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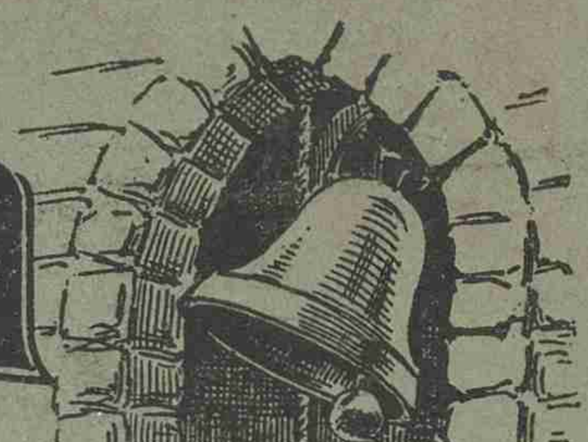
Sabbath Bells



FOR

SUNDAY SCHOOLS

PRAYER, PRAISE AND GOSPEL MEETINGS

BY

Wm. B. BLAKE,

WITH

A. J. SHOWALTER,

B. F. NYSEWANDER,

AND

CHAS. E. PRIOR.

AS SPECIAL CONTRIBUTORS

Z8
B58
c.2

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SHEATH REEDS

FOR

SUNDAY-SCHOOL,

AND FOR

PLAIN PSALM, AND TUNE SINGING.

BY

WM. B. BLAKE.

WITH

A FEW ORIGINAL TUNES,

BY

B. F. WYTHEWANDER,

AND

A. CHAS. EDW. PRINCE.

AS SPECIAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

184

1842

SABBATH BELLS:

FOR THE

SUNDAY-SCHOOL,

AND FOR

PRAYER, PRAISE, AND GOSPEL MEETINGS.

BY

WM. B. BLAKE.

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Hymn
1884
Blak A

Z 8
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NOTE.

AN endeavor has been made to include in SABBATH BELLS every department of Christian labor. The work has been classified for the convenience of Superintendents and Choristers, although they will find in *Praise* and *Gospel* departments many things suitable for the Sunday-school.

The book is not made up of "songs written expressly for it," but contains many gems of song which have grown dear to Christians every where.

WM. B. BLAKE.

L. C. Duplicate.
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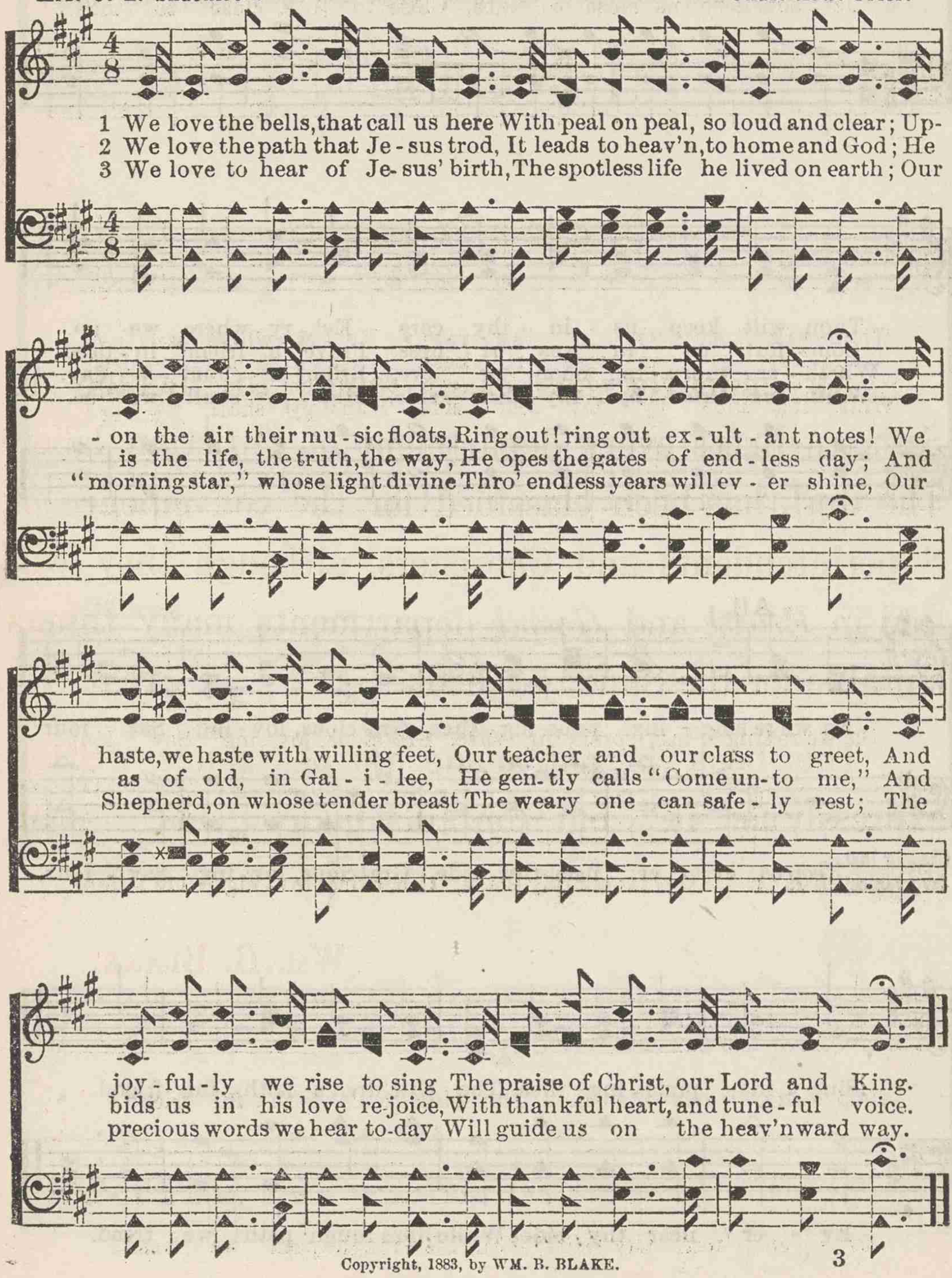
SABBATH SCHOOL SONGS.

OPENING HYMN.

Mrs. C. L. Shacklock. *Chas. Edw. Prior.*

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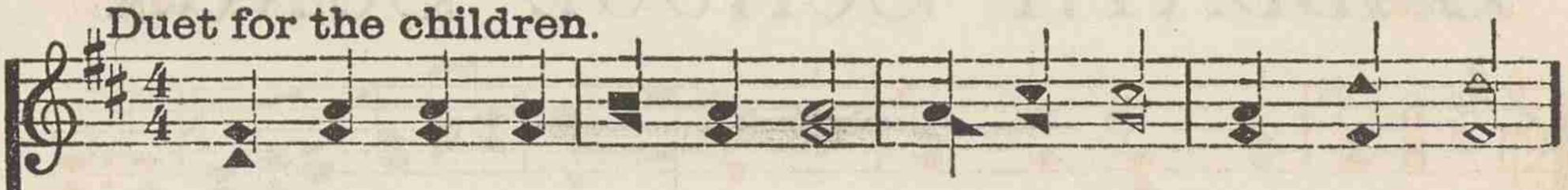
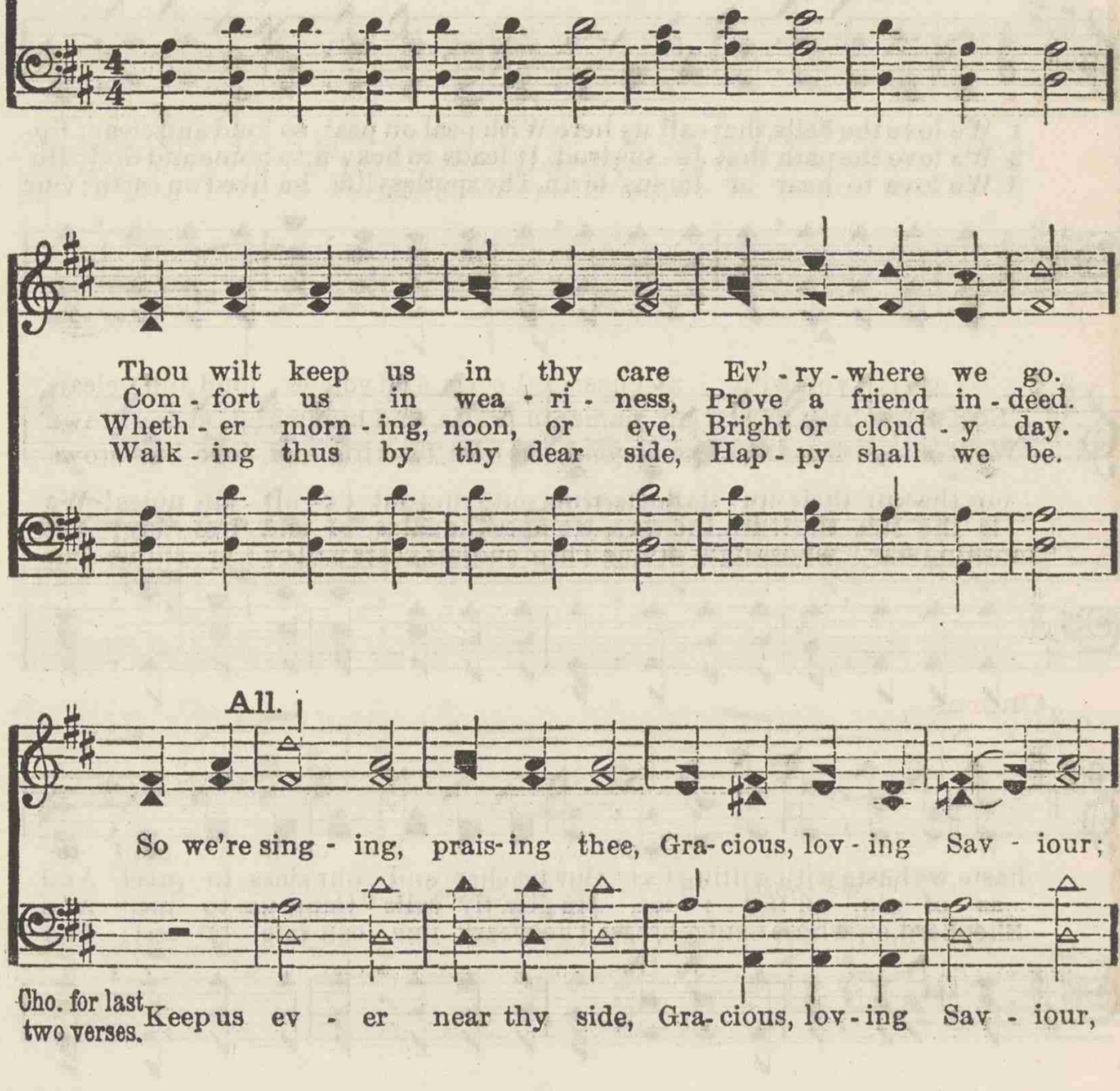
PRAISING THEE.

Wm. B. Blake.

Duet for the children.

1 We the lambs of Je - sus are, This we know, this we know;
2 Thou wilt fur-nish strength and grace, When we need, when we need;
3 Je - sus, keep us in the way, In the way, in the way;
4 Je - sus, keep us close to thee, Close to thee, close to thee;

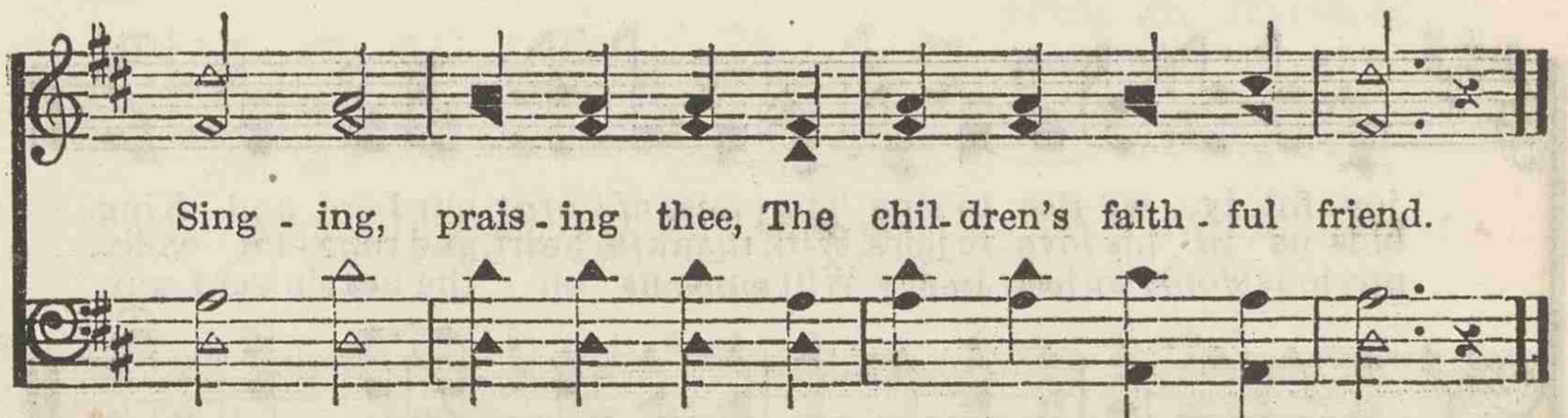


Thou wilt keep us in thy care Ev' - ry - where we go.
Com - fort us in wea - ri - ness, Prove a friend in - deed.
Wheth - er morn - ing, noon, or eve, Bright or cloud - y day.
Walk - ing thus by thy dear side, Hap - py shall we be.

All.

So we're sing - ing, prais-ing thee, Gra-cious, lov - ing Sav - iour;

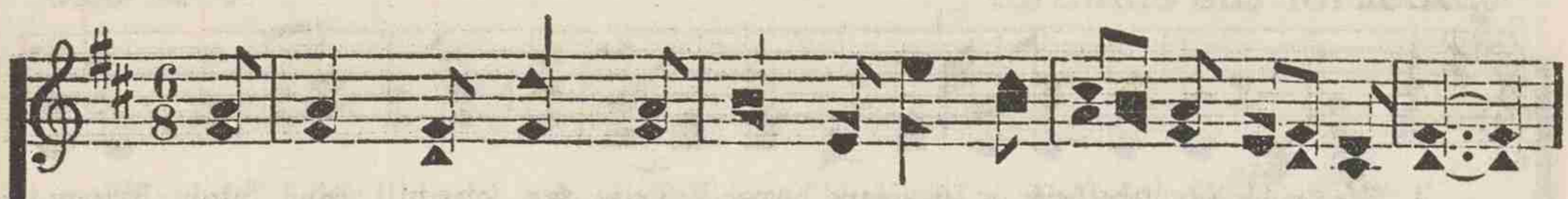
Cho. for last two verses. Keep us ev - er near thy side, Gra-cious, lov-ing Sav - iour,

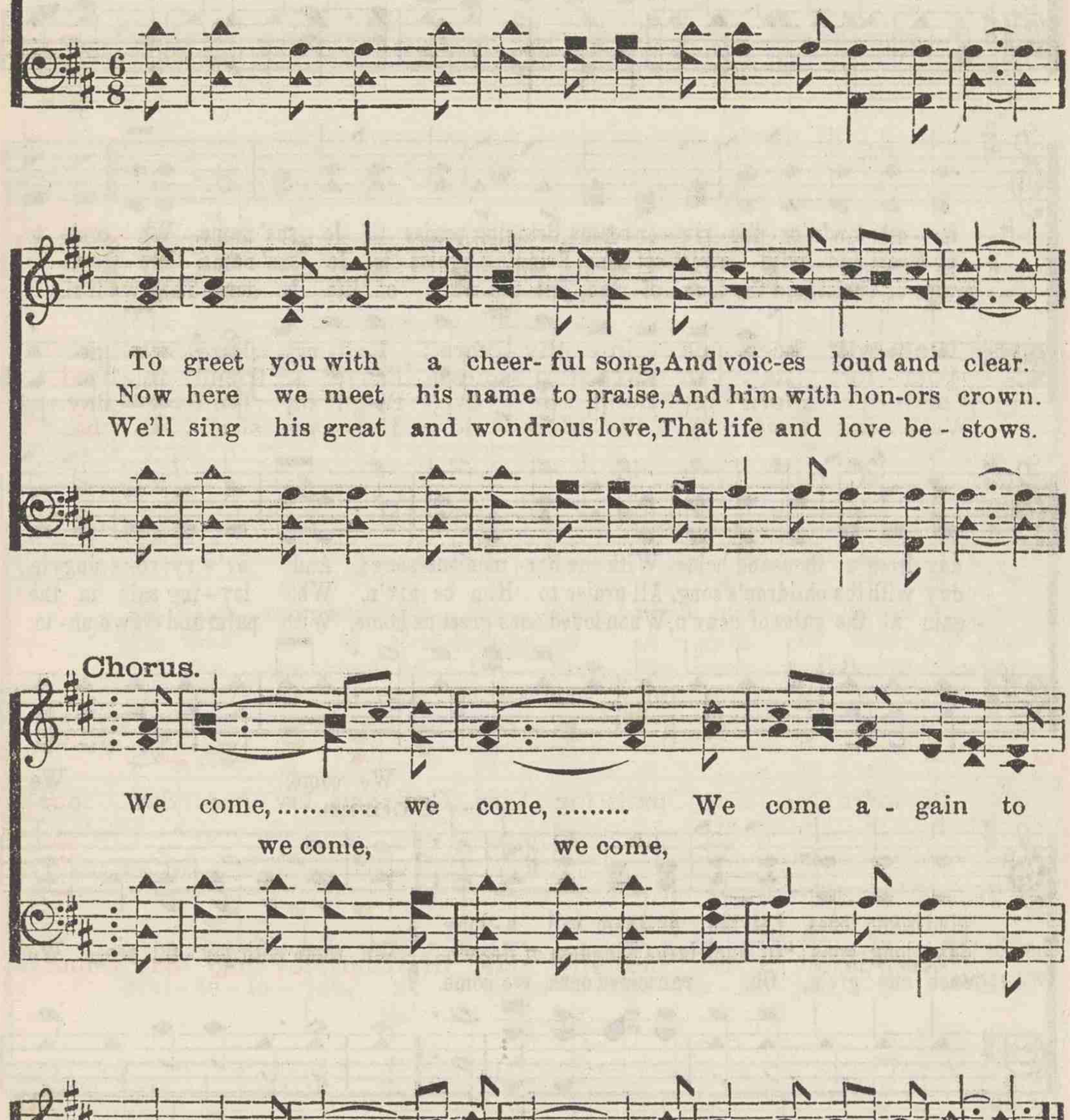


Sing - ing, prais - ing thee, The chil-dren's faith - ful friend.

Ev - er near thy side; While life's rough path we tread.

WE COME TO GREET YOU.

C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1 An - oth - er week has flown a - way, And we a - gain are here.
2 God kind - ly length - ens out our days, And show'rs his blessings down.
3 We'll sing the mer - cies rich and full, That from his bount - y flows,



To greet you with a cheer - ful song, And voic - es loud and clear.
Now here we meet his name to praise, And him with hon - ors crown.
We'll sing his great and wondrous love, That life and love be - stows.

Chorus.

We come, ... we come, ... We come a - gain to
we come, we come,

greet you, We come, ... we come, ... We come with song a - gain.
we come, we come,

From Gabriel's S. S. Songs, by per.

WE COME TO-DAY.

C. M. H. C. M. Hott.

1 We come to - day from a thousand homes, From a - far o'er hill and plain; Where the
2 We come to - day with a chil-dren throng, And join in loud ac - claim; With hap-
3 We meet to - day, and we part a - gain, But the song shall still roll on, For the

for - ests tow'r, or the riv - er roams, Bringing praise to Je - sus' name. We come to-
- py heart, and with sweet-est song, Bringing praise to Je - sus' name. We come to-
praise of Christ and the love of men, Till the work of life is done. Then we'll sing a-

- day from a thousand homes With one har- monious song; And ev' - ry voice sings in
- day with the children's song, All praise to Him be giv'n, Who lov - ing said in the
- gain at the gates of heav'n, When loved ones greet us home, With palm and crown un- to

We come, We

Chorus.

glad-some tones, Let the an-them roll a- long.
days long gone: "Of such is the Kingdom of Heav'n."
each one giv'n, Oh, ransomed ones, we come.
} We come with joy - ful song, We

come, We come,

come, a ransomed throng, We come a glo-rious an - them bring - ing, We come and praises

We come,

bring To Christ the Lord our King, We come the Saviour's prais - es sing - ing.

WE MEET AGAIN IN GLADNESS.

G. K. Geo. Kingsley.

1 We meet a - gain in glad - ness, And thank - ful voic - es raise;
2 'Tis his kind hand that kept us Thro' all the changing year;
3 We thank him for the Sab - bath, The day of ho - ly rest,
4 For Sab - bath-schools and teach-ers, To us so kind - ly giv'n
5 O Lord, our heav'n-ly Fa - ther, Ac - cept the praise we bring,

To God, our heav'nly Fa - ther, We of - fer grate-ful praise.
His love it is that brings us A - gain to wor - ship here.
And for the bless - ed Bi - ble, The book we should love best.
To guide us in the path - way That leads to joy in heav'n.
And tune our hearts and voic - es, Thy glo - rious name to sing.

CODA. from "Happy Greeting."

Hal - le - lu - jah, a - men! Hal - le - lu - jah, a - men!
Hal - le - lu - jah,

Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, a - men.

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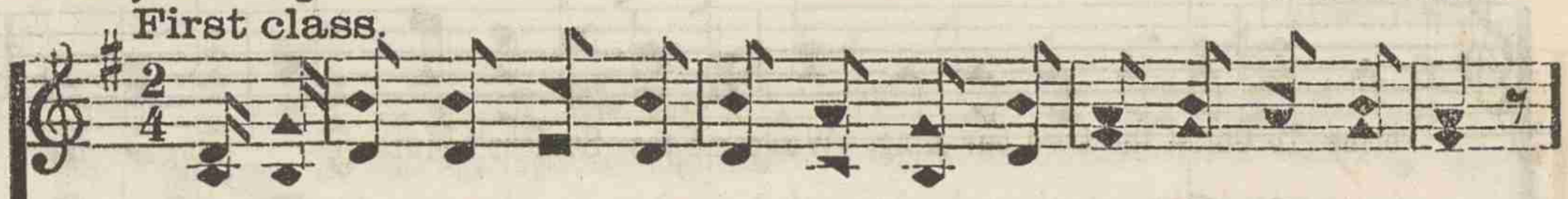
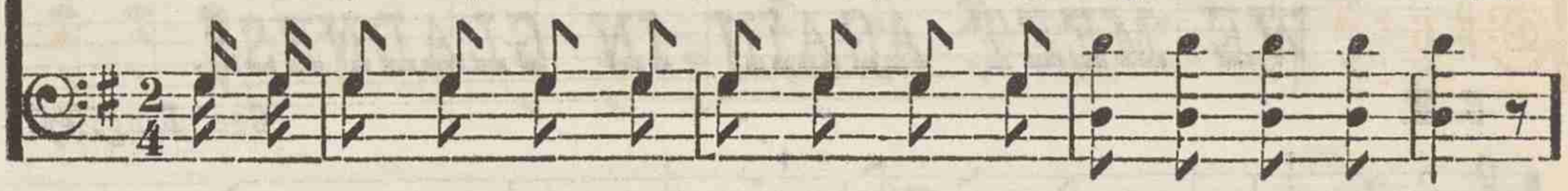
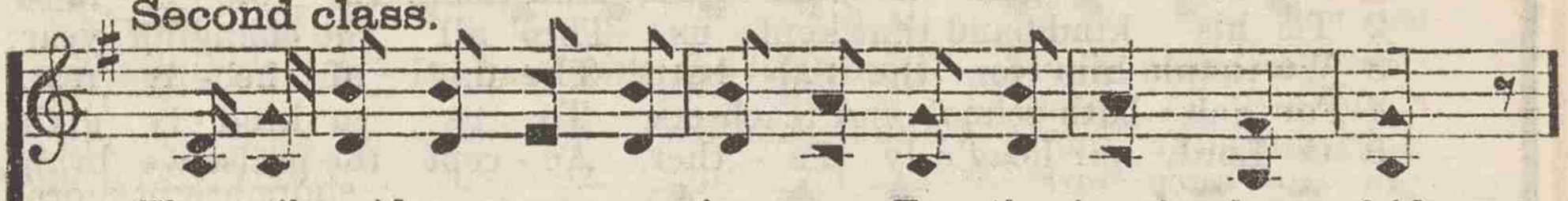
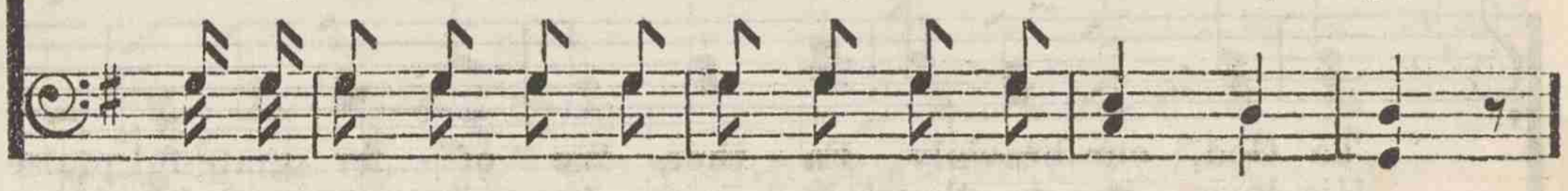
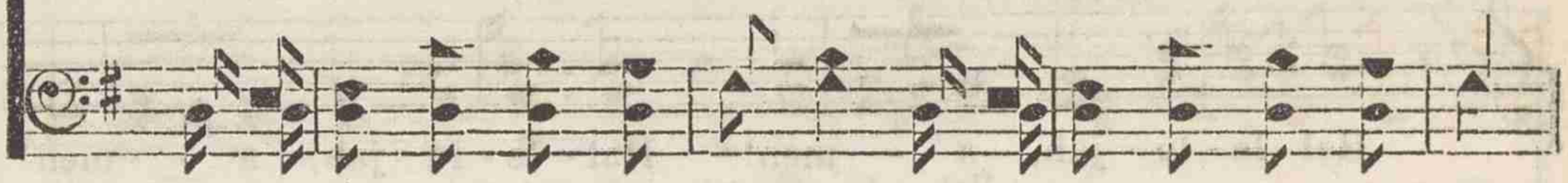
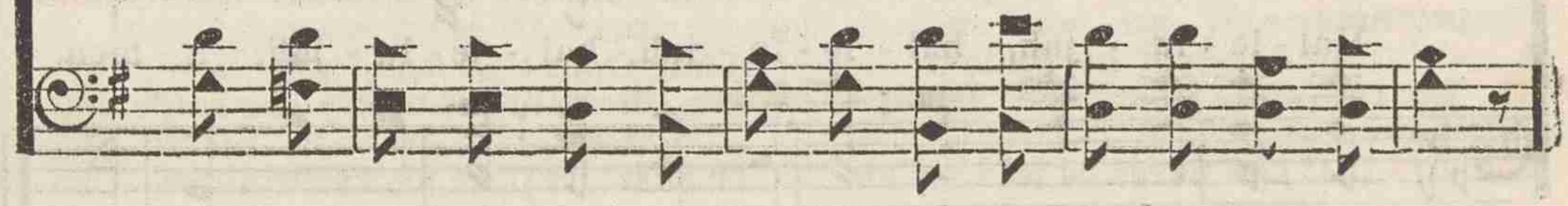
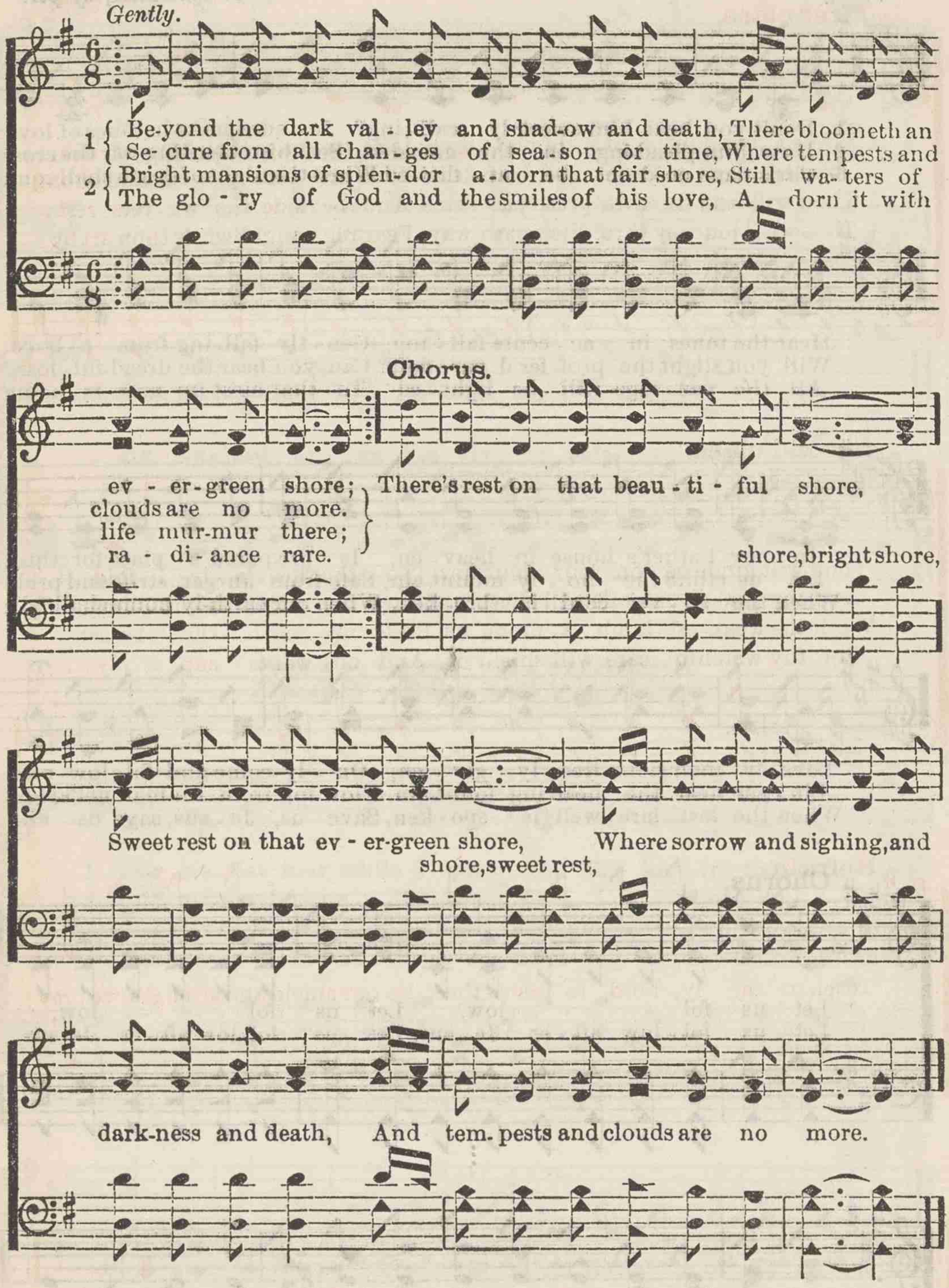
KEEP US IN THE WAY.

Emily Blessington. *Wm. B. Blake.*

First class.

1 We're a band of lit - tle chil - dren Like the ones thou blest of old;
2 We are ver - y weak and help- less: Thou art ver - y wise and strong:
3 Thou wilt lead us thro' green pas- tures, And be - side the wa - ters rest;
4 Thus we'll journey thro' life's path-way, Fear-ing naught while thou art by;

Second class.

Thou wilt guide us on our jour-ney To the heav'n - ly fold.
And thy gra- cious smile will cheer us When the way seems long.
While the weak- est lamb a - mong us Rests up - on thy breast.
For thy watchful care will shield us, And our wants sup - ply.

Refrain.

Teach us ear - ly, Lord, to praise thee, Be our shield and strength, we pray;

We are thine, O heav'n-ly Shepherd, Thou wilt keep us in the way.

A. S. K. A. S. Kieffer.

Gently.

3

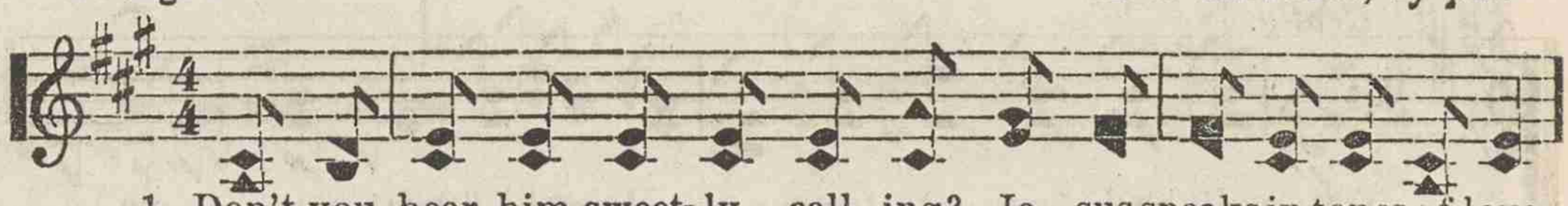
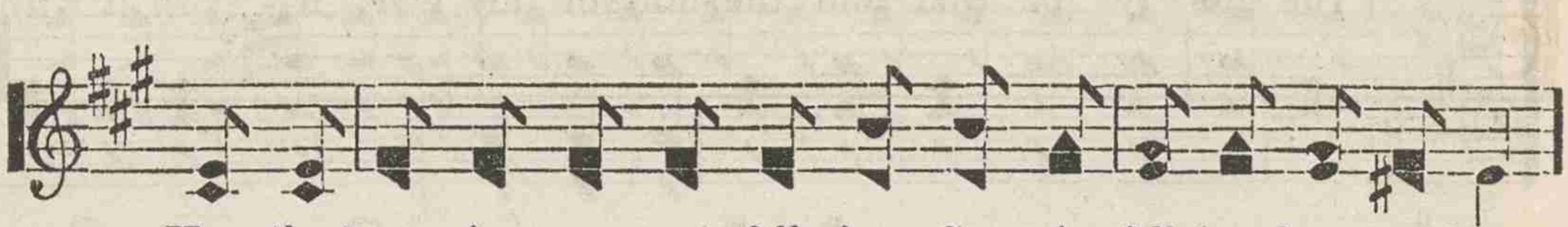
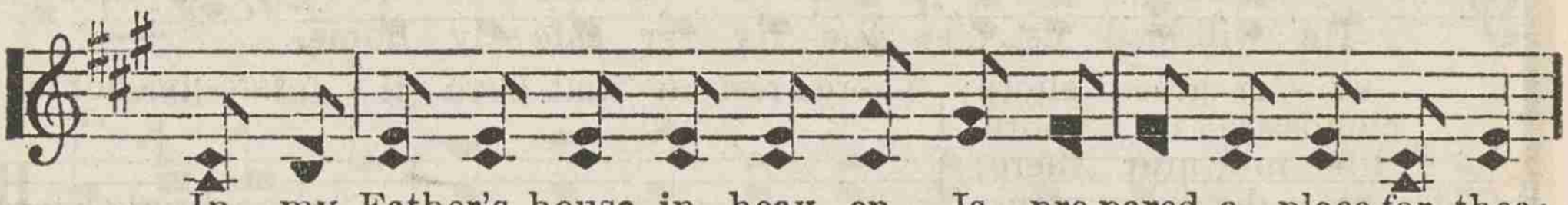
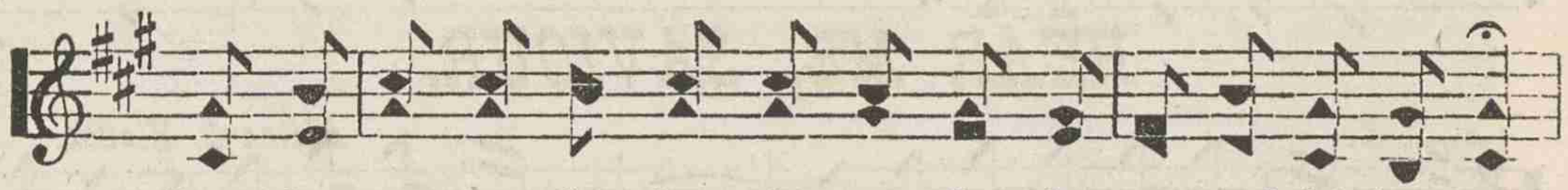
'Tis there that our Saviour a place has prepared,—
A rest for the sheep of his fold;
With Abram and Isaac and Jacob to share
The joys that can never be told.—CHO.

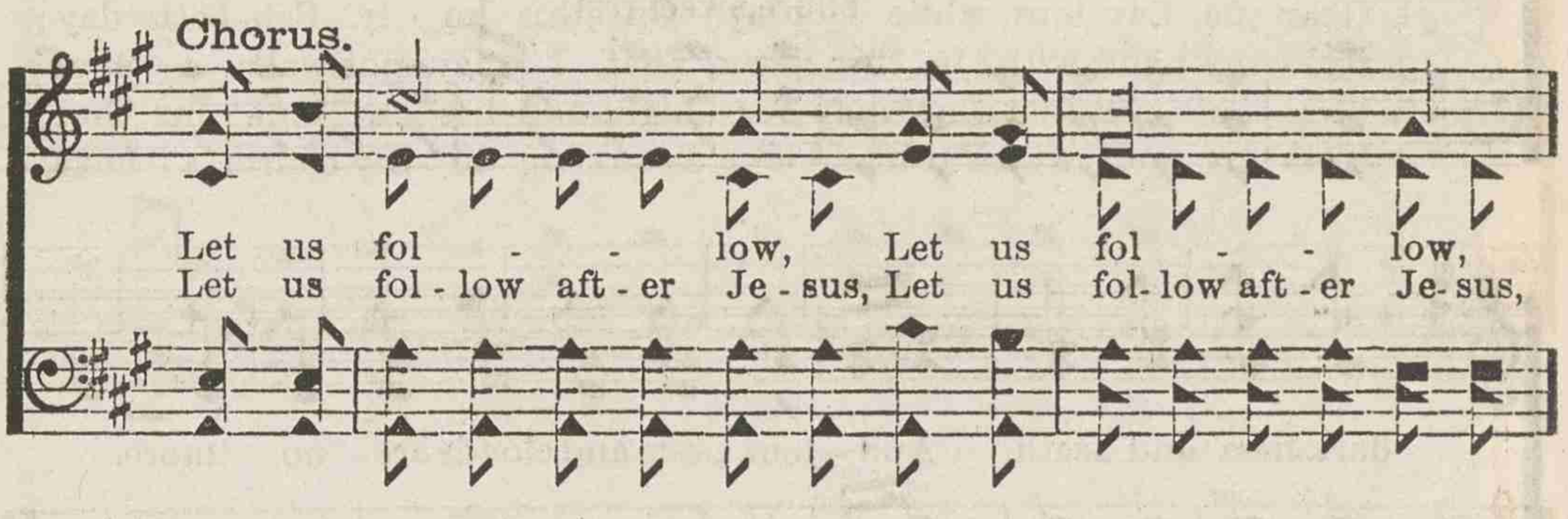
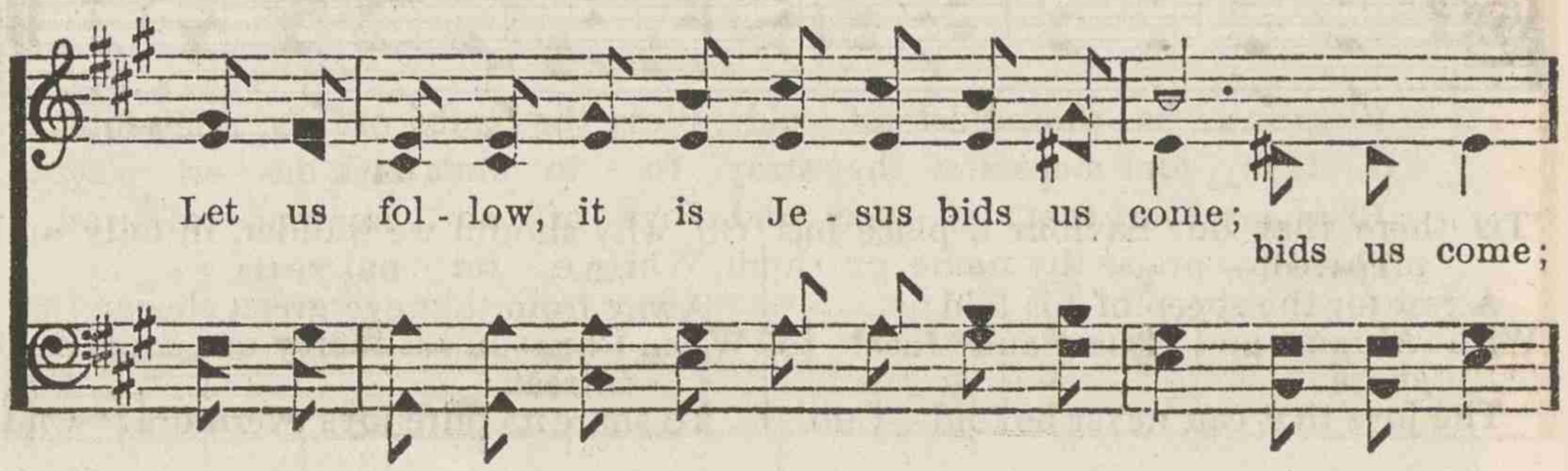
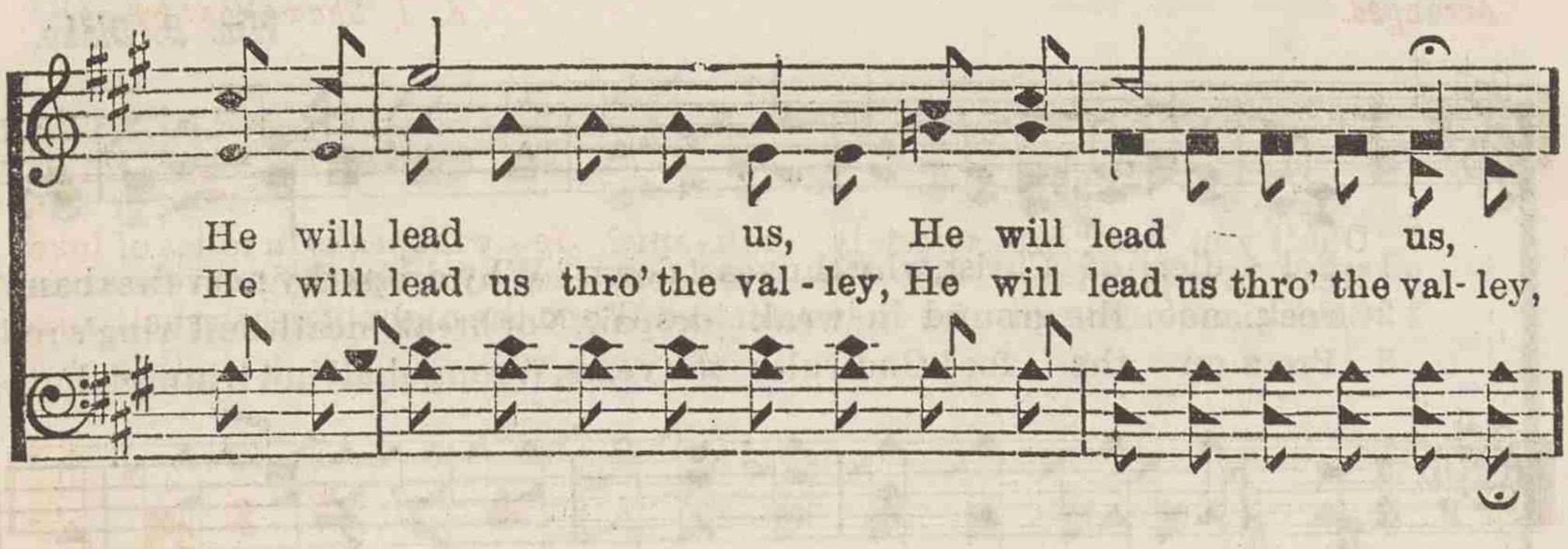
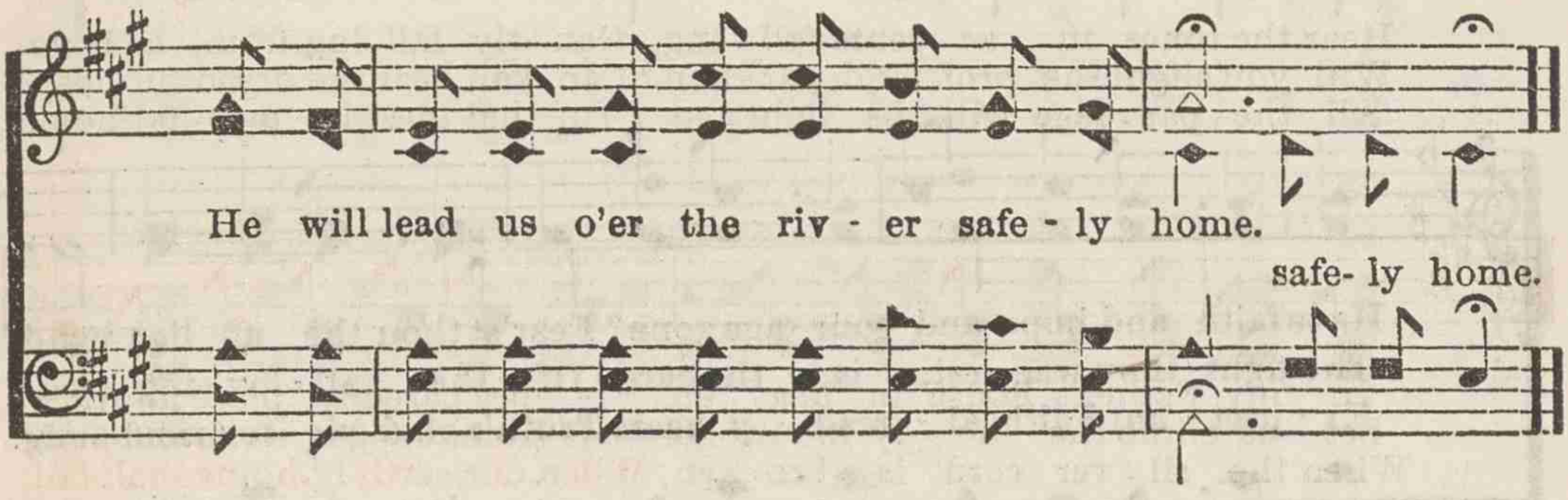
4

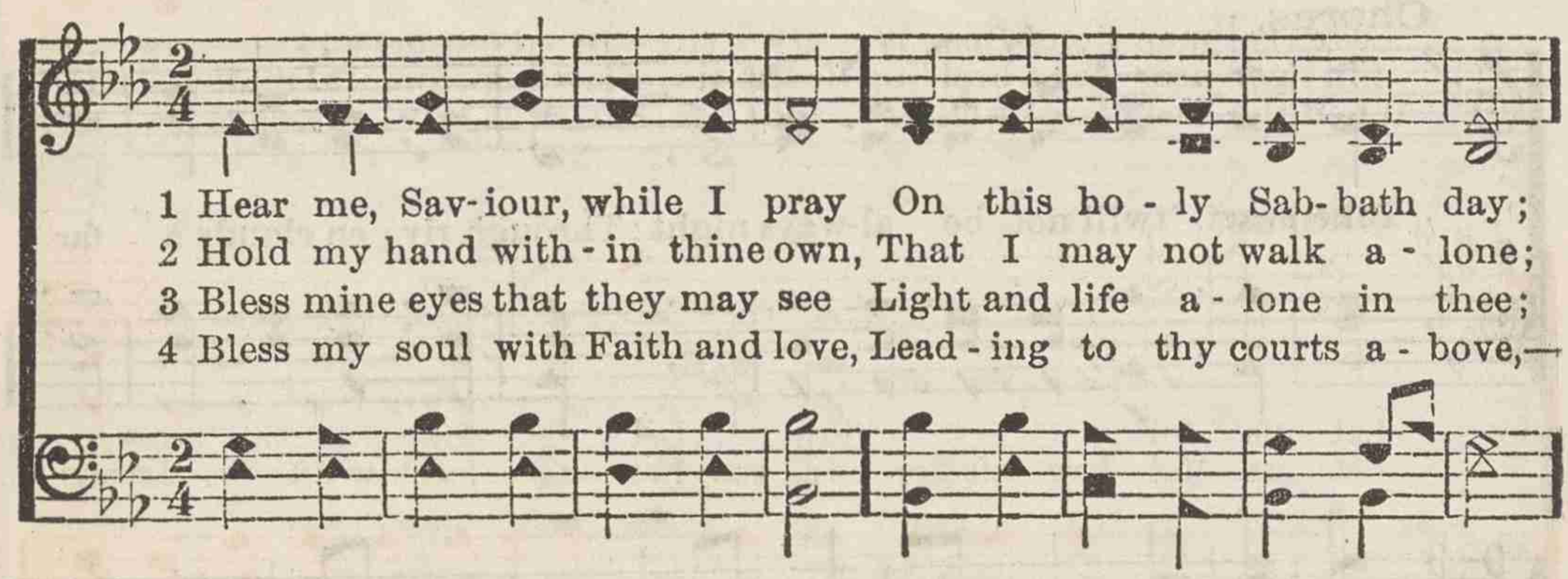
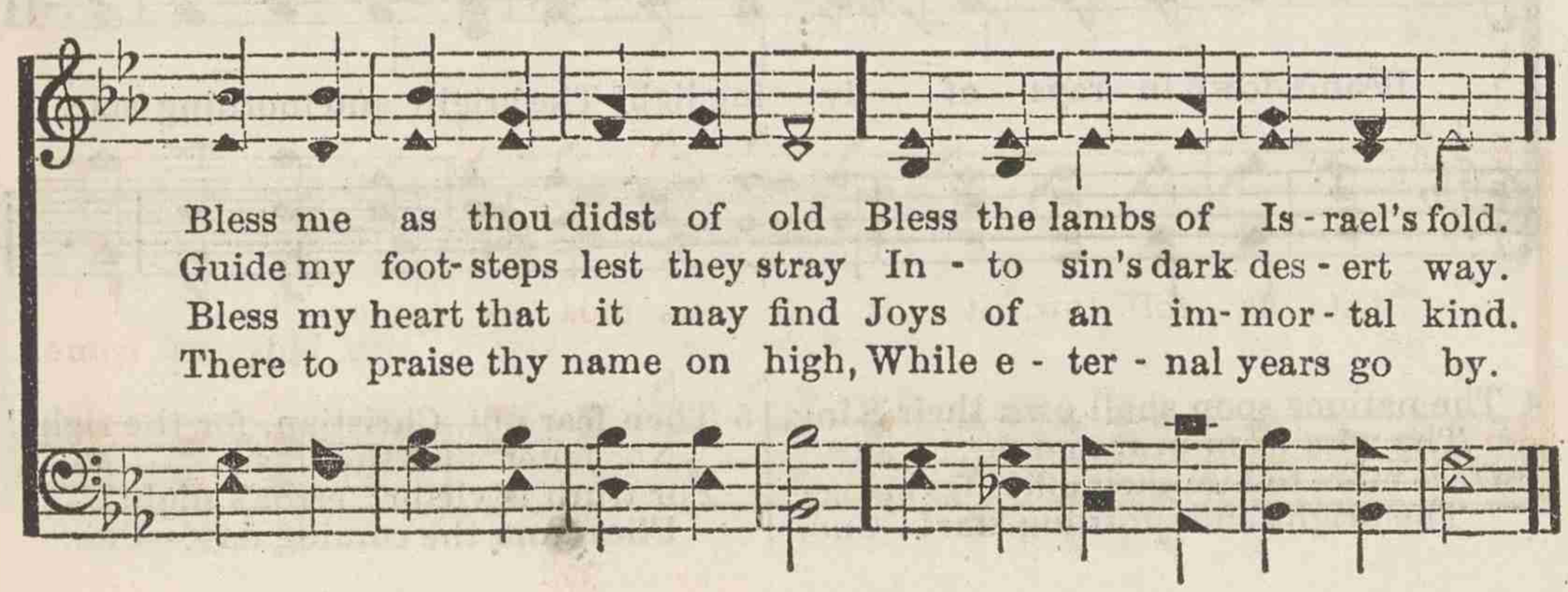
Oh, why should we wander, in folly and sin,
Away from that evergreen shore;
When Christ in his mercy our souls doth entreat
To share its pure joys evermore?—CHO.

From Sharon's Dewy Rose, by per.

JESUS BIDS US COME.

Arranged. *A. J. Showalter, by per.*

1 Don't you hear him sweet-ly call-ing? Je-sus speaks in tones of love:
2 Hear him plead-ing in the gar-den, See him bleeding on the cross;
3 Chris-tians need not be af-flict-ed When the night of death shall come;

Hear the tones in ac-cents fall-ing, Gen-tly fall-ing from a-bove;
Will you slight the prof-fer'd par-don? Can you bear the dread-ful loss?
All the pas-sage will be light-ed To that blest im-mor-tal home.

In my Father's house in heav-en, Is pre-pared a place for thee;
Let us climb the ho-ly mount-ain, Safe from an-ger, strife and pride;
When the sil-ver cord is bro-ken, When our earth-ly home shall fall;

Love-ly man-sions free-ly giv-en, On-ly come and fol-low me.
Lin-ger near the heal-ing fount-ain, Flow-ing from Im-man-uel's side.
When the last fare-well is spo-ken, Save us, Je-sus, save us all.

Chorus.

Let us fol - - low, Let us fol - - low,
Let us fol-low aft-er Je-sus, Let us fol-low aft-er Je-sus,

Let us fol-low, it is Je-sus bids us come;
bids us come;

HEAR ME, SAVIOUR.

A. S. K. *Aldine S. Kieffer.*



12 THE BRIGHT AND MORNING STAR.

Wm. B. Blake.

1 Sol - dier of Christ, why thus cast down? Why drops thy nerveless hand?
2 Seek not the ground in weak despair, Nor break 'neath suff'ring's rod;
3 Press on the foe! God rules the years, Wrong shall not triumph long;

Have faith and hope and cour - age gone? Fear'st thou the a - lien band?
The fight thou wag - est, is the care Of the all - lov - ing God.
Ex - pect - ant Faith al - read - y hears Truth's glad, vic - to - rious song.

Chorus.

Take heart, 'twill not be al-ways night: Through riv - en clouds a - far
Beams down in rays of liv - ing light The bright and morning star.

4 The nations soon shall own their King,
The wise from near and far,
Once more to him their offerings bring—
The bright and morning star!—Cho.

5 Then fear not, Christian, for the right!
Nor falter 'mid the fray;
For truth is victor: error's night
Flies from the coming day.—Cho.

HAPPY ARE WE.

Fannie M. Chadwick. *Chas. Edw. Prior, by per.*

1 Hap - py, young fac - es here we bring, Hap - py, sweet songs in
2 Hap - py are all who Je - sus trust, Hap - py tho' death dis-

con - cert sing, Hap-py the hour that here we spend, Hap - py for
- solve their dust, Hap-py he makes the hum - ble soul, Hap - py as

Chorus.

Je - sus is our friend. }
long as time shall roll. } Hap-py are we! hap - py are we!

Je - sus Christ hath made us free! Hap - py are we!

Hap - py are we! Come and with us hap - py be.

A YOUTHFUL BAND.

Words arr. by J. F. K. *J. F. Kinsey.*

Allegretto.

1 We're a band of youthful sol-diers, We are marching to the fight,
2 Tho' the hosts of sin are ma - ny, And their arm-ies large and strong,
3 With this bless-ed prom-ise for us, And our Sav-iour as our guide,

And our Sav-iour is our cap-tain, He'll protect us by his might,
We will put our trust in Je - sus, And in tri-umph march a - long,
We will still keep pressing on-ward, Till we reach the roll - ing tide,

He will lead us on to con-quer, And we'll smite the hosts of sin,
For his grace will be suf- fi - cient, If we will on him de-pend,
Till we meet the an - gel boatman, Who will take us to that shore,

For we nev - er will give o - ver, Till the bat - tle we shall win.
And a shin- ing crown of glo - ry, He will give us at the end.
There our war-fare will be o - ver, And we'll rest for - ev - er- more.

Chorus.

We're a band,..... a youthful band, And we're
We're a band, a youth- ful band, yes, a band, a youth-ful band, And we're

marching onward to the fight, to the fight. We're a band,..... a youthful
marching onward to the fight, We're a band, a youthful band, yes, a

rit. ad lib.

band, And our mot - to is for truth and right, truth and right.
band, a youthful band, And our mot - to is for truth and right.

GOD IS LOVE.

Bowring. 1 JOHN 4: 8. *Mrs. Dr. C. Nysewander.*

1. { God is love; his mer - cy brightens All the paths in which we rove;
   { Bliss he wakes, and woe he light-ens; God is wis-dom, God is love. }

Chorus.

Bliss he wakes, and woe he light - ens; God is wis - dom,

God is love, Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, Praise his name.

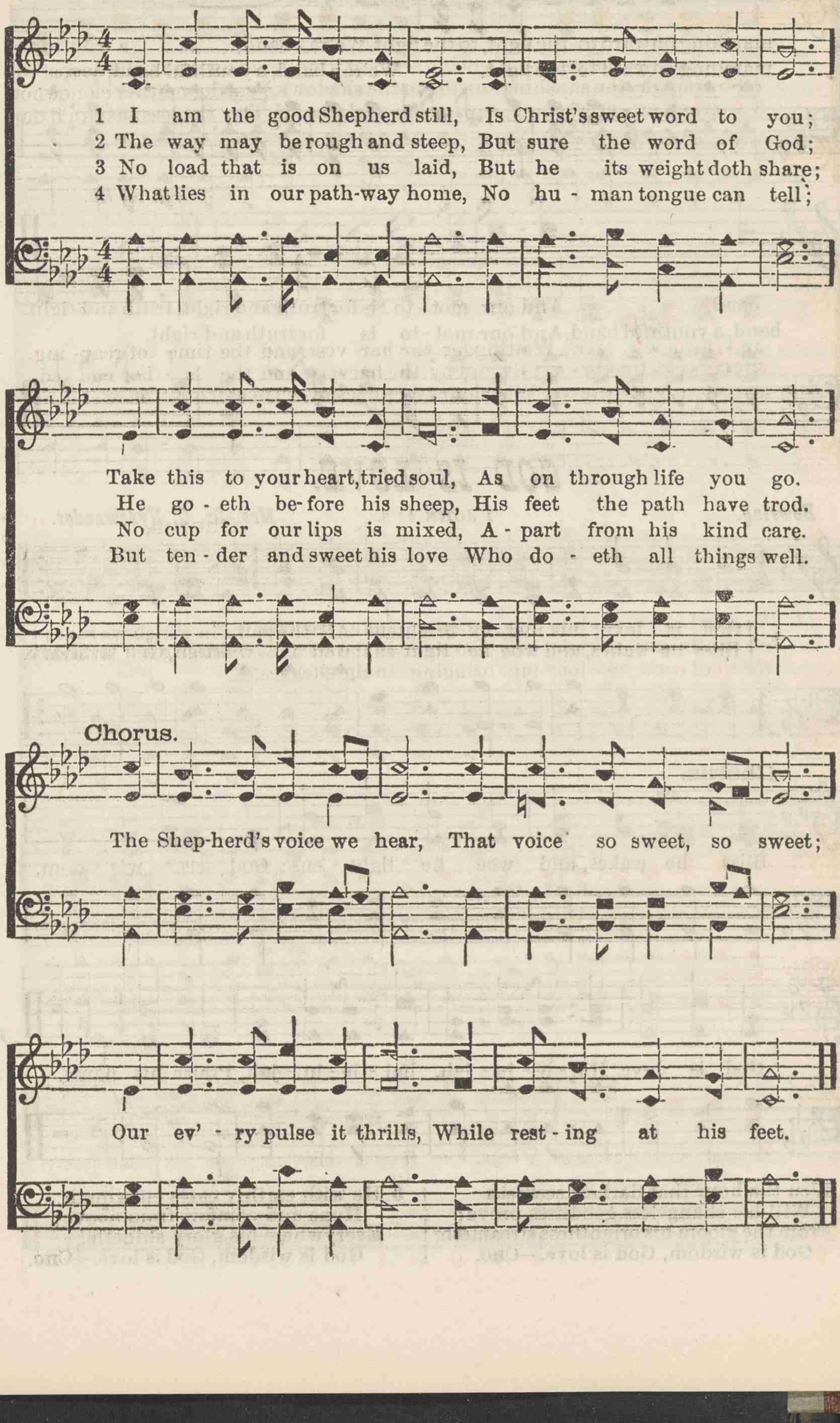
2 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will his changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom his brightness streameth;
God is wisdom, God is love.—CHO.

3 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere his glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.—CHO.

THE SHEPHERD'S VOICE.

"I am the good Shepherd. the good Shepherd giveth his life for the sheep."—JOHN 10-11.

Mrs. E. W. Chapman. *Chas. Edw. Prior.*



George A. Minor, by per.

1 Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, Sowing in the noon-tide
2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows, Fearing neither clouds nor
3 Go, then, ev - er weeping, sowing for the Mas-ter, Tho' the loss sustain'd our

and the dew-y eve; Waiting for the har- vest. and the time of reap- ing,
winter's chilling breeze; By and by the harvest, and the la - bor end - ed,
spir-it oft- en grieves; When our weeping's over, He will bid us wel-come,

Chorus.

We shall come, re - joic- ing, bringing in the sheaves.
We shall come, re - joic- ing, bringing in the sheaves.
We shall come, re - joic- ing, bringing in the sheaves.
} Bringing in the sheaves,

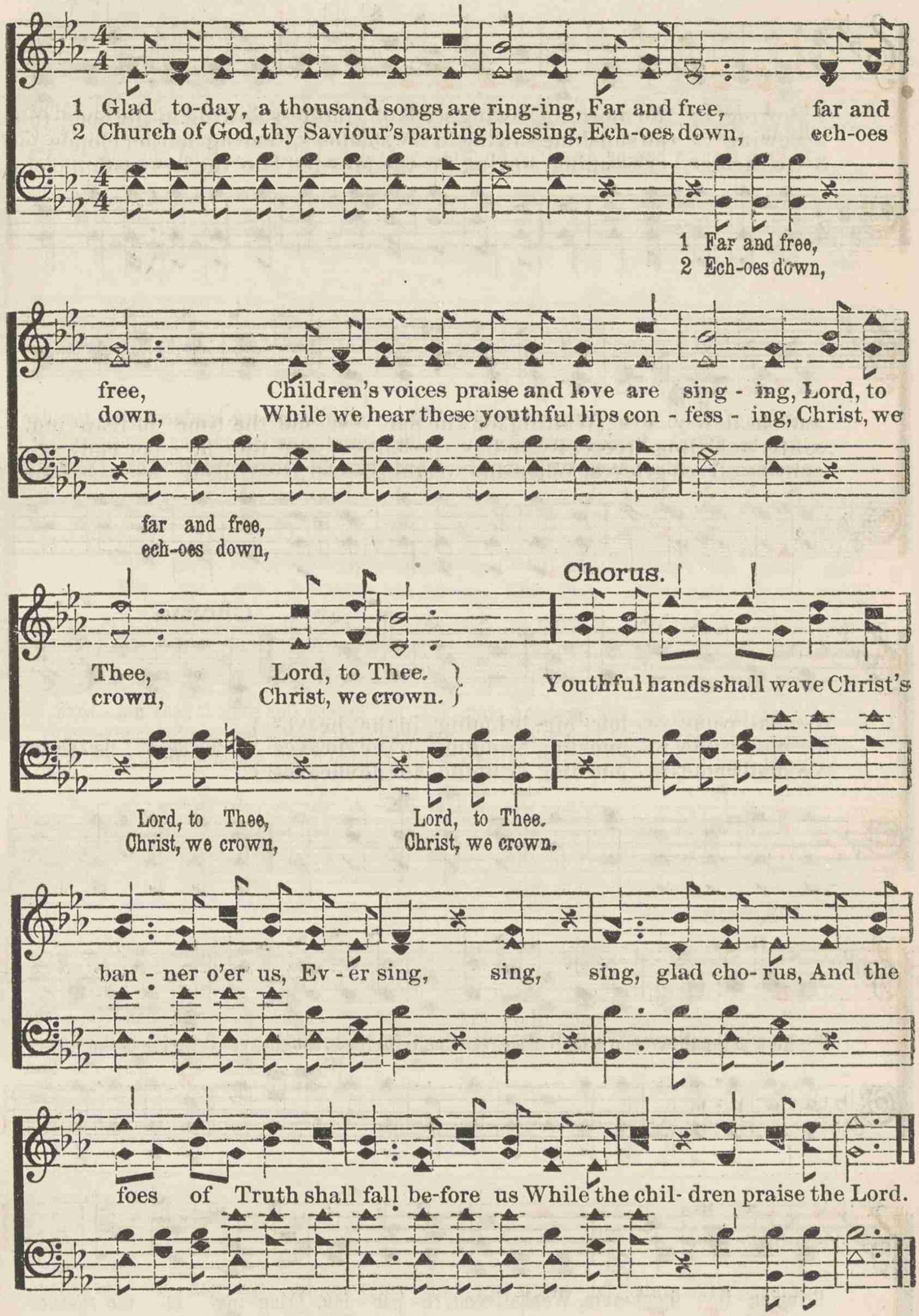
Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves. Bringing in the sheaves,

Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come, re - joic - ing, bring- ing in the sheaves.

18

GLAD TO-DAY.

P. J. Owens. E. S. Lorenz.



3 Church of God, enlarge thy habitation,
Open wide, open wide,
All thy gates, to seekers of salvation,
On each side, on each side.

4 Children's hymns shall wake earth's dreary [silence,
On each shore, on each shore,
Children's hymns shall bid God's foes defiance
Evermore, evermore.

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A. S. K. A. S. Kieffer.

1 A band of hap-py children, The children of a King; On this glad, happy
2 In grateful, joy-ous cho-rus We lift our hearts on high; A bliss-ful view be-
3 From many a hap-py dwelling, From cit-y, field, and plain, Glad cho-rus-es are

morning To Him our praise we bring; For all His lov-ing kindness, His ten-der
-fore us Delights Faith's raptured eye: His kingdom still is gaining New strength from
swelling To Him who once was slain: And like the Jewish children That thronged the

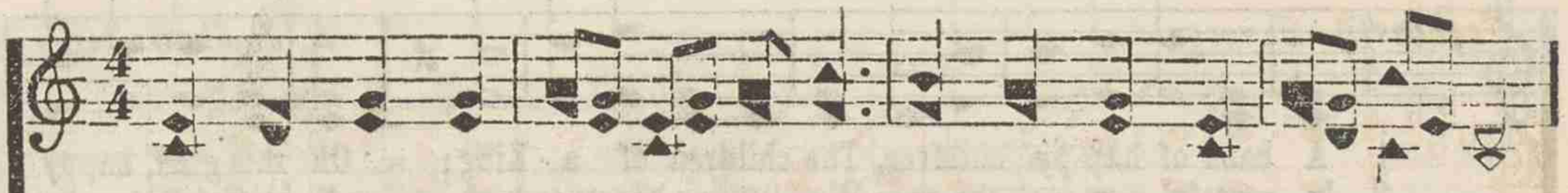
hand of love; His precious prom-is-es to lead Our souls to heav'n a-bove.
day to day; The hosts of sin are wav'ring fast Be-fore our Saviour's sway.
great high-way, We'll scatter palms and strew bright flow's, And sing His praise alway.

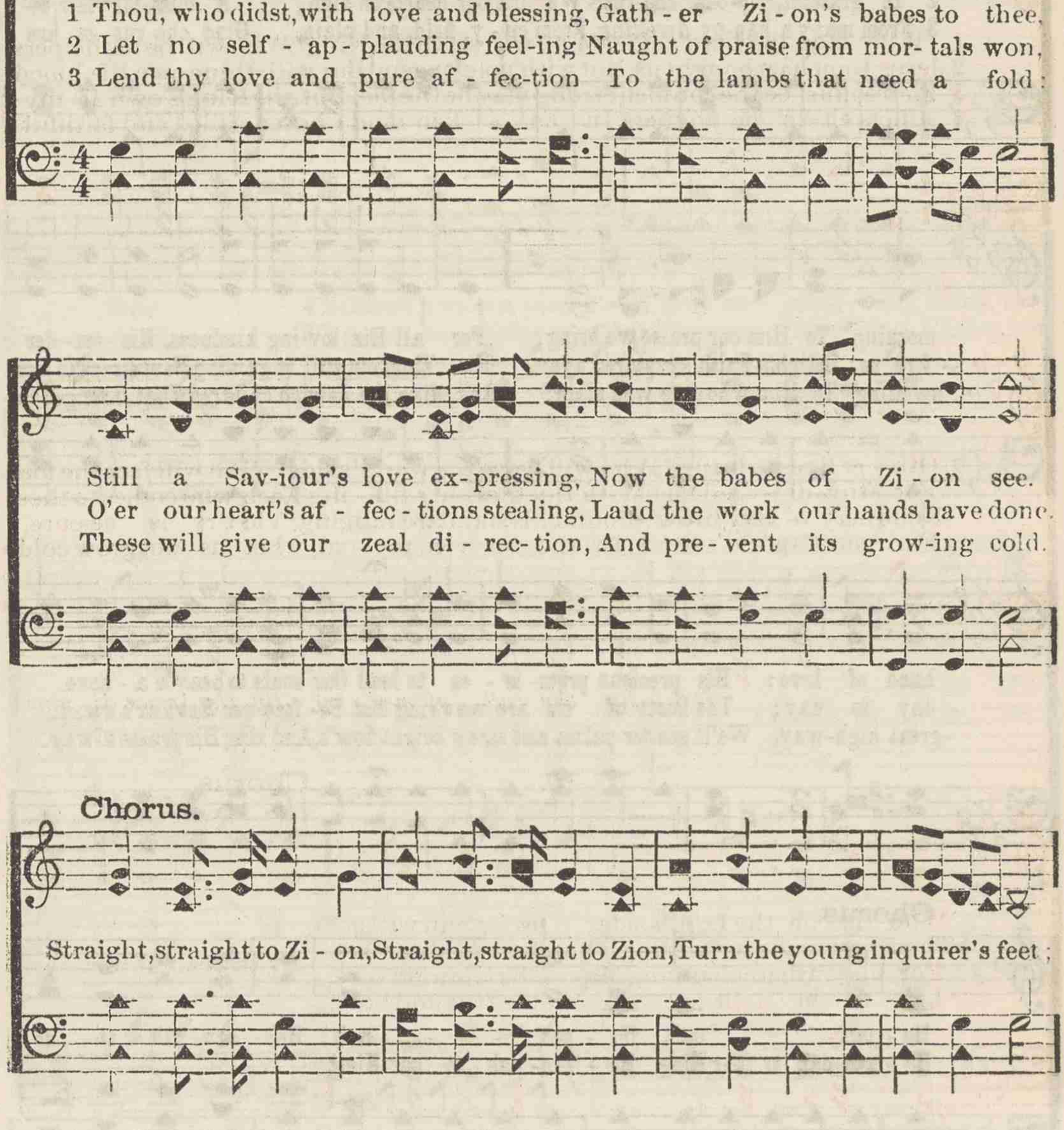
Chorus.

Ho-san-nah, Ho-san-nah! Ho-san-nah to our
Ho-san-nah to our King, Ho-san-nah to our King,

King, With grate-ful hearts we lift our voice, Ho-san-nah to our King.

20 LEAD THEM TO ZION.

Wm. B. Blake.

1 Thou, who didst, with love and blessing, Gath - er Zi - on's babes to thee.
2 Let no self - ap - plauding feel-ing Naught of praise from mor- tals won,
3 Lend thy love and pure af - fec-tion To the lambs that need a fold:



Still a Sav-iour's love ex-pressing, Now the babes of Zi - on see.
O'er our heart's af - fec - tions stealing, Laud the work our hands have done.
These will give our zeal di - rec-tion, And pre - vent its grow-ing cold.

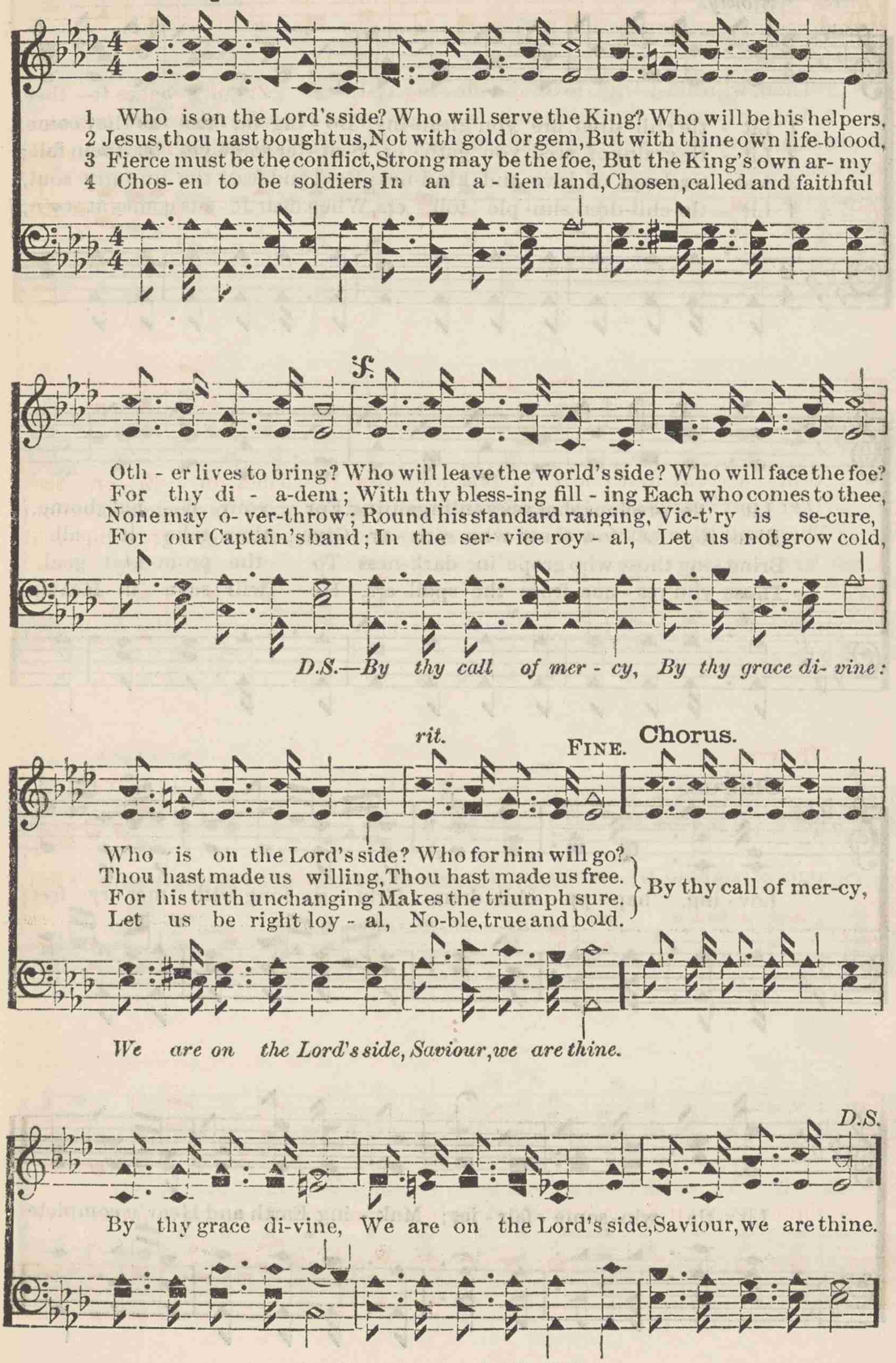
Chorus.

Straight, straight to Zi - on, Straight, straight to Zion, Turn the young inquirer's feet;

Straight, straight to Zi- on, Straight, straight to Zion, Turn the young inquirer's feet.

WHO IS ON THE LORD'S SIDE? 21

"Choose you this day whom you will serve."—Jos. 24: 15.

Frances R. Havergal. *A. J. Showalter.*

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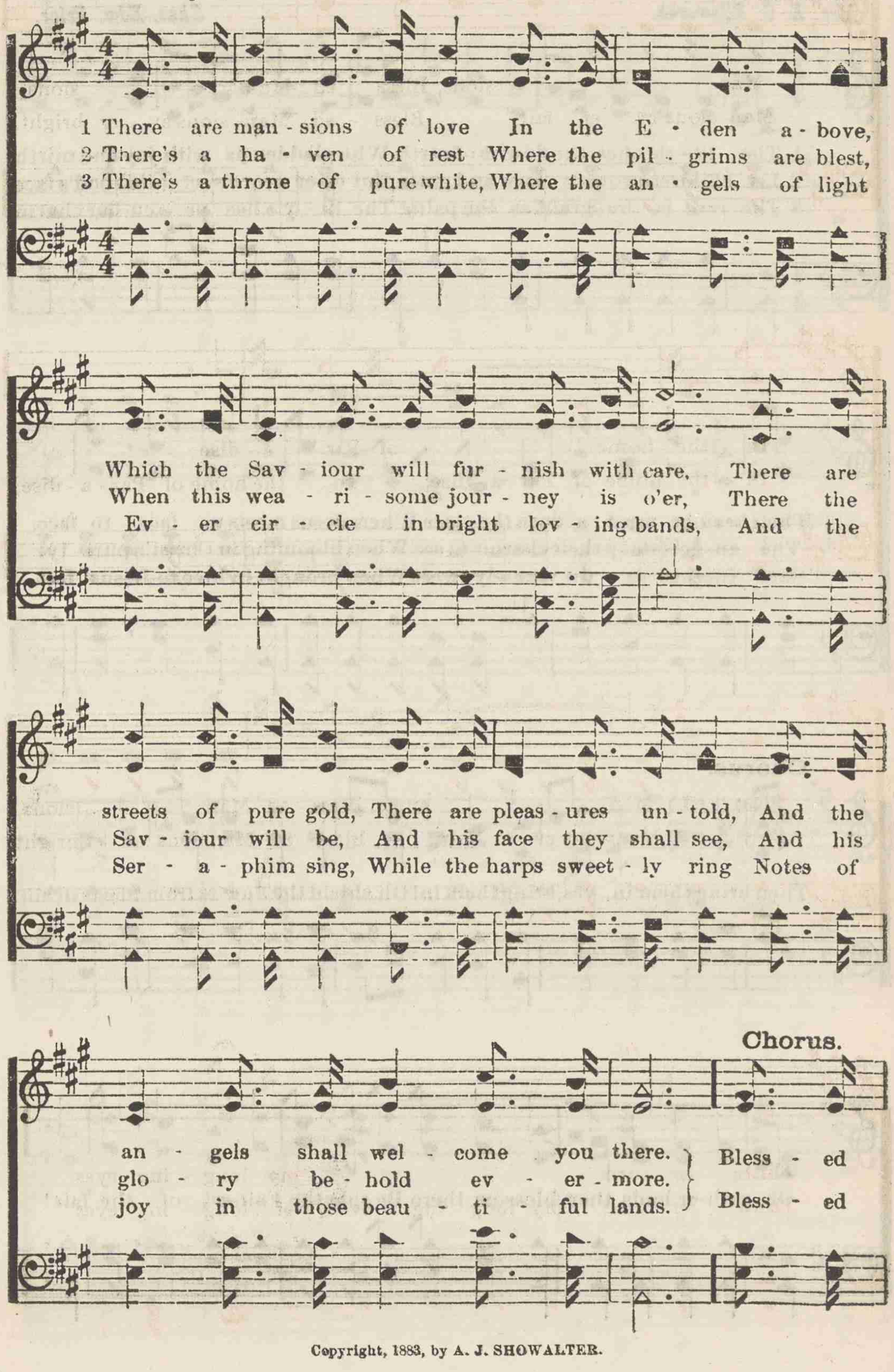
BLESSED MANSIONS.

In my Father's house are many mansions.—JOHN 14: 2.

Mrs. E. W. Chapman. *A. J. Showalter.*



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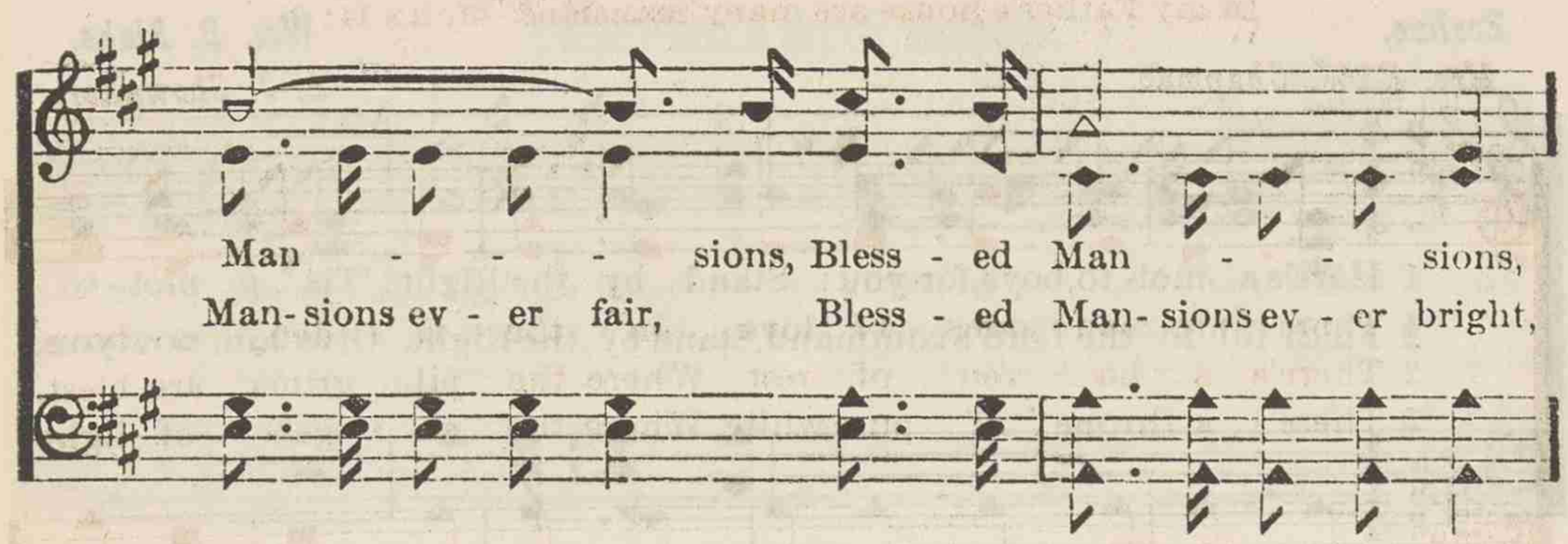
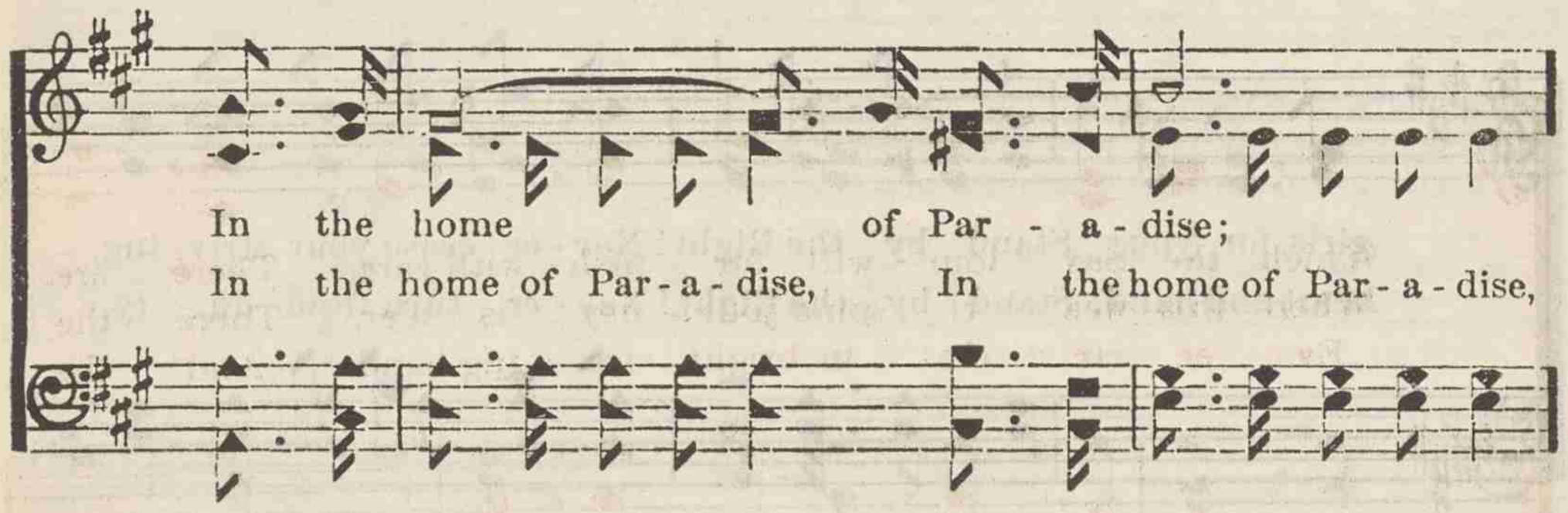
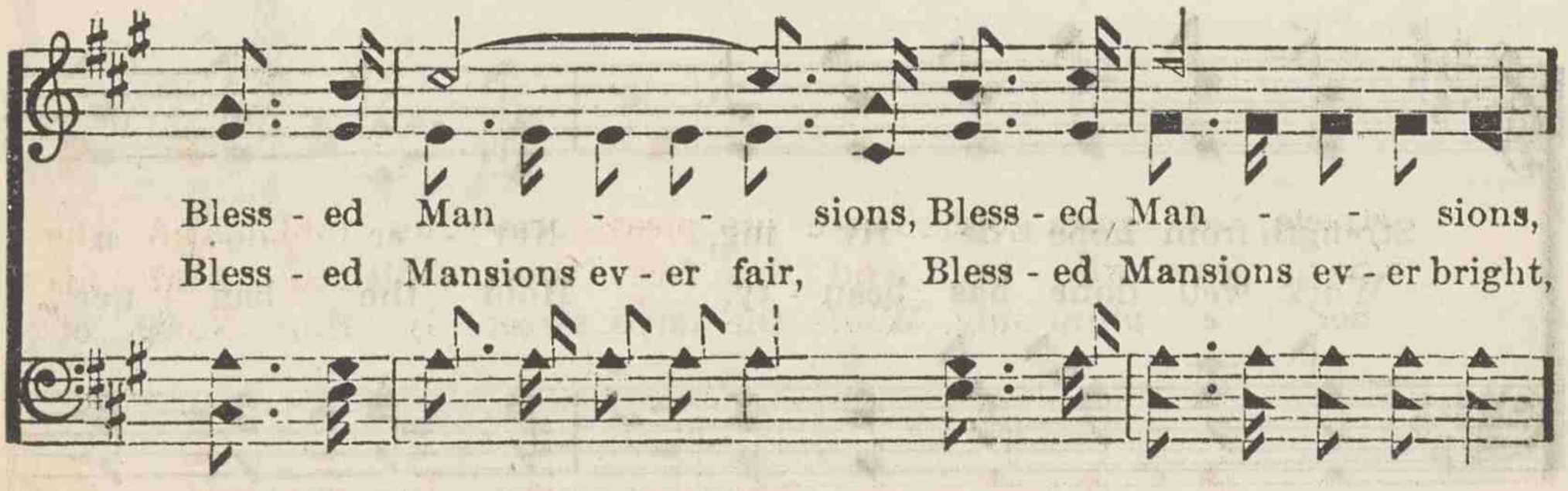
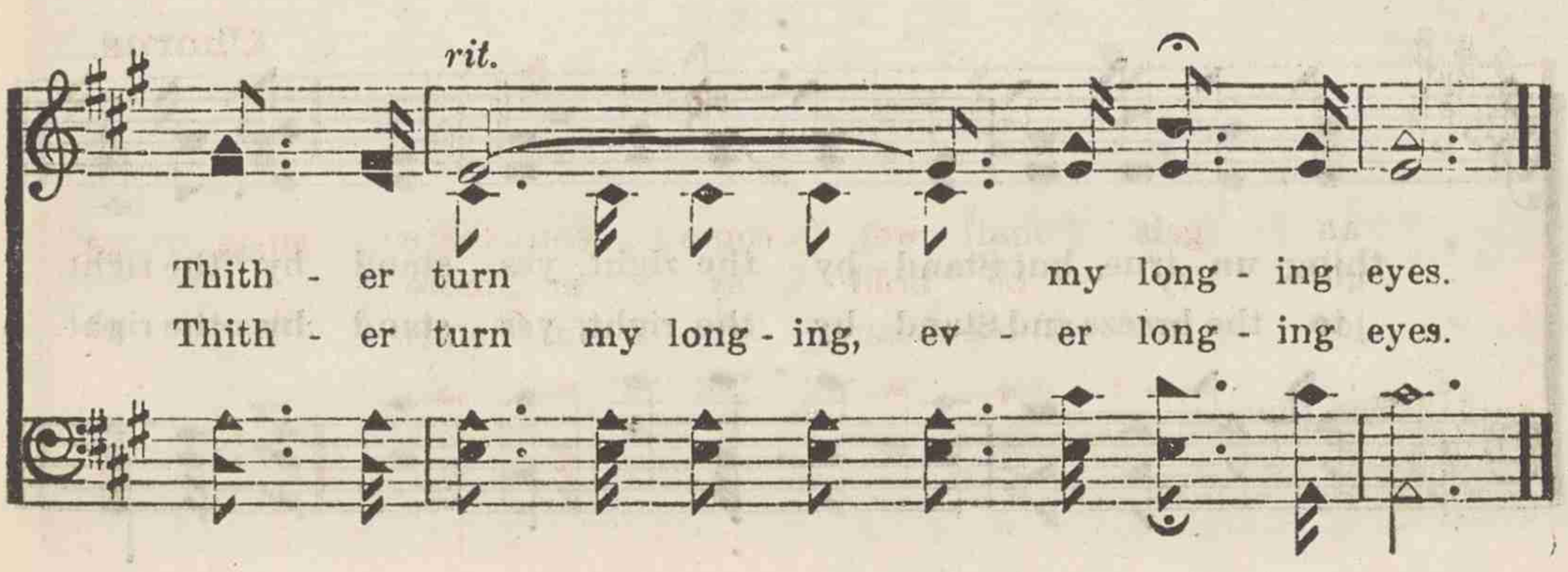

Man - - - sions, Bless - ed Man - - sions,
Man-sions ev - er fair, Bless - ed Man-sions ev - er bright,

In the home of Par - a - dise;
In the home of Par-a-dise, In the home of Par-a-dise,

Bless - ed Man - - sions, Bless - ed Man - - sions,
Bless - ed Mansions ev - er fair, Bless - ed Mansions ev - er bright,

rit.
Thith - er turn my long - ing eyes.
Thith - er turn my long - ing, ev - er long - ing eyes.

BLESSED MANSIONS.

In my Father's house are many mansions.—JOHN 14: 2.

Mrs. E. W. Chapman. *A. J. Showalter.*

1 There are man - sions of love In the E - den a - bove,
2 There's a ha - ven of rest Where the pil - grims are blest,
3 There's a throne of pure white, Where the an - gels of light

Which the Sav - iour will fur - nish with care, There are
When this wea - ri - some jour - ney is o'er, There the
Ev - er cir - cle in bright lov - ing bands, And the

streets of pure gold, There are pleas - ures un - told, And the
Sav - iour will be, And his face they shall see, And his
Ser - a - phim sing, While the harps sweet - ly ring Notes of

Chorus.

an - gels shall wel - come you there.
glo - ry be - hold ev - er - more.
joy in those beau - ti - ful lands.

} Bless - ed
} Bless - ed

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Man - - - sions, Bless - ed Man - - sions,
Man-sions ev - er fair, Bless - ed Man-sions ev - er bright,

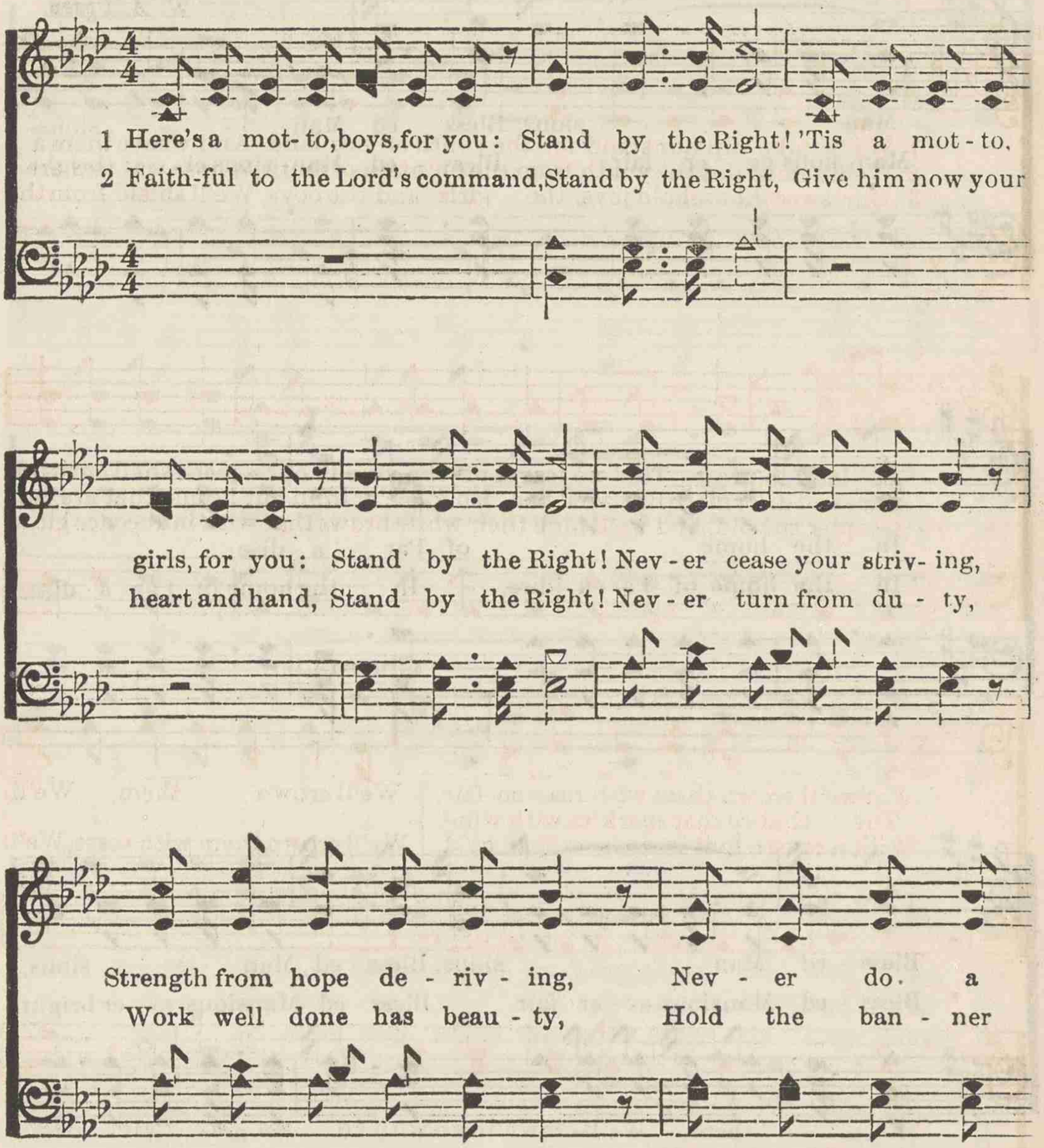
In the home of Par - a - dise;
In the home of Par-a-dise, In the home of Par-a-dise,

Bless - ed Man - - sions, Bless - ed Man - - sions,
Bless - ed Mansions ev - er fair, Bless - ed Mansions ev - er bright,

rit.

Thith - er turn my long - ing eyes.
Thith - er turn my long - ing, ev - er long - ing eyes.

STAND BY THE RIGHT.

Ersline. *Wm. B. Blake.*

TEMPERANCE SONG.

W. A. Ogden.

1 We'll take up our stand for the youth of our land, And weave them a gar- land to wear, Tho' no leaves of the vine in our wreath shall entwine,
2 We'll tempt not the youth from the fountain of truth, Whose wa- ters are pure and di - vine, But we'll ban- ish for- e'er from our homes that are dear
3 Our sweet household joys, the girls and the boys, We'll shield from the tempter so bold, And we'll bind their white brows that with innocence glow,

Chorus.

For we'll crown them with roses so fair. } We'll crown them, We'll
The chalice that sparkles with wine. }
With a crown that is rich- er than gold. } We'll crown them with roses, We'll

crown them, We'll crown them with ro - ses so fair; We'll
crown them with ro-ses,

crown them, We'll crown them, We'll crown them with roses to wear.
crown them with roses, We'll crown them with roses,

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28 BLESSED ARE THEY THAT DO.

Laura C. Nourse. *Frank M. Davis.*

1 Go work with thy might For God and the right, To life's great mis-sion be
2 Go work with thy might, Be first in the fight Gainst wrong, oppression, and
3 Go work with thy might, That God for the light That gleameth thy path way

true, And so shall thou learn What few may dis - cern, How
woe; Teach sin - ners the way While Je - sus shall say: "How
thro', The crown thou shalt wear, The rec - ord will bear How

Chorus.

bless - ed are they that do.
bless - ed are they that do."
bless - ed are they that do.

} **Bless - ed are they, Bless - ed are they,**

Bless - ed are they that do; The heav'nly gates throw o - pen wide, And

point to Christ the cru - ci - fied, How blessed, blessed are they that do.

WILL YOU MEET US THERE?

FOR REUNIONS.

Dr. C. Nysewander. *B. F. Nysewander.*

1 The hours are pass - ing swift-ly, Our days will soon be o'er, But
2 The hap - py days of child-hood, The hoar - y years of age, Are
3 Here dear ones pine in sick - ness, And death takes some a - way; But
4 Lov'd ones al-most for- got - ten, Who left us here too soon, Will
5 A glo - ri - ous re - un - ion, Un-brok - en cir - cle we Will

time's swift flight will re - u - nite Us on the oth - er shore.
quick- ly past, they fly so fast, We soon fill life's small page.
oh, how sweet, a - gain to meet, From pain and sor - row free.
clasp our hand on Jor-dan's strand, And bid us wel - come home.
raise our voi - ces to re- joice, No part - ing there will be.

rit.

Chorus. Re - un - - - ion at home, Re - un - - - ion at

Re - un-ion, Re - un-ion at home, at home; Re- un-ion, Re - un - ion at

home.....

home, at home; Will you meet us there? Will you

meet us there? At the grand Re - un - ion at home?

30 TOILING TILL THE MASTER COMES.

Go work to-day in my vineyard.—MATT. 21: 28.

Mrs. E. W. Chapman. *A. J. Showalter.*

WE'LL WORK TILL JESUS COMES. C. M. 31

Dr. Miller.

1 O land of rest, for thee I sigh, When will the mo-ment come,
2 No tran - quil joys on earth I know, No peace-ful, shelt'ring dome,
3 To Je - sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam,

When I shall lay my ar - mor by, And dwell in peace at home?
This world's a wil - der - ness of woe, This world is not my home.
And lean for suc - cor on his breast, And he'd con-duct me home.

Chorus.

We'll work till Je - sus comes, We'll work till Je - sus comes,
We'll work till Je - sus comes, We'll work till Je - sus comes,

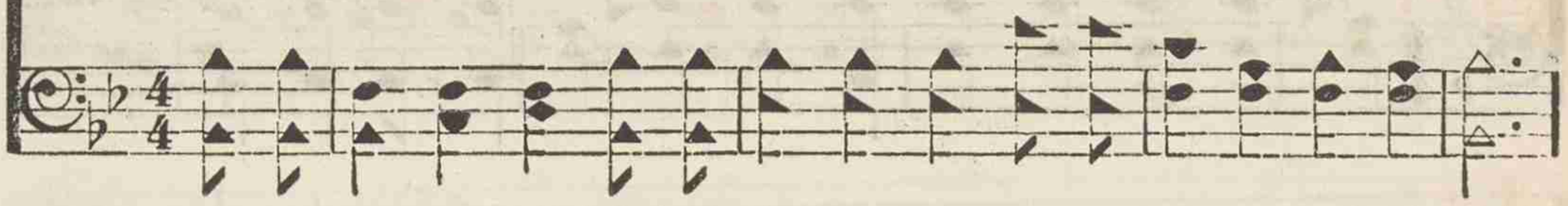
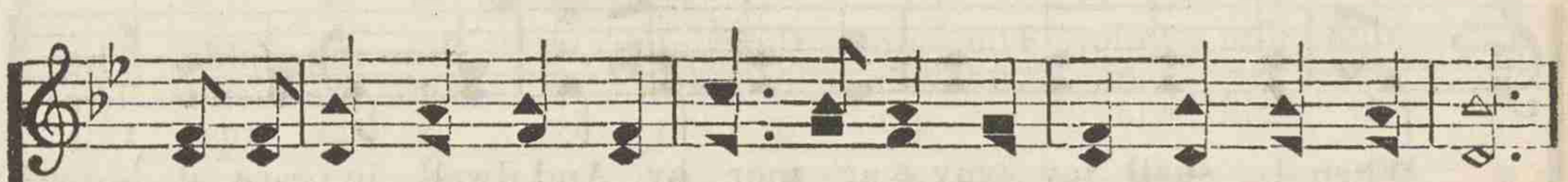
We'll work till Je - sus comes, And we'll be gath- ered home.
We'll work till Je - sus comes, And we'll be gath- ered home.

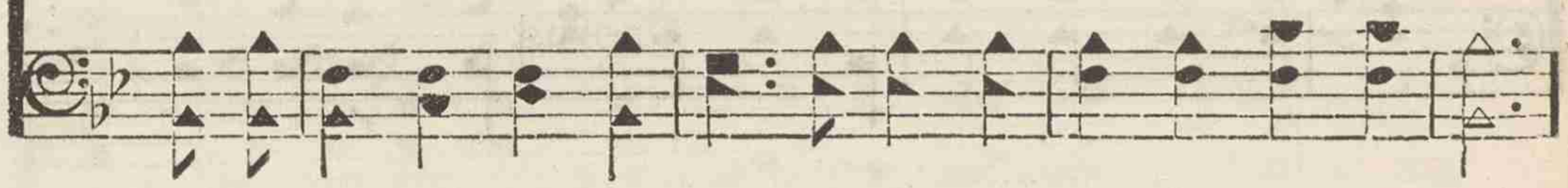
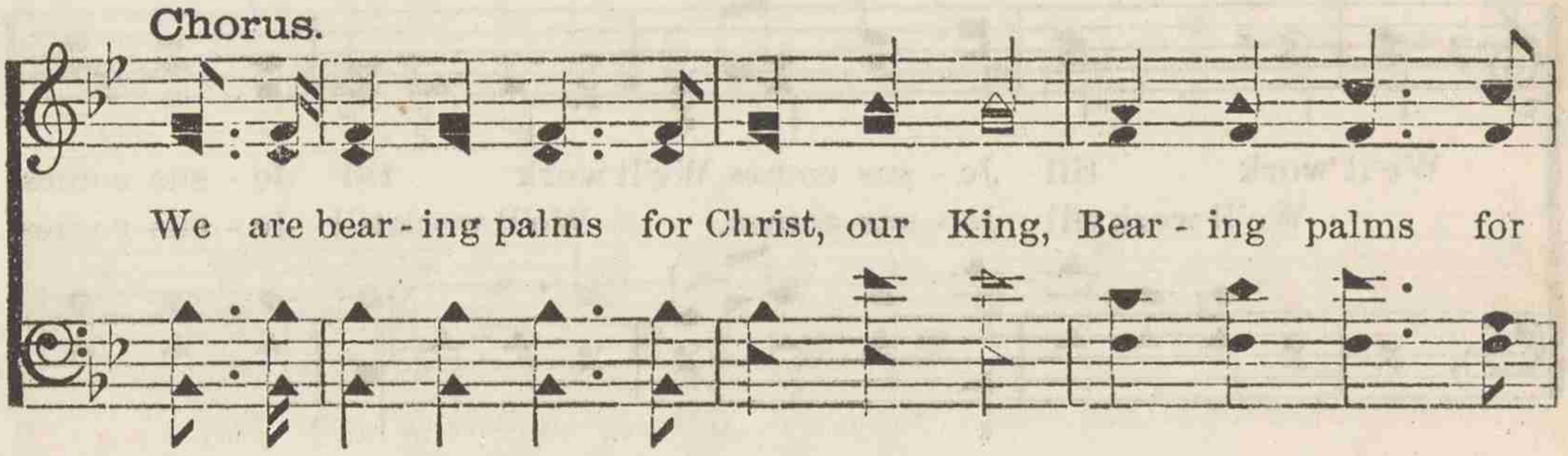
PALM-BEARERS.

FOR S. S. ANNIVERSARY.

W. B. B. Wm. B. Blake.

1 We are children bound for the land of love, We are Je- sus' ten-der lambs,
2 He has giv'n his an - gels the charge to keep, Dai- ly watch o'er all our ways;
3 'Tis a pleas-ure thus in our jour-ney up To the land of light a - bove.



He has giv - en us his saints to cheer, And bid us bear the palms.
And his good-ness we will keep in mind As palms and songs we raise.
Sweetest songs to sing and palms to wave, In tok - en of our love.

Chorus.

We are bear - ing palms for Christ, our King, Bear - ing palms for
Christ, our King; We are marching on our way, Bearing palms for him.

From "Sweet Fields of Eden," by per.

Frank M. Davis, by per.

1 Fling out the ban - ner, let it float Skyward and sea- ward,
2 Fling out the ban - ner! an - gels bend In anxious si - lence
3 Fling out the ban - ner to the breeze, Up-ward and on - ward,

high and wide; The sun that lights its shin- ing folds, The
o'er the sign, And vain - ly seek to com - pre - hend The
far and wide; Our glo - ry on - ly is the cross, Our

Chorus.

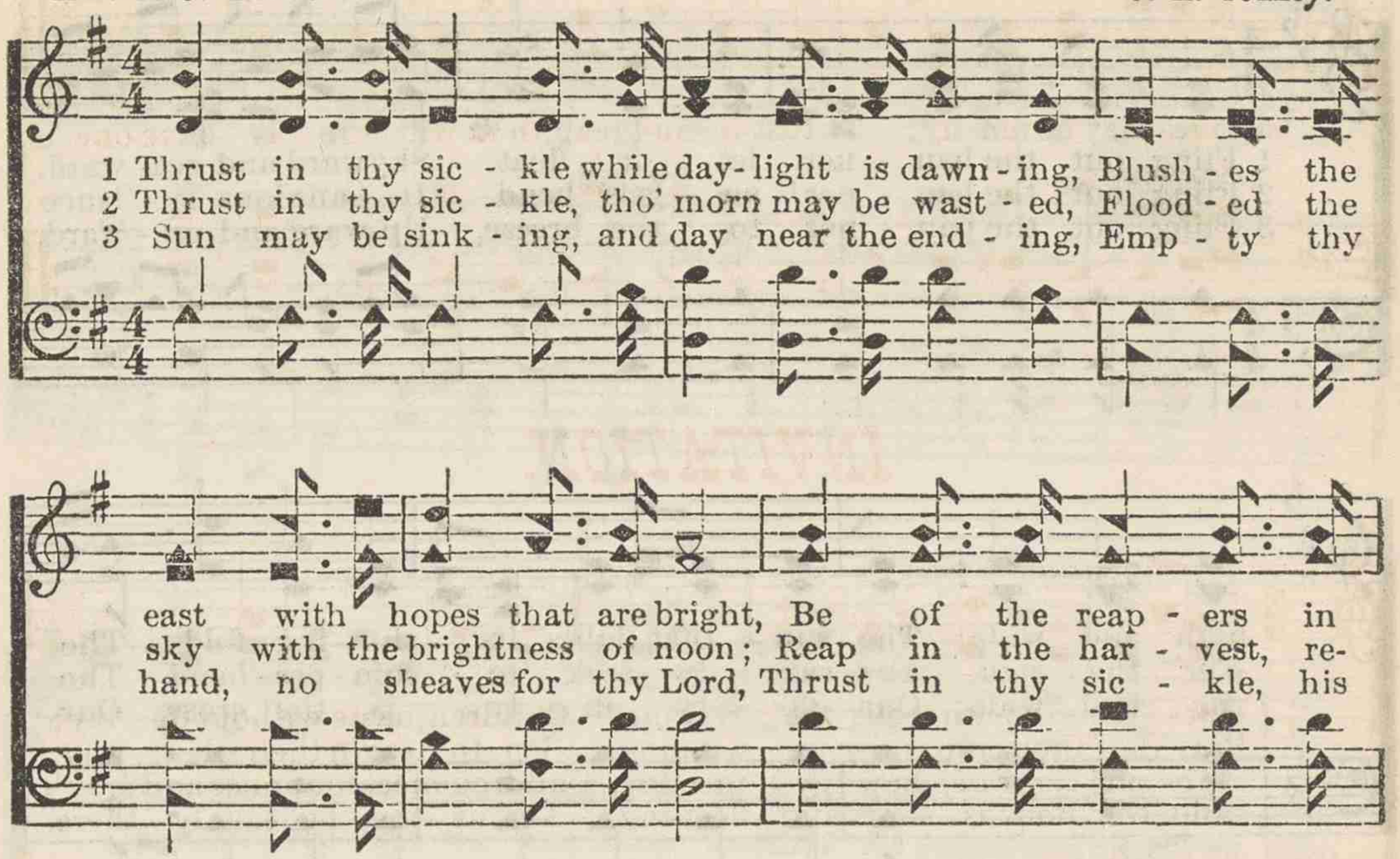
cross on which the Sav - iour died.
won-ders of the love di - vine.
on - ly hope the Cru - ci - fied.
} Fling out the ban-ner, the

ban - ner of the cross, Long may it wave o'er the land and sea;

Fling out the banner, the banner of the cross, That all the world may see.

34 THRUST IN THY SICKLE.

JOHN 9: 4.

Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth. *J. H. Tenney.*

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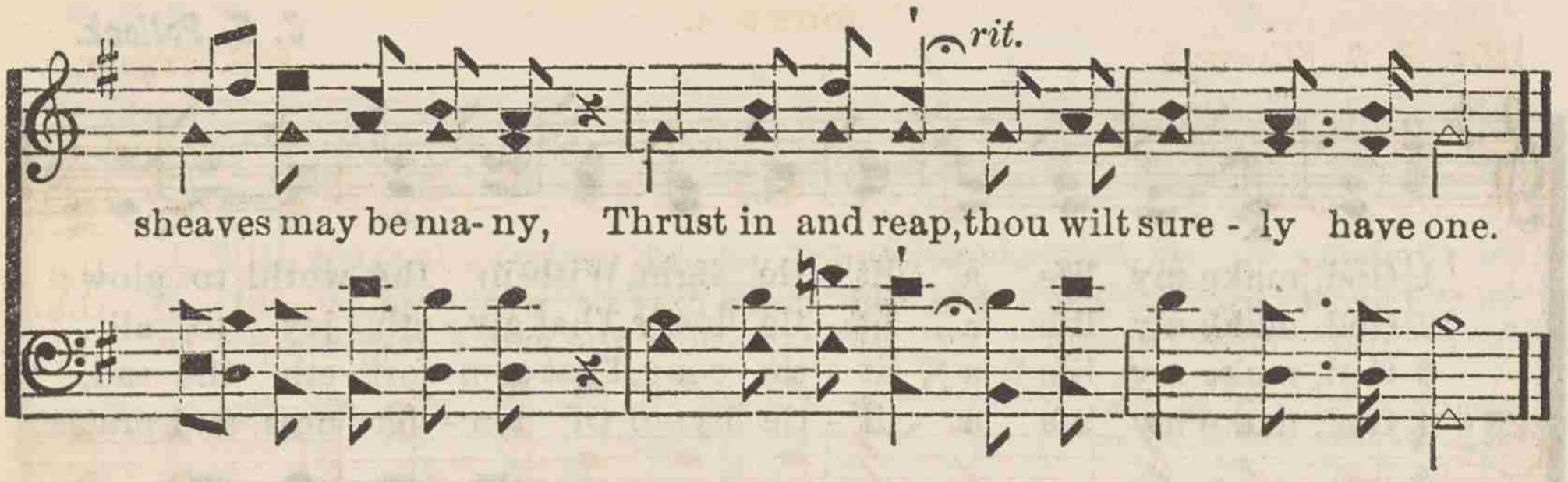
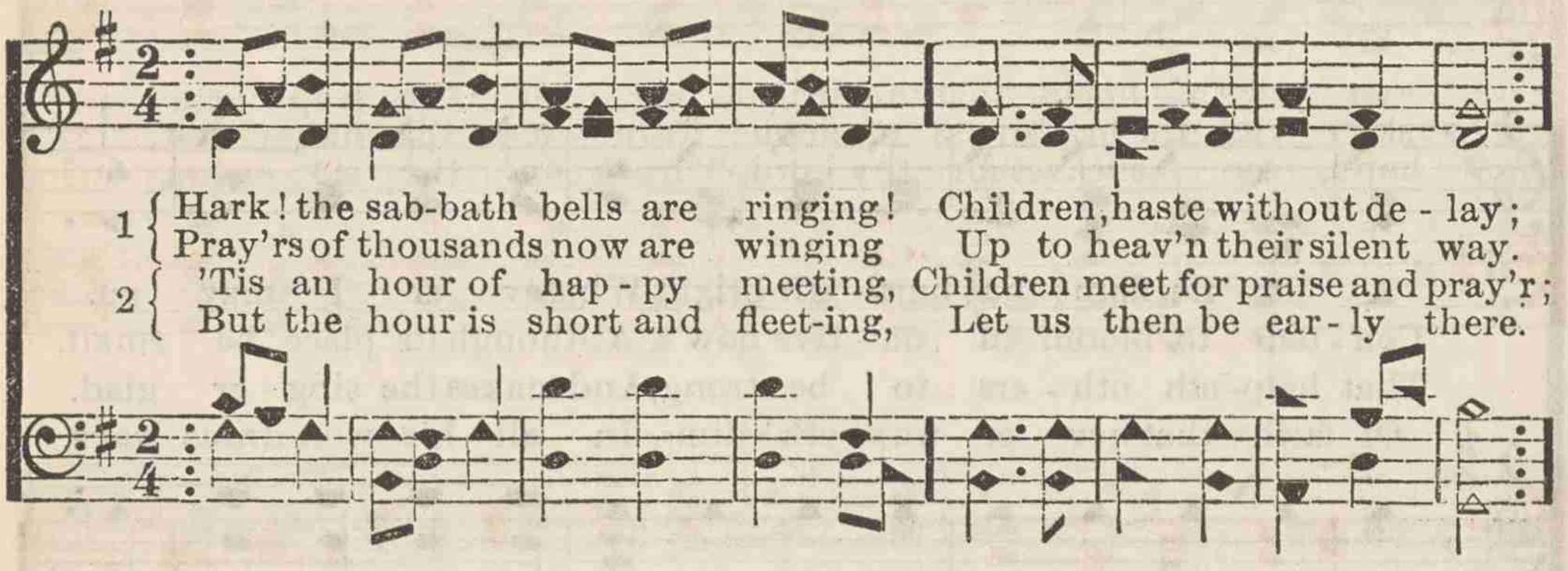
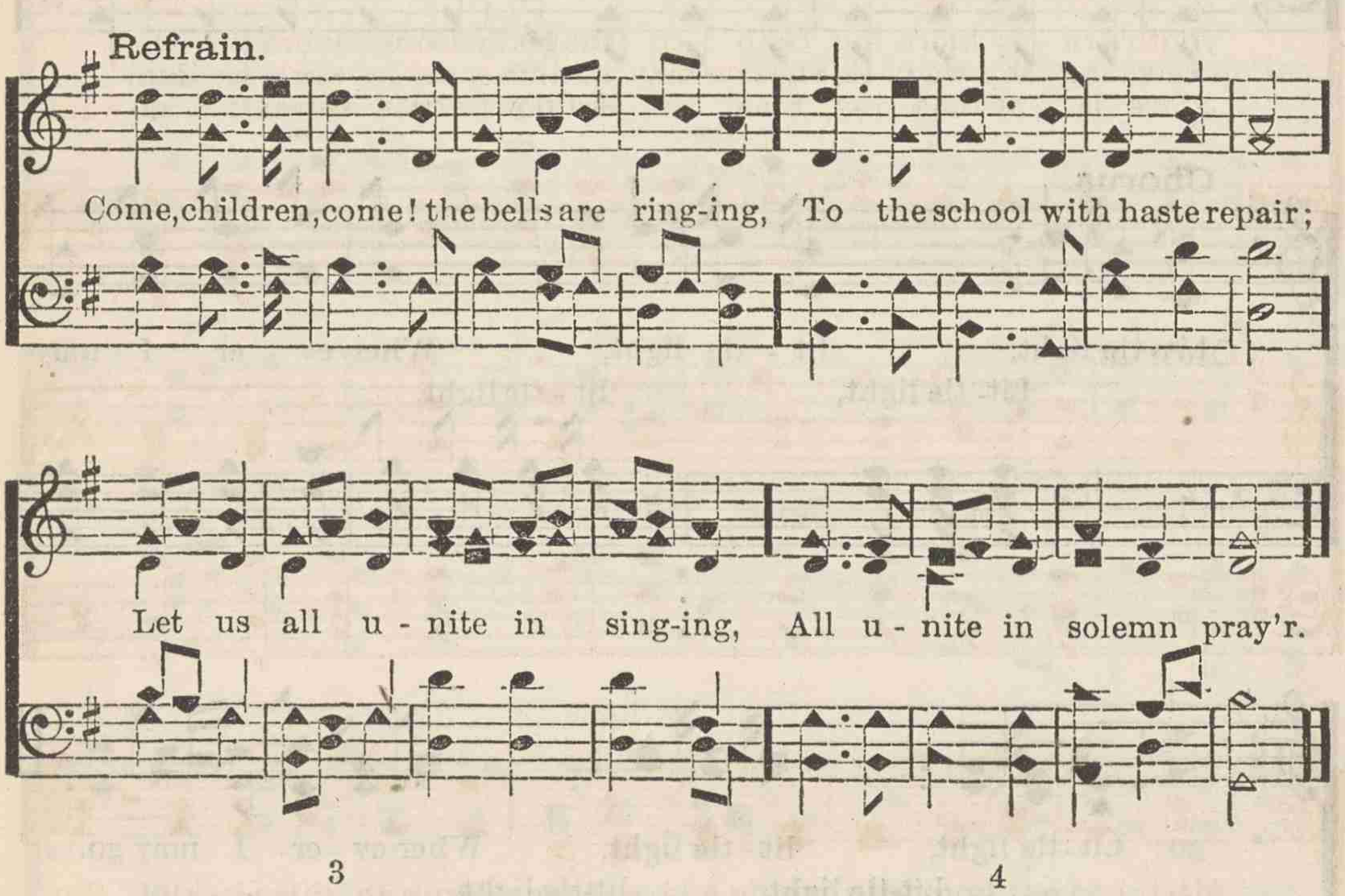

INVITATION.



3

Do not keep our teachers waiting,
While you tarry by the way·
Nor disturb the school reciting,
'Tis the holy Sabbath day.—REF.

4

Children, haste! the bells are ringing,
And the morning's bright and fair;
Thousands now unite in singing,
Thousands, too, in solemn prayer.—REF.

A LITTLE LIGHT.

C. E. Pollock.

1 God, make my life a lit - tle light, With-in the world to glow;
2 God, make my life a lit - tle flow'r, That giv - eth joy to all,
3 God, make my life a lit - tle song, That com- fort - eth the sad,
4 God, make my life a lit - tle hymn Of ten - der - ness and praise:

A lit - tle flame that burn- eth bright Wherev - er I may go.
Con - tent to bloom in na - tive bow'r, Al-though its place be small.
That help- eth oth - ers to be strong, And makes the sing - er glad.
Of faith—that nev - er wax - eth dim—In all his won-drous ways.

Chorus.

Lit - tle light, lit - tle light, Wher- ev - er I may
Lit- tle light, lit - tle light,

go; Lit - tle light, lit - tle light, Wher-ev - er I may go.
Lit-tle light, lit-tle light,

* * * *

A. J. Showalter.

1 With songs of re-joic- ing, ho- san- nas, and praise, To Je - sus our off'-
2 He is the good Shepherd whose bounty and grace The sheep of his pas-
3 He loves to watch o'er them, to bear them a-long, And safe in his arms

- rings we bring; Tho' humble our trib - ute, and fee - ble our lays, Yet
- ture may share; The wants of the least in his bo - som have place, But the
they shall rest; For while he pro-tects them, what danger can wrong, Or

Chorus.

he will at-tend when we sing.
lambs are his ten - der - est care.
pluck from his shel- tering breast.

O Sav-iour in heav'n, we pray thee attend,

And grant in com-pas-sion our prayer, Be thou our good grant our prayer,

rit.

Shep-herd, our Fa - ther, and Friend, And we the dear lambs of thy care.

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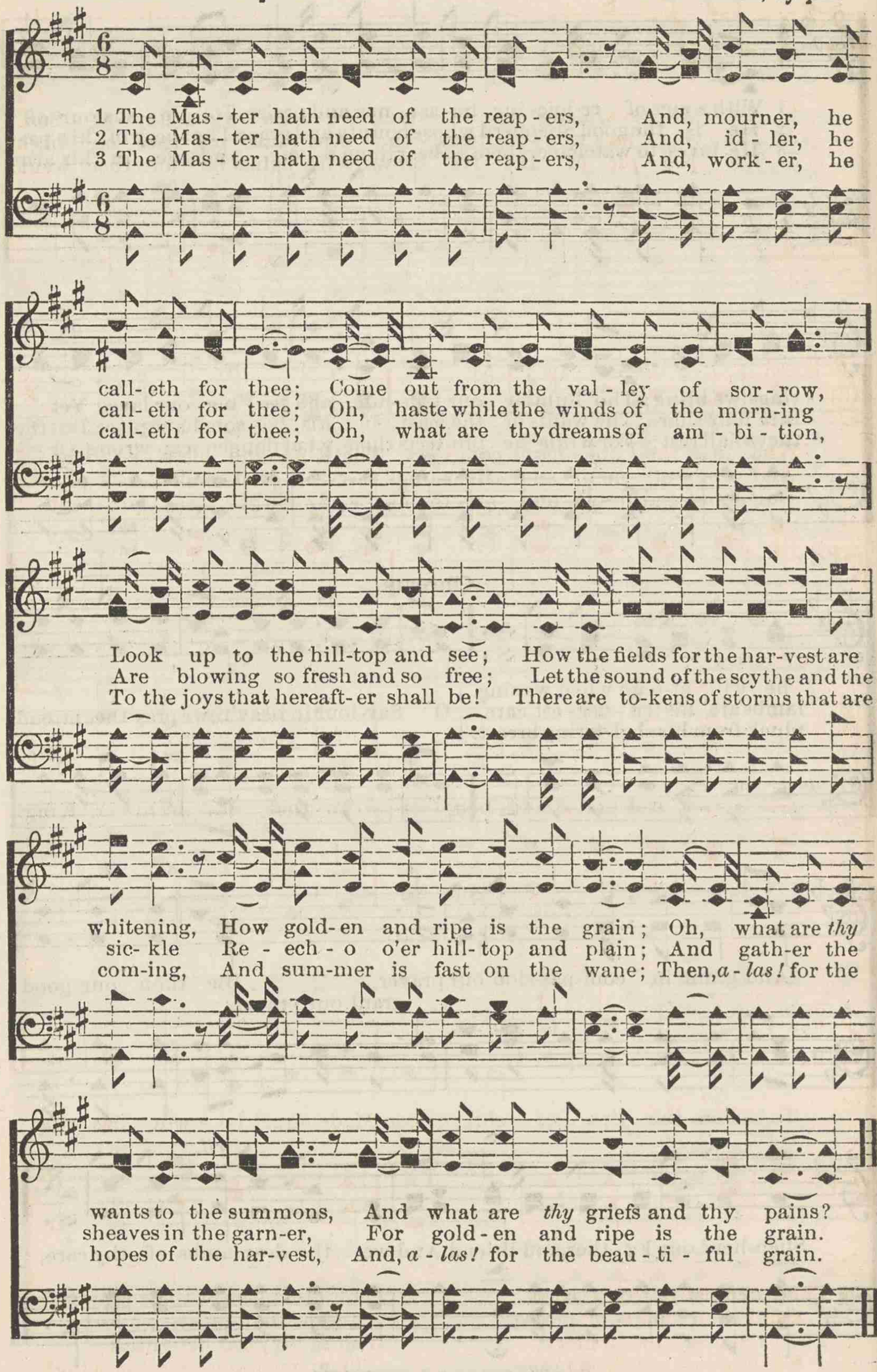
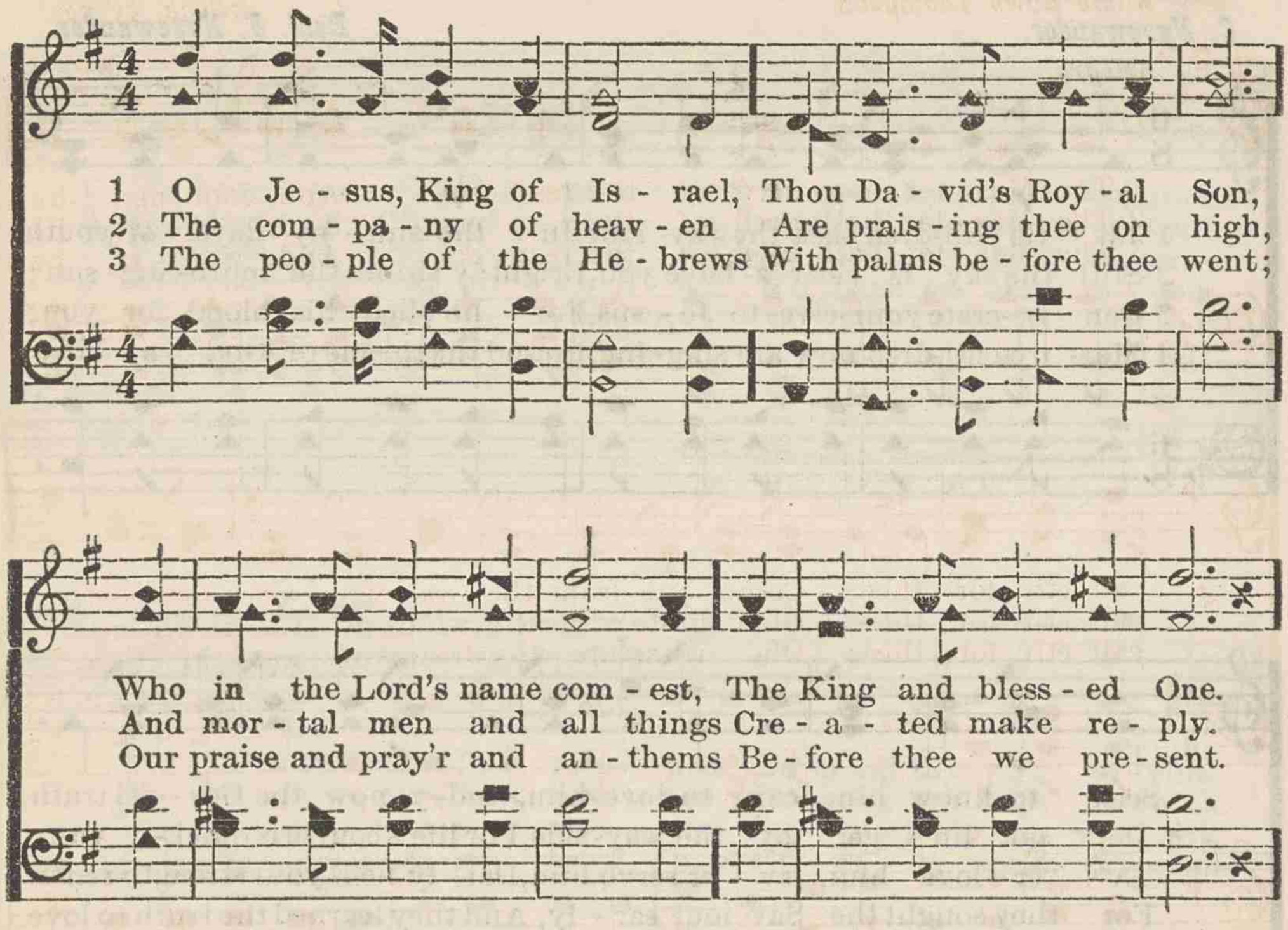
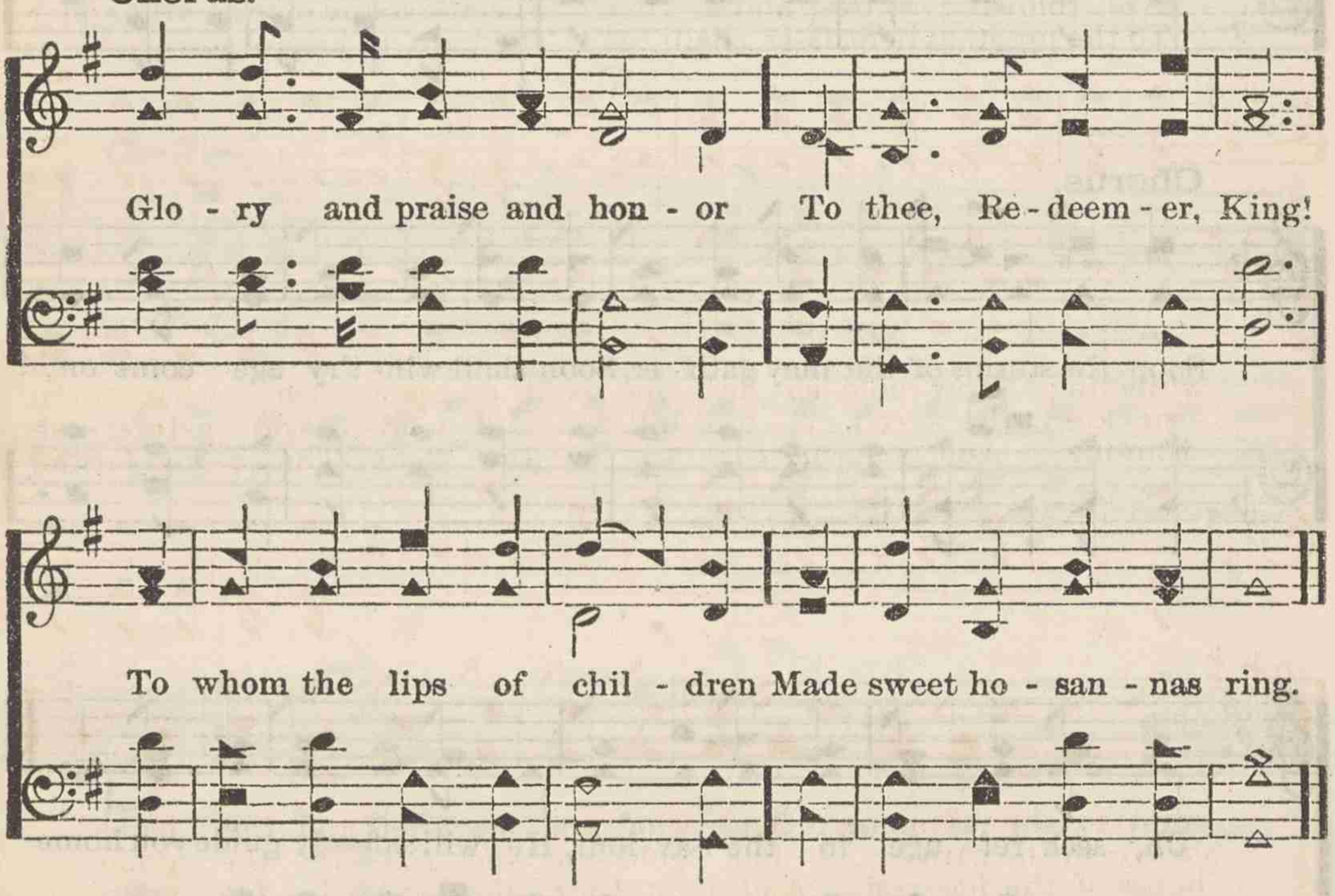
THE MASTER HATH NEED.

Mrs. Annie Howe Thompson. *C. E. Pollock, by per.*

By per.

Chorus.



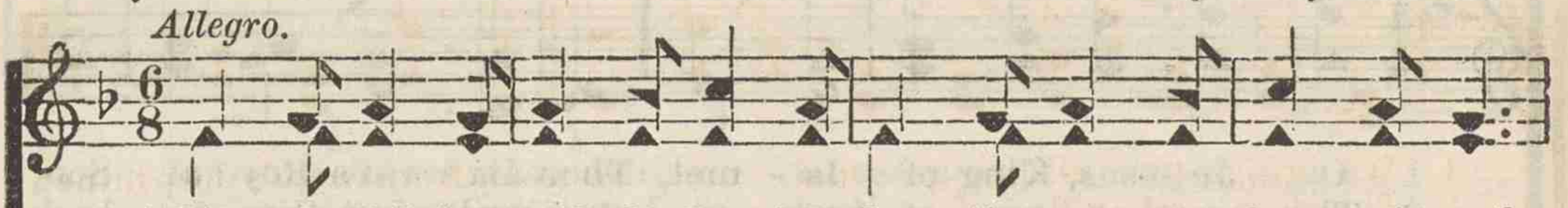
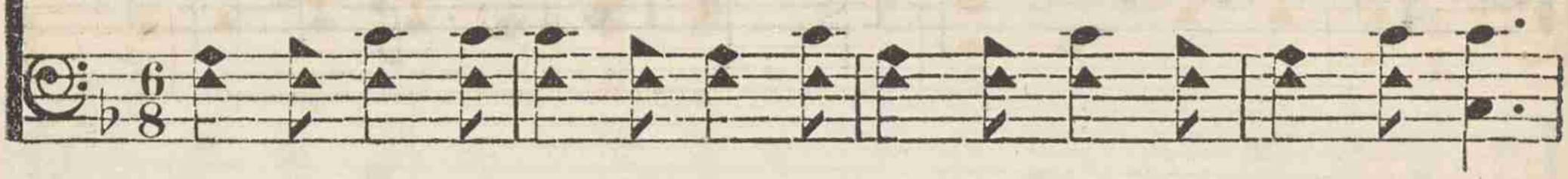
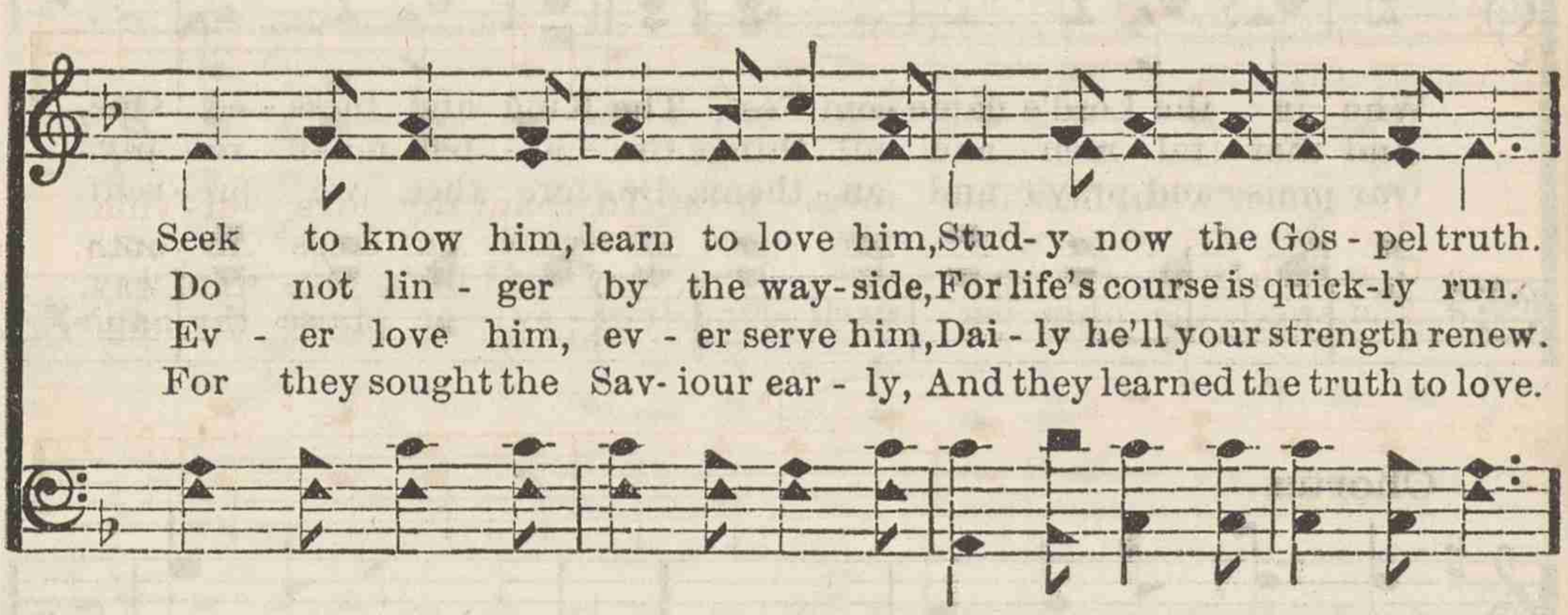
4 Thou wentest to thy passion
Amid their shouts of praise;
Thou reignest now in glory,
While we our anthems raise.

5 Thou didst accept their praises;
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King!

40 SEEK THE SAVIOUR.

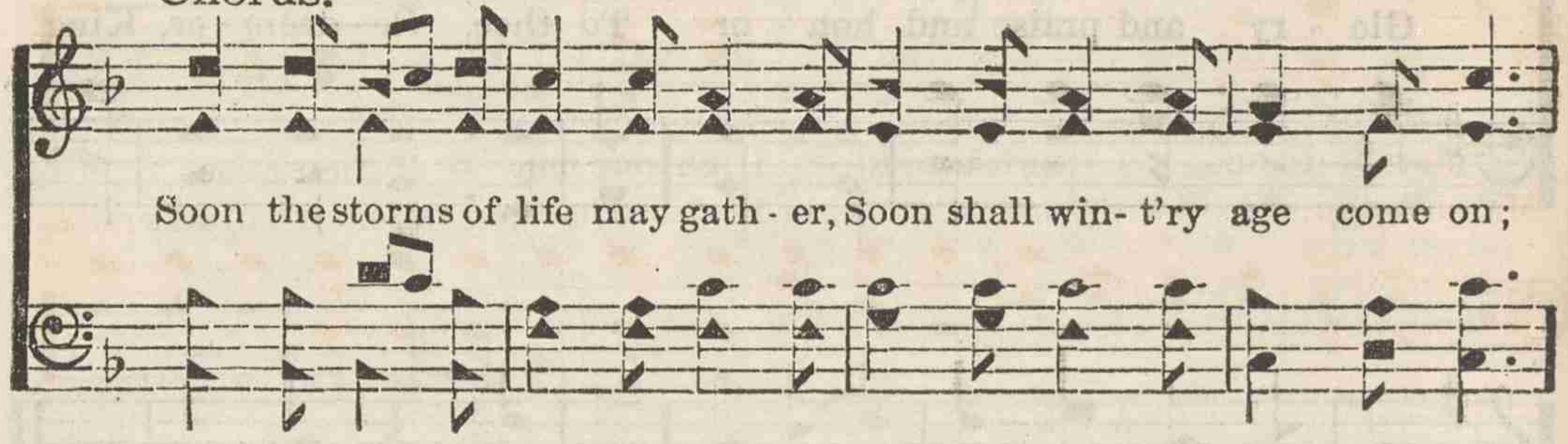
"He shall gather the lambs with his arms."—Isa. 40 : 11.

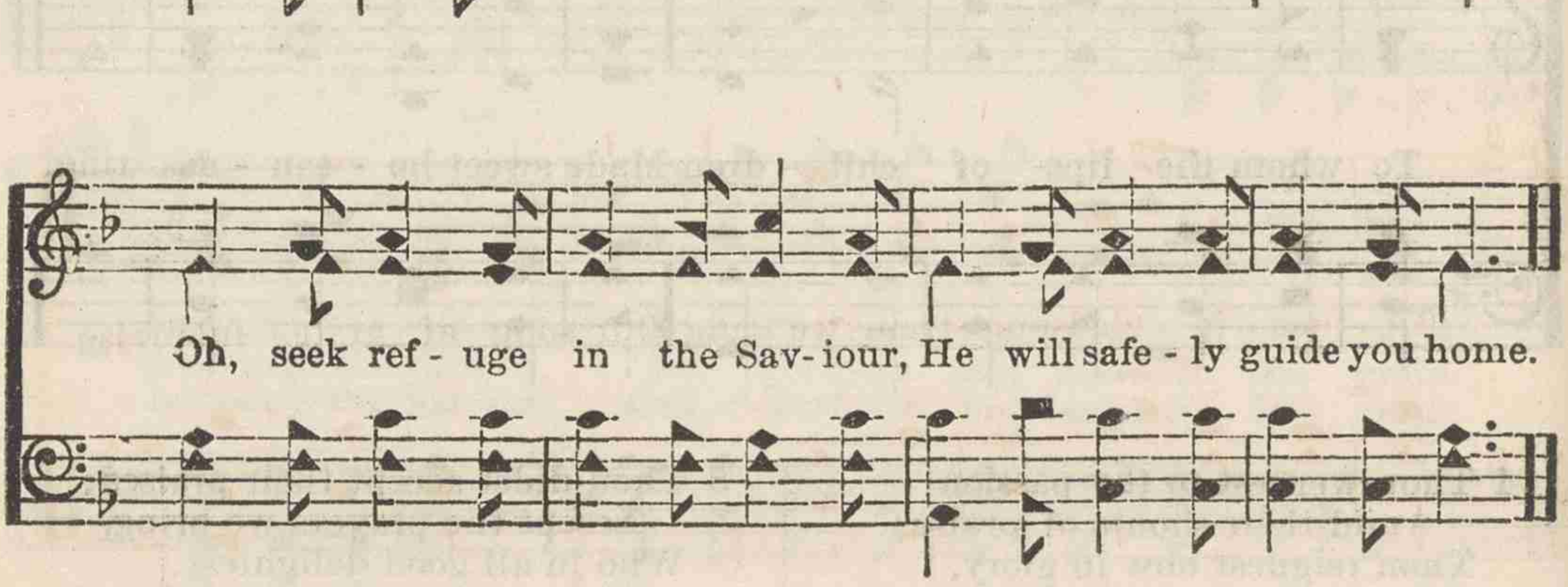
C. Nysewander. *Benj. F. Nysewander.*

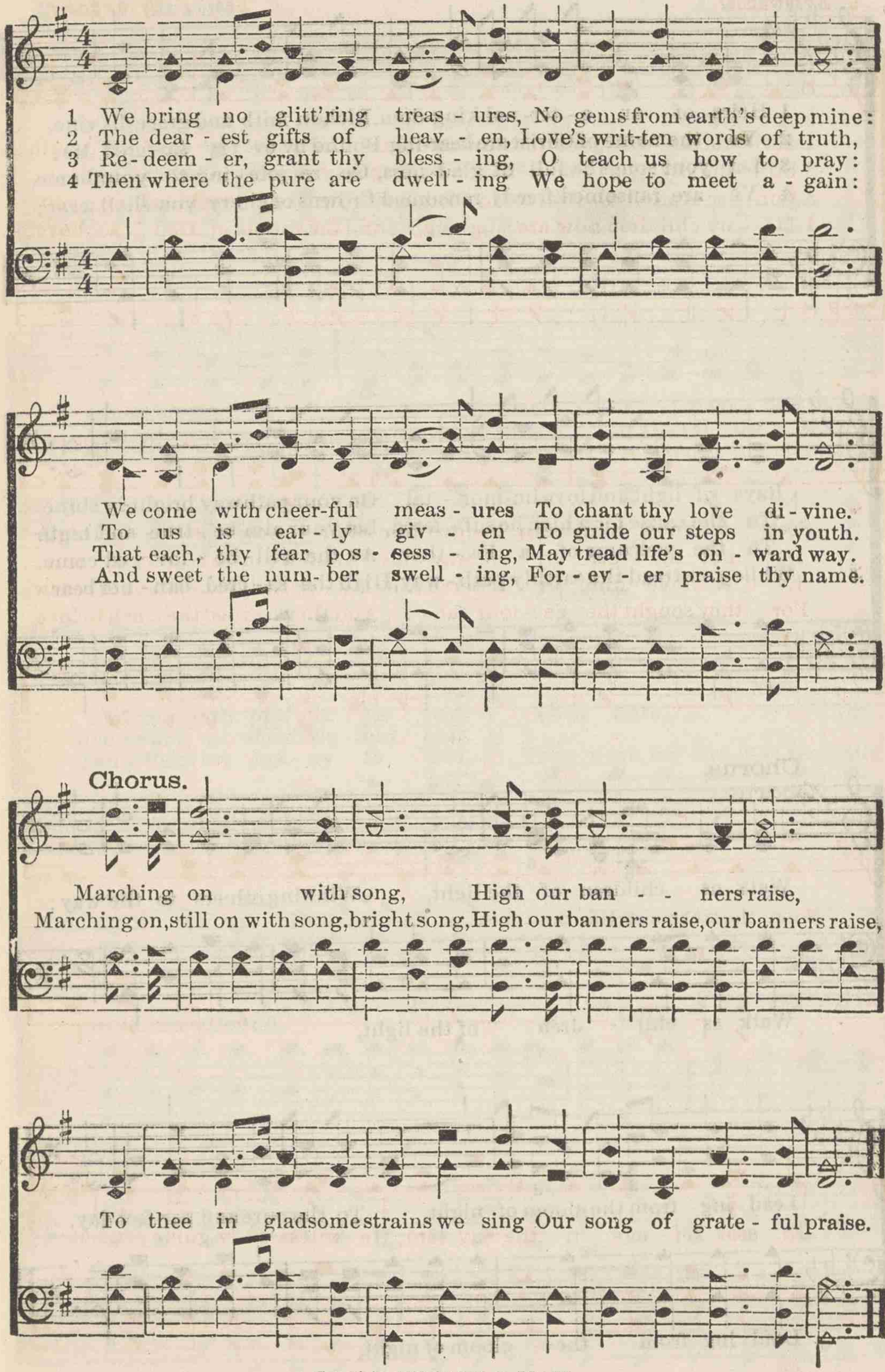
Allegro.

1 Lit - tle chil-dren, seek the Sav- iour In the sun - ny days of youth;
2 Still the sky is clear a- bove you, Bright-ly shines the morn- ing sun;
3 Con - se-crate yourselves to Je - sus, For he shed his blood for you;
4 Ma - ny chil-dren now are sing- ing, Round the throne of God a - bove;



Seek to know him, learn to love him, Stud- y now the Gos - pel truth.
Do not lin - ger by the way- side, For life's course is quick-ly run.
Ev - er love him, ev - er serve him, Dai - ly he'll your strength renew.
For they sought the Sav- iour ear - ly, And they learned the truth to love.

Chorus.



Soon the storms of life may gath - er, Soon shall win- t'ry age come on;

Oh, seek ref - uge in the Sav- iour, He will safe - ly guide you home.

Phillips. *Wm. B. Blake.*

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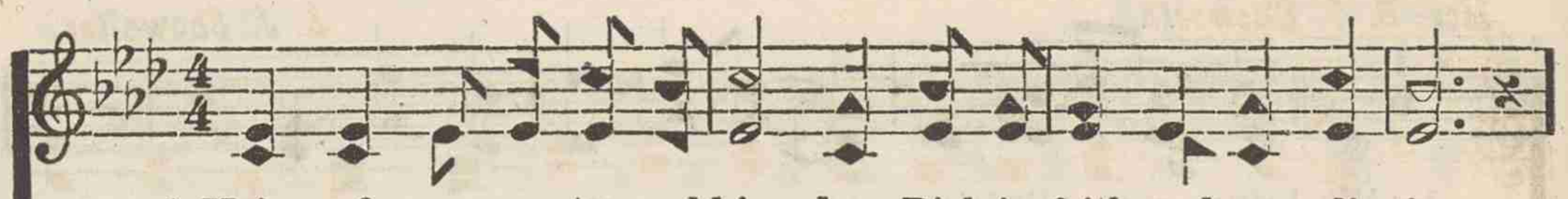
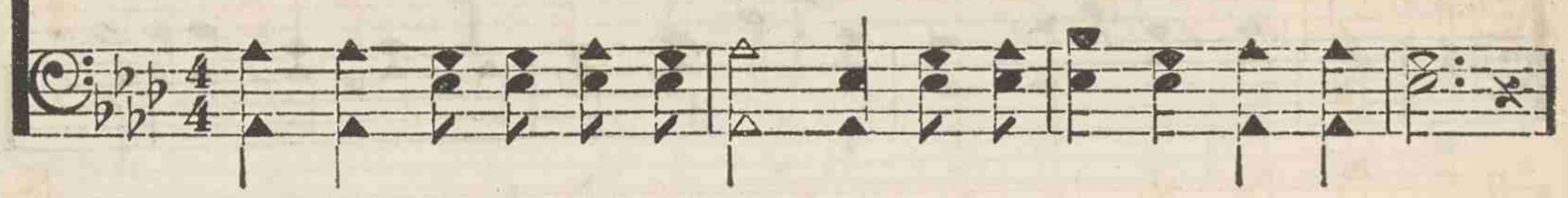
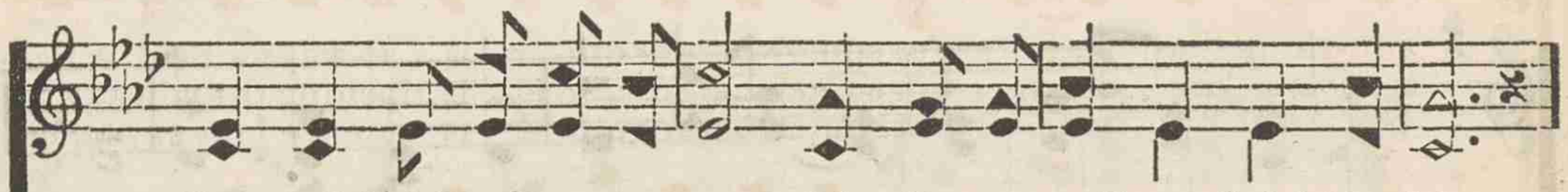
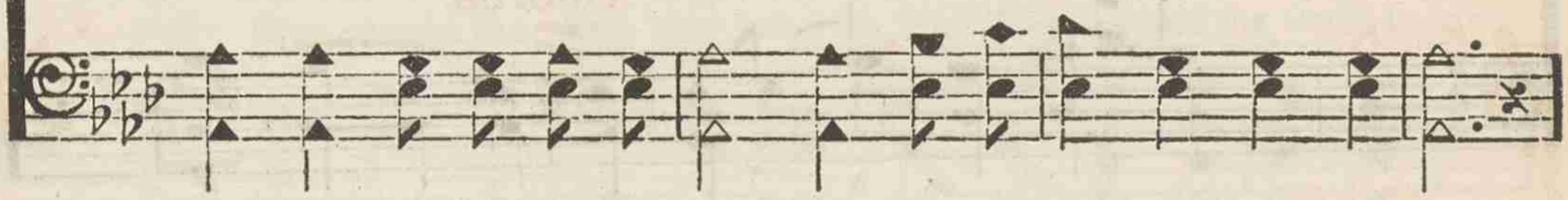
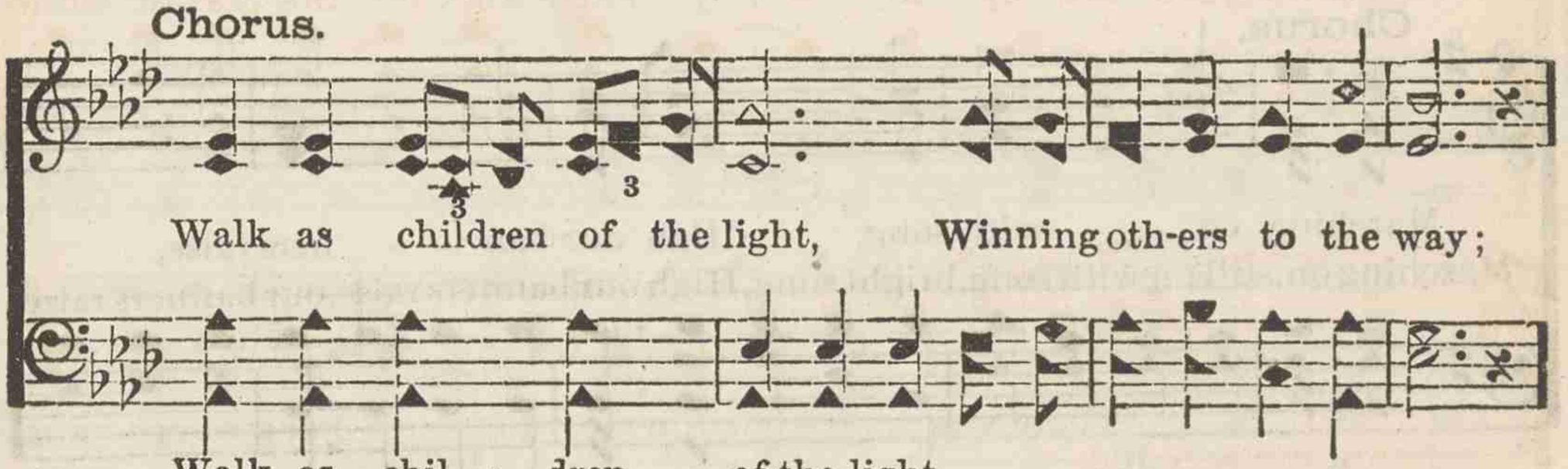
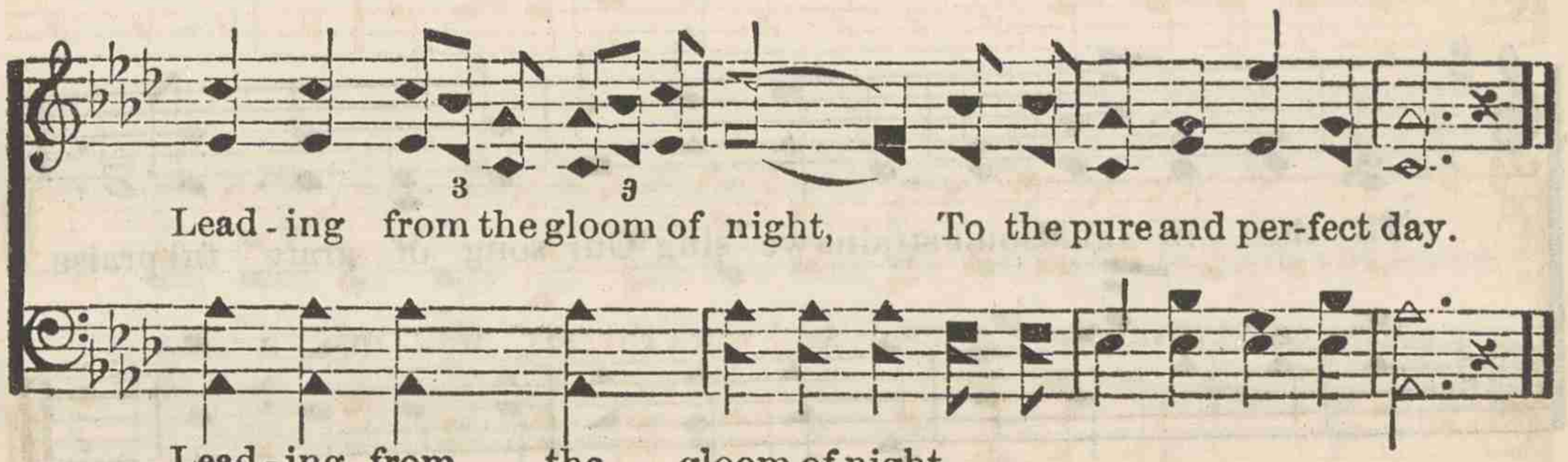
42 LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE.

Mrs. C. L. Shacklock. *Frank M. Davis.*

1 Heirs of an e - ter- nal king-dom, Rich in faith and grace di- vine,
2 Ye the name of Christ are bear-ing Bound by ev' - ry sa - cred tie;
3 Let your songs be full of glad- ness, Go re- joic - ing to your home,
4 Ye are ransomed, free-ly ransomed, Crowns of glo-ry you shall wear;



Rays of light and love im-mor - tal On your pathway bright-ly shine.
To the cause for which he suf - fered, Let your aim be true and high.
To the welcome of a Fa - ther, As the well - be - lov - ed come.
While you tread the earthly path - way, High the sa - cred ban - ner bear.



Chorus.

Walk as children of the light, Winning oth-ers to the way;
Walk as chil - dren of the light,

Lead - ing from the gloom of night, To the pure and per-fect day.
Lead - ing from the gloom of night,

WORK FOR THE MASTER.

"Go work to-day in my vineyard."—MATT. 21 : 28.

Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth. *A. J. Showalter.*

1 'Tis nev- er too late to be sow - ing the seed, While rain and the
2 'Tis nev- er too late to be gath - er - ing grain, While calls for the
3 'Tis nev- er too late to be work-ing for God, While souls are in

sun-shine shall last, For somewhere or oth- er is al-ways a field Where
reap- ers we hear, For somewhere or oth- er is ripening the wheat, And
per - il by sin, For somewhere or oth- er is one we may save, Per-

Chorus.

seed can with prof - it be cast.
homeward a sheaf we may bear.
- chance there are ma - ny to win.

Then work, yes,
Then work for the Mas-ter, while

work, There al-ways is something to do, For somewhere or
work can be found, to do,

oth - er is al-ways a field, And work there is wait- ing for you.

THE MORNING LIGHT.

Aldine S. Kieffer. *Wm. B. Blake.*

1 O the night of time soon shall pass a - way, And the hap - py,
2 O the hap - py day that shall gild the hills, When the Lord shall
3 What a joy - ful time when the earth shall gleam In the light of

gold - en day will dawn, When the pil - grim staff shall be laid a - side,
come to earth a - gain! O the hap - py hearts that shall welcome him,
an e - ter - nal day! When the saints shall sing un - to Christ their King,

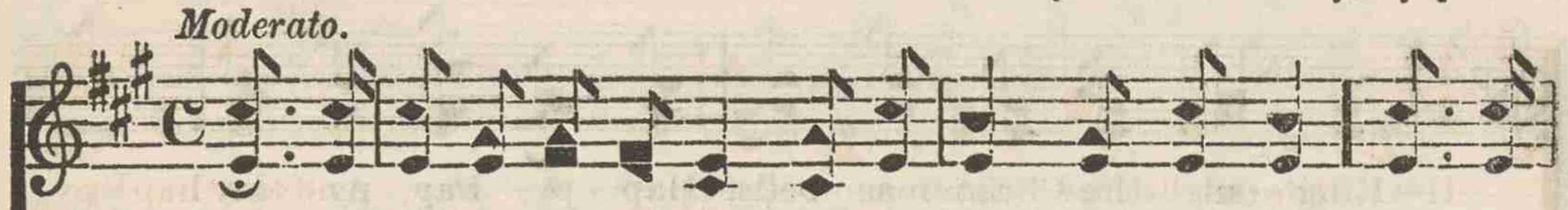
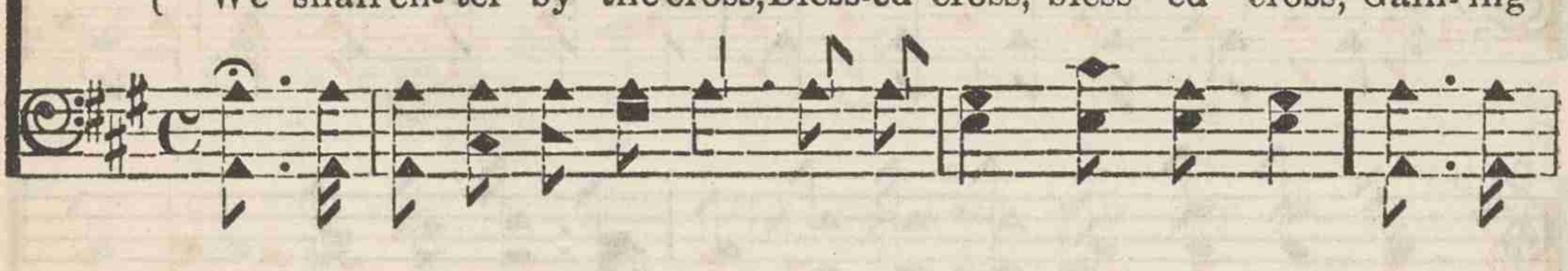
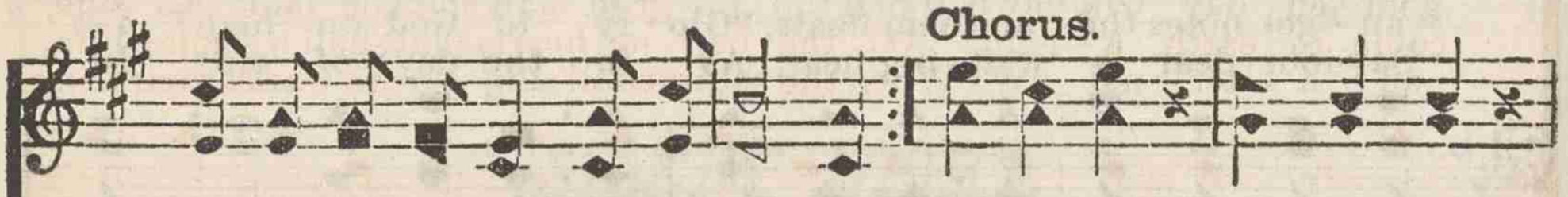
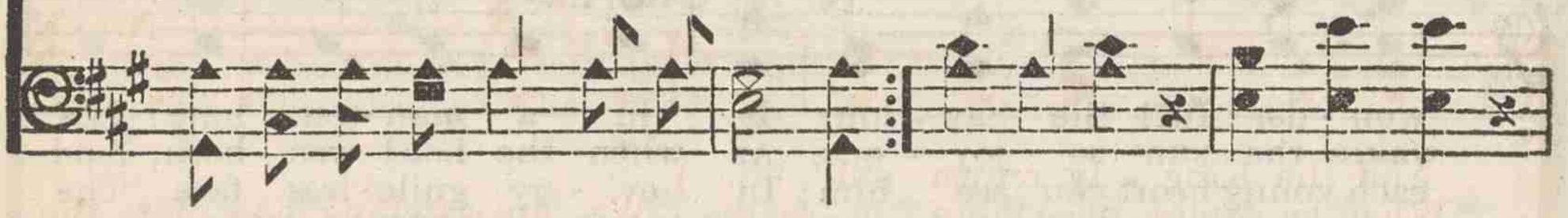
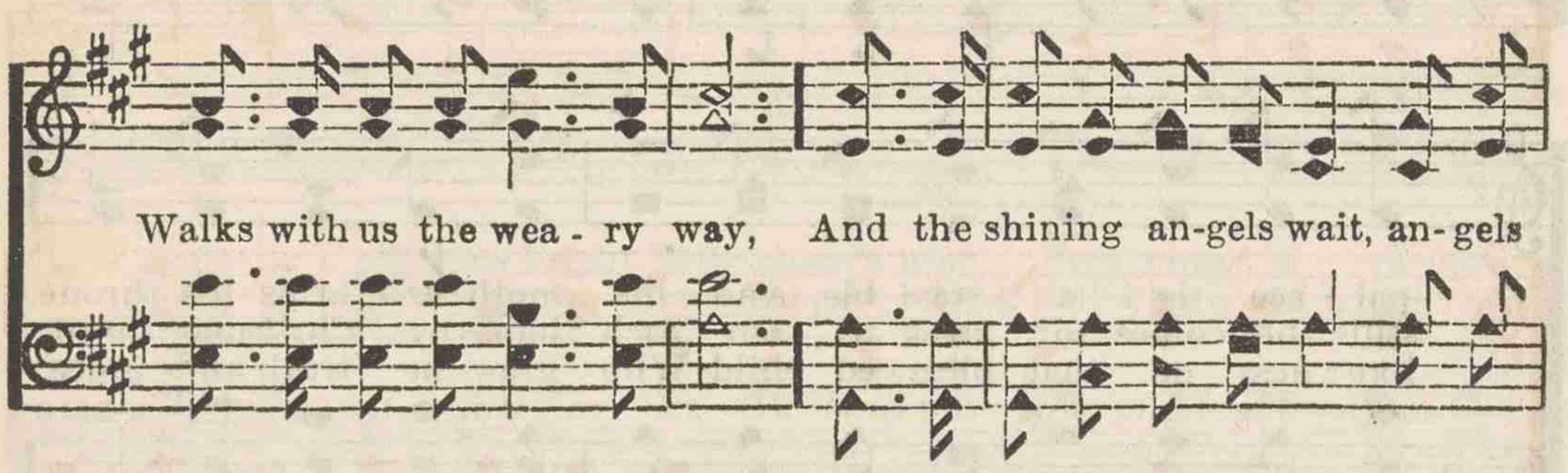
Chorus.

And the King - ly crown put on.
When he comes once more to reign.
In their gold - en glad ar - ray.
} We are watching now for the

morn - ing light, For the New Je - ru - sa - lem to come: We are

wait - ing still for the Sav - iour, Christ, Who will call his chil - dren home.

Arr. by Jno. R. Sweney, by per.

Moderato.

1 We are toil-ing up the way, Nar-row way, nar-row way; We have
T'ward the dis-tant shining land, Gold-en land, gold-en land, Where the
2 Tho' the journey may be long, Hard and long, hard and long, We will
We shall en-ter by the cross, Bless-ed cross, bless-ed cross, Gain-ing

Chorus.

journey'd many a day T'ward the kingdom;
heav'nly harpers stand In the kingdom.
cheer it with a song Of the kingdom;
gold that hath no dross, In the kingdom.
} Still we sing, Christ, our King,

Walks with us the wea-ry way, And the shining an-gels wait, an-gels
wait, an-gels wait, To un-bar the gold-en gate Of the king-dom.

46 RING THE CHRISTMAS BELLS.

Arr. from a Carol. *Wm. B. Blake.*

1 Ring out the Christ-mas bells, Hap-py, hap-py day! In win-ter wild the Ho-ly Child With-in the cra-dle lay: O won-der-ful! the Sav-iour Is in a man-ger lone; His pal-ace is a sta-ble, And his moth-er's arms his throne.

2 On Ju-dah's qui-et plain, A-ges long gone by; In an-gel notes the an-them floats, "Glo-ry to God on high!" Yet still he comes to greet us On each hap-py Chrst-mas morn. wakes the sun so joy-ous, As when the Lord was born, And

3 Wher-e'er the sweet lambs are, In his gen-tle fold, The Sav-iour dear is wait-ing near, As in the days of old; In like-ness of that bless-ed child Who grew in truth and grace. each young heart you see him; In ev'-ry guile-less face The

Chorus.

Ring, ring the bells, Ring, ring the bells, ring the bells, Ring, ring the bells,

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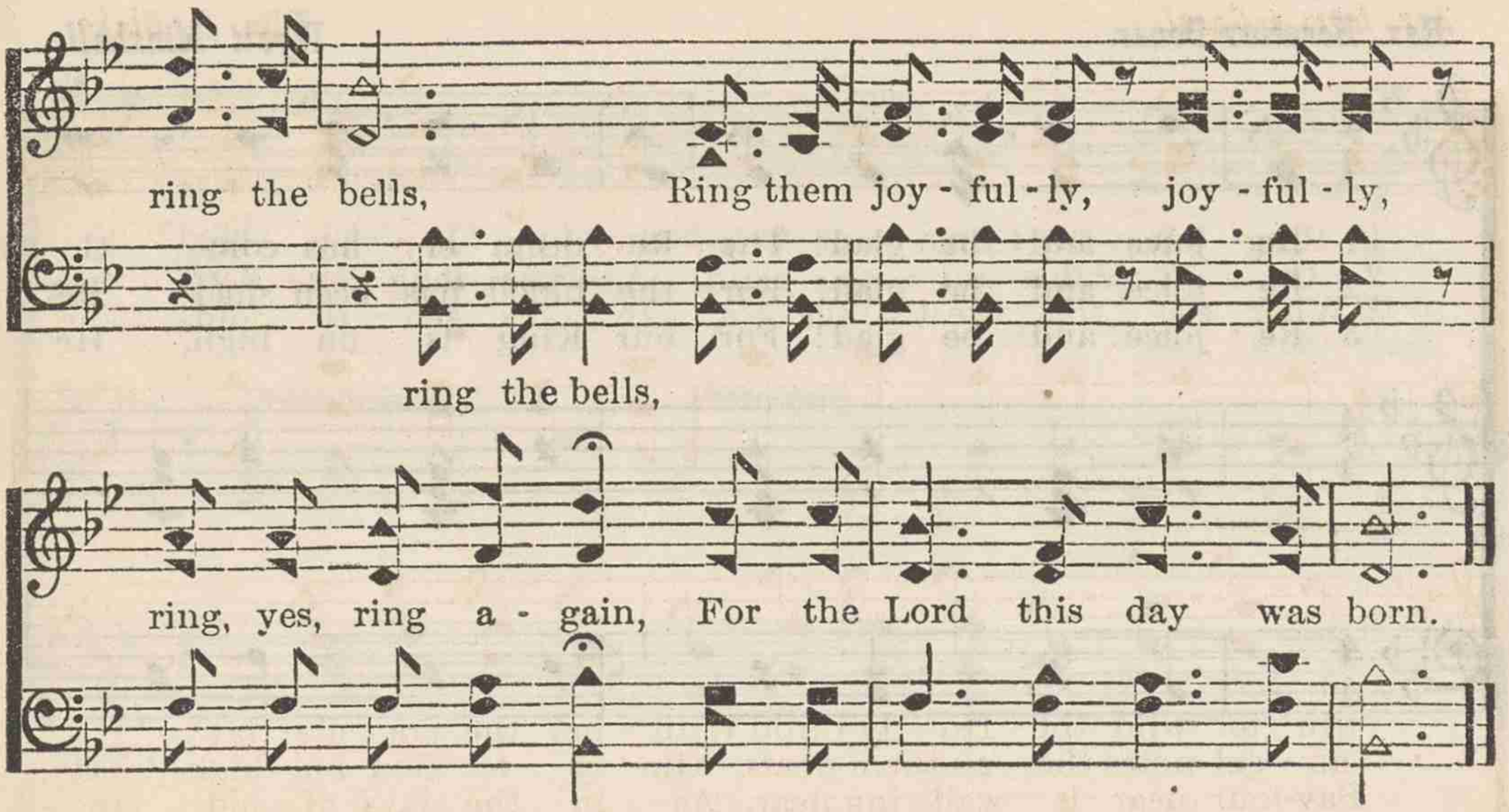
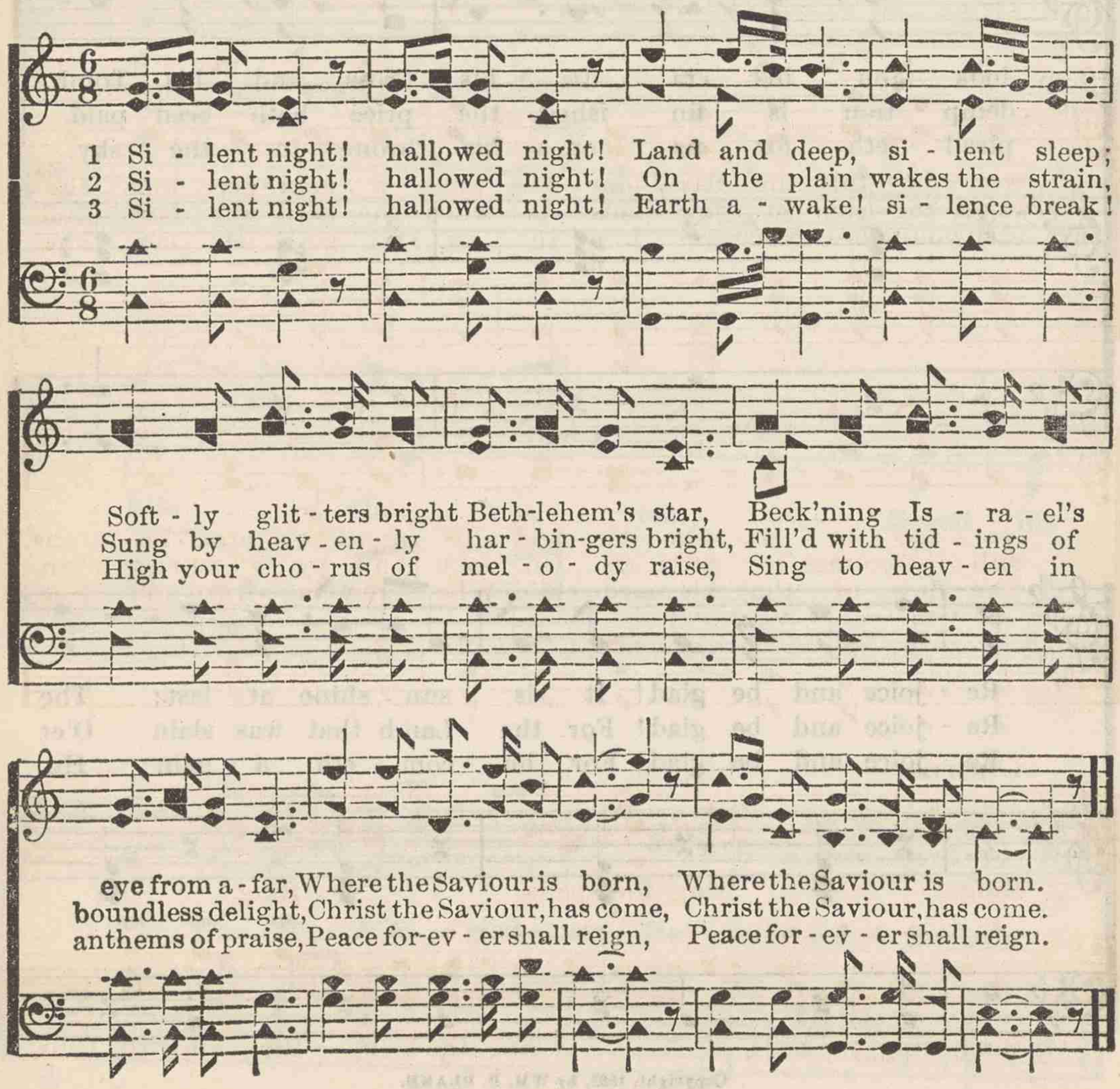
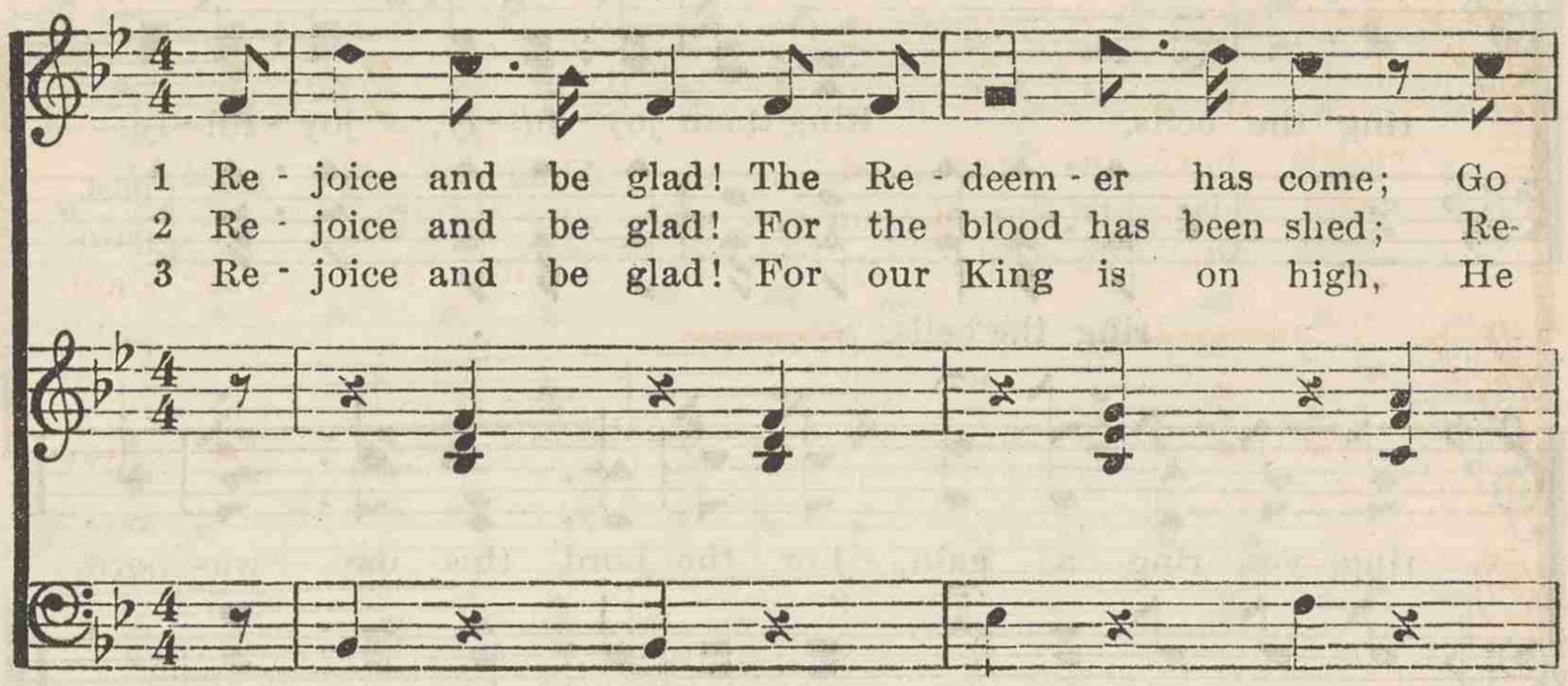

SILENT NIGHT.

48 REJOICE AND BE GLAD.

Rev. Horatius Bonar. *Wyatt Minshall.*

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clouds have de - part - ed, the shad - ows are past.
death is tri - umph - ant and liv - eth a - gain.
com - eth in glo - ry, the Lamb that was slain.

Chorus.

Sound his prais - es, tell the sto - ry, Of

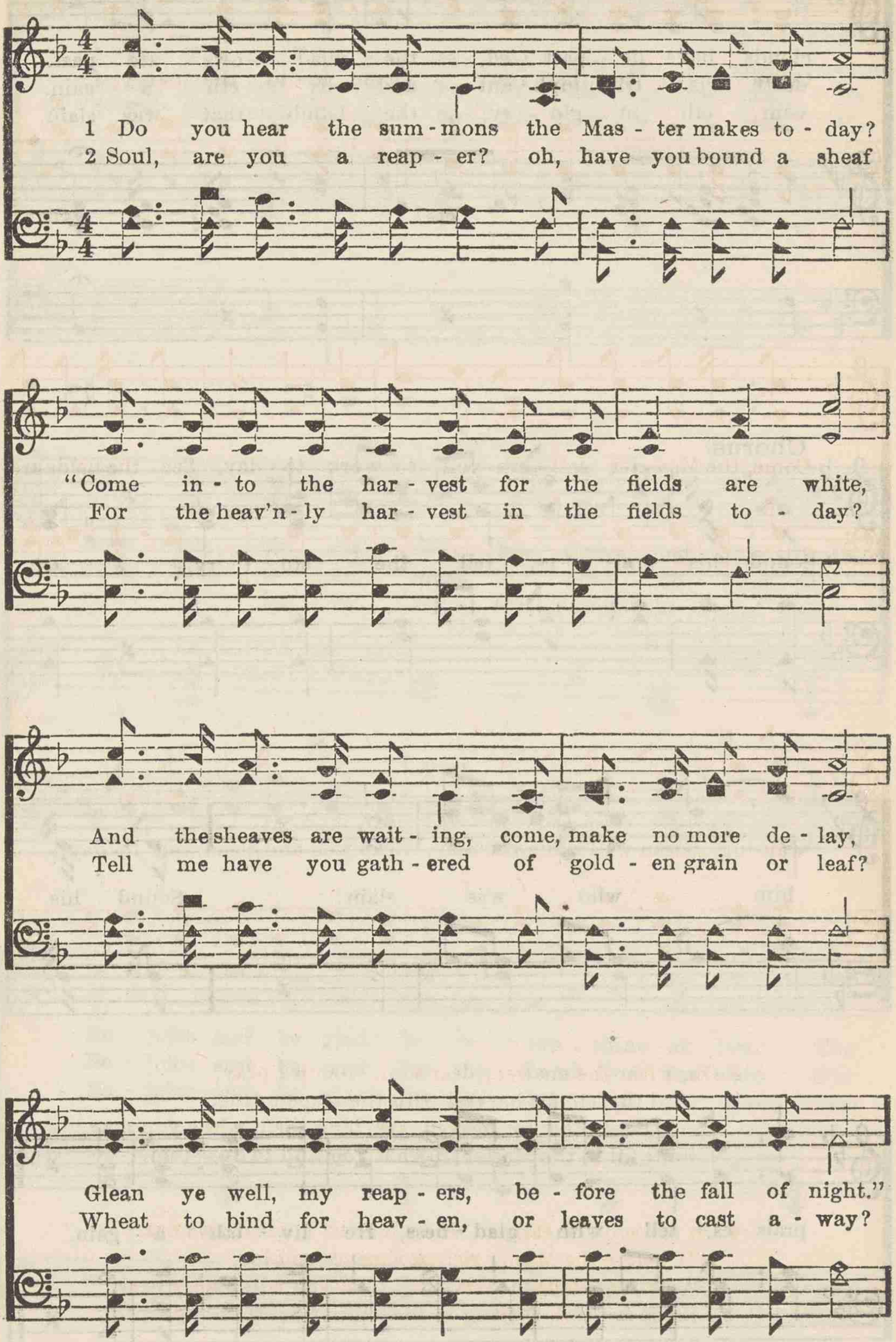
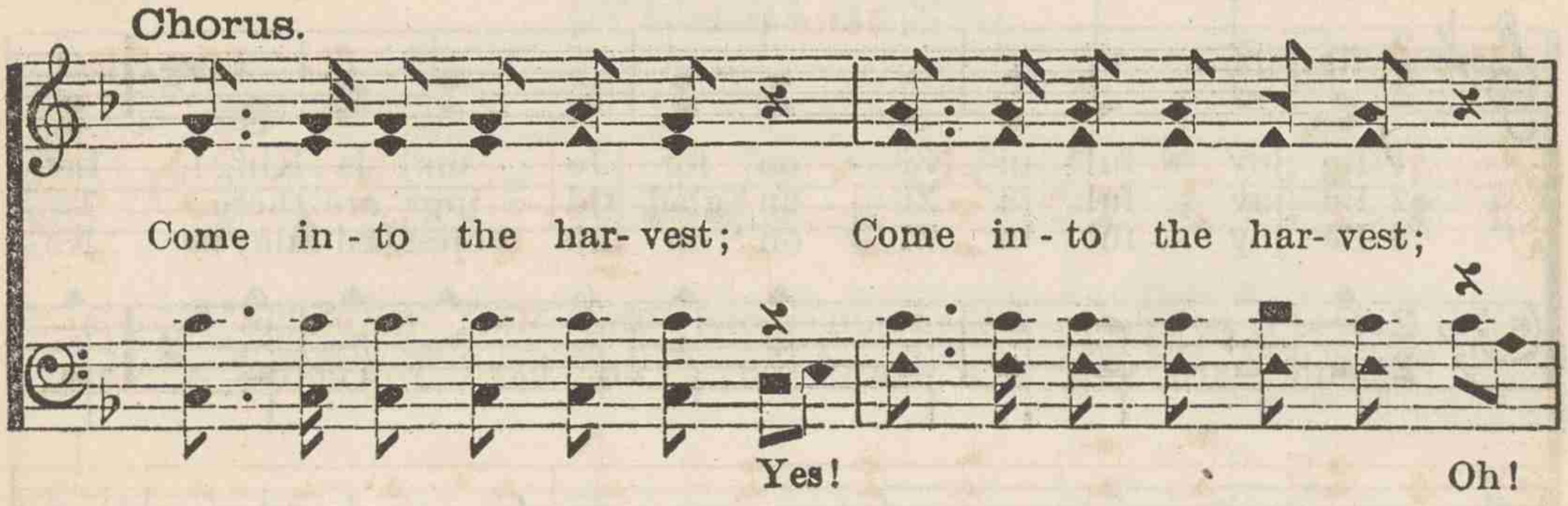
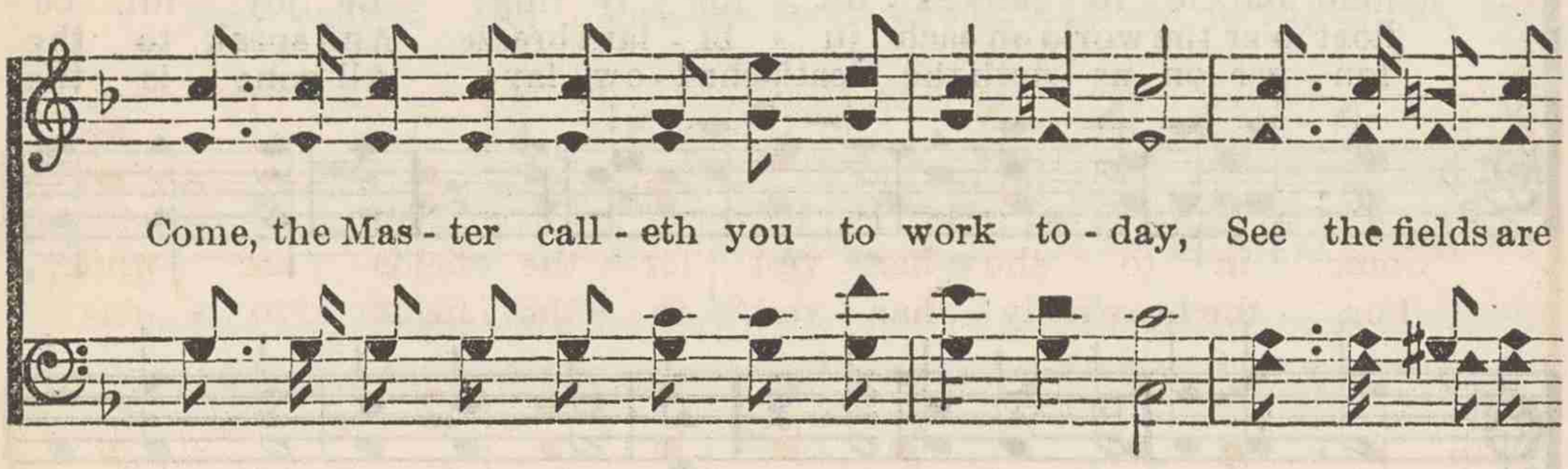
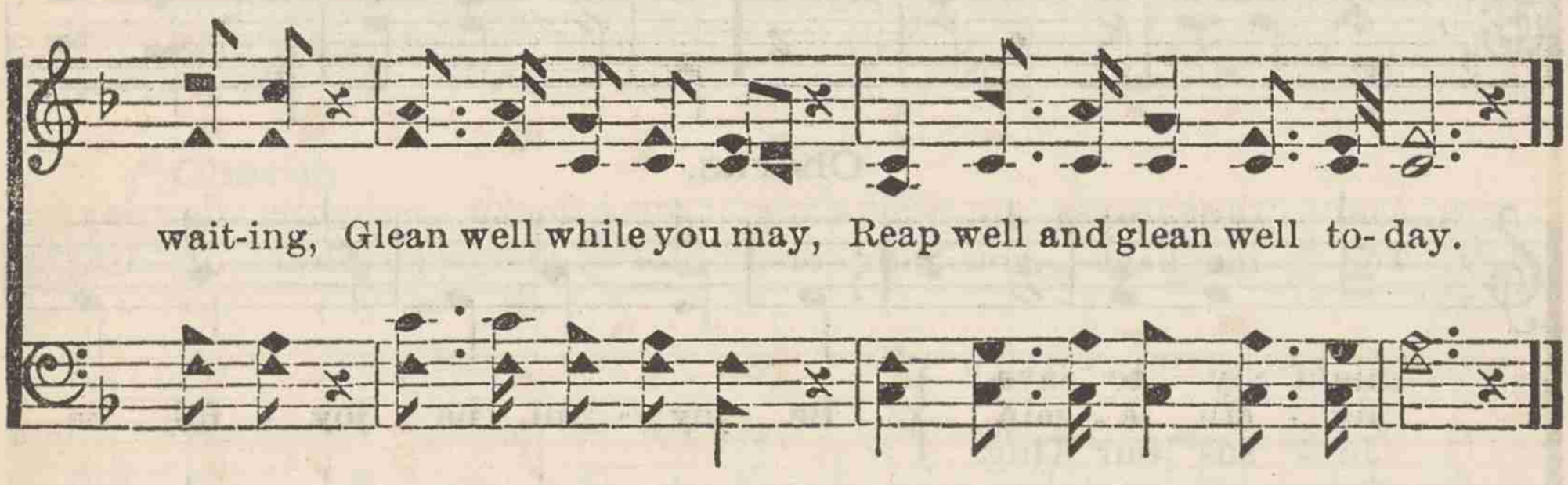
him who was slain; Sound his

prais - es, tell with glad - ness, He liv - eth a - gain.

50 THE CALL FOR REAPERS.

"Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest."
JOHN 4: 35.

Eben E. Rexford. *Chas. Edw. Prior.*



3 Oh, I fear the answer; dear soul, rise up I pray,
Gird thyself for harvest with the reapers true,
Bind the sheaves for heaven, yes, bind them while you may,
Faithful to the Master in what you find to do.—Cho.

4 Oh my soul, be earnest, God's harvest home draws near,
If before the Master richest sheaves you lay,
"Well done, faithful servant!" then you will gladly hear,
So be faithful, reaping in life's broad fields to-day.—Cho.

52 BE JOYFUL, O ZION!

Emily Blessington. *B. Blake.*

1 Be joy - ful in Zi - on, for Je - sus is King! Let loud hal - le - lu - jahs ex - ult - ing - ly ring: Be joy - ful, be joy - ful, he burst from the grave, Ap- pears to his peo - ple, the na - tions in each hap- py strain Of Je - sus who died and who gloom, let us cheer- ful - ly sing Thanksgiv - ing and prais - es to

2 Be joy - ful in Zi - on! glad tid - ings are these To float o'er the world on each ju - bi - lant breeze, And speak to the

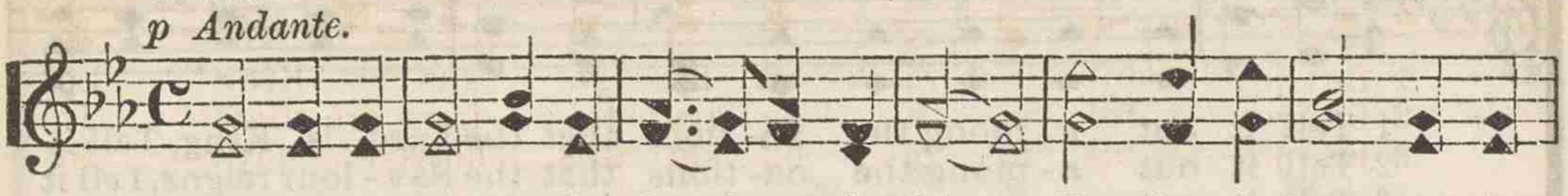
3 Be joy - ful in Zi - on on this bless- ed day! No lon - ger on us doth the death-shad - ow lay: All gone is the

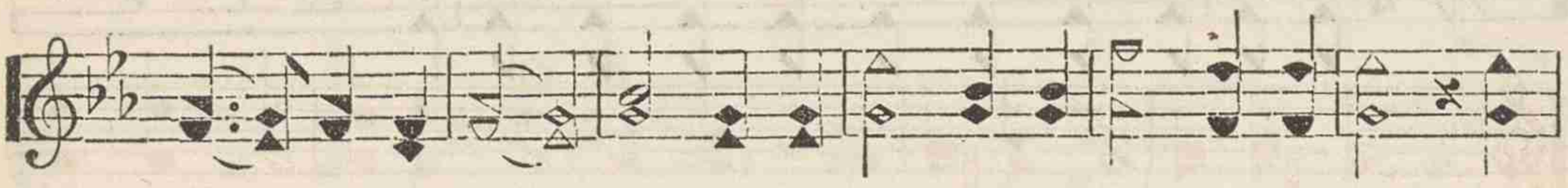
Chorus.

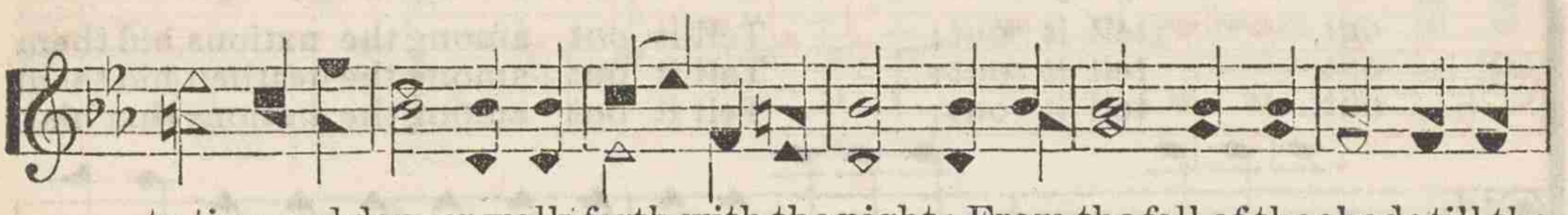
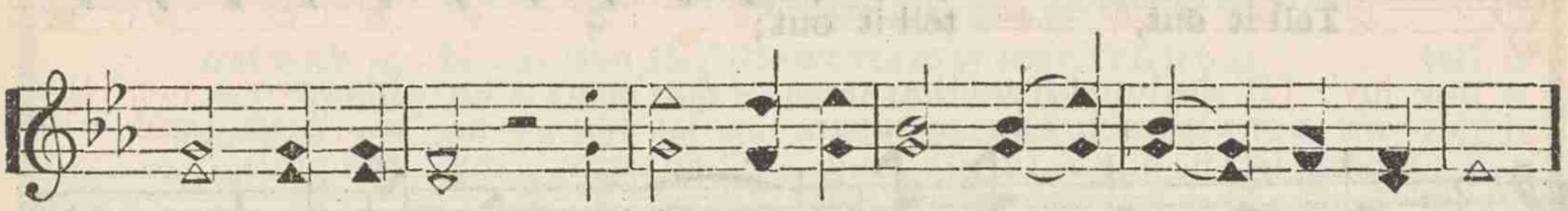
"might - y to save."
liv - eth a - gain.
Je - sus our King.
} Be joy - ful, be joy - ful, be joy - ful, O Zi - on, Be joy - ful, for Je - sus is King.

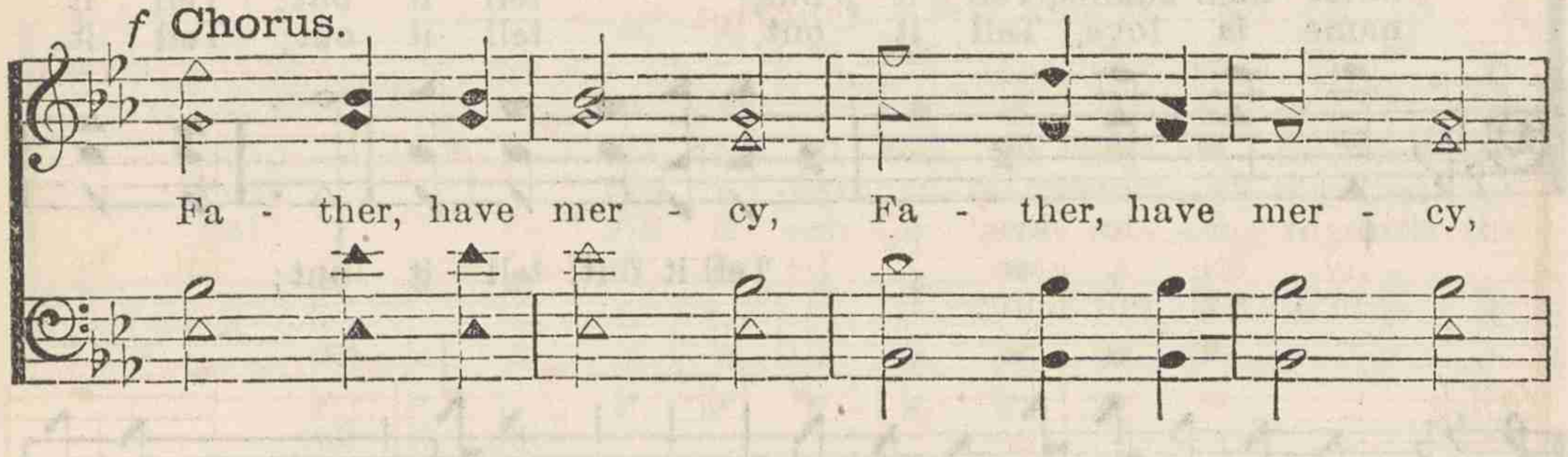
EVENING HYMN.

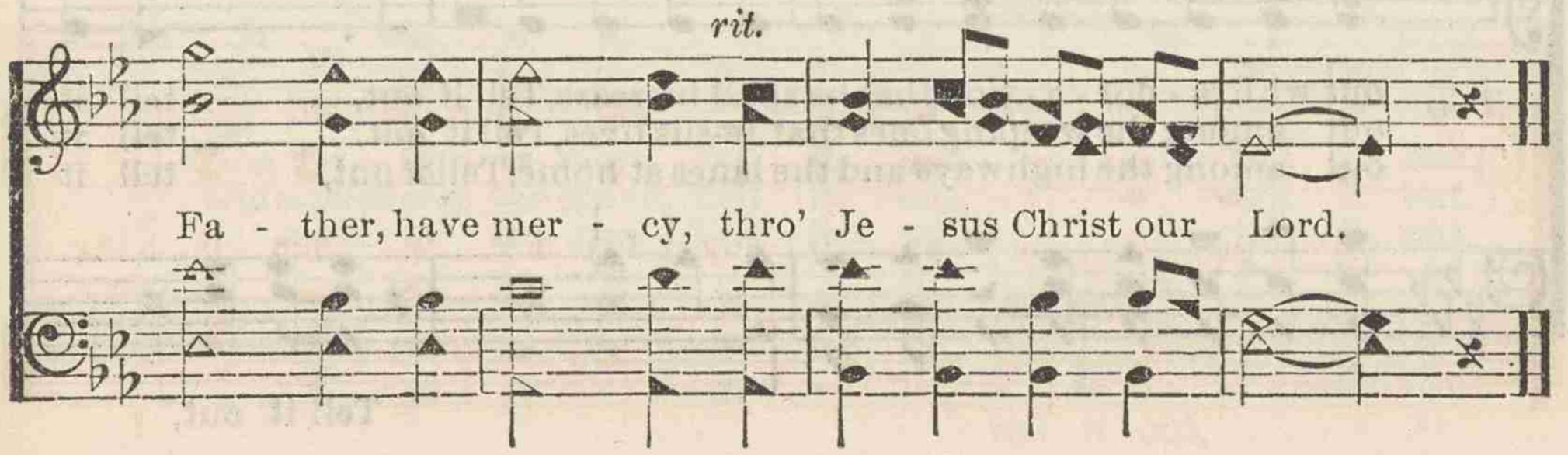
Duet. *Portuguese.*

p Andante.

1 Fad-ing, still fading, the last beam is shining, Fa - ther in heav - en, the
2 Fa-ther in heav-en, oh, hear when we call; Hear, for Christ's sake, who is



day is de- clining; Safe- ty and in - nocence fly with the light, Temp-
Sav - iour of all; Fee - ble and faint-ing, we trust in thy might, In

ta-tion and danger walk forth with the night; From the fall of the shade till the
doubting and darkness thy love be our light; Let us sleep on thy breast while the

morning bells chime, Shield me from dan-ger, and save me from crime.
night ta - per burns, And wake in thy arms when morn - ing re- turns.

f **Chorus.**

Fa - ther, have mer - cy, Fa - ther, have mer - cy,

rit.

Fa - ther, have mer - cy, thro' Je - sus Christ our Lord.

54

TELL IT OUT!

Frances R. Havergal. *Wm. B. Blake.*

1 Tell it out a-mong the na-tions that the Lord is King, Tell it
2 Tell it out a-mong the na-tions that the Sav-iour reigns, Tell it
3 Tell it out a-mong the hea-then Je-sus reigns a-bove, Tell it

out, tell it out; Tell it out among the nations, bid them
out, tell it out; Tell it out among the heathen, bid them
out, tell it out; Tell it out among the nations that his

Tell it out, tell it out;

shout and sing, Tell it out, tell it out; Tell it
burst their chains, Tell it out, tell it out; Tell it
name is love, Tell it out, tell it out; Tell it

Tell it out, tell it out;

out with a-dor-a-tion that he shall increase, Tell it out, tell it
out among the weeping ones that Je-sus lives, Tell it out, tell it
out among the highways and the lanes at home, Tell it out, tell it

Tell it out,

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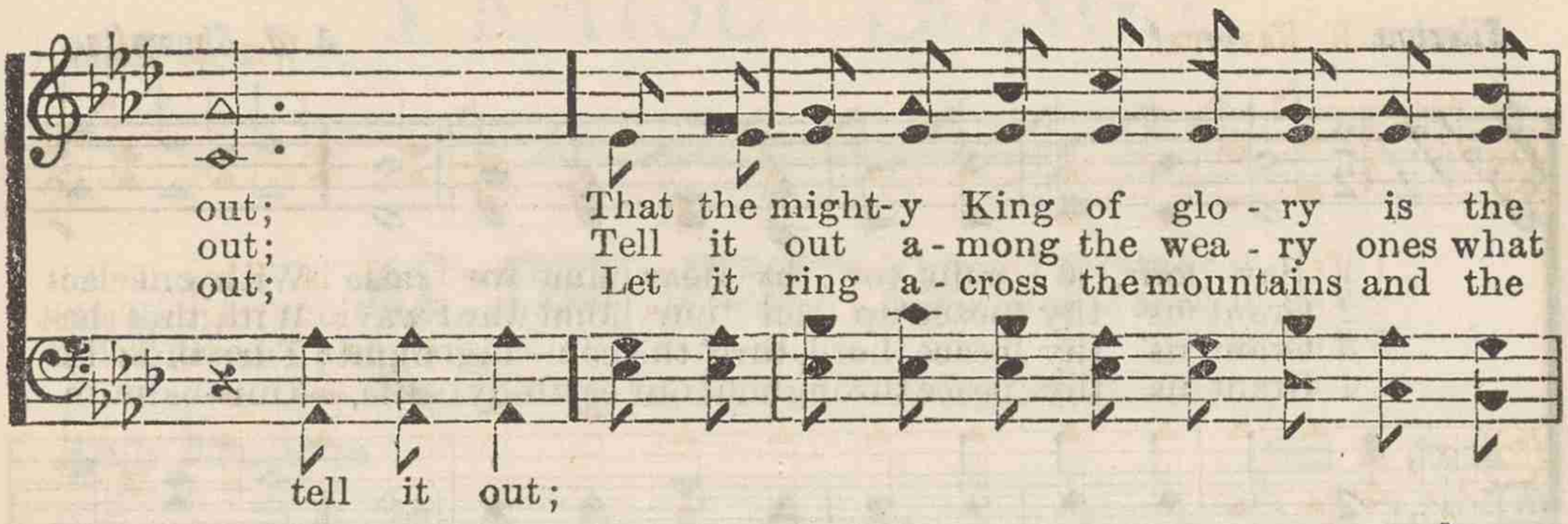
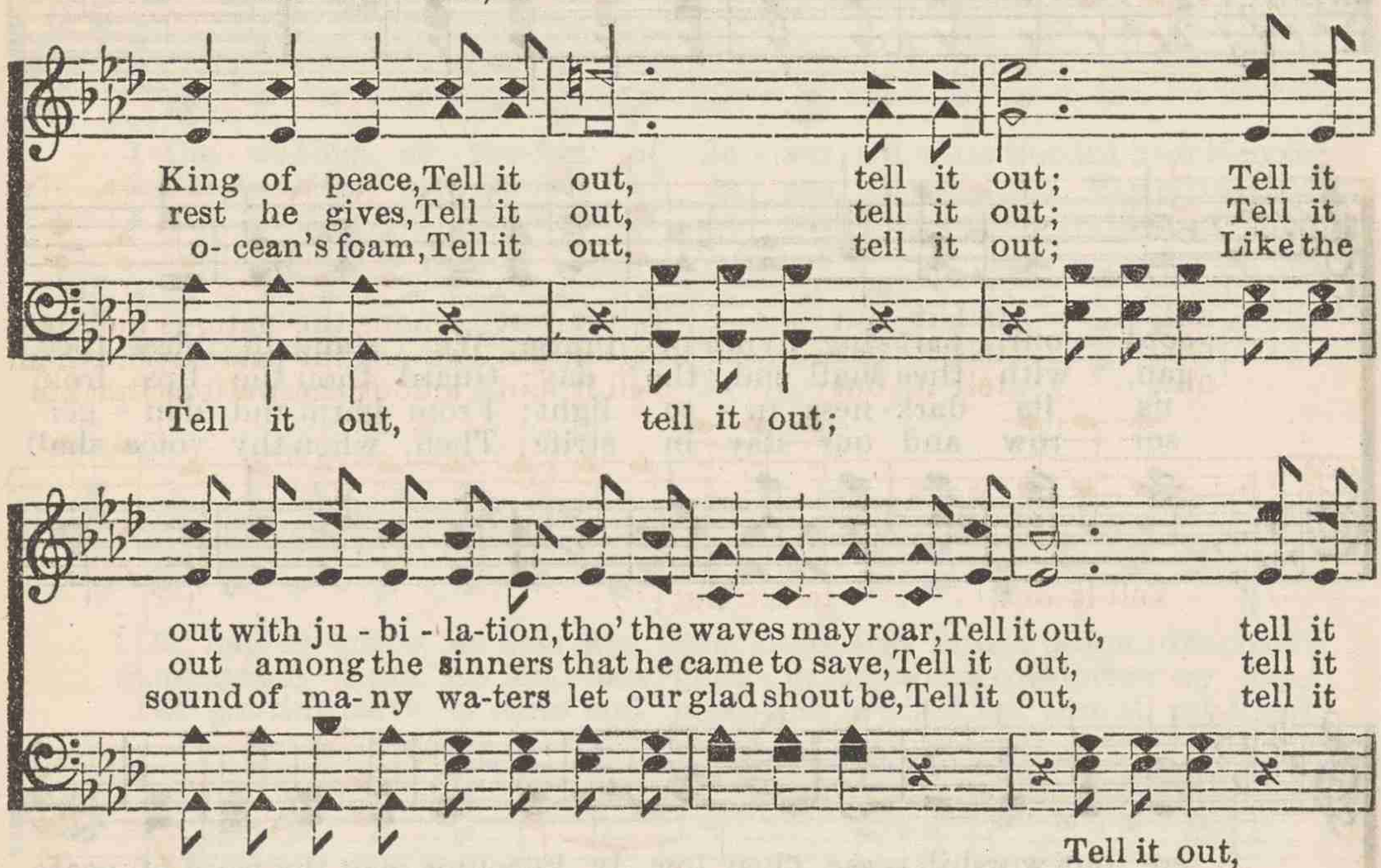
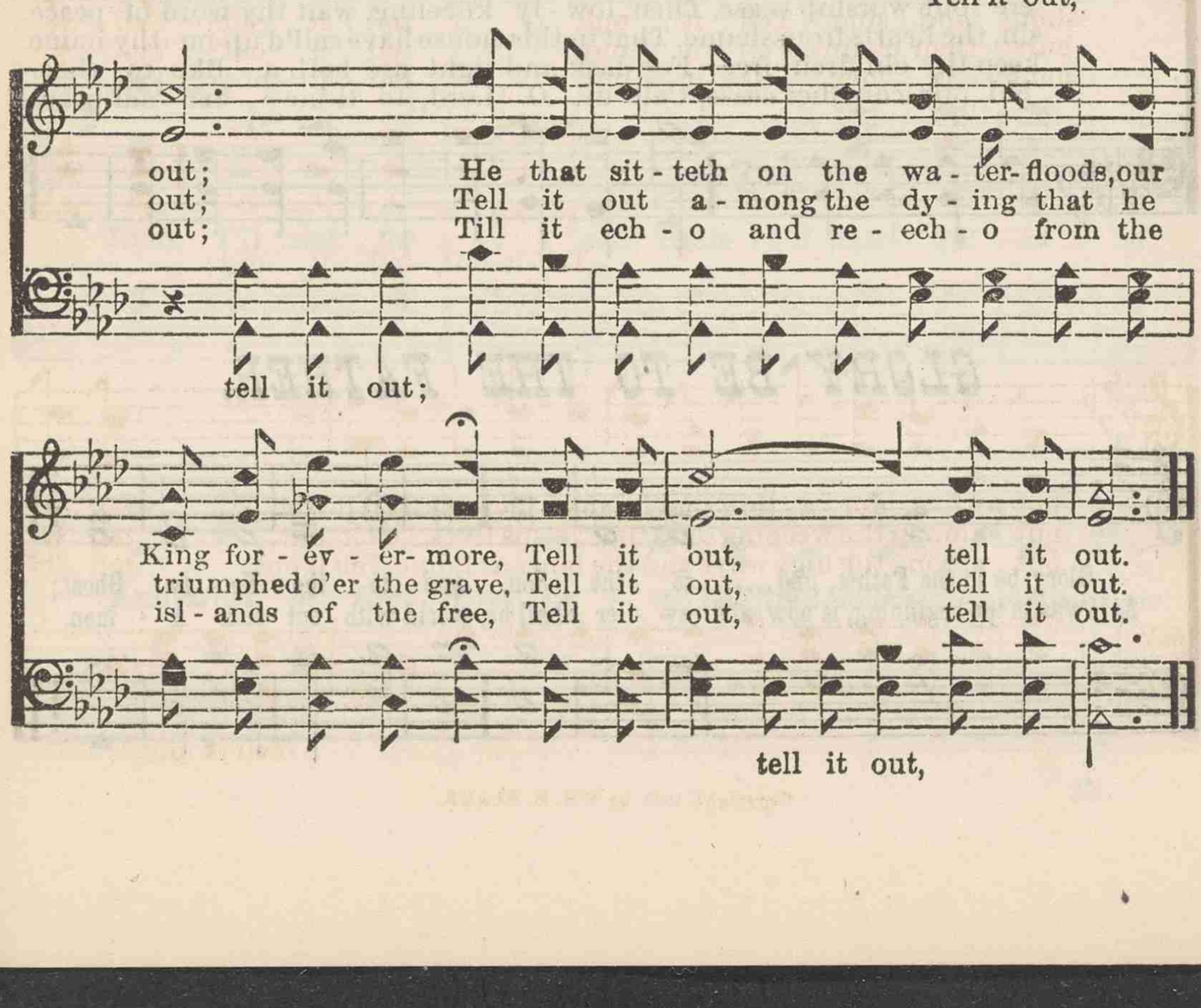
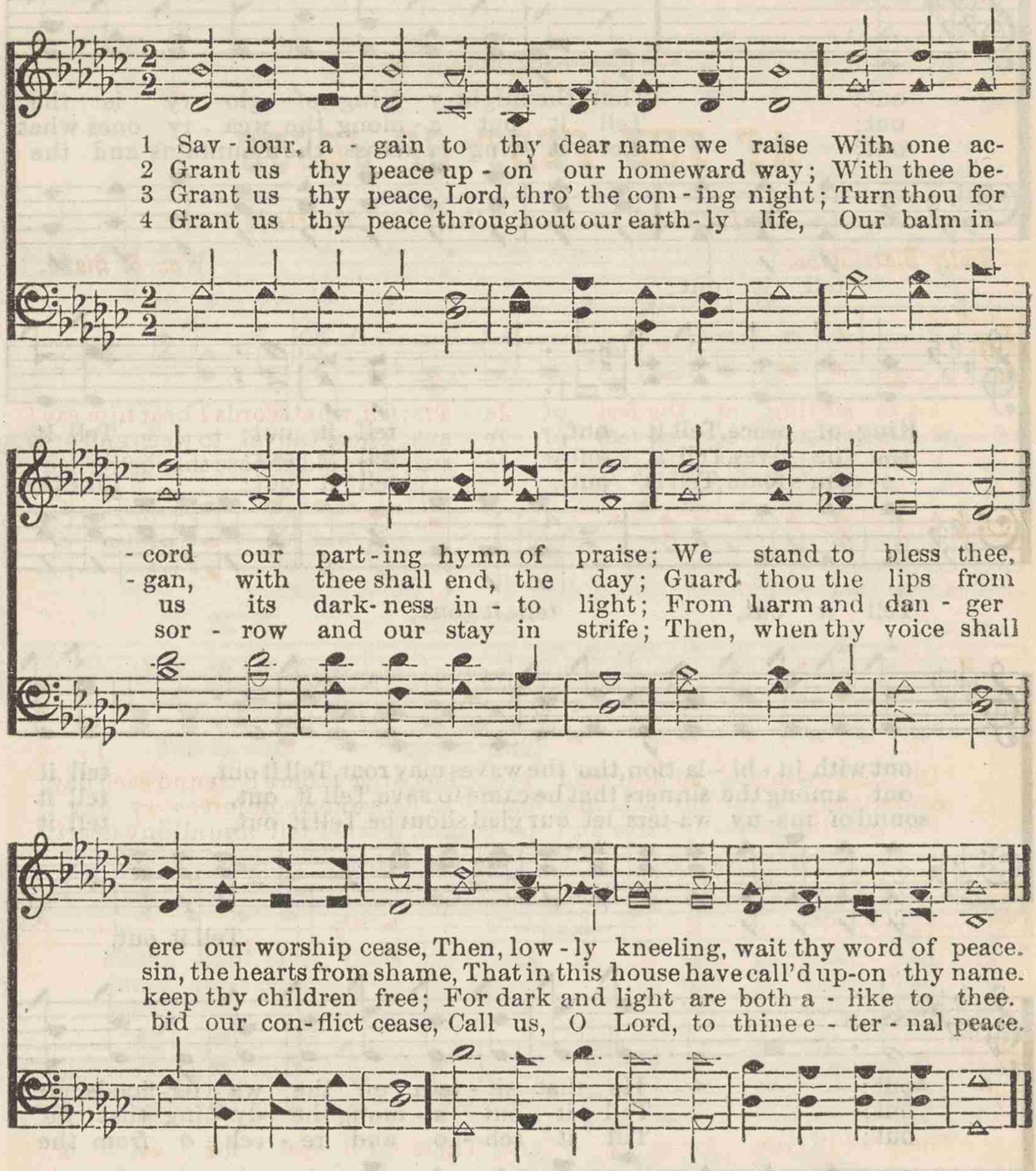
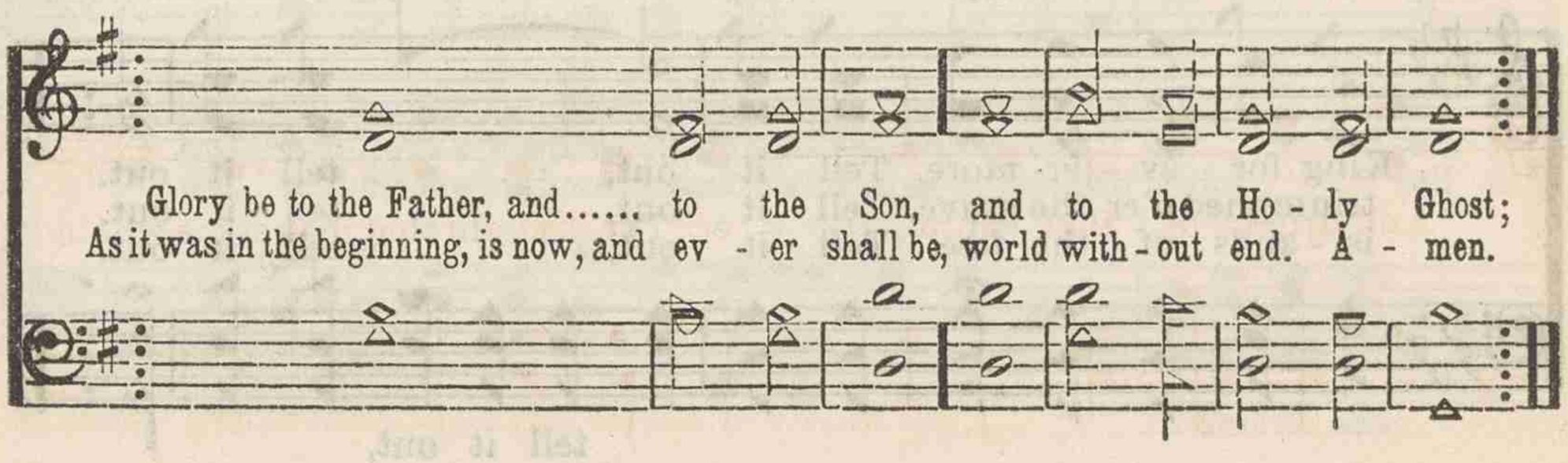

out; That the might-y King of glo - ry is the
out; Tell it out a - mong the wea - ry ones what
out; Let it ring a - cross the mountains and the
tell it out;


King of peace, Tell it out, tell it out; Tell it
rest he gives, Tell it out, tell it out; Tell it
o- cean's foam, Tell it out, tell it out; Like the
Tell it out, tell it out;
out with ju - bi - la-tion, tho' the waves may roar, Tell it out, tell it
out among the sinners that he came to save, Tell it out, tell it
sound of ma- ny wa-ters let our glad shout be, Tell it out, tell it
Tell it out,

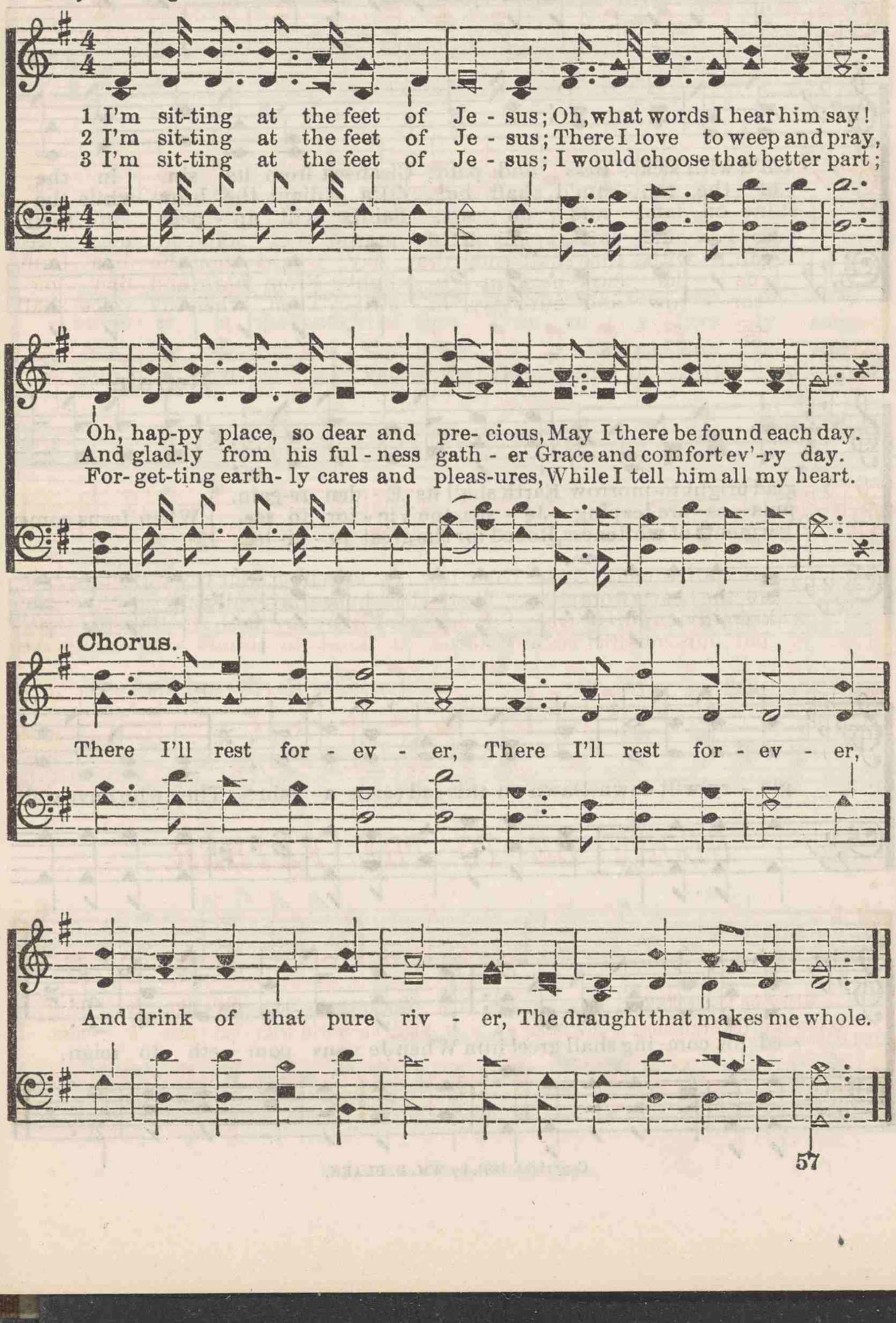

out; He that sit - teth on the wa - ter- floods, our
out; Tell it out a - mong the dy - ing that he
out; Till it ech - o and re - ech - o from the
tell it out;
King for - ev - er- more, Tell it out, tell it out.
triumphed o'er the grave, Tell it out, tell it out.
isl - ands of the free, Tell it out, tell it out.
tell it out,

PARTING HYMN.

Ellerton. *A. J. Showalter.*

GLORY BE TO THE FATHER.

PRAISE SONGS.

AT THE FEET OF JESUS.

Dedicated to Rev. Charles M. Hott.

Emily Blessington. **Wm. B. Blake.**

WHEN JESUS COMES.

Emily Blessington. *Wm. B. Blake.*

1 When Je-sus comes there will be no more sorrow, Sigh - ing be ban-
2 When Je-sus comes there will be no more weeping, Tear - less the eye
3 When Je-sus comes! Never morn in its brightness Shone as shall then

- ish'd with sick - ness and pain; Cleansed from its sin, in the
of the ran - som'd shall be! Ra - diant the brow, while the
shine on land and on sea; Saints will ap - pear in their

Refrain.

glad bright to-morrow Earth shall its E - den re-gain.
puls - es are leaping Je - sus, the Vic - tor, to see.
garments of whiteness, Robed for the great ju - bi- lee.
} When Jesus comes

glo - ry will dawn, Dawn on this sad earth a - gain: They who have wait-

- ed his com- ing shall greet him When Je - sus com - eth to reign.

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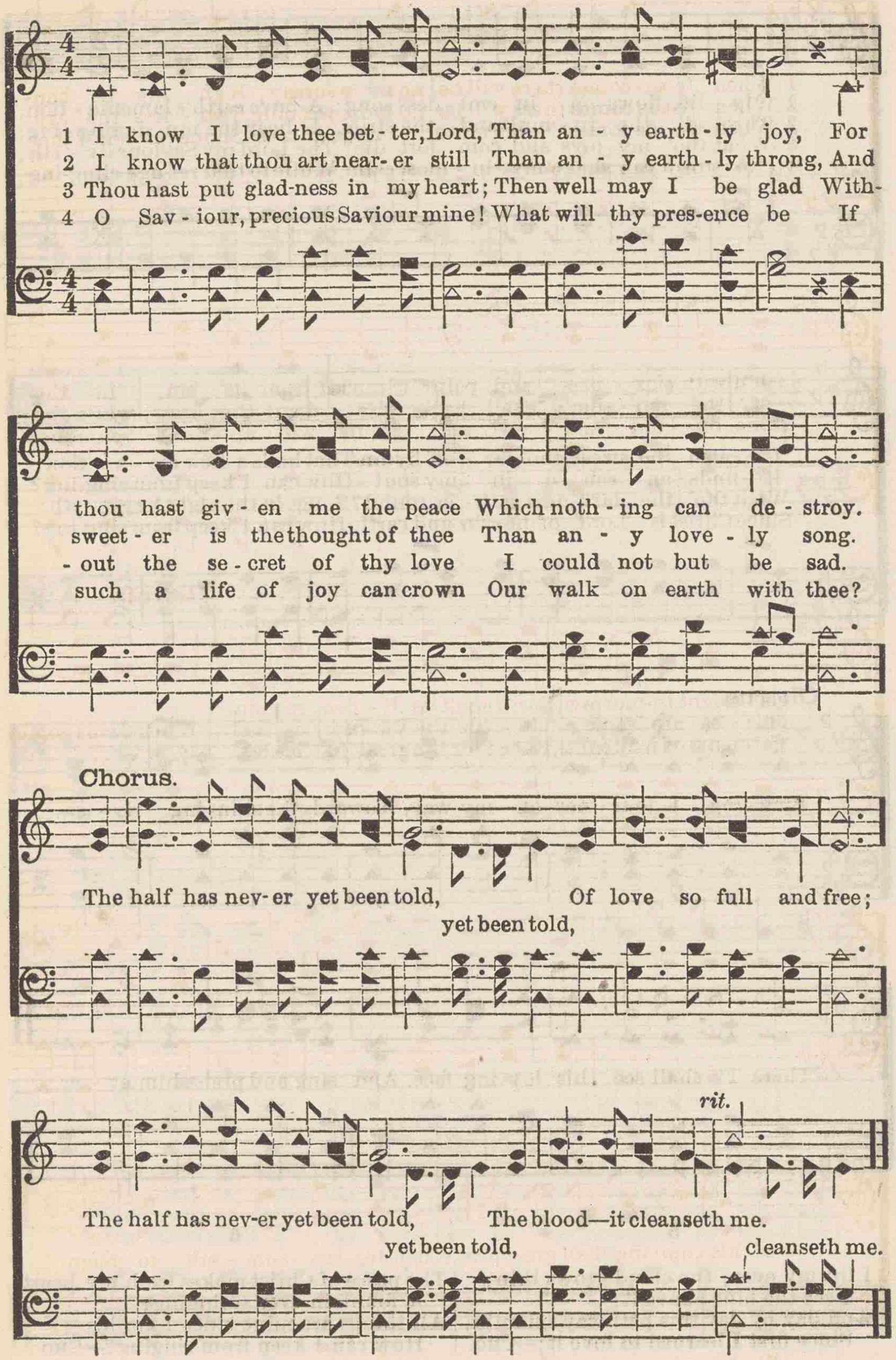
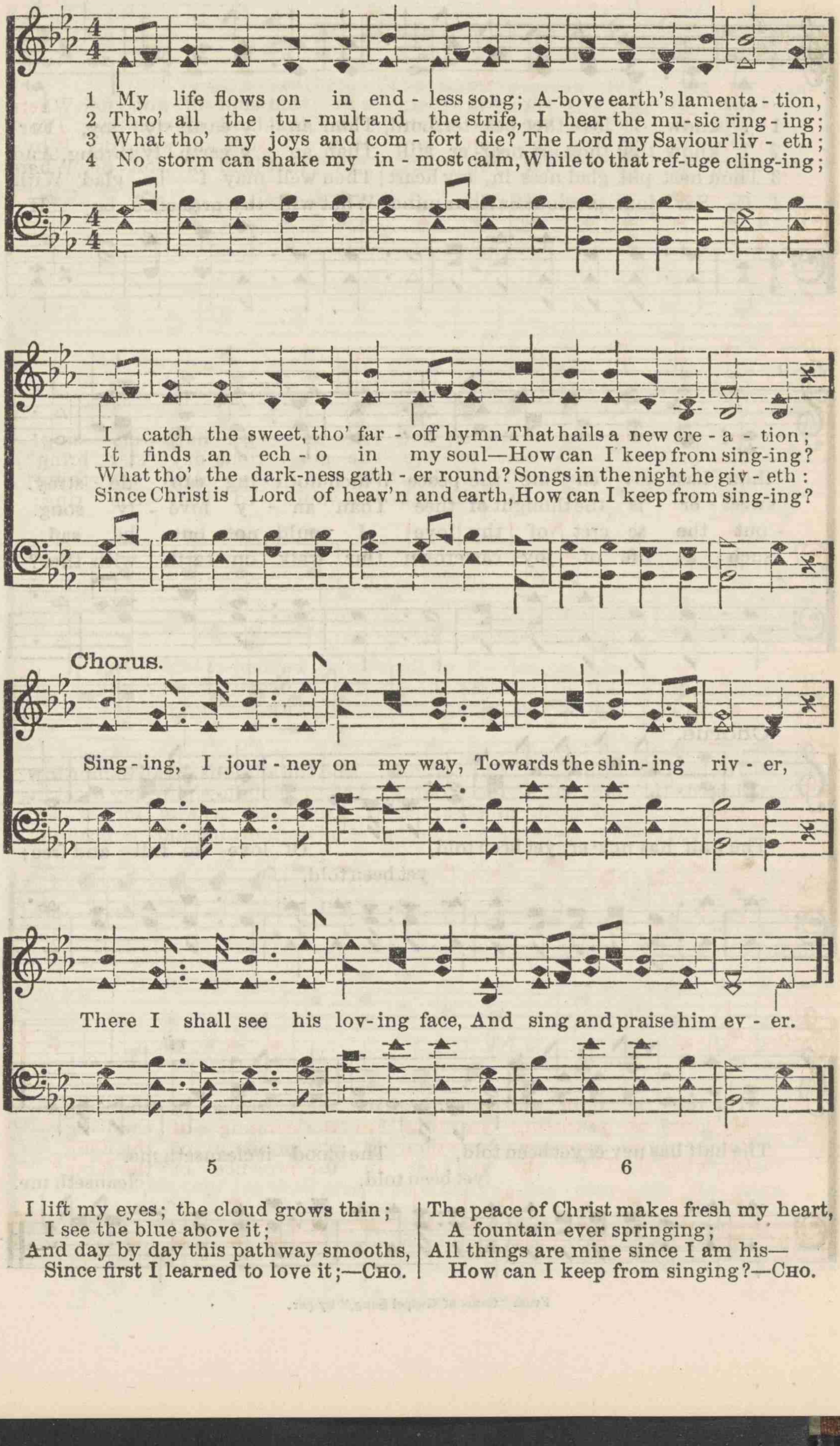
1 Cor. 2: 9.

Frances R. Havergal. *R. E. Hudson.*

From "Gems of Gospel Song," by per.

THE SINGING PILGRIM.

Wm. B. Blake.

5

I lift my eyes; the cloud grows thin;
I see the blue above it;
And day by day this pathway smooths,
Since first I learned to love it;—Cho.

6

The peace of Christ makes fresh my heart,
A fountain ever springing;
All things are mine since I am his—
How can I keep from singing?—Cho.

OH, TO BE OVER YONDER. 61

Florence C. Armstrong. *Chas. Edw. Prior.*

1 Oh, to be o - ver yon - der, In that land of won - der, Where
2 Oh, to be o - ver yon - der, In that land of won - der, I'm
3 Oh, to be o - ver yon - der, How I sigh and won - der, Why
4 Oh, to be o - ver yon - der, In that land of won - der, Where

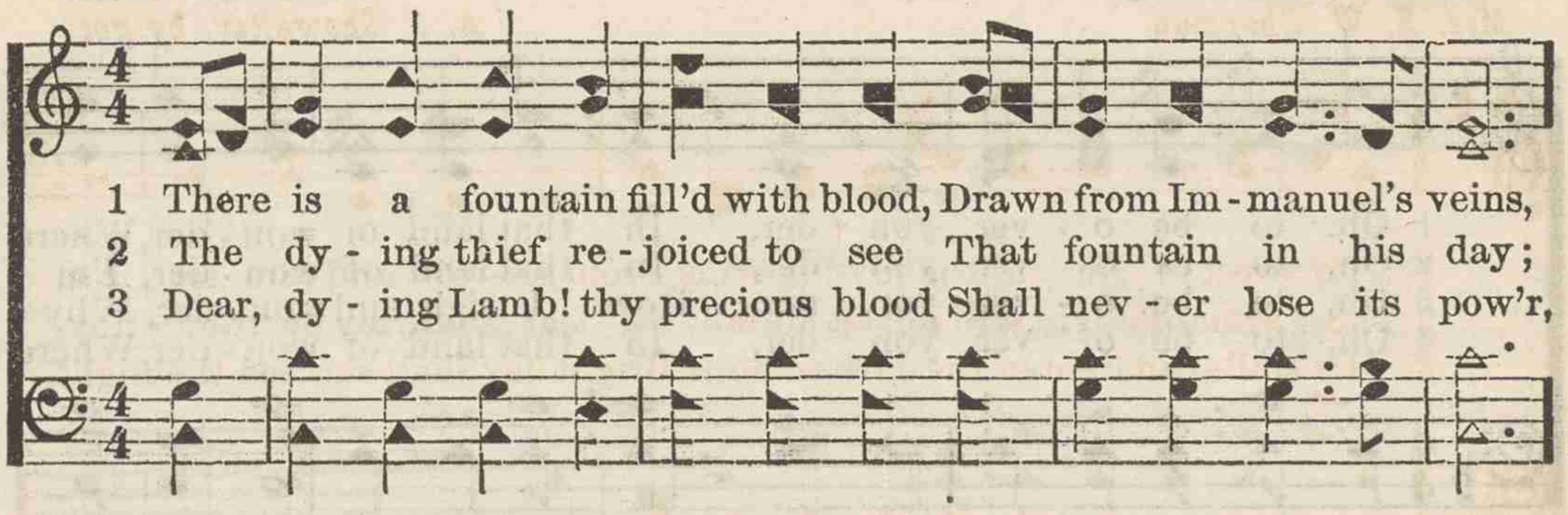
an - gel voic - es min - gle, and The an - gel harp - ers sing:
look- ing to the East to see The glo - rious day star bring
clings my poor, weak, sin - ful heart To an - y earth - ly thing;
an - gel hal - le - lu - jahs make The vault - ed heav - ens ring:

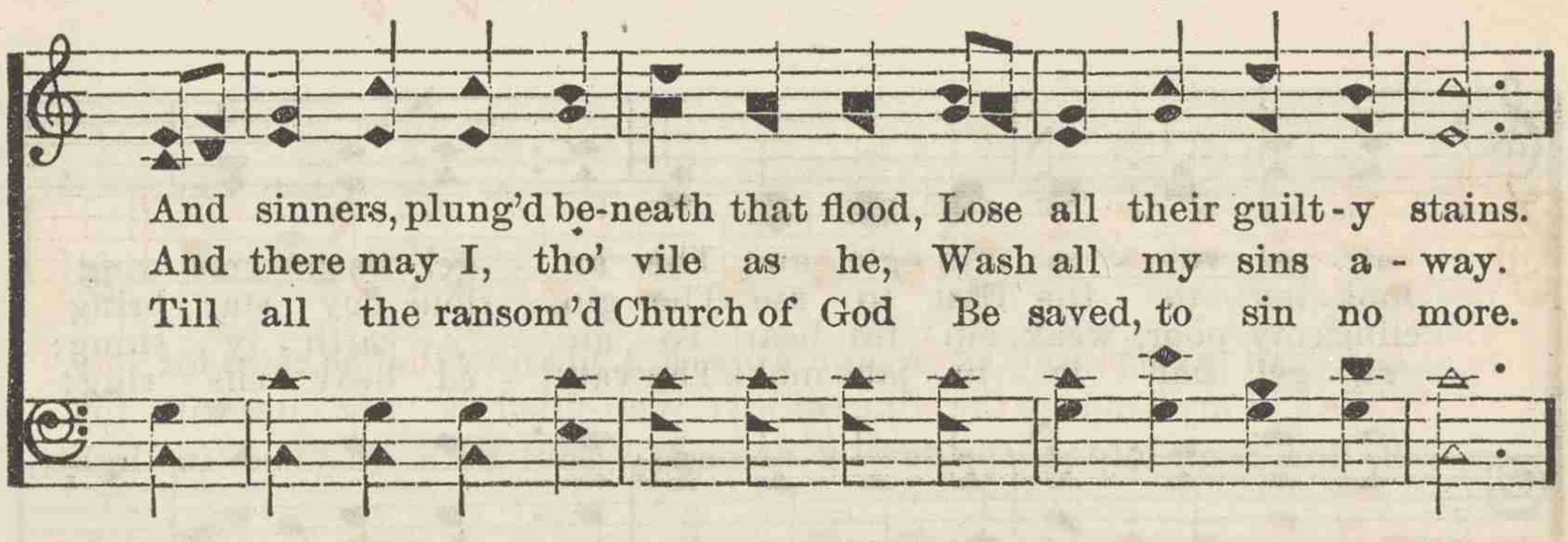
To be free from pain and sor- row, And the anxious, dread to-mor-row,
Blessed tid - ings of the wak-ing, And the cloudless, pure day breaking;
Each tie of earth must sev - er, And pass a - way for - ev - er;
Where the pearl-y gates are gleaming, And the morning star is beaming!

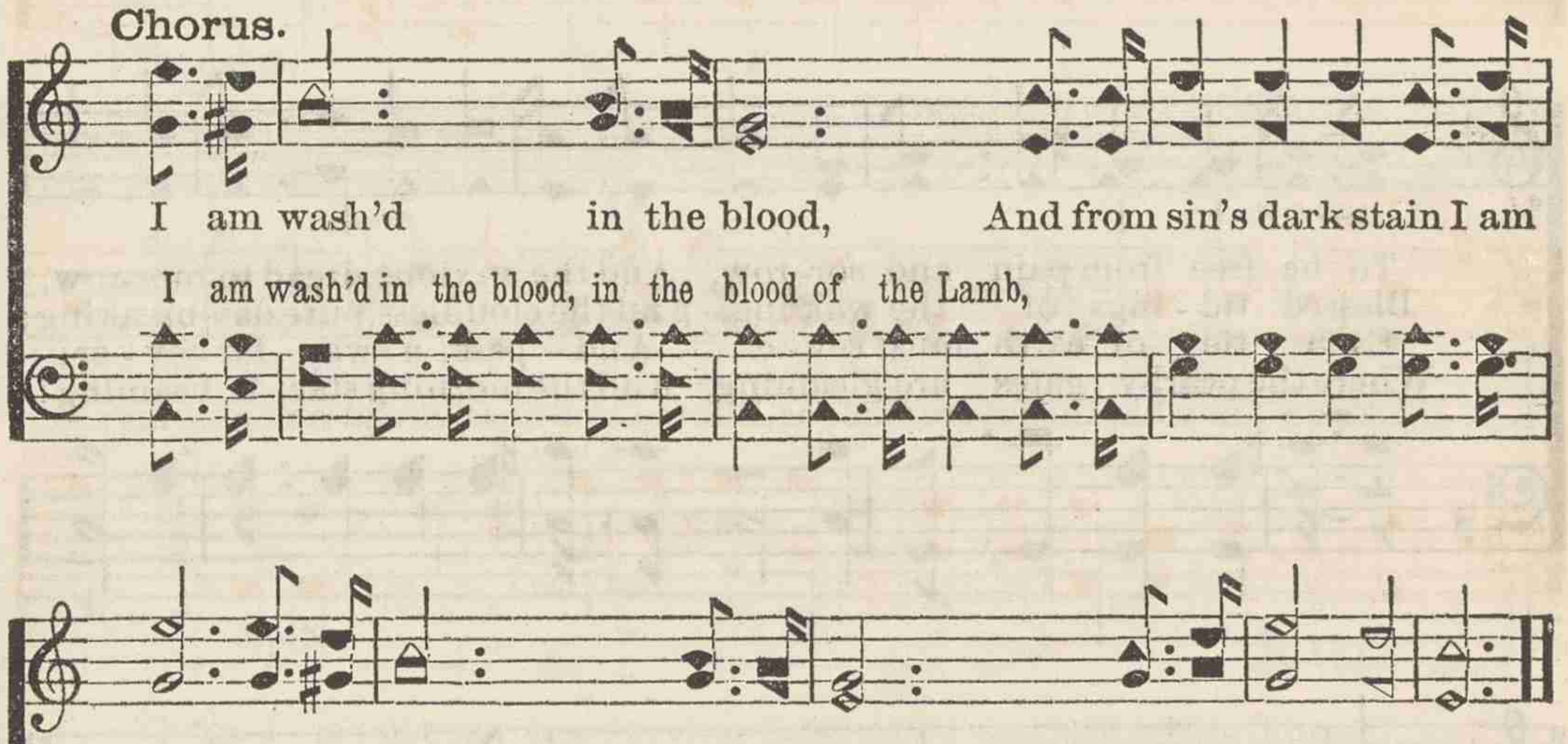
To rest in light and sun-shine In the presence of the King.
My heart is yearn-ing—yearning For the com-ing of the King.
But there's no sep - a - ra - tion In the presence of the King.
Oh, when shall I be yon - der In the presence of the King?

62 HYMN OF THE REDEEMED.

Cowper. *Wm. B. Blake.*







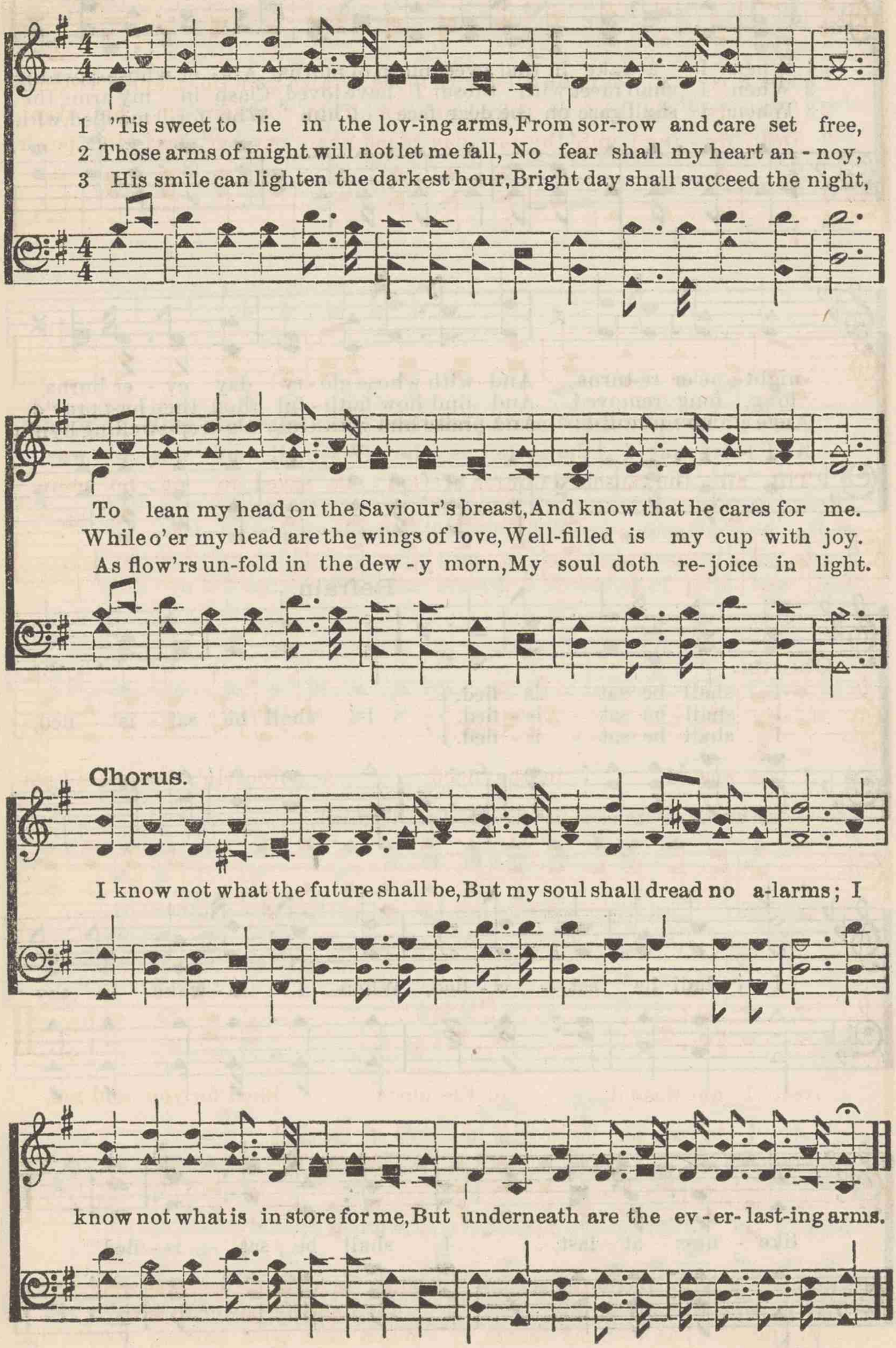
4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.

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

THE EVERLASTING ARMS.

Underneath are the everlasting arms.—DEUT. 33: 27.

Mrs. E. W. Chapman. *A. J. Showalter, by per.*



64 I SHALL BE SATISFIED.

Arr. from Bonar. *Wm. B. Blake.*

1 When I a-wake in that sweet morn of morns, Aft - er whose dawning night ne'er re-turns And with whose glo - ry day ev - er burns,
2 When I shall meet with those I have loved, Clasp in my arms the long, long removed, And find how faith - ful thou then hast prov'd,
3 When I shall gaze on the dear face of him Who for me died, with eye no more dim, And praise him with Heav'n's deep-swelling hymn,

Refrain.

I shall be sat - is - fied.
I shall be sat - is - fied.
I shall be sat - is - fied.
} I shall be sat - is - fied,

I shall be sat - is - fied, When I a - wake in thy like - ness at last, I shall be sat - is - fied.

From "Sweet Fields of Eden," by per.

C. Wesley. *Geo. C. Hugg.*

With great expression.

1 Thou Rock of my sal- va- tion, haste, Ex - tend thine am-ple shade;
2 De - fend me in this try- ing hour My sure pro - tec-tion be;
3 O set up- on thy-self my feet, And make me sure-ly stand!
4 Now let me in the cleft be placed, Nor my de- fence re - move;

And let it o - ver me be cast, To screen my nak- ed head.
My shel - ter from the tempest's pow'r, Till I am fixed on thee.
From fierce temptation's rage and heat, Pro - tect me with thy hand.
With - in thine arms of love em- braced, Thine arms of end - less love.

Chorus.

In the Rock's blessed shadow, I am rest-ing, rest-ing, rest-ing;

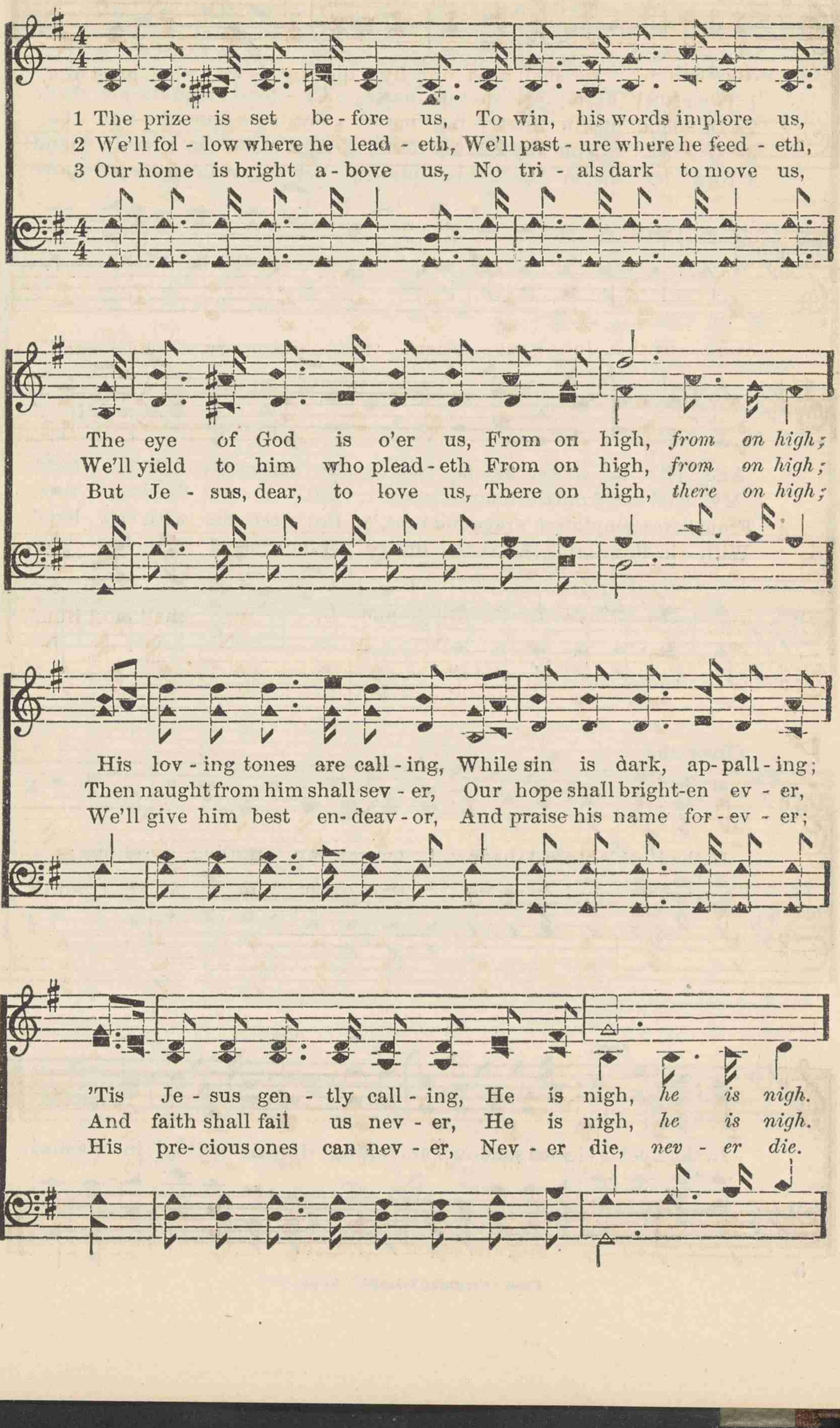
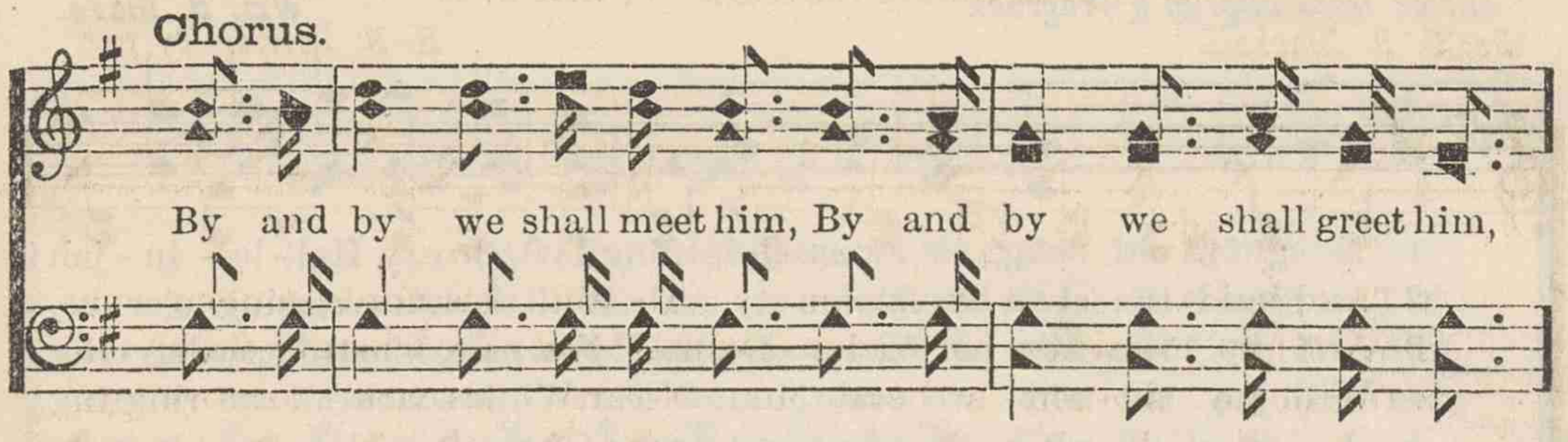
cres. *dim.*

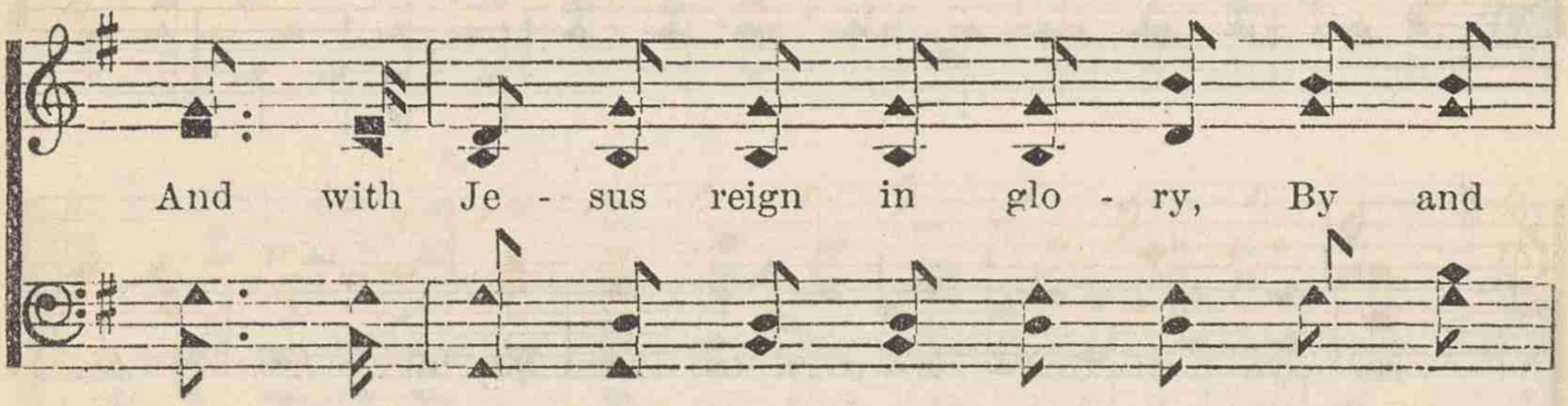
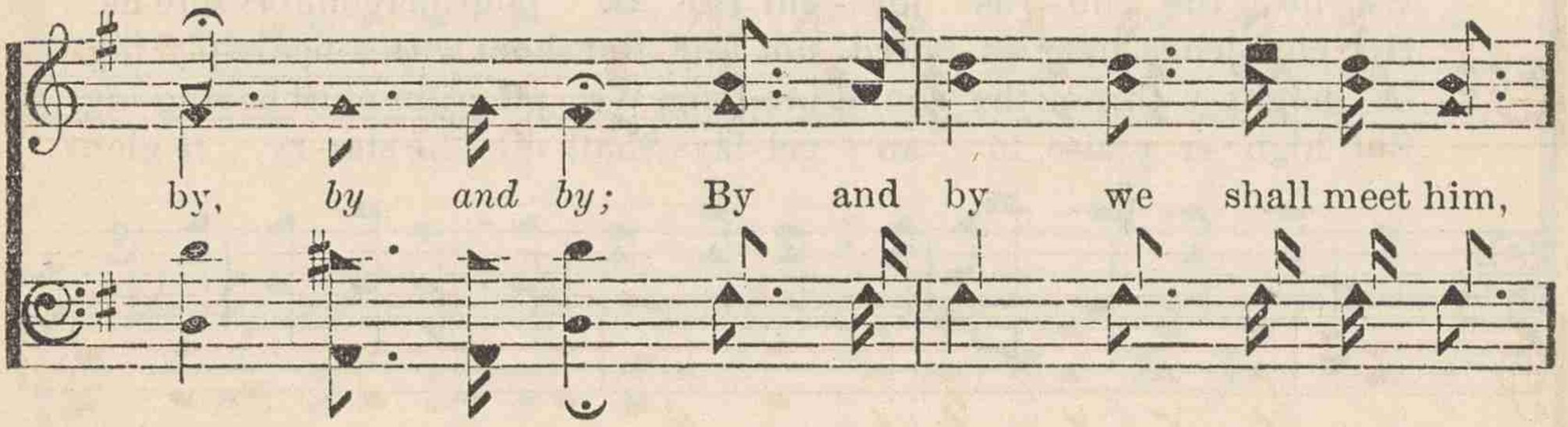
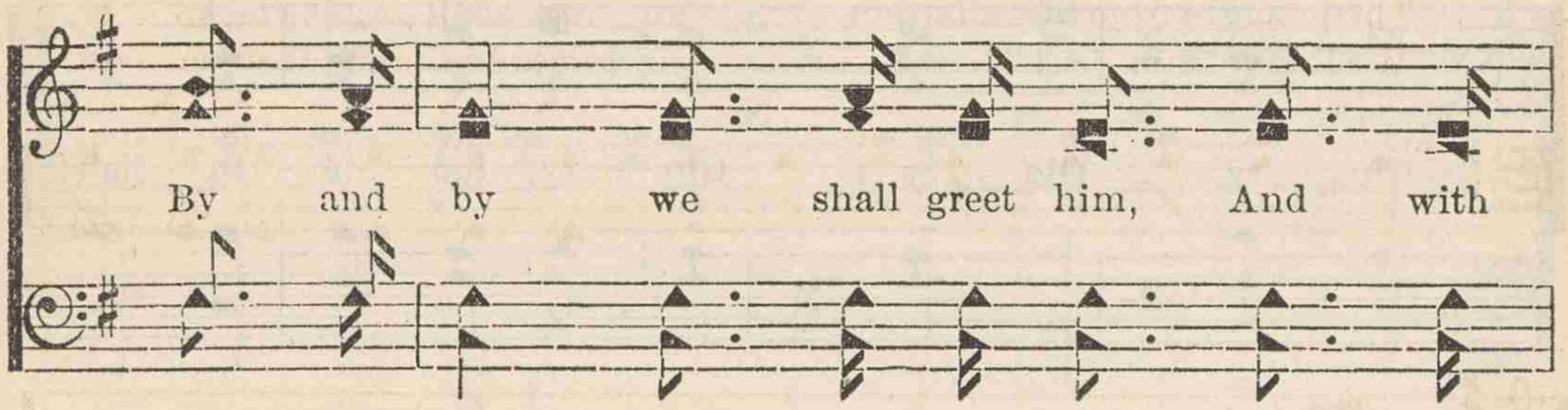
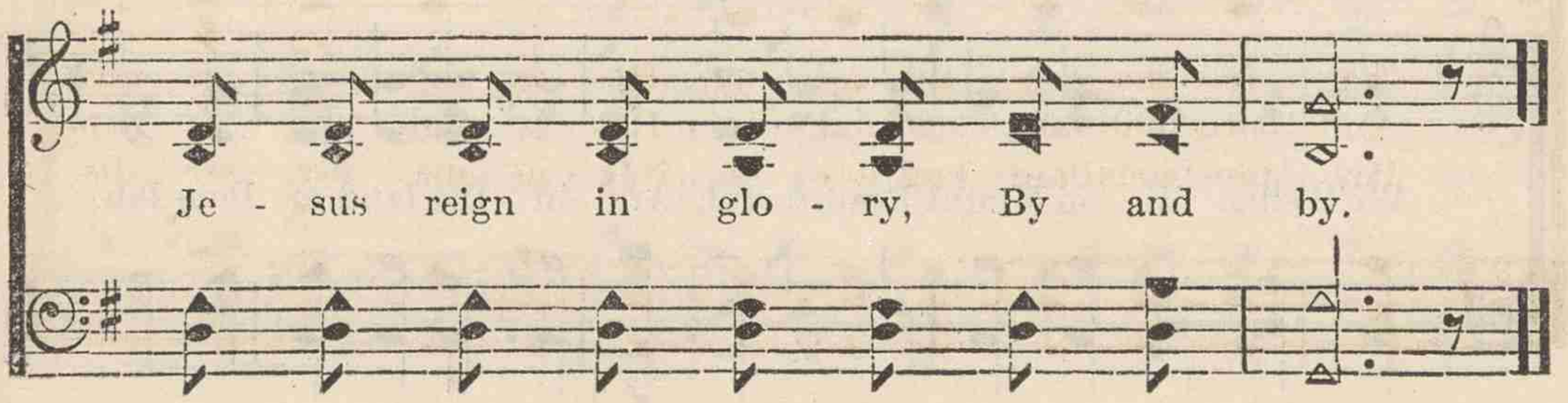
In the Rock's blessed shadow, I am resting; Sweetly resting in its shade.

From "Crowning Triumph," by per.

TRIUMPH BY AND BY.

"I press toward the mark."—PHIL. 3: 14.

Dr. C. R. Blackall. *H. R. Palmer, by per.*

Chorus.

By and by we shall meet him, By and by we shall greet him,


And with Je - sus reign in glo - ry, By and

by, by and by; By and by we shall meet him,

By and by we shall greet him, And with

Je - sus reign in glo - ry, By and by.

OLD "GLORY HALLELUJAH."

Theme from Pilgrim's Progress. *Wm. B. Blake.*

1 A grand old song, so sweet and strong, Is "Glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah!
2 And 'mid the shad-'wy, gloom - y vale, With darkness closing o'er us,
3 And by the lair of "grim Despair" We pass, his strength defy- ing,
4 With joy sin - cere we scale Mount Clear, While echoes all are ring- ing,
5 A grand old song, so sweet and strong, On earth it led our le- gions,

We'll sing it on Mount Beau - ti - ful, And in the land of Beu-lah.
We hear the cho - rus joy - ful rise Of pilgrims gone be- fore us.
His chal-lenge drear we need not fear, But shout with songs re-ply- ing.
A might- y throng the sound pro-long, We pil-grims must be sing-ing.
But high - er praise, in an - gel lays, Shall fill the star- ry re-gions.

Refrain.

Glo - ry, Glo - ry, Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!

We'll sing it on Mount Beau-ti- ful, And in the land of Beu- lah.

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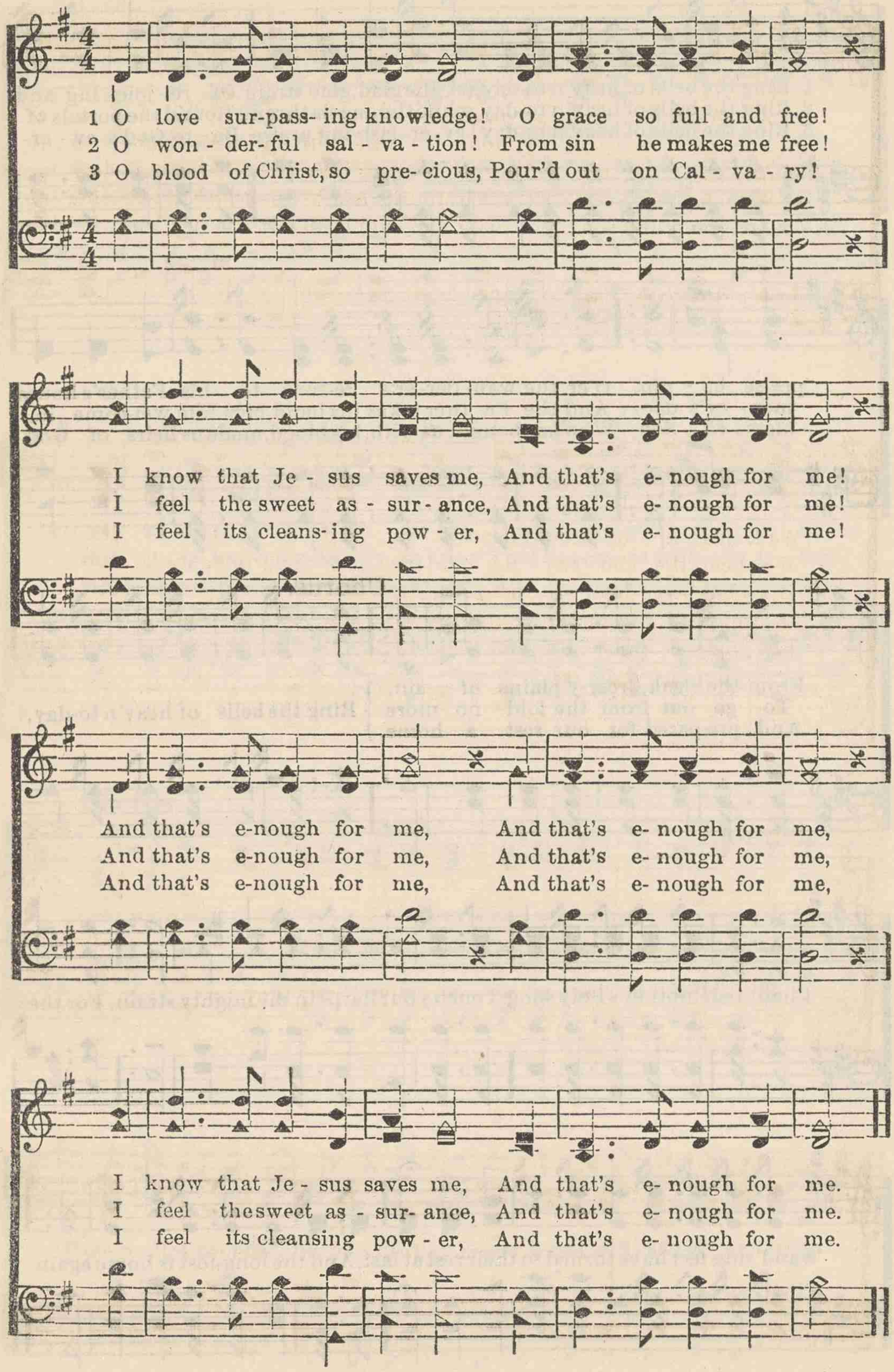
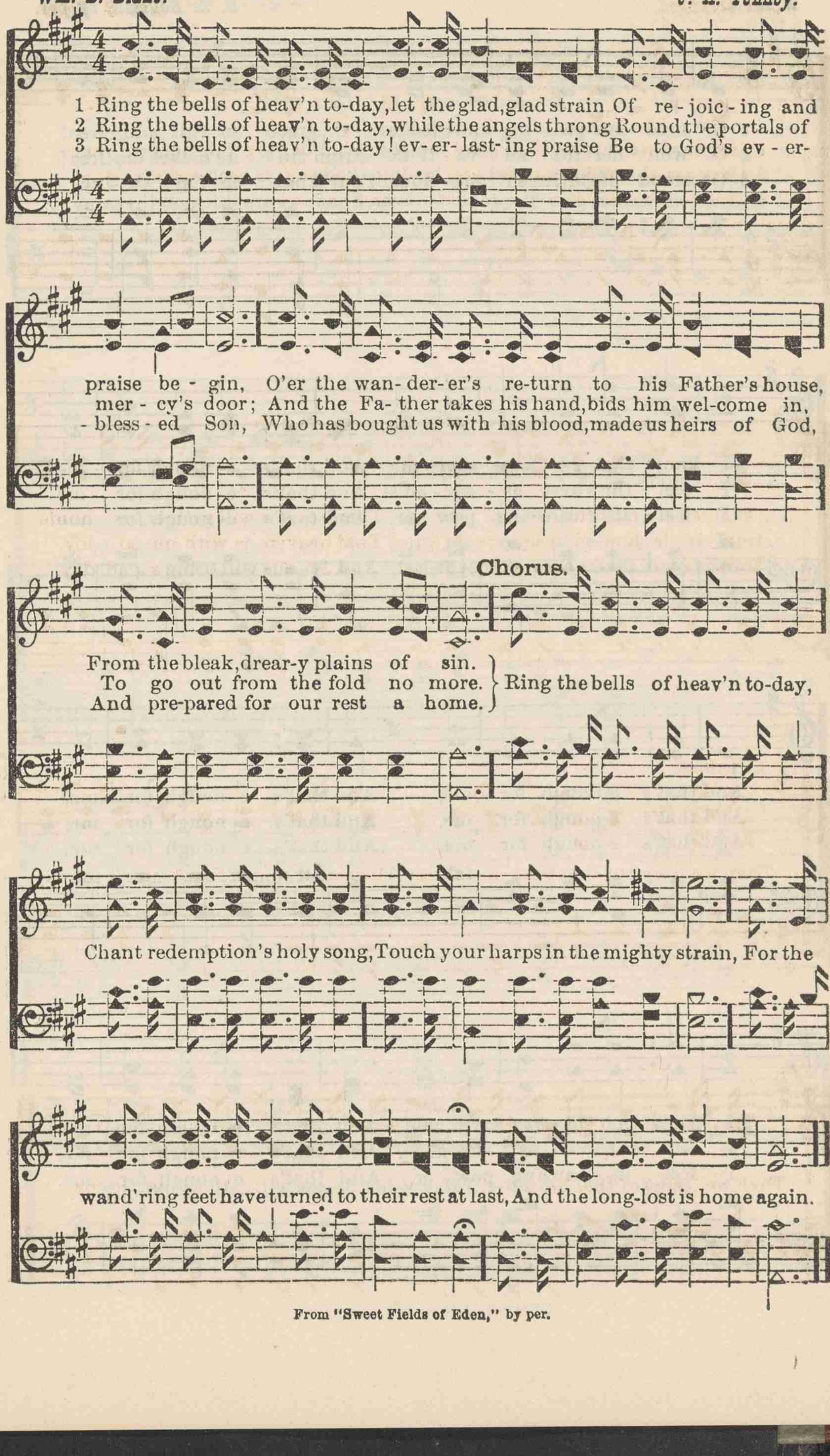
ENOUGH FOR ME.

E. A. H. E. A. Hoffman, by per.



RING THE BELLS.

Wm. B. Blake. J. H. Tenney.

From "Sweet Fields of Eden," by per.

Words arranged. *Wm. B. Blake.*

1 On ward we're travel-ling here be- low, Wan-der-ing pilgrims we roam,
2 Dark is the wil-der-ness here be- low, Fad-ing is each earthly joy,
3 Cross- es we have on the road to bear, Shadows are thick on the way.

If we are faithful as on we go Then Je- sus will gath-er us home.
But it is hap- pi- ness here to know That heaven is with-out al - loy.
Morning will pierce thro' shades at last, And Je- sus will bring a glad day.

Chorus.

Then we'll sing of that beau- ti- ful day, Then we'll sing of that beau-ti- ful day,

Then we'll sing of that beau-ti- ful day When Je-sus will gath-er us home.

72 TARRY AT THE WELLSIDE.

Aldine S. Kieffer. *Wm. B. Blake.*

1 Lonely in the des-ert, fainting by the way, Weary with my sins and dis- tress'd,
2 Ev-er bless- ed fountain, gushing from the Rock, Smitten by the hand of the blest;
3 Bless-ed Rock of A- ges, ev- er wilt thou yield Freshness for the sad and op- pressed;
4 Fountain of God's mer-cy! fountain of his love! Flowing for the sad and dis- tress'd;

Flashes forth a fount-ain, bless-ed well of life, Tar-ry here, my soul, and rest.
Yielding end-less pleasure, blessings pure and sweet, Tar-ry here, my soul, and rest.
Ev- er bless-ed fount-ain, sparkling by life's way, Tar-ry here, my soul, and rest.
Ev- er may thy wa-ters gladden all who thirst! Tar-ry here, my soul, and rest.

Refrain.

Tar - ry at the well - side, ev - er bless - ed well - side,
Fount-ain of my life, fail - ing nev - er; Tar - ry at the well - side,
ev - er bless - ed well-side, Yes, I'll tar- ry at the well-side for - ev - er.

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Wm. B. Blake. *Aldine S. Kieffer.*

1 O the dawn of that morn o'er the hills of the East, When the
2 'Tis an an - chor of hope! 'tis a star - beam at night! 'Tis a
3 Yes, the King shall ap - pear, and the reign of his peace Shall a-
4 Haste ye on in your march, O ye swift - fly - ing years! Bear us

King of the earth shall appear! Not in sorrow's low cry, but in anthems of praise
prom-ise of heav-en- ly birth: That the legions of sin will not always prevail,
- bide on the fair, smiling land; And the beauty of Christ to his Israel reveal' d
far from this sorrow and pain To that morning of bliss and that blessed abode,

Chorus.

Bright-ly dawns the mil- len - ni - al year. Happy morn, bless-ed
But the meek shall in- her - it the earth.
As the lil - ies of E - den expand.
When the saints with the Saviour shall reign. Happy morn,

day, When the Sav - iour shall come to earth a - gain; Hap - py
blessed day,

morn, bless-ed day, When the saints with the Saviour shall reign.
Happy morn, blessed day,

rit.

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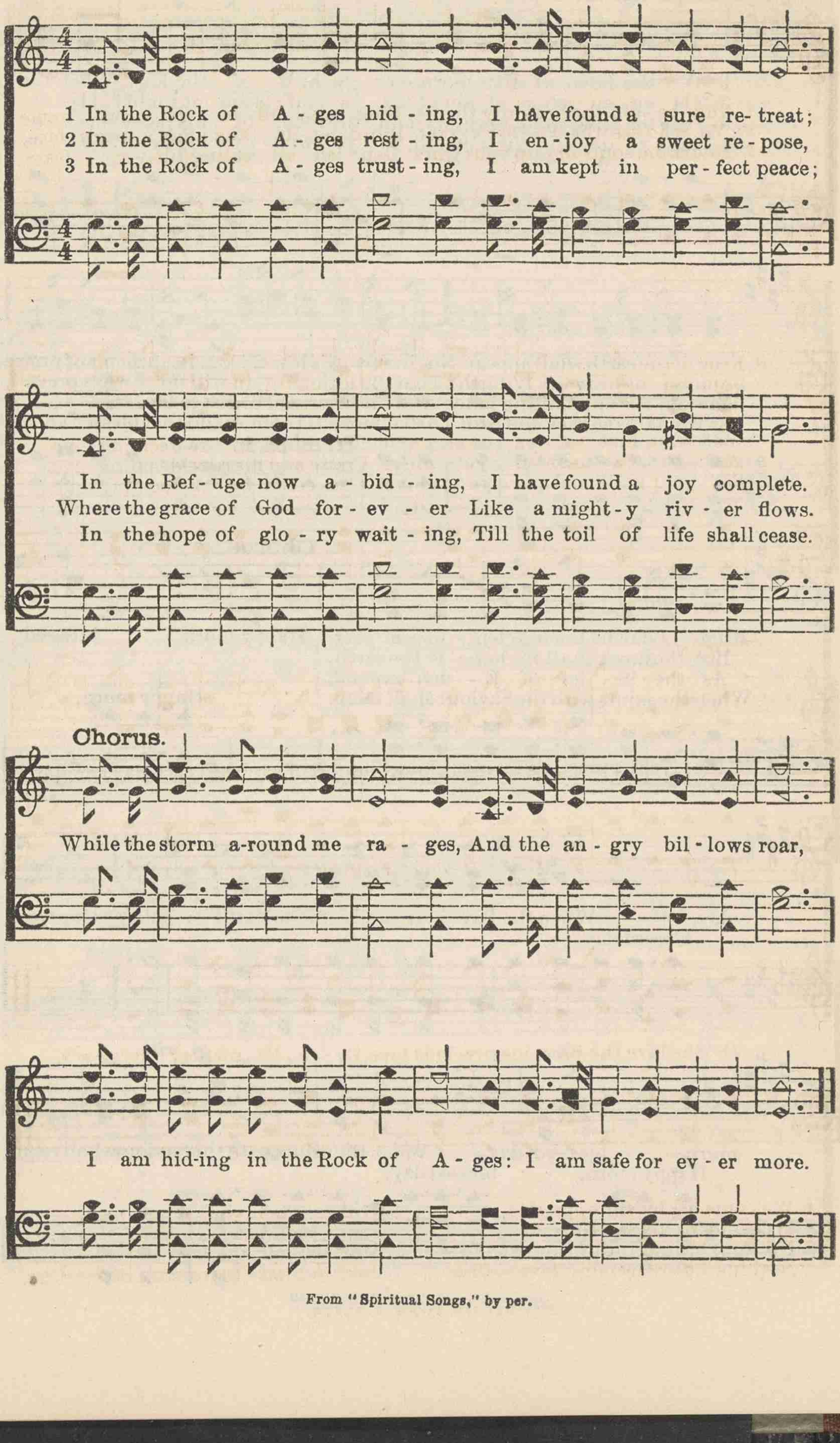
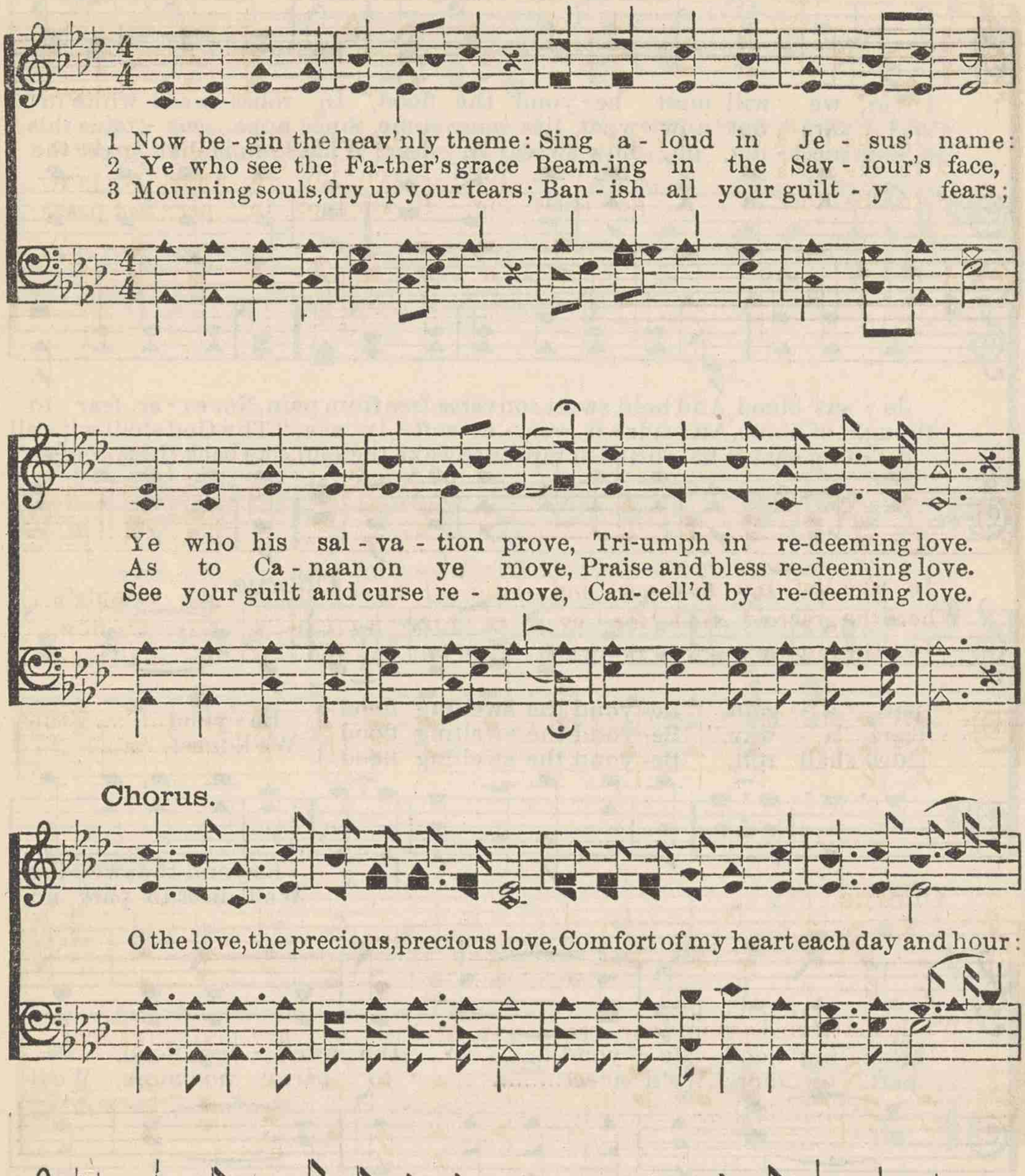
74 HIDING IN THE ROCK.

Rev. H. B. Hartzler. *C. H. Gabriel.*



From "Spiritual Songs," by per.

Langford. *Wm. B. Blake.*



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

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

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76 BEYOND THE SWELLING FLOOD.

A. E. Childs. *J. H. Tenney, by per.*

1 Yes, we will meet be-yond the flood, In robes made white in
2 I care not now what ills may come, Since hope sus-tains this
3 That meet-ing, oh, how sweet-ly dear! What sounds shall greet the

Je-sus' blood, And hold sweet converse, free from pain, Nor ev-er fear to
thought of home, And spir-it voic-es soft-ly say, "Thy God shall wipe all
list'-ning ear! What thrills of rap-ture wake the soul, As back these gold-en

Chorus.

part a-gain, Be-yond the swelling flood.
tears a-way," Be-yond the swelling flood.
gates shall roll, Be-yond the swelling flood.

Be-yond..... the
We'll meet..... to

Be-yond the swell-ing
We'll meet to part no

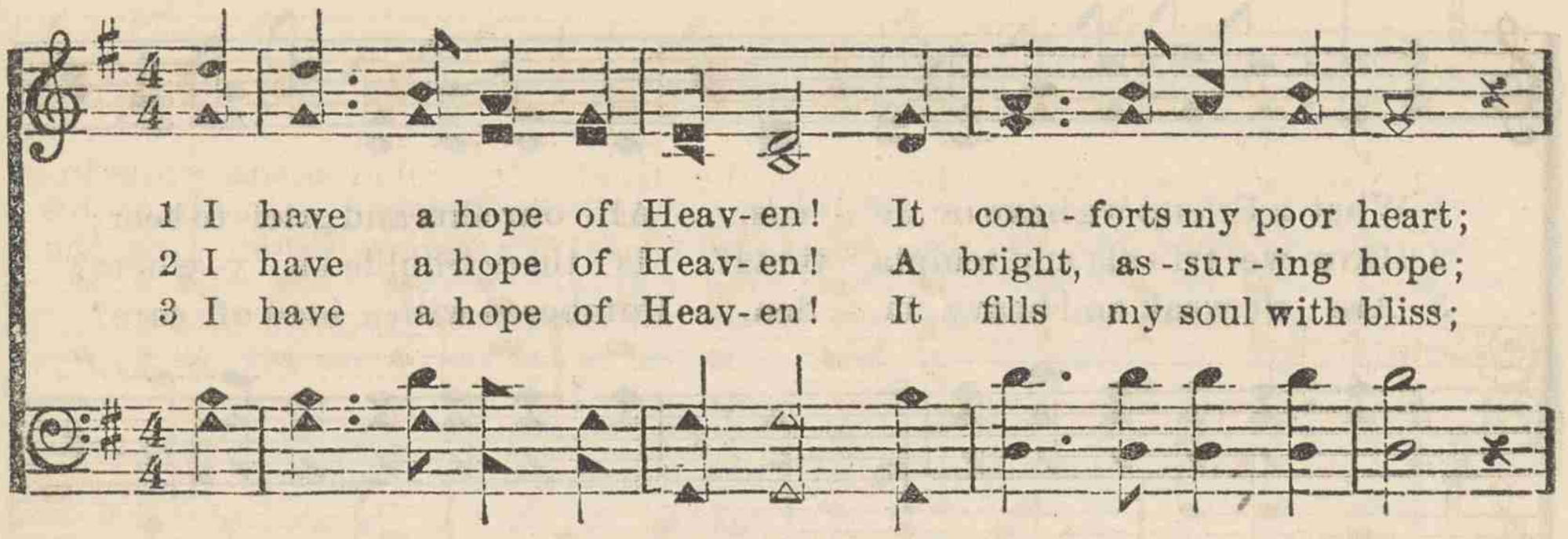
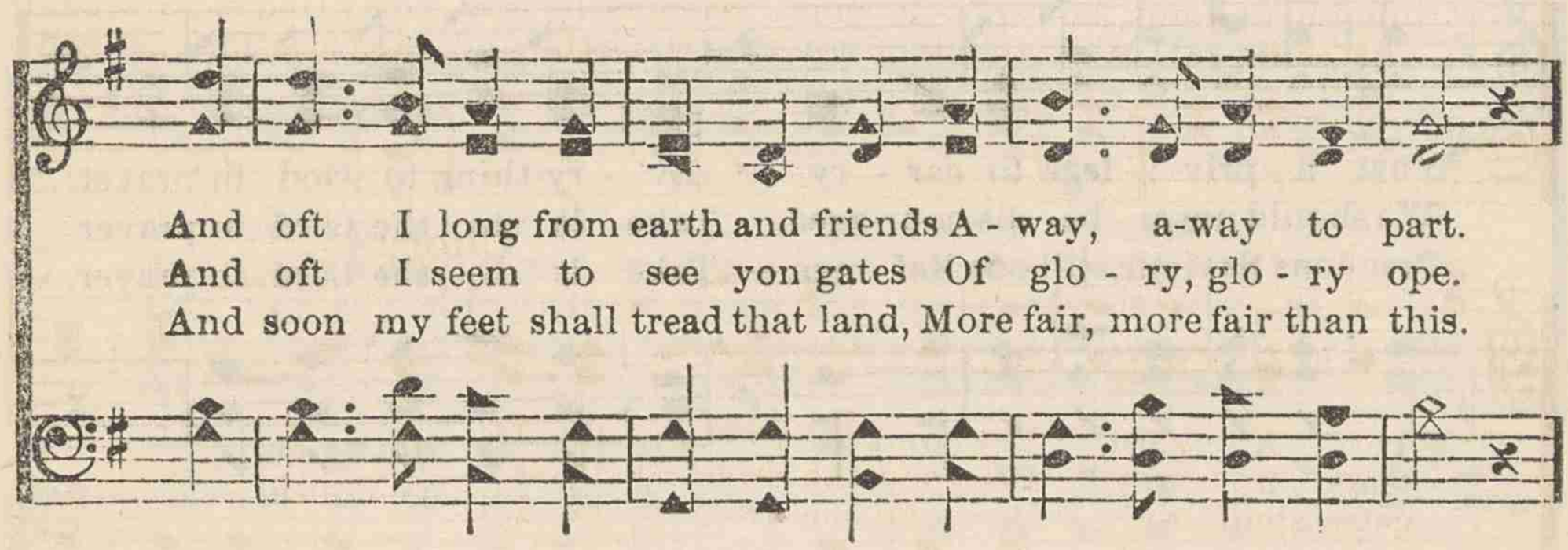
swell-ing flood, Be-yond..... the swell-ing flood, Be-
part no more, We'll meet..... to part no more, We'll

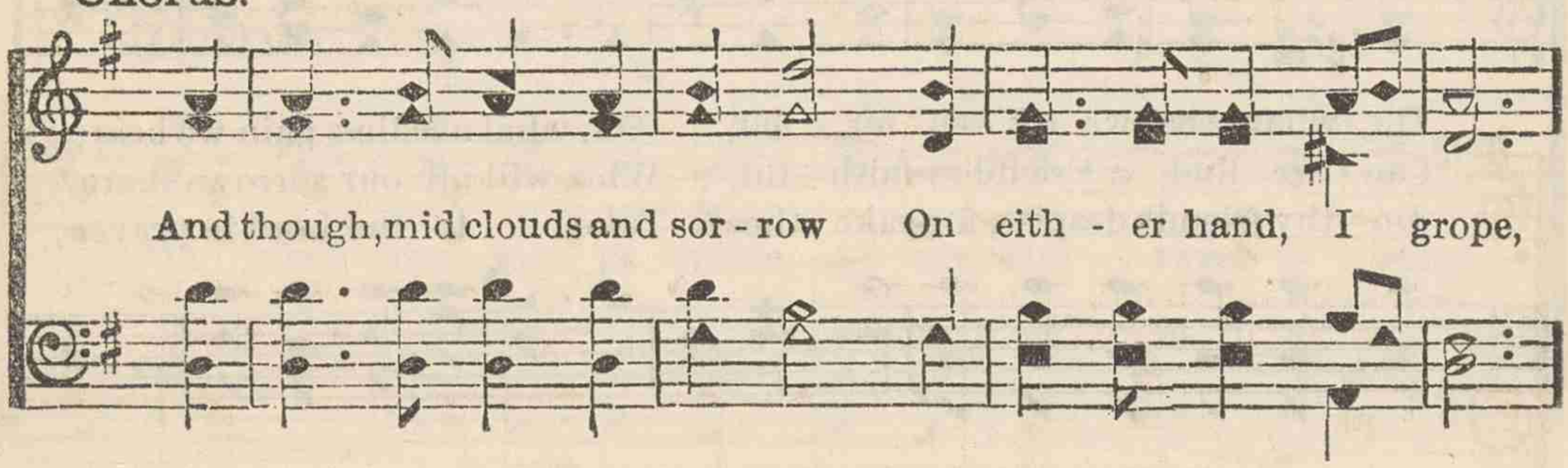
flood,..... Be-yond the swell-ing flood,..... Be-
more,..... We'll meet to part no more,..... We'll

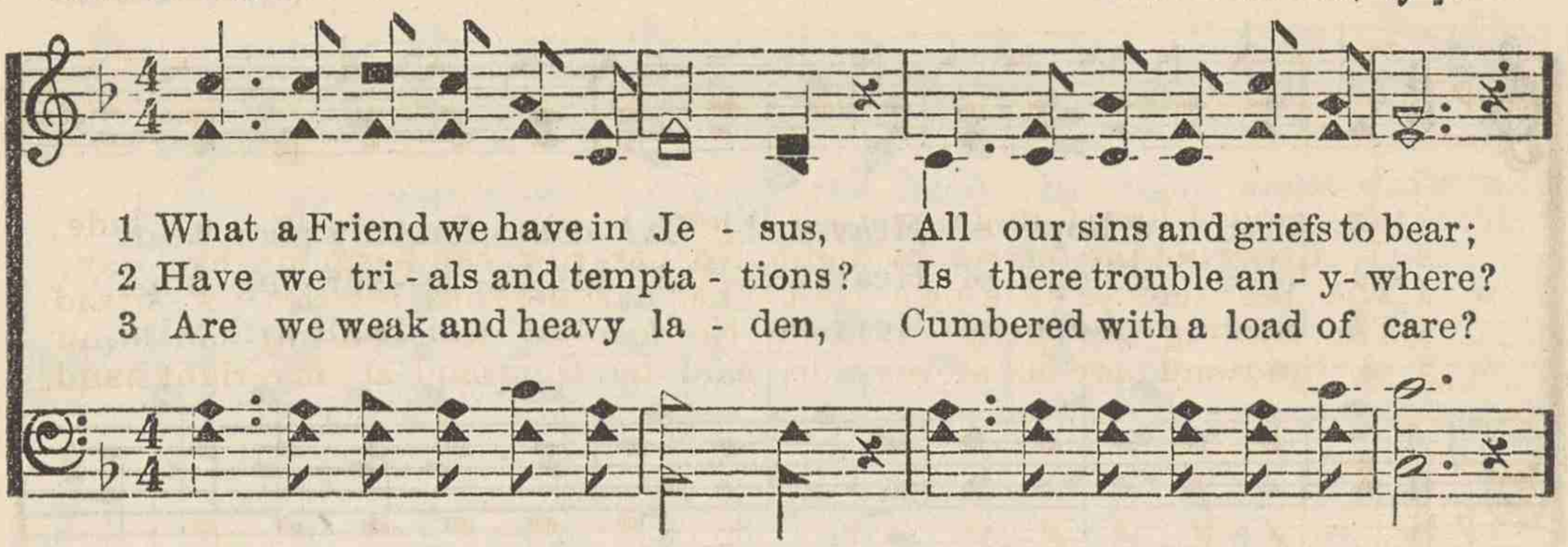
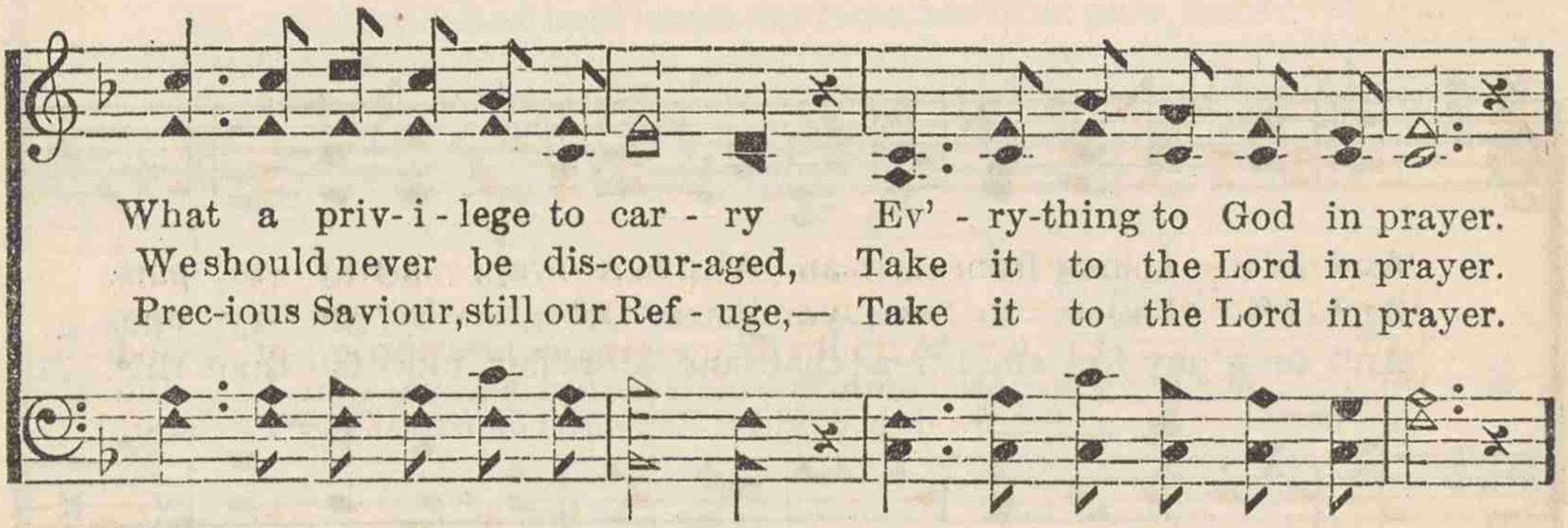
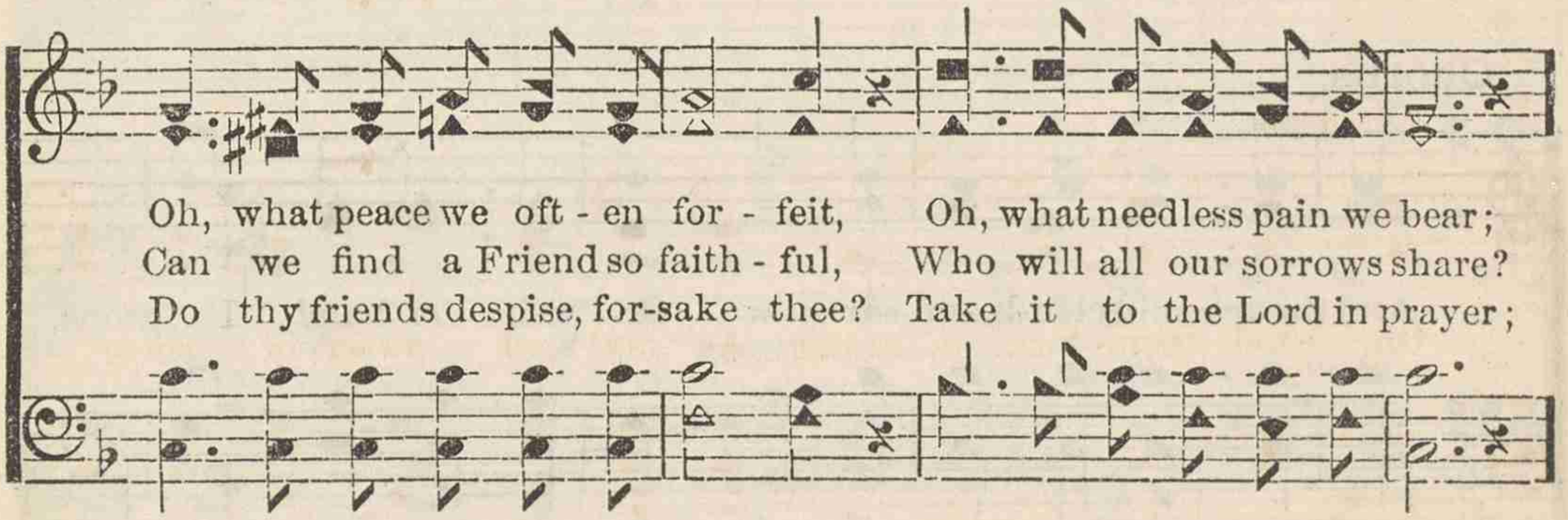
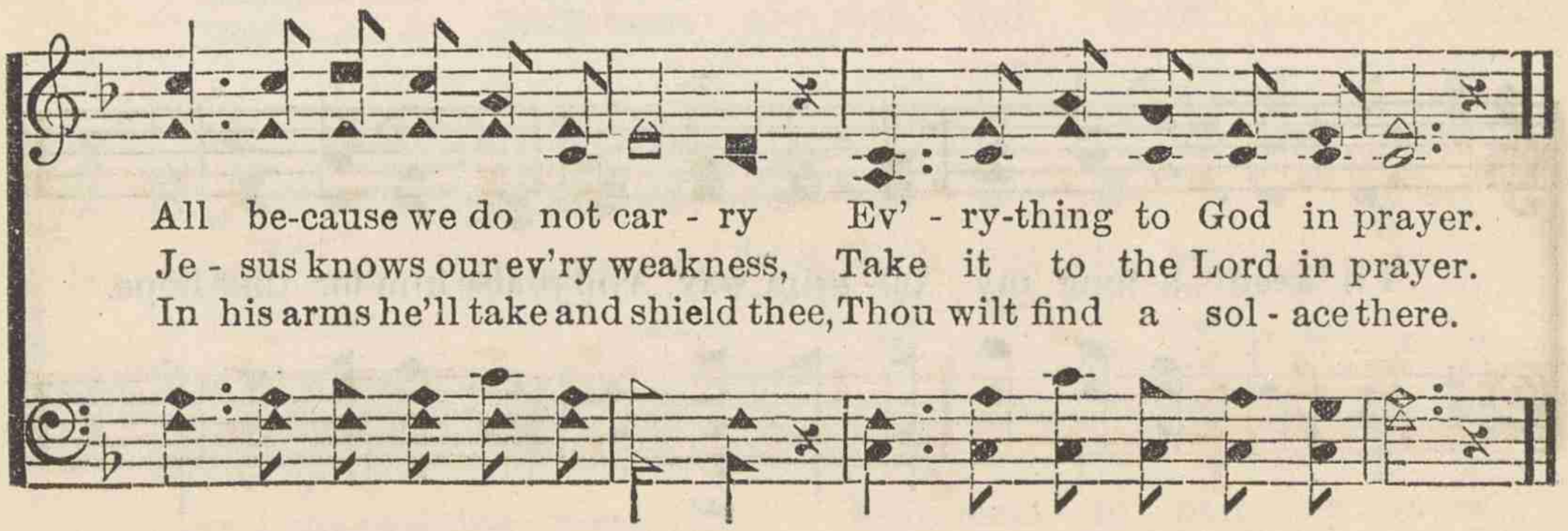
-yond..... the swell-ing flood, We'll meet to part no more.
meet..... to part no more, Be-yond the swell-ing flood.

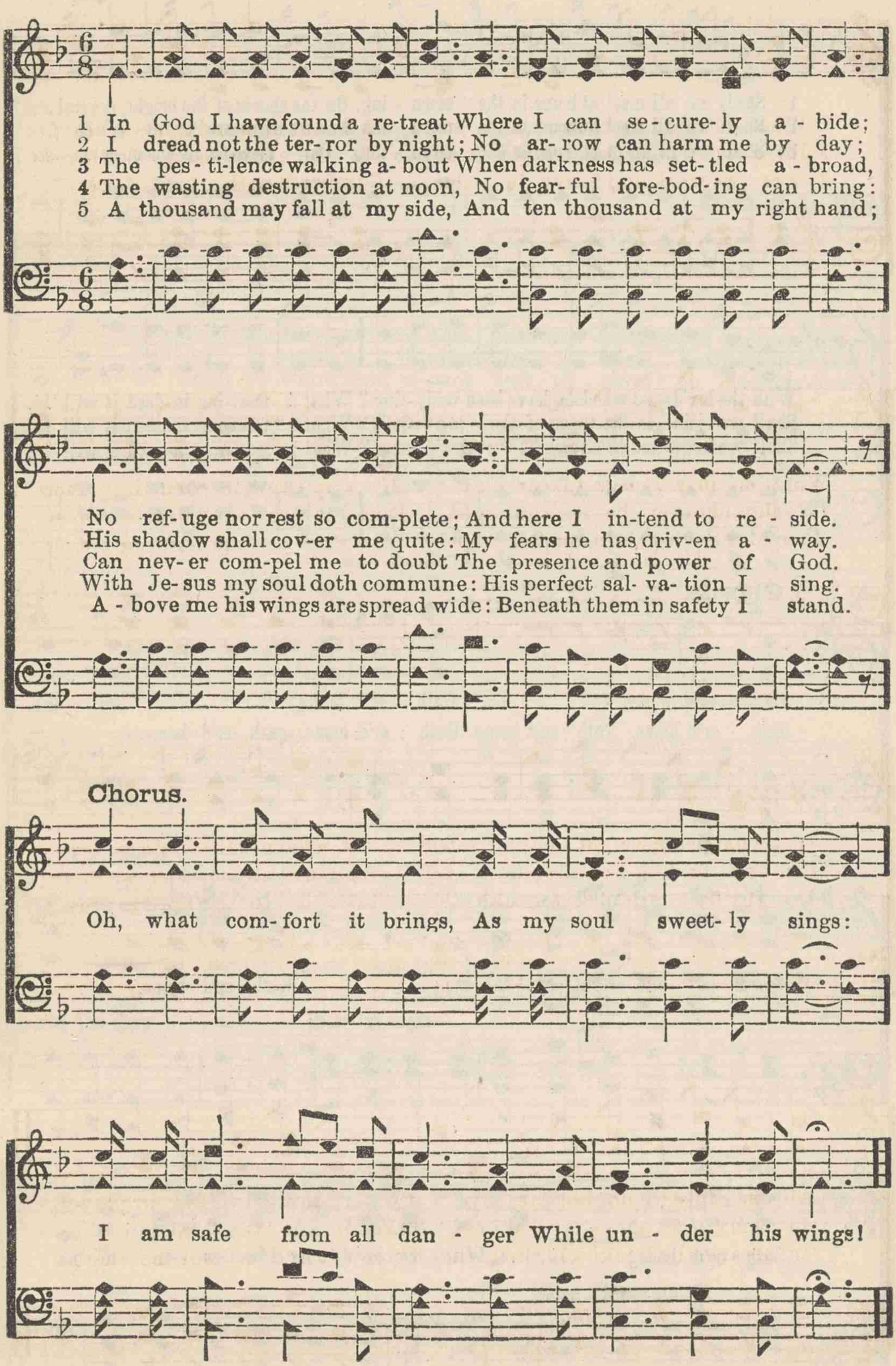
-yond the swell-ing flood,..... We'll meet to part no more.
meet to part no more,..... Be-yond the swell-ing flood.

A HOPE OF HEAVEN.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. *Wm. B. Blake.*



Chorus.

78 WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS.

Rev. H. Bonar. *C. C. Converse, by per.*

J. Nicholson. *Asa Hull, by per.*



GATHERED HOME.

Words arranged. *Geo. B. Holsinger.*

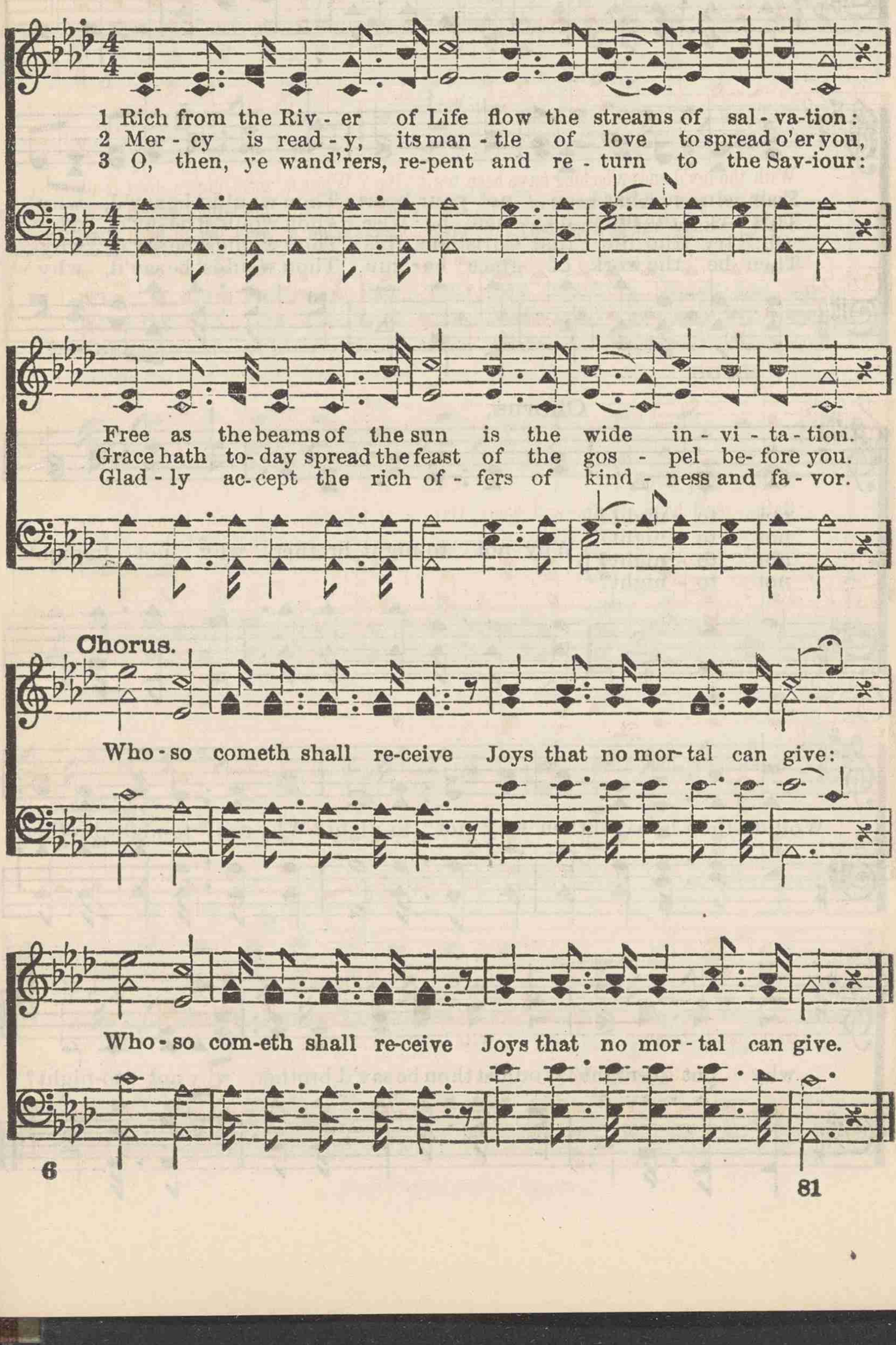
1 Shall we all meet at home in the morn - ing, On the shores of the bright, crystal sea?
2 Shall we all meet at home in the morn - ing, And from sor-row for- ev - er be free?
3 Shall we all meet at home in the morn - ing, Our bless-ed Re-deem-er to see?

With the lov'd ones who long have been wait - ing? What a meet-ing in-deed it will be.
Shall we join in the songs of the ran - som'd? What a meet-ing in-deed it will be.
Shall we know and be known by our lov'd ones? What a meet-ing in-deed it will be.

Chorus.

Gath - er'd home, Gath - er'd home, On the
Gath - er'd home, gath - er'd home, Gath - er'd home, gath - er'd home,
shores of the bright, crys - tal sea; Gath - er'd home, ...
crys - tal sea; gath-er'd home,
Gath - er'd home, ... With our lov'd ones for - ev - er to be.
Gath - er'd home,

THE GOSPEL INVITATION

Aldine S. Kieffer.

82

WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?

Dr. Bonar. *Wm. B. Blake.*

1 Oh! do not let the Word de-part, And close thy eyes against the light;
2 To-mor-row's sun may nev-er rise To bless thy long de-lud-ed sight,
3 This world has noth-ing left to give, It has no new, no pure de-light;
4 Our bless-ed Lord re-fus-es none, Who would to him their souls unite,

Poor sin-ner, hard-en not your heart; Thou wouldst be sav'd, why
This is the time, oh, then be wise, Thou wouldst be sav'd, why
Oh, try the life that Christians live! Thou wouldst be sav'd, why
Then be the work of grace be-gun, Thou wouldst be sav'd, why

Chorus.

not to-night?
not to-night?
not to-night?
not to-night?

Why not to-night, brother, why not to-night?

Wouldst thou be sav'd, then why not to-night? Why not to-night, brother,

why not to-night? Wouldst thou be sav'd, brother, why not to-night?

ONLY A LOOK.

F. J. C. *W. J. Kirkpatrick.*

1. On - ly a look, my Sav - iour, While trembling here I bow;
2. On - ly a look, my Sav - iour, Will all my sins for - give,
3. On - ly a look, my Sav - iour, With joy my heart would fill,
4. On - ly a look, my Sav - iour, 'Tis done, the work is thine,

On - ly a look, my Sav - iour, My heart is break - ing now.
Ten - der - ly now be - hold me, And bid my spir - it live.
Gra-cious - ly hear my plead - ing, And bend my way - ward will.
Thou, by a look, hast made me An heir of grace di - vine.

Chorus.

On - ly a look, on - ly a look, On - ly a look from thee,
One look from the cross, the blood-stained cross, Will bring sweet peace to me.
4th. v. Has brought sweet peace to me.

From "Ark of Praise," by per.

OVER THE LINE.

Mrs. N. K. Bradford. *Wyatt Minshall.*

1 Oh, ten - der and sweet was the Mas - ter's voice, As he
2 But my sins are ma - ny, my faith is small, Lo, the
3 But my flesh is weak, I tear - ful - ly said, And the
4 Oh, the world is cold, and I can - not go back, Press

lov - ing - ly called to me, "Come o - ver the line, it is
an- swer came quick and clear; "Thou need - est not trust in thy-
way I can- not see, I fear if I try I may
for - ward I sure - ly must; I will place my hand in his

on - ly a step, I am wait - ing, my child, for thee."
-self at all, Step o - ver the line, I am here."
sad - ly fail, And this may dis - hon - or thee.
wound - ed palm, Step o - ver the line and trust.

Chorus.

"Over the line,"—hear the sweet refrain, Angels are chanting the heav'nly strain:

"O- ver the line,"—why should I remain, With a step between me and Je - sus?

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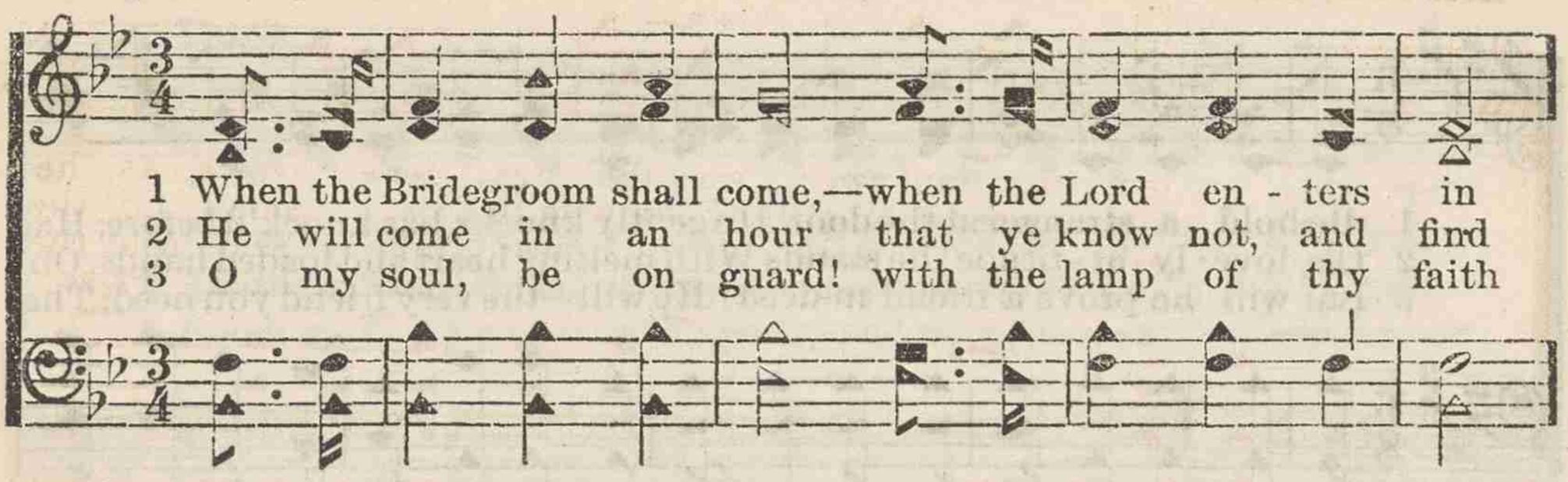
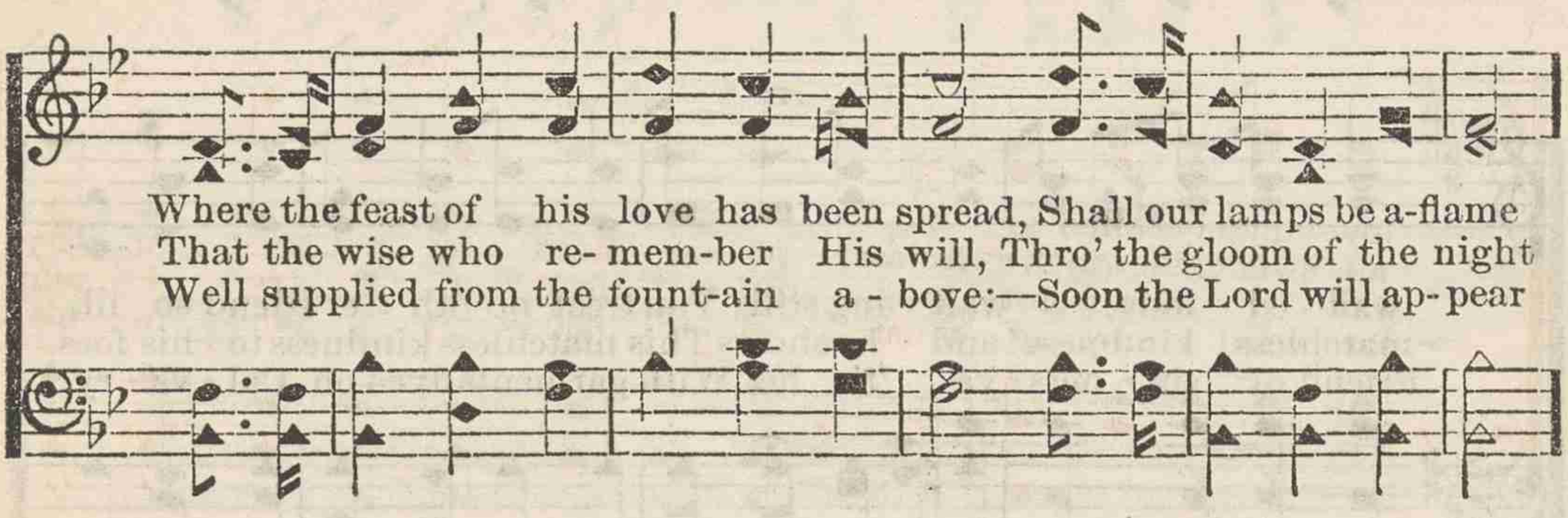
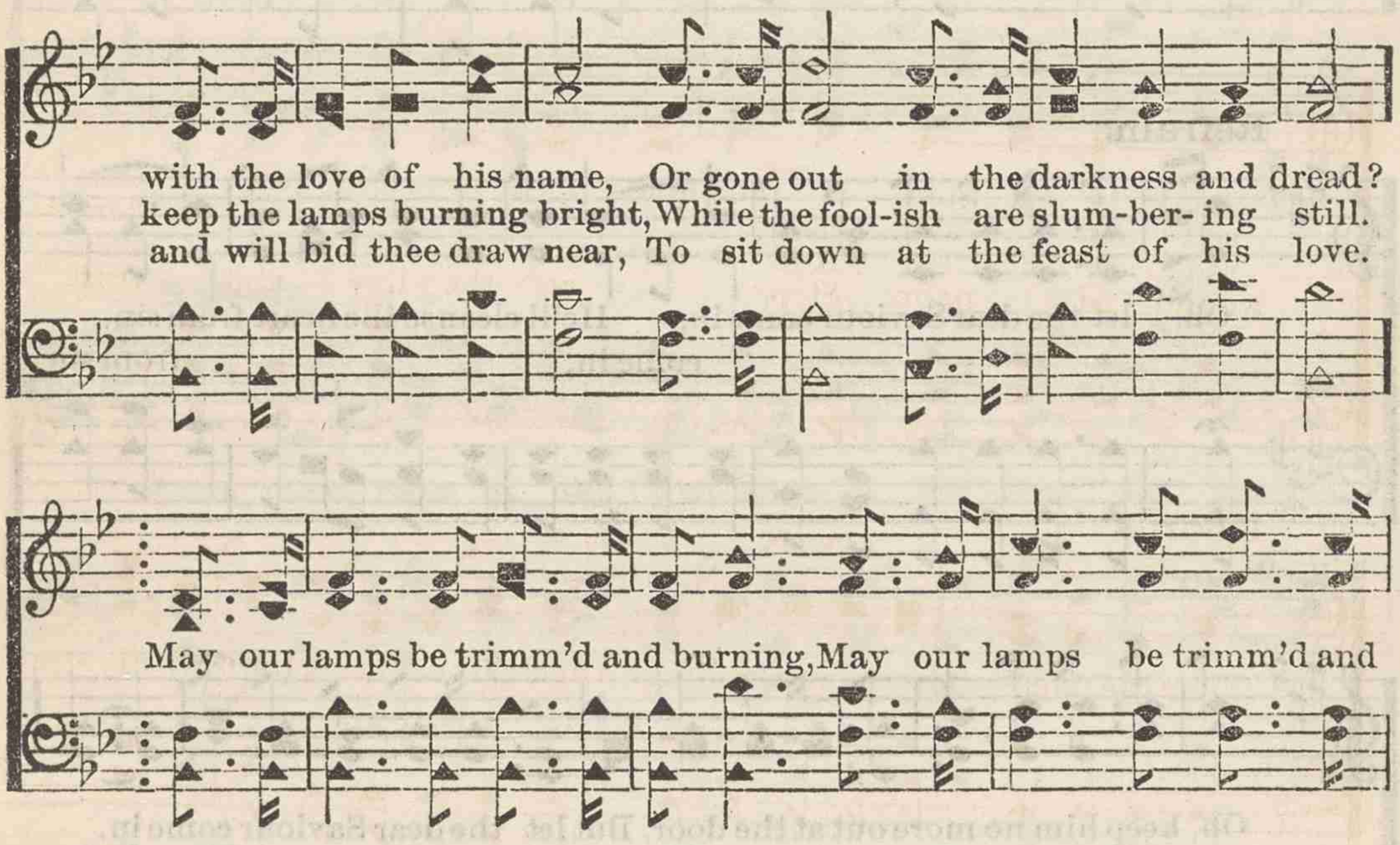
WHEN THE BRIDEGROOM COMES.

Emily Blessington. *Wm. B. Blake.*



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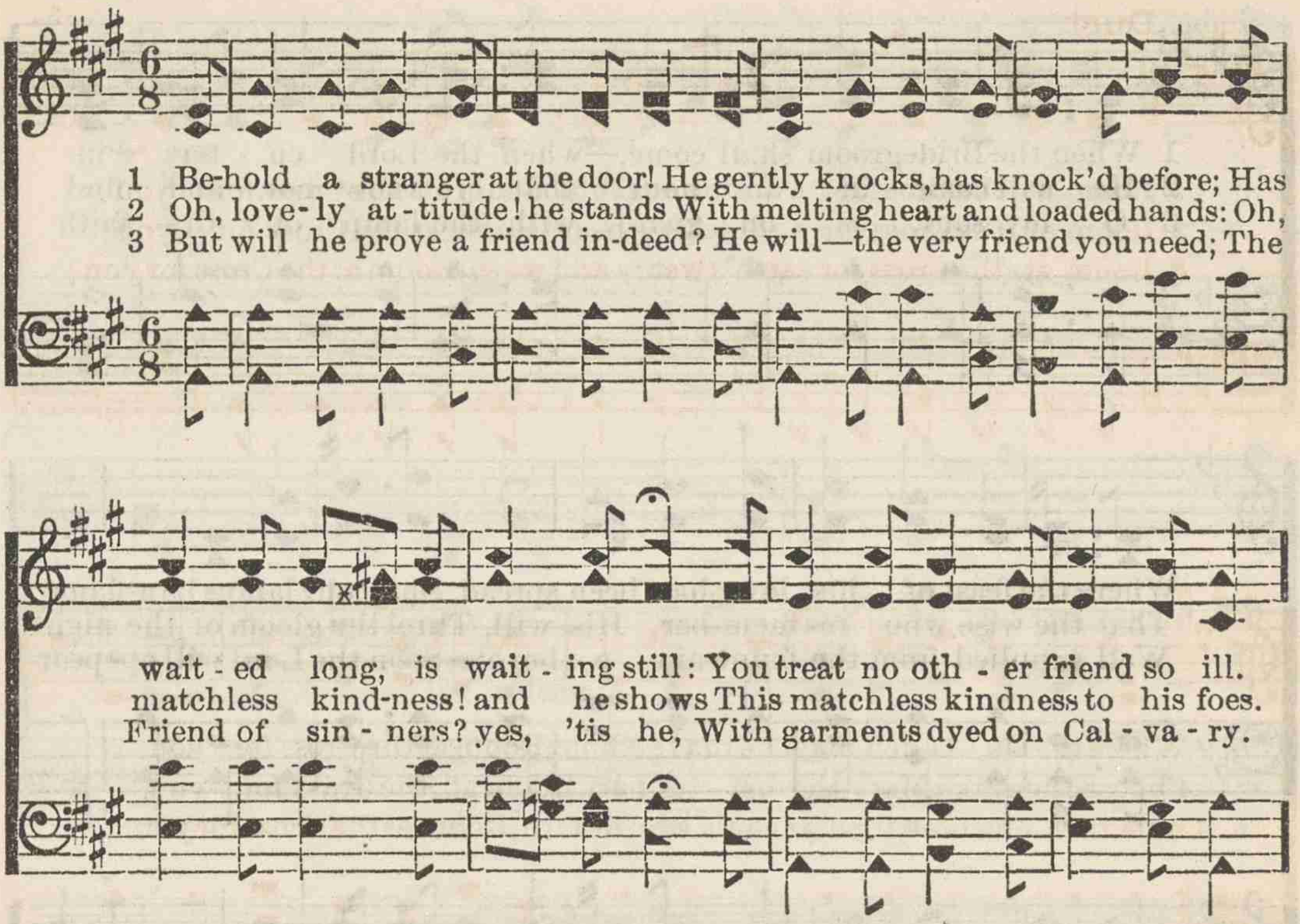
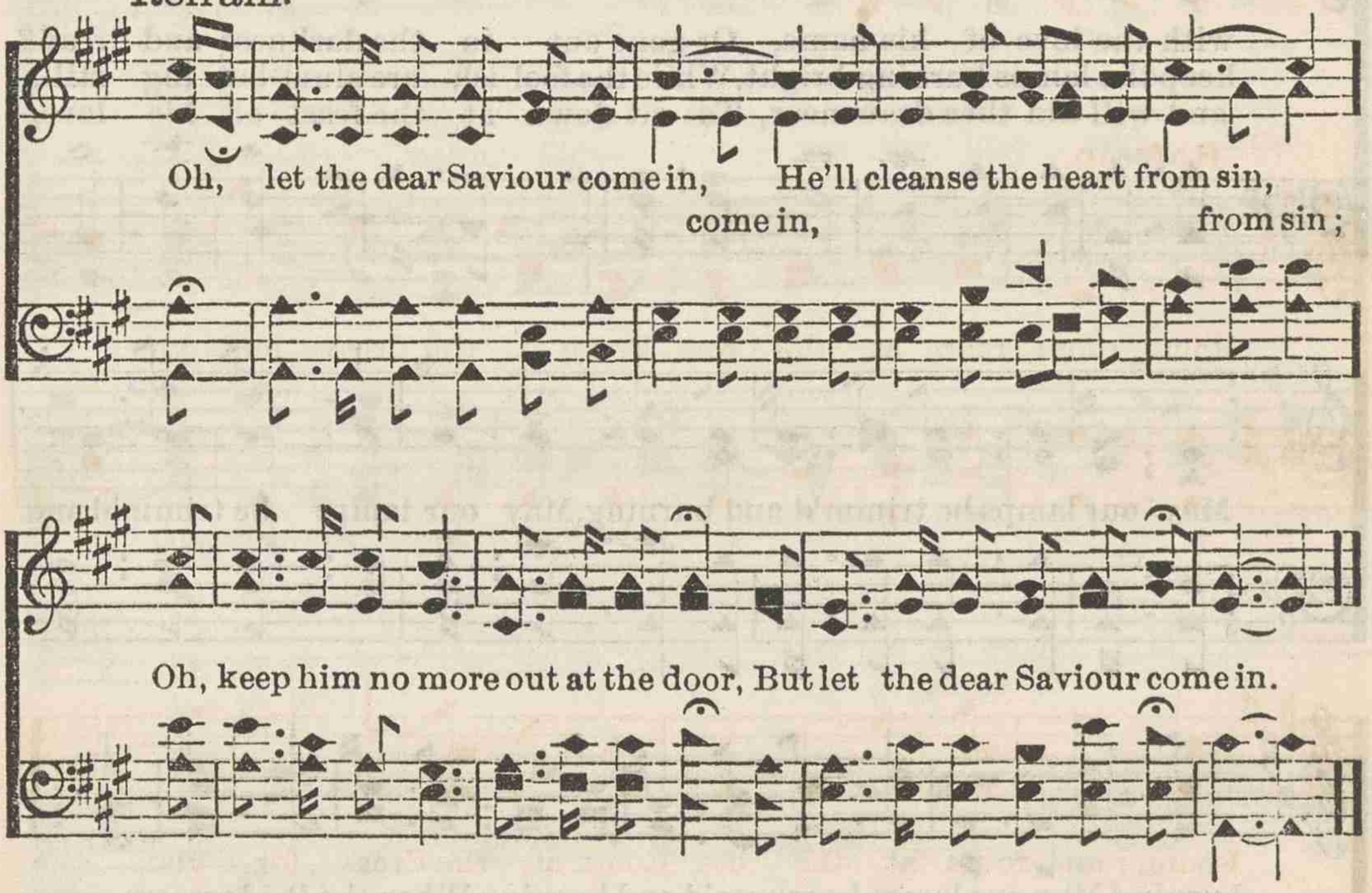
8. THE STRANGER AT THE DOOR.

Griggs. *T. C. O'Kane, by per.*



Refrain.

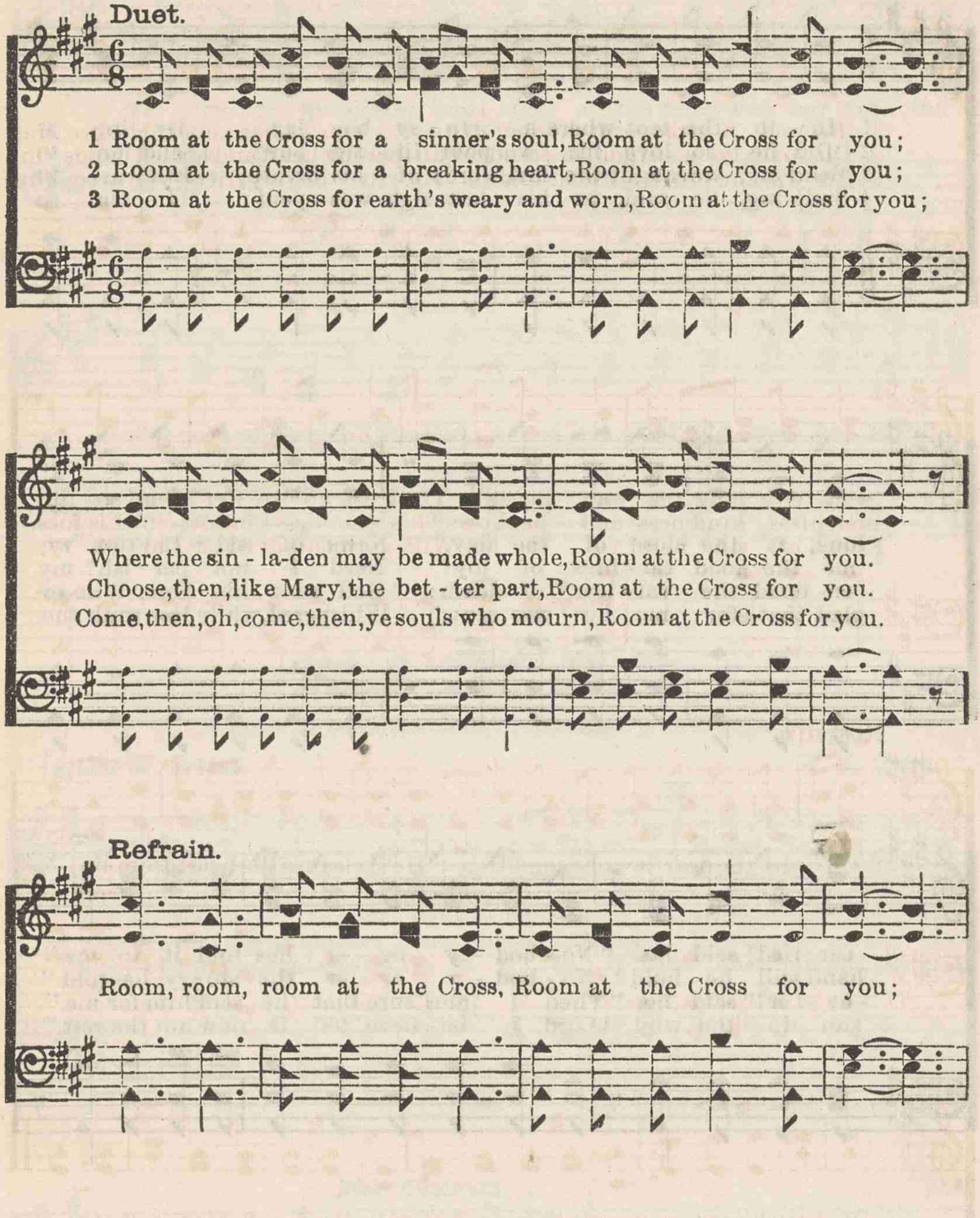


4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine:
Turn out his enemy and thine,—
That soul-destroying monster, Sin,
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

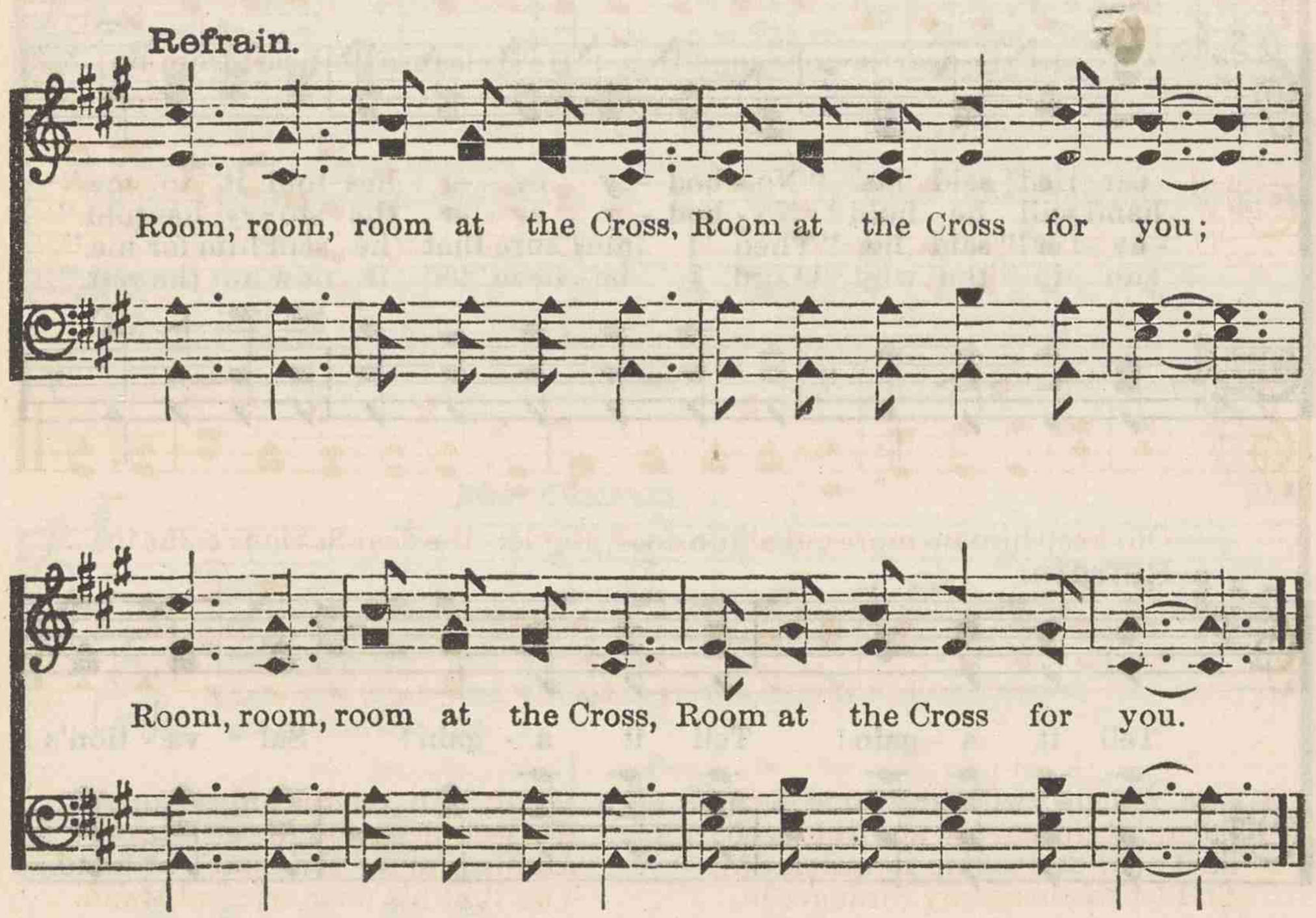
5 Admit him, ere his anger burn:
His feet, departed, ne'er return;
Admit him, or the hour's at hand
You'll at his door rejected stand.

W. B. B. Wm. B. Blake.

Duet.



Refrain.



From "Sharon's Dewy Rose," by per.

TELL IT AGAIN.

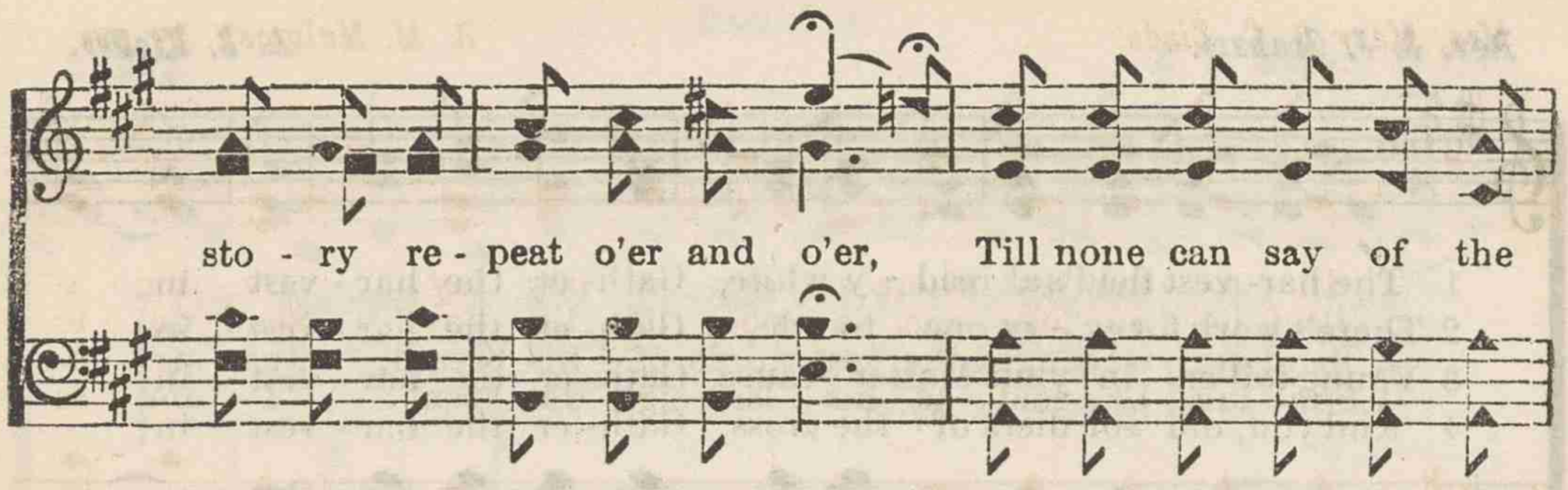
Mrs. Mary B. C. Slade. *R. M. McIntosh, by per.*

1 In - to the tent where a gyp - sy boy lay Dy - ing a-
2 "Did he so love me, a poor lit - tle boy? Send un - to
3 Bend-ing, we caught the last words of his breath, Just as he
4 Smil-ing, he said, as his last sigh was spent: "I am so

- lone, at the close of the day, News of sal - va - tion we
me the good tid - ings of joy? Need I not per - ish? my
en- tered the val - ley of death: "God sent his Son; Who-so-
glad that for me he was sent;" Whispered, while low sank the

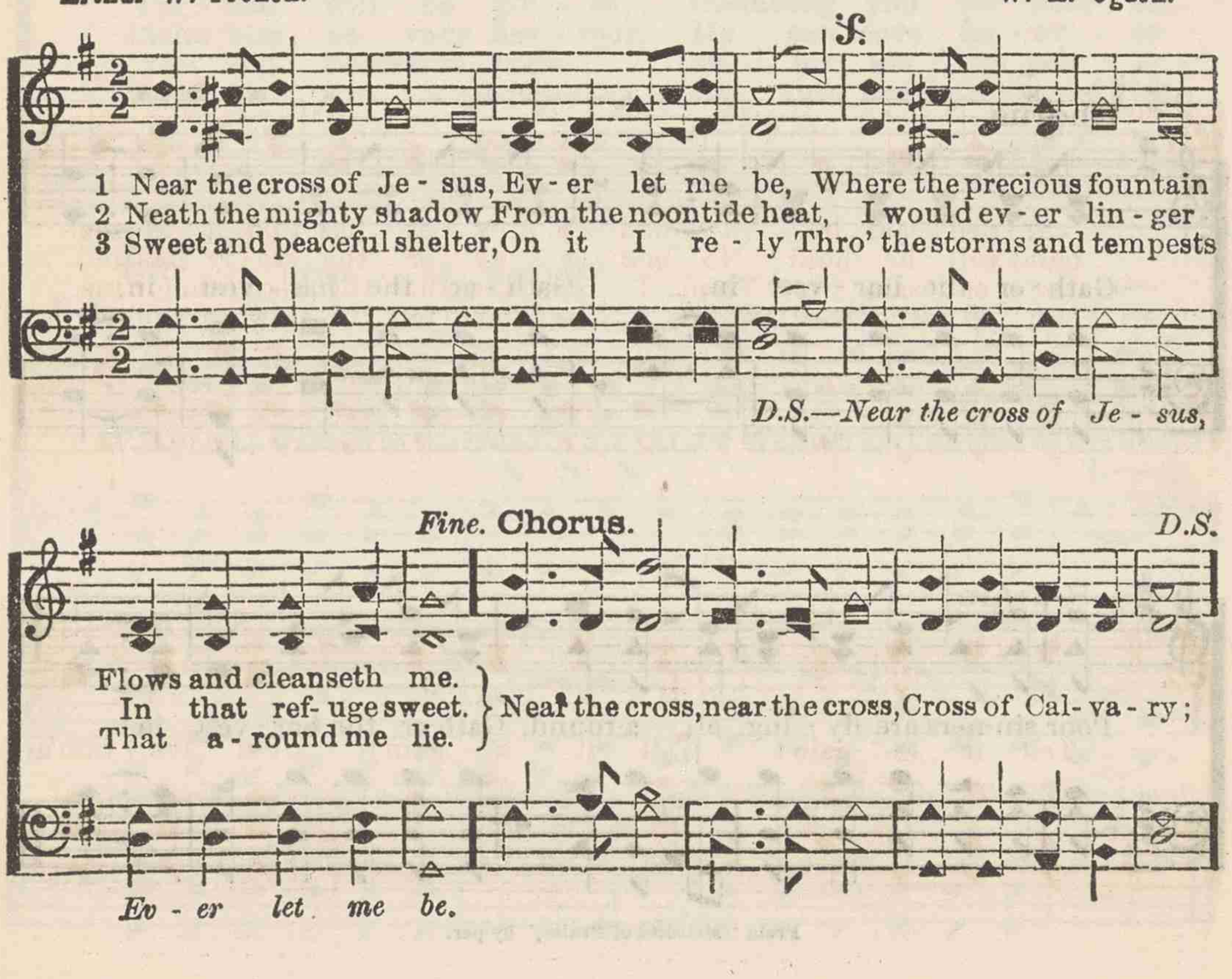
car - ried; said he, "No - bod - y ev - er has told it to me."
hand will he hold? No - bod - y ev - er the sto - ry has told."
- ev - er!" said he, "Then I am sure that he sent him for me."
sun in the west: "Lord, I be - lieve! tell it now to the rest."

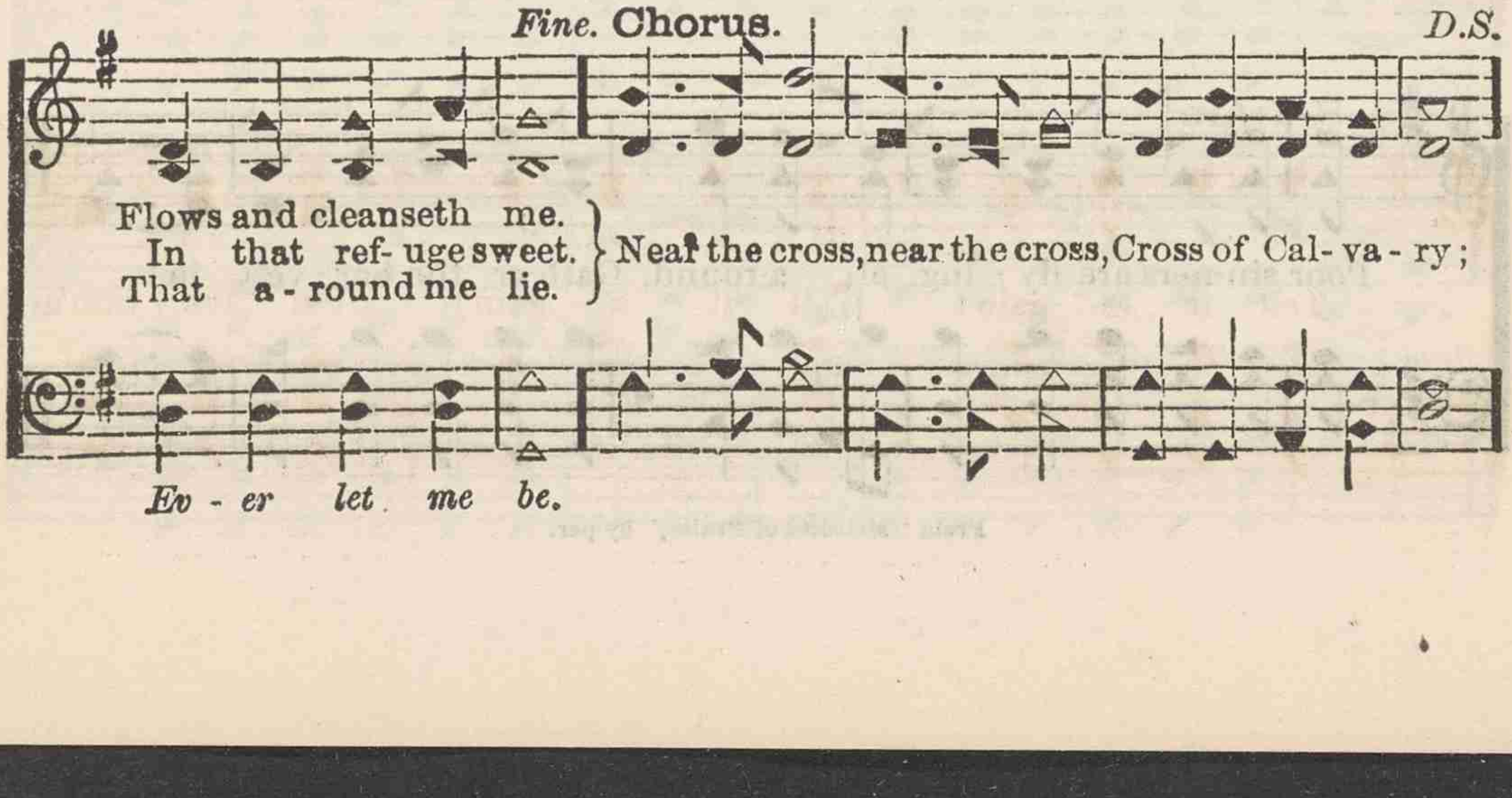
Refrain.

Tell it a - gain! Tell it a - gain! Sal - va - tion's

NEAR THE CROSS.

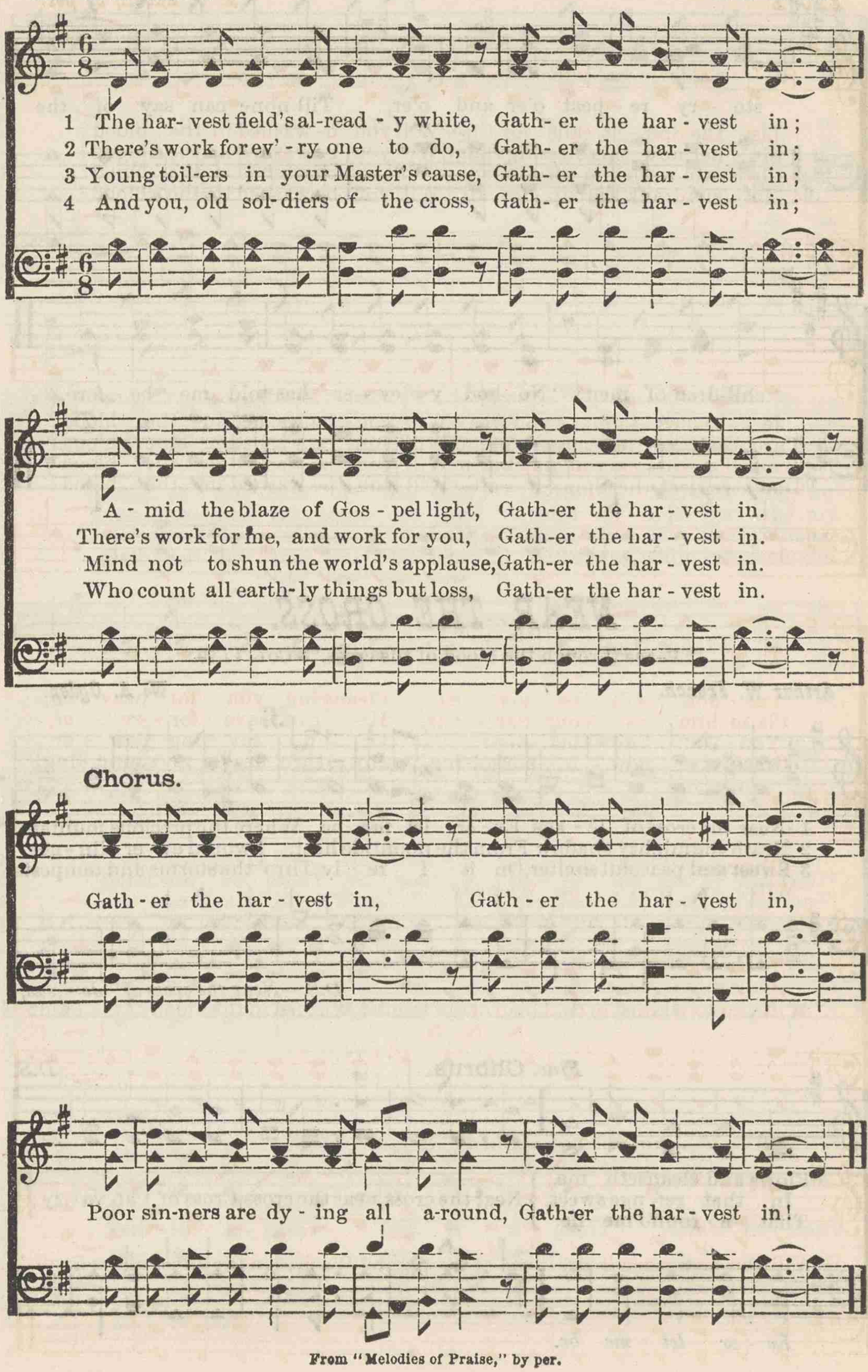
"Peace through the blood of his cross."—Col. 1: 29.

Arthur W. French. *W. A. Ogden.*





90 GATHER THE HARVEST IN.

Rev. S. J. Graham. *A. S. Kieffer.*

From "Melodies of Praise," by per.

WILL YOU BE WASHED IN THE BLOOD? 91

REV. 1: 5.

E. O. E. *E. O. Excell, by per.*

1 List, the Spir - it calls for thee, Will you be washed in the blood?
2 Sin - ner, now this blessing claim, Will you be washed in the blood?
3 Christ can wash you white as snow, Will you be washed in the blood?
4 Je - sus drank the cup for all, Will you be washed in the blood?

Je - sus died to make you free, Will you be washed in the blood?
Thro' the dear Re-deem-er's name, Will you be washed in the blood?
And the wit - ness you may know, Will you be washed in the blood?
Don't re - ject the Spir - it, call, Will you be washed in the blood?

Par - don will be giv - en, Cleans-ing you for heav - en.
Claim him as your Sav - iour, He can save for - ev - er.
You can know this hour Of his sav - ing pow - er.
Grace is now a - bound - ing, Joy thro' heav'n re - sound - ing.

Chorus.

Will you be washed?
Will you be washed in the blood of the Lamb? Washed in the blood of the Lamb?

Will you be washed?
Will you be washed in the blood of the Lamb? Washed in the blood of the Lamb?

92 CLOSE UP ALONG THE LINE.

G. H. T. Geo. H. Throop.

1 The Gos-pel Ban-ner is unfurl'd, And we shall con-quer in this sign;
2 What tho' our leaders, one by one, Fall, like the mountain oak or pine?
3 Press on! tho' he-roes' blood shall flow, As from the wine-press flows the wine!
4 Break forth, ye banner'd hosts, in song, Your myriad voic- es join with mine:

The bat- tlefield's from shore to shore, Close up the ranks a - long the line!
A Da - vid shall suc- ceed to Saul, Close up the ranks a - long the line!
The hosts of Hell to Christ shall yield, Close up the ranks a - long the line!
Loud swell the grand triumphant strain, Close up the ranks a - long the line!

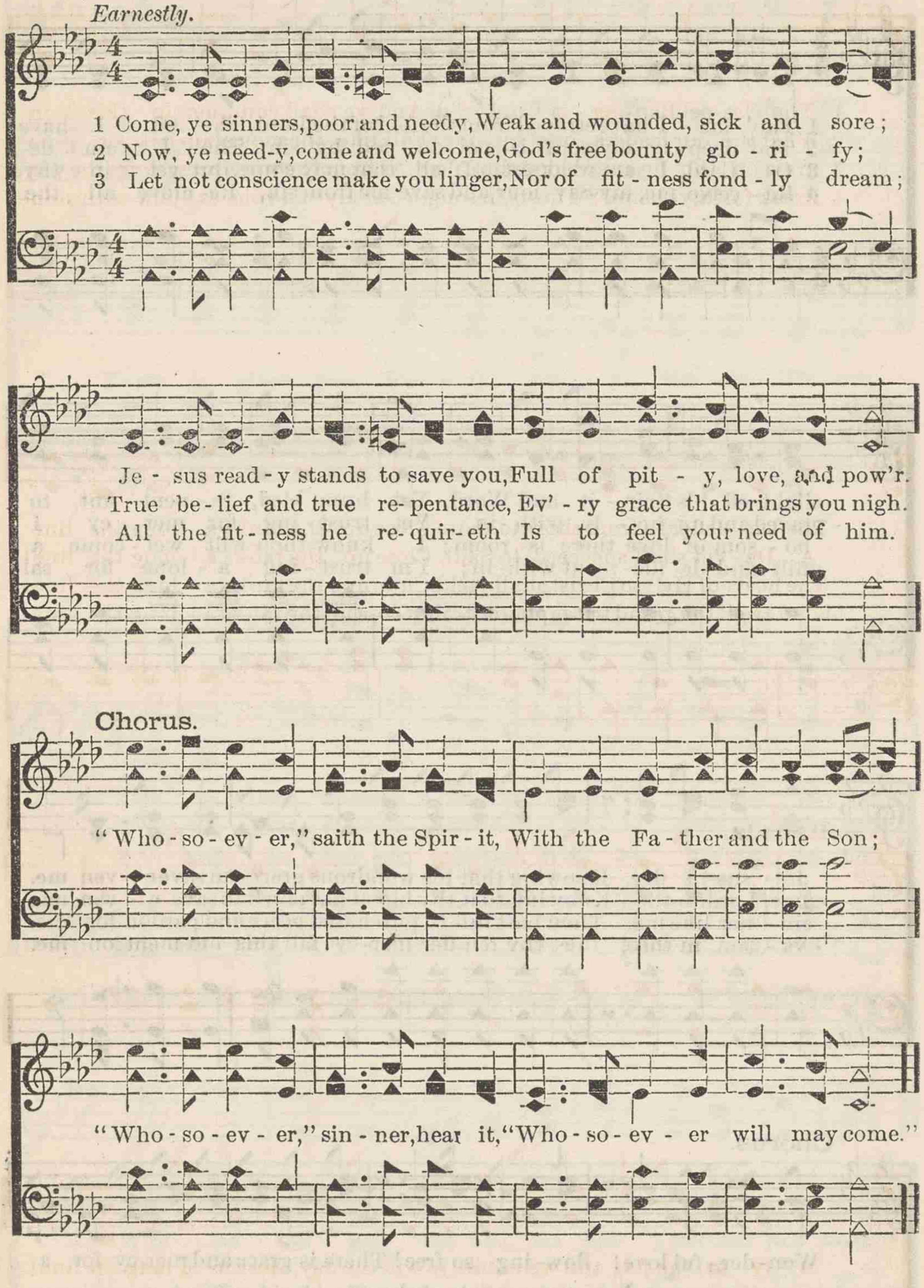
Refrain.

Close up a - long the line, Close up a - long the line, We'll

ral - ly to the flag, and we're sure to win the day, Close us a-long the line!

"The Spirit and the Bride say, come."

T. C. O'Kane, by per.

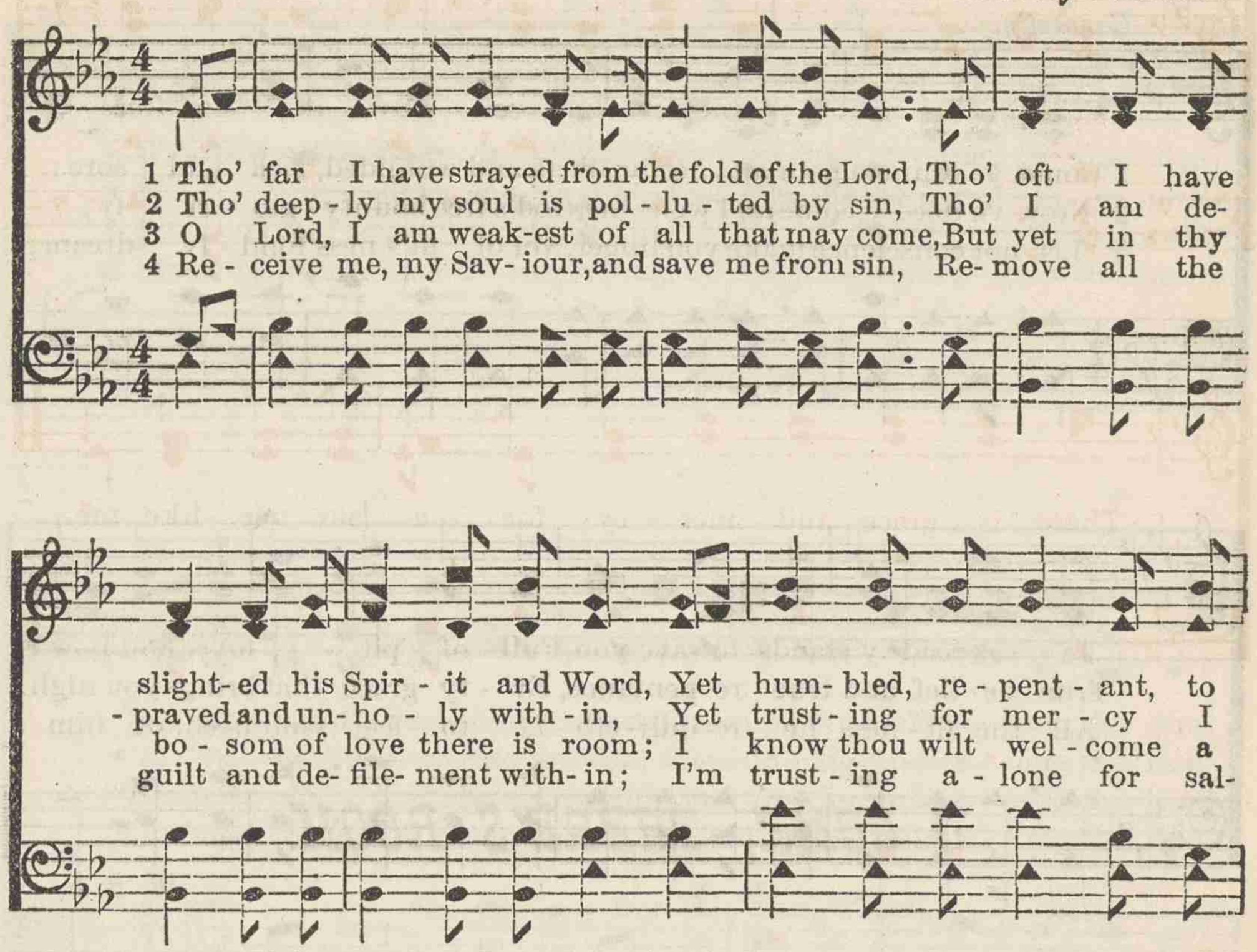
Earnestly.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.—Cho.

5 Lo! th' incarnate God, ascending,
Pleads the merit of his blood;
Venture on him,—venture freely;
Let no other trust intrude.

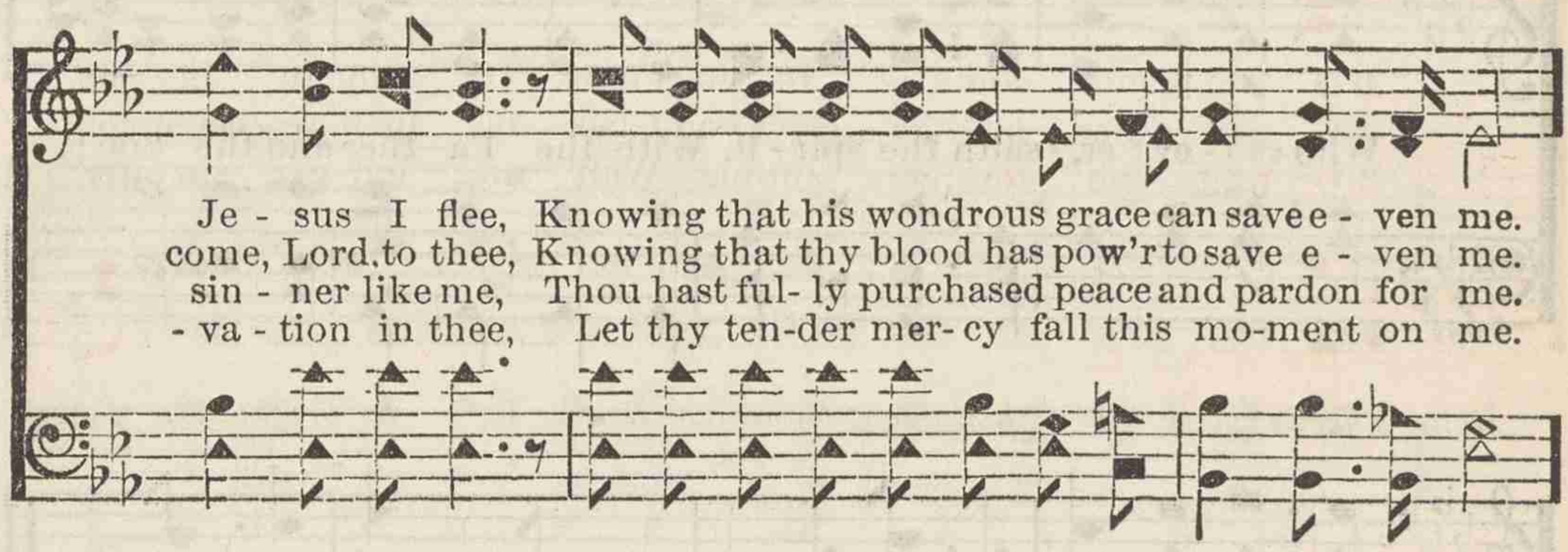
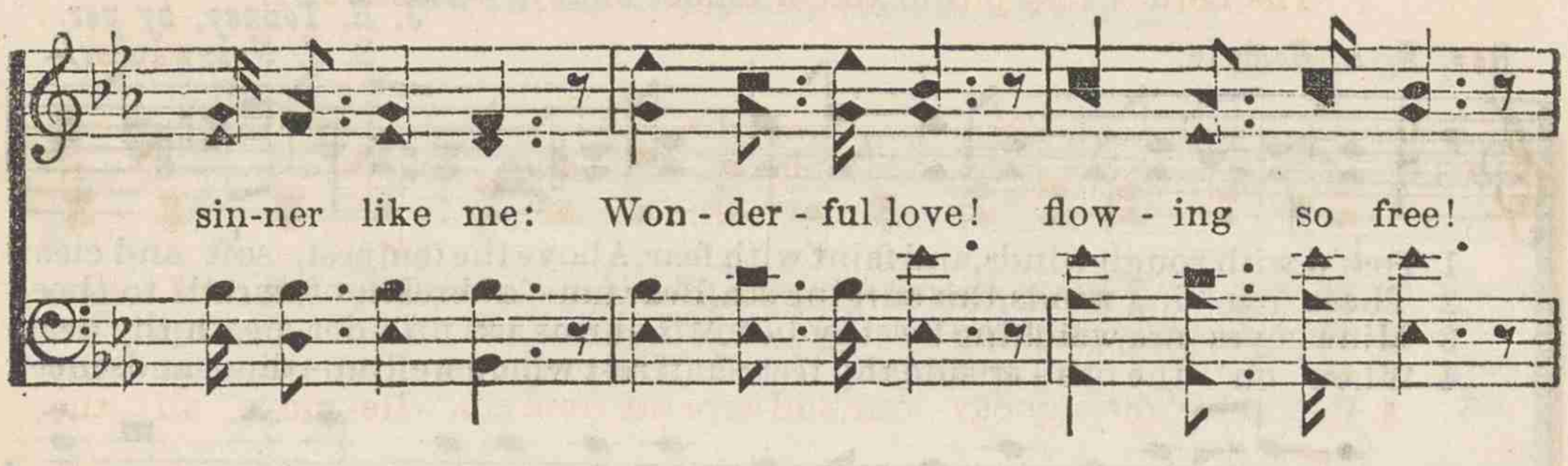
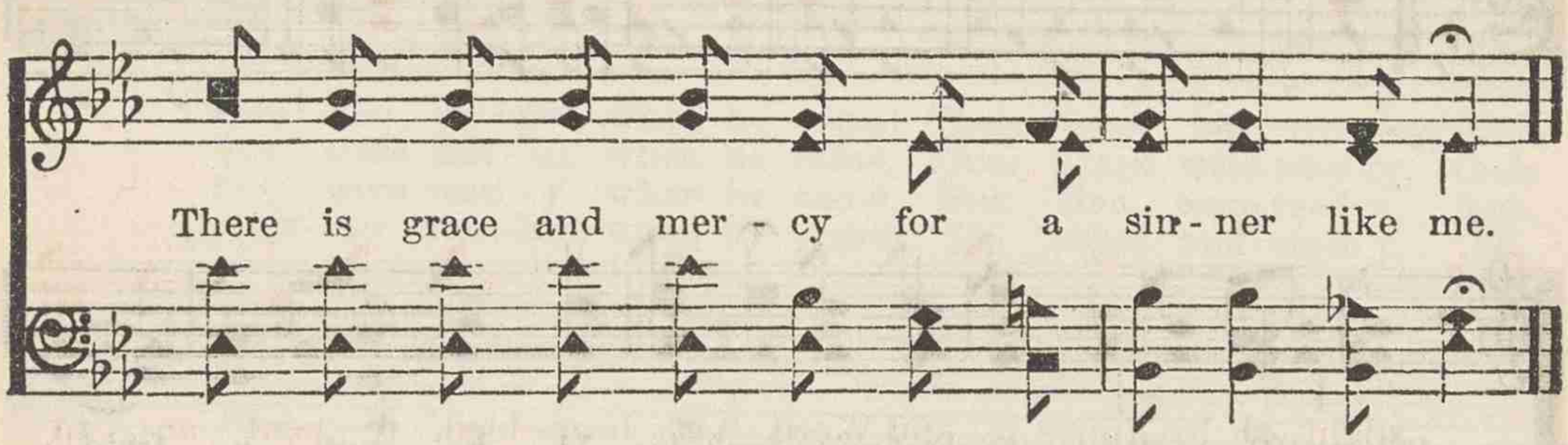
WONDERFUL LOVE.

"The Lord is very pitiful and of tender mercy."—JAMES 5: 11.

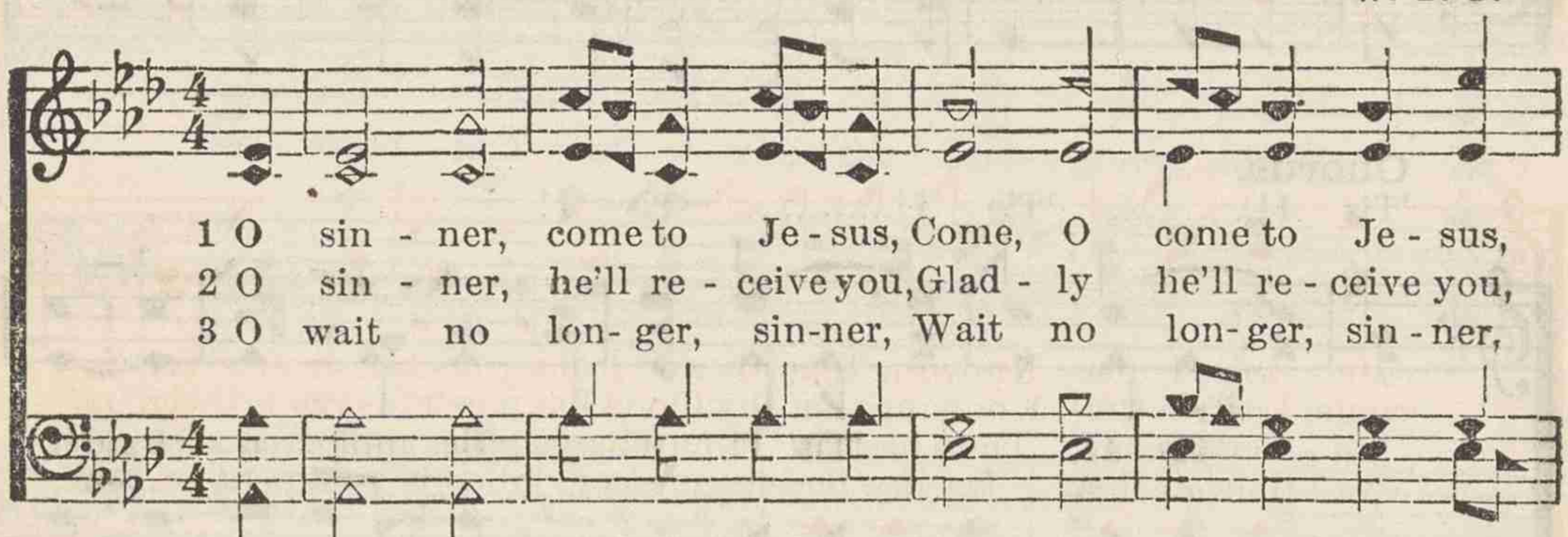
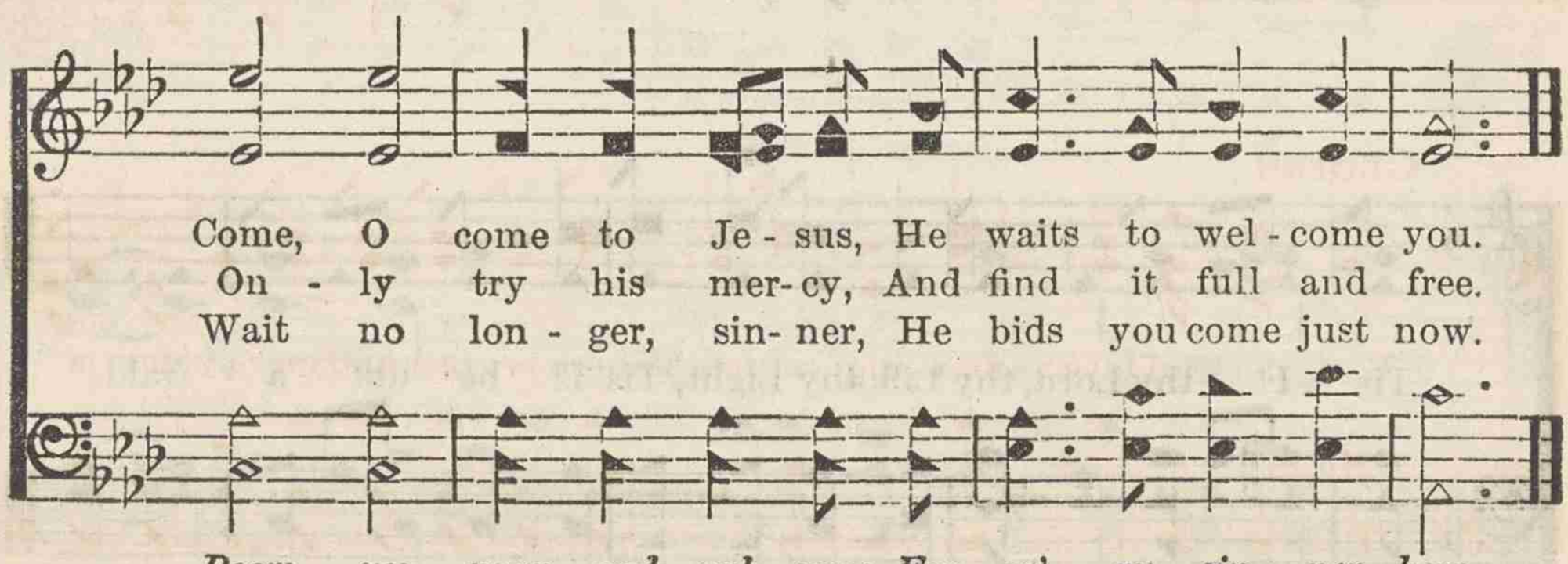
Rev. E. A. Hoffman. *B. F. Nysewander.*



Chorus.

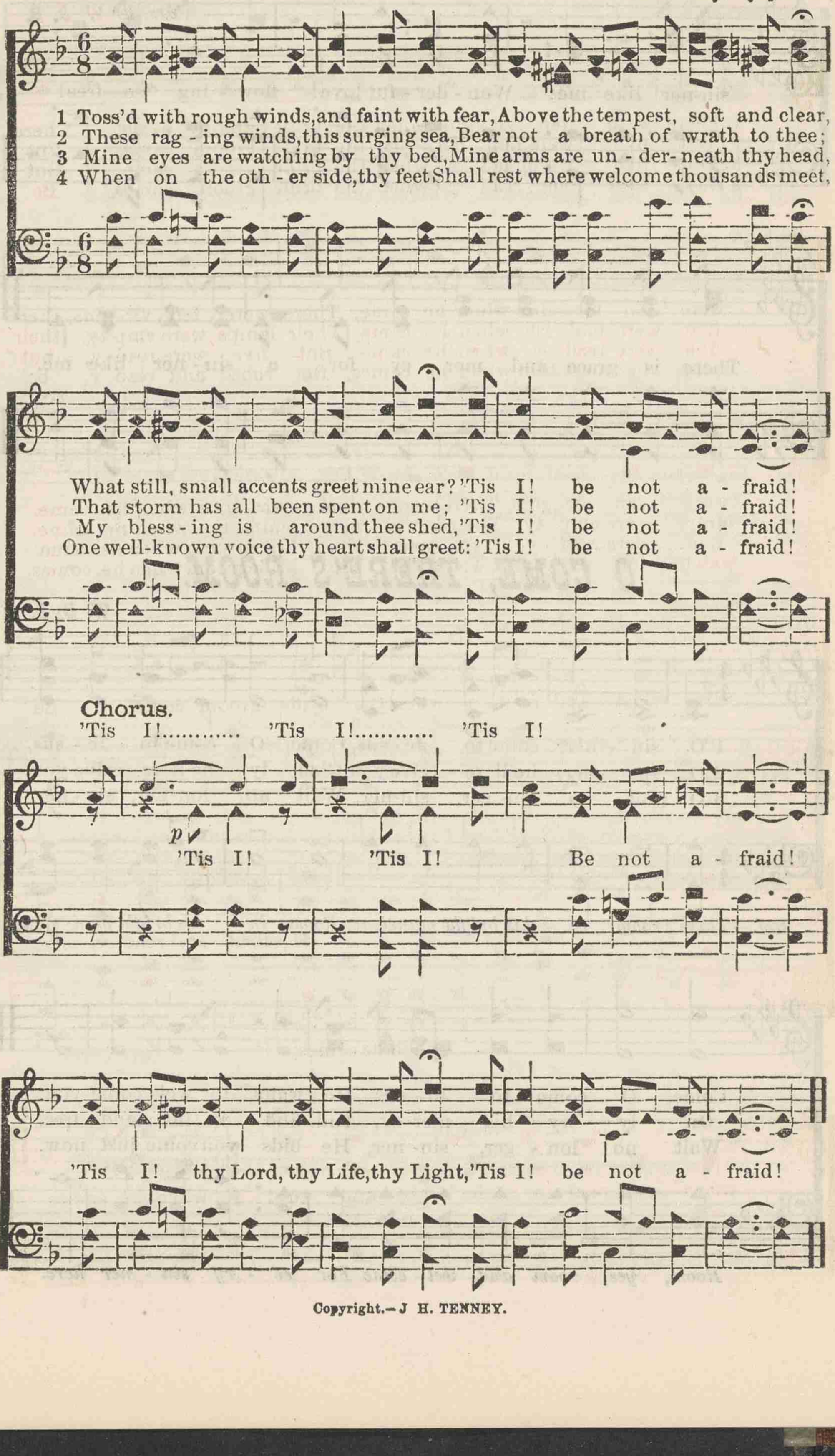


O COME, THERE'S ROOM.

W. B. B.



'TIS I! BE NOT AFRAID.

J. H. Tenney, by per.

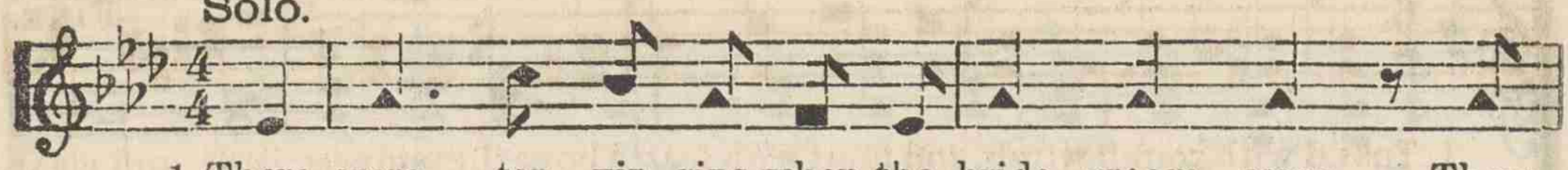
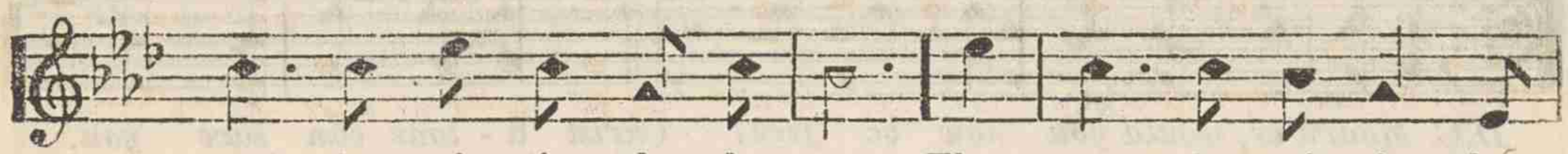
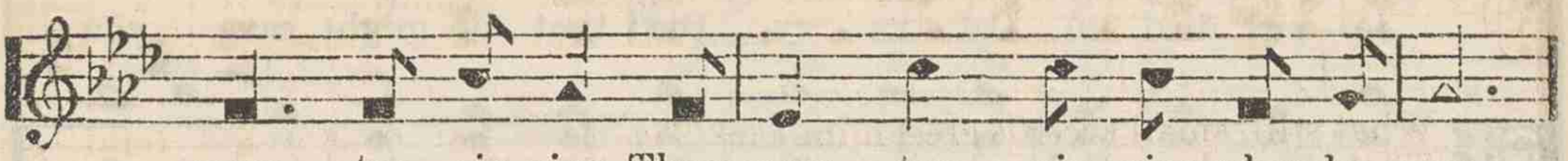


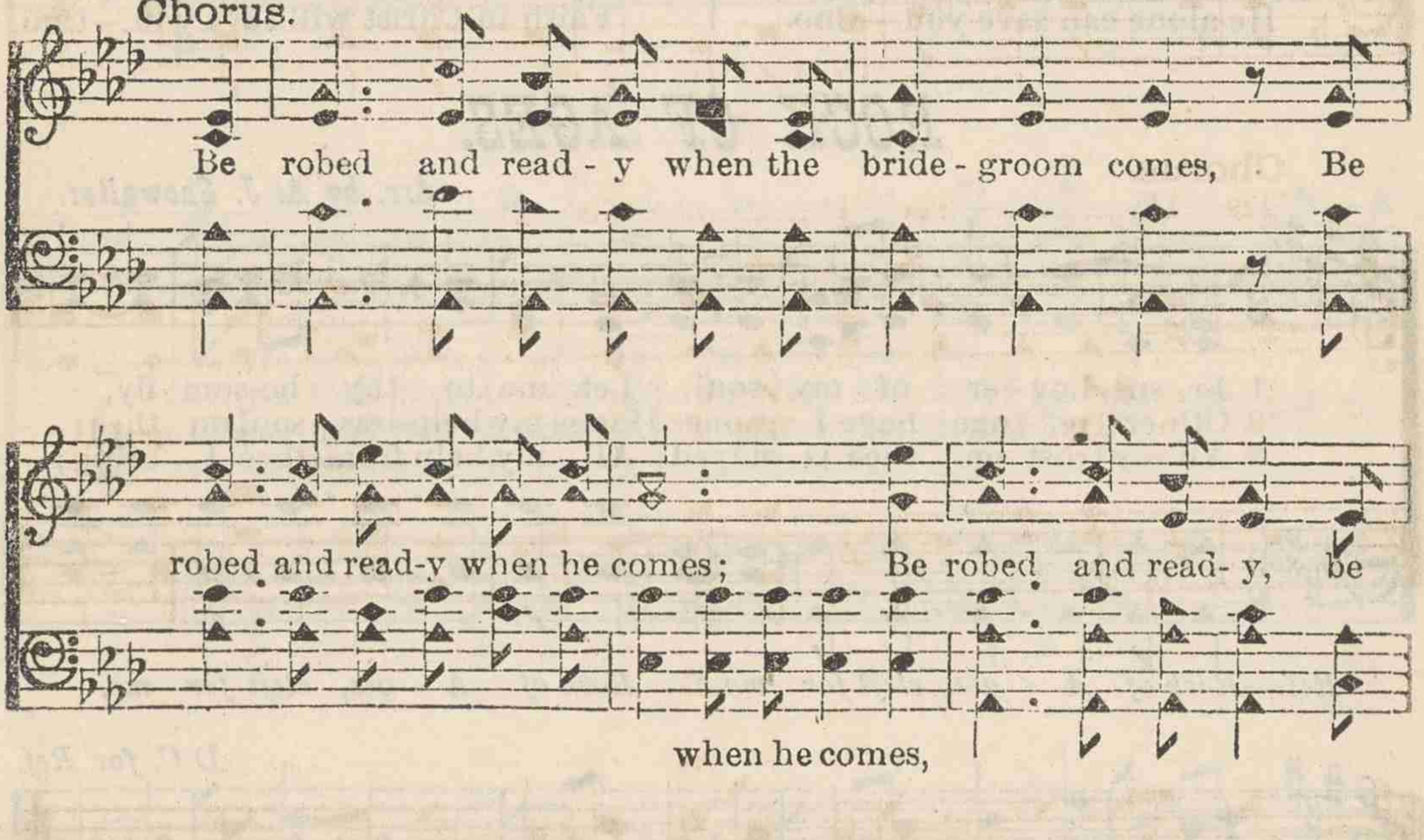
Copyright.—J H. TENNEY.

BE ROBED AND READY. 97

"Behold, the Bridegroom cometh.—MATT. 25: 6.

Arr. by W. B. B.

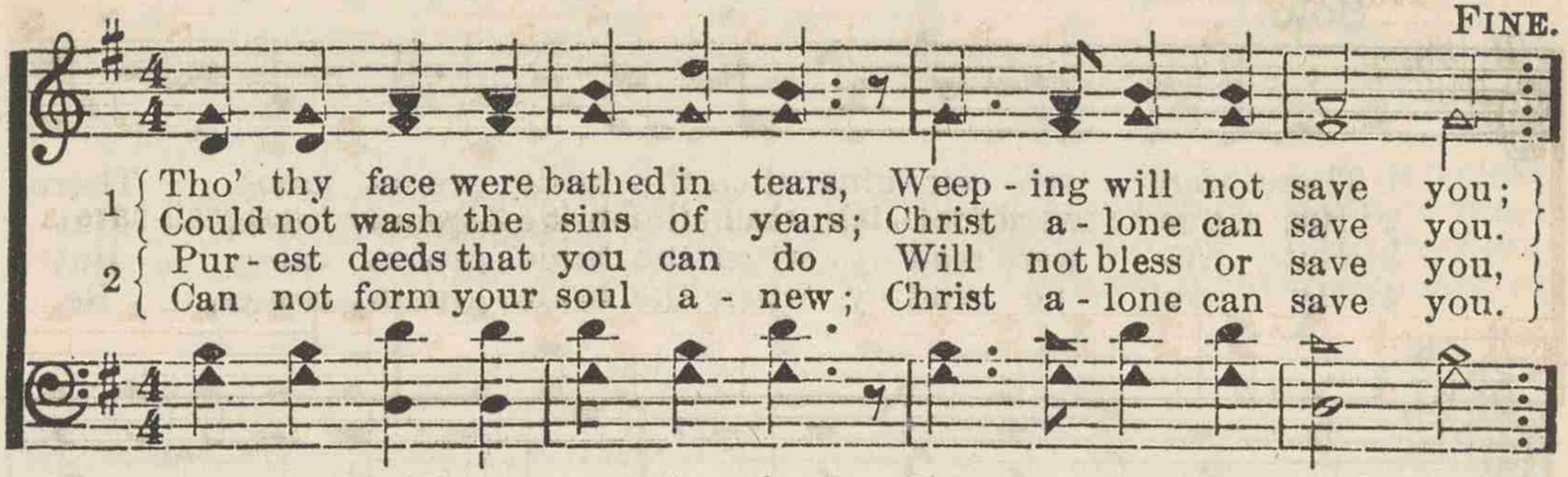
Solo.

1 There were ten vir-gins when the bride-groom came, There
2 But five were fool-ish when the bride-groom came, But
3 But five were read-y when the bride-groom came, But
4 My soul be read-y when the bride-groom comes, Be

were ten vir-gins when he came, There were ten vir-gins, there
five were fool-ish when he came, Their lamps were emp-ty, their
five were read-y when he came, But five were read-y, but
quick to meet him when he comes, Be robed and read-y, be

were ten vir-gins, There were ten vir-gins when he came.
lamps were emp-ty, Their lamps were emp-ty when he came.
five were read-y, To meet the bridegroom when he came.
watch-ing ev-er To meet the bridegroom when he comes.

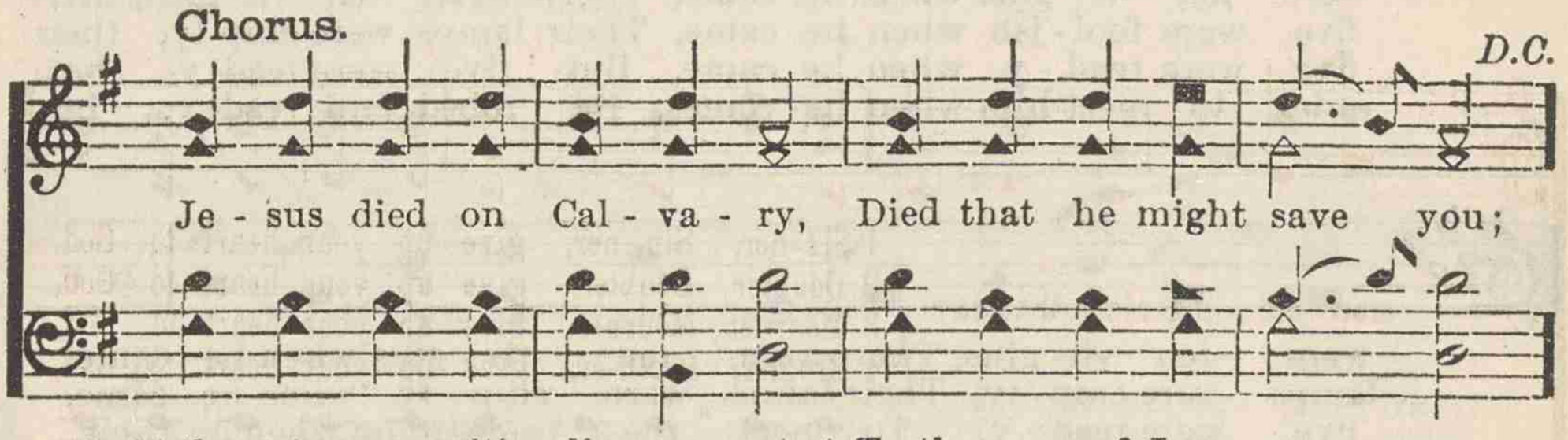
Chorus.

Be robed and read-y when the bride-groom comes, Be
robed and read-y when he comes; Be robed and read-y, be
when he comes,
robed and read-y, Be robed and read-y when he comes.

98 CHRIST ALONE CAN SAVE YOU.

"Neither is there salvation in any other."—ACTS 4: 12.

Arranged by I. B.

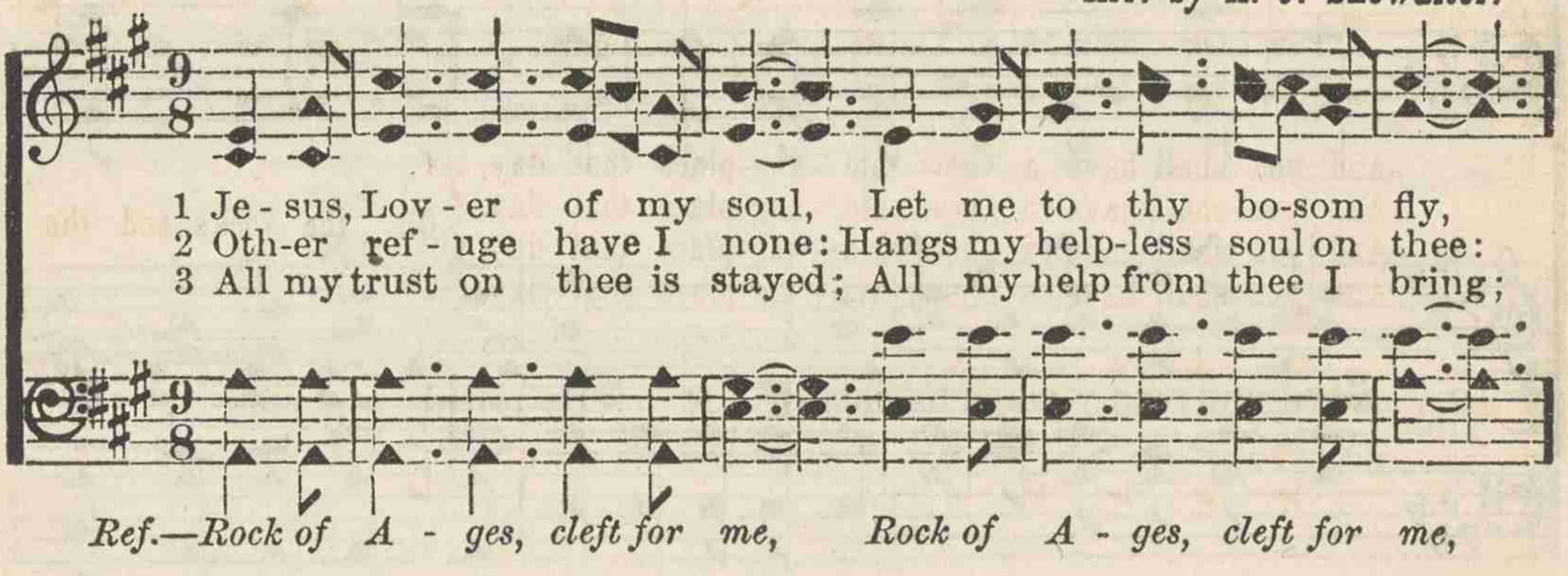
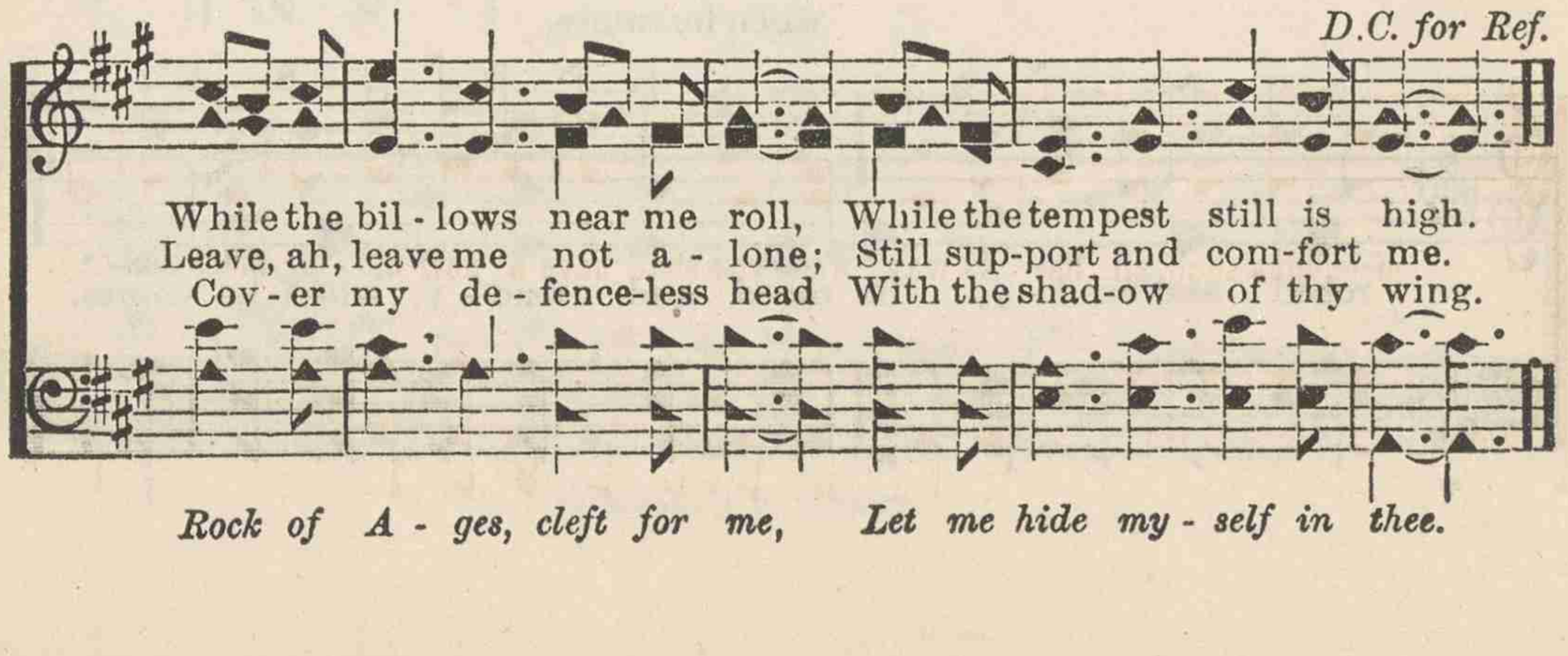
FINE.

Chorus.



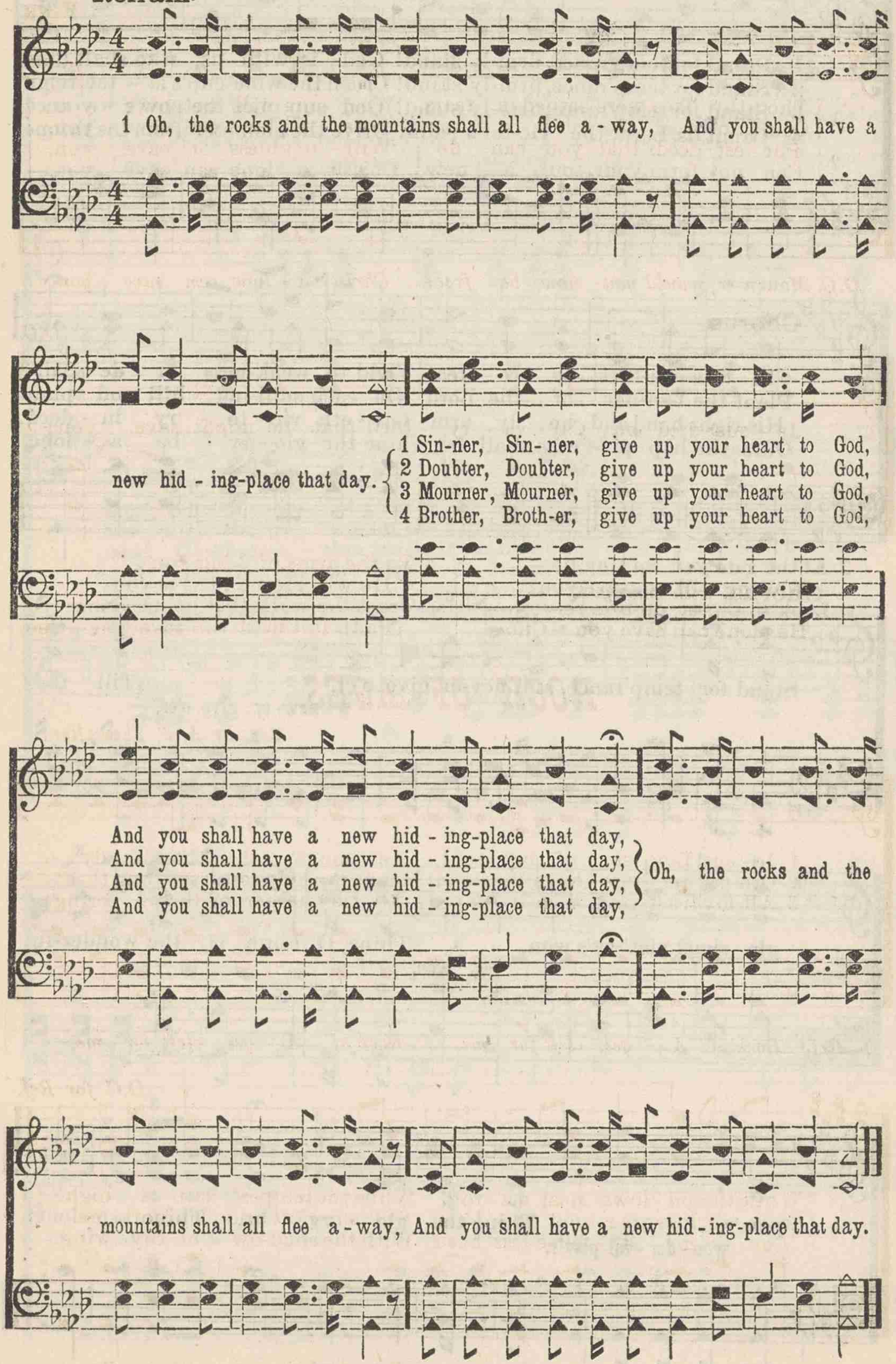
3 At the gate you waiting lie,—
Waiting will not save you;
Look to Christ, on him rely;
He alone can save you.—CHO.

4 To the arms of Jesus run;
He will bless and save you:
Trust the work that he has done:
Faith in Christ will save you.—CHO.

ROCK OF AGES.

Arr. by A. J. Showalter.

From "Jubilee Songs," by per.

Refrain.



100 STAND FOR TEMPERANCE.

Emily Blessington. *Wm. B. Blake.*

1 Stand for temp'rance, firm-ly stand! God is with us, who shall dare
2 Stand for temp'rance, firm-ly stand! Crush the wine-cup's fa - tal reign!
3 Stand for temp'rance, firm-ly stand! God sup-plies the pow'r we need:
4 Grant us, Lord, the vic-tor's palm! Drive the mon-ster from his throne!

In this con-flict to re - treat, Yield to weak-ness or de-spair?
Plant the ban-ner of the Lord On each smil-ing hill and plain.
His right hand and ho - ly arm Giv - eth vic - to - ry in - deed.
Ours the hap - pi - ness shall be, Thine the glo - ry be a - lone.

Chorus. *with energy.*

Stand for temp'rance, and nev-er give o'er, Till the
nev - er give o'er,
glo - rious vict'-ry's won, Thine, O Lord, is the wonder-ful
yes, won,
pow'r, Thine the glo - ry be, Thine a - lone.
won - der - ful pow'r,

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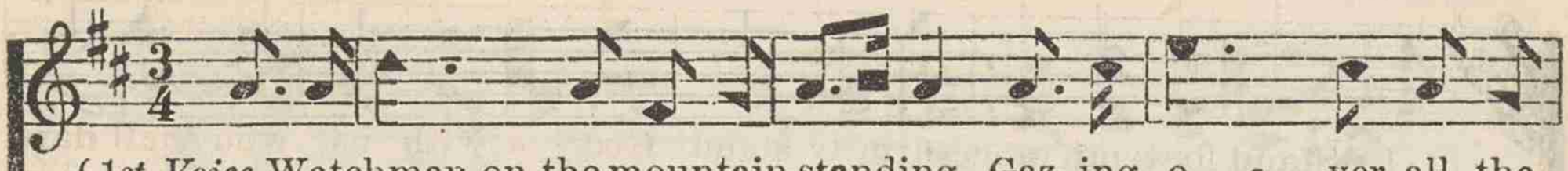
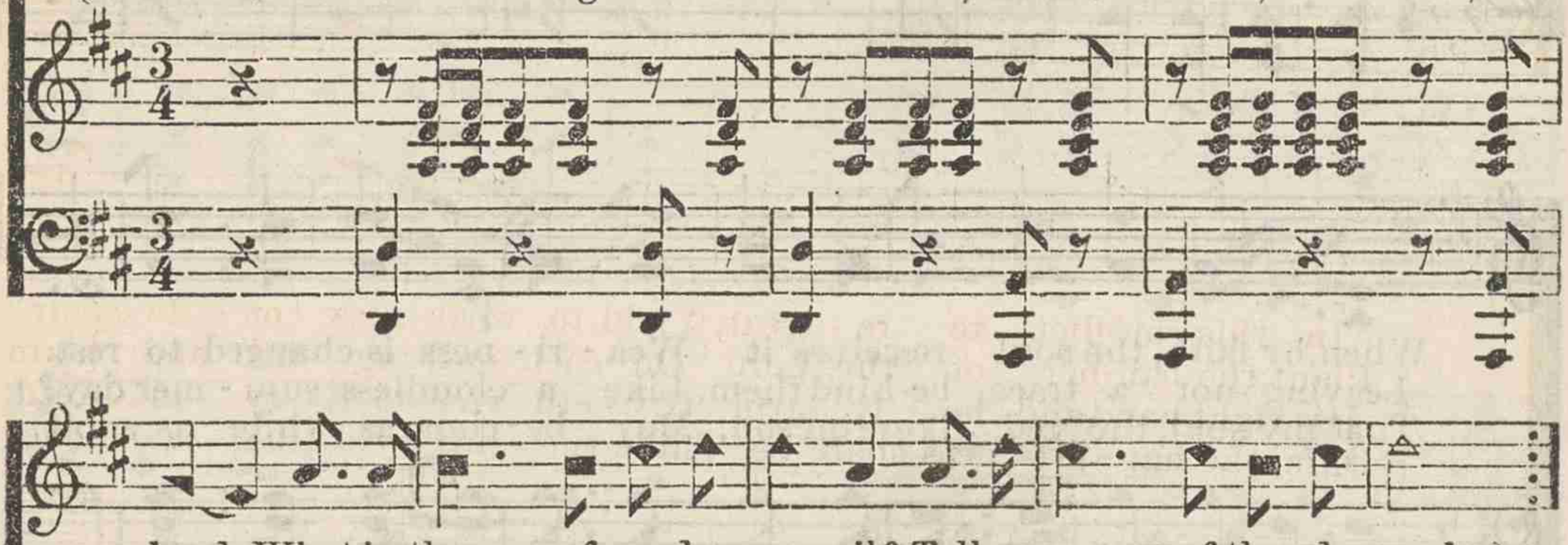
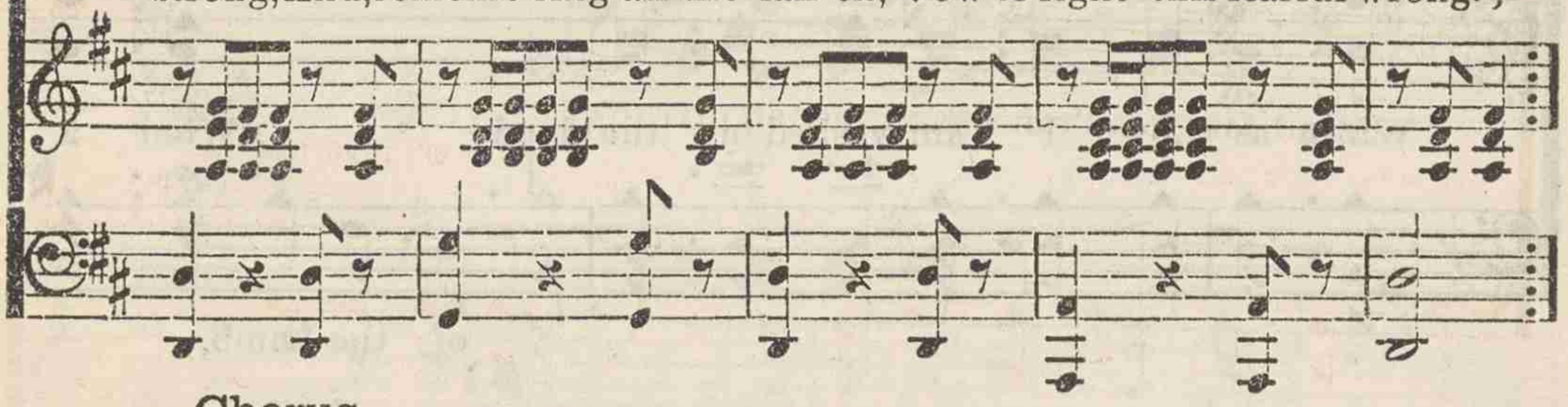
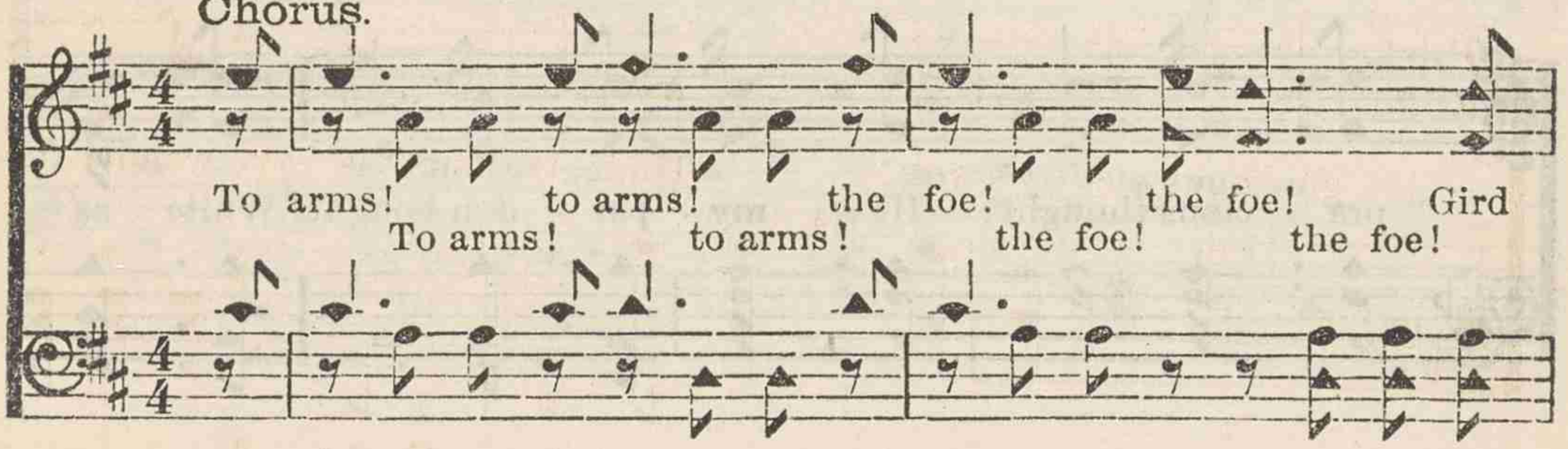
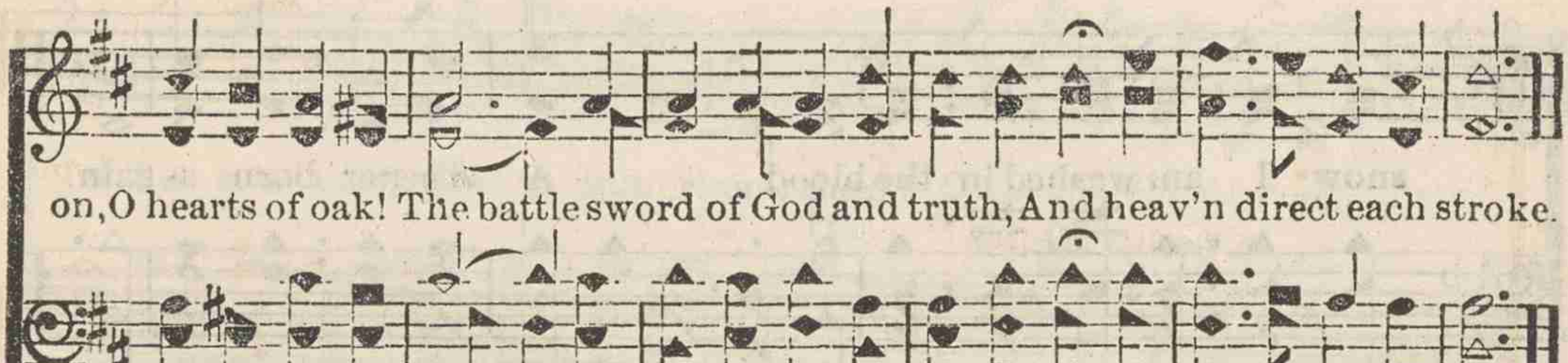
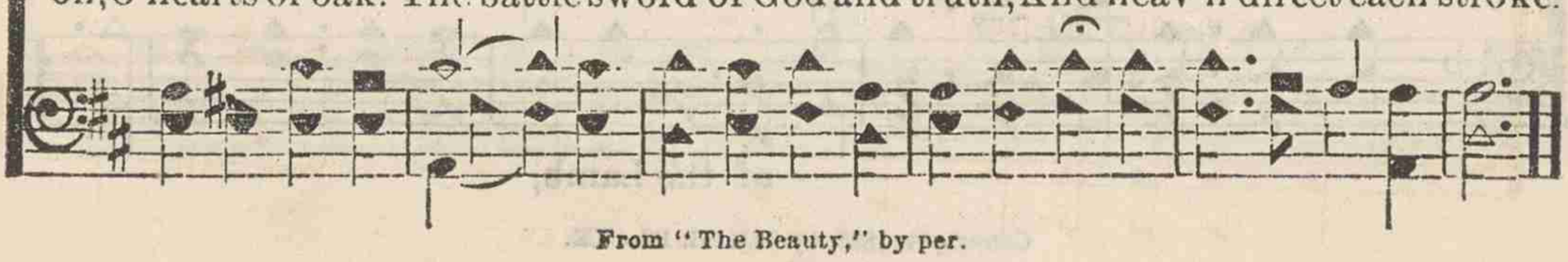
Mrs. A. L. Davison. *J. H. Rosecrans.*

1 { 1st *Voice.* Watchman, on the mountain standing, Gaz- ing o - ver all the
{ 2d *Voice.* Lo, an en - e - my is com- ing! Come to bat - tle now with

2 { 1st *Voice.* Knowest thou from whence they're coming, From the land, or from the
{ 2d *Voice.* From the in - land they are com- ing, And their ban - ners are blood-

3 { 1st *Voice.* Ah! we know these blood-red ban-ners; Long they've waved a-bove our
{ 2d *Voice.* 'Tis the Wine-king's hosts that cometh; Faithful hearts, be wise, be

land, What is there of good or e - vil? Tell us, we of thee demand.
thee; Light the fires up- on the hill-tops; Marshal all the brave and true.
sea? Of what na - tion are their banners? Tell us, we of thee demand.
- red; When they pass, the earth is la- den With the dy - ing and the dead.
land; Long we've seen our loved ones falling, Stricken by that cru-el band.
strong, And, rememb'ring all the fall-en, Vow to right this fearful wrong.



Chorus.

To arms! to arms! the foe! the foe! Gird
To arms! to arms! the foe! the foe!

on, O hearts of oak! The battle sword of God and truth, And heav'n direct each stroke.

From "The Beauty," by per.

102 WHITE AS SNOW.

R. A. G. Wm. B. Blake.

1 White as snow; oh, what a prom-ise For the heav-y - la - den breast.
2 White as snow; can my transgressions Thus be whol-ly washed a-way?
3 Yes, at once, and that complete-ly, Thro' the blood of Christ, I know,

When, by faith, the soul re-ceives it Wea - ri - ness is changed to rest.
Leaving not a trace be-hind them, Like a cloudless sum-mer day?
That my soul, tho' red, like crim-son, May be-come as white as snow.

Chorus.

White as snow I am washed in the blood What a
of the Lamb,
pre - cious thought: He my par - don bought! White as
snow I am washed in the blood A sin-ner born a-gain.
of the Lamb,

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J. H. Tenney, by per.

1 There's a band of an - gel watchers, Just a-cross the foam-ing tide,
2 Wait-ing there with smiling fa - ces, In their robes of spot- less white,
3 O'er our earthly homes are gather'd Many a shad - ow, many a gloom,
4 But these scenes will soon be o - ver— Soon we'll join the an - gel band;

O - ver by the dark cold wa - ters, Wait-ing on the oth- er side.
While far out up - on the riv - er Comes to us a gleam of light.
For the loved ones who are sleep- ing In the si-lence of the tomb.
Soon we'll clasp the forms that bind us To the unseen spir-it land.

Chorus.

Hark! there's music on the wa - ters, Borne a-long the balmy air,

An - gels voic - es ring - ing, ring - ing, O-ver there, just o - ver there.

104

REVIVE US.

English Melody.

1 All glo - ry and praise be to Je - sus, our Lord, So plen-teous in
2 To us he hath giv - en the gift from a - bove— The earn - est of
3 Ye all may re- ceive who on Je - sus do call, The gift of his

Chorus.

grace, and so true to his word.
heav - en, the spir - it of love.
spir - it— 'tis prof - fered to all.

} Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the
} Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the

glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men.
glo - ry, [OMIT.....] Re - vive us a - gain.

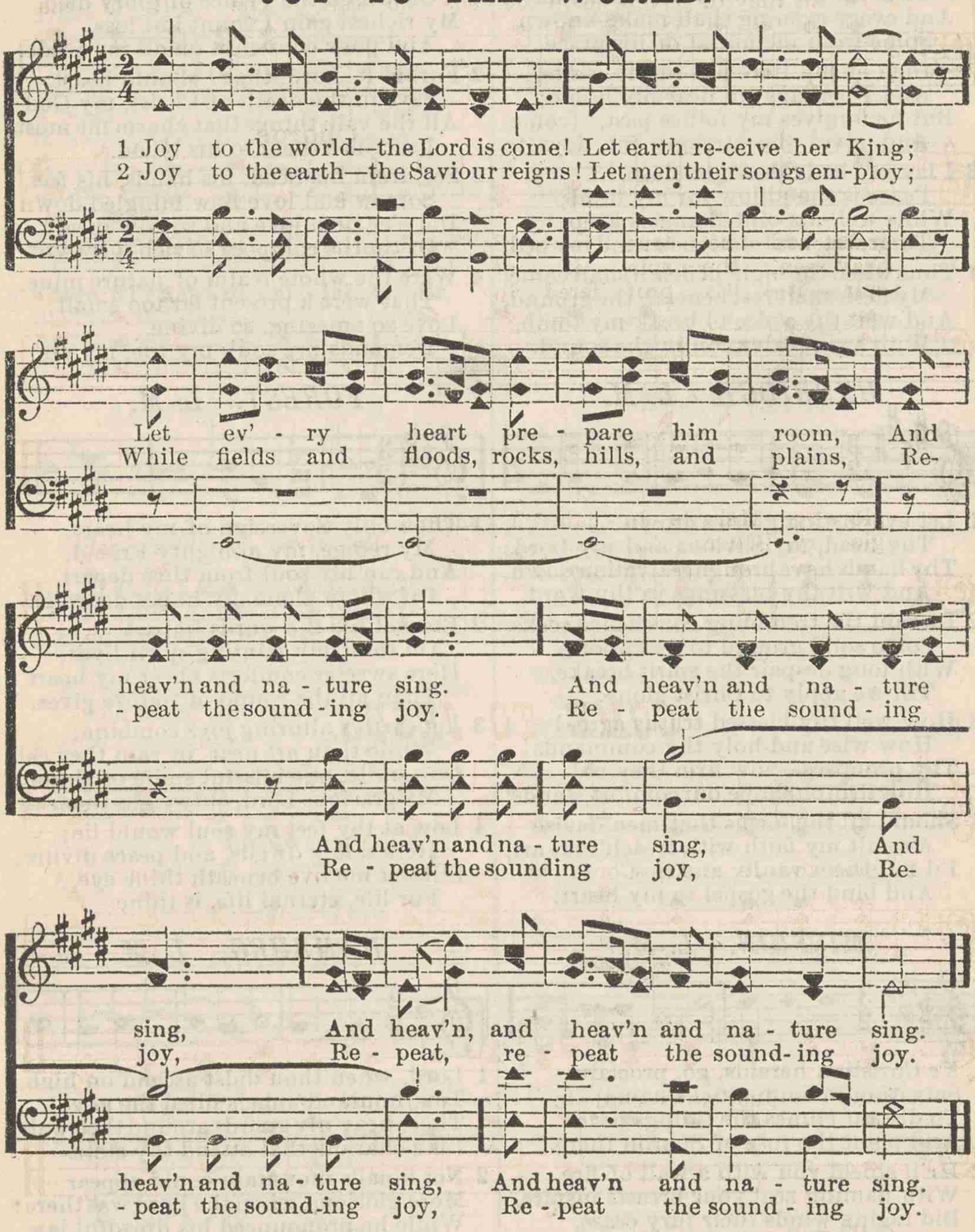
COME TO JESUS.

1 Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just

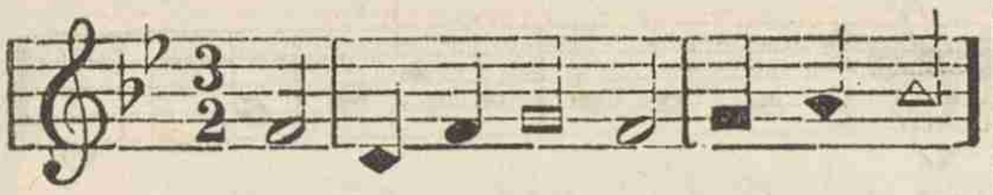
now, Just now come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now.

2 He will save you, &c.
3 Oh, believe him.
4 He is able.
5 He is willing.
6 He'll receive you.
7 Call upon him.
8 He will hear you.
9 Look unto him.
10 He'll forgive you.
11 He will cleanse you.
12 Jesus loves you.
13 Only trust him.

HYMNS FOR WORSHIP.

JOY TO THE WORLD.

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.

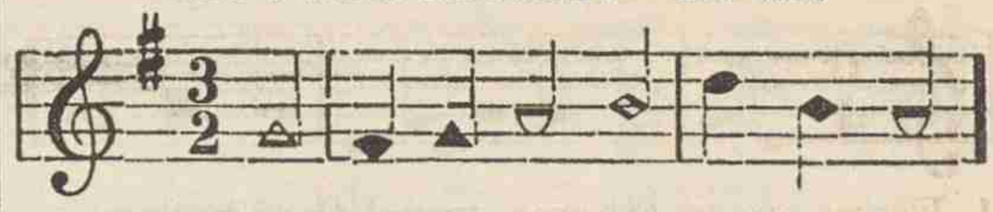
4 He rules the world with truth and grace;
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

HEBRON. L. M.

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

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

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

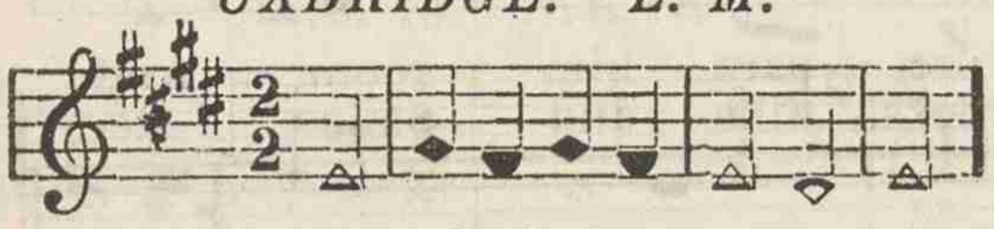
4 Thus when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to break my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

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

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

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

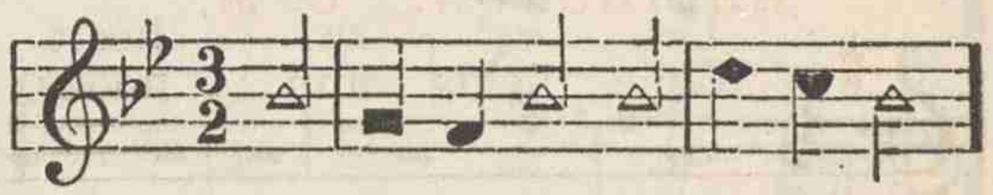
4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

UXBRIDGE. L. M.

1 Let everlasting glories crown
Thy head, my Saviour and my Lord:
Thy hands have brought salvation down,
And writ thy blessings in thy word.

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

3 How well thy blessed truths agree!
How wise and holy thy commands!
Thy promises—how firm they be!
How firm our hope, our comfort, stands!

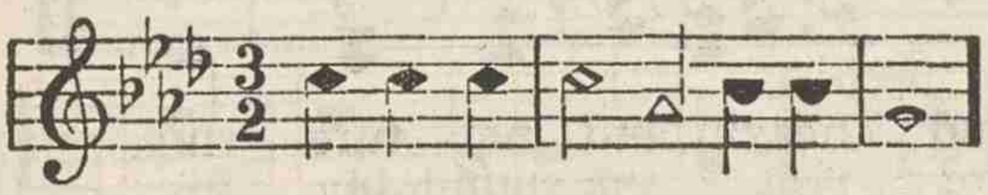
4 Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treach'rous art,
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind the gospel to my heart.

FOREST. L. M.

1 Thou only Sovereign of my heart,
My refuge, my almighty Friend,
And can my soul from thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend?

2 Eternal life the words impart;
On these my fainting spirit lives;
Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart
Than all the round of nature gives.

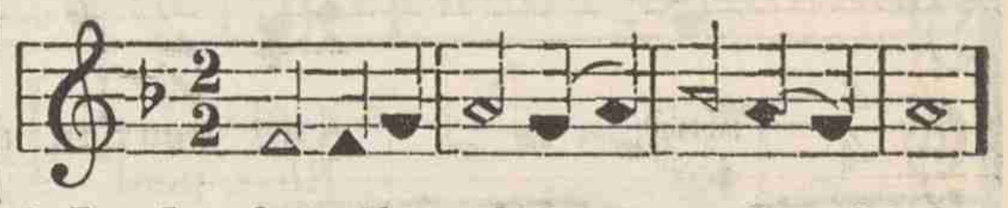
3 Let earth's alluring joys combine;
While thou art near, in vain they call
One smile, one blissful smile of thine,
My gracious Lord, outweighs them all.

4 Low at thy feet my soul would lie;
Here safety dwells, and peace divine;
Still let me live beneath thine eye,
For life, eternal life, is thine.

MISSION. L. M.

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

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

3 And when our labors are all 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.

HAMBURG. L. M.

1 Lord, when thou didst ascend on high,
Ten thousand angels filled the sky:
Those heav'nly guards around thee wait,
Like chariots that attend thy state.

2 Not Sinai's mountain could appear
More glorious, when the Lord was there:
While he pronounced his dreadful law,
And struck the chosen tribes with awe.

3 How bright the triumph none can tell,
When the rebellious powers of hell,
That thousand souls had captives made,
Were all in chains, like captives, led.

RETREAT. L. M.

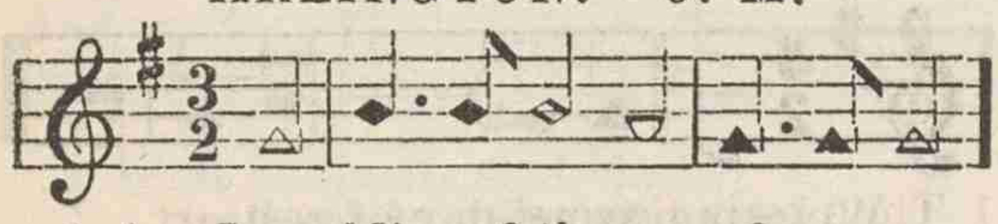
1 From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'Tis found before the mercy-seat.

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

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

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

ARLINGTON. C. M.

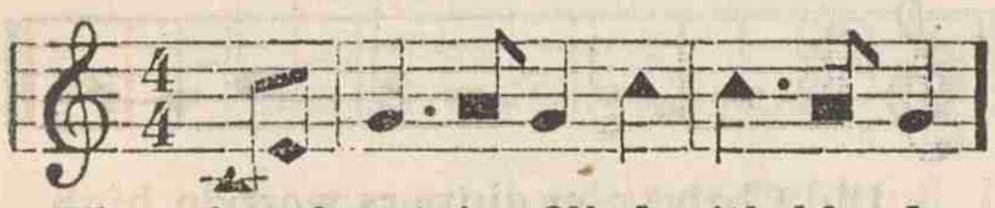


1 Am I a soldier of the cross?
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

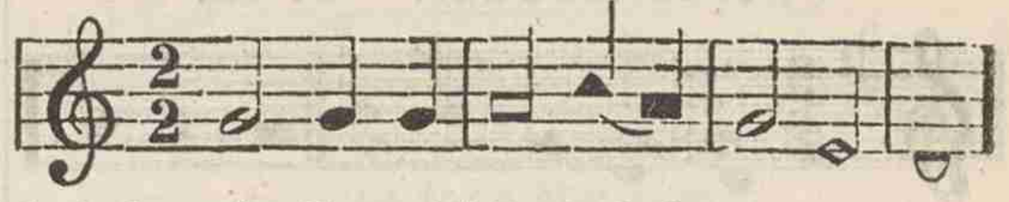
3 Sure I must fight, if I would reign:
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

4 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They view the triumph from afar,
With faith's discerning eye.

CLEANSING FOUNTAIN. C. M.

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

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

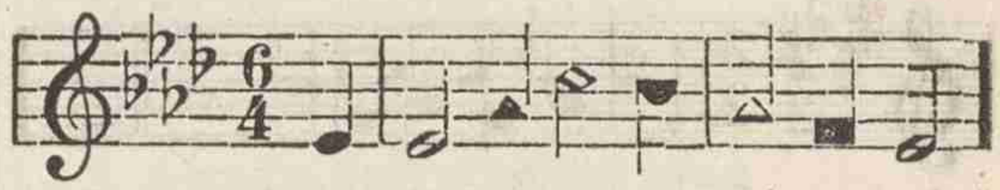
3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Are saved to sin no more.

ZEPHYR. L. M.

1 Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the dread of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woes, shall dim the hour,
Which manifests the Saviour's power.

3 Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be;
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

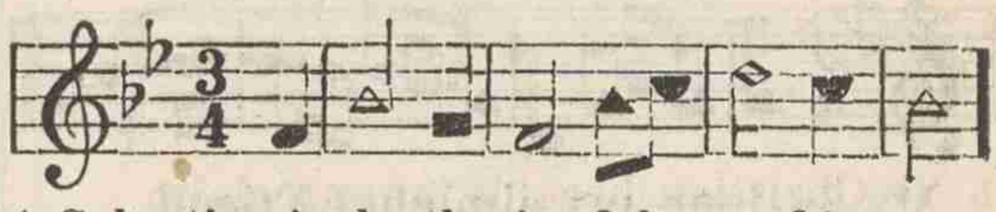
4 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

EVAN. C. M.

1 How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord,
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfill his word!

2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart:—

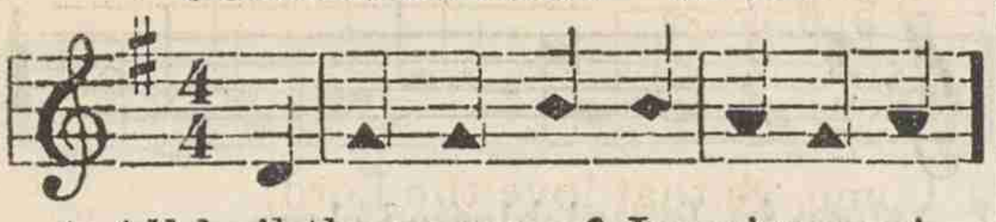
3 When free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love:—

4 When love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flows!
When union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action glows.

AVON. C. M.

1 Salvation! oh, the joyful sound!
What pleasure to our ears;
A sov'reign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

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

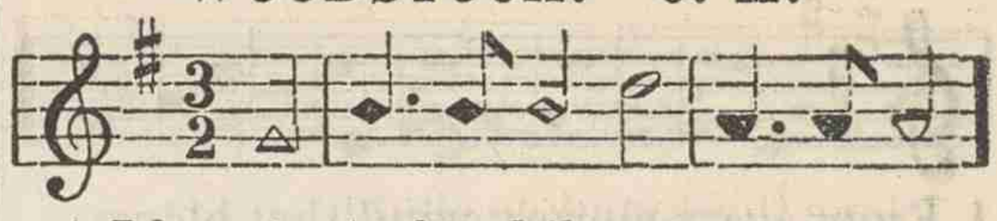
3 Salvation! oh, thou bleeding Lamb!
To thee the praise belongs;
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

CORONATION. C. M.

1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

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

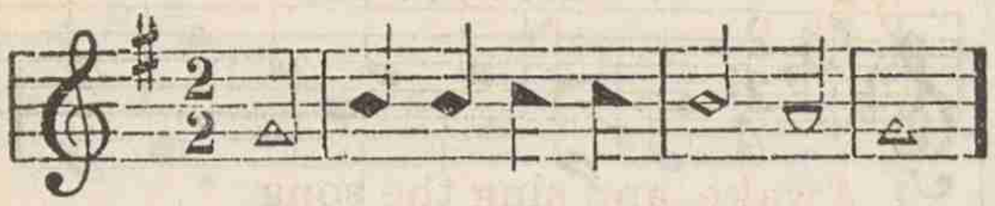
4 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

WOODSTOCK. C. M.

1 I love to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear;
And all his promises to plead
When none but God is near.

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

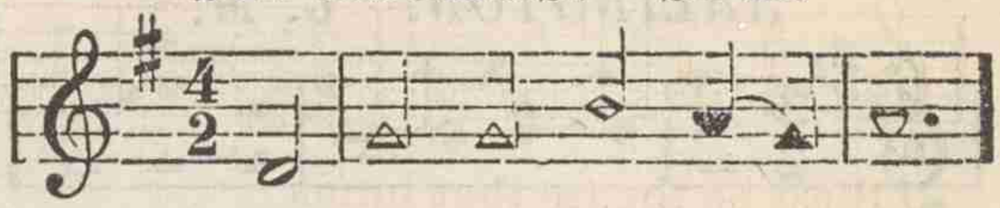
4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew
While here by tempests driven.

PETERBORO. C. M.

1 Awake, awake! put on thy strength,
Thy beautiful array;
Thy day of freedom dawns at length,
The Lord's appointed day.

2 Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,
And send thy heralds forth;
Say to the south, "Give up thy charge,"
And, "Keep not back, O north."

3 They come! they come! thine exiled bands,
Where'er they rest or roam,
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
And hasten to their home.

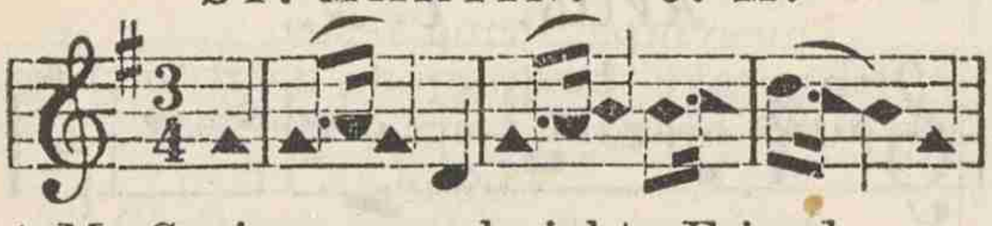
4 Thus, though the universe shall burn,
And God his works destroy,
With songs thy ransomed shall return,
And everlasting joy.

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

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

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

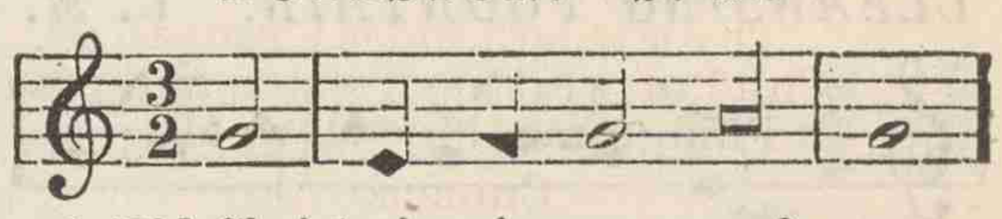
3 One day within the place
Which thou dost, Lord, frequent,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
In sinful pleasures spent.

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

ST. MARTIN. C. M.

1 My Saviour, my almighty Friend,
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace?

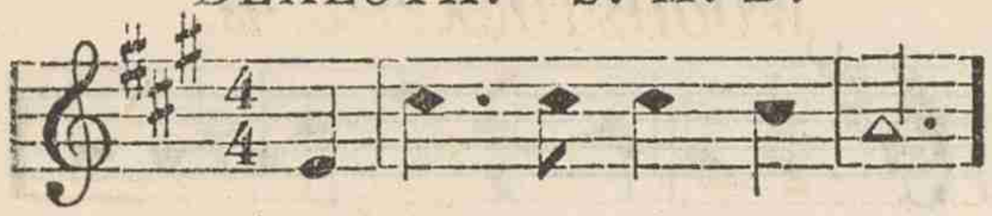
2 Thou art my everlasting trust;
Thy goodness I adore:
And since I knew thy graces first
I speak thy glories more.

3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road;
And march with courage in thy strength,
To see the Lord my God.

BOYLSTON. S. M.

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

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

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

BEALOTH. S. M. D.

1 I love thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The Church our blest Redeemer bought
With his own precious blood.
I love thy Church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

2 Beyond the highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.
Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
The brighter bliss of heaven.

DENNIS. S. M.

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

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

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

JESUS PAID IT ALL. 6s.

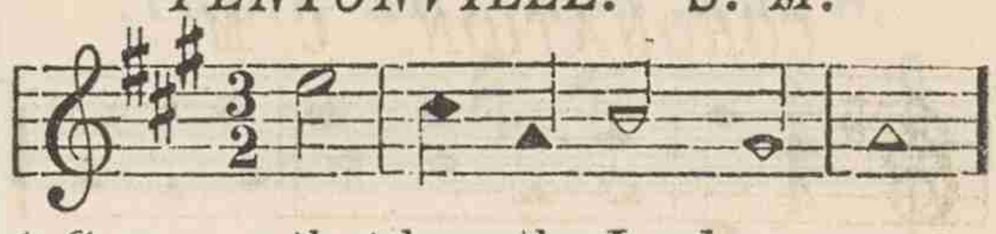
1 I hear the Saviour say,
Thy strength indeed is small;
Child of weakness, watch and pray,
Find in me thine all in all.

CHORUS.

Jesus paid it all,
All to him I owe;
Sin had left a crimson stain;
He washed it white as snow.

2 For nothing good have I
Whereby thy grace to claim—
I'll wash my garment white
In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.

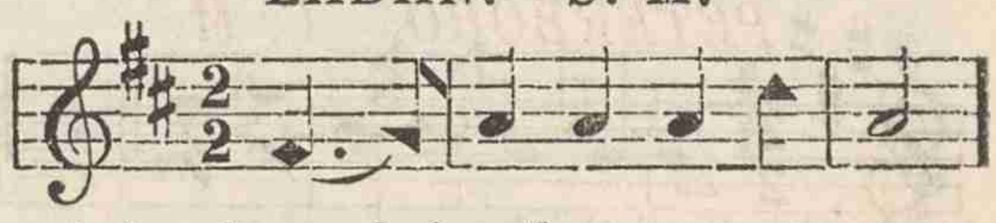
3 When from my dying bed
My ransomed soul shall rise,
Then "Jesus paid it all,"
Shall rend the vaulted skies.

PENTONVILLE. S. M.

1 Come, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround his throne.

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

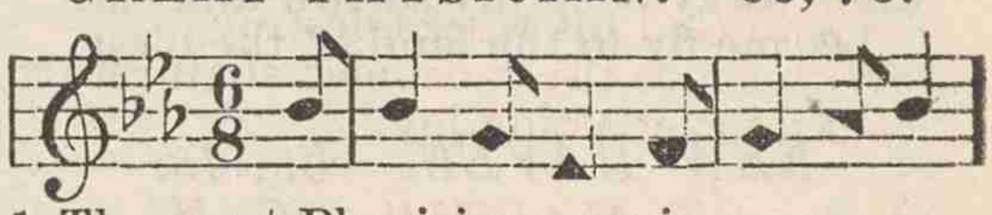
3 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

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

LABAN. S. M.

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

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

3 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ, the eternal King.

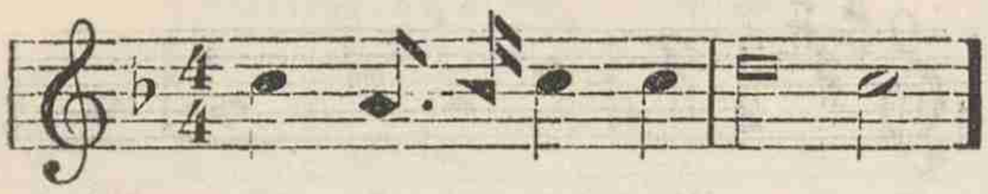
GREAT PHYSICIAN. 8s, 7s.

1 The great Physician now is near,
The sympathizing Jesus;
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer,
Oh! hear the voice of Jesus.

CHORUS.

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

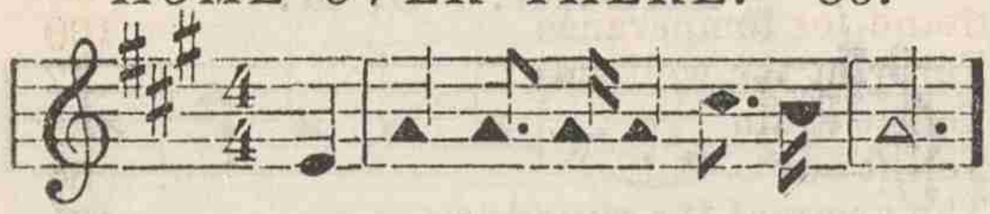
2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh! hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Saviour's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

WORK, FOR THE NIGHT.

1 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through 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 through 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.

HOME OVER THERE. 8s.



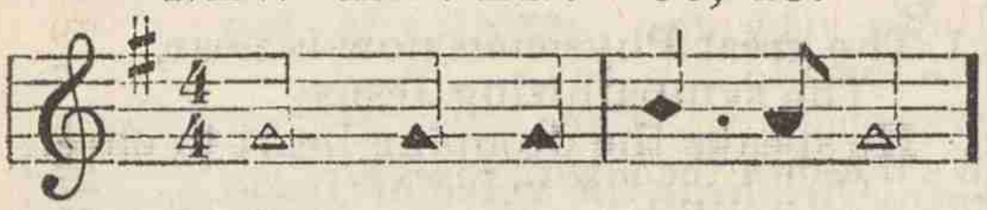
1 Oh, think of the home over there,
By the side of the river of light,
Where the saints, all immortal and fair,
Are robed in their garments of white.

REFRAIN.

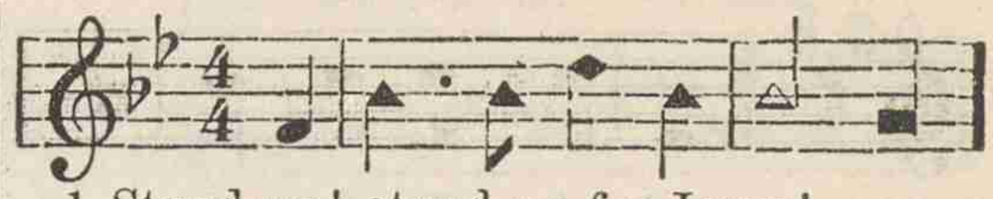
Over there, over there,
Oh, think of the home over there.

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.

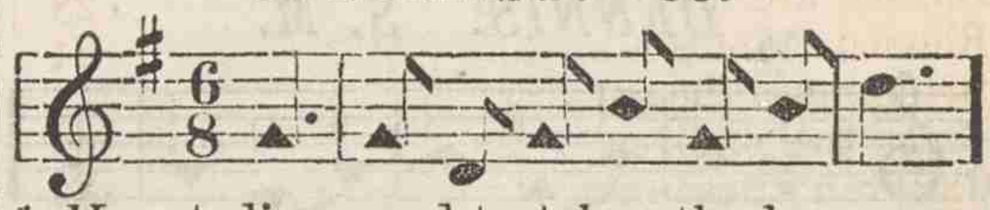
3 My Saviour is now over there, [rest,
There my kindred and friends are at
Then away from my sorrow and care,
Let me fly to the land of the blest.

NEW HAVEN. 6s, 4s.

1 My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
Oh, let me from this day
Be wholly thine.

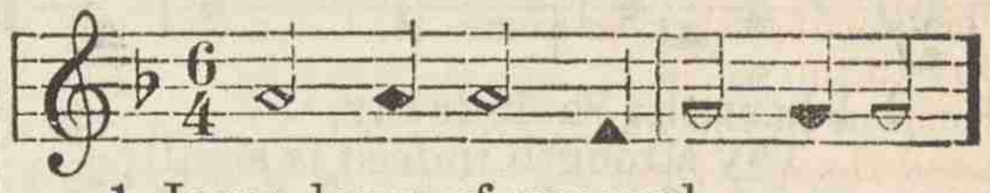
2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to thee,
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

WEBB. 7s, 6s. D.

1 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss;
From victory unto victory
His army shall he lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this his glorious day;
Ye that are men! now serve him,
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

CONTRAST. 8s.

1 How tedious and tasteless the hours
When Jesus no longer I see! [flowers,
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet
Have all lost their sweetness to me;
The midsummer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay;
But when I am happy in him,
December's as pleasant as May.

2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice;
I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.

MARTYN. 7s. D.

1 Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, oh, my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
Oh, receive my soul at last.

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

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