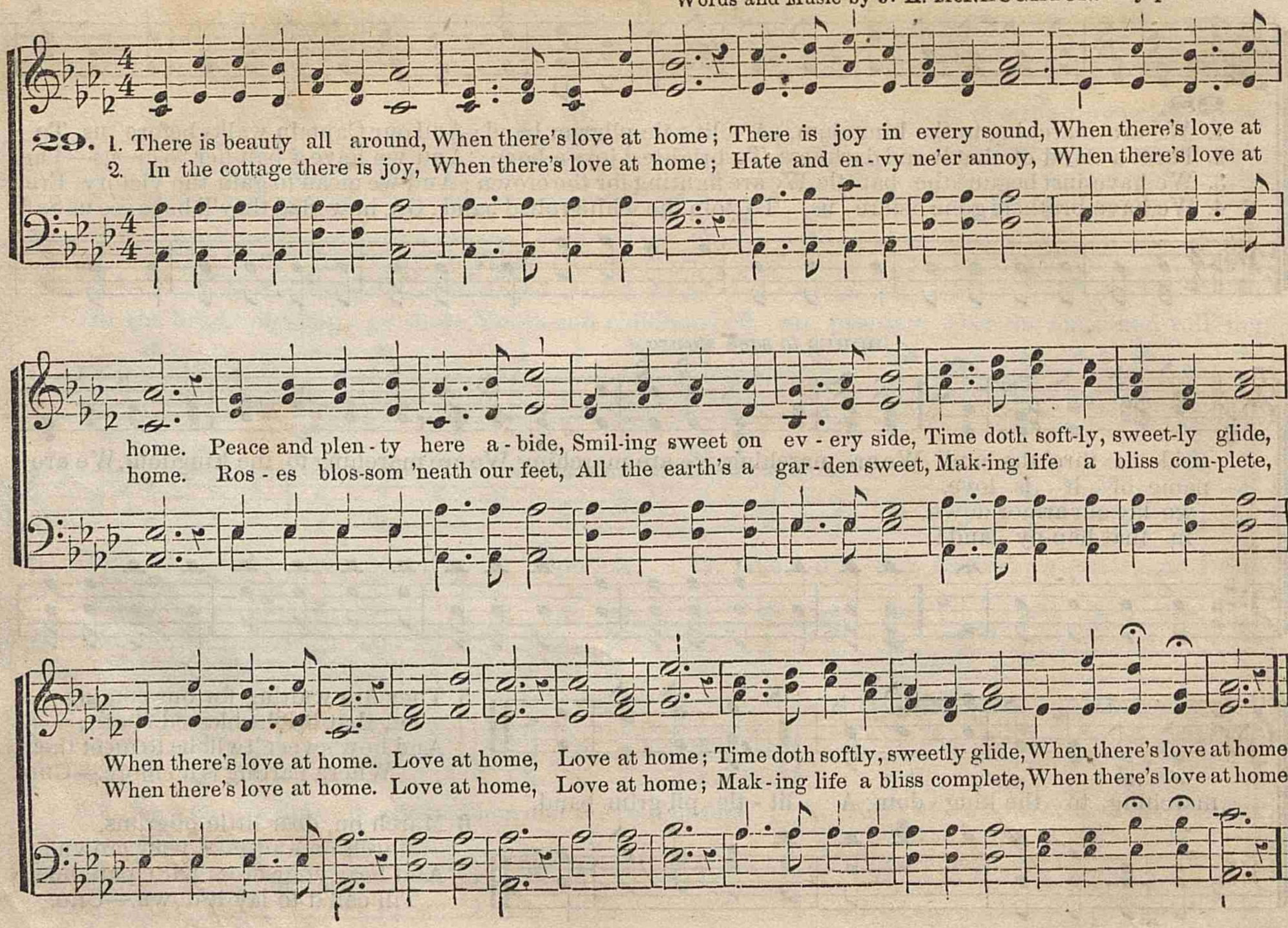
5 They are waiting for our coming
On that bright blessed shore;
And how sweet 'twill be to meet them
Where parting is no more.—CHO.

6 March on, dear little pilgrims,
March on and take your crown;
And bear your cross with patience,
Till call'd to lay it down.—CHO.

LOVE AT HOME.

"Learn first to show piety at home." 1 Tim. 5 : 4.

Words and Music by J. H. McNAUGHTON. By permission.

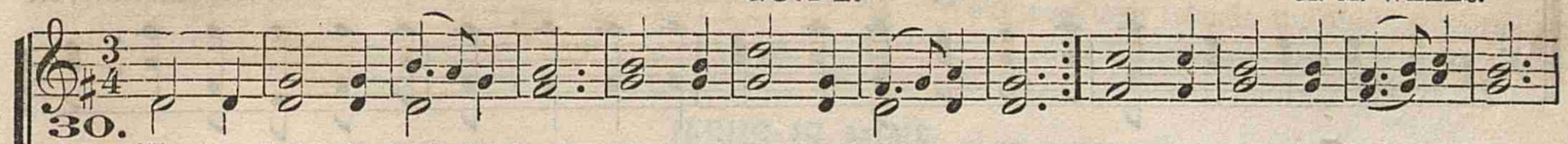


3 Kindly heaven smiles above,
When there's love at home;
All the earth is filled with love,
When there's love at home.
Sweeter sings the brooklet by,
Brighter beams the azure sky;
‖: Oh, there's One who smiles on high,
When there's ‖: love at home. :‖ :‖

4 Jesus, show Thy mercy mine,
Then there's love at home;
Sweetly whisper, I am Thine,
Then there's love at home.
Source of love, Thy cheering light
Far exceeds the sun so bright—
‖: Can dispel the gloom of night;
Then there's ‖: love at home. :‖ :‖

GUIDE.

M. M. WELLS.



30.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith-ful Guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side;
Gen-tly lead us by the hand, Pilgrims in a des - ert land; Wea-ry souls will still re - joice,
2. Ev - er pres - ent, tru - est Friend, Ev - er near Thine aid to lend,
Leave us not, to doubt and fear, Groping on in darkness drear, When the storms are raging sore,
3. When our days of toil shall cease, Waiting still for sweet re-lease,
Nothing left but heav'n and pray'er, Wond'ring if our names were there; Wading deep the dismal flood,



While they hear that sweetest voice, Whisp'ring soft-ly, wand'rer, come! Fol-low me, I'll guide thee home.
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er, Whisp'ring soft-ly, wand'rer, come! Fol-low me, I'll guide thee home.
Pleading nought but Jesus' blood; Whis - per soft-ly, wand'rer, come! Fol-low me, I'll guide thee home.



HE LEADS US ON.

"He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his Name's sake."

PHILIP PHILLIPS. From "NEW STANDARD SINGER," by per.

31.

1. He leads us on by paths we did not know, Upwards He leads us tho' our steps are slow, Tho'
2. He leads us on thro' all the trying years, Past all our dreamland hopes and doubts and fears, He

oft we faint and fal - ter by the way, Tho' storms and dark - ness oft ob-scure the day.
guides our steps through all the tan-gled maze, In paths of peace and wisdom's pleasant ways.

REFRAIN. *ff* *slow.* *rit.*

But when the clouds are gone, We know He leads us on, He leads us on, He leads us on.

ff

HE LEADS US ON. Concluded.

AT THE END OF THE LAST VERSE.

slow. *very slow.*



3.

And He at last, after the weary strife,
Will lead us home to everlasting life.
No parting there, or pain on that bright shore,
We'll meet dear friends and sing for evermore.

REFRAIN.—But when, &c.

JESUS IS MINE. R. M. McINTOSH, From "GLAD TIDINGS." by per.



YOUNG SOLDIERS.

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

Arr. by W. H. DOANE.

CHORUS.

33.

1. Now gird the Christian's ar - mor on, And keep the cross in view— } We are
   Young sol - diers in the ranks of God, Our jour - ney we'll pur - sue, }
2. Tho' ma - ny dan - gers we shall meet, And ma - ny tri - als bear, } We are
   Re - mem - ber still the crown of joy, That he who wins shall wear, }

bound for the promised land of rest,..... Sweet land of the pil - grim, ev - er

land of rest

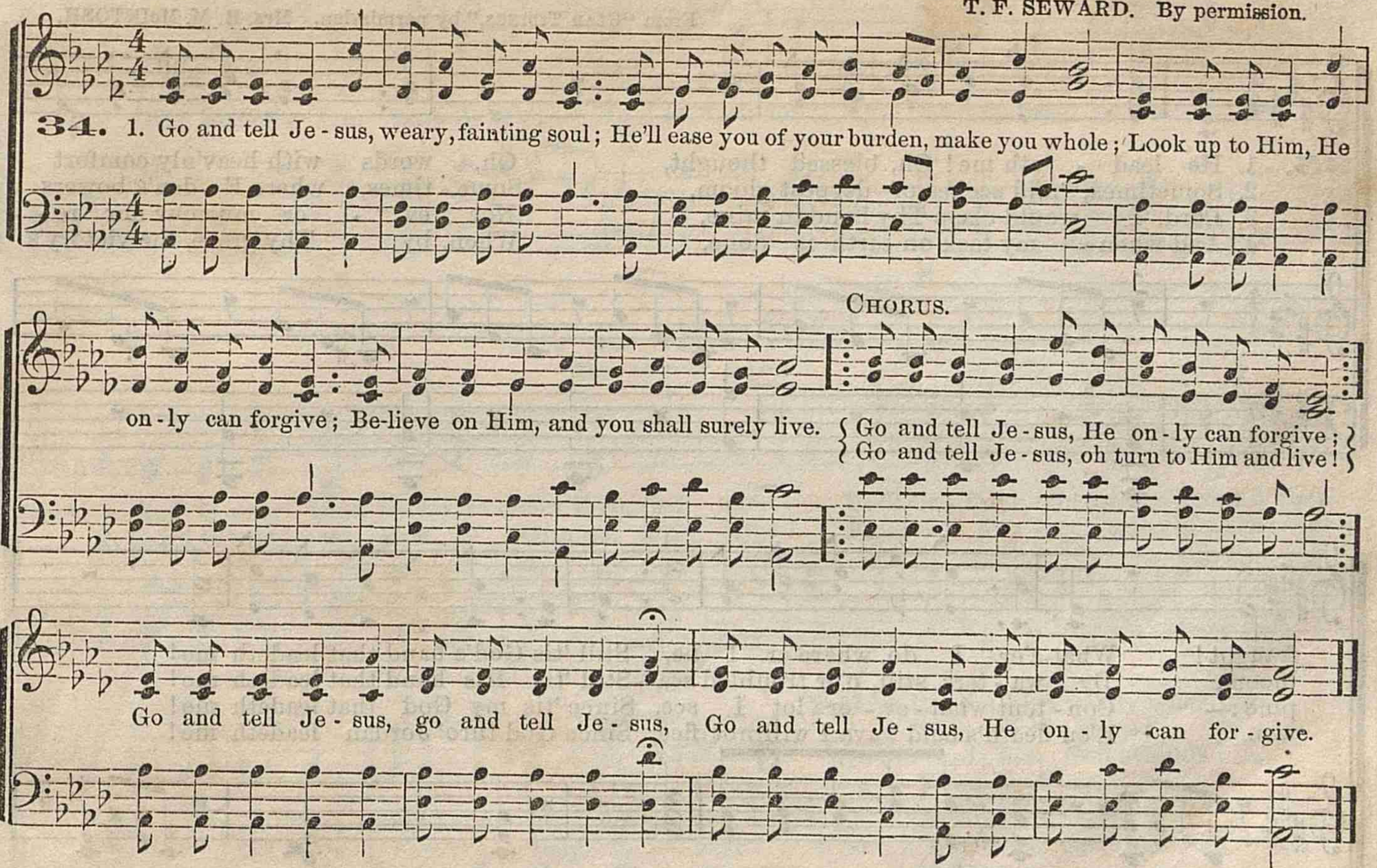
blest!..... Then sing re - joic-ing as we go,..... Then sing re - joic-ing as we go.

ev - er blest!

as we go.

GO AND TELL JESUS.

T. F. SEWARD. By permission.



2 Go and tell Jesus, when your sins arise
Like mountains of deep guilt before your eyes,
His blood was spilt, His precious life He gave,
That mercy, peace and pardon you might have.
Cho.—Go and tell Jesus, &c.

3 Go and tell Jesus, He'll dispel your fears,
Will calm your doubts, and wipe away your tears;
He'll take you to His arms, and on His breast
You may be happy, and for ever rest.
Cho.—Go and tell Jesus, &c.

HE LEADETH ME.

From "GLAD TIDINGS," by permission. Mrs. R. M. McINTOSH.



HE LEADETH ME. Concluded.

CHORUS. *Repeat Chorus pp.*



GOD IS NEAR THEE.

"Thou art near, O Lord."



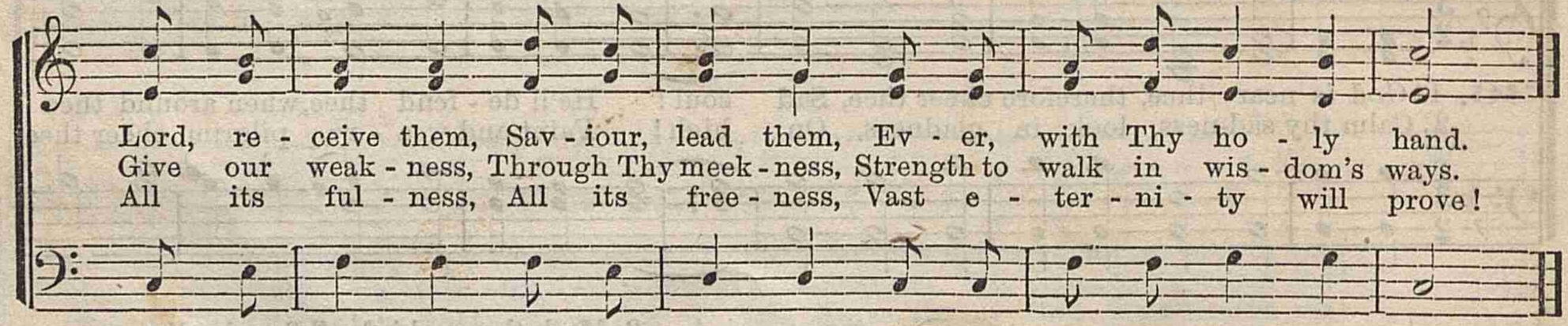
3 Mark the sea-bird wildly wheeling
Through the skies!
God defends him, God attends him,
When he cries!
God attends him when he cries.

4 God is near thee, therefore cheer thee,
Sad soul!
He'll defend thee, when around thee
Billows roll,
When around thee billows roll.

THE CHILDREN'S PLEA.

Words by Miss S. J. C. WHITTLESEY. Melody by LOULIE EVERETT McINTOSH, a little girl only four years of age.





37.

TEACHERS.

4 To Thy service, loving Saviour,
We would train each little one;
Smile upon their good behavior,
Let them plead, till life is done,
That the dying,
Heathen, sighing,
All may see the gospel sun.

SCHOLARS.

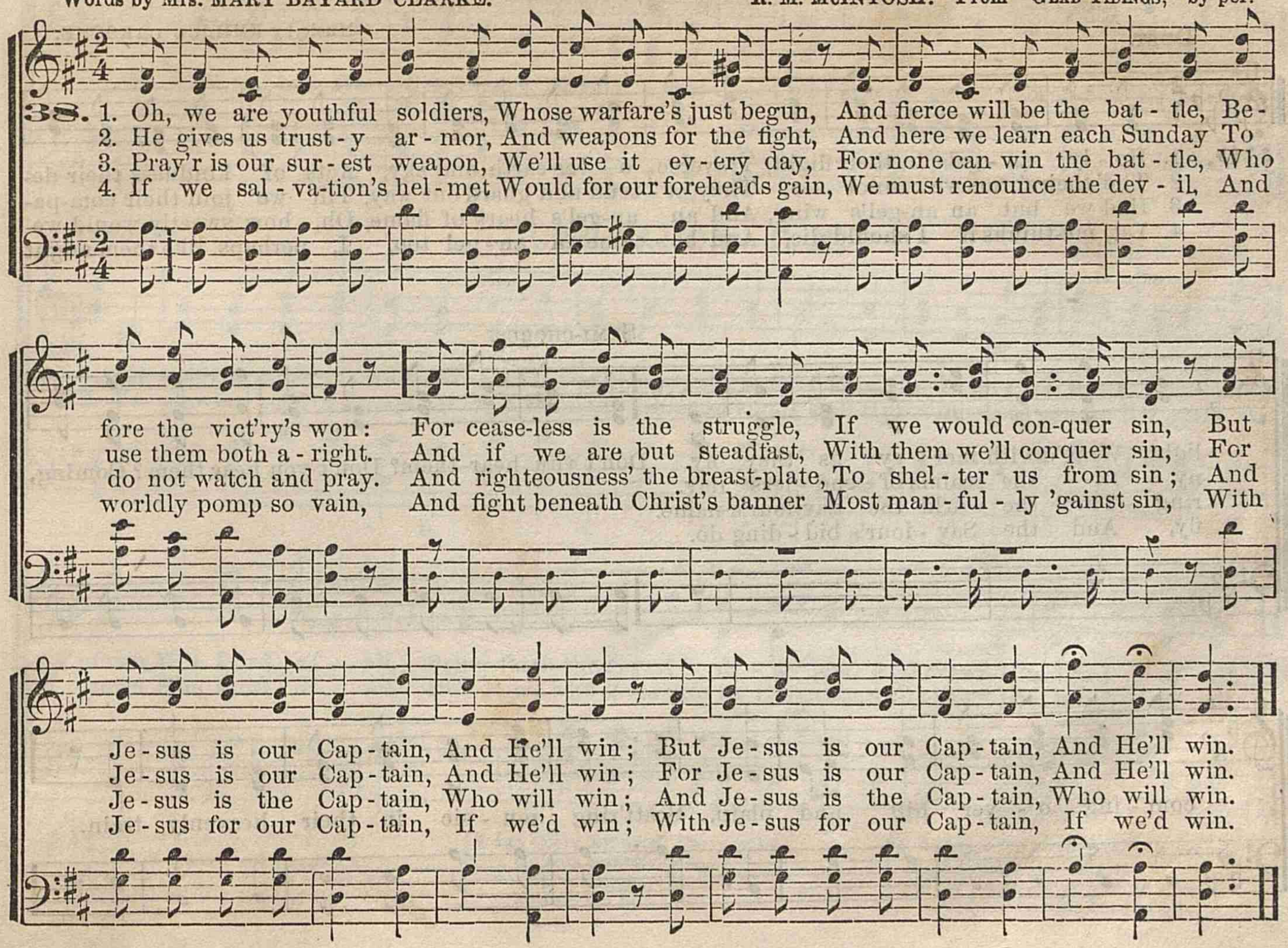
5 Saviour, hear our supplication,
Through our pilgrimage below;
Let the most benighted nation
Thy great love and gospel know;
Loving Saviour,
To the children, [show.
Through all lands, Thy goodness

CHORUS.

6 Hear us, great Jehovah, hear us,
While we daily, humbly pray,
Let the heathen, far or near us,
Hear Thee calling, and obey;
Let the Bible,
And the Sabbath,
Gladden every earthly way.

JESUS, OUR CAPTAIN.

Words by Mrs. MARY BAYARD CLARKE. R. M. McINTOSH. From "GLAD TIDINGS," by per.



OH, DON'T YOU HEAR THE ANGELS COMING?

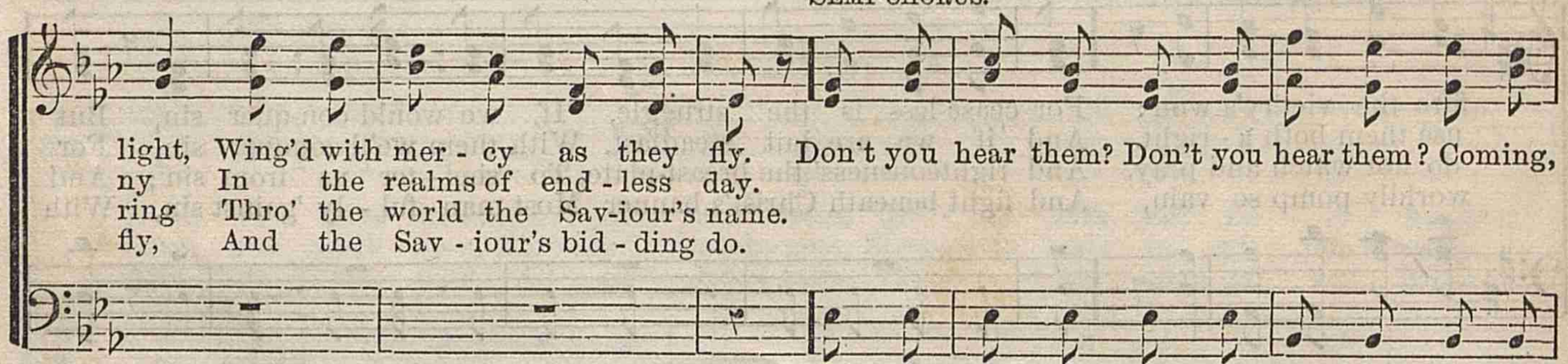
Music by EMILIUS LAROCHE.

DUET.



39. 1. Ho - ly an - gels in their flight, Traverse o - ver earth and sky, Acts of kindness their de-
2. Tho' their forms we cannot see, They at - tend and guard our way, Till we join their com-pa-
3. Had we but an an-gel's wing, And an an-gel's heart of flame, Oh, how sweetly would we
4. Yet, me-thinks if I should die, And be - come an an - gel too, I, perhaps, like them might

SEMI-CHORUS.



light, Wing'd with mer - cy as they fly. Don't you hear them? Don't you hear them? Coming,
ny In the realms of end - less day.
ring Thro' the world the Sav-iour's name.
fly, And the Sav - iour's bid - ding do.



com - ing o - ver hill and plain, Scatt'ring mu - sic in their heavenly train.

CHORUS.

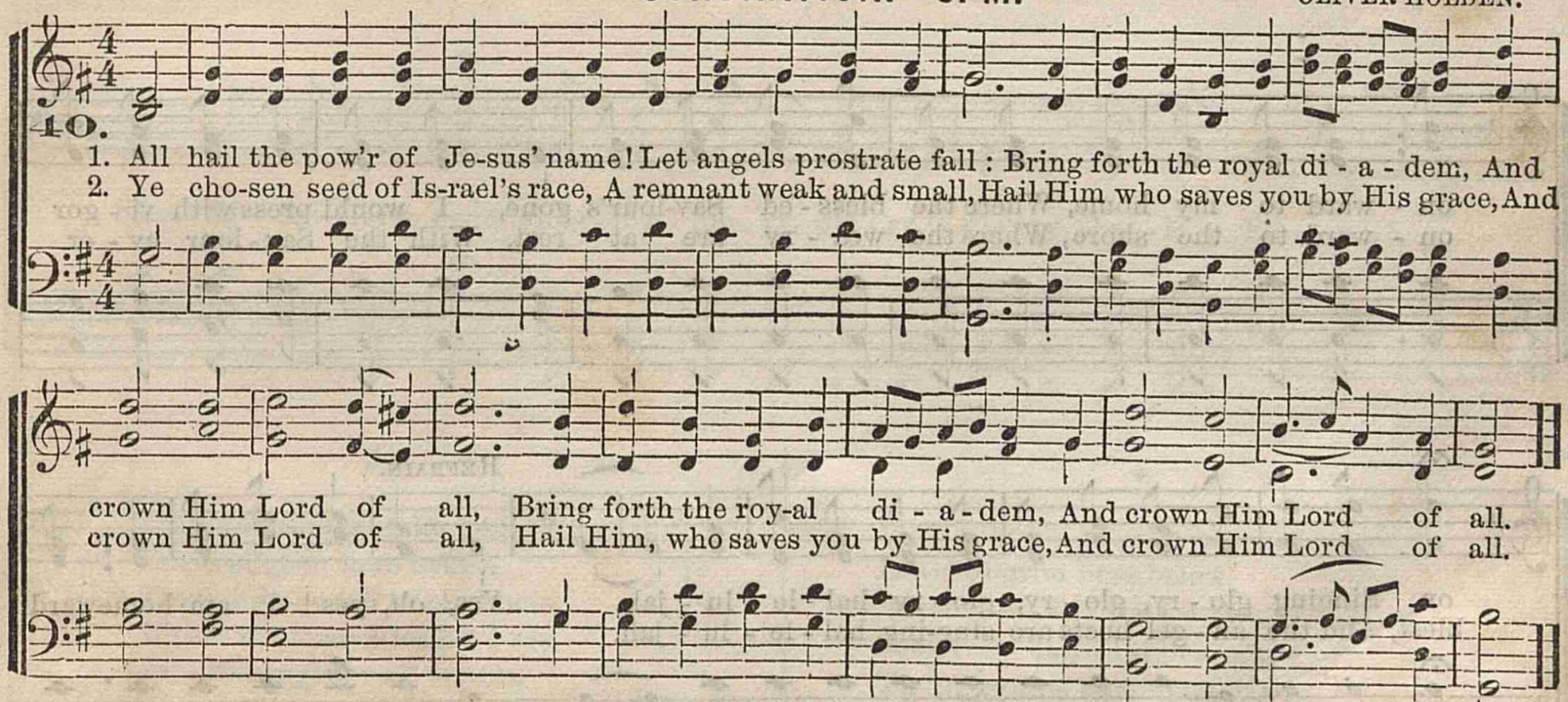
repeat pp.



PERRONET.

CORONATION. C. M.

OLIVER HOLDEN.



3 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall:
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

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

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

LITTLE PILGRIM HERE BELOW.

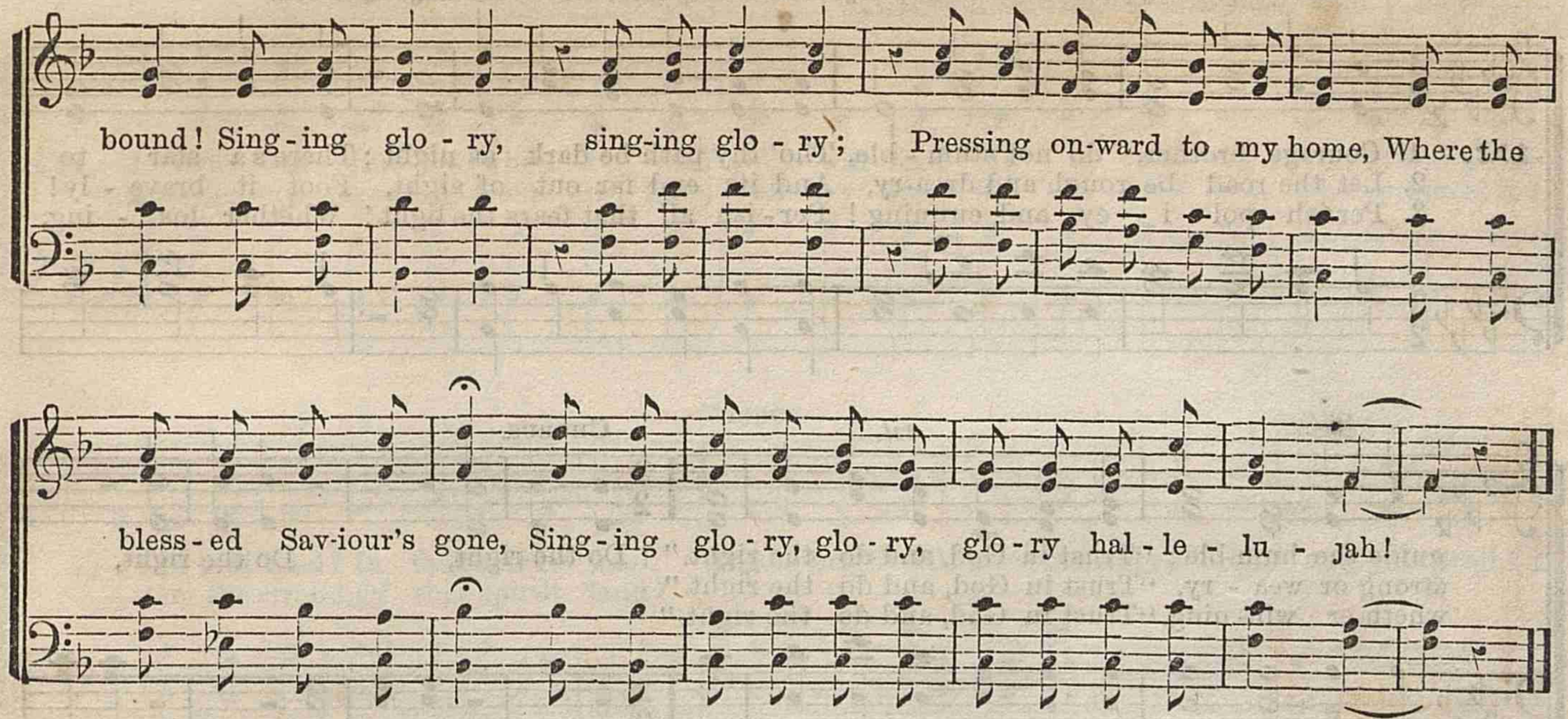
R. M. McINTOSH.

41. 1. I'm a pil - grim, pil - grim here be - low, Lit - tle pil - grim here be - low, Marching
2. I'm a pil - grim, pil - grim here be - low, Lit - tle pil - grim here be - low, Pressing

on - ward to my home, Where the bless - ed Sav-iour's gone, I would press with vi - gor
on - ward to the shore, Where the wea - ry are at rest, With the Sav - iour ev - er

REFRAIN.

on, Singing glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah. Yes, oh, yes! I am homeward
blest, And the an - gel hosts are sing-ing hal - le - lu - jah.



3.

I'm a pilgrim, pilgrim here below,
Little pilgrim here below,
Trav'ling onward to my home,
Where a mansion bright I see,
And the angels wait for me,
Singing glory, glory, glory hallelujah.
Yes, oh, yes! &c.

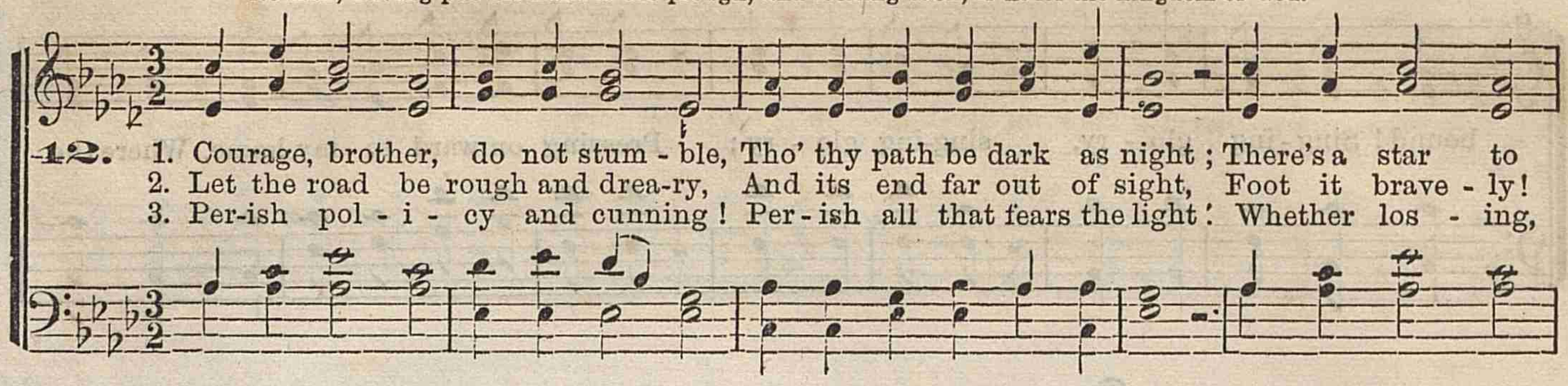
4.

I'm a pilgrim, pilgrim here below,
Little pilgrim here below,
Striving bravely for a crown:
Soon from earth I'll pass away
To the realms of endless day;
Soon I'll join the ransom'd throng in glory singing. Yes, oh, yes! &c.

DO THE RIGHT.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

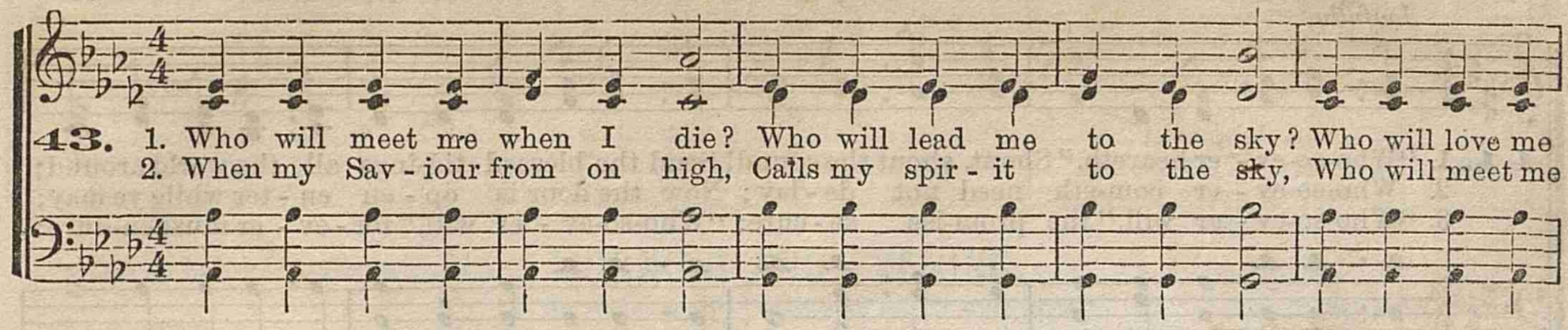
"No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God."



4 Trust no party, sect, or faction ;
Trust no leaders in the fight :
But in every word and action,
"Trust in God, and do the right." *Cho.*

5 Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight ;
Cease from man, and look above thee,
"Trust in God, and do the right." *Cho.*

From "CHAPEL GEMS," by permission. GEO. F. ROOT.



43. 1. Who will meet me when I die? Who will lead me to the sky? Who will love me
2. When my Sav - iour from on high, Calls my spir - it to the sky, Who will meet me

CHORUS.



in that land? In that spir-it land. Angels bright will meet me, Angels bright, an - gels bright ;
on the strand, Of that spir-it land?



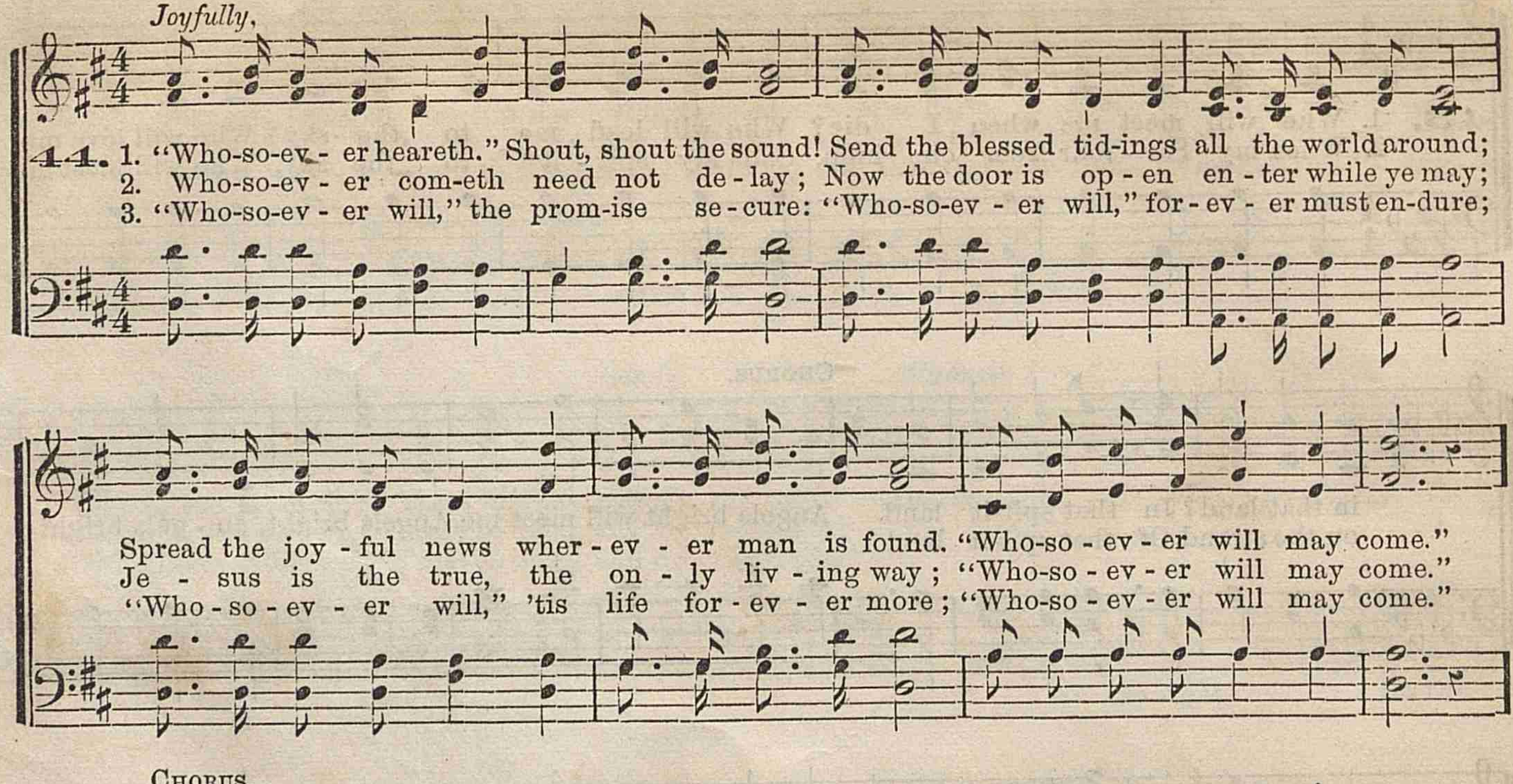
Angels bright will meet me, In that spir - it land.

3.
Who will hush my trembling heart?
Who will heavenly joy impart?
Who will love me in that land?
In that spirit land.
Angels bright, &c.

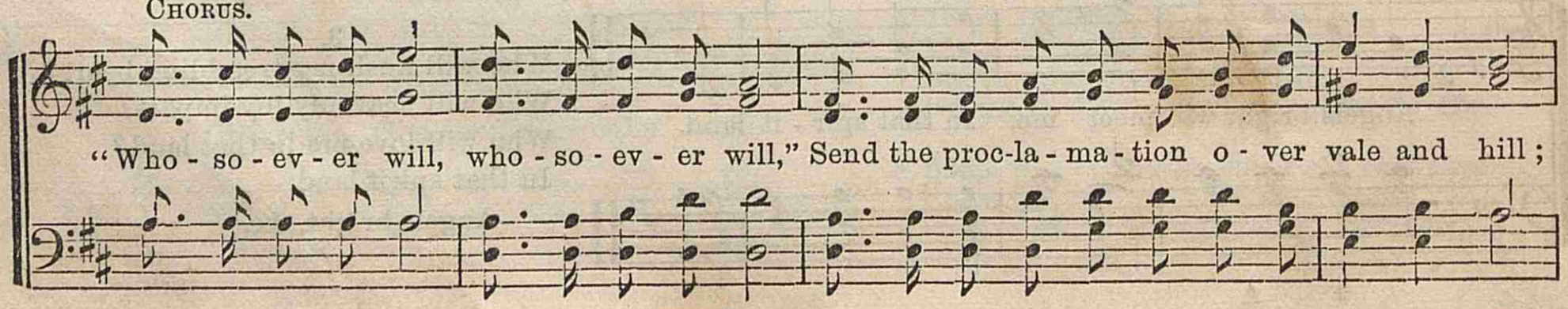
WHOSOEVER WILL.

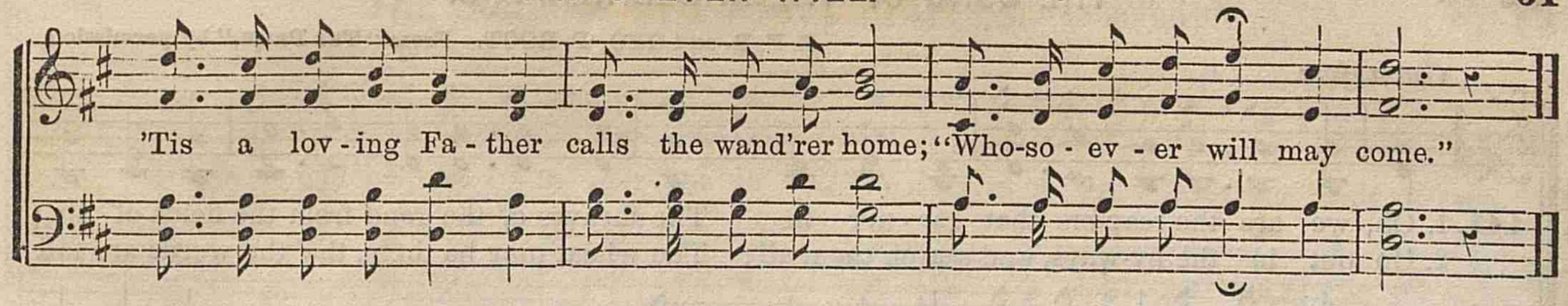
Words and Music by P. P. BLISS. From "THE PRIZE," by per. of ROOT and CADY.

Joyfully.



CHORUS.





Words by Rev. T. O. SUMMERS, D.D.

MORNING AND EVENING.

"In the morning will I direct my prayer unto Thee."

R. M. McINTOSH.

TRIO.





2 All through the day, I humbly pray,
Be thou my guard and guide;
My sins forgive, And let me live,
Blest Jesus near Thy side.

2 Oh, make Thy rest Within my breast,
Great Spirit of all grace;
Make me like Thee, Then shall I be
Prepared to see Thy face.

"I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep; for thou, Lord, only makest me to dwell in safety." Ps. 4: 8.

1.

The daylight fades; the evening shades
Are gathering round my head:
Father above, I praise that love
Which smooths and guards my bed.

2.

While thou art near I need not fear
The gloom of midnight hour:
Blest Jesus, still from every ill
Defend me with thy power.

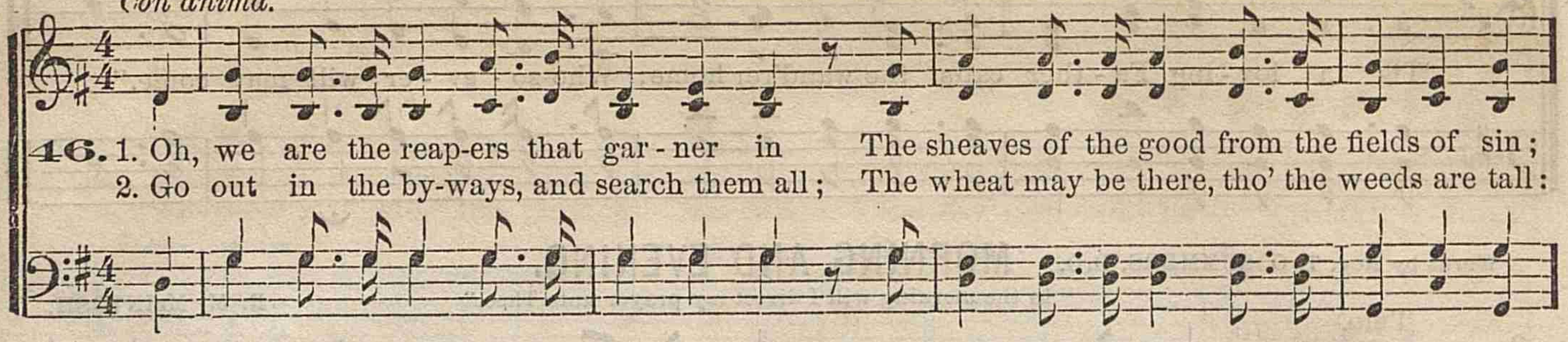
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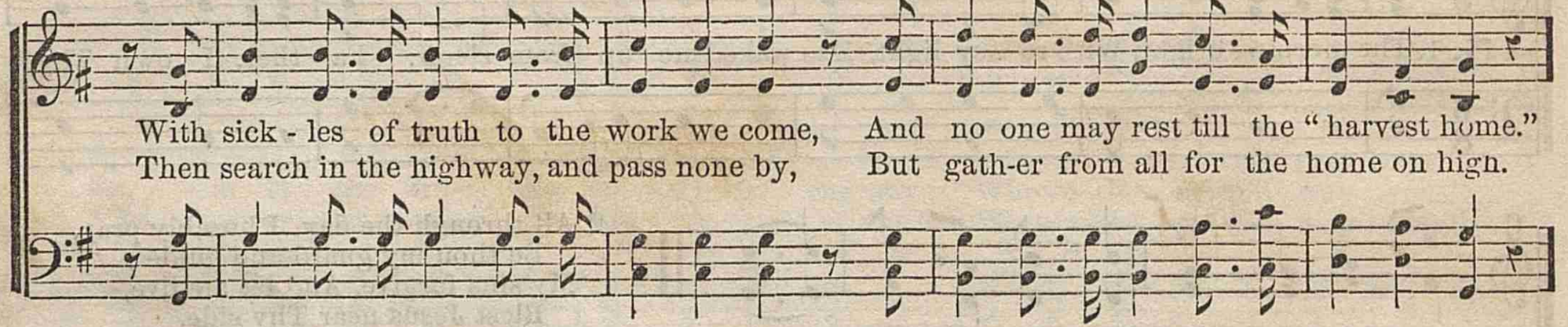
Pardon my sin, and enter in
And sanctify my heart:
Spirit divine, oh, make me thine,
And ne'er from me depart.

THE SONG OF THE ANGEL REAPERS.

E. E. R. and GEO. F. ROOT. From "THE PRIZE," by permission.

Con anima.





CHORUS.

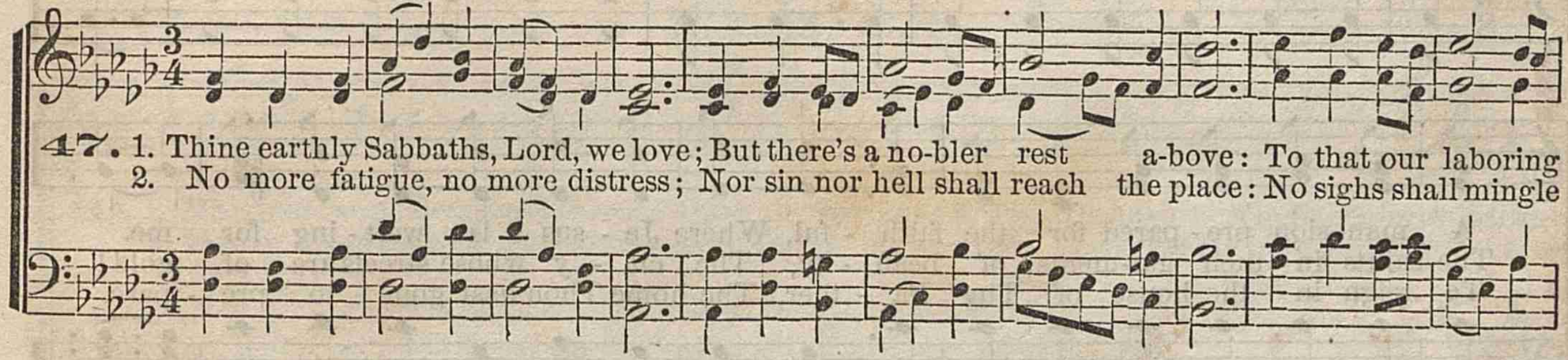


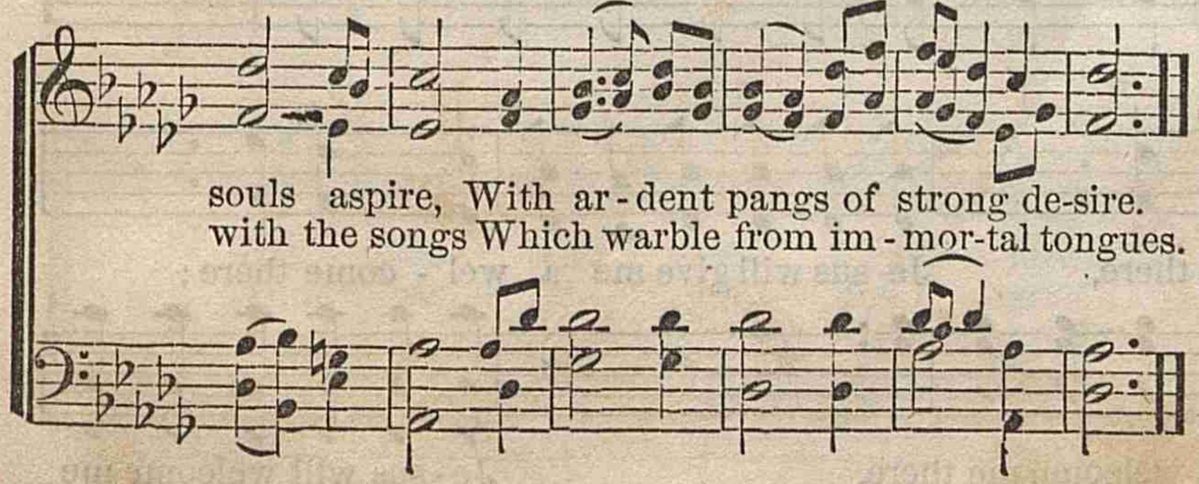


Words by DODDRIDGE.

ANDREW. L. M.

R. M. McINTOSH.





3 No rude alarms of raging 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 woe and sin:
Fain would we leave this weary road
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

JESUS WILL WELCOME ME.

"We rejoice in hope of the glory of God." ROM. 5 : 2.

T. E. PERKINS. From "SONGS OF SALVATION," by per.



48.

1. My spir - it in hope is re - joic - ing, The glo - ry of heav - en to see,—
2. How bright are the vis - ions of rap - ture, Which oft - en by faith I be - hold:
3. O Sav - iour, I long to be - hold Thee, Thy glo - ri - fied im - age to bear,



A man - sion pre - pared for the faith - ful, Where Je - sus is wait - ing for me.
The saints in their gar-ments of beau - ty, The cit - y whose streets are of gold!
To reign in the house of Thy Fa - ther, The home Thou hast gone to pre - pare.



Je - sus will give me a wel - come there, Je- sus will give me a wel - come there;

Je - sus will welcome me there, Je - sus will welcome me



Legato, not to slow.

MANOAH. C. M.

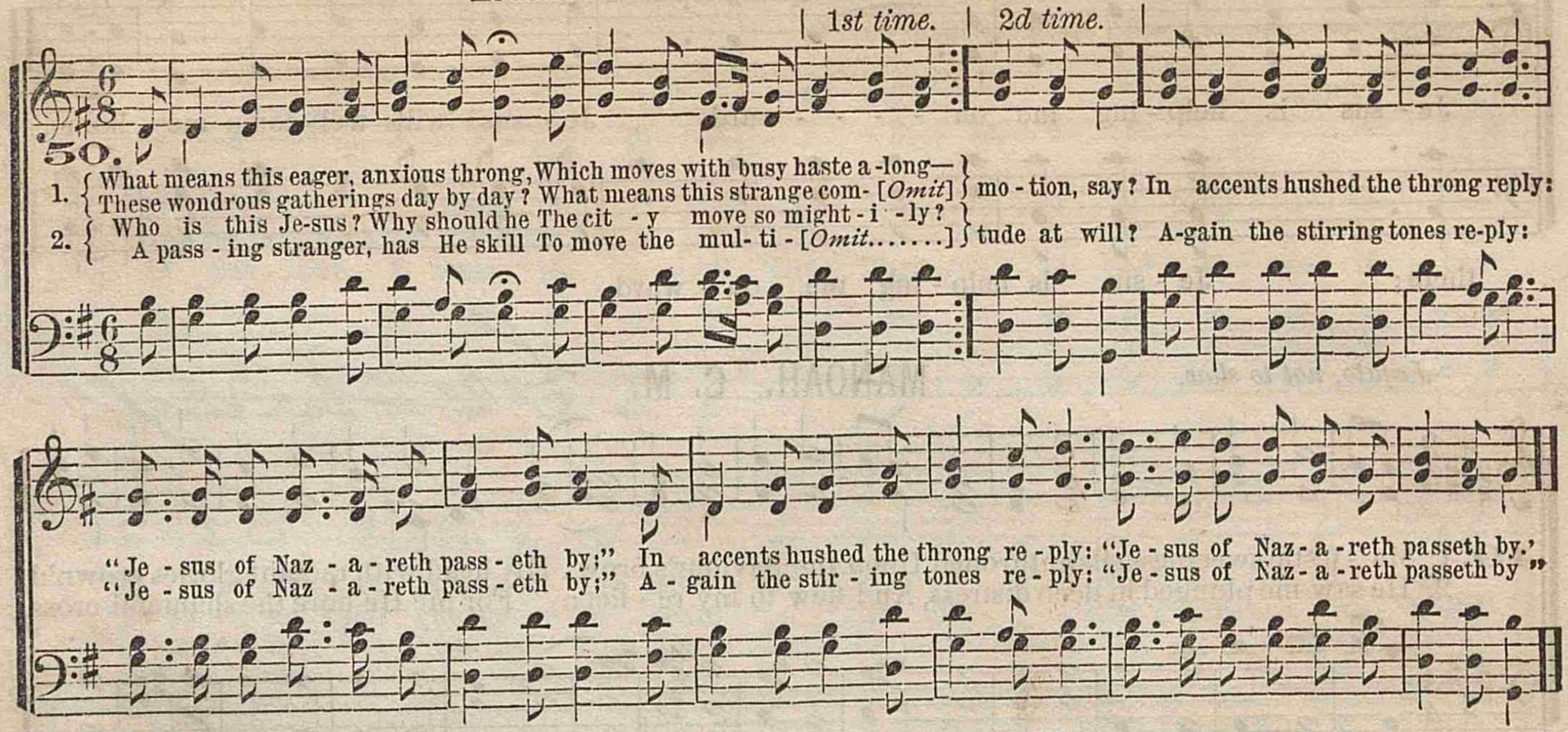


3 To heaven, the place of His abode,
He brings my weary feet,
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.

4 Since from His bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be Thine.

JESUS OF NAZARETH PASSETH BY.

"He heard that it was Jesus of Nazareth." MARK 10 : 47. Music by T. E. PERKINS.



3 Jesus! 'tis He who once below
Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and woe;
And burdened ones, where'er he came,
Brought out their sick, and deaf, and lame.
The blind rejoiced to hear the cry:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

4 Again He comes! From place to place
His holy footprints we can trace.
He pauseth at our threshold—nay,
He enters—condescends to stay.
Shall we not gladly raise the cry:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

5 Ho! all ye heavy-laden, come!
Here's pardon, comfort, rest, and home
Ye wanderers from a Father's face,
Return, accept His proffered grace.
Ye tempted, there's a refuge nigh:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

6 But if you still this call refuse,
And all His wondrous love abuse,
Soon will He sadly from you turn,
Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn.
"Too late! too late!" will be the cry—
"Jesus of Nazareth *has passed by*."

O PRAISE THE LORD.

Words by Mrs. MARY BAYARD CLARKE.

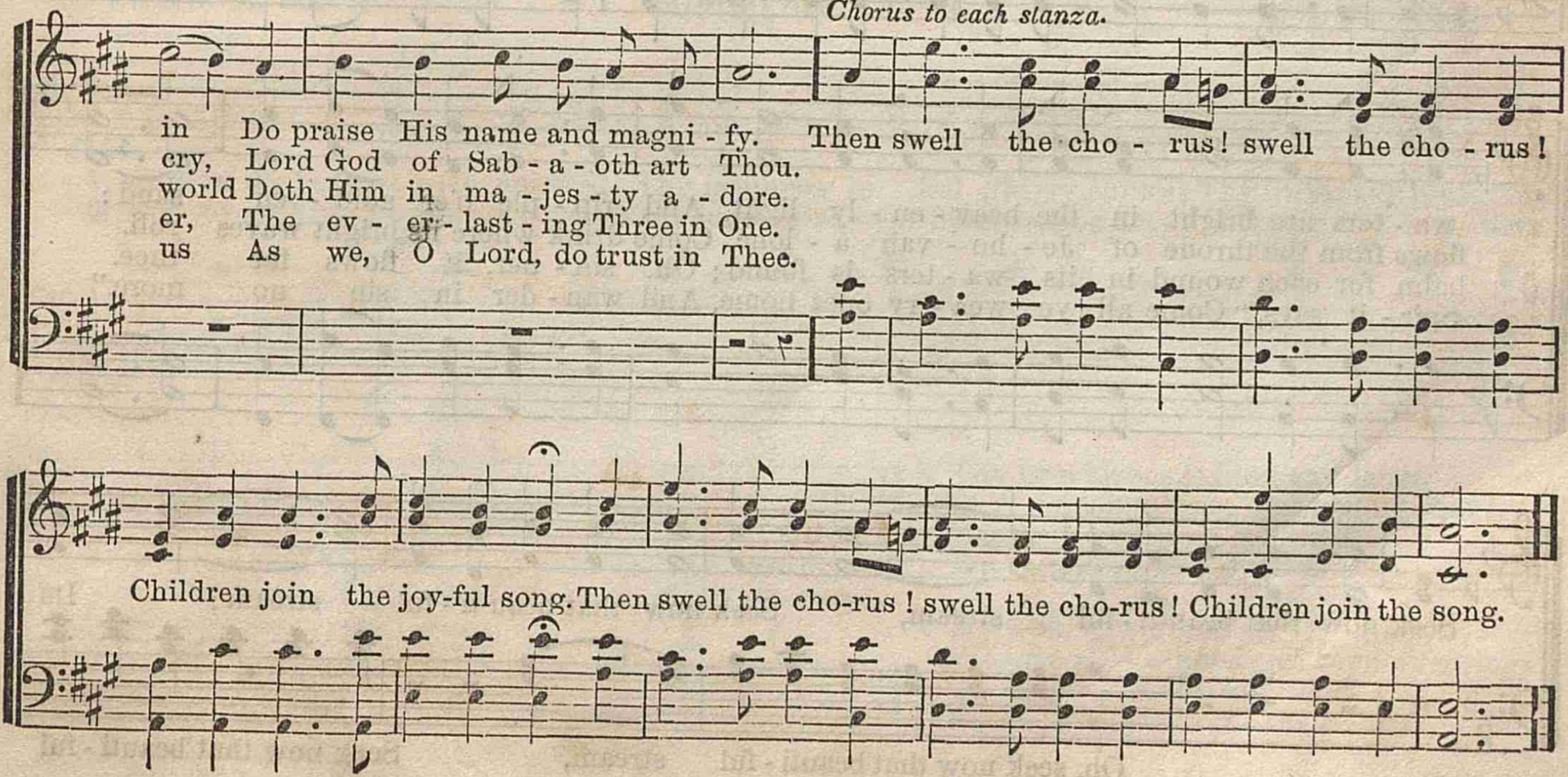
Music by EMILIUS LAROCHE.

Spirited. SOLO, or SEMI-CHORUS.



51. 1. O praise the Lord, for He is God, All angels unto Him do cry, The heav'ns and all the powr's there-
2. The cher-u-bim and ser - a - phim Be-fore His throne forever bow, And ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
3. The prophets and the martyrs praise, And bless His name forever more, The holy church thro'out the
4. Thou art the King of glory, Christ, The Father's true and on-ly Son; The Ho-ly Ghost the Comfort-
5. In Thee a - lone we put our trust, Then let us not confounded be, And let Thy mercy be on

Chorus to each stanza.



in Do praise His name and magni - fy. Then swell the cho - rus! swell the cho - rus!
cry, Lord God of Sab - a - oth art Thou.
world Doth Him in ma - jes - ty a - dore.
er, The ev - er - last - ing Three in One.
us As we, O Lord, do trust in Thee.

Children join the joy-ful song. Then swell the cho-rus! swell the cho-rus! Children join the song.

THE BEAUTIFUL STREAM.

"And he showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb."

PHILIP PHILLIPS. From "NEW STANDARD SINGER," by per.

52. 1. Oh, hast thou ne'er heard of the beau - ti - ful stream, That flows thro' our Fa - ther's land? Its
2. Its vir - tues en - dure, and its wa - ters, so pure, Are sweet to the wea - ry soul; It
3. This beau - ti - ful stream is the "riv - er of life," It flows for all na - tions free; A
4. Oh, wilt thou not drink of this beau - ti - ful stream, And dwell on its peace - ful shore? The

wa - ters are bright in the heav - en - ly light, And rip - ple o'er gold - en sand:
flows from the throne of Je - ho - vah a - lone, Come drink where its bright waves roll.
balm for each wound in its wa - ters is found; Oh, sin - ner, it flows for thee.
Spir - it says, "Come all ye wea - ry ones home, And wan - der in sin no more."

Seek now that beau-ti - ful stream, Seek now that beau-ti - ful stream; Its

Oh, seek now that beauti - ful stream, Seek now that beauti - ful

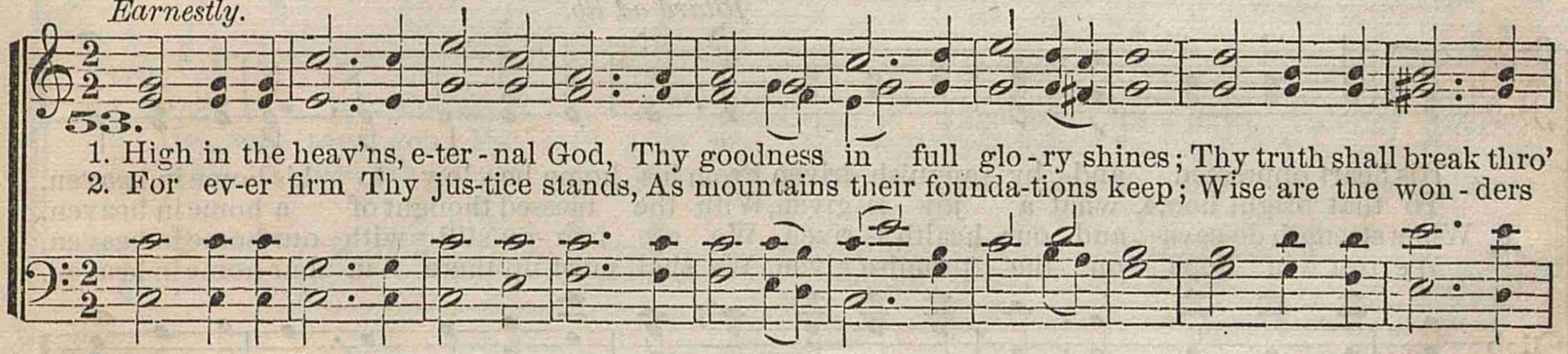


Words by DR. WATTS.

SUMMERS. L. M.

R. M. McINTOSH.

Earnestly.



53.

1. High in the heav'ns, e-ter - nal God, Thy goodness in full glo - ry shines; Thy truth shall break thro'
2. For ev-er firm Thy jus-tice stands, As mountains their founda-tions keep; Wise are the won - ders



3 Thy providence is kind and large,
Both man and beast Thy bounty share;
The whole creation is Thy charge,
But saints are Thy peculiar care.

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

A HOME IN HEAVEN.

"In my Father's house are many mansions." T. C. O'KANE. By permission.

Joyful.

54. 1. A home in heaven! what a joy - ful thought, As the poor man toils in his wea - ry lot,
2. A home in heaven! As the sufferer lies On his bed of pain and up -lifts his eyes
3. A home in heaven! When our treasures fade, And our wealth and fame in the dust are laid,
4. A home in heaven! When our friends have fled To the cheerless gloom of the mold'ring dead,

Ritard ad lib.

His heart oppressed, and by anguish driven From his home be - low to his home in heaven.
To that bright home, what a joy is given, With the blessed thought of a home in heaven.
When strength de-cays and our health is riven, We are hap -py still with our home in heaven.
We rest in hope on the promise given, We shall meet up there in our home in heaven.

CHORUS.

Trav'ling on so glad and free, To a home for you and me,
so glad and free, for you and me,



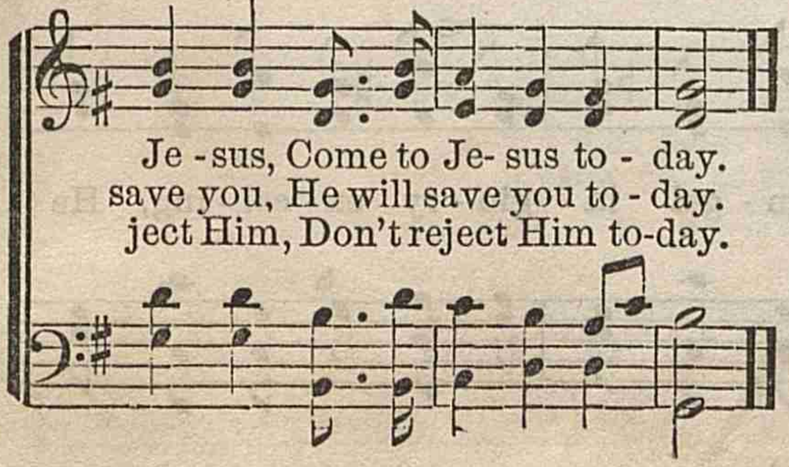
COME TO JESUS JUST NOW.

"Behold! now is the day of salvation!"

With feeling and earnestness.

55.





4.
He is ready, He is ready,
He is ready to-day;
To-day He is ready, &c.

5.
Oh believe Him, oh believe Him,
Oh believe Him to-day;
To-day, oh believe Him, &c.

6.
Do not tarry, do not tarry,
Do not tarry to-day,
To-day do not tarry, &c.

7.
Hallelujah, hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Amen:
Amen, hallelujah, &c.

The words *just now* can be used for *to-day*.

SHOUT THE GLAD TIDINGS.

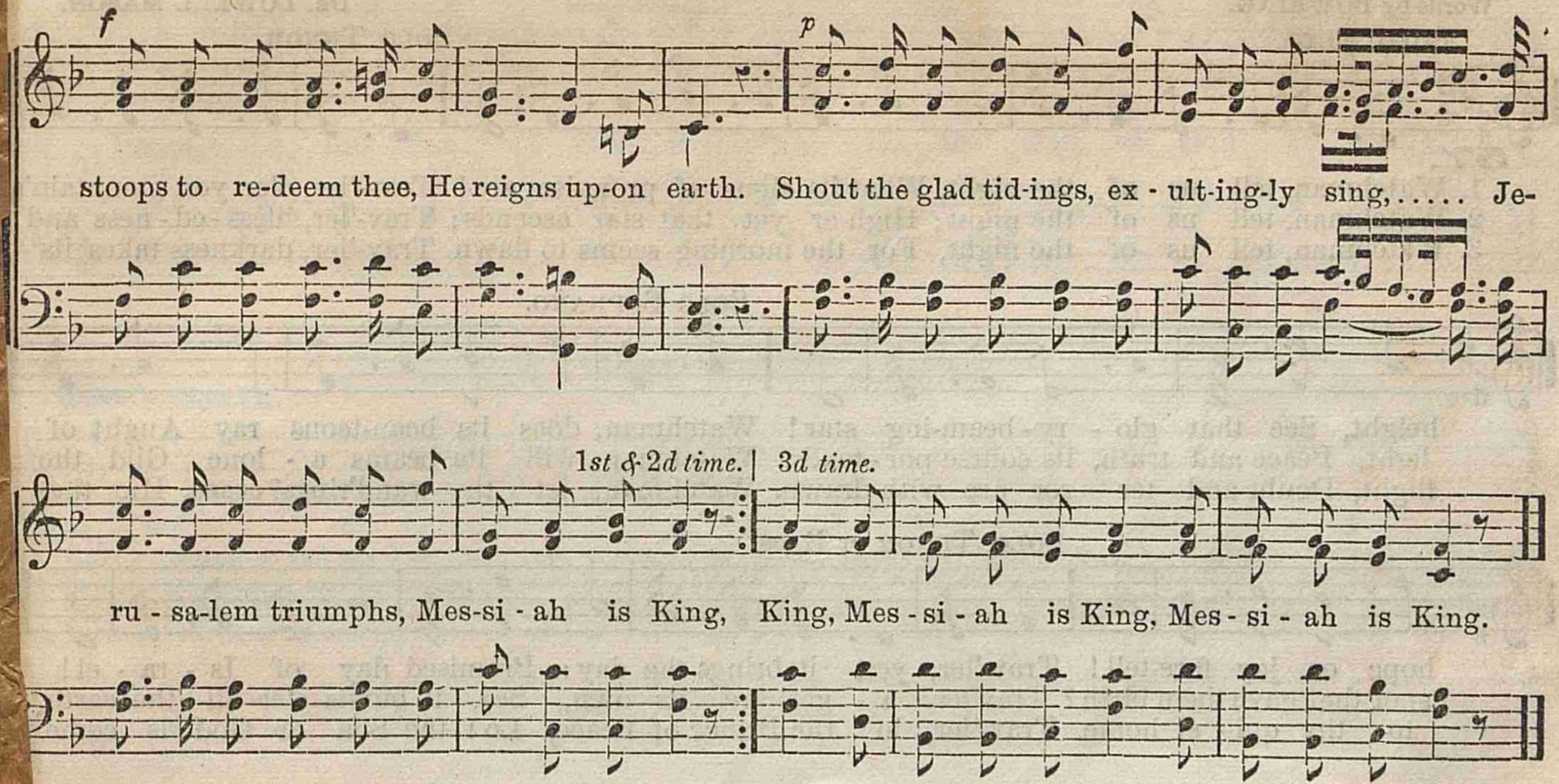
AVISON.

56. Shout the glad tid - ings, ex - ult - ing - ly sing,..... Je - ru - sa - lem tri-umphs, Mes-

p

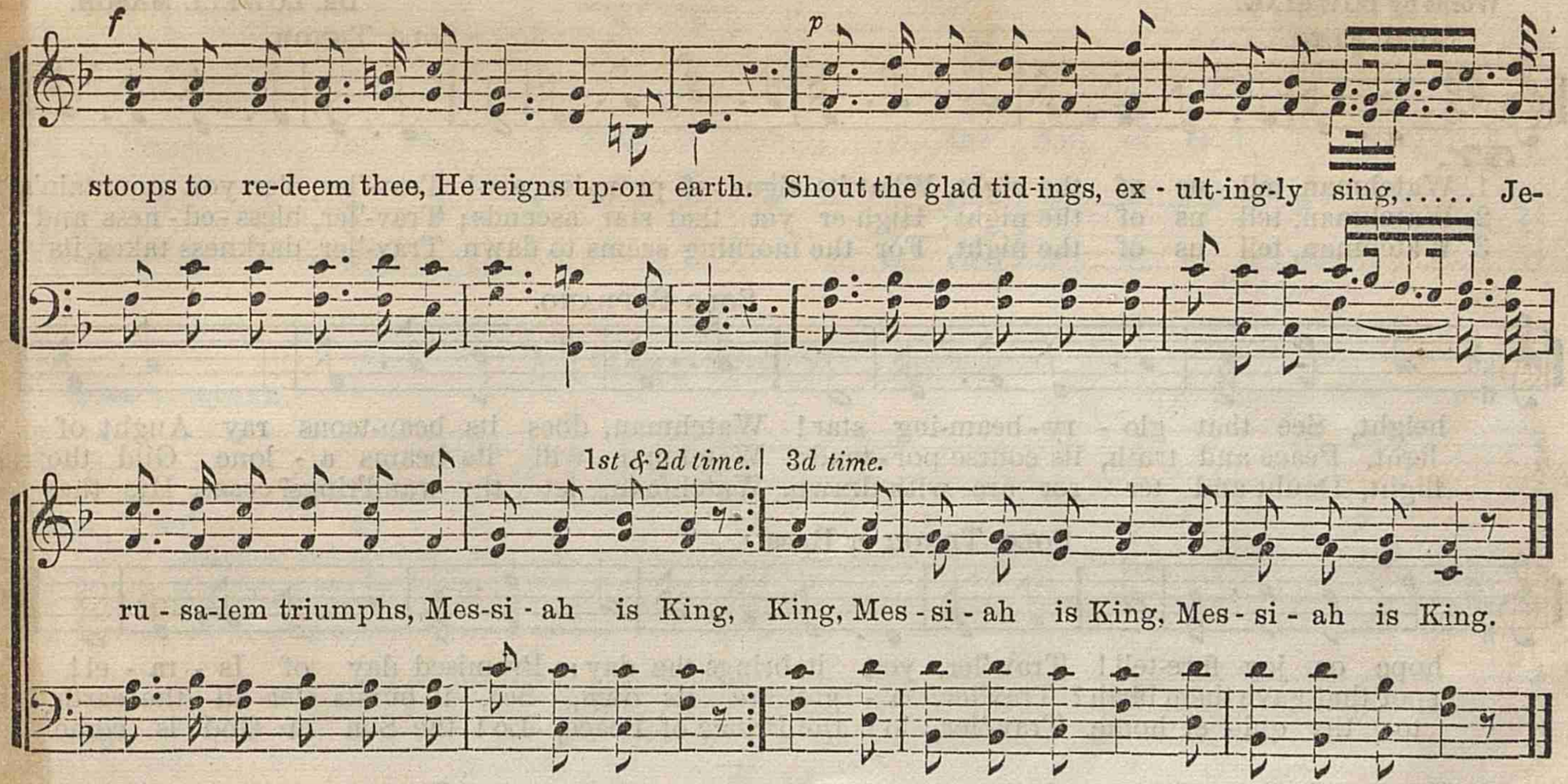
si - ah is King! 1. Zi - on, the mar - vel - ous sto - ry be tell-ing, The Son of the

high-est, how low - ly His birth, The brightest arch - an - gel in glo - ry ex - cel - ing, He



2 Tell how He cometh from nation to nation,
The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round;
How free to the faithful He offers salvation,
How His people with joy everlasting are crowned.

3 Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,
And sweet let the gladsome hosanna arise:
Ye angels, the full hallelujah be singing:
One chorus resound through the earth and the skies.



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The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round;
How free to the faithful He offers salvation,
How His people with joy everlasting are crowned.

3 Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,
And sweet let the gladsome hosanna arise:
Ye angels, the full hallelujah be singing:
One chorus resound through the earth and the skies.

WATCHMAN, TELL US OF THE NIGHT.

Words by BOWRING. DR. LOWELL MASON.

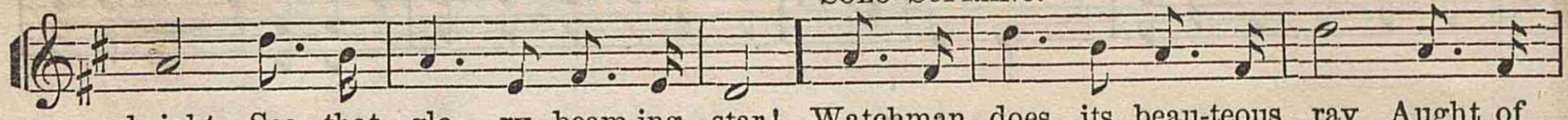
SOLO ALTO. SOLO TENOR.



57.

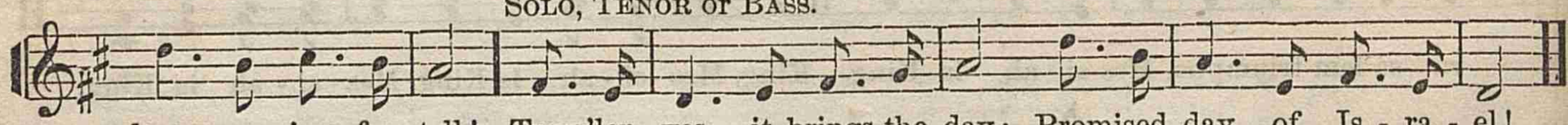
1. Watchman, tell us of the night, What its signs of prom-ise are! Trav-'ler, o'er yon mountain's
2. Watchman, tell us of the night; High-er yet that star ascends; Trav-'ler, bless-ed-ness and
3. Watchman, tell us of the night, For the morning seems to dawn. Trav-'ler, darkness takes its

SOLO SOPRANO.



height, See that glo - ry-beam-ing star! Watchman, does its beau-teous ray Aught of
light, Peace and truth, its course por-tends. Watchman, will its beams a - lone Gild the
flight, Doubt and ter - ror are with-drawn. Watchman, let thy wand'rings? cease, Hie thee

SOLO, TENOR OR BASS.



hope or joy fore-tell! Trav-'ler, yes, it brings the day: Promised day of Is - ra - el!
spot that gave them birth? Trav'ler, a - ges are its own, See, it bursts o'er all the earth.
to thy qui - et home. Trav-'ler, lo! the Prince of Peace, Lo! the Son of God is come.

CHORUS *for 1st and 2d verses.* CHORUS *for 3d verse.*

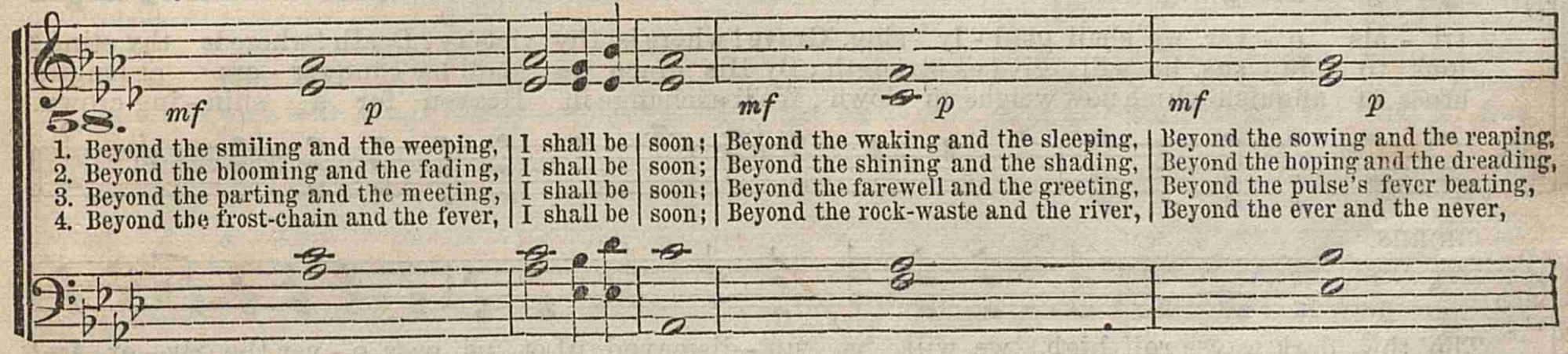


1. Trav'ler, yes, it brings the day, Promised day of Is - ra - el!
2. Trav'ler, a - ges are its own; See, it bursts o'er all the earth. 3. Trav'ler, lo, the Prince of



A LITTLE WHILE. CHANT.

Words by BONAR. W. A. TARBUTTON. By per.





LET US PASS OVER THE RIVER.*

Words by KATE CAMERON. Music by R. M. McINTOSH.

1. When our work is ended, we shall sweetly rest, 'Mid the sainted spirits, safe on Je-sus' breast; All our tri - als o - ver, we shall glad - ly sing, Grave! where is thy vict-'ry? Death! where is thy sting?
2. Earth hath man-y sorrows, but they cannot last, And our greatest troubles quickly will be past; If we look to Je - sus, he will give us strength; By His grace we shall be conquer - ors at length.
3. When the storm is o-ver, sweet will be the calm, After life's long battle, bright the victor's palm: And the cross of anguish which now weighs us down; We'll exchange in Heaven for a shin - ing crown.

CHORUS.

Tho' the dark waves roll high, we will be un - dismayed, "Let us pass o - ver the riv - er, And rest un - der the shade, rest un - der the shade, Rest un - der the shade of the trees."

*This hymn was suggested by the last and dying words of Stonewall Jackson. The closing lines of the Chorus are in his own language.

COME WITH SONGS, HAPPY SONGS.

Words by FANNY CROSBY. "Singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord." R. M. McINTOSH.

DUET.



1. When we list to the chime of the clear Sabbath bell, As it calls to the tem - ple of
2. Come with songs, hap-py songs, may we hal - low the day, That our Saviour, dear Saviour hath
3. In his arms we have slept, and the toils of the week Have been cheered by his goodness and
4. Come with songs, hap-py songs, where his presence we feel, And his spir - it descends like a
5. O the rich - es of Grace which his mer - cy bestows! In the cross let our boast ev - er



prayer: Come with songs, happy songs, ev- er grate - ful to God, For his kindness, pro-tec- tion and care.
blessed; And with songs, happy songs, on our lips may we pass, To the land of e - ter - ni - ty's rest.
love: Come with songs, happy songs, while we bow at the feet Of our gracious Redeem - er a - bove.
dove; And our souls in the full - ness of rap - ture are lost In the depths of his in - fi - nite love.
be! Come with songs, happy songs, while his name we a - dore, And re-joice that sal-va - tion is free.

CHORUS.



Come with songs, happy songs, Come with songs, ev - er grate- ful to
Come with songs, hap- py songs, Come with songs, hap- py songs,



God; Come with songs, happy songs, Come with songs, ev-er grate- ful to God.
Come with songs, happy songs, Come with songs, happy songs,

FATHER, WE'LL REST IN THY LOVE. SENTENCE.

R. M. McINTOSH. From "TABOR," by permission.

60. Fa - ther, we'll rest in Thy love; Fa - ther, we'll rest in Thy love; Fa - ther, we'll rest, Fa - ther, we'll rest, we'll rest in Thy love; Fa - ther, we'll rest in Thy love,..... we'll rest, we'll rest in Thy love; Fa-ther, we'll rest, we'll rest in Thy love.

D. S.

Father we'll rest, &c.

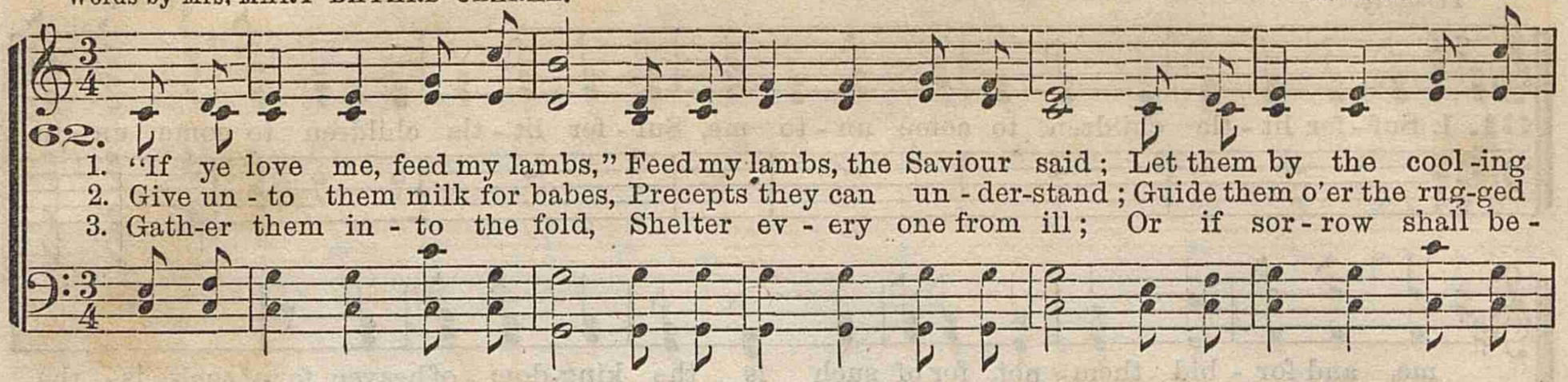
From "TABOR," by permission. EMILIUS LAROCHE.

Tenderly.

61. 1. Suf - fer lit - tle children to come un - to me, Suf - fer lit - tle children to come un - to me, and for - bid them not, for of such is the king-dom of heaven, for of such is the king-dom of heaven, Suf-fer lit - tle chil - dren to come un - to me, and forbid them not, and for- bid them not, for of such is the king - dom of heaven. A - men, A - men.

FEED MY LAMBS.

Words by Mrs. MARY BAYARD CLARKE. R. M. McINTOSH.



4 When their passions shall arise,
Teach them anger to subdue;
Teach them gentleness and love,
Teach them all things good and true. *Cho.*

5 Little children, if you'd hear
All the loving Saviour said;
Come into the Sunday school,
And into His fold be led. *Cho.*

63. 1. What is life? 'tis but a vapor, Soon it van - ish - es a - way: Life is like a dy - ing
2. See that glo - ry, how resplendent! Brighter far than fan - cy paints, There, in ma - jes - ty trans-
3. Joy-ful crowds, His throne surrounding, Sing with rapture of His love: Thro' the heav'ns His praises

ta - per: O, my soul, why wish to stay? Why not spread thy wings and fly Straight to yonder world of
cendent, Jesus reigns, the King of saints. Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly Straight to yonder world of
sounding, Filling all the courts a - bove! Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly Straight to yonder world of

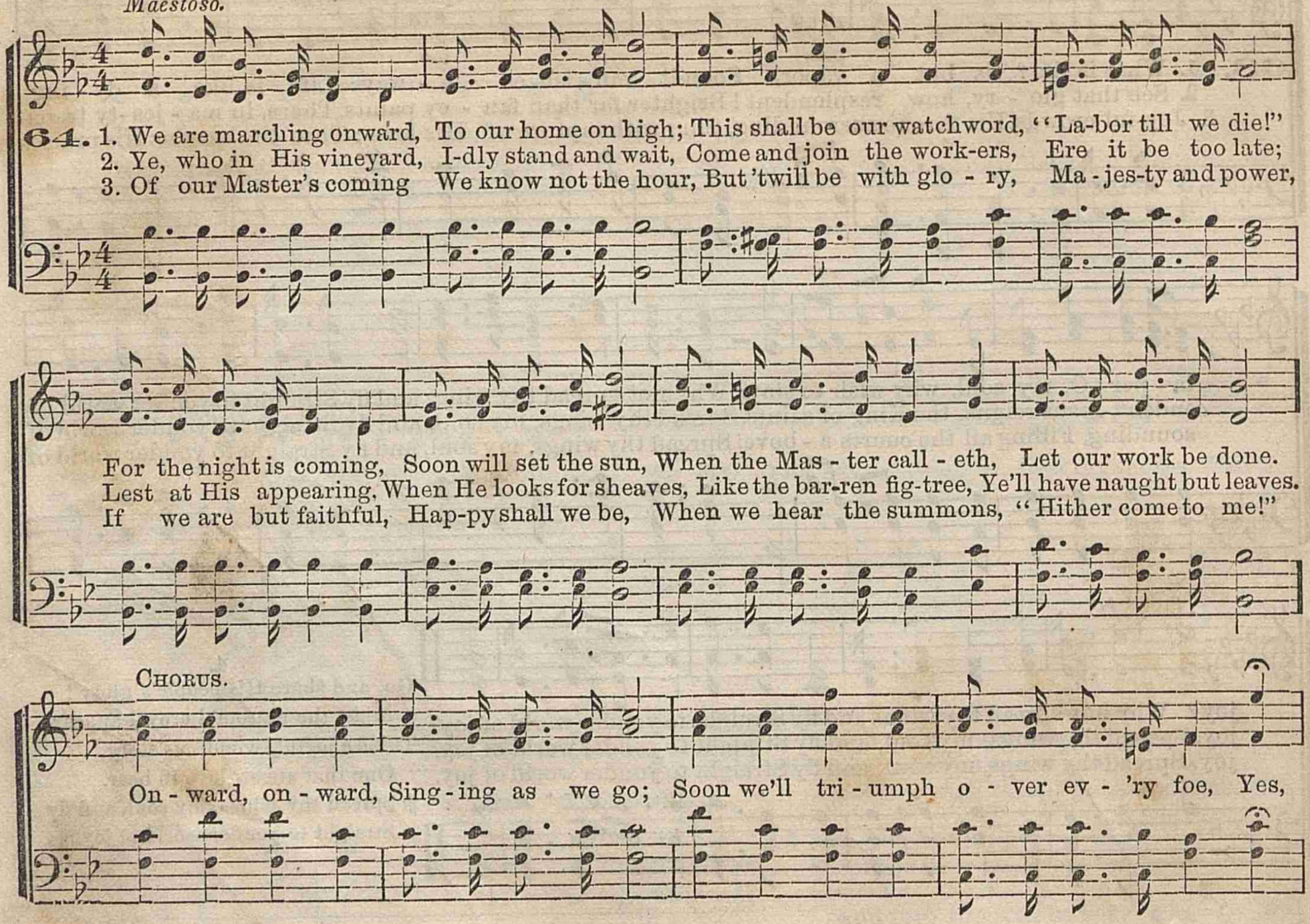
joy? Why not spread thy wings and fly Straight to yonder world of joy?
joy, Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly Straight to yonder world of joy.
joy, Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly Straight to yonder world of joy.

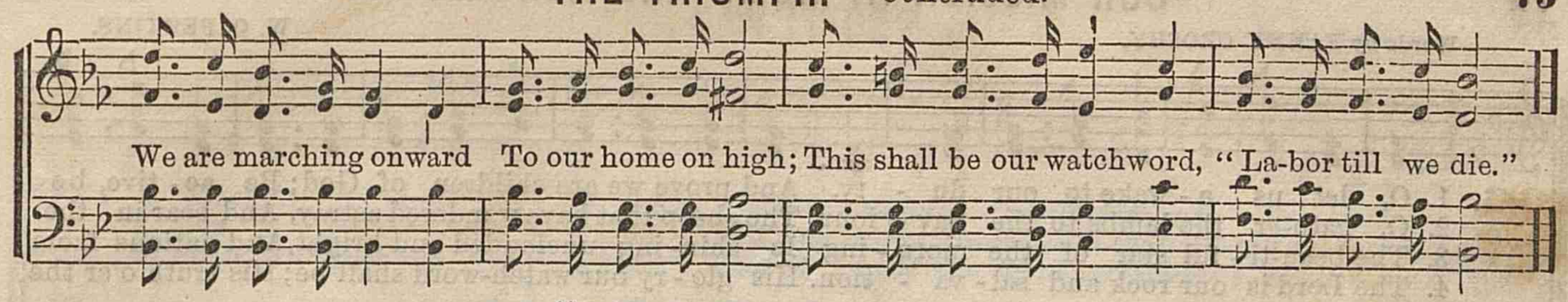
4.
Go, and share His people's glory!
Midst the ransom'd crowd appear:
Thine a joyful, wondrous story,
One that angels love to hear.
‖: Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.:‖

THE TRIUMPH.

Words by KATE CAMERON. Music by P. P. BLISS. From "THE PRIZE," by per.

Maestoso.

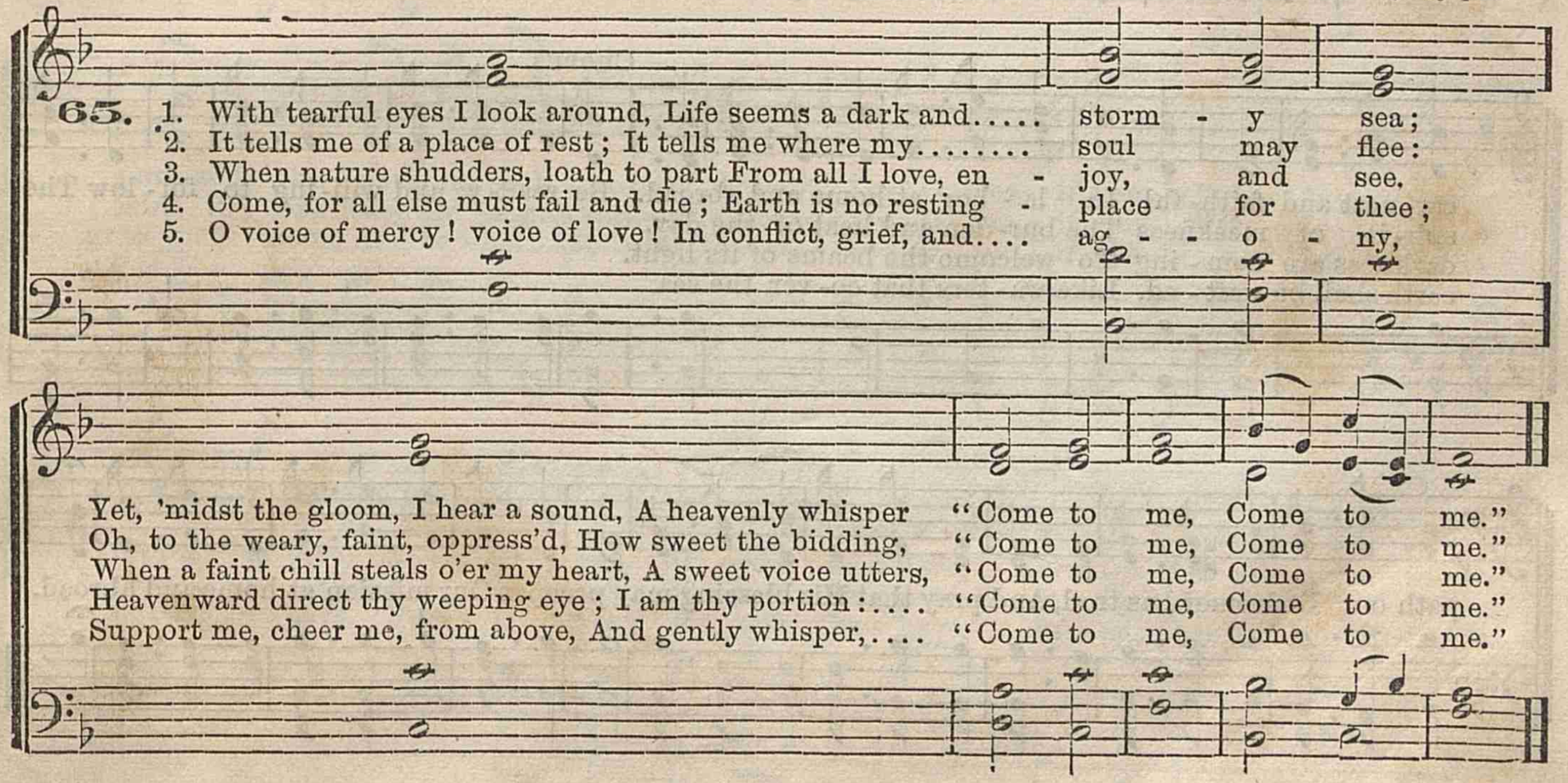




"COME TO ME."—CHANT.

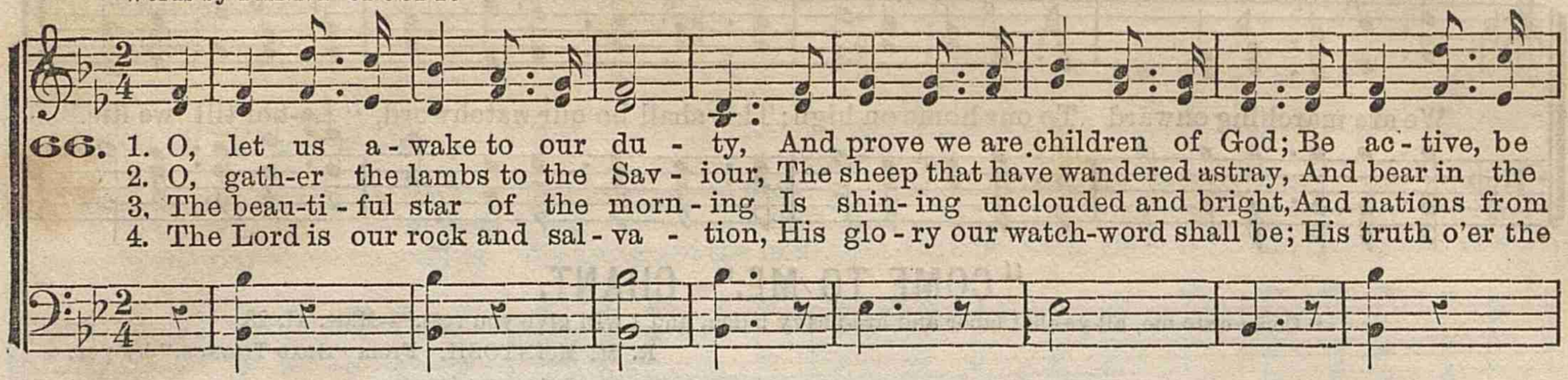
"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—Matt. xi. 28.

R. M. McINTOSH. From "GLAD TIDINGS," by per.



OUR MISSION AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Words by FANNY CROSBY. W. O. PERKINS.



67. 1. Gracious Sav - iour can it be, There a - waits a crown for me, Set with gems, so
2. Can it be, a harp of gold, Glitt'ring bright, these hands shall hold? That this voice shall
3. Shall I pass the pearl - y gates? Shall I walk the gold - en streets? Shall I see the

pure, so bright, Sparkling each with heav'nly light? Yes! O yes, if you believe, Je - sus has a
join the song Sung by angels round the throne? Yes! O yes, if you believe, Je - sus has a
great white throne, And be - hold the Lamb thereon? Yes! O yes, if you believe, Je - sus has a

crown to give, Yes! O yes, if you be - lieve, Je - sus has a crown to give.
harp to give, Yes! O yes, if you be - lieve, Je - sus has a harp to give.
heaven to give, Yes! O yes, if you be - lieve, Je - sus has a heaven to give.

THERE'S A LIGHT IN THE VALLEY.

Words and Music by P. P. BLISS. From "THE PRIZE," by per.

With expression.

68. 1. Thro' the val-ley of the shadow I must go, Where the cold waves of Jor-dan roll; But the
2. Now the roll-ing of the bil-lows I can hear, As they beat on the turf-bound shore; But the

Slower.

promise of my Shepherd will, I know, Be the rod and the staff to my soul. E-ven
bea-con light of love so bright and clear, Guides my bark, frail and lone, safe-ly o'er. I shall

A tempo.

now, down the val-ley as I glide, I can hear my Saviour say, "Fol-low Me!" And with
find down the val-ley no a-larms, For my Saviour's blessed smile I can see; He will

Him I'm not a - fraid to cross the tide, There's a light in the val - ley for me.
bear me in His lov - ing, mighty arms, There's a light in the val - ley for me.

CHORUS.

There's a light in the valley, There's a light in the valley, There's a light in the valley for me, . . . And no
for me,

e - vil will I fear while my Shepherd is so near, There's a light in the val - ley for me, for me.

Repeat pp

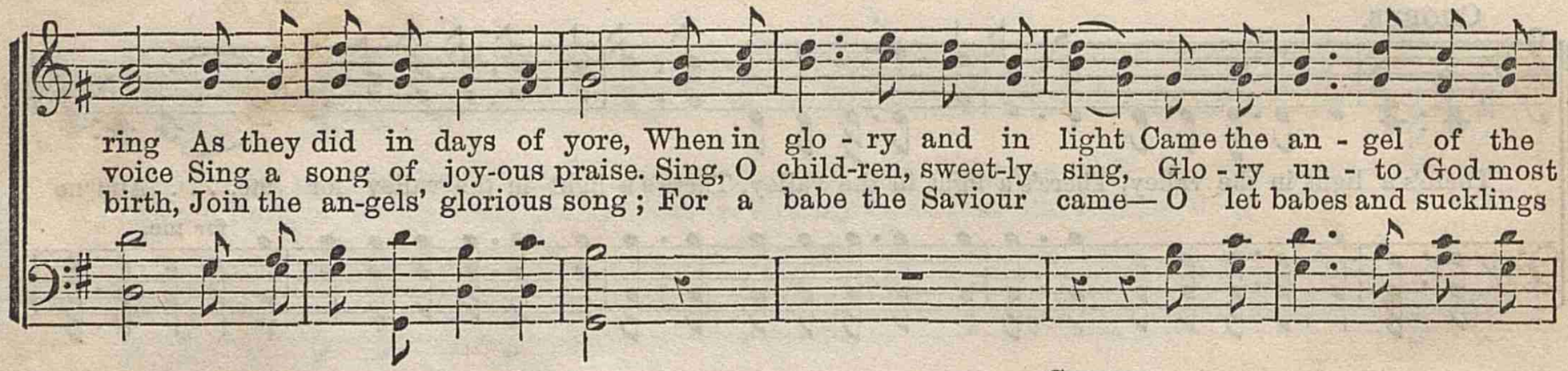
COME AND SING.

Words by Mrs. MARY B. CLARKE. Dr. A. B. EVERETT.

Joyfully.

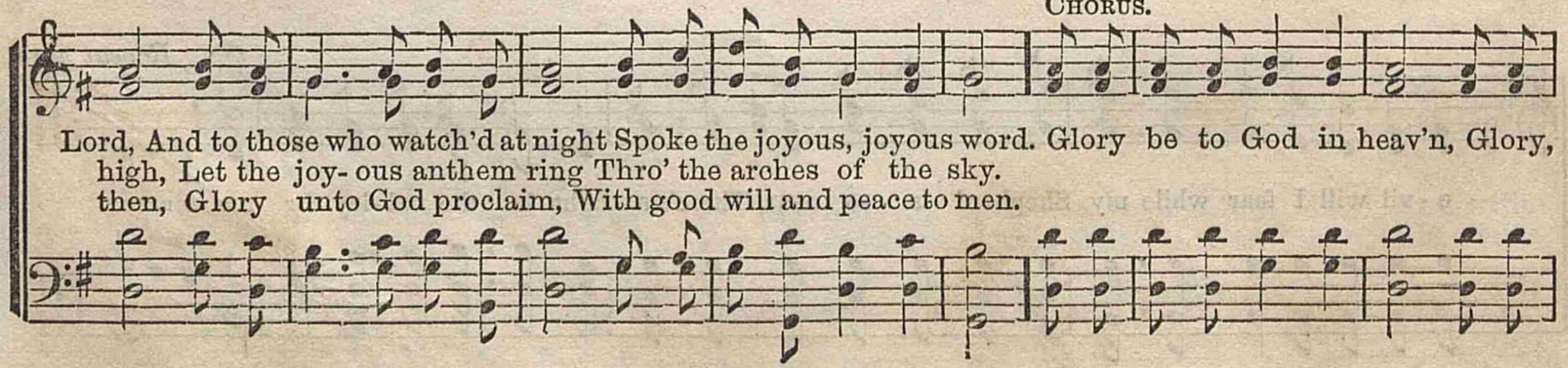


69. 1. Children, children, come and sing, Sing the an-gels' song once more, Let its notes of gladness
2. Let them not a-lone re-joice, But a song of tri-umph raise, Shout, O shout, and with one
3. 'Tis most fit that here on earth, Children should the strain prolong; And, in hon-or of His

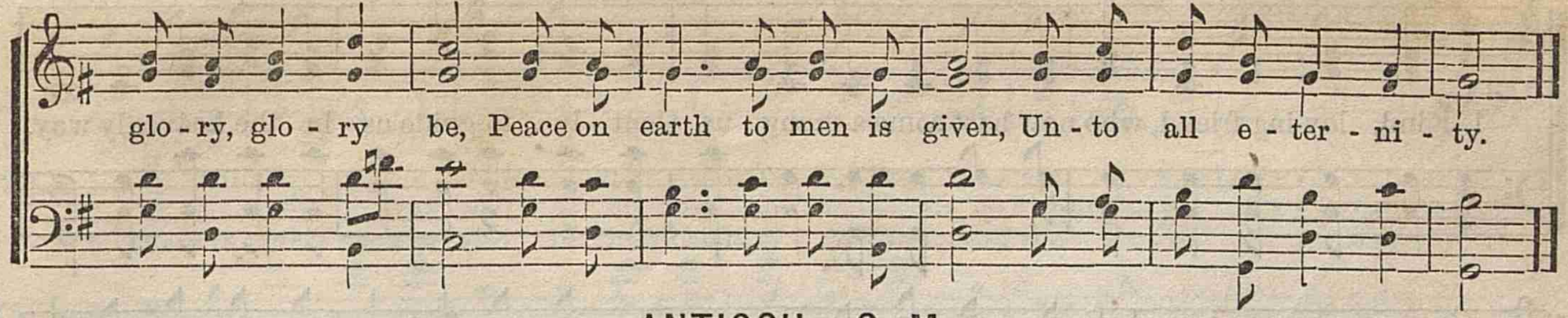


ring As they did in days of yore, When in glo-ry and in light Came the an-gel of the
voice Sing a song of joy-ous praise. Sing, O child-ren, sweet-ly sing, Glo-ry un-to God most
birth, Join the an-gels' glorious song; For a babe the Saviour came— O let babes and sucklings

CHORUS.



Lord, And to those who watch'd at night Spoke the joyous, joyous word. Glory be to God in heav'n, Glory,
high, Let the joy-ous anthem ring Thro' the arches of the sky.
then, Glory unto God proclaim, With good will and peace to men.



ANTIOCH. C. M.

Words by WATTS. Arr. from HANDEL by Dr. L. MASON.



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

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

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

Words by ELLEN M. HASTINGS.

GREETING TO A PASTOR.

W. O. PERKINS.

71.

1. Kind, lov-ing friend, who now hast come a-mong us, Gent - ly to guide us in the heavenly way,
Ac - cept the greet-ing which to thee we of - fer, As our best wish-es here we bring to- day.

CHORUS.

Dear-est teacher, lov -ing pas-tor, Joy - ful greetings now we'll sing; Servant of our heav'nly Mas-ter,
Kind - est wel - come now we bring.

2 Jesus, we know thy guide is and thy pattern,
His sacred words the study of thy heart,
His precepts rule thy motions and thy actions,
Wilt thou to us these holy truths impart?—*Cho.*

3 And when at last, death with nis icy finger,
Sunders the tie that binds us here below,
Oh! may that tie in heaven be but stronger,
Then peace and joy in fulness we shall know.

By per. from "SINGING PILGRIM." PHILIP PHILLIPS

Moderato and affetuoso.



72. 1. I will sing you a song of that beau-ti-ful land, The far a-way home of the soul,
2. O, that home of the soul, in my vis-ions and dreams, Its bright jas-per walls I can see,
3. There the great trees of life in their beau-ty do grow, And the riv-er of life flows by,

f. *1st.* *2nd.* *Fine.*

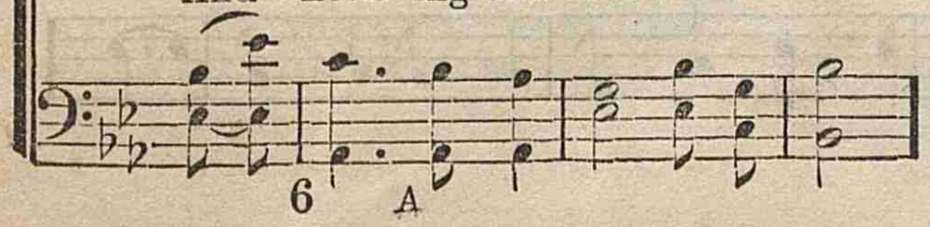
Where no storms ev-er beat on the glit-ter-ing strand, While the years of e-ter-ni-ty roll,
Till I fan-cy but thin-ly the veil in-tervenes Be-tween the fair ci-ty and me,
For no death ev-er en-ters that ci-ty, you know, And noth-ing that maketh a lie.



f *D. S.* *f.*



While the years of e-ter-ni-ty roll.
Be-tween the fair cit-y and me.
And noth-ing that mak-eth a lie.



6 A

4 That unchangeable home is for you and for me,
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands;
The King of all kingdoms forever is He,
And He holdeth our crowns in his hands.

5 O how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain!
With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands,
To meet one another again.

SABBATH BELLS.

Words by Mrs. MARY BAYARD CLARKE. Dr. A. B. EVERETT.

73. 1. The bells, the bells, the Sab - bath bells, How joy-ous - ly they ring; Their cheerful sound the sto - ry tells Of Christ the ris - en King. Hark! how their mu - sic seems to say, "To Sab-bath school we call, Haste, haste and come without de - lay, Come children one and all."

CHORUS.



2 They call us where we will be taught
His wondrous love to know,
Like lambs into His fold be brought,
And led where we should go ;
Led by a shepherd's tender care
Along the rugged way,
Until in pastures green and fair
By cooling streams we stray.
The bells, &c.

3 The Sabbath-school is Jesus' fold,
There gathered safe from harm,
His lambs in His right hand He'll hold,
And shield them with His arm ;
Then in its shelter we will stay
And gather others there,
To walk with us the heavenly way,
And reach those pastures fair.
The bells, &c.

CLIMBING UP ZION'S HILL.

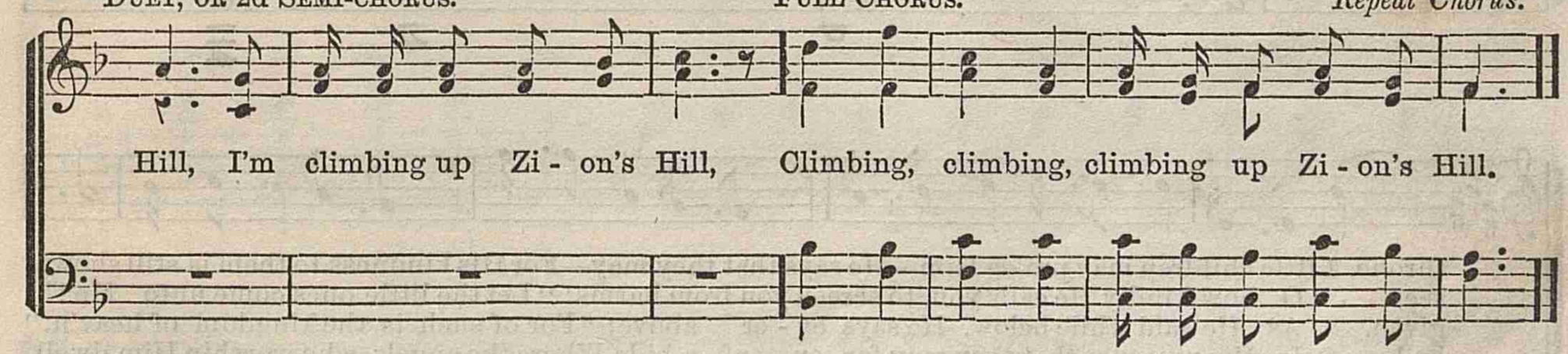
PHILIP PHILLIPS.

"They shall mount up with wings as eagles, and they shall walk and not faint."

74.

1. I'm try - ing to climb up Zi - on's Hill, For the Sav - iour whis-pers, "Love me; Though all be - neath is dark as death, Yet the stars are bright a - bove me. Then up - ward still, to Zi - on's Hill, To the land of joy and beau - ty, My



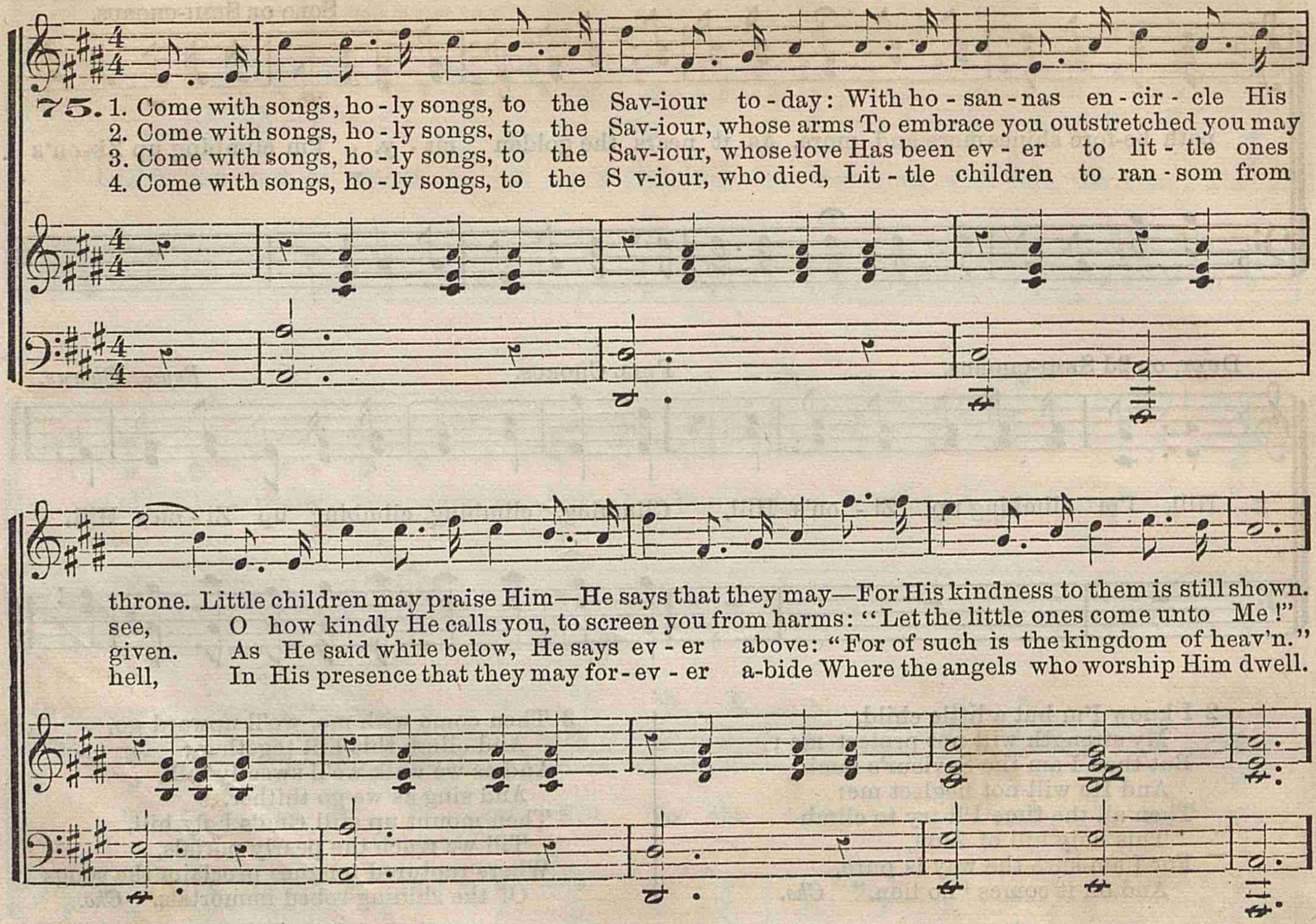


2 I know I'm but a little child,
My strength will not protect me ;
But then I am the Saviour's lamb,
And He will not neglect me:
Then all the time I'll try to climb
This holy hill of Zion,
For I am sure the way is pure,
And on it comes "no lion." *Cho.*

3 Then come with me, we'll upward go,
And climb this hill together ;
And as we walk we'll sweetly talk,
And sing as we go thither.
Then mount up still God's holy hill,
Till we reach the pearly portals,
Where raptured tongues proclaim the songs
Of the shining-robed immortals. *Cho.*

COME WITH SONGS, HOLY SONGS.

Words by Rev. T. O. SUMMERS, D. D. R. M. McINTOSH.



CHORUS.

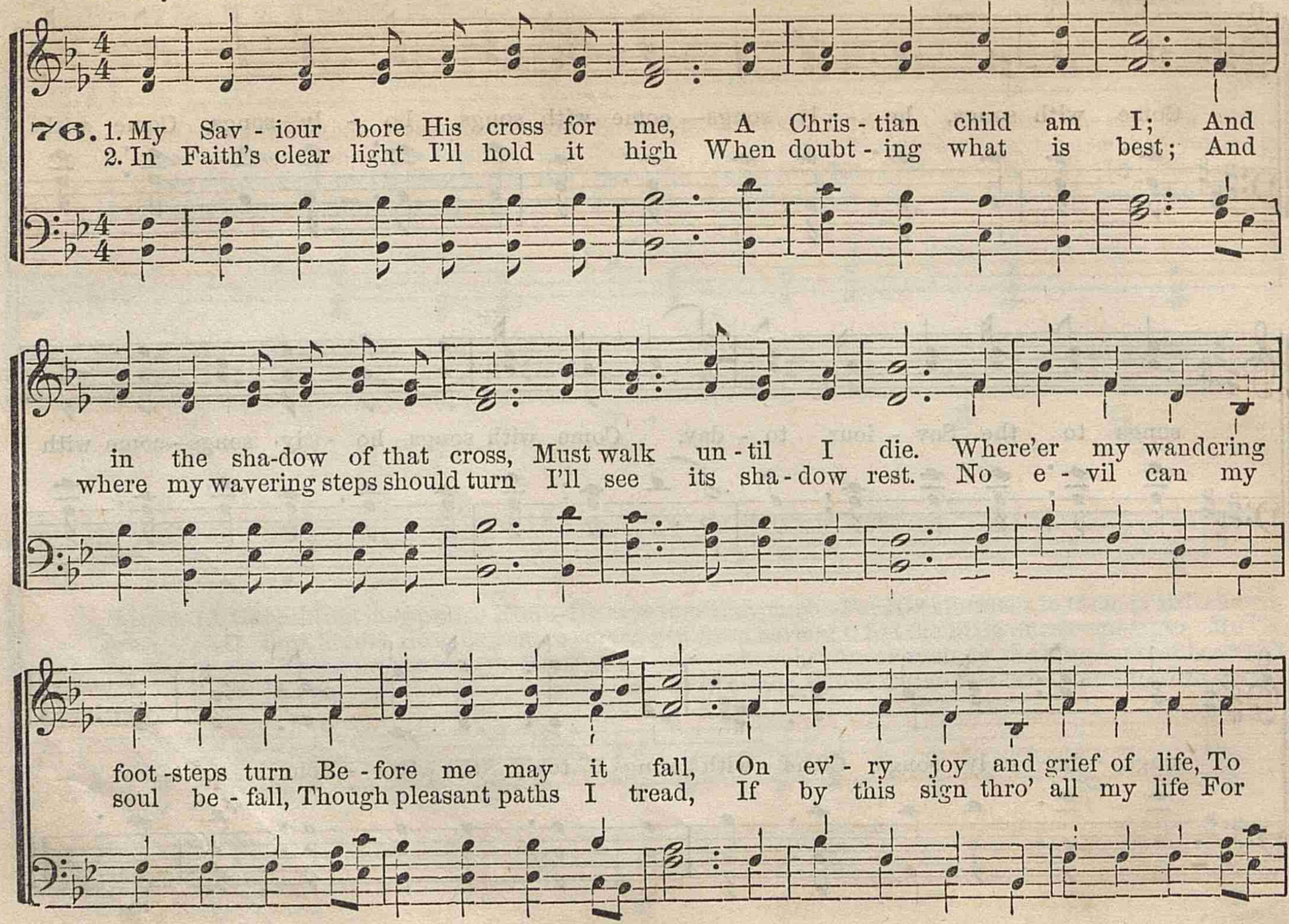
Come with songs, ho - ly songs— come with songs, ho - ly songs, Come with

songs to the Sav - iour to - day, Come with songs, ho - ly songs—come with

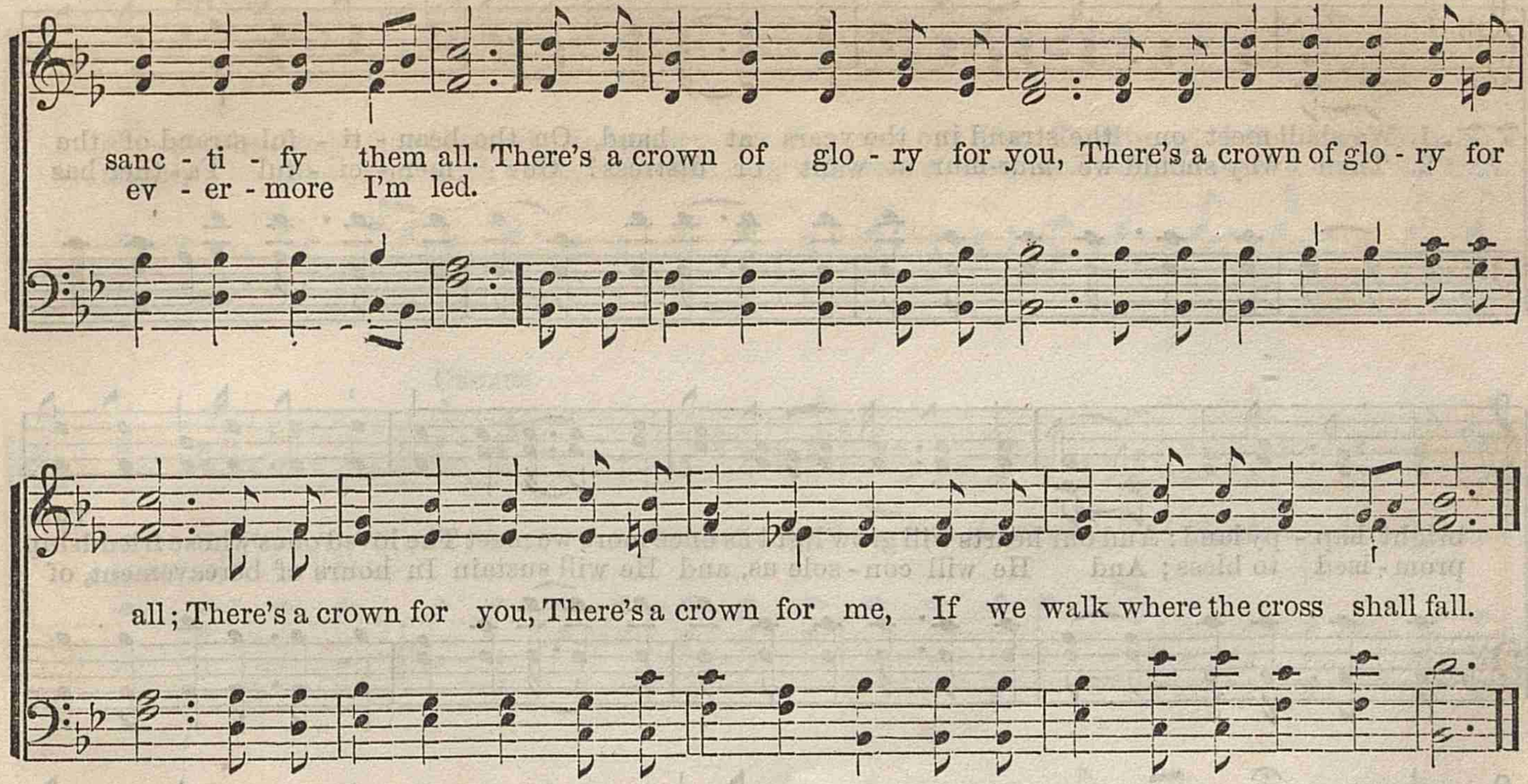
songs, ho - ly songs, Come with songs to the Sav - iour to - day.

THE SHADOW OF THE CROSS.

Words by Mrs. MARY BAYARD CLARKE. Music by R. M. McINTOSH. From "GLAD TIDINGS," by per.



CHORUS.



3 I must avoid each tempting path,
However smooth the ground,
On which the shadow of the cross
Cannot by me be found;
Must pluck no flower however bright,
No leaf however green,
Unless upon them both it can
Without a doubt be seen.—*Cho.*

4 And should it lead through rugged ways
Until my feet are sore,
I'll know I'm in the path of life,
If it shall fall before.
Then in the shadow of the cross,
Though dark the pathway be,
God, grant me strength and grace to walk
Till I my Saviour see.—*Cho.*

IN THE YEARS AT HAND.

Words by KATE CAMERON. R. M. McINTOSH.

77. 1. We shall meet on the strand in the years at hand, On the beau - ti - ful strand of the
2. Then why should we mur-mur at want or distress? Our mer - ci - ful Fa - ther has

[was

bright hap - py land: And our hearts will grow light as once more we meet The loved ones whose friendship
prom - ised to bless; And He will con - sole us, and He will sustain In hours of bereavement, of

strong and sweet. Our praise will as-cend with the sanc-ti-fied throng, To Him to whom honor and
doubt and pain. Tho' bit - ter our por - tion on this side the grave, Our trust is in One who is

glo - ry be - long; Our bless-ed Redeemer, our Sav-iour our King, To Him glad thanksgiv-ings for -
mighty to save: Tho' earth's ties are broken they will re - u - nite, And naught mar our bliss in that

CHORUS.

ev - er we'll bring. In the years at hand, we shall meet on the strand The friends who have left us a
fair world of light!

glo - rified band: Beyond pain and parting in that happy land; How blessed shall we be in the years at hand.

SUNDAY SCHOOL RALLYING SONG

Words by KATE CAMERON. R. M. McINTOSH.

78.

1. Come and join our band, Come with heart and hand, Make a no - ble stand 'Gainst the foe; Rouse ye for the fight,
2. Let us now be - gin, Con-quer ev - ery sin, And the vic - t'ry win, While 'tis day; Take the Spir - it-sword,
3. Bro - thers, hear our call, Ral - ly one and all! Let no coward fall In the strife; Short the war-fare here,

CHORUS.

Firm for Truth and Right, Soon will fall the night On all be - low. Come then, soldiers, ral - ly round the ban-ner,
God's own Ho - ly Word, Trusting in the Lord, The foe we slay.
Brief the pain and fear, Then the triumph near,—E-ter - nal Life!

Help us now our cheerful notes to sing: While we gladly raise a loud Ho-san-na, Je-sus is our Prophet, Priest and King!

PIC-NIC SONG.

Words by ELLEN M. HASTINGS. W. O PERKINS.

79. 1. The skies are fair, and the sun shines bright, All joy-ous in the morning! Our hearts like the birds, are
2. To the woods we'll go with a fes - tal show, Our hap-py songs now sing-ing; Our banners unfurled in
3. The grove so sha - dy, so fresh and green, Invites with gentle whis-per, As high on the boughs the
4. Sweet flowers bloom, and the cooling spring A rippling welcome rais - es: And there in that leaf y

CHORUS.

free and light, To hail the glorious dawn-ing. To the woods, ... to the woods, ... To the
east-ern glow, And mer - ry voic-es ring - ing.
birds are seen, And red-breasts shyly lin - ger.
grove we'll sing Our thankful, joyous prais - es.

To the woods, To the woods,

woods, the woods a - way, To the woods we'll go, with fes - tal show, And spend our hol - i - day.

BEAUTIFUL RAIN.

Words and Music by P. P. BLISS. From "THE PRIZE," by per. of ROOT & CADY.

DUET.

80 1. Hear the mu - sic of the rain fall - ing down, On the roof and win-dow pane, fall-ing
2. Hear the mu - sic of the rain fall - ing down, On the roof and win-dow pane, fall-ing
3. Hear the mu - sic of the rain fall - ing down, On the roof and win-dow pane, fall-ing

Inst.

down, Murmur not, it seems to say, For our Father's love to-day Or-ders on - ly in our way
down, What a les - son does it bring, What a cho-rus does it sing, What a message from our King
down, So our Father, kind and true, Showers of blessings, ever new, On the good and e - vil, too

Good to fall; Like the gen - tle fall - ing rain O - ver mountain, lake and plain, Will His
of His love, And we seem to hear Him say, Come, ye child-ren, learn My way, From My
still doth send; And a cheer - ful song we raise, To His hon - or and His praise, For the

CHORUS.

ten - der care re - main O - ver all. Hear the mu - sic of the rain, beau - ti - ful
fold no lon - ger stray, Look a - bove.
love that crowns our days to the end,

rain, As the pearl- y drops in showers pattering fall, Hear the sweet subdued re - frain,

On the roof and win - dow pane, Of our Fa - ther's ten - der love for all.

BEYOND THE SUNSET.

Words by JOSEPHINE POLLARD. W. O. PERKINS.

DUET or SEMI-CHORUS.



81. 1. Be-yond the sunset's radiant glow, There is a brighter world, I know, Where golden glories ev - er
2. Be-yond the sunset's purple rim, Beyond the twilight deep and dim, Where clouds and darkness never
3. Be-yond this des-ert dark and drear, The golden ci - ty will appear, And morning's lovely beams a-
4. Those golden portals ev - er shine Beyond the reach of day's decline, And Je - sus bids my soul pre-

FULL CHORUS.



shine, Be - yond the thought of day's decline. Be-yond the sunset's radiant glow, There
come, My soul shall find its heavenly home.
rise Up - on my mansion in the skies.
pare To gain a hap-py entrance there.

ra-diant glow,

Repeat. pp



is a brighter world I know; Beyond the sun-set, I may spend De-light-ful days that never end.

THE LAMBS OF THE UPPER FOLD.

Words by PAULINA. Music by Rev. B. R. HANDY. From "THE PRIZE." by per. ROOT & CADY.

Tenderly.



DOWN FROM THE SKIES.

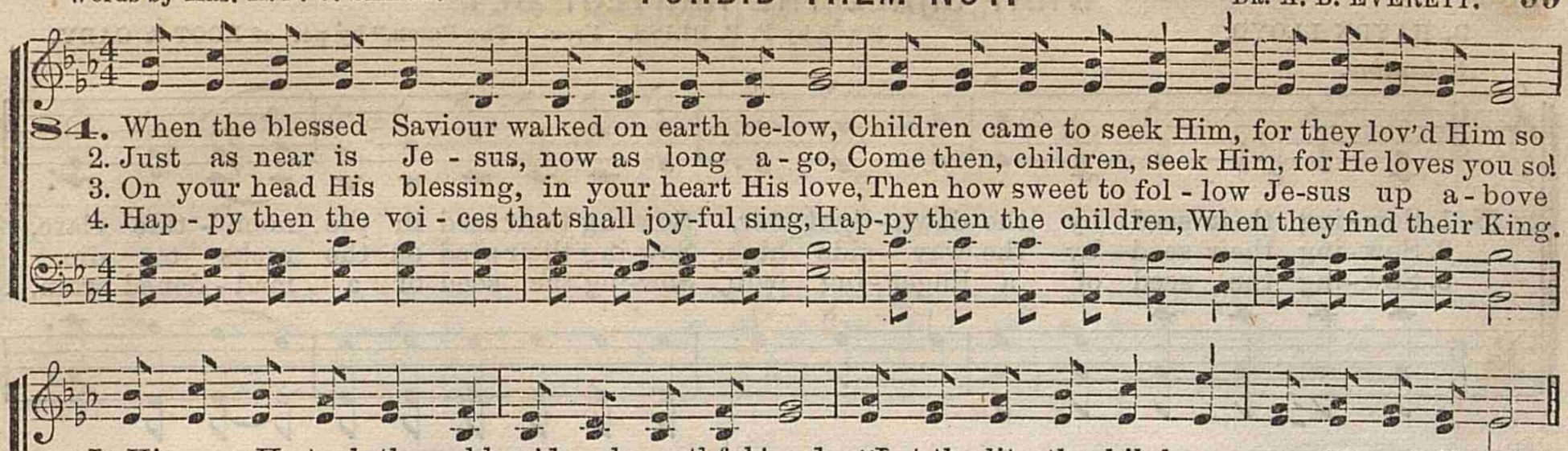
Words and Music by Rev. B. R. HANDY. From "CHAPEL GEMS," by per. ROOT & CADY.

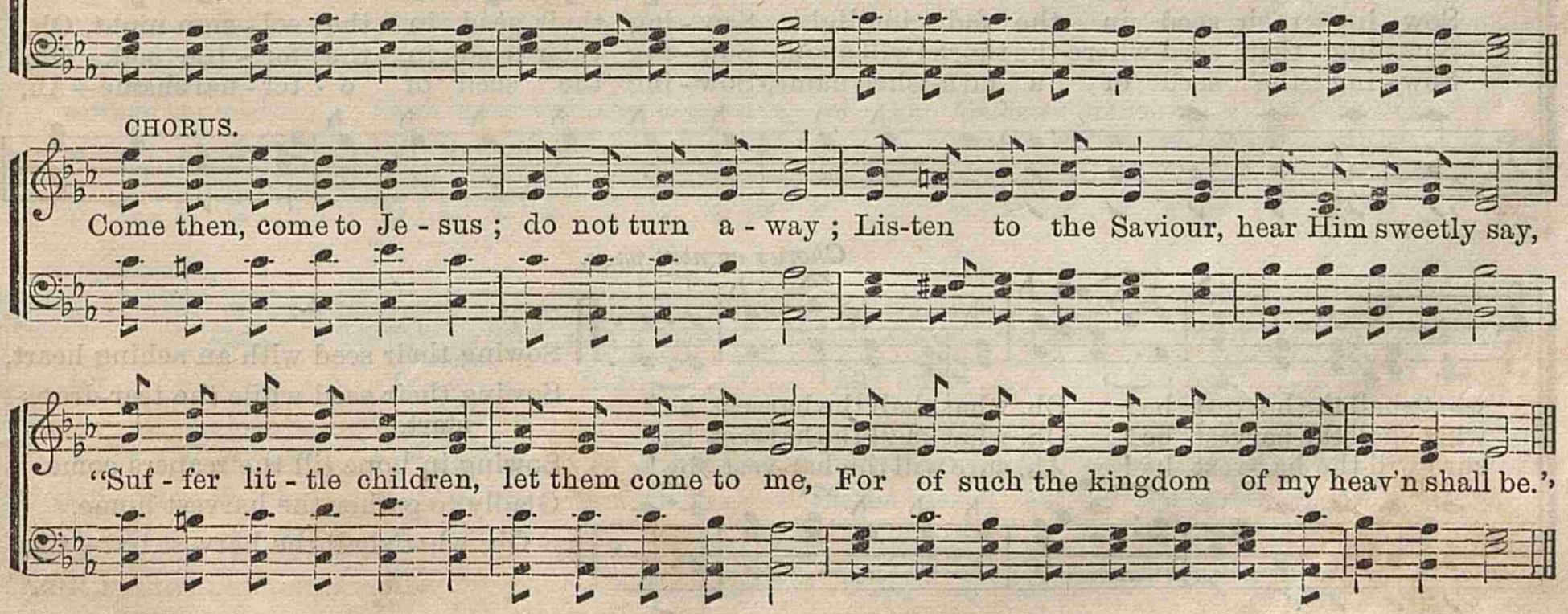
Allegretto.



3 Dark is the pathway before Him and dreary,
Onward it leads to the cross and the grave,
Cheerful he treads it though fainting and weary,
Thus, only thus, He His lov'd ones can save.

4 Weep not oh stricken ones, when shall enfold Him
All the deep darkness of Calvary's gloom,
Soon, soon our tear-blinded eyes shall behold Him
Walking a God from the gates of the tomb.


84. When the blessed Saviour walked on earth be-low, Children came to seek Him, for they lov'd Him so
2. Just as near is Je - sus, now as long a - go, Come then, children, seek Him, for He loves you so!
3. On your head His blessing, in your heart His love, Then how sweet to fol - low Je-sus up a - bove
4. Hap - py then the voi - ces that shall joy-ful sing, Hap-py then the children, When they find their King.
In His arms He took them, bless'd each youthful head—"Let the lit - tle chil-dren come to me" He said.
Come and find His blessing, to Him drawing near, "Thou shalt not forbid them," surely you shall hear.
Till you go to meet Him, where on high He waits, In His heavenly kingdom, thro' the pearly gates.
Wait - ing for the bless-ing Je - sus gave be - fore, Hearing, "Come ye blessed, blest for-ev - er more!"


CHORUS.
Come then, come to Je - sus; do not turn a - way; Lis-ten to the Saviour, hear Him sweetly say,
"Suf - fer lit - tle children, let them come to me, For of such the kingdom of my heav'n shall be."

WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE?

D. HAYDN LLOYD. Music by P. P. BLISS. From "THE PRIZE," by per. of ROOT & CADY.

Andantino.



4.

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


Soprano.
Sown..... in the dark - - ness, or sown..... in the light,..... Sown..... in our
Alto.
1. Sown in the darkness, or sown in the light, Sown in the darkness, or sown in the light, Sown in our weakness or
weak - - ness or sown..... in our might;..... Gath - - ered in time.... or e -
sown in our might, Sown in our weakness or sown in our might. Gathered in time or e - ter - ni - ty,
ter - - - - - ni - ty,..... Sure,..... ah! sure..... will the har - - vest be.
Gathered in time or e - ter - ni - ty; Sure, ah, yes, sure will the harvest be, will the harvest, the har - vest be.

WAKE, SLEEPERS!

"They all slumbered and slept."

R. M. McINTOSH.

86. Wake, sleepers wake! Wake, sleepers wake! A voice is

ORGAN.

call - ing, is call - ing, is call - ing;... It is the watchman on the walls, It

is the watch - man on the walls, Thou ci - ty of Je - ru - sa - lem, Thou

ci - ty of Je - ru - sa - lem! For lo! the Bridegroom comes! A - rise, a - rise! and

take your lamps! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! A-wake! His King - dom is at

Lord!.....

hand! Go forth, go forth to meet your Lord! Go forth, go forth to meet your Lord! to meet your Lord!

Lord!.....

THE WISE VIRGINS.

Words by KATE CAMERON. "And five of them were wise" R. M. McINTOSH.

87. 1. Lo! the Bridegroom at the door! He will not tar - ry long; Quick-ly must we
2. Know-ing not the day or hour We faith-ful vi - gils kept; Did not let our
3. Let us fol - low af - ter them, The cho - sen of the Lord! Ours to watch and
4. May our lit - tle light so shine, That all can see the way; While we wait for

CHORUS.

en - ter in, To join the feast and song. All our lamps burn bright,.....
lamps go out, Though all a - round us slept.
wait for Him, And ours the great re - ward.
Christ to come, We still must watch and pray.

burn bright,

All our lamps we trim; Midnight falls—our Mas - ter calls, We glad - ly go with Him.

THE FOOLISH VIRGINS.*

Words by TENNYSON, Theme from Miss LINDSAY. "And five were foolish." Arr. and partly comp. by R. M. Mc INTOSH.

SEMI-CHORUS. CHORUS.

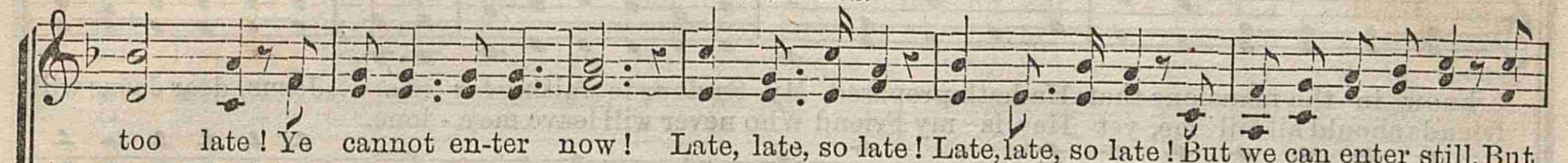


88.

1. Late, late, so late! and dark the night and chill; Late, late, so late! but we can en-ter still; Too late
2. No light! so late! and dark and chill the night; O let us in, that we may find the light;
3. Have we not heard the Bridegroom is so sweet? O let us in, that we may kiss His feet!



SEMI-CHORUS.



too late! Ye cannot en-ter now! Late, late, so late! Late, late, so late! But we can enter still, But
O let us in, O let us in, That we may find the light, That
O let us in, O let us in, That we may kiss His feet, That



CHORUS.



we can en-ter still, But we can en - ter still. Too late! too late! Ye cannot en-ter now.
we may find the light, That we may find the light.
we may kiss His feet, That we may kiss His feet.



*See the piece "Watch and Pray," page 8.

JESUS WILL WELCOME ME. (No. 2.)

W. H. DOANE, by per.

89. 1. I feel in my soul the as - surance of faith That Je - sus my por-tion will be; I
2. Then why should I mourn if I cer . tain-ly know That Je - sus hath called me His own? Though

know in the mansions that He hath prepared, My Saviour is waiting for me.
friends should all fail me, yet He is my Friend Who never will leave me a - lone.

CHORUS.

Jesus, dear Jesus will welcome me, Welcome me, welcome me, Jesus, dear Jesus will welcome me, Home to the beautiful land.

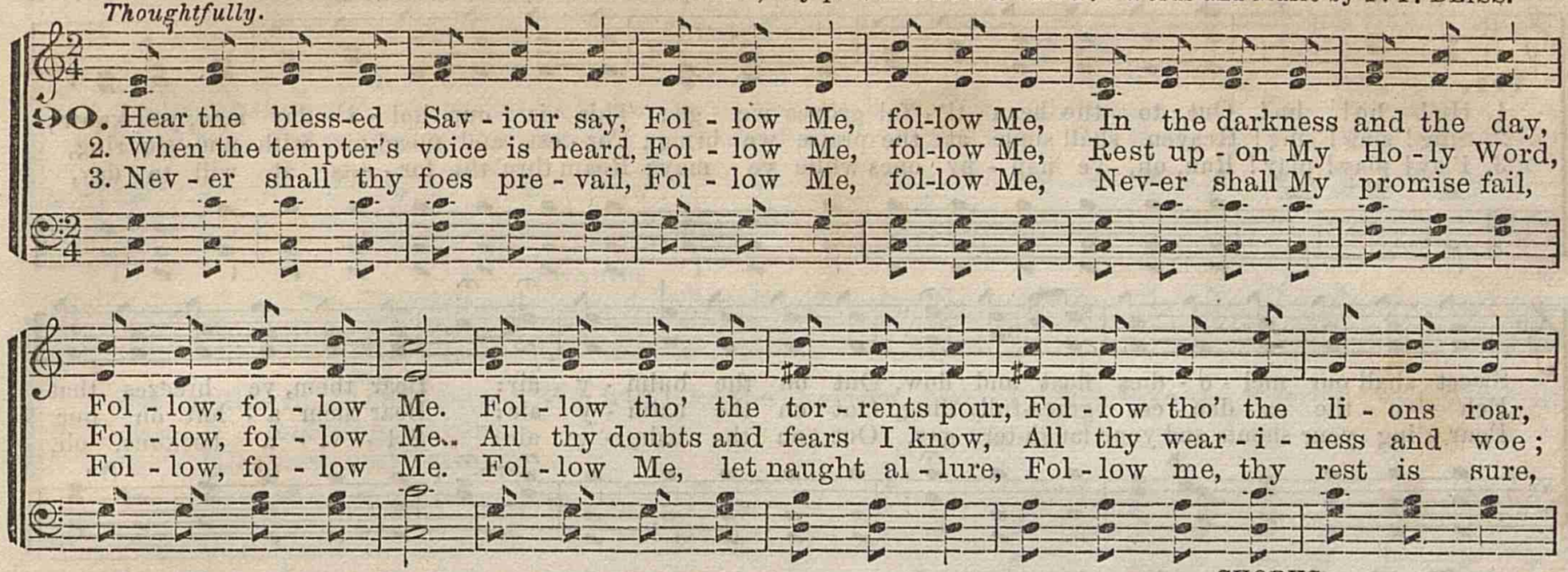
3 In dark hours of sorrow, in glad days of joy,
In wearisome watches of night,
I know that my Saviour is helping me on,
To meet Him in glory and light.

4 I know He will come when my journey is o'er,
And bear in the arms of His love
The soul that hath trusted His power and His grace,
In welcome, to glory above.

FOLLOW ME.

From "THE PRIZE," by per. of ROOT & CADY. Words and Music by P. P. BLISS.

Thoughtfully.



EXCURSION SONG.

Rev. B. R. HANBY. From "CHAPEL GEMS," by per. of ROOT & CADY.

Allegretto.

91.

1. Ho! ho! ho! Out to the beau - ti - ful groves we go; This is our hol - i - day now, you know;
2. Sing! sing! sing! Heaven shall smile at the praise we bring; For - est and mead-ow with mu - sic ring,
3. Play! play! play! Run, oh, ye hap - py ones while ye may; Roam thro' the for - ests at will to - day,

Sweet shall our mel - o - dies float and flow, Out on the balm - y air: Bear them, ye breezes that
Ech - o the ca - den - ces grace-fully fling, Out on the balm - y air: Bear them a - loft on her
Pour - ing your shouts and your laugh-ter gay, Out on the balm - y air: Syl - vi - a beckons, oh,

gent - ly blow, Scat - ter them ev - 'ry - where; Bear them, ye breez - es that gent - ly blow,
sil - v'ry wing, Scat - ter them ev - 'ry - where; Bear them a - loft on her sil - v'ry wing,
speed a - way, Scat - ter them ev - 'ry - where; Syl - vi - a beck - ons, oh speed a - way,

gent - ly blow, gent - ly blow; Bear them, ye breez-es that gent - ly blow, Scatter them ev 'ry - where.
sil - v'ry wing, sil - v'ry wing; Bear them a - loft on her sil - v'ry wing, Scatter them ev - 'ry - where.
speed a - way, speed a - way: Syl - vi - a beckons, oh speed a way, Scatter them ev - 'ry - where.



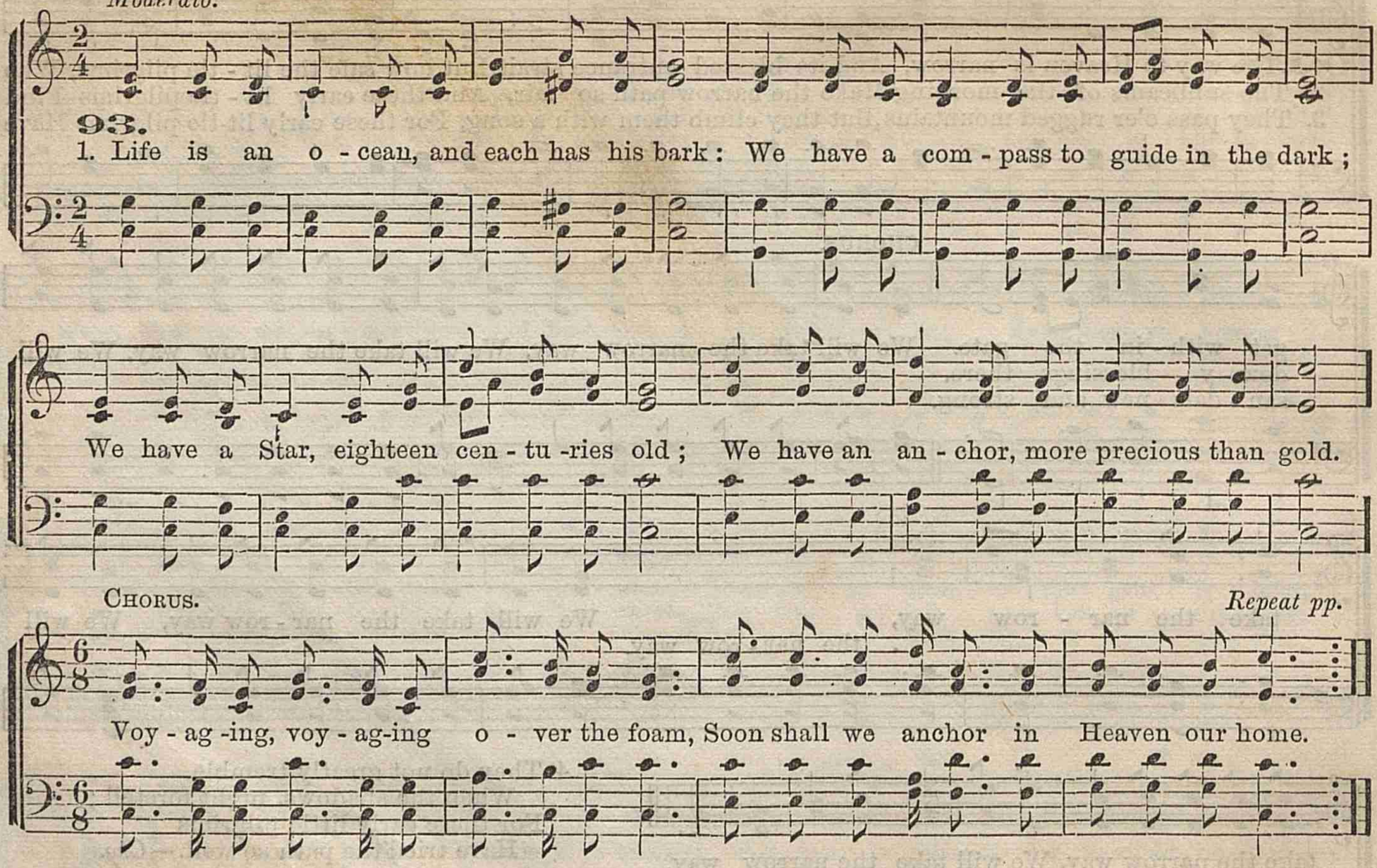
4 They do not greatly tremble,
When the shadows, night foretell;
For these early little pilgrims
Have tried the path so well.—*Cho.*

5 They know it leads to heaven,
With its bright and open gates,
Where for happy little pilgrims
A Saviour's welcome waits.—*Cho.*

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

Words by PAULINA. Music by GEO. F. ROOT, From "THE PRIZE," by per. ROOT & CADY.

Moderato.



2 One has forgotten his watch upon deck—
There is his bark, 'mid the breakers a wreck;
Some, without chart, of the winds are the sport,
Drifting away from the heavenly port.

3 There is the haven, a little way on—
Steady the helm, till the harbor is won:
All the night long, tho' the billows have roared,
We have not feared, with our Pilot on board.

Words and Music by Rev. R. LOWRY

Spiritedly.



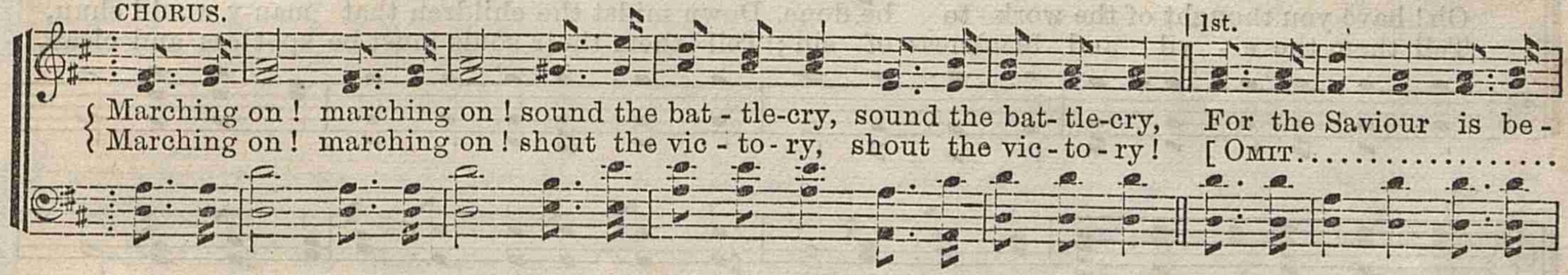
94.

1. Marching on! marching on! glad as birds on the wing, Come the bright ranks of children from near and from far;
2 Pressing on! pressing on! to the din of the fray, With the firm tread of faith to the bat- tle we go;

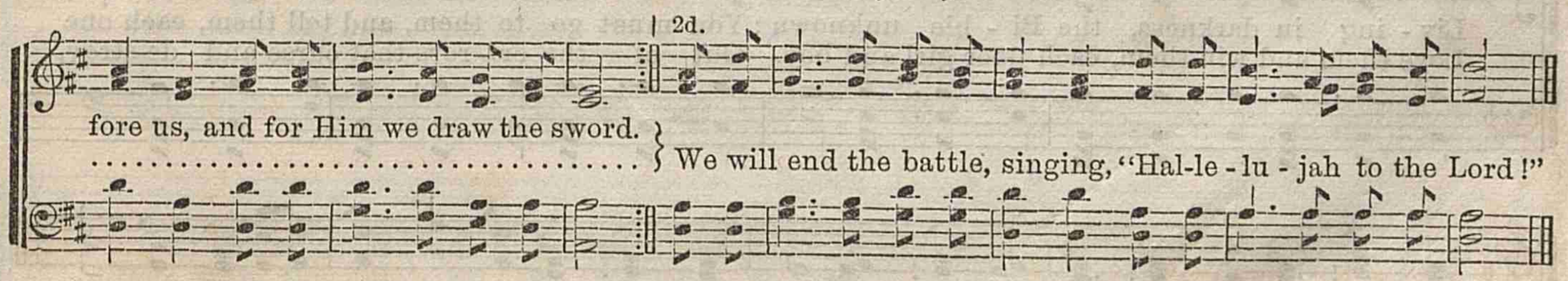


Happy hearts, full of song, 'neath our banners we bring, Little soldiers of Zi - on pre- pare for the war.
'Mid the cheering of angels, our ranks march away, With our flags pointing ever right on toward the foe.

CHORUS.



{ Marching on! marching on! sound the bat - tle-cry, sound the bat- tle-cry, For the Saviour is be-
{ Marching on! marching on! shout the vic - to - ry, shout the vic - to - ry! [OMIT.....



fore us, and for Him we draw the sword.
..... } We will end the battle, singing, "Hal-le - lu - jah to the Lord!"

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

4 Singing on! singing on! from the battle we come,
Every flag bears a wreath, every soldier renown;
Heavenly angels are waiting to welcome us home,
And the Saviour will give us a robe and a crown.
CHO.—Marching on! &c.

GATHER THEM IN.

Words by E. E. REXFORD. From "THE PRIZE," by per. of ROOT & CADY. Music by GEO. F. ROOT.

In March time.

95. Say, lit - tle soldiers, who fight for the true, Are you all rea - dy to dare and to do?
2. Tell them of Je - sus, who loved them so well; Tell them of heaven, where glad anthems swell;

Oh! have you thought of the work to be done, Down midst the children that man-y would shun,
Tell them the e - vil and blackness of sin; Tell them their souls must be spotless and clean,

Liv - ing in darkness, the Bi - ble unknown; You must go to them, and tell them, each one
Love them and win them, each poor girl and boy. Out of the er - rors that curse and de-stroy,

That in the school here each heart, kind and true, Waits to give welcome! oh, this you can do!
Gath - er them in to the ranks where you fight, Lead them from darkness out in - to the light.

CHORUS. *Allegretto.*

Gath - er them in, gath - er them in, gath - er them in - to the Sun-day-school band,

Gath - er them in, gath - er them in, Show them the way to the far Bet - ter Land;

Out of the high-ways and by - ways of sin, Gath - er them in, gath - er them in;

Help them this glo - ry im - mor - tal to win, Gath - er, O gath - er them in.

LOOKING TO JESUS.

Words and Music by H. R. PALMER, from "PALMER'S SABBATH SCHOOL SONGS." by per.



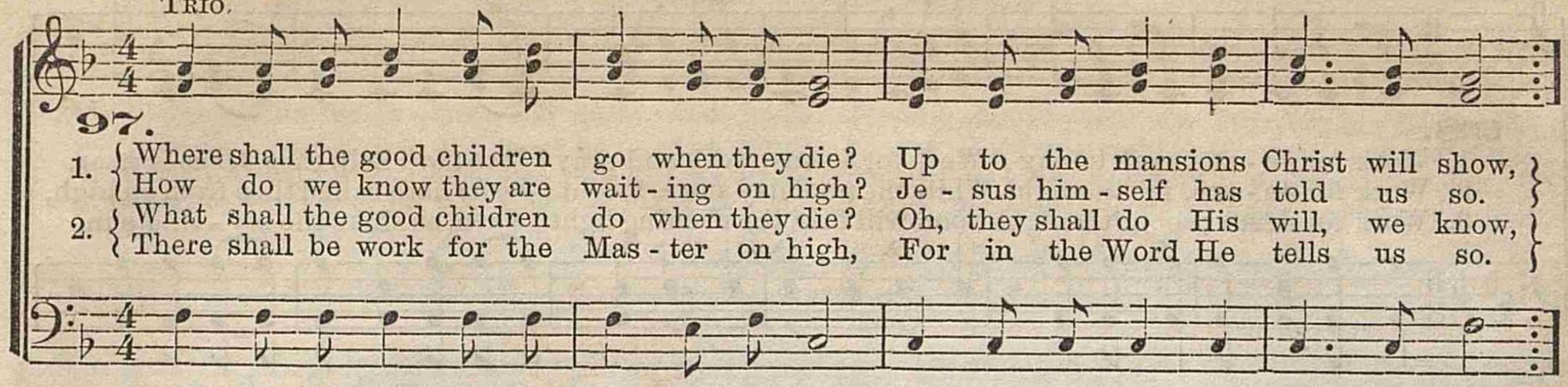


2 Shun evil companions,
Bad language disdain,
God's name hold in reverence
Nor take it in vain,
Be thoughtful and earnest,
Kind hearted and true,
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.
Ask the Saviour, &c.

3 To him that o'ercometh,
God giveth a crown,
Through faith we shall conquer,
Though often cast down,
He who is the Saviour
Our strength will renew,
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.
Ask the Saviour, &c.

Words by MRS. M. B. C. SLADE. DR. A. BROOKS EVERETT.

TRIO.



97.

1. Where shall the good children go when they die? Up to the mansions Christ will show,
   How do we know they are wait-ing on high? Je-sus him-self has told us so.
2. What shall the good children do when they die? Oh, they shall do His will, we know,
   There shall be work for the Mas-ter on high, For in the Word He tells us so.

CHORUS.



Then they shall praise and serve Him ev-er, As the joy-ous an-gels do, Then they shall sin nor suf-fer ev-er, All the blissful ag-es through.



3 What shall the good children sing when they die?
O! they shall join the seraph throng,
Praising the name of our Father on high,
Sounding with joy the new-made song.—*Cho.*

4 Where shall the good children rest when they die?
Jesus the shepherd gives them rest,
Safe in green pastures, the still waters nigh,
Folded forever to His breast.—*Cho.*

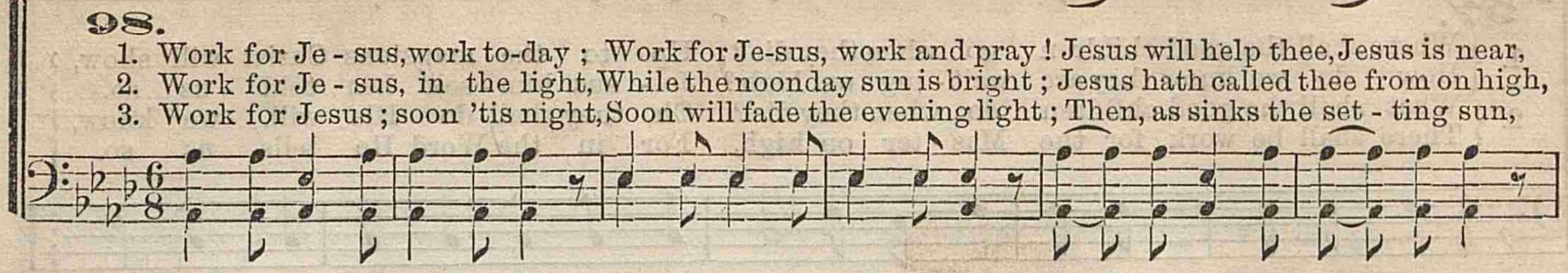
WORK FOR JESUS.

Words by Rev. ALFRED TAYLOR. Music by T. E. PERKINS, From "Songs of Salvation," by per.



98.

1. Work for Je - sus, work to-day ; Work for Je-sus, work and pray ! Jesus will help thee, Jesus is near,
2. Work for Je - sus, in the light, While the noonday sun is bright ; Jesus hath called thee from on high,
3. Work for Jesus ; soon 'tis night, Soon will fade the evening light ; Then, as sinks the set - ting sun,



Chorus.

Ban-ish each doubt and fear. He will cheer thy faint-ing heart, Give thee strength, and
Je - sus is standing nigh.
Je - sus will say, "Well done."

take thy part, Casting on Je - sus all thy care ; Thy Mas-ter will hear thy prayer.

From "SILVER SPRAY," by per. W. H. DOANE.

Not too fast.

99. Strike! strike for Je - sus, Soldiers of the Lord! Hoping in His mer- cy, Trusting in His word.
2. What tho' rag-ing li - ons Meet us on the way, Zionward we're marching T'ward the gates of day.
3. Strike! strike for Je - sus, He - roes of the cross! Sac - ri - fi - cing pleasure, Glo - ry-ing in loss.
4. Hand to hand u - ni - ted, Heart to heart as one, Let us still keep marching Till our journey's done.

Lift the Gospel ban - ner High a - bove the world, Let its folds of beauty Ev - er be unfurled.
An - gel spir-its guid - ing, Point us to the light, Com-ing o - ver Jordan, From our home in sight.
Bind the helmet stronger, Tighter grasp the sword, Conquering and to conquer, Bat- tle for the Lord.
Till we see the an - gels Come in glo - ry down, With the shining garments, And the victor's crown.

CHORUS. *Allegro.*

Strike! strike for Je - sus, He - roes bold, Fight till the vic - tory You be - hold;

Strike! strike for Je - sus, Ne'er give o'er, Rest, then, in glo - ry, Ev - er - more.

ONLY LOOK TO JESUS.

From "SILVER SPRAY." by per. W. H. DOANE.

100. Look un - to Me, ye wea - ry ones, With wounded spir - its grieving; Here par - don free for -
2. When wea - ry with your load of sin, Your heart is sad and lone - ly, O! turn a - way from
3. When sor - row like a troubled sea, Rolls o'er your wea - ry spir - it; In sweetest tones He

CHORUS.

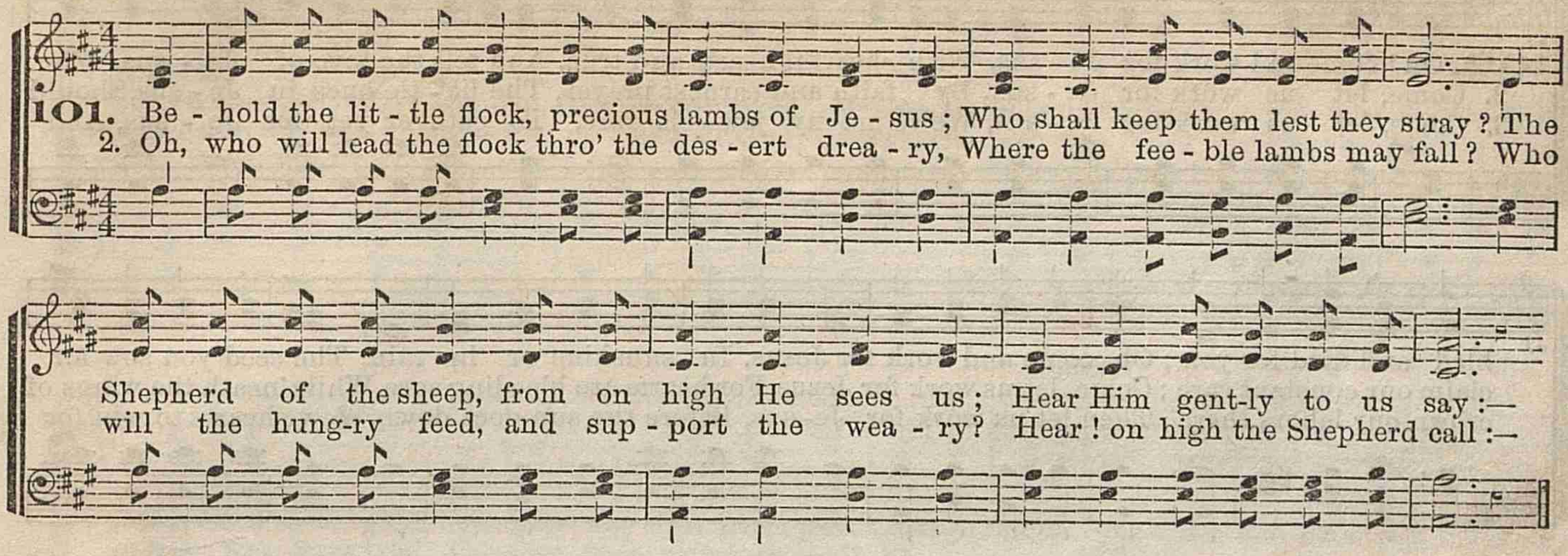
ev - er flows To all who look be - liev - ing. On - ly look a - way to Him, On - ly
all with - in, And look to Je - sus on - ly.
calls to thee, Look un - to Me and bear it.

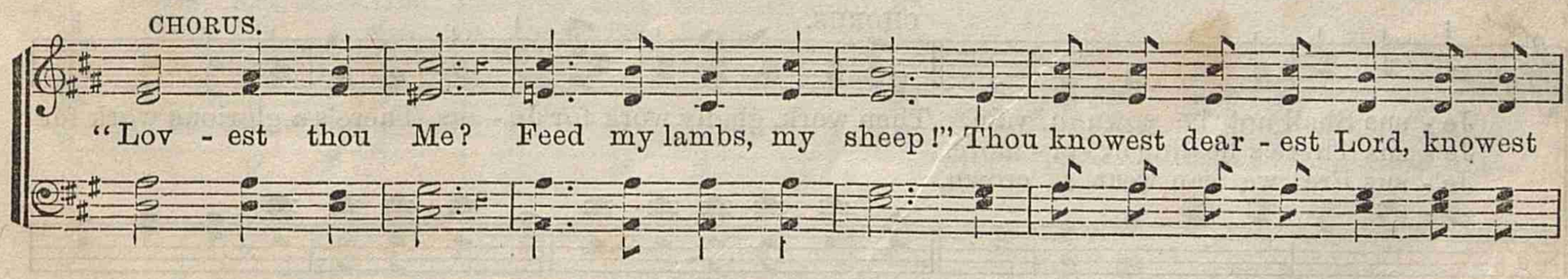
turn a - way from sin, To the bleeding Lamb who died to save us; On - ly

look a - way to Him, He will soft - ly en - ter in To the wea - ry heart that longs for Je - sus.

BEHOLD THE LITTLE FLOCK.

Words by Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE. (SONG FOR TEACHERS.) Dr. A. B. EVERETT.





3 And who will turn their feet from the cold, dark mountains ?
Who will watch them, ever nigh,
And bring them to the brink of the living fountains ?
Hear the Shepherd's voice on high. *Cho.*

4 And who will, by and by, in the fields of Heaven,
With the flock the Shepherd see ?
We thank Thee, dearest Lord, that to us is given,
Safe to bring Thy lambs to Thee. *Cho.*

COME AND WORK FOR JESUS.

From "SILVER SPRAY," by per. W. H. DOANE.

102. Oh! come and work for Je - sus, With cheerful hearts and true, And tell the love of Je - sus, Who
2. Come, let us work for Je - sus, By faith and earnest prayer, The lit - tle ones in Je - sus, Should
3. Come, let us work for Je - sus, We've ma - ny jew - els rare, To gath - er yet for Je - sus, And

bled and died for you; Oh, come and work for Jesus, In sunshine or in rain, The seed you sow for
claim our constant care; Come, let us work for Jesus, For hearts are bleeding sore, While 'neath the wings of
crown our labors there; Then let us work for Je- sus, Before the sun goes down, We've hearts to win for

CHORUS.

Je - sus Shall not be sown in vain, Then work, gladly work for Je - sus, There's a glorious work for
Je - sus There's healing ev - er - more.
Je - sus Ere we can wear a crown.

all; Work a - way with the day, Till the shadows fall, Then go home and wear a crown.

MANSIONS THAT WAIT.

Words by Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.

Dr. A. BROOKS EVERETT.

103.

1. Sweet is the prom-ise faith sees enrolled—Mansions prepared for you! Oh, who may walk the
2. Beau - ti - ful coun - try, ci - ty of God! How shall we go to thee? Je - sus will lead us,
3. Dwell-ing e - ter - nal, home in the skies, When shall the way be past? When He who loved us

Chorus.

fair streets of gold, The gate- way of pearl pass through? The Spir - it and Bride say, come, To
His feet have trod The way that our path shall be.
bids us a - rise To dwell with our Lord at last.

mansions for us that wait; And who - so will, let him free-ly come, And pass thro' the pearly gate.

122 Words by REV. WM. O. CUSHING. # JESUS BY THE SEA. Music by GEO. F. ROOT.

Reverentially.

104.

1. O I love to think of Jesus as He sat beside the sea; Where the waves were only murm'ring on the strand; Where He sat within the boat, on the sil - ver wave a - float Where He taught the waiting people on the land.
2. O I love to think of Jesus as He walked upon the sea; When the waves were rolling fear - ful - ly and grand; How the winds and waves were still, at the bidding of His will, While He brought His lov'd disciples safe to land.
3. O I love to think of Jesus as He walked beside the sea; Where the fishers spread their nets up - on the shore; How He bade them follow Him and forsake the paths of sin, And to be His true disci - ples ev - er-more.

O I love to think of Je - sus - by the sea; O I love to think of Jesus by the sea, And I love the precious Word, Which He speaks to them that heard, While He taught the waiting peo - ple by the sea.
O I love to think of Je - sus by the sea; O I love to think of Jesus by the sea, How He walked upon the wave, His be - lov - ed ones to save, While He brought them safely o'er the storm - y sea.
O I love to think of Je - sus by the sea; O I love to think of Jesus by the sea, And I long to leave my all, At my dear Redeem - er's call, And His true dis - ci - ple ev - er - more to be.

Words and Music by P. P. BLISS. From "THE PRIZE," by per. ROOT & CADY.

Soft.

105

1. From the Mount of Olives descending, See the mul - ti - tude draw nigh; Low be - fore the
2. Some, their high-est honor be-stowing, Spread their garments in the way; Oth- ers leaf - y
3. All a-round the ci - ty are cry-ing, "Who is this? what priest or king?" While within the
4. We, our truthful worship would give Thee, Humbly at Thy feet would fall, In our hearts would

f

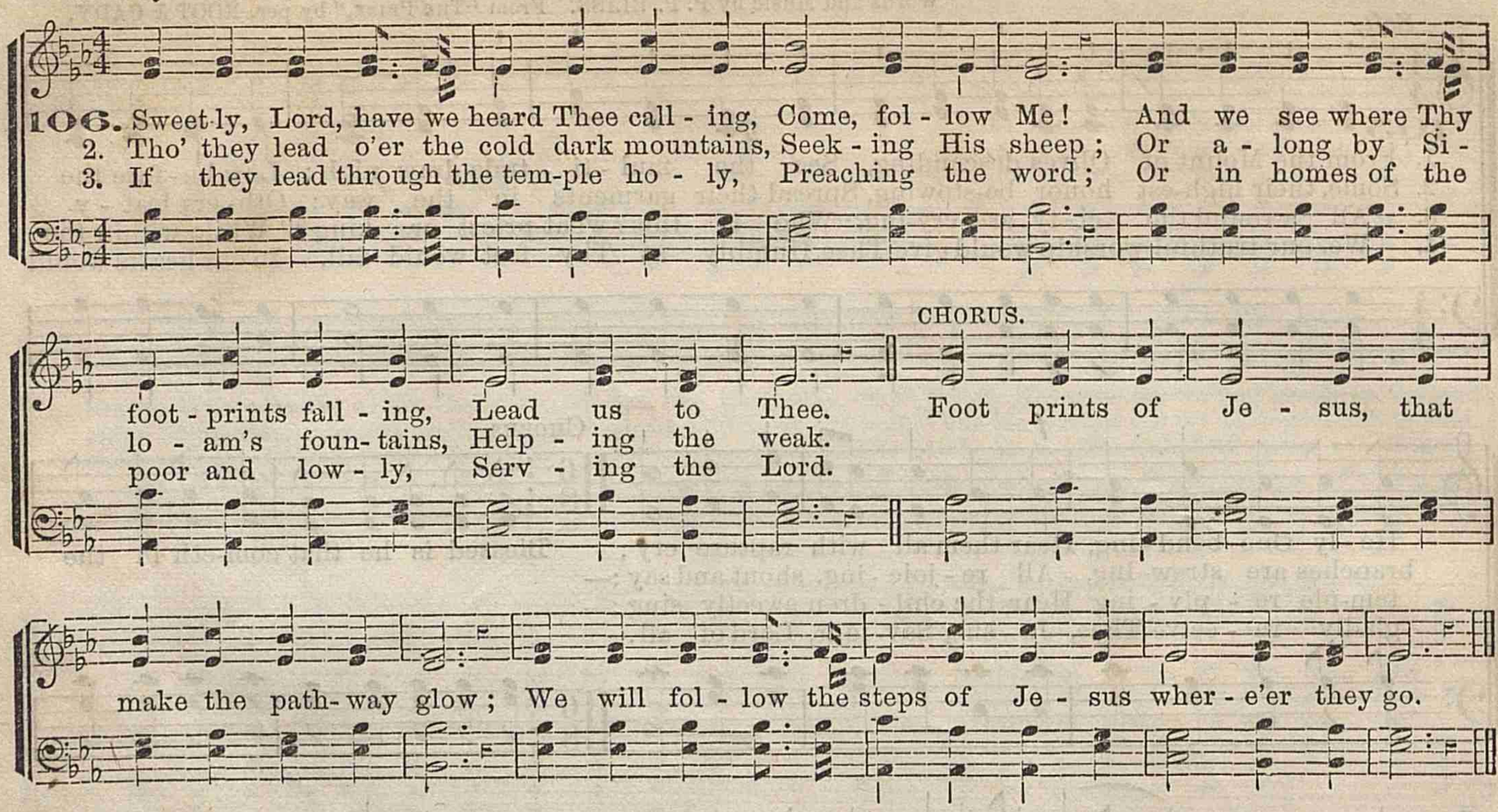
CHORUS.

Ho - ly One bend - ing, Hear them all with rapture cry; Blessed is he that com-eth in the
branches are strew- ing, All re - joic - ing, shout and say:—
tem-ple re - ply - ing Hear the chil - dren sweetly sing:—
gladly re - ceive Thee, Je - sus, Sav- iour, Lord of all.

name of the Lord, Ho - san - na, ho - san - na, ho - san - na, in the high - est,

FOOT STEPS OF JESUS.

Words by MRS. M. B. C. SLADE. Music by DR. A. B. EVERETT.



4 Though, dear Lord, in Thy pathway keeping,
We follow Thee;
Through the gloom of that place of weeping,
Gethsemane!—*Cho.*

5 If Thy way and its sorrows bearing,
We go again,
Up the slope of the hill-side, bearing
Our cross of pain.—*Cho.*

6 By and by, through the shining portals,
Turning our feet,
We shall walk with the glad immortals,
Heaven's golden streets.—*Cho.*

7 Then at last when on high he sees us,
Our journey done,
We will rest where the steps of Jesus
End at His throne.—*Cho.*

107.

1. Come o - ver and help us! come o - ver and help us! The cry is still heard from the isles of the sea; They thirst for the wa - ter of life ev - er - lasting, That flows from the fountain so boundless and free.
2. Be - hold in the distance the field in its whiteness, It waits for the reaper, 'tis waiting for you; Re - member the words of your blessed Redeem - er, The harvest is great but the workmen are few.
3. O'er plains of the desert or heights of the mountain, The Lord is your keeper, the Lord will defend; The An - gel of peace with His scepter will guide you; The day-beam of hope on your path will descend.
4. The cross of the Master your boast and your glory, Your faith in the promise reveal'd in His word; Un - furl the bright standard of truth and salva - tion; Go forth to your la - bor and trust in the Lord.

CHORUS.

Go forth on your mission, O watchmen of Zi - on! The Lord has commanded, go forth in His name! Glad tid - ings of joy to the poor and neglect - ed, A pre - cious redemption through Jesus proclaim.

AM I A SOLDIER OF THE CROSS?

Arranged with Chorus by T. C. O'KANE.

59.

1. { Am I a sol-dier of the cross, Am I a sol-dier of the
{ And shall I fear to own His cause, And shall I fear to own His

of the cross,
own His cause,

cross, Am I a sol-dier of the cross,— A follower of the Lamb,
cause, And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name? }

of the cross,
own His cause,

CHORUS. We will stand the storm, We will
We will stand, stand the storm, It will not be ver-y long; We will



2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sail'd through bloody seas.—*Cho.*

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?—*Cho.*

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.—*Cho.*

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

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thine armies shine,
In robes of victory, through the skies,
The glory shall be Thine.—*Cho.*

SABBATH BELLS. (No. 2.)

Words by FANNY CROSBY. From "SABBATH CAROLS." Music by T. E. PERKINS, by per.

110. 1. Ringing, sweetly ring-ing, The cheerful Sabbath bells, Ringing, sweetly ringing, The cheerful Sabbath bells. We lin-ger a moment their call to hear, Then haste away to our school so dear, Over the greenwood

CHORUS.

joy- ous and free, Sing-ing with glad- ness, happy are we. While o - ver the dis-tant hill Their music is floating still, Hear the echo, echo, echo, sweet Sabbath bells, Hear the echo, echo, echo, sweet Sabbath bells.

mf *pp* *f* *mf* *p*

2 ||: Ringing, sweetly ringing,
Their silver chimes we love, :||
A mission of peace to the heart they bear,
A welcome call to the house of prayer,
Telling of rapture, telling of rest,
Mansion of glory, tranquil and blest.—*Cho.*

3 ||: Ringing, sweetly ringing,
Those cheerful Sabbath bells, :||
O let us be grateful to God above.
Who crowneth our days with the light of love.
Blessed Redeemer, ever to Thee
Praise from Thy children offered shall be.—*Cho.*

PLEA FOR MERCY.

Words by C. WESLEY.

Moderato Legato.



111.

2 I have long withstood His grace,
Long provoked Him to His face;
Would not hearken to His calls;
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.
Chorus.—God is love, &c.

3 Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my fall lament!
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.
Chorus.—God is love, &c.

4 There for me the Saviour stands;
Shows His wounds, and spreads His hands;
God is love, I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.
Chorus.—God is love, &c.

KIND SHEPHERD, LEAD ME O'ER THE PLAIN.*

Words by GEO. W. BUNGAY. Arr. by HENRY TUCKER.

LITTLE MARTHA.



112.

1. Kind Shepherd, lead me o'er the plain, The night is drawing nigh, The thunder rolls, and clouds of rain Blot
2. My moth-er, in her humble cot, Stands by the window still, Dear Shepherd, lead me; I fear not, The



Instrument.

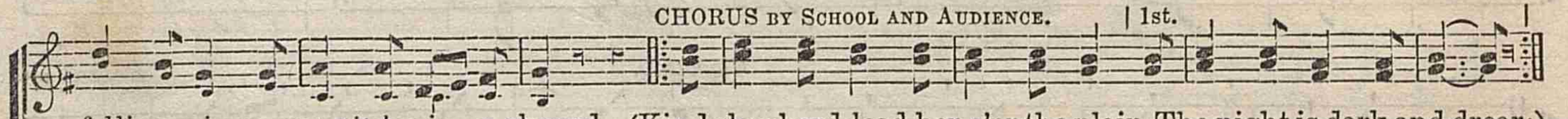
KIND SHEPHERD.



out the starlit sky. You cannot cross the pathless plain, The tempest shakes the cloud, See, mixed with fire, the
storm that crowns the hill. Stay, darling, in my sheltering tent, Until the storms subside, No planet lights the



CHORUS BY SCHOOL AND AUDIENCE. | 1st.



falling rain, seems *stitches* in a shroud. (Kind shepherd, lead her o'er the plain, The night is dark and drear;)
firmament, No stars appear to guide. (And wipe the tears, that fall like rain—[OMIT].....)



2d.



She has no fa - ther here.



MARTHA.

3 Oh! shepherd, take me by the hand,
I see my mother's form,
She beckons, where the old elms stand,
An angel in the storm.

SHEPHERD.

Thy mother will not meet again,
Her darling, pleading child,
If I should lead thee o'er the plain,
Where winds are howling wild.—*Cho.*

MARTHA.

4 My mother prays for me, her child,
And thunders stop to hear,
Her accents soft, and sweet, and mild.
And Jesus bows His ear.

SHEPHERD.

Then I will lead thee o'er the plain,
Through darkness deep and wide,
The lightning coming with the rain,
Shall be the lamp to guide.—*Cho.*

* From "SUNDAY SCHOOL BELL No. 2." Melody by permission of OLIVER DITSON & Co., Boston.

Words by JOSEPHINE POLLARD. **THE WANDERER.*** W. O. PERKINS. **131**

SOLO, OR A FEW VOICES.

113.

1. A lit - tle mai - den to our door One win - t'ry morning came, The snow lay heav-y on the ground, And
2. We tried to cheer her ach-ing heart, We did what - e'er we could, But though she smil'd her thankful-ness, She
3. One day the angels gave her wings, And bore her far a - way, Where want and sickness nev - er come, And

Accompaniment.

she was sick and lame. We asked about her home and friends, She could not make re - ply, But with her slender fingers
could not taste the food. She fad - ed like a gen - tle flower, We knew that she must die, And oft she whisper'd of her
pleasures ne'er de - cay. Her earth - ly tri - als all are o'er, No long er need she roam, For, oh, the wand'ring child we

CHORUS.

raised, She pointed to the sky. O, 'tis there be-yond the star-ry plain, We shall meet, we shall all meet a -
home, And pointed to the sky.
know, Is safe, yes, safe at home.

starry plain,

Repeat pp, or the repeat may be omitted.

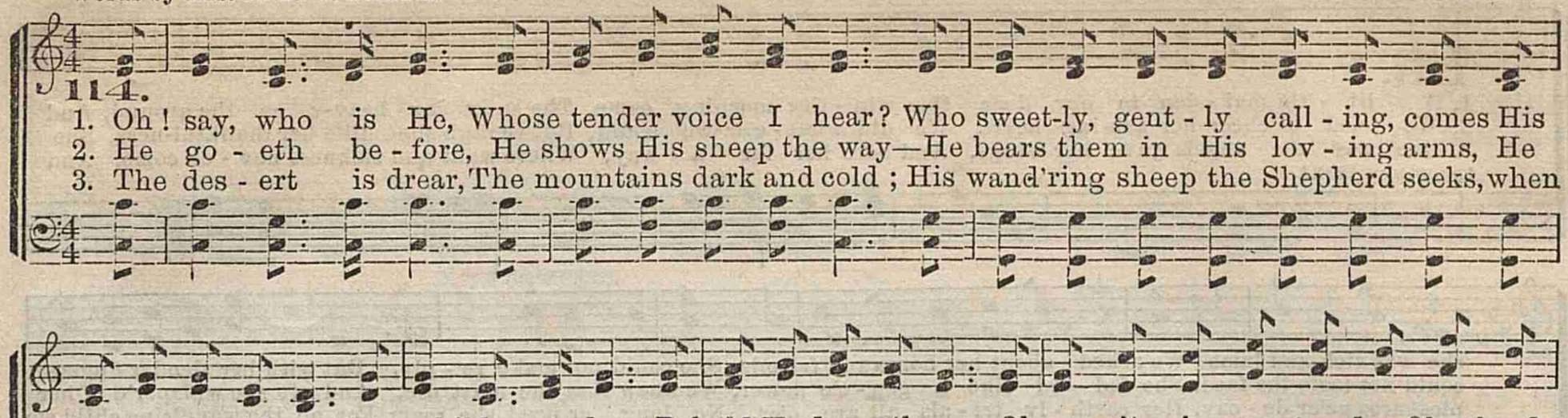
gain ; We shall meet, we shall meet, We shall meet, we shall all meet a - gain.

meet a - gain, We shall meet, we shall meet,

* We must never forget *the children at the door.* Thousands of them are homeless and friendless ; and many, even in this Christian land, are starving insoul and body for the want of help. *Let us help them.*

TENDER SHEPHERD.

Words by Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE. Dr. A. B. EVERETT.



THY WILL BE DONE.

Words by MRS. M. B. C. SLADE. Music by DR. A. B. EVERETT.

115. Come down be - side the wa - ters, so calm, and sweet and still, The bright and pleas- ant
2. Come down a - mong the fish - ers, be - side the shin - ing lake, The blue and pla - cid
3. Come out in - to the des - ert, where Je - sus went be - fore, The cold and drea - ry,

riv - er's sun - ny side; And learn how Je - sus taught us to do His Fa - ther's will, While
lake of Gal - i - lee, And hear how Je - sus call - eth, come now your nets for - sake; Then
rock - y wil - der - ness; And learn how Je - sus suffered, with temptings dark and sore, And

D. S. From Jor- dan's peace-ful flow, Un - to Calv'ry's mount of woe, All

Fine. CHORUS.

standing by the Jordan's sacred tide. Thy will be done, we pray: Oh! Saviour hear us say, Lord,
leav - ing all, cry, Lord, we fol- low Thee.
there the Lord thy God, with Him confess.

righteousness with Thee would we ful- fill.

D. S.

teach us how to do Thy ho - ly will!

4 Come up into the garden, by Olive's mount of prayer,
The place of tears and pain, Gethsemane;
And, weeping, say with Jesus, as He is weeping there,
Just as Thou wilt, dear Lord, do unto me.—*Cho.*

5 And can you follow Jesus, tho' pain and death draw nigh,
By Calv'ry's way up which the Saviour passed?
And faithful in His service before Him, by and by,
Receive the blessed words, "well done," at last?—*Cho.*

TO THAT CITY WILL YOU GO?

Words by Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE. Dr. A. B. EVERETT.

116.

1. Where the jas-per walls are beaming, Where the pearly por-tals are glowing ; Where the golden street is
2. O - pen are the shining por -tals, Shut by night or day are they nev-er, With the glo - ri - fied im-

CHORUS.

gleam-ing, Where the crys - tal wa - ters are flow - ing :— Down be - side that wondrous riv - er,
mor - tals, Will you dwell within them for - ev - er?

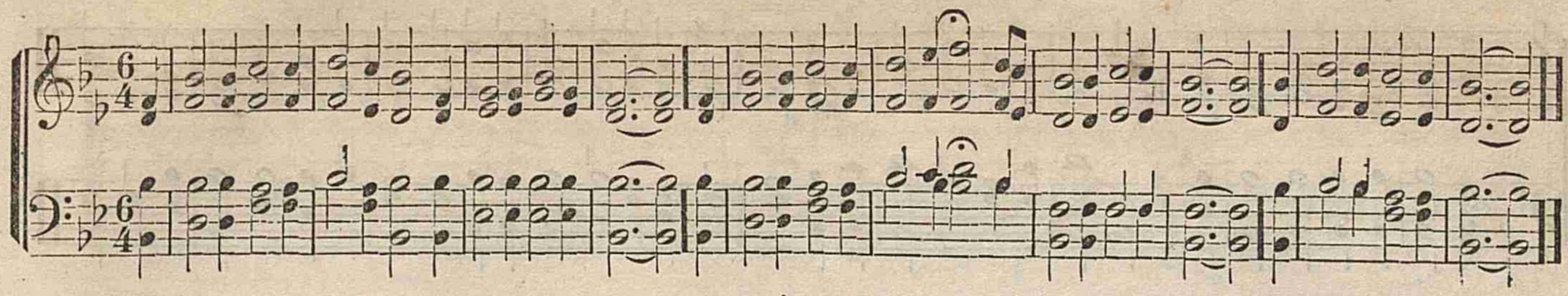
Repeat pp.

Where the trees of healing grow, We shall meet and love for - ev - er, To that Ci -ty will you go.

3 In that many mansioned dwelling,
Jesus, one for you is preparing ;
Where hosannas glad are swelling,
Will you come their joy sweetly sharing?
Cho.

4 Joyfully into the keeping
Of our loving Lord are we going ;
No more sorrow, pain, nor weeping,
No more waves of woe o'er us flowing.
Cho.

5 There shall be no days declining,
Tho' no sun nor moon light the heaven ;
From amidst the throne is shining,
Glory from the Lord freely given.
Cho.



117. C. M. COWPER.

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

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

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

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

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.

118. C. M. WATTS.

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

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

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

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

---

119. C. M. WATTS.

1 Now let the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit be adored
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

HEBRON. L. M.

D. L. MASON, by per.



120. L. M. CENNICK.

1 JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone,
He whom I fixed my hopes upon:
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way till him I view.

2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road 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 have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not:
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I was not saved from sin.

4 The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul, *I am the way.*"

5 Lo! glad I come, and thou, blessed Lamb
Shalt take me to thee as I am:
Nothing but sin have I to give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.

6 Then will I tell to sinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found:
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God."

121. L. M. WATTS.

1 SHOW pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive,
Let a repenting rebel live:
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

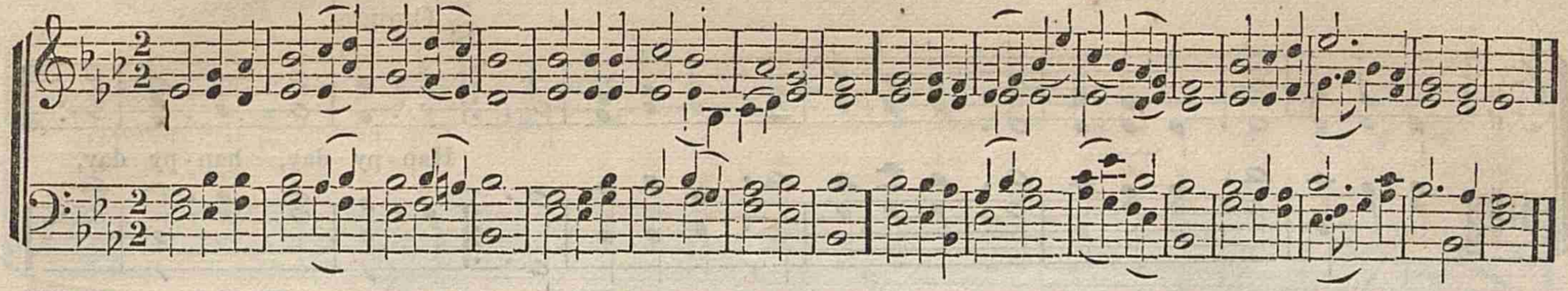
2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace:
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pardoning love be found.

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

4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace:
Lord, should thy judgments grow severe,
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.

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

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



122. L. M. WATTS.

1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run:
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 From north to south the princes meet
To pay their homage at his feet;
While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend his word.

3 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head:
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

4 People and realms, of every tongue,
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King:
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long Amen!

123. L. M. WATTS.

1 Now to the Lord a noble song!
Awake, my soul; awake my tongue:
Hosanna to th' Eternal Name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.

2 See, where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of his grace:
God, in the person of his Son,
Has all his mightiest works outdone.

3 The spacious earth and spreading flood
Proclaim the wise, the powerful God;
And thy rich glories, from afar,
Sparkle in every rolling star:

4 But in his looks a glory stands,
The noblest labor of thy hands;
The pleasing lusture of his eyes
Outshines the wonders of the skies.

5 Grace!--'tis a sweet, a charming theme:
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name!
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound;
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground!

6 O may I reach the happy place
Where he unveils his lovely face!
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold.

124. L. M. WATTS.

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 by night.

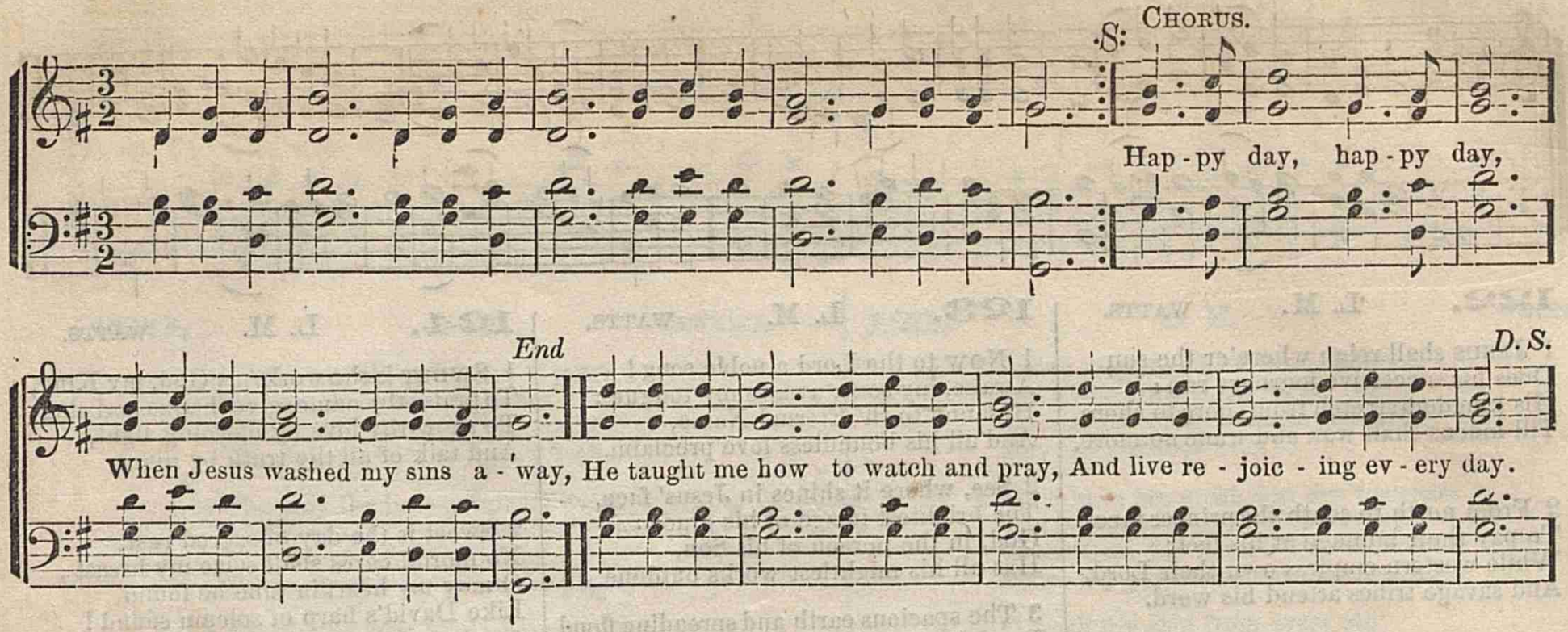
2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

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 Then 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 wish'd below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

HAPPY DAY. L. M.



125. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

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

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

3 'Tis done—the great transaction's done!
I am my Lord's, and he is mine:
He drew me, and I follow'd on,
Charm'd to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart:
Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest:
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When call'd on angel's bread to feast?

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

S. WEBBE.

SOLO, DUET OR TRIO.



1st time SOPRANO and ALTO, DUET. 2d time CHORUS.



126. 11, 10. MOORE.

1 COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,
Come, and at God's altar fervently kneel:
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.

2 Joy of the desolate, Light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, in God's name saying,
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure.

3 Go, ask the infidel what boon he brings us,—
What charm for aching hearts he can reveal,
Sweet as the heavenly promise hope sings us,
Earth has no sorrow that God cannot heal.

HEBER.



127. 7s & 6s.

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

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

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

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

---

128. 7s & 6s.

1 Go, thou, in life's fair morning—
Go in the bloom of youth,
And buy, for thy adorning,
The precious pearl of truth:
Secure this heavenly treasure,
And bind it on thy heart;
And let not worldly pleasure
E'er cause it to depart.

2 Go, while the day-star shineth—
Go, while thy heart is light—
Go, ere thy strength declineth,
While every sense is bright:
Sell all thou hast, and buy it:
'Tis worth all earthly things—
Rubies, and gold, and diamonds,
Sceptres, and crowns of kings.

3 Go, ere the clouds of sorrow
Steal o'er the bloom of youth:
Defer not till to-morrow:
Go now, and buy the truth.
Go, seek thy great Creator,
Learn early to be wise:
Go, place upon his altar
A morning sacrifice!



129 11, 10, HEBER.

1 BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid,
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
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 slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

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

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure:
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor!

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid!
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

CAPERS. C. M.

R. M. Mc INTOSH.



130 C. M. C. WESLEY.

1 FOR ever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side:
This all my hope and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died.

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

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

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



131. S. M. WATTS.

1 My God, my life, my love!
To thee, to thee I call:
I cannot live if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.

2 Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell:
'Tis paradise when thou art here—
If thou depart, 'tis hell.

3 To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss:
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.

4 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll,
The circle where my psssions move,
And centre of my soul.

5 To thee my spirits fly
With infinite desire;
And yet how far from thee I lie!
O Jesus, raise me higher.

132. S. M. WATTS.

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

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

3 One day within the place
Which thou dost, Lord, frequent,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
In sinful pleasures spent.

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

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133. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

1 To-morrow, Lord, is thine,
Lodged in thy sovereign hand,
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.

2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away:
O! make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.

3 Since on this winged hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken 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 renew'd.

5 To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young golden beam should die
In sudden, endless night.



134. L. M. WATTS.

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

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

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

---

135. L. M. WATTS.

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

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

---

136. L. M. WATTS.

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

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

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

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

---

137. L. M. WESLEY.

1 THE Judge of all shall soon come down,
Bright on his everlasting throne,
Summon the nations to his bar,
And I shall take my trial there.

2 Jesus, my Advocate with God,
O wash me in thy precious blood,
That, at my last appearing, I
With joy may meet thee in the sky.

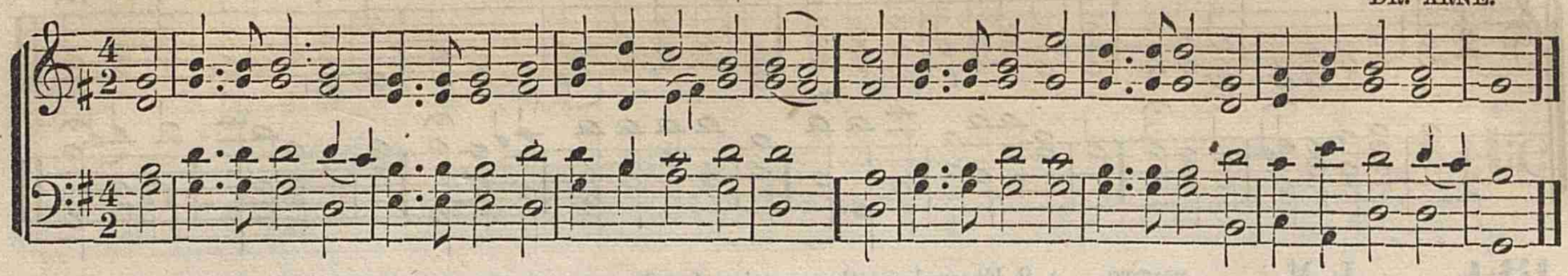
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138. L. M. KEN.

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

ARLINGTON. C. M.

DR. ARNE.



139. C. M. C. WESLEY.

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

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

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

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

140. C. M. NEWTON.

1 AMAZING grace! (how sweet the sound!)
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now I'm found—
Was blind, but now I see.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved:
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed!

3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares
I have already come:
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4 The Lord has promised good to me—
His word my hope secures:
He will my shield and portion be
As long as life endures.

5 Yea, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

141. C. M. JANE TAYLOR.

1 THERE is a path that leads to God,
All others go astray:
Narrow, but pleasant is the road,
And Christians love the way.

2 It leads straight through this world of sin,
And dangers must be pass'd;
But those who boldly walk therein
Will come to heaven at last:

3 While the broad road where thousands go
Lies near, and opens fair;
And many turn aside, I know,
To walk with sinners there.

4 But lest my feeble steps should slide,
Or wander from the way,
Lord, condescend to be my guide,
And I shall never stray.

DR. A. B. EVERETT. From "BAPTIST CHORALS," by per.



142. C. M.

1 HERE, Lord, before thy mercy-seat
In Christ's prevailing name,
Behold a band of children meet,
Their Father's love to claim.

2 Our foolish hearts, alas ! are slow
To understand thy way:
O teach us, Lord, thy will to know,
And help us to obey.

3 Kind are the friends who bring us here
To learn thy holy word;
But vain is all their toil and care,
Without thy blessing, Lord.

4 Fulfil their hopes: thy grace display
In every youthful mind;
And while they guide us in thy way,
Let them a blessing find.

143. C. M. WATTS.

1 ALMIGHTY God, thy piercing eye
Strikes through the shades of night,
And our most secret actions lie
All open to thy sight.

2 There's not a sin that we commit,
Nor wicked word we say,
But in thy dreadful book 'tis writ,
Against the judgment-day.

3 And must the crimes that I have done
Be read and publish'd there?
Be all exposed before the sun,
While men and angels hear?

4 Lord, at thy feet ashamed I lie:
Upward I dare not look:
Pardon my sins before I die,
And blot them from thy book.

5 Remember all the dying pains
That my Redeemer felt,
And let his blood wash out my stains,
And answer for my guilt.

6 O may I now forever fear
T' indulge a sinful thought,
Since the great God can see and hear,
And writes down every fault.

---

144. C. M. WESLEY.

1 STILL let us keep the end in mind
For which we hither came,
In search of useful knowledge join'd
As followers of the Lamb.

2 Through him let us to God look up
In every step we take;
And for his constant blessing hope,
For Jesus' only sake.

3 His grace if God on us confer,
We then shall learn apace:
Live to his glory, and declare
Our heavenly teacher's praise.

4 We in his favor shall retrieve
Our long-lost paradise:
Take of the tree of life, and live
Immortal in the skies.

BALERMA. C. M.



145. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

1 See Israel's gentle Shepherd stand
With all engaging charms:
Hark how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms!

2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name:
For 'twas to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came."

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

---

146. C. M. WATTS.

1 Father, I wait before thy throne—
Call me a child of thine;
Send down the Spirit of thy Son,
To form my heart divine.

2 There shed thy promised love abroad,
And make my comfort strong;
Then shall I say, "My Father, God!"
With an unwavering tongue.

---

147. C. M. JANE TAYLOR.

1 Death has been here, and borne away
A brother from our side:
Just in the morning of his day,
As young as we, he died.

2 Not long ago he fill'd his place,
And sat with us to learn;
But he has run his mortal race,
And never can return.

3 Perhaps our time may be as short,
Our days may fly as fast:
O Lord, impress the solemn thought
That this may be our last.

4 We cannot tell who next may fall
Beneath thy chastening rod:
One must be first; but let us all
Prepare to meet our God.

148. C. M. WATTS.

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

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

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

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

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

I. B. WOODBURY, by per. of F. J. HUNTINGTON.



149. C. M. HEBER.

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

2 Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod—
Whose secret heart, 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
May shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.

5 O Thou, whose infant feet were found
Within thy Father's shrine,—
Whose years, with changeless virtue crown'd
Were all alike divine,—

6 Dependent on thy bounteous breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own.

---

150. C. M. BEDOME.

1 CELESTIAL Dove, Come from above
And guide me in thy ways:
My heart prepare For solemn prayer,
And tune my lips to praise.

2 Open mine eyes, And make me wise
My interest to discern:
From every sin, Without, within,
Incline my heart to turn.

3 Fly to my aid When I'm afraid
Or plunged in deep distress:
My foes subdue, And bring me through
This howling wilderness.

151. C. M. EDMESTON.

1 AND now another hour is past,
Of kind instruction given;
And this, perhaps, may be the last
On this side hell or heaven.

2 And is it so? How dread the thought,
And yet indeed how true!
If I could feel it as I ought,
This day, what should I do?

3 O surely prize it more and more,
And pray that God would give
A death of gain, if life be o'er,
And blessing, if I live.

C. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God, whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

NETTLETON. 8s & 7s. (Double.)



152. 8, 7. R. ROBINSON.

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

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

3 O! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
Let thy goodness, 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, O take and seal it!
Seal it for thy courts above.

153. 8,7,8,7,4,7. HART.

1 COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power:
He is able,
He is willing, doubt no more.

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

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

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

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

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

7 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.



154. 7s.

1 HOLY Bible! book divine!
Precious treasure, thou art mine!
Mine, to tell me whence I came,
Mine, to teach me what I am.

2 Mine, to chide me when I rove,
Mine, to show a Saviour's love:
Mine art thou to guide my feet,
Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit,

3 Mine to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless:
Mine, to show by living faith
Man can triumph over death.

4 Mine, to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom:
O thou precious book divine!
Precious treasure, thou art mine!

155. 7s.

1 HARK! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King!
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled."

2 Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumphs of the skies:
With th' angelic hosts proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."

3 Vail'd in flesh, the Godhead see,
Hail th' incarnate Deity!
Pleased as man with men t' appear,
Jesus our Immanuel here.

4 Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die:
Born to raise the sons of earth:
Born to give them second birth.

156. 7s.

1 SAVIOUR, while thy servants meet,
To lead children to thy feet,
Be thou present with them there,
Hear their praise, and grant their prayer.

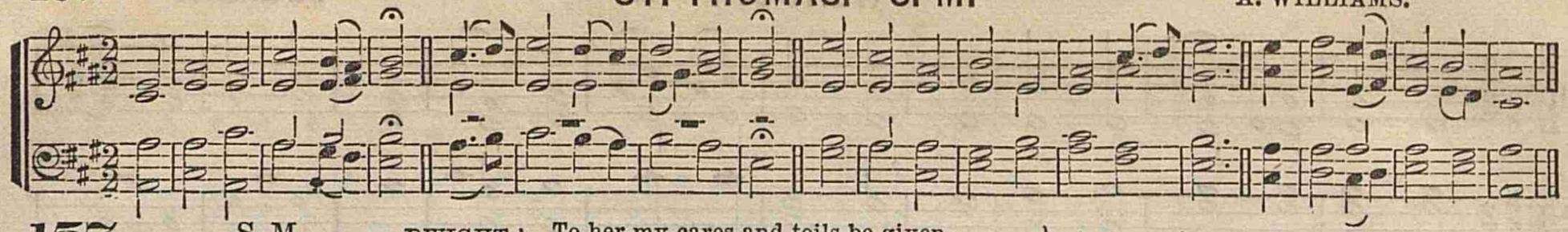
2 Thou, on earth, didst condescend
To appear the Infant's Friend:
Surely, now thou art above,
Children share not less thy love.

3 We are meeting in thy sight:
Aid our counsels, guide us right,
Warm our hearts, and may we know
Sweetest feeling's warmest glow.

4 O may many a plant be found
Blooming on this sacred ground,
Whose fair fruits and flowers shall be
Earnest that it blooms for thee.

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

A. WILLIAMS.



157. S. M. DWIGHT.

1 I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The church our bless'd Redeemer bought
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.

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158. S. M.

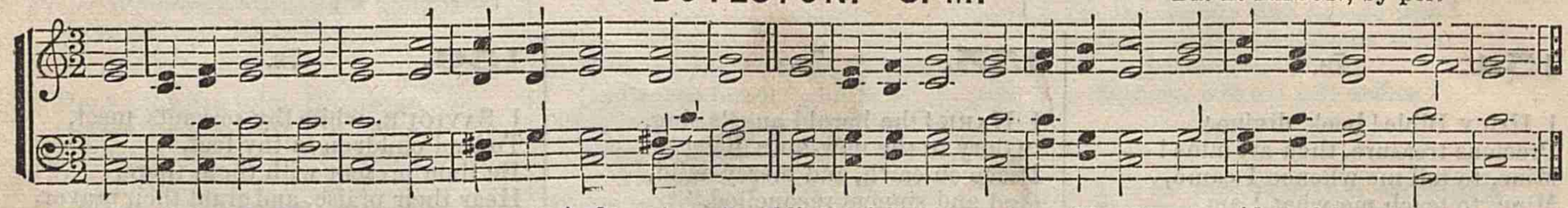
1 CREATOR! Saviour! God!
We raise our hearts to thee;
And, resting on thy precious blood.
We bend our suppliant knee.

2 O deign to hear our prayer,
And save the youthful race:
Convert the children of our care,
By thine almighty grace.

3 Cause them to feel thy love,
Teach them to lisp thy praise,
While strains seraphic from above
Re-echo youthful lays.

BOYLSTON. S. M.

DR. L. MASON, by per.



159. S. M. WATTS.

1 NOT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away:
A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,—
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

---

160. S. M. C. WESLEY.

1 AND am I born to die?
To lay this body down?
And must my trembling spirit fly
Into a world unknown?

2 Soon as from earth I go,
What will become of me?
Eternal happiness or wo
Must then my portion be!

3 Who can resolve the doubt
That tears my anxious breast?
Shall I be with the damn'd cast out,
Or number'd with the blest?

4 I must from God be driven,
Or with my Saviour dwell—
Must come at his command to heaven,
Or else—depart to hell.

---

161. S. M. C. WESLEY.

1 LORD, in the strength of grace,
With a glad heart and free,
Myself, my residue of days,
I consecrate to thee.

2 Thy ransom'd servant, I
Restore to thee thine own;
And, from this moment, live or die
To serve my God alone.

---

162. S. M. HART.

1 ONCE more, before we part,
We'll bless the Saviour's name,
Record his mercies, every heart—
Sing every tongue, the same.

2 May we receive his word,
And feed thereon and grow:
Go on to seek, to know the Lord,
And practice what we know.



163. S. M. MONTGOMERY.

1 WEEP, little children weep
A teacher gone before;
For those that loved to see his face,
Shall see his face no more.

2 Yet all whom once he taught
To sit at Jesus' feet,
And seek the blessedness he sought,
May him in glory meet.

3 Grieve, brother teachers! grieve:
With you he bore the cross;
And gladly, for a crown of life,
Accounted all things loss.

4 His eye, his voice, his hand
Still marshal you along:
A fearless, firm, united band—
Quit you like men—be strong.

5 Strong in the Lord was he,
And valiant for the truth:
Go, train your little ones to be
Christ's soldiers from their youth.

164. S. M.

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

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

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

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

165. S. M. C. WESLEY.

1 O THAT I could repent,
With all my idols part;
And to thy gracious eye present
An humble, contrite heart!—

2 A heart with grief opprest
For having grieved my God.
A troubled heart that cannot rest
Till sprinkled with thy blood.

3 Jesus, on me bestow
The penitent desire.
With true sincerity of wo
My aching breast inspire.

4 With softening pity look,
And melt my hardness down
Strike with thy love's resistless stroke.
And break this heart of stone!

JEWELS.

GEO. F. ROOT. From "CHAPEL GEMS," by per.

CHORUS.



166.

1 When he cometh, when he cometh,
To make up his jewels,
All his jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and his own,

CHORUS. Like the stars of the morning,
His bright crown adorning,
They shall shine in their beauty,
Bright gems for his crown.

2 He will gather, he will gather
The gems for his kingdom;
All the pure ones, all the bright ones,
His loved and his own.—CHORUS.

3 Little children, little children,
Who love their Redeemer,
Are the jewels, precious jewels
His loved and his own.—CHORUS.



167. H. M. C. WESLEY.

1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound:
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made:
Ye weary spirits, rest,
Ye mournful souls, be glad:
The year of jubilee is come,
Return ye ransom'd sinners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb:
Redemption through his blood
Throughout the world proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

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

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

6 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace:
And saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face:
The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

---

168. H. M. C. WESLEY.

1 ARISE, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears,
The bleeding sacrifice
In my behalf appears:
Before the throne my Surety stands:
My name is written on his hands.

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

3 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 ransom'd sinner die!"

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

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

AROUND THE THRONE OF GOD IN HEAVEN. C. M.

Arr. by H. E. MATHEWS. From "S. S. BELL," by per.

Allegretto.



169. C. M.

1 Around the throne of God in heaven,
Thousands of children stand—
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band, Singing glory,
Glory, glory be to God on high.

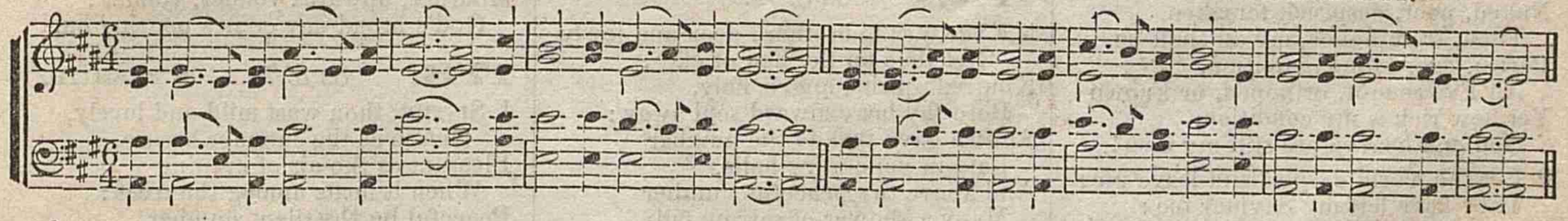
2 What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love?
How came those children there, Singing
Glory, glory, glory be to God on high.

3 Because the Saviour shed his blood
To wash away their sin:
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean, Singing,
Glory, glory, glory be to God on high.

4 On earth they sought their Saviour's grace
On earth they loved his name;
So now they see his blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb, Singing,
Glory, glory, glory be to God on high.

SCHUMANN. S. M.

L. C. EVERETT.





170. S. M. WATTS.

1 The Lord my Shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied;
Since he is mine and I am his,
‖: What can I want beside. :‖

2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly 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 cannot yield to fear;
Though I should walk through death's dark shade,
‖: My Shepherd's with me there. :‖

5 In spite 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 foll'wing days;
Nor from thy house will I remove,
‖: Nor cease to speak thy praise. :‖



171. 8s & 7s. GRANT.

1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee:
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.
Perish, every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known:
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own!

2 Let the world despise and leave me:
They have left my Saviour too:
Human hearts and looks deceive me—
Thou art not, like them, untrue.
And while thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me,
Show thy face, and all is bright.

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure:
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain:
In thy service pain is pleasure—
With thy favor loss is gain.
I have call'd thee Abba, Father,—
I have set my heart on thee!
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

172. 8s & 7s.

1 FAREWELL, brother! deep and lowly
Rest thee on thy bed of clay:
Kindred spirits, angels holy,
Bore thy heavenward soul away:
Sad we gave thee to the number
Laid in yonder icy halls,
And above thy peaceful slumber
Many a shower of sorrow falls.

2 Hear our prayer, O God of glory,
Lowly breathed in sorrow's song:
Bleeding hearts lie bare before thee—
Come, in holy trust made strong!
Hark! a voice moves nearer, stronger,
From the shadowy land we dread:
Mortals! mortals! seek no longer
Those that live—among the dead.

3 Farewell, brother! soon we'll meet thee
Where no cloud of sorrow rolls:
For glad tidings float, how sweetly:
From the glorious land of souls:
Death's cold gloom now parts asunder:
Lo! the folding shades are gone:
Mourner, upward! yonder, yonder!
God's broad day comes pouring on.

173. 8s & 7s. S. F. SMITH.

1 SISTER, thou wast mild and lovely,
Gentle as the summer breeze,
Pleasant as the air of evening
When it floats among the trees:
Peaceful be thy silent slumber,
Peaceful in the grave so low:
Thou no more wilt join our number,
Thou no more our songs shalt know.

2 Dearest sister, thou hast left us,
Here thy loss we deeply feel;
But 'tis God that hath bereft us:
He can all our sorrows heal.
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.



174. 7s. C. WESLEY.

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

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 stay'd,
All my help from thee I bring:
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

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

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

175. 7s. C. WESLEY.

1 SINNERS, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you why!
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live—
He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of his own hands,
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross his love, and die?

2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why!
God, who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself, that ye might live.
Will ye let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransom'd sinners, why
Will ye slight his grace, and die?

3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why!
He who all your lives hath strove,
Woo'd you to embrace his love:
Will ye not his grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
Why, ye long-sought sinners, why
Will ye grieve your God, and die?

SPRING. C. M.

L. C. EVERETT. From "TABOR." by per.



176. C. M. WATTS.

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

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

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

DOGGETT. C. M.

R. M. Mc INTOSH.



177. C. M. COWPER.

1 THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins ;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

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

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

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

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

---

178. C. M. STRAPHAN.

1 MERCY, descending from above,
In softest accents pleads :
O may each tender bosom move
When mercy intercedes.

2 Children our kind protection claim,
And God will well approve
When infants learn to lisp his name
And their Creator love.

3 Delightful work ! young souls to win,
And turn the rising race
From the deceitful paths of sin,
To seek their Saviour's face.

4 Almighty God ! thine influence shed,
To aid this bless'd design :
The honor of thy name be spread,
And all the glory thine.

---

179. C. M. WATTS.

1 LOVE God with all your soul and strength,
With all your heart and mind ;
And love your neighbor as yourself—
Be faithful, just, and kind.

2 Deal with another, as you'd have
Another deal with you :
What you're unwilling to receive
Be sure you never do.

RETREAT. L. M.

DR. T. HASTINGS.



180. L. M. STOWELL.

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

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

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

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

5 Oh, let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold and still,
This throbbing heart forget to beat,
If I forget the mercy-seat.

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