

FIFTH EDITION.

Popular Hymns.

FOR

Church & Sunday School.

CRUMP & DAVIDSON,

Booksellers and Printers,

162 W. Main Street, LOUISVILLE, KY.

23p

John B. Payne, Jr.

FIFTH EDITION.

POPULAR HYMNS

FOR

CHURCH AND SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

COMPILED BY

C. C. CLINE AND T. L. MELVEN.

Assisted in the Revision by

J. H. HARDIN, State S. S. Evangelist of Missouri,
and P. H. DUNCAN, State S. S. Evan-
gelist of Kentucky.

LOUISVILLE, KY.:

COURIER-JOURNAL BOOK AND JOB ROOMS PRINT.

1880.

PREFACE TO THE FIFTH EDITION.

So great has the demand for POPULAR HYMNS grown that we have had this edition electroplated from new type. We have thought best to make a careful revision, with the view of making the work beyond a reasonable criticism. We have been assisted in the revision by J. H. Hardin, State S. S. Evangelist of Mo., and P. H. Duncan, State Evangelist of Ky.

Its *neatness, durability, size, convenience* and REMARKABLE CHEAPNESS, together with the variety, classification and universal excellence of its songs, will commend it to all. In all of these points it excels any other Sunday School or Church Hymn Book offered to the public. Its cheapness brings it within the reach of all, while the variety, familiarity and excellence of its songs adapt it to the wants of all. "Nothing will promote congregational singing more than the use of POPULAR HYMNS," writes a brother who "can not do without them." "The success of a protracted meeting is almost guaranteed by their use," writes the evangelist who has sold hundreds in his meetings. No church or school can any longer plead poverty as an excuse for not supplying all with Hymn Books.

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ABBREVIATIONS EXPLAINED.

| | |
|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| B. B.—Brightest and Best | M. S.—Morning Star. |
| C. H.—Christian Hymnal. | N. L.—New Life. |
| E. S.—Every Sabbath. | P.—Palm. |
| F. L.—Fresh Laurels. | P. G.—Pure Gold. |
| G. C.—Golden Censor. | Pr.—Prize. |
| G. Ch.—Golden Chain. | S. K.—Song King. |
| G. R.—Golden Rule.— | S. S.—Silver Spray. |
| G. S.—Gospel Songs. | S. Songs—Silver Songs. |
| G. H.—Gospel Hymns. | S. of G.—Songs of Glory. |
| G. N.—Good News. | R. D.—Royal Diadem. |
| J. & G.—Jasper and Gold. | S. J.—Sparkling Jewels. |

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POPULAR SONGS.

1 Always Cheerful.

R. D. 82. Key of E.

LET our hearts be always cheerful;
Why should murm'ring enter there,
When our kind and loving Father
Makes us children of his care?

REF.—Always cheerful, always cheerful!
Sunshine all around we see;
Full of beauty is the path of duty,
Cheerful we may always be.

2 With his gentle hand to lead us,
Should the powers of sin assail,
He has promised grace to help us,
Never can his promise fail.

3 Oh! the good are always happy,
And their path is ever bright;
Let us heed the blessed counsel,
Shun the wrong and love the right.

2 Come Let Us Sing

V. 52. Key of D.

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

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

3 We'll chant, chant his praise—
 Our lofty strains now blending;
 A tribute bring to Christ our King,
 And chant, chant his praise!
 Our Savior, Prince, was crucified,
 "'Tis finished," then he meekly cried,
 And bowed his head and died—
 Then chant, chant his praise!

3 Come and Help Us.

E. S. 104. Key of A.

COME and help us, friends of Jesus,
 Come and share the faithful toil;
 From the wrecks of sin and sorrow,
 Help us gather precious spoil.

CHO.—Come and help us, come and help us,
 Come and help us, friends of Jesus.
 Come and help us, come and help,
 Friends of Jesus, come and help.

2 Come and help us work for Jesus,
 For the love he bore to you;
 Give him back in true devotion
 What he bought with blood anew.

3 Come and help us if you love him;
 Holy work will make you strong,
 Bring you nearer to the Master,
 Tune your soul to sweeter song.

4 Come to the Savior.

G. H. 62; Prize 5. Key of C.

COME to the Savior, make no delay;
Here in his word he's shown us the way.
Here in our midst he's standing to-day,
Tenderly saying, "Come!"

CHO.—Joyful, joyful will the meeting be,
When from sin our hearts are pure and free;
And we shall gather, Savior, with thee,
In our eternal home.

2 "Suffer the children!" oh hear his voice;
Let ev'ry heart leap forth and rejoice,
And let us freely make him our choice;
Do not delay, but come.

3 Think once again, he's with us to-day;
Heed now his blest commands and obey;
Hear now his accents tenderly say,
"Will you, my children, come?"

5 Coming, Yes, We're Coming.

B. B. 48. Key of E.

HOW sweet the call of mercy,
Inviting every heart
To come and love the Savior
Ere youthful days depart;
'Tis in the Holy Bible.
These precious words we see:
Forbid ye not the children,
But let them come to me.

REF.—Coming, yes, we're coming, :||
Dear Savior to thy fold.

2 O may his spirit help us
To know and do the right;
To walk as he commands us,
That we may see the light;

The blessed light that shineth,
 Along the narrow way,
 And always groweth brighter
 Unto the perfect day.

- 3 Our Savior loves the children,
 On them his hands he laid,
 Within his arms he held them,
 And blessed them while he prayed;
 And still his mercy calls them;
 Just now we hear him say:
 I want your hearts, dear children,
 I want your love to-day

6 Hallelujah, 'Tis Done.

G. S. 3; G. H. 4. Key of G.

'TIS the promise of God full salvation to give,
 Unto him who on Jesus his son will believe.

CH.—Hallelujah 'tis done, I believe on the son;
 I am saved by the blood of the crucified
 one. :||

- 2 Tho' the pathway be lonely and dangerous
 too,
 Surely Jesus is able to carry me through.
- 3 Many loved ones have I in yon heavenly
 throng,
 They are safe now in glory, and this is their
 song.
- 4 Little children I see standing close by their
 king,
 And he smiles as their song of salvation they
 sing.
- 5 There's a part in that chorus for you and for
 me,
 And the theme of our praises forever will be

7 **Did You Think to Pray?**

N. L. 90. Key of B.

ERE you left your room this morning
 Did you think to pray?
 In the name of Christ our Savior,
 Did you sue for loving favor,
 As a shield to-day?

CHO.—Oh, how praying rests the weary!
 Prayer will change the night to day;
 So when life seems dark and dreary
 Don't forget to pray.

2 When you met with great temptation,
 Did you think to pray?
 By his dying love and merit,
 Did you claim the Holy Spirit
 As your guide and stay?

3 When your heart was filled with anger
 Did you think to pray?
 Did you plead for grace, my brother,
 That you might forgive another
 Who had crossed your way?

4 When sore trials came upon you
 Did you think to pray?
 When your soul was bowed in sorrow,
 Balm of Gilead did you borrow
 At the gates of day?

8 **I'll Think of My Savior.**

B. B. 84. Key of B.

I'LL think of my Savior when daylight is
 breaking
 Away from the darkness and gloom of the
 night,
 When fresh from his slumber the sun is awaking
 And girding himself with the armor of light.

CHO.—I'll think of my Savior,
 And trust him forever,
 I'll seek for his favor,
 And hope, through his love,
 With angels to meet him,
 With seraphs to greet him,
 And praise him forever
 In mansions above.

2 I'll think of my Savior when daylight is
 sinking, [so gray,
 And blending its beams with the twilight
 When bright starry eyes in the azure are
 winking,
 And silence embraces the close of the day.

3 I'll think of my Savior when sorrow is
 flinging
 Her thick robes of sadness around the
 dark tomb;
 If light from his presence a glory is bringing
 'Twill scatter its darkness and hide all its
 gloom.

9

I Will Love Jesus.

G. S. 7. Key of G.

I WILL love Jesus and serve him, for see
 How the dear Savior has watched over me!
 How he has guarded and guided my way!
 How he has kept me by night and by day!

CHO.—Him will I love and his will I be;
 All because he has first loved me;
 Him will I love and his will I be,
 All because he loves me.

2 I will love Jesus and learn of his will, [ill,
 Trusting him ever, through good and through
 Seeking his blessing, where'er I may be,
 Knowing he cares for the sparrows and me.

3 I will love Jesus, and, sure of his love,
I shall be safe as the blessed above.
Oh! when he calls to the glory on high,
How we will praise him, the angels and I!

10 Jesus Loves Even Me.

G. S. 6; G. H. 25. Key of A.

I AM so glad that our father in heaven
Tells of his love in the book he has given!
Wonderful things in the Bible I see;
This is the dearest, that Jesus loves me.

CHO.—I am so glad that Jesus loves me,
Jesus loves me, Jesus loves me;
I am so glad that Jesus loves me,
Jesus loves even me.

2 Though I forget him and wander away
Still he doth love me wherever I stray;
Back to his dear loving arms would I flee,
When I remember that Jesus loves me.

3 Oh, if there's only one song I can sing,
When in his beauty I see the great King;
This shall my song in eternity be,
“Oh, what a wonder that Jesus loves me.”

11 Have Mercy on Me.

M. S. 44. Key of A.

I'M sinful and wretched; from sin and from
sorrow,

O Lord! well thou knowest, I fain would be
free;

No hope can I cherish; save, Lord, or I perish,
O Jesus, have mercy on me, even me.

CHO.—Have mercy, my Savior, on me,
Have mercy, my Savior, on me;
No hope can I cherish; save, Lord, or I perish,
O Jesus, have mercy on me, even me.

2 Before thee I'm lying in tears and in anguish,
No helper unless thou my helper wilt be;
Then hear my petition for peace and for pardon,
On me, Lord, have mercy on me, even me.

3 I hear thy dear welcome, oh, can I believe it?
Ye sinful and weary, oh, come unto me!
I'm sinful, I'm weary, I come, for thou callest,
For thou wilt have mercy on me, even me.

4 My glad heart rejoices, my burden has fallen;
From sin's galling fetters my soul is set free;
O Lord! I will praise thee, forever I'll praise
thee,
For thou hast had mercy on me, even me.

12

More to Follow.

G. S. 32. Key of E.

HAVE you on the Lord believed?
Still there's more to follow;
Of his grace have you received?
Still there's more to follow.
Oh the grace the father shows!
Still there's more to follow!
Freely he his grace bestows,
Still there's more to follow.

CHO.—More and more, more and more,
Always more to follow!
Oh his matchless, boundless love!
Still there's more to follow.

2 Have you felt the Savior near?
Does his blessed presence cheer?
Oh the love that Jesus shows!
Freely he his love bestows.

3 Have you felt the spirit's power?
Falling like the gentle shower?
Oh the power the spirit shows!
Freely he his power bestows.

13 Only an Armor-Bearer.

G. S. 16. Key of B.

ONLY an armor-bearer, proudly I stand,
Waiting to follow at the king's command;
Marching, if onward shall the order be,
Standing by my captain, serving faithfully.

CHORUS.

Hear ye the battle-cry? "Forward" the call!
See, see the falt'ring ones, backward they fall.
Surely, the captain may depend on me,
Though but an armor-bearer I may be,
Surely, the captain may depend on me,
Though but an armor-bearer I may be.

2 Only an armor-bearer, now in the field,
Guarding a shining helmet, sword and shield,
Waiting to hear the thrilling battle-cry,
Ready then to answer, "Master, here am I."

3 Only an armor-bearer, yet may I share
Glory immortal, and a bright crown wear:
If in the battle to my trust I'm true,
Mine shall be the honors in the grand review.

14 Revive Us Again.

P. G. 19; G. H. 25. Key of G.

WE praise thee, O God, for the son of thy
love,
For Jesus who died and is now gone above.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah! thine the glory, hallelujah! amen.
Hallelujah! thine the glory, revive us again.

2 We praise thee, O God! for thy spirit of
light,
Who has shown us our Savior, and scattered
our night.

3 All glory and praise to the lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins and has cleansed every stain.

4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.

15 Rejoice and Be Glad.

G. H. 26; P. G. 19. Key of G.

REJOICE and be glad, the redeemer has come!

Go, look on his cradle, his cross and his tomb.

Cho.—Sound his praises, tell the story,
Of him who was slain;
Sound his praises, tell with gladness
He liveth again.

2 Rejoice and be glad! for the blood has been shed;
Redemption is finished, the price hath been paid.

3 Rejoice and be glad! for the lamb that was slain

O'er death is triumphant, and liveth again.

4 Rejoice and be glad! for our king is on high,
He pleadeth for us on his throne in the sky.

5 Rejoice and be glad! for he cometh again;
He cometh in glory, the lamb that was slain.

16 Ring the Bells of Heaven.

G. H. 21. Prize 129. Key of B.

RING the bells of heaven! there is joy to-day,
For a soul, returning from the wild;
See! the father meets him out upon the way,
Welcoming his weary, wand'ring child.

CHO.—Glory! glory! how the angels sing;
Glory! glory! how the loud harps ring;
'Tis the ransomed army, like a mighty sea,
Pealing forth the anthems of the free.

2 Ring the bells of heaven! there is joy to-day,
For the wand'rer now is reconciled;
Yes, a soul is rescued from its sinful way,
And is born anew a ransomed child.

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

17 Ring, Ring the Bells.

R. D. 46. Key of C.

RING, ring the bells over ocean and shore,
Jesus the risen shall suffer no more;
Jesus, the risen, is mighty to save,
Where is thy strength and thy vict'ry, O grave?

REF.—Ring, ring the bells, ring, ring, ring the
bells,
Ring them joyfully, joyfully; lift the voice
and sing,
Death is vanquished, and the Lord is king.

2 Break from your bondage of winter, O earth,
Wake to a spring-time of music and mirth;
Blossom and sing, for your darkness is done,
Jesus hath risen, thy life giving sun.

3 Ring, ring the tidings with joy in the chime,
Down thro' the shadows of error and crime;
Ring to the spirit of bondman and free,
Jesus is risen, and liveth for thee.

18 Singing and Praising Forever.

B. B. 38. Key of A.

THRO' the new Jerusalem,
Lined with fairest flowers,
Flows a pure and crystal stream,
Wat'ring the heavenly bowers;
On its banks we hope to stand,
Close by the beautiful river,
There to join the ransomed band,
Singing and praising forever.

CHO.—Singing and praising forever,
Close by the beautiful river,
There to join the ransomed band,
Singing and praising forever.

2 There are saints in robes of white,
Who have gone before us;
With the angels they unite,
Swelling the heavenly chorus;
And with them we hope to stand,
Close by the beautiful river,
There to join the ransomed band,
Singing and praising forever.

3 They who long the cross have borne
Cast their crowns before him;
Martyrs, with their harps of gold,
Singing with joy adore him;
Soon along the verdant banks,
Close by the beautiful river,
We shall hail our Savior King,
Singing and praising forever.

19 The Children's Welcome.

V. 35; S. J. 42. Key of F.

WE have come rejoicing on this happy day,
In our Sunday-school we dearly love to stay;
And with voices blending in a sacred song,
We the Savior's praise prolong.

CHO.—There we shall never grieve him more,
 But with the angels on that shore,
 Strike the harps of glory in a sweeter strain,
 And ever with them praise his holy name.

2 Through the week he's kept us, and his
 smiling face
 Still is beaming on us in this happy place;
 And the gracious Spirit from his holy throne,
 Tells us of a better home.

20 There's Room for All.

G. Cen. 5. Key of E.

“COME to me all ye that labor,
 Heavy laden and oppressed,”
 These were the precious words of Jesus,
 “Come, and I will give you rest.”

CHO.—'Tis a father's love, 'tis a father's call,
 In his house above there is room for all,
 Yes, there's room for all in my father's heavenly
 home,
 Yes, there's room for you, there's room for me.

2 “Take my easy yoke upon you,
 Leave the wrong and choose the right,
 Come learn of me the meek and lowly,
 You shall find my burden light.”

3 Guard us by thy kind protection,
 Purify our every heart;
 O teach us, Lord, and make us humble,
 Meek, and lowly, as thou art.

21 Welcome, Welcome, Welcome.

Key of E.

WELCOME, welcome, welcome,
 We welcome you dear friends,
 In this our opening lay;
 Welcome, welcome, welcome,
 Welcome, here this festal day,

2 Many are the sorrows, many are the tears;
 Many are the joys, and many are the fears,
 That have crossed our pathway since we last
 did meet,
 But we've come again, our kindred and our
 friends to greet.

3 Many are the conflicts, many are the snares;
 Many are the trials, many are the cares
 That we've borne through Jesus, since we last
 did meet,
 But we're here again, our brethren and our
 friends to greet.

4 Many are the pleasures that we here shall
 share,
 Many are the treasures we must homeward
 bear,
 That we may be true till we the Master meet,
 When we'll come again, our loved ones and
 our friends to greet.

22**Welcome Voice.**

J. & G. 131; G. H. No. 63, and No. 40 in G. H. No. 2.
 Key of E.

I HEAR thy welcome voice
 That calls me, Lord, to thee,
 For cleansing in thy precious blood,
 That flowed on Calvary.

CHO.—I am coming, Lord!
 Coming now to thee!
 Wash me, cleanse me in the blood,
 That flowed on Calvary.

2 'Tis Jesus calls me on!
 To perfect faith and love,
 To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,
 For earth and heaven above.

- 3 And he the witness gives,
To loyal hearts and free,
That every promise is fulfilled,
If faith but brings the plea.
- 4 All hail, atoning blood!
All hail, redeeming grace!
All hail the gift of Christ the Lord!
Our strength and righteousness.

23 We are Coming. (No. 1.)

G. Cen. 17. Key of D.

WE are coming blessed Saviour,
We hear thy gentle voice;
We would be thine forever,
And in thy love rejoice.

CHO.—We are coming, we are coming,
We are coming, blessed Savior,
We are coming, we are coming,
We hear thy gentle voice.,

- 2 We are coming, blessed Savior,
To meet that happy band,
And sing with them forever,
And in thy presence stand.
We are coming, &c.
To meet that happy band.

- 3 We are coming, blessed Savior,
Our Father's house we see—
A glorious mansion ever
For children young as we.
We are coming, &c.
Our Father's house to see.

- 4 We are coming, blessed Savior,
That happy home is ours;
If here we gain thy favor
We'll reach those fragrant bowers.
We are coming, &c.
That happy home is ours.

- 5 We are coming, blessed Savior,
 To crown our Jesus King,
 And then with angels ever
 His praises we will sing.
 We are coming, &c.
 To crown our Jesus King.

24 What Shall the Harvest Be?

G. S. 126. Key of C.

SOWING their seed by the daylight fair,
 Sowing their seed in the noontide glare,
 Sowing their seed in the fading light,
 Sowing their seed in the solemn night.
 Oh, what shall the harvest be? :||

CHORUS.

Sown in the darkness or sown in the light,
 Sown in our weakness or sown in our might.
 Gathered in time or eternity,
 Sure, ah sure, will the harvest be.

- 2 Sowing their seed by the wayside high,
 Sowing their seed on the rocks to die,
 Sowing their seed where the thorns will spoil,
 Sowing their seed in the fertile soil.
 Oh, what shall the harvest be? :||
- 3 Sowing their seed with an aching heart.
 Sowing their seed while the tear-drops start,
 Sowing in hope till the reapers come,
 Gladly to gather the harvest home.
 Oh, what shall the harvest be? :||

25

"I Am The Vine."

M. S. 4. Key of D.

I AM the vine, and ye are the branches,
 Bear precious fruit for Jesus to-day;
 The branch that in me no fruit ever beareth,
 Jesus hath said, "He taketh away."

CHO.—I am the vine, and ye are the branches;
 I am the vine, be faithful and true;
 Ask what ye will, your pray'r shall be granted;
 "The Father loved me, so I have loved you."

2 Now ye are clean, through works I have
 spoken,

Abiding in me, much fruit ye shall bear;
 "Dwelling in thee, my promise unbroken,
 Glory in heav'n with me ye shall share.

3 Yes, by your fruits the world is to know you,
 Walking in love as children of day;
 Follow your Guide, he passed on before you,
 Leading to realms of glorious day.

26

Whosoever Will.

G. S. 29. Key of D.

"WHOSOEVER heareth," shout, shout the
 sound!

Send the blessed tidings all the world around,
 Spread the joyful news wherever man is
 found.

"Whosoever will may come."

CHORUS.

Whosoever will, whosoever will,
 Send the proclamation over vale and hill,
 'Tis a loving Father calls the wand'rer home.

"Whosoever will may come."

2 Whosoever cometh need not delay,
 Now the door is open, enter while you may;
 Jesus is the true, the only living way.

"Whosoever will may come."

3 "Whosoever will," the promise secure;
 "Whosoever will," forever must endure;
 "Whosoever will," 'tis life forever more.

"Whosoever will may come."

27 Who is Ready?

J. & G. 122. Key of E.

WAITING is the golden harvest,
 Waiting is the golden grain,
 While the Master calls for reapers
 From the hill-side and the plain!

REF.—Who is willing? who is ready?
 Who will go and work to-day?
 See the golden harvest waiting;
 Who will bear the sheaves away?

2 Truly is the harvest plenteous,
 But the laborers are few;
 Pray ye that the Lord of harvest
 Send forth workmen tried and true.

3 Will the Master hold us guiltless,
 If the work be left undone?
 If for lack of labor perish
 Precious souls we might have won?

4 Haste, O, hasten, willing workers,
 Swiftly speed the hours away;
 Harken to the Master's warning,
 "Work ye while 'tis called to day."

28 Who's on the Lord's Side?

G. S. 76. Key of F.

WE'RE marching to Canaan with banner and
 song,
 We're soldiers enlisted to fight 'gainst the wrong,
 But, lest in the conflict our strength should
 divide,

We ask, who among us is on the Lord's side?

CHO.—||:Oh, who is there among us, the true
 and the tried;

Who'll stand by his colors—who's on the
 Lord's side?:||

- 2 The sword may be burnished, the armor be
bright,
For Satan appears as an angel of light;
Yet darkly the bosom may treachery hide,
While lips are professing, "I'm on the
Lord's side."
- 3 Oh, heed not the sorrow, the pain and the
wrong, [song;
For soon shall our sighing be changed into
So, bearing the cross of our covenant Guide,
We'll shout, as we triumph, "I'm on the
Lord's side!"

PRAISE, WORK AND BATTLE SONGS.

29 We'll Praise Him Forever.

N. L. 53. Key of D.

[N the Sunday-school army our names are
enrolled,
And we follow our leader, all steadfast and
bold; [may see;
On the Sunday-school banner his name you
It is Jesus, our Savior, who loved you and me.

CHO.—We'll praise him forever, :||
Who loved you and me.

- 2 In our childhood we come, if no ripe sheaves
be ours, [and flowers;
We will garland his pathway with blossoms
We will go forth at morning his gleaners to be:
He will welcome us, smiling, who loves you
and me.
- 3 When the vict'ry is won, and the conflict is
o'er, [bright shore;
We will close 'round our leader on Canaan's
Then we'll sing on, exulting his glory to see,
For we'll dwell with him ever who loves you
and me.

30 Battling for the Lord.

S. S. 42. Key of F.

WE'VE 'listed in a holy war,
 Battling for the Lord!
 Eternal life, eternal joy,
 Battling for the Lord!

CHO.—We'll work till Jesus comes,
 We'll work till Jesus comes,
 We'll work till Jesus comes,
 And then we'll rest at home.

2 Under our Captain, Jesus Christ,
 We've listed for this mortal life.

3 We'll fight against the powers of sin,
 In favor of our heavenly King.

4 And when our warfare here is o'er,
 This strife we'll leave, and war no more.

31 Bringing in the Sheaves.

N. L. 30; S. of G. 29. Key of C.

SOWING in the morning, sowing seeds of
 kindness,
 Sowing in the noontide and the dewy eves;
 Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping,
 We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the
 sheaves.

CHO.—Bringing in the golden sheaves,
 Bringing in the golden sheaves.

2 Go and tell the nations, now in heathen
 blindness;

Tell them Jesus died—now no excuse he
 leaves,

Bid them come to Jesus; thus prepare the
 harvest,

You shall come rejoicing, bringing in the
 sheaves.

3 Sowing in the sunshine sowing in the shadows,
 Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling
 breeze;
 By and by the harvest, and our labors ended,
 We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the
 sheaves.

32 Come Near Unto Me.

P. G. 102. Key of E.

FLOATING down thro' the sunlight that
 brightens our way,
 A sweet voice has sounded, is sounding
 to-day:

"O, ye weary and troubled," it softly says,
 "come;

Why longer in pain and unrest will you roam?"

REF.—"Come near unto me,
 Come near unto me,
 Ye weary and troubled,
 Come near unto me."

2 "Are you weary of sin, of its weight and
 its pain?

Come near unto me, I can cleanse its deep
 stain;

Does the thought of your guilt make you fear-
 ful and weak?

Come near unto me, your full pardon I'll speak."

3 "Are you weary of straying? my own hand
 shall guide

Your feet in the way where no ill shall betide;
 Are you hungry and thirsty? your soul shall
 be fed

With the Water of Life and the Heavenly
 Bread."

33

Draw Me Nearer.

No. 5 of G. H. No. 2. Key of A.

I AM thine, O Lord, I have heard thy voice,
And it told thy love to me;
But I long to rise in the arms of faith,
And be closer drawn to thee.

REF.—Draw me nearer, nearer, blessed Lord,
To the cross where thou hast died;
Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord,
To thy precious, bleeding side.

2 Consecrate me now to thy service, Lord,
By the pow'r of grace divine;
Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope,
And my will be lost in thine.

3 Oh, the pure delight of a single hour
That before thy throne I spend!
When I kneel in pray'r, and with thee my God,
I commune as friend with friend.

4 There are depths of love that I can not know,
Till I cross the narrow sea;
There are heights of joy that I may not reach
Till I rest in peace with thee.

34

Draw Me Closer To Thee.

J. & G. 17. Key of A.

CLOSER to thee, my Father, draw me,
I long for thine embrace;
Closer within thine arms enfold me,
I seek a resting place.

CHO.—||: Closer with the cords of love,
Draw me to thyself above;
Closer draw me to thyself above. :||

2 Closer to thee, my Savior, draw me,
Nor let me leave thee more;
Sighing to feel thy arms around me,
And all my wand'rings o'er.

- 3 Closer by thy sweet spirit draw me,
Till I am wholly thine;
Quickened, refined, and wash and cleanse me,
Till pure my soul shall shine.

35 Every Day And Hour.

G. H. 49. Key of A.

SAVIOR, more than life to me,
I am clinging, clinging close to thee;
Let Thy precious blood applied,
Keep me ever, ever near thy side.

REF.—Every day, every hour,
Let me feel thy cleansing power;
May thy tender love to me
Bind me closer, closer, Lord, to thee.

- 2 Through this changing world below,
Lead me gently, gently as I go;
Trusting thee, I can not stray,
I can never, never lose my way.

- 3 Let me love thee more and more,
Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er,
Till my soul is lost in love,
In a brighter, brighter world above.

36 Even Me.

G. H. 86. Key of A.

LORD, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering full and free—
Showers, the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some droppings fall on me—
Even me, even me,
Let thy blessing fall on me.

- 2 Pass me not, O gracious Father,
Sinful tho' my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let thy mercy fall on me—even me.

- 3 Pass me not, O tender Savior!
 Let me love and cling to thee ;
 I am longing for thy favor ;
 Whilst thou'rt calling, oh, call me!
- 4 Pass me not! thy lost one bringing,
 Bind my heart, O Lord, to thee ;
 While the streams of life are springing,
 Blessing others, oh, bless me—Even me.

37 Follow Me. (No. 1.)

Prize 130. Key of C.

HEAR the blessed Savior say,
 Follow me, follow me,
 In the darkness and the day,
 Follow, follow me.
 Follow, tho' the torrents pour,
 Follow, tho' the lions roar,
 Follow, I have gone before ;
 Follow, follow me.

CHO.—Hear him saying, follow, follow me.
 Blessed Savior, may we ever
 Follow, follow thee.

- 2 When the tempter's voice is heard,
 Follow me, follow me,
 Rest upon my Holy Word.
 All thy doubts and fears I know,
 All the weariness and woe ;
 Forward humbly, boldly go.
- 3 Never shall thy foes prevail,
 Follow me, follow me.
 Never shall my promise fail.
 Follow me, let naught allure,
 Follow me, thy rest is sure,
 Follow me, it shall endure.

38 Follow Me. (No. 2.)

S. of G. 30. Key of F.

LONG ago, in old Judea,
 By the shores of Galilee,
 Jesus spake unto the fishers:
 "Leave your nets and follow me."
 Little children hear the story,
 Pealing through the ages dim;
 Who of you will leave your pleasures,
 Take your cross and follow him?

- 2 Now no more in old Judea,
 Jesus walketh by the sea;
 But he calleth, ever calleth,
 Who will come and follow me?
 Come to Jesus—time may tarnish
 Many a dream of beauty fair;
 What he offers fadeth never—
 Life eternal over there.
- 3 Over there, beyond death's billows,
 Eyes of faith can plainly see
 The bright mansions where he promis'd
 All his followers should be.
 Children, listen to the story,
 Pealing through the ages dim;
 Jesus loves you! died to save you!
 Give up all, and follow him.

39 Let The Master In.

P. G. 151. Key of G.

ONCE I heard a sound at my heart's dark door,
 And was roused from the slumber of sin;
 It was Jesus knocked, he had knocked before;
 Now I said, blessed Master, come in.

CHO.—Then open, open,
 Open; let the Master in; [enly light,
 For the heart will be bright with a heav-
 When you let the Master in.

2 In the holy war with the foes of truth,
 He's my shield, he my table prepares,
 He restores my soul, he renews my youth,
 And gives triumph in answer to prayers.

3 He will feast me still with his presence dear,
 And the love he so freely hath given,
 While his promise tells, as I serve him here,
 Of the banquet of glory in heaven.

40

I Will Go to Jesus.

N. L. 27. Key of A.

LADEN with a heavy burden
 To my Savior I will go,
 Casting all my care upon him,
 He will bear my load I know.

REF.—I will go with all my guilt to Jesus,
 Wretched, poor, and helpless tho' I be;
 I will go and wash my spirit in the fountain,
 His blood shall set me free.

2 Jesus is the burden-bearer,
 All my sins on him were laid;
 Dying on the cross accursed,
 He a full atonement made.

3 By his grace and mercy pardoned,
 All my sins and guilt forgiven,
 I will thank and bless and praise him,
 For the joyful hope of heav'n.

41 To That City Will You Go?

N. L. 18. Key of B.

WHERE the jasper walls are beaming,
 Where the pearly portals are glowing,
 Where the golden street is gleaming,
 Where the crystal waters are flowing;

CHO.—Down beside that wondrous river,
Where the trees of healing grow,
We shall meet and live forever;
To that city will you go ?

2 Open are the shining portals;
Shut by day or night are they never;
With the glorified immortals,
Will you dwell with them forever ?

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

42 The Kingdom Coming.

N. L. 88. Key of E.

FROM all the dark places
Of earth's heathen races
Oh, see how the thick shadows fly !
The voice of salvation
Awakes ev'ry nation,
Come over and help us they cry.

CHORUS.—The kingdom is coming ; Oh, tell ye
God's banner exalted shall be ! [the story!
The earth shall be full of his knowledge and
As waters that cover the sea. [glory

2 The sun-light is glancing
O'er armies advancing
To conquer the kingdom of sin ;
Our Lord shall possess them
His presence shall bless them,
His beauty shall enter therein.

3 With shouting and singing,
And jubilant ringing,
Their arms of rebellion cast down ;
At last ev'ry nation
The Lord of salvation
Their King and Redeemer shall crown,

43 I Love to Tell the Story.

G. S. 42. Key of A.

I LOVE to tell the story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love;
I love to tell the story,
Because I know 'tis true;
It satisfies my longings
As nothing else can do.

CHO.—I love to tell the story,
'Twill be my theme in glory,
To tell the old, old story
Of Jesus and his love.

2 I love to tell the story;
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the story;
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own holy word.

3 I love to tell the story;
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the new, new song,
'Twill be—the old, old story
That I have loved so long.

44 I Need Thee Every Hour.

G. H. 5; R. D. 35. Key of A.

I NEED thee every hour,
Most gracious Lord;
No tender voice like thine
Can peace afford.

REF.—I need thee, oh, I need thee!
Every hour I need thee;
O bless me now, my Savior!
I come to thee.

2 I need thee every hour;
Stay thou near by;
Temptations lose their power
When thou art nigh.

3 I need thee every hour;
Teach me thy will;
And thy rich promises
In me fulfill.

4 I need thee every hour,
Most Holy One;
Oh, make me thine indeed
Thou blessed Son.

45

More Love.

No. 3 of G. H. No. 2. Key of A.

For the best tune to this excellent hymn, see p 186 of
Spiritual Songs.

MORE love to thee, O Christ!
More love to thee;
Hear thou the prayer I make
On bended knee;
This is my earnest plea,
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee!

2 Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest;
Now thee alone I seek,
Give what is best;
This all my prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee!

3 Then shall my latest breath
 Whisper thy praise,
 This be the parting cry
 My heart shall raise;
 This still its prayer shall be,
 More love, O Christ, to thee,
 More love to thee!

46 **Jesus Died for Me.**
 G. S. 19 Key of E.

O LAMB of Calvary,
 Thou art the sinner's friend,
 My soul is stayed on thee,
 Oh, keep me to the end.

CHO.—Jesus died for me, all to him I owe;
 Lord, I give myself to thee, 'tis all that I can do.

2 And is there room for me?
 Have I a home above?
 Will God forgiving be,
 And save me by his love?
 3 And will my loved ones come
 To me when life is o'er,
 And bear my spirit home,
 Where we shall part no more?
 4 Jesus, we'll see thy face
 In that bright home above;
 Saved by redeeming grace,
 We'll sing redeeming love.

47 **Jesus at the Door.**
 P. G. 26. Key of E.

H EAR the gentle voice that calls thee,
 Come and see, come and see;
 Jesus at the door of mercy
 Waits for thee, waits for thee.
 To a kindly shelter nigh,
 Haste, O haste thee, quickly fly!

CHO.—Oh! the Savior is standing at the door,
Oh! the Savior is standing at the door—
Wilt thou enter in, he will cleanse thy sin,
Oh! the Savior is standing at the door.

2 Art thou hungry? He will give thee
Living bread, living bread;
Lo! a table now before thee,
Richly spread, richly spread;
When such heavenly food is thine,
Wilt thou in a desert pine?

3 Art thou weary? lay the burden
At the cross, at the cross;
Count the world and all its pleasures,
Only dross, only dross;
Come to Jesus, wounded soul,
He alone can make thee whole.

48 Looking to Jesus.

G. S. 12; G. R. 100. Key of B.

YIELD not to temptation, for yielding is sin,
Each vict'ry will help us some other to win;
Fight manfully onward, dark passions subdue;
Look ever to Jesus, he'll carry you through.

REF.—Ask the Savior to help you,
Comfort, strengthen and keep you,
He is willing to aid you,
He will carry you through.

2 Shun evil companions, bad language disdain,
God's name hold in rev'ence, nor take it in
vain; [true,
Be thoughtful and earnest, kind-hearted and
Look ever to Jesus, he'll carry you through.

3 To him that o'ercometh God giveth a crown,
Through faith we shall conquer, tho' often cast
down;
He who is the Savior our strength will renew,
Look ever to Jesus, he'll carry you through.

49 **Summer Land.**

N. L. 6. Key of G.

BEYOND this land of parting, losing and leaving,

Far beyond the losses darkening this,
And far beyond the taking and the bereaving,
Lies the summer land of bliss.

REF.—Land beyond, so fair and bright.

Land beyond, where is no night,

Summer land, God is its light.

Oh, happy summer land of bliss!

2 Beyond this land of toiling, sowing and reaping,

Far beyond the shadows darkening this,
And far beyond the sighing, moaning and
Lies the summer land of bliss. [weeping,

3 Beyond this land of sinning, fainting and falling,

Far beyond the doubtings darkening this,
And far beyond the griefs and dangers befalling
Lies the summer land of bliss.

4 Beyond this land of waiting, seeking and sighing,

Far beyond the sorrows darkening this,
And far beyond the pain and sickness and
Lies the summer land of bliss. [dying,

50 **"Never Be Afraid."**

S. S. 33. G. Cen. 20. Key of G.

NEVER be afraid to speak for Jesus,
Think how much a word can do;

Never be afraid to own your Savior,
He who loves and cares for you.

CHO.—Never be afraid, never be afraid,

Never, never, never;

Jesus is your loving Savior,

Therefore never be afraid.

- 2 Never be afraid to work for Jesus,
 In his vineyard day by day;
 Labor with a kind and willing spirit,
 He will all your toil repay.
- 3 Never be afraid to live for Jesus.
 If you on his care depend,
 Safely shall you pass through every trial,
 He will bring you to the end.

51 Near the Cross.

G. H. 46. Key of F.

JESUS, keep me near the Cross;
 There a precious fountain,
 Free to all, a healing stream,
 Flows from Calvary's mountain.

CHO.—In the Cross, in the Cross,
 Be my glory, ever;
 Till my raptured soul shall find
 Rest beyond the river.

- 2 Near the Cross! O Lamb of God,
 Bring its scenes before me;
 Help me walk from day to day,
 With its shadows o'er me.
- 3 Near the Cross I'll watch and wait,
 Hoping, trusting, ever.
 Till I reach the golden strand,
 Just beyond the river.

52 No One Knows But Jesus.

R. D. 21. Key of C.

NO ONE knows but Jesus how sinful I have
 been;

No one knows but Jesus all my heart within;
 No one knows but Jesus my conflicts day by
 No one like Jesus guideth my way. [day;
 No one like Jesus temptation can feel,
 No one like Jesus my sorrow can heal.

2 No one knows but Jesus how oft his name I
plead ;

No one knows but Jesus everything I need ;
No one knows but Jesus how humble I would
No one like Jesus careth for me. [be ;
No one like Jesus shall comfort and cheer,
Pity my weakness and banish my fear.

3 No one else like Jesus so ready to forgive—
Pledge and promise broken, nearer him to live ;
No one knows but Jesus the secret tears that
No one like Jesus hears when I call. [fall ;
No one but Jesus my refuge shall be ;
No one will love me so dearly as he.

53 No Book Like the Bible.

E. S. 6. Key of E.

NO BOOK is like the Bible,
For childhood, youth and age ;
Our duty, plain and simple,
We find on every page.
It came by inspiration,
A light to guide our way ;
A voice from him who gave it,
Reproving when we stray.

CHO.—No book is like the Bible,
The blessed book we love ;
The pilgrim's chart of glory,
It leads, it leads, it leads to God above.

2 It tells of man's creation,
His sad, primeval fall ;
It tells of man's redemption,
Thro' Christ who died for all.
In sacred words of wisdom,
It bids us watch and pray,
And early come to Jesus,
The Life, the Truth, the Way.

- 3 Oh, let us love the Bible,
 And praise it more and more ;
 Our life is like a shadow,
 Our days will soon be o'er.
 But if we follow closely
 The counsel God has given,
 We then may hope with angels
 To sing his praise in heaven.

54 One Sweetly Solemn Thought.

F. L. 69. Key of C.

- ONE sweetly solemn thought,
 Comes to me o'er and o'er :
 I'm nearer my home to-day (to-day)
 Than I have been before.
- 2 Nearer my father's house,
 Where many mansions be ;
 I'm nearer the great white throne (to-day)
 Nearer the jasper sea.
- 3 Father, perfect my trust,
 My feeble frame support ;
 Oh keep me beneath thy care (to-day),
 My trembling hope sustain.
- 4 Be near me when my feet
 Are slipping o'er the brink ;
 For nearer my home I am (to-day)
 Perhaps, than now I think.
- CHO.—Nearer my home, nearer my home,
 Nearer my home to-day, to-day,
 Than I have been before.

NOTE.—The music requiring the chorus and the (to-day) is found in M. S. No. 126, and No. 66 in G. H. No. 2. Key of B.

55

Once For All.

G. S. 13. Key of E.

FREE from the law, oh, happy condition!
Jesus hath bled, and there is remission;
Cursed by the law and bruised by the fall,
Grace hath redeemed us once for all.

CHO.—Once for all, O sinner, receive it;
Once for all, O brother, believe it;
Cling to the cross, the burden will fall,
Christ hath redeemed us once for all.

2 Now are we free; there's no condemnation;
Jesus provides a perfect salvation,
"Come unto me, oh, hear his sweet call;
Come, and he saves us, once for all.

3 "Children of God!" oh, glorious calling,
Surely his grace will keep us from falling!
Passing from death to life at his call,
Blessed salvation, once for all.

56

Precious Promise.

No. 38 of G. H. No. 2; G. H. No. 50. Key of G.

PRECIOUS promise God hath given
To the weary passer by,
On the way from earth to heaven,
"I will guide thee with mine eye."

REF.—I will guide thee, I will guide thee,
I will guide thee with mine eye;
On the way from earth to heaven,
I will guide thee with mine eye.

2 When temptations almost win thee,
And thy trusted watchers fly,
Let this promise ring within thee,
"I will guide thee with mine eye."

- 3 When the shades of life are falling,
And the hour has come to die,
Hear thy trusty Pilot calling,
"I will guide thee with mine eye."

57

Pass Me Not.

G. H. 28. P. G. Key of A.

PASS me not, O gentle Savior!
Hear my humble cry;
While on others thou art smiling,
Do not pass me by.

CHO.—Savior, Savior, hear my humble cry;
While on others thou art calling,
Do not pass me by.

- 2 Let me at the throne of mercy
Find a sweet relief;
Kneeling there in deep contrition,
Help my unbelief.
- 3 Thou the Spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me;
Whom have I on earth beside thee?
Whom in heaven but thee?

58

Precious Name.

G. H. 69. P. G. Key of A.

TAKE the name of Jesus with you,
Child of sorrow and of woe—
It will joy and comfort give you;
Take it then where'er you go.

CHO.—Precious name, O how sweet!
Hope of earth and joy of heaven;
Precious name, O how sweet—
Hope of earth and joy of heaven.

- 2 Take the name of Jesus ever
As a shield from ev'ry snare;
If temptations 'round you gather,
Breathe that holy name in pray'r.

- 3 At the name of Jesus bowing,
Falling prostrate at his feet,
King of kings, in heav'n we'll crown him,
When our journey is complete.

59 Safe in the Arms of Jesus.

G. H. 6. P. G. Key of G.

SAFE in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on his gentle breast,
There by his love o'ershadowed,
Sweetly my soul will rest.
Hark! 'tis the voice of angels,
Borne in a song to me,
Over the fields of glory,
Over the jasper sea.

CHO.—Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on his gentle breast,
There by his love o'ershadowed,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.

- 2 Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe from corroding care,
Safe from the world's temptations,
Sin can not harm me there.
Free from the blight of sorrow;
Free from my doubts and fears;
Only a few more trials,
Only a few more tears.

- 3 Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,
Jesus has died for me;
Firm on the Rock of Ages,
Ever my trust shall be.
Here let me wait with patience,
Wait till the night is o'er;
Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore.

60 Save the Perishing.

No. 32 of G. H. No. 2; G. H. No. 18; P. G. 129. Key
of C.

RESCUE the perishing,
Care for the dying,
Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave;
Weep o'er the erring one,
Lift up the fallen,
Tell them of Jesus, the mighty to save.
CHO.—Rescue the perishing, care for the dying;
Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save.

2 Though they are slighting him,
Still he is waiting,
Waiting the penitent child to receive;
Plead with them earnestly,
Plead with them gently,
He will forgive if they only believe.

3 Rescue the perishing,
Duty demands it;
Strength for thy labor the Lord will provide:
Back to the narrow way
Patiently win them;
Tell the poor wanderer a Savior has died.

61 Song of the Reapers.

Prize 84. Key of G.

OH, we are the reapers that garner in
The sheaves of the good from the fields
of sin,
With sickles of truth must the work be done,
And no one may rest till the "harvest home."

CHORUS.

We are the reapers! oh, who will come
And share in the glory of the "harvest home?"
Oh, who will help us to garner in
The sheaves of the good from the fields of sin?

2 The fields are all rip'ning, and far and wide,
The world now is waiting the harvest tide;
But reapers are few, and the work is great,
And much will be lost should the harvest wait.

3 So come with your sickles, ye sons of men,
And gather together the golden grain;
Toil on till the sheaves of the Lord are bound,
And joyfully borne from the harvest ground.

62

Storm the Fort.

G. S. 79. Tune—"Hold the Fort." Key of D.

HO! my comrades, see the signal
Jesus waves on high;
Satan's battlements are reeling,
Hear our Captain's cry:

CHO.—Storm the fort! for I am leading,
I have shown you how;
Shout the answer back to heaven—
We are ready—*now!*

2 See! the lofty walls are frowning,
Held by Satan's power;
Sin enshrouds the world in darkness,
Now's the storming hour.

3 See! the prophets now are showing
How the fort must fall;
There is no such thing as failing,
Courage, comrades! all.

4 Fierce and long the siege has lasted,
But the end is near;
Onward comes our Great Commander,
Fear not! never fear!

63 Stand on the Rock.

P. G. 86. Key of E.

FIRMLY stand for God, in the world's mad
strife,

Though the bleak winds roar, and the waves
beat high ;

'Tis the rock alone giveth strength and life,
When the hosts of sin are nigh.

CHO.—Let us stand on the rock !

Firmly stand on the rock !

On the rock of Christ alone ;

If the strife we endure,

We shall stand secure,

'Mid the throng who surround the throne.

2 Firmly stand for right, with a motive pure,
With a true heart bold and a faith e'er strong ;

'Tis the rock alone giveth triumph sure
O'er the world's array of wrong.

3 Firmly stand for truth, it will serve you best ;
Tho' it waiteth long, it is sure at last ;

'Tis the Rock alone giveth peace and rest,
When the storms of life are past.

64 Seek the Little Wanderers.

P. G. 16. Key of G.

GO and seek the little wand'ers,
From the crowded street,

Give them shelter, food and raiment,

Warm their weary feet ;

Few their comforts, few their pleasures,

Life to them is drear ;

They could tell a tale of sorrow,

You would weep to hear.

CHO.—Go and seek the little wand'ers,

Take them by the hand,

“ Give them shelter, food and raiment,

'Tis the Lord's command.

- 2 See the poor and friendless orphans,
Hear their plaintive moan ;
Do not pass them by unheeded,
Leave them not alone ;
Chilled beneath the blast of winter,
Mark that slender form ;
Can you still the voice that bids you
Shield it from the storm ?

65**Galilee.**

N. L. 122. Key of B.

EACH cooing dove and sighing bough,
That makes the eve so blest to me,
Has something far diviner now :
It bears me back to Galilee.

CHO.—O Galilee, sweet Galilee,
Where Jesus loved so much to be,
O Galilee, blest Galilee,
Come sing thy song again to me.

- 2 Each flow'ry glen and mossy dell,
Where happy birds in song agree,
Thro' sunny morn the praises tell
Of sights and sounds in Galilee.

- 3 And when I read the thrilling love
Of him who walked upon the sea,
I long, oh, how I long once more
To follow him in Galilee.

66**The Rock that is Higher.**

N. L. 142. Key of A.

OH, sometimes the shadows are deep,
And rough seems the path to the goal ;
And sorrows, how often they sweep,
Like tempests down over the soul.

CHO.—Oh, then to the Rock let me fly,
To the Rock that is higher than I. :||

- 2 Oh, sometimes how long seems the day,
And sometimes how heavy my feet;
But, toiling in life's dusty way,
The Rock's blessed shadow, how sweet!
- 3 Oh, near to the Rock let me keep,
Or blessings, or sorrows prevail;
Or climbing the mountain way steep,
Or walking the shadowy vale.

67 Sunday-School Army.

G. Ch. 27. O. 135. Key of G.

O DO not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your friend ; :||
He will give you grace to conquer, :||
And keep you to the end.

CHO.—I am glad I'm in this army;
Yes, I'm glad I'm in this army,
Yes, I'm glad I'm in this army,
And I'll battle for the school.

- 2 Fight on, ye little soldiers,
The battle you shall win ; :||
For the Savior is your captain, :||
And he has vanquished sin.

- 3 And when the conflict's over,
Before him you shall stand ; :||
You shall sing his praise forever, :||
In Canaan's happy land.

68 Toiling On.

P. G. 74. Key of F.

TO the work! to the work! we are servants
of God,
Let us follow the path that our Master has trod;
With the balm of his council our strength to
renew, [to do.
Let us do with our might what our hands find

CHO.—Toiling on, toiling on, toiling on, toiling on,
Let us hope, let us watch, and labor
till the Master comes.

2 To the work! to the work! let the hungry
be fed;
To the fountain of Life let the weary be led;
In the cross and its banner our glory shall be,
While we herald the tidings, "Salvation is
free!"

3 To the work! to the work! there is labor for
all,
For the kingdom of darkness and error shall
fall;
And the name of Jehovah exalted shall be
In the loud-swelling chorus, "Salvation is
free!"

4 To the work! to the work! pressing on to the
end,
For the harvest will come, and the reapers
descend!
And the home of the Ransomed our dwelling
will be,
And our chorus forever, "Salvation is free!"

69 The Ninety and Nine.

G. S. 59. Key of A.

THERE were ninety and nine that safely
lay
In the shelter of the fold,
But one had wandered far away,
In the desert so lone and cold;
||: Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the Shepherd's tender care. :||

- 2 Shepherd, hast thou not here thy ninety and nine?
Are they not enough for thee?
But the Shepherd replied, "This one of mine,
Has wandered away from me;
The way may be wild, and rough, and steep,
I go to the desert to find my sheep."
- 3 But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed,
Nor how dark was the night the Lord passed
through
Ere he found the sheep that was lost,
Away in the desert he heard its cry,
So feeble, and helpless, and ready to die.
- 4 And afar up the mountain, thunder riven,
And along the rocky steep,
There arose the glad song of joy to heaven,
"Rejoice, I have found my sheep!"
And the angels echoed around the throne,
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back his own!"

70 The Sweetest Name.

G. Cen. 13. Key of G.

THERE is no name so sweet on earth,
No name so sweet in heaven,
The name before his wondrous birth
To Christ, the Savior, given.

CHO.—We love to sing around our King,
And hail him blessed Jesus;
For there's no word e'er ever heard,
So dear, so sweet as Jesus.

- 2 And when he hung upon the tree,
They wrote his name above him,
That all might see the reason we
Forevermore must love him,

- 3 So now upon his Father's throne,
Almighty to release us
From sin and pains, he gladly reigns,
The Prince and Savior, Jesus.

71 The Blessed Book.

E. S. 8. Key of G.

THERE'S a book which surpasses the sages,
A volume of wisdom divine;
And the glory that gleams from its pages,
No splendor of earth can outshine.

CHO.—'Tis the Bible! the Bible!

Our guiding star that leads from earth
to heaven!

The Bible! the Bible!

We love the precious book of Truth
which God has giv'n.

- 2 'Tis the light which will guide us to glory,
The sword of the spirit of might!
And to dwell on its beautiful story,
Is of heaven the sweetest delight.

- 3 It reveals where a fountain is flowing,
Which washes the soul from its stain;
Age and sorrow are comforted, knowing
With earth they shall part with all pain.

72 Thank God for the Bible.

O. 189. Key of B.

THANK God for the Bible! 'tis there that
we find

The story of Christ and his love—
How he came down to earth from his beauti-
ful home,

In the mansions of glory above;
Thanks to him we will bring,
Praise to him we will sing,
For he came down to earth, &c.

- 2 In the Bible we read of a beautiful land,
Where sorrow and pain never come;
For Jesus is there with a heavenly band,
And 'tis there he's prepared us a home.
Jesus calls, shall we stay?
No! we'll gladly obey.
- 3 Thank God for the Bible! its truths o'er the
earth
We'll scatter with a bountiful hand;
But we never can tell what a Bible is worth,
'Till we go to that beautiful land.
There our thanks we will bring,
There with angels we'll sing,
And its worth we can tell, when with Jesus
we dwell,
In heaven—that beautiful land.

73 What Hast Thou Done for Me?

G. S. 62. Key of C.

- I GAVE my life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
That thou might ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead,
I gave, I gave my life for thee,
What hast thou given for me?
- 2 My Father's house of light,
My glory-circled throne,
I left for earthly night,
For wand'rings sad and lone;
I left, I left it all for thee,
Hast thou left ought for me?
- 3 I suffered much for thee,
More than thy tongue can tell,
Of bit'rest agony
To rescue thee from hell;

I've borne, I've borne it all for thee,
What hast thou borne for me?

- 4 And I have brought to thee,
Down from my home above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and my love;
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee,
What hast thou brought to me?

74

What Can I Do?

G. S. 73. Key of F.

IF you can not cross the ocean,
And the heathen lands explore,
You may find the heathen nearer,
You may help them at your door;
If you can not give your thousands,
You can give the widow's mite;
And the least you do for Jesus.
Will be precious in his sight.

- 2 If you can not sing like angels,
If you can not preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say, "He died for all;"
If you can not rouse the wicked
With the judgment's dread alarms,
You can lead the little children
To the Savior's waiting arms.

- 3 Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do,"
While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you:
Take the task he gives you gladly,
Let his work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when he calleth,
"Here am I, send me, send me."

75 What Shall the Harvest Be?

S. S. 104; V. 76. Key of G.

THEY are sowing their seed in the daylight
fair;

They are sowing seed in the noonday's glare;
They are sowing seed in the soft twilight;
They are sowing their seed in the solemn night.

CHO.—What shall the harvest be?

2 They are sowing their seed of word and deed,
Which the cold know not, nor the careless heed;
Oh the gentle word and the kindest deed,
That have blest the sad heart in its sorest need.
Sweet shall the harvest be.

3 Some are sowing the seed of noble deeds,
With a sleepless watch and an earnest heed;
With a ceaseless hand in the earth they sow,
And the fields are all whitening where'er they
Rich shall the harvest be. [go.

4 Whether sown in the darkness or sown in
light;
Whether sown in weakness or sown in might;
Whether sown in meekness or sown in wrath,
In the broad highway or the shadowy path.
Sure will the harvest be.

76 Work in My Vineyard.

J. & G. 88; G. H. No. 98. Key of F.

“GO, work in my vineyard,” there's plenty
to do;

The harvest is great and the lab'ers are few;
There's weeding, and fencing, and clearing of
roots;

And plowing, and sowing, and gath'ring of
fruits; [destroy;

There are foxes to take, there are wolves to
All ages and ranks I can fully employ;

I've sheep to be tended and lambs to be fed,
The lost must be gathered, the weary ones led.

CHO.—Go work, go work,
Go work in my vineyard, there's plenty to do;
Go work, go work,
The harvest is great and the lab'ers are few.

2 "Go, work in my vineyard," I claim thee as
mine ;

With blood did I buy thee and all that is thine,
Thy time and thy talents, thy loftiest powers,
Thy warmest affections, thy sunniest hours.
I willingly yielded my kingdom for thee,
The song of archangels—to hang on the tree ;
In pain and temptation, in anguish and shame,
I paid thy full ransom ; my purchase I claim.

3 "Go, work in my vineyard," O, work while
'tis day ;

The bright hours of sunshine are hast'ning away
And night's gloomy shadows are gathering fast ;
Then the time for our labor shall ever be past.
Begin in the morning, and toil all the day,
Thy strength I'll supply and thy wages I'll pay ;
And blessed, thrice blessed the diligent few,
Who'll finish the labor I've given them to do.

77 Work, for the Night is Coming.

G. S. 72. Key of F.

WORK, for the night is coming,
Work thro' the morning hours ;
Work while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers ;
Work when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun ;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

- 2 Work, for the night is coming,
 Work thro' the sunny noon,
 Fill brightest hours with labor,
 Rest comes sure and soon.
 Give every flying minute
 Something to keep in store;
 Work, for the night is coming,
 When man works no more.
- 3 Work, for the night is coming,
 Under the sunset skies;
 While their bright tints are glowing,
 Work, for daylight flies.
 Work till the last beam fadeth,
 Fadeth to shine no more;
 Work, while the night is dark'ning,
 When man's work is o'er.
-

HOPE, REST AND HOME SONGS.

73 Are You Ready?

J. & G. 120. Key of D.

SHOULD the death angel knock at thy cham-
 In the still watch of to-night, [ber
 Say will your spirit pass into torment,
 Or to the land of delight?

CHO.—Say are you ready? O are you ready,
 If the death angel should call?
 Say are you ready? O are you ready?
 Mercy stands waiting for all.

2 Many sad spirits now are departing
 Into the world of despair;
 Every brief moment brings your doom nearer;
 Sinner, O sinner, beware!

3 Many redeemed ones now are ascending
 Into the mansions of light;
 Jesus is pleading high up in glory,
 Seeking to save you to-night.

79 When We Get Home.

N. L. 92. Key of B.

WHEN we get home to that beautiful land,
 With its beautiful city of gold;
 When we've pass'd over the river of death,
 And are safe in the heavenly fold;
 Wearisome toil, tribulation and care,
 That burden our spirits to-day,
 Like as a dream or a shadow shall pass,
 Shall pass, unreturning, away.

CHO.—When we get home, how sweet 'twill be!
 When we get home, how sweet 'twill be!

2 When we get home from our wanderings here
 To that clime where they wander no more;
 When, with the loved ones who've pass'd into
 rest,

We shall stand with our harps on the shore;
 Sorrow and strife, and our proneness to err,
 The pain and the sickness we bear,
 Like as a dream or a shadow shall pass,
 And ne'er shall they trouble us there.

3 When we get home and our troubles are o'er,
 And our journey is ended below;
 When we are free from each cumbering weight,
 And the sins that doth hinder us so;
 Tears that we shed in our sorrowful hours,
 The fears and the doubts that molest,
 Like as a dream or a shadow shall pass,
 And reach not the home of the blest.

80 Beautiful Home.

Palm 12. Key of D.

THERE is a home eternal,
 Beautiful and bright,
 Where sweet joys supernal
 Never are dim'd by night;

White-robed angels are singing
Ever around the bright throne;
When, O when shall I see thee,
Beautiful, beautiful home?

CHO.—Home, beautiful home,
Bright, beautiful home;
Home, home of our Savior,
Bright, beautiful home.

2 Flowers forever are springing
In that home so fair,
Thousands of children are singing
Praises to Jesus there;
How they swell the glad anthems
Ever around the bright throne.
When, O when shall I see thee,
Beautiful, beautiful home?

3 Soon shall I join that anthem,
Far beyond the sky;
Jesus became my ransom,
Why should I fear to die?
Soon my eyes will behold him
Seated upon the bright throne,
Then, O then shall I see thee,
Beautiful, beautiful home.

81 Beautiful Land of Rest.

G. Cen. 104. Key of E.

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

CHO.—Beautiful land, Beautiful land,
Beautiful land of rest;
Beautiful land, Beautiful land,
Beautiful land of rest.

2 Jerusalem, forever free,
The soul's sweet home of Liberty;
The bonds of sin, the chains of woe,
The ransomed there will never know.
Jerusalem, &c.

3 Jerusalem, forever dear,
Thy pearly gates almost appear;
And when we tread thy lovely shore,
We'll sing the song we've sung before—
Jerusalem, &c.

82 There'll Be Rest By and By.

S. S. 130; A. 10. Key of A.

WE must toil in the heat of the day,
From the dawn until daylight appears,
For we swift are passing away
To the land where we'll labor no more.

CHO.—There'll be rest by and by;
There'll be rest by and by, by and by;
There'll be rest, by and by;
There'll be rest, by and by, by and by.

2 We must work for the promised reward,
We must strive for the crown we're to wear;
And wherever we're called by our Lord
We must work for him faithfully there.

3 We are weak, but the Savior is strong,
And his grace he will freely supply;
Though the time of our trial seems long,
Yet we know we shall rest by and by.

83 **Gathering Home. (No. 1.)**

N. L. 50; G. N. 11. Key of E.

UP to the Bountiful Giver of Life,
 Gathering Home! Gathering Home!
 Up to the dwelling where cometh no strife,
 The dear ones are Gathering Home.

CHO.—Gathering Home; Gathering Home;
 Never to sorrow more, never to roam;
 Gathering Home; Gathering Home;
 God's children are Gathering Home.

2 Up to the city where falleth no night,
 Gathering Home! Gathering Home!
 Up where the Savior's own face is the light,
 The dear ones are Gathering Home.

3 Up to the beautiful mansions above,
 Gathering Home! Gathering Home!
 Safe in the arms of his Infinite Love,
 The dear ones are Gathering Home.

84 **Gathering Home. (No. 2.)**

B. B. 56. Key of D.

GATHERING homeward from every land,
 Gathering one by one;
 Pilgrims are joining the heavenly band,
 Gathering one by one;
 Their brows are enclosed in golden crowns,
 Their travel-stained robes are all laid down,
 Gathering homeward from every land,
 Gathering one by one.

REF.—Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
 Home, home, sweet, sweet home.

2 Loved ones have gone to that distant shore,
 Others are going forevermore;
 Our sisters so gentle, our brothers so brave,
 The beautiful children o'er the wave.

3 We, too, shall come to the river side,
Nearer its waters each eventide;
O Jesus, our fainting strength uphold,
The waves of that river are dark and cold.

4 Jesus, Redeemer, be thou our stay!
Cross the dark river with us, we pray,
Then boldly we'll come to Jordan's side,
And fearlessly breast its swelling tide.

85**Heavenly Mansions**

S. of G. 82. Key of G.

THERE are mansions prepared in the skies
By the Savior, who passed on before;
And the Christian, whenever he dies,
Finds a home where the saints die no more.

CHO.—Happy home, happy home, [more.
Happy home, where the saints die no

2 There the Lamb that was slain ever lives,
In the light of the glory of God,
And to all who obey him he gives
Robes made white in his own precious blood.

3 There are mansions prepared for us all,
And the Savior is calling us home;
Sinners, hearken! the Bride joins the call:
Come to-day, for the Spirit says come!

86**Home of the Soul.**

S. J. 26. Key of E.

I WILL sing you a song of that beautiful
The far-away home of the soul, [land,
||: Where no storms ever beat on the glittering
While the years of eternity roll. :|| [strand,

2 Oh, that home of the soul, in my visions and
Its bright jasper walls I can see, [dreams,
||: Till I fancy but thinly the vale intervenes
Between the fair city and me. :||

- 3 There the great Tree of Life in its beauty
doth grow,
And the River of Life floweth by;
||: For no death ever enters that city, you know,
And nothing that maketh a lie. :||
- 4 Oh how sweet it will be in that beautiful
So free from all sorrow and pain; [land,
||: With songs on our lips, and with harps in our
To meet one another again. :|| [hands,

87

Happy Land.

V. 54. Key of E.

THERE is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day;
O, how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is the Savior King,
Loud let his praises ring
For evermore.

- 2 Come to that happy land,
Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand,
Why still delay?
O, we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free;
Lord, we will live with thee
For evermore.

- 3 Bright in that happy land
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love can not die.
O, then to glory run,
Be a crown and kingdom won,
And bright above the sun
For evermore.

88 Homeward Bound.

V. 28; A. 24. Key of B.

OUT on the ocean all boundless we ride,
We are homeward bound, we are homeward bound,

Tossed on the waves of a rough, restless tide,
We are homeward bound, we are homeward bound.

Far from the safe, quiet harbor we've rode,
Seeking our Father's celestial abode,
Promise of which on us he has bestowed,
We are homeward bound, we are homeward bound.

2 Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars,
We are homeward bound, we are homeward bound;

Look! yonder lie all the bright heavenly shores,
We are homeward bound, we are homeward bound.

Steady, O pilot! stand firm at the wheel,
Steady! we soon shall outweather the gale;
O how we fly 'neath the loud-creaking sail!
We are homeward bound, we are homeward bound.

89 In the Presence of the King.

G. H. 58. Key of A.

OH, to be over yonder!
In that land of wonder,
Where the angel voices mingle, and the angel harpers ring;
To be free from pain and sorrow,
And the anxious, dread to-morrow,
To rest in light and sunshine in the presence of the King.

2 Oh, to be over yonder !
Alas, I sigh and wonder
Why clings my poor, weak, sinful heart to any
earthly thing ;
Each tie of earth must sever,
And pass away forever,
But there's no more separation in the presence
of the King.

3 Oh I shall soon be yonder,
And lonely as I wander,
Yearning for the welcome summer, longing for
the bird's fleet wing ;
The midnight may be dreary,
And the heart be worn and weary,
But there's no more shadow yonder in the
presence of the King.

90 I's Lootin' Out for You.

G. G. 110. Key of B.

MY little darling used to stand
Just by my cottage door,
Waiting to kiss me when I came
Each evening from the store ;
Her eyes were like two lovely stars,
That shine in heaven's own blue ;
"Papa," she'd say, "you see I's here,
I's lootin' out for you."

2 She was my joy, my heart's delight,
In those days long gone by,
But as I'm dreaming o'er the past,
A tear comes in my eye ;
She calls no more when I come home,
As oft she used to do,
"Papa, you see your darling's here,
I's lootin' out for you."

3 Alas ! how lonely now our life,
 As through the world we roam,
 Since no sweet voice calls out to me
 To bid me welcome home ;
 No loving arms thrown round me now,
 No eyes so sweetly blue,
 No voice now calls from cottage door,
 " I's lootin' out for you."

4 Yet, Oh, what comfort to my heart,
 That, when I'm called away
 From toils below to joys above,
 In that eternal day,
 That there she'll meet me at the gate,
 Just as I'm passing through,
 " Papa," she'll cry, with her sweet voice,
 " I's lootin' out for you."

91 I Am Thinking of Home.

S. S. 41. Key of E.

I AM thinking of home, of my Father's house,
 Where the many bright mansions be !
 Of the city whose streets are all covered with
 gold,
 Of its jasper walls pure and fair to behold,
 Which the righteous alone ever see.
 CHO.—O, home ! sweet home ! sweet home !
 I am thinking and longing for home ;
 Beyond the pearly gate,
 Many mansions wait
 For the weary ones who journey home.

2 I am thinking of home ; I am homesick now,
 And my spirit doth long to be [sing
 In the far better land, where the saints ever
 Of the love of Christ, their Redeemer and
 And of mercy so costly, so free. [King,

92 Let Us Pass Over the River.

N. L. 80; A. 66. Key of B.

WHEN our work is ended, we shall sweetly
rest,

'Mid the sainted spirits, safe on Jesus' breast;
All our trials over, we shall gladly sing,
Grave, where is thy victory? Death, where
is thy sting?

CHO.—Tho' the dark waves roll high, we will
be undismayed;

“Let us pass over the river,
And rest under the shade, rest under the shade,
Rest under the shade of the trees.”

2 Earth hath many sorrows, but they can not
last,

And our greatest troubles quickly will be past;
If we look to Jesus he will give us strength;
By his grace we shall be conquerors at length.

3 When the storm is over sweet will be the
calm,

After life's long battle, bright the victor's palm;
And the cross of anguish which now weighs us
down,

We'll exchange in heaven for a shining crown.

93 Calling Us Away.

E. S. 61. Key of B.

GIVE me the wings of faith to rise,
Within the veil and see

The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

DUET—Many are the friends who are waiting
to-day,

Happy on the golden strand,

CHO.— Many are the voices calling us away
 To join their glorious band ;
 Calling us away, calling us away,
 Calling to that better land,

2 Once they were mourners here below,
 And poured out cries and tears ;
 They wrestled hard, as we do now,
 With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them whence their vict'ry came ;
 They, with united breath,
 Ascribe their conquests to the Lamb,
 Their triumph to his death.

94

My Home is There.

F. L. 94. Key of B.

ABOVE the waves of earthly strife,
 Above the ills and cares of life,
 Where all is peaceful, bright and fair ;
 My home is there, my home is there.

CHO.— My beautiful home, my beautiful home,
 In the land where the glorifi'd ever shall roam,
 Where angels bright wear crowns of light,
 My home is there, my home is there.

2 Where living fountains sweetly flow,
 Where buds and flowers immortal grow,
 Where trees their fruits celestial bear,
 My home is there, my home is there.

3 Away from sorrow, doubt and pain,
 Away from worldly loss and gain,
 From all temptations, tears and care,
 My home is there, my home is there.

4 Beyond the bright and pearly gates,
 Where Jesus, loving Savior, waits,
 Where all is peaceful, bright and fair,
 My home is there, my home is there.

95

Only Waiting.

S. of G. 96. Key of A.

I AM waiting for the morning
Of the blessed day to dawn,
When the sorrow and the sadness
Of this fearful life are gone.

CHO.—I am waiting, only waiting,
Till this weary life is o'er,
Only waiting for my welcome
From my Savior on the other shore.

2 I am waiting, worn and weary
With the battle and the strife,
Hoping, when the war has ended,
To receive a crown of life.

3 Waiting, hoping, trusting ever
For a home of boundless love,
Like a pilgrim looking forward
To the land of bliss above.

96

Over There.

S. J. 24; A 30. Key of A

OH, think of a home over there,
By the side of the river of light
Where the saints all immortal and fair,
Are robed in their garments of white.

REF.—Over there, over there,
Oh, think of a home over there,
Over there, over there, over there,
Oh, think of a home over there.

2 Oh, think of the friends over there,
Who before us the journey have trod,
Of the songs that they breathe on the air,
In their home in the palace of God.

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

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

5 We'll all meet again over there,
 When the trials of life are all o'er;
 With the ransomed eternally share
 The bliss on that beautiful shore.

97 Over the River. (No. 1.)

S. J. 25. Key of F.

OVER the river the crystal stream flows,
 Over the river the tree of life grows;
 Over the river each lone pilgrim goes,
 Thro' the dim portals of death.
 Close by our threshold the dark angel stands,
 Beck'ning us on with his pale, trembling hands,
 Chilling our hearts with the cold, icy bands,
 Stealing each quivering breath,

CHO.—Over the river, over the river,
 Over the river, the streets are of gold.

2 Over the river the streets are of gold,
 There are enjoyments and pleasures untold;
 Over the river time never grows old,
 Bearing the burden of years.
 There all our sighing and sorrows shall cease,
 Hushed by the chorus of heavenly peace;
 Over the river, thrice happy release,
 We shall be free from our fears.

3 There ev'ry tear shall be wiped from our eyes,
There, where the sunlight of glory ne'er dies;
Lighting forever those fair upper skies,
Eden's glad plains to adorn.

Over the river, fair kingdom of light,
There heaven's mansions forever are bright;
Over the river there cometh no night,
Long is eternity's morn.

4 Over the river, we've crossed it at last;
Over the river our danger is past;
Safe in the harbor our barks are moored fast,
Ne'er from their haven to roam.
Then will we sing with the glorified throng,
Loud hallelujahs in one happy song;
Praising the power that has brought us along,
Over the river, at home.

98 Over the River. (No. 2.)

Prize 106. Key of A.

OVER the river! oh, what is there?
Over the river, the river?

Hearts ever happy and souls ever fair,
Basking in glory forever.

CHO.—Over the river, the river wide,
Over the beautiful river,
Angels and blessed immortals abide,
Sinless and happy forever.

2 Over the river! oh, who is there?
Over the river, the river?
Friends who have gone from our earth-life to
Life from the Bountiful Giver. [share

3 Over the river! oh, wonderful land,
Over the river, the river!
Happy and holy each radiant band,
May we be with them forever.

99

Resting By and By.

J. & G. 62. Key of A.

WE'LL lay our heavy burdens down,
 By and by, by and by,
 Exchange the cross for the golden crown,
 By and by.

CHO.—There'll be sweet resting,
 By and by, by and by,
 By and by, sweet, sweet,
 Resting by and by.

2 We'll sing with all the ransomed there,
 By and by, by and by,
 And swell our praise on the balmy air,
 By and by.

3 We'll be with Jesus where he is,
 By and by, by and by,
 A home more brightly fair than this,
 By and by.

100 Shall We Meet Each Other?

S. S. 122; G. R. 20. Key of G.

SHALL we meet beyond the river,
 Where the surges cease to roll?
 Where in all the bright forever,
 Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul?

CHO.—Shall we meet, shall we meet,
 Shall we meet each other there?
 Shall we meet beyond the river,
 Shall we meet each other there?

2 Shall we meet in that blest harbor,
 When our stormy voyage is o'er?
 Shall we meet and cast the anchor
 By the fair celestial shore?

3 Shall we meet with many a loved one,
Torn on earth from our embrace?
Shall we listen to their voices,
And behold them face to face?

4 Shall we meet with Christ our Savior,
When he comes to claim his own?
Shall we hear him bid us welcome,
And sit down upon his throne?

N. L. 64. Key of G.

CHO.—Yes, we'll meet, yes, we'll meet,
Where the surges cease to roll;
Yes, we'll meet beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll.

101 The Blood of the Lord.

N. L. 46. Key of E.

THE blood of the Lord,
The blood of the Lord,
He shed upon Calvary's brow,
Will cleanse me within,
Will free me from sin,
And make me e'en whiter than snow.

CHO.—Whiter than snow,
Yes, whiter than snow;
The blood of the Lord
From Calvary's brow,
Will cleanse me within,
And free me from sin,
And make my soul e'en whiter than snow.

2 The blood of the Lord, :||
He gave as a ransom for me,
Will cleanse every stain,
Remove ev'ry pain,
Which now in thy spirit may be.

- 3 The blood of the Lord, :||
 Oh, sprinkle it now in thy love;
 Oh, save me to-day,
 And save me for aye,
 And fit me for heaven above.

102

Flitting Away.*

Key of B.

AS shadows, cast by cloud and sun,
 Flit o'er the summer grass,
 So in thy sight, Almighty One,
 Earth's generations pass.

CHO.—Flitting, flitting,
 Flitting like shadows away;
 Flitting, flitting away,
 Flitting like shadows away.

- 2 And while the years, an endless host,
 Come pressing swiftly on,
 The brightest names that earth can boast
 Just glisten and are gone.

- 3 Yet doth the star of Bethl'em shed
 A luster pure and sweet,
 And still it leads, as once it led,
 To the Messiah's feet.

CHO.—Brighter, brighter,
 Brighter the holy star shines,
 Brighter, brighter it shines,
 Brighter the holy star shines.

- 4 O Father! may that holy star
 Grow every year more bright,
 And send its glorious beams afar,
 To fill the world with light.

* By sending six cents to C. C. Cline, Louisville, Ky.,
 the music to this and three other songs will be sent by
 mail to any address.

103 Our Better Home.

B. & B. 130. Key of E.

HAD earth no thorns among its flowers,
And life no fount of tears,
We might forget our better home
Beyond this vale of tears.

REF.—Home, sweet home,
Our beautiful home beyond;
Our home that Jesus has gone to prepare,
Our beautiful home beyond.

2. How wisely God our cup has filled
With mingled joy and grief,
To teach our hearts that mortal things,
Tho' bright, are only brief.

3 Our better home, how sweet to think,
When torn from those we love,
No sad farewell can ever reach
Our better home above.

104 There's a Sweet Land of Rest.

B. B. 26. Key of A.

THERE'S a sweet land of rest,
Where the songs of the blest
Ever float on the balmy air;
If to Jesus we yield,
And our pardon is sealed,
We shall join in that song up there.

REF.—Hallelujah! we sing to the Lord, our
Hallelujah! the song we'll share; [King;
Hallelujah again, with a loud Amen,
For the rest that remains up there!

2 In the bright land of song
Stand the pure, happy throng,
Near the throne in their robes so fair;
If we follow the Lord
In the way of his word,
We shall wear a white robe up there.

- 3 There are crowns to be given
 To the ransomed in heaven,
 Only victors the crowns may wear;
 If we battle with sin,
 And the vict'ry we win,
 We shall wear a bright crown up there.

105 The Angels in the Air.

S. S. 66; A. 14. Key of E.

WHEN life's labor-song is sung,
 And the ebon arch is sprung
 O'er the shaded couch of death so still;
 Then the Lord will light the scene
 With the angels' starry sheen,
 As they welcome us to Zion's hill.

CHO.—We'll meet each other there,
 Yes, we'll meet each other there,
 With the angels in the air;
 Yes, we'll meet each other there;
 We'll meet each other there,
 Yes, we'll meet each other there,
 With the angels, with the angels in the
 air.

- 2 Dark the shadows in the vale,
 Fierce the howling of the gale,
 But the shining ones are near our door;
 With our robes as bright as they,
 We will tread the starry way,
 With the shadow and the storm no more.
- 3 Flood the heart with parting tears,
 Frost the head with passing years,
 Mingle want and woe together here,
 But the Lord will lift the cloud
 That enwraps the shining crowd,
 And we'll never know a sorrow there.

106 The Shining Ones.

S. J. 20. Key of E.

FAR away in the land of the pure and bright,
Is the city of God with its golden light;
Oh, there is our home, and we ever shall stand
'Mid the shining ones of that better land.

CHO.—Oh, beautiful home! Oh beautiful home,
Where beautiful saints surround the white
throne,
How I long to be there, and forever to stand
'Mid the shining ones of that better land.

2 That beautiful land we are nearing now,
Where a crown of bright glory encircles each
brow; [shore,
Where the tree of life grows on that beautiful
Where flowers shall freshen to fade no more.

3 Then come, brother pilgrims, let love freely
flow,
As on to that beautiful home we shall go;
For Jesus has said we must go hand in hand,
If ever we enter that beautiful land.

4 Oh, my soul is now weary of toiling below ;
To the home of the purified saints would I go,
With Jesus, my Savior, forever to stand
'Mid the shining ones of the better land.

107 The Gate Ajar for Me.

G. S. 9. Key of C.

THERE is a gate that stands ajar,
And thro' its portals gleaming,
A radiance from the cross afar,
The Savior's love revealing.

REF.—Oh, depths of mercy! can it be
That gate was left ajar for me?
For me, for me?
Was left ajar for me?

2 That gate ajar stands free for all
Who seek through it salvation;
The rich and poor, the great and small,
Of every tribe and nation.

3 Beyond the river's brink we'll lay
The cross that here is given,
And bear the crown of life away,
And love Him more in heaven.

108 The New "Over There."

S. of G. 64. Key of A.

THEY have reached the sunny shore,
And will never hunger more;
All their grief and pain are o'er,
Over there;
And they need no lamp by night,
For their day is always bright,
And their Savior is their light,
Over there.

CHO.—Over there, over there,
They can never know a fear,
Over there;
All their streets are shining gold,
And their glory is untold,
'Tis the Savior's blissful fold,
Over there.

2 Now they feel no chilling blast,
For their winter time is past,
And their summers always last,
Over there;
They can never know a fear,
For the Savior's always near,
And with them is endless cheer,
Over there.

- 3 They have fought the weary fight,
Jesus saved them by his might;
Now they dwell with him in light,
Over there;
Soon we'll reach the shining strand,
But we'll wait our Lord's command,
Till we see his beck'ning hand,
Over there.

109 The Sweet Eden Shore.

S. S. 32; B.J. 28. Key of D.

ON the sweet Eden shore so peaceful and
bright,
The spirits made perfect are dwelling in light,
Their white wings are wafting them gently
along
Through beautiful regions of glory and song.

CHO.—On the sweet Eden shore so peaceful and
bright,
On the sweet Eden shore, the home of the blest,
With friends gone before, we'll tarry and rest,
Tarry and rest, tarry and rest with the blest.

2 O how blessed to rise when life's pangs are
o'er,
To mount up to heaven and dwell evermore;
And never grow weary and never know care,
In those beautiful regions so blooming and fair.

3 On the sweet Eden shore, the home of the
blest,
With friends gone before soon we'll tarry and
rest,
Contented with Jesus our Savior to stay,
We'll drink of the joys that will ne'er fade
away.

110 **Wandering Away.**

M. S. 28. Key of B.

WANDERER away from Jesus,
In the winding ways of sin,
Turn and seek the world's Redeemer,
And his service now begin.
On Mount Calvary he suffered,
On the cruel cross he died;
See his hands and feet so wounded,
And behold his pierced side.

CHO.—Wandering away, wandering away,
Wandering away from Jesus;
Hear his gentle voice calling you to-day,
And wander no more away from Jesus.

2 Wanderer away from Jesus,
In the road to endless woe,
If thou wilt not turn to Jesus,
Whither, whither, wilt thou go?
Broad the road where thou art going,
Many with thee downward move;
Turn and seek the narrow pathway,
That will lead to bliss above.

3 Wanderer away from Jesus,
Would'st thou not a crown obtain?
Why then wilt thou slight his goodness?
Fearest not the woe and pain?
Can you barter life eternal,
For the pleasure sin can give?
Turn, oh, turn you to the Savior,
And a fadeless crown receive.

111 **The Great White Throne.**

M. S. No. 121. Key of E.

I LOVE the blessed Jesus,
He is my dearest friend
Oh, help me sing his praises
Till life below shall end;

And then in garments pure and white,
With harps and crowns of gold,
We'll meet this friend on the plains of light,
His glories to behold.

CHO.—When we gather round the great white throne,

When we gather round the great white throne;
We'll sing his praise thro' endless days
When we gather round the great white throne.

2 I love the cross of Jesus,
For on it he has died;
I'll trust his precious merit,
Since he was crucified.
I'll sing of him who rose again,
Triumphant o'er the grave,
And when we meet as a ransomed band,
We'll sing his power to save.

3 Oh, let me live for Jesus,
And bear his cross below,
And if the Savior calls me,
To suffer pain and woe.
I want to be like Jesus too,
And always watch and pray,
That I may gain that happy home,
In the realms of perfect day.

112

The Better Land.

G. Ch. 78. Key of D.

BOYS. Whither, pilgrims, are you going,
Going each with staff in hand?

GIRLS. We are going on a journey,
Going at our King's command;

ALL. Over hills, and plains, and valleys,
We are going to his palace,

||: We are going to his palace,
Going to the better land. :||

- 2 BOYS. Fear ye not the way so lonely,
 You, a little, feeble band?
 GIRLS. No, for friends unseen are near us,
 Holy angels round us stand;
 ALL. Christ, our leader, walks beside us,
 He will guard, and he will guide us, :||
 Guide us to that better land.
- 3 BOYS. Tell me, pilgrims, what you hope for
 In that far off, better land?
 GIRLS. Spotless robes and crowns of glory
 From a Savior's loving hand;
 ALL. We shall drink of life's clear river,
 We shall dwell with God forever, :||
 In that bright, that better land.

113

Waiting at the Door.

S. J. 21. Key of B.

- I AM waiting for the Master,
 Who will rise and bid me come
 To the glory of his presence,
 To the gladness of his home.
- CHO.—They are watching at the portal,
 They are waiting at the door;
 Waiting only for my coming,
 All the loved ones gone before.
- 2 Many friends that traveled with me,
 Reached that portal long ago;
 One by one they left me battling
 With the dark and crafty foe.
- 3 Oh, how soon shall I be with them,
 And shall join their glorious throng,
 There to mingle in their worship,
 And to swell their mighty song?
- 4 Yet, O Lord, I wait thy pleasure,
 For thy time and ways are best;
 Hear me, Lord, for I am weary,
 O, my Father, bid me rest.

114 Waiting and Watching for Me.

G. S. 114. Key of D.

WHEN my final farewell to the world I have
And gladly lie down to my rest, [said,
When softly the watchers shall say, "He is
dead,"

And fold my pale hands o'er my breast;
And when, with my glorified vision, at last
The walls of "That City" I see,
||: Will any one, then, at the beautiful gate,
Be waiting and watching for me? :||

CHO.—Be waiting and watching,
Be waiting and watching for me?

2 There are little ones glancing about in my
In want of a friend and a guide; [path
There are dear little eyes looking up into mine,
Whose tears might be easily dried.

But Jesus may beckon the children away
In the midst of their grief and their glee—
||: Will any of them, at the beautiful gate,
Be waiting and watching for me? :||

3 There are old and forsaken who linger awhile
In homes which their dearest have left;
And a few gentle words or an action of love
May cheer their sad spirits bereft.

But the Reaper is near to the long-standing
The weary will soon be set free— [corn,
||: Will any of them, at the beautiful gate,
Be waiting and watching for me? :||

4 Oh, should I be brought there by the bounty—
Of him who delights to forgive, [ful grace
Though I bless not the weary about in my path,
Pray only for self while I live—

Methinks I should mourn o'er my sinful neglect,
If sorrow in heaven can be,
||: Should no one I love, at the beautiful gate,
Be waiting and watching for me. :||

115

Nearer Home.

S. K. 144. Key of G.

O'ER the hill the sun is setting,
And the eve is drawing on;
Slowly drops the gentle twilight,
For another day is gone.
Gone for aye, its race is over,
Soon the darker shades will come;
Still it's sweet to know at even,
We are one day nearer home.

CHO.—Nearer home, nearer home,
Nearer to our home on high,
To the green fields and the fountains
Of the land beyond the sky.

2 One day nearer, sings the sailor,
As he glides the waters o'er,
While the light is softly dying
On his distant native shore.
Thus the Christian, on life's ocean,
As his lightboat cuts the foam,
In the evening cries with rapture,
"I am one day nearer home."

3 Worn and weary, oft the pilgrim
Hails the setting of the sun,
For the goal is one day nearer,
And his journey nearly done.
Thus we feel, when o'er life's desert,
Heart and sandal-worn we roam,
As the twilight gathers o'er us,
We are one day nearer home.

6 Nearer home! yes, one day nearer
To our Father's house on high,
To the green fields and the fountains
Of the land beyond the sky.
For the heav'ns grow brighter o'er us,
And the lamps hang in the dome,
And our tents are pitched still closer,
For we're one day nearer home.

INFANT CLASS SONGS.

116 **Angry Words.**

S. S. 69. Key of E.

ANGRY words! O, let them never
 From the tongue unbridled slip;
 May the heart's best impulse ever
 Check them ere they soil the lip. [vior;
 CHO.—"Love one another," thus saith the Sa-
 Children, obey thy Father's blest command.
 "Love one another," thus saith the Savior;
 Children, obey his blest command.

- 2 Love is much too pure and holy,
 Friendship is too sacred far,
 For a moment's reckless folly
 Thus to desolate and mar.
- 3 Angry words are lightly spoken;
 Bitterest thoughts are rashly stirred;
 Brightest links of life are broken
 By a single angry word.

117 **Around the Throne.**

Oreola 102. Key of A.

- A**ROUND the throne of God in heaven
 A thousand children stand;
 Children whose sins are all forgiven,
 A holy, happy band,
 Singing glory, glory, glory be to God on high.
- 2 In flowing robes of spotless white
 See every one arrayed,
 Dwelling in everlasting light,
 And joys that never fade.
 - 3 What brought them to that world above?
 That heaven so bright and fair,
 Where all is peace, and joy, and love—
 How came those children there?

- 4 On earth they sought the Savior's grace,
On earth they loved his name;
So now they see his blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb.

118 Make Me Like Unto Thee.

S. Songs 142. Key of G.

THE morning bright with rosy light
Has waked me from my sleep;
Father, I own thy love alone
Thy little one doth keep.

CHO.—Make me like unto thee, Savior,
Make me like unto thee;
Forgive, I pray, my sins this day,
And make me like unto thee.

- 2 All thro' the day I humbly pray,
Be thou my guard and guide;
My sins forgive, and let me live,
Dear Savior, near thy side.
- 3 Oh, make me rest within thy breast,
Great Spirit of all grace,
Then I shall be, if made like thee,
Prepared to see thy face.

119 Dare to Do Right.

S. S. 25. Key of E.

DARE to do right! Dare to be true!
You have a work that no other can do;
Do it so bravely, so kindly, so well,
Angels will hasten the story to tell.

CHO.—Dare, dare, dare to do right,
Dare, dare, dare to be true,
Dare to be true, dare to be true!

- 2 Dare to do right! Dare to be true!
Other men's failures can never save you,
Stand by your conscience, your honor, your
Stand like a hero and battle till death. [faith.
- 3 Dare to do right! Dare to be true!
Jesus, your Savior, will carry you through;
City and mansion and throne all in sight,
Can you not dare to be true and do right?

120 "God is Love."

S. of G. 5. Key of G.

"GOD is love," the snowflakes whisper,
As they linger in the air;
"God is love," the breezes murmur
As they meet us every where.

REF.—God is love, god is love,
All things tell us: "God is love."

- 2 Little stars that shine in heaven,
As they twinkle far above;
Peeping, smiling at each other,
Whisper gently, "God is love."
- 3 "God is love," the little birdies,
In the tree tops over head,
Seem to say with their sweet voices—
Praising him by whom they're fed.
- 4 Little children, too, can praise him,
As they carol, "God is love;"
Trusting very soon to see him,
In the land of life above.

121 If I Come to Jesus.

S. S. 5. Key of C.

IF I come to Jesus,
He will make me glad;
He will give me pleasure,
When my heart is sad.

CHO.—If I come to Jesus, Happy I should be,
He is gently calling Little ones like me.

2 If I come to Jesus,
He will take my hand;
He will kindly lead me
To a better land.

3 There with happy children,
Robed in snowy white;
I shall see my Savior,
In that world so bright.

122 I Want to Be Like Jesus. (No. 1.)

V. 61; B. J. 33. Key of D.

I WANT to BE like Jesus,
All gentle, pure and mild;
His seal upon my forehead,
And owned as his dear child;
My heart so weak and sinful,
All changed by grace divine,
And all my life to serve him,
And ever call him mine.

2 I want to DO like Jesus,
To mark each passing day
With deeds of love and mercy,
Or cheer some lonely way;
Speak gentle words of counsel,
Avoid each secret sin,
And to my precious Savior,
The lost ones seek to win.

3 I want to LIVE like Jesus,
Whose words with love were fraught;
I want to find his favor,
By him be truly taught;
Oh, then I'm sure that ever
His hand will guide me on,
Until the heavenly portals
And glory shall be won.

123 Dare to be a Daniel.

No. 88 of G. H. No. 2; G. S. No. 53. Key of B.

STANDING by a purpose true,
Heeding God's command,
Honor them, the faithful few!
All hail to Daniel's Band!

CHO.—Dare to be a Daniel,
Dare to stand alone!
Dare to have a purpose firm!
Dare to make it known!

2 Many mighty men are lost,
Daring not to stand,
Who for God had been a host,
By joining Daniel's Band!

3 Many giants, great and tall,
Stalking thro' the land,
Headlong to the earth would fall,
If met by Daniel's Band.

4 Hold the Gospel banner high,
On to vict'ry grand!
Satan and his host defy,
And shout for Daniel's Band!

124 Scatter Seeds of Kindness.

M. S. No. 111; No. 44 of G. H. No. 2. Key of G.

LET us gather up the sunbeams,
Lying all along our path;
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out the thorns and chaff;
Let us find our sweetest comfort
In the blessings of to-day;
With a patient hand removing
All the briars from the way.

CHO.—Then scatter seeds of kindness, :"
For our reaping by and by.

- 2 Strange we never prize the music
 Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown!
 Strange that we should slight the violets
 Till the lovely flowers are gone!
 Strange that summer skies and sunshine
 Never seem one-half so fair,
 As when winter's snowy pinions
 Shake the white down in the air.
- 3 If we knew the baby fingers,
 Press'd against the window-pane,
 Would be cold and stiff to-morrow,
 Never trouble us again—
 Would the bright eyes of our darling
 Catch the frown upon our brow?
 Would the print of rosy fingers
 Vex us then as they do now?
- 4 Ah! those little ice-cold fingers,
 How they point our mem'ries back
 To the hasty words and actions,
 Strewn along our backward track!
 How those little hands remind us,
 As in snowy grace they lie,
 Not to scatter thorns, but roses—
 For our reaping by and by!

125

Is it Right?

S. of G. 23. Key of F.

- I**F you find yourself insulted,
 And you feel inclined to fight,
 Wait until this little question is decided:
 Is it right! is it right! *Is it?*
 Is it right! is it right?
- 2 If you find you're feeling peevish,
 And like doing things for spite,
 Listen to the voice of conscience
 As it whispers, Is it right? &c.

- 3 If your parents have forbidden
You to be out late at night,
And you feel like disobeying,
Stop and ponder: Is it right? &c.
- 4 When in any sort of mischief
You begin to take delight,
Well may you reflect and ask yourself
The question: Is it right? &c.

126

Jewels.

Prize 123; G. S. 55. Key of E.

WHEN He cometh, when he cometh,
To make up his jewels,
All his jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and his own.

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

- 2 He will gather, he will gather
The gems for his kingdom;
All the pure ones, all the bright ones,
His loved and his own.
- 3 Little children, little children,
Who love their Redeemer,
Are the jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and his own.

127

Jesus Loves Me.

S. S. 155. Key of E.

JESUS loves me! this I know,
For the Bible tells me so;
Little ones to him belong;
They are weak but he is strong.

CHO.—||: Yes, Jesus loves me;
The Bible tells me so.

- 2 Jesus loves me! he who died,
Heaven's gate to open wide;
He will wash away my sin,
Let his little child come in.
- 3 Jesus loves me! he will stay
Close beside me all the way;
If I love him when I die,
He will take me home on high.

128

Little Flowers.

S. Songs 140. Key of C.

TELL me, little flower,
With uplifted eye,
What do you see yonder,
In the deep blue sky?
Are you always praying,
When you look above?
Tell me, little flower,
Can you see God's love?

- 2 Is it heaven's beauty,
That you strive to reach?
You can not well tell me,
Silent is your speech.
Sweetest little flower,
God gave you to me;
May I too look upward,
And his child e'er be!

129

Little Lambs.

S. Songs 134. Key of F.

I AM Jesus' little lamb,
Happy all day long I am;
He will keep me safe from harm,
For I'm his lamb.

CHO.—Jesus loves me, this I know,
He will wash me white as snow,
He will keep me pure I know,
For I'm his lamb.

2 By his staff I'm led along,
Guarded by his arm so strong;
I'm so happy all day long,
For I'm his lamb.

3 Then I never will repine,
While around his glories shine;
I am his, and he is mine,
Oh, I'm his lamb.

130 Little Travelers.

R. D. 71. Key of F.

WE are little trav'lers, marching, marching,
We are little trav'lers, Marching on;
Walking in the narrow way,
Shunning paths that lead astray;
We are little trav'lers, Marching on.

2 We are little lab'ers, working, working,
We are little lab'ers, Working on;
Never idling time away,
Busy working every day;
We are little lab'ers, Working on.

3 We are little soldiers, fighting, fighting,
We are little soldiers, Fighting on;
Warring 'gainst the pow'r of sin,
Foes without and foes within:
We are little soldiers, Fighting on.

4 We are little pilgrims, hoping, hoping,
We are little pilgrims, Hoping on;
For a country better far,
Where our crown and kingdom are;
We are little pilgrims, Hoping on.

131

Little Reapers.

S. Songs III. Key of D.

WE are little Reapers, toiling through the day
 Lab'ring in the harvest o'er the stony way,
 Gleaning 'mong the thistles, searching thro' the
 rain,
 Fitting for the garner bright and golden grain.

CHO.—Toiling, toiling, toiling all the day,
 Pausing not for shadows that becloud our way,
 Reaping for the Master, we are toiling all the
 day.

2 We are little Reapers in the fields of sin,
 Striving for the Master precious souls to win;
 Pointing them to Jesus, to the Lamb of God,
 Following his footsteps in the paths he trod.

3 We are little Reapers in the harvest field,
 Truth and Right the sickles that our arms do
 wield,
 And we labor ever 'neath our Father's eye,
 Gathering the bright sheaves for the home on
 high.

132

Giving.

F. L. 38. Key of F.

"GIVE," said the little stream,
 (Give, oh give, give, oh give),
 Give, said the little stream,
 As it hurried down the hill.

"I am small, I know, but wherever I go,
 (Give, oh give, give, oh give),
 I am small, I know, but wherever I go,
 The fields grow greener still."

REF.—Singing, singing all the day,
 Give away, oh, give away;
 Singing, singing all the day,
 Give, oh, give away.

- 2 "Give," said the little rain,
As it fell upon the flowers;
"I will raise the drooping heads again,
And freshen the summer bowers."
- 3 "Give," said they all, "Oh, give,
For our blessings come from heaven,
And we fain would give, yes, would only live
To give as God has given."
- 4 "Give, then, for Jesus give;
There is something all can give,
Oh, do as the streams and the blossoms do,
And for God and others live."

133

Who Is He?

A. 7; Prize 71. Key of A.

WHO is he in yonder stall,
At whose feet the shepherds fall?
CHO.—'Tis the Lord, O wondrous story,
'Tis the Lord, the King of Glory,
At his feet we humbly fall;
Crown him, crown him Lord of all.

- 2 Who is he in yonder cot,
Bending to his toilsome lot?
- 3 Who is he that stands and weeps
At the grave where Laz'rus sleeps?
- 4 Who is he in deep distress,
Fasting in the wilderness?
- 5 Lo! at midnight, who is he
Prays in dark Gethsemane?
- 6 On the cross, lo! who is he
Sheds his precious blood for me?
- 7 Who is he that from the grave
Comes to heal, and help, and save?
- 8 Who is he that on yon throne
Rules the world of light alone?

MISCELLANEOUS SONGS.

134 For You I Am Praying.

G. S. 36; G. H. 13. Key of G.

I HAVE a Savior, he's pleading in glory,
A dear, loving Savior, tho' earth friends
be few;

And now he is watching in tenderness o'er me,
And Oh, that my Savior were your Savior too!

CHO.—For you I am praying, :||
I'm praying for you.

2 I have a Father; to me he has given
A hoped-for eternity, blessed and true,
And soon will he call me to meet him in heaven,
But Oh, that he'd let me bring you with me
too!

3 I have a robe; 'tis resplendent in whiteness,
Awaiting in glory my wondering view;
Oh, when I receive it all shining in brightness,
Dear friend, could I see you receiving one
too!

4 When Jesus has cleansed you, tell others the
story
That my loving Savior is your Savior too;
Then pray that your Savior may bring them to
glory, [for you.
And prayer will be answered, 'twas answered

135 Go Tell It to Jesus.J. & G. 152. Key of C. G. S. 98; G. H. No. 61.
Key of B.

GO, bury thy sorrow;
The world hath its share;
Go, bury it deeply,
Go, hide it with care;
Go, think of it calmly
When curtained by night;
Go, tell it to Jesus,
And all will be right.

2 Go, tell it to Jesus,
 He knoweth thy grief;
 Go, tell it to Jesus,
 He'll send thee relief;
 Go, gather the sunshine
 He sheds on thy way;
 He'll lighten thy burden;
 Go, weary one, pray.

3 Hearts growing weary
 With heavier woe,
 Now droop 'mid the darkness—
 Go, comfort them, go!
 Go, bury thy sorrows,
 Let others be blest;
 Go, give them the sunshine;
 Tell Jesus the rest.

136

Tell It Again.

N. L. 96. Key of A.

INTO the tent where a gipsy boy lay
 Dying alone, at the close of the day,
 News of salvation we carried. Said he,
 "Nobody ever has told it to me!"
 REF.—Tell it again! tell it again!
 Salvation's story repeat o'er and o'er,
 Till none can say of the children of men,
 "Nobody ever has told me before!"

2 "Did he so love me—a poor little boy?
 Send unto me the good tidings of joy?
 Need I not perish? My hand will he hold?
 Nobody ever the story has told!"

3 Bending, we caught the last words of his
 breath,
 Just as he entered the valley of death:
 "God sent his Son—whosoever?" said he;
 "Then I am sure that he sent him for me!"

- 4 Smiling, he said, as his last sigh was spent,
 'I am so glad that for me he was sent!'
 Whisper'd, while low sank the sun in the west,
 "Lord, I believe! tell it now to the rest!"

137 Have Courage, My Boy.

Prize 180. Key of G.

YOU'RE starting, my boy, on life's journey
 Along the grand highway of life;
 You'll meet with a thousand temptations,
 Each city with evil is rife.
 This world is a stage of excitement,
 There's danger wherever you go;
 But if you are tempted in weakness,
 Have courage, my boy, to say, No!
CHO.—Have courage, my boy, to say, No!
 Have courage, my boy, to say, No!
 Have courage, my boy, have courage, my
 Have courage, my boy, to say, No! [boy,

2 The bright ruby wine may be offered;
 No matter how tempting it be,
 From poison that stings like an adder,
 My boy, have the courage to flee.
 The billiard saloons are inviting,
 Decked out in their tinsel and show,
 If you should be tempted to enter,
 Think twice, then stoutly say, No!

3 In courage alone lies your safety,
 When you the long journey begin,
 Your trust in a Heavenly Father
 Will keep you unspotted from sin.
 Temptations will go on increasing,
 As streams from a rivulet flow;
 But if you'd be true to your manhood,
 Have courage, my boy, to say, No!

138 If Papa Were only Ready.

G. S. 118; Prize 178. Key of D.

I SHOULD like to die, said Willie, if my papa
 could die too,
 But he says he isn't ready, 'cause he has so
 much to do;
 And my little sister Nellie says that I must
 surely die,
 And that she and mamma—then she stopp'd
 because it made me cry. :||

2 But she told me, I remember, once while
 sitting on her knee,
 That the angels never weary watching over
 her and me,
 And if we were good (mamma told me just the
 same before),
 They will let us into heaven when they see us
 at the door. :||

3 Nellie says that may be I shall very soon be
 called away;
 If papa were only ready, I should like to go
 to-day;
 But if I should go before him to that world of
 light and joy,
 Then I guess he'd want to come to heaven to
 see his little boy. :||

139 Jesus of Nazareth.

G. S. 4; G. H. 10. Key of G.

WHAT means this eager, anxious throng
 Which moves with busy haste along?
 These wondrous gatherings day by day?
 What means this strange commotion, say?
 ||: In accents hushed the throng reply,
 "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." :||

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

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

140 Rifted Clouds.

E. S. 20. Key of F.

THERE is never a day so sunny
 But a little cloud appears;
 There is never a life so happy
 But has had its time of tears;
 Yet the sun shines out the brighter
 When the stormy tempest clears.

Cho.—In the sunshine or the shade let us ever
 cheerful be,
 Ever trusting in our Savior's boundless
 grace,
 Soon will shadows pass away, thro' the rifted
 clouds we'll see
 The Redeemer's smiling face.

2 There is never a cup so pleasant
 But has bitter with the sweet;
 There is never a path so rugged,
 Bearing not the print of feet;
 But we have a helper furnished
 For the trials we may meet.

- 3 There is never a heart so haughty
 But will some day bow and kneel;
 There is never a heart so wounded
 That the Savior can not heal;
 There is many a lowly forehead
 Bearing now the hidden seal.

141 The Bible Song.

P. G. 105. Key of A.

GUARD the Bible well, all its foes repel
 The sweet story tell of the Lord;
 Guard what God revealed as our sun and shield;
 Never, never yield his holy word.

CHO.—Rouse, then, Christians, rally for the
 Bible,

Work on, pray on, spread the truth abroad;
 Stand, then, like men in the cause triumphant,
 For the Bible is the Word of God.

- 2 Book of love divine, precious word of thine,
 Let it ever shine all abroad;
 In the Spirit's might we must win the fight,
 For this Gospel light, the truth of God.

- 3 Shout the Bible song, swell the mighty throng,
 In the cause be strong of the right;
 Look to God in prayer when the foes you dare,
 And forever wear his armor bright.

142 The Great Physician.

No. 73 of G. H. No. 2; G. H. No. 56. Key of E.

THE great Physician now is near,
 The sympathizing Jesus;
 He speaks the drooping hearts to cheer,
 Oh, hear the name of Jesus.

CHO.—Sweetest note in seraph song,
 Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
 Sweetest carol ever sung,
 Jesus, blessed Jesus.

- 2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.
- 3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Savior's name,
I love the name of Jesus.
- 4 And when to that bright world above,
We rise to see our Jesus,
We'll sing around the throne of love
His name, the name of Jesus.

143 Song of the Lilies.

G. Cen. 114. Key of C.

HARK, the lilies whisper, tenderly and low,
"In our grace and beauty, see how fair
we grow;"

Thus our heavenly Father cares for all below.
The lilies of the field, the beautiful lilies of
the field,
Your Father cares for them, and shall he not
care for you?

2 Hark, the roses speaking, telling all abroad,
Their sweet, wondrous story of the love of God,
In the rose of Sharon, Jesus Christ, the Lord.
The roses how they bloom, the beautiful roses
how they bloom!

Your Father cares for them, and shall he not
care for you?

3 Let us then be trustful, doubting not although
Much of toil and trouble be our lot below;
Think upon the lilies, see how fair they grow.
The lilies of the field, the beautiful lilies of the
field;

Your Father cares for them, and shall he not
care for you?

144 My House On a Rock.

S. Songs 39; G. Cen. 72. Key of A.

OH, if my house is built upon a rock,
I know it will stand forever;
The floods may come and the rolling thunder's
shock,
May beat upon my house
That is built upon a rock.

CHO.—And 'twill never fall,
Never fall, never, never, never;
Its foundation is sure, and will stand forever—
Yes, it will stand forever. [more.]

2 For he whose truth is lasting as the hills,
Whose word is unchanging ever,
Has said my house on the solid rock shall stand
He'll hold it by his might
In the hollow of his hand.

3 Then I will build my house upon a rock,
And there it will stand forever;
The floods may come, and the rolling thunder's
May beat upon my house [shock
That is built upon a rock.

145 To the Right Be True.

V. 100. Key of F.

ARE you marching, patient marching,
Through the storms of life?
Are you meeting, daily meeting,
Weary toil and strife?
There's a voice above the tumult,
Speaking still to you,
Never falter, never waver,
To the right be true.

CHO.—To the right, to the right,
To the right be true.

2 Are you thinking, daily thinking,
 Of the painful way,
 Often asking, frequent asking,
 Why these sufferings stay?
 Hear the promise, all shall surely
 Work for good to you,
 Never fearing, never doubting,
 To the right be true.

3 Are you hoping, joyful hoping,
 For the rest of heaven?
 Are you waiting, patient waiting,
 Till the chains are riven?
 Would you keep the heavenly mansion
 Clear and bright in view,
 Always heed the earnest prompters,
 To the right be true.

146

Too Late.

A. 102; G. S. 117. Key of F.

LATE, late, so late! and dark the night and
 chill;

Late, late, so late, but we can enter still;
 Late, late, so late! Late, late, so late!
 But we can enter still; but we can enter still.

CHO.—Too late, too late! ye can not enter now!
 Too late, too late! ye can not enter now!

2 No light! so late! and dark and chill the
 night;

Oh, let us in that we may find the light;
 Oh, let us in, oh, let us in,
 That we may find the light, that we may find
 the light!

3 Have we not heard the Bridegroom is so sweet
 Oh, let us in, that we may kiss his feet!

Oh, let us in, oh, let us in, [feet!
 That we may kiss his feet, that we may kiss his

147 What a Friend is Jesus!

G. H. 30. Key of F.

WHAT a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear;
What a privilege to carry
Every thing to God in prayer.
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear—
All because we do not carry
Every thing to God in prayer.

2 Have we trials and temptations?

Is there trouble any where?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a Friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,

Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Savior, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In his arms he'll take and shield thee,—
Thou wilt find a solace there.

148 When Jesus Comes.

G. S. 38. Key of G.

DOWN life's dark vale we wander,
Till Jesus comes;
We watch and wait and wonder,
Till Jesus comes.
Oh, let my lamp be burning,
When Jesus comes;
For him my soul be yearning,
When Jesus comes.

CHO.—All joy his loved ones bringing,
 When Jesus comes;
 All praise thro' heaven ringing,
 When Jesus comes;
 All beauty bright and vernal,
 When Jesus comes;
 All glory grand, eternal,
 When Jesus comes.

- 2 No more heart-pangs nor sadness,
 All peace and joy and gladness,
 All doubts and fears will vanish,
 All gloom his face will banish.
- 3 He'll know the way was dreary,
 He'll know the feet grew weary,
 He'll know what griefs oppressed me,
 Oh, how his arms will rest me!

149

We'll Meet Again.

E. S. Key of C.

“WE'LL meet again”—how sweet the word,
 How soothing is the sound,
 Like strains of far-off music heard
 On some enchanted ground.

CHO.—We'll meet again,
 We'll meet on “the evergreen shore,”
 We'll meet again;
 Yes, meet to part no more.

- 2 “We'll meet again,” the true heart speaks,
 When dearest ones depart;
 And in the pleasing prospect seeks
 Balm for the bleeding heart.
- 3 In heaven's serene and endless rest,
 Secure from care and pain;
 There, in the mansions of the blest,
 We'll surely meet again.

150 We Shall See Him As He Is.

J. & G. 66. Key of E.

WHEN the march of life is over,
With its battles fought and won;
When in victory rejoicing
To the city we shall come,
When to us the portals open
To the realms of endless bliss,
Then we'll hail our glorious Captain—
“We shall see him as he is.”

CHO.—We shall know our Savior there,
In the realms of endless bliss;
Like him we shall ever be,
“For we'll see him as he is.”

When the work of life is over,
With its weary care and pain,
We shall leave it all behind us,
Never more to feel again;
When the pearly gates we enter,
Into perfect rest and peace,
Then we'll hail our Friend and Helper—
“We shall see him as he is.”

CHURCH COLLECTION.

OPENING SONGS.

151 (632)

H. M.

Lischer. G. C. H. 180.

WELCOME, delightful morn,
Thou day of sacred rest;
I hail thy kind return—
Lord, make these moments blest;
From the low train of mortal toys,
I soar to reach immortal joys.

- 2 Now may the King descend,
And fill his throne with grace
The scepter, Lord, extend,
While saints address thy face;
Let sinners feel thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

152 (634)

L. M.

Loving Kindness. A. C. H. 181.

A WAKE, my soul, to joyful lays,
And sing my great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving kindness, O how free!

- 2 He saw me ruined in 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,
Had gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving kindness, O how good!

153 (648)

S. M.

Luther. F. C. H. 184.

A WAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb!
Wake, every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Savior'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 on your heavenly way,
You ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ, the glorious King.
- 4 Soon shall you hear him say,
"Ye blessed children, come,"
Soon will he call you hence away,
And take his pilgrims home.

154 (708)

7s.

Hendon. G. C. H. 185.

L ORD, we come before thee now;
At thy feet we humbly bow;
O, do not our suit disdain,
Shall we seek thee, Lord, 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 Comfort those who weep and mourn;
 Let the time of joy return;
 Those that are cast down lift up;
 Make them strong in faith and hope.
- 4 Grant that all may seek and find
 Thee a God supremely kind;
 Heal the sick, the captive free;
 Let us all rejoice in thee.

155 (703) Boylston. C. C. H. 195. S. M.

- H**UNGRY, and faint, and poor,
 Behold us, Lord, again
 Assembled at thy mercy's door
 Thy bounty to obtain.
- 2 Thy word invites us nigh,
 Or we would starve indeed;
 For we no money have to buy,
 Nor righteousness to plead.
- 3 The food our spirits want,
 Thy hand alone can give;
 O, hear the prayer of faith, and grant
 That we may eat and live!

156 (713) 8s, 7s & 4s.
 Siberia. D. C. H. 199.

- I**N thy name, O Lord, assembling,
 We, thy people, now draw near;
 Teach us to rejoice with trembling;
 O, that we this day may hear—
 Hear with meekness—
 Hear thy word with godly fear.
- 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 forever more.

157 (189)

7s.

Hendon. H. 185. Key of G.

- ANGELS! roll the rock away;
 Death! yield up thy mighty prey;
 See! the Savior leaves the tomb,
 Glowing with immortal bloom.
- 2 Hark! the wondering angels raise
 Louder notes of joyful praise;
 Let the earth's remotest bound
 Echo with the blissful sound.
- 3 Now, ye saints! lift up your eyes,
 See him high in glory rise!
 Ranks of angels on the road,
 Hail him—the incarnate God.
- 4 Heaven unfolds its portals wide,
 See the conqueror through them ride!
 King of Glory! mount thy throne—
 Boundless empire is thine own.

158 (1242)

5s & 12s.

Lucas. H. 311. Key of A.

- COME, let us anew
 Our journey pursue—
 Roll round with the year,
 And never stand still till the Master appear;
 His adorable will
 Let us gladly fulfill,
 And our talents improve
 By the patience of hope and the labor of love.

2 Our life is a dream ;
 Our time, as a stream,
 Glides swiftly away,
 And the fugitive moment refuses to stay ;
 The arrow is flown,
 The moment is gone ;
 The millennial year
 Rushes on to our view, and eternity's near.

3 O, that each, in the day
 Of his coming, may say,
 "I have fought my way through ;
 I have finished the work thou didst give me to
 O, that each from his Lord, [do ;"
 May receive the glad word,
 "Well and faithfully done ;
 Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne."

PRAISE AND SERVICE SONGS.

159 (976)

8s & 5s.

Patience. H. 251. Key of E.

EVERY day hath toil and trouble,
 Every heart hath care ;
 Meekly bear thine own full measure,
 And thy brother's share.
 Fear not, shrink not, though the burden
 Heavy to thee prove ;
 God shall fill thy mouth with gladness,
 And thy heart with love.

2 Patiently enduring, ever
 Let thy spirit be
 Bound, by links that can not sever,
 To humanity.
 Labor, wait ! thy Master labored
 Till his task was done ;
 Count not lost thy fleeting moments—
 Life hath but begun.

- 3 Labor! wait! though midnight shadows
 Gather round thee here,
 And the storm above thee lowering,
 Fill thy heart with fear—
 Wait in hope! the morning dawneth,
 When the night is gone,
 And a peaceful rest awaits thee,
 When thy work is done.

160 (1157)

8s, 6 lines.

Beautiful Zion. H. 284. Key of A.

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

- 2 Beautiful heaven where all is light,
 Beautiful angels clothed in white,
 Beautiful strains that never tire,
 Beautiful harps through all the choir!
 There shall I join the chorus sweet,
 Worshiping at the Savior's feet.
- 3 Beautiful crowns on every brow,
 Beautiful palms the conquerors show,
 Beautiful robes the ransomed wear,
 Beautiful all who enter there!
 Thither I press with eager feet;
 There shall my rest be long and sweet.

161 (888).

8s & 7s.

Hastings. H. 236. Key of C.

DARK and thorny is the desert
 Through which pilgrims make their way,
 But beyond this vale of sorrow
 Lie the realms of endless day.

Dear young soldiers, do not murmur
At the troubles of the way;
Meet the tempest—fight with courage—
Never faint; but often pray.

2 He whose thunder shakes creation;
He that bids the planets roll;
He that rides upon the tempest,
And whose scepter sways the whole—
Jesus, Jesus, will defend you;
Trust in him and him alone:
He has shed his blood to save you,
And will bring you to his throne.

3 There on flowery fields of pleasure,
And the hills of endless rest,
Joy, and peace, and love, shall ever
Reign and triumph in your breast;
There ten thousand flaming seraphs
Fly across the heavenly plain;
There they sing immortal praises!
Glory, glory is their theme.

4 But, methinks, a sweeter concert
Makes the crystal arches ring,
And a song is heard in Zion,
Which the angels can not sing:
Who can paint those sons of glory,
Ransomed souls that dwell on high,
Who, with golden harps, forever
Sound redemption through the sky.

162 (1146).

6s & 4s.

Oak. H. 280. Key of G.

I'M but a stranger here—
Heaven is my home;
Earth is a desert drear—
Heaven is my home.

Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on every hand ;
Heaven is my fatherland—
Heaven is my home.

2 There at my Savior's side—
Heaven is my home.
I shall be glorified—
Heaven is my home.
There with the good and blest,
Those I loved most and best,
I shall forever rest—
Heaven is my home.

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

163 (1149).

8s & 7s.

Rest. H. 286. Key of C.

IN the Christian's home in glory,
There remains a land of rest ;
There my Savior's gone before me
To fulfill my soul's request.

CHO.—There is rest for the weary, :||
There is rest for you—
On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
There is rest for you.

2 He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand,
For my stay shall not be transient
In that holy, happy land.

- 3 Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory;
 Shout your triumph as you go;
 Zion's gates will open for you,
 You shall find an entrance through.

164 (466).

L. M.

Sessions. H. 62. Key of C.

- Y**E Christian heralds! go, proclaim
 Salvation through Immanuel's name;
 To distant climes the tidings bear,
 And plant the rose of Sharon there.
- 2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire,
 With holy zeal your hearts inspire;
 Bid raging winds their fury cease,
 And hush the tempest into peace.
- 3 And when our labors all are o'er,
 Then we shall meet to part no more—
 Meet with the blood-bought throng, to fall,
 And crown our Jesus—Lord of all!

165 (923).

8s. & 7s.

Faith. H. 237. Key of G.

- J**ESUS, I my cross have taken,
 All to leave and follow thee;
 I am poor, despised, forsaken—
 Thou, henceforth, my all shalt be:
 Perish every fond ambition—
 All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
 Yet how rich is my condition—
 God and heaven are still my own!
- 2 Let the world despise and leave me;
 It has left my Savior, too;
 Human hearts and looks deceive me:
 Thou art not like them untrue.
 Whilst thy graces shall adorn me,
 God of wisdom, love, and might—
 Foes may hate, and friends may scorn me,
 Show thy face, and all is bright.

- 3 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!

166 (1275).

8s & 7s.

Mozart. H. 322. Key of A.

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 luster stealing;
Shivering Greenland loves its rays,
Afric, 'mid her deserts kneeling,
Lifts the untaught strain of praise.
- 3 Rude in speech, or wild in feature,
Dark in spirit though they be,
Show that light to every creature—
Prince or vassal, bond or free.
Lo! they haste to every nation,
Host on host the ranks supply;
Onward! Christ is your salvation,
And your death is victory.

167 (1164)

P. M.

Shall We Sing. H. 285. Key of F.

SHALL we sing in heaven forever,
 Shall we sing? :||

Shall we sing in heaven forever,
 In that happy land?

Yes, O yes! in that land, that happy land,
 They that meet shall sing forever,
 Far beyond the rolling river.
 Meet to sing and love forever,
 In that happy land.

2 Shall we know each other ever,
 In that land? :||

Shall we know each other ever,
 In that happy land?

Yes! O, yes! in that land, that happy land,
 They that meet shall know each other,
 Far beyond the rolling river, &c.

3 Shall we know our blessed Savior
 In that land? :||

Shall we know our blessed Savior
 In that happy land?

Yes! O, yes! in that land, that happy land,
 We shall know our blessed Savior,
 Far beyond the rolling river,
 Love and serve him there forever,
 In that happy land.

168 (1147)

6s & 7s.

Promise. H. 95. Key of D.

THERE'S a region above,
 Free from sin and temptation,
 And a mansion of love
 For each heir of salvation.

Then dismiss all thy fears,
 Weary pilgrim of sorrow,
 Though thy sun set in tears,
 'Twill rise brighter to-morrow.

2 There our toils will be done,
 And free grace be our story,
 God himself be our Sun,
 And our unsetting glory.
 In that world of delight
 Spring shall never be ended,
 Nor shall shadows nor night,
 With its brightness be blended.

3 There shall friends no more part,
 Nor shall farewells be spoken;
 There'll be balm for the heart
 That with anguish was broken.
 From affliction set free,
 And from God ne'er to sever,
 We his glory shall see,
 And enjoy him forever.

169 (1129)

C. M.

Beulah. H. 279. Key of C.

THERE is a land, a happy land,
 Where tears are wiped away
 From every eye, by God's own hand,
 And night is turned to day.

CHO.—Oh, come, angel band,
 Come, and around me stand;
 ||: Oh, bear me away on your snowy wings
 To my immortal home. :||

2 There is a crown, a dazzling crown,
 Bedecked with jewels fair;
 And priests and kings of high renown
 That crown of glory wear.

3 That land be mine, that calm retreat,
 That crown of glory bright;
 Then I'll esteem each bitter sweet,
 And every burden light.

170 (22)

P. M.

Harwell. G. C. H. 9.

PRECIOUS Bible! what a treasure
Does the word of God afford!
All I want for life or pleasure,
Food and med'cine, shield and sword;
Let the world account me poor,
Having this I need no more.

CHO.—Hallelujah! :|| Amen!

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

171 (663)

P. M.

Harwell. G. C. H. 9.

HARK! ten thousand harps and voices,
Sound the note of praise above;
Jesus reigns and heaven rejoices,
Jesus reigns, the God of love;
See, he sits on yonder throne;
Jesus rules the world alone.

- 2 Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens
All above, and gives it worth;
Lord of life, thy smile enlightens,
Cheers and charms thy saints on earth;
When we think of love like thine,
Lord, we own it love divine.
- 3 King of glory, reign forever;
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing from thy love shall sever
Those whom thou hast made thine own.
Happy objects of thy grace,
Destined to behold thy face.

172 (96)

S. M.

Gerar. F. C. H. 22.

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

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

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

173 (94)

S. M.

Gerar. F. C. H. 22.

THE Lord my shepherd is;
I shall be well supplied;
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside?

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

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

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

174 (99)

8s & 7s.

Dornance. F. C. H. 23.

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

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

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

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

175 (100)

10s & 11s.

Comfort. F. C. H. 25.

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

Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
 The Scripture assures us, The Lord will provide.

2 The birds without barn or storehouse are fed;
 From them let us learn to trust for our bread:
 His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,
 So long as 'tis written, The Lord will provide.

3 His call we obey, like Abrah'm of old,
 Not knowing our way, but faith makes us bold;
 For, though we are strangers, we have a good
 guide,
 And trust in all dangers, The Lord will provide.

176 (115)

8s, 7s & 4s.

Peron. C. H. 27. G. G. H. 89 E.

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

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

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

177 (125)

C. M.

Antioch. E. C. H. 31.

JOY to the world; the Lord is come!
 Let earth receive her King,
 Let every heart prepare him room,
 And heaven and nature sing.

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

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

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

178 (121).

C. M.

Antioch. E. C. H. 31.

MORTALS! awake, with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay;
Love, joy, and gratitude combine
To hail th' auspicious day

- 2 In heaven the rapturous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And swept the sounding lyre.
- 3 The theme, the song, the joy was new
To each angelic tongue;
Swift through the realms of light it flew,
And loud the echo rung.
- 4 Down through the portals of the sky
The pealing anthem rang,
And angels flew with eager joy
To bear the news to man.

179 (138).

11s & 10s.

Fennor Con. 352. A. C. H. 37.

HAIL the blest morn! when the great Me-
diator

Down from the regions of glory descends!
Shepherds, go worship the babe in the manger;
Lo! for your guide the bright angel attends!

CHO.—Brightest and best of the sons of the
morning,

Dawn on thy darkness, and lend us thy aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

- 2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
 Low lies his head with the beasts of the
 stall,
 Angels adore him in slumbers reclining,
 Maker, and Monarch, and Savior of all.
- 3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
 Odors of Eden, and offerings divine;
 Gems from the mountain, and pearls from
 the ocean, [mine.
 Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the

180 (131).

P. M.

Silent Night. C. C. H. 37.

SILENT night! hallowed night!
 Land and deep silent sleep;
 Softly glitters bright Bethlehem's star,
 Beckoning Israel's eye from afar
 Where the Savior is born.

- 2 Silent night! hallowed night!
 On the plain wakes the strain,
 Sung by heavenly harbingers bright,
 Fraught with tidings of boundless delight,
 Christ the Savior has come.
- 3 Silent night! hallowed night!
 Earth awake, silence break,
 High your anthems of melody raise,
 Heaven and earth in full chorus of praise;
 Peace forever shall reign.

181 (152)

C. P. M.

Ariel. E. C. H. 41.

O COULD I speak the matchless worth,
 O could I sound the glories forth,
 Which in my Savior shine,
 I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
 And vie with Gabriel, while he sings
 In notes almost divine.

- 2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine;
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress,
My soul shall ever shine.
- 3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.
- 4 Well, the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face;
Then, with my Savior, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

182 (203)

C. M.

Coronation. G. C. H. 6r.

- A**LL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Crown him, you martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 You chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 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.

183 (207)

8s, 7s & 4s.

Coronal. E. C. H. 52.

- 1 LOOK, ye saints—the sight is glorious;
 See the Man of Sorrows now
 From the fight returned victorious;
 Every knee to him shall bow.
 Crown him! crown him!
 Crowns become the Victor's brow.

- 2 Crown the Savior! angels, crown him!
 Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
 In the seat of power enthrone him,
 While the heavenly concert rings.
 Crown him! crown him!
 Crown the Savior King of Kings.

- 3 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.

184 (219)

L. M.

Sessions. C. C. H. 62.

- 1 I KNOW that my Redeemer lives;
 What comfort this sweet sentence gives!
 He lives, he lives who once was dead,
 He lives, my ever-living Head!
- 2 He lives to bless me with his love,
 He lives to plead for me above,
 He lives my hungry soul to feed,
 He lives to bless in time of need.

3 He lives to grant me rich supply,
 He lives to guide me with his eye,
 He lives to comfort me when faint,
 He lives to hear my soul's complaint.

4 He lives, all glory to his name!
 He lives, my Jesus, still the same!
 O the sweet joy this sentence gives—
 I know that my Redeemer lives!

185 (238) Chimes. C. C. H. 64. C. M.

JESUS, in thy transporting name,
 What blissful glories rise!
 Jesus, the angels' sweetest theme—
 The wonder of the skies!

2 Well might the skies with wonder view
 A love so strange as thine!
 No thought of angels ever knew
 Compassion so divine!

3 Jesus, and didst thou leave the sky
 To bear our sins and woes?
 And didst thou bleed and groan and die,
 For vile, rebellious foes?

4 What glad return can I impart
 For favors so divine?
 O take this heart, this sinful heart,
 And make it only thine!

186 (251). Ortonville. B. C. H. 66. C. M.

JESUS, I love thy charming name,
 'Tis music to my ear;
 Fain would I sound it out so loud
 That all the earth might hear.

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

- 3 All that my ardent soul can wish
In thee doth richly meet;
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.
- 4 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,
And shed its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

187 (262).

7s D.

Wilson, 71. Eltham. G. C. H. 309.

- JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly.
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high,
Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.
- 2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee,
Leave, O 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,
Boundless love in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
Prince of Peace and Righteousness,
Most unworthy, Lord, I am,
Thou art full of love and grace.

188 (782).

7s.

Cookham. G. C. H. 87.

TIS religion that can give
 Sweetest pleasure while we live;
 'Tis religion must supply
 Solid comfort when we die.

- 2 After death, its joys will be
 Lasting as eternity!
 Be the living God my friend,
 Then my bliss shall never end.

189 (367).

7s.

Horton. B. C. H. 104.

LOVE for all! and can it be?
 Can I hope it is for me?
 Me, who strayed so long ago,
 Strayed so far, and fell so low?

- 2 Me, the disobedient child,
 Wayward, passionate, and wild;
 Me, who left my Father's home
 In forbidden ways to roam?

- 3 To my Father can I go?
 At his feet myself I'll throw,
 In his house there yet may be
 Place, a servant's place, for me.

- 4 See, my Father waiting stands;
 See, he reaches out his hands;
 God is love! I know, I see,
 Love for me, yes, even me.

190 (428).

C. M.

Varina. E. C. H. 115.

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

- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flow'rs ;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heav'nly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green ;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
- 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

191 (493).

C. M

Brown. C. C. H. 132.

HOW sweet, how heavenly is the sight
When those that love the Lord,
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfill the word.

- 2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part ;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart;
- 3 When free from envy, scorn and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failing hide,
And show a brother's love.
- 4 When love in one delightful stream
Through every bosom flows,
When union sweet and dear esteem
In every action glows.
- 5 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above,
And he's an heir of heaven that finds
His bosom glow with love.

192 (434).

C. M.

Aspiration. A. C. H. 117.

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

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

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

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

193 (453)

S. M. D.

Bealoth. A. C. H. 122.

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

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

3 Jesus, thou Friend divine,
 Our Savior 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.

194 (460)

8s & 7s.

Camden. A. C. H. 125.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
He, whose word can not be broken,
Formed thee for his own abode;
On the Rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's wall surrounded,
Thou mayest smile at all thy foes.

2 See the streams of living waters,
Springing from Eternal Love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of drought remove;
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage!
Grace, which like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Savior, since of Zion's city,
I through grace a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in thy name:
Fading is the worldling's treasure,
All his boasted pomp and show!
Solid joy and lasting pleasure
None but Zion's children know.

195 (604)

8s, 7s & 4s.

Zion. D. C. H. 127.

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

- 2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
 Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
 Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
 By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
 Cease thy mourning;
 Zion still is well beloved.
- 3 God, thy God, will now restore thee:
 He himself appears thy friend;
 All thy foes shall flee before thee;
 Here their boasts and triumphs end:
 Great deliv'rance
 Zion's King will surely send.
- 4 Peace and joy shall now attend thee;
 All thy warfare now be past;
 God thy Savior will defend thee;
 Victory is thine at last;
 All thy conflicts
 End in everlasting rest.

196 (1032).

P. M.

Silent Devotion. B. C. H. 146.

AS down in the sunless retreat of the ocean,
 Sweet flowers are springing no mortal can
 see,

So deep in my heart, the still prayer of devotion
 Unheard by the world, rises silent to thee—
 My God! silent to thee—
 Pure, warm, silent to thee.

2 As still to the star of its worship, though
 clouded,
 The needle points faithfully o'er the dim sea.
 So, dark as I roam thro' the wintry world
 shrouded
 The hope of my spirit turns trembling to
 thee—

My God! trembling to thee—
 True, fond, trembling to thee.

197 (542).

6s & 4s.

Olivet. C. H. 147. E. New Haven. G. C. H. 189.

MY faith looks up to thee,
 Thou Lamb of Calvary,
 Savior divine!

Now hear me while I pray
 Take all my guilt away;
 O, let me, from this day,
 Be wholly thine.

2 May thy rich grace impart
 Strength to my fainting heart;
 My zeal inspire;
 As thou hast died for me,
 O may my love to thee
 Pure, warm, and changeless be—
 A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
 And griefs around me spread,
 Be thou my guide;
 Bid darkness turn to day,
 Wipe sorrow's tears away,
 Nor let me ever stray
 From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
 When death's cold sullen stream
 Shall o'er me roll;
 Blest Savior, then, in love,
 Fear and distress remove;
 O bear me safe above—
 A ransomed soul.

198 (547)

L. M.

Retreat. C. C. H. 148.

FROM every stormy wind that blows,
 From every swelling tide of woes,
 There is a calm, a sure retreat—
 'Tis found beneath the Mercy Seat.

- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place than all besides more sweet—
It is the blood-bought Mercy Seat.
- 3 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed;
Or how the host of hell defeat,
Had suffering souls no Mercy Seat?
- 4 O let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat,
Ere I forget the Mercy Seat.

199 (550)

L. M. D.

Hour of Prayer. D. C. H. 150.

SWEET hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known!
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
The joy I feel, the bliss I share,
Of those whose anxious spirits burn
With strong desires for thy return.
With such I hasten to the place
Where God my Savior shows his face,
And gladly take my station there,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

200 (558)

C. M.

Naomi. D. C. H. 151.

FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss,
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:

2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And let me live to thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine,
My life and death attend;
Thy presence thro' my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

201 (564)

C. M.

Balerna. B. C. H. 152.

APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Be thou my shield and hiding-place;
That, sheltered near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him thou hast died.

4 O, wondrous love, to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name!

202 (811)

C. M.

Chimes. C. C. H. 64.

O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free,
A heart that always feels the blood
So freely shed for me.

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

3 O, for a lowly, contrite heart,
Confiding, true and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within;

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine,
Perfect and right, and pure and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

203 (908)

C. M.

Harvey's Chant. G. Jubilee, 126.

FATHER, I know thy ways are just,
Although to me unknown;
O, grant me grace thy love to trust,
And cry, "Thy will be done."

2 If thou shouldst hedge with thorns my path,
Should wealth and friends be gone,
Still, with a firm and lively faith,
I'll cry, "Thy will be done."

3 Although thy steps I can not trace,
Thy sovereign right I'll own;
And, as instructed by thy grace,
I'll cry, "Thy will be done."

204 (463).

P. M.

House of the Lord. A. C. H. 157.

YOU may sing of the beauty of mountain and
dale,
Of the silvery streamlets and flowers of the vale;
But the place most delightful this earth can
afford,
Is the place of devotion, the house of the Lord.

- 2 You may value the friendships of youth and
of age,
And select for your comrades the noble and
sage;
But the friends that most cheer me on life's
rugged road [God.
Are the friends of my Master, the children of
- 3 You may talk of your prospects, of fame, or of
wealth,
And the hopes that oft flatter the favorites of
health;
But the hope of bright glory, of heavenly bliss—
Take away every other, and give me but this.
- 4 Ever hail, blessed temple, abode of my Lord!
I will turn to thee often, to hear from his word;
I will walk to thine altar with those that I love,
And rejoice in the prospect revealed from above.

205 (680).

IIS.

Portuguese. G. C. H. 158.

OUR Father in heaven, we hallow thy name!
May thy kingdom holy on earth be the
same!

O give to us daily our portion of bread;
It is from thy bounty that all must be fed.

2 Forgive our transgressions, and teach us to
know

That humble compassion that pardons each foe;
Keep us from temptation, from weakness, and
And thine be the glory, forever—Amen! [sin,

206 (792)

IIS.

Foundation. A. C. H. 159.

HOW firm a foundation, you saints of the
Lord,

Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say than to you he has said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

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 your days may demand, so your succor shall
be.

3 Fear not—I am with you; O be not dismayed!
I, I am your God, and will still give you aid;
I'll strengthen you, help you, and cause you
to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

4 When through the deep waters I cause you
to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not you o'erflow;
For I will be with you, your troubles to bless,
And sanctify to you your deepest distress.

5 When through fiery trials your pathway
shall lie,
My grace, all sufficient, shall be your supply;
The flames shall not hurt you, I only design
Your dross to consume, and your gold to refine.

6 E'en down to old age all my people shall
prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be
borne.

7 The soul that on Jesus has leaned for repose,
I will not, I can not desert to his foes; [shake,
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to
I'll never—no, never—no, never forsake.

207 (1228).

11s & 10s.

Henley. E. C. H. 160.

COME unto me, when shadows darkly gather,
When the sad heart is weary and distressed,
Seeking for comfort from your heavenly Father,
Come unto me, and I will give you rest!

2 Ye who have mourned when the spring
flowers were taken;
When the ripe fruit fell richly to the ground;
When the loved slept, in brighter homes to
waken,
Where their pale brows with spirit-wreaths
are crowned.

3 Large are the mansions in thy Father's
dwelling,
Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim;
Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling,
Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly
hymn.

4 There, like an Eden, blossoming in gladness,
Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rudely
pressed;
Come unto me, all ye who droop in sadness,
Come unto me, and I will give you rest.

208 (586).

11s & 10s.

Come, Ye Disconsolate. D. C. H. 163.

COME, ye disconsolate, where'er you lan-
guish,
Come, at the shrine of God fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your
anguish;
Earth has no sorrow that heaven can not heal.

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure!
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
Earth has no sorrow that heaven can not cure.

3 Here see the bread of life; see water flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from
above,
Come to the feast of love; come ever knowing,
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

209 (608)

11s & 10s.

Hail to the Brightness. C. C. H. 171.

HAIL to the brightness of Zion's glad morning!
ing!

Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain;
Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning,
Zion in triumph begins her mild reign.

2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
Long by the prophets of Israel foretold;
Hail to the millions from bondage returning,
Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.

3 Lo! in the desert rich flowers are springing;
Streams ever copious are gliding along;
Loud from the mountain tops echoes are ringing;
Wastes rise in verdure and mingle in song.

4 See, from all lands—from the isles of the
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high; [ocean,
Fallen are the engines of war and commotion,
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

210 (606)

12s, 11s & 8s.

Burlington. C. C. H. 173.

THE Prince of Salvation in triumph is riding,
And glory attends him along his bright way;
The news of his grace on the breezes is gliding,
And nations are owning his sway.

2 And now, through the darkness of earth's
gloomy regions,

The wheels of his chariot are rolling sublime;
His banners unfolding his own true religion,
Dispelling the errors of time.

3 Behold a bright angel from heaven descend-
ing,

High lifting his trumpet, hosannas to raise;
"Hail, Son of the Highest! let every knee bend-
Adore thee with off'rings of praise. [ing,

4 "Thy sword and thy buckler shall save and deliver

The poor and the needy from foes that assail;
Thy bow and thy quiver shall vanquish forever
The prince and the legions of hell!"

211 (646)

C. M.

St. Martyns. G. C. H. 182.

TO him that loved the sons of men,
And washed us in his blood,
To royal honors raised our heads,
And made us priests to God:

2 To him let every tongue be praise,
And every heart be love;
All grateful honors paid on earth,
And nobler songs above.

3 Behold, on flying clouds he comes!
His saints shall bless the day;
While they that pierced him sadly mourn
In anguish and dismay.

4 Thou art the First and thou the Last;
Time centers all in thee;
Almighty Lord, who wast, and art,
And evermore shall be.

212 (691).

C. M.

Caddo. B. C. H. 14.

MY soul! how lovely is the place,
To which thy God resorts!
'Tis heaven to see his smiling face,
Though in his earthly courts.

2 There the great Monarch of the skies
His saving power displays,
And light breaks in upon our eyes,
With kind and quickening rays.

- 3 There, mighty God! thy words declare,
The secrets of thy will;
And still we seek thy mercy there,
And sing thy praises still.

213 (650).

S. M.

St. Thomas. G. C. H. 108.

O BLESS the Lord, my soul!
His grace to thee proclaim;
And all that is within me join
To bless his holy name.

2 O bless the Lord, my soul!
His mercies bear in mind;
Forget not all his benefits;
The Lord to thee is kind.

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

214 (657.)

8s, D.

De'Fleury. G. C. H. 186.

MY gracious Redeemer I love!
His praises aloud I'll proclaim,
And join with the armies above
To shout his adorable name.
To gaze on his glories divine
Shall be my eternal employ,
And feel them incessantly shine,
My boundless, ineffable joy.

2 Your palaces, scepters, and crowns,
Your pride with disdain I survey,
Your pomps are but shadows and sounds,
And pass in a moment away.
The crown that my Savior bestows,
Yon permanent sun shall outshine;
My joy everlastingly flows—
My God, my Redeemer, is mine.

215 (659).

8s. D.

De'Fleury. G. C. H. 186.

HOW shall I my Savior set forth?
How shall I his beauties declare?
O how shall I speak of his worth,
Or what his chief dignities are!
His angels can never express,
Nor saints who sit nearest his throne,
How rich are his treasures of grace—
No—this is a secret unknown.

- 2 In him all the fullness of God
Forever transcendently shines!
Though once like a mortal he stood
To finish his gracious designs.
Though once he was nailed to the cross,
Vile rebels like me to set free;
His glory sustained no loss,
Eternal his kingdom shall be.
- 3 O sinners! believe and adore
This Savior so rich to redeem!
No creature can ever explore
The treasures of goodness in him.
Come, all you who see yourselves lost,
And feel yourselves burdened with sin,
Draw near, while with terror you're toss'd,
Obey, and your peace shall begin.

216 (660).

8s & 7s.

Nettleton. E. C. H. 187.

O THOU fount of every blessing!
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise,
Teach me ever to adore thee,
May I still thy goodness prove,
While the hope of endless glory
Fills my heart with joy and love.

- 2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
 Hither by thy help I've come,
 And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home.
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wandering from thy fold, O God!
 He to rescue me from danger,
 Interposed his precious blood.
- 3 O! to grace how great a debtor,
 Daily I'm constrained to be!
 Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
 Bind me closer still to thee!
 Never let me wander from thee!
 Never leave thee whom I love;
 By thy Word and Spirit guide me,
 Till I reach thy courts above.

217 (674).

L. M.

Old Hundred. A. C. H. 190.

- B**EFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
 Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
 Know that the Lord is God alone,
 He can create and he destroy.
- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
 Made us of clay, and formed us men;
 And when like wandering sheep we strayed
 He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We are his people—we his care—
 Our souls, and all our mortal frame;
 What lasting honors shall we rear,
 Almighty Maker, to thy name?
- 4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs
 High as the heavens our voices raise;
 And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
 Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

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

218 (784).

7s.

Martyn. F. C. H. 56.

- SAVIOR! teach me day by day,
Love's sweet lesson to obey;
Sweeter lessons can not be,
Loving him who first loved me.
- 2 With a child-like heart of love,
At thy bidding may I move;
Prompt to save and follow thee,
Loving him who first loved me.
- 3 Teach me all thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in thy grace;
Learning how to love from thee,
Loving him who first loved me.
- 4 Love in loving finds employ—
In obedience, all her joy;
Ever new that joy will be,
Loving him who first loved me.

219 (799).

7s. P.

Wyatt. E. C. H. 211.

- NOW as long as here I roam.
On this earth have house and home,
Shall the light of love from thee
Shine through all my memory,
To my God I yet will cling,
All my life the praises sing.
That from thankful hearts outspring.

- 2 Every sorrow, every smart,
That the Father's loving heart
Hath appointed me of yore,
Or hath yet for me in store,
As my life flows on I'll take;
Calmly, gladly for his sake.
No more faithless murmurs make.
- 3 I will meet distress and pain,
I will greet e'en death's dark reign,
I will lay me in the grave,
With a heart still glad and brave,
Whom the strongest doth defend,
Whom the highest counts his friend,
Can not perish in the end.

220 (812).

C. M.

Longing for Rest. D. C. H. 212.

- SWEET land of rest, for thee I sigh,
When will the moment come
When I shall lay my armor by,
And dwell in peace at home?
CHO.—O, this is not my home,
O, this is not my home,
This world's a wilderness of woe,
This world is not my home.
- 2 No tranquil joy on earth I know,
No peaceful, sheltering dome;
This world's a wilderness of woe,
This world is not my home.
- 3 When by affliction sharply tried,
I view the gaping tomb,
Although I dread death's chilling tide,
Yet still I sigh for home.
- 4 Weary of wandering round and round
This vale of sin and gloom,
I long to quit the unhallowed ground,
And dwell with Christ at home.

221 (820).

C. M.

Going Home. A. C. H. 213.

JERUSALEM, my happy home,
O how I long for thee!

When will my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys, when shall I see?

- 2 Thy walls are all of precious stones,
Most glorious to behold!
Thy gates are richly set with pearl,
Thy streets are paved with gold.
- 3 Thy gardens and thy pleasant greens
My study long have been;
Such sparkling gems by human sight
Have never yet been seen.
- 4 If heaven be thus glorious, Lord,
Why should I stay from thence?
What folly 'tis that I should dread
To die and go from hence!

222 (1226).

8s & 7s. D.

Let Me Go. A. C. H. 216.

ONLY waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;

Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown.

Till the night of earth is faded

From the heart once full of day;

Till the stars of heaven are breaking

Through the twilight soft and gray.

- 2 Only waiting till the reapers
Have the last sheaf gathered home;
For the summer time is faded,
And the autumn winds have come.
Quickly reapers, gather quickly
The last ripe hours of my heart,
For the bloom of life is withered,
And I hasten to depart.

223 (828).

S. M. D.

Bonar. G. C. H. 218.

A FEW more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest,
Asleep within the tomb.
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day;
O wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

- 2 A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time;
And we shall be where suns are not,
A far serener clime.
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day;
O wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.
- 3 A few more meetings here
Shall cheer us on our way;
And we shall reach the endless rest,
The eternal Sabbath day.
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that sweet day,
O wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

224 (873)

S. M.

Forever with the Lord. A. C. H. 219.

"FOREVER with the Lord,"
Amen, so let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.

- 2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

3 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times, to faith's aspiring eye,
Thy golden gates appear!

4 Ah, then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

225 (651)

S. M.

Forever with the Lord. A. C. H. 219.

LET every heart and tongue
Proclaim the Savior's praise;
He is the source of all my joy,
His mercy crowns my days.

2 He knows my feeble frame;
Remembers I am dust;
And, though he should my life destroy,
In him I'll put my trust.

3 Each day he is my strength,
My hope, my life, my all;
And while upon his arm I lean,
I surely can not fall.

4 Then to my blessed Lord,
Let grateful songs arise,
While angels bear the notes above
And sound them through the skies.

226 (829)

8s & 7s.

Here and Yonder. G. C. H. 220.

HERE we are but straying pilgrims,
Here our path is often dim;
But to cheer us on our journey,
Still we sing this wayside hymn.

CHO.—Yonder, over the rolling river,
 Where the shining mansions rise,
 Soon will be our home forever,
 And the smile of the blessed Giver
 Gladdens all our longing eyes.

2 Here our feet are often weary,
 On the hills that throng our way;
 Here the tempest darkly gathers,
 But our hearts within us say—

3 Here our souls are often fearful
 Of the pilgrim's lurking foe;
 But the Lord is our defender,
 And he tells us we may know,

4 Here our shadowed homes are transient,
 And we meet the stranger's frown;
 So we'll sing with joy while going,
 E'en to death's dark billow down—

227 (835)

11s.

Excelsior. A. C. H. 221.

PURER yet and purer I would be in mind,
 Dearer yet and dearer every duty find;
 Hoping still and trusting God without a fear,
 Paitently believing he will make all clear.

2 Higher yet and higher, out of clouds and
 night,
 Nearer yet and nearer rising to the light—
 Oft these earnest longings swell within my
 breast;
 Yet their inner meaning ne'er can be expressed.

228 (830)

7s & 6s. D.

Webb. B. C. H. 222.

O WHEN shall I see Jesus,
 And dwell with him above,
 To drink the flowing fountain
 Of everlasting love?

When shall I be delivered
From this vain world of sin,
And with my blessed Jesus
Drink endless pleasures in?

- 2 But now I am a soldier,
My Captain's gone before,
He's given me my orders,
And tells me not to fear.
And if I hold out faithful,
A crown of life he'll give,
And all his valiant soldiers
Eternal life shall have.

- 3 Through grace I am determined
To conquer, though I die,
And then away to Jesus
On wings of love I'll fly.
Farewell to sin and sorrow—
I bid them both adieu;
And you, my friends, prove faithful,
And on your way pursue.

- 4 And if you meet with troubles
And trials on the way,
Then cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray.
Gird on the heavenly armor
Of faith and hope and love,
And when your warfare's ended,
You'll reign with him above.

- 5 O! do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your friend,
And if you long for knowledge,
On him you may depend;
Neither will he upbraid you,
Though often you request,
He'll give you grace to conquer,
And take you home to rest.

229 (837)

IIS.

Kimmel. E. C. H. 225.

I AM weary of straying; O fain would I rest
In that far 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 am weary of hoping, where hope is untrue,
As fair but as fleeting as morning's bright dew;
I long for the land whose best promise alone
Is as changeless and sure as eternity's throne.

3 I am weary of sighing o'er sorrows of earth,
O'er joys glowing visions that fade at their birth
O'er pangs of the loved, which we can not as-
suage,
O'er the blightings of youth and the weakness
of age.

4 I am weary of loving what passes away—
The sweetest and 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.

230 (875)

S. M.

Laban. C. C. H. 234.

MY soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 O, watch and fight and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee at thy parting breath,
To his divine abode.

231 (907)

C. M.

Around the Throne. G. Oriola 102.

OUR souls are in the Savior's hand,
And he will keep them still,
And you and I shall surely stand
With him on Zion's hill.

2 Him eye to eye we there shall see,
Our face like his shall shine;
O! what a glorious company,
When saints and angels join!

3 O! what a joyful meeting there,
In robes of white array!
Palms in our hands we all shall bear,
And crowns that ne'er decay!

4 When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise,
Than when we first begun

232 (353)

C. M.

Dundee. F. C. H. 21.

FOR a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe!

- 2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God:
- 3 A faith that shines more bright and clear,
When tempests rage without;
That, when in danger, knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;
- 4 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And, with a pure and heavenly ray,
Lights up a dying bed.

233 (928)

6s & 4s.

Bethany. G. C. H. 244.

N EARER, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

- 2 Though like the wanderer,
Daylight all gone,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God to thee—
Nearer to thee!

- 3 Or, if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be—
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

234 (486)

C. M.

Leander. A. C. H. 324.

GO on, you pilgrims, while below,
In the sure path of peace,
Determin'd nothing else to know
But Jesus and his grace.

2 Observe your leader—follow him;
He through this world has been
Often revil'd; but like a lamb,
Did ne'er revile again.

3 O! take the pattern he has giv'n,
And love your enemies;
And learn the only way to heav'n
Through self-denial lies.

4 Remember, you must watch and pray
While journeying on the road,
Lest you should fall out by the way,
And wound the cause of God.

5 Go on rejoicing night and day;
Your crown is yet before;
Defy the trials of the way,
The storm will soon be o'er.

6 Soon we shall reach the promis'd land,
With all the ransomed race.
And join with all the glorious band,
To sing redeeming grace.

235 (1114)

C. P. M.

Meribah. E. C. H. 273.

WHEN thou, my righteous Judge shall 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 thou my only hiding-place,
 In this, the 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.

236 (1150)

8s.

Iowa 286. K. of C. Sweet By and By. A.

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 pathways of gold,
 Of its walls decked with jewels so rare,
 Of its wonders and pleasures untold,
 But what must it be to be there?

3 We speak of its freedom from sin,
 From sorrow, temptation and care,
 From trials without and within,
 But what must it be to be there?

4 O, Lord, in this valley of woe,
 Our spirits for heaven prepare;
 Then shortly we also shall know,
 And feel what it is to be there.

237 (1151)

8s & 7s.

Shall We Know. E. C. H. 288.

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

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

3 Yes, my earth-worn soul rejoices,
And my weary soul grows light,
For the sweet and cheerful voices,
And the forms so pure and bright,
That shall welcome us in heaven,
Are the loved of long ago;
And to them 'tis kindly given,
Thus their mortal friends to know.

4 O, ye weary, sad and tossed ones,
Droop not, faint not by the way;
Ye shall join the loved and just ones,
In the land of perfect day.
Harp-strings, touched by angel fingers,
Murmured in my raptured ear—
Evermore their sweet song lingers—
We shall know each other there.

238

We Shall Know. E. C. H. 332.

WHEN the mists have rolled in splendor
 From the beauty of the hills,
 And the sunshine, warm and tender,
 Falls in kisses on the rills;
 We may read love's shining letter
 In the rainbow of the spray,
 We shall know each other better
 When the mists have cleared away.

REF.—We shall know as we are known,
 Never more to walk alone,
 ||: In the dawning of the morning,
 When the mists have cleared away. :||

2 If we are in human blindness,
 And forget that we are dust;
 If we miss the law of kindness,
 When we struggle to be just;
 Snowy wings of peace shall cover
 All the plain that hides away,
 When the weary watch is over,
 And the mists have cleared away.

3 When the mists have risen above us,
 As our Father knows his own,
 Face to face with those that love us,
We shall know as we are known;
 Love beyond the orient meadows,
 Floats the golden fringe of day;
 Heart to heart, we bide the shadows,
 Till the mists have cleared away.

239 (1203)

8s & 7s.

Tarry with Me. E. S. J. 18.

TARRY with me, O my Savior,
 For the day is passing by;
 See the shades of evening gather,
 And the night is drawing nigh.

CHO.—Tarry with me, blessed Jesus;
 Leave me not till morning light,
 For I'm lonely here without thee—
 Tarry with me through the night.

2 Many friends were gathered round me,
 In the bright days of the past;
 But the grave has closed above them,
 And I linger here at last.

3 Deeper, deeper grow the shadows;
 Paler now the glowing west;
 Swift the night of death advances;
 Shall it be the night of rest?

4 Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,
 Lord, I cast myself on thee;
 Tarry with me through the darkness!
 While I sleep, still watch by me.

5 Tarry with me, O, my Savior!
 Lay my head upon thy breast,
 Till the morning; then awake me—
 Morning of eternal rest!

240 (1252)

8s & 7s.

Perez. B. C. H. 312.

PRAISE the Lord! ye heavens adore him;
 Praise him, angels in the hight;
 Sun and moon, rejoice before him;
 Praise him, all ye stars of light!

2 Praise the Lord—for he hath spoken
 Worlds his mighty voice obeyed;
 Laws which never shall be broken,
 For their guidance he hath made.

3 Praise the Lord—for he is glorious;
 Never shall his promise fail;
 God hath made his saints victorious,
 Sin and death shall not prevail,

- 4 Praise the God of our salvation;
 Hosts on high his power proclaim;
 Heaven and earth, and all creation,
 Laud and magnify his name!
 Hallelujah, Amen!

241

C. M.

Cross and Crown. B. C. H. 344.

- M**UST Jesus bear the cross alone,
 And all the world go free?
 No, there's a cross for every one,
 And there's a cross for me.
- 2 Upon the crystal pavement, down
 At Jesus' pierced feet,
 Joyful I'll cast my golden crown,
 And his dear name repeat.
- 3 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.
- 4 Oh, precious cross! oh, glorious crown!
 Oh, resurrection day!
 Ye angels, from the stars come down,
 And bear my soul away!

242 (510)

IIS

Home. E. C. H. 142.

- M**ID scenes of confusion and creature complaints,
 How sweet to my soul is communion with saints;
 To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,
 And feel in the presence of Jesus at home.
- 2 Sweet bonds, that unite all the children of
 peace, [cease;
 And thrice blessed Jesus, whose love can not
 Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,
 I long to behold thee in glory at home,

3 While here in the valley of conflict I stray,
O give me submission and strength as my day;
In all my afflictions to thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

243 (768)

L. M.

He Leadeth Me. D. C. H. 17.

“ **H**E leadeth me!” O, blessed thought!
O, words with heavenly comfort fraught!
Whate’er I do, whate’er I be,
Still ’tis God’s hand that leadeth me!
He leadeth me! he leadeth me!
By his own hand he leadeth me!

2 Sometimes ’midst scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden’s bowers bloom!
By waters still, o’er troubled sea,
Still ’tis his hand that leadeth me!

3 And when my task on earth is done,
When by thy grace the victory’s won;
E’en death’s cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

N. L. 72. Key of A.

CHO.—He leadeth me! leadeth me!
He leadeth me!
By his own hand he leadeth me

COMMUNION.

244 (156)

8s, 7s & 7s.

Jesus Wept. H. 42. Key of G.

JESUS wept!—those tears are over,
But his heart is still the same;
Kinsman, Friend and Elder Brother,
Is his everlasting name.
Savior, who can love like thee,
Gracious one of Bethany?

2 When the pangs of trial seize us;
 When the waves of sorrow roll,
 I will lay my head on Jesus—
 Pillow of the troubled soul.
 Truly, none can feel like thee,
 Weeping one of Bethany!

3 Jesus wept! that tear of sorrow
 Is a legacy of love;
 Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,
 He the same shall ever prove.
 Thou art all in all to me,
 Living one of Bethany!

245 (160)

C. M.

Naomi. H. 151. Key of D.

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 I fulfill."

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

246 (193)

8s.

Clarrington. H. 57. Key of A.

THE angels that watched round the tomb,
 Where low the Redeemer was laid,
 When deep in mortality's gloom
 He hid for a season his head;

2 That vailed their fair face while he slept,
And ceased their sweet harps to employ,
Have witnessed his rising, and swept
The chords with the triumphs of joy.

3 The grave in which Jesus was laid
Has buried my guilt and my fears;
And while I contemplate its shade,
The light of his presence appears,

4 O sweet is the season of rest,
When life's weary journey is done!
The blush that spreads over the west,
The last lingering ray of its sun!

247 (159)

L. M.

Olives' Brow. A. C. H. 43.

'TIS midnight; and on Olives' brow
The star is dimmed that lately shone;
'Tis midnight; in the garden now
The suffering Savior prays alone.

2 'Tis midnight; and from all removed
The Savior wrestles lone with fears;
E'en that disciple whom he loved,
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

3 'Tis midnight; and for other's guilt
The man of sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet he that hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by his God.

4 'Tis midnight; from the heavenly plains
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Savior's woe.

248 (192)

7s, D.

Martyn. F. C. H. 56.

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

- 2 Jesus who is always near,
 Though too often unperceived,
 Came her drooping heart to cheer,
 Kindly asking why she grieved:
 Though at first she knew him not,
 When he called her by her name,
 She her heavy griefs forgot,
 For she found him still the same.

249 (261)

7s, 6 lns.

Rock of Ages. B. C. H. 70.

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 labor of my hands
 Can fulfill the law's demands;
 Could my zeal no respite know,
 Could my tears forever flow,
 All for sin could not atone;
 Thou must save, and thou alone.
- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my heart-strings break in death,
 When I soar to worlds unknown,
 See thee on thy judgment throne,
 Rock of ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee.

250 (512)

L. M.

Hebron. B. C. H. 128.

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

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

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

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

251 (524)

C. M.

Azmoan. A. C. H. 106.

IN memory of the Savior's love,
 We keep the sacred feast,
 Where every humble, contrite heart
 Is made a welcome guest.

2 Under his banner thus we sing
 The wonders of his love,
 And thus anticipate by faith
 The heavenly feast above.

252 (495)

S. M.

Dennis. G. C. H. 134.

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

253 (529)

S. M.

Boylston. C. C. H. 195.

JESUS invites his saints
To meet around his board :
Here pardoned rebels sit and hold
Communion with the Lord.

- 2 This holy bread and wine
Maintain our fainting breath,
By union with our living Lord,
And interest in his death.
- 3 Let all our powers be joined
His glorious name to raise :
Let holy love fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.

I N V I T A T I O N .

254 (291)

C. M.

Resolution. H. 84. Key of G.

COME, humble sinner, in whose breast
 A thousand thoughts revolve;
 Come with your guilt and fear oppressed
 And make this last resolve:

- 2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
 Has like a mountain rose;
 His kingdom now I'll enter in,
 Whatever may oppose.
- 3 Surely he will accept my plea,
 For he has bid me come;
 Forthwith I'll rise and to him flee,
 For yet, he says, there's room.
- 4 I can not perish if I go:
 I am resolved to try;
 For if I stay away, I know
 I must forever die.

255 (324)

P. M.

Paxon. H. 308. Key of G.

COME—come—come to the Savior
 Rich—rich mercy receive;
 Here—here you will find pardon;
 Jesus from sin will relieve!
 Come—come—come—come;
 Come to the Savior and live.

- 2 Come—come seek his salvation;
 Now—now hear and obey;
 Hark—hark the sweet invitation,
 Angels invite you away;
 Come—come—come—come;
 Come to the Savior and live.

- 3 Hark—hark, angels are singing;
 Love—love—love is their theme;
 Peace—peace joyfully bringing;
 Mercy from God the Supreme:
 Come—come—come—come;
 Jesus is rich to redeem.

256 (314)

8s, 7s & 4s.

Molucca. H. 89. Key of D.

- S**INNERS, will you scorn the message
 Sent in mercy from above?
 Every sentence, O how tender!
 Every line is full of love;
 Listen to it;
 Every line is full of love.
- 2 Hear the heralds of the gospel
 News from Zion's King proclaim;
 "Pardon to each rebel sinner;
 Free forgiveness in his name:"
 O, how gracious!
 "Free forgiveness in his name."
- 3 Will you not receive the message—
 Listen to the joyful word;
 And embrace the news of pardon
 Offered to you by the Lord;
 Can you slight it—
 Offered to you by the Lord?

257

8s, 6s & 4s.

Almost Persuaded. G. S. 37. Key of G.

- "**A**LMOST persuaded" now to believe;
 "Almost persuaded" Christ to receive.
 Seems now some soul to say,
 "Go, Spirit, go thy way,
 Some more convenient day
 On thee I'll call."

2 "Almost persuaded"—come, come to-day;

"Almost persuaded"—turn not away.

Jesus invites you here,
Angels are ling'ring near,
Prayers rise from hearts so dear;
O, wand'rer, come!

3 "Almost persuaded"—harvest is past;

"Almost persuaded"—doom comes at last;

"Almost" can not avail;

"Almost" is but to fail!

Sad, sad that bitter wail—

"Almost—*but lost!*"

258 (1316)

P. M.

Flee as a Bird. H. 303. Key of F.

FLEE as a bird to your mountain,
Thou who art weary of sin;
Go to the clear flowing fountain,
Where you may wash and be clean?
Fly, for the avenger is near thee;
Call, and the Savior will hear thee;
He on his bosom will bear thee,
Thou who art weary of sin,
O thou who art weary of sin.

2 He will protect thee forever,

Wipe every falling tear;

He will forsake thee, O never,

Sheltered so tenderly there;

Haste, then, the hours are flying,

Spend not the moments in sighing,

Cease from your sorrow and crying;

The Savior will wipe every tear, :||

259 (305)

7s, double.

Martyn. H. 56. Key of F.

WHAT could your Redeemer do
More than he has done for you?
To procure your peace with God,
Could he more than shed his blood?

After all this flow of love,
 All his drawings from above,
 Why will you your Lord deny?
 Why will you resolve to die?

2 Sinners, turn, while God is near!
 He has left you naught to fear!
 Now, e'en now, your Savior stands,
 All day long he spreads his hands;
 Cries, "You will not happy be;
 No; you will not come to me:
 Me, who life to none deny—
 Why will you resolve to die?"

3 Can you doubt that God is love,
 Who thus calls you from above?
 Will you not his word receive?
 Will you not his oath believe?
 See, the suffering Lord appears;
 Jesus weeps—believe his tears!
 Mingled with his blood, they cry,
 "Why will you resolve to die?"

260 (303)

6s & 4s.

Amoy. F. C. H. 18.

TO-DAY the Savior calls;
 Ye wand'ers come;
 O, ye benighted souls,
 Why longer roam?

2 To-day the Savior calls;
 O, hear him now:
 Within these sacred walls
 To Jesus bow.

3 To-day the Savior calls;
 For refuge fly;
 The storm of vengeance falls,
 And death is nigh.

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

261 (240)

C. M.

O, How I Love Jesus. G. S. S. 128.

ALAS! and did my Savior bleed,
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

CHO.—Oh, how I love Jesus, :||
Because he first loved me.

- 2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God's own Son was crucified
For man, the creature's sin.
- 4 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.

262 (253)

C. M.

There is a Fountain. C. C. H. 325.

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

- 2 O Lamb of God, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

- 3 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.
- 4 And when this lisping, stammering tongue
 Lies silent in the grave,
 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing thy power to save.

N. L. 28. Key of B.

CHO.—O Jesus, receive me!
 No more will I grieve thee!
 Thou, precious Redeemer,
 Oh, save me at the cross!

E. S. 156. Key of G.

CHO.—Oh, the blood, the precious blood
 That Jesus shed for me,
 Upon the cross in crimson flood,
 Just now by faith I see!

263 (297)

S. M.

Converse. C. Jubilee 171.

NOW is the accepted time,
 Now is the day of grace;
 Now, sinners, come without delay,
 And seek the Savior's face.

2 Now is the accepted time,
 The Savior calls to-day;
 To-morrow it may be too late—
 Then why should you delay?

3 Now is the accepted time,
 The gospel bids you come;
 And every promise in his word
 Declares there yet is room.

264 (312)

8s, 7s, D.

Invitation (A. 88) Nettleton. E. C. H. 187.

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

- 2 Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream;
 All the fitness he requireth
 Is to feel your need of him;
 This he gives you,
 'Tis the Savior's rising beam.
- 3 Come, you weary, heavy-laden,
 Bruised and mangled by the fall;
 If you tarry till you're better,
 You will never come at all;
 Not the righteous—
 Sinners, Jesus came to call.
- 4 Agonizing in the garden,
 Lo! your Savior prostrate lies!
 On the bloody tree behold him!
 Hear him cry before he dies,
 "It is finished!"
 Sinners, will not this suffice?

265 (343)

L. M.

Woodworth. E. C. H. 92.

JUST as I am—without one plea,
 But that thy blood was shed for me,
 And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
 O, Lamb of God, I come.

- 2 Just as I am, and waiting not
 To rid my soul of one dark blot—
 To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
 O, Lamb of God, I come.

3 Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because thy promise I believe—
O, Lamb of God, I come.

4 Just as I am—thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O, Lamb of God, I come.

266 (320)

8s & 3s.

Will You Go? G. C. H. 93.

WE'RE traveling home to heaven above:

Will you go?

To sing the Savior's dying love;

Will you go?

Millions have reached that blest abode,

Anointed kings and priests to God,

And millions more are on the road;

Will you go?

2 We're going to see the bleeding Lamb,

Will you go?

In rapturous strains to praise his name:

Will you go?

The crown of life we there shall wear,

The Conqueror's palms our hands shall bear,

And all the joys of heaven we'll share:

Will you go?

3 We're going to join the heavenly choir;

Will you go?

To raise our voice and tune the lyre;

Will you go?

There saints and angels gladly sing

Hosanna to their God and King,

And make the heavenly arches ring;

Will you go?

267 (322)

6s & 4s.

Sorrow. B. C. H. 94.

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

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

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

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

268 (327)

6s & 7s.

The Land of Promise. D. C. H. 95.

SINNER, go; will you go
 To the highlands of heaven?
 Where the storms never blow,
 And the long summer's given;
 Where the bright, blooming flowers
 Are their odors emitting;
 And the leaves of the bowers
 In the breezes are flitting.

- 2 Where the rich golden fruit
Is in bright clusters pending,
And the deep-laden boughs
Of life's fair tree are bending ;
And where life's crystal stream
Is unceasingly flowing,
And the verdure is green,
And eternally growing.
- 3 Where the saints robed in white—
Cleansed in life's flowing fountain—
Shining beauteous and bright,
They inhabit the mountain ;
Where no sin, nor dismay,
Neither trouble nor sorrow,
Will be felt for a day,
Nor be feared for the morrow.
- 4 He's prepared thee a home—
Sinner, canst thou believe it?
And invites thee to come,
Sinner, wilt thou receive it?
O come, sinner, come,
For the tide is receding,
And the Savior will soon,
And forever, cease pleading.

269 (329)

11s.

Expostulation. G. C. H. 96.

O TURN you! O turn you, for why will you
die,

When God in his mercy is coming so nigh !
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says, Come,
The brethren are waiting to welcome you home.

2 How vain the delusion that while you delay
Your hearts may grow better by staying away ;
Come wretched, come starving, come just as
you be,

Here streams of salvation are flowing most free.

3 Here Jesus is ready your souls to receive,
O, how can you question, since now you believe?
Since sin is your burden, why will you not come?
He now bids you welcome—he now says there's
room.

4 In riches, in pleasure, what can you obtain,
To soothe your affliction, or banish your pain;
To bear up your spirit when summoned to die,
Or waft you to mansions of glory on high?

5 Why will you be starving and feeding on air?
There's mercy in Jesus, enough and to spare;
If still you are doubting, make trial and see,
And prove that his mercy is boundless and free.

270 (330)

11s.

Kimmel. E. C. H. 225.

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

2 Delay not, delay not! why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus our Lord!
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 veil of the tomb;
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.

4 Delay not, delay not! the Spirit of grace,
Long grieved and resisted, entreats thee to
come;
Beware, lest in darkness thou finish thy race,
And sink to the vale of eternity's gloom.

271 (403)

C. M.

Azmon. A. C. H. 106.

A MAZING grace (how sweet the sound) !
 That saved a wretch like me!
 I once was lost, but now am found!
 Was blind, but now I see.

- 2 Through many dangers, toils and snares,
 I have already come;
 'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
 And grace will lead me home.
- 3 The Lord has promised good to me,
 His word my hope secures;
 He will my shield and portion be
 As long as life endures.
- 4 Yes, when this heart and flesh shall fail,
 And mortal life shall cease,
 I shall possess within the veil
 A life of joy and peace.

272 (431)

C. M.

Houston. A. C. H. 116.

ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
 And cast a wishful eye
 To Canaan's fair and happy land,
 Where my possessions lie.

- CHO.—There'll be no sorrowing there; :||
 In heaven above, where all is love,
 There'll be no sorrowing there.
- 2 O the transporting, rapturous scene,
 That rises to my sight!
 Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
 And rivers of delight!
- 3 There generous fruits that never fail,
 On trees immortal grow;
 There rocks and hills, and brooks and vales,
 With milk and honey flow.

- 4 All o'er these wide, extended plains,
Shines one eternal day;
There God, the Son, forever reigns,
And scatters night away.
- 5 No chilling winds nor poisonous breath
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.
- 6 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

J. & G. 58. Key of G.

CHO.—We will rest in the fair and happy land,
Just across on the ever green shore,
Sing the song of Moses and the Lamb,
by and by,
And dwell with Jesus evermore.

273

Come to Jesus. G. S. S. 35. C. H. 163.

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

2 He will save you.

3 O, believe him.

4 He is able.

5 He is willing.

6 He'll receive you

7 Jesus loves you.

274 (863)

C. M.

Mount Pisgah. A. C. H. 232.

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.
- 5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
With Hope's exulting eye.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thine armies shine,
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

A. 126. Key of G.

CHO.—We will stand the storm,
We will anchor by and by, by and by;
We will stand the storm,
We will anchor by and by.

275 (865)

C. M.

Ortonville. B. C. H. 66.

- I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Nor to defend his cause,
Maintain the honors of his word,
The glory of his cross.
- 2 Jesus, my Lord, I know his name,
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as a throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthless name
Before his father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint for me a place.

J. & G. 50. Key of C.

CHO —O help me, Lord, the cross to bear,
And here below my soul prepare,
So I in heaven the crown may wear,
And ever praise thy name.

BAPTISM AND MISSIONARY.

276 (373)

L. M.

Forest. A. C. H. 80.

JESUS, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee:
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glory shines through endless days!

2 Ashamed of Jesus! Sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star!
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! Just as soon
Let morning be ashamed of noon;
'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'll boast a Savior slain!
 And O! may this my glory be,
 That Christ is not ashamed of me!

277 (408)

11s & 9s.

Rowley. G. C. H. 112.

HOW happy are they who their Savior obey,
 And have laid up their treasures above!
 Tongue can not express the sweet comfort and
 Of a soul in its earliest love! [peace

2 This comfort is mine since the favor divine
 I have found in the blood of the Lamb;
 Since the truth I believed, what a joy I've re-
 What a heaven in Jesus' blest name! [ceived,

3 'Tis a heaven below my Redeemer to know,
 And the angels can do nothing more
 Than to fall at his feet, and the story repeat,
 And the lover of sinners adore!

4 Jesus all the day long is my joy and my song;
 O that all to this refuge may fly! [died
 He has loved me, I cried, he has suffered and
 To redeem such a rebel as I!

5 On the wings of his love I am carried above
 All my sin, and temptation, and pain;
 O why should I grieve, while on him I believe!
 O why should I sorrow again!

6 O the rapturous hight of that holy delight,
 Which I find in the life-giving blood!
 Of my Savior possessed, I am perfectly blessed,
 Being filled with the fullness of God!

7 Now my remnant of days will I spend to his
 Who has died me from sin to redeem: [praise
 Whether many or few, all my years are his due;
 They shall all be devoted to him.

8 What a mercy is this! what a heaven of bliss!
 How unspeakably happy am I!
 Gathered into the fold, with believers enrolled—
 With believers to live and to die!

278 (398)

L. M.

Happy Day. G. C. H. 179.

O HAPPY day, that fixed my choice
 On thee, my Savior and my God!
 Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
 And tell its raptures all abroad.

CHO.—Happy day, happy day,
 When Jesus washed my sins away;
 He taught me how to watch and pray
 And live rejoicing every day.

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

3 'Tis done; the great transaction's done;
 I am my Lord's and he is mine;
 He drew me, and I followed on,
 Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long divided heart!
 Fixed on this blissful center rest;
 Here have I found a nobler part,
 Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.

279 (1276)

8s & 7s.

Shout the Tidings. G. C. H. 307.

SHOUT the tidings of salvation,
 To the aged and the young;
 Till the precious invitation
 Waken every heart and tongue.

CHO.—Send the sound
 The earth around,
 From the rising to the setting of the sun,
 Till each gathering crowd
 Shall proclaim aloud,
 The glorious work is done.

- 2 Shout the tidings of salvation,
 O'er the praries of the west,
 Till each gathering congregation
 With the gospel sound is blest.
- 3 Shout the tidings of salvation,
 Mingling with the ocean's roar;
 Till the ships of every nation
 Bear the news from shore to shore.
- 4 Shout the tidings of salvation
 O'er the islands of the sea;
 Till, in humble adoration,
 All to Christ shall bow the knee.

280 (1285)

7s & 6s.

Missionary Hymn. E. C. H. 317.

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

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

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

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

 FUNERAL.

281 (1134)

S. M.

Heaven. H. 277. Key of G. Minor.

I LOVE to think of heaven,
 Where white-robed angels are,
 Where many a friend is gathered safe,
 From fear and toil and care.

2 I love to think of heaven.
 Where my Redeemer reigns,
 Where rapturous songs of triumph rise,
 In endless, joyous strains.

3 I love to think of heaven,
 The greeting there we'll meet,
 The harps—the songs forever ours—
 The walks—the golden streets.

282 (787)

P. M.

All is Well. H. 204. Key of A.

THROUGH the love of God our Savior,
 All will be well:
 Free and changeless is his favor;
 All, all is well:
 Precious is the blood that healed us;
 Perfect is the grace that sealed us;
 Strong the hand stretched out to shield us;
 All must be well.

2 Though we pass through tribulation,
 All will be well;
 Ours is such a full salvation;
 All, all is well:
 Happy, still in God confiding;
 Fruitful, if in Christ abiding;
 Holy, through the Spirit's guiding;
 All must be well.

3 We expect a bright to-morrow;
 All will be well;
 Faith can sing through days of sorrow,
 All, all is well;
 On our Father's love relying,
 Jesus every need supplying,
 Or in living, or in dying,
 All must be well.

283 (1130)

8s & 6s.

Woodland. H. 278. Key of G.

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
 To mourning wanderers given;
 There is a tear for souls distressed,
 A balm for every wounded breast—
 'Tis found above—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—but heaven.

3 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.

284 (1227)

10s.

Enon. Key of B.

A BIDE with me! fast falls the eventide;
 The darkness thickens; Lord, with me
 abide!

When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
 Help of the helpless! O, abide with me!

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
 Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
 Change and decay in all around I see;
 O, thou who changest not, abide with me!

3 I need thy presence every passing hour; [er?
 What but thy grace can foil the tempter's pow-
 Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
 Through clouds and sunshine, O abide with me!

4 Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
 Shine through the gloom, and point me to the
 skies;

Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain
 shadows flee;

In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

235 (1082)

10s.

Enon. Key of B.

GO to the grave in all thy glorious prime,
 In full activity of zeal and power;
 A Christian can not die before his time;
 The Lord's appointment is the servant's hour.

2 Go to the grave; for thee thy Savior lay
 In death's embrace, ere he arose on high;
 And all the ransomed, by that narrow way,
 Pass to eternal life beyond the sky.

- 3 Go to the grave—no, take thy seat above;
 Be thy pure spirit present with the Lord,
 Where thou for faith and hope hast perfect love,
 And open vision for the written word.

286 (1075)

8s & 7s.

Homeward. H. 260. Key of E.

DRIPPING down the troubled river,
 To the tranquil, tranquil shore,
 Where the sweet light shineth ever,
 And the sun goes down no more.

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

- 2 Dropping down the winding river
 To the wide and welcome sea,
 Where no tempest wrecketh ever,
 Where the sky is fair and free.
- 3 Dropping down the rapid river
 To the dear and deathless land,
 Where the living live forever
 At the Father's own right hand.

287 (836).

11s.

Frederick. F. C. H. 224.

I WOULD not live alway: I ask not to stay
 Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the
 way;

The few cloudy mornings that dawn on us here
 Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its
 cheer.

- 2 Who, who would live alway, away from his
 God,
 Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode?
 Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright
 plains,
 And the noontide of glory eternally reigns;

3 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
 Their Savior and brethren transported to greet,
 While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
 And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the
 soul?

288 (1038).

L. M.

Rest. D. C. H. 256.

A SLEEP in Jesus! Blessed sleep,
 From which none ever wakes to weep;
 A calm and undisturbed repose,
 Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet
 To be for such a slumber meet!
 With holy confidence to sing
 That death has lost its venom'd sting.

3 Asleep in Jesus! Peaceful rest,
 Whose waking is supremely blest;
 No fear, no woe shall dim the hour
 That manifests the Savior's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! O for me
 May such a blissful refuge be:
 Securely shall my ashes lie
 And wait the summons from on high.

5 Asleep in Jesus! Far from thee
 Thy kindred and their graves may be;
 But thine is still a blessed sleep,
 From which none ever wake to weep.

289 (1082).

8s & 7s.

Mount Vernon. C. C. H. 260.

SISTER, thou wast mild and lovely,
 Gentle as the summer breeze,
 Pleasant as the air of evening,
 When it floats among the trees.

2 Peaceful be thy silent slumber—
 Peaceful in the grave so low:
 Thou no more wilt join our number;
 Thou no more our songs shalt know.

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

4 Yet again we hope to meet thee,
 When the day of heaven is fled,
 Then in heaven with joy to greet thee,
 Where no farewell tear is shed.

290 (1086).

L. M.

Oriel. A. C. H. 261.

THERE is a calm for those who weep,
 A rest for weary pilgrims found;
 They softly lie and sweetly sleep
 Low in the ground.

2 The storm that racks the wintry sky
 No more disturbs their sweet repose,
 Than summer evening's latest sigh
 That shuts the rose.

3 Whate'er thy lot—whate'er thou be—
 Confess thy folly—kiss the rod;
 And in thy chastening sorrows see
 The hand of God.

4 Tho' long of winds and waves the sport,
 Condemned in wretchedness to roam,
 Thou soon shalt reach a sheltering port,
 A quiet home.

291 (800).

8s & 7s.

The Shining Shore. G. C. H. 293.

MY days are gliding swiftly by,
 And I, a pilgrim stranger,
 Would not detain them as they fly—
 Those hours of toil and danger.

CHO.—For O we stand on Jordan's strand!
 Our friends are passing over;
 And just before the shining shore,
 We may almost discover.

- 2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
 Our distant home discerning:
 Our absent Lord has left us word,
 Let every lamp be burning
- 3 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
 Each cord on earth to sever;
 Our King says, "Come," and there's our
 Forever, O forever! [home,

CLOSING HYMNS.

292 (728)

L. M.

Old Hundred. A. C. H. 190.

PRAISE God, ye heavenly hosts above!
 Praise him all creatures of his love!
 Praise him each morning, noon and night,
 Praise him with holy, sweet delight!

293 (749)

7s. D.

Martyn. F. C. H. 56.

FATHER, glory be to thee,
 Source of all the good we see!
 Glory for the blessed Light
 Rising on the ancient night!
 Glory for the hopes that come
 Streaming through the silent tomb!
 Glory for thy Spirit given,
 Guiding us in peace to heaven!

294 (530)

S. M.

Gerar. F. C. H. 22.

A PARTING hymn we sing,
 Around thy table, Lord;
 Again our grateful tribute bring,
 Our solemn vows record;

- 2 Here have we seen thy face,
And felt thy presence here;
So may the savor of thy grace
In word and life appear.

295 (735)

S. M.

Boylston. C. C. H. 195.

LORD, at this closing hour,
Establish every heart
Upon thy word of truth and power,
To keep us when we part.

- 2 Peace to our brethren give;
Fill all our hearts with love;
In faith and patience may we live,
And seek our rest above.

296 (751)

8s & 7s.

Mount Vernon. C. C. H. 260.

ISRAEL'S Shepherd, guide me, feed me,
Through my pilgrimage below,
And beside the waters lead me,
Where thy flock rejoicing go.

- 2 Lord, thy guardian presence ever,
Meekly kneeling, I implore,
I have found thee, and would never,
Never wander from thee more.

297 (721).

L. M.

Uxbridge. E. C. H. 5.

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

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

298 (718)

L. M.

Old Hundred. A. C. H. 190.

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

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

299 (754)

8s, 7s & 4s.

Siberia. D. C. H. 199.

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

- 2 Thanks we give and adoration
 For the gospel's joyful sound ;
 May the fruits of thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound ;
 May thy presence
 With us evermore be found.
- 3 So, whene'er the signal's given
 Us from earth to call away ;
 Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
 Glad the summons to obey ;
 May we ready
 Rise and reign in endless day.

300

P. M.

By and By C. H. 330. Key of A.

THERE'S a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we may see it afar;
For the Father waits over the way
To prepare us a dwelling place there.

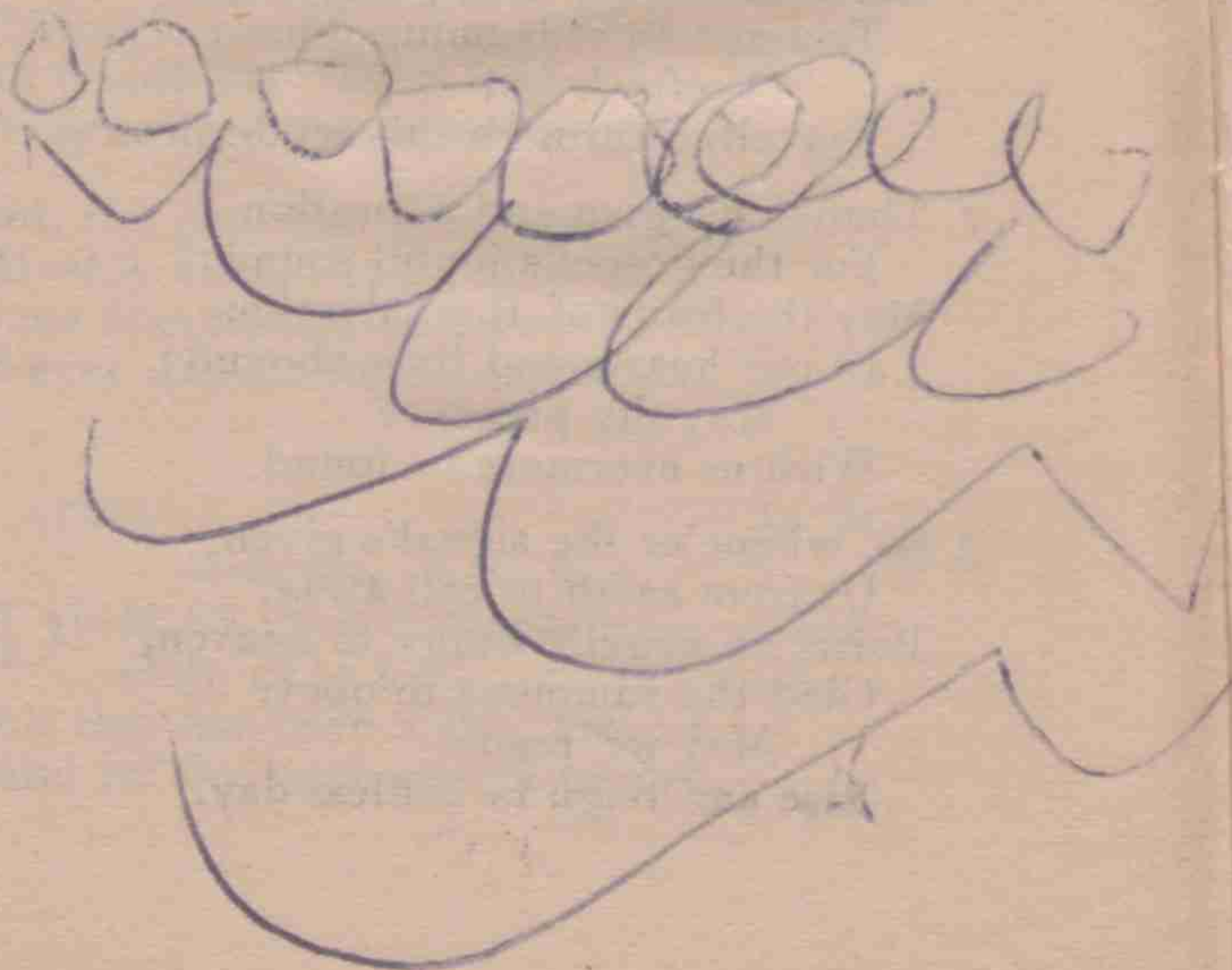
||: In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore. :||

2 We shall sing on that beautiful shore,
The melodious songs of the blest,
And our spirits shall sorrow no more—
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.

||: In the sweet by and by,
We shall sing on that beautiful shore. :||

3 To our bountiful Father above,
We will offer the tribute of praise,
For the glorious gift of his love,
And the blessings that hallow our days.

||: In the sweet by and by,
We shall praise on that beautiful shore. :||



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