NEW EDITION.

Popular Hymns

REVISED.

Guide Printing & Publishing Co.
PUBLISHERS,
COVINGTON, KY.

Pitts Theology Library

Emory University
Atlanta, Georgia 30322

NOTE EDITION.

POPULAR HYMNS

REVISED

FOR THE

WORK AND WORSHIP

OF THE

CHURCH SUNDAY SCHOOL

COMPILED BY C. C. CLINE.

COVINGTON, KY.
GUIDE PRINTING & PUBLISHING CO.
1885.

Hymn
1885
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PREFACE.

The work of revising POPULAR HYMNS and preparing for publication a Note Edition has at last been completed. With what measure of success a discriminating public will determine. The compilers have undertaken to collect into one convenient, durable and inexpensive volume such hymns and tunes as have passed the test of public criticism, with the confident purpose of fully supplying the WORK and WORSHIP of the CHURCH. They believe that the highest interests of the church, in every department of its work, including that of the Sunday-school, will be subserved by accompanying the ONE BIBLE with but ONE HYMN BOOK. They have, therefore, selected both the words and music with reference to the wants of the church in her varied activities; and have arranged the matter selected into departments, so clearly defined that without difficulty the leader may find songs adapted to every occasion, and to almost every line of thought.

Public worship in the School or Church assemblies will find an abundant supply in the department called PRAYER AND PRAISE. Public EXHORTATION and ADMONITION to Prayer and Praise, to Work, to Faithfulness and to Liberality will find itself powerfully equipped in that department. INVITATIONS to accept the Savior, especially adapted to all protracted efforts, abound in that department. A larger number of this class is given than can be found in any other church hymnal. JOY AND REJOICING on any occasion will find its fullest expression in that division, while the sorrow-stricken soul cannot fail to find COMFORT AND CONSOLATION in the division prepared for such. Those wishing to HOPEFULLY sing of REST and HEAVEN will find the richest collection of such songs ever offered to the public. "THE SUFFERING SAVIOR" receives the attention due him in the Communion Service, while THE BIBLE is exalted in the largest collection of songs concerning this blessed volume known to the compilers. In the MISCELLANEOUS will be found ANNIVERSARIES, TEMPERANCE SONGS, songs for the LITTLE ONES, specially prepared OPENING and CLOSING pieces, ANTHEMS, and an abundant supply of DOXOLOGIES.

Another feature of this book is worthy of mention. To aid the singer obey the Apostolic injunction, to "sing with the spirit and with the *understanding* also," a vital connection with THE BIBLE has been given each hymn by expressing in scripture language its leading thought. This will aid the preacher or leader in selecting and impressing the sentiment, so that it may not be true of the worshipers, "These people draw nigh unto me with mouths and their lips while their hearts are far from me."

One other work of the church too frequently neglected, the cultivation of the voice with the heart, will find itself supplied, and that, too, quite economically and wisely in the TWENTY-FOUR LESSONS setting forth the Rudiments of Music. These are fully illustrated with engravings and type designs. These lessons are furnished bound in the book or without it.

The compilers have thus hoped to furnish ONE BOOK, that will in every respect meet every want. It is sent forth in the interests of the plea for the unity of church hymnology, in the highest interests of congregational singing, and therefore to promote New Testament worship, the language of which is: "Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom; teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord."

THE COMPILERS.

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POPULAR HYMNS.

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

Genesis 28: 10-22.

BETHANY. 6s & 4s. L. MASON. *Arr.*

1

MRS. SARAH F. ADAMS.

2 Though like a wanderer,
Daylight all gone,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven:
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy giv'n;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

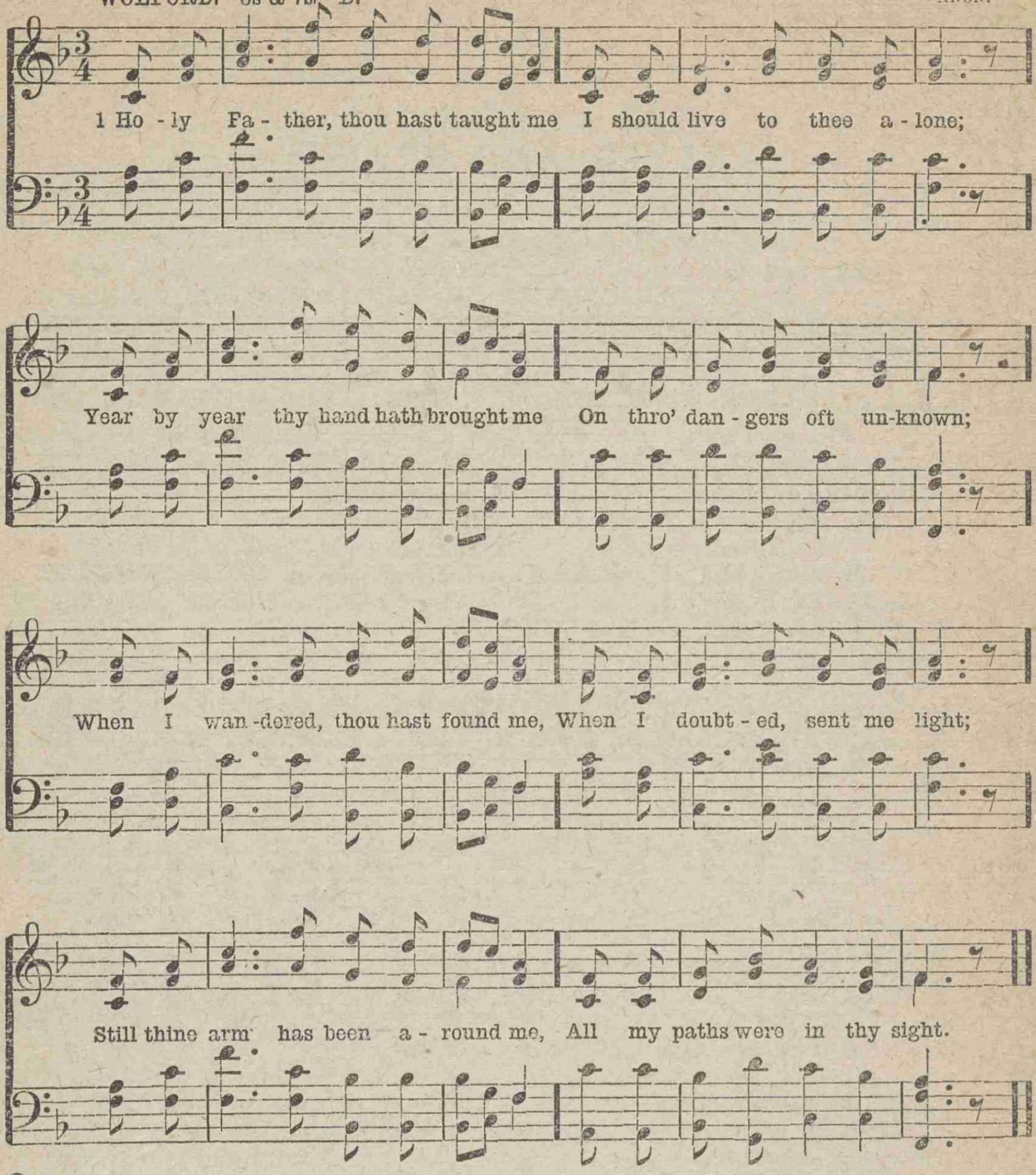
4 Then, with my waking thoughts,
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

5 Or, if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,—
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

"He leadeth me in the paths."

WOLFORD. 8s & 7s. D. ANON.



2

J. M. NEALE.

2 In the world will foes assail me,
Craftier, stronger far than I;
And the strife may never fail me,
Well I know, before I die.
Therefore, Lord, I come, believing
Thou canst give the power I need;
Through the prayer of faith receiving
Strength—the Spirit's strength, indeed.

3 I would trust in thy protecting,
Wholly rest upon thine arm;
Follow wholly thy directing,
Thou, mine only guard from harm!
Keep me from mine own undoing,
Help me turn to thee when tried,
Still my footsteps, Father, viewing,
Keep me ever at thy side

TO THE FATHER.

PERON. 8s, 7s & 4. *"Guide Me."* ANON.

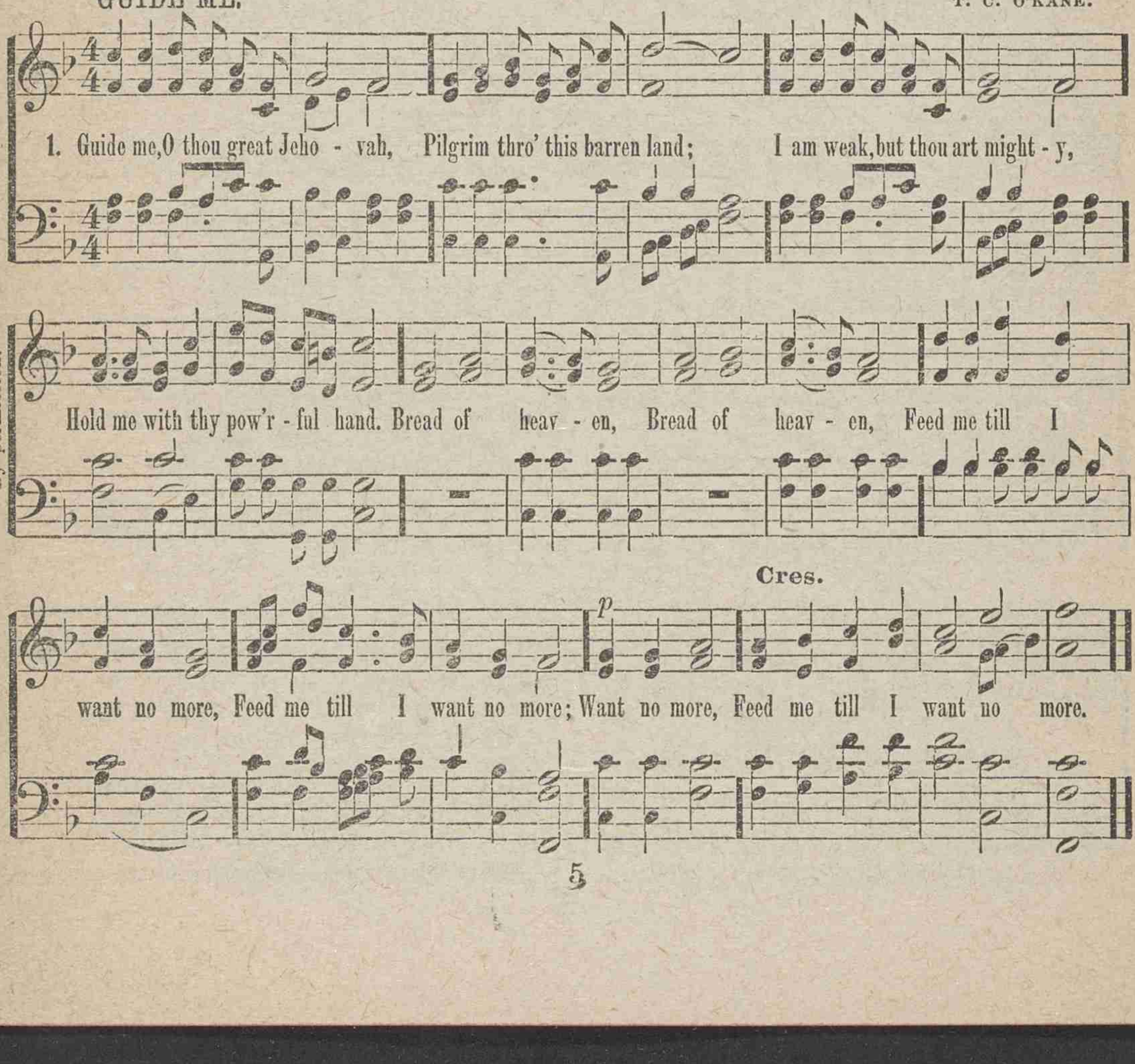
W. WILLIAMS.

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

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

GUIDE ME.

T. C. O'KANE.



By permission.

"Be ye therefore perfect."

MY PRAYER. 6s & 5s. D.

By permission of John Church & Co.

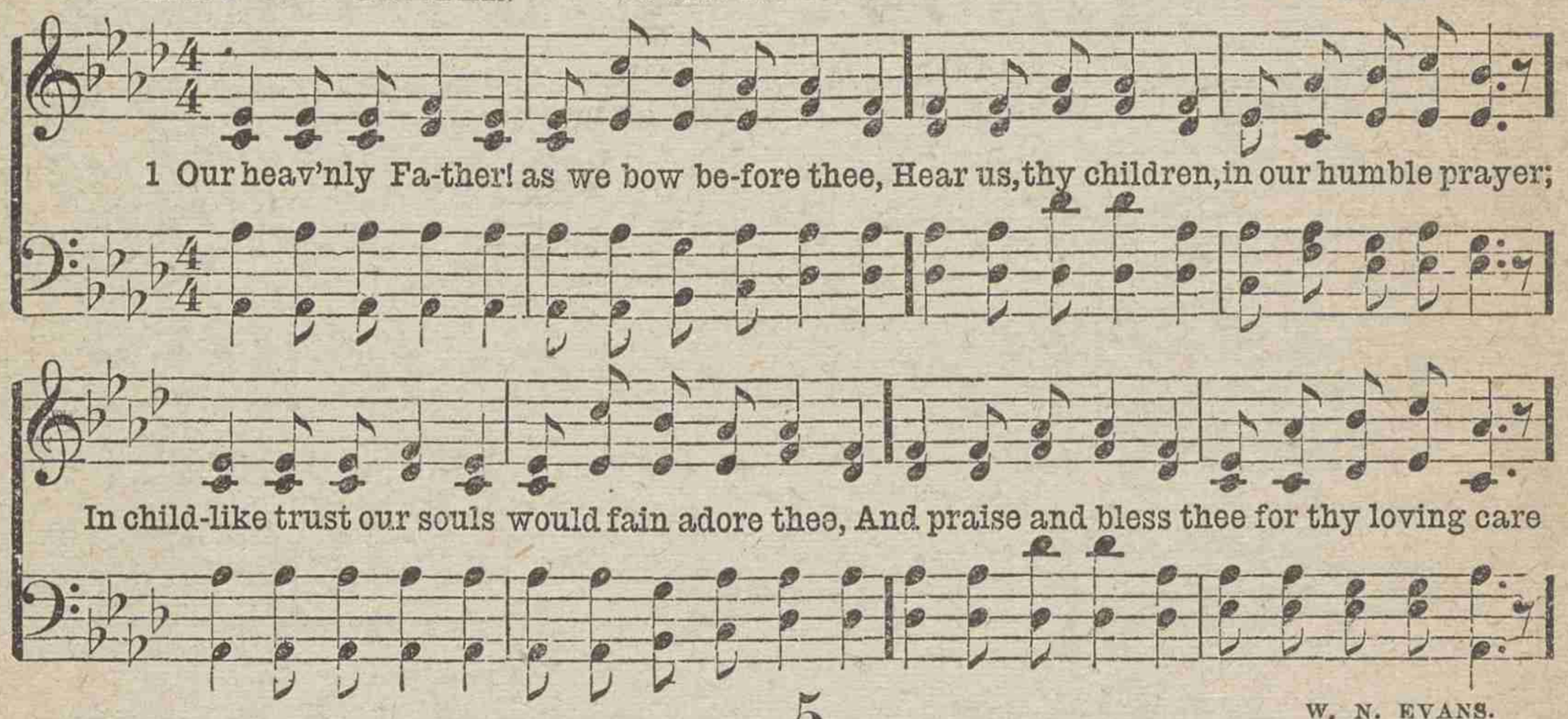
4

P. P. BLISS.

2 More gratitude give me,
More trust in the Lord;
More pride in his glory,
More hope in his word;
More tears for his sorrows,
More pain at his grief;
More meekness in trial,
More praise for relief.

3 More purity give me,
More strength to o'ercome;
More freedom from earth-stains,
More longings for home;
More fit for the kingdom,
More useful I'd be;
More blesséd and holy,
More, Savior, like thee.

HEAR OUR PRAYER. *"God heareth not sinners."* H. S. PERKINS.



5

W. N. EVANS.

2 Thou art our Father, thou so high and holy,
And we may venture on thy name to call;
For still thy voice invites the meek and lowly,
Thy heavenly love does seek and keep us all.

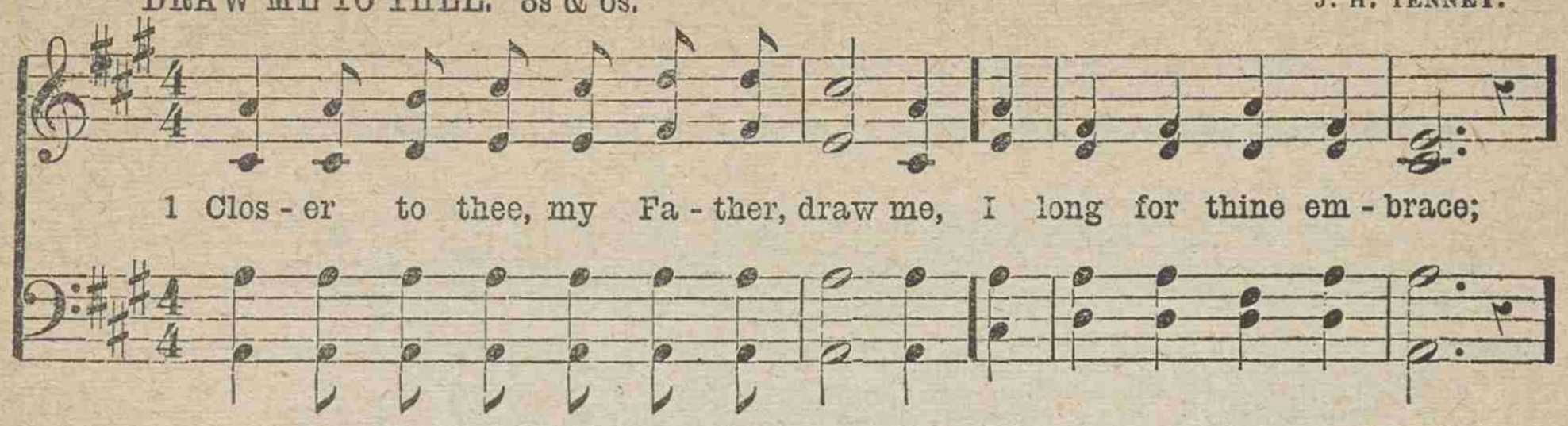
3 Help us to lay aside all worldly feeling,
To give our hearts to goodness, truth, and love;
Oh, let thy Spirit, with its deep revealing,
Now lift our souls from earth to heaven above.

6

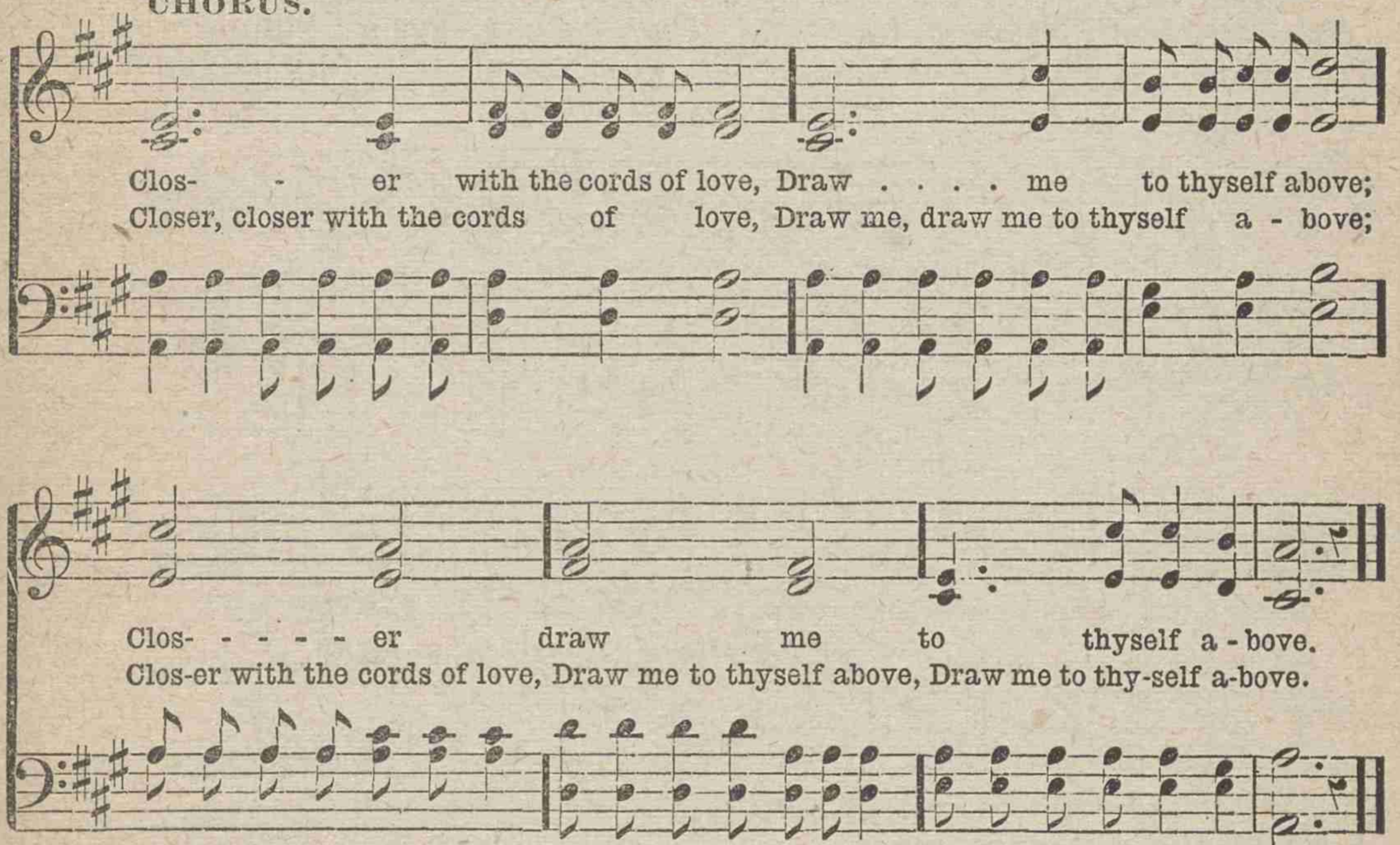
TO THE FATHER.

"I will draw all men unto me."

DRAW ME TO THEE. 8s & 6s. J. H. TENNEY.



CHORUS.



MRS. E. W. CHAPMAN.

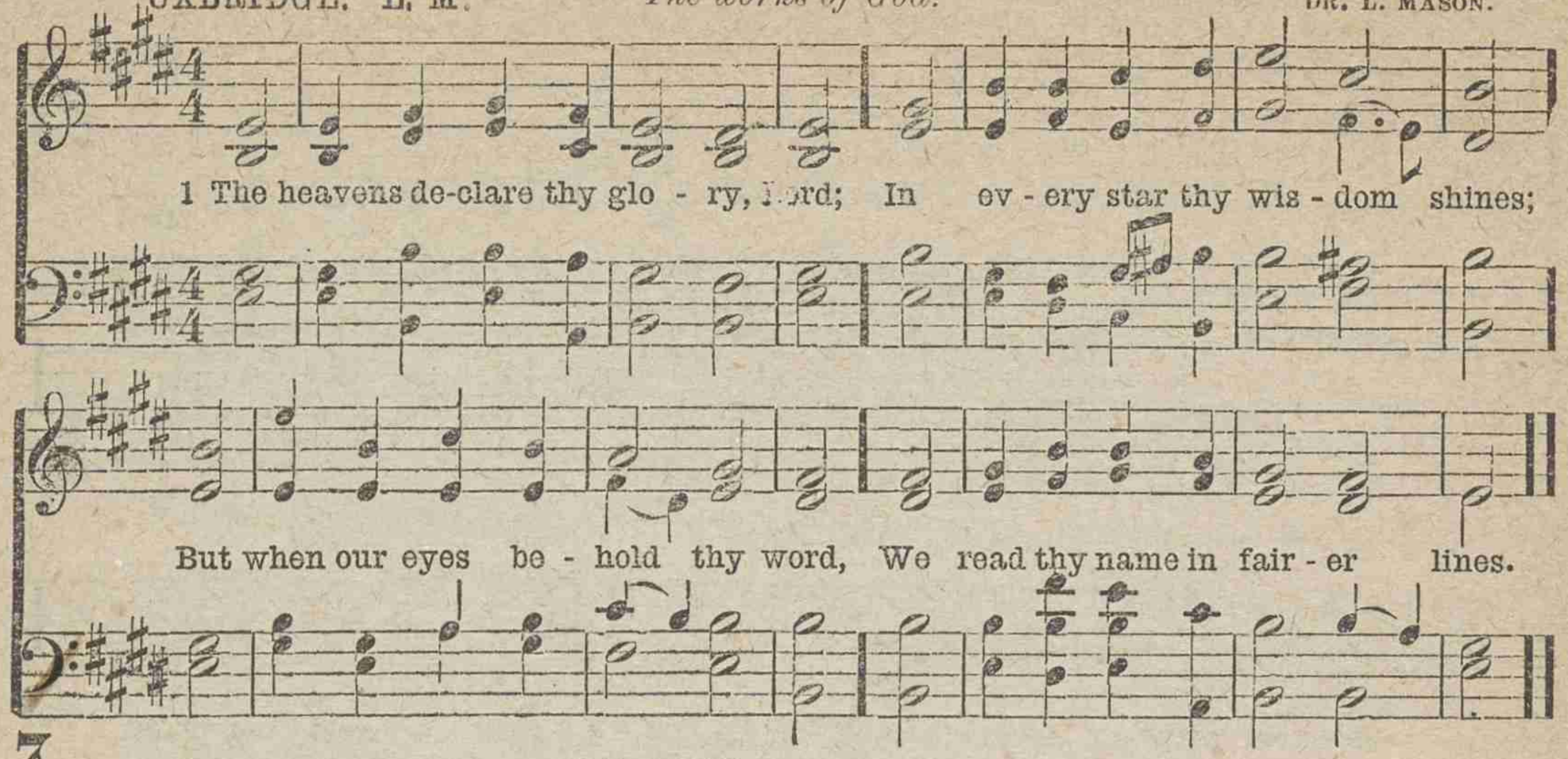
2 Closer to thee, my Savior, draw me,
Nor let me leave thee more,
Sighing to feel thine arms around me,
And all my wanderings o'er.—CHO.

3 Closer by thy sweet spirit draw me,
Till I am wholly thine;
Quicken, refine, and wash and cleanse me,
Till pure my soul shall shine.—CHO.

UXBRIDGE. L. M.

The works of God.

DR. L. MASON.



7

ISAAC WATTS.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days thy power confess;
But the blest volume thou hast writ
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars, convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So when thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

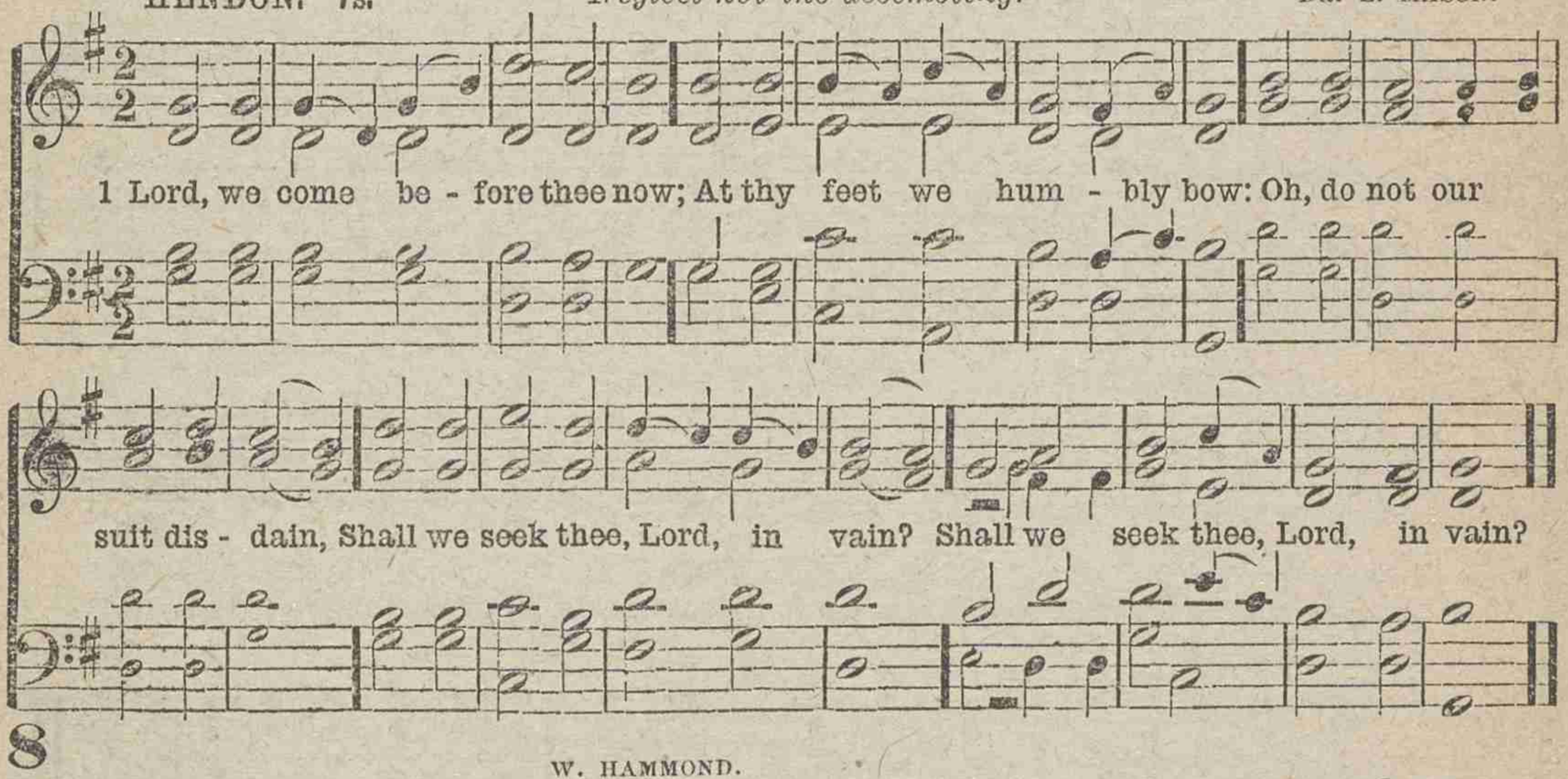
4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest
Till thro' the world thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blest
That see the light or feel the sun.

5 Great Sun of Righteousness! arise;
Bless the dark world with heavenly light:
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

HENDON. 7s.

Neglect not the assembling.

DR. L. MASON.



8

W. HAMMOND.

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

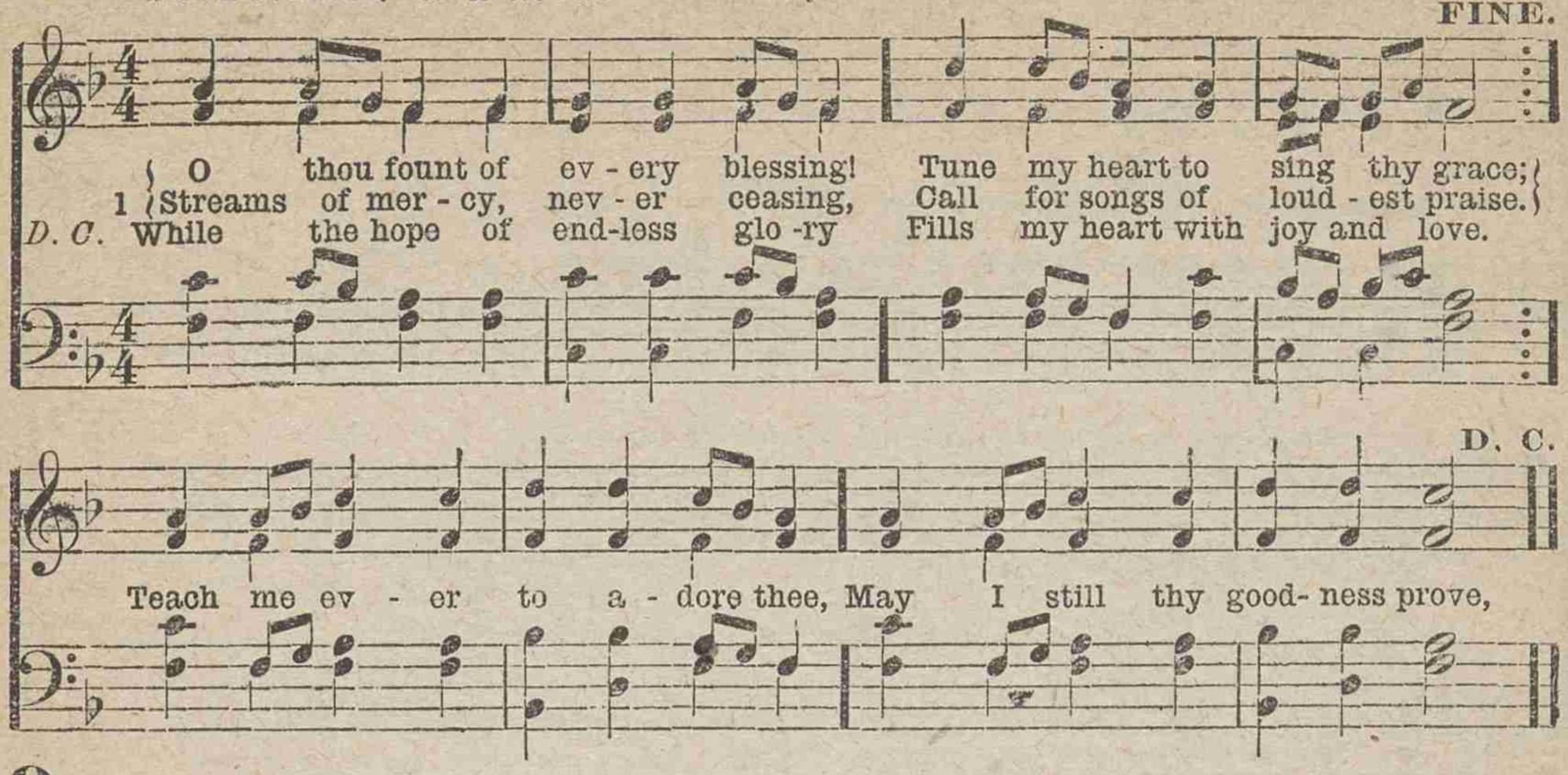
3 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee, here we stay;
Lord, from hence we would not go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.

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

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

TO THE FATHER.

GREENVILLE. 8s & 7s. D. *Father of mercies.* J. J. ROSSEAU.



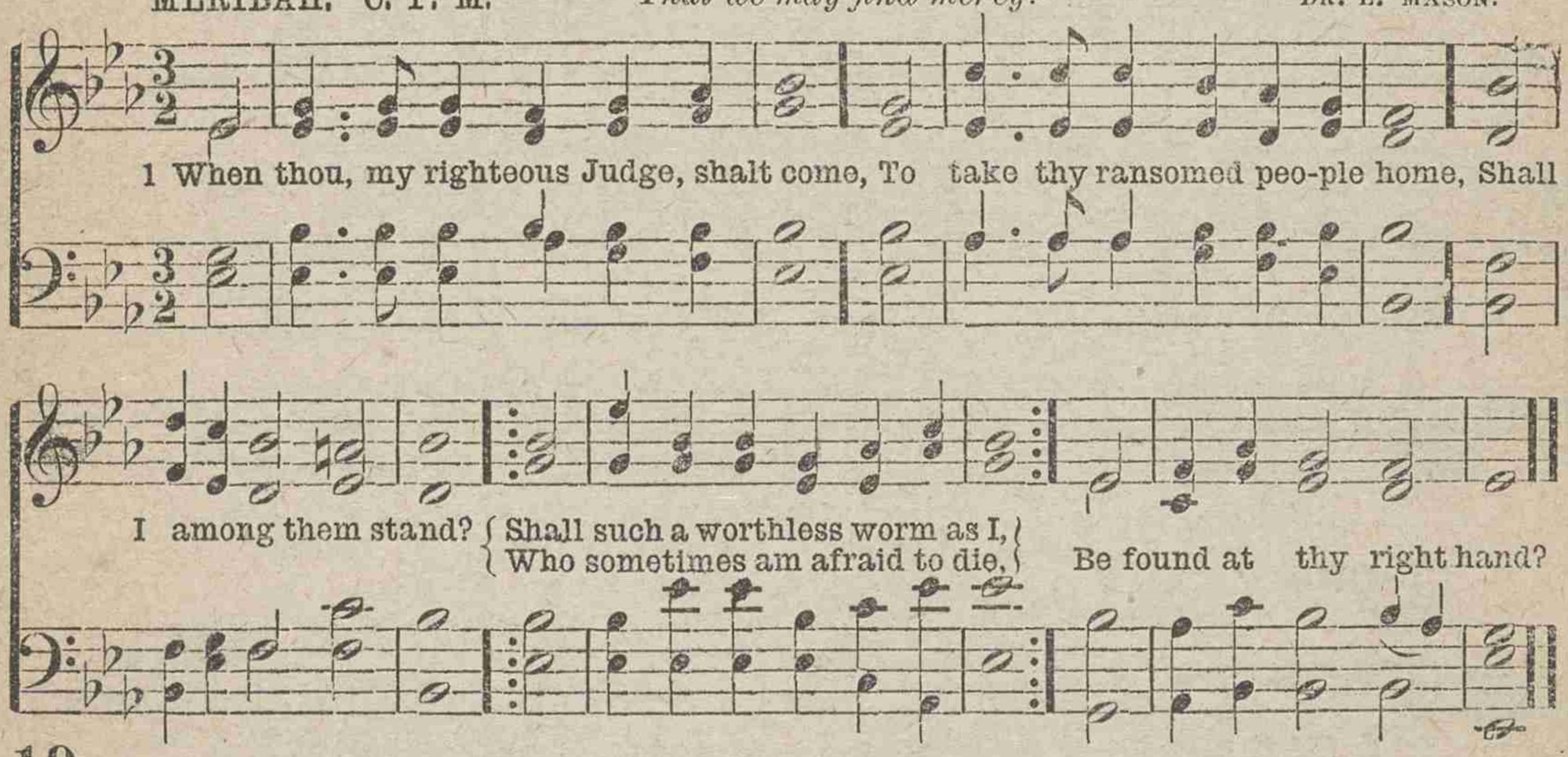
9

R. ROBINSON.

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

3 O! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind me closer still to thee!
Never let me wander from thee!
Never leave thee whom I love;
By thy Word and Spirit guide me,
Till I reach thy courts above.

MERIBAH. C. P. M. *"That we may find mercy."* DR. L. MASON.



10

COUNTESS OF HUNTINGTON.

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

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

PRECIOUS BLOOD.

"Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."

H. S. PERKINS.

1. Bless-ed be the fount-ain of blood, To a world of sin-ners re-vealed;
Bless-ed be the dear Son of God, On-ly by his stripes we are healed.
Tho' I've wandered far from his fold, Bring-ing to my heart pain and woe,
Wash me in the blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whit-er than snow.

CHORUS.

Whit - er than the snow, Whit - er than the snow;
Whiter than the snow, Whiter than the snow, Whiter than the snow, Whiter than the snow, the snow;

By permission.

PRECIOUS BLOOD. Concluded.

11

E. R. LATTA.

2 Thorny was the crown that he wore,
And the cross his body o'ercame:
Grievous were the sorrows he bore,
But he suffered not thus in vain.
May I to that fountain be led,
Made to cleanse my sins here below;
Wash me in the blood that he shed,
And I shall be whiter than snow.—Cho.

3 Father, I have wandered from thee,
Often has my heart gone astray;
Crimson do my sins seem to me,
Water can not wash them away.
Jesus, to that fountain of thine,
Leaning on thy promise, I'll go;
Cleanse me with thy washing divine,
And I shall be whiter than snow.—Cho.

GENEVA. C. M.

COLE.

12 *Gratitude.* J. ADDISON.

2 Unnumbered comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

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

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

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

13 *For Dedication.* W. C. BRYANT.

1 O thou, whose own vast temple stands
Built over earth and sea,
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised to worship thee.

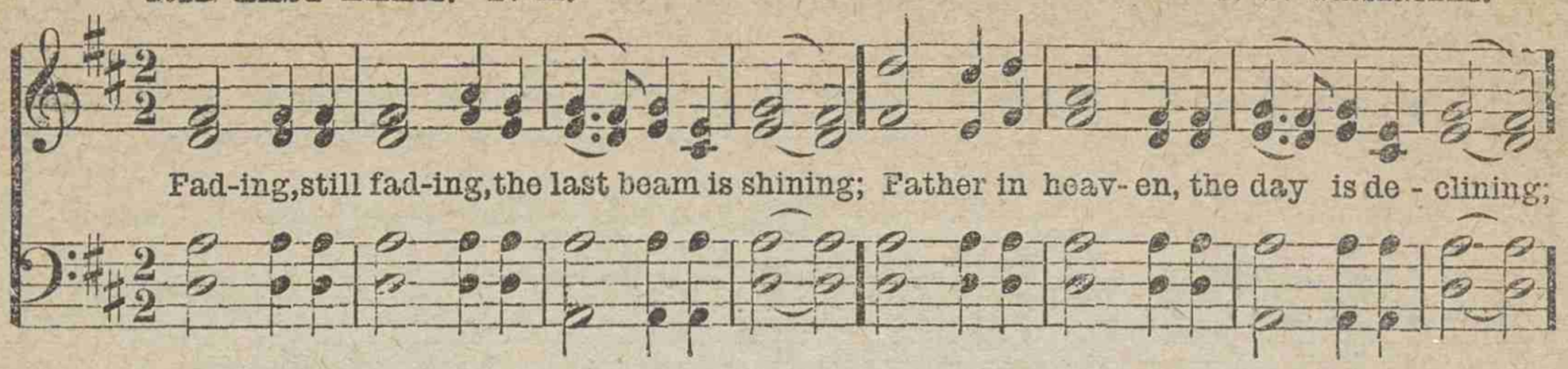
2 Lord, from thine inmost glory send,
Within these courts to bide,
The peace that dwelleth, without end,
Serenely by thy side.

3 May erring minds that worship here,
Be taught the better way;
And they who mourn, and they who fear,
Be strengthened as they pray.

4 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And pure devotion rise,
While round these hallowed walls the storm
Of earth-born passion dies.

THE LAST BEAM. P. M.

F. W. WEISENTHAL.



REFRAIN.

2d verse.

14

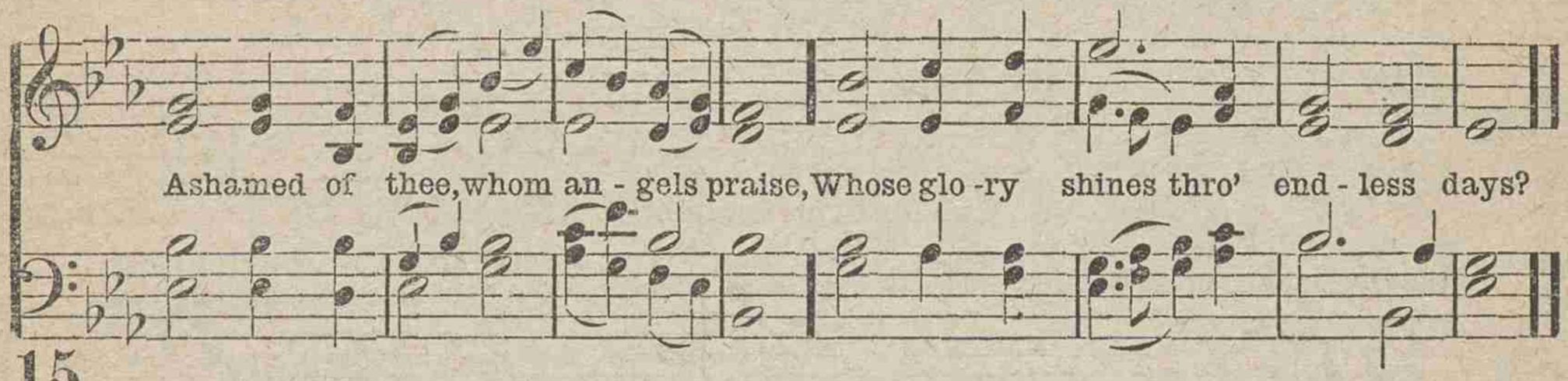
SELINA HUNTINGTON.

1 Fading, still fading, the last beam is shining;
Father in heavén, the day is declining;
Safety and innocence flee with the light,
Temptation and danger walk forth with the night.
From the fall of the shade till the morning bells chime,
Shield us from danger, keep us from crime.—REF.

2 Father in heavén, Oh, hear when we call;
Hear, for Christ's sake, who is Savior of all.
Feeble and fainting, we trust in thy might;
In doubting and darkness thy love be our light;
Let us sleep on thy breast while the night-taper burns,
Wake in thine arms when morning returns.—REF.

TO THE SON.

DUKE STREET. L. M. *"Ashamed of me."* J. HATTON.



15

JOSEPH GRIGG.

2 Ashamed of Jesus! Sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! Just as soon
Let morning be ashamed of noon;
'Twas midnight with my soul till he,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! That dear friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend;
No! when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

5 Ashamed of Jesus! Yes, I might,
Had I no guilt my soul to blight,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

REMEMBER ME. C. M. *"I will never leave thee."* ASA HULL.

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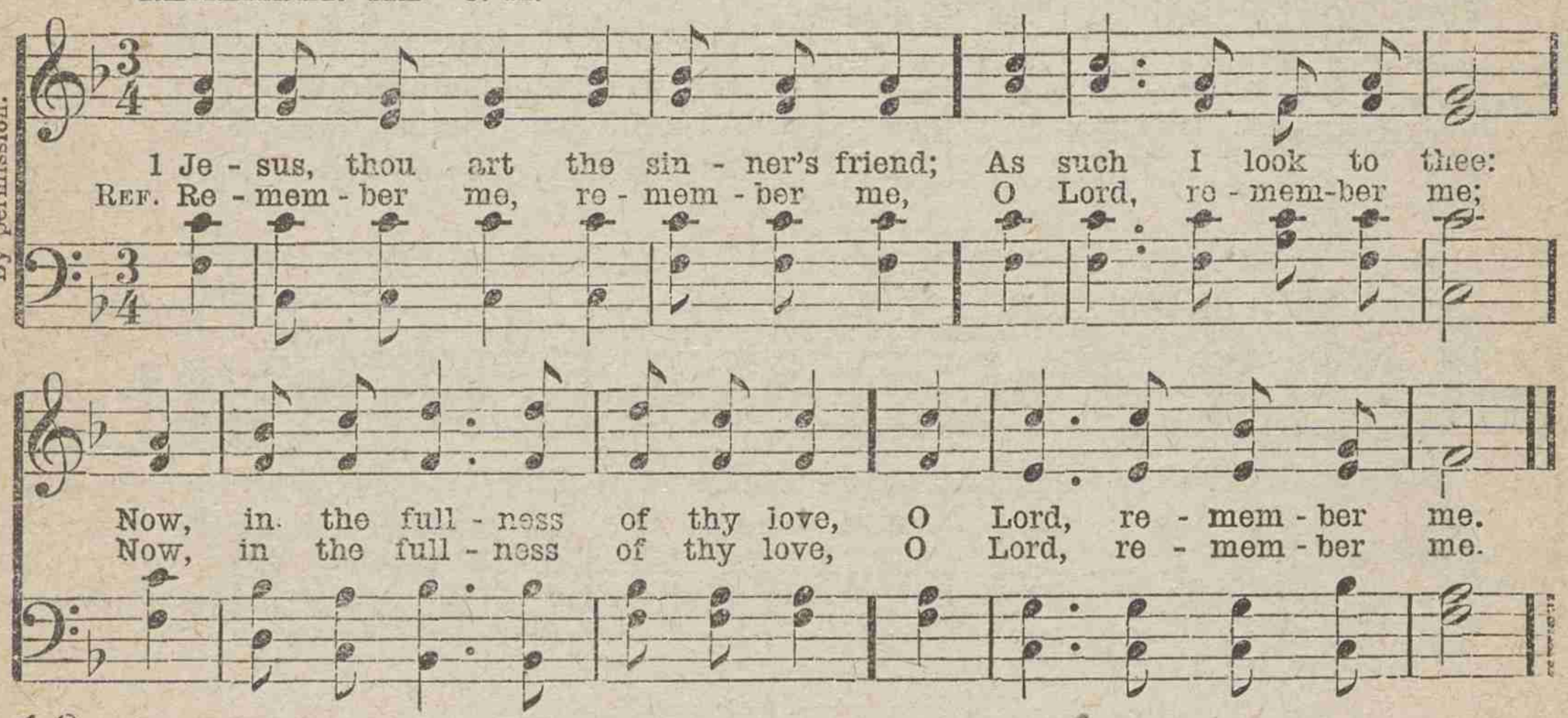


16

RICHARD BURNHAM.

2 Remember thy pure word of grace,
Remember Calvary;
Remember all thy promises,
And then remember me.—Ref.

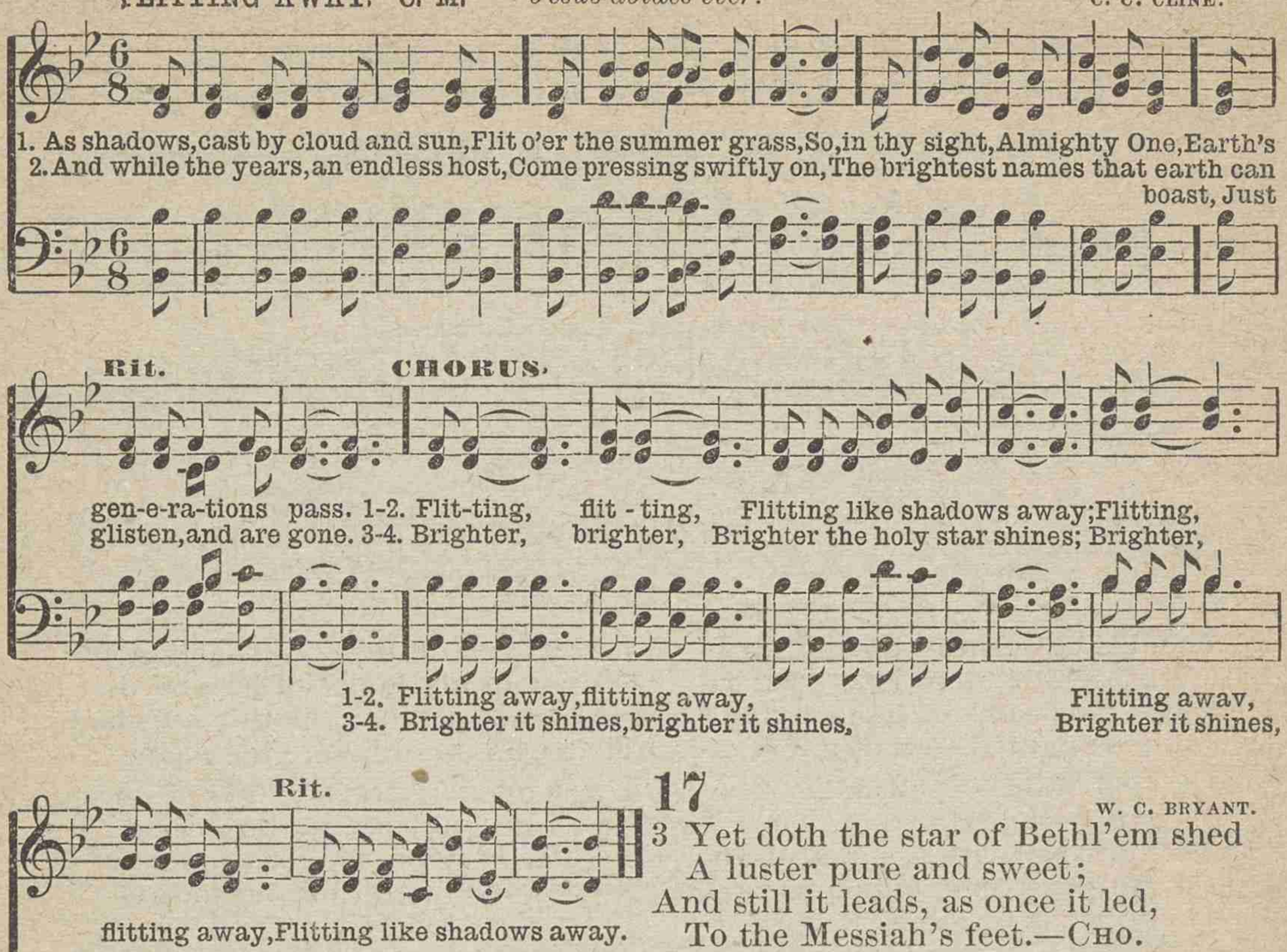
4 Thou mighty Advocate with God,
I yield myself to thee;
While thou art sitting on thy throne,
O Lord, remember me.—Ref.

4 I own I'm guilty, own I'm vile,
Yet thy salvation's free;
Then, in thy all-abounding grace,
O Lord, remember me.—Ref.

5 And when I close my eyes in death,
And creature helps all flee,
Then, O my great Redeemer, Lord,
I pray, remember me.—Ref.

FLITTING AWAY. C. M. *"Jesus abides ever."*

C. C. CLINE.



17

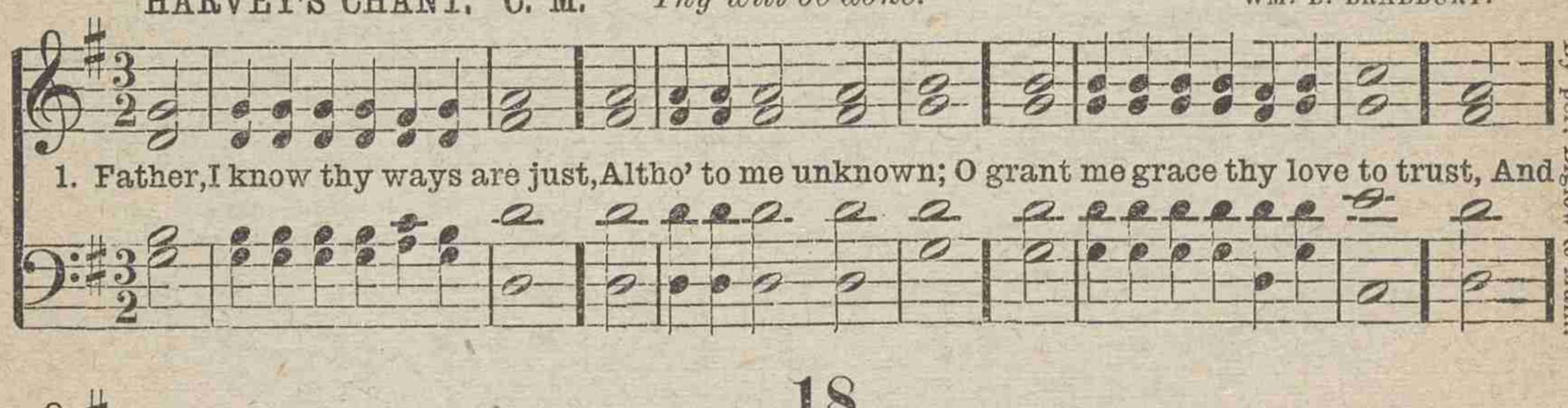
W. C. BRYANT.

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

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

HARVEY'S CHANT. C. M. *"Thy will be done."*

WM. B. BRADBURY.



By per. Biglow & Main.

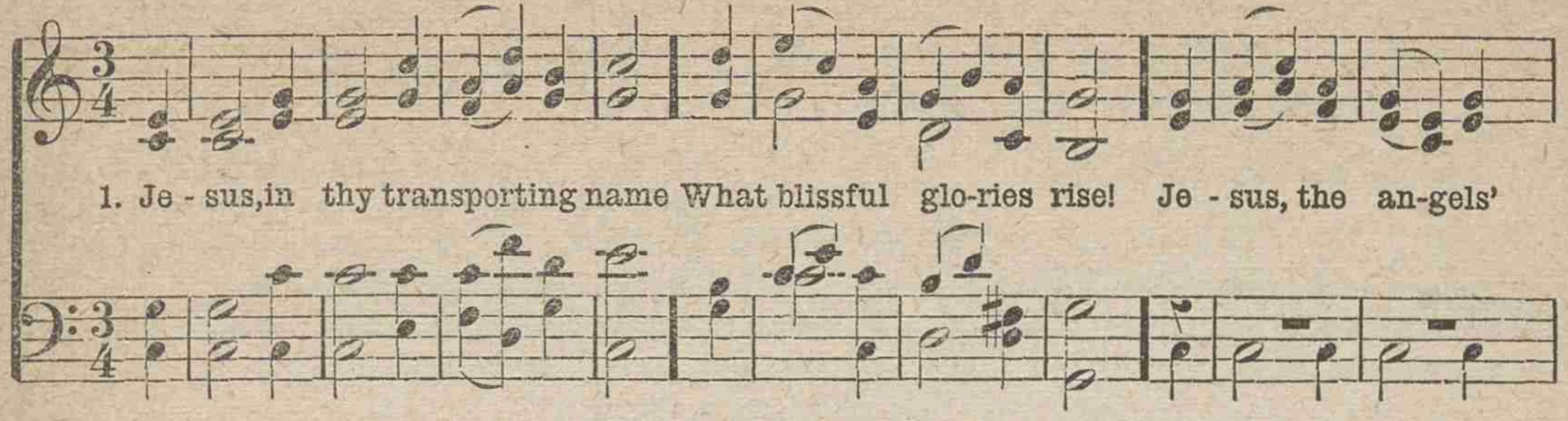
18

UNKNOWN.

2 If thou shouldst hedge with thorns my path,
Should wealth and friends be gone,
Still, with a firm and lively faith,
I'll cry, "Thy will be done!"

3 Although thy steps I can not trace,
Thy sovereign right I'll own;
And, as instructed by thy grace,
I'll cry, "Thy will be done!"

CHIMES. C. M. *"The compassionate One."* DR. L. MASON.

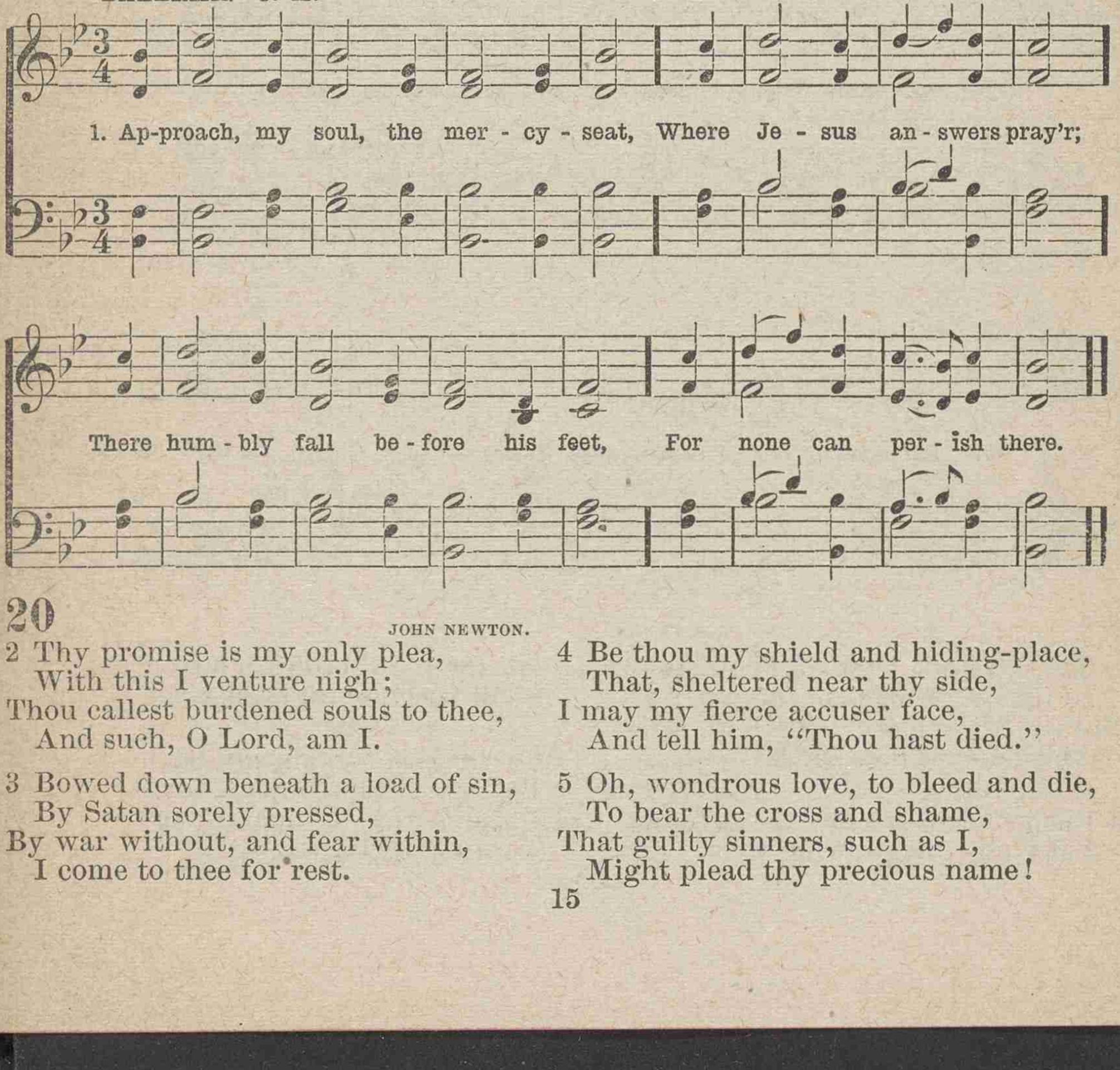


19 ANNE STEELE.

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

3 What glad return can I impart
For favors so divine?
Oh, take this heart, this sinful heart,
And make it wholly thine!

BALERMA. C. M. *"Let us draw near."* R. SIMPSON.



20 JOHN NEWTON.

2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By war without, and fear within,
I come to thee for rest.

4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, sheltered near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, "Thou hast died."

5 Oh, wondrous love, to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy precious name!

TARRY WITH ME. 8s & 7s. *"And he went in to tarry with them."* KNOWLES SHAW.

By permission.
John Church & Co.

MRS. C. S SMITH.

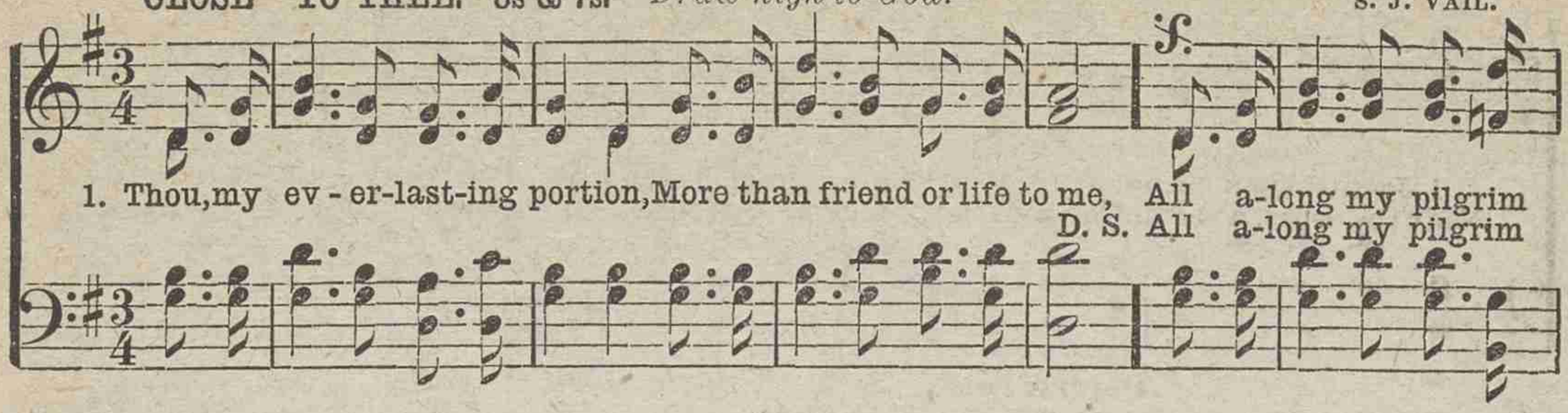
2 Many friends were gathered round me,
In the bright days of the past;
But the grave has closed above them,
And I linger here the last.

3 Deeper, deeper grow the shadows,
Paler now the glowing west,
Swift the night of death advances;
Shall it be the night of rest?

4 Tarry with me, oh, my Savior,
Lay my head upon thy breast
Till the morning; then awake me,
Morning of eternal rest.

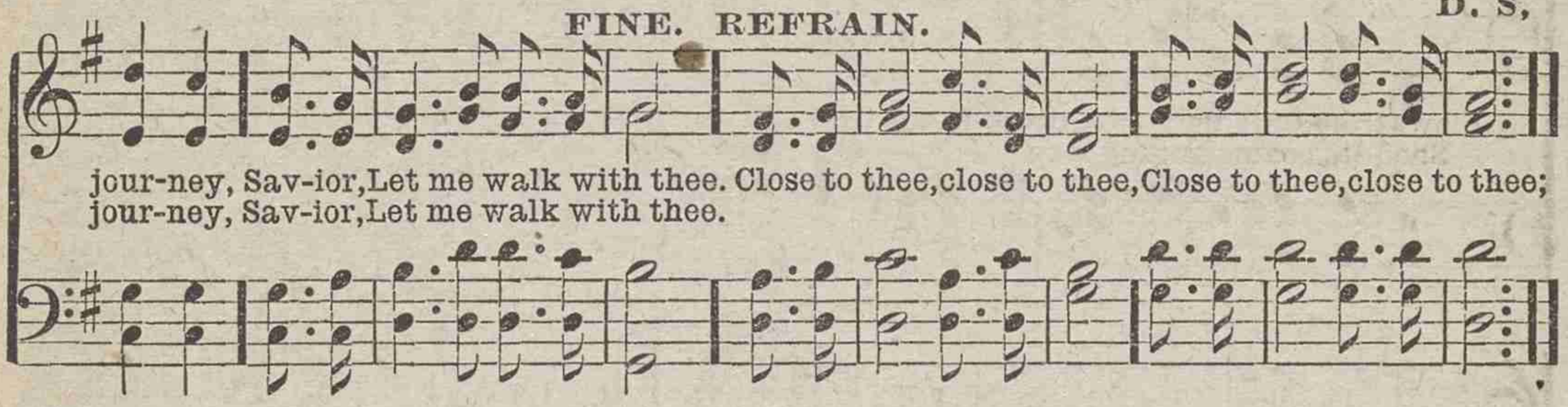
CLOSE TO THEE. 8s & 7s. *"Draw nigh to God."*

S. J. VAIL.



FINE. REFRAIN.

D. S.



22

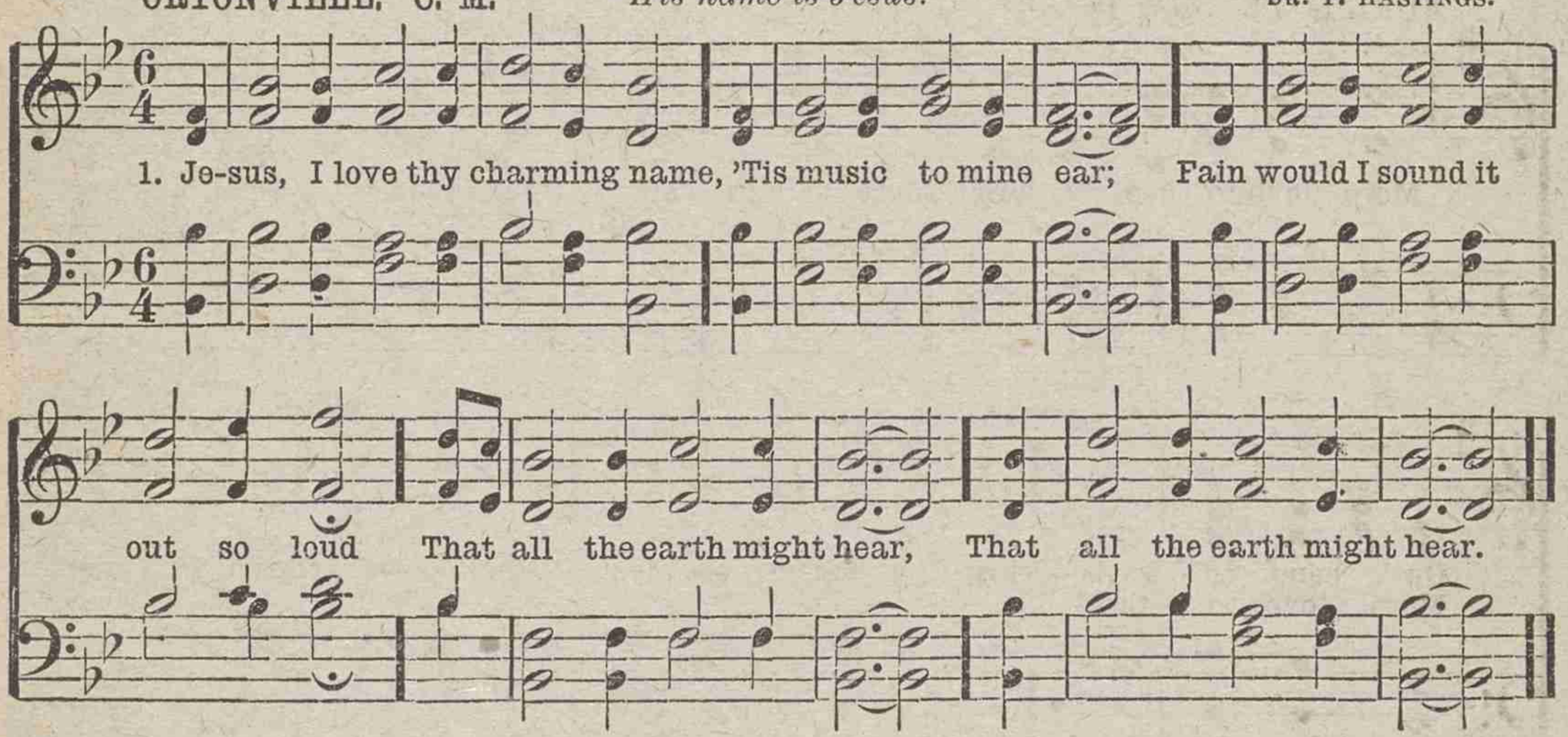
FANNY J. CROSBY.

2 Not for ease or worldly pleasure,
Nor for fame my prayer shall be;
Gladly will I toil and suffer,
Only let me walk with thee.—REF.

3 Lead me through the vale of shadows,
Bear me o'er life's fitful sea;
Then the gate of life eternal
May I enter, Lord, with thee.—REF.

ORTONVILLE. C. M. *"His name is Jesus."*

DR. T. HASTINGS.



23

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

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

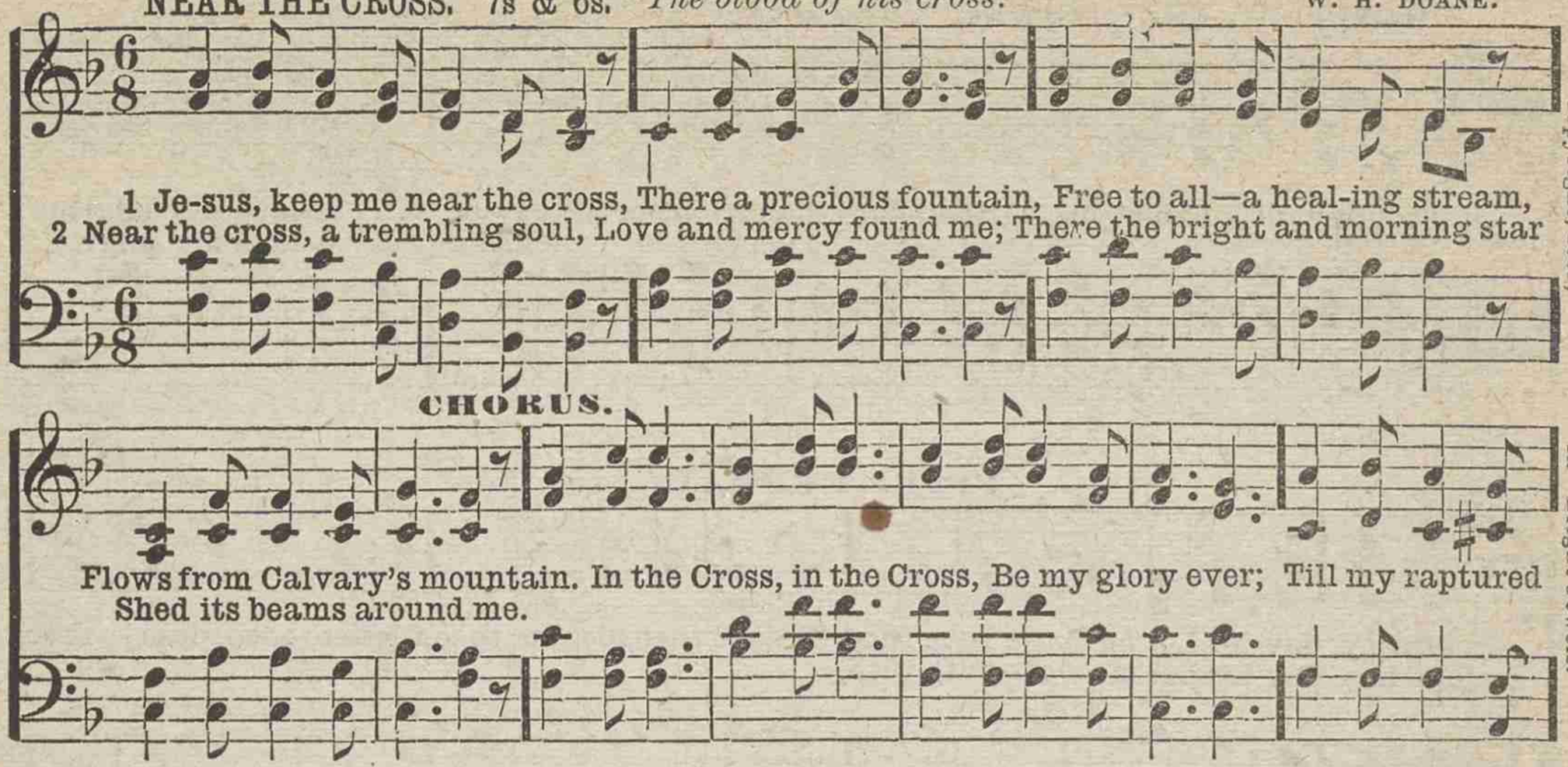
3 All that my ardent soul can wish
In thee doth richly meet;
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

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

By permission. John Church &Co.

NEAR THE CROSS. 7s & 6s. *"The blood of his cross."*

W. H. DOANE.



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24

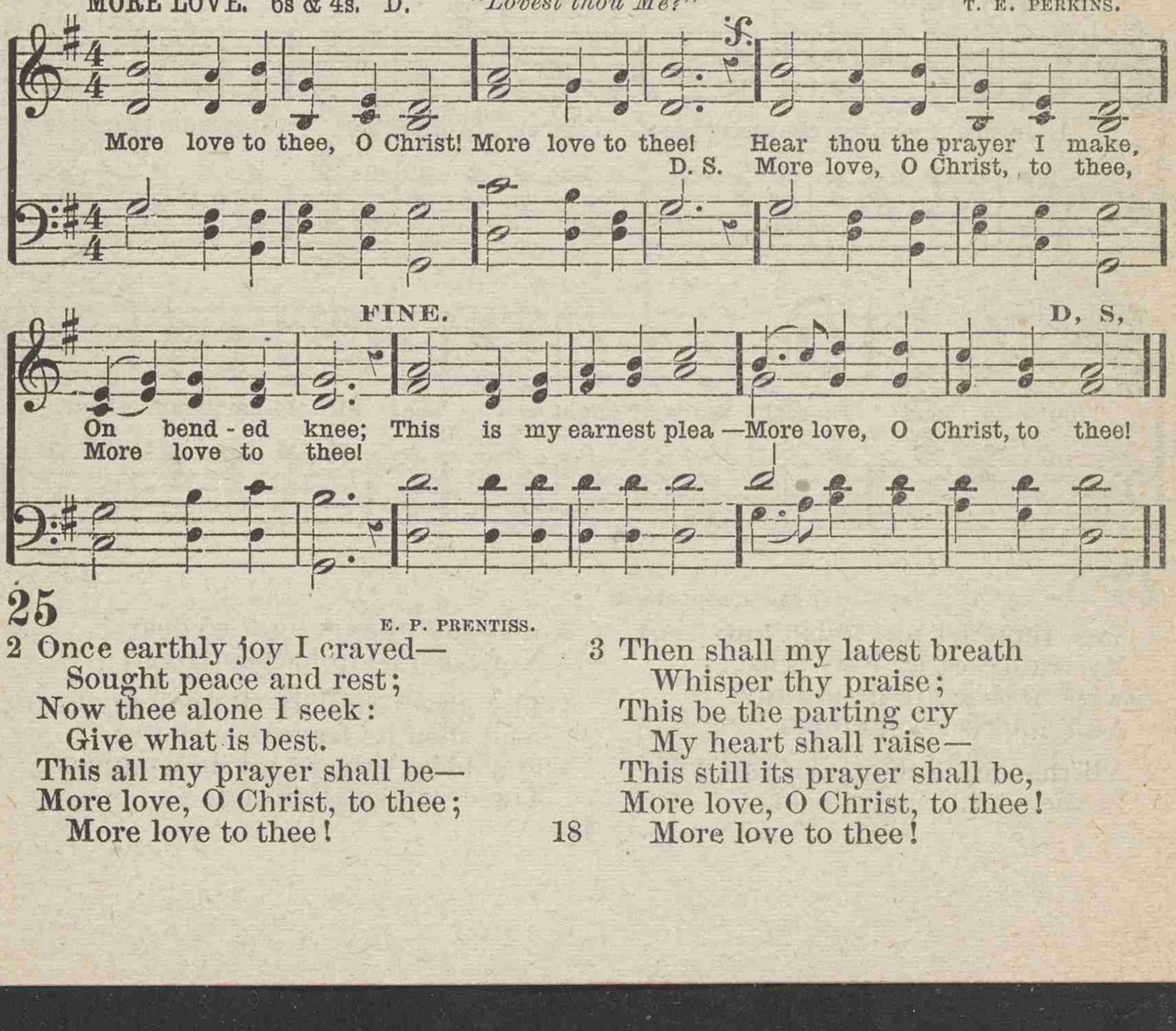
FANNY J. CROSBY.

3 Near the Cross! O Lamb of God,
Bring its scenes before me;
Help me walk, from day to day,
With its shadows o'er me.—CHO.

4 Near the Cross I'll watch and wait,
Hoping, trusting ever,
Till I reach the golden strand,
Just beyond the river.—CHO.

MORE LOVE. 6s & 4s. D. *"Lovest thou Me?"*

T. E. PERKINS.



25

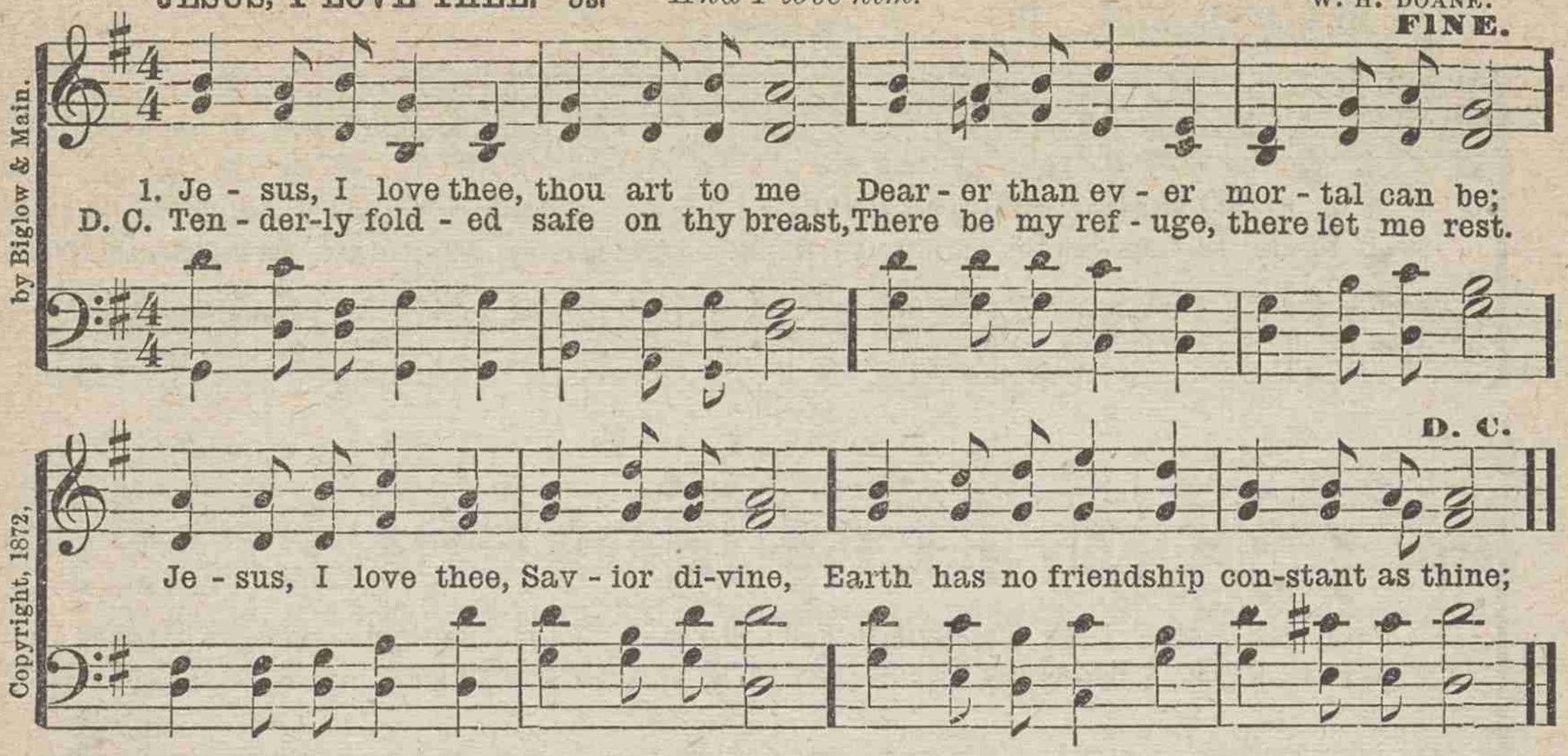
E. P. PRENTISS.

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

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

JESUS, I LOVE THEE. 9s. *"And I love him."*

W. H. DOANE.



26

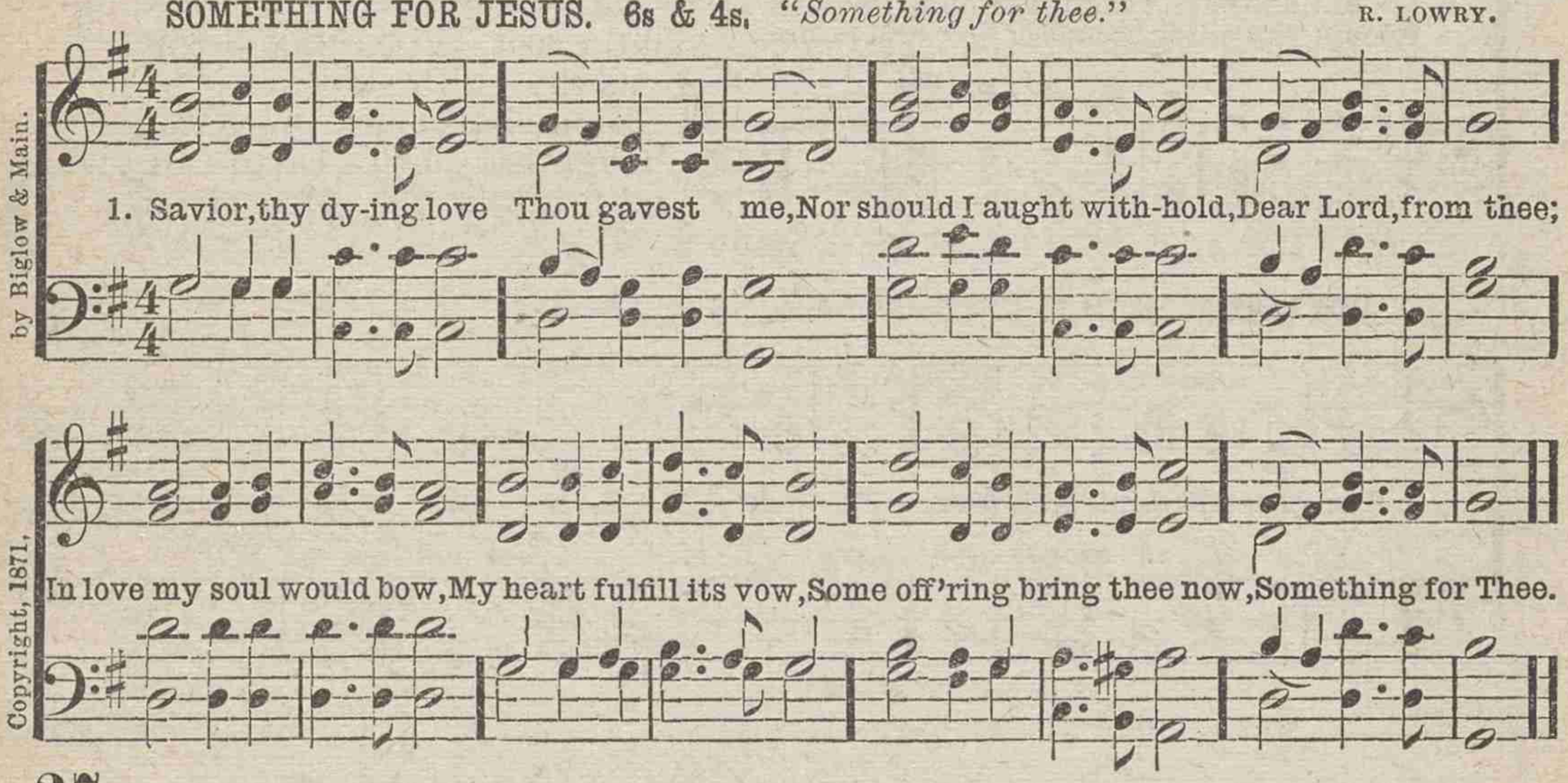
ELLA DALE.

2 Full of compassion, loving and mild,
Thou art my Father, I am thy child;
Thou wilt forgive when I am wrong,
Thou art my comfort, thou art my song;
Blesséd Redeemer, precious to me,
Draw me still closer, closer to thee.

3 Jesus, I love thee, reign in my heart;
Oh, may thy spirit never depart:
Jesus, I love thee, yes, thou art mine,
Living or dying, still I am thine;
Jesus, I love thee, thou art to me
Dearer than ever mortal can be.

SOMETHING FOR JESUS. 6s & 4s. *"Something for thee."*

R. LOWRY.



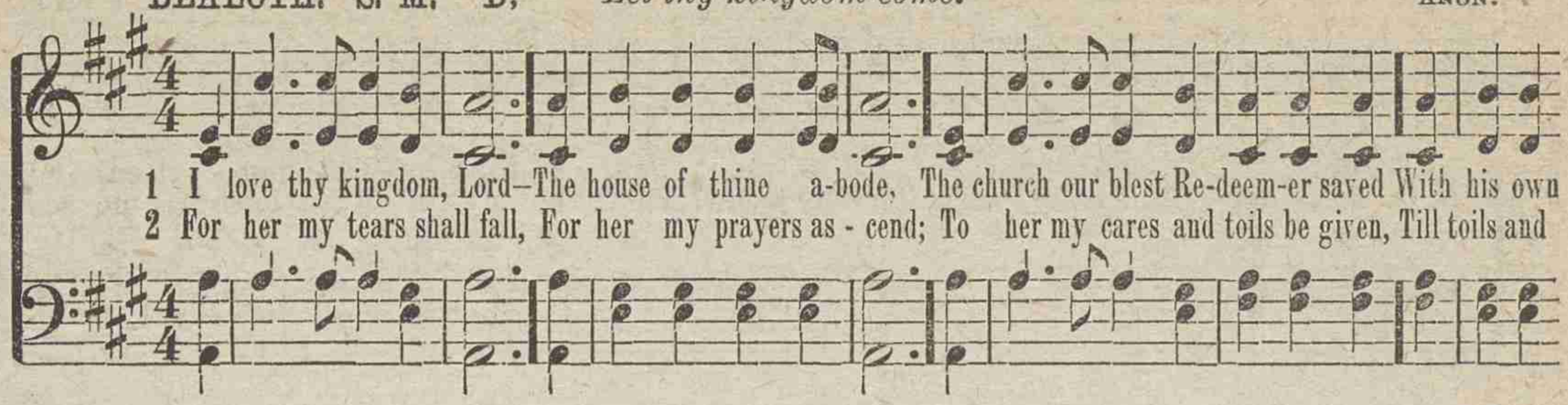
27

S. D. PHELPS.

2 At the blest mercy-seat,
Pleading for me,
My feeble faith looks up,
Jesus, to thee.
Help me the cross to bear,
Thy wondrous love declare;
Some song to raise, or prayer,
Something for thee.

3 Give me a faithful heart—
Likeness to thee—
That each departing day
Henceforth may see
Some work of love begun,
Some deed of kindness done,
Some wanderer sought and won,
Something for thee.

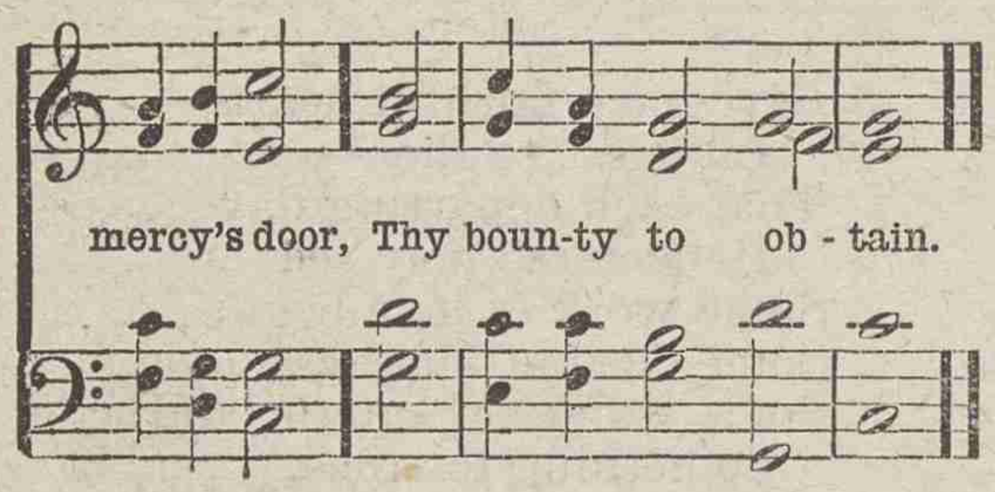
BEALOTH. S. M. D. *"Let thy kingdom come."* ANON.



28 TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

3 Jesus, thou friend divine,
Our Savior and our King!
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.
Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

BOYLSTON. S. M. *"Blessed are they that hunger."* DR. L. MASON.



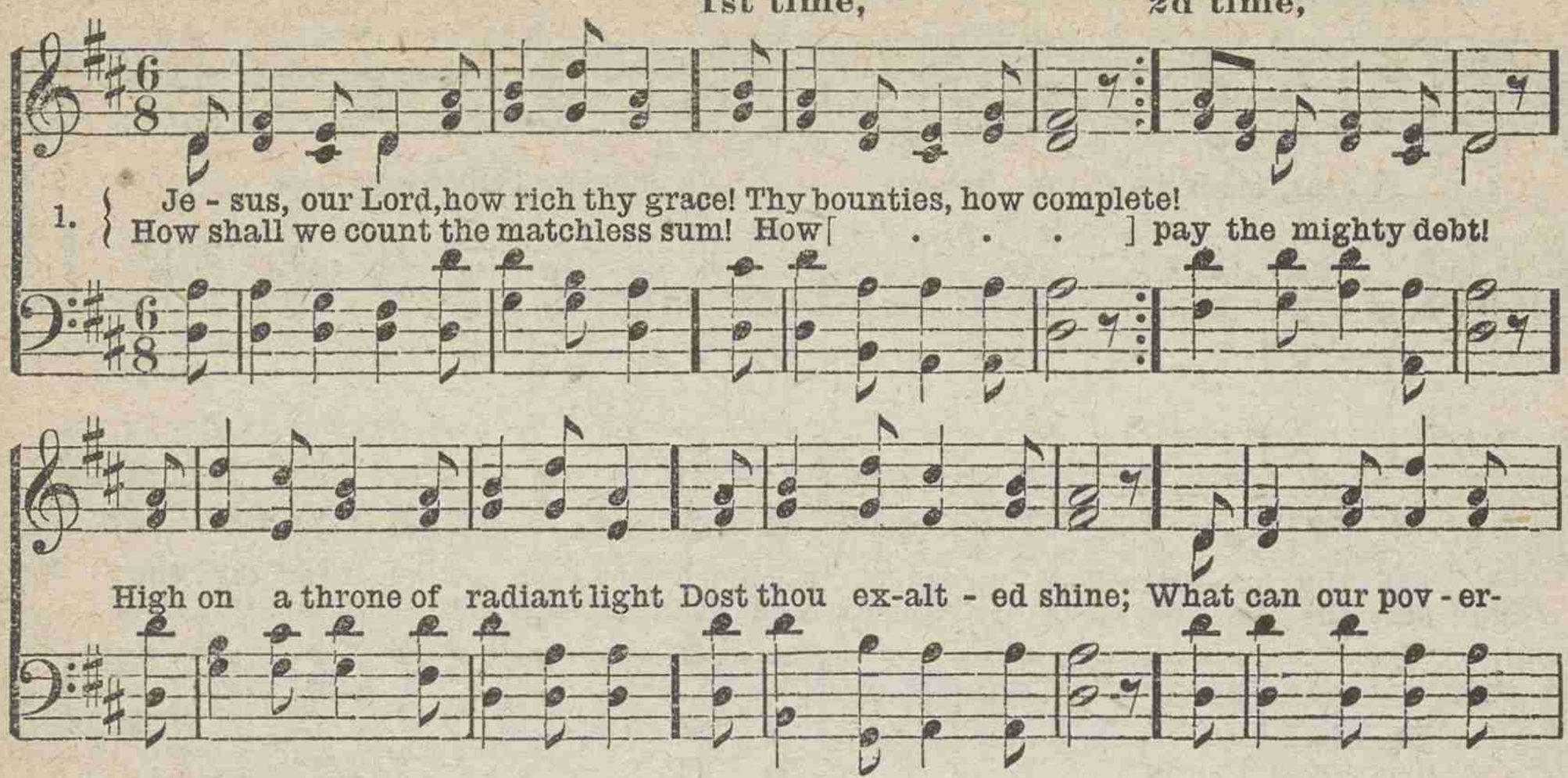
29 UNKNOWN.

2 Thy word invites us nigh,
Or we should starve indeed;
For we no money have to buy,
Nor righteousness to plead.

3 Thy food our spirits want
Thy hand alone can give;
Oh, hear the prayer of faith, and grant
That we may eat and live.

TO THE SON.

BENEFICENCE. C. M. D. T. L. MELVEN.



30 P. DODDRIDGE.

2 But thou hast brethren here below,
The partners of thy grace;
And wilt confess their humble names
Before thy Father's face.
In them thou mayst be clothed and fed,
And visited and cheered;
And in their accents of distress,
Dear Lord, thy voice is heard.

OLIVET. 6s & 4s. *"Look unto me."* DR. L. MASON.

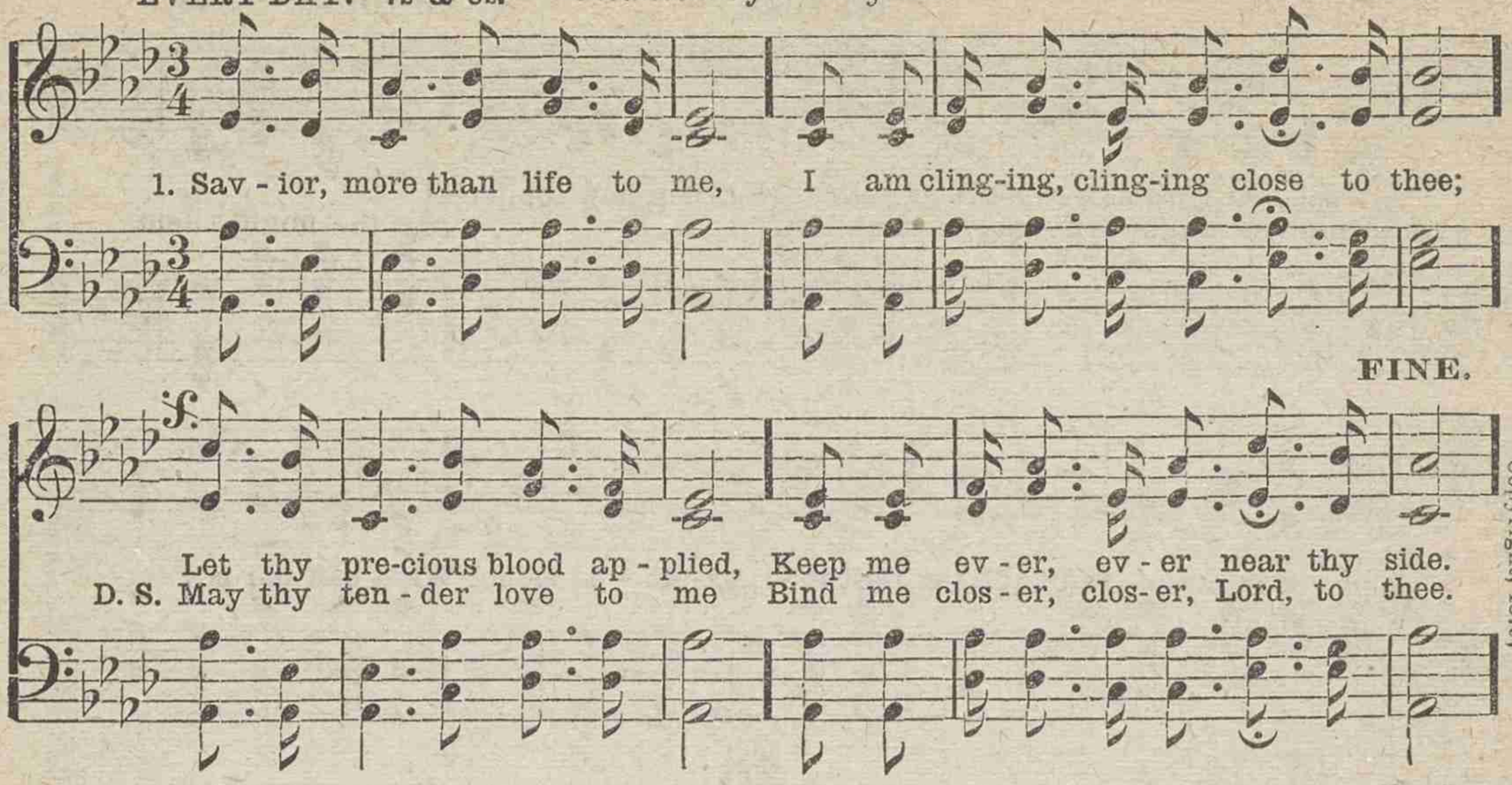
3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

31 RAY PALMER.

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.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Savior, then, in love,
Fear and distress remove;
Oh, bear me safe above—
A ransomed soul.

EVERY DAY. 7s & 9s. *"Cleanse me from my sin."* W. H. DOANE.



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32 FANNY J. CROSBY.

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

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

PLEYEL. 7s. *"If ye love Me."*

33 UNKNOWN.

1 Savior, teach me, day by day,
Love's sweet lesson to obey;
Sweeter lessons can not be,
Loving him who first loved me.

2 With a child-like heart of love,
At thy bidding may I move;
Prompt to serve and follow thee,
Loving him who first loved me.

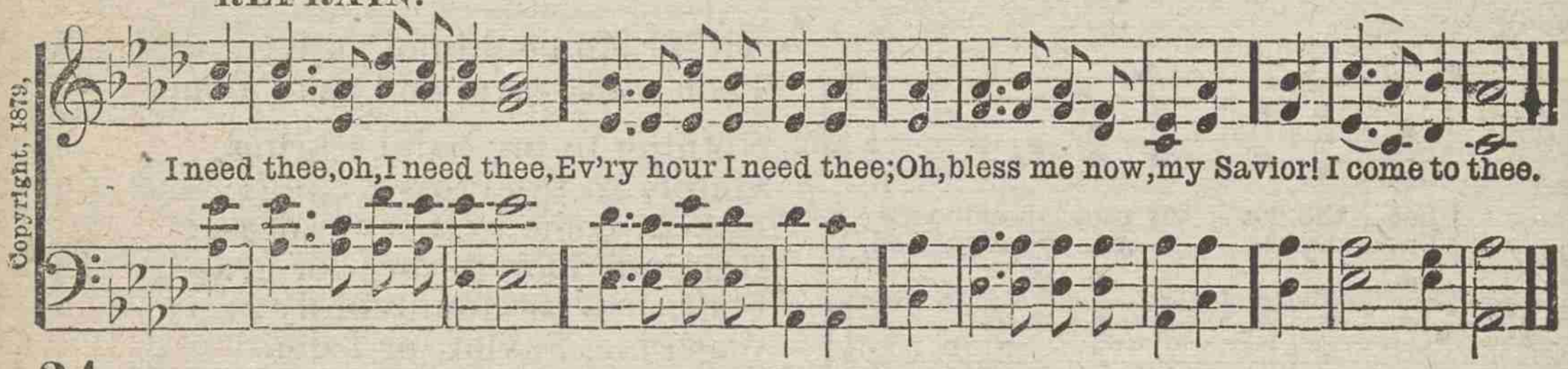
3 Teach me all thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in thy grace;
Learning how to love from thee,
Loving him who first loved me.

4 Love in loving finds employ—
In obedience, all her joy;
Ever new that joy will be,
Loving him who first loved me.

I NEED THEE. 6s & 4s. *"Without Me ye can do nothing."*

ROBERT LOWRY.

REFRAIN.



MRS. ANNIE S. HAWKS.

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

3 I need thee every hour,
In joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain.—REF.

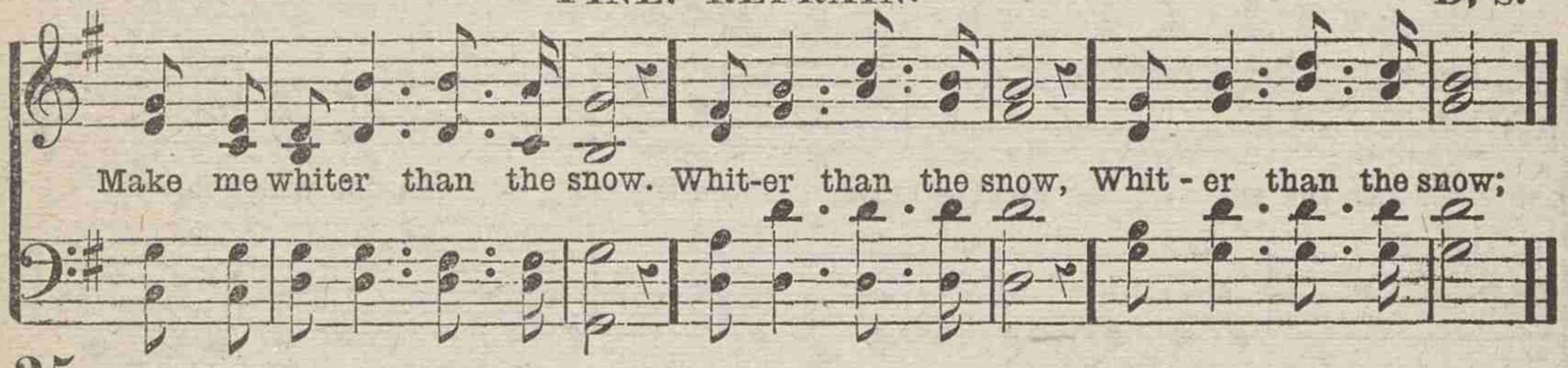
4 I need thee every hour,
Teach me thy will;
And thy rich promises
In me fulfill.—REF.

5 I need thee every hour,
Most Holy One;
Oh, make me thine indeed,
Thou blesséd Son.—REF.

CLEANSING FOUNTAIN. 7s. *"I am sinful."*

K. SHAW. ARR. BY J. H. R.

FINE. REFRAIN. D. S.



K. SHAW.

2 Blind and lost, I call for aid,
Let thy hand on me be laid;
Thou alone canst, Lord, I know,
Make me whiter than the snow.—REF.

3 Cleanse me in thy precious blood,
Love's pure, crimson, streaming flood;
Robes of brightness, Lord, bestow,
Make me whiter than the snow.—REF.

ROCK OF AGES. 7s. 6 lines. *"And that rock was Christ."*

DR. HASTINGS.

D. C.

36

A. M. TOPLADY.

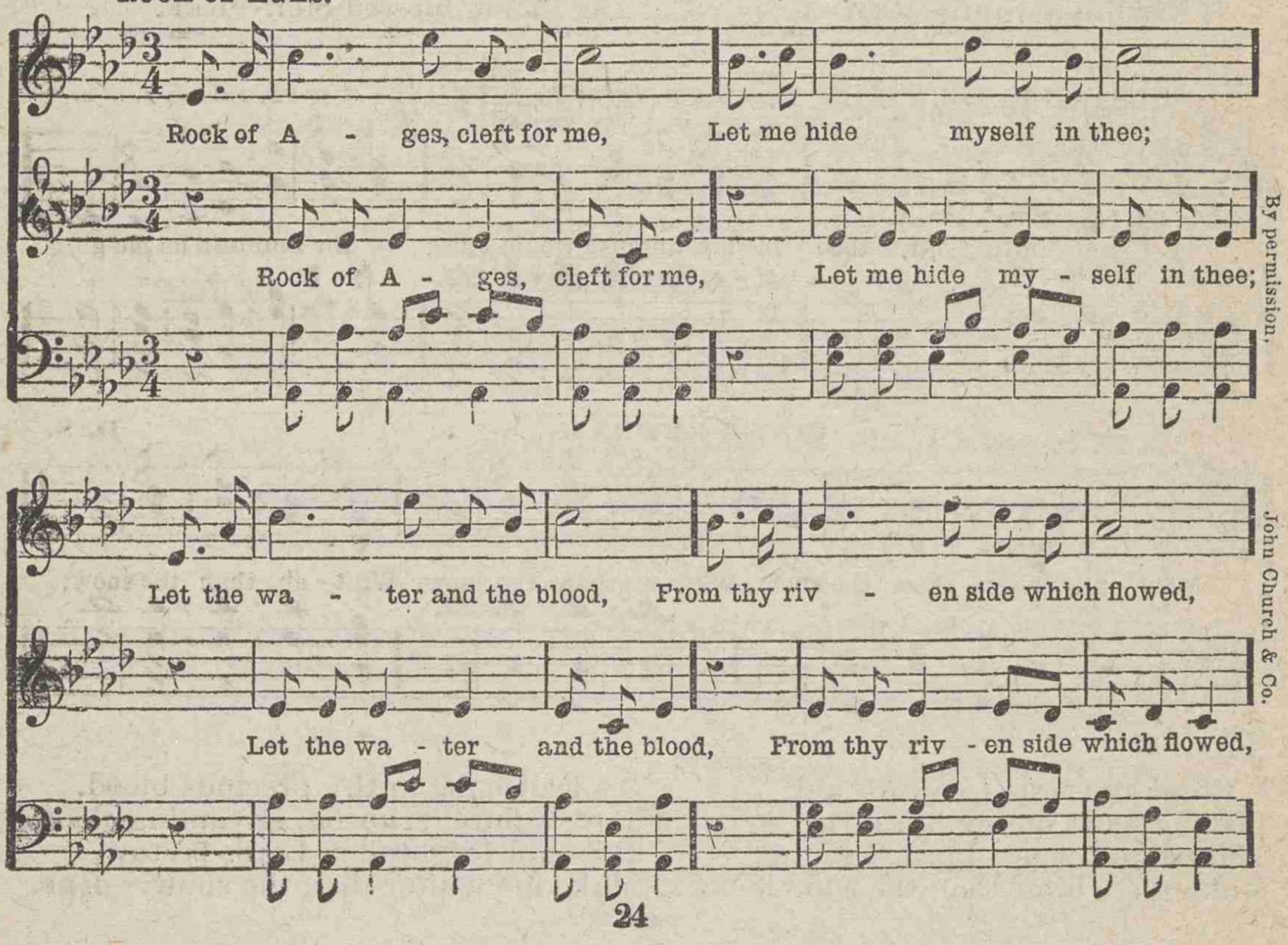
2 Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfill the law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone.

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

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my heart-strings break in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment-throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

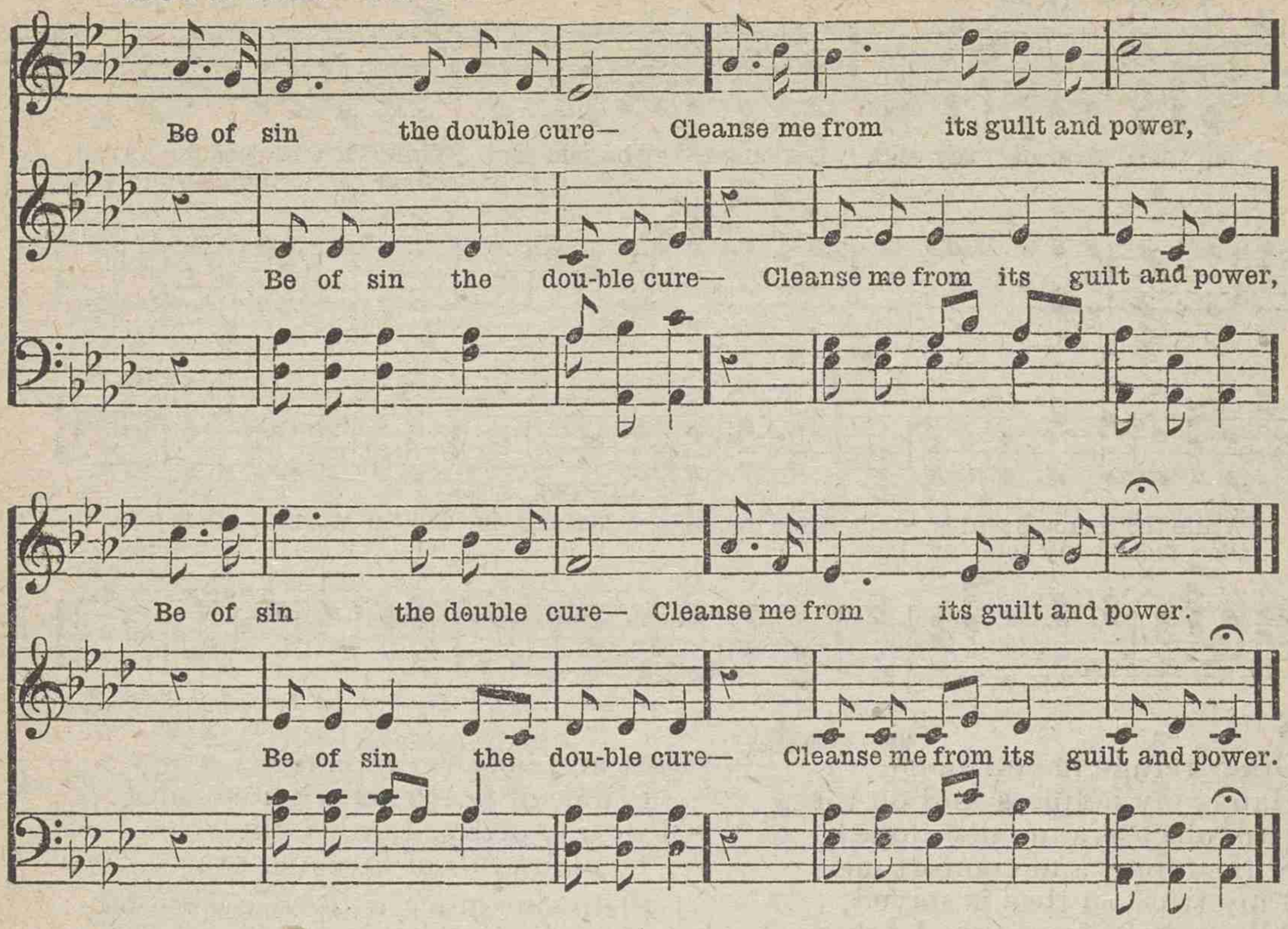
ROCK OF AGES.

MRS. P. P. BLISS.



By permission,
John Church & Co.

ROCK OF AGES. Concluded.



McCHESNEY. P. M. *"I have given him for a leader."* T. J. COOK.

37

COUNT ZINZENDORF.

2 When we danger meet,
Steadfast make our feet;
Lord, preserve us, uncomplaining,
'Mid the darkness round us reigning!
Through adversity
Lies our way to thee.

3 Order all our way
Through this mortal day;
In our toil with aid be near us;
In our need with succor cheer us;
When life's course is o'er,
Open thou the door!

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

WILSON. 7s. D. *"Christ our all."* W. T. MOORE.

38 CHARLES WESLEY.

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 stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
Boundless love in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
Prince of peace and righteousness
Most unworthy, Lord, I am;
Thou art full of love and grace.

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

REFUGE. 7s. D. J. P. HOLBROOK.

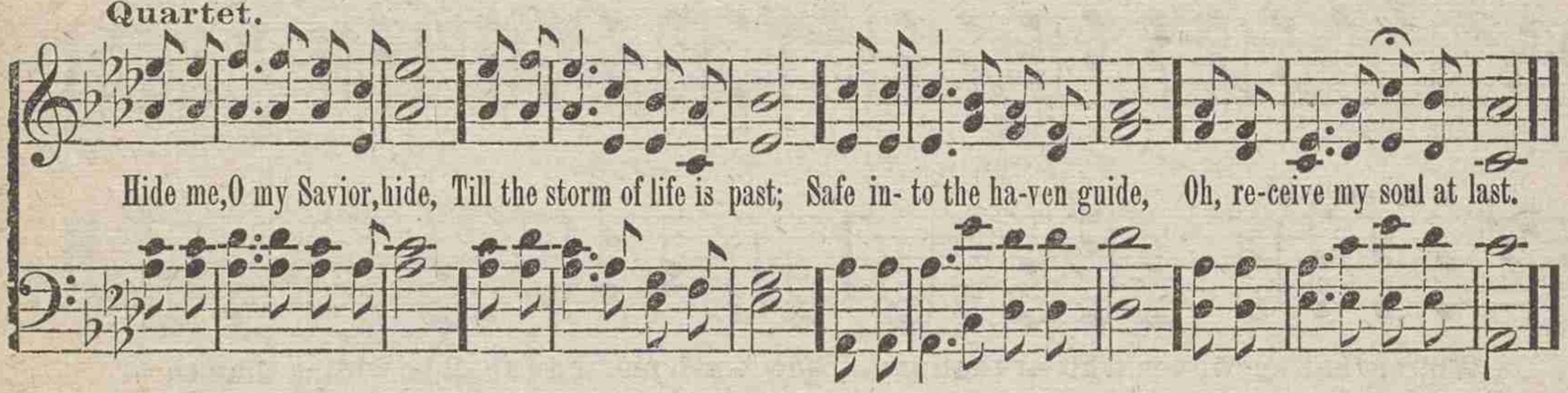
By permission.

EMMANUEL. 7s, D.

Solo, Duet, or Trio.

H. M. HIGGINS. ARR. BY C. C. CLINE.

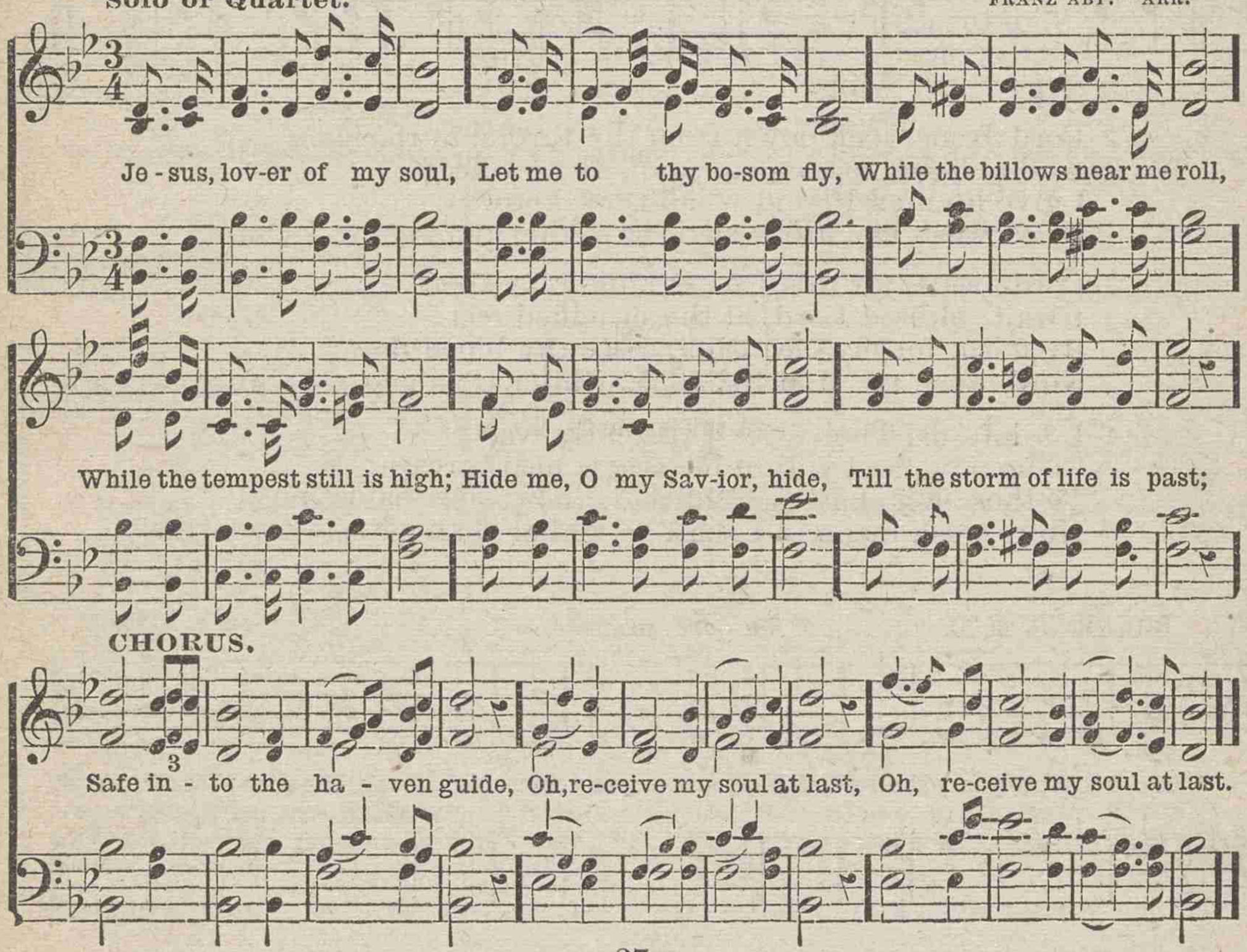
Quartet.



LOVER OF MY SOUL.

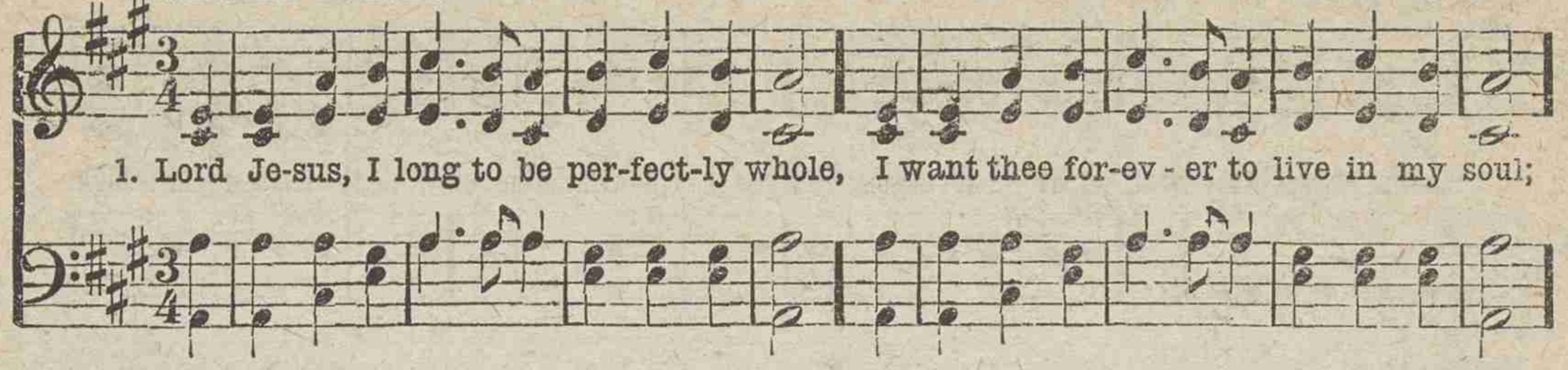
Solo or Quartet.

FRANZ ABT.—ARR.



WHITER THAN SNOW. 11s. *"I shall be whiter than snow."*

WM. G. FISCHER.



By permission

JAMES NICHOLSON.

2 Lord Jesus, look down from thy throne in the skies,
And help me to make a complete sacrifice;
I give up myself, and whatever I know;
Now, wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.—CHO.

3 Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat;
I wait, blesséd Lord, at thy crucified feet;
By faith, for my cleansing, I see thy blood flow;
Now, wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.—CHO.

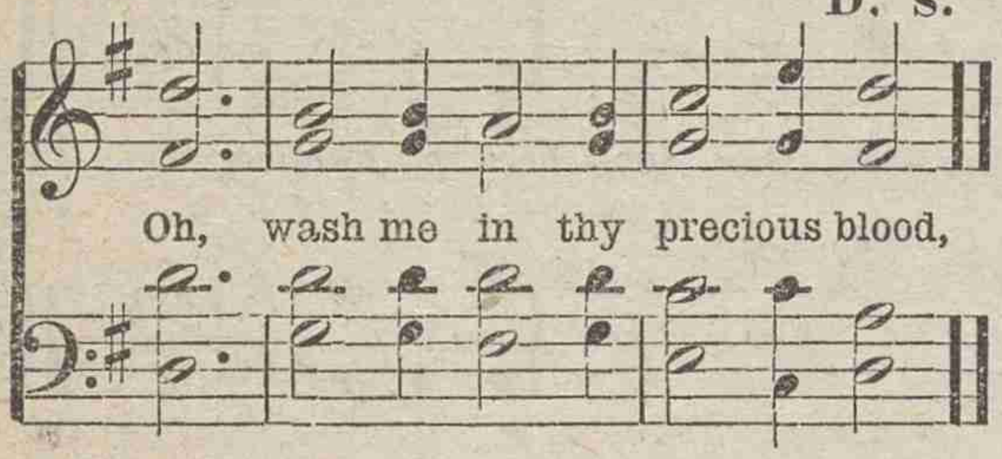
4 Lord Jesus, Thou seest I patiently wait,
Come now, and within me a new heart create;
To those who have sought thee, thou never saidst no;
Now, wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.—CHO.

BONAR. S. M. D. *"O my Lord, prepare."*

DR. L. MASON.

BONAR. Concluded.

D. S.



40

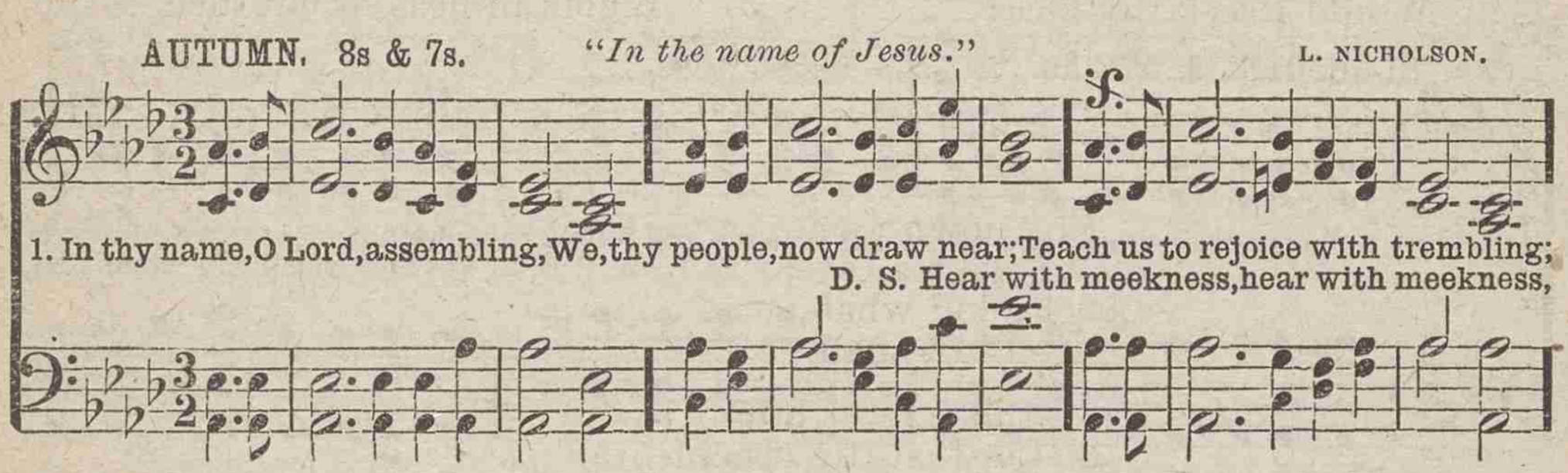
HORATIUS BONAR.

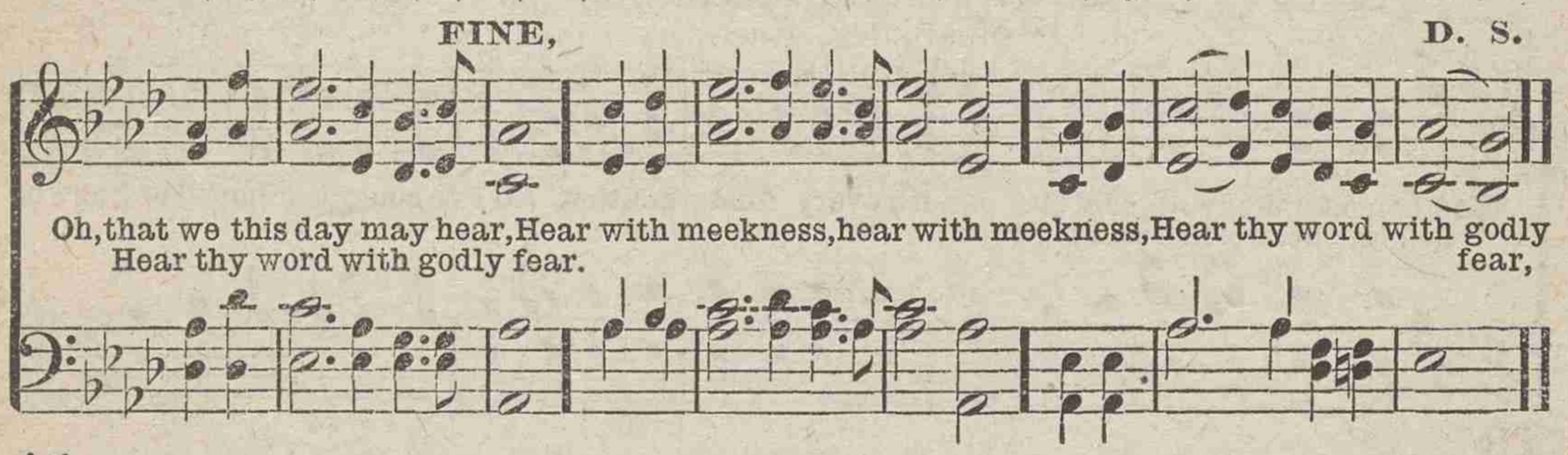
2 A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall be where suns are not—
A far serener clime.

Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day;
Oh, wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

3 A few more meetings here
Shall cheer us on our way,
And we shall reach the endless rest,
Th' eternal Sabbath day.
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that sweet day;
Oh, wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

AUTUMN. 8s & 7s. *"In the name of Jesus."* L. NICHOLSON.





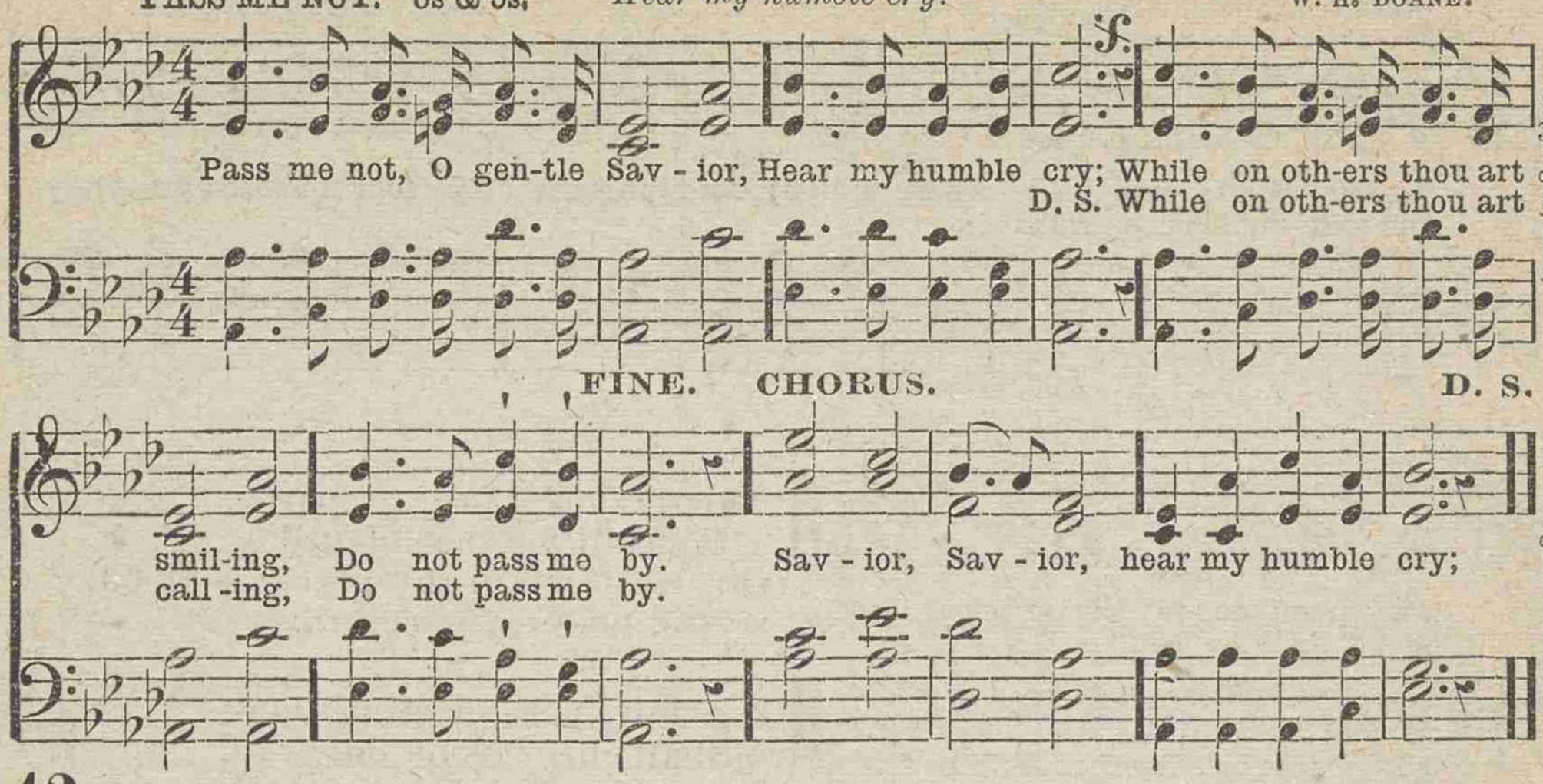
41

THOMAS KELLY.

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

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

PASS ME NOT. 8s & 5s. *"Hear my humble cry."* W. H. DOANE.



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42

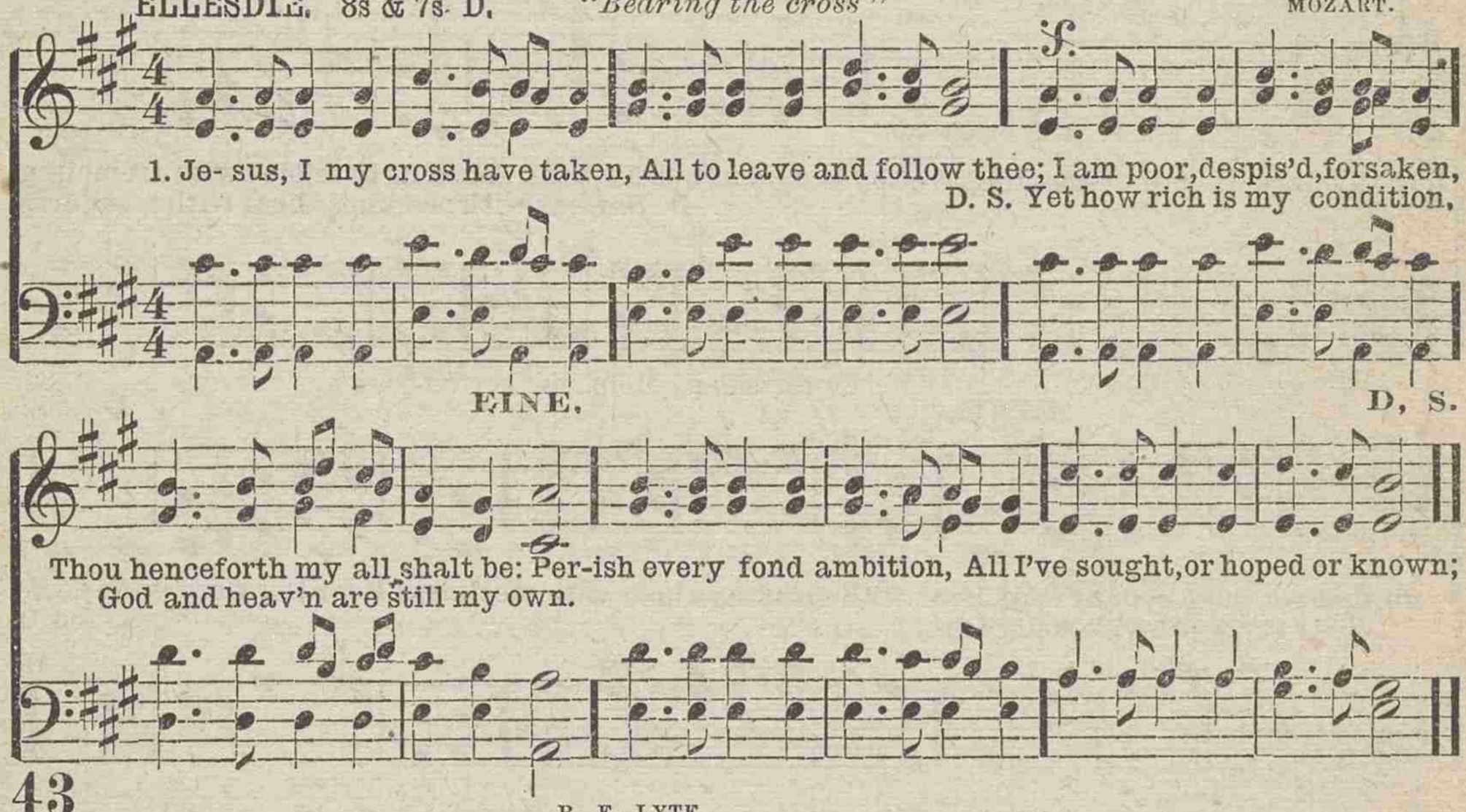
FANNY J. CROSBY.

2 Let me at the throne of mercy
Find a sweet relief;
Kneeling there in deep contrition,
Help my unbelief.—CHO.

3 Trusting only in thy merit,
Would I seek thy face;
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by thy grace.—CHO.

4 Thou the spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me,
Whom have I on earth beside thee?
Whom in heaven but thee.—CHO.

ELLESDIE. 8s & 7s. D. *"Bearing the cross"* MOZART.



43

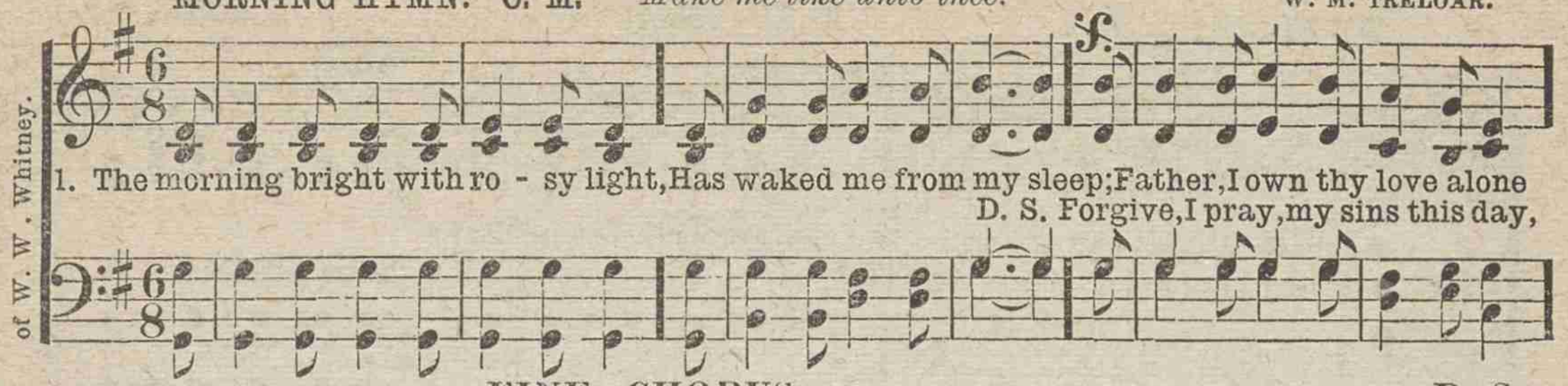
P. F. LYTE.

2 Let the world despise and leave me,
It has left my Savior, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not like them, untrue.
Whilst thy graces shall adorn me,
God of wisdom, love, and might—
Foes may hate, and friends may scorn me,
Show thy face, and all is bright. 30

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

MORNING HYMN. C. M. *"Make me like unto thee."*

W. M. TRELOAR.



44

T. O. SUMMERS.

2 All through the day, I humbly pray,
Be thou my guard and guide;
My sins forgive, and let me live,
Dear Savior, near thy side.—Cho.

3 Oh, make me rest within thy breast,
Dear Savior of all grace;
Then I shall be, if made like thee,
Prepared to see thy face.—Cho.

EVENTIDE. 10s. *"Abide with me."*

W. H. MONK.

45

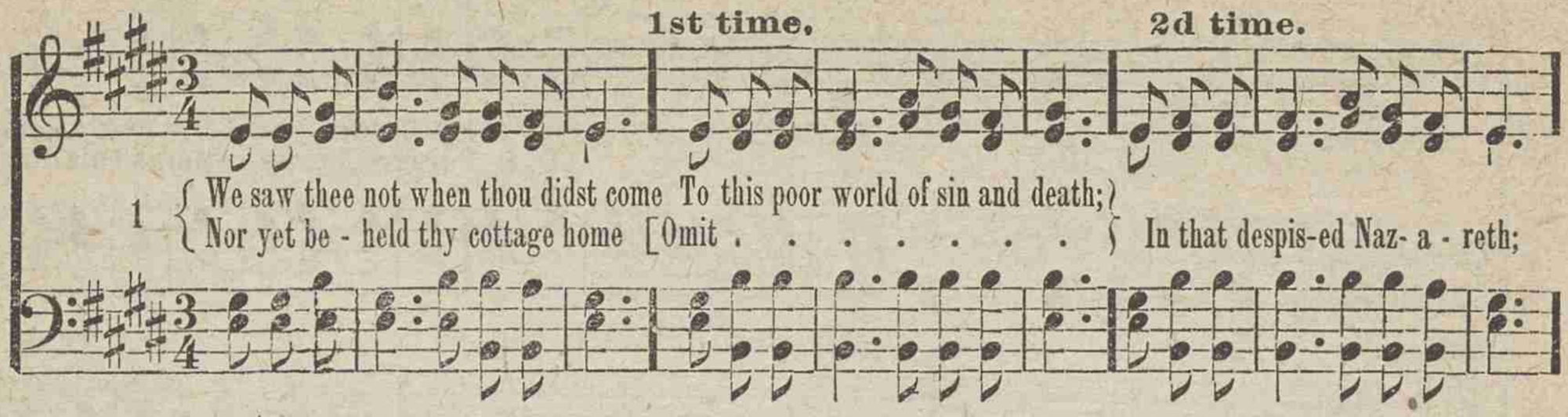
H. F. LYTE.

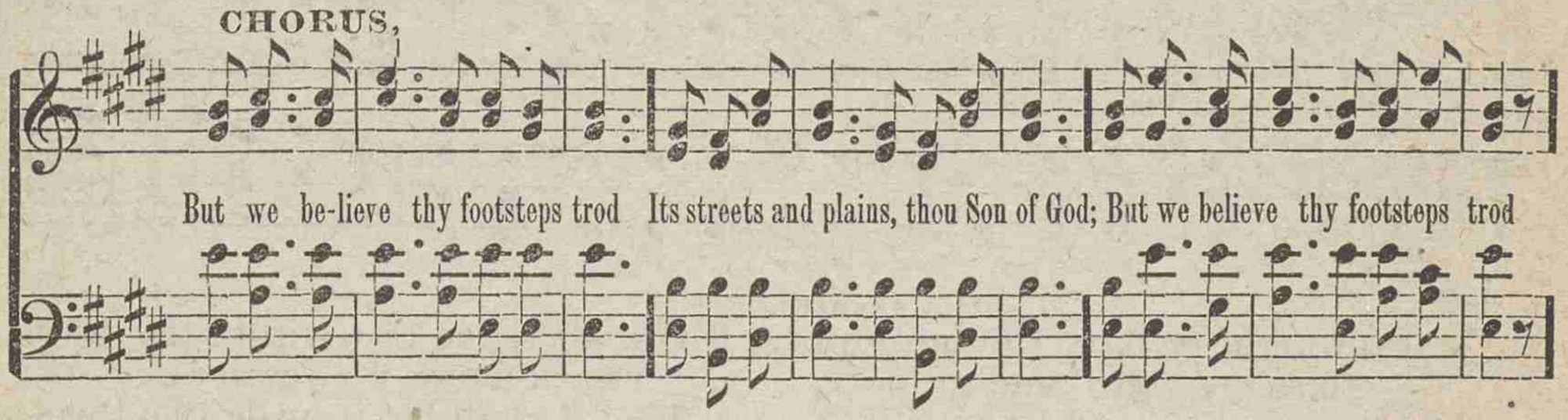
2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou, who changest not, abide with me.

3 I need thy presence every passing hour;
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who, like thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me.

4 Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord! abide with me!

WE BELIEVE. 8s "*We also believe.*" KNOWLES SHAW.





46 UNKNOWN.

2 We saw thee not when lifted high,
Amid that wild and savage crew;
Nor heard we that imploring cry,
"Forgive, they know not what they do!"
But we believe the deed was done,
That shook the earth and vailed the sun.

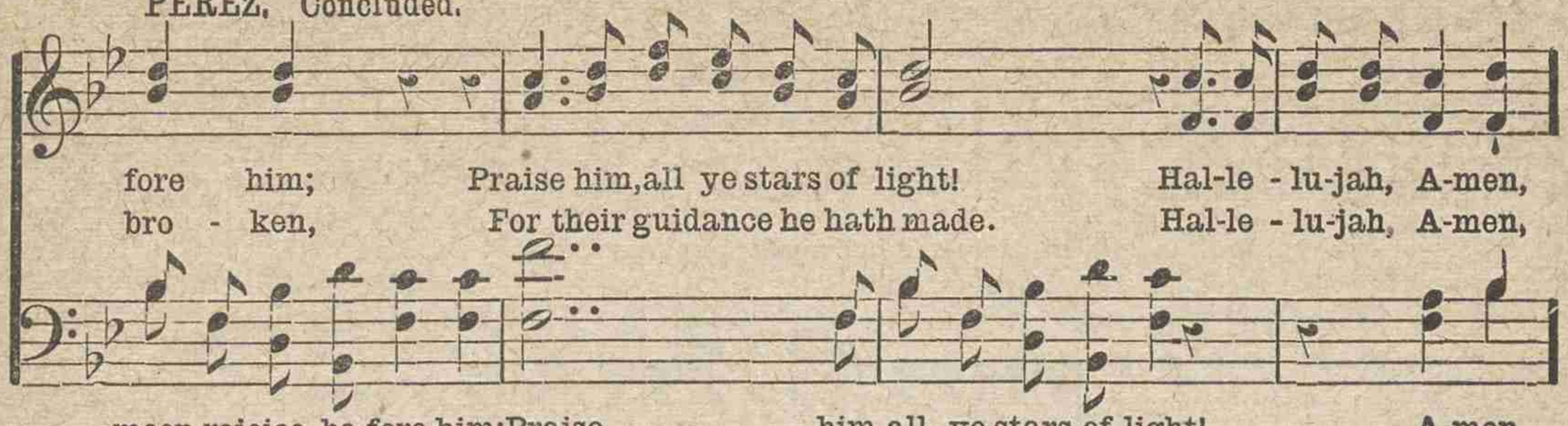
3 We gazed not in the open tomb,
Where once thy mangled body lay;
Nor saw thee in that "upper room,"
Nor met thee on the open way;
But we believe that angels said,
"Why seek the living with the dead?"

4 We walked not with the chosen few
Who saw thee from the earth ascend;
Who raised to heaven their wond'ring view,
Then low to earth all prostrate bend;
But we believe that human eyes
Beheld that journey to the skies.

EXHORTATION AND ADMONITION.

PEREZ. 8s & 7s. "*I will praise the Lord.*" L. MASON.

PEREZ. Concluded.

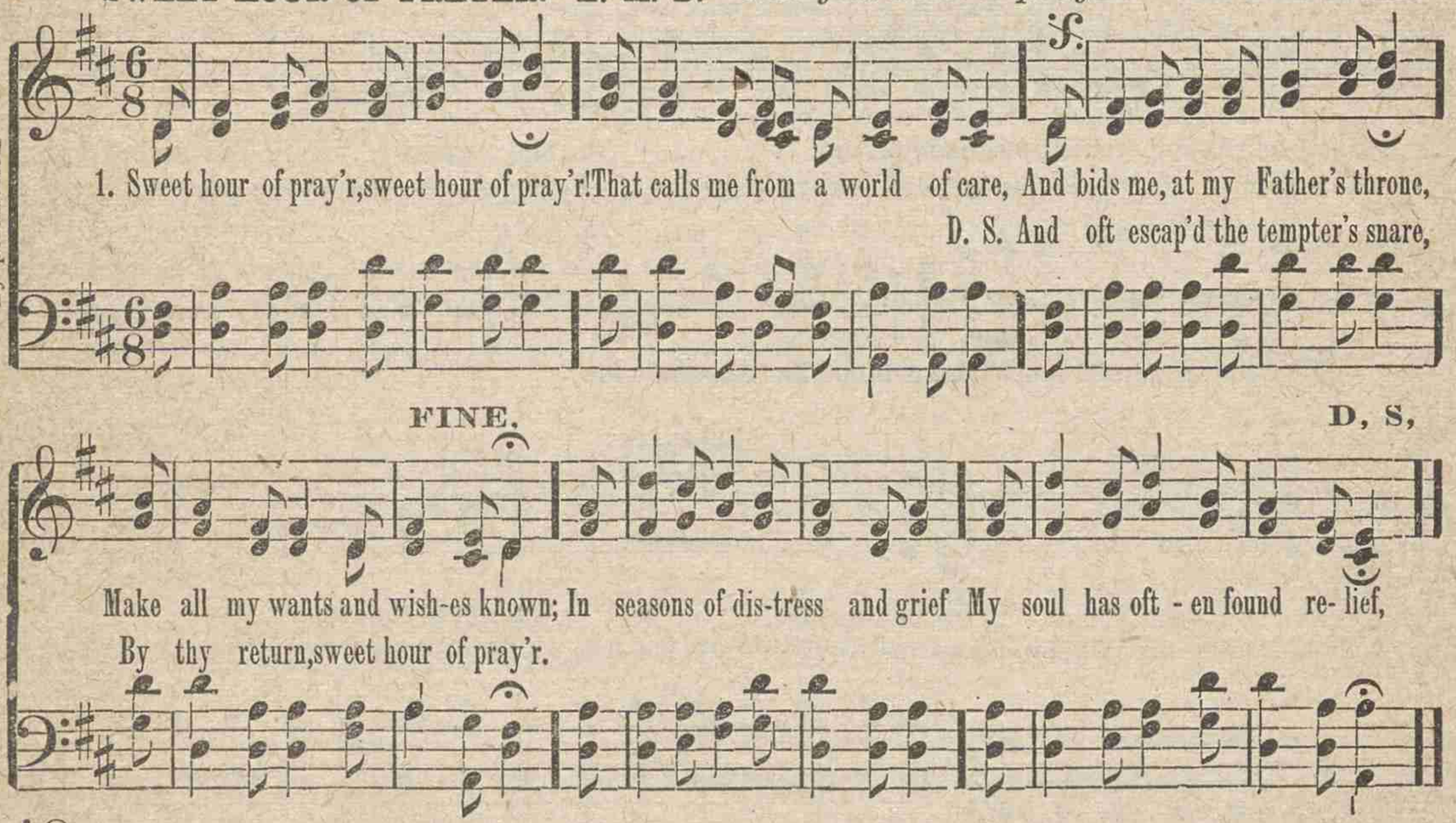


47 J. KEMPTHORNE.

3 Praise the Lord, for he is glorious;
Never shall his promise fail;
God hath made his saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail.
Hallelujah, etc.

4 Praise the God of our salvation,
Hosts on high his power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify his name.
Hallelujah, etc.

SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER. L. M. D. "*Give yourselves to prayer.*" WM. B. BRADBURY.



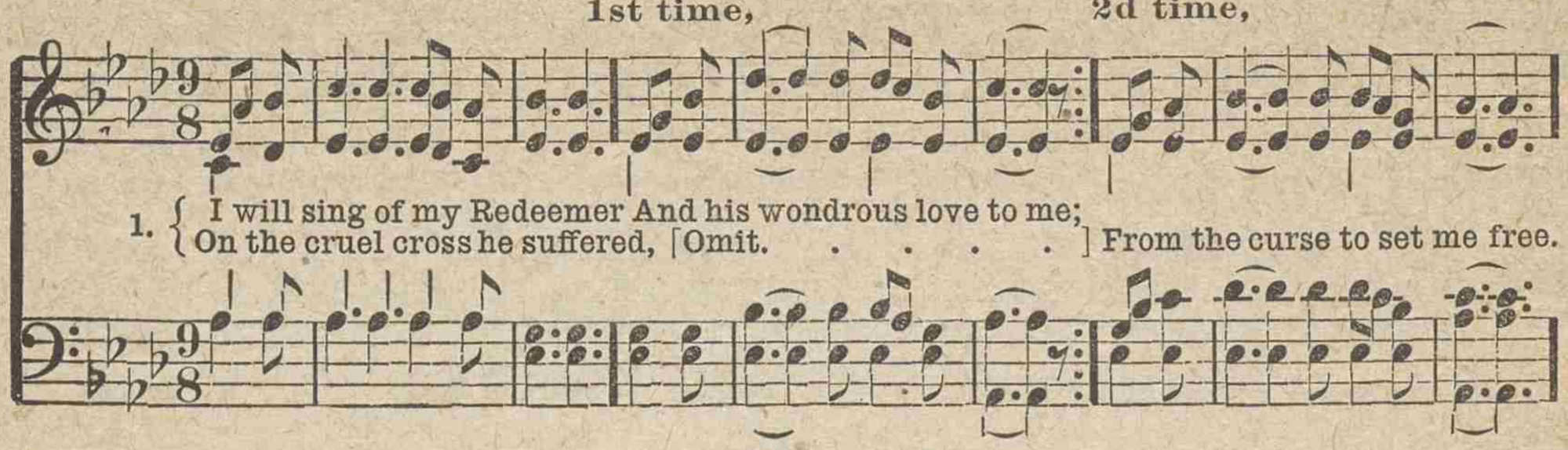
48 W. W. WALFORD.

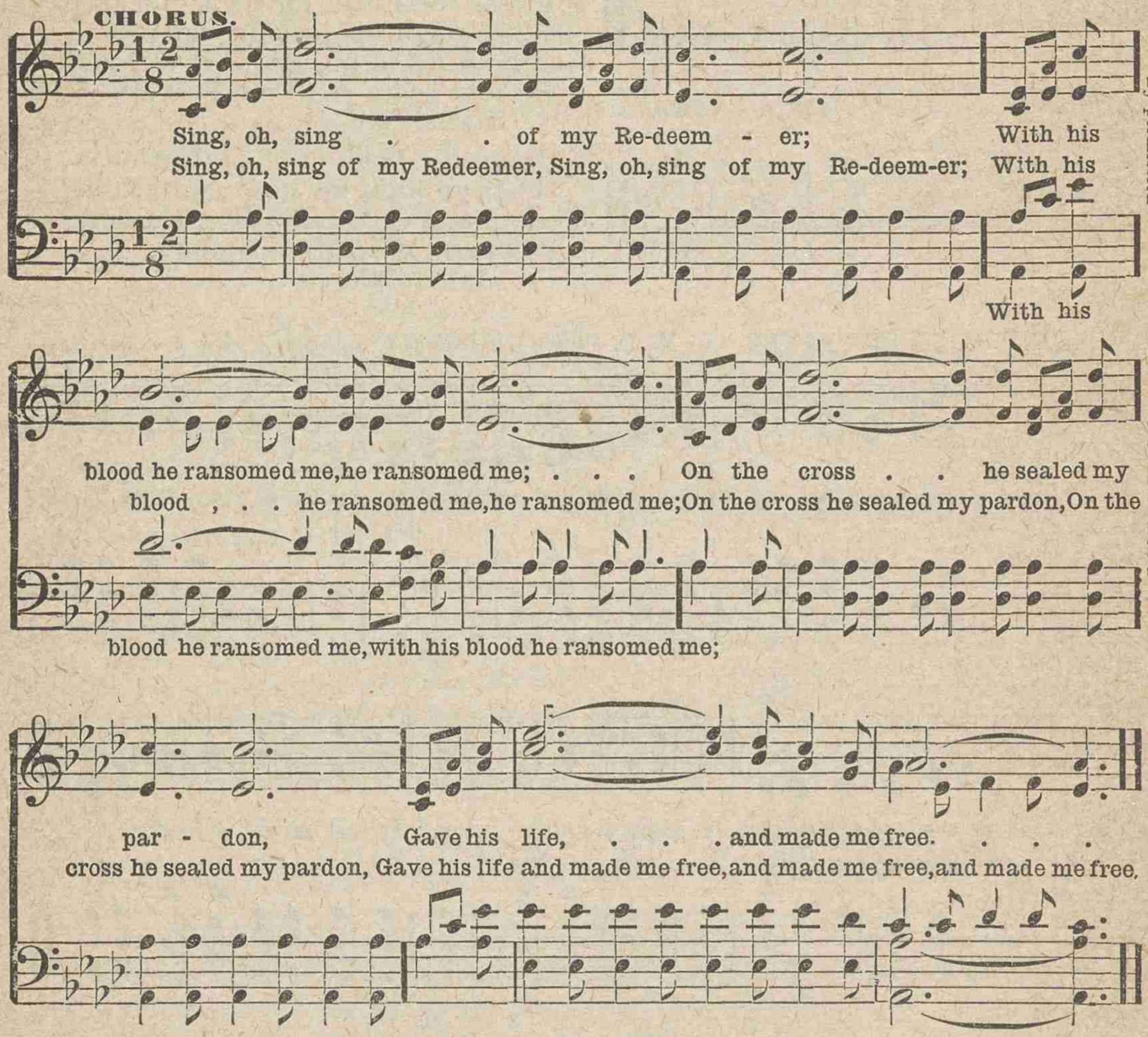
2 Sweet hour of prayer,sweet hour of prayer!
The joy I feel, the bliss I share
Of those whose anxious spirits burn
With strong desires for thy return.
With such I hasten to the place
Where God, my Savior, shows his face,
And gladly take my station there,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

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

EXHORTATION AND ADMONITION.

MY REDEEMER. 8s & 7s. *"For this cause will I sing."* JAMES MCGRANAHAN.





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49 P. P. BLISS.

2 I will tell the wondrous story
How, my lost estate to save,
In his boundless love and mercy,
He the ransom freely gave.—CHO.

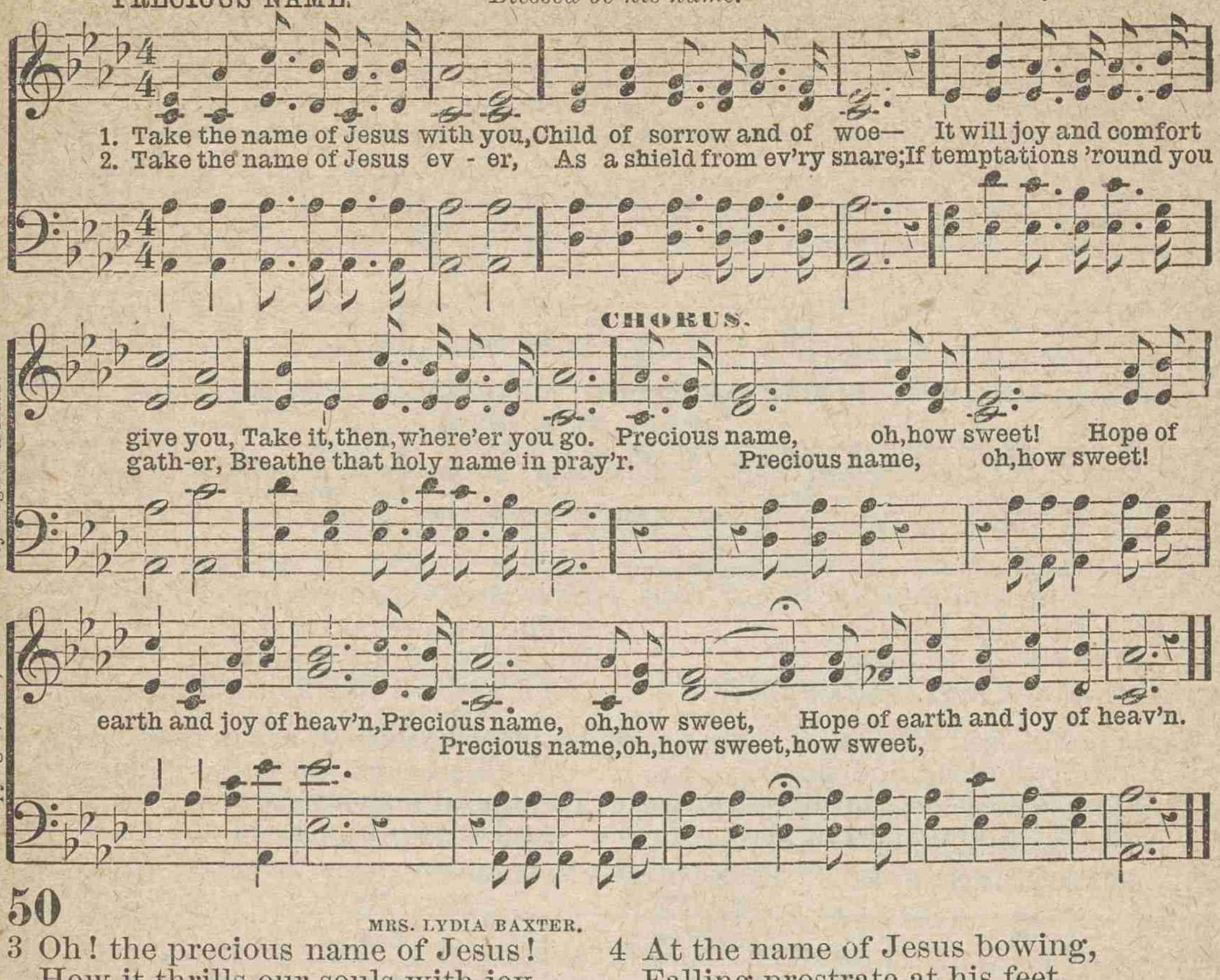
3 I will praise my dear Redeemer;
His triumphant power I'll tell—
How the vic-to-ry he giveth
Over sin, and death and hell.—CHO.

4 I will sing of my Redeemer,
And his heavenly love for me;
He from death to life hath brought me,
Son of God, with him to be.—CHO.

PRECIOUS NAME.

"Blessed be his name."

W. H. DOANE.



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50

MRS. LYDIA BAXTER.

3 Oh! the precious name of Jesus!
How it thrills our souls with joy,
When his loving arms receive us,
And his songs our tongues employ.—Cho.

4 At the name of Jesus bowing,
Falling prostrate at his feet,
King of kings in heaven we'll crown him,
When our journey is complete.—Cho.

OLD HUNDRED, L. M.

Psalm 100.

GUILLAUME FRANC.

51

ISAAC WATTS.

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

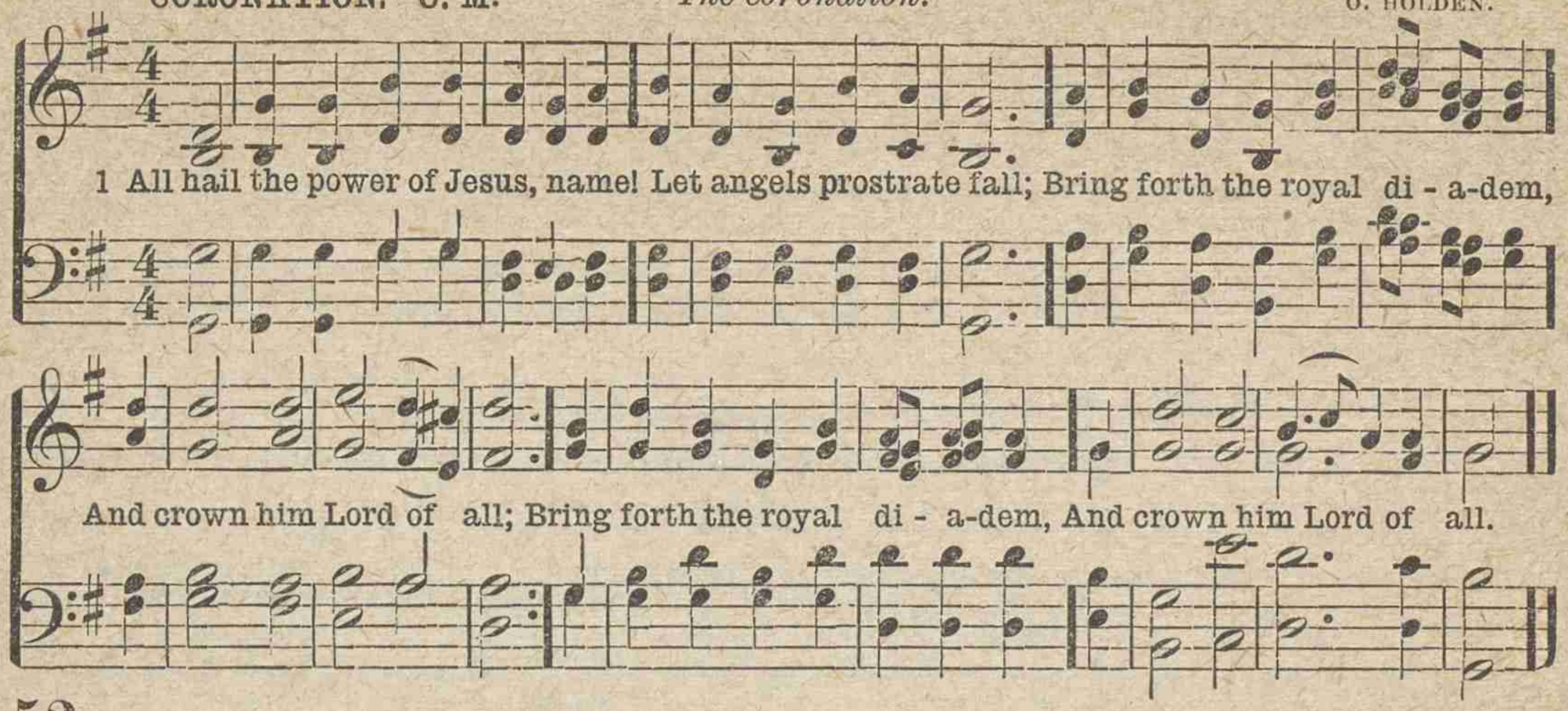
His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.

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

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

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

CORONATION. C. M. *"The coronation."* O. HOLDEN.



52

E. PERRONET.

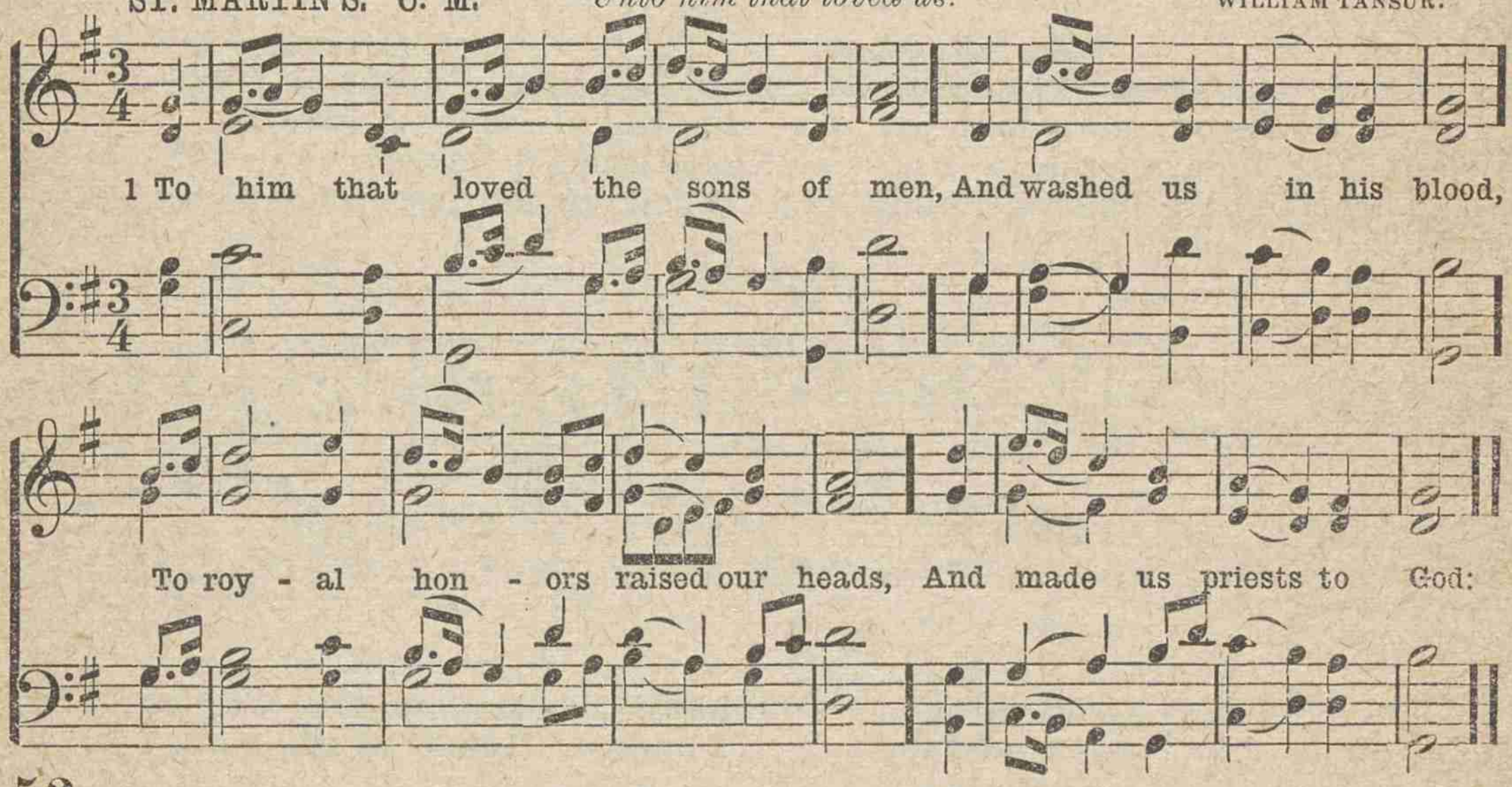
2 Crown him, you martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 You chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 You gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

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

ST. MARTIN'S. C. M. *"Unto him that loved us."* WILLIAM TANSUR.



53

UNKNOWN.

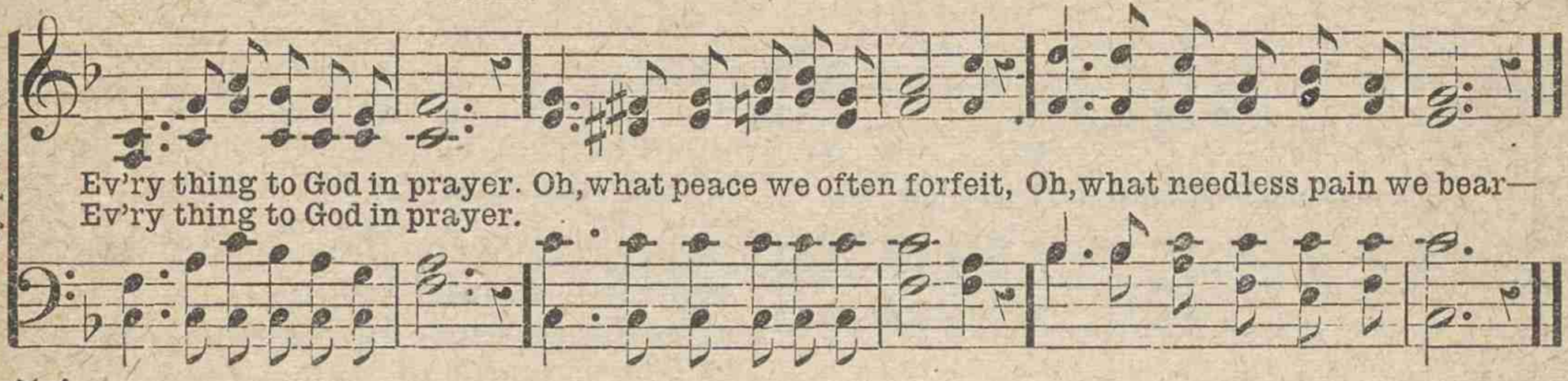
2 To him let every heart be praise,
And every heart be love;
All grateful honors paid on earth,
And nobler songs above.

3 Behold, on flying clouds he comes!
His saints shall bless the day;
While they that pierced him sadly mourn,
In anguish and dismay.

4 Thou art the first, and thou the last;
Time centers all in thee;
Almighty Lord, who wast, and art,
And ever more shall be!

WHAT A FRIEND. 8s & 7s. D. *Prov. 18: 24.* C. C. CONVERSE.

FINE. D. S.



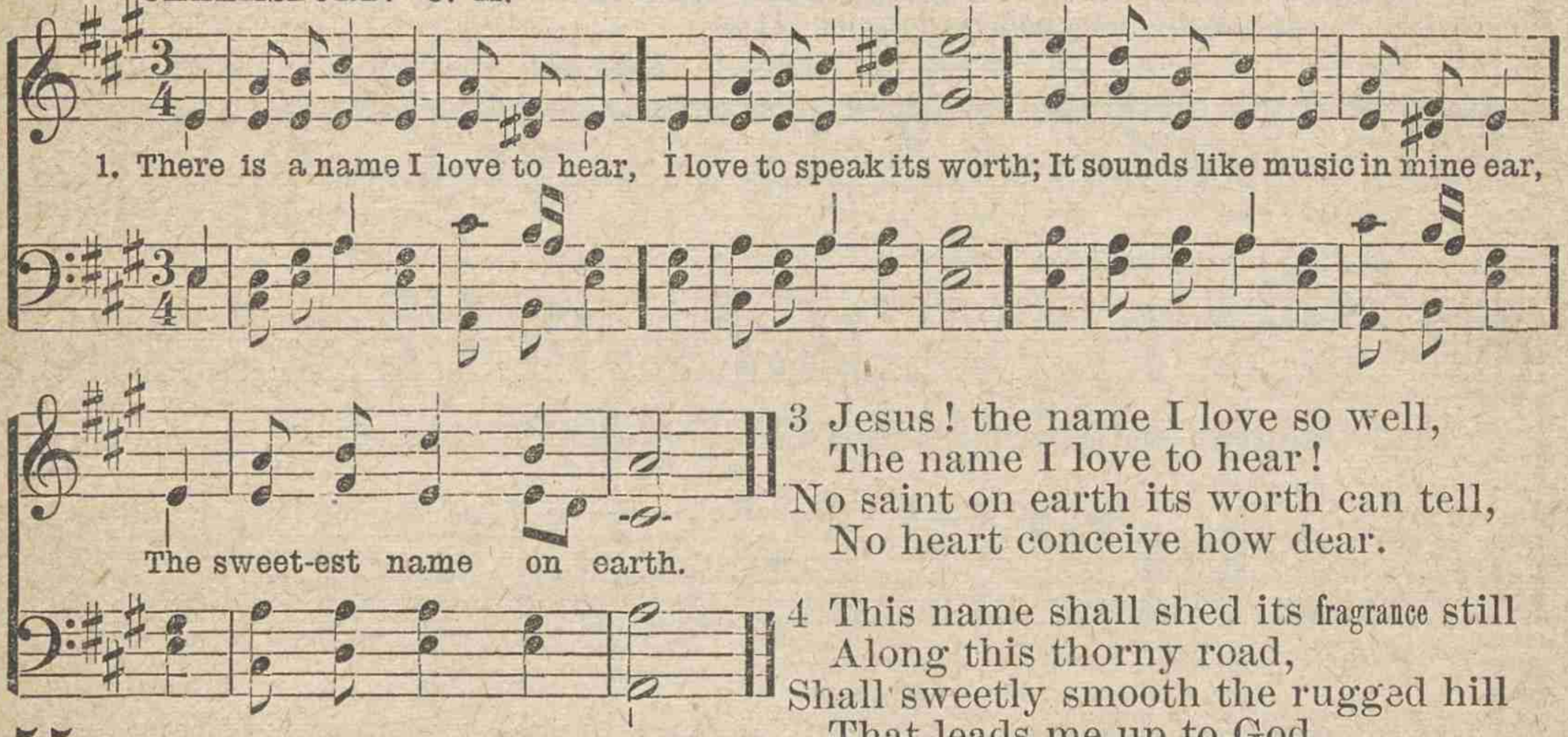
By permission.

54 HORATIUS BONAR.

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

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

CHELMSFORD. C. M. *"He shall be called Jesus."* AARON CHAPIN.



55 FREDERICK WHITFIED.

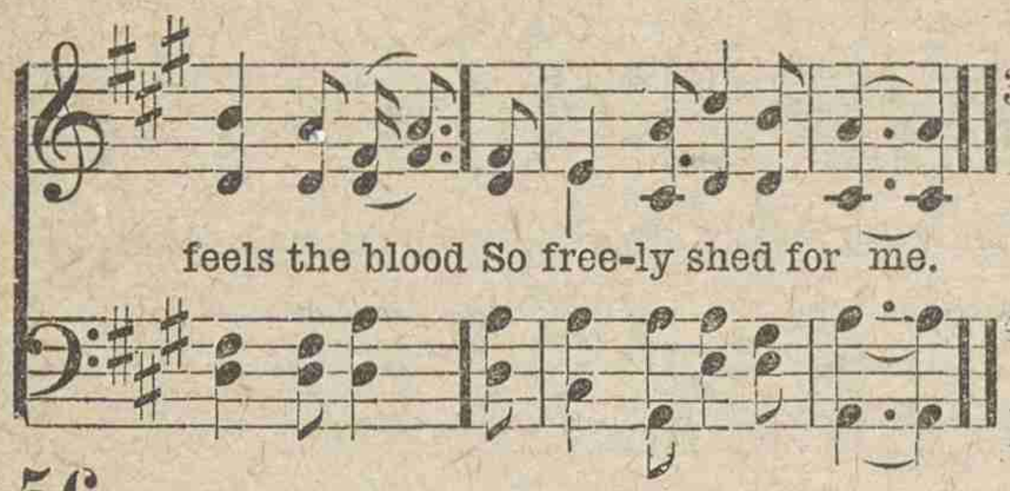
2 It tells me of a Savior's love,
Who died to set me free;
It tells me of his precious blood,
The sinner's perfect plea.

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

4 This name shall shed its fragrance still
Along this thorny road,
Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill
That leads me up to God.

5 Oh, for the day, the glorious day,
When heaven and earth shall raise,
With all their powers, the raptured lay,
To celebrate his praise!

MAITLAND. C. M. *"Blessed are the pure in heart."* G. N. ALLEN.



56

WM. COWPER.

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

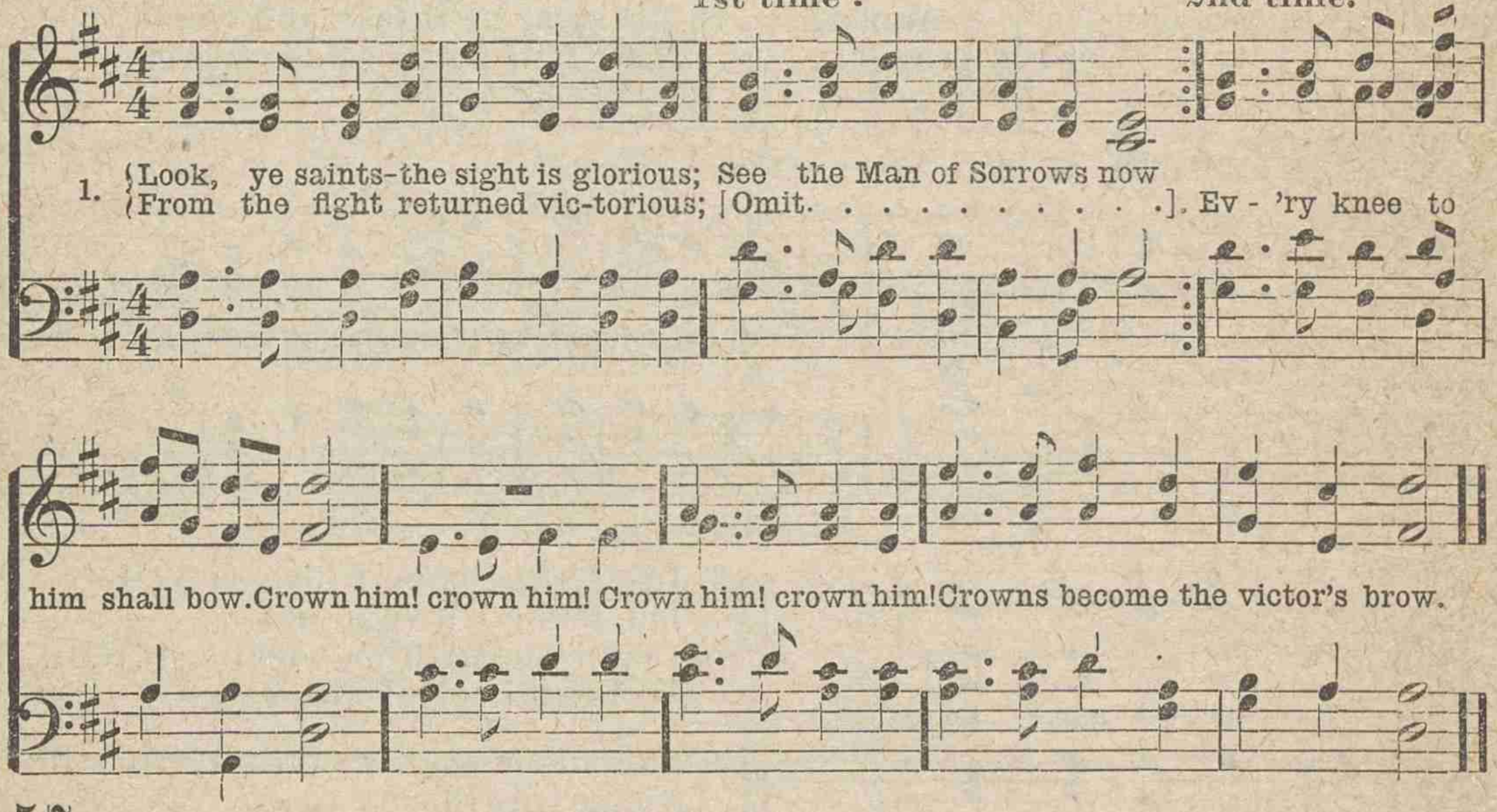
3 Oh, for a lowly, contrite heart,
Confiding, true and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within;

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect and right, and pure and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

5 Thy Spirit, gracious Lord, impart;
Direct me from above;
May thy dear name be near my heart—
That dear, blest name is Love.

SIBERIA. 8s 7s & 4s. *"Crown him."* S. B. POND.

1st time. 2nd time.



57

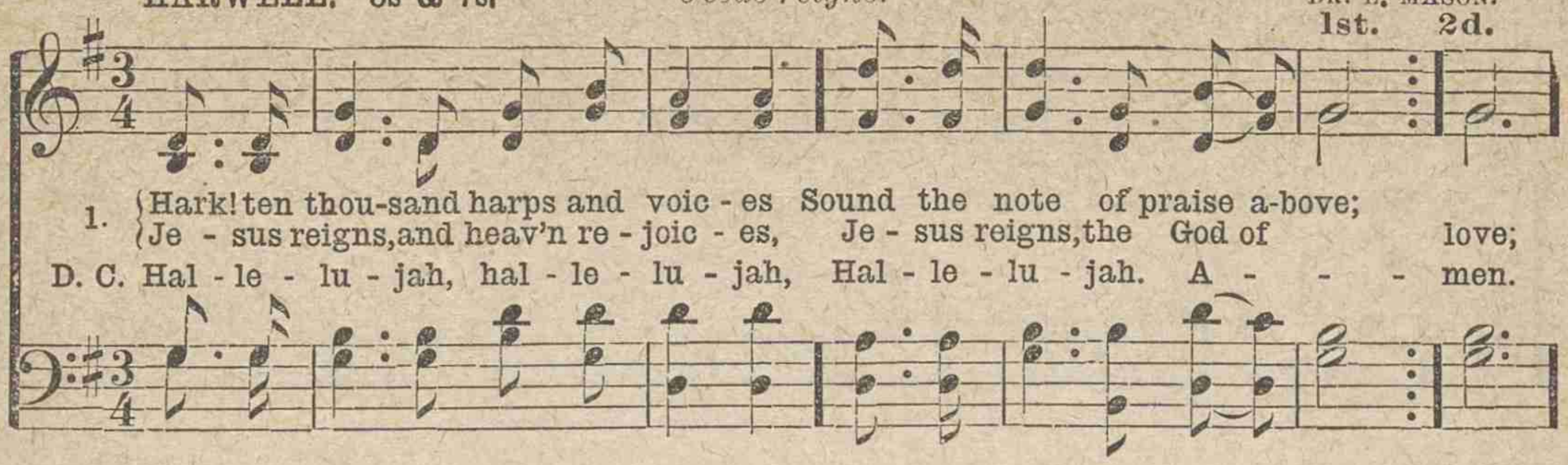
T. KELLY.

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

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

HARWELL. 8s & 7s. *"Jesus reigns."* DR. L. MASON.

1st. 2d.



D. C.

58

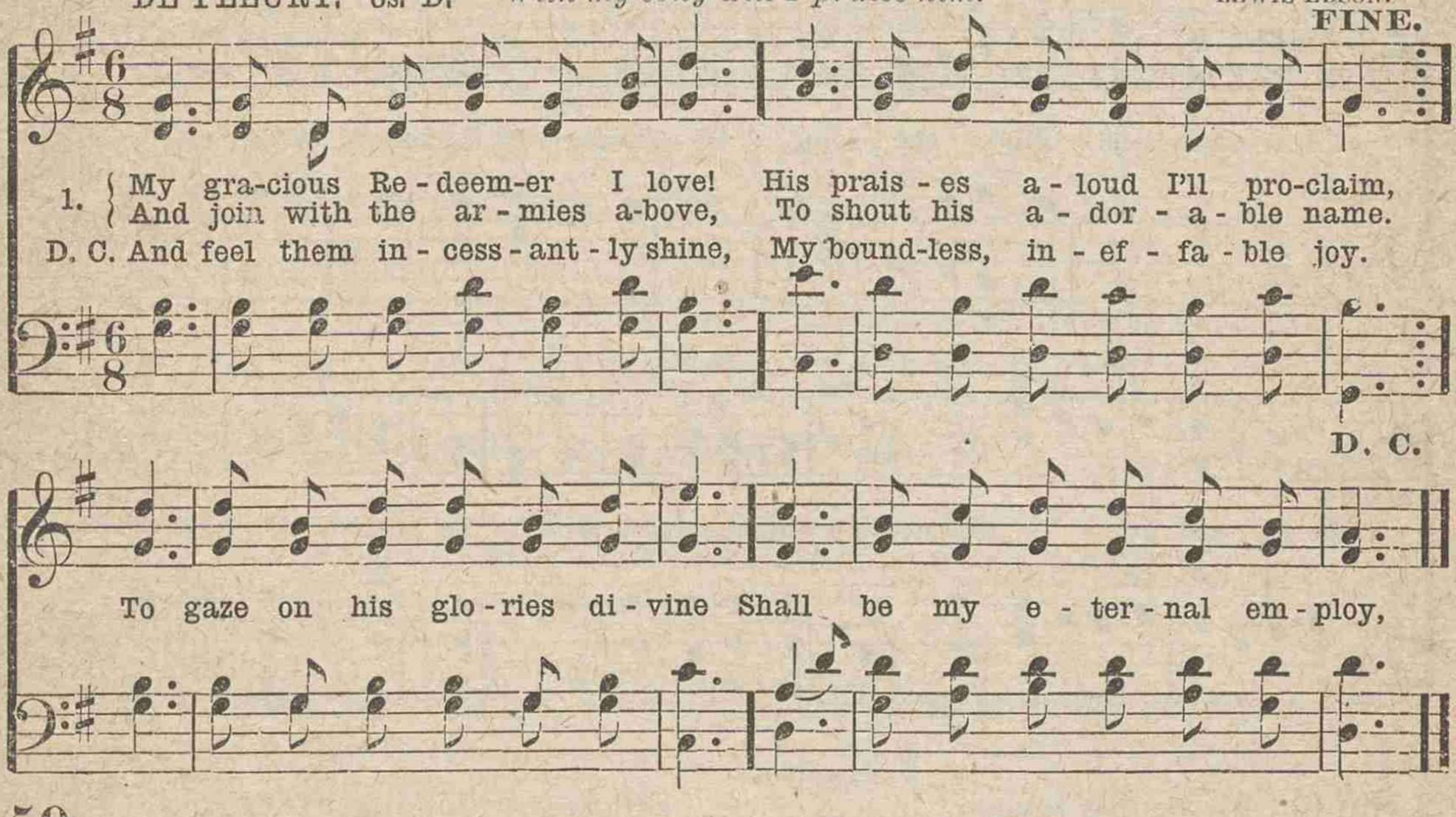
T. KELLY.

2 Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens
All above, and gives it worth;
Lord of life, thy smile enlightens,
Cheers and charms the saints on earth;
When we think of love like thine,
Lord, we own it love divine.

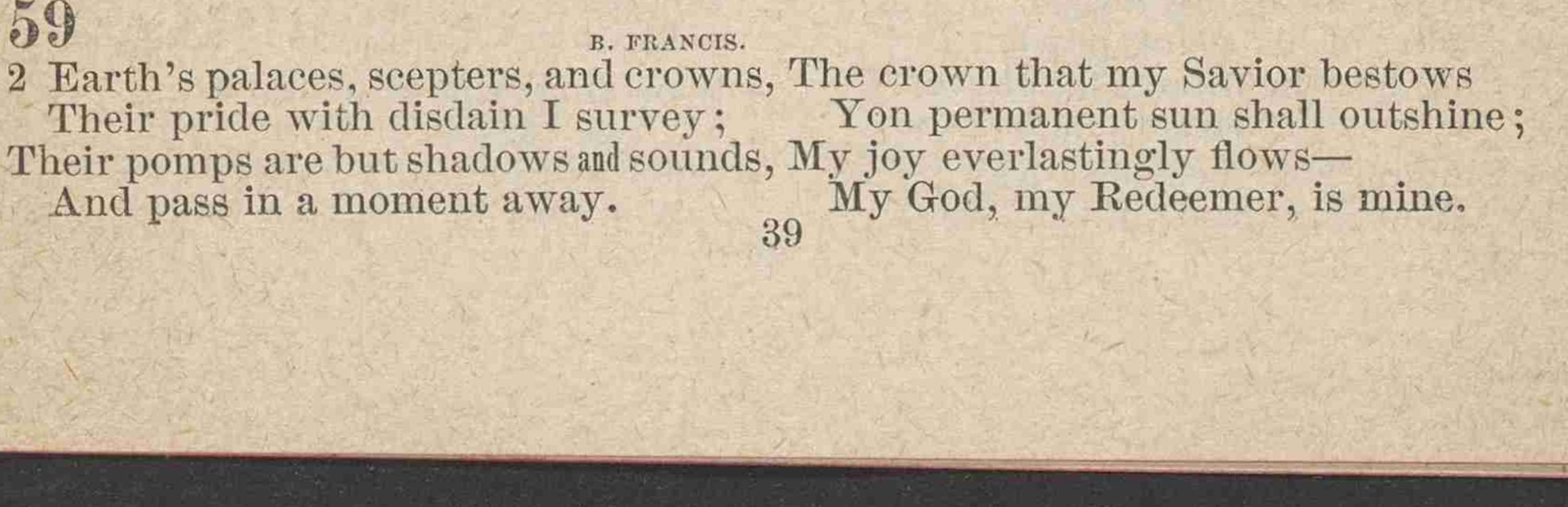
3 King of glory, reign forever;
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing from thy love shall sever
Those whom thou hast made thine own.
Happy objects of thy grace,
Destined to behold thy face.

DE FLEURY. 8s. D. *"With my song will I praise him."* LEWIS EDSON.

FINE.



D. C.



59

B. FRANCIS.

2 Earth's palaces, scepters, and crowns,
Their pride with disdain I survey;
Their pomps are but shadows and sounds,
And pass in a moment away.
The crown that my Savior bestows
Yon permanent sun shall outshine;
My joy everlastingly flows—
My God, my Redeemer, is mine.

EXHORTATION AND ADMONITION.

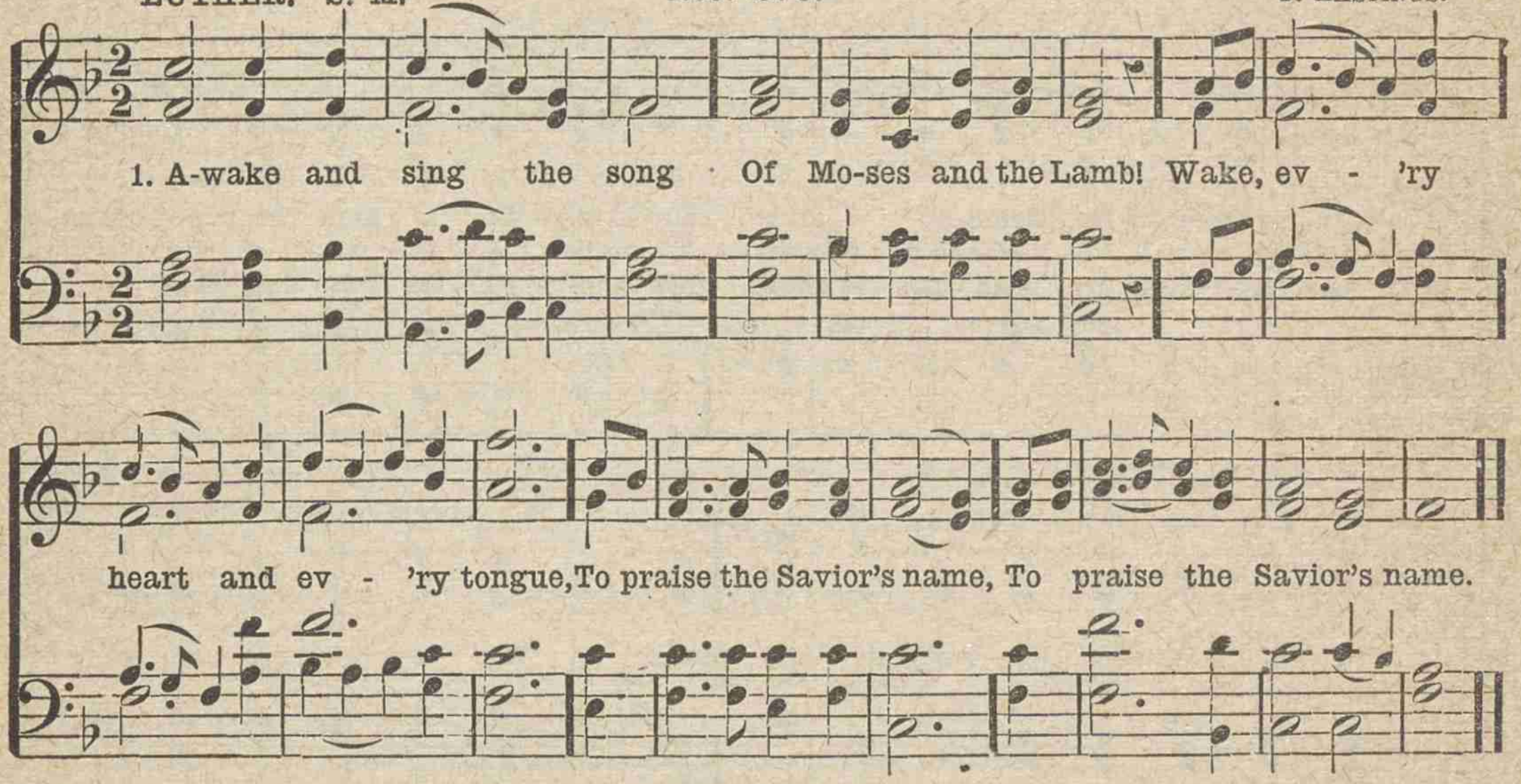
GERAR. S. M. *"He is the Father of mercies."* L. MASON.

60 UNKNOWN.

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

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

LUTHER. S. M. *Rev. 15: 3.* T. HASTINGS.



61 W. HAMMOND.

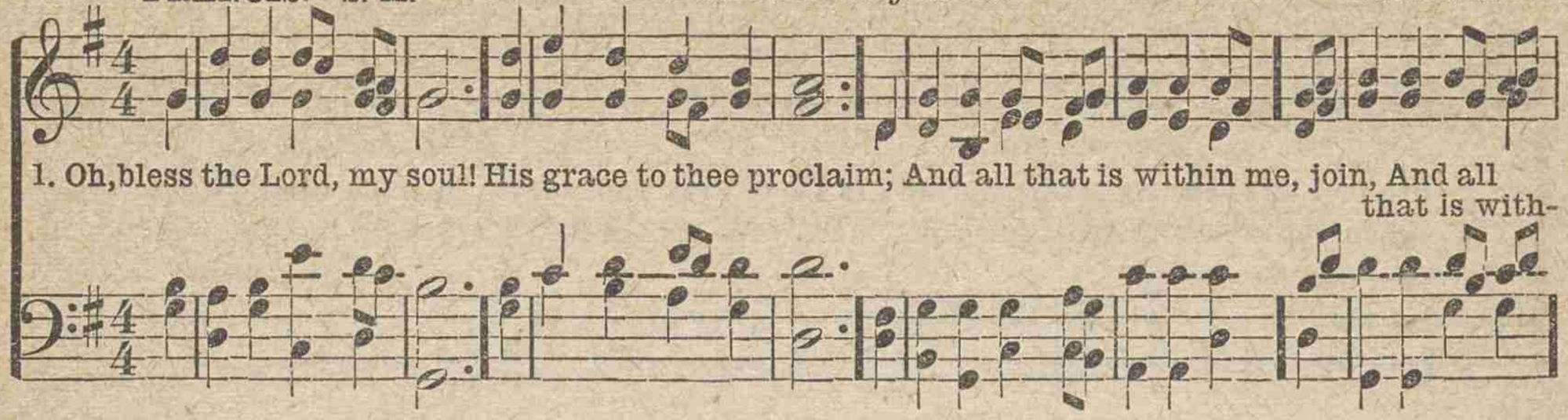
2 Sing of his dying love!
Sing of his rising power!
Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore!

4 Sing on your heavenly way,
You ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ, the glorious King.

4 Soon shall you hear him say,
"You blesséd children, come;"
Soon will he call you hence away,
And take his pilgrims home.

TO PRAYER AND PRAISE.

FRANCIS. S. M. *"I will bless his holy name."* UNKNOWN.



62 ISAAC WATTS.

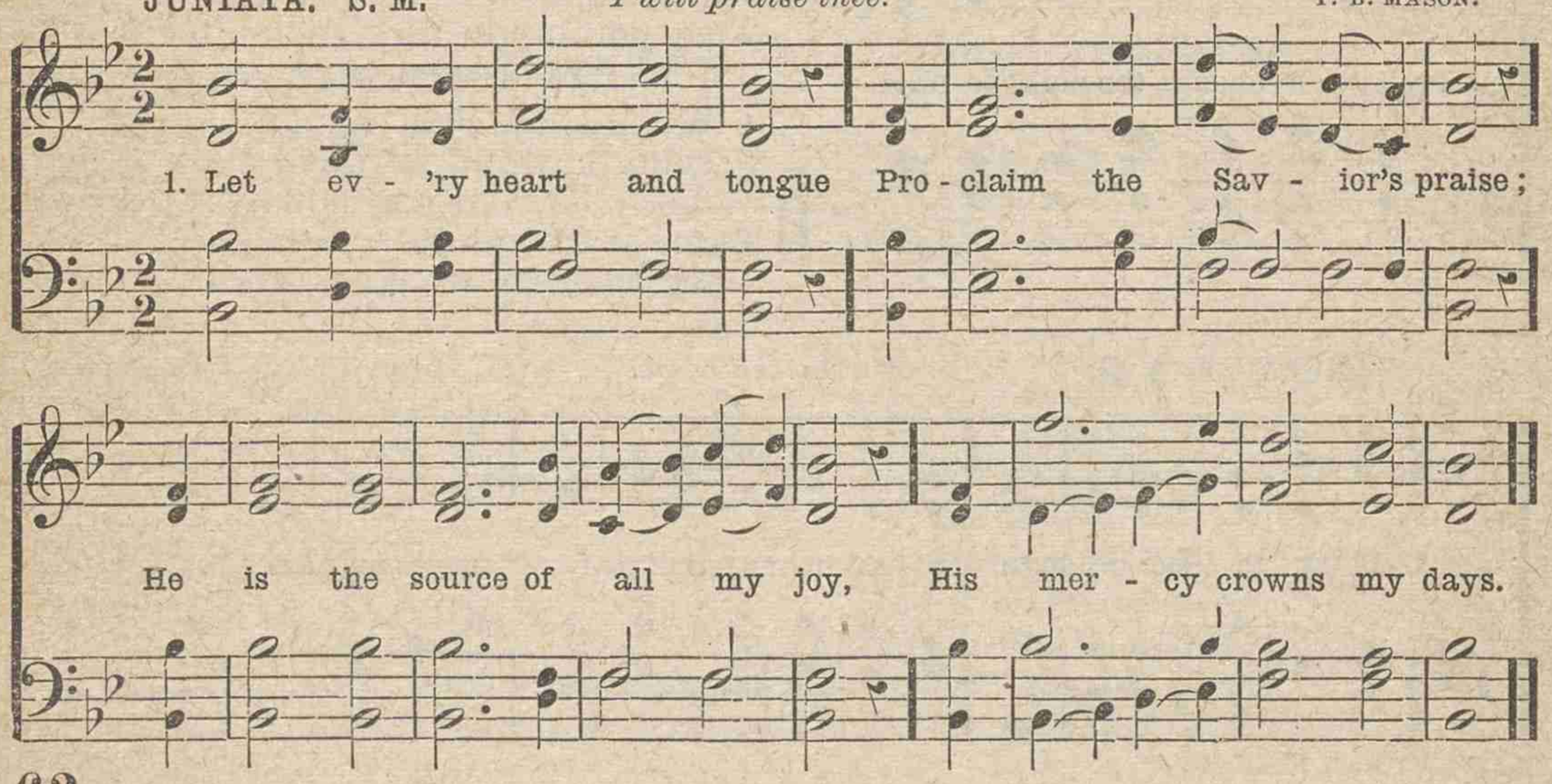
2 Oh, bless the Lord, my soul!
His mercies bear in mind;
Forget not all his benefits;
The Lord to thee is kind.

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

4 He pardons all thy sins,
Prolongs thy feeble breath;
He healeth thine infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.

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

JUNIATA. S. M. *"I will praise thee."* T. B. MASON.



63 W. T. MOORE.

2 Come worship at his throne.
Come bow before the Lord:
We are his work, and not our own,
He formed us by his word.

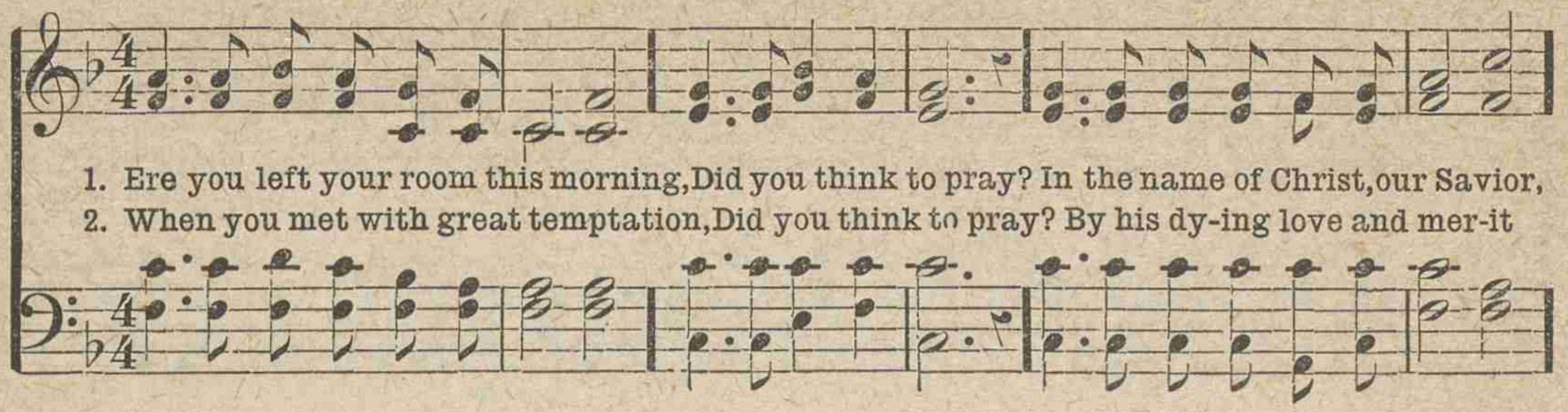
3 He knows my feeble frame;
Remembers I am dust;
And, though he should my life destroy,
In him I'll put my trust.

4 Each day he is my strength,
My hope, my life, my all;
And while upon his arm I lean,
I surely can not fall.

5 Then to my blesséd Lord
Let grateful songs arise,
While angels bear the notes above
And sound them through the skies.

DID YOU THINK TO PRAY? *"Pray without ceasing."*

W. O. PERKINS.



By permission.

64

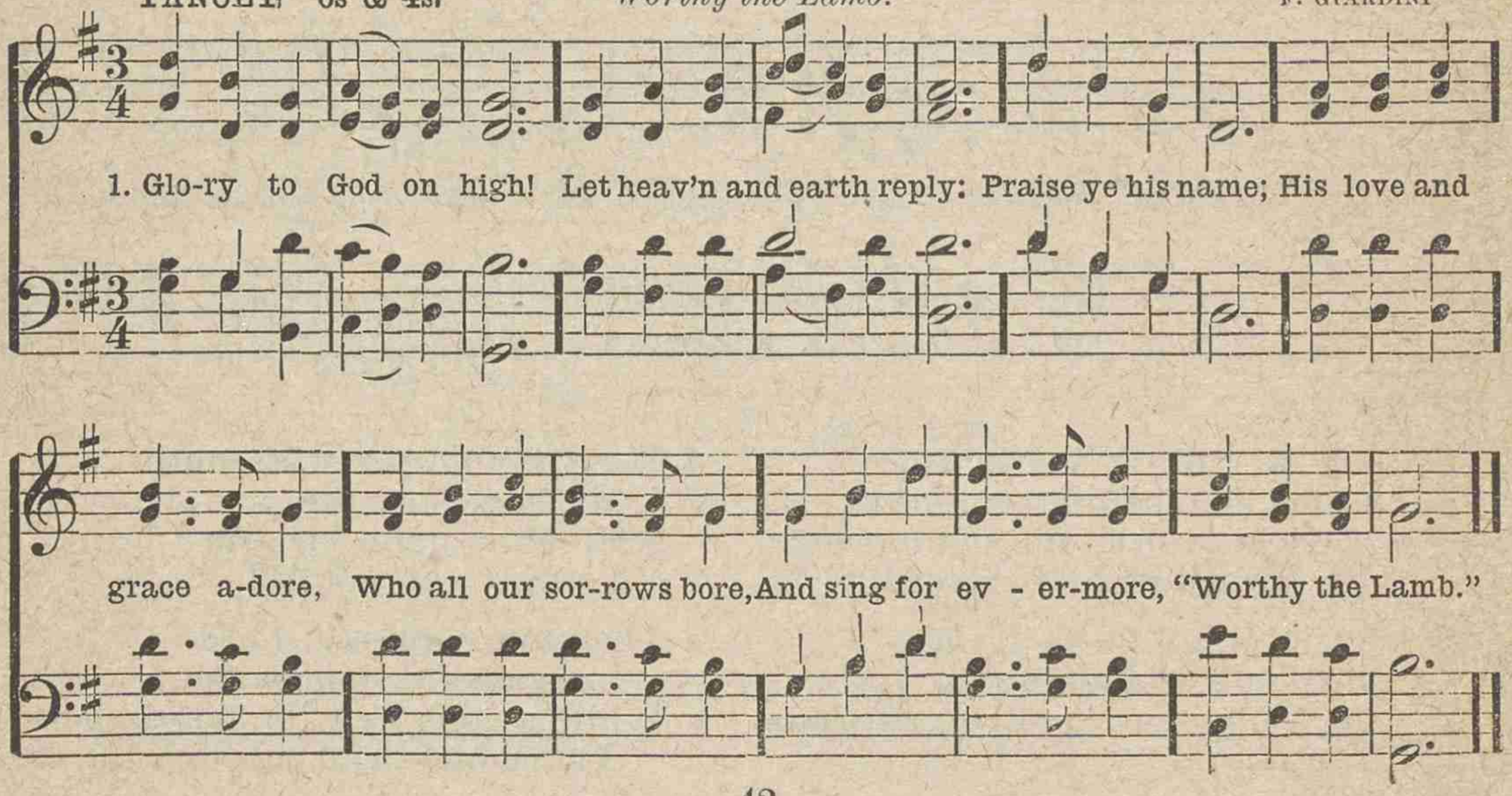
MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

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

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

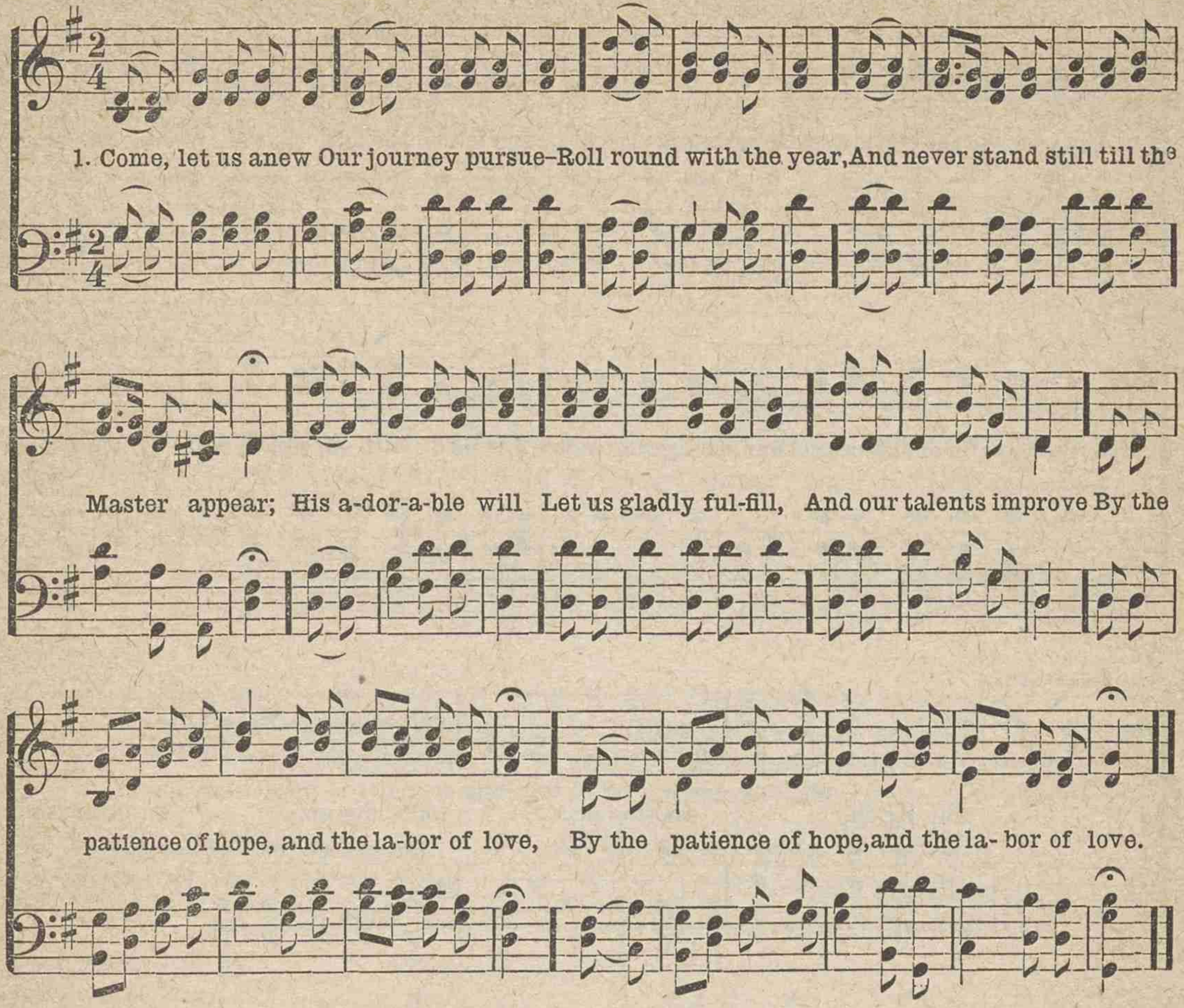
YANCEY. 6s & 4s. *"Worthy the Lamb."*

F. GIARDINI



TO WORK.

LUCAS. 10, 5s & 11s. *"Hold fast till I come."* JAMES LUCAS.



66

CHARLES WESLEY.

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

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

65

J. ALLEN.

2 Ye who surround the throne,
Join cheerfully in one,
Praising his name;
Ye who have felt his blood
Sealing your peace with God,
Sound his dear name abroad:
"Worthy the Lamb."

3 Join, all ye ransomed race,
Our Lord and God to bless;
Praise ye his name;
In him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noise,
Shouting, with heart and voice,
"Worthy the Lamb."

By permission.

TO THE WORK. 12s. *"Work out your salvation."* W. H. DOANE.

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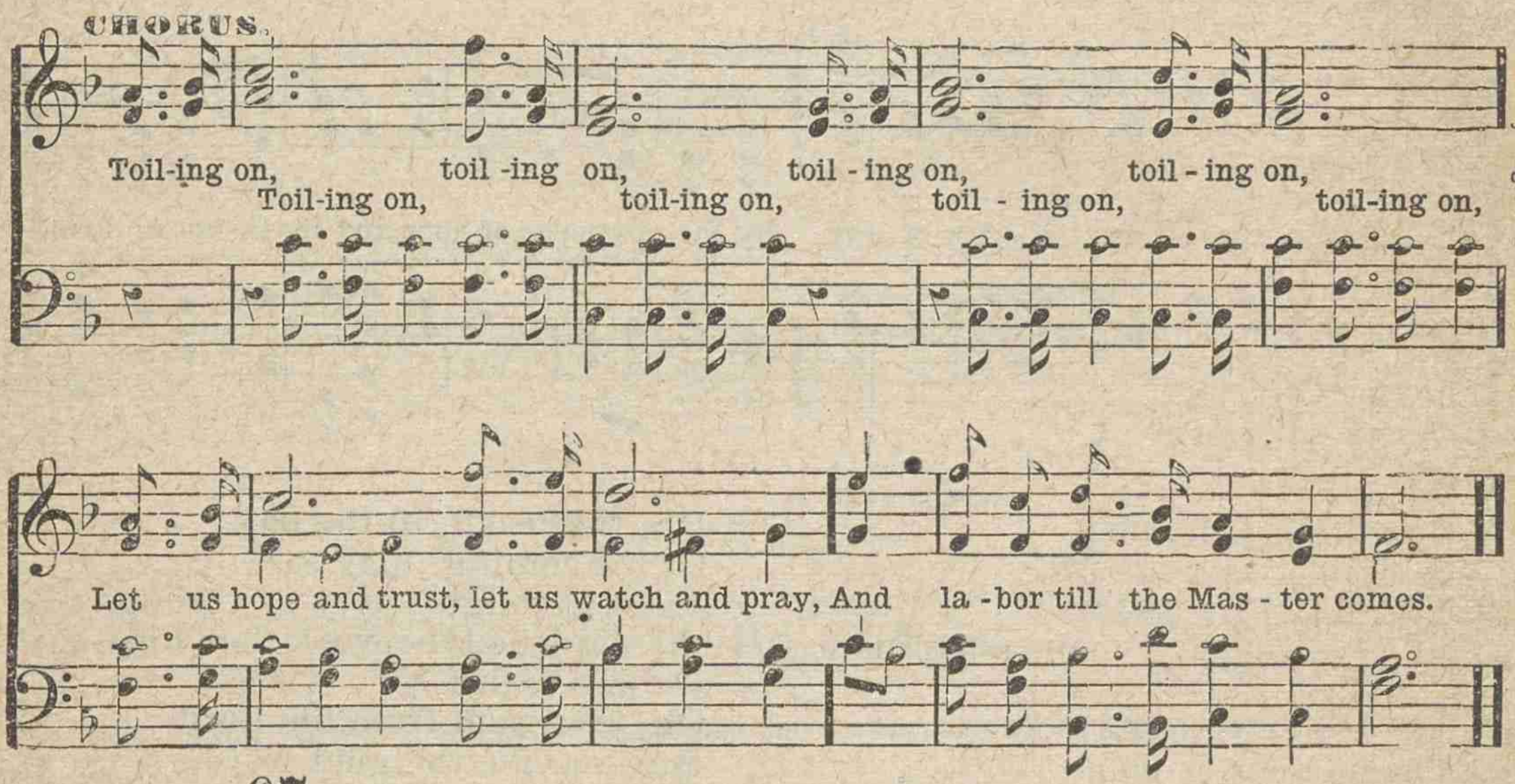


67

FANNY J. CROSBY.

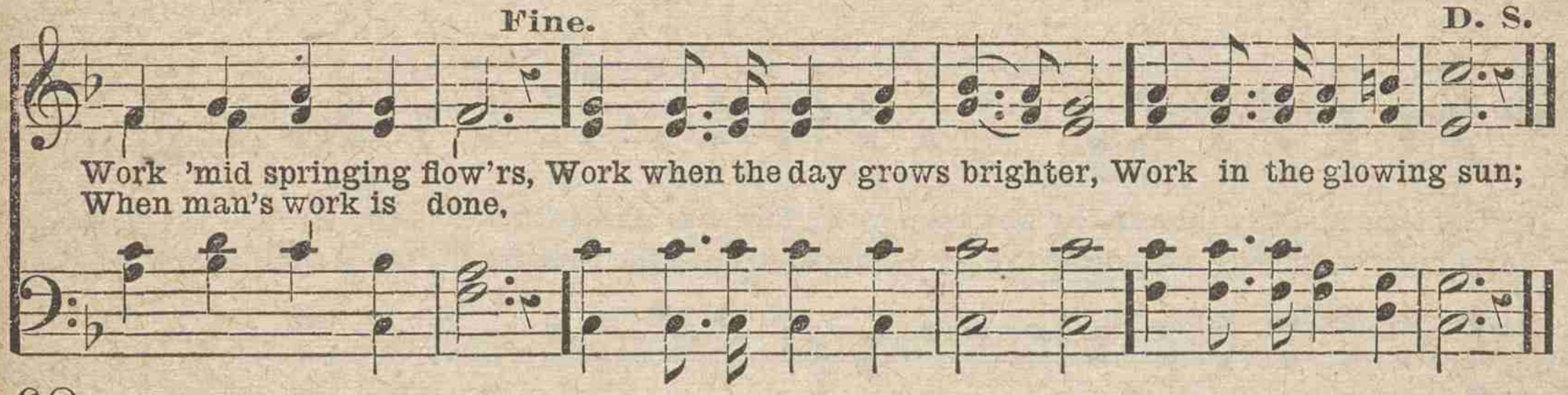
2 To the work! to the work! Let the hungry be fed;
To the fountain of life let the weary be led:
In the cross and its banner our glory shall be,
While we herald the tidings, "Salvation is free!"—CHO.

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

4 To the work! to the work, in the strength of the Lord!
And a robe and a crown shall our labor reward,
When the home of the faithful our dwelling shall be,
And we shout, with the ransomed, "Salvation is free."—CHO.

TO WORK.

WORK SONG. 7s, 6s & 5s. *"Work while it is day."* L. MASON.

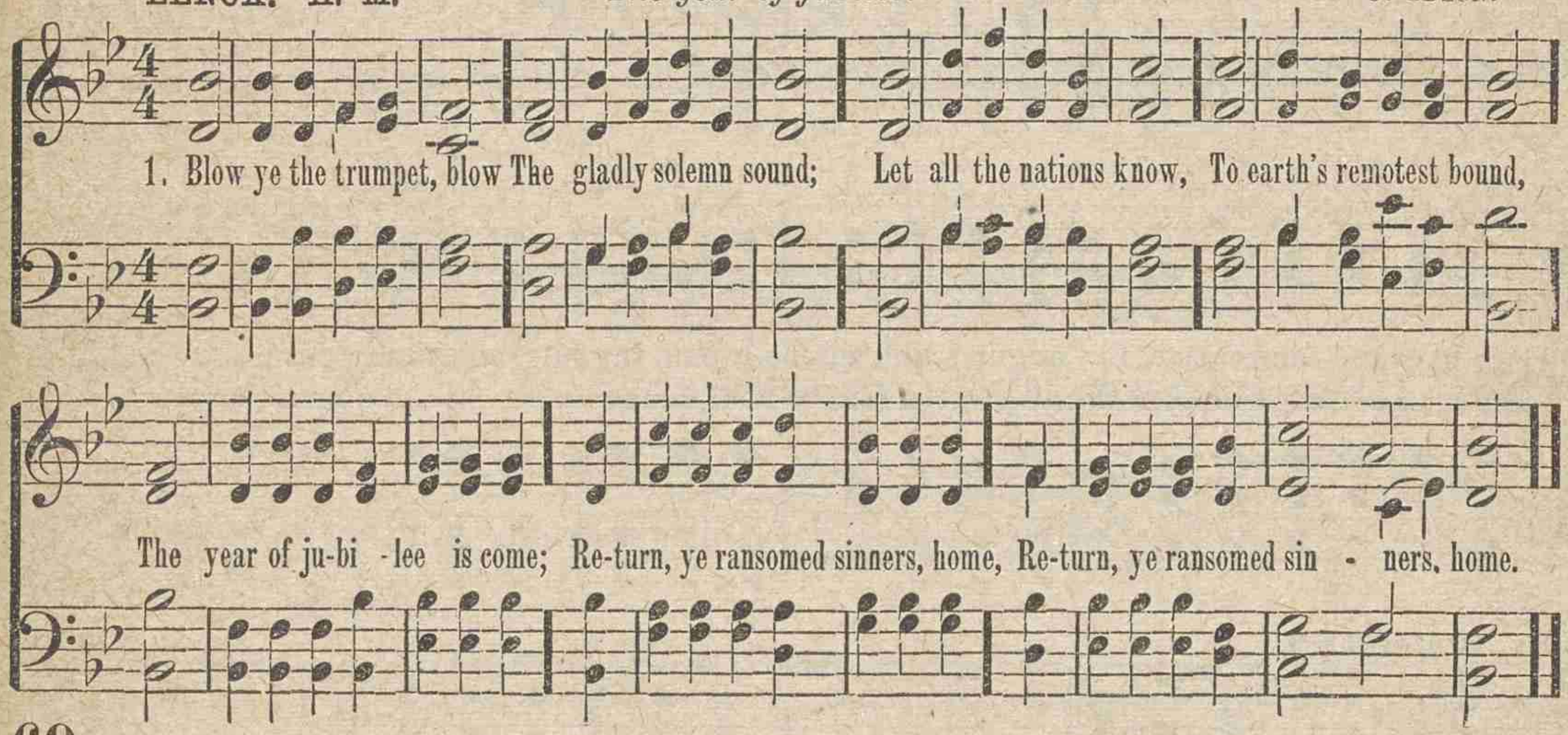


68 SIDNEY DYER.

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 moment
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

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

LENOX. H. M. *"The year of jubilee."* J. EDSON.



69 C. WESLEY.

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

3 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pardoning grace;
Ye happy souls, draw near,
Behold your Savior's face;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

PLENTY TO DO.

"Go, work in my vineyard."

T. C. O'KANE.

70 "Go, work in my vineyard," I claim thee as mine; With blood did I buy thee, and all that is thine;
2. "Go, work in my vineyard, Oh, work while 'tis day; The bright hours of sunshine are hast'ning away,

Thy time and thy talents, thy loftiest pow'rs, Thy warmest af-fections, thy sun-ni - est hours.
And night's gloomy shadows are gathering fast; Then the time for thy labor shall ever be past.

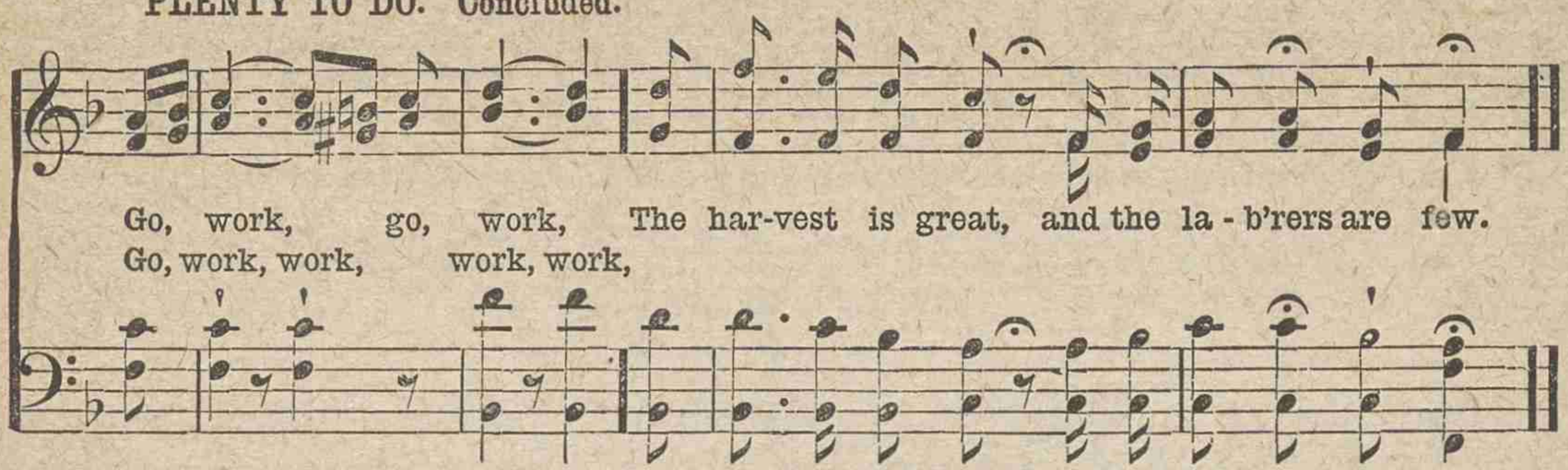
I will-ing-ly yielded my kingdom for thee, The song of arch-angels to hang on the tree;
Be - gin in the morning, and toil all the day, Thy strength I'll supply and thy wages I'll pay;

In pain and temptation, in anguish and shame, I paid thy full ransom, my purchase I claim.
And blessed, thrice blessed the dil - i-gent few, Who'll fin-ish the la-bor I've giv'n them to do.

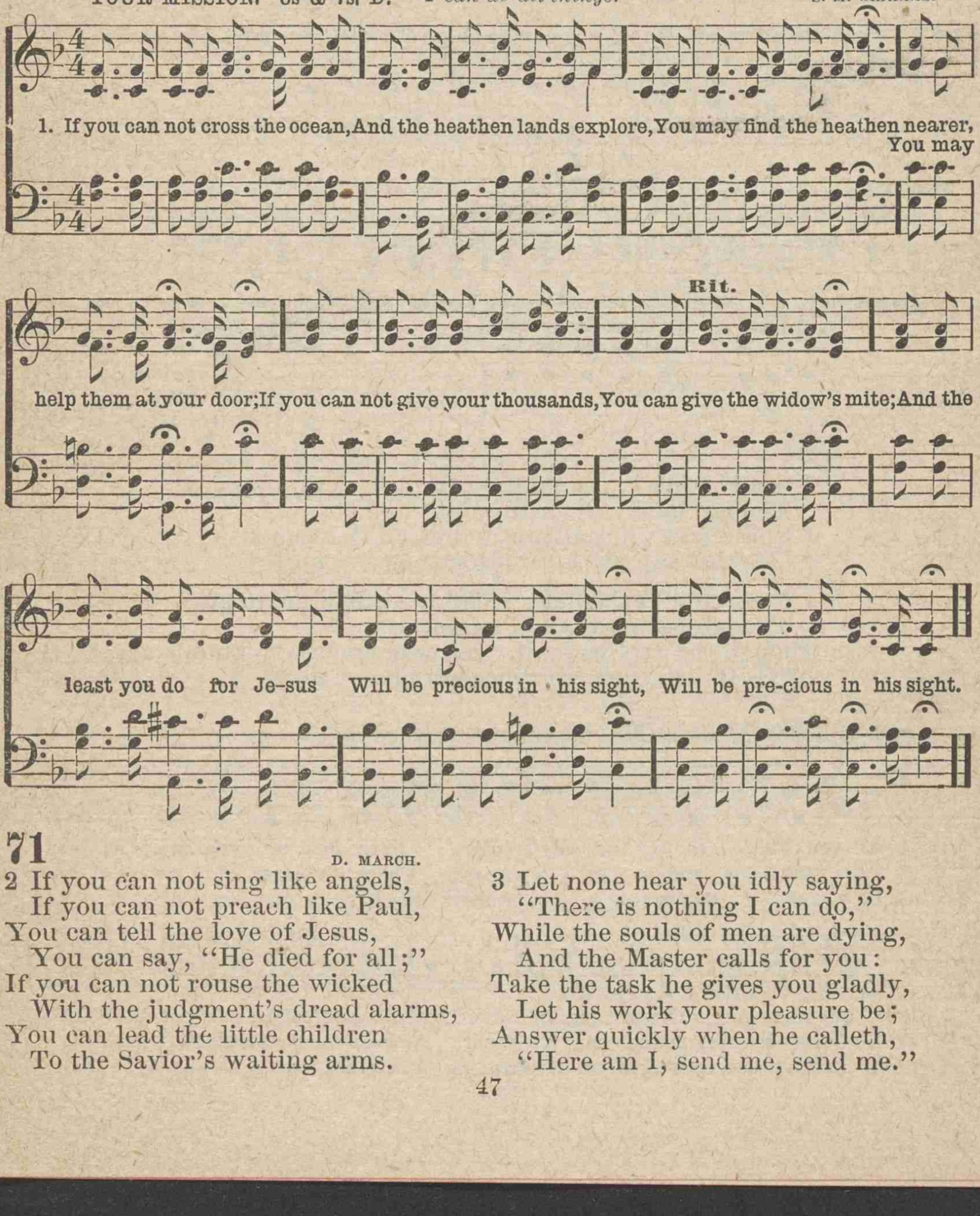
CHORUS.

Go, work, go, work, Go, work in my vineyard, there's plenty to do;
Go, work in my vineyard, go, work in my vineyard, Go work in my vineyard, there's plenty to do;

PLENTY TO DO. Concluded.



YOUR MISSION. 8s & 7s. D. *"I can do all things."* S. M. GRANNIS.



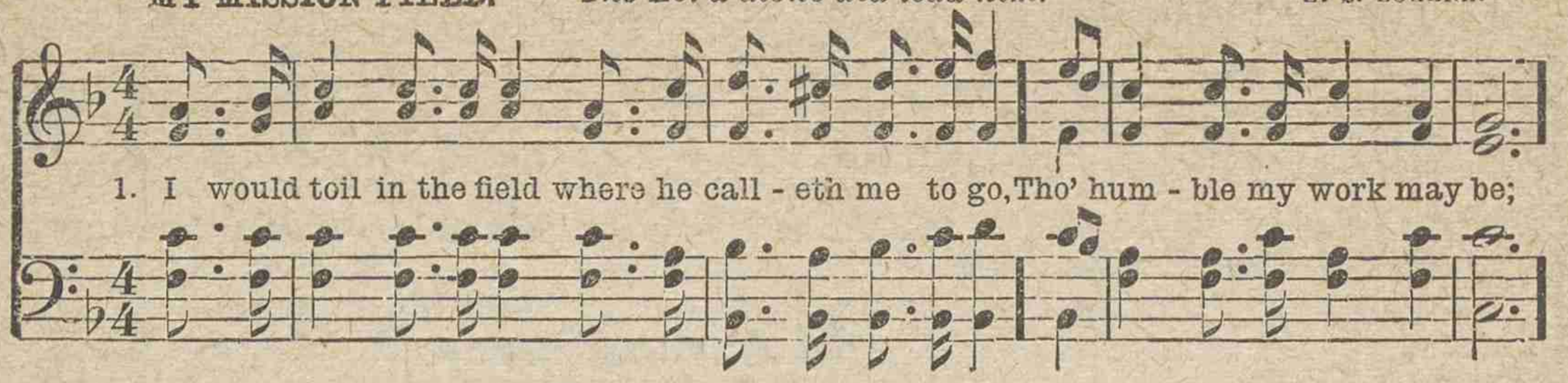
D. MARCH.

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

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

MY MISSION FIELD. *"The Lord alone did lead him."*

E. S. LORENZ.



By permission.

72

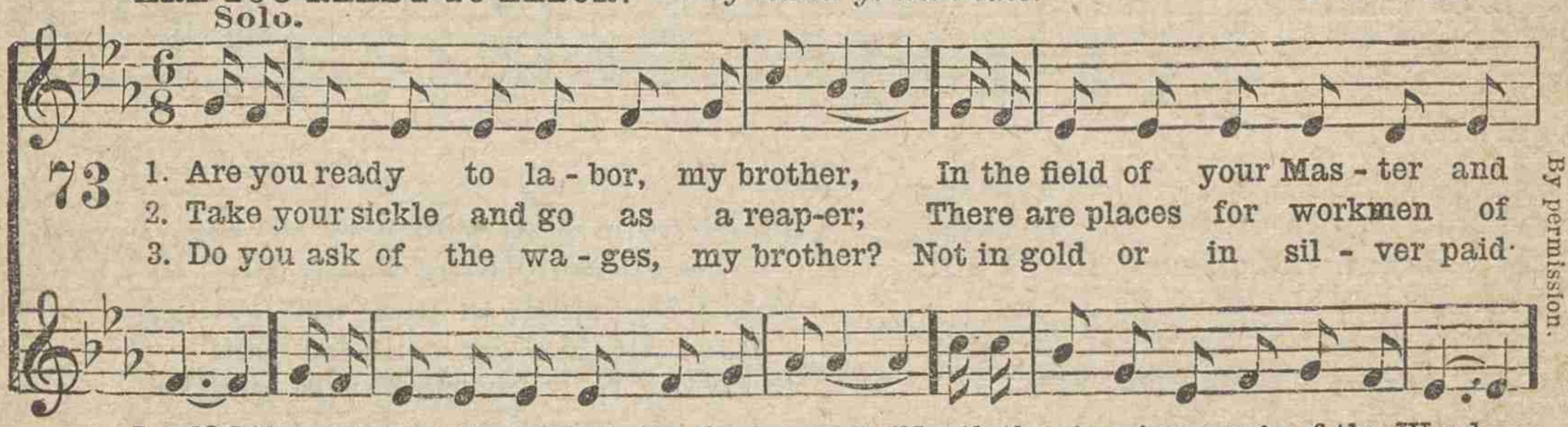
W. O. CUSHING.

2 I would walk in the path where it leadeth unto day,
Though lonely the path might be;
I would take my staff and follow all the way,
'Tis the way my Lord leadeth me.—CHO.

3 I would toil in the field where he calleth me to go,
Though barren the soil might be;
Though the way be hard, 'tis sweet enough to know,
'Tis the way my Lord leadeth me.—CHO.

ARE YOU READY TO LABOR? *"Why stand ye here idle."*

R. A. KINZIE.



By permission.

ARE YOU READY TO LABOR? Concluded.

CHORUS.

Hearken now to the hus - bandman call - ing For more la - bor - ers faith-ful and

true; Oh, de-lay not, my brother, de-lay not; Is the Master not calling for you?

WHO IS READY? 8s & 7s. *"Go work to-day."*

W. WARREN BENTLEY.

1 Waiting is the gold- en har-vest, Waiting is the golden grain, While the Master

REFRAIN.

calls for reapers From the hill-side and the plain! Who is willing? who is ready?

Who will go and work to-day? See the golden harvest waiting; Who will bear the sheaves away?

By permission.

74

ANNIE CUMMINGS.

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

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

4 Haste, oh, hasten, willing workers,
Swiftly speed the hours away;
Hearken to the Master's warning,
"Work ye while 'tis called to-day?"–REF.

THE SWEET STORY. 11s & 8s. *"How sweet are thy words."*

PEARL J. SPRAGUE.

75

J. B. ATCHINSON.

2 Oh, tell me once more of his wonder-ful love,
His goodness and mercy to me;
When hopelessly lost in the darkness of sin,
He found me and bade me go free.—Cho.

3 Oh, tell me again of the land of the blest,
Where sorrow and sin never come;
Where I with the Savior shall evermore dwell,
Oh, tell me of heavén, my home.—Cho.

TO WORK.

"My tongue shall speak of thy word."

I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY. 7s & 6s, D.

WM. G. FISCHER.

By permission.

76

CATHERINE HANKEY.

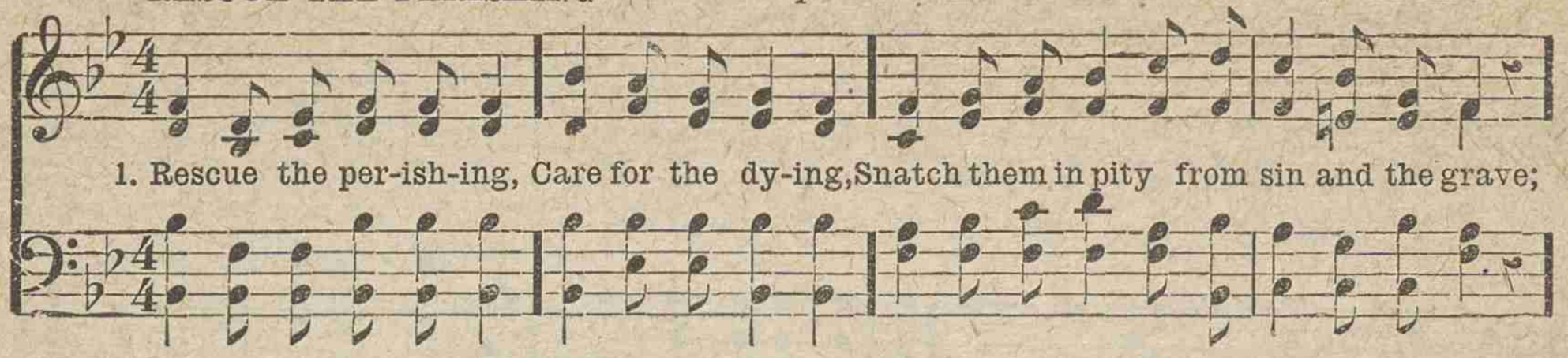
2 I love to tell the story;
More wonderful it seems
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.
I love to tell the story;
It did so much for me—
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.—CHO.

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

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

RESCUE THE PERISHING. *"And compel them to come in."*

W. H. DOANE.



By permission of Biglow & Main.

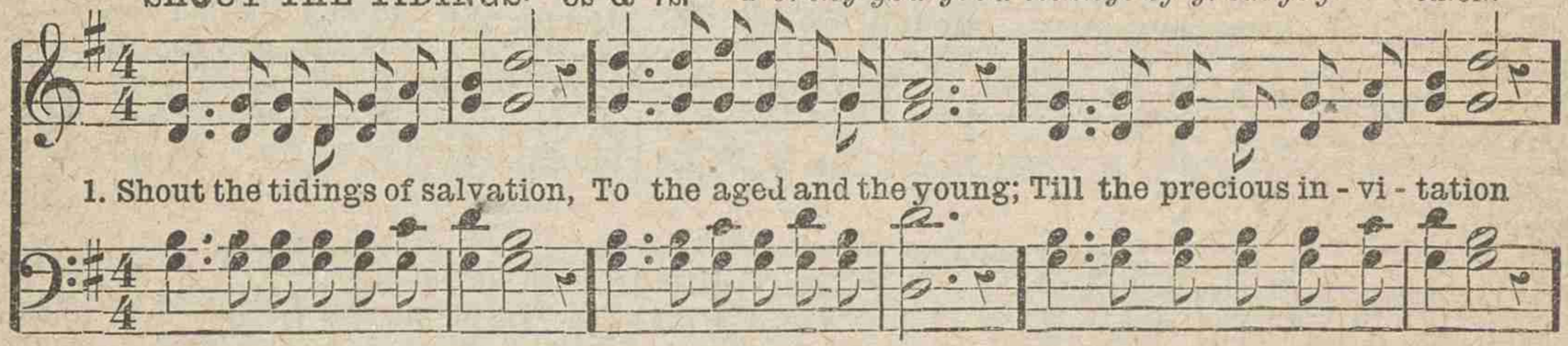
FANNY J. CROSBY.

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

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

SHOUT THE TIDINGS. 8s & 7s. *"I bring you good tidings of great joy."*

ANON.



SHOUT THE TIDINGS, Concluded.

78

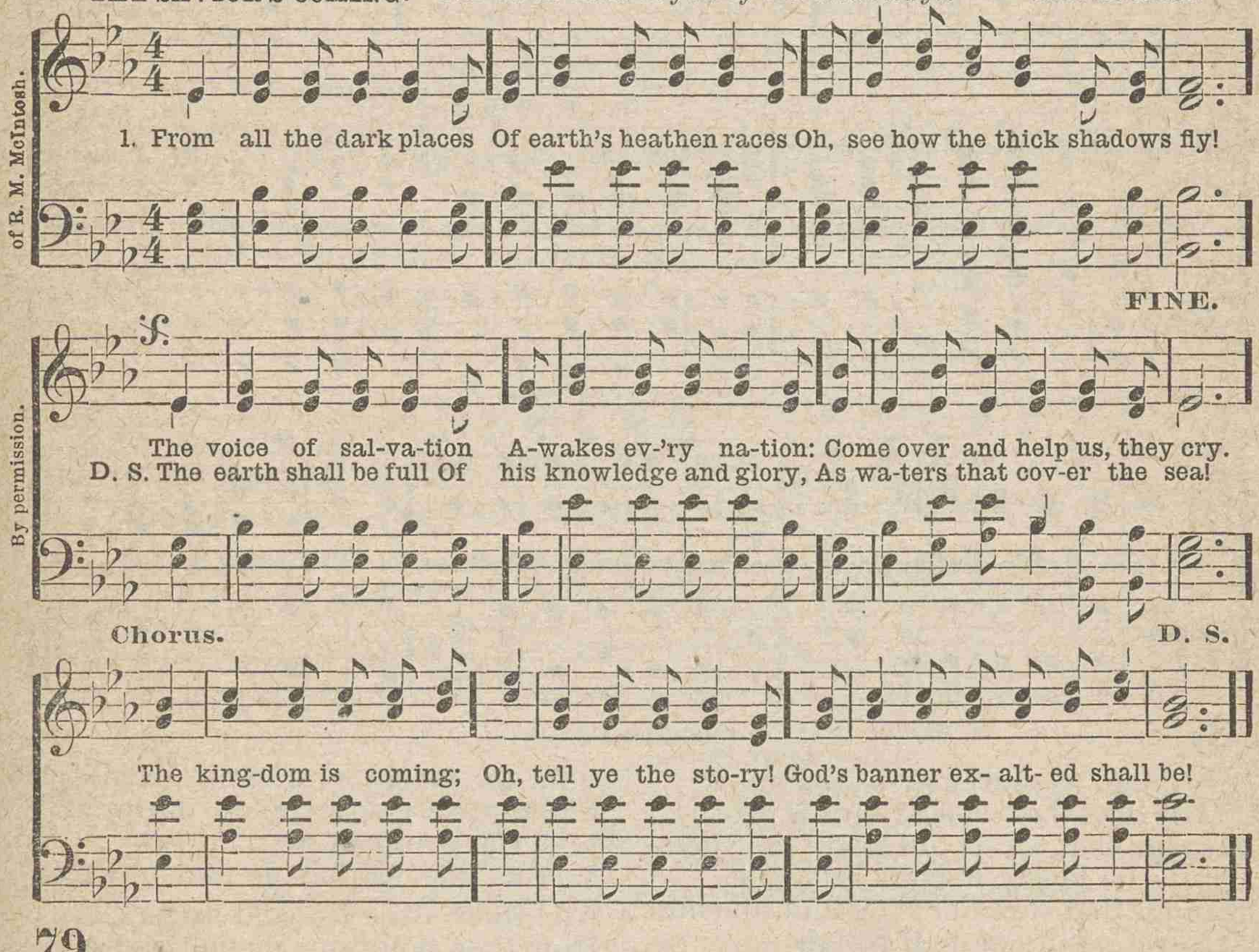
UNKNOWN.

2 Shout the tidings of salvation
O'er the prairies of the West,
Till each gath'ring congregation
With the gospel sound is blest.–CHO.

3 Shout the tidings of salvation,
Mingling with the ocean's roar,
Till the ships of every nation
Bear the news from shore to shore.–CHO.

4 Shout the tidings of salvation
O'er the islands of the sea,
Till, in humble adoration,
All to Christ shall bow the knee.–CHO.

THE SAVIOR'S COMING. *"The earth shall be full of his knowledge."* R. M. MCINTOSH.



79

MRS. M. B. C. SLADE.

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

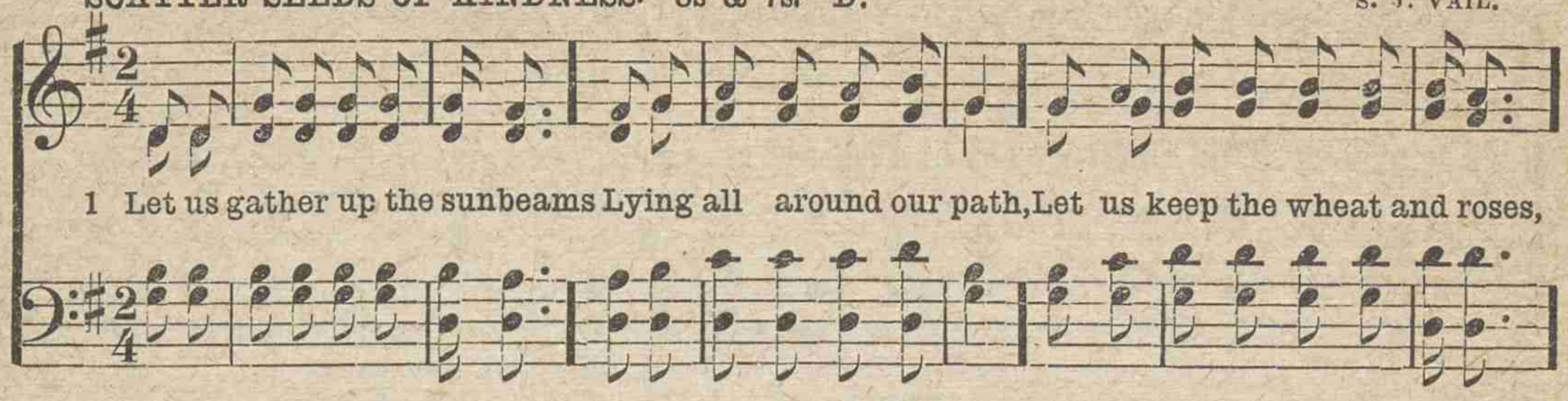
3 With shouting and singing,
And jubilant ringing,
Their arms of rebellion cast down;
At last every nation
The Lord of salvation
Their King and Redeemer shall crown.–Cho

EXHORTATION AND ADMONITION.

"Be kindly affectioned one to another."

SCATTER SEEDS OF KINDNESS. 8s & 7s. D.

S. J. VAIL.



MRS. ALBERT SMITH.

2 Strange we never prize the music
Till the sweet-voiced bird is flown!
Strange that we should slight the violets
Till the lovely flowers are gone!
Strange that summer skies and sunshine
Never seem one-half so fair
As when winter's snowy pinions
Shake the white down in the air.—Cho.

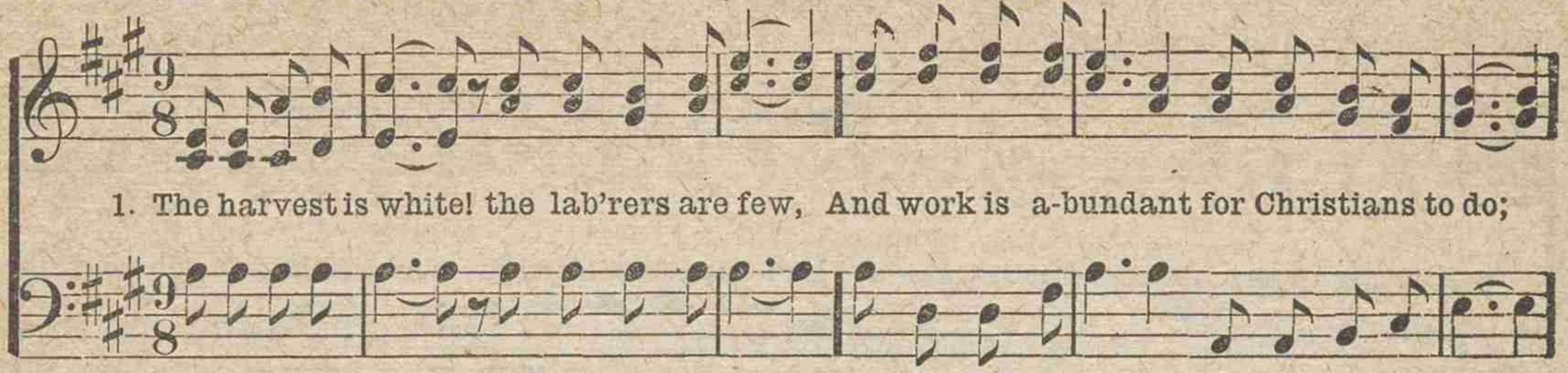
3 If we knew the baby fingers,
Pressed against the window-pane,
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow—
Never trouble us again—
Would the bright eyes of our darling
Catch the frown upon our brow?—
Would the prints of rosy fingers
Vex us then as they do now?—Cho.

4 Ah! those little ice-cold fingers,
How they point our memories back
To the hasty words and actions
Strewn along our backward track!
How those little hands remind us,
As in snowy grace they lie,
Not to scatter thorns—but roses—
For our reaping by and by.—Cho.

THE HARVEST IS WHITE.

"The fields are white to harvest."

A. J. ABBEY.



By permission.

81

H. G. ABBEY.

2 The harvest is white! from far, distant lands
The heathen are crying with uplifted hands,
While rings loud and clear the command of the Lord,
"Go ye to all nations, and publish my word."
Go forth to the harvest, go labor with might,
The day is fast passing, soon cometh the night.—CHO.

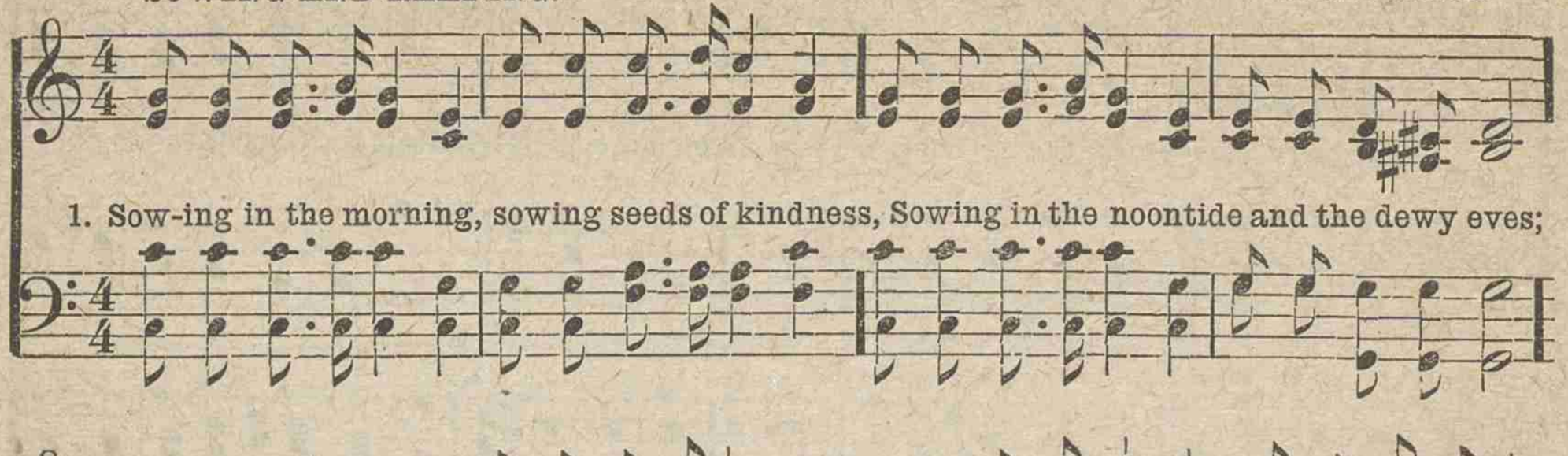
3 The harvest is white! on all sides around
The woe-stricken followers of Satan abound;
Degraded, debased, and corrupted with sin,
From street and from alley go gather them in.
Go forth to the harvest, there's no time to lose,
The Savior commands it! let no one refuse.—CHO.

EXHORTATION AND ADMONITION.

"They that sow in tears, shall reap in joy."

SOWING AND REAPING.

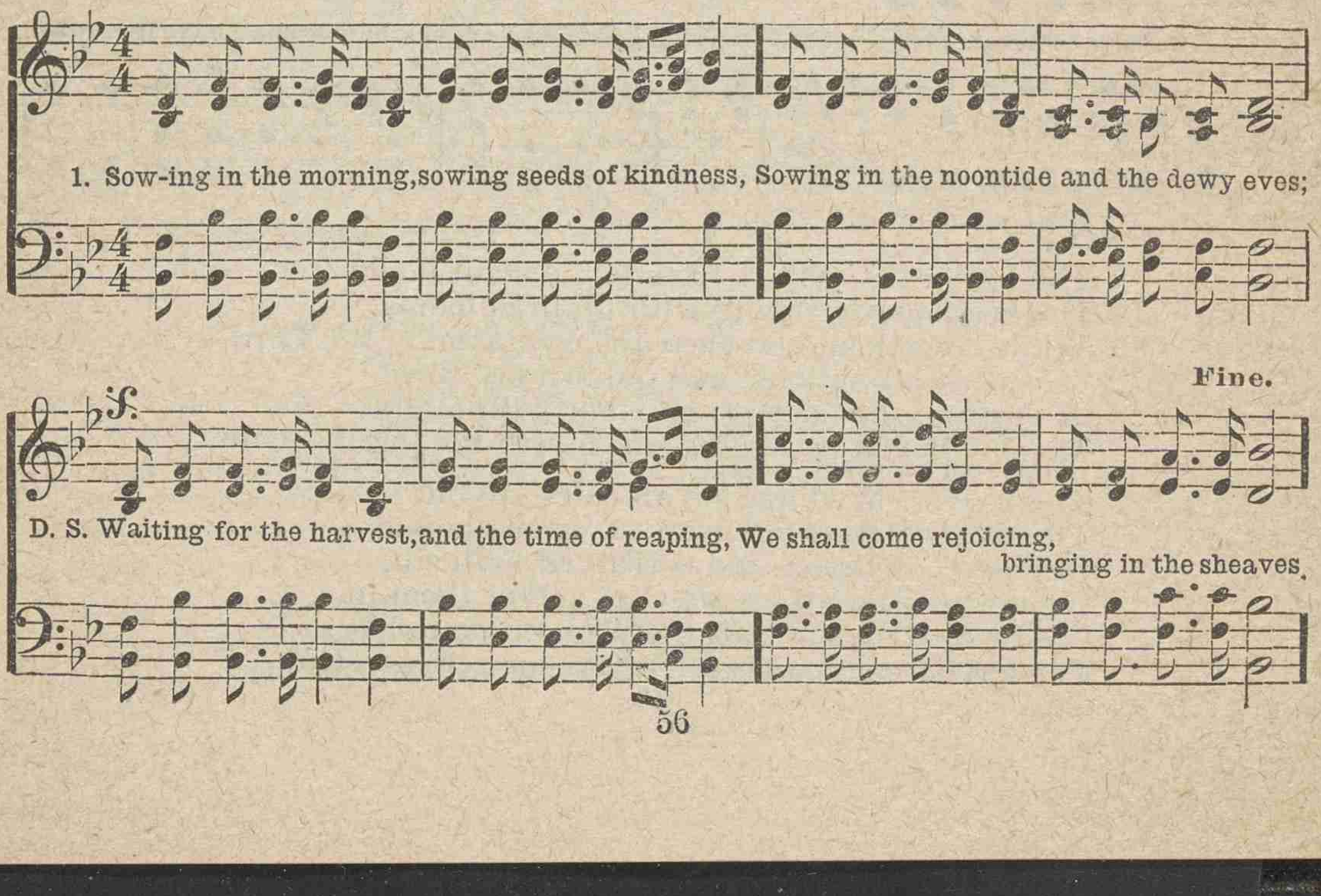
GEO. A. MINOR.



"He that goeth forth bearing precious seed."

BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES. 12s & 11s.

KNOWLES SHAW.



BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES. Concluded.

Chorus. D. S.

82

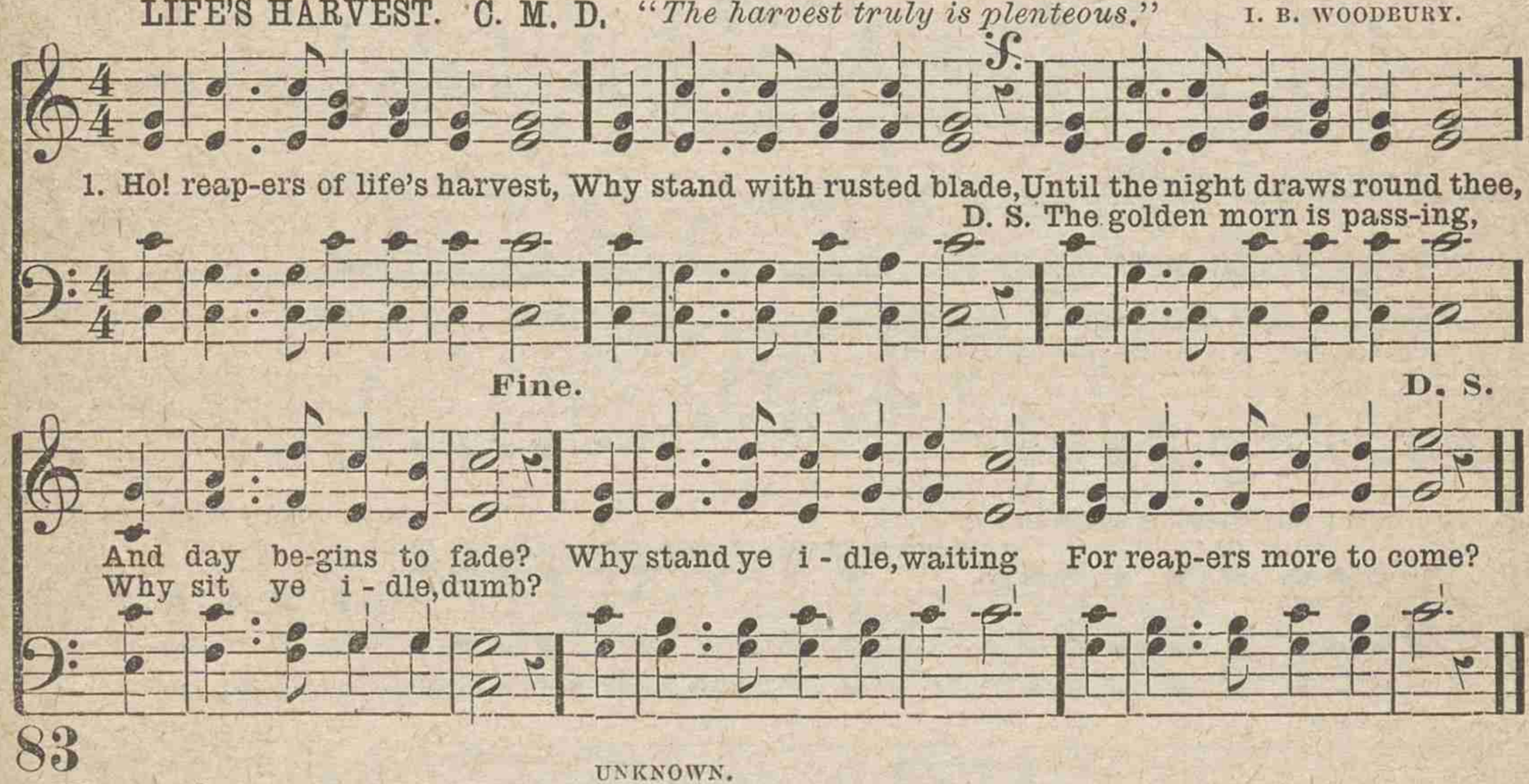
K. SHAW.

2 Go and tell the nations now in heathen blindness,
Tell them Jesus died—now no excuse he leaves;
Bid them come to Jesus, thus prepare the harvest,
You shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.—CHO.

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

4 Go, then, even weeping, sowing for the Master,
Though the loss sustained our spirit often grieves,
When our weeping's over, he will bid us welcome,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.—CHO.

LIFE'S HARVEST. C. M. D. *"The harvest truly is plenteous."* I. B. WOODBURY.



83

UNKNOWN.

2 Thrust in your sharpened sickle,
And gather in the grain,
The night is fast approaching,
And soon will come again.
The Master calls for reapers,
And shall he call in vain?
Shall sheaves lie there ungathered,
And waste upon the plain?

3 Come down from hill and mountain,
In morning's ruddy glow,
Nor wait until the dial
Points to the noon below;
And come with stronger sinew,
Nor faint in heat or cold,
And pause not till the evening
Draws round its wealth of gold.

4 Mount up the heights of wisdom,
And crush each error low;
Keep back no words of knowledge
That human hearts should know.
Be faithful to thy mission,
In service of thy Lord,
And then a golden chaplet
Shall be thy just reward.

EXHORTATION AND ADMONITION.

"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE?

P. P. BLISS.

1. Sowing their seed by the day-light fair, Sow - ing their seed in the noon - tide glare,
Sow-ing their seed in the fad - ing light, Sow - ing their seed in the sol- emn night,
Oh, what shall the har - vest be? . . . Oh, what shall the har - vest be?

By permission.

Chorus. Soprano.

Sown . . in the dark - ness or sown . . . in the light, . . Sown . . . in our

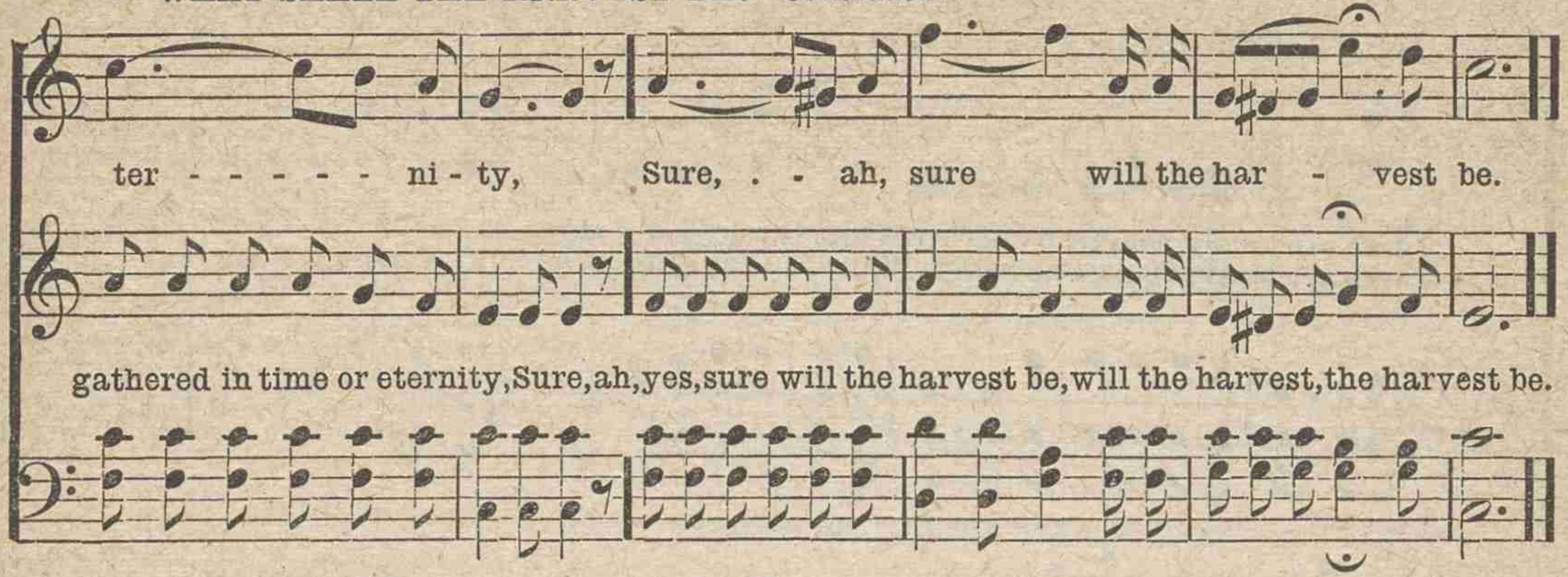
Alto.

Sown in the darkness or sown in the light, Sown in our weakness or
Sown in the darkness or sown in the light,

weak - ness or sown . . . in our might, Gath - - - ered in time or e-

sown our might, Sown in our weakness or sown in our might, Gathered in time or eternity,

WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE? Concluded.



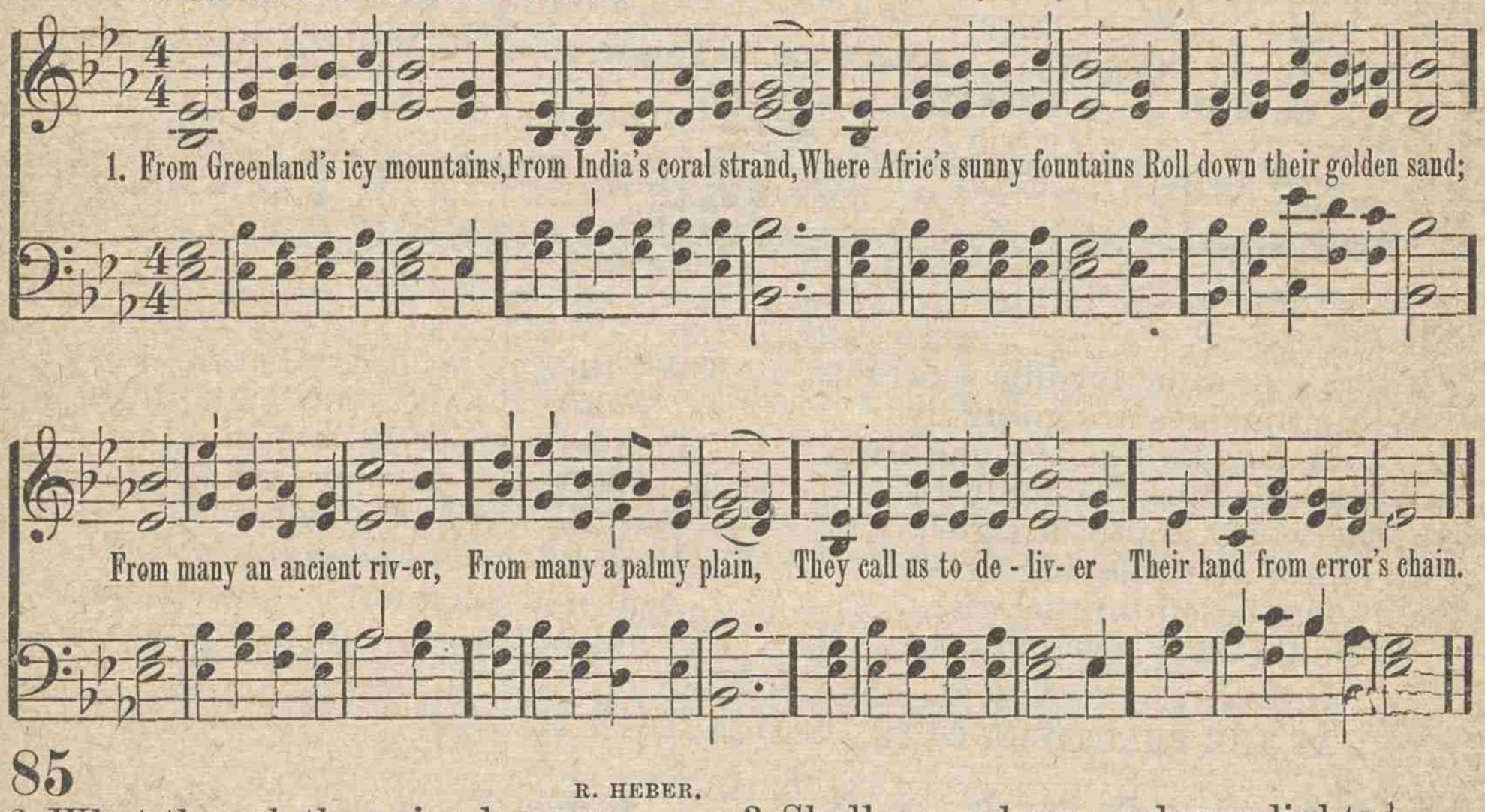
84 MRS. E. S. OAKEY.

2 Sowing their seed by the way-side high,
Sowing their seed on the rocks to die,
Sowing their seed where the thorns will spoil,
Sowing their seed in the fertile soil,
Oh, what shall the harvest be, etc.

3 Sowing the seed of a lingering pain,
Sowing the seed of a maddened brain,
Sowing the seed of a tarnished name,
Sowing the seed of eternal shame—
Ah, sure will the harvest be, etc.

4 Sowing the seed with an aching heart,
Sowing the seed while the teardrops start,
Sowing in hope till the reapers come,
Gladly to gather the harvest home,
Oh, what shall the harvest be, etc.

MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 6s. *"The Macedonian cry."* L. MASON.



85 R. HEBER.

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

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high—
Shall we, to man benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

EXHORTATION AND ADMONITION.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do."

WHILE THE DAYS ARE GOING BY.

IRA D. SANKEY.

By permission of Biglow & Main.

86

GEORGE COOPER.

2 There's no time for idle scorning,
While the days are going by;
Let your face be like the morning,
While the days are going by;
Oh, the world is full of sighs,
Full of sad and weeping eyes;
Help your fallen brother rise,
While the days are going by.—REF.

3 All the loving links that bind us,
While the days are going by,
One by one we leave behind us,
While the days are going by;
But the seeds of good we sow,
Both in shade and shine will grow,
And will keep our hearts aglow,
While the days are going by.—REF.

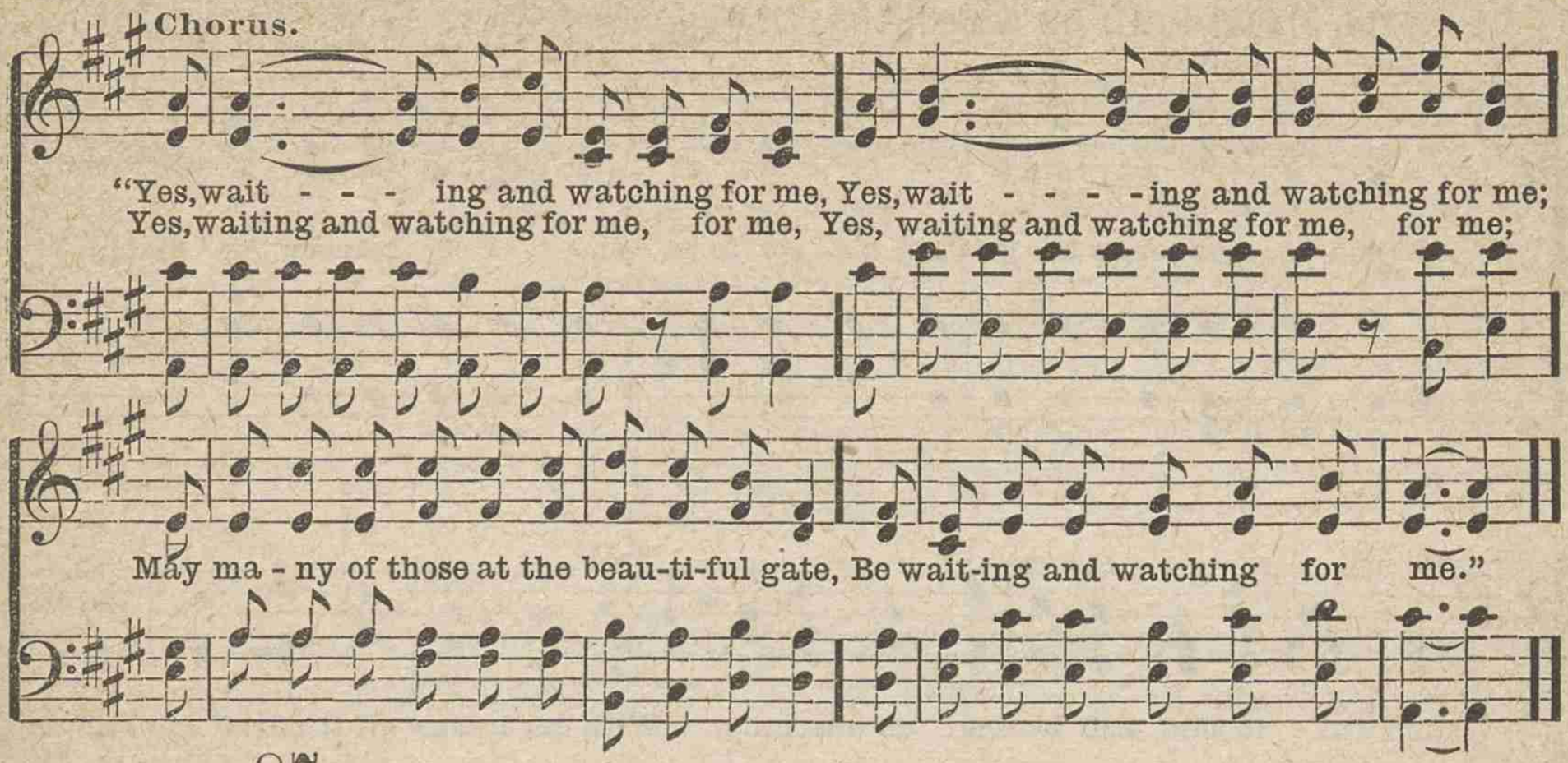
AT THE BEAUTIFUL GATE. *"The city had twelve gates."*

R. M. MCINTOSH.

By per. R. M. McIntosh.

AT THE BEAUTIFUL GATE. Concluded.

Chorus.



87

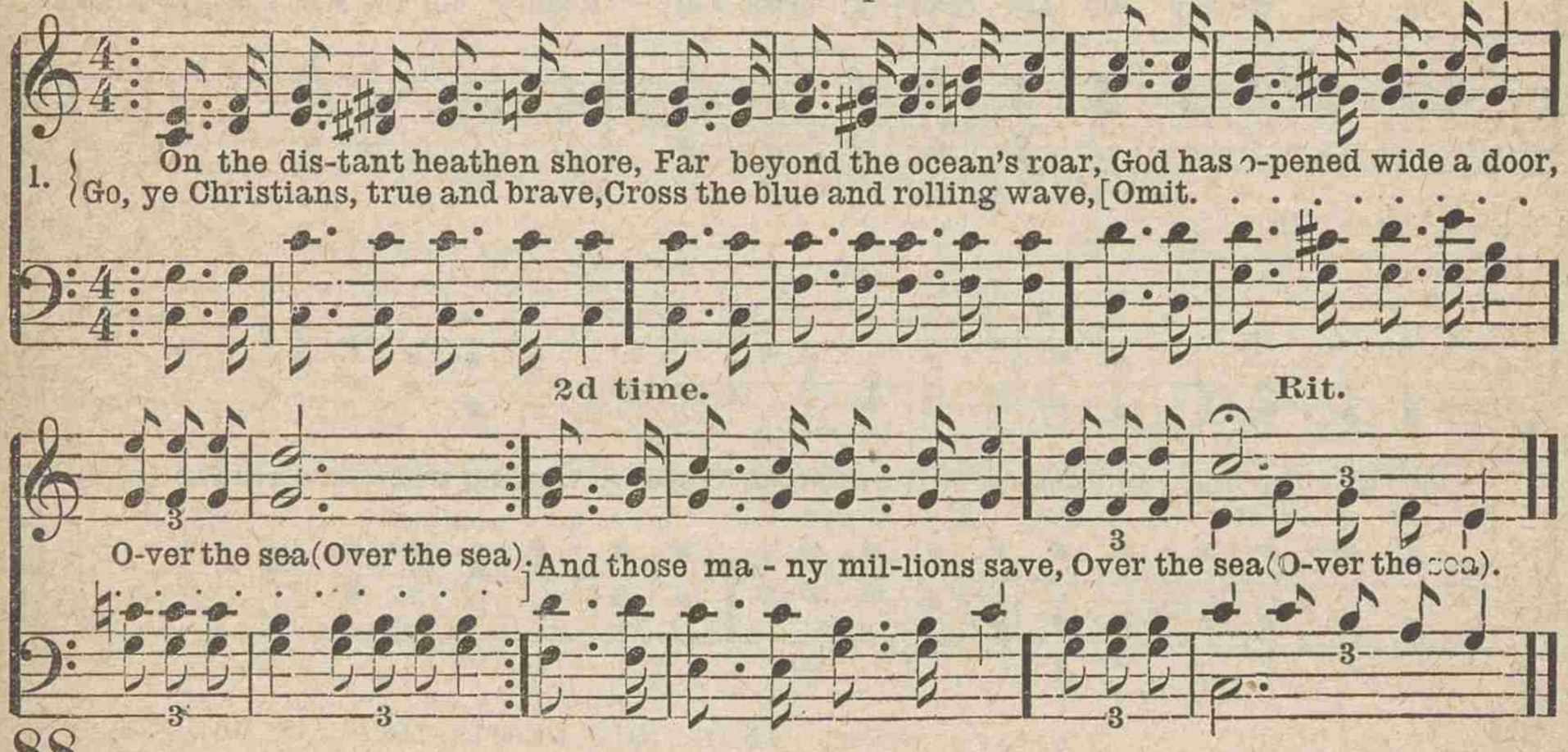
JOS. H. MARTIN.

2 How sadly I'd feel in the heavénly state,
If sadness in heavén can be,
If no one should be at the beautiful gate,
Conducted to glory by me.—Cho.

3 O Lord, I beseech thee for wisdom and grace,
In winning lost souls unto thee;
That many may be in that beautiful place,
A crown of rejoicing to me.—Cho.

ANON.

OVER THE SEA. *"Come over and help us."*



88

E. ALBRIGHT.

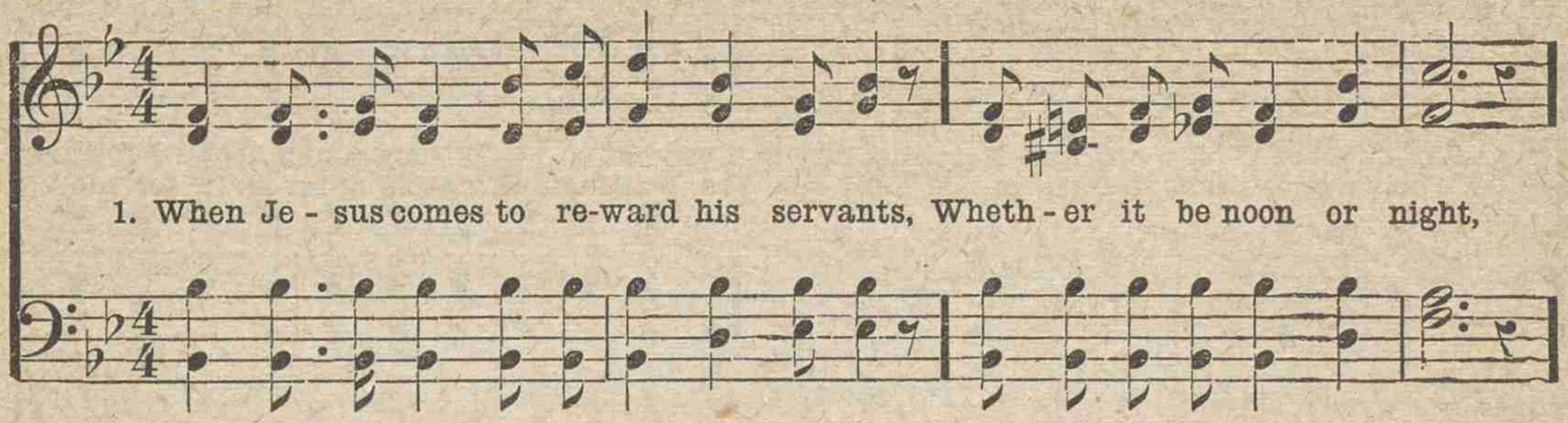
2 Bear the glad and joyful sound,
That a Savior has been found,
To the souls in error bound,
Over the sea;
That the glorious gospel bright,
By its saving power and might,
May dispel the sin and night,
Over the sea.

3 Then shall dawn the happy day,
When the bright millennial ray
Shall the darkness drive away,
Over the sea;
When the earth, redeemed and free,
Shall Messiah's kingdom be,
And each soul shall bow the knee,
Over the sea.

By permission of Biglow & Main.
By per. R. M. McIntosh.

WILL JESUS FIND US WATCHING? *"Watch therefore."*

W. H. DOANE.



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89 FANNY J. CROSBY.

2 If, at the dawn of the early morning,
He shall call us one by one,
When to the Lord we restore our talents,
Will he answer thee, "Well done."—Ref.

3 Have we been true to the trust he left us?
Do we seek to do our best?
If in our hearts there is naught condemns us,
We shall have a glorious rest.—Ref.

4 Blesséd are those whom the Lord finds watching,
In his glory they shall share;
If he shall come at the dawn or midnight,
Will he find us watching there?—Ref.

TO FAITHFULNESS.

PRAYER. C. M. *"Enoch walked with God."* T. J. COOK.

90 W. COWPER.

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

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

4 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

5 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

MEAR. C. M. *"Help thou mine unbelief."* ENGLISH.

91 W. H. BATHURST.

2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;

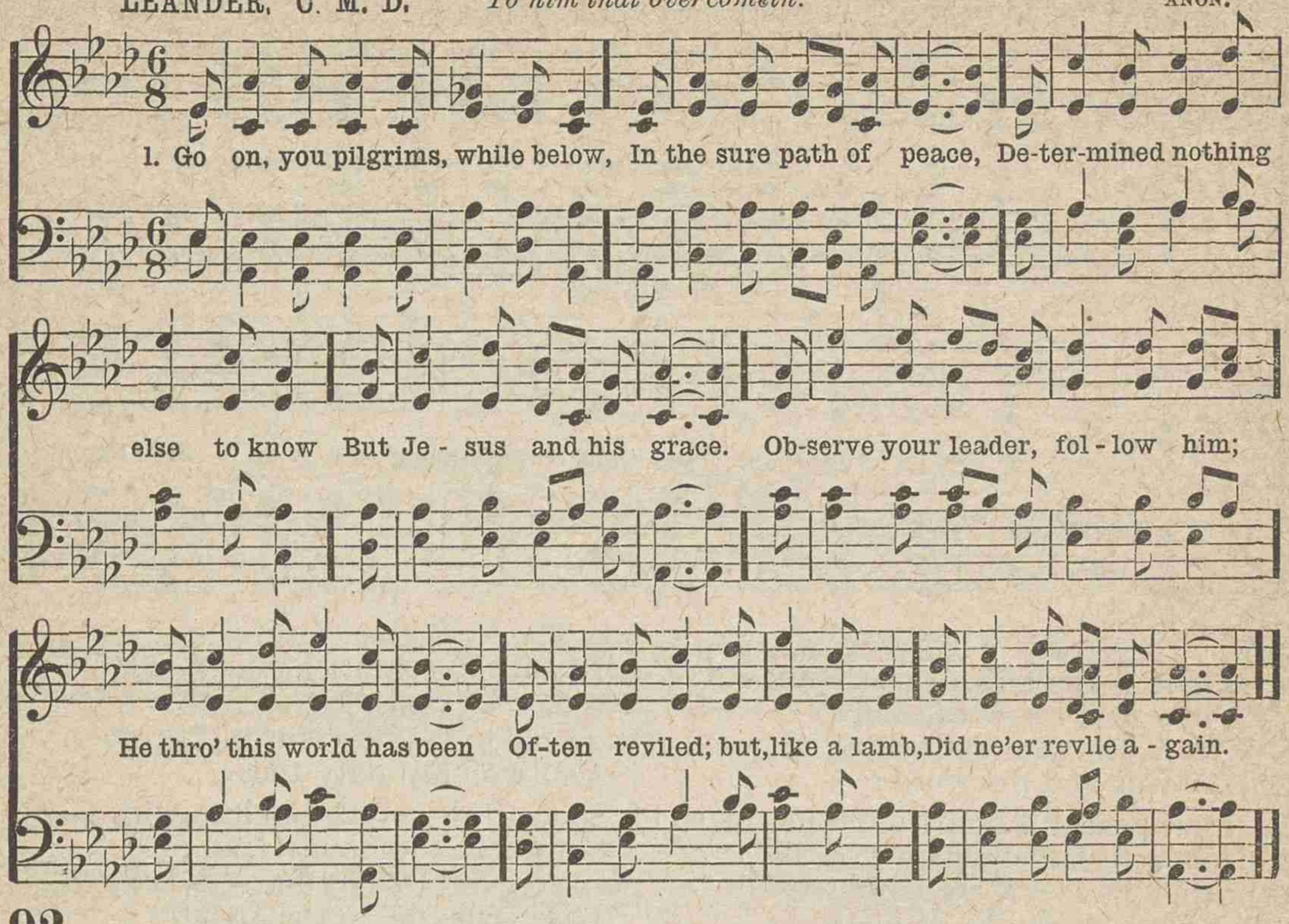
3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That, when in danger, knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;

4 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray,
Lights up a dying bed.

5 Lord, give us such a faith as this;
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste e'en here the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

EXHORTATION AND ADMONITION.

LEANDER. C. M. D. *"To him that overcometh."* ANON.



92

UNKNOWN.

2 Oh, take the pattern he has given,
And love your enemies;
And learn the only way to heaven
Through self-denial lies;
Remember, you must watch and pray
While journeying on the road,
Lest you should fall out by the way,
And wound the cause of God.

3 Go on, rejoicing night and day;
Your crown is yet before;
Defy the trials of the way,
The storm will soon be o'er.
Soon we shall reach the promis'd land,
With all the ransomed race,
And join with all the glorious band,
To sing redeeming grace.

LABAN. S. M. *"Watch."* DR. L. MASON.

93

G. HEATH.

1 My soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard,
To draw thee from the skies.

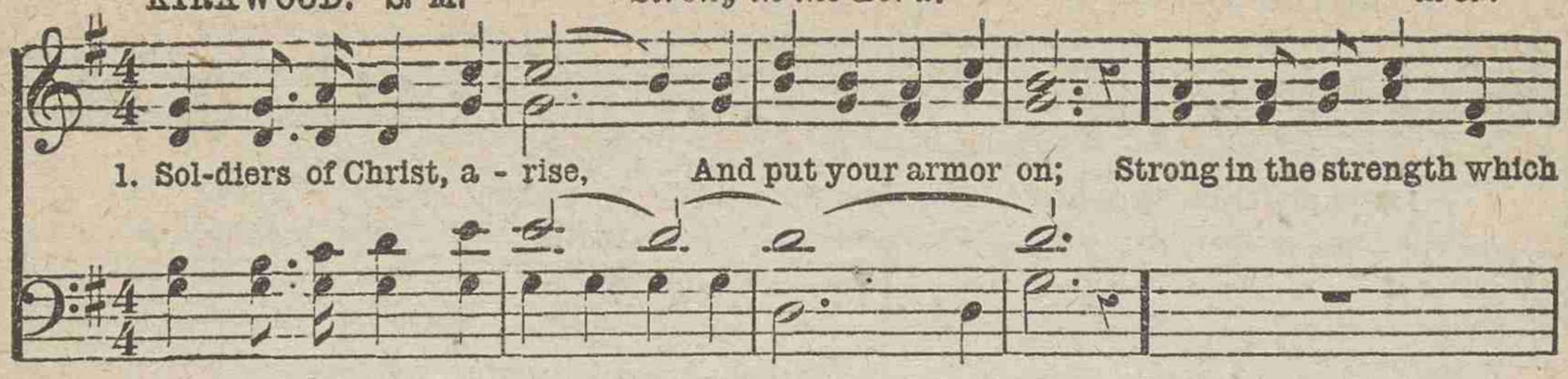
2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down:
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To his divine abode.

TO FAITHFULNESS.

KIRKWOOD. S. M. *"Strong in the Lord."* ANON.



94 C. WESLEY.

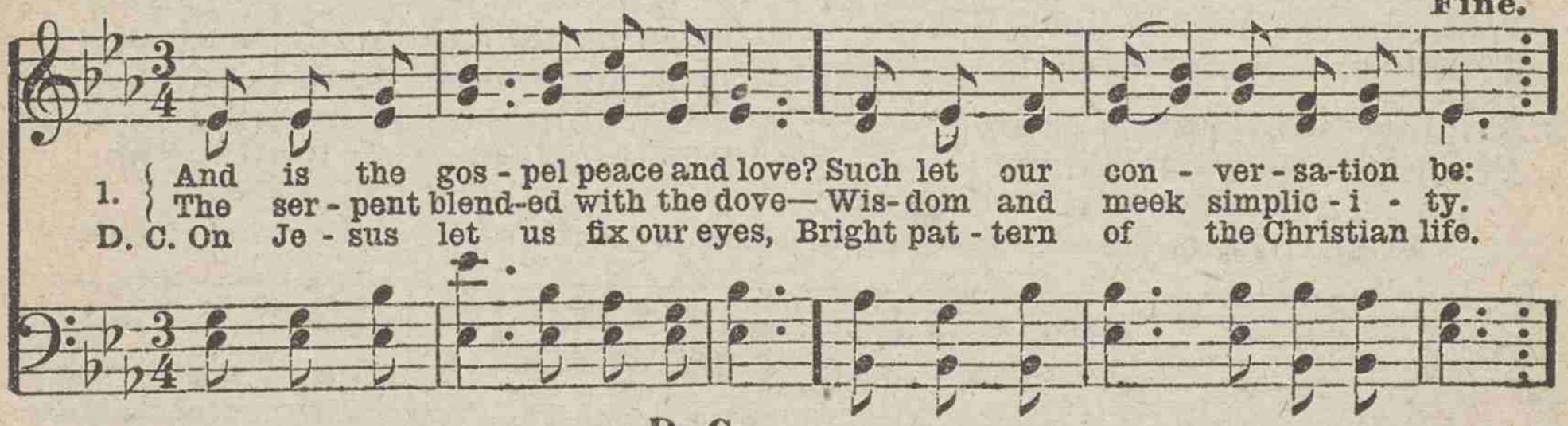
2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in his mighty power;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than con-quer-or.

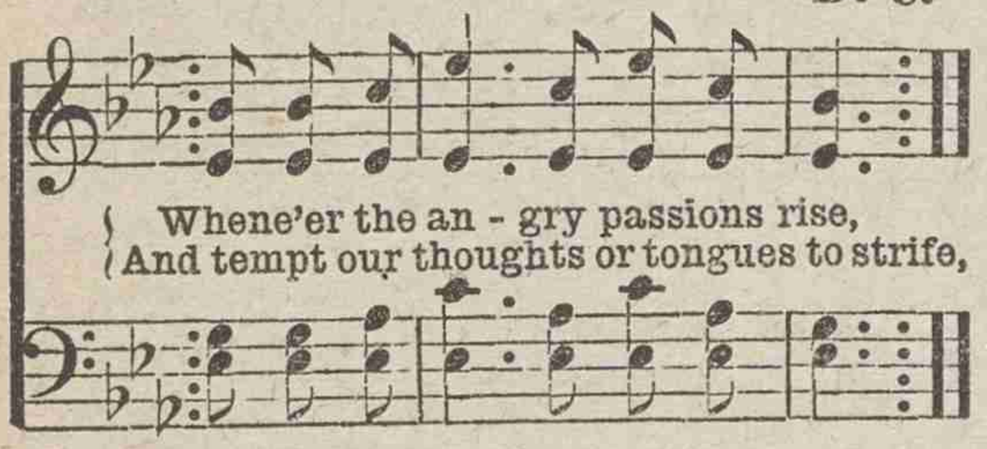
3 Stand, then, in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

4 Leave no unguarded place,
No weakness of the soul;
Take every virtue, every grace,
And fortify the whole.

5 That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
You may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

YOUNG. L. M. D. *"Let him follow me."* ANON.





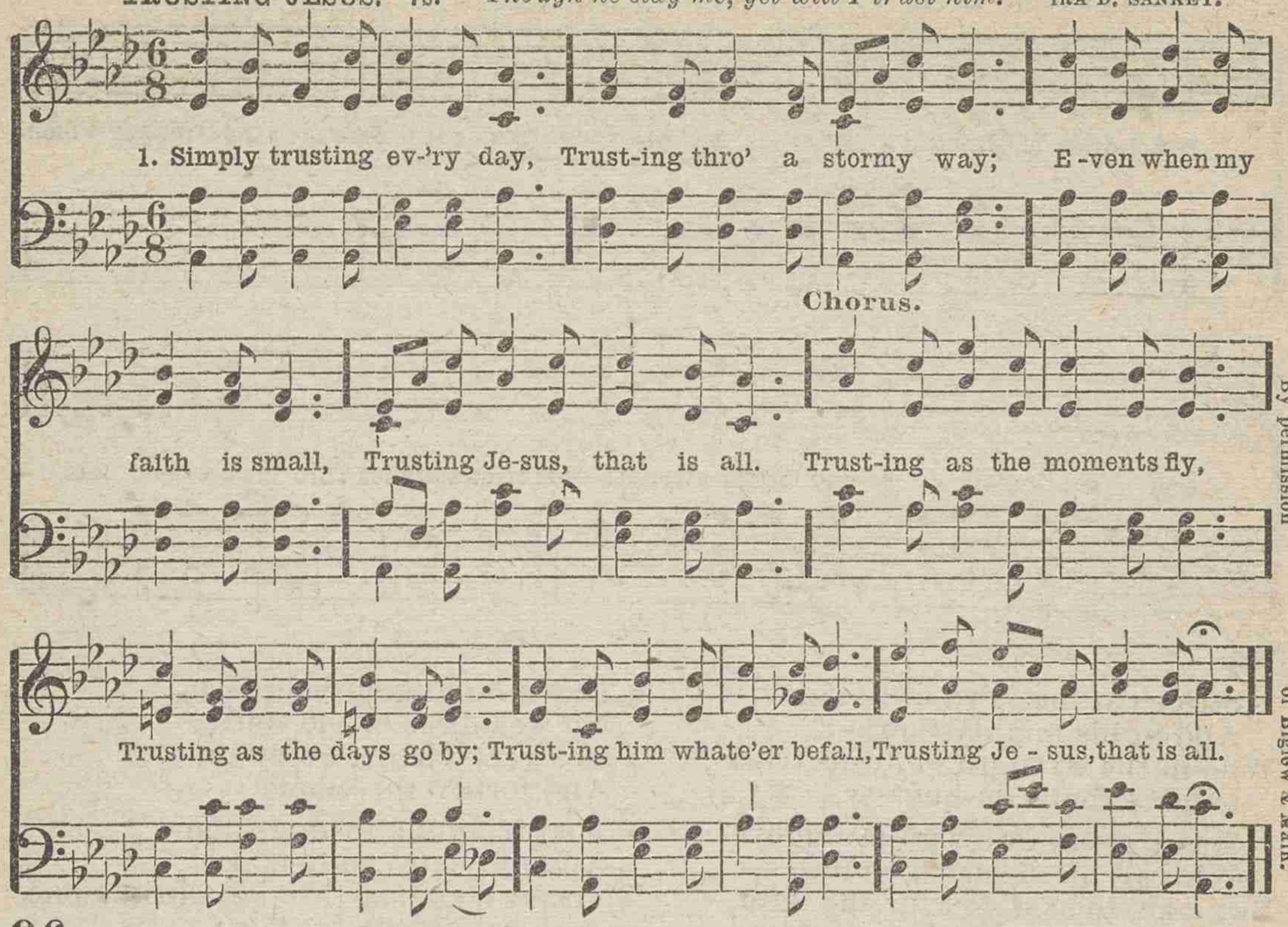
95 ANNE STEELE.

2 Oh, how benevolent and kind!
How mild! how ready to forgive!
Be his the temper of our mind,
And his the rules by which we live.

To do his heavenly Father's will
Was his employment and delight;
Humility, and love, and zeal
Shone through his life divinely bright.

3 Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labors of his life were love;
Oh, if we love the Savior's name,
Let his divine example move!
Thy fair example may we trace,
To teach us what we ought to be;
Make us, by thy transforming grace,
Lord Jesus, daily more like thee.

TRUSTING JESUS. 7s. *"Though he slay me, yet will I trust him."* IRA D. SANKEY.



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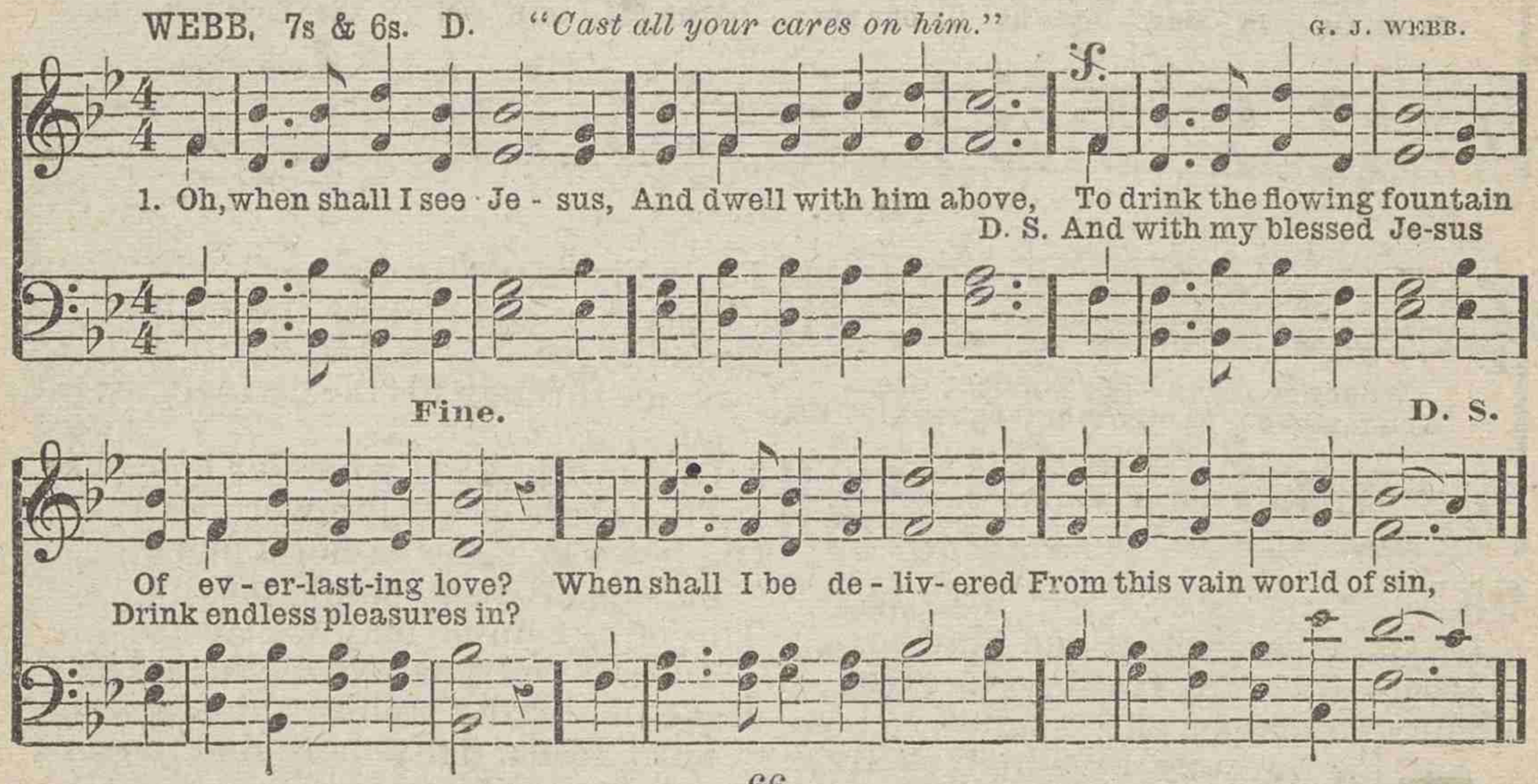
96 EDGAR PAGE.

2 Brightly doth his Spirit shine
Into this poor heart of mine;
While he leads I can not fall,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.—CHO.

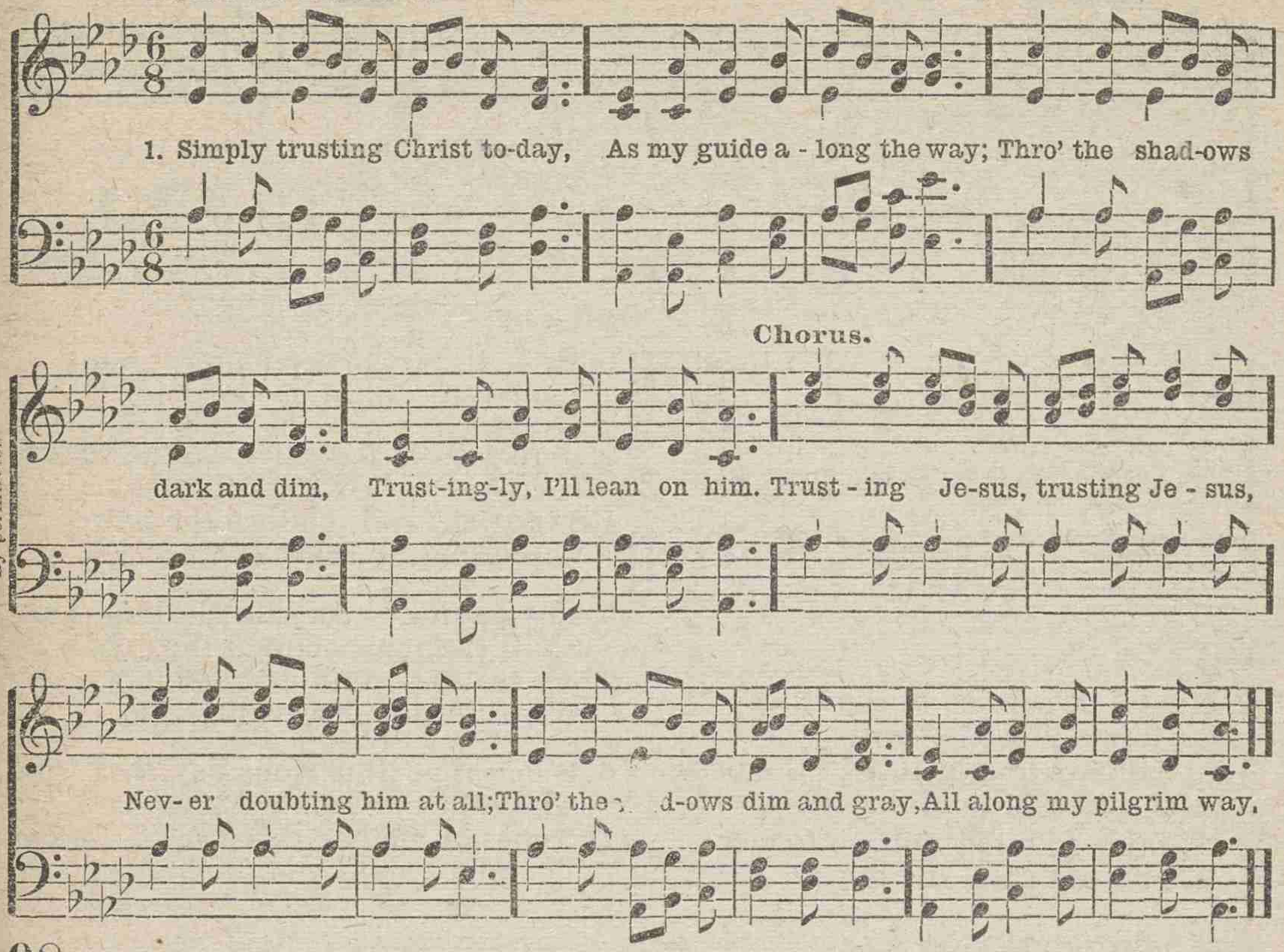
3 Singing, if my way is clear,
Praying if the path is drear;
If in danger, for him call;
Trusting Jesus, that is all.—CHO.

4 Trusting him while life shall last,
Trusting him till earth is past;
Till within the jasper wall,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.—CHO.

WEBB. 7s & 6s. D. *"Cast all your cares on him."* G. J. WEBB.



I TRUST IN THEE. 7s. *"In his name shall Gentiles trust."* D. E. DORTCH.



98

R. G. STAPLES.

2 Simply trusting as the years
Bring me joy or cause me tears;
Trusting, though quite oft bereaved;
Trusting since I first believed.—CHO.

3 Simply trusting till the end;
Trusting in the sinner's friend;
And when I shall come to die,
I shall feel his presence nigh.—CHO.

4 Trusting Jesus, I shall stand
With that host, the ransomed band;
Trusting Christ, who died for me,
He saves me through eternity—CHO.

97

JOHN LELAND.

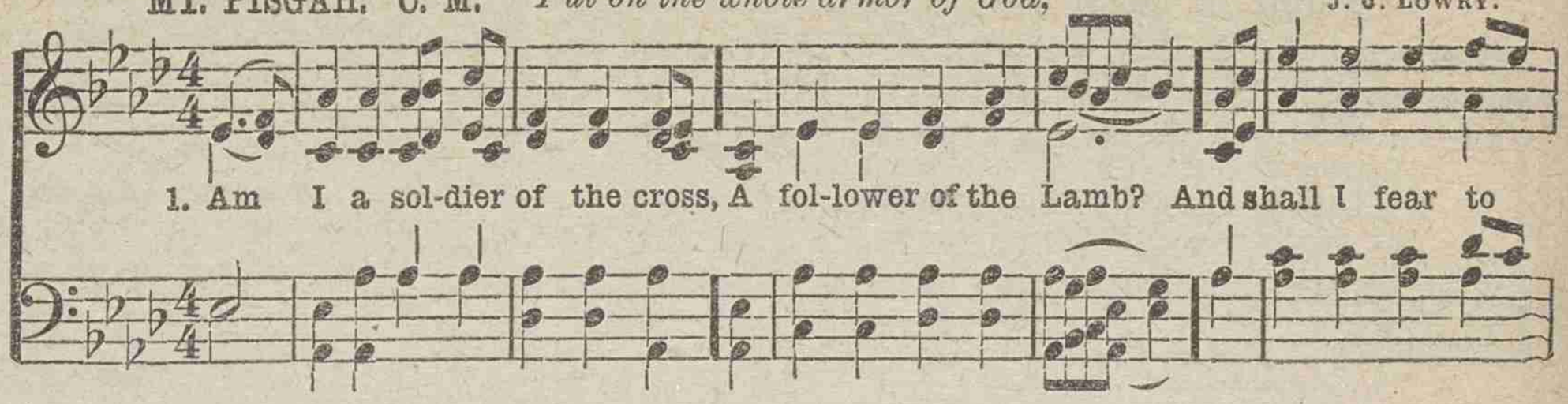
2 But now I am a soldier,
My Captain's gone before;
He's givén me my orders,
And tells me not to fear,
And if I hold out faithful,
A crown of life he'll give,
And all his valiant soldiers
Eternal life shall have.

3 Through grace I am determined
To conquer, though I die;
And then away to Jesus
On wings of love I'll fly.
Farewell to sin and sorrow—
I bid them both adieu:
And you, my friends, prove faithful,
And on your way pursue.

4 And if you meet with troubles
And trials on the way,
Then cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray.
Gird on the heavenly armor
Of faith, and hope, and love,
And when your warfare's ended,
You'll reign with him above.

5 Oh, do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your friend;
And if you long for knowledge,
On him you may depend.
Neither will he upbraid you,
Though often you request;
He'll give you grace to conquer,
And take you home to rest.

MT. PISGAH. C. M. *"Put on the whole armor of God,"* J. C. LOWRY.



99 ISAAC WATTS.

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

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

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

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

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

EXCELSIOR. 6s & 5s. D. *"Blessed are the pure in heart."* S. J. VAIL.

100 UNKNOWN.

2 Calmer yet and calmer
Trial bear and pain;
Surer yet and surer
Peace at last to gain;
Suffering still, and doing,
To his will resigned,
And to God subduing
Heart, and will, and mind.

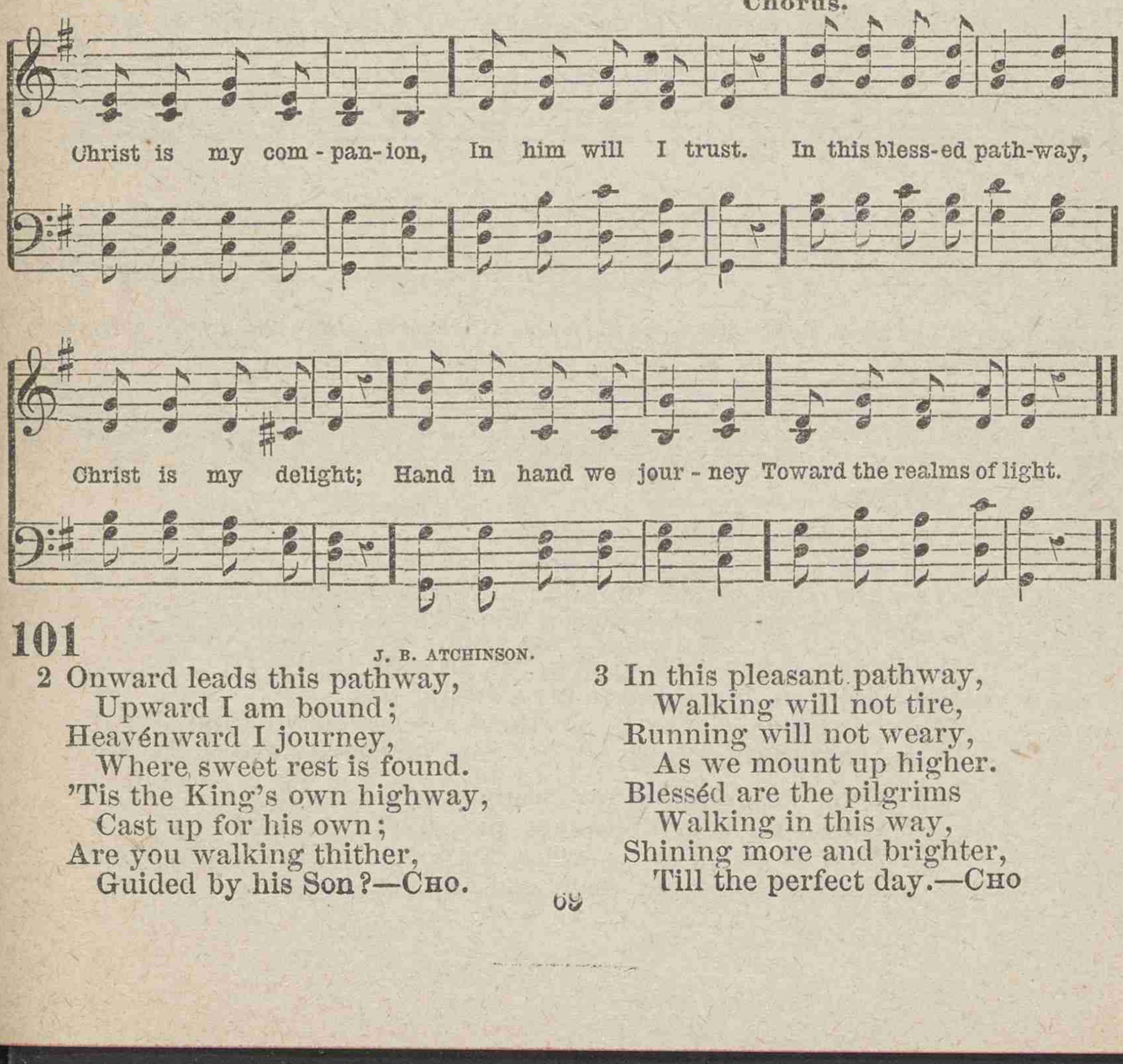
3 Higher yet and higher,
Out of clouds and night,
Nearer yet and nearer
Rising to the light;
Oft these earnest longings
Swell within my breast;
Yet their inner meaning
Ne'er can be expressed.

TO FAITHFULNESS.

"The path of the just is as the shining light."

THE PATH OF THE JUST. 6s & 5s. J. W. BISCHOFF.

Chorus.



101 J. B. ATCHINSON.

2 Onward leads this pathway,
Upward I am bound;
Heavénward I journey,
Where sweet rest is found.
'Tis the King's own highway,
Cast up for his own;
Are you walking thither,
Guided by his Son?—Cho.

3 In this pleasant pathway,
Walking will not tire,
Running will not weary,
As we mount up higher.
Blesséd are the pilgrims
Walking in this way,
Shining more and brighter,
Till the perfect day.—Cho

THE ROCK AND THE SAND. 9s, 8s & 12. *Matt. 7: 24–27.*

J. H. ROSECRANS.

By permission.

102

H. R. TRICKETT.

2 On one or the other, my brother,
You are building your hopes, day by day;
You are risking your soul on the works that you do:
Will the dark waters sweep you away?—Cho.

3 Your Savior has warned you, my brother:
I pray you, give heed to his voice:
There is life on the rock, but there's death on the sand—
Oh, my brother, pray tell me your choice.—Cho.

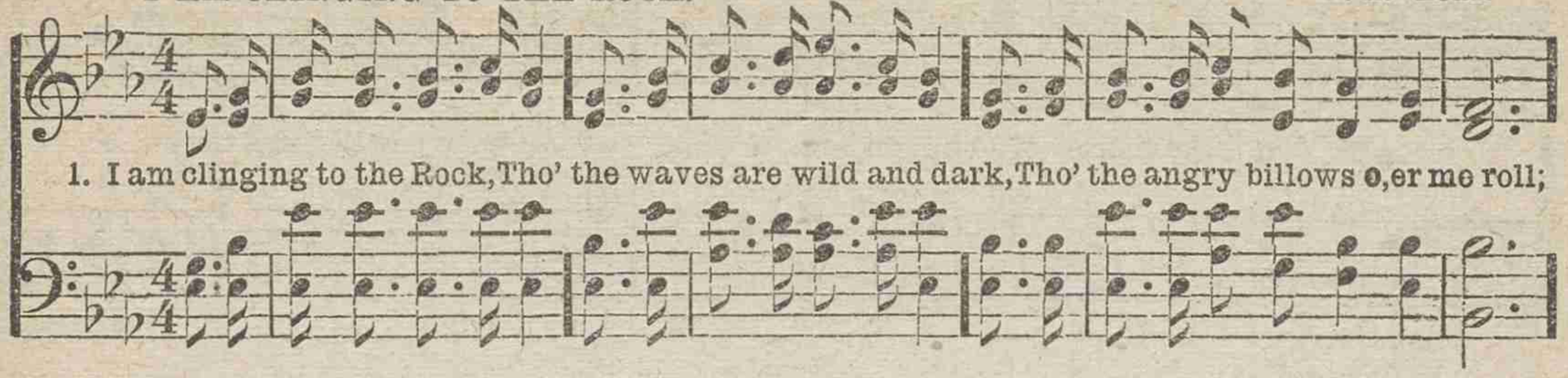
4 No matter how careful, my brother,
The sand for your house you prepare,
'Twill be all swept away when the floods shall descend,
Leaving nothing but death and despair.—Cho.

TO FAITHFULNESS.

"A refuge in times of trouble."

I AM CLINGING TO THE ROCK.

H. H. HULL.



103

W. O. CUSHING.

2 I am clinging to the Rock,
Though the way be lone and dark,
Though the dreary shadows round me lie;
There are gleaming stars that shine
O'er this weary path of mine;
They will light me on to joys that never die.—CHO.

3 I am clinging to the Rock,
And I fear no tempest shock,
Though the fiery darts of Satan fly;
For my feet are standing sure
On the Rock that shall endure,
When the earth, and seas, and skies are passed away.—CHO.

By permission.

MY HOUSE ON A ROCK. *Matt. 7: 24–27.*

W. A. OGDEN.

By permission of W. W. Whitney.

104

W. A. OGDEN.

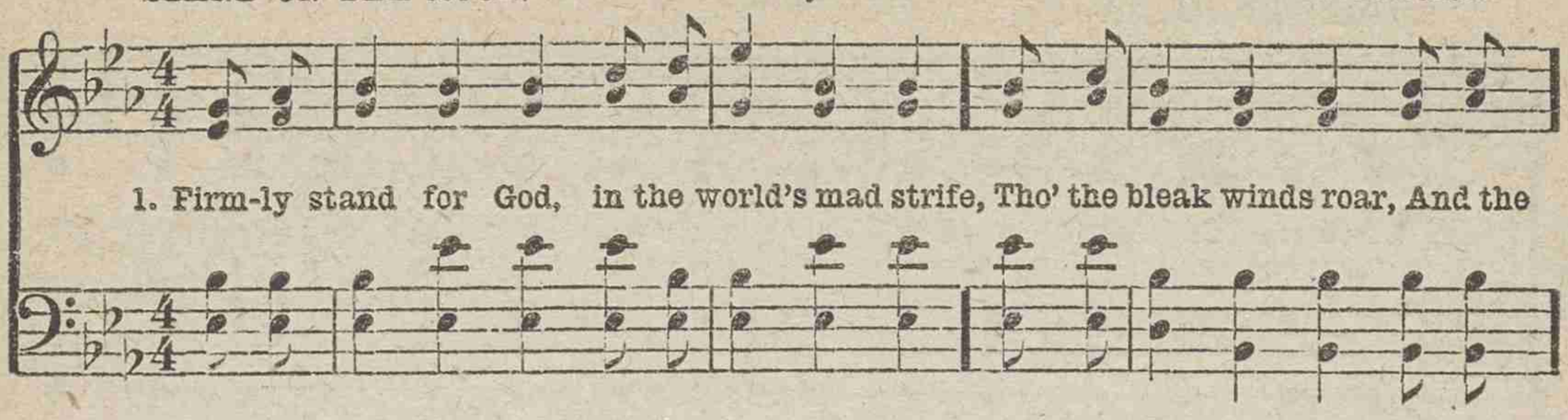
2 For he whose truth is lasting as the hills,
Whose word is unchanging ever,
Hath said my house on the solid rock shall stand;
He'll hold it by his might
In the hollow of his hand,
And 'twill never fall, etc.

3 Then I will build my house upon a rock,
And there it will stand for ever;
The floods may come, and the rolling thunder's shock,
May beat upon my house
That is built upon a rock,
And 'twill never fall, etc.

STAND ON THE ROCK.

"Stand fast."

W. H. DOANE.



By permission of Biglow & Main.

105

C. R. BLACKALL.

2 Firmly stand for right with a motive pure,
With a true heart bold, and a faith e'er strong;
'Tis the Rock alone giveth triumph sure
O'er the world's array of wrong.—Cho.

3 Firmly stand for truth, it will serve you best;
Though it waiteth long, it is sure at last;
'Tis the Rock alone giveth peace and rest,
When the storms of life are past.—Cho.

TRIUMPH BY AND BY. *"I press toward the mark."*

H. R. PALMER.

1. The prize is set be - fore us, To win, his words im - plore us, The eye of God is o'er us From on high, from on high; His lov-ing tones are calling While sin is dark, ap-pall-ing; 'Tis Je-sus gent - ly call-ing, He is nigh, he is nigh.

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

TRIUMPH BY AND BY. Concluded.

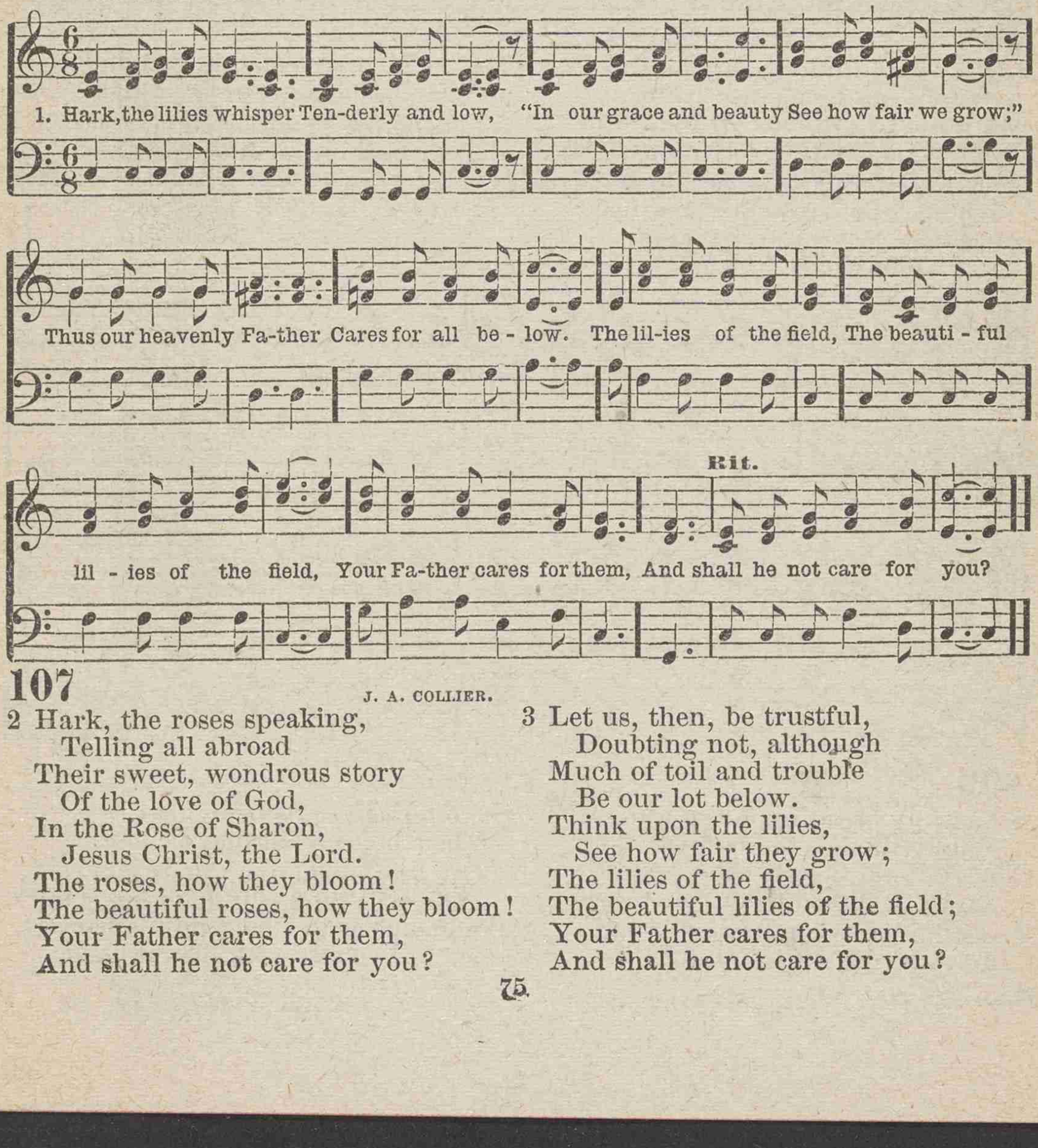
106

C. R. BLACKALL.

2 We'll follow where he leadeth,
We'll pasture where he feedeth,
We'll yield to him who pleadeth
From on high.
Then naught from him shall sever,
Our hopes shall brighten ever,
And faith shall fail us never,
He is nigh.—Cho.

3 Our home is bright above us,
No trials dark to move us,
But Jesus dear to love us
There on high;
We'll give him best endeavor,
And praise his name forever;
His precious words can never,
Never die.—Cho.

SONG OF THE LILIES. *"Consider the lilies of the field."*



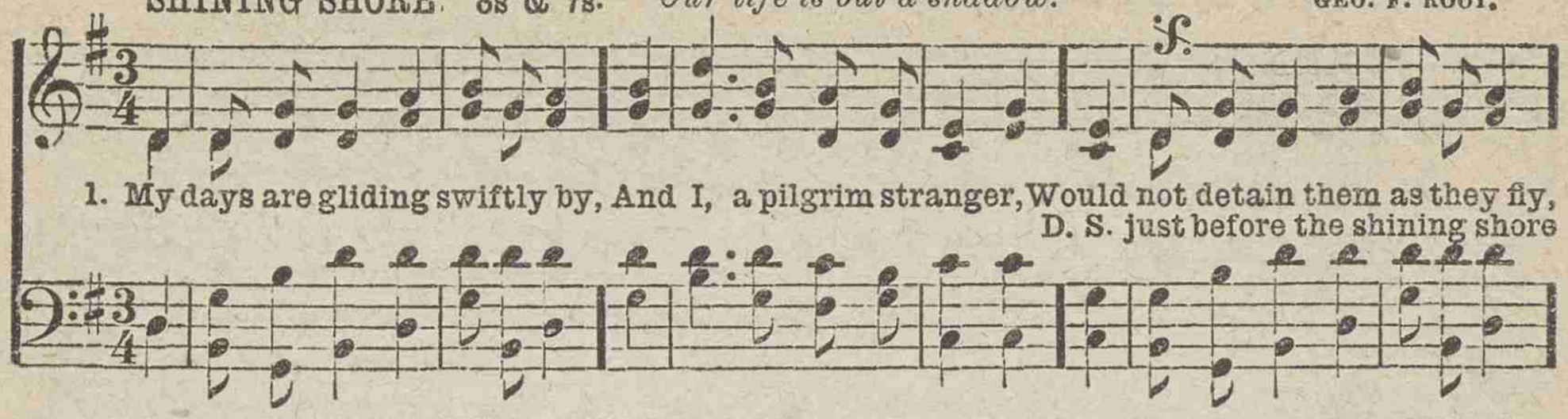
107

J. A. COLLIER.

2 Hark, the roses speaking,
Telling all abroad
Their sweet, wondrous story
Of the love of God,
In the Rose of Sharon,
Jesus Christ, the Lord.
The roses, how they bloom!
The beautiful roses, how they bloom!
Your Father cares for them,
And shall he not care for you?

3 Let us, then, be trustful,
Doubting not, although
Much of toil and trouble
Be our lot below.
Think upon the lilies,
See how fair they grow;
The lilies of the field,
The beautiful lilies of the field;
Your Father cares for them,
And shall he not care for you?

SHINING SHORE. 8s & 7s. *"Our life is but a shadow."* GEO. F. ROOT.



108

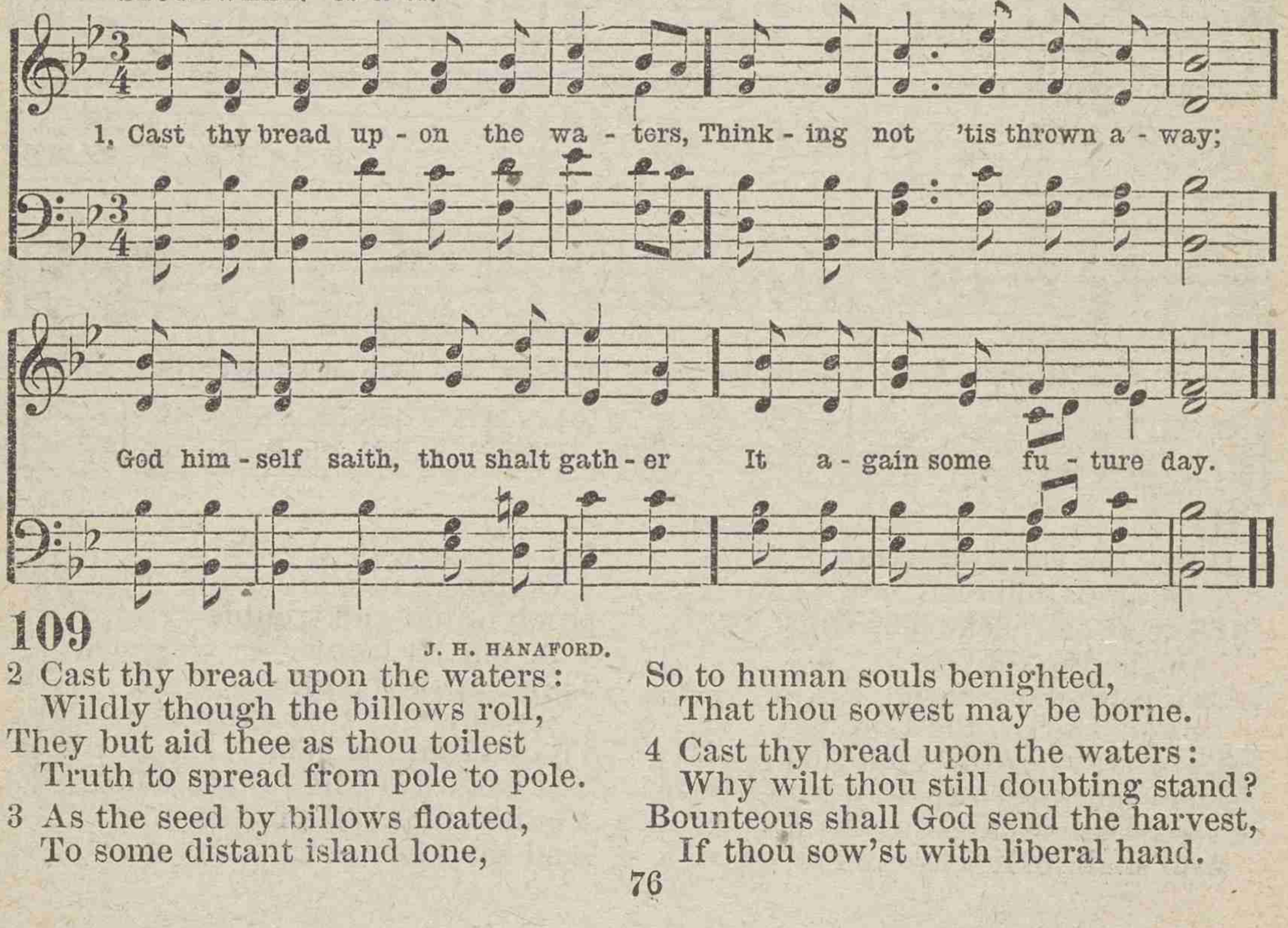
DAVID NELSON.

2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our distant home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.—CHO.

3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest naught can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.—CHO.

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each cord on earth to sever;
Our King says, "Come," and there's our home,
Forever, oh, forever!—CHO.

STOCKWELL. 8s & 7s. *Eccl. 11: 1.* JONES.



109

J. H. HANAFORD.

2 Cast thy bread upon the waters:
Wildly though the billows roll,
They but aid thee as thou toilest
Truth to spread from pole to pole.

3 As the seed by billows floated,
To some distant island lone,
So to human souls benighted,
That thou sowest may be borne.

4 Cast thy bread upon the waters:
Why wilt thou still doubting stand?
Bounteous shall God send the harvest,
If thou sow'st with liberal hand.

FREE GIVING. 7s. *"The Lord loveth a cheerful giver."* R. M. MCINTOSH.

By permission of R. M. McIntosh.

110 MRS. M. B. C. SLADE.

2 Then the women that were wise,
Spun of blue and purple dyes,
And the call was heard by them;
But by willing hands alone
Might the 'broidery work be done
Of the sacred vesture hem.—REF.

3 Mighty rulers came and gave
Shining gems whereon to 'grave
All the names of Israel;
But their willing hands alone,
With the precious onyx-stone,
Might the needful treasure swell.—Ref.

4 Thus the work of God's command,
By his holy prophet's hand,
Was in sacred service wrought;
But the best and blesséd part
Was the glad and willing heart
That his loving children brought.—REF.

EXHORTATION AND ADMONITION.

SESSIONS. L. M. *"Liberality."* L. O. EMERSON.

111 THOS. GIBBONS.

2 Teach us, O Lord, to keep in view
Thy pattern, and thy steps pursue;
Let alms bestowed, let kindness done,
Be witnessed by each rolling sun.

3 That man may last, but never lives,
Who much receives, but nothing gives,
Whom none can love, whom none can thank,
Creation's blot, creation's blank.

4 But he who marks from day to day
In generous acts his radiant way,
Treads the same path the Savior trod,
The path to glory and to God.

AVON. C. M. *"He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord."*

112 W. CUTTER.

2 So let the Savior be adored,
And not the poor despised;
Give to the hungry from your hoard,
But all, give all to Christ.

3 Go, clothe the naked, lead the blind,
Give to the weary rest;
For sorrow's children comfort find,
And help for all distressed;

4 But give to Christ alone thy heart,
Thy faith, thy love supreme;
Then for his sake thine alms impart,
And so give all to him.

TO LIBERALITY.

ST. THOMAS. S. M. *"Let every one of you lay by in store."* HANDEL.

113

W. W. HOW.

2 May we thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive,
And gladly, as thou blessest us,
To thee our first-fruits give.

3 To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless
Is angels' work below.

4 The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace—
It is a Christ-like thing.

5 And we believe thy word,
Though dim our faith may be;
Whate'er for thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto thee.

THEOPHILUS. 8s & 7s. *"Freely ye have received."* ANON

114

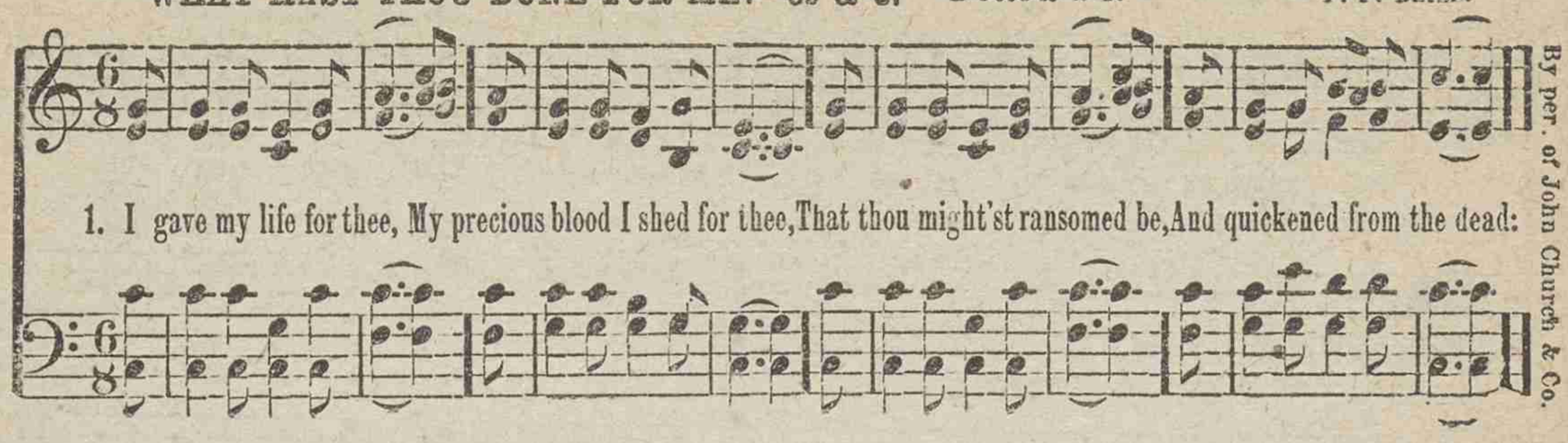
UNKNOWN.

2 While the heralds of salvation
His abounding grace proclaim,
Let his saints of every station
Gladly join to spread his fame.

3 May his kingdom be promoted;
May the world the Savior know;
Be to him these gifts devoted,
For to him my life I owe.

4 Praise the Savior, all ye nations;
Praise him, all ye hosts above;
Shout with joyful acclamations
His divine, victorious love.

WHAT HAST THOU DONE FOR ME? 6s & 8. *"Follow me."* P. P. BLISS.



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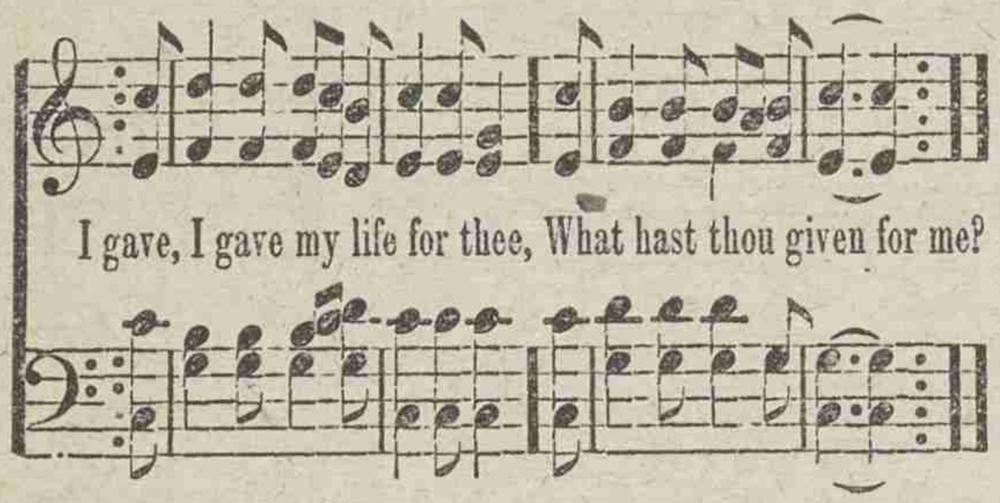


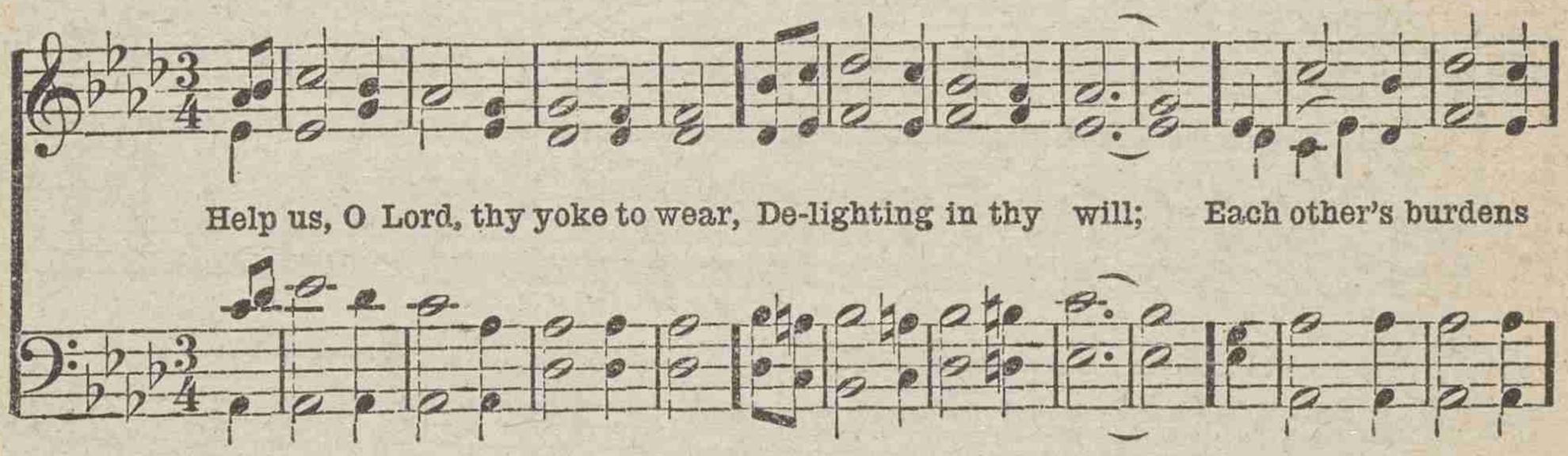
115 MISS F. R. HAVERGAL.

2 My father's house of light—
My glory-circled throne—
I left, for earthly night,
For wanderings sad and lone;
I left, I left it all for thee;
Hast thou left aught for me?

3 I suffered much for thee,
More than thy tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue thee from hell;
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee;
What hast thou borne for me?

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

MANOAH. C. M. *"'Tis more blessed to give."* HAYDN.



116 T. COTTERILL.

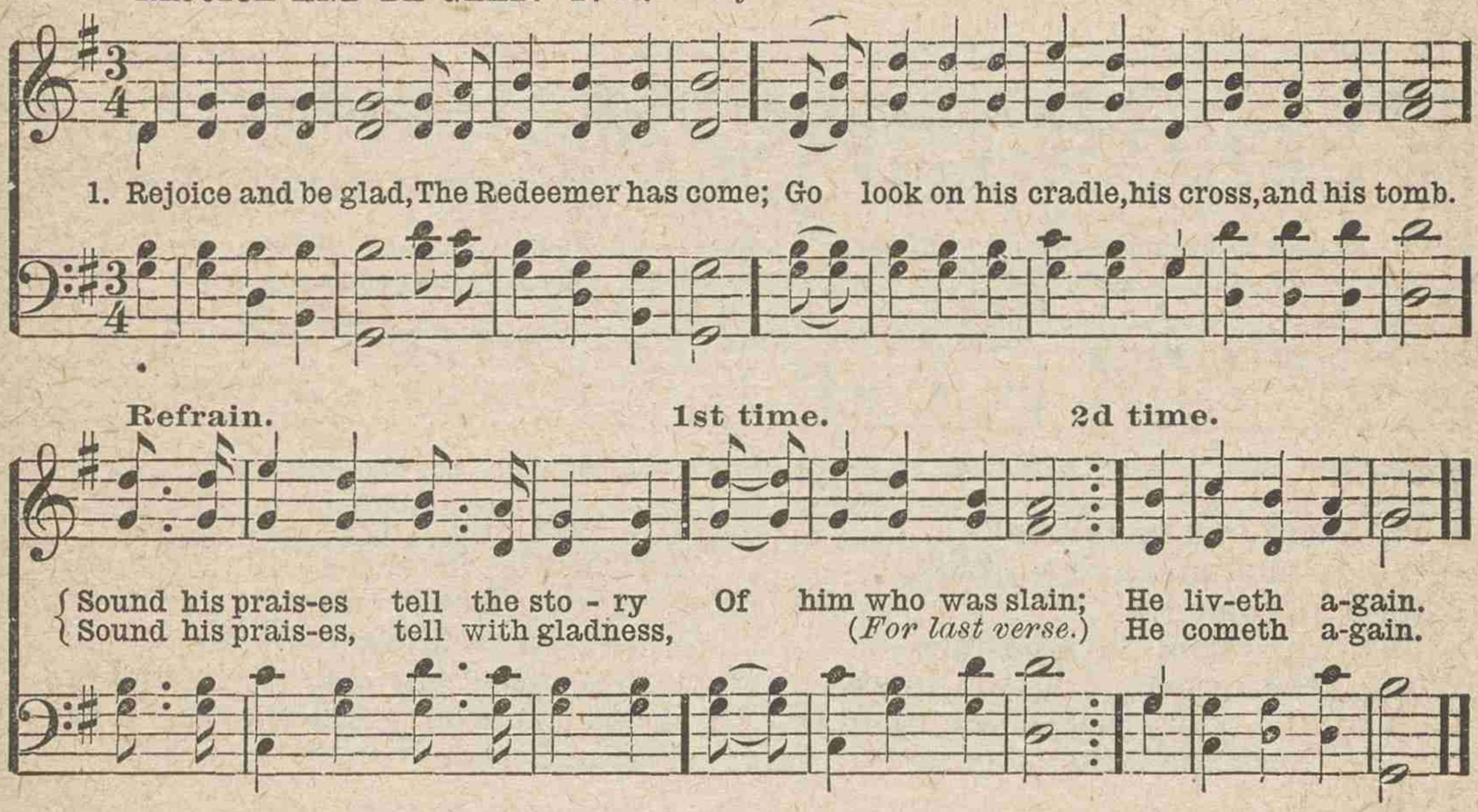
2 He that hath pity on the poor
Doth lend unto the Lord;
And, lo! his recompense is sure
For more shall be restored.

3 To thee our all devoted be,
In whom we move and live;
Freely we have received from thee,
And freely may we give.

4 And while we thus obey thy word,
And every want relieve,
Oh, may we find it, gracious Lord,
More blest than to receive.

JOY AND REJOICING.

REJOICE AND BE GLAD. P. M. *"Rejoice alway."* ENGLISH MELODY.



117

H. BONAR.

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

3 Rejoice and be glad, for the Lamb that was slain
O'er death is triumphant, and liveth again.—REF.

4 Rejoice and be glad, for our King is on high;
He pleadeth for us on his throne in the sky.—REF.

5 Rejoice and be glad, for he come[illegible]n again—
He cometh in glory, the Lamb that was slain.—REF.

118

"I will praise thee." W. P. MACKEY.

1 We praise thee, O God, for the Son of thy love,
For Jesus, who died, and is now gone above.—REF.

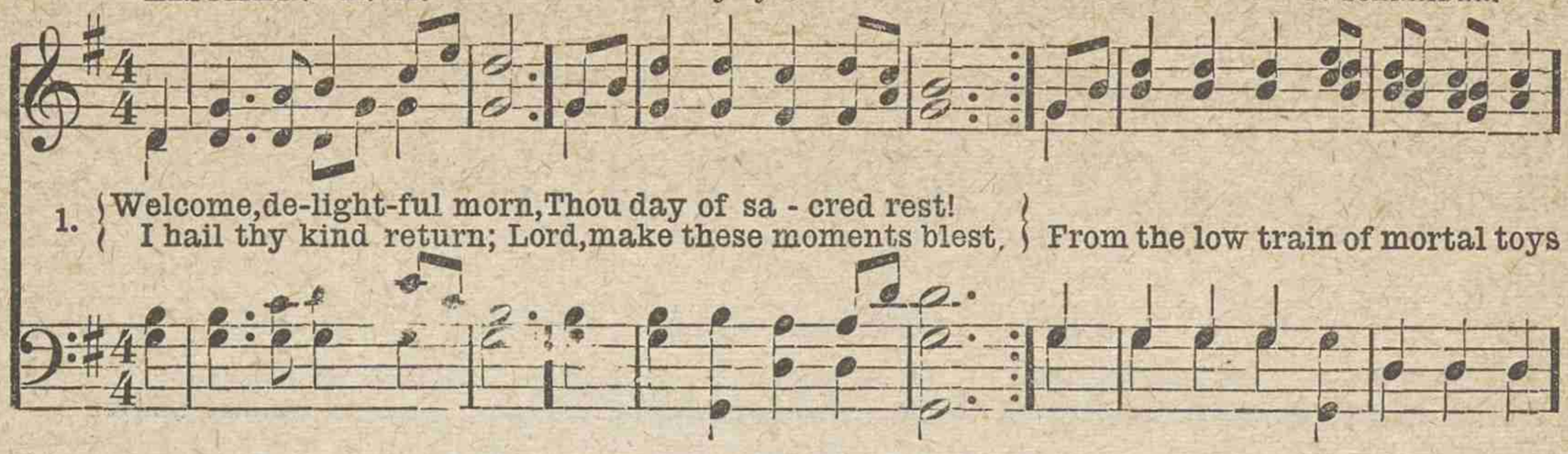
2 We praise thee, O God, for thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Savior, and scattered our night.—REF.

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

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

5 Revive us again; fill each heart with thy love;
May each soul be rekindled with zeal from above.—REF.

LISCHER. H. M. *"Day of rest."* F. SCHNEIDER.



119

HAYWARD.

2 To spend one sacred day
Where God and saints abide,
Affords diviner joy
Than thousand days beside:
Where God resorts, I love it more
To keep the door, than shine in courts.

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

120

THOS. COTTERILL.

1 Awake, ye saints awake,
And hail the sacred day;
In loftiest songs of praise
Your grateful homage pay;
Come bless the day that God hath blest,
The type of heaven's eternal rest.

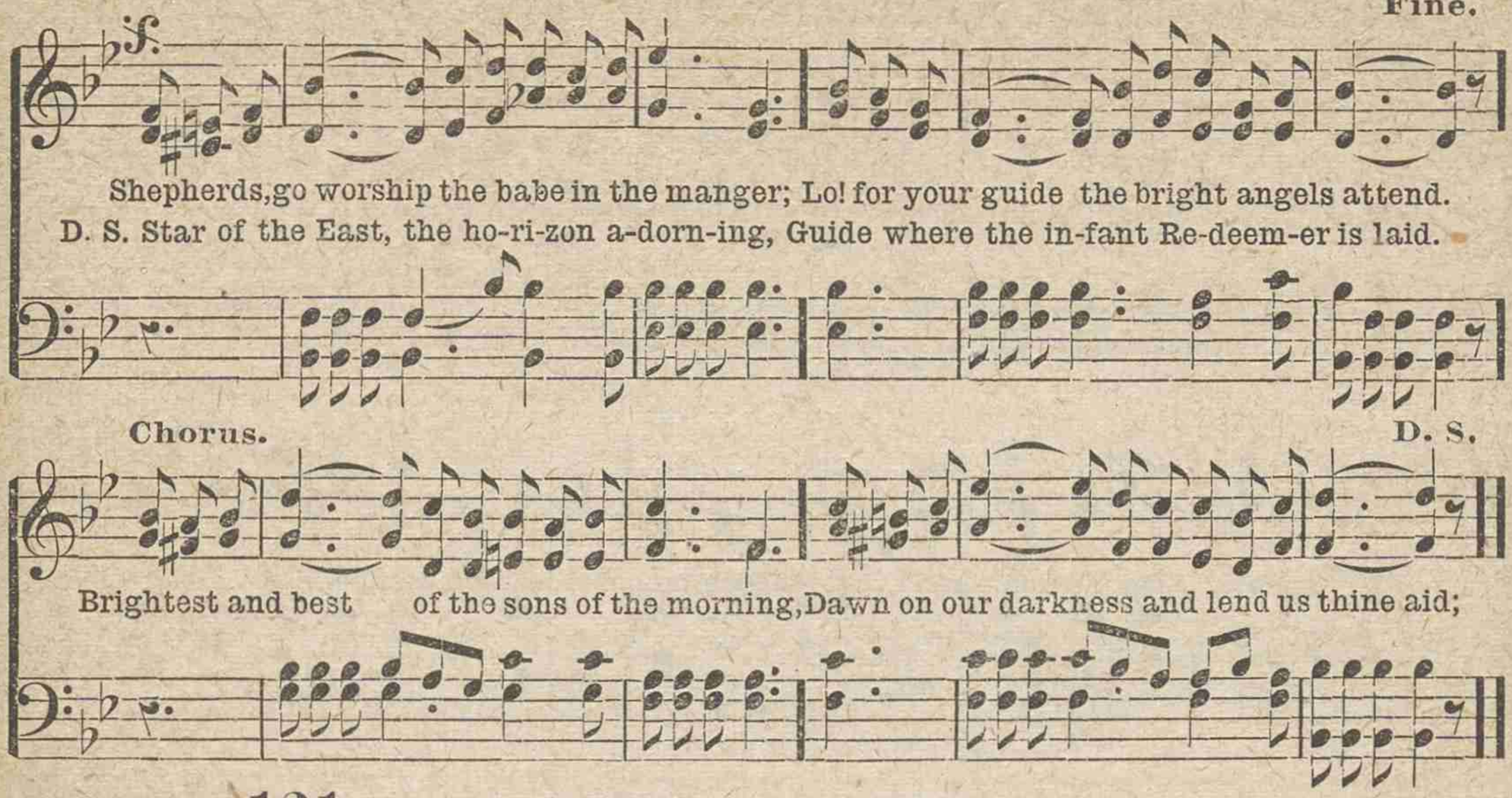
2 On this auspicious morn
The Lord of life arose,
And burst the bars of death,
And vanquished all our foes;
And now he pleads our cause above,
And reaps the fruit of all his love.

3 All hail, triumphant Lord!
Heaven with hosannas rings;
And earth, in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings:
Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
Through endless years to live and reign.

BRIGHTEST AND BEST. *"Thine eyes shall see the King."* E. S. LORENZ.

By permission.

BRIGHTEST AND BEST. Concluded.



121

R. HEBER.

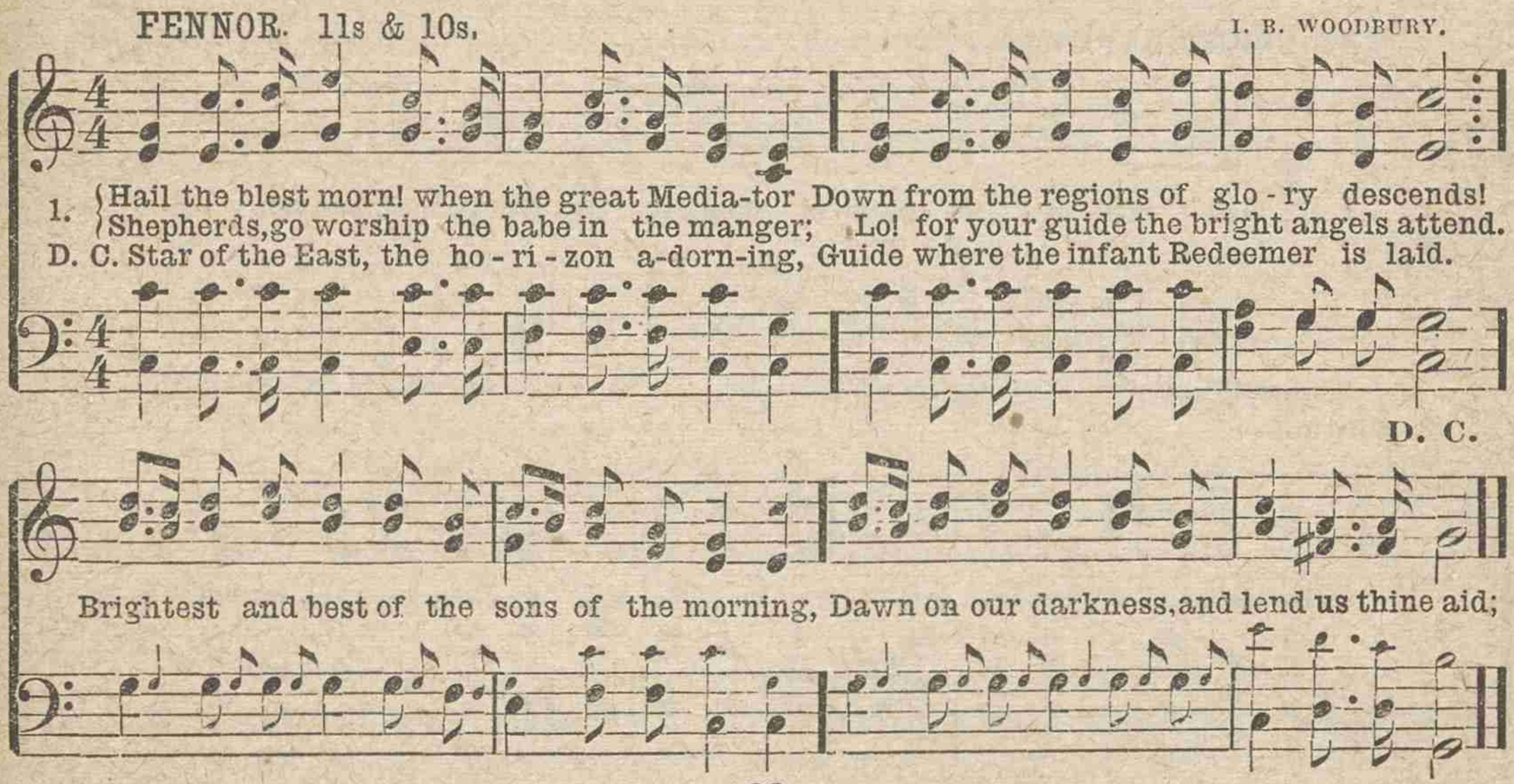
2 Cold on his cradle the dewdrops are shining,
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him, in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Savior of all.—CHO.

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

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

FENNOR. 11s & 10s.

I. B. WOODBURY.



"He leadeth me in the paths."

HE LEADETH ME. L. M. or L. M. D.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. He leadeth me: oh, blessed thought! Oh, words with heavenly comfort fraught! Whate'er I do, wher-

Refrain.

e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me. He leadeth me, he lead - eth me, By

his own hand he leadeth me; His faithful follower I would be, For by his hand he leadeth me.

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J. H. GILMORE.

2 Sometimes, 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea—
Still, 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.—Ref.

3 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur or repine;
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.—Ref.

4 And when my task on earth is done,
When by thy grace the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God thro' Jordan leadeth me.—Ref.

THE LORD LEADETH.

MRS. R. M. MCINTOSH.

1. He lead - eth me! oh, bless-ed thought, Oh, words with heavenly com-fort

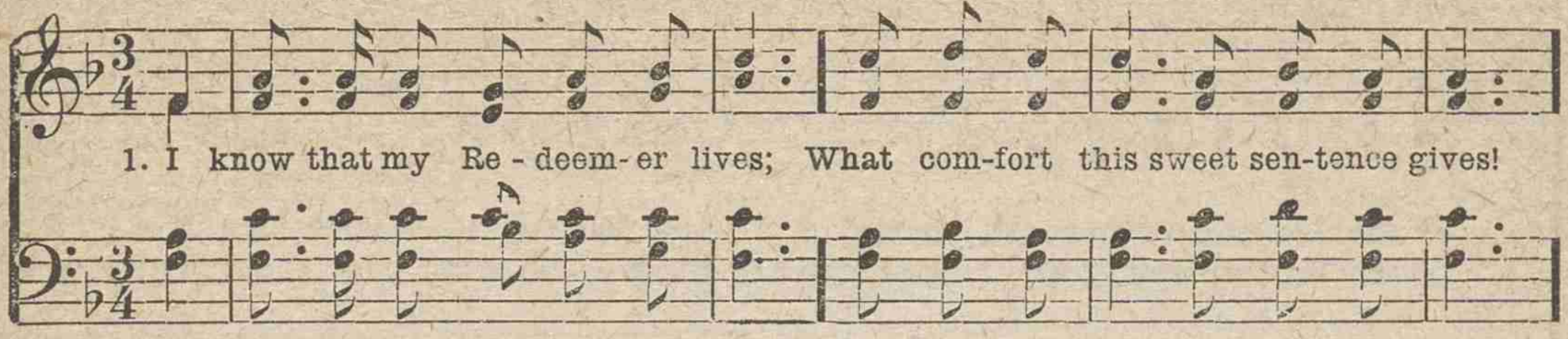
fraught! What-e'er I do, where'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

Chorus.

He leadeth me, leadeth me! He leadeth me! By his own hand he leadeth me!

By permission of W. A. Pond & Co.

ALLEN. L. M. *"He ever lives."* DR. L. MASON.



123 CHARLES WESLEY.

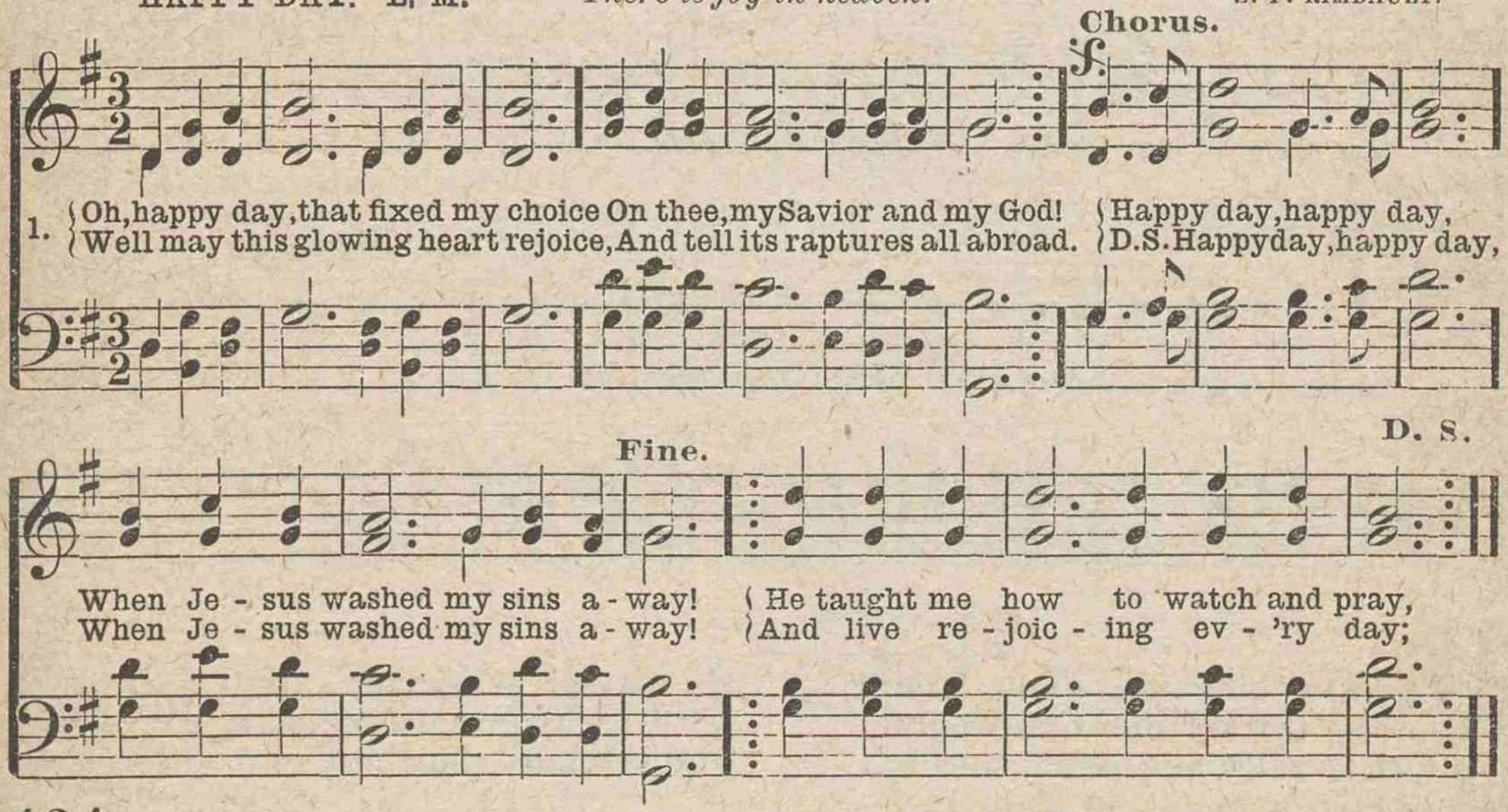
2 He lives to bless me with his love,
He lives to plead for me above,
He lives my hungry soul to feed,
He lives to bless in time of need.

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

4 He lives, my kind, wise, heavenly friend;
He lives, and loves me to the end;
He lives, and while he lives I'll sing,
He lives, my Prophet, Priest, and King!

5 He lives, all glory to his name!
He lives, my Jesus, still the same!
Oh, the sweet joy this sentence gives,
I know that my Redeemer lives.

HAPPY DAY. L. M. *"There is joy in heaven."* E. F. RIMBAULT.



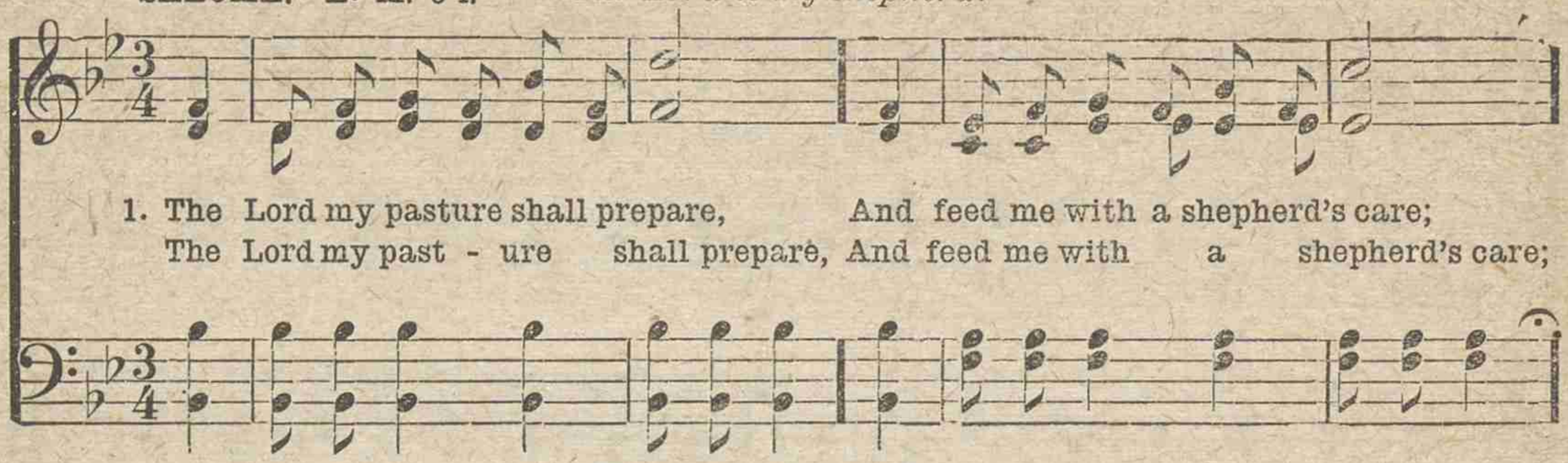
124 PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

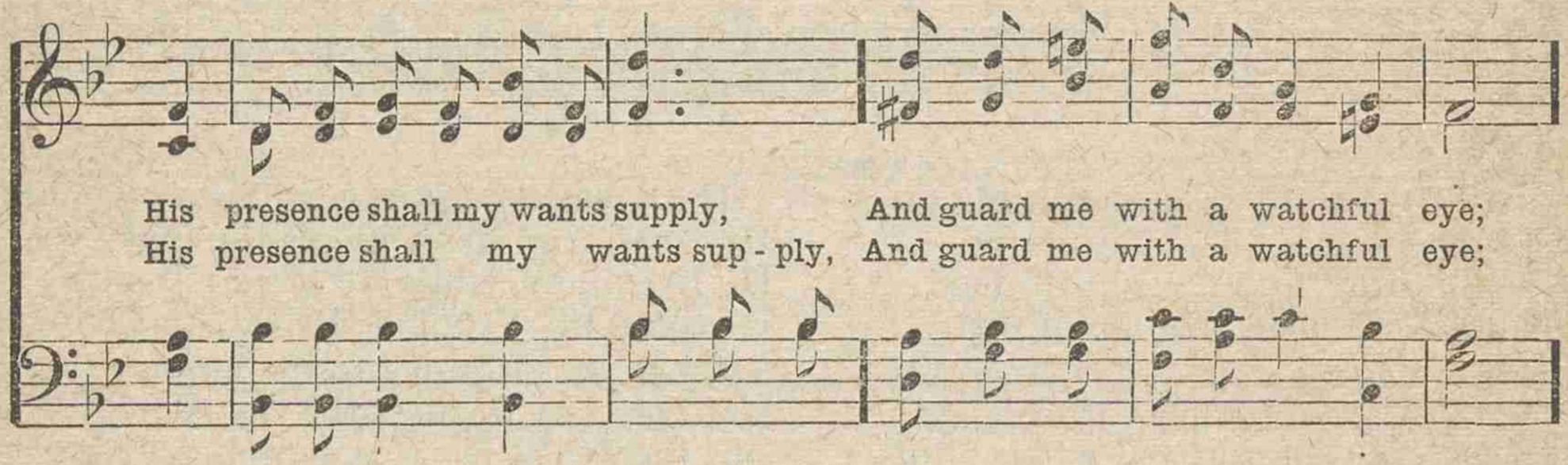
2 Oh, happy bond that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.—CHO.

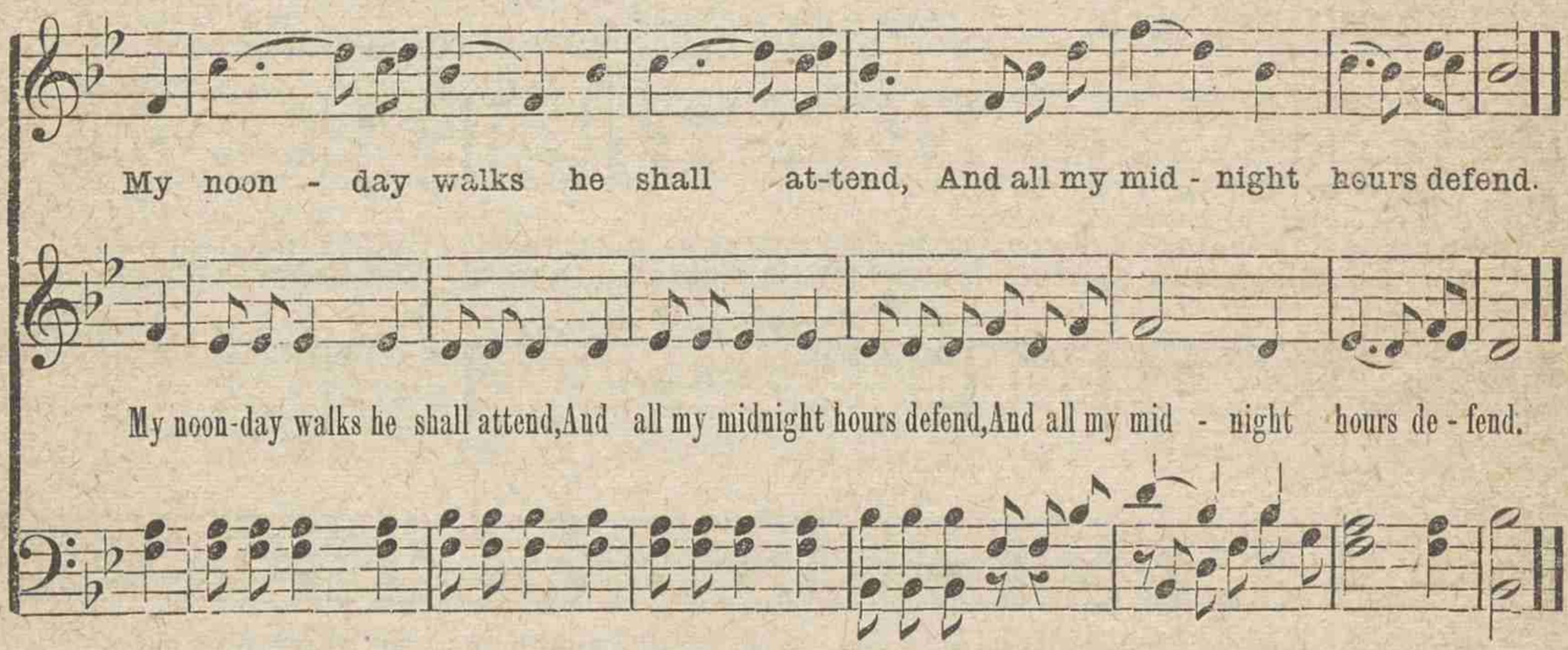
3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done,
I am my Lord's and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.—CHO.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
Here have I found a nobler part,
Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.—CHO.

SALOME. L. M. 6 l. *"The Lord is my shepherd."*







125 JOSEPH ADDISON.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
His bounty shall my pains beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With lively green and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord! art with me still,
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dismal shade.

JOY AND REJOICING.

ANTIOCH. C M. *"Glad tidings of great joy."* HANDEL.

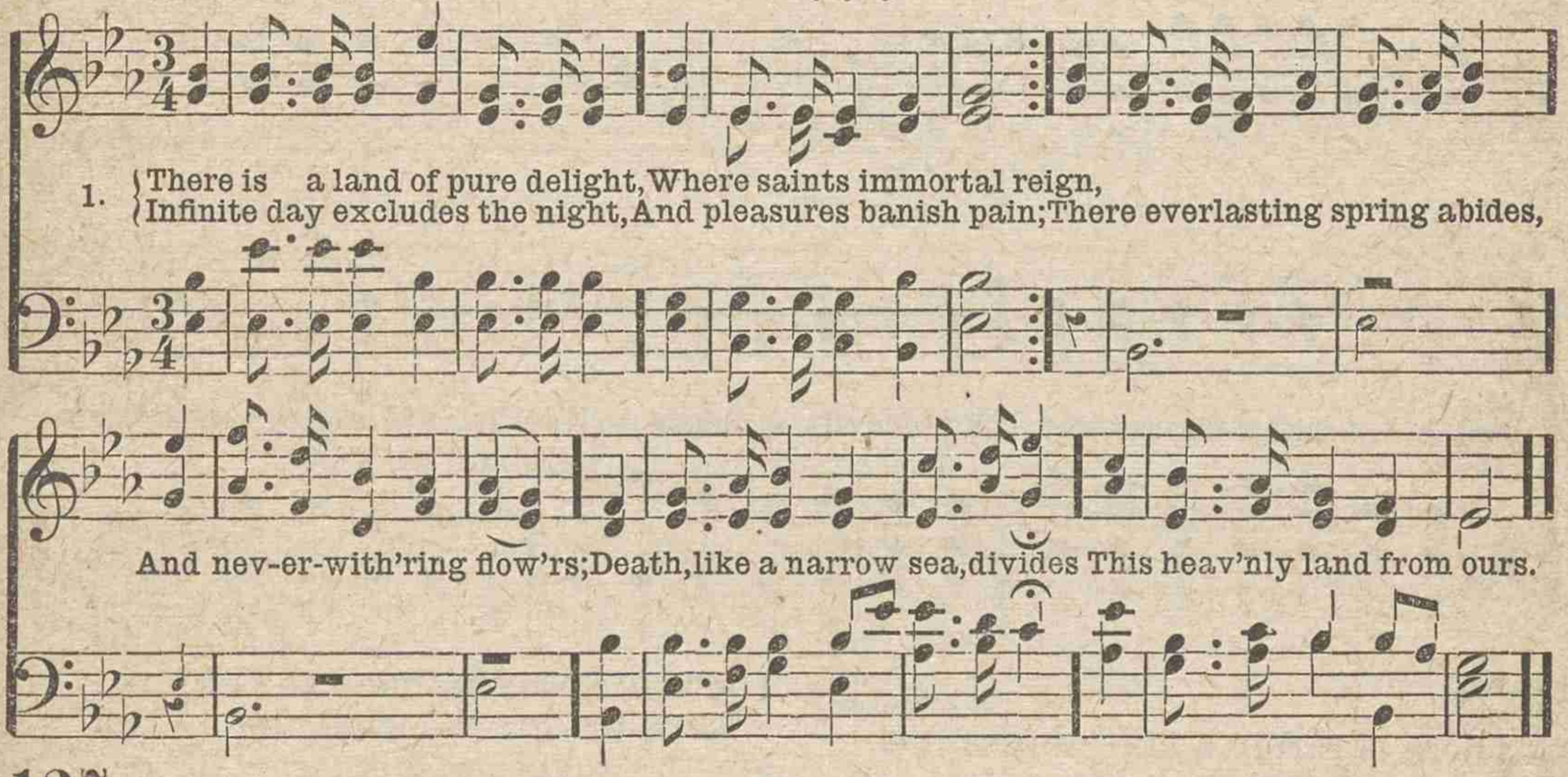
126 ISAAC WATTS.

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

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

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

VARINA. C. M. D. *"The land of joy."*



127 ISAAC WATTS.

2 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shivering, on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

3 Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes;
Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

RIFTED CLOUDS. 9s & 7s. *"Joyful in tribulation."*

T. C. O'KANE.

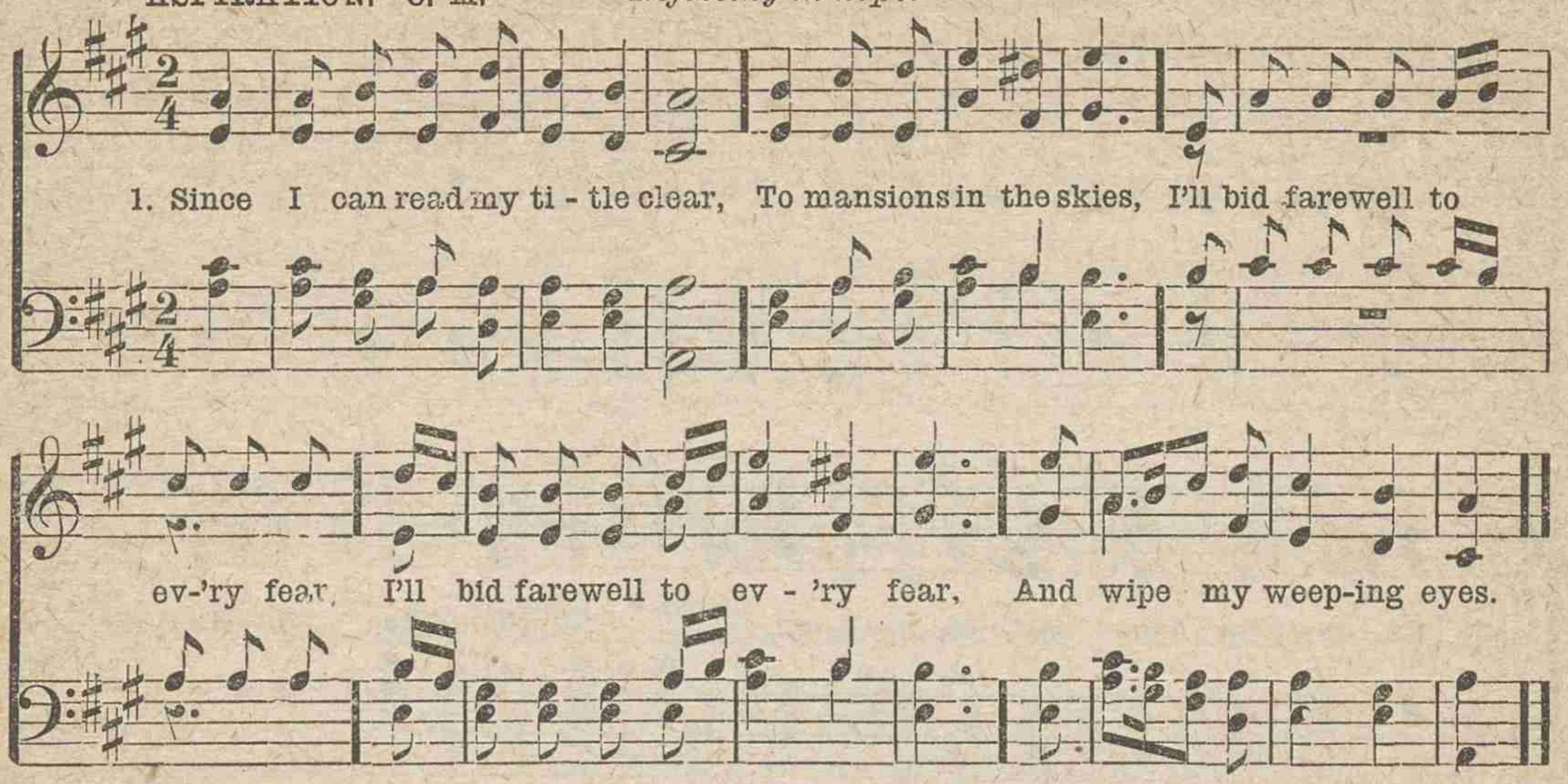
128 MARY COLBY.

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

3 There is never a way so narrow
But the entrance is made straight;
There is always a hand to help us
To approach the upper gate,
For the angels will be nearest
To a soul that's desolate.—CHO.

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

ASPIRATION. C. M. *"Rejoicing in hope."*



129

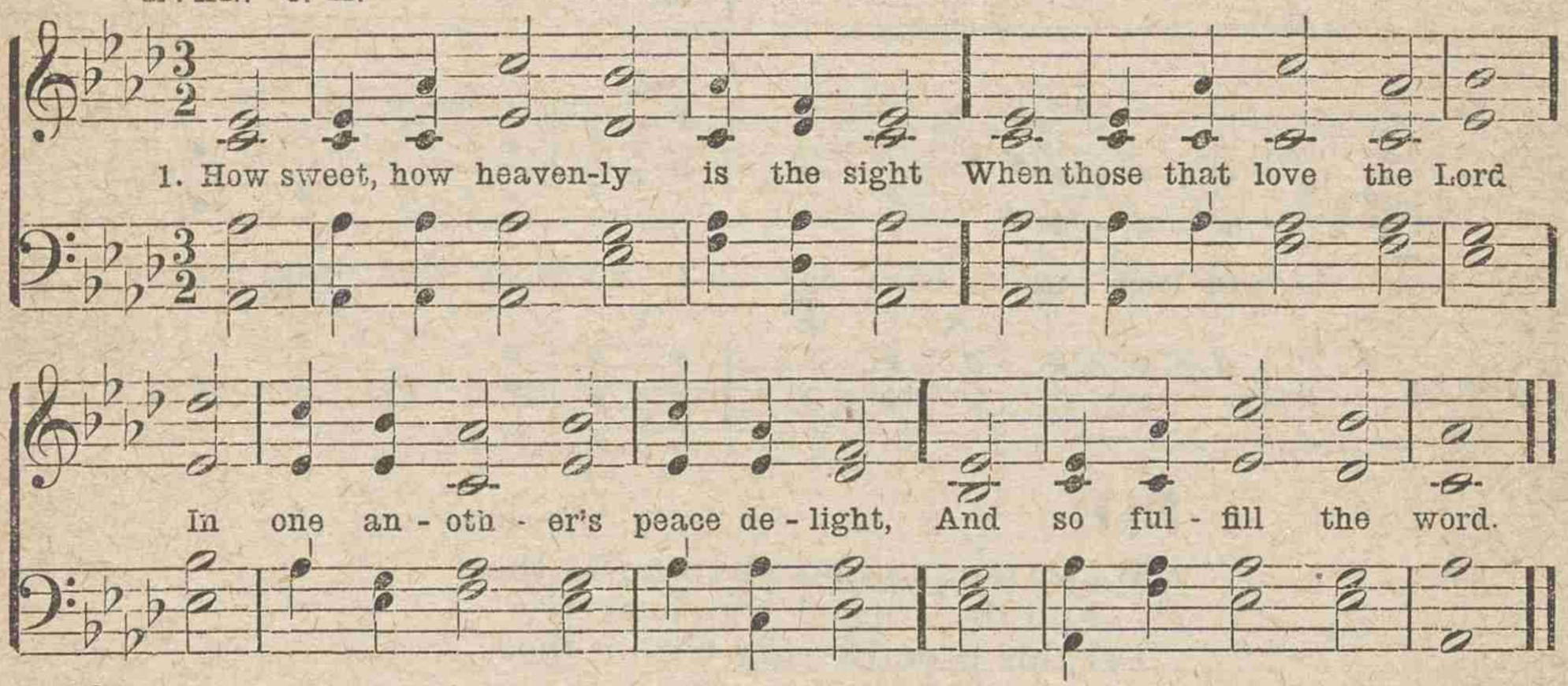
ISAAC WATTS.

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

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

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

EVAN. C. M. *"Bear one another's burdens."*



130

J. SWAIN.

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

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

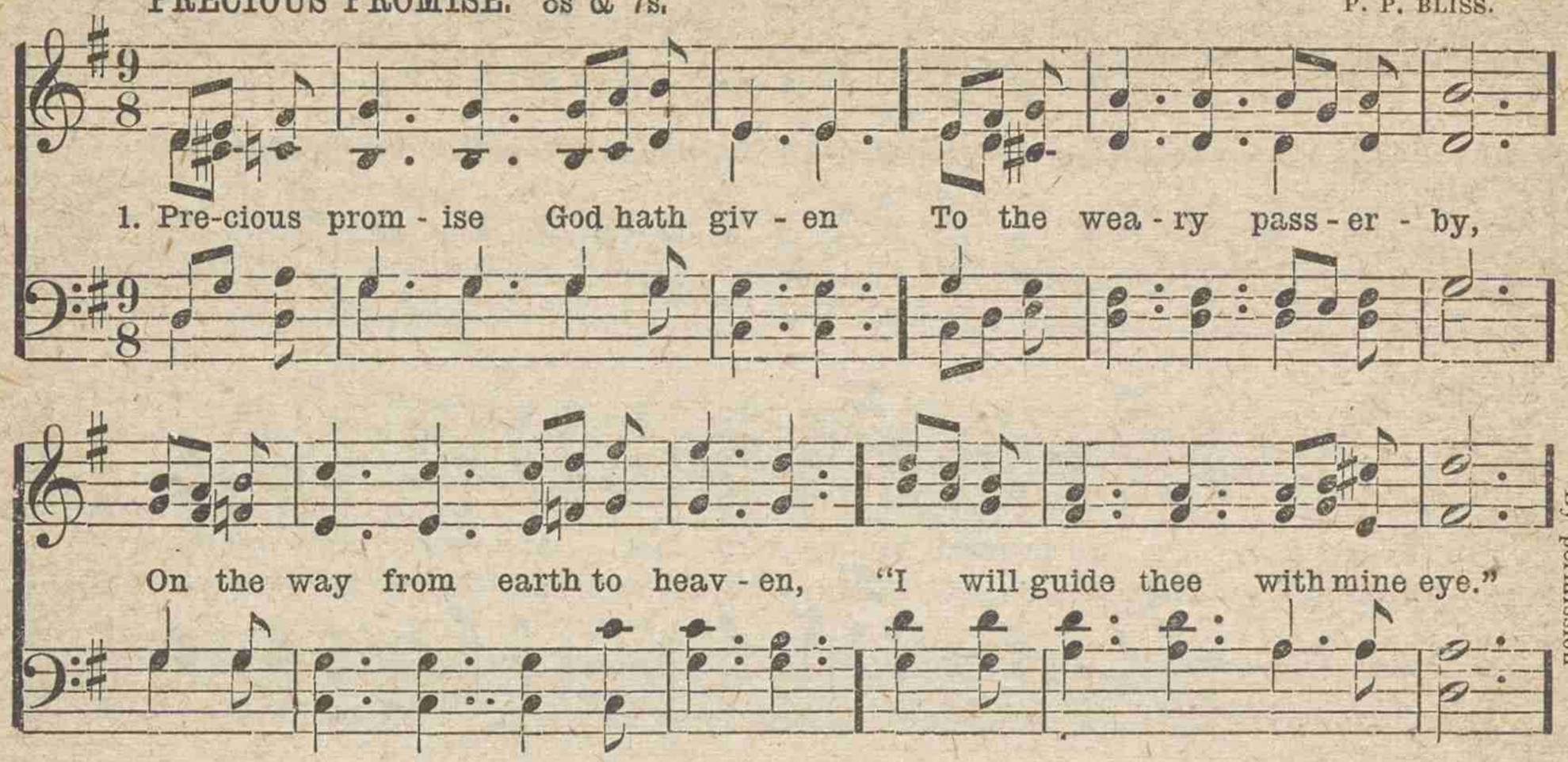
4 When love in one delightful stream
Through every bosom flows,
When union sweet and dear esteem
In every action glows.

5 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above,
And he's an heir of heaven that finds
His bosom glow with love.

"The Lord shall guide thee continually."

PRECIOUS PROMISE. 8s & 7s.

P. P. BLISS.



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131

NATHANIEL NILES.

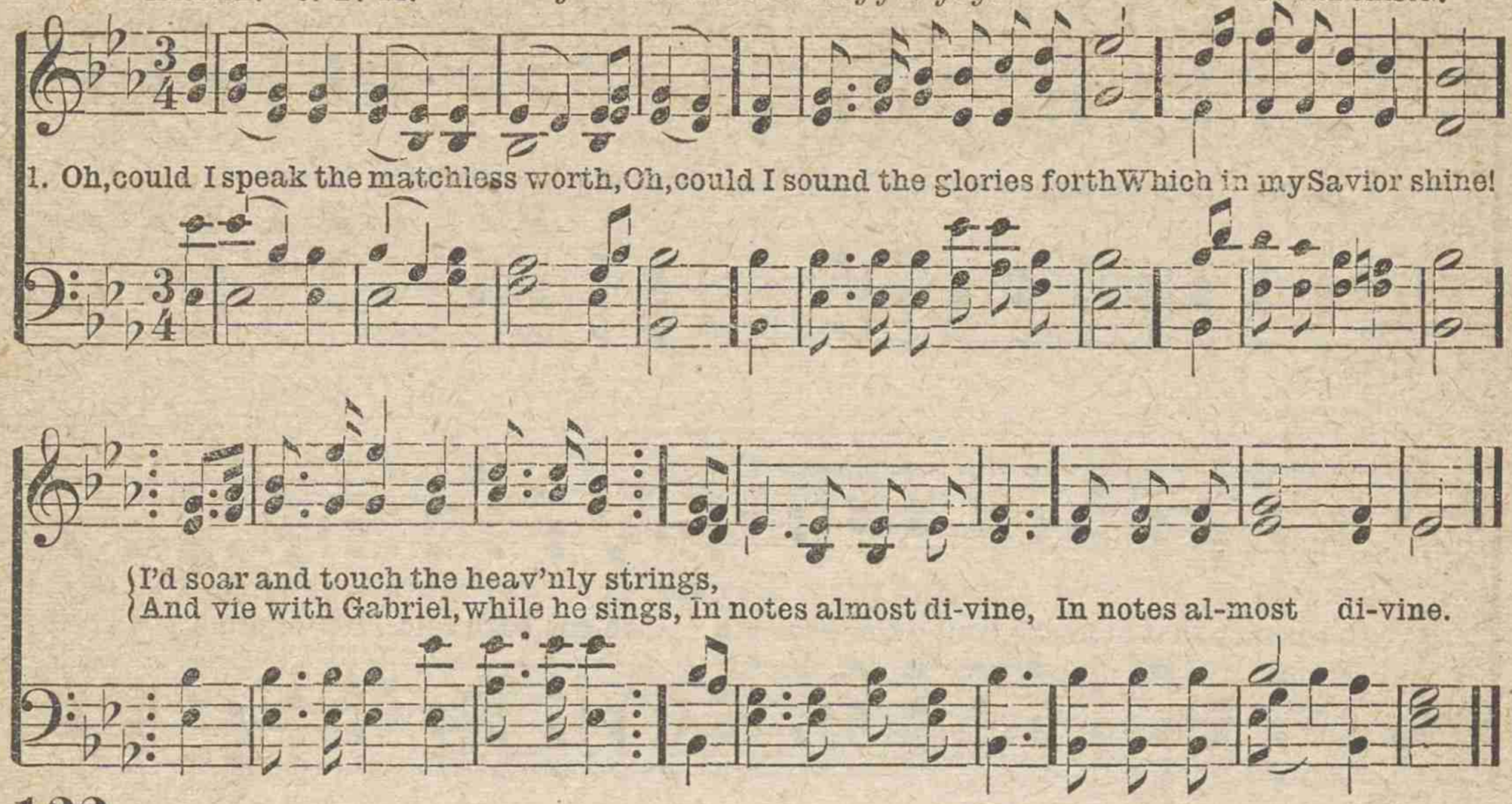
2 When temptations almost win thee,
And thy trusted watchers fly,
Let this promise ring within thee,
"I will guide thee with mine eye."—REF.

3 When thy secret hopes have perished
In the grave of years gone by,
Let this promise still be cherished,
"I will guide thee with mine eye."—REF.

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

JOY AND REJOICING.

ARIEL. C. P. M. *"My servants shall sing for joy."* LOWEL MASON.

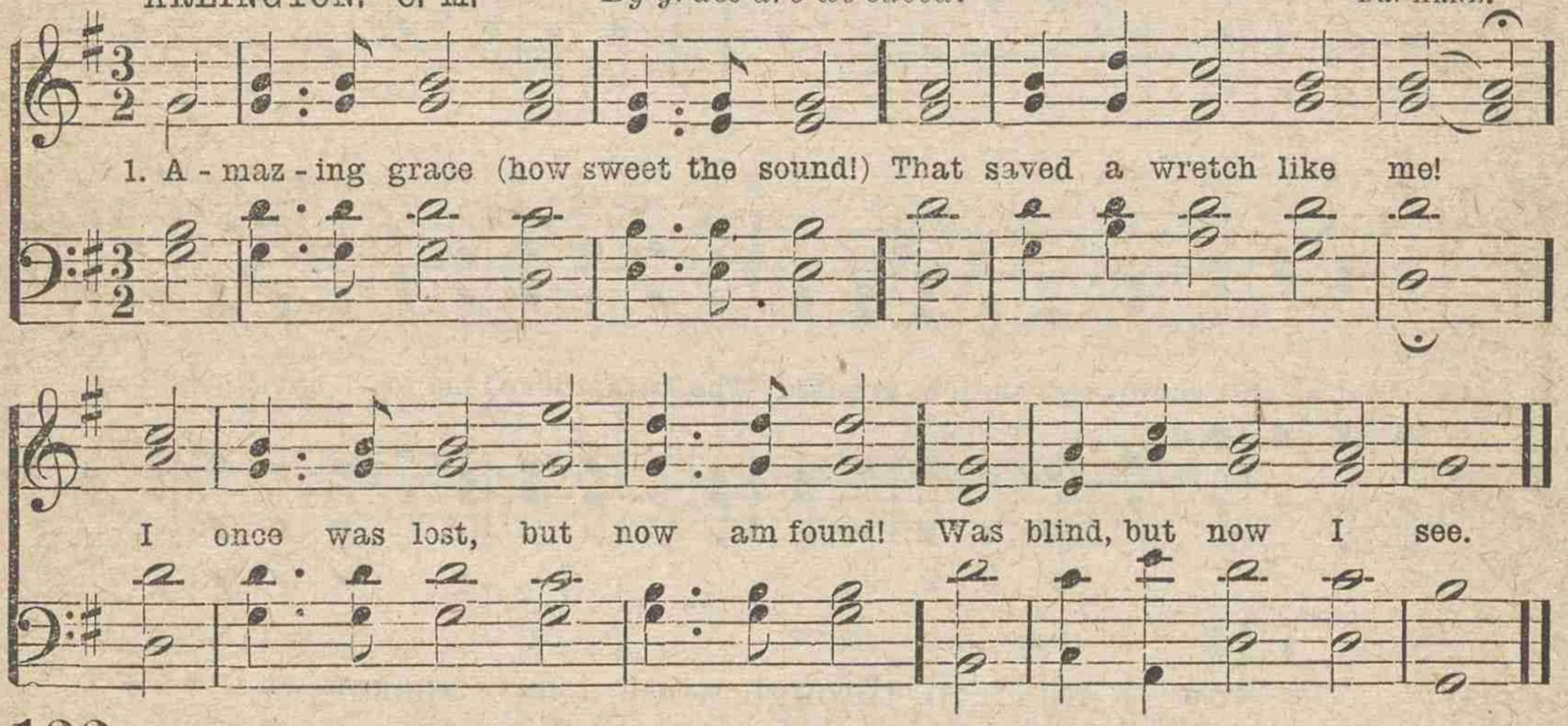


132 S. MEDLEY.

2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine;
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 Soon the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face;
Then, with my Savior, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

ARLINGTON. C. M. *"By grace are we saved."* DR. ARNE.



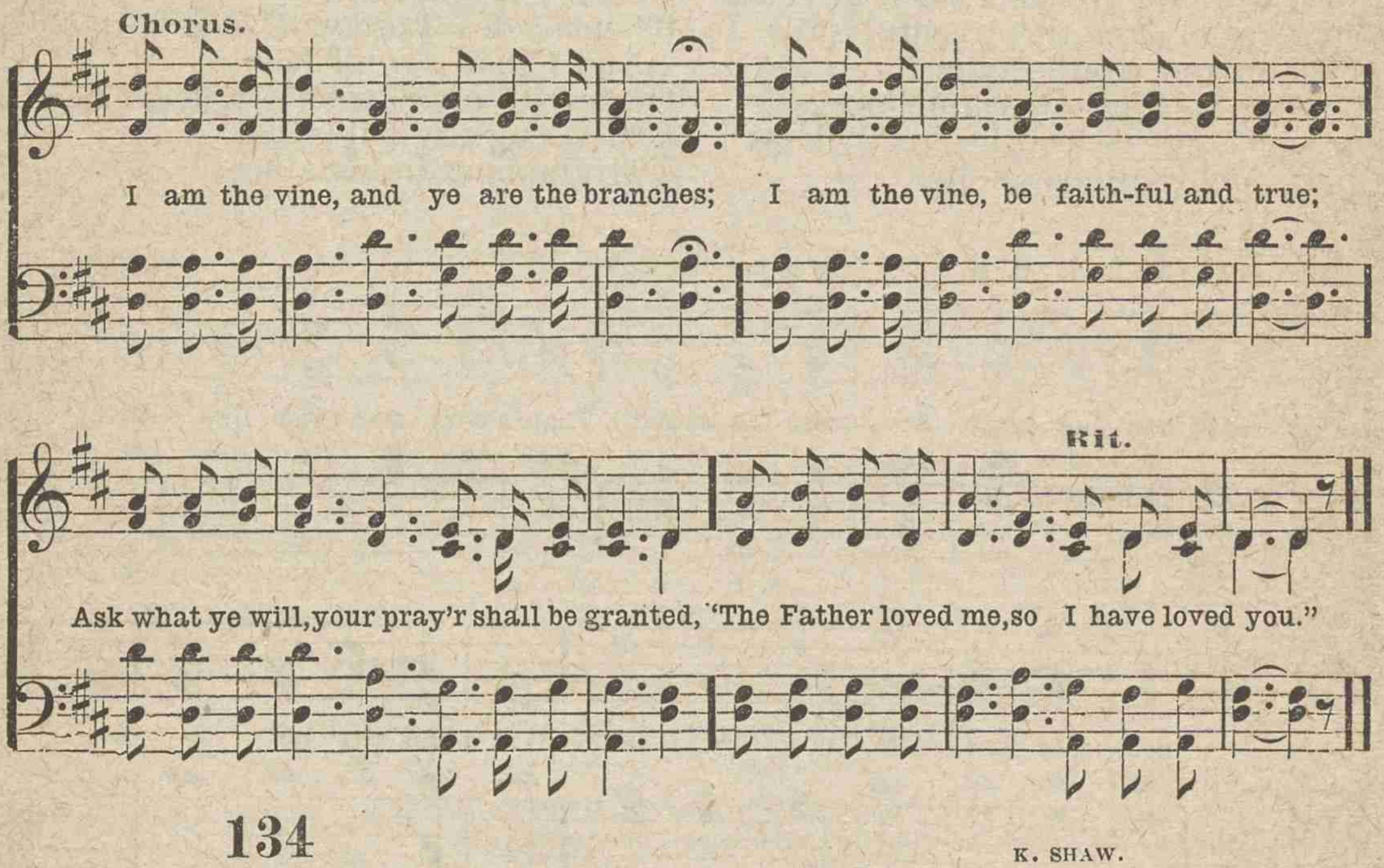
133 JOHN NEWTON.

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

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

4 Yes, when this heart and flesh shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess within the vail
A life of joy and peace.

"I AM THE VINE." P. M. "*Without me ye can do nothing.*" KNOWLES SHAW.



134 K. SHAW.

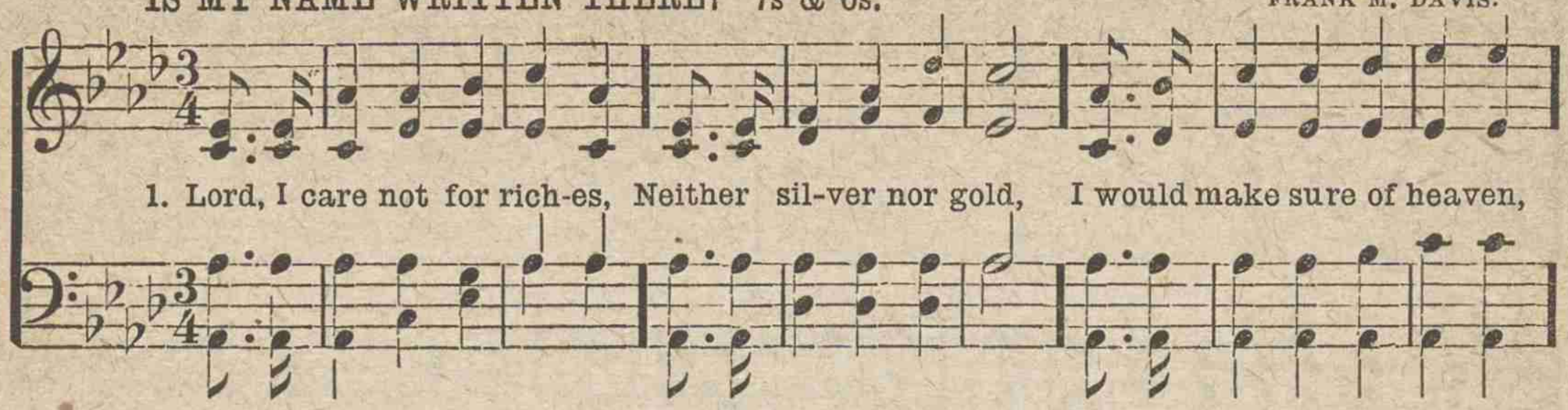
2 Now ye are clean, through words I have spoken,
Abiding in me, much fruit ye shall bear;
"Dwelling in thee, my promise unbroken,
Glory in heaven with me ye shall share."—CHO.

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

"Rejoice, because your names are written in heaven."

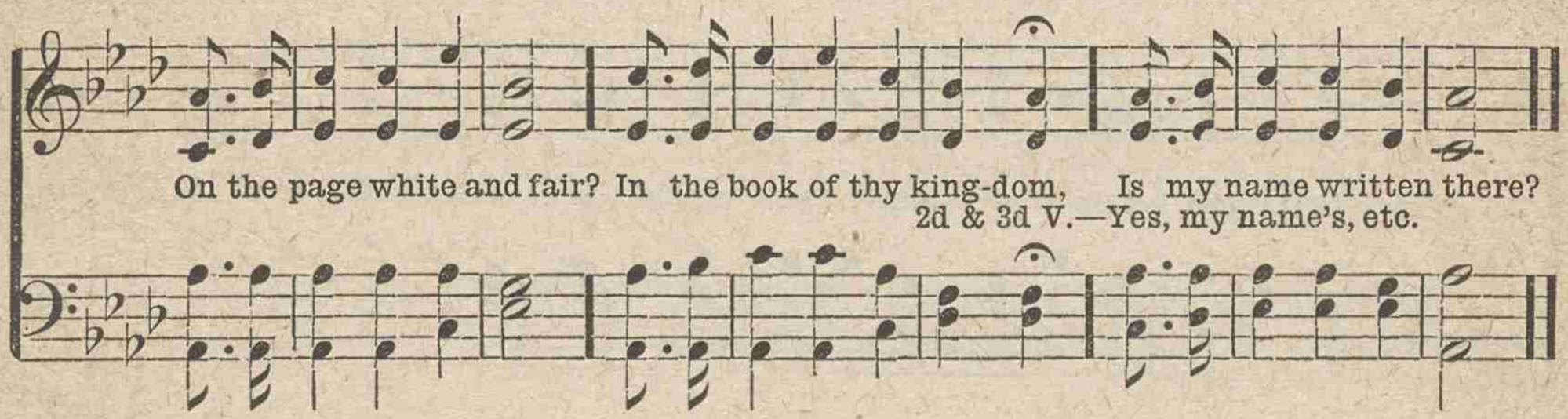
IS MY NAME WRITTEN THERE? 7s & 6s.

FRANK M. DAVIS.



By permission.

Chorus.



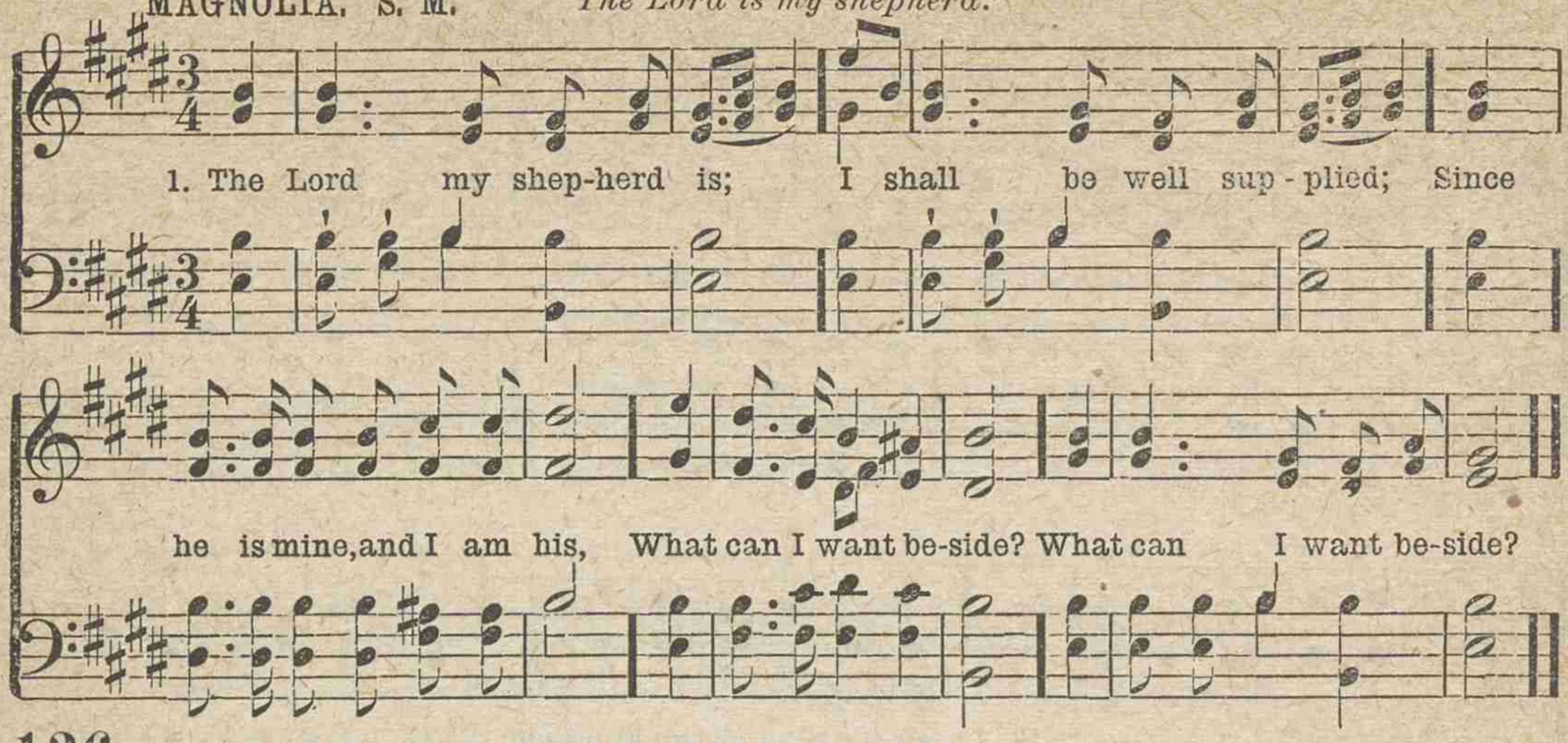
135 MRS. MARY A. KIDDER.

2 Lord, my sins, they are many,
Like the sands of the sea,
But thy blood, oh, my Savior!
Is sufficient for me;
For thy promise is written
In bright letters that glow,
"Though your sins be as scarlet,
I will make them like snow."—CHO.

3 Oh, that beautiful city,
With its mansions of light,
With its glorified beings,
In pure garments of white;
Where no evil thing cometh,
To despoil what is fair;
Where the angels are watching,
Yes, my name's written there.—CHO.

JOY AND REJOICING.

MAGNOLIA. S. M. *"The Lord is my shepherd."*



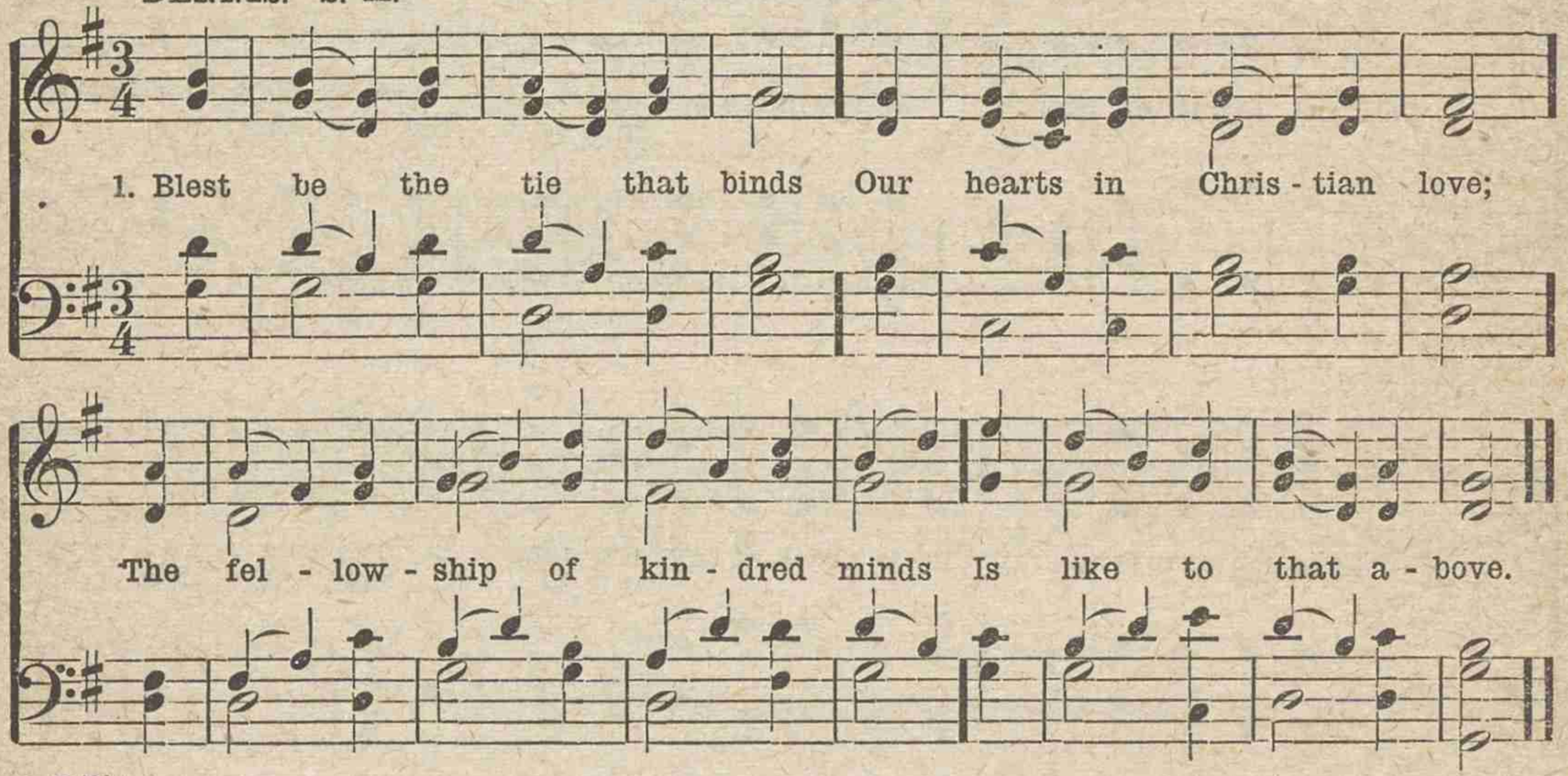
136 ISAAC WATTS.

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

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

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

DENNIS. S. M. *"Love one another."* H. G. NAGELI.



137 JOHN FAWCETT.

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

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

4 Here we must often part,
In sorrow and in pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

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

FOREVER WITH THE LORD. S. M. P. I. B. WOODBURY.

138 J. MONTGOMERY.

2 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times, to faith's aspiring eye
Thy golden gates appear!
Ah! then my spirit pants
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above, Home above, etc.

3 Yet doubts still intervene,
And all my comfort flies;
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.
Anon the clouds depart,
The winds and waters cease;
While sweetly o'er my gladdened heart
Expands the bow of peace, Bow of, etc.

LISBON. S. M. *"The Lord's day."* D. READ.

139 ISAAC WATTS.

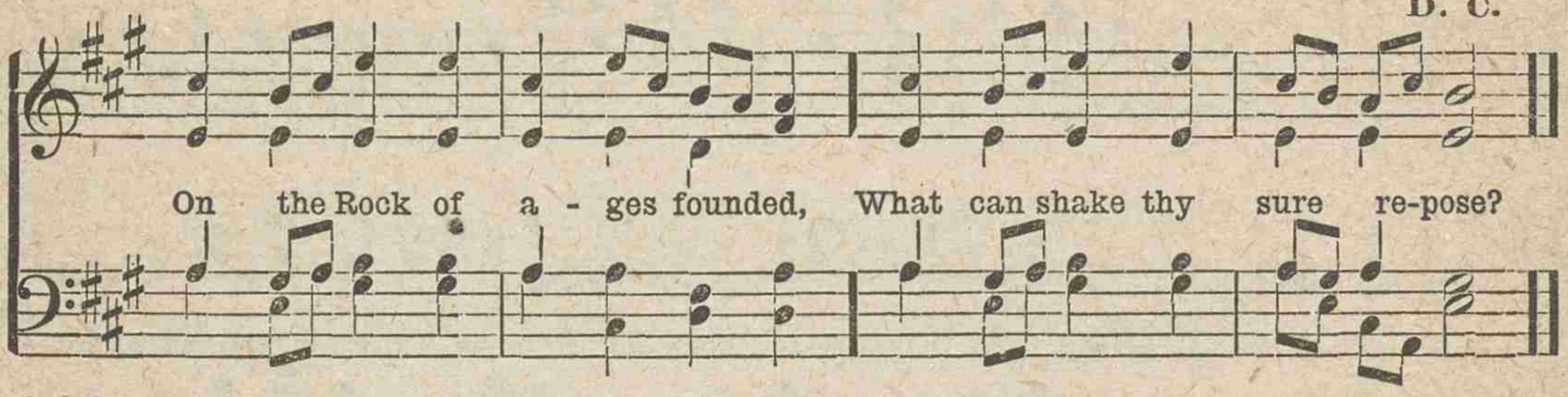
1 Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise,
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.

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

3 One day, amid the place
Where Christ, my Lord, hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Within the tents of sin.

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

CAMDEN. 8s. & 7s. D. *"Be glad, ye children of Zion."*



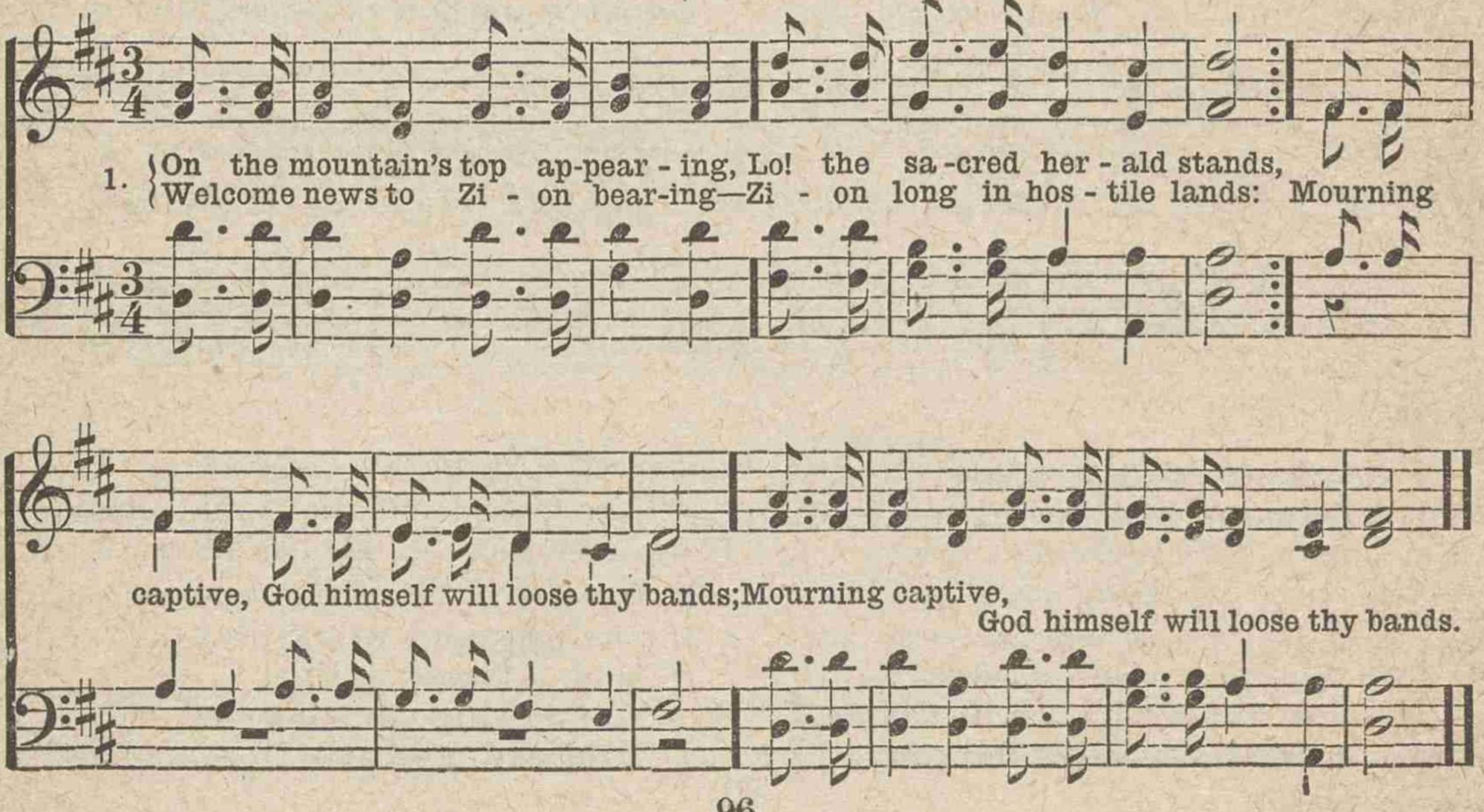
140

JNO. NEWTON.

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

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

ZION. 8s, 7s & 4. *"Zion shall be redeemed."* DR. T. HASTINGS.



DORRNANCE. 8s & 7s. *"He careth for you."* I. B. WOODBURY.

141

UNKNOWN.

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

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

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

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

142

ANON.

1 Jesus calls us o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild restless sea;
Day by day his sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, Christian, follow me.

2 Jesus calls us—from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store;
From each idol that would keep us—
Saying, Christian, love me more!

3 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still he calls, in cares and pleasures,—
Christian, love me more than these!

4 Jesus calls us! by thy mercies,
Savior, may we hear thy call;
Give our hearts to thy obedience,
Serve and love thee best of all.

143

T. KELLY.

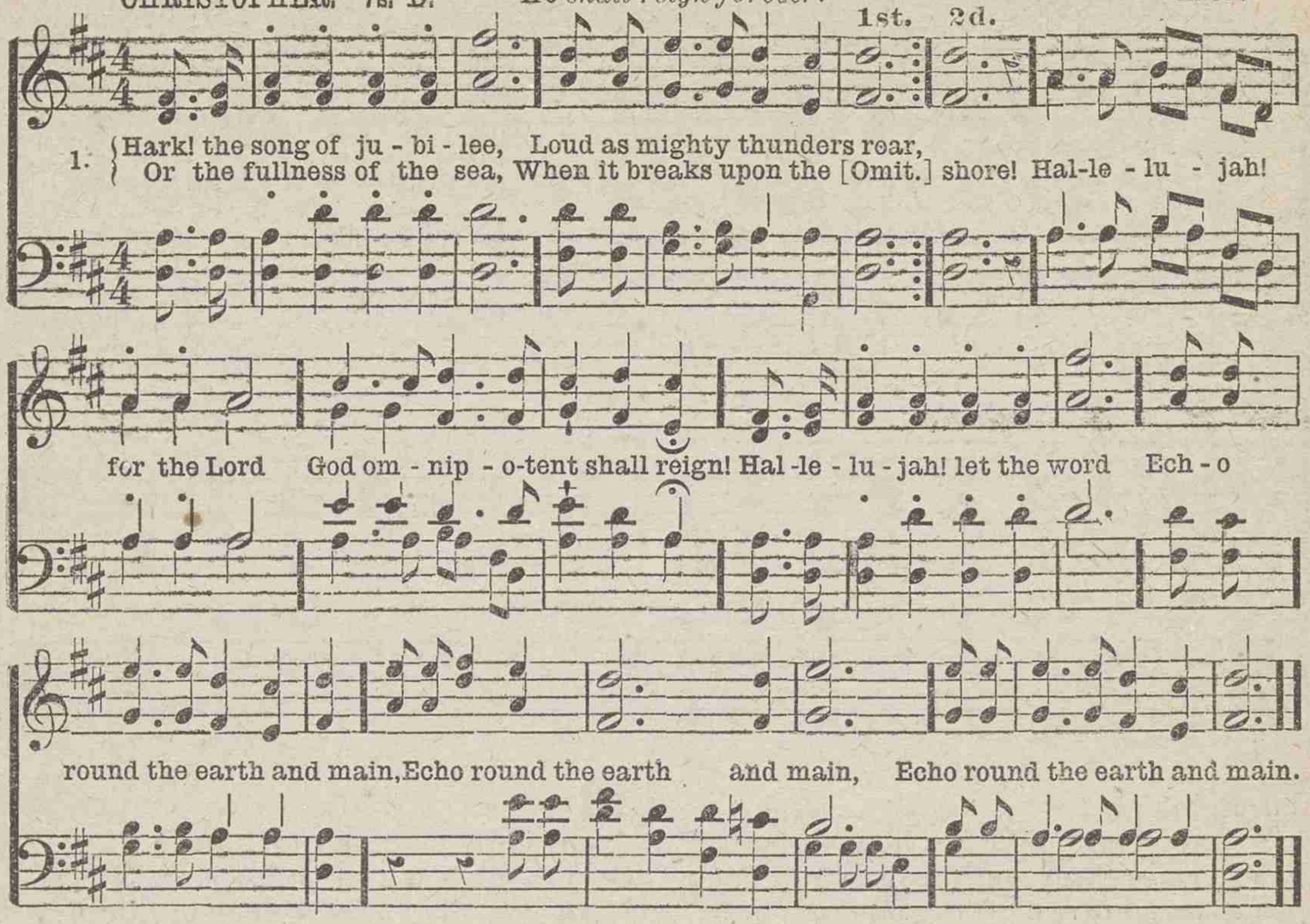
2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well beloved.

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

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

JOY AND REJOICING.

CHRISTOPHER. 7s. D. *"He shall reign forever."* ANON.



144 J. MONTGOMERY.

2 Hallelujah! hark, the sound,
From the depths unto the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies!
See Jehovah's banner furled,
Sheathed his sword; he speaks—'tis done!
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of his Son!

3 He shall reign from pole to pole
With supreme, unbounded sway;
He shall reign when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away.
Then the end: beneath his rod
Man's last enemy shall fall:
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all!

"I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

BLESSED TEMPLE. 12s. HAR. BY T. E. PERKINS.

JOY AND REJOICING.

SABBATH. 7s, 6 l. *"We will wait upon thee."* LOWELL MASON.

145 JOHN NEWTON.

2 While we seek supplies of grace,
Through the blest Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciling face,
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly care set free,
May we rest this day in thee.

3 Here we come, thy name to praise:
Let us feel thy presence near;
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear;
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting rest.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints,
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief to all complaints;
Thus let all our worship prove,
Till we join thy courts above.

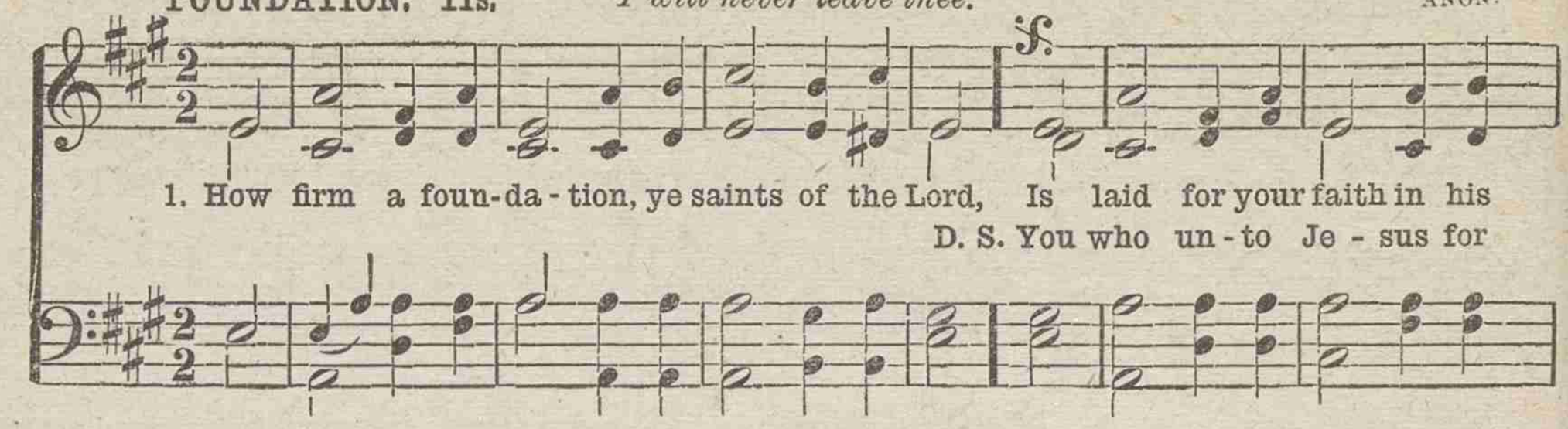
---

146 UNKNOWN.

2 You may boast of the sweetness of day's early dawn,
Of the sky's softening graces when day is just gone;
But there's no other season or time can compare
With the hour of devotion, the season of prayer.

3 You may value the friendships of youth and of age,
And select for your comrades the noble and sage;
But the friends that most cheer me on life's rugged road
Are the friends of my Master, the children of God.

4 Ever hail, blessèd temple, abode of my Lord!
I will turn to thee often, to hear from his word;
I will walk to thine altar with those that I love,
And rejoice in the prospects revealed from above.



147

GEO. KEITH

1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say than to you he has said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

2 In every condition—in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,
At home, and abroad, on the land, on the sea—
As your days may demand, so your succor shall be.

3 Fear not: I am with you: oh, be not dismayed:
I, I am your God, and will still give you aid;
I'll strengthen you, help you, and cause you to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

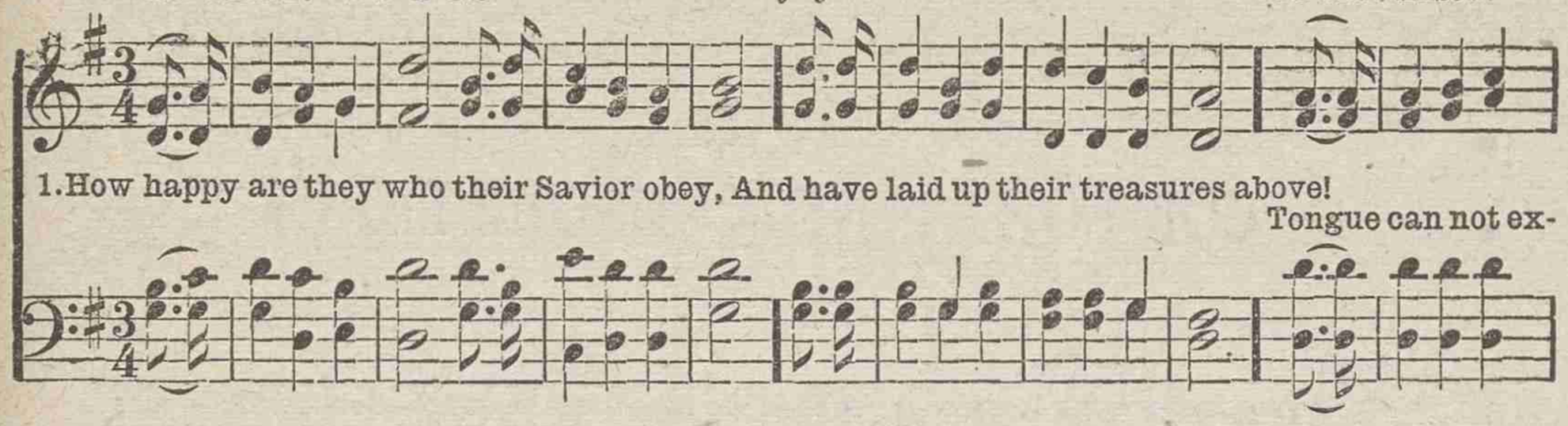
4 When through the deep waters I cause you to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not you o'erflow;
For I will be with you your troubles to bless,
And sanctify to you your deepest distress.

5 When through fiery trials your pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be your supply;
The flame shall not hurt you; I only design
Your dross to consume, and your gold to refine.

6 E'en down to old age all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

7 The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I can not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to sha
I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake.

ROWLEY. 11s & 9s. *"There is more joy in heaven."* LOWELL MASON.



148

CHARLES WESLEY.

2 This comfort is mine, since the favor divine
I have found in the blood of the Lamb;
Since the truth I believed, what a joy I've received,
What a heavén in Jesus' blest name!

3 'Tis a heavén below my Redeemer to know;
And the angels can do nothing more
Than to fall at his feet, and the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus all the day long is my joy and my song:
Oh, that all to this refuge may fly!
He has loved me, I cried; he has suffered and died
To redeem such a rebel as I!

5 On the wings of his love I am carried above
All my sin, and temptation, and pain:
Oh, why should I grieve while on him I believe?
Oh, why should I sorrow again?

6 Oh, the rapturous height of that holy delight,
Which I find in the life-giving blood!
Of my Savior possessed, I am perfectly blessed,
Being filled with the fullness of God!

7 Now my remnant of days will I spend to his praise,
Who has died, me from sin to redeem;
Whether many or few, all my years are his due—
They shall all be devoted to him.

8 What a mercy is this! what a heavén of bliss!
How unspeakably happy am I!
Gathered into the fold, with believers enrolled—
With believers to live and to die!

COMFORT AND CONSOLATION.

"Is there no balm in Gilead; is there no physician there?"—Jer. 8: 22.

THE GREAT PHYSICIAN. ARR. BY REV. JOHN H. STOCKTON.

149 WILLIAM HUNTER.

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.

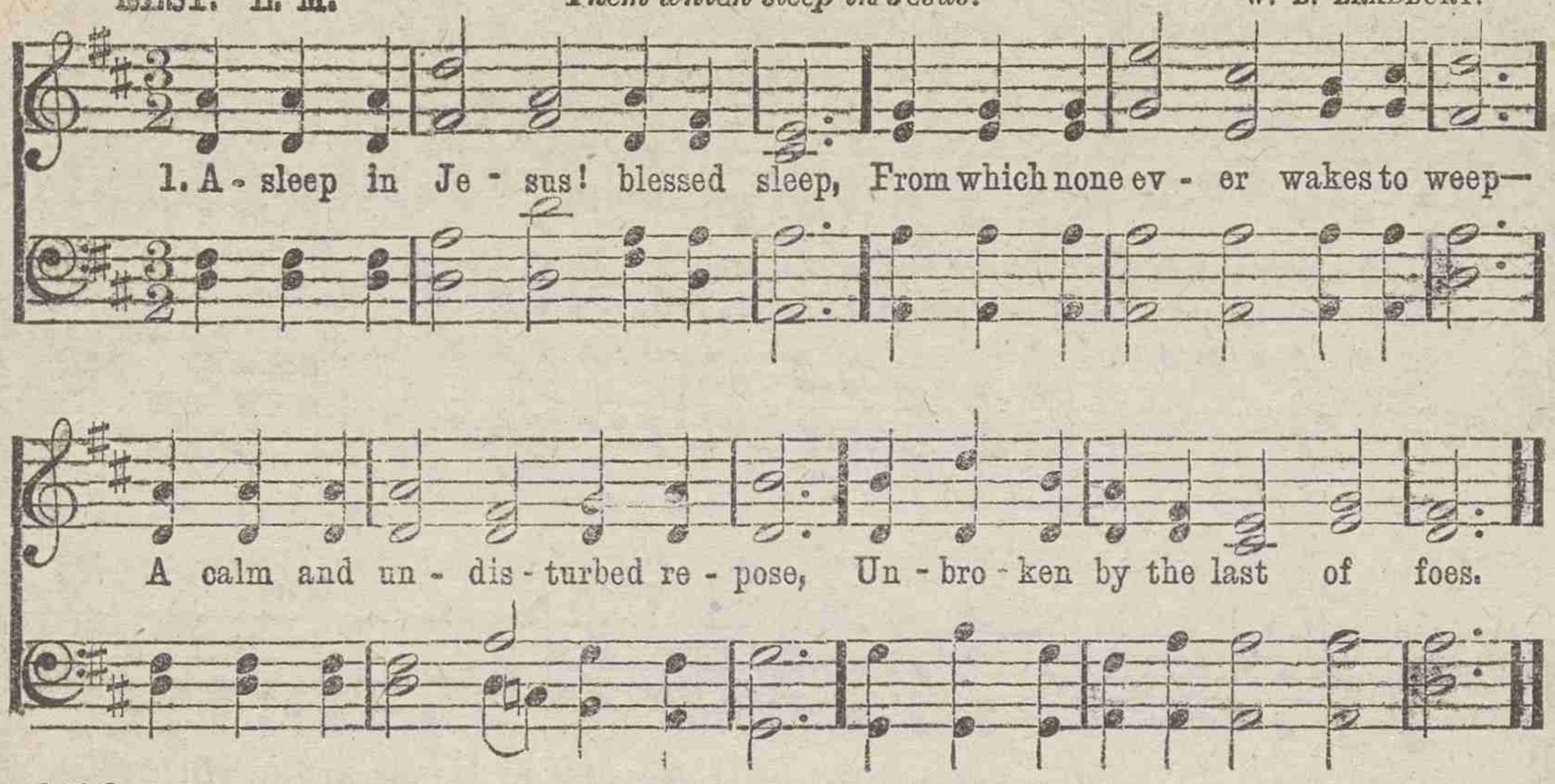
3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Saviour's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh, how my soul delights to hear
The precious name of Jesus.

5 And when to that bright world above
We go to meet our Jesus,
We'll sing around the throne of love
His name, the name of Jesus.

COMFORT AND CONSOLATION.

REST. L. M. *"Them which sleep in Jesus."* W. B. BRADBURY.



150

MRS. G. W. MACKAY.

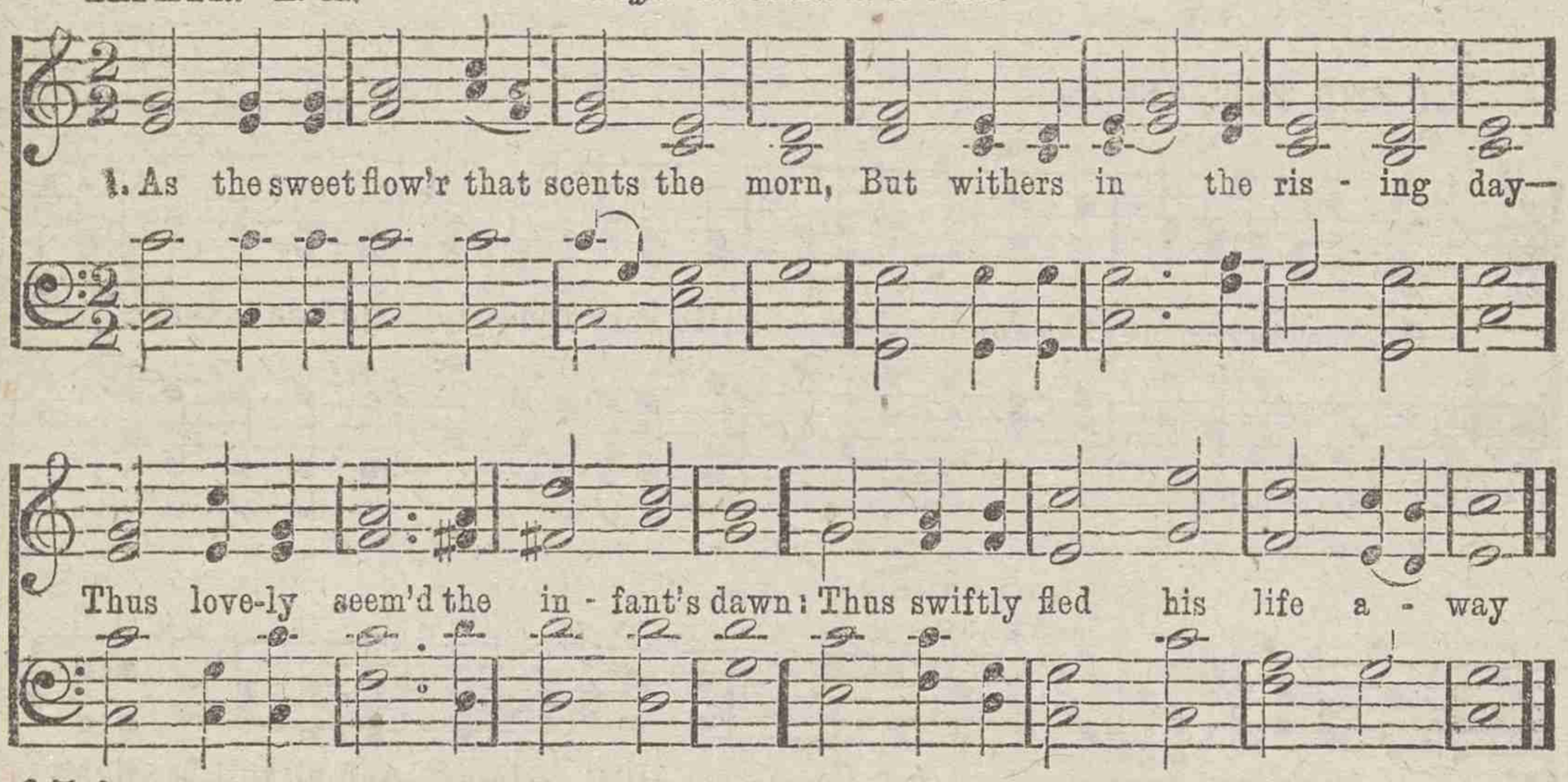
2 Asleep in Jesus! oh how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing,
That death has lost its venomed sting.

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest:
No fear, no woe, shall dim the hour
That manifests the Savior's power.

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

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

ZEPHYR. L. M. *"Suffer the children to come."*



151

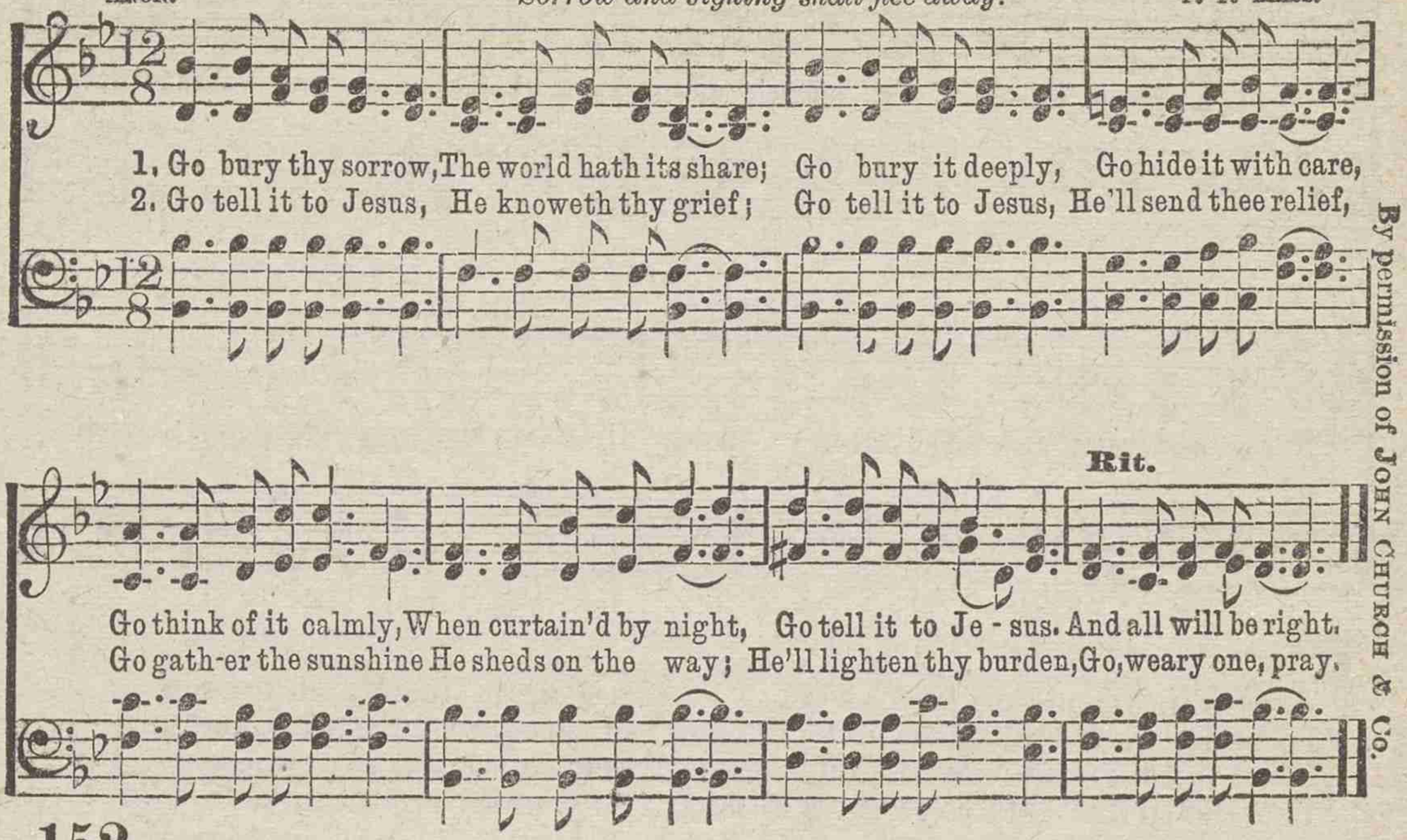
J. W. CUNNINGHAM.

2 Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade,
Death timely came with friendly care
The opening bud to heaven conveyed,
And bade it bloom forever there.

3 He died to sin, and all its woes,
But for a moment felt the rod—
On love's triumphant wing he rose,
To rest forever with his God!

GO, BURY THY SORROW. 6s. & 5s.

ANON. *"Sorrow and sighing shall flee away."* P. P. BLISS.



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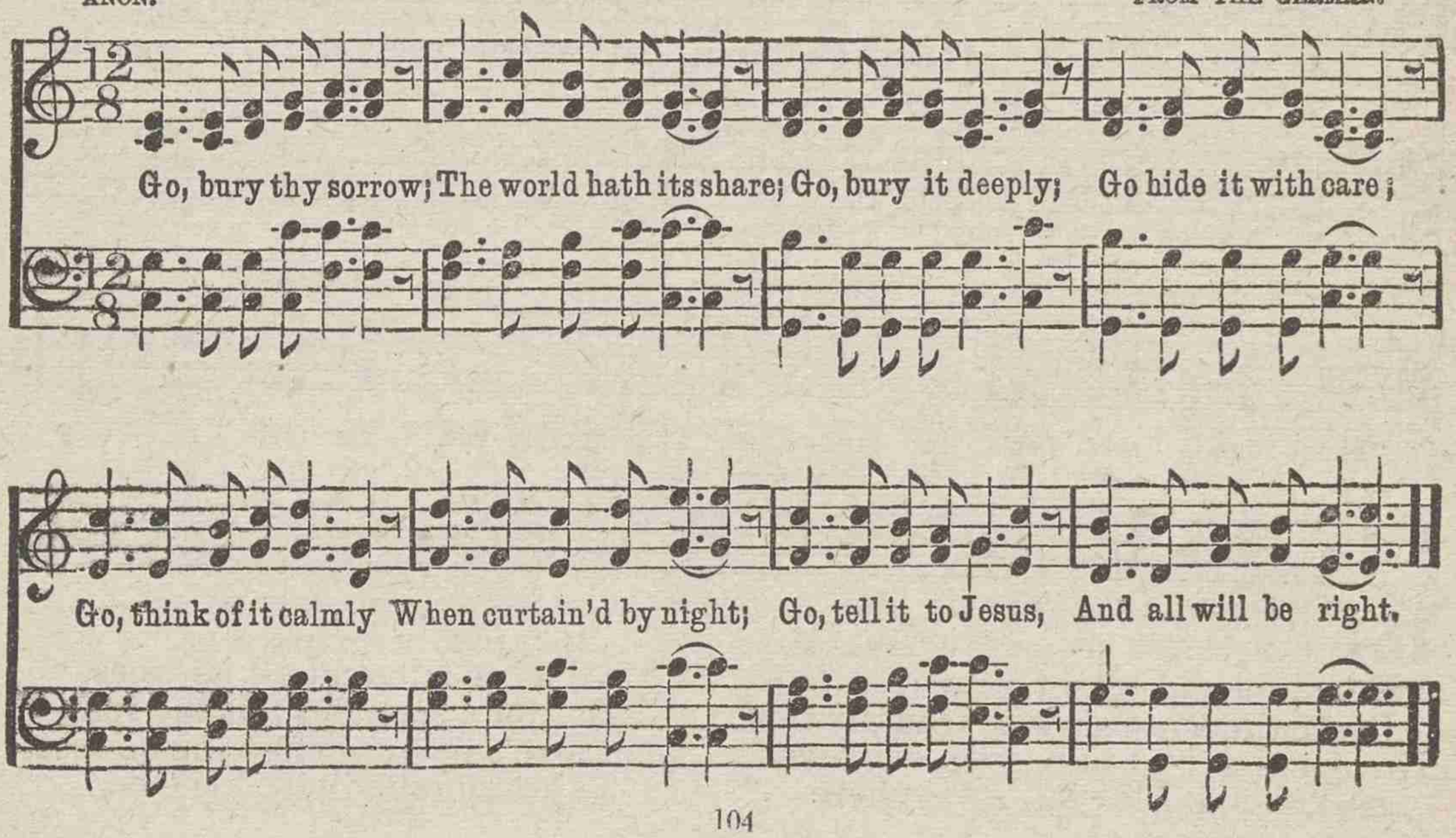
3 Hearts growing a-weary
With heavier woe
Now droop 'mid the darkness—
Go comfort them, go!

4 Go bury thy sorrows,
Let others be blest;
Go give them the sunshine,
Tell Jesus the rest.

GO AND TELL JESUS.

ANON. FROM THE GERMAN.



CHRISTIAN'S SLEEP. L. M.

"Many of them that sleep in the dust." W. B. BRADBURY.

153 UNKNOWN.

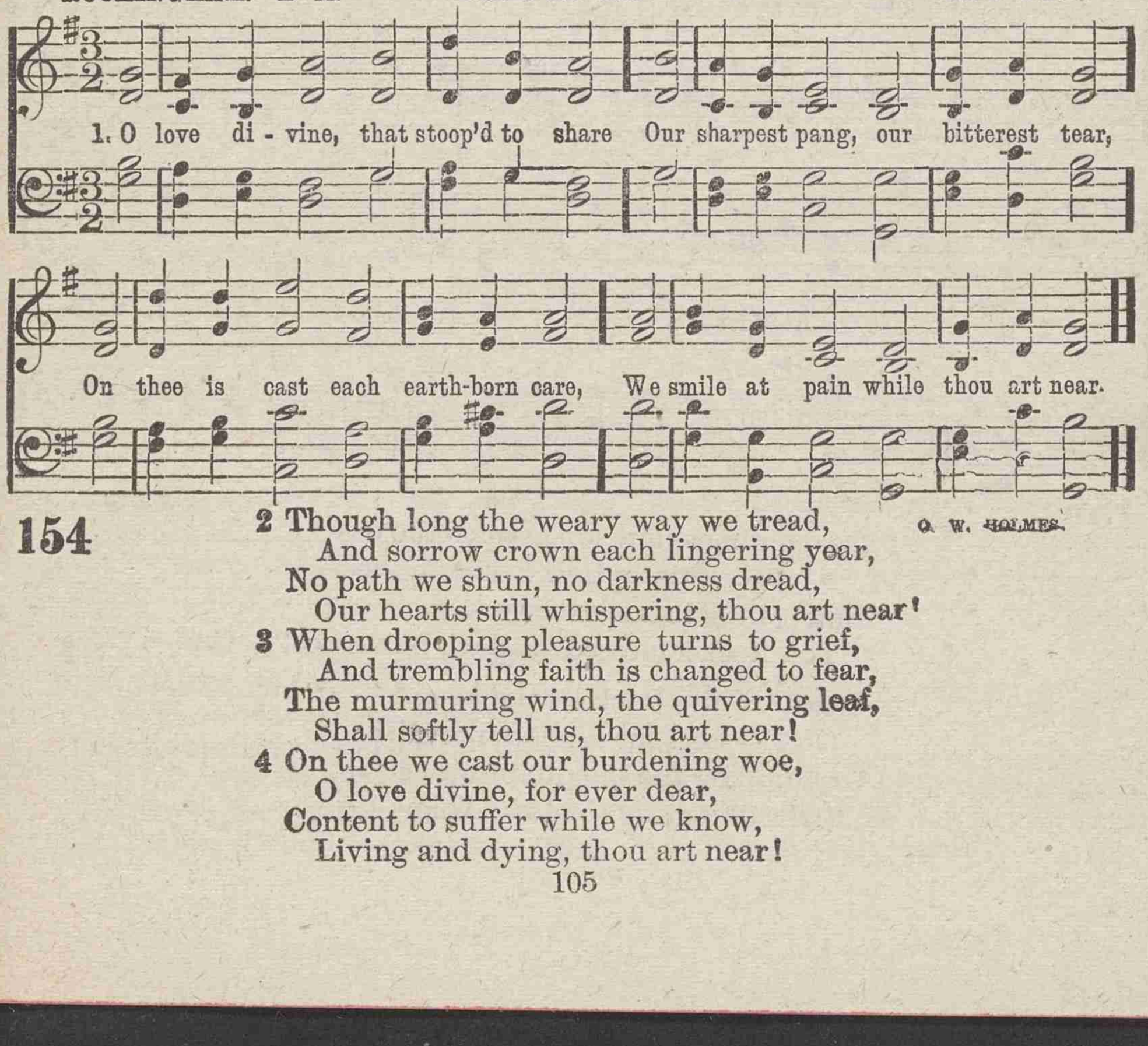
2 Secure from every mortal care,
By sin and sorrow vexed no more,
Eternal happiness they share
Who are not lost, but gone before.

3 To Zion's peaceful courts above
In faith triumphant may we soar,
Embracing, in the arms of love,
The friends not lost, but gone before.

4 To Jordan's bank whene'er we come,
And hear the swelling waters roar;
Jesus! convey us safely home,
To friends not lost, but gone before.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

"God is ever near." DR. L. MASON.



154 O. W. HOLMES.

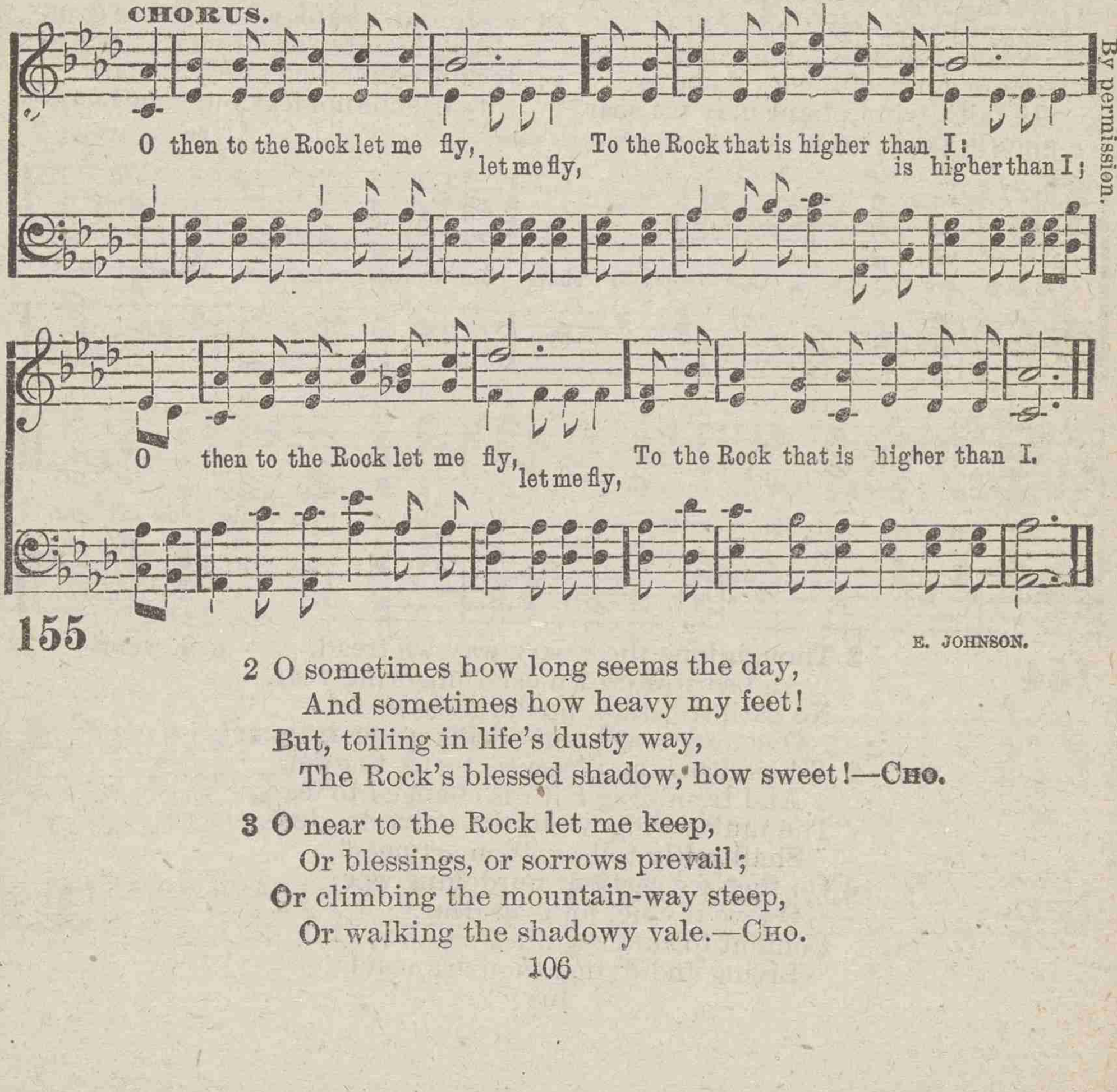
2 Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, thou art near!

3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us, thou art near!

4 On thee we cast our burdening woe,
O love divine, for ever dear,
Content to suffer while we know,
Living and dying, thou art near!

THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER. 8s.

"Lead me to the rock." Ps. 61 1 2. W. G. FISCHER.



By permission.

155

E. JOHNSON.

2 O sometimes how long seems the day,
And sometimes how heavy my feet!
But, toiling in life's dusty way,
The Rock's blessed shadow, how sweet!—CHO.

3 O near to the Rock let me keep,
Or blessings, or sorrows prevail;
Or climbing the mountain-way steep,
Or walking the shadowy vale.—CHO.

RETREAT. L. M. *"I will sing aloud of thy mercy."* DR. T. HASTINGS.

156 H. STOWELL.

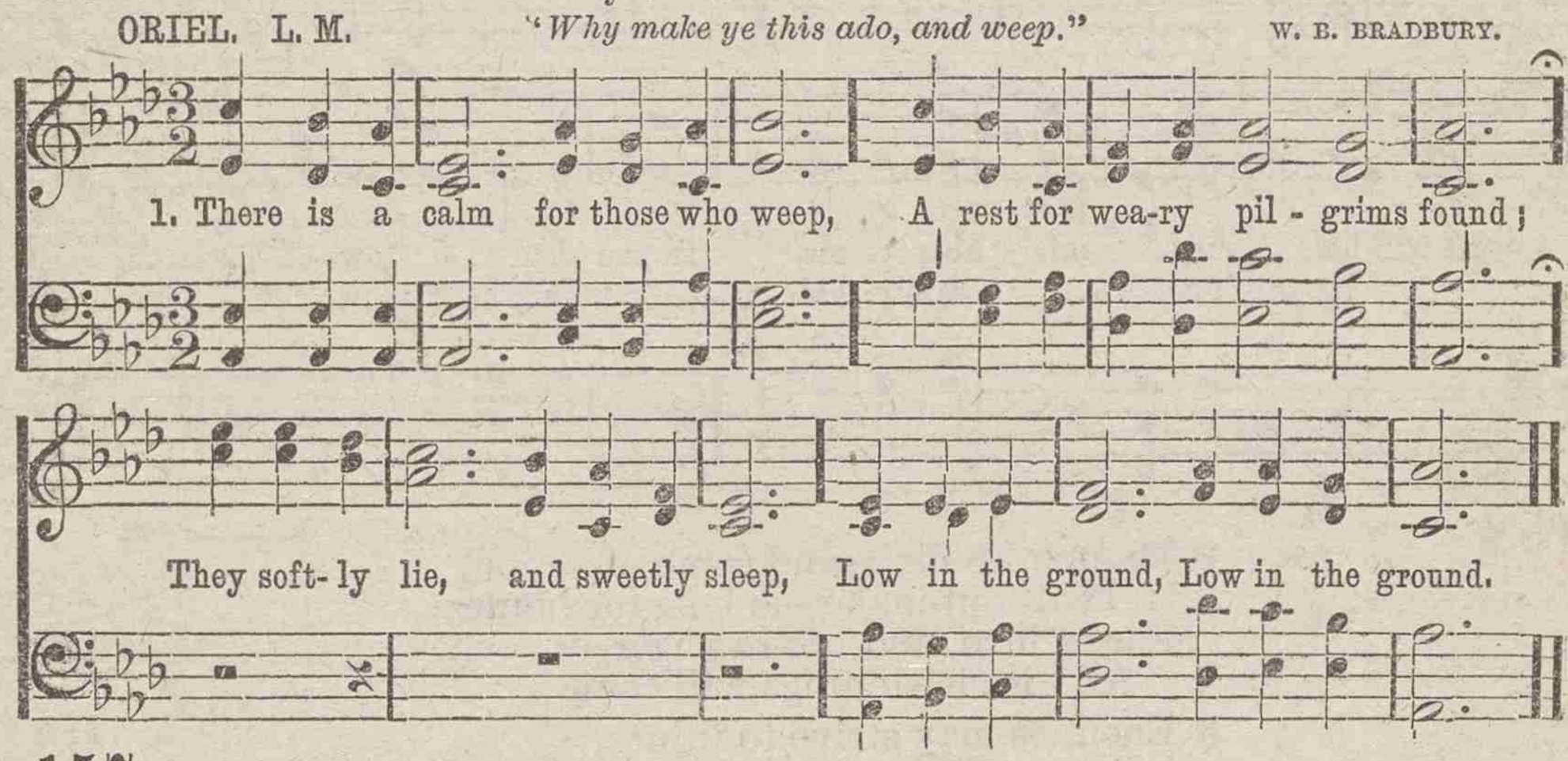
2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place than all besides more sweet;
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

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

4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed;
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering souls no mercy-seat?

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

ORIEL. L. M. *"Why make ye this ado, and weep."* W. B. BRADBURY.



157 J. MONTGOMERY.

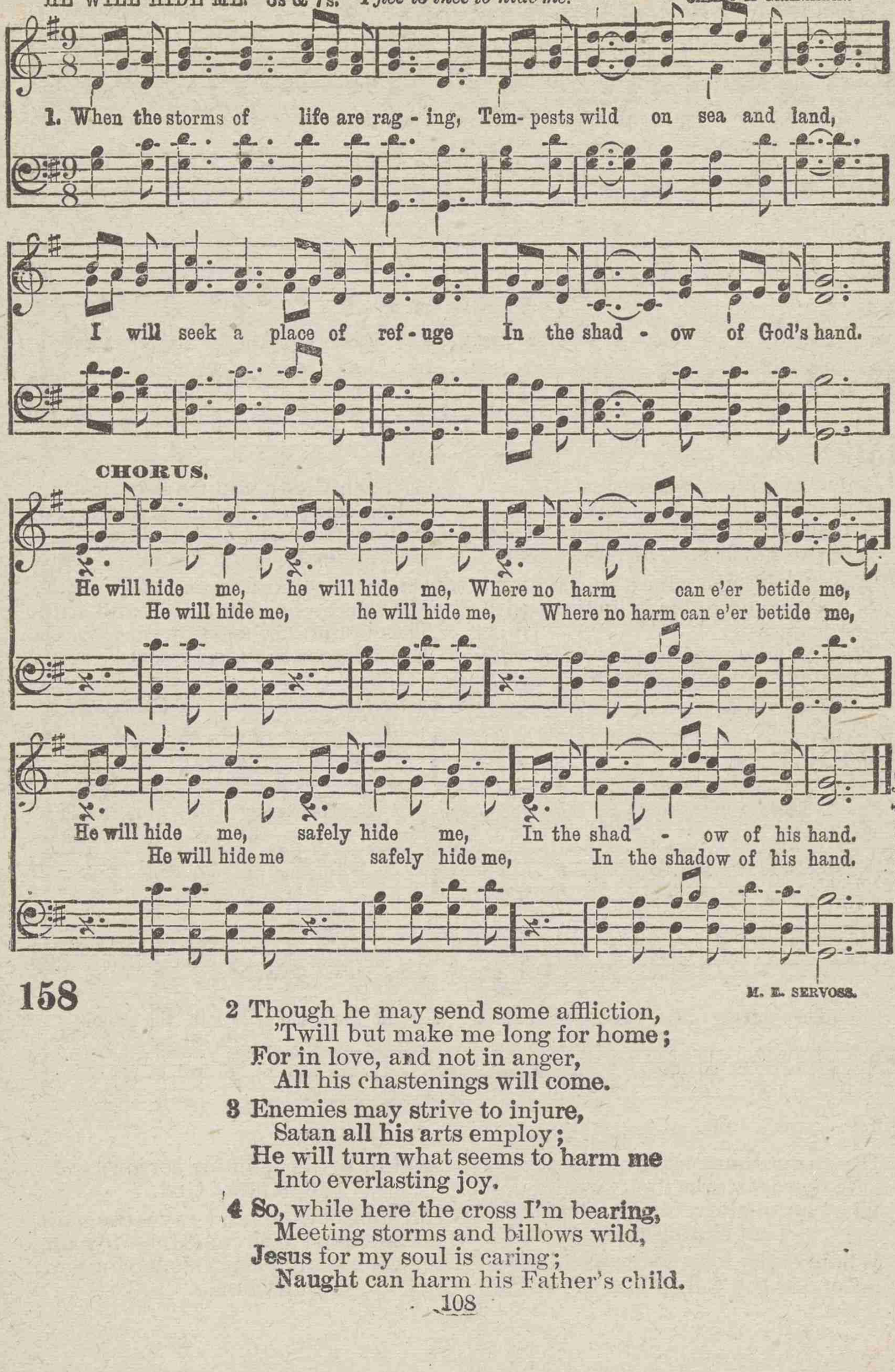
2 The storm that racks the wintry sky,
No more disturbs their sweet repose,
Than summer evening's latest sigh
That shuts the rose.

3 Whate'er thy lot—whate'er thou be—
Confess thy folly—kiss the rod;
And in thy chastening sorrows see
The hand of God.

4 Tho' long of winds and waves the sport,
Condemned in wretchedness to roam,
Thou soon shalt reach a sheltering port,
A quiet home.

HE WILL HIDE ME. 8s & 7s. *"I flee to thee to hide me."*

JAMES McGRANAHAN.



By permission.

M. E. SERVOSS.

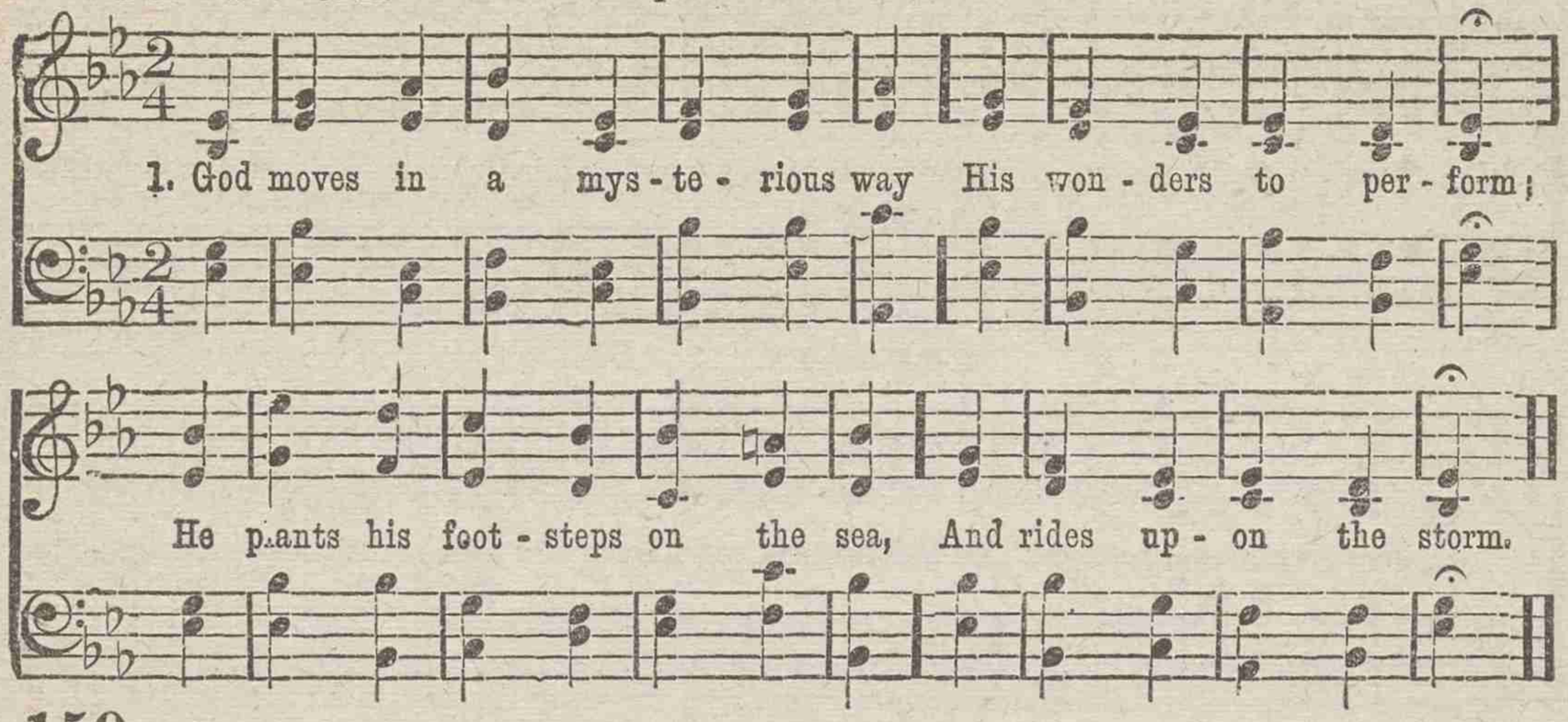
158

2 Though he may send some affliction,
'Twill but make me long for home;
For in love, and not in anger,
All his chastenings will come.

3 Enemies may strive to injure,
Satan all his arts employ;
He will turn what seems to harm me
Into everlasting joy.

4 So, while here the cross I'm bearing,
Meeting storms and billows wild,
Jesus for my soul is caring;
Naught can harm his Father's child.

DUNDEE. C. M. *Special Providence.* GUILLAUME FRANC.



159 WILLIAM COWPER.

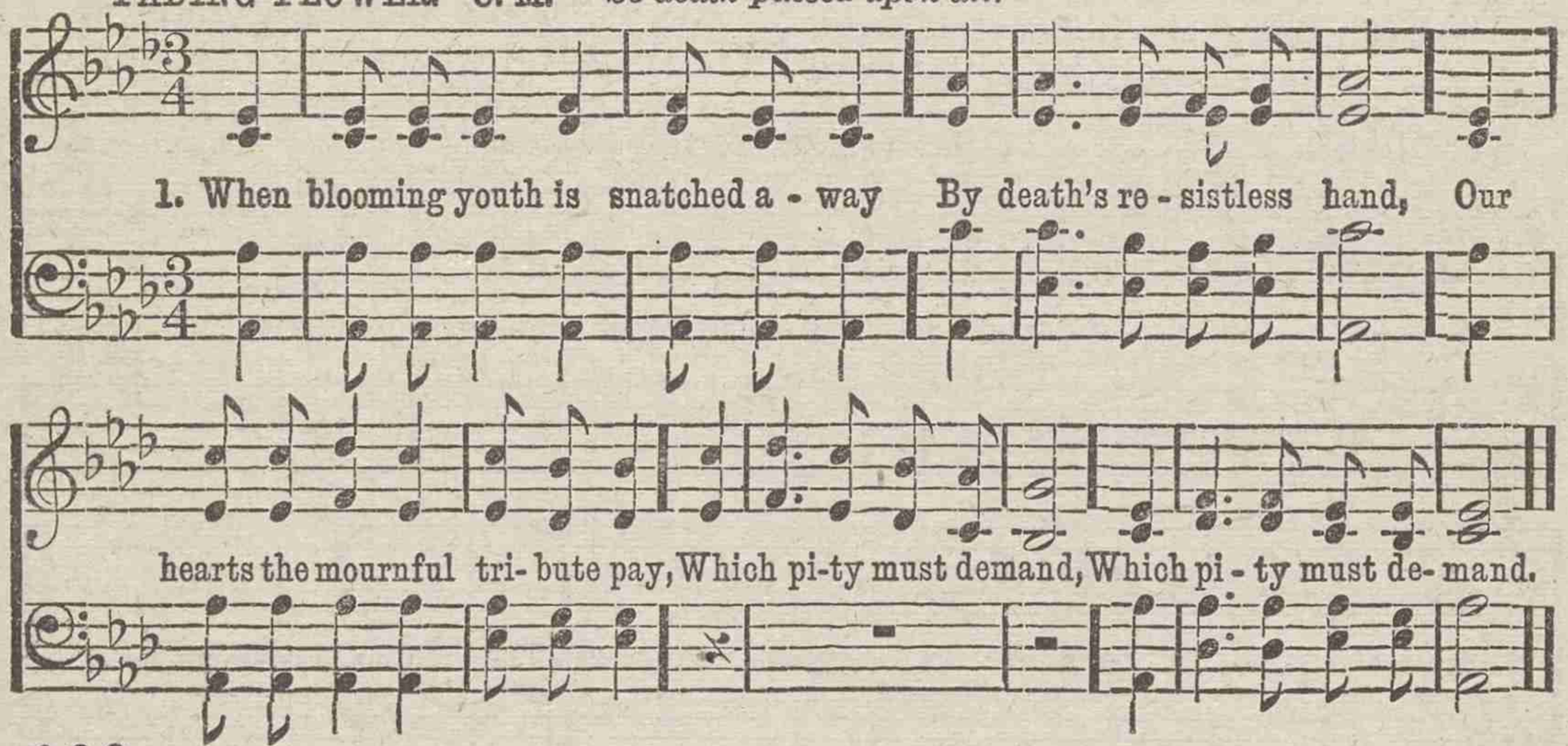
2 You fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds you so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

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

4 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

5 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

FADING FLOWER. C. M. *"So death passed upon all."*



160 ANNE STEELE.

2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
Oh, may this truth, impressed
With awful power, "I, too, must die,"
Sink deep in every breast.

3 Let this vain world engage no more;
Behold the opening tomb:
It bids us seize the present hour;
To-morrow death may come.

4 Oh, let us fly—to Jesus fly,
Whose powerful arm can save;
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.

GOD'S CLEAR SUNLIGHT.

"He will lead me."

W. F. SHERWIN.

By permission.

161

C. R. BLACKALL.

2 Tho' mid the deepest darkness,
I may surely trust the Lord;
He hath never yet forsaken—
He will keep his promised [word.

3 Tho' all friendships may be [broken,
And the hand of death be laid,
In his might and love confiding,
I shall never be afraid.

4 When to me shall come the glory [bright,
Of the heavenly mansions
Still the song will I be singing
In that home of pure delight.

WOODLAND. P. M.

"Let not your hearts be troubled."

N. D. GOULD.

162

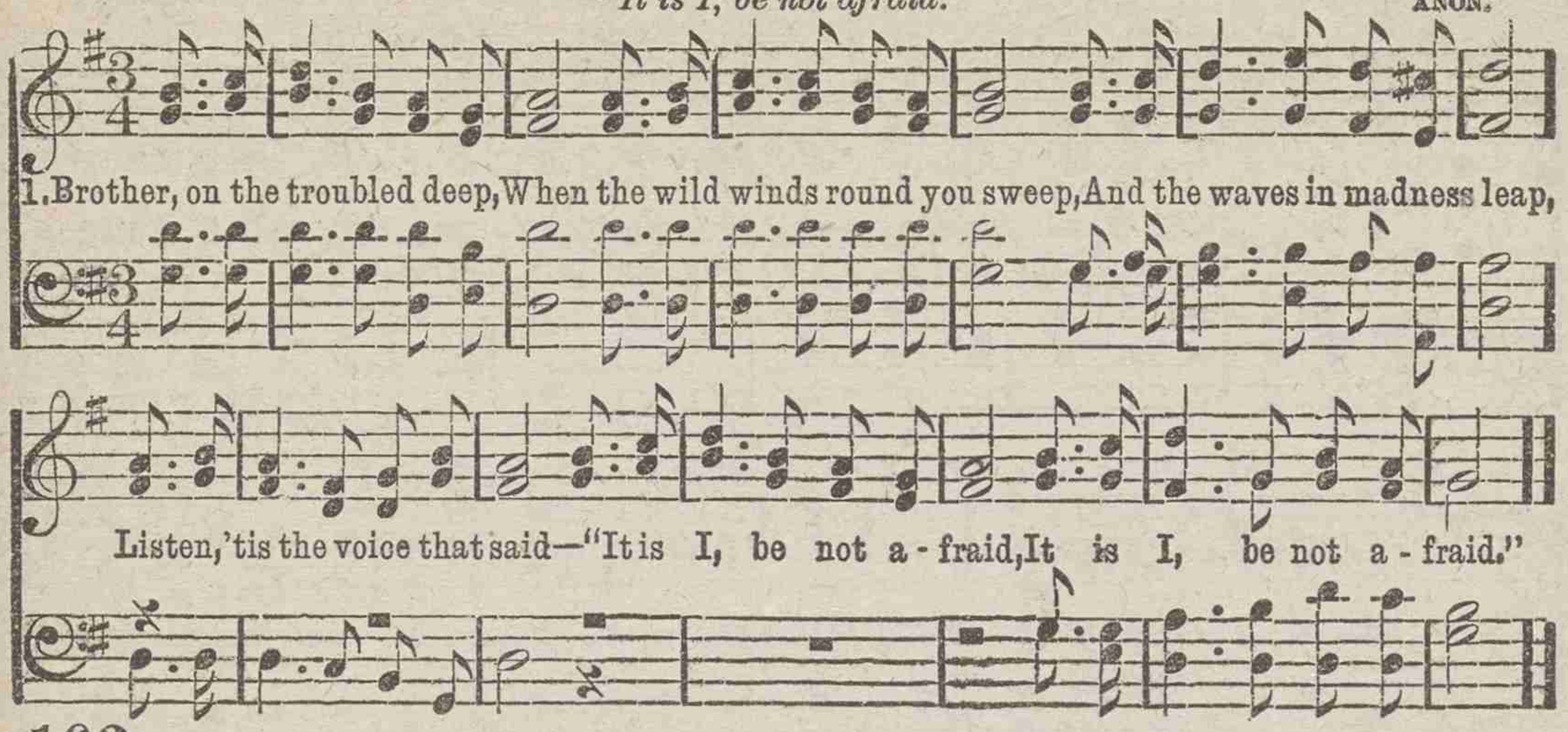
W. B. TAPPAN.

2 There is a home for weary souls,
By sins and sorrows driven;
When tossed on life's tempestuous [shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear—but heaven.

3 There fragrant flow'rs forever bloom
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom;
Beyond the dark and narrow tomb
Appears the dawn—of heaven.

BE NOT AFRAID. P. M.

"It is I, be not afraid." ANON.



163 HANNAH E. BRADBURY.

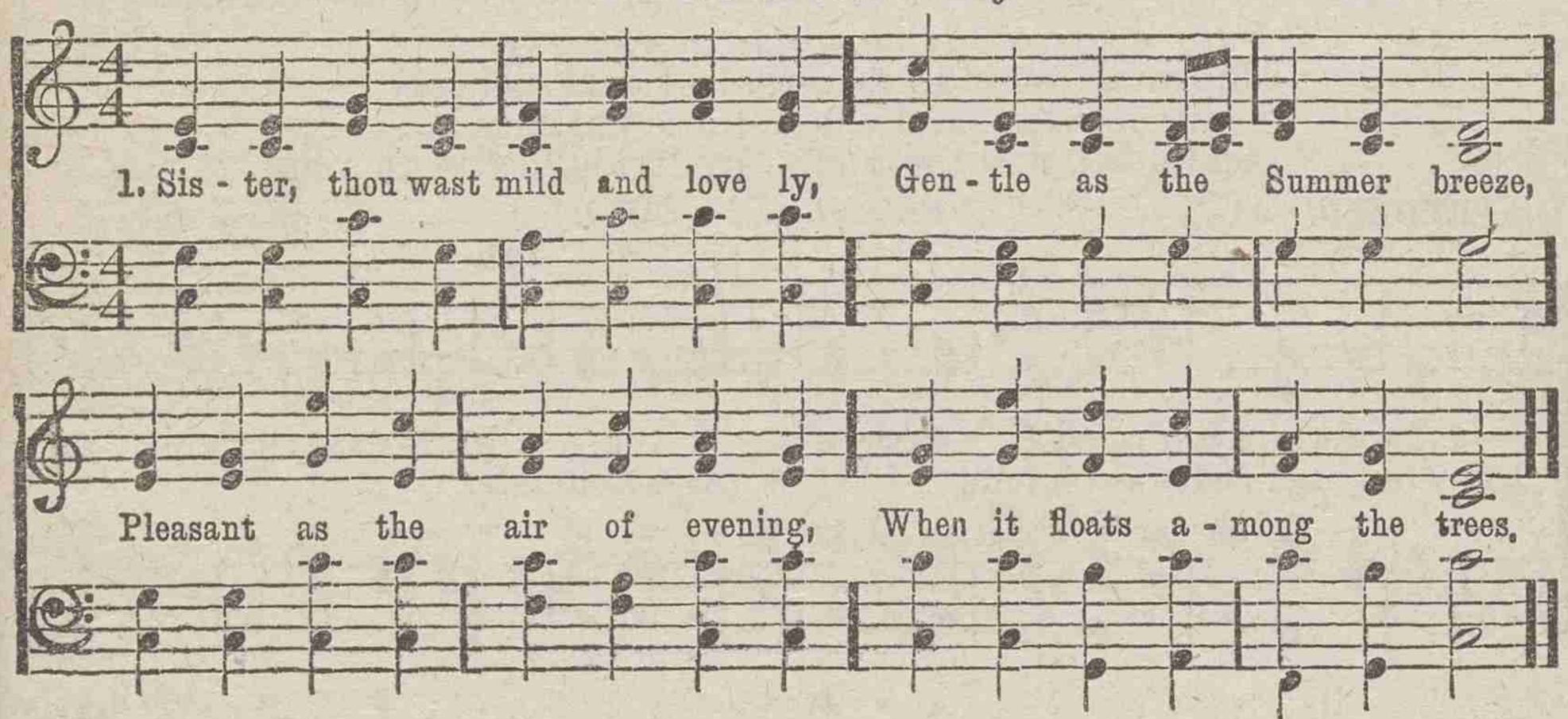
2 When the storm has died away,
And the sun with cheering ray,
Now illumes your prosperous way,
Trust, oh, trust in Him who said—
"It is I, be not afraid."

3 Brother, far away from home,
Restless as the wave's light foam
When temptations round you come,
Pray for strength to Him who said—
"It is I, be not afraid."

4 Brother, when death draweth near,
And your spirit shrinks in fear
From its portals damp and drear,
Trust your soul to Him who said—
"It is I, be not afraid."

MOUNT VERNON. 8s & 7s.

"The Lord hath taken away." DR. L. MASON.



164 S. F. SMITH.

2 Peaceful be thy silent slumber—
Peaceful in the grave so low,
Thou no more wilt join our number:
Thou no more our tears shalt know.

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

4 Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the cares of life have fled;
Then in heaven with joy to greet the,
Where no farewell tear is shed.

KIMMEL. 11s.

"My soul is weary of my life."

W. T. MOORE.

165

W. T. MOORE.

2 I am weary of hoping, where hope is untrue,
As fair but as fleeting as morning's bright dew;
I long for the land whose blest promise alone
Is as changeless and sure as eternity's throne.

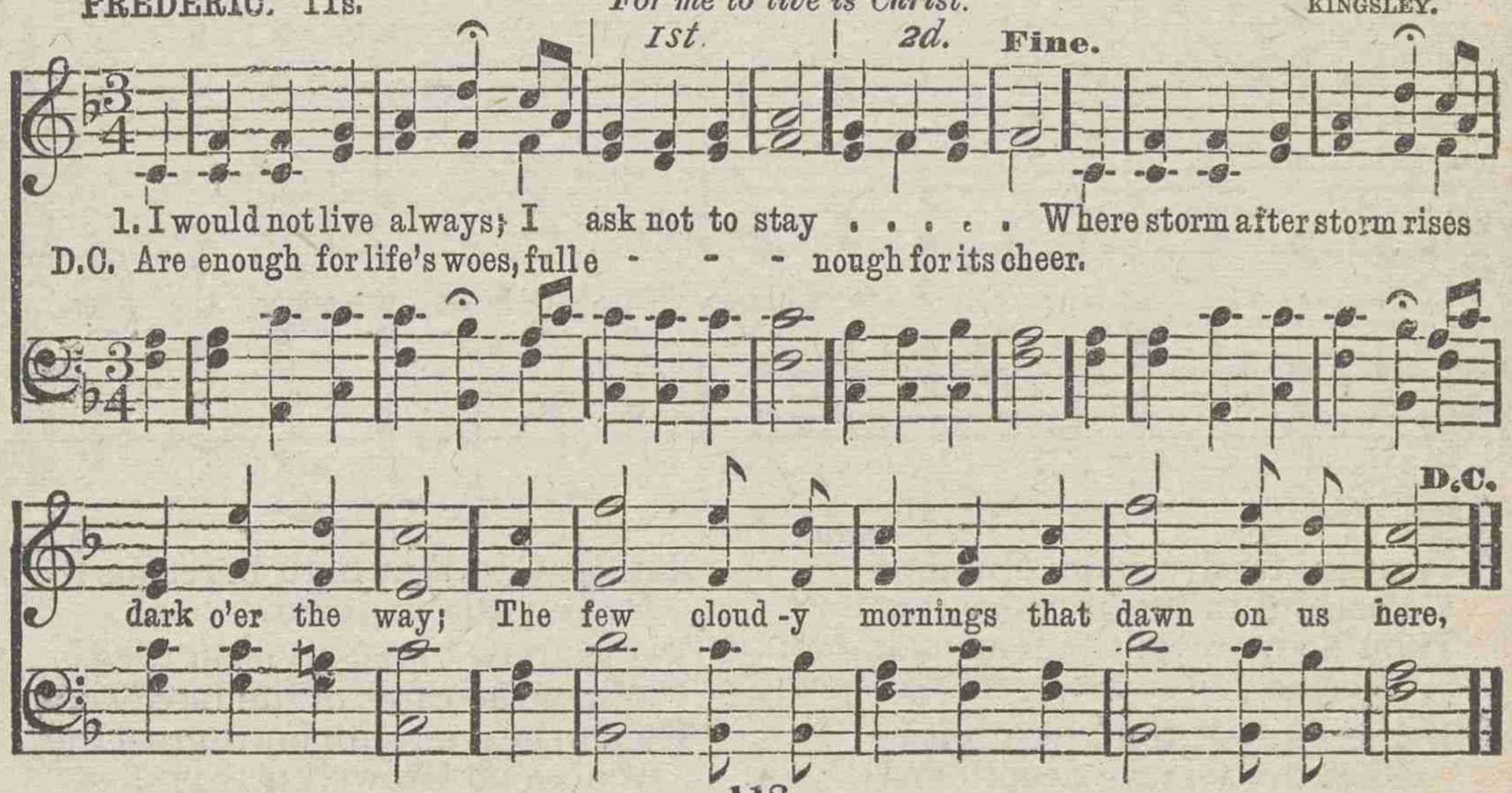
3 I am weary of sighing o'er sorrows of earth,
O'er joy's glowing visions that fade at their birth,
O'er pangs of the loved, which we can not assuage,
O'er the blightings of youth, and the weakness of age.

4 I am weary of loving what passes away—
The sweetest and dearest, alas! may not stay;
I long for that land where those partings are o'er,
And death and the tomb can divide hearts no more.

FREDERIC. 11s.

"For me to live is Christ."

KINGSLEY.



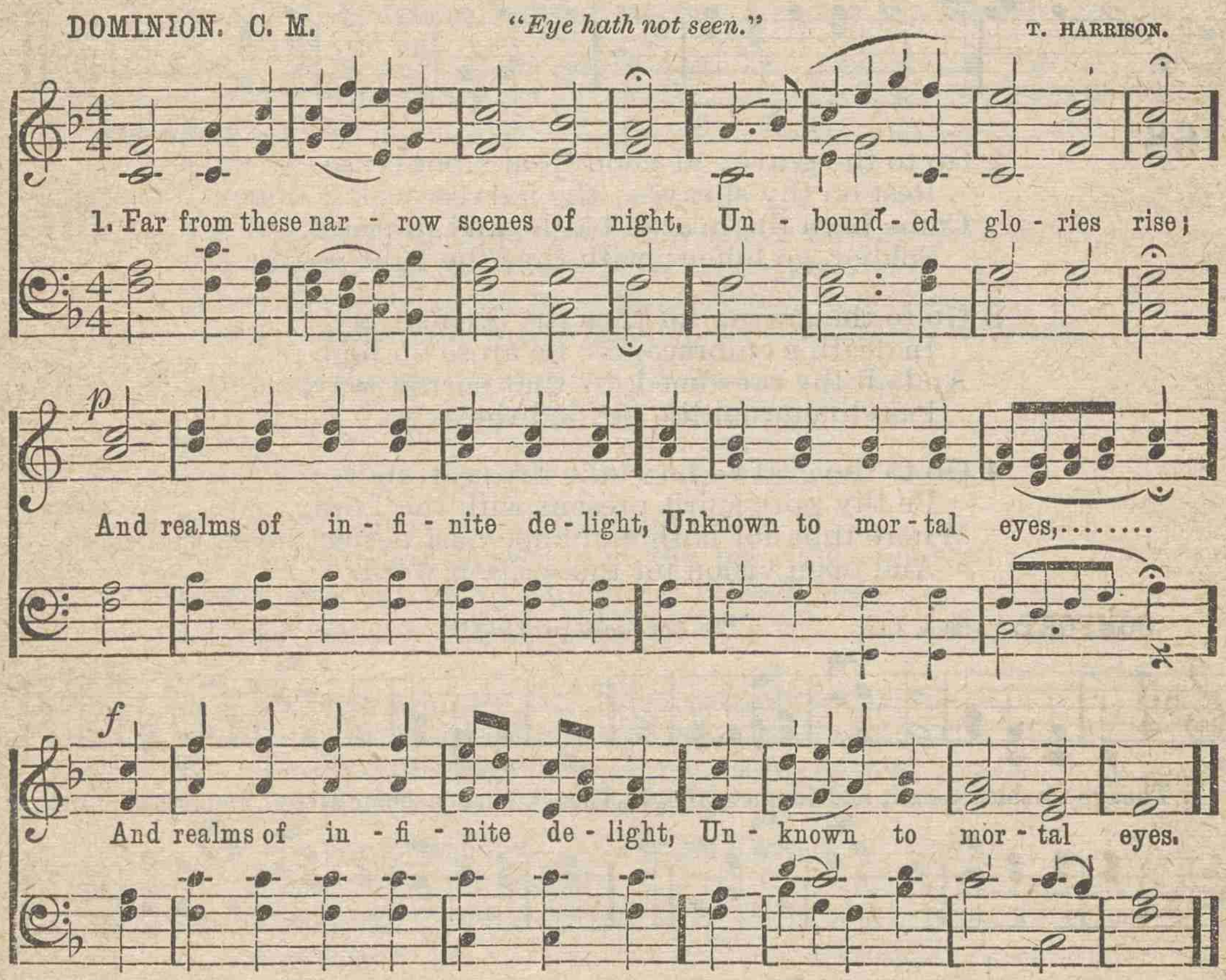
166 W. A. MUHLENBERG.

2 I would not live always: no, welcome the tomb;
Since Jesus has lain there, I dread not its gloom;
There sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

3 Who, who would live always, away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns;

4 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet,
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul!

DOMINION. C. M. *"Eye hath not seen."* T. HARRISON.



167 ANNE STEELE.

2 Celestial land! could our weak eyes
But half thy charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more:

3 There pain and sickness never come,
And grief no place obtains;
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And endless pleasure reigns!

4 No cloud these blissful regions know,
For ever bright and fair!
For sin, the source of ev'ry woe,
Can never enter there.

5 There no alternate night is known,
Nor sun's faint sickly ray;
But glory from the sacred throne
Spreads everlasting day.

ENON. 10s. *"His eye was not dim."* E. S. WIDDEMER.

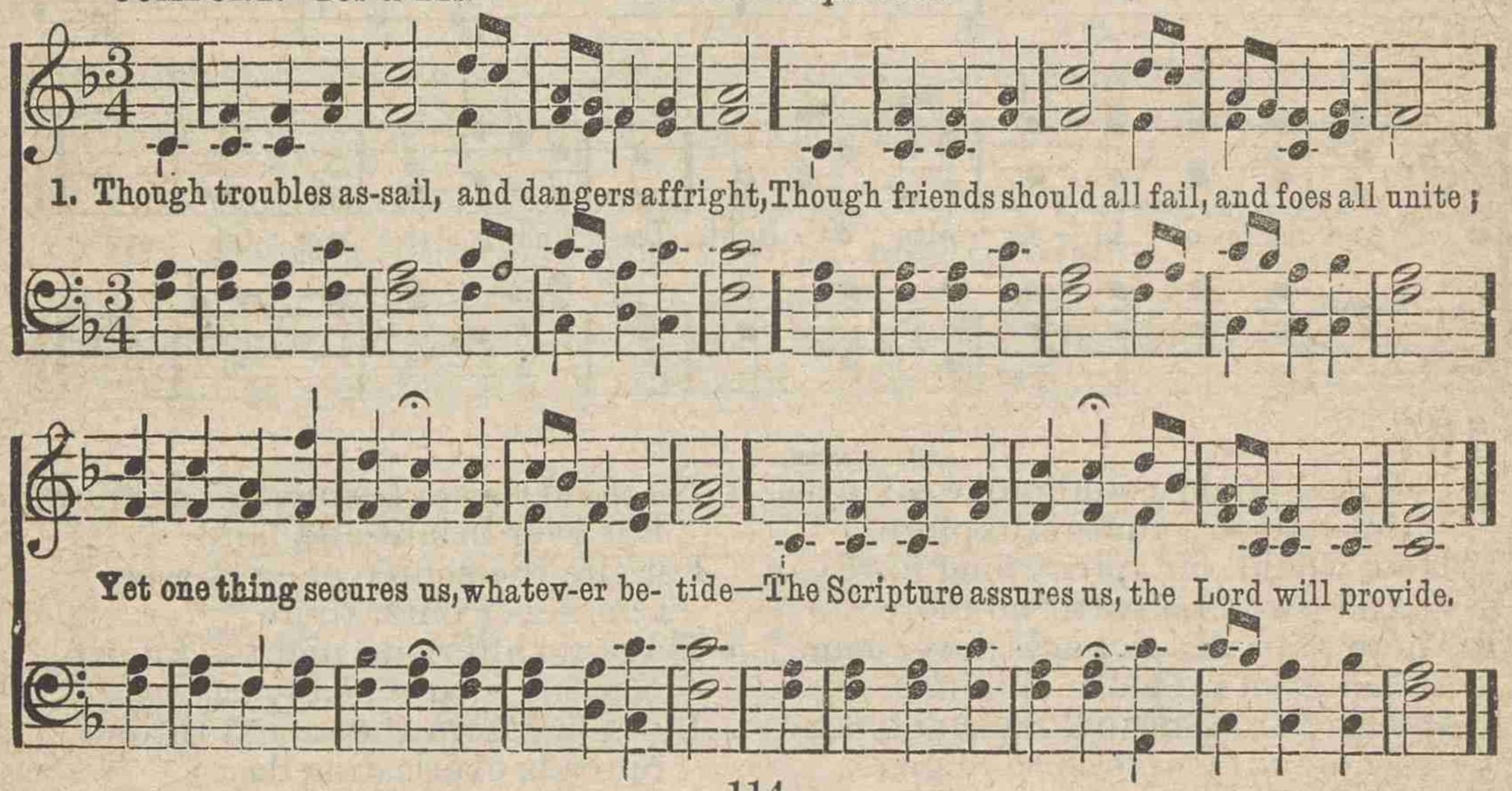
168 J. MONTGOMERY.

2 Go to the grave: at noon from labor cease;
Rest on thy sheaves; the harvest-task is done;
Come from the heat of battle, and in peace,
Soldier, go home; with thee the fight is won.

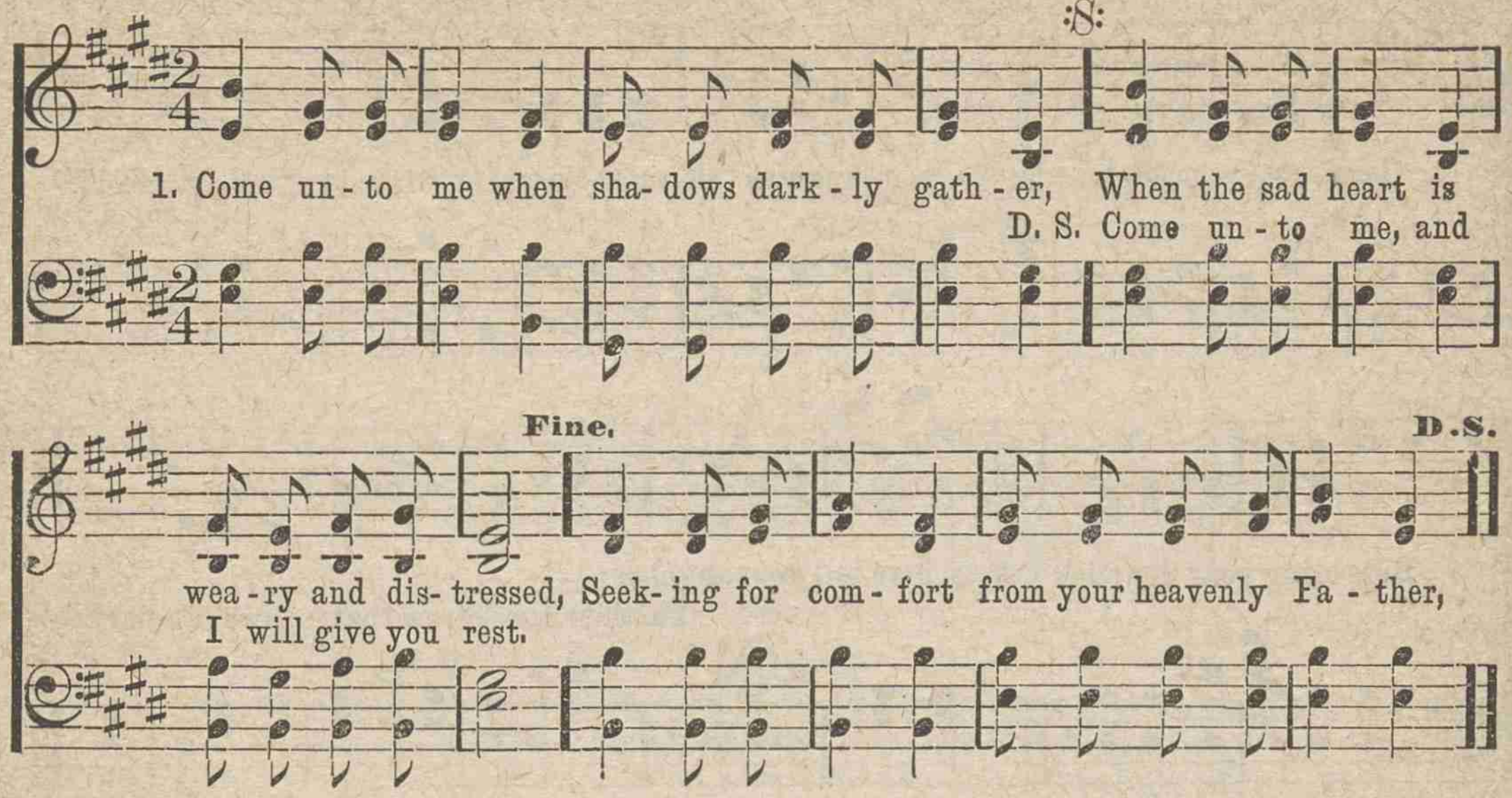
3 Go to the grave; for thee thy Saviour lay
In death's embrace, ere he arose on high;
And all the ransomed, by that narrow way,
Pass to eternal life beyond the sky.

4 Go to the grave—no; take thy seat above;
Be thy pure spirit present with the Lord,
Where thou for faith and hope hast perfect love,
And open vision for the written word.

COMFORT. 10s & 11s. *"The Lord will provide."*



HENLEY. 11s & 10s. *"I will give you rest."* DR. L. MASON.



169 UNKNOWN.

2 Ye who have mourned when the spring flowers were taken;
When the ripe fruit fell richly to the ground;
When the loved slept, in brighter homes to waken,
Where their pale brows with spirit-wreaths are crowned.

3 Large are the mansions in thy Father's dwelling,
Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim;
Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling,
Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn.

4 There, like an Eden, blossoming in gladness,
Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rudely pressed;
Come unto me, all ye who droop in sadness,
Come unto me, and I will give you rest.

170 JOHN NEWTON.

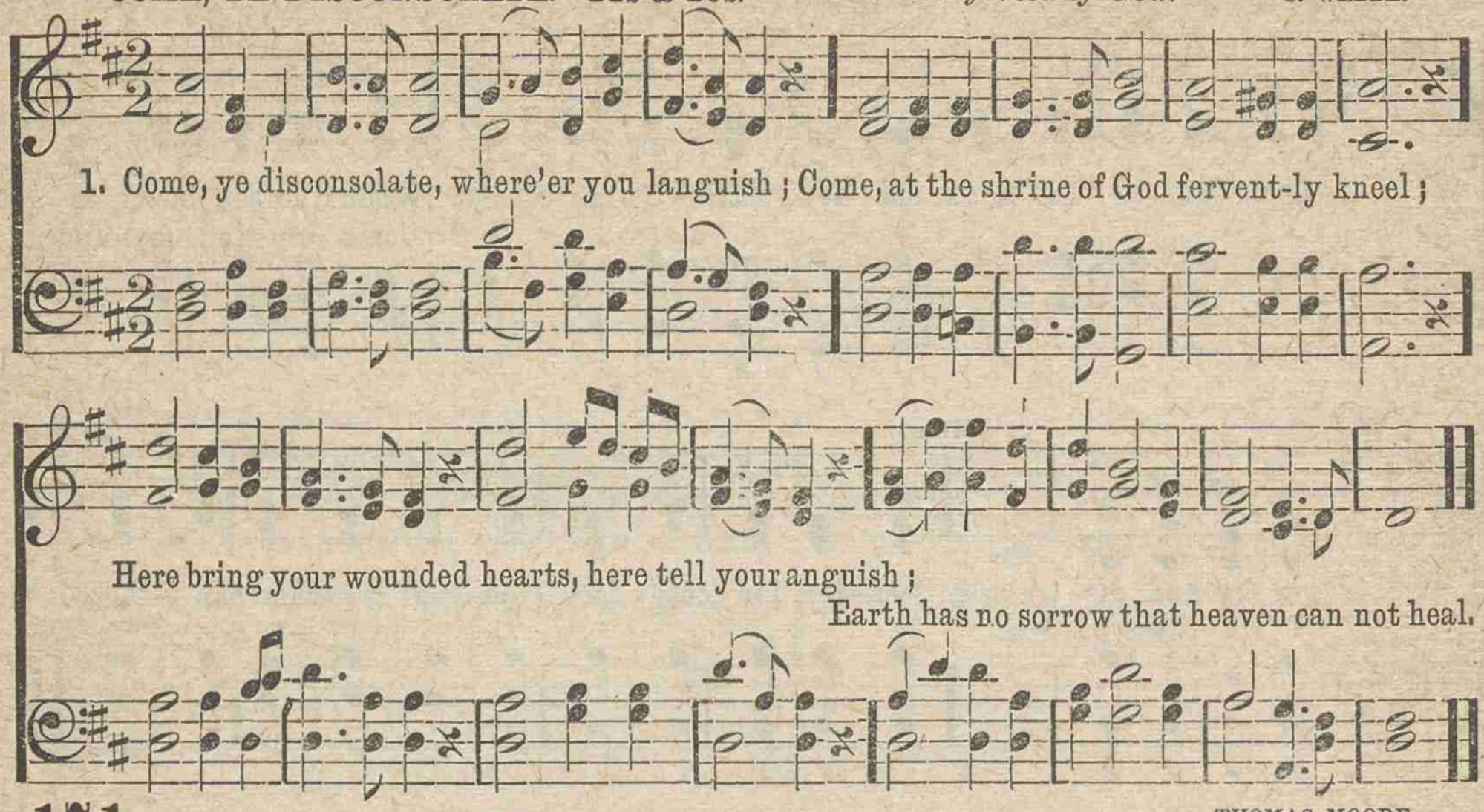
1 Though troubles assail and dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite;
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
The Scripture assures us—the Lord will provide.

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

3 We may, like the ships, by tempests be tossed
On perilous deeps, but can not be lost;
Though Satan enrages the wind and the tide,
The promise engages, the Lord will provide.

4 His call we obey, like Abram of old,
Not knowing our way, but faith makes us bold;
For though we are strangers, we have a good Guide,
And trust, in all dangers, the Lord will provide.

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE. 11s & 10s. *"We are comforted of God."* S. WEBBE.



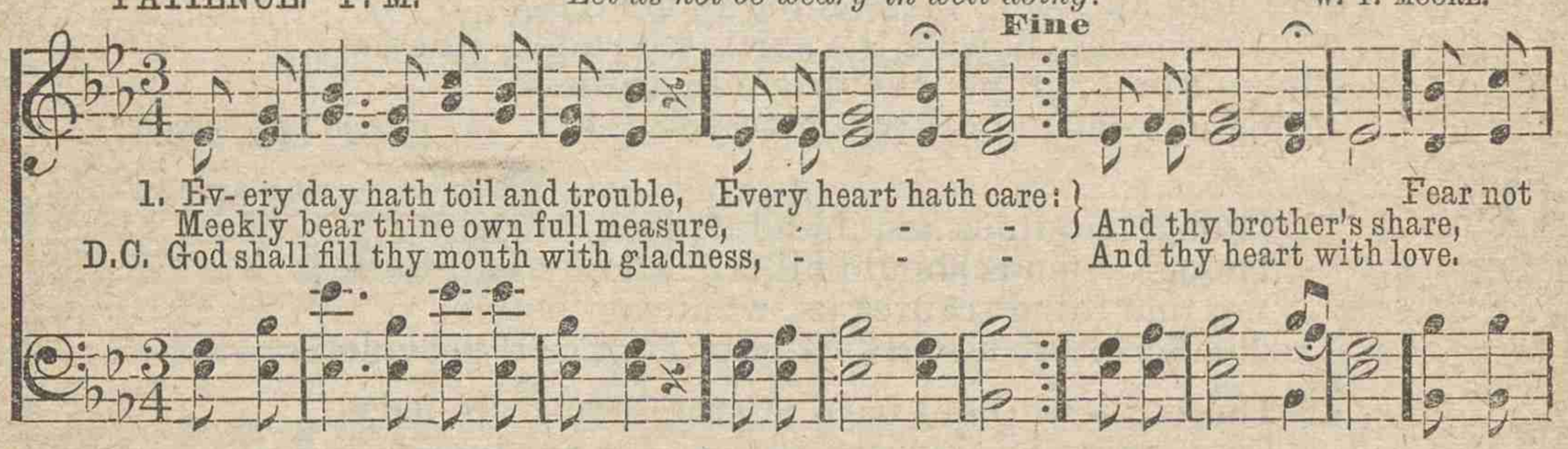
THOMAS MOORE.

171

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
Earth has no sorrow that heaven can not cure.

3 Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Come to the feast of love—come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove

PATIENCE. P. M. *"Let us not be weary in well doing."* W. T. MOORE.



W. T. MOORE.

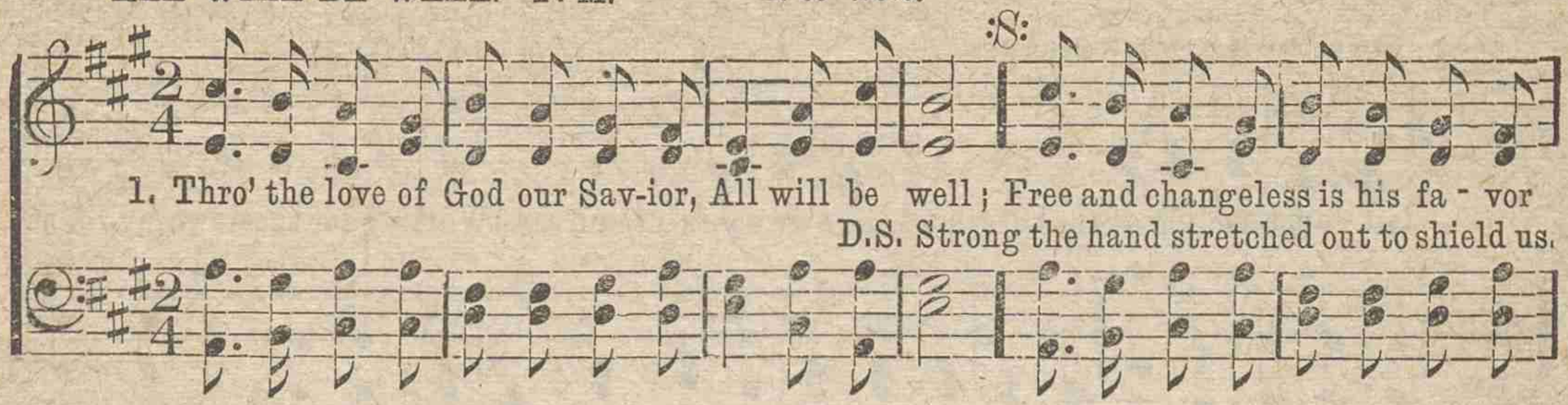
172

2 Patiently enduring, ever
Let thy spirit be
Bound, by links that can not sever,
To humanity.

Labor, wait! thy master labored
Till his task was done,
Count not lost thy fleeting moments—
Life hath but begun.

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

ALL WILL BE WELL. P. M. *"It is well."*

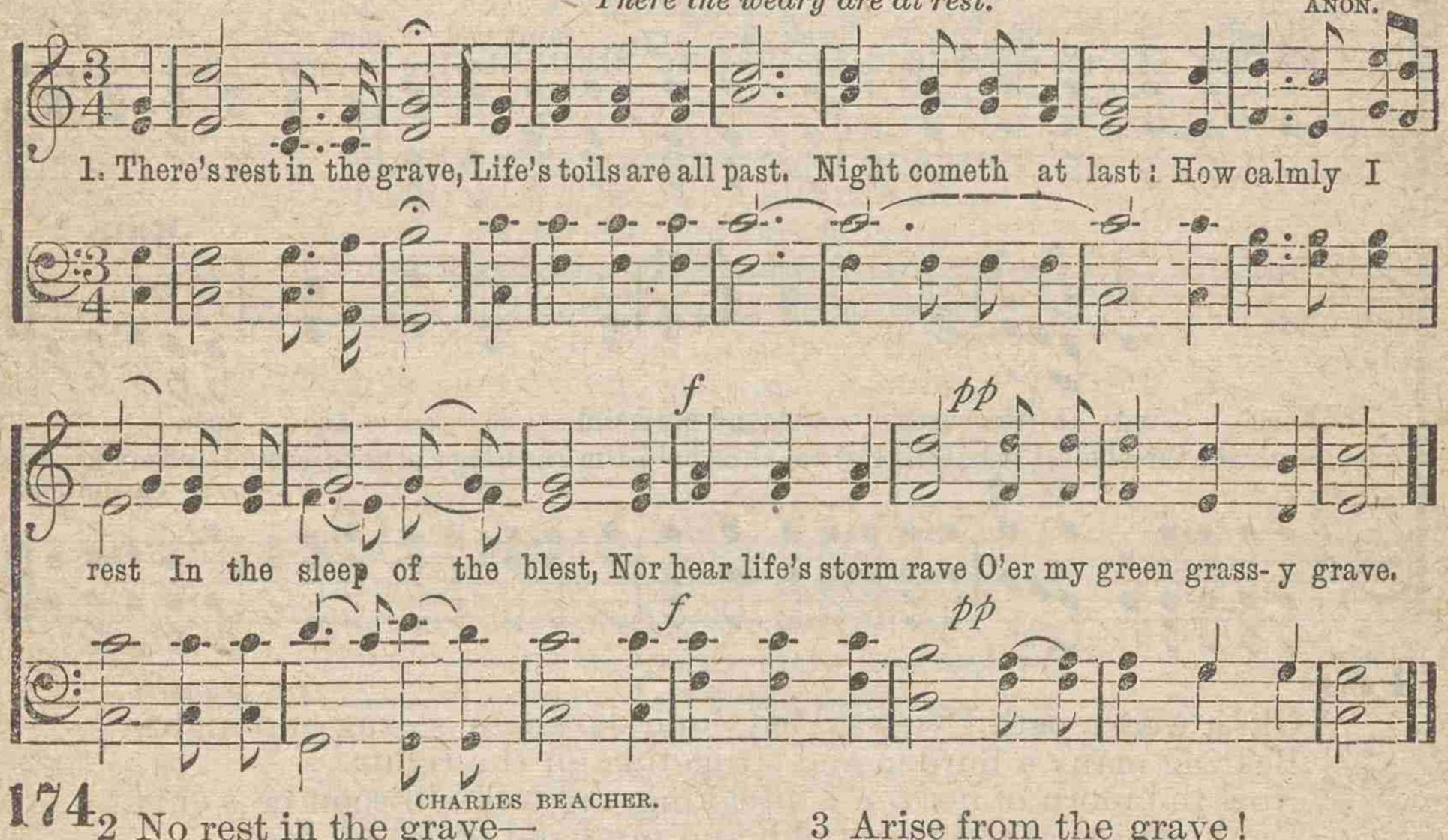


MARY B. PETERS.

173 2 Though we pass through tribulation,
All will be well:
Ours is such a full salvation;
All, all is well:
Happy, still in God confiding,
Fruitful, if in Christ abiding,
Holy, thro' the Spirit's guiding,
All must be well.

3 We expect a bright to-morrow,
All will be well: [sorrow
Faith can sing through days of
All, all is well:
On our Father's love relying,
Jesus every need supplying,
Or in living, or in dying,
All must be well.

REST IN THE GRAVE. 5s. *"There the weary are at rest."* ANON.



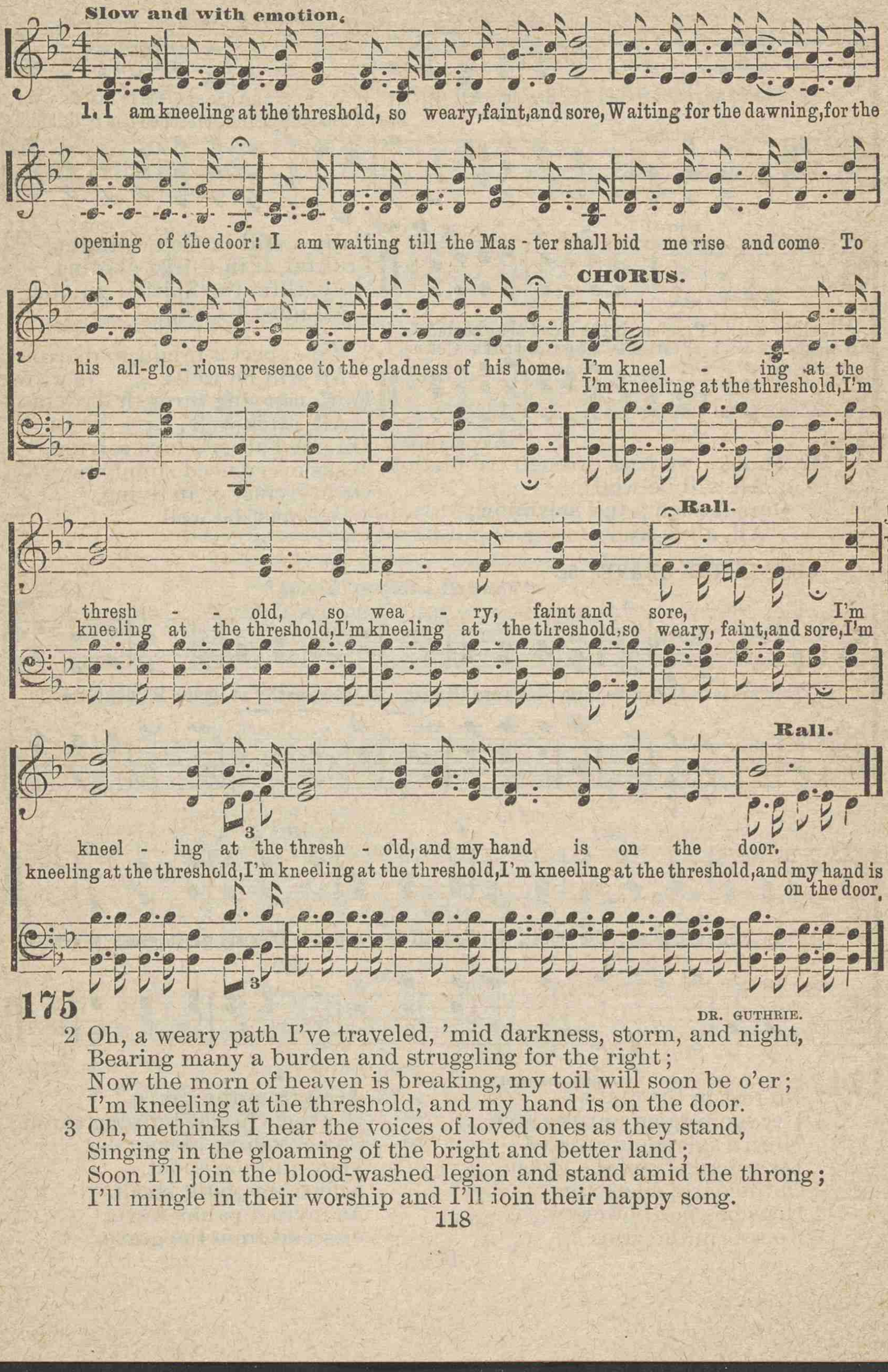
CHARLES BEACHER.

174 2 No rest in the grave—
Heaven's dawn purples fast,
Morn's splendors are cast
Like shafts thro' the gloom
Of the dark, silent tomb;
Heaven's fair bowers wave—
No rest in the grave?

3 Arise from the grave!
Heaven's bright burning throng
Come rushing along;
They gird me about,
And triumphant shout,
As myriad palms wave,
"Ascend from the grave."

AT THE THRESHOLD.

"A door was open in Heaven." W. A. OGDEN.



By permission of W. W. WHITNEY.

175 DR. GUTHRIE.

2 Oh, a weary path I've traveled, 'mid darkness, storm, and night,
Bearing many a burden and struggling for the right;
Now the morn of heaven is breaking, my toil will soon be o'er;
I'm kneeling at the threshold, and my hand is on the door.

3 Oh, methinks I hear the voices of loved ones as they stand,
Singing in the gloaming of the bright and better land;
Soon I'll join the blood-washed legion and stand amid the throng;
I'll mingle in their worship and I'll join their happy song.

A THOUSAND YEARS. 9s & 8s. D.

"They reigned with Christ."

HENRY C. WORK.

176

L. H. JAMESON.

2 Be of good cheer, earth's night of sorrow
Shortly will close, with all its fears;
Then shall arise the glorious morrow,
The reign with Christ a thousand years!
To reign a thousand years with Jesus
More than requites for all our tears;
This is the sure and gracious promise,
To reign with Christ a thousand years!

3 Be of good cheer; time's painful conflicts
All will be done when Christ appears;
Then will begin the glorious era,
The reign with Christ a thousand years!
To reign a thousand years with Jesus,
Far from the tempter's lures and snares;
With the redeemed of every nation,
To reign with Christ a thousand years!

4 Be of good cheer; ten thousand ages,
Perfect in bliss, and free from tears,
Soon will begin their glorious cycle,
Reigning with Christ a thousand years!
Ten thousand times ten thousand ages,
Freedom from sin, and death, and tears,
What an eternal weight of glory
Comes with that reign of a thousand years!

HOPE, REST AND HOME.

EVERGREEN SHORE. "*The land is as the garden of Eden.*" T. C. O'KANE.

177

SAMUEL STENNETT.

2 Oh the transporting, rapturous scene
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight!

3 All o'er these wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God, the Sun, forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

4 When shall I reach that happy place
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in His bosom rest?

5 Fill'd with delight, my raptur'd soul
Would here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

EXHORTATION. C. M.

On Jor - dan's storm - y banks I stand, And cast . a wish - ful eye,

To Ca - naan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie,

To Ca - naan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie,

To Ca - naan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie,

To Canaan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie, ...

lie, To Ca - naan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie.

land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie, Where my pos - ses - sions lie.

my possessions lie, ... Where my pos - ses - sions lie.

..... To Ca - naan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie.

HOUSTON. C. M.

:S:

On Jor - dan's storm - y banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye To

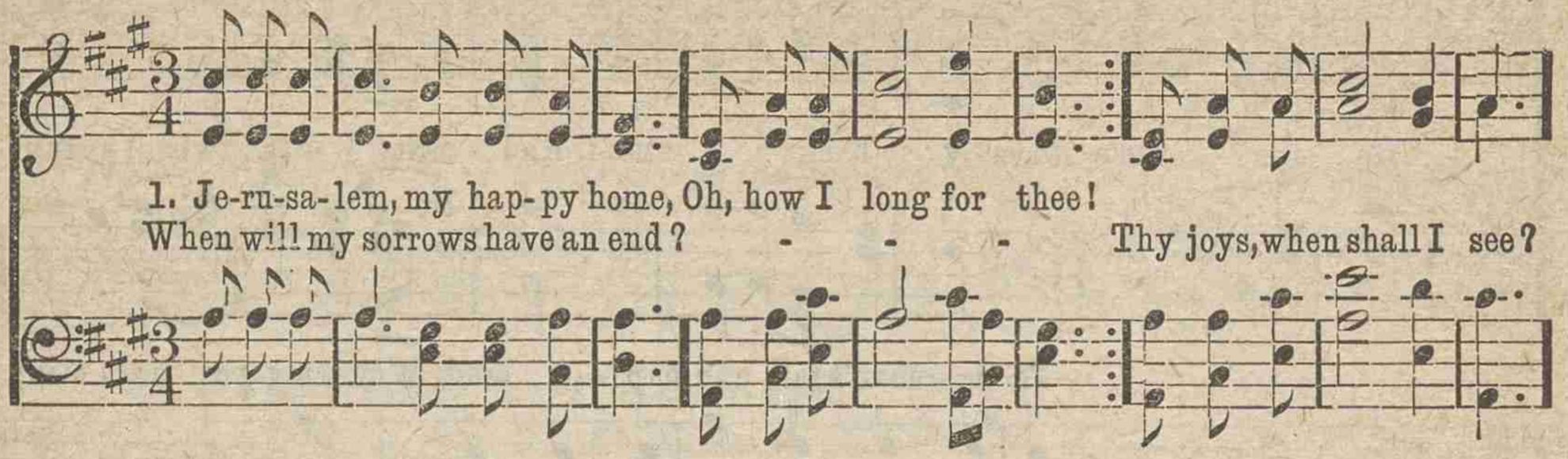
D. S. There'll be no sor-row-ing there; In

Fine. CHORUS. D.S.

Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my poss ess-ions lie, There'll be no sorrowing there.

heaven a-bove, where all is love, There'll be no sorrowing there.

GOING HOME. C. M. *"The holy Jerusalem descending."*



178 UNKNOWN.

2 Thy walls are all of precious stones,
Most glorious to behold!
Thy gates are richly set with pearl,
Thy streets are paved with gold.

3 Thy gardens and thy pleasant greens
My study long have been;
Such sparkling gems by human sight
Have never yet been seen.

4 If heaven be thus glorious, Lord,
Why should I stay from thence?
What folly 'tis that I should dread
To die and go from hence!

5 Reach down, reach down thine arms
And cause me to ascend [of grace,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths never end.

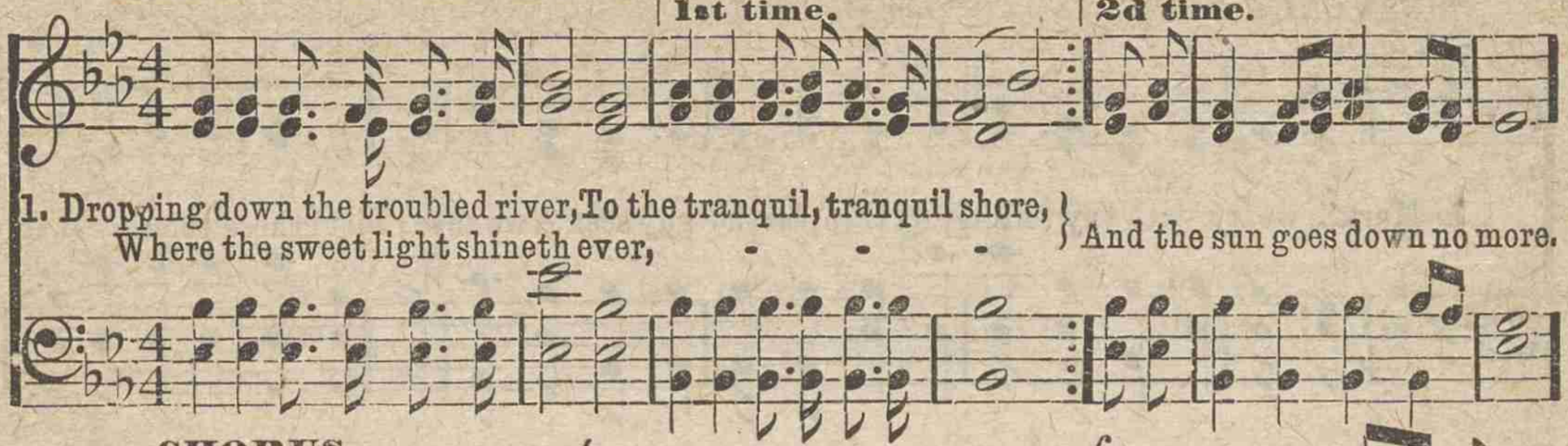
6 Jesus, my Lord, to glory's gone;
Him will I go and see;
And all my brethren here below
Will soon come after me.

RIVERBANK. C. M.

BEAUTIFUL RIVER. 8s & 7s.

"He showed me a pure river."

R. LOWRY.



1. Dropping down the troubled river, To the tranquil, tranquil shore,
Where the sweet light shineth ever, - - - } And the sun goes down no more.

179

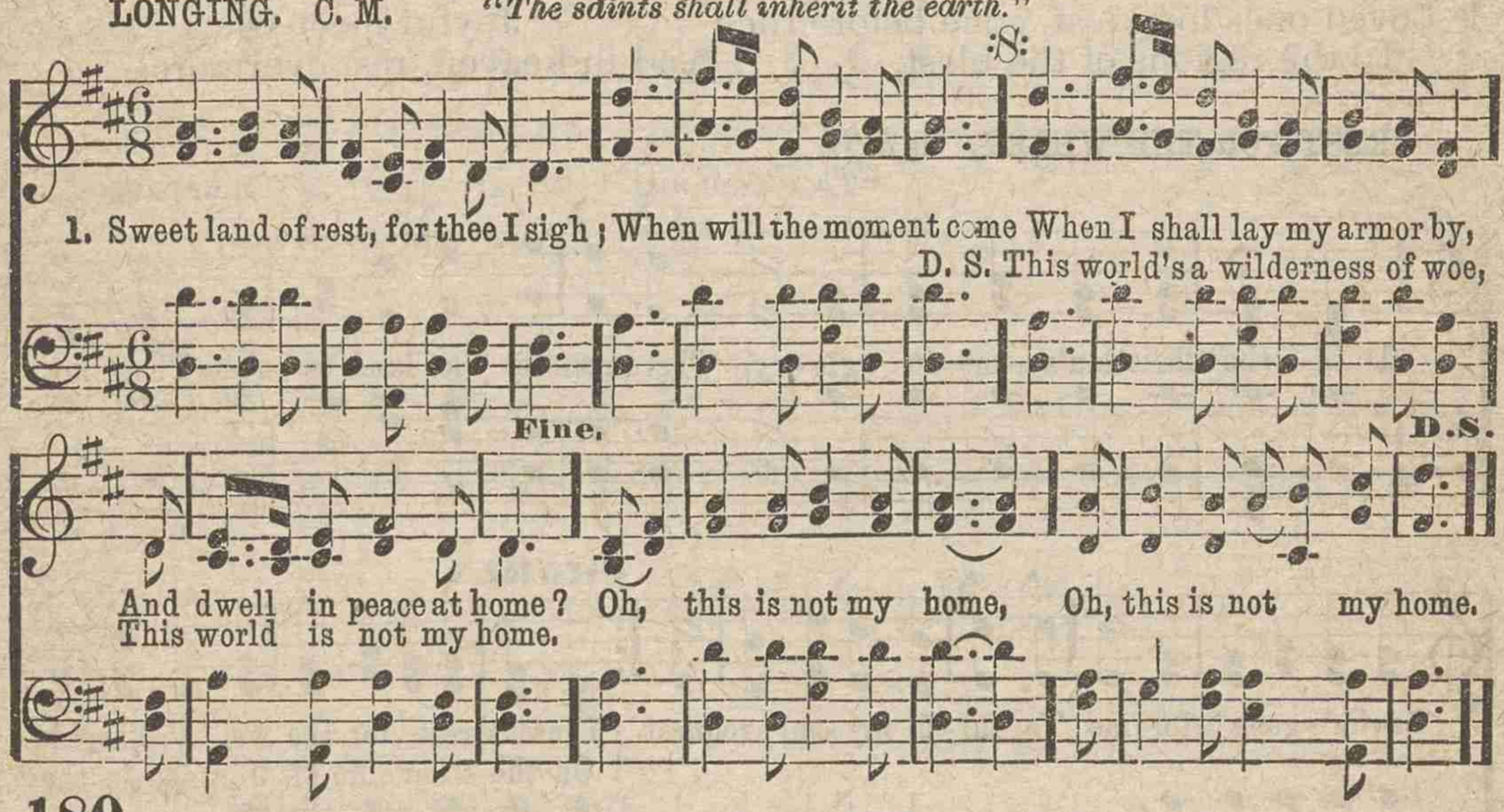
UNKNOWN.

2 Dropping down the winding river
To the wide and welcome sea,
Where no tempest wrecketh ever,
Where the sky is fair and free.

3 Dropping down the rapid river,
To the dear and deathless land,
Where the living live forever
At the Father's own right hand.

LONGING. C. M.

"The saints shall inherit the earth."



180

UNKNOWN.

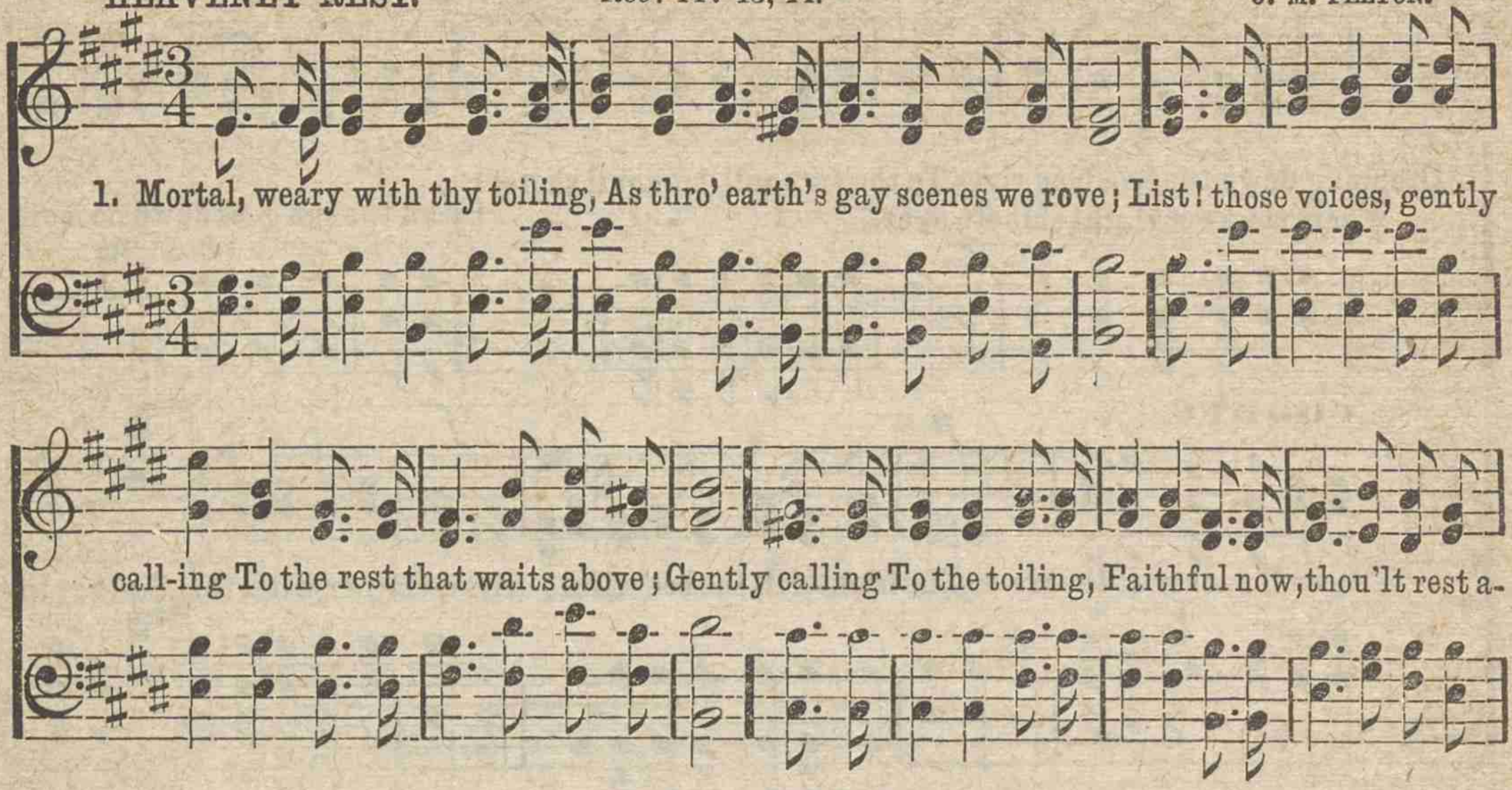
2 No tranquil joy on earth I know,
No peaceful, sheltering dome;
This world's a wilderness of woe,
This world is not my home.

3 Weary of wandering round and round
This vale of sin and gloom,
I long to quit the unhallowed ground,
And dwell with Christ at home.

HEAVENLY REST.

Rev. 14: 13, 14.

J. M. PELTON.



Smiling now, are whispering o'er thee;
Soon thou'lt find thy looked for rest:
Whispering o'er thee,
Gone before thee!
Bravely toil, in heaven thou'lt rest.

3 Loved ones, yes, we hope to meet you
After life's last work is o'er;
Hope in peace and joy to greet you,
Where peace reigns for evermore:
Hope to greet you,
Joyful meet you,
And in heaven, rest evermore.

181

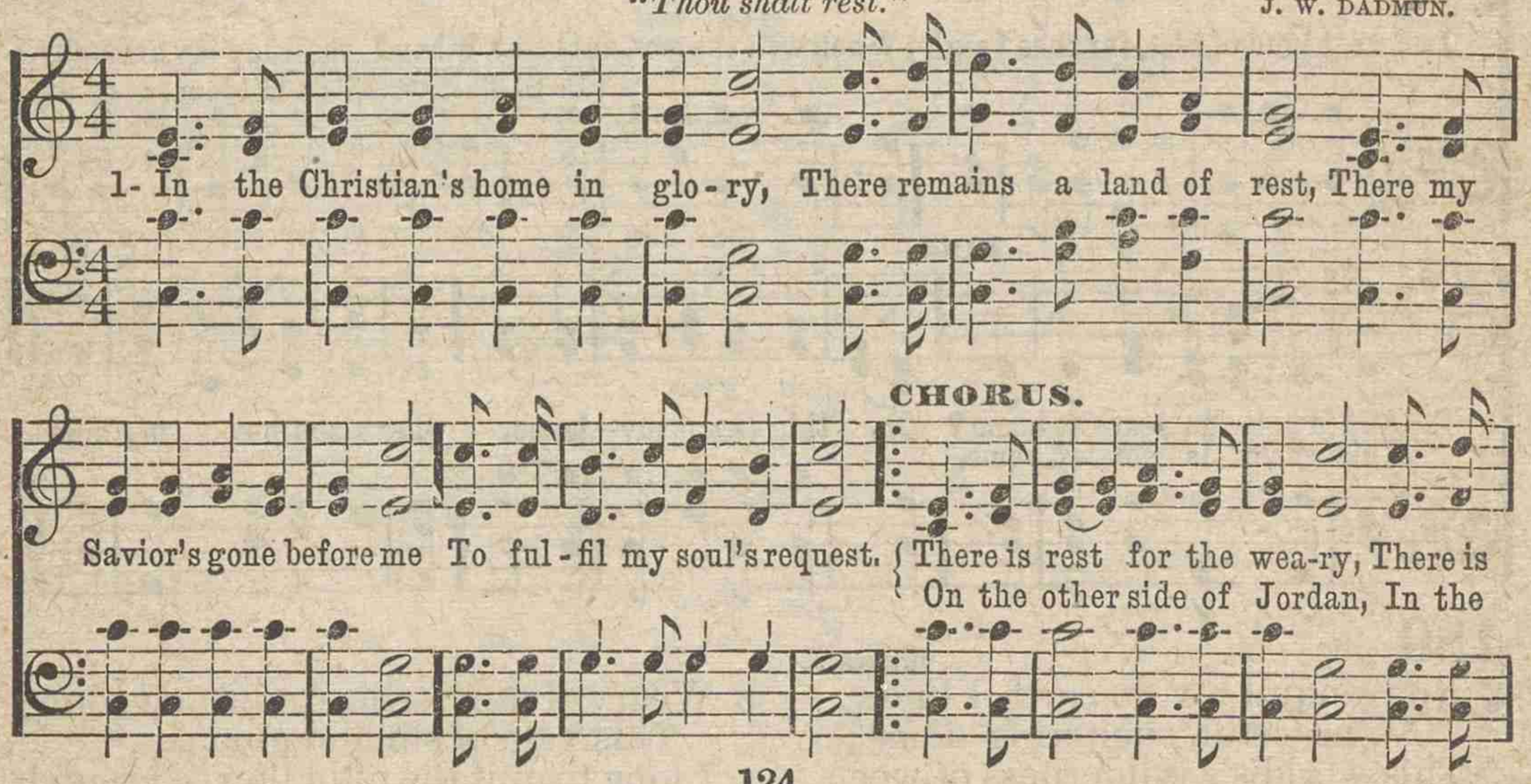
UNKNOWN.

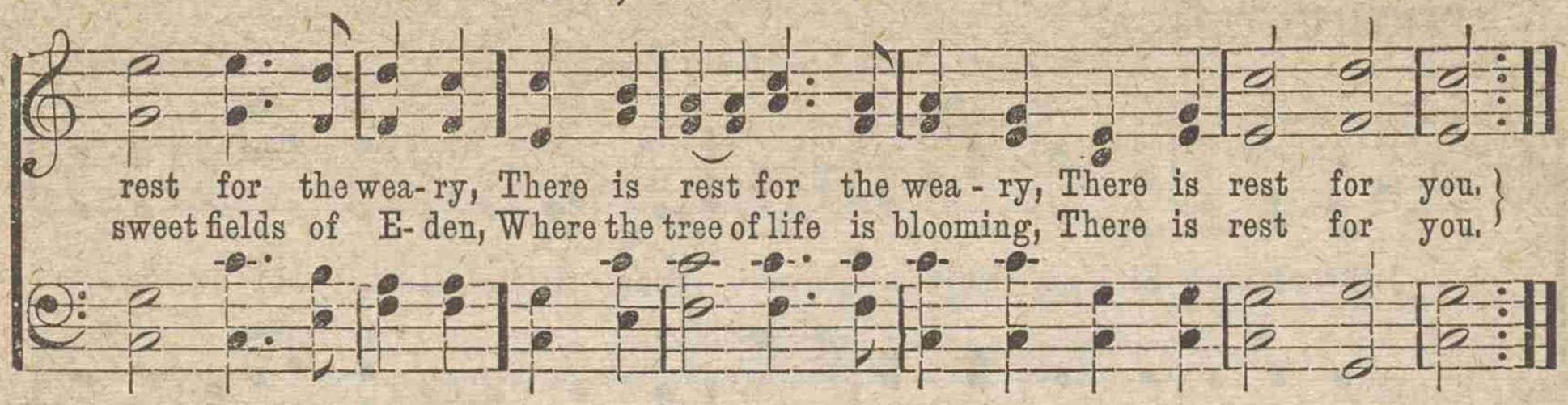
2 Loved ones long lost, gone before thee
To the regions of the blest,

REST FOR THE WEARY. 8s & 7s.

"Thou shalt rest."

J. W. DADMUN.





182

S. Y. HARMER.

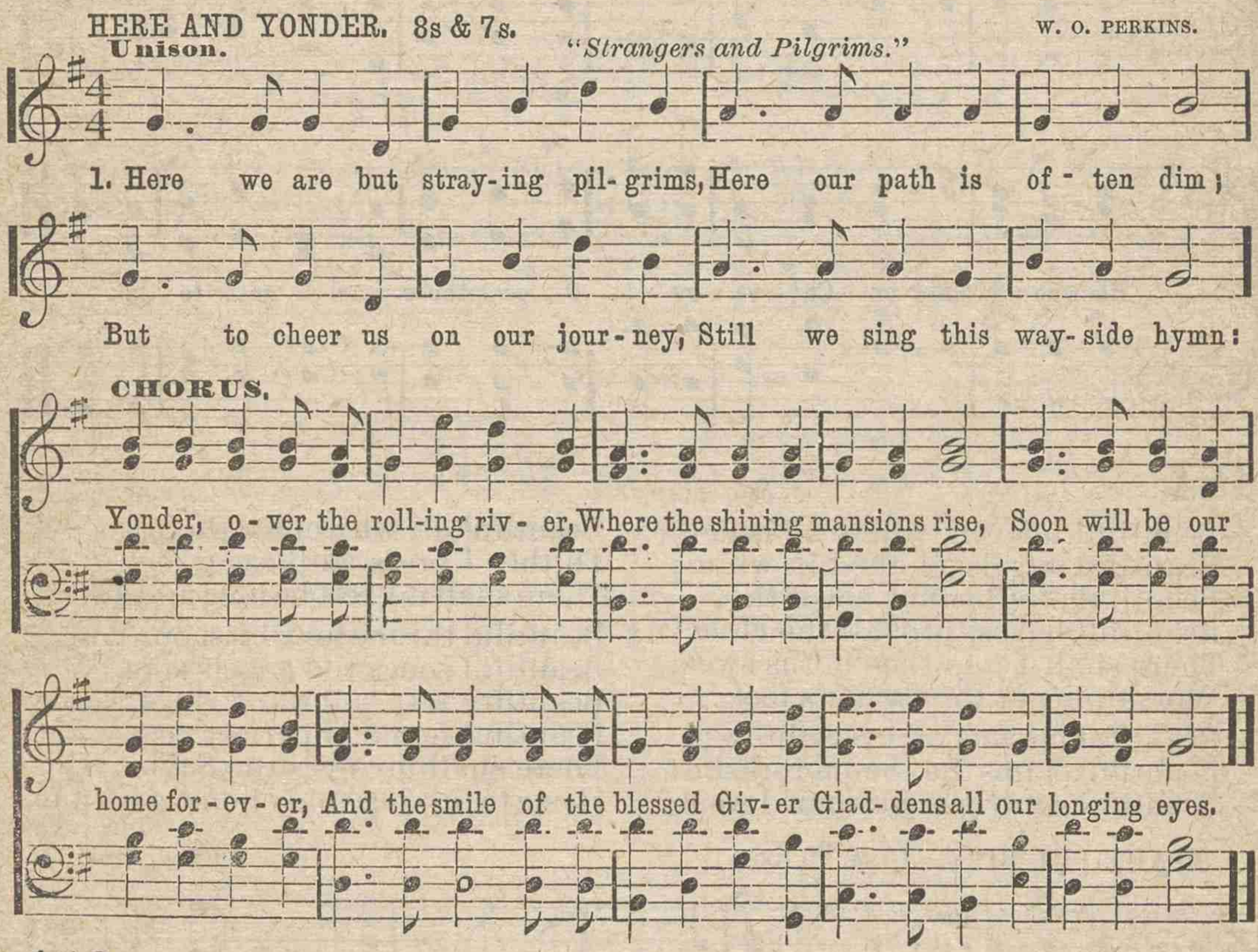
2 He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand,
For my stay shall not be transient,
In that holy happy land.

3 Pain nor sickness ne'er shall enter,
Grief nor woe my lot shall share,
But in that celestial center,
I a crown of life shall wear.

4 Death itself shall then be vanquished,
And his sting shall be withdrawn;
Shout for gladness, O ye ransomed!
Hail with joy the rising morn.

HERE AND YONDER. 8s & 7s.

W. O. PERKINS.



183

2 Here our feet are often weary,
On the hills that throng our way;
Here the tempest darkly gathers,
But our hearts within us say—

3 Here our souls are often fearful
Of the pilgrim's lurking foe;
But the Lord is our defender,
And he tells us we may know.

4 Here, our shadowed homes are tran-[-sient,
And we meet the stranger's frown;
So we'll sing with joy while going,
E'en to death's dark billow down—

BEAUTIFUL ZION. 8s.

"Ye are come unto Mount Zion."

WM. B. BRADBURY.

184

GEO. GILL.

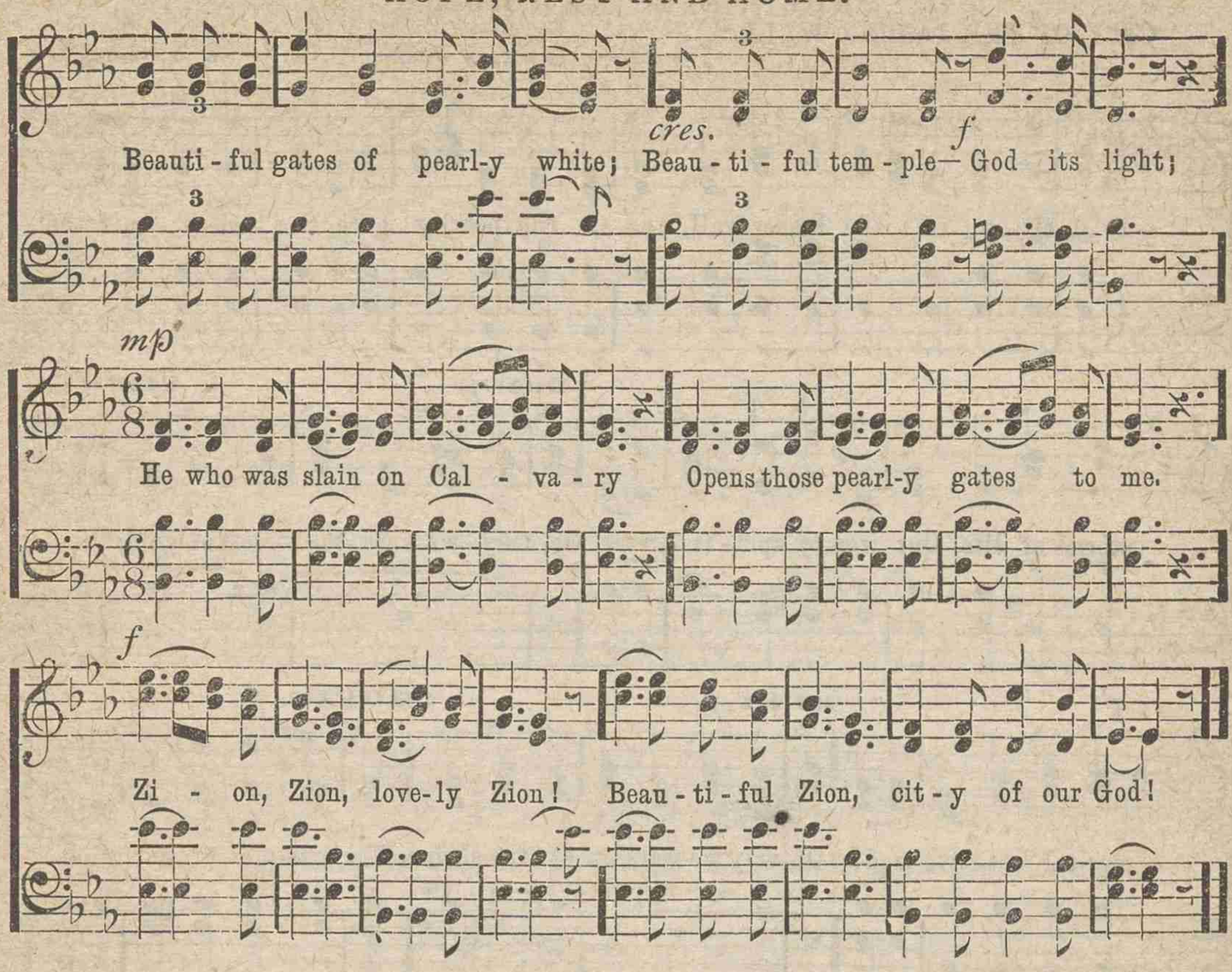
2 Beautiful heaven, where all is light;
Beautiful angels, clothed in white;
Beautiful strains that never tire,
Beautiful harps thro' all the choir;
There shall I join the chorus sweet,
Worshiping at the Savior's feet.

3 Beautiful crowns on every brow;
Beautiful palms the conquerors show,
Beautiful robes the ransomed wear,
Beautiful all who enter there!
Thither I press with eager feet,
There shall my rest be long and sweet.

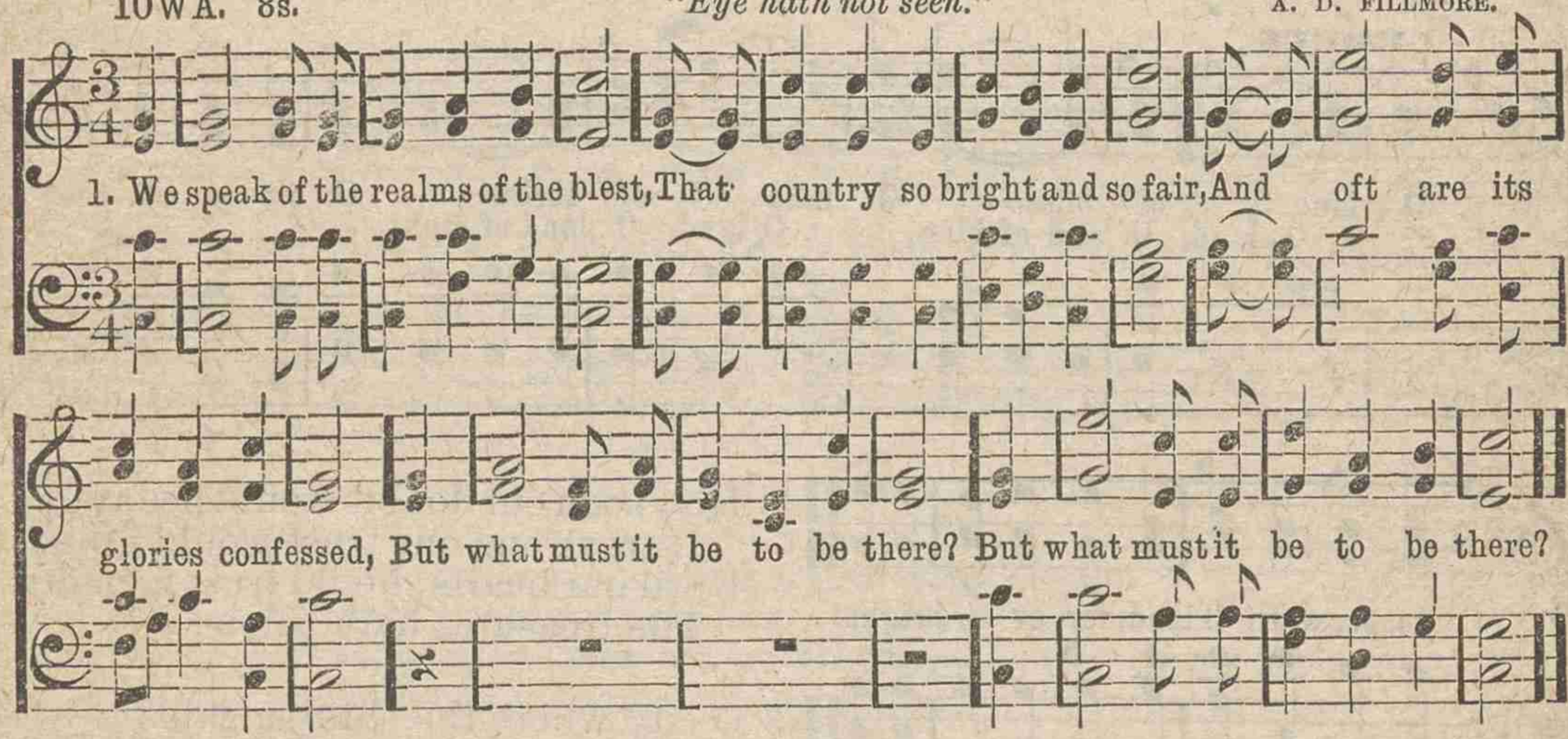
4 Beautiful throne for Christ our King,
Beautiful songs the angels sing,
Beautiful rest—all wand'rings cease,
Beautiful home of perfect peace;
There shall my eyes the Savior see:
Haste to this heavenly home with me.

BEAUTIFUL CITY. L. M. 6 lines.

THOS. J. COOK.



IOWA. 8s. *"Eye hath not seen."* A. D. FILLMORE.



185 MRS. E. MILLS.

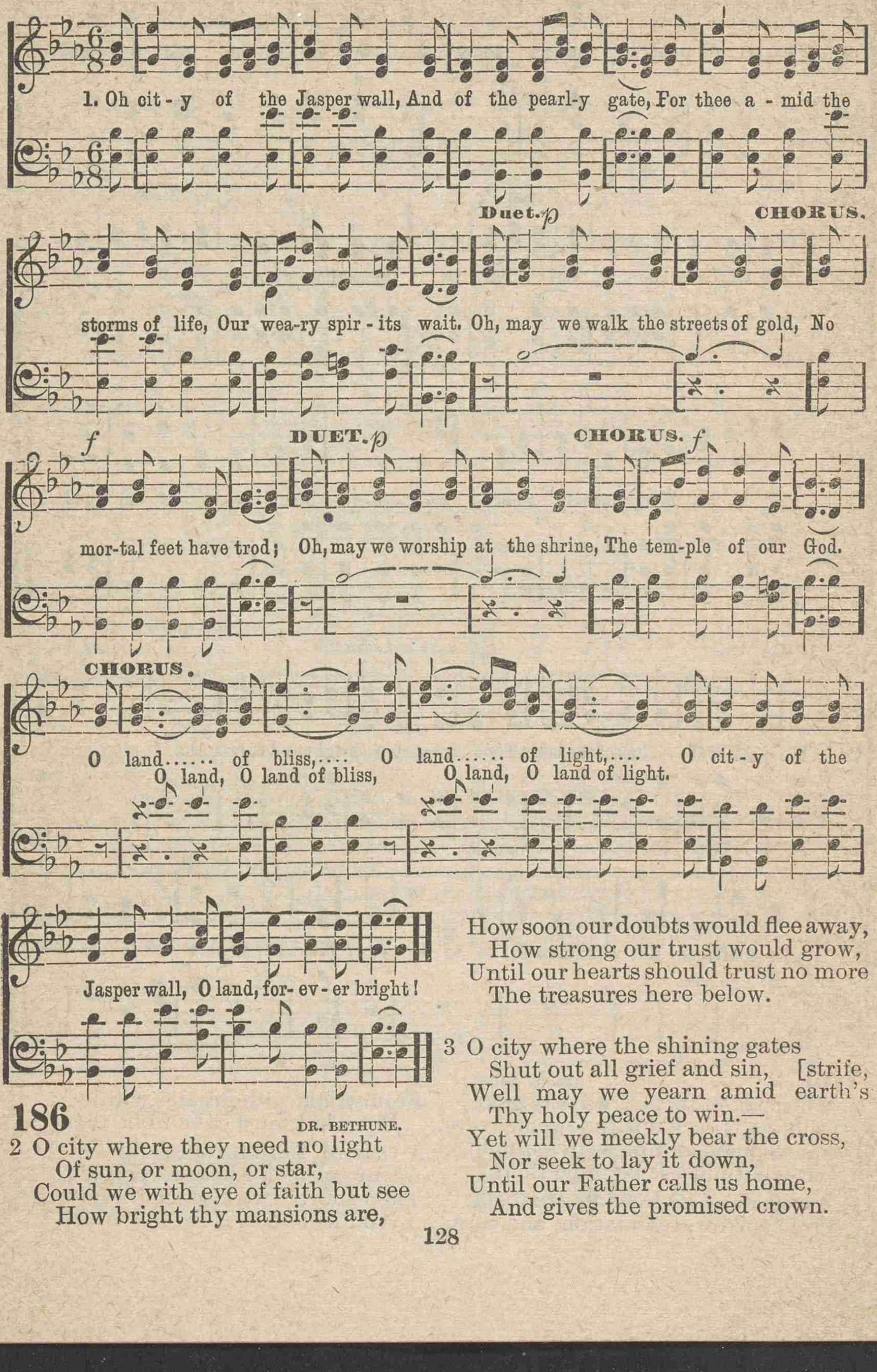
2 We speak of its pathways of gold,
Of its walls deck'd with jewels so rare,
Of its wonders and pleasures untold,
But what must it be to be there?

3 We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials without and within,
But what must it be to be there?

4 O Lord, in this valley of woe,
Our spirits for heaven prepare;
Then shortly we also shall know
And feel what it is to be there.

CITY OF THE JASPER WALL.

"The wall of it was of Jasper." W. A. OGDEN.



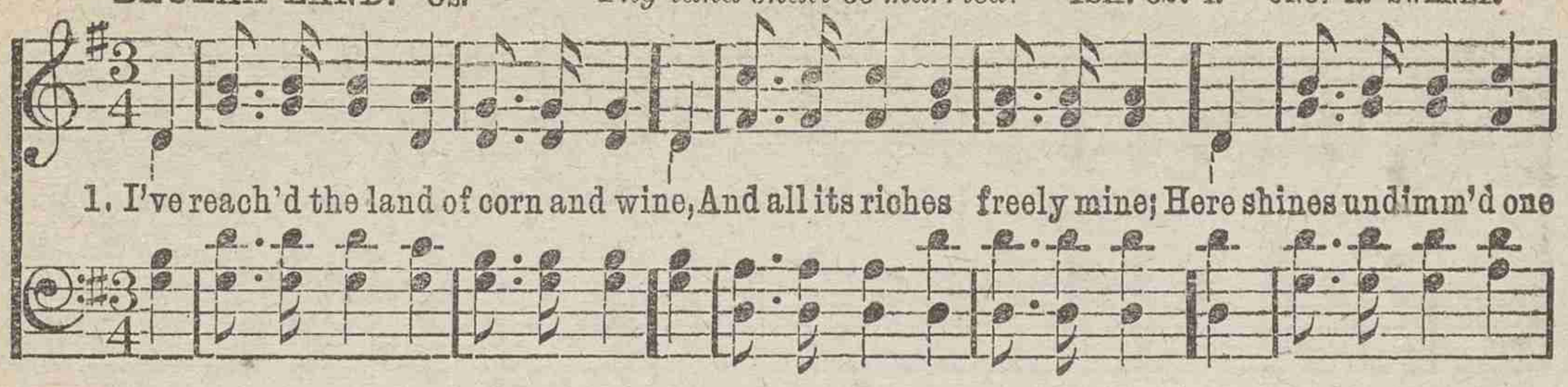
186 DR. BETHUNE.

2 O city where they need no light
Of sun, or moon, or star,
Could we with eye of faith but see
How bright thy mansions are,
How soon our doubts would flee away,
How strong our trust would grow,
Until our hearts should trust no more
The treasures here below.

3 O city where the shining gates
Shut out all grief and sin, [strife,
Well may we yearn amid earth's
Thy holy peace to win.—
Yet will we meekly bear the cross,
Nor seek to lay it down,
Until our Father calls us home,
And gives the promised crown.

BEULAH LAND. 8s.

"*Thy land shall be married.*" ISA. 62: 4. JNO. R. SWENEY.



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187

EDGAR PAGE.

2 My Savior comes and walks with me,
And sweet communion here have we;
He gently leads me by His hand,
For this is heaven's border-land.

3 A sweet perfume upon the breeze
Is borne from ever-vernal trees,
And flowers that, never fading, grow
Where streams of life forever flow.

4 The zephyrs seem to float to me
Sweet sounds of heaven's melody,
As angels with the white-robed throng,
Join in the sweet redemption song.

SUMMER-LAND. 12s, 10 & 7.

JOEL 3 : 18. DR. A. B. EVERETT.

REFRAIN.

By permission.

188

MRS. M. B. C. SLADE.

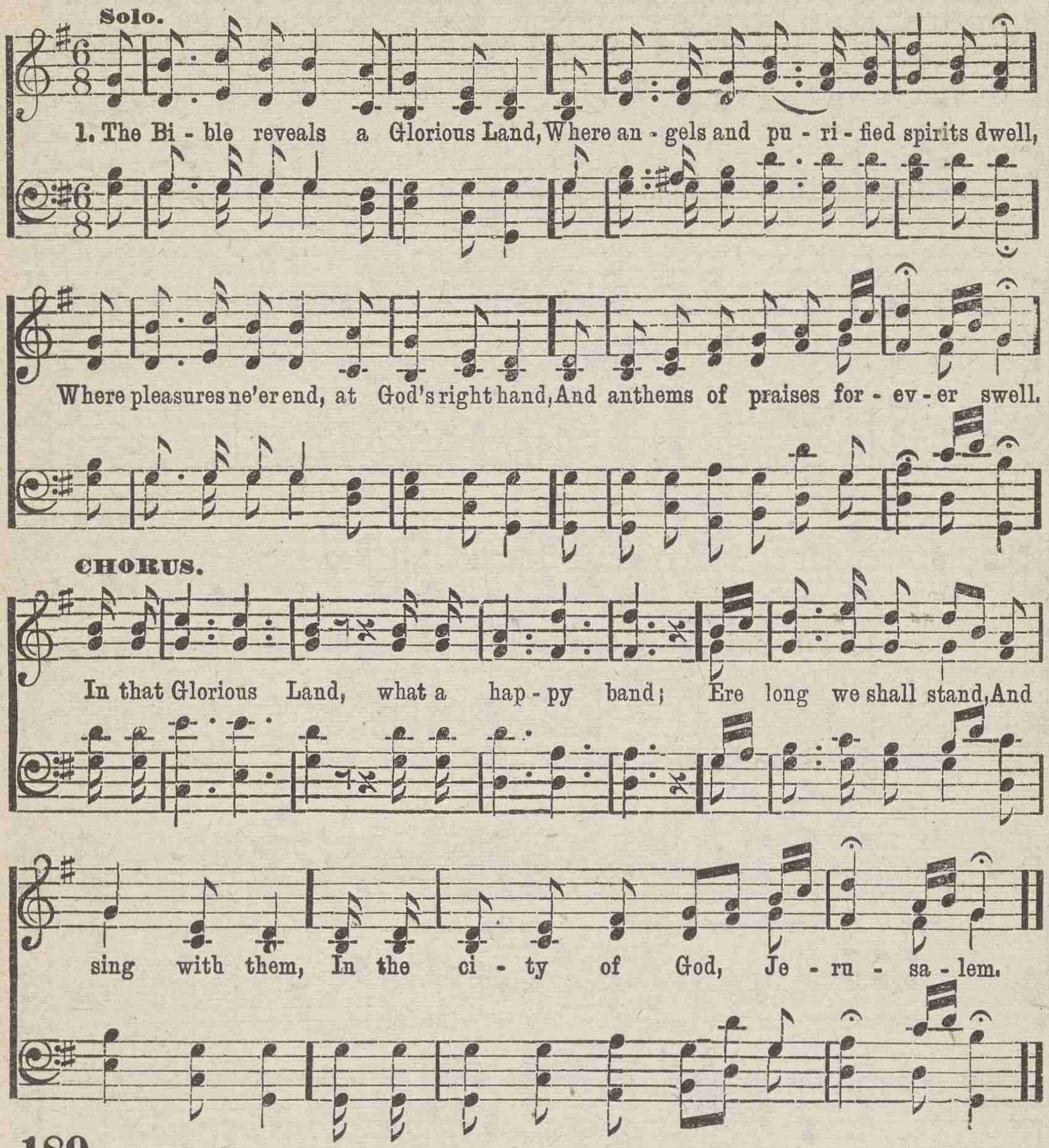
2 Beyond this land of toiling, sowing, and reaping,
Far beyond the shadows, darkening this,
And far beyond the sighing, moaning, and weeping,
Lies the summer-land of bliss.

3 Beyond this land of sinning, fainting, and falling,
Far beyond the doubtings, darkening this,
And far beyond the griefs and dangers befalling,
Lies the summer-land of bliss.

4 Beyond this land of waiting, seeking, and sighing;
Far beyond the sorrows, darkening this,
And far beyond the pain and sickness and dying,
Lies the summer-land of bliss.

THE GLORIOUS LAND. 9s & 10s.

DAN. 11 : 16, 41. A. D. FILLMORE.



189

2 Outgushing beneath the throne of God,
And of the blest Lamb at his right hand,
Thence runneth the crystal stream of life,
A fountain of joy in that Glorious Land.

3 In th' midst of the street on either side,
The tree of life, arching the way, o'ershades,
With health-giving foliage far and wide—
No sickness this Glorious Land invades.

4 Twelve manner of fruits hang pendant there,
And they who partake shall never die:
With Jesus they dwell. and ever share
The joys of that Glorious Land on high.

WE SHALL SEE HIM. HOPE, REST AND HOME.

I JOHN 3: 2. T. C. O'KANE.

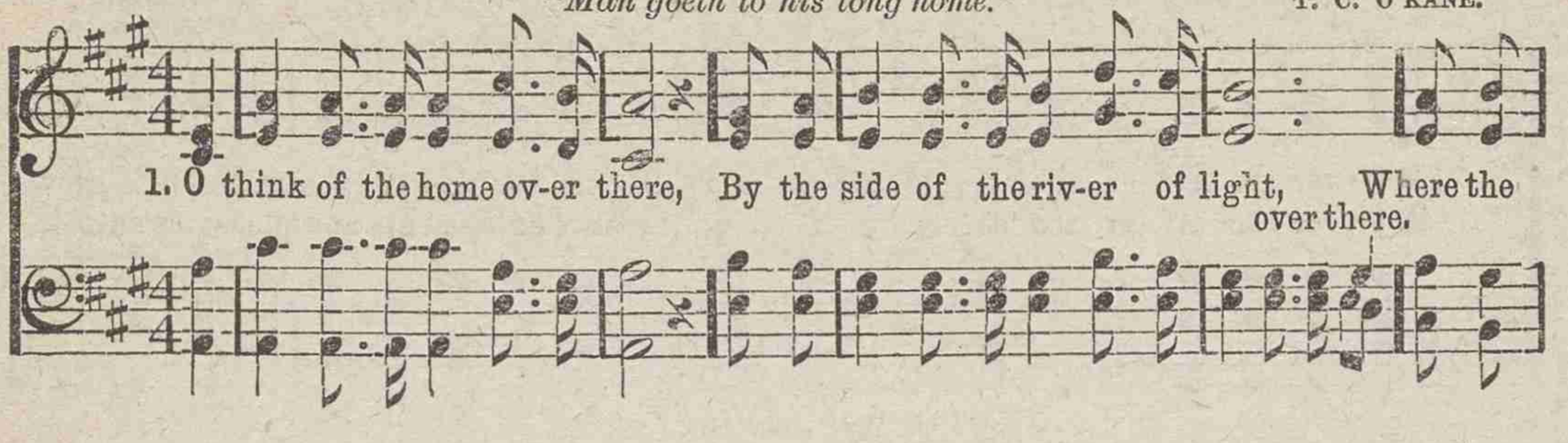
190 T. C. O'KANE.

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

3 When the joys of life are over,
Which so quickly pass away;
When the mingled cloud and sunshine
Break into the perfect day;
When the resurrection morning
Brings us everlasting bliss,
Then we'll hail our dear Redeemer—
"We shall see Him as he is."

OVER THERE. 8s. & 9s.

"*Man goeth to his long home.*" T. C. O'KANE.



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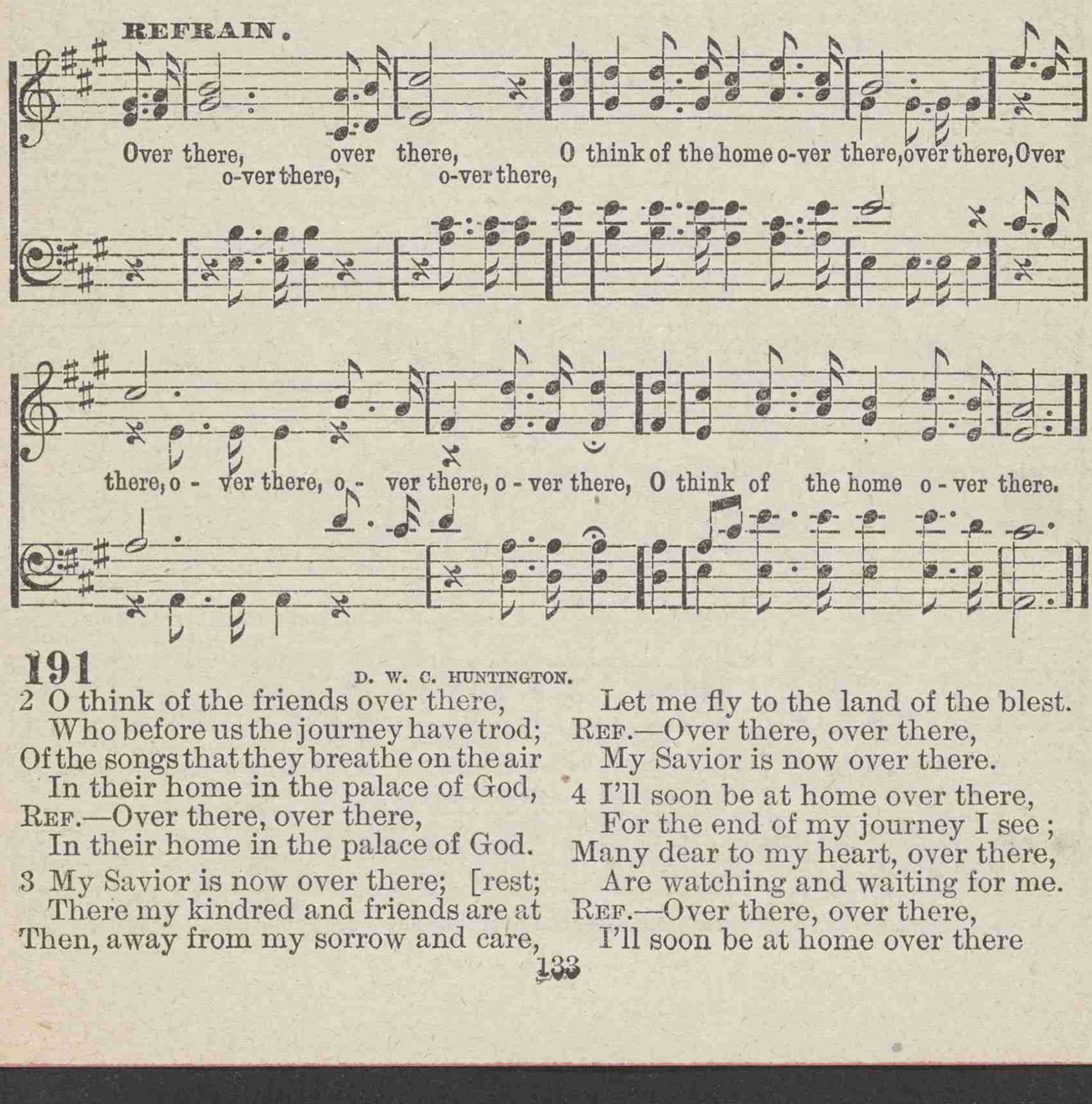


191 D. W. C. HUNTINGTON.

2 O 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,
REF.—Over there, over there,
In their home in the palace of God.

3 My Savior 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.
REF.—Over there, over there,
My Savior is now over there.

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

OVER THE RIVER.

AMOS. 5: 8. T. W. HUBBARD.

192 UNKNOWN.

3 There every tear shall be wiped from our eyes,
There, where the sunlight of glory ne'er dies;
Lighting forever those fair upper skies,
Eden's glad plains to adorn.
Over the river, fair kingdom of light,
There heaven's mansions forever are bright;
Over the river there cometh no night,
Long is eternity's morn.

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

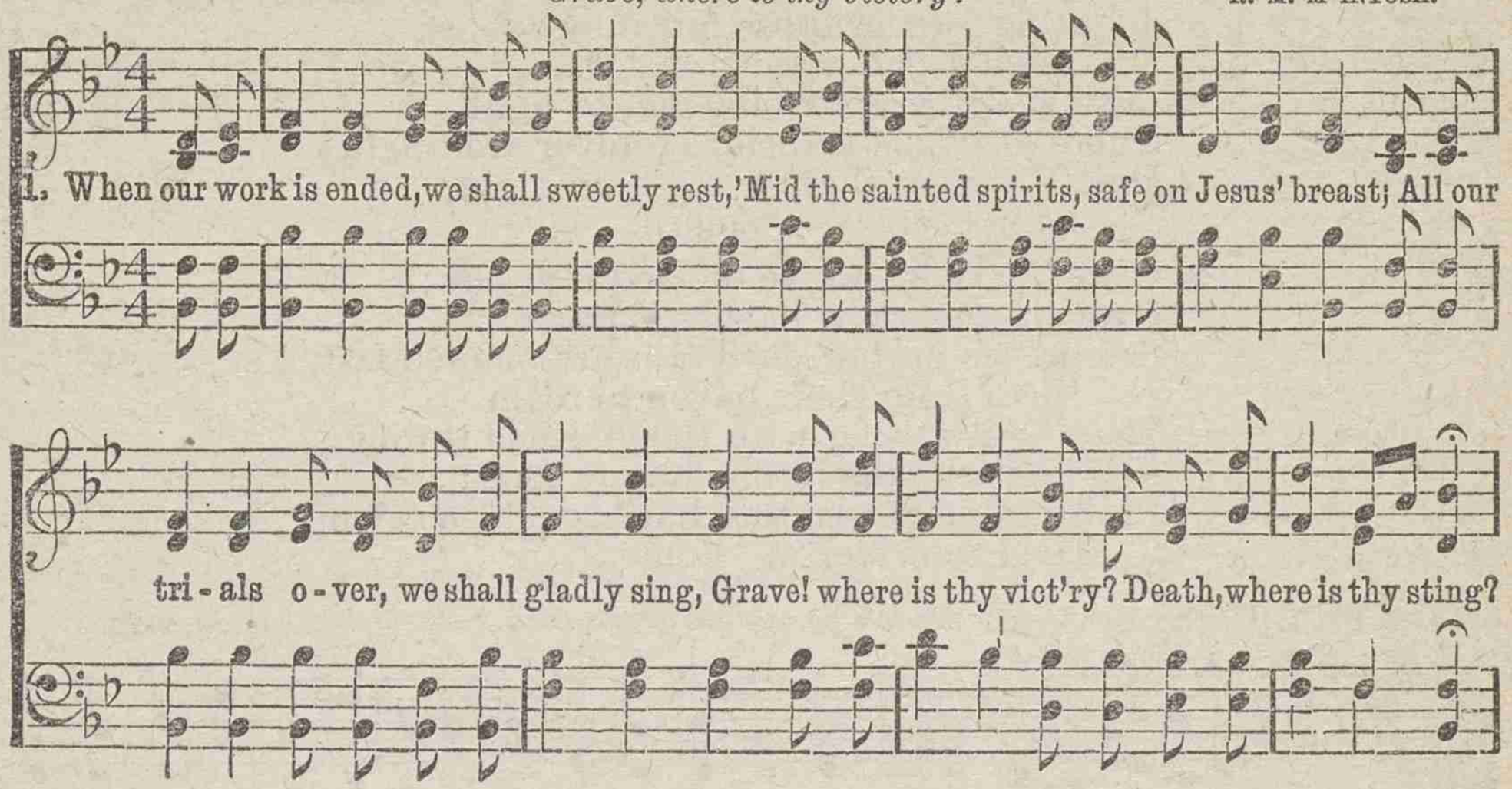
193 I'M GOING.

"Man's goings are of the Lord." J. M. EVANS.

LET US PASS OVER THE RIVER.

"Grave, where is thy victory?"

R. M. McINTOSH.



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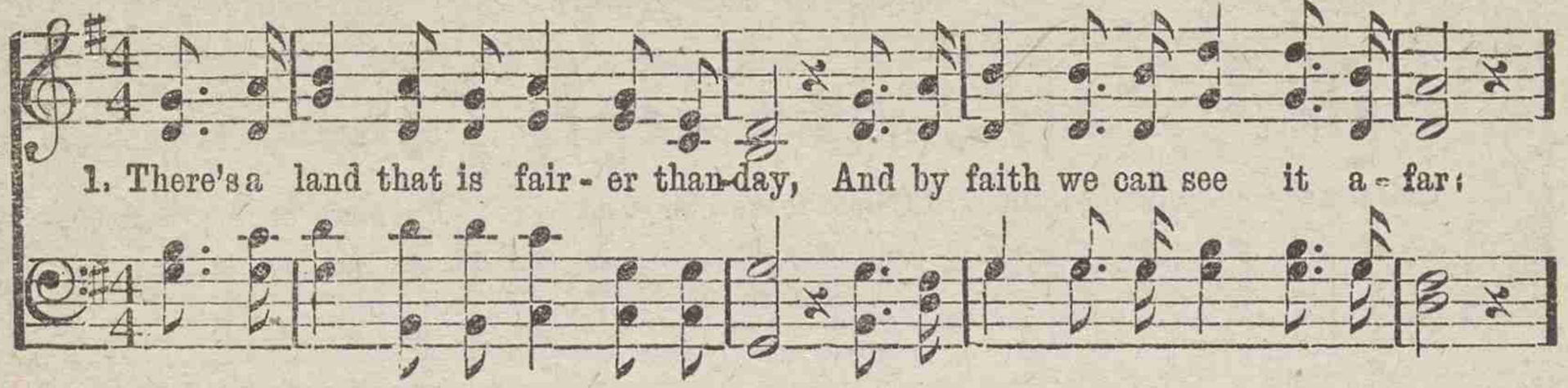
KATE CAMERON.

2 Earth hath many sorrows, but they cannot last,
And our greatest troubles quickly will be past;
If we look to Jesus, he will give us strength;
By His grace we shall be conquerors at length.

3 When the storm is over, sweet will be the calm,
After life's long battle, bright the victor's palm:
And the cross of anguish which now weighs us down,
We'll exchange in Heaven for a shining crown.

SWEET BY-AND-BY.

"I go to prepare a place for you." JOS. P. WEBSTER.



CHORUS.

195

S. F. BENNET.

2 We shall sing on that beautiful shore,
The melodious songs of the blest,
And our spirits shall sorrow no more,
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.

3 To our bountiful Father above,
We will offer our tribute of praise,
For the glorious gift of His love,
And the blessings that hallow our days.

ONE SWEETLY SOLEMN THOUGHT.

"Now they desire a better country." PHILIP PHILLIPS.

196

MISS PHŒBE CARY.

2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be; [day,
I'm nearer the great white throne to-
Nearer the crystal sea.

3 Nearer the bound of life,
Where burdens are laid down;
I'm nearer the time to leave, to-day,
The cross, and wear the crown.

4 Be near me when my feet
Are slipping o'er the brink;
For nearer my home, to-day, to-day,
Perhaps, than now I think.

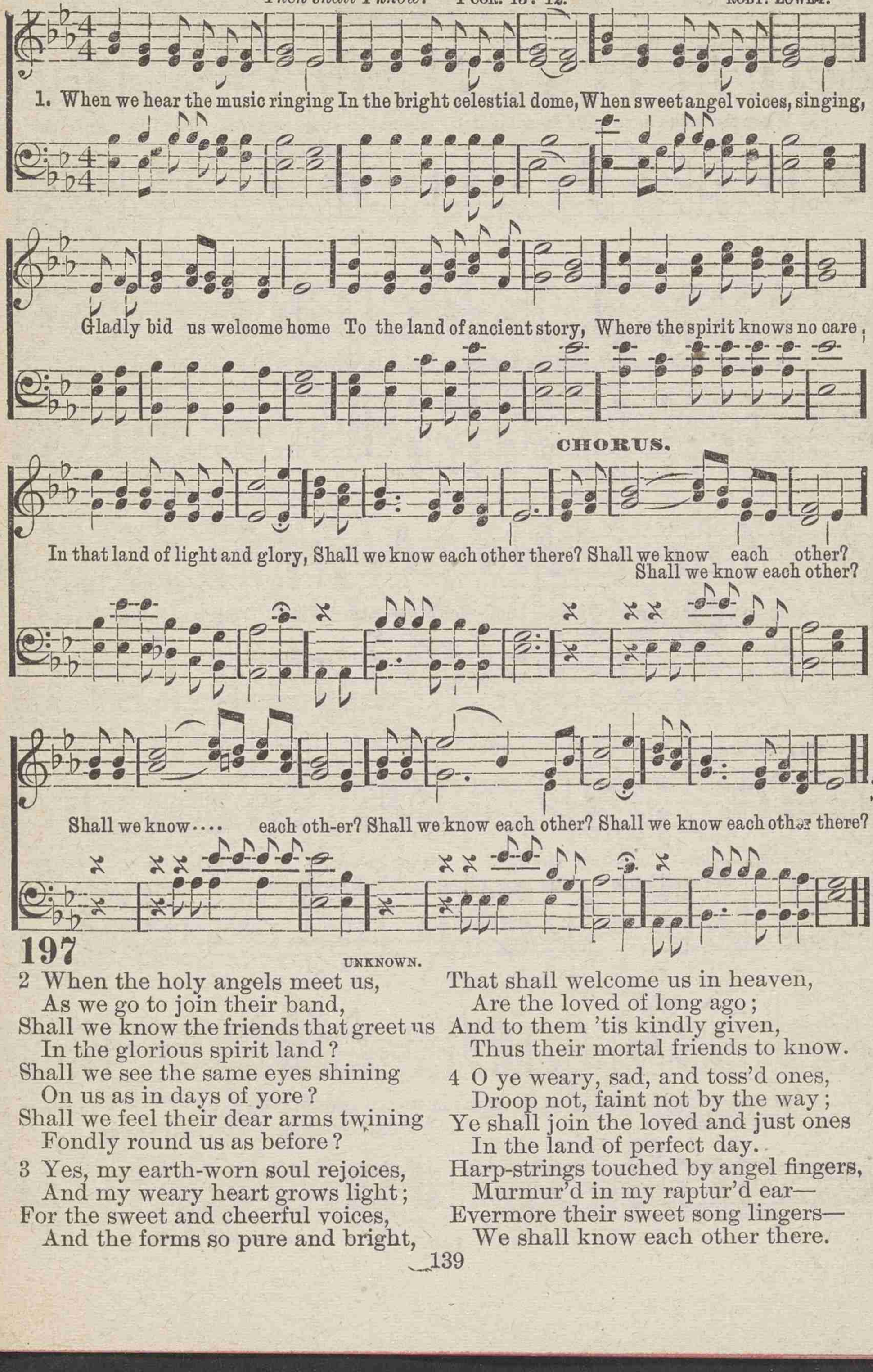
5 Father, perfect my trust;
My feeble frame support;
O keep me beneath thy care, to-day,
My trembling hope sustain.

A SOLEMN THOUGHT.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

SHALL WE KNOW? 8s & 7s. D.

"Then shall I know." 1 COR. 13: 12. ROBT. LOWRY.



By permission.

197 UNKNOWN.

2 When the holy angels meet us,
As we go to join their band,
Shall we know the friends that greet us
In the glorious spirit land?
Shall we see the same eyes shining
On us as in days of yore?
Shall we feel their dear arms twining
Fondly round us as before?

3 Yes, my earth-worn soul rejoices,
And my weary heart grows light;
For the sweet and cheerful voices,
And the forms so pure and bright,
That shall welcome us in heaven,
Are the loved of long ago;
And to them 'tis kindly given,
Thus their mortal friends to know.

4 O ye weary, sad, and toss'd ones,
Droop not, faint not by the way;
Ye shall join the loved and just ones
In the land of perfect day.
Harp-strings touched by angel fingers,
Murmur'd in my raptur'd ear—
Evermore their sweet song lingers—
We shall know each other there.

WE SHALL KNOW. 8s & 7s. D.

"Even as also I am known." J. H. ANDERSON.

1. When the mists have roll'd in splen-dor From the sum- mit of the hills, And the sunshine, warm and tender, Falls in kiss-es on the rills, We may read love's shining letter In the rain-bow of the spray; We shall know each other better When the mists have clear'd away.

CHORUS.

We shall know as we are known---- Never more---- to walk a- lone, In the dawn - ing of the morning, When the mists.... have clear'd away; In the

We shall know as we are known, Nevermore to walk alone, In the dawning When the mists have clear'd away;

198

ANNIE HERBERT.

2 If we err in human blindness,
And forget that we are dust;
If we miss the law of kindness
When we struggle to be just,
Snowy wings of love shall cover
All the faults that hide away,
When the weary watch is over,
And the mists have clear'd away.

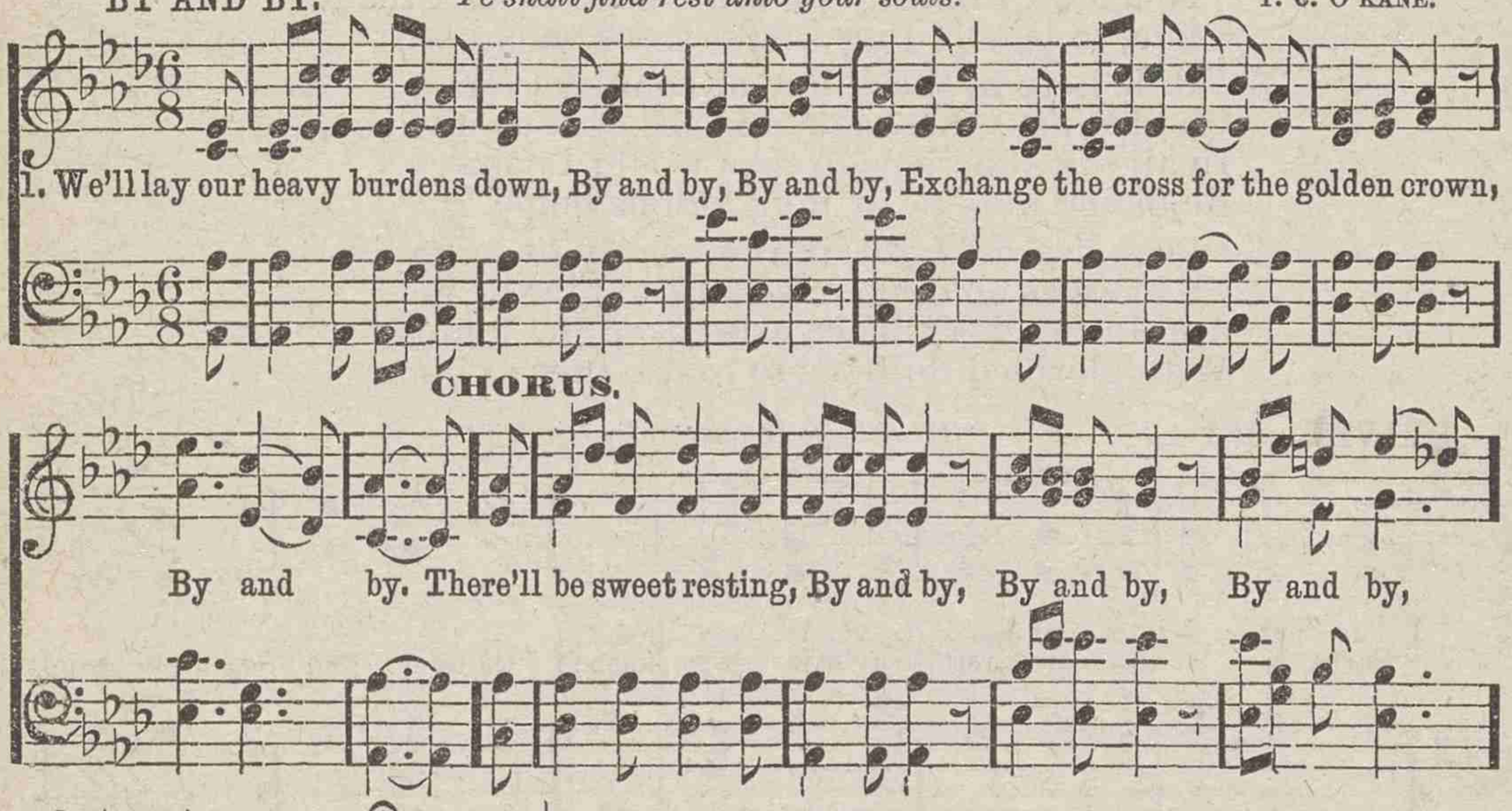
3 When the mists have ris'n above us,
As our Father knows His own,
Face to face with those that love us,
We shall know as we are known;
Lo! beyond the orient meadows
Floats the golden fringe of day;
Heart to heart, we bide the shadows
Till the mists have clear'd away.

4 When the silv'ry mists have veil'd us
From the faces of our own,
Oft we think their love has fail'd us,
And we tread our path alone;
We should love them well and truly,
We should trust them day by day;
Neither hate nor love unduly,
If the mists were clear'd away.

BY AND BY.

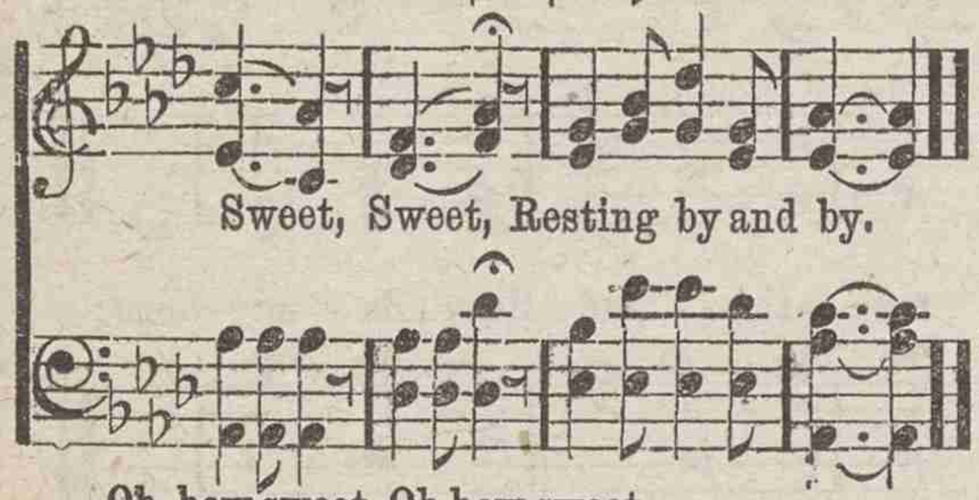
"Ye shall find rest unto your souls."

T. C. O'KANE.



199

E. A. HOFFMAN.



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

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

HOPE, REST AND HOME.

HOME. 11s. *"Your reward is great in Heaven."* H. R. BISHOP.

200 DAVID DENHAM.

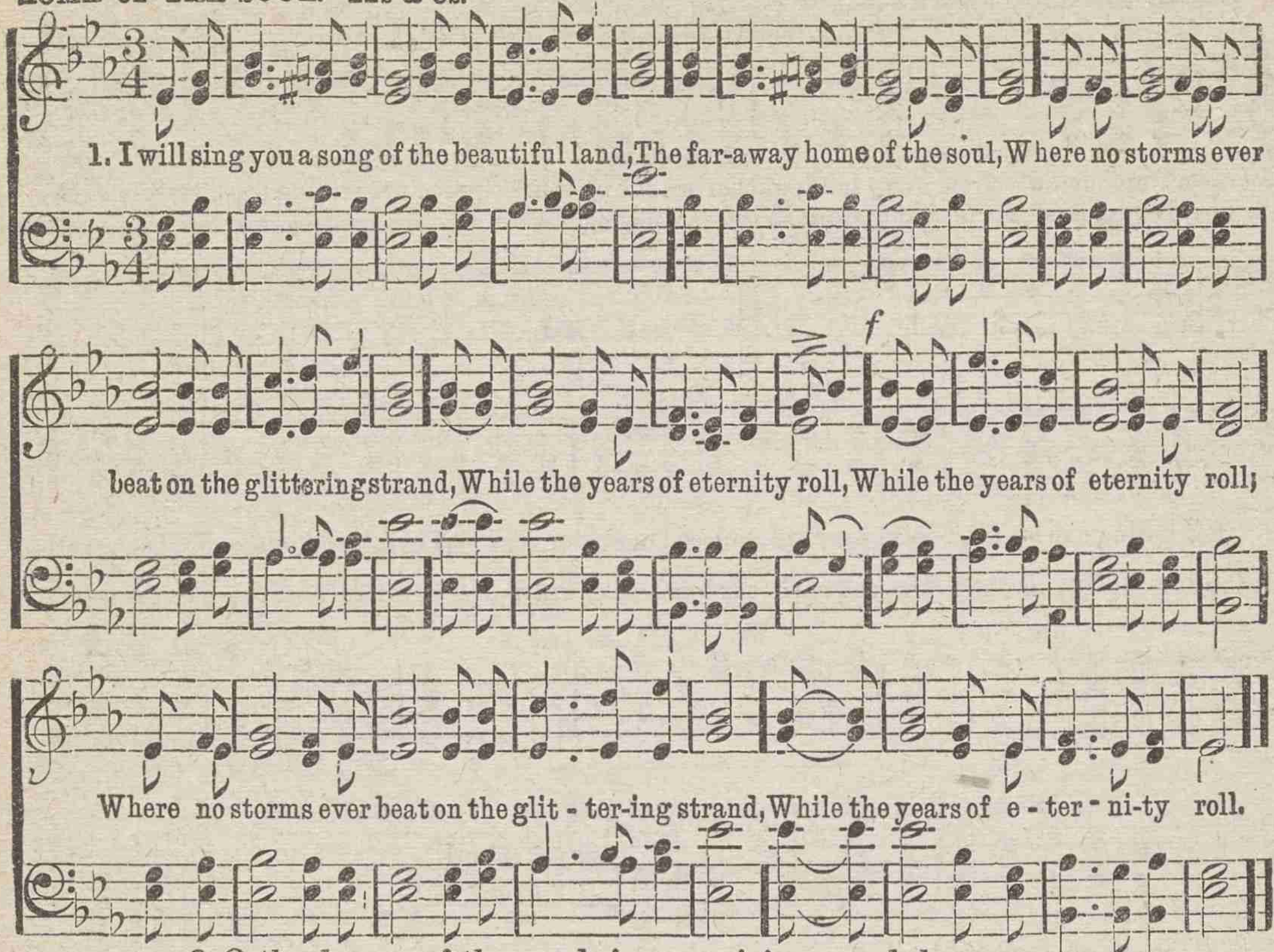
2 Sweet bonds, that unite all the children of peace;
And thrice-blessed Jesus, whose love cannot cease;
Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold thee in glory at home.

3 While here in the valley of conflict I stray,
Oh give me submission and strength as my day;
In all my afflictions to thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

4 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauty to shine;
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine;
And in thy dear image arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise thee at home.

HEAVEN. 6s & 4s. *"Great is your reward in Heaven."* DR. L. MASON.

HOME OF THE SOUL. 12s & 8s. *"The Heavenly Jerusalem."* PHILIP PHILLIPS.



201 2 O the home of the soul, in my visions and dreams, MRS. E. H. GATES.
Its bright jasper walls I can see,
Till I fancy but thinly the vale intervenes
Between the fair city and me.

3 There the fair tree of life in its beauty doth grow,
And the river of life floweth by;
For no death ever enters that city, you know,
And nothing that maketh a lie.

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

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

---

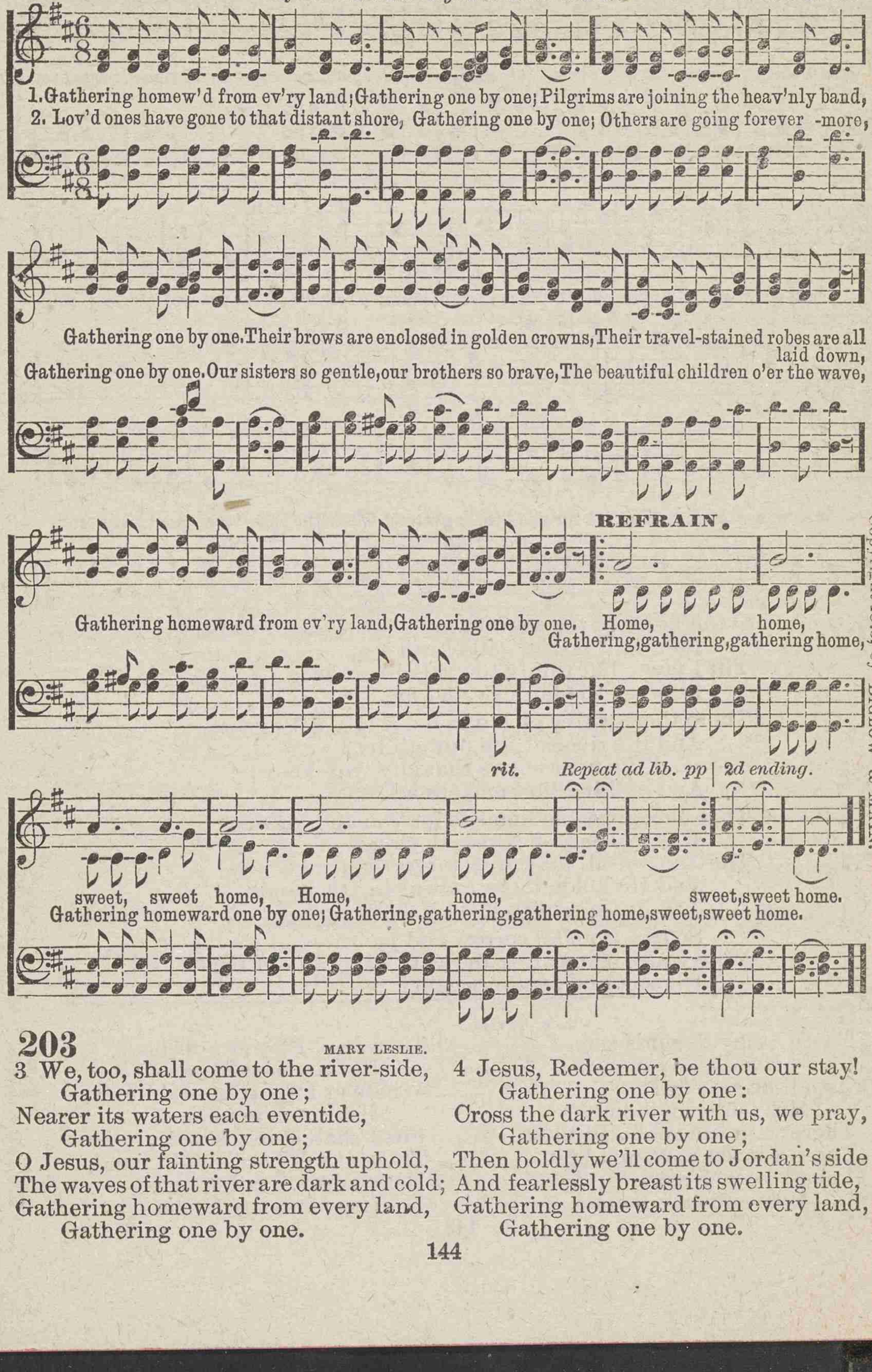
202 T. R. TAYLOR.

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

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

GATHERING HOMEWARD.

"Before Him shall be gathered all nations." O. R. BARROWS.



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203 MARY LESLIE.

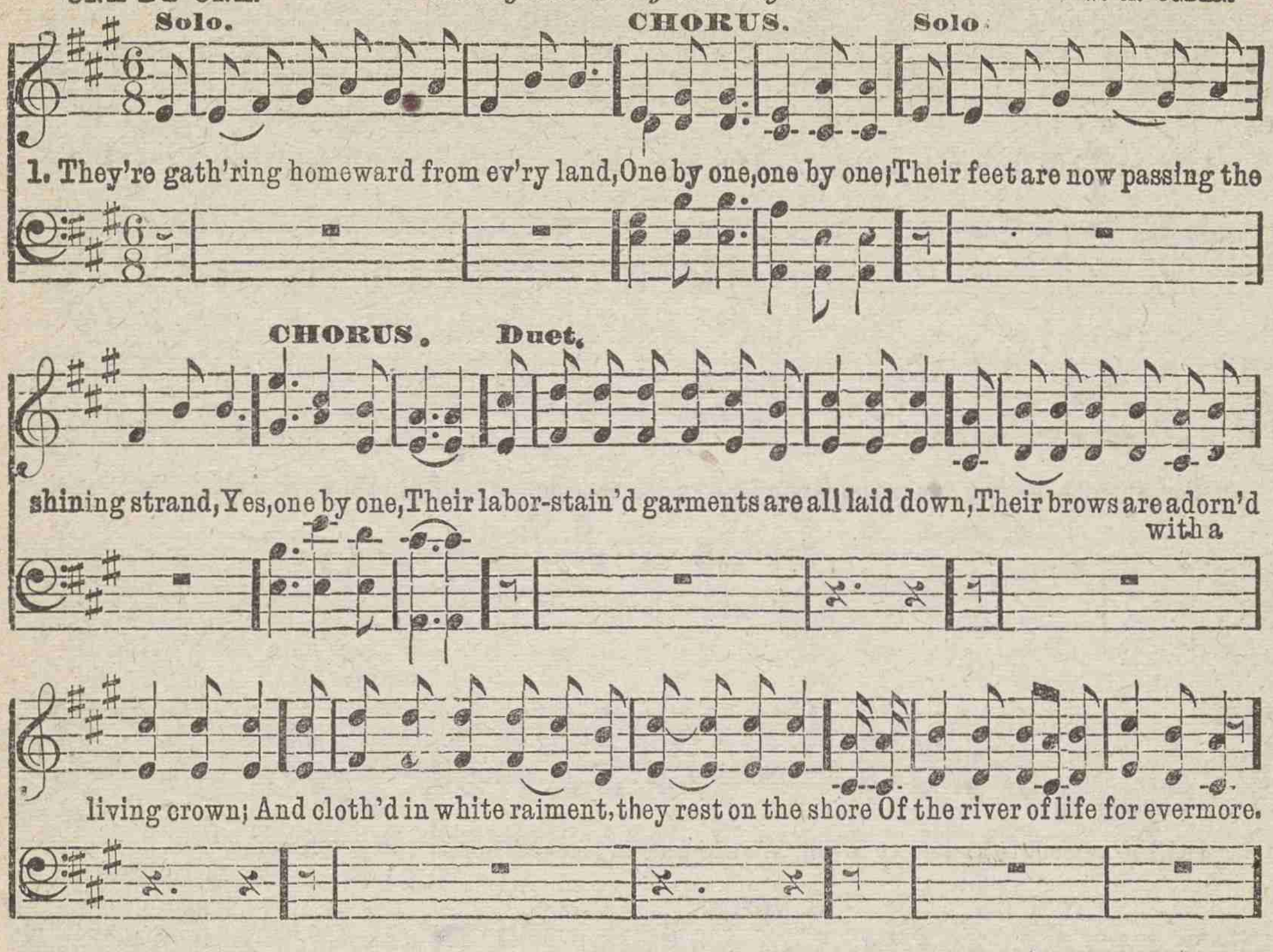
3 We, too, shall come to the river-side,
Gathering one by one;
Nearer its waters each eventide,
Gathering one by one;
O Jesus, our fainting strength uphold,
The waves of that river are dark and cold;
Gathering homeward from every land,
Gathering one by one.

4 Jesus, Redeemer, be thou our stay!
Gathering one by one:
Cross the dark river with us, we pray,
Gathering one by one;
Then boldly we'll come to Jordan's side
And fearlessly breast its swelling tide,
Gathering homeward from every land,
Gathering one by one.

ONE BY ONE.

"Shall gather out of his kingdom."

W. A. OGDEN.



2 They're gathering homeward from every shore,
One by one, one by one;
To join with the faithful ones gone before;
Yes, one by one.
Through great tribulations they made their way
From regions of darkness to endless day;
And now, in the presence of God and the Lamb,
They cease not to worship the great I AM.

3 We are hastening homeward to join the band,
One by one, one by one;
Who have entered their rest in the better land,
Yes, one by one.
With angels we'll sweep through the pearly gates
Of the city where Christ, the forerunner, waits,
And join, with the millions around the white throne,
In hymning the praise of the Holy One.

NEARER HOME.

"Nearer than when we believed."

JAS. McGRANAHAN.

1. O'er the hill the sun is setting, And the eve is drawing on, Slowly droops the gentle twilight,
For an-oth-er day is gone. Gone for aye, its race is over, Soon the darker shades will come,
2d time pp.
Still it's sweet to know at even, We are one day nearer home. Nearer home, nearer
Beautiful home,
home, nearer to..... our home on high. To the green fields
heavenly home, nearer to our home on high, nearer to our home on high, To the green fields and the
fountains,
and the fount-ains Of the land beyond the sky.
To the green fields and the fountains Of the land beyond the sky, beyond the sky, beyond the sky.

By permission of JOHN CHURCH & Co.

205

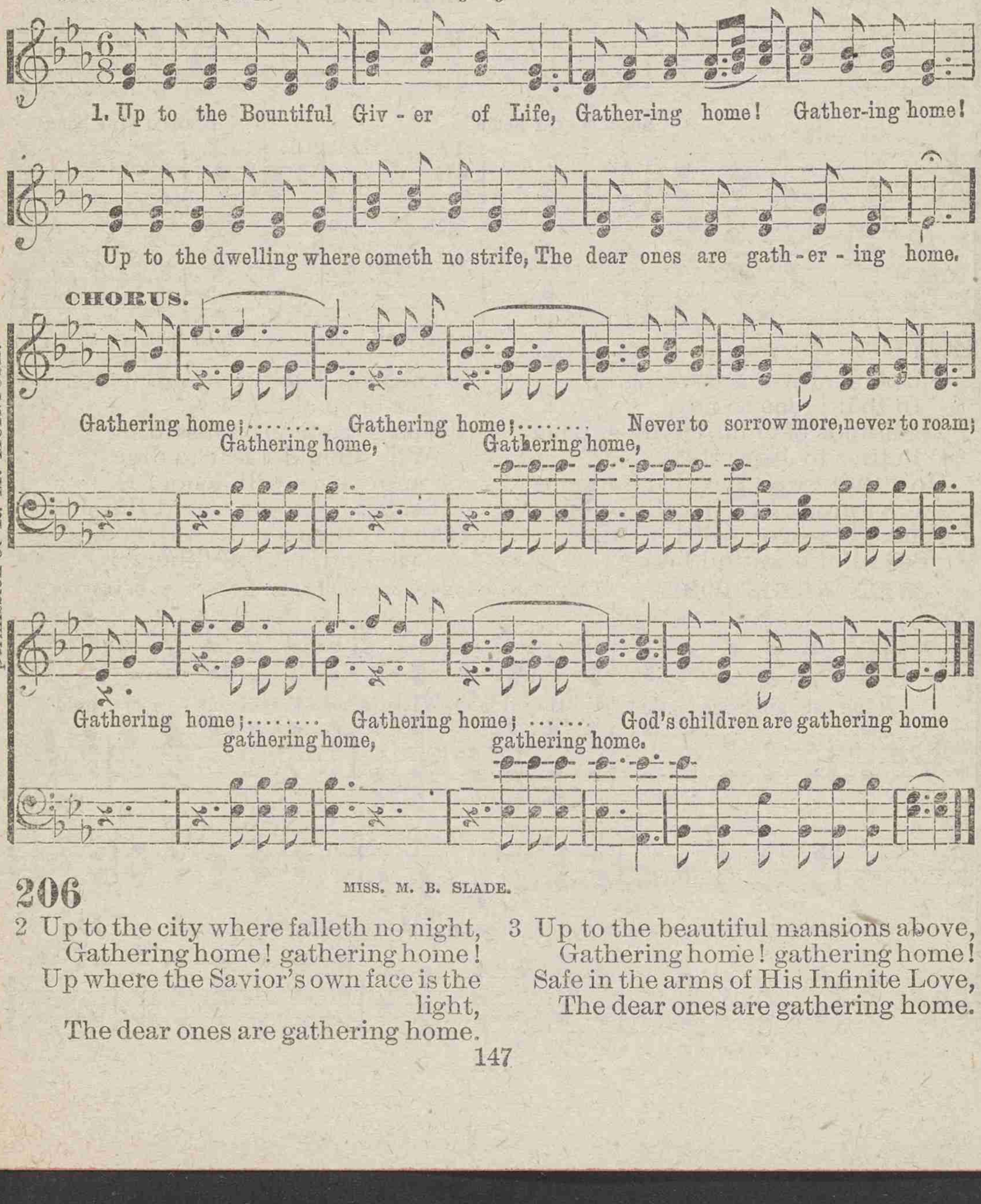
UNKNOWN.

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

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

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

GATHERING HOME. *"Gathering together unto him."* R. M. MC INTOSH.



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206

MISS. M. B. SLADE.

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

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

BEAUTIFUL HOME.

"Beautiful for situation is Zion."

H. R. PALMER.

207

FRANK FOREST.

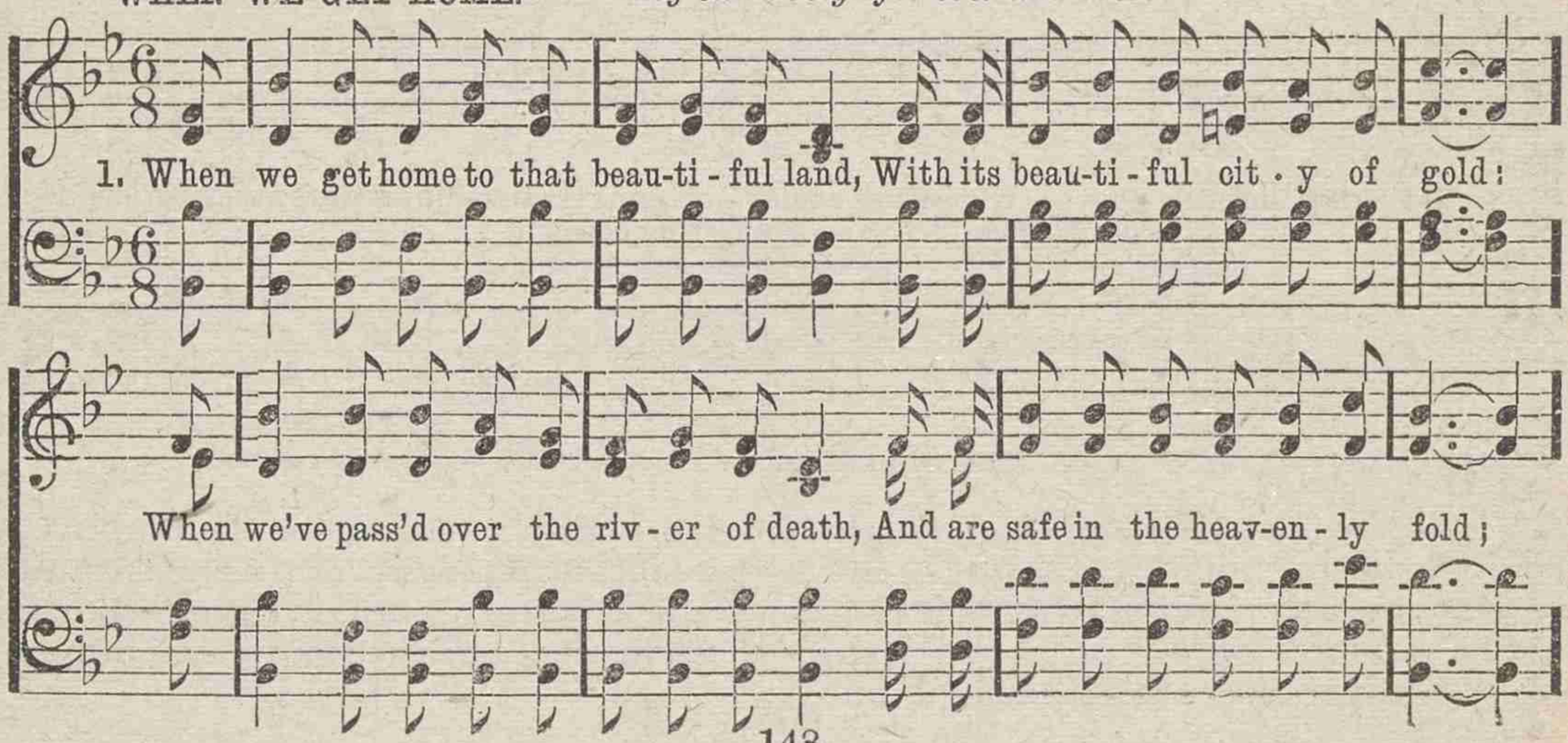
2 Flowers forever are springing,
In that home so fair,
Thousands of children are singing
Praises to Jesus there;
How they swell the glad anthems
Ever around the bright throne,
When, O when shall I see thee,
Beautiful, beautiful home.

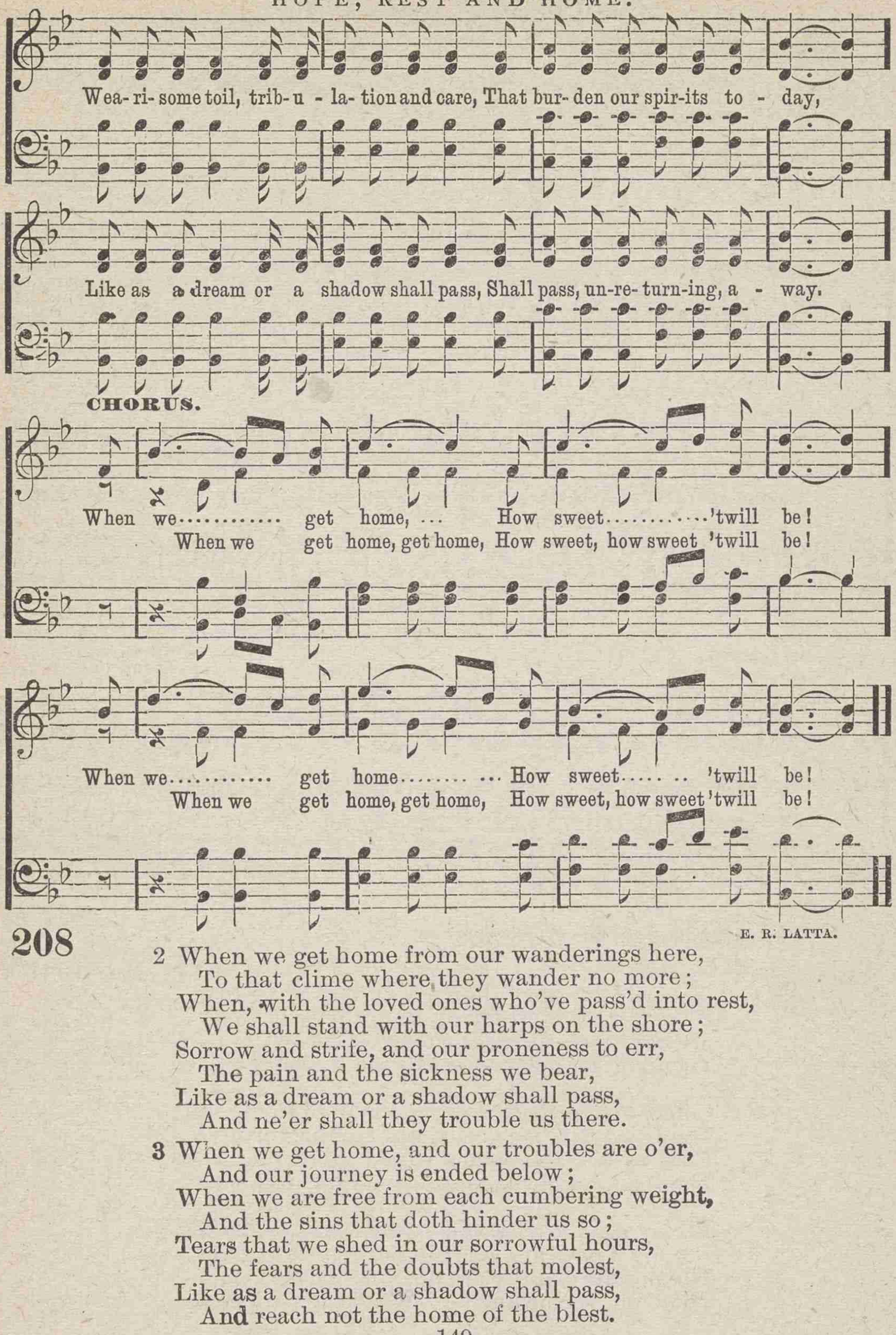
3 Soon shall I join that anthem,
Far beyond the sky,
Jesus became my ransom;
Why should I fear to die?
Soon my eyes will behold Him,
Seated upon the bright throne,
Then, O then shall I see thee,
Beautiful, beautiful home.

WHEN WE GET HOME.

"They shall reign for ever and ever."

W. O. PERKINS.





E. R. LATTA.

208

2 When we get home from our wanderings here,
To that clime where they wander no more;
When, with the loved ones who've pass'd into rest,
We shall stand with our harps on the shore;
Sorrow and strife, and our proneness to err,
The pain and the sickness we bear,
Like as a dream or a shadow shall pass,
And ne'er shall they trouble us there.

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

BEYOND THE DARK SEA.

"And so it came to pass that they all escaped safe to land." KNOWLES SHAW.

With expression.

209 UNKNOWN.

2 The cold surging billows, that dash at my feet,
Have lost all their terror, their music is sweet;
My Savior is stilling the tempest for me;
Then, oh, let me anchor beyond the dark sea!

3 Come, loving Redeemer, and take to thy breast
The heart that is panting and sighing for rest;
Blest Savior, I'm watching and waiting for Thee;
Then, oh, let me anchor beyond the dark sea!

I'll lay my life's burdens, dear Lord, at Thy feet;
For lov'd ones are watching my spirit to greet;
The portals of glory are opening for me;
Then, oh, let me anchor beyond the dark sea!

INVITATION.

210 MRS. M. B. C. SLADE.

2 Take his yoke, for he is meek and lowly,
Bear his burden, to him turn;
He who calleth is the Master, holy,
He will teach if you will learn.—CHO.

3 Then, his loving, tender voice obeying,
Bear his yoke, his burden take;
Find the yoke his hand is on you laying,
Light and easy for his sake.—CHO.

INVITATION.

ARE YOU READY? 8s & 7s. *"Be ye also ready."* E. S. LORENZ.

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211

J. W. SLAUGHENHAUPT.

2 Soon the awful trumpet sounding,
Calls thee to the judgment-throne;
Now prepare, for love abounding
Yet has left thee not alone.—REF.

3 Oh, how fatal 'tis to linger!
Are you ready—ready now—
Ready, should death's icy finger
Lay its chill upon thy brow?—REF.

4 Priceless love and free salvation
Freely still are offered thee:
Yield no longer to temptation,
But from sin and sorrow flee.—REF.

INVITATION.

CHESTNUT STREET. L. M. *"Is not the life more than meat?"* M. C. RAMSEY.

212 ISAAC WATTS.

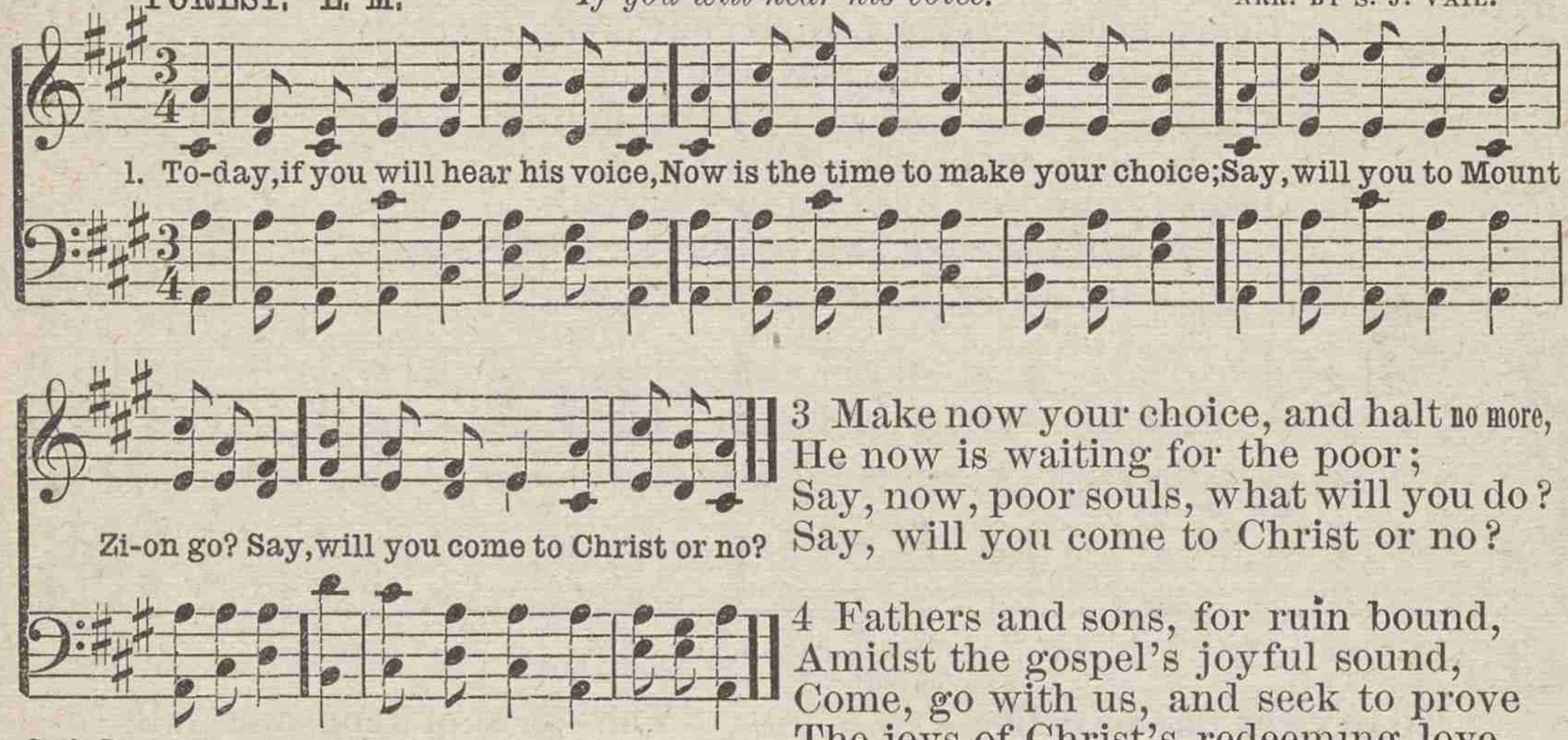
2 Life is the hour that God has given
To 'scape from hell, and fly to heaven;
The day of grace, when mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.

3 The living know that they must die,
Beneath the clods their dust must lie;
Then have no share in all that's done
Beneath the circle of the sun.

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

5 There are no acts of pardon passed
In the cold grave to which we haste;
Oh, may we all receive thy grace,
And see with joy thy smiling face!

FOREST. L. M. *"If you will hear his voice."* ARR. BY S. J. VAIL.



213 MILLER.

2 Say, will you be forever blest,
And with this glorious Jesus rest?
Will you be saved from guilt and pain?
Will you with Christ forever reign?

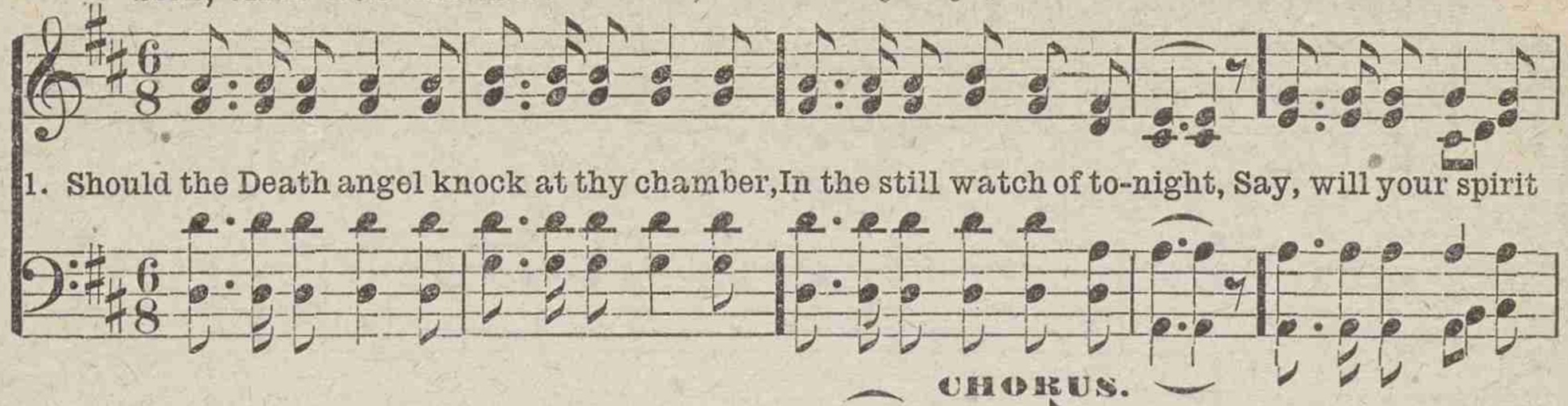
3 Make now your choice, and halt no more,
He now is waiting for the poor;
Say, now, poor souls, what will you do?
Say, will you come to Christ or no?

4 Fathers and sons, for ruin bound,
Amidst the gospel's joyful sound,
Come, go with us, and seek to prove
The joys of Christ's redeeming love.

5 Matrons and maids, we look to you—
Are you resolved to perish too?
To rush in carnal pleasures on,
And sink in flaming ruin down?

INVITATION.

SAY, ARE YOU READY? *"Lord, I am ready to go."* T. C. O'KANE.

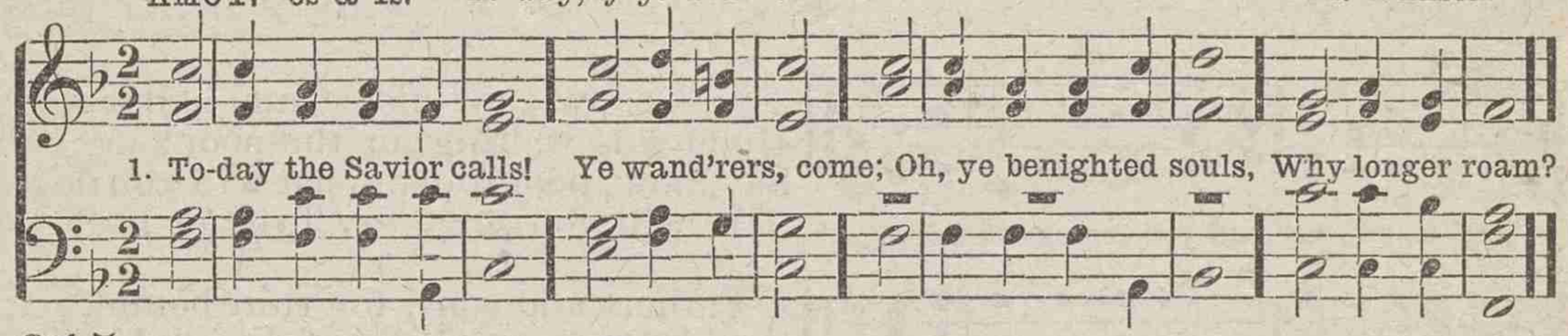


214 A. S. KIEFFER.

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

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

AMOY. 6s & 4s. *"To-day, if ye will hear his voice."* DR. L. MASON.



215 S. F. SMITH.

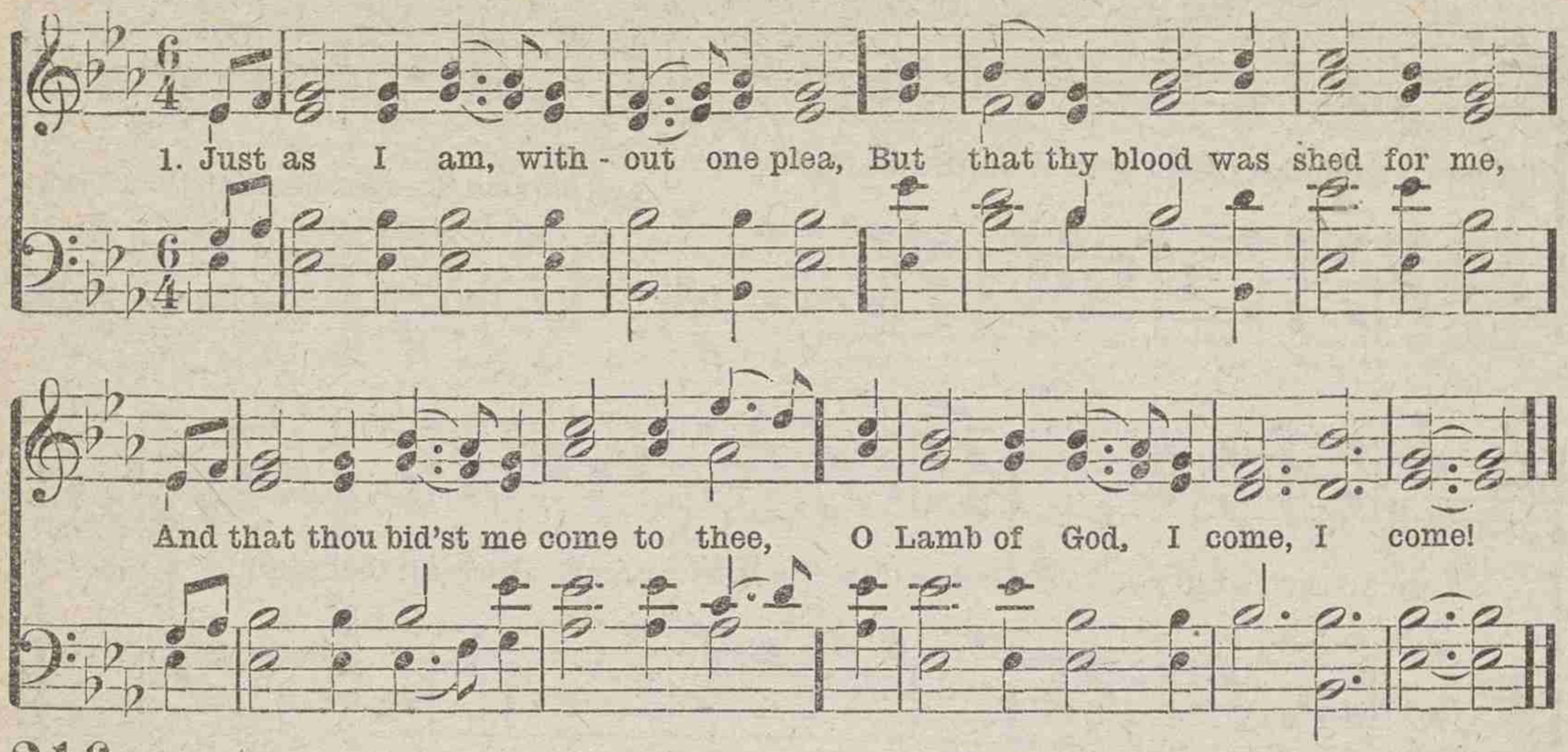
2 To-day the Savior calls!
Oh, hear him now;
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

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

4 The Spirit calls to-day;
Yield to his power;
Oh, grieve him not away;
'Tis mercy's hour.

INVITATION.

WOODWORTH. L. M. *"Let the dead bury the dead."* WM. B. BRADBURY.



216 CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot—
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
With fears within, and foes without—
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

4 Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because thy promise I believe—
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

5 Just as I am—thy love unknown,
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

INVITATION. 8s & 7s. *"Give ye ear and hear."*

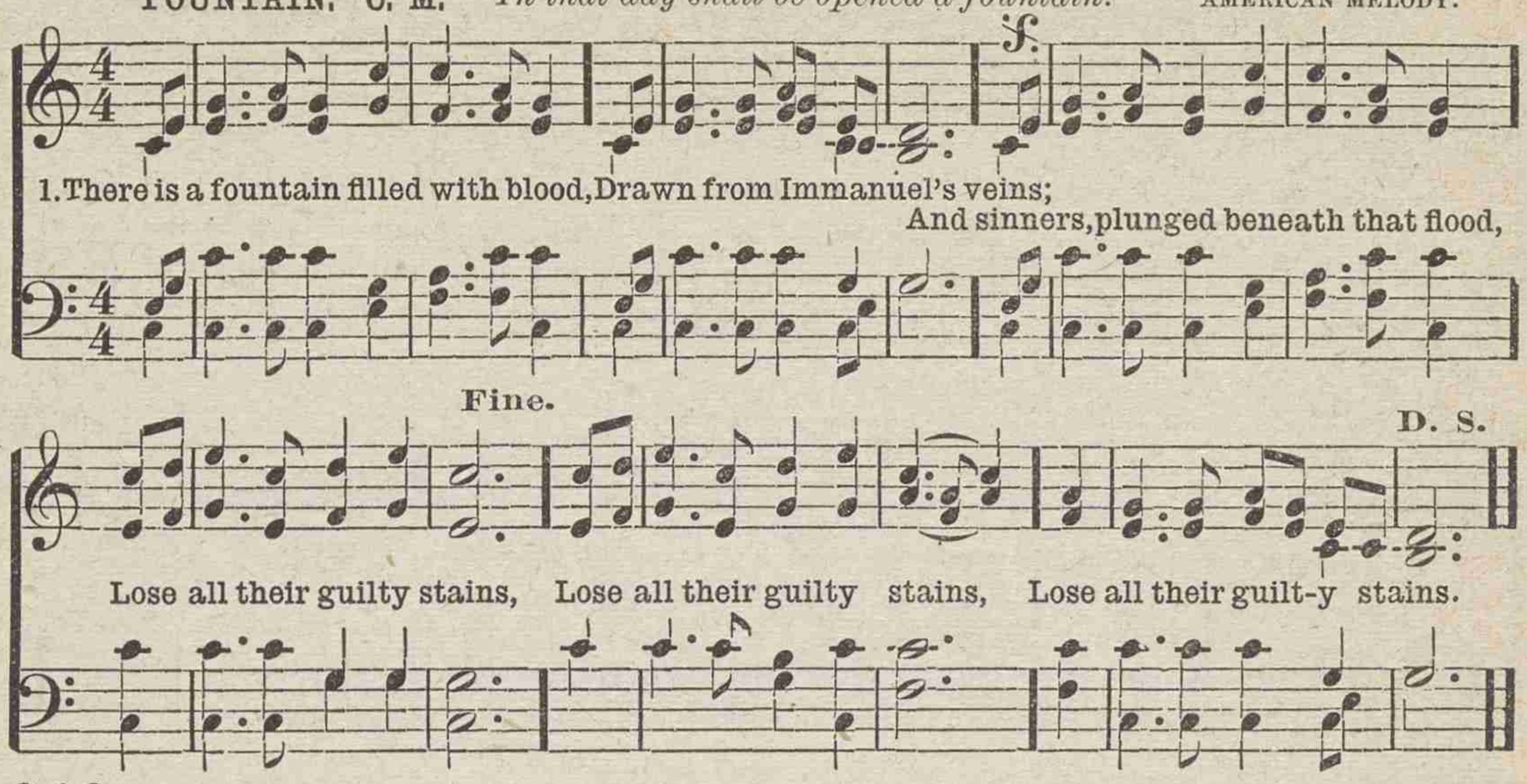
217 ANDREW REED.

2 See the storm of vengeance gathering
O'er the path you dare to tread;
Hark! the awful thunders rolling
Loud and louder o'er your head.—CHO.

3 Haste, oh, hasten to the Savior;
Sue his mercy while you may;
Soon the day of grace is over,
Soon your life will pass away.—CHO.

INVITATION.

FOUNTAIN. C. M. *"In that day shall be opened a fountain."* AMERICAN MELODY.



218 WM. COWPER.

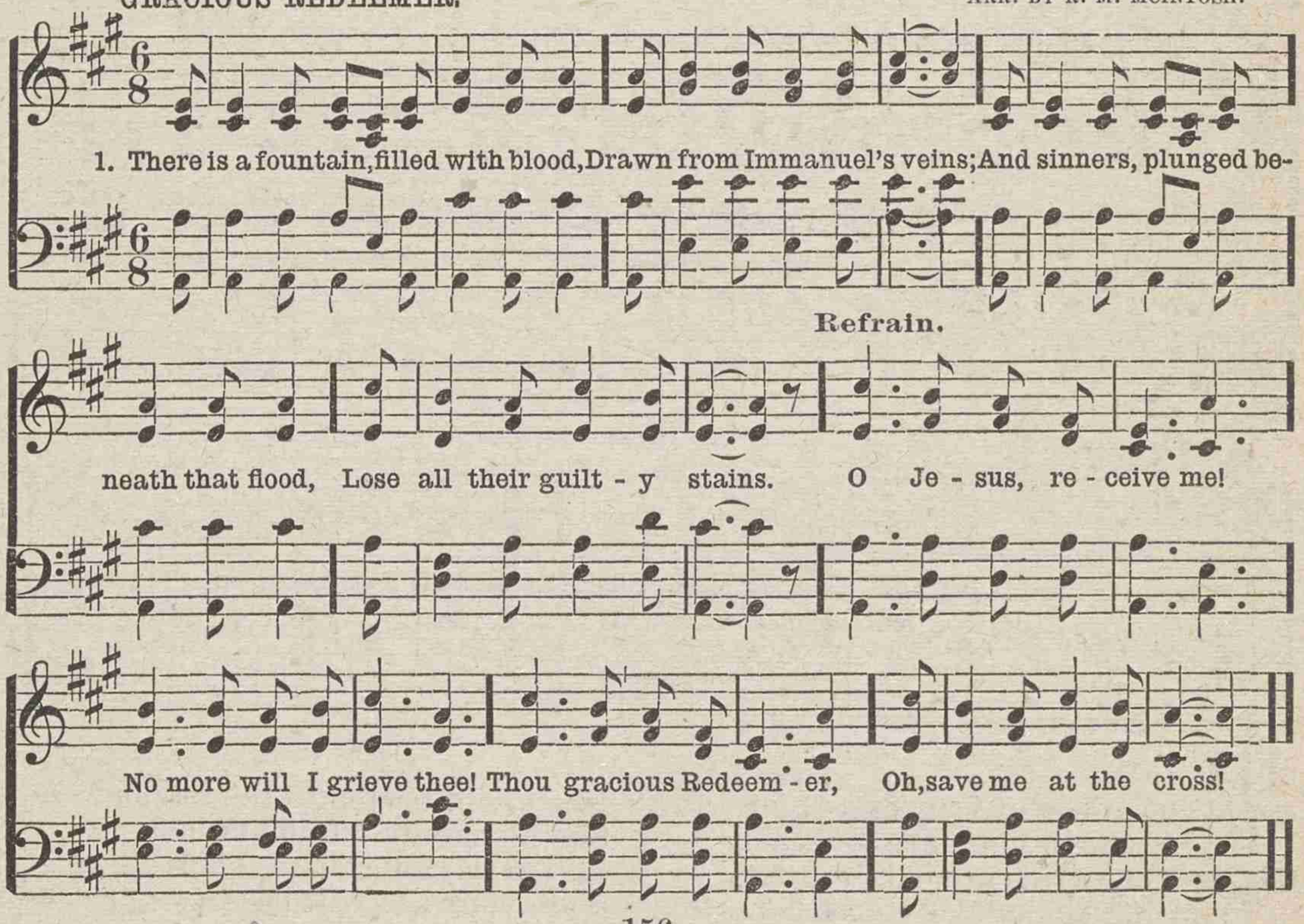
2 O Lamb of God! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.

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

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

GRACIOUS REDEEMER.

ARR. BY R. M. MCINTOSH.



INVITATION.

"I am the light of the world."

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD IS JESUS.

P. P. BLISS.

By permission of John Church & Co.

219

P. P. BLISS.

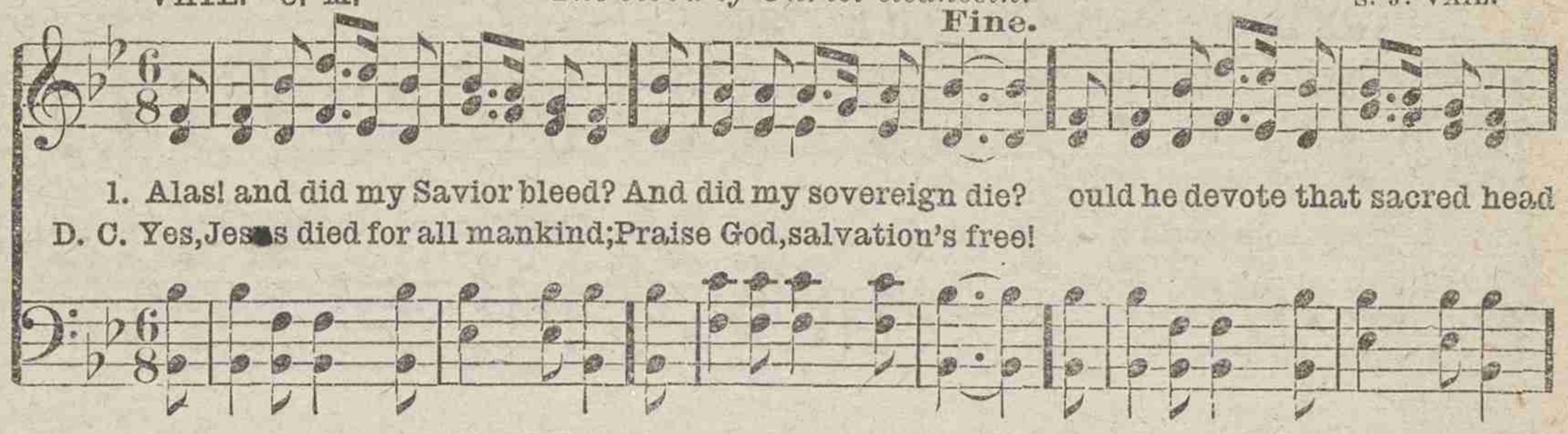
2 No darkness have we who in Jesus abide,
The Light of the world is Jesus;
We walk in the Light when we follow our Guide,
The Light of the world is Jesus.—CHO.

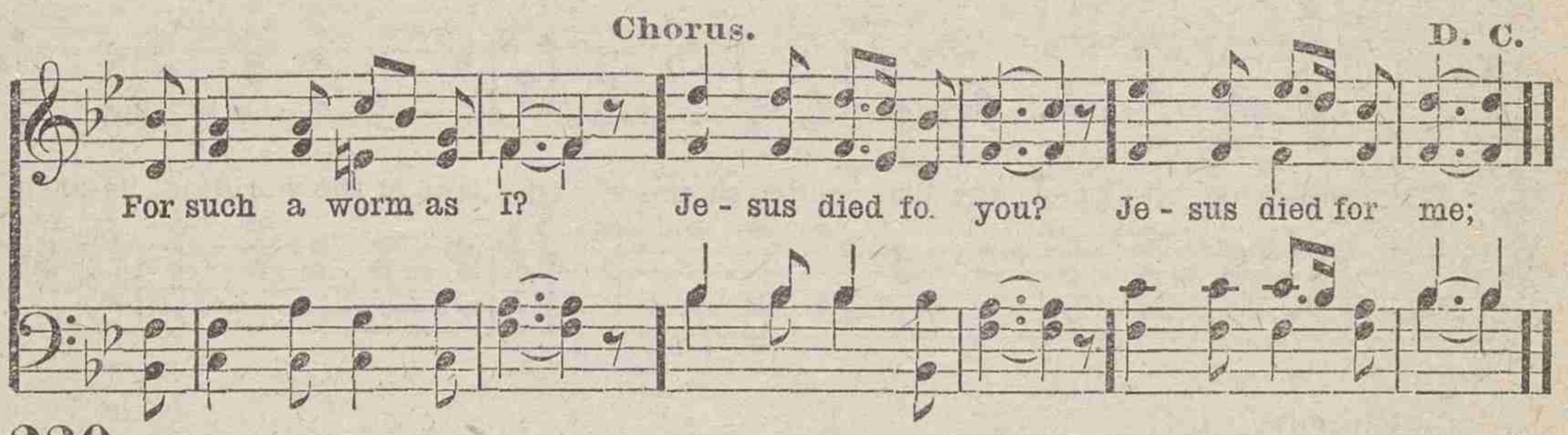
3 Ye dwellers in darkness, with sin-blinded eyes,
The Light of the world is Jesus;
Go, wash, at his bidding, and light will arise,
The Light of the world is Jesus.—CHO.

4 No need of the sunlight in heavén, we're told,
The Light of that world is Jesus;
The Lamb is the light in the city of gold,
The Light of that world is Jesus.—CHO.

INVITATION.

VAIL. C. M. *"The blood of Christ cleanseth."* S. J. VAIL.





220 ISAAC WATTS.

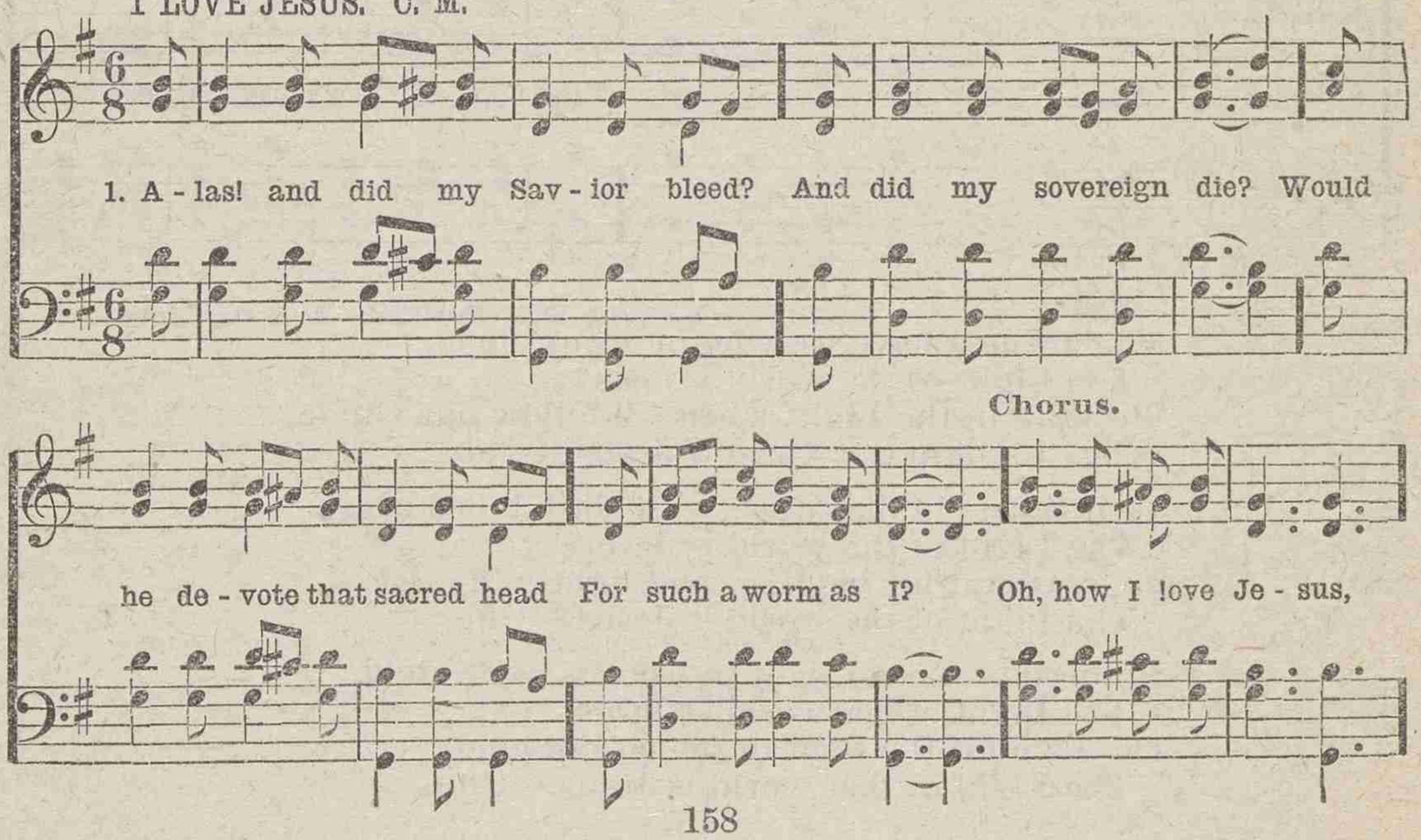
2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!—Cho.

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God's own Son was crucified
For man, the creature's sin.—Cho.

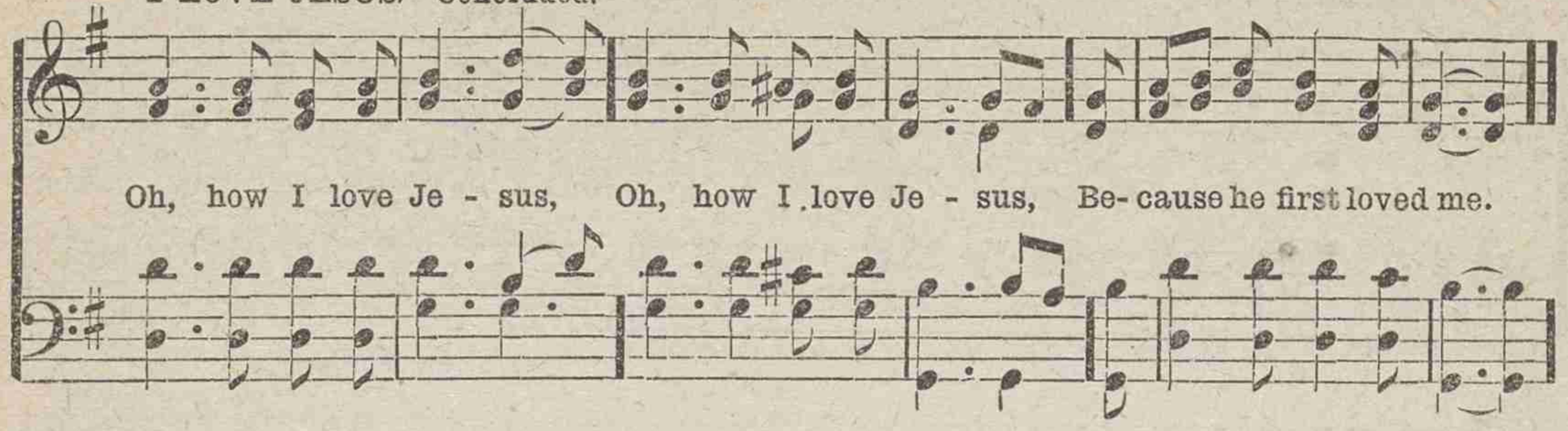
4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.—Cho.

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

I LOVE JESUS. C. M.



I LOVE JESUS. Concluded.



I AM COMING, LORD. *"Made nigh by the blood of Christ."* L. HARTSOUGH.

221 L. HARTSOUGH.

2 Though coming weak and vile,
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all, and pure.—CHO.

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

4 And he the witness gives
To loyal hearts and free,
That every promise is fulfilled,
If faith but brings the plea.—CHO.

5 All hail! atoning blood!
All hail! redeeming grace!
All hail! the gift of Christ, our Lord,
Our strength and righteousness.—CHO.

INVITATION.

AZMON. C. M. *"Did not confess him lest—."*

222 ISAAC WATTS.

2 Jesus, my Lord, I know his name,
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint for me a place.

PASSING AWAY. C. M. *Luke 15: 11–32.* A. D. FILLMORE.

223 W. B. COLLYER

2 Return, O wanderer, now return;
He hears thy humble sigh;
He sees thy softened spirit mourn,
When no one else is nigh.

3 Return, O wanderer, now return;
Thy Savior bids thee live:
Go to his feet, and grateful learn
How freely he'll forgive.

4 Return, O wanderer, now return,
And wipe the falling tear;
Thy Father calls—no longer mourn:
'Tis love invites thee near.

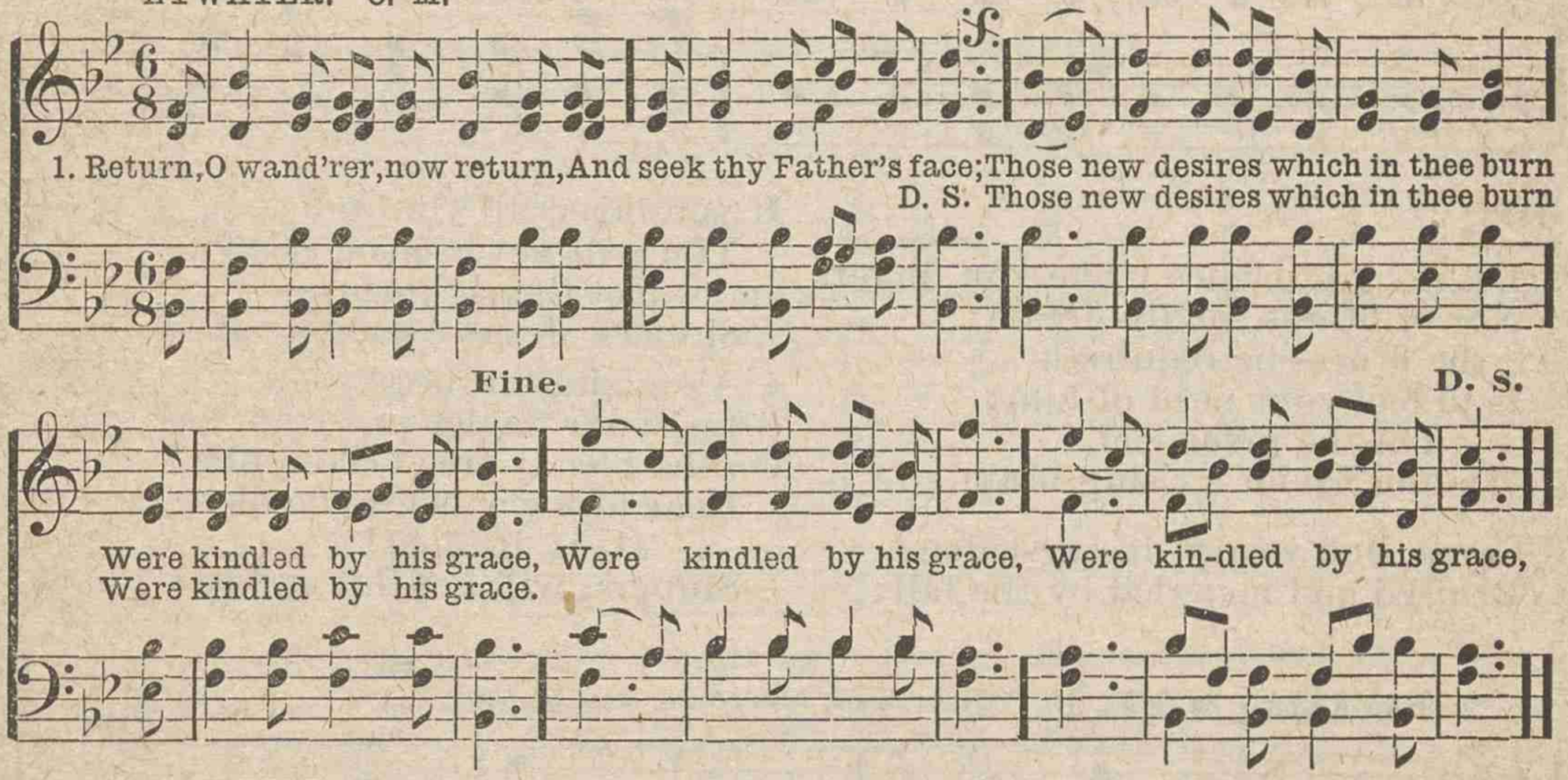
RESOLUTION. C. M. *"Humble yourselves under God."*

224

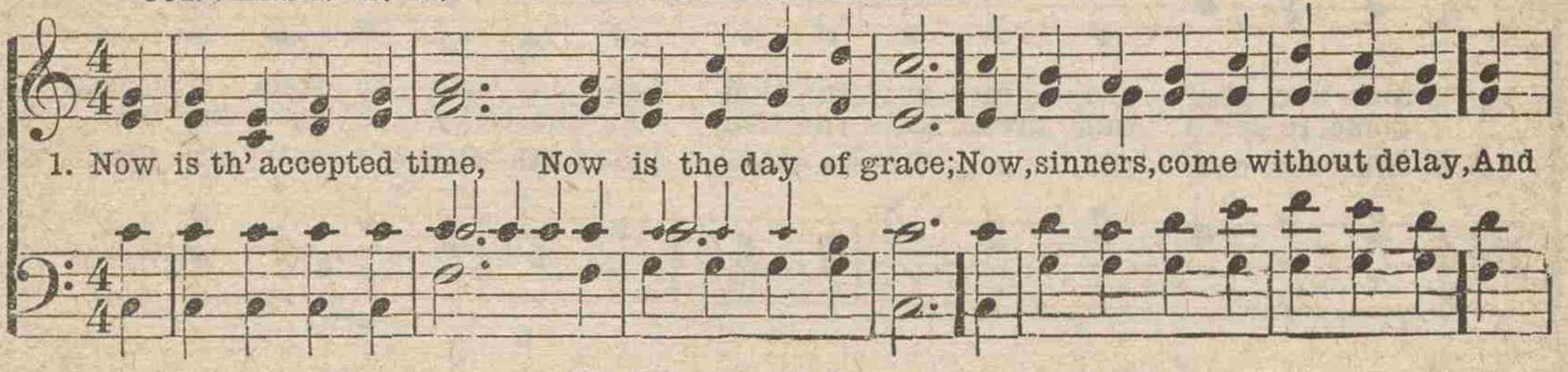
2 Humbly I'll bow at his command,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll own I am a wretch undone,
Without his sovereign grace.

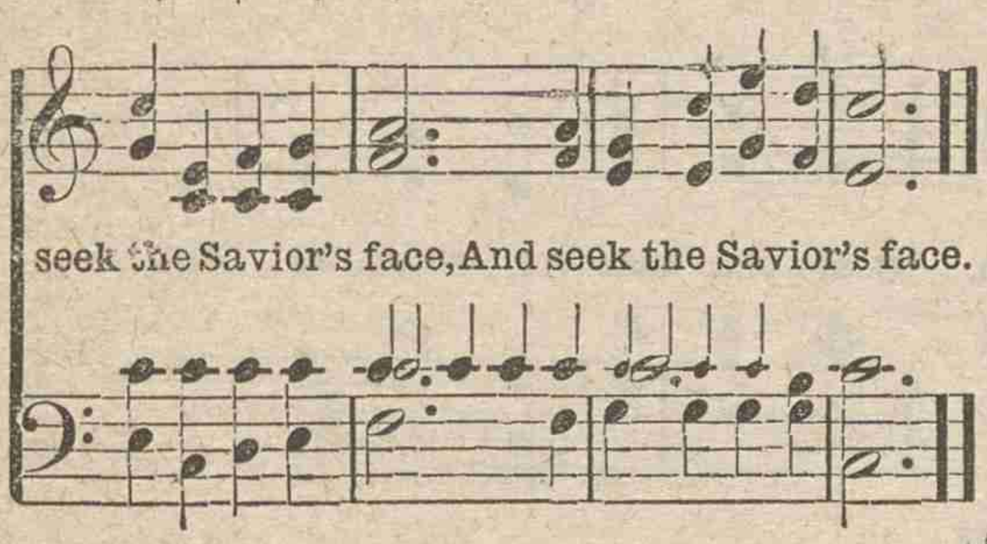
Surely he will accept my plea,
For he has bid me come;
Forthwith I'll rise and to him flee,
For yet, he says, there's room.

ATWATER. C. M.



CONVERSE. S. M. *"For the time is at hand."*





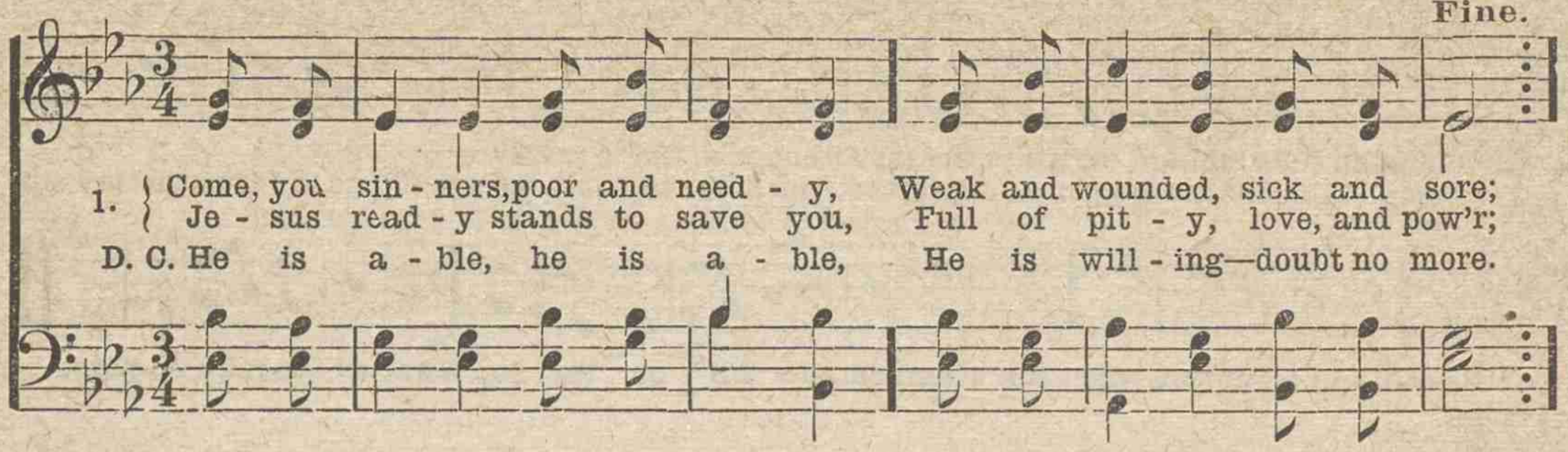
225 J. DOBELL.

2 Now is th' accepted time,
The Savior calls to-day;
To-morrow it may be too late—
Then why should you delay?

3 Now is th' accepted time,
The gospel bids you come;
And every promise in his word
Declares there yet is room.

INVITATION.

NETTLETON. 8s & 7s. D. *"Let him that is athirst come."*



226. JOS. HART.

2 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him;
This he gives you,
'Tis the Savior's rising beam.

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

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

BAVARIA. 8s & 7s. D. *"Take heed, therefore, how ye hear."* GERMAN.

227

L. H. JAMESON.

1 Sinner, hear the invitation
Sent in mercy from above;
Come, receive this great salvation,
Purchased by redeeming love.
Jesus calls in sweet compassion,
Come, you weary souls, to me;
Sinner, heed the invitation;
Rise forthwith, he calleth thee.

2 On the curséd cross-tree bleeding,
Hear the stricken Lamb of God
For transgressors interceding,
While they shed his precious blood.
Hear that dying intercession,
Offered on the bloody tree;
He will pardon your transgression;
Rise forthwith, he calleth thee.

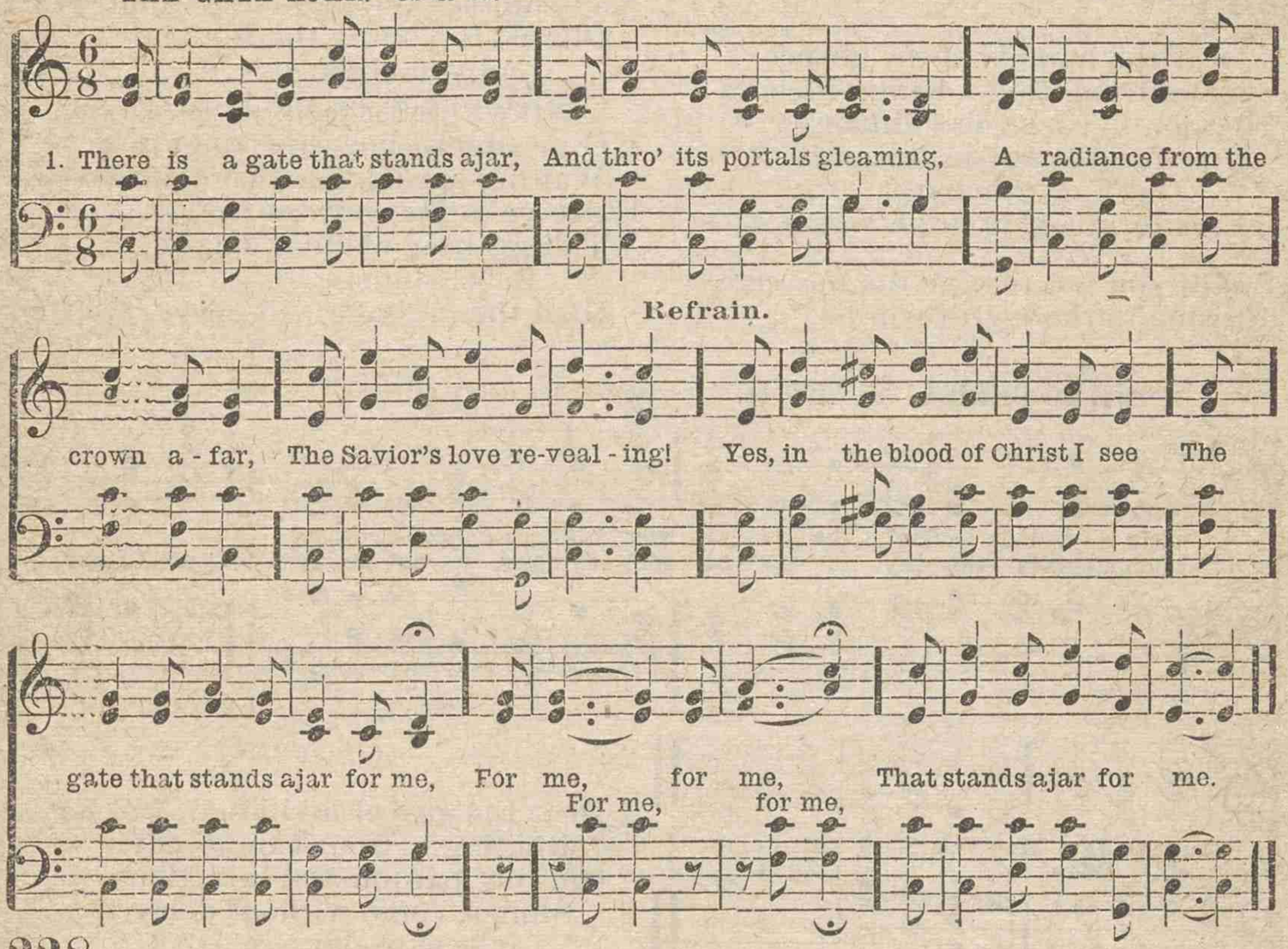
3 Sinner, soon the day of favor
Will forever pass away;
Hasten to the bleeding Savior,
Hasten while it is to-day;
He will comfort all your sorrow,
Set your burdened spirit free;
Wait not for the coming morrow;
Rise forthwith, he calleth thee.

4 Come, the Savior will receive you;
Come, with all your wants and wounds;
He is ready to relieve you;
Come, his favor still abounds.
Hear the gospel invitation:
"Come, ye weary souls, to me!"
Jesus offers full salvation;
Rise forthwith, he calleth thee.

"Through the vail, that is to say, his flesh."

THE GATE AJAR. 8s & 7s.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.



228

MRS. LYDIA BAXTER.

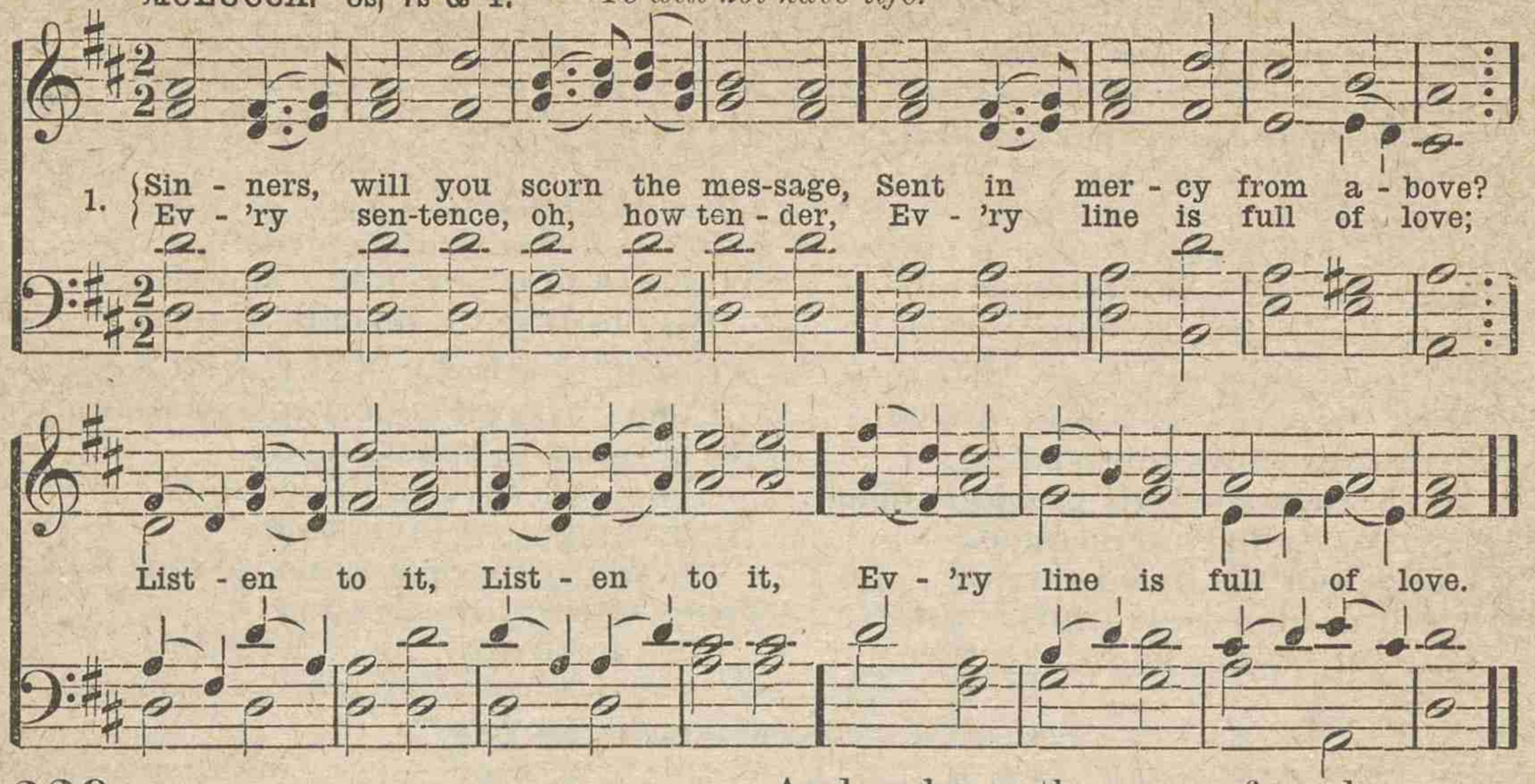
2 That gate ajar stands free for all
Who seek through it salvation;
The rich and poor, the great and small,
Of every tribe and nation.—REF.

3 Press onward, then, though foes may frown,
While mercy's gate is open,
Accept the cross, and win the crown,
Love's everlasting token.—REF.

4 Beyond the river's brink we'll lay
The cross that here is taken,
And bear the crown of life away,
And love him more in heavén.—REF.

INVITATION.

MOLUCCA. 8s, 7s & 4. *"Ye will not have life."*



229 J. ALLEN.

2 Hear the heralds of the gospel
News from Zion's King proclaim:
"Pardon to each rebel sinner;
Free forgiveness in his name:"
Oh, how gracious!
Free forgiveness in his name.

3 Will you not receive the message—
Listen to the joyful word—
And embrace the news of pardon
Offered to you by the Lord?
Can you slight it—
Offered to you by the Lord?

4 O ye angels, hovering round us,
Waiting spirits, heed your way—
Haste ye to the court of heavén;
Tidings bear without delay;
Rebel sinners
Glad the message will obey.

COME TO CHRIST. 8s, 7s & 6s. *"He would not delay to come."* WM. B. BRADBURY.

230 L. H. JAMESON.

2 Time, on lightning pinions flying,
Sweeps the sons of earth away;
Every moment men are dying:
Sinner, why do you delay?
Come to-day;
Sinner, why do you delay?

3 Hear the gospel invitation
Ringing in your ears to-day,
Offering pardon and salvation;
Sinner, come without delay;
Come to-day;
Sinner, come without delay.

4 By the Savior's earthly pleading,
Be persuaded to obey;
By his heavenly interceding,
Be constrained, do not delay;
Come to-day:
Be constrained, do not delay.

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INVITATION.

TRUSTING. 7s. *"Should not trust in ourselves."* WM. G. FISCHER.

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231 WM. MCDONALD.

2 Long my heart has sighed for thee;
Long has evil reigned within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,
I will cleanse you from all sin.—CHO.

3 In the promises I trust;
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust;
I with Christ am crucified.—CHO.

HORTON. 7s. *"God so loved the world."* WARTENSEE.

232 S. LONGFELLOW.

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

3 I, who spurned his loving hold;
I, who would not be controlled;
I, who would not hear his call;
I, the willful prodigal—

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

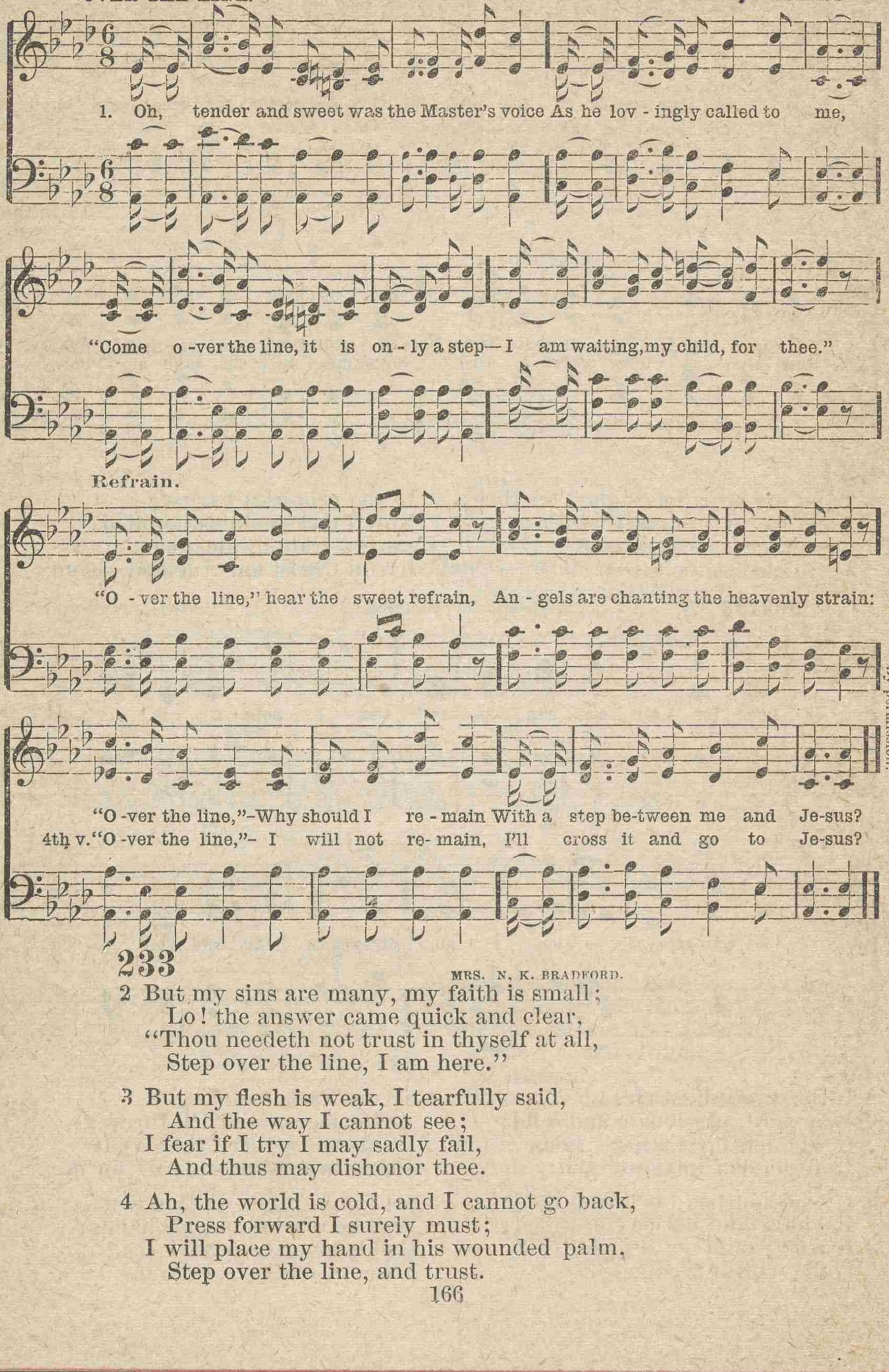
5 See! my Father waiting stands;
See! he reaches out his hands:
God is love; I know, I see,
Love for me—yes, even me.

INVITATION.

OVER THE LINE.

"Let him come unto me."

EDWARD H. PHELPS.



By permission.

233

MRS. N, K. BRADFORD.

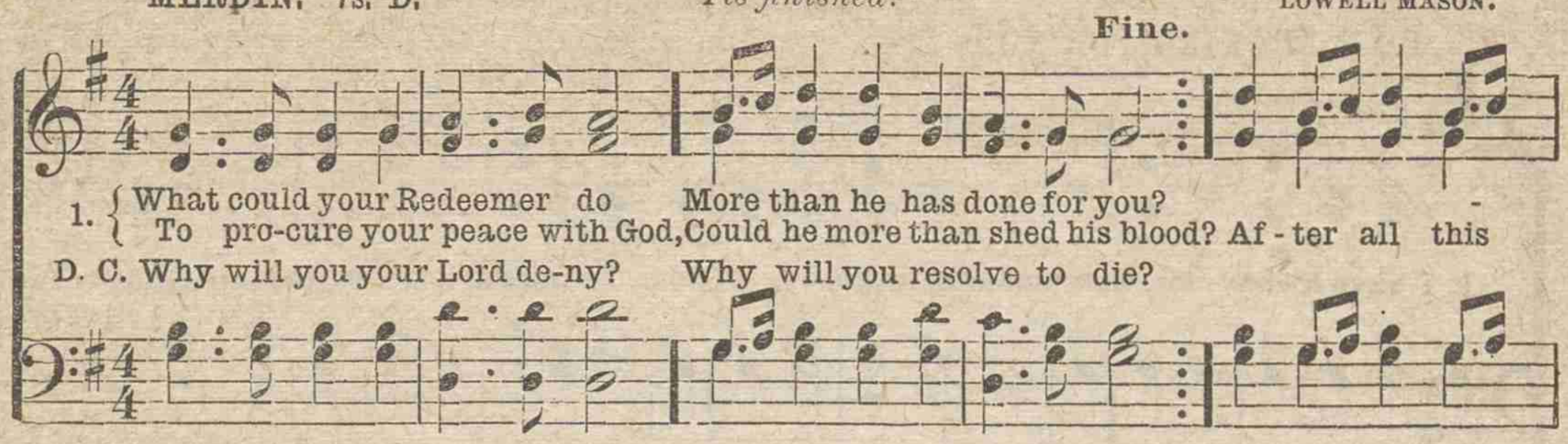
2 But my sins are many, my faith is small;
Lo! the answer came quick and clear,
"Thou needeth not trust in thyself at all,
Step over the line, I am here."

3 But my flesh is weak, I tearfully said,
And the way I cannot see;
I fear if I try I may sadly fail,
And thus may dishonor thee.

4 Ah, the world is cold, and I cannot go back,
Press forward I surely must;
I will place my hand in his wounded palm,
Step over the line, and trust.

INVITATION.

MERDIN. 7s. D. *"'Tis finished."* LOWELL MASON.



234 CHARLES WESLEY.

2 Turn, he cries, O sinner, turn!
By his life your God hath sworn
He would have you turn and live,
He would all the world receive.
If your death were his delight,
Would he thus to life invite?
Would he ask, beseech, and cry,
Why will you resolve to die?

3 Sinners, turn, while God is near!
He has left you naught to fear;
Now, e'en now, your Savior stands,
All day long he spreads his hands:
Cries—"You will not happy be;
No, you will not come to me;
Me, who life to none deny—
Why will you resolve to die?"

4 Can you doubt that God is love,
Who thus calls you from above?
Will you not his word receive?
Will you not his oath believe?
See, the suffering Lord appears;
Jesus weeps--believe his tears!
Mingled with his blood, they cry,
"Why will you resolve to die?"

WALK IN THE LIGHT. *"Thy word is a lamp."*

235 UNKNOWN.

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

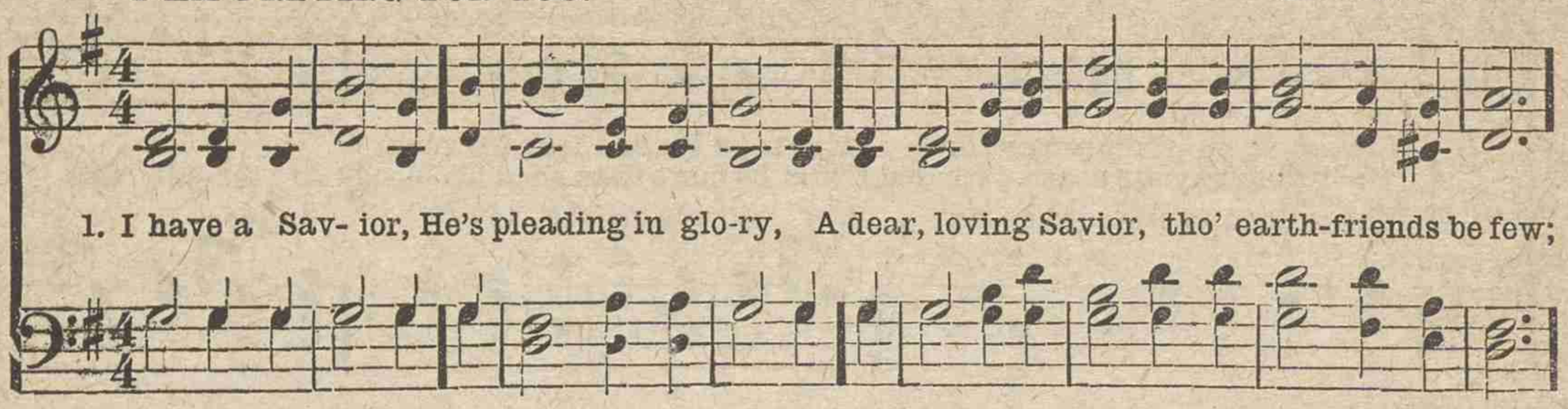
2 After death, its joys will be
Lasting as eternity;
Be the living God my friend,
Then my bliss shall never end.—CHO.

INVITATION.

"Praying always for you."

I AM PRAYING FOR YOU.

IRA D. SANKEY.



By permission of Biglow & Main.

236

S. O'MALEY CLUFF.

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

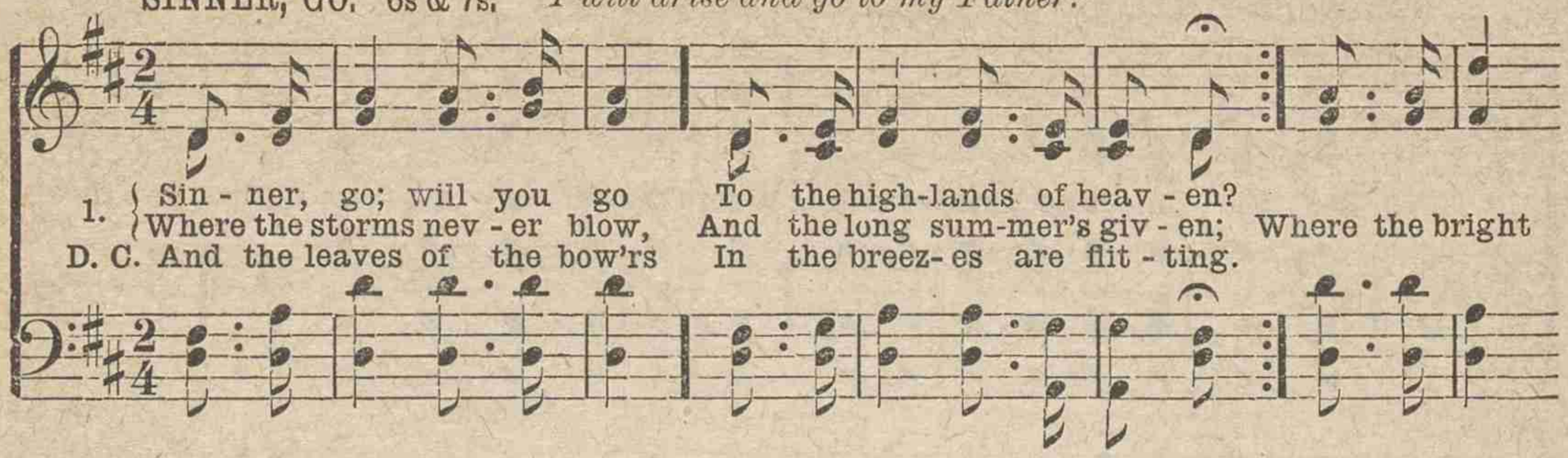
3 I have a robe: 'tis resplendent in whiteness,
Awaiting in glory my wondering view;
Oh, when I receive it, all shining in brightness,
Dear friend, could I see you receiving one too!—CHO.

4 I have a peace: it is calm as a river—
A peace that the friends of this world never knew;
My Savior alone is its Author and Giver,
And, oh, could I know it was given to you!—CHO.

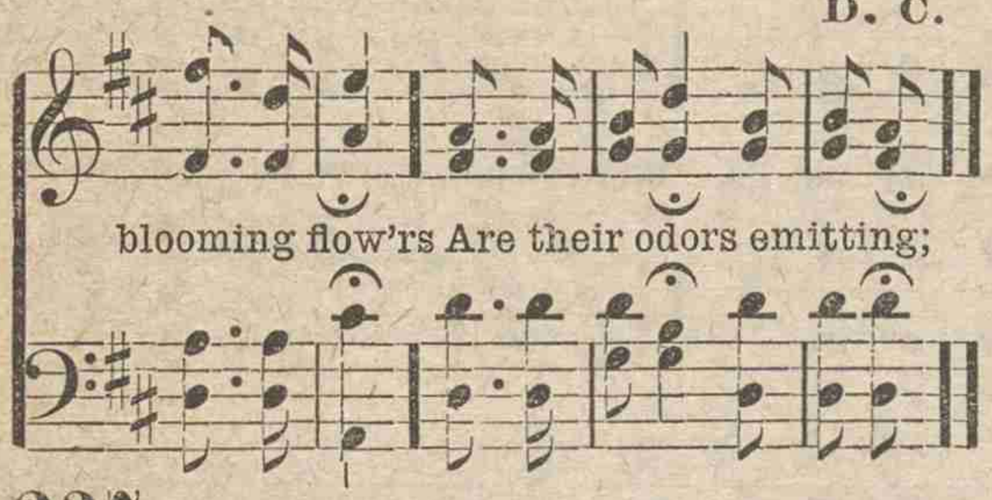
5 When Jesus has found you, tell others the story,
That my loving Savior is your Savior too:
Then pray that your Savior may bring them to glory,
And prayer will be answered—'twas answered for you!—CHO.

INVITATION.

SINNER, GO. 6s & 7s. *"I will arise and go to my Father."*



D. C.



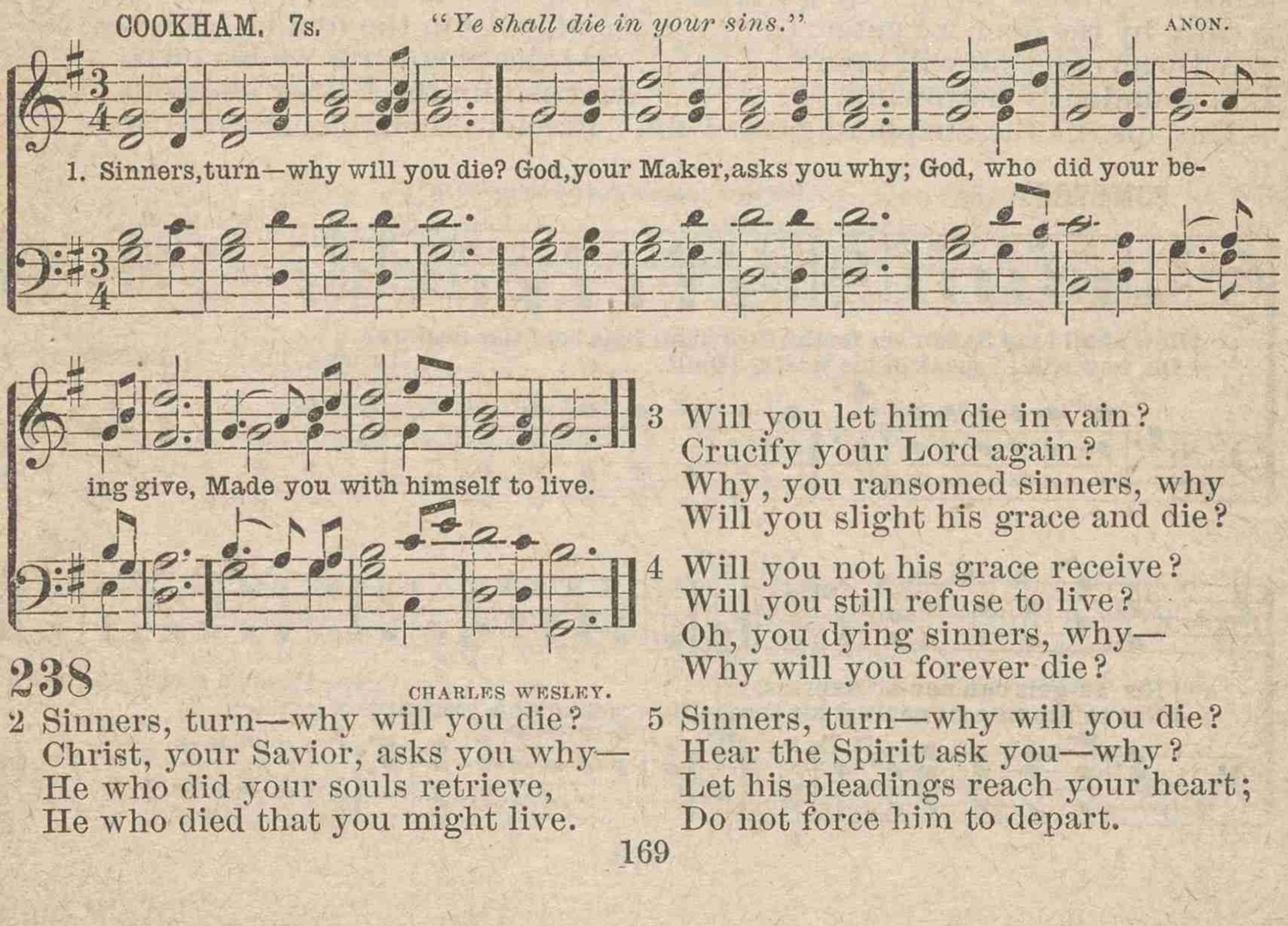
237 UNKNOWN.

2 Where the rich, golden fruit
Is in bright clusters pending,
And the deep-laden boughs
Of life's fair tree are bending;
And where life's crystal stream
Is unceasingly flowing,
And the verdure is green,
And eternally growing;

3 Where the saints, robed in white—
Cleansed in life's flowing fountain—
Shining beauteous and bright,
They inhabit the mountain;
Where no sin, nor dismay,
Neither trouble nor sorrow,
Will be felt for a day,
Nor be feared for the morrow.

4 He's prepared thee a home—
Sinner, canst thou believe it?
And invites thee to come—
Sinner, wilt thou receive it?
Oh, come, sinner, come,
For the tide is receding,
And the Savior will soon,
And forever, cease pleading.

COOKHAM. 7s. *"Ye shall die in your sins."* ANON.



238 CHARLES WESLEY.

2 Sinners, turn—why will you die?
Christ, your Savior, asks you why—
He who did your souls retrieve,
He who died that you might live.

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

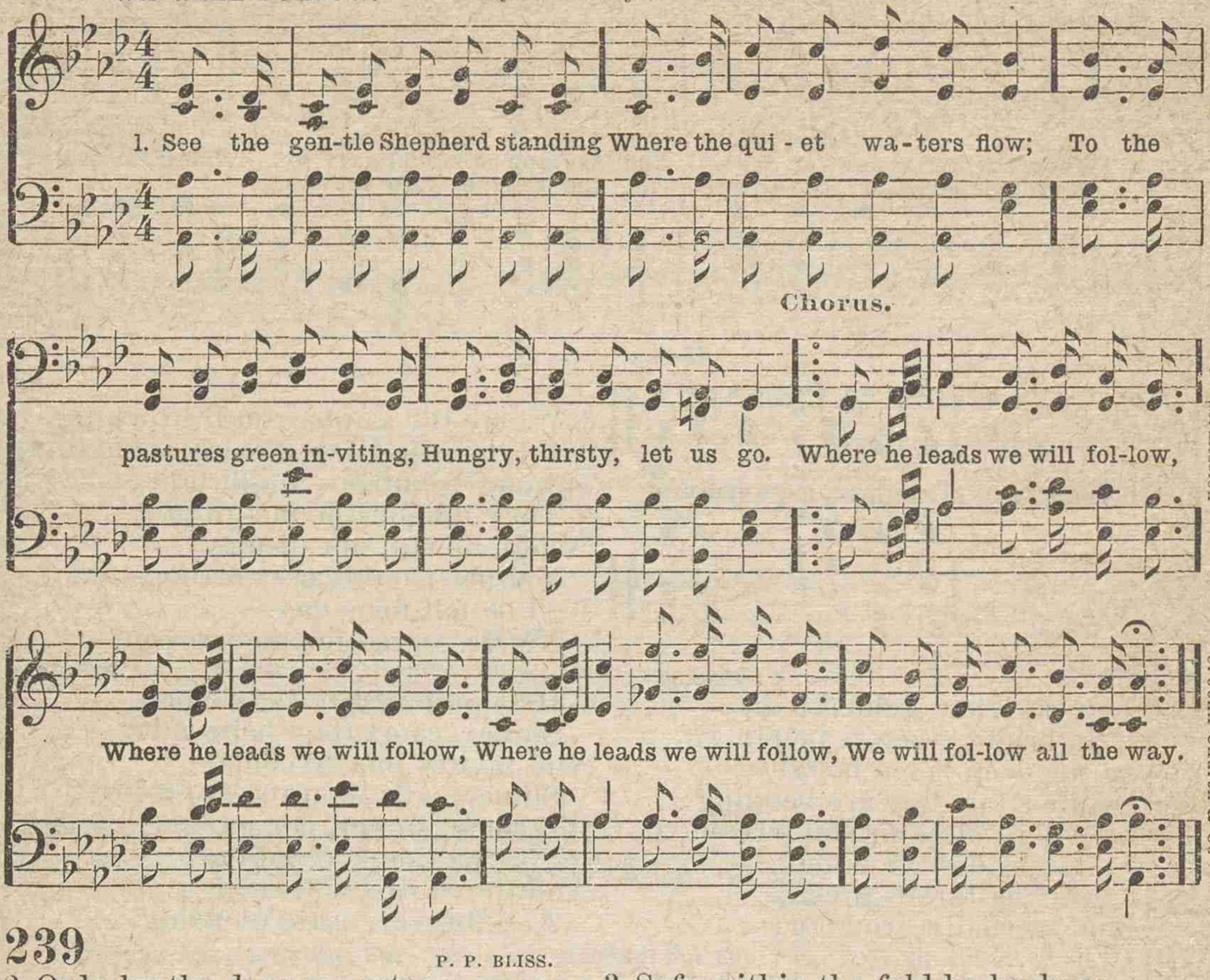
4 Will you not his grace receive?
Will you still refuse to live?
Oh, you dying sinners, why—
Why will you forever die?

5 Sinners, turn—why will you die?
Hear the Spirit ask you—why?
Let his pleadings reach your heart;
Do not force him to depart.

WE WILL FOLLOW.

"He left all and followed him."

P. P. BLISS.



By permission of John Church & Co.

239

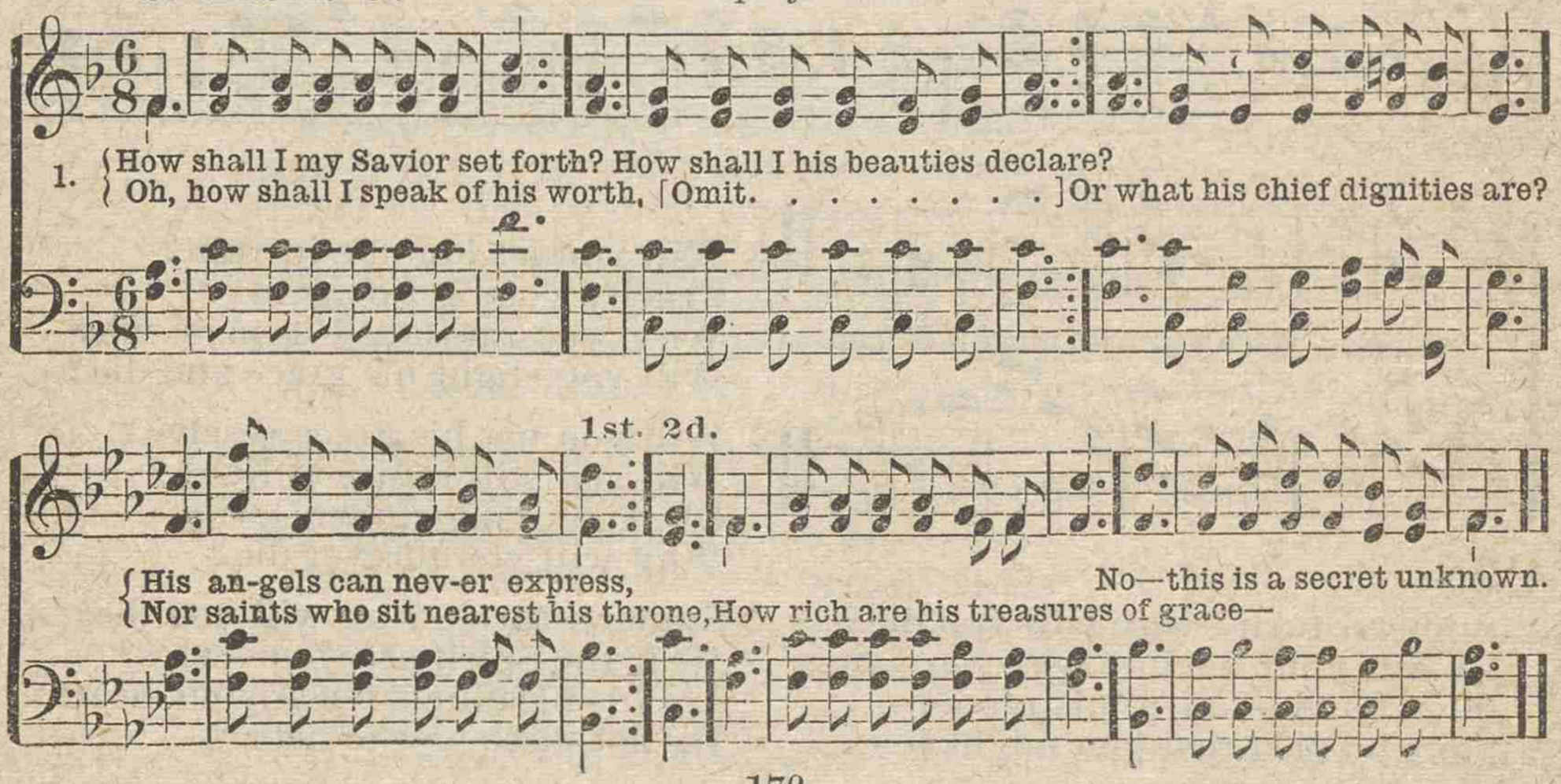
P. P. BLISS.

2 Only by the door we enter;
All who enter he will save;
Life abundantly bestowing,
Tho' his life the Shepherd gave.–CHO.

3 Safe within the fold he leads us,
He the Shepherd, we his own;
And as him the Father knoweth,
Precious thought–of him we're known.–CHO.

SOMERSET. 8s.

"We are unprofitable servants."

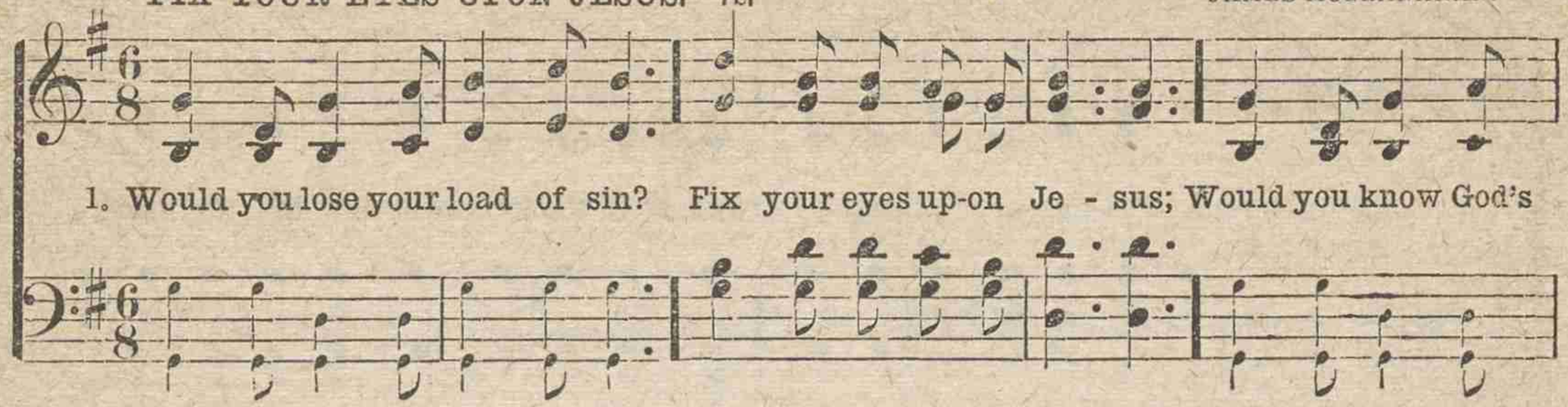


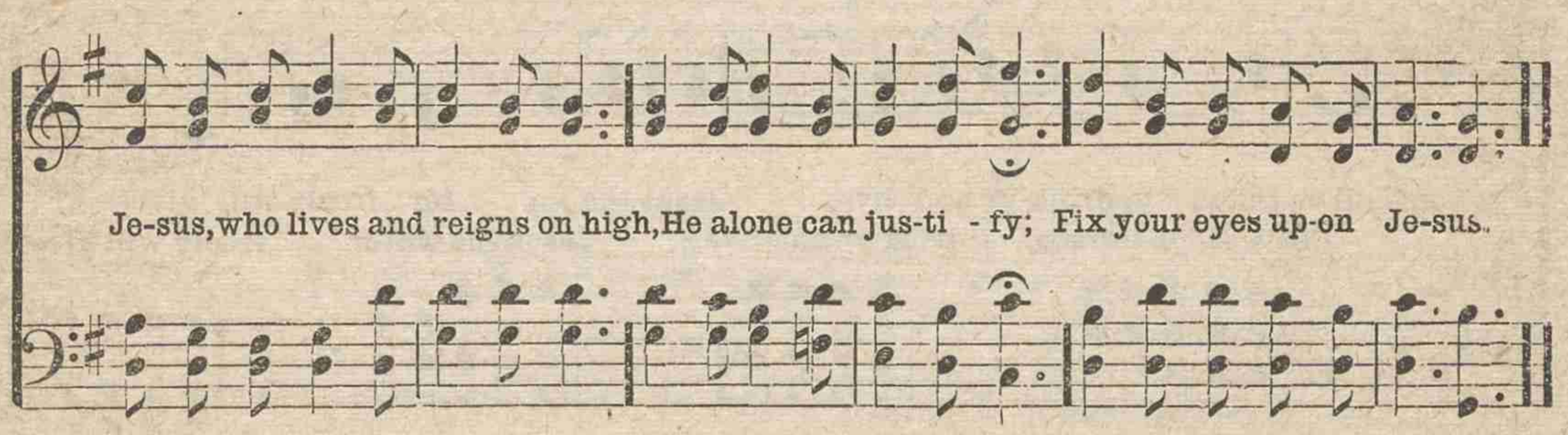
INVITATION.

"Look unto me and be ye saved."

FIX YOUR EYES UPON JESUS. 7s.

JAMES MCGRANAHAN.





By permission.

241

W. W. D.

2 Would you calmly walk the wave?
Fix your eyes upon Jesus;
Would you know his power to save?
Fix your eyes upon Jesus.—CHO.

3 Would you have your cares grow light?
Fix your eyes upon Jesus;
Would you songs have in the night?
Fix your eyes upon Jesus.—CHO.

4 Grieving, would you comfort know?
Fix your eyes upon Jesus;
Humble be when blessings flow?
Fix your eyes upon Jesus.—CHO.

5 Would you strength in weakness have,
Fix your eyes upon Jesus;
See a light beyond the grave?
Fix your eyes upon Jesus.—CHO.

240

MAXWELL.

2 In him all the fullness of God
Forever transcendently shines!
Though once like a mortal he stood
To finish his gracious designs.
Though once he was nailed to the cross,
Vile rebels like me to set free:
His glory sustainéd no loss,
Eternal his kingdom shall be.

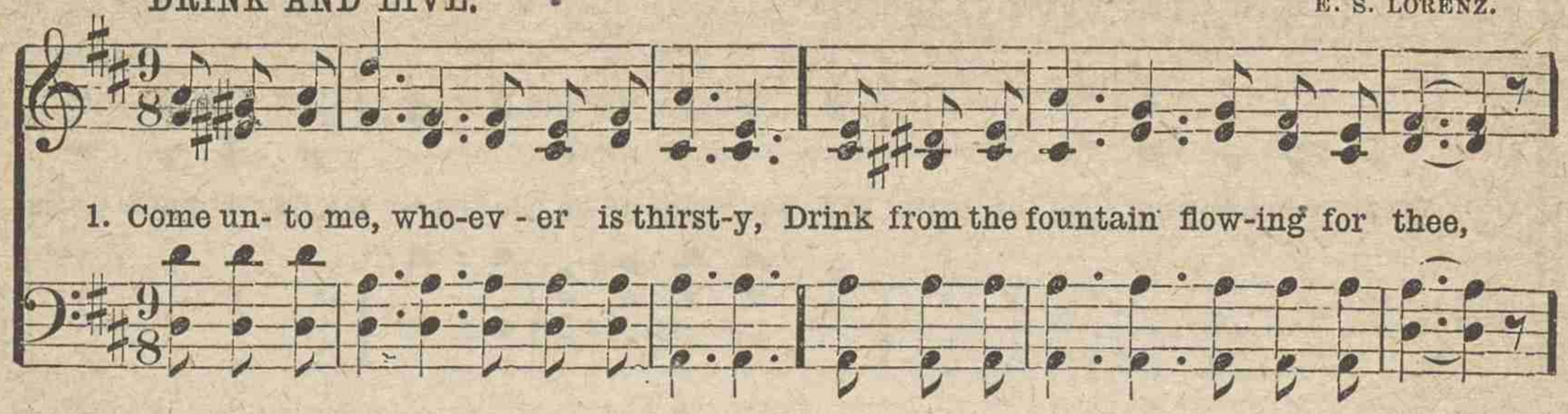
3 O sinners! believe and adore
This Savior so rich to redeem!
No creature can ever explore
The treasures of goodness in him.
Come, all you who see yourselves lost,
And feel yourselves burdened with sin,
Draw near, while with terror you're toss'd,
Obey, and your peace shall begin.

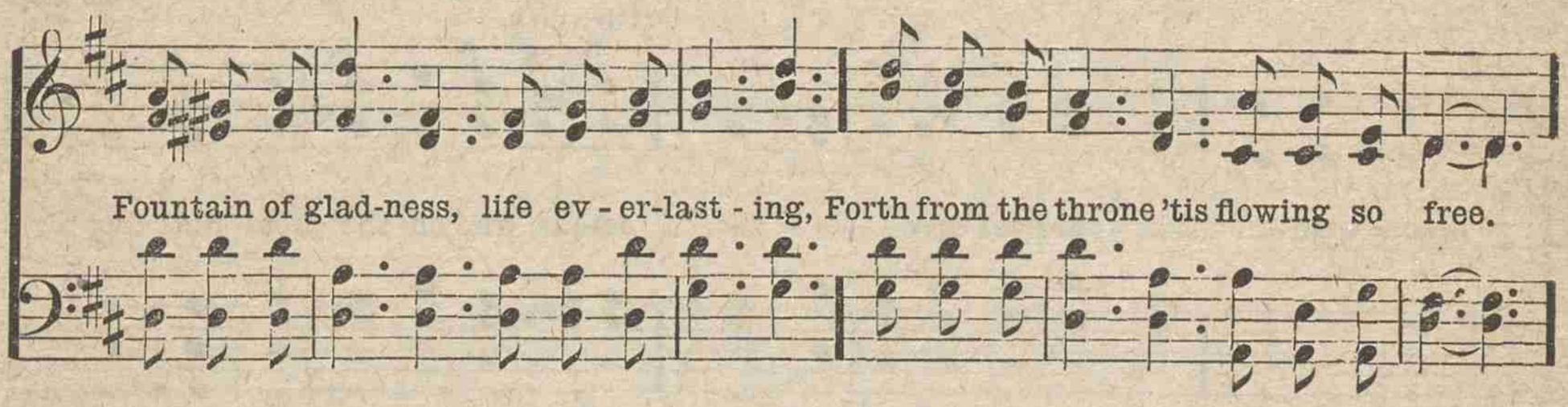
INVITATION.

"Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters."

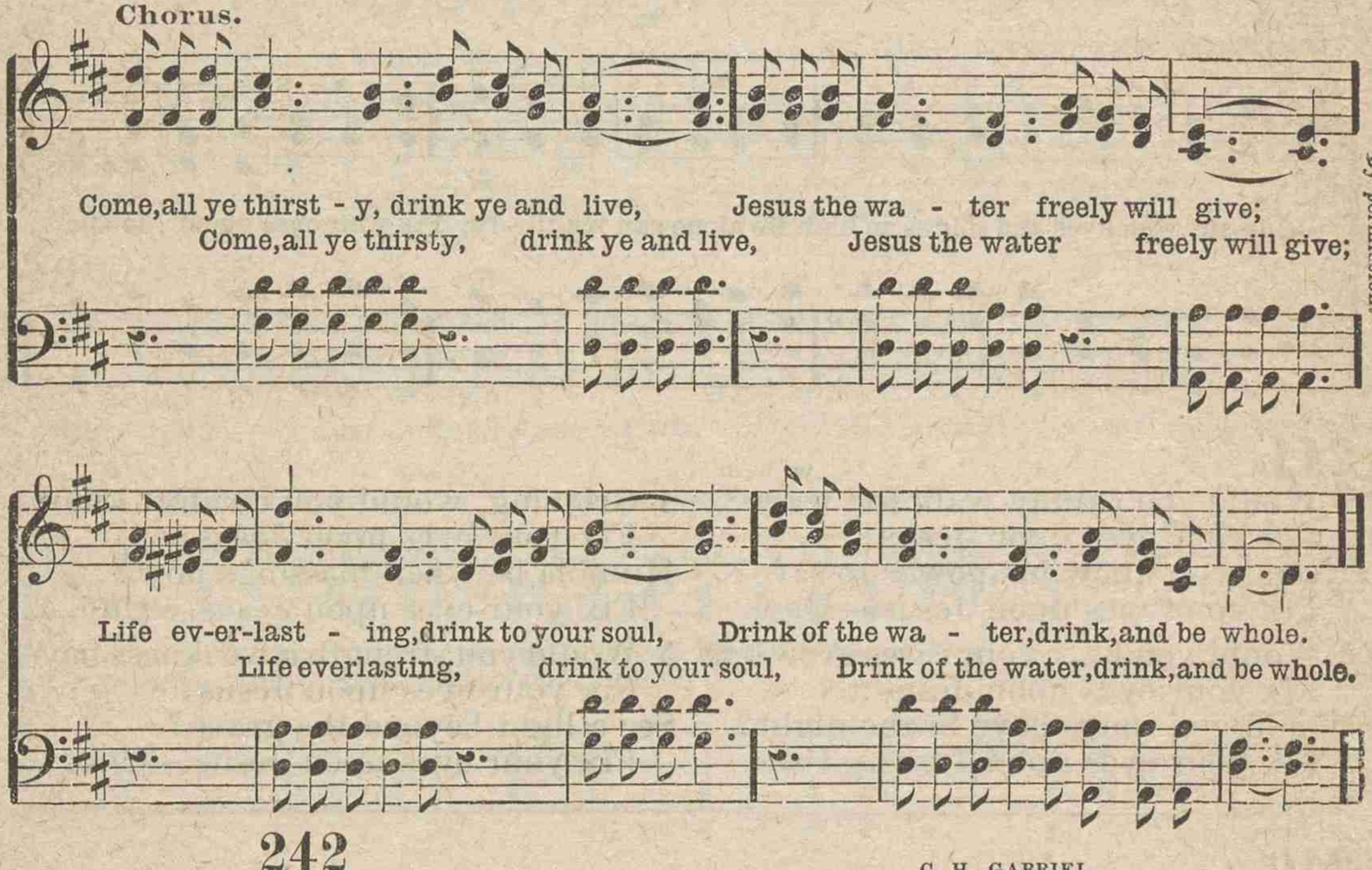
DRINK AND LIVE.

E. S. LORENZ.





Chorus.



By permission.

242 C. H. GABRIEL.

2 Hark to the invitation God gives you,
Drink, and ye shall be thirsty no more;
Come, lest ye perish, why are ye waiting?
Come, O ye weary, thirsty, and poor.—CHO.

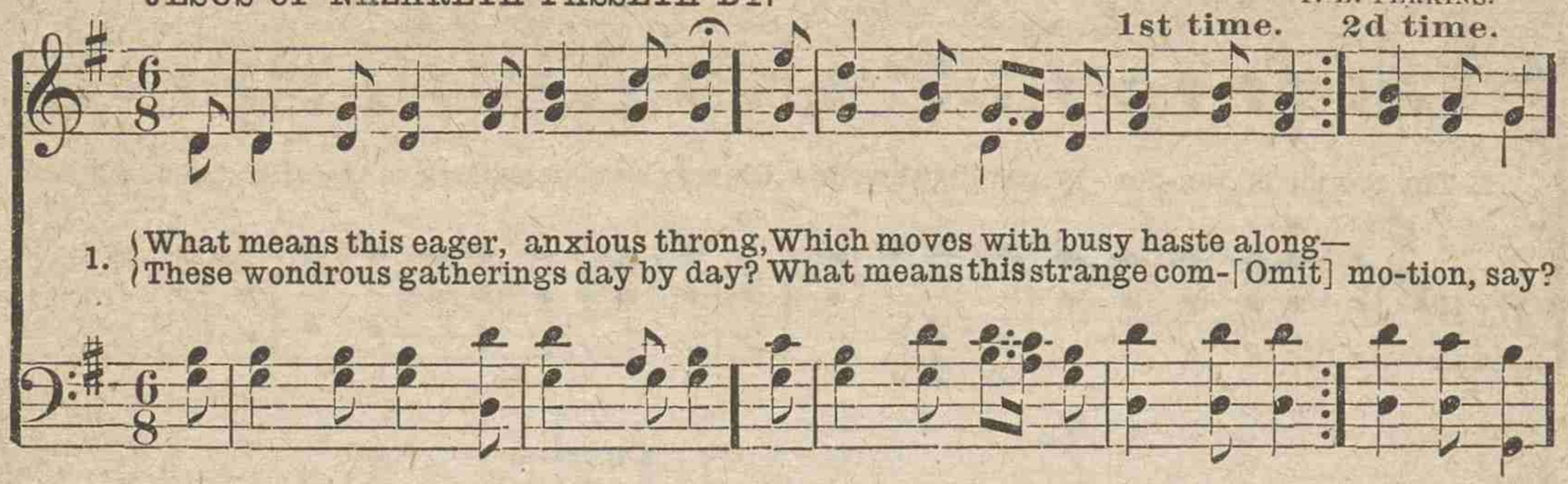
3 Come, whosoever will, to the fountain,
Come without money, come ye and drink;
Jesus invites you, why do you tarry?
'Tis but a step from you to the brink.—CHO.

INVITATION.

"He heard that it was Jesus of Nazareth."

JESUS OF NAZARETH PASSETH BY.

T. E. PERKINS.



243

UNKNOWN.

2 Who is this Jesus? Why should he
The city move so mightily?
A passing stranger, has he skill
To move the multitude at will?
Again the stirring tones reply:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

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

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

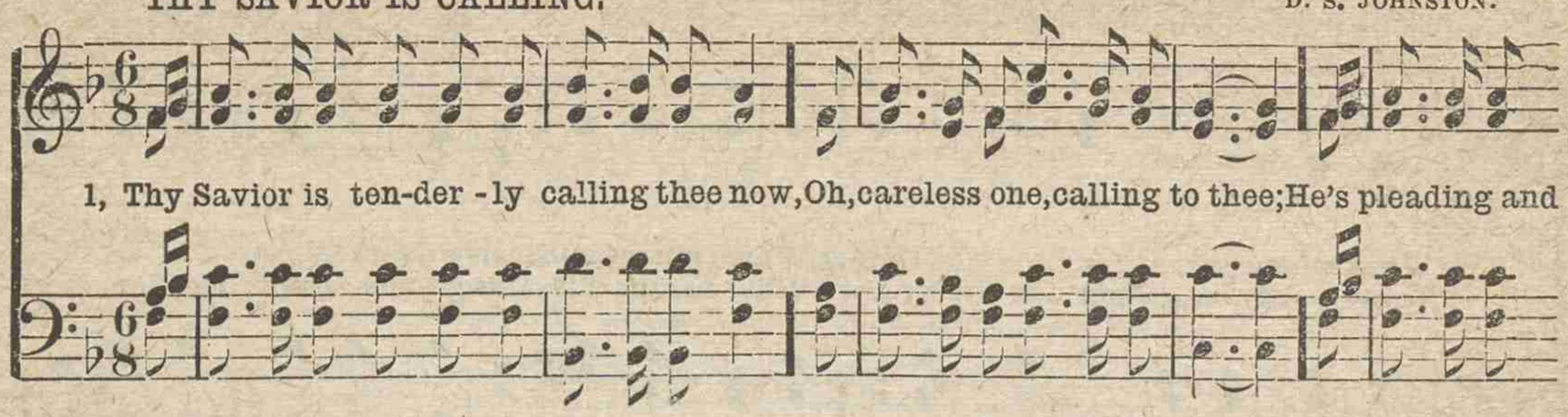
5 But if you still this call refuse,
And all his wondrous love abuse,
Soon will he sadly from you turn,
Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn.
"Too late! too late!" will be the cry—
"Jesus of Nazareth has passed by."

INVITATION.

"And the Spirit and Bride say, Come."

THY SAVIOR IS CALLING.

D. S. JOHNSTON.



244

D. S. JOHNSTON.

2 Too long you have followed your own crooked way,
Till weary and tired of sin;
He shows you a refuge of hope to-day,
You'll find it only in him.—CHO.

3 Your loved ones are pleading and praying for you,
In tears they have agonized long;
The angels are waiting to tell the news,
And all will join in the song.—CHO.

AT THE DOOR.

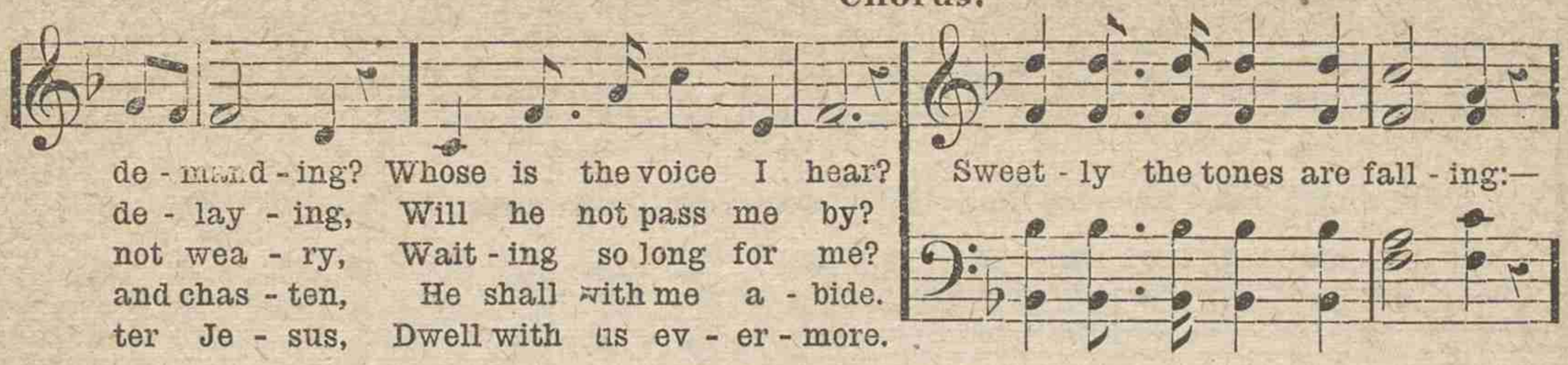
Rev. 3: 20.

DR. A. B. EVERETT.

245 Who at my door is stand - ing— Pa-tient - ly drawing near, En-trance within
2. Lonely with-out he's stay - ing— Lone - ly with-in am I; While I am still
3. All thro' the dark hours drea - ry, Knock-ing a - gain is he; Je - sus, art thou
4. Door of my heart, I hast - en! Thee will I o- pen wide; Though he re-buke
5. Guest of our love, he sees us, O - pen- ing now our door; Joy - ful - ly en-

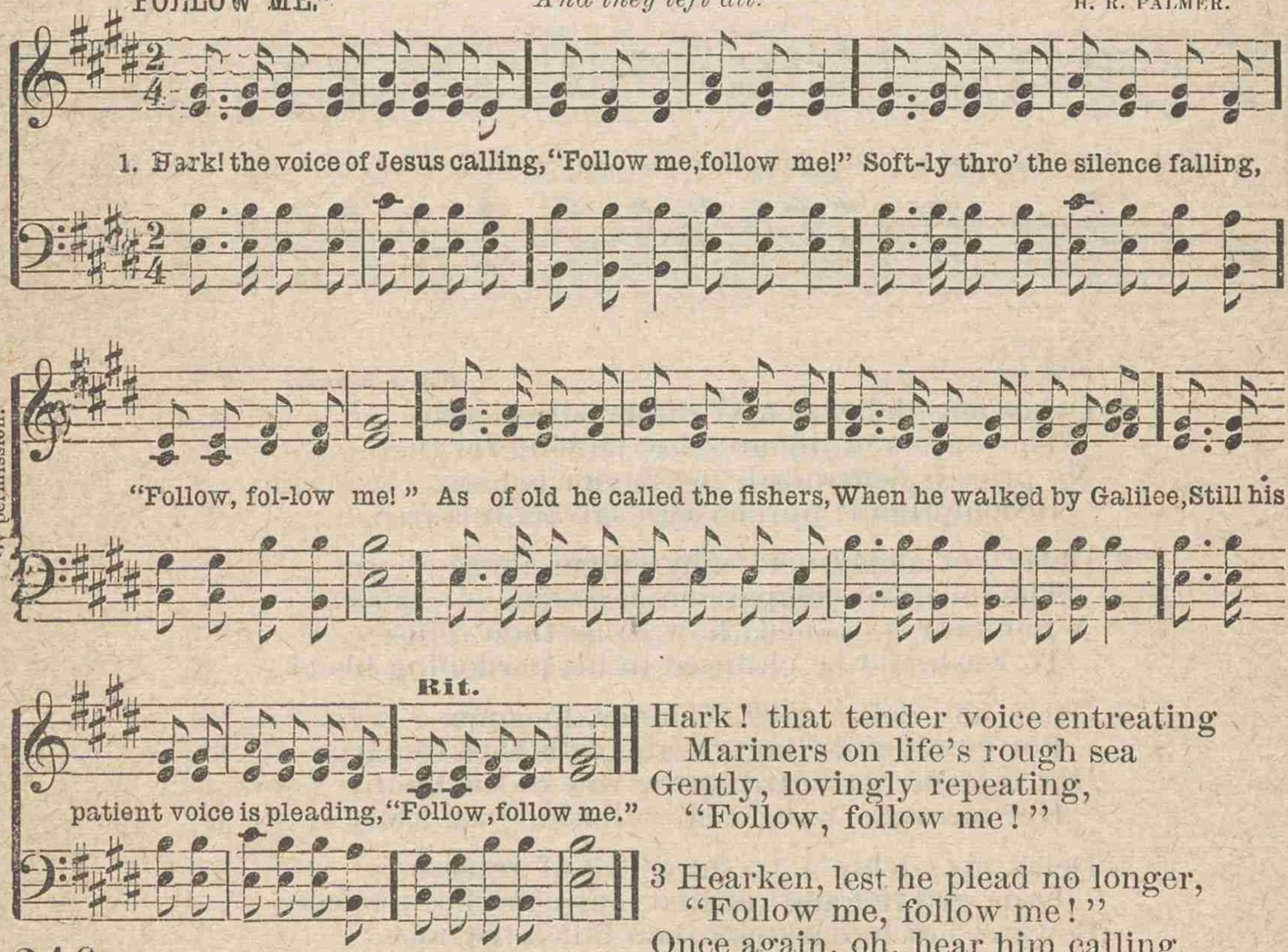
AT THE DOOR. Concluded.

Chorus.



By per. R. M. McIntosh.

"FOLLOW ME." *"And they left all."* H. R. PALMER.



By permission.

246 M. B. SLEIGHT.

2 Who will heed the holy mandate?
"Follow me, follow me!"
Leaving all things at his bidding?
"Follow, follow me!"

Hark! that tender voice entreating
Mariners on life's rough sea
Gently, lovingly repeating,
"Follow, follow me!"

3 Hearken, lest he plead no longer,
"Follow me, follow me!"
Once again, oh, hear him calling,
"Follow, follow me!"
Turning swift at thy sweet summons,
Evermore, O Christ, would we,
For thy love all else forsaking,
"Follow, follow thee!"

INVITATION.

HINTON. 11s. *"I delayed not to keep thy commandments."*

247

JOSIAH HOPKINS

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

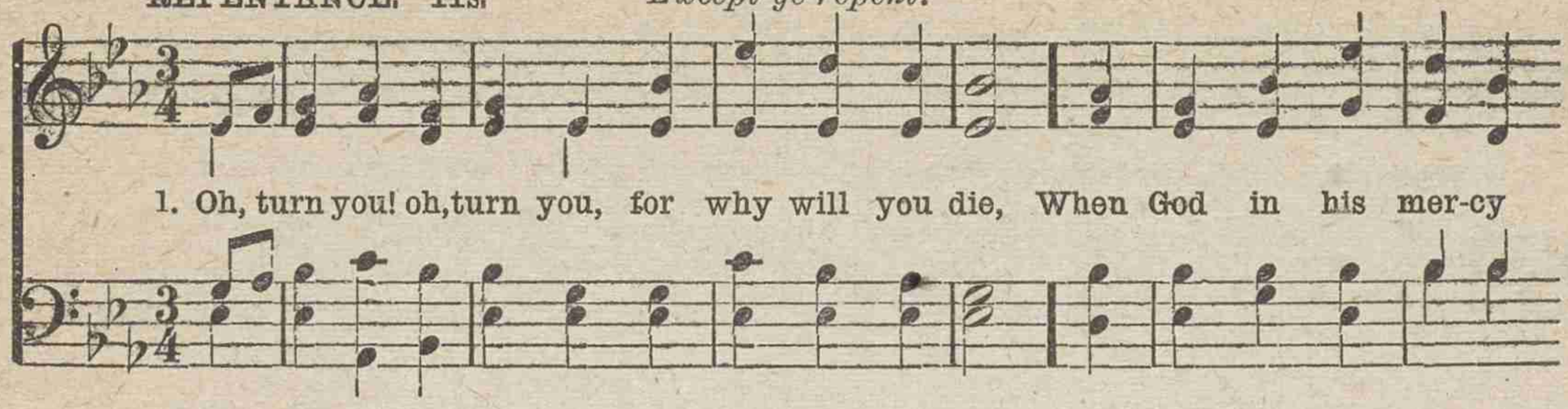
2 Delay not, delay not! why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus, our Lord?
A fountain is opened; how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in his pardoning blood?

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

4 Delay not, delay not! the Spirit of grace,
Long grieved and resisted, entreats thee to come;
Beware, lest in darkness thou finish thy race,
And sink to the vale of eternity's gloom.

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

REPENTANCE. 11s. *"Except ye repent."*



248 JOSIAH HOPKINS.

1 Oh, turn you! oh, turn you, for why will you die,
When God in his mercy is coming so nigh?
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says, come,
The brethren are waiting to welcome you home.

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

3 Here Jesus is ready your souls to receive;
Oh, how can you question, since now you believe?
Since sin is your burden, why will you not come?
He now bids you welcome—he now says there's room.

4 In riches, in pleasure, what can you obtain
To soothe your affliction, or banish your pain?
To bear up your spirit when summoned to die,
Or waft you to mansions of glory on high?

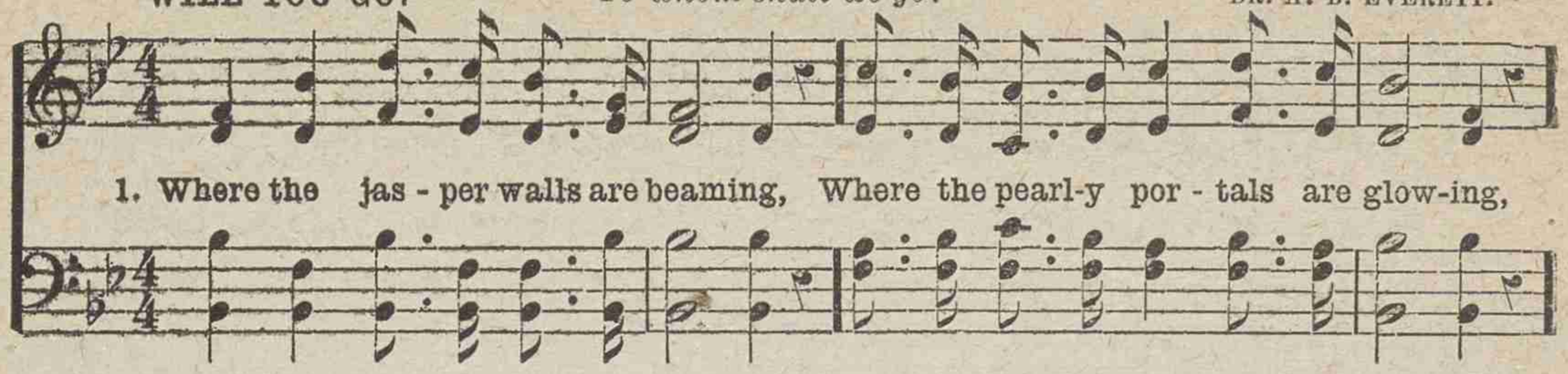
5 Why will you be starving and feeding on air?
There's mercy in Jesus, enough and to spare;
If still you are doubting, make trial and see,
And prove that his mercy is boundless and free,

INVITATION.

WILL YOU GO?

"To whom shall we go?"

DR. A. B. EVERETT.



By permission of R. M. McIntosh.

249

MRS. M. B. C. SLADE.

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

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

4 There shall be no days declining,
Though no sun nor moon light the heavén:
From amidst the throne is shining
Glory, from the Lord freely givén.—CHO.

INVITATION.

I WILL GO. 8s & 7s, *"We will go into his tabernacle."* R. M. MCINTOSH.

Refrain.

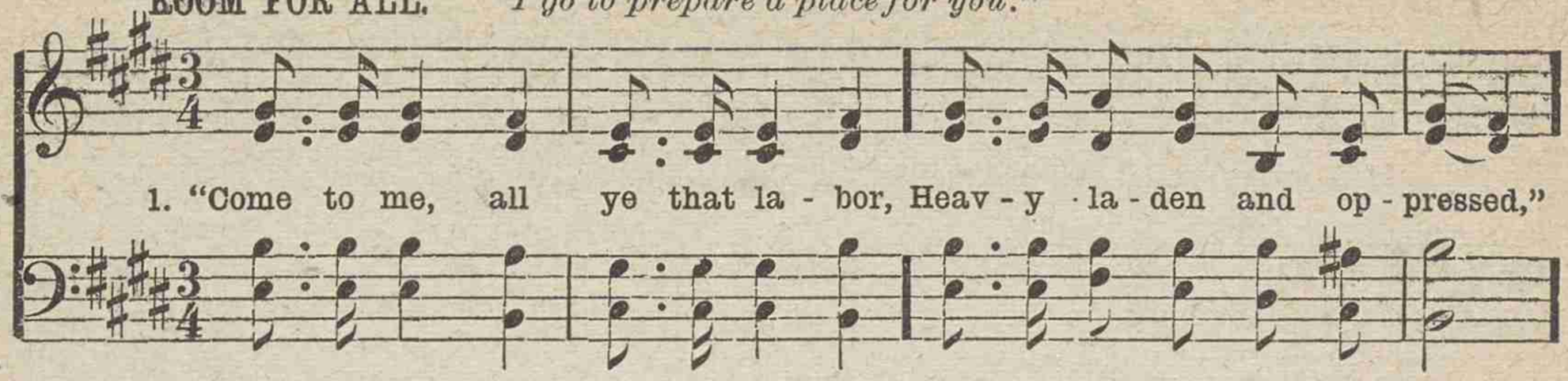
250 J. H. MARTIN.

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

3 At the feet of Jesus falling,
Rent with anguish, pain and grief,
Of my crimes, with tears repenting,
He will give me sweet relief.—CHO.

4 By his grace and mercy pardoned,
All my sins and guilt forgiven,
I will thank, and bless, and praise him,
For the joyful hope of heaven.—CHO.

ROOM FOR ALL. *"I go to prepare a place for you."*



251

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

3 Lord, we come to plead thy promise;
We, by sin and guilt oppressed,
Would take thy easy yoke upon us;
Grant us, Lord, on thee to rest.—CHO.

4 Guard us by thy kind protection,
Purify our every heart;
Oh, teach us, Lord, and make us humble,
Meek, and lowly, as thou art.—CHO.

INVITATION.

COME NEAR UNTO ME. *"Draw near with a true heart."*

R. L.

By permission of Biglow & Main.

Refrain.

JULIA A. MATHEWS.

2 "Are you weary of sin, of its weight, and its pain?
Come near unto me, I can cleanse its deep stain;
Does the thought of your guilt make you fearful and weak?
Come near unto me, your full pardon I'll speak."—REF.

3 "Are you weary of straying? my own hand shall guide
Your feet in the way where no ill shall betide;
Are you hungry and thirsty? your soul shall be fed
With the water of life and the heavénly bread."—REF.

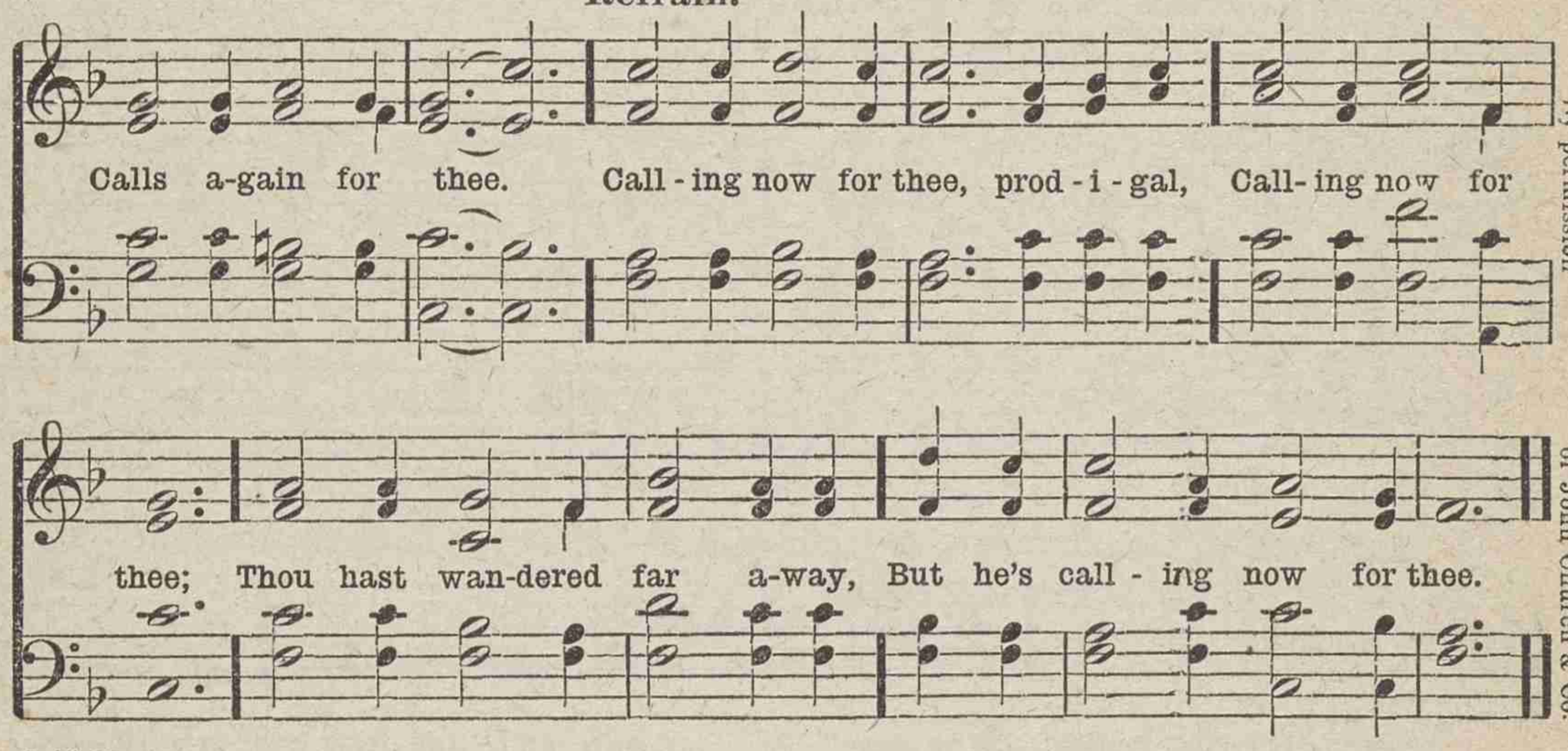
INVITATION.

CALLING NOW.

"To-day if ye will hear his voice."

P. P. BLISS.

Refrain.



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253

P. P. BLISS.

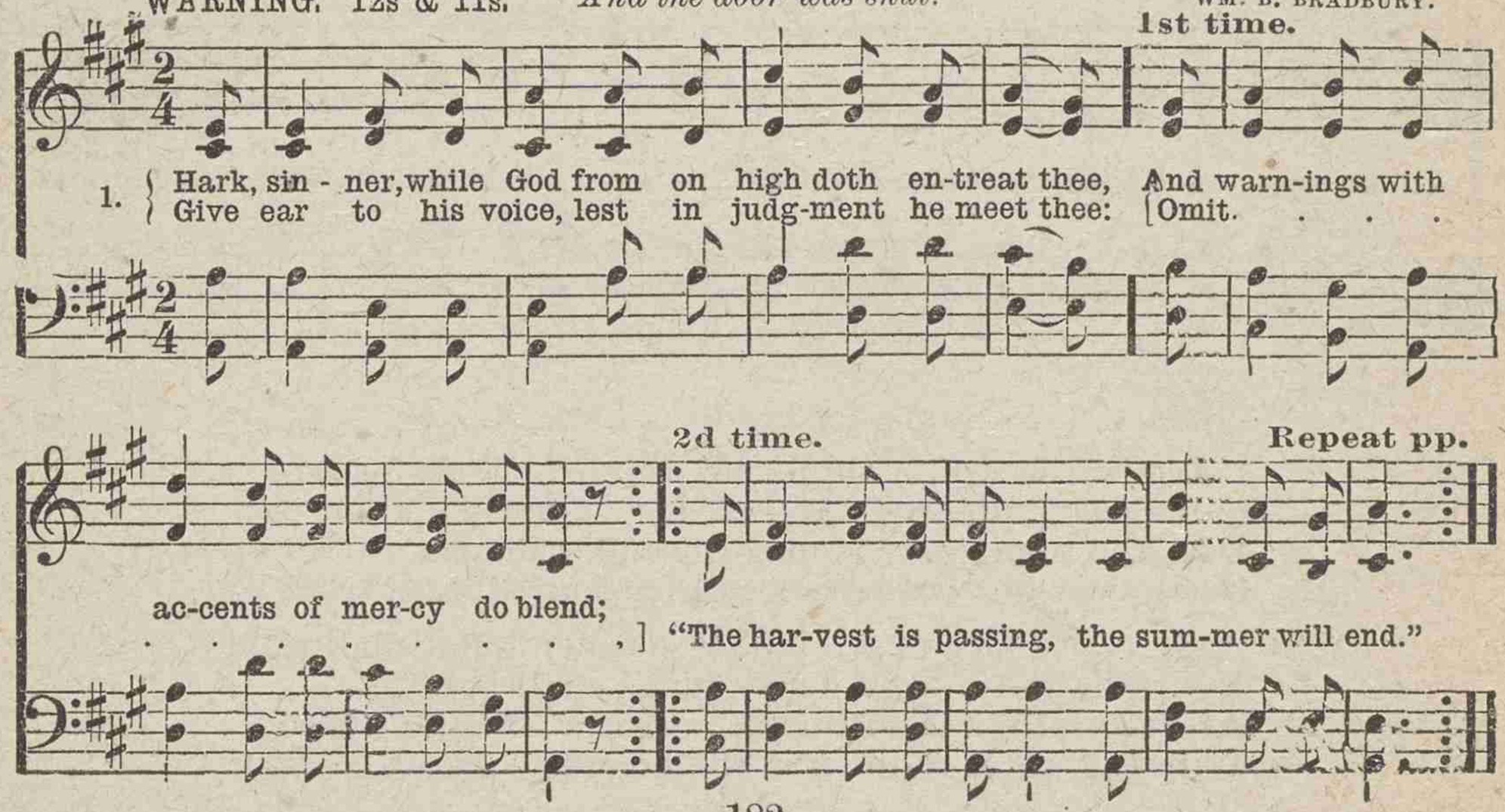
2 Oh, boundless mercy,
Free, free to all!
Stay, child of error,
Heed the tender call.—REF.

3 Though all unworthy,
Come, now, come home—
Say, while he's waiting,
"Jesus, dear, I come."—REF.

WARNING. 12s & 11s.

"And the door was shut."

WM. B. BRADBURY.

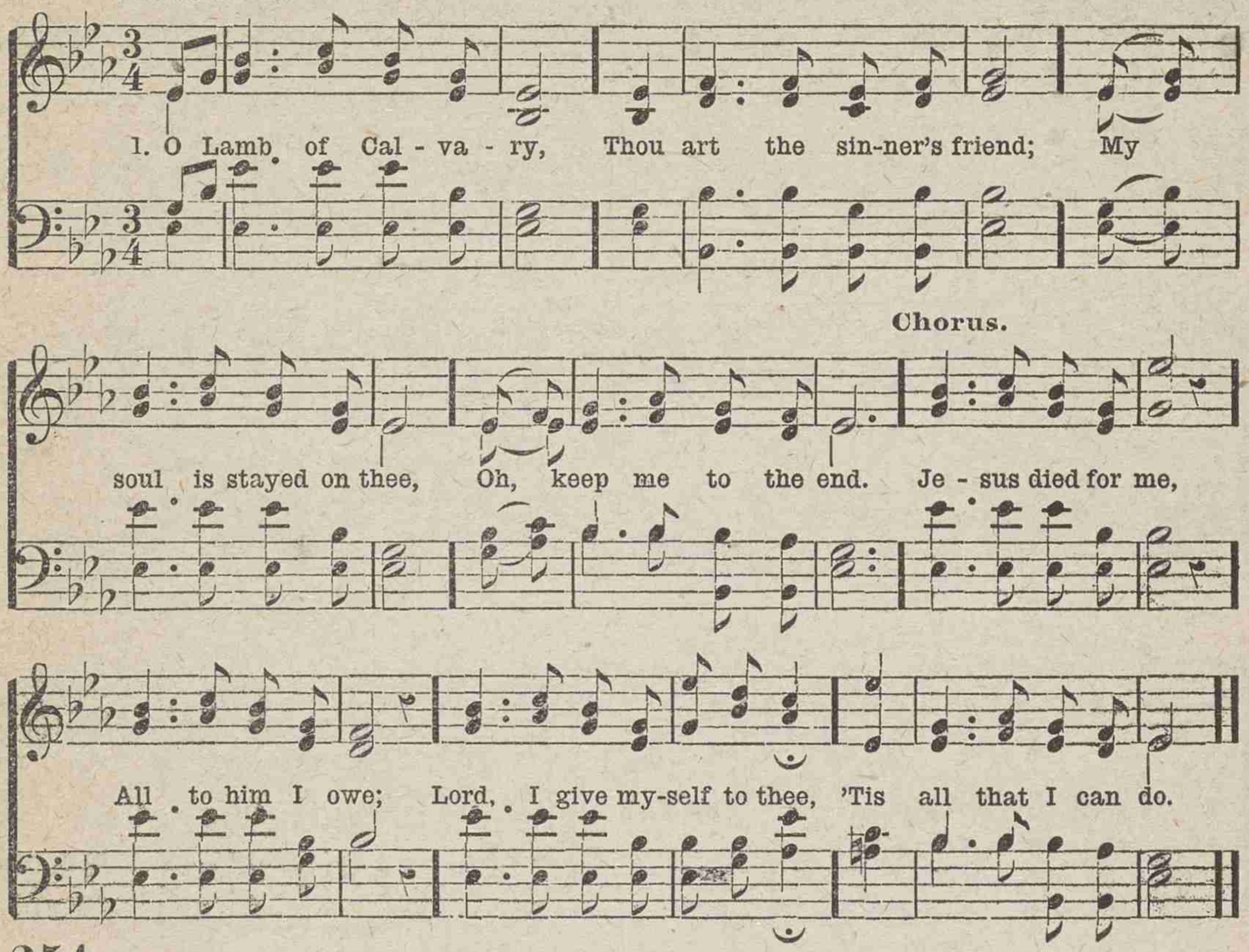


INVITATION.

"Lamb slain from the foundation of the world."

JESUS DIED.

J. T. GRAPE.



254

G. S. JUDD.

2 And is there room for me?
Have I a home above?
Will God forgiving be,
And save me by his love?—CHO.

3 Jesus, we'll see thy face
In that bright home above;
Saved by redeeming grace,
We'll sing redeeming love.—CHO.

255

J. B. HAYNE.

1 Hark, sinner, while God from on high doth entreat thee,
And warnings with accents of mercy do blend;
Give ear to his voice, lest in judgment he meet thee:
"The harvest is passing, the summer will end."

2 Despised and rejected, at length he may leave thee:
What anguish and horror thy bosom will rend!
Then haste thee, O sinner, while he will receive thee:
"The harvest is passing, the summer will end."

3 Ere long, and Jehovah will come in his power;
Our God will arise, with his foes to contend.
Haste, haste thee, O sinner, prepare for that hour:
"The harvest is passing, the summer will end."

4 The Savior will call thee in judgment before him;
Oh, bow to his scepter, and make him thy friend;
Now yield him thy heart; make haste to adore him:
"The harvest is passing, the summer will end."

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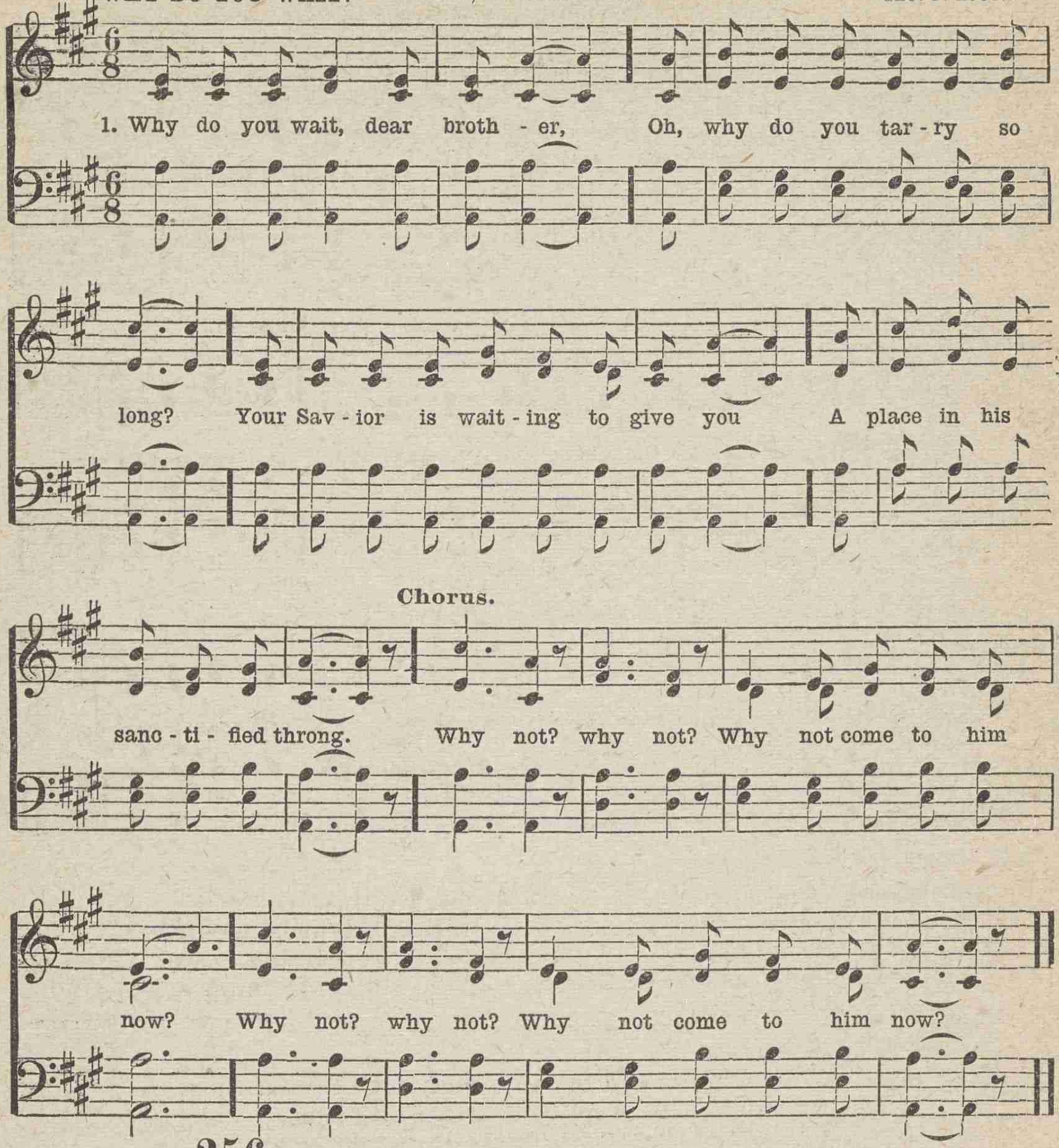
INVITATION.

WHY DO YOU WAIT?

"Arise, he calleth thee."

GEO. F. ROOT.



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256

G. F. R.

2 What do you hope, dear brother,
To gain by a further delay?
There's no one to save you but Jesus,
There's no other way but his way.—CHO.

3 Do you not feel, dear brother,
His Spirit now striving within?
Oh, why not accept his salvation,
And throw off thy burden of sin?—CHO.

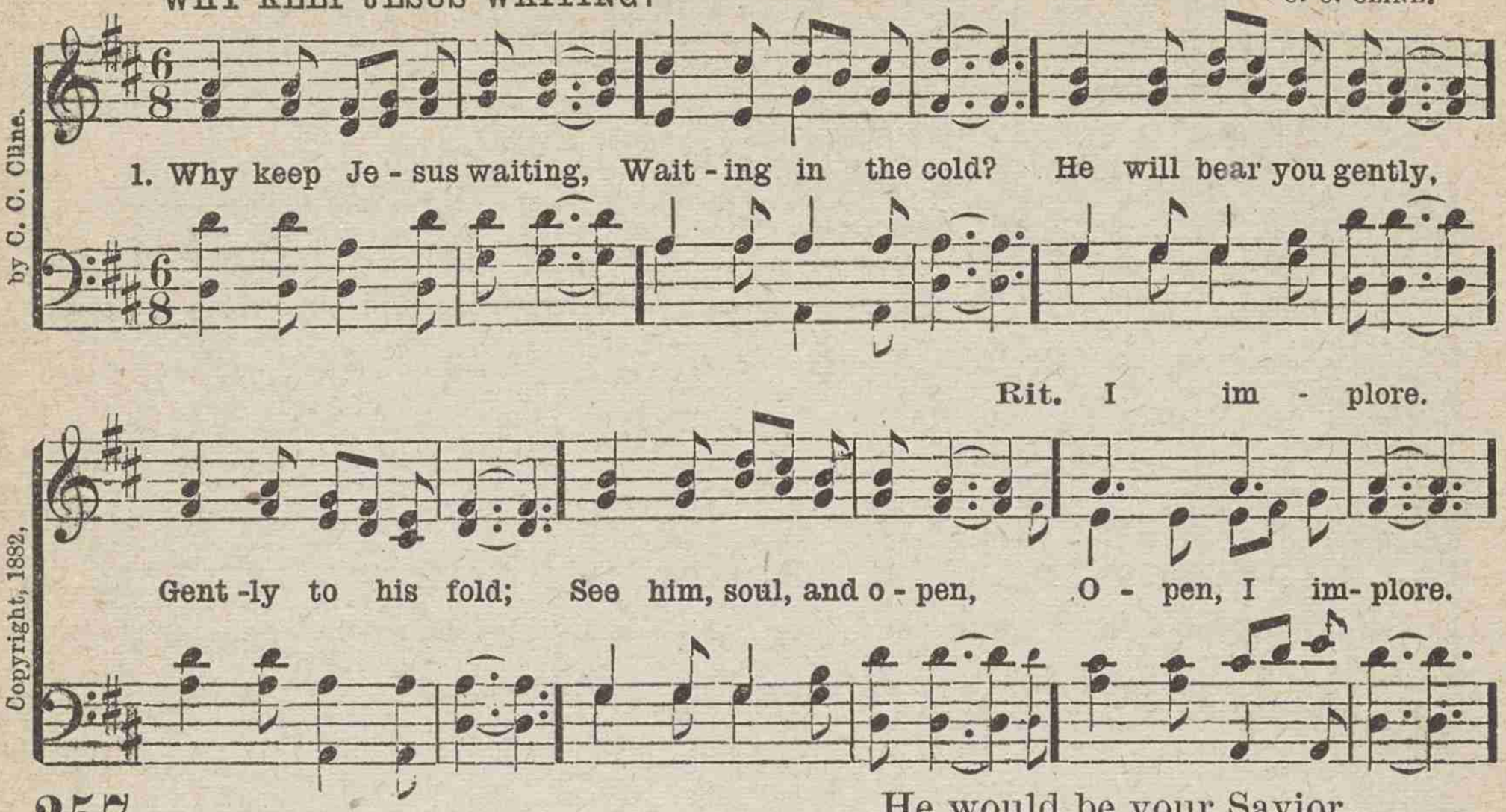
4 Why do you wait, dear brother?
The harvest is passing away;
Your Savior is longing to bless you,
There's danger and death in delay.—CHO.

INVITATION.

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock."

WHY KEEP JESUS WAITING?

C. C. CLINE.



257

C. C. CLINE.

2 Why keep Jesus waiting,
Waiting at the door?
Oft he knocketh softly,
Softly, o'er and o'er;
HEAR him, soul, and open,
I im-plore.

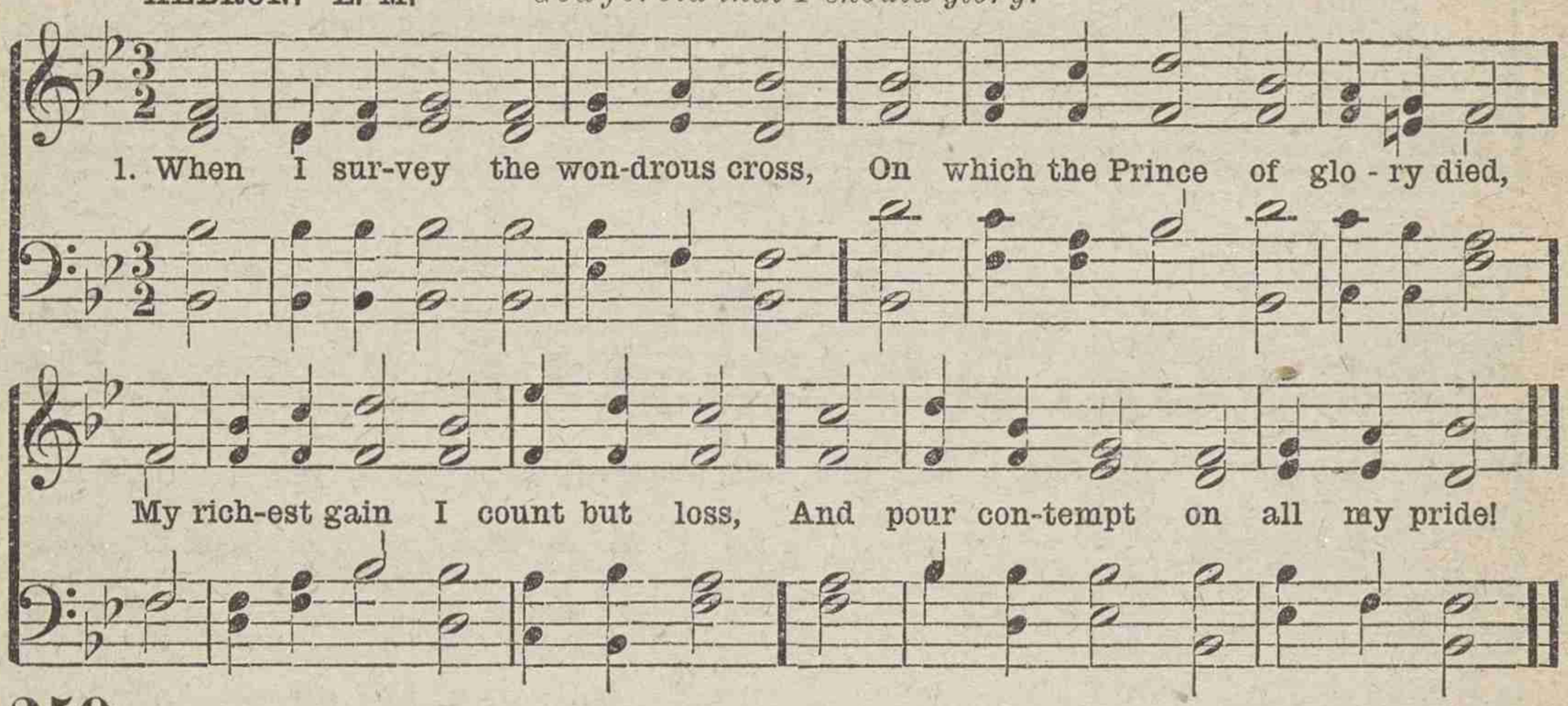
3 Why keep Jesus pleading,
Pleading at the door?
He would be your Savior,
Ever, evermore;
LOVE him, soul, and open,
I im-plore.

5 Why keep Jesus waiting—
Knocking at the door?
Soon he'll cease his pleading,
Yes, for evermore;
Come, poor soul, OBEY him,
I im-plore.

258 TOO LATE. *"And five of them were foolish."*

THE SUFFERING SAVIOR.

HEBRON. L. M. *"God forbid that I should glory."*



259

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

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!

OLIVE'S BROW. L. M. *"The midnight agony."* W. B. BRADBURY.

260

2 'Tis midnight; and from all removed
The Savior wrestles lone with fears;
E'en that disciple whom he loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

3 'Tis midnight; and for others' guilt
The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet he that hath in anguish knelt,
Is not forsaken by his God.

4 'Tis midnight; from the heavenly plains
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Savior's woe.

THE SUFFERING SAVIOR.

MARTYN. 7s. *"Mary at the tomb."* MARSH.

261

2 Jesus, who is always near,
Though too often unperceived,
Came her drooping heart to cheer,
Kindly asking why she grieved:
Though at first she knew him not,
When he called her by her name,
She her heavy griefs forgot,
For she found him still the same.

3 And her sorrows quickly fled,
When she heard his welcome voice;
Christ had risén from the dead,
Now he bids her heart rejoice:
What a change his word can make—
Turning darkness into day;
You who weep for Jesus' sake,
He will wipe your tears away.

SCUDAMORE. 7s. *"He is not here."* R. R. CHOPE.

262

T. SCOTT.

2 Hark! the wondering angels raise
Louder notes of joyful praise;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Echo with the blissful sound.

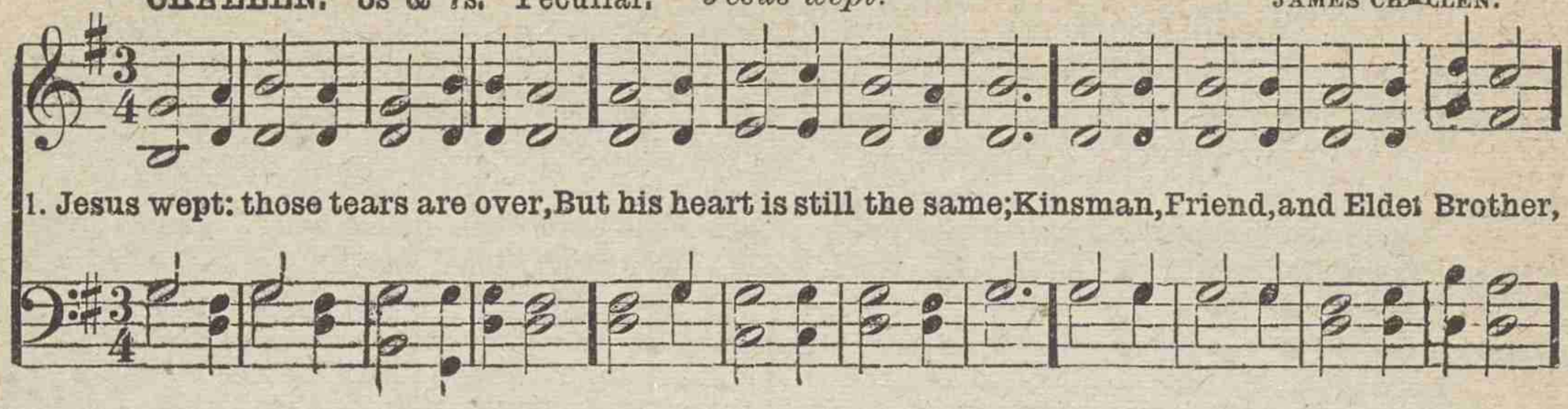
Now, ye saints! lift up your eyes,
See him high in glory rise!
Ranks of angels on the road,
Hail him—the incarnate God.

4 Heaven unfolds its portals wide,
See the Conqueror through them ride!
King of glory! mount thy throne—
Boundless empire is thine own.

THE SUFFERING SAVIOR.

CHALLEN. 8s & 7s. Peculiar. *"Jesus wept."*

JAMES CHALLEN.



263

EDWARD DENNY.

2 When the pangs of trial seize us,
  When the waves of sorrow roll,
I will lay my head on Jesus—
  Pillow of the troubled soul.
Truly, none can feel like thee,
Weeping One of Bethany.

3 Jesus wept; and still, in glory,
  He can mark each mourner's tear—
Living to retrace the story
  Of the hearts he solaced here.
Lord, when I am called to die,
Let me think of Bethany.

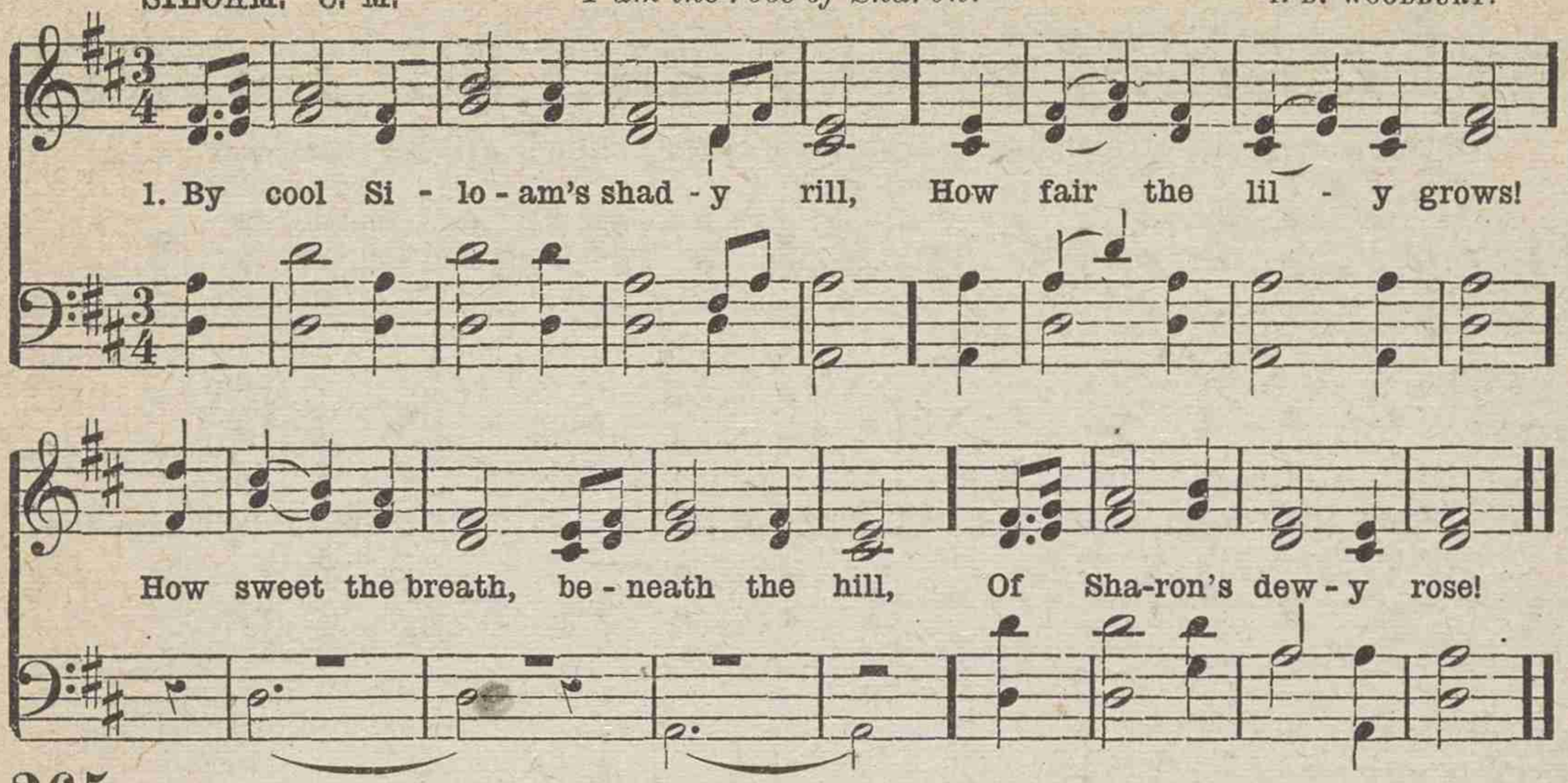
4 Jesus wept: that tear of sorrow
  Is a legacy of love;
Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,
  He the same shall ever prove.
Thou art all in all to me,
Living One of Bethany.

NAOMI. C. M. *"As oft as ye do it."*

H. G. NAGELI.

THE SUFFERING SAVIOR.

SILOAM. C. M. *"I am the rose of Sharon."* I. B. WOODBURY.



265

2 Lo! such the child, whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

4 O thou who givest life and breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own!

MELODY. C. M. *"He remembers Calvary."*

266

ISAAC WATTS.

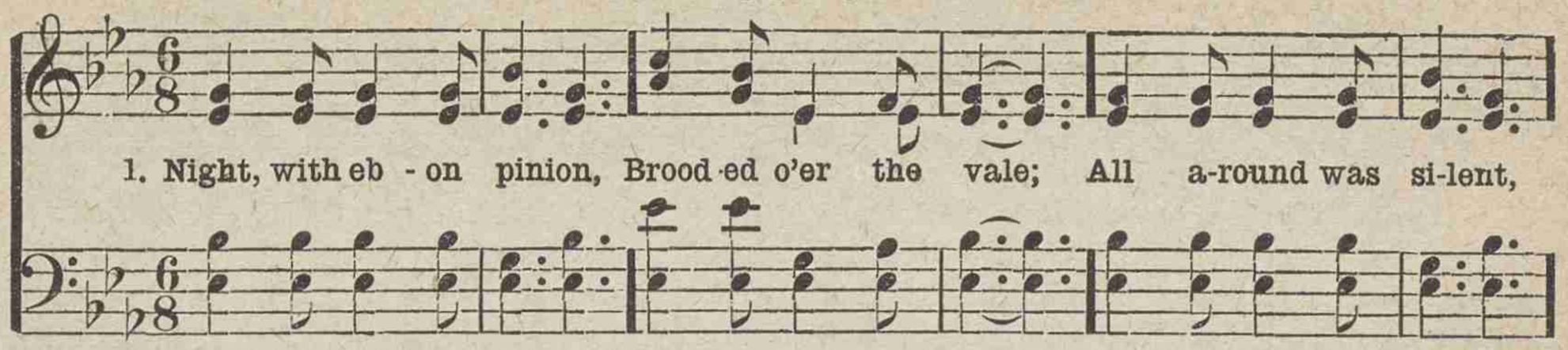
2 He sunk beneath our heavy woes,
To raise us to his throne;
There's ne'er a gift his hand bestows
But cost his heart a groan.

3 This was compassion, like a God
That when the Savior knew
The price of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.

4 Now, though he reigns exalted.
His love is still as great;
Well he remembers Cal-va-ry,
Nor let his saints forget.

THE SUFFERING SAVIOR.

SORROWS. 6s. 5s & 7. *"Let this cup pass from me."* J. P. POWELL.



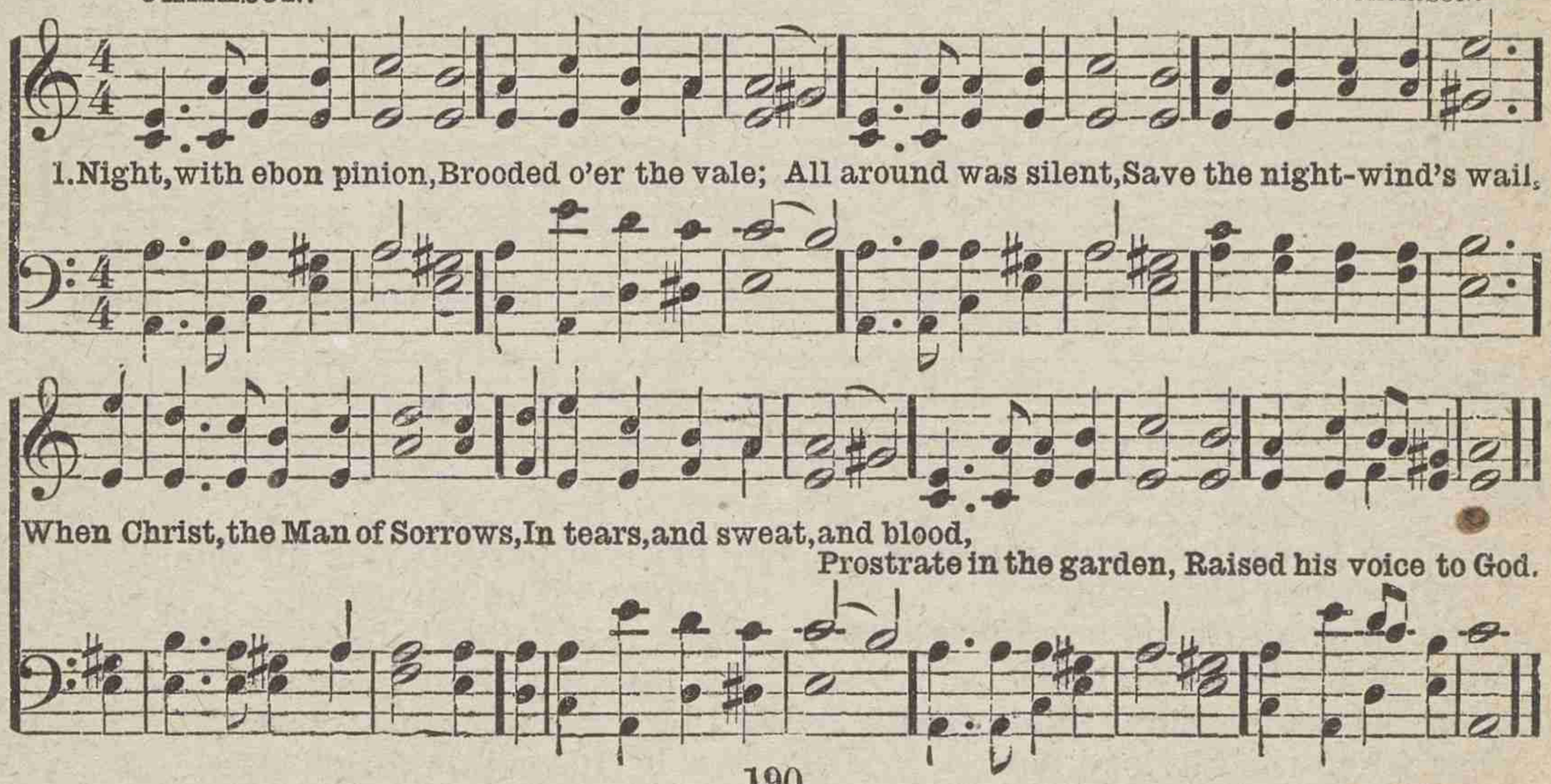
267

L. H. JAMESON.

2 Smitten for offenses
Which were not his own,
He, for our transgressions,
Had to weep alone;
No friend with words to comfort,
Nor hand to help was there,
When the Meek and Lowly
Humbly bowed in prayer.

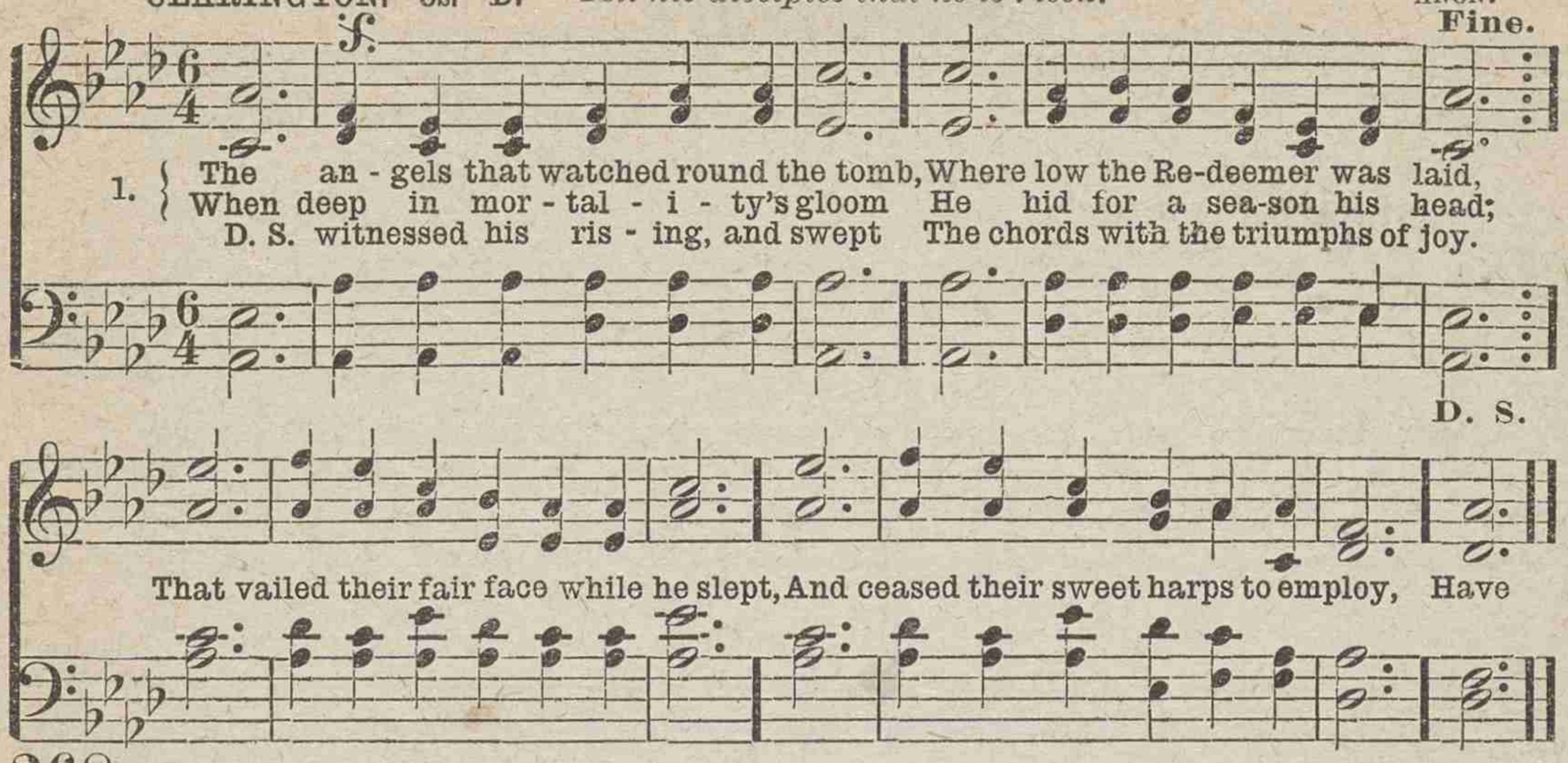
3 Abba, Father, Father,
If indeed it may,
Let this cup of anguish
Pass from me, I pray.
Yet if it must be suffered
By me, thine only Son,
Abba, Father, Father,
Let thy will be done.

JAMESON. L. H. JAMESON.



THE SUFFERING SAVIOR.

CLARINGTON. 8s. D. *"Tell his disciples that he is risen."* ANON.



268

WM. B. COLLYER.

2 You saints, who once languished below,
But long since have entered your rest,
I pant to be glorified too,
To lean on Immanuel's breast.
The grave in which Jesus was laid
Has buried my guilt and my fears;
And while I contemplate its shade,
The light of his presence appears.

3 Oh, sweet is the season of rest,
When life's weary journey is done!
The blush that spreads over its west,
The last lingering ray of its sun!
Though dreary the empire of night,
I soon shall emerge from its gloom,
And see immortality's light
Arise on the shades of the tomb.

SILENT NIGHT. P. M. *"I bring you good tidings."*

269

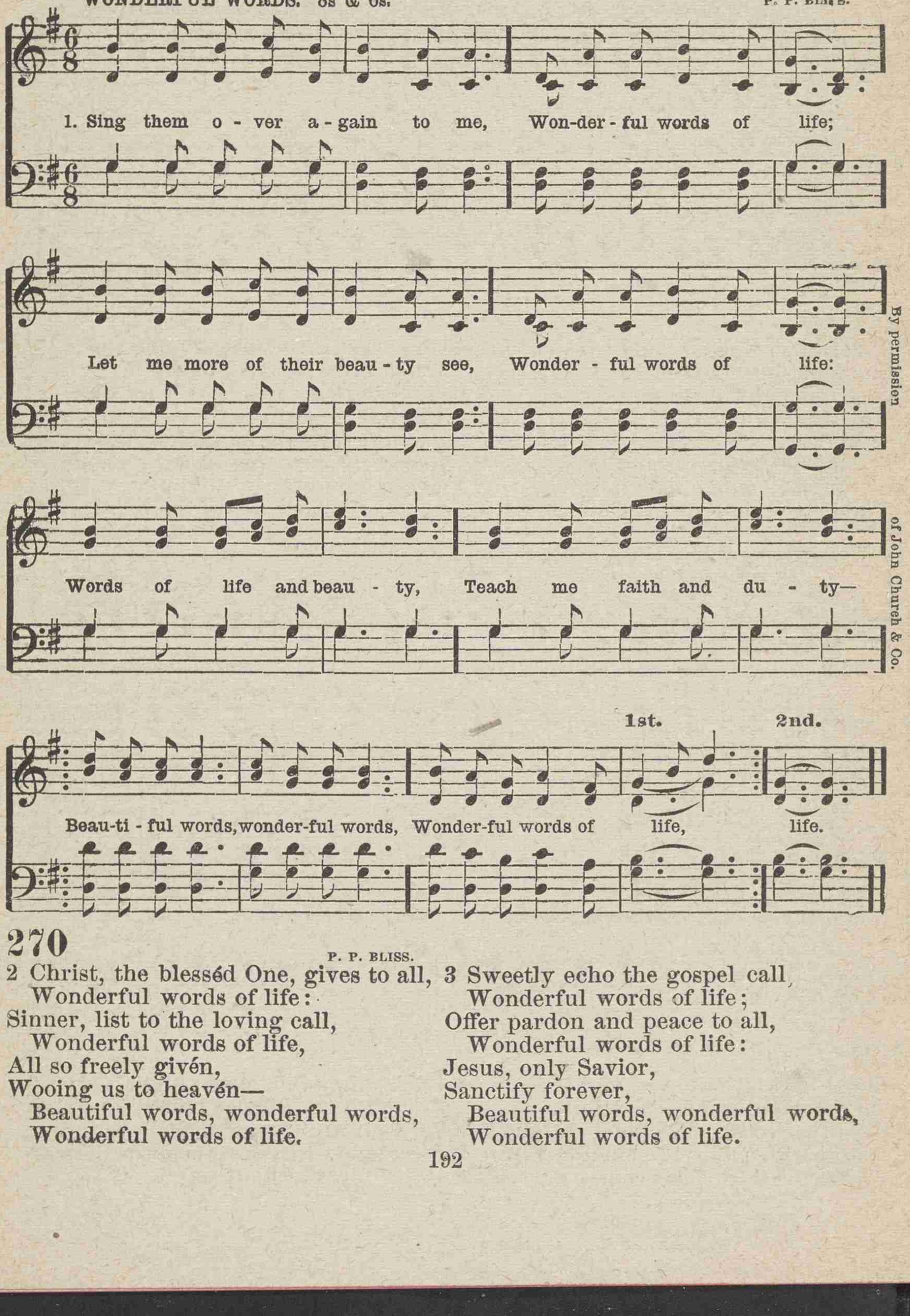
2 Silent night! hallowed night!
On the plain wakes the strain,
Sung by heavénly harbingers bright,
Fraught with tidings of boundless delight:
Christ the Savior has come.

3 Silent night! hallowed night!
Earth awake, silence break,
High your anthems of melody raise,
Heaven and earth in full chorus of praise:
Peace forever shall reign.

THE BIBLE.

"Thou hast the words of eternal life."

WONDERFUL WORDS. 8s & 6s. P. P. BLISS.



270

P. P. BLISS.

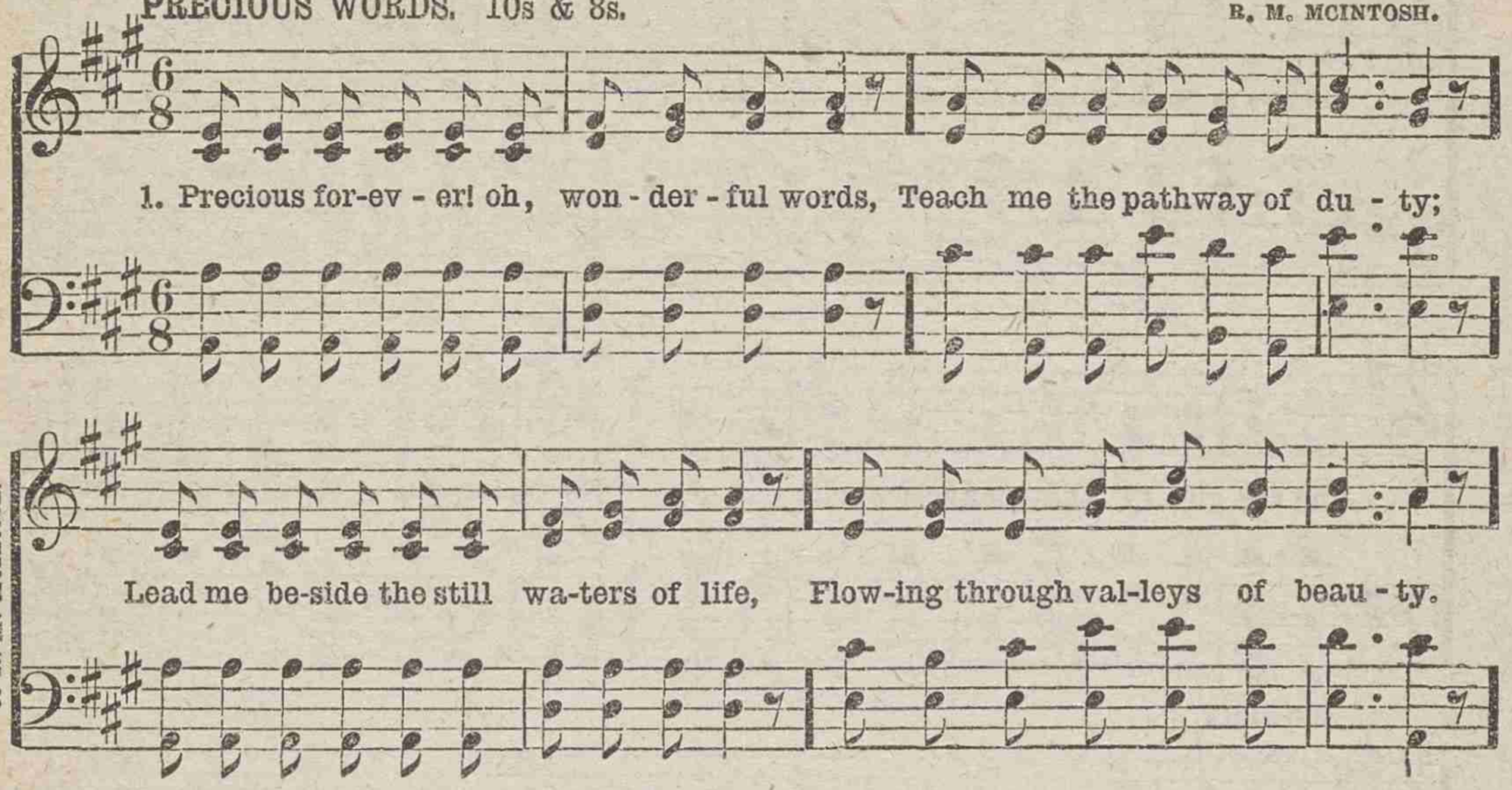
2 Christ, the blesséd One, gives to all,
Wonderful words of life:
Sinner, list to the loving call,
Wonderful words of life,
All so freely givén,
Wooing us to heavén—
Beautiful words, wonderful words,
Wonderful words of life.

3 Sweetly echo the gospel call,
Wonderful words of life;
Offer pardon and peace to all,
Wonderful words of life:
Jesus, only Savior,
Sanctify forever,
Beautiful words, wonderful words,
Wonderful words of life.

"The gospel is the power of God unto salvation."

PRECIOUS WORDS. 10s & 8s.

R. M. MCINTOSH.



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• 271

MRS. LOULA K. ROGERS.

1 Precious forever! oh, wonderful words,
Teach me the pathway of duty;
Lead me beside the still waters of life,
Flowing through valleys of beauty.—REF.

2 Freely he offers their promise to all,
"Come unto me whosoever,"
Sinners oppressed with a burden of woe,
Drink of the bountiful river.—REF.

3 Wouldst thou refuse the sweet solace he gives,
In the midnight of thy sorrow?
Wouldst thou go on in the darkness of sin,
Longing for no bright to-morrow?—REF.

THE BLESSED BOOK.

"My tongue shall speak of thy word."

TOM C. NEAL.

1. There's a book which surpass - es the sa - ges, A vol - ume of wis-dom di-vine;
And the glo - ry that gleams from its pa - ges, No splen-dor of earth can outshine.

Chorus.

'Tis the Bi - - - - ble! the Bi - - - - ble! Our guid- ing star that leads from earth to heav'n!
'Tis the bless - ed, bless - ed Bi - ble! the bless - ed, bless - ed Bi - ble! Our The Bi - - - - ble! the
The bless - ed, bless - ed Bi - ble! the Bi - - - - ble! We love the precious Book of Truth which God has giv'n.
bless - ed, bless - ed Bi - ble! We

Repeat p.

272

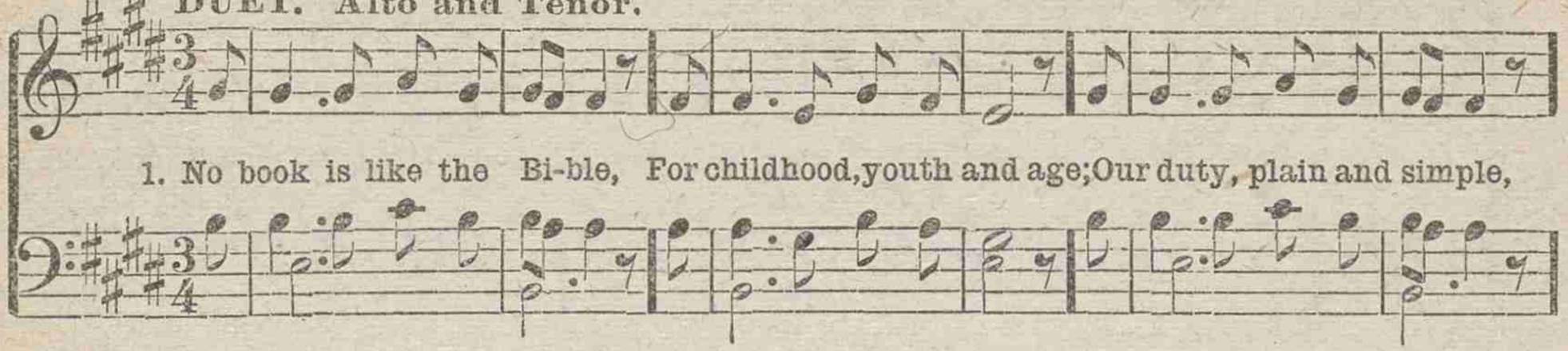
2 'Tis the light which will guide us to glory,
The sword of the spirit of might;
And to dwell on its beautiful story,
Is of heavén the sweetest delight.–CHO.

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

THE BIBLE.

"I hope in thy word."

NO BOOK LIKE THE BIBLE. 7s. & 6s. D. ASA HULL.



By permission of Asa Hull.

273 FANNY CROSBY.

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

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

CROYDON. C. M. *"Remember now thy Creator."* BEETHOVEN.

274 ISAAC WATTS.

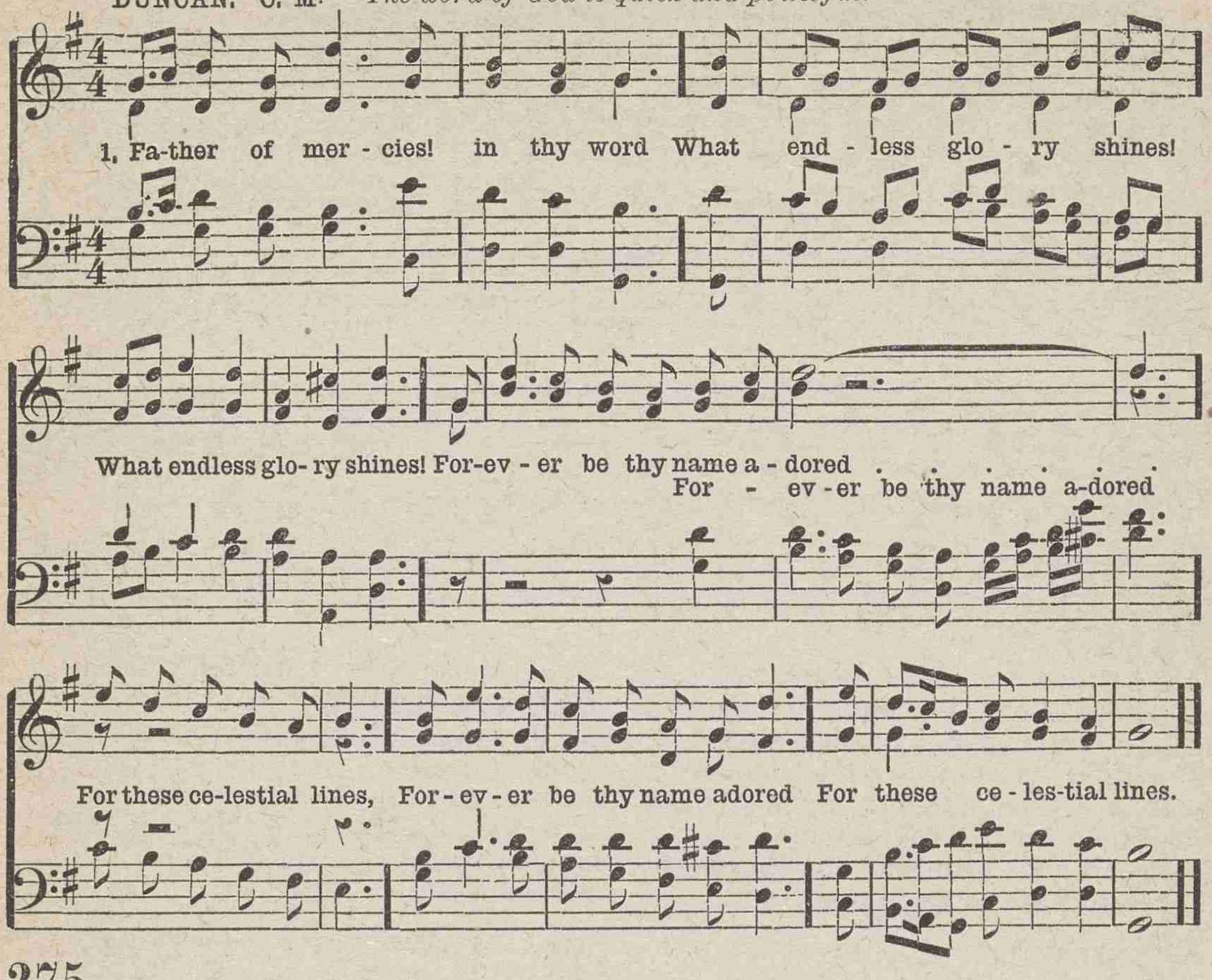
2 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And, through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

3 Thy precepts make us truly wise;
We hate the sinner's road;
We hate our own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, O God!

4 Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

HEBER. C. M. *"A light unto my path."* GEO. KINGSLEY.

DUNCAN. C. M. *"The word of God is quick and powerful."*



275

A. STEELE.

2 Here, the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast;
Sublimer sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.

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

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

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

276

2 The hand that gave it still supplies
His gracious light and heat;
His truths upon the nations rise—
They rise, but never set.

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

4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The paths of truth and love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

277

"Thy word is a lamp."

1 How precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its precepts shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

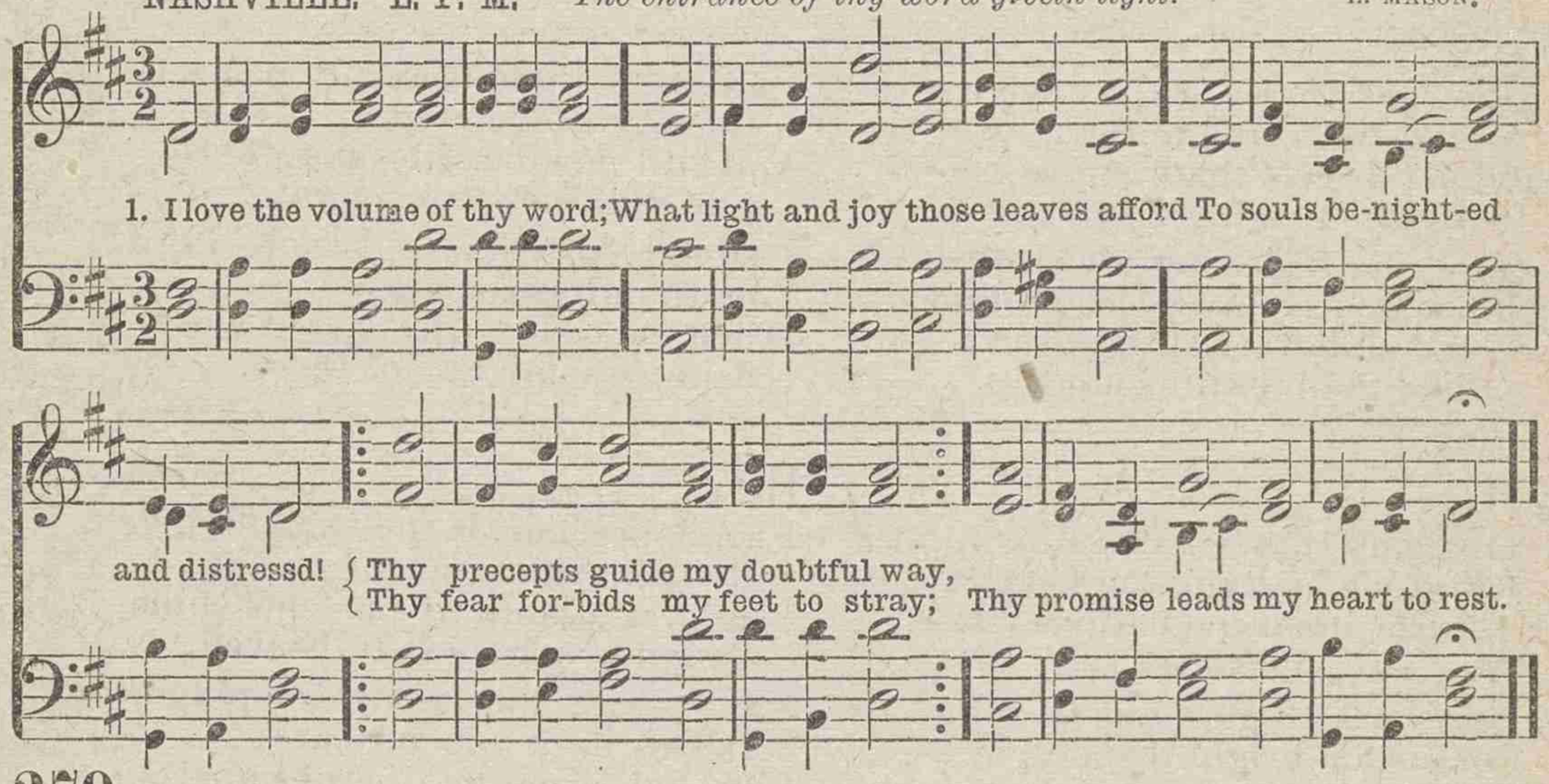
BLESSED BIBLE. 8s & 7s. D. *"Thy word have I hid in my heart."* A. D. FILLMORE.

278

2 Yes, I'll to my bosom press thee,
Precious Word, I'll hide thee here!
Sure my very heart will bless thee,
For thou ever say'st, "Good cheer!"
Speak, my heart, and tell thy ponderings,
Tell how far thy rovings led,
When this book brought back thy wanderings,
Speaking life as from the dead.

3 Yes, sweet Bible, I will hide thee,
Hide thee richly in this heart;
Thou through all my life wilt guide me,
And in death we will not part!
Part in death! no, never, never!
Through death's vale I'll lean on thee;
Then, in worlds above, forever,
Sweeter still thy truths shall be.

NASHVILLE. L. P. M. *"The entrance of thy word giveth light."* L. MASON.



279

2 Thy threatenings wake my slumbering eyes,
And warn me where my danger lies;
But 'tis thy blessed gospel, Lord,
That makes my guilty conscience clean,
Converts my soul, subdues my sin,
And gives a free but large reward.

3 Who knows the errors of his thoughts?
My God, forgive my secret faults,
And from presumptuous sins restrain;
Accept my poor attempts of praise,
That I have read the book of grace,
And book of nature, not in vain.

THE BIBLE.

"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path."

PRECIOUS BIBLE. P. M.

E. S. LORENZ.

By permission

280

H. B. HARTZLER.

2 'Tis a light in the wilderness of sorrow,
  And a lamp on the weary pilgrim way,
And it guides to the bright, eternal morrow,
  Shining more and more unto the perfect day.

3 'Tis the voice of a Friend forever near me,
  In the toil and the battle here below;
In the gloom of the valley it will cheer me,
  Till the glory of his kingdom I shall know.

4 It shall stand in its beauty and its glory,
  When the earth and the heavéns pass away;
Ever telling the blesséd, wondrous story,
  Of the loving Lamb, the only living way.

ALETTA. 7s. *"All Scripture given by inspiration."*

281

JOHN BURTON.

2 Mine to chide me when I rove;
  Mine to show a Savior's love:
Mine thou art to guide and guard;
  Mine to punish or reward;

3 Mine to comfort in distress,
  Suffering in this wilderness;
Mine to show, by living faith,
  Man can triumph over death;

4 Mine to tell of joys to come,
  And the rebel sinner's doom:
Oh, thou holy book divine,
  Precious treasure, thou art mine.

EUDORA. 8s, 7s & 7s. *"Thy word is very pure."*

282

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

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

MISCELLANEOUS.

WELCOME TO ALL. 11s. FOR CONVENTIONS. C. C. CLINE.

283 C. C. CLINE.

2 We bid you a welcome to homes and to hearts
Aglow with the friendship which Jesus imparts;
With us to rejoice in the bountiful love
And blessings so rich from the Father above.—Cho.

3 We greet you, dear brethren in Christ, with a prayer,
That love, joy, and peace may abide with us here;
That wisdom and prudence may guide us aright
In all that pertains to the kingdom of light.—Cho.

4 At last, when our meetings and partings are o'er,
May all find a welcome on heavén's bright shore,
When honor and praise to our God we will sing,
Through Jesus, our Savior, Redeemer, and King.—Cho.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. The bells, the bells, the Christmas bells! How mer - ri - ly they ring! As if they felt the joy they tell To ev-'ry human thing. Their silv'ry tones o'er vale and hill Re-ech-o far and near, As wave on wave the tide of sound Comes swelling soft and clear. Ring, ring, ring, while we sing . . . The bounding joy your mer-ry mu-sic tells, Sweet . . . . Silvery Christmas bells!

Chorus.

sing, while we sing,

Slow and soft.

Dim.

sweet . . . . . Sweet sil-ver - y Christmas bells, ...
sil- ver - y Christmas bells! Sil - ver - y Christmas bells!

284 J. W. BROWN.

2 The bells—the merry Christmas bells!
They're ringing in the morn;
They ring when in the eastern sky
The golden light is born;
They ring as sunshine tips the hills
And gilds the glittering spire;
When through the sky the sovereign sun
Rolls his full orb of fire.—Cho.

3 The bells—the silvery Christmas bells!
O'er many a mile they sound;
And household tones are answering them
In thousand homes around.
Let childhood's voices, blithe and shrill,
With youth's strong accents blend;
Let every thoughtful human heart
In praise to God ascend.—Cho.

WELCOME. P. M. FESTIVAL OCCASIONS. HAR. BY C. C. CLINE.

285 C. C. CLINE.

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

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

THE WINE-CUP.

"Look not on wine when it is red."

E. B. SMITH.

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286

E. E. REXFORD.

2 Death is in the draught, my brother,
Dash the cup away;
Touch it not, nor tempt another
In the downward way.—Cho.

3 If we are o'er self the master,
Temperate and pure,
Everlasting life is promised,
The reward is sure.—Cho.

4 With the faith that doubts not, give us
Virtue, temp'rance, love;
These the steps that lead us onward,
To the joys above.—Cho.

ANGRY WORDS.

H. R. PALMER.

Duet.

"Be ye angry, and sin not?"

287

2 Love is much too pure and holy;
Friendship is too sacred far,
For a moment's restless folly
Thus to desolate and mar.—Cho.

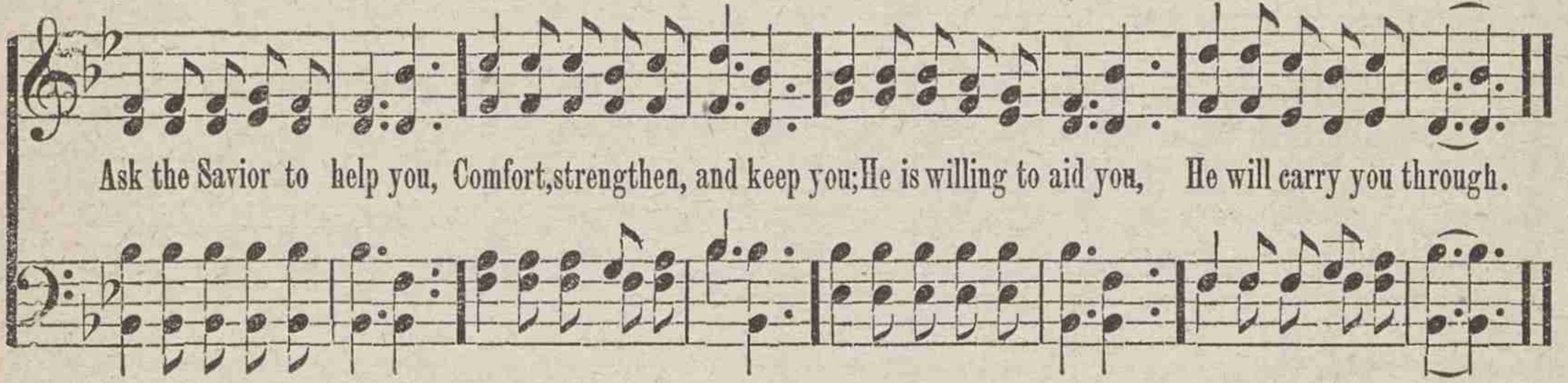
3 Angry words are lightly spoken,
Bitterest thoughts are rashly stirred;
Brightest links of life are broken
By a single angry word.—Cho.

ANGRY WORDS. Concluded.

LOOKING TO JESUS. *"The Lord knoweth how to deliver."*

H. R. PALMER.

Chorus.



288

H. R. PALMER.

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

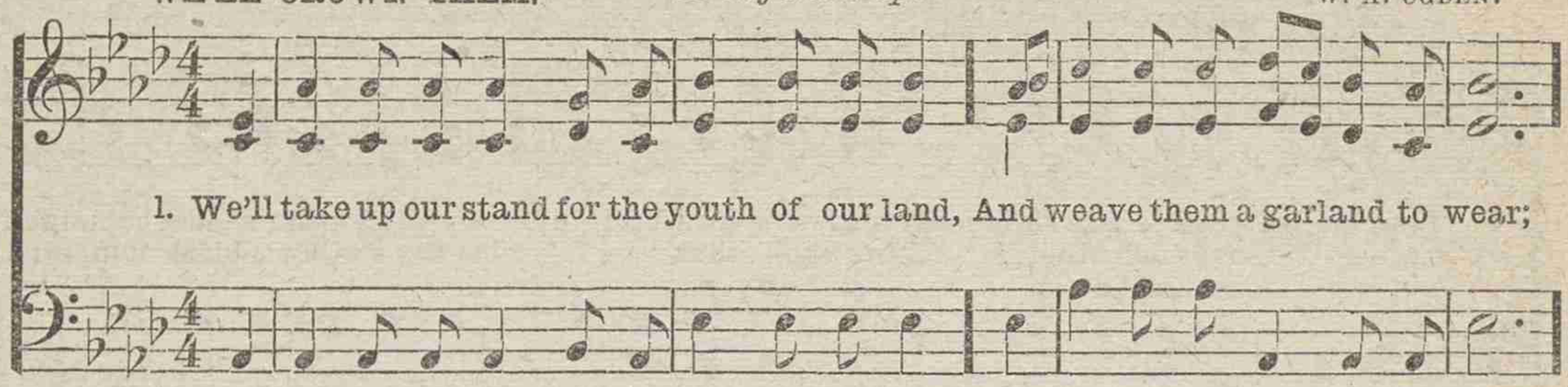
3 To him that o'ercometh
God giveth a crown,
Through faith we shall conquer,
Though often cast down;
He who is our Savior
Our strength will renew,
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.—Cho.

TEMPERANCE.

WE'LL CROWN THEM.

"Bring them up."

W. A. OGDEN.



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289

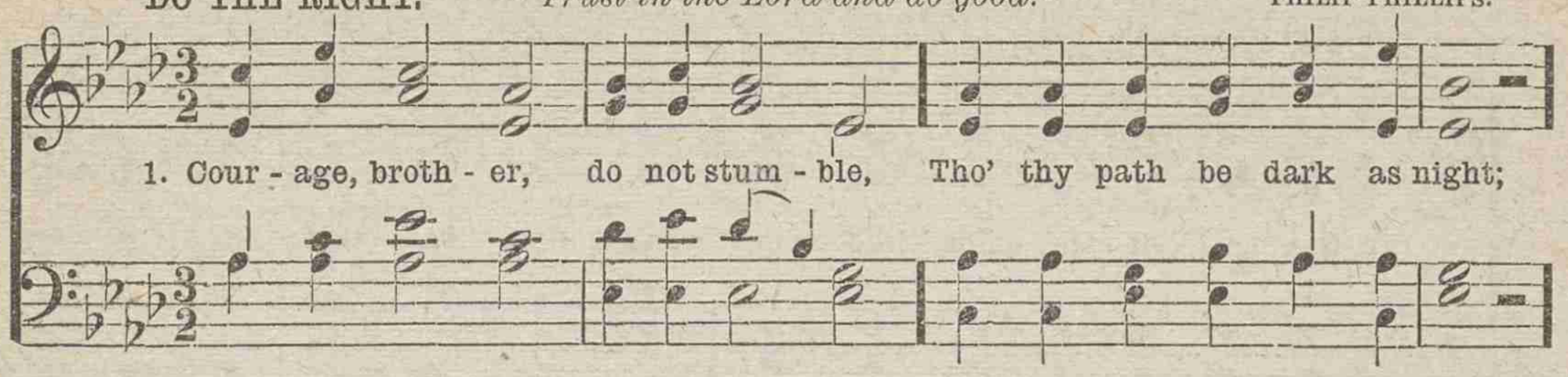
2 We'll tempt not the youth from the fountain of truth,
Whose waters are pure and divine,
But we'll banish fore'er from our homes that are dear,
The chalice that sparkles with wine.—CHO.

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,
With a crown that is richer than gold.—CHO.

DO THE RIGHT.

"Trust in the Lord and do good."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.



290

2 Let the road be rough and dreary,
And its end far out of sight,
Foot it bravely! strong or weary,
"Trust in God, and do the right."

3 Perish policy and cunning!
Perish all that fears the light!
Whether lòsing, whether winning,
"Trust in God, and do the right."

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

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

JESUS LOVES ME.

FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

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291

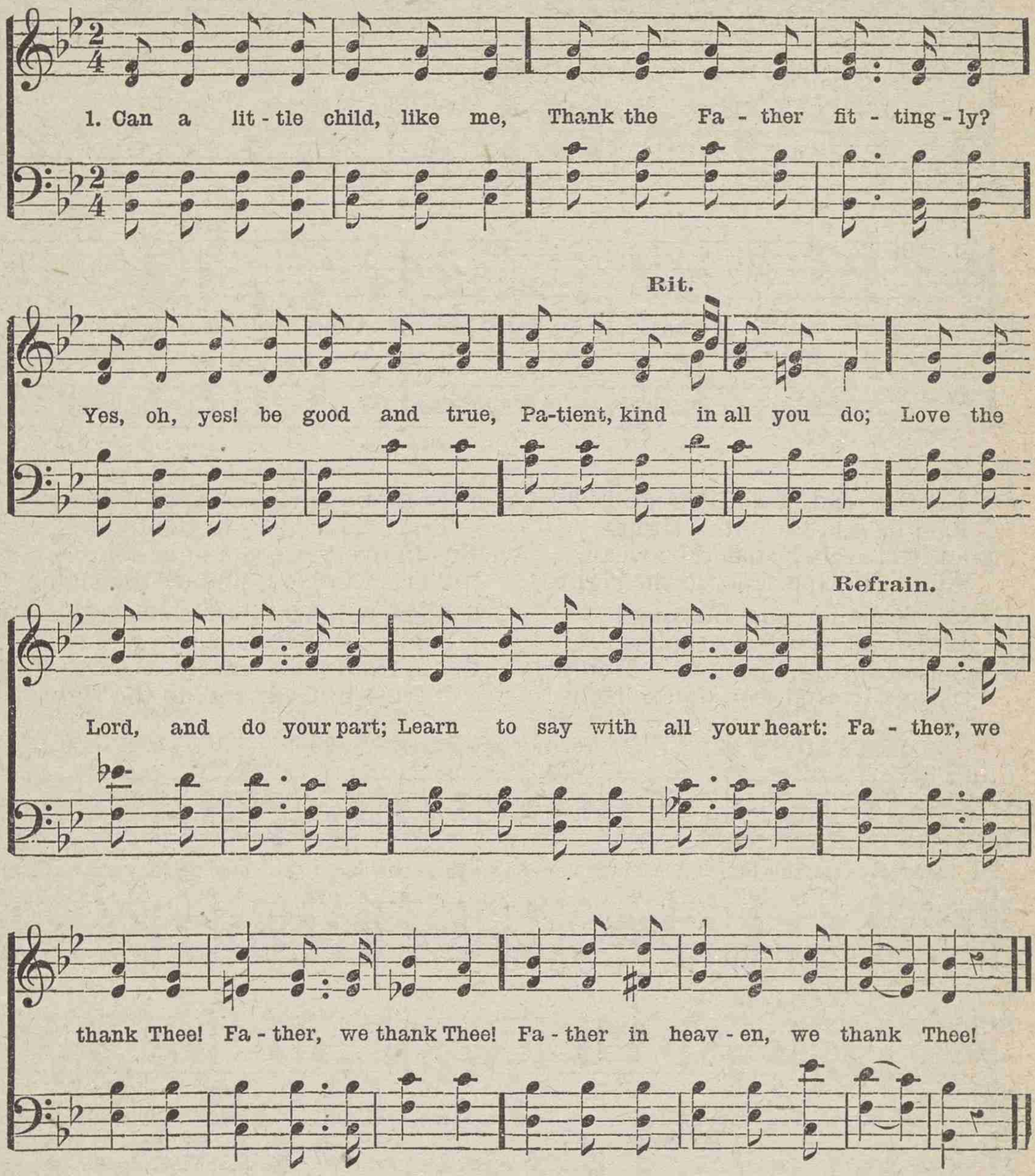
2 Jesus loves me! he who died,
Heavén's gate to open wide,
He will wash away my sin,
Let his little child come in.—CHO.

3 Jesus loves me! loves me still,
Though I'm very weak and ill;
From his shining throne on high,
Comes to watch me where I lie.—CHO.

4 Jesus loves me; he will stay
Close beside me all the way;
If I love him when I die
He will take me home on high.—CHO.

CAN A LITTLE CHILD. *"Father, I thank thee."*

W. K. BASSFORD.



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MRS. M. M. DODGE.

2 For the fruit upon the tree,
For the birds that sing of thee,
For the earth in beauty dressed,
Father, mother, and the rest;
For thy precious, loving care,
For thy bounty everywhere.—REF.

3 For the sunshine warm and bright,
For the day and for the night,
For the lessons of our youth—
Honor, gratitude, and truth;
For the love that met us here,
For the home and for the cheer.—REF.

4 For our comrades and our plays,
And our happy holidays;
For the joyful work and true,
That a little child may do;
For our lives, but just begun,
For the great gift of thy Son.—REF.

TWO LITTLE HANDS.

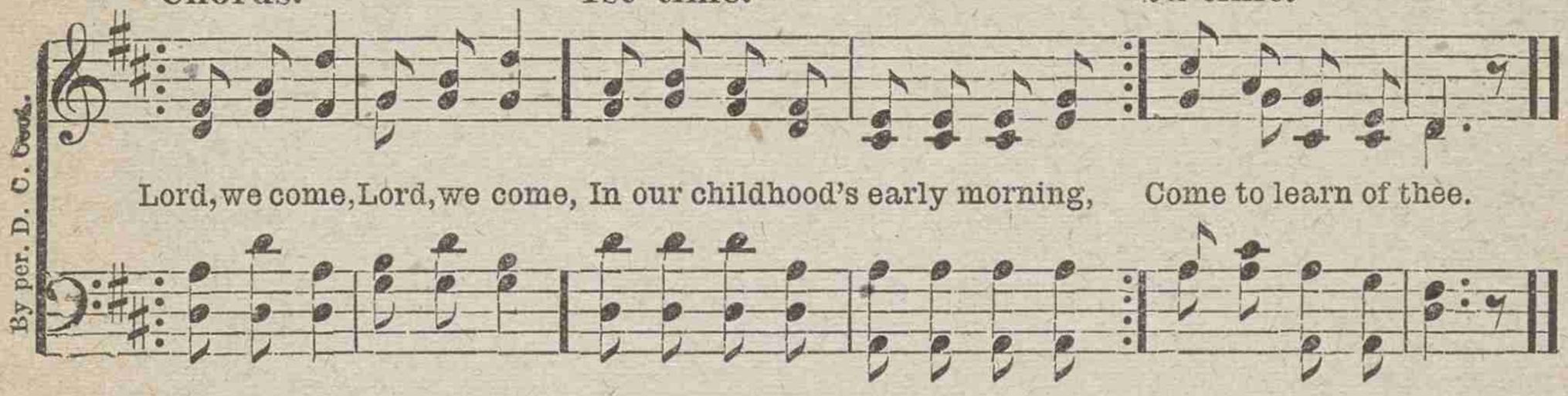
W. A. OGDEN.

293

1. I've two lit - tle hands to work for Je-sus, One lit - tle tongue his praise to tell,
2. I've two lit - tle feet to tread the pathway, Up to the heav'nly courts a - bove;
3. I've one lit - tle heart to give to Je-sus, One lit - tle soul for him to save,

Two lit - tle ears to hear his coun-sel, One lit - tle voice a song to swell.
Two lit - tle eyes to read the Bi - ble, Tell - ing of Je - sus' wondrous love.
One lit - tle life for his dear serv - ice, One lit-tle self that he must have.

Chorus. **1st time.** **2d time.**



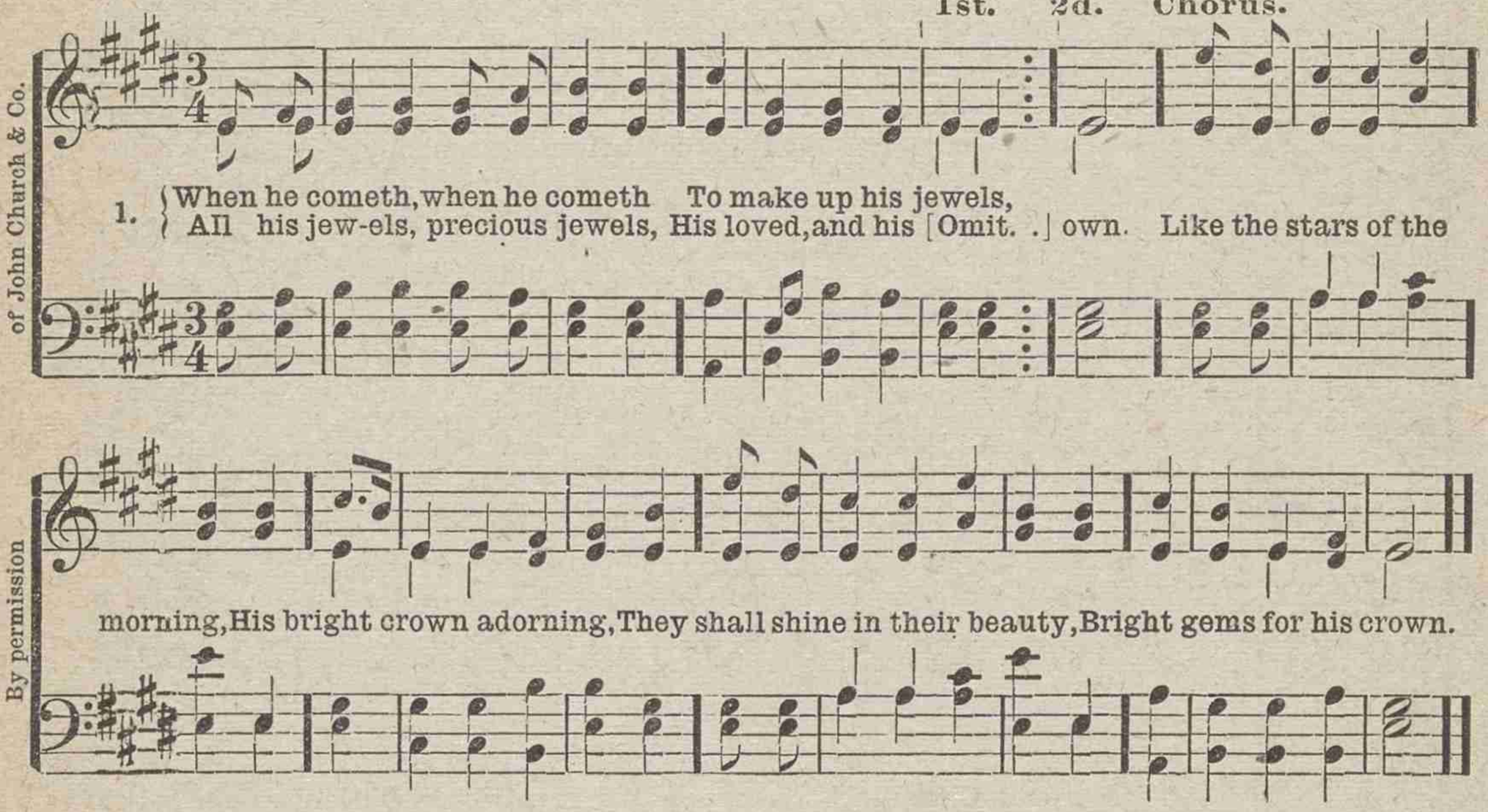
Lord, we come, Lord, we come, In our childhood's early morning, Come to learn of thee.

By per. D. C. Cook.

JEWELS.

GEO. F. ROOT.

1st. 2d. Chorus.



1. {When he cometh, when he cometh To make up his jewels,
   {All his jew-els, precious jewels, His loved, and his [Omit. .] own. Like the stars of the morning, His bright crown adorning, They shall shine in their beauty, Bright gems for his crown.

By permission of John Church & Co.

294

WM. O. CUSHING.

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

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

LITTLE SOLDIERS.

FRANK. L. CRAFFT.

295

FRANK L. CRAFFT.

2 Our lessons we will study,
And learn of him above;
To mansions bright we're going,
Where all is joy and love.—CHO.

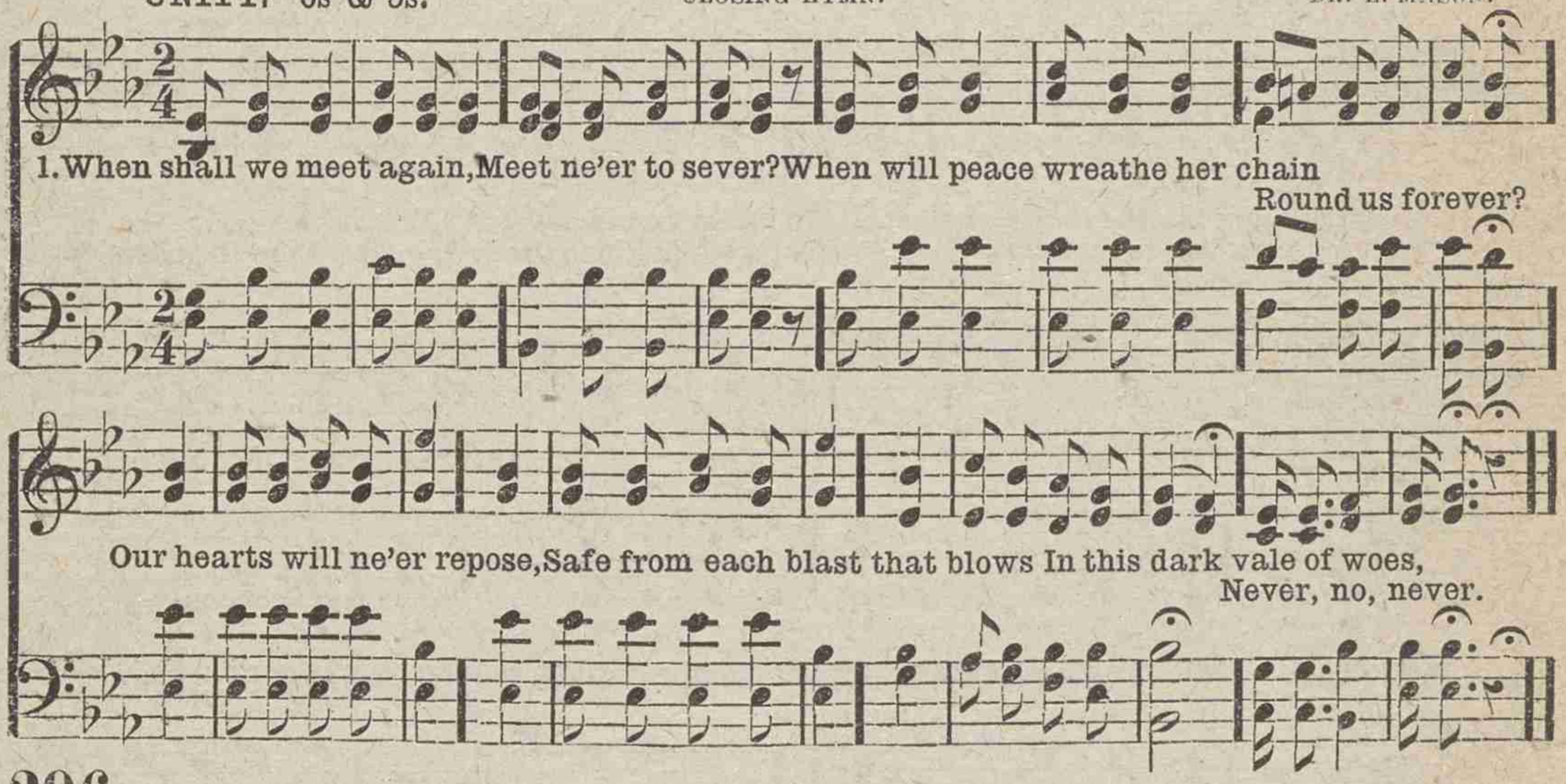
3 "Come unto me," says Jesus,
"Of such my kingdom is;"
We'll try to love the Savior,
That he may call us his.—CHO.

4 And when our days are over,
Before the throne of God
We'll stand in spotless whiteness,
Cleansed by the Savior's blood.—CHO.

UNITY. 6s & 5s.

CLOSING HYMN.

DR. L. MASON.



296

2 When shall love freely flow,
Pure as life's river?
When shall sweet friendship glow,
Changeless forever?
Where joys celestial thrill,
Where bliss each heart shall fill,
And fears of parting chill,
Never, no, never.

3 Up to that world of light
Take us, dear Savior;
May we all there unite,
Happy forever;
Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel,
Never, no, never.

SHALL WE MEET? 8s & 7s.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er, Where the sur - ges cease to roll?
Where, in all the bright for - ev - er, Sor-row ne'er shall press the soul?

Chorus.

Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet each oth - er there?
Shall we meet be - yond the riv - er, Shall we meet each oth - er there?

Repeat softly.

By permission of Biglow and Main.

297

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

3 Where the music of the ransomed
Rolls in harmony around,
And creation swells the chorus
With its sweet, melodious sound?—Cho.

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

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

"WE'LL MEET AGAIN."

T. C. O'KANE.

Moderato.

298

2 "We'll meet again," the true heart speaks,
When dearest ones depart;
And in the pleasing prospect seeks
Balm for the bleeding heart.—CHO.

3 In heaven's serene and endless rest,
Secure from care and pain,
There, in the mansions of the blest,
We'll surely meet again.—CHO.

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you."

GOD BE WITH YOU.

W. G. TOMER.

299

J. E. RANKIN.

2 God be with you till we meet again,
'Neath his wings securely hide you;
Daily manna still divide you,
God be with you till we meet again.—CHO.

3 God be with you till we meet again,
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put his arms unfailing round you,
God be with you till we meet again.—CHO.

4 God be with you till we meet again,
Keep love's banner floating o'er you;
Smite death's threatening wave before you,
God be with you till we meet again.—CHO.

GOD OF SABAOTH.

ENGLISH.

300 Ho - ly! ho - ly! ho - ly! Lord God of Sabaoth, Heav'n and earth are full, full of thy glory; Heav'n and earth are full, are full of thy glory; Glo-ry be to thee, Glo-ry be to thee, Glo - ry be to thee, to thee, O Lord, most high. Glory be to thee, Glo - ry be to thee, to thee, Glo - ry be to thee, to thee,

FATHER, WE'LL REST.

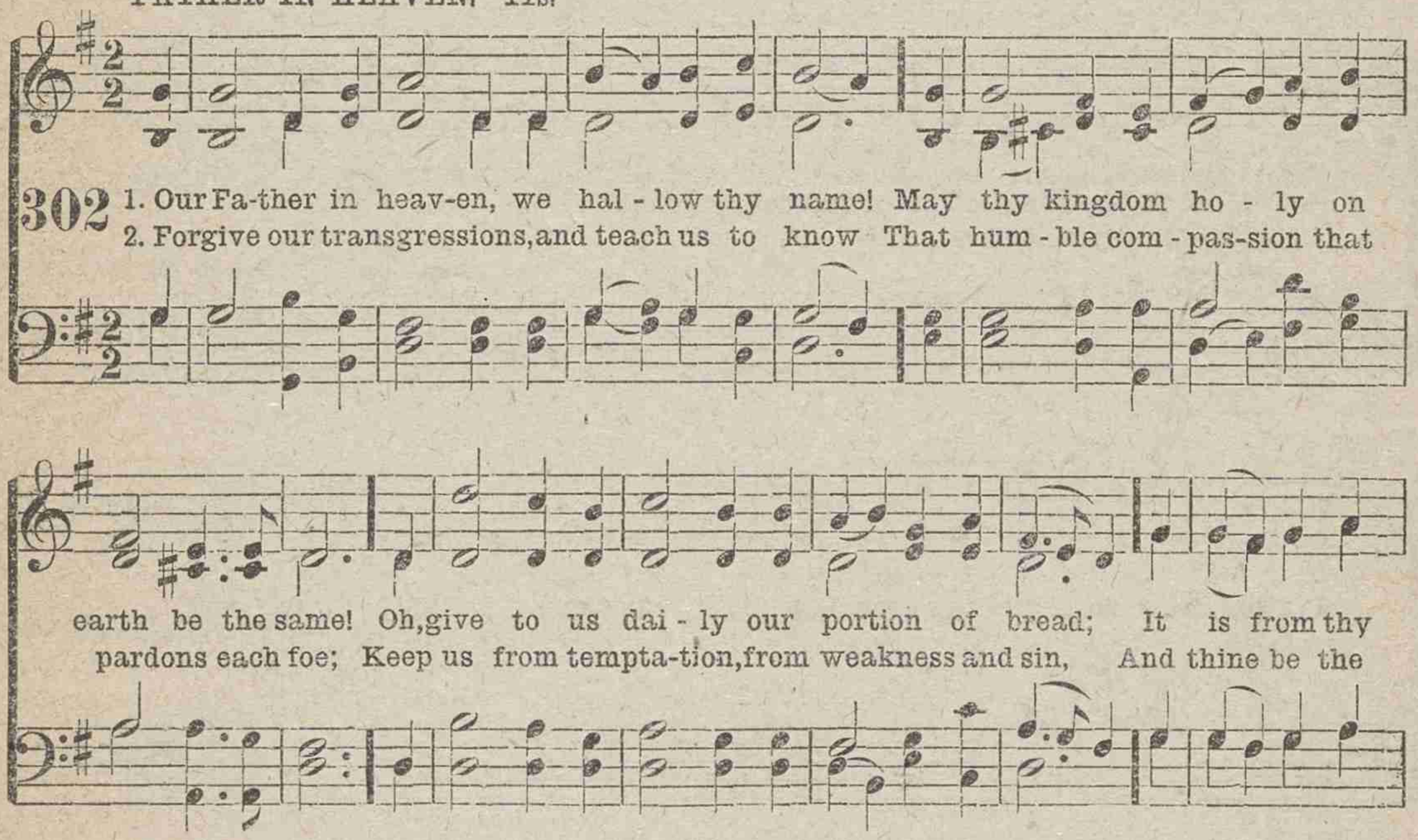
R. M. MCINTOSH.

301 Fa-ther, we'll rest in thy love; Fa-ther, we'll rest in thy love; Fa - ther, we'll rest, Fa - ther, we'll rest, we'll rest in thy love;

By permission of R. M. McIntosh.

FATHER, WE'LL REST. Concluded.

FATHER IN HEAVEN. 11s.



DOXOLOGY. L. M. ENGLISH.

303 Praise God, ye heav'nly hosts a - bove! Praise him, all creatures of his love!
Praise God, ye heav'nly hosts above! Praise him, all creatures of his love!

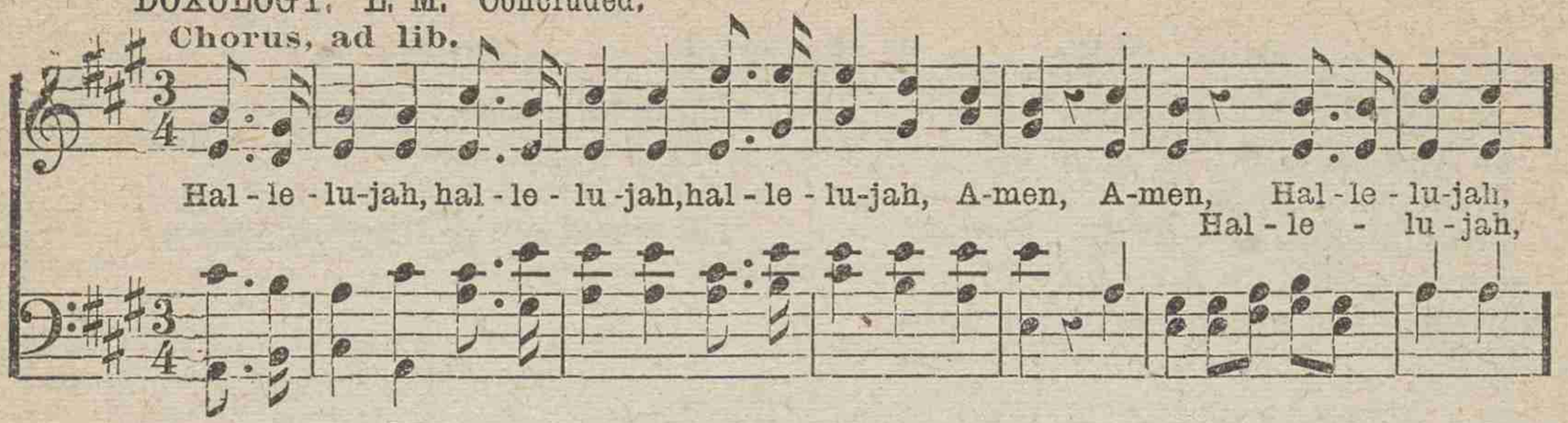
Praise him, all creatures of his love! Praise him each morn, Praise him each morn,
Praise him each morn, Praise him each

Praise him each morn - ing, noon, and night; Praise him each morn, Praise him each morn,
morn, Praise him each morning, noon, and night;

Praise him each morn - ing, noon and night, Praise him with ho - ly, sweet de-
Praise him with ho - ly, sweet de-

light! Praise him with ho - ly, sweet de-light! Praise him with ho - ly, sweet delight!

DOXOLOGY. L. M. Concluded.



303 Old Hundred. p. 35. L. M.

Praise God, ye heavenly hosts above!
Praise him, all creatures of his love!
Praise him each morning, noon, and night!
Praise him with holy, sweet delight!

304 Hebron. p. 189. L. M.

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

2 Though we are guilty, thou art good;
Cleanse all our sins in Jesus' blood;
Give every burdened soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

JOS. HART.

305 Rockingham. p. 105. L. M.

1 Come, Christian brethren, ere we part,
Join every voice and every heart;
One solemn hymn to God we raise,
One final song of grateful praise.

2 Christians, we here may meet no more;
But there is yet a happier shore;
And there, released from toil and pain,
Dear brethren, we shall meet again.

H. K. WHITE.

306 Old Hundred. p. 35. L. M.

The peace which God alone reveals,
And by his word of grace imparts,
Which only the believer feels,
Direct, and keep, and cheer our hearts.

JOHN NEWTON.

307 Uxbridge. p. 8. L. M.

1 Lord, now we part in thy blest name,
In which we here together came;
Grant us our few remaining days
To work thy will and spread thy praise.

2 Teach us, in life and death, to bless
Thee, Lord, our strength and righteousness,
And grant us all to meet above,
Where we shall better sing thy love.

REGINALD HEBER.

308 Duke Street. p. 13. L. M.

1 O thou pure light of souls that love,
True joy of every human breast,
Sower of life's immortal seed,
Our Savior and Redeemer blest!

2 Be thou our guide, be thou our goal;
Be thou our pathway to the skies;
Our joy when sorrow fills the soul;
In death our everlasting prize.

BREVIARY.

309 Lischer. p. 82. H. M.

To God, the only wise;
To Jesus Christ, his Son—
Let songs of praise arise,
From angels round the throne;
Let men unite, in sweet accord,
To praise the goodness of the Lord,

L. H. JAMESON.

310 Rock of Ages. p. 24. 7s. 6l.

Glory be to God on high—
God, whose glory fills the sky!
Glory to the Lamb be given—
Glory in the highest heaven!
Wisdom, riches, praise, and power
Be to God for evermore!

311 Sabbath. p. 99. 7s. 6s.

1 If 'tis sweet to mingle where
Christians meet for social prayer;
If 'tis sweet with them to raise
Songs of holy joy and praise,
Passing sweet that state must be
Where they meet eternally.

2 Savior, may these meetings prove
Antepasts to that above;
While we worship in this place,
May we go from grace to grace,
Till we each, in his degree,
Fit for endless glory be.

312 Theophilus. p. 79. 8s & 7s.

1 Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing;
Bid us now depart in peace;
Still on heavenly manna feeding,
Let our faith and love increase.

3 Fill each breast with consolation:
Up to thee our hearts we raise;
When we reach our blissful station,
Then we'll give thee nobler praise.

E. SMYTHE.

313 Bavaria. p. 162. 8s & 7s.

Praise the God of all creation;
Praise the Father's boundless love;
Praise the Lamb, our expiation—
Priest and King, enthroned above;
Praise the Author of salvation—
Him by whom our spirits live;
Undivided adoration
To the one Jehovah give.

UNKNOWN.

314 Boylston. p. 20. S. M.

Let men their songs employ,
Angels their music raise,
And earth and heaven unite their joy
To sound our Father's praise.

C. Q. WRIGHT.

315 Laban. p. 64. S. M.

1 Thy name, almighty Lord,
Shall sound through distant lands;
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word;
Thy truth forever stands.

2 Far be thine honor spread,
And long thy praise endure,
Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be exchanged no more.

ISAAC WATTS.

316 Gerar. p. 40. S. M.

1 Lord, at this closing hour,
Establish every heart
Upon thy word of truth and pow'r
To keep us when we part.

2 Peace to our brethren give:
Fill all our hearts with love;
In faith and patience may we live,
And seek our rest above.

317 Varina. p. 87. C. M. D.

Almighty God! thy word is cast,
Like seed, into the ground;
Now let the dew of heaven descend
And righteous fruits abound.
Let not the foe of Christ and man
This holy seed remove;
But give it root in every heart,
To bring forth fruits of love.

J. CAWOOD.

318 Greenville. p. 9. 8s & 7s. D.

May the grace of Christ, our Savior,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above.
Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth can not afford.

JOHN NEWTON.

CAST THY BURDEN ON THE LORD.

W. B. B.

Soft and slow.

319 Cast thy bur-den on the Lord, cast thy bur - den on the
Cast thy bur-den on the Lord, ... ,

Lord, Cast thy bur - den on the Lord, And he will sus-tain thee, and

strengthen thee, and comfort thee, He will sustain thee and com - fort thee,

He will sustain thee and com-fort thee, He will sus-tain thee, He will

comfort thee; Cast thy bur - den on the Lord, Cast thy bur-den on the Lord.

By permission of Biglow & Main.

HE'S GONE.

P. P. BLISS.

Adagio.

320

(She's) (She's)
He's gone, He's gone, Gone to the "Si - lent Land."

The "Riv-er of Death,"
The "Great White Throne,"

1. O - ver the "River of Death," . . . . In - to the "Si - lent Land."
2. Close by the "Great White Throne, . . . "Thousands of children stand."

The "Riv-er of Death."
The "Great White Throne."

"Heav -en - ly Choirs."
Oh, welcome, they sing.

Glad are the "Heav-en - ly Choirs," . . . . . Sad is our "Pilgrim Band."
"Wel-come, oh, wel-come," they sing, ... "Home to the Beautiful Land."

"Heav -en - ly Choirs."
Oh, wel-come, they sing.

"Ev - er - green shore."
way, on our way,

Safe on the "Ev - er-green Shore," . . . Join - ing the glad "Ju - bi - lee,"
"Marching a - long," on our way, ... Pil - grims and strangers we roam,

"Ev - er-green Shore,"
way, on our way,

By permission of Jno. Church & Co.

HE'S GONE. Concluded.

Bright angels say,
Join the glad throng,

"Welcome," the bright an - gels say, ... "White robes are waiting for thee;"
Soon shall we join the glad throng, . . . Soon shall be "resting at home;"

Bright angels say,
Join the glad throng,

In repeat sing second verse.

Bright angels say,
Join the glad throng,

"Welcome," the bright an- gels say, ... "White robes are waiting for thee."
Soon shall we join the glad throng, ... Soon shall be "resting at home."

Bright angels say,
Join the glad throng,

Coda.

Love, rest, and home, Sweet, sweet home, Oh, how sweet it will be there to meet The

Ritard.

pp

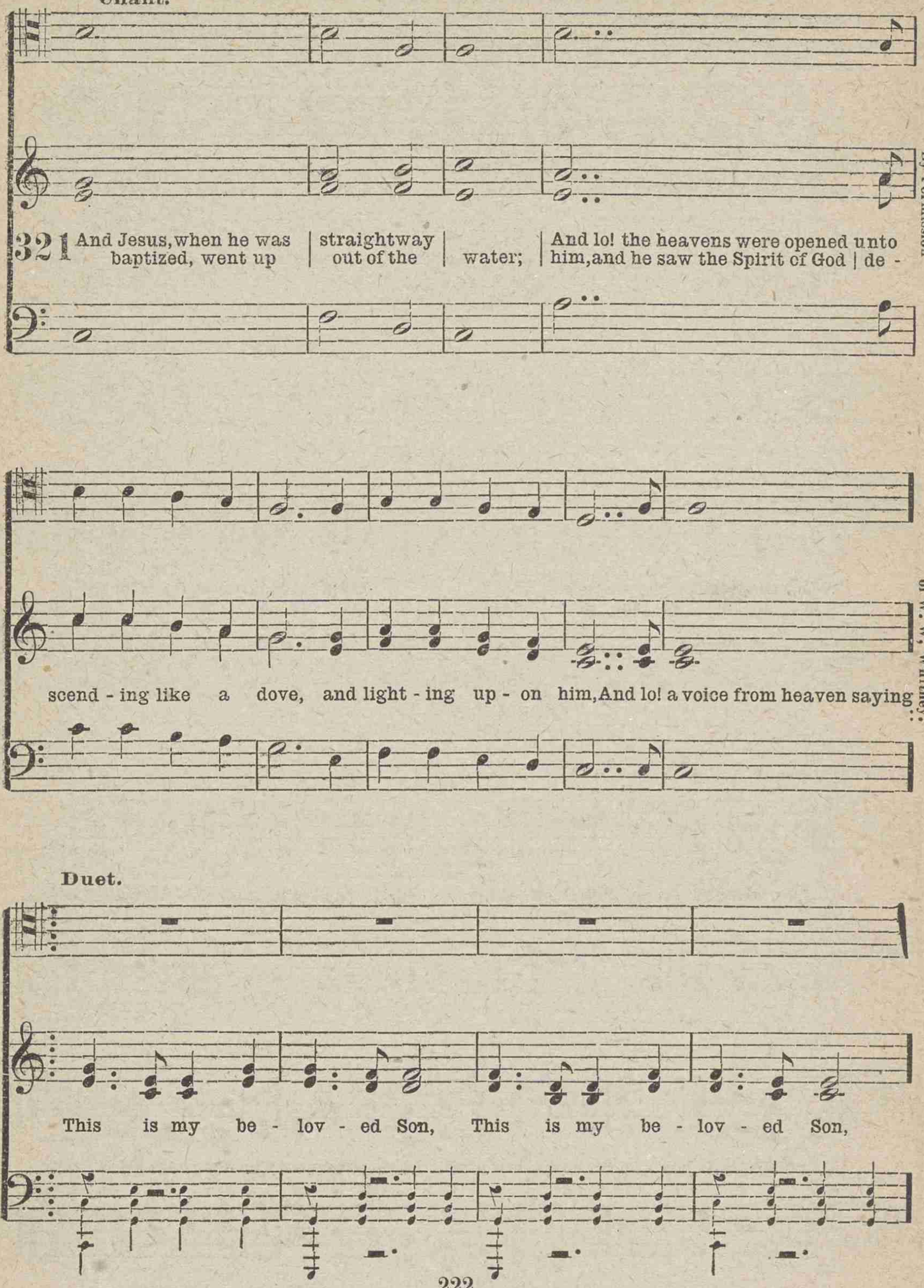
dear ones all at home, Oh, how sweet it will be there to meet The dear ones all at home.

BAPTISMAL ANTHEM

Matt. 3: 13–17.

W. A. OGDEN.

Chant.

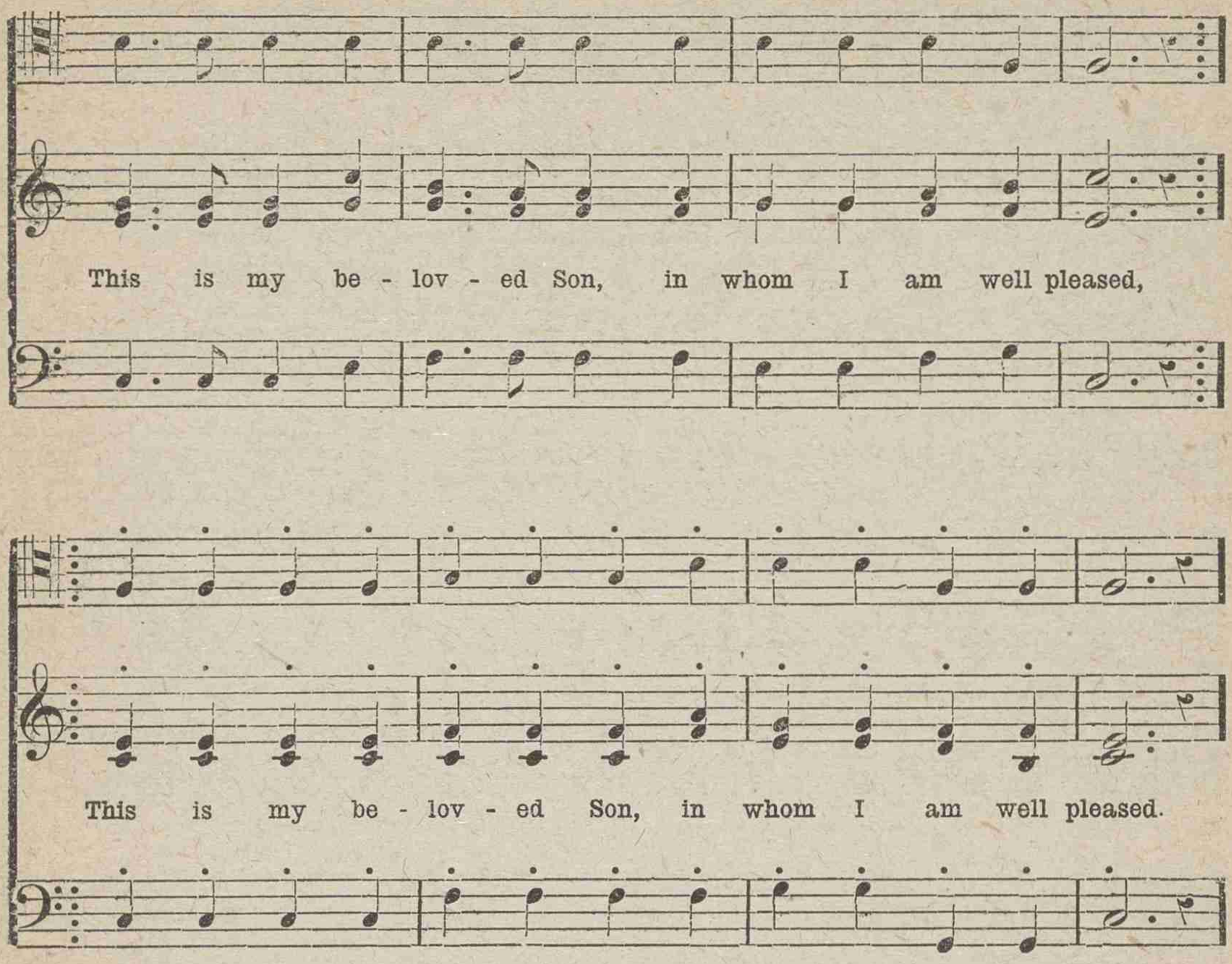


Duet.

By Permission of W. W. Whitney.

BAPTISMAL ANTHEM. Concluded.

Chorus.



Tenor or Soprano Solo. **Slow.**

O LORD, I WILL PRAISE THEE.

Allegro Moderato.

O Lord, I will praise thee, O Lord, I will praise thee, I will praise thee.

f

O Lord, I will praise thee, O Lord, I will praise thee, I will praise thee.

322

A little slower.

Tho' thou wast an - gry, wast an - gry with me, thine an - ger is turn - ed a - way,

Tho' thou wast an - gry, wast an - gry with me, thine an - ger is turn - ed a - way,

and thou comfort - est me; Thine an-ger is turn-ed a-way, and thou comfortest me.

and thou comfort - est me; Thine an-ger is turn-ed a-way, and thou comfortest me.

A tempo.

f

Lo! God is my sal - va-tion, God is my sal - va - tion, I will trust, and not be a-

f

Lo! God is my sal - va-tion, God is my sal - va - tion, I will trust, and not be a-

O LORD, I WILL PRAISE THEE. Concluded.

EASTER ANTHEM.

BILLINGS.

323 The Lord is risen in-deed, Hal - le - lujah! The Lord is risen in-deed,

Hallelujah! Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept.

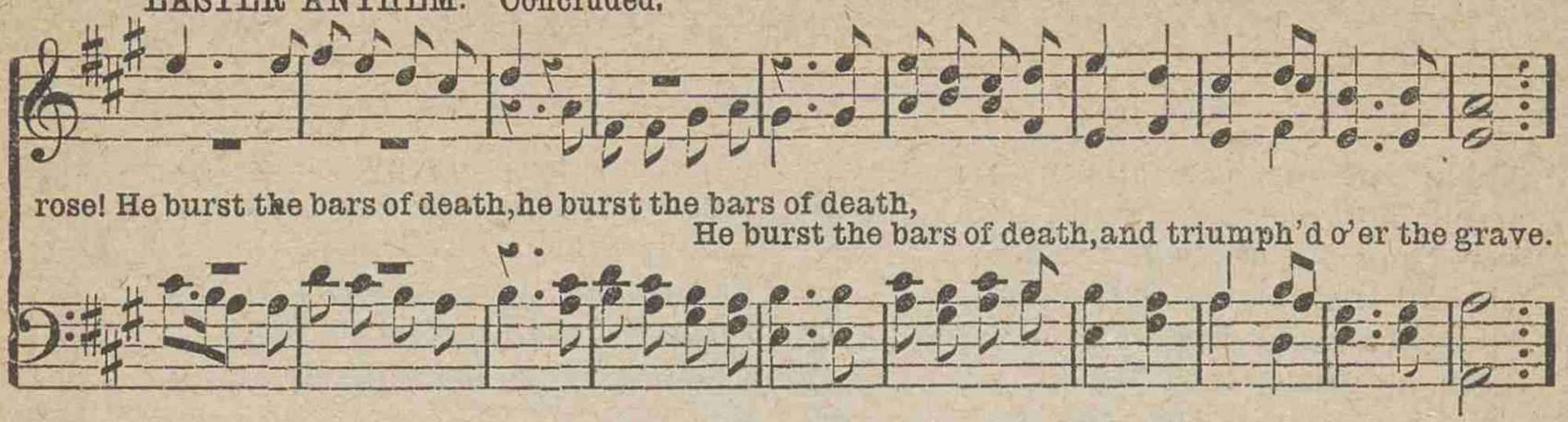
Now is Christ ris - en from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept.

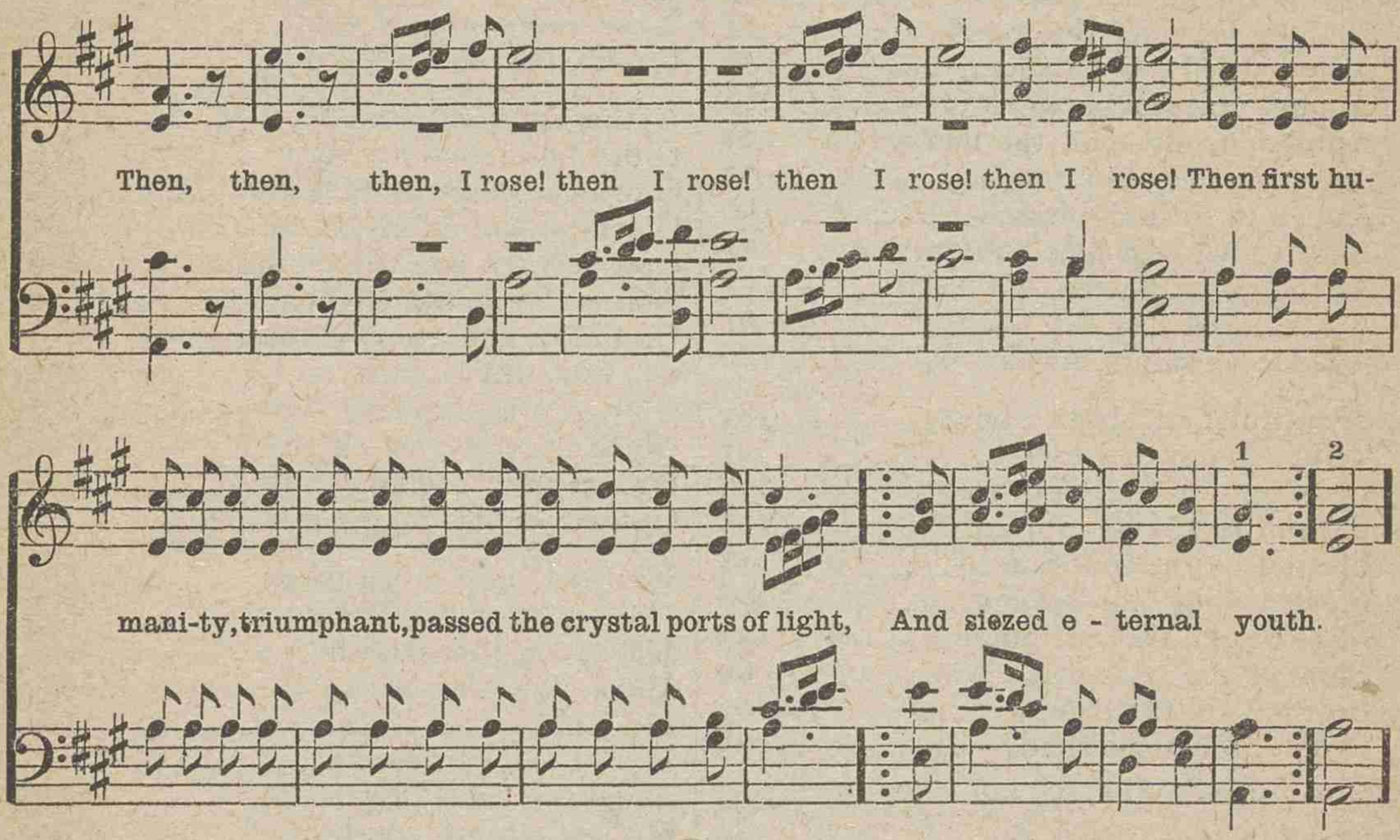
Hal-le - lujah! halle - lujah! halle - lu - jah! And did he rise? And did he rise? And did he

And did he rise? . . . . And did he rise? . .

rise? did he rise? Hear, O ye nations; Hear it, O ye dead! He rose! he rose! he rose! he

EASTER ANTHEM. Concluded.





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