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THE

SACRED LYRE:

A NEW COLLECTION OF

HYMNS AND TUNES,

FOR

Social and Family Worship.

BY

REV. J. ALDRICH, A. M.

BOSTON:
ANDREW F. GRAVES.
NEW YORK:
SHELDON, BLAKEMAN & CO.
CINCINNATI:
GEORGE S. BLANCHARD.
1859.

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PREFACE.

The author of "THE SACRED LYRE" has had no wish thus tc appear before the public. And he has been induced to engage in its preparation, solely by his own conviction, and the oft-ex pressed conviction of others, that such a work was needed. It has been supposed, also, that his long pastoral labors, extensive acquaintance with revivals, knowledge of music, and familiarity with the wants and wishes of the churches in different sections of the land, qualified him in some good degree for this service. It has been his anxious desire to prepare just such a work as is needed; and he has exercised his best discrimination in its accomplishment. How far he has succeeded in meeting the demand, others must judge.

The Hymns, it is believed, will be found a judicious selection from the best authors, arranged under appropriate heads, embracing a rich and full variety, on the most important subjects; especially in connection with SOCIAL WORSHIP, REVIVALS, and MISSIONARY PRAYER MEETINGS. It may be thought by some, that more hymns have been selected than are necessary. But, such is the great diversity of tastes and preferences, that a large variety is demanded to meet only a considerable portion of these; and still, all the favorite hymns of some may not be found. For the same reason, longer hymns have been inserted, as different verses are preferred by different individuals.

It has been the aim of the compiler to select such music as

RAY H113966

is best adapted to social worship; simple, interesting, and soul-stirring—such as has ever rendered the praying circle both attractive and useful. This, it is believed, is the character of a large portion of the tunes here inserted. Quite a number of these are those popular airs which may have long been sung, but never before harmonized or given to the public. For this service many may be grateful to the author.

For the *selected* music, the compiler would here express his grateful acknowledgments to the authors of the Wesleyan S. Harp, the proprietors of the American Vocalist, Dr. T. Hastings, and others, who have kindly allowed the use of their tunes in this work.

Occasional rehearsals by those who are to use the book in social meetings, will be found conducive to the most pleasing and effective performance. The tunes in the minor key, to which some may object, will, by a familiar acquaintance, become favorites with all natural singers.

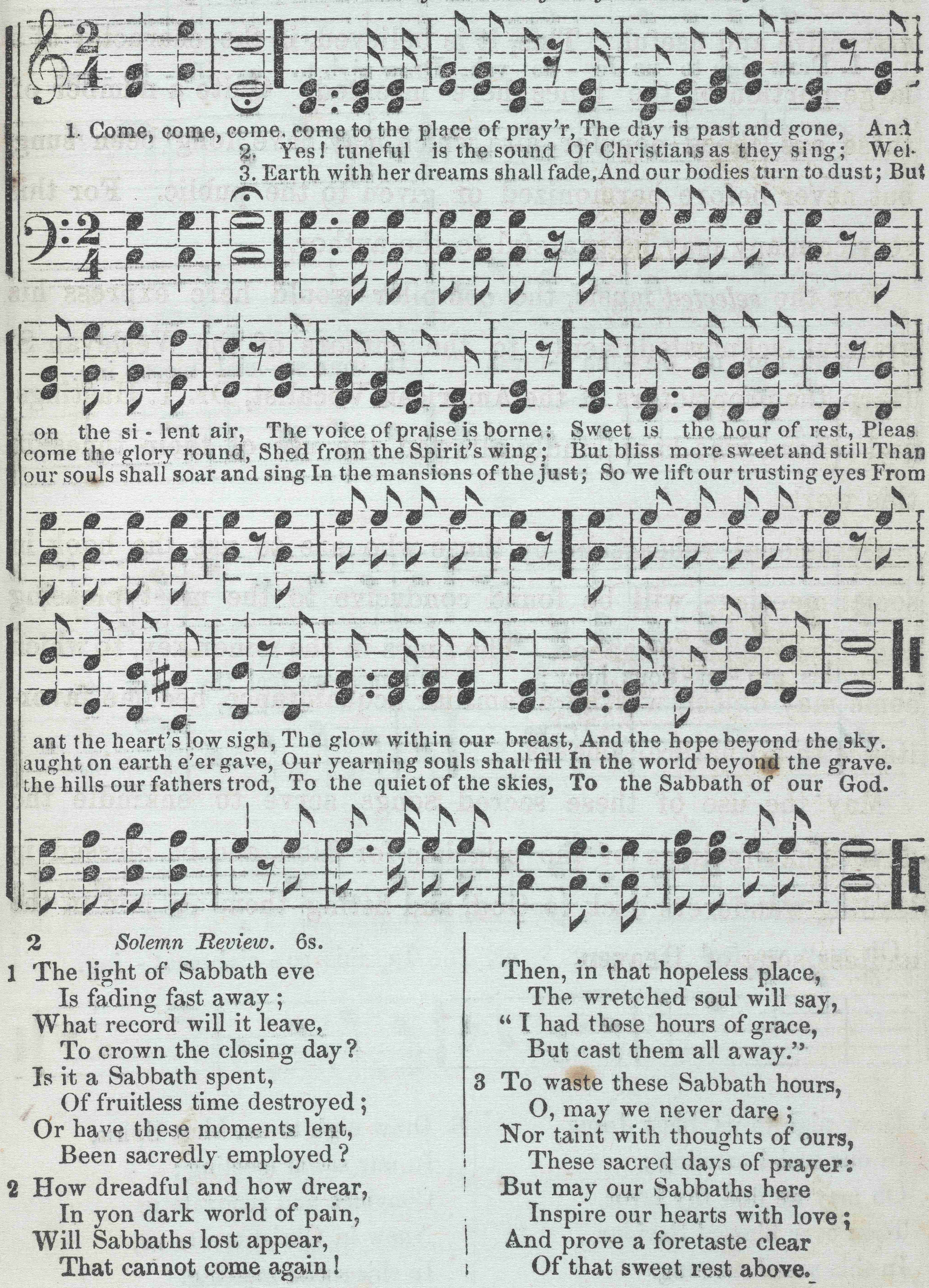
May the use of these sacred songs serve to enkindle the devotional feelings of the pilgrims for Zion, and be blessed in leading wanderers back to God, and fitting them to join in the endless song of Heaven.

THE SACRED LYRE.

PLACE OF PRAYER. 6s.

Words by
R. TURNBULL D. D.

For the commencement of an evening Conference Meeting.



2 *Solemn Review.* 6s.

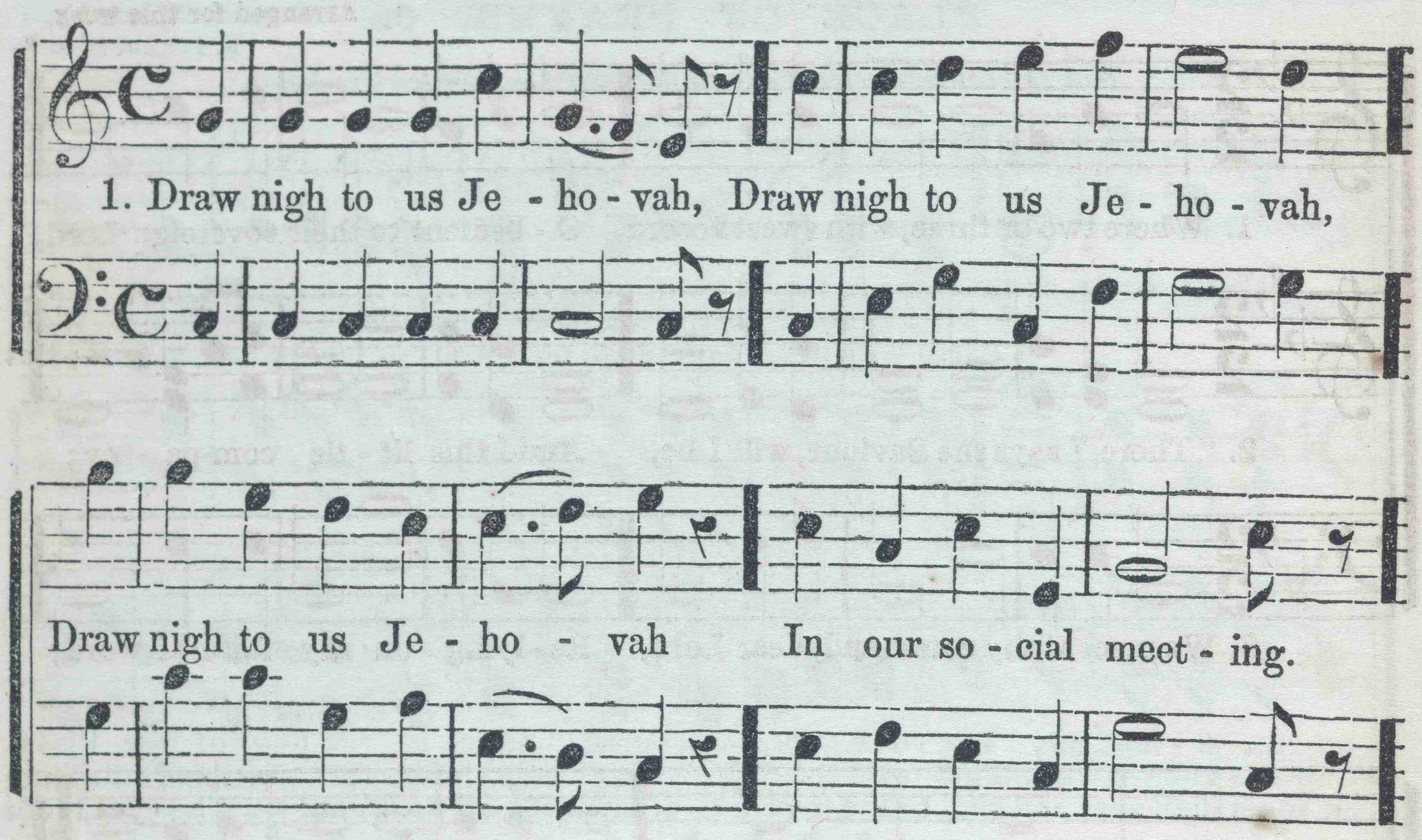
1 The light of Sabbath eve
Is fading fast away;
What record will it leave,
To crown the closing day?
Is it a Sabbath spent,
Of fruitless time destroyed;
Or have these moments lent,
Been sacredly employed?

2 How dreadful and how drear,
In yon dark world of pain,
Will Sabbaths lost appear,
That cannot come again!

Then, in that hopeless place,
The wretched soul will say,
"I had those hours of grace,
But cast them all away."

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

INVOCATION

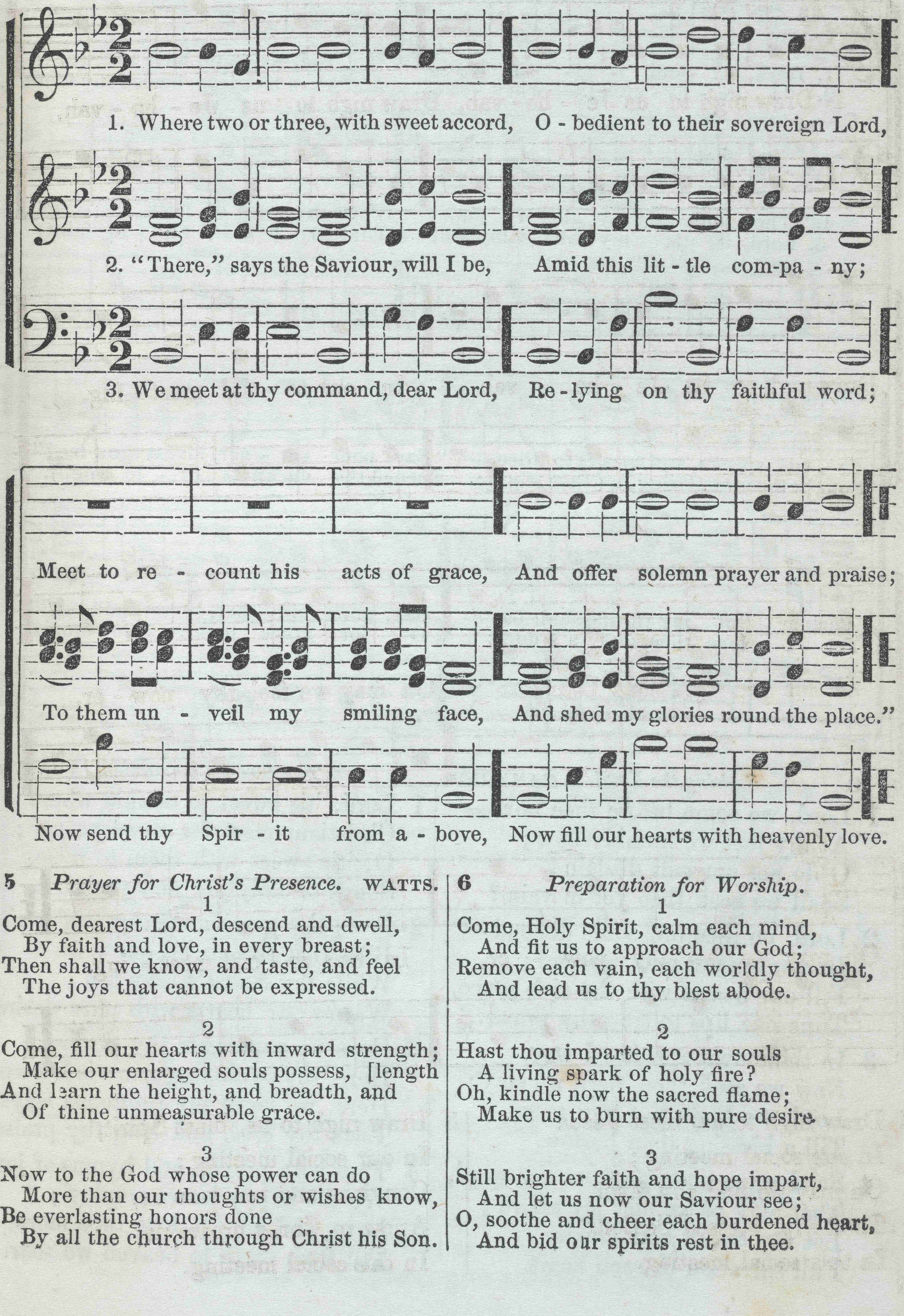


2 Draw nigh to us, blest Jesus
In our social meeting;
Oh may we find thy favor,
Thou ever blessed Saviour
In this social meeting.

3 Draw nigh to us, blest Spirit,
In our social meeting;
Convince and renovate us,
Anew in Christ create us,
In this social meeting.

THE PROMISE. L. M.

Arranged for this work.



5 *Prayer for Christ's Presence.* WATTS.

1

Come, dearest Lord, descend and dwell,
By faith and love, in every breast;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel
The joys that cannot be expressed.

2

Come, fill our hearts with inward strength;
Make our enlarged souls possess, [length
And learn the height, and breadth, and
Of thine unmeasurable grace.

3

Now to the God whose power can do
More than our thoughts or wishes know,
Be everlasting honors done
By all the church through Christ his Son.

6 *Preparation for Worship.*

1

Come, Holy Spirit, calm each mind,
And fit us to approach our God;
Remove each vain, each worldly thought,
And lead us to thy blest abode.

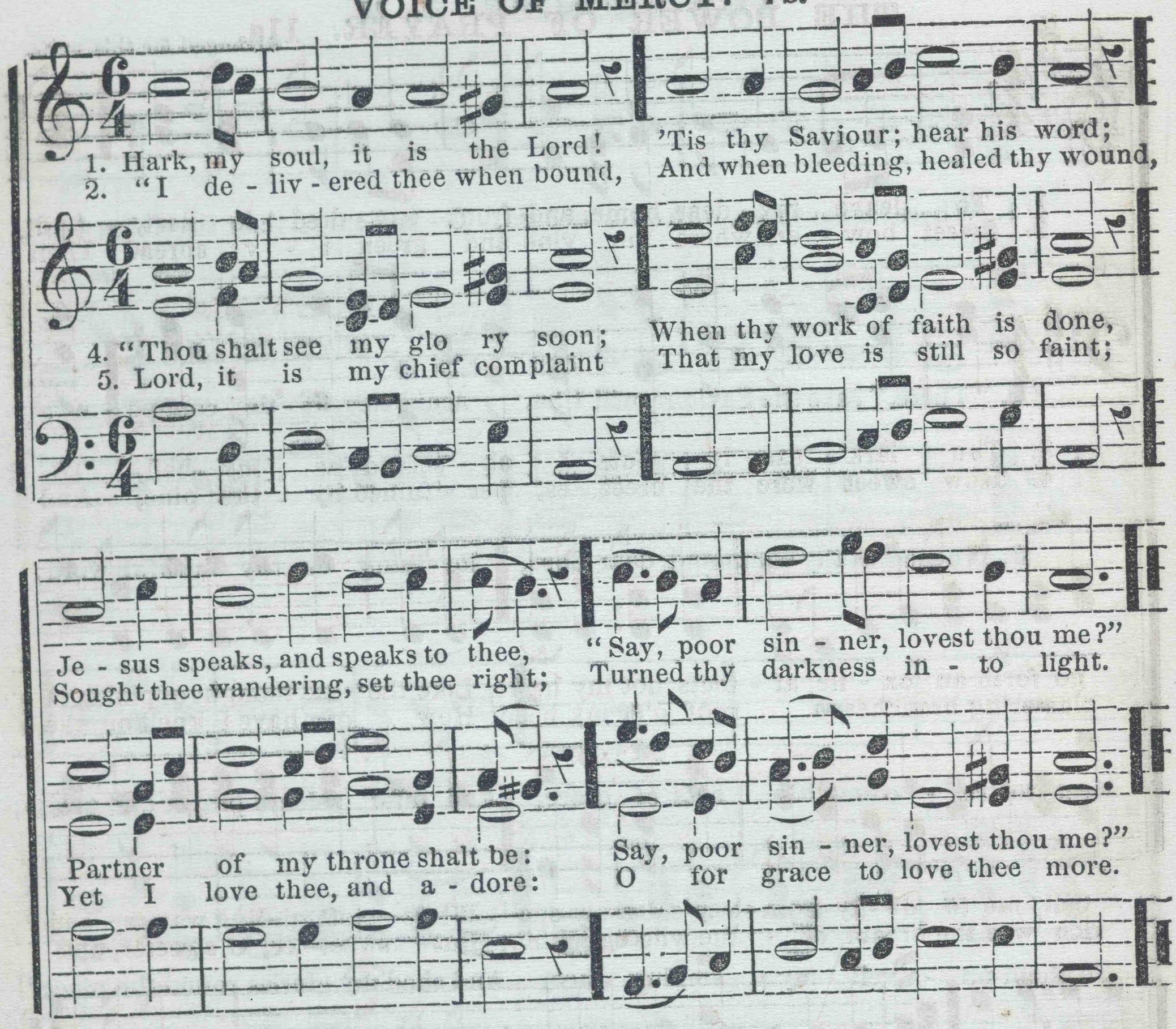
2

Hast thou imparted to our souls
A living spark of holy fire?
Oh, kindle now the sacred flame;
Make us to burn with pure desire.

3

Still brighter faith and hope impart,
And let us now our Saviour see;
O, soothe and cheer each burdened heart,
And bid our spirits rest in thee.

VOICE OF MERCY. 7s.



8 *Seeking the Lord.* HAMMOND.

1 Lord, we come before thee now—
At thy feet we humbly bow;
O do not our suit disdain!
Shall we seek thee yet in vain?

2 Lord, on thee our souls depend—
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

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

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

9 *The Sweet Communion.* TURNER.

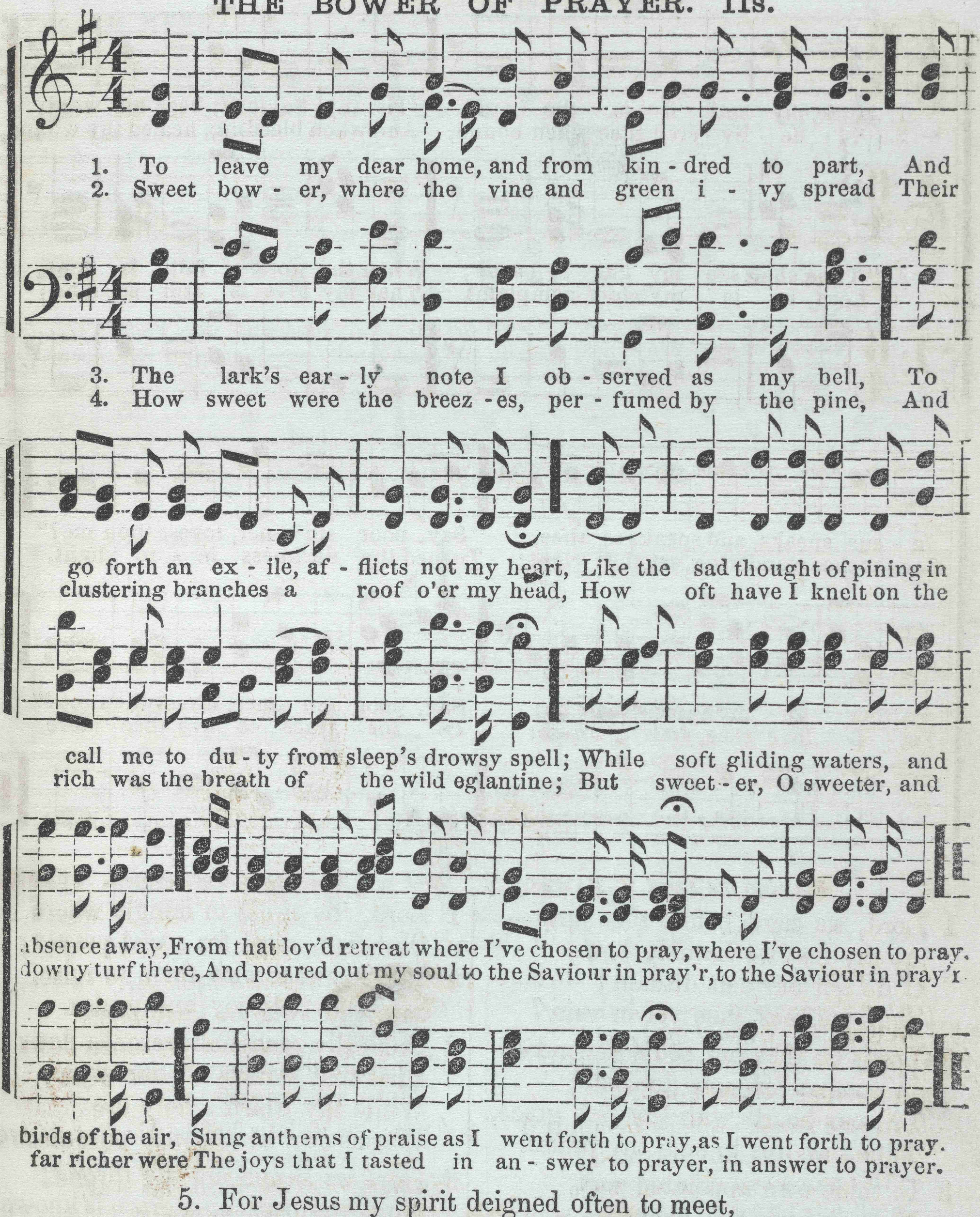
1 Lord, 'tis sweet to mingle where
Christians meet for social prayer;
O, 'tis sweet with them to raise,
Songs of holy joy and praise.

2 From thy gracious presence flows
Bliss that softens all our woes;
While thy Spirit's holy fire
Warms our hearts with pure desire.

3 Here we supplicate thy throne;
Here, thy pardoning grace is known;
Here, we learn thy righteous ways,
Taste thy love, and sing thy praise.

4 Thus with prayer, and hymns of joy,
We the happy hours employ;
Love, and long to love thee more,
Till from earth to heaven we soar.

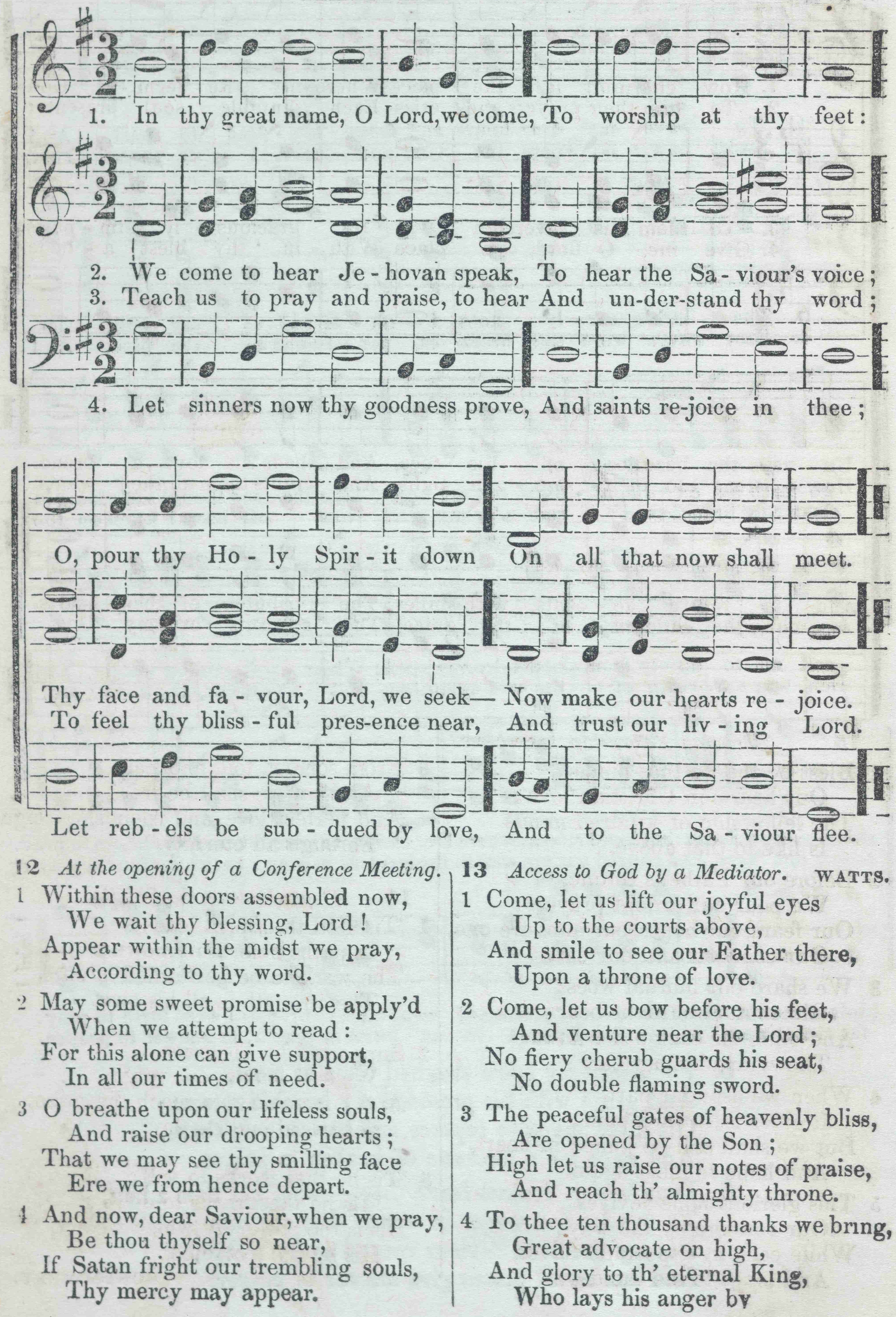
THE BOWER OF PRAYER. 11s.



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

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

MEMPHIS. C. M. SOUTHERN MELODY.



12 *At the opening of a Conference Meeting.*

1 Within these doors assembled now,
We wait thy blessing, Lord!
Appear within the midst we pray,
According to thy word.

2 May some sweet promise be apply'd
When we attempt to read:
For this alone can give support,
In all our times of need.

3 O breathe upon our lifeless souls,
And raise our drooping hearts;
That we may see thy smilling face
Ere we from hence depart.

4 And now, dear Saviour, when we pray,
Be thou thyself so near,
If Satan fright our trembling souls,
Thy mercy may appear.

13 *Access to God by a Mediator.* WATTS.

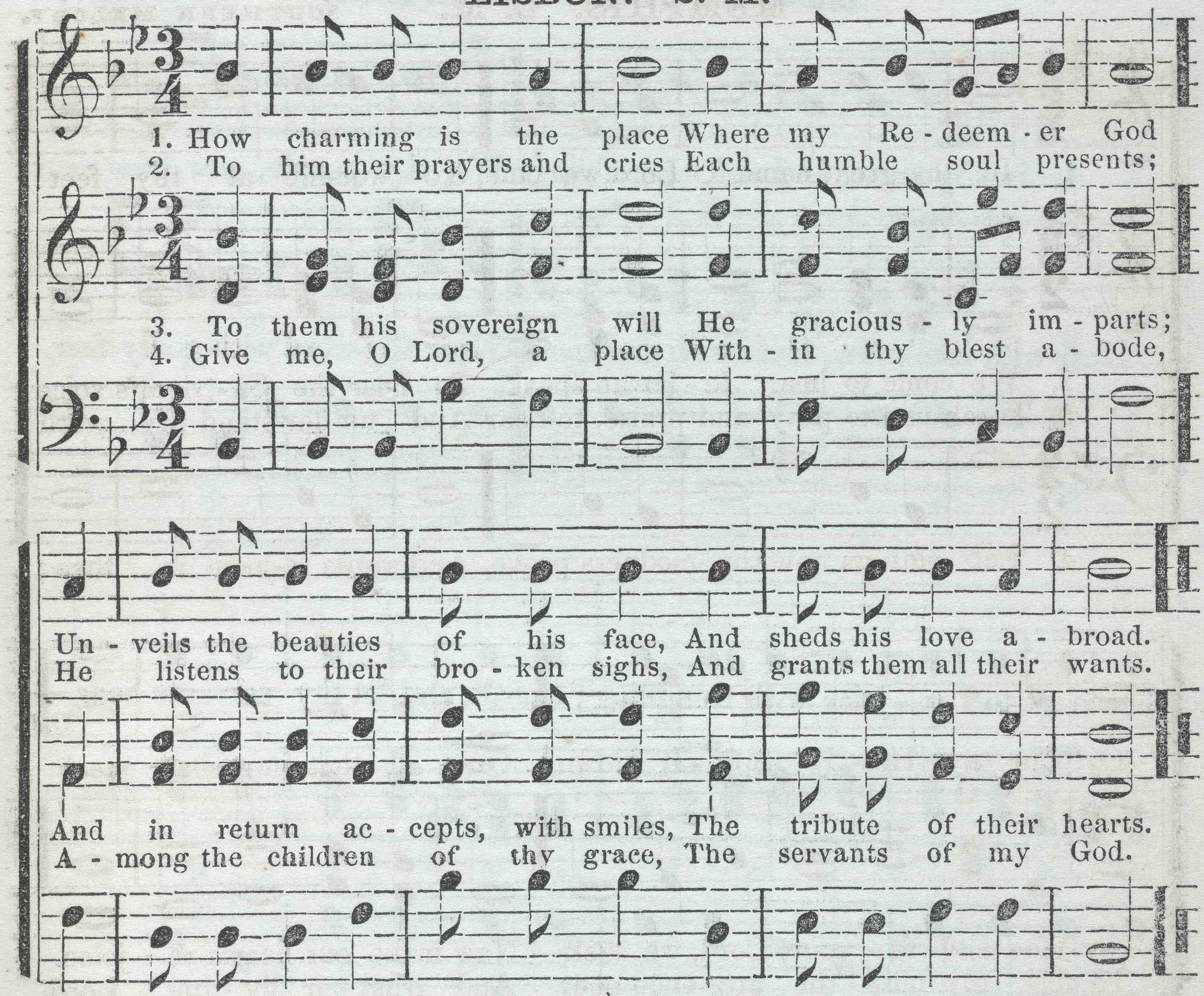
1 Come, let us lift our joyful eyes
Up to the courts above,
And smile to see our Father there,
Upon a throne of love.

2 Come, let us bow before his feet,
And venture near the Lord;
No fiery cherub guards his seat,
No double flaming sword.

3 The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss,
Are opened by the Son;
High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reach th' almighty throne.

4 To thee ten thousand thanks we bring,
Great advocate on high,
And glory to th' eternal King,
Who lays his anger by

LISBON. S. M. I. READ.



15 *Christian Fellowship.* FAWCETT.

1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers:
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

16 *Dependence on the Spirit.*

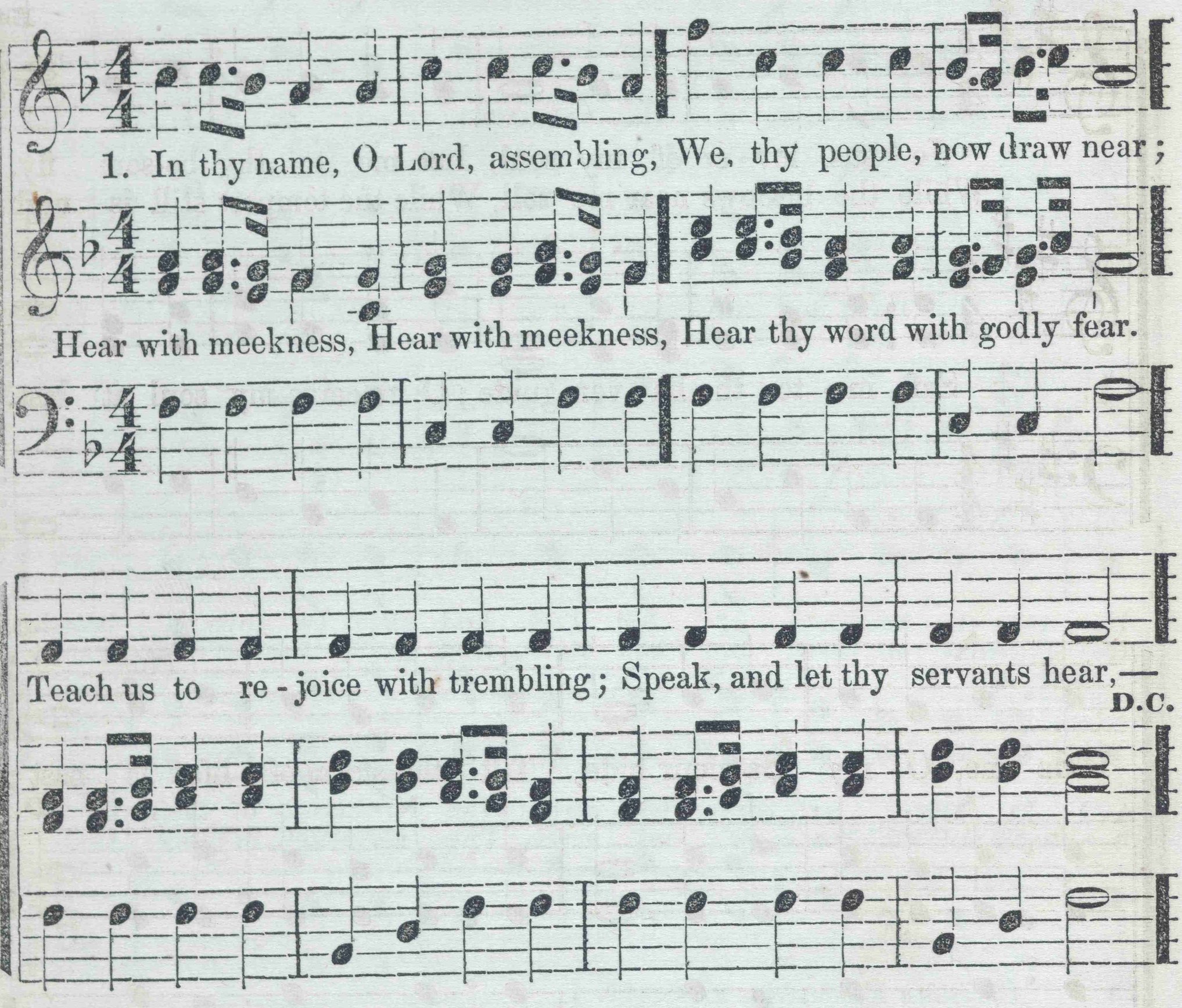
1 'Tis God the Spirit leads
In paths before unknown;
The work to be performed is ours,
The strength is all his own.

2 Supported by his grace,
We still pursue our way;
And hope at last to reach the prize,
Secure in endless day.

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

MONTGOMERY.

GREENVILLE. 8s, 7s & 4s. ROUSSEAU.



2

While our days on earth are lengthened,
May we give them, Lord, to thee:
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,
We would run, nor weary be,
Till thy glory,
Without clouds, in heaven we see.

3

There, in worship purer, sweeter,
All thy people shall adore,
Tasting of enjoyment greater
Than they could conceive before,—
Full enjoyment,—
Holy bliss, for evermore. KELLY.

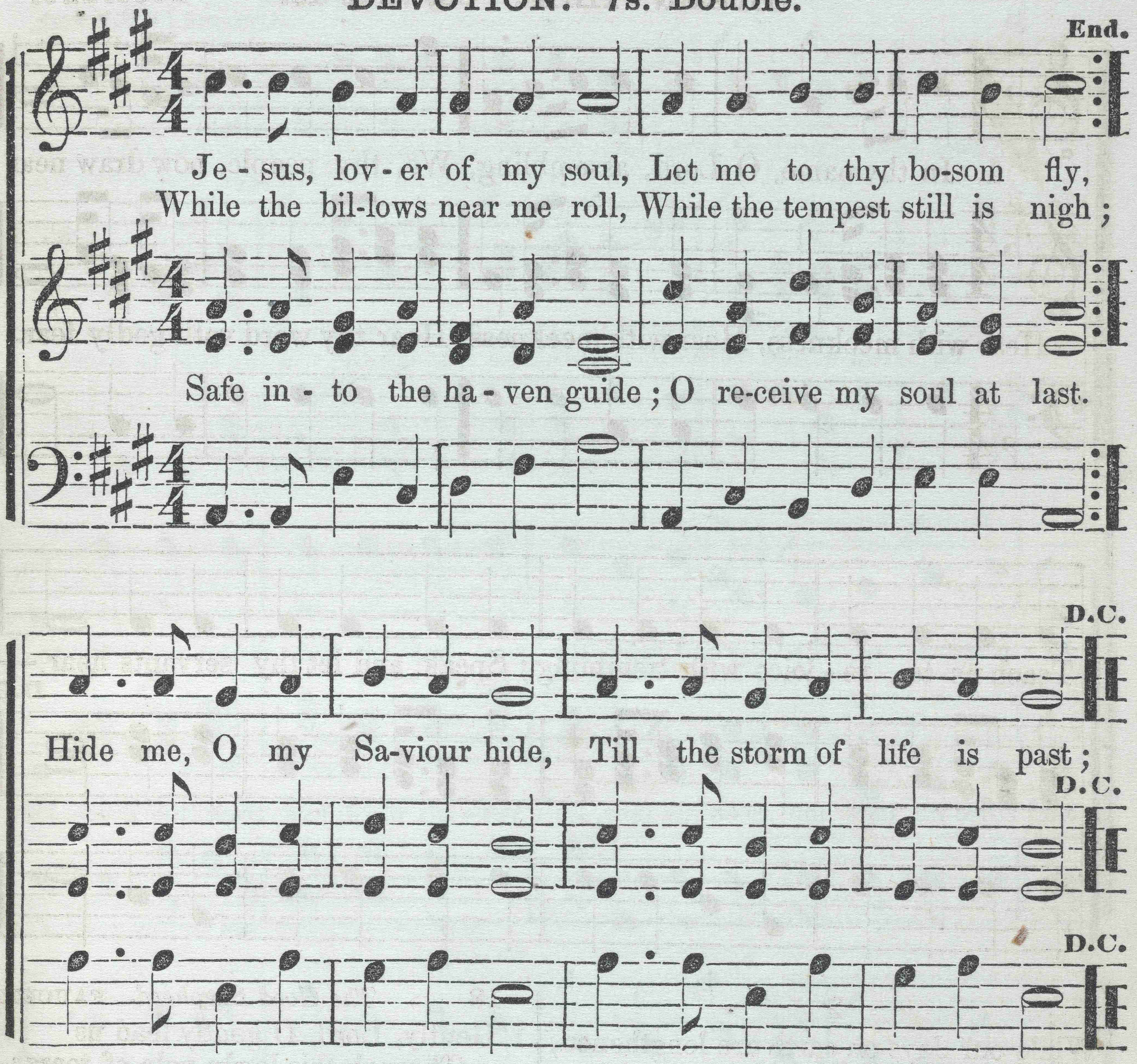
18 *The Good Shepherd.* FAUCETT.

1 Gently, Lord, O gently lead us
Through this lowly vale of tears;
And, O Lord, in mercy give us
Thy rich grace in all our fears.
O, refresh us—
O, refresh us with thy grace.

2 Though ten thousand ills beset us
From without and from within,
Jesus says he'll ne'er forget us,
But will save from hell and sin;
He is faithful,
To perform his gracious word.

3 O that I could now adore him
Like the heavenly host above—
Who for ever bow before him,
And unceasing sing his love.
Happy songsters,
When shall I your chorus join?

DEVOTION. 7s. Double.



19 *Christ our refuge.* WESLEY.

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

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

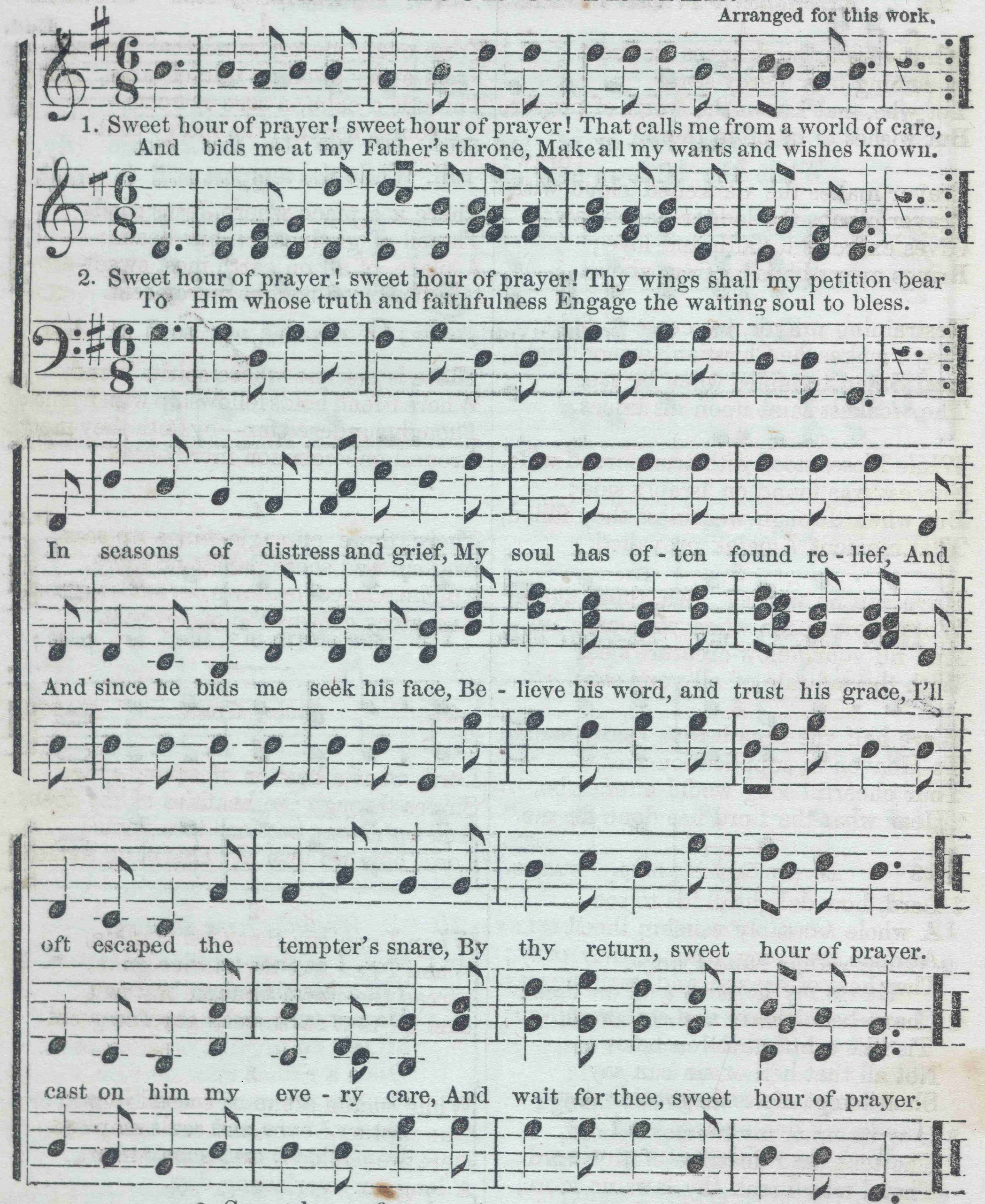
20 *Wrestling for a Blessing.*

1 Nay, I cannot let thee go
Till a blessing thou bestow;
Do not turn away thy face,
Mine's an urgent, pressing case.
Once a sinner near despair
Sought thy mercy-seat by prayer:
Mercy heard and set him free—
Lord, that mercy came to ME.

2 Many years have passed since then,
Many changes have I seen,
Yet have been upheld till now—
Who could hold me up but thou?
Nay, I must maintain my hold;
'Tis thy goodness makes me bold:
I can no denial take
When I plead for Jesus' sake.

SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

Arranged for this work.



3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
May I thy consolations share,
Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height
I view my heaven, and at the sight
Put off this robe of flesh, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
Shouting, as I pass through the air,
Farewell! farewell! sweet hour of prayer! WALFORD.

SOCIAL

22 *Exhortation to Prayer.* COWPER.

1

What various hindrances we meet
In coming to a mercy-seat!
Yet who, that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there?

2

Prayer makes the darkened cloud with-[draw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith and love;
Brings every blessing from above.

3

Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Pray'r makes the Christian's armor bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4

While Moses stood with arms spread wide,
Success was found on Israel's side;
But when through weariness they failed,
That moment Amalek prevailed.

5

Have you no words? Ah, think again.
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.

6

Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To Heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful song would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me."

---

23 *Lord's Day Evening.* WATTS.

1 Lord, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship thee!
At once they sing, at once they pray;
They hear of heaven, and learn the way.

2 I have been there, and still would go;
'Tis like a little heaven below:
Not all that hell or sin can say
Shall tempt me to forget this day.

3 O write upon my memory, Lord,
The texts and doctrine of thy word;
That I may break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before.

4 With thoughts of Christ, and things di-
vine,
Fill up this foolish heart of mine;
That, hoping pardon through his blood,
I may lie down and wake with God.

24 *The Mercy-Seat.* 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, of all on earth most sweet—
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3

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

4

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

---

25 *Saving Grace.* WATTS.

1

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

2

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

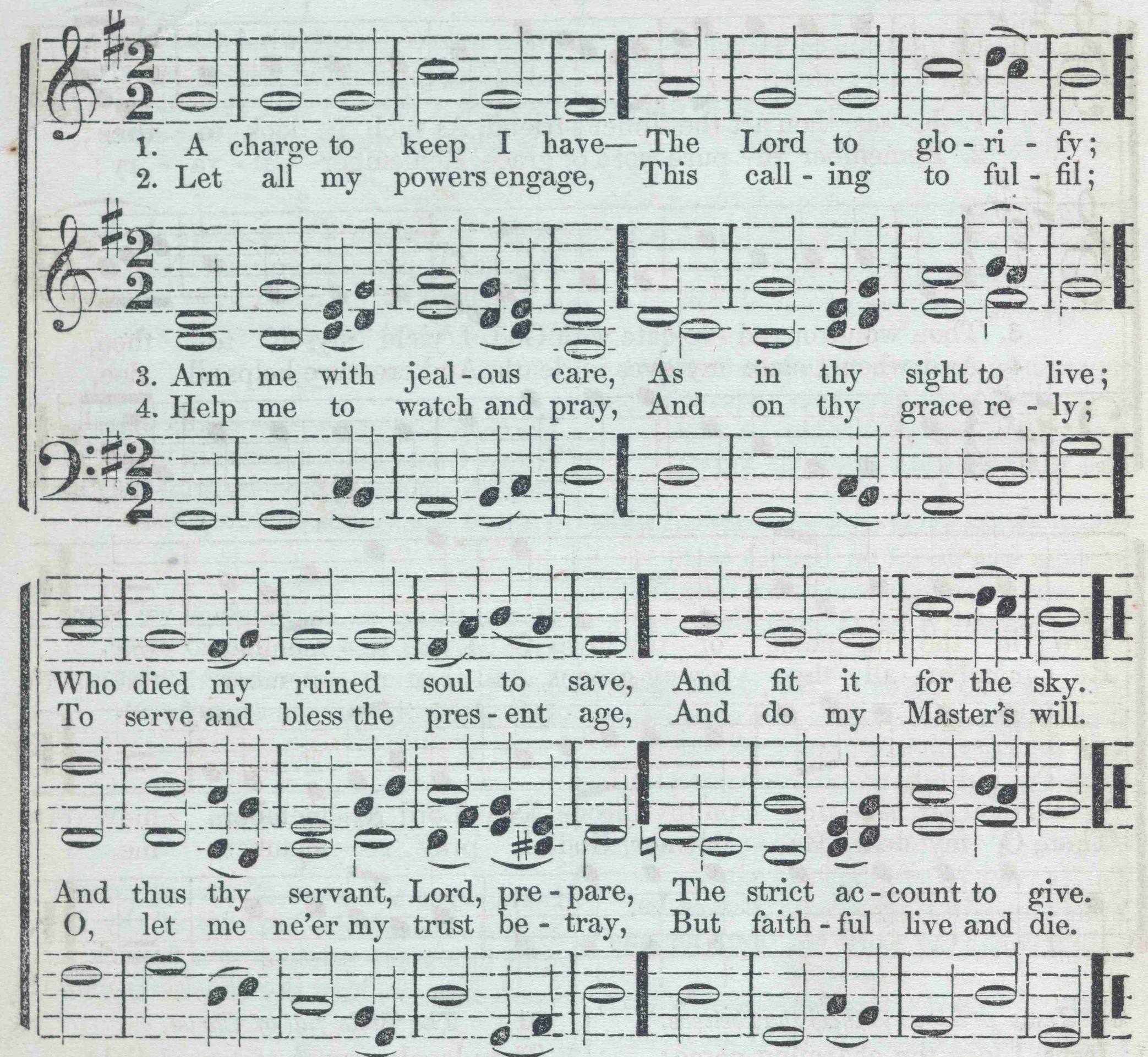
3

While such a scene of sacred joys
Our raptured eyes and souls employs,
Here we could sit and gaze away
A long, an everlasting day.

4

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

KENTUCKY. S. M.



27 *Importunity in Prayer.* NEWTON.

1 Jesus, who knows full well
The heart of every saint,
Invites us all our griefs to tell,
To pray, and never faint.

2 He bows his gracious ear;
We never plead in vain;
Then let us wait till he appear,
And pray, and pray again.

3 Though unbelief suggest,
"Why should we longer wait?
He bids us never give him rest,
But knock at mercy's gate.

4 Jesus, the Lord, will hear
His chosen when they cry;
Yes, though he may awhile forbear,
He'll help them from on high.

5 Then let us earnest cry,
And never faint in prayer;
He sees, he hears, and from on high
Will make our cause his care.

---

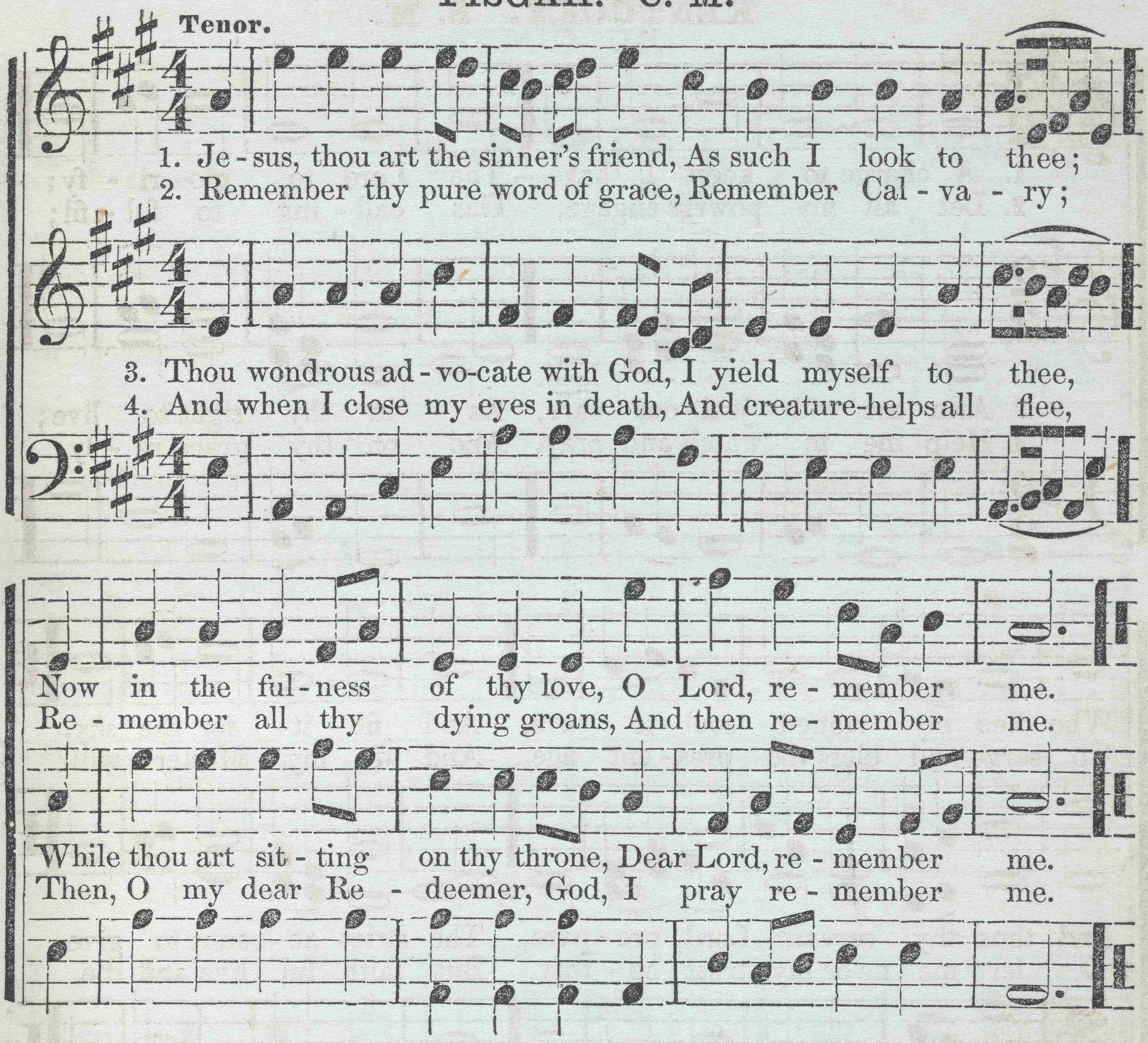
28 *Repentance.* BEDDOME.

1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears,
Angels with wonder see!
Be thou astonished, O my soul,
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

PISGAH. C. M.



30 *Jesus precious to them that believe.*

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

2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

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

4 I'll speak the honors of thy name
With my last, laboring breath,
And, dying, clasp thee in my arms,
The antidote of death. DODDRIDGE.

31 *The Bible full of Christ.*

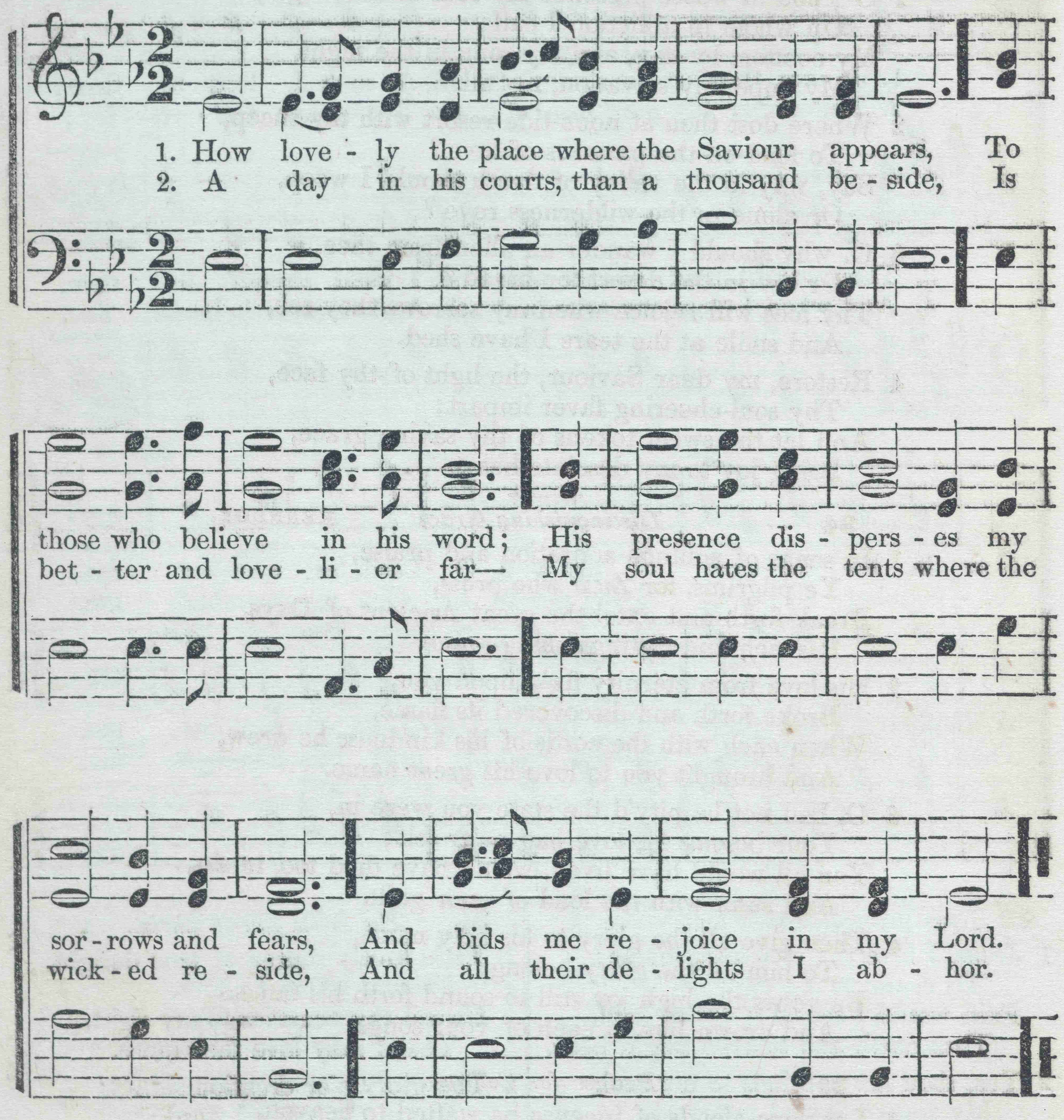
1 Thou lovely source of true delight,
Unseen whom I adore,
Unveil thy beauties to my sight,
That I may love thee more.

2 Thy glory o'er creation shines;
But in thy sacred word
I read, in fairer, brighter lines,
My bleeding, dying Lord.

3 'Tis here, whene'er my comforts droop,
And sins and sorrows rise,
Thy love, with cheerful beams of hope,
My fainting heart supplies.

4 Jesus, my Lord, my life, my light,
O, come with blissful ray; [night,
Break, radiant through the shades of
And chase my fears away. STEELE.

DULCIMER.



3 Lord, give me a place with the humblest of saints,
For low at thy feet I would lie;
I know that thou hearest my feeble complaints;
Thou hearest the young raven's cry.

4 Give strength to the souls that now wait upon thee,
O! come, in thy chariot of love;
From earth's vain enchantments, O! help us to flee,
And to set our affections above.

HYMNS FOR "DULCIMER."

33 *Longing for Christ in Darkness.* SWAIN.

1 O Thou in whose presence my soul takes delight,
On whom in affliction I call;
My comfort by day, and my song in the night,
My hope, my salvation, my all.

2 Where dost thou at noon-tide resort with thy sheep,
To feed on the pastures of love?
Say, why in the valley of death should I weep,
Or alone in the wilderness rove?

3 O, why should I wander an alien from thee,
Or cry in the desert for bread?
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.

4 Restore, my dear Saviour, the light of thy face,
Thy soul-cheering favor impart:
And let the sweet tokens of thy saving grace,
Bring joy to my desolate heart.

---

34 *Distinguishing Grace* KENNEDY.

1 In songs of sublime adoration and praise,
Ye pilgrims, for Zion who press,
Break forth and extol the great Ancient of Days,
His rich and distinguishing grace.

2 His love from eternity fix'd upon you,
Broke forth and discovered its flame,
When each with the cords of his kindness he drew,
And brought you to love his great name.

3 O, had not he pity'd the state you were in,
Your bosoms his love had ne'er felt;
You all would have lived, would have died too, in sin,
And sunk with the load of your guilt.

4 Then give all the glory to his holy name,
To him all the glory belongs;
Be yours the high joy still to sound forth his fame,
And crown him in each of your songs.

---

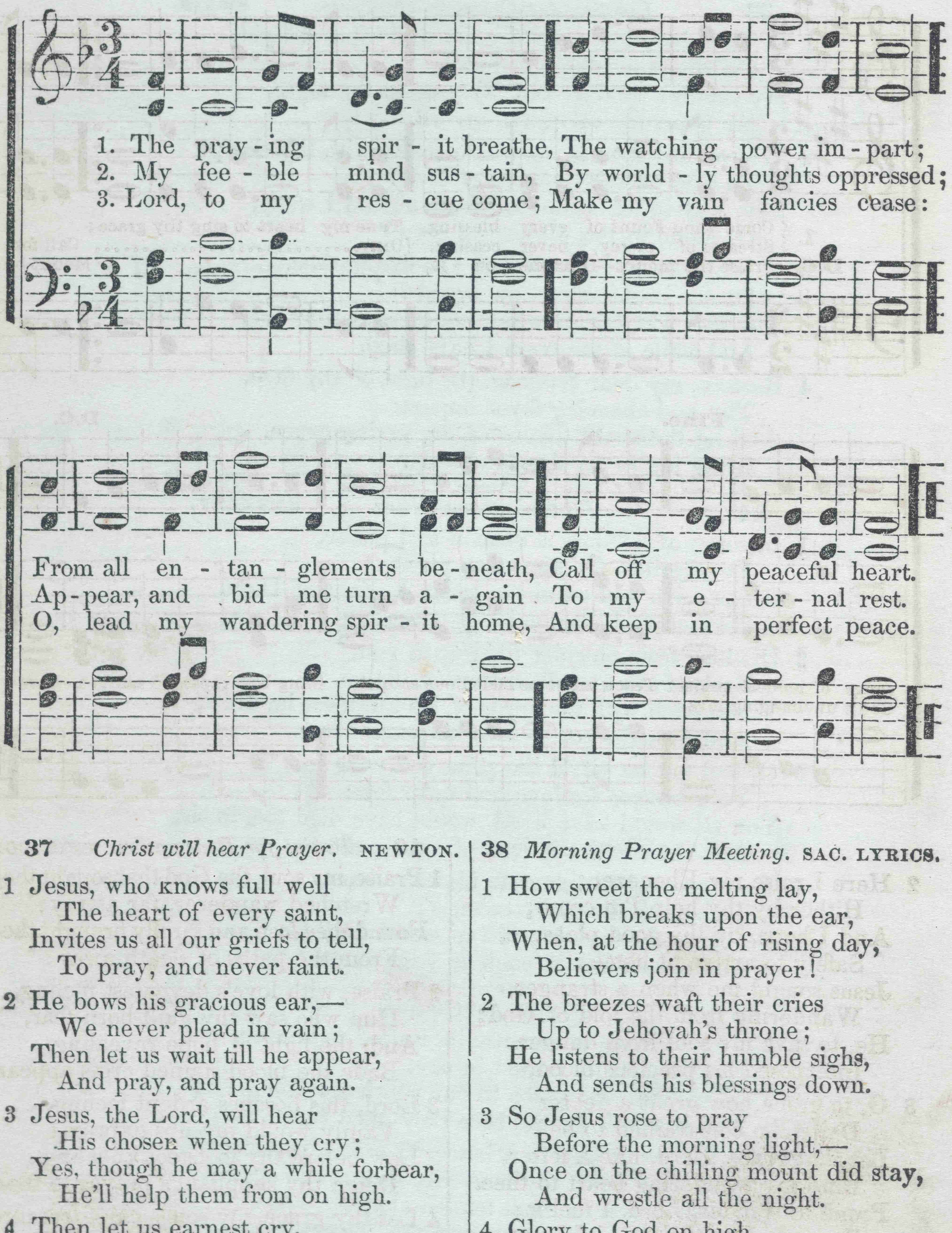
35 *Prayer for Colleges.*

1 Let pure clouds of incense be wafted to heaven,
From hearts all united in one,
That wisdom and grace to our youth may be given,
And strength for the race they must run.

2 O'er the green hills of science, O Spirit, preside,
And send down thy heavenly showers;
Let holiest dew on each tendril abide,
And nourish the germs and the flowers.

3 From the youth of our country shall armies arise,
The Gospel of Peace to proclaim,
O'er the land and the sea the glad message that flies,
Shall echo Immanuel's name.

GOLDEN HILL. S. M. A WESTERN TUNE.



37 *Christ will hear Prayer.* NEWTON.

1 Jesus, who knows full well
The heart of every saint,
Invites us all our griefs to tell,
To pray, and never faint.

2 He bows his gracious ear,—
We never plead in vain;
Then let us wait till he appear,
And pray, and pray again.

3 Jesus, the Lord, will hear
His chosen when they cry;
Yes, though he may a while forbear,
He'll help them from on high.

4 Then let us earnest cry,
And never faint in prayer;
He sees, he hears, and, from on high,
Will make our cause his care.

38 *Morning Prayer Meeting.* SAC. LYRICS.

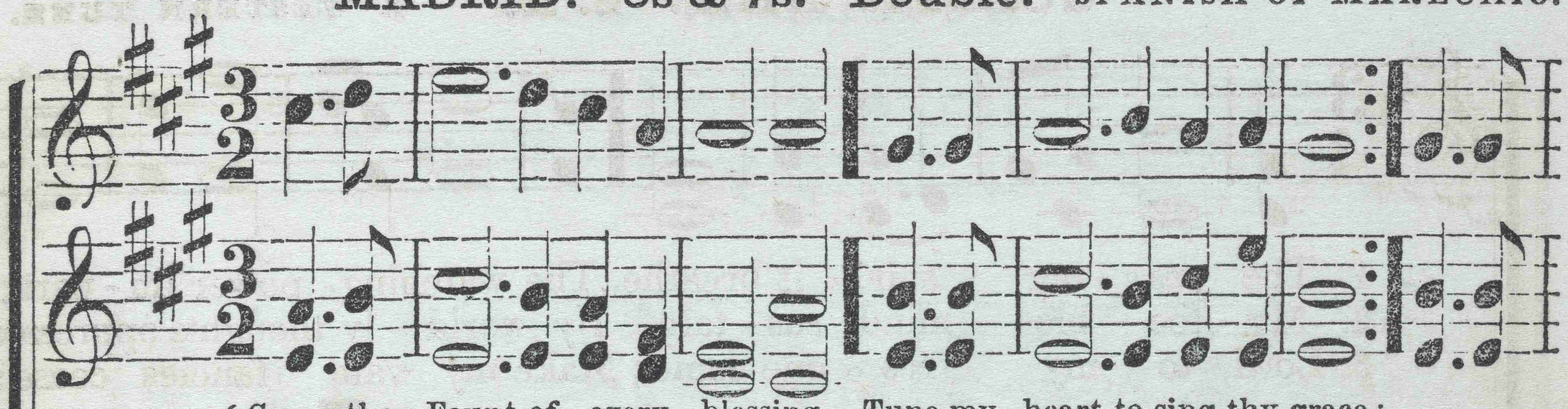
1 How sweet the melting lay,
Which breaks upon the ear,
When, at the hour of rising day,
Believers join in prayer!

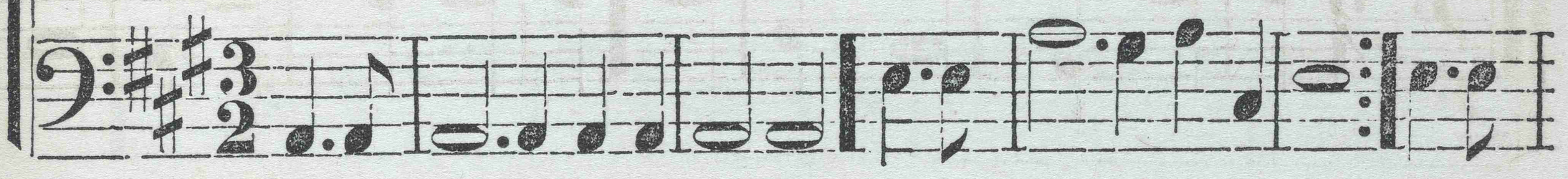
2 The breezes waft their cries
Up to Jehovah's throne;
He listens to their humble sighs,
And sends his blessings down.

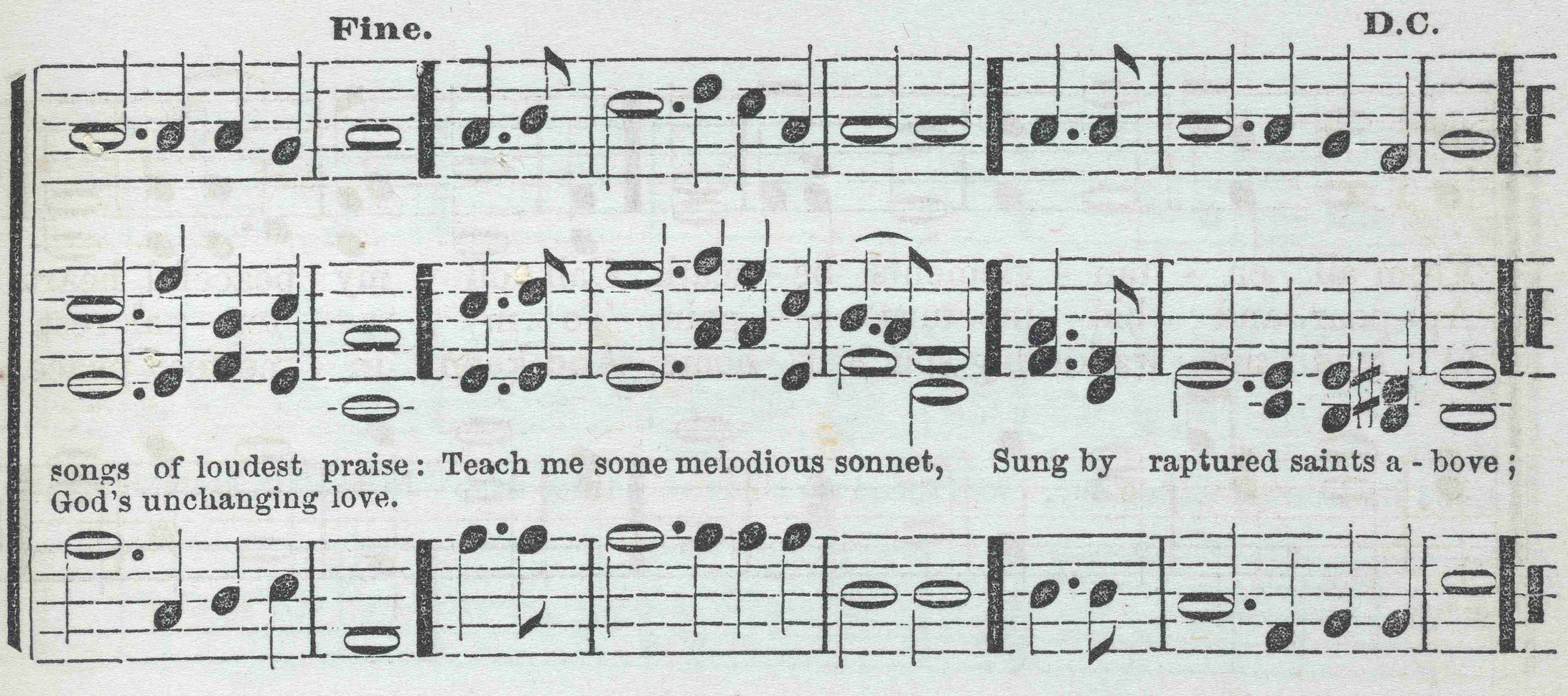
3 So Jesus rose to pray
Before the morning light,—
Once on the chilling mount did stay,
And wrestle all the night.

4 Glory to God on high,
Who sends his blessings down
To rescue souls condemned to die,
And make his people one.

MADRID. 8s & 7s. Double. SPANISH OF MARECHIO.







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

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

ROBINSON.

40 *Praise for Redemption.* EPIS. COL.

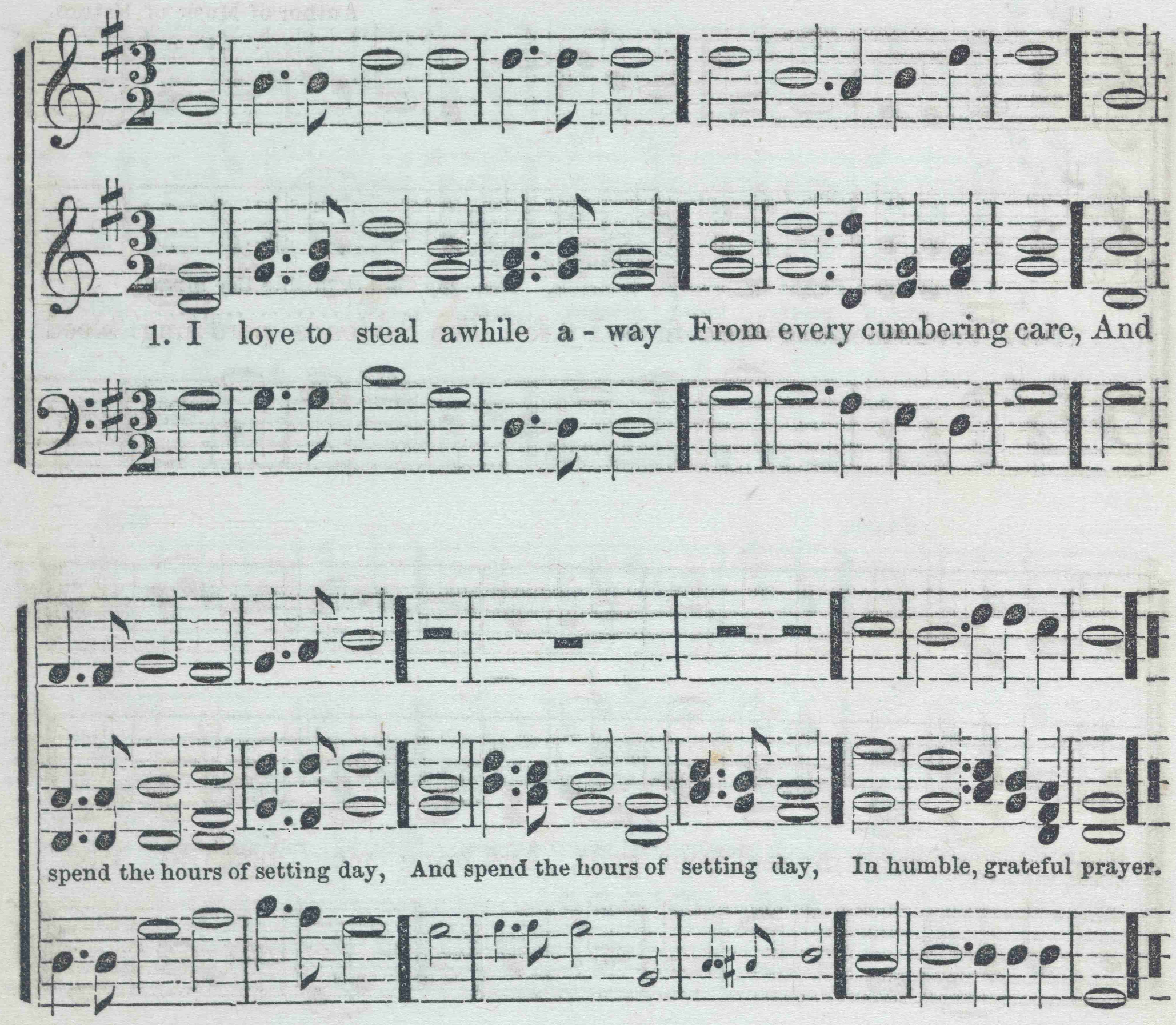
1 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,
Wretched wanderer, far astray;
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee,
From the paths of death away:

2 Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stained cross appear.

3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling,
Vainly would my lips express:
Low before thy footstool kneeling,
Deign thy suppliant's prayer to bless.

4 Let thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise!
And, since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth thy praise!

WOODLAND. C. M. N. D. GOULD.



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

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

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

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

MRS. BROWN.

42 *The Hour of Prayer.* HOWE'S COL.

1 The hour of prayer once more is come,
And here again we meet;
Thanks to the Lord, there yet is room
To bow at Jesus' feet.

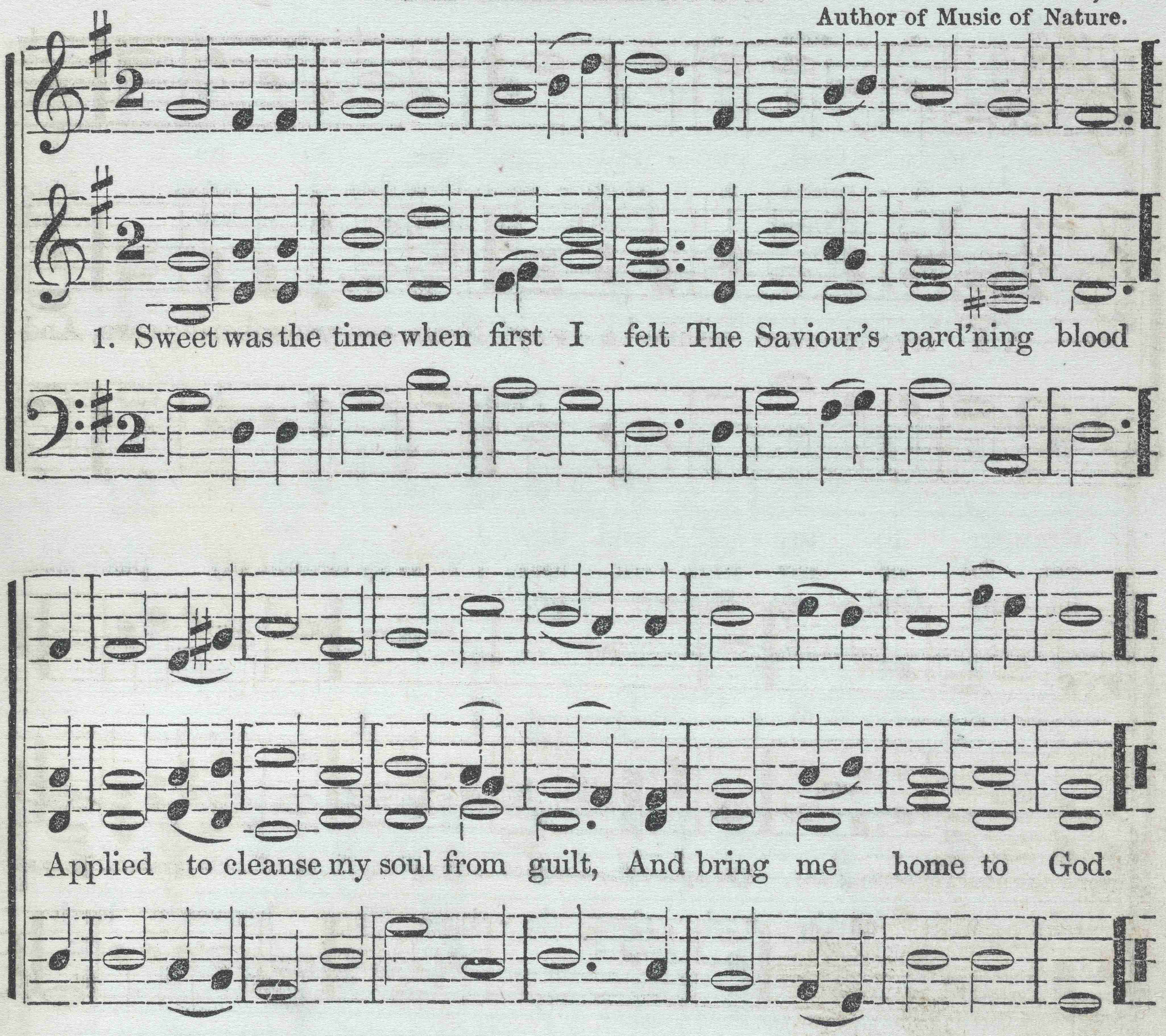
2 By faith in prayer before thee, Lord,
Help us to spread our case;
And to our waiting souls afford
Some tokens of thy grace.

3 The helpless, poor, and needy soul,
The tempted and distressed, [whole,
Dear Lord, relieve! O Lord, make
And calm each troubled breast.

4 The faith and hope, the joy and love,
Of all thy saints increase;
Hardness and blindness, Lord, remove
And fill our hearts with peace.

DEDHAM. C. M.

WM. GARDINER,
Author of Music of Nature.



44 *Christ came to give Life.*—John iii. 16, 17.

2 Soon as the morn the light revealed,
His praises tuned my tongue;
And when the evening shades prevail'd,
His love was all my song.

3 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine;
And when I read his holy word,
I called each promise mine.

4 But now, when evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

5 Rise, Lord, and help me to prevail;
O make my soul thy care;
I know thy mercy cannot fail;—
Let me that mercy share. NEWTON.

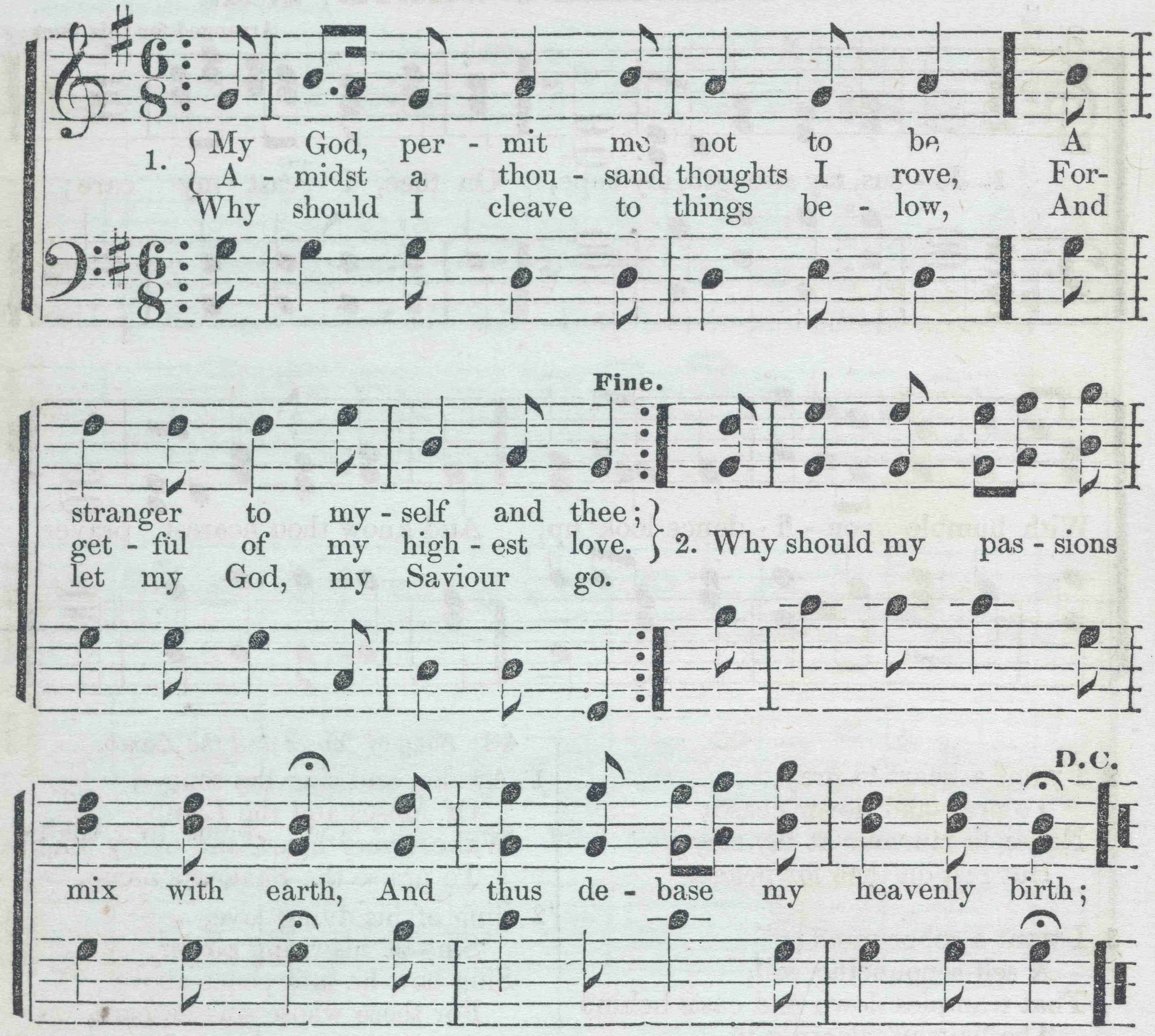
1 Come, happy souls, approach your God
With new melodious songs;
Come, render to Almighty grace
The tribute of your tongues.

2 The hands of Jesus were not armed
With an avenging rod,
Some dread commission to perform
From an offended God.

3 So strange, so boundless was his love
To guilty, dying men,
The Father sent his equal Son,
To give them life again.

4 Ye sinners, come and heal your wounds,
And let your tears be dry;
Trust in the mighty Saviour's name,
And you shall never die. WATTS.

HOLDEN. L. M.



3

Call me away from flesh and sense;
One sov'reign word can draw me thence:
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

4

Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn;
Let noise and vanity begone:
In secret silence of the mind
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

WATTS.

---

46 *The Mercy-Seat.* STOWELL.

1

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

2

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

3

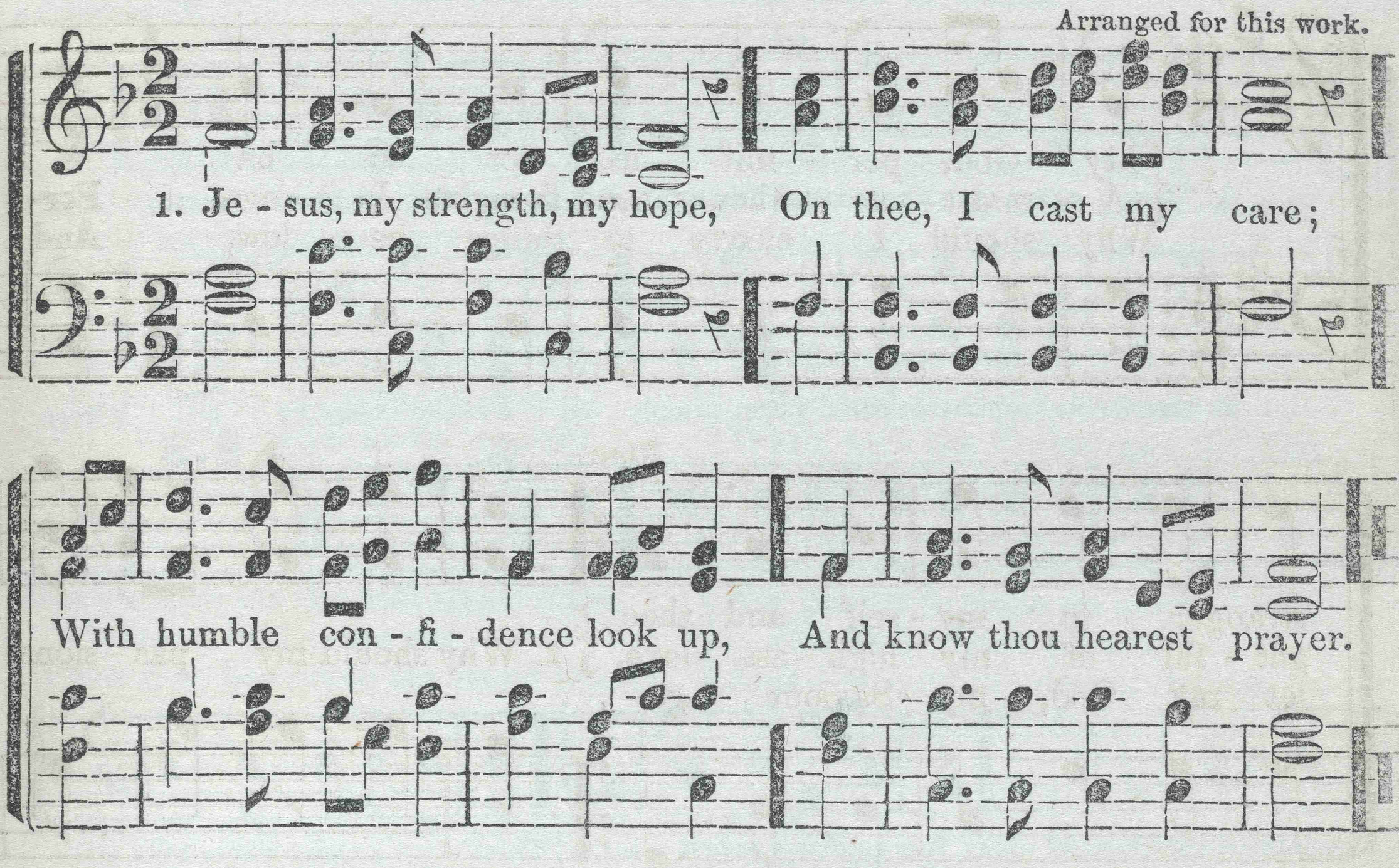
There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far—by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4

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

THE CHRISTIAN'S WANTS. S. M.

Arranged for this work.



2 I want a heart to pray,
To pray and never cease;
Never to murmur at thy stay,
But rest on thee for peace.

3 I want a sober mind;
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill.

4 I want a godly fear,
A quick, discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly.

5 I want a just concern
For thine immortal praise;
A pure desire that all may learn,
And glorify thy grace.

6 I want, I know not what,
I want my wants to see;
I want — alas! what want I not,
When thou art not with me?

48 *Song of Moses and the Lamb.*

1 Awake, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake, every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

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

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

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

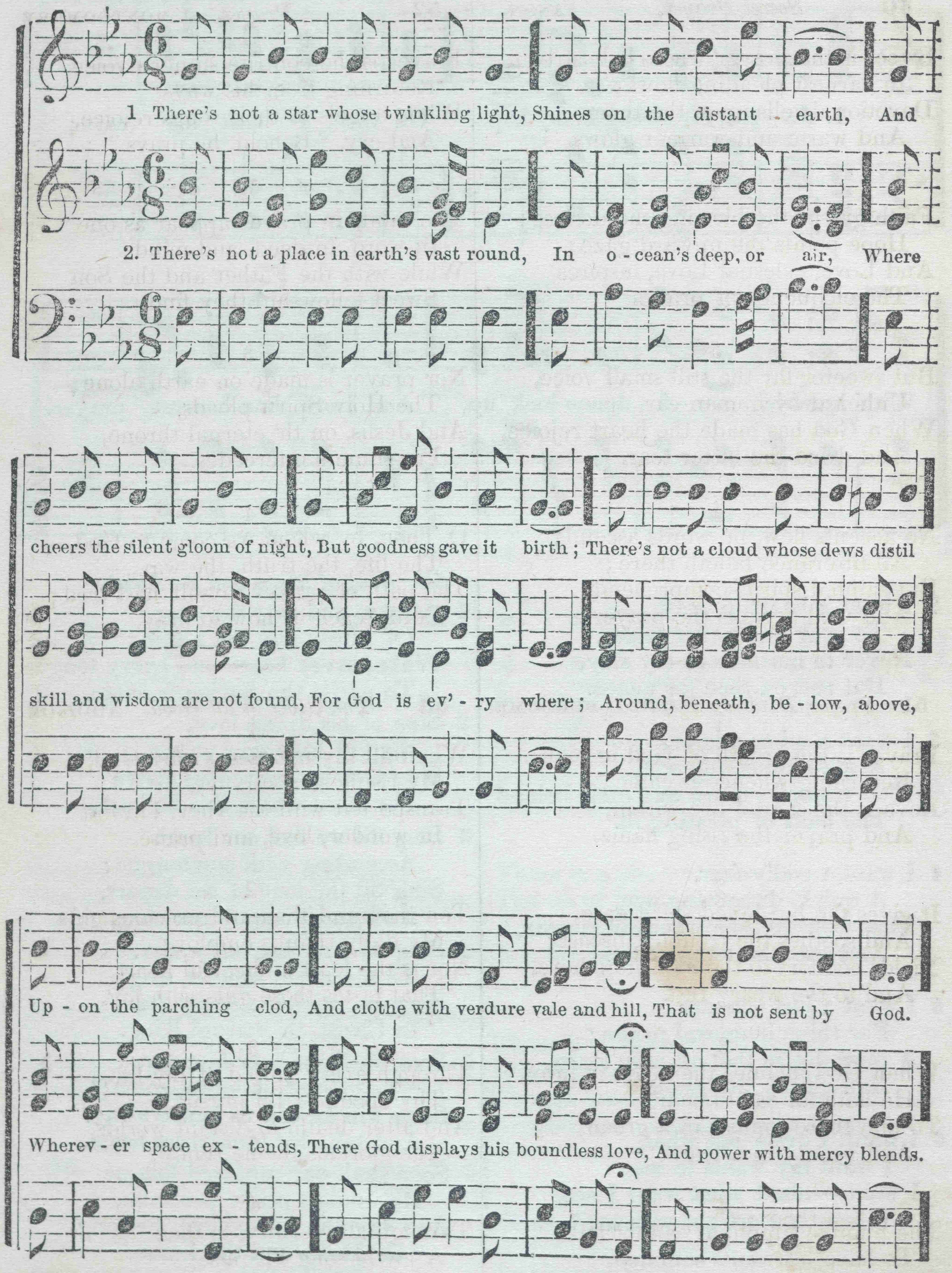
5 Soon shall we hear him say,
"Ye blessed children, come;"
Soon will he call us hence away,
And take his wanderers home.

6 Soon shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim,
And sweeter voices tune the song
"Of Moses and the Lamb."

HAMMOND.

THERE'S NOT A STAR. C. M. Double.

A. Vocalist.
By permission



HYMNS FOR "THERE'S NOT A STAR."

50 *Secret Prayer.* ANON.

1

Sweet is the prayer whose holy stream
In earnest pleading flows;
Devotion dwells upon the theme,
And warm and warmer glows.

2

Faith grasps the blessing she desires;
Hope points the upward gaze;
And Love, celestial Love, inspires
The eloquence of praise.

3

But sweeter far the still small voice,
Unheard by human ear,
When God has made the heart rejoice,
And dried the bitter tear.

4

No accents flow, no words ascend;
All utterance faileth there;
But sainted spirits comprehend,
And God accepts the prayer!

---

51 *Prayer Divinely Inspired.* BEDDOME.

1

Prayer is the breath of God in man
Returning whence it came;
Love is the sacred fire within,
And prayer the rising flame.

2

It gives the burdened spirit ease,
And soothes the troubled breast;
Yields comfort to the mourners here,
And to the weary rest.

3

When God inclines the heart to pray,
He hath an ear to hear;
To him there's music in a groan,
And beauty in a tear.

4

The humble suppliant cannot fail
To have his wants supplied,
Since he for sinners intercedes,
Who once for sinners died.

52 *Prayer.* MONTGOMERY

1

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold, he prays."

2

The saints in prayer appear as one
In word, in deed, and mind;
While with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find.

3

Nor prayer is made on earth alone;
The Holy Spirit pleads,
And Jesus, on th' eternal throne,
For sinners intercedes.

4

O Thou, by whom we come to God,—
The life, the truth, the way,—
The path of prayer thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray.

---

53 *The Giver of all Good.* ADDISON

1

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

2

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

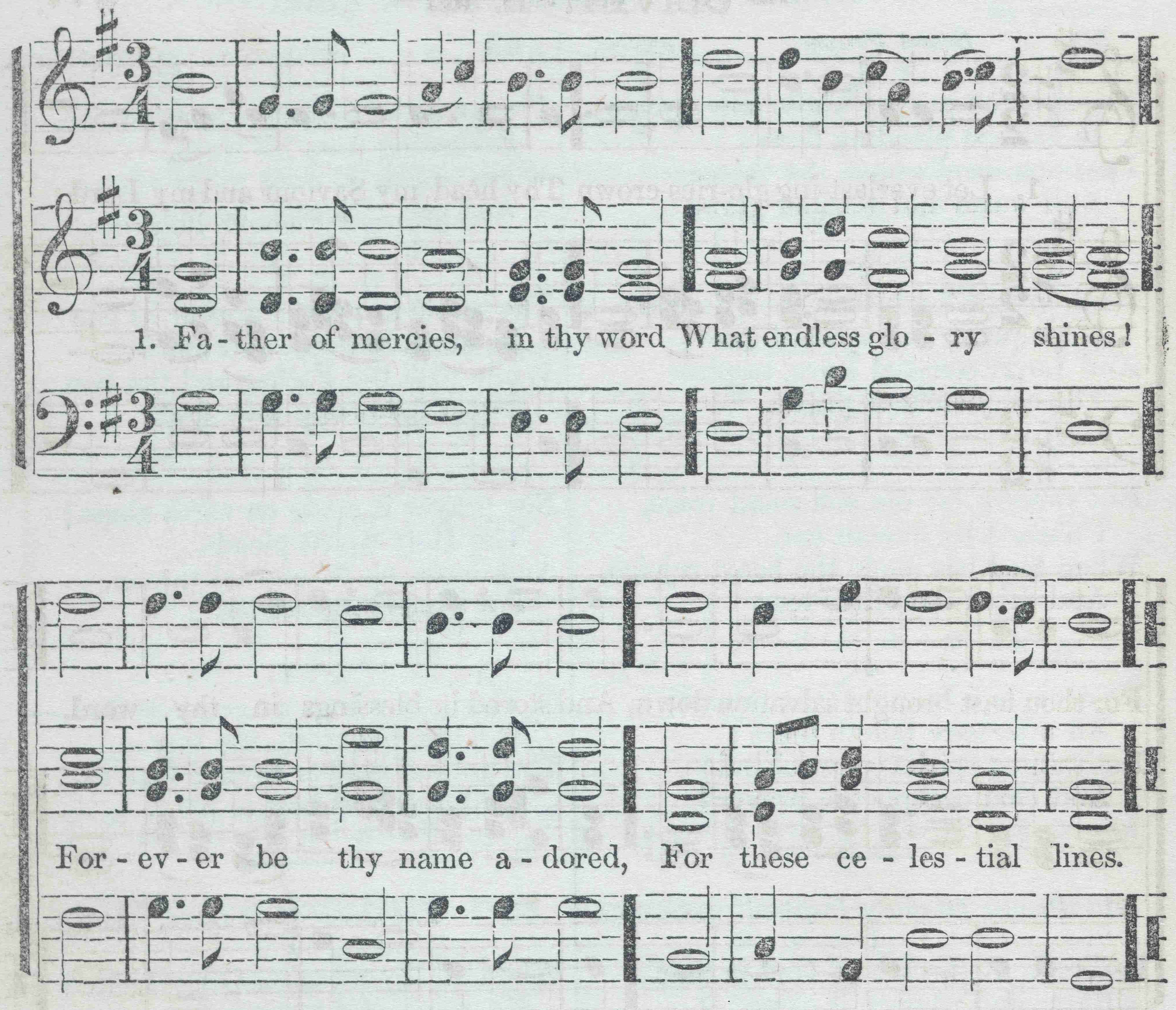
3

Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

4

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

ARLINGTON. C. M. DR. ARNE.



2 'Tis here the tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast;
Here purer sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.

3 'Tis here the Saviour's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life, and everlasting joys,
Attend the blissful sound.

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

5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou forever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour here.

STEELE.

55 *The Bible the Light of the World.*

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

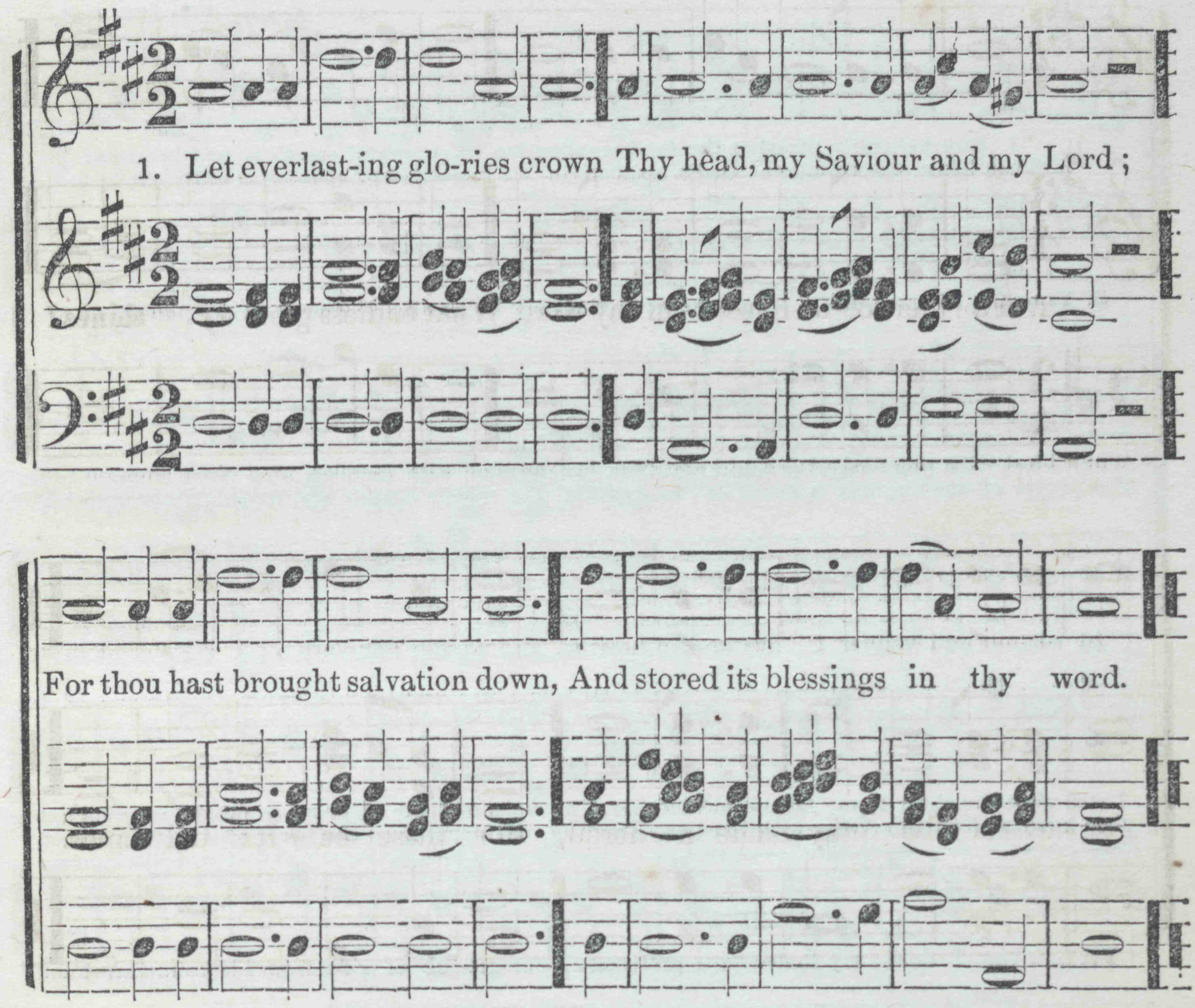
2 The power that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat:
Its truths upon the nations rise;
They rise, but never set.

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

4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

COWPER.

OLIVET. L. M. w**.



57 *The Bible a delight.* KELLY.

1
I love the sacred book of God;
No other can its place supply:
It points me to the saints' abode,
It gives me wings, and bids me fly

2
Sweet book! in thee my eyes discern
The image of my absent Lord:
From thine instructive page I learn
The joys his presence will afford

3
But while I'm here, thou shalt supply
His place, and tell me of his love:
I'll read with faith's discerning eye,
And thus partake of joys above.

2
In vain the trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon;
With deep despair the spirit breaks,
Till we apply to Christ alone.

3
How well thy blessed truths agree!
How wise and holy thy commands!
Thy promises, how large and free!
Firm on this ground our comfort stands.

4
Should all the schemes that men devise
Assault my faith with treacherous art;
I'd count them vanity and lies,
And bind the gospel to my heart.

THE FAMILY BIBLE. 12s & 11s.

Arranged for this work

1. How painfully pleasing the fond recollection Of youthful emotions and innocent joy,
2. That Bible, the volume of God's inspiration, At morn and at evening could yield us delight;
3. Ye scenes of tranquility, long have we parted, My hopes almost gone, and my parents no more;

When blest with parental advice and affection, Surrounded with mercies, with peace from on high.
The prayer of our sire was a sweet in - vo - cation, For mercy by day and for safety through night.

In sorrow and sadness I live broken-hearted, And wander unknown on a far distant shore.

I still view the chair of my father and mother, The seats of their offspring as ranged on each hand.
Our hymns of thanksgiving with harmony swelling, All warm from the heart of a fami - ly band,

Yet how can I doubt my Redeemer's protection, For-get-ful of gifts from his bountiful hand?

And that richest book which excels every other, The fam-i - ly Bible, which lay on the stand.
Half raised us from earth to that rapturous dwelling Described in the Bible that lay on the stand.

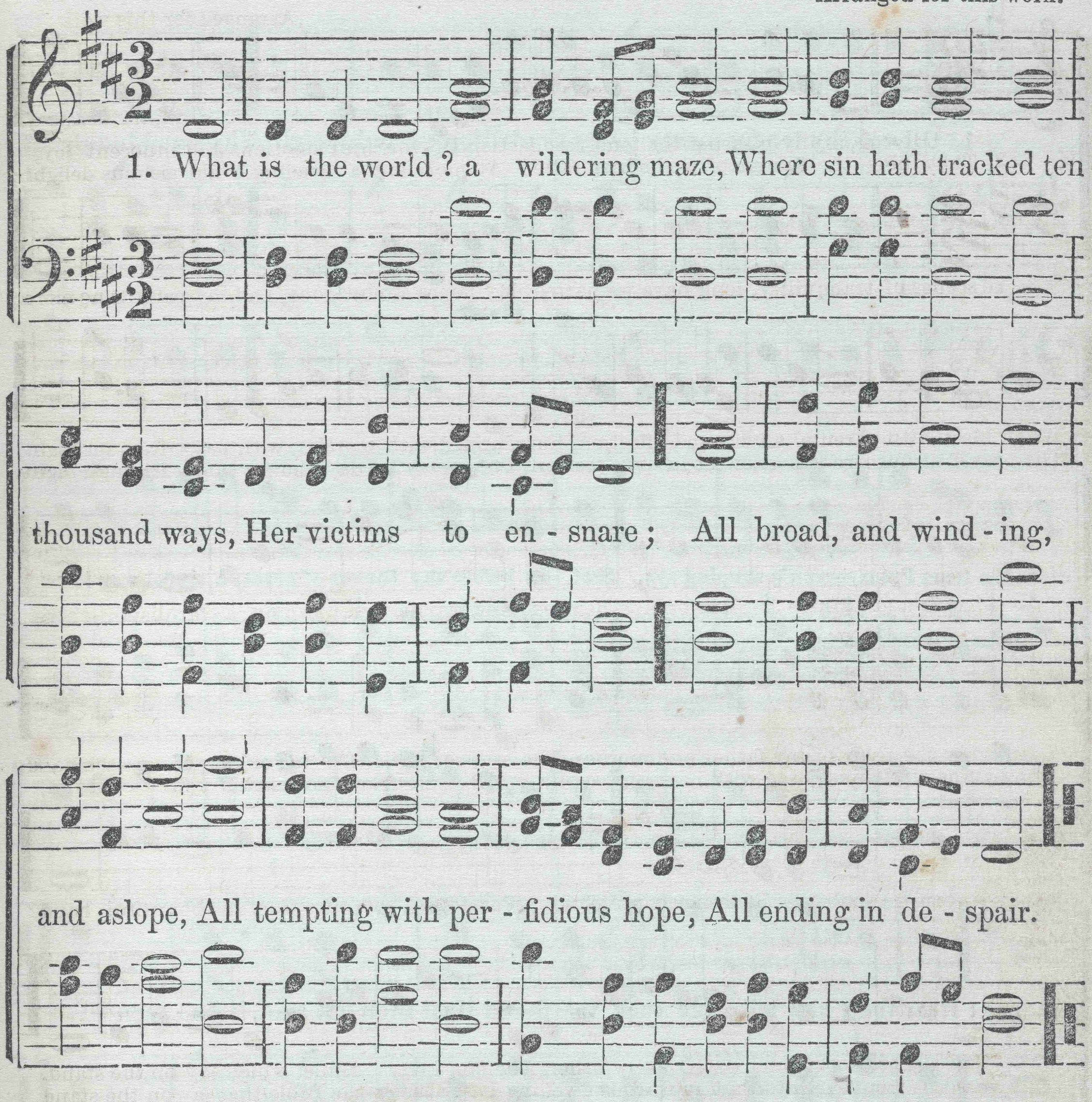
O, let me, with patience, receive his correction, And think of the Bible that lay on the stand.

Chorus.

The old-fashioned Bible, the dear blessed Bi-ble, The fam-i - ly Bible, that lay on the stand.

WORCESTER. C. P. M.

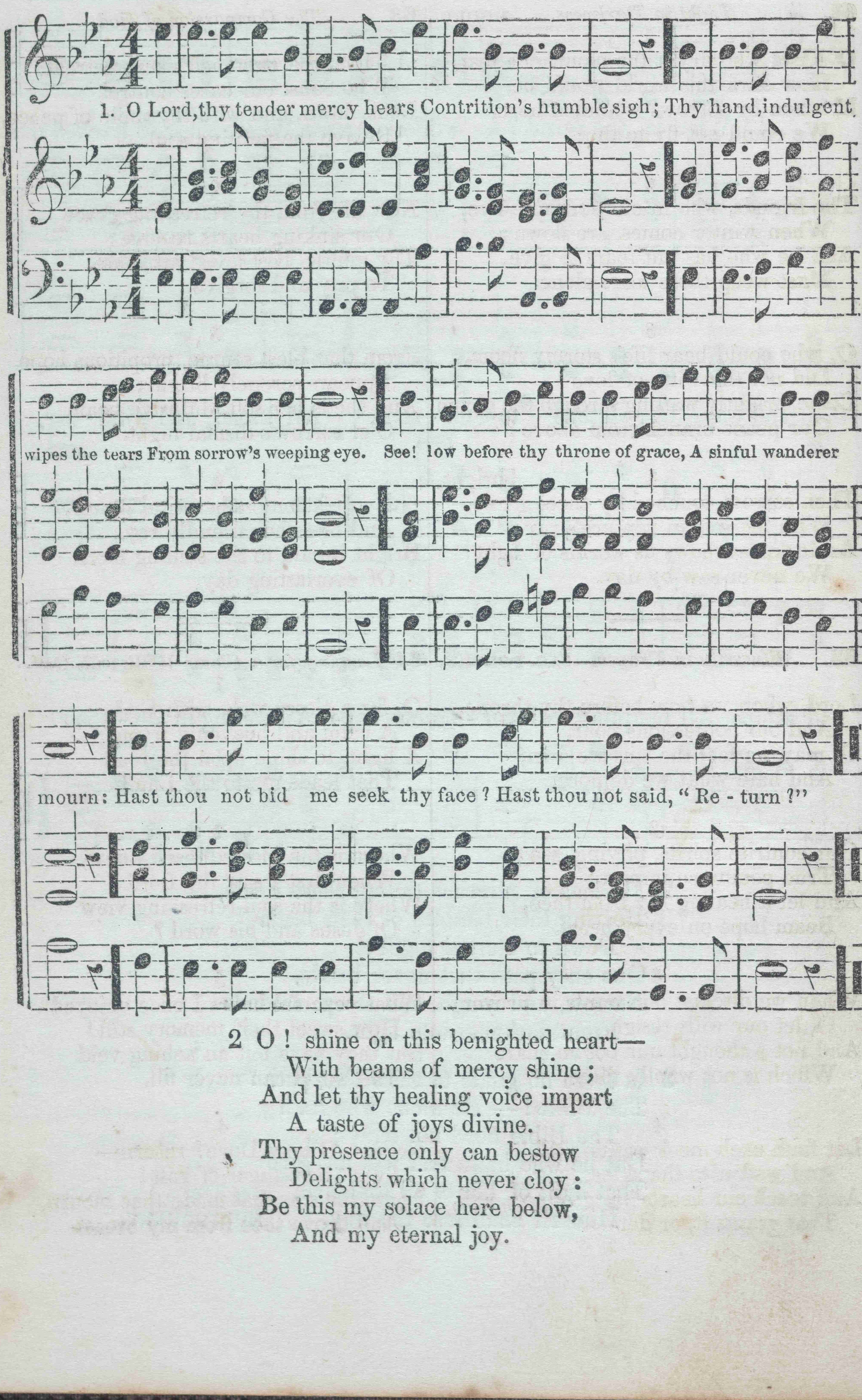
Arranged for this work.



2 Millions of pilgrims throng these roads,
Bearing their baubles or their loads
Down to eternal night:
One only path that never bends,
Narrow, and rough, and steep, ascends
From darkness into light.

3 Is there no guide to show that path?
The Bible! — He alone who hath
The Bible need not stray;
But he who hath, and will not give
That light of life to all that live,
Himself shall lose the way. MONTGOMERY.

HUMILITY. C. M.



2 O! shine on this benighted heart—
With beams of mercy shine;
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine.
Thy presence only can bestow
Delights which never cloy:
Be this my solace here below,
And my eternal joy.

HYMNS FOR "HUMILITY."

61 *Light in Darkness.* MOORE.

1

O Thou who dry'st the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when by sorrows wounded here,
We could not fly to thee!

2

The friends, who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes, are flown;
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.

3

O, who could bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come, brightly wafting through the gloom
Our peace-branch from above?

4

Then sorrow, touched by thee, grows [bright,
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

---

62 *Sincerity in Prayer.* SAC. POETRY.

1

Lord, when we bow before thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
O, may we feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.

2

Our contrite spirits, pitying, see;
True penitence impart;
And let a healing ray from thee,
Beam hope on every heart.

3

When we disclose our wants in prayer,
O, let our wills resign,
And not a thought our bosom share
Which is not wholly thine.

4

Let faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies,
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness, still,
That grants it, or denies.

5

63 *The Compassion of God.*

1

O Thou, the wretched's sure retreat,
Who canst our cares control,
Look down, and with thy smile of peace,
Revive the fainting soul.

2

New life from thy refreshing grace
Our sinking hearts receive;
Thy gentle, best-loved attribute,
To pity and forgive.

3

From that blest source, propitious hope
Appears serenely bright;
And sheds her soft, diffusive beam
O'er sorrow's dismal night.

4

Our griefs confess her vital power,
And bless her friendly ray;
Bright herald to the smiling morn
Of everlasting day.

---

64 *Longing for a Closer Walk with God.*

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 enjoyed
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4

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

TURNER. C. M. MAXIM.

1. Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove With all thy quick'ning powers.

Kin-

Kindle a flame of

Kindle a flame of sacred love, In these cold

Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In

dle a flame of sa - cred love, Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In

sa - - - cred love In these cold hearts of ours, In

hearts..... of ours, Kindle a flame of sacred love In these cold hearts of ours.

these cold hearts of ours, Kindle a flame of sacred love In these cold hearts of ours.

these cold hearts of ours, Kindle a flame of sacred love In these cold hearts of ours.

HYMNS FOR "TURNER."

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

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

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

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

---

66 *Reviving Spirit.* PRATT'S COLL.

1
Eternal Spirit, God of truth,
Our contrite hearts inspire;
Revive the flame of heavenly love,
And feed the pure desire.

2
'Tis thine to soothe the sorrowing mind,
With guilt and fear oppressed;
'Tis thine to bid the dying live,
And give the weary rest.

3
Suhdue the power of every sin,
Whate'er that sin may be,
That we, with humble, holy heart,
May worship only thee.

4
Then with our spirits witness bear
That we are sons of God,
Redeemed from sin, from death, and hell,
Through Christ's atoning blood.

67 *The Spirit's Presence desired.* REED.

1
Spirit divine, attend our prayer,
Now make this place thy home;
Descend, with all thy gracious power;
O come, great Spirit, come!

2
Come as the light; to us reveal
Our sinfulness and woe;
And lead us in the paths of life,
Where all the righteous go.

3
Come as the fire, and purge our hearts
Like sacrificial flame;
Let every soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.

4
Come as a dove, and spread thy wings,—
The wings of peaceful love,—
And let the church on earth become
Blest as the church above.

---

68 *The Holy Spirit grieved.*

1
The God of grace will never leave
Or cast away his own;
And yet, when we his Spirit grieve,
His comforts are withdrawn.

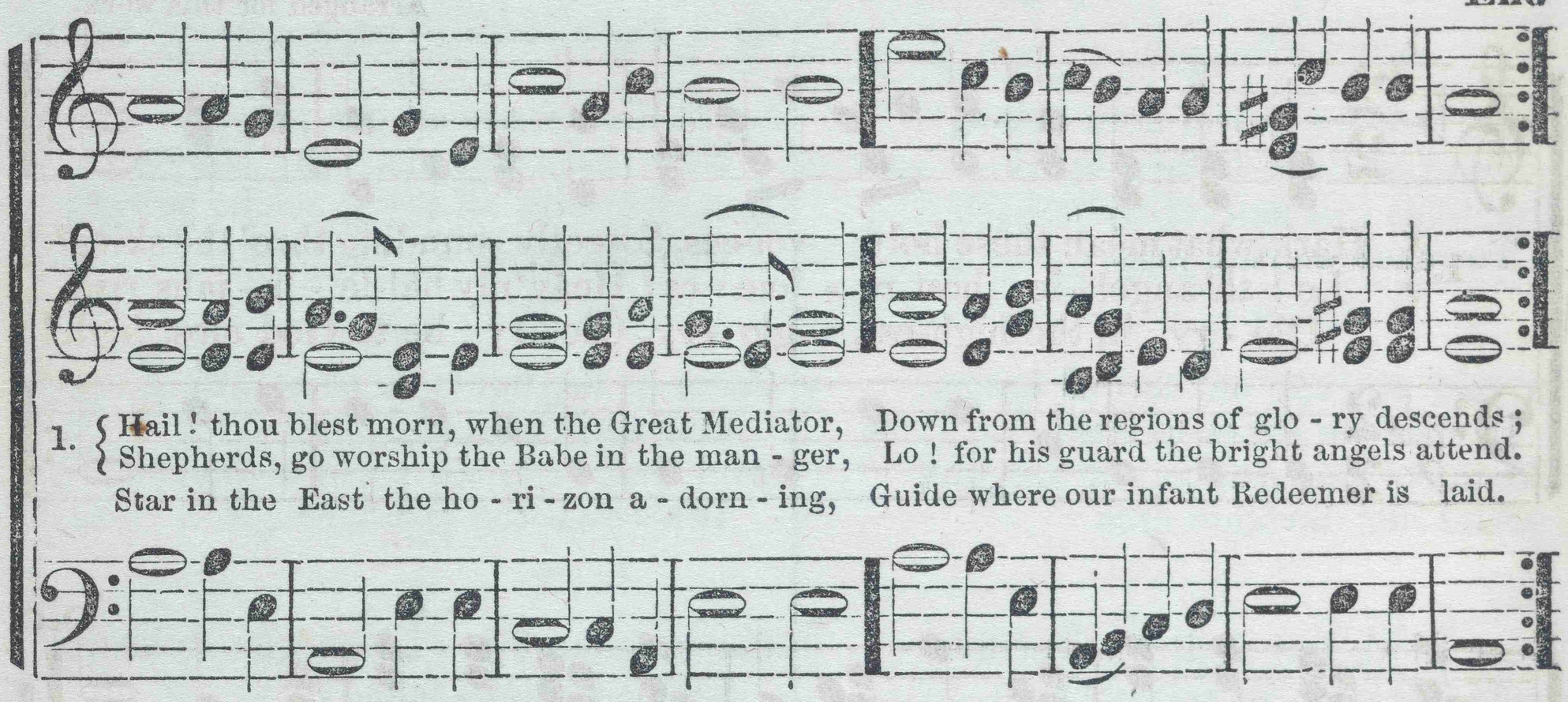
2
If noisy war, or strife, abound,
We grieve the peaceful Dove;
His gracious aid is ever found
In paths of truth and love.

3
Should we indulge one secret sin,
Or disregard his laws,
His succors and support, within,
The Spirit, vexed, withdraws.

4
Forbid it, gracious Lord, that we,
Who, from thy hand, receive
The Spirit's power to make us free,
Should e'er that Spirit grieve.

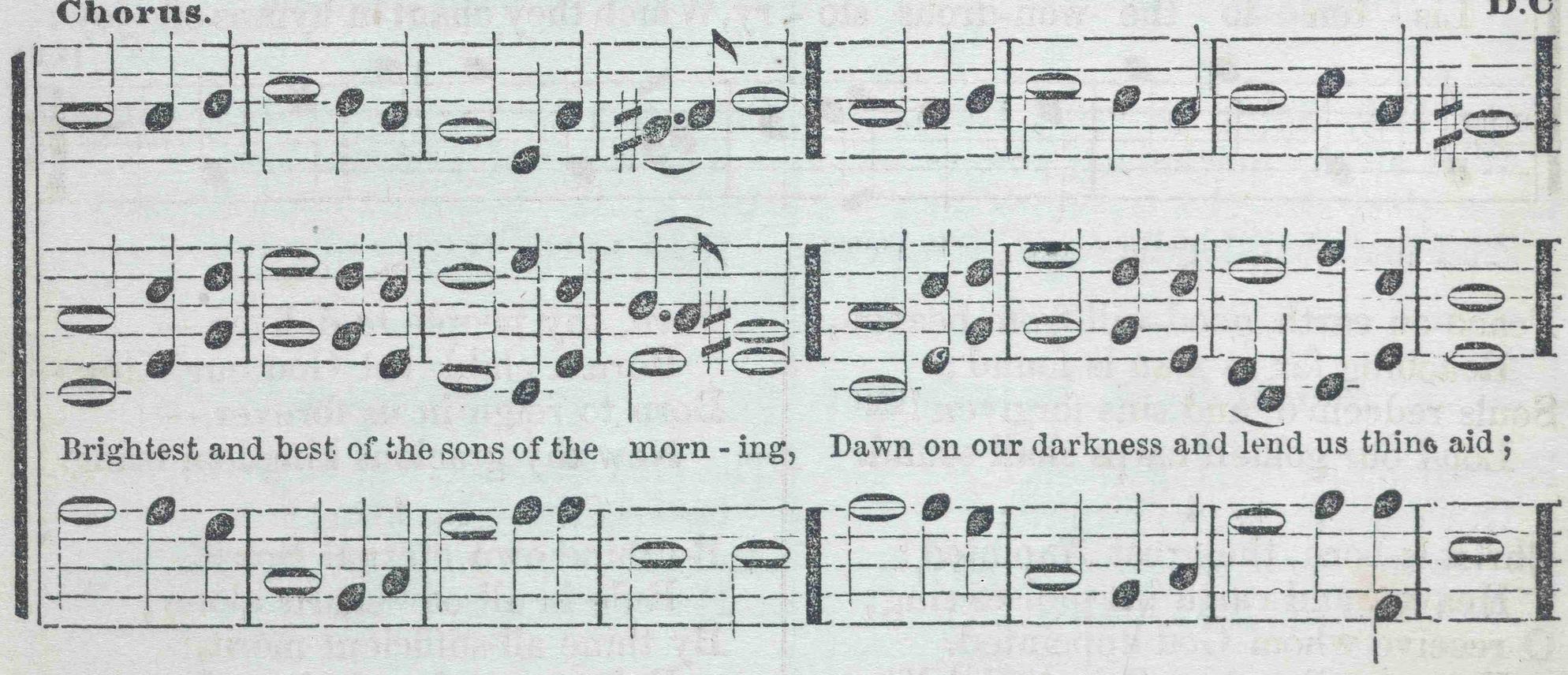
STAR IN THE EAST. 10s & 11s.

End



1. { Hail! thou blest morn, when the Great Mediator, Down from the regions of glo - ry descends;
   { Shepherds, go worship the Babe in the man - ger, Lo! for his guard the bright angels attend.
   Star in the East the ho - ri - zon a - dorn - ing, Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Chorus. D.C



Brightest and best of the sons of the morn - ing, Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;

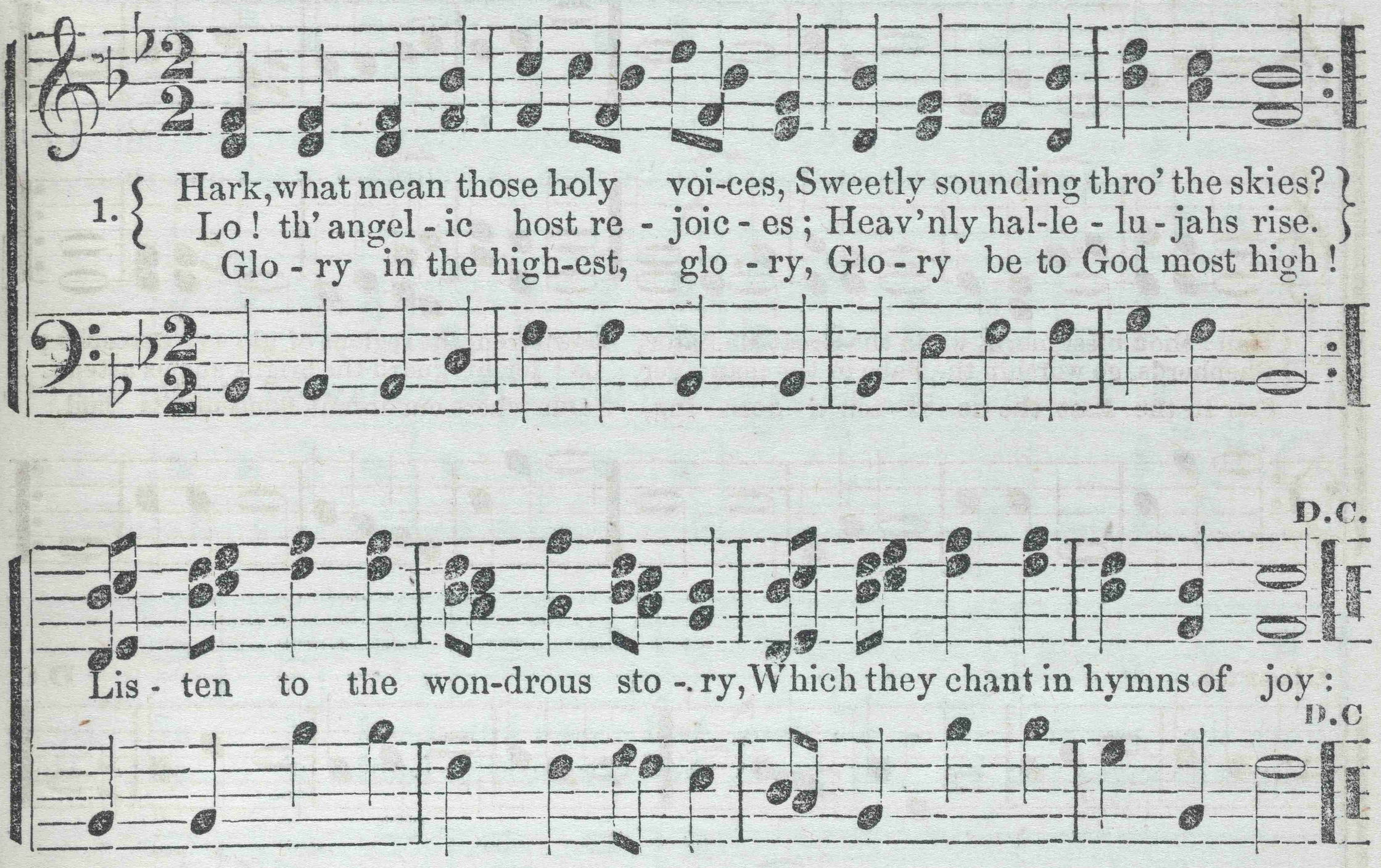
2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him in slumbers reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

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

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

ADVENT. 8s & 7s.

Arranged for this work.



3

Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeem'd, and sins forgiven!—
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4

Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth his praises sing;
O receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

5

Hasten, mortals, to adore him;
Learn his name, and taste his joy;
Till in heaven ye sing before him,—
Glory be to God most high!

---

71. *Christ the Saviour born.* EPIS. COLL.

1

Hail thou long expected Jesus!
Born to set thy people free;
From our sins and fears release us;
Let us find our rest in thee.

2

Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the saints thou art;
Long-desired of every nation,
Joy of every waiting heart.

3

Born, thy people to deliver,—
Born a child. yet God our King,—
Born to reign in us forever,—
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.

4

By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

---

72. *Glory to the Lamb.*

1

Hark! the notes of angels, singing
Glory, glory to the Lamb!
All in heaven their tribute bringing,
Raising high the Saviour's name.

2

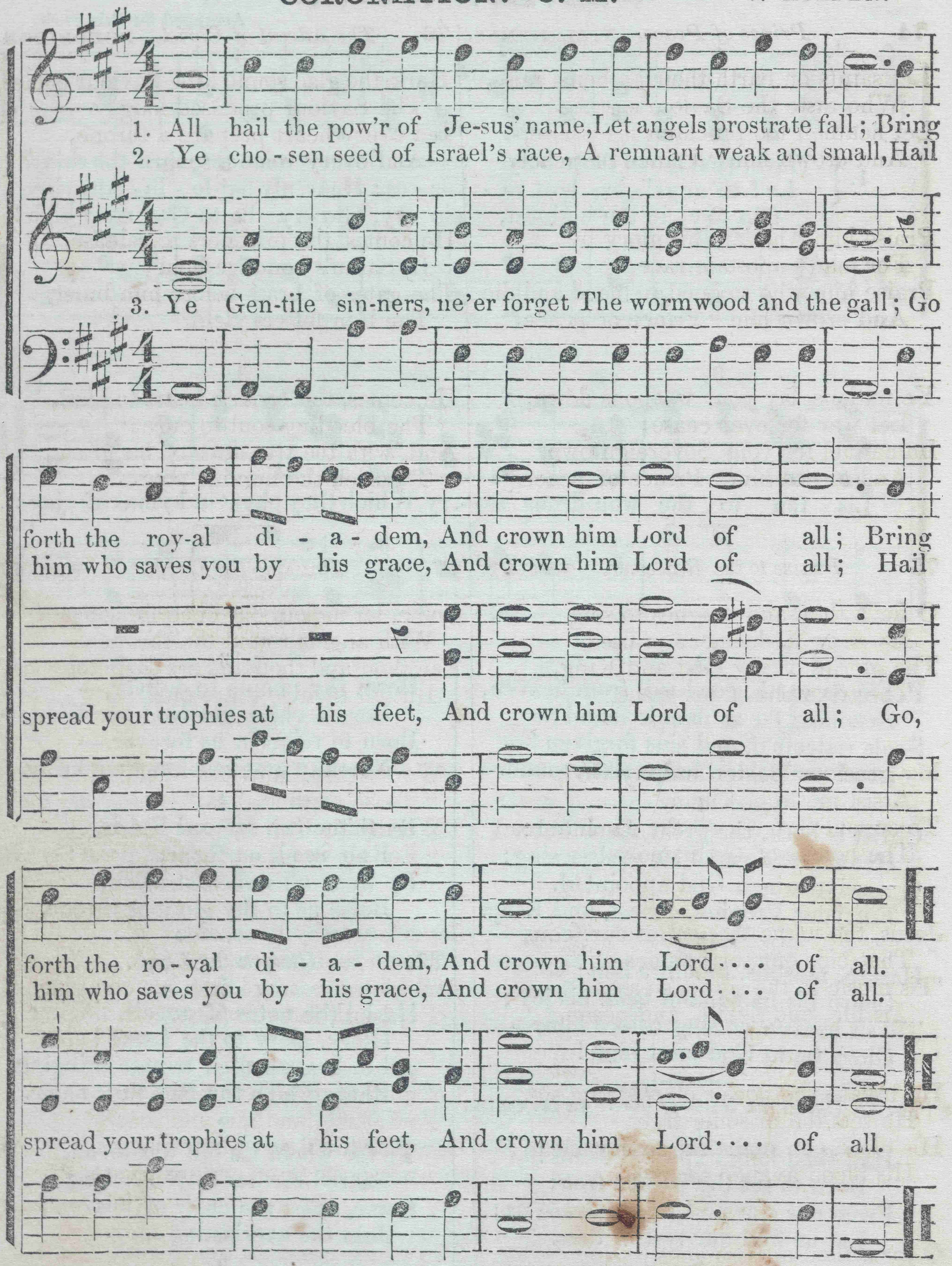
Ye for whom his life was given,
Sacred themes to you belong:
Come, assist the choir of heaven;
Join the everlasting song.

3

Endless life in him possessing,
Let us praise his precious name;
Glory, honor, power, and blessing,
Be forever to the Lamb.

CORONATION. C. M.

O. HOLDEN.



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.

HYMNS FOR "CORONATION."

74 *Prince of Peace.* VILL. HYMNS.

1
Let saints on earth their anthems raise,
Who taste the Saviour's grace;
Let heathen too proclaim his praise,
And crown him "Prince of peace."

2
Praise him who laid his glory by
For man's apostate race;
Praise him who stooped to bleed and die,
And crown him "Prince of peace."

3
Ye nations, lay your weapons down,
Let war for ever cease;
Immanuel for your Sovereign own,
And crown him "Prince of peace."

---

75 *Praise to the Redeemer.* WESLEY.

1
O for a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.

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

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

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

5
O for a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.

76 *The Advent of Christ.* DODDRIDGE.

1
Hark, the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long:
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2
He comes, the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3
He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And, with the treasures of his grace,
T' enrich the humble poor.

---

77 *Praising the Lamb.* WATTS.

1
Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2
"Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus;"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For he was slain for us."

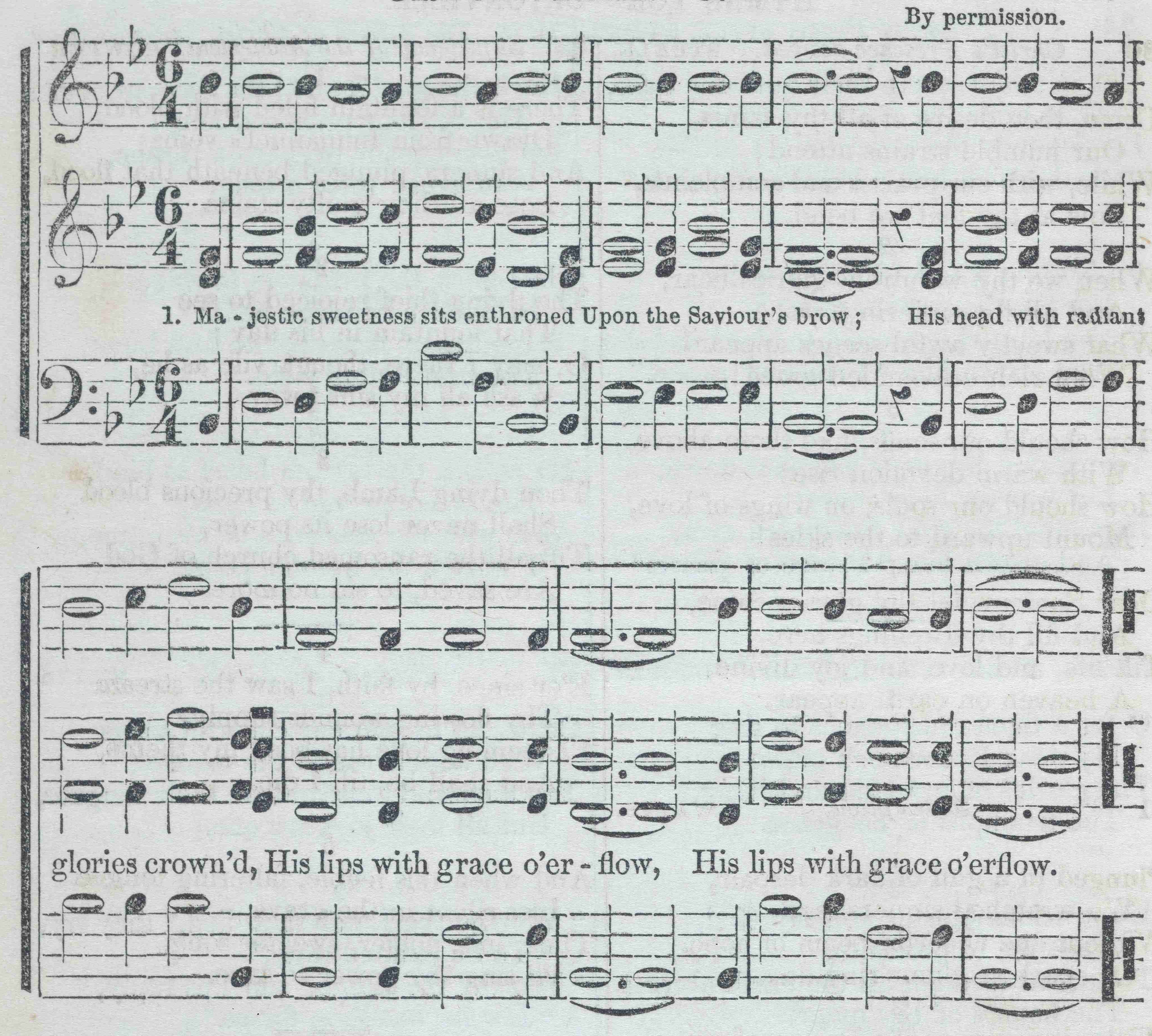
3
Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.

4
Let all that dwell above the sky,
And earth, and air, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

5
The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

ORTONVILLE. C. M.

DR. T. HASTINGS.
By permission.



2 No mortal can with him compare
Among the sons of men:
Fairer is He than all the fair
Who fill the heavenly train.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
And flew for my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

4 To him I owe my life, and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

5 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they would all be thine.

STENNETT.

79 *This Life a Pilgrimage.* WATTS.

1 Lord, what a wretched land is this,
That yields us no supply,
No cheering fruits, no wholesome trees,
No streams of living joy?

2 Our journey is a thorny maze;
But we march upward still;
Forget these troubles of the ways,
And reach at Zion's hill.

3 There, on a green and flowery mount
Our weary souls shall sit—
And with transporting joy recount
The labors of our feet.

4 Eternal glory to the King,
Whose hand conducts us through;
Our tongues shall never cease to sing
And endless praise renew.

HYMNS FOR "ORTONVILLE."

80 *Christ's Presence desired.* STEELE.

1
Come, thou desire of all thy saints,
Our humble strains attend;
While, with our praises and complaints,
Low at thy feet we bend.

2
When we thy wondrous glories hear,
And all thy sufferings trace,
What sweetly awful scenes appear!
What rich unbounded grace!

3
How should our songs, like those above,
With warm devotion rise!
How should our souls, on wings of love,
Mount upward to the skies!

4
Dear Saviour, let thy glories shine,
And fill thy dwellings here,
Till life, and love, and joy divine,
A heaven on earth appear.

---

81 *Redemption.* WATTS.

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

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

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

4
He spoiled the powers of darkness thus,
And brake our iron chains;
Jesus has freed our captive souls
From everlasting pains.

5
Oh, for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

82 *Sufficiency of the Atonement.* COWPER.

1
There is a fountain filled 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;
O, may I there, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

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

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

5
And when this feeble, faltering tongue
Lies silent in the grave,
Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save.

---

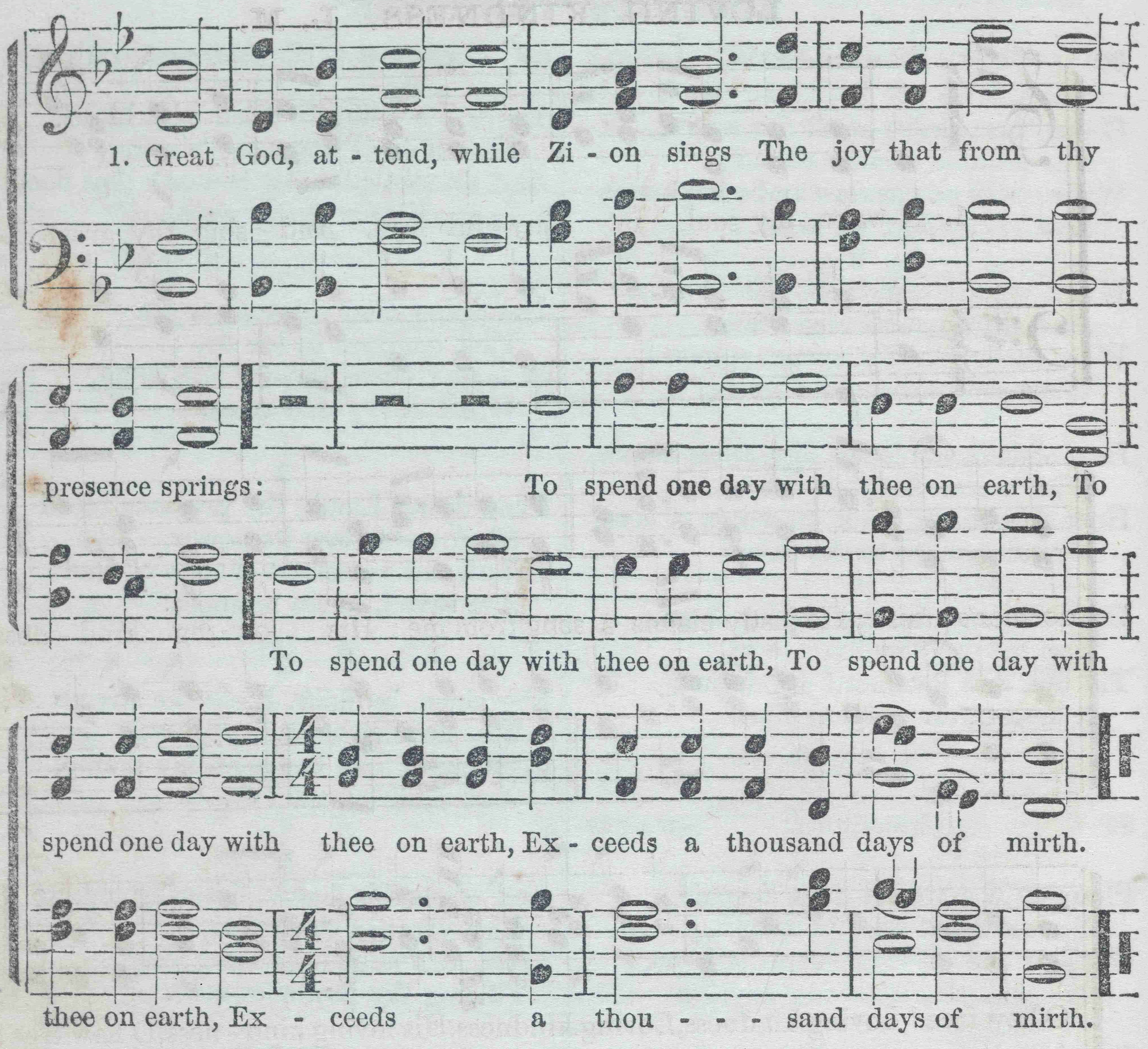
83 *Gazing at the Cross.* DODDRIDGE.

1
Blest Jesus, while in mortal flesh
I hold my frail abode,
Still would my spirit rest on thee,
My Saviour and my God.

2
On thy dear cross I fix my eyes,
Then raise them to thy seat;
Till love dissolves my inmost soul,
At my Redeemer's feet.

3
Be dead, my heart, to worldly charms;
Be dead to every sin;
And tell the boldest foe without,
That Jesus reigns within.

BRIDGEWATER. L. M. EDSON.



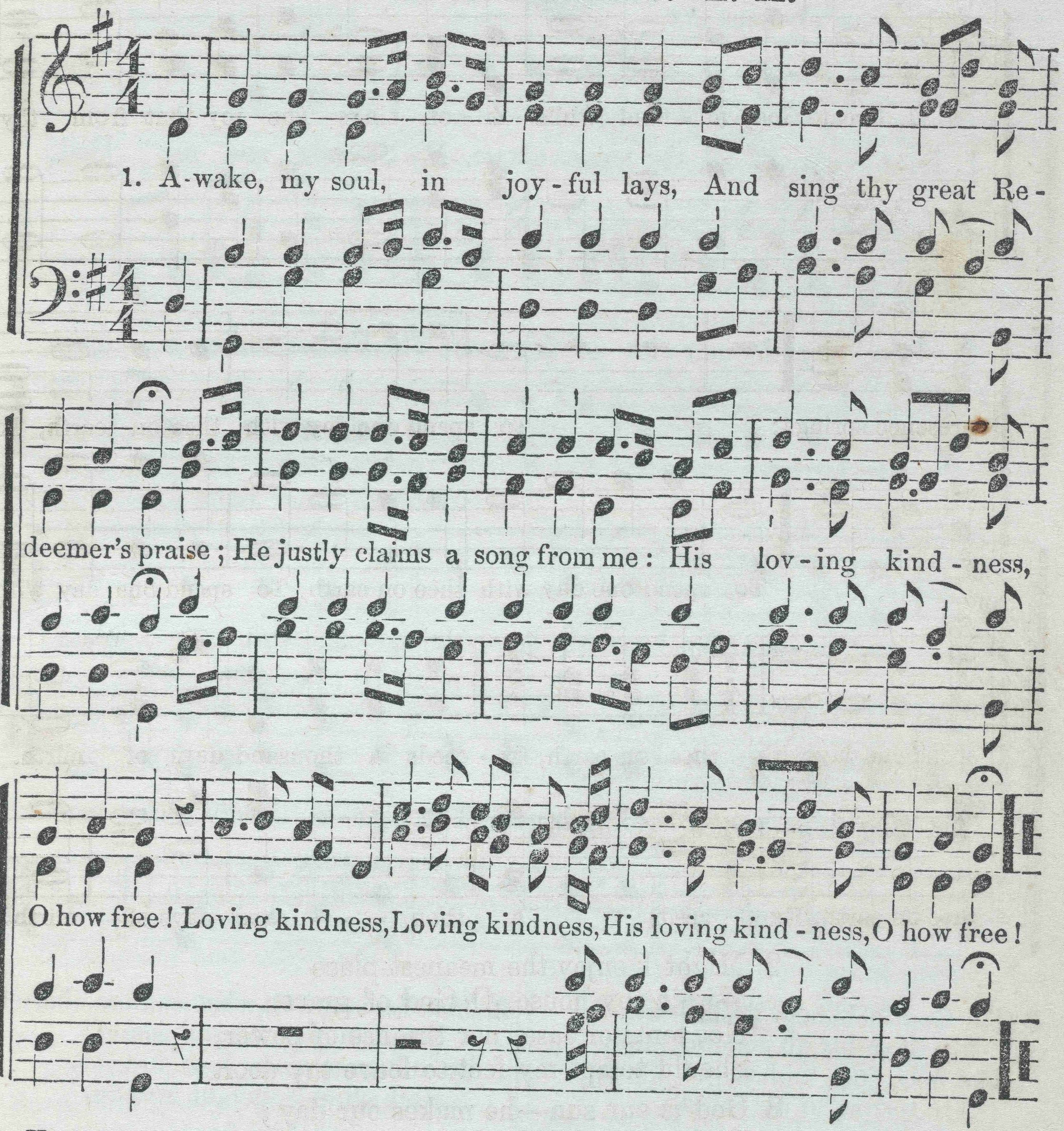
2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3 God is our sun—he makes our day;
God is our shield—he guards our way
From all th' assaults of hell and sin;
From foes without and foes within.

4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too:
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

5 O God, our King, whose sovereign sway
The glorious host of heaven obey,
Display thy grace, exert thy power,
Till all on earth thy name adore.

LOVING KINDNESS. L. M.



2 He saw me ruined by the fall,
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate:
His loving kindness, O, how great!

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

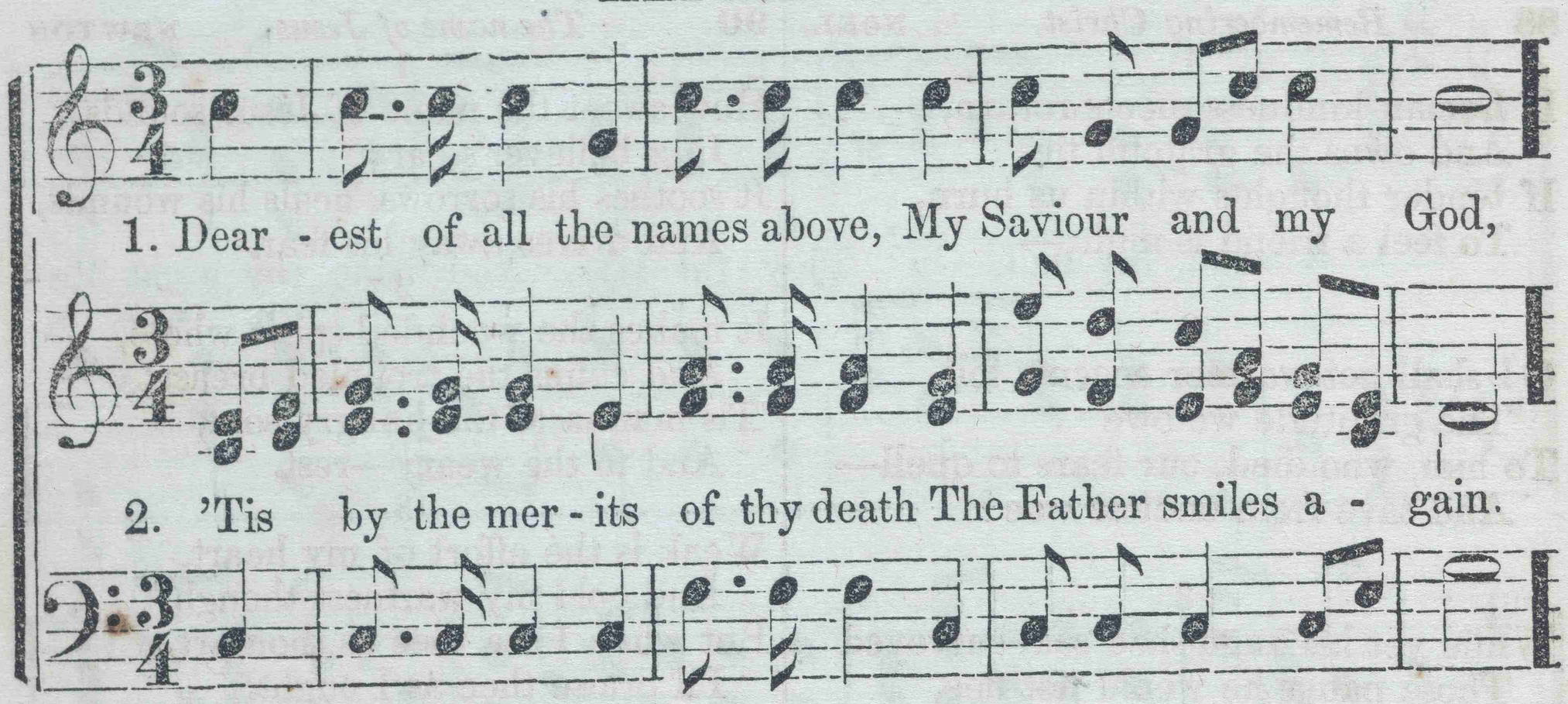
4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thunder'd loud,
He near my soul has always stood:
His loving kindness, O, how good!

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

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

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

HEBER. C. M. G. KINSLEY.



3 Till God in human flesh, I see,
My thoughts no comfort find;
The holy, just, and sacred Three,
Are terrors to my mind.

4 But if Immanuel's face appear,
My hope, my joy, begin;
His name forbids my slavish fear;
His grace removes my sin.

5 While Jews on their own law rely,
And Greeks of wisdom boast,
I love th' incarnate mystery,
And there I fix my trust WATTS.

87 *Saviour.*

1 Come, heavenly love, inspire my song
With thine immortal flame;
And teach my heart, and teach my tongue,
The Saviour's lovely name.

2 The Saviour! O, what endless charms
Dwell in that blissful sound!
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads delight around.

3 Here, pardon, life, and joys divine,
In rich profusion flow,
For guilty rebels, lost in sin,
And doom'd to endless wo.

4 O, the rich depths of love divine!
Of bliss, a boundless store!
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine,—
I cannot wish for more!

5 On thee alone my hope relies;
Beneath thy cross I fall;
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my all! STEELE.

HYMNS FOR "HEBER."

88 *Remembering Christ.* NOEL.

1

If human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie;
If tender thoughts within us burn,
To feel a friend is nigh;—

2

O! shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To him, who died, our fears to quell—
And save from endless woe?

3

While yet his anguished soul surveyed
Those pangs he would not flee,
What love his latest words displayed—
"Meet and remember me!"

4

Remember thee!— thy death, thy shame,
Our sinful hearts to share!—
O mem'ry! leave no other name
But his recorded there.

---

89 *Humiliation of Christ.* STEELE.

1

And did the holy and the just,
The Sovereign of the skies,
Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,
That guilty man might rise?

2

Yes, the Redeemer left his throne,
His radiant throne on high,—
Surprising mercy! love unknown!—
To suffer, bleed, and die.

3

He took the dying traitor's place,
And suffered in his stead;
For sinful man,—O, wondrous grace!
For sinful man he bled.

4

O Lord, what heavenly wonders dwell
In thine atoning blood!
By this are sinners saved from hell,
And rebels brought to God.

90 *The name of Jesus.* NEWTON

1

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

2

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

3

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

4

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

---

91 *Supreme Love to Christ.* STEELE.

1

Ye earthly vanities, depart;
Forever hence remove:
Jesus alone deserves my heart,
And every thought of love.

2

His heart, where love and pity dwelt
In all their softest forms,
Sustained the heavy load of guilt
For lost, rebellious worms.

3

Can I my bleeding Saviour view,
And yet ungrateful prove?
And pierce his wounded heart anew,
And grieve his injured love?

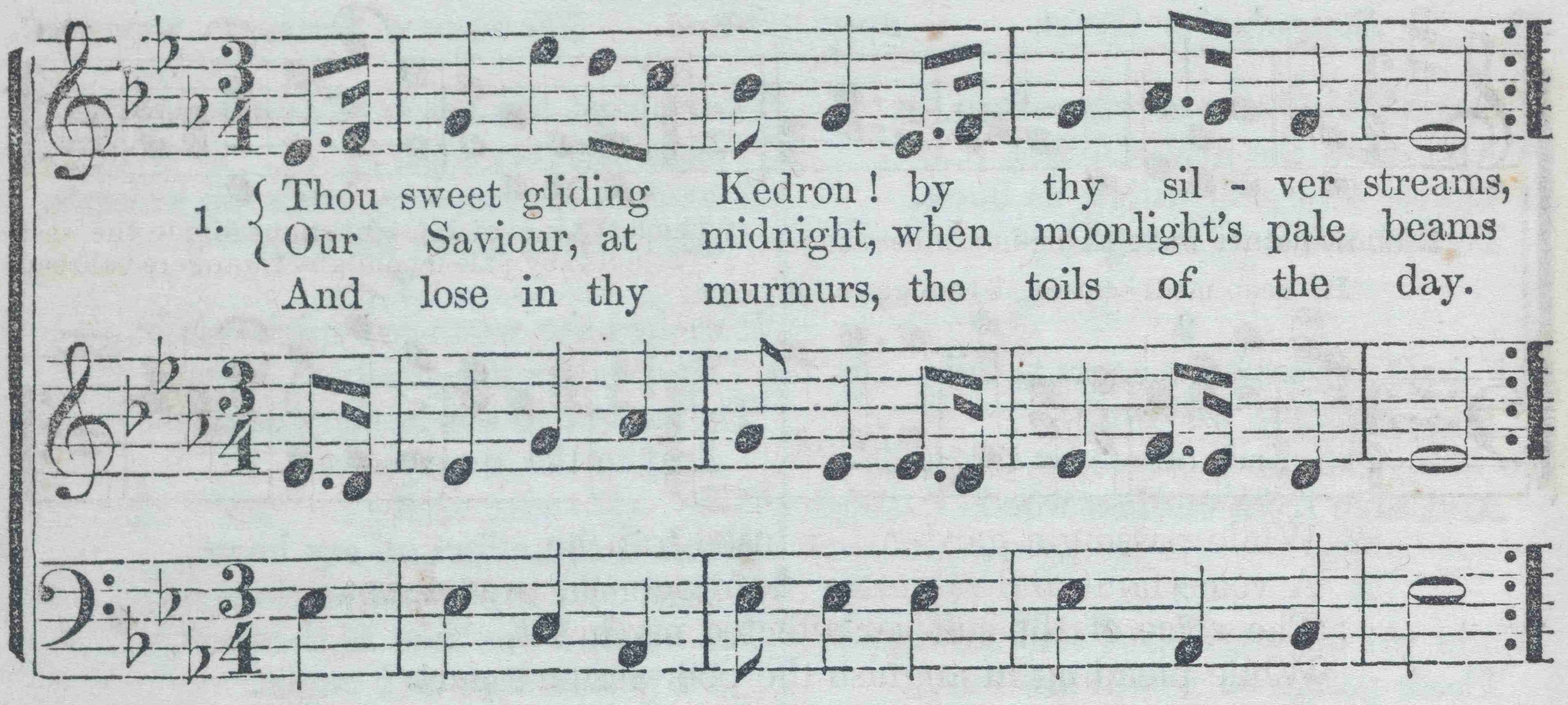
4

Dear Lord, forbid! O, bind this heart—
This roving heart of mine—
So firm, that it may ne'er depart,
In chains of love divine.

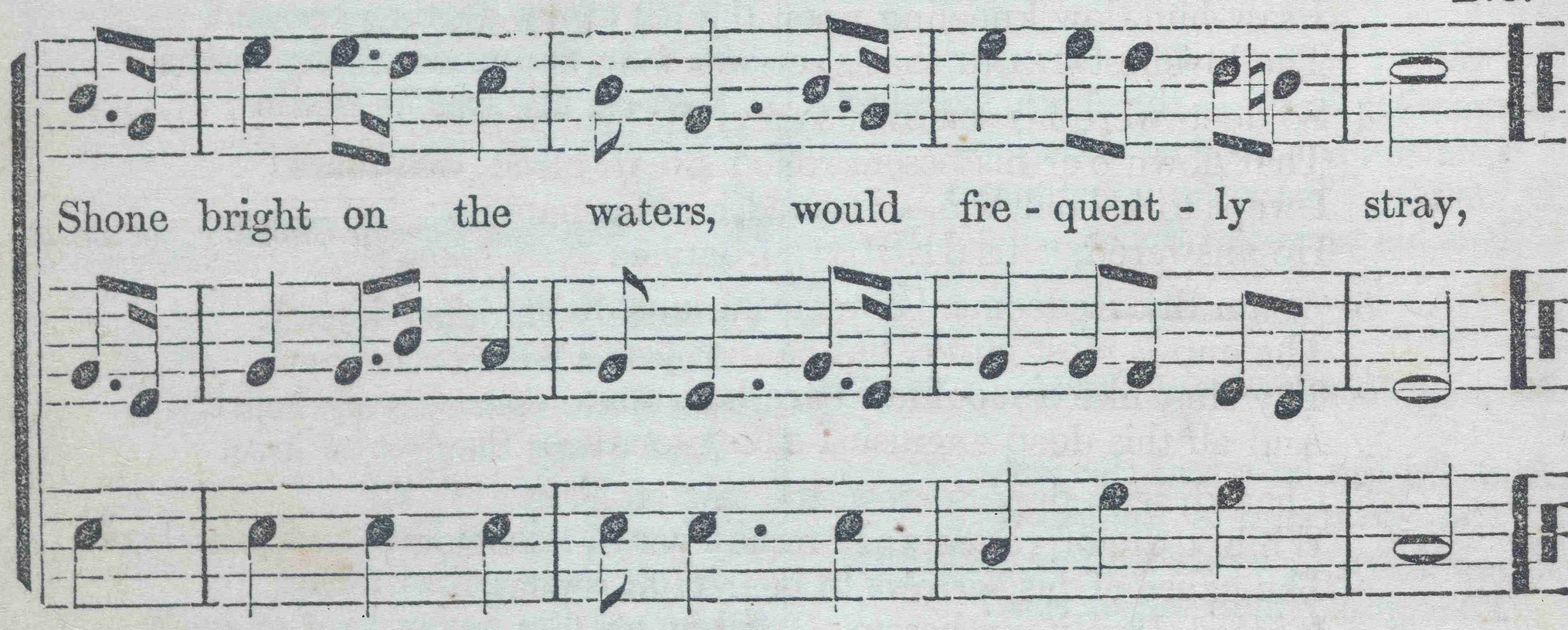
Doxology.

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

KEDRON. 11s.



D.C.

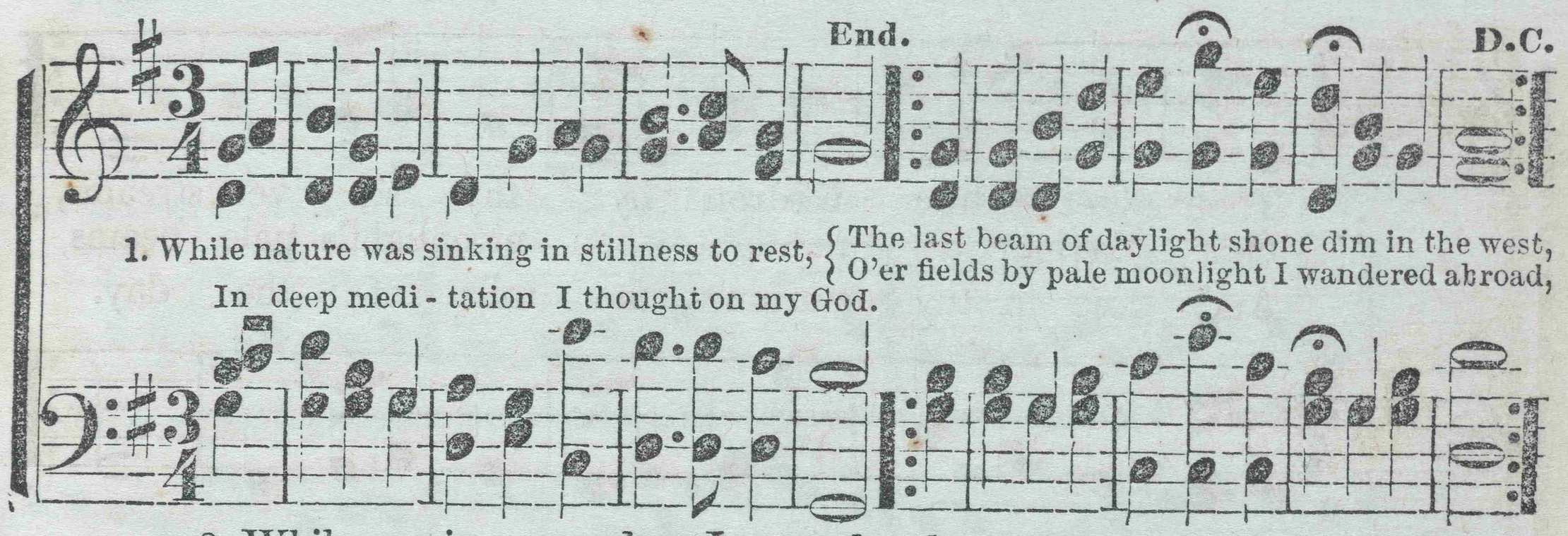


2 How damp were the vapors that fell on his head!
How hard was his pillow, how humble his bed!
The angels astonished, grew sad at the sight,
And followed their Master with solemn delight.

3 O garden of Olivet's, thou dear honored spot,
The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot;
The theme most transporting to seraphs above;
The triumph of sorrow,—the triumph of love!

4 Come, saints, and adore him; come, bow at his feet;
O, give him the glory, the praise that is meet;
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus, that gladdens the skies.

GETHSEMANE. 11s.



1. While nature was sinking in stillness to rest, { The last beam of daylight shone dim in the west,
O'er fields by pale moonlight I wandered abroad,
In deep medi - tation I thought on my God.

2 While passing a garden, I paused to hear
A voice faint and plaintive, from one that was near;
The voice of the suff'rer affected my heart,
While pleading in anguish the poor sinner's part.

3 I listened a moment, then turned me to see
What man of compassion this stranger might be;
I saw him, low kneeling upon the cold ground,
The loveliest BEING that ever was found.

4 So deep were his sorrows, so fervent his prayers,
That down o'er his bosom rolled sweat, blood, and tears!
I wept to behold him,—I asked him his name,
He answered, "'tis JESUS! from heaven I came!"

5 "I am thy Redeemer! for thee I must die!
The cup is most bitter, but cannot pass by!
Thy sins, like a mountain, are laid upon me;
And all this deep anguish I suffer for thee "

6 I heard, with deep sorrow, the tale of his w
While tears of repentance mine eyes did o'erflow;
The cause of his sorrows to hear Him repeat,
Pierced deeply my bosom—I fell at his feet.

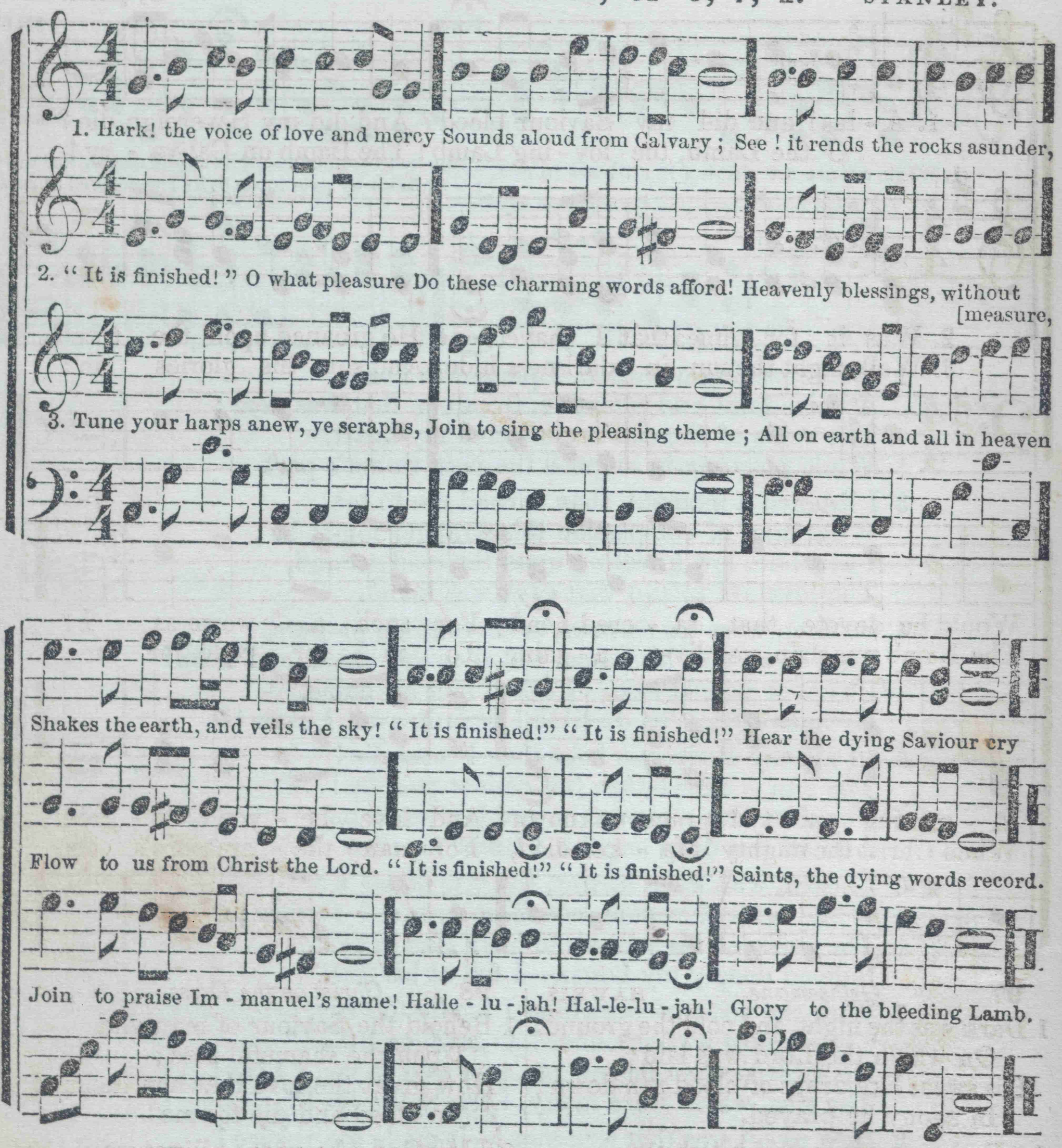
7 With the voice of contrition I loudly did cry,
"Lord, save a poor sinner! O save, or I die!"
He smiled, when he saw me, and said to me, "Live!
Thy sins, which were many, I freely forgive!"

8 How sweet was that sentence!—it made me rejoice!
His smiles, how consoling! how charming his voice!
I ran from the garden to spread it abroad,
And shouted—"SALVATION! O GLORY TO GOD!"

9 I'm now on my journey to mansions above,
My soul full of glory, of light, peace, and love;
I think of the garden, the prayers and the tears
Of that loving "Stranger," who banished my fears.

10 The day of bright glory is rolling around,
When GABRIEL, descending, the trumpet will sound!
My soul, to this "Stranger," in raptures shall rise,
And see Him my Saviour with unclouded eyes.

STANLEY. 8s & 7s, or 8, 7, 4. STANLEY.



Hallowed Cross. COLVER.

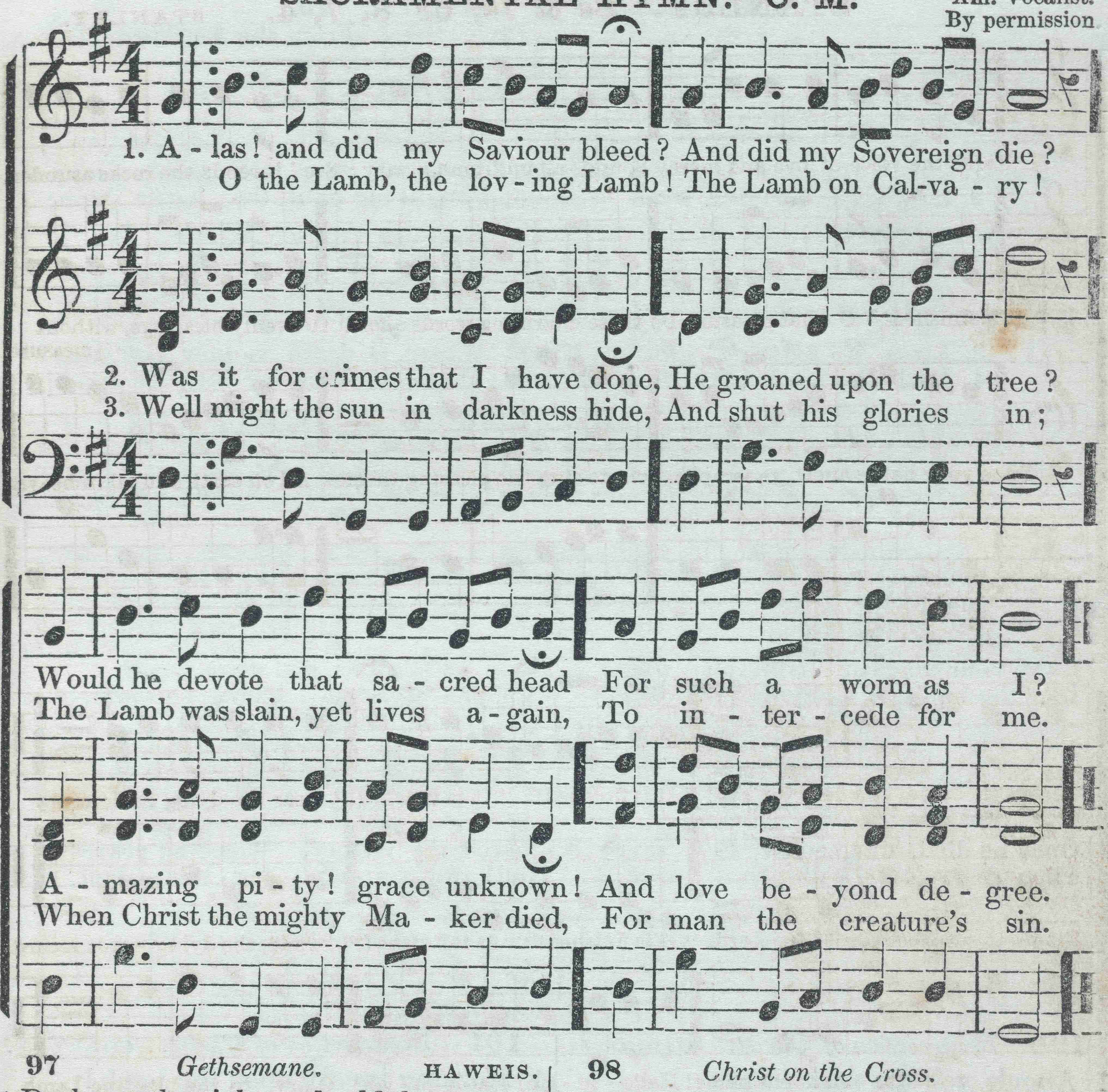
1 Hallowed cross, my God revealing,
Hail, thou strange, mysterious tree!
Hallowed fount of love unsealing—
Love of infinite degree—
Love amazing;
God incarnate dies for me.

2 Where the sword of justice gleaming,
Waited for the sinner's blood,
Shines the cross, with mercy beaming,
Mercy from the throne of God—
Bleeding mercy
Pours the sin-atoning flood.

3 Precious cross! my soul subduing,
'Neath thy shadow let me hide;
Mind, and will, and heart renewing,—
Banish all my sinful pride;
All my glory
Be my Saviour crucified.

SACRAMENTAL HYMN. C. M.

Am. Vocalist.
By permission



97 *Gethsemane.* HAWEIS.

1 Dark was the night, and cold the ground,
On which the Lord was laid;
His sweat like drops of blood ran down;
In agony he prayed.

2 "Father, remove this bitter cup,
If such thy sacred will;
If not, content to drink it up,
Thy pleasure to fulfil."

3 Go to the garden, sinner; see
Those precious drops that flow;
The heavy load he bore for thee;
For thee he lies so low.

4 Then learn of him the cross to bear;
Thy Father's will obey;
And, when temptations press thee near,
Awake to watch and pray.

98 *Christ on the Cross.*

1 Behold the Saviour of mankind
Upon the shameful tree;
How great the love that him inclined
To bleed and die for me!

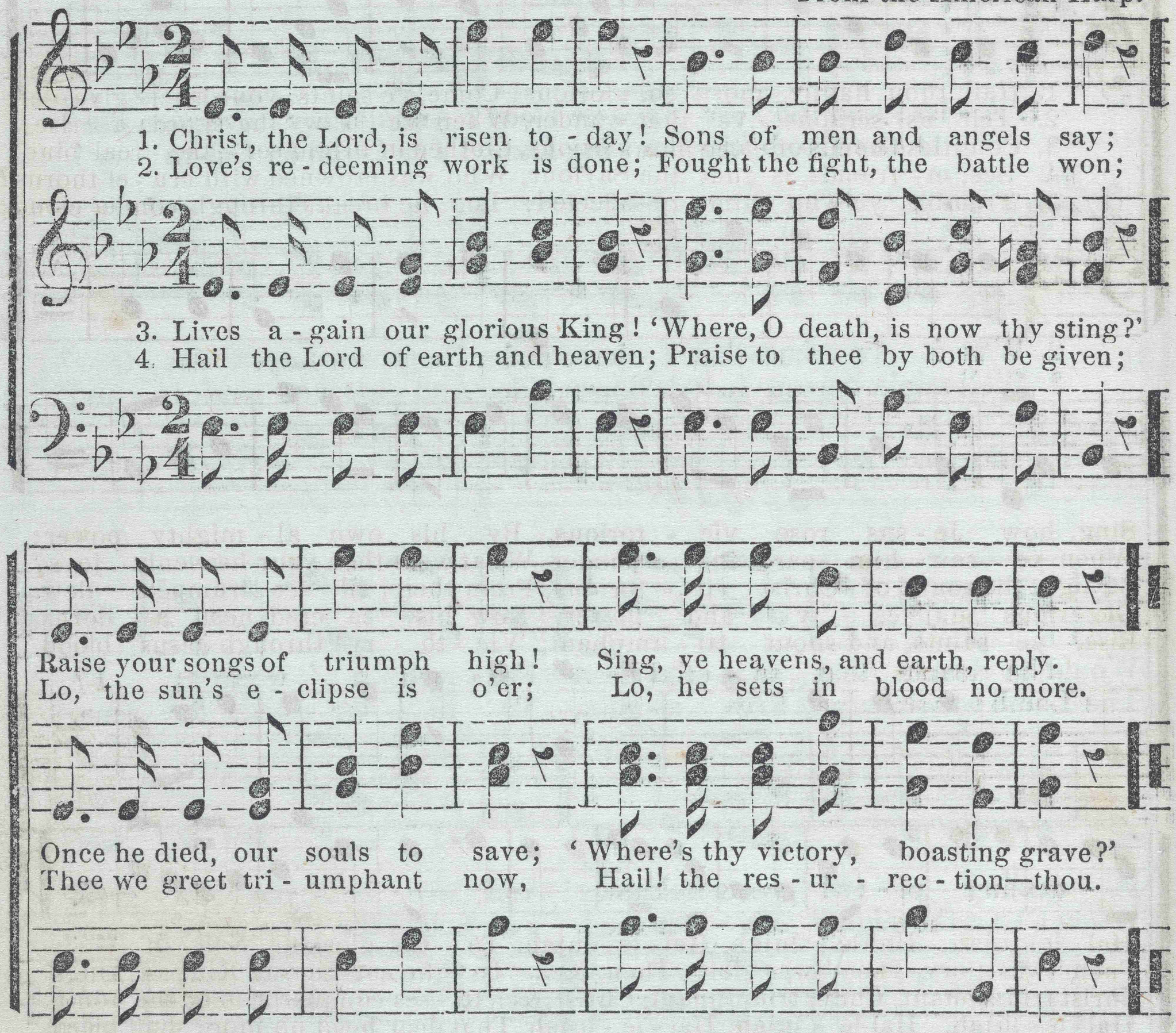
2 "My God," he cries; all nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend;
The gate of death in sunder breaks;
The solid marbles rend.

3 "'Tis finished; now the ransom's paid;
Receive my soul," he cries;
Behold, he bows his sacred head,
He bows his head and dies!

4 But soon he'll break death's tyrant chain,
And in full glory shine;
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love, like thine?

TELEMANN'S CHANT. 7s.

From the American Harp.



100 *Resurrection of Christ.* GIBBONS.

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

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

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

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

101 *Resurrection of Christ.* COLLYER.

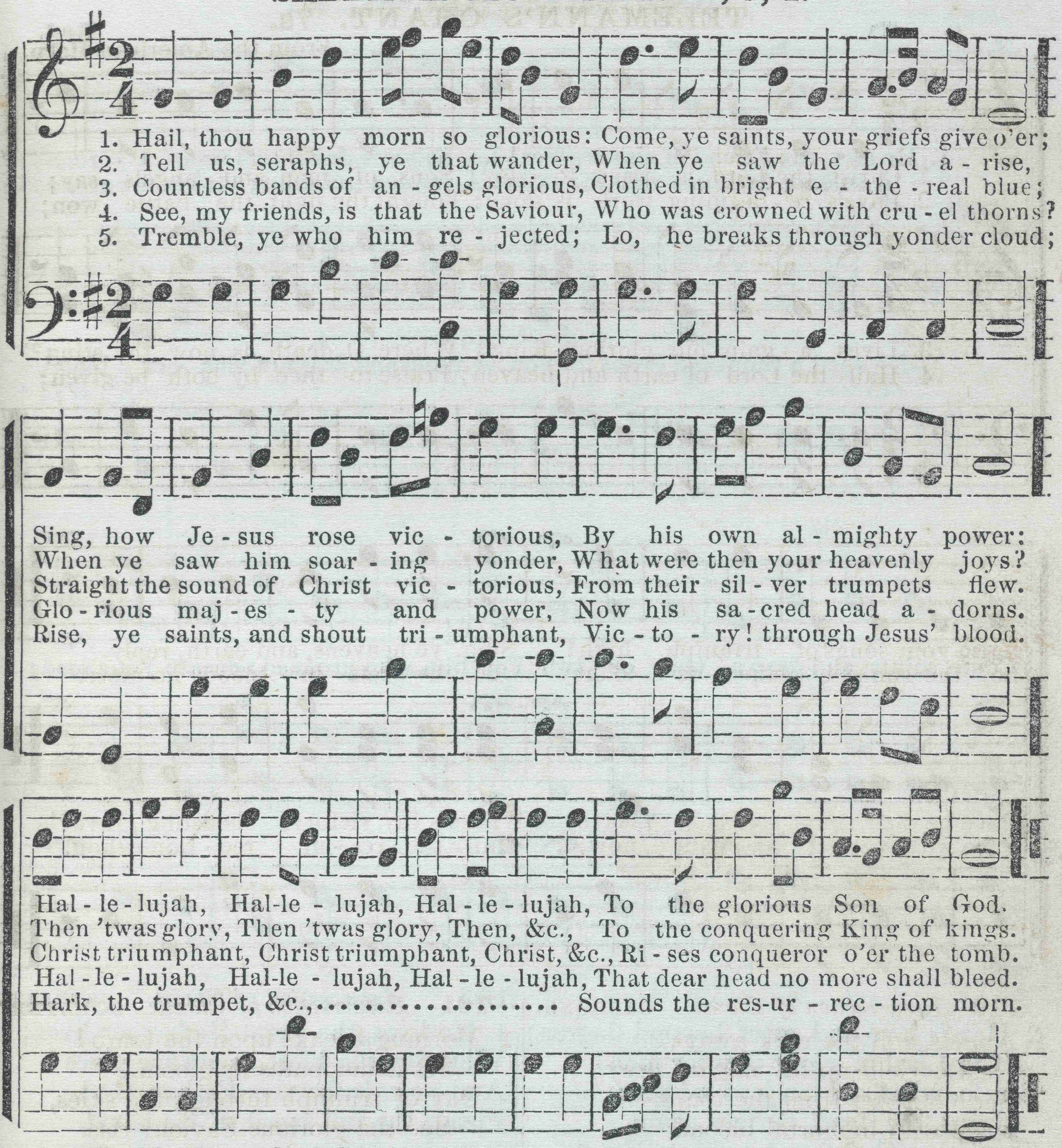
1 Morning breaks upon the tomb!
Jesus dissipates its gloom!
Day of triumph through the skies,
See the glorious Saviour rise.

2 Christians, dry your flowing tears;
Chase those unbelieving fears;
Look on his deserted grave;
Doubt no more his power to save.

3 Ye who are of death afraid,
Triumph in the scattered shade;
Drive your anxious fears away;
See the place where Jesus lay.

4 So the rising sun appears,
Shedding radiance o'er the spheres;
So returning beams of light
Chase the terrors of the night.

SABBATH MORNING. 8, 7, 4.



103 *Worship the new-born Saviour.*

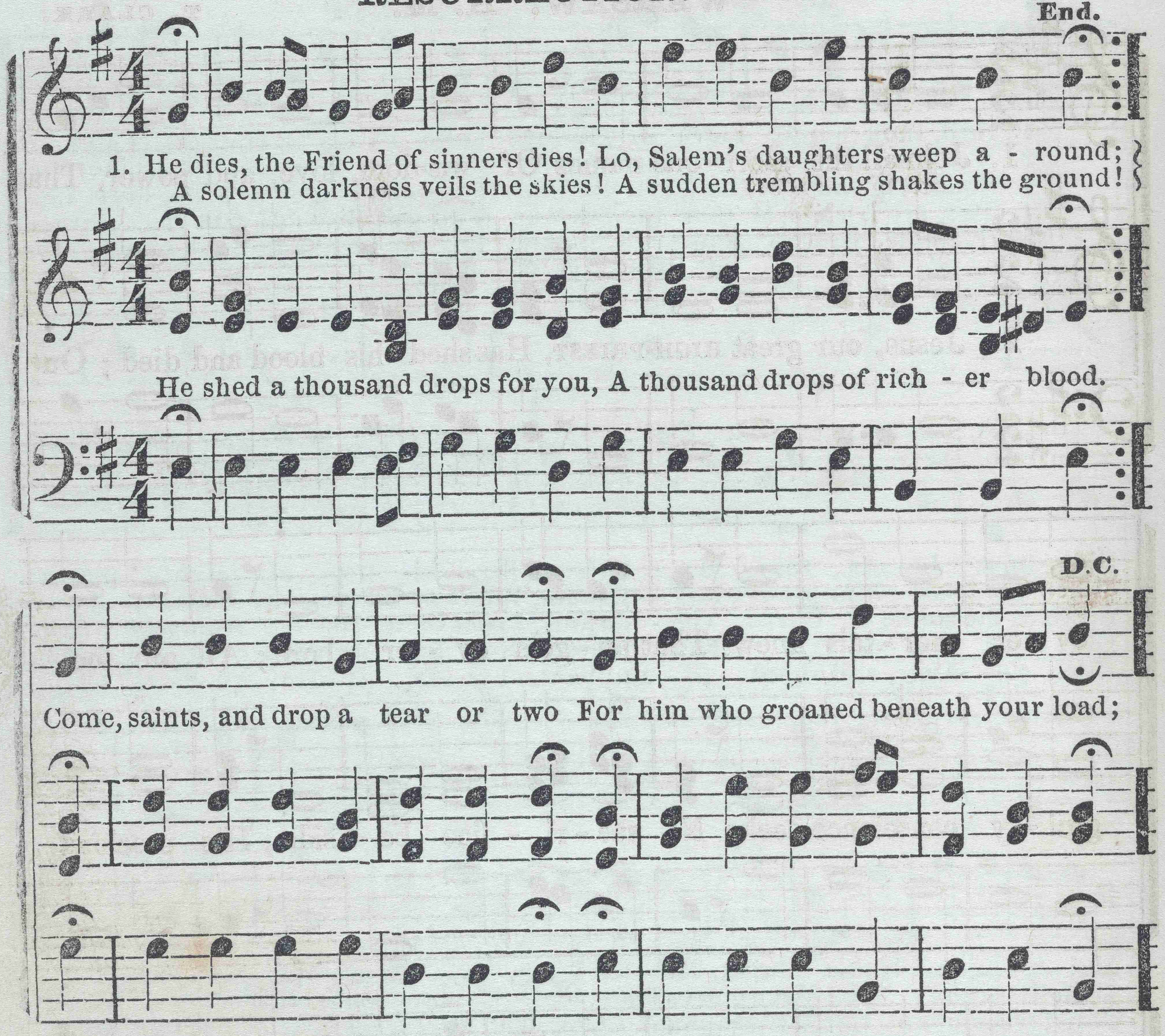
1 Angels, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth,
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth;
Come and worship,—
Worship Christ, the new-born king.

2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing;
Yonder shines the infant light;
Come and worship,—
Worship Christ, the new-born king.

3 Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In his temple shall appear;
Come and worship,—
Worship Christ, the new-born king.

4 Sinners, bowed in true repentance,
Doomed for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now revokes the sentence,
Mercy calls you—break your chains:
Come and worship,—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

RESURRECTION. L. M.



105 *Intercession of Christ.* STEELE.

2 Here's love and grief beyond degree:
The Lord of glory dies for men!
But lo, what sudden joys we see:
Jesus, the dead, revives again.
The rising God forsakes the tomb,
Up to his Father's courts he flies;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

3 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high your great Deliverer reigns;
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the monster Death in chains.
Say, 'Live forever, wondrous King;
Born to redeem, and strong to save!'
Then ask the monster, 'Where's thy sting?
And where's thy victory, boasting grave?'

1 He lives, the great Redeemer lives;
What joy the blest assurance gives!
And now, before his Father, God,
Pleads the full merit of his blood.

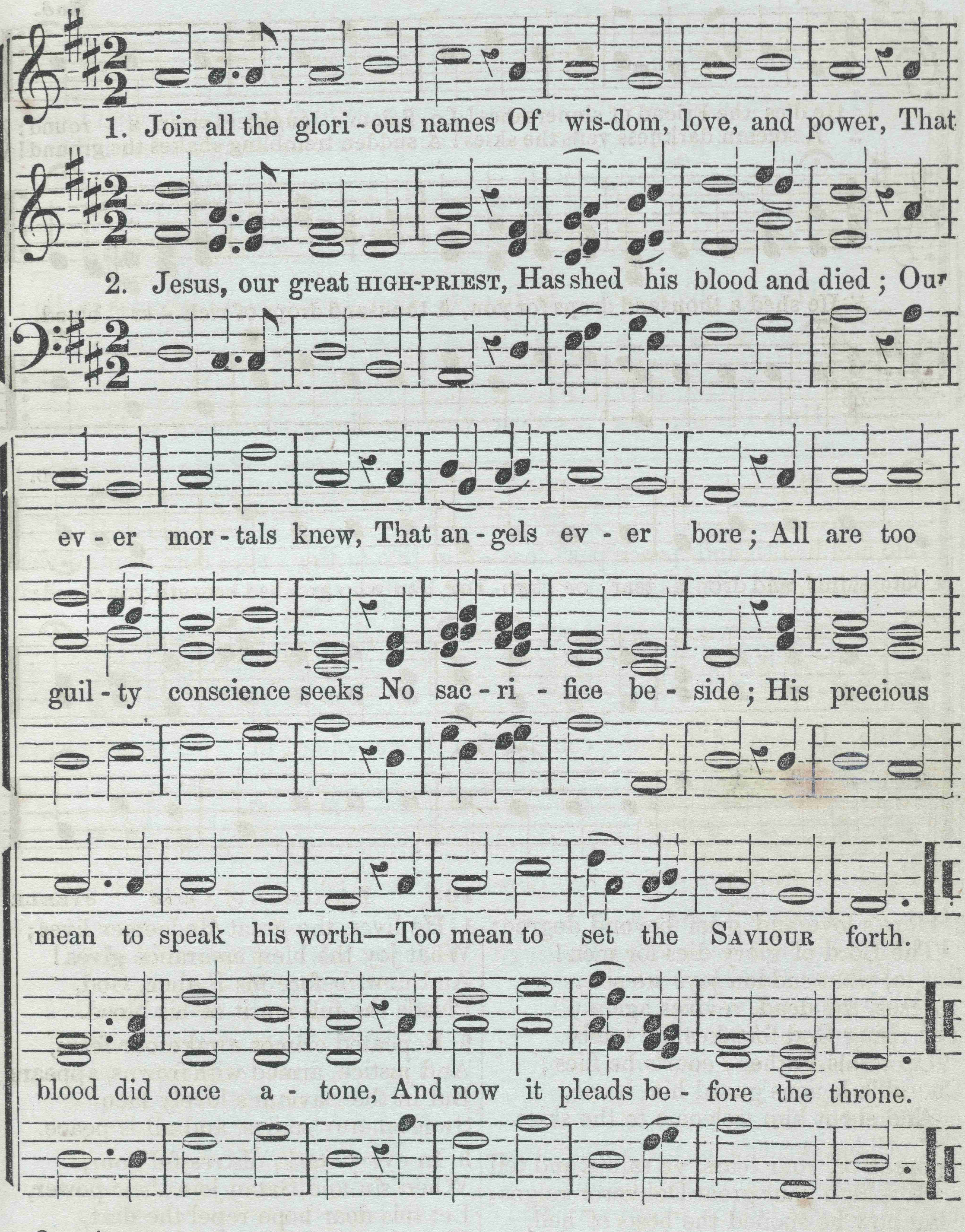
2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice, armed with frowns, appears
But in the Saviour's lovely face
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.

3 In every dark, distressful hour,
When sin and Satan join their power,
Let this dear hope repel the dart,
That Jesus bears us on his heart.

4 Great Advocate, Almighty Friend,
On him our humble hopes depend:
Our cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.

WARSAW. H. M.

T. CLARK.

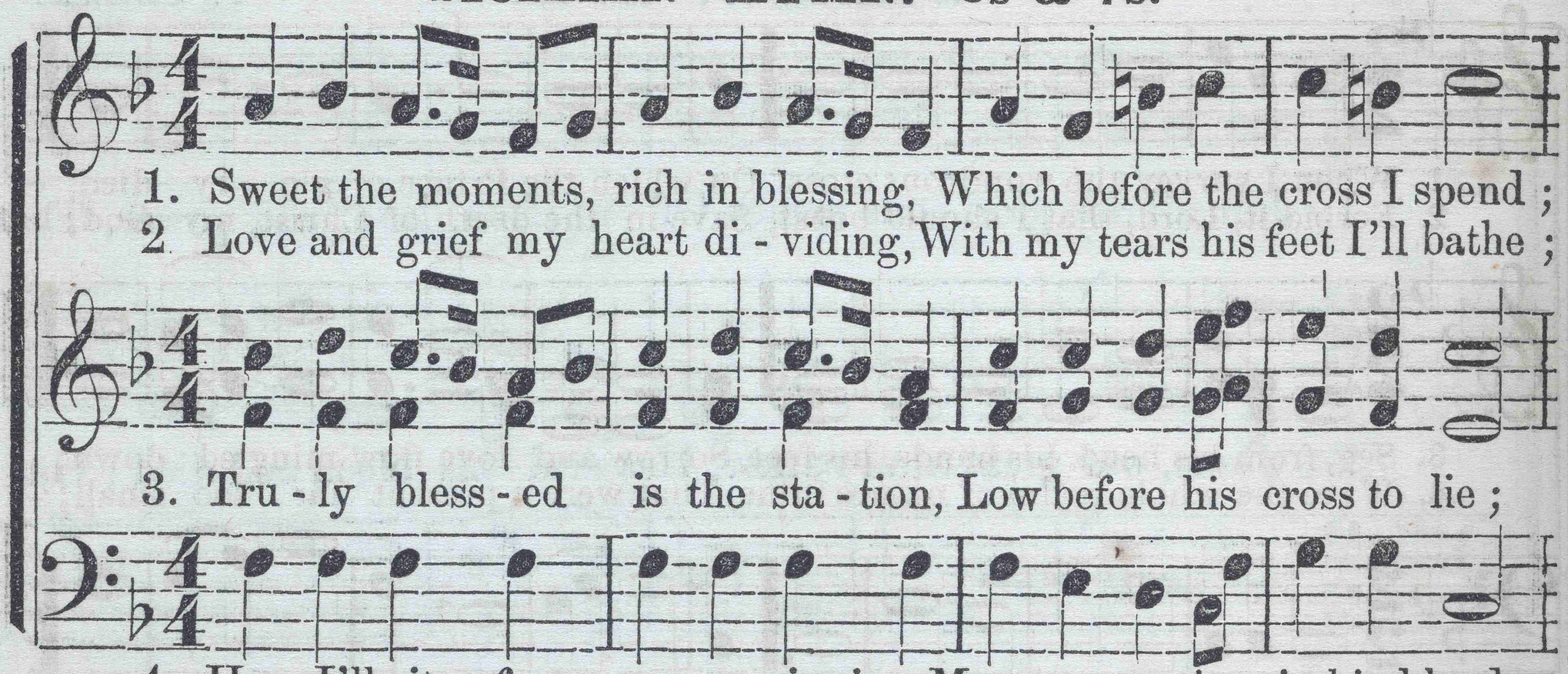


3 Our ADVOCATE appears,
For our defence on high ;
The Father bows his ears,
And lays his thunder by.
Not all that hell or sin can say,
Shall turn his heart, his love away.

4 O thou Almighty LORD,
Our CONQUEROR and our KING,
Thy sceptre and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace we sing.
Thine is the power ; O make us sit,
In willing bonds, beneath thy feet.

WATTS.

SICILIAN HYMN. 8s & 7s.



108 *Praise to Christ.* 8s & 7s.

1 Crown his head with endless blessing,
Who, in God the Father's name,
With compassion never ceasing,
Comes, salvation to proclaim.

2 Lo, Jehovah, we adore thee,—
Thee, our Saviour— thee, our God ;
From thy throne let beams of glory
Shine through all the world abroad.

3 Jesus, thee our Saviour hailing,
Thee our God in praise we own ;
Highest honors, never failing,
Rise eternal round thy throne.

4 Now, ye saints, his power confessing,
In your grateful strains adore ;
For his mercy, never ceasing,
Flows, and flows forevermore.

PRATT'S COL.

109 *Jesus exalted to the Throne.* 8s & 7s.

1 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There forever to abide ;
All the heavenly hosts adore thee
Seated at thy Father's side.

2 There for sinners thou art pleading,
There thou dost our place prepare ;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

3 Worship, honor, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive :
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.

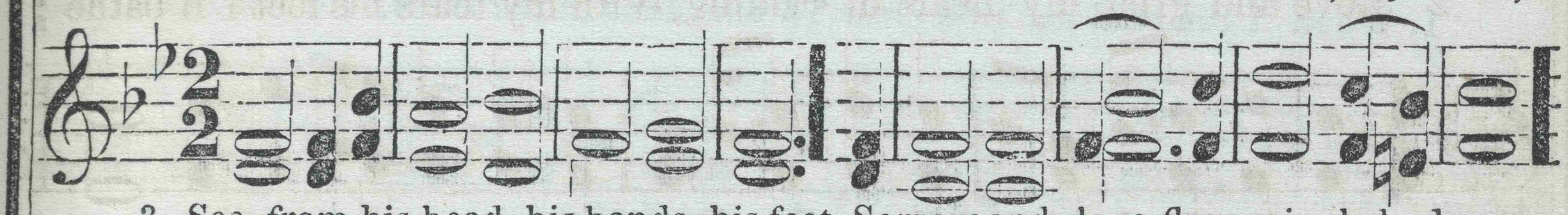
4 Help, ye bright angelic spirits!
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays ;
Help to sing your Saviour's merits,—
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

BURDER'S COL.

WARD. L. M. Arr. from the Scotch, by Dr. L. Mason.

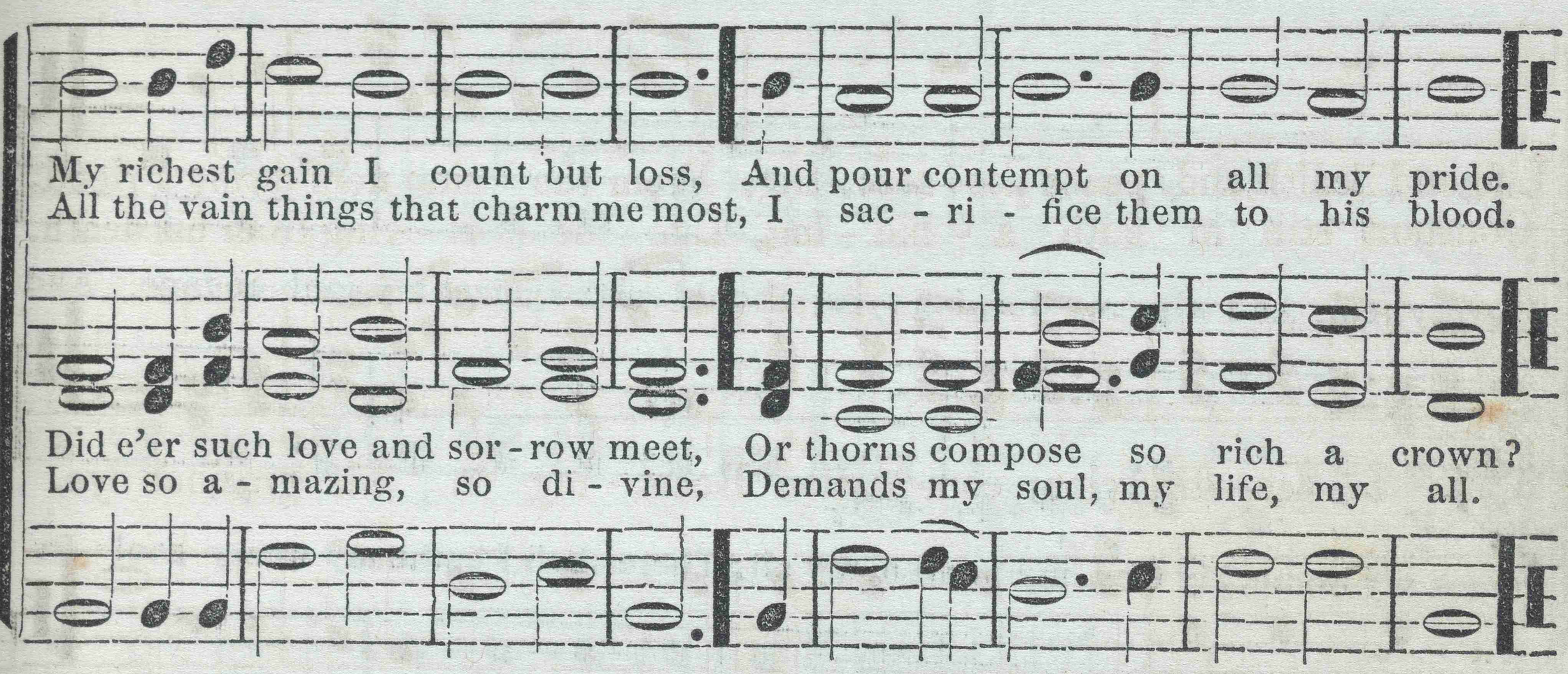


1. When I survey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of glo - ry died,
2. Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God;



3. See, from his head. his hands, his feet, Sorrow and love flow mingled down,
4. Were the whole realm of nature mine, That were a present far too small;





My richest gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to his blood.

Did e'er such love and sor - row meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
Love so a - mazing, so di - vine, Demands my soul, my life, my all.

111 *Christ expiring upon the Cross.*

1 "'Tis finished!"— so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bowed his head and died:
'Tis finished!—yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.

2 'Tis finished!—this his dying groan
Shall sins of deepest hue atone,
And millions be redeemed from death
By Jesus' last expiring breath.

3 'Tis finished!—Heaven is reconciled,
And all the powers of darkness spoiled;
Peace, love, and happiness, again
Return, and dwell with sinful men.

4 'Tis finished!—let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round;
'Tis finished!—let the triumph rise,
And swell the chorus of the skies.

C. STENNETT.

112 *Remembering Christ.* Krishna Pal.

1 O thou, my soul, forget no more
The Friend who all thy sorrows bore;
Let every idol be forgot;
But, O my soul, forget him not.

2 Renounce thy works and ways, with grief,
And fly to this divine relief;
Nor Him forget, who left his throne,
And for thy life gave up his own.

3 Eternal truth and mercy shine
In him, and he himself is thine;
And canst thou, then, with sin beset,
Such charms, such matchless charms, for-
get?

4 O, no; till life itself depart,
His name shall cheer and warm my heart;
And, lisping this, from earth I'll rise,
And join the chorus of the skies.

WHEN I CAN READ MY TITLE CLEAR. C. M., Double.

1. When I can read my title clear To mansions in the skies, I'll bid farewell to

2. Let cares like a wild deluge come, And storms of sorrow fall; May I but safely

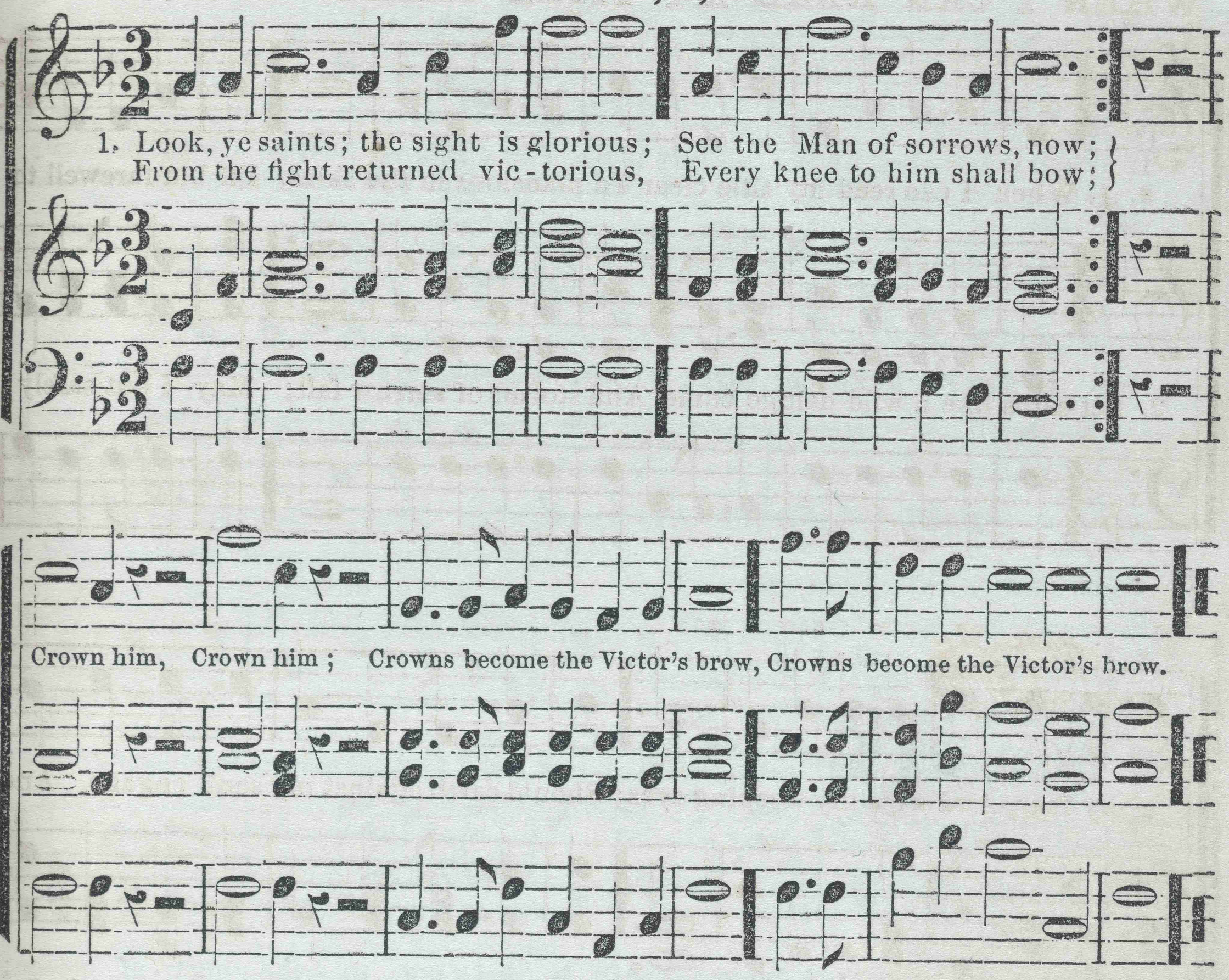
every fear, And wipe my weeping eyes; Should earth against my soul engage, And

reach my home, My God, my heaven, my all; There shall I bathe my weary soul In

fiery darts be hurled, Then I can smile at Satan's rage, And face a frowning world.

seas of heavenly rest; And not a wave of trouble roll Across my peaceful breast.

AMI. 8, 7, 4.



115 *Can we forget?* *Tune on page 56.*

1 Jesus! thy love shall we forget;
And never bring to mind
The grace that paid our hopeless debt,
And bade us pardon find?

2 Shall we thy life of grief forget,
Thy fasting and thy prayer;
Thy locks with mountain vapors wet,
To save us from despair?

3 Gethsemane can we forget—
Thy struggling agony—
When night lay dark on Olivet,
And none to watch with thee?

4 Can we the crown of thorns forget,
The buffeting and shame;
When hell thy sinking soul beset,
And earth reviled thy name?

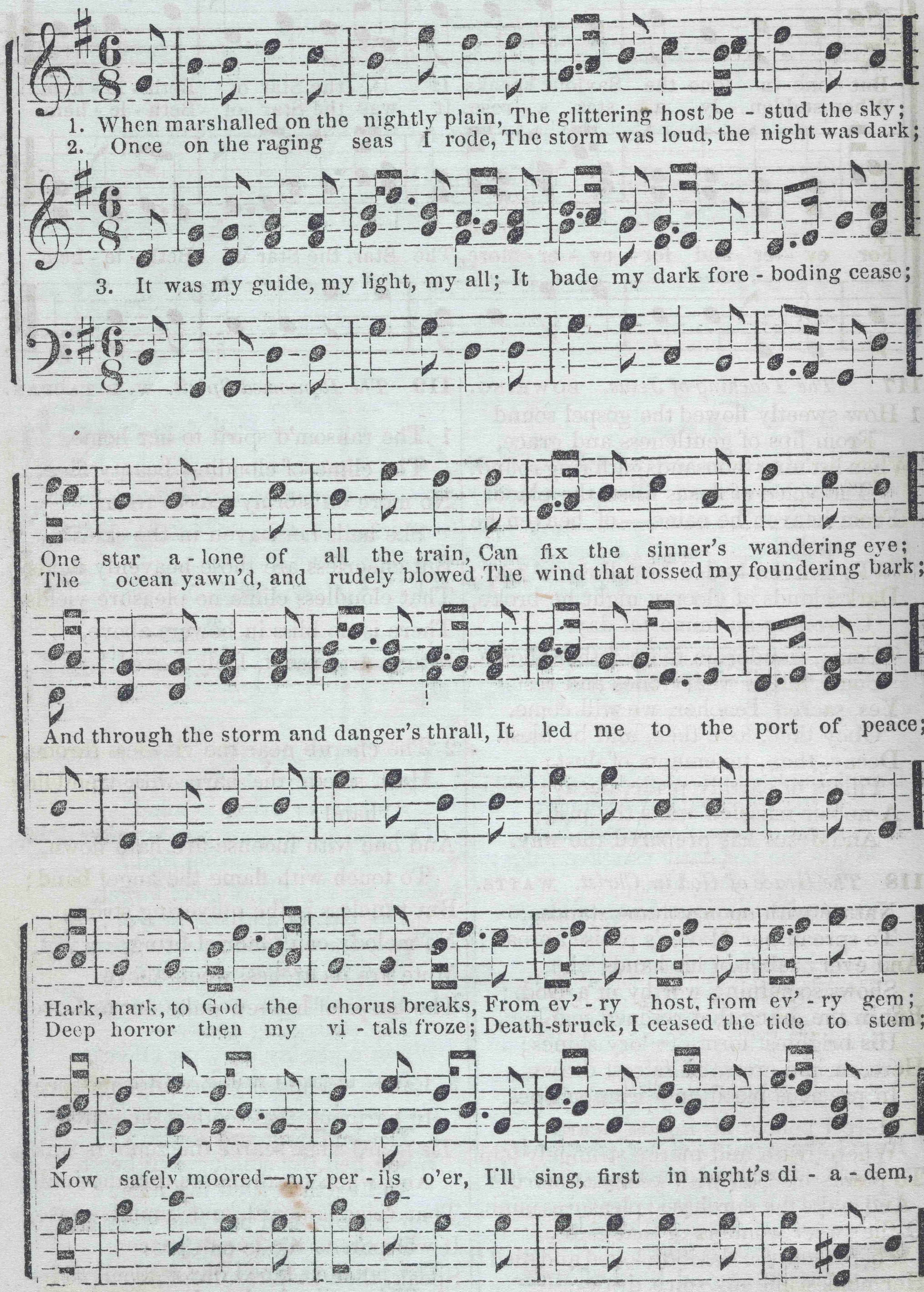
5 Our sorrows and our sins were laid
On thee—alone on thee:
Thy precious blood our ransom paid—
Thine all the glory be. CH. LYRE.

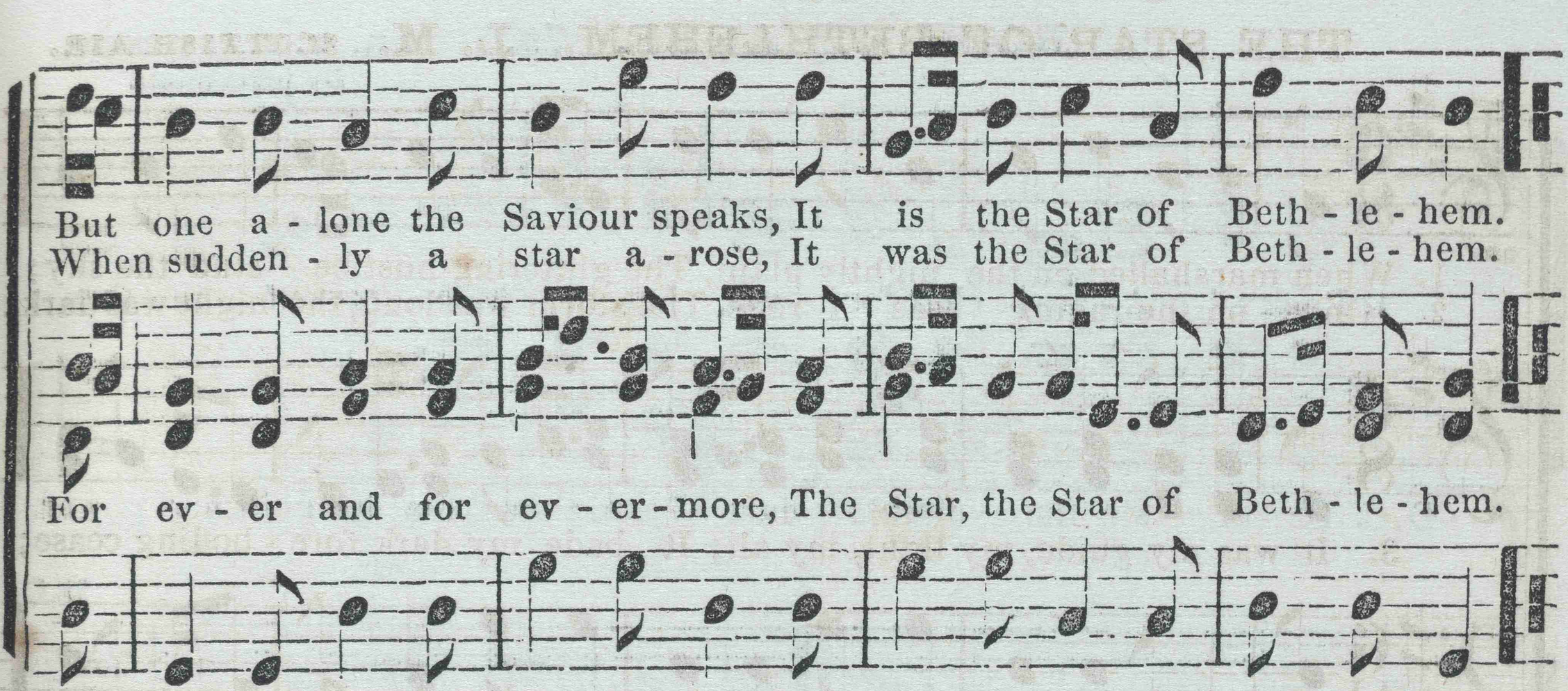
2 Crown the Saviour, angels, crown him;
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
In the seat of power enthrone him,
While the heavenly concave rings;
Crown him, Crown him
Crown the Saviour King of kings.

3 Sinners in derision crowned him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around him,
Own his title, praise his name:
Crown him, crown him;
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

4 Hark! those bursts of acclamation!
Hark! those loud, triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station;
O, what joy the sight affords!
Crown him, crown him,
King of kings, and Lord of lords.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM. L. M. SCOTTISH AIR.





117 *The Teaching of Jesus.* BOWRING.

1 How sweetly flowed the gospel sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When list'ning thousands gath'ring round,
The voice of Jesus filled the place!
From heaven he came — of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

2 "Come, wanderers, to my father's home,
Come, all ye weary ones and rest!"
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.
Decay, then, tenements of dust;
Pillars of earthly pride, decay:
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

---

118 *The Grace of God in Christ.* WATTS.

1 Nature with open volume stands,
To spread her Maker's praise abroad;
And every labor of his hands
Shows something worthy of a God.
But in the grace that rescued man,
His brightest form of glory shines;
Here, on the cross, 'tis fairest drawn,
In precious blood and crimson lines.

2 Here I behold his inmost heart,
Where truth and mercy strangely join
To pierce his Son with keenest smart,
And make the purchased pleasures mine.
O the sweet wonders of that cross,
Where God, the Saviour, loved and died!
Her noblest life my spirit draws
From his dear wounds and bleeding side.

119 *The Ransomed Spirit.* W. B. TAPPAN.

1 The ransom'd spirit to her home,
The clime of cloudless beauty flies;
No more on stormy seas to roam,
She hails her haven in the skies:
But cheerless are those heavenly fields,
That cloudless clime no pleasure yields,
There is no bliss in bowers above,
If thou art absent, Holy Love!

2 The cherub near the viewless throne,
Hath smote the harp with trembling hand;
And one with incense-fire hath flown,
To touch with flame the angel band;
But tuneless is the quivering string,
No melody can Gabriel bring,
Mute are its arches, when above
The harps of heaven wake not to Love!

3 Earth, sea and sky one language speak,
In harmony that soothes the soul;
'Tis heard when scarce the zephyrs wake,
And when on thunders thunders roll:
That voice is heard, and tumults cease,
It whispers to the bosom peace;
Speak, thou Inspirer, from above,
And cheer our hearts, celestial Love!

ROCK OF AGES. 7s. DR. T. HASTINGS.

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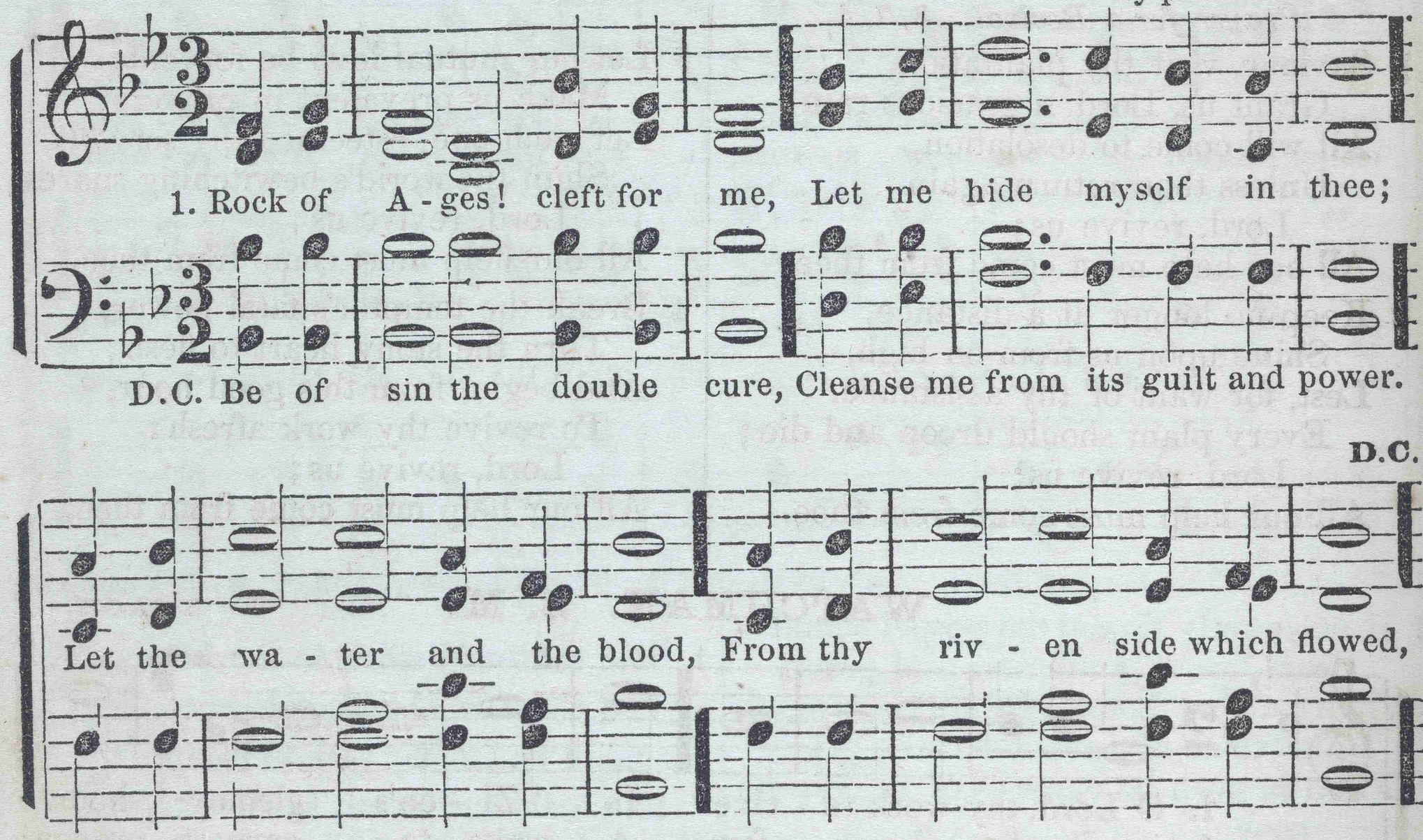


120 *Rock of Ages.* TOPLADY.

1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands:
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All of sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone!

3 Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to Thy fountain fly;
Wash me, Savior, or I die!

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment-throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

121 *Gethsemane.* MONTGOMERY.

1 Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power,
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with Him one bitter hour;
Turn not from His griefs away,
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

2 Follow to the judgment-hall;
View the Lord of life arraigned;
O the wormwood and the gall!
O the pangs His soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at his feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete:
"It is finished"—here Him cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4 Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid His breathless clay;
All is solitude and gloom,
Who hath taken Him away?
Christ is risen; He meets our eyes;
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

HYMN FOR "GREENVILLE," PAGE 12.

Prayer for a Revival. 8, 7, 4.

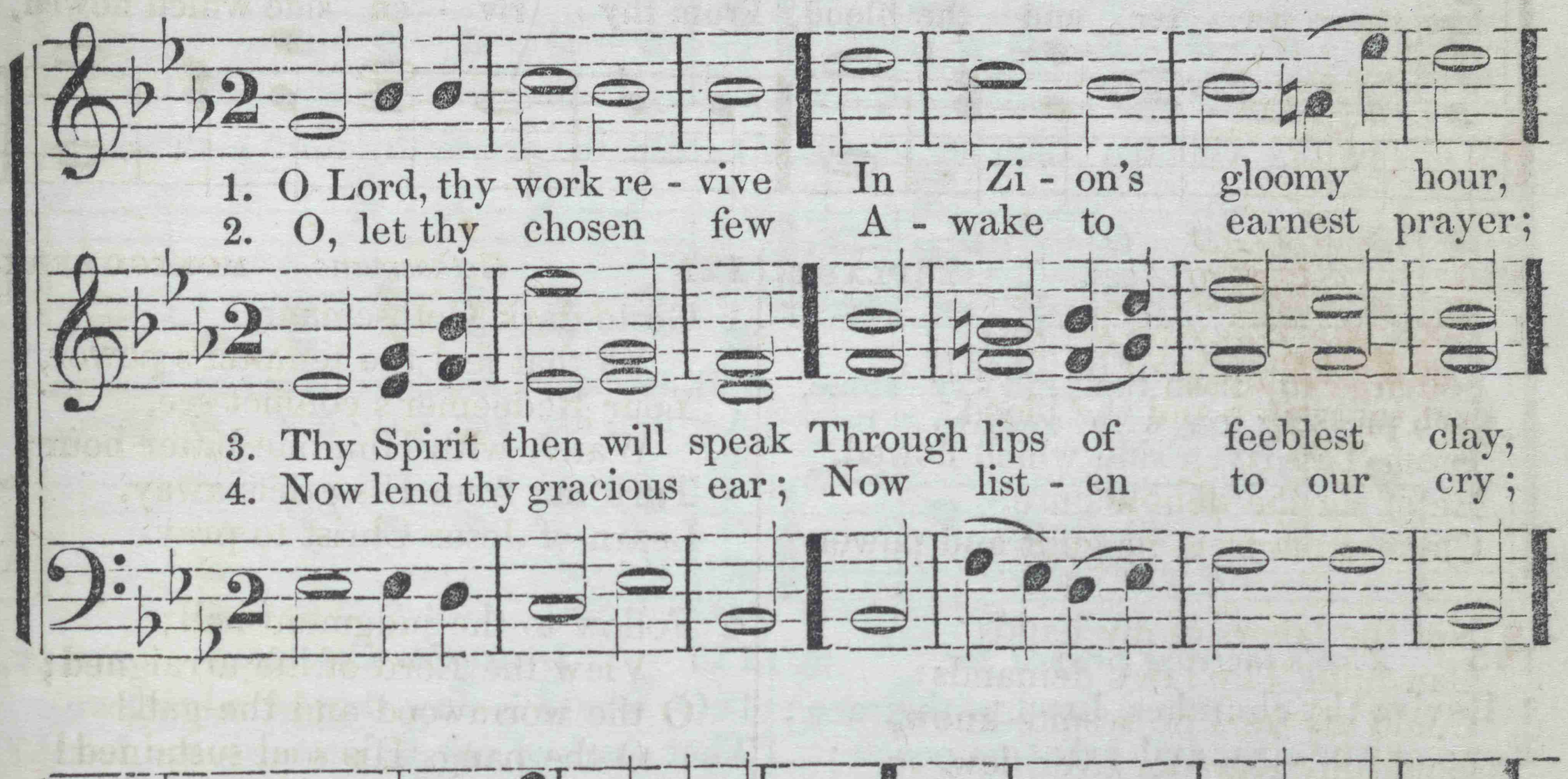
1 Saviour, visit thy plantation,
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain;
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again;
Lord, revive us;
All our help must come from thee.

2 Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest, for want of thy assistance,
Every plant should droop and die;
Lord, revive us;
All our help must come from thee.

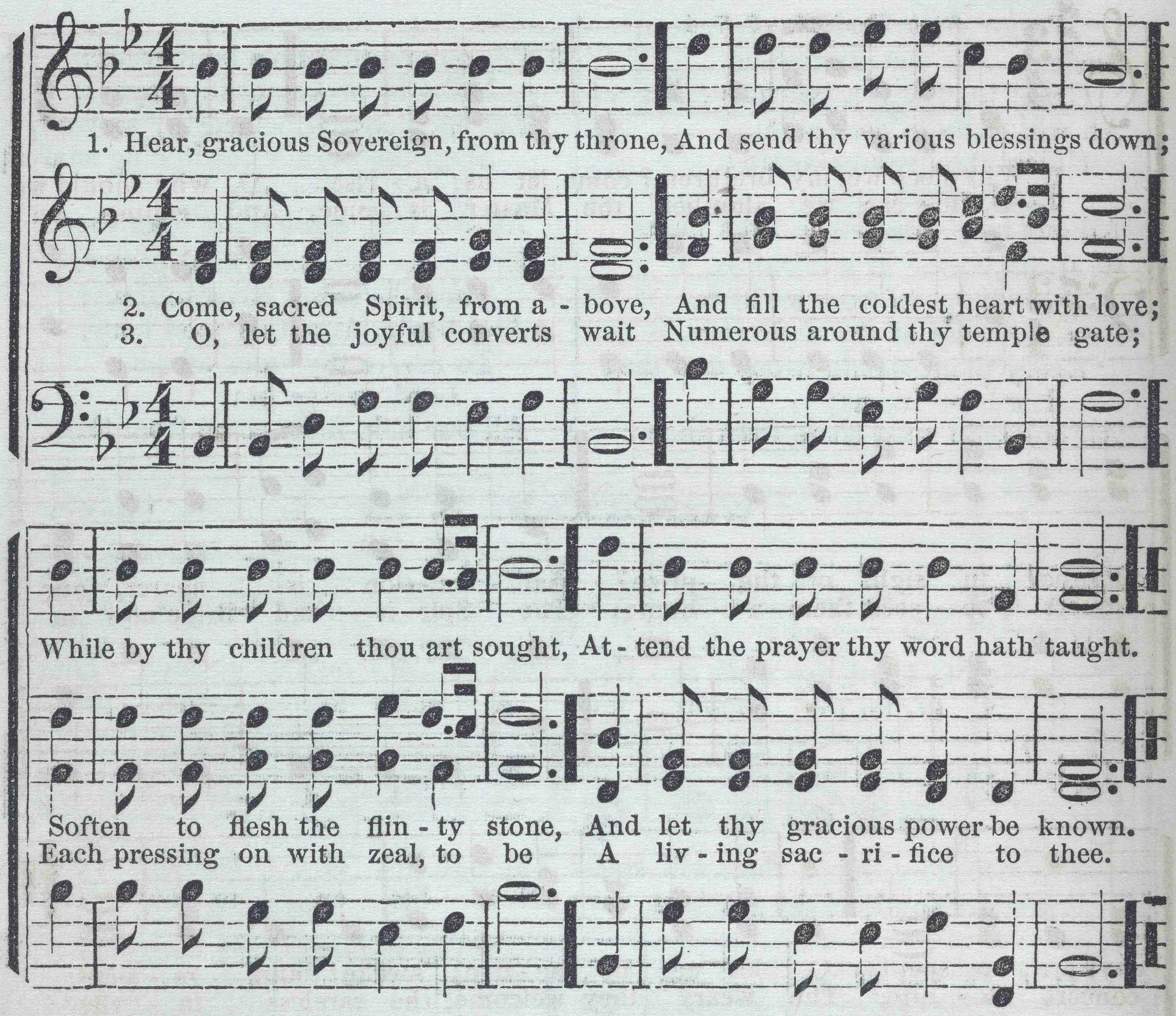
3 Let our mutual love be fervent;
Make us prevalent in prayers;
Let each one, esteemed thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snares;
Lord, revive us;
All our help must come from thee.

4 Break the tempter's fatal power,
Turn the stony heart to flesh;
And begin, from this good hour,
To revive thy work afresh:
Lord, revive us;
All our help must come from thee.

WATCHMAN. S. M. LEACH.



DEARBORN. L. M. A. R. TROWBRIDGE



125 *Zion's increase prayed for.*

1 Revive thy churches, Lord, with grace;
Forgive our sins, and grant us peace;
Rouse us from sloth, our hearts inflame;
Kindle our zeal for Jesus' name.

2 May young and old thy word receive;
Dead sinners hear thy voice and live;
The wounded conscience healing find,
And joy refresh each drooping mind.

---

126 *O Sun of Righteousness, arise.*

1 O Sun of righteousness, arise!
With gentle beams on Zion shine;
Dispel the darkness from our eyes,
And souls awake to life divine.

2 On all around, let grace descend,
Like heavenly dew, or copious showers;
That we may call our God our friend,—
That we may hail salvation ours.

127 *Declension Confessed.* KELLY.

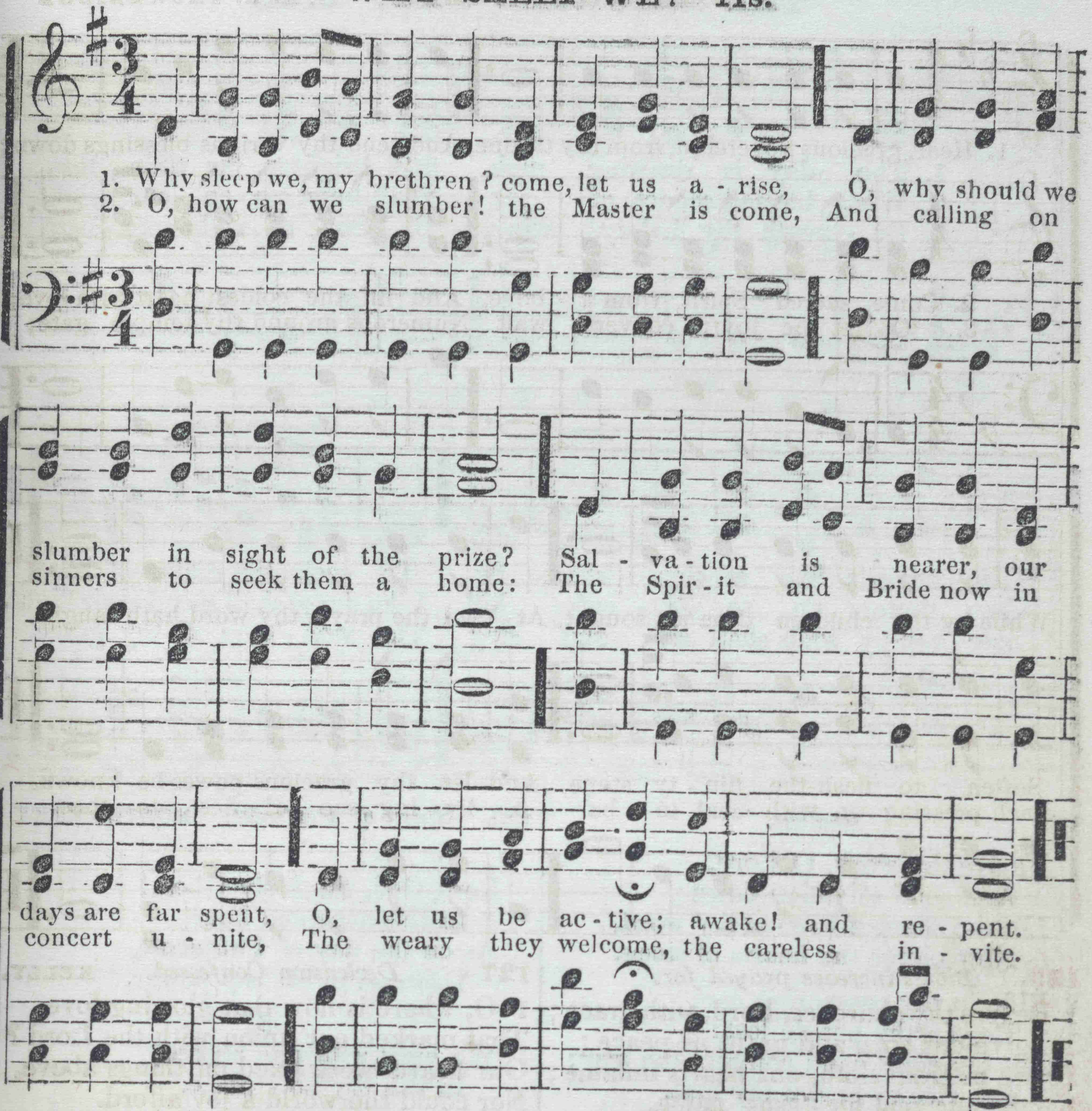
1 O, where is now that glowing love
That marked our union with the Lord?
Our hearts were fixed on things above,
Nor could the world a joy afford.

2 Where is the zeal that led us then
To make our Saviour's glory known?
That freed us from the fear of men,
And kept our eye on him alone?

3 Where are the happy seasons spent
In fellowship with him we loved?
The sacred joy, the sweet content,
The blessedness that then we proved?

4 Behold, again we turn to thee;
O, cast us not away, though vile;
No peace we have, no joy we see,
O Lord our God, but in thy smile.

WHY SLEEP WE? 11s.



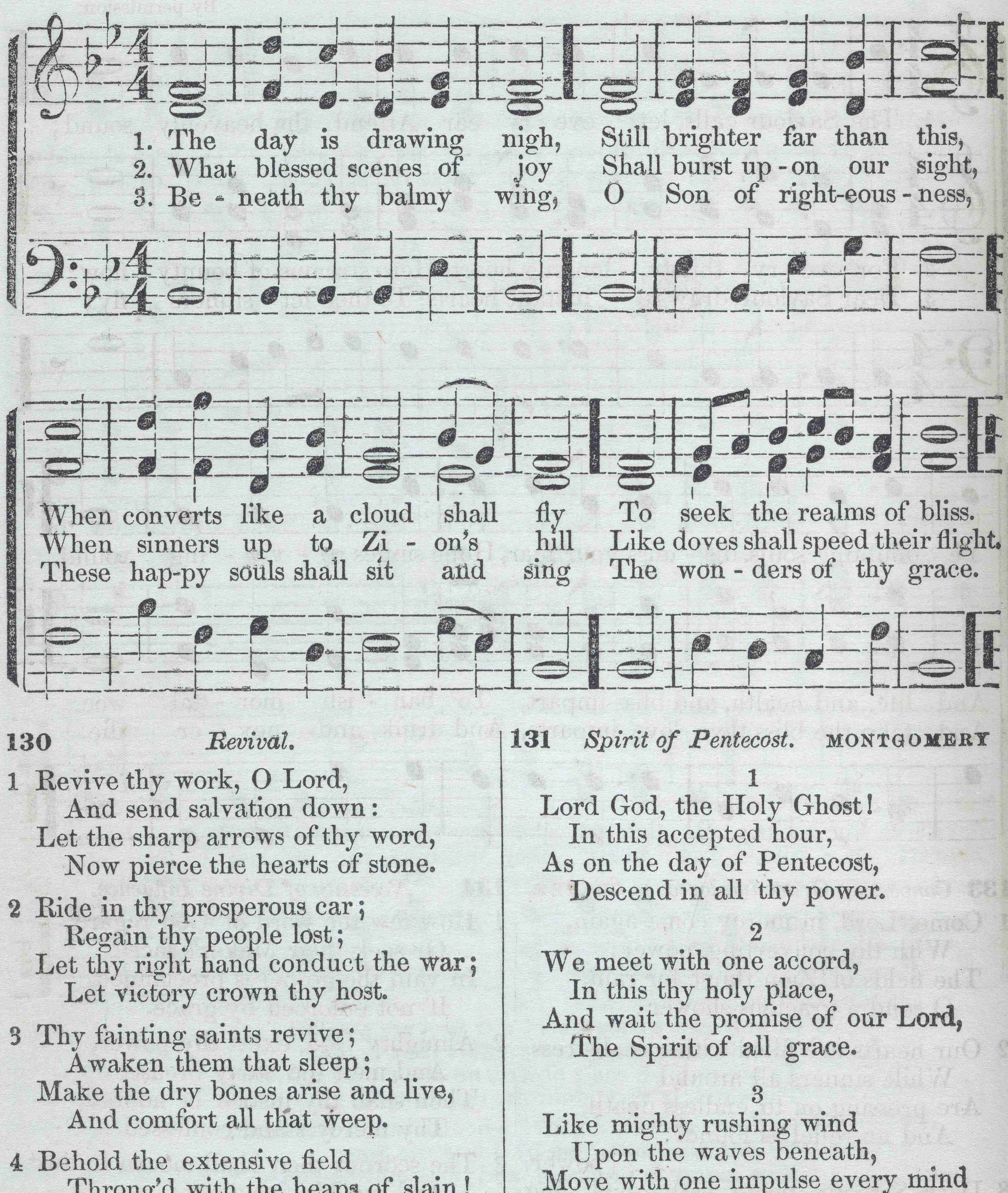
3 O, how can we slumber! our foes are awake;
To ruin poor souls, every effort they make;
To accomplish their object, no means are untried;
The careless they comfort, the wakeful misguide.

4 O, how can we slumber! when so much was done,
To purchase salvation by Jesus the Son;
Now mercy is proffered, and justice displayed,
Now God can be honored, and sinners be saved.

5 O, how can we slumber! when death is so near,
And sinners are sinking to endless despair;
Now prayers may avail, and they gain the high prize,
Before they in torment shall lift up their eyes.

6 O, how can we slumber! ye sinners, look round,
Before the last trumpet your heart shall confound;
O, fly to the Saviour, he calls you to-day,
While mercy is waiting, O make no delay. HOPKINS.

THE BRIGHTER DAY. S. M.



1 Revive thy work, O Lord,
And send salvation down:
Let the sharp arrows of thy word,
Now pierce the hearts of stone.

2 Ride in thy prosperous car;
Regain thy people lost;
Let thy right hand conduct the war;
Let victory crown thy host.

3 Thy fainting saints revive;
Awaken them that sleep;
Make the dry bones arise and live,
And comfort all that weep.

4 Behold the extensive field
Throng'd with the heaps of slain!
Though dead in sin, thy power, reveal'd,
Shall make them live again.

5 Come, O ye winds of heav'n,
Breathe o'er this vale of death;
May the good spirit, richly given,
Fill all with praying breath!

1
Lord God, the Holy Ghost!
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all thy power.

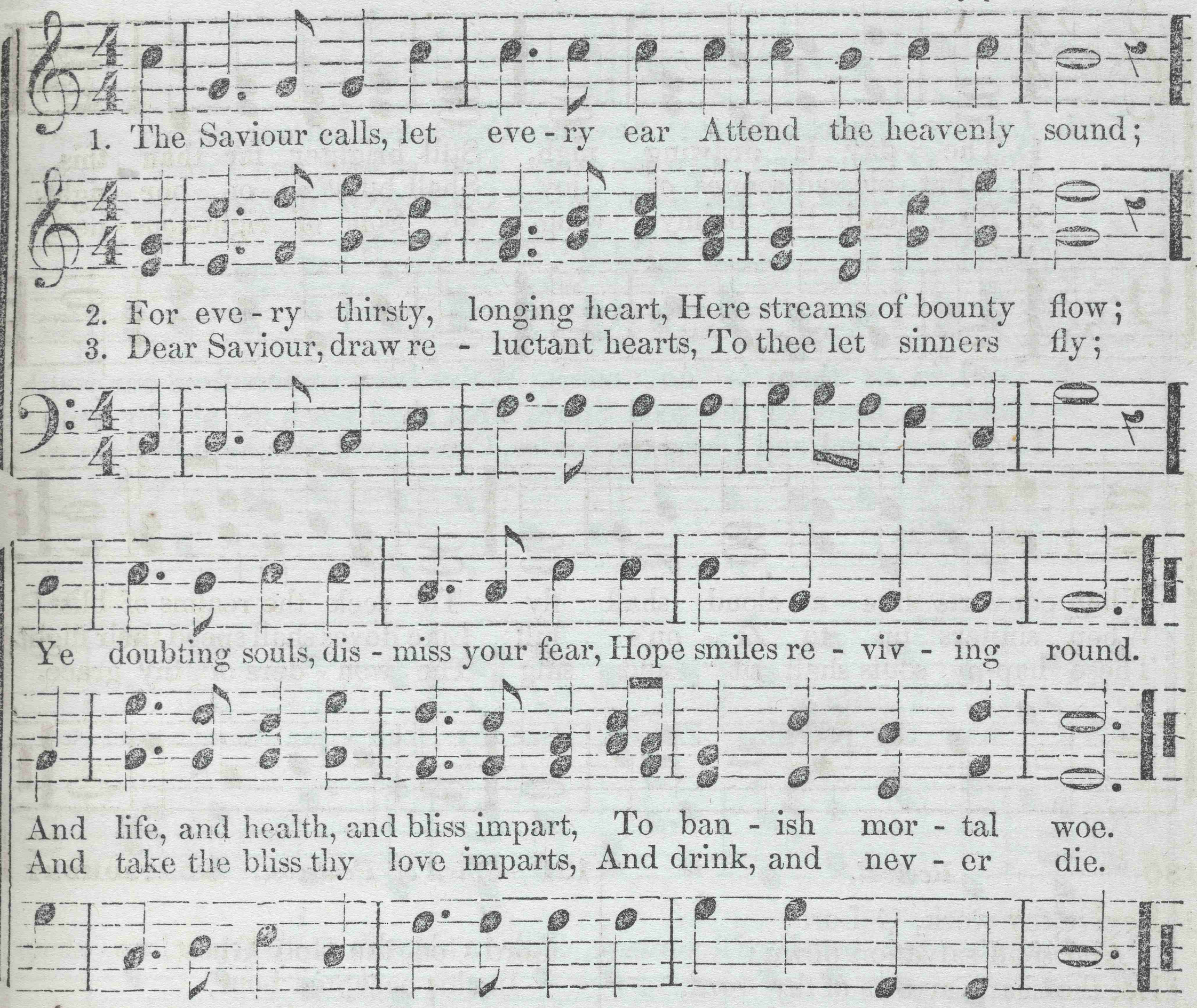
2
We meet with one accord,
In this thy holy place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.

3
Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind
One soul, one feeling breathe.

4
Wake, with thy sovereign breath,
The souls now dark and dead,
And o'er this silent field of death,
Thy living influence shed.

BROWN. C. M.

W. B. BRADBURY,
By permission.



133 *Converting Grace implored.* N. COLVER.

1 Come, Lord, in mercy come again,
With thy converting power;
The fields of Zion thirst for rain,
O send a gracious shower!

2 Our hearts are filled with sore distress,
While sinners all around
Are pressing on to endless death,
And no relief is found.

3 Dear Saviour, come with quick'ning [power,
Thy mourning people cry;
Salvation bring in mercy's hour,
Nor let the sinner die.

4 Once more let converts throng thy [house,
And shouts of victory raise;
Then shall our griefs be turned to joy,
And sighs, to songs of praise.

134 *Necessity of Divine Influence.*

1 How few the word of God regard,
Or seek their Maker's face!
In vain the gospel is proclaimed,
If not enforced by grace.

2 Almighty God, exert thy power,
And melt the stony breast;
Then shall thy justice be adored,
Thy mercy stand confessed.

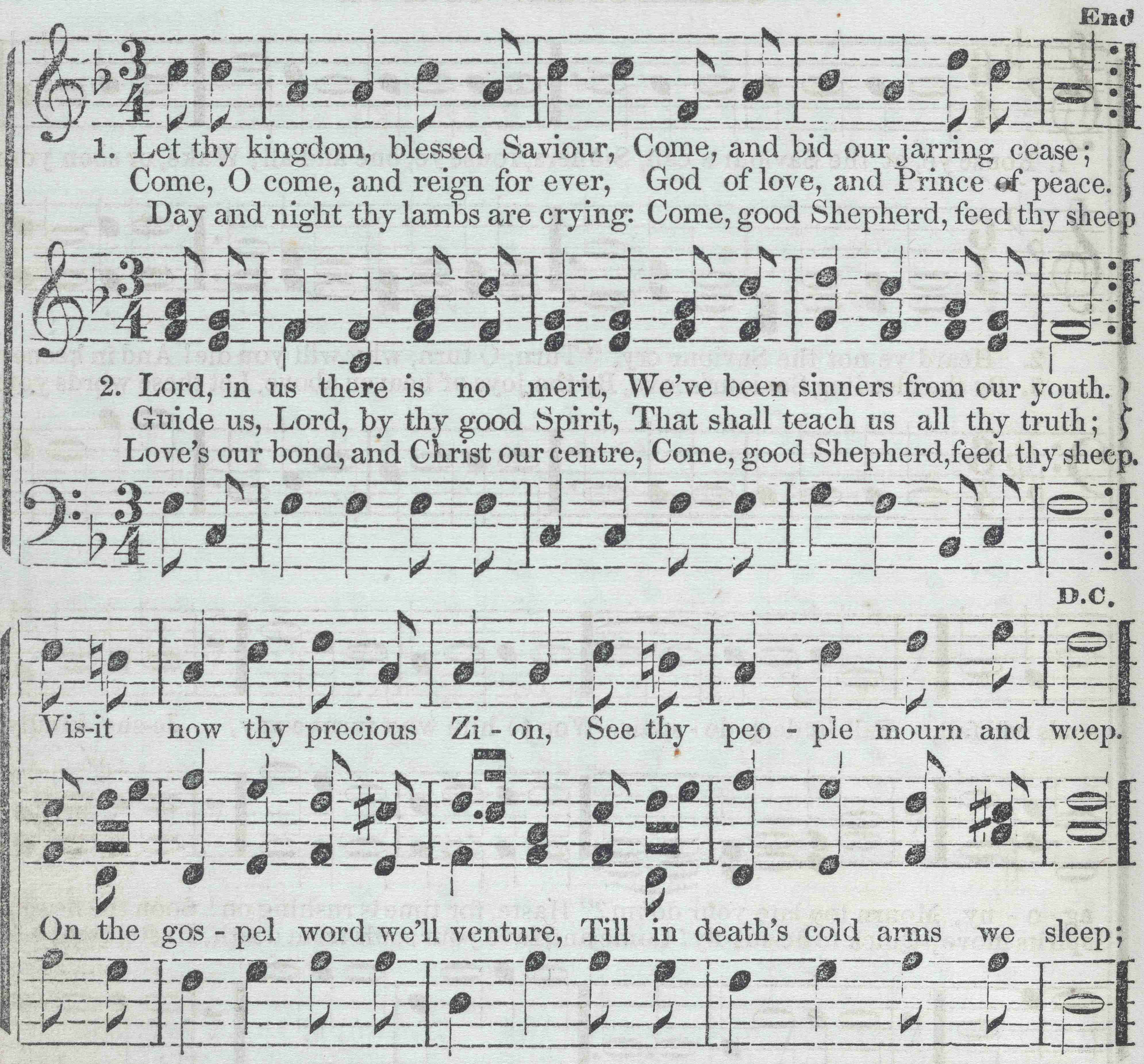
3 The scorner then shall mourn in dust
And put his sins away;
No more resist his Maker's hands,
But lift his own to pray.

---

135 *The Harvest.*

1 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night;
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD. 8s & 7s.



3 Hear the Prince of your salvation,
Saying, "Fear not, little flock,
I myself am your foundation,
Ye are built upon this rock:
Shun the paths of vice and folly,
Near your Shepherd constant keep,
Look to me and be ye holy,
I delight to feed my sheep."

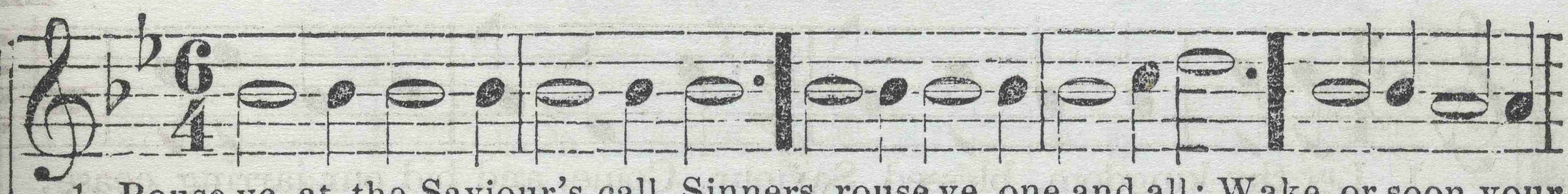
4 Christ alone our souls shall rest on,
Taught by him we own his name;
Sweetest of all names is Jesus,
How it doth our hearts inflame!
Glory! glory! give him glory,
Strong is he, and he will keep,
He will clear our way before us,
The good Shepherd feeds his sheep.

137 *Sowing and Reaping.* CH. PSALMIST

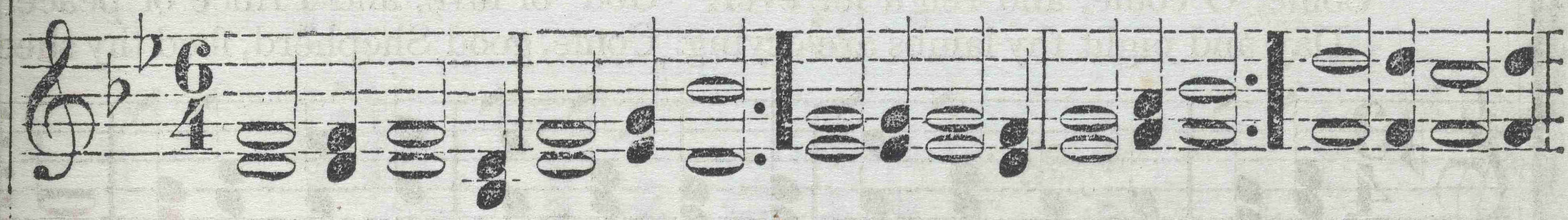
1 He that goeth forth with weeping,
Bearing still the precious seed,
Never tiring, never sleeping,
All his labor shall succeed.
When shall fall the rain of heaven,
And the sun of mercy shine;
Precious fruits will then be given,
Through an influence all divine.

2 Sow thy seed, be never weary,
Let no fears thy mind employ;
Be the prospect e'er so dreary,
Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.
Lo, the scene of verdure brightening,
See the rising grain appear;
Look again! the fields are whitening;
Sure the harvest time is near.

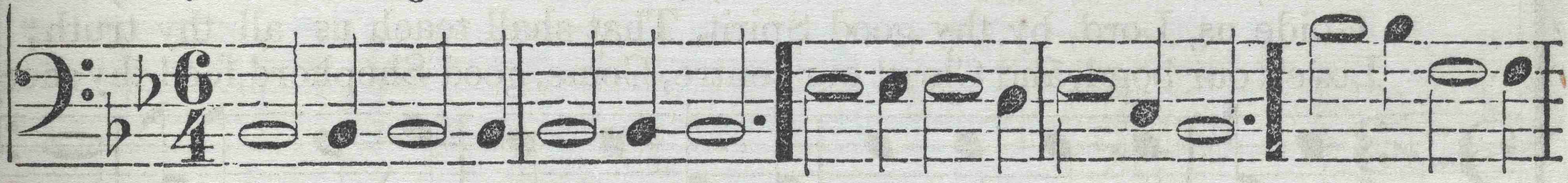
CALEDONIA. 7s & 6s.

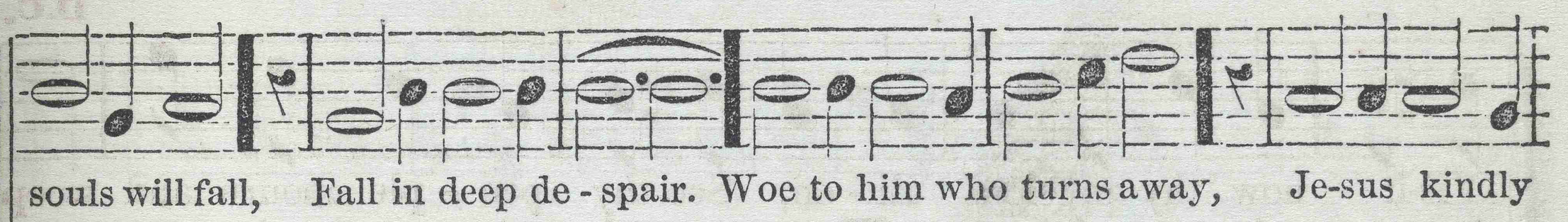


1. Rouse ye, at the Saviour's call, Sinners, rouse ye, one and all; Wake, or soon your

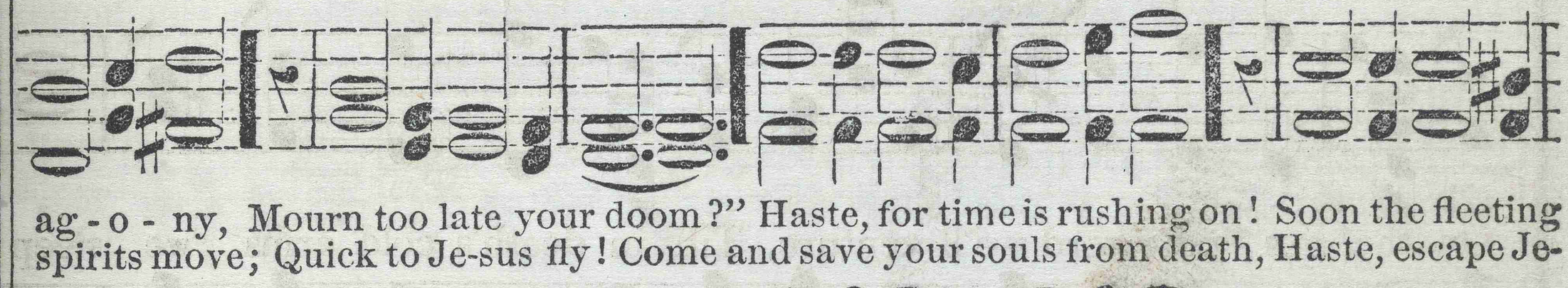


2. Heard ye not the Saviour cry, "Turn, O turn, why will you die! And in keenest
3. By the bleeding Saviour's love, By the joys of heaven above, Let these words your

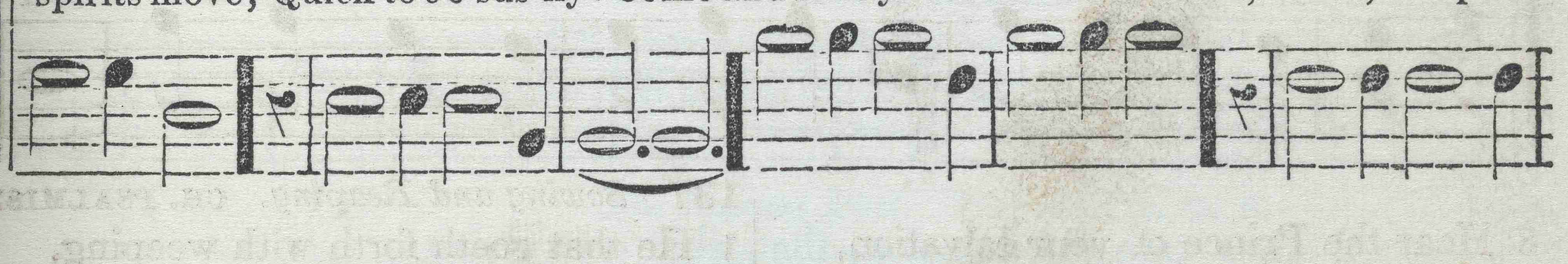


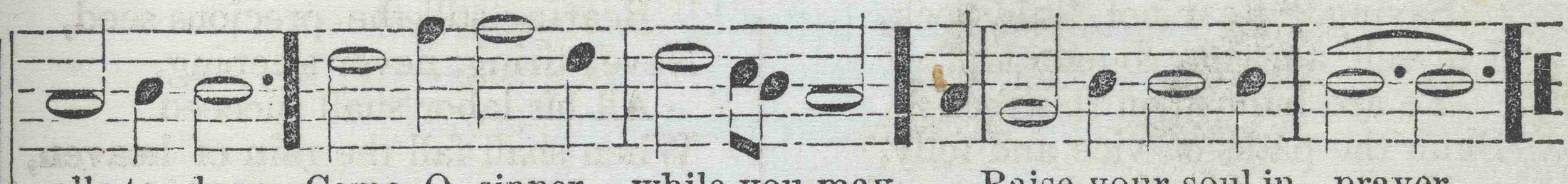


souls will fall, Fall in deep de-spair. Woe to him who turns away, Je-sus kindly

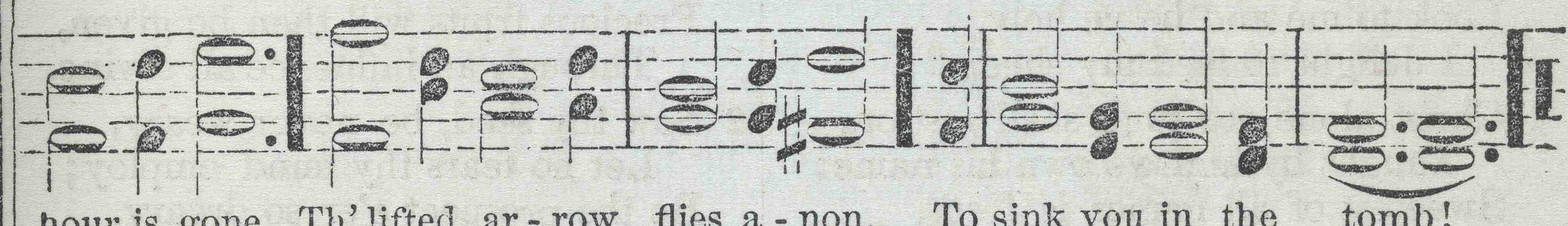


ag-o-ny, Mourn too late your doom?" Haste, for time is rushing on! Soon the fleeting
spirits move; Quick to Je-sus fly! Come and save your souls from death, Haste, escape Je-

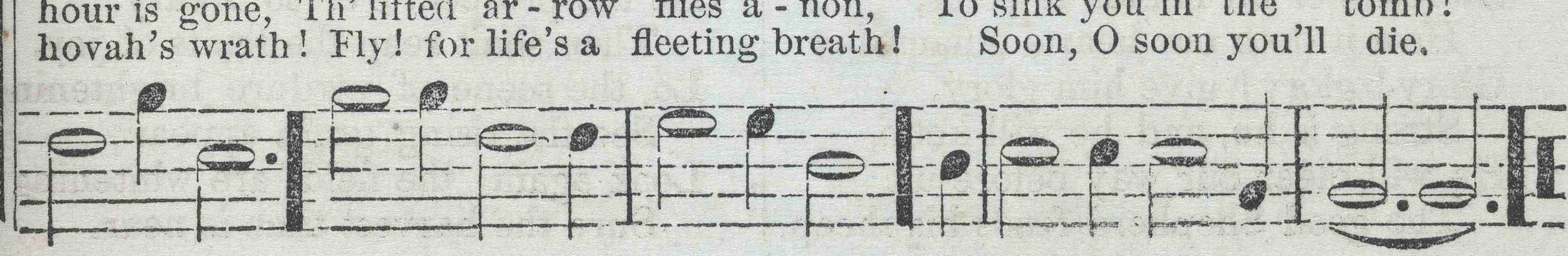




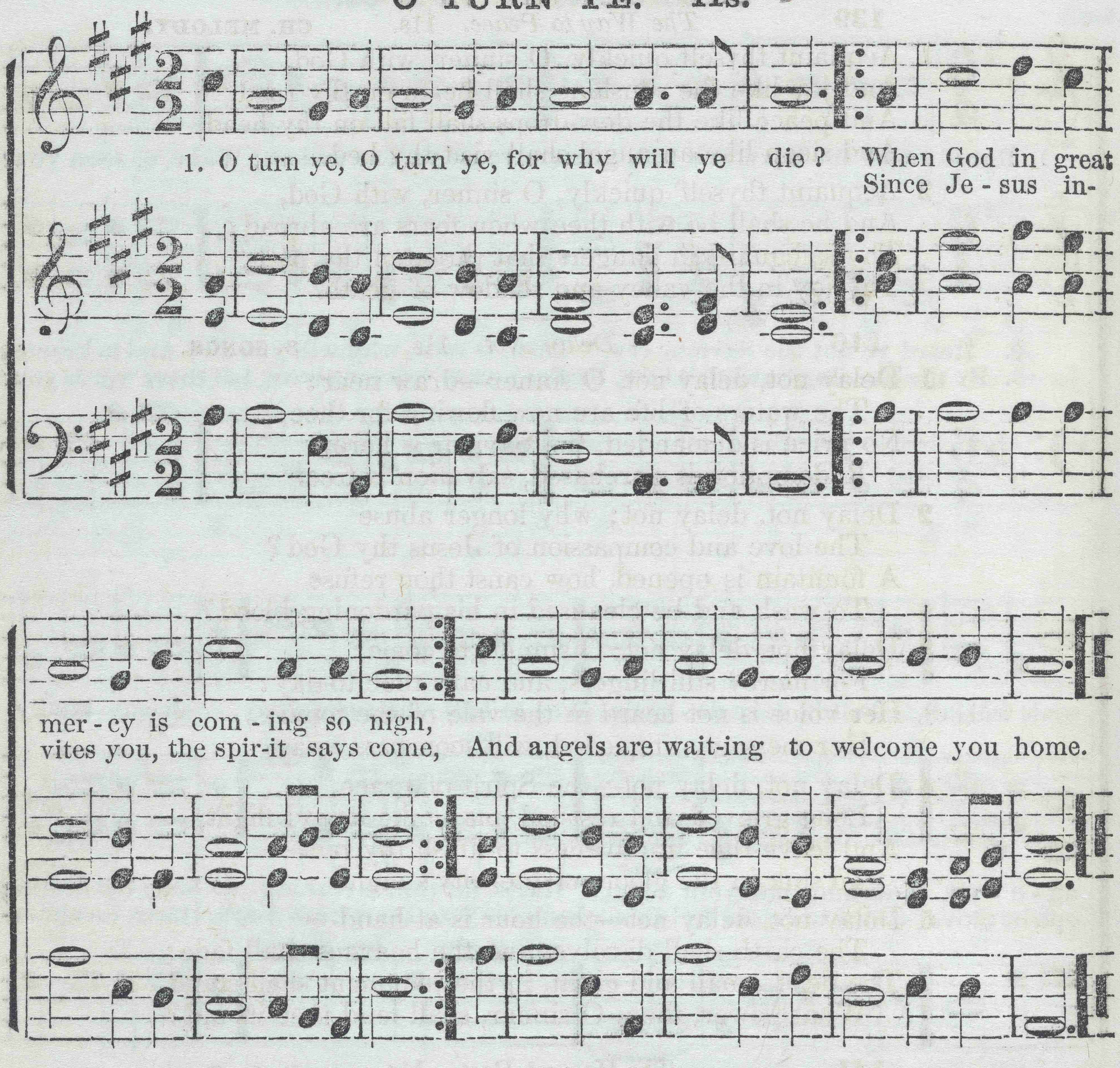
calls to-day; Come, O sinner, while you may, Raise your soul in prayer.



hour is gone, Th' lifted ar-row flies a-non, To sink you in the tomb!
hovah's wrath! Fly! for life's a fleeting breath! Soon, O soon you'll die.



O TURN YE. 11s.



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

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

4 Come, give us your hand, and the Saviour your heart,
And trusting in heaven we never shall part:
O, how can we leave you? why will you not come?
We'll journey together, and soon be at home.

HYMNS FOR "O TURN YE."

139 *The Way to Peace.* 11s. CH. MELODY.

1 Acquaint thyself quickly, O sinner, with God,
And joy like the sunshine shall beam on thy road,
And peace like the dew-drops shall fall on thy head,
And sleep like an angel shall visit thy bed.

2 Acquaint thyself quickly, O sinner, with God,
And he shall be with thee when fears are abroad;
Thy safeguard in dangers that threaten thy path,
Thy joy in the valley and shadow of death.

---

140 *Delay Not.* 11s. S. SONGS.

1 Delay not, delay not, O sinner—draw near;
The waters of life are now flowing for thee:
No price is demanded, the Saviour is here,
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

2 Delay not, delay not; why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus thy God?
A fountain is opened, how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in his pardoning blood?

3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,
For mercy still lingers, and calls thee to-day:
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb;
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.

4 Delay not, delay not—the Spirit of grace,
Long grieved and resisted, may take its sad flight,
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race—
To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

5 Delay not, delay not—the hour is at hand—
The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens shall fade;
The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall stand,
What power, then, O sinner, shall lend thee its aid?

---

141 *The Harvest Past.* 11s. E. F. E.

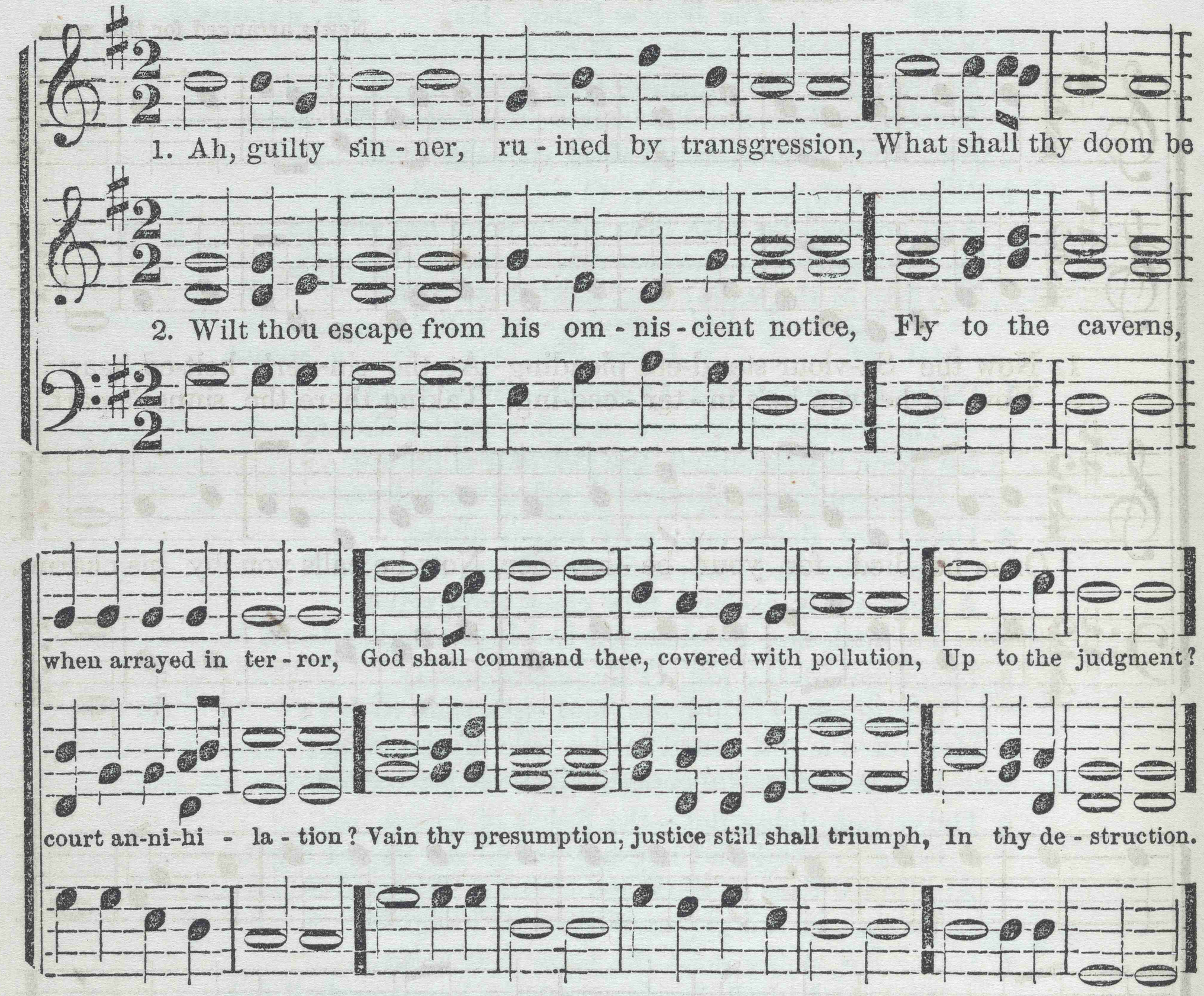
1 Lo! Jesus the Saviour in mercy draws near,
Salvation he brings, O repent and believe;
The voice of his mercy the doubting shall hear,
And sinners redemption with gladness receive.

2 The day-star of promise illumines the sky,
And souls long benighted now welcome the dawn;
Improve the glad season, or soon you may cry—
"The harvest is past, and the summer is gone!"

3 The Spirit is striving with sinners to-day,
He graciously knocks at the door of your heart,
He comes the compassion of God to display,
Your sins to remove and his love to impart.

4 O! welcome the Spirit, and grieve him no more,
Nor wait till his offers of life are withdrawn;
Lest then you may cry, as your doom you deplore,
"The harvest is past, and the summer is gone!"

WARNING. 11s & 5. Am. Vocalist. — By permission.



3 Stop, thoughtless sinner, stop awhile and ponder,
Ere death arrest thee, and the Judge in vengeance,
Hurl from his presence thine affrighted spirit,
Swift to perdition.

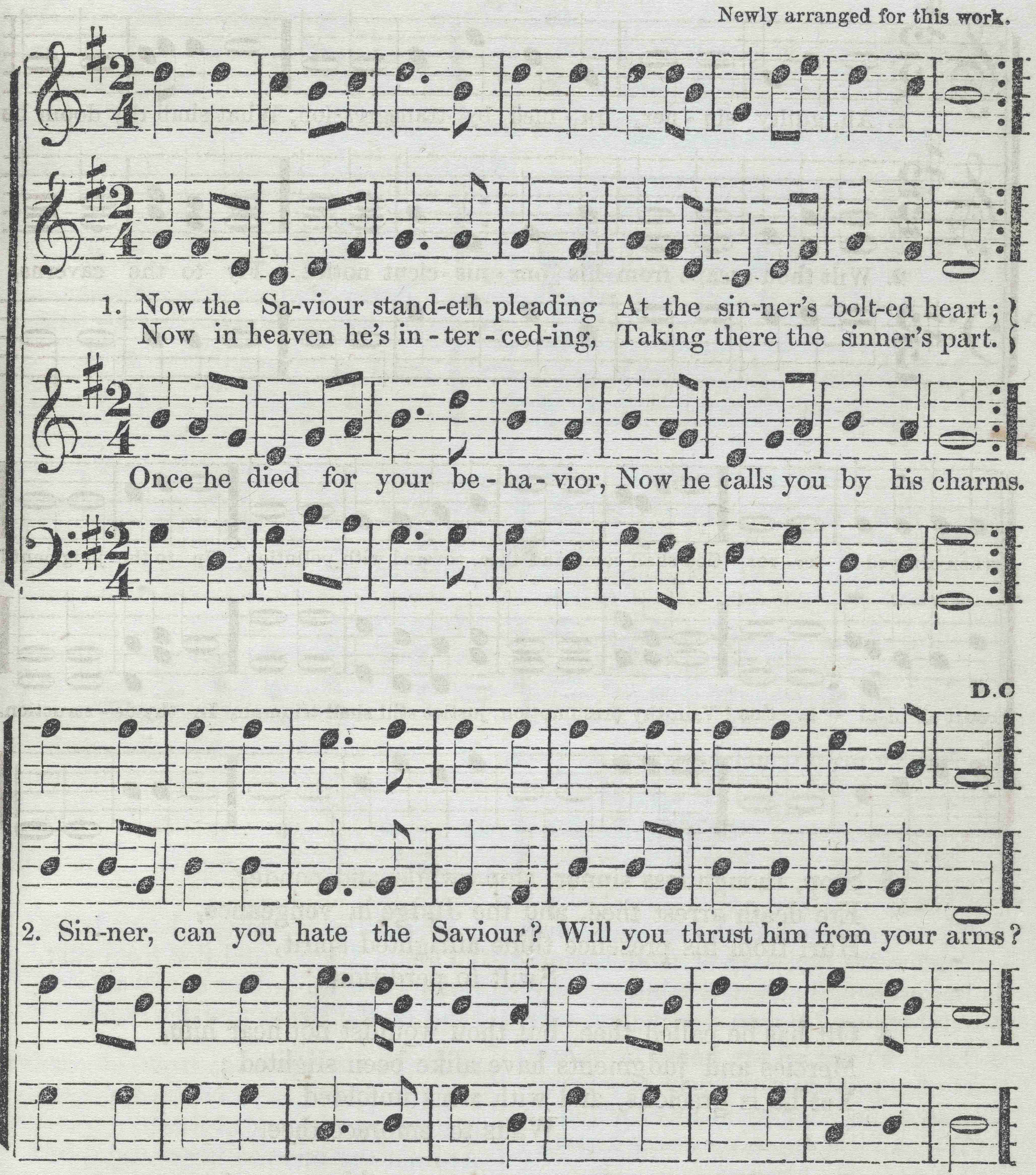
4 Oft has he called thee, but thou wouldst not hear him,
Mercies and judgments have alike been slighted;
Yet he is gracious, and with arms unfolded
Waits to embrace thee.

5 Come, then, poor sinner, come away this moment,
Just as you are, come, filthy and polluted,
Come to the fountain open for uncleanness;
Jesus invites you.

6 O, guilty sinner, hear the voice of warning;
Fly to the Saviour, and embrace his pardon;
So shall your spirit meet, with joy triumphant,
Death and the judgment.

PLEADING SAVIOUR. 8s & 7s.

Newly arranged for this work.



1. Now the Sa-viour stand-eth pleading At the sin-ner's bolt-ed heart;
Now in heaven he's in - ter - ced-ing, Taking there the sinner's part.

Once he died for your be - ha - vior, Now he calls you by his charms.

2. Sin-ner, can you hate the Saviour? Will you thrust him from your arms?

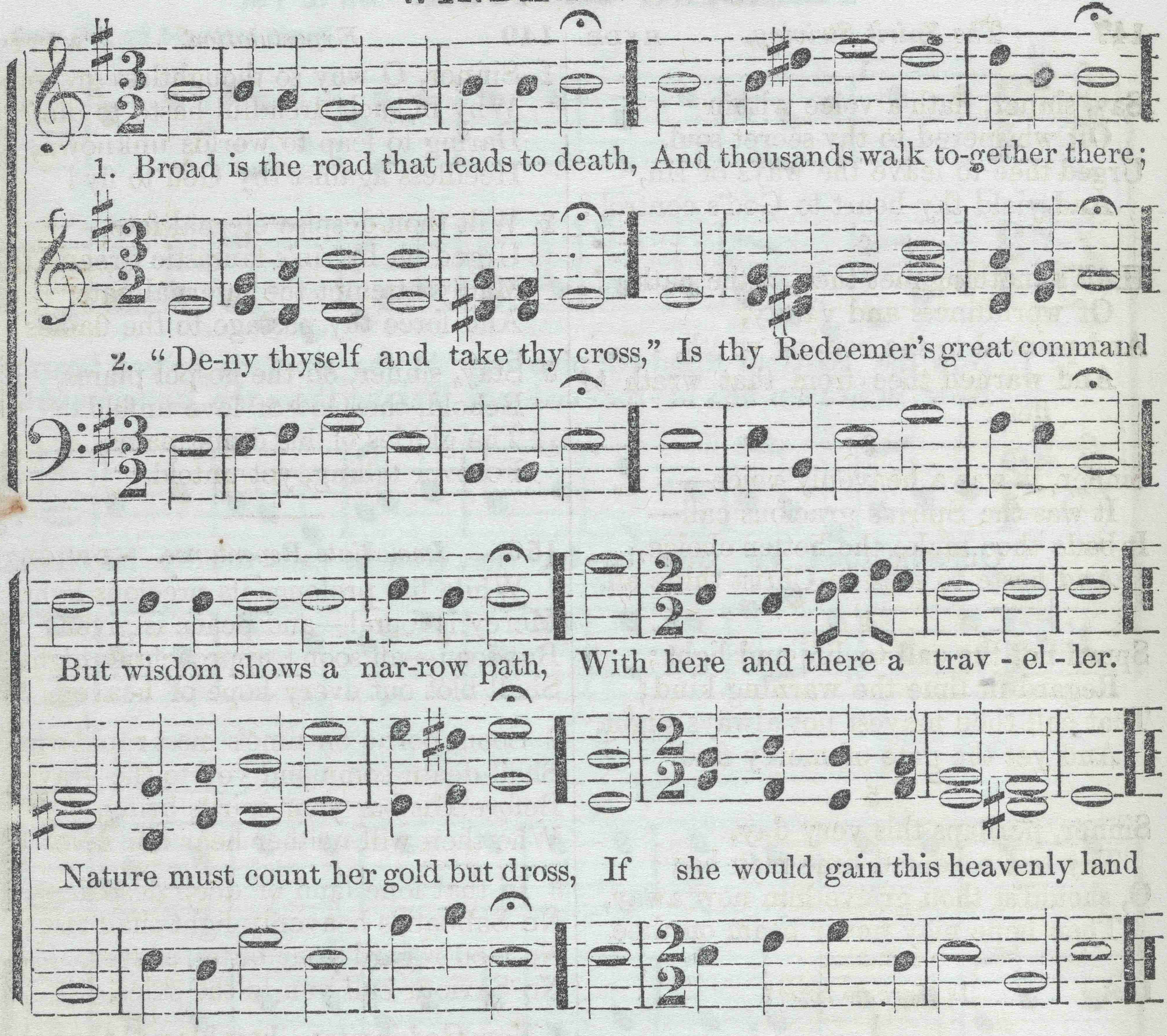
3 Sinners, hear your God and Saviour,
Hear his gracious voice to-day,
Turn from all your vain behavior;
O repent, return and pray.

4 O be wise before you languish
On the bed of dying strife!
Endless joy or endless anguish,
Turns upon the events of life.

5 Now he's waiting to be gracious,
Now he stands and looks on thee;
See what kindness, love and pity,
Shine around on you and me.

6 Open now your hearts before him,
Bid the Saviour welcome in;
Now receive, and O, adore him,
Take a full discharge from sin.

WINDHAM. L. M. READ.



3 The fearful soul, that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteemed almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.

4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain;
Create my heart entirely new;
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain;
Which false apostates never knew.

---

145 *Where are the Dead?* MONTGOMERY.

1 Where are the dead? In heaven or hell
Their disembodied spirits dwell;
Their perished forms in bonds of clay,
Reserved until the judgment day.

2 Where are the living? On the ground
Where prayer is heard and mercy found;
Where, in the compass of a span,
The mortal makes th' immortal man.

3 Then, timely warned, let us begin
To follow Christ, and flee from sin;
Daily grow up in him our head,—
Lord of the living and the dead.

---

146 *Pardon penitently implored* 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, though great, cannot surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound;
So let thy pardoning love be found.

3 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.

HYMNS FOR "WINDHAM."

147 *The Spirit Striving.* HYDE.

1
Say, sinner, hath a voice within
Oft whispered to thy secret soul,
Urged thee to leave the ways of sin,
And yield thy heart to God's control?

2
Hath something met thee in the path
Of worldliness and vanity,
And pointed to the coming wrath,
And warned thee from that wrath to flee?

3
Sinner, it was a heavenly voice—
It was the Spirit's gracious call—
It bade thee make the better choice,
And haste to seek in Christ thine all.

4
Spurn not the call to life and light;
Regard in time the warning kind;
That call thou mayest not always slight,
And yet the gate of mercy find.

5
Sinner, perhaps this very day,
Thy last accepted time may be;
O, should'st thou grieve him now away,
Then hope may never beam on thee.

---

148 *Is there no hope?*

1
Is there no hope? O, sinner, pause!
Turn not away from heaven thy face;
Despise no more God's holy laws,
Resist not his inviting grace.

2
Is there no hope? That word recall,
Thy steps retrace, nor dare delay,
Lest, ere thou turn, God's anger fall,
And hope forever flee away.

3
Is there no hope? Yes, sinner, yes—
Repent, and to the Saviour fly:
Will he be deaf to your distress,
Who listens when the ravens cry?

4
Return!—the bow of promise mark,
Above where death's dark billows roar;
For soon, when sinks thy fragile bark,
'Twill shine upon thy soul no more

149 *Expostulation.* WATTS.

1 Sinner, O why so thoughtless grown;
Why in such dreadful haste to die?
Daring to leap to worlds unknown,
Heedless against thy God to fly!

2 Wilt thou despise eternal fate,
Urged on by sin's fantastic dreams?
Madly attempt the infernal gate,
And force thy passage to the flames?

3 Stay, sinner, on the gospel plains,
Behold, the God of love unfold
The glories of his dying pains,
Forever telling, yet untold.

---

150 *Immediate Repentance.* DWIGHT

1 While life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found—and peace is given;
But soon—ah soon! approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

2 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave;
Before His bar your spirits bring,
Who then will neither hear nor save.

3 In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise;
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Saviour call you to the skies.

4 Now God invites—how blessed the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste—oh, haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

---

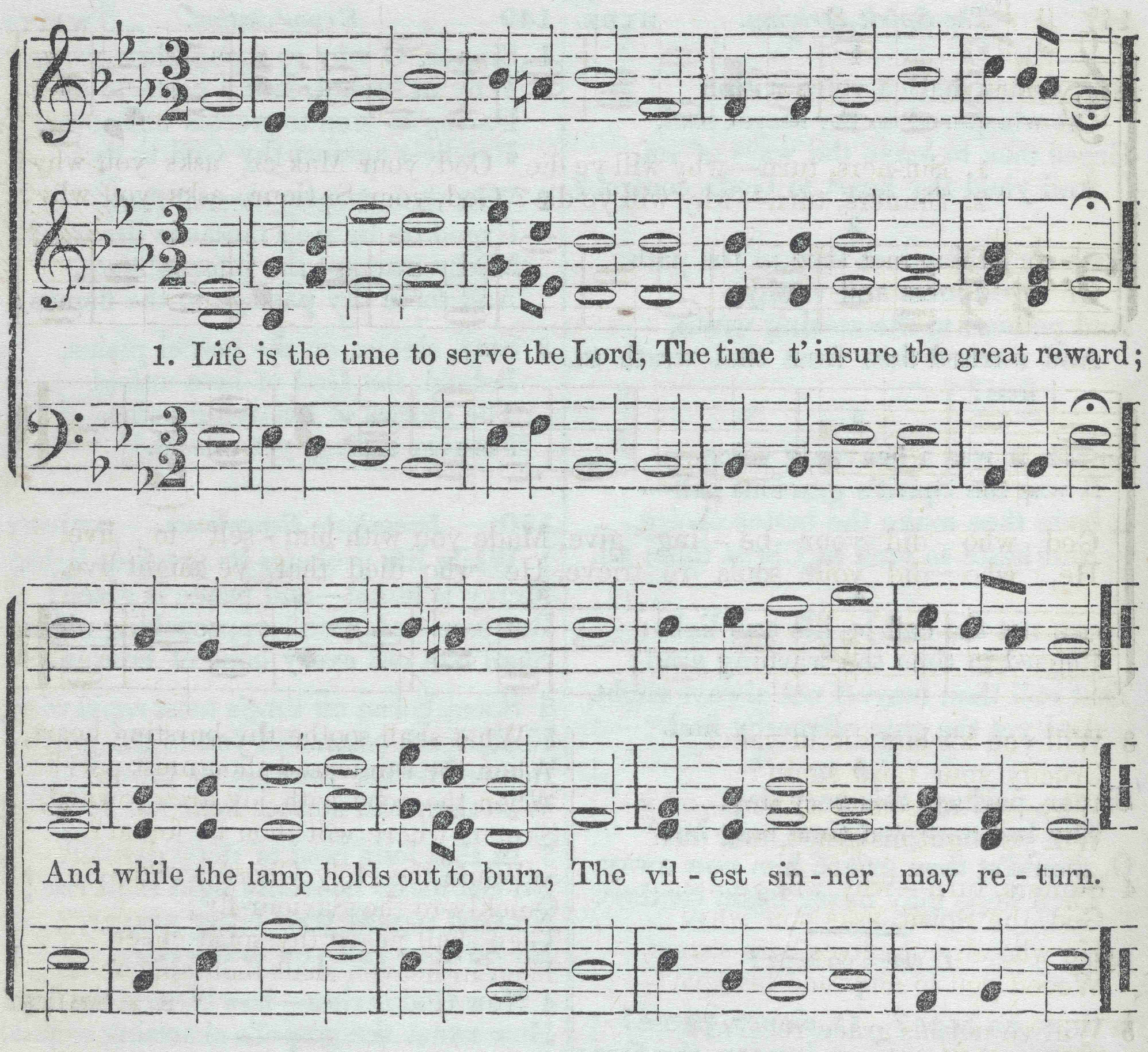
151 *Youth Admonished.*

1 Why will ye die? ye thoughtless youth
Despise the words of life and truth,
And heedless rush along the road,
Away from happiness and God?

2 Why will ye die? while mercy pleads,
And angels weep, and Jesus bleeds;
Why will ye seek the sinner's death,
And scoff at Christ with dying breath?

3 Why will ye die, and nothing gain,
But shame and anguish, sin and pain?
While saints and angels waiting stand,
To lead thee to the promised land?

WELLS. L. M. HOLDRAYD.



2 Life is the hour that God has given
To 'scape from hell and fly to heaven;
The day of grace, and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.

3 The living know that they must die,
But all the dead forgotten lie;
Their memory and their sense is gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.

4 Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands with all your might pursue;
Since no device or work is found,
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.

5 There are no acts of pardon passed
In the cold grave to which we haste;
But darkness, death, and long despair,
Reign in eternal silence there.

WATTS.

153 *One Thing Needful.* DODDRIDGE.

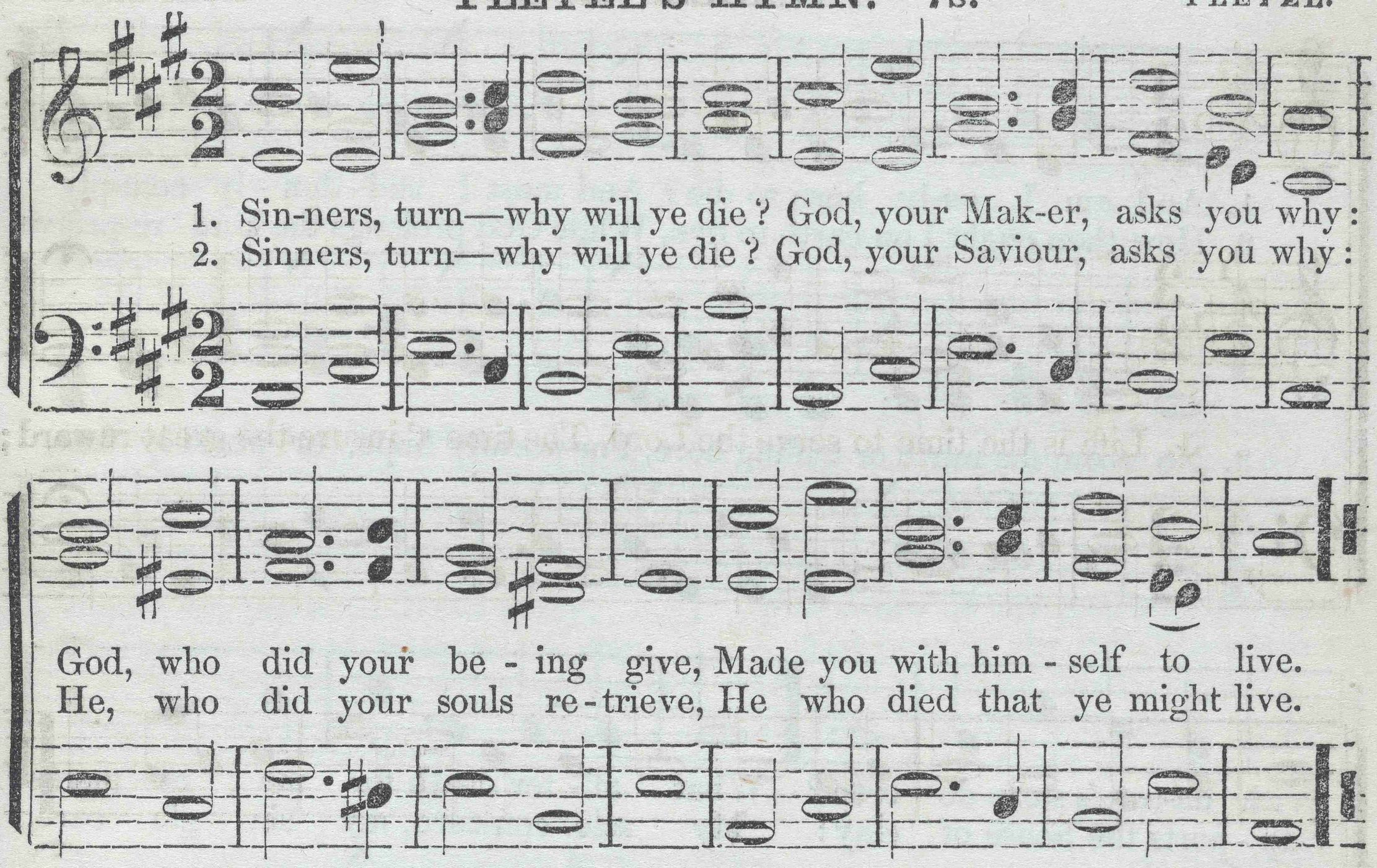
1 Why will ye waste on trifling cares
That life which God's compassion spares,
While, in the various range of thought,
The one thing needful is forgot?

2 Shall God invite you from above?
Shall Jesus urge his dying love?
Shall troubled conscience give you pain?
And all these pleas unite in vain?

3 Not so your eyes will always view
Those objects which you now pursue;
Not so will heaven and hell appear,
When death's decisive hour is near.

4 Almighty God, thy grace impart;
Fix deep conviction on each heart;
Nor let us waste on trifling cares
That life which thy compassion spares.

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s. PLEYEL.



3 Will you let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why—ye ransomed sinners—why
Will ye slight his grace, and die?

4 Sinners, turn—why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why:
He who all your lives hath strove,
Wooed you to embrace his love;—

5 Will ye not his grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
Oh! ye dying sinners, why—
Why will ye forever die?

---

155 *The Sinner at the Judgment.*

1 When thy mortal life is fled,
When the death-shades o'er thee spread,
When is finished thy career,
Sinner, where wilt thou appear?

2 When the world has passed away,
When draws near the judgment-day,
When the awful trump shall sound,
Say, O, where wilt thou be found?

3 When the Judge descends in light,
Clothed in majesty and might,
When the wicked quail with fear,
Where, O, where wilt thou appear?

4 What shall soothe thy bursting heart,
When the saints and thou must part?
When the good with joy are crowned,
Sinner, where wilt thou be found?

5 While the Holy Ghost is nigh,
Quickly to the Saviour fly;
Then shall peace thy spirit cheer;
Then in heaven shalt thou appear.

S. F. SMITH.

---

156 *Haste, O Sinner.* T. SCOTT

1 Haste, O sinner!—now be wise;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Wisdom if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.

2 Haste—and mercy now implore;
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er,
Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Haste, O sinner!—now return;
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn,
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Haste, O sinner!—now be blest
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest,
Ere the morrow is begun.

GANGES. C. P. M.

1. And am I on-ly born to die? And must I sud-den-ly com-ply
2. How then ought I on earth to live, While God prolongs the kind re-prieve,
3. No room for mirth or trifling here, For worldly hope, or world-ly fear,

With na-ture's stern de-cree? What af-ter death for me re-mains?
Sup-ports the house of clay: My sole con-cern, my sin-gle care,
If life so soon is gone; If now the Judge is at the door,
Ce-les-tial joys, or dread-ful pains, To all e-ter-ni-ty!
To watch, and tremble, and pre-pare A-gainst that solemn day!
And all man-kind must stand be-fore Th' in-ex-o-ra-ble throne!

4 No matter which my thoughts employ,
A moment's misery or joy;
But, O! when both shall end,
Where shall I find my destined place?
Shall I my everlasting days
With fiends or angels spend?

HYMNS FOR "GANGES."

158 *Eternity Contemplated.* C. WESLEY.

1 Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
Yet how insensible!
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to yon heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.

2 O God, my inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtless heart
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And save me ere it be too late:
Wake me to righteousness.

3 Before me place, in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there
To meet a joyful doom?

4 Be this my one great business here,—
With holy trembling, holy fear,
To make my calling sure!
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure!

5 Then, Father, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale, to live
And reign with thee above,
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full, supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

---

159 *Solemn Meditation.*

1 My days, my weeks, my months, my years,
Fly rapid as the whirling spheres,
Around the steady pole;
Time, like the tide, its motion keeps,
Forever flowing to the deeps,
Where ceaseless ages roll.

2 The grave is near the cradle seen,
How swift the moments pass between!
And whisper as they fly—
"Unthinking man remember this,
That, 'mid thy sublunary bliss,
Thou soon must fade and die!

3 My soul, attend the solemn call,
Thine earthly tent must quickly fall,
And thou must take thy flight,
Beyond the vast ethereal blue,
To love and sing as angels do,
Or sink in endless night.

4 But shall my soul be then extinct,
And cease to be, or cease to think?
It cannot, cannot be:
Thou! my immortal, cannot die,
What wilt thou do, or whither fly,
When death shall set thee free?

5 Will mercy then its arms extend?
Will Jesus be thy guardian friend?
And heaven thy dwelling-place?
Or shall insulting fiends appear,
To drag thee down to black despair,
Beyond the reach of grace?

---

160 T. HASTINGS.

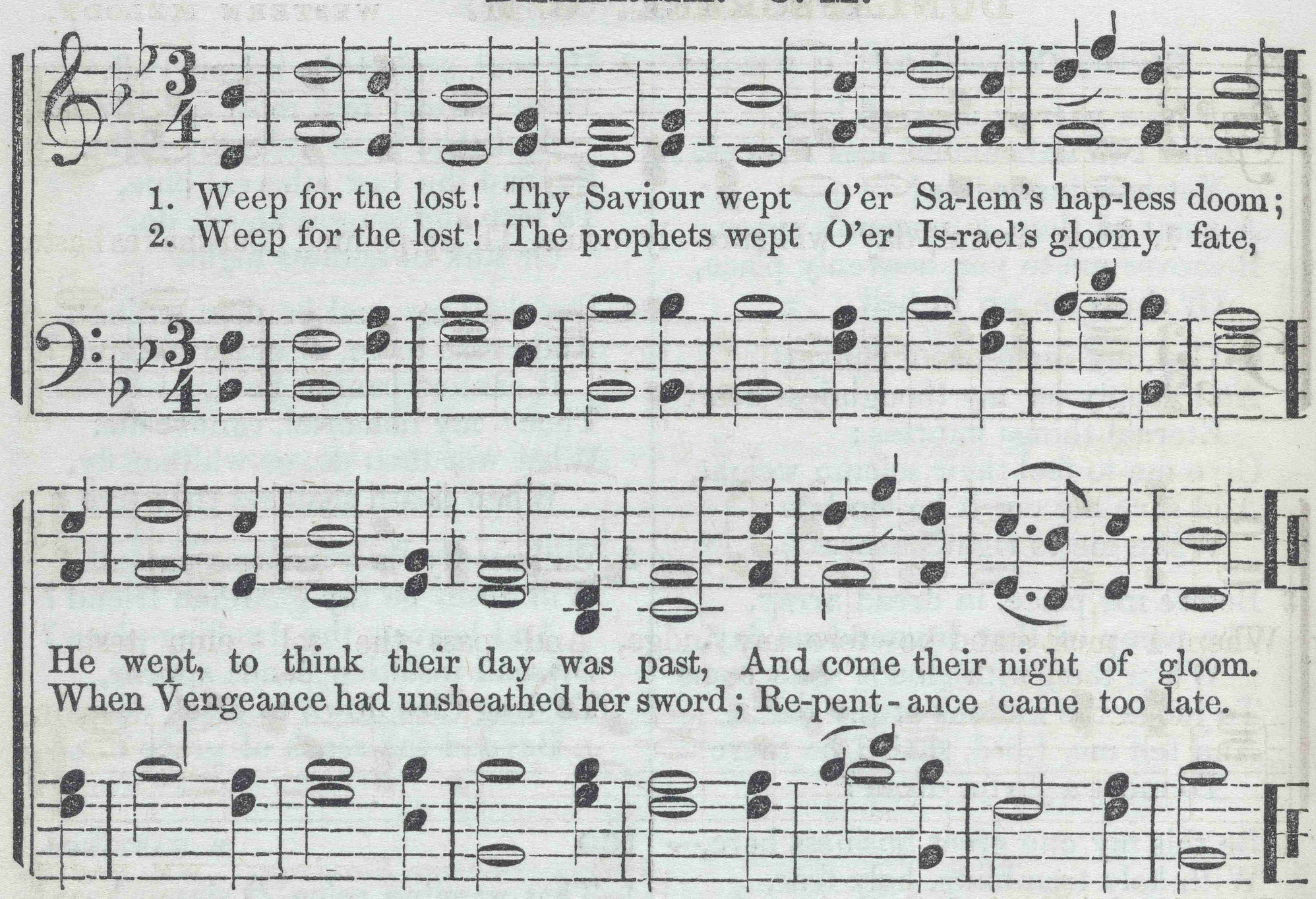
1 That warning voice, O sinner hear!
And while salvation lingers near,
The heav'nly call obey;
Flee from destruction's downward path,
Flee from the threat'ning storm of wrath,
That rises o'er thy way.

2 Soon night comes on with thick'ning shade,
The tempest hovers o'er thy head,
The winds their fury pour:
The lightnings rend the earth and skies,
The thunders roar, the flames arise;
What terrors fill that hour.

3 That warning voice, O sinner, hear,
Whose accents linger on thine ear;
Thy footsteps now retrace;
Renounce thy sins and be forgiv'n,
Believe, become an heir of heav'n,
And sing redeeming grace.

4 Then, while a voice of pardon speaks,
The storm is hush'd, the morning breaks,
The heavens are all serene;
Fresh verdure clothes the beauteous fields,
Joy echoes on the distant hills,
New wonders fill the scene.

BALERMA. C. M.



3 Weep for the lost! Apostles wept,
That men should error choose;
That dying men should Christ reject,
And endless life refuse.

4 Weep for the lost! The lost will weep,
In that long night of woe,
On which no star of hope will rise,
And tears in vain will flow.

5 Weep for the lost! Lord, make us weep,
And toil, with ceaseless care,
To save our friends, ere yet they pass
That point of deep despair. COLVER.

---

162 *Quench not the Spirit.* M. S.

1 Quench not the Spirit of the Lord,
The Holy One from heaven;
The Comforter, beloved, adored,
To man in mercy given.

2 Quench not the Spirit of the Lord;
He will not always strive:
O tremble at that awful word!
Sinner! awake and live.

3 Quench not the Spirit of the Lord,
It is thy only hope:
O let his aid be now implored;
Let prayer be lifted

163 *Repentance Commanded.* DODDRIDGE.

1 "Repent!" the voice celestial cries;
No longer dare delay:
The soul that scorns the mandate dies,
And meets a fiery day.

2 No more the sovereign eye of God
O'erlooks the crimes of men;
His heralds now are sent abroad
To warn the world of sin.

3 O sinners, in his presence bow,
And all your guilt confess;
Accept the offered Saviour now,
Nor trifle with his grace.

4 Soon will the awful trumpet sound,
And call you to his bar;
His mercy knows th' appointed bound,
And yields to justice there.

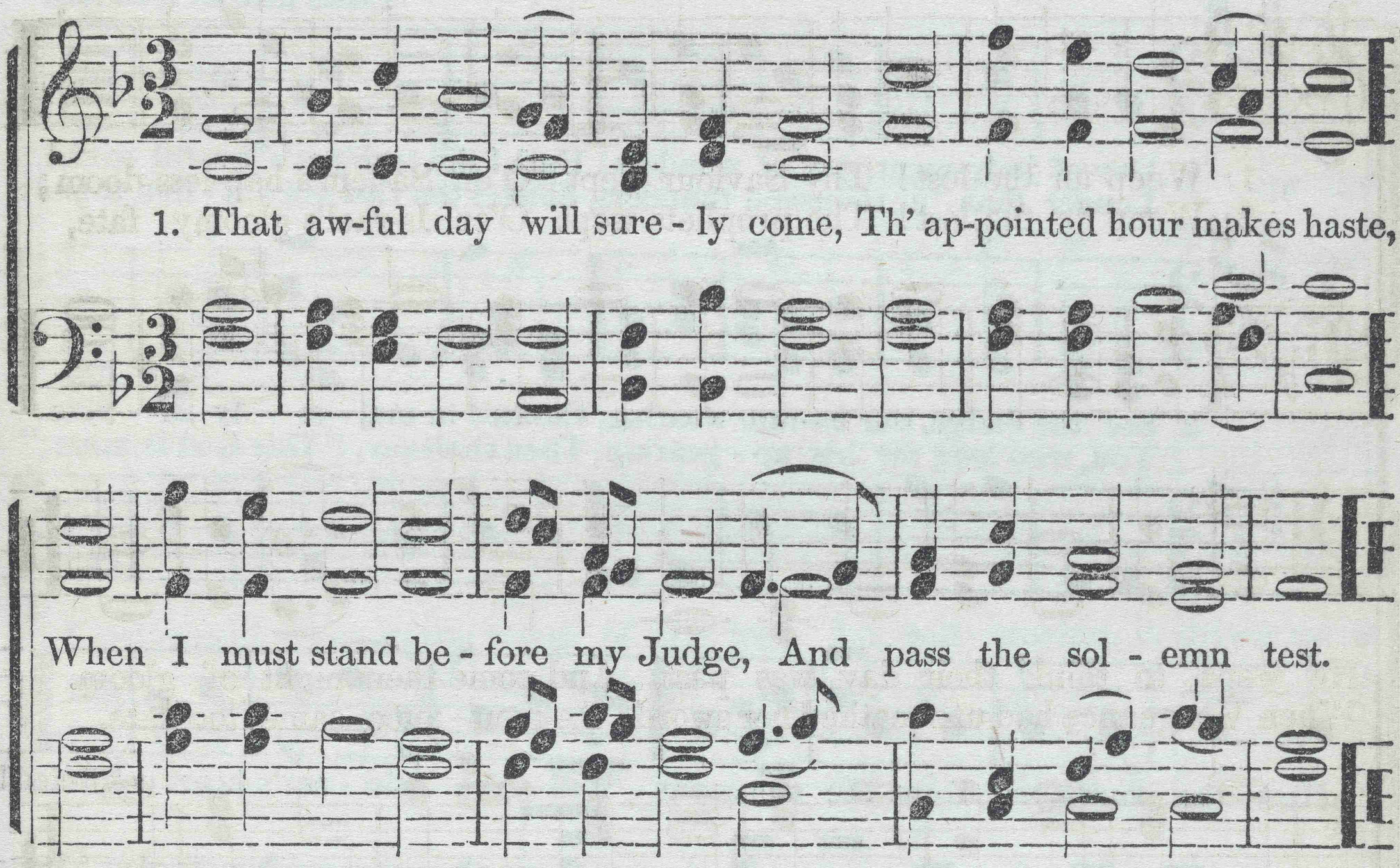
5 Amazing love, that yet will call,
And yet prolong our days!
Our hearts, subdued by goodness, fall,
And weep, and love, and praise.

---

164 *Vain Man, Forbear.*

Vain man, thy fond pursuits forbear,
Repent—thy end is nigh;
Death at the furthest, can't be far,
O think, before thou die!

DUNLAPSCREEK. C. M. WESTERN MELODY.



2 Thou lovely Chief of all my joys,
Thou Sovereign of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the sound DEPART!

3 The thunder of that dismal word
Would so distress my ear,
T' would tear my soul asunder, Lord,
With most tormenting fear.

4 Oh, wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove—
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste His love!

5 Jesus, I throw my arms around,
And hang upon Thy breast,
Without a gracious smile from Thee,
My spirit cannot rest.

6 Oh! tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on Thy hands;
Show me some promise in Thy book,
Where my salvation stands.

7 Give me one kind, assuring word,
To sink my fears again:
And cheerfully my soul shall wait
Her threescore years and ten.

WATTS.

166 *Divine Pleadings.* WM. HAGUE.

1 Hark! sinner, hark! God speaks to thee:
How shall I let thee go?
How shall I thy destruction see,
And all thine anguish know?

2 Sinner, how shall I give thee up?
I've loved thee as a child;
Yet of thy sins, thou fill'st the cup,
As if with passion wild.

3 Sinner, how shall I let thee go?
My heart doth yearn for thee,
Yet thou dost love transgression so,
Thou wilt not turn to me.

4 O sinner, stop! pause in thy path,—
Pause, ere it be too late;
And now, while I hold back my wrath,
Escape thy threat'ning fate.

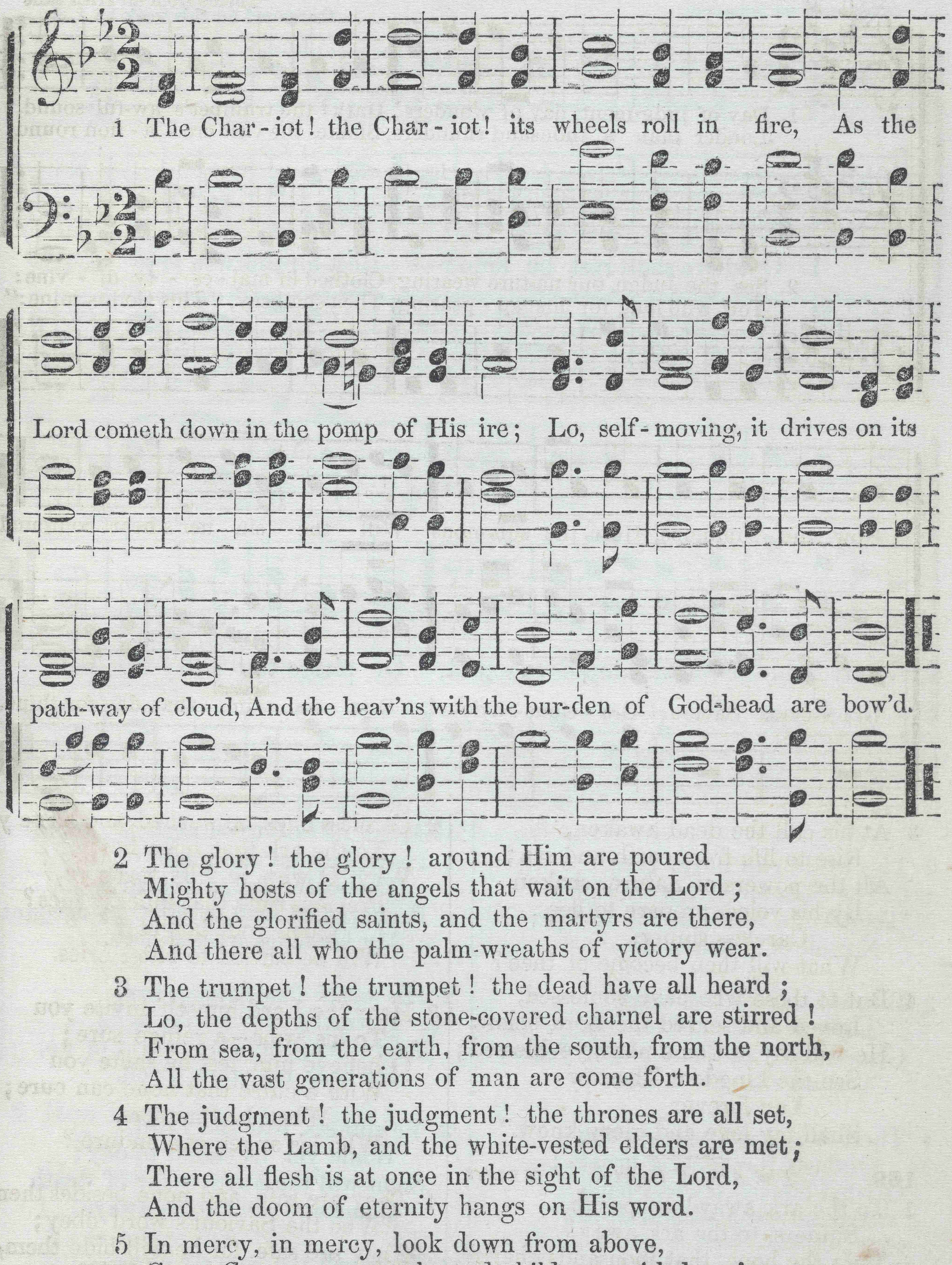
5 But if thou wilt not, then I must
Forever let thee go;
And that I am both kind and just,
The universe shall know!

---

167 *The Soul.* MONTGOMERY.

1 What is the thing of greatest price,
The whole creation round?
That, which was lost in paradise,
That, which in Christ is found.

THE CHARIOT. 12s. J. WILLIAMS.



2 The glory! the glory! around Him are poured
Mighty hosts of the angels that wait on the Lord;
And the glorified saints, and the martyrs are there,
And there all who the palm-wreaths of victory wear.

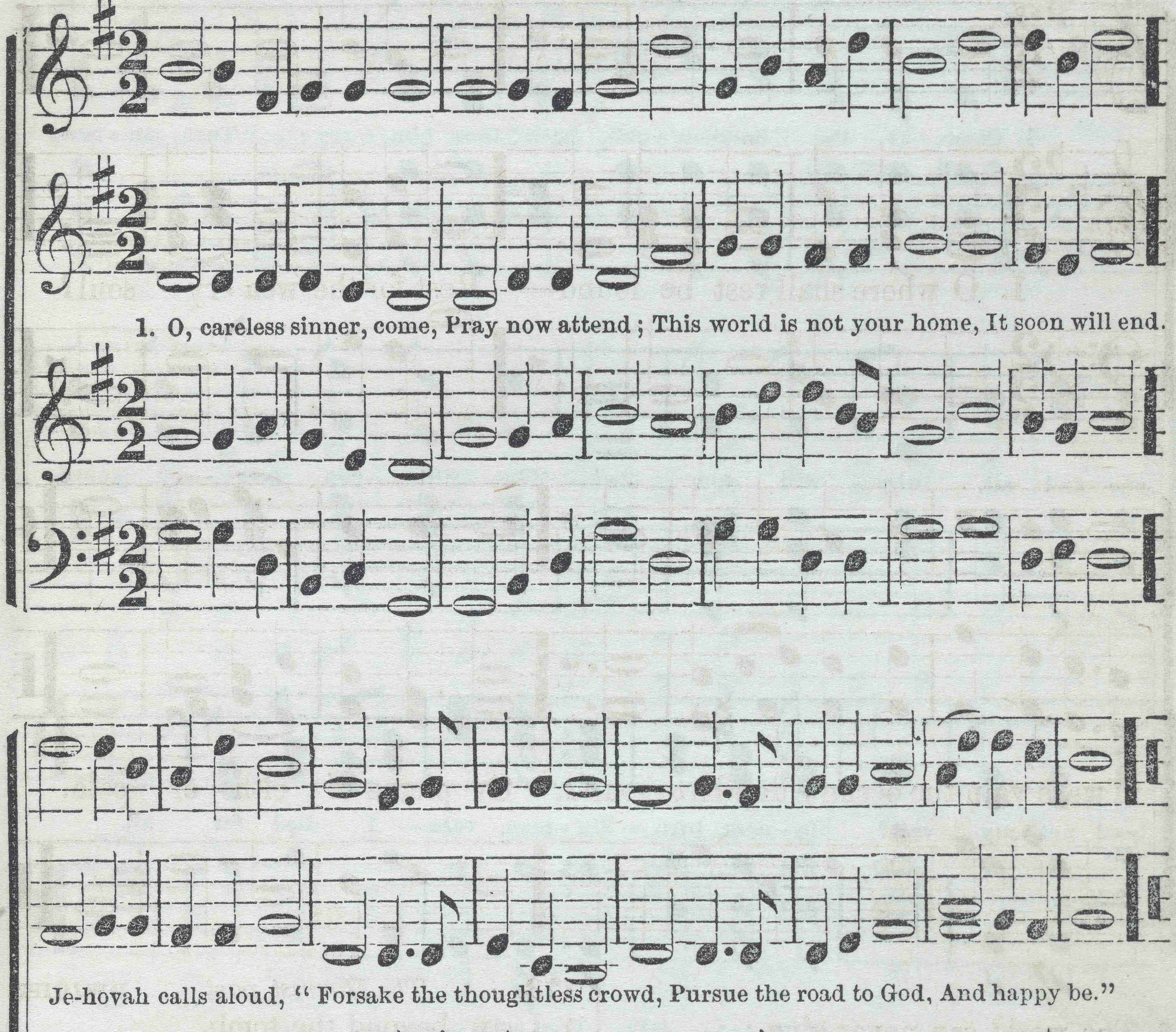
3 The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all heard;
Lo, the depths of the stone-covered charnel are stirred!
From sea, from the earth, from the south, from the north,
All the vast generations of man are come forth.

4 The judgment! the judgment! the thrones are all set,
Where the Lamb, and the white-vested elders are met;
There all flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
And the doom of eternity hangs on His word.

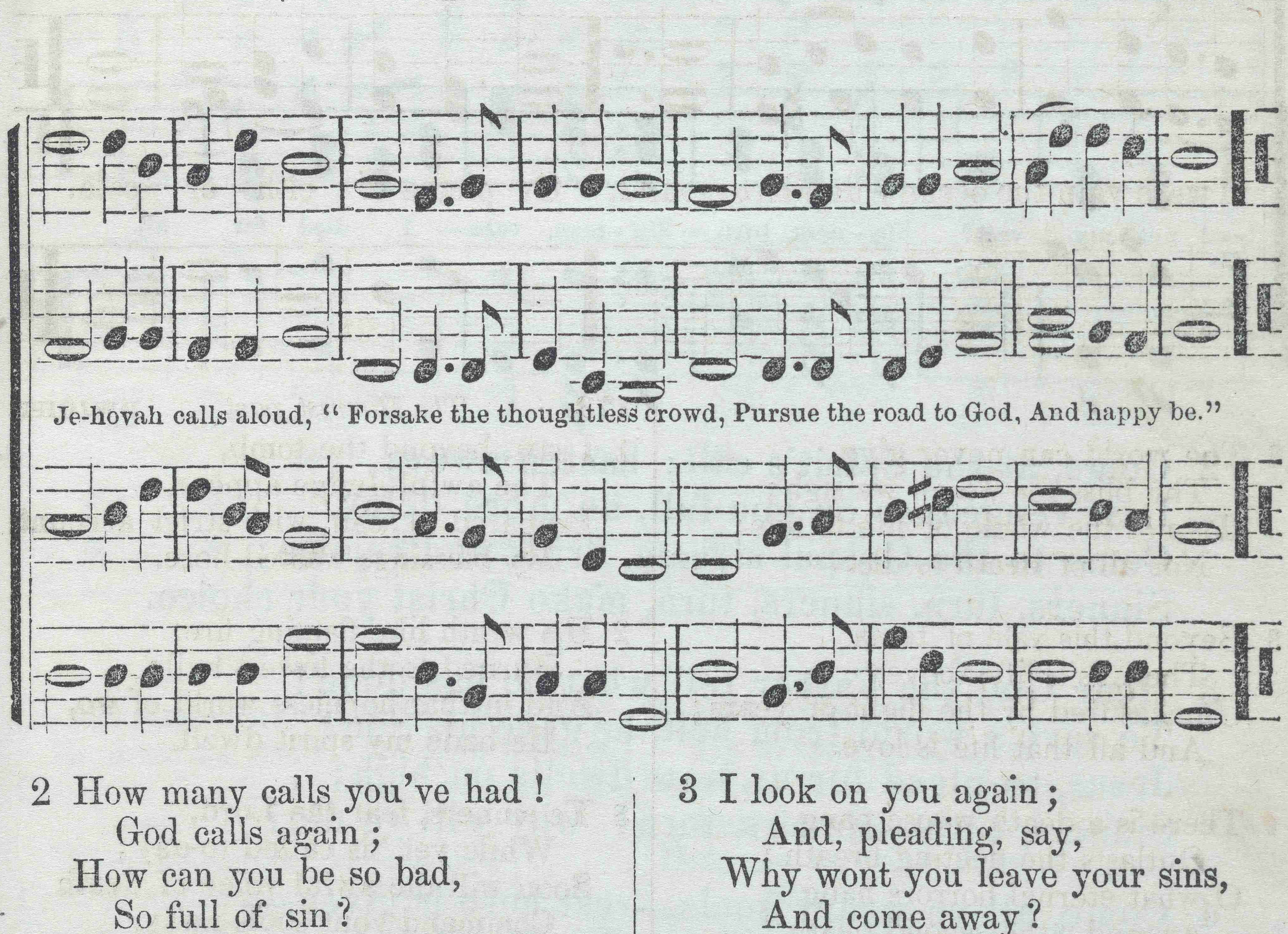
5 In mercy, in mercy, look down from above,
Great Creator, on us, thy sad children, with love!
When beneath to their darkness the wicked are driven!
May our justified souls find a welcome in heaven. MILMAN.

THE SINNER WARNED. 6s & 4s.

Arranged for this work.



1. O, careless sinner, come, Pray now attend; This world is not your home, It soon will end.

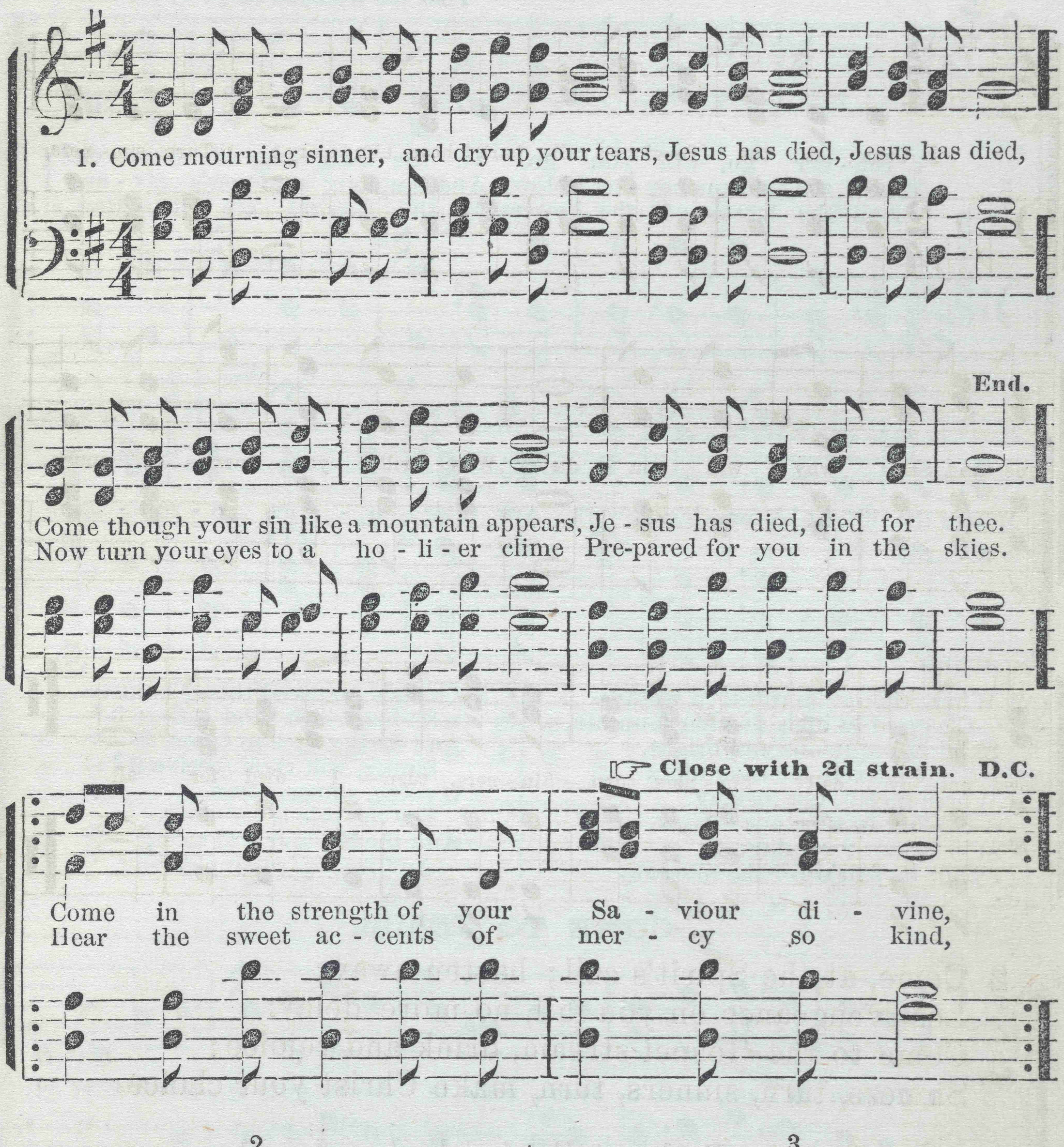


Je-hovah calls aloud, "Forsake the thoughtless crowd, Pursue the road to God, And happy be."

2 How many calls you've had!
God calls again;
How can you be so bad,
So full of sin?
As to refuse that voice,
Which calls you to rejoice,
In making heaven your choice,
And shunning hell?

3 I look on you again;
And, pleading, say,
Why wont you leave your sins,
And come away?
From Satan's cruel power,
And live forevermore,
And bless the joyful hour,
That life began?

THE SINNER'S RETURN.



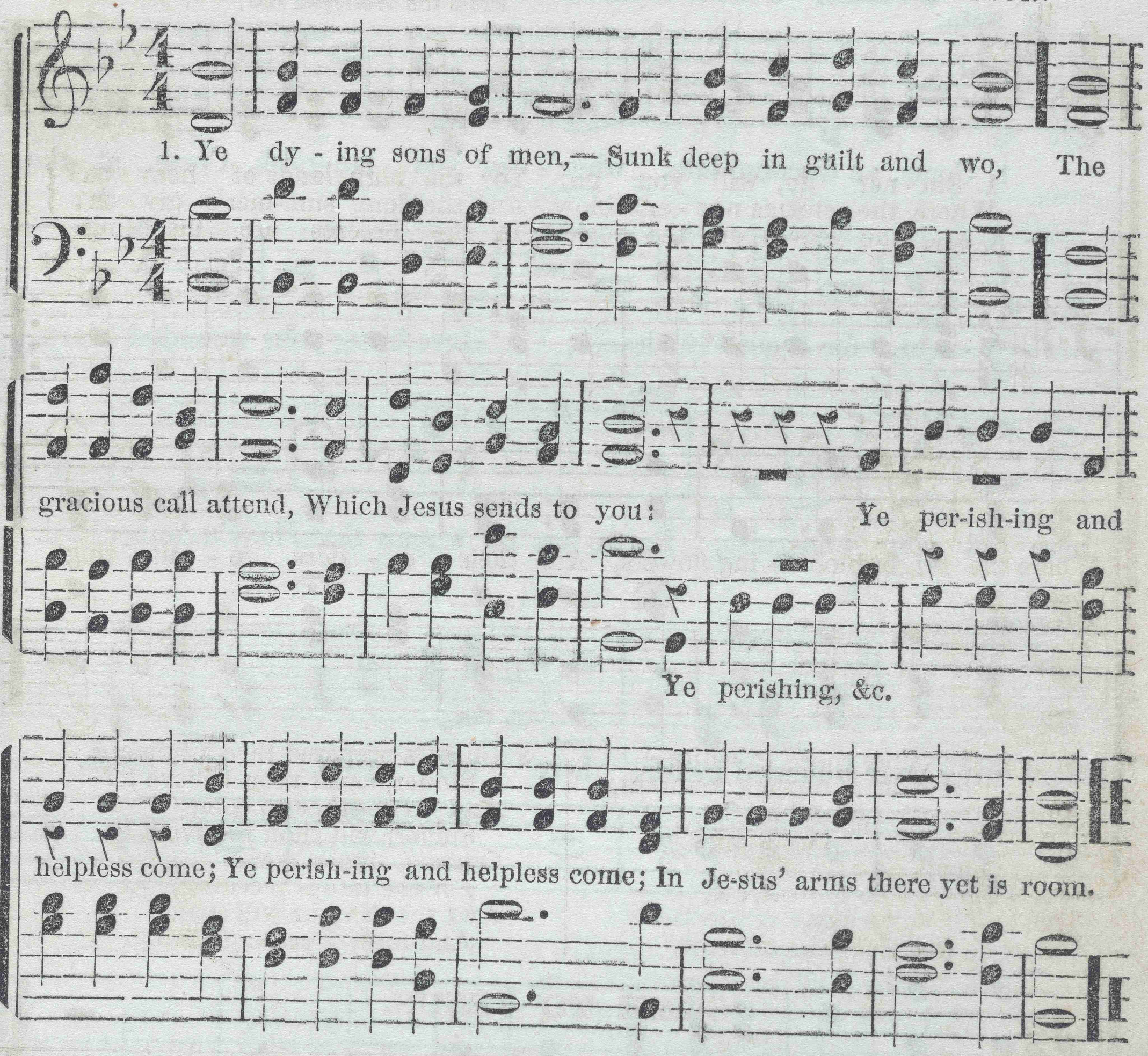
2

Do you remember the deep heavy sigh
He drew for you? He drew for you?
Can you forget the deep anguish and cry
When he expired on the tree?
Love so amazing you ne'er can forget,
The nails and the spear and the cold bloody sweat,
Now your redemption is full and complete,
Jesus is thine, ever thine.

3

I yield my spirit, my life, and my all,
Up to the Cross, up to the Cross;
O never leave nor forsake lest I fall—
Fall from thy love and be lost:
Help me to drink from the pure fount above,
To bathe in the ocean of pleasure and love,
Lend me thy wings to ascend, Heavenly Dove,
Far, far away to thy throne.

LENOX. H. M. EDSON.



2 No longer now delay,
Nor vain excuses frame:
He bids you come to-day,
Though poor, and blind, and lame:
All things are ready: sinners, come;
For every trembling soul there's room.

3 Believe the heavenly word
His messengers proclaim;
He is a gracious Lord,
And faithful is his name.
Backsliding souls, return and come;
Cast off despair; there yet is room.

4 Compelled by bleeding love,
Ye wandering sheep, draw near;
Christ calls you from above;
His charming accents hear:
Let whosoever will now come:
In mercy's breast there still is room.

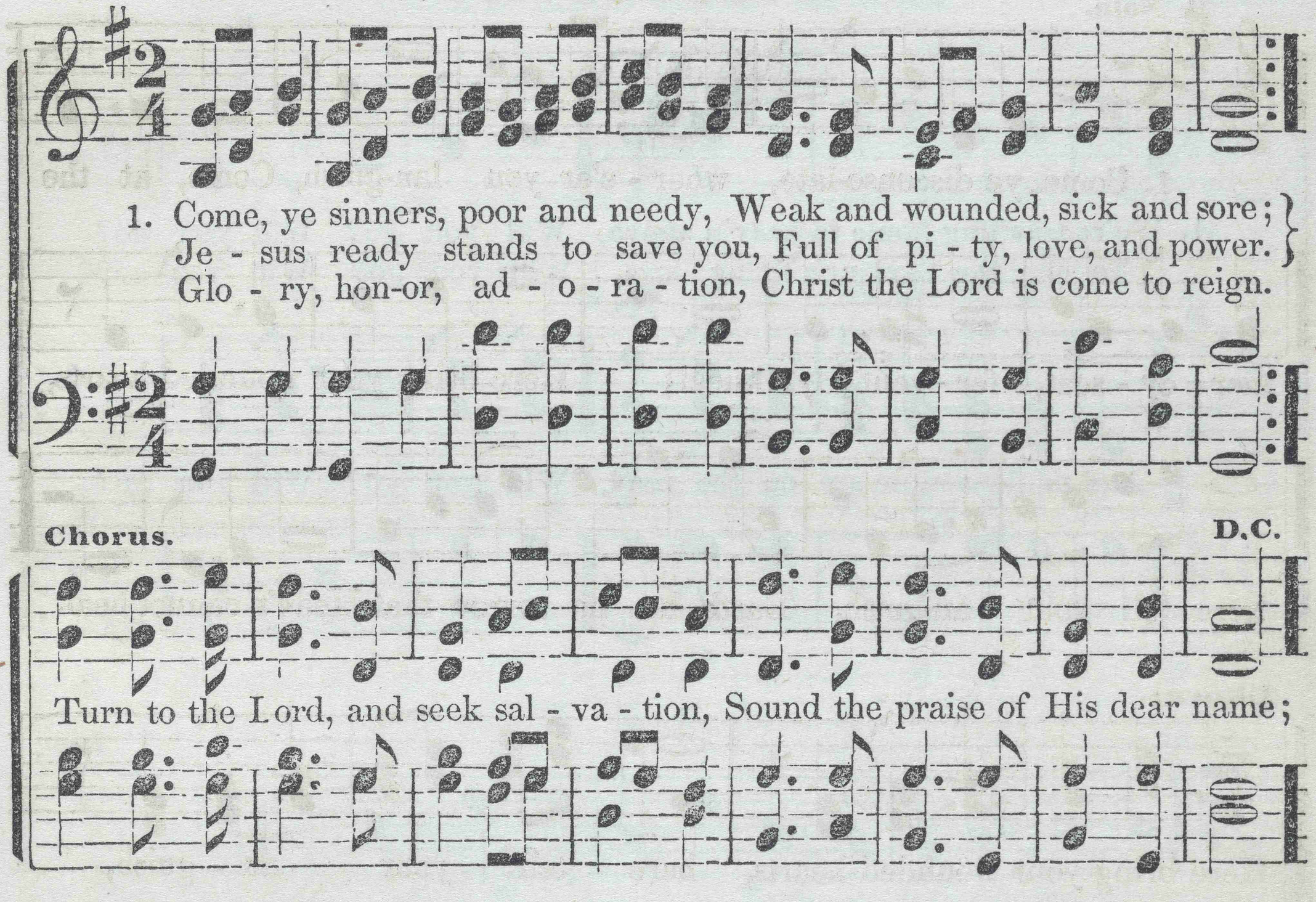
---

180 *The Jubilee Proclaimed.* TOPLADY.

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 ransomed sinners, home.

2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by his blood,
Through all the lands, proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

COME, YE SINNERS. 8s & 7s.



2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh.
Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth,
Is to feel your need of Him.

3 Come ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.
Turn to the Lord, and seek salvation,
Sound the praise of His dear name;
Glory, honor, adoration,
Christ the Lord is come to reign.

---

183 *The Gospel Proclamation.*

1 Hark! the Gospel trumpet's sounding!
Sinners, hear the joyful call;
Christ, in pardoning love abounding,
Offers liberty to all.
Tho' your crimes have reach'd to heaven,
And of deepest dye appear,
Ask, and they shall be forgiven,
Seek, and you shall find him near.

2 Cast your load of guilt behind you,
To the Lord for mercy flee;
Though the strongest fetters bind you,
His salvation makes you free.
Hark! the Gospel trumpet's sounding!
Sinners, hear the joyful call;
Christ, in pardoning love abounding,
Offers liberty to all.

---

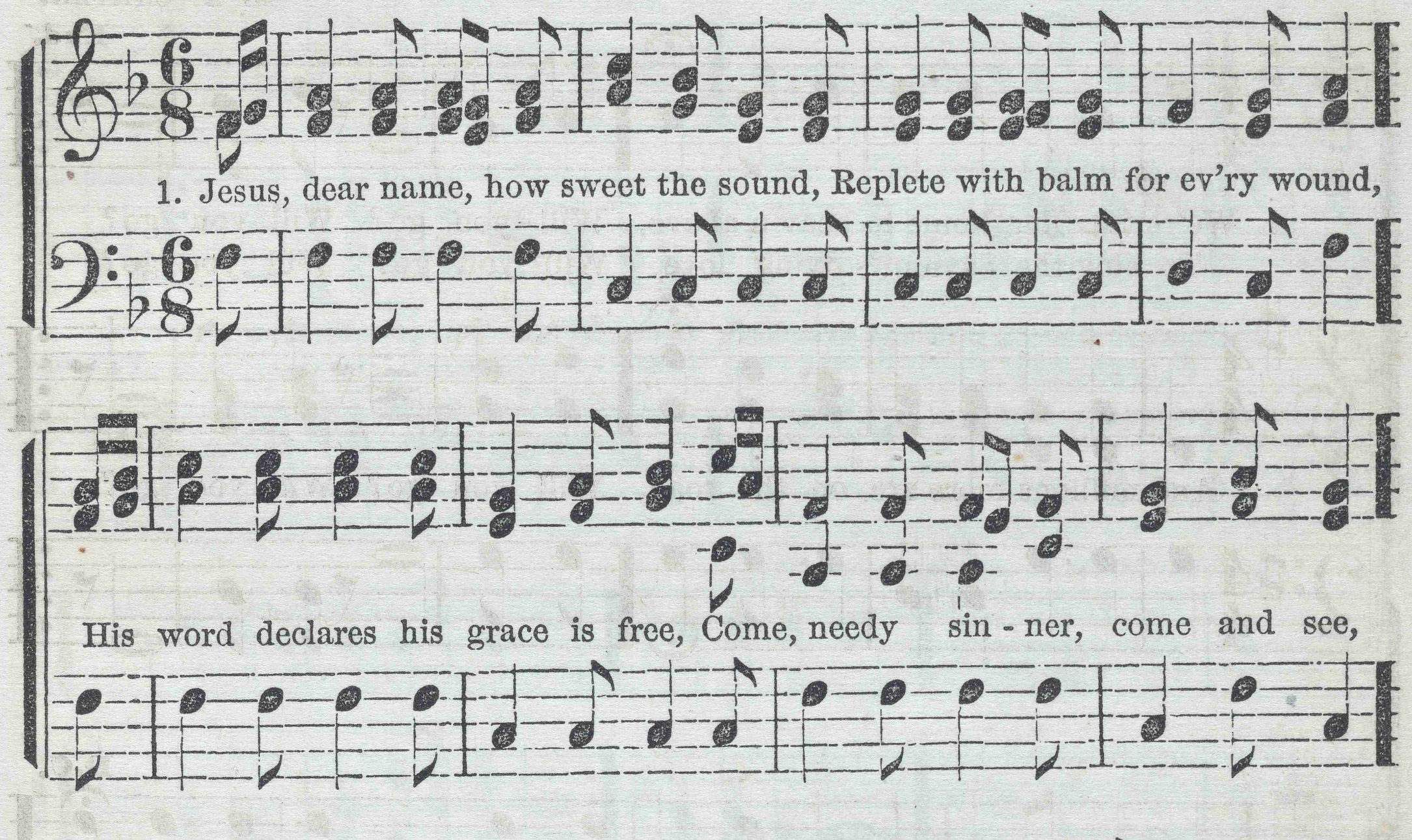
184 HART.

1 Tell us, wanderer, wildly roving
From the path that leads to peace,
Pleasure's false enchantment loving—
When will thy delusion cease?
Once, like thee, by joys surrounded,
We could kneel at pleasure's shrine,
Then our brightest hopes were bounded
By delights as false as thine.

2 But those visions never blessed us—
Soon their fleeting day was o'er;
Then the world that had caressed us,
Charmed us with its smiles no more.
Such is pleasure's transient story;
Lasting happiness is known
Only in the path to glory,
In the Saviour's love alone.

COME AND SEE. 8s & 6s.

H. BAKER.



2 He left the shining courts on high,
Came to our world to bleed and die;
Jesus, the God, hung on the tree,—
Come, helpless sinner, come and see;
Come, guilty sinner, come and see,
Will you come? Will you come?

3 Your sins did pierce his bleeding heart,
Till death had done its dreadful part;
Yet his dear love still burns to thee,—
Come, careless sinner, come and see;
Come, guilty sinner, come and see,
Will you come? Will you come?

4 His blood can cleanse the foulest stain,
And make the filthy leper clean;
His blood at once availed for me,—
Come, anxious sinner, come and see;
Come, guilty sinner, come and see,
Will you come? Will you come?

HYMNS FOR "ADDOMS."

189 *The Spirit and the Bride say Come.*

1 Mourning sinner, come to Jesus,
Now the Spirit whispers, "Come;"
True your many sins are grievous,
And deserve a fearful doom;
Still the Spirit
Bids you to the Saviour come.

2 Mourning sinner, filled with anguish,
Hear the Bride of Christ say, "Come;"
Dry your tears and cease to languish,
There is hope beyond the tomb;
Come to Jesus,
At the gospel feast there's room.

3 Come, poor sinner, come to Jesus!
All who hear, repeat the cry;
Come to him who died to save us;
From the swift avenger fly.
Come to Jesus,
Heaven and earth invite thee nigh.

4 Ho! ye weary souls and thirsty,
Here are streams that never dry,
Gushing streams of living waters,—
Without money, come and buy.
Come to Jesus,
Freely drink and never die. COLVER.

---

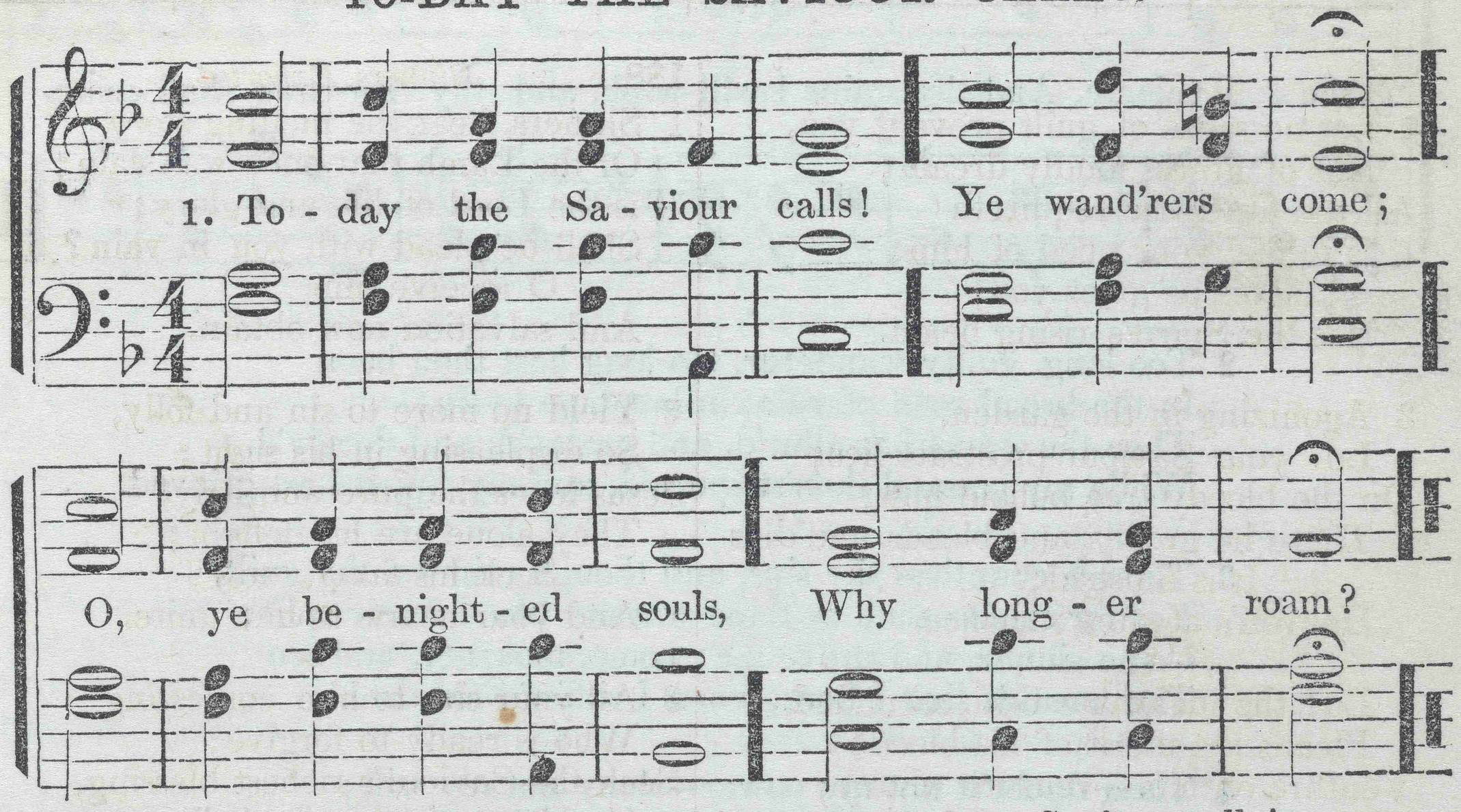
190 *The Last Invitation.* S. F. SMITH.

1 Oft the tidings of salvation,
Have been pressed upon our ears;
Who has heard the invitation;
Who in sinning perseveres?
Who, rebellious,
Still in sinning perseveres?

2 Thoughtless ones, while ye, departing,
Hasten from these scenes away,
Let your spirits, onward darting,
See another parting day;
Fast approaching
See another parting day.

3 Each one in this congregation
Then must go to heaven or hell—
Pains unknown or sweet salvation—
There for evermore to dwell;
None escaping,
There for evermore to dwell.

TO-DAY THE SAVIOUR CALLS. DR. L. MASON.

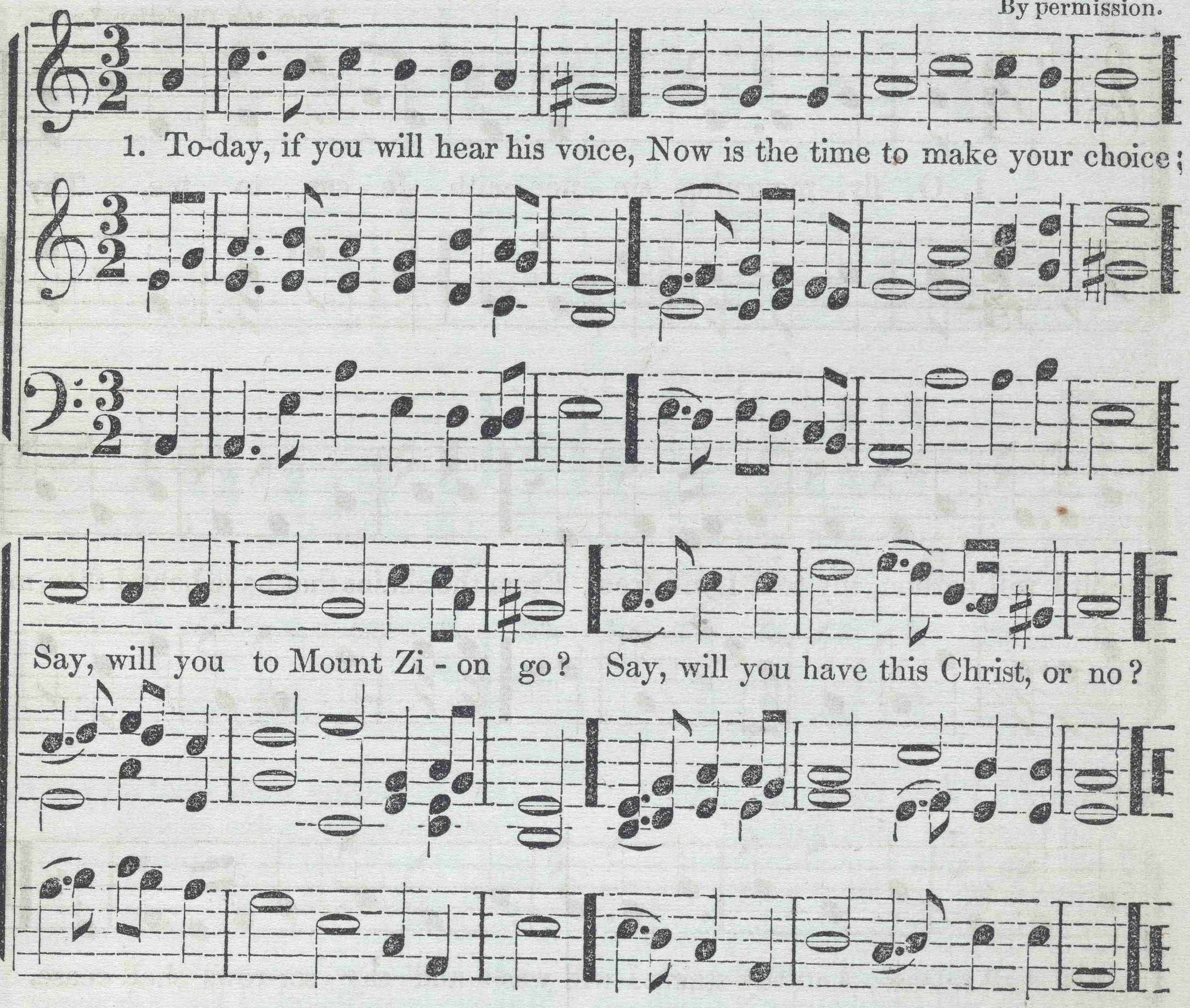


2 To-day the Saviour calls!
For refuge fly;
The storm of vengeance falls;
And death is nigh.

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

HEAR TO-DAY. L. M.

Am. Vocalist.
By permission.



2 Ye wandering souls, who find no rest,
Say, will you be forever blest?
Will you be saved from sin and hell?
Will you with Christ in glory dwell?

3 Come now, dear youth, for ruin bound,
Obey the gospel's joyful sound;
Come, go with us, and you shall prove
The joy of Christ's redeeming love.

4 Once more we ask you in his name—
For yet his love remains the same—
Say, will you to Mount Zion go?
Say, will you have this Christ, or no?

5 Leave all your sports and glitt'ring toys,
Come share with us eternal joys;
Or must we leave you bound to hell?
Then, dearest friends, a long farewell!

194 *The Supper Ready.* C. WESLEY.

1 Sinners, obey the gospel word,
Haste to the supper of your Lord;
Be wise to know your gracious day,
All things are ready, come away.

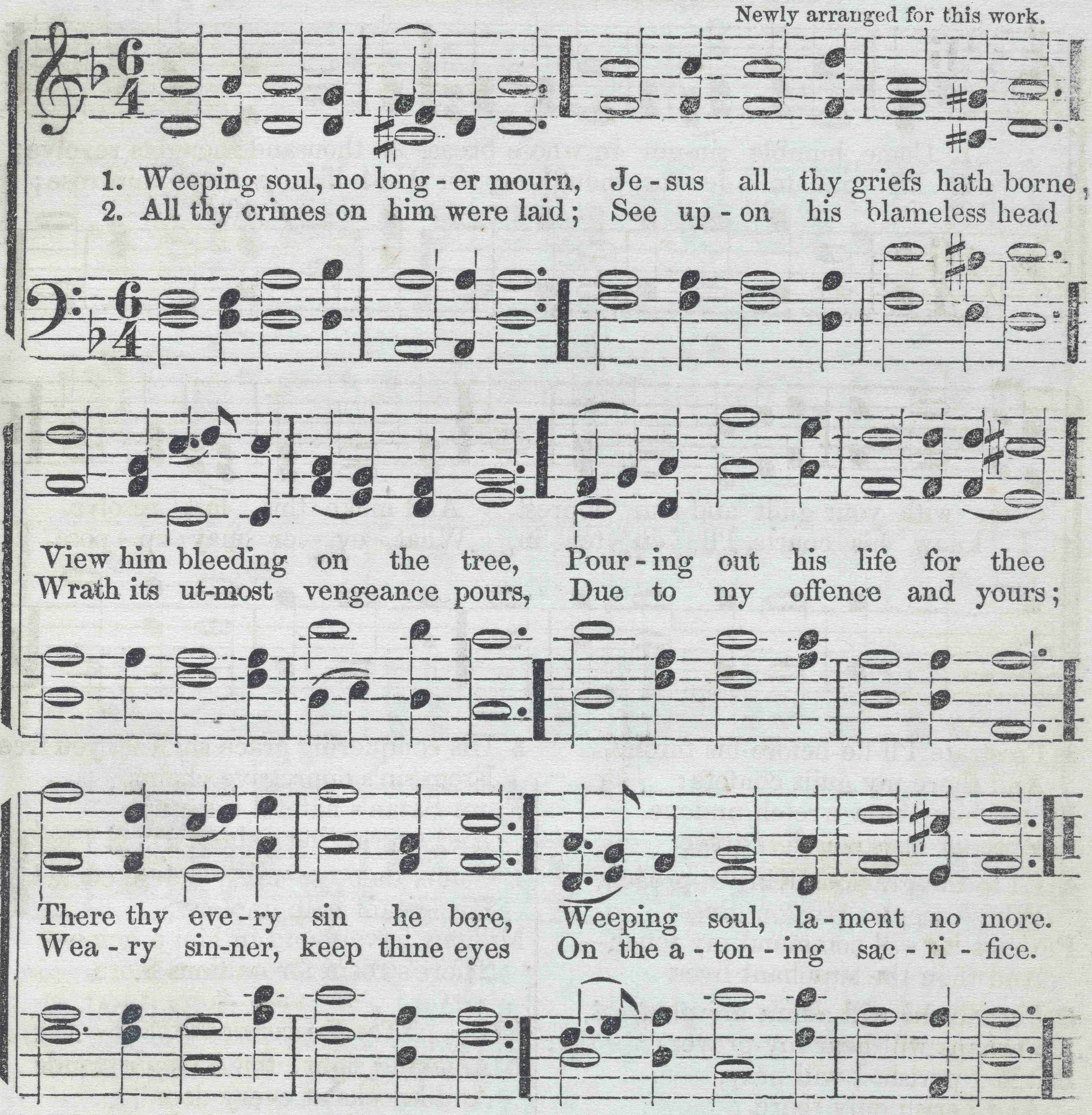
2 Ready the Father is to own
And welcome his returning son;
Ready the gracious Saviour stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.

3 Ready the Spirit from above
To fill the broken heart with love;
To apply and witness Jesus' blood,
And wash and seal you sons of God.

4 Ready for you the angels wait,
To triumph in your blest estate;
Tuning their harps by which they praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.

ENCOURAGEMENT. 7s.

Newly arranged for this work.



3 Cast thy guilty soul on him,
Find him mighty to redeem;
At his feet thy burden lay,
Look thy doubts and fears away;
Now by faith the Son embrace,
Plead his promise, trust his grace.

4 Lord, thy arm must be revealed,
Ere I can by faith be healed;
Since I scarce can look to thee,
Cast a gracious eye on me;
At thy feet myself I lay,
Shine, O shine my sins away.

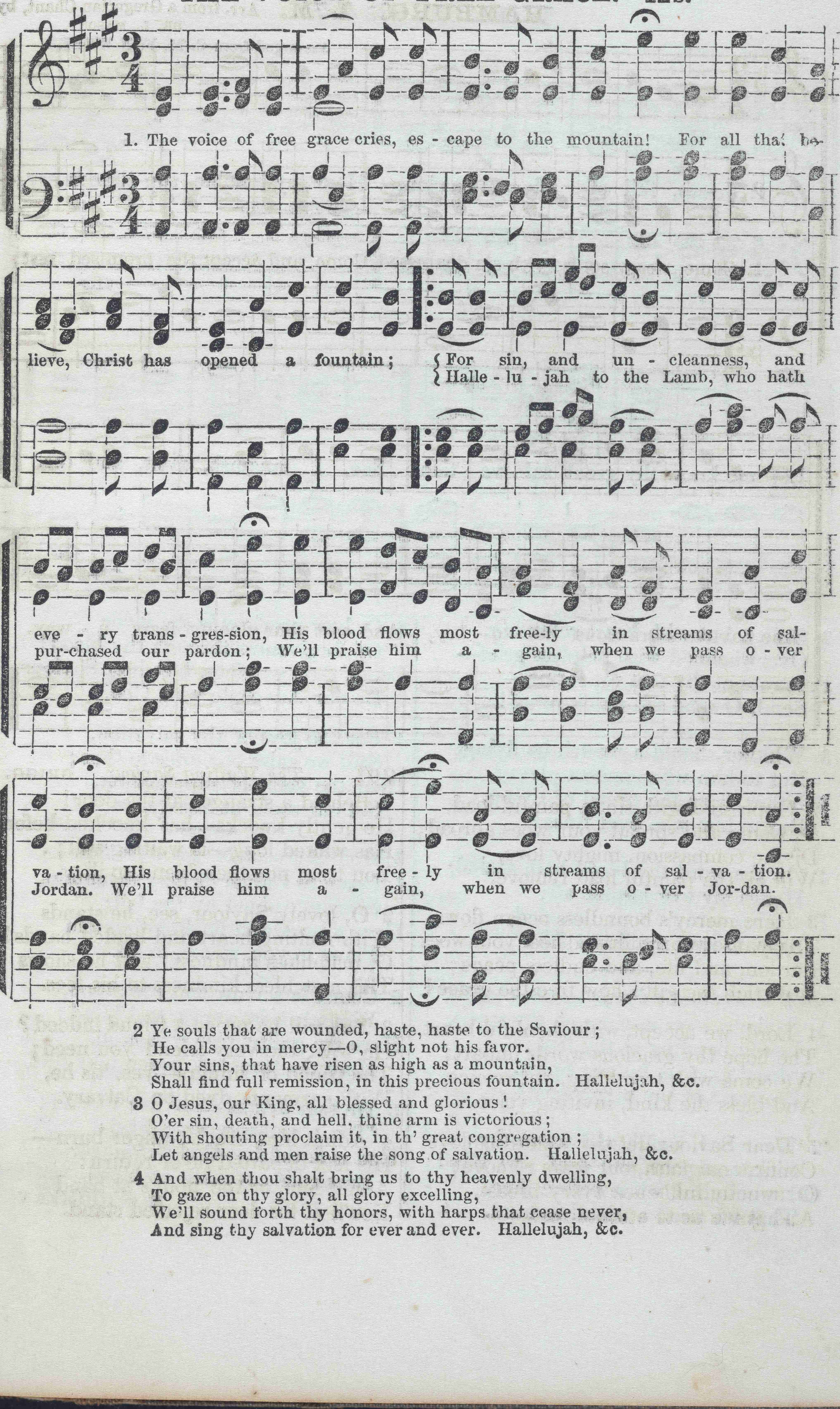
TOPLADY.

199 HAWES.

1 From the cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What melodious sounds we hear,
Bursting on the ravished ear!—
"Love's redeeming work is done—
Come and welcome, sinner, come!"

2 Sprinkled now with blood the throne,
Why beneath thy burdens groan?
On my pierced body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid—
Bow the knee, embrace the Son—
Come and welcome, sinner, come!

THE VOICE OF FREE GRACE. 12s.



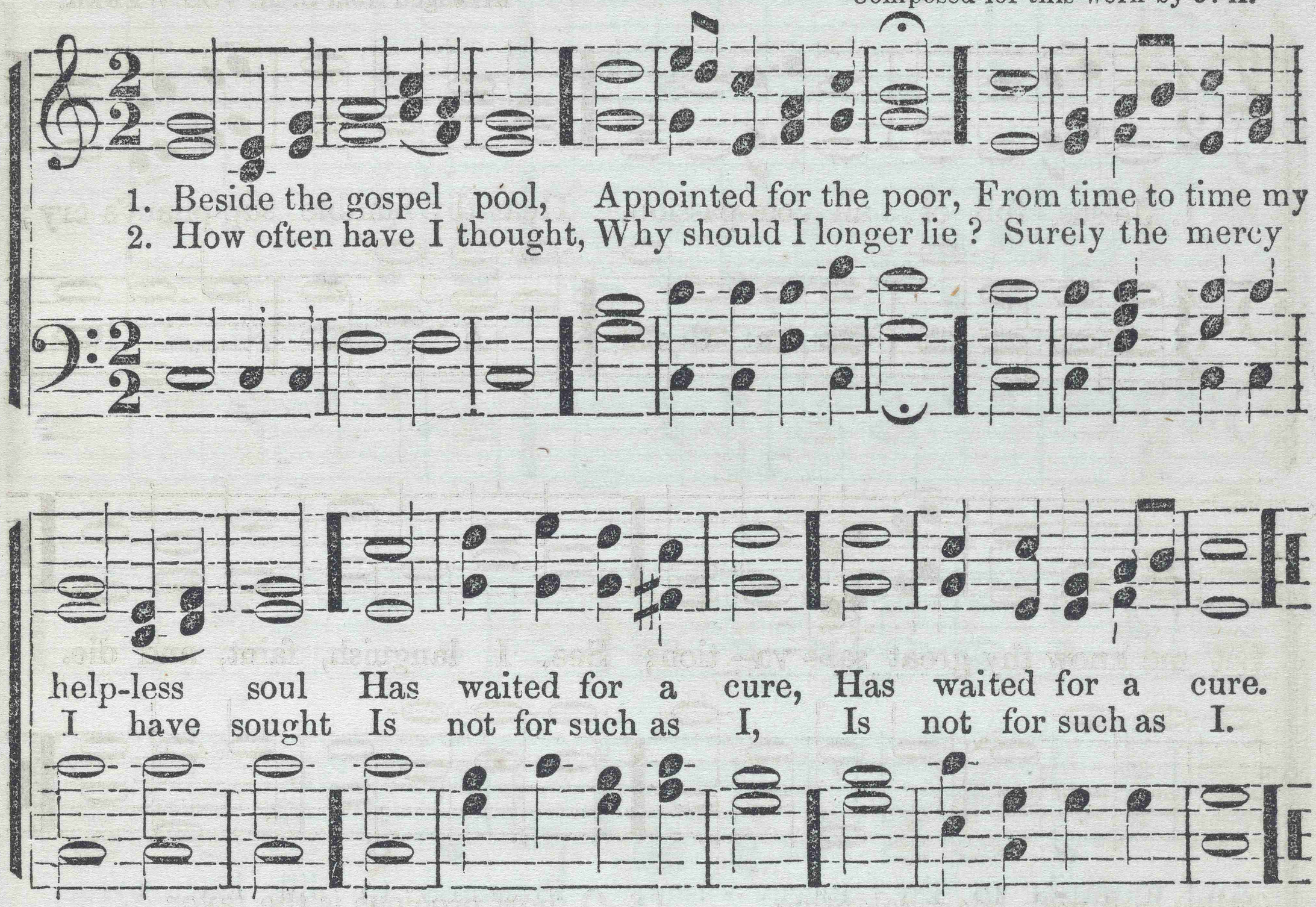
2 Ye souls that are wounded, haste, haste to the Saviour;
He calls you in mercy—O, slight not his favor.
Your sins, that have risen as high as a mountain,
Shall find full remission, in this precious fountain. Hallelujah, &c.

3 O Jesus, our King, all blessed and glorious!
O'er sin, death, and hell, thine arm is victorious;
With shouting proclaim it, in th' great congregation;
Let angels and men raise the song of salvation. Hallelujah, &c.

4 And when thou shalt bring us to thy heavenly dwelling,
To gaze on thy glory, all glory excelling,
We'll sound forth thy honors, with harps that cease never,
And sing thy salvation for ever and ever. Hallelujah, &c.

BEVERLY. S. M.

Composed for this work by J. A.



3 But whither can I go?
There is no other pool
Where streams of sov'reign mercy flow,
To make a sinner whole.

4 Here then, from day to day,
I'll wait, and hope, and try;
Can Jesus hear a sinner pray,
Yet suffer him to die? NEWTON.

---

207 COWPER.

1 My former hopes are fled,
My terror now begins;
I feel, alas! that I am dead,
In trespasses and sins.

2 Ah, whither shall I fly?
I hear the thunder roar;
The law proclaims destruction nigh,
And vengeance at the door.

3 When I review my ways,
I dread impending doom;
But sure, a friendly whisper says,
"Flee from the wrath to come."

4 I see, or think I see,
A glimm'ring from afar;
A beam of day that shines for me,
To save me from despair.

5 Forerunner of the sun,
It marks the pilgrim's way:
I'll gaze upon it while I run,
And watch the rising day.

---

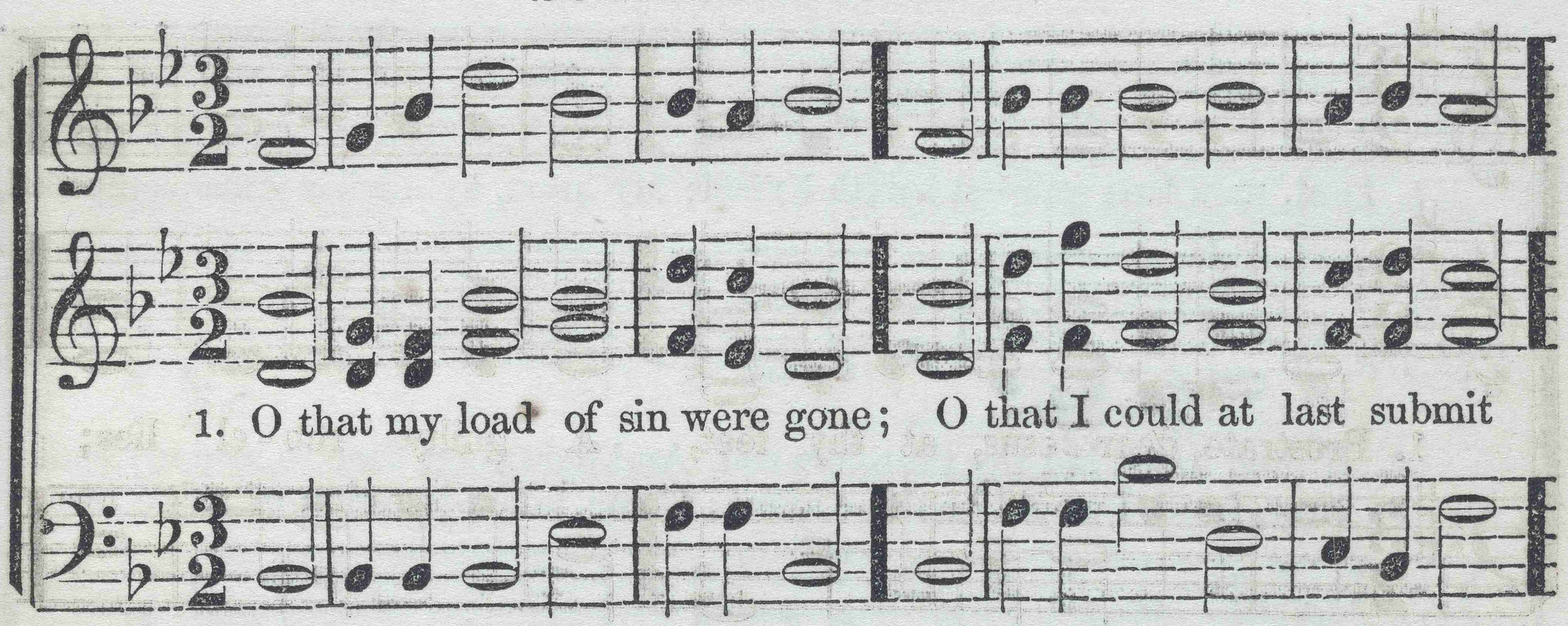
208 *Awakened.* ANON.

1 I just begin to see;
Ah! Lord, what shall I do?
How shall a wretched sinner flee
From everlasting wo?

2 I dare no longer stay
So nigh the jaws of hell:
Yet how to go, or find the way
To Christ, I cannot tell.

3 O Lord, though I am vile,
Receive me as I am;
And let thy sovereign mercy smile
On me, through Christ the Lamb.

SUBMISSION. L. M.



212 *Coming to the Saviour.*

1 Wretched and guilty as I am,
Almighty God, I come to thee;
No other refuge can I find,
No other hope my soul can see.

2 In vain I hide my deep distress;
In vain I seek the world's false smile;
My heart is beating with its fears,
And breaks with sorrow all the while.

3 I sought the pleasures of the world;
I sought the joys of wealth and fame;
But kept the cause of grief within,
And found the aching heart the same.

4 Now, Saviour, Father, Mighty One,
I come to thee—to thee alone;
I cast my former hopes away;
O, let thy blood for me atone.

2 Rest for my soul I long to find;
Fountain of rest, thou, Saviour, art;
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 Fain would I learn of thee, my God,
Thy light and easy burden prove;
The cross, all stained with hallowed blood,
The labor of thy dying love.

4 I would; but thou must give the power;
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill my soul with heavenly peace.

5 Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,
Nor let thy chariot wheels delay;
Appear, in my poor heart appear;
My God, my Saviour, come away.

HYMNS FOR "THE SURRENDER."

214 *Trusting in Christ for Pardon.*

1

O thou that hear'st the prayer of faith,
Wilt thou not save a soul from death
That casts itself on thee?
I have no refuge of my own,
But fly to what my Lord hath done
And suffered once for me.

2

Slain in the guilty sinner's stead,
His spotless righteousness I plead,
And his availing blood;
That righteousness my robe shall be,
That merit shall atone for me,
And bring me near to God.

3

Then save me from eternal death,
The spirit of adoption breathe,
His consolations send;
By him some word of life impart,
And sweetly whisper to my heart,
"Thy Maker is thy friend."

4

The king of terrors then would be
A welcome messenger to me,
To bid me come away;
Unclogged by earth, or earthly things,
I'd mount, I'd fly, with eager wings,
To everlasting day. TOPLADY.

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215 *The New Birth.* OCKUM.

1

Awaked by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in bonds of guilt I found,
And knew not where to go;
Eternal truth did loud proclaim,
The sinner must be born again,
Or sink to endless wo.

2

When to the law I trembling fled,
It poured its curses on my head—
I no relief could find;
This fearful truth increased my pain,
The sinner must be born again,
And whelmed my tortured mind.

3

The saints I heard with rapture tell
How Jesus conquered death and hell,
And broke the fowler's snare:
Yet when I found this truth remain,
The sinner must be born again,
I sunk in deep despair.

4

But while I thus in anguish lay,
The gracious Saviour passed this way,
And filled my heart with love;
The sinner, by his justice slain,
Now by his grace is born again,
And hopes for bliss above.

---

216 *Pleading for Acceptance.*

1

When thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come
To take thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand?

2

I love to meet thy people now,
Before thy feet with them to bow,
Though vilest of them all;
But—can I bear the piercing thought?—
What if my name should be left out,
When thou for them shalt call?

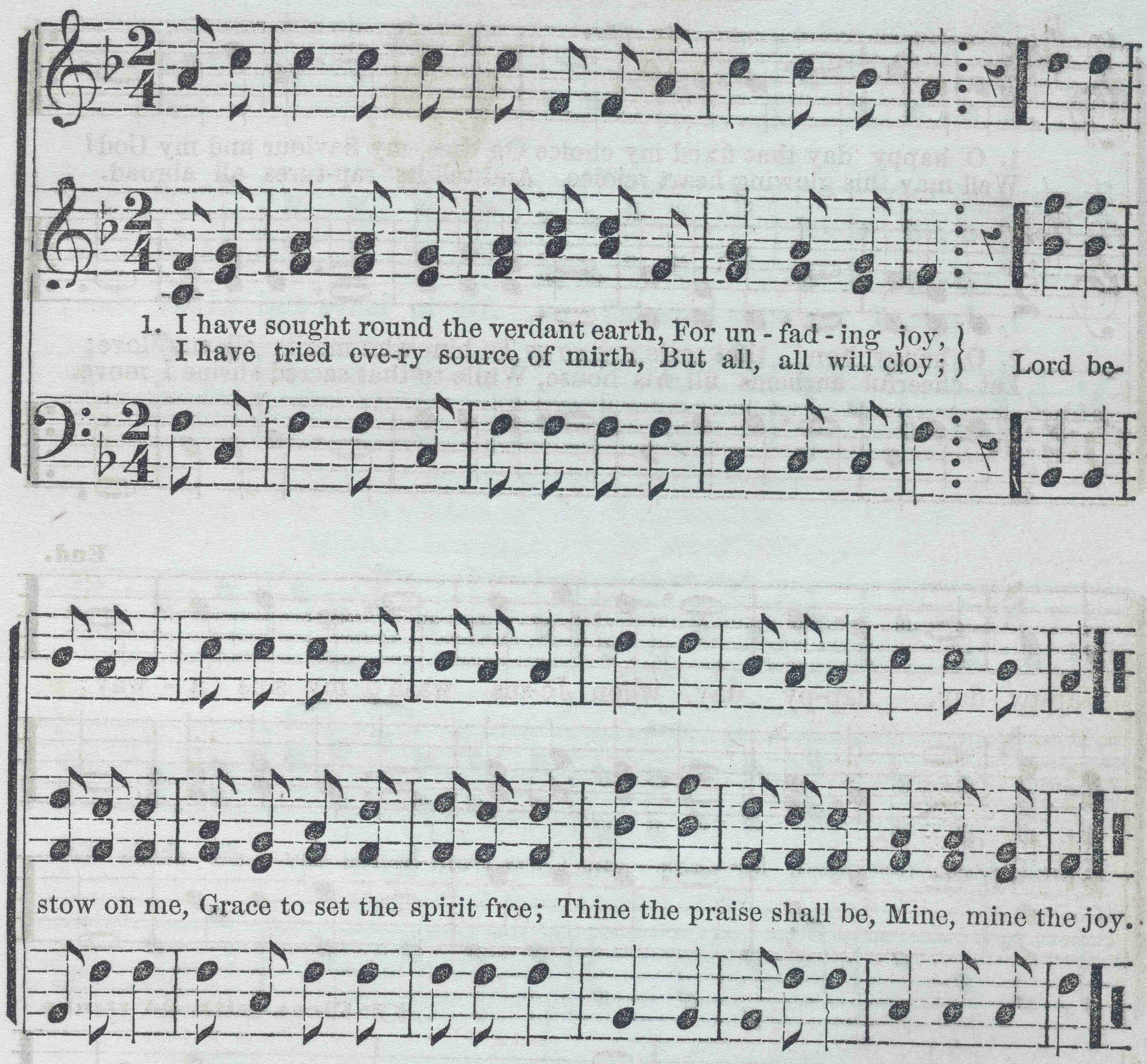
3

O Lord, prevent it by thy grace;
Be though my only hiding-place,
In this th' accepted day;
Thy pardoning voice, O, let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.

4

And when the final trump shall sound,
Among thy saints let me be found,
To bow before thy face:
Then in triumphant strains I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With praise of sovereign grace.
RIPPON'S COL.

EXPERIENCE. P. M.



1. I have sought round the verdant earth, For un - fad - ing joy,
I have tried eve-ry source of mirth, But all, all will cloy; } Lord be-

stow on me, Grace to set the spirit free; Thine the praise shall be, Mine, mine the joy.

2

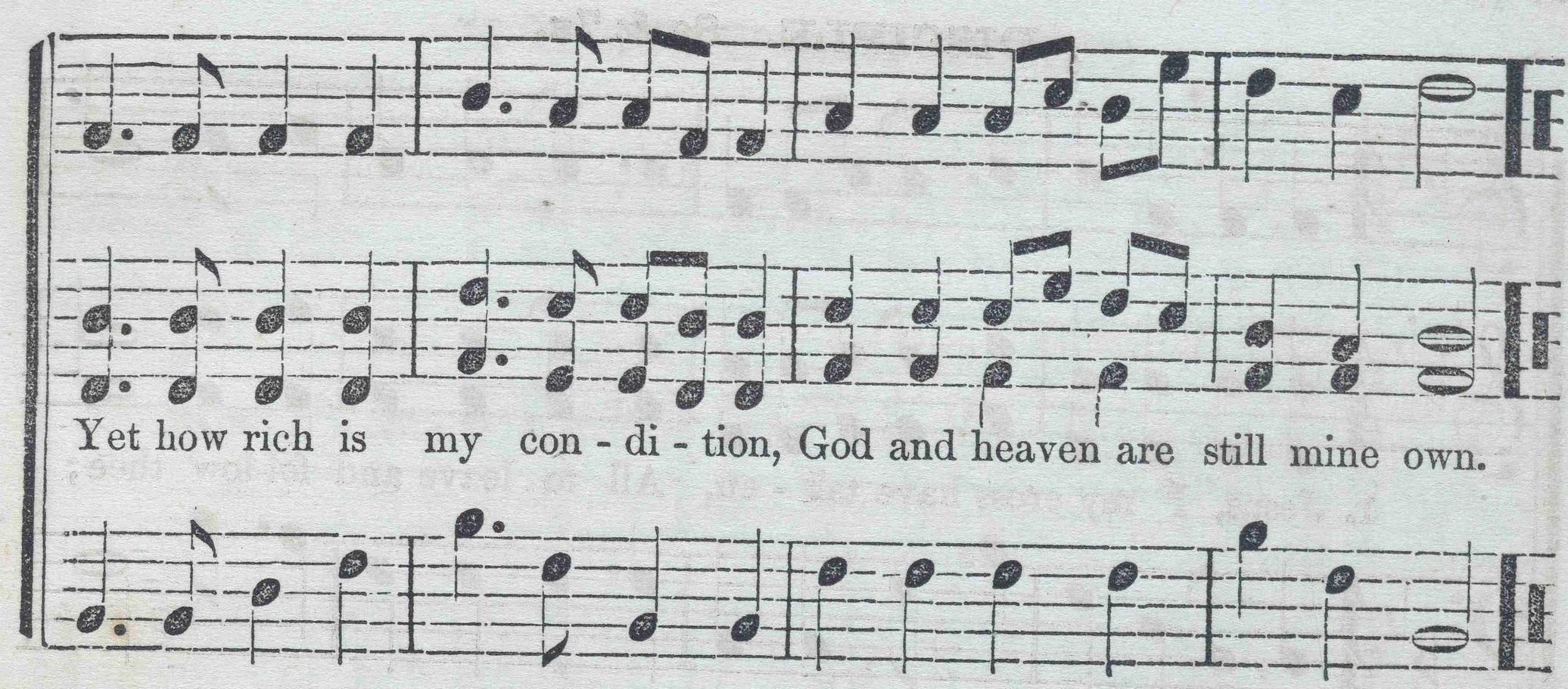
I have wandered in mazes dark,
Of doubt and distress,
I have not had a kindling spark,
My spirit to bless;
Cheerless unbelief,
Filled my laboring soul with grief;
What shall give relief,
What shall give peace?

3

I then turned to thy gospel, Lord,
From folly away,
I then trusted thy holy word,
That taught me to pray;
Here I found release,
Weary spirit here found rest,
Hope of endless bliss,
Eternal day.

4

I will now praise my heavenly king,
I'll praise and adore;
The heart's richest tribute bring,
To thee, God of power;
And in heaven above,
Saved by thy redeeming love,
Loud the strains shall move,
Forevermore.



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 called thee Abba, Father,
I have set my heart on thee;
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me. MONTGOMERY

---

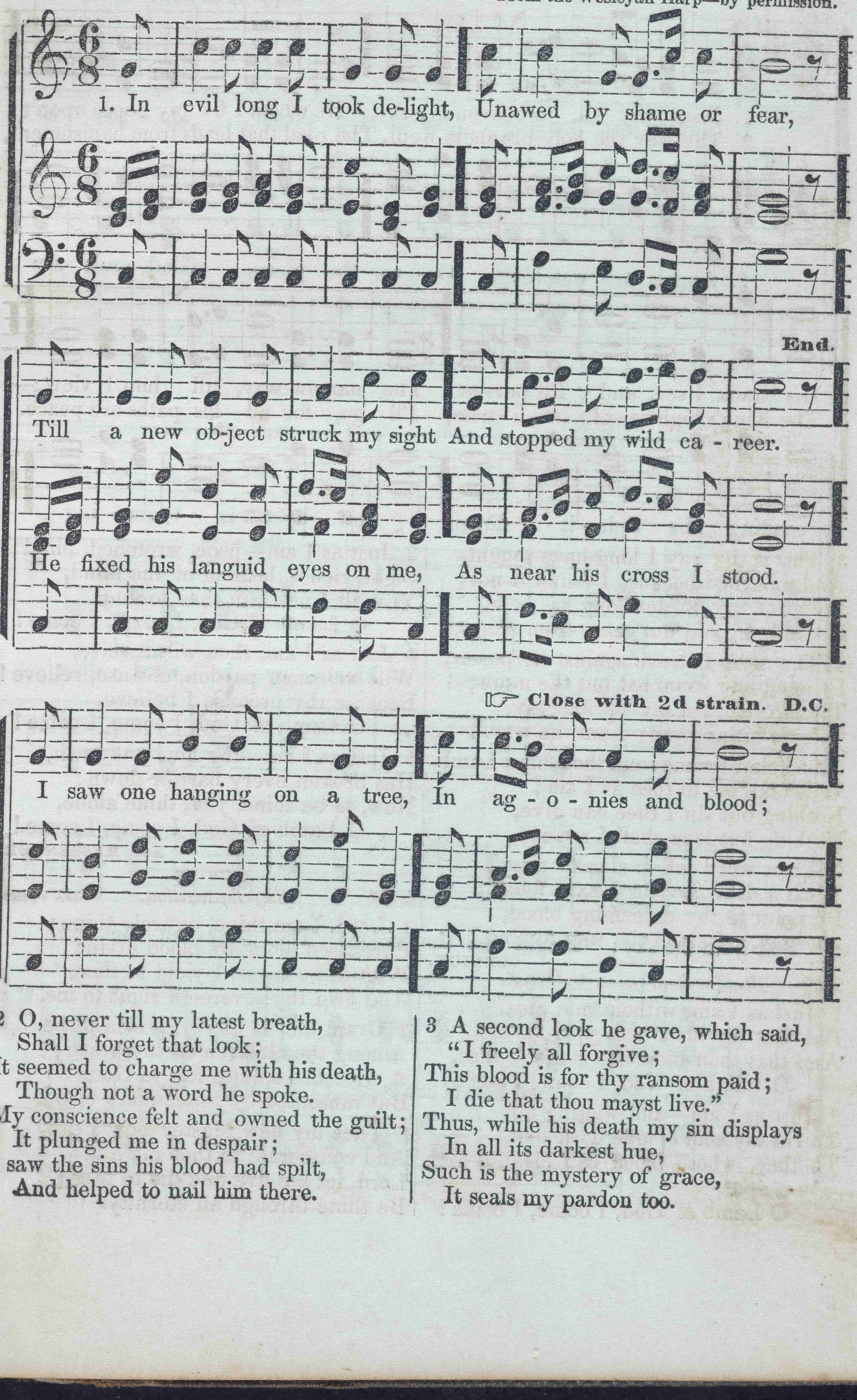
220 *Rejoicing in Hope of the Glory of God.*

1 Know, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care,
Joy to find, in every station,
Something still to do or bear:
Think what Spirit dwells within thee:
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think what Jesus did to win thee:
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

2 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee;
God's own hand shall guide thee there:
Soon shall close thy earthly mission;
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise. GRANT

TILTON. C. M. Double.

From the Wesleyan Harp—by permission.

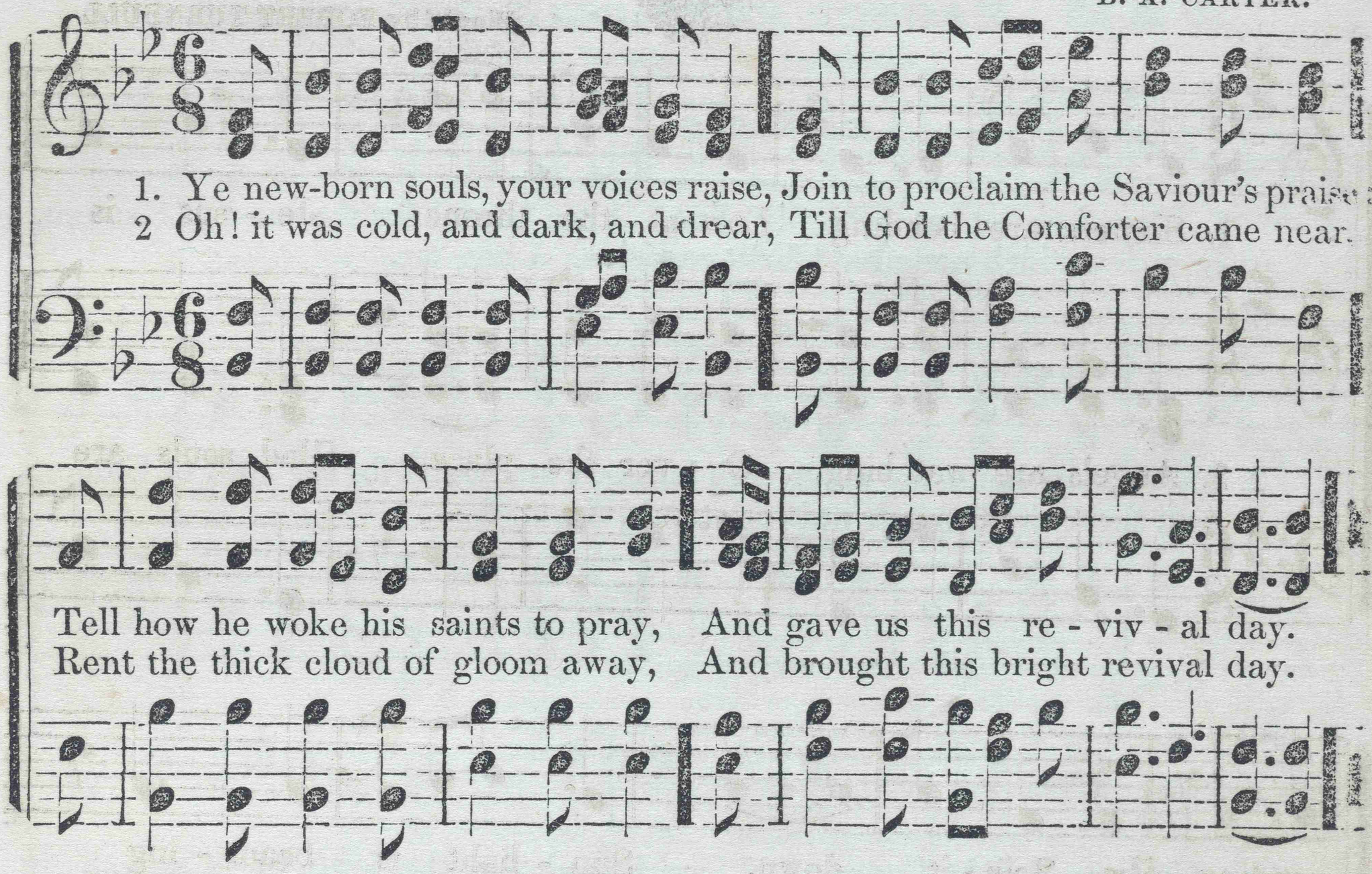


2 O, never till my latest breath,
Shall I forget that look;
It seemed to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.
My conscience felt and owned the guilt;
It plunged me in despair;
I saw the sins his blood had spilt,
And helped to nail him there.

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

CONVERT'S PRAISE FOR A REVIVAL. L. M.

B. A. CARTER.



3 What enmity we felt within;
Torture, and strife, the fruit of sin,
Ere our proud heart would stoop t' obey,
And welcome this revival day.

4 Daughters of Zion, sons of God,
Rise with melodious songs aloud;
Tell to the world how blest are they,
Who share in a revival day.

5 O, sinners, cast your weapons down,
Ye lukewarm, rouse! your folly own,
And chant aloud Jehovah's praise,
Who grants us these revival days.

6 O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God in whom we all can trust,
Take not the heavenly Dove away,
Nor shorten this revival day.

---

226 *Rejoicing in Revival.* BEDDOME.

1 Rejoice, for Christ, the Saviour reigns;
He spreads his triumphs all abroad,
And sinners, cleansed from all their stains,
Own him their Saviour and their God.

2 His sons and daughters from afar
Daily at Zion's gate arrive;
Those who were dead in sin before
By sov'reign grace are made alive.

3 O, may his conquests still increase,
And ev'ry foe his power subdue!
While angels celebrate his praise,
And saints his growing glories show

---

227 *Joy in Heaven for a repenting Sinner.*

1 Who can describe the joys that rise,
Through all the courts of Paradise,
To see a penitent return,—
To see an heir of glory born?

2 With joy the Father does approve
The fruit of his eternal love;
The Son with joy looks down, and sees
The purchase of his agonies.

3 The Spirit takes delight to view
The holy soul he formed anew;
And saints and angels join to sing
The growing empire of their King.

WATTS.

WHEN WE PASS OVER JORDAN. 8s & 7s.

[Am. Vocalist. — By permission.]

1. Je-sus sought me when a stranger, Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to save my soul from danger, In - terposed his precious blood! } We shall

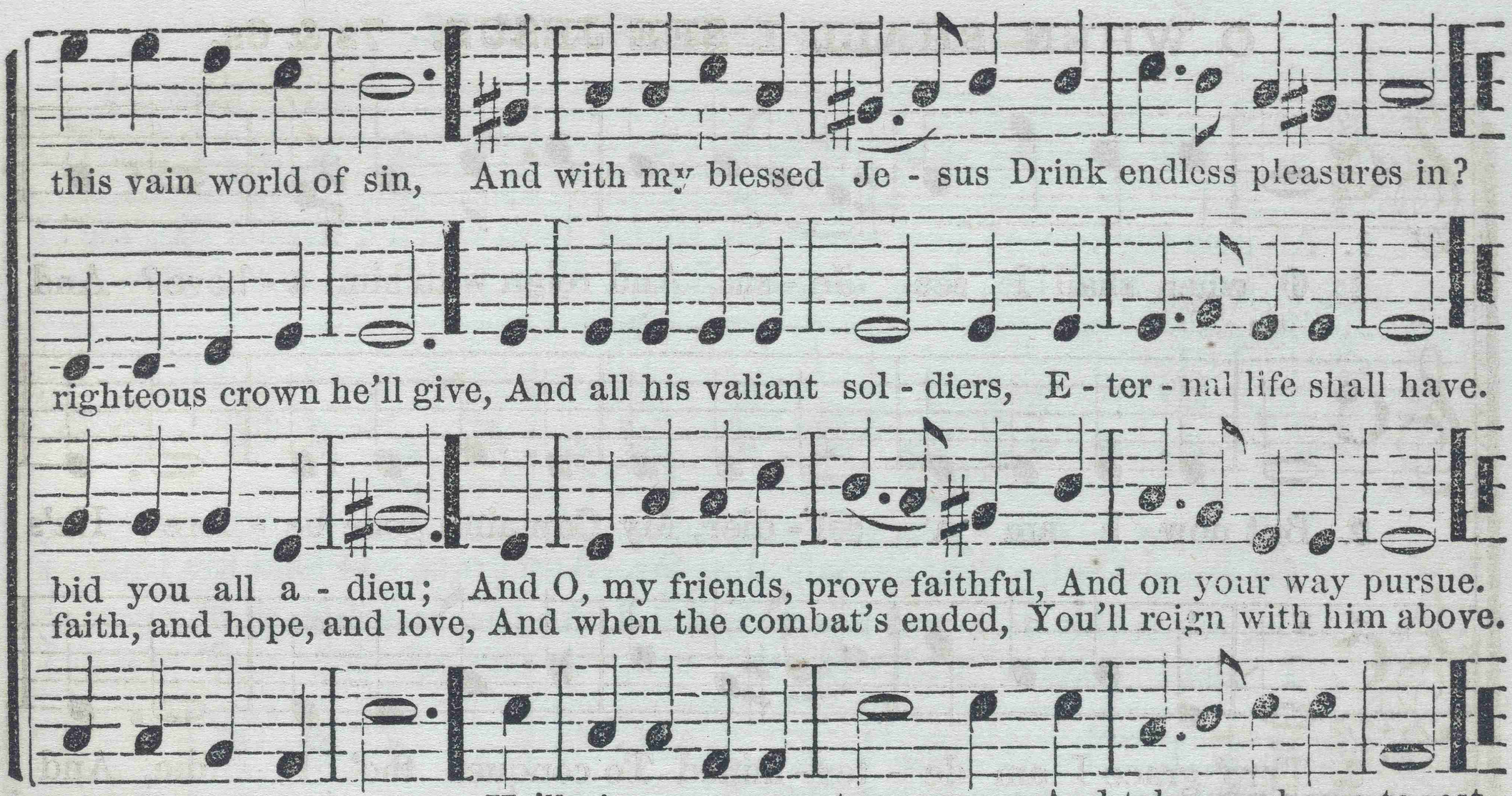
pass over Jordan, Come go along with me, We'll pass over Jordan, and sound the Ju-bi-lee.

2. O to grace how great a debtor, Dai - ly I'm constrained to be!
Let thy grace, Lord, like a fetter, Bind my wand'ring heart to thee: } On the

other side of Jordan, How happy we shall be, We'll pass over Jordan, and sound the Ju-bi-lee.

3. 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. } On the

other side of Jordan, How happy we shall be, We'll pass over Jordan, and sound the Ju-bi-lee.



232 *Christ the Great Physician.*

1 How lost was my condition,
Till Jesus made me whole!
There is but one Physician
Can cure a sin-sick soul.
Next door to death he found me,
And snatched me from the grave,
To tell to all around me
His wondrous power to save.

2 From men great skill professing,
I thought a cure to gain;
But this proved more distressing,
And added to my pain.
Some said that nothing ailed me;
Some gave me up for lost;
Thus every refuge failed me,
And all my hopes were crossed.

3 At length, this great Physician—
How matchless is his grace!
Accepted my petition,
And undertook my case;
First gave me sight to view him,—
For sin my eyes had sealed,—
Then bade me look unto him:
I looked, and I was healed.

4 A dying, risen Jesus,
Seen by the eye of faith,
At once from danger frees us,
And saves the soul from death.
Come, then, to this Physician;
His help he'll freely give;
He makes no hard condition;
'Tis only, Look and live.

NEWTON.

---

233 *Looking forward to Heaven.*

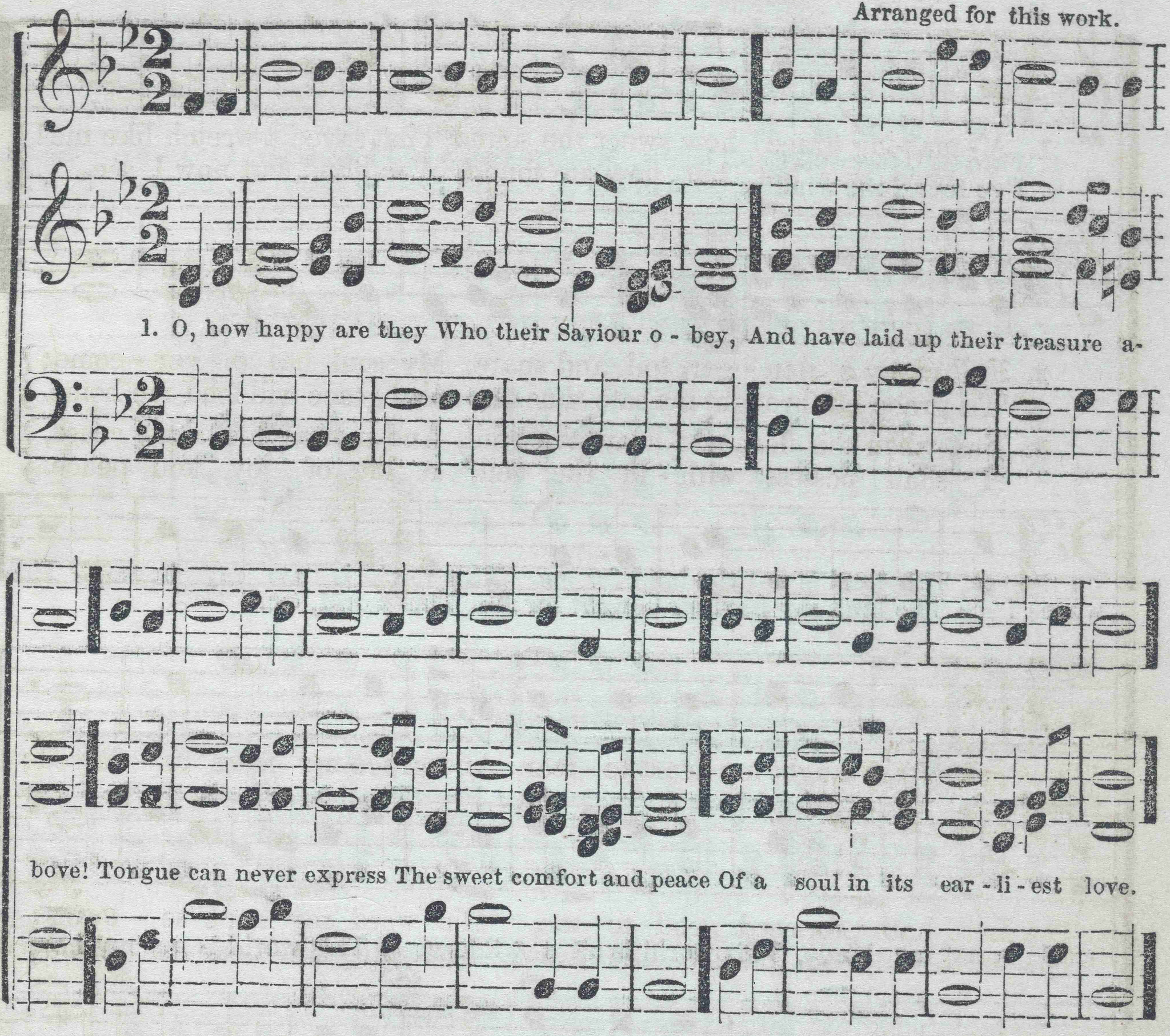
1 From every earthly pleasure,
From every transient joy,
From every mortal treasure,
That soon will fade and die;
No longer these desiring,
Upward our wishes tend,
To nobler bliss aspiring,
The joys that never end.

2 From every piercing sorrow,
That heaves our breast to-day,
Or threatens us to-morrow,
Hope turns our eyes away:
On wings of faith ascending,
We see the land of light,
And feel our sorrows ending
In infinite delight.

3 'Tis true we are but strangers,
We sojourn here below;
And countless snares and dangers
Surround the path we go;
Though painful and distressing,
Yet there's a rest above;
And onward still we're pressing,
To reach that land of love.

HAPPINESS. 6s & 9s.

Arranged for this work.



2 That sweet comfort was mine
When the favor divine
I had found in the blood of the Lamb.
When at first I believed,
What true joy I received!
What a heaven in Jesus' sweet name!

3 'Twas a heaven below
My Redeemer to know;
And the angels could do nothing more
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

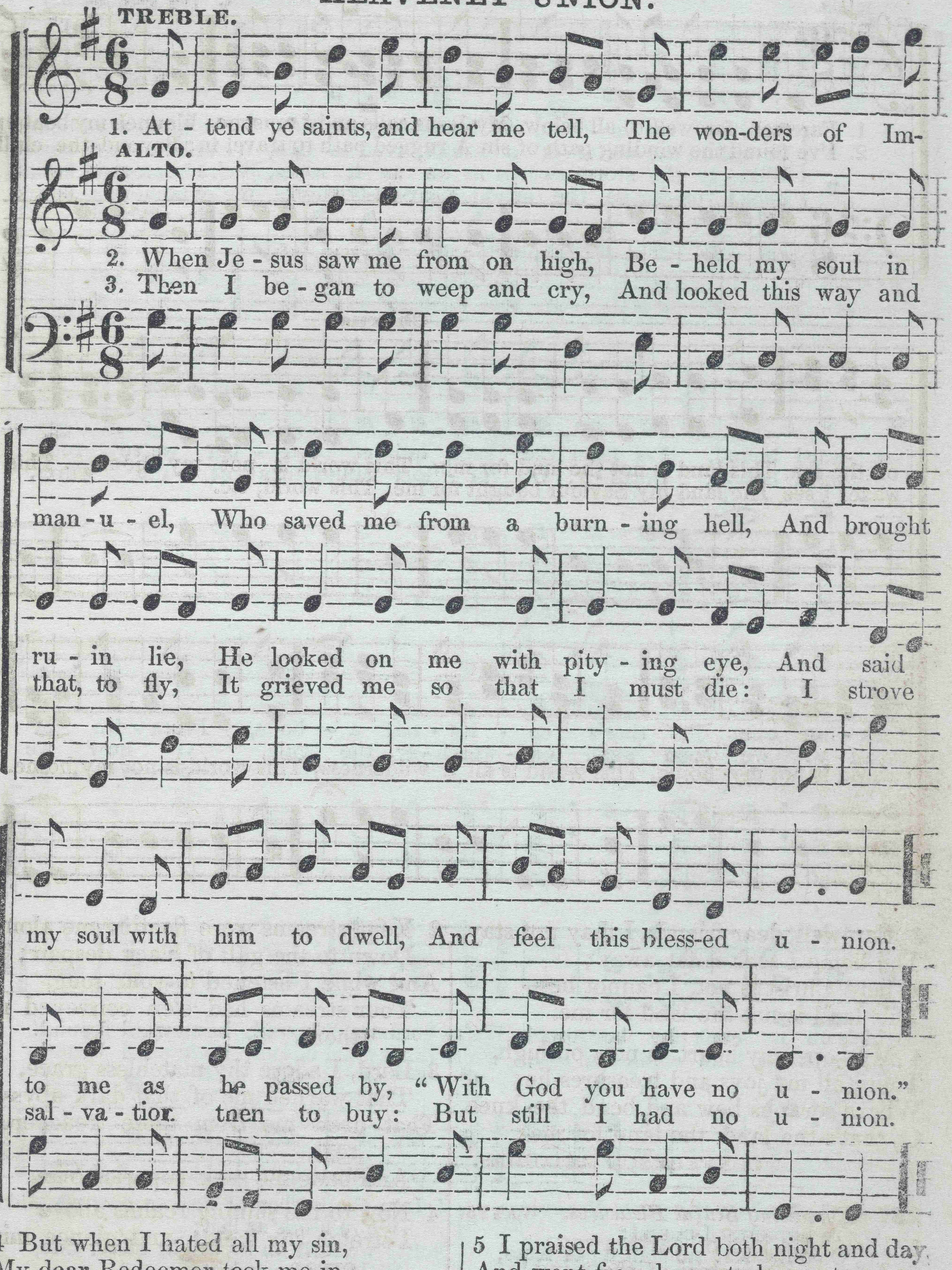
4 Jesus, all the day long,
Was my joy and my song:
O that all his salvation might see!
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffered and died
To redeem such a rebel as me!

5 On the wings of his love,
I was carried above
All my sin, and temptation, and pain;
And I could not believe
That I ever could grieve,
That I ever should suffer again.

6 O the rapturous height
Of that holy delight
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
Of my Saviour possessed,
I was perfectly blessed,
As if filled with the fulness of God.

WESLEY

HEAVENLY UNION.



4 But when I hated all my sin,
My dear Redeemer took me in,
And with his blood he wash'd me clean;
And oh! what seasons I have seen
Since first I felt this union.

5 I praised the Lord both night and day,
And went from house to house to pray,
And if I met one on the way,
I found I'd something still to say
About this heavenly union.

ON THE CROSS.

Arranged by Rev. J. W. DADMUN. [By permission.]

1. Be - hold! be - hold the Lamb of God, On the
   For you he shed his pre - cious blood, On the
2. 'Tis done! the migh - ty deed is done, On the
   The bat - tle fought, the vic - tory won, On the
3. Where - e'er I go I tell the story, Of the
   In noth - ing else my soul shall glory, Save the

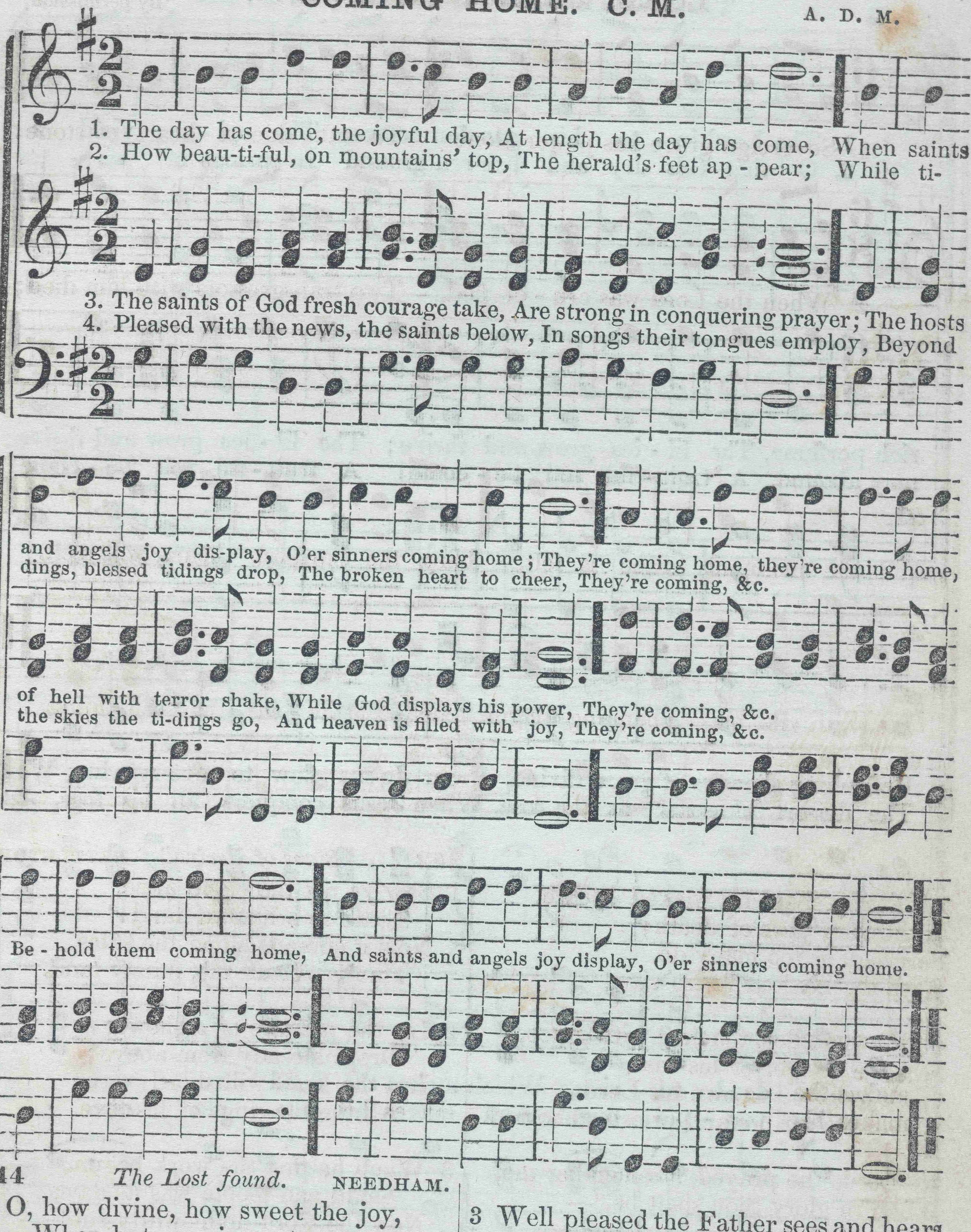
Cross, on the Cross, } { Now hear his all - im - por - tant cry, }
Cross, on the Cross, } { E - li - la - ma sa - bac - tha - ni; }
Cross, on the Cross, } { The rocks do rend, the mountains quake, }
Cross, on the Cross, } { While Je - sus doth a - tone-ment make, }

Cross, of the Cross, } { Yes, this my con-stant theme shall be, }
Cross, save the Cross, } { Thro' time and in e - ter - ni - ty, }

Draw near and see your Saviour die, On the Cross, on the Cross.
While Je - sus suffers for your sake, On the Cross, on the Cross.
That Je - sus suffered death for me, On the Cross, on the Cross.

COMING HOME. C. M.

A. D. M.



214 *The Lost found.* NEEDHAM.

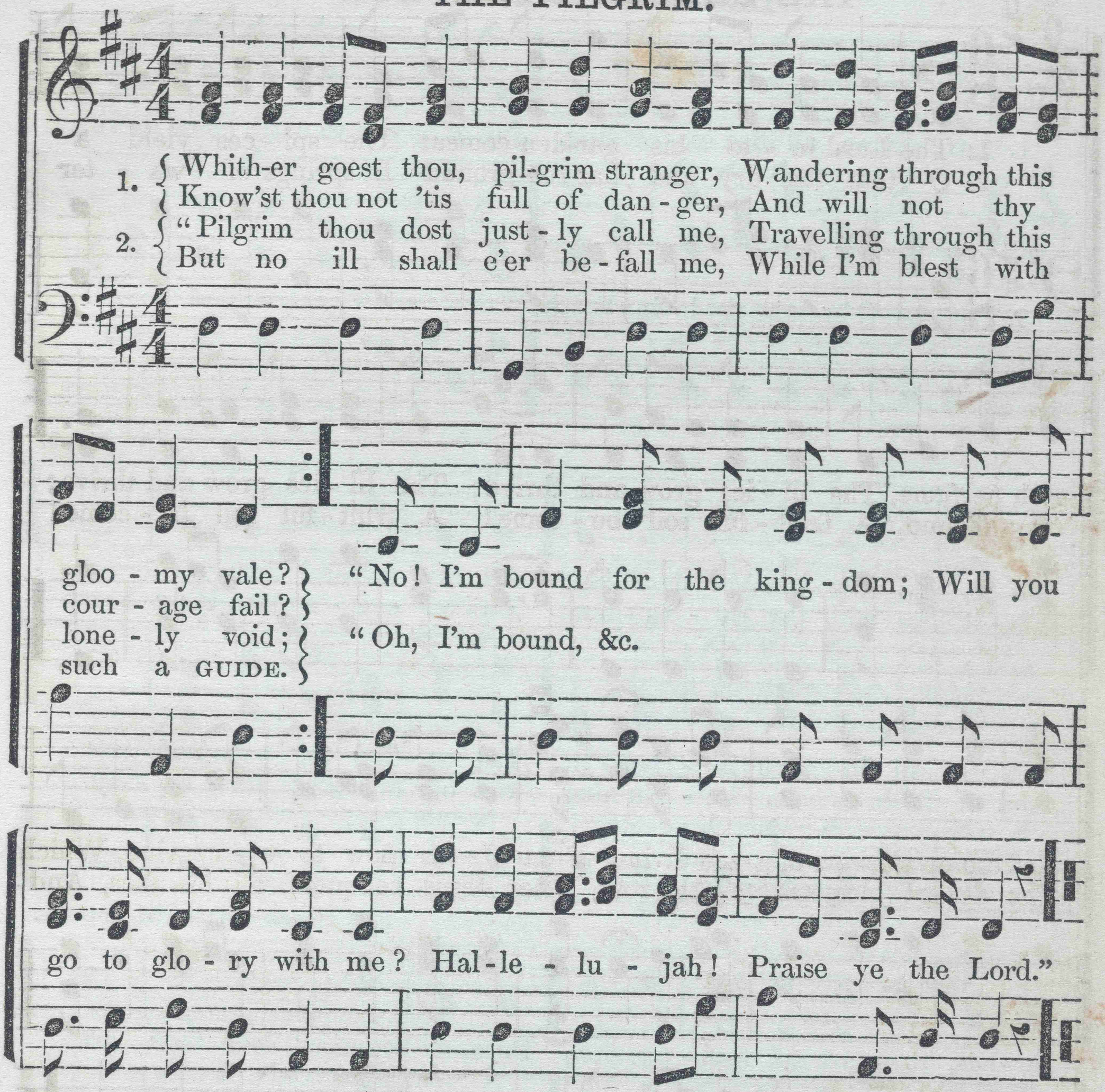
1 O, how divine, how sweet the joy,
When but one sinner turns,
And, with an humble, broken heart,
His sins and errors mourns!

2 Pleased with the news, the saints below
In songs their tongues employ;
Beyond the skies the tidings go,
And heaven is filled with joy. 11*

3 Well pleased the Father sees and hears
The conscious sinner's moan;
Jesus receives him in his arms,
And claims him for his own.

4 Nor angels can their joys contain,
But kindle with new fire;
"The sinner lost is found," they sing,
And strike the sounding lyre.

THE PILGRIM.



3 Such a Guide! no guide attends thee,
Hence for thee my fears arise;
If some guardian power defend thee,
'Tis unseen by mortal eyes.
"Oh, I'm bound, &c."

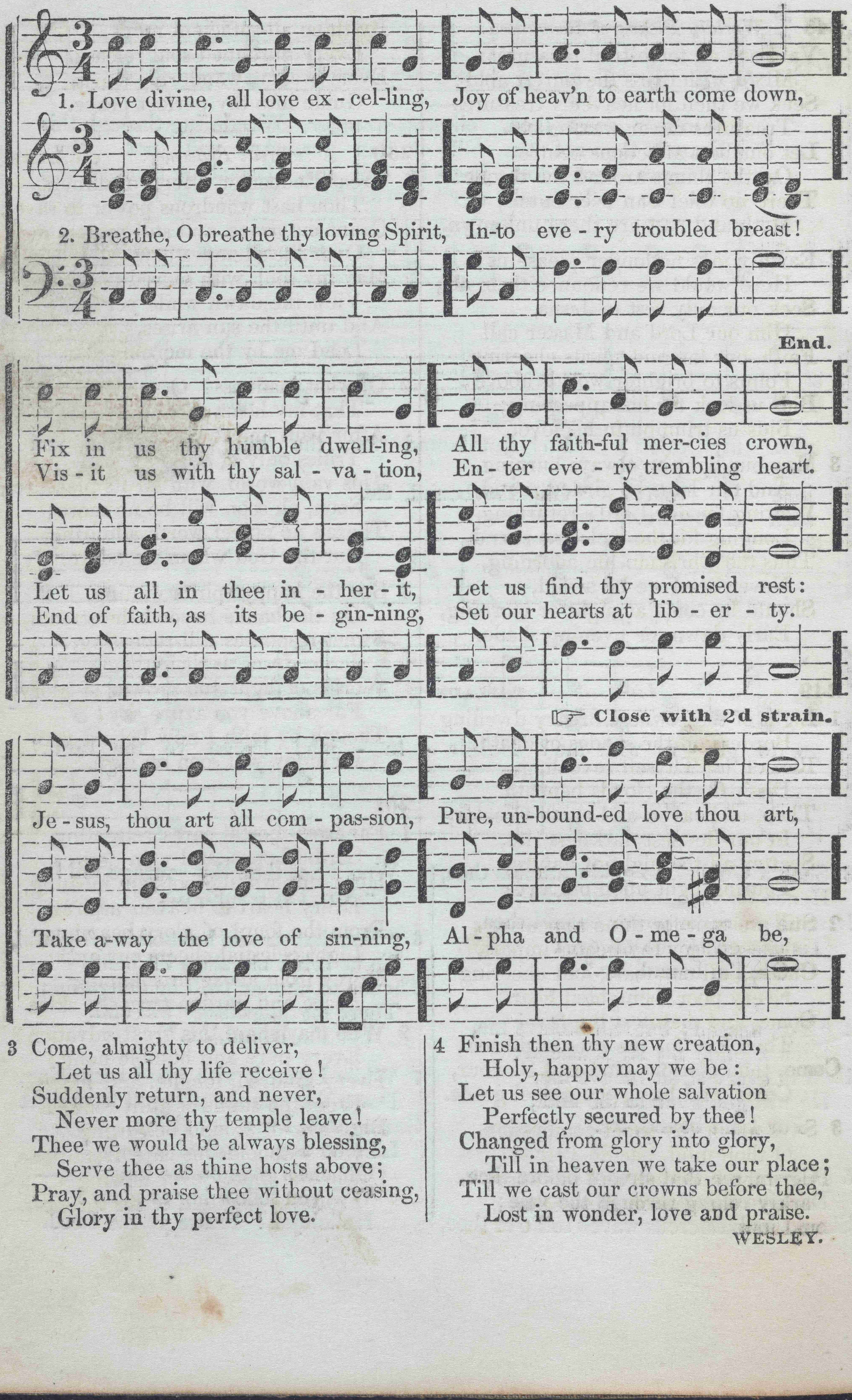
4 "Yes, unseen; but still believe me,
Such a guide my steps attend;
He'll in every strait relieve me,
He will guide me to the end;
For I am bound, &c.

5 Pilgrim, see that stream before thee,
Darkly rolling through the vale;
Should its boisterous waves roll o'er thee,
Would not then thy courage fail!
"No! I'm bound, &c."

6 "No; that stream has nothing frightful,
To its brink my steps I'll bend;
Thence to plunge 'twill be delightful;
There my pilgrimage will end.
For I'm bound, &c."

7 While I gazed, with speed surprising,
Down the vale she plunged from sight
Gazing still, I saw her rising,
Like an angel clothed in light!
Oh, she's gone to the kingdom,—
Will you follow her to glory?
Hallelujah! Praise ye the Lord.

LOVE DIVINE. 8s & 7s.

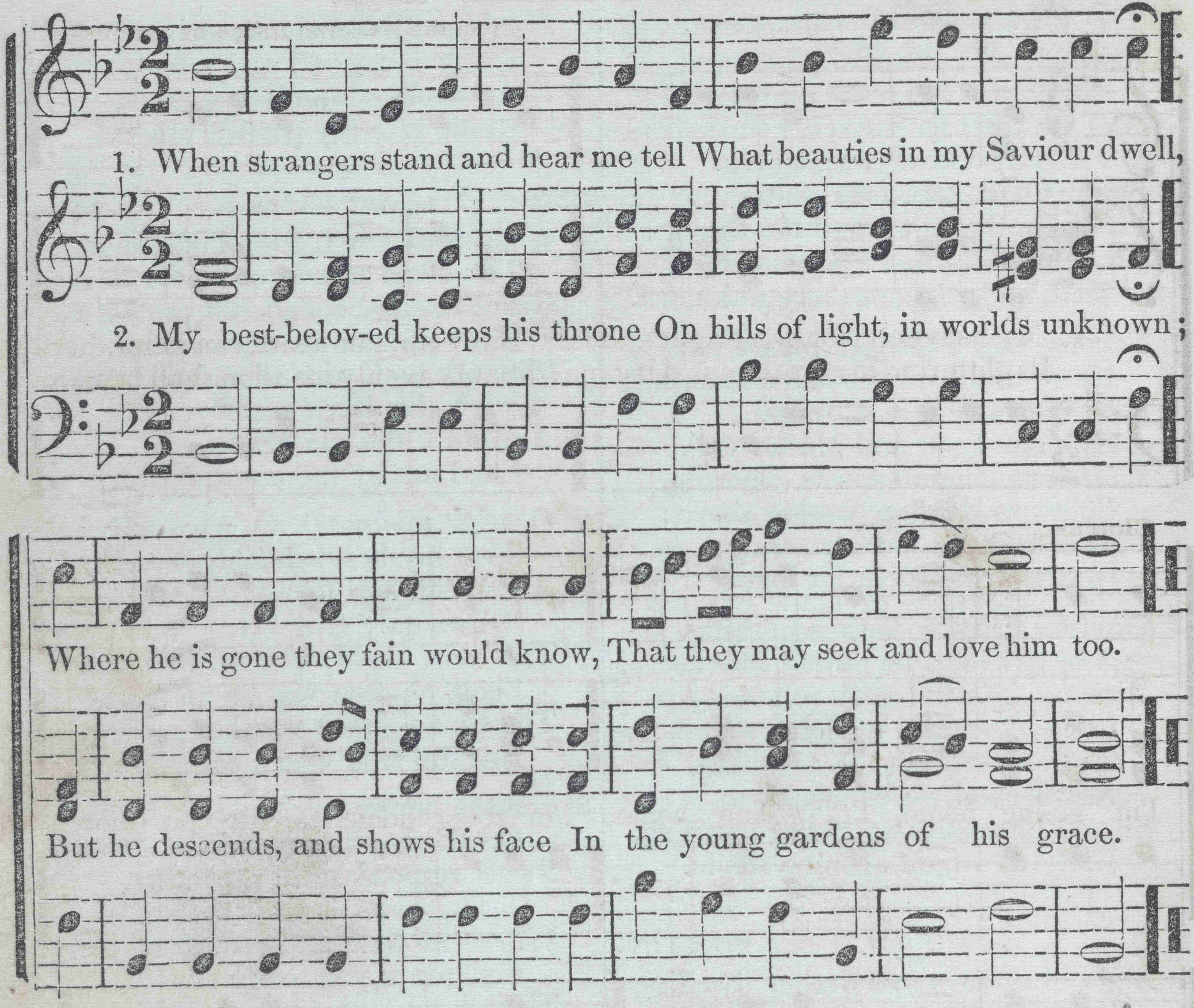


3 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive!
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temple leave!
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thine hosts above;
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

4 Finish then thy new creation,
Holy, happy may we be:
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secured by thee!
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place;
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.

WESLEY.

BUCKFIELD. L. M.



1. When strangers stand and hear me tell What beauties in my Saviour dwell,
2. My best-belov-ed keeps his throne On hills of light, in worlds unknown;
Where he is gone they fain would know, That they may seek and love him too.
But he descends, and shows his face In the young gardens of his grace.

3 He has engross'd my warmest love,
No earthly charms my soul can move;
I have a mansion in his heart,
Nor death nor hell shall make us part.

4 O may my spirit daily rise
On wings of faith above the skies,
Till death shall make my last remove
To dwell forever with my love.

---

253 *The Noblest Resolution.* STEELE.

1 May I resolve, with all my heart,
With all my pow'rs, to serve the Lord;
Nor from his presence e'er depart
Whose service is a rich reward.

2 O, be his service all my joy!
Around let my example shine,
Till others love the blest employ,
And join in labors so divine.

3 Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determin'd choice,
To yield to his supreme control,
And in his kind commands rejoice.

4 O, may I never faint, nor tire,
Nor, wand'ring, leave his sacred ways.
Great God! accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live thy praise.

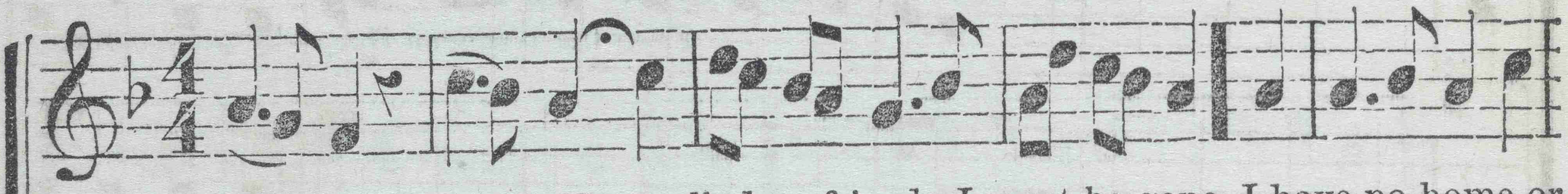
---

254 *Self-dedication to God.* PRES. DAVIES

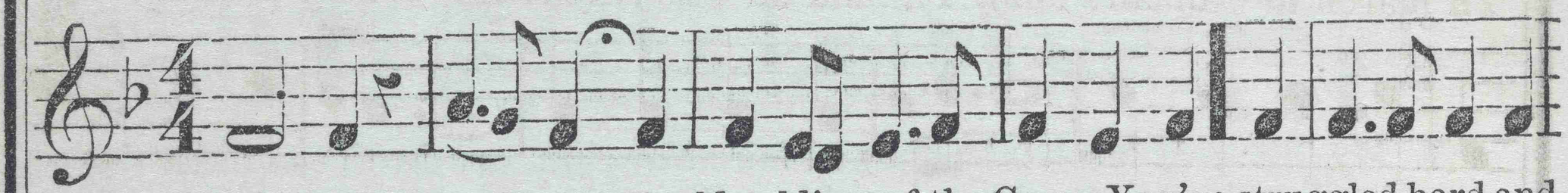
1. Lord, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased alone by blood divine;
With full consent I yield to thee,
And own thy sovereign right to me.

2 Grant me, in mercy, now a place
Among the children of thy grace;
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.

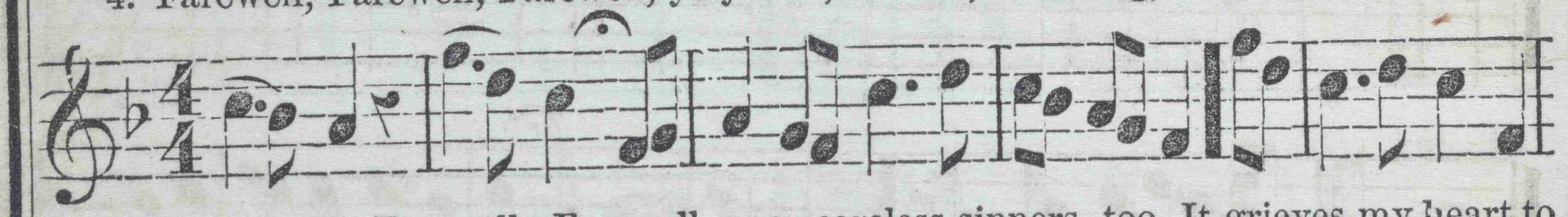
THE PILGRIM'S FAREWELL. L. M. FRENCH:



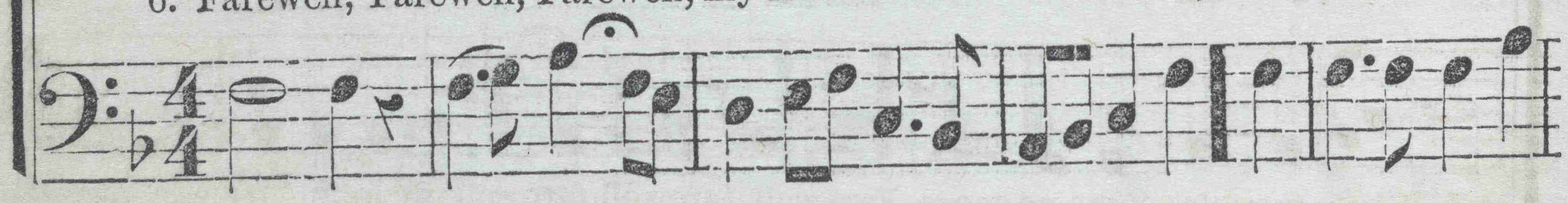
1. Farewell, Farewell, Farewell, dear friends, I must be gone, I have no home or
2. Farewell, Farewell, Farewell, my friends, time rolls along, Nor waits for mortal's

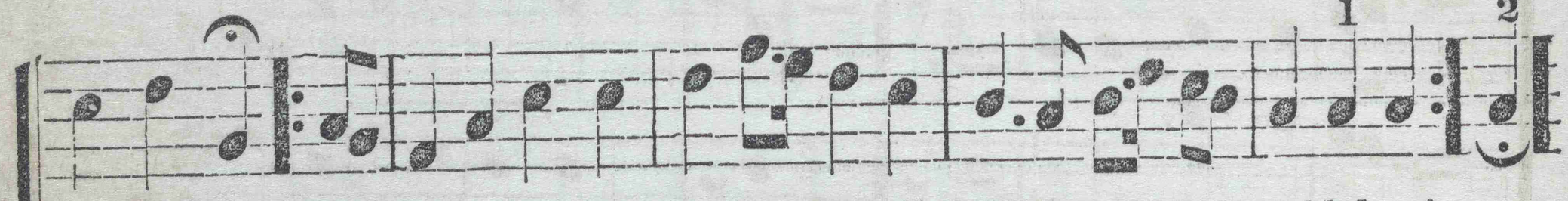


3. Farewell, Farewell, Farewell, old soldiers of the Cross, You've struggled hard and
4. Farewell, Farewell, Farewell, ye youth, be bold, be strong, And firm the hallowed

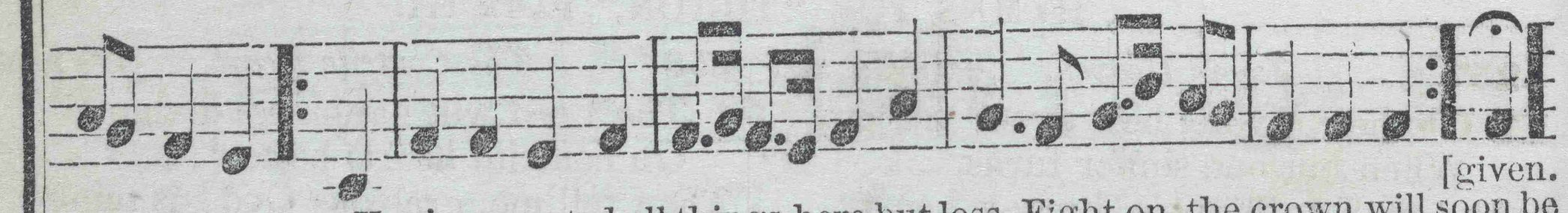


5. Farewell, Farewell, Farewell, poor careless sinners, too, It grieves my heart to
6. Farewell, Farewell, Farewell, my friends we soon shall rise, And join the angelic



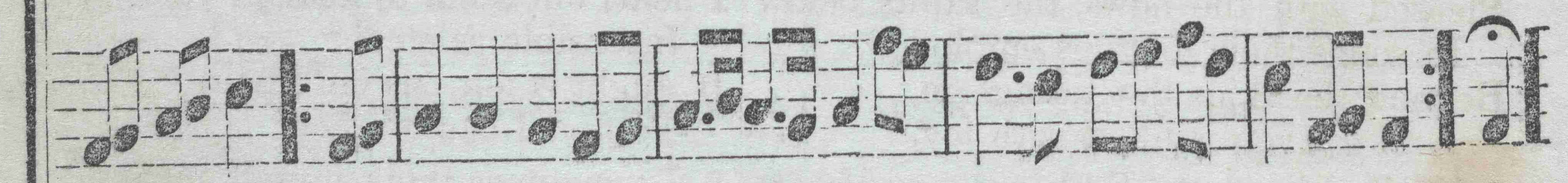


stay with you; I'll take my staff and travel on, Till I a bet - ter world do view.
care or bliss: I leave you here and travel on, Till we arrive where Jesus is.

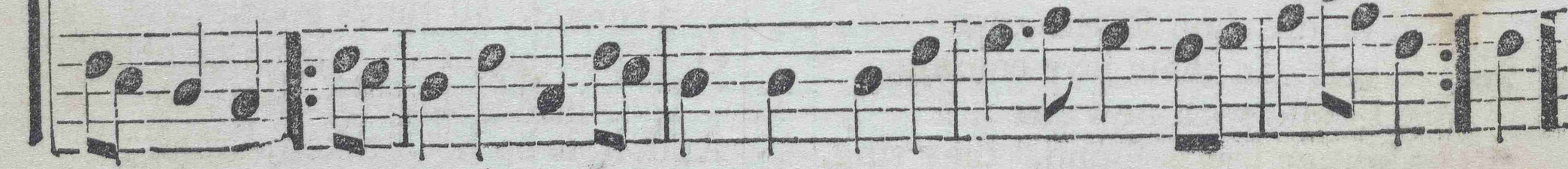


[given.

long for heaven; You've counted all things here but loss, Fight on, the crown will soon be
cross sustain; In Jesus' service, earthly loss Will but increase your heavenly gain.

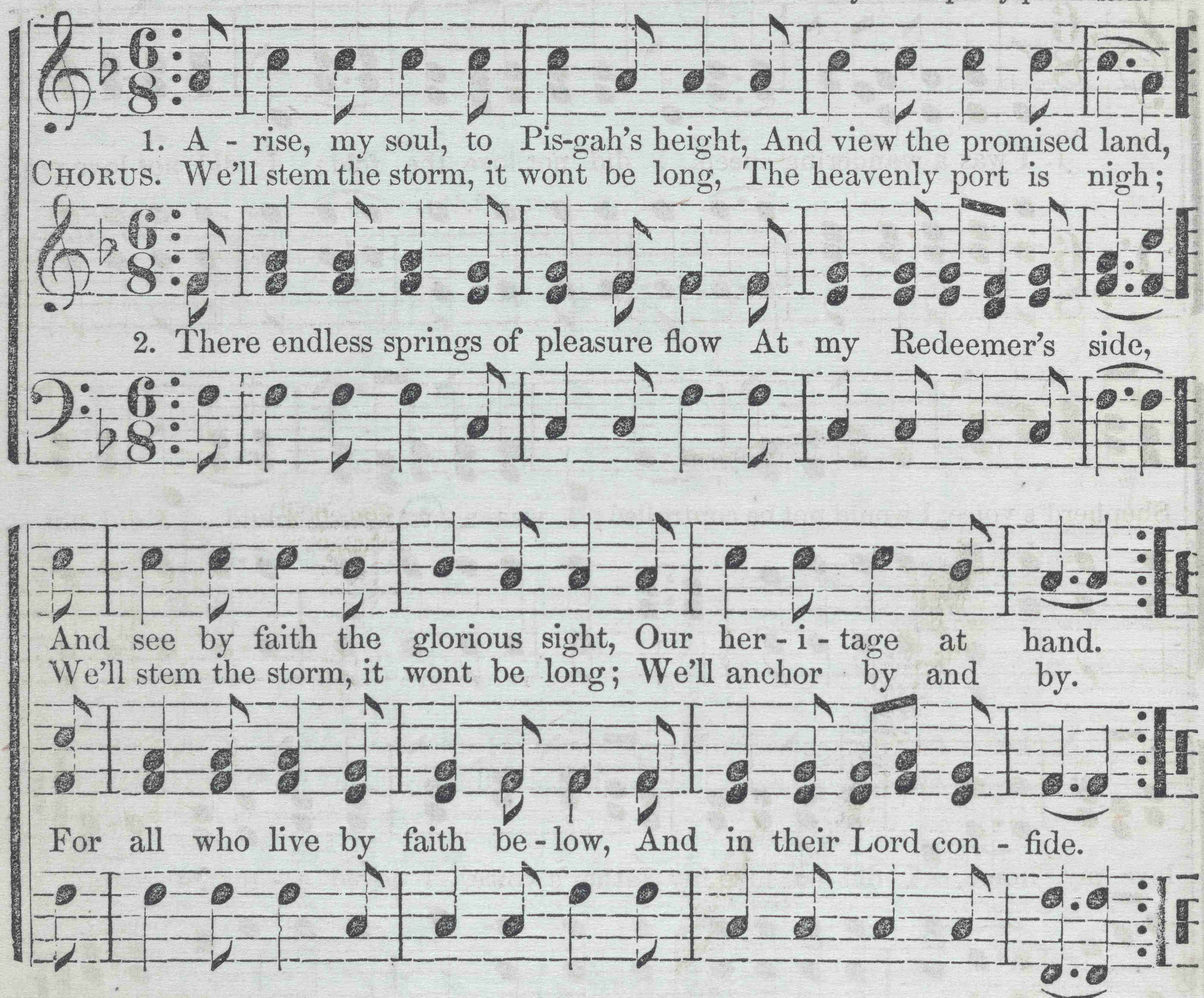


leave you here, Eternal vengeance waits for you; O turn, and find salvation near.
host on high; I gaze on heaven with wishful eyes, And long with angel-wings to fly.



WE'LL STEM THE STORM.

From the Wesleyan Harp—by permission.



3 Fair Salem's dazzling gates are seen,
Just o'er the narrow flood,
And fields adorned in living green,
The residence of God.
We'll stem the storm, &c.

4 My conflicts here will soon be past,
Where wild distraction reigns;
Through toil and death I'll reach at last
Fair Canaan's happy plains.
We'll stem the storm, &c.

5 O could I cross rough Jordan's wave,
No danger would I fear;
My bark would every tempest brave,
For O! my Captain's near.
We'll stem the storm, &c.

6 My lamp of life will soon grow pale,
The spark will soon decay;
And then my happy soul will sail
To everlasting day.
We'll stem the storm, &c.

260 *Heaven Happy.* WATTS.

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

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

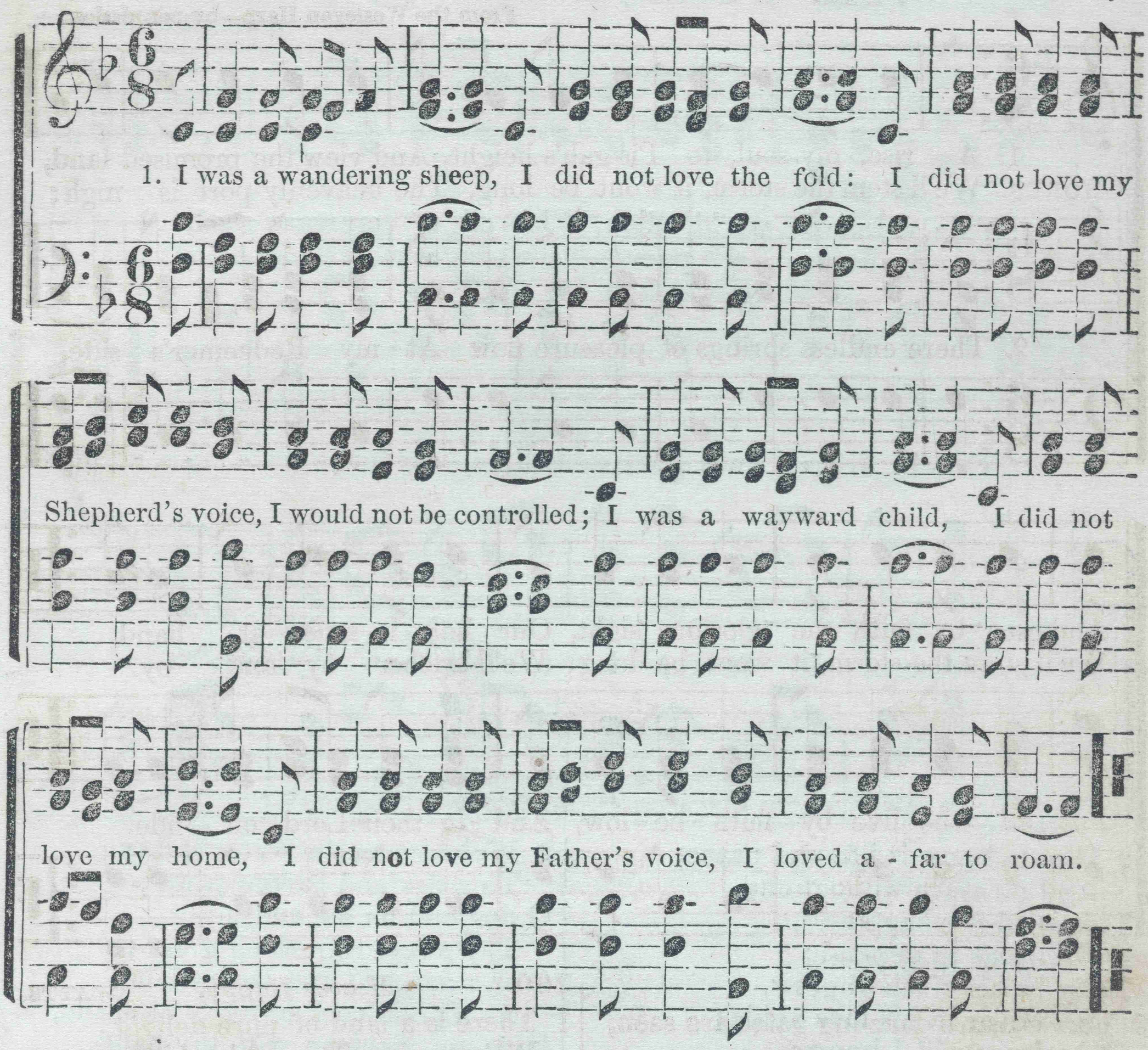
3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

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

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

LEBANON. S. M.

J. ZUNDEL.



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

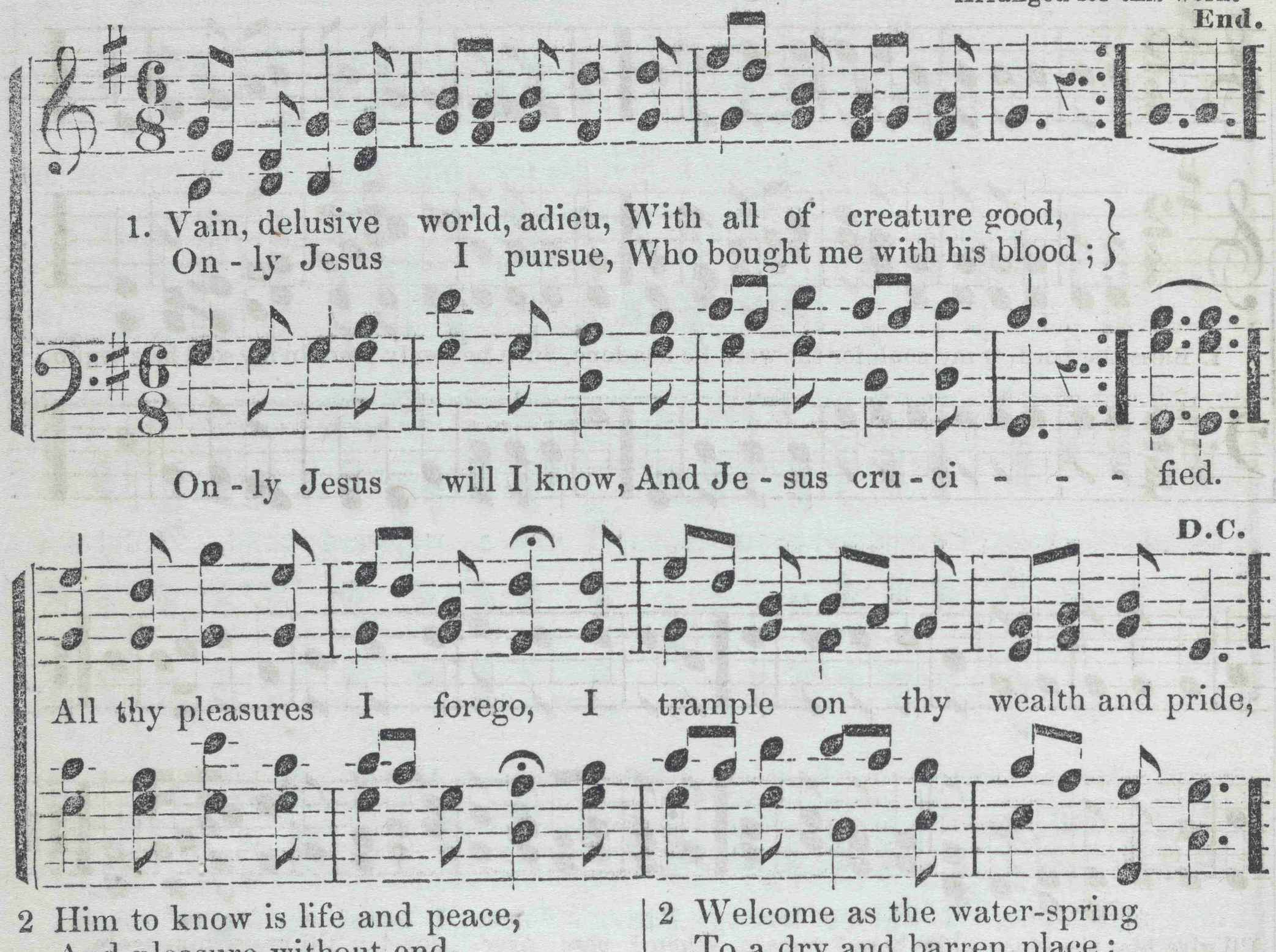
3 They spoke in tender love,
They raised my drooping head;
They gently closed my bleeding wounds,
My fainting soul they fed:
They washed my filth away,
They made me clean and fair;
They brought me to my home in peace,
The long-sought wanderer.

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

5 No more a wand'ring sheep,
I love to be controll'd,
I love my tender Shepherd's voice,
I love the peaceful fold:
No more a wayward child,
I seek no more to roam,
I love my heavenly Father's voice—
I love, I love His home. BONAR.

VAIN WORLD, ADIEU. 7s, 6s & 8s.

Arranged for this work.



2 Him to know is life and peace,
And pleasure without end,
This is all my happiness,
On Jesus to depend:
Daily in his grace to grow,
And ever in his love abide;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified!

3 O that I could all invite,
This saving truth to prove;
Show the length, the breadth, the height,
And depth of Jesus' love;
Fain I would to sinners show,
His blood by faith alone applied,
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified! C. WESLEY.

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263 *Christ a Refuge.*

1 To the haven of thy breast,
O Son of Man, I fly!
Be my refuge and my rest,
For, O! the storm is high;
Save me from the furious blast;
A covert from the tempest be;
Hide me, Jesus, till o'erpast
The storm of sin I see.

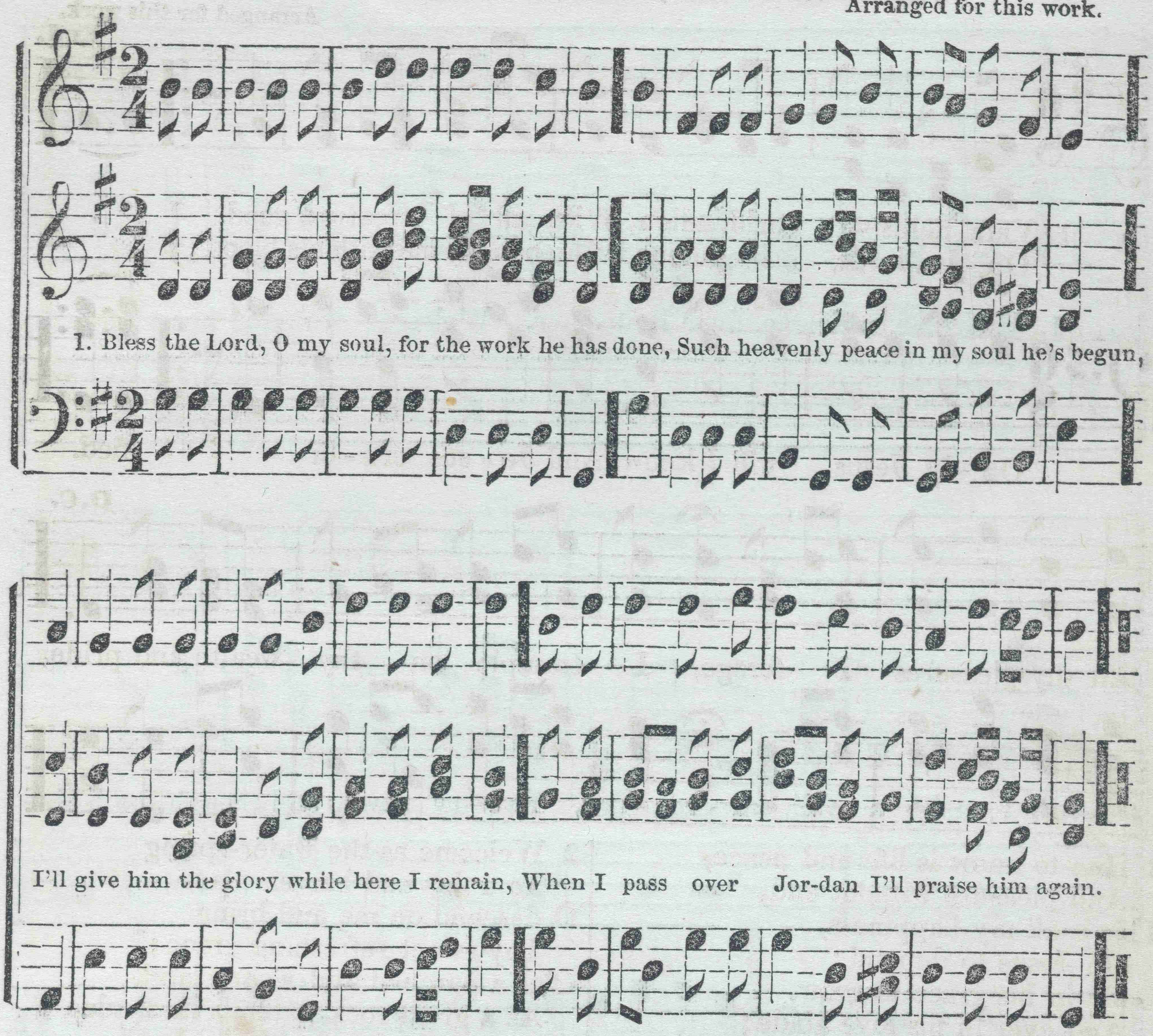
2 Welcome as the water-spring
To a dry and barren place;
O descend on me and bring
Thy sweet refreshing grace;
O'er a parched and weary land,
As a great rock extends its shade,
Hide me, Saviour, with thy hand,
And screen my naked head.

3 In the time of my distress
Thou hast my succor been,
In my utter helplessness
Restraining me from sin;
O how swiftly didst thou move
To save me in the trying hour!
Still protect me with thy love,
And shield me with thy power.

4 First and last in me perform
The work thou hast begun:
Be my shelter from the storm,
My shadow from the sun:
Weary, parched with thirst, and faint,
Till thou th'abiding Spirit breathe,
Every moment, Lord, I want
The merit of thy death.

CONVERSION. 11s.

Arranged for this work.



2 My soul is immersed in a fountain of love,
My heart and my treasure's in heaven above;
Through grace I'm determined I'll never give o'er,
Till safely I'm landed on fair Canaan's shore.

---

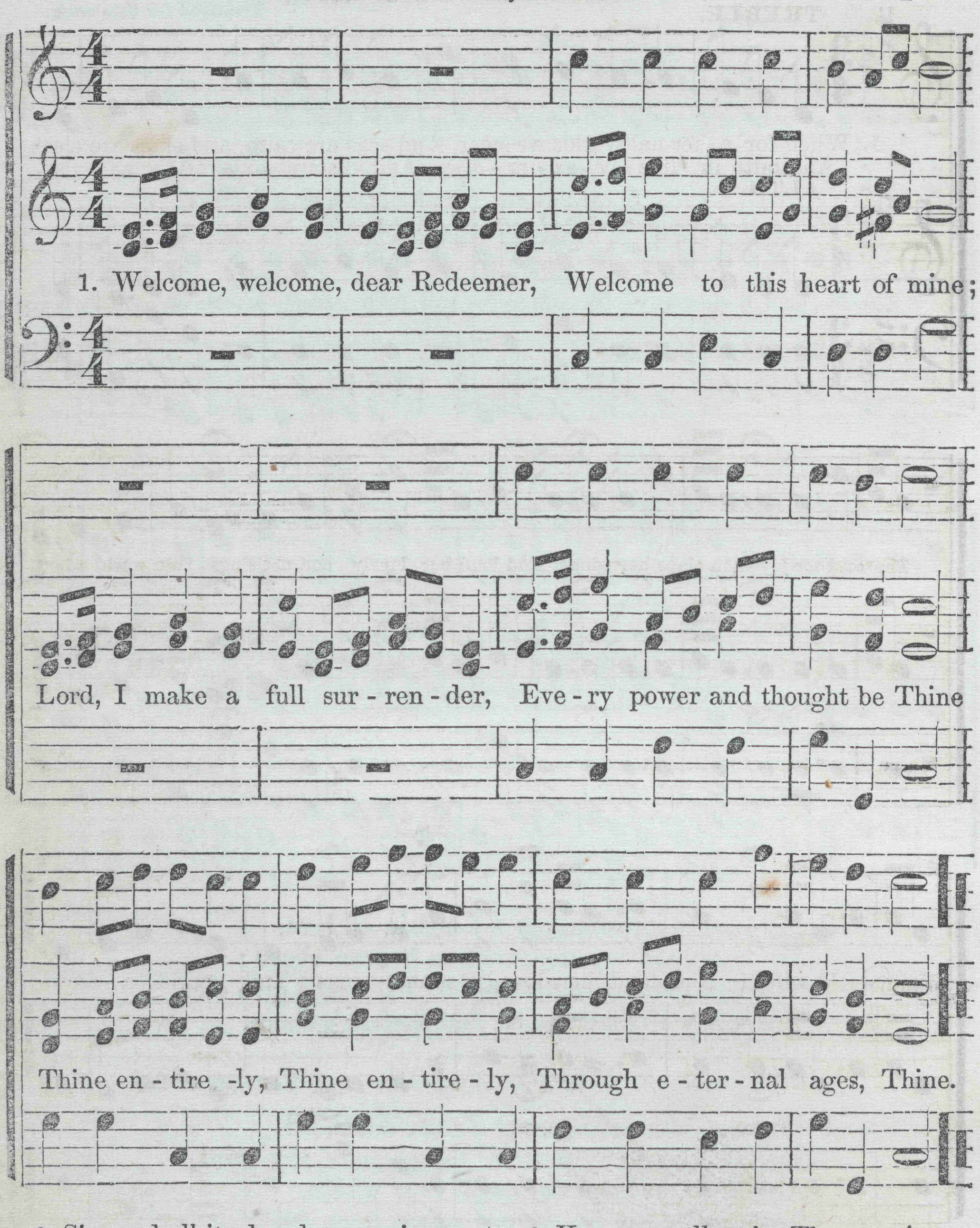
265 *Prayer for Acceptance.* **BAPTIST COL.**

1 O Jesus, our Saviour, O Jesus, our Lord,
By the life of thy passion, the grace of thy word,
Accept us, redeem us, dwell ever within,
To keep by thy Spirit, our spirits from sin.

2 Till crowned with thy glory, and waving the palm,
Our garments all white from the blood of the Lamb,
We join the bright millions of saints gone before,
And bless Thee, and wonder, and praise evermore.

WELCOME. 8s, 7s & 4.

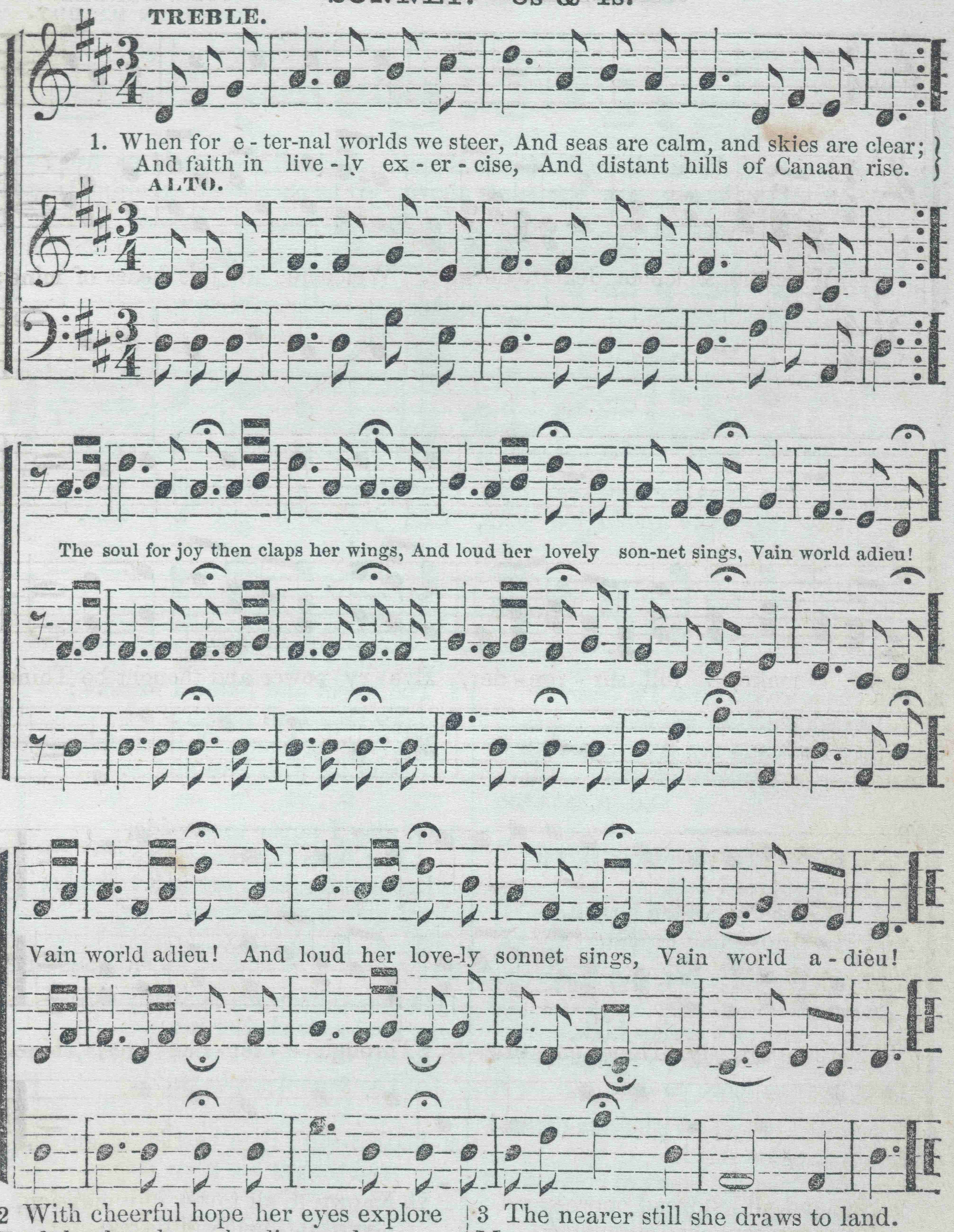
JOHN ZUNDEL.



2 Sin, and all its dread oppression,
From my soul shall disappear!
Doubt shall not obtain possession,
For thy truth is ever near.
I will praise thee!
Lord, I feel thy blessing here!

3 Known to all to be Thy mansion,
Earth and hell will disappear;
Or in vain attempt possession
When they find the Lord is near—
Shout, O Zion!
Shout, ye saints, the Lord is here!

SONNET. 8s & 4s.

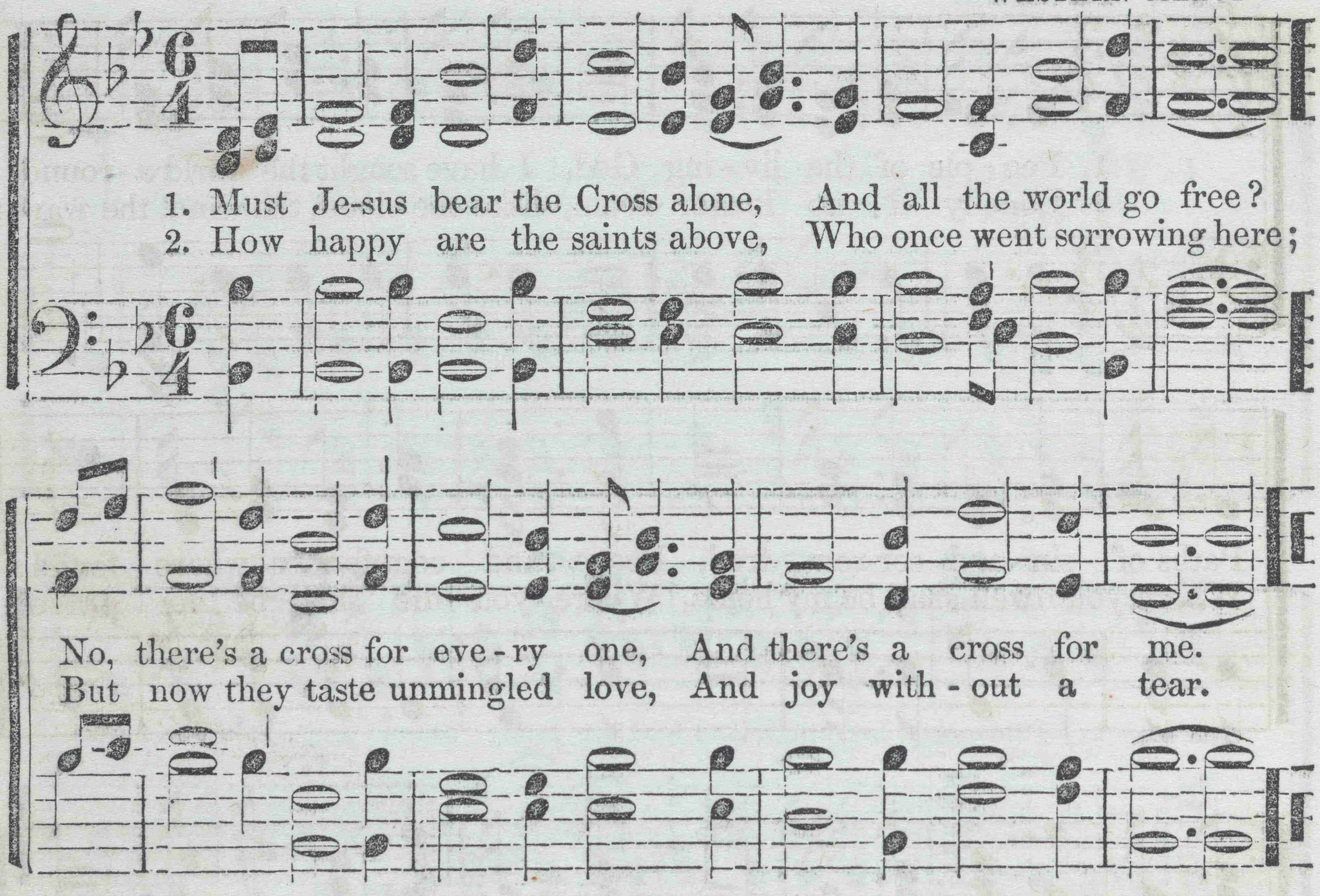


2 With cheerful hope her eyes explore
Each landmark on the distant shore;
The trees of life, the pastures green,
The golden streets, the crystal stream;
Again for joy she claps her wings,
And loud her lovely sonnet sings,
Vain world, adieu.

3 The nearer still she draws to land.
More eager all her powers expand:
With steady helm, and free bent sail,
Her anchor drops within the veil:
Again for joy she claps her wings,
And her celestial sonnet sings,
Glory to God.

CROSS AND CROWN. C. M.

WESTERN MELODY.



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

G. N. ALLEN.

269

1 Upon the crystal pavement down
At Jesus' pierced feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown,
And His dear name repeat.

2 And palms shall wave, and harps shall ring,
Beneath heaven's arches high,
The Lord that lives, the ransomed sing,
That lives no more to die.

3 O precious cross! O glorious crown!
O resurrection day!
Ye angels! from the heavens come down,
And bear my soul away.

270 *Self-Dedication.* ANON.

1 O Saviour, welcome to my heart;
Possess thy humble throne;
Bid every rival hence depart,
And claim me for thy own.

2 The world and Satan I forsake;
To thee I all resign;
My longing heart, O Jesus, take,
And fill with love divine.

3 O, may I never turn aside,
Nor from thy bosom flee;
Let nothing here my heart divide;
I give it all to thee.

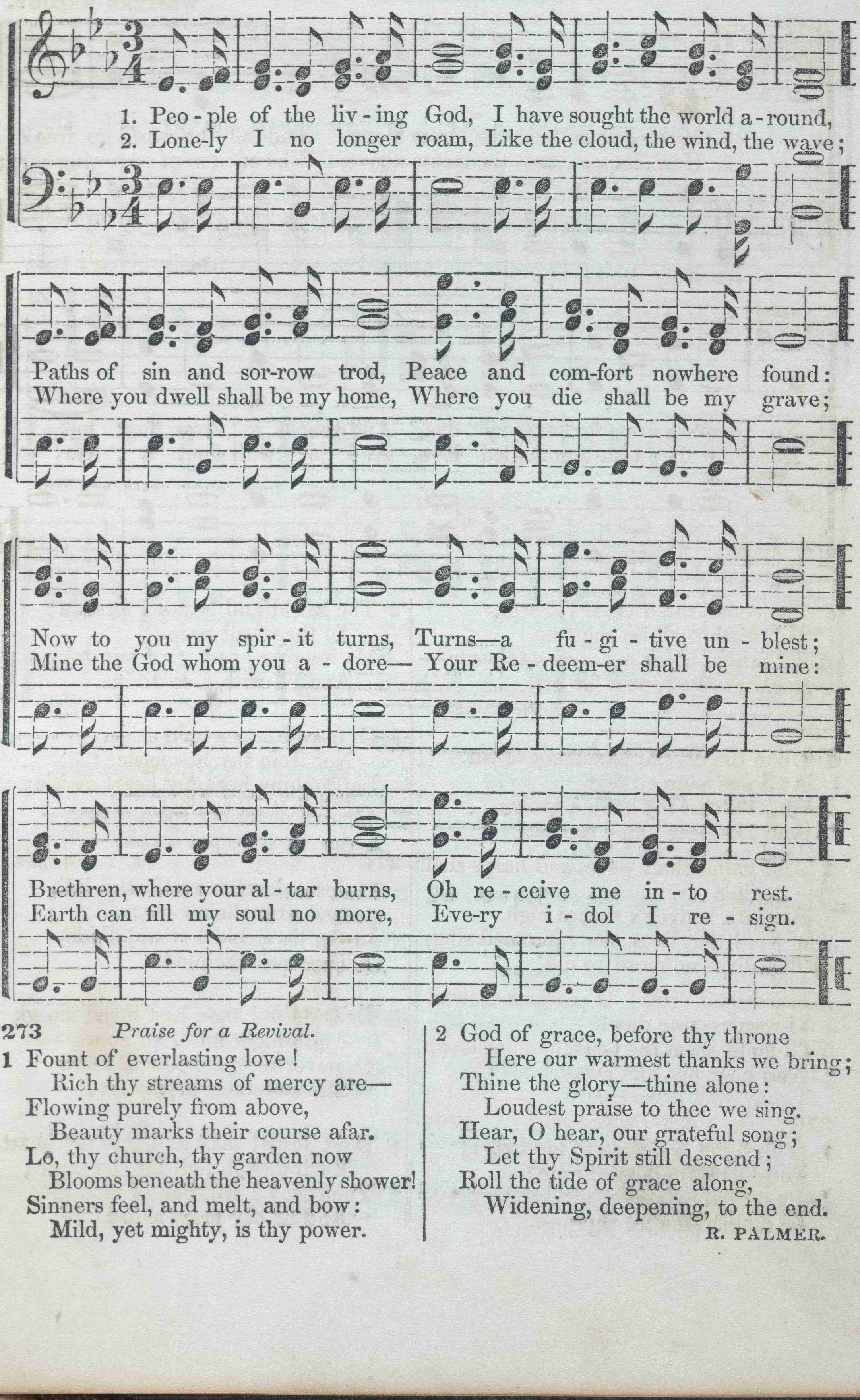
271 S. D. PHELPS.

1 O Jesus, keep me near thy side,
And ever shelter me;
In thy dear fold I would abide,
Thy true disciple be.

2 Dear Jesus! thou hast loved me so,
And sought me from above—
O, never let me cease to know
The sweetness of thy love.

3 Blest Jesus! take and rule my heart
Each thought, all life, be thine;
Then may I see thee as thou art,
And in thy glory shine.

WHITMAN. 7s.



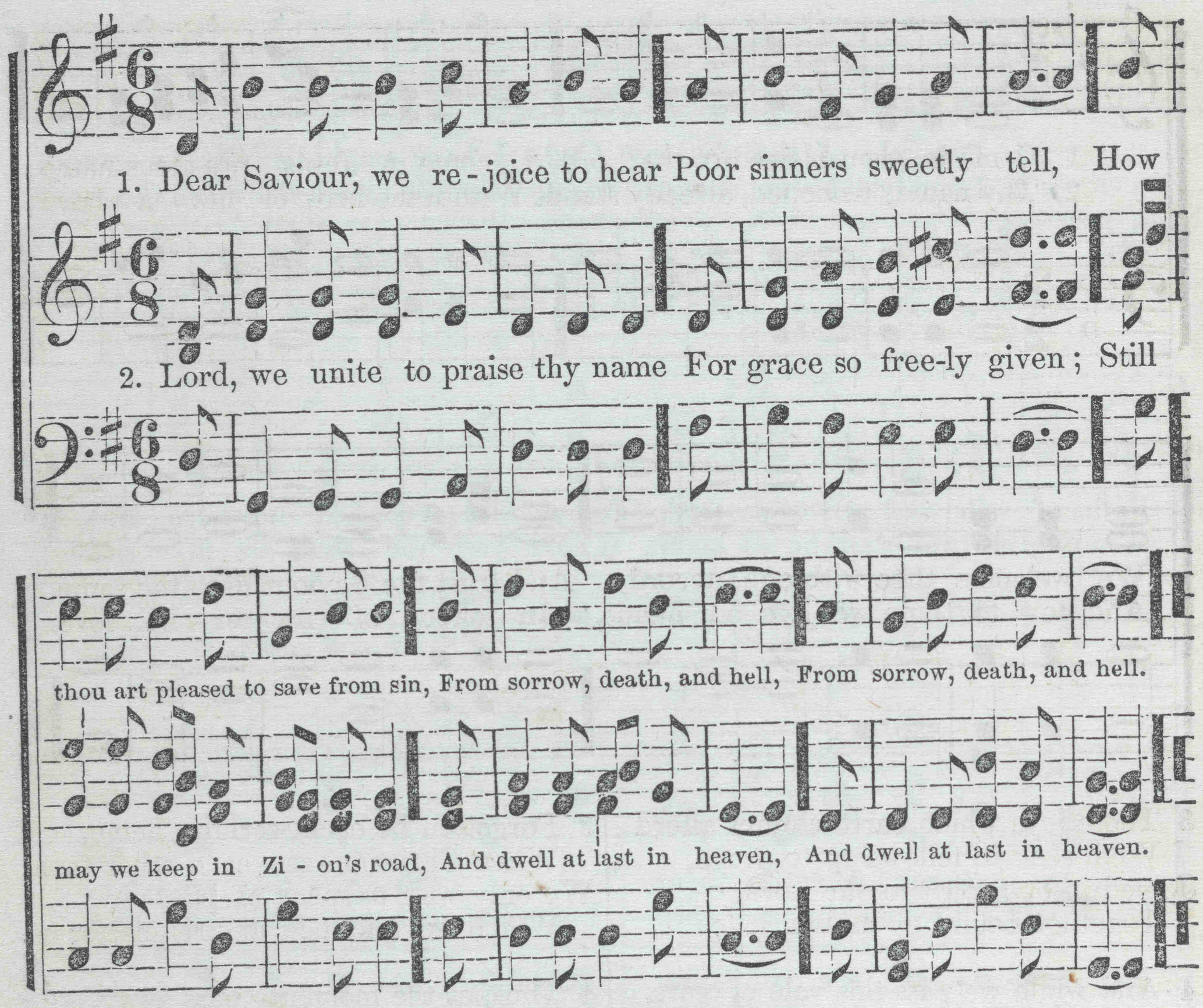
273 *Praise for a Revival.*

1 Fount of everlasting love!
Rich thy streams of mercy are—
Flowing purely from above,
Beauty marks their course afar.
Lo, thy church, thy garden now
Blooms beneath the heavenly shower!
Sinners feel, and melt, and bow:
Mild, yet mighty, is thy power.

2 God of grace, before thy throne
Here our warmest thanks we bring;
Thine the glory—thine alone:
Loudest praise to thee we sing.
Hear, O hear, our grateful song;
Let thy Spirit still descend;
Roll the tide of grace along,
Widening, deepening, to the end.

R. PALMER.

CONTRITION. C. M.



275 *Hinder Me Not.* RYLAND.

1 In all my Lord's appointed ways
My journey I'll pursue;
"Hinder me not," ye much-loved saints,
For I must go with you.

2 Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
I'll follow where he goes;
"Hinder me not," shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.

3 Through duties and through trials too,
I'll go at his command;
"Hinder me not," for I am bound
To my Immanuel's land.

4 And, when my Saviour calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be,—
"Hinder me not," come, welcome, death;
I'll gladly go with thee.

276 *Pledge of Fidelity.* PRATT'S COL.

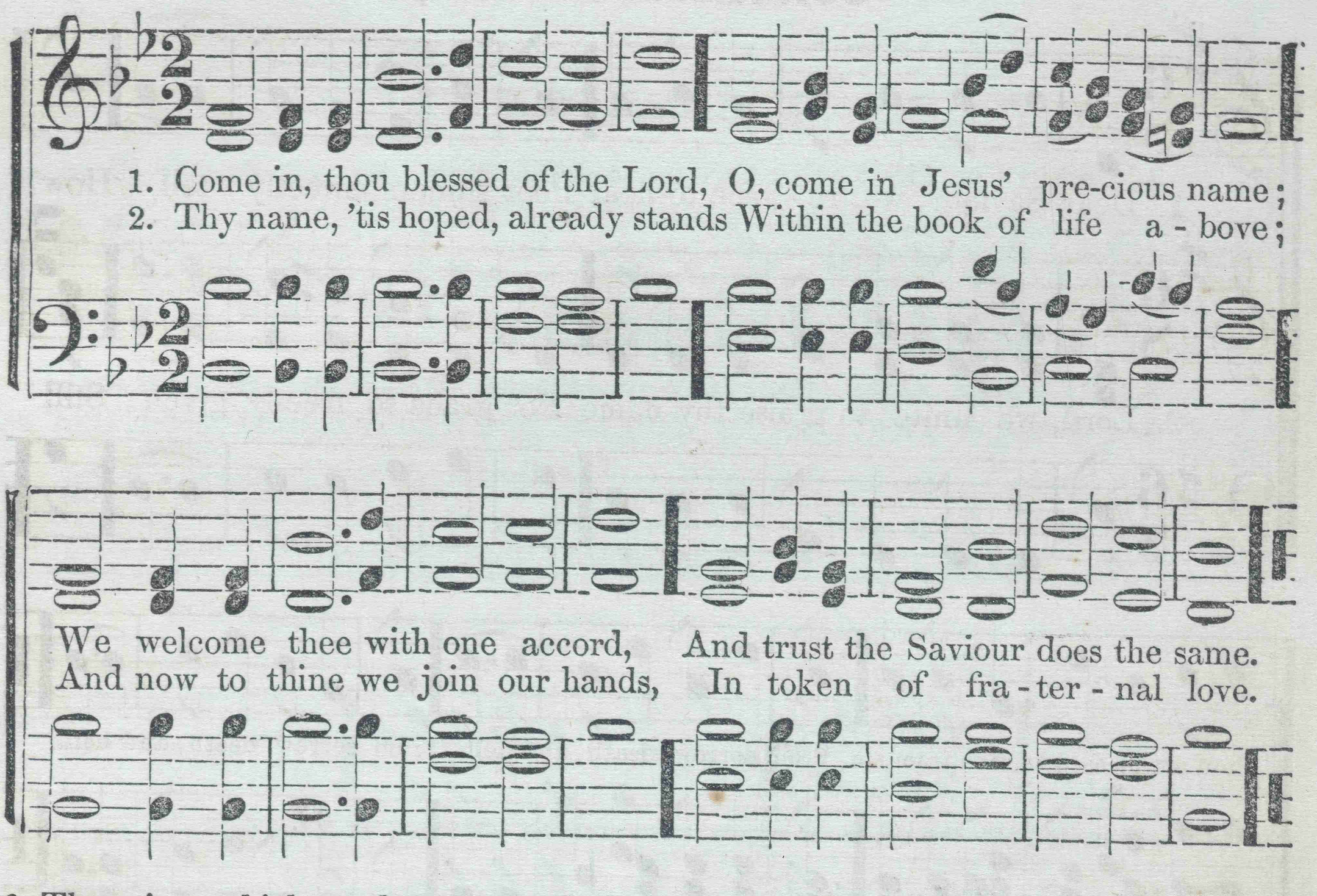
1 Ye men and angels, witness now,—
Before the Lord we speak;
To him we make our solemn vow,—
A vow we dare not break,—

2 That, long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield;
Nor from his cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field.

3 We trust not in our native strength,
But on his grace rely;
May he, with our returning wants,
All needful aid supply.

4 O, guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in thy ways;
And, while we turn our vows to prayers,
Turn thou our prayers to praise.

WELTON. L. M. REV. C. MALAN.



3 Those joys which earth cannot afford
We'll seek in fellowship to prove,
Joined in one spirit to our Lord,
Together bound by mutual love.

4 And while we pass this vale of tears,
We'll make our joys and sorrows known;
We'll share each other's hopes and fears,
And count a brother's case our own.

5 Once more our welcome we repeat;
Receive assurance of our love;
O, may we all together meet
Around the throne of God above.

KELLY.

---

278 *Receiving Members.* NEWTON.

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

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

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

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

---

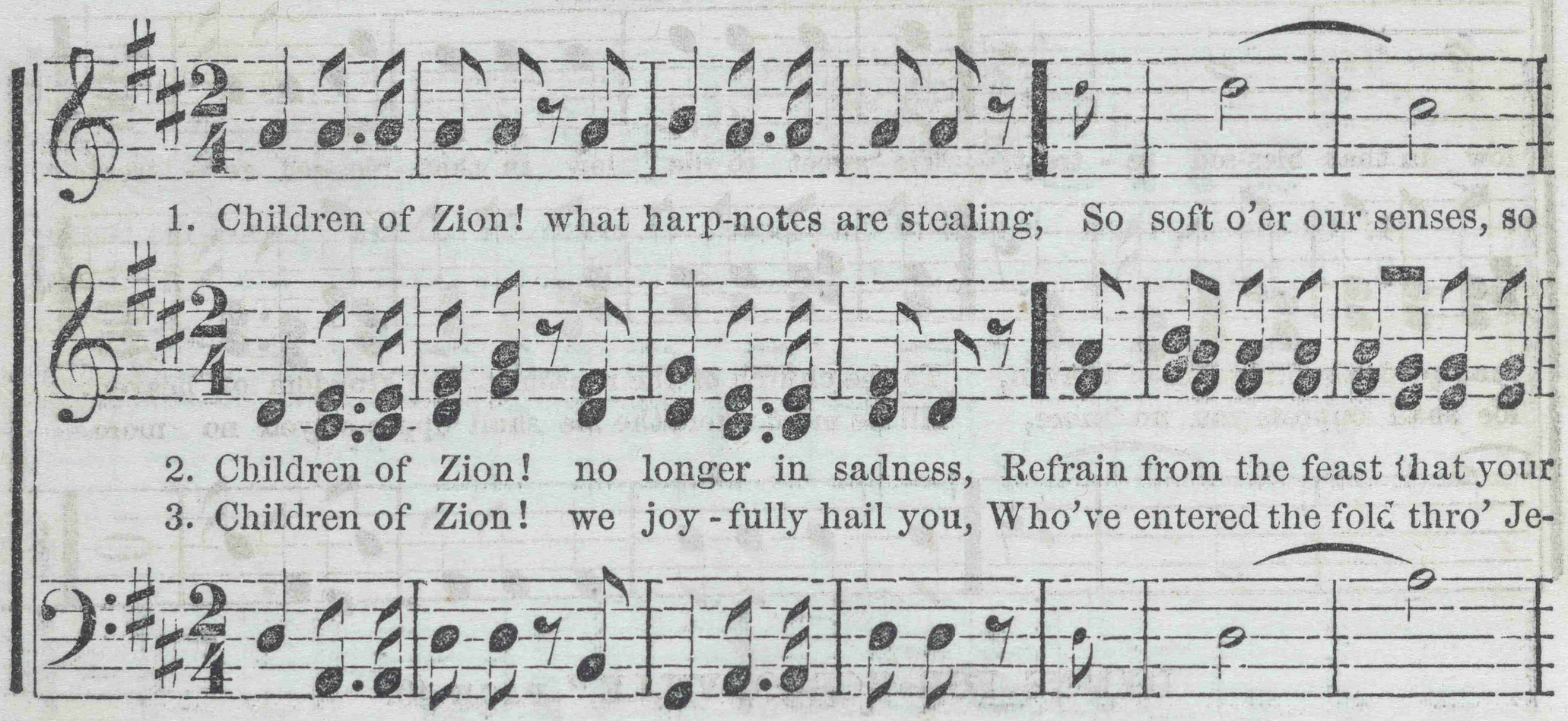
279 *Vows Recognized.* DODDRIDGE.

1 'Tis done; the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine:
He drew me, and I followed on,
Rejoiced to own the call divine.

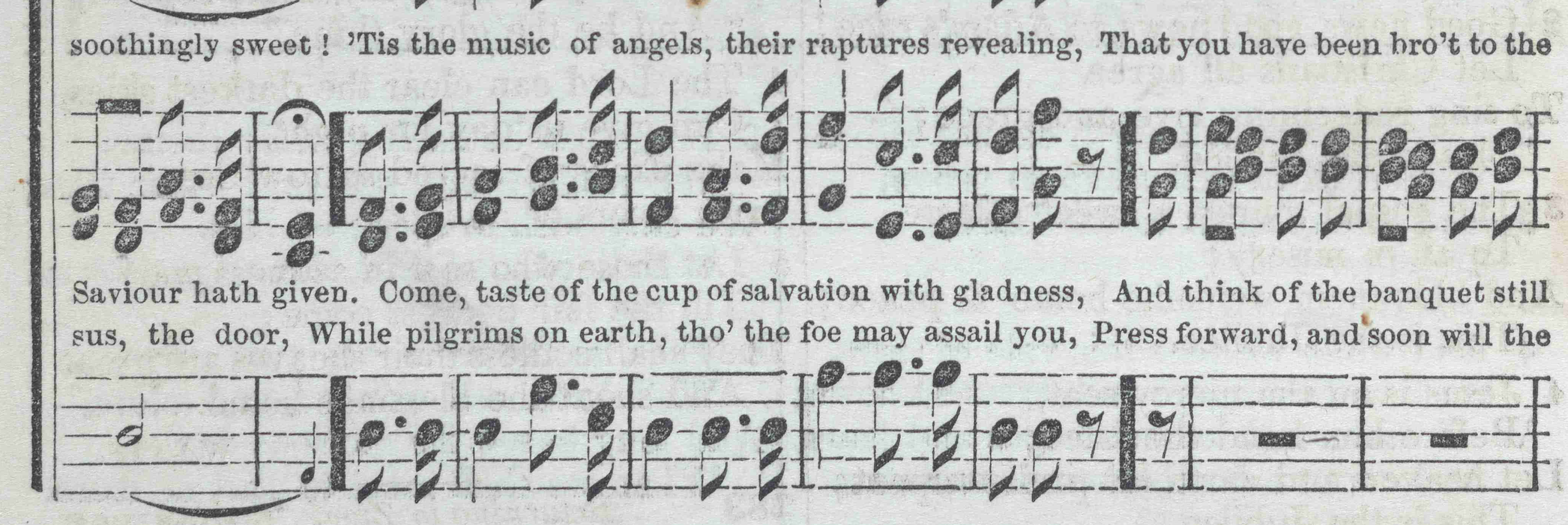
2 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest:
Here have I found a nobler part;
Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.

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

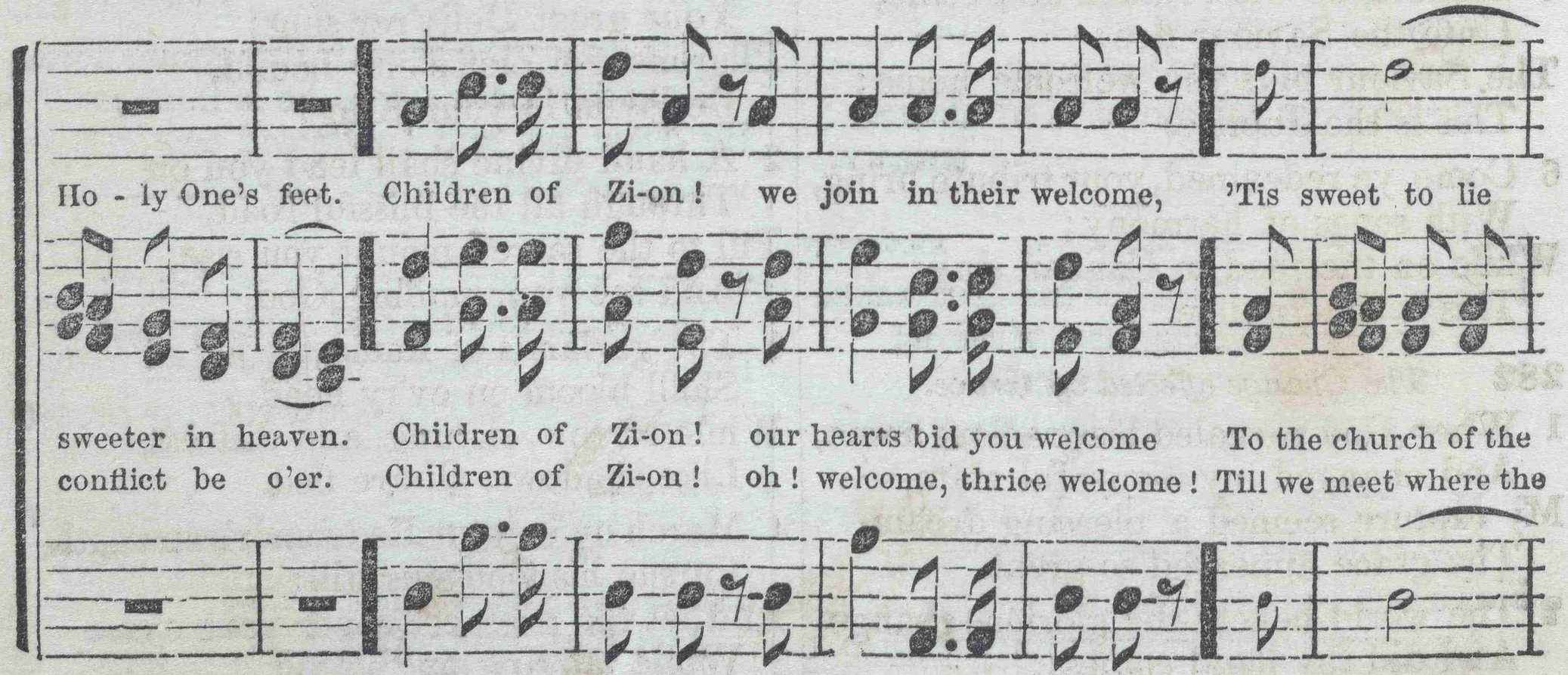
THE CHURCH'S WELCOME. 11s & 12s. O. SHAW.



1. Children of Zion! what harp-notes are stealing, So soft o'er our senses, so
2. Children of Zion! no longer in sadness, Refrain from the feast that your
3. Children of Zion! we joy-fully hail you, Who've entered the fold thro' Je-

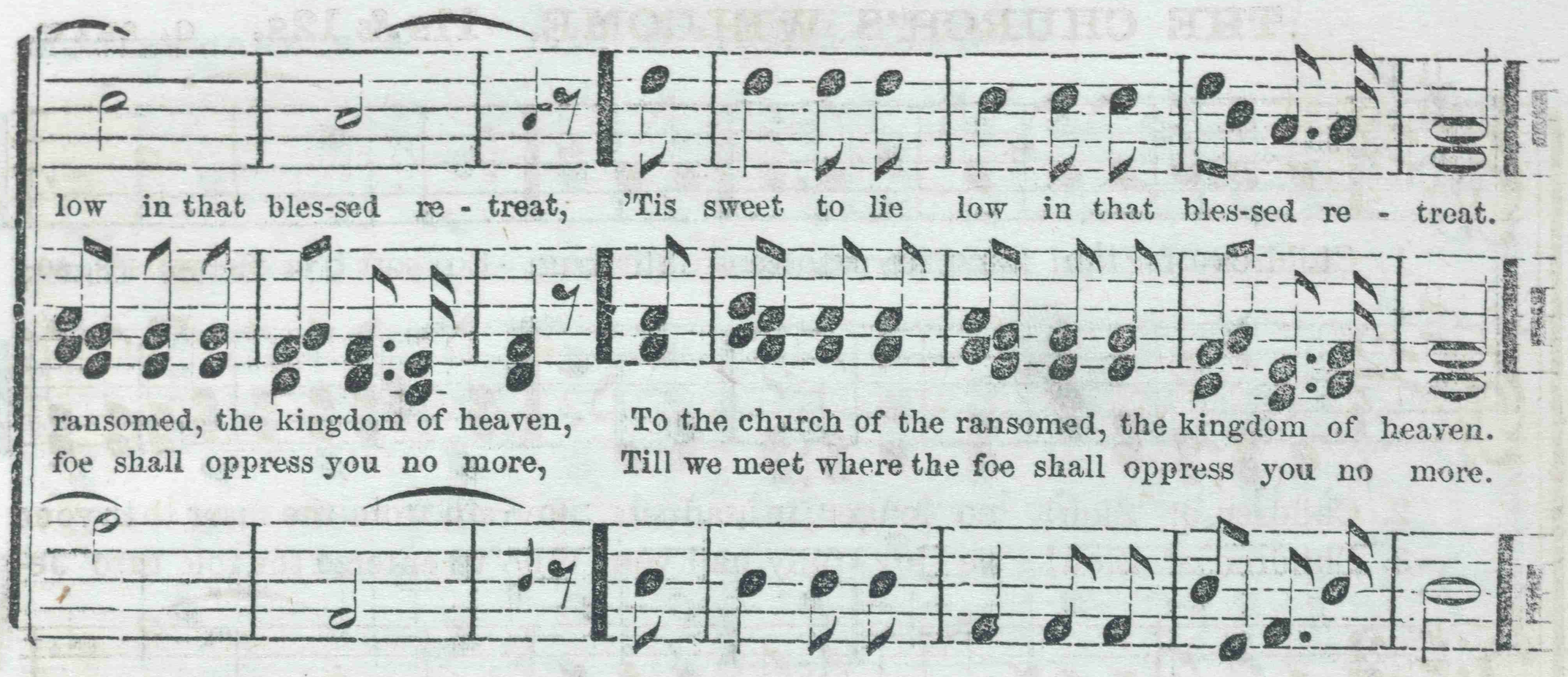


soothingly sweet! 'Tis the music of angels, their raptures revealing, That you have been bro't to the
Saviour hath given. Come, taste of the cup of salvation with gladness, And think of the banquet still
sus, the door, While pilgrims on earth, tho' the foe may assail you, Press forward, and soon will the



Ho - ly One's feet. Children of Zi-on! we join in their welcome, 'Tis sweet to lie
sweeter in heaven. Children of Zi-on! our hearts bid you welcome To the church of the
conflict be o'er. Children of Zi-on! oh! welcome, thrice welcome! Till we meet where the





HYMNS FOR "ORTONVILLE," PAGE 40.

281 *The Jubilee.* REV. MELODIES.

1 What heavenly music do I hear?
Salvation sounding free!
Ye souls in bondage lend an ear;
This is the Jubilee.

2 Good news, good news, to Adam's race!
Let Christians all agree
To sing redeeming love and grace;
This is the Jubilee.

3 The gospel sounds a sweet release
To all in misery;
And bids them welcome home to peace;
This is the Jubilee.

4 Jesus is on the mercy-seat,
Before him bend the knee;
Let heaven and earth his praise repeat;
This is the Jubilee.

5 Sinners, be wise, return and come,
Unto the Saviour flee;
The Saviour bids you welcome home;
This is the Jubilee.

6 Come, ye redeemed, your tribute bring,
With songs of harmony;
While on the road to Canaan sing;
This is the Jubilee.

---

282 *The Change effected by Grace.*

1 When God revealed his gracious name,
And changed my mournful state,
My rapture seemed a pleasing dream,
The grace appeared so great.

2 The world beheld the glorious change,
And did thy hand confess;
My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
And sung surprising grace.

3 "Great is the work," my neighbors cried,
And owned thy power divine;
"Great is the work," my heart replied,
"And be the glory thine."

4 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night,
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.

5 Let those who sow in sadness wait
Till the fair harvest come;
They shall confess their sheaves are great
And shout the blessings home.

WATTS.

---

283 *Returning to Zion.* DODDRIDGE.

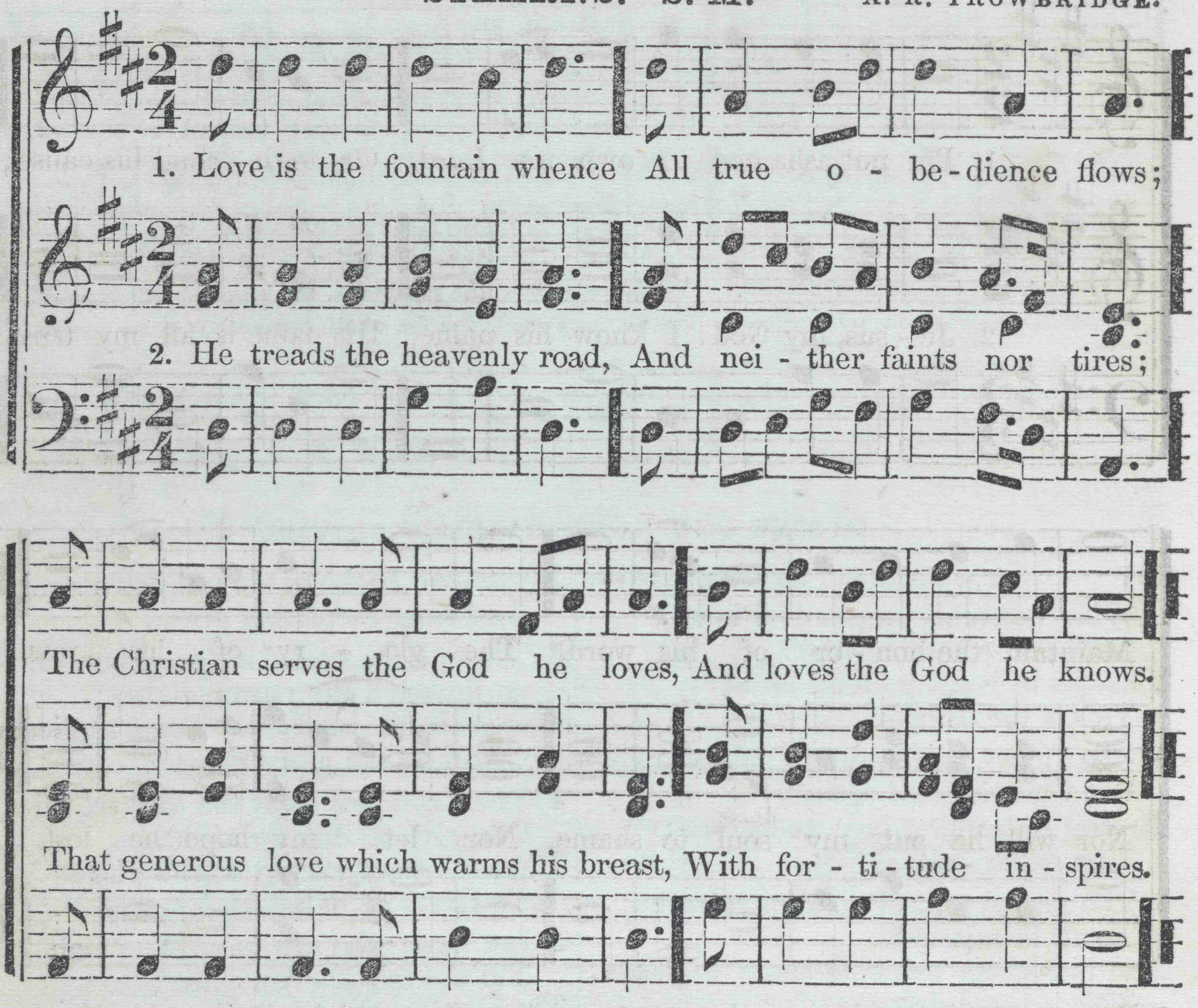
1 Sing, all ye ransom'd of the Lord—
Your great Deliv'rer sing!
Pilgrims, for Zion's city bound,
Be joyful in your King!

2 A hand divine shall lead you on
Through all the blissful road,
Till to the sacred mount you rise,
And see your smiling God.

3 The garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on ev'ry head,
While sorrow, sighing, and distress,
Like shadows, all are fled.

4 March on in your Redeemer's strength,
Pursue his footsteps still;
And let the prospect cheer your eye
While lab'ring up the hill.

STEARNS. S. M. A. R. TROWBRIDGE.



3 No burden seems so great,
No task so hard appears,
But this he cheerfully performs,
And that he meekly bears.

4 May love,—that shining grace,
O'er all my powers preside;
Direct my thoughts, suggest my words,
And every action guide!

BEDDOME.

---

285 WATTS.

1 O, bless the Lord, my soul;
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favors are divine.

2 O bless the Lord, my soul;
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

3 'Tis he forgives thy sins,
'Tis he relieves thy pain;
'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,
And gives thee strength again.

4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransomed from the grave,
He who redeemed my soul from hell,
Hath sovereign power to save.

---

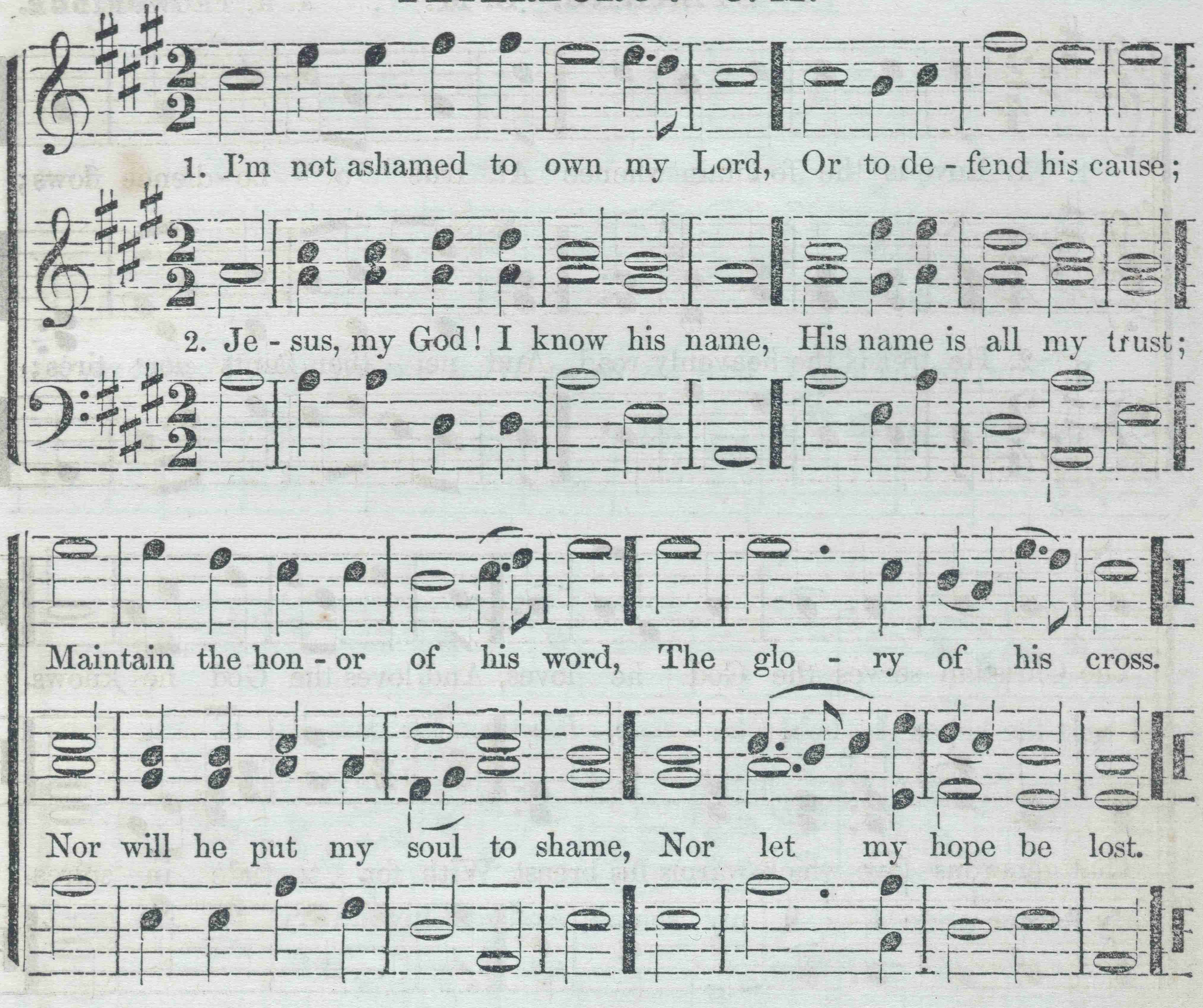
286 *Influence of Love.*

1 Love is the strongest tie
That can our hearts unite;
Love makes our service liberty,
Our every burden light.

2 We run in God's commands,
When love directs the way;
With willing hearts, and active hands,
Our Maker's will obey.

HYMNS OF ZION.

PETERBORO'. C. M.



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

4 Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

---

288 *The Christian Soldier.* WATTS.

1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord:
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

---

289 *Pearl of Great Price.*

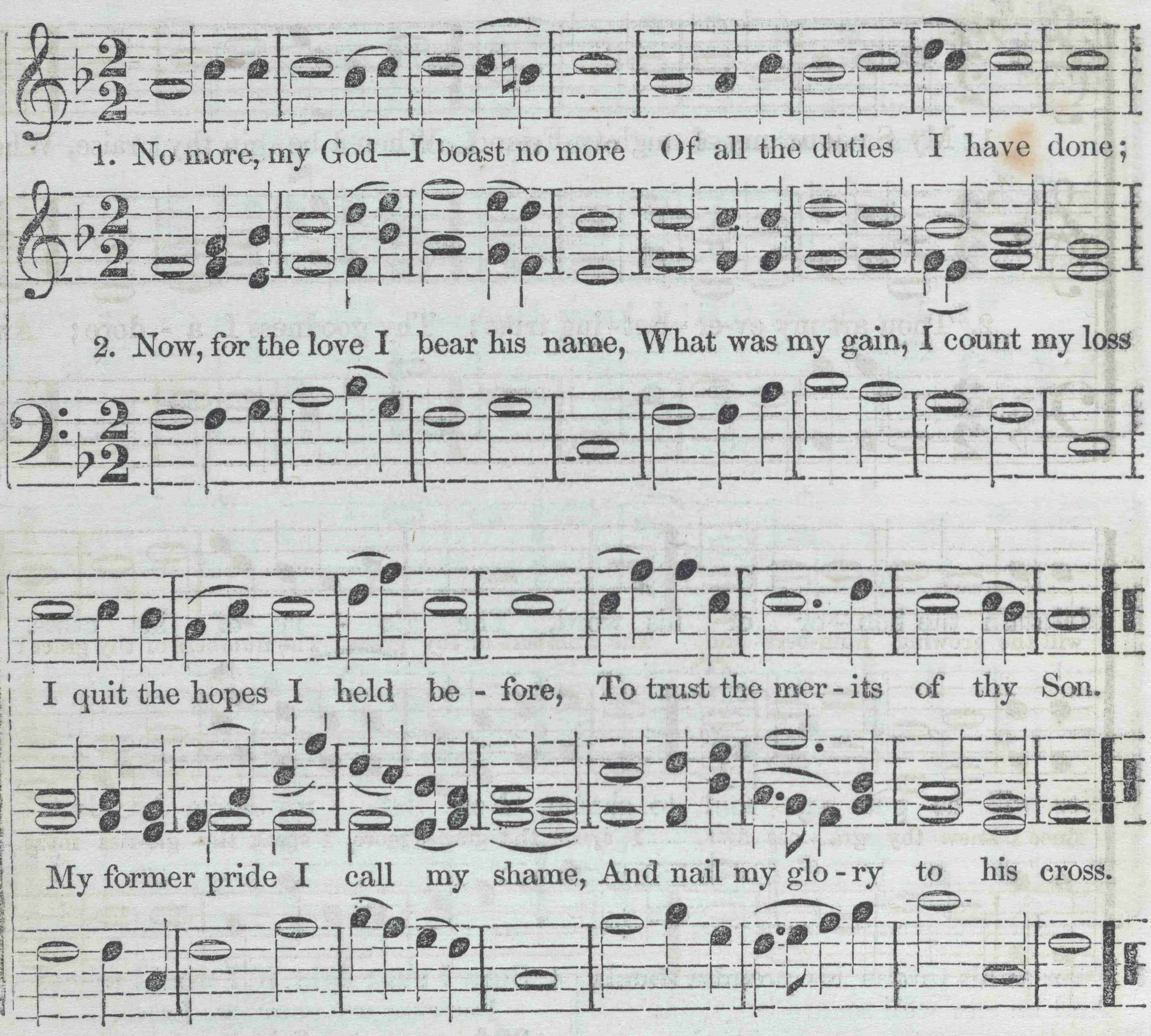
1 Ye glittering toys of earth, adieu
A nobler choice be mine;
A real prize attracts my view,
A treasure all divine.

2 Begone, unworthy of my cares,
Ye specious baits of sense;
Inestimable worth appears,
The pearl of price immense!

3 Jesus, to multitudes unknown,
O name divinely sweet!
Jesus, in thee, in thee alone,
Wealth, honor, pleasure meet.

4 Dear sovereign of my soul's desires,
Thy love is bliss divine;
Accept the wish that love inspires,
And bid me call thee mine.

DUKE STREET. L. M. HATTON.



3 Yes,—and I must, and will esteem,
All things but loss for Jesus' sake;
O! may my soul be found in him,
And of his righteousness partake.

4 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before thy throne;
But faith can answer thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

---

291 *The Christian Warfare.* WATTS.

1 Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armor on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where Jesus, thy great Captain's gone.

2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course,
But hell and sin are vanquished foes;
Thy Saviour nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.

3 Then let my soul march boldly on,—
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

4 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace;
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

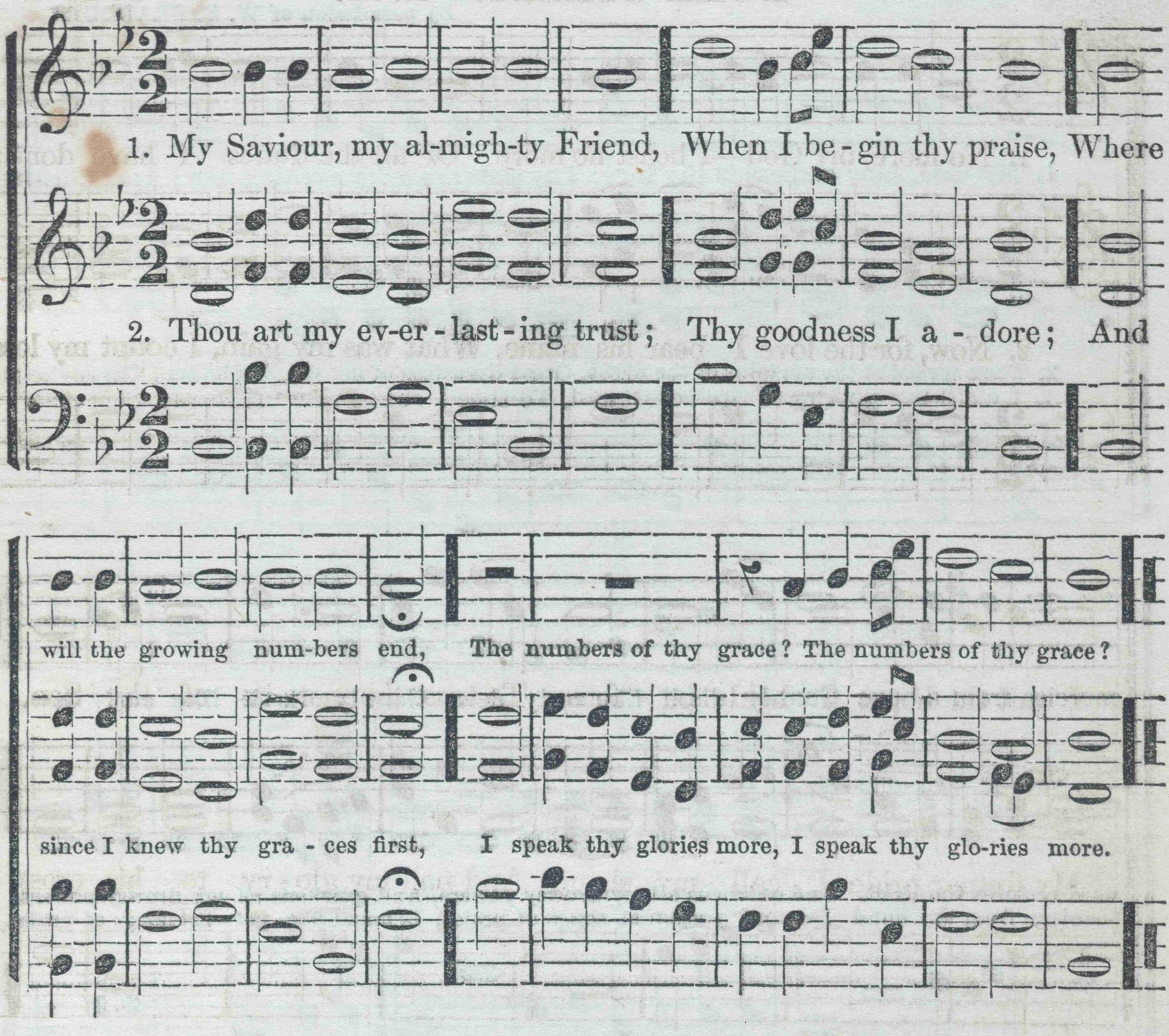
---

292 *The Christian Race.* WATTS.

1 Awake, our souls; away our fears;
Let every trembling thought be gone;
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of every saint.

CAMBRIDGE. C. M. DR. RANDALL.



3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road,
And march with courage in thy strength,
To see my Father God.

4 When I am fill'd with sore distress
For some surprising sin,
I'll plead thy perfect righteousness,
And mention none but thine.

5 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The victories of my King!
My soul, redeem'd from sin and hell,
Shall thy salvation sing.

6 Awake, awake, my tuneful powers,
With this delightful song;
I'll entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long. WATTS.

294 *Salvation.* WATTS.

1 Salvation! O, the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears:
A sovereign balm for ev'ry wound,
A cordial for our fears.

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

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

4 Salvation! O, thou bleeding Lamb,
To thee the praise belongs!
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

ROLLAND. L. M.

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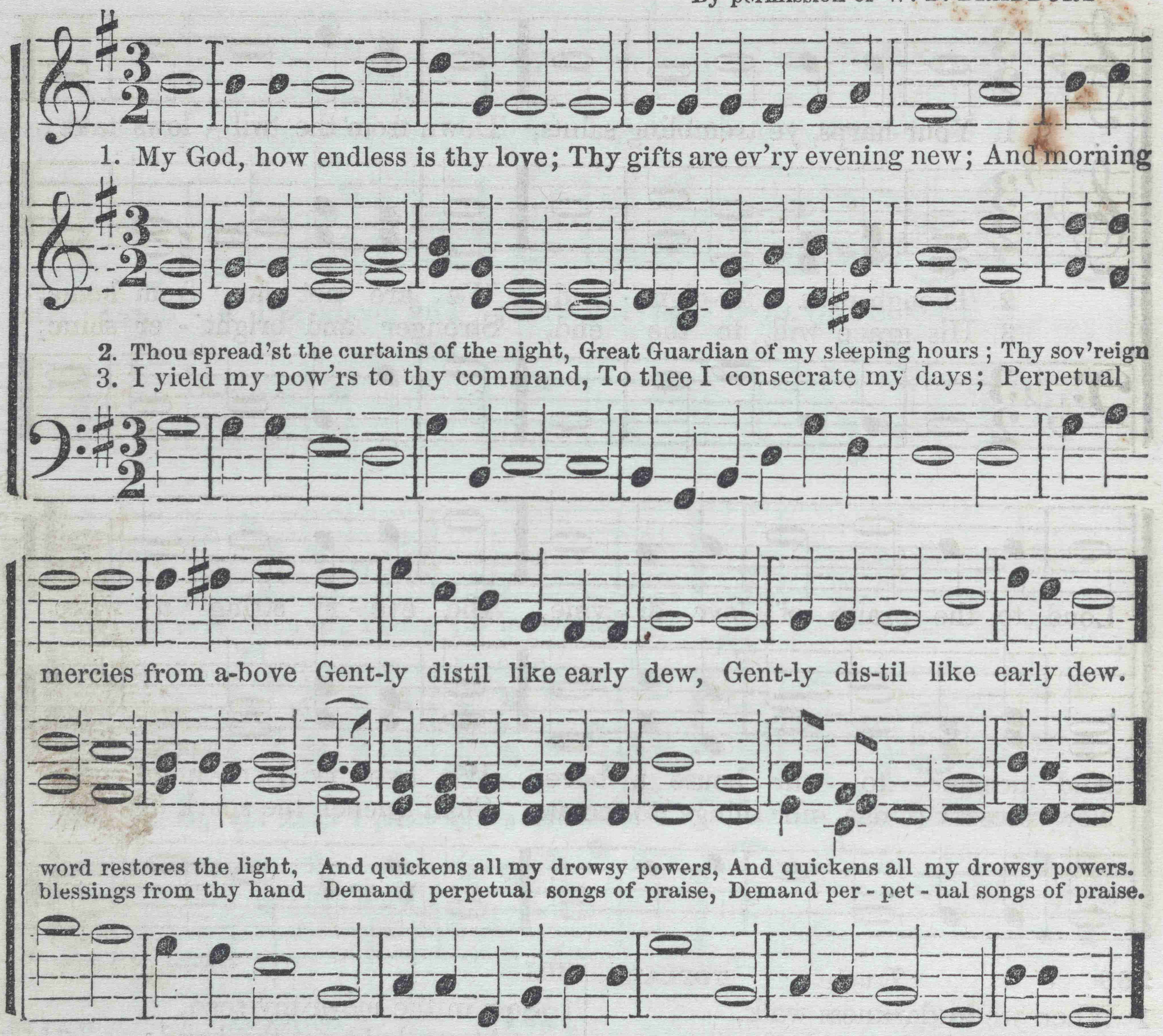


296 *Living to Christ.* DODDRIDGE.

1 My gracious Lord, I own thy right
To every service I can pay,
And call it my supreme delight
To hear thy dictates and obey.

2 What is my being but for thee—
Its sure support, its noblest end?
'Tis my delight thy face to see,
And serve the cause of such a Friend.

3 'Tis to my Saviour I would live—
To him who for my ransom died;
Nor could all worldly honor give
Such bliss as crowns me at his side.

4 His work my hoary age shall bless,
When youthful vigor is no more,
And my last hour of life confess
His saving love, his glorious power.

---

297 *Rising to God.* GIBBONS.

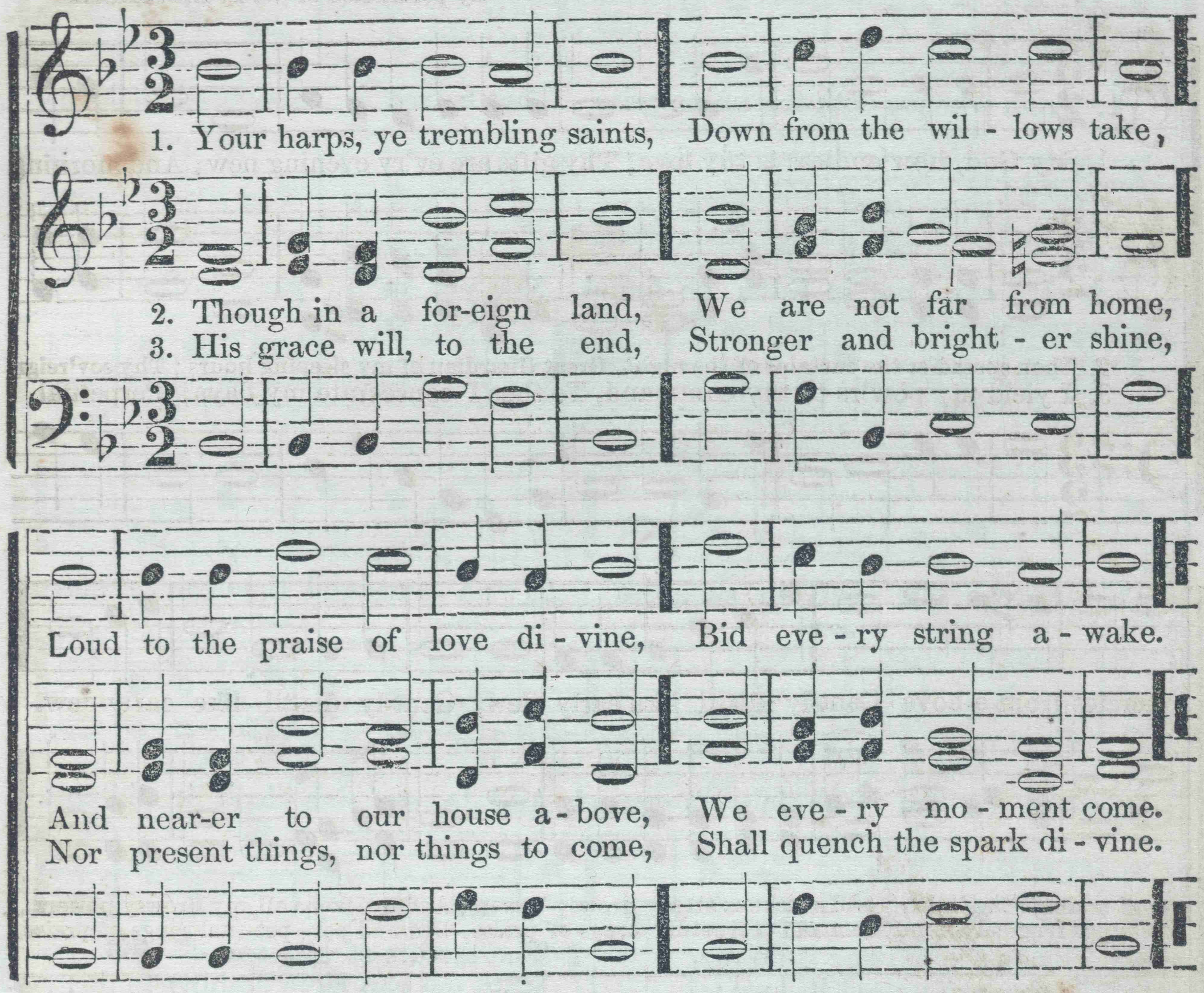
1 Now let our souls, on wings sublime,
Rise from the vanities of time;
Draw back the parting veil, and see
The glories of eternity.

2 Children of a heavenly birth,
Why should we grovel here on earth?
Why grasp at these alluring toys,
In sight of heaven's eternal joys?

3 To dwell with God, to feel his love,
Is the full heaven enjoyed above;
And the sweet expectation now
Is like the dawn of heaven below.

OLMUTZ. S. M.

Arranged from a Gregorian Chant, by DR. L. MASON.



299 *Trust.* TOPLADY.

1 When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame;
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon his name.

2 Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at his control;
His loving kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.

3 Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on thee!
Who wait for thy salvation, Lord,
Shall thy salvation see.

300

1 Laborers of Christ, arise,
And gird you for the toil;
The dew of promise from the skies
Already cheers the soil.

301 MONTGOMERY.

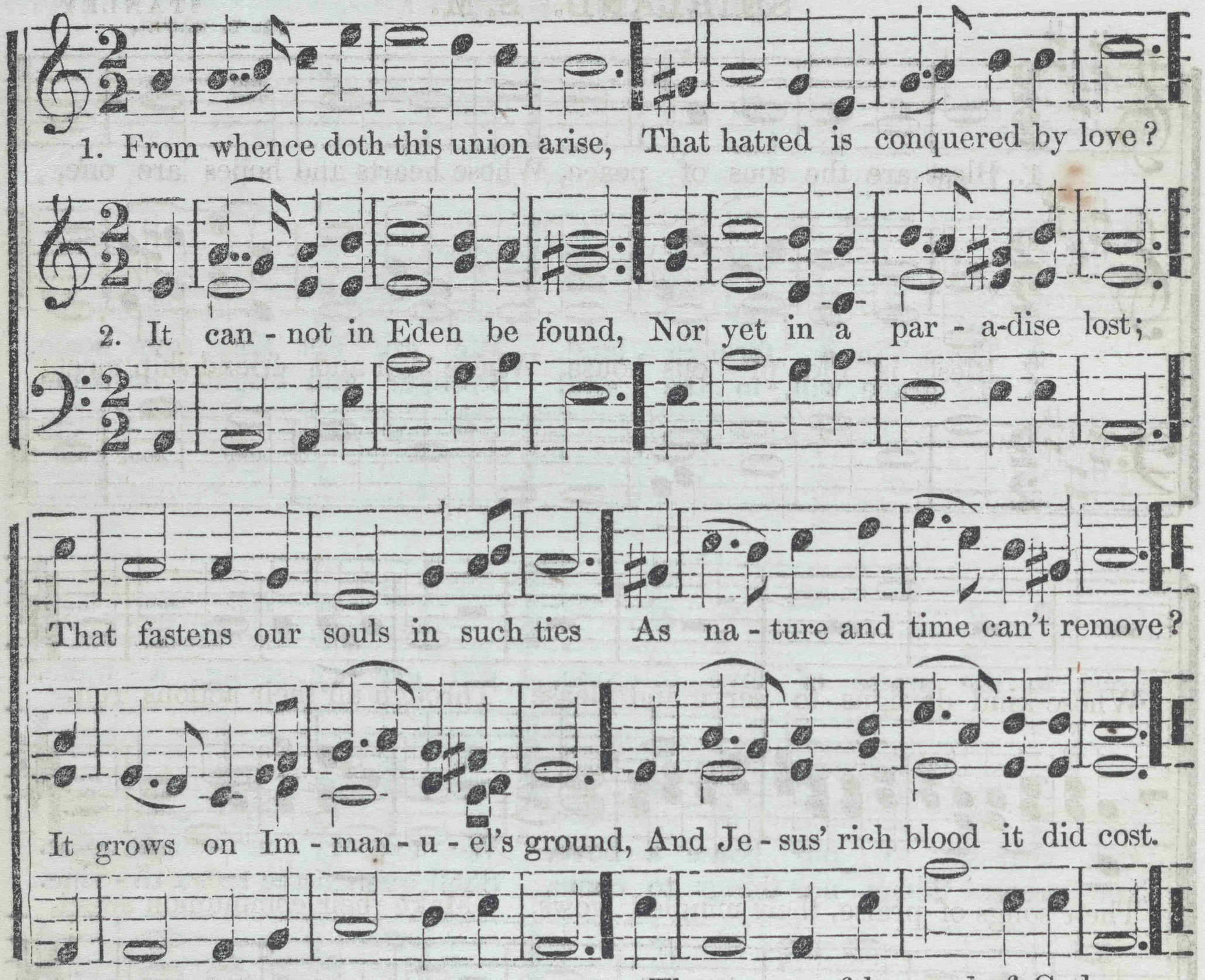
1 Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broad-cast it o'er the land.

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

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

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

UNION HYMN. 8s.



3 My friends are so dear unto me,
Our hearts are united in love:
Where Jesus is gone we shall be,
In yonder blest mansions above.

4 Then why so unwilling to part,
Since there we shall all meet again?
Engraved on Immanuel's heart,
At distance we cannot remain.

5 O, when shall we see that bright day,
And join with the angels above,
Set free from these prisons of clay,
United with Jesus in love!

6 With Jesus we ever shall reign,
And all his bright glories shall see,
And sing, Hallelujah! amen!
Amen! even so let it be.

DR. T. BALDWIN.

---

303 *Faith Triumphing.*

1 A debtor to mercy alone,—
Of covenant mercy I sing;
Nor fear, with thy righteousness on,
My person and offerings to bring:

2 The terrors of law and of God
With me can have nothing to do;
My Saviour's obedience and blood
Hide all my transgressions from view.

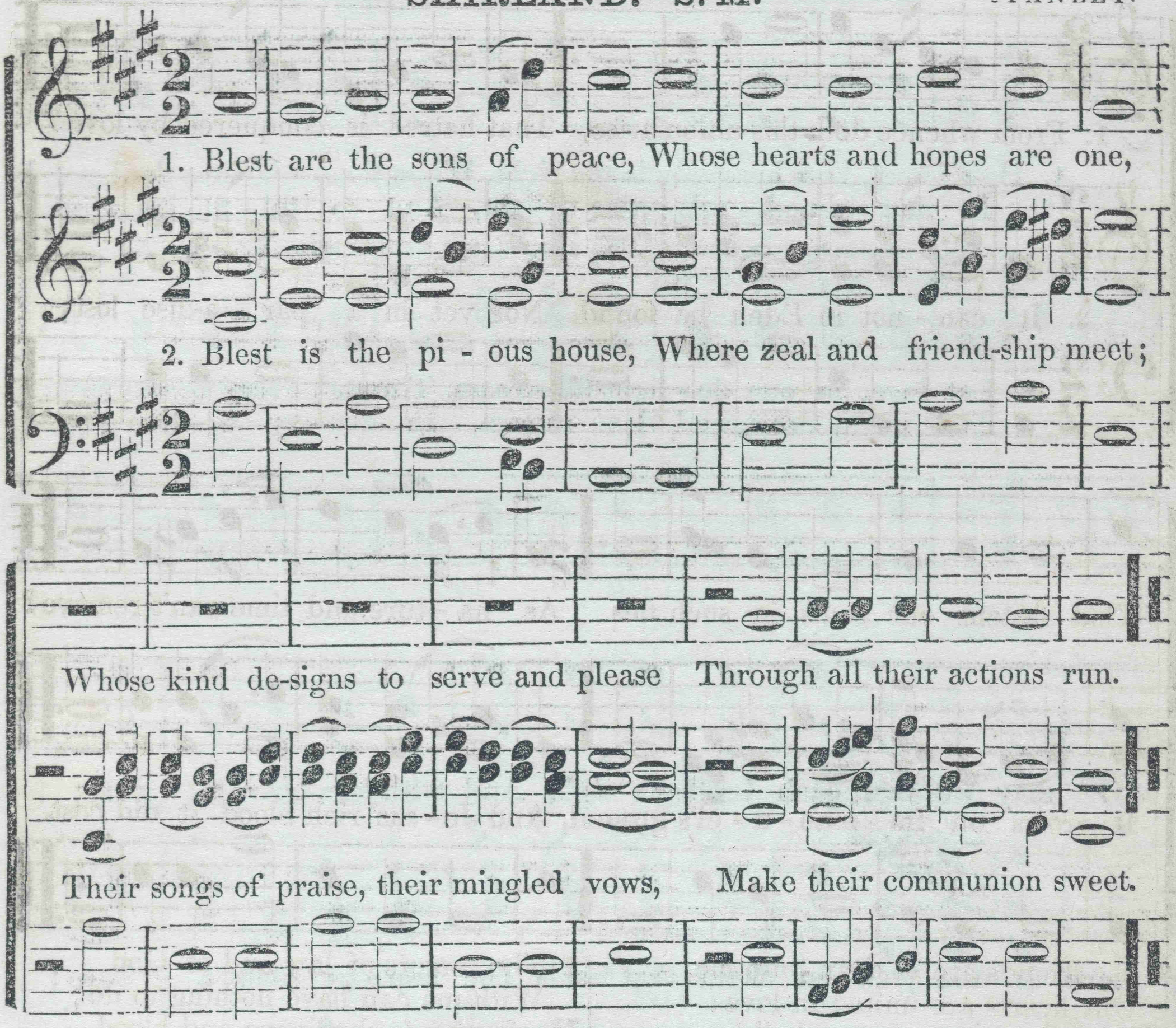
3 The work which his goodness began,
The arm of his strength will complete;
His promise is Yea and Amen,
And never was forfeited yet:

4 Things future, nor things that are now,
Not all things below nor above,
Can make him his purpose forego,
Or sever my soul from his love.

5 My name from the palms of his hands
Eternity will not erase;
Impress'd on his heart it remains
In marks of indelible grace:

6 Yes! I to the end shall endure,
As sure as the earnest is given:
More happy, but not more secure,
The glorified spirits in heaven.

SHIRLAND. S. M. STANLEY.



3 From those celestial springs
Such streams of pleasure flow,
As no increase of riches brings,
Nor honors can bestow.

4 Thus, when on Aaron's head
They poured the rich perfume,
The oil through all his raiment spread,
And fragrance filled the room.

5 Thus, on the heavenly hills,
The saints are blest above,
Where joy, like morning dew, distils,
And all the air is love. WATTS.

---

305 *All one in Christ.* BEDDOME.

1 Let party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread:
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ, their Head.

2 Among the saints on earth
Let mutual love be found—
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crowned.

3 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above,
Where streams of endless pleasure flow,
And every heart is love.

---

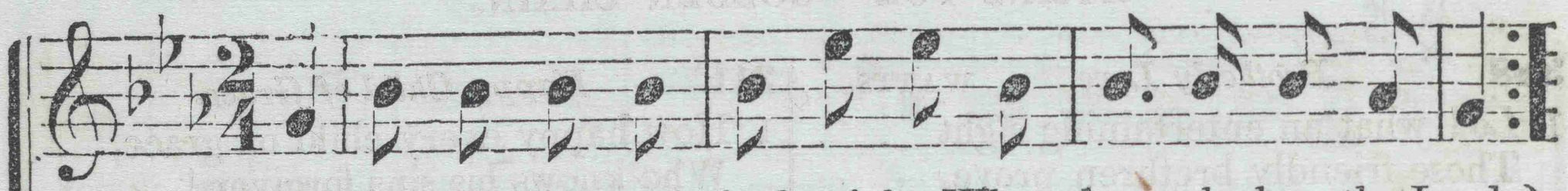
306 *Joy in God alone* WATTS.

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.

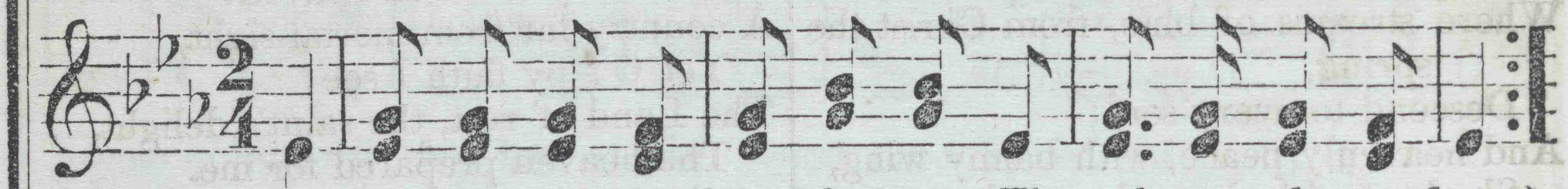
2 Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell;
'Tis paradise when thou art here,
If thou depart, 'tis hell.

Wesleyan Harp — by permission

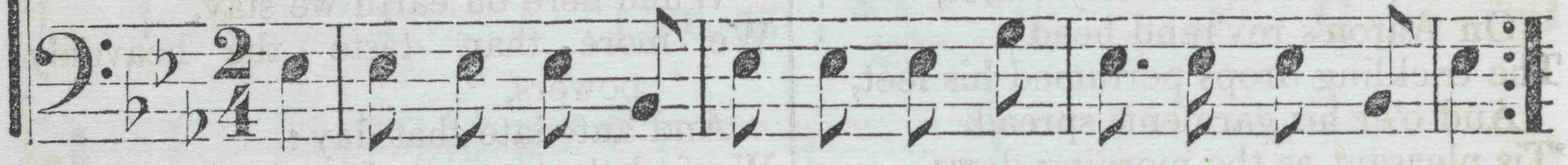
GOLDEN CHAIN. C. M. Double. S. H.



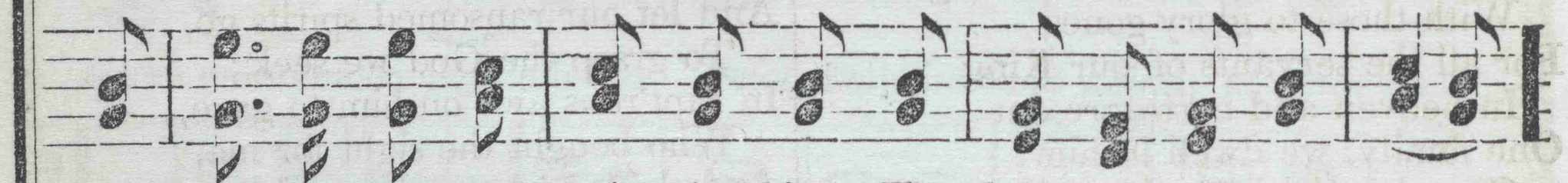
1. How sweet, how heavenly is the sight, When those who love the Lord,
In one a-noth - er's peace delight, And so ful - fil his word.



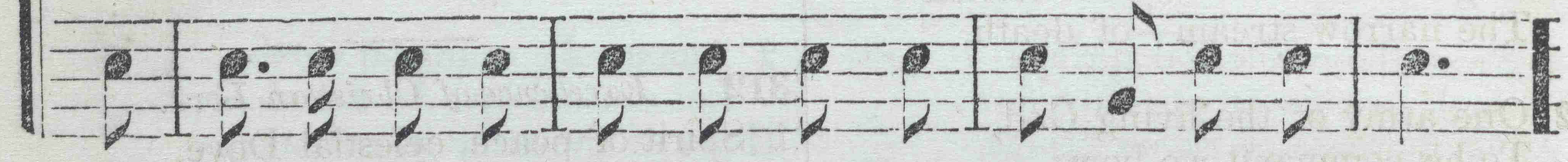
2. Let love, in one de - light-ful stream, Through every bosom flow;
And union sweet, and dear esteem, In eve - ry ac - tion glow.



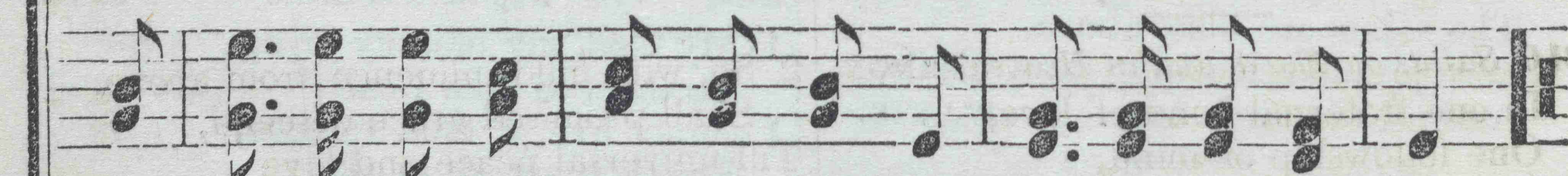
O may we feel each brother's sigh, And with him bear a part;



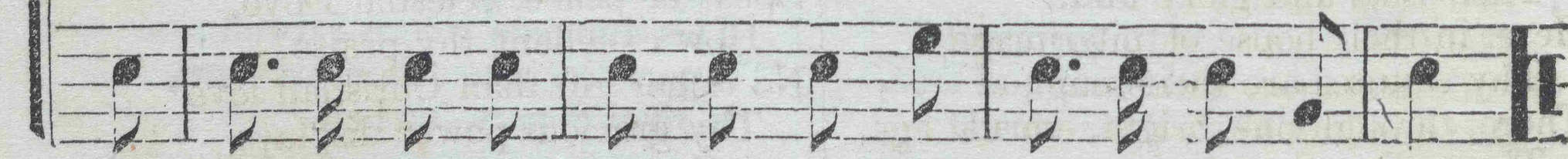
Love is the gold - en chain that binds The hap - py souls a - bove;



May sor - row flow from eye to eye, And joy from heart to heart.



And he's an heir of heaven that finds His bo - som glow with love.



HYMNS FOR "GOLDEN CHAIN."

308 *Brotherly Love.* WATTS.

1 Lo! what an entertaining sight
Those friendly brethren prove,
Whose cheerful hearts in bands unite
Of piety and love!
Where streams of bliss, from Christ the spring,
Descend to every soul;
And heavenly peace, with balmy wing,
Shades and bedews the whole.

2 'Tis like the oil, divinely sweet,
On Aaron's rev'rend head;
The trickling drops perfumed his feet,
And o'er his garments spread.
'Tis pleasant as the morning dews,
That fall on Zion's hill,
Where God his milder glory shows,
And makes his grace distil.

---

309 *One Church.* C. WESLEY.

1 Let saints below in concert sing
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King
In heaven and earth are one.
One family, we dwell in him;
One church above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream—
The narrow stream—of death.

2 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.
E'en now to their eternal home
Some happy spirits fly;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon expect to die.

---

310 *Saints on Earth and in Heaven.* ANON.

1 In one fraternal bond of love,
One fellowship of mind,
The saints below and saints above
Their bliss and glory find.
Here, in their house of pilgrimage,
Thy statutes are their song;
There, through one bright, eternal age,
Thy praises they prolong.

311 *Happy Child of Grace.*

1 How happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven!
This earth, he cries, is not my place,
I seek my home in heaven:
A country far from mortal sight,
Yet O! by faith I see;
The Land of rest, the saint's delight,
The heaven prepared for me.

2 O what a blessed hope is ours!
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And antedate that day:
We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ concealed,
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels filled.

3 O would he more of heaven bestow,
And let the vessels break;
And let our ransomed spirits go,
To grasp the God we seek;
In rapt'rous awe on him to gaze,
Who bought the sight for me,
And shout and wonder at his grace
To all eternity.

---

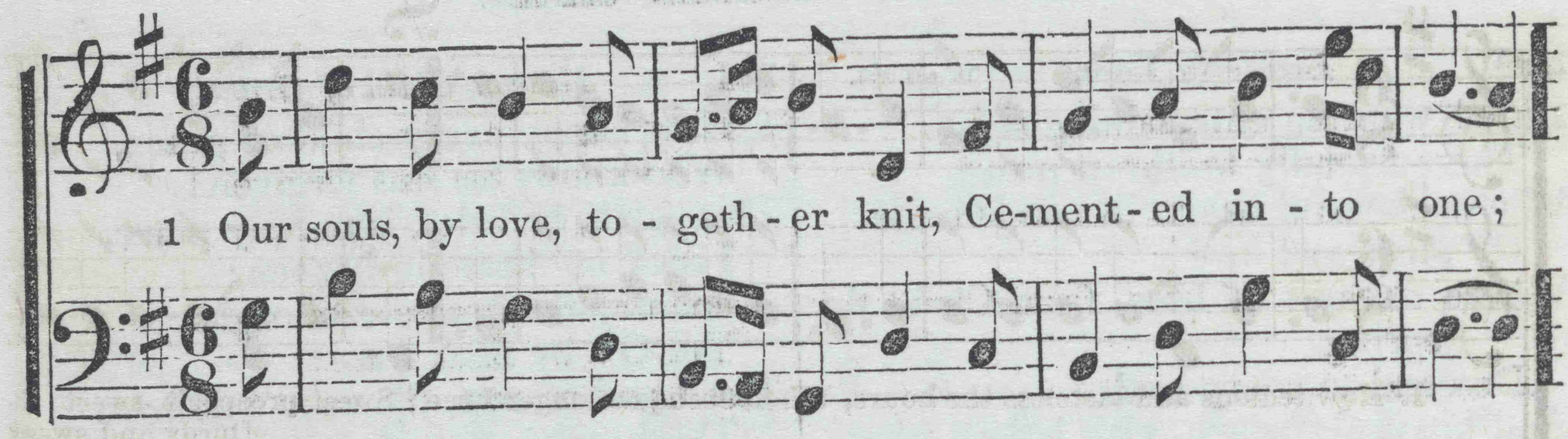
312 *Excellence of Christian Love.*

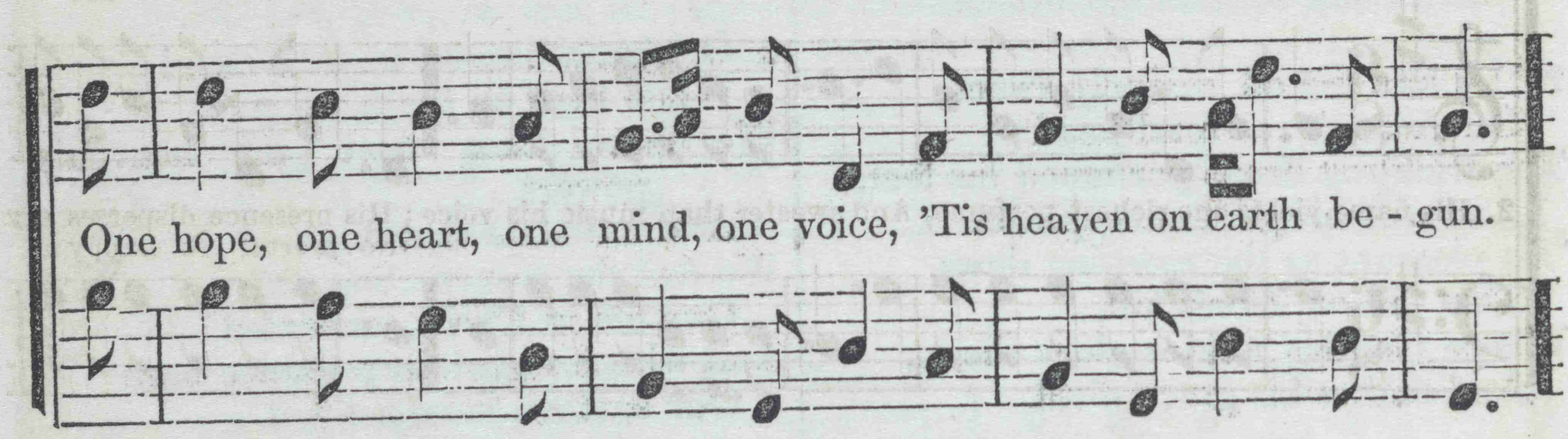
1 Spirit of peace, celestial Dove,
How excellent thy praise!
No richer gift than Christian love
Thy gracious power displays.
Sweet as the dew on herb and flower,
That silently distils,
At evening's soft and balmy hour,
On Zion's fruitful hills,—

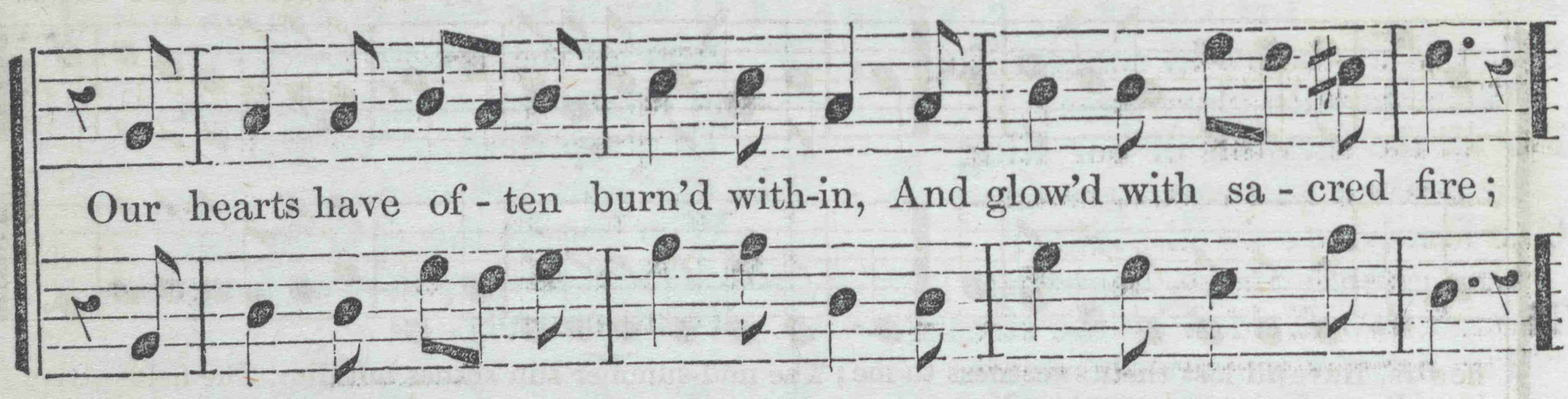
2 So, with mild influence from above,
Shall promised grace descend,
Till universal peace and love
O'er all the earth extend.
Spirit of peace, celestial Dove,
How excellent thy praise!
No richer gift than Christian love
Thy gracious power displays.

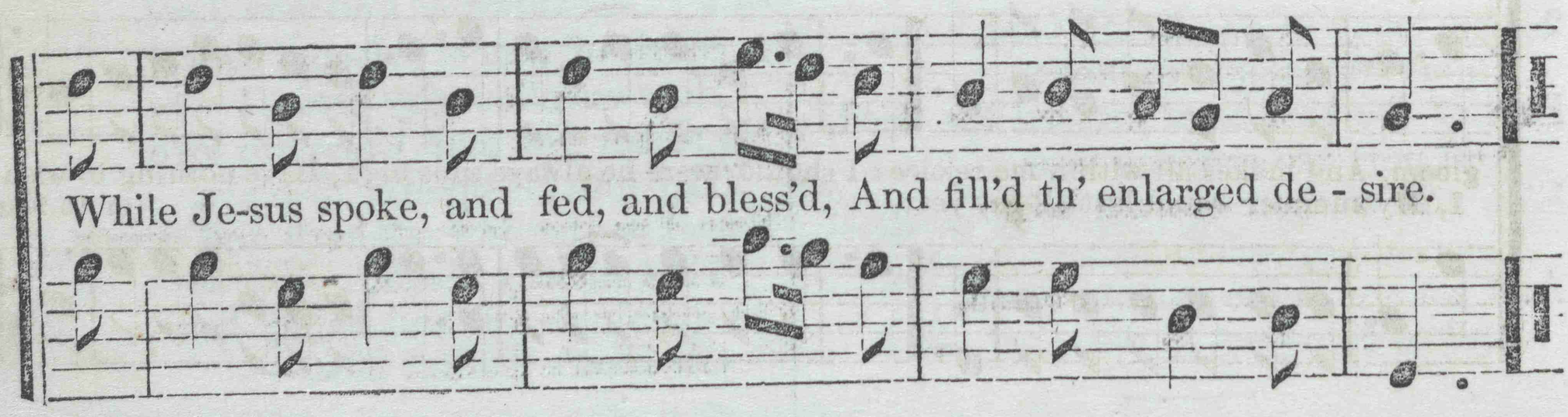
SPIRIT OF THE PSALMS.

WASHINGTON. C. M.





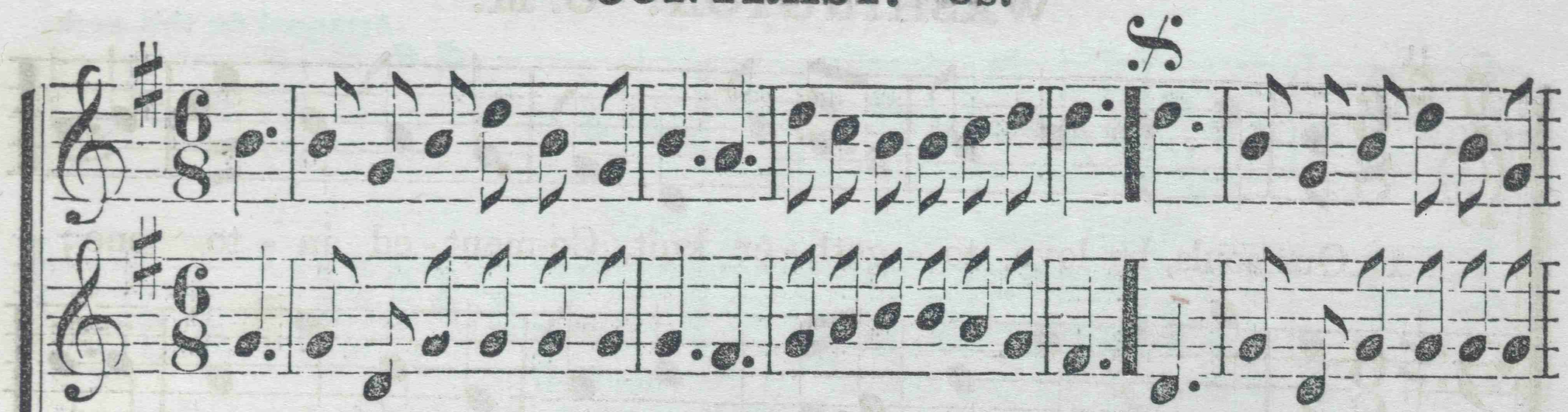




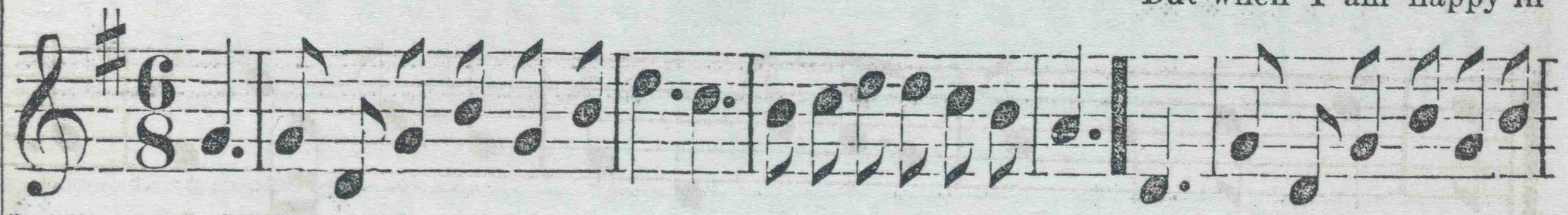
2 The little cloud increases still,
The heavens are big with rain;
We wait to catch the teeming shower,
And all its moisture drain;
A rill, a stream, a torrent flows,
But pour a mighty flood;
O sweep the nations, shake the earth,
Till all proclaim thee God.

3 And when thou mak'st thy jewels up,
And set'st thy starry crown,
When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,
Proclaim'd by thee thine own;
May we, a little band of love,
We, sinners, saved by grace,
From glory unto glory changed,
Behold thee face to face.

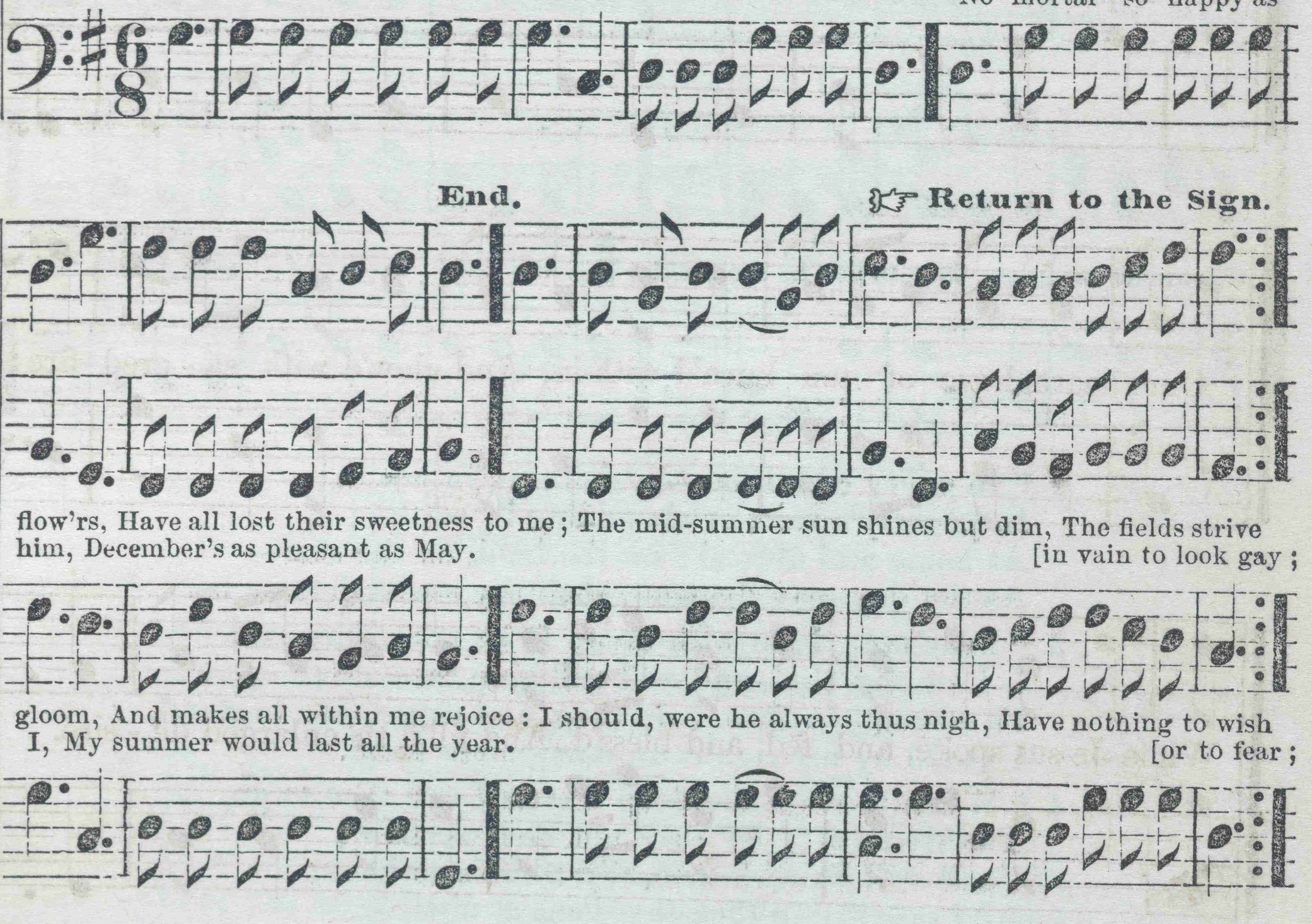
CONTRAST. 8s.



1. How tedious and tasteless the hours, When Jesus no longer I see; Sweet prospects, sweet [birds and sweet
But when I am happy in



2. His name yields the richest perfume, And sweeter than music his voice; His presence disperses my
No mortal so happy as



flow'rs, Have all lost their sweetness to me; The mid-summer sun shines but dim, The fields strive
him, December's as pleasant as May. [in vain to look gay;

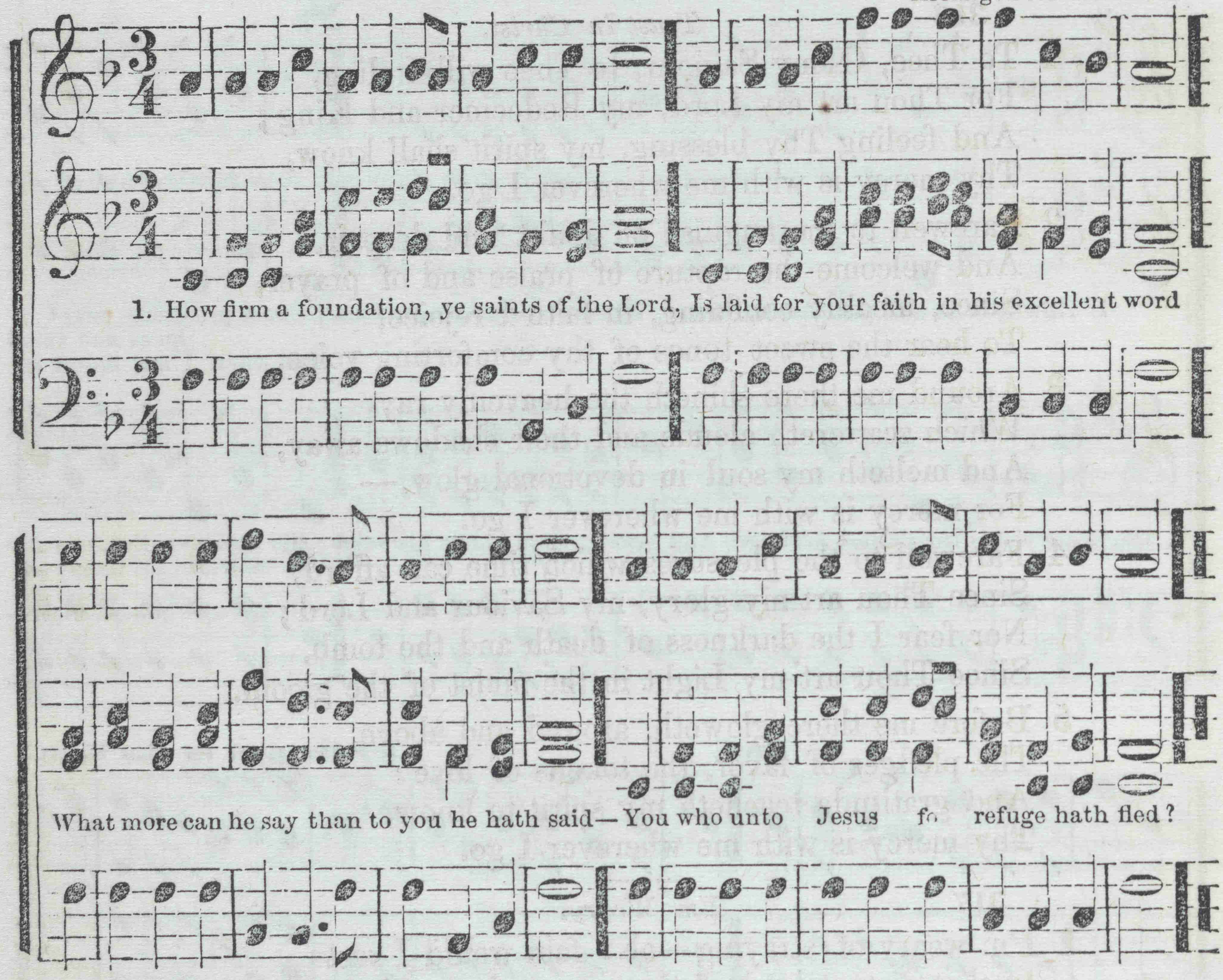
gloom, And makes all within me rejoice: I should, were he always thus nigh, Have nothing to wish
I, My summer would last all the year. [or to fear;

3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resigned;
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind;
While blessed with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song;
Say, why do I languish and pine?
And why are my winters so long?
O drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore:
Or take me to thee up on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

CONFIDENCE. 11s.

Arranged for this work.



2 "In every condition—in sickness, in health;
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth;
At home and abroad; on the land, on the sea,—
As thy day may demand, shall thy strength ever be.

3 "Fear not; I am with thee; O be not dismayed!
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

4 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of grief shall not thee o'erflow;
For I will be with thee, thy trouble to bless;
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5 "E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not, desert to its foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no, never, no, never, forsake."

HYMNS FOR "CONFIDENCE."

316 *Trust in Christ.*

1 To Thee, O my Saviour, to Thee will I cling,
For Thou art my Lord, my Redeemer and King;
And feeling Thy blessing, my spirit shall know,
Thy mercy is with me wherever I go.

2 Farewell to the anguish of doubt and despair,
And welcome the rapture of praise and of prayer,
Since, meekly confiding, in faith I rejoice,
To hear the sweet tones of thy comforting voice.

3 Around me there shineth the heavenly ray
Which scattereth clouds and their shadows away,
And melteth my soul in devotional glow,—
For mercy is with me wherever I go.

4 Farewell to the pleasures which time can afford,
Since Thou art my glory, my Saviour and Lord;
Nor fear I the darkness of death and the tomb,
Since Thou art my Light in the midst of the gloom.

5 Before me there gloweth, around and above,
The pledges of favor, the tokens of love:
And gratitude teacheth my spirit to know,
Thy mercy is with me wherever I go.

---

317 *I'm Weary.*

1 I'm weary of straying—oh! fain would I rest
In that distant land of the pure and the blest,
Where sin can no longer her blandishments spread,
And tears and temptations forever are fled.

2 I'm weary of hoping—where hope is untrue,
As fair, but as fleeting, as morning's bright dew,
I long for that land whose blest promise alone,
Is changeless and sure as eternity's throne.

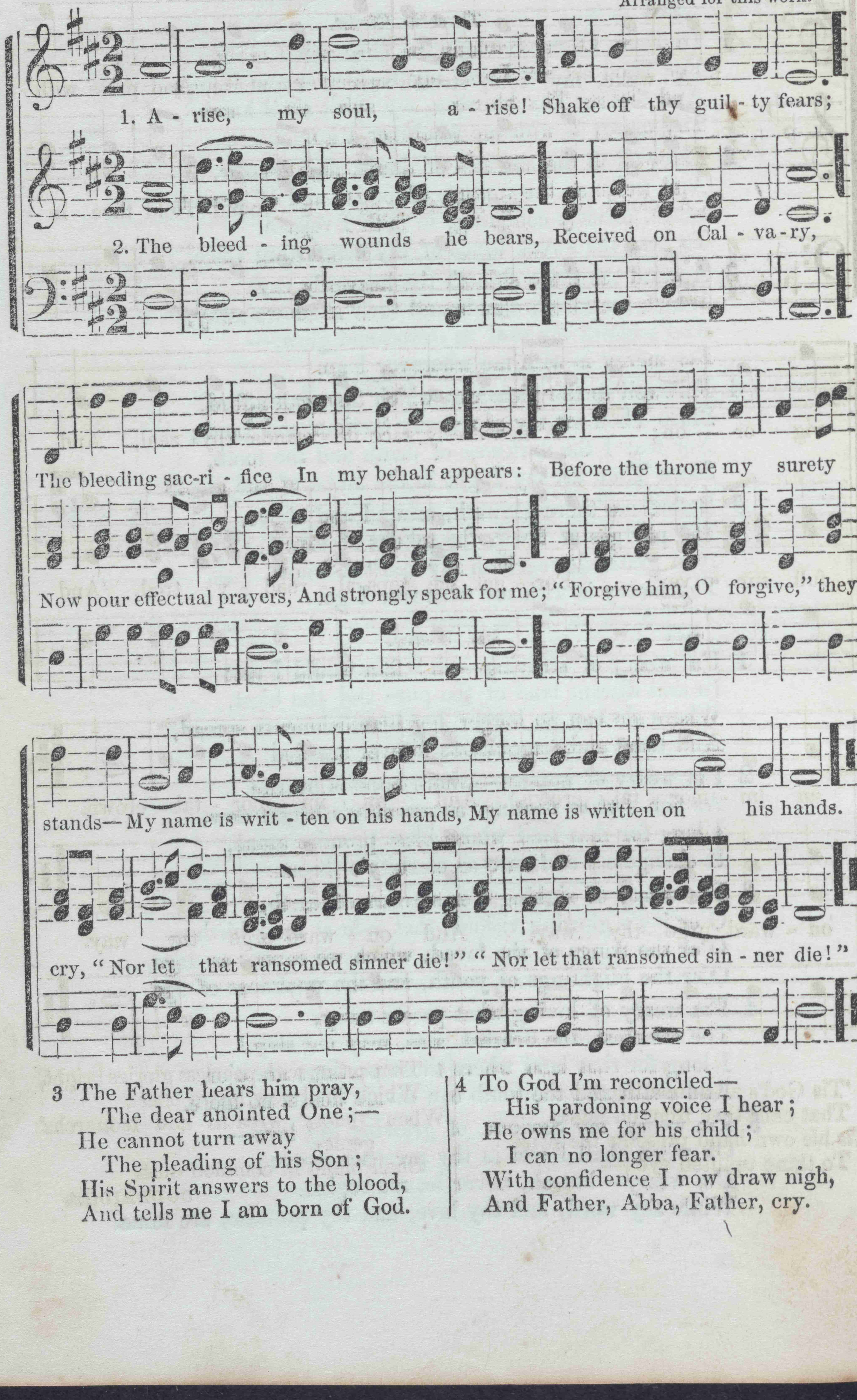
3 I'm weary of sighing o'er sorrows of earth,
O'er joy's glowing visions, that fade at their birth—
O'er the pangs of the loved, which we cannot assuage,
O'er the blightings of youth, and the weakness of age.

4 I'm weary of loving what passes away,
The sweetest, the dearest, alas, may not stay!
I long for that land where those partings are o'er,
And death and the tomb can divide hearts no more.

5 I'm weary, my Saviour, of grieving thy love—
Oh when shall I rest in thy presence above;
I'm weary—but oh, never let me repine,
While thy word, and thy love, and thy promise, are mine.

JUSTIFICATION. H. M.

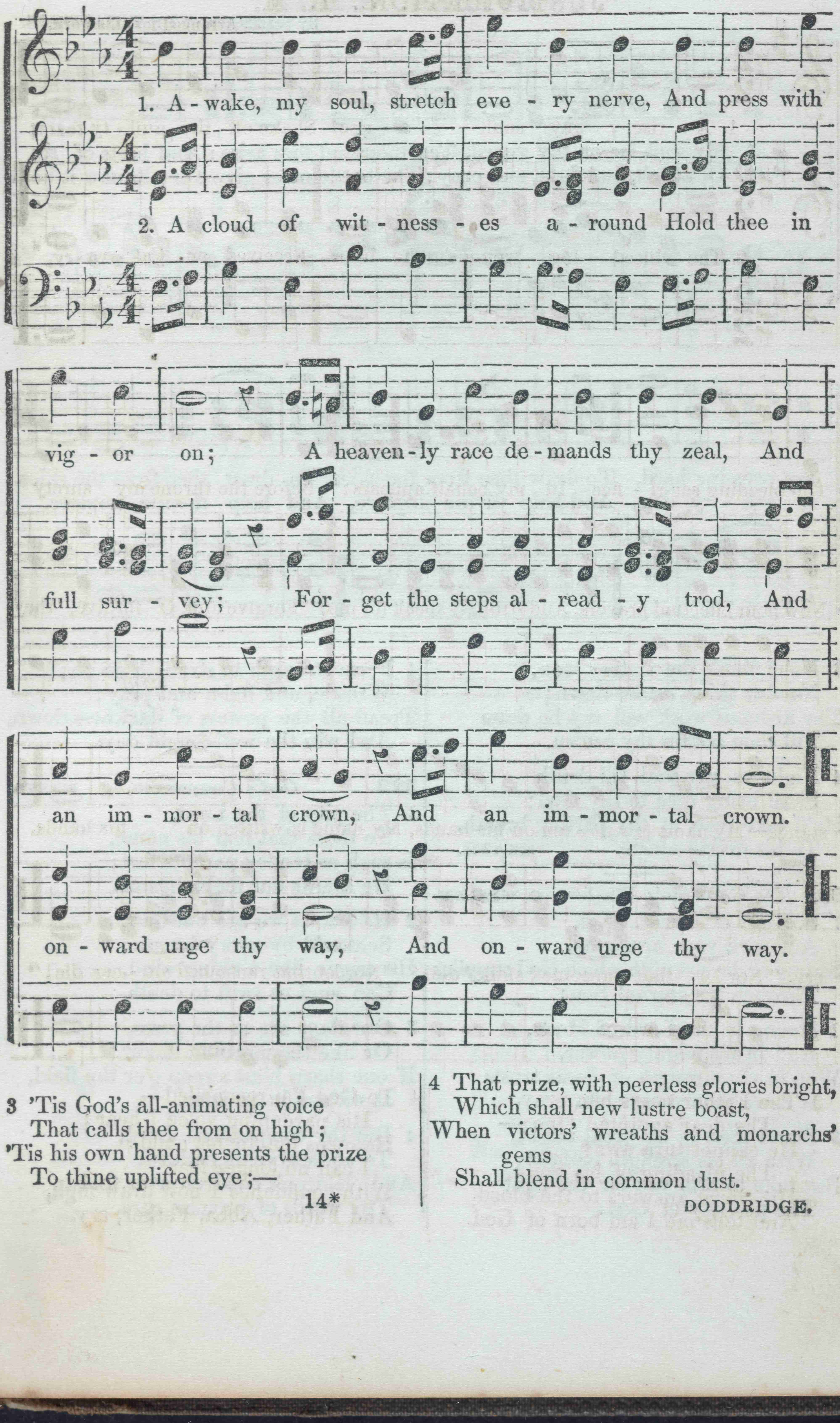
Arranged for this work.



3 The Father hears him pray,
The dear anointed One;—
He cannot turn away
The pleading of his Son;
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

4 To God I'm 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.

CHRISTMAS. C. M.



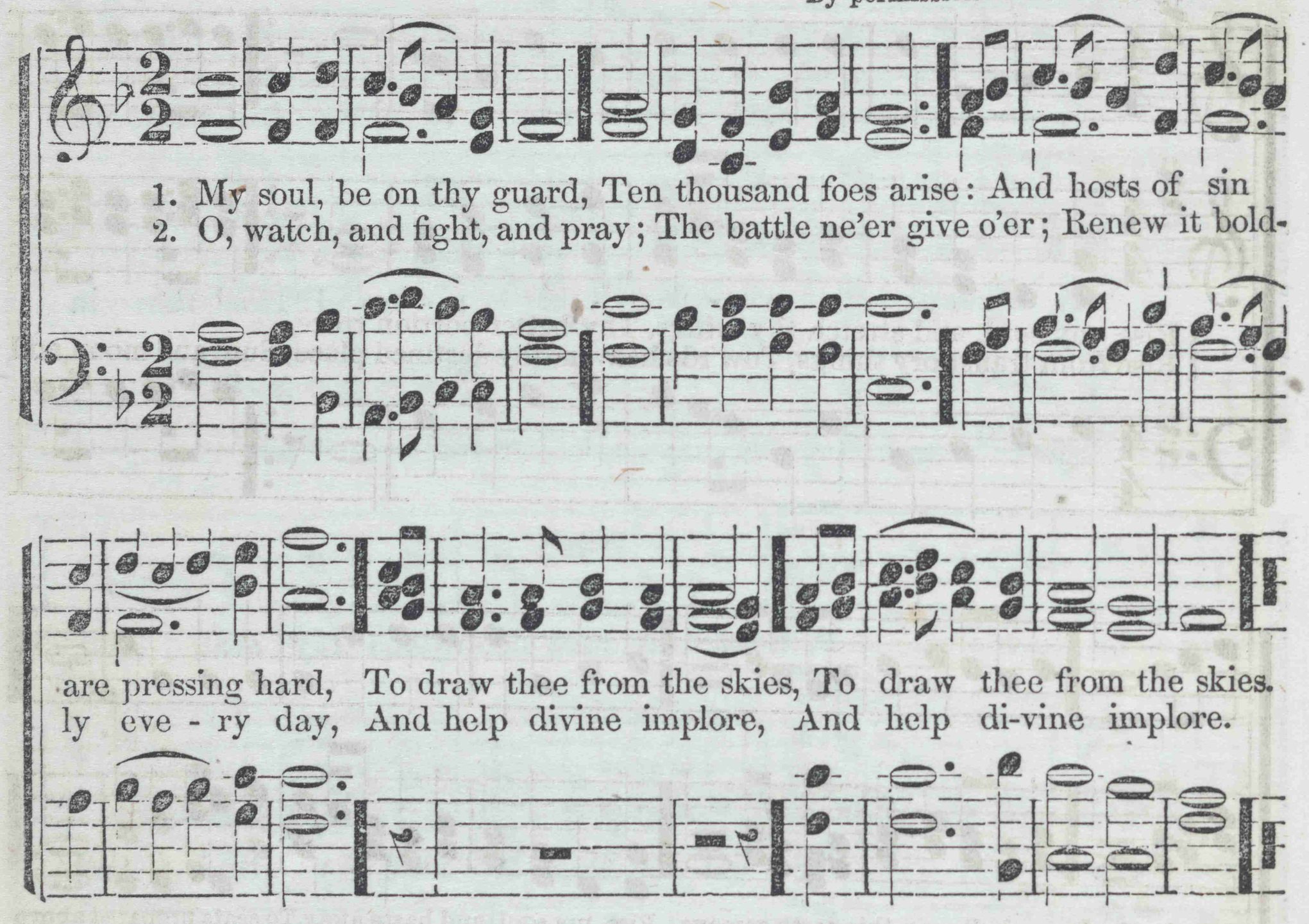
3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine uplifted eye;—

4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.

DODDRIDGE.

LUTHER. S. M.

By permission of Dr. T. HASTINGS.



3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To his divine abode. HEATH.

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321 *The Christian's Warfare.* C. WESLEY.

1 Soldiers of Christ, arise,
And gird your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son;

2 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in his mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand then in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
But take to arm you for the fight
The panoply of God:

4 From strength to strength go on;
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.

---

322 *God's Compassion.* WATTS.

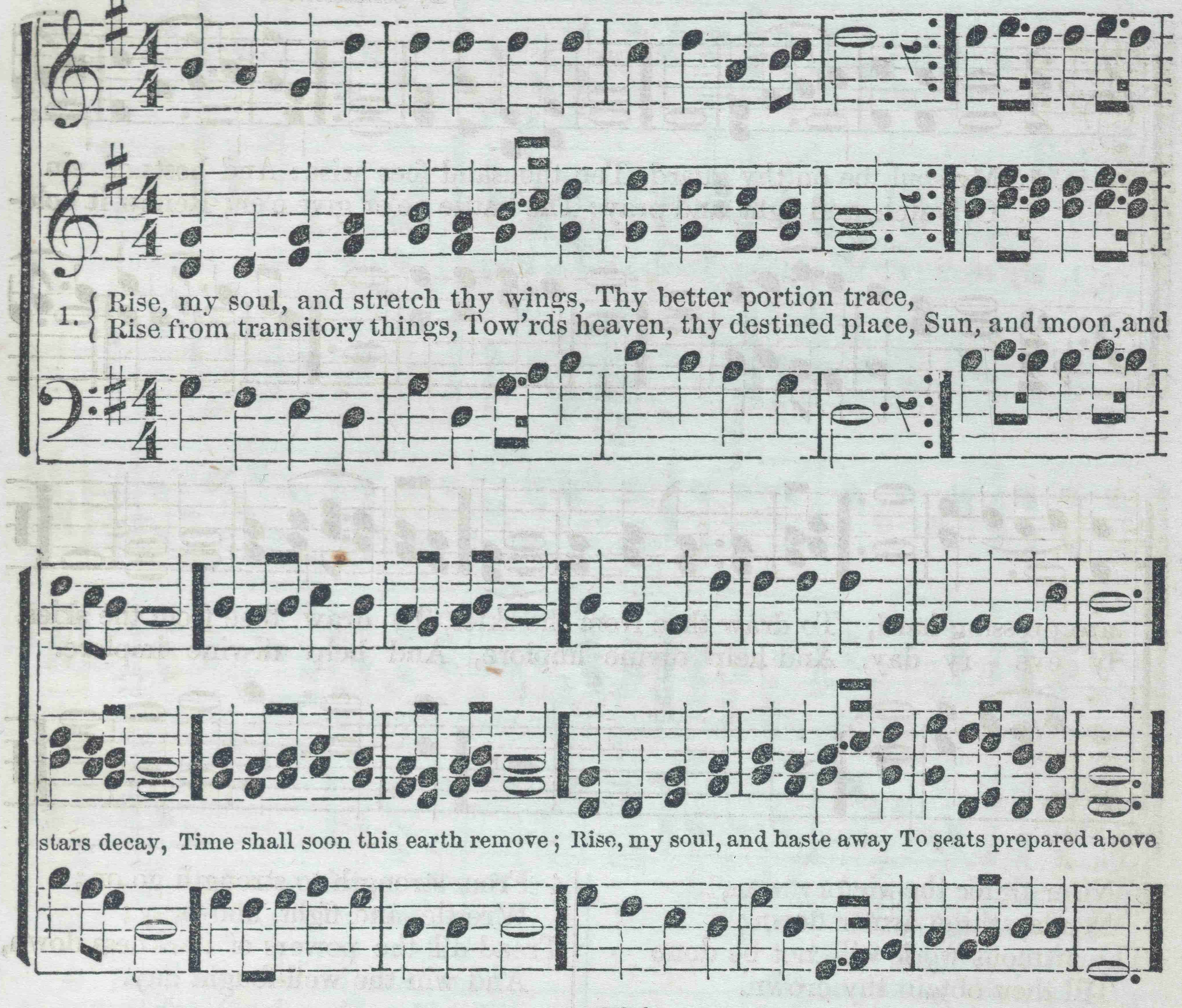
1 The pity of the Lord,
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

2 He knows we are but dust,
Scatter'd by every breath;
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.

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

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

AMSTERDAM. 7s & 6s.



2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:
So a soul that's born of God
Pants to view his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn;
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return,
Triumphant in the skies;
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given,
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

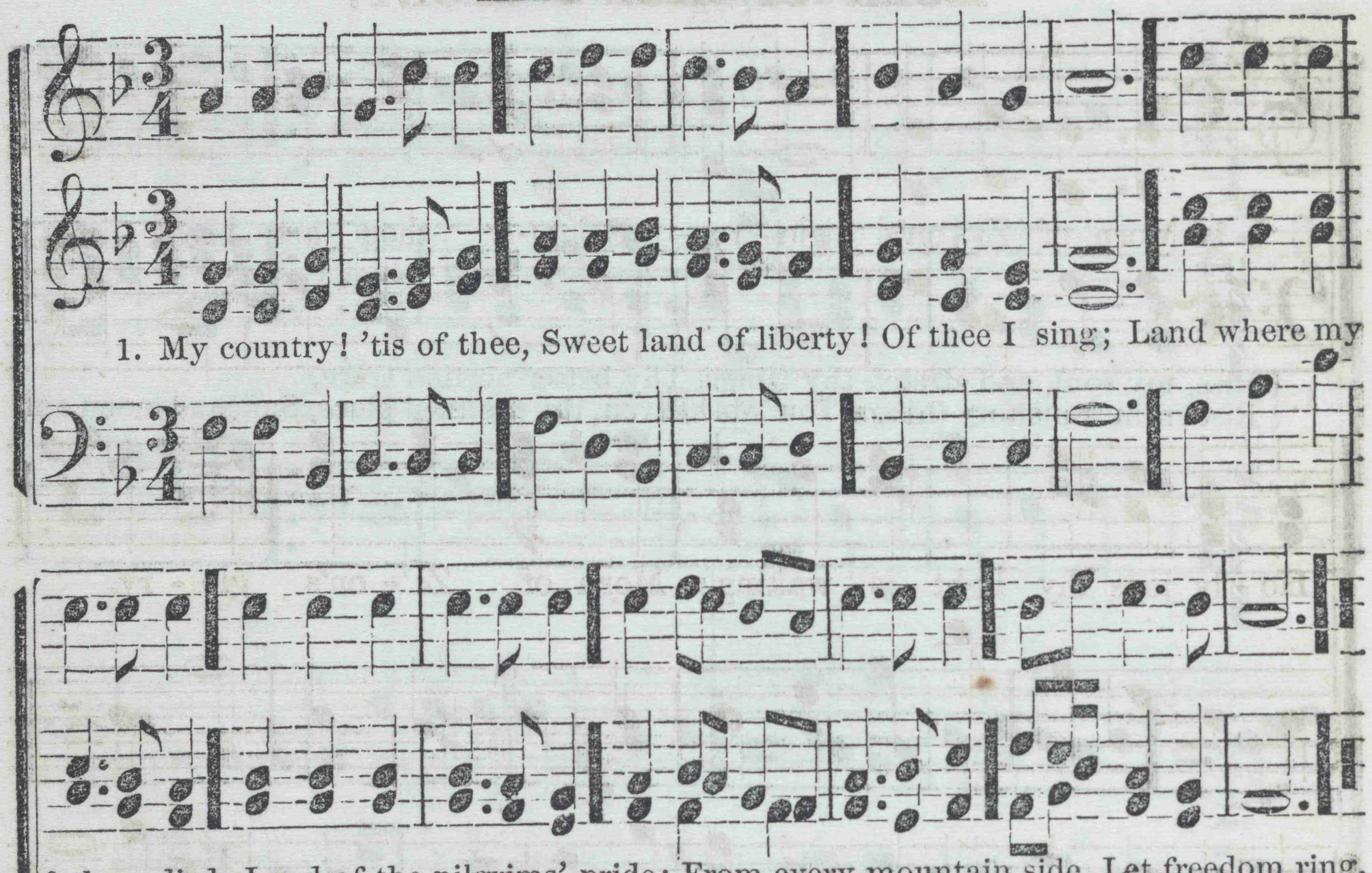
CENNICK.

324 BURTON.

1 Time is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day—
A journey to the tomb:
Youth and vigor soon will flee,
Blooming beauty lose its charms;
All that's mortal soon shall be
Enclosed in death's cold arms.

2 Time is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day—
A journey to the tomb:
But the Christian shall enjoy
Health and beauty, soon, above,
Far beyond the world's alloy,
Secure in Jesus' love.

AMERICA. 6s & 4s.



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

3 Our Fathers' God! to thee,
Author of liberty!
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright,
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

S. F. SMITH.

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326 *The Gospel published to all the world.*

1 Sound, sound the truth abroad,
Bear ye the word of God
Through the wide world;
Tell what our Lord has done,
Tell how the day is won,
And from his lofty throne
Satan is hurled.

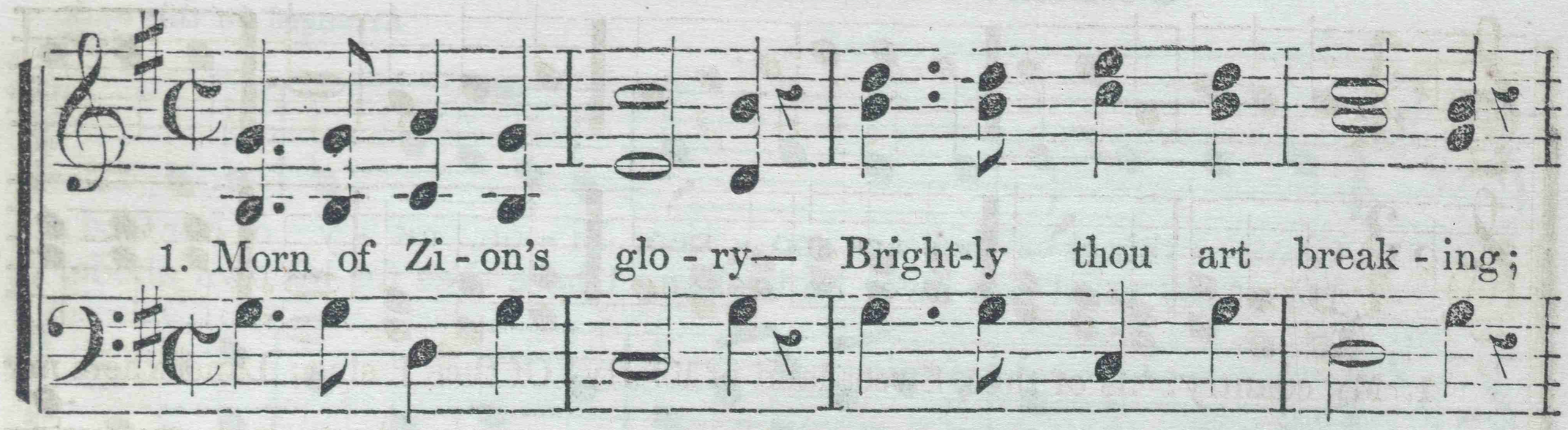
2 Swiftly on wings of love,
Jesus, who reigns above,
Bids us to fly;
They, who his message bear,
Should neither doubt nor fear,
He will their friend appear,
He will be nigh.

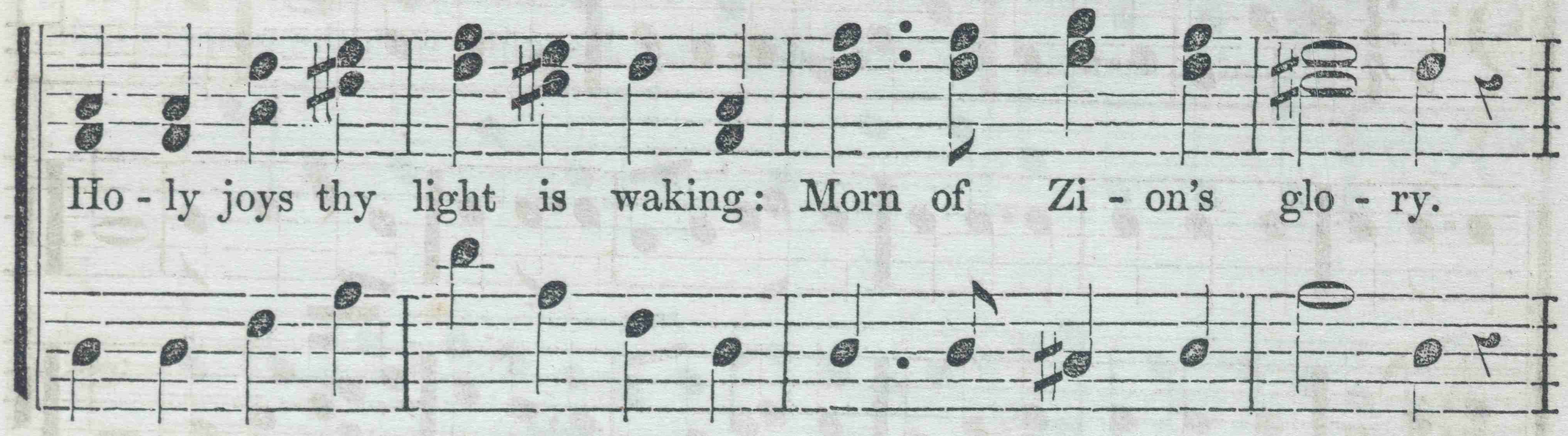
3 When on the mighty deep,
He will their spirits keep,
Stayed on his word;
When in a foreign land,
No other friend at hand,
Jesus will by them stand,
Jesus their Lord.

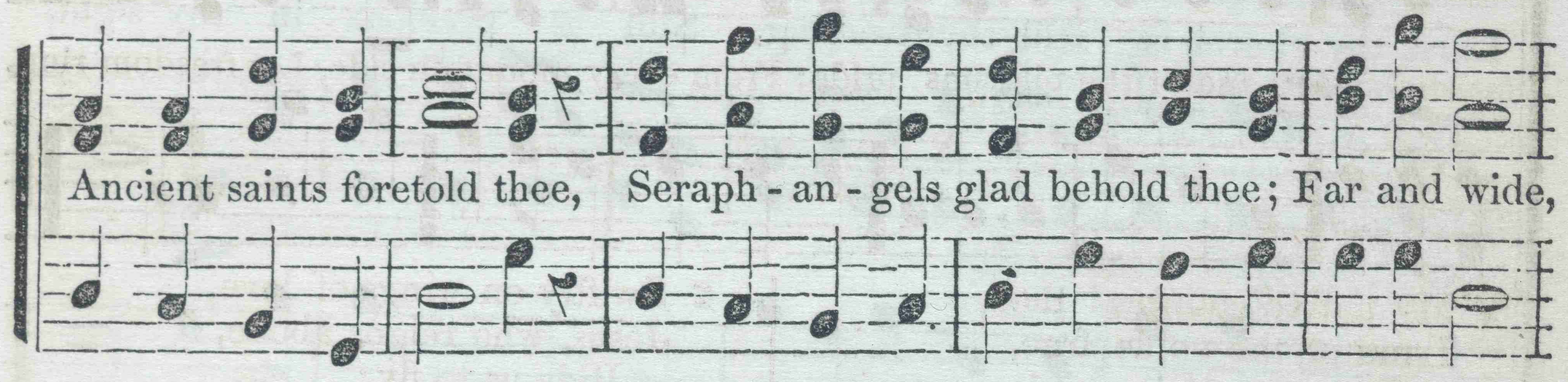
4 Ye who forsaking all,
At your loved Master's call,
Comforts resign;
Soon will your work be done,
Soon will the prize be won,
Brighter than yonder sun,
Then shall ye shine.

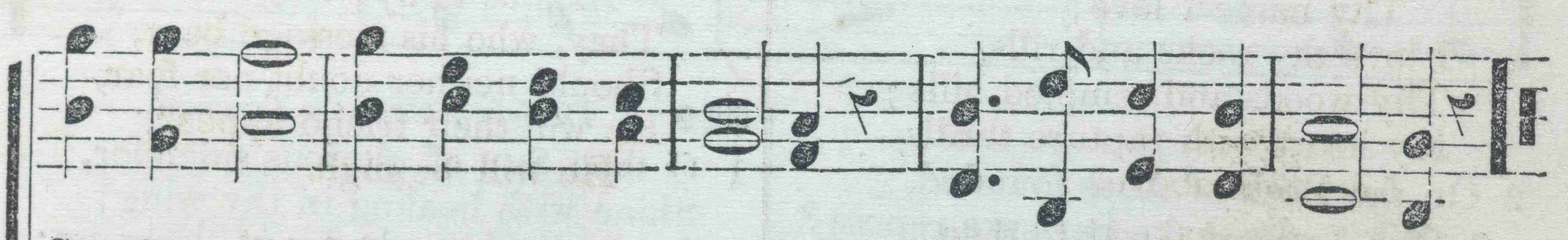
URWICK'S COL.

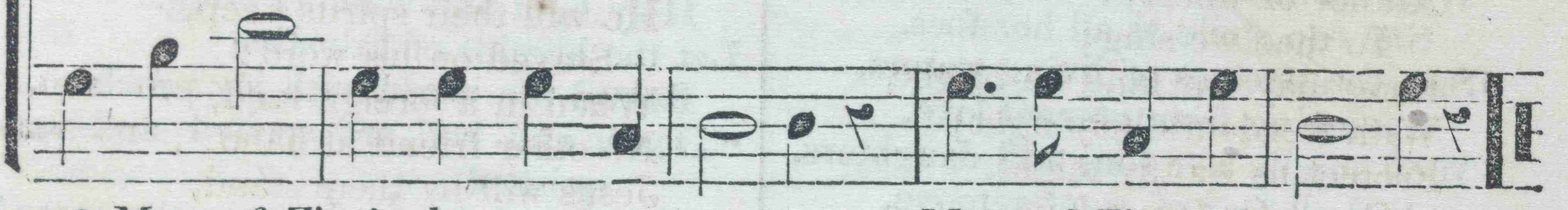
MORN OF ZION'S GLORY.









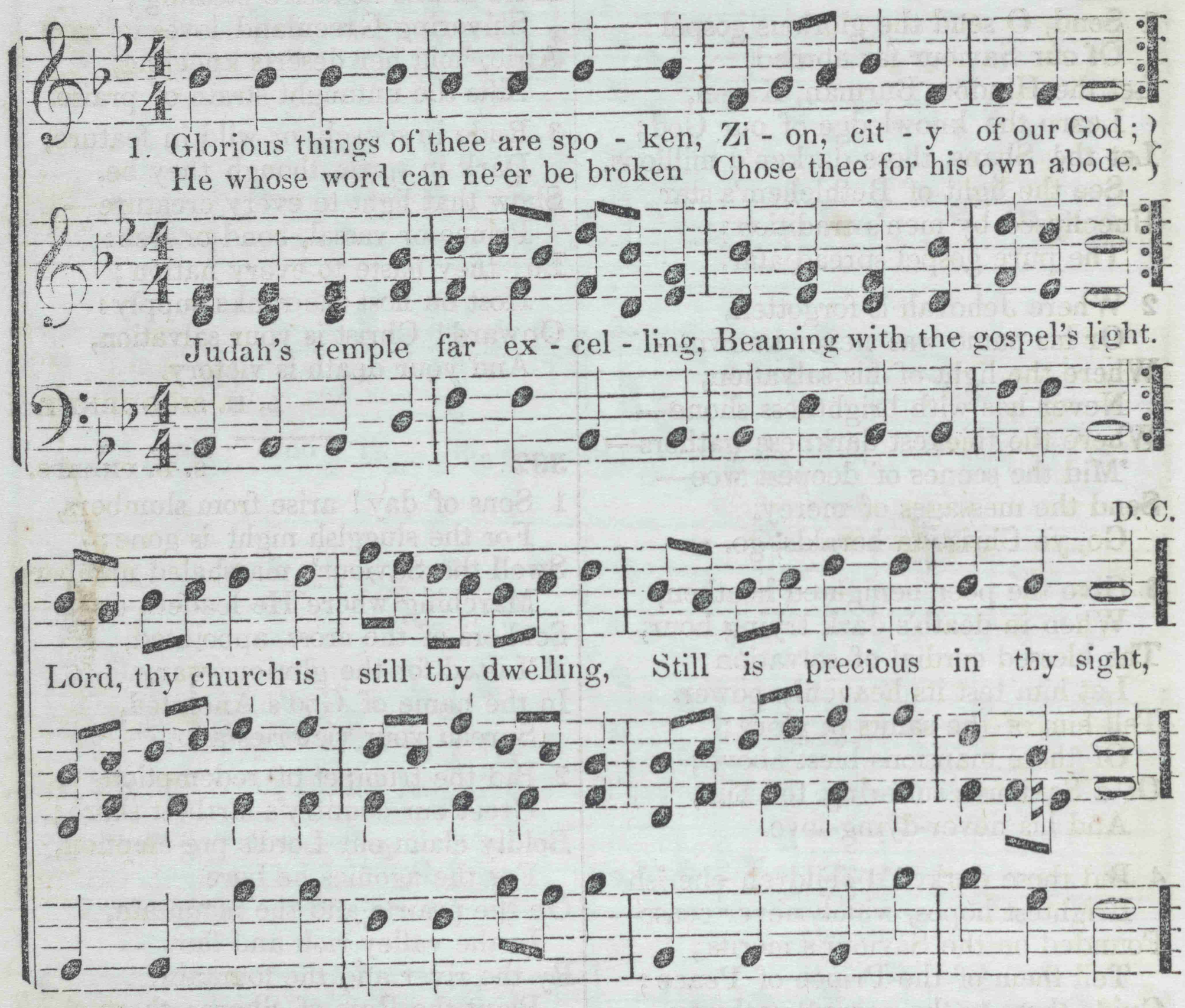


2 Morn of Zion's glory—
Ev'ry human dwelling
With thy notes of joy is swelling:
Morn of Zion's glory.
Distant hills are ringing,
Echo'd voices sweet are singing;
Haste thee on
Like the sun,
Paths of splendor tracing,
Heathen midnight chasing.

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

GLORIOUS TIDINGS. 8s & 7s.

Arranged for this work.



2 On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake her sure repose?
With salvation's wall surrounded,
She can smile at all her foes.
See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply her sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.

3 Round her habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near.
Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He whose word can ne'er be broken
Chose thee for his own abode.

329 *Desiring Christ's Triumph.*

1 O thou Sun of glorious splendor,
Shine with healing in thy wing;
Chase away these shades of darkness;
Holy light and comfort bring.
Let the heralds of salvation
Round the world with joy proclaim,
"Death and hell are spoiled and vanquished
Through the great Immanuel's name."

2 Take thy power, almighty Saviour;
Claim the nations for thine own;
Reign, thou Lord of life and glory,
Till each heart becomes thy throne.
Then the earth, o'erspread with glory,
Decked with heavenly splendor bright,
Shall be made Jehovah's dwelling—
As at first, the Lord's delight.

HYMNS FOR "GLORIOUS TIDINGS."

330

1 Send, O send the glorious gospel
  Of our Saviour far abroad.
Let the Hindoo, Burman, Karen,
  Learn the knowledge of our God;
Let the Shans, those darken'd millions,
  See the light of Bethlehem's star
Uneclipsed by men's tradition;
  The pure gospel spread afar.

2 Where Jehovah is forgotten,
  Or his namo was never known—
Where the light of his salvation,
  Never has with brightness shone—
Where the thickest darkness gathers—
  'Mid the scenes of deepest woe—
Send the messages of mercy.
  Go, ye Christian heralds, go.

3 Give the poor benighted heathen,
  When in death's dark trying hour,
The blessed cordial of salvation;
  Let him test its heavenly power.
Tell him of the saints in glory;
  Of those mansions blest above;
Of a Saviour's suffering tell him,
  And his never-dying love.

4 Bid those darken'd children cherish
  Brightest hopes, which never cease—
Founded on the Saviour's merits;
  Tell them of the Prince of Peace;
Guide them to the narrow pathway
  Upward tending to the skies;
Point their faith to joys eternal
  Now unseen by mortal eyes.

---

331 *Missionaries Charged.*

1 Onward, onward, men of heaven;
  Bear the gospel banner high;
Rest not till its light is given—
  Star of every pagan sky:
Send it where the pilgrim stranger
  Faints beneath the torrid ray;
Bid the hardy forest-ranger
  Hail it, ere he fades away.

2 Where the Arctic Ocean thunders,
  Where the tropics fiercely glow,
Broadly spread its page of wonders,
  Brightly bid its radiance flow:
India marks its lustre stealing;
  Shivering Greenland loves its rays
Afric, 'mid her deserts kneeling,
  Lifts the untaught strain of praise.

3 Rude in speech, or wild in feature,
  Dark in spirit, though they be,
Show that light to every creature—
  Prince or vassal, bond or free:
Lo! they haste to every nation;
  Host on host the ranks supply:
Onward! Christ is your salvation,
  And your death is victory.

L. H. SIGOURNEY.

---

332 S. D. PHELPS.

1 Sons of day! arise from slumbers,
  For the sluggish night is gone;
Swell the Saviour's marshaled numbers,
  Marching where He leadeth on:
Soldiers of the cross, appointed,
  'Listed for the glorious war,
In the name of God's Anointed,
  Spread your victories afar.

2 Bid the trumpet of redemption,
  Greet our country's farthest shore;
Boldly claim our Lord's pre-emption,
  For the agonies he bore.
On the prairie and the mountain,
  In the valley rich and fair,
By the river and the fountain,
  Plant the Rose of Sharon there.

3 O how bright, from death awaking,
  Shine the victor-saints above,
Gloriously from Jesus taking
  Crowns of endless life and love.
Farewell, fears and self-denials!
  Mortal night hath passed away;
Farewell, vigils, toils and trials!
  Welcome, everlasting day!

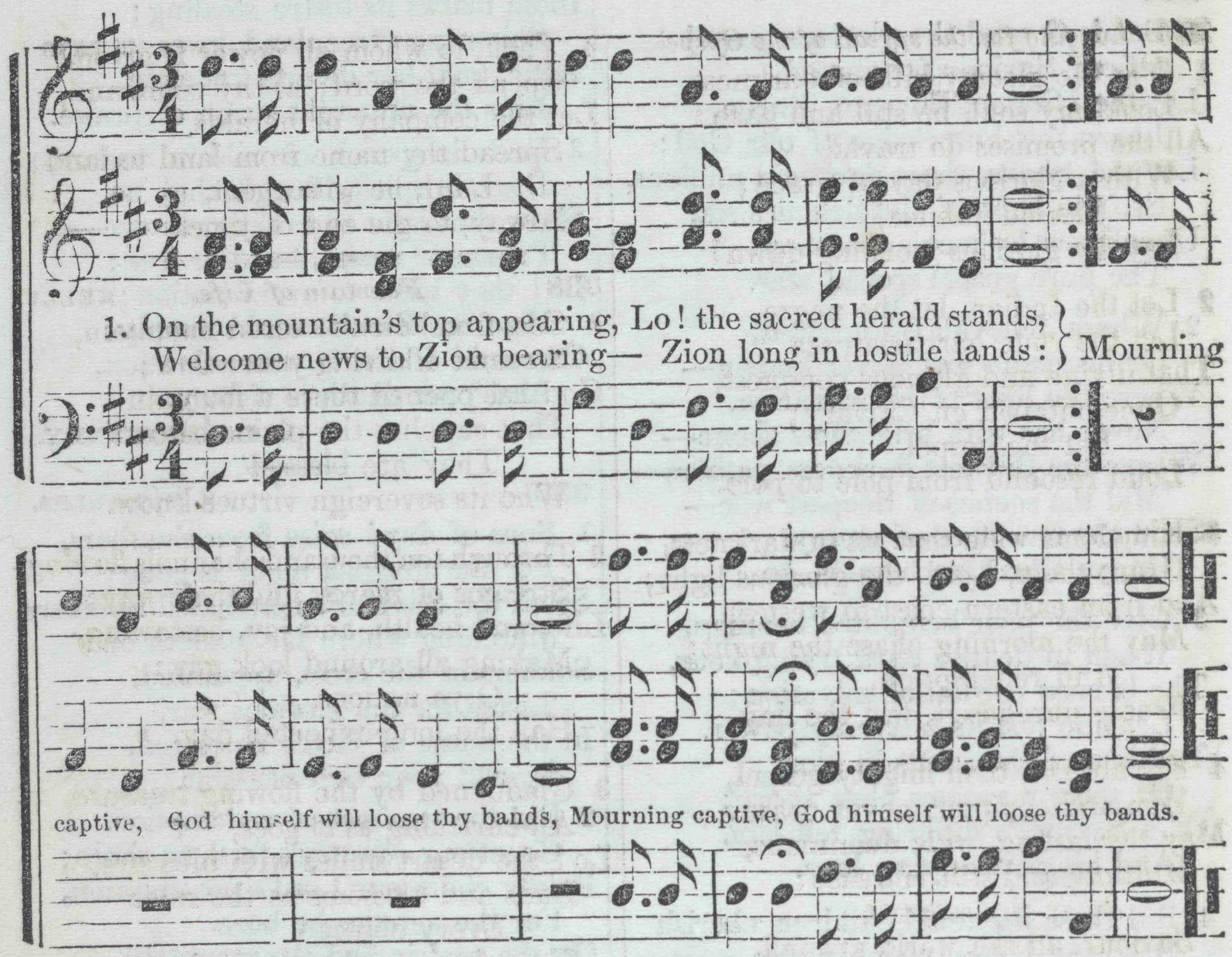
---

333 *The Heathen crying for Help.* CAWOOD.

1 Hark! what mean those lamentations,
  Rolling sadly through the sky?
'Tis the cry of heathen nations,—
  "Come and help us or we die!"
Hear the heathen's sad complaining;
  Christians! hear their dying cry;
And the love of Christ constraining,
  Haste to help them, ere they die.

ZION. 8s, 7s & 4.

By permission of Dr. T. HASTINGS.



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

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

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

335 *The Day is Breaking.* KELLY

1 Look, ye saints! the day is breaking;
Joyful times are near at hand;
God, the mighty God, is speaking
By his word in every land:
Day advances—
Darkness flies at his command.

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

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

HYMNS FOR "ZION."

336 *Longing for the spread of the Gospel.*

1 O'er the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul, be still and gaze:
All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace;
Blessed jubilee,
Let thy glorious morning dawn!

2 Let the Indian, let the negro,
Let the rude barbarian see
That divine and glorious conquest,
Once obtain'd on Calvary;
Let the gospel
Loud resound from pole to pole.

3 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;
And from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night;
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

4 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting, wide dominions,
Multiply and still increase;
Sway thy sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around.

---

337 *Prayer for the Heathen.* T. COTTERILL.

1 O'er the realms of pagan darkness
Let the eye of pity gaze;
See the kindreds of the people
Lost in sin's bewildering maze;
Darkness brooding
O'er the face of all the earth.

2 Light of them that sit in darkness,
Rise and shine; thy blessings bring:
Light to lighten all the Gentiles,
Rise with healing in thy wing:
To thy brightness
Let all kings and nations come.

3 May the heathen, now adoring
Idol gods of wood and stone,
Come, and, worshipping before him,
Serve the living God alone:
Let thy glory
Fill the earth as floods the sea.

4 Thou, to whom all power is given,
Speak the word; at thy command,
Let the company of heralds
Spread thy name from land to land;
Lord, be with them,
Alway, to the end of time.

---

338 *Fountain of Life.* KELLY

1 See, from Zion's sacred mountain,
Streams of living water flow;
God has opened there a fountain
That supplies the plains below:
They are blessed
Who its sovereign virtues know.

2 Through ten thousand channels flowing,
Streams of mercy find their way;
Life, and health, and joy, bestowing,
Making all around look gay:
O ye nations,
Hail the long-expected day.

3 Gladdened by the flowing treasure,
All-enriching as it goes,
Lo! the desert smiles with pleasure,
Buds and blossoms as the rose:
Every object
Sings for joy, where'er it flows.

4 Trees of life, the banks adorning,
Yield their fruit to all around;
Those who eat are saved from mourning;
Pleasure comes, and hopes abound;
Fair their portion—
Endless life with glory crowned.

---

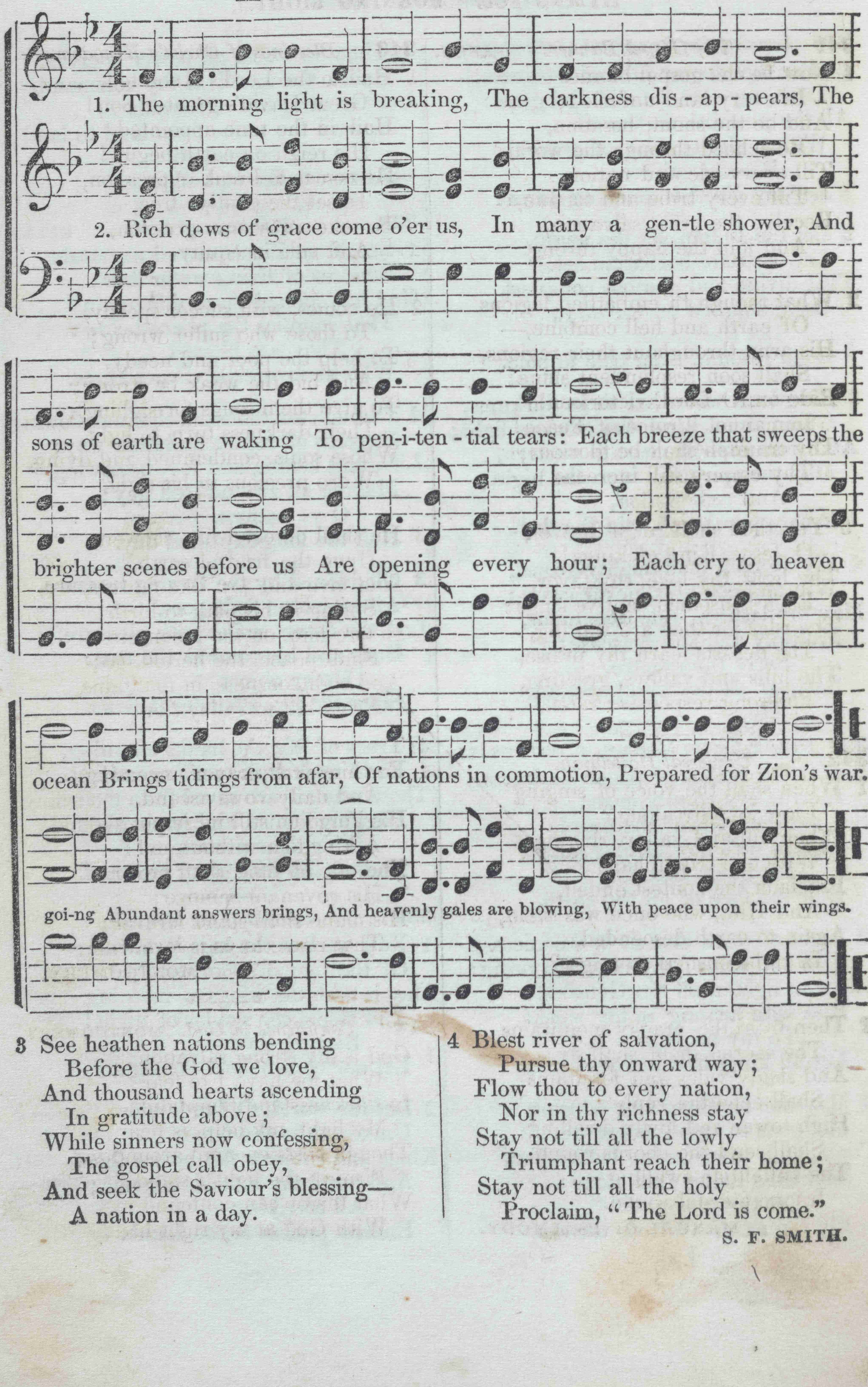
339 *Spread of the Gospel.*

1 Now we hail the happy dawning
Of the Gospel's glorious light,
May it take the wings of morning
And dispel the shades of night!
Blessed Saviour,
Let our eyes behold the sight.

2 Let the world, O Lord, adore thee—
Universal be thy fame;
Kings and subjects fall before thee,
And extol thy matchless name;
All ascribing
Endless praises to the Lamb.

MORNING LIGHT. 7s & 6s.

G. J. WEBB



3 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing—
A nation in a day.

4 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

S. F. SMITH.

HYMNS FOR "MORNING LIGHT."

341 *The Gospel Banner.* ANON.

1 Now be the gospel banner
In every land unfurled;
And be the shout, hosanna,
Re-echoed through the world;
Till every isle and nation,
Till every tribe and tongue,
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng.

2 What though th' embattled legions
Of earth and hell combine,—
His arm, throughout their regions,
Shall soon resplendent shine:
Ride on, O Lord, victorious!
Immanuel, Prince of Peace!
Thy triumph shall be glorious;
Thy empire still increase.

3 Yes, thou shalt reign forever,
O Jesus, King of kings!
Thy light, thy love, thy favor,
Each ransomed captive sings:
The isles for thee are waiting,
The deserts learn thy praise,
The hills and valleys, greeting,
The song responsive raise.

---

342 *Universal Hallelujah.*

1 When shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along?
When hill and valley, ringing
With one triumphant song,
Proclaim the contest ended,
And Him, who once was slain,
Again to earth descended,
In righteousness to reign?

2 Then from the craggy mountains
The sacred shout shall fly,
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply:
High tower and lowly dwelling
Shall send the chorus round,
The hallelujah swelling
In one eternal sound.

MANUAL OF PSALMODY.

343 *Blessings of Christ's Kingdom.*

1 Hail to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He comes, with succor speedy,
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

3 He shall descend like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love and joy, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth;
Before him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

4 For him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend,
His kingdom still increasing—
A kingdom without end:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove:
His name shall stand forever;
That name to us is love.

MONTGOMERY.

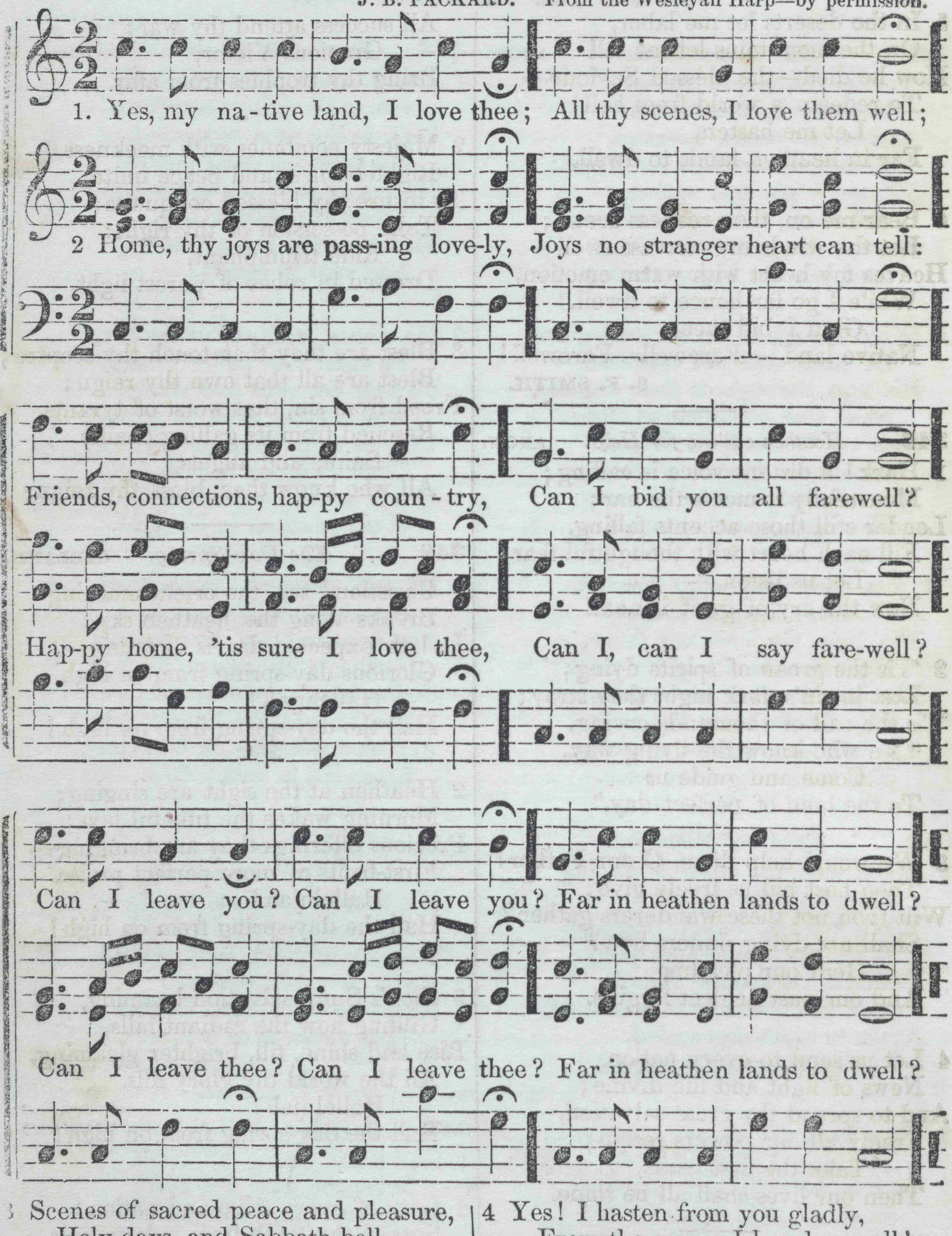
---

344 *Confidence in God.* MONTGOMERY

1 God is my strong salvation;
What foe have I to fear?
In darkness and temptation,
My light, my help, is near:
Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm in the fight I stand;
What terror can confound me,
With God at my right hand?

NATIVE LAND, FAREWELL! 8s, 7s & 4.

J. B. PACKARD. From the Wesleyan Harp—by permission.



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

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

[Remainder on next page.]

HYMNS FOR "NATIVE LAND, FAREWELL."

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

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

S. F. SMITH.

---

346 *Heathen calling for Help.* ANON.

1 Hark! a distant voice is calling;
Mournfully it meets the ear;
Louder still those accents falling,
Fill each heart with thoughtful fear;
Let us listen,—
Now the cry of grief is near.

2 'Tis the groan of spirits dying;
Lost in sin's dark night they stray;
'Tis the call of thousands crying,
"Ye who know the living way,
Come and guide us
To the land of perfect day."

3 We would help them, O our Father!
Thou hast bid us freely give;
Wilt thou not these wanderers gather?
Shall not dying sinners live?
Hear our pleading,
And our past neglect forgive.

4 Let us send to every nation
News of light and life divine;
And to spread thy great salvation,
Freely all our powers resign;
Take the first fruits,
Then our lives shall all be thine.

---

347 *Victories of Christ.* J. RYLAND.

1 Gird thy sword on, mighty Saviour;
Make the word of truth thy car;
Prosper in thy course, triumphant;
All success attend thy war;
Gracious Victor,
Bring thy trophies from afar.

2 Majesty combines with meekness,
Righteousness and peace unite,
To insure thy blessed conquests;
Take possession of thy right:
Ride triumphant,
Dressed in robes of purest light.

3 Blest are they that touch thy sceptre;
Blest are all that own thy reign;
Freed from sin, that worst of tyrants,
Rescued from its galling chain:
Saints and angels,
All who know thee, bless thy reign.

---

348 *The Day-Spring.* CLELAND.

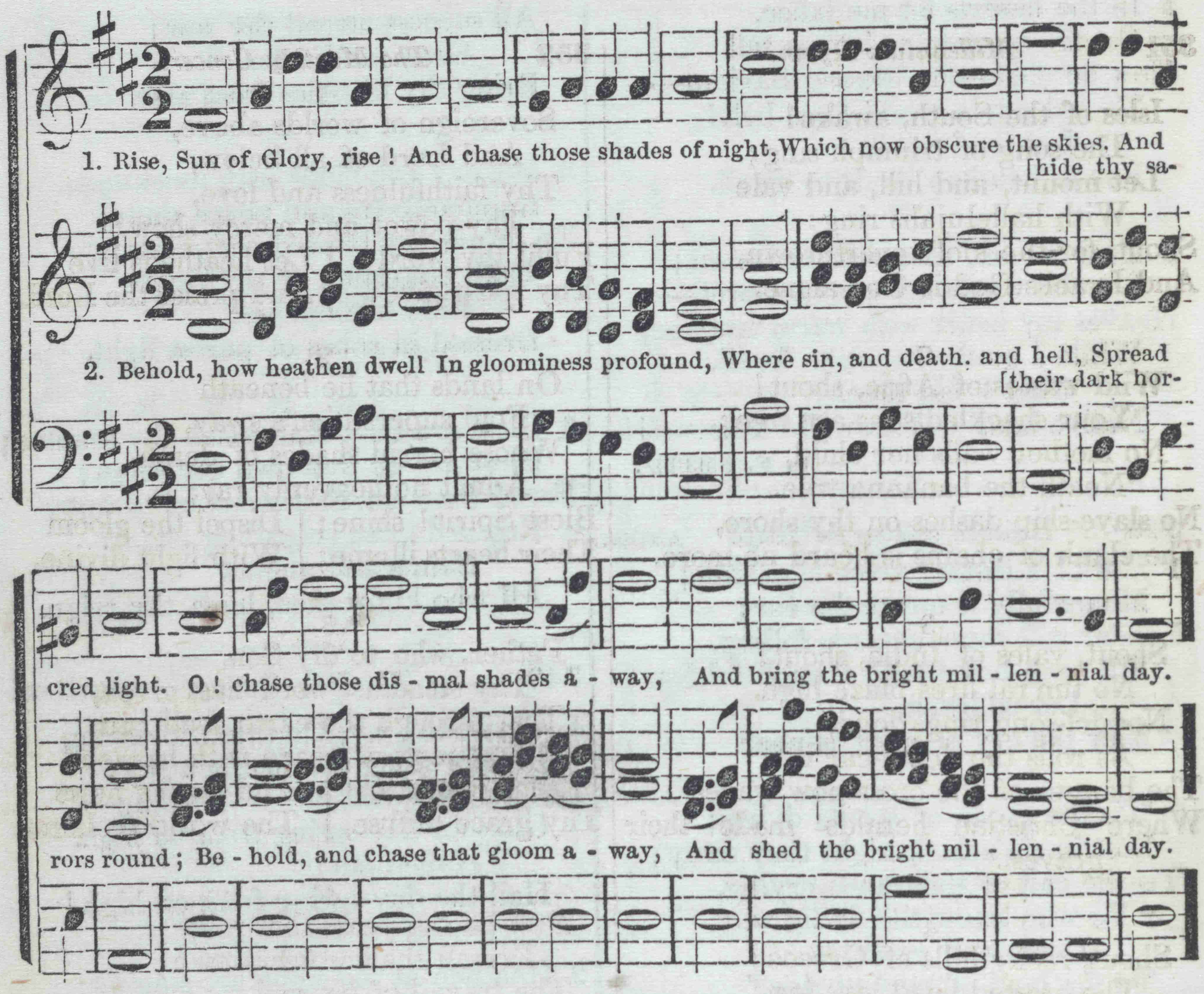
1 Christian! see, the orient morning
Breaks along the heathen sky;
Lo! th' expected day is dawning—
Glorious day-spring from on high.
Hallelujah!
Hail the day-spring from on high!

2 Heathen at the sight are singing;
Morning wakes the tuneful lays;
Precious offerings they are bringing—
First-fruits of more perfect praise.
Hallelujah!
Hail the day-spring from on high!

3 Zion's Sun! salvation beaming,
Gilding now the radiant hills,
Rise and shine, till, brighter gleaming,
All the world thy glory fills.
Hallelujah!
Hail the day-spring from on high!

4 Lord of every tribe and nation!
Spread thy truth from pole to pole,
Spread the light of thy salvation,
Till it shine on every soul.
Hallelujah!
Hail the day-spring from on high!

HADDAM. H. M.



3 Why, Saviour! why conceal
Thy beams of grace and love?
Those heavenly rays reveal,
Which cheer the saints above!
Those rays shall chase the night away,
And bring the bright millennial day.

4 Yet, Jesus, should thy will
Defer that sacred morn,
Hear our petition still,
Nor leave the world forlorn:
Jesus! till that resplendent day,
Shine on our souls with powerful ray.

---

350 *Zion's Prosperity.* DODDRIDGE.

1 O Zion, tune thy voice,
And raise thy hands on high;
Tell all the earth thy joys,
And boast salvation nigh;
Cheerful in God, | While rays divine
Arise and shine | Stream far abroad.

2 He gilds thy mourning face
With beams that cannot fade;
His all-resplendent grace
He pours around thy head:
The nations round | With lustre new
Thy form shall view, | Divinely crowned.

3 In honor to his name,
Reflect that sacred light,
And loud that grace proclaim
Which makes thy darkness bright:
Pursue his praise, | In worlds above
Till sovereign love | The glory raise.

4 There, on his holy hill
A brighter Sun shall rise,
And with his radiance fill
Those fairer, purer skies:
While, round his throne, | In nobler spheres
Ten thousand stars | His influence own.

HYMNS FOR "LENOX," PAGE 87

351 *Millennium Hymn.*

1

Isles of the South, awake!
The song of triumph sing;
Let mount, and hill, and vale
With hallelujahs ring:
Shout, for the idol's overthrown,
And Israel's God is God alone.

2

Wild wastes of Afric, shout!
Your shackled sons are free;
No mother wails her child,
'Neath the bananna tree.
No slave-ship dashes on thy shore,
The clank of chains is heard no more.

3

Shout, vales of India, shout!
No fun'ral fires blaze high.
No idol-song rings loud,
As rolls the death-car by:
The banner of the cross now waves
Where Christian heralds made their graves..

4

Shout, rocky hills of Greece!
The crested head lays low;
No Moslem flings his chain,
Around the Christian now;—
But Greek and Moslem join in one
To praise the Saviour, God, the Son.

5

Shout, hills of Palestine!
Have you forgot the groan,
The spear, the thorn, the cross,
The wine press trod alone,
The dying prayer that rose from thee,
The garden of Gethsemane?

6

Hail, glad millennial day!
O shout, ye heavens above!
To-day the nations sing
The song, redeeming love,
Redeeming love the song shall be:
Hail, blessed year of Jubilee!

352 *The Monthly Concert.*

1

Sovereign of worlds above,
And Lord of all below,
Thy faithfulness and love,
Thy power and mercy show:
Fulfil thy word: | Let heathens live
Thy spirit give; | And praise the Lord.

2

On lands that lie beneath
Foul superstition's sway,
Whose horrid shades of death
Admit no heavenly ray,
Blest Spirit! shine; | Dispel the gloom
Their hearts illume; | With light divine.

3

Father, who to thy Son
Thy steadfast word hast given,
That through the earth shall run
The news of peace with heaven;
Extend his fame; | And let the news
Thy grace diffuse, | The world reclaim.

4

Few be the years that roll,
Ere all shall worship thee;
The travail of his soul,
Soon let the Saviour see;
O God of grace! | Fill earth with joy,
Thy power employ, | And heaven with praise.

---

353 *Christian Effort.* PRATT'S COL.

1

Rise, gracious God! and shine
In all thy saving might,
And prosper each design
To spread thy glorious light:
Let healing streams of mercy flow,
That all the earth thy truth may know.

2

Put forth thy glorious power!
The nations then will see,
And earth present her store,
In converts born of thee:
God, our own God, his church will bless,
And earth shall yield her full increase.

MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 6s.

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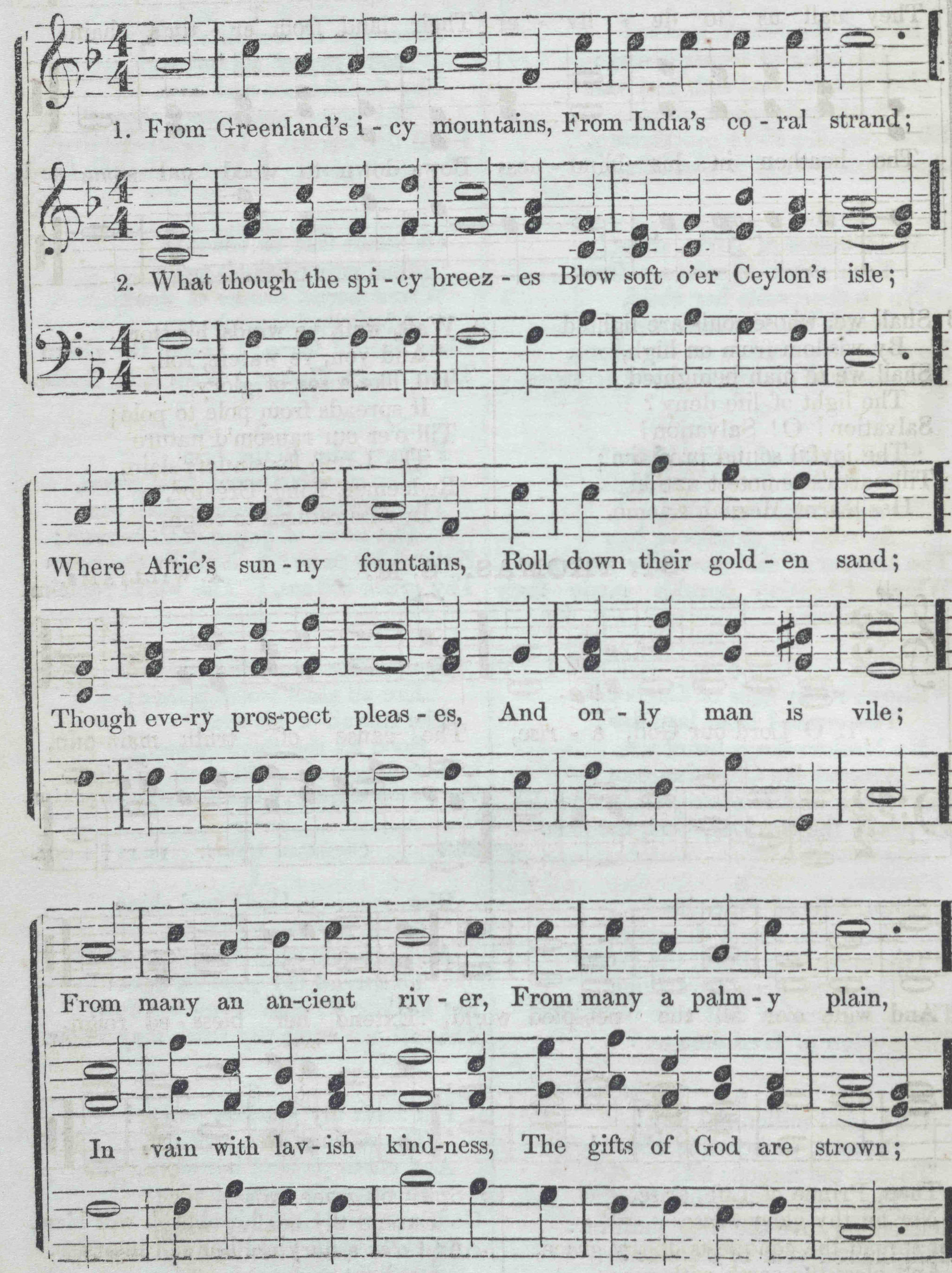
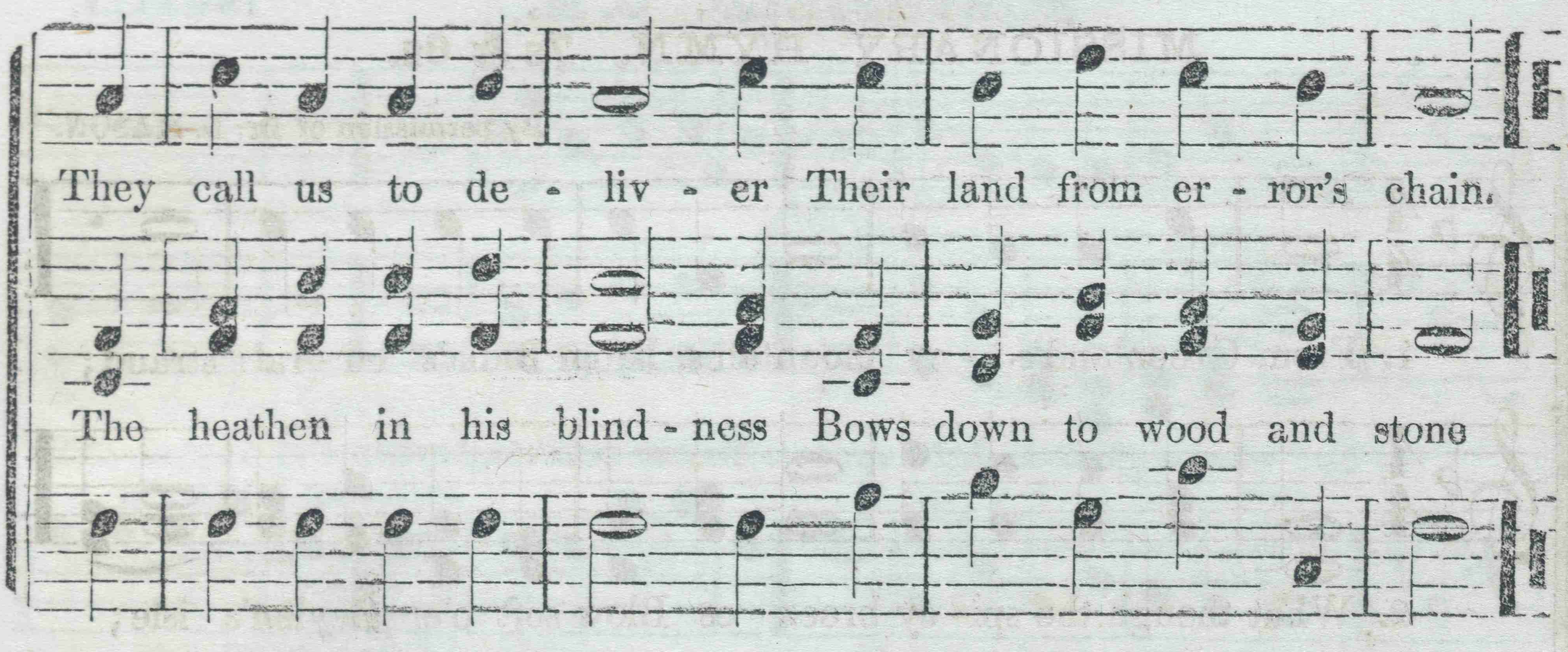


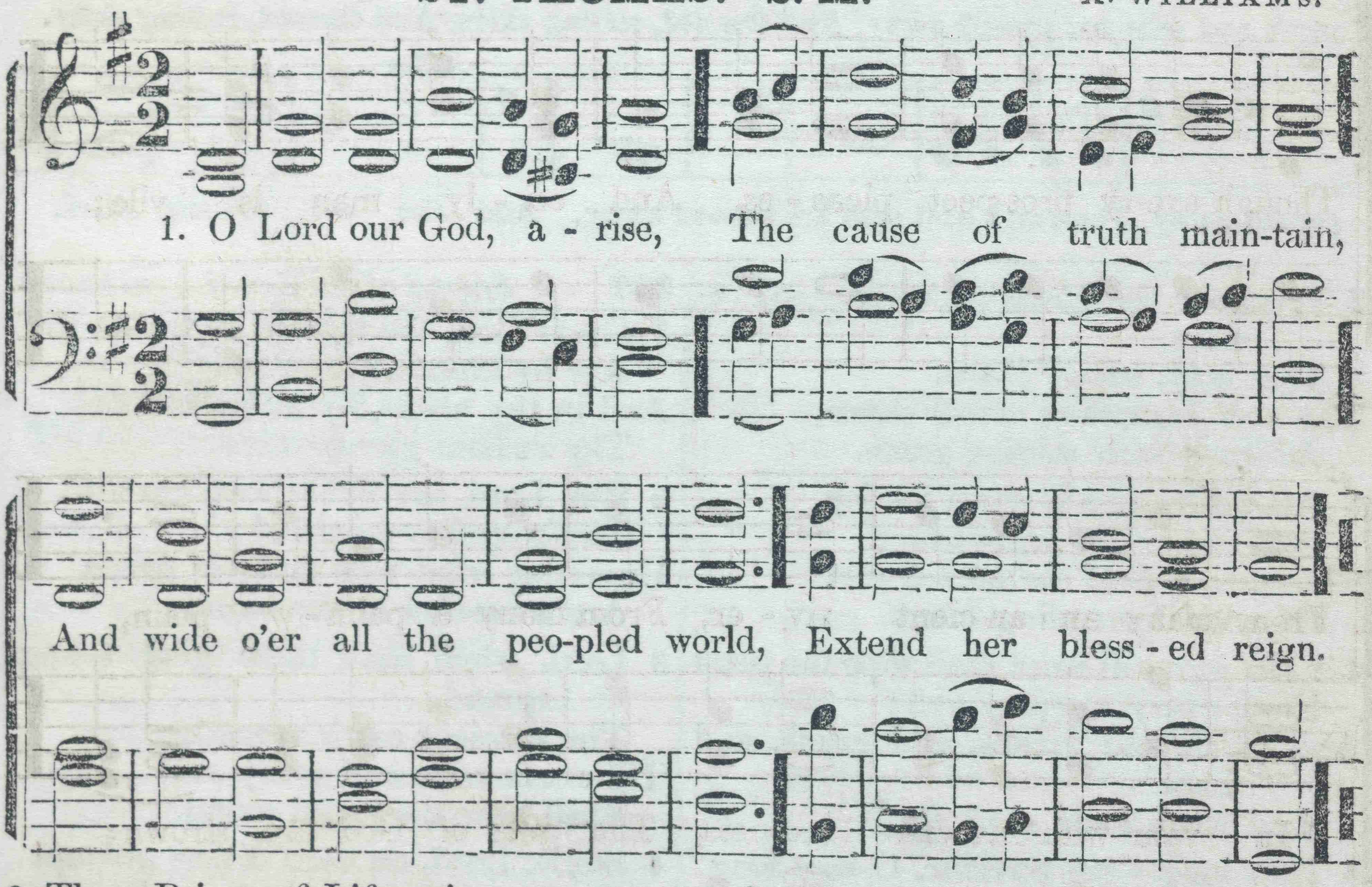


3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high,
Shall we to man benighted
The light of life deny?
Salvation! O! Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim;
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.

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.

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

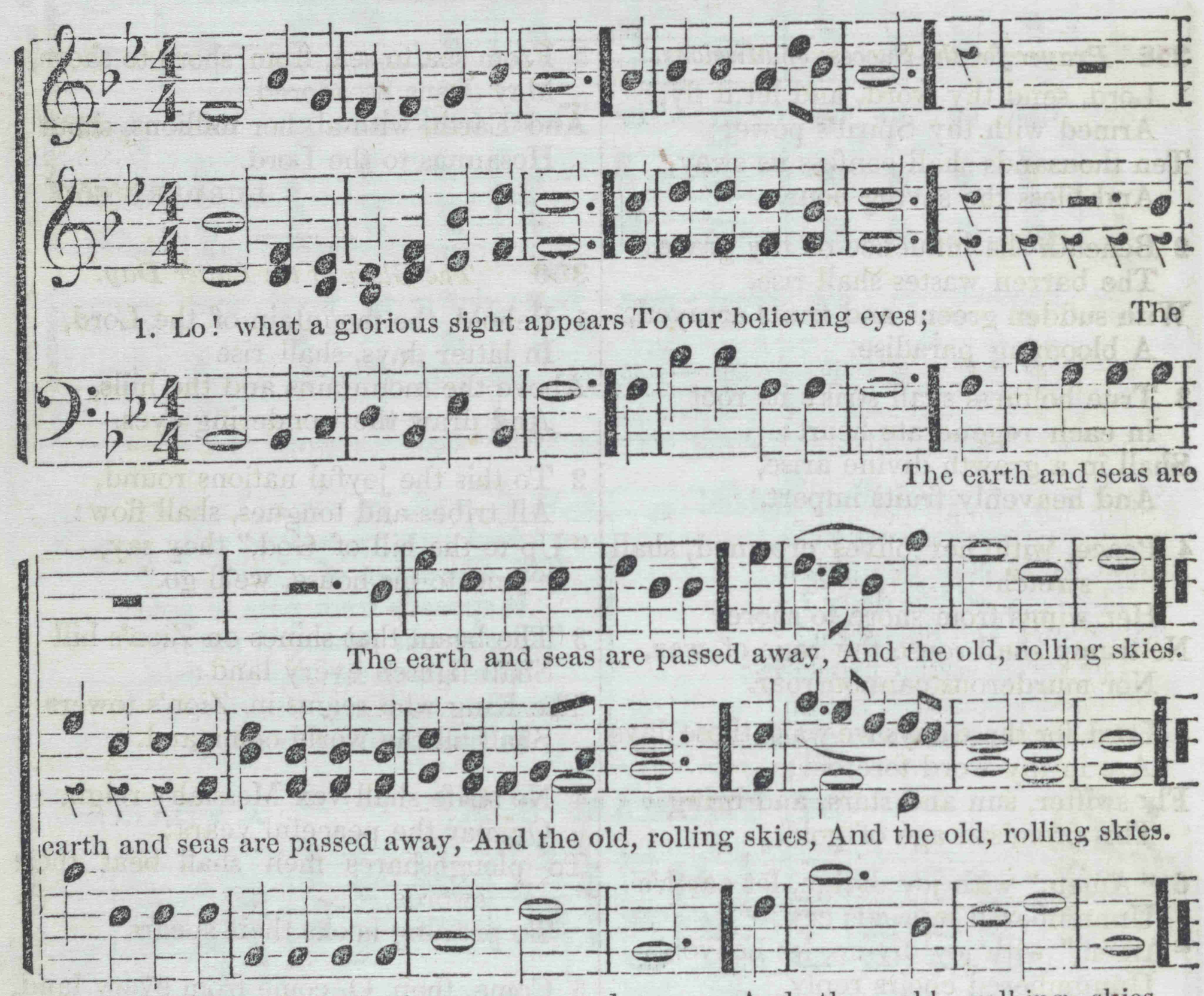
A. WILLIAMS.



2 Thou, Prince of Life, arise,
Nor let thy glory cease;
Far spread the conquests of thy grace,
And bless the earth with peace.

3 Spirit of grace, arise,
Extend thy healing wing,
And o'er a dark and ruined world,
Let light and order spring.

NORTHFIELD. C. M. INGALLS.



2 From the third heaven, where God resides,
That holy, happy place,
The new Jerusalem comes down,
Adorned with shining grace.

3 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing,
"Mortals, behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King.

4 "His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye;
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
And death itself shall die."

5 How long, dear Saviour, O how long
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day. WATTS.

357 *Spread of the Gospel.* GIBBONS.

1 Great God, the nations of the earth
Are by creation thine;
And in thy works, by all beheld,
Thy radiant glories shine.

2 But, Lord, thy richer love has sent
Thy gospel to mankind;
Unveiling what rich stores of grace
Are treasured in thy mind.

3 Lord, when shall these glad tidings spread
The spacious earth around,
Till every tribe and every soul
Shall hear the joyful sound.

4 Smile, Lord, on each divine attempt
To spread the gospel rays;
And build, on sin's demolished throne,
The temples of thy praise.

HYMNS FOR "NORTHFIELD."

358 *Prayer for the Success of Missions.*

1 Lord, send thy word, and let it fly,
Armed with thy Spirit's power:
Ten thousands shall confess its sway,
And bless the saving hour.

2 Beneath the influence of thy grace
The barren wastes shall rise,
With sudden greens and fruits arrayed,
A blooming paradise.

3 True holiness shall strike its root
In each regenerate heart;
Shall in a growth divine arise,
And heavenly fruits impart.

4 Peace, with her olives crowned, shall stretch
Her wings from shore to shore:
No trump shall rouse the rage of war,
Nor murderous cannon roar.

5 Lord, for those days we wait; those days
Are in thy word foretold;
Fly swifter, sun and stars, and bring
This promised age of gold.

6 "Amen," with joy divine, let earth's
Unnumbered myriads cry;
"Amen," with joy divine, let heaven's
Unnumbered choirs reply.

GIBBONS.

---

359 *Prayer for Christ's Victory.*

1 Jesus, immortal King, arise;
Assert thy rightful sway;
Till earth, subdued, its tribute brings,
And distant lands obey.

2 Ride forth, victorious Conqueror, ride,
Till all thy foes submit,
And all the powers of hell resign
Their trophies at thy feet.

3 Send forth thy word, and let it fly
This spacious earth around,
Till every soul beneath the sun
Shall hear the joyful sound.

4 O, may the great Redeemer's name
Through every clime be known,
And heathen gods, forsaken, fall,
And Jesus reign alone.

5 From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
May Jesus be adored,
And Earth, with all her millions, shout
Hosannas to the Lord.

BURDER'S COL.

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360 *The Glory of the Latter Day.*

1 Behold, the mountain of the Lord,
In latter days, shall rise
Above the mountains and the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.

2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues, shall flow:
"Up to the hill of God," they say,
"And to his house, we'll go."

3 The beam that shines on Zion's hill
Shall lighten every land:
The King who reigns in Zion's towers
Shall all the world command.

4 No strife shall vex Messiah's reign,
Or mar the peaceful years;
To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.

5 Come, then, O, come from every land,
To worship at his shrine;
And, walking in the light of God,
With holy beauty shine. LOGAN.

---

361 *Prayer for Enlargement of the Church.*

1 Shine, mighty God, on Zion shine,
With beams of heavenly grace;
Reveal thy power through every land,
And show thy smiling face.

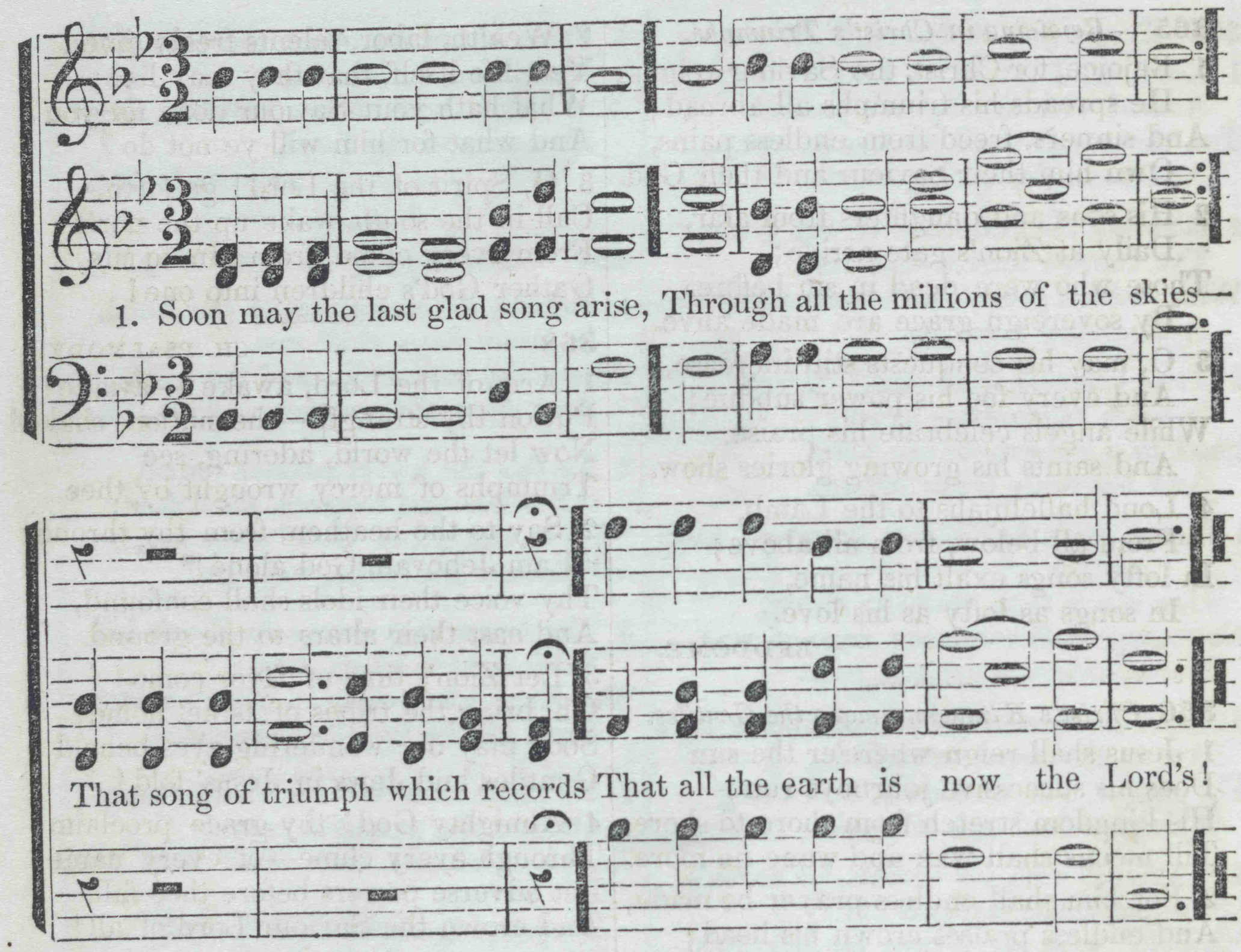
2 When shall thy name, from shore to shore,
Sound through the earth abroad,
And distant nations know and love
Their Saviour and their God?

3 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands;
Sing loud, with joyful voice;
Let every tongue exalt his praise,
And every heart rejoice.

WATTS.

WARE. L. M.

By permission of GEO. KINGSLEY.



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

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

CH. PSALMODY.

---

363 *Encouragements.* VOKE.

1 Behold the expected time draw near,
The shades disperse, the dawn appear;
Behold the wilderness assume
The beauteous tints of Eden's bloom.

2 Events with prophecies conspire
To raise our faith, our zeal to fire:
The ripening fields, already white,
Present a harvest to our sight.

3 The untaught heathen waits to know
The joy the gospel will bestow;
The exiled slave waits to receive
The freedom Jesus has to give.

4 Come, let us, with a grateful heart,
In this blest labor share a part;
Our prayers and offerings gladly bring,
To aid the triumphs of our King.

---

364 *Christians Debtors to the Heathen.*

1 Christians, the glorious hope ye know
Which soothes the heart in every wo;
While heathen, helpless, hopeless, lie;
No ray of glory meets their eye.

2 Christians, ye taste the heavenly grace
Which cheers believers in their race;
Uncheered by grace, through heathen gloom,
See millions hastening to the tomb.

CAWOOD.

HYMNS FOR "WARE."

365 *Rejoicing in Christ's Triumphs.*

1 Rejoice, for Christ, the Saviour reigns;
He spreads his triumphs all abroad;
And sinners, freed from endless pains,
Own him their Saviour and their God.

2 His sons and daughters from afar,
Daily at Zion's gate arrive;
Those who were dead in sin before,
By sovereign grace are made alive.

3 O, may his conquests still increase,
And every foe his power subdue;
While angels celebrate his praise,
And saints his growing glories show.

4 Loud hallelujahs to the Lamb,
From all below, from all above;
In lofty songs exalt his name,
In songs as lofty as his love.

BEDDOME.

---

366 *Christ's Kingdom among the Gentiles.*

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

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

4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The joyful prisoner bursts his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

WATTS.

---

367 *The People Perish.* MONTGOMERY.

1 The heathen perish; day by day,
Thousands on thousands pass away!
O Christians, to their rescue fly,
Preach Jesus to them ere they die!

2 Wealth, labor, talents freely give,
Yea, life itself, that they may live;
What hath your Saviour done for you?
And what for him will ye not do?

3 O, Spirit of the Lord! go forth,
Call in the south, wake up the north;
From every clime, from sun to sun,
Gather God's children into one!

---

368 CH. PSALMODY.

1 Arm of the Lord, awake!—awake!
Put on thy strength—the nations shake!
Now let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.

2 Say to the heathen, from thy throne,
"I am Jehovah, God alone!"
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

3 Let Zion's time of favor come!
Oh, bring the tribes of Israel home!
Soon may our wondering eyes behold
Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' fold!

4 Almighty God! thy grace proclaim
Through every clime—of every name!
Let adverse powers before thee fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all!

---

369 *The Time to favor Zion.*

1 Sovereign of worlds, display thy power;
Be this thy Zion's favored hour;
Bid the bright morning-star arise,
And point the nations to the skies.

2 Set up thy throne where Satan reigns,
On Afric's shore, on India's plains;
Far let the gospel's sound be known,
And claim the nations for thy own.

3 Speak—and the world shall hear thy voice;
Speak—and the desert shall rejoice;
Scatter the gloom of heathen night;
Bid every nation hail the light.

SOCIAL HYMNS.

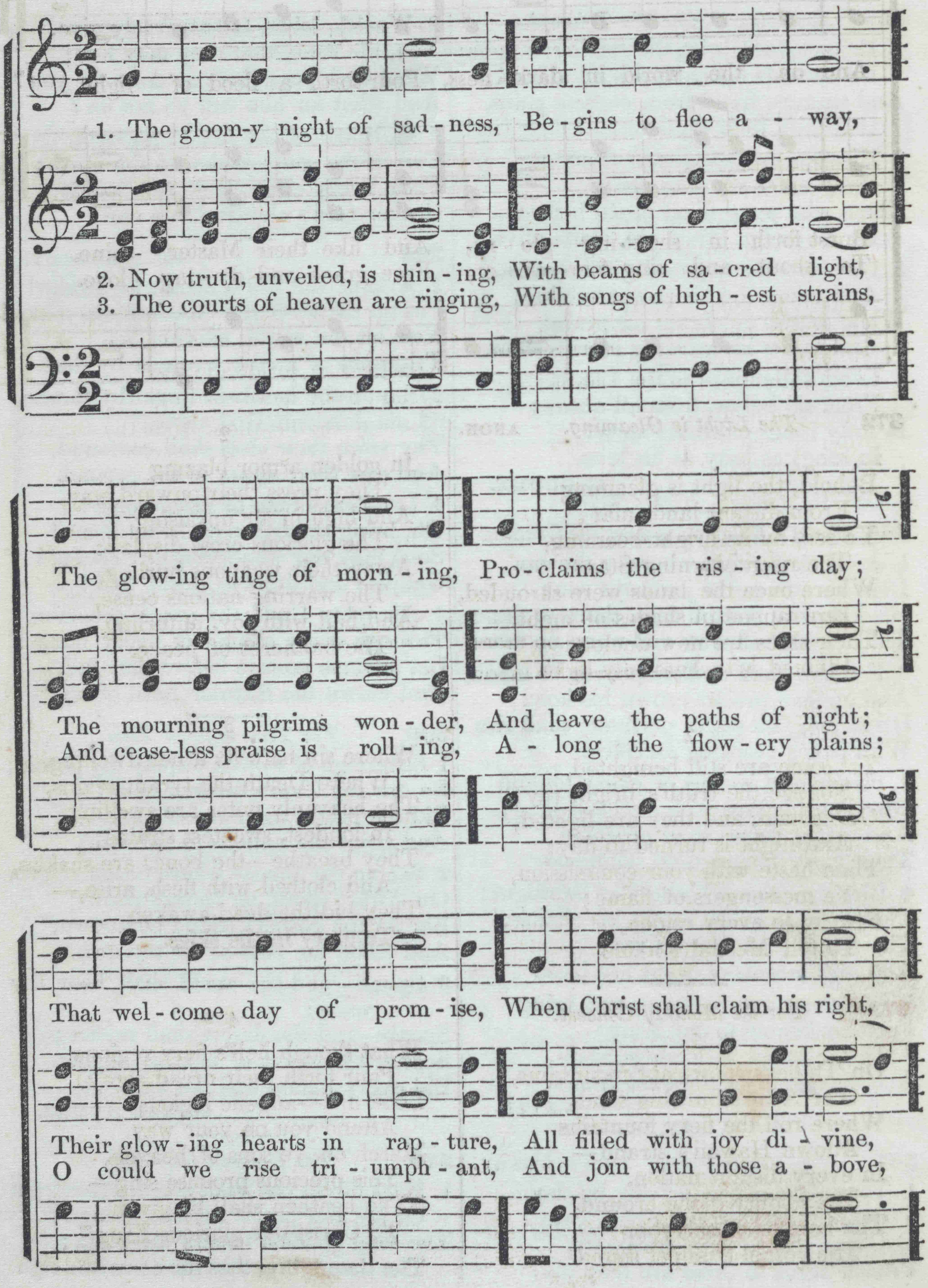
---

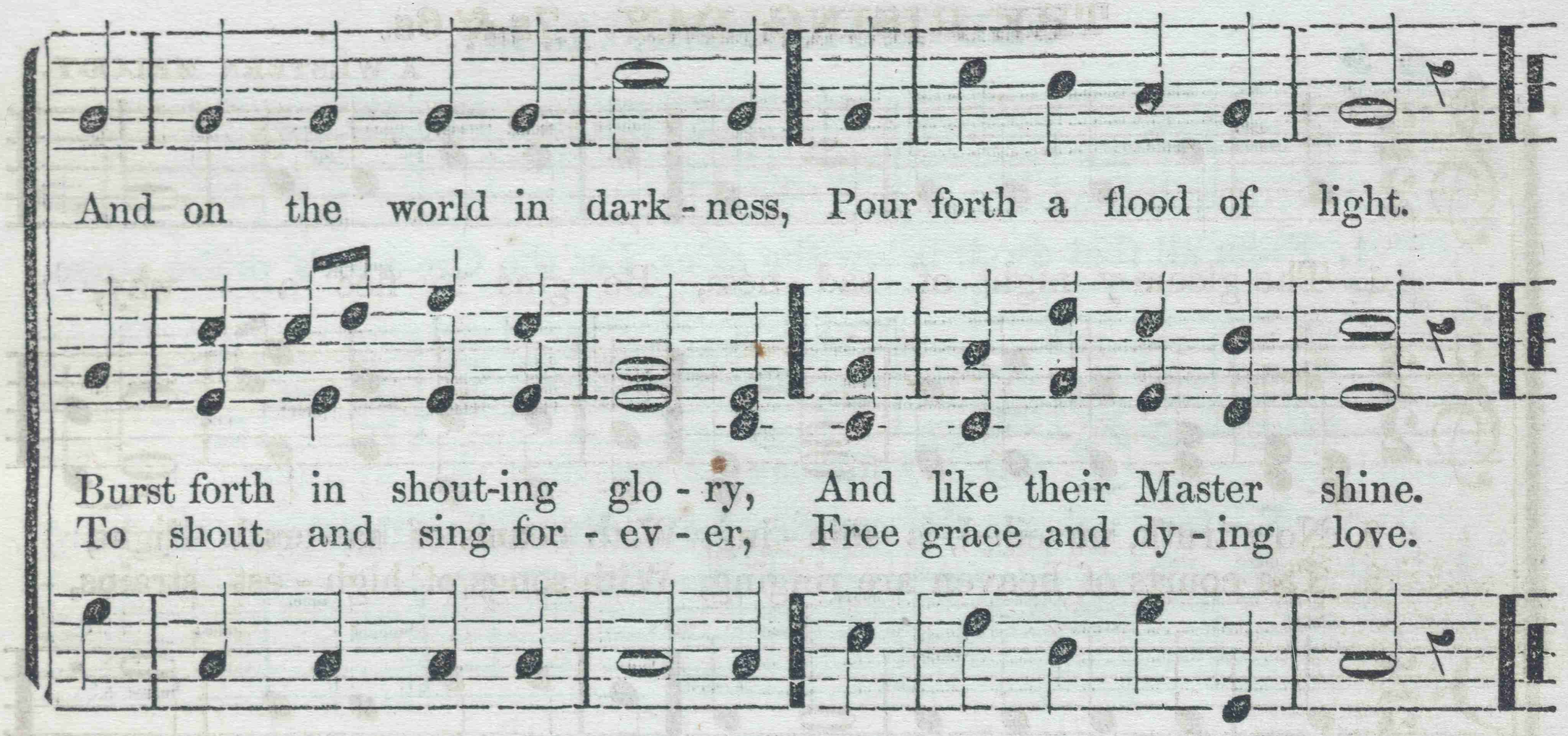
370 *The Heathen Rejoicing.*

1 Hark! from yon wilds is heard the strain
Of joy and praise ascending high;
The song of Zion cheers the plain;
The desert breathes the contrite's sigh.

THE RISING DAY. 7s & 6s.

A WESTERN MELODY.





372 *The Light is Gleaming.* ANON.

1

Behold, the light is gleaming
From distant lands afar;
Ye see, by its bright beaming,
The risen Morning Star:
Where once the lands were shrouded,
Enwrapped in shades of night,
Their skies are now unclouded,
Illumed with heavenly light.

2

Yet some are still benighted,
Nor see the truth's bright ray;
One gleam, and they are lighted,
And night is turned to day:
Then haste with your commission,
Ye messengers of flame;
Fly, fly to every region,
To tell Messiah's name.

2

In golden armor blazing
They press their onward way,
And high in air upraising,
The glorious cross display:
Away their weapons hurling,
The warring nations cease,
And hail with joy, unfurling
The banneret of peace.

3

Where sin hath fix'd her dwelling,
Where Death the tyrant reigns,
The heavenly notes are swelling
In loudest, sweetest strains;
They breathe—the bones are shaken,
And clothed with flesh, arise,—
They bid the dead awaken
To glory in the skies.

---

373 *For the Monthly Concert.*

1

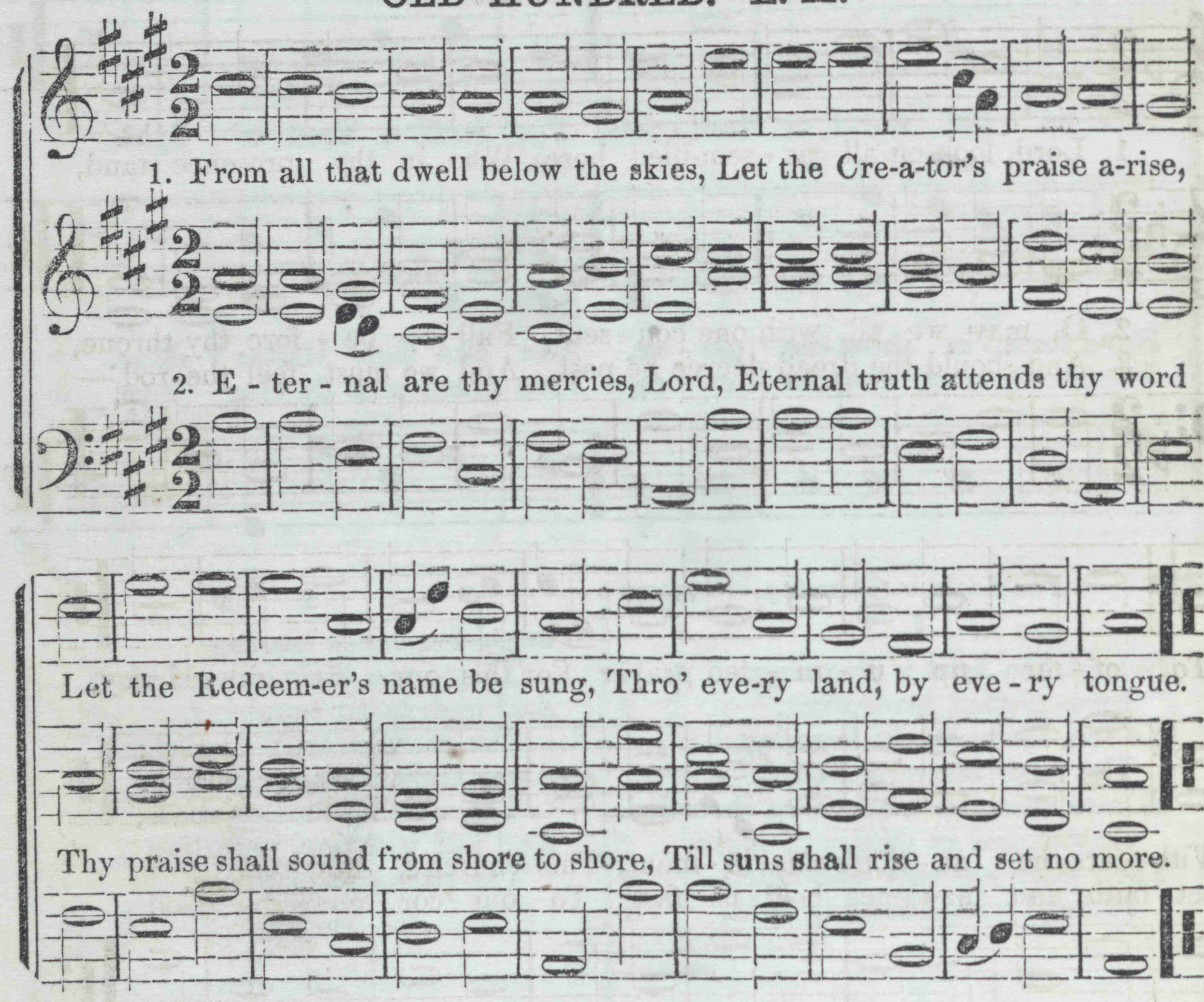
On Thibet's snow-capt mountains,
O'er Afric's burning sand,
Where roll the fiery fountains
Adown Hawaii's strand—
In every distant nation,
The mighty globe around,
The heralds of salvation
The gospel trumpet sound.

4

What though hell's fiery regions
Pour forth their dread array!
Look up!—angelic legions
Attend you on your way.
March on, ye sons of heaven,
This precious promise sing—
"The heathen shall be given
To Christ our glorious King."

D. D.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.



375 *Prayer for Divine Aid.* SLINN.

1 Arise, in all thy splendor, Lord;
Let power attend thy gracious word;
Unveil the beauties of thy face,
And show the glories of thy grace.

2 Send forth thy messengers of peace;
Make Satan's reign and empire cease;
Let thy salvation, Lord, be known,
That all the world thy power may own.

---

376 *Zion Encouraged.* PRATT'S COL.

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

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

377 *Prayer for the World.* SAC. LYRICS.

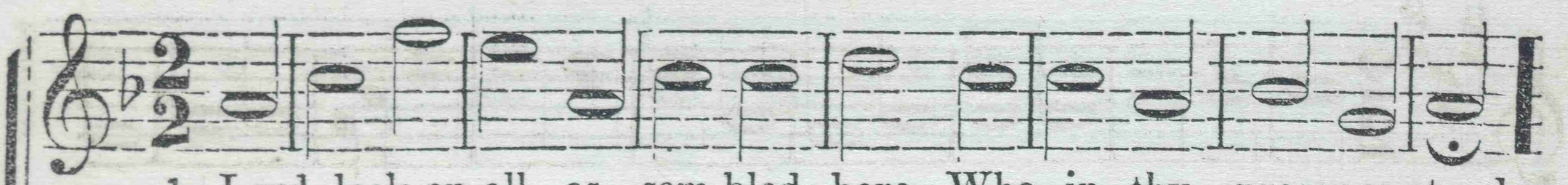
1 Jesus, we bow before thy throne,
We lift our eyes to seek thy face:
To bleeding hearts thy love make known,
On contrite souls bestow thy grace.

2 See, spread beneath thy gracious eye,
A world o'erwhelmed in guilt and tears;
Where deathless souls in ruin lie,
And no kind voice dispels their fears.

3 Lord, arm thy truth with power divine,
Its conquests spread from shore to shore;
Till suns and stars forget to shine,
And earth and skies shall be no more.

4 O rise, ye ransomed captives, rise,
Peal the loud anthem here below;
Let earth reflect it to the skies,
And heaven with new-born rapture glow

DUNDEE. C. M.



379 *Penitent Review of the Past.*

1 As o'er the past my memory strays,
  Why heaves the secret sigh?—
Tis that I mourn departed days,
  Still unprepared to die.

2 The world and worldly things beloved,
  My anxious thoughts employed;
And time unhallowed, unimproved,
  Presents a fearful void.

3 Yet, Holy Father, wild despair
  Chase from my lab'ring breast,
Thy grace it is which prompts the prayer,
  That grace can do the rest.

4 My life's brief remnant all be thine!
  And when thy sure decree
Bids me this fleeting breath resign,
  O speed my soul to thee.

EPIS COL.

380 *Public Supplication.* RIPPON'S COL.

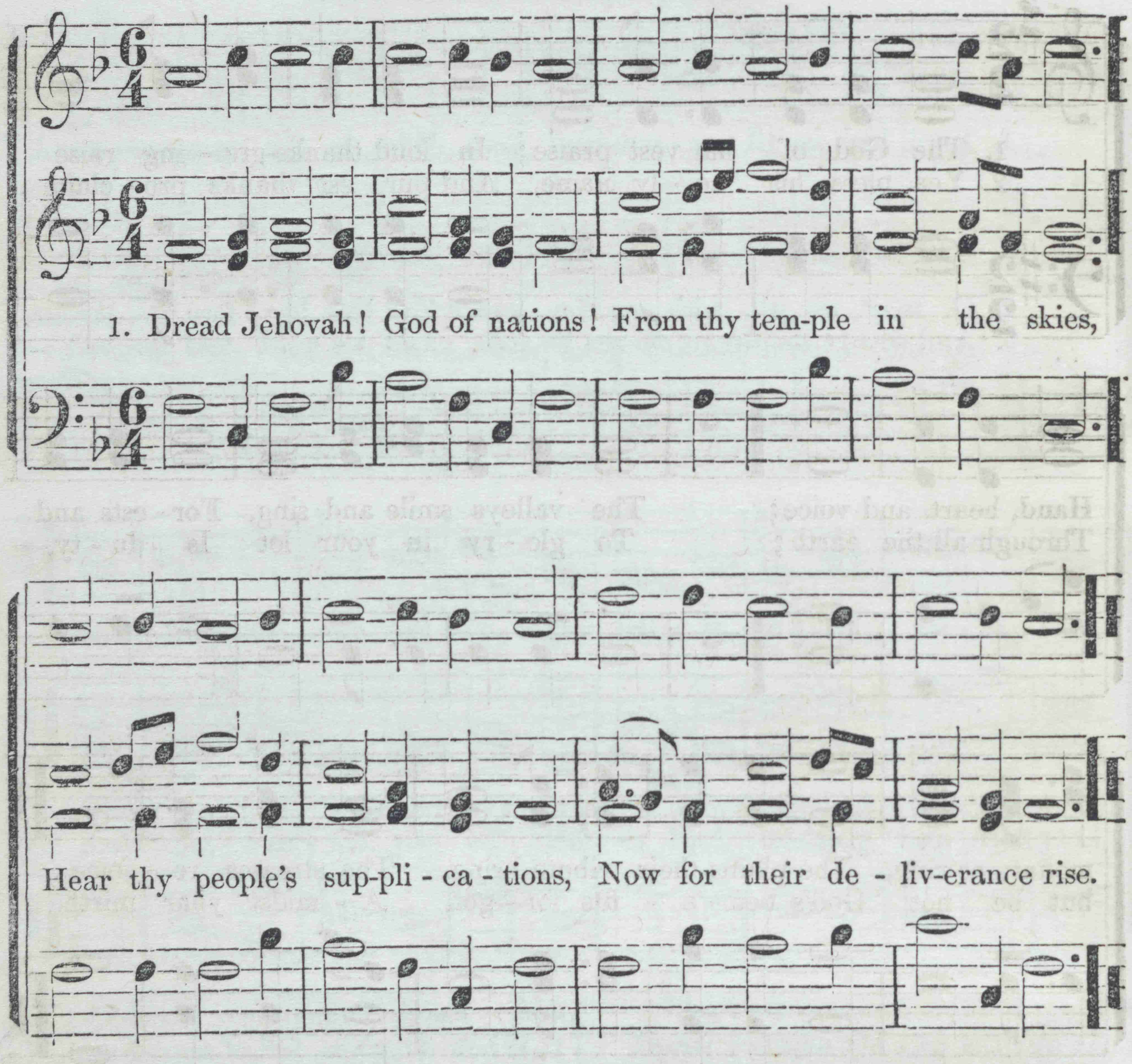
1 When Abrah'm, full of sacred awe,
  Before Jehovah stood,
And, with an humble, fervent prayer
  For guilty Sodom sued,—

2 With what success, what wondrous grace,
  Was his petition crowned!
The Lord would spare, if in this place
  Ten righteous men were found.

3 And could a single pious soul
  So rich a boon obtain?
Great God, and shall a nation cry,
  And plead with thee in vain?

4 Still we are thine; we bear thy name;
  Here yet is thine abode:
Long has thy presence blessed our land;
  Forsake us not, O God.

SUPPLICATION. 8s & 7s.



2 Though our sins, our hearts confounding,
Long and loud for vengeance call,
Thou hast mercy more abounding;
Jesus' blood can cleanse them all.

3 Let that love veil our transgression;
Let that blood our guilt efface;
Save thy people from oppression;
Save from spoil thy holy place.

4 Lo! with deep contrition turning,
Humbly at thy feet we bend;
Hear us, fasting, praying, mourning;
Hear us, spare us, and defend.

EPIS. COL.

382 *The Sacrifice of Thanksgiving.*

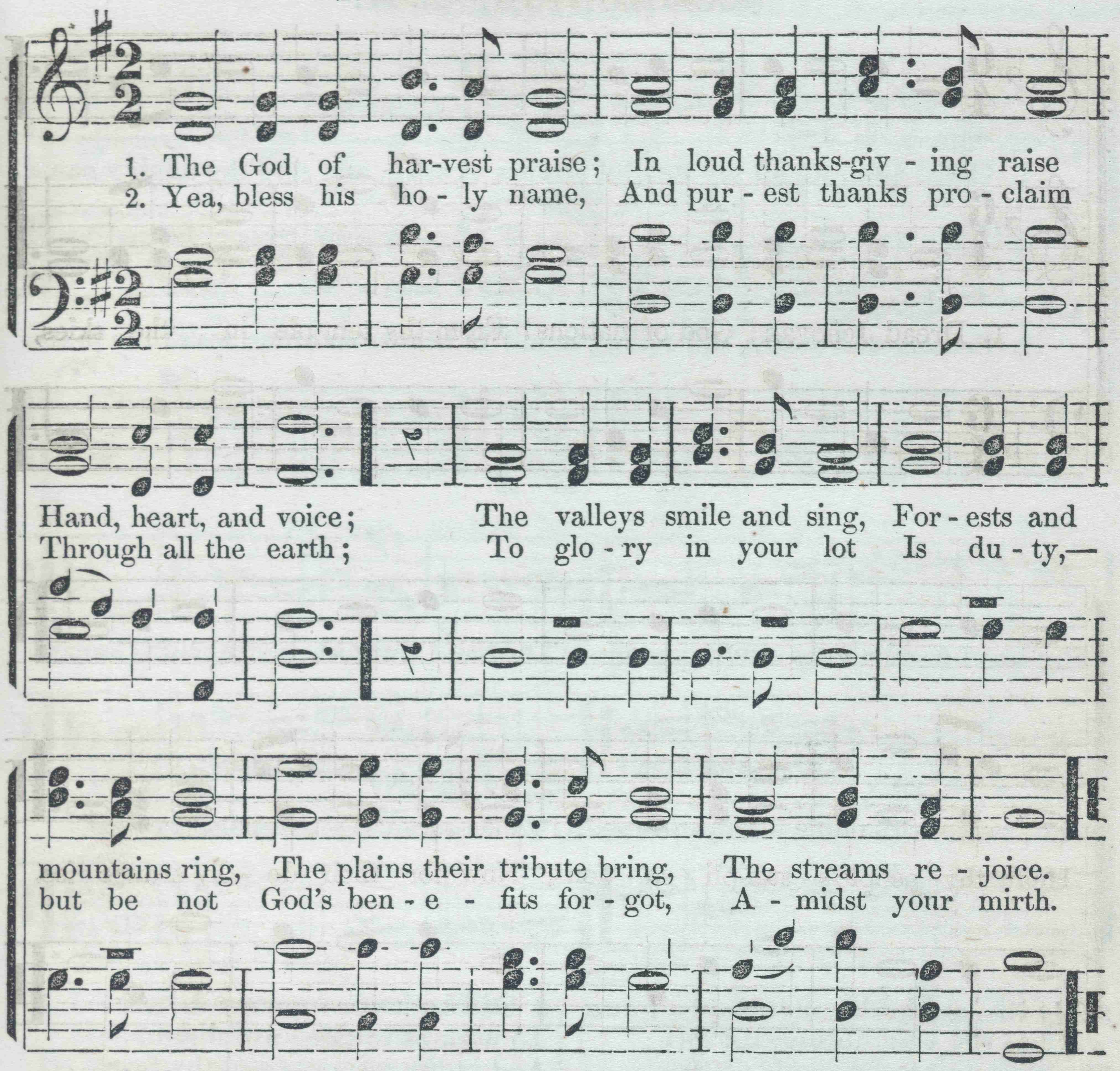
1 Lord of heaven, and earth, and ocean
Hear us from thy bright abode,
While our hearts, with true devotion,
Own their great and gracious God.

2 Health and every needful blessing
Are thy bounteous gifts alone;
Comforts undeserved possessing,
Here we bend before thy throne.

3 Thee, with humble adoration,
Lord, we praise for mercies past:
Still to this most favored nation
May those mercies ever last.

CROSSE.

NEW HAVEN. 6s & 4s. SPIRITUAL SONGS.



3 The God of harvest praise:
Hands, hearts, and voices, raise,
With sweet accord;
From field to garner throng,
Bearing your sheaves along,
And in your harvest song
Bless ye the Lord.

MONTGOMERY.

---

384 *Hymn for the National Anniversary.*

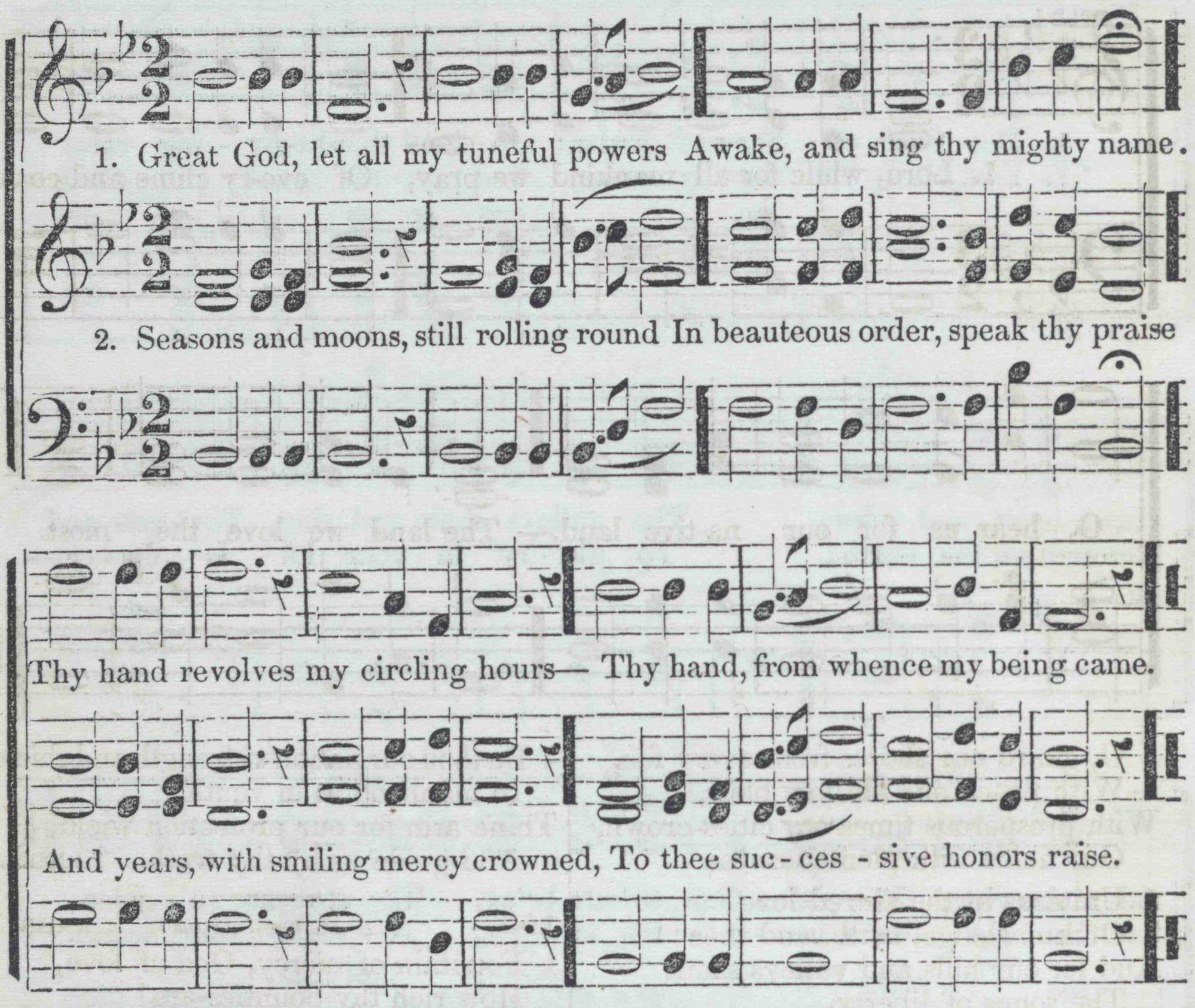
1 Auspicious morning, hail!
Voices from hill and vale
Thy welcome sing:
Joy on thy dawning breaks;
Each heart with joy partakes
While cheerful music wakes,
Its praise to bring.

2 When on the tyrant's rod
Our patriot fathers trod,
And dared be free,
'Twas not in burning zeal,
Firm nerves, and hearts of steel,
Our country's joy to seal,
But, Lord, in thee.

3 Thou, as a shield of power,
In battle's awful hour,
Didst round us stand;
Our hopes were in thy throne;
Strong in thy might alone,
By thee our banners shone,
God of our land.

S. F SMITH.

COMMUNION. L. M.



3 My life, my health, my friends, I owe
All to thy vast, unbounded love;
Ten thousand precious gifts below,
And hope of nobler joys above.

4 Thus will I sing till nature cease,
Till sense and language are no more,
And after death thy boundless grace,
Through everlasting years, adore.

---

386 *National Gratitude.* DODDRIDGE.

1 Lord, may thy goodness cause our land,
Preserved by thine almighty hand,
The tribute of its love to bring
To thee, our Saviour and our King.

2 So shall each public temple raise
A song of triumph to thy praise;
And every peaceful private home
To thee a temple shall become.

3 Still be it our supreme delight
To walk as in thine awful sight;
And in thy precepts and thy fear,
Till life's last hour, to persevere.

---

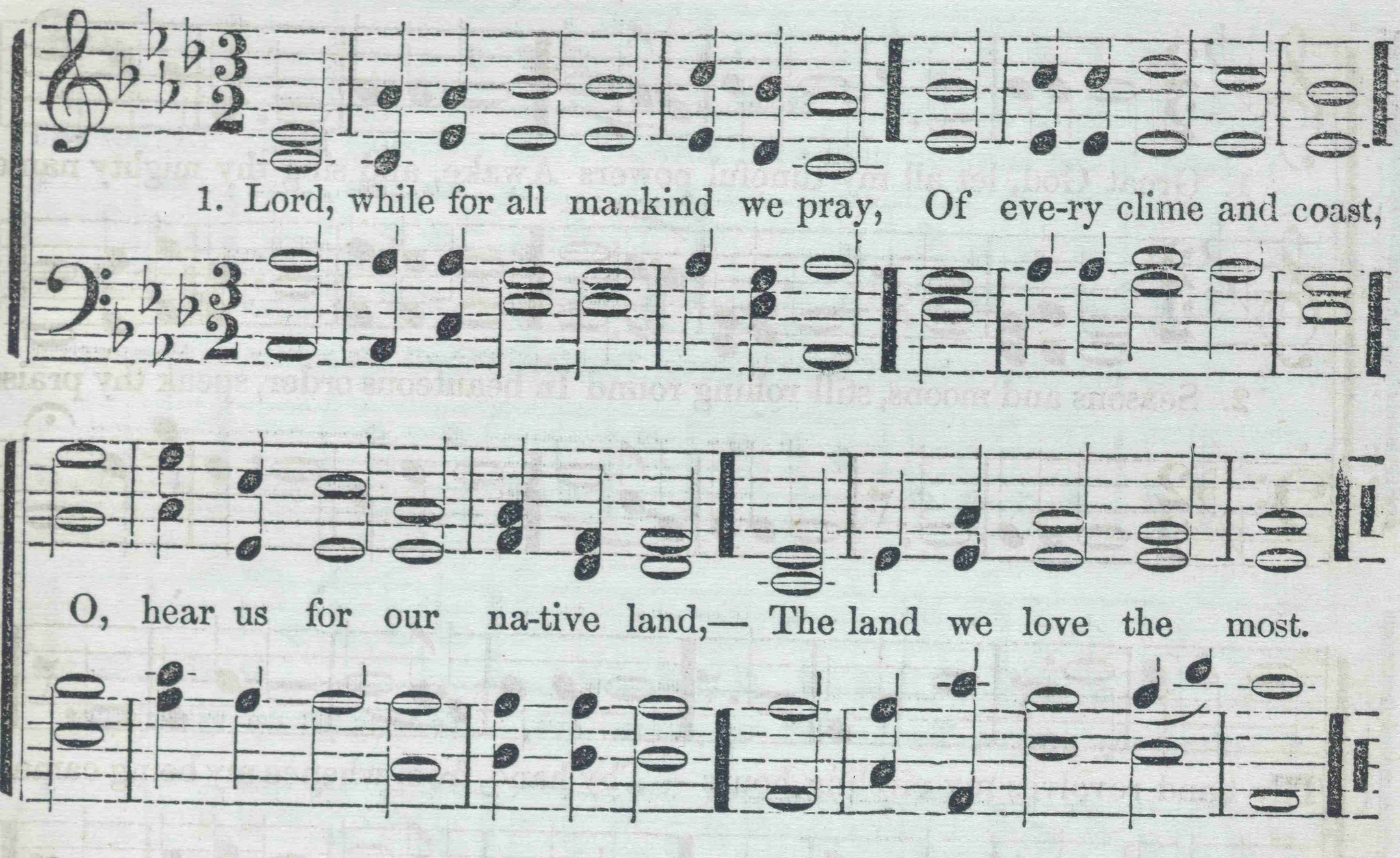
387 *Providential Goodness of God.*

1 Eternal Source of every joy,
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy presence we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports and guides the whole:
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.

3 Seasons and months, and weeks and days
Demand successive songs of praise;
Still be the grateful homage paid
With morning light, and evening shade.

DENFIELD. C. M. Arr. from Glaser, by DR. L. MASON.



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

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

4 Lord of the nations, thus to thee
Our country we commend;
Be thou her refuge and her trust,
Her everlasting friend.

WREFORD.

---

389 *God's Kindness to our Forefathers.*

1 To Him from whom our blessings flow,
Who all our wants supplies,
This day the choral song and vow
From grateful hearts shall rise.

2 'Twas he who led the pilgrim band
Across the stormy sea;
'Twas he who stayed the tyrant's hand,
And set our country free.

3 When shivering on a strand unknown,
In sickness and distress,
Our fathers looked to God alone,
To save, protect, and bless.

4 Be thou our nation's strength and shield,
In manhood as in youth;
Thine arm for our protection wield,
And guide us by thy truth. ANON.

---

390 *A Harvest Hymn.* ANON.

1 Fountain of mercy, God of love,
How rich thy bounties are!
The rolling seasons, as they move,
Proclaim thy constant care.

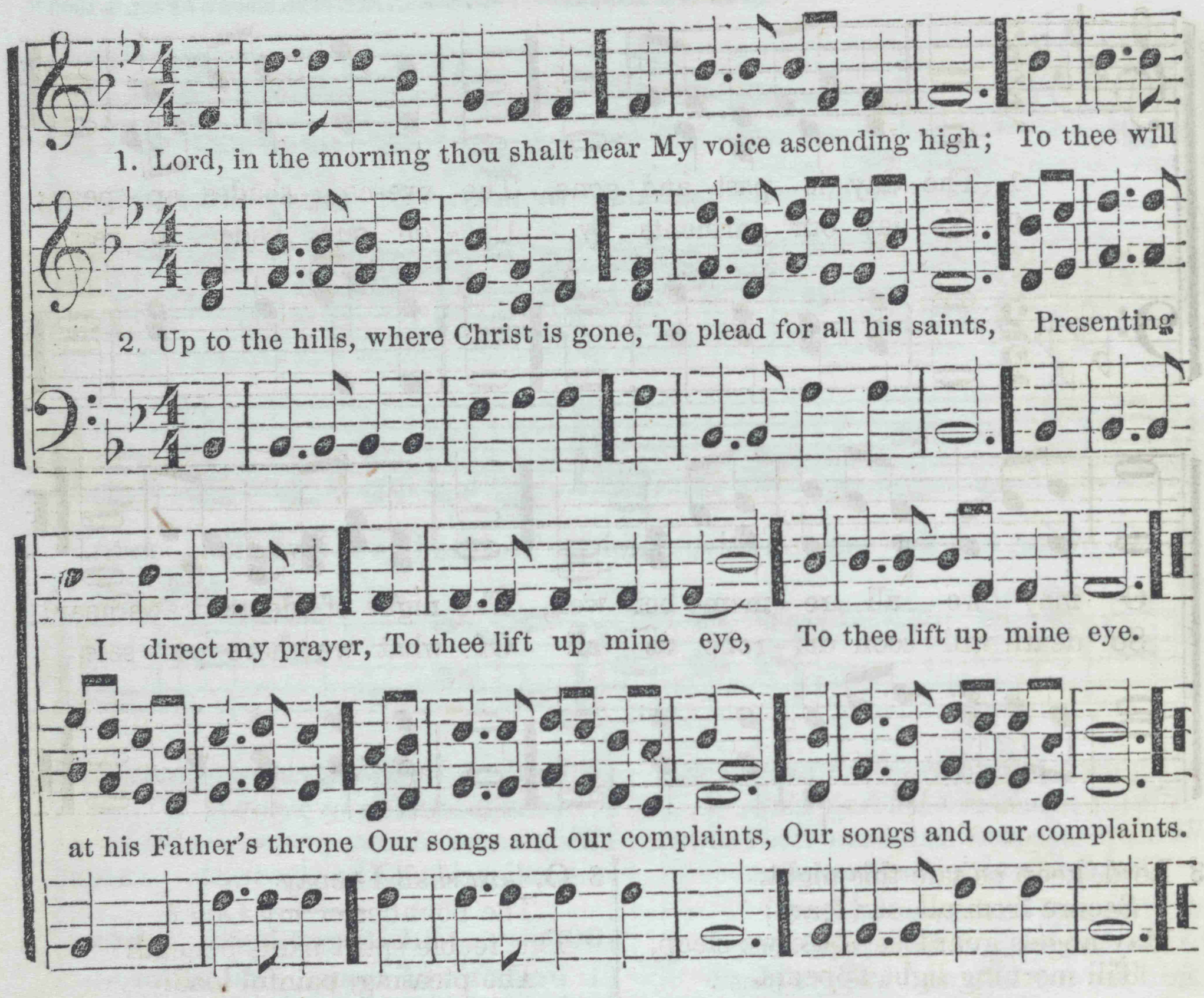
2 When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness marked its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.

3 The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was thine;
The plants in beauty grew;
Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,
And gav'st refreshing dew.

4 These various mercies from above
Matured the swelling grain;
A kindly harvest crowns thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

5 We own and bless thy gracious sway
Thy hand all nature hails:
Seed-time nor harvest, night nor day,
Summer nor winter, fails.

EMMONS. C. M. BURGMULLER.



392 *Morning Praise.* STEELE.

1 Lord of my life, O may thy praise
  Employ my noblest powers,
Whose goodness lengthens out my days,
  And fills the circling hours.

2 Preserved by thine almighty arm,
  I passed the shades of night,
Secure and safe from every harm,
  And see returning light.

3 O let the same almighty care
  My waking hours attend;
From every danger, every snare,
  My heedless steps defend.

4 Smile on my minutes as they roll,
  And guide my future days;
And let thy goodness fill my soul
  With gratitude and praise.

393 *"I will be glad in the Lord."* ANON.

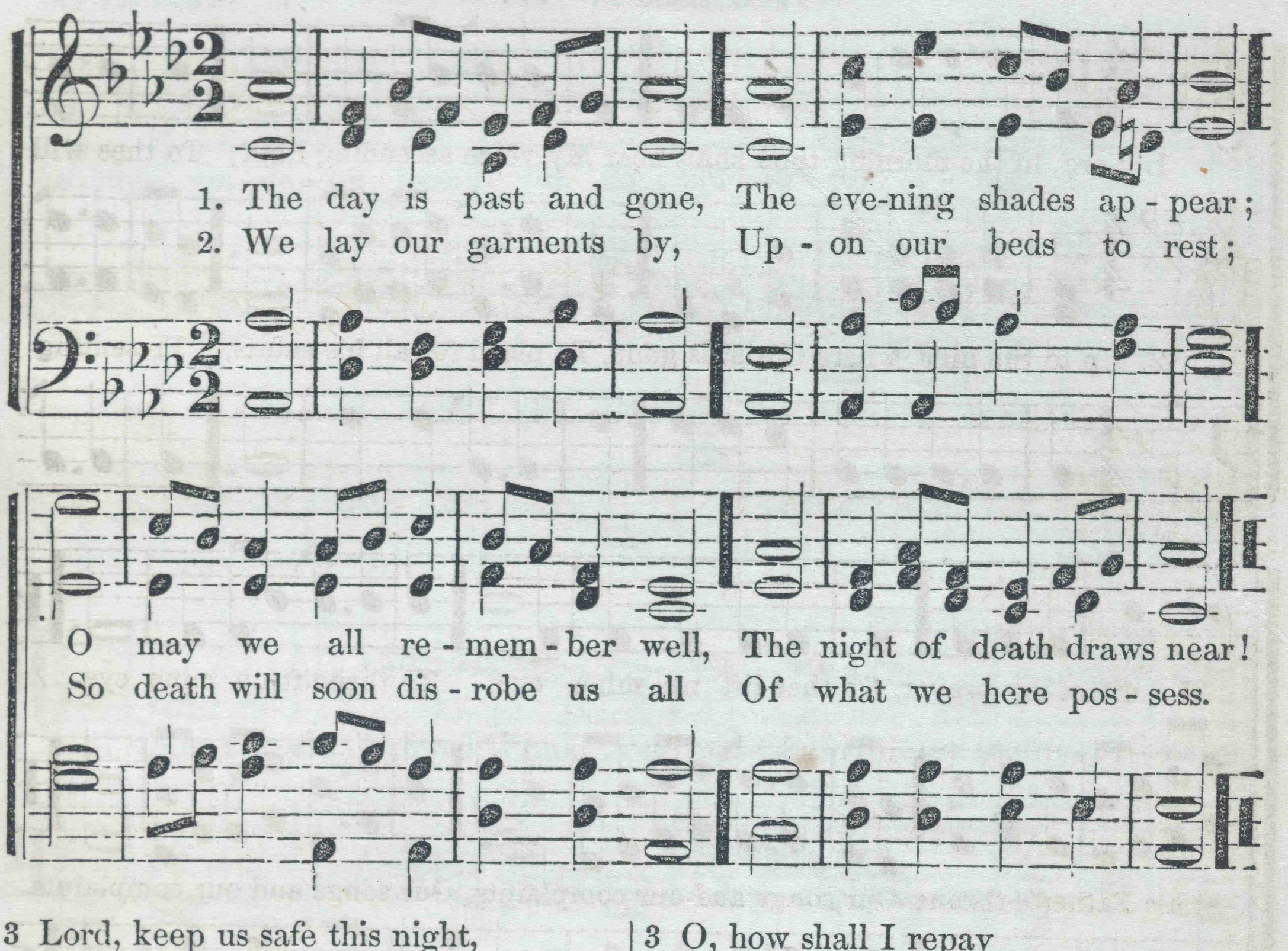
1 When morning's first and hallowed ray
  Breaks with its trembling light,
To chase the pearly dews away,—
  Bright tear-drops of the night,—

2 My heart, O Lord, forgets to rove,
  But rises, gladly free,
On wings of everlasting love,
  And finds its home in thee.

3 When evening's silent shades descend,
  And nature sinks to rest,
Still to my Father and my Friend
  My wishes are addressed.

4 I dream of that fair land, O Lord,
  Where all thy saints shall be;
I wake to lean upon thy word,
  And still delight in thee.

EVENING HYMN. S. M.



3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

4 And if we early rise,
And view th' unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

5 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
O may we in thy bosom rest,—
The bosom of thy love! LELAND.

---

395 *Morning Thanksgiving.* DWIGHT.

1 Serene I laid me down,
Beneath his guardian care:
I slept—and I awoke, and found
My kind Preserver near.

2 Thus does thine arm support
This weak, defenceless frame;
But whence these favors, Lord, to me,
All worthless as I am?

3 O, how shall I repay
The bounties of my God?
This feeble spirit pants beneath
The pleasing, painful load.

4 My life I would anew
Devote, O Lord, to thee;
And in thy service I would spend
A long eternity.

---

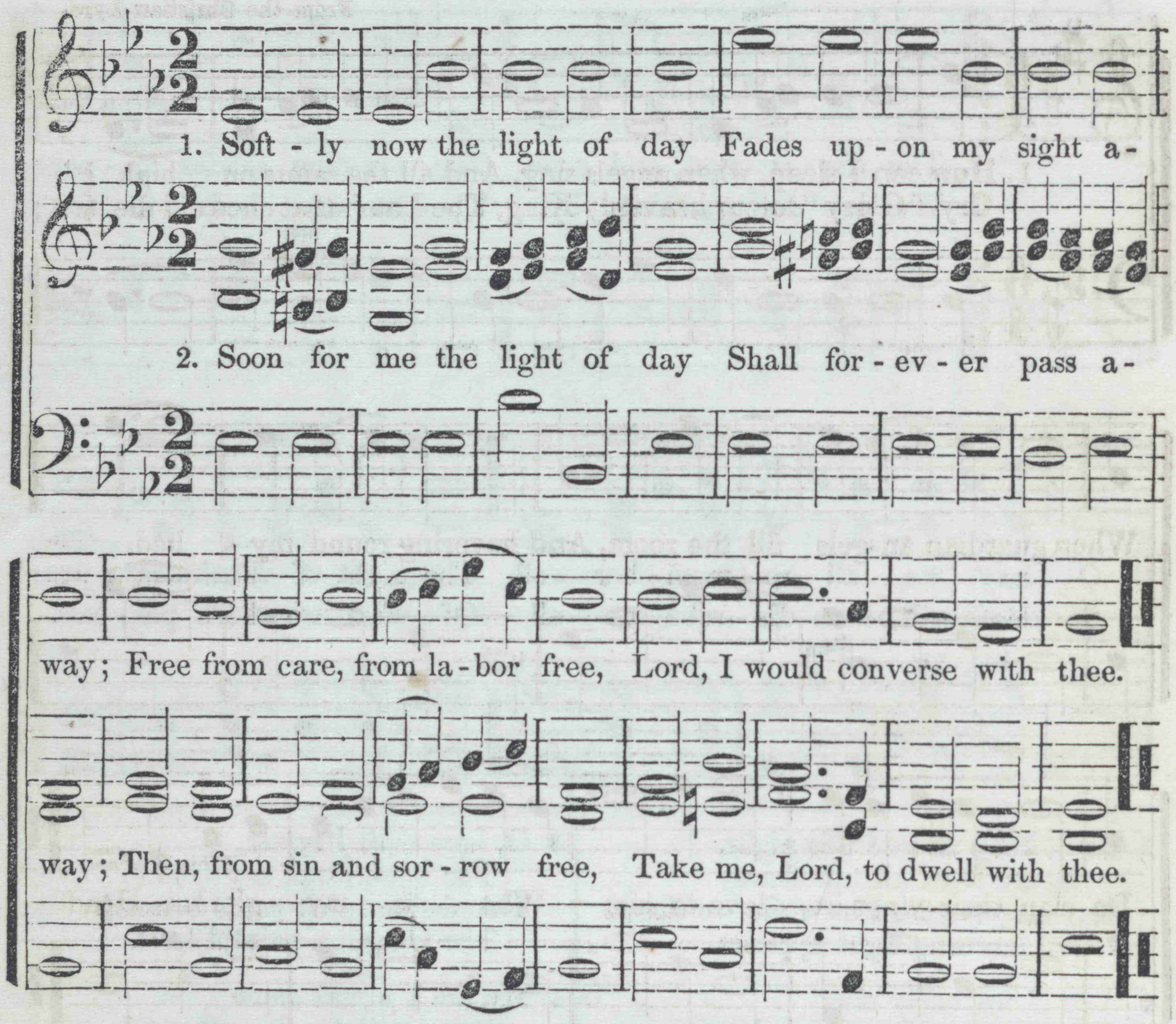
396 *Flight of Time.* CURTIS'S COL.

1 Another day is past,
The hours forever fled,
And time is bearing us away
To mingle with the dead.

2 Our minds in perfect peace
Our Father's care shall keep;
We yield to gentle slumber now,
For thou canst never sleep.

3 How blessed, Lord, are they
On thee securely stayed!
Nor shall they be in life alarmed,
Nor be in death dismayed.

HOLLEY. 7s. GEO. HEWS.



393 *Morning Prayer.* HART. COL.

1 Now the shades of night are gone,
Now the morning light is come;
Lord, we would be thine today,
Drive the shades of sin away.

2 Fill our souls with heavenly light,
Banish doubt and clear our sight:
In thy service, Lord, to-day
Help us labor, help us pray.

3 Keep our wayward passions bound,
Save us from our foes around;
Going out and coming in
Keep us safe from every sin.

4 When our work of life is past,
O receive us all at last;
Sin's dark night shall be no more
When we reach the heavenly shore.

399 *Morning.* CH. PSALMODY

1 Thou, that dost my life prolong,
Kindly aid my morning song;
Thankful from my couch I rise
To the God that rules the skies

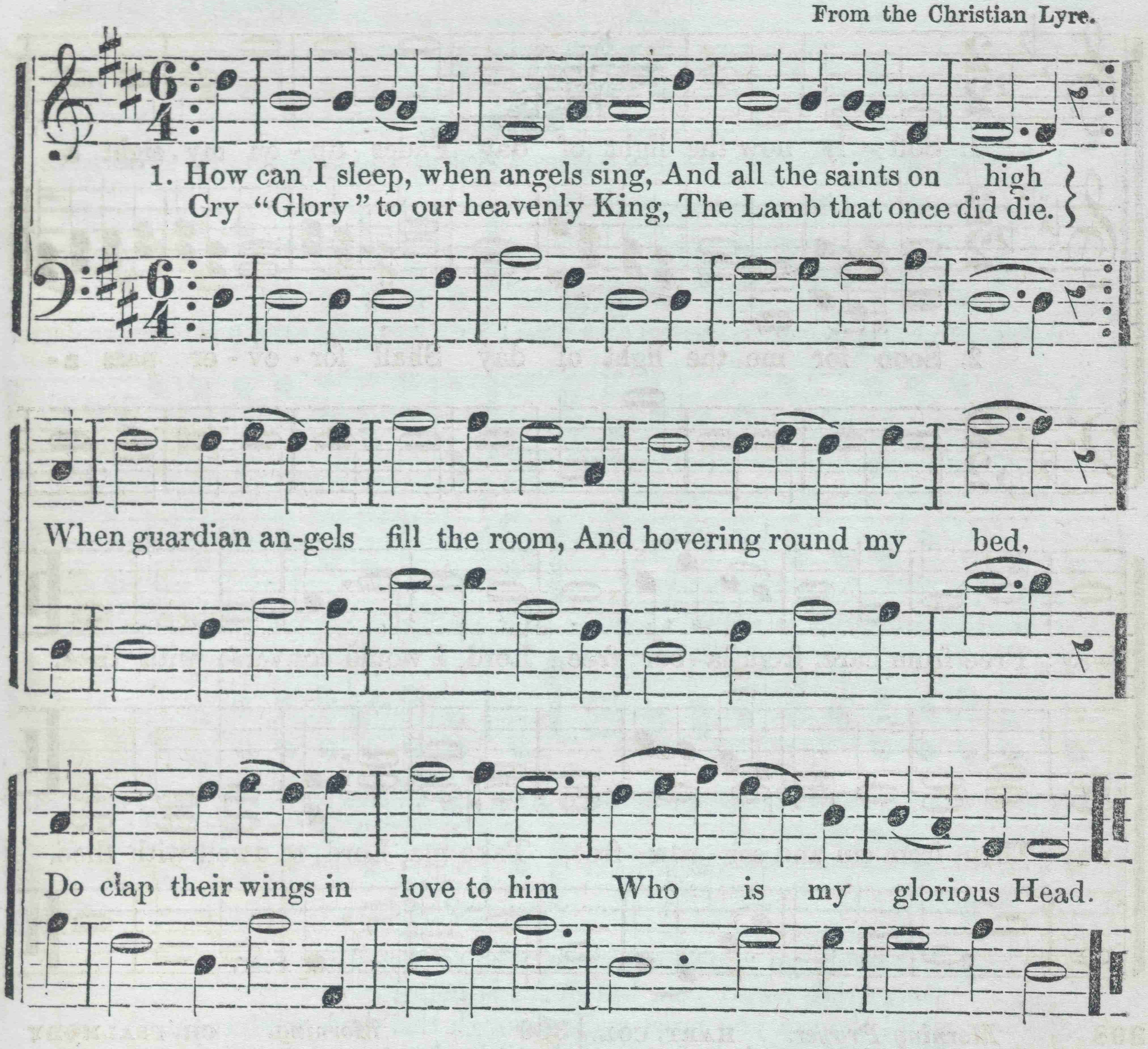
2 Thou didst hear my evening cry;
Thy preserving hand was nigh;
Peaceful slumbers thou hast shed,
Grateful to my weary head.

3 Thou hast kept me through the night
'Twas thy hand restor'd the light;
Lord, thy mercies still are new,
Plenteous as the morning dew.

4 Gently, with the dawning ray,
On my soul thy beams display;
Sweeter than the smiling morn
Let thy cheering light return.

NIGHT THOUGHT. C. M., Double.

From the Christian Lyre.



2 Such joyful spirits never sleep,
  Their love is ever new;
Then, O my soul, no longer cease
  To love and praise him too,
For I, of all the race that fell,
  Or all the heavenly host,
Have greatest cause, with humbler soul,
  To love and praise him most.

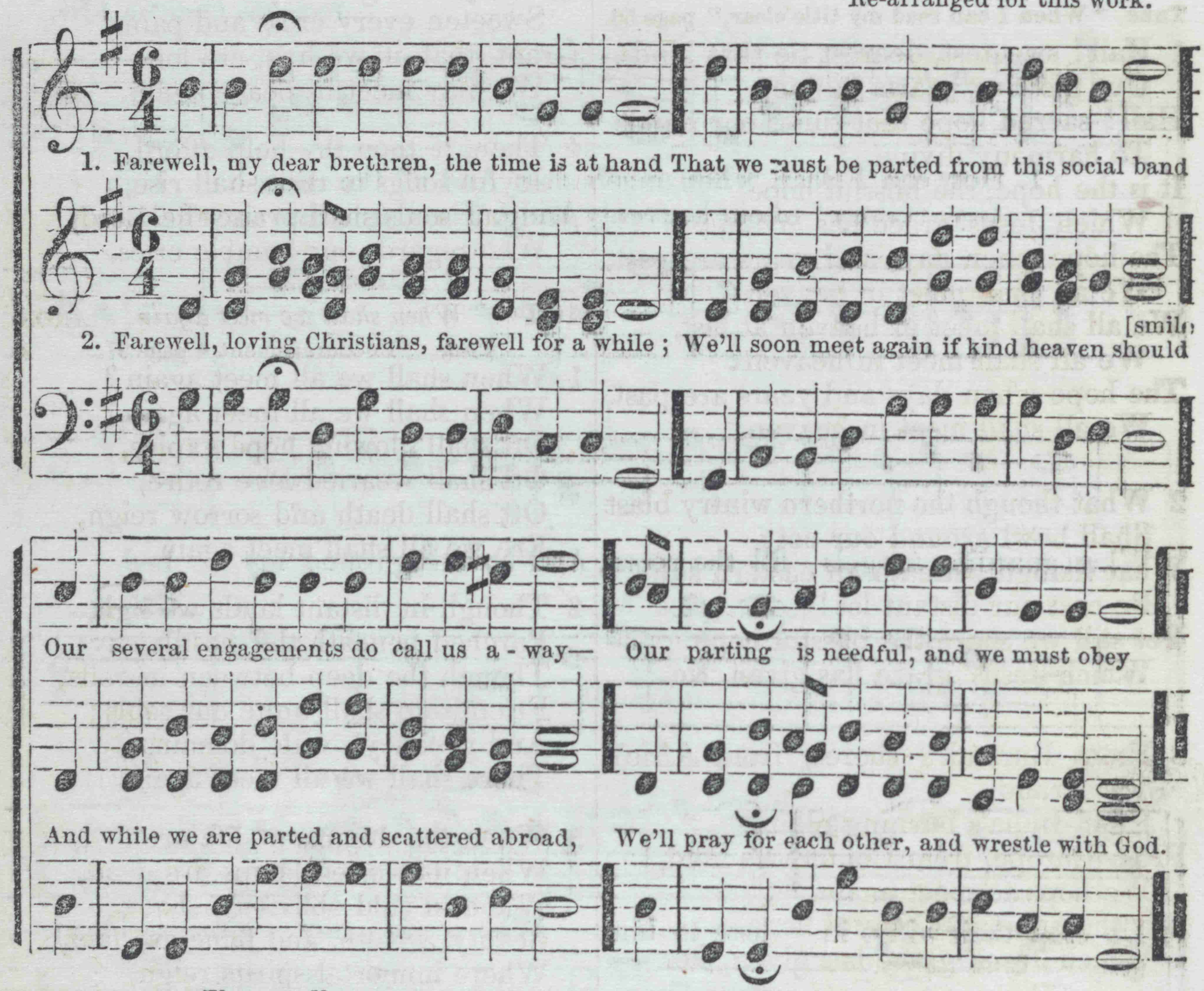
3 Did God the Father love men so,
  As to give up his Son,
To be a ransom, and redeem
  Them from the sins they'd done?
Did Jesus leave the Father's breast,
  That heaven of heavens on high,
To come to earth—this world of wo,
  For guilty worms to die?

4 No longer then will I lie here,
  But rise, and praise and pray;
And join to sing, while I enjoy
  A glimpse of heavenly day.
Lord, give me strength to die to sin,
  To run the Christian race;
To live to God, and glorify
  The riches of his grace.

5 If meditation all divine
  At midnight fill my soul,
Sleep shall no longer all my powers
  And faculties control.
My lovely Jesus, while on earth,
  Did rise before 'twas day,
And to a solitary place,
  Departed, there to pray

THE FAREWELL. 11s.

Re-arranged for this work.



3 Farewell, ye young converts, who've 'listed for war,
Sore trials await you, but Jesus is near;
And though you must walk through this dark wilderness,
Your Captain's before you, he'll lead you to peace.

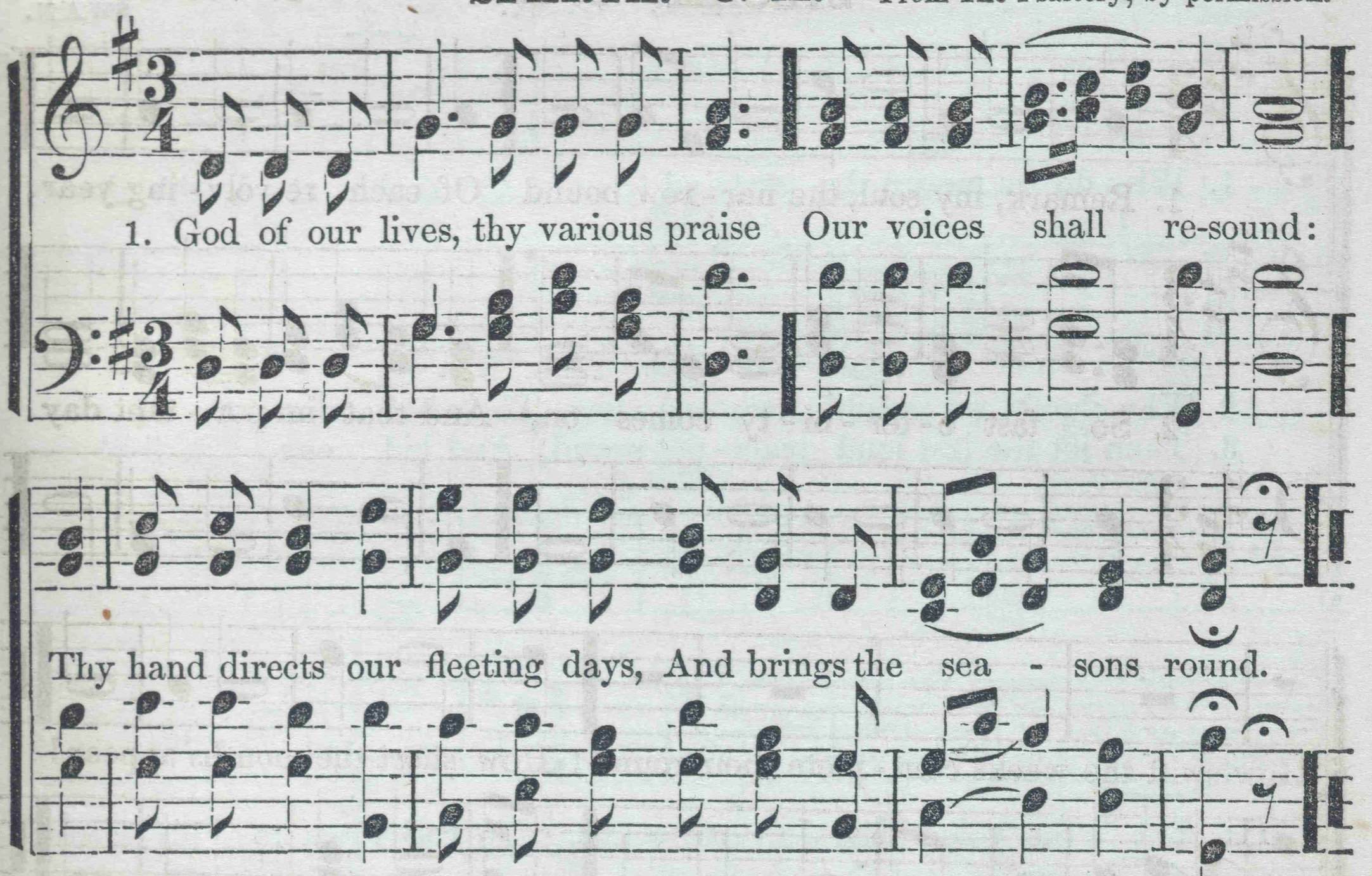
4 Farewell, seeking mourners, with sad broken heart
O haste to know Jesus, and seek the good part;
He's full of compassion, and mighty to save;
His arms are extended your souls to receive.

5 Farewell, careless sinner, for you I do mourn,
To think of your danger and your unconcern.
You've heard of a judgment where all must appear;
O, there you'll stand trembling with tormenting fear.

6 The frolics and pastimes in which you delight
Will serve to torment you in that dreadful fright;
You'll think of the sermons which you've heard in vain,
When hope's gone forever of hearing again.

7 Farewell, faithful pilgrims—farewell, all around!
Perhaps we'll not meet till the last trump shall sound!
To meet you in glory I give you my hand,
The Saviour to praise in a pure social band.

SPARTA. C. M. From The Psaltery, by permission.



2 To thee shall grateful songs arise,
Our Father and our Friend,
Whose constant mercies from the skies
In genial streams descend.

3 In every scene of life, thy care,
In every age, we see;
And constant as thy favors are,
So let our praises be.

4 Still may thy love, in every scene,
In every age, appear;
And let the same compassion deign
To bless the opening year.

5 If mercy smile, let mercy bring
Our wandering souls to God;
In our affliction we shall sing,
If thou wilt bless the rod.

HEGINBOTHAM.

---

410 *New Year. Prayer for a Blessing.*

1 Now, gracious Lord, thine arm reveal,
And make thy glory known;
Now let us all thy presence feel,
And soften hearts of stone.

2 From all the guilt of former sin
May mercy set us free;
And let the year we now begin
Begin and end with thee.

3 Send down thy Spirit from above,
That saints may love thee more,
And sinners now may learn to love
Who never loved before.

4 And when before thee we appear,
In our eternal home,
May growing numbers worship here,
And praise thee in our room.

WATTS.

---

411 *Reflections at the End of the Year.*

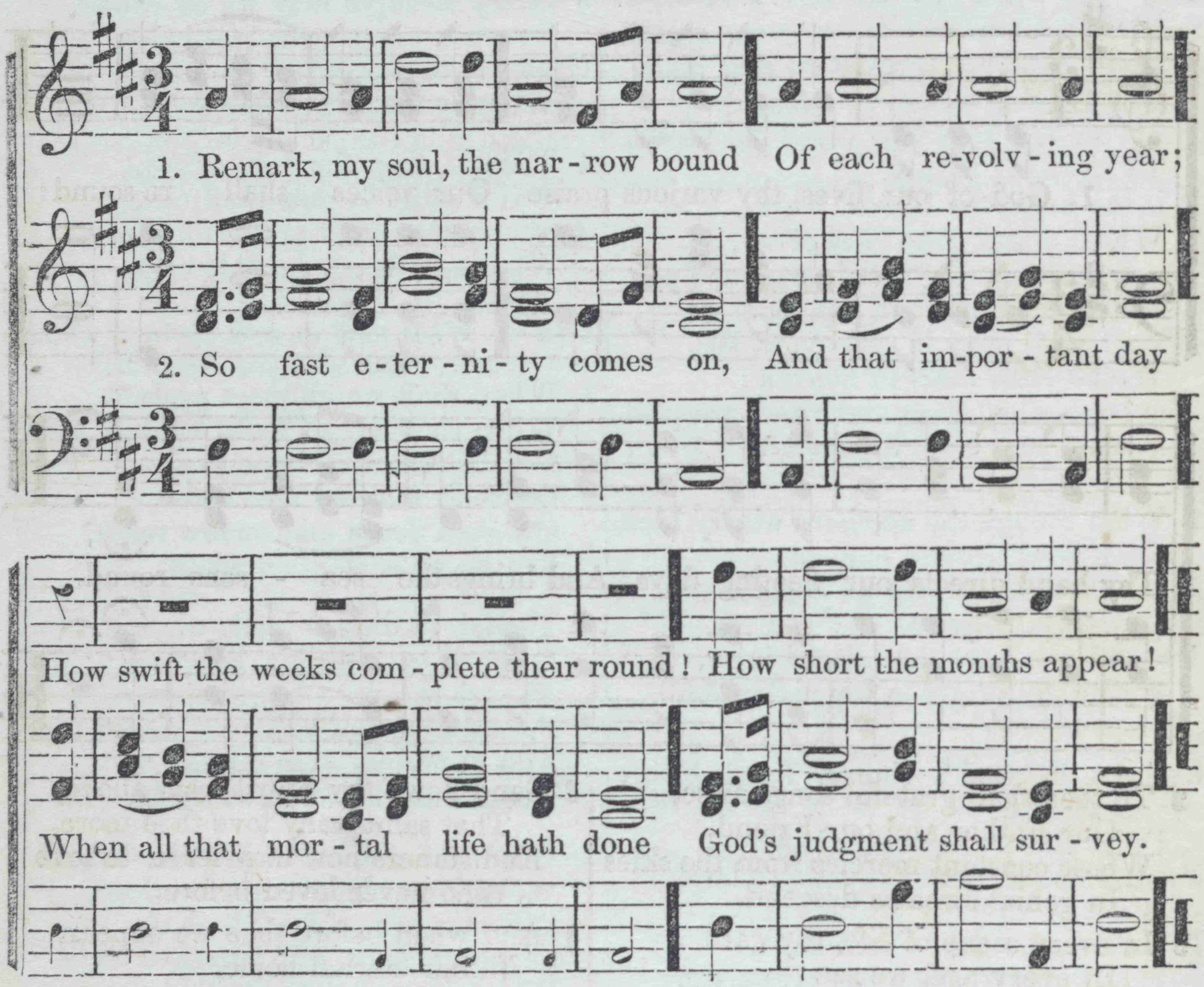
1 And now, my soul, another year
Of thy short life is past;
I cannot long continue here,
And this may be my last.

2 Much of my hasty life is gone,
Nor will return again;
And swift my passing moments run,—
The few that yet remain.

3 Awake, my soul; with utmost care
Thy true condition learn: [fair?
What are my hopes? how sure? how
What is thy great concern?

4 Behold, another year begins;
Set out afresh for heaven;
Seek pardon for thy former sins,
In Christ so freely given. ANON.

SILOAM. C. M. I. B. WOODBURY



3 Awake, O God, my careless heart
Its great concerns to see,
That I may act the Christian part,
And give the year to thee.

4 So shall their course more grateful roll.
If future years arise;
Or this shall bear my waiting soul
To joy beyond the skies.

— DODDRIDGE.

404 *Close of the Year.*

1 Awake, ye saints, and raise your eyes,
And lift your voices high;
Awake, and praise that sovereign love
That shows salvation nigh.

2 On all the wings of time it flies;
Each moment brings it near:
Then welcome each declining day;
Welcome each closing year.

3 Not many years their rounds shall run,
Nor many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand revealed
To our admiring eyes.

4 Ye wheels of nature, speed your course;
Ye mortal powers, decay;
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day. DODDRIDGE.

405 *Closing Hymn.* E. BRADFORD.

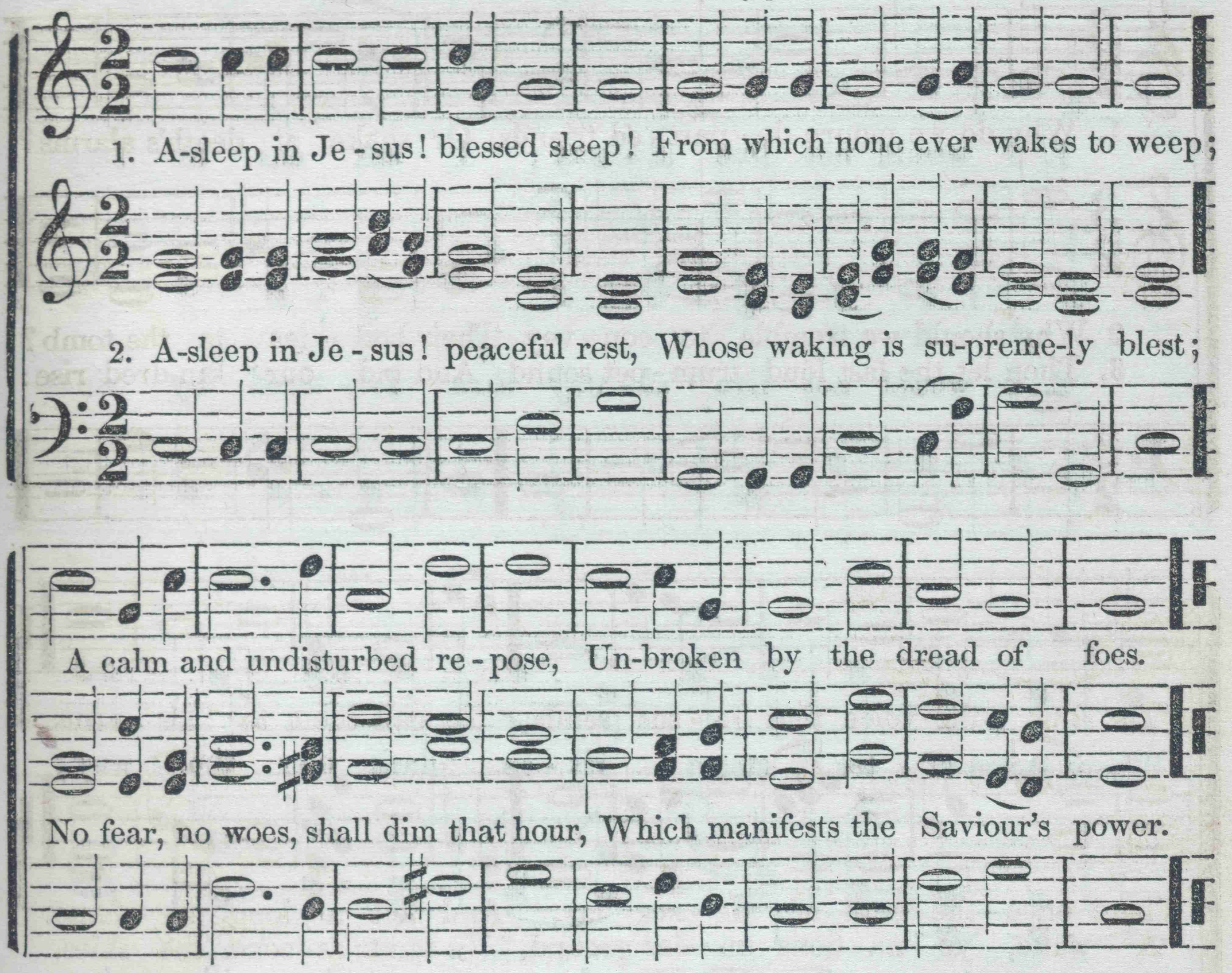
1 One more petition, O our God,
We lay before thy throne;
That thou wouldst bless us as we part,
And our weak efforts own.

2 O ever may the love of God
Within our bosoms glow;
And love to man, in all our acts,
The humble Christian show.

3 That when thou makest up thy gems
In yonder world of bliss,
It may be known that not in vain
Our mission was in this.

ZEPHYR. L. M.

By permission of W. B. BRADBURY.



3. Asleep in Jesus! O, for me
May such a blissful refuge be;
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

4 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

5 Asleep in Jesus! O, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet;
With holy confidence to sing,
That death has lost his venomed sting!

MRS. MACKAY.

416

1 Go, spirit of the sainted dead,
  Go to thy longed for, happy home!
The tears of man are o'er thee shed;
  The voice of angels bids thee come.

2 If life be not in length of days,
  In silvered locks and furrowed brow,
But living to the Saviour's praise,
  How few have lived so long as thou!

3 Though earth may boast one gem the less,
  May not e'en heaven the richer be?
And myriads on thy footsteps press,
  To share thy blest eternity.

---

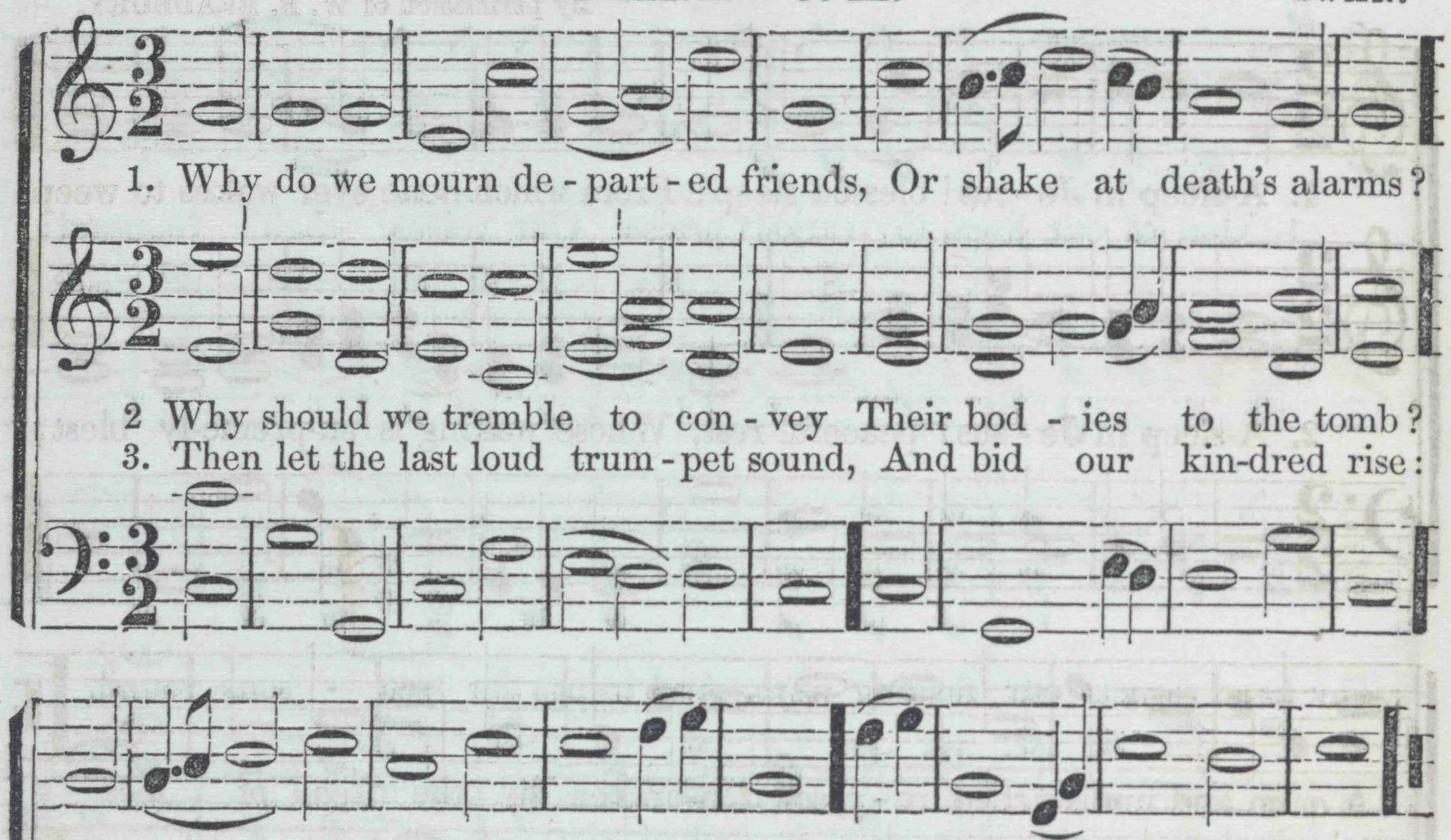
417 *Death of the Righteous.* BARBAULD.

1 How blest the righteous when he dies!
  When sinks a weary soul to rest!
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
  How gently heaves th' expiring breast!

2 So fades a summer cloud away;
  So sinks the gale when storms are o'er
So gently shuts the eye of day;
  So dies a wave along the shore.

3 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
  Where lights and shades alternate dwell
How bright th' unchanging morn appears
  Farewell, inconstant world, farewell.

CHINA. C. M. SWAN.



413 *A Warning from the Grave.* HEBER.

1 Beneath our feet and o'er our head
Is equal warning given:
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
And far above is heaven.

2 Death rides on every passing breeze,
And lurks in every flower;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour.

3 Turn, sinner, turn; thy danger know
Where'er thy foot can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead.

4 Turn, Christian, turn: thy soul apply
To truths which hourly tell
That they who underneath thee lie
Shall live in heaven—or hell.

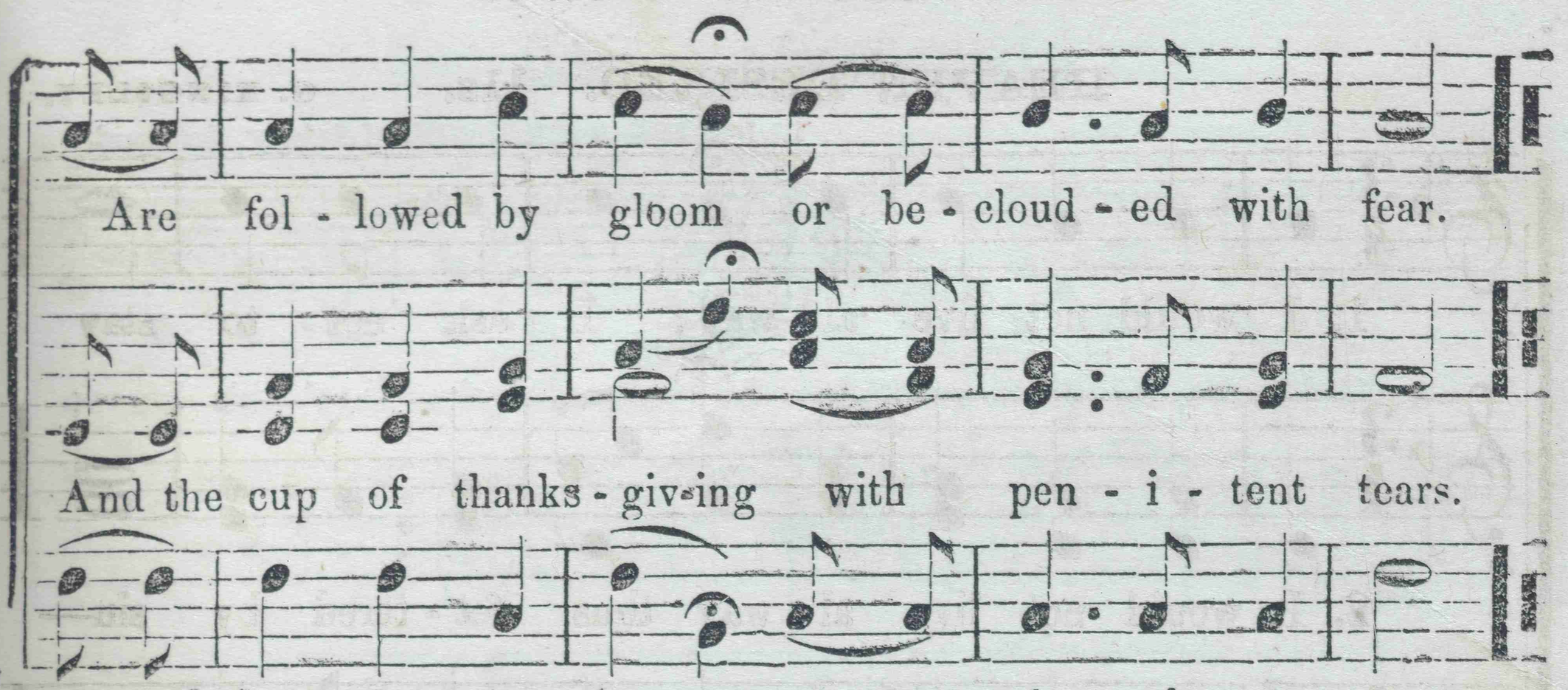
414 *Preparation for Death.* BEDDOME.

1 If I must die, O, let me die
With hope in Jesus' blood—
The blood that saves from sin and guilt,
And reconciles to God.

2 If I must die, O, let me die
In peace with all mankind,
And change these fleeting joys below
For pleasures more refined.

3 If I must die,—and die I must,—
Let some kind seraph come,
And bear me on his friendly wing
To my celestial home.

4 Of Canaan's land, from Pisgah's top,
May I but have a view,
Though Jordan should o'erflow its banks
I'll boldly venture through.



3 I would not live alway; no—welcome the tomb;
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom:
There sweet be my rest till he bid me arise
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

4 Who, who would live alway away from his God—
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where rivers of pleasure flow bright o'er the plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?

5 There saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

---

419 *Heaven Anticipated.* Tune, "Woodland," page 22.

1. There is an hour of peaceful rest
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast;
'Tis found alone in heaven.

2. There is a home for weary souls,
By sins and sorrows driven,
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear—'tis heaven.

3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
The heart no longer riven,—
And views the tempest passing by,
Sees evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom;
Beyond the dark and narrow tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven. W. B. TAPPAN.

HEAVEN DESIRED. 11s. G. KINGSLEY.

1. I would not live al - way; I ask not to stay

2. I would not live al - way thus fet - tered by sin—

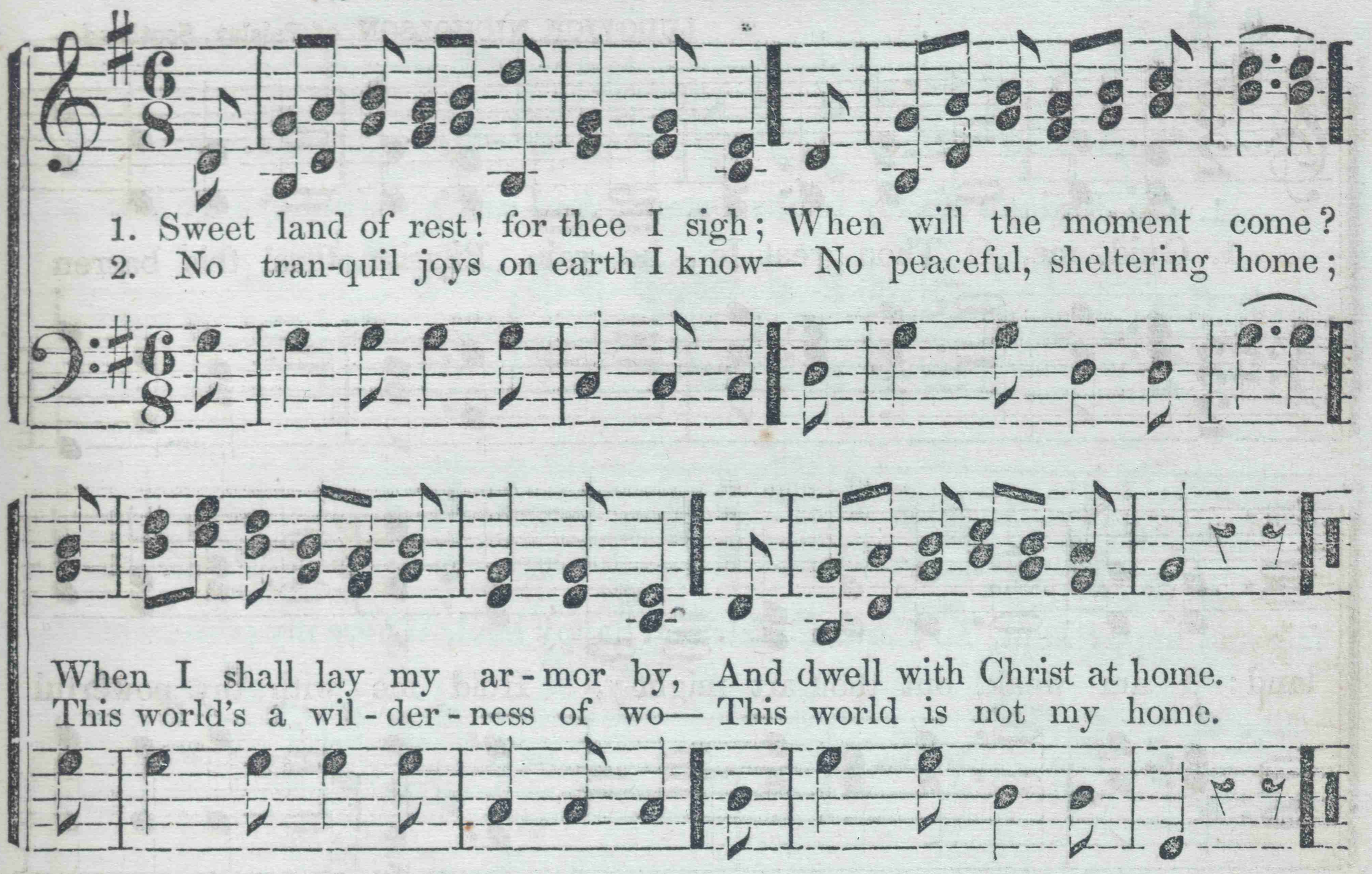
Where storm af - ter storm ris - es dark o'er the way;

Temp - ta - tion with - out and cor - rup - tion with - in:

The few lu - cid morn-ings that dawn on us here

E'en the rap - ture of par - don is min -gled with fears,

SWEET LAND OF REST. C. M.



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

4 When by affliction sharply tried,
I viewed the gaping tomb;
Although I dread death's chilling tide,
Yet still I sighed for home.

5 Weary of wandering round and round
This vale of sin and gloom,
I long to leave the unhallowed ground,
And dwell with Christ at home.

---

422 *The Peace and Repose of Heaven.*

1 There is an hour of hallowed peace
For those with cares oppressed,
When sighs and sorrowing tears shall cease,
And all be hushed to rest.

2 'Tis then the soul is freed from fears
And doubts which here annoy;
Then they that oft had sown in tears
Shall reap again in joy.

3 There is a home of sweet repose,
Where storms assail no more;
The stream of endless pleasure flows
On that celestial shore.

4 There purity with love appears,
And bliss without alloy;
There they that oft had sown in tears
Shall reap again in joy.

W. B. TAPPAN.

---

423 *Glories of Heaven.* STEELE.

1 Far from these narrow scenes of night,
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of joy and pure delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

2 Fair distant land!—could mortal eyes
But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more!

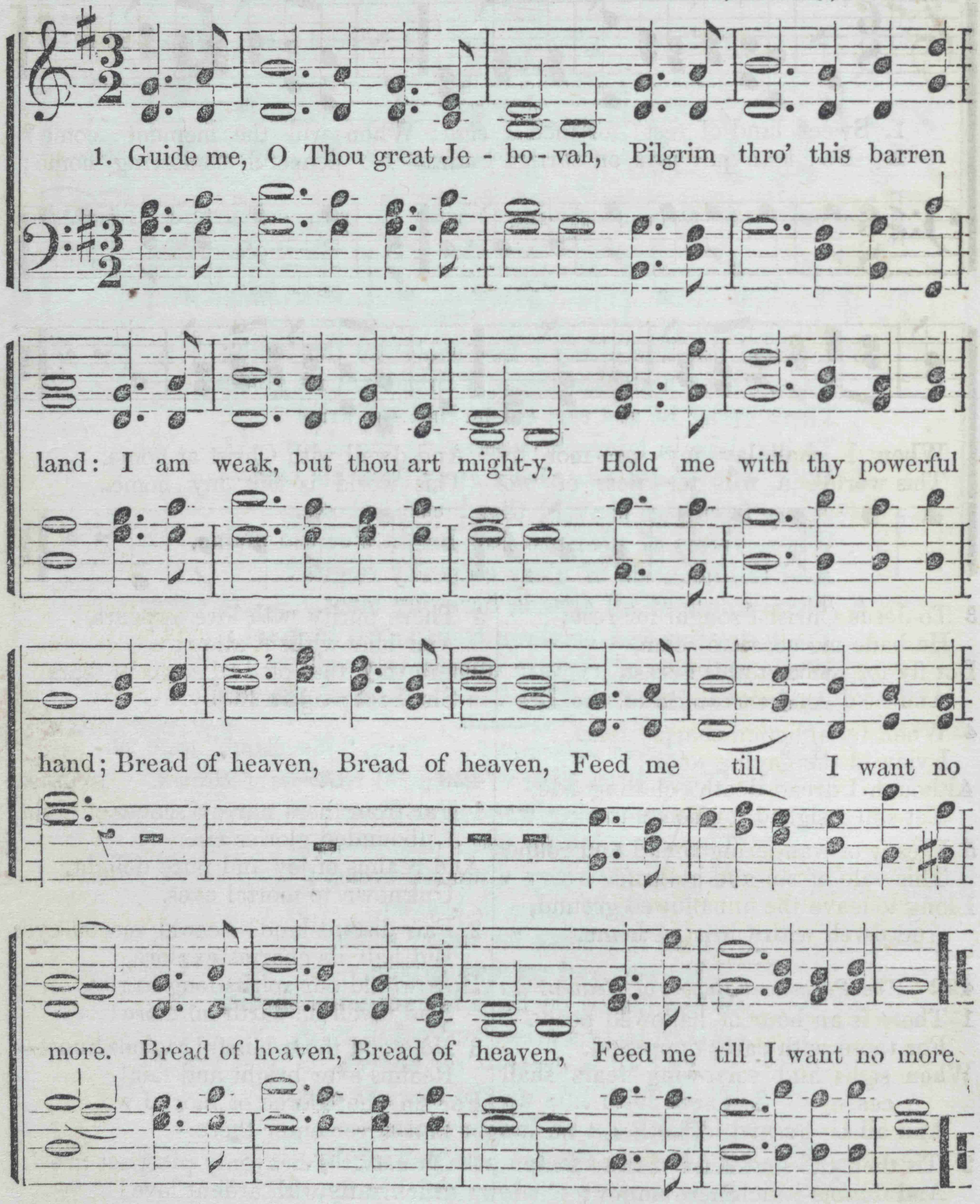
3 No cloud those blissful regions know—
Realms ever bright and fair!
For sin, the source of mortal wo,
Can never enter there.

4 Oh may the heavenly prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love!
Till wings of faith, and strong desire,
Bear every thought above.

5 Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,
For thy bright courts on high;
Then bid our spirits rise, and join
The chorus of the sky

SARDIUS. 8s, 7s & 4s.

LUDOVICK NICHOLSON, of Paisley, Scotland.

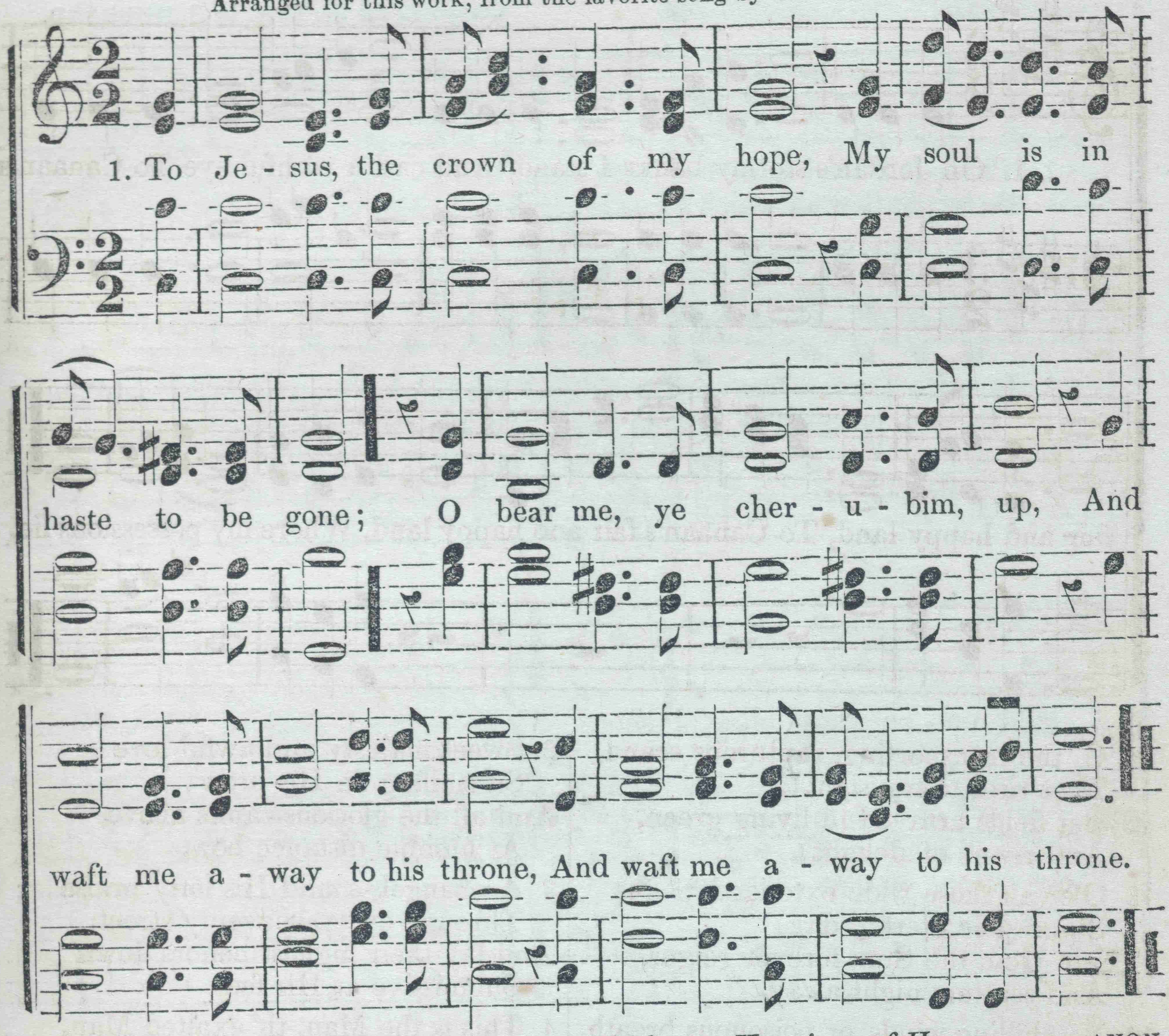


Open Thou the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

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

THE CROWN OF MY HOPE.

Arranged for this work, from the favorite song by OLIVER SHAW.



2 My Saviour, whom, absent, I love;
Whom, not having seen, I adore;
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and power,—

3 Dissolve thou these bonds that detain
My soul from her portion in thee;
O strike off this adamant chain,
And make me eternally free.

4 When that happy era begins,
When arrayed in thy glories I shine,
Nor grieve any more, by my sins,
The bosom on which I recline,—

5 O then shall the veil be removed,
And round me thy brightness be poured;
I shall see him whom, absent, I loved,
Whom, not having seen, I adored.

18 COWPER.

428 *Happiness of Heaven.* ANON

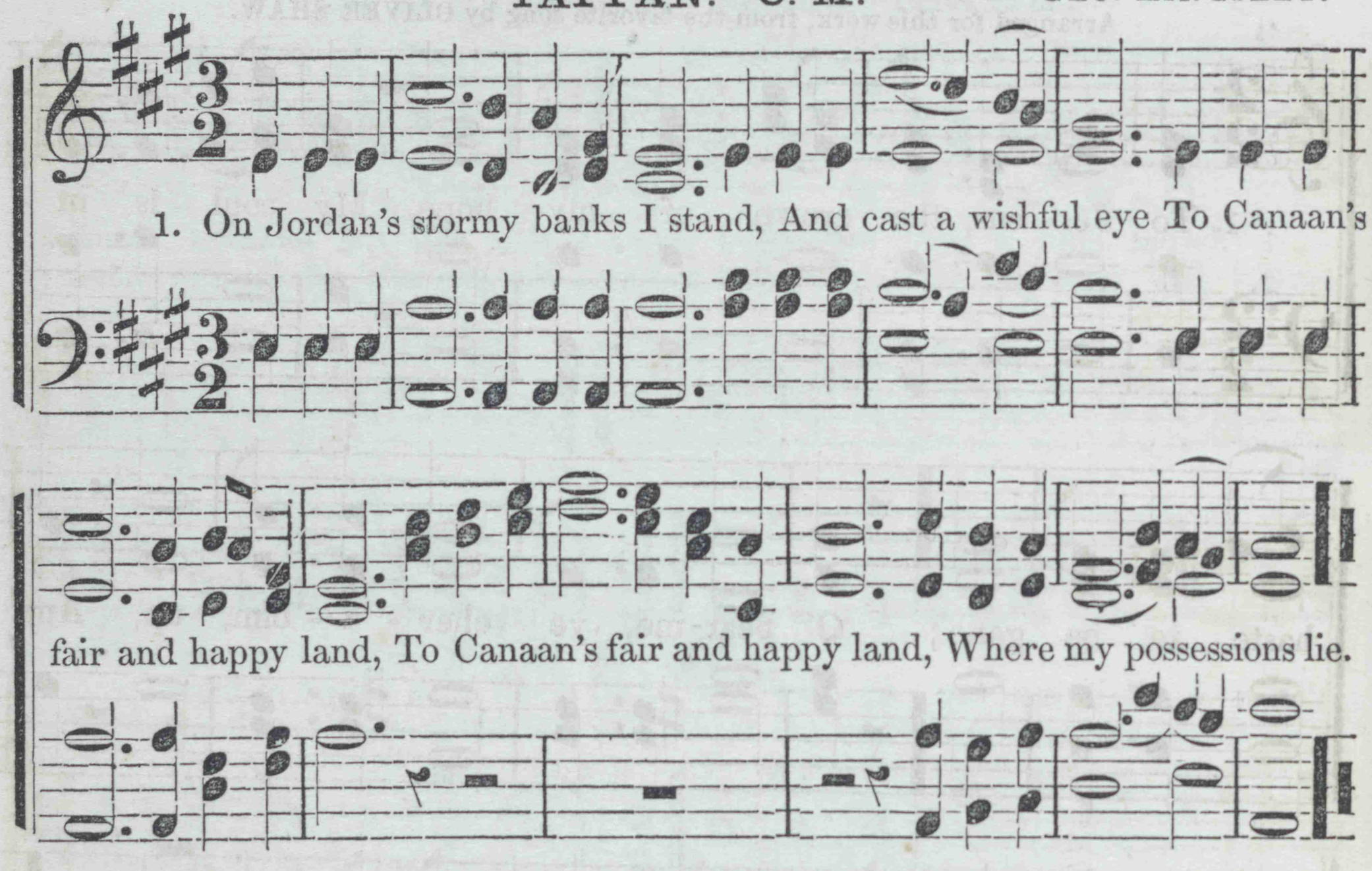
1 We speak of the realms of the blest,
That country so bright and so fair;
And oft are its glories confessed,
But what must it be to be there!

2 We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials without and within—
But what must it be to be there!

3 We speak of its service of love,
The robes which the glorified wear,
The church of the first-born above—
But what must it be to be there!

4 O Lord, in this valley of wo,
Our spirits for heaven prepare;
And shortly we also shall know
And feel what it is to be there!

TAPPAN. C. M. GEO. KINGSLEY.



2 O, the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight!

3 O'er all those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God, the Sun, forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

4 No chilling winds, or poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

5 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in His bosom rest?

6 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Can here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

STENNETT.

---

425 WATTS.

1 O, the delights, the heavenly joys,
The glories of the place,
Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams
Of His o'erflowing grace!

2 Sweet majesty and awful love
Sit smiling on His brow;
And all the glorious ranks above
At humble distance bow.

3 Archangels sound His lofty praise
Through every heavenly street,
And lay their highest honors down
Submissive at His feet.

4 This is the Man, th' exalted Man,
Whom we, unseen, adore;
But when our eyes behold His face,
Our hearts shall love Him more.

5 And while our faith enjoys this sight,
We long to leave our clay;
And wish Thy fiery chariots, Lord,
To bear our souls away.

---

426 *Treasure in Heaven.*

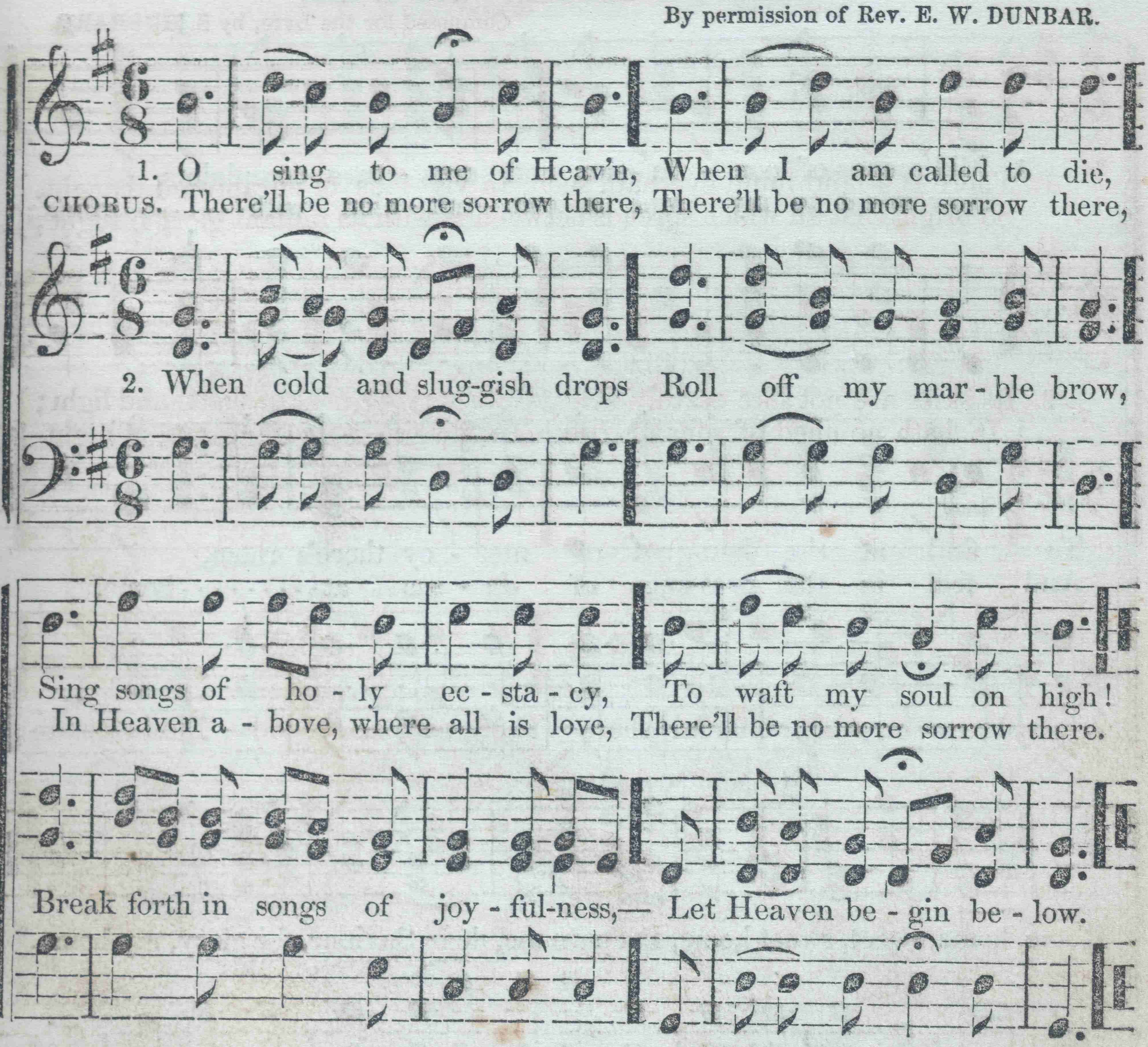
1 Yes, there are joys that cannot die,
With God laid up in store—
Treasures, beyond the changing sky,
More bright than golden ore.

2 To that bright world my soul aspires,
With rapturous delight:
O for the Spirit's quickening powers,
To speed me in my flight!

CH. PSALMODY.

NO SORROW THERE. S. M.

By permission of Rev. E. W. DUNBAR.



3 When the last moment comes,
O, watch my dying face,
To catch the bright seraphic glow,
Which o'er each feature plays.
CHORUS. There'll, &c.

4 Then to my raptured ear,
Let one sweet song be given;
Let music charm me last on Earth,
And greet me first in Heaven.
CHORUS. There'll, &c.

5 Then close my sightless eyes,
And lay me down to rest,
And clasp my cold and icy hands,
Upon my lifeless breast.
CHORUS. There'll, &c.

6 Then round my senseless clay,
Assemble those I love—
And sing of Heaven, delightful Heaven,
My glorious home above.
CHORUS. There'll, &c. MRS. DANA

---

432 *Home in Heaven.* MONTGOMERY.

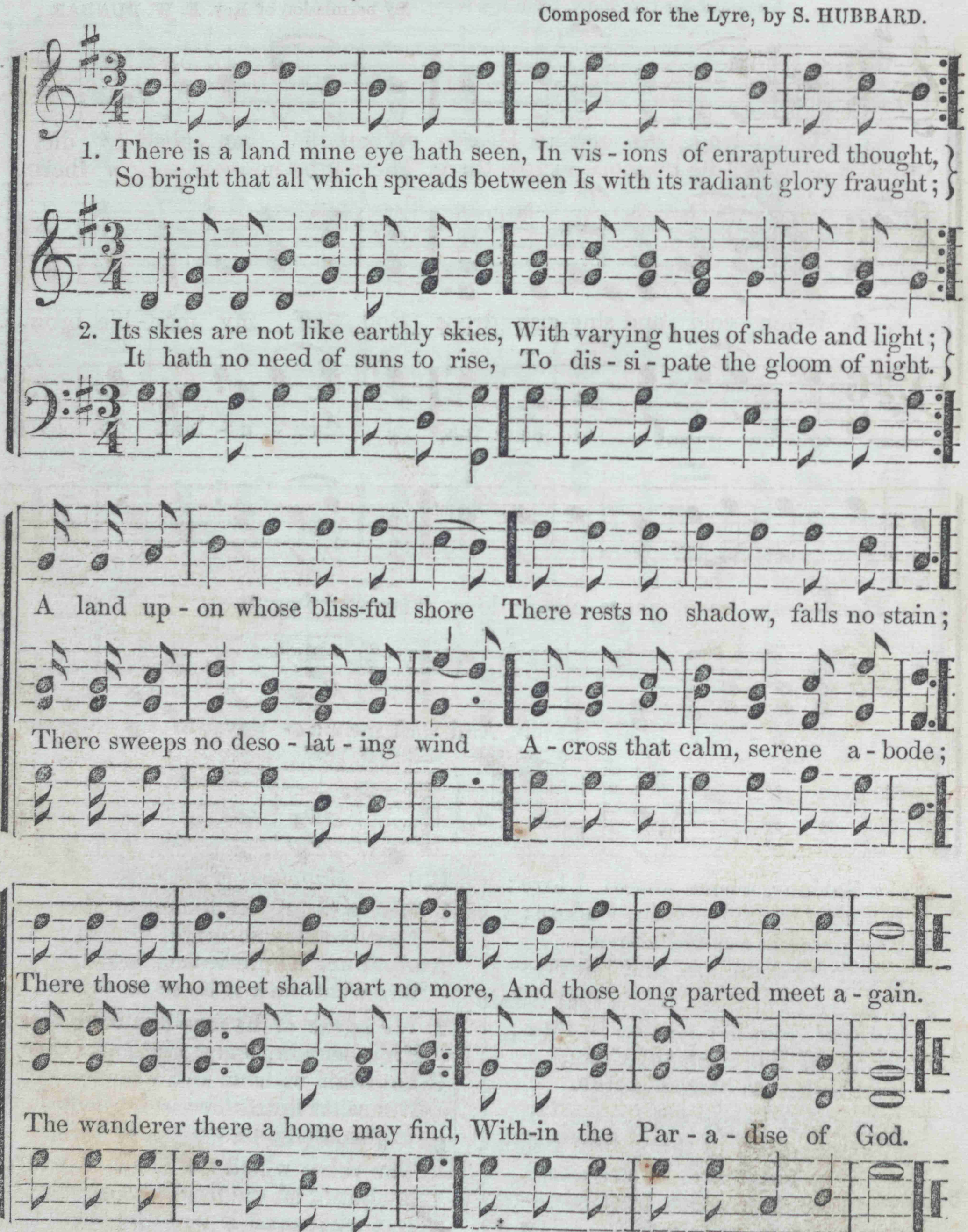
1 My Father's house on high!
Home of my soul! how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye
Thy golden gates appear!

2 I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of heaven
Seraphic music pour.

3 O, then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love—
The bright inheritance of saints,
My glorious home above.

LADONA. L. M. Double.

Composed for the Lyre, by S. HUBBARD.



430 *The Sight of Christ the Joy of Heaven.*

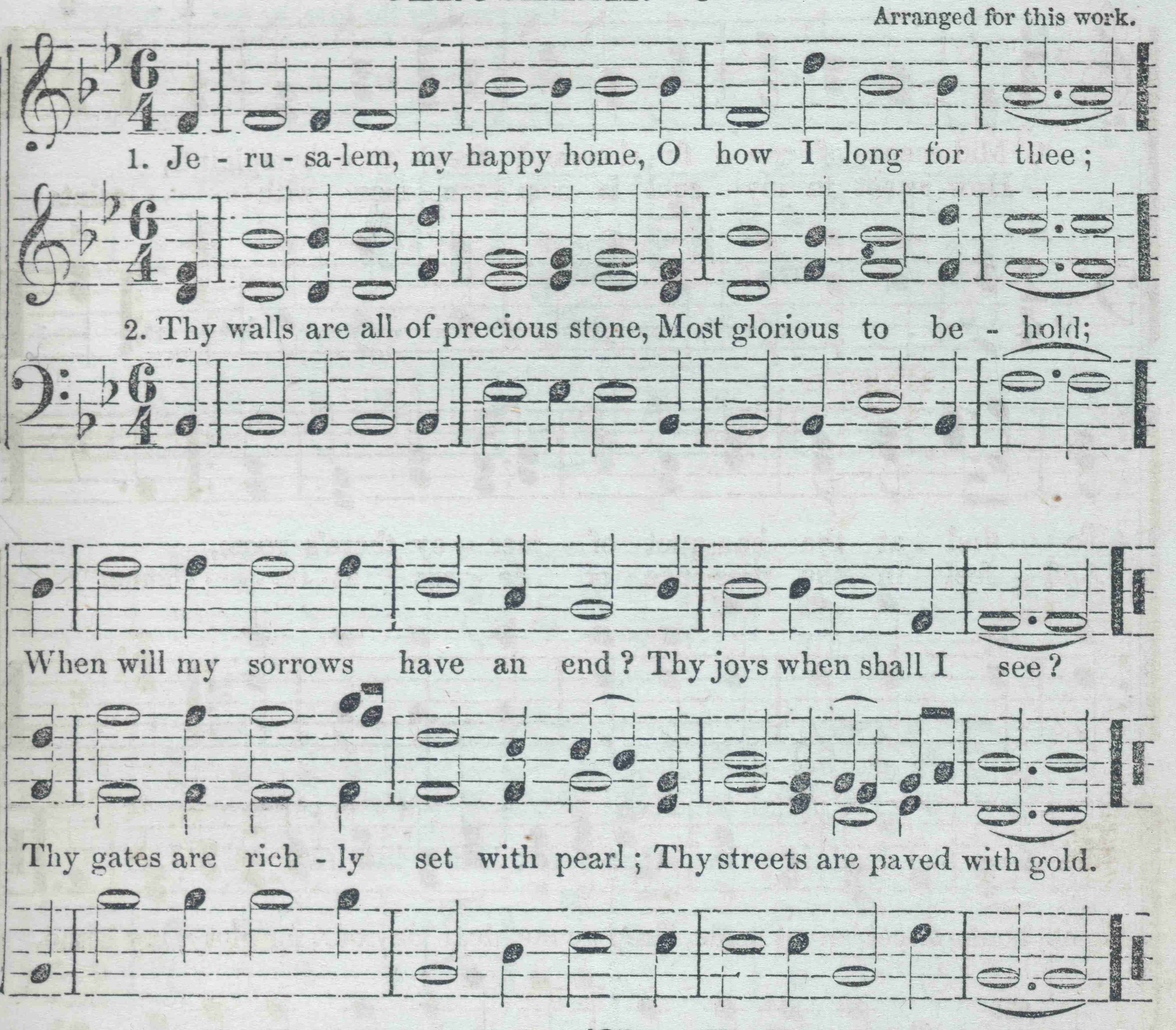
1 O for a sight, a pleasing sight,
Of our almighty Father's throne!
There sits our Saviour, crowned with light,
Clothed with a body like our own.

Adoring saints around him stand,
And thrones and powers before him fall,
The God shines gracious through the man
And sheds bright glories on them all.

WATTS.

JERUSALEM. C. M.

Arranged for this work.



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

4 Reach down, O Lord, thine arm of grace,
And cause me to ascend
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths never end.

5 My friends, I bid you all adieu—
I leave you in God's care;
And if I never more see you,
Go on, I'll meet you there.

6 When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we first begun.

ECKINGTON.

435 *The Heavenly Jerusalem.*

1 Jerusalem! my glorious home!
Name ever dear to me;
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee?

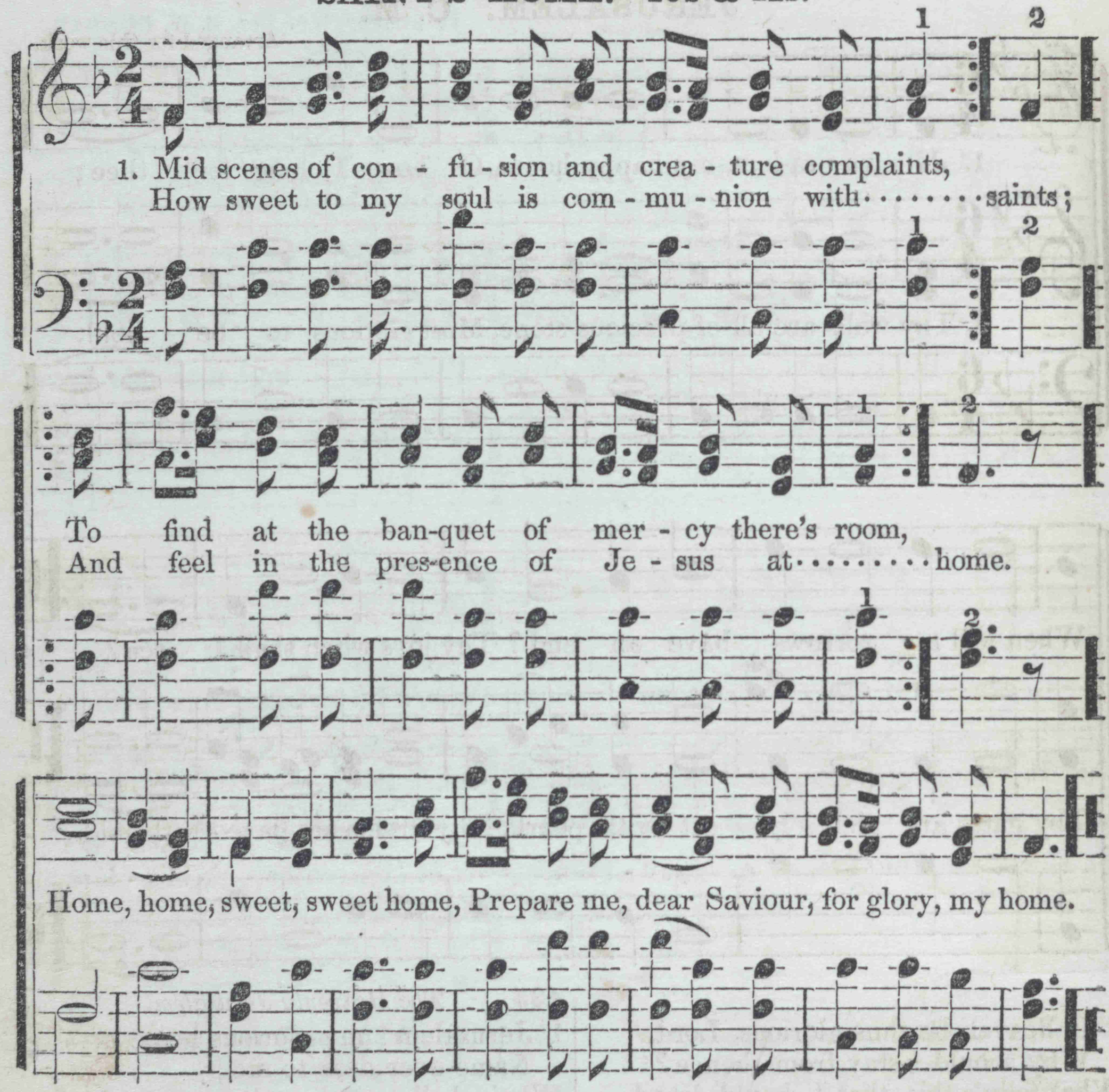
2 O when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?

3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know;
Blest seats, thro' rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

4 Jerusalem! my glorious home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

MONTGOMERY.

SAINT'S HOME. 10s & 11s.



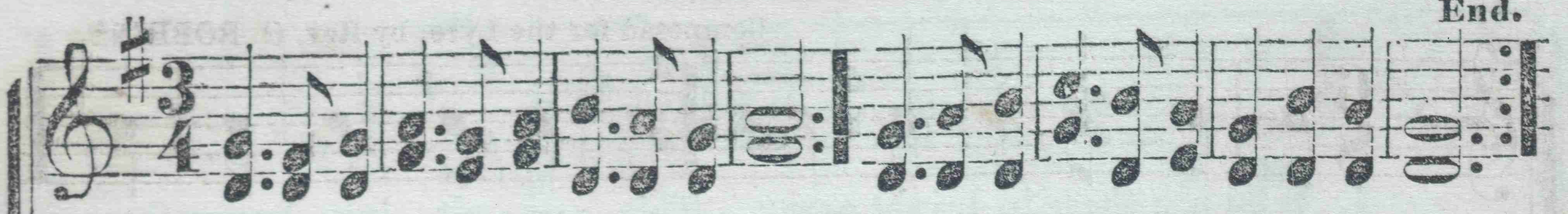
2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace!
And thrice precious Jesus, whose love cannot cease!
Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold thee, in glory at home.

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

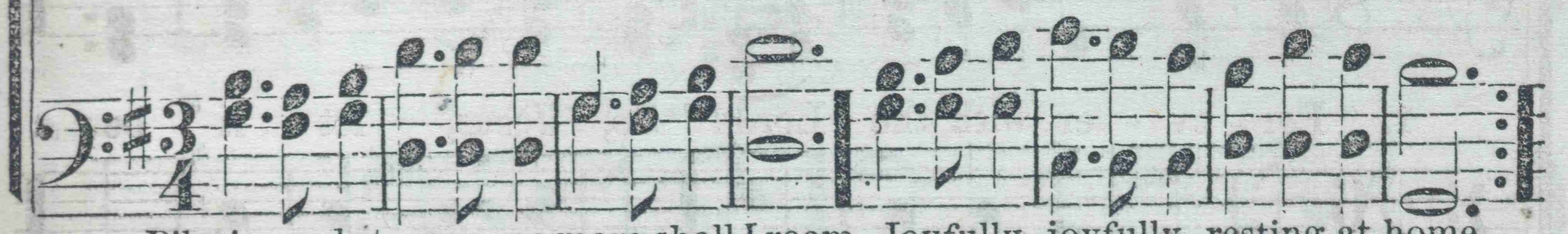
4 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to shine,
No more as an exile, in sorrow to pine,
And in thy dear image, arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise thee, at home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Receive me, dear Saviour, in glory, my home.

TRIUMPH. 10s. REV. A. D. MERRILL.

End.

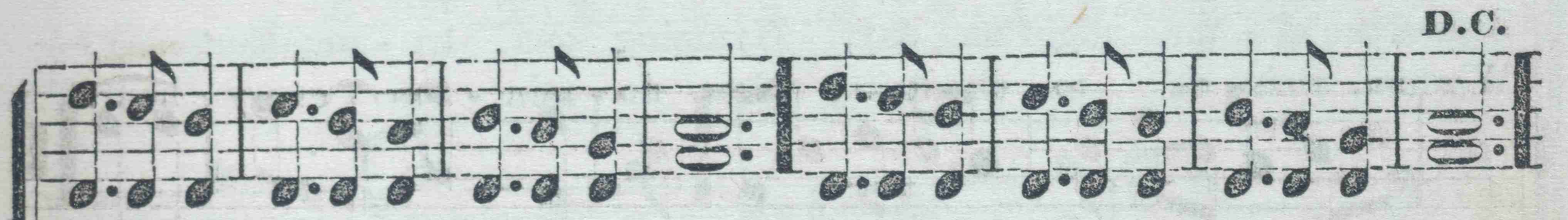


1. Joyfully, joyfully onward I move, Bound for the land of bright spirits above;
Angelic choristers sing as I come, "Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home."

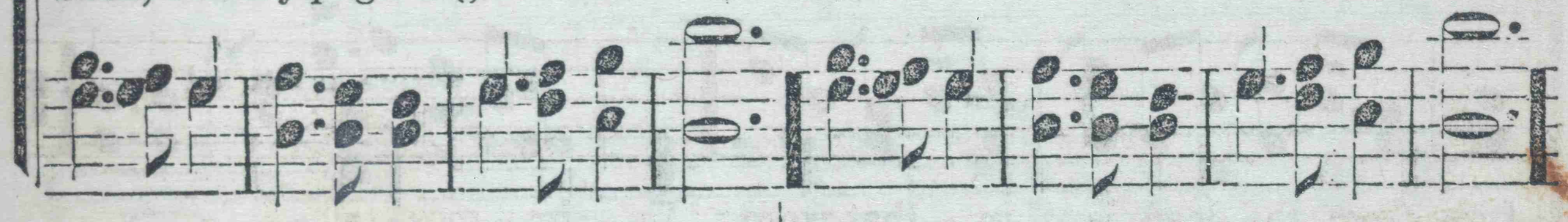


Pilgrim and stranger no more shall I roam, Joyfully, joyfully, resting at home.

D.C.



Soon, with my pilgrimage ended below, Home to the land of bright spirits I go,



2

Friends fondly cherished have passed on before,
Waiting, they watch me approaching the shore;
Singing to cheer me through death's chilling gloom,
"Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home."
Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear;
Harps of the blessed, your voices I hear!
Rings with the harmony heaven's high dome,
"Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.

3

Death, with thy weapons of war lay me low,
Strike, King of terrors, I fear not the blow;
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb:
Joyfully, joyfully will I go home.
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death shall be banished, his sceptre be gone;
Joyfully then, shall I witness his doom;
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

---

439 *The Christian Victor.*

1

Happy the spirit released from its clay;
Happy the soul that goes bounding away;
Singing, as upward it hastes to the skies,
"Victory! victory! homeward I rise."

Many the toils it has passed through below
Many the seasons of trial and wo;
Many the doubtings it never should sing,
Victory! victory! thus on the wing.

2

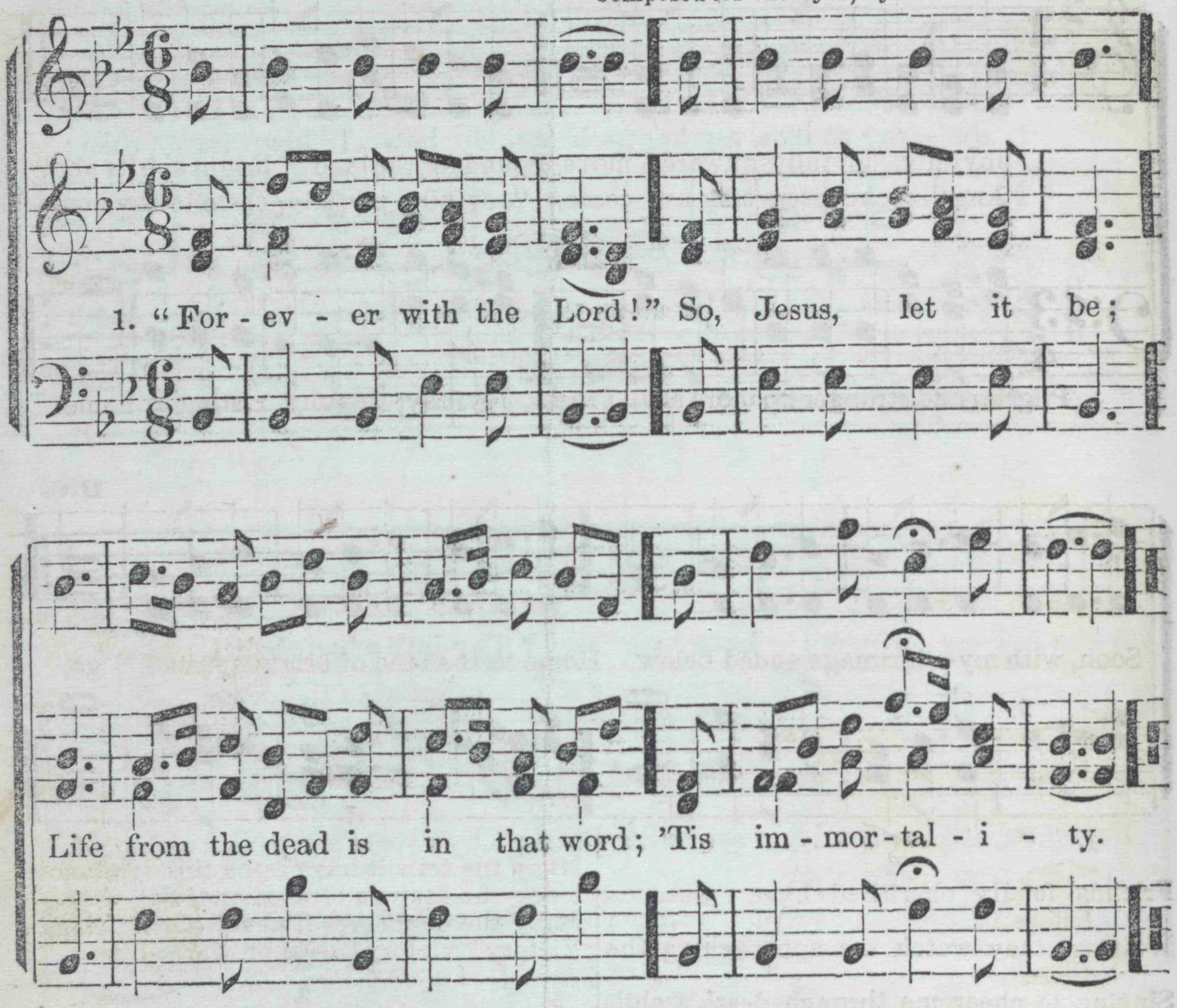
There lies the wearisome body at rest;
Closed are its eyelids, and quiet its breast;
But the glad spirit, on pinions of light,
"Victory, victory," sings in its flight.
While we are weeping our friends gone from earth,
Angels are singing their heavenly birth:
"Welcome, O welcome to our happy shore,
Victory! victory! weep ye no more."

3

How can we wish them recalled from their home,
Longer in sorrowing exile to roam?
Safely they passed from their troubles beneath,
Victory! victory! shouting in death;
Thus let them slumber, till Christ from the skies,
Bids them in glorified bodies arise;
Singing, as upward they spring from the tomb,
"Victory! victory! Jesus hath come!"

FOREVER WITH THE LORD. S. M.

Composed for the Lyre, by Rev. G. ROBBINS.



2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from thee I roam;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent,
A day's march nearer home.

3 Forever with the Lord!
Saviour, if 'tis thy will,
The promise of that faithful word,
E'en here to me fulfil.

4 So when my latest breath
Shall rend the vail in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

5 Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne—
FOREVER WITH THE LORD.

MONTGOMERY.

437

1 O for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
O be like their's my last repose,
Like their's my last reward.

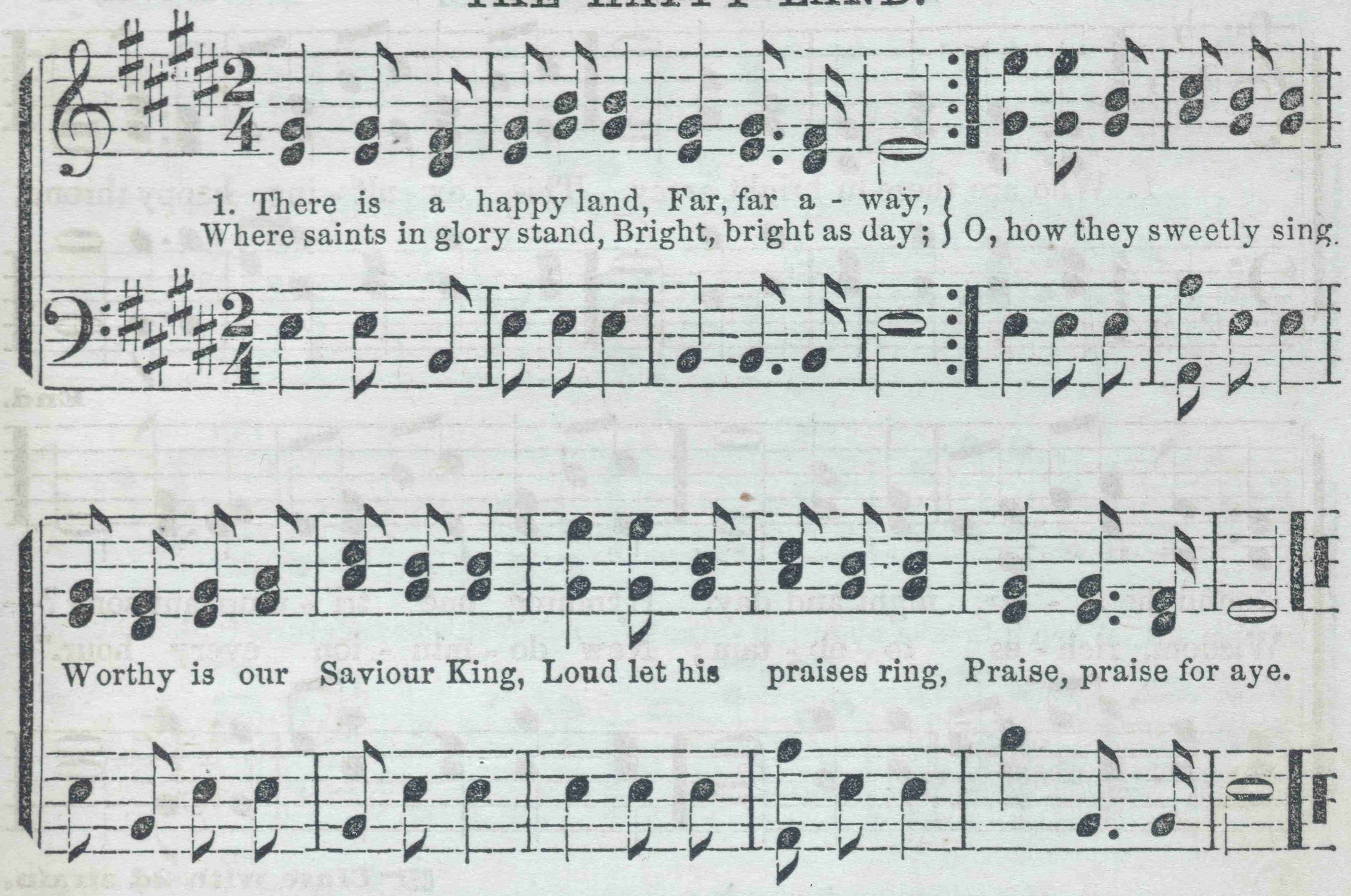
2 Their bodies in the ground,
In silent hope may lie,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound
Shall call them to the sky.

3 Their ransomed spirits soar
On wings of faith and love,
To meet the Saviour they adore,
And reign with him above.

4 With us their names shall live
Through long succeeding years,
Embalmed with all our hearts can give
Our praises and our tears.

BAP. COLLECTION.

THE HAPPY LAND.



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

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

---

443 *The House of Prayer.*

1 Sweet is the House of Prayer,
Dear, hallowed place;
Oft let me thence repair,
For heavenly grace.
There Jesus meets his own,
There he makes his favor known,
While saints surround the throne,
And seek his face.

2 Lord, in this House of Prayer,
Thy Word be taught;
Here ransomed souls declare
What grace hath wrought:
Here precious numbers meet,
Sitting at the Saviour's feet,
While living waters sweet
To them are brought.

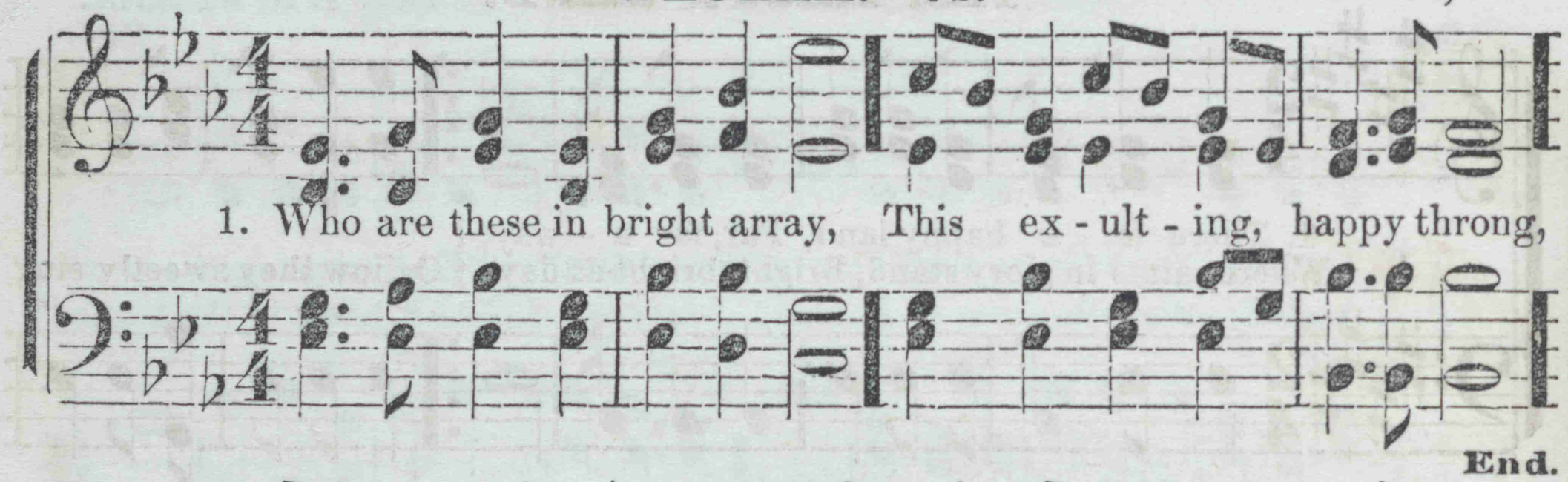
3 Blest be this House of Prayer,
Lord, to thee given;
Here hearts thy mercy share,
By sorrow riven.
Oh, bless thy people dear,
And to all who gather here,
May this glad place appear
The gate of Heaven.

4 When in the House of Prayer
We meet no more;
When all our earthly care
Is ever o'er;
Oh, may we meet above,
In our Father's house of love,
And Jesus' friendship prove,
On Canaan's shore.

E. D. PHELPS.

BEULAH. 7s.

E. IVES, JR.



2 These through fiery trials trod;
These from great affliction came;
Now before the throne of God,
Sealed with his almighty name,
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor palms in every hand,
Through their dear Redeemer's might,
More than conquerers they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them, the Lamb amid the throne,
Shall to living fountains lead:
Joy and gladness banish sighs;
Perfect love dispels all fears;
And forever from their eyes
God shall wipe away the tears.

MONTGOMERY.

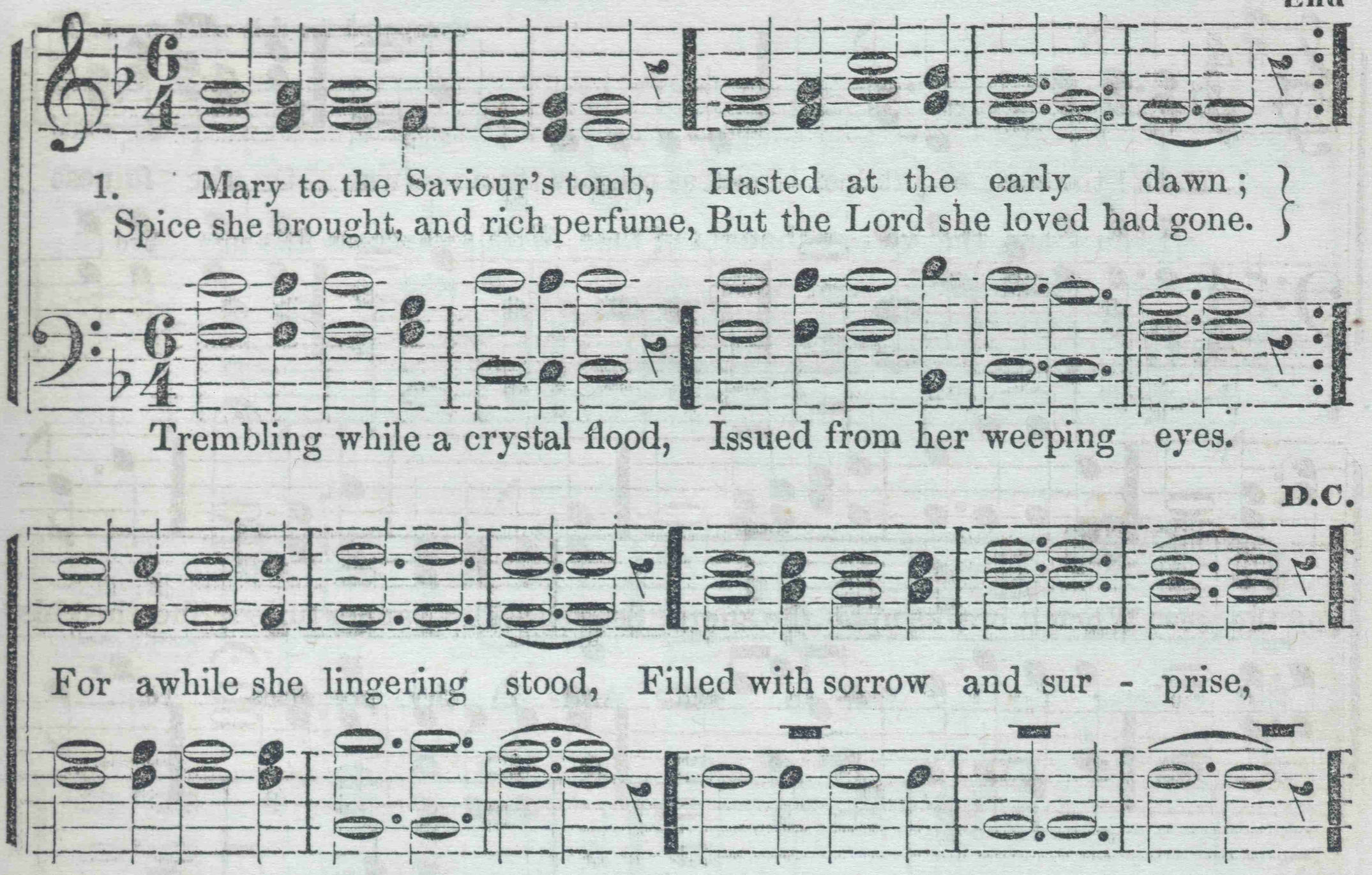
441

1 Watchman, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.
Traveller, o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory beaming star!
Watchman, does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Traveller, yes; it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.

2 Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveller, darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Traveller, lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come.

BOWRING.

MARTYN. 7s. MARSH.



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

3 He who came to comfort her,
When she thought her all was lost,
Will for your relief appear,
Though you now are tempest tost.
On his arm your burden cast;
On his love your thoughts employ;
Weeping for a while may last,
But the morning brings the joy.

---

447 *For Mite-Societies.*

1 Little rain-drops feed the rill,
Rills to meet the brooklet glide;
Brooks the broader rivers fill,
Rivers swell the ocean's tide,—
Ocean,—that with solemn note,
Proudly rears a foaming crest,
While the mightiest navies float
Lightly o'er its billowy breast.

2 So, the dew-drops gathered here,—
Mites from willing childhood's hand,
Shall those streams of bounty cheer,
That with greenness clothe the land;
With that sea of love shall blend,
Which the gospel's grace doth pour,
And the name of Jesus send
E'en to earth's remotest shore.

---

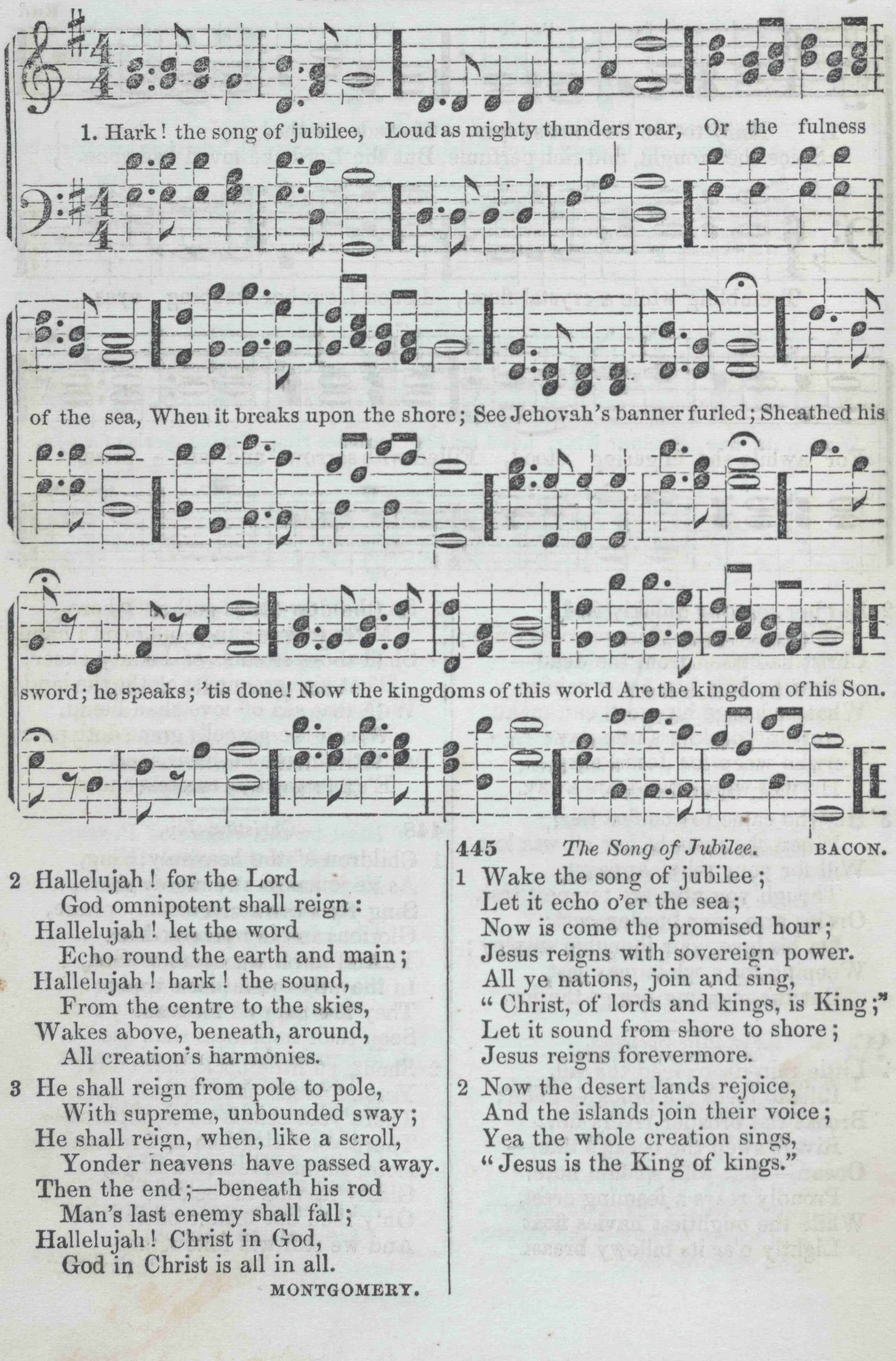
448 *Christian Joy.*

1 Children of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.
Ye are travelling home to God,
In the way the father's trod;
They are happy now—and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

2 Shout, ye little flock, and blest;
You on Jesus' throne shall rest:
There your seat is now prepared—
There your kingdom and reward.
Lord, submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be;
And we still will follow thee.

CENNICK.

JUBILEE. 7s. Double. W. N. WHITE.



2 Hallelujah! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign:
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main;
Hallelujah! hark! the sound,
From the centre to the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole,
With supreme, unbounded sway;
He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away.
Then the end;—beneath his rod
Man's last enemy shall fall;
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ is all in all.

MONTGOMERY.

445 *The Song of Jubilee.* BACON.

1 Wake the song of jubilee;
Let it echo o'er the sea;
Now is come the promised hour;
Jesus reigns with sovereign power.
All ye nations, join and sing,
"Christ, of lords and kings, is King;"
Let it sound from shore to shore;
Jesus reigns forevermore.

2 Now the desert lands rejoice,
And the islands join their voice;
Yea the whole creation sings,
"Jesus is the King of kings."

452 - *Not ashamed of Christ.* GREGG.

Tune—"Sweet Hour of Prayer," page 14.

1 Jesus! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee!
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine thro' endless days!

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon;
'Tis midnight with my soul till he,
Bright Morning-Star! bid darkness flee.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

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

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

453 *Glorying in the Cross.*

Tune—"Glorious Tidings," page 166.

1 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds new lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

454 *Love to the Church.* DWIGHT.

Tune—Shirland, page 153.

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

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

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

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

455 *Heavenly Joy on Earth.* WATTS

Tune—Kentucky, page 16.

1 Come, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak his praise abroad.

3 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

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

456 *Heavenly Sabbath.* DODDRIDGE

Tune—Ward, page 55.

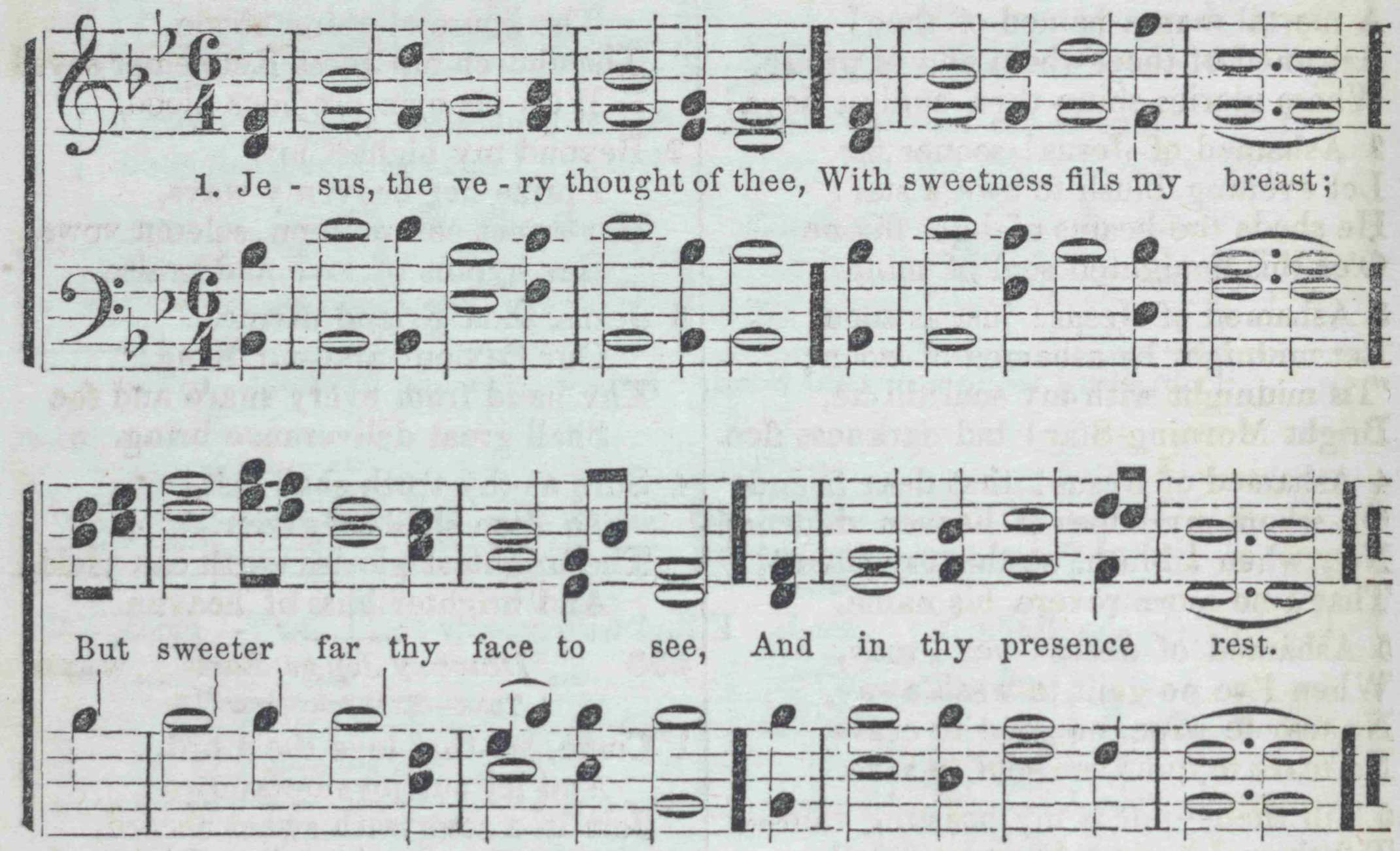
1 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With cheerful hope, and strong desire.

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

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

CONSECRATION. C. M.

Composed for this work by J. A



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

3 O hope of every contrite heart!
O joy of all the meek!
To those who fall, how kind thou art!
How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah! this,
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but his loved ones know.

BERNARD.

---

450 *Love to Christ.*

1 Do not I love thee, O, my Lord?
Behold my heart and see;
And turn the dearest idol out,
That dares to rival thee.

2 Is not thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound,
My Saviour's voice to hear?

3 Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock
I would disdain to feed?
Hast thou a foe before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead?

4 Thou knowest I love thee, dearest Lord;
But O! I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
That I may love thee more.

5 Would not my heart pour forth its blood
In honor of thy name?
And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp th' immortal flame?

---

451 *"Things hoped for."*

1 These are the crowns that we shall wear,
When all the saints are crowned;
These are the palms that we shall bear
On yonder holy ground.

2 These are the robes, unsoiled and white,
Which we shall then put on,
When, foremost 'mong the sons of light,
We sit on yonder throne.

3 That is the city of the saints,
Where we so soon shall stand,
When we shall strike these desert-tents,
And quit this desert-land.

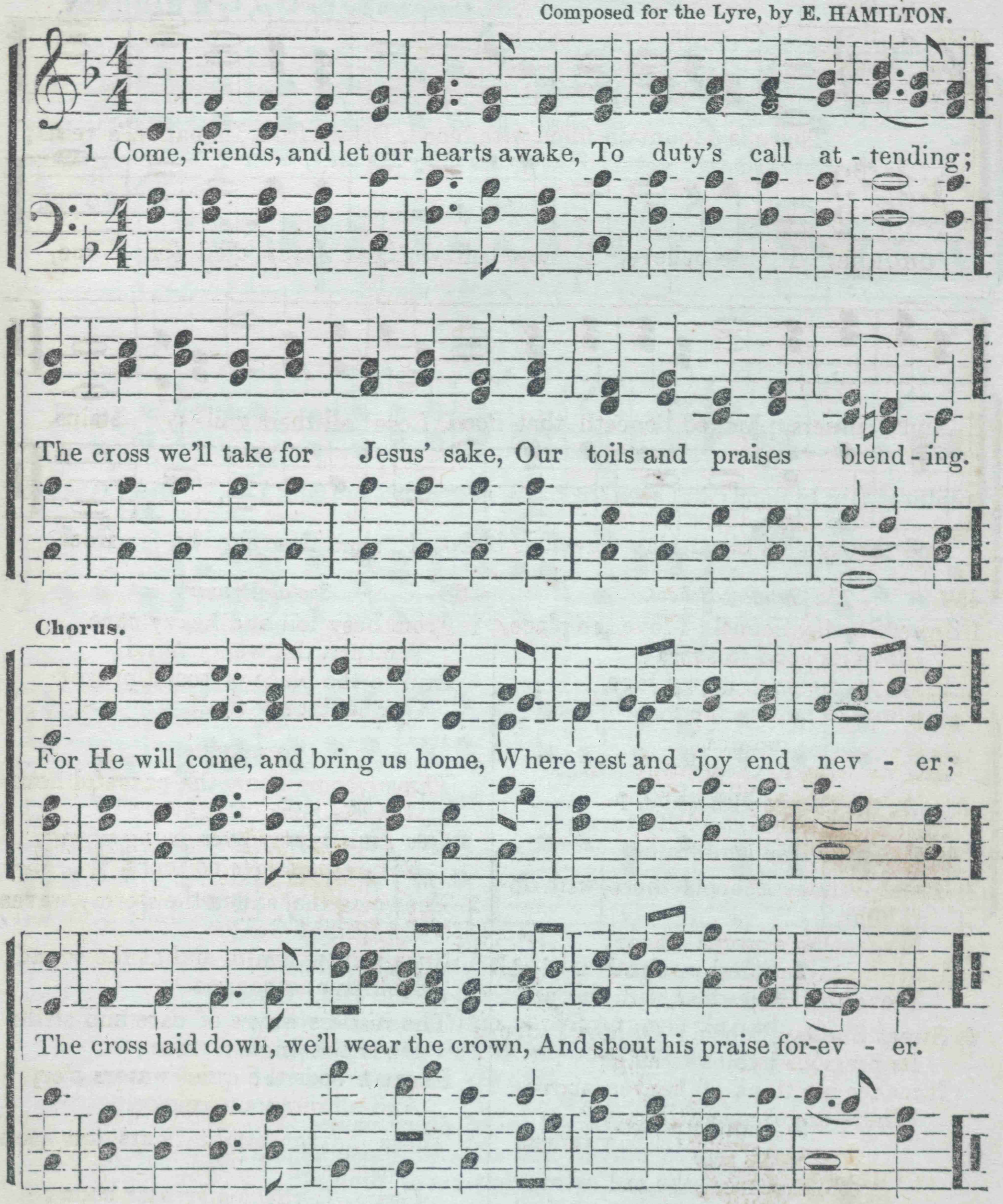
4 Then welcome toil, and care, and pain!
And welcome sorrow, too!
All toil is rest, all grief is gain,
With such a prize in view.

5 Come, crown and throne; come, robe and palm;
Burst forth, glad stream of peace!
Come, holy city of the Lamb!
Rise, Sun of Righteousness!

H. BONAR.

THE CROSS BEFORE THE CROWN.

Composed for the Lyre, by E. HAMILTON.



2 Gird on the heavenly armor bright,
And standing up for Jesus,
Watch, pray and fight, as sons of light,
Till from the war he frees us.

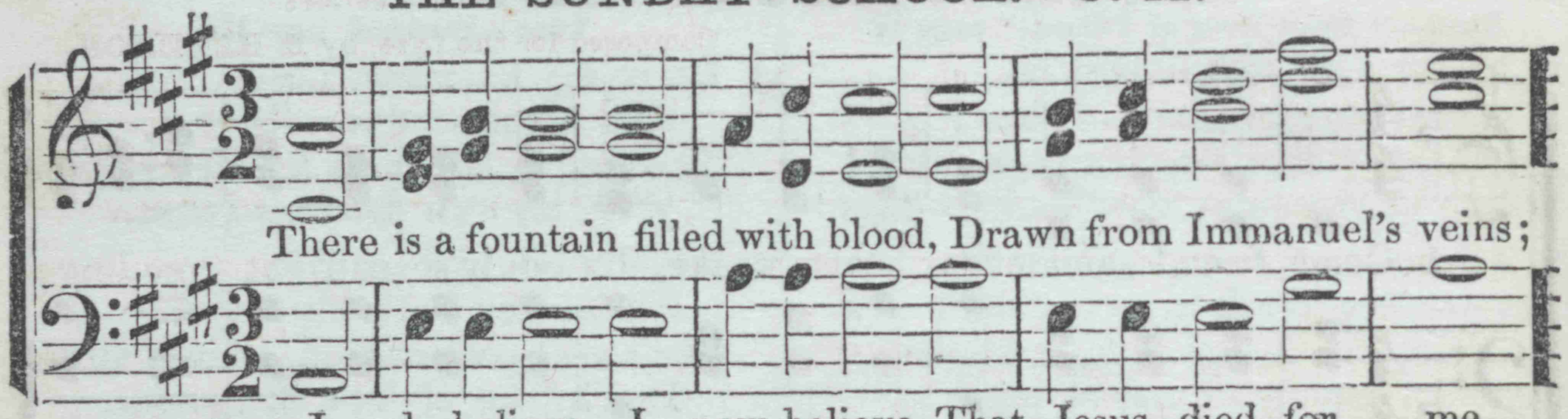
'Tis sweet to trust his glorious Word,
His name and grace confessing;
Who serve the Lord have great reward,
And share His richest blessing.

4 Let Jesus' love fill every mind,
Our faith and hope inspiring;
What worldlings find we leave behind,
Immortal crowns desiring.

5 The painful cross for us He bore,
And bowed in death's cold river—
O! for the power to love Him more,
Who did our souls deliver.

S. D. PHELPS.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL. C. M.



457 *The Sunday School.*

1 Sweet Sunday School! I love the place,
I love its good to share;
I love to see each happy face,
I love to be one there.

CHORUS.

And as I learn, of Jesus learn,
Who loves a child like me,
I would from sin and folly turn,
His own dear lamb to be.

2 Sweet Sunday School! there, with delight,
My teacher's words I hear;
I love to say my lesson right,
I love the Bible dear.

3 Sweet Sunday School! O, how I love
Its precious hymns to sing;
It makes me think of heaven above,
Where angel voices ring.

S. D. PHELPS.

Continued from page 49.

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.

458 *Social Prayer.*

1 From busy toil and heavy care
We turn the weary mind;
And in the place of social prayer
Our sanctuary find.

CHORUS.

The welcome hour, the peaceful hour
It is the hour of prayer;
Our souls receive renewing power,
For Jesus meets us there.

2 The voice that stilled the stormy waves
On distant Galilee,
Speaks once again, and at the sound,
Retires another sea.

3 The restless waves of care and strife
Obey the mighty voice;
Peace broods the quiet waters o'er,
And all our souls rejoice.

4 These heaven-bright hours too soon are past;
Grant, Lord, this greater boon;
A place where worship never ends,
Nor night succeeds to noon.

CHORUS, FOR NOON MEETING.

The mid-day hour, the noontide hour
It is the hour of prayer;
Our souls receive renewing power,
For Jesus meets us there.

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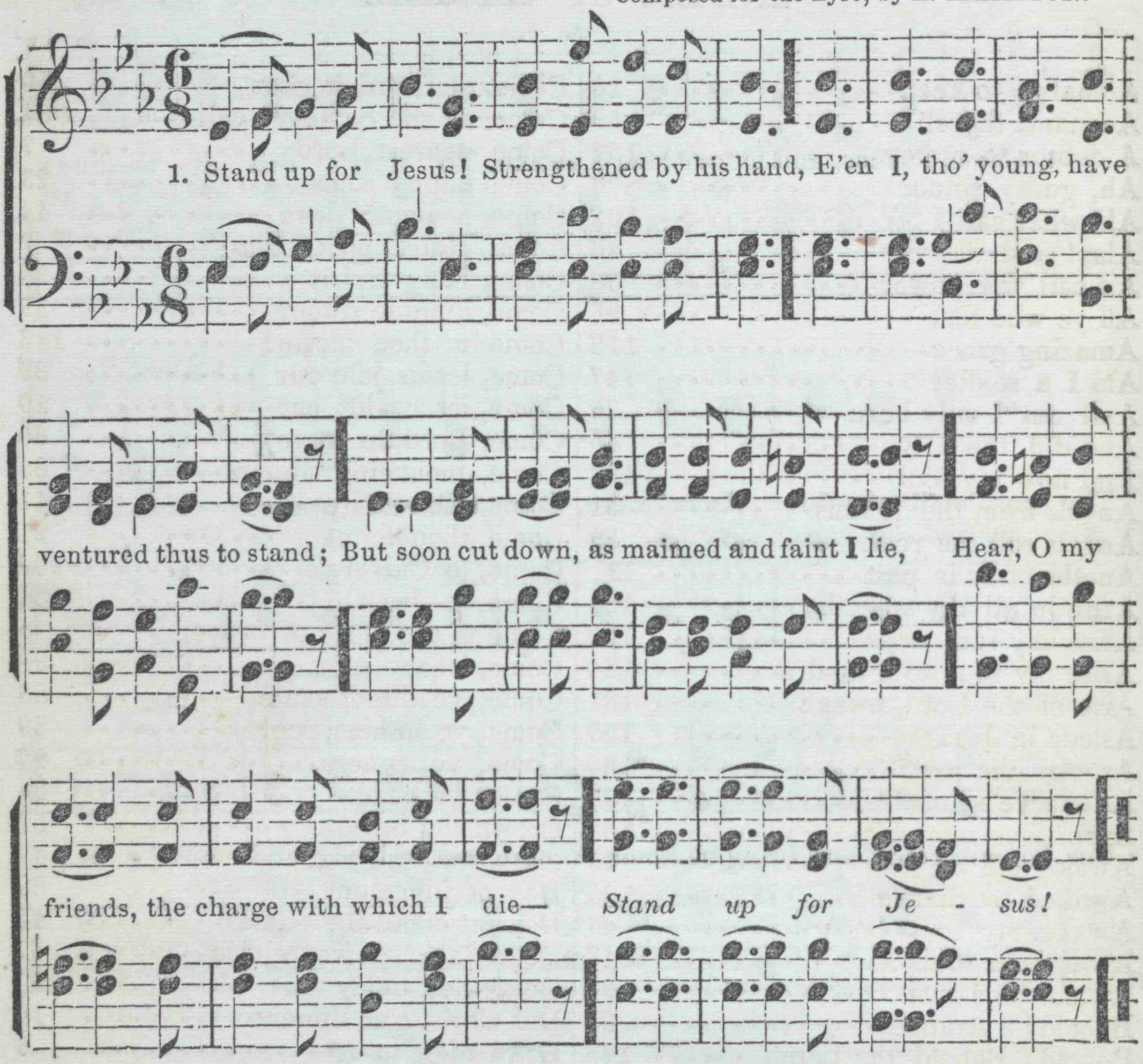
"STAND UP FOR JESUS."

Composed for the Lyre, by E. HAMILTON.



2 Stand up for Jesus! All who lead his host!
Crowned with the presence of the Holy Ghost;
Shrink from no foe, to no temptations yield;
Urge on the triumphs of this glorious field—
STAND UP FOR JESUS!

3 Stand up for Jesus! ye of every name,
All one in prayer, and all with praise aflame;
Forget the sad estrangements of the past,
With one consent, in love and peace at last—
STAND UP FOR JESUS!

4 Stand up for Jesus! Lo! at God's right hand,
Jesus himself for us delights to stand;
Let saints and sinners wonder at his grace;
Let Jews and Gentiles blend, and all our race
STAND UP FOR JESUS!

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