Primitive Baptist

HYMN AND TUNE BOOK.

—BY—

John R. Daily and E. W. Thomas.

SING UNTO THE LORD, O YE SAINTS OF HIS, AND GIVE THANKS AT THE REMEMBRANCE OF HIS HOLINESS.—PS. XXX., 4.

PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHORS.

JOHN R. DAILY, LURAY, VA., AND E. W. THOMAS, DANVILLE, IND.

Price, single copy, 50 cents; per dozen, $5.40.

COOIZZI-SPO
HB ZI8
$17.50
1
Shaped Notes

PRIMITIVE BAPTIST

HYMN AND TUNE BOOK,

A COLLECTION OF SACRED HYMNS AND TUNES
ARRANGED TO SUIT ALL OCCASIONS OF
PUBLIC OR PRIVATE WORSHIP.

BY

JOHN R. DAILY,

AND

E. W. THOMAS.

357
357

Published by the authors,

JOHN R. DAILY, Luray, Va.,

AND

E. W. THOMAS, Danville, Ind.

92534770

Printed and bound by
THE RUEBUSH-KIEFFER CO.,
Dayton, Va.

But I will sing of thy power; yea, I will sing aloud of thy mercy in the morning: for thou hast been my defence and refuge in the day of my trouble. Ps. 59: 16.

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1902, by John R. Daily, and E. W. Thomas, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D, C.

PREFACE.

In the preparation of this Hymn and Tune Book we have been actuated by a desire to encourage and promote pure, devotional singing in the church of God and the homes of His people. The utility of sacred music in awakening and strengthening our devotional affections has been demonstrated in every age by the happy experience of those whose hearts were tuned to the praise of the Redeemer's name.

A crying complaint is made by the inhabitants of Zion that the old, well-tried, heart-stirring melodies are being displaced by new pieces, many of which have little else than novelty to recommend them. We have endeavored, therefore, to revive and preserve many of the old tunes, that tend to arouse emotions of love and praise in the soul, believing that the music of the Christian church and home should move the pure affections of the spiritual mind rather than gratify the fancy of the carnal taste.

For the carefully prepared and well-graded lessons on the rudiments of music, we are indebted to Profs. J. H. Hall and J. H. Ruebush, of Dayton, Va. This department will be found very helpful in class work and private study.

Our highest aspirations in regard to this work will be attained if it should be favored with the blessings of our divine Master and meet with the approbation of His people.

To the children of God everywhere, the faithful in Christ Jesus, who are pilgrims here and heirs of glory above, is this work respectfully dedicated.

JOHN R. DAILY.

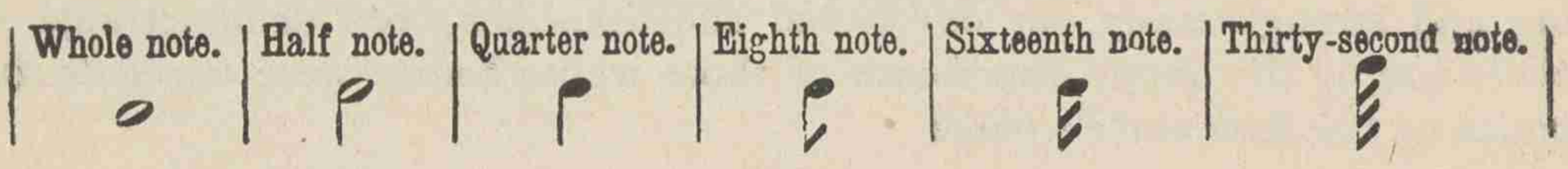
E. W. THOMAS.

RUDIMENTS OF MUSIC.

Lesson I.

1. **Question.** What is a tone?
   Answer. A sound in which pitch is perceptible.
2. Q. How many essential properties has a tone, and what are they?
   A. Four. Length, pitch, power, and quality.
3. Q. What does length mean?
   A. The duration of a tone.
4. Q. What does pitch mean?
   A. The highness or lowness of a tone.
5. Q. What does power mean?
   A. The loudness or softness of a tone.
6. Q. What does quality mean?
   A. The character or kind of tone.
7. Q. How are the relative lengths of tones represented?
   A. By characters called notes.
8. Q. How many kinds of notes are there in common use, and what are they?
   A. Six. The whole note, the half note, the quarter note, the eighth note, the sixteenth note, and the thirty-second note.

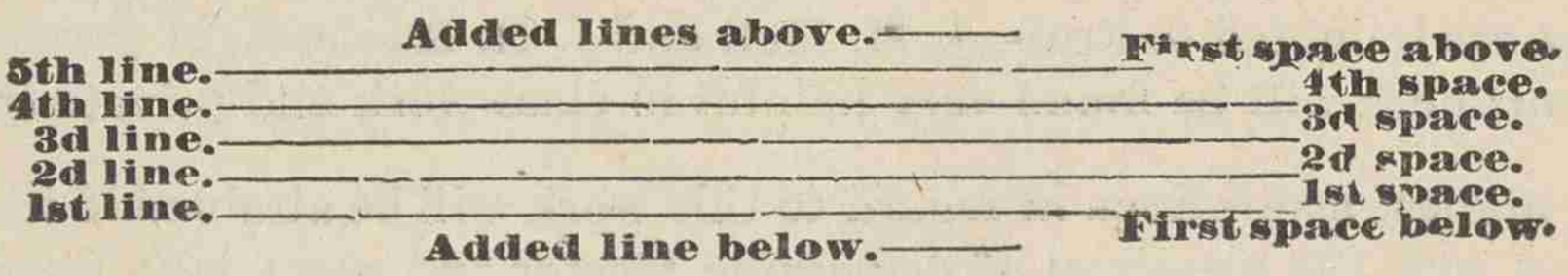
EXAMPLE 1. SHOWING NOTES.



Lesson II.

9. Q. How do we represent the pitch of tones?
   A. By a character called the staff.
10. Q. Of what does the staff consist?
    A. It consists of five lines and four spaces. *
11. Q. What is each line and each space called?
    A. A degree.
12. Q. How is this staff enlarged?
    A. By adding short lines above and below.

EXAMPLE 2. THE STAFF.



13. Q. How many tones in the musical alphabet?
    A. Eight.
14. Q. What is this series of eight tones called?
    A. The scale.
15. Q. How are the tones of the scale named?
    A. After the first eight numerals, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.
16. Q. What syllables are applied to the scale in singing?
    A. The Syllables Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Ti, Do.
17. Q. The names of what letters are used as pitch names?
    A. The names of the first seven letters of the alphabet, A, B, C, D, E, F, G.

EXAMPLE 3. THE SCALE REPRESENTED ON STAFF.



Numeral names.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8.
Pitch names.	C	D	E	F	G	A	B	C.
Syllable names.	Do	Re	Mi	Fa	Sol	La	Ti	Do.
Pronounced.	Doe	Ray	Mee	Fah	Sole	Lah	Tee	Doe.

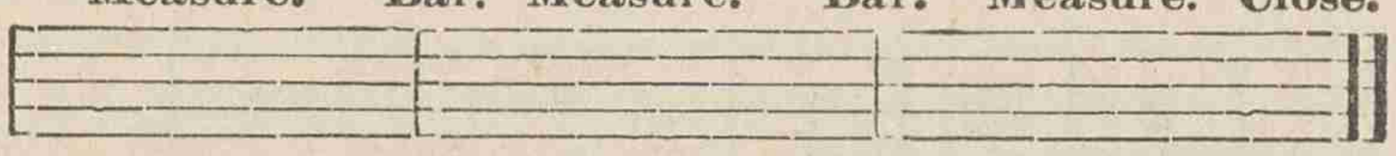
* As the eye can take in five lines easier than six, or more, so can it take in four spaces easier than six, as some have it. See Ex. 2.

18 Q. How many kinds of pitch have we in music, and what are they called?
A. Two. Relative and absolute.
19. Q. What is relative pitch?
A. The position a tone occupies in the scale.
20. Q. What is absolute pitch?
A. The fixed, unchangeable position of a tone, independent of scale relation.

Lesson III.

21. Q. What is a measure?
A. A group of beats.
22. Q. How is a measure represented?
A. By the space between two perpendicular lines drawn across the staff called bars.

EXAMPLE 4. MEASURES AND BARS.



23. Q. What is beating time?
A. Indicating each pulse, or beat of a measure by a certain motion of the hand.
24. Q. What is accent?
A. A slight stress upon a certain pulsation, or beat, to mark its position in a measure.
25. Q. Into how many ways does music cause its beats to flow, or group, and how?
A. Two. By an accented beat follow by an unaccented beat,—or by an accented beat followed by two unaccented beats.

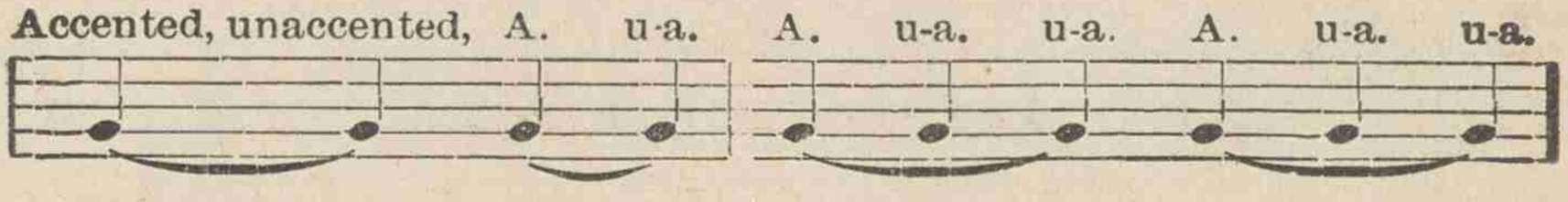
EXAMPLE 5. SHOWING DOUBLE GROUPS BETWEEN THE BARS.

Accented, unaccented, accented, unaccented, unaccented.



EXAMPLE 6. SHOWING DOUBLE GROUPS BETWEEN THE BARS.

Accented, unaccented, A. u-a. A. u-a. u-a. A. u-a. u-a.

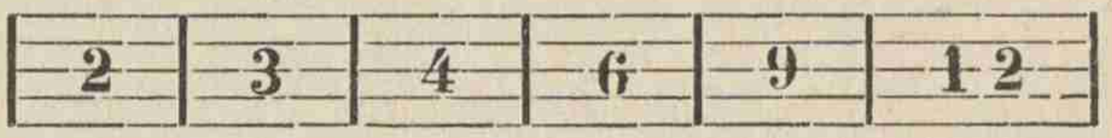


Lesson IV.

26. Q. What is a measure having two beats called?
A. A double measure.
27. Q. How do we beat time in double measure?
A. By two motions of the hand, *down*, *up*.
28. Q. What is a measure having three beats called?
A. Triple measure.
29. Q. How do we beat the time in triple measure?
A. By three motions of the hand, *down*, *right*, *up*.
30. Q. What is a measure having four beats called?
A. Quadruple measure.
31 Q. How do we beat quadruple measure?
A. By four motions of the hand, *down*, *left*, *right*, *up*.
32. Q. What is a measure having six beats called?
A. Sextuple measure, or compound double measure.
33. Q. How do we beat sextuple measure?
A. By six motions of the hand, *down*, *left*, *left*, *right*, *up*, *up*, —or *down*, *up*,— comprehending three pulsations to each motion of the hand.
34. Q. What is a measure having nine beats called?
A. Compound triple measure.
35. Q. How do we beat compound triple measure?
A. By their motions, *down*, *right*, *up*,—comprehending three pulsations to each motion of the hand.
36. Q. What is a measure having twelve beats called?
A. Compound quadruple measure.

37. Q. How do we beat compound quadruple measure?
A. By four motions, *down*, *left*, *right*, *up*,—comprehending three pulsations to each motion of the hand.
38. Q. How are the various measures accented?
A. In double measure the first beat is accented. In triple measure the first beat is accented. In quadruple measure the first and third beats. In sextuple measure the first and fourth beats. In compound triple measure the first, fourth and seventh beats. In compound quadruple measure the first, fourth, seventh and tenth beats are accented.
39. Q. What are the signs for the different kinds of measure?
A. The sign for double measure is the figure 2. Triple measure the figure 3. Quadruple measure the figure 4. Sextuple measure the figure 6. Compound triple measure the figure 9. Compound quadruple measure the figure 12.

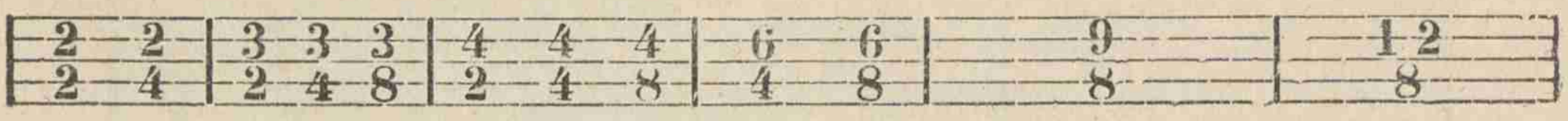
EXAMPLE 7. SIGNS OF THE DIFFERENT KINDS OF MEASURE.



40. Q. What are the figures at the beginning of a composition called?
A. A measure signature or measure sign.
41. Q. What does the numerator denote?
A. The number of beats in a measure.
42. Q. What does the denominator indicate?
A. The kind of note which is reckoned to each beat of the measure
43. Q. If the lower figure is 2, what will be the beat note?
A. The half note.
44. Q. If the lower figure is 4, what will be the beat note?
A. The quarter note.
45. Q. If the lower figure is 8, what will be the beat note?
A. The eighth note.

EXAMPLE 8. SHOWING MEASURE SIGNATURE.

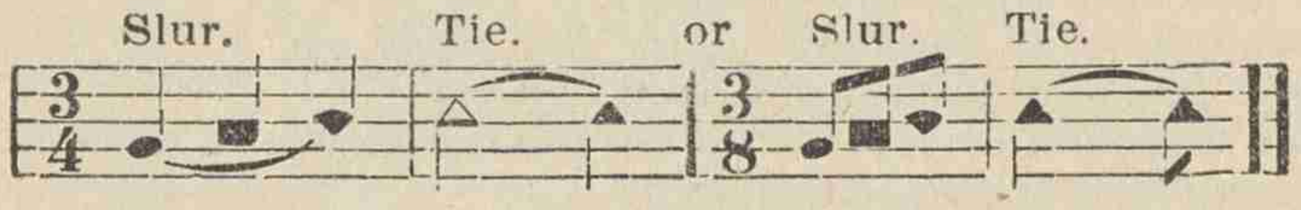
Double measure. Triple measure. Quadruple measure. Sextuple measure. Compound triple measure. Compound Quadruple



Lesson V.

46. Q. What is the rule for applying words to music?
A. Apply one word or syllable to each note.
47. Q. What is a slur?
A. A curved line connecting two or more notes which represent different pitches.
48. Q. What is a tie?
A. A curved line connecting two or more notes which represent the same pitch.
49. Q. What is the rule for applying words when the slur or tie occurs?
A. Apply one word or syllable to as many notes as are thus connected.

EXAMPLE 9. SHOWING SLUR AND TIE.



50. Q. What are rests?
A. Characters indicating silence.
51. Q. How many kinds of rests are there, and what are their names?
A. Six. The whole rest, * the half, the quarter, the eight, the sixteenth, and the thirty-second rest.
52. Q. As regards duration, rests correspond to what?
A. To the notes of the same denomination.

* The whole rest is also a whole measure rest.

EXAMPLE 10. SHOWING RESTS.

Whole rest.	Half rest.	Quarter rest.	Eight rest.	Sixteenth rest.	Thirty-second rest.
𝄻	𝄼	𝄽	𝄾	𝄿	𝅀

Lesson VI.

53. Q. Into how many classes are human voices † generally divided, and what are they called?

A. Four. *Soprano*, *Alto*, *Tenor* and *Bass*.

54. Q. What is the chief difference between the voices of women and men, as regards pitch.

A. Women's and children's voices are naturally an octave higher than men's voices.

55. Q. What is meant by *Middle C*?

A. The pitch C, which all voices have in common. It is the middle of the great vocal compass, and ladies can sing as many tones above it, as gentlemen can sing below it. *Middle C* is a low tone for women and a high tone for men.

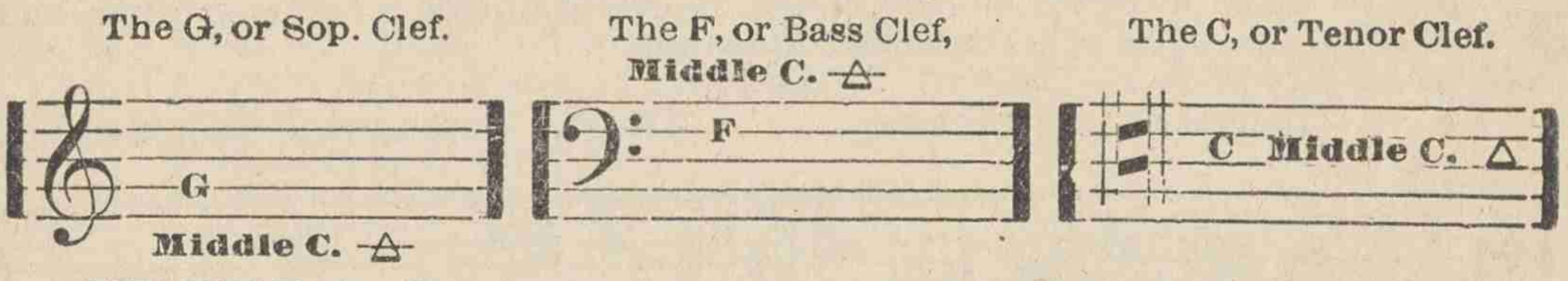
56. Q. What is a clef?

A. A character used to locate the letters and determine the pitch of tones as represented by the staff.

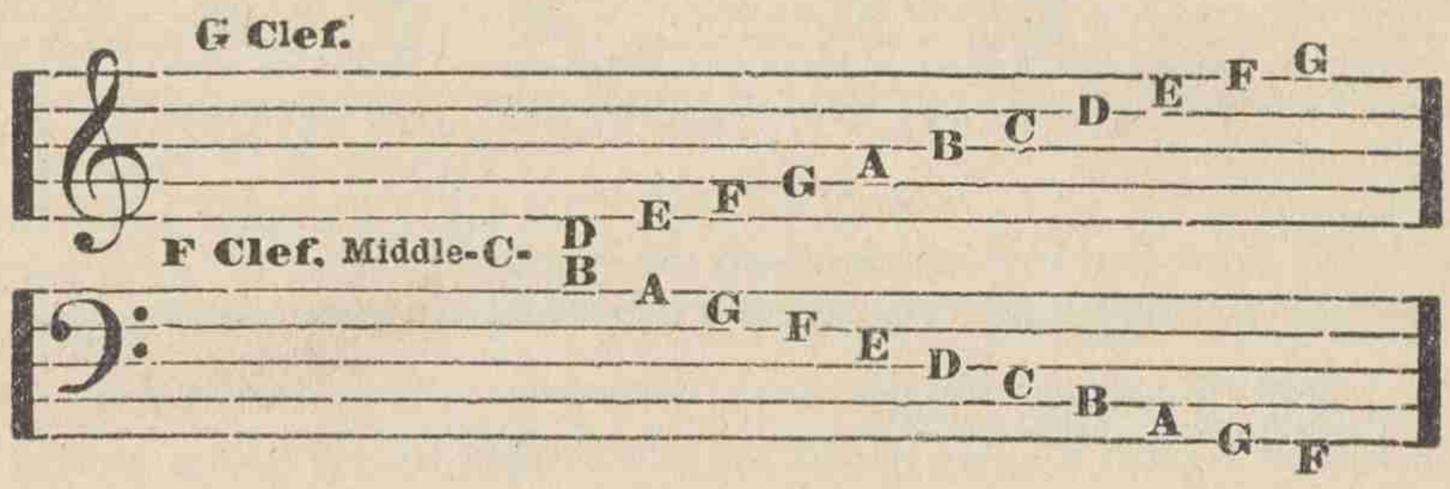
57. Q. What are the names of the clefs in general use, and where does each locate Middle C?

A. The G clef, the F clef, and the C clef. The G fixes middle C on the added line below, F clef the added line above, the C clef the third space.

EXAMPLE 11. SHOWING THE CLEFS.



EXAMPLE 12. POSITION OF LETTERS OF THE STAFFS, WITH G AND F CLEFS.



Lesson VII.

58. Q. What is an interval?

A. The difference of pitch between two tones.

59. Q. How many intervals have we in the major scale, and how are they measured?

A. Seven intervals, and are measured by steps and half-steps.

60. Q. What is the order of intervals in the scale?

A. From 1 to 2, a step, 2 to 3, a step, 3 to 4, a half-step, 4 to 5, a step, 5 to 6, a step, 6 to 7, a step, and 7 to 8, a half step.

EXAMPLE 13. SHOWING ORDER OF INTERVALS IN THE SCALE.



1, step	2, step	3, half-step	4, step	5, step	6, step	7, half-step	8.
Do	Re	Mi	Fa	Sol	La	Ti	Do.
C	D	E	F	G	A	B	C.

† For lessons in voice training, see "Practical Voice Culture," by Hall & Ruebush.

61. Q. What are intermediate tones?

A. Pitches introduced between the regular tones of the scale where the steps occur.

62. Q. What are intermediate tones called, and how are they represented?

A. Chromatic tones, and are represented by charcters called *sharps* (♯), *flats* (♭), *naturals* (♮), *double-sharps* (𝄪), and *double flats* (𝄫).

63. Q. For what is a sharp (♯) used?

A. To make a degree of the staff represent a pitch a half-step higher.

64. Q. For what is a flat (♭) used?

A. To make a degree of the staff represent a pitch a half-step lower.

65. Q. For what is a natural (♮) used?

A. To make a sharped degree represent a pitch a half-step lower, (thus acting like a flat),—or to make a flatted degree represent a pitch a half-step higher, (thus acting like a sharp,)

EX. 14. THE NATURAL ACTING AS A FLAT.



EX. 15. THE NATURAL ACTING AS A SHARP.



66. Q. For what is a double-sharp (𝄪) used?

A. To make a degree already sharped, represent a pitch a half-step higher, and is restored to the effect of a single sharp, thus: 𝄪♯.

67. Q. For what is a double-flat (𝄫) used?

A. To make a degree already flatted, represent a pitch a half-step lower, and is restored to the effect of a single flat, thus: 𝄫♭.

EX. 16. DOUBLE-SHARPS RESTORED.



EX. 17. DOUBLE-FLAT RESTORED.



68. Q. What are the sharps (♯), (𝄪), flats (♭), (𝄫), and naturals (♮), occuring in a piece of music called?

A. Accidentals.

69. Q. How far does the influence of an accidental extend?

A. Throughout the measure in which it occurs, unless it is changed by another accidental.

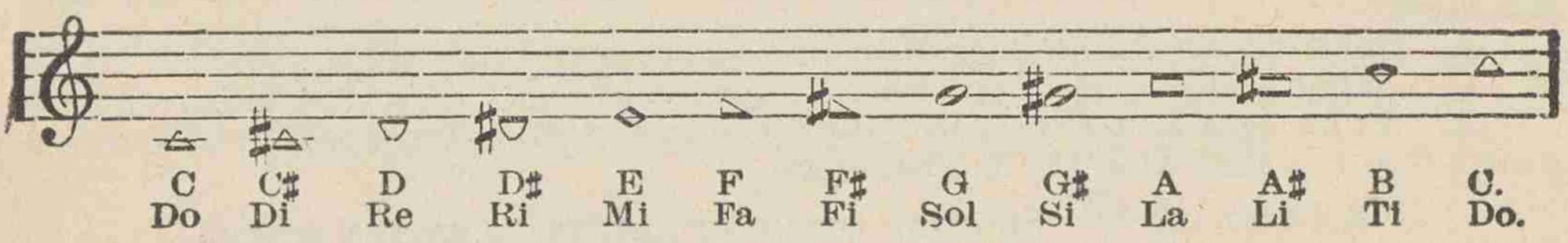
70. Q. What is a *Chromatic Scale?*

A. A scale in which all the intermediate and diatonic tones occur in successive order.

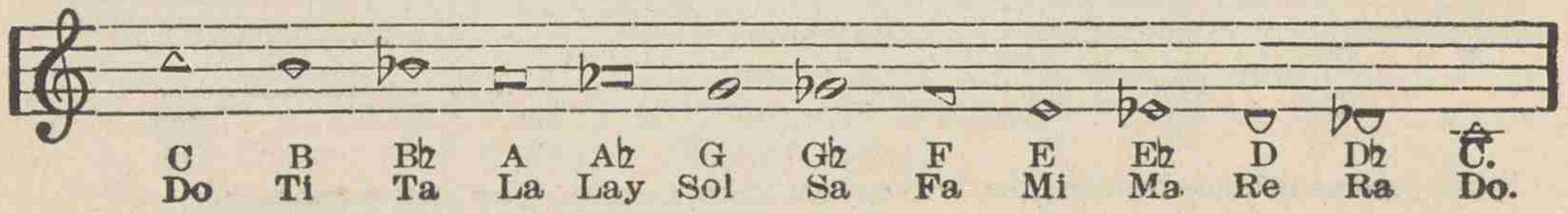
71. Q. How many tones, and how many intervals in the chromatic scale?

A. Thirteen tones, and twelve intervals of a half-step each.

EXAMPLE 18. CHROMATIC SCALE ASCENDING.



EXAMPLE 19. CHROMATIC SCALE DESCENDING.



Lesson VIII.

72. Q. What is a *brace?*
A. A character used to connect two or more staffs.

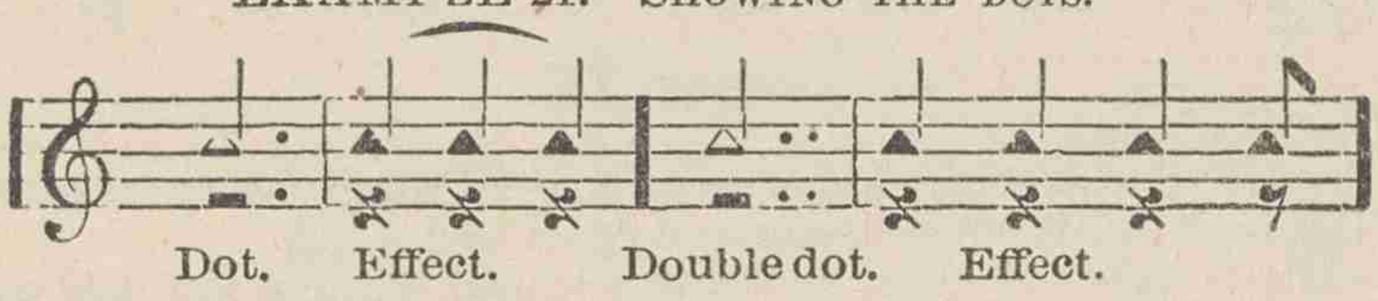
EXAMPLE 20. SHOWING THE BRACE.



73. Q. What is the effect of a dot placed after a note or rest?
A. It adds one half to the rhythmical value of the note or rest after which it is placed.

74. Q. What is the effect of a second dot placed after a note or rest?
A. The second dot adds one half to the value of the first dot.

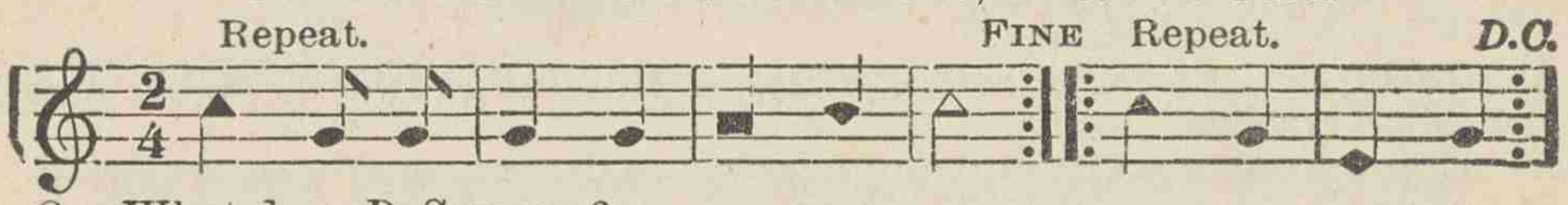
EXAMPLE 21. SHOWING THE DOTS.



75. Q. What is a repeat, and what does it mean?
A. A repeat is dots placed in the spaces of the staff, and shows that the passage is to be repeated.

76. Q. What does *D. C.* mean?
A. Return to the beginning and close at FINE.

EXAMPLE 22. SHOWING REPEATS, D. C. AND FINE.



77. Q. What does *D. S.* mean?
A. Return to the sign (𝄋) and close at FINE.

78. Q. What does to hold or pause, (𝄐)denote?
A. That the tone indicated is to be prolong at the option of the leader.

EXAMPLE 23. SHOWING D. S., 𝄋 FINE AND PAUSE.



79. Q. What is a triplet, and how indicated?
A. A group of three notes performed in the time of two of the same kind, and is indicated by the figure 3.

80. Q. What is a unison passage?
A. A passage in which two or more parts sing the same tones.

EXAMPLE 24. UNISON PASSAGE, AND TRIPLETS.



81. Q. What is meant by the inclosed? | *1st time.* | *2d time.* |

A. It has reference to the first and second endings, and in the repeat, omit 1st time, and pass to 2d time.

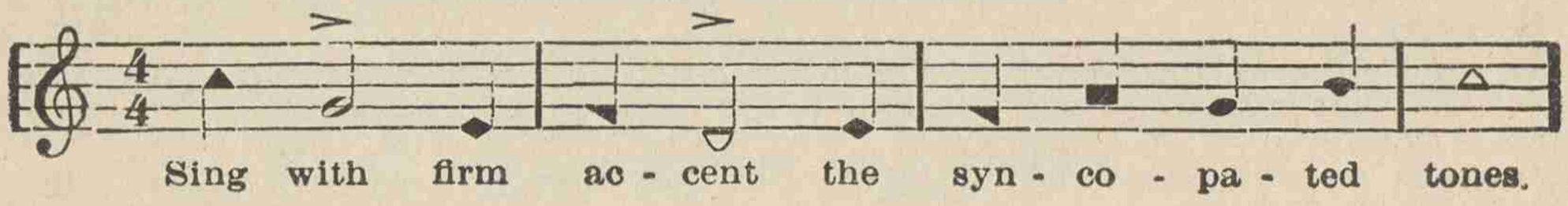
EXAMPLE 25. First and second endings.



82. Q. What is syncopation?

A. Commencing on an unaccented beat and continuing it into the following accented beat, thereby temporarily changing the accent.

EXAMPLE 26. Syncopation.



Lesson IX.

83. Q. What is a key?

A. A family of tones bearing a certain fixed relativeship to each other.

84. Q. What is the difference between a scale and a key?

A. A scale consists of eight successive tones, while a key has only seven, and may be arranged in any possible order.

85. Q. What is a key tone or key note.

A. The tone from which all other tones are reckoned; the point of repose.

86. Q. How is a key or scale named?

A. A key or cale is named from the letter that is taken as the key tone.

87. Q. What is a signature?

A. The sign by which a key is known or indicated.

88. Q. What is transposition?*

A. Singing or playing a scale, exercise, or tune, at a lower or higher pitch.

89. Q. What is modulation?

A. Going from one key into another during the course of a composition.

90. Q. What is the rule for finding the key-note with sharps as signatures?

A. The syllable Ti occurs on the same degree occupied by the last or right hand sharp, and the key-note Do, is always found the first degree above the last sharp.

EXAMPLE 27. Showing Key-Notes. (Sharps.)



91. Q. What is the rule for finding the key-note with flats as signature?

A. The syllable Fa always occurs on the same degree occupied by the last or right hand flat, and the key-note Do, is found four degrees below, or five above the last flat, counting the degree occupied by the flat.

EXAMPLE 28. Showing Key-Notes. (Flats.)

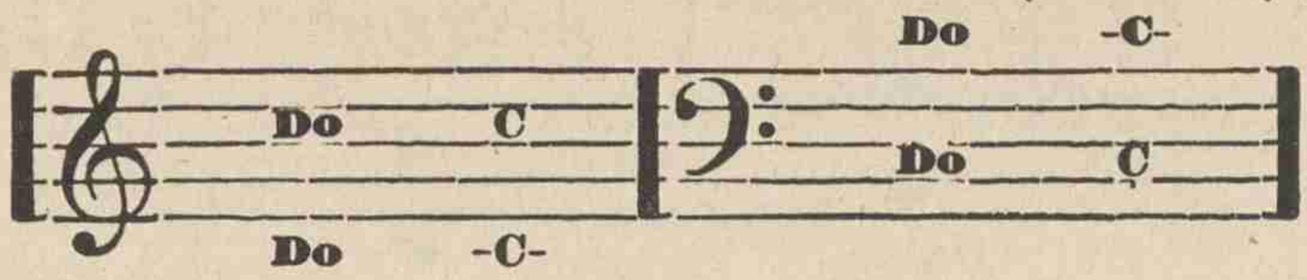


92. Q. In the absence of sharps and flats where do we find the key-notes?

A. On the added line below the staff and third space, G clef; and second space F clef.

* To illustrate all transpositions, modulations, intervals, &c., &c., procure a copy of Hall's Improved Music Chart.

EXAMPLE 29. SHOWING KEY-NOTES. (NATURAL.)



Lesson X.

93. Q. What is a minor scale?
A. A scale in which the intervals from one to three and from one to six are minor.
94. Q. How many tones in the minor scale, and what syllable is used as key-note?
A. Eight tones, and La is key-note.
95. Q. What is this order of intervals in the minor scale?
A. Steps must occur between 1 and 2, 3 and 4, and 4 and 5; half-steps must occur between 2 and 3, 5 and 6, and 7 and 8; while from 6 and 7 must be a step and a half-step, and 7 of this form of the minor scale is always shaped.
96. Q. What is this form of the minor scale called?
A. The Harmonic minor scale? *

EXAMPLE 31. HARMONIC MINOR SCALE.



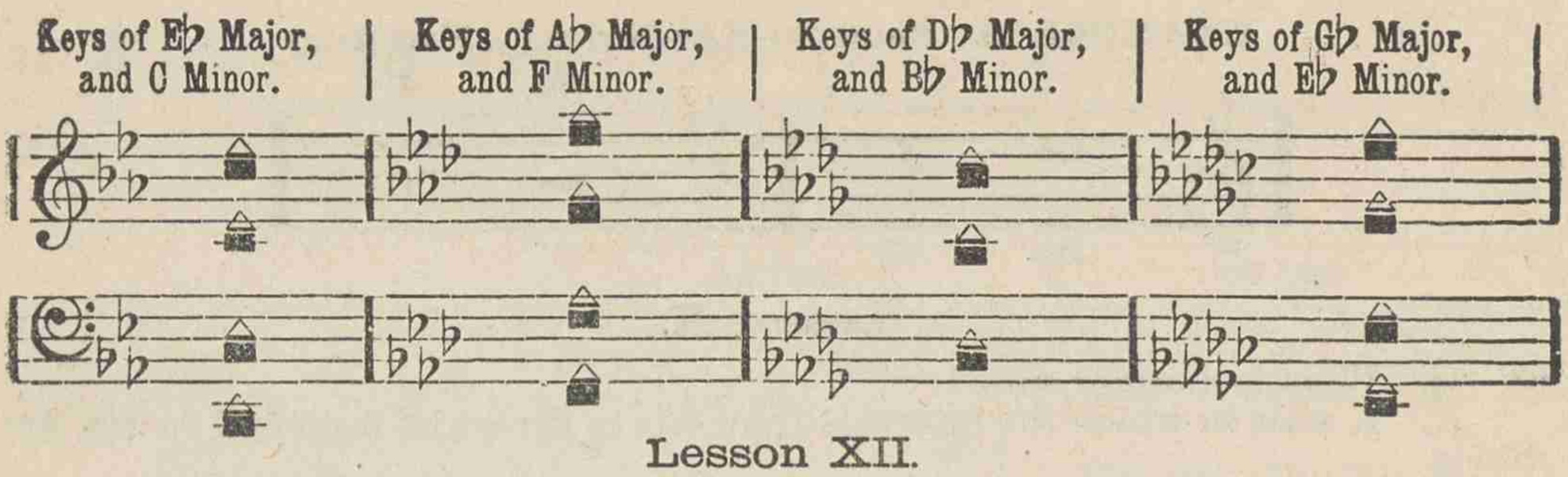
97. Q. What is meant by relative major and minor keys or scale?
A. They are so called on account of the close relation the two keys bear to each other.
98. Q. What is the rule for finding the key-letter of the relative major and minor keys?
A. Six of each major scale is taken as one of its relative minor scale, and three of each minor scale is taken as one of its relative major scale, both scales, or keys, have the same signature.

Lesson XI.

SIGNATURES AND KEY-NOTES IN MAJOR AND RELATIVE MINOR KEYS.



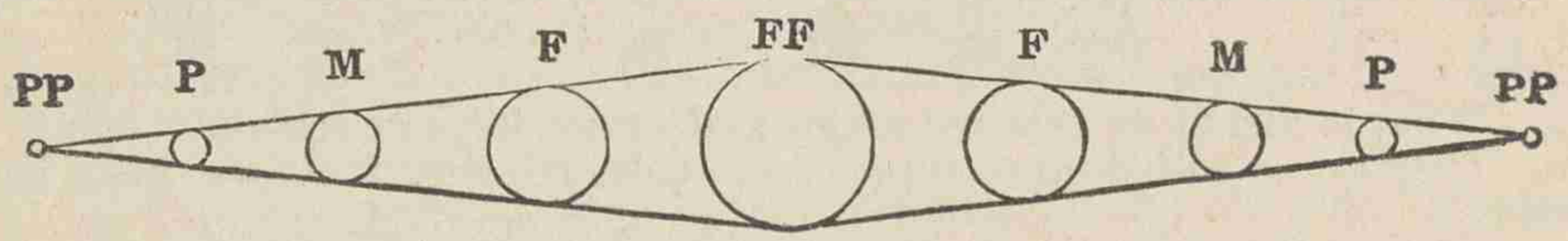
* There are other forms of the minor scale, but less frequently used; such as the natural and melodic form.



Lesson XII.

99. Q. What do we understand by power of tone?
A. The degree of stress or force used in their production.
100. Q. How many principal degree of power are there, and what are they called?
A. Five, (1) Pianissimo, or pp; meaning very soft. (2), Piano, or p; meaning soft. (3), Mezzo, or m; meaning medium. (4), Forte, or f; meaning loud. (5), Fortissimo, or ff; meaning very loud.
101. Q. What does movement mean?
A. The rate of speed at which a piece of music sounds best.
102. Q. How many principal degrees of speed are there, and what are they?
A. Five. (1), Moderato, meaning moderate speed. (2), Allegro, meaning fast. (3), Presto, meaning very fast. (4), Andante, meaning slow. (5), Adagio, meaning very slow.

EXAMPLE 32. THE FIVE POWERS REPRESENTED.



DICTIONARY OF MUSICAL TERMS.

ANDANTE, (ăn-dän'-tā). A slow and gentle movement.
ALLEGRO. (al-lay'-gro). A fast and cheerful movement.
ALLEGRETTO, (al-le-gra'to). Not so fast as allegro.
AD LIBITUM, (ad-lib'-i-tum). At pleasure.
ACCELERANDO. Gradually faster and faster.
A TEMPO. In time.
ADAGIO. Very slow.

BIS. Sing the passage twice.

CRESCENDO, (cres-shen'do), or *cres.*, or <. Increasing in power.
CON SPIRITO. With spirit.

DIMINUENDO, or *dim*, or >. Diminishing in power.
DOLCE. Soft, sweet, delicate.

ESPRESSIVO. With expression

LARGO. Slow.
LEGATO. Connected style.

MAESTOSO, mä-es-to'-zo). Majestic; with dignity.
MARCATO. In marked or pointed style.
MODERATO. In a moderate time.

OCTAVA, or 8va. When placed over the notes means that they are to be played an octave higher than written. When placed below the notes they should be played an octave lower than written.
OBLIGATO. A solo part accompanied by the voices.

PORTAMENTO. A gentle gliding of the voice from one pitch to another.
PRESTO. Quick.

RITARD, or *rit.* Slower.

SFORZANDO, (sfort-zan-do). Or >. With strong force, explosive.
STACCATO, or, ' ' ' ')· Detached; short and distinct
SEMI-STACCATO, or • • • •. Not so short as staccato
SWELL, or <>. Increasing and diminishing is power.

TUTTI. Full chorus.
THE. Pronounced *thee* when it precedes a word beginning with a vowel. When it precedes a word commencing with a consonant, the right pronunciation may be found by commencing the word *thus*, and stopping just before *s*. "The earth is thu-Lord's."

VIVACE. Quick and cheerful.

VOICE CULTURE.

MANAGEMENT OF THE BREATH.

The breath should be controlled by the strong muscles at the *Sides* and *Waist*.

EXERCISES.

No. 1.—Inhale slowly through the nose, expand at the waist and sides. Hold eight counts, then exhale as in a heavy sigh.

No. 2.—Inhale rapidly, but noiselessly through both nose and mouth. Hold eight counts, then exhale slowly with a hissing sound, use the letter S, then ah.

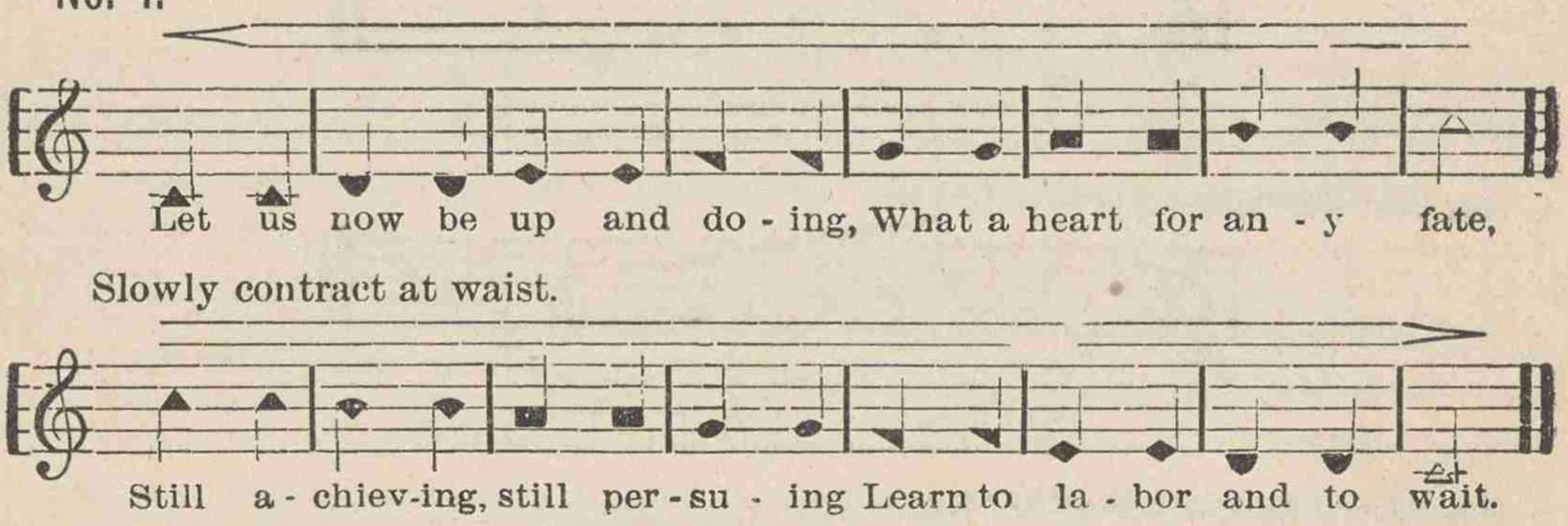
Now sing No. 3, observing the following points, (1) take the breath quickly giving on outward throb at the waist. (2) give a slight inward throb at the waist or abdomen, for each tone. (3) keeps the muscles of the neck and chin perfectly relaxed.

No. 3.



In No. 4. (1) whisper the words quite softly through in one breath. (2) Chant them on one pitch. (3) Chant Legato. (4) Sing to scale and swell as indicated.

No. 4.



Practice No. 5, in the same manner. Hold the muscles firm at the waist, but let them be very loose at the neck and chin. Aim to throw your words at as great distance as possible.

Select songs to emphasize the foregoing.

No. 5.



The alphabet may be practiced in one breath. (1) Speak disconnected (2) sing disconnected. (3) Sing Legato. (4) sing with swell. Do all this at same pitch.

TONE PLACING.

Aim to place the tone at the front teeth. Fill the upper nasal cavities with wave vibrations, especially at the bridge of the nose. This will put a mellow resoundance in the voice that will add much to its beauty.

Practice No. 6, making words sound quite nasal at first in order to get the sensation located. Of course we do not want our singing to sound nasal.

This is a good exercise to get the entire sounding board of the voice to vibrate.

TRANSPOSE TO DIFFERENT KEYS.

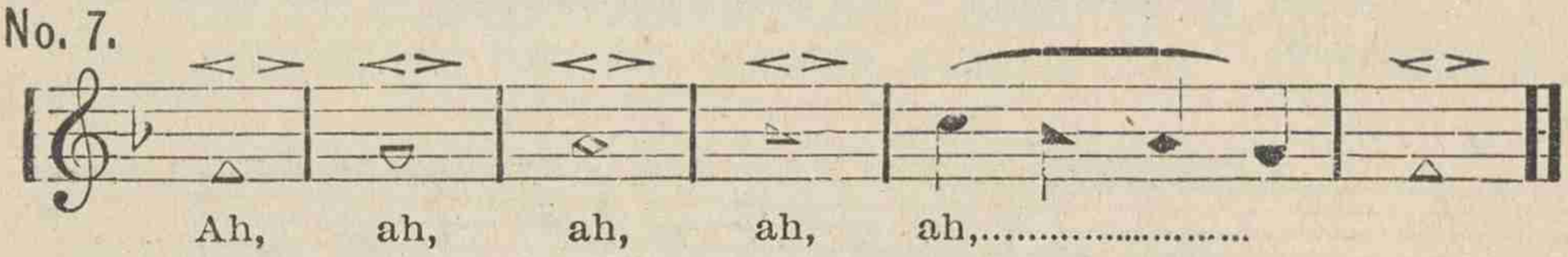
No. 6.



Hung, Hung, Hung- ung- ung - ah.
Hung, Hung, Hung- ung- ung - ah.

Practice No. 7, With a very loose throat, just as though the breath was slowly escaping without any sound whatever. Sing softly sustaining the tones with a slight swell.

No. 7.



Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah,.....

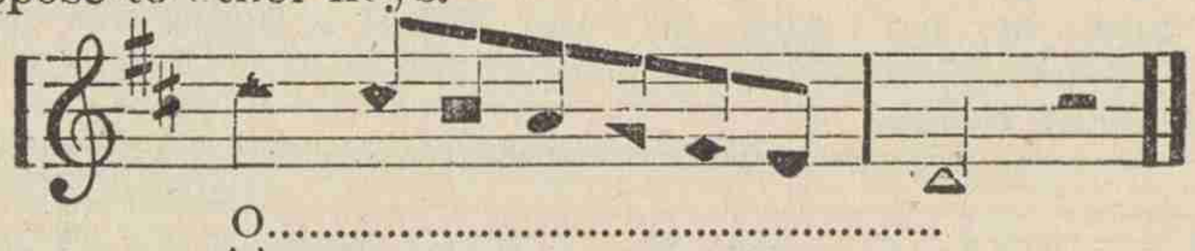
In Nos. 8, 9 and 10, Let the breath pressure be even and steady, keeping the same color of tone from low to high. Think of the sounding board. Control the breath at the waist. Do not make any throat effort.

No. 8.—May be sung twice in one breath.



Ah.....
O.....

No. 9.—Transpose to other keys.



O.....
Ah.....
A.....

No. 10.—Transpose to other keys.



Ah.....
Come.....
Day.....
Nook.....

In No. 11, Push the tone forward to a moderate degree for the swelling of each phrase.

No. 11.



A - ve - Ma- ri - a, A - ve- Ma - ri - a, A - ve - Ma- ri - a.

QUALITY OF TONE. (TIMBRE.)

The voice is capable of producing appropriate and corresponding tones to all the emotions which the heart can feel.

The two principal qualities of tone in singing are the *clear* and *somber.*

To produce the *somber tone* distend the throat and back part of the mouth, and to produce the *clear tone* avoid such distention.

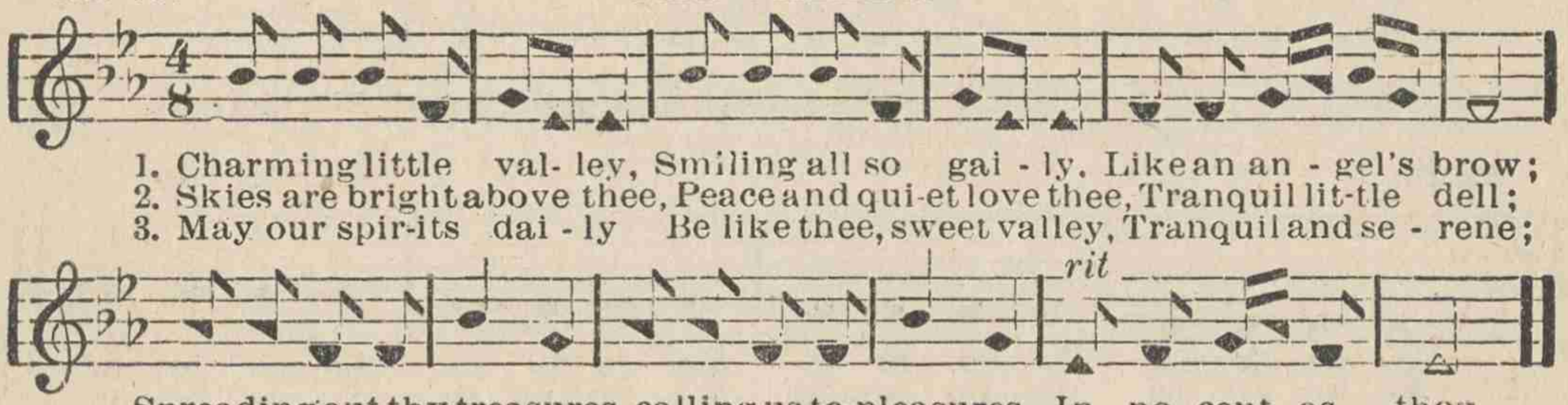
In Nos. 12 and 13, use the *clear* quality of tone.

No. 12.



Sun-shine, sun-shine bright sun-shine, Makes us hap - py and gay.

No. 13. THE VALLEY. NÄGELI.



1. Charming little val- ley, Smiling all so gai - ly, Like an an - gel's brow;
2. Skies are bright above thee, Peace and qui-et love thee, Tranquil lit-tle dell;
3. May our spir-its dai - ly Be like thee, sweet valley, Tranquil and se - rene;

Spreading out thy treasures, calling us to pleasures, In - no - cent as thou.
In thy fragrant bowers. Twining wreaths of flowers. Love and friendship dwell.
Emblem to us giv - en, Of the vales of heav-en, Ev- er bright and green.

In Nos. 14. and 15, use the somber quality of tone.

No. 14.



The winds of autumn sad- ly sing The re-quiem of the flowers.

No. 15.



Night her sol - emn man - tle spreads O'er the earth as day - light fades;

All things tell of calm re - pose, At the ho - ly sabbath's close.

OPEN AND COVERED TONES.

An open tone is one that is freely delivered, and with the least restriction. *An open tone* inclines towards the *clear timbre. A covered tone* seems to be more confined in the head, and the sensation is the same as placing the voice in the head. A covered tone inclines toward the somber timbre.

In Nos. 16 and 17, let the lower tones be open and the upper tones be covered.

No. 16.—Transpose to other keys.



Use ah o a and e.

No. 17.—Transpose to different keys.



Use ah o a and e.

VOWELS AND CONSONANTS.

Words are made up of two elements viz:—*Vowels* and *Consonants.* While the voweis are the tone elements, the consonants are equally important, and should be delivered very distinctly, and with great precision. Every word should drop from the lips in a perfectly neat and finished manner;

In No. 18, Keep the tip of the tongue against the lower front teeth, Deliver the vowels with exactness.

No. 18.



In No. 19.—give percussion to the initial consonant to get distinctness.

No. 19.



In No. 20, Emphasize the final consonant. Remember that it is by a clear enunciation of the consonants that distinct utterance is obtained.

No. 20.—*Slowly.*





The following exercise is intended to develop flexibility and a perfect articulatation of voice.

No. 21.—First sing syllables, then ah, a, o, and e.



FINE.



D.C.



* No. 1.—Explain Staff, Quarter Notes, Double Bar and Close.



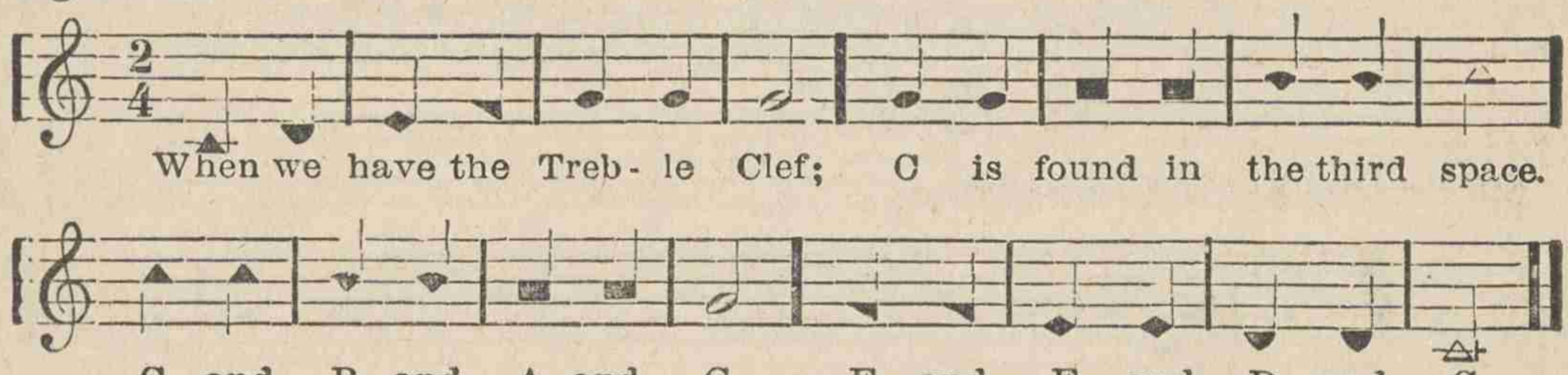
No. 2.—Explain application of words to music, use Syllable names and Numerals.



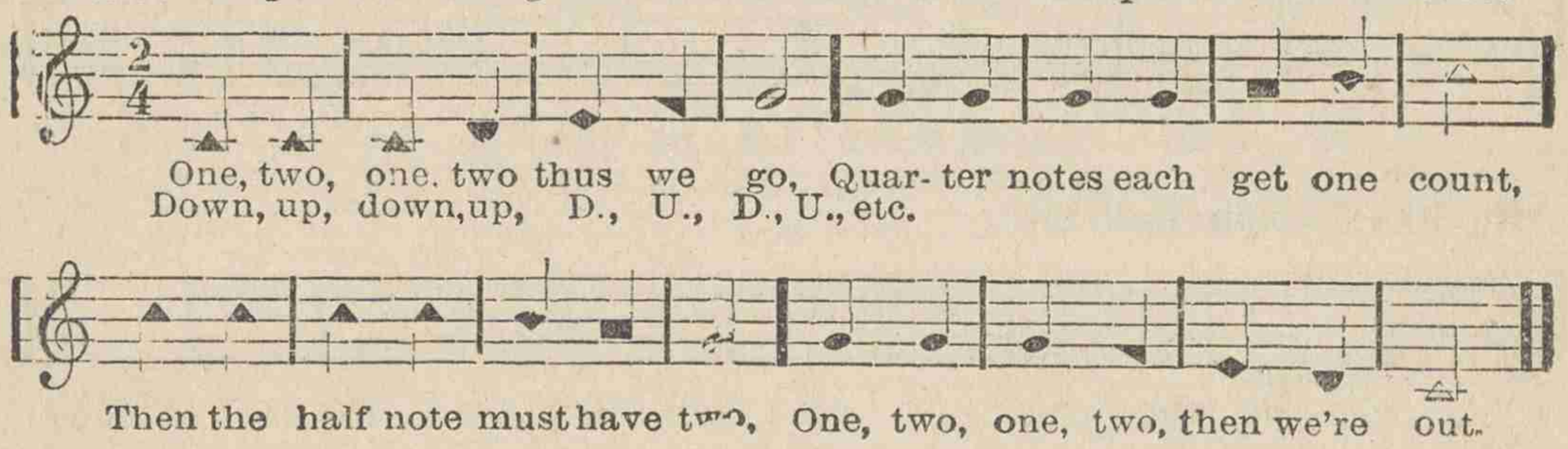
No. 3.—Explain Measure, and Bars, and that Double Measure has two parts.



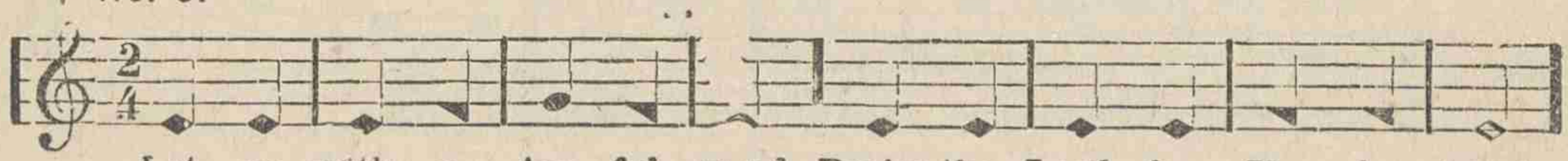
No. 4.—Explain the G, or Treble Clef, Quarter and Half Notes, also Measure Signature.



No. 5.--Explain Counting and Motion of Hand for each part of the Measure.



† No. 6.



TO TEACHER:—You will teach the letters, lines and spaces from black-board, and call attention to same as laid down in the rudiments of this book. Review this work continually.

* The teacher is supposed to have explained tone, scale, syllable, names, etc., all of which are explained in preceeding pages.

† Nos. 5 and 6 may be used together by dividing the school, one part sing No. 5, while other sing No. 6.

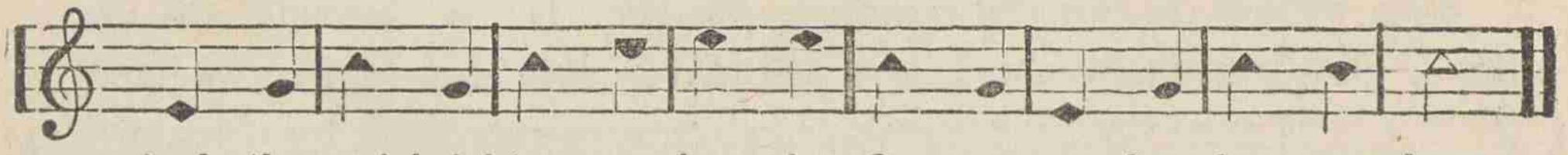


For His mer - cy shall en - dure, Ev - er faith - ful, ev - er sure.

No. 7.—Practice carefully the skip of the third and fourth, until all get the correct pitch.



Night is o - ver light is streaming, Thro' the win- dow pane 'tis com-ing,



And the sun's bright rays are beam-ing, On my own dear hap - py home.

No. 8.—Explain the Quarter Rest.

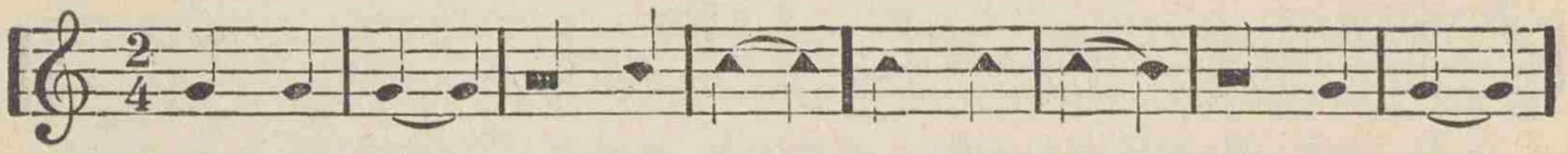


Do Do Mi Mi Mi Sol, etc.
La La La La La La, etc.



Do Do Sol Mi Mi Do, etc.
La La La La La La, etc.

No. 9.—Explain the Tie and Slur.

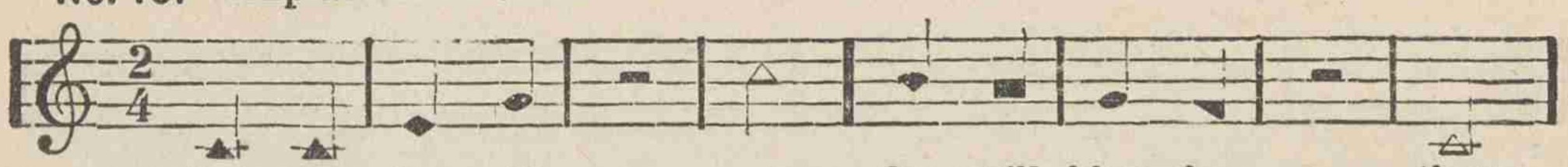


Let us sing, strong and clear, Let us work while we may,



Let us keep up good cheer, Let us nev - er go a - stray.

No. 10.—Explain Half Rest.

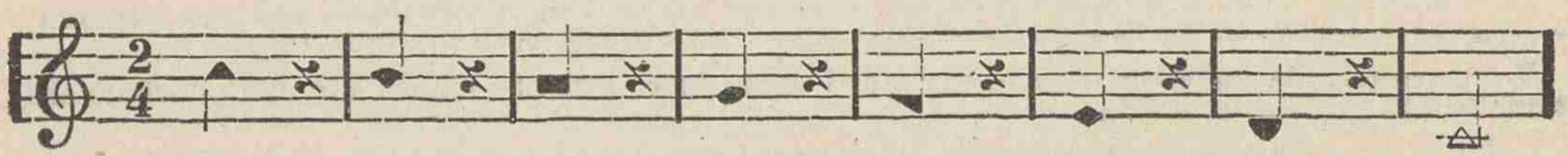


Let us sing with care, Or we'll blun- der there;

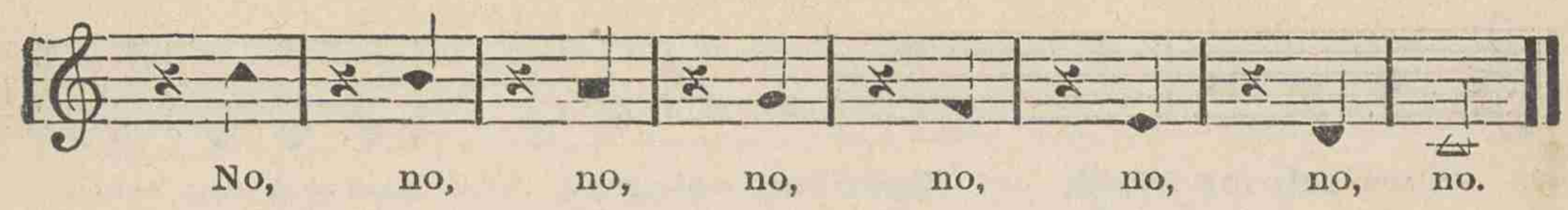


Ev - er do your best, Or you'll sing the rest.

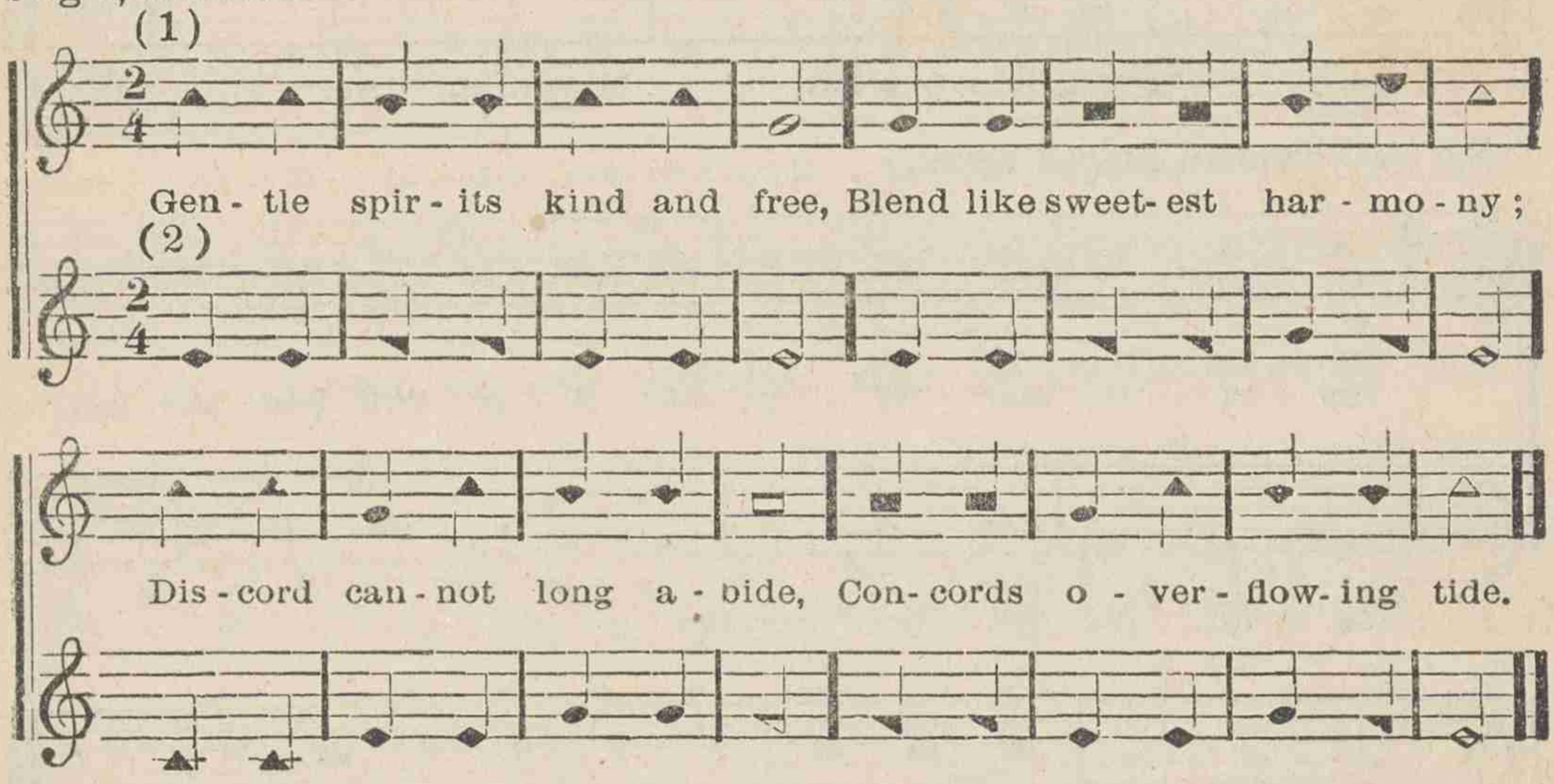
No. 11.—May be sung as a Duet or as a Round in two parts.



Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes.



No. 12.—Explain the Brace. Divide school in two divisions. First division sing 1, Second 2.



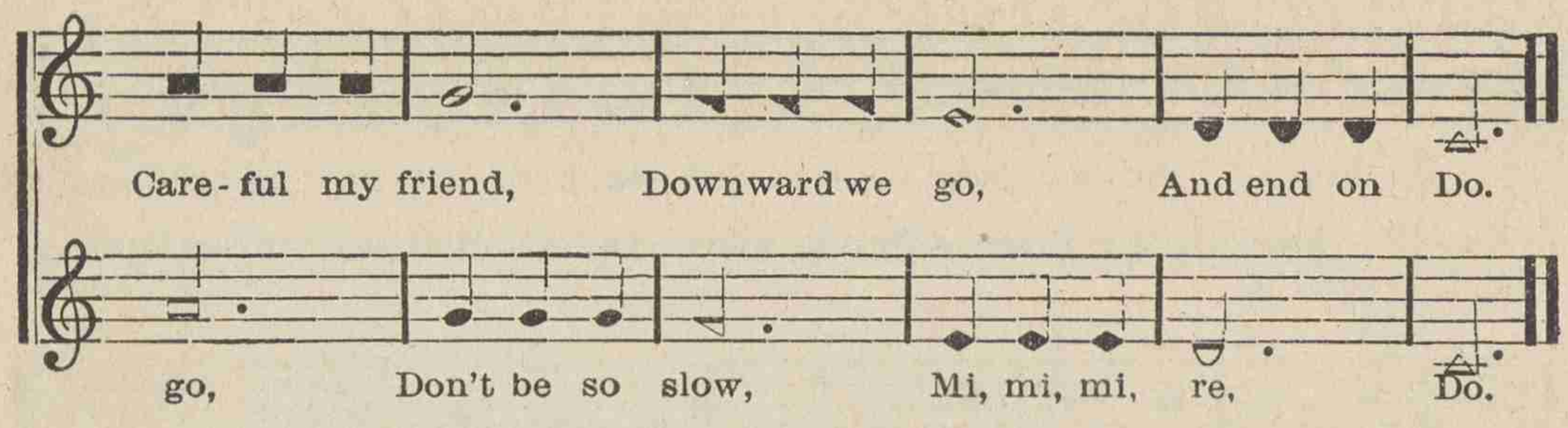
No. 13.—Explain Triple Measure or (Three Pulse Measure.*) Sing the exercise by syllable and numerals, also by counting.



No. 14.—Explain the use of the Dot after a note or rest.



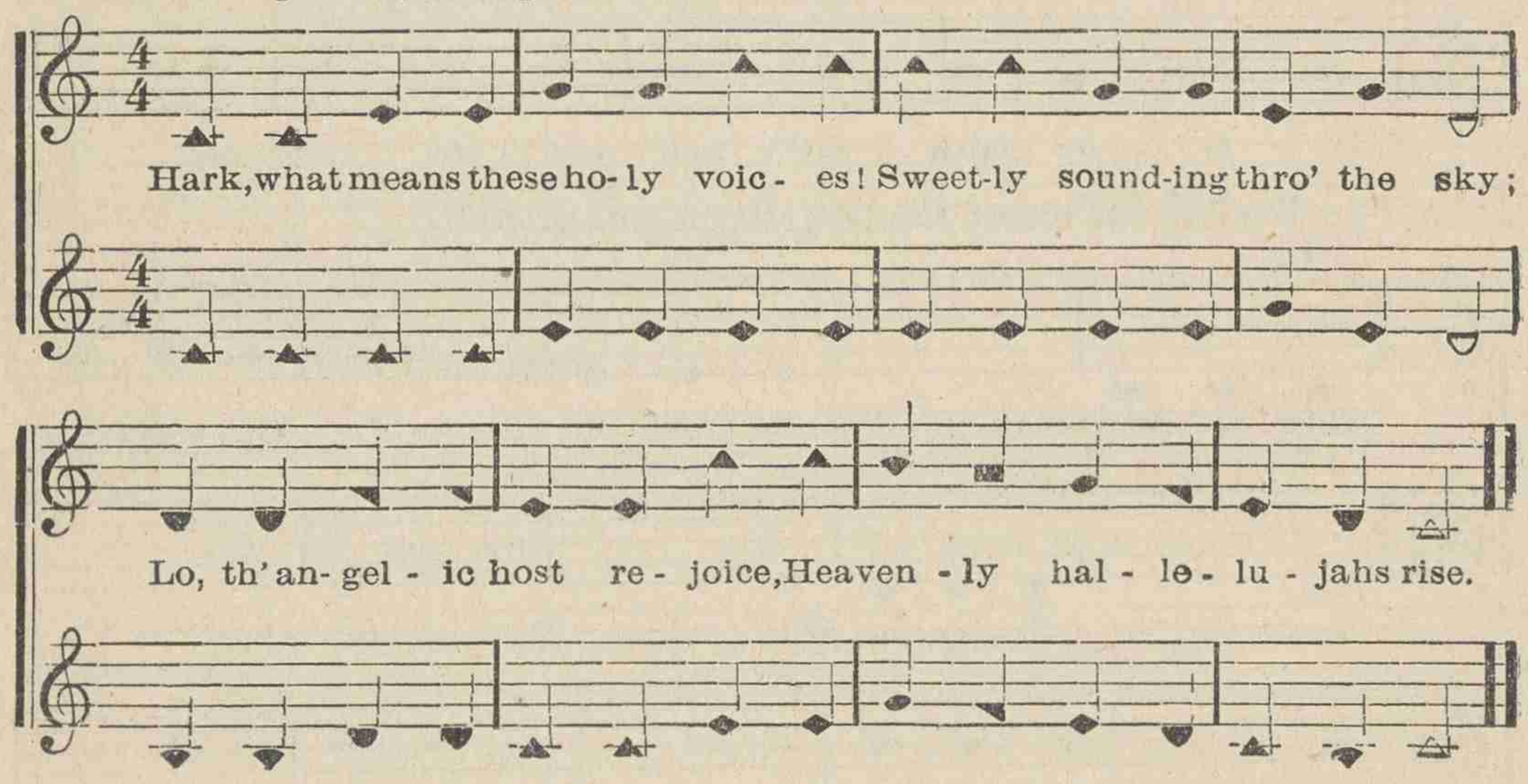
* The teacher may use any term he chooses in regard to measure.



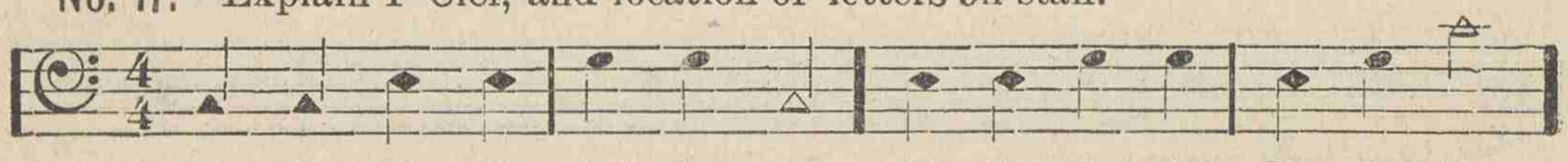
No. 15.—Explain Eighth Notes.



No. 16.—Explain Quadruple Measure.



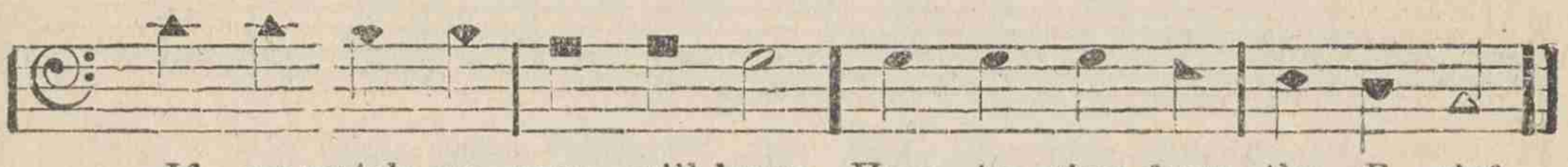
No. 17.—Explain F Clef, and location of letters on staff.





No. 18.





No. 19.—Explain difference between Male and Female Voice. And dotted quarter rests.





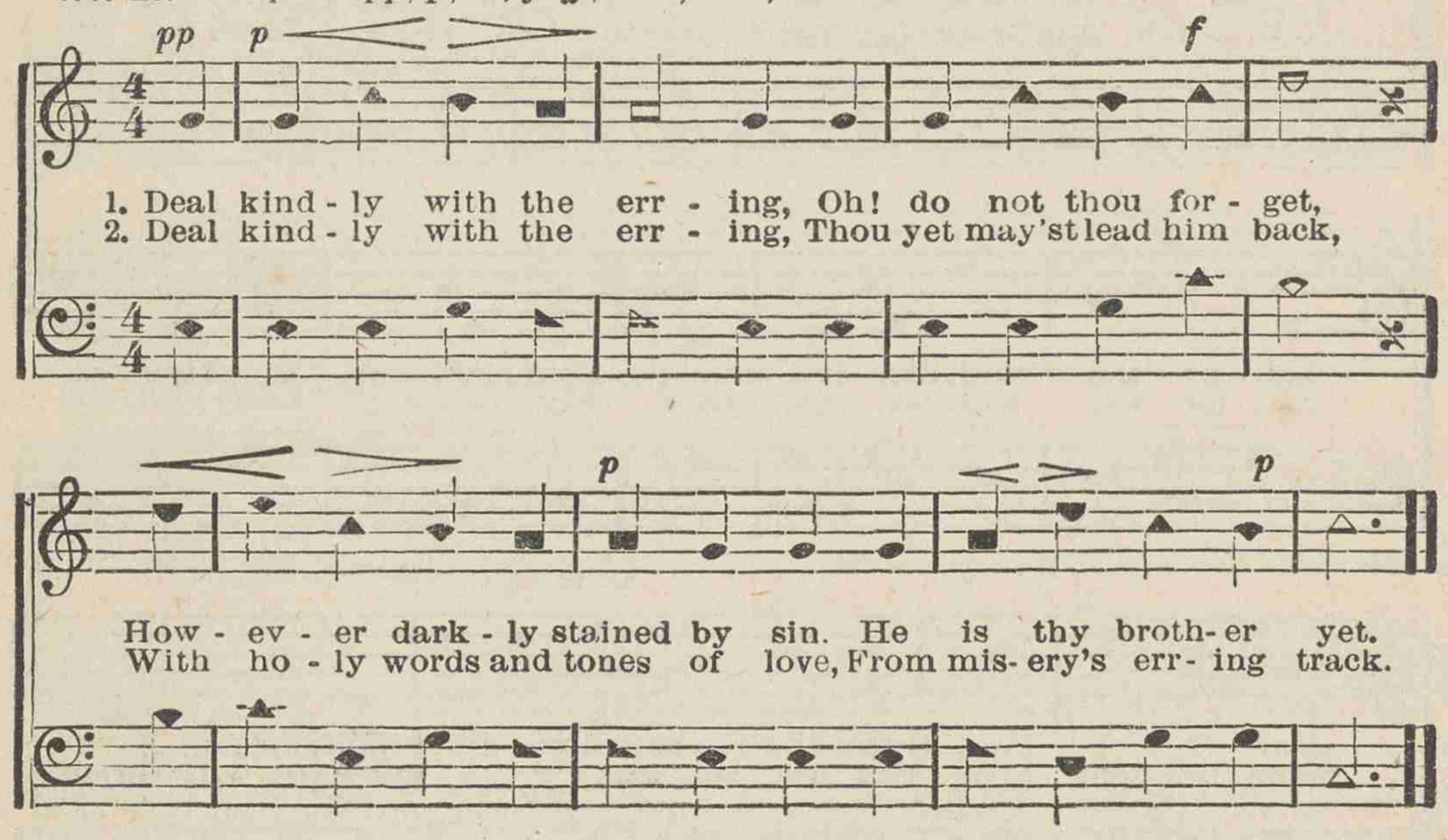
No. 20.—Explain beginning and ending on fractional part of the measure.





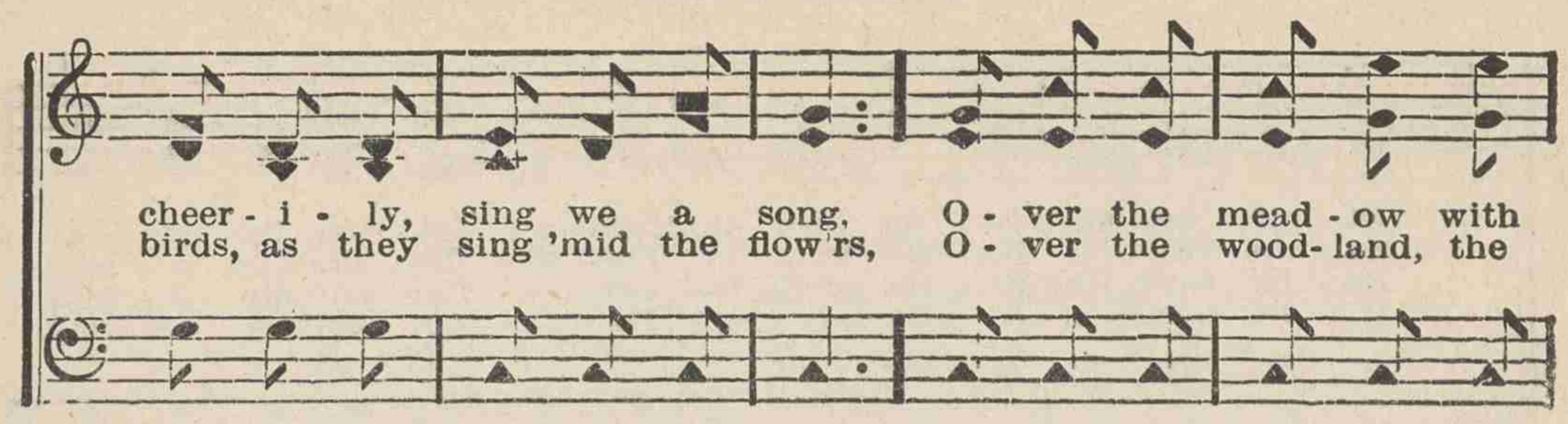


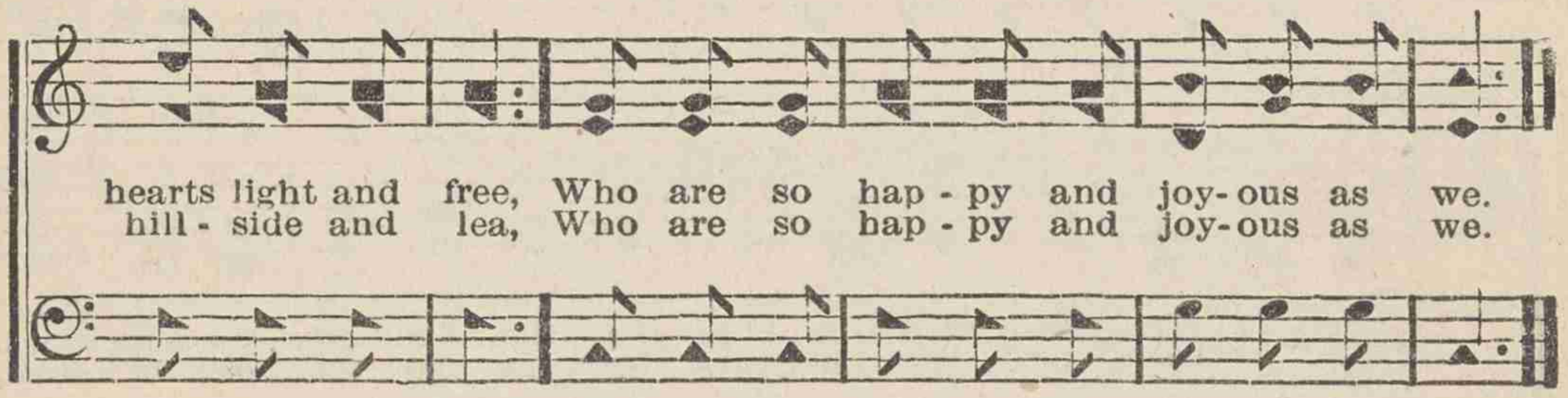
No. 21.—Explain *pp*, *p*, *m*, *f*. *ff*, *cres*, *dim*, and < >.



No. 22.—Explain Alto voice and that Soprano and Alto may sing from the same staff.







No. 23.—Explain Sharp Four, its representation sharp and natural.





No. 24.—Use Syllable and Numeral names.



No. 25.—Explain Tenor voice and singing in four parts. Also sharp two.

R.





No. 26. R.

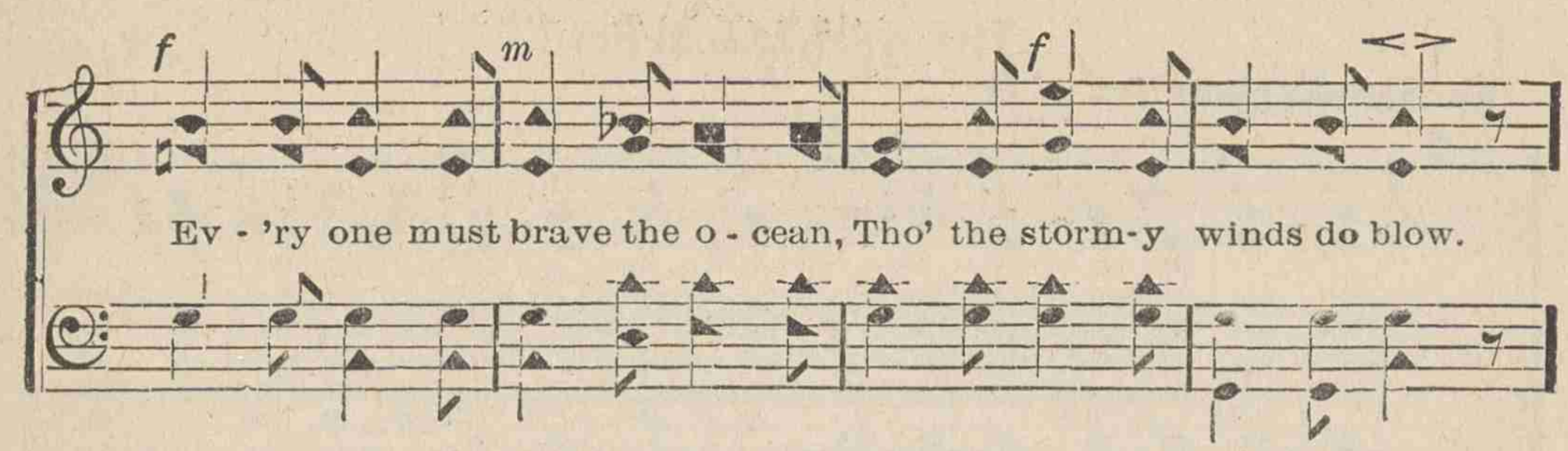


No. 27.—Introduce and explain Chromatic Scale and Flat.

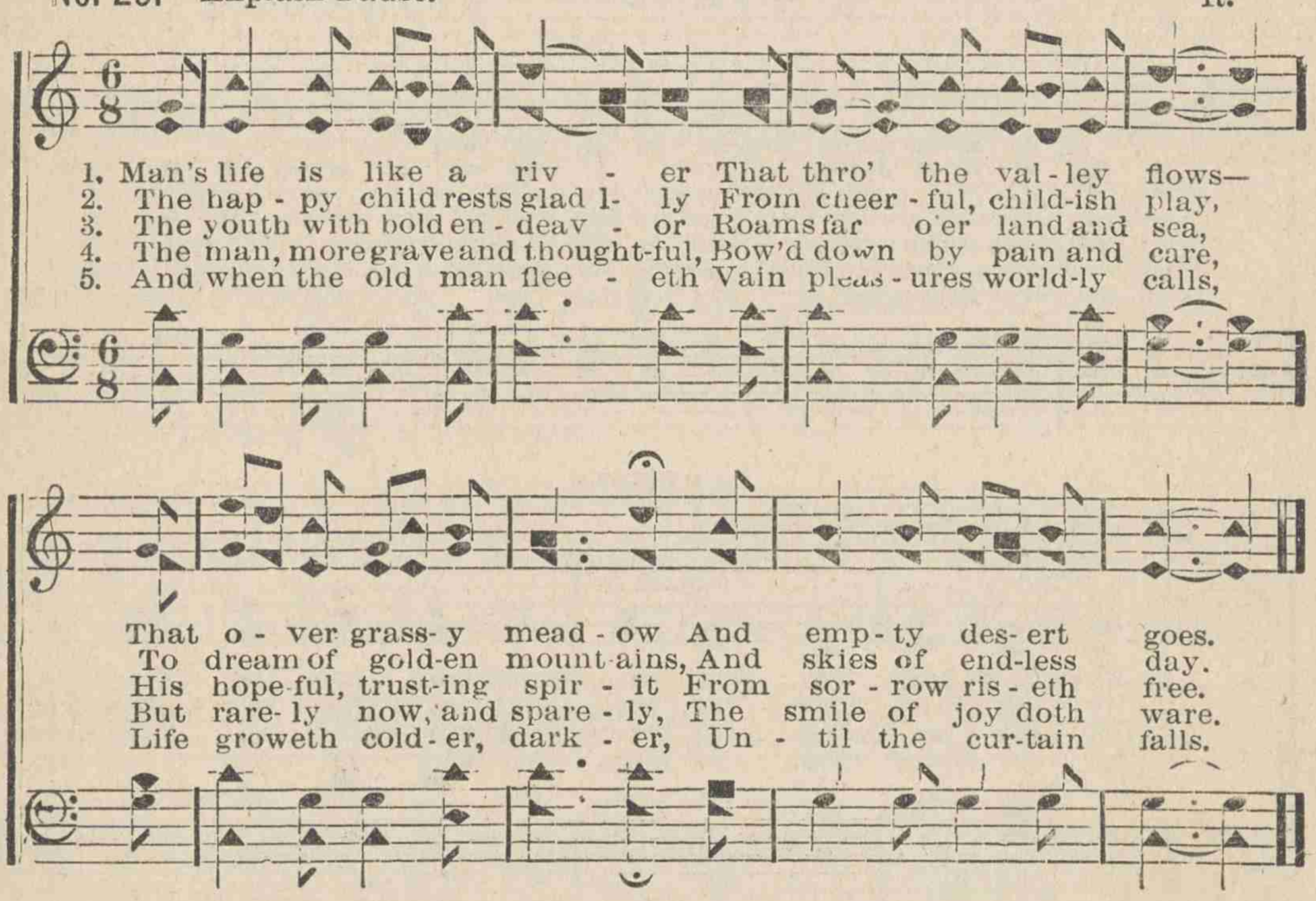


No. 28.—Explain Sextuple Measure, or six pulse measure.





No. 29.—Explain Pause. R.



No. 30.—Explain the minor scale and key of A minor. R.



THE CRYSTAL SPRING.

No. 31.—Explain Key of G.





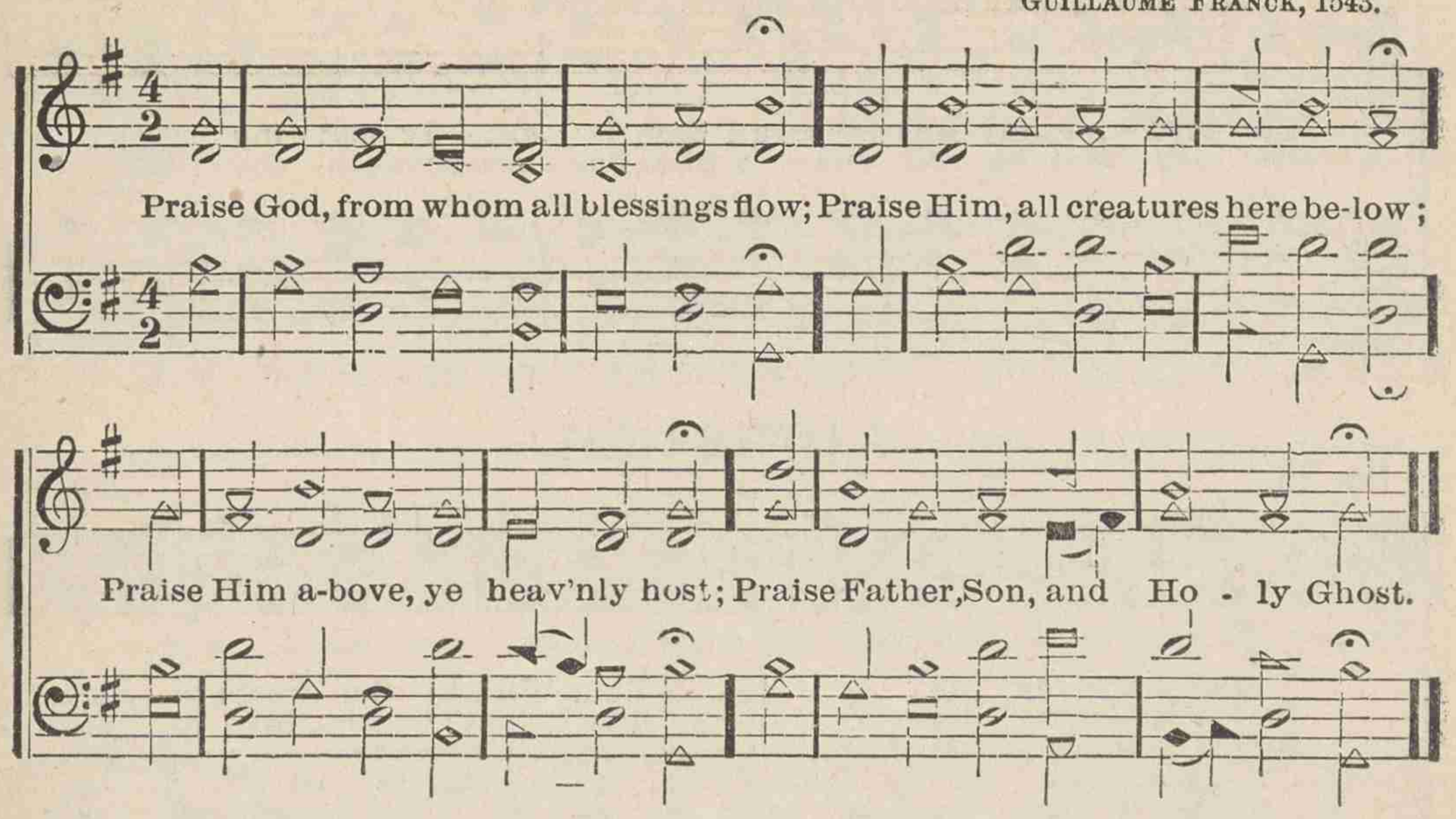
AMERICA.

No. 32.—Explain Sixteenth Notes.



No. 33. OLD HUNDRED.

GUILLAUME FRANCK, 1543.



No. 34.—Explain Key of E Minor.



OH, COME WITH ME.

No. 35.—Explain Key of F. Repeat and D. C.

MOZART.





A LITTLE LIGHT.

No. 36. R.

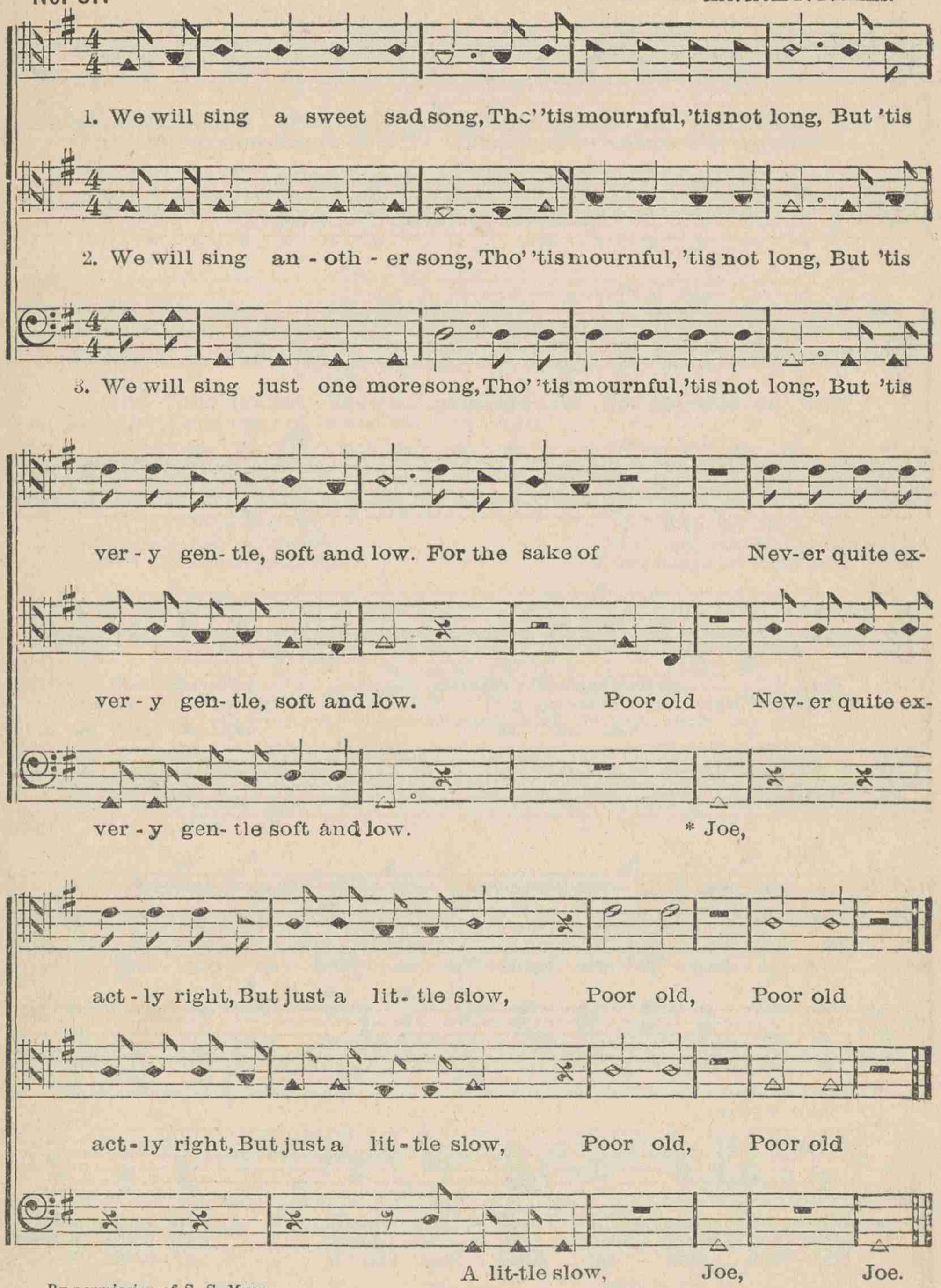


POOR OLD JOE.

Humorous Trio for Male Voices.

No. 37.

Arr. from P. P. BLISS.



By permission of S. S. Myers.

* Joe should always fail to come in on time with his part, making it necessary for one of the other members of the trio, nearest to him, to nudge him gently and call his attention to the music which should be placed upon a stand or music rack, all singing from one book. When arriving at the last measure the third time, the other members of the trio upon discovering that Joe has gone to sleep, will quietly steal away leaving him standing alone, Joe, upon waking up, after a few moments, and finding himself all alone will step up to the music, sing the last word, JOE and then walk off the stage. The effect is very amusing,

HAPPY WELCOME.

S. J. OSLIN. S. A. MYERS, by per.

No. 38.—Explain Key of D.

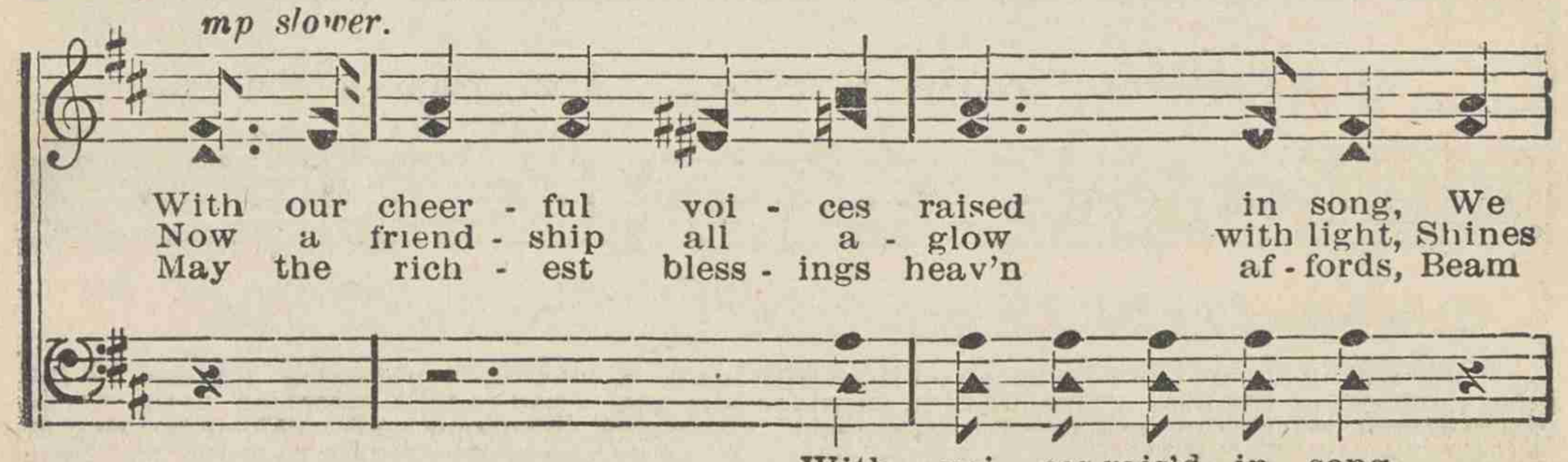








mp slower.




come our friends to greet,
forth in hap - py rays,
on us from a - bove;
Un - to us true joys be -
And the strains of mu - sic
May the Lord our foot - steps
Wel - come our friends to gree,
Shine forth in hap - py rays,
Beam on us from a - bove;
To
And
The
long,
sweet,
guide,
When in hap - pi - ness we meet.
Fill each soul with love and praise.
To our home of light and love.
us true joys be-long,
strains of mu - sic sweet,
Lord our footsteps guide,
In hap - pi - ness we meet.
Fill all our souls with praise.
T'our home of light and love.
Faster. f
Come ban - ish from our hearts all care! And let us each be glad and free!
While sweet mu - sic fills the room, Send-ing glad-ness all a - round,
While sweet - est mu - sic fills the room,
And our cheer-ful cho - rus rings, hap - py wel-come to all! Yes a
D.C.
And brings a hap - py wel - come to all!

THE WHIP-PO'-WILL.

No. 39. S. S. MYERS.

1. The sun had sunk in the crimson'd west, And earth in her
2 That voice to me from an an - gels seems, It brings to my
3. I love that voice, oh, I love to hear Its mu - sic so

twi - light robe was dres't; Soft notes rose from the dis - tant hill, The
mind my boy-hood dreams; As tho'ts of min- gled sweet-ness thrill, I
fills the night air clear; When can the heart's rude pas - sion still The

night - ly song of the Whip - po' - will. Whip - po' - will,
list - en to the soft Whip - po' - will.
night - ly song of the Whip - po' - will.

p

pp

Whip - po' - will, The night - ly song of the Whip - po' - will.
The night - ly song of the Whip - po' - will.
Whip - po' - will, The night - ly song of the Whip - po' - will.

Used by permission.

WE'LL BE HAPPY OVER THERE.

L. G. M. L. G. McCLENDON, by per.

No. 40.—Explain Key of B♭.

1. Say, dear broth- er, will you meet me in that land so bright and fair,
   Where the saints of count-less a - ges, and the white robed an- gels are?
2. We will meet our friends and loved ones, at our Father's snow white throne,
   Where no sick-ness pain or sor - row, and sad part-ings ev - er come?
3. We will meet our bless- ed Sav - iour, in that land of end-less light.
   We will sing and shout for - ev - er, in those mansions fair and bright!

D.C.—Yes, dear broth- er, we will meet and sing to - geth - er there on high,

FINE.

We'll be hap - py, we'll be hap - py o - ver there!
We'll be hap - py, we'll be hap - py o - ver there!
We'll be hap - py, we'll be hap - py o - ver there!
o - ver there!

And be hap - py and be hap - py o - ver there!

CHORUS.

Will you meet me o - ver there, Will you meet me o - ver there,

Will you meet me in that cit - y bright and fair!
bright and fair!

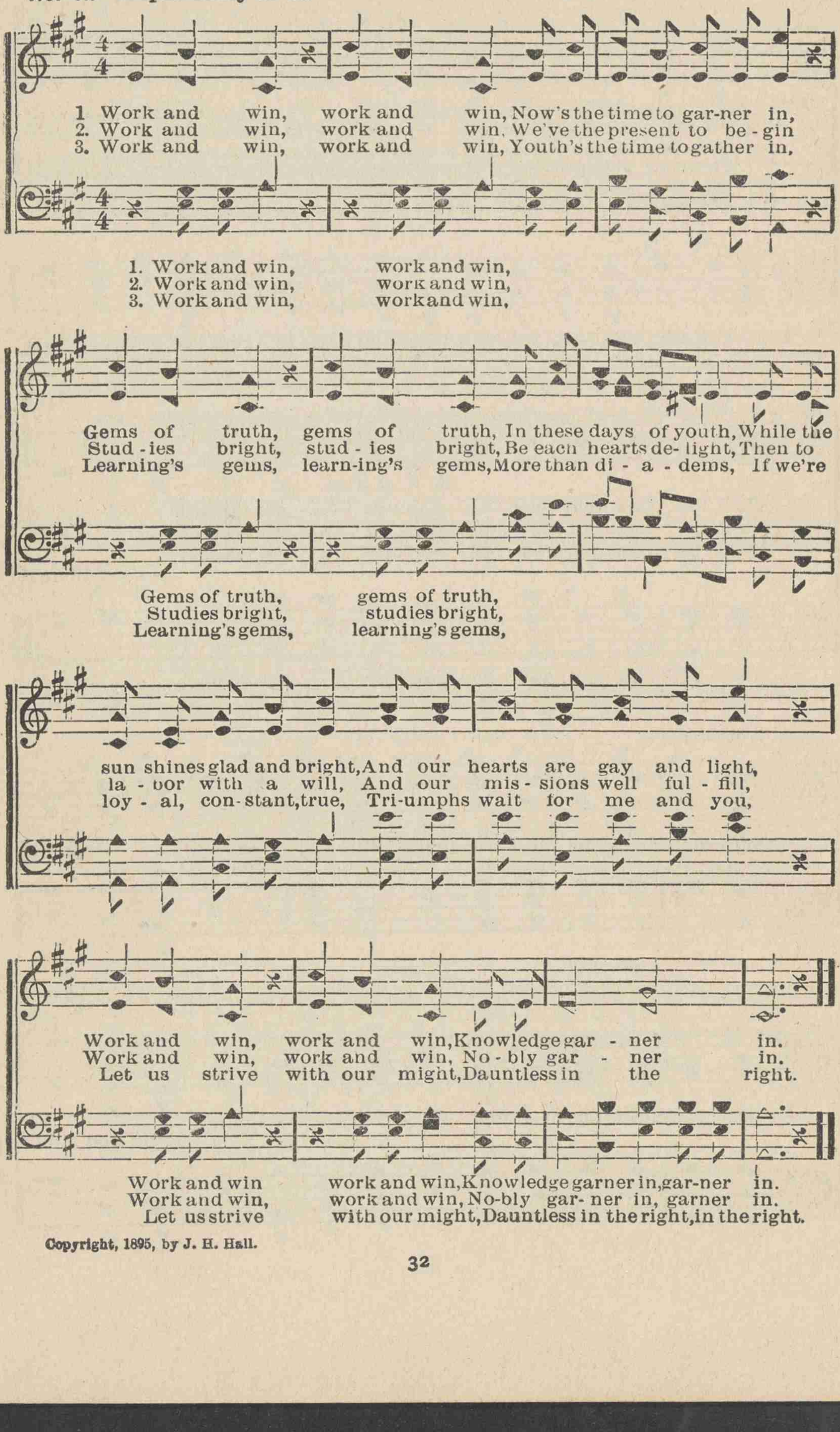
D.C.

WORK AND WIN.

MOTTO SONG.

LAURA E. NEWELL. J. H. HALL.

No. 41.—Explain Key of A.

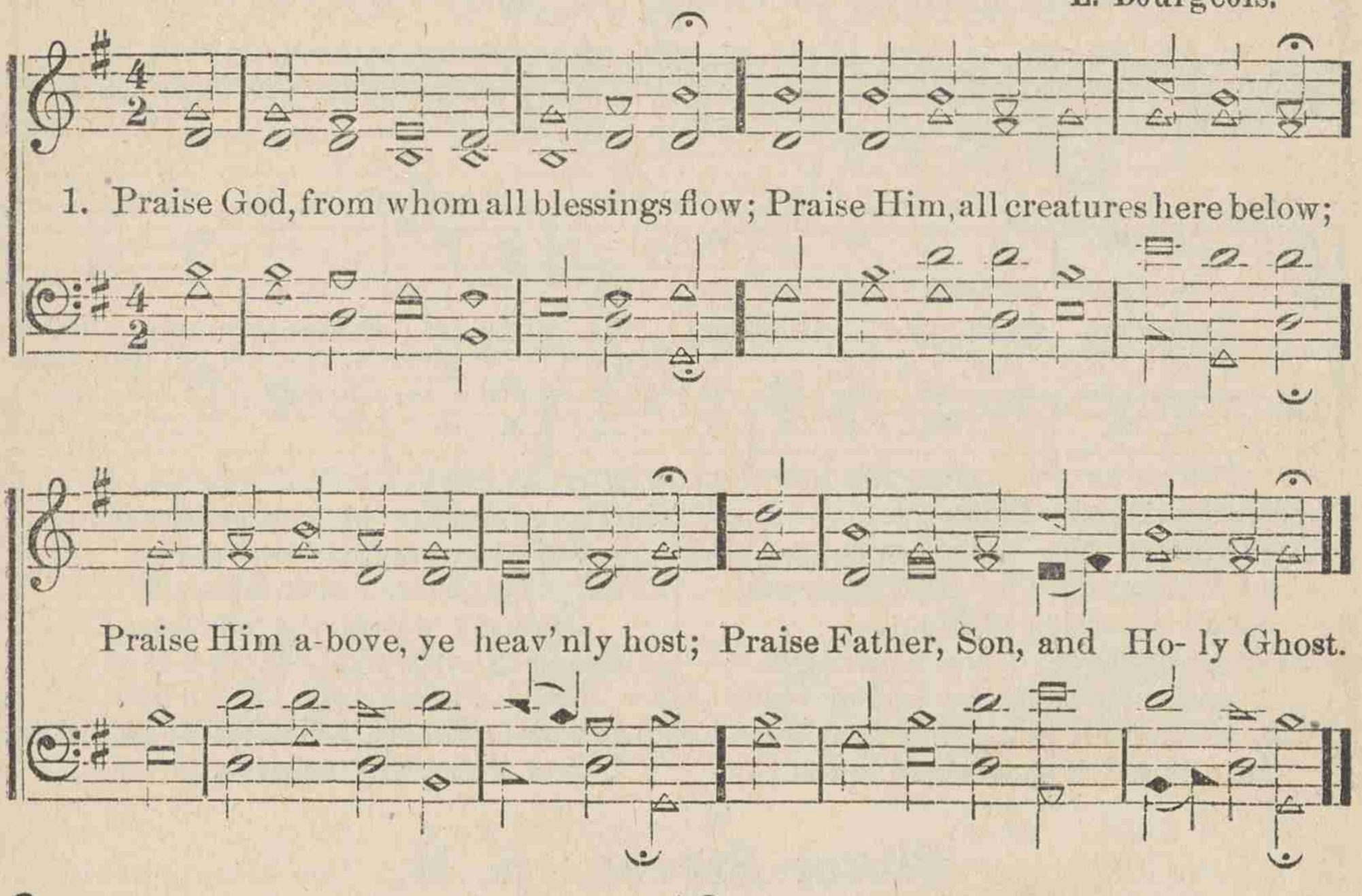


Copyright, 1895, by J. H. Hall.

HYMNS OF PRAISE.

1 Old Hundred. L. M.

L. Bourgeois.



1. Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him a-bove, ye heav'nly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho- ly Ghost.

2

L. M. WATTS.

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

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay and 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 heaven, our voices raise;
And earth, with all her thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is Thy command;
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as the rock Thy truth shall stand,
When rolling seas shall cease to move.

3

L. M. B. FRANCIS.

1 Before Thy throne, eternal King,
Thy ministers their tribute bring—
Their tribute of united praise,
For heav'nly news and peaceful days.

2 We sing the conquest of Thy sword,
And publish loud Thy healing word;
While angels sound Thy glorious name,
Thy saving grace our lips proclaim.

3 Thy various service we esteem
Our sweet employ, our bliss supreme;
And, while we feel Thy heav'nly love,
We burn like seraphim above.

4 Still in Thy work would we abound,
Still prune the vine, or plough the ground;
Thy sheep with welcome pasture feed,
And watch them with unwearied heed.

5 Thou art our Lord, our life, our love,
Our care below, our crown above;
Thy praise shall be our best employ,
Thy presence our eternal joy.

4 Nettleton. 8s. & 7s. D.

Robinson. J. Wyeth's Coll.

FINE.

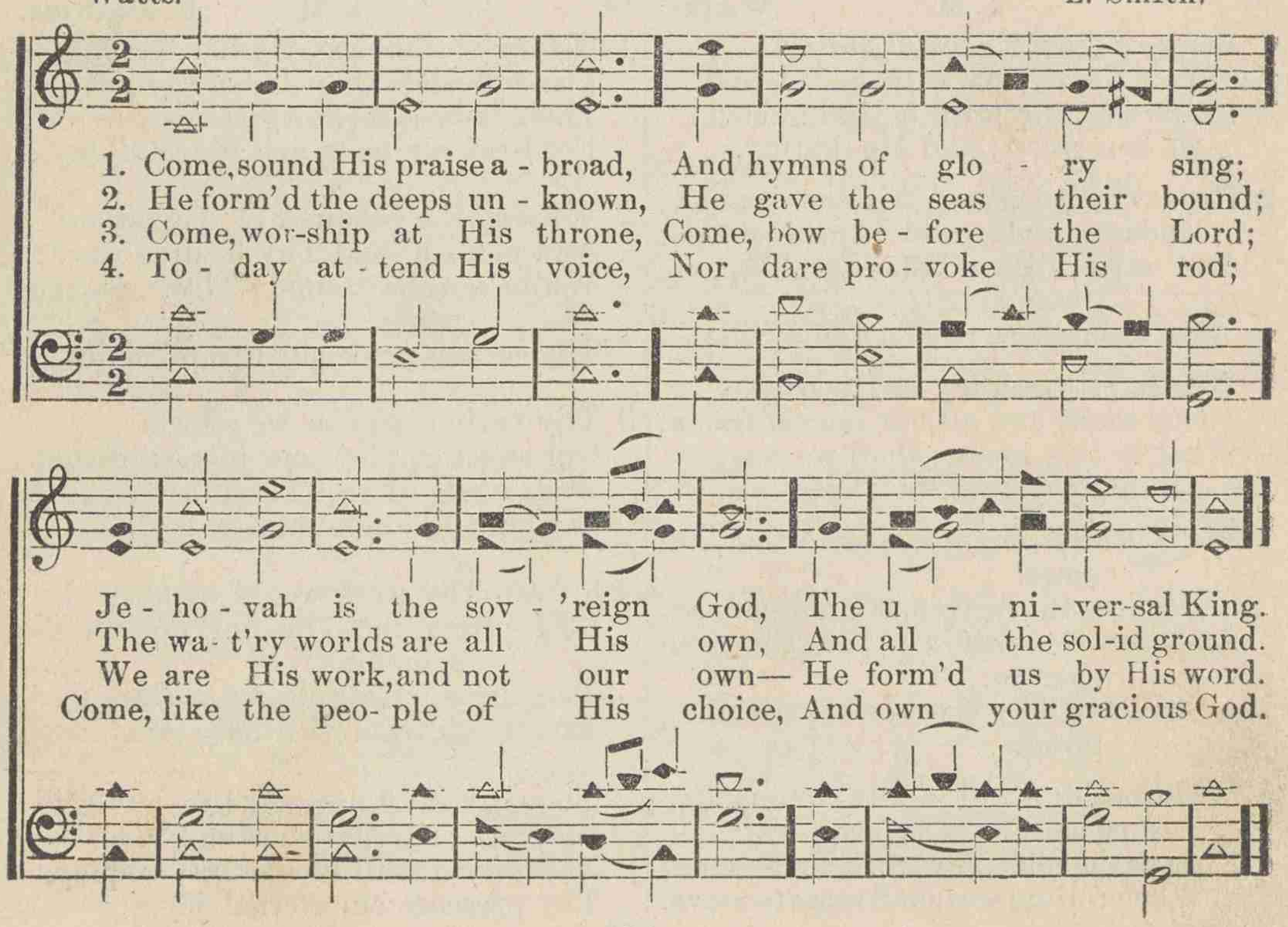


2 Here I raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me, when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to save my soul from danger,
Interposed His precious blood!

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

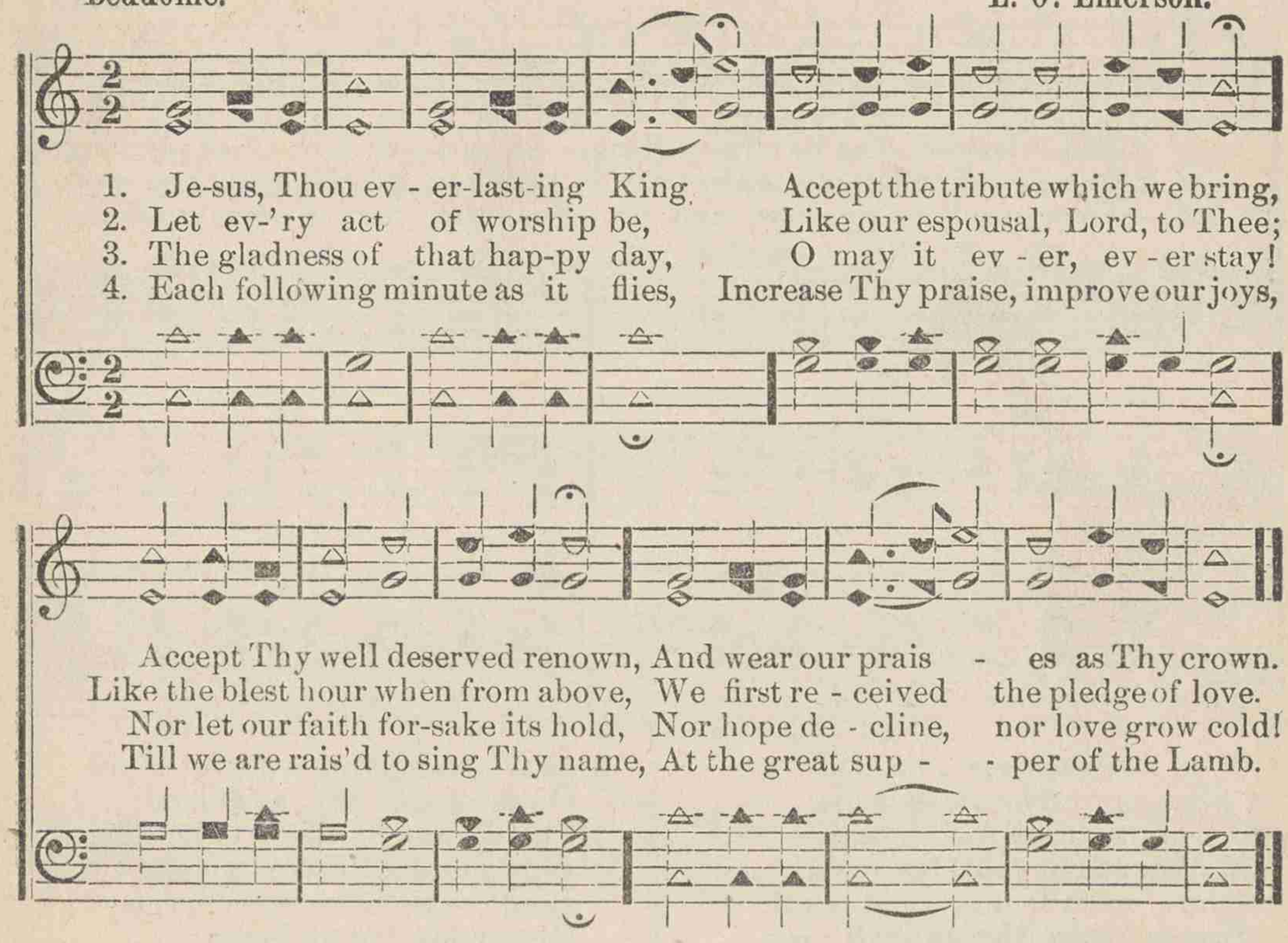
5 Silver Street. S. M.

Watts. L. Smith.



6 Sessions. L. M.

Beddome. L. O. Emerson.



7 L. M. JOHN R. DAILY.

1 I love to meet with saints and sing
The praises of my heavenly King,
Rejoicing in the hope of life
Beyond this world of mortal strife.

2 Oh! blessed season, happy time,
Of all occasions most sublime,
When in His name we meet to raise
Our voices in His holy praise.

3 I love to join with them in prayer,
The blessed privilege to share,
And hold with God communion sweet,
While bowing humbly at His feet.

4 The gospel sound I love to hear;
Oh, how it does my spirit cheer!
Proclaiming Christ the only way
To realms of everlasting day.

5 Indeed, a glorious feast is this,
To mingle in such heavenly bliss,
To taste the sweets of love divine
And feel that endless joys are mine.

6 If fellowship is such below
Where we in part alone can know,
What shall we say of that sweet rest
Where we shall be forever blest?

7 No sin will there disturb our joy,
No grievous cares or pain annoy,
With bliss untold our voice we'll raise
In one harmonious song of praise.

8 L. M. JOHN R. DAILY.

1 Jesus, in humble, grateful praise,
Our feeble voices now we raise;
Of Thy sweet name we love to sing,
Our precious Saviour and our King.

2 Oh! fill our hearts with love divine,
And let Thy Spirit in us shine;
Remove the clouds, bid darkness flee,
That we may truly worship Thee.

3 The best devotion we bestow,
Is only vain and formal show,
Unless Thy presence, Lord, we feel,
Inspiring us with holy zeal.

4 Our frail attempts are all in vain,
Communion sweet with Thee to gain;
We cannot penetrate the gloom,
Nor into Thy sweet presence come.

5 We cannot raise ourselves above
The dark, cold state in which we rove;
We cannot, in humility,
Present our poor, vain hearts to Thee.

6 O Saviour, come, to us draw near,
And banish every doubt and fear,
Our table spread, Thy grace bestow,
And cause our cups to overflow.

9 Merdin. 7s. D.

Mason.

FINE.



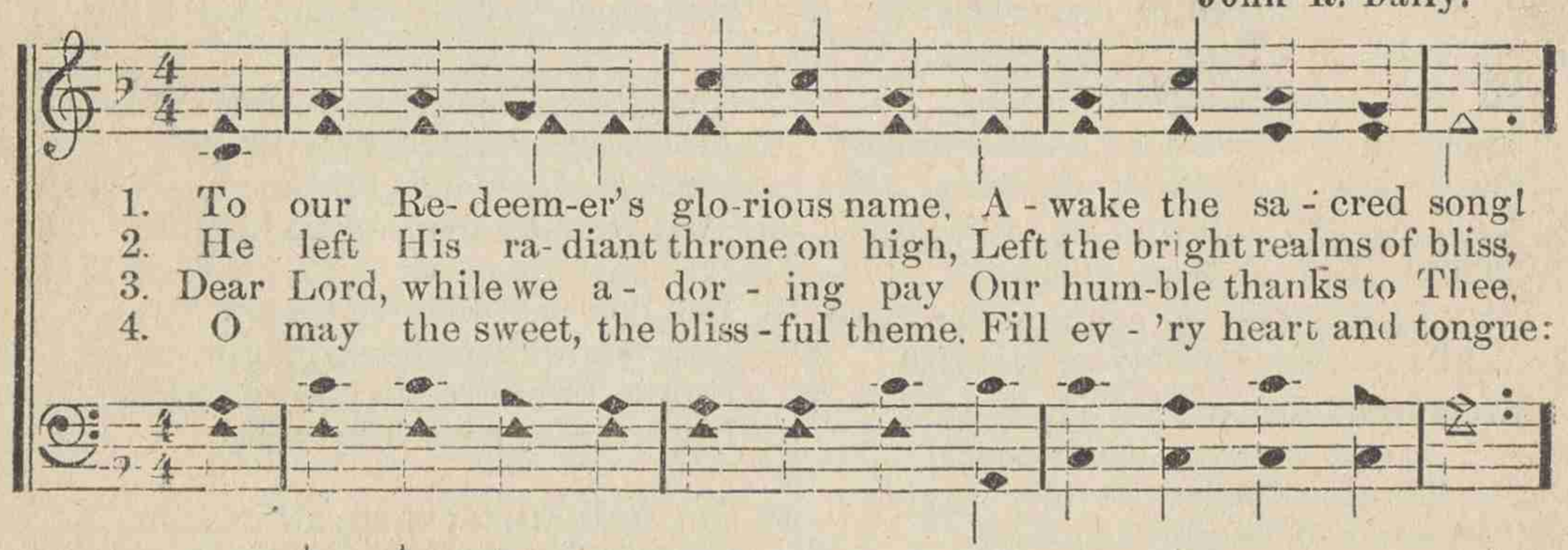


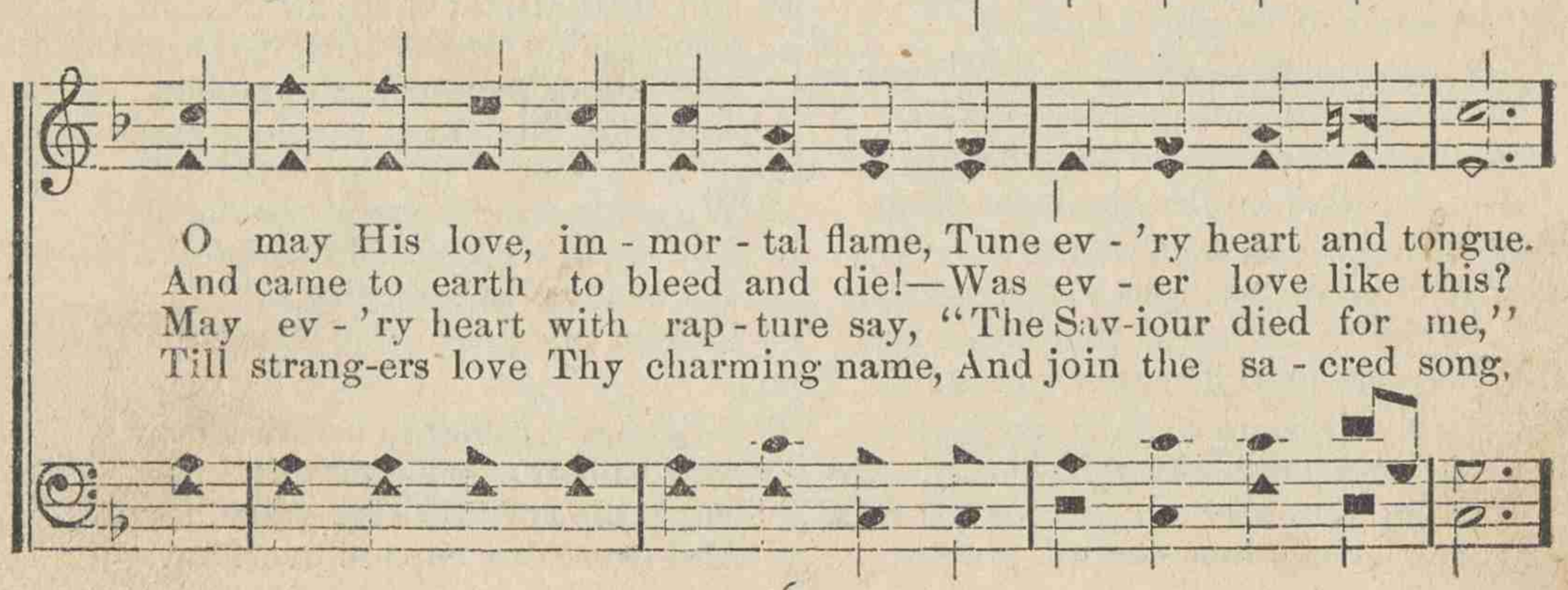
2 O, ye banished seed, be glad!
Christ our Advocate is made:
Us, to save, our flesh assumes,
Brother to our souls becomes.
Shout, ye little flock, and blest!
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared—
There your kingdom and reward.

3 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Christ, your Father's elder Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.
Lord! submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

10 Valley.

John R. Daily.

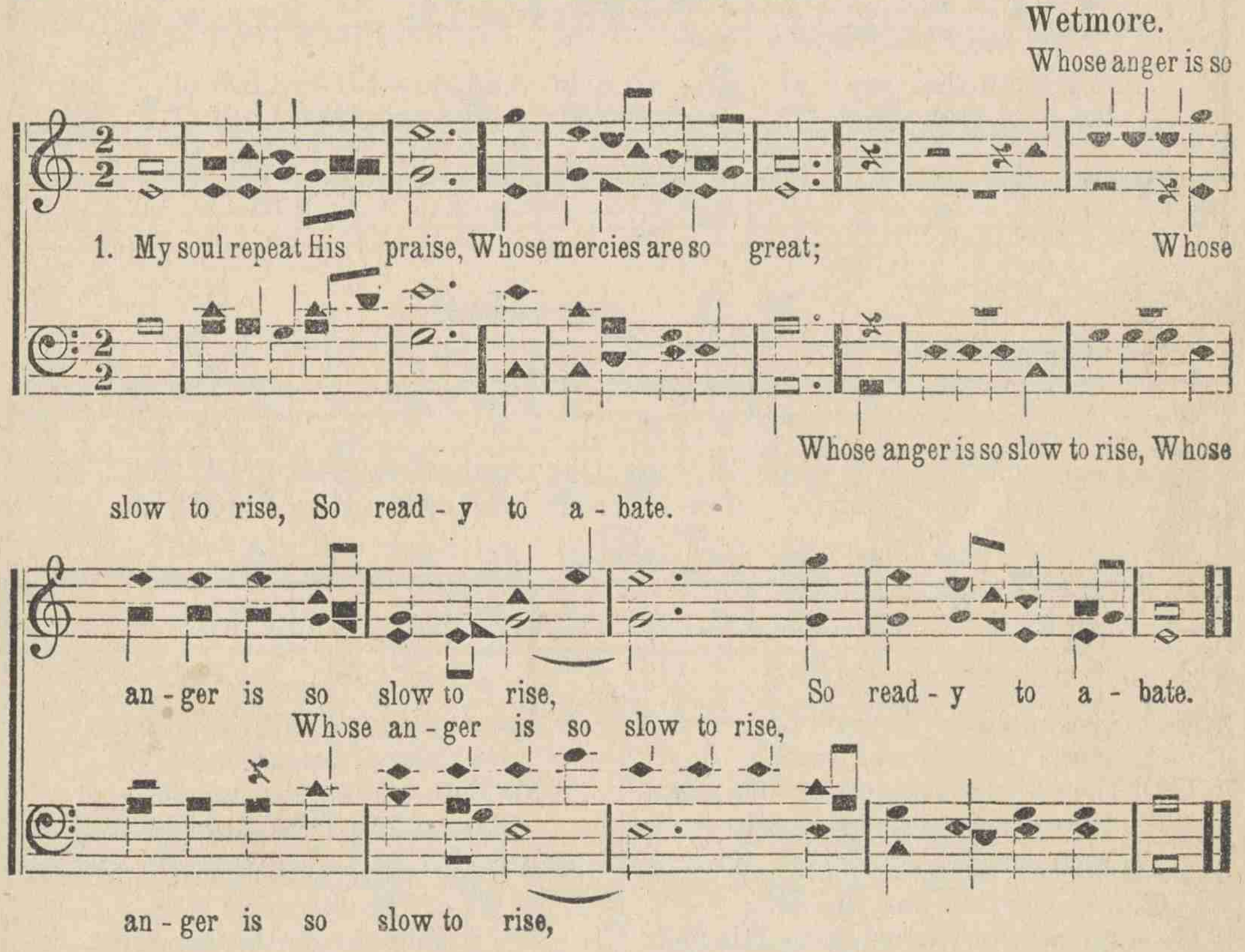






11 America. S. M.

Wetmore.



2 God will not always chide:
And when His strokes are felt,
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
And lighter than our guilt.

3 High as the heavens are raised,
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of His grace,
Our highest thoughts exceed.

4 His power subdues our sins;
And His forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

5 The pity of the Lord,
To those that fear His name
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

6 He knows we are but dust,
Scattered with every breath;
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.

7 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

8 But Thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find,
Thy words of promise sure.

12 Coronation. C. M.

Perronet. (*First Tune.*) Oliver Holden.



3 Ye 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 Ye 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.

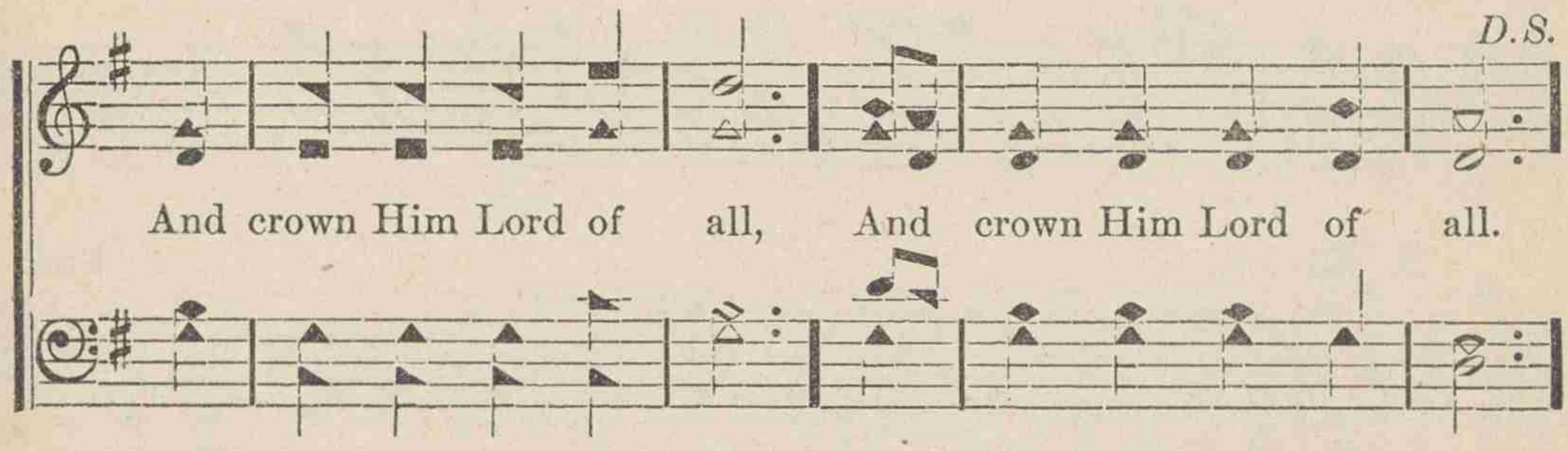
6 O that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at His feet may fall;
We'll join the *everlasting* song.
And crown Him Lord of all.

Diadem.

(*Second Tune.*) Arr.







13 Balerma. C. M.

R. Simpson.



3 When in the slippery paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe
And led me up to man.

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

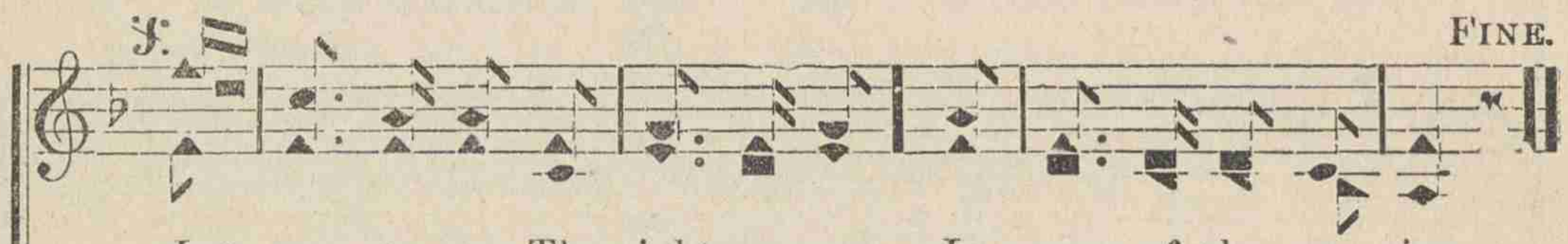
5 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

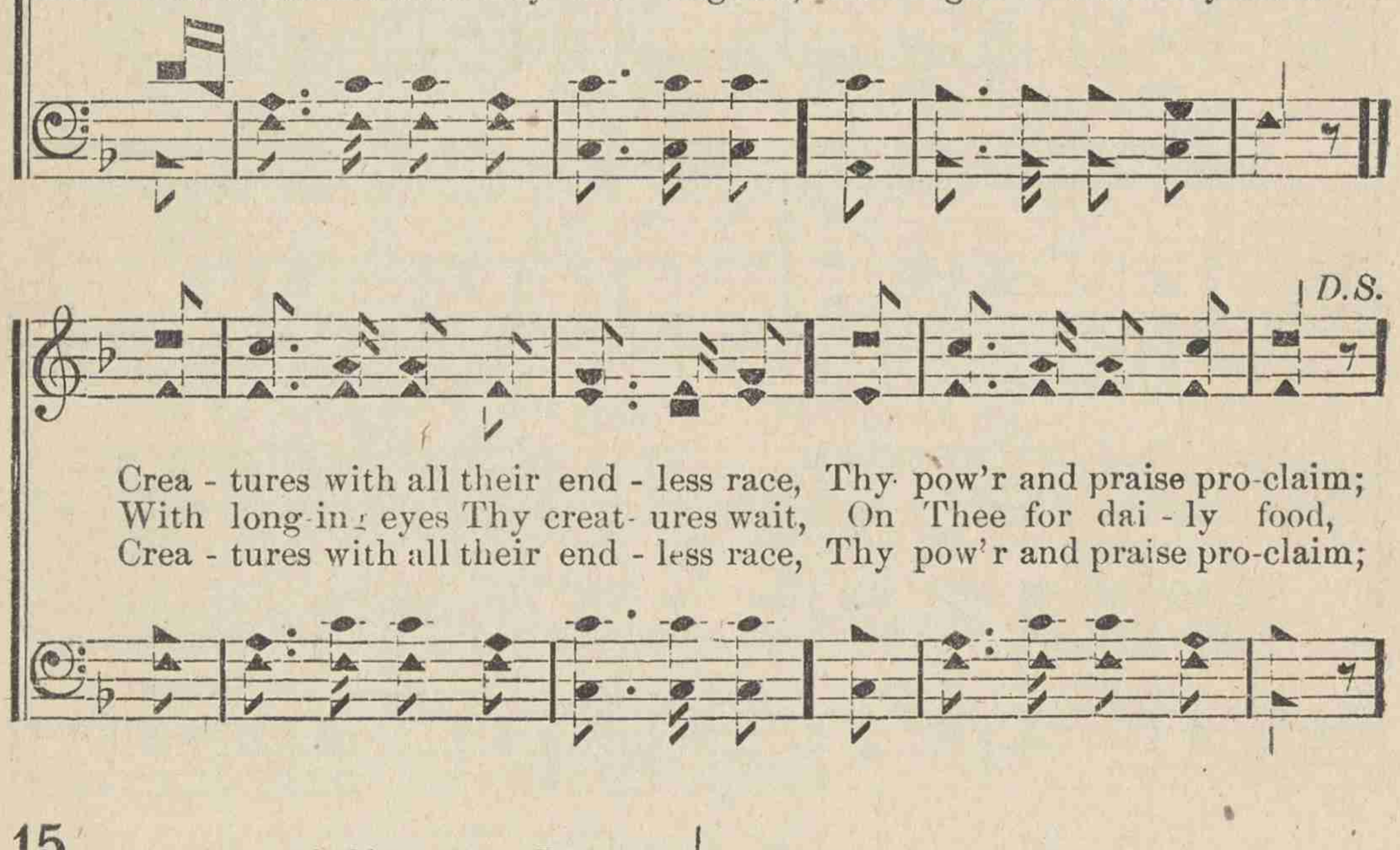
6 Through all eternity, to Thee
A grateful song I'll raise;
But O, eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise.

14 Fair Haven. C. M.

Scotch Air.







15 C. M. Barlow.

1 Awake my soul to sound His praise,
Awake my harp to sing.
Join all my powers the song to raise,
And morning incense bring.

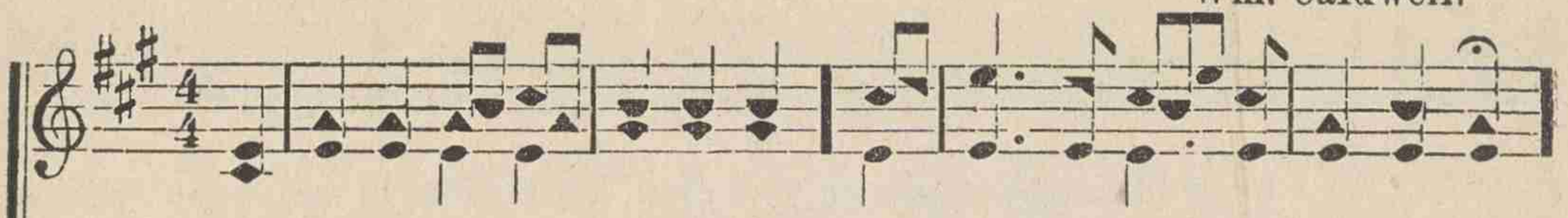
2 Among the people of His care,
And through the nations round,
Glad songs of praise will I prepare,
And there His name resound.

3 Be Thou exalted, O my God,
Above the starry frame;
Diffuse Thy heavenly grace abroad,
And teach the world Thy name.

4 So shall Thy chosen ones rejoice,
And through Thy courts above,
While sinners hear Thy pard'ning voice
And taste redeeming love.

Loving Kindness. L. M.

Wm. Caldwell.



1. A-wake, my soul, in joy-ful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
2. He saw me ruined in the fall, Yet loved me not-with-stand-ing all;
3. Tho' num'rous hosts of mighty foes, Tho' earth and hell my way oppose,



He just - ly claims a song from me! His lov - ing kind-ness, O how free!
He saved me from my lost es-tate, His lov -ing kindness, O how great!
He safe - ly leads my soul a- long; His lov-ing kindness, O how strong!

His loving kindness, loving kindness, His lov - ing kindness, O how free!
His loving kindness, loving kindness, His lov - ing kindness, O how great!
His loving kindness, loving kindness, His lov - ing kindness, O how strong!

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

5 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
But though I have Him oft forgot,
His loving kindness changes not.

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

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

17 Arlington. C. M.

Steele. Dr. Thomas Arne.





2 All nature owns His guardian care,
In Him we live and move;
But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of His love.

3 He gave His Son, His only Son,
To ransom rebel worms;
'Tis here He makes His goodness known
In its diviner forms.

4 To this dear refuge, Lord, we come;
'Tis here our hope relies;
A safe defense, a peaceful home,
When storms of trouble rise.

5 Thine eye beholds, with kind regard,
The souls who trust in Thee;
Their humble hope Thou wilt reward
With bliss divinely free.

18 C. M. Watts.

1 Great is the Lord; His works of might
Demand our noblest songs;
Let His assembled saints unite
Their harmony of tongues.

2 Great is the mercy of the Lord,
He gives His children food;
And ever mindful of His word,
He makes His promise good.

3 His Son, the great Redeemer, came
And sealed His covenant sure:
Holy and Reverend is His name,
His ways are just and pure.

4 They that would grow divinely wise,
Must with His fear begin;
Our fairest proof of knowledge lies
In hating every sin.

19 C. M. Watts.

1 My God, my portion and my love,
My everlasting All,
I've none but Thee in heaven above,
Or on this earthly ball.

2 What empty things are all the skies,
And this inferior clod!
There's nothing here deserves my joy,
There's nothing like my God.

3 To Thee we owe our wealth, and friends,
And health and safe abode;
Thanks to Thy name for meaner things,
But they are not my God.

4 How vain a toy is glittering wealth,
If once compared to Thee;
Or what's my safety or my health
Or all my friends to me?

5 Were I possessor of the earth,
And called the stars my own,
Without Thy graces and Thyself
I were a wretch undone.

6 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore;
Grant me the visits of Thy face,
And I desire no more.

Fredericksburg. H. M.

Gadsby's Coll. By per. R. M. McIntosh.





4 He all His foes shall quell;
Shall all our sins destroy;
And every bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

5 Rejoice in glorious hope,
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take His servants up
To their eternal home: [voice:
We soon shall hear the Archangel's
The trump of God shall sound, rejoice.

Lingham. C. M.

Joseph Funk. Arr. by J. H. R.



Harwell. 8s & 7s.

Thos. Kelly. Lowell Mason.

1. Hark! ten thousand harps and voic- es Sound the notes of praise a - bove;
2. Je - sus, hail! whose glo- ry brightens All a - bove, and gives its worth;
3. King of glo - ry, reign for- ev - er, Thine an ev - er last-ing crown;
4. Sav- iour, has-ten Thine ap- pear- ing; Bring, O bring the glo-rious day,

Je - sus reigns, and heav'n re-joic- es— Je - sus reigns, the God of love.
Lord of life, the smile en-light-ens, Cheers and charms, Thy saints on earth.
Noth- ing from Thy love shall sever Those whom Thou hast made Thine own.
When, the aw - ful summons hear-ing, Heav'n and earth shall pass a - way.

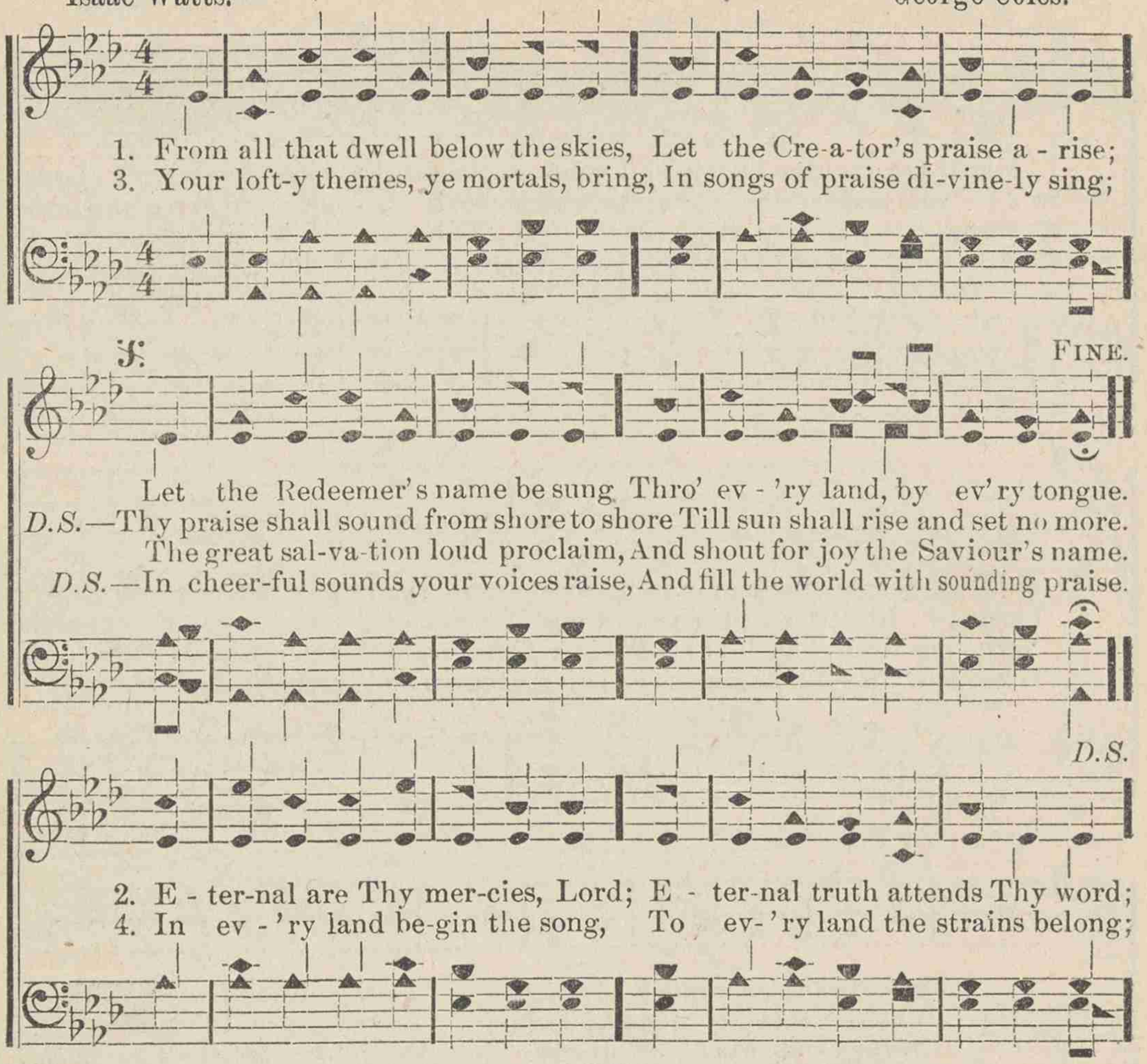
See, He sits on yonder throne; Jesus rules the world a - lone.
When we think of love like Thine, Lord, we own it love di - vine.
Happy objects of Thy grace, Destin'd to behold Thy face.
Then, with golden harps, we'll sing, "Glo- ry, glo-ry to our King!"

See, He sits on yonder throne; Je-sus rules the world a lone.
When we think of love like Thine, Lord, we own it love di - vine.
Hap-py ob - jects of Thy grace, Destin'd to behold Thy face.
Then, with gold - en harps, we'll sing, "Glory, glo - ry to our King!"

Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus rules the world a - lone.
Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Lord, we own it love di - vine.
Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Destin'd to be-hold Thy face.
Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry to our King!

23 Duane Street. L. M.

Isaac Watts. George Coles.



24 L. M. Doddridge.

1 Ye sons of men with joy record,
The various wonders of the Lord;
And let His power and goodness sound
Thro' all your tribes the earth around.

2 Let the high heavens your songs invite,
Those spacious fields of brilliant light;
Where sun, and moon, and planets roll,
And stars that glow from pole to pole.

3 Sing, earth, in verdant robes arrayed—
Its herbs and flowers, its fruits and shades;
Peopled with life of various forms,
Of fish, and fowl, and beasts, and worms.

4 View the broad sea's majestic plains,
And think how wide its Maker reigns,
That band remotest nations joins,
And on each wave His goodness shines.

5 But oh! that brighter world above,
Where lives and reigns incarnate love!
God's only Son, in flesh arrayed,
For man a bleeding victim made.

6 Thither, my soul, with rapture soar,
There, in the land of praise, adore;
The theme demands an angel's lay—
Demands an everlasting day.

25 L. M.

1 Lord, I will bless Thee all my days,
Thy praise shall dwell upon my tongue;
My soul shall glory in Thy grace,
While saints rejoice to hear the song.

2 Come, magnify the Lord with me,
Come, let us all exalt His name;
I sought th'eternal God, and He
Has not exposed my hope to shame.

3 I told Him all my secret grief,
My secret groaning reached His ears;
He gave my inward pains relief,
And calmed the tumult of my fears.

4 To Him the poor lift up their eyes,
With heavenly joy their faces shine;
A beam of mercy from the skies,
Fills them with light and joy divine.

5 His holy angels pitch their tents,
Around the ones who serve the Lord;
O fear and love Him, all ye saints,
Taste of His grace, and trust His word.

6 The wild young lions, pinch'd with pain
And hunger, roar thro' all the wood;
But none shall seek the Lord in vain,
Nor want supplies of real good.

26 Mear. C. M.

Cowper. Welsh Air. A. Williams.



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

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

27

C. M.

1 Amid the splendors of Thy state,
My God, Thy love appears;
With the soft radiance of the moon,
Among a thousand stars.

2 Nature, through all her ample round,
Thy boundless power proclaims,
And in melodious accents speaks
The goodness of Thy name.

3 Thy justice, holiness, and truth,
Our solemn awe excite;
But the sweet charms of sovereign grace
O'erwhelm us with delight.

4 Sinai in clouds, and smoke, and fire,
Thunders Thy dreadful name;
But Zion sings in melting notes
The honors of the Lamb.

5 In all Thy doctrines and commands,
Thy counsels and designs,
In ev'ry work Thy hands have fram'd
Thy love supremely shines.

6 Angels and men the news proclaim,
Through earth and heaven above,
The joyful and transporting news
That God the Lord is love!

28

C. M. Watts.

1 Great God, how infinite art Thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow
And pay their praise to Thee.

2 Thy throne eternally has stood,
Ere seas or stars were made;
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

3 Nature and time quite naked lie
To thine immense survey,
From the formation of the sky
To the great burning day.

4 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in Thy view;
To Thee there's nothing old appears,
Great God, there's nothing new.

5 Our lives thro' various scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares;
While Thine eternal tho'ts move on
Thine undisturbed affairs.

6 Great God, how infinite art Thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow
And pay their praise to Thee.

29 Thy Way, O God!

Fawcett. Arr.



1. Thy way, O God! is in the sea; Thy paths I can - not trace;
2. Here the dark veils of flesh and sense My cap - tive s ul sur- round;
3. When I be- hold Thy aw - ful hand My earth- ly h pes de- stroy,
4. As thro' a glass, I dim - ly see The won- ders of Thy love;
5. 'Tis but in part I know Thy will; I bless Thee for the sight;
6. With rap-ture shall I then sur - vey Thy prov - i - dence and grace;





Nor com- pre-hend the mys - te - ry Of Thy un-bound-ed grace.
Mys- te- rious deeps of Prov - i - dence My wond'ring thoughts confound.
In deep as- ton - ish ment I stand, And ask the rea son, why?
How lit - tle do I know of Thee, Or of the joys a - bove!
When will Thy love the rest re - veal, In glo - ry's clear- er light?
And spend an ev - er- last - ing day In won - der, love and praise.



30 C. M. Tate & Brady.

1 Through endless years Thou art the same,
O Thou eternal God!
Ages to come shall know Thy name
And tell Thy works abroad.

2 The strong foundations of the earth
Of old by Thee were laid;
By Thee the beauteous arch of heaven
With matchless skill was made.

3 Soon shall this goodly frame of things,
Formed by Thy powerful hand,
Be, like a vesture, laid aside,
And changed at Thy command.

4 But Thy perfections all divine,
Eternal as Thy days,
Through everlasting ages shine
With undiminished rays.

5 Thy children's children, still Thy care,
Shall own their Fathers' God;
To latest times thy favor share
And spread Thy praise abroad.

31 Watts.

1 In all my vast concerns with Thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun Thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of Thine eye.

2 Thy all surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.

3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord
Before they're formed within:
And ere my lips pronounce the word
He knows the sense I mean.

4 Oh, wondrous knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within Thy circling arms I lie,
Enclosed on every side.

5 So let Thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sovereign love.

TRUST IN GOD.

32 Peterborough. C. M.

Medley. R. Harrison.



33 C. M.

1 The cause that is for me too hard,
I'll make to Jesus known;
I'll cast my burdens on the Lord,
And leave them at His throne.

2 He will His cheering grace impart,
And ease my anxious breast;
His love can heal my wounded heart,
And bring my soul to rest.

3 The judge supreme, must needs do right,
Whoe'er should me condemn;
He'll bring my judgment to the light,
And clear my injured name.

4 He calls me by His precious word,
And bids me not to fear;
The cause that is for me too hard,
My gracious God will bear.

34 C. M.

1 No change of time shall ever shock
My trust, O Lord, in Thee;
For Thou hast always been my Rock,
A sure defense to me.

2 Thou our deliverer art, O God,
Our trust is in Thy power;
Thou art our Shield from foes abroad,
Our Safeguard and our Tower.

3 To Thee will we address our prayer,
To whom all praise we owe;
O may we by Thy watchful care
Be saved from every foe.

4 Then let Jehovah be adored,
On whom our hopes depend;
For none except the mighty Lord,
His people can defend.

35 Hebron. L. M.

Watts. Dr. L. Mason.



1. Thus far the Lord has led me on; Thus far His pow'r prolongs my days;
2. Much of my time has run to waste, And I, per-haps, am near my home;
3. I lay my bod - y down to sleep; Peace is the pil - low for my head,
4. In vain the sons of earth or hell, Tell me a thousand frightful things,





And ev 'ry evening shall make known Some fresh memorials of His grace.
But He for-gives my fol-lies past; He gives me strength for days to come.
While well-appoint- ed an-gels keep Their watchful stations round my bed.
My God in safe - ty makes me dwell Beneath the shad-ow of His wings.



36 L. M. FAWCETT.

1 Thus far my God hath led me on,
And made His pow' r and mercy known;
My hopes and fears alternate rise,
And comforts mingle with my sighs.

2 Thro' this wide wilderness I roam,
Far distant from my blissful home;
Lord let Thy presence be my stay,
And guard me in this dangerous way.

3 Temptations everywhere annoy,
And sins and snares my peace destroy;
My earthly joys are from me torn,
And oft an absent God I mourn.

4 My soul with various tempests tossed,
Her hopes o'erturned, her projects cross-ed,
Sees every day new straits attend,
And wonders where the scene will end.

5 Is this, dear Lord, that thorny road
Which leads us to the mount of God?
Are these the toils Thy people know,
While in this wilderness of woe?

6 'Tis even so: Thy faithful love
Doth all Thy children's graces prove;
'Tis thus our pride and self must fall,
That Jesus may be all in all.

37 L. M.

1 Why, O my soul, those anxious cares?
Why thus cast down with doubts and fears?
How canst thou want if God provide,
Or lose thy way with such a Guide?

2 When first before His mercy seat,
Thou didst to Him thy all commit,
He gave the warrant from that hour,
To trust His wisdom, love and power.

3 Did ever trouble yet befall,
And He refuse to hear thy call?
And has He not His promise passed
That thou shalt overcome at last?

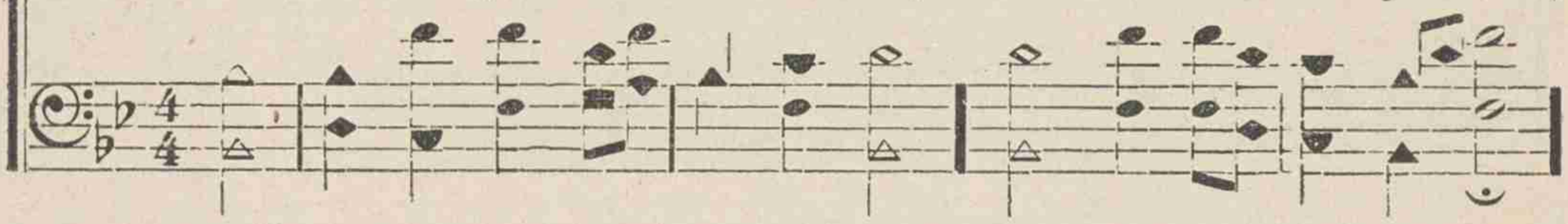
4 He who has helped me hitherto,
Will help me all my journey through,
And give me daily cause to raise
New Ebenezers to His praise.

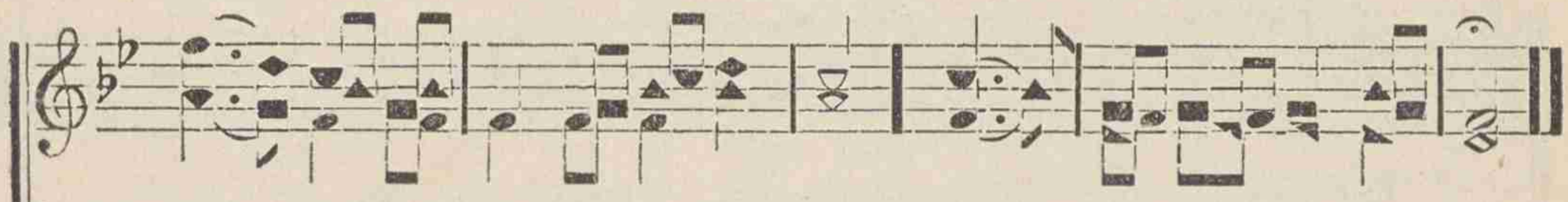
38 Condescension. C. M.

Rippon's Coll. Davisson. Arr. by Wm. Hauser, M. D.



1. Dear Lord, why should I doubt Thy love, Or dis - be-lieve Thy grace?
2. Thy smiles have freed my heart from pain, My droop-ing spirits cheered;
3. Dost Thou re- pent? wilt Thou de - ny The gifts Thou hast bestowed?
4. Lord, let not groundless fears de-stroy The mer-cies now possessed;





Sure Thy com-pas-sions ne'er remove, Al-though Thou hide Thy face.
And wilt Thou not ap-pear a - gain, Where Thou hast once appeared?
Or, are those streams of mer-cy dry, Which once so free - ly flowed?
I'll praise for bless - ings I en - joy, And trust for all the rest.



39 C. M. NEEDHAM.

1 Kind are the words that Jesus speaks
To cheer the drooping saint;
"My grace sufficient is for you.
Though nature's powers may faint.

2 "My grace its glories shall display,
And make your griefs remove:
Your weakness shall the triumphs tell
Of boundless power and love."

3 What tho' my griefs are not removed,
Yet why should I de-spair?
While my kind Saviour's arms support,
I can the burden bear.

4 Jesus, my Saviour, and my Lord,
'Tis good to trust Thy name:
Thy pow'r, thy faithfulness, and love,
Will ever be the same.

5 Weak as I am, yet through Thy grace
I all things can perform;
And, smiling, triumph in Thy name
Amid the raging storm.

40 C. M. BEDDOME.

1 If God is mine, then present things,
And things to come are mine;
Yea, Christ, His word, and spirit, too,
And glory all divine.

2 If He is mine, then from His love,
He every trouble sends;
All things are working for my good,
And bliss His rod attends.

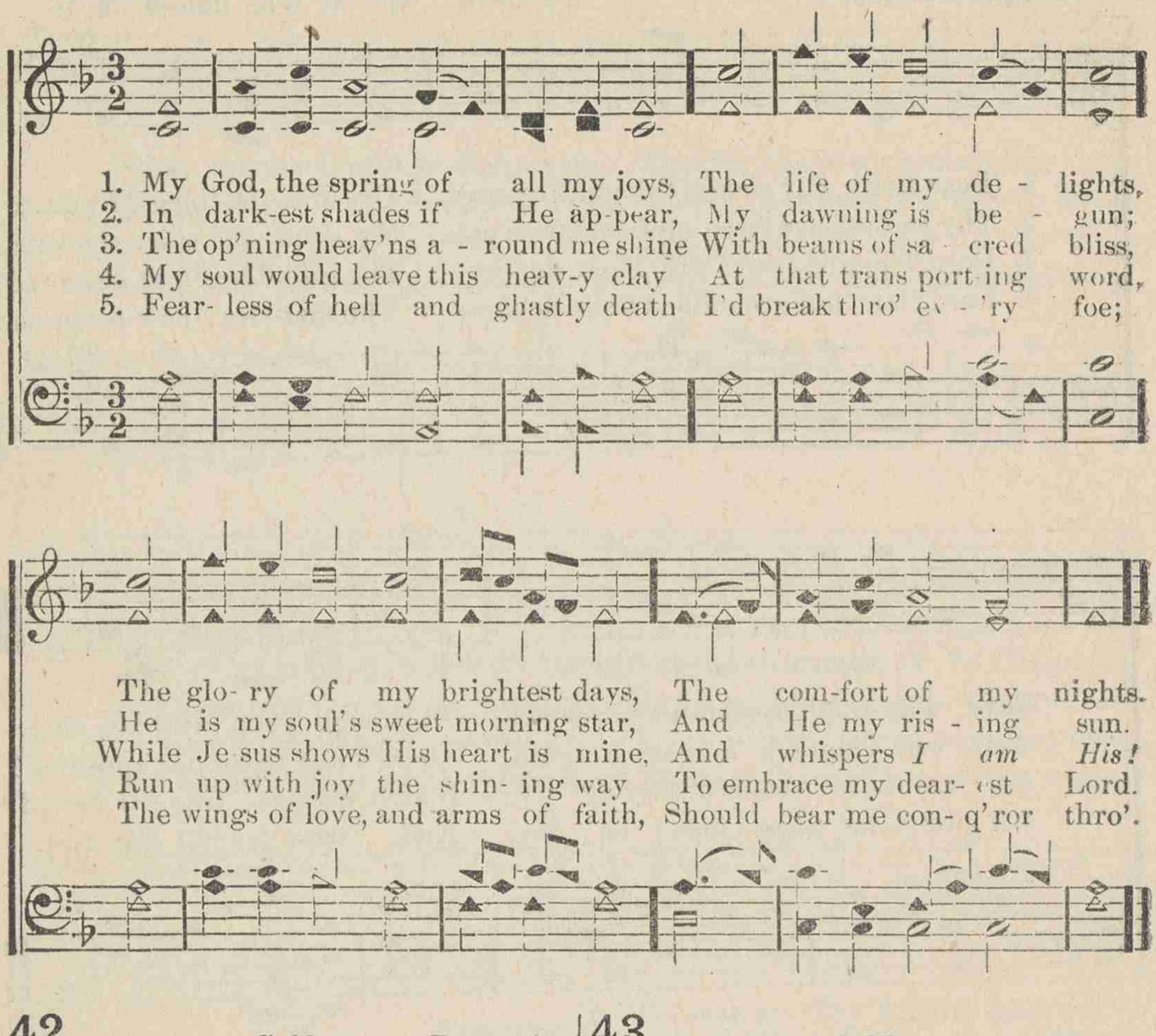
3 If He is mine, let friends forsake,
Let wealth and honors flee:
Sure, He who giveth me himself,
Is more than these to me.

4 If He is mine, I'll boldly pass
Through death's tremendous vale:
He is a solid comfort, when
All other comforts fail.

5 Oh, tell me, Lord! that Thou art mine;
What can I wish beside?
My soul shall at the fountain live,
When all the streams are dried.

41 Dunlap. C. M.

Watts. Samuel McFarland.



1. My God, the spring of all my joys, The life of my de - lights,
2. In dark-est shades if He ap-pear, My dawning is be - gun;
3. The op'ning heav'ns a - round me shine With beams of sa - cred bliss,
4. My soul would leave this heav-y clay At that trans port-ing word,
5. Fear- less of hell and ghastly death I'd break thro' ev - 'ry foe;

The glo- ry of my brightest days, The com-fort of my nights.
He is my soul's sweet morning star, And He my ris - ing sun.
While Je sus shows His heart is mine, And whispers *I am His!*
Run up with joy the shin- ing way To embrace my dear- est Lord.
The wings of love, and arms of faith, Should bear me con- q'ror thro'.

42 C. M. Beddome.

1 My times of sorrow and of joy,
Great God! are in Thy hand;
My choicest comforts come from Thee,
And go at Thy command.

2 If Thou shouldst take them all away,
Yet would I not repine;
Before they were possessed by me,
They were entirely Thine.

3 Nor would I drop a murmuring word,
Though the whole world were gone;
But seek enduring happiness
In Thee, and Thee alone.

4 What is the world, with all its store?
'Tis but a bitter sweet;
When I attempt to pluck the rose,
A prickly thorn I meet.

5 Here perfect bliss can ne'er be found,
The honey s mixed with gall;
Midst changing scenes, and dying friends,
Be Thou my All in all.

43 C. M. Watts.

1 Let others boast how strong they be,
Nor death nor danger fear;
But we'll confess, O Lord, to Thee,
What feeble things we are.

2 Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,
And flourish bright and gay:
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
And fades the grass away.

3 Our life contains a thousand springs,
And dies if one be gone:
Strange! that a harp of thousand strings,
Should keep in tune so long.

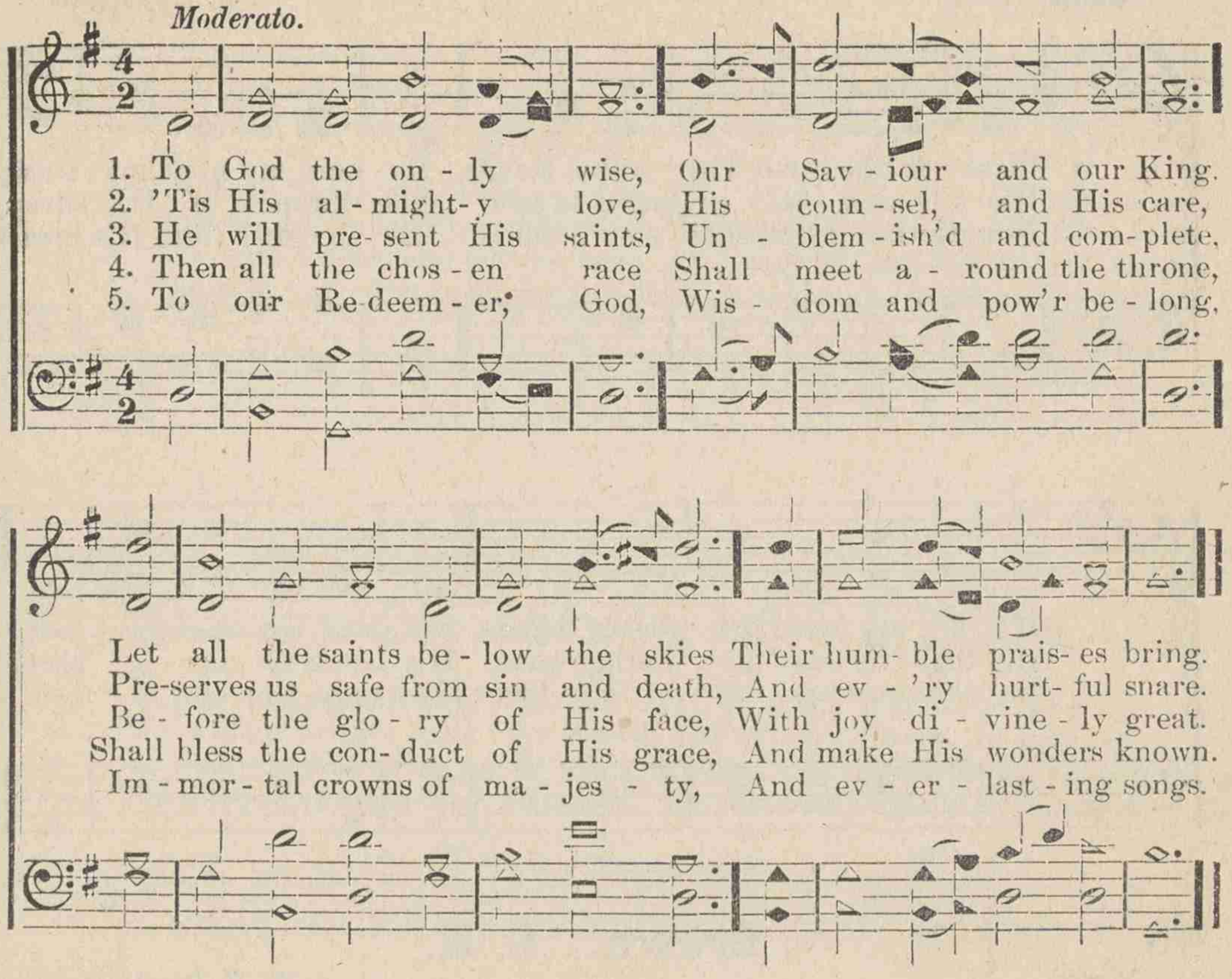
4 But 'tis our God supports our frame,
The God that built us first;
Salvation to th' Almighty name
That reared us from the dust.

5 While we have breath, or use our tongues,
Our Maker we'll adore;
His spirit moves our heaving lungs,
Or they would breathe no more.

44 St. Thomas. S. M.

A. Williams.

Moderato.



45 S. M. Toplady.

1 Your harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take,
Loud to the prai-e of Christ, our Lord,
Bid every string awake.

2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

3 His grace shall to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.

4 The time of love will come,
When we shall clea ly see,
Not only that He shed His blood,
But each shall say, "For me."

5 Tarry His leisure then,—
Wait the appointed hour;
Wait till the Bridegroom of your souls
Reveal His love with power.

6 Blest is the man, O God!
That stays himself on Thee;
Who waits for Thy salvation, Lord,
Shall Thy salvation see.

46 S. M.

1 And are we yet alive,
And see each others face?
Glory and praise to Jesus give
For His redeeming grace.

2 Preserved by power divine,
To see salvation here,
Again in Jesus' praise we join,
And in His sight appear.

3 What troubles have we seen.
What conflicts have we passed,
Fighting without and fears within,
Since we assembled last!

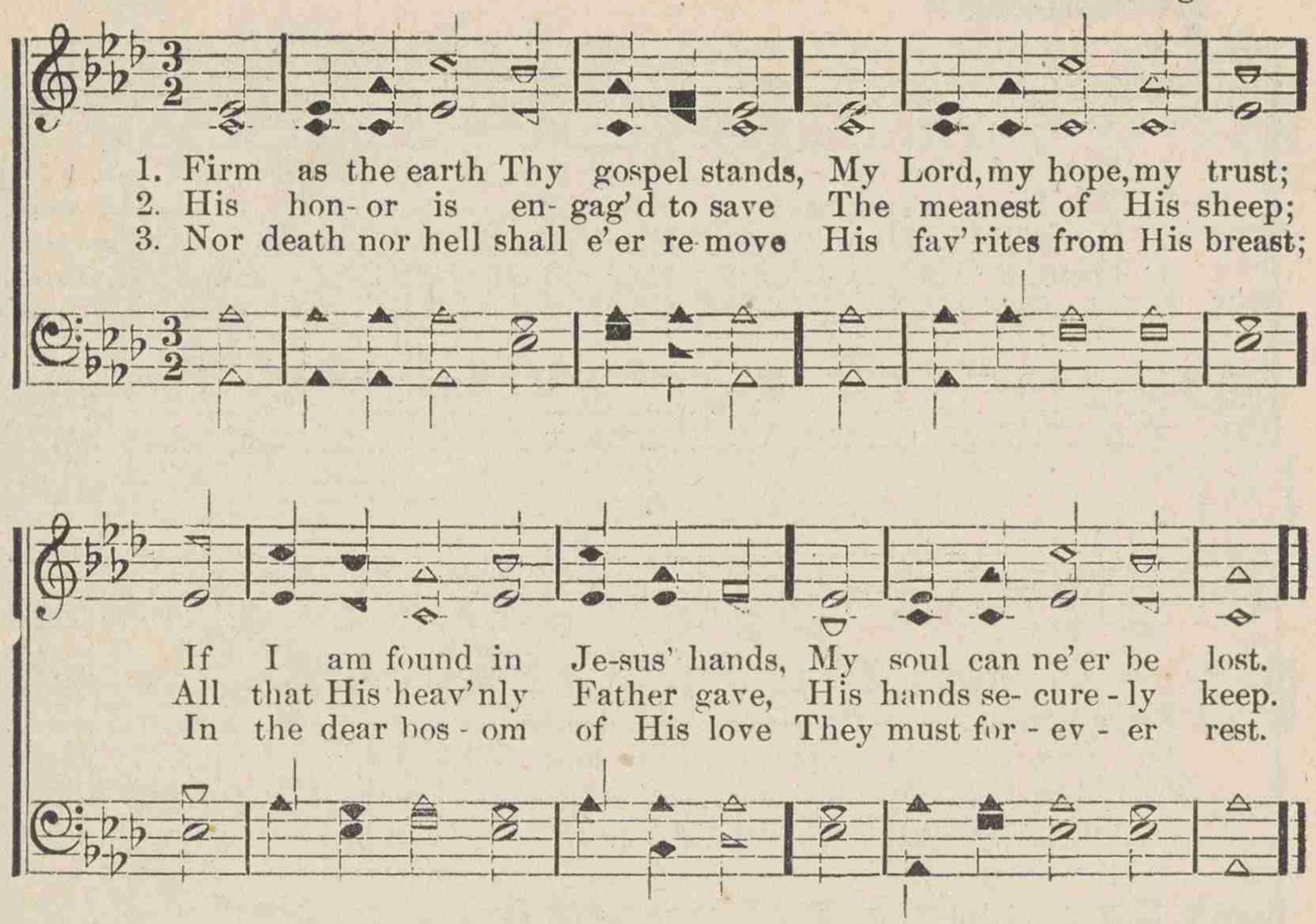
4 But out of all, the Lord
Hath brought us by His love!
And still He doth His help afford
And hide our life above.

5 Then let us make our boast
Of His redeeming power,
Which saves us to the uttermost,
Till we shall sin no more.

6 Let us take up the cross
Till we the crown obtain,
And gladly reckon all things loss,
So we but Jesus gain.

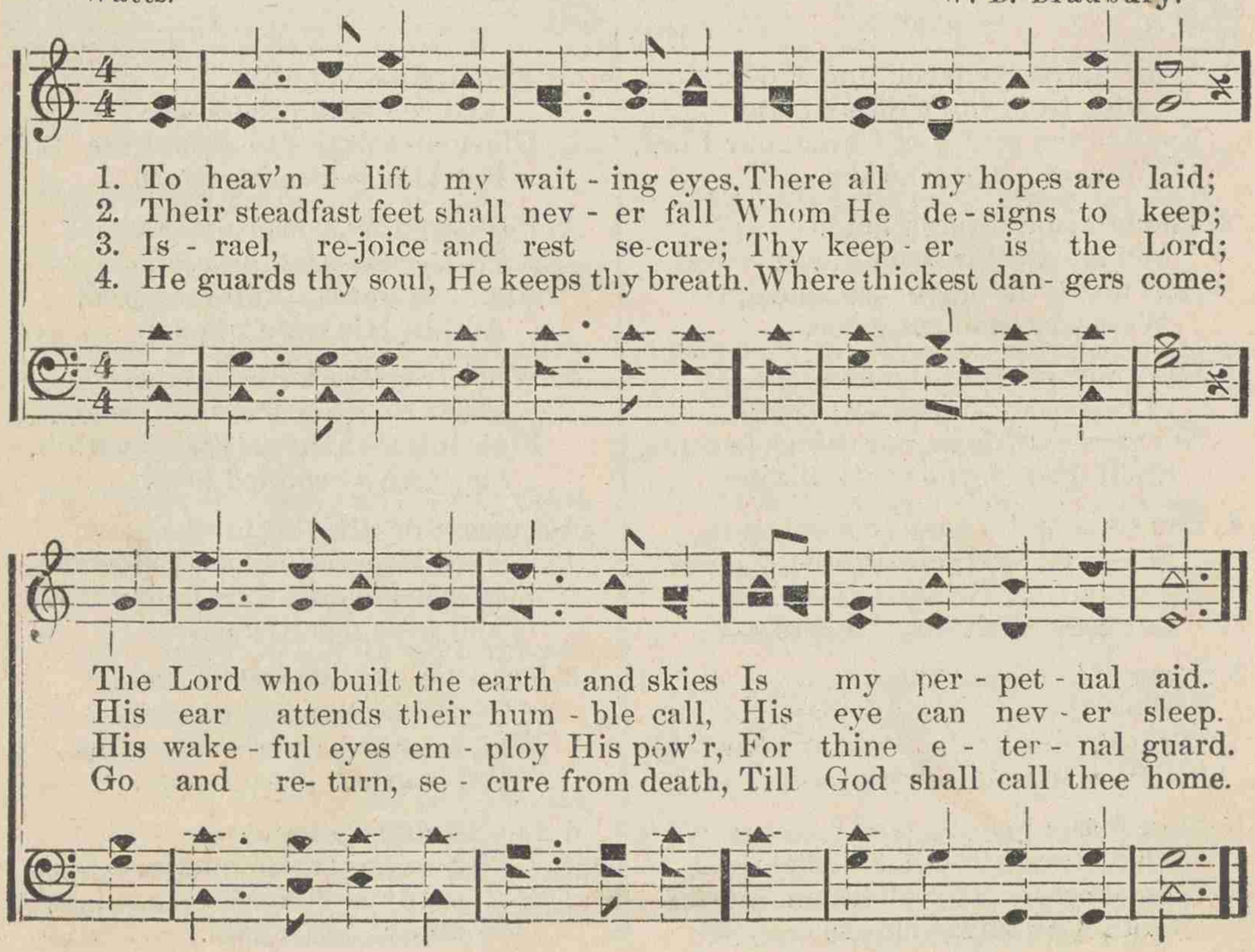
47 Evan. C. M.

Watts. Rev. W. H. Havergal.



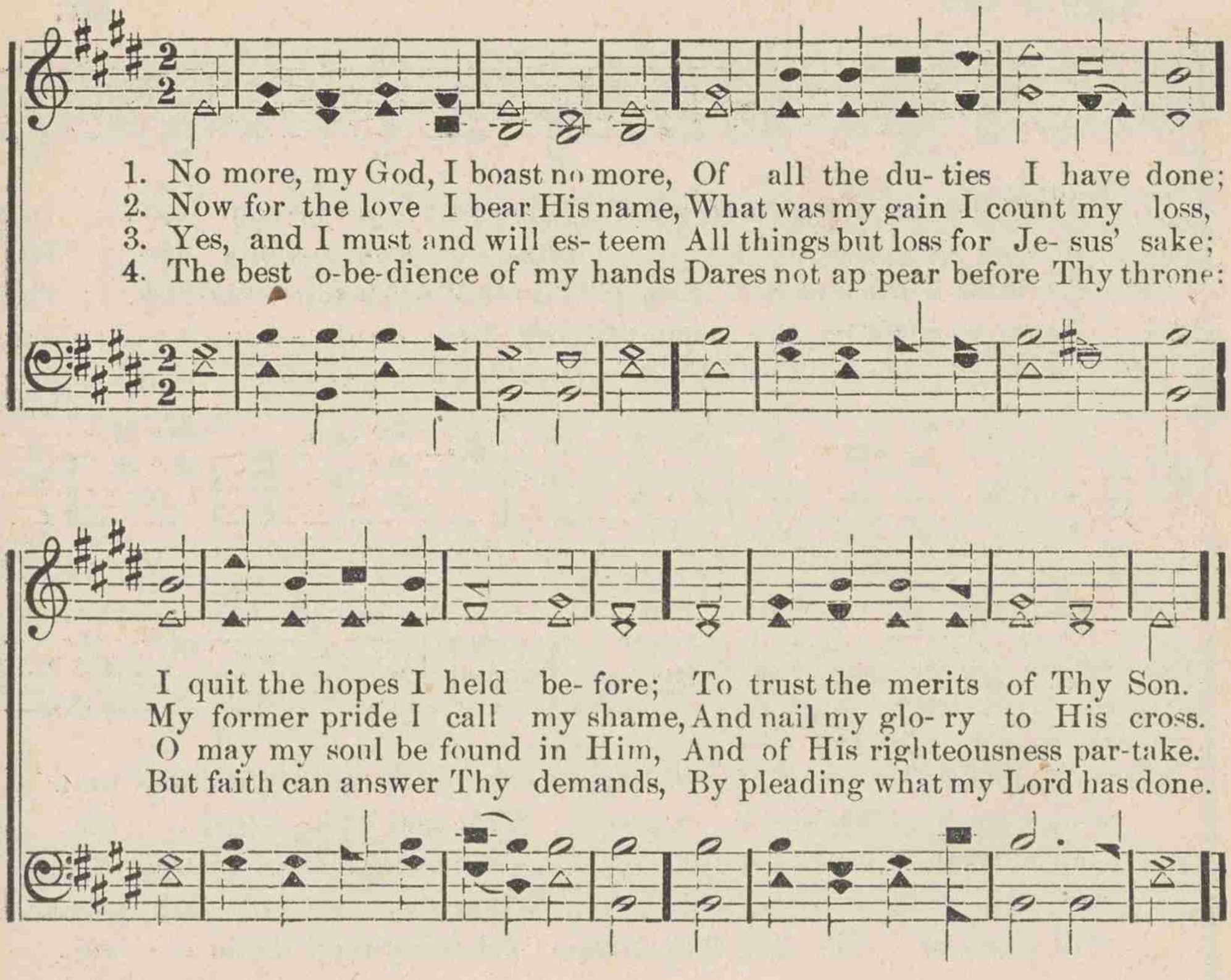
48 Brown. C. M.

Watts. W. B. Bradbury.



49 Uxbridge. L. M.

Watts. Dr. L. Mason.



1. No more, my God, I boast no more, Of all the du- ties I have done;
2. Now for the love I bear His name, What was my gain I count my loss,
3. Yes, and I must and will es- teem All things but loss for Je- sus' sake;
4. The best o-be-dience of my hands Dares not ap pear before Thy throne:

I quit the hopes I held be- fore; To trust the merits of Thy Son.
My former pride I call my shame, And nail my glo- ry to His cross.
O may my soul be found in Him, And of His righteousness par-take.
But faith can answer Thy demands, By pleading what my Lord has done.

50 L. M.

1 Where is my God; does He retire
Beyond the reach of humble sighs?
Are these weak breathings of desire
Too languid to ascend the skies?

2 No, Lord, the breathings of desire,
The weak petitions, if sincere,
Is not forbidden to aspire,
But reaches Thy all gracious ear.

3 Look up, my soul, with cheerful eye,
See where the Great Redeemer stands;
The Glorious Advocate on high,
With precious incense in His hands.

4 He sweetens every humble groan,
He recommends each broken prayer;
Recline thy hope on Him alone,
Whose power and love forbid despair.

5 Teach my weak heart, O gracious Lord
With stronger faith to call Thee mine;
Bid me pronounce the blissful word,
My Father, God, with joy divine.

51 L. M. Parkinson's Selec.

1 Lord, how mysterious are thy ways!
How blind we are! how mean our praise!
Thy steps no mortal can explore;
'Tis ours to wonder and adore!

2 Thy deep decrees, from creature sight,
Are hid in shades of awful night;
Amid the lines, with curious eye,
Not angel minds presume to pry.

3 Great God, I would not ask to see
What in futurity shall be;
If light and bliss attend my days,
Then let my future hours be praise.

4 Is darkness and distress my share,
Then let me trust Thy guardian care;
Assured I am that love divine
At length through every cloud will shine.

5 Yet this my soul desires to know,
Be this my only wish below:
"That Christ is mine!"—This great request
Grant, bounteous God! and I am blest!

52 Cheering Words. S. M.

Kent. Arr.



1. What cheer-ing words are these? Their sweet-ness who can tell? In
2. In ev - 'ry state se - cure, Kept by Je - ho-vah's eye, 'Tis
3. 'Tis well when joys a - rise, 'Tis well when sor-rows flow, 'Tis
4. 'Tis well when on the mount They feast on dy - ing love, And
5. 'Tis well when at His throne They wres - tle, weep and pray; 'Tis





time, and to e - ter - ni - ty, 'Tis with the right-eous well.
well with them while life en-dures, And well when called to die.
well when dark-ness veils the skies, And strong tempta - tions blow.
'tis as well, in God's ac-count, When they the fur - nace prove.
well when at His feet they groan, Yet bring their wants a - way.



CHORUS.



It is with the righteous well, It is with the righteous well;



In time and to e - ter - ni - ty, It is with the righteous well.



Preservation. C. M.

John R. Daily.

1. Now in Thy praise, e - ter - nal King, Be all my tho'ts em-ployed;
2. Oft the u - ni - ted pow'rs of hell My soul have sore an-noyed;
3. In all the paths thro' which I've pass'd. What mercies I've en-joyed
4. When I with God in heav'n ap-pear, There shall I Him a - dore;

While of this pre-cious truth I sing. "Cast down but not de-stroyed."
And yet I live, this truth to tell. "Cast down but not de-stroyed."
And this shall be my song at last, "Cast down but not de-stroyed."
De-stroyed shall be my sin and fear. And I cast down no more.

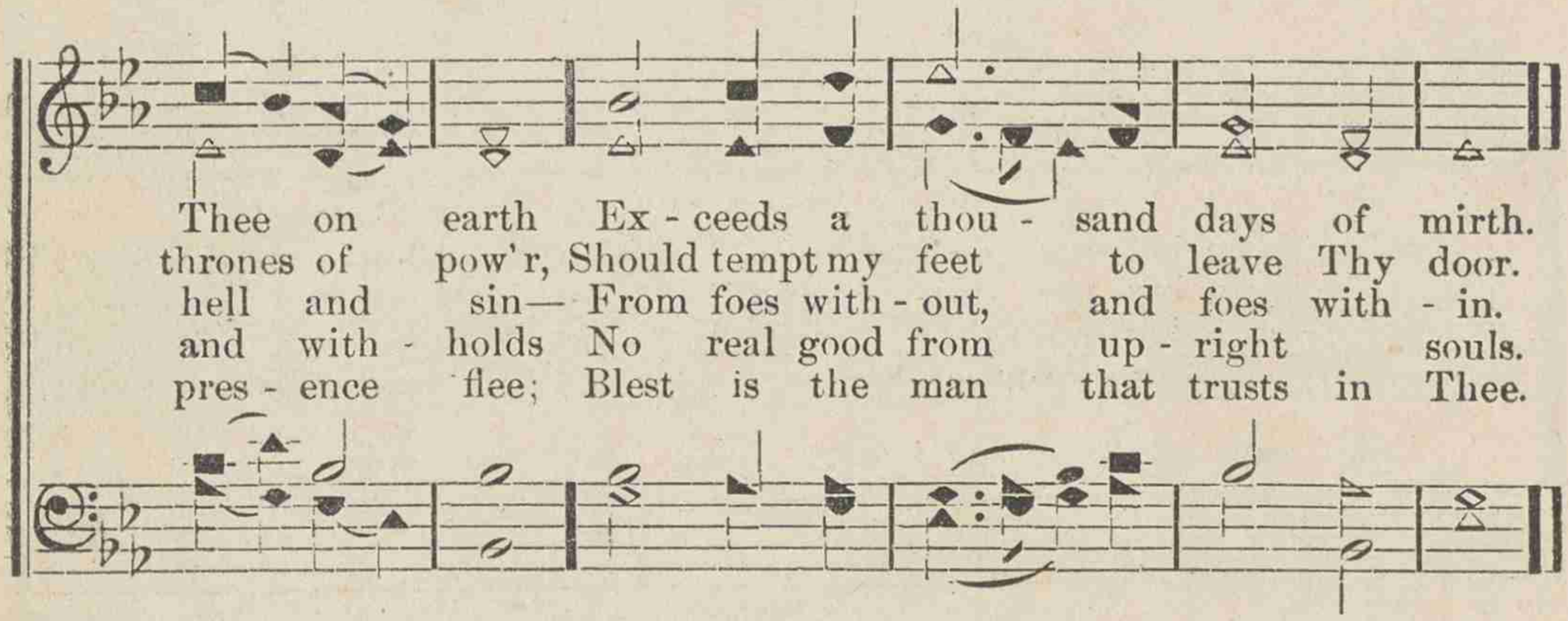
"Cast down but not de - stroyed," "Cast down but not destroyed."
"Cast down but not de - stroyed," "Cast down but not destroyed."
"Cast down but not de - stroyed," "Cast down but not destroyed."
And I cast down no more, And I cast down no more.

While of this pre-cious truth I sing, "Cast down but not de-stroyed."
And yet I live, this truth to tell, "Cast down but not de-stroyed."
And this shall be my song at last, "Cast down but not de-stroyed."
De-stroyed shall be my sin and fear, And I cast down no more.

54 Duke Street. L. M.







55 L. M. STEELE.

1 Thou only sovereign of my heart,
My refuge, my Almighty Friend,
And can my soul from Thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend?

2 Whither, ah! whither shall I go,
A wretched wanderer from my Lord?
Can this dark world of sin and woe
One glimpse of happiness afford?

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

4 Let earth's alluring joys combine,
While Thou art near in vain they call;
One smile, one blissful smile of Thine,
My dearest Lord, outweighs them all.

5 Thy name my inmost powers adore,
Thou art my life, my joy, my care;
Depart from Thee—'tis death—'tis more,
'Tis endless ruin, deep despair!

6 Low at Thy feet my soul would lie,
Here safety dwells, and peace divine:
Still let me live beneath Thine eye,
For life, eternal life is Thine.

56 L. M. DODDRIDGE.

1 Beset with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand;
Saviour divine, diffuse Thy light,
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

2 Engage this roving, treacherous heart
To fix on Christ, the better part;
To scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that none can take away.

3 Then let the wildest storms arise,
Let tempests mingle earth and skies;
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear.

4 If Thou, my Jesus, still be nigh,
Cheerful I live and joyful die;
Secure when mortal comforts flee;
To find a thousand worlds in Thee.

57 Avon. C. M.

Steele. Hugh Wilson.



4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust.
And still my soul would cleave to Thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.

5 Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy face?
And shall I seek in vain?
And can the ear of sovereign grace
Be deaf when I complain?

6 No, still the ear of sovereign grace
Attends the mourner's prayer;
O, may I ever find access
To breathe my sorrows there!

7 Thy mercy-seat is open still,
Here let my soul retreat.
With humble hope attend Thy will,
And wait beneath Thy feet.

HOLY SPIRIT.

58 Ortonville. C. M.

Watts. Thomas Hastings.



2 The sov'reign will of God alone
Prepares the heirs of grace,
Born in the image of His Son,
A new, peculiar race.

3 The Spirit, like some heav'nly wind,
Blows on the sons of flesh;
Renews the spirit of the mind,
And forms the man afresh.

4 Our quickened souls awake and rise
From the long sleep of death;
On heav'nly things we fix our eyes,
And praise employs our breath.

59 C. M. Watts.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,
With all Thy quick'ning powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love,
In these cold hearts of ours.

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

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

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

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,
With all Thy quick'ning powers,
Come shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

60 C. M. Kent.

1 Arise, my thoughts, and trace the spring
From whence salvation came:
Do Thou, celestial Spirit, bring
Thy soul-expanding flame.

2 'Twas settled in Jehovah's grace,
That deep the most profound,
Before He gave the hills their place,
Or fixed creation's bound.

3 Great God! how deep Thy counsels lie!
Supreme in power art Thou;
All things to Thine omniscient eye
Are one eternal now.

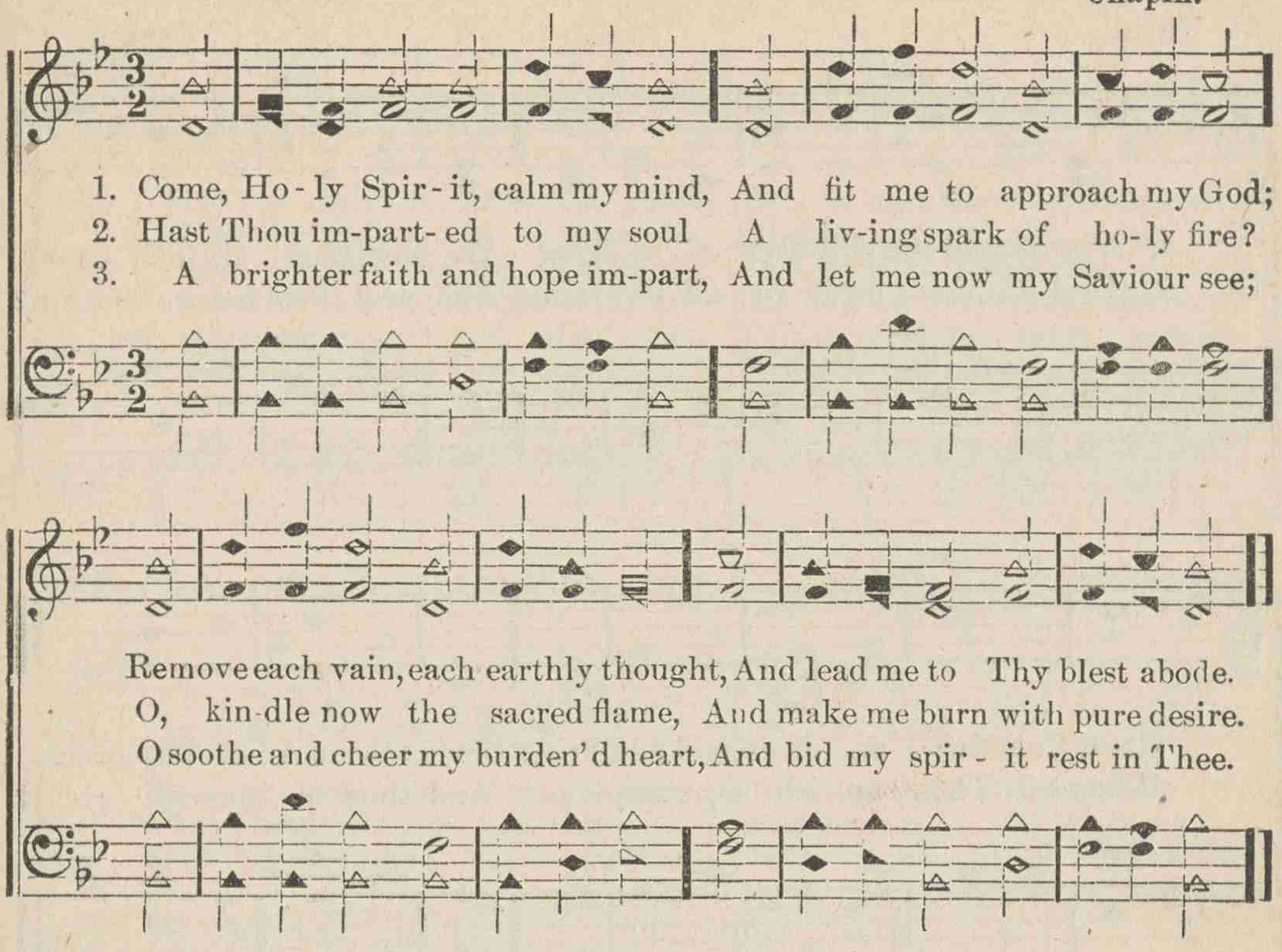
4 Thy thoughts of peace to Israel's race
From everlasting flow'd:
And when Thou hid'st Thy lovely face,
Thou still art Israel's God.

5 In ties of blood, and nothing less,
We claim Thee as our own;
And God th' eternal Spirit bless,
Who makes the kindred known.

5 Long as the covenant shall endure,
Made by the Great Three One,
Salvation is forever sure
To every blood-bought son.

61 Forest. L. M.

Chapin.



62 L. M. Rom. viii, 14.

1 Come, gracious Spirit. heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be Thou our guardian, Thou our guide!
O'er every thought and step preside.

2 Conduct us safe, conduct us far
From every sin and hurtful snare:
Lead to Thy word that rules must give
And teach us lessons how to live.

3 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose Thy way:
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

4 Lead us to holiness—the road
That we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ—the living way:
Nor let us from His pastures stray.

5 Lead us to God, our final rest,
In His enjoyment to be blest;
Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

63 Beddome.

1 Come, blessed Spirit! source of light!
Whose power and grace are unconfined,
Dispel the gloomy shades of night,
The thicker darkness of the mind.

2 To mine illumined eyes display
The glorious truth Thy words reveal;
Cause me to run the heavenly way,
Make me delight to do Thy will.

3 Thine inward teaching make me know,
Thy wonders of redeeming love,
The vanity of things below,
And excellence of things above.

4 While through these dubious paths I stray,
Spread like the sun Thy beams abroad;
O show the dangers of the way,
And guide my feeble steps to God.

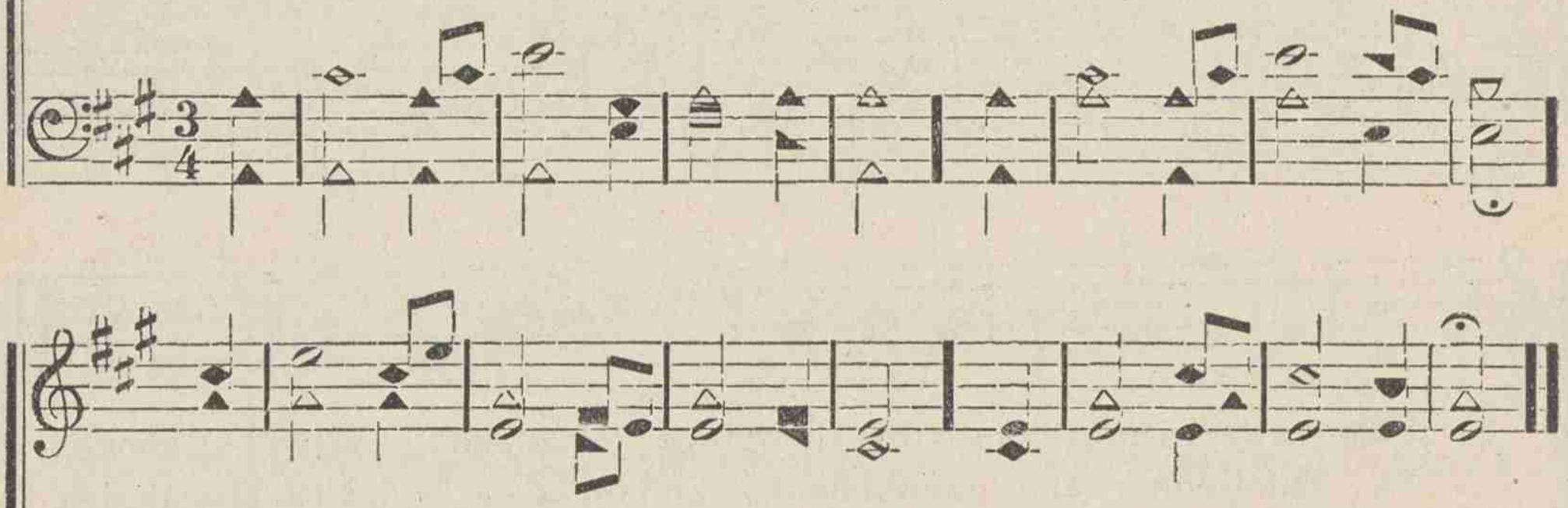
5 Let Thy kind Spirit in my heart
Forever dwell, O God of love;
And light and heavenly peace impart,
Sweet earnest of the joys above.

64 New Britain. C. M.

Watts. Chapin.



1. Why should the chil-dren of a King Go mourning all their days?
2. Dost Thou not dwell in all Thy saints, And seal them heirs of heav'n?



Great Com-fort - er, de - scend and bring Some tok - ens of Thy grace.
When wilt Thou ban - ish my complaints, And show my sins for - giv'n?



3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear Thy witness with my heart
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of His love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And Thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

65 C. M. Watts.

1 How helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of its load;
The heart unchanged can never rise
To happiness and God.

2 Can aught beneath a power divine,
The stubborn will subdue?
'Tis Thine, eternal Spirit, Thine,
To form the heart anew.

3 'Tis Thine the passions to recall,
And upwards bid them rise,
And make the scales of error fall
From reason's darkened eyes.

4 To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live;
A beam of heaven, a vital ray,
'Tis Thine alone to give.

5 O change these wretched hearts of ours
And give them life divine;
Then shall our passions and our pow'rs,
Almighty Lord, be Thine.

66 C. M. Beddome

1 The blessed Spirit, like the wind,
Blows when and where He please;
How happy are the men who feel
The soul enlivening breeze.

2 He moulds the carnal mind afresh,
Subdues the power of sin,
Transforms the heart of stone to flesh
And plants His grace within.

3 He sheds abroad the Father's love,
Applies redeeming blood,
Bids both our guilt and fear remove,
And brings us home to God.

4 Lord, fill each dead, benighted soul
With light, and life, and joy;
None can Thy mighty power control
Or shall Thy work destroy.

67 Guide. 7s. D.

M. M. Wells. Marcus Morris Wells.

FINE.

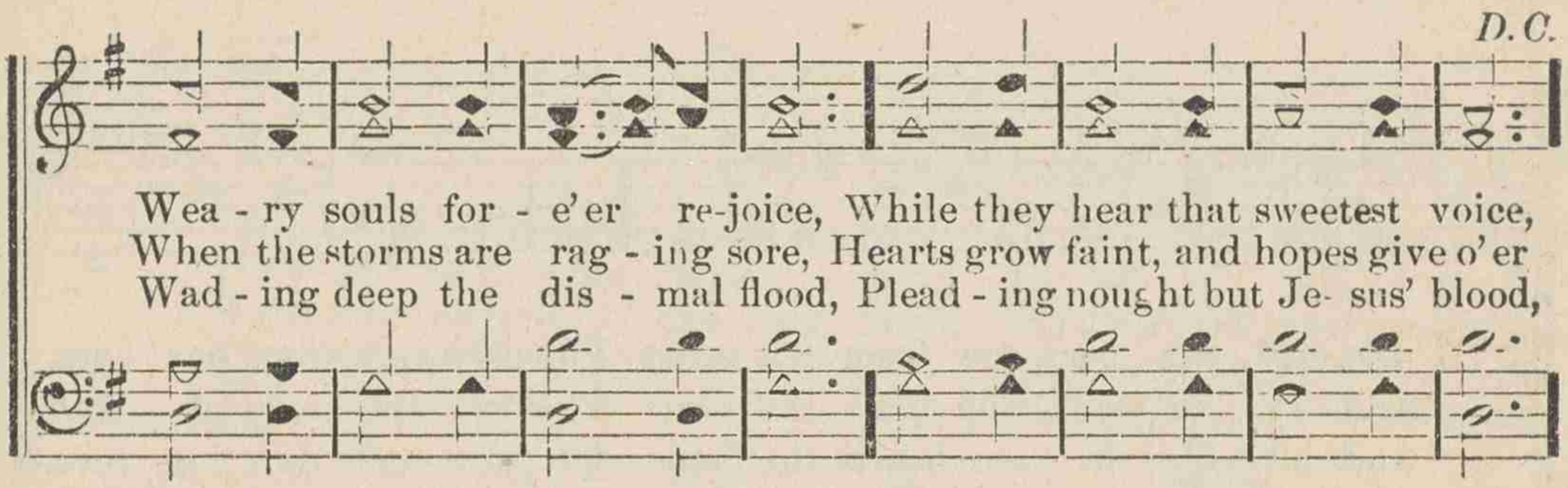


1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful guide, Ev - er near the chris-tian's side,
   Gen - tly lead us by the hand, Pil-grims in a des - ert land.
2. Ev - er pres-ent, tru - est friend, Ev - er near, Thine aid to lend,
   Leave us not to doubt and fear. Grop-ing on in dark-ness drear.
3. When our days of toil shall cease, Wait-ing still for sweet re-lease.
   Noth-ing left but heav'n and pray'r, Wond'ring if our names were there.



D. C.—Whis-per soft - ly, wan-d'rer, come! Fol - low Me, I'll guide thee home.

D. C.



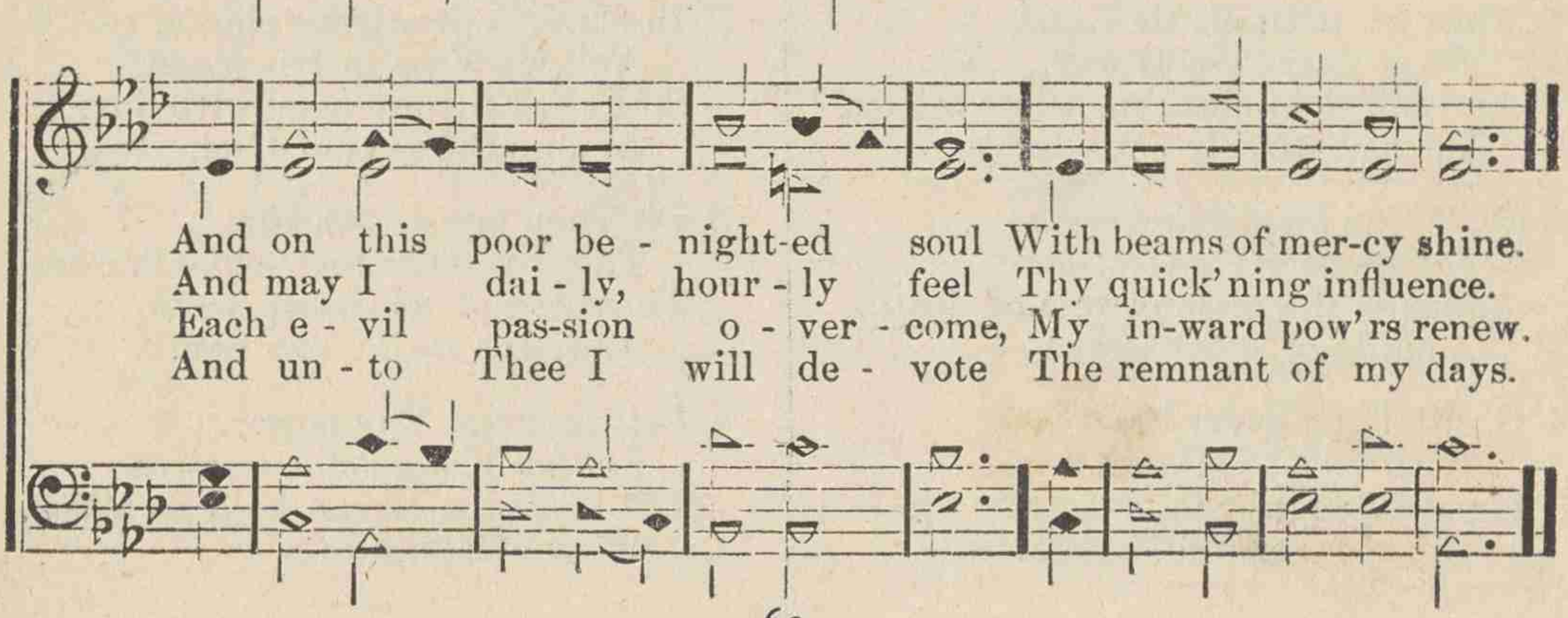
Wea - ry souls for - e'er re-joice, While they hear that sweetest voice,
When the storms are rag - ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er
Wad - ing deep the dis - mal flood, Plead - ing nought but Je- sus' blood,

68 Cambridge. S. M.

Devies. R. Harrison.



1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come, With en - er - gy di - vine,
2. From the ce - les - tial hills, Life, light and joy dis-pense,
3. Melt, melt this froz - en heart, This stub-born will sub - due,
4. Mine will the prof - it be, But Thine shall be the praise,



And on this poor be - night-ed soul With beams of mer-cy shine.
And may I dai - ly, hour - ly feel Thy quick'ning influence.
Each e - vil pas-sion o - ver - come, My in-ward pow'rs renew.
And un - to Thee I will de - vote The remnant of my days.

69 Kentucky. S. M.

Hart. Ingalls.



1. Come, gra - cious Spir - it, now, Let Thy bright beams a - rise;
2. Con - vince us of our sin, Then lead to Je - sus' blood,
3. Re - vive our droop - ing faith, Our doubts and fears re - move,
4. 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart, To sanc - ti - fy the soul,





Dis - pel the sor - row from our mind The dark-ness from our eyes.
And to our wand'ring eyes re - veal The se - cret love of God.
And kin - dle in our hearts the flame Of nev - er - dy - ing love.
To pour fresh life in ev - 'ry part And new cre - ate the whole.



70 S. M.

1 Blest Comforter divine,
Let rays of heavenly love
Amid our gloom and darkness shine,
And guide our souls above.

2 Turn us, with gentle voice,
From every sinful way,
And bid the mourning saints rejoice,
Though earthly joys decay.

3 By Thine inspiring breath,
Make every cloud of care,
And e'en the gloomy vale of death,
A smile of glory wear.

4 O, fill Thou every heart
With love to all our race;
Great Comforter to us impart
The blessings of Thy grace.

71 S. M.

1 Prepare me, gracious God,
To stand before Thy face;
Thy Spirit must the work perform,
For it is all of grace.

2 In Christ's obedience clothe,
And wash me in His blood;
So I shall lift my head with joy,
Among the sons of God.

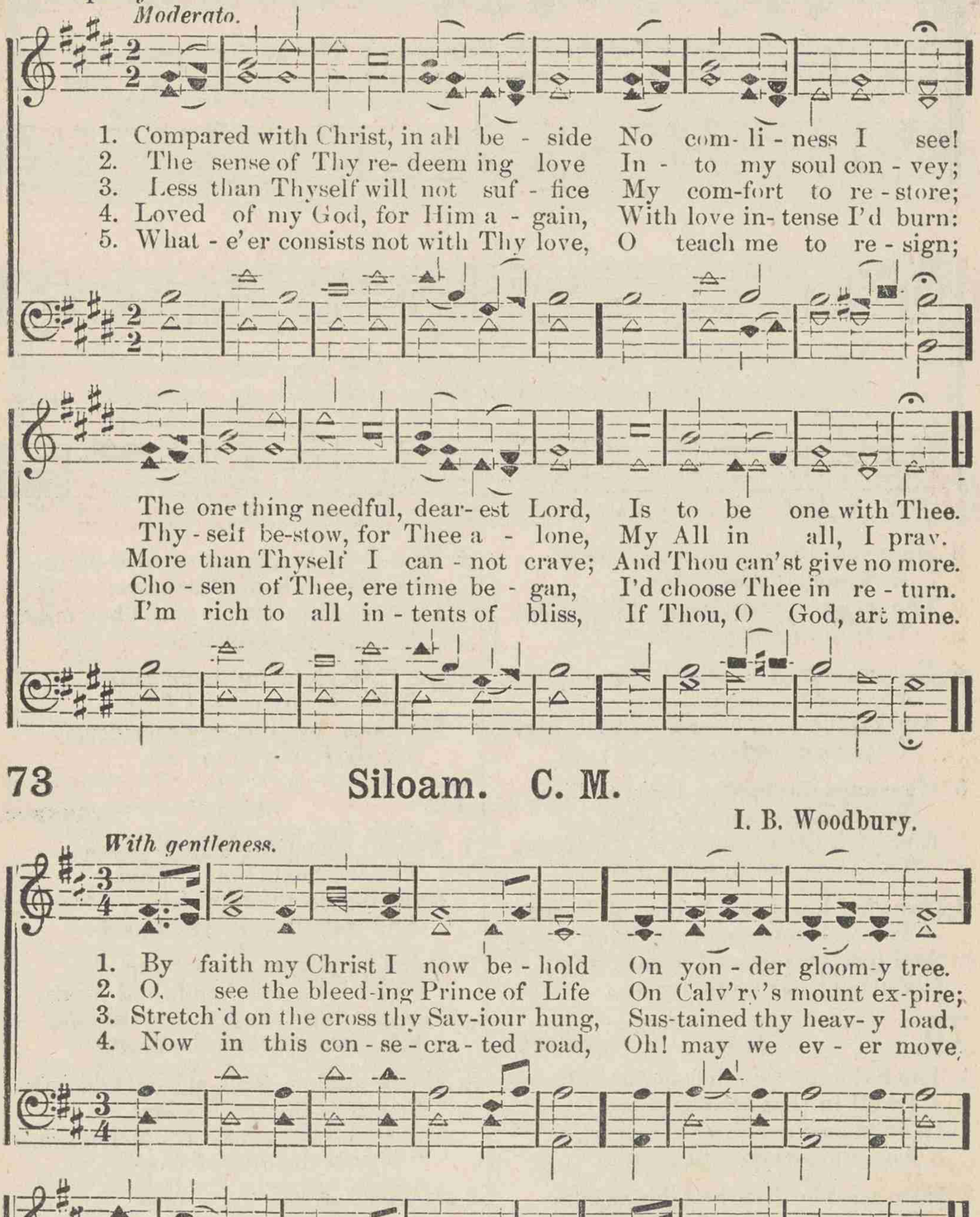
3 Do Thou my sins subdue,
Thy sovereign love make known;
The spirit of my mind renew,
And save me in Thy Son.

4 Let me attest Thy power,
Let me Thy goodness prove,
Till my full soul can hold no more
Of everlasting love.

72 Sabbath Evening. C. M.

Toplady.

Moderato.



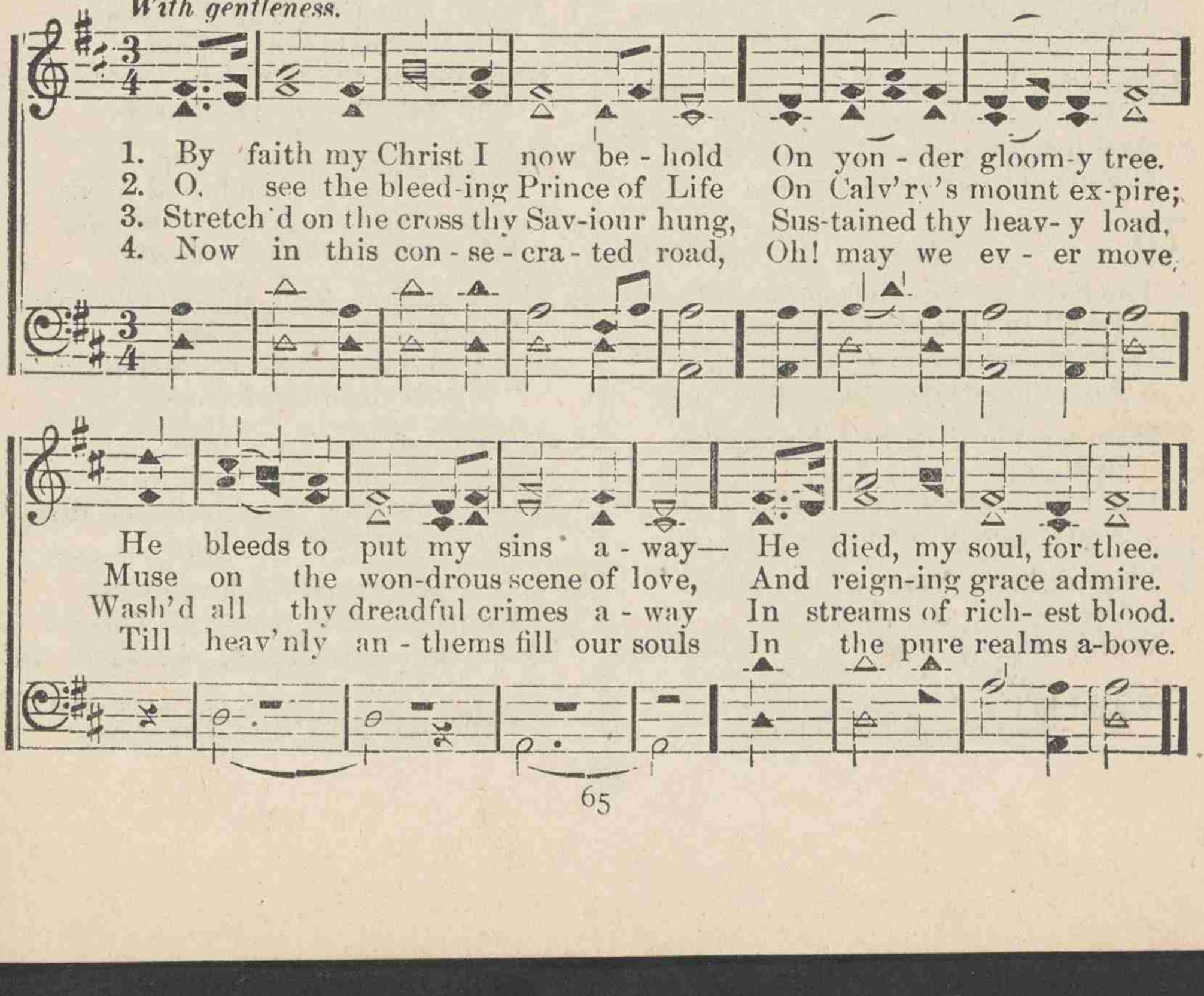
1. Compared with Christ, in all be - side No com- li - ness I see!
2. The sense of Thy re- deem ing love In - to my soul con - vey;
3. Less than Thyself will not suf - fice My com-fort to re - store;
4. Loved of my God, for Him a - gain, With love in- tense I'd burn:
5. What - e'er consists not with Thy love, O teach me to re - sign;

The one thing needful, dear- est Lord, Is to be one with Thee.
Thy - self be-stow, for Thee a - lone, My All in all, I prav.
More than Thyself I can - not crave; And Thou can'st give no more.
Cho - sen of Thee, ere time be - gan, I'd choose Thee in re - turn.
I'm rich to all in - tents of bliss, If Thou, O God, art mine.

73 Siloam. C. M.

I. B. Woodbury.

With gentleness.

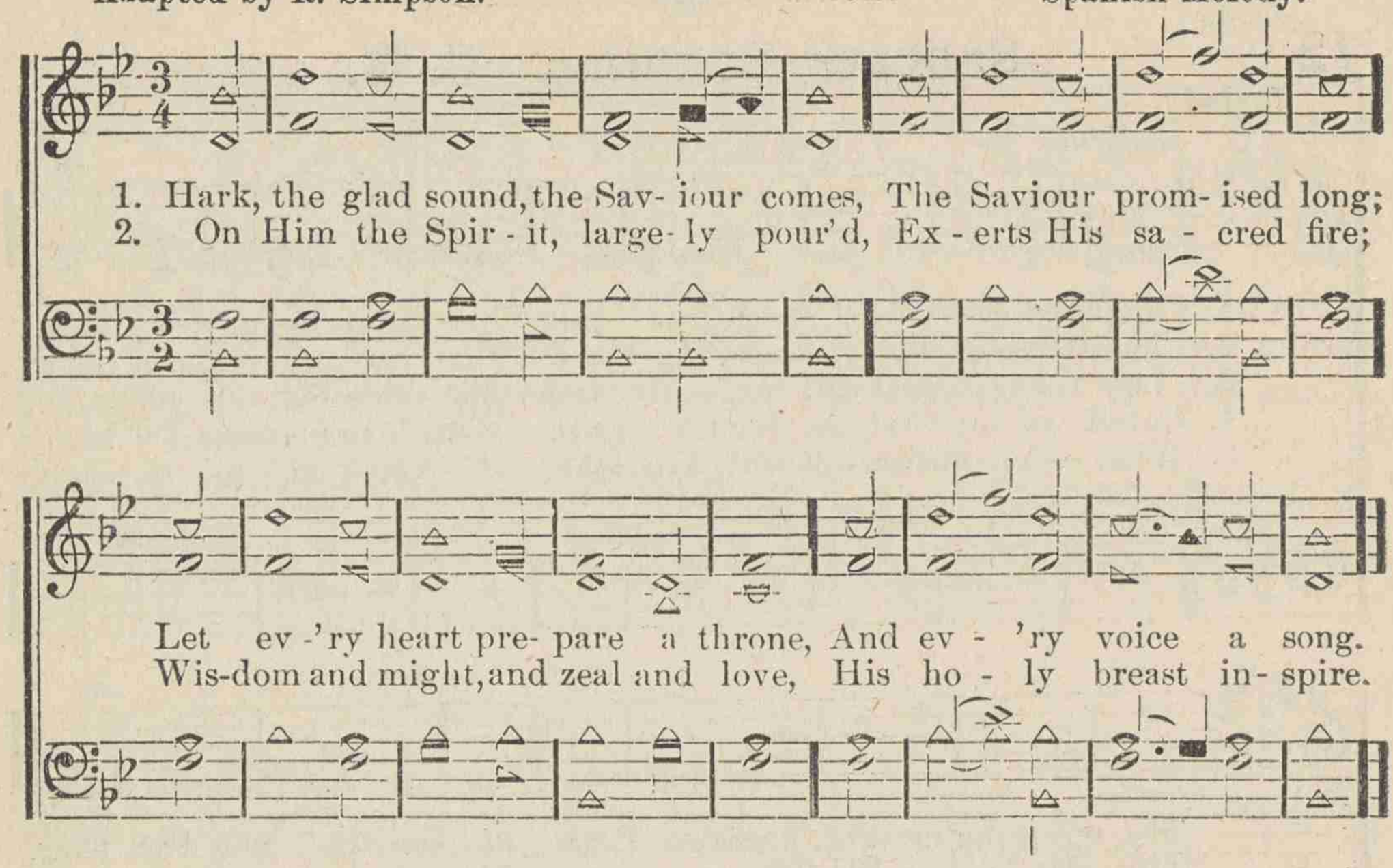


1. By faith my Christ I now be - hold On yon - der gloom-y tree.
2. O, see the bleed-ing Prince of Life On Calv'ry's mount ex-pire;
3. Stretch'd on the cross thy Sav-iour hung, Sus-tained thy heav- y load,
4. Now in this con - se - cra - ted road, Oh! may we ev - er move,

He bleeds to put my sins a - way— He died, my soul, for thee.
Muse on the won-drous scene of love, And reign-ing grace admire.
Wash'd all thy dreadful crimes a - way In streams of rich- est blood.
Till heav'nly an - thems fill our souls In the pure realms a-bove.

74 Balerma. C. M.

Adapted by R. Simpson. **Spanish Melody.**



3 He comes the prisoner to release
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

4 He comes from thickest films of vice,
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyes oppressed with night,
To pour celestial day.

5 He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of His grace,
To enrich the humble poor.

6 Our glad hosannas Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy beloved name.

75 C. M. STEELE.

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

2 Here pardon. life, and joy divine
In rich profusion flow,
For guilty rebels, lost in sin,
And doomed to endless woe.

3 The mighty Former of the skies
Descends to our abode,
While angels view with wondering eyes,
And hail th' incarnate God.

4 How rich the depths of love divine,
Of bliss, a boundless store;
Dear Saviour, let me call Thee mine;
I cannot wish for more.

5 On Thee alone my hope relies;
Beneath Thy cross I fall;
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
My Saviour-and my all.

76 C. M. STENNETT.

1 Yonder—amazing sight!--I see
The incarnate Son of God
Expiring on the fatal tree,
And weltering in His blood.

2 Behold a purple torrent run
Down from His hands and head;
The crimson tide puts out the sun,
His groans awake the dead.

3 The trembling earth, the darkened sky,
Proclaim the truth aloud,
And with the amazed centurion cry,
"This is the Son of God."

4 So great, so vast a sacrifice,
May well my hope revive;
If God's own Son thus bleeds and dies,
The sinner sure may live.

5 O, that these cords of love divine
Might draw me, Lord, to Thee;
Thou hast my heart, it shall be Thine—
Thine it shall ever be!

77 Arlington. C. M.

Dobell's Selec. Arr. from Thomas A. Arne.



78

C. M. STEELE.

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

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

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

4 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power Divine,
And blessings, more than we can give
Be, Lord, for ever Thine.

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

79

C. M. STEELE.

1 Come, ye that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known,
The sovereign of your heart proclaim,
And bow before the throne.

2 When in His earthly courts we view
The glories of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.

3 And shall we long and wish in vain?
Lord, teach our songs to rise!
Thy love can animate the strain,
And bid it reach the skies.

4 Oh, happy period! glorious day!
When heaven and earth shall raise,
With all their powers, the raptured lay,
To celebrate Thy praise.

80

C. M. WATTS.

1 I sing my Saviour's wondrous death;
He conquer'd when He fell;
"'Tis finished," said His dying breath,
And shook the gates of hell.

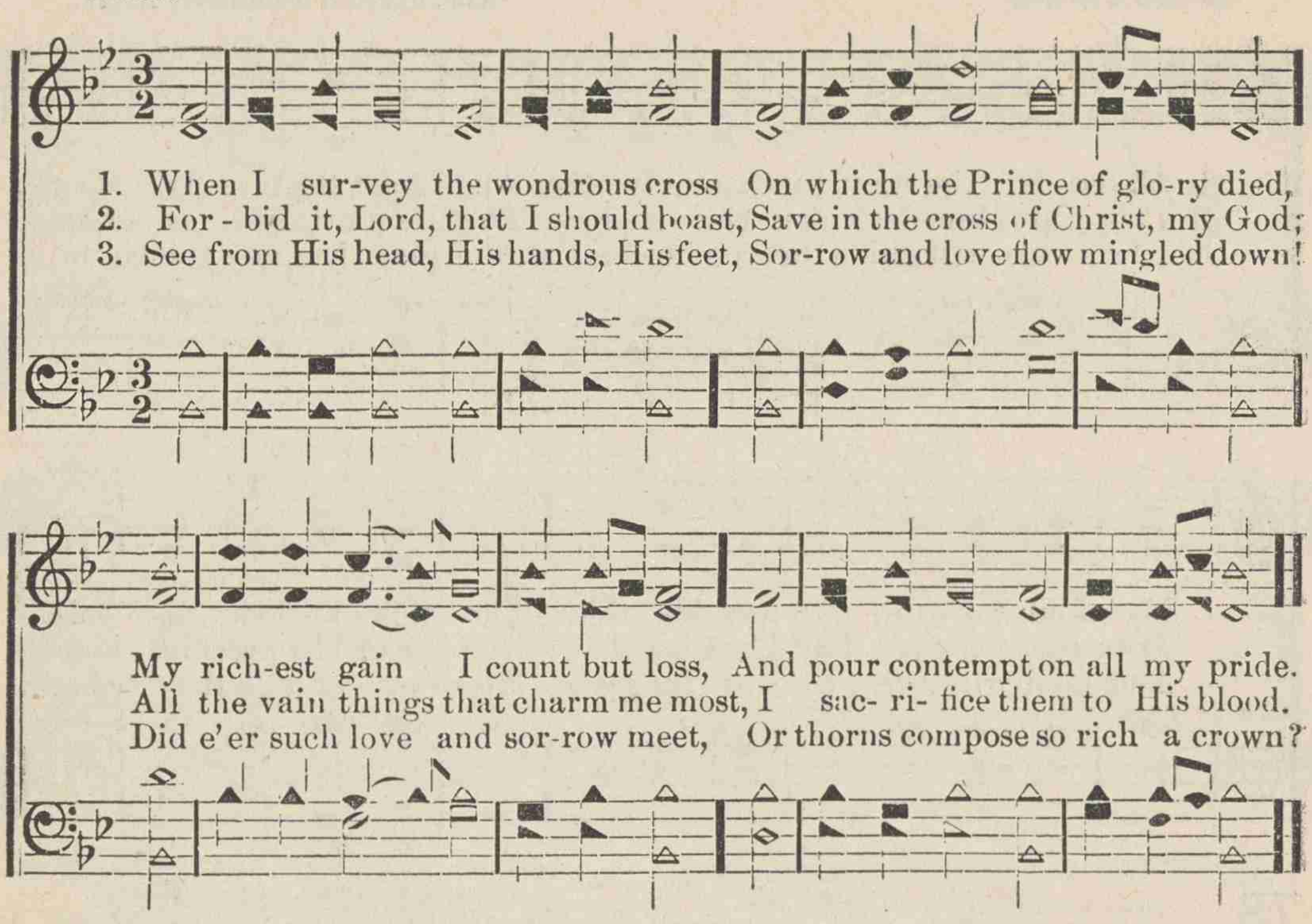
2 "'Tis finished," our Immanuel cries,
Thy dreadful work is done;
Hence shall His sovereign throne arise,
His kingdom is begun.

3 His cross a sure foundation laid
For glory and renown,
When through the regions of the dead
He press'd to reach the crown.

4 Exalted at His Father's side
Sits our victorious Lord;
To heaven or hell His hands divide
The vengeance or reward.

81 Devotion. L. M.

Watts.



4 His dying crimson, like a robe
Spreads o'er His body on the tree;
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

5 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.

82 L. M.

1 When on the cross my Lord I see,
Bleeding to death, for wretched me,
Satan and sin, no more can move,
For I am all dissolved in love.

2 His thorns and nails pierce through my heart,
In every groan I bear a part,
I view His wounds with streaming eyes
But see, He bows His head and dies!

3 Come, mourners, view the Lamb of God,
Wounded and dead, and bathed in blood;
Behold His side, and venture near,
The well of endless life is here.

4 Here I forget my cares and pains,
I drink, yet still my thirst remains;
Only the fountain-head above,
Can satisfy the thirst of love.

5 O, that I thus could always feel!
Lord, more and more Thy love reveal!
Then my glad tongue shall loud proclaim,
The grace and glory of Thy name.

6 Thy name dispels my guilt and fears,
Revives my heart, and charms my ear;
Affords a balm for every wound,
And Satan trembles at the sound.

83 L. M.

1 'Tis midnight! and on Olive's brow,
The star is dimmed that lofty shone;
'Tis midnight! in the garden now
The suffering Saviour prays alone.

2 'Tis midnight! and from all removed,
Emmanuel wrestles l ne with fears;
E'en the disciple that He loved,
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

3 'Tis midnight! and for other's guilt,
The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet He that hath in anguish knelt,
Is not forsaken by His God.

4 'Tis midnight! from the heavenly plains
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

84 Fairfield. C. M.

Doddridge. Hitchcock.



85

C. M. WATTS.

1 Let worldly minds the world pursue,
It has no charms for me;
Once I admired its trifles too,
But grace has set me free.

2 Its pleasures now no longer please,
No more content afford;
Far from my heart be joys like these;
Since I have known the Lord.

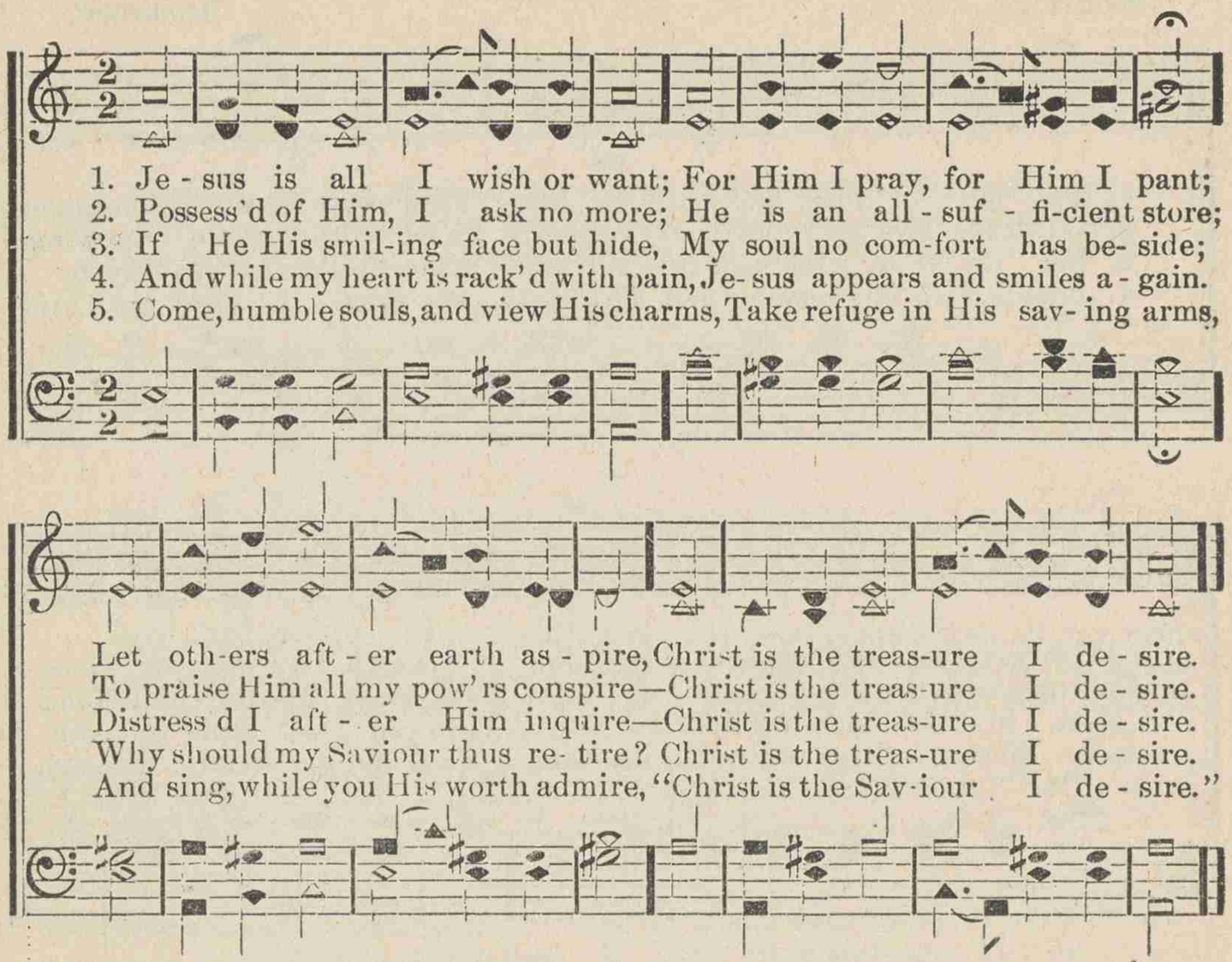
3 As by the light of op'ning day
The stars are all concealed,
So earthly pleasures fade away
When Jesus is revealed.

4 Creatures no more divide my choice,
I bid them all depart;
His name, and love, and gracious voice,
Have fixed my roving heart.

5 Now, Lord, I would be Thine alone,
And wholly live to Thee;
But may I hope that Thou wilt own
A worthless worm like me?

6 Yes! though of sinners I'm the worst,
I can not doubt Thy will;
For if Thou hadst not loved me first,
I had refused Thee still.

86 Salem. L. M.



87 L. M. FRANCIS.

1. Jesus and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee!
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glory shines through endless days.

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

3 Ashamed of Jesus, just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon!
'Tis midnight with my soul till He,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

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

5 Ashamed of Jesus! Yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fear to quell, no soul to save.

6 Till then, nor is my boasting vain;
Till then I boast a Saviour's name,
And oh! may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of thee.

7 His institutions would I prize,
Take up my cross, the shame despise,
Dare to defend His noble cause,
And yield obedience to His laws.

88 L. M.

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

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

3 Hence, then, ye black, despairing thoughts,
Above our fears, above our faults,
His powerful intercessions rise,
And guilt recedes, and terror dies.

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

5 Great Advocate, Almighty Friend,
On Him our humble hopes depend;
Our cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.

89

Antioch. C. M.

G. F. Handel.



Lenox. H. M.

Altered by Toplady. Lewis Edson.



91 Talmar. 8s & 7s.

Newton. W——.



92 Martyn. 7s.

John Newton. S. B. Marsh.

FINE.



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 has risen 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.

93 Downs. C. M.

Frederick Whitfield. Lowell Mason.



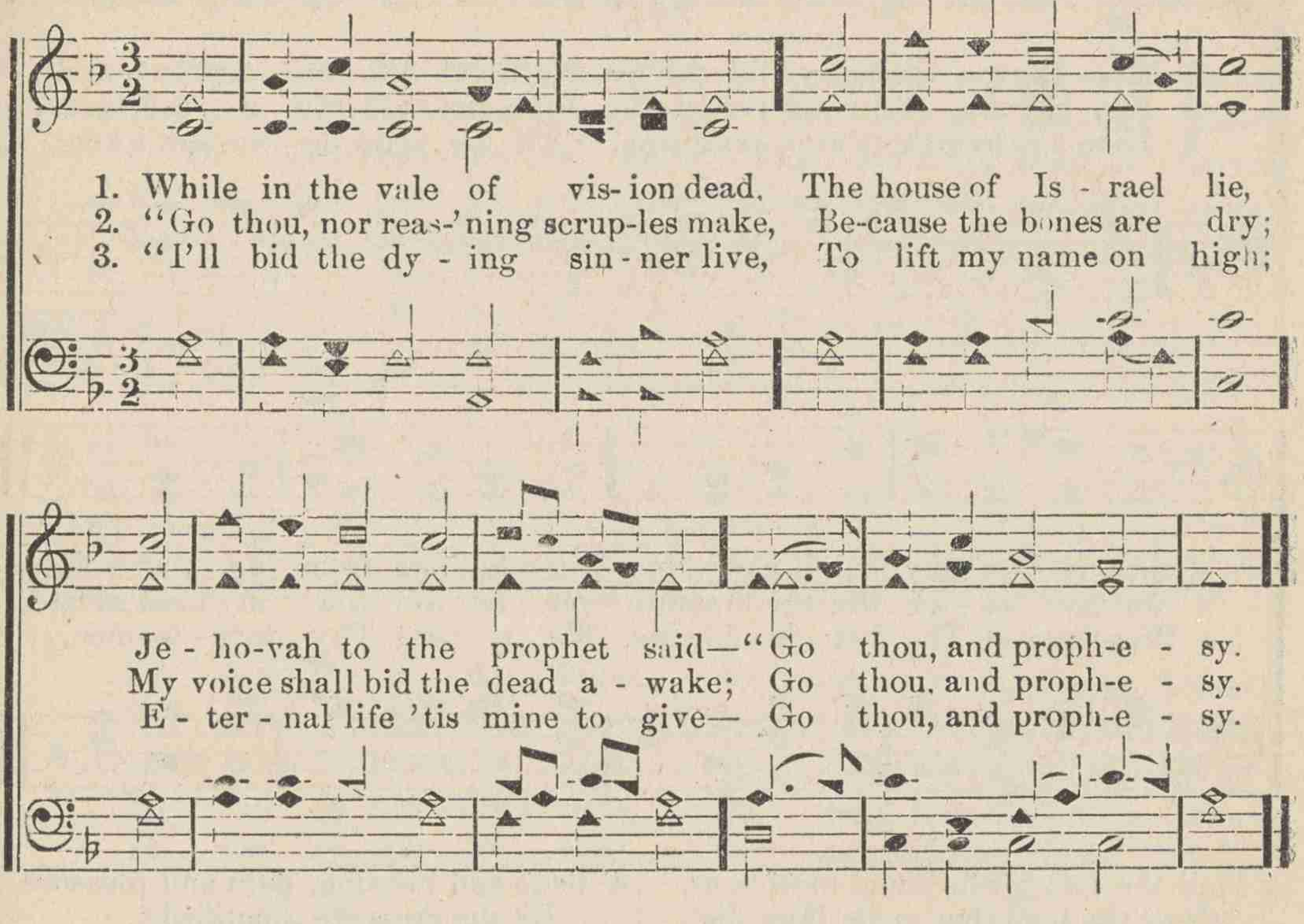
94 Holy Cross. C. M.

Philip Doddridge. Arr. from Mendelssohn.



95 Dunlap. C. M.

Kent. Sam'l McFarland,



4 "Preach Jesus as He's brought to view,
And thither point their eye;
'Tis I must give to will and do—
Go thou, and prophesy.

5 "From stones, to celebrate my grace,
While mercy's tidings fly,
My arms shall raise a numerous race,—
Go thou, and prophesy."

6 Let Zion's watchmen ne'er refrain
Her silver trump to blow;
For Jesus can, with feeblest strain,
His richest grace bestow.

4 When Uzza stretched his puny hand,
Behold his awful fall;
The shaking ark secure shall stand,
When God designs it shall.

5 If 'tis of works and not of grace,
No crown shall mortals have;
Not all the good of Adam's race,
A single soul can save.

6 To God, the Father's love divine,
The Spirit, and the Son,
Let everlasting honors shine
While years eternal run.

96 C. M. KENT.

1 The glorious gospel of our God,
Is joyful news from heaven—
Salvation free in Jesus' blood,
And life eternal given.

2 'Tis not the gospel's joyful sound,
Nor silver trump we hear.
When Sinai's terrors men confound,
With Zion's beauties fair.

3 He needs no creature power or skill,
His finished work to mend,
But works His own eternal will
As wisdom did intend.

97 C. M. WATTS.

1. Blest are the souls that hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound;
Peace shall attend the paths they go,
And light their steps surround.

2. Their joy shall bear their spirits up
Through their Redeemer's name:
His righteousness exalts their hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.

3. The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives;
Israel, thy King forever reigns,
Thy God forever lives.

98 Bartimeus. 8s & 7s.

Kent. Stephen Jenks.



4 Hail the Lamb who came to save us,
Hail the love that made Him die!
'Tis the gift that God hath given us,
We'll proclaim His honors high.

5 When we join the general chorus
Of the royal blood-bought throng,
Who to glory went before us,
Saved from every tribe and tongue;

6 Then we'll make the bissful regions
Echo to our Saviour's praise;
While the bright ang lic legions
Listen to the charming lays.

99

1 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me:
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds new lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

100 8s & 7s. Bakewell.

1 Hail! Thou once despised Jesus,
Hail, Thou Galilean King!
Thou didst suffer to release us;
Thou didst free salvation bring.

2 Hail, Thou agonizing Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame!
By Thy merits we find favor,
Life is given through Thy name.

3 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on Thee were laid;
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.

4 All Thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of Thy blood;
Opened is the gate of heaven;
Peace is made 'twixt us and God.

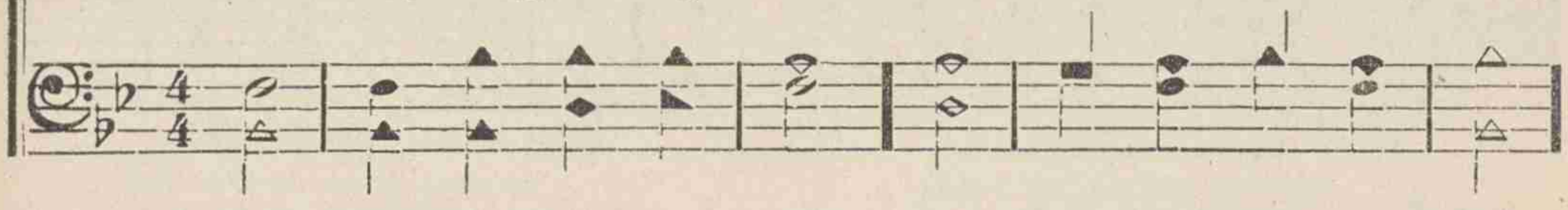
5 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide!
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side.

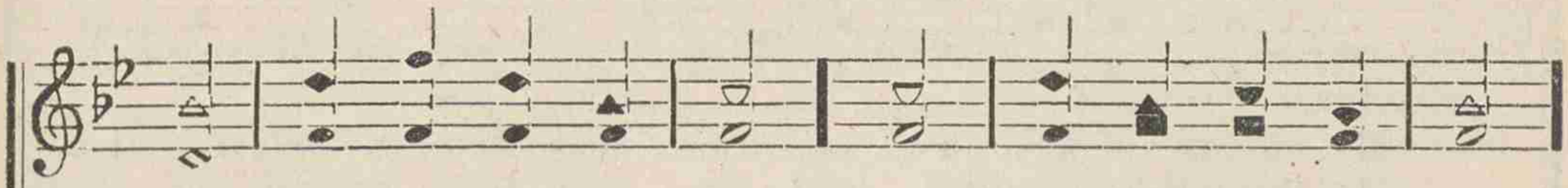
Lenox. H. M.

Lewis Edson.



1. Blow ye the trum-pet, blow The glad - ly sol - emn sound!
2. Ex - alt the Lamb of God, The sin - a - ton - ing Lamb;
3. Ye bank-rupt debt- ors, know The sov'reign grace of heav'n;
4. The gos - pel trum- pet hear, The news of pard'ning grace;
5. Je - sus, our great High Priest, Has full a - tone- ment made;





Let all the na - tions know, To earth's re - mot - est bound,
Re - demp-tion by His blood Through all the lands pro - claim:
Though sums im-mense we owe, A free dis charge is giv'n:
Ye hap - py souls draw near, Be - hold your Saviour's face:
Ye wea - ry spir - its, rest; Ye mournful souls, be glad!



The year of Ju - bi - lee is come; The year of Ju - bi-



lee is come; Re - turn, ye ransom'd sin - ners, home.

John R. Daily. Arranged by John R. Daily.

1. One bright and love - ly morn - ing, While pass-ing thro' a grove,
2. While thus with peace en - rap - tur'd False teach-ers came to mind:
3. With sin - cere in - ter - ces - sion My heart was mov'd to plead:
4. In an - swer to this plead - ing A small voice seem'd to say:

My theme of med - i - ta - tion Was Je - sus and His love;
I thought how ma- ny lead - ers Are ig - no- rant and blind,
"Lord, send out faith- ful ser - vants In this dark hour of need:
"Would you, if you were chos - en, Be will - ing to o - bey;

His name to me was pre - cious, His glo - rious presence sweet,
They prac - tice false re - lig - ion, False doc- trines they pro-claim,
At - tend them by Thy Spir - it, And aid them to pro claim
Would you be one to pub - lish The gos - pel full and free,

While na - ture seem'd to join me His prais - es to re - peat.
And cause so ma - ny chris - tians To fol - low in the same.
Thy ev - er - last - ing gos - pel And glo - ri - fy Thy name."
To put the world be - hind you And fol - low af - ter me?"

5 With sad surprise I answered,
"O this can never be!
That such a holy calling
Is meant for one like me!
I am so weak and sinful,
My talents are so small,
I fear that none will heed me
If on them I should call."

6 At once the Lord assured me
That I should never fear;
That in my every trial
His presence would be near;
That He would not forsake me,
But aid me to proclaim
His everlasting gospel
And glorify His name.

7 The burden was so heavy,
My weakness was so great,
My Saviour I entreated
To rid me of the weight;
But Christ said, "I'll go with you,
And aid you to proclaim
My everlasting gospel
And glorify my name!"

8 For many months that followed
These strange impressions came,
Until at length I yielded
To publish Jesus' name:
Though oft I made excuses
I no relief could find,
I could not cast the burden
From off my troubled mind.

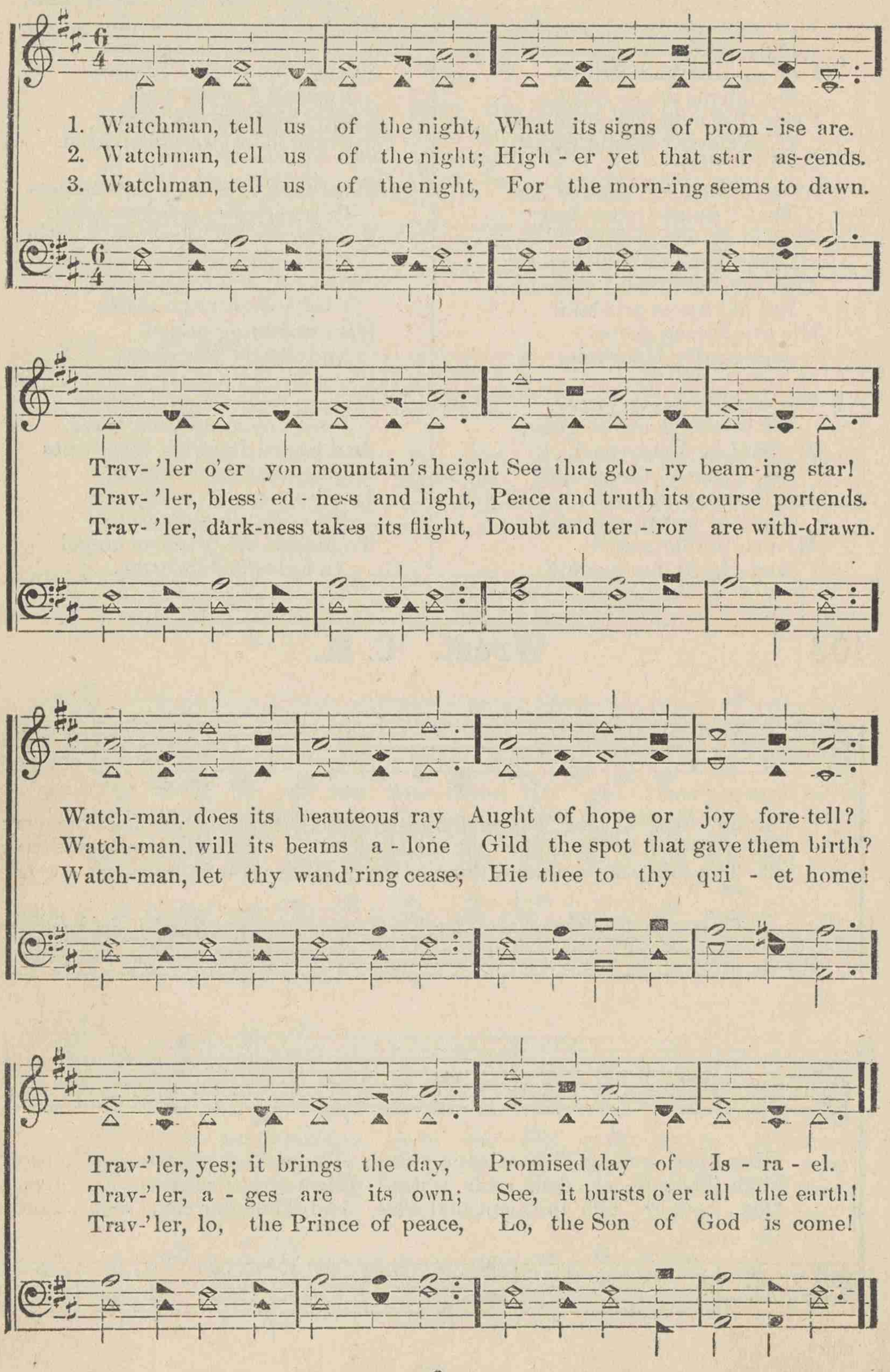
9 Since then I've tried in weakness
To preach the precious word;
Where ever I'm directed
My trembling voice is heard:
'Mid trials and temptations
I've labored to proclaim
His everlasting gospel
And glorify His name.

10 Oftimes in gloom and sorrow
I've gone away from home,
And parted from my loved ones
In distant parts to roam:
In all my weary wand'rings
It's been my only aim
To preach the precious gospel
And glorify His name.

103 Wrest. C. M.

Watchman. 7s. D.

Bowring. L. Mason.



105 Eltham. 7s. D.

Newton. Dr. L. Mason.

FINE.

1. { Does the gos - pel word proclaim Rest for those who wea-ry be? }
{ Then my soul, put in thy claim; Sure, that promise speaks to thee. }

D.C.—Yet I wea - ry am, I know, And the wea- ry long for rest!

D.C.

Marks of grace I can not show; All pol - lu - ted is my breast;

2 Burdened with a load of sin;
Harassed with tormenting doubt;
Hourly conflicts from within;
Hourly crosses from without:
All my little strength is gone;
Sink I must without supply;
Sure upon the earth there's none
Can more weary be than I!

3 In the ark the weary dove
Found a welcome resting place;
Thus my spirit longs to prove
Rest in Christ, the ark of grace.
Tempest-tossed I long have been,
And the flood increases fast;
Open, Lord, and take me in,
Till the storm be overpast.

106 Boylston. S. M.

Newton. L. Mason.

1. Hun - gry, and faint, and poor, Be - hold us, Lord, a - gain
2. Thy word in - vites us nigh, Or we must starve in - deed;
3. The food our spir - its want Thy hand a - lone can give;

As - sem-bled at Thy mer-cy's door, Thy boun-ty to ob - tain.
For we no mon - ey have to buy, No right-eous-ness to plead.
Oh! hear the pray'r of faith, and grant That we may eat and live.

107 Star in the East. 10s 11s.

Arr.



CHORUS.



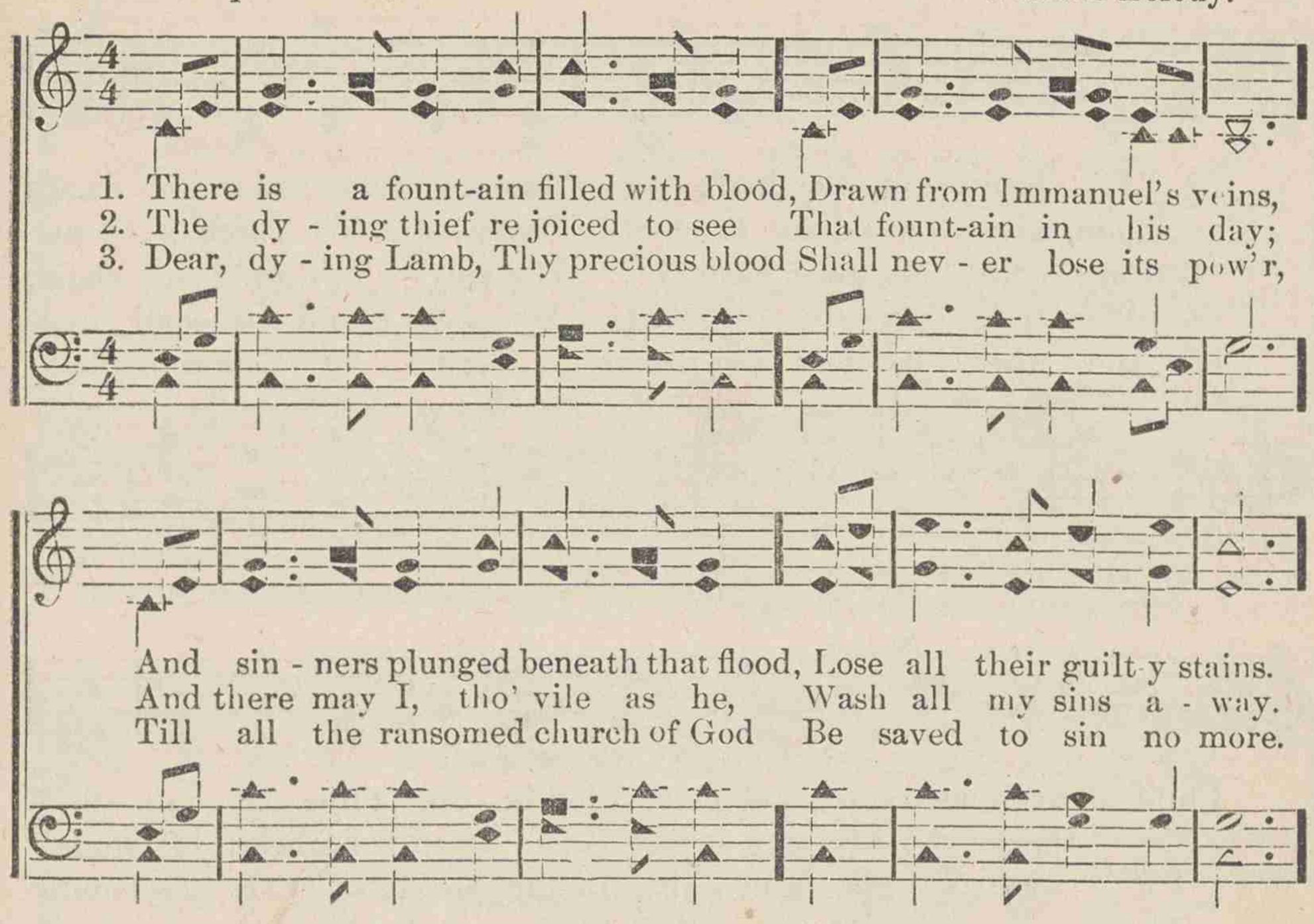
2 Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining;
Low lies His head, with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him in slumbers reclining,
Wise men and shepherds before Him do fall.

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

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

Fountain.

Wm. Cowper. Western Melody.



REFRAIN.



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

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

109 All to Christ I Owe.

Mrs. Elvina M. Hall. John T. Grape, by per.

1. I hear the Sav-iour say, Thy strength in - deed is small:
2. Lord, now in - deed I find Thy pow'r, and Thine a - lone,
3. For noth - ing good have I Where-by Thy grace to claim;
4. When from my dy - ing bed My ran - som'd soul shall rise,
5. And when be - fore the throne, I stand in Him com- plete,

Child of weak ness, watch and pray, Find in Me thine All in all.
Can change the lep - er's spots, And melt the heart of stone.
I'll wash my gar- ment white In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.
Then "Je - sus paid it all" Shall rend the vault- ed skies.
I'll lay my tro - phies down, All down at Je - sus' feet.

CHORUS.

Je - sus paid it all; All to Him I owe,
Sin had left a crim - son stain; He wash'd it white as snow.

110 Greenville. 8s & 7s. D.

J. J. Rousseau.

FINE.



D. C.—Precious drops my soul be- dew- ing, Plead and claim my peace with God.
D. C.—Love I much—I've much for-giv-en; I'm a mir - a - cle of grace.
D. C.—Prove His wounds each day more healing, And Himself more deep-ly known.

D. C.



111 8s & 7s. C. Wesley.

1 Light of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Come! and, Thy dear self revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath;

2 The new heaven's and earth's Creator,
In our deepest darkness rise!
Scattering all the night of nature,
Pouring day upon our eyes.

3 Still we wait for Thine appearing,
Life and joy Thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor benighted heart;

4 Come, and manifest the favor
Thou hast for the ransomed race:
Come, Thou dear exalted Saviour!
Come, and bring Thy gospel grace.

5 Save us in Thy great compassion,
O Thou mild pacific Prince!
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Give the pardon of our sins:

6 By Thine all sufficient merit,
Every burdened soul release;
By the influence of Thy Spirit,
Guide us into perfect peace.

112 8s & 7s. Kent.

1 Jesus heals the broken-hearted,
Oh! how sweet that sound to me!
Once beneath my sin He smarted,
Groaned, and bled, to set me free.

2 By His sufferings, death and merits,
By His Godhead, blood and pain,
Broken hearts or wounded spirits,
Are at once made whole again.

3 Broken by the law's loud thunder,
To the cross for refuge flee;
O'er His pungent sorrows ponder,
'Tis His stripes that healeth thee.

4 Oil and wine, to heal and cherish,
Jesus still to Israel gives;
Nor shall e'er a sinner perish,
Who in His dear name believes.

5 In His righteousness confiding,
Sheltered safe beneath His wing,
Here they find a sure abiding,
And of covenant mercy sing;

6 Seek, my soul, no other healing,
But in Jesus' balmy blood;
He, beneath the Spirit's sealing, [God.
Stands the great High Priest with

113 I'll Lay My Armor Down. C. M.

Joseph B. Moon.



3 A glimpse of Thee, and Thy sweet store,
Thou dost to me impart;
But kindly shew me more and more,
Till Thou dost fill my heart.

4 The wilderness I cannot bear,
So far from Thee to stand;
Nor yet from Pisgah's top to stare,
Upon the promised land.

5 I want to eat and drink my fill
Of Canaan's milk and wine;
Let Moses die upon the hill,
And I be wholly Thine.

6 'Tis self, that legal thing and base,
Which keeps me from my rest;
Me from myself let Christ release,
And soon I shall be blest.

114 C. M. NEWTON.

1 From east to west let others roam,
And search in vain for bliss;
My soul is satisfied at home;
The Lord my portion is.

2 Jesus, who on His glorious throne
Rules heaven, and earth, and sea,
Is pleased to claim me for His own,
And give Himself to me.

3 His person fixes all my love,
His blood removes my fear;
And while He fills His throne above,
His arm preserves me here.

4 His word of promise is my food,
The Spirit is my guide;
Thus daily is my strength renewed,
And all my wants supplied.

5 For Him I count as gain each loss,
Disgrace for Him renown;
Well may I glory in His cross,
While He prepares my crown!

6 Let worldlings then indulge their boast,
How much they gain or spend;
Their joys must soon give up the ghost,
But mine shall know no end.

115 Sweet Name. C. M.

Arr.



4 By Thee my prayers acceptance gain,
Although with sin defiled;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am owned a child.

5 Jesus! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

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

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

116 New Concord. 6s & 9s.

Charles Wesley. Popular Melody.



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

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

6 I then rode on the sky,
Freely justified I,
Nor envied Elijah his seat:
My glad soul mounted higher
In a chariot of fire,
And the world was put under my feet.

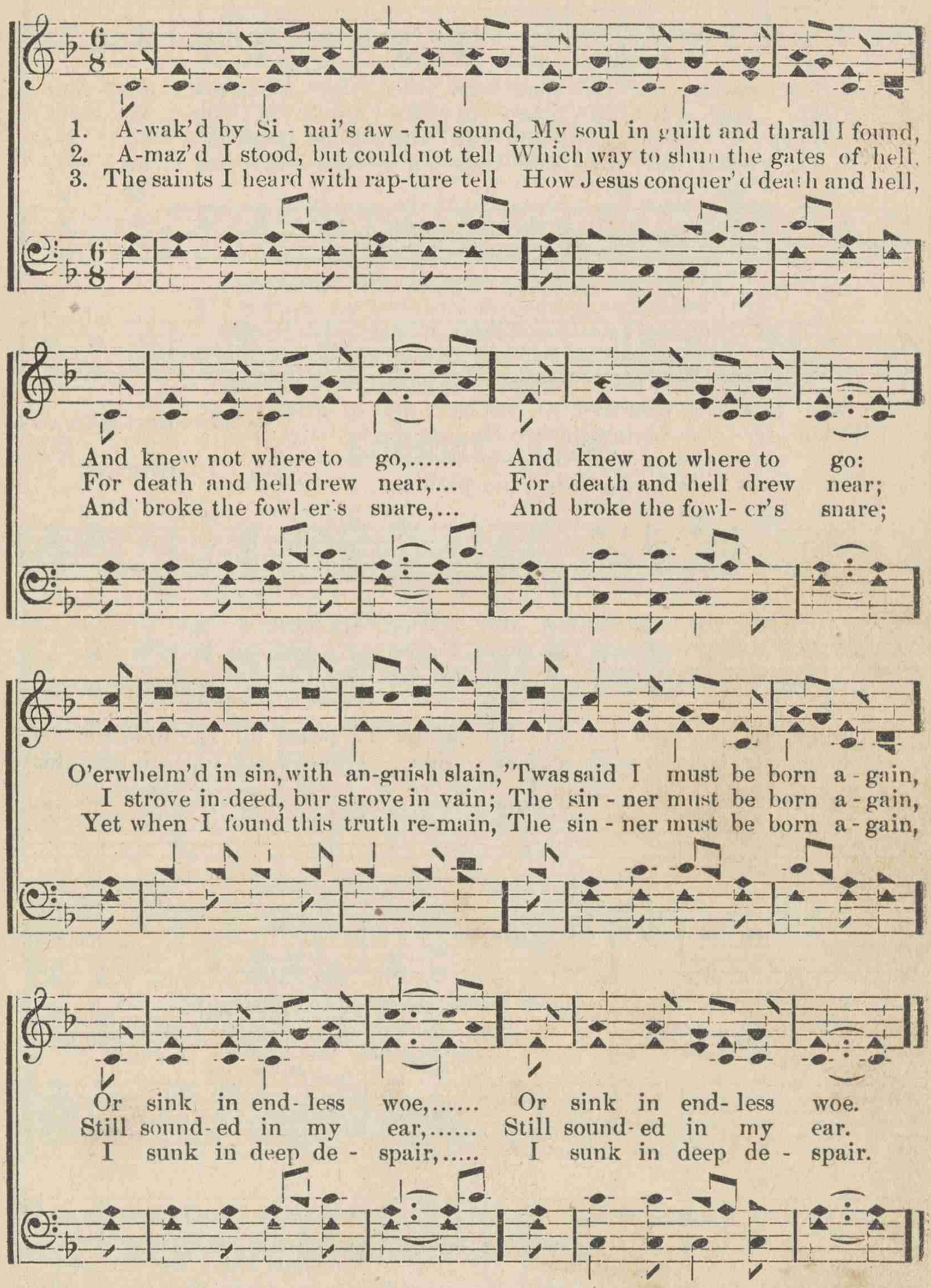
7 O! the rapturous height
Of that holy delight
Which I felt in the life giving blood!
Of my Saviour possessed,
I was perfectly blessed,
Overwhelmed with the fulness of God.

8 What a mercy is this,
What a heaven of bl ss!
How unspeakably favored am I!
Gathered into the fold,
With believers enrolled,
With believers to live and to die!

9 Now, my remnant of days
Would I spend to His praise,
Who hath died my poor soul to redeem;
Whether many or few,
All my years are His due,
May they all be devoted to Him.

Garden. C. P. M.

S. Occom. J. Ingalls.



4 But while I thus in anguish lay,
Jesus of Nazar th passed that way;
‖: It was the time of love: :‖
He then relieved me from my pain,
By showing me I was born again,
‖: To dwell with Him above. :‖

5 To heaven my joyful praises flew,
Singing that song forever new,
‖: To Christ my voice did raise: :‖
All hail the Lamb that once was slain,
Unnumbered millions born again
‖: Shall shout Thine endless praise. :‖

Experience.

John R. Daily. Arranged.

1. How sweet to re - flect on the day when my Sav - iour
My spir - it re - joic - es to think of the fa - vor
2. When I was a youth in the broad path of fol - ly,
I viewed not my - self as a sin - ner un - ho - ly,

Re - leas'd my poor soul of its bur - den of grief;
Which Je - sus bestow'd when He gave me re - lief.
In sin and re - bel lion, an a - lien from God,
I knew not to death led the pathway I trod.
My heart takes de-
I trust - ed a -

light in the fond rec - ol - lec - tion Of peace- ful re - pose and the
lone in good works for sal - va - tion, I look'd not to Je - sus for

joy that I felt, When first my Cre - a - tor's par - en - tal af -
life, light and peace, I thought by o - bey - ing I'd shun con dem-

fec - tion, On me was be - stow'd as be - fore Him I knelt.
na - tion, And gain heav'nly fa - vors that nev - er should cease.

Experience. Concluded.

3 But when my dear Lord, in His sweet loving kindness,
Revealed unto me my condition in sin,
I found I had always been dwelling in blindness,
Contrary to God had my steps ever been.
I found I was left in a helpless condition,
My sins all arose like a vast gloomy cloud,
My heart sank within me in humble contrition,
To God for assistance I shouted aloud.

4 I cried in despair, if Thou canst, Lord, have mercy,
A light shone within me—the tempest was calm;
I arose singing praises to God for His mercy,
I shouted, "Oh, glory to God and the Lamb!"
My burden was gone and my sorrow was ended,
My spirit rejoiced in the love of the Lord,
I felt that my heart with His people was blended,
And claimed the sweet promises found in His word.

119 Conflict. L. M.

Arr.



1. I am a stran-ger here be low, And what I am 'tis hard to know;
2. When I ex-per-ience call to mind. My un der-stand-ing is so blind,
3. I find my-self out of the way; My thoughts are often gone a-stray;
4. It's sel-dom I can ev-er see My-self as I would wish to be;



I am so vile, so full of sin, I fear that I'm not born a-gain.
All feeling sense seems to be gone, Which makes me fear that I am wrong.
Like one a-lone I seem to be— Oh! is there a-ny one like me?
What I de-sire I can't at-tain, From what I hate, I can't re-frain.

5 So far from God I seem to lie,
Which makes me often weep and cry:
I fear at last that I shall fall;
For if a saint—the least of all.

6 I seldom find a heart to pray,
So many things step in my way;
Thus, filled with doubt, I ask to know—
Come, tell me—is it thus with you?

7 So, by experience, I do know
There's nothing good that I can do;
I cannot satisfy the law,
Nor hope, nor comfort from it draw.

8 My nature is so prone to sin,
Which makes my duty so unclean,
That when I count up all the cost—
Without free grace I know I'm lost.

120

A Sinner Like Me.

C. J. B. C. J. Butler.



4 I listened, and lo! 'twas the Saviour
That was speaking so kindly to me;
I cried, I'm the chief of sinners,
Thou can-t save a poor sinner like me.

5 I then fully trusted in Jesus,
And O what a joy came to me;
My heart was filled with His praises,
For saving a sinner like me.

6 No lon er in darkness I'm walking,
For the light is now shi ing on me,
And now unto others I'm telling
How He saved a poor sinner like me.

7 And when life's journey is over,
And I the dear Saviour shall see,
I'll praise Him forever and ever,
For saving a sinner like me.

Copyright, 1881, by John J. Hood. Used by per.

121 Star of Bethlehem. L. M. D.

Henry Kirke White. James Miller.

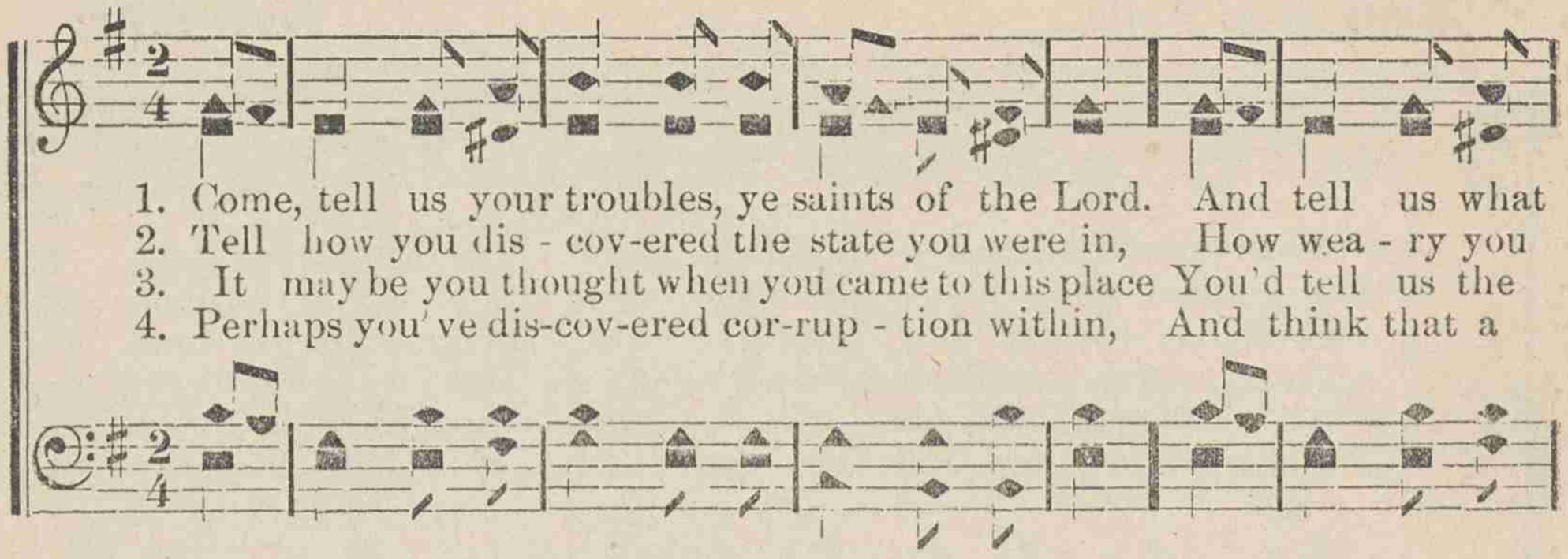
1. When marshall'd on the night-ly plain, The glitt'ring host il-
   One Star a-lone, of all the train, Can fix the sin-ner's
2. Once on the rag-ing seas I rode. The storm was loud, the
   The o-cean yawn'd, and rude-ly blow'd The wind that toss'd my
3. It was my Guide, my Light, my All, It bade my dark fore-
   And thro' the storm and dan-ger's thrall, It led me to the

lume the sky,
(*Omit.....*) wand'ring eye. Hark! hark! to God the cho-rus breaks,
night was dark,
(*Omit.....*) found'ring bark. Deep hor-ror then my vi-tals froze,
bod-ings cease;
(*Omit.....*) port of peace. Now safe-ly moor'd, my per-ils o'er,

From ev-'ry host, from ev-'ry gem; But one a-lone the
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem, When sud-den-ly a
I'll sing, first in night's di-a-dem, For ev-er and for

Sav-iour speaks,— It is the Star of Beth-le-hem.
star a-rose, It was the Star of Beth-le-hem.
ev-er more, The Star, the Star of Beth-le-hem.

Hickman. P. M.







5 Perhaps you are fearful if you should relate
Your little experience and your present state,
Through weakness you could not your feelings explain,
And as a deceiver you d meet with disdain.

6 If these be your feelings do not fear to tell,
The lovers of Jesus remember them well;
For as with the heart man believes, it is said,
So unto salvation confession is made.

7 We look not for knowledge or anything great,
Experience alone we would have thee relate;
The meek and the humble are those that we love,
And these are the spirits our Lord doth approve.

8 Come, now we'll attend to the glorious news,
Plead not your unworthiness for an excuse,
But come while we try to assist you by prayer,
And the angels in heaven will joyously hear.

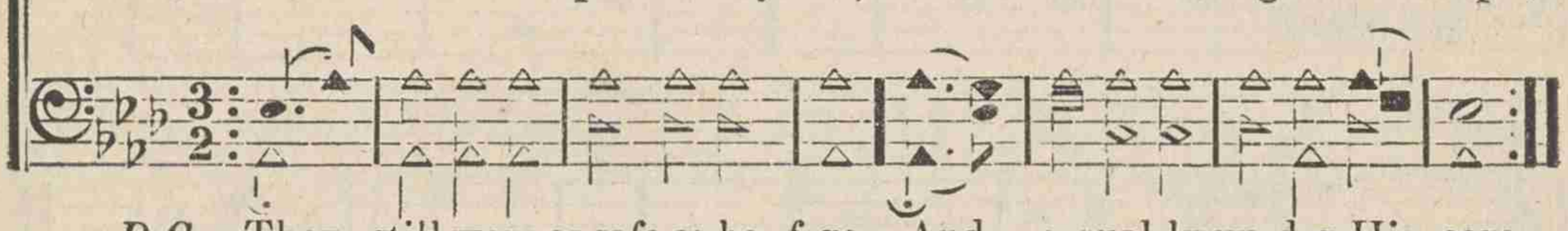
123 CLARINGTON. 8s D.

Newton. **Arr.**

FINE.

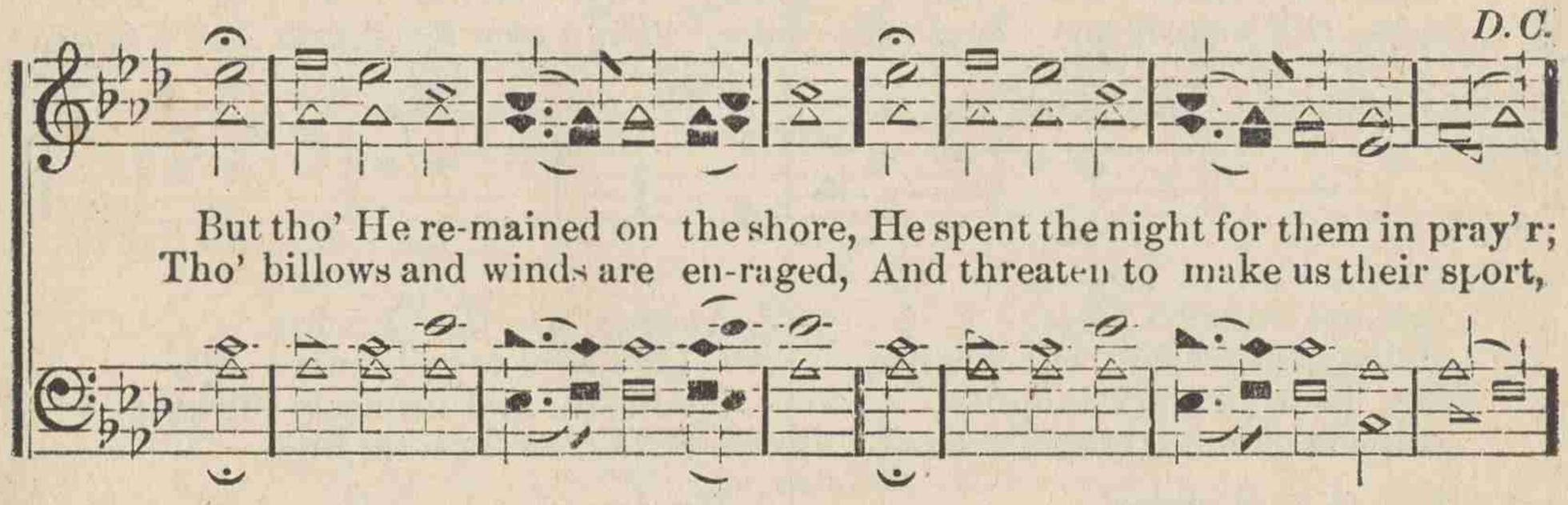


1. { Constrained by their Lord to embark, And venture without Him to sea,
   The season tem-pestu-ous and dark, How griev d the disciples must be! }
2. { We, like the dis-ci-ples, are tossed By storms on a per- i- lous deep;
   But can-not be pos- si- bly lost, For Jesus has charge of the ship. }



D. C.—They still were as safe as be- fore, And e qual ly un-der His care.
D. C.—This pi-lot His word has engaged, To bring us in safe-ty to port.

D. C.



But tho' He re-mained on the shore, He spent the night for them in pray'r;
Tho' billows and winds are en-raged, And threaten to make us their sport,

3 If sometimes we struggle alone,
And He is withdrawn from our view,
It makes us more willing to own
We nothing without Him can do:
Then Satan our hopes would assail,
But Jesus is still within call;
And when our poor efforts quite fail,
He comes in good time, and does all.

4 Yet, Lord, we are ready to shrink,
Unless we Thy presence perceive,
O save us, we cry, or we sink;
We would, but we cannot believe.
The night has been long and severe;
The winds and the seas are still high;
Dear Saviour, this moment appear,
And say to our souls, "It is I!"

124 8s D. TOPLADY.

1 Encompassed with clouds of distress,
And tempted all hopes to resign,
I pant for the light of Thy face,
That I in Thy beauty may shine;
Disheartened with waiting so long,
I sink at Thy feet with my load:
All plaintive I pour out my song,
And stretch forth my hands unto God.

2 Shine, Lord, and my terror shall cease;
The blood of atonement apply:
And lead me to Jesus for peace,
The Rock that is higher than I:
Speak, Saviour, for sweet is Thy voice;
Thy presence is fair to behold;
I thirst for Thy Spirit, with cries
And groanings that cannot be told.

3 If sometimes I strive as I mourn,
My hold of Thy promise to keep,
The billows more fiercely return,
And plunge me again in the deep:
While harassed and cast from Thy sight,
The tempter suggests with a roar,
"The Lord hath forsaken thee quite;
Thy God will be gracious no more."

4 Yet, Lord, if Thy love hath designed
No covenant blessing for me,
Ah, tell me, how is it I find
Some sweetness in waiting for Thee?
Almighty to rescue Thou art,
Thy grace is immortal and free;
Lord, succor and comfort my heart,
And make me live wholly to Thee.

125 Idumea. S. M.

Montgomery. Arr.



3 I cast my hope on Thee,
Thou canst, Thou wilt forgive;
Wert Thou to mark iniquity,
Who in Thy sight could live?

4 Glory to God above!
The waters soon will cease:
For, lo! the swift returning dove
Brings home the sign of peace.

5 Though storms His face obscure,
And dangers threaten loud,
Jehovah's covenant is sure,
His bow is in the cloud.

5 At length to God I cried,
He heard my plaintive sigh;
He heard, and instantly He sent
Salvation from on high.

6 My drooping head He raised;
My bleeding wounds He healed;
Pardoned my sins, and with a smile
The gracious pardon sealed.

7 Oh! may I ne'er forget
The mercy of my God;
Nor ever want a tongue to spread
His loudest praise abroad.

126 S. M. STENNETT,

1 Come, ye that fear the Lord,
And listen while I tell
How narrowly my feet escaped
The snares of death and hell.

2 The flattering joys of sense
Assailed my foolish heart,
While Satan, with malicious skill,
Guided the poisonous dart.

3 I fell beneath the stroke,
But fell to rise again;
My Lord for me laid down His life,
And purged away my sin.

4 Darkness, and shame, and grief
Oppressed my gloomy mind;
I looked around me for relief,
But no relief could find.

127 S. M. NEWTON,

1 Beside the gospel pool
Appointed for the poor,
From time to time my helpless soul
Has waited for a cure.

2 How often have I seen
The healing waters move,
And others round me, stepping in,
Their efficacy prove.

3 But my complaints remain,
I feel the very same;
As full of guilt and fear, and pain,
As when at first I came.

4 O would the Lord appear,
My malady to heal: [here,
He knows how long I've languished
And what distress I feel.

5 How often have I thought,
Why should I longer lie?
Surely the mercy I have sought
Is not for such as I.

6 But whither can I go?
There is no other pool
Where streams of sovereign virtue flow,
To make a sinner whole.

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

8 No! He is full of grace,—
He never will permit
A soul that fain would see His face,
To perish at His feet.

128 Fair Haven. C. M.



3 Then to His saints I often spoke
Of what His love had done,
But now my heart is almost broke,
For all my joys are gone.
Now, when the evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns,
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

4 My prayers are now a chattering noise,
For Jesus hides His face;
I read, the promise meets my eyes,
But will not reach my case.
Now Satan threatens to prevail,
And make my soul His prey,
Yet, Lord, Thy mercies cannot fail,
Oh, come without delay!

129 Lovest Thou Me? 7s.

Cowper.

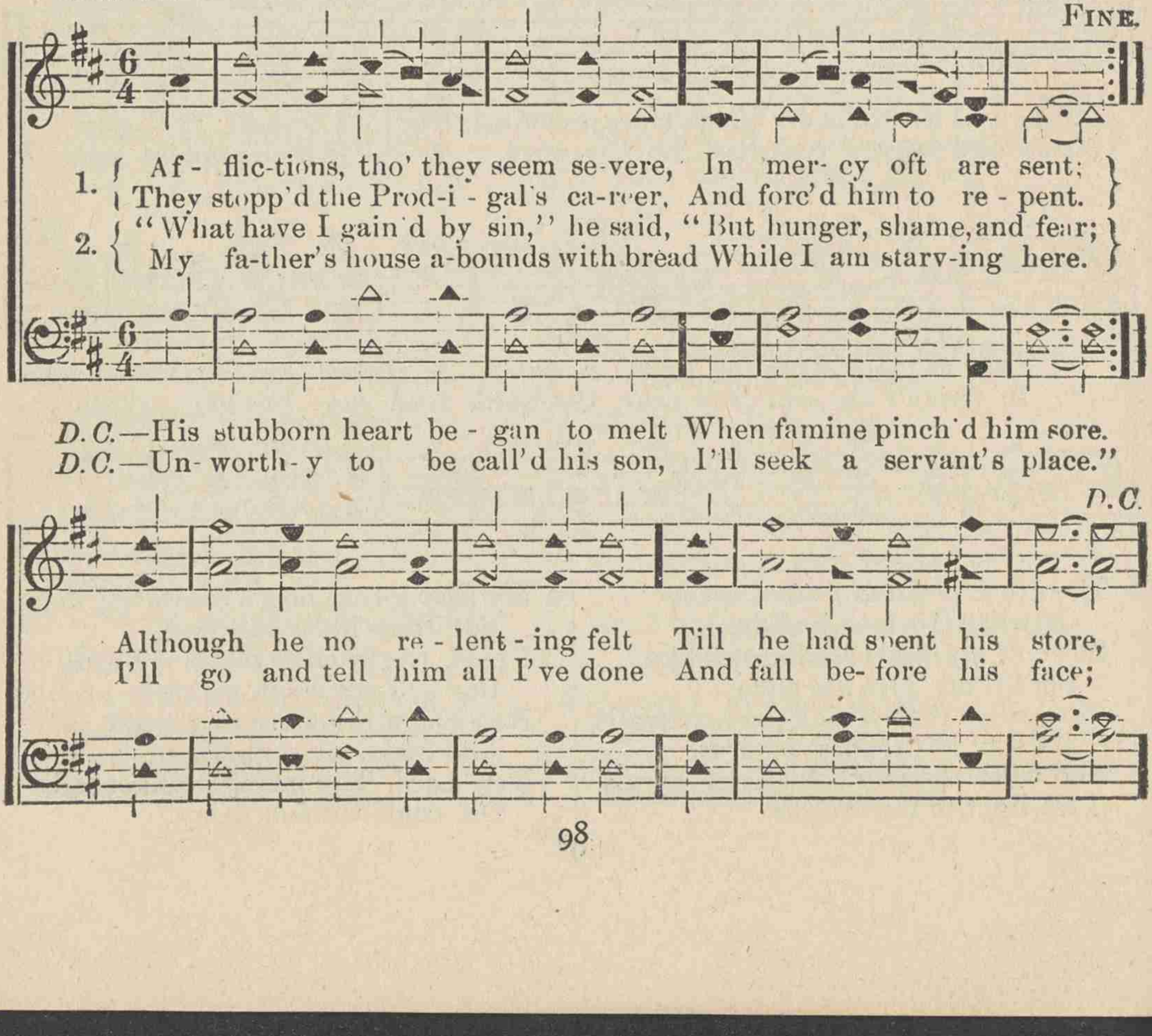


130 The Prodigal.

Newton.

Arr.

FINE.



The Prodigal. Concluded.

3 His father saw him coming back,
He saw, and ran, and smiled.
And threw his arms about the neck
Of his rebellious child.
"Father, I've sinned, but, oh, forgive!"
"Enough," the father said;
"Rejoice, my house, my son's alive,
For whom I mourned as dead.

4 "Now let the fatted calf be slain,
And spread the news around;
My son was dead, but lives again,
Was lost, but now is found."
'Tis thus the Lord His grace reveals,
To call poor sinners home;
More than a father's love He feels,
And welcomes all that come.

131 Unfading Joy. 8s, 5s, 7s, 4s.





3 I turned to Thy gospel, Lord,
From folly away,
I trusted in Thy holy word,
Which taught me to pray;
Here I found release,
Wearied spirit here found peace,
Hopes of endless bliss,
Eternal Day.

4 I'm a stranger and pilgrim here
In this world of woe,
But I find my Redeemer near
As onward I go;
Jesus is my friend,
He'll be with me to the end,
And from foes defend
My path below.

132 Atwater. C. M.

Steele.

133 Conquering Love. C. M.

J. R. D. John R. Daily.



3 "The flowers now are sending out
The breath of sweet perfume,
The hill-sides echo with a shout,
The birds their songs resume.

4 "The turtle dove lifts up her voice
To sing her Maker's praise;
Come now and let your heart rejoice,
Your voice in rapture raise.

5 "The fig tree putteth forth her figs
The vines with grapes abound;
The buds adorn the tender twigs,
The hills with grass are crowned.

6 "Arise, my love, and come away
My fair one, hear My voice,
In darkness now no longer stay,
In holy light rejoice."

7 At these sweet words my heart did melt
In tenderness and love,
His arms in kind support I felt,
My soul was raised above.

8 In holy ecstasy I cried,
"The Saviour now is mine;
To save me He was crucified,
I can no more repine."

9 I bless His holy, precious name.
For mercy shown to me;
My liberty He did proclaim,
He set my spirit free.

10 In His sweet presence I rejoice,
His name I do adore,
Oh! may it be my happy choice
To serve Him evermore.

11 How sweet to have my hand in His,
And feel His hand in mine.
To walk where His sweet presence is,
And taste His love divine!

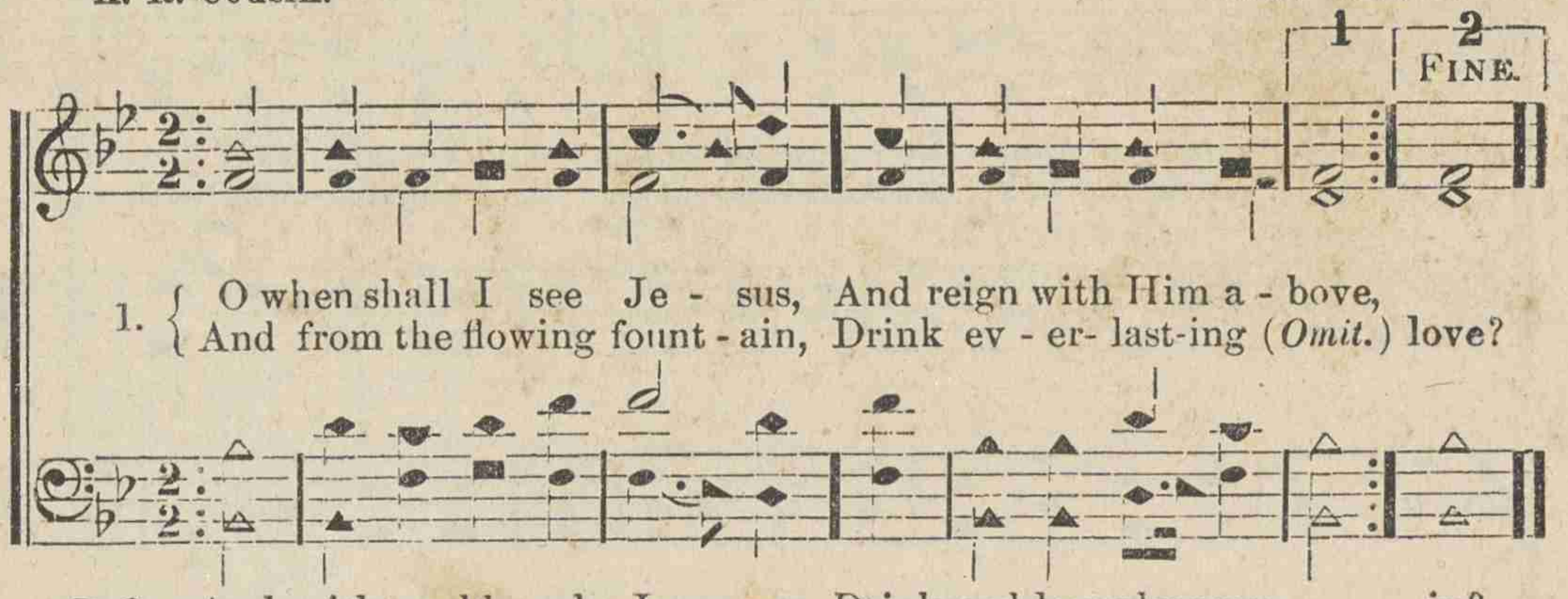
12 He leads me by the waters still,
And o'er the pastures green,
While my poor heart He makes to
With love and joy serene. [thrill

13 'Tis my desire to dwell below
With Him my Husband, Friend;
And when from this vain world I go,
To His abode ascend.

14 There, there, amid that holy throng,
I hope to find a place.
While endless ages roll along,
To rest in His embrace.

134 O When Shall I See Jesus?

A. R. Cousin. Wm. Walker.



1. { O when shall I see Je - sus, And reign with Him a - bove,
   { And from the flowing fount - ain, Drink ev - er- last-ing (*Omit.*) love?

D.C.—And with my blessed Je - sus, Drink end-less pleas-ure in?



When shall I be de- liv-ered From this vain world of sin.....

2 But now I am a soldier,
  My Captain's gone before,
He's given me my orders,
  And bid me not give o'er;
His promises are faithful,
  A crown of life He'll give,
And all His valiant soldiers
  Eternally shall live.

3 Through grace He will support me,
  To conquer though I die,
And then away to Jesus
  On wings of love I'll fly;
Farewell to sin and sorrow,
  I bid you both adieu;
And, O my friends, still trust Him,
  And on your way pursue.

4 Whene'er you meet with troubles
  And trials on the way,
Cast all your care on Jesus,
  And don't forget to pray:
Gird on the gospel armor
  Of faith, and hope, and love;
And when the combat's ended
  He'll carry you above.

5 O do not be discouraged,
  For Jesus is your friend,
And if you want more knowledge,
  He'll not refuse to send:
Neither will He upbraid you,
  Though often you request;
He'll give you grace to conquer,
  And take you home to rest.

6 And when the last, loud trumpet
  Shall rend the vaulted skies,
And bid the entombed millions
  From their cold beds arise,
Our ransomed dust, revived,
  Bright beauties shall put on,
And soar to the blest mansion
  Where our Redeemer's gone.

7 Our eyes shall then with rapture
  The Saviour's face behold;
Our feet, no more diverted,
  Shall walk the streets of gold;
Our ears shall hear with transport
  The hosts celestial sing;
Our tongues shall chant the glories
  Of our immortal King.

THE CHURCH.

135 I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

Timothy Dwight. Unknown.

1. I love Thy king-dom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode,
2. For her my tears shall fall, For her my tears as - cend;
3. Je - sus, Thou Friend di-vine, Our Sav- iour and our King,

The Church our blest Re-deem-er saved, With His own pre-cious blood;
To her my cares and toils be giv'n, Till toils and cares shall end.
Thy hand from ev - 'ry snare and foe, Shall great de - liv-'rance bring.

I love Thy Church, O God, Her walls be - fore Thee stand,
Be - yond my high - est joy, I prize her heav'n-ly ways,
Sure as Thy truth shall last, To Zi - on shall be given

Dear as the ap - ple of Thine eye, And gra-ven on Thy hand.
Her sweet communion, solemn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.
The bright-est glo-ries earth can yield, And brighter bliss of heaven.

136 House of the Lord. 12s.

Austin Lane.





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

3 You may value the friendships of youth and of age,
And select for my 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 You may talk of your prospects of fame or of wealth,
And the hopes that oft flatter the fav'rites of health;
But the hope of bright glory—of heavenly bliss!
Take away every other, and give me but this.

5 Ever hail, blessed temple, abode of my God,
I will turn to thee often to hear from His word;
I will walk to the altar with those that I love,
And delight in the prospect revealed from above.

137 Autumn. 8s & 7s. D.

Newton. Spanish.



2 See the streams of living waters
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want 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 Round each habitation hov'ring,
See the cloud and fire appear!
For a glory and a cov'ring,
Showing that the Lord is near;
Thus deriving from their banner
Light by night and shade by day;
Safe they feed upon the Manna
Which He gives them when they pray.

4 Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Wash'd in the Redeemer's blood!
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God;
'Tis His love His people raises
Over self to reign as kings,
And as priests, His solemn praises
Each for a thank-off'ring brings.

5 Saviour, if 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 pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
Solid joys and lasting treasure,
None but Zion's children know.

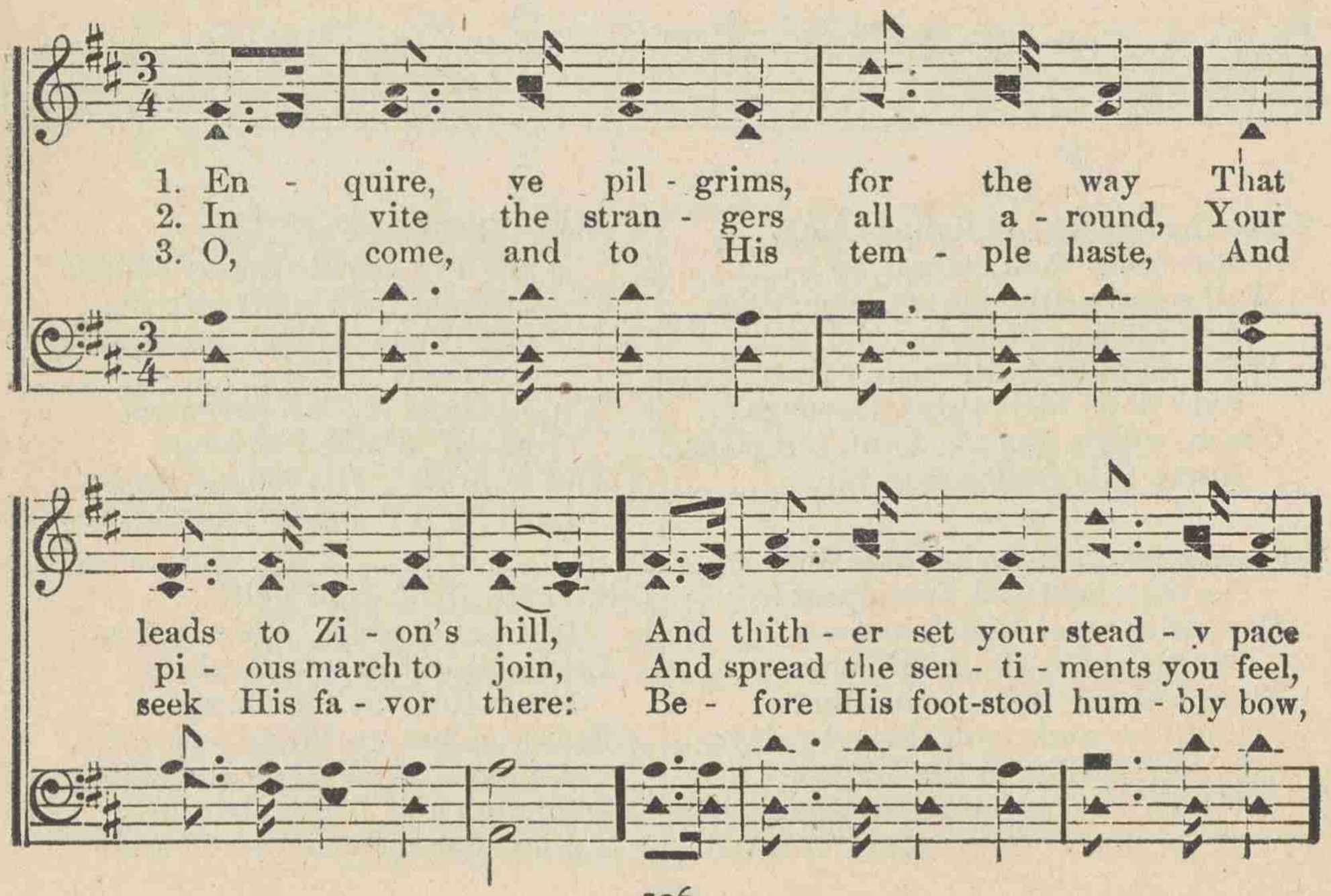
138 Zion's Hill. S. M.

John R. Daily.



139 Doddridge. C. M. (Fountain.)

Arr.



Doddridge. Concluded.



140 Evening Shade. S. M.

Stephen Jenks.



2 Here His affections rest,
Nor shall from hence remove;
'Tis His delight to make her blest,
And live upon His love.

3 Her worthless name is found,
Deep 'graven on His hand,
In characters of grace profound,
That shall for ever stand.

4 Though oft with tempest tost,
Ne'er from her anchor drove;
This chosen vessel can't be lost,
Secured by covenant love.

5 Her bulwarks and her walls
Are all the promises,
Founded in potent wills and shalls
In oaths and firm decrees.

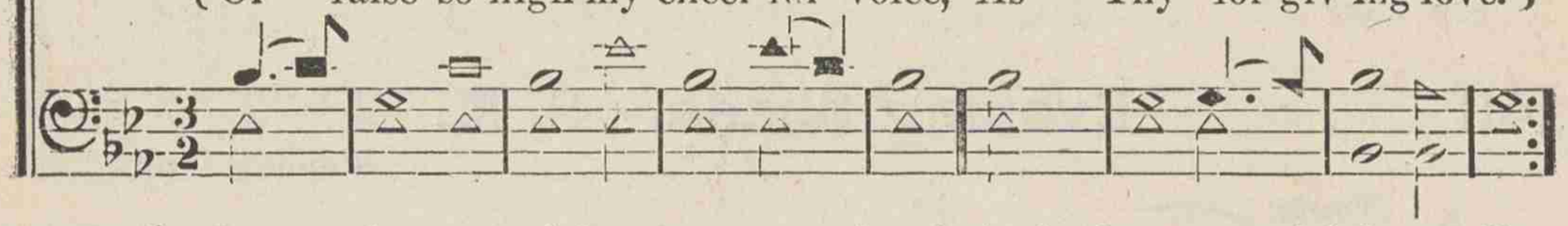
141 Hopewell. C. M.

Watts.

FINE.



1. { Ear - ly, my God, without de - lay, I haste to seek Thy face;
   { My thirs-ty spir - it faints a - way With-out Thy cheering grace.
3. { I've seen Thy glo- ry and Thy pow'r, Thro' all Thy Temple shine;
   { My God, re- peat that heav'nly hour, That vis - ion, so divine.
5. { Not life it - self, with all its joys, Can my best passions move,
   { Or raise so high my cheer-ful voice, As Thy for-giv-ing love.



D. C.—Long for a cool-ing stream at hand, And they must drink, or die.
D. C.—As when Thy rich-er grace I taste, And in Thy presence dwell.
D. C.—Thus will I lift my hands to pray, And tune my lips to sing.

D. C.



2. So pil-grims on the scorching sands, Be - neath a burn-ing sky,
4. Not all the blessings of a feast Can please my soul so well,
6. Thus, till my last ex - pir - ing day, I'll bless my God and King;

142 C. M. C. Wesley.

1 Come, let us join our friends above,
Who have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love,
To joys celestial rise.

2 Let saints below in concert sing
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King
In heaven and earth are one.

3 One family, we dwell in Him;
One church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream—
The narrow stream—of death.

4 One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

5 E'en now to their eternal home
Some happy spirits fly;
And we are to the margin come;
And soon expect to die.

6 O, Saviour, be our constant guide;
Then, when the word is given,
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

143 C. M. Watts.

1 Lo! what an entertaining sight
Are brethren that agree,
Brethren whose cheerful hearts unite
The bonds of purity!

2 Where streams of love from Christ, the Spring,
Descend to every soul,
And heavenly peace, with balmy wing,
Shades and bedews the whole.

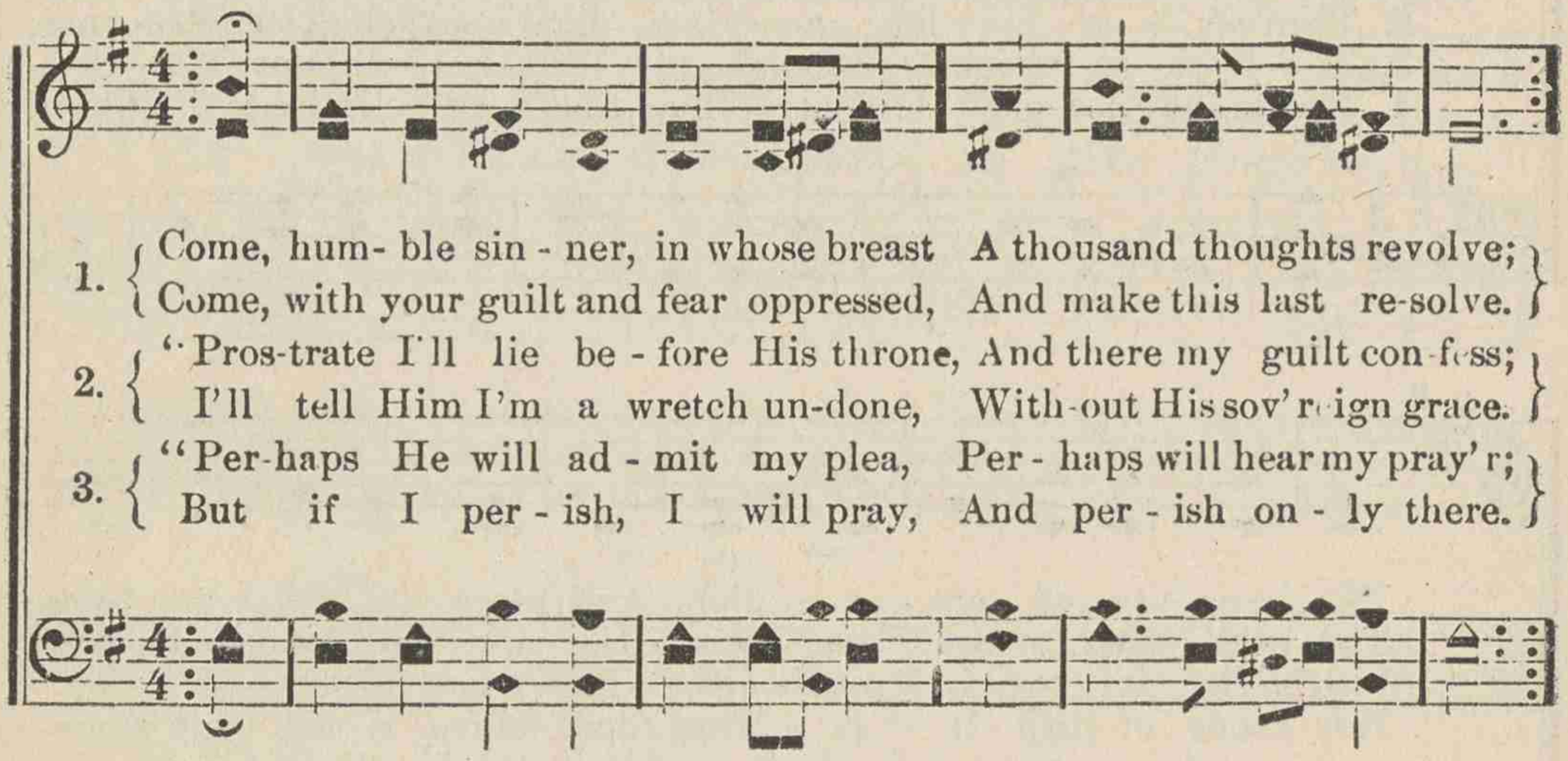
3 'Tis like the oil, divinely sweet,
On Aaron's priestly head.
The trickling drops perfumed his feet
And o'er his garments spread.

4 'Tis pleasant as the morning dews
That fall on Zion's hill,
Where God His mildest glory shows,
And makes His grace distill.

Vanmeter. Arr.

145 Salvation. C. M.

Edmond Jones. Arr.



1. Come, hum- ble sin - ner, in whose breast A thousand thoughts revolve;
   Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed, And make this last re-solve.

2. "Pros-trate I'll lie be - fore His throne, And there my guilt con-fess;
   I'll tell Him I'm a wretch un-done, With-out His sov'r-eign grace.

3. "Per-haps He will ad - mit my plea, Per - haps will hear my pray'r;
   But if I per - ish, I will pray, And per - ish on - ly there.

"I'll go to Je - sus, tho' my sin Hath like a mount-ain rose;
I'll to the gra-cious King ap-proach, Whose scepter par - don gives;
I can but per - ish if I go; I am re-solved to try;

I know His courts, I'll en - ter in, What - ev - er may op - pose.
Per - haps He may command my touch, And then the suppliant lives.
For if I stay a - way, I know I must for - ev - er die."

146 Fiducia. C. M.

Watts. Arr.

1. I'm not ashamed to own my Lord, Or to de-fend His cause,
2. Firm as His throne His promise stands, And He can well se - cure

Main-tain the hon - or of His word, The glo - ry of His cross.
What I've com-mit - ted to His hands, 'Till the de-cis- ive hour.

Je - sus, my God, I know His name, His name is all my trust;
Then will He own my worthless name, Be - fore His Fa-ther's face,

Nor will He put my soul to shame, Or let my hope be lost.
And in the new Je - ru - sa - lem Ap-point my soul a place.

147 Pisgah. C. M.

Watts. Western Tune.



5 Thy saints in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die,
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their 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.

148 C. M. MEDLEY.

1 Oh, what amazing words of grace
Are in the gospel found!
Suit d to every sinner's case
Who knows the joyful sound.

2 Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls
Are freely welcome here;
Salvation like a river rolls,
Abundant, free, and clear.

3 Come, then, with all your wants and wounds,
Your every burden bring;
Here love, unchanging love, abounds,
A deep celestial spring!

4 Whoever will (oh, gracious word!)
Shall of this stream partake;
Come, thirsty souls, and bless the Lord,
And drink for Jesus' sake!

5 Millions of sinners vile as you
Have here found life and peace;
Come, then, and prove its virtues too,
And drink, adore, and bless.

149 C. M. Dossey's Selec.

1 As, by the light of opening day,
The stars are all conceal'd,
So earthly objects fade away
When Jesus is reveal'd.

2 Its pleasures, now, no longer please,
No more content afford;
Far from my heart be joys like these,
Since I have seen the Lord.

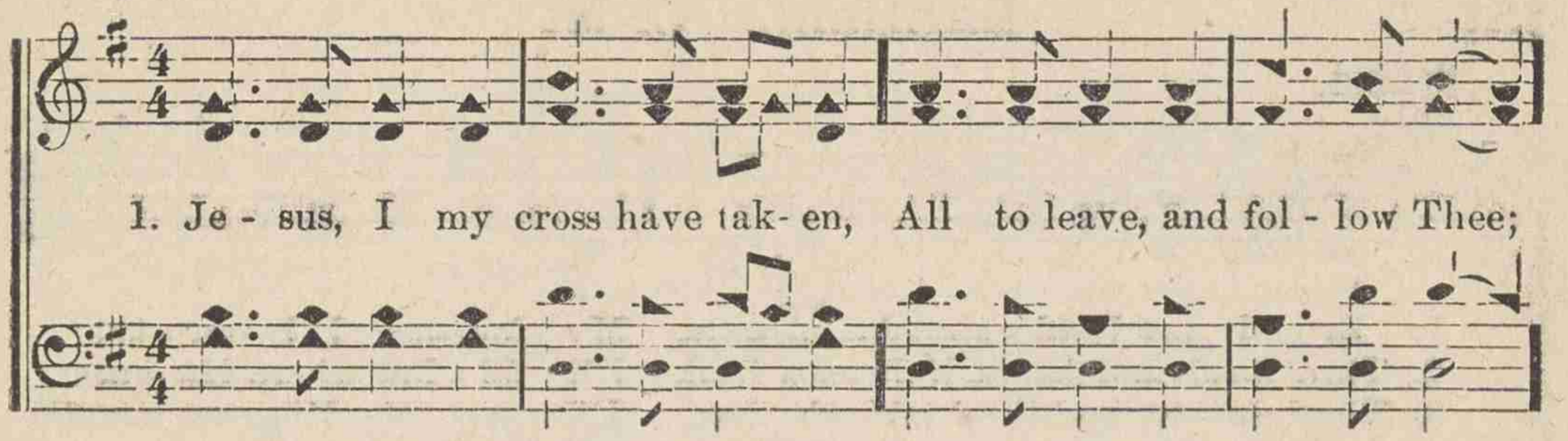
3 Creatures no more divide my choice;
I bid them all depart;
His name, and love, and gracious voice
Have fix'd my roving heart.

4 Now, Lord, I would be Thine alone,
And wholly live for Thee;
But may I hope that Thou wilt own
A worthless worm like me?

5 Yes! though of sinners I'm the worst,
I cannot doubt Thy will,
For if Thou hadst not loved me first,
I had refused Thee still.

150 Disciple. 8s & 7s. D.

Lyte. Mozart.







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

3 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast,
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest!
Oh! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me;
Oh! 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

4 Go then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come disaster, scorn and pain!
In Thy service pain is pleasure,
With Thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called Thee, Abba, Father!
I have stayed my heart on Thee!
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

5 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Arm'd by faith and winged by pray'r!
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 full fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

BAPTISM.

151 Baptism. C. M.

Ryland,



152 C. M. J. B. Cook.

1 Jesus, we own Thy Sovereign sway,
For Thou art good and just;
Help us Thy precepts to obey,
And in Thy name to trust.

2 Taught by Thy Spirit and Thy word,
We in Thy truth confide.
Regardless of a frowning world,
Who oft Thy saints deride.

3 Wast Thou in Jordan's flood baptized,
Our great and glorious Head?
Oh, may we follow, though despised,
And in Thy footsteps tread!

4 Buried beneath the yielding wave,
O Jesus, would we be;
Arising from the liquid grave,
We'd live, O Lord, to Thee.

5 Thus, when the great archangel's voice
Shall wake our sleeping dust,
Released from death, we'll then rejoice,
And dwell among the just.

153 C. M. Stennett.

1 Thus, was the great Redeemer plung'd
In Jordan's swelling flood,
To show He must be soon baptized
In tears, and sweat, and blood.

2 Thus was His sacred body laid,
Beneath the yielding wave;
Thus was His sacred body raised
Out of the liquid grave.

3 Lord, we Thy precepts would obey,
In Thy own footsteps tread;
Would die, be buried, rise with Thee,
Our ever-living head.

154 C. M.

1 Buried beneath the yielding wave
The great Redeemer lies;
Faith views Him in the watery grave,
And thence beholds Him rise.

2 With joy we in His footsteps tread,
And would His cause maintain;
Like Him be numbered with the dead,
And with Him rise and reign.

3 Now, blest Redeemer, we to Thee
Our grateful voices raise;
Washed in the fountain of Thy blood,
Our lives shall be Thy praise.

Leander. C. M.

Arr.

1. Didst Thou, dear Je-sus, suf - fer shame, And bear the cross for me?
2. "Let mockers scoff, let men de-fame, And treat me with dis - dain;

And shall I fear to own Thy name, Or Thy dis - ci - ple be?
Still may I glo - ri - fy Thy name, And count their slan-der gain."

In-spire my soul with life di-vine, And make me tru - ly bold;
To Thee I cheer-ful - ly sub-mit, And all my pow'rs re - sign;

Let knowledge, faith, and meekness shine, Nor love nor zeal grow cold.
Let wis-dom point out what is fit, And I'll no more re - pine.

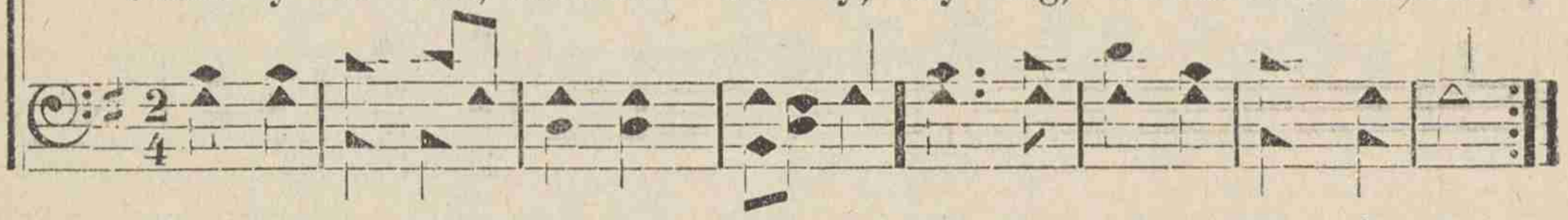
156 Olney. 8s & 7s.

Daniel. **Arr.**

FINE.



1. { Lord, in hum-ble, sweet sub - mis-sion, Here we meet to fol - low Thee,
   { Trusting in Thy great sal - va-tion, Which a-lone can make us free.
2. { Yet we come in Christian du - ty, Down beneath the wave to go;
   { O the bliss the heav'nly beau-ty! Christ the Lord was bur-ied so.
3. { Is there here a weep-ing Ma - ry, Wait-ing near the Saviour's tomb,
   { Heav-y la - den, sick and wea - ry, Cry - ing, "O that I could come!"



D. C.—Can no crown of life in - her - it; All the praise to Thee is due.
D. C.—Rise, and show His res- ur - rec- tion, And proclaim His pow'r to save.
D. C.—Venture whol-ly on the Sav-iour, Come, and with His peo-ple go.

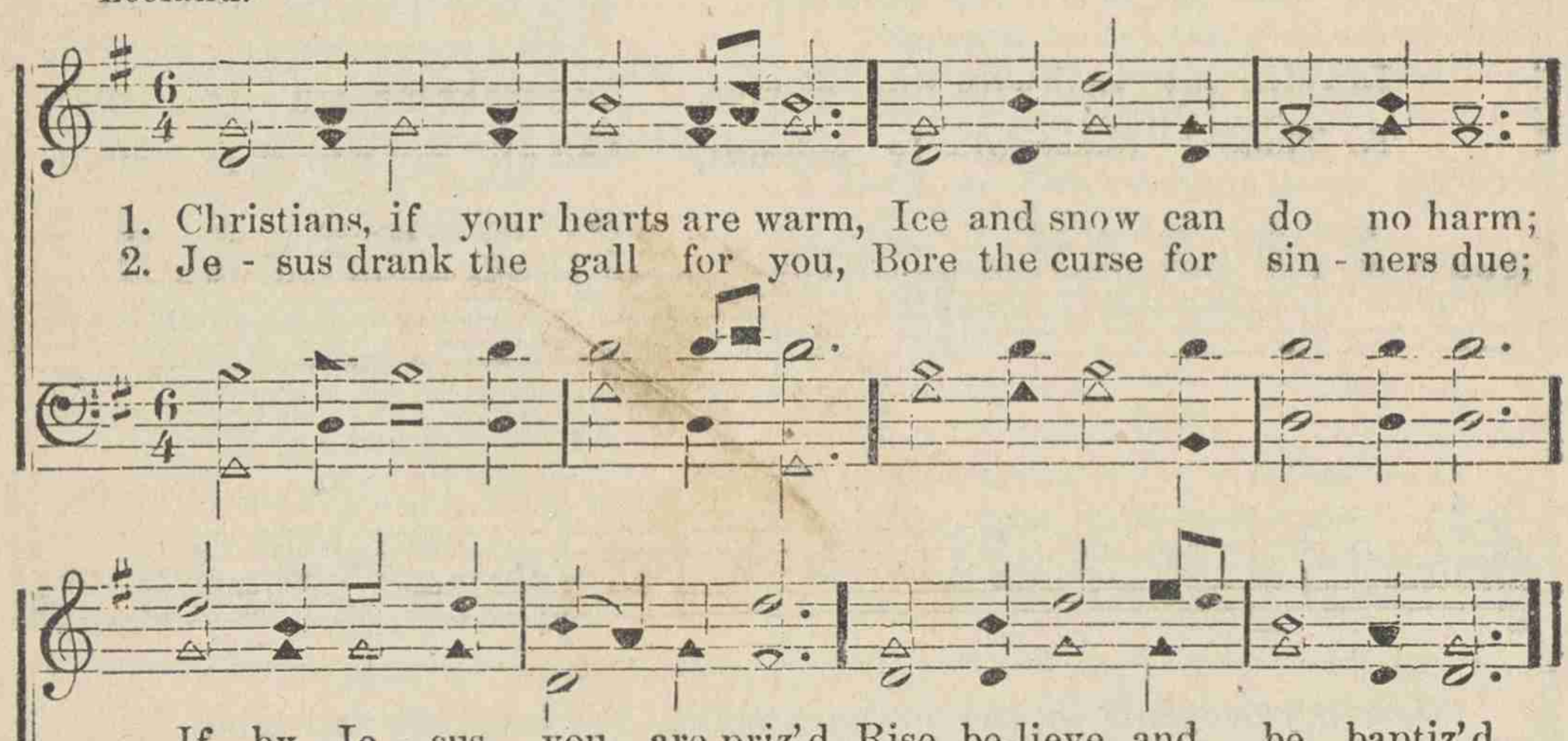
D. C.



Naught have we to claim as mer - it; All the du - ties we can do
Come, ye chil-dren of the kingdom. Fol - low Him be-neath the wave,
Wel come, all ye friends of Je - sus, Welcome in His church be - low;

157 Cook. 7s.

Leeland.



1. Christians, if your hearts are warm, Ice and snow can do no harm;
2. Je - sus drank the gall for you, Bore the curse for sin - ners due;



If by Je - sus you are priz'd, Rise, be-lieve, and be baptiz'd.
Children, prove your love to Him, Nev - er fear the froz-en stream.

Cook. 7s. Concluded.

3 Never shun the Saviour's cross,
All on earth is worthless dross;
If the Saviour's love you feel
Let the world behold your zeal.

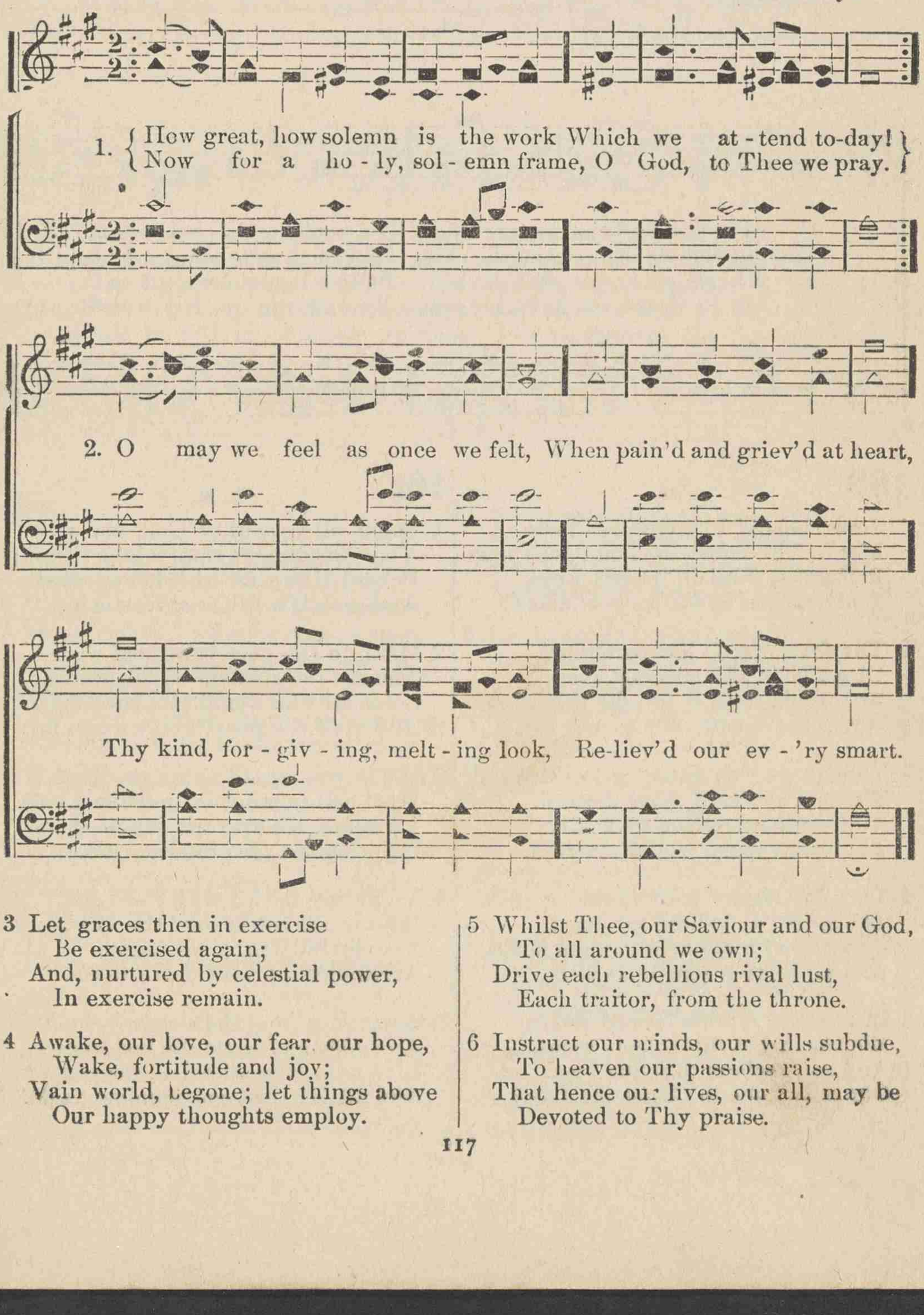
4 Fire is good to warm the soul,
Water purifies the foul;
Fire and water both agree
Winter soldiers never flee.

5 Ev'ry season of the year,
Let your worship be sincere;
When the storm prevents your roam,
Serve your gracious Lord at home.

6 Read His sacred word by day,
Ever watching, always pray;
Meditate His law by night,
This will give you great delight.

158 Salvation. C. M. D.

Beddome. R. A. Boyd.



3 Let graces then in exercise
Be exercised again;
And, nurtured by celestial power,
In exercise remain.

4 Awake, our love, our fear our hope,
Wake, fortitude and joy;
Vain world, begone; let things above
Our happy thoughts employ.

5 Whilst Thee, our Saviour and our God,
To all around we own;
Drive each rebellious rival lust,
Each traitor, from the throne.

6 Instruct our minds, our wills subdue,
To heaven our passions raise,
That hence our lives, our all, may be
Devoted to Thy praise.

159 Devotion. L. M.

Daniel. Old Southern Melody.

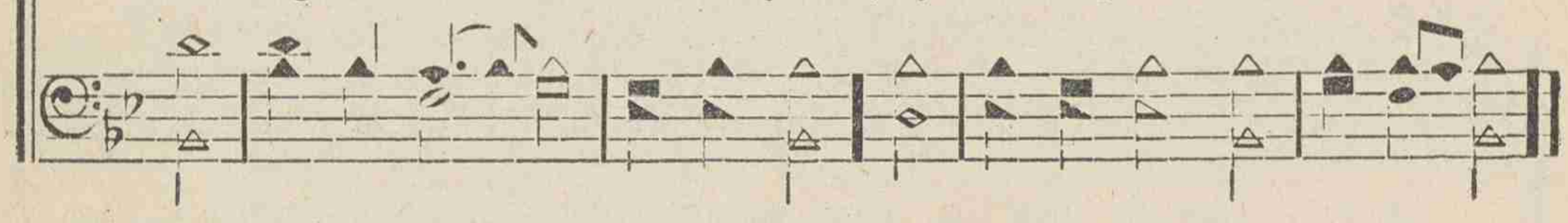


1. What love-ly band is this I see, All sing-ing in sweet har mo-ny,
2. These are the foll'wers of the Lamb; Here they are come to own His name;
3. This brings to view the ancient days, When first the gospel church was rais'd,
4. Bap- tiz'd in - to the Saviour's death, A - ris - ing liv'd the life of faith;





U - ni - ted round the wa-ter side, And praising Je - sus cru- ci - fied?
Their humble strains as-cend the skies, In faith they're come to be baptized.
No oth- er mode was then devis'd— Be-liev ing souls were thus baptized:
Giv - ing to Christ, the Lord, the praise, By walk ing in His humble ways.



160 L. M.

1 Jesus, behold Thy children here
Met in Thy name, do Thou draw near
Remember Jordan, dearest Lord,
And gracious influence now afford.

2 Thy footsteps, O incarnate God,
Direct us in this pleasant road;
Nor would we e'er forsake this way,
Whatever friends or foes may say.

3 Though we this watery grave descend,
We on Thy death alone depend,
And while ascending up again,
Thy resurrection would proclaim.

4 Thus in a figure here we see
The gospel's glorious mystery;
Christ dead and buried, raised again,
And all to save rebellious men.

5 In memory of this blessed theme,
We thus react this solemn scene,
And so proclaim to dying man,
Our only hope in Christ the Lamb.

161 L. M.

1 Come, all ye sons of God, and view
Your bleeding Saviour's love to you;
Behold Him sink with heavy woes,
And give His life to save His foes.

2 Here, in the pure baptismal wave,
You see the emblem of His grave:
Come all who would His laws obey,
And view the place where Jesus lay.

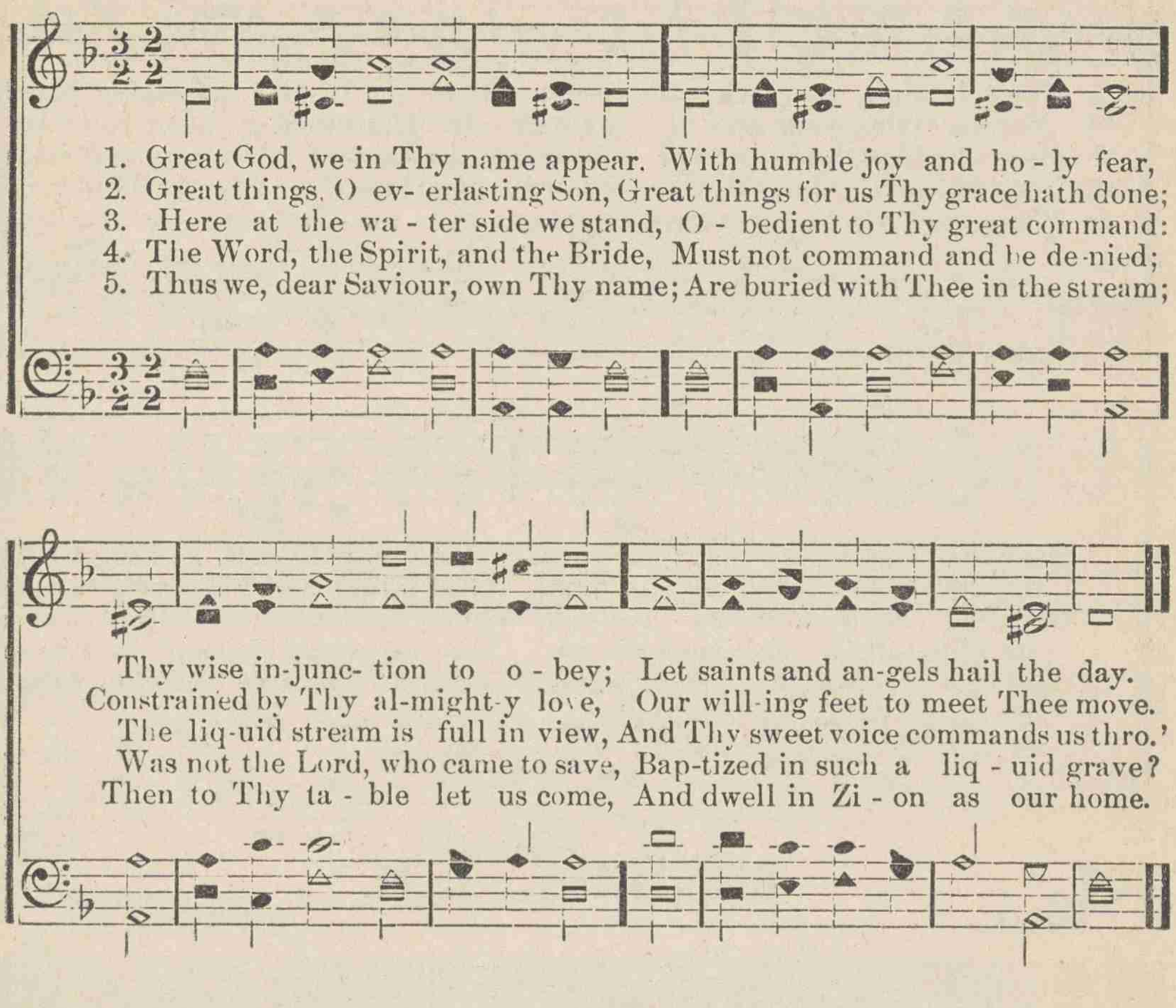
3 When you ascend above the flood,
Then call to mind your rising Lord,
Ye saints, lift up your joyful eyes—
Exulting see your Saviour rise.

4 Ye too are buried with the Lord,
Who in the water own His word,
And joyfully perceive therein
An emblem of your death to sin.

5 Ascending from the stream behold
An emblem of your life restored;
Live unto Him who died for you,
And all His just commandments do.

162 Windham. L. M.

Fellows. Daniel Read.



1. Great God, we in Thy name appear. With humble joy and ho - ly fear,
2. Great things, O ev- erlasting Son, Great things for us Thy grace hath done;
3. Here at the wa - ter side we stand, O - bedient to Thy great command:
4. The Word, the Spirit, and the Bride, Must not command and be de-nied;
5. Thus we, dear Saviour, own Thy name; Are buried with Thee in the stream;

Thy wise in-junc- tion to o - bey; Let saints and an-gels hail the day.
Constrained by Thy al-might-y love, Our will-ing feet to meet Thee move.
The liq-uid stream is full in view, And Thy sweet voice commands us thro.'
Was not the Lord, who came to save, Bap-tized in such a liq - uid grave?
Then to Thy ta - ble let us come, And dwell in Zi - on as our home.

163 L. M. Judson.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, Dove divine,
On these baptismal waters shine,
O teach our hearts, in highest strain,
To praise the Lamb for sinners slain.

2 We love Thy name, we love Thy laws,
We joyfully embrace Thy cause;
We love Thy cross, the shame the pain,
O Lamb of God, for sinners slain.

3 We're plung'd beneath the mystic flood;
Oh, plunge us in Thy cleansing blood;
We die to sin, and seek a grave
With Thee beneath the yielding wave.

4 And as we rise with Thee to live,
O let the Holy Spirit give
The sealing unction from above,
The breath of life, the fire of love!

164 L. M. Rippon.

1 Come, ye redeemed of the Lord,
Come and obey His sacred word;
He died and rose again for you,
What more could the Redeemer do?

2 We to this place are come to show
What we to boundless mercy owe;
The Saviour's footsteps to explore,
And tread the path He trod before.

3 Eternal Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
On these baptismal waters move,
That, rising from the watery tomb,
Our souls may go rejoicing home.

165 L. M.

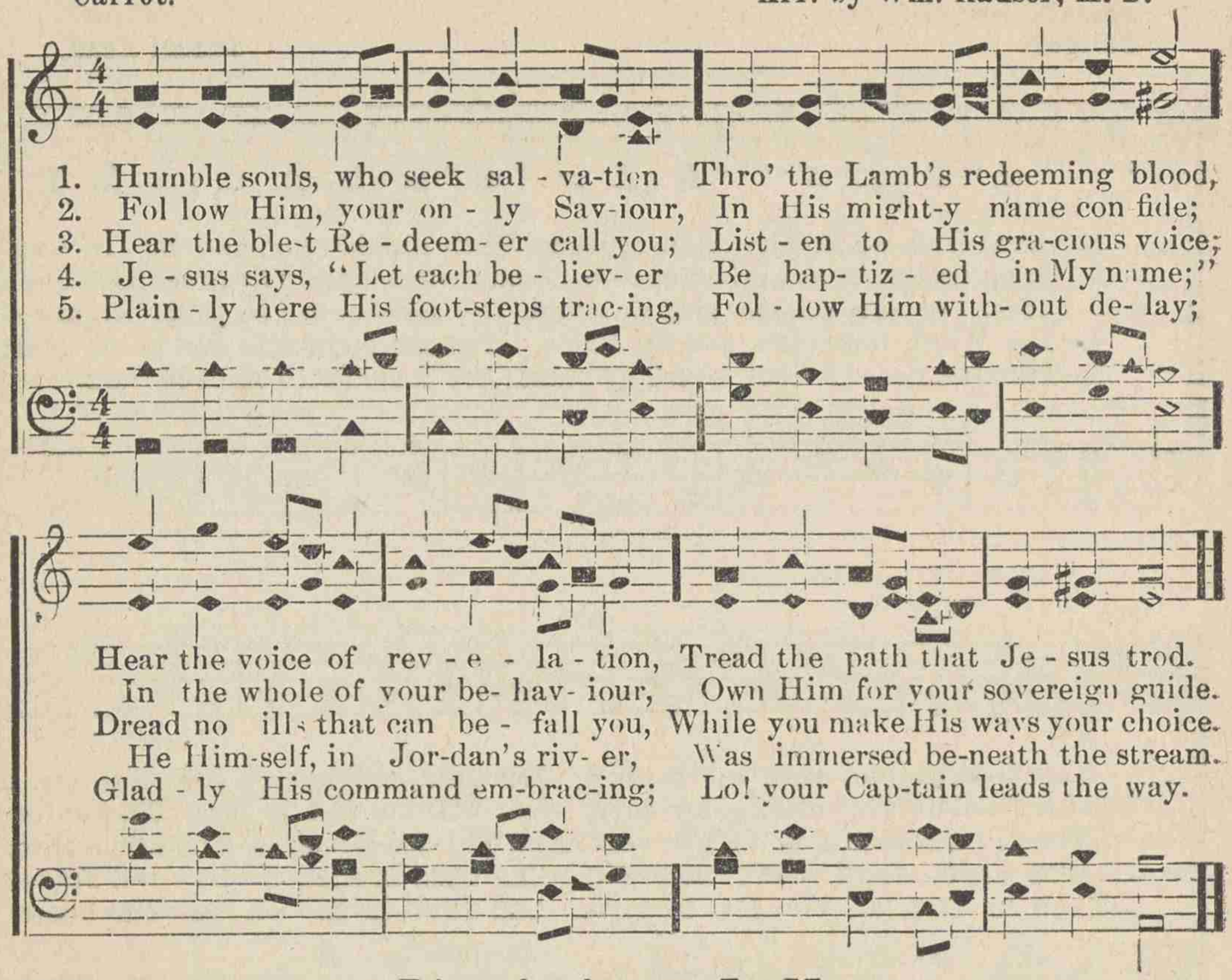
1 Jesus we come at Thy command,
Now on the water's brink we stand,
Ready to walk into the wave,
A lively emblem of the grave.

2 Let neither shame, nor fear, nor pride,
Divert our steady feet aside;
'Tis by appointment in Thy name
We venture down into the stream.

3 Lord of the universe, look down
And make Thy great salvation known;
Teach every sinner to obey,
And follow Jesus in "the way."

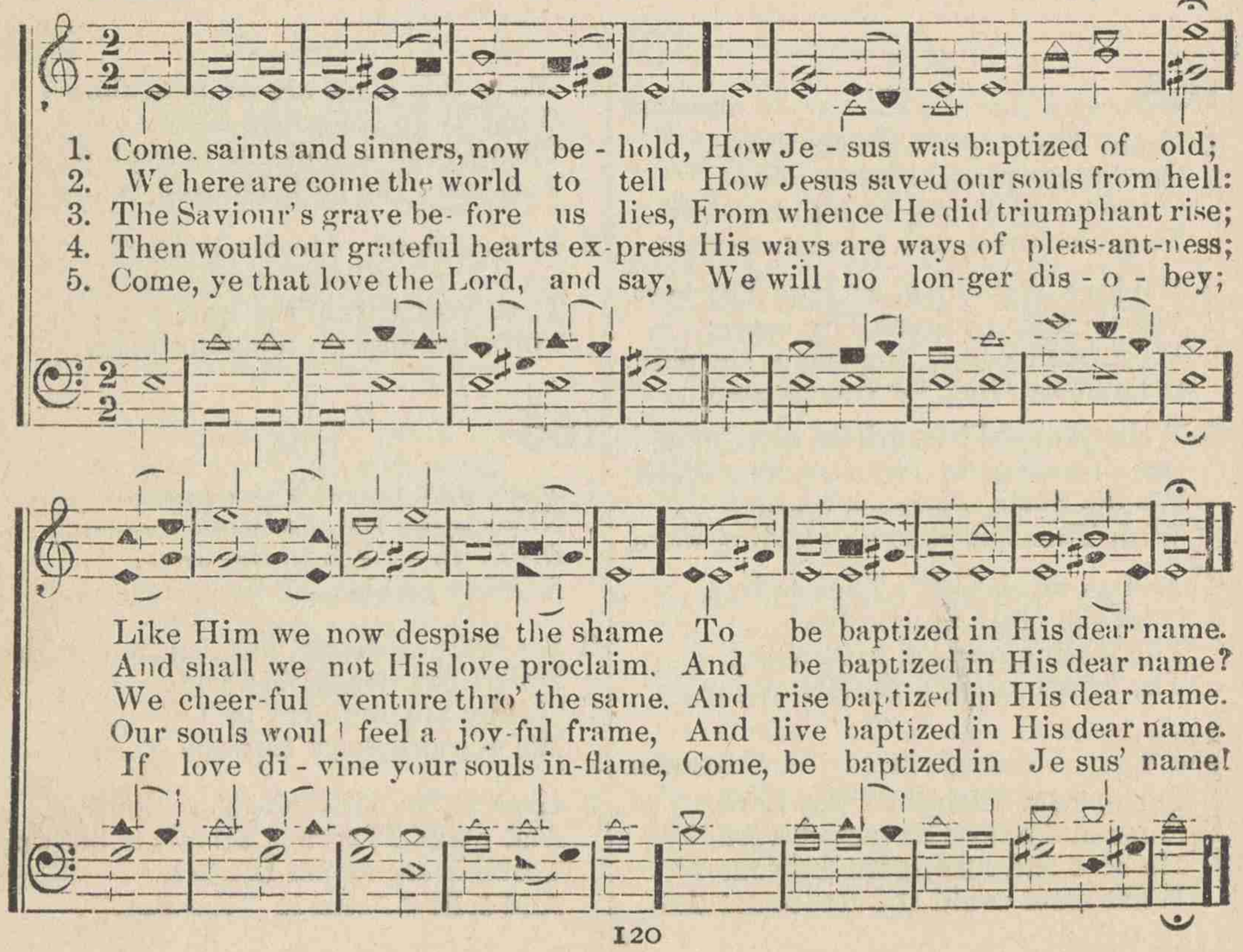
166 Restoration. 8s & 7s.

Carrot. Arr. by Wm. Hauser, M. D.



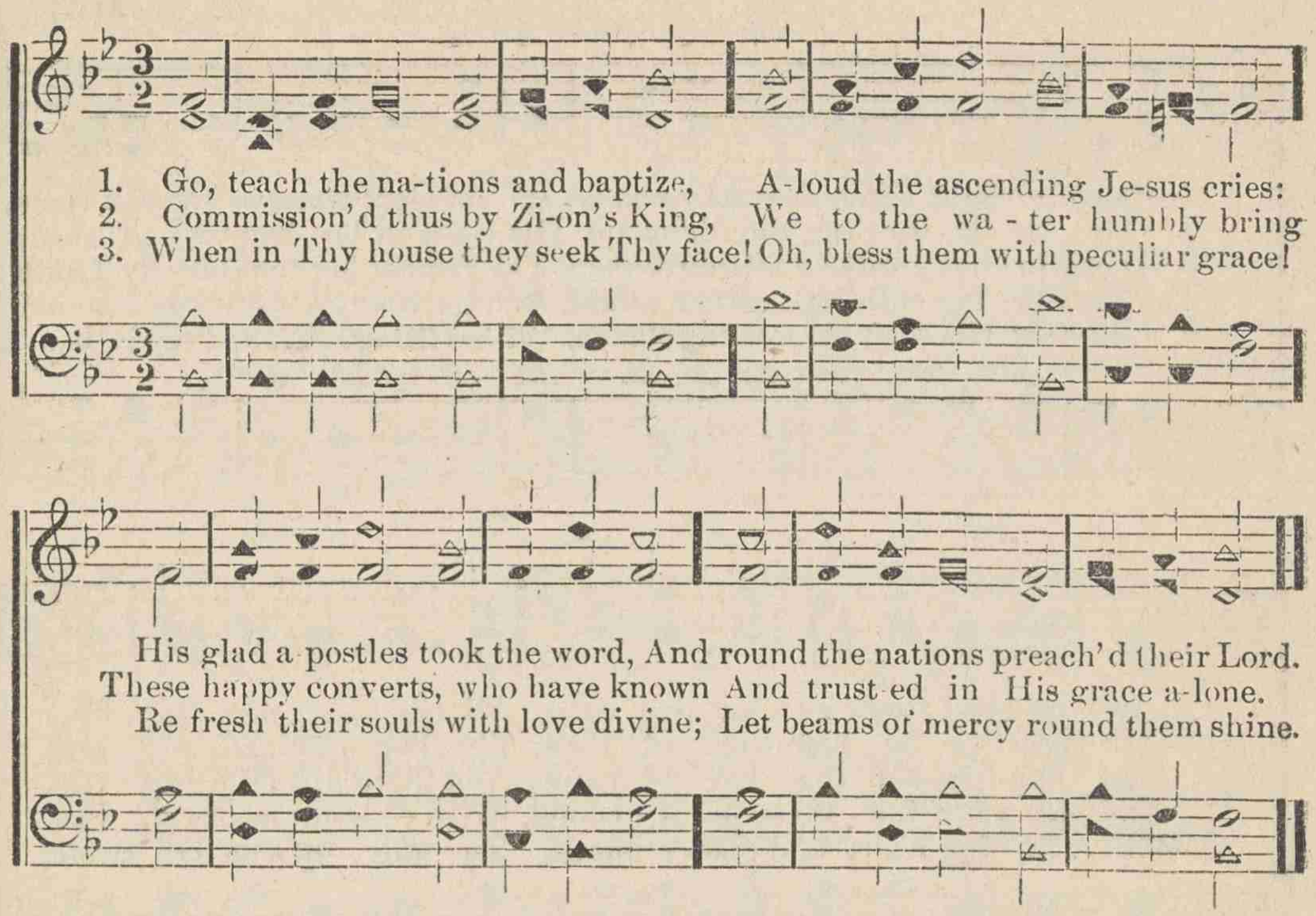
167 Dismission. L. M.

Leland. Old Melody, Arr.



168 Hebron. L. M.

Dossey's Selec. Lowell Mason.



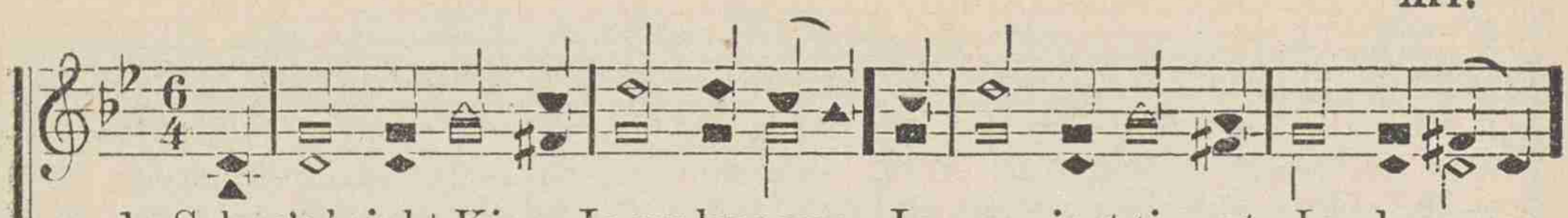
169 Idumea. S. M.

Montgomery. Arr.

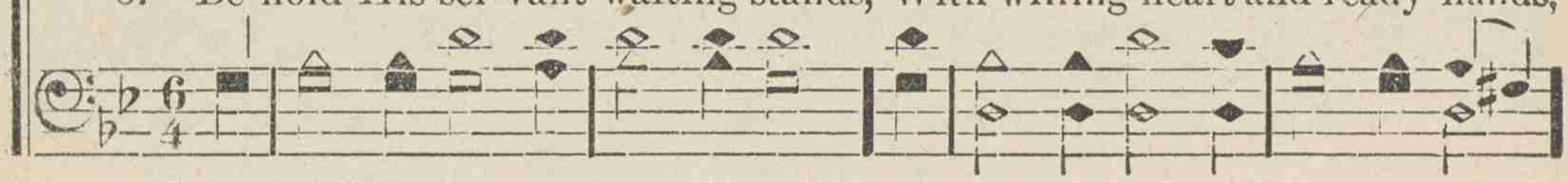


Salem's Bright King.

Arr.



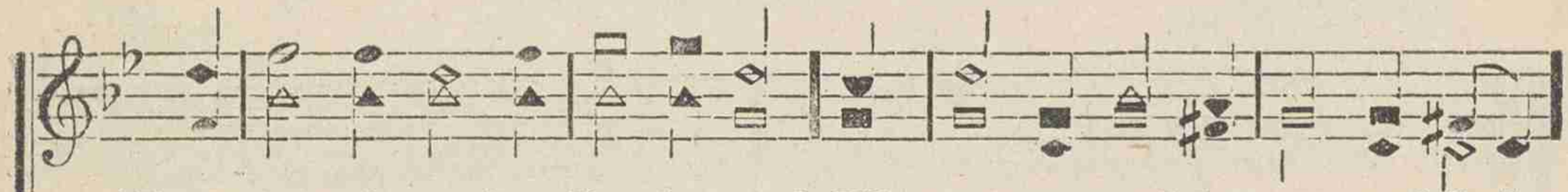
1. Salem's bright King, Je-sus by name, In an-cient times to Jor-dan came,
2. The ho - ly Je - sus did de-mand His right to be bap-tiz - ed then;
3. Down in old Jordan's rolling stream, The Baptist led the ho - ly Lamb,
4. Be- liev- ing children, gather round, And let your joy-ful songs a bound,
5. Be-hold His ser-vant waiting stands, With willing heart and ready hands,





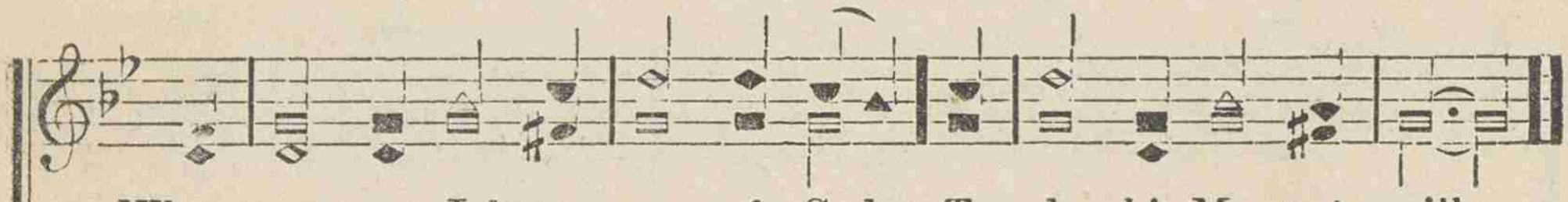
In an-cient times to Jor- dan came, All right-eous-ness to fill;
His right to be bap - tiz - ed then; The Bap - tist gave con - sent.
The Bap- tist led the Ho - ly Lamb, And there did Him bap - tize.
And let your joy - ful songs a - bound, With cheerful hearts a - rise.
With will - ing heart and read-y hands, To wait up - on the Bride.





'Twas there the ancient Baptist stood, Whose name was John, a man of God,
On Jor-dan's banks they did appear, The Baptist and his Mas - ter dear,
Je - ho - vah saw His darling Son, And was well pleas'd in what He'd done,
See, here is wa - ter, here is room, A lov - ing Saviour call-ing, come,
While can-di-dates are waiting there, Come, let us join in sol-emn pray'r





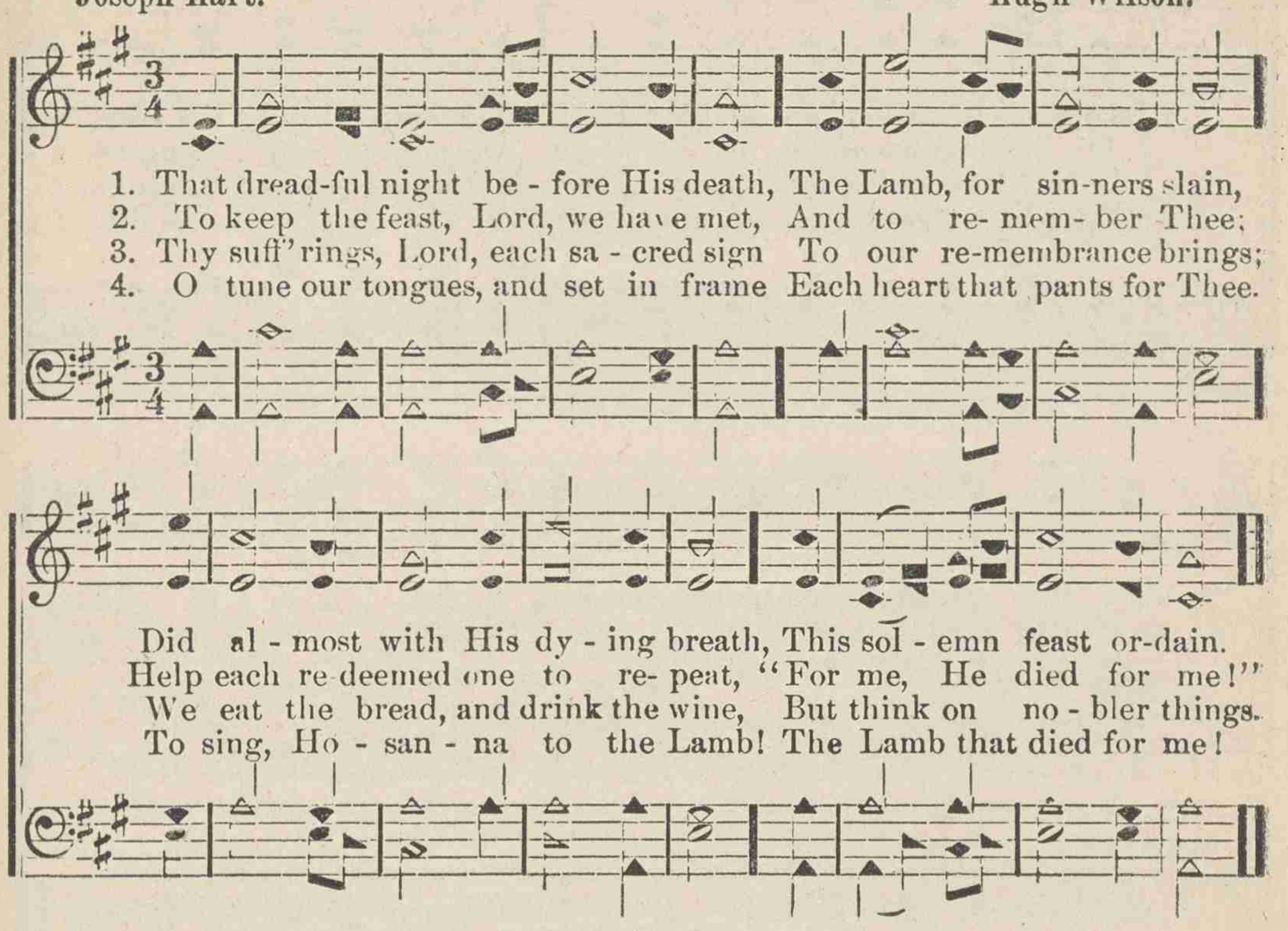
Whose name was John, a man of God, To do his Mas-ter's will.
The Bap tist and his Mas - ter dear, Then down the bank they went.
And was well pleased in what He'd done, And owned Him from the skies.
A lov - ing Sav-iour call - ing, come, O chil dren, be bap - tized.
Come, let us join in sol-emn pray'r, Down by the wa - ter side.



THE LORD'S SUPPER.

171 Avon. C. M.

Joseph Hart. Hugh Wilson.



172 C. M.

1 How sweet and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores.

2 While all our hearts and all our songs
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cries with thankful tongue.
"Lord, why was I a guest?"

3 Why was I made to hear Thy voice,
And enter while there's room,
While thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?

4 'Twas the same love that spread the feast
That gently drew us in;
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perished in our sin.

5 Pity the nations, O, our God!
Constrain the earth to come;
Send Thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.

6 We long to see Thy churches full,
That all the chosen race
May with one voice, and heart, and soul,
Sing Thy redeeming grace.

173 C. M. Doddridge.

1 The King of heaven His table spreads,
His dainties crown the board;
Not paradise with all its joys
Could such delight afford.

2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endless life are given
Through the rich blood that Jesus shed
To raise the soul to heaven.

3 Ye hungry poor that long have stray'd
Through sin's dark mazes, come;
Come from your most obscure retreats
And grace shall find you room.

4 Millions of souls in glory now,
Were fed and feasted here;
And millions more still on the way,
Around the board appear.

5 Yet is this house and heart so large
That millions more may come,
Nor could the whole assembled church
E'er fill the spacious room.

6 All things are ready, come away,
Nor weak excuses frame;
Crowd to your places at the feast
And bless the founder's name.

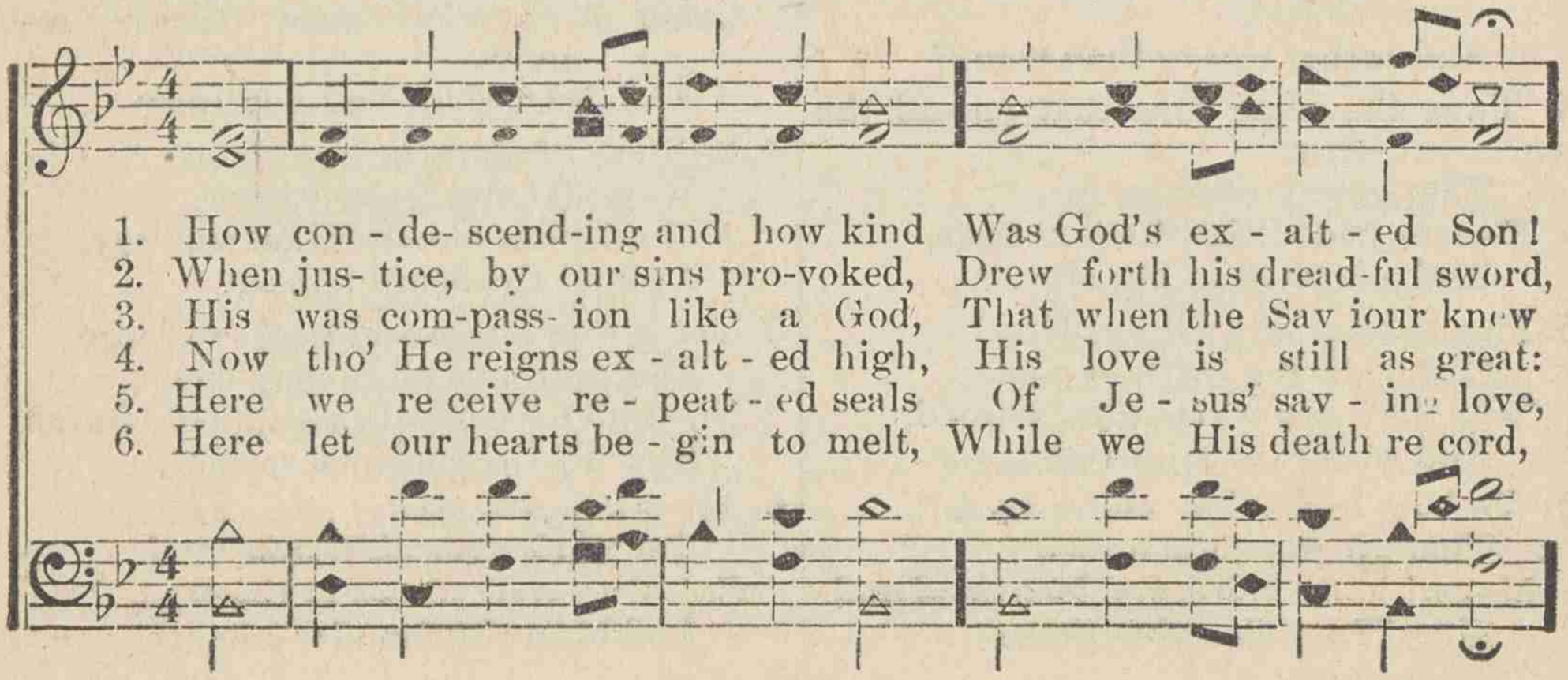
174 Love. C. M. D.

Higginbotham. Wm. Cole.

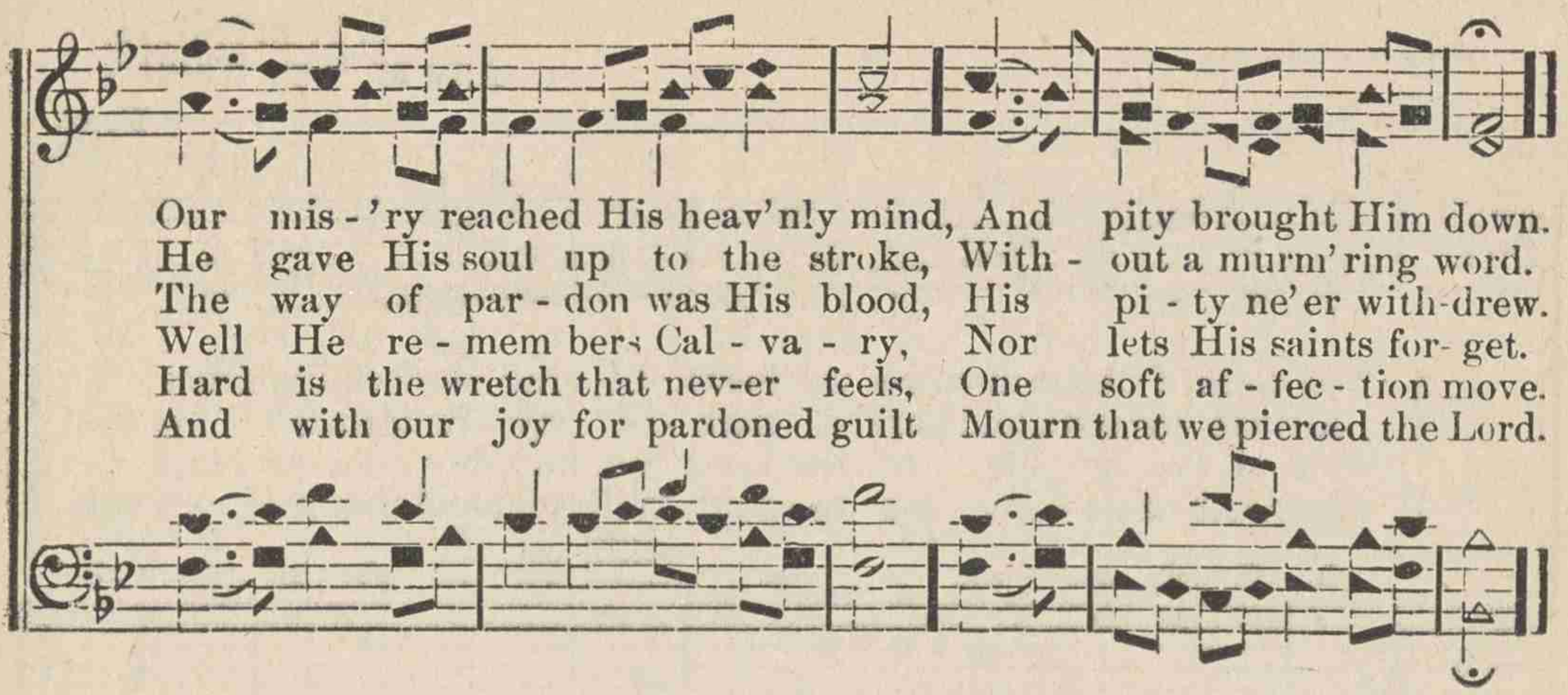


175 Condescension. C. M.

Watts. Davisson. Arr. by Wm. Hauser, M.D.

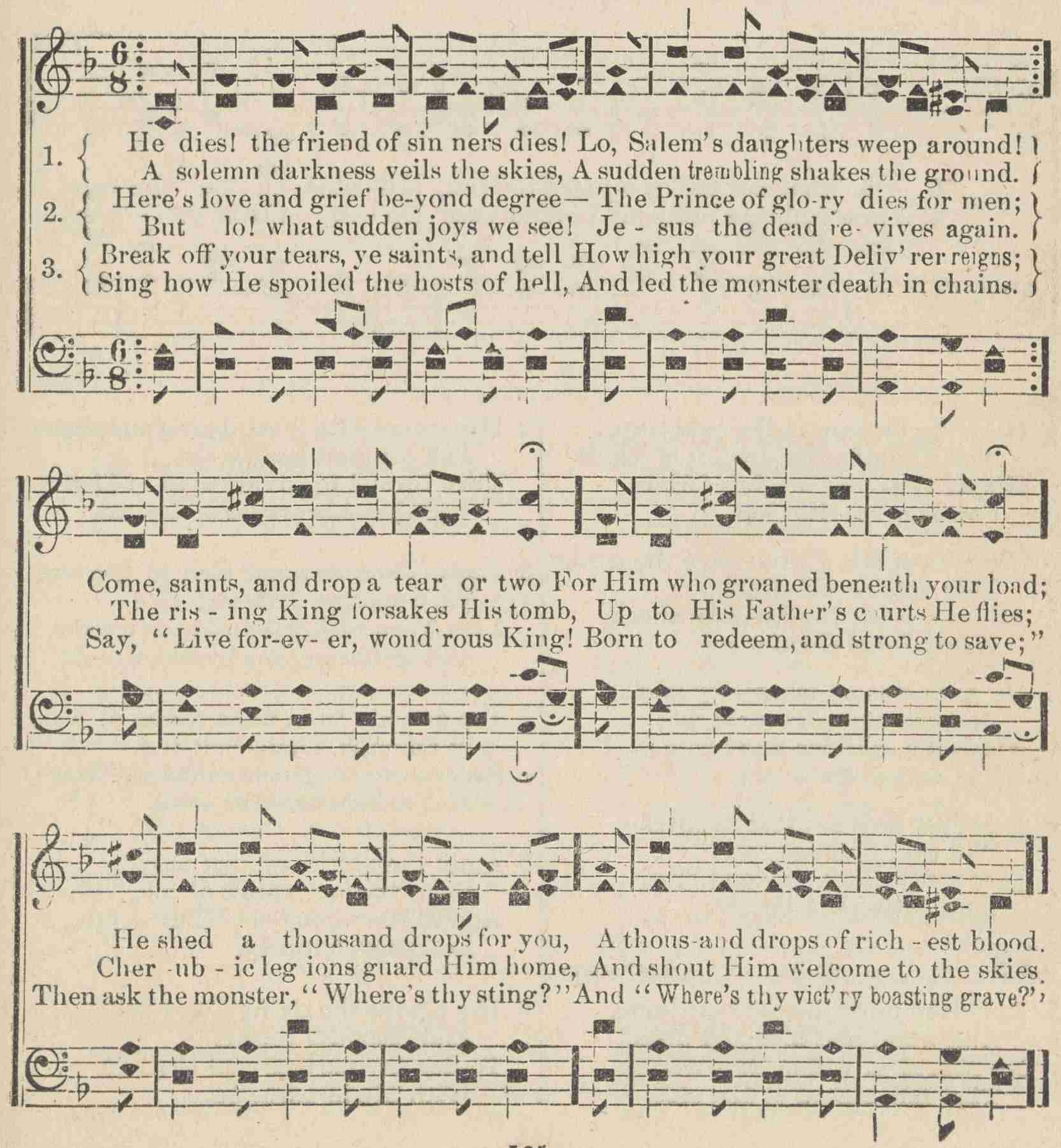


Condescension. Concluded.



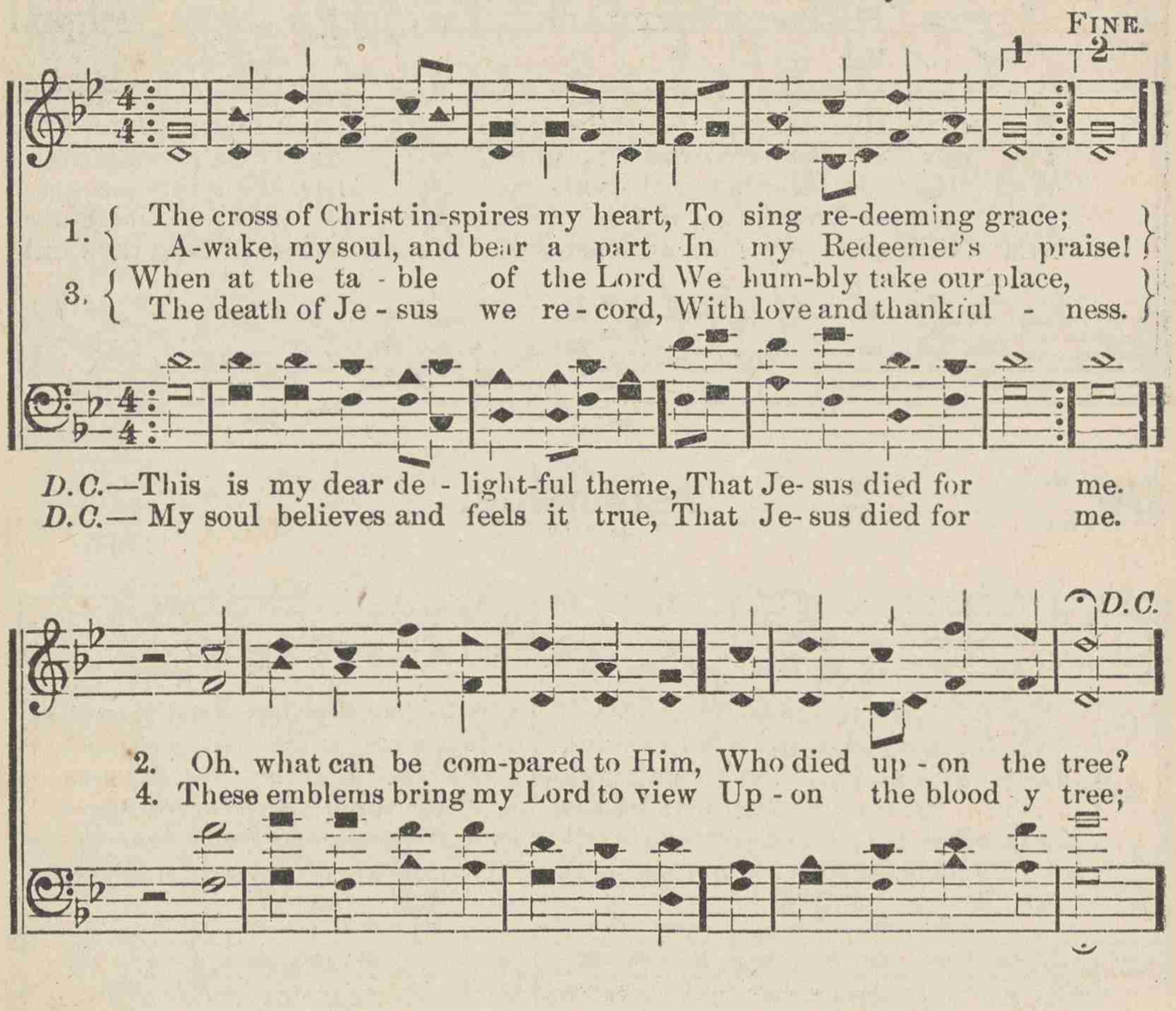
176 Ascension.

Arr.



177 The Cross of Christ. C. M. 8 lines.

L. P. Breedlove.
Alto by Wm. Walker.



1. { The cross of Christ in-spires my heart, To sing re-deeming grace;
   { A-wake, my soul, and bear a part In my Redeemer's praise!
3. { When at the ta - ble of the Lord We hum-bly take our place,
   { The death of Je - sus we re - cord, With love and thankful - ness.

D.C.—This is my dear de - light-ful theme, That Je- sus died for me.
D.C.— My soul believes and feels it true, That Je- sus died for me.

2. Oh, what can be com-pared to Him, Who died up - on the tree?
4. These emblems bring my Lord to view Up - on the blood - y tree;

5 His body broken, nailed and torn,
And stained with streams of blood;
His spotless soul was left forlorn,
Forsaken of His God.

6 'Twas then His Father gave the stroke
That justice did decree;
All nature felt the dreadful shock,
When Jesus died for me.

7 My guilt was on my surety laid,
And therefore He must die;
His soul a sacrifice was made
For such a worm as I.

8 Was ever love so great as this?
Was ever grace so free?
This is my glory, joy and bliss,
That Jesus died for me.

178 C. M. STENNETT.

1 As on the cross the Saviour hung,
And wept, and bled and died,
He poured salvation on a wretch
That languished at His side.

2 His crimes with inward grief and shame
The penitent confess'd;
Then turned his dying eyes to Christ,
And thus his prayer addressed.

3 Jesus, Thou Son and Heir of heaven,
Thou spotless Lamb of God,
I see Thee bathed in sweat and tears,
And weltering in Thy blood.

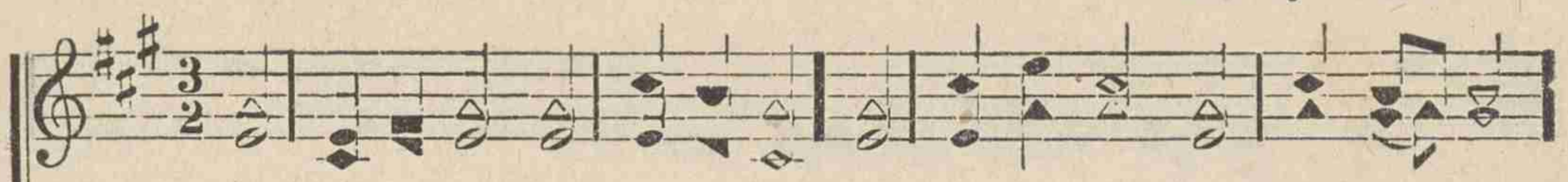
4 Yet quickly from these scenes of woe
In triumph Thou shalt rise,
Burst thro' the gloomy shades of death,
And shine above the skies.

5 Amid the glories of that world,
Dear Saviour, think of me,
And in the victories of Thy death,
Let me a sharer be.

6 His prayer the dying Jesus hears,
And instantly replies—
To-day thy parting soul shall be
With Me in paradise.

179 Rockbridge. L. M.

Watts. Arr. by J. R. D.



1. 'Twas on that dark, that doleful night, When pow'rs of earth and hell a- rose
2. Be - fore the mournful scene began, He took the bread, and bless'd, and brake:
3. "This is my bod - y, broke for sin; Receive, and eat the liv - ing food;"
4. "Do this," He cried, "till time shall end, In memory of your dy - ing friend;



Against the Son of God's delight, And friends betray'd Him to His foes.
What love thro' all His ac-tions ran! What wondrous words of grace He spake!
Then took the cup and bless'd the wine; "'Tis the new covenant in my blood."
Meet at my ta - ble, and re - cord The love of your departed Lord."



180 L. M. Steele.

1 In Christ I've all my soul's desire,
His Spirit does my heart inspire
With boundless wishes, large and high,
And Christ will all my wants supply.

2 Christ is my hope, my strength and guide;
For me He bled, and groaned, and died;
He is my sun, to give me light,
He is my soul's supreme delight.

3 Christ is the source of all my bliss,
My wisdom and my righteousness;
My Saviour, Brother, and my Friend,
On Him alone I now depend.

4 Christ is my King, to rule and bless,
And all my troubles to redress;
He's my salvation and my all.
Whate'er on earth shall me befall.

5 Christ is my strength, and portion, too,
My soul in Him can all things do;
Thro' Him I'll triumph o'er the grave,
And death and hell my soul outbrave.

181 L. M. Watts.

1 Jesus is gone above the skies,
Where our weak senses reach Him not;
And carnal objects court our eyes
To thrust our Saviour from our tho't.

2 He knows what wandering hearts we have,
Apt to forget His lovely face;
And to refresh our minds He gave
These kind memorials of His grace.

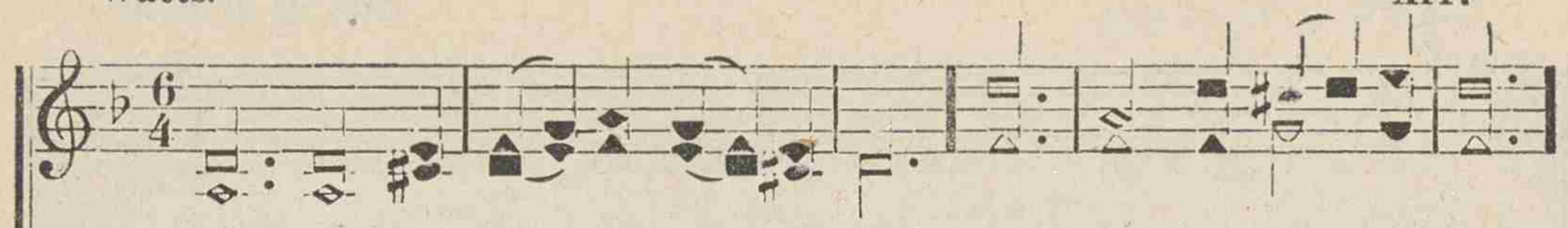
3 The Lord of life this table spread
With His own flesh and dying blood;
We on the rich provision feed,
And taste the wine, and bless our God.

4 Let sinful sweets be all forgot,
And earth grow less in our esteem;
Christ and His love fill every thought,
And faith and hope be fixed on Him.

5 Whilst He is absent from our sight,
'Tis to prepare our souls a place,
That we may dwell in heavenly light,
And live forever near His face.

182 Suffering Saviour.

Watts. Arr.

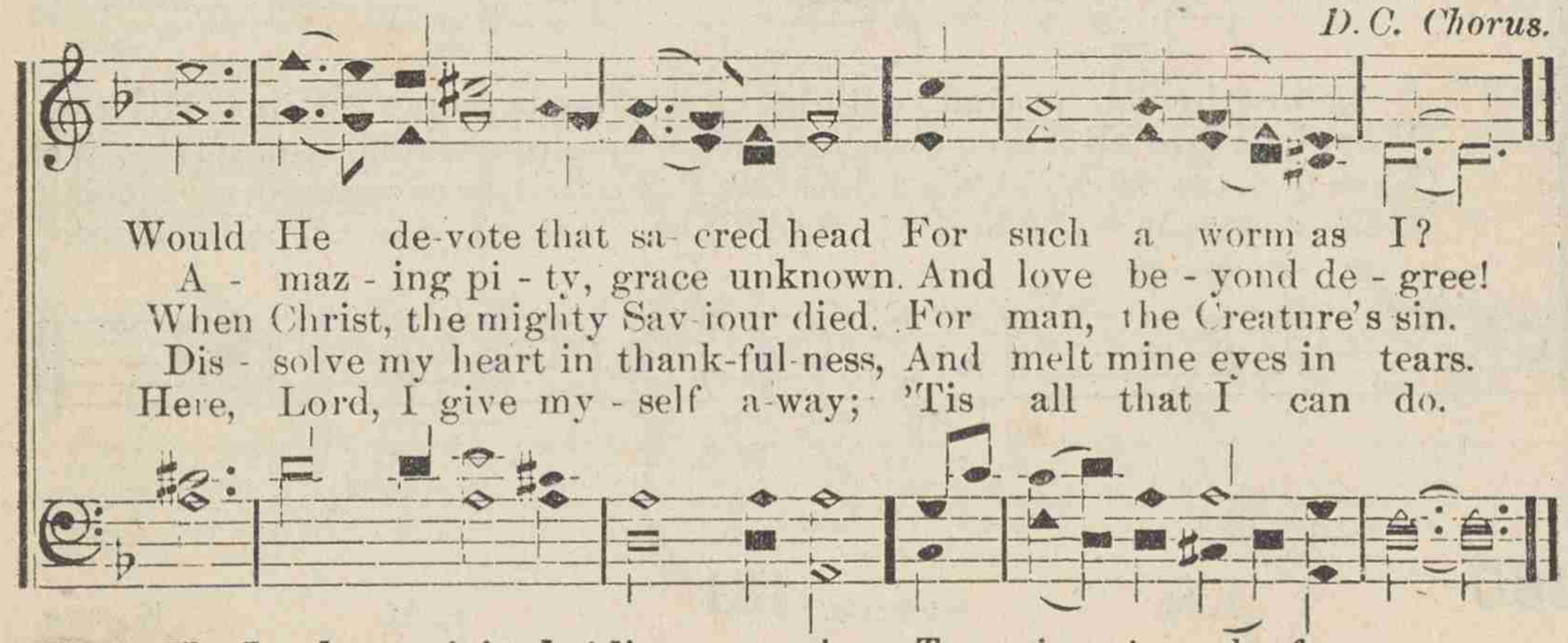


1. A - las! and did my Sav-iour bleed, And did my Je - sus die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up-on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut His glo - ries in;
4. Thus might I hide my blushing face, While His dear cross ap-pears;
5. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe;



CHO.— *Oh, the Lamb, the Lov -ing Lamb! The Lamb of Cal - va - ry!*

D. C. Chorus.



Would He de-vote that sa- cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pi - ty, grace unknown. And love be - yond de - gree!
When Christ, the mighty Sav-iour died. For man, the Creature's sin.
Dis - solve my heart in thank-ful-ness, And melt mine eyes in tears.
Here, Lord, I give my - self a-way; 'Tis all that I can do.

The Lamb was slain, but lives a-gain, To in - ter-cede for me.

183 C. M. NEWTON.

1 To those who know the Lord, I speak,
Is my beloved near?
Jesus, my friend, my soul doth seek—
Oh! when will He appear?

2 Tho' once a man of grief and shame,
Yet now He fills a throne;
And bears the greatest, sweetest name,
That earth or heav'n have known.

3 Grace flies before, and love attends
His steps where'er He goes;
Tho' none can see Him but His friends,
And they were once His foes.

4 He speaks—obedient to His call
Our warm affections move;
If sinners did but know His love,
They all would love Him, too.

5 Such Jesus is, and such His grace,
O, may He shine on you!
And tell Him when you see His face,
I love to see Him too.

184 C. M. STENNETT.

1 Here at Thy table, Lord, we meet
To feed on food divine;
Thy body is the bread we eat,
Thy precious blood the wine.

2 He that prepares the rich repast,
Himself comes down and dies!
And then invites us thus to feast
Upon the sacrifice.

3 Here peace and pardon sweetly flow,
O what delightful food!
We eat the bread and drink the wine
But think on nobler good.

4 The bitter torments He endured
Upon the shameful tree,
Each welcome guest may truly say,
Were borne from love to me.

5 Sure there was never love so free,
Dear Saviour, so divine; [me,
Well Thou mayst claim that heart of
Which owes so much to Thine.

PRAYER.

185 Olivet. 6s & 4s.

Ray Palmer. Lowell Mason.



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.

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

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

186

6s & 4s. GEO. A. BRETZ.

1 Dear Lord, prepare me now
Before Thy throne to bow
With holy fear.
Now from Thy home so fair
Give me, while pressed with care,
This most effective prayer,
The silent tear.

2 Keep me from open sin,
Cleanse Thou my heart within,
Fill me with love.
That I may boldly say,
In this accepted day,
'Tis not in vain to pray
To Thee above.

3 Oh, Saviour, Friend divine,
Do make Thy light to shine
My pathway o'er,
To guide my feet aright,
Through all this tedious night,
Till I arrive in sight
Of heaven's shore.

4 And when my race is run,
When life's great work is done,
Then on Thy breast,
May an unworthy worm,
Saved from destruction's storm,
Find in Thy loving arms
An endless rest.

187 Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

E. Hopper. J. E. Gould.





188 Spring. C. M.

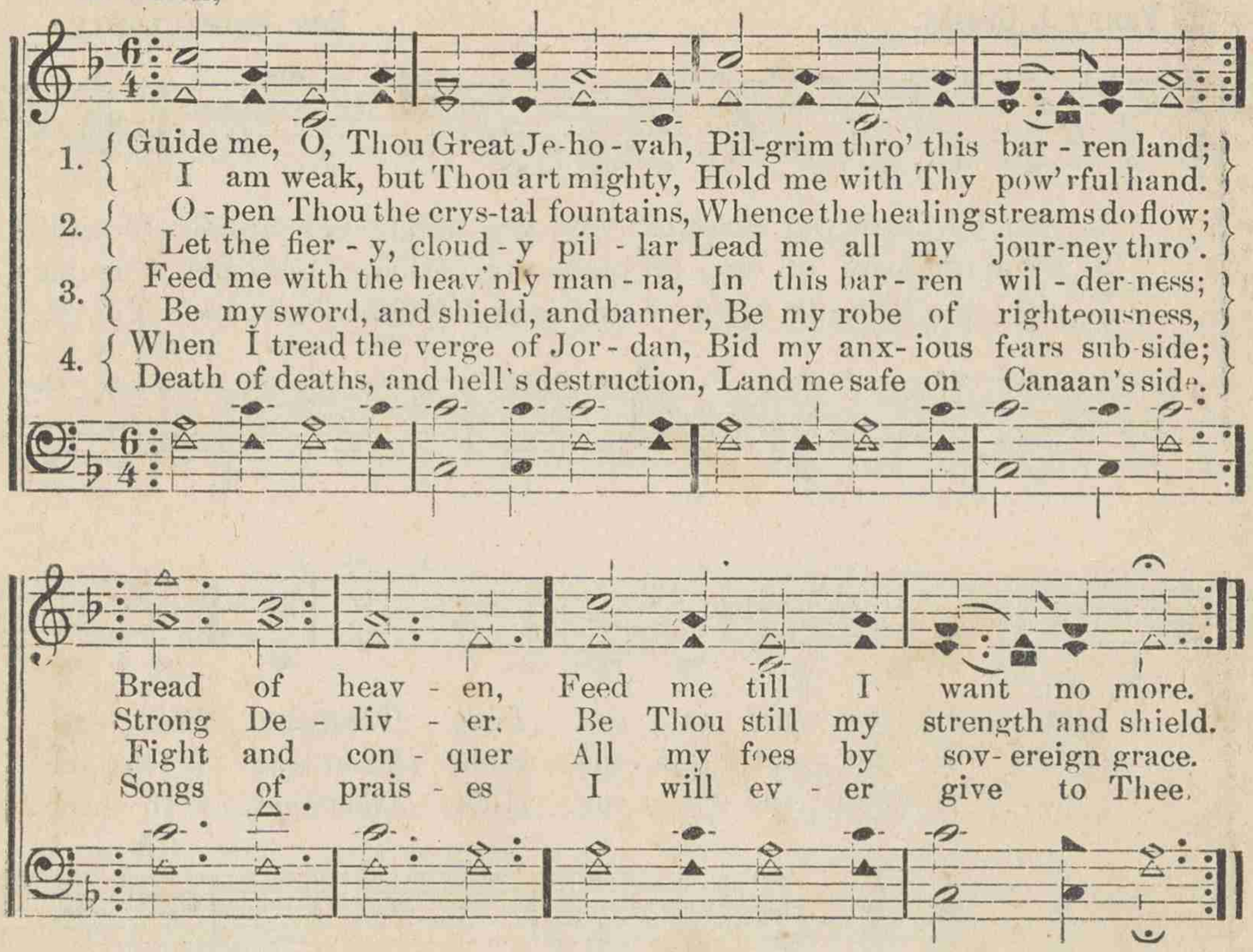
Steele. L. C. Everett.



By per. The R. M. McIntosh Co., owners of the Copyright.

189 Waynesville. 8s, 7s, & 4s.

Robinson.



190 Gates. C. M.

Beddome. Griggs.

Moderato.

191 Hide Thou Me.

Fanny J. Crosby. **Rev. Robert Lowry.**

1. In Thy cleft, O Rock of A - ges, Hide Thou me; When the
2. From the snare of sin - ful pleas- ure, Hide Thou me; Thou, my
3. In the lone - ly night of sor - row, Hide Thou me; Till in

fit - ful tem - pest ra - ges, Hide Thou me; Where no
soul's e - ter - nal treas - ure, Hide Thou me; Wnen the
glo - ry dawns the mor - row, Hide Thou me; In the

mor - tal arm can sev - er From my heart Thy love for -
world its pow'r is wield - ing, And my heart is - al - most
sight of Jor - dan's bil - low, Let Thy bo - som be my

ev - er, Hide me, O Thou Rock of A - ges, Safe in Thee.
yield - ing, Hide me, O Thou Rock of A - ges, Safe in Thee.
pil - low, Hide me, O Thou Rock of A - ges, Safe in Thee.

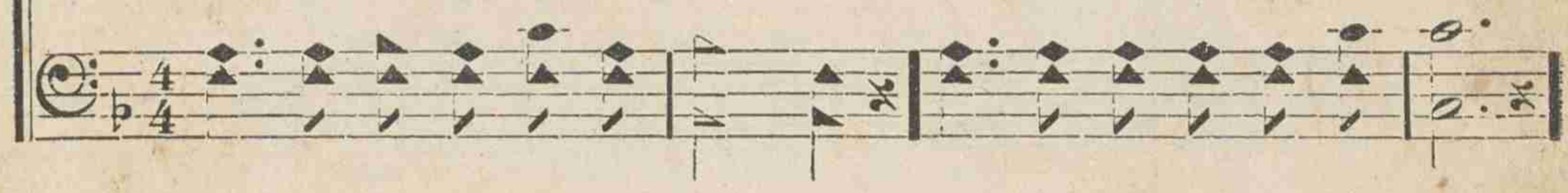
Copyright, 1880, by Biglow & Main.

192 What a Friend We Have in Jesus.

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



1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear;
2. Have we tri - als and temp-ta- tions? Is there trou-ble a - ny-where?
3. Are we weak and heav-y - la - den, Cumber'd with a load of care?





What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer.
We should never be dis- cour - aged; Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Pre-cious Saviour, still our ref - uge, Take it to the Lord in prayer.





Oh, what peace we oft-en for - feit; Oh, what need-less pain we bear;
Can we find a friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sorrows share?
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer





All be-cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer.
Je - sus knows our ev-'ry weak-ness; Take it to the Lord in prayer.
In His arms He'll take and shield Thee, Thou wilt find a sol-ace there.



193 Hope. S. M.



194 S. M.

1 My Father and my God,
O, teach me to draw near,
And may I feel a child-like love,
And not a slavish fear.

2 O let my soul be filled
With Thy paternal grace,
While in humility I come
And stand before Thy face.

3 A rebel I have been,
And still remain the same,
But Thou hast bid me come to Thee
In Jesus' worthy name.

4 Lord, in His name I come,
And praise Thee for Thy grace;
Unworthy as I know I am,
I love to see Thy face.

195 Sweet Hour of Prayer. L. M. D.

W. W. Walford. By per. Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a
2. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! Thy wings shall my pe -
3. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! May I thy con - so -

D.C.—And oft es-caped the temp-ter's snare, By thy re - turn, sweet
D.C.—I'll cast on Him my ev - 'ry care And wait for thee, sweet
D.C.—And shout, while pass- ing thro' the air, Fare- well, fare- well, sweet

world of care, And bids me at my Fa- ther's throne, Make
ti - tion bear To Him whose truth and faith - ful - ness, En -
la - tion share. Till from Mount Pis - gah's loft - y height, I

hour of prayer, And oft es- caped the temp - ter's snare, By
hour of prayer! I'll cast on Him my ev - 'ry care And
hour of prayer! And shout while pas - ing thro' the air, Fare -

FINE.

all my wants and wish - es known: In sea - sons of dis -
gage the wait - ing soul to bless. And since He bids me
view my home and take my flight: This robe of flesh I'll

thy re - turn, sweet hour of prayer.
wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!
well, fare- well, sweet hour of prayer!

D.C.

tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief,
seek His face, Be - lieve His word, and trust His grace,
drop, and rise To seize the ev - er - last - ing prize;

196 Come, Ye Disconsolate. 11, 10.

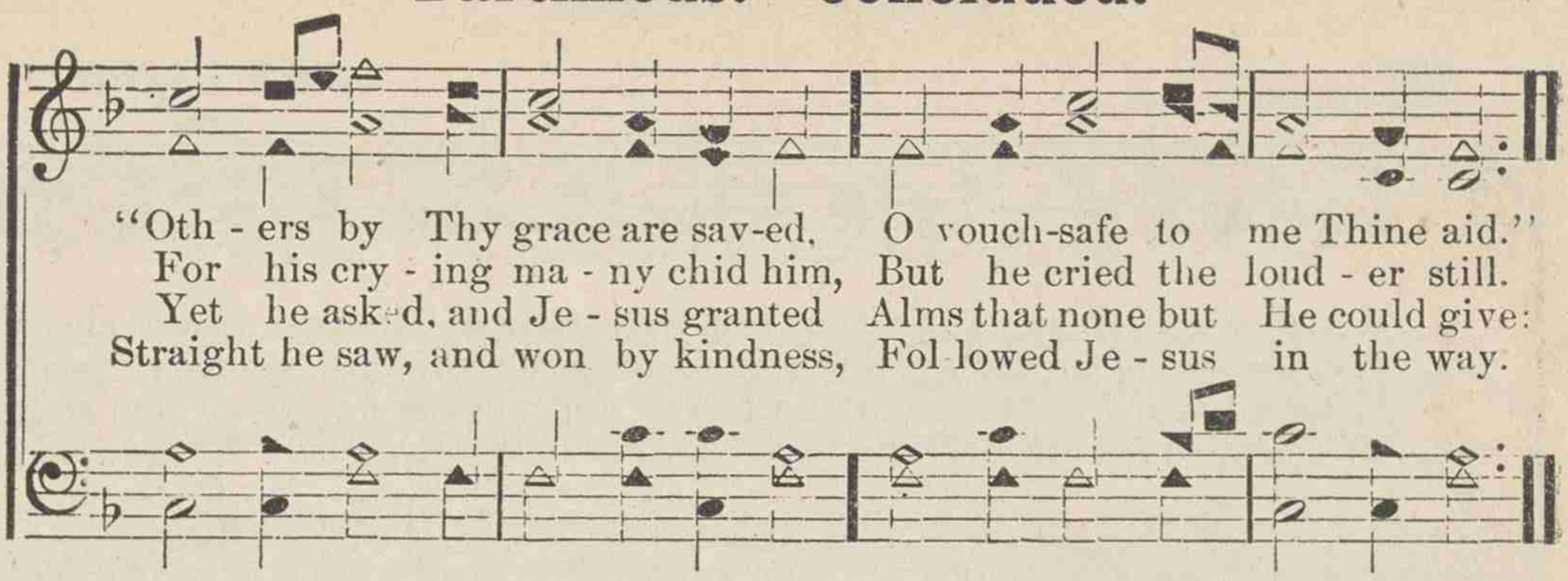
Thomas Moore, alt, and Thomas Hastings. Samuel Webbe.



197 Bartimeus. 8s & 7s.



Bartimeus. Concluded.



5 Now methinks I hear him praising,
Publishing to all around;
"Friends, is not my case amazing?
What a Saviour I have found!"

6 Oh! that all the blind but knew Him,
Or could be advised by me!
Sure if they were brought unto Him,
He would cause them all to see.

7 Now I gladly leave my garments,
Follow Jesus in the way;
He'll direct me by His counsel,
Bring me to eternal day.

8 There I shall behold my Saviour,
Spotless, innocent, and pure;
There to reign with Him forever,
For His promises are sure.

198 Merrick. 8s & 7s.

Arr.





4 But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see;
Lord, Thy help is greatly needed;
Help can only come from Thee.

5 Some in whom we once delighted,
We shall meet no more below;
Some, alas! we fear are blighted;
Scarce a single leaf they show.

6 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayers;
Let each one esteemed Thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snares.

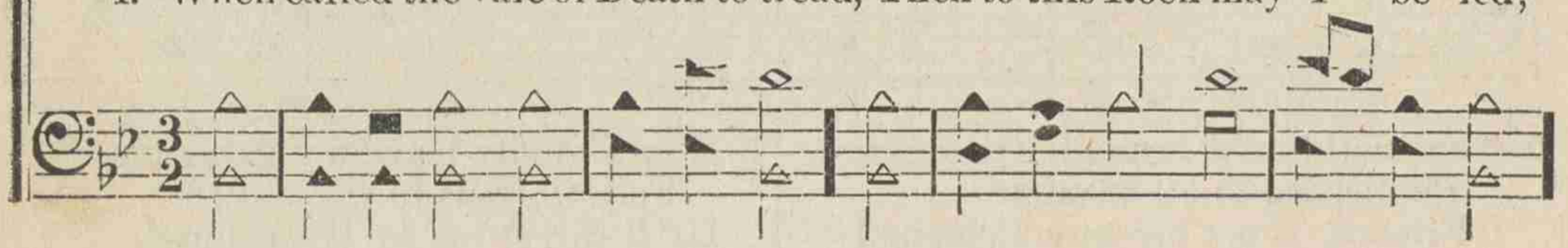
7 Break the tempter's fatal power,
Turn the stony heart to flesh;
And begin from this good hour
To revive Thy work afresh.

199 Devotion. L. M.

Kent.



1. When overwhelmed with doubts and fear, Great God, do Thou my spir-it cheer;
2. When storms of sin and sor-row beat, Lead me to this di - vine re-treat;
3. When guilt lies heavy on my soul, And waves of fierce temp-ta- tion roll,
4. When called the vale of Death to tread, Then to this Rock may I be led;





Let not mine eyes with tears be fed. But to the Rock of A - ges led.
Thy perfect righteous-ness and blood, My Rock, my Fortress, and my God.
I'll to the Rock for shel-ter flee, And take my refuge, Lord, in Thee.
Nor fear to cross that gloomy sea, Since Thou hast tasted death for me.



200 Mrs. Steele.

1 When sins and fears prevailing rise,
And fainting hope almost expires,
Jesus, to Thee, I lift my eyes—
To Thee I breathe my soul's desires.

2 Art Thou not mine, my living Lord?
And can my hope—my comfort die?
Fixed on Thy everlasting word; [sky?
That word which built the earth and

3 If my immortal Saviour lives,
Then my immortal life is sure;
His word a firm foundation gives;
Here let me build and rest secure.

4 Here let my faith unshaken dwell;
Immovable the promise stands;
Not all the powers of earth or hell,
Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.

5 Here, O my soul, thy trust repose!
If Jesus is for ever mine,
Not death itself, that last of foes,
Shall break a union so divine.

201 Mrs. Steele.

1 Jesus, the spring of joys divine,
Whence all our hopes and comforts flow;
Jesus, no other name but Thine
Can save us from eternal woe.

2 In vain would boasting reason find
The way to happiness and God;
Her weak directions leave the mind
Bewildered in a dubious road.

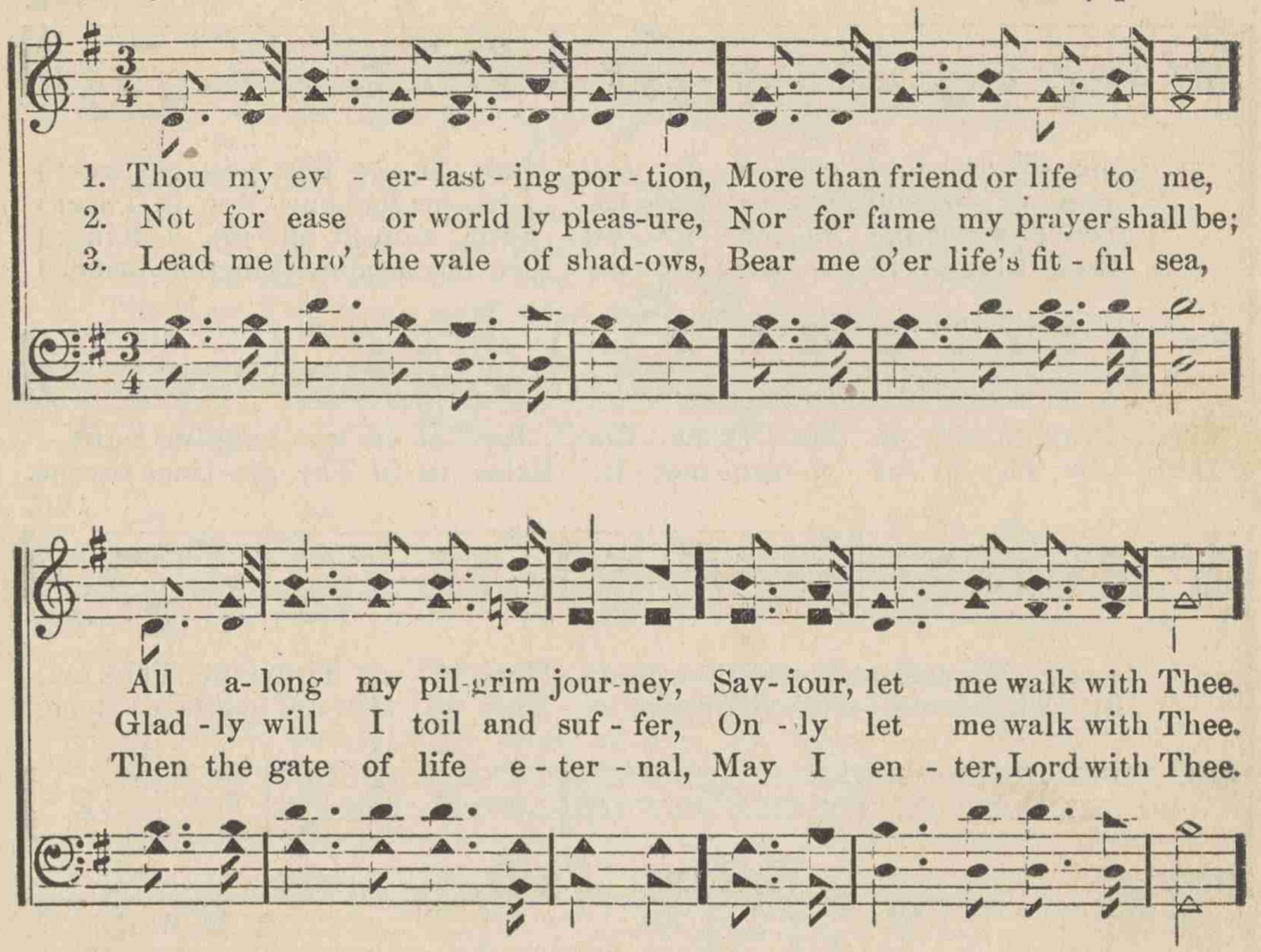
3 No other name will heaven approve;
Thou art the true, the living way,
Ordained by everlasting love,
To the bright realms of endless day.

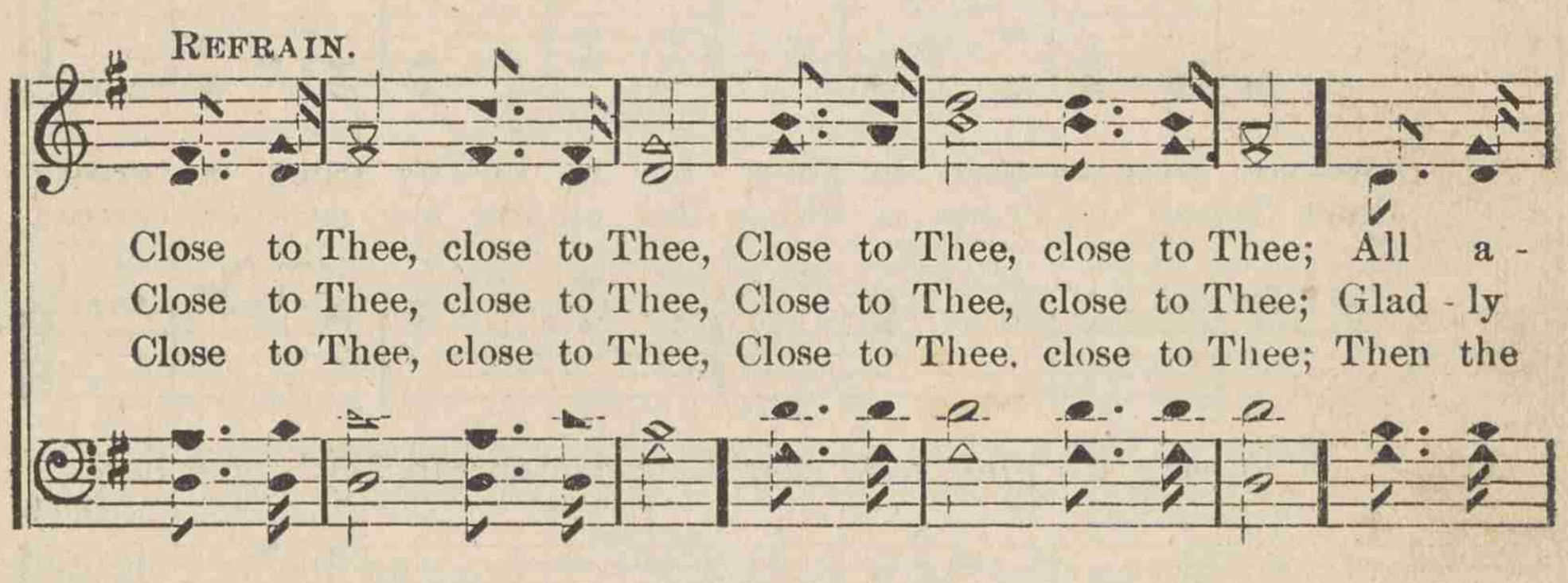
4 Here let our constant feet abide,
Nor from the heavenly path depart:
O let Thy Spirit, gracious Guide!
Direct our steps, and cheer our heart.

5 Safe lead us through this world of night,
And bring us to the blissful plains,
The regions of unclouded light,
Where perfect joy for ever reigns.

202 Close to Thee.

Fanny J. Crosby. S. J. Vail, by per.

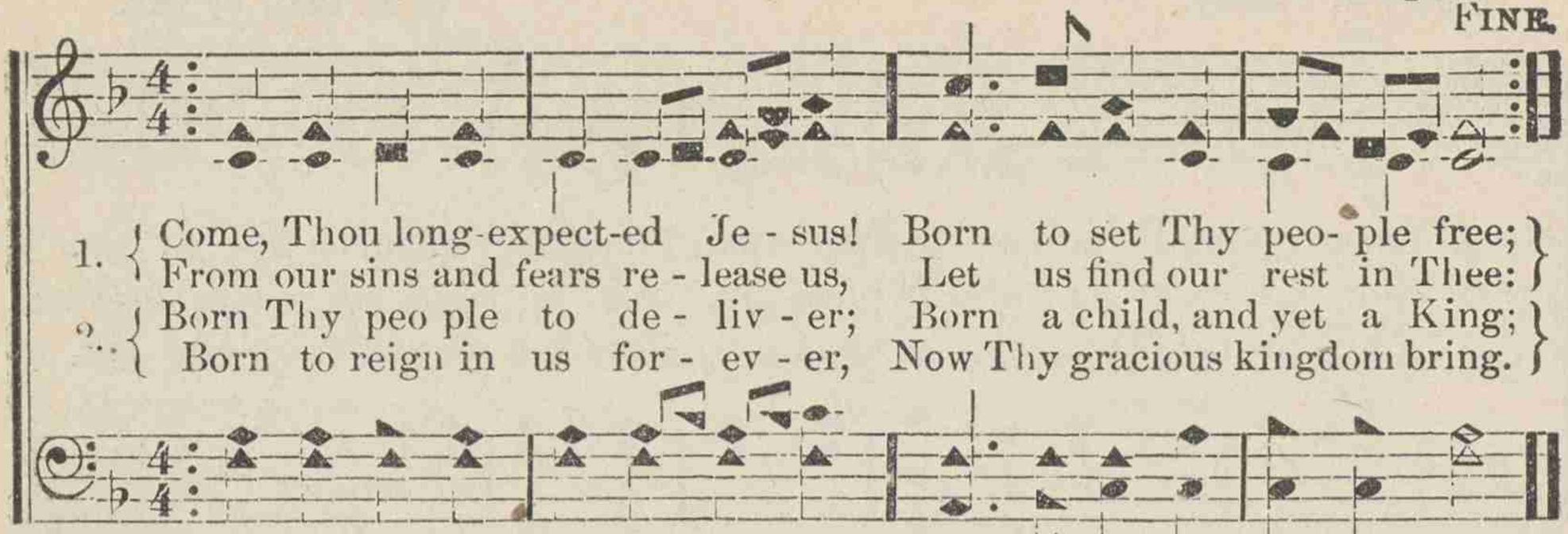




203 Pilgrim. 8s & 7s.

Chapin.

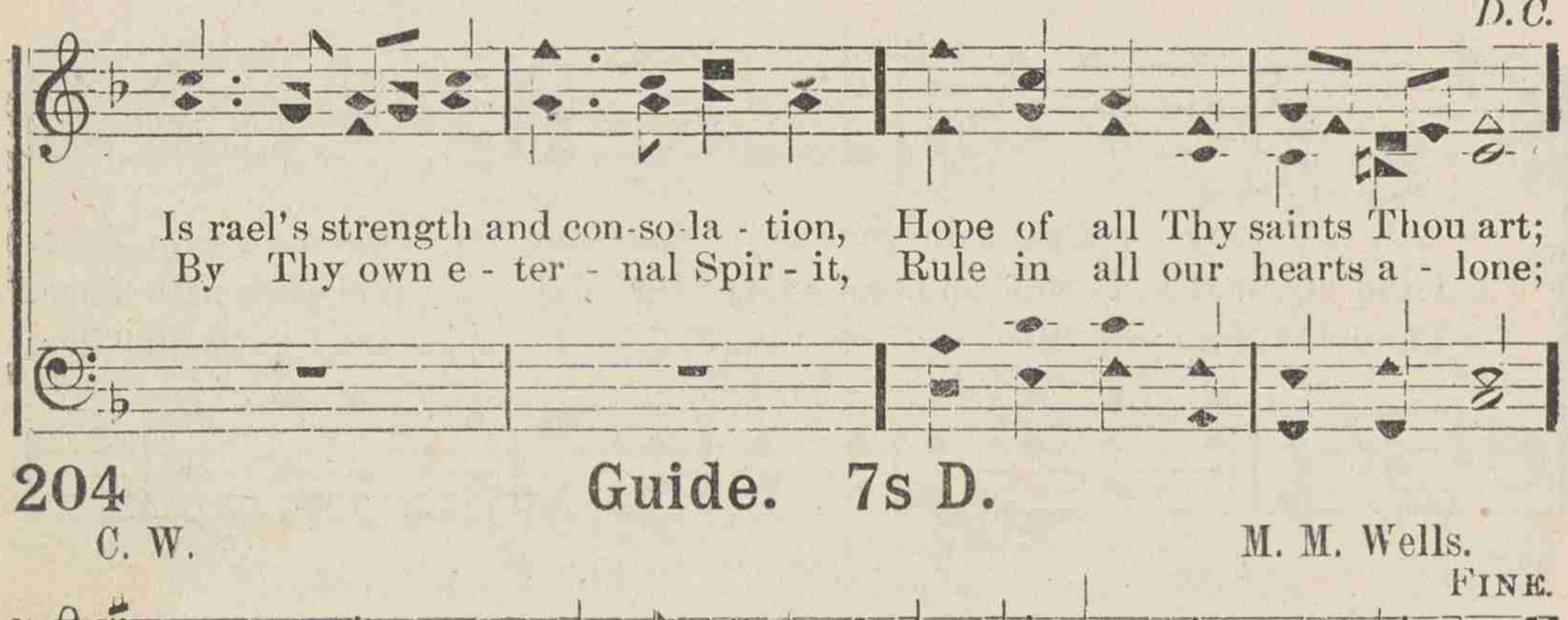
FINE.



1. { Come, Thou long-expect-ed Je - sus! Born to set Thy peo- ple free;
   { From our sins and fears re - lease us, Let us find our rest in Thee:
2. { Born Thy peo ple to de - liv - er; Born a child, and yet a King;
   { Born to reign in us for - ev - er, Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.

D.C.—Dear de sire of ev - 'ry na - tion, Joy of ev- 'ry long-ing heart.
D.C.— By Thy all suf - fi- cient mer - it, Raise us to Thy glo- rious throne.

D.C.



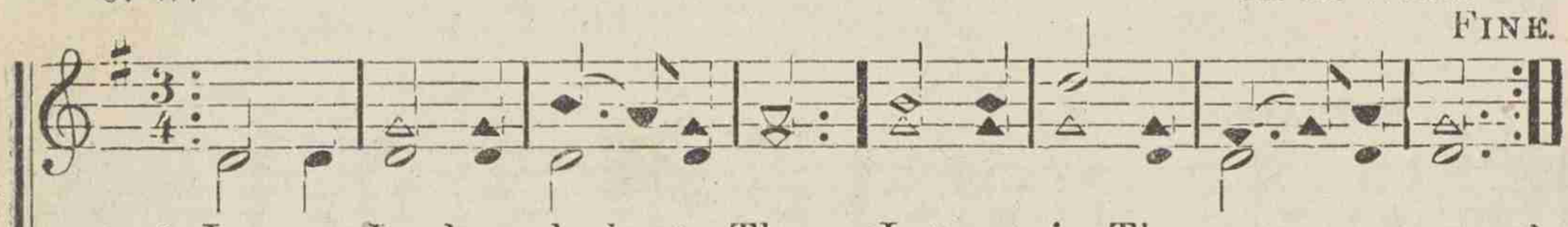
Is rael's strength and con-so-la - tion, Hope of all Thy saints Thou art;
By Thy own e - ter - nal Spir - it, Rule in all our hearts a - lone;

204 Guide. 7s D.

C. W.

M. M. Wells.

FINE.



1. { Je - sus, Lord. we look to Thee; Let us in Thy name a - gree:
   { Show Thyself the Prince of Peace; Bid all jars for - ev - er cease.



D.C.—Each to each u - nite, en - dear; Come and spread Thy banner here.

D.C.



2. By Thy rec - on - cil - ing love, Ev - 'ry stumbling-block re-move;

3 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind;
Lowly, meek in thought and word;
Altogether like our Lord.

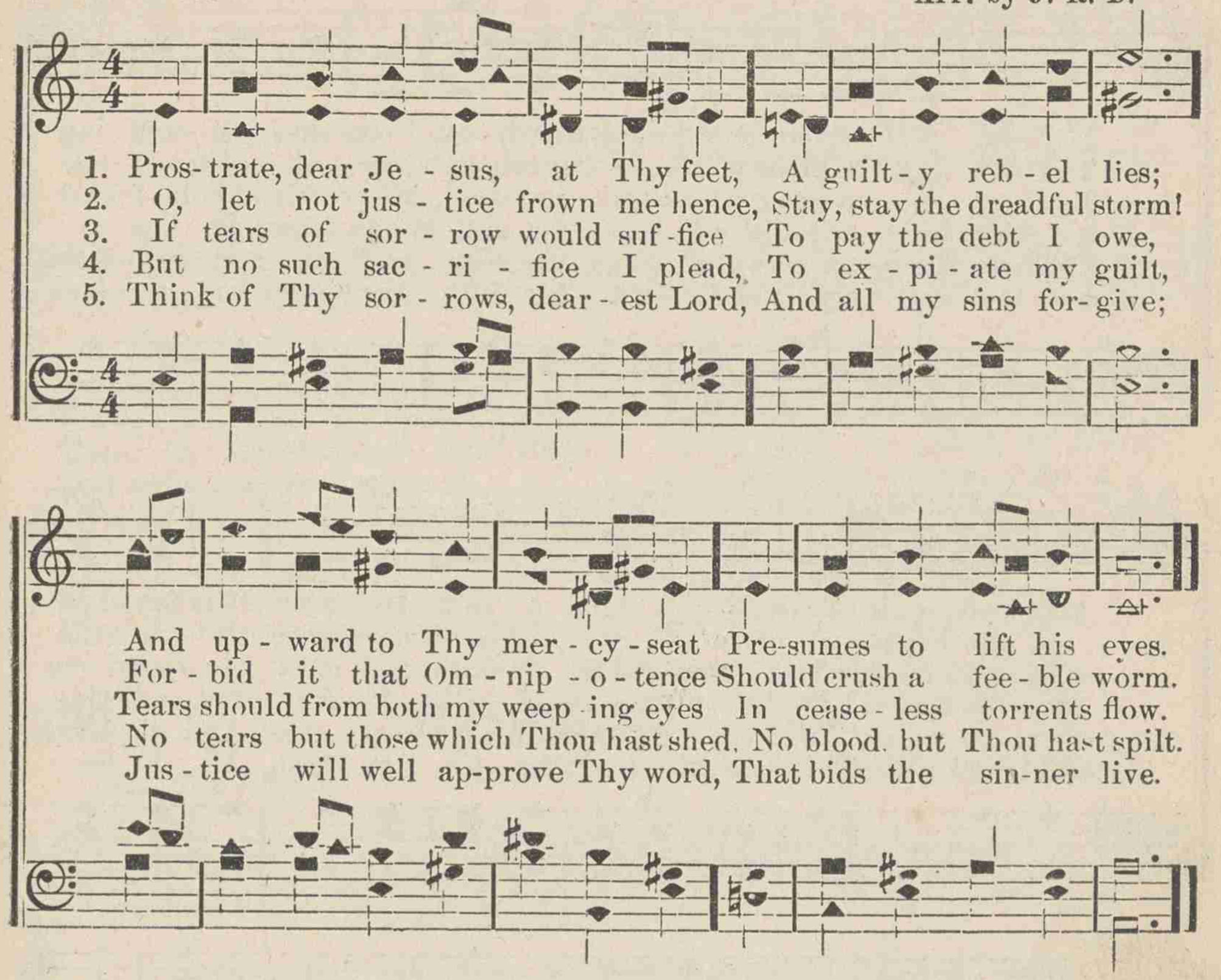
4 Let us each for other care;
Each another's burden bear;
To Thy church the pattern give;
Show how true beleivers live.

5 Let us then with joy remove
To the family above;
On the wings of angels fly;
Show how true believers die.

6 Thus in life and death shall we
Give the glory all to Thee,
Living in sweet union here,
Dying in Thy holy fear.

205 Consolation. C. M.

Stennett. Arr. by J. R. D.



206 Conflict. L. M.

Arr.



207 Mercy-seat.

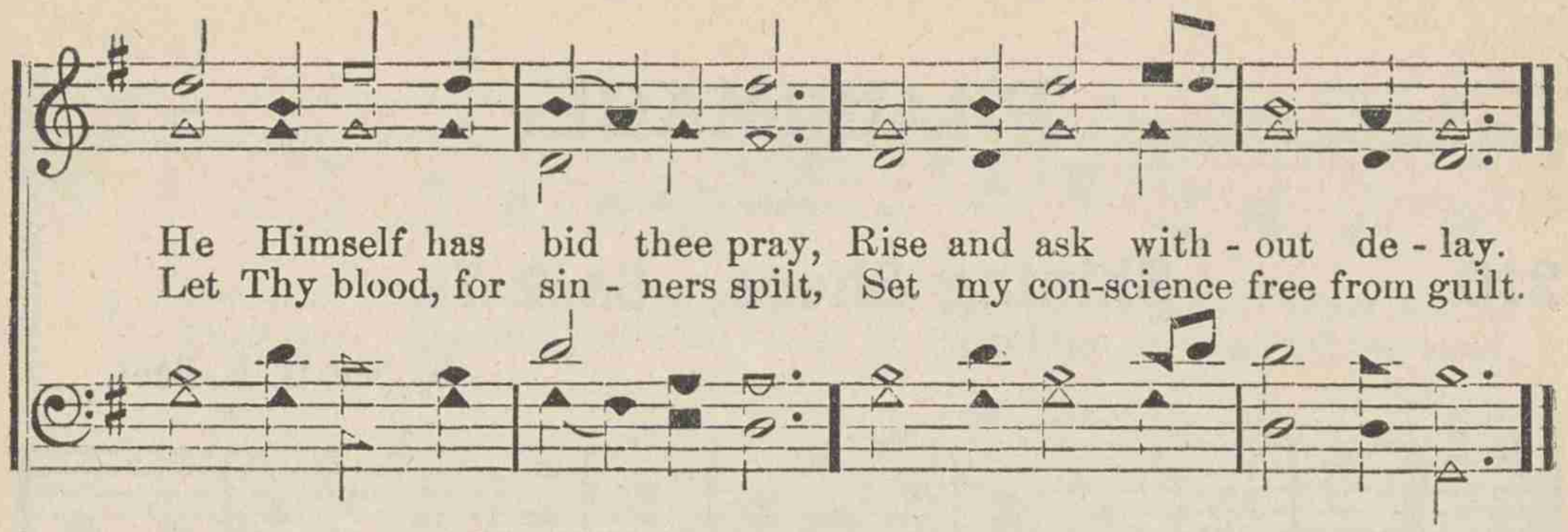
Arr.



208 Cook. 7s.

Leeland.

Cook. 7s. Concluded.



3 Lord, I come to Thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast; [tain,
There Thy blood-bought right main-
And without a rival reign.

4 As the image in the glass
Answers the beholder's face:
Thus unto my heart appear,
Print Thine own resemblance there.

5 While I am a pilgrim here
Let Thy love my spirit cheer:
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

6 Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew:
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die Thy people's death.

209 Woodworth. L. M.

Charlotte Elliott. Wm. B. Bradbury.



5 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.

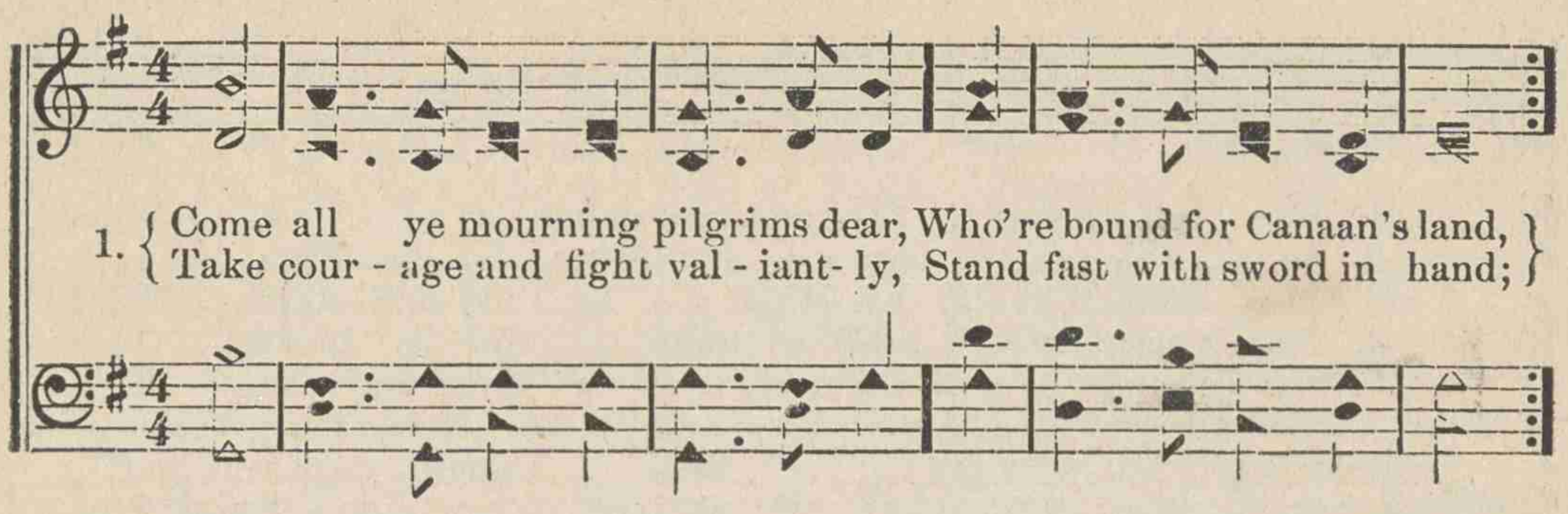
6 Just as I am—Thy love unknown,
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

210 Shining Shore. 8s & 7s.

By per. G. F. Root.



211 Conquering Soldier. 8s, 6s & 7s.







2 We have a howling wilderness,
To Canaan's happy shore,
A land of dearth, and pits, and snares,
Where chilling winds do roar.
But Jesus will be with us,
And guard us by the way;
Though enemies examine us,
He'll teach us what to say.

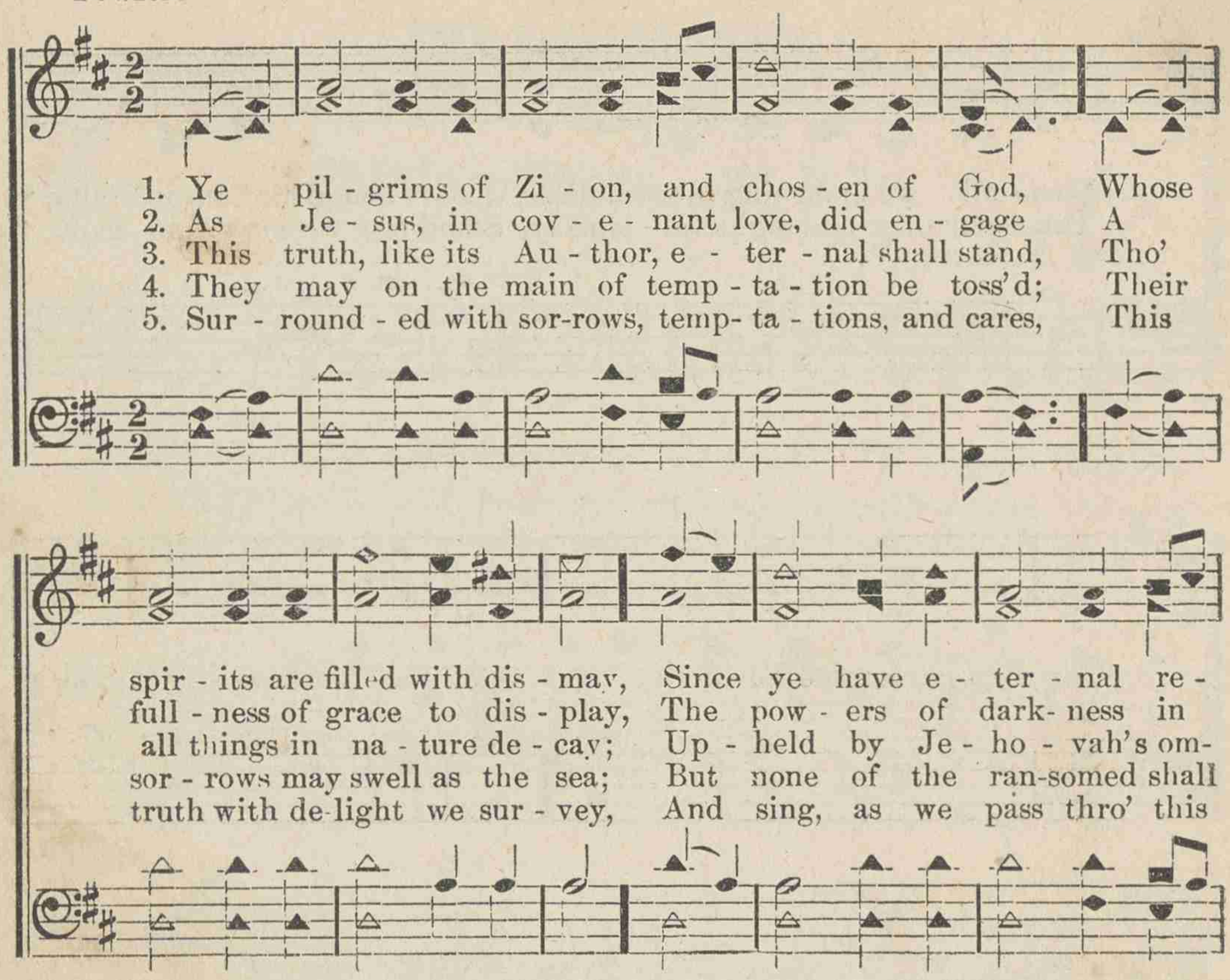
3 The pleasant fields of paradise,
So glorious to behold,
The valleys clad in living green,
The mountains paved with gold:
The tree of life with heavenly fruit,
Behold how rich they stand;
Blow, gentle gales, and bear my soul
To Canaan's happy land.

4 Sweet rivers of salvation all
Through Canaan's land do roll,
The beams of day bring glittering scenes
Illuminate my soul;
There's ponderous clouds of glory
All set in diamonds bright;
And there's my smiling Jesus,
Who is my heart's delight.

5 Already to my raptured sight,
The blissful fields arise,
And plenty spreads her smiling stores,
Inviting to my eyes.
O sweet abode of endless rest,
I soon shall travel there,
Nor earth nor all her empty joys
Shall long detain me here.

212 Lone Pilgrim. 11s & 8s.

Fowler. Commack.

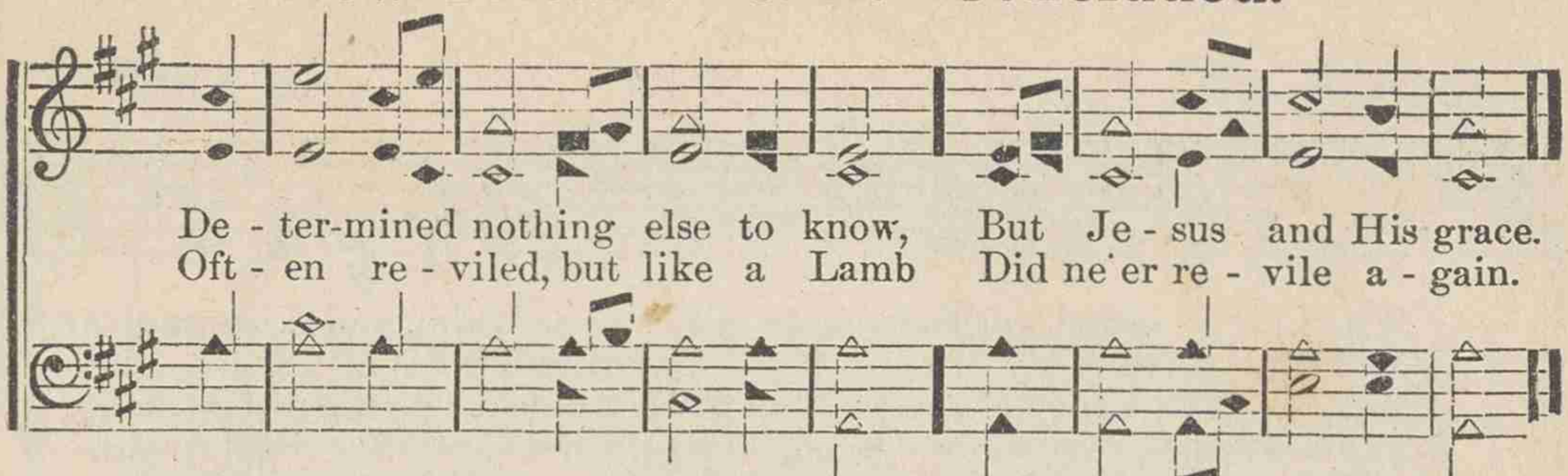


213 New Britain. C. M.

Charles Wesley. Southern Melody.



New Britain. C. M. Concluded.



3 O, take the pattern He has given,
And love your enemies;
And learn the only way to heaven
In self-denial lies.

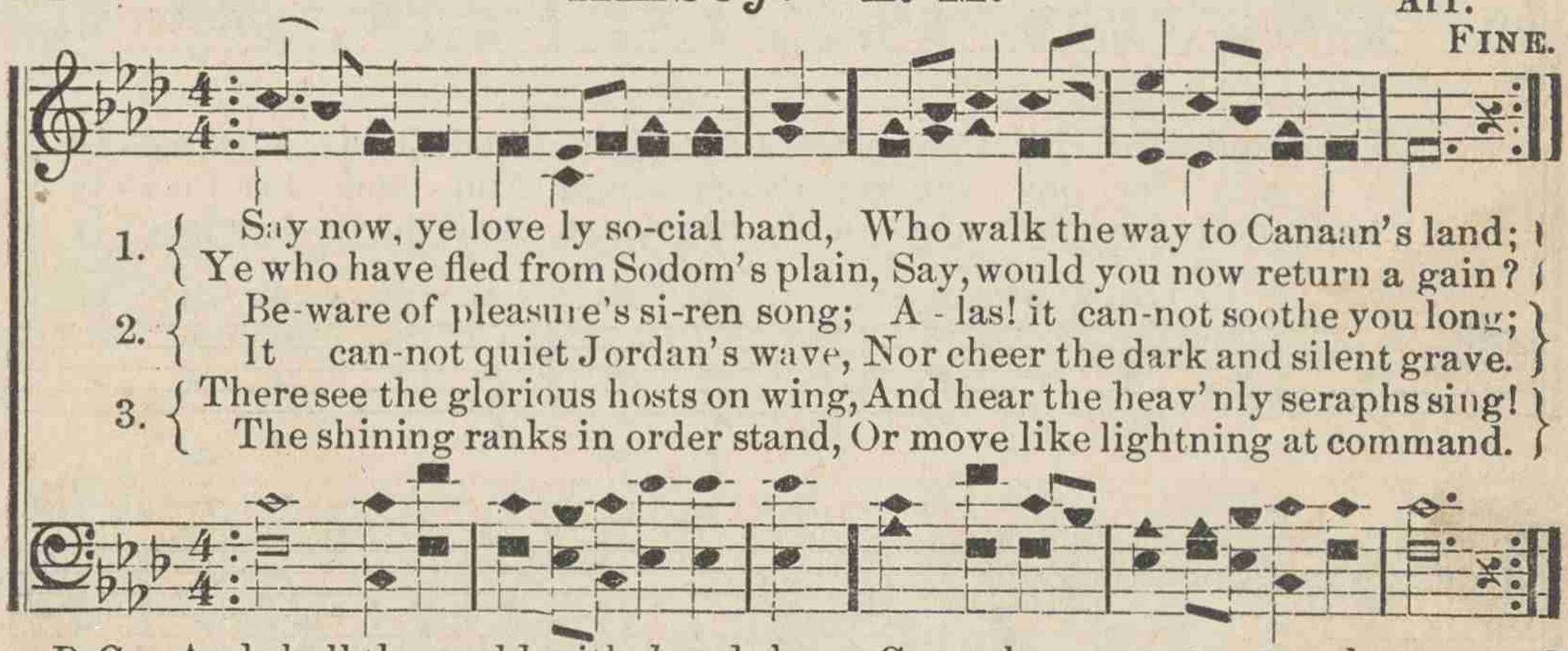
4 Remember you must watch and pray,
While journeying on the road,
Lest you should fall out by the way,
And wound the cause of God.

5 Contend for nothing but the truth
That feeds the immortal mind;
For fruitless leaves no more dispute
But leave them to the wind.

6 Go on rejoicing every day,
Your crown is yet before;
Defy the trials of your way,
The storm will soon be o'er.

214 Amboy. L. M.

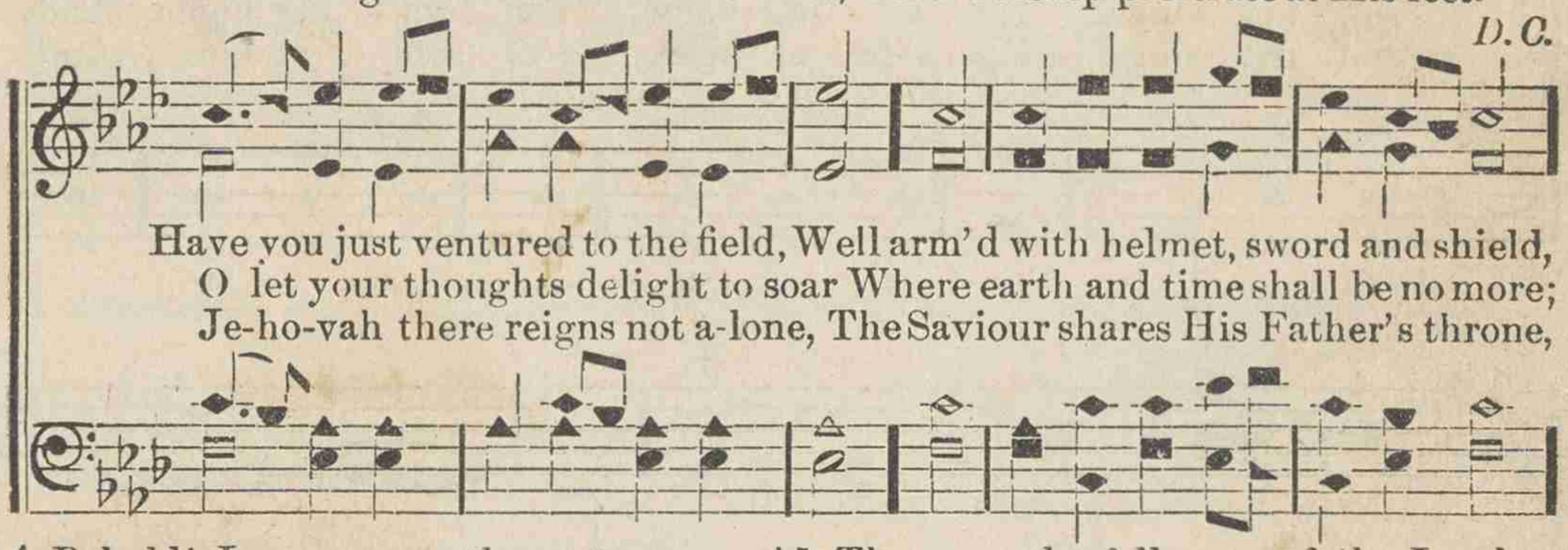
Arr.



1. Say now, ye love ly so-cial band, Who walk the way to Canaan's land;
Ye who have fled from Sodom's plain, Say, would you now return a gain?
2. Be-ware of pleasure's si-ren song; A - las! it can-not soothe you long;
It can-not quiet Jordan's wave, Nor cheer the dark and silent grave.
3. There see the glorious hosts on wing, And hear the heav'nly seraphs sing!
The shining ranks in order stand, Or move like lightning at command.

D. C.—And shall the world, with dread alarms, Compel you now to ground your arms?
D. C.—Explore by faith the heavenly fields, And pluck the fruit that Canaan yields.
D. C.—While an-gels circle round His seat, And worship prostrate at His feet.

D. C.



Have you just ventured to the field, Well arm'd with helmet, sword and shield,
O let your thoughts delight to soar Where earth and time shall be no more;
Je-ho-vah there reigns not a-lone, The Saviour shares His Father's throne,

4 Behold! I see, among the rest,
A host in richer garments dress'd;
A host that near His presence stands,
And palms of victory grace their hands,
Say, who are these I now behold,
With blood-washed robes and crowns of gold?
This glorious host is not unknown
To Him who sits upon the throne.

5 These are the followers of the Lamb;
From tribulation great they came;
And on the hill of sweet repose
They bid adieu to all their woes.
Soon on the wings of love you'll fly,
To join them in that world on high;—
O make it now your chiefest care
The image of your Lord to bear.

215 Sonnet. 8s & 4s.

Arr.

1. When for e - ternal worlds we steer, And seas are calm, and skies are clear;
   And faith in live - ly ex- er- cise. And distant hills of Canaan rise.
2. With cheerful hope her eyes explore Each landmark on the distant shore;
   The tree of life, the pastures green, The golden streets, the crystal stream—
3. The nearer still she draws to land, More eager all her powers expand;
   With steady helm and free bent sail, Her anchor drops with-in the veil,

The soul for joy then spreads her wings, And loud her love - ly
A - gain for joy she spreads her wings, And loud her love - ly
And now for joy she folds her wings, And loud her love - ly

son - net sings, Vain world a - dieu! Vain world a - dieu— And
son - net sings, I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home, And
son - net sings, I'm safe at home, I'm safe at home, And

loud her love- ly son - net sings, Vain world a - dieu!
loud her love- ly son - net sings, I'm go - ing home.
loud her love- ly son - net sings, I'm safe at home.

Pleasant Hill.

John R. Daily. Wm. Nicholson.



1. { I'm but a wand'ring pilgrim here, This world is not my home:
   { I seek a rest be-yond this sphere, A cit - y yet to come. }

3. { My journey thro' this vale of tears Is fraught with tri-als sore;
   { My heart is oft - en filled with fears As dan-gers hov - er o'er. }



2. Be - yond the veil by faith I see A calm and heav'nly rest,
4. Tho' thus op-pressed with grievous cares, At times the Lord ap-pears.



Where I shall be e - ter - nal - ly With saints and an - gels blest.
De - liv - ers from the tempter's snares, And drives a - way my fears.



5 Sometimes dark clouds shut out the light,
And gloomy is the hour;
My way is hid, and I seem quite
O'ercome by Satan's power.

6 Though for awhile my way I grope
In darkne-s and dismay,
Returning light restores my hope,
And drives my doubts away.

7 Sometimes my pathway seems to lie
Through deserts bleak and drear;
For want of sustenance I sigh
And death seems very near.

8 Yet now and then a fertile place
Where living waters flow,
Assures me that redeeming grace
Meets all my wants below.

9 But soon I'll reach that heavenly land
My journey will be o'er,
And with the ever blissful band
I'll dwell forevermore.

10 Eternal rest in heaven above,
From sin and sorrow free!
I there shall bask in seas of love,
In blest eternity.

217 Bright Glory. P. M.

1. Our bond - age here shall end By and by— by and by;
2. When our De - liv - 'rer comes, By and by— by and by;
3. Tho' strong our foes ap - pear, We'll go on— we'll go on;
4. By Ma - rah's bit - ter streams We'll go on— we'll go on;
5. And when to Jor-dan's flood We are come— we are come;

Our griefs shall van- ish then, With our three score years and ten,
From E - gypt's yoke set free, We will hail our Ju - bi - lee,
Our hearts shall know no fear, For Is - ra - el's God is near—
Tho' Ba - ca's vale be dry, The Rock shall yield sup - ply—
Je - ho - vah rules the tide And the wa - ters will di - vide,

And bright glo - ry crown the day, And bright glo - ry, and bright
And to Ca - naan all re - turn, And to Ca - naan, and to
While the fie - ry pil - lar moves, While the fie - ry, while the
To a land of corn and wine, To a land of, to a
While the ran - som'd host shall shout, While the ran-som'd, while the

glo - ry crown the day, By and by— by and by.
Ca - naan all re - turn. By and by— by and by.
fie - ry pil - lar moves, We'll go on— we'll go on.
land of corn and wine, We'll go on— we'll go on.
ran-som'd host shall shout, "We are come— we are come."

218

A Pilgrim Song.

A. S. K. Aldine S. Kieffer.

1. I'm a lone-ly pil-grim here, Vex'd with many a doubt and fear,
2. Here the des- ert wilds ex-pand Round a - bout on ei - ther hand,
3. When the wil- der - ness is past, And I reach that land at last,

As I jour-ney a - long by the way; But I hope at last to stand
But I'm near-ing the Jor-dan, you see! And beyond that narrow stream,
Oh, how hap - py my poor soul will be! With the glo - ri-fied to stand,

D.S.—Thro' the stil - ly hours of night,

FINE.

On fair Canaan's peaceful land, Free from sorrow, from doubt and dismay.
Endless bow'rs of blessing beam, And they're blooming for you and for me.
On that glitt'ring, glo-ry-land, And the Sav-iour. my Sav-iour, to see.

From the plains of endless light, Spir-it voic - es oft whisper to me.

CHORUS.

Oh, I know there's rest be - yond, That some oth - er

D.S.

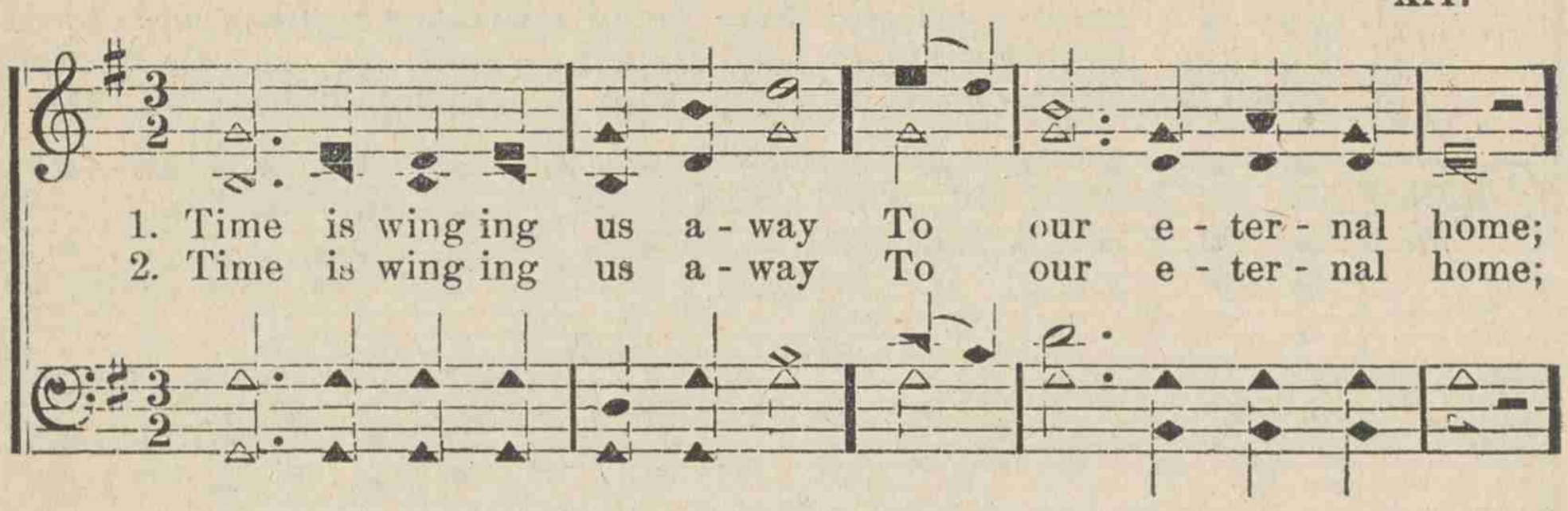
souls have found, For in vis - ions their fac - es I see;

From "Last Words" by per.

HEAVEN AND HOME.

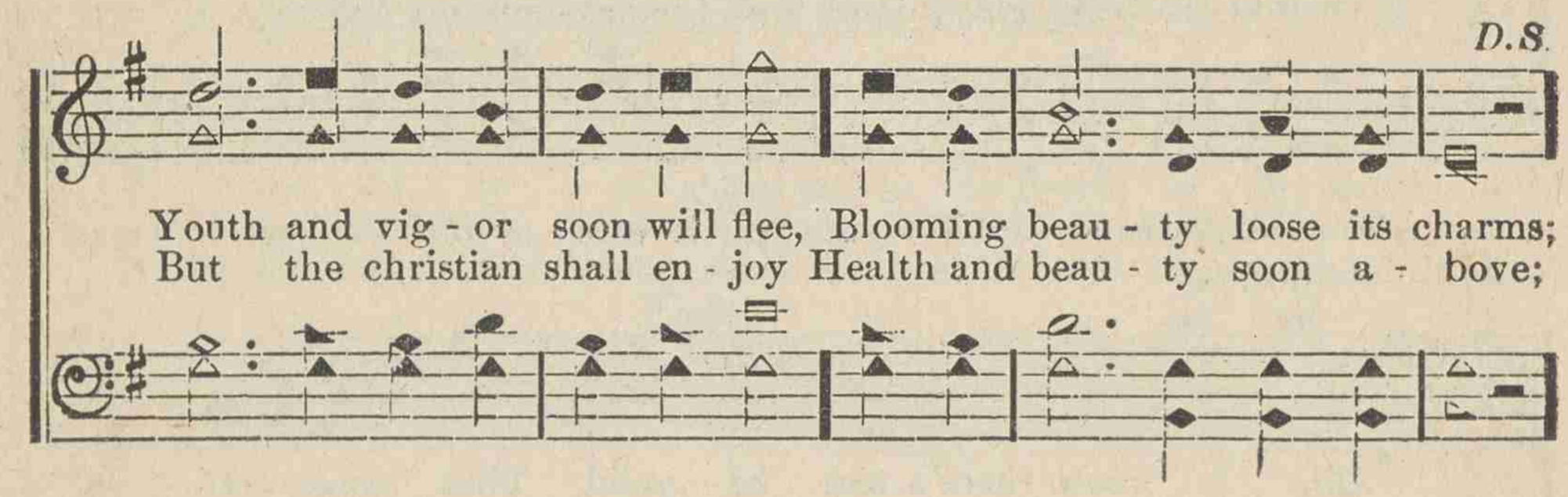
219 Time is Winging Us Away. 7s & 6s.

Arr.





D.S.—All that's mor - tal soon will be En - clos'd in death's cold arms.
D.S.—Far be-yond the world's al- loy, Se - cure in Je - sus' love.



220 Heaven is my Home. C. M.

Thos. R. Taylor. Dr. Lowell Mason.



Heaven is My Home. Concluded.

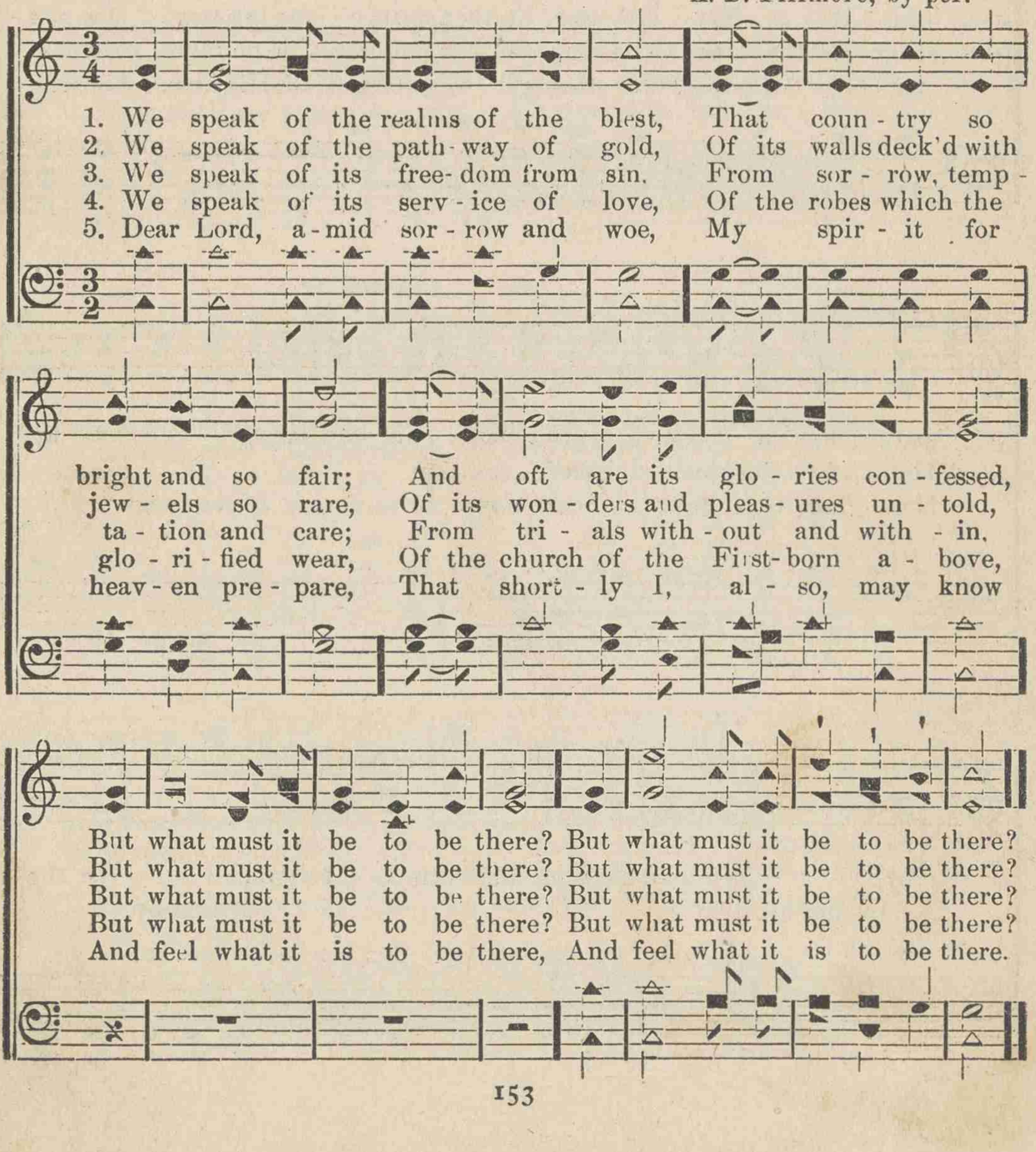


2 What though the tempest rage?
Heaven is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heaven is my home:
Time's cold and wintry blast
Soon will be over-past,
I shall reach home at last,—
Heaven is my home.

3 There at my Saviour's side,—
Heaven is my home;
I shall be glorified,—
Heaven is my home:
There are the good and blest,
Those I love most and best,
There, too I soon shall rest,—
Heaven is my home!

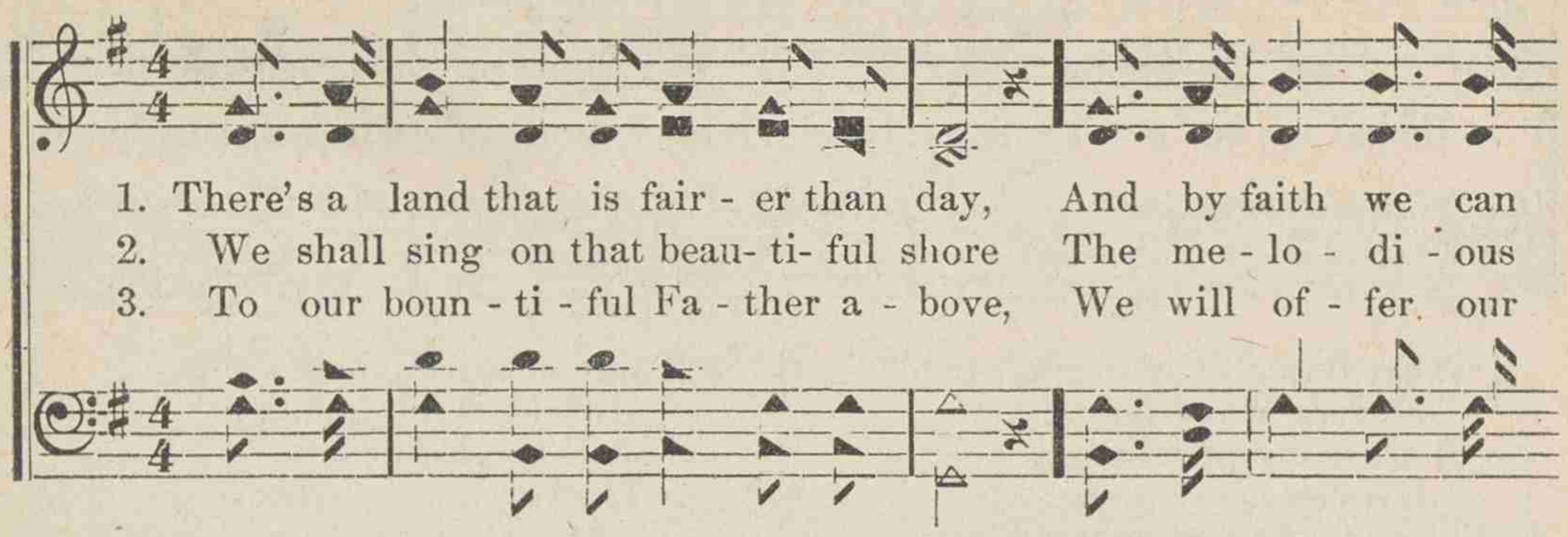
221 Iowa. 8s.

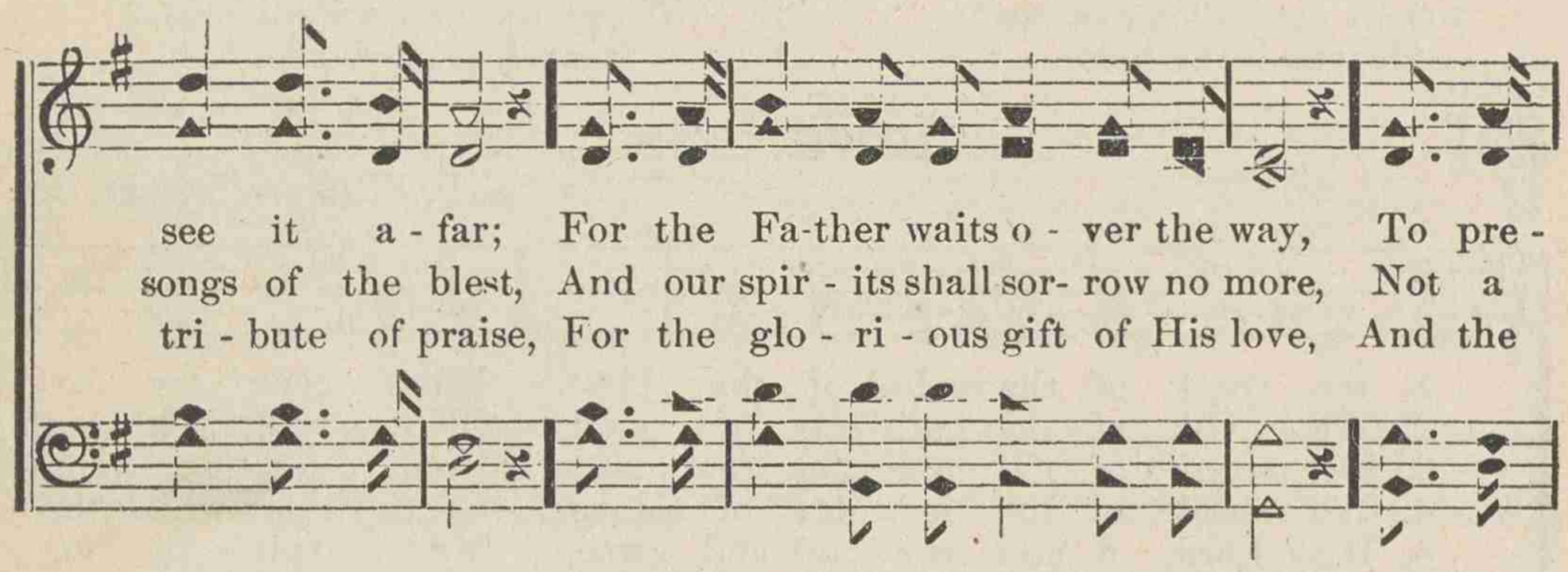
A. D. Fillmore, by per.



222 Sweet By-and-By.

S. Fillmore Bennett. Jos. P. Webster, by per,









Sweet By-and-By. Concluded.



223 We'll Meet Again.

Arr.



224 Pleasant Hill. C. M. D.

Wm. Nicholson. Arr. by T. B. Ausmus.



1. { There is a place of hallow'd peace For those with cares oppress'd; When sighs and sorrowing tears shall cease And all be hush'd to rest. }

3. { There is a home of sweet repose, Where storms as-sail no more; The stream of endless pleasure flows On that ce - les - tial shore. }



2. 'Tis then the soul is freed from fears, And doubts which here an-noy;

4. There pu - ri - ty with love ap - pears, And bliss with- out al - loy.



There they that oft had sown in tears Shall reap a - gain in joy.
There they that oft had sown in tears Shall reap a - gain in joy.



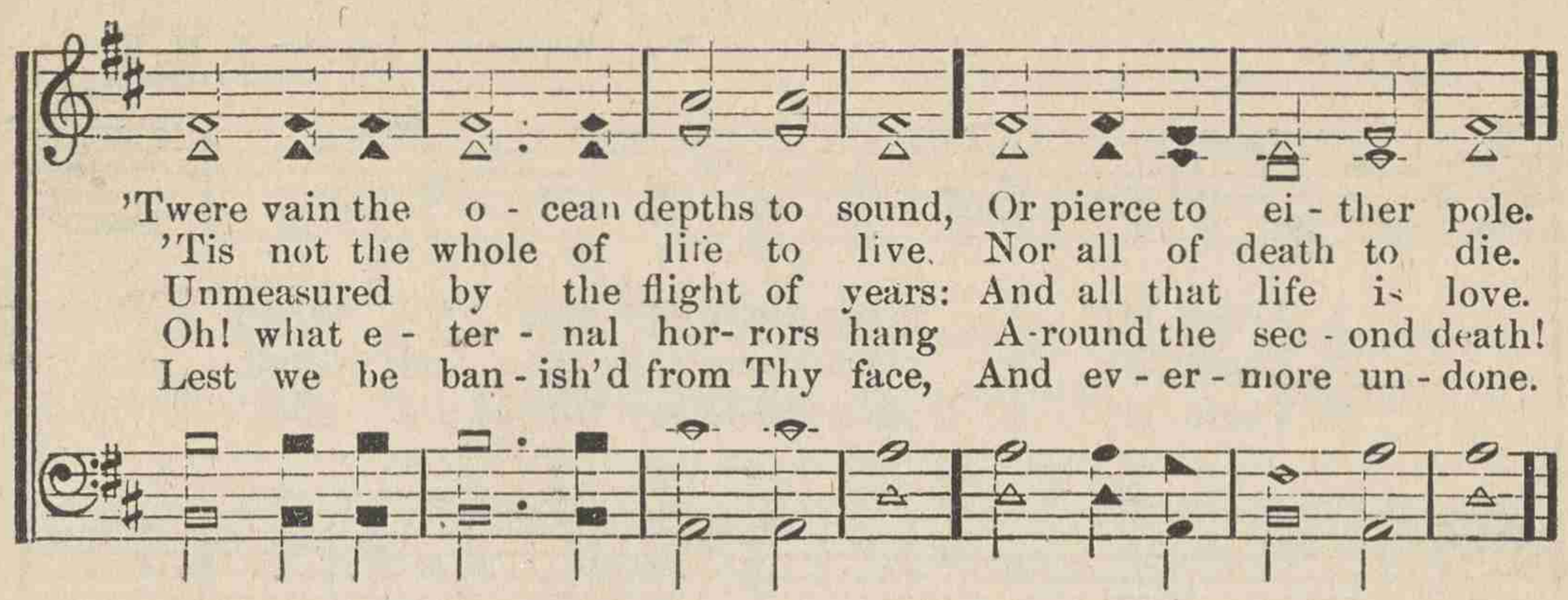
225 Shawmut. S. M.



1. Oh! where shall rest be found—Rest for the wea - ry soul?
2. The world can nev - er give The bliss for which we sigh;
3. Be - yond this vale of tears. There is a life a - bove,
4. There is a death, whose pang Out - lasts the fleet - ing breath;
5. Lord God of truth and grace! Teach as that death to shun;



Shawmut. Concluded.

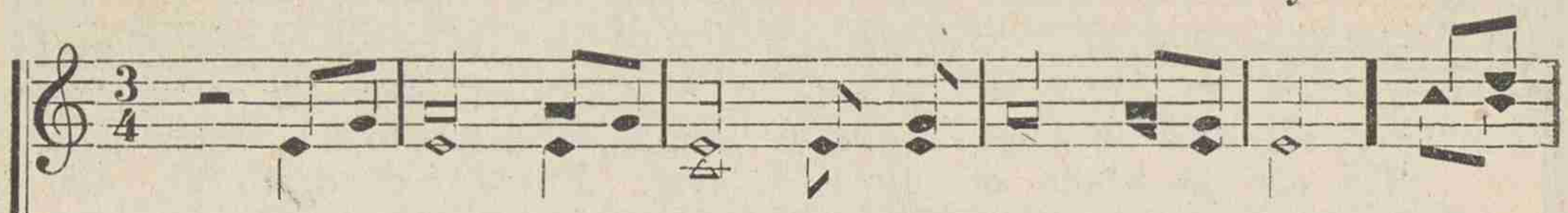


226 Heavenly Region.



227 Walk With God.

First tune. Wm. Walker. Arr. by A. M. K.









D. C. Chorus.

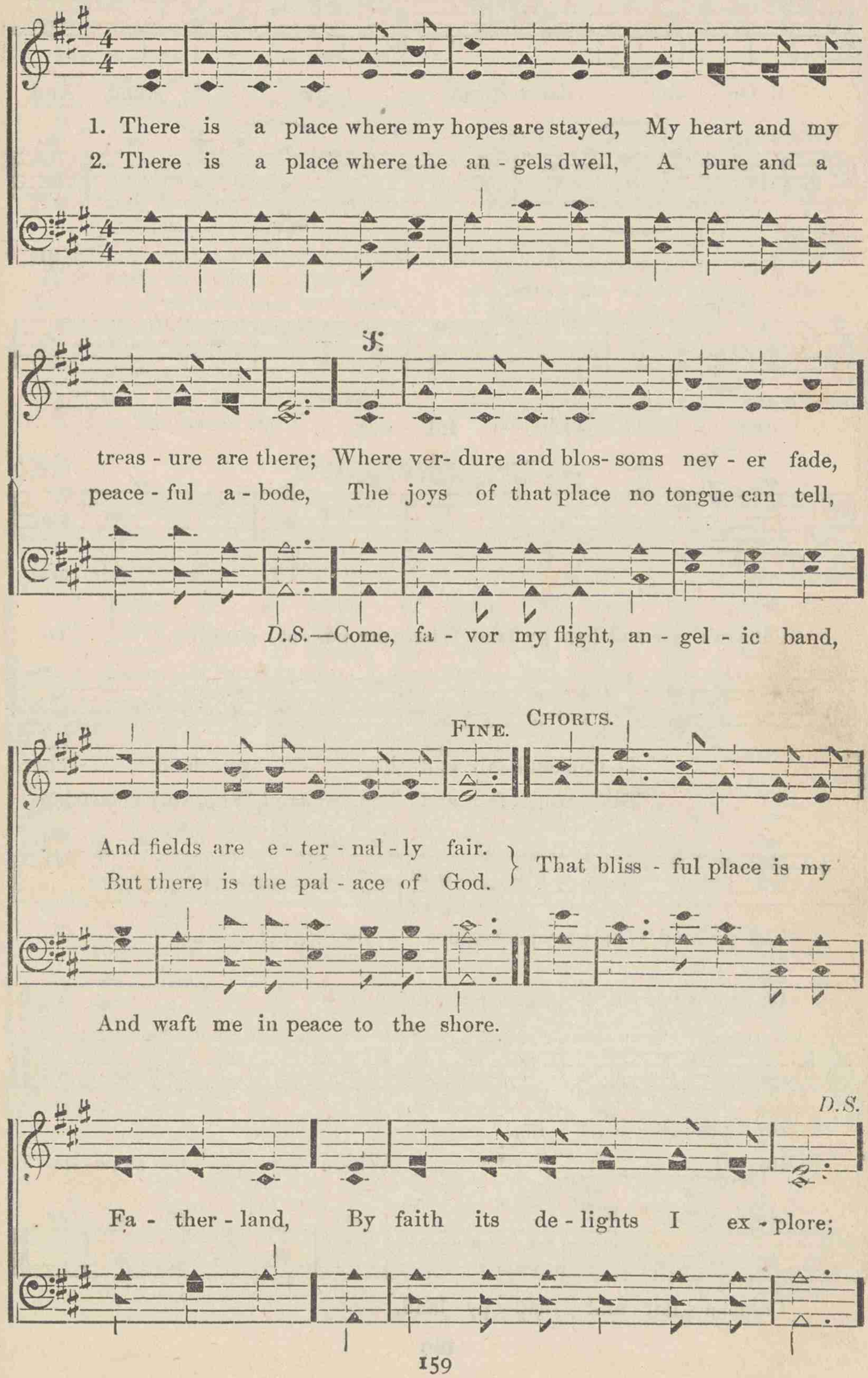


4 There is a place where I hope to live
When life and its labors are o'er;
A place which the Lord to me will give
And then I shall sorrow no more.

5 There is a place, and its name is heaven,
To that place I am longing to go,
'Tis the home of the soul, where rest is given
There I nevermore sorrow shall know.

Fatherland.

Second tune. Arr.



228 Exhortation. C. M.

Hibbard.

1. On Jor - dan's storm - y banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye, To Canaan'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, To Canaan's fair and hap - py land, Where my possessions lie,..... ..... To Ca-naan's fair and hap - py land, my pos- ses - sions lie, lie,..... Where my pos - ses- sions lie. Ca-naan's fair and hap - py land,

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

3 There gen'rous fruits, that never fail,
On trees immortal grow;
There rocks and hills, and brooks and vales
With milk and honey flow.

4 All o'er those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day,
There God, the Son, forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

5 No chilling winds, or poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

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

7 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Can here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

229

1 How still and peaceful is the grave,
Where, life's vain tumults past,
The appointed house, by heaven's decree,
Receives us all at last!

2 The wicked there from troubling cease,
Their passions rage no more,
And there the weary pilgrim rests
From all the toils he bore.

3 All leveled by the hand of death
Lie sleeping in the tomb,
Till God in judgment calls them forth
To meet their final doom.

230 Woodland. C. M.

Wm. B. Tappan. N. D. Gould.



231 Over There.

Rev. D. W. C. Huntington. Tullius C. O'Kane, by per.

1. Oh, think of the home o- ver there, By the side of the riv - er of light
2. Oh, think of the friends over there, Who be-fore us the journey have trod,
3. My Sav-iour is now o- ver there, There my kin-dred and friends are at rest;
4. I'll soon be at home o- ver there, For the end of my jour- ney I see;

Where the saints, all im-mor- tal and fair, Are o-ver there,
Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their
Then a - way from my sor - row and care, Let me
Ma- ny dear to my heart, o - ver there, Are

REFRAIN.

robed in their garments of white, over there. O - ver there, o - ver
home in the pal - ace of God, over there. O - ver there, o - ver
fly to the land of the blest, over there. O - ver there, o - ver
watch-ing and wait-ing for me, over there. O - ver there, o - ver

there, Oh, think of the home o - ver there, o-ver there; O- ver
there, Oh, think of the friends o-ver there, o-ver there; O- ver
there, My Sav - iour is now o - ver there, o-ver there; O- ver
there, I'll soon be at home o - ver there, o-ver there; O- ver

Over There. Concluded.



there, over there, o-ver there, o-ver there, Oh think of the home o-ver there.
there, over there, o-ver there, o-ver there, Oh think of the friends over there.
there, over there, o-ver there, o-ver there, My Sav-iour is now o-ver there.
there, over there, o-ver there, o-ver there, I'll soon be at home o-ver there.

232 Land of Promise. C. M.

Watts. A. S. Kieffer.



1. { There is a house not made with hands, E - ter - nal and on high,
   { And here my spir - it wait - ing stands, Till God shall bid it fly.

D.C.—And each a star - ry crown re-ceive, In that bright world on high.

D.C.

To - geth - er let us sweet - ly live, To - geth - er let us die.

2 Shortly this prison of my clay
Must be dissolved and fall;
Then O, my soul, with joy obey
Thy heavenly Father's call.

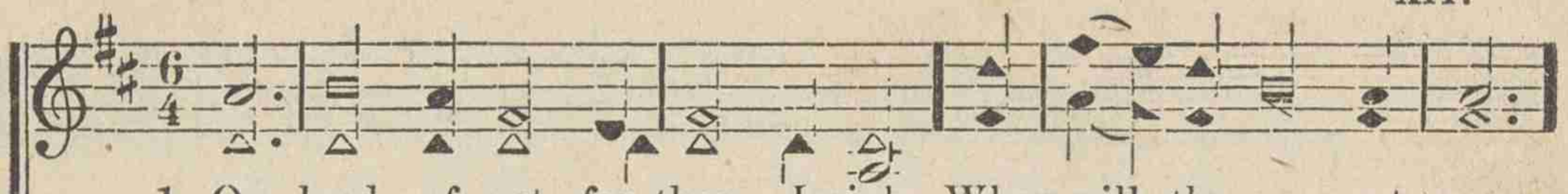
3 'Tis He, by His almighty grace,
That forms thee fit for heaven,
And as an earnest of the place,
Has His own Spirit given.

4 We walk by faith of joys to come,
Faith lives upon His word;
And while the body is our home
We're absent from the Lord.

5 'Tis pleasant to believe Thy grace,
But we had rather see;
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with Thee.

233 Land of Rest. C. M.

Arr.

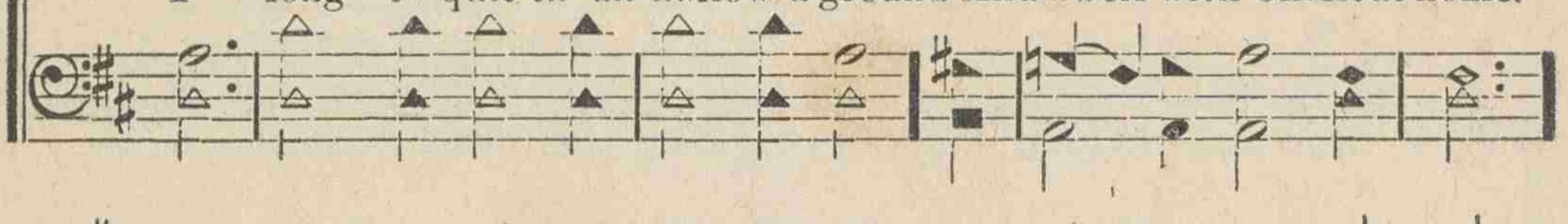


1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh; When will the mo-ment come,
2. No tran-quil joys on earth I know, No peace-ful sheltering dome:
3. To Je - sus Christ I fled for rest, He bade me cease to roam,
4. I would at once have quit the field Where foes with fu - ry foam,
5. When by af - flic- tion sharp-ly tried, I view the gap - ing tomb,
6. Wea- ry of wand'ring round and round This vale of sin and gloom,



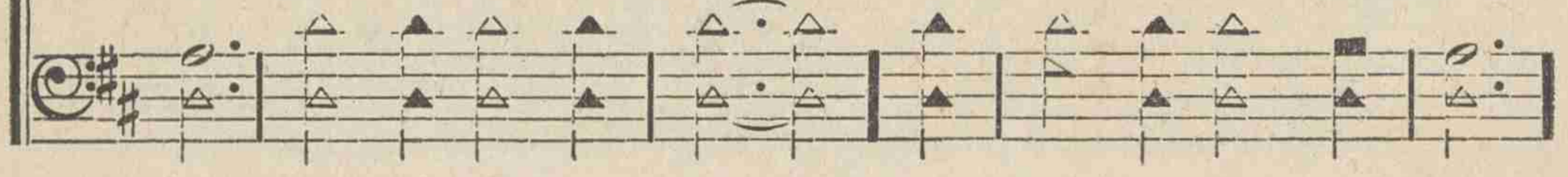


When I shall lay my ar - mor by And dwell with Christ at home?
This world's a wil - der- ness of woe; This world is not my home.
And lean for suc - cor on His breast, And He'd con duct me home.
But, ah! my pass-port was not seal'd; I could not yet go home.
Al - though I dread death's chilling tide, Yet still I sigh for home.
I long to quit th' un-hallow'd ground And dwell with Christ at home.



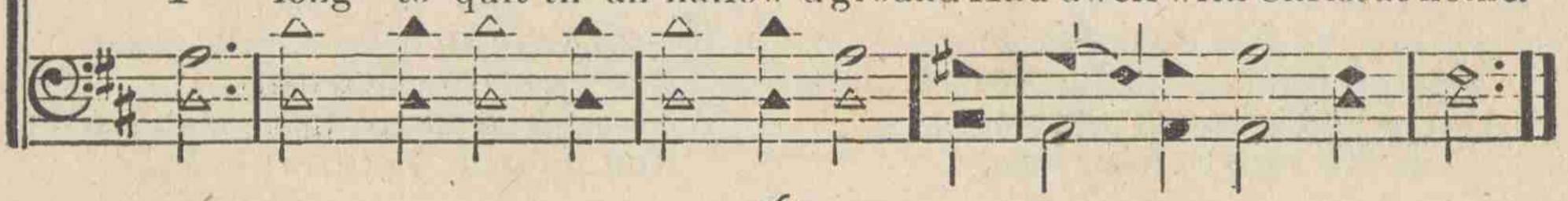


And dwell with Christ at home? And dwell with Christ at home?
This world is not my home, This world is not my home,
And he'd con-duct me home, And he d con-duct me home,
I could not yet go home, I could not yet go home,
Yet still I sigh for home, Yet still I sigh for home,
And dwell with Christ at home, And dwell with Christ at home,



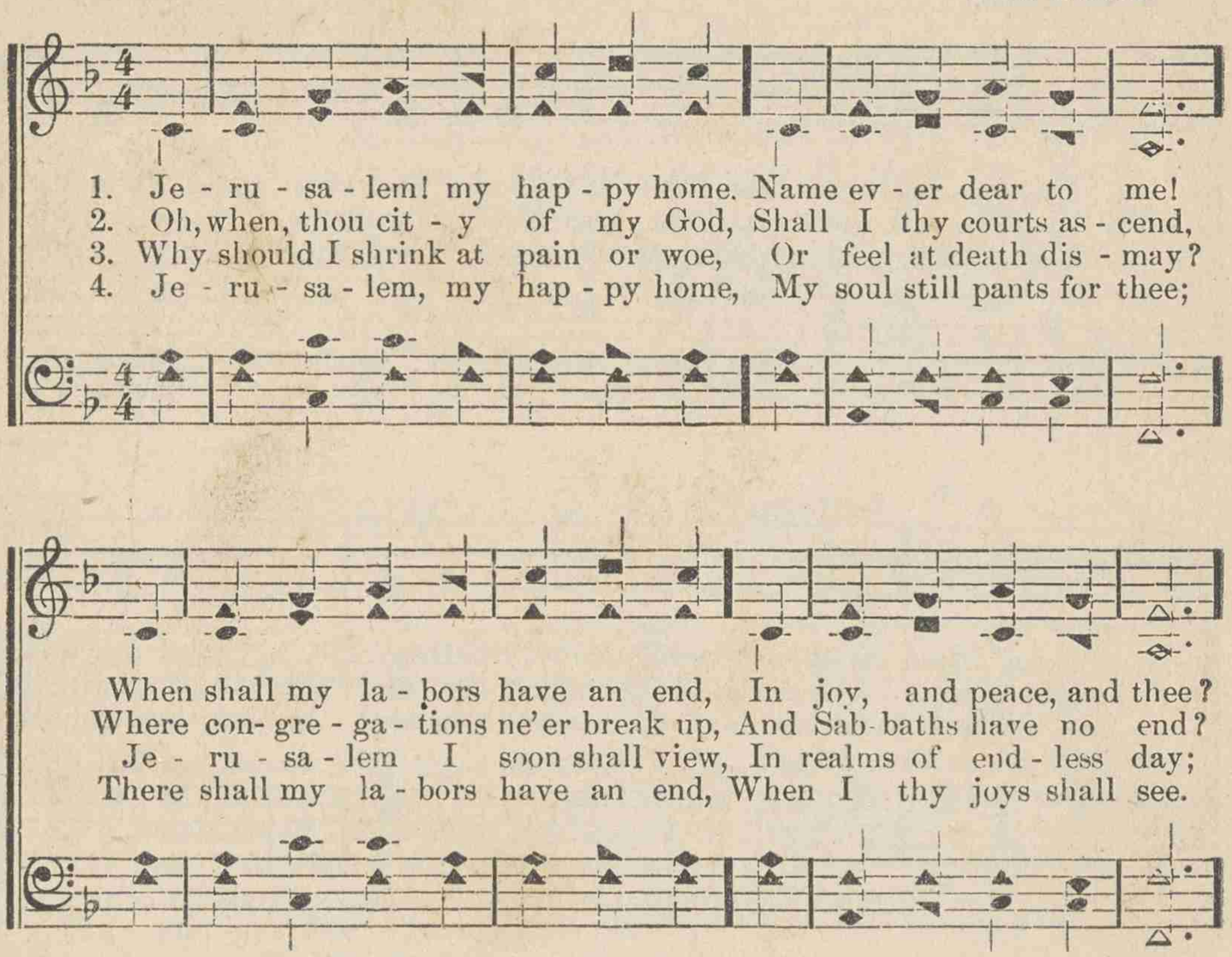


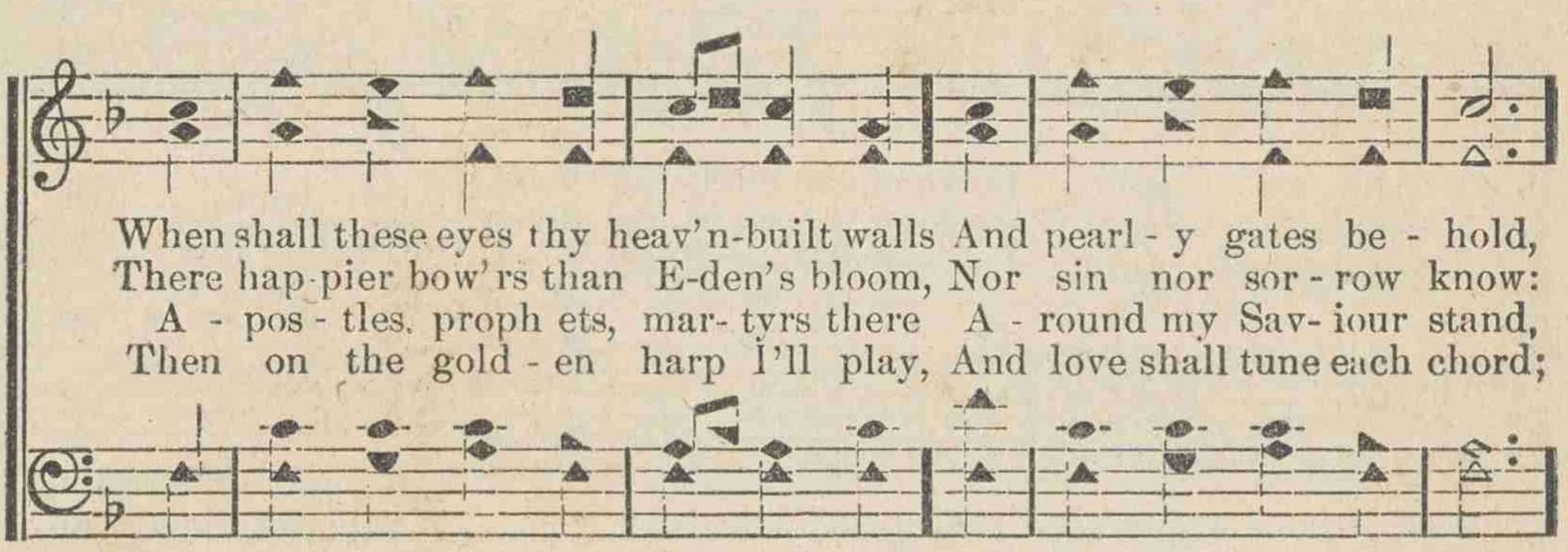
When I shall lay my ar - mor by, And dwell with Christ at home?
This world's a wil- der- ness of woe, This world is not my home.
And lean for suc- cor on His breast, And He'd con-duct me home.
But, ah! my pass-port was not seal'd; I could not yet go home.
Al - though I dread death's chilling tide, Yet still I sigh for home.
I long to quit th' un-hallow'd ground And dwell with Christ at home.



234 Alma. C. M.

J. K. Booton.





235 *Beyond the Swelling Flood.

A. E. Childs. J. H. Tenney.

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

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

CHORUS.

part a - gain, Be-yond the swell-ing flood.
tears a - way," Be-yond the swell-ing flood.
gates shall roll, Be-yond the swell-ing flood.
} Be - yond..... the
} We'll meet..... to

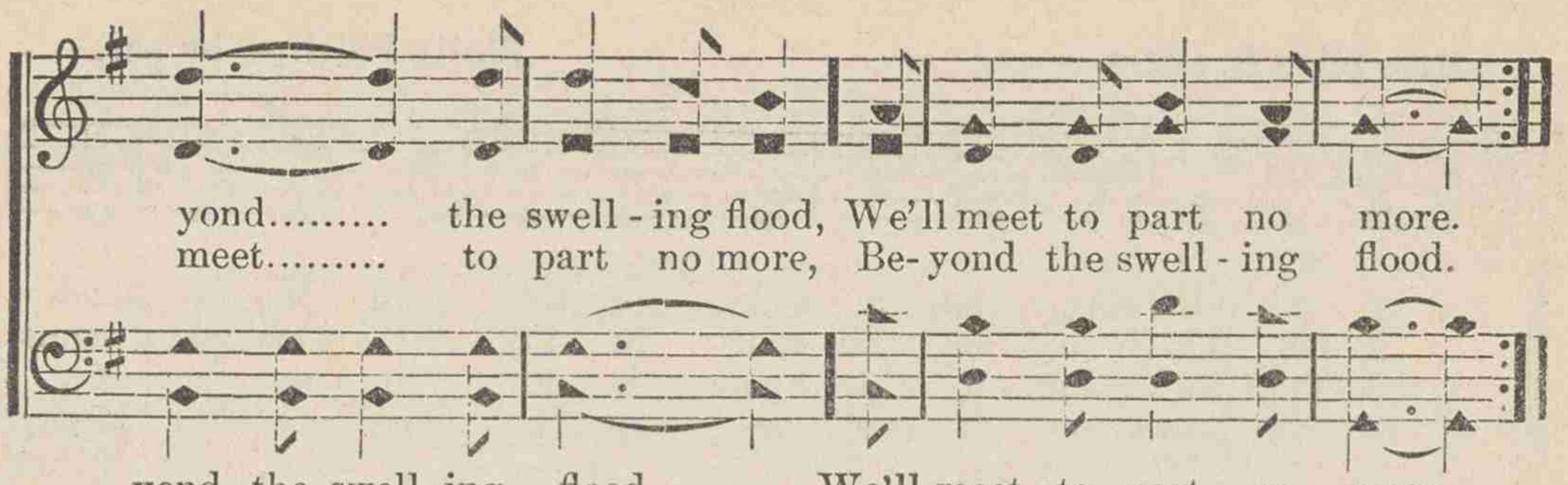
Beyond the swelling
We'll meet to part no

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

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

* From GOLDEN SUNBEAMS, by per.

Beyond the Swelling Flood. Concluded.

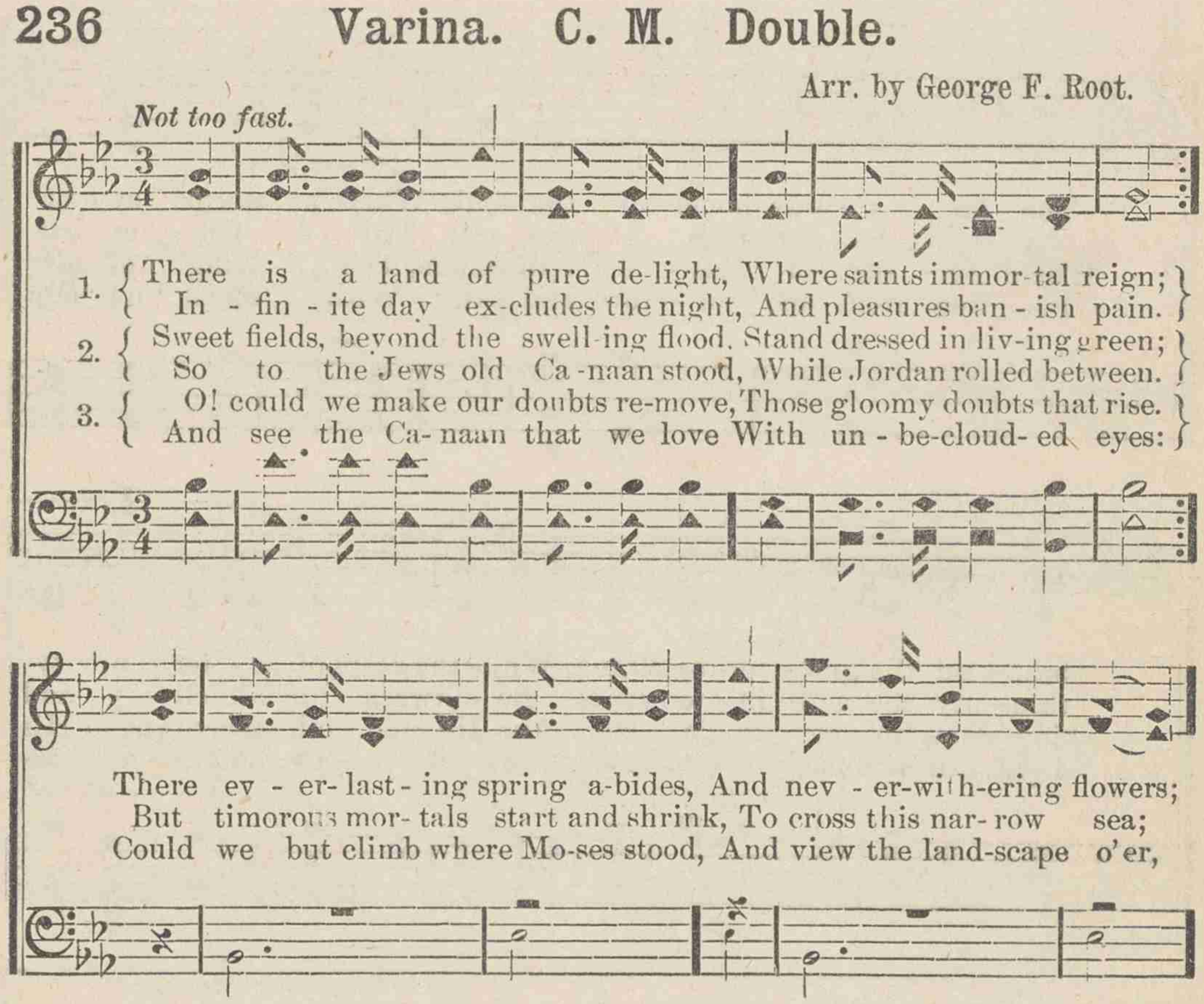


236 Varina. C. M. Double.

Arr. by George F. Root.

Not too fast.

1. { There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints immor-tal reign; }
   { In - fin - ite day ex-cludes the night, And pleasures ban - ish pain. }
2. { Sweet fields, beyond the swell-ing flood, Stand dressed in liv-ing green; }
   { So to the Jews old Ca-naan stood, While Jordan rolled between. }
3. { O! could we make our doubts re-move, Those gloomy doubts that rise. }
   { And see the Ca- naan that we love With un - be-cloud- ed eyes: }

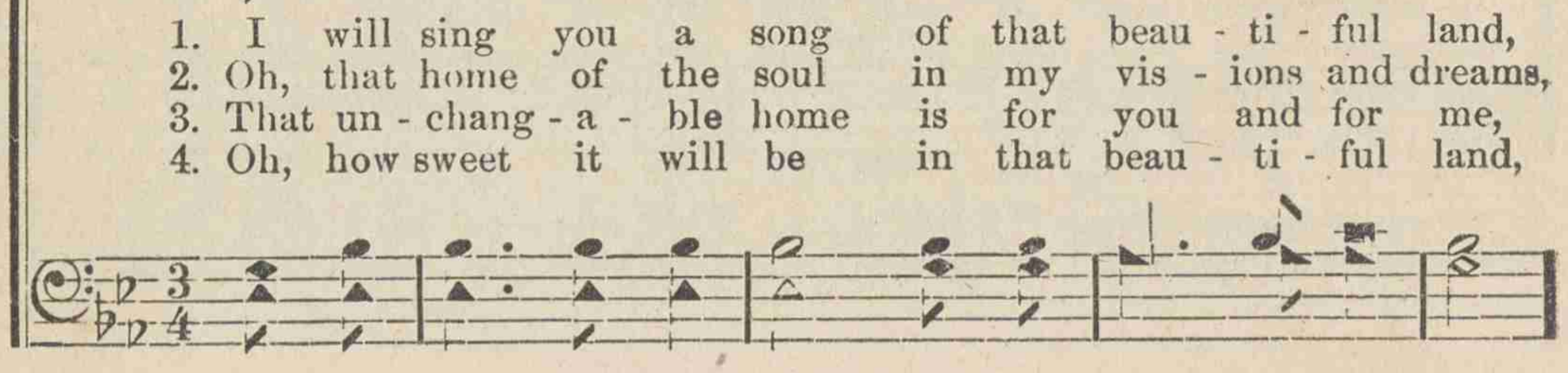


237 Home of the Soul.

Mrs. Ellen H. Gates. Philip Phillips, by per.

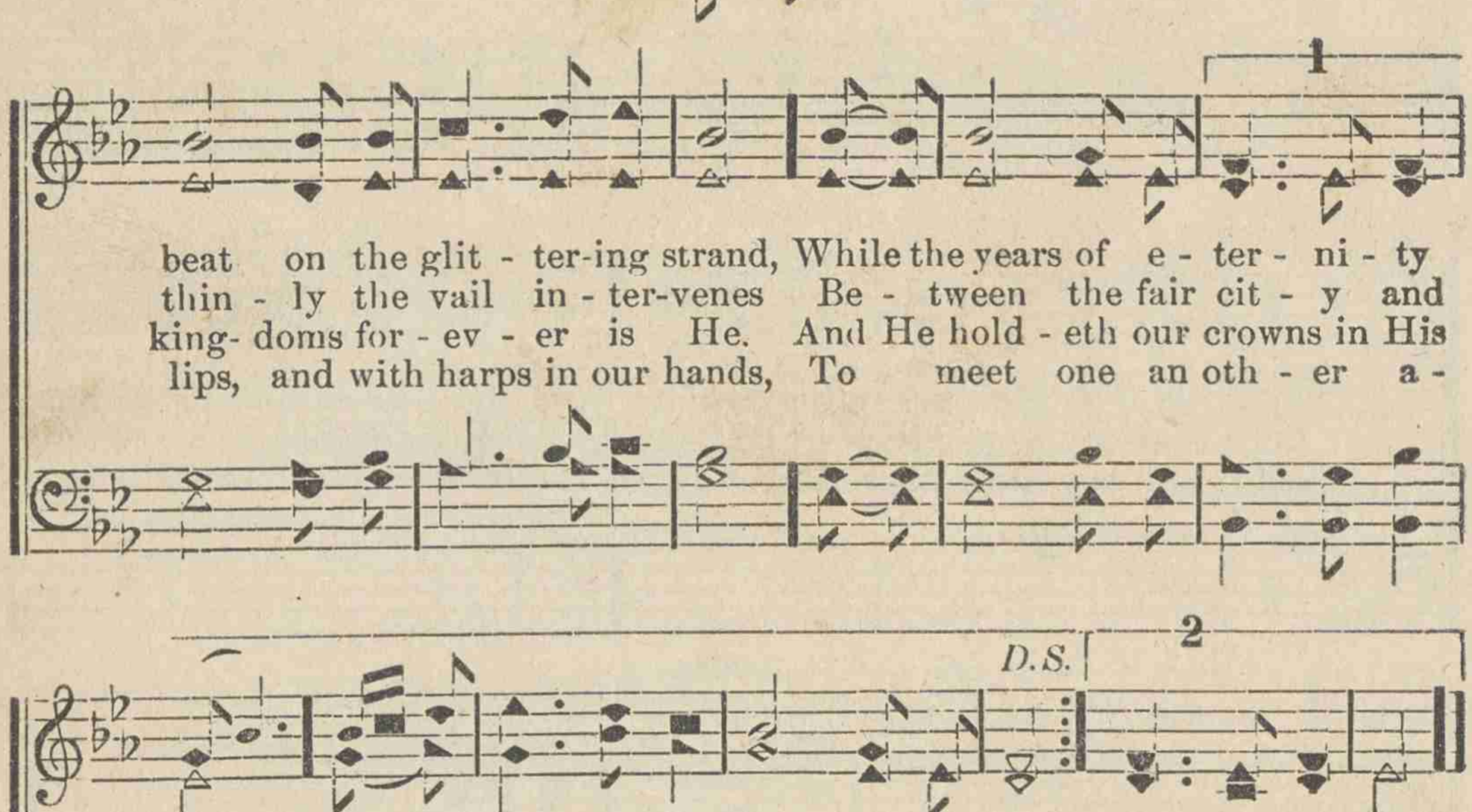


1. I will sing you a song of that beau - ti - ful land,
2. Oh, that home of the soul in my vis - ions and dreams,
3. That un - chang - a - ble home is for you and for me,
4. Oh, how sweet it will be in that beau - ti - ful land,

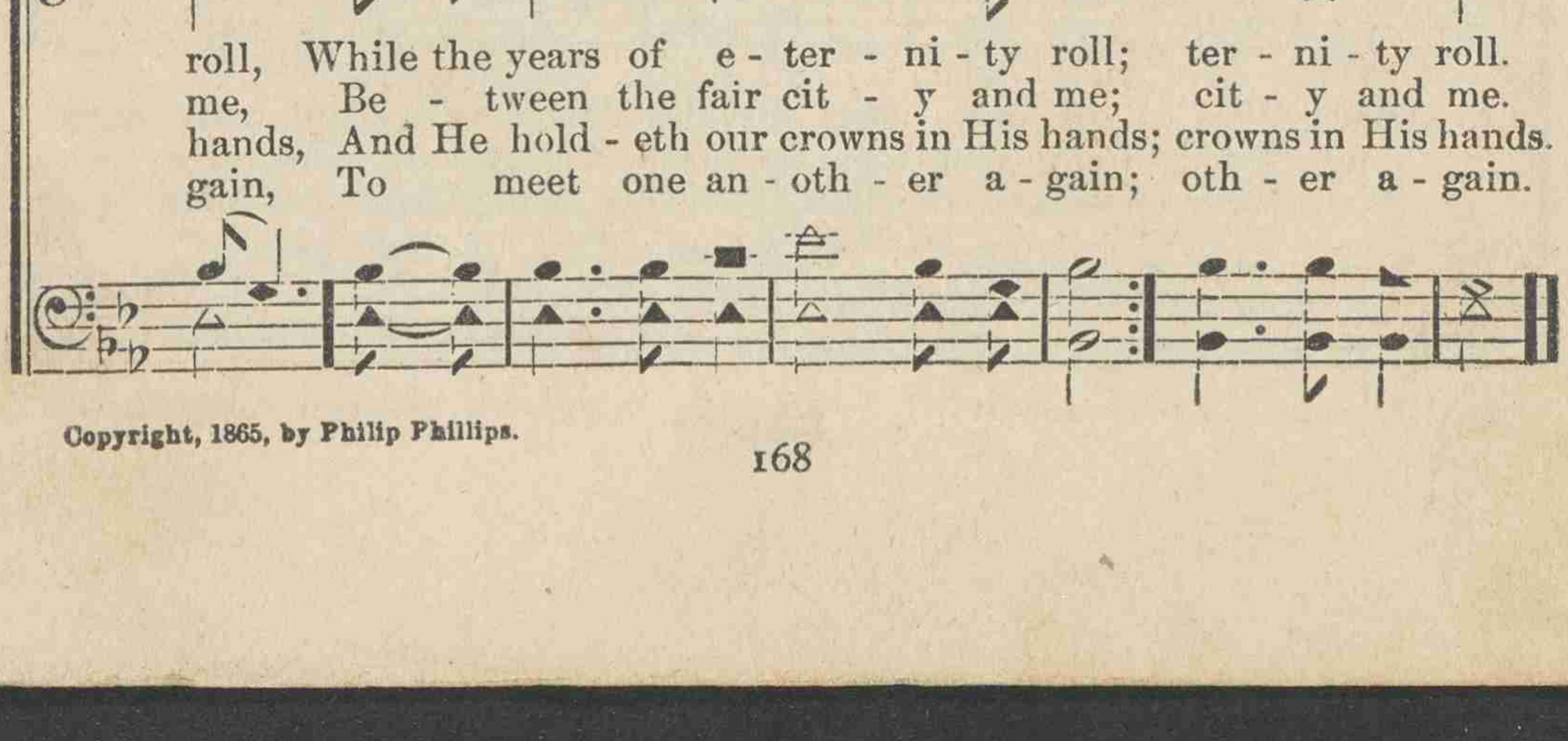




The far a - way home of the soul, Where no storms ev - er
Its bright, jas - per walls I can see; Till I fan - cy but
Where Je - sus of Naz - a - reth stands; The King of all
So free from all sor - row and pain; With songs on our



beat on the glit - ter-ing strand, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty
thin - ly the vail in - ter-venes Be - tween the fair cit - y and
king- doms for - ev - er is He. And He hold - eth our crowns in His
lips, and with harps in our hands, To meet one an oth - er a -



roll, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll; ter - ni - ty roll.
me, Be - tween the fair cit - y and me; cit - y and me.
hands, And He hold - eth our crowns in His hands; crowns in His hands.
gain, To meet one an - oth - er a - gain; oth - er a - gain.

Copyright, 1865, by Philip Phillips.

Kingwood. C. P. M.

Arr.



3 My soul anticipates the day;
I'll joyfully the call obey
Which comes to summon me away
To seats prepared above:
There I shall see my Saviour's face,
And dwell in His beloved embrace,
And taste the fullness of His grace,
And sing redeeming love.

4 Though dire afflictions press me sore,
And death's black billows roll before,
Yet still, by faith, I see the shore
Beyond the rolling flood;
The heavenly Canaan, sweet and fair
Beyond my ravished eyes appear,
And makes me almost think I'm there
In yonder bright abode.

5 To earthly cares I'd say farewell,
And triumph over death and hell,
And go where saints and angels dwell,
To praise the eternal Three.
I'll join with them that's gone before,
Who sing and shout, their sufferings o'er,
Where pain and parting is no more,
To all eternity.

6 Adieu, ye scenes of noise and show,
And all this region here below, [grow;
Where naught but dissapointments
A better world's in view.
My Saviour calls, I haste away;
I would not here for ever stay;
Hail! ye bright realms of endless day;
Vain world, once more, adieu.

FUNERAL HYMNS.

239 Dunbar. S. M.

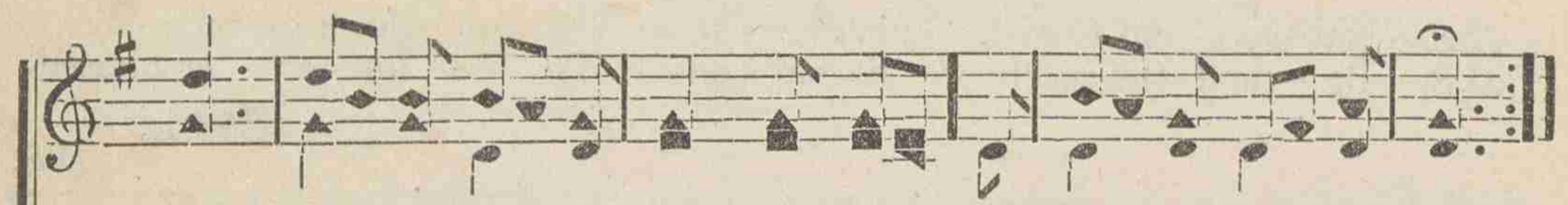
Mrs. Mary S. B. Dana. Rev. C. R. Dunbar.



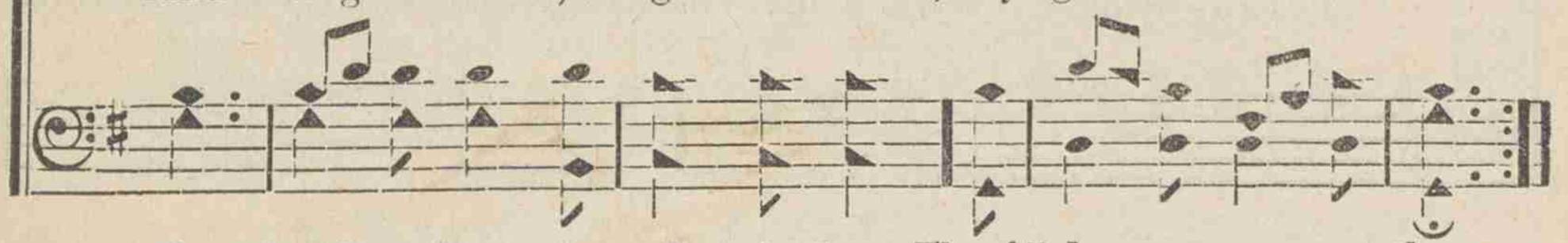
1. Oh! sing to me of heav'n, When I am called to die;
2. When cold and slug-gish drops Roll off my mar - ble brow,
3. When the last mo ments come, Oh, watch my dy - ing face,
4. Then to my rap-tured ear Let one sweet song be giv'n;
5. Then round my sense-less clay, As - sem-ble those I love,



CHO. *There'll be no sor - row there, There'll be no sor - row there;*



Sing songs of ho - ly ec - sta - sy, To waft my soul on high.
Break forth in songs of joy - ful - ness, Let heav'n be- gin be - low.
To catch the bright ser-aph - ic gleam, Which on each fea-ture plays.
Let mu - sic cheer me last on earth, And greet me first in heav'n.
And sing of heav'n, delight - ful heav'n, My glo-rious home a - bove.



In heav'n a- bove, where all is love, There'll be no sor-row there.

240 S. M.

1 I love to think of heaven,
Where white-robed angels are;
Where many a friend is gathered safe,
From fear, and toil, and care.—CHO.

2 I love to think of heaven,
Where my Redeemer reigns;
Where rapturous songs of triumph rise,
In endless, joyous strains.—CHO.

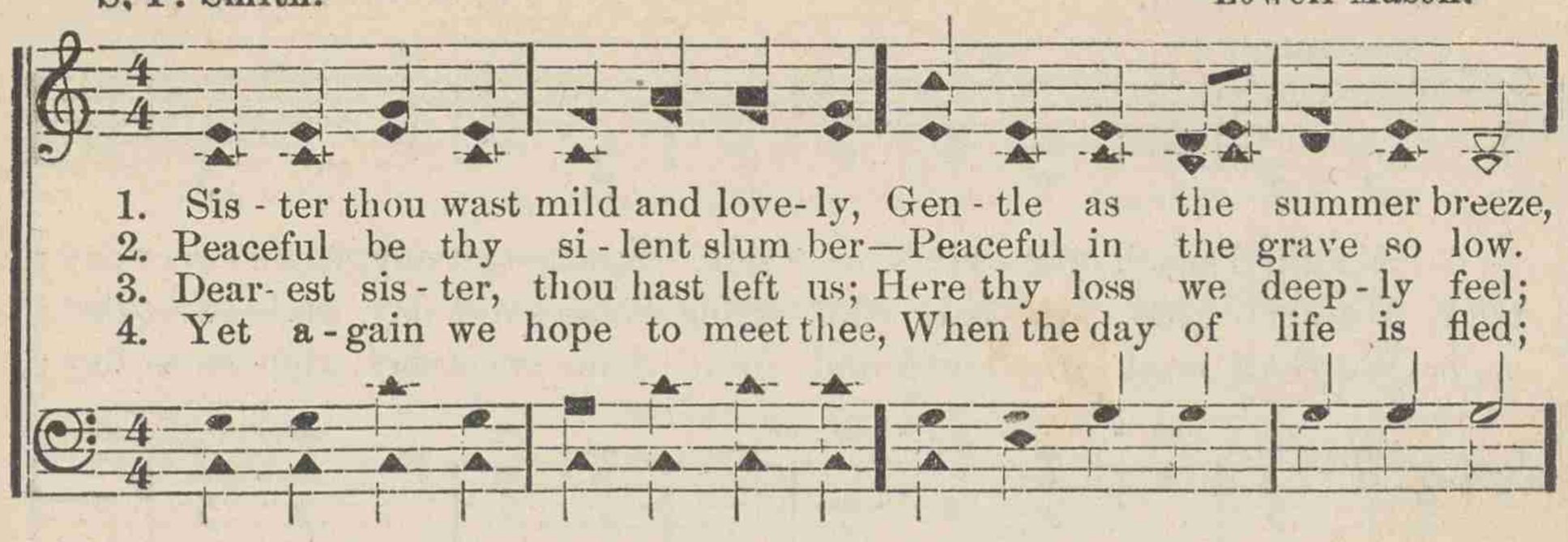
3 I love to think of heaven,
The saints' eternal home;
Where palms, and robes, and crowns ne'er fade,
And all our joys are one.—CHO.

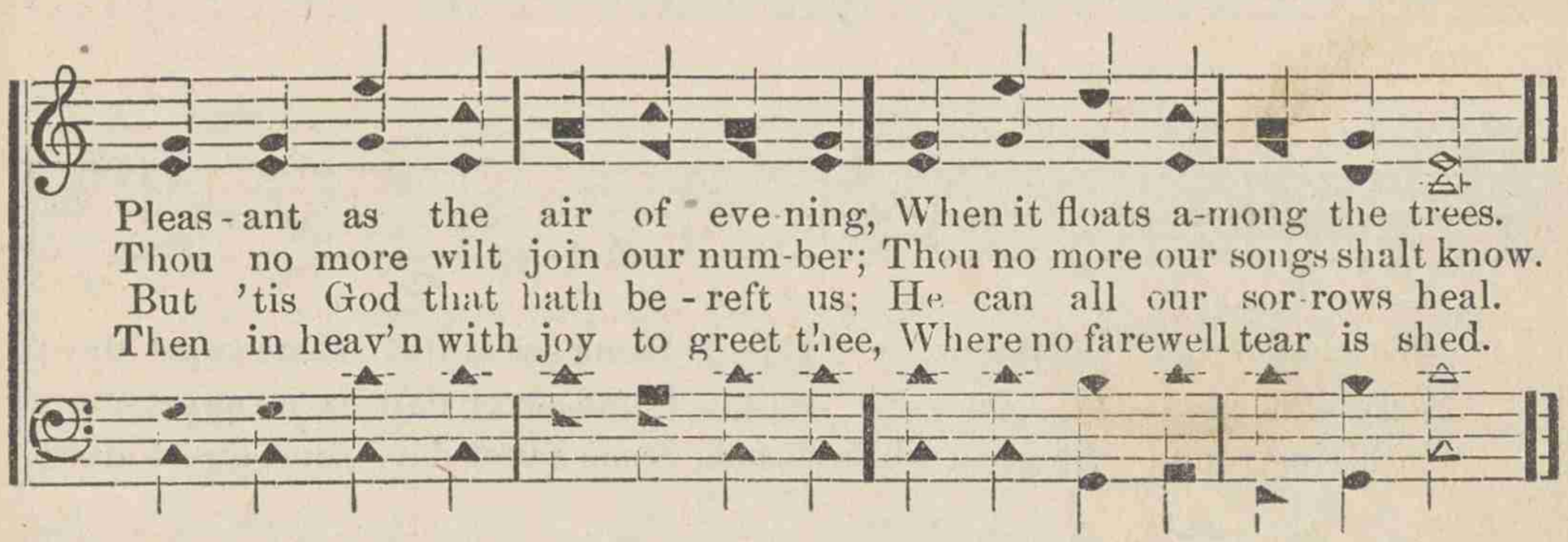
4 I love to think of heaven,
The greetings there we'll meet:
The harps—the songs forever ours—
The walks—the golden streets.—CHO.

5 I love to think of heaven,
That promised land so fair;
Oh! how my raptured spirit longs
To be forever there.—CHO.

241 Mount Vernon.

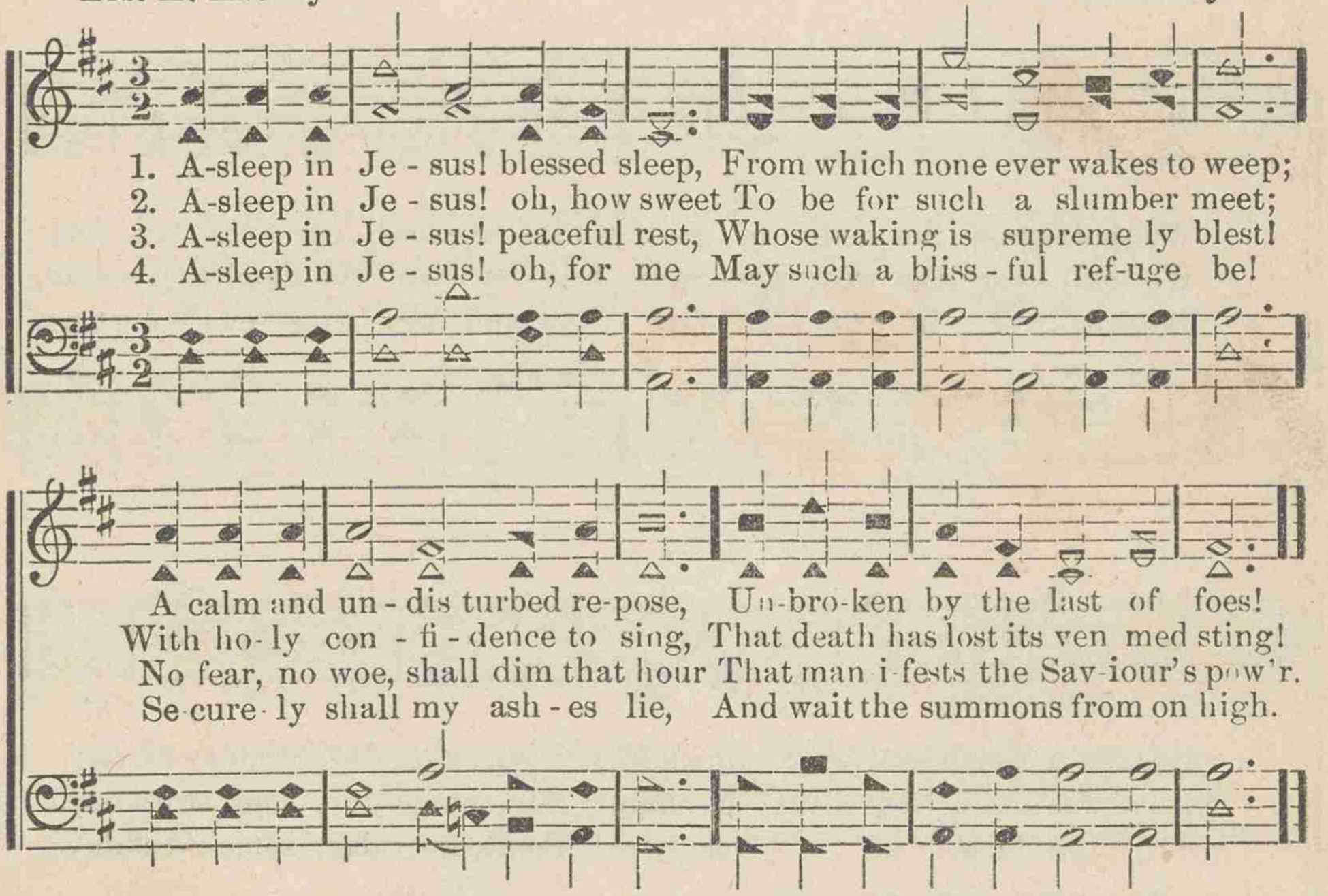
S. F. Smith. Lowell Mason.





242 Rest.

Mrs. M. Mackay. Wm. B. Bradbury.



5 Asleep in Jesus! time nor space
Affects this precious hiding-place;
On Indian plains, on Lapland snows,
Believers find the same repose.

6 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.

243 Some Sweet Day.

Arthur W. French. D. B. Towner, by per.

Moderato.



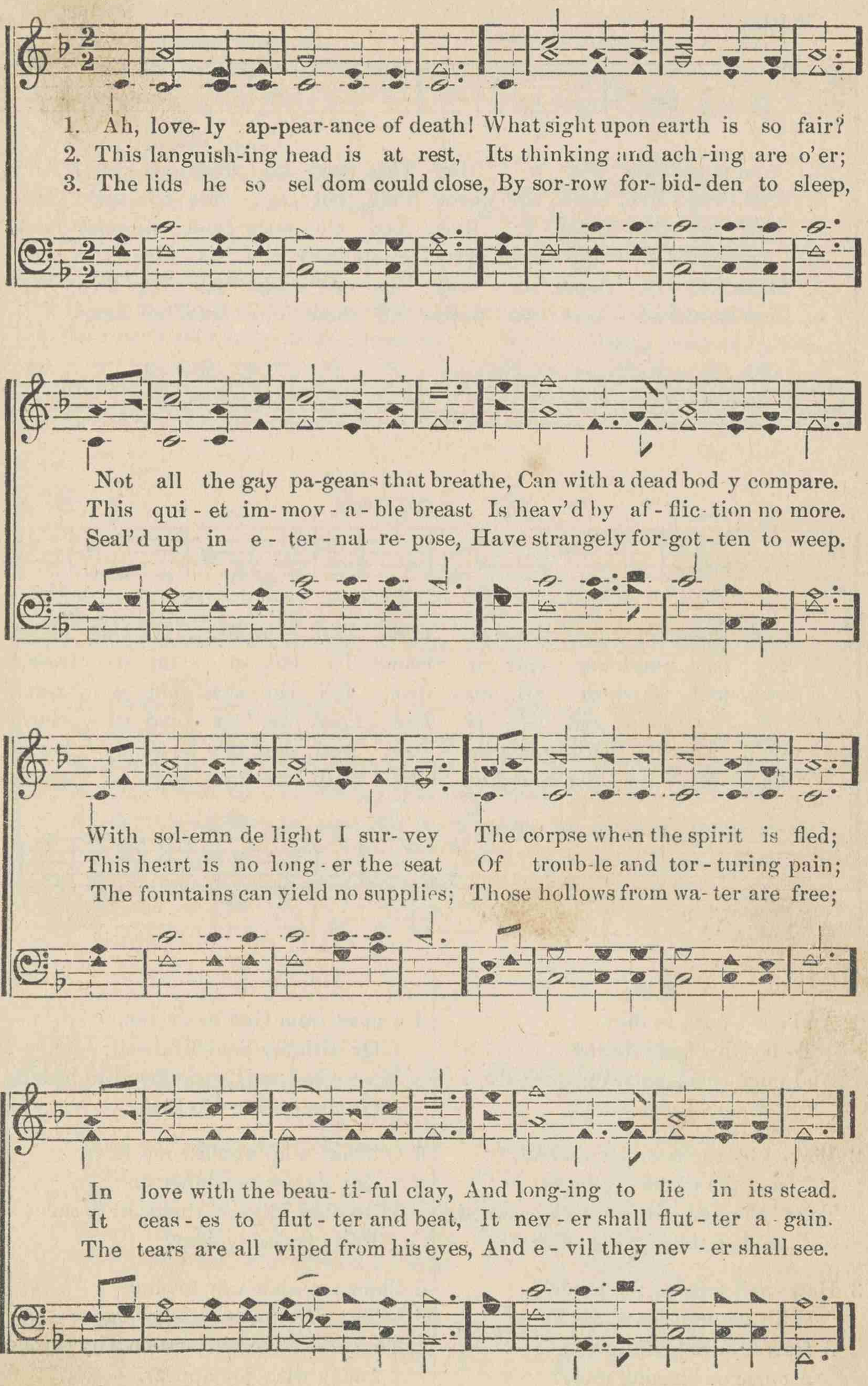
1. We shall reach the riv - er side, Some sweet day, some sweet day;
2. We shall pass in - side the gate, Some sweet day, some sweet day;
3. We shall meet our loved and own, Some sweet day, some sweet day;

We shall cross the storm - y tide, Some sweet day, some sweet day;
Peace and plen - ty for us wait, Some sweet day, some sweet day;
Gath'ring round the great white throne, Some sweet day, some sweet day;

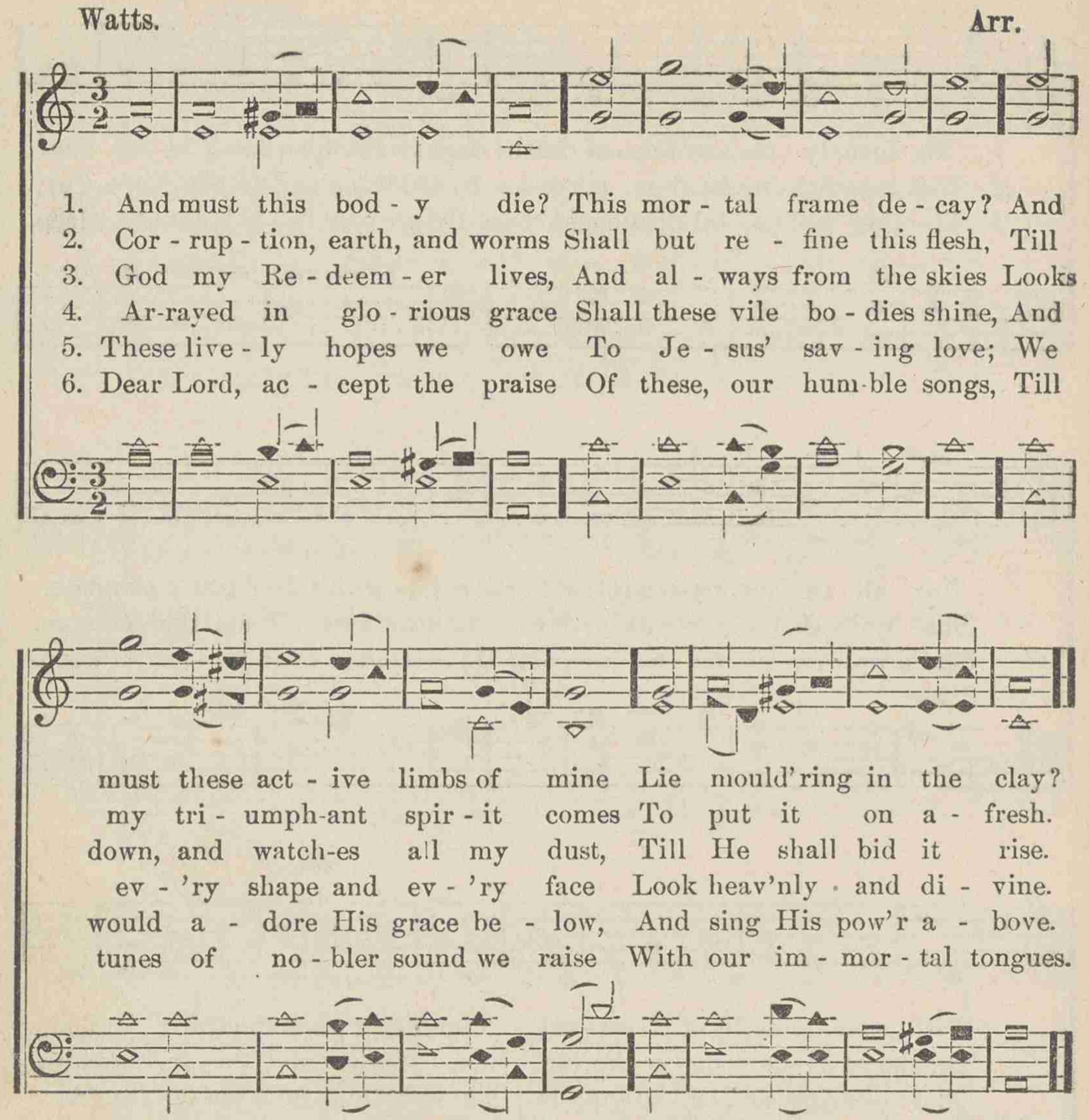
We shall press the sands of gold, While be - fore our eyes un - fold
We shall hear the wondrous strain, Glo - ry to the Lamb that's slain,
Be the tree of life so fair, Joy and rap - ture ev - 'ry-where,

Heaven's splendors, yet un - told, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
Christ was dead, but lives a - gain, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
O the bliss of o - ver there! Some sweet day, some sweet day.

Madison. 8s. D.


1. Ah, love-ly ap-pear-ance of death! What sight upon earth is so fair?
2. This languish-ing head is at rest, Its thinking and ach-ing are o'er;
3. The lids he so sel dom could close, By sor-row for-bid-den to sleep,
Not all the gay pa-geans that breathe, Can with a dead bod y compare.
This qui-et im-mov-a-ble breast Is heav'd by af-flic-tion no more.
Seal'd up in e-ter-nal re-pose, Have strangely for-got-ten to weep.
With sol-emn de light I sur-vey The corpse when the spirit is fled;
This heart is no long-er the seat Of troub-le and tor-turing pain;
The fountains can yield no supplies; Those hollows from wa-ter are free;
In love with the beau-ti-ful clay, And long-ing to lie in its stead.
It ceas-es to flut-ter and beat, It nev-er shall flut-ter a-gain.
The tears are all wiped from his eyes, And e-vil they nev-er shall see.

245 Idumea. S. M.



1. And must this bod - y die? This mor - tal frame de - cay? And
2. Cor - rup - tion, earth, and worms Shall but re - fine this flesh, Till
3. God my Re - deem - er lives, And al - ways from the skies Looks
4. Ar-rayed in glo - rious grace Shall these vile bo - dies shine, And
5. These live - ly hopes we owe To Je - sus' sav - ing love; We
6. Dear Lord, ac - cept the praise Of these, our humble songs, Till

must these act - ive limbs of mine Lie mould'ring in the clay?
my tri - umph-ant spir - it comes To put it on a - fresh.
down, and watch-es all my dust, Till He shall bid it rise.
ev - 'ry shape and ev - 'ry face Look heav'nly and di - vine.
would a - dore His grace be - low, And sing His pow'r a - bove.
tunes of no - bler sound we raise With our im - mor - tal tongues.

246 S. M.

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

2 Waked by the trumpet's sound,
I from the grave shall rise,
To see the Judge with glory crowned,
And view the flaming skies.

3 How shall I leave the tomb?
With triumph or regret?
A fearful or a joyful doom,
A curse or blessing meet?

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

5 O Thou, who would-t not have
One mourning sinner die;
Who died Thyself that soul to save
From endless misery;

6 Show me some way to shun
Thy dreadful wrath severe;
That when Thou comest on Thy throne
I may with joy appear.

247 S. M.

1 And is there Lord, a rest,
For weary souls designed,
Where not a care shall stir the breast,
Or sorrow entrance find?

2 Is there a blissful home
Where kindred minds shall meet,
And live, and love, nor ever roam
From that serene retreat?

3 Are there bright, happy fields,
Where naught that blooms shall die,
Where each new scene fresh pleasure yields
And healthful breezes sigh?

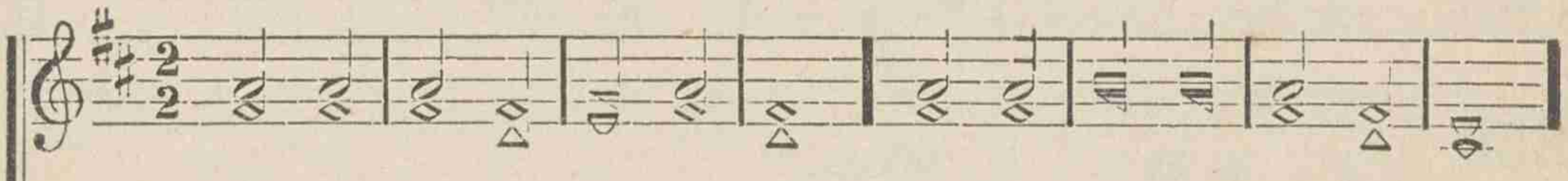
4 Are there celestial streams
Where living waters glide,
With murmurs sweet as angel dreams,
And flowery banks beside?

5 Forever blessed they
Whose joyful feet shall stand,
While endless ages waste away
Amid that glorious land.

6 My soul would thither tend,
While toilsome years are given:
Then let me, gracious Lord, ascend
To sweet repose in heaven.

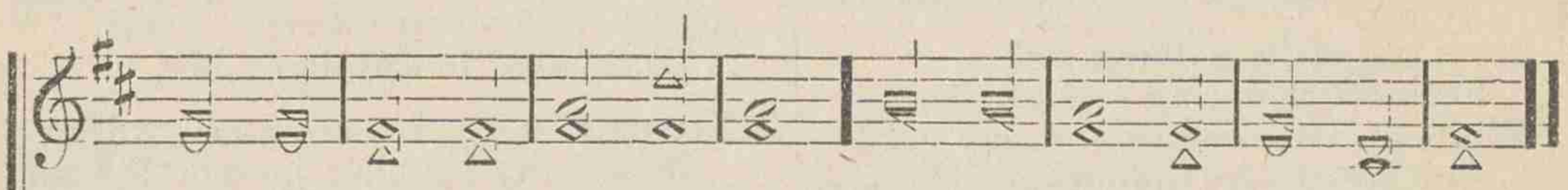
248 Prayer. 7s.

Asahel Abbot.

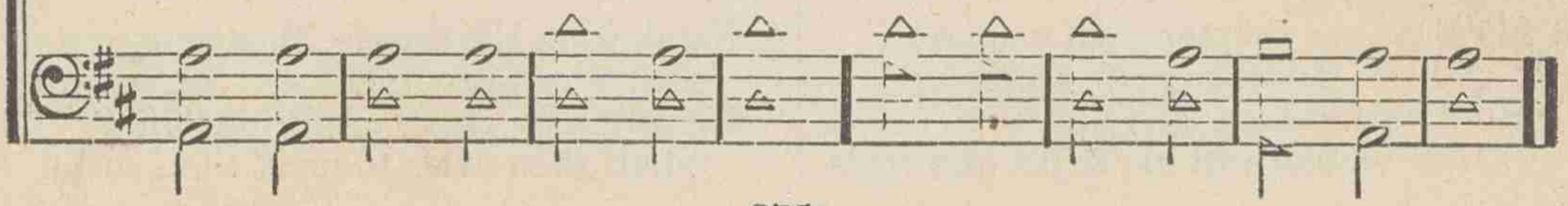


1. Fades the love- ly bloom-ing flow'r, Smil- ing so - lace of an hour;
2. Love - ly babe, how brief Thy stay! Short and hast - y was Thy day;
3. Hard it is from Thee to part! Tho' it rend my ach-ing heart,
4. Pil - lowed on a Saviour's breast, Sweet-ly sleep and soft - ly rest;
5. There we'll meet to part no more On fair heav-en's peace-ful shore;



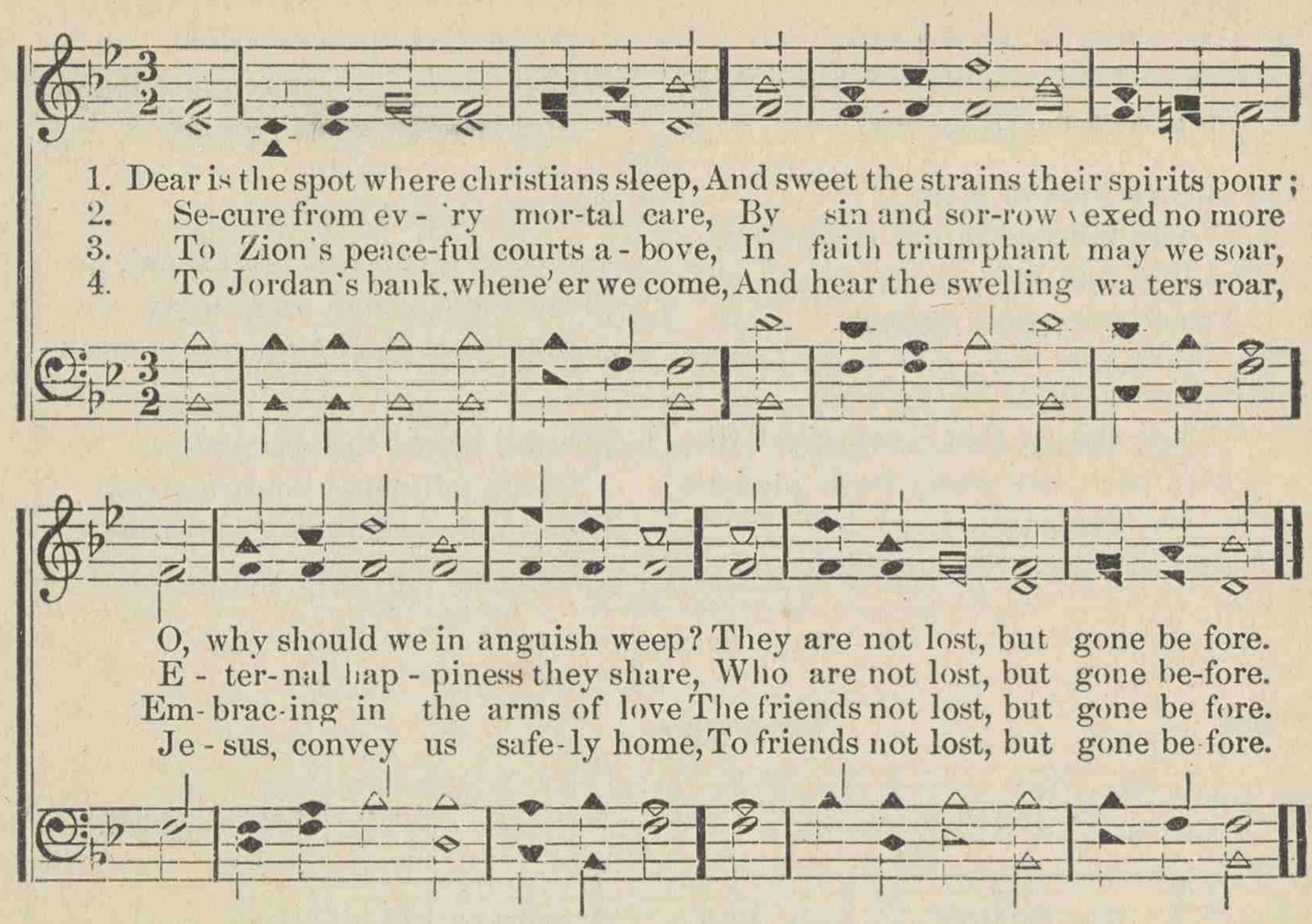


Soon our tran-sient com-forts fly; Pleas-ure on - ly blooms to die.
End - ing soon Thy so - journ here, Pain or grief no more to bear.
Since an heir to glo - ry's gone, Let the will of God be done.
When the joy - ful summons come, Rise and soar to heav'n, your home.
There we'll fix our blessed a - bode With our Sav-iour and our God.



249 Hebron. L. M.

Dr. Lowell Mason.



250 L. M. Watts.

1 Why should we start and fear to die?
What timorous worms we mortals are.
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife
Fright our approaching souls away,
Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 Oh! if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul would stretch her wings in haste.
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the the terrors as she passed.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on His breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

251 L. M. Steele.

1 Almighty Maker of my frame,
Teach me the measure of my days;
Teach me to know how frail I am,
And spend the remnant to Thy praise.

2 My days are shorter than a span;
A little point, my life appears;
How frail at best, is dying man,
How vain are all his hopes and fears.

3 Vain his ambition, noise and show,
Vain are the cares which rack his mind;
He heaps up treasures mixed with woe,
And dies and leaves them all behind.

4 O, be a nobler portion mine,
My God, I bow before Thy throne;
Earth's fleeting pleasures I resign,
And fix my hope on Thee alone.

252 L. M.

1 Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb,
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room
To slumber in the silent dust.

2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
Invade thy bounds; no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose.

3 So Jesus slept, God's dying Son,
Passed through the grave and blessed the bed; [throne
Rest here, blest saint, till from His
The morning break and pierce the shade.

4 Break from His throne, illustrious morn;
Attend, O, earth, His sovereign word;
Restore Thy trust, a glorious form
Shall then arise to meet the Lord.

253 Resignation. 11s.

Muhlenberg. Arr.

1. I would not live al - way; I ask not to stay
2. I would not live al - way, thus fet - tered by sin,
3. I would not live al - way; no, wel - come the tomb;
4. O, who would live al - way, a - way from His God—
5. There saints of all a - ges in har - mo - ny meet,

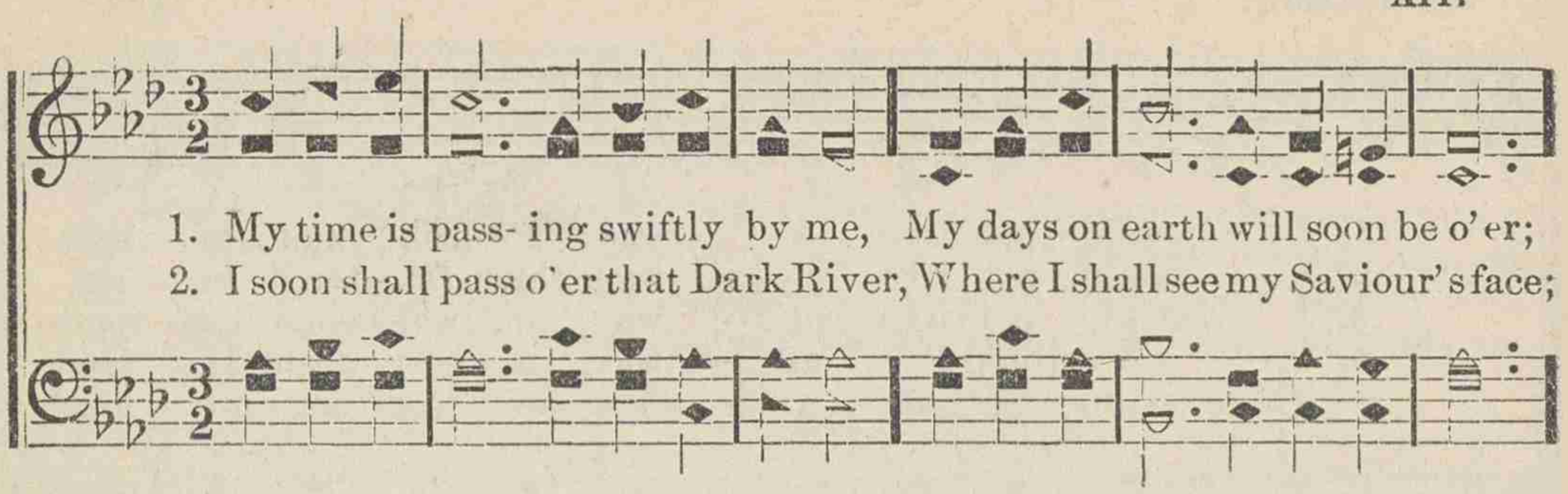
Where storm aft - er storm ris - es dark o'er the way;
Temp - ta - tion with - out and cur - rup - tion with - in;
Since Je - sus has lain there I dread not its gloom;
A - way from yon heav - en, that bliss - ful a - bode,
Their Sav - iour and breth - ren trans-port - ed to greet;

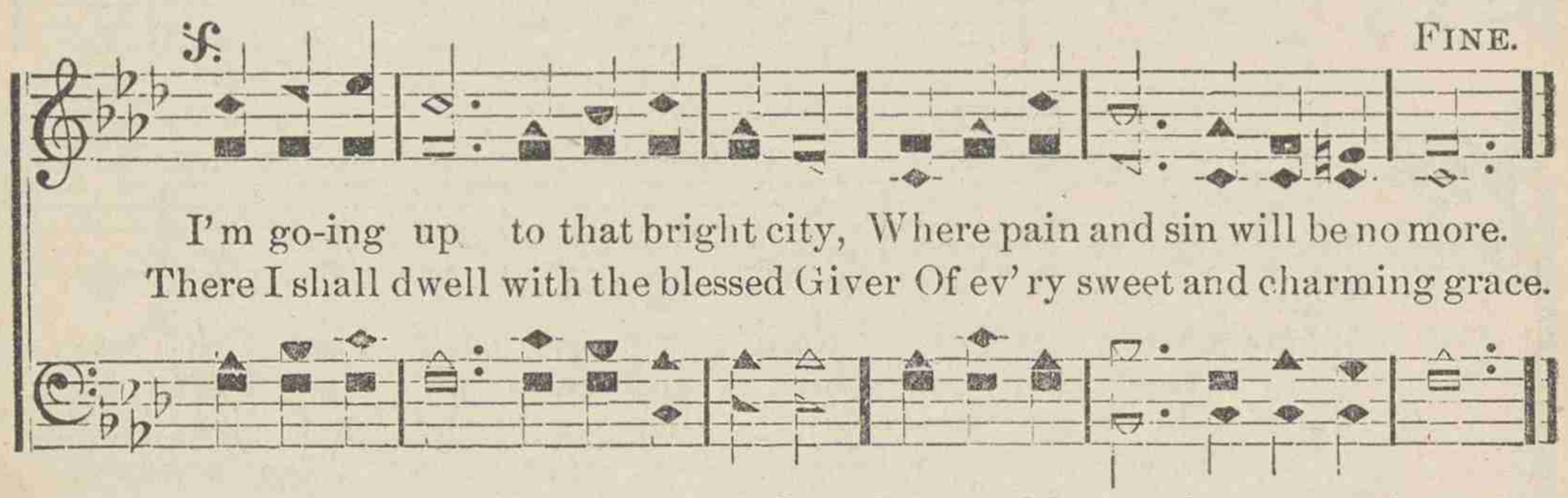
The few lu - cid morn - ings that dawn on us here,
E'en the rap - ture of par - don is min - gled with fears,
There sweet be my rest till He bid me a - rise
Where riv - ers of pleas - ure flow bright o'er the plains,
While an - thems of rap - ture un - ceas - ing - ly roll,

Are fol - lowed by gloom or be - cloud - ed with fear.
And the cup of thanks - giv - ing with pen - i - tent tears.
To hail Him in tri - umph de- scend - ing the skies.
And the noon - tide of glo - ry e - ter - nal - ly reigns?
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

254 Going Home.

Arr.







3 By faith I view the golden beauty,
Of that bright world to which I go;
While winding up my closing duty,
None else but Jesus will I know.
CHO.—I'm going home to see my mother, &c

4 I feel my way is dark and dreary,
But Jesus leads me by His love;
And by His grace He'll surely carry,
My weary soul to climes above.
CHO.—I'm going home to see my brother, &c.

5 I'm looking up to that great fountain,
From whence those living waters flow;
While moving up to Zion's mountain,
Where Jesus and His saints did go.
CHO.—I'm going home to see my sister, &c.

6 Now as my journey is near closing,
And I must leave my loved ones here;
In Jesus Christ I'll be reposing,
And dwell with Him forever there.
CHO.—I'm going home to see my Saviour, &c.

7 For those dear ones I leave behind me,
I pray that Christ will lead them on,
To that sweet home where they may [gone.
find me,
Where all the happy saints have

CHORUS

O, there may I meet all my children!
In that sweet clime no more to roam,
When they are safely over Jordan,
We'll dwell eternally at home.

255 New Orleans. C. M

Arr. Boyd.



When I am Gone.

Arr.

With feeling.

1. Shed not a tear o'er your friend's early bier, When I am gone,
2. Shed not a tear as you all kneel in pray'r, When I am gone,
3. Plant you a rose that shall bloom o'er my grave, When I am gone,

when I am gone; Smile when the slow toll - ing bell you shall hear,
when I am gone; Sing a sweet song when my grave you shall see,
when I am gone; Sing a sweet song such as an- gels may have,

When I am gone, when I am gone. Weep not for me as you
When I am gone, when I am gone. Sing of the Lamb who on
When I am gone, when I am gone. Praise ye the Lord that I'm

stand 'round my grave, Think who has gone, His beloved to save. Think of the
earth once was slain, Sing of the Lamb who in heaven doth reign, Sing till the
freed from all care, Pray ye the Lord, that my joy you may share. Look up to

crown all the ransom'd shall wear, When I am gone, when I am gone.
arth shall be filled with His name, When I am gone, when I am gone.
heav'n and be-lieve that I'm there, When I am gone, when I am gone.

257 C. M.

1 My head and stay is called away,
And I am left alone;
My husband dear, who was so near,
Is fled away and gone.

2 It breaks my heart, 'tis hard to part
With one who was so kind;
Where shall I go to vent my smart,
Or ease my troubled mind?

3 In wisdom's ways we spent our days,
Much comfort we did find;
But he is gone, in dust he lays,
And I am left behind.

4 Naught can I find to ease my mind,
In things which are below;
For earthly toys but vex my joys,
And aggravate my woe.

5 But I'll repair to Jesus, where
I'll ease my troubled breast;
To Christ above, who is my Lord,
And my eternal rest.

6 And, O, that He would send for me,
And call my spirit home,
To worlds of rest, among the blest,
Where troubles never come.

258 C. M. STEELE.

1 When those we love are snatched away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay
Which pity must demand.

2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
O, 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 gaping tomb!
It bids us seize the present hour—
To-morrow death may come.

4 The voice of this alarming scene
May every heart obey;
Nor be the heavenly warning vain
Which calls to watch and pray.

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

6 Great God, Thy sovereign grace impart,
With cleansing, healing power;
This only can prepare the heart
For death's surprising hour.

259 C. M.

1 Come, my dear friends, and mourn with me,
In my afflicted state;
I am bereaved, as you may see,
Of my dear loving mate.

2 Her heart was bound with mine by love,
Good works for to maintain;
But she is gone to Christ above,
Forever there to reign.

3 My loss is great—to lose my mate;
I'm like the lonesome dove;
I'll go alone, and sigh and mourn
My dear and absent love.

4 My children cry, no mother by
To take them on her knee:
The breach is great, it doth create
Much grief, as all may see.

5 But why should I lament my case,
Since God hath thought it best
To take her soul from hence away
To its eternal rest?

6 Since it is so, let sorrows go;
My God hath sent His rod.
He doth His will, I must be still,
And know that He is God.

260 C. M.

1 Alas! how changed that lovely flower
Which bloomed and cheered my heart;
Fair, fleeting comfort of an hour,
How soon we're called to part.

2 And shall my bleeding heart arraign
That God, whose ways are love,
Or vainly cherish anxious pain
For her who rests above?

3 No! Let me rather humbly pay
Obedience to His will,
And with my inmost spirit say,
"The Lord is righteous still."

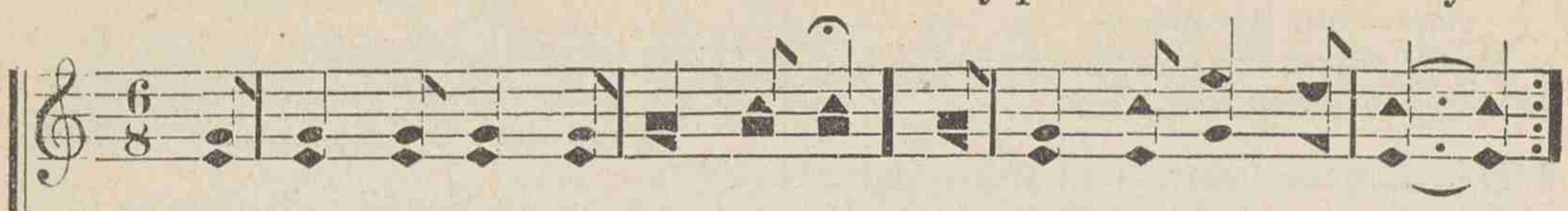
4 From adverse blasts and low'ring storms
Her favored soul He bore;
And with yon bright, angelic forms,
She lives to die no more.

5 Why should I vex my heart, or fast?
No more she'll visit me;
My soul will mount to her at last,
And there my child I'll see.

6 Prepare me, blessed Lord, to share
The bliss Thy people prove;
Who round Thy glorious throne appear,
And dwell in perfect love.

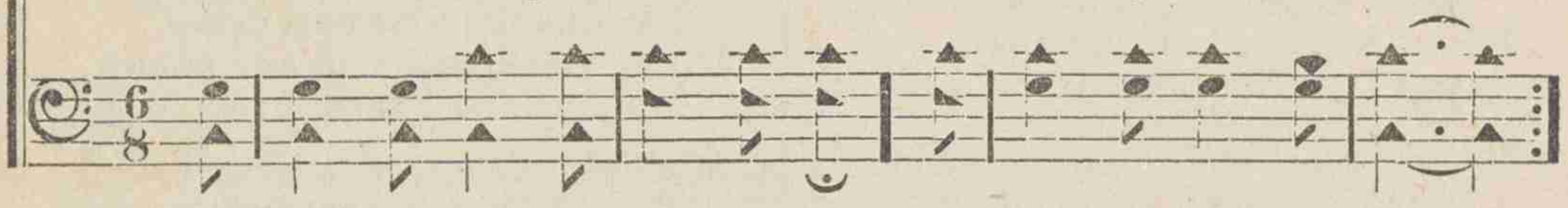
261 The Land of Beulah. C. M.

By per. Wm. H. Bradbury.



1. { There is a land, a hap - py land, Where tears are wiped a - way
   From ev - 'ry eye by God's own hand, And night is turned to day. }

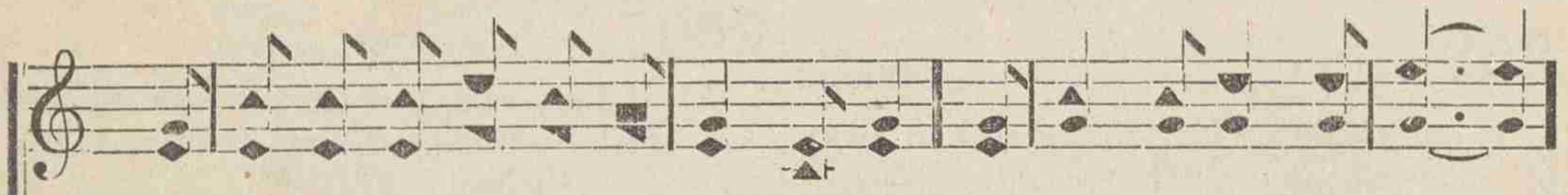
2. { There is a home, a hap - py home, Where wayward trav'lers rest;
   Where toil and lan-guor nev - er come, And ev - 'ry mourner's blest. }



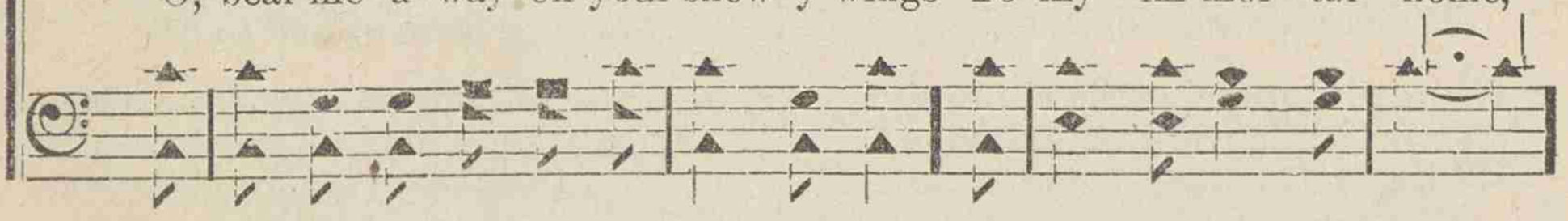
CHORUS. *f*



O come, an - gel band, Come and a - round me stand,



O, bear me a - way on your snow - y wings To my im-mor - tal home,



O, bear me a - way on your snow - y wings, To my im-mor-tal home.



3 There is a port, a peaceful port,
A safe and quiet shore,
Where weary mariners resort,
And hear the storms no more.
CHORUS:—O come, angel band, &c.

4 That land be mine, that calm retreat,
That crown of glory bright;
Then I'll esteem each bitter sweet,
And every burden light.
CHORUS: —O come, angel band, &c.

262 Amboy. L. M.

Arr.



2 I know it seems vain, when friends depart,
To breathe kind words to the broken heart;
I know that the joys of life seem marred,
When we follow our friends to the old church-yard;
But were I at rest, beneath yon tree,
Why should you weep, dear friends, for me?
I'm wayworn and sad, O, why then retard
The rest that I seek in the old churchyard.

3 Our friends linger there, in sweetest repose,
Released from the world's sad bereavments and woes;
And who would not rest with the friends they regard
In quietude sweet, in the old churchyard?
We'll rest in the hope of that bright day,
When beauty shall spring from the prison of clay,
When Gabriel's voice and the trump of the Lord,
Shall awaken the dead in the old churchyard.

4 Oh, weep not for me, I am anxious to go,
To that haven of rest where tears never flow;
I fear not to enter that dark lonely ward;
For soon shall I rise from the old churchyard;
Yes, soon shall I join that heavenly band
Of glorified souls at my Saviour's right hand;
Forever to dwell in bright mansions prepared
For saints, who shall rise from the old church-yard.

263 It is Well With My Soul. P. M.

H. G. Spofford. P. P. Bliss.



1. When peace, like a riv - er, at - tend-eth my way, When sorrows, like
2. Tho' Sa- tan should buf -fet, tho' tri - als should come, Let this blest as-
3. My sin—oh, the bliss of this glo - ri - ous tho't— My sin—not in
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be rolled





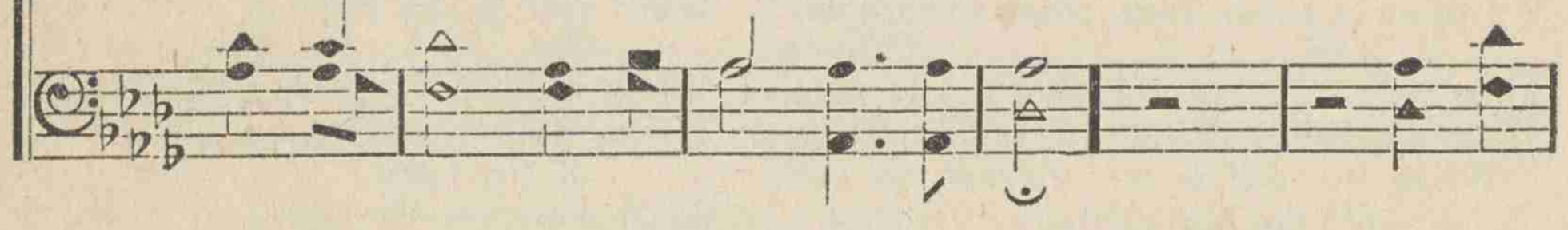
sea - billows, roll; What- ev - er my lot, Thou hast taught me to say,
sur- ance con-trol, That Christ hath regard - ed my help - less es- tate,
part but the whole, Is nailed to His cross and I bear it no more,
back as a scroll, The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall descend,





CHORUS.

It is well, it is well with my soul. It is well,.....
And hath shed His own blood for my soul.
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, oh, my soul!
"E - ven so"—it is well with my soul. It is





..... with my soul,.....
well with my soul, It is well, it is well with my soul.

Copyright, by John Church Co. Used by per.

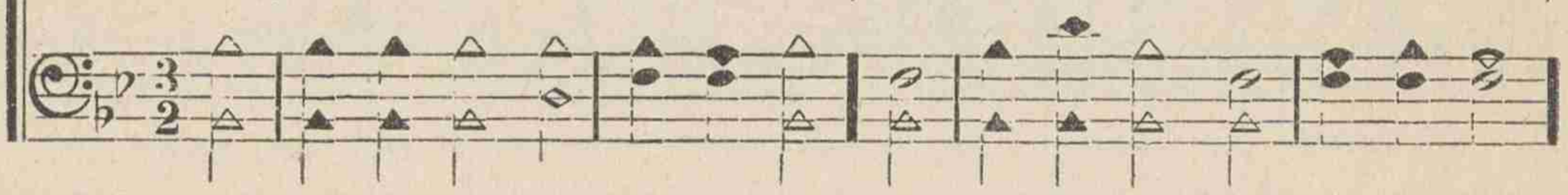
LORD'S DAY.

264 Forest. L. M.

Slade. Chapin.



1. Come, dearest Lord, and bless this day; Come, bear our tho' ts from earth away.
2. Come, Ho-ly Spir - it, all di-vine, With rays of light up - on us shine;
3. Then, when our sabbaths here are o'er, And we ar - rive on heaven's shore,



Now let our no- blest passions rise With ar- dor to their na-tive skies.
And let our wait-ing souls be blest On this sweet day of sa- cred rest.
With all the ransomed we shall spend A sabbath which shall nev-er end.



265 L. M. STENNETT.

1 Another six days' work is done,
Another Lord's day is begun;
Return. my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God hath blest.

2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest to wearied minds;
Provides an antepast of heaven,
And gives this day the food of seven.

3 O, that our thoughts and thanks may rise
As grateful incense to the skies;
Receive from heaven that sweet repose
Which none but he who feels it knows.

4 This heavenly calm within the breast
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains—
The end of cares, the end of pains.

5 With joy, Great God, Thy works we view,
In various scenes both old and new;
With praise we think on mercies past,
With hope we future blessings taste.

266 L. M.

1 Awake, my heart! my soul arise!
This is the day believers prize;
Improve this sabbath then with care;
Another may not be thy share.

2 O solemn tho't!—Lord, give me power,
Wisely to fill up every hour;
O for the wings of faith and love
To bear my heart and soul above.

3 Jesus, assist, nor let me fail
To worship Thee within the veil!
To glorify Thy matchless grace,
To see the beauties of Thy face.

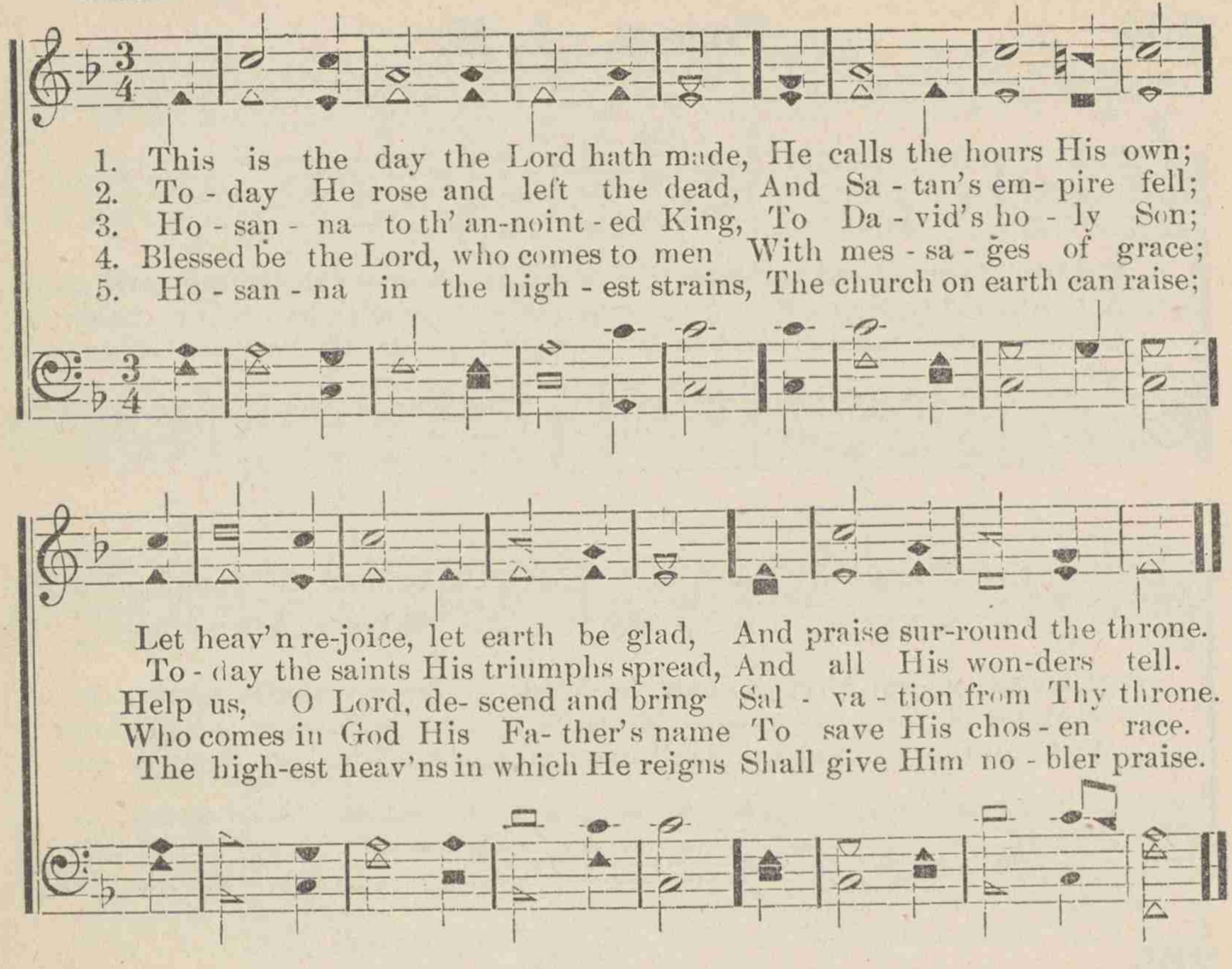
4 Be with me in Thy house to-day,
And tune my heart to praise and pray;
Command Thy word to fall, like dew,
Refreshing, quickening me anew.

5 Call forth my tho'ts and let them rove
O'er the green pastures of Thy love;
O let not sin prevent my rest,
Nor keep me from my Saviour's breast.

6 Give to thy church a large increase,
Send her prosperity and peace;
May all the saints in Zion say,
O happy, happy, happy day!

267 Mear. C. M.

Watts. Welsh Air.



268 C. M. Mason.

1 Come, dearest Lord; and feed Thy sheep,
On this sweet day of rest;
O, bless this flock, and make this fold
Enjoy an heavenly rest.

2 Welcome and precious to my soul,
Are these sweet days of love;
But what a sabbath shall I keep,
When I shall rest above!

3 I come, I wait, I hear, I pray,
Thy footsteps, Lord, I trace;
Here in Thine own appointed way,
I wait to see Thy face.

4 These are the sweet and precious days
On which, my Lord I've seen;
And oft when feasting on His word,
In raptures I have been.

5 O, if my soul, when death appears,
In this sweet frame be found,
I'd clasp my Saviour in my arms,
And leave this earthly ground.

6 I long for that delightful hour,
When from this clay undressed,
I shall be clothed in robes divine,
And made forever blessed.

269 C. M. Watts.

1 How did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
In Zion let us all appear,
And keep the solemn day!

2 I love her gates, I love the road;
The church, adorned with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God
To show His milder face.

3 Up to her courts, with joys unknown,
The holy tribes repair;
The Son of David holds His throne,
And sits in judgment there.

4 He hears our praises and complaints,
And while His awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble and rejoice.

5 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest!
With holy gifts and heavenly grace
Be her attendants blest!

6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains;
There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
There God my Saviour reigns.

270 Lischer. 6s & 8s.

Arr. by Lowell Mason.



2 Now may the King descend,
And fill His th one of grace;
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While saints address Thy face;
Let sinners feel Thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers,
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless these sacred hours;
Then shall our souls new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be bestowed in vain.

271 Cambridge. S. M.

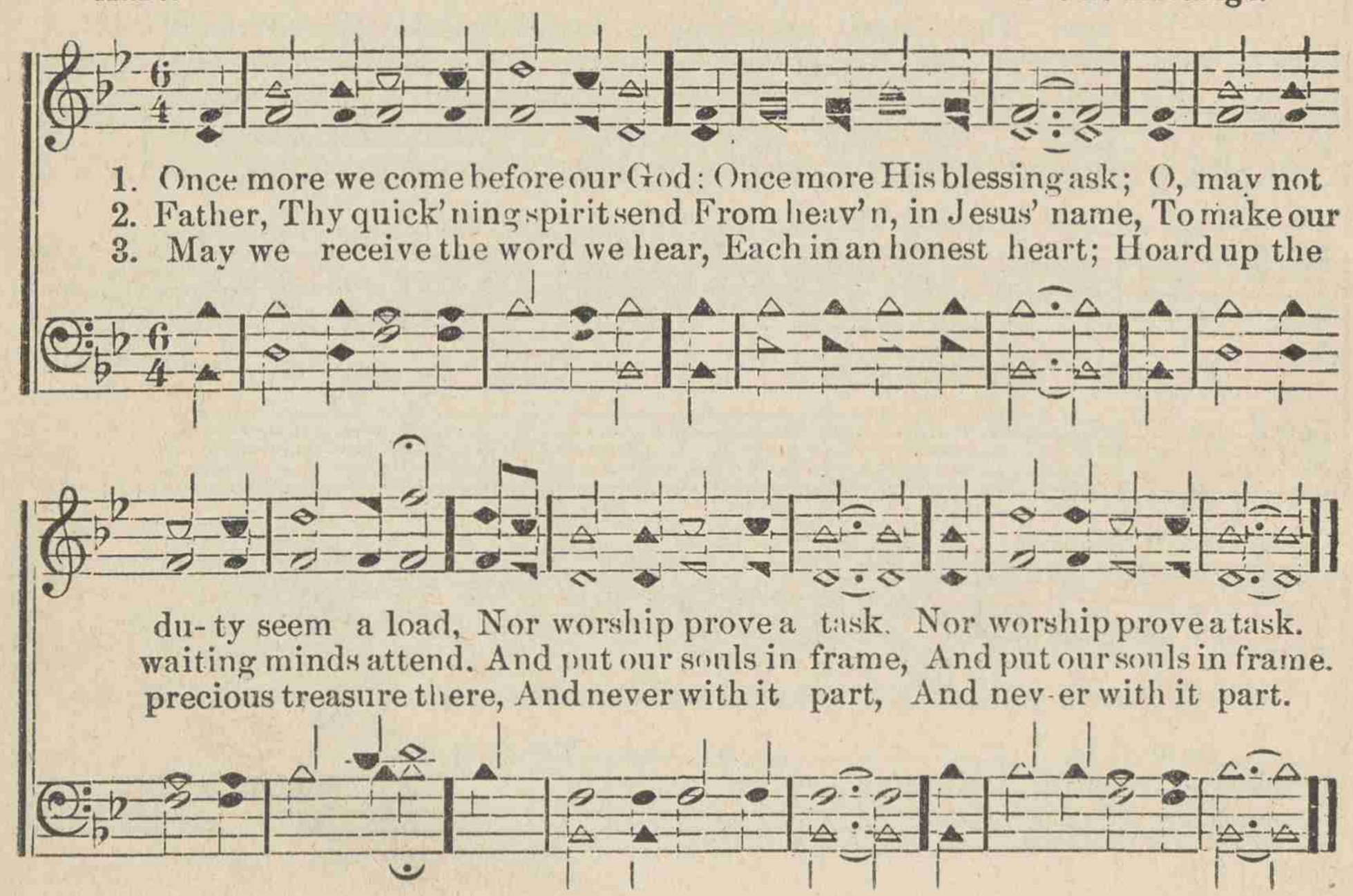
Watts. R. Harrison.



INTRODUCTORY HYMNS.

272 Ortonville. C. M.

Hart. Dr. T. Hastings.



4 To seek Thee all our hearts dispose;
To each Thy blessings suit;
And let the seed Thy servant sows
Produce a copious fruit.

5 Bid the refreshing north wind wake;
Say to the south wind, Blow:
Let every plant the power partake,
And all the garden grow.

6 Revive the parched with heavenly show-
The cold with warmth divine; [ers;
And as the benefit is ours,
Be all the glory Thine.

273 C. M. VANMETER.

1 Religion! what a vast estate,
On guilty worms bestowed!
Not all the riches of the great,
Are worth this gift of God!

2 How transient is all earthly bliss!
How poor is shining gold!
And mortal crowns, compared with this,
How worthless to behold!

3 In all things else let me be crossed,
Lord, give this pearl to me;
Without it I'm forever lost,
To all eternity.

274

1 Dear Saviour! let Thy gracious eye
In pity now look down,
While unto Thee for help we cry,
And all our vileness own.

2 Often beset with shame or fear,
When we attempt to pray,
Or such confusion interfere,
We scarce know what to say.

3 Darkness and hardness, guilt and pride,
And Satan's craft and rage,
Make us our sinful faces hide,
And often fear to engage.

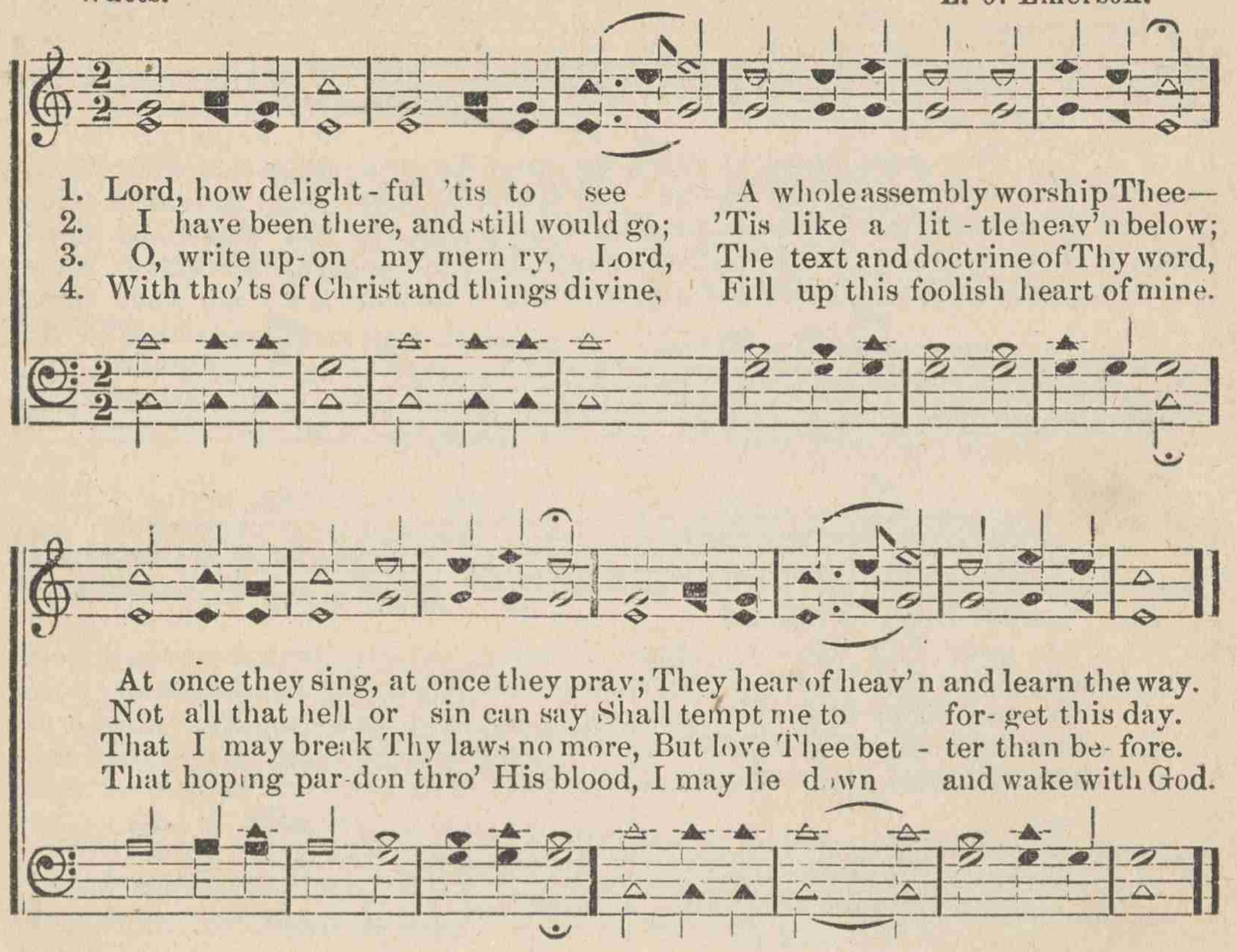
4 Lord, let Thy mighty power and love
Upon us be displayed.
O send Thy spirit from above,
And grant us timely aid.

5 Subdue these evils, dearest Lord!
Remove them far away.
And let Thy gracious help afford
Renewed grace to pray.

6 Still, Lord, uphold us in Thy strength
And we'll go on in prayer,
Till we arrive in heaven at length,
To praise our Saviour there.

275 Sessions. L. M.

Watts. L. O. Emerson.



276 L. M.

1 Jesus, where'er Thy people meet,
There they behold Thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

2 For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humblest mind;
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And going, take Thee to their home.

3 Great Shepherd of Thy chosen few!
Thy former mercies now renew;
Here to our waiting souls proclaim
The sweetness of Thy saving name.

277 L. M. BEDDOME.

1 Sprinkled with reconciling blood
I dare approach Thy throne, O God:
Thy face no frowning aspect wears,
Thy hand no vengeful thunder bears!

2 The encircling rainbow, peaceful sign!
Doth with refulgent brightness shine;
And while my faith beholds it near,
I bid farewell to every fear.

3 Let me my grateful homage pay;
With courage sing, with fervor pray;
And, though myself a wretch undone,
Hope for acceptance through Thy Son.

4 Thy Son, who on the shameful tree
Expired to set the vilest free;
On this, I build my only claim,
And all I ask is in His name.

278 L. M. FELLOWS.

1 The food on which Thy children live,
Great God, is Thine alone to give;
And we, for grace received would raise,
A sacred song of love and praise.

2 How vast, how full, how rich, how free,
Dear Jesus, Thy rich treasures be;
To the full fountain of our joys,
We gladly come for fresh supplies.

3 For this, we wait upon Thee, Lord,
For this we listen to Thy word;
Descend like gentle showers of rain,
Nor let our souls attend in vain.

279 New Britain. C. M.

Aaron Chapin.



1. In Thy great name, O Lord, we come To wor - ship at Thy feet,
2. We come to hear Je - ho - vah speak, To hear the Saviour's voice;
3. Teach us to pray, and praise, and hear And un - der - stand Thy word;
4. Let sin - ners, Lord, Thy goodness prove, And saints re - joice in Thee;
5. This house with grace and glo - ry fill, This con - gre - ga - tion bless;



O pour Thy Ho - ly Spir - it down On all that now shall meet.
Thy face and fav - or, Lord, we seek—Now make our hearts re - joice.
To feel Thy bliss - ful pres-ence near, And trust our liv - ing Lord.
Let reb - els be sub - dued by love, And to the Sav- iour flee.
Thy great sal - va - tion now re- veal, Thy glo- rious right-eous-ness.

280 C. M.

1 Lord, in Thy courts we now appear,
And bow before Thy throne;
Before our lips begin to move,
Our wants to Thee are known.

2 Thou know'st the language of the heart,
The meaning of a sigh;
Dear Father, hear our humble prayer,
And bring Thy blessings nigh.

3 Few be our words, and short our prayers
While we together meet;
Short duties keep religion up,
And make devotion sweet.

281 C. M. Newton.

1 Now, gracious Lord, Thine arm reveal,
And make Thy glory known;
Now let us all Thy presence feel,
And soften hearts of stone.

2 Help us to venture near Thy throne,
And plead a Saviour's name;
For all that we can call our own
Is vanity and shame.

3 Send down Thy Spirit from above,
That saints may love Thee more;
And sinners now may learn to love,
That never loved before.

4 And when before Thee we appear,
In our eternal home,
May growing numbers worship here,
And praise Thee in our room.

282 C. M. Mrs. Harrison.

1 To Thee again, my gracious God,
I lift my heart and eyes;
Thou art my only safe abode,
Thou only just and wise.

2 In Thee for every needful grace
My drooping soul confide;
Keep me, O Lord, in every place,
Secure on every side.

3 Be Thou my guardian ever near,
Thy presence I entreat;
Keep me, O keep me in Thy fear,
Uphold my sliding feet.

4 The paths I tread are strewed with snares,
In mercy, take my part;
Let no applauses wound my ears
Nor censures vex my heart.

5 Lest I should once disgrace Thy cause
Make me, O Lord, to grow
Deaf both to censure and applause,
And dead to all below.

283 C. M.

1 Dear Lord, to us assembled here,
Reveal Thy smiling face;
While we by faith, with love and fear,
Approach Thy throne of grace.

2 Thy house is call'd the house of prayer,
A solemn, sacred place;
O, let us now Thy presence share,
While at Thy throne of grace.

3 With holy boldness may we come,
Though of a sinful race.
Thankful to find there yet is room
Before Thy throne of grace.

4 Our earnest, fervent cry attend,
And all our faith increase,
While we our heavenly friend address
Upon a throne of grace.

5 His tender pity, and His love,
Our every fear shall chase.
And all our help we then shall prove
Comes from the throne of grace.

6 We bless Thee for Thy word and laws,
We bless Thee for Thy peace;
And we do bless Thee, Lord, because
There is a throne of grace.

284 C. M.

1 Wherewith shall we approach the Lord,
And bow before His throne?
By trusting in His faithful Word,
And pleading Christ alone.

2 The blood, the righteousness, and love
Of Jesus, we will plead:
He lives within the veil above
For us to intercede.

3 Sure ground, and sure foundation too,
We find in Jesus' name!
Herein we every blessing view,
And every favor claim.

4 Then let His name forever be
To us supremely dear;
Our only all-prevailing plea
For all our hope is there.

5 This is the name the Father loves
To hear His children plead;
And all such pleading He approves,
And blesses them indeed.

285 C. M.

1 O for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that always feels Thy blood,
So freely spilled for me.

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

3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, 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 life divine;
Perfect and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

5 Thy tender heart is still the same,
And melts at human woe;
Jesus for Thee distressed I am,
I want Thy love to know.

6 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,
Come quickly from above;
Write the new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of love.

286 C. M.

1 I love to see the Lord below,
His church displays His grace;
But upward worlds His glories know,
And view Him face to face.

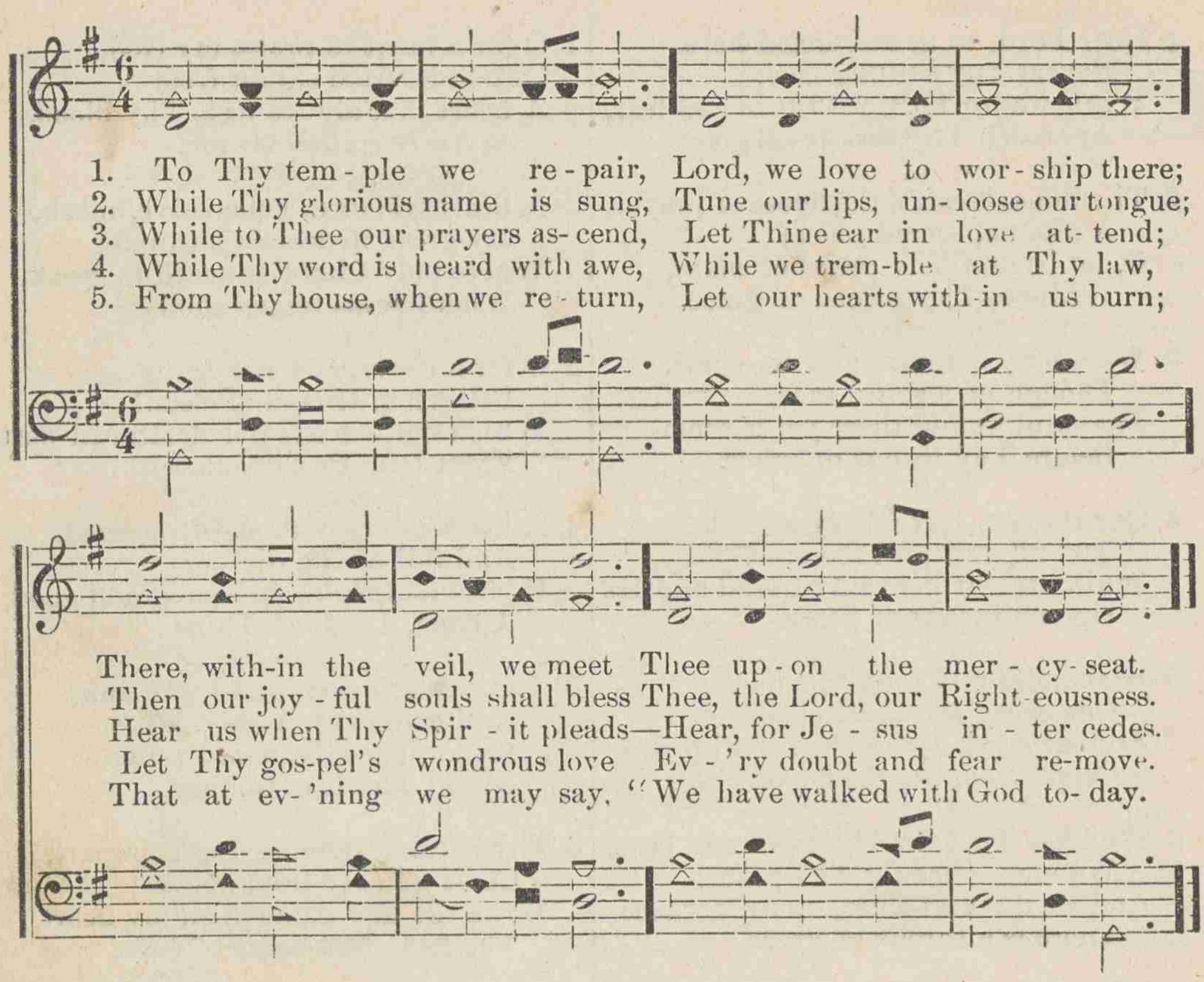
2 I love to worship at His feet,
Though sin annoy me there;
But saints exalted near His seat
Have no assaults to fear.

3 I love to meet Him in His court,
And taste His heavenly love;
But still His visits seem too short,
Or I too soon remove.

4 He shines—and I am all delight;
He hides—and all is pain;
When will He fix me in His sight
And ne'er depart again?

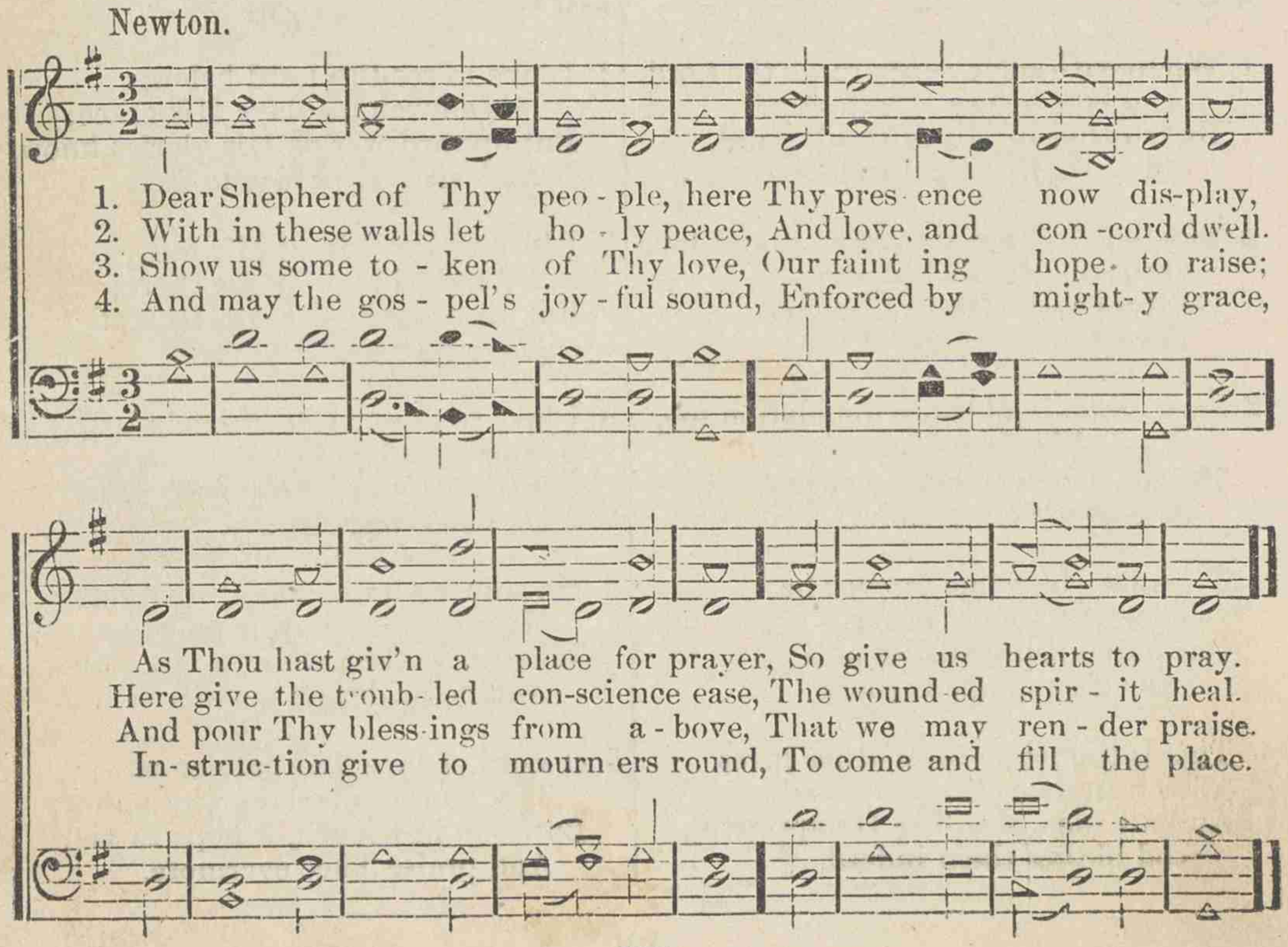
5 O Lord, I love Thy service now;
Thy church displays Thy power;
But soon in heaven, I hope to view
And praise Thee evermore.

287 Cook. 7s.



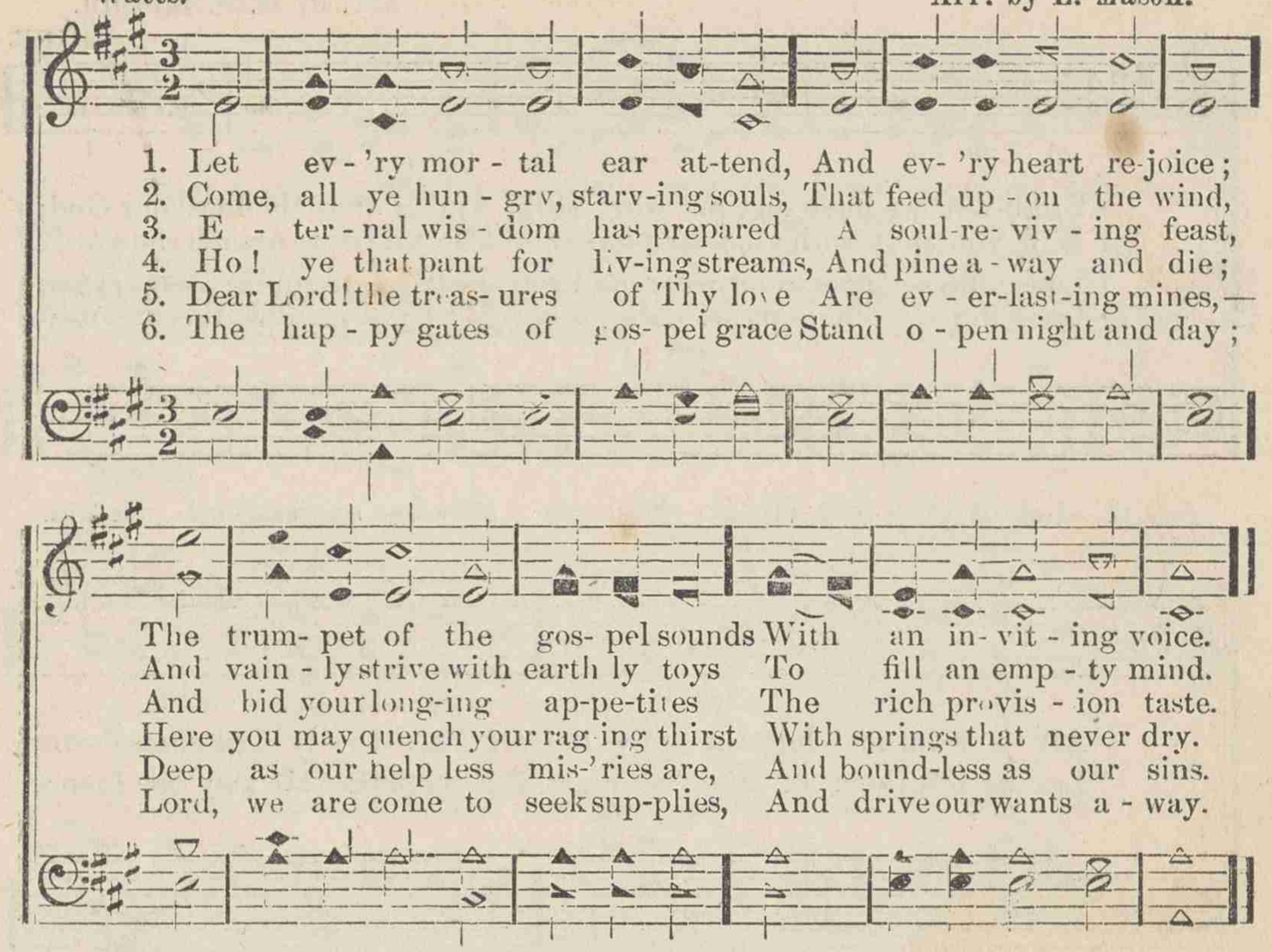
288 Barby. C. M.

Newton.



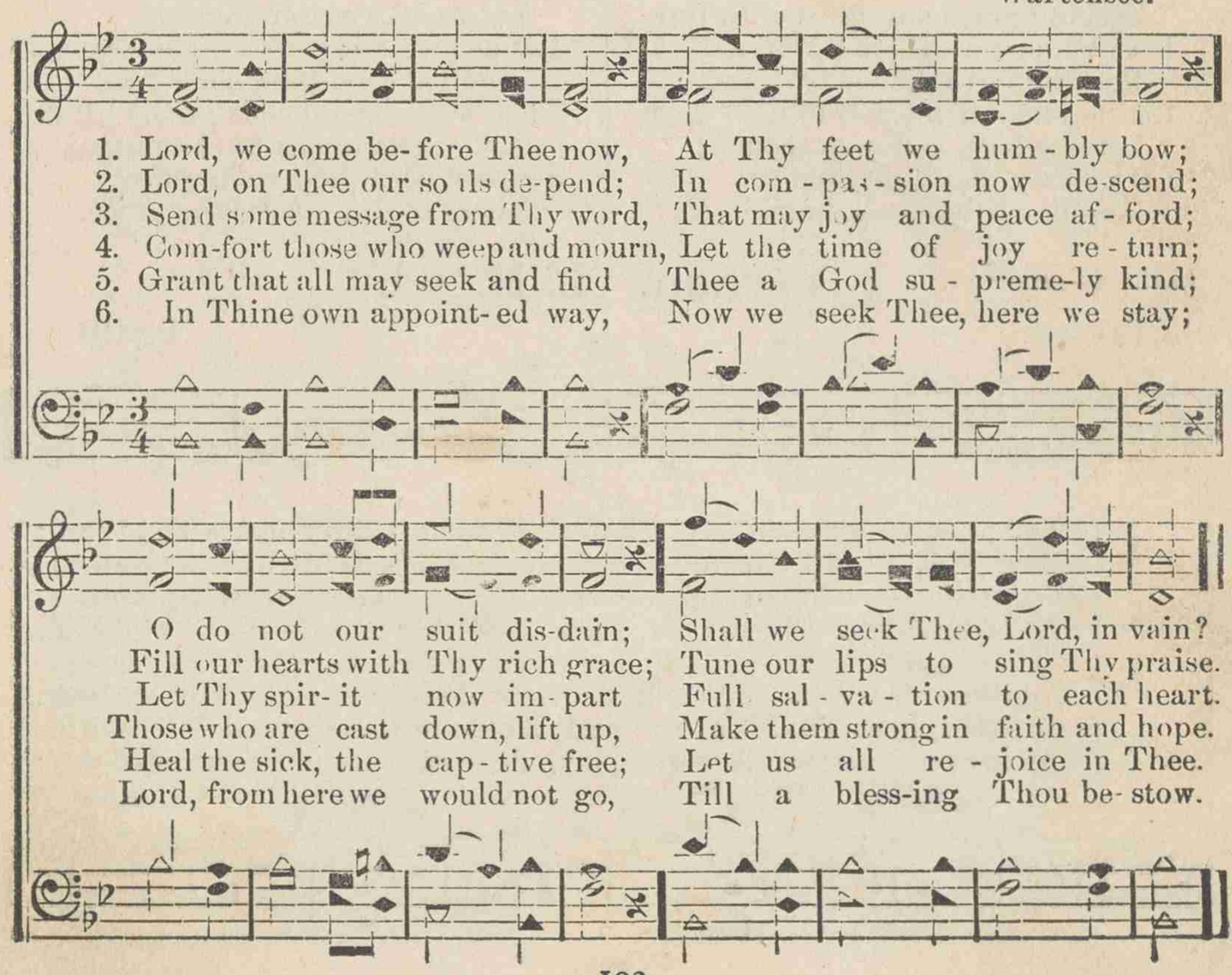
289 Azmon. C. M.

Watts. Arr. by L. Mason.



290 Horton. 7s.

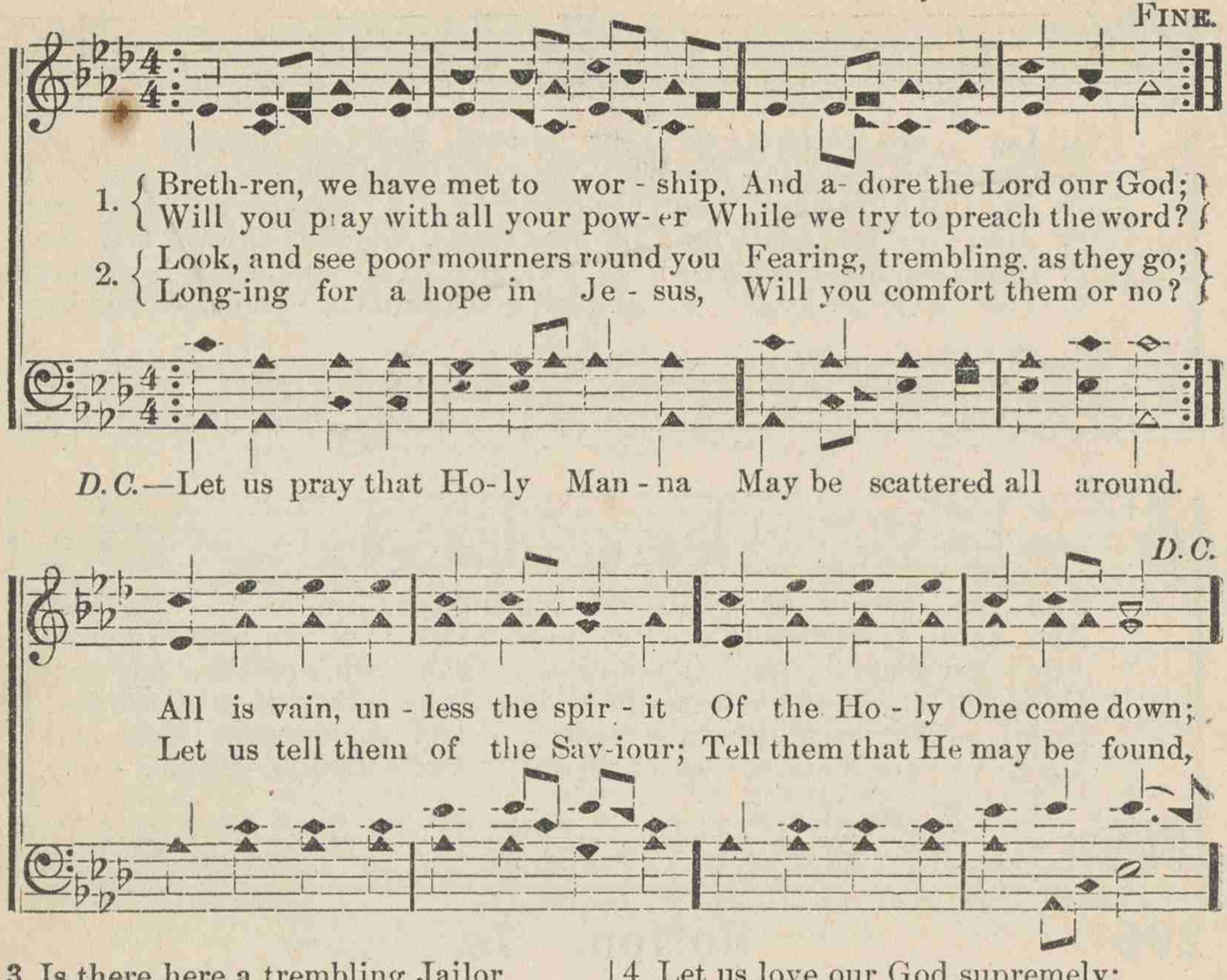
Wartensee.



291 Holy Manna. 8s & 7s.

Arr. by H. N. Lincoln.

FINE.



3 Is there here a trembling Jailor
Seeking grace and filled with fear,
Is there here a weeping Mary
Pouring forth a flood of tears?
Let us join our prayers to help them
Let our faith and love abound;
Let us pray that Holy Manna
May be scattered all around.

4 Let us love our God supremely;
Let us love each other too;
Let us love and pray for sinners,
That our God their souls renew;
Then we'll love them still the better
Take them to our kind embrace,
Journey with them on to glory,
There to sing redeeming grace.

292 Vernon. L. M. 6 l.

Fawcett. Ingalls.

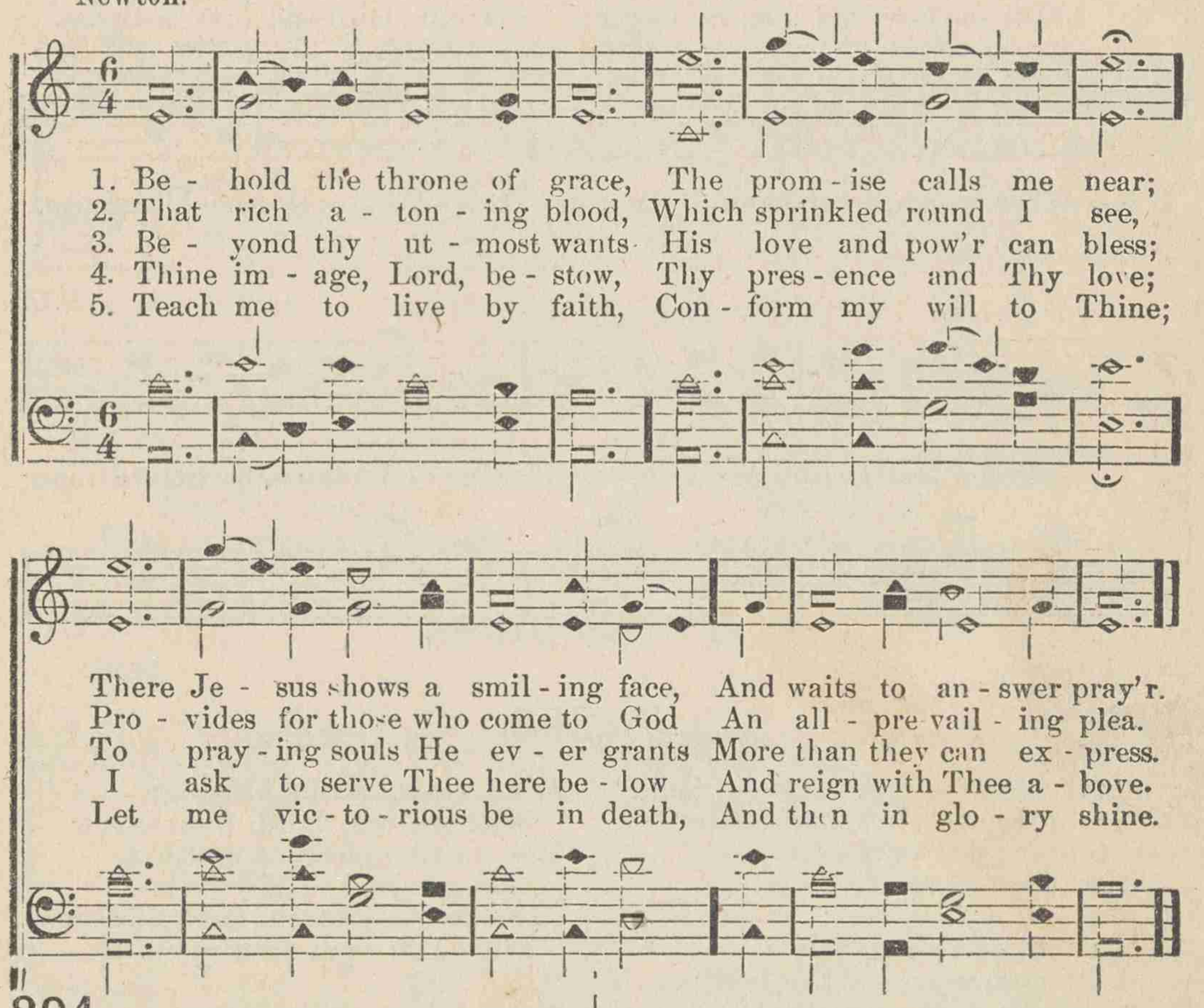


Vernon. Concluded.



293 The Throne of Grace. S. M.

Newton.



294 S. M. WATTS.

1 Let sinners take their course,
And choose the road to death;
But in the worship of my God
I'd spend my daily breath.

2 I would address Thy throne
When morning brings the light;
I'd seek Thy blessings every noon,
And pay my vows at night.

3 Thou wilt regard my cries,
O, my eternal God!
While sinners perish in surprise
Beneath Thine iron rod!

4 Because they dwell at ease,
And no sad changes feel,
They neither fear nor trust Thy name,
Nor learn to do Thy will.

5 But I, with all my cares,
Would lean upon the Lord;
Would cast my burdens on His arm,
And rest upon His word.

6 His arm shall well sustain
The children of His love;
The ground on which their safety stands
No earthly power can move.

CLOSING HYMNS.

295 Greenville. 8s & 7s.

E. Smythe. J. J. Rosseau.



296 8s & 7s. NEWTON.

1 May the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above!

2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord;
And possess in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

297 DOXOLOGY. 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 Fountain of Salvation,—
Him by whom our spirits live:
Undivided adoration
To the one Jehovah give.

298 8s & 7s.

1 Jesus, grant us all a blessing;
Send it down, Lord, from above;
May we all go home a praising,
And rejoicing in Thy love:
‖: Farewell, brethren, farewell, sisters,
Till we all shall meet again. :‖

2 Jesus, pardon all our follies,
Since together we have been;
Make us humble, make us holy,
Cleanse us all from every sin:
‖: Farewell, brethren, farewell, sisters,
Till we all shall meet again. :‖

3 May Thy blessing, Lord, go with us,
To each one's respective home,
And the presence of our Jesus
Rest upon us- every one:
‖: Farewell, brethren, farewell, sisters,
Till we all shall meet at home. :‖

299 Harwell. 8s & 7s.

Shirley. Mason.

FINE.



D.C.



2 Thanks we give and adoration,
For Thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May Thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away.
Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day!

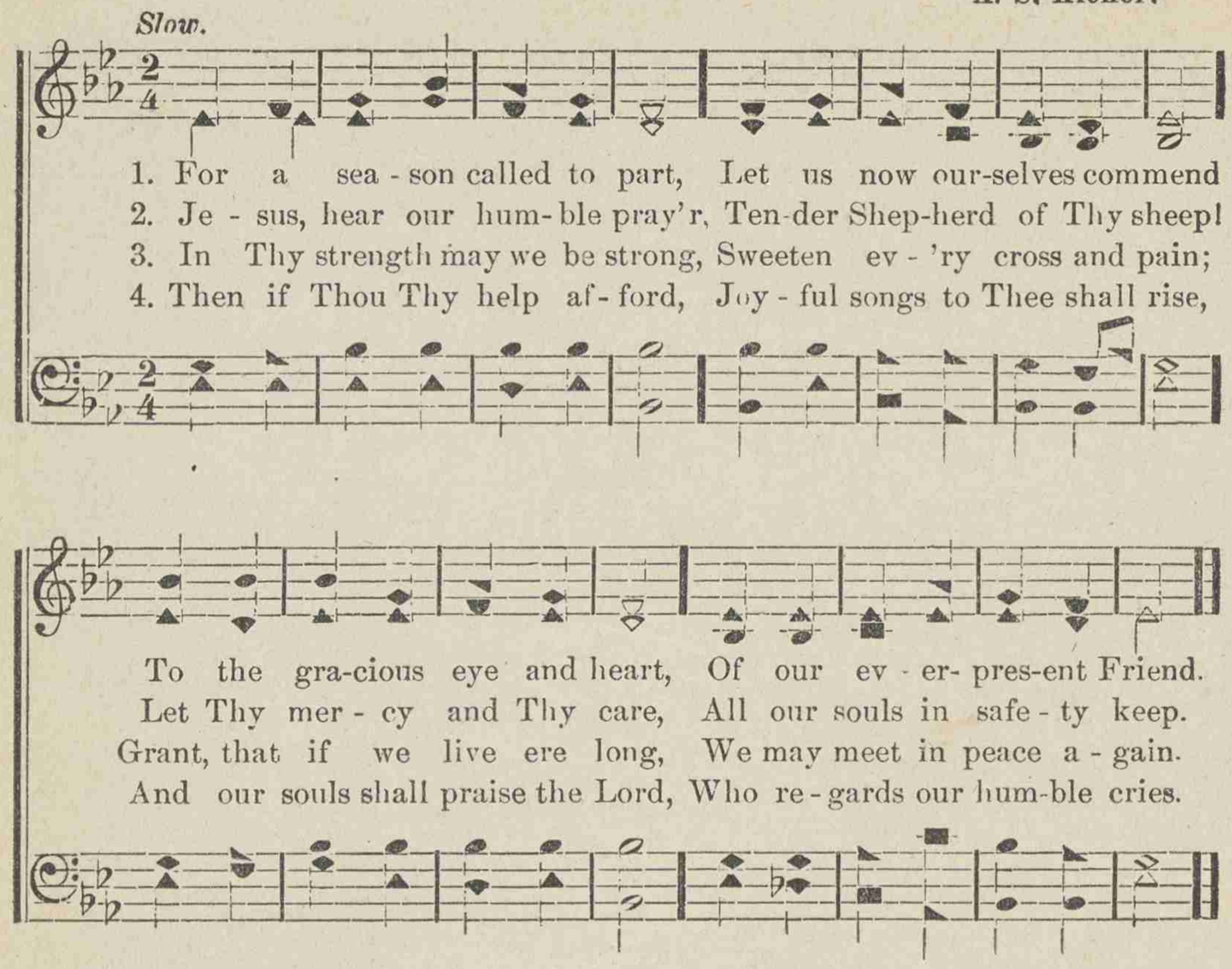
300 Kentucky. S. M.

Hart. Ingalls.



301 Josie. 7s.

A. S. Kieffer.



302 Hebron

Jos. Hart. Lowell Mason.



303 Parting Hymn.

Arr.

1. How pleasant thus to dwell be - low In fel - low - ship of love!
   And tho' we part, 'tis bliss to know The good shall meet a - bove!
2. Yes, hap - py tho't! when we are free From earthly grief and pain,
   In heav'n we shall each oth - er see, And nev - er part a - gain.
3. Then let us each, in strength di-vine, Still walk in wis - dom's ways;
   That we, with those we love, may join In nev - er end - ing praise.

The good shall meet a - bove,..... The good shall meet a - bove,
And nev - er part a - gain,..... And nev - er part a - gain;
In nev - er end - ing praise,..... In nev - er end - ing praise,

FINE.

And tho' we part, 'tis bliss to know The good shall meet a - bove.
In heav'n we shall each oth - er see, And nev - er part a - gain.
That we, with those we love, may join In nev - er end-ing praise.

D.S.—And sing the ev - er - last - ing song With those who've gone before.

CHORUS.

Oh! that will be joy- ful, joy-ful, joy- ful! Oh! that will be joy- ful, To

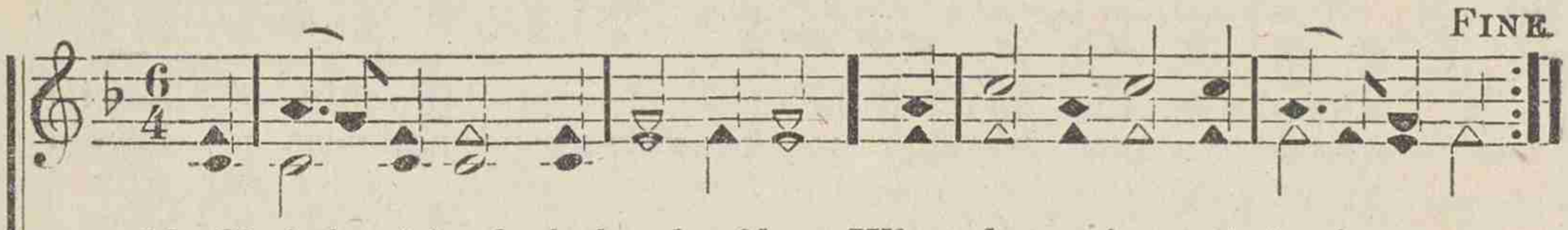
D.S.

meet to part no more, To meet to part no more, On Canaan's happy shore,

The Ruebush-Kieffer Co., owner.

Bottomley. L. M. D.

Arr. by R. M. McIntosh.



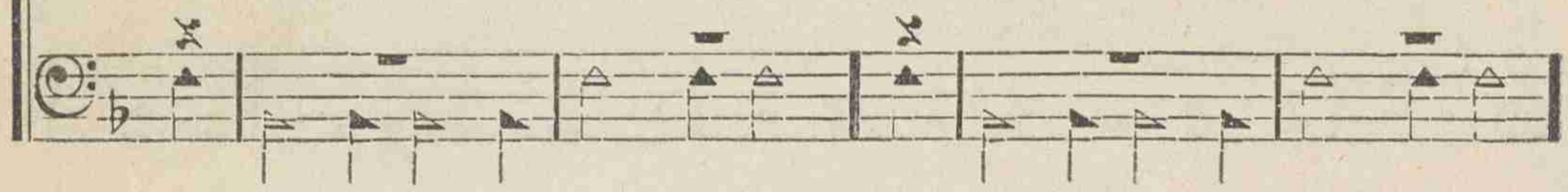
1. { My Christian friends, in bonds of love, Whose hearts in sweetest union prove,
   { Your friendship's like a drawing band, Yet we must take the parting hand, }



D. C.—Yet when I see that we must part, You draw like cords around my heart.



2. Your comp'ny's sweet, your union dear, Your words delightful to my ear.



3 How sweet the hours have passed away,
Since we have met to sing and pray!
How lo h we are to leave the place
When Jesus shows His smiling face!

4 O could I stay with friends so kind,
How it would cheer my drooping mind!
But duty makes me understand
That we must take the parting hand.

5 And since it is God's holy will
We must be parted for a while,
In sweet submission, all as one,
We'll say, our Father's will be done.

6 My youthful friends in Christian ties,
Who seek for mansions in the skies,
Fight on, we'll gain that happy shore
Where parting will be known no more.

7 How oft I've seen your flowing tears,
And heard you tell your hopes and fears!
Your hearts with love were seen to flame,
Which makes me hope we'll meet again.

8 Ye mourning souls, lift up your eyes
To glorious mansions in the skies;
O trust His grace; in Canaan's land
We'll no more take the parting hand.

9 And now, my friends, both old and young,
I hope in Christ you'll still go on;
And if on earth we meet no more:
O may we meet on Canaan's shore!

10 I hope you'll all remember me
If you on earth no more I see;
An interest in your prayers I crave,
That we may meet beyond the grave.

11 O glorious day! O blessed hope!
My soul leaps forward at the thought
When on that happy, happy land,
We'll no more take the parting hand.

Imandra. 11s.

Ananias Davisson.



2 Farewell, my dear brethren, farewell for a while,
We'll soon meet again if kind providence smile;
But while we are parted and scattered abroad,
We'll pray for each other and trust in the Lord.

3 Farewell, faithful soldiers, you'll soon be discharged,
The war will be ended, the bounty enlarged—
With shouting and singing, though Jordan may roar,
You'll enter fair Canaan and rest on the shore.

4 Farewell, younger brethren, just 'listed for war,
Sore trials await you, but Jesus is near:
Although you must travel this dark wilderness,
Your Captain's before you, He'll lead you to peace.

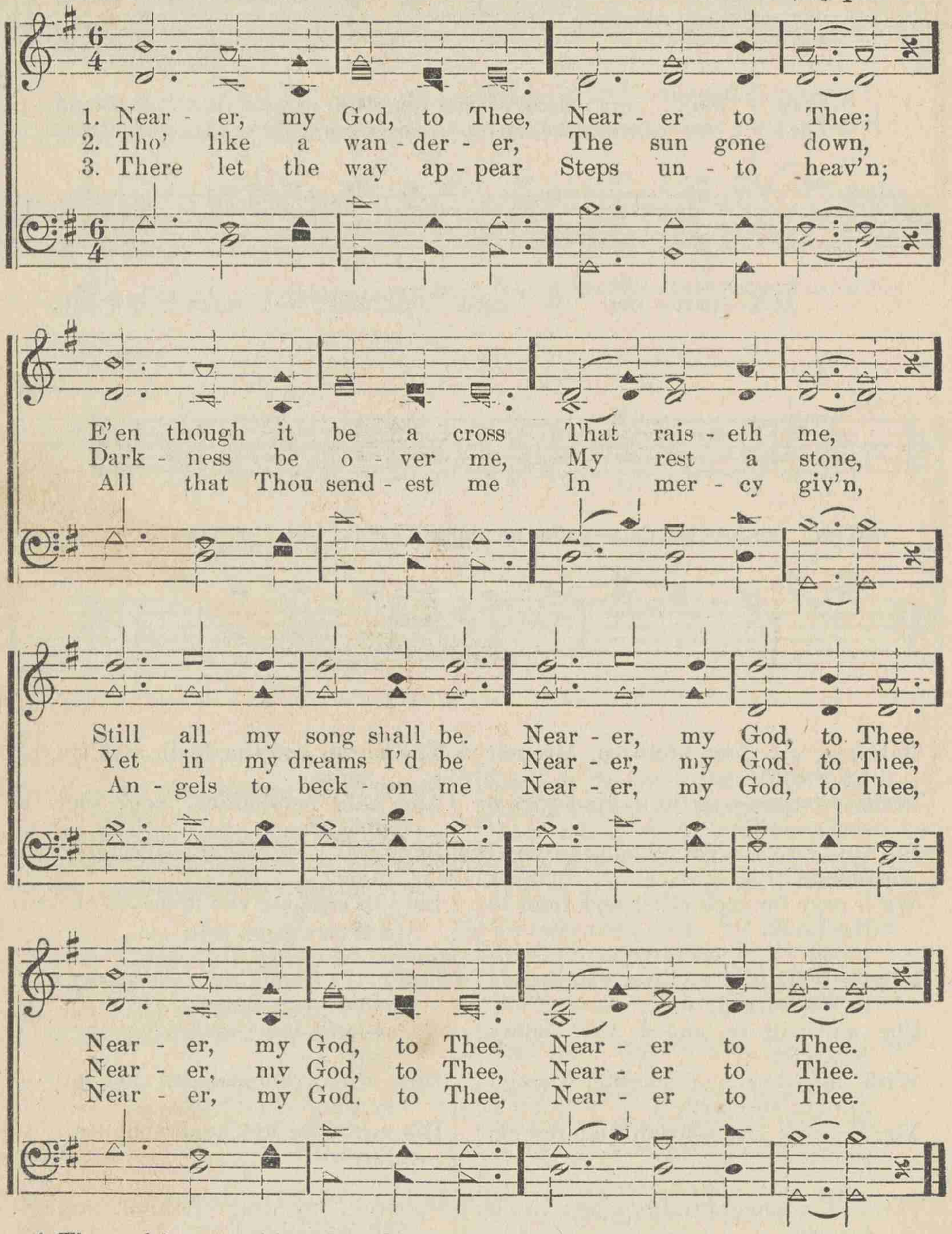
5 The world, and the devil, and sin, all unite,
And bold persecution, your souls to affright;
But Jesus your leader is stronger than they;
Let this animate you to march on your way.

6 Farewell, trembling mourners, with sad broken hearts,
O hasten to Jesus, and choose the good part;
He's full of compassion, and mighty to save;
His arms are extented your souls to receive.

7 Farewell, my dear brethren, farewell all around;
Perhaps we'll not meet till the last trump shall sound:
To meet you in glory, I give you my hand,
Our Saviour to praise in a pure social band.

306 Bethany. 6s & 4s.

Sarah Flower Adams. L. Mason, by per.



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.

307 I Need Thee, Precious Jesus. 7s & 6s. D.

Whitfield.

1. I need Thee, pre-cious Je - sus, For I am full of sin;
2. I need Thee, bless-ed Je - sus, For I am ver - y poor;
3. I need Thee, bless-ed Je - sus, I need a friend like Thee,—
4. I need Thee, bless-ed Je - sus, And hope to see Thee soon,



My soul is dark and guilt - y, My heart is dead with - in;
A stran-ger and a pil - grim, I have no earth - ly store:
A friend to soothe and pi - ty, A friend to care for me.
En - cir - cled with the rain - bow, And seat - ed on Thy throne!



I need the cleans-ing fount-ain, Where I can al - ways flee,
I need the love of Je - sus To cheer me on my way,
I need the heart of Je - sus To feel each anx-ious care,
There, with Thy blood-bought children, My joy shall ev - er be,

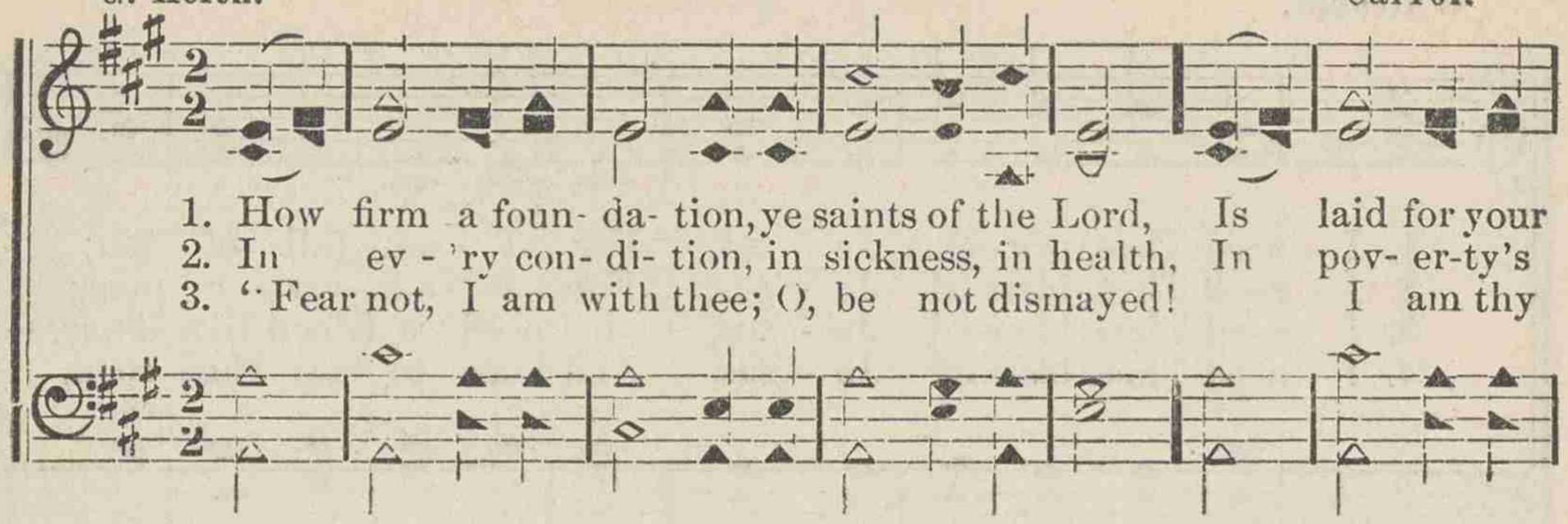


The blood of Christ most pre - cious, The sin - ner's per - fect plea.
To guide my doubt-ing foot - steps, To be my strength and stay.
To tell my ev - 'ry tri - al, And all my sor- rows share.
To sing Thy praise, Lord Je - sus, To gaze, my Lord, on Thee.



308 Foundation. 11s.

G. Keith. Carrol.



4 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

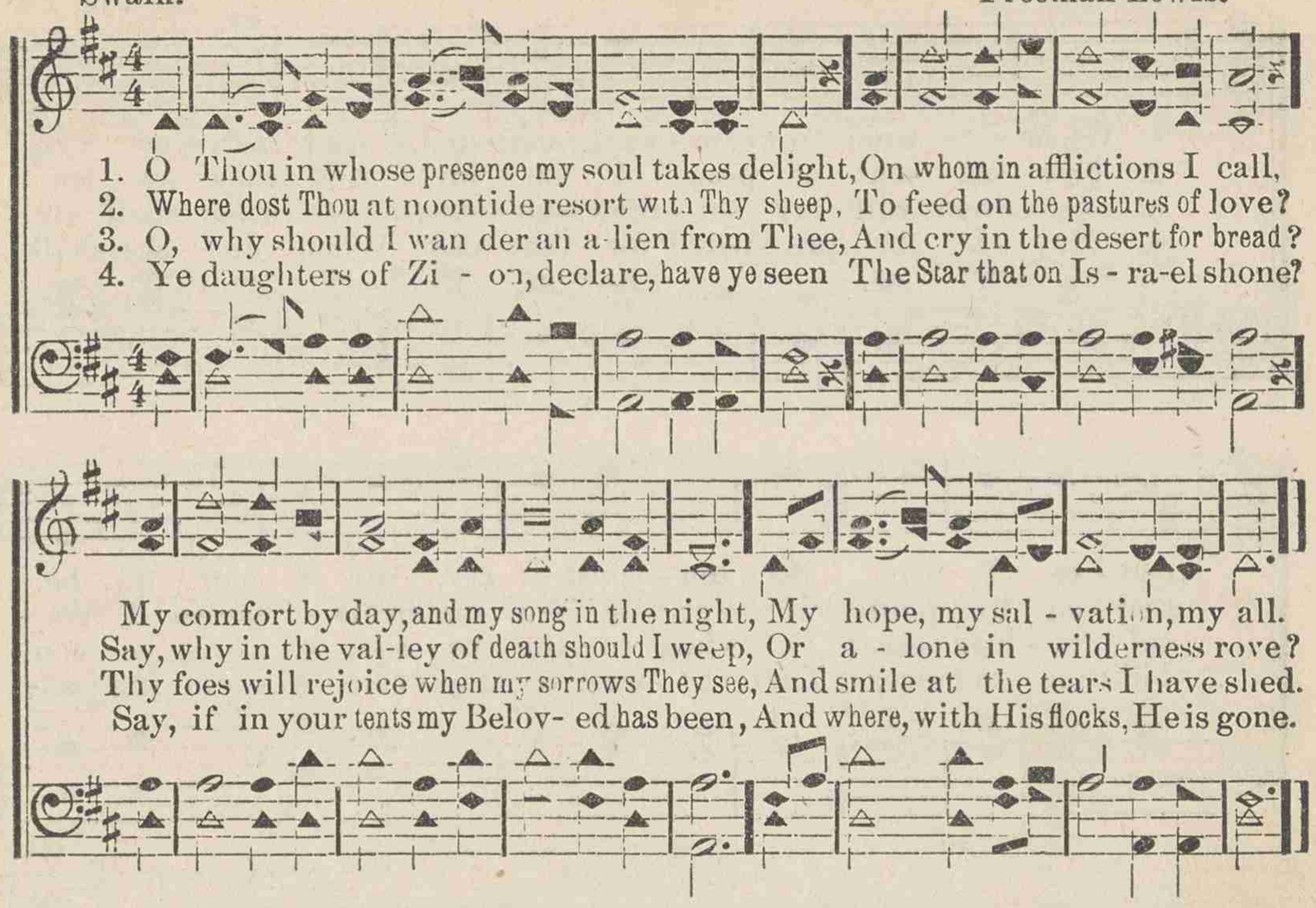
5 "When through fiery trials thy path-way shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

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 will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no *never*, no *never forsake.*"

309 Beloved. 11s & 8s.

Swain. Freeman Lewis.



5 "What is thy Beloved, thou dignified fair?
What excellent beauties has He?
His charms and perfections be pleased to declare,
That we may embrace Him with thee."

6 This is my Beloved; His form is divine;
His vestments shed odors around:
The locks on His head are as grapes on the vine,
When autumn with plenty is crown'd.

7 The roses of Sharon, the lilies that grow
In vales, on the banks of the streams:
On His cheeks, all the beauties of excellence glow,
And His eyes are as quivers of beams.

8 His voice, as the sound of the dulcimer sweet, [death;
Is heard through the shadows of
The cedars of Leban n bow at His feet,
The air is perfumed with His breath.

9 His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow,
That waters the garden of grace,
From which their salvation, the Gentiles shall know,
And bask in the smiles of His face.

10 Love sits in His eye-lids, and scatters delight [high;
Through all the bright mansions on
Their faces the cherumbim veil in His sight,
And tremble with fullness of joy.

11 He looks, and ten thousands of angels rejoice,
And myriads wait for His word;
He speaks, and eternity, filled with His voice,
Re-ochoes the praise of her Lord.

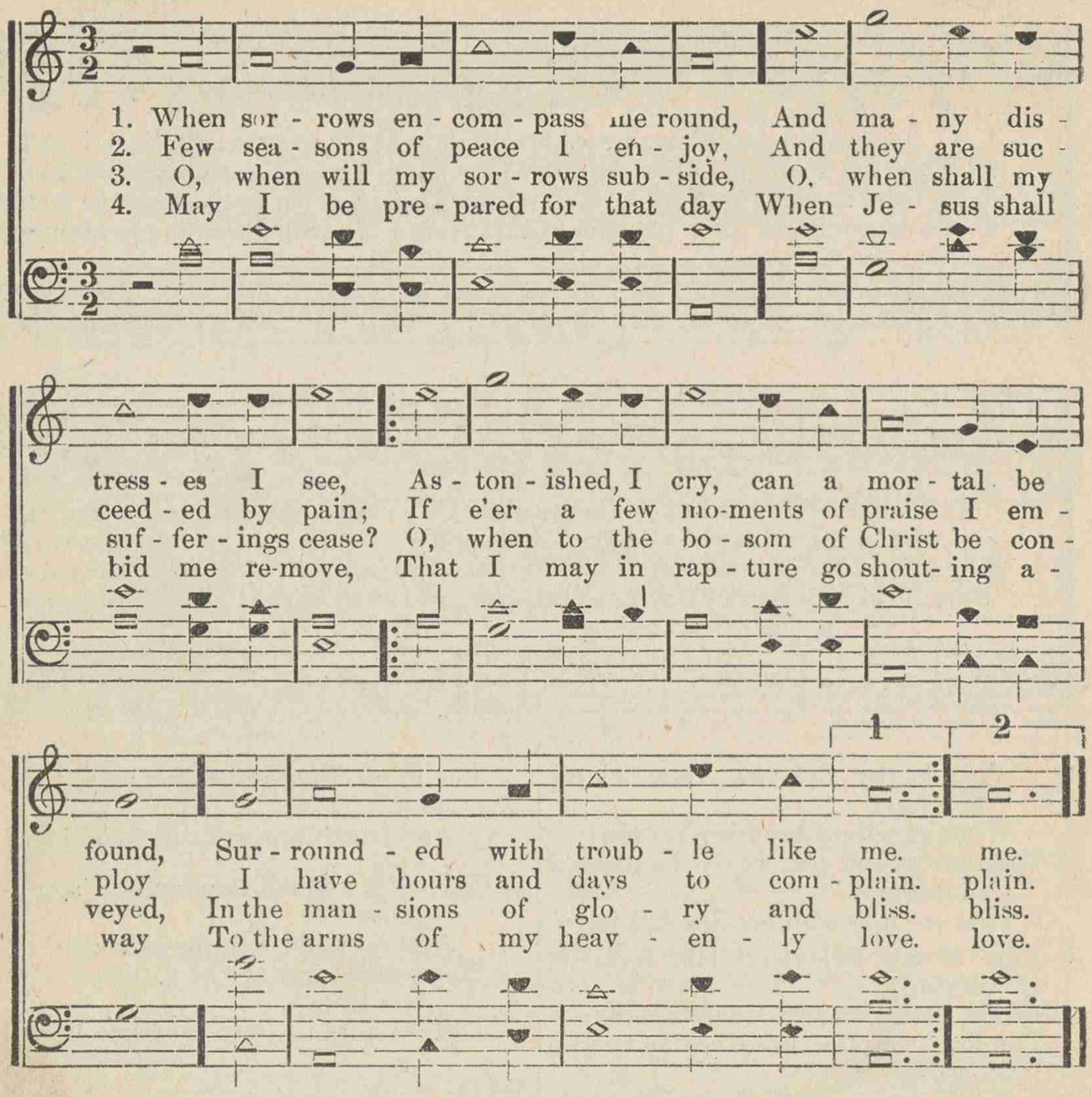
310 ils & 9s. HART.

1 How strange is the course that a Christian must steer;
How perplexed is the path he must tread!
The hope of his happiness rises from fear, [dead.
And his life he receives from the

2 His fairest pretensions must wholly be waived,
And his best resolutions be crossed;
Nor can he expect to be perfectly saved,
Till he finds himself utterly lost.

3 When all this is done, and his heart is assured
Of the total remission of sin,
When his pardon is signed and his peace is procured, [gins.
From that moment his conflict be-

311 When Sorrows Encompass Me Round.



5 My spirit to glory conveyed,
My body laid low in the ground.
I wish not a tear at my grave to be shed;
Let all join in praising around.

6 No sorrow be vented that day
When Jesus hath called me home;
With singing and shouting, let each brother say,
He's gone from the evil to come.

7 If souls disembodied can know,
Or visit their brethren beneath,
My spirit shall join you while singing you go,
And leave all my cares in the grave.

8 Immersed in the ocean of love,
My soul like an angel shall sing,
Till Christ shall d scend with a shout from above,
And make all creation to ring.

9 Our bodies in dust shall obey,
And swifter than thought shall arise;
Then changed in a moment, go shouting away
To mansions of love in the skies.

312 Greenfield. 8s. D.

Newton. German Melody.



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

3 Content with beholding His face,
My all to His pleasure resigned,
No changes of season or place,
Would make any change in my mind;
While blessed with a sense of His love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am Thine,
If Thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine,
And why are my winters so long?
O drive these dark clouds from my sky;
Thy soul cheering presence restore;
Or take me unto Thee on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

313 Melody. C. M.

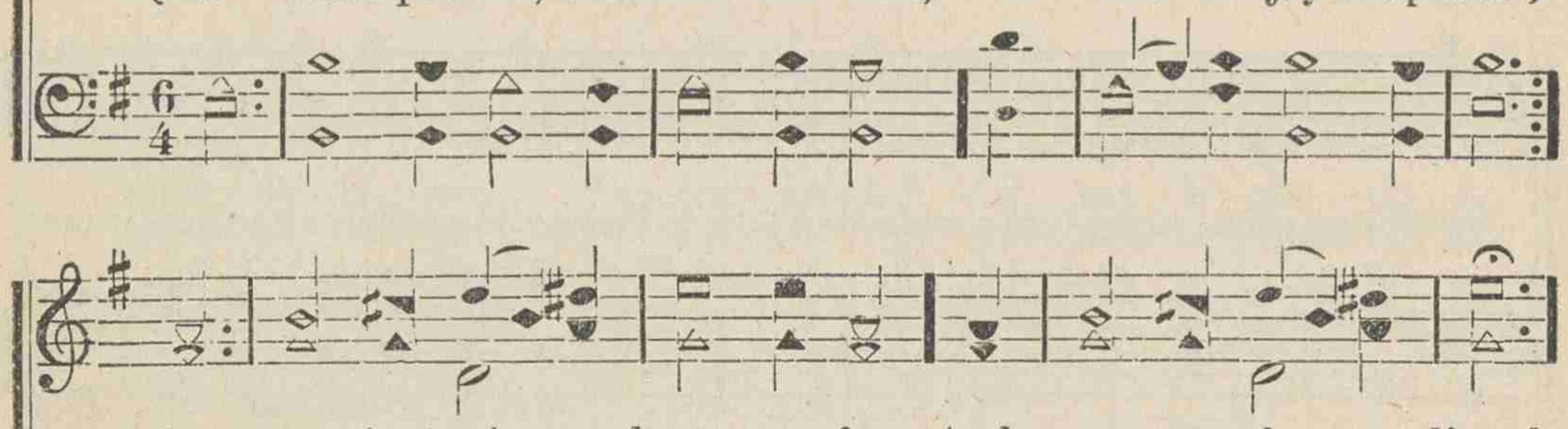
Newton. Arr. by John R. Daily.



1. { A - maz-ing grace (how sweet the sound!) That saved a wretch like me;
   { I once was lost but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.

3. { Thro' ma - ny dan-gers, toils, and snares, I have al - read y come;
   { 'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.

5. { Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail, And mor-tal life shall cease,
   { I shall pos sess, with-in the vale, A life of joy and peace.



2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re - lieved:
4. The Lord has promised good to me, His word my hope se - cures;
6. The earth shall soon dis - solve like snow, The sun for - bear to shine;



How pre-cious did that grace ap - pear, The hour I first be-lieved.
He will my shield and por-tion be As long as life en-dures.
But God, who called me here be - low, Will be for - ev - er mine.

314 C. M.

1 From all that's mortal, all that's vain,
And from this earthly clod,
Arise, my soul, and strive to gain
Sweet fellowship with God.

2 Say, what is there beneath the skies,
Wherever thou hast trod,
Can suit thy wishes or thy joys,
Like fellowship with God?

3 Not life, nor all the toys of art,
Nor pleasure's flowery road,
Can to my soul such bliss impart
As fellowship with God.

4 When I am made in love to bear
Affliction's needful rod,
Light, sweet and kind the strokes appear,
Through fellowship with God.

5 And when the icy hand of death
Shall chill my flowing blood,
O, may I yield my latest breath
In fellowship with God!

6 When I at last to heaven ascend,
And gain my blest abode,
There an eternity I'll spend
In fellowship with God.

315 C. M.

1 Jesus, great Shepherd of the sheep,
To Thee for help we fly;
Thy little flock in safety keep,
For O, the wolf is nigh.

2 He comes, of hellish malice full,
To scatter, tear and slay;
He seizes every straggling soul
As his own lawful prey.

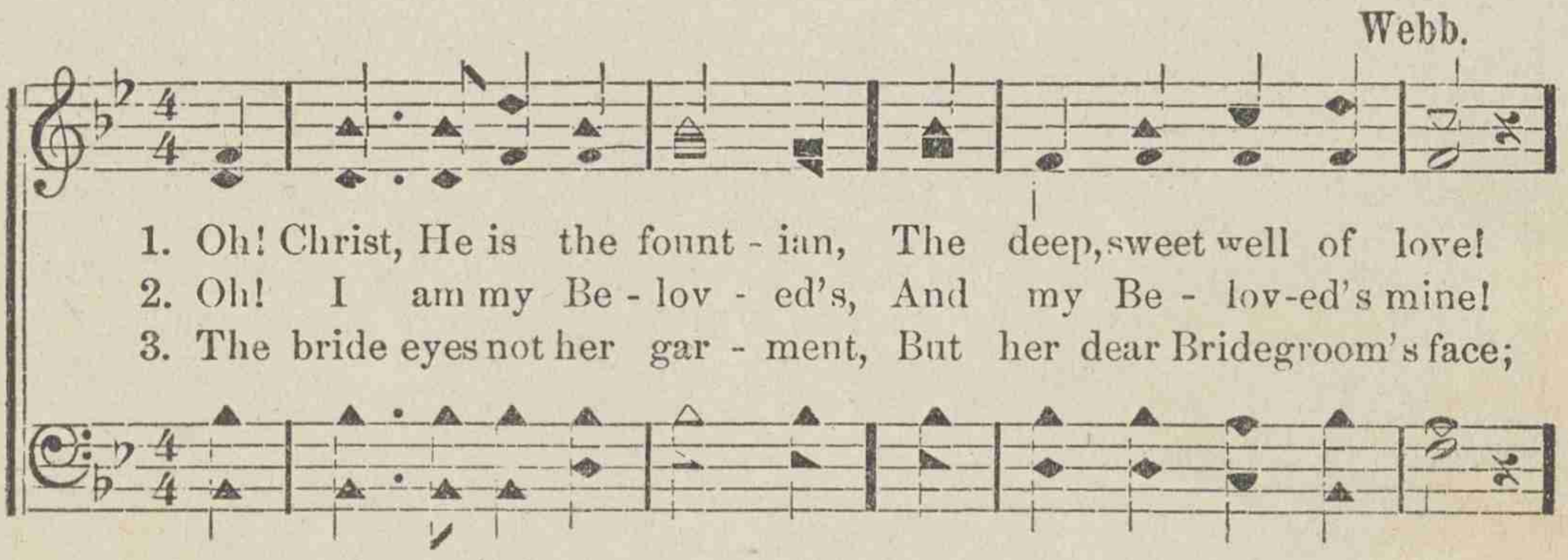
3 Us into Thy protection take,
And gather with Thine arm;
Unless the fold we first forsake,
The wolf can never harm.

4 We laugh to scorn his cruel power,
While by our Shepherd's side;
The sheep he never can devour
Unless he first divide.

5 O, do not suffer him to part
The souls that here agree;
But make us of one mind and heart,
And keep us one in Thee.

6 Together let us sweetly live,
Together let us die,
And each a starry crown receive,
And reign above the sky.

316 Webb. 7s & 6s. D.



317 Ninety-fifth. C. M.

Watts.

1. When I can read my ti - tle clear To man-sions in the skies, I bid fare - well. I bid fare - well, I bid fare -
2. Should earth a-gainst my soul en - gage, And hell - ish darts be hurled, Then I can smile at Sa - tan's rage, Then I can
3 Let cares like a wild de - luge come. And storms of sor - row fail; May I but safe - ly reach my home, May I but
4. There shall I bathe my wea - ry soul In seas of heav'n - ly rest; And not a wave of troub - le roll And not a

well to ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weep - ing eyes.
smile at Sa - tan's rage, And face a frown - ing world.
safe - ly reach my home, My God, my heav'n, my all!
wave of troub - le roll A - cross my peace - ful breast.

318 Rock of Ages.

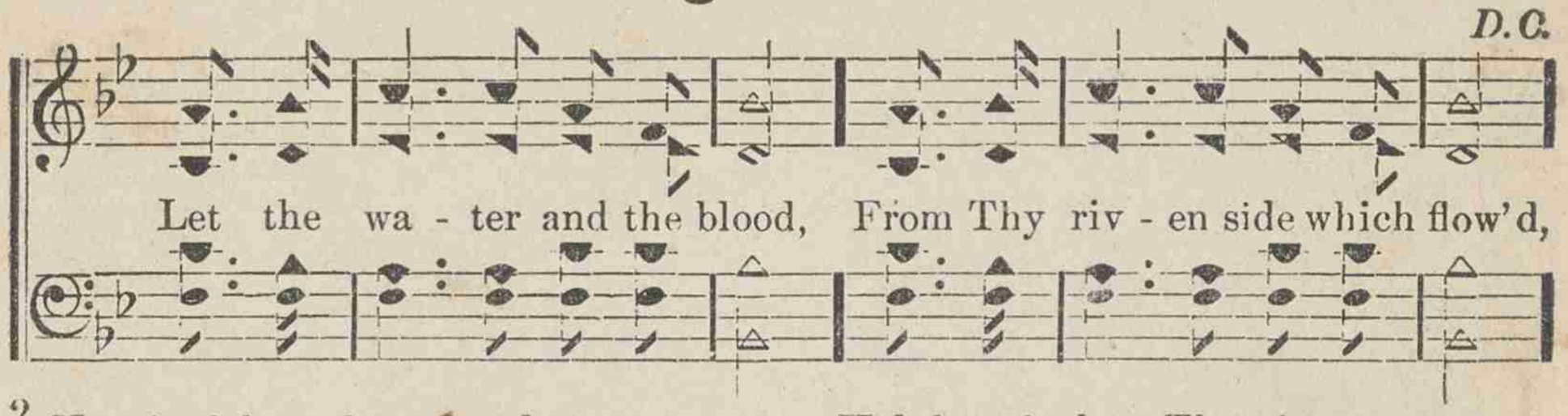
A. M. Toplady. Thos. Hastings.

FINE.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my self in Thee;

D.C.—Be of sin the dou - ble cure—Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r,

Rock of Ages. Concluded.



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, Saviour, 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.

319 Cook. 7s.

Newton.



4 When I turn my eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild;
Filled with unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself a child?

5 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mixed with all I do;
You that love the Lord indeed,
Tell me, is it thus with you?

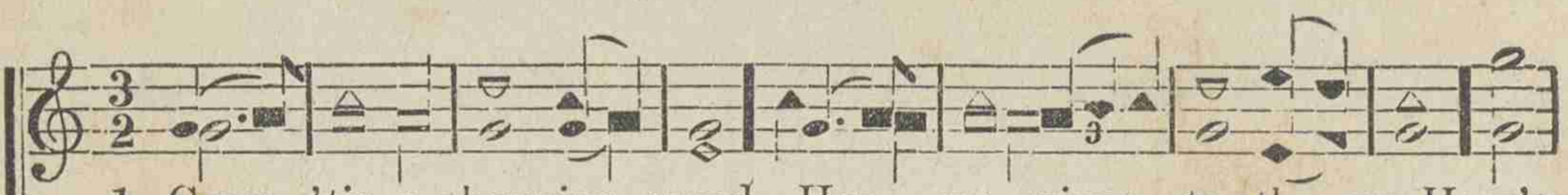
6 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?

7 Could I joy His saints to meet,
Choose the ways I once abhorred,
Find, at times, the promise sweet,
If I did not love the Lord?

8 Lord, decide the doubtful case!
Thou who art Thy people's sun,
Shine upon Thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.

9 Let me love Thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray;
If I have not loved before,
Help me to begin to-day.

320 Ninety-Third. S. M.



1. Grace, 'tis a charming sound, Har - mo - nious to the ear; Heav'n
2. Grace first contrived the way To save re - bel- lious man, And
3. Grace first in-scribed my name In God's e - ter - nal book; 'Twas
4. Grace led my rov - ing feet To tread the heav'nly road, And
5. Grace taught my soul to pray, And made my eyes o'er- flow; 'Twas
6. Grace all this work shall crown, Thro' ev - er - last - ing days: It



with the e - cho shall re - sound, And all the earth shall hear.
all the steps that grace dis - plays, Which drew the wond-'rous plan.
grace that gave me to the Lamb, Who all my sor - rows took.
new sup - plies each hour I meet While pressing on to God.
grace that kept me to this day, And will not let me go.
lays in heav'n the top - most stone, And well de-serves the praise.



321

S. M.

1 I want a heart to pray,
To pray and never cease;
Never to murmur at my stay,
Or wish my sufferings less.

2 This ble-sing above all,
Always to pray, I want;
On Thee in each distress to call,
And never, never faint.

3 I want a true regard,
A single steady aim,
Unmov'd by threat'nings or reward,
To Thee and Thy great name.

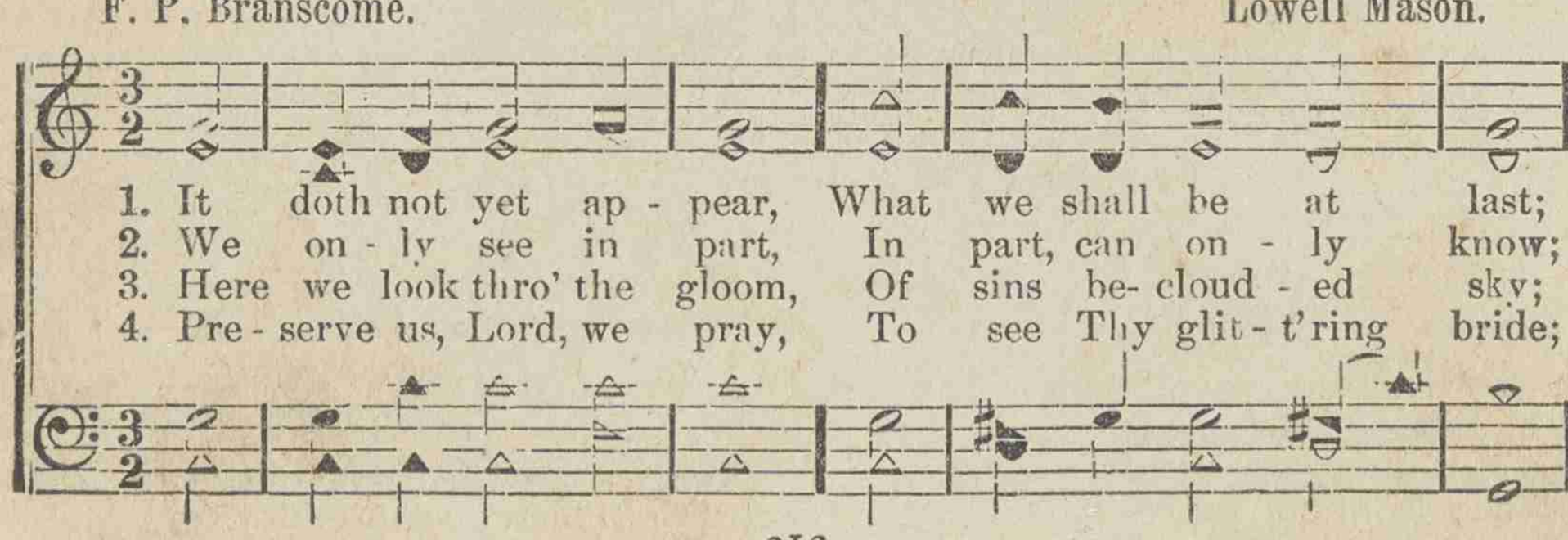
4 A jealous, just concern
For Thine immortal praise;
A pure desire that all may learn
And glorify Thy grace.

5 I want, with all my heart,
Thy pleasure to fulfill:
To know myself, and what Thou art,
And what Thy perfect will.

6 I want—I know not what;
I want my wants to see;
I want, -alas! what want I not;
When Thou art not in me?

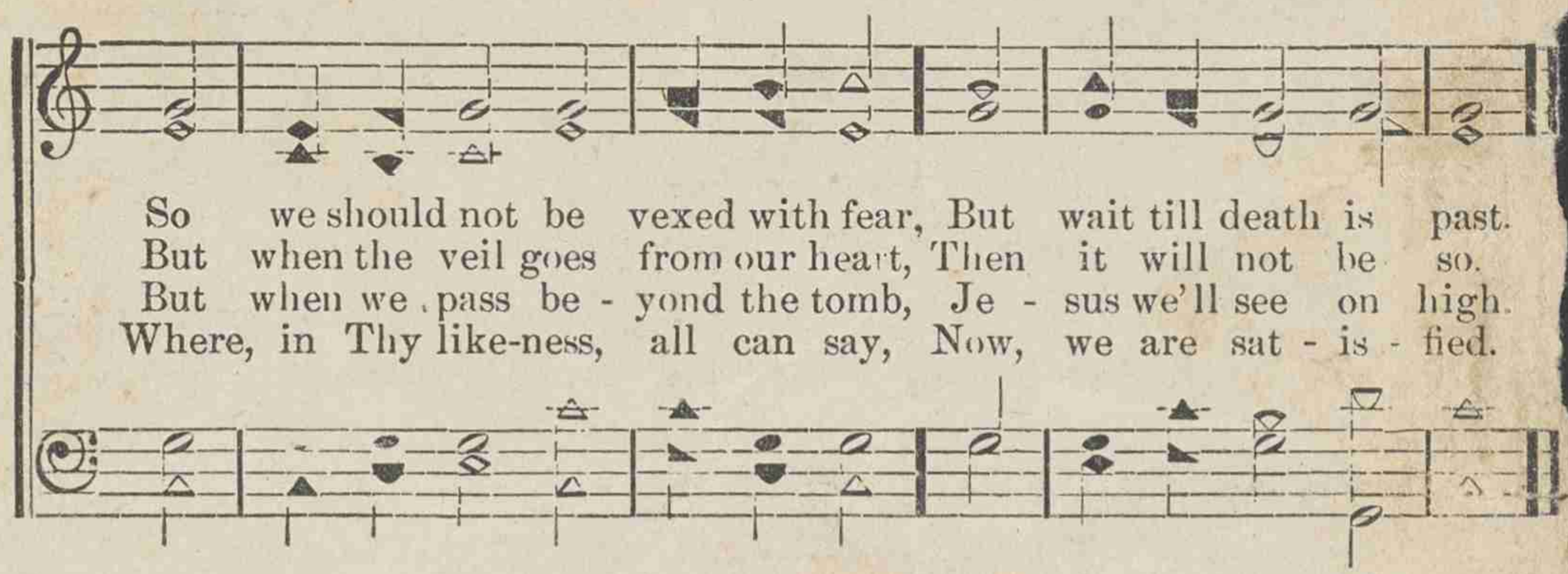
322 Boylston. S. M.

F. P. Branscome. Lowell Mason.



1. It doth not yet ap - pear, What we shall be at last;
2. We on - ly see in part, In part, can on - ly know;
3. Here we look thro' the gloom, Of sins be- cloud - ed sky;
4. Pre - serve us, Lord, we pray, To see Thy glit - t'ring bride;

Boylston. S. M. Concluded.



323

Martyn. 7s. D.

C. Wesley. S. B. Marsh.



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

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

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!

324 Balerma. C. M.

W. H. Bathurst. R. Simpson.



325 C. M.

1 To Christ, the Lord, let every tongue
Its noblest tribute bring;
When He's the subject of the song,
Who can refuse to sing?

2 Survey the beauties of His face,
And on His glories dwell;
Think of the wonders of His grace,
And all His triumphs tell.

3 Majestic sweetness sits enthroned
Upon His awful brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

4 No mortal can with Him compare
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is He than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.

5 He saw me plunged in deep distress—
He flew to my relief;
For me He bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

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

326 C. M. Watts.

1 Plunged in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful gleam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.

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

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

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

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

6 Angels, assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes
His love can ne'er be told.

327 The Lord Will Provide. 6s & 5s.

Newton. Arr.

1. Though trou - bles as - sail and dan - gers af - fright, Tho' friends
2. The birds with - out barn or store-house are fed; From them
3. His call we o - bey, like Abraham of old, Not know -
4. When Sa - tan ap - pears to stop up our path And fill
5. He tells us we're weak, our hope is in vain, The good

should all fail and foes all u - nite— Yet one thing se
let us learn to trust for our bread; His saints what is
ing our way, but faith makes us bold; For though we are
us with fears, we tri - umph by faith; He can - not take
that we seek we ne'er shall ob - tain; But when such sug -

cures us, what - ev - er be - tide, The scrip - ture as -
fit - ting shall not be de - nied, So long as 'tis
stran - gers, we have a good guide, And trust in all
from us though oft he has tried, This heart - cheer - ing
ges - tions our spir - its have tried, This an - swers all

sures us the Lord will pro - vide, The Lord will pro - vide.
writ - ten the Lord will pro - vide, The Lord will pro - vide.
dan - gers, the Lord will pro - vide, The Lord will pro - vide.
prom - ise, the Lord will pro - vide, The Lord will pro - vide.
ques-tions, the Lord will pro - vide, The Lord will pro - vide.

328 Detroit. C. M.

Wm. Bradshaw.



5 Would not my ardent spirit vie
With angels round the throne,
To execute Thy sacred will,
And make Thy glory known?

6 Would not my heart pour forth its blood
In honor of Thy name,
And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp the immortal flame?

7 Thou know'st I love Thee, dearest Lord,
But O, I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love Thee more.

329 C. M.

1 The Lord will happiness divine
On contrite hearts bestow;
Then tell me, gracious God, is mine
A contrite heart, or no?

2 I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
Insensible as steel;
If aught is felt 'tis only pain
To find, I can not feel.

3 I sometimes think myself inclined
To love Thee, if I could;
But often feel another mind
Averse to all that's good.

4 My best desires are faint and few,
I fain would strive for more;
But when I cry, "My strength renew,"
Seem weaker than before.

5 Thy saints are comforted, I know,
And love Thy house of prayer;
I sometimes go where others go,
But find no comfort there.

6 O, make this heart rejoice or ache,
Decide this doubt for me;
And if it be not broken, break
And heal it, if it be.

330 C. M. Hegenbotham.

1 Come, humble souls! ye mourners come,
And wipe away your tears;
Adieu to all your sad complaints,
Your sorrows and your fears.

2 Come, shout aloud the Father's grace,
And sing the Saviour's love;
Soon shall you join the glorious theme
In loftier strains above.

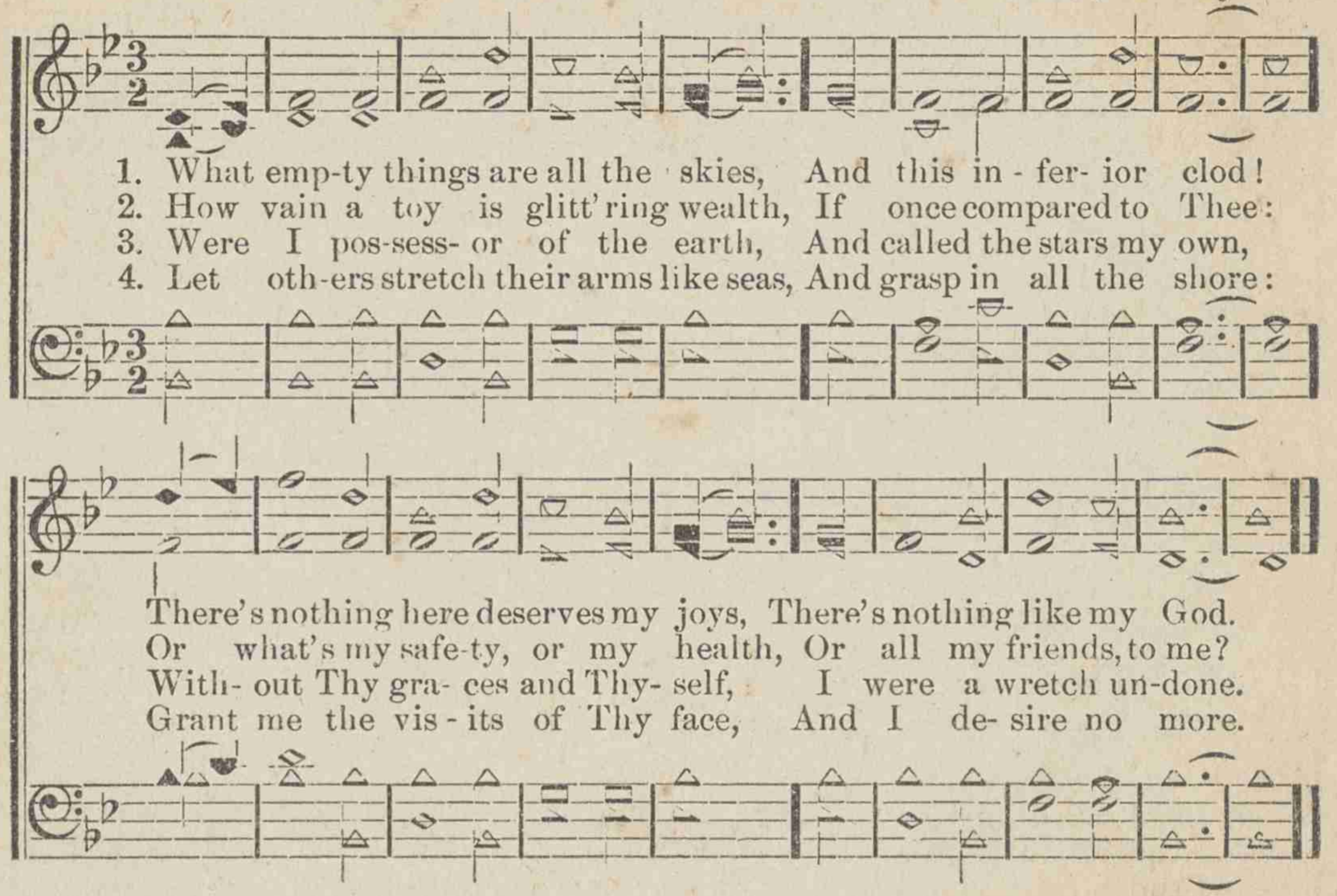
3 Thanks to my God for every gift
His bounteous hands bestow;
And thanks eternal for that love
Whence all those comforts flow.

4 Forever let my grateful heart
His boundless grace adore,
Which gives ten thousand blessings now
And bids me hope for more.

5 Transporting hope! still in my soul
Let Thy sweet glories shine,
Till Thou Thyself art lost in joys
Immortal and divine.

331 Maitland. C. M.

Western Melody.



332 C. M.

1 I love the Lord; He heard my cries,
And pitied every groan:
Long as I live, when troubles rise,
I'll hasten to His throne.

2 I love the Lord; He bowed His ear,
And chased my griefs away;
O let my heart no more despair,
While I have breath to pray!

3 My flesh declined, my spirits fell,
And I drew near the dead,
While inward pangs, and fears of hell,
Perplexed my wakeful head.

4 "My God," I cried, "Thy servant save,
Thou ever good and just;
Thy power can rescue from the grave,
Thy power is all my trust."

5 The Lord beheld me sore distressed,
He bade my pains remove;
Return, my soul, to God, thy rest,
For thou hast known His love.

6 My God hath saved my soul from death,
And dried my falling tears;
Now in His praise I'll spend my breath,
And my remaining years.

333 C. M.

1 We seek a rest beyond the skies,
In everlasting day; [lies,
Through floods and flames the passage
But Jesus guards the way.

2 The swelling flood and raging flame,
Hear and obey His word;
Then let us triumph in His name,
Our Saviour is the Lord.

334 C. M.

1 O could I find, from day to day,
A nearness to my God;
Then should my hours glide sweet away,
While leaning on His word.

2 Lord, I desire with Thee to live
Anew, from day to day,
In joys the world can never give,
Nor ever take away.

3 O Jesus, come and rule my heart,
And make me wholly Thine;
And never, never more depart,
But be forever mine.

4 Thus, till my last expiring breath,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And when my flesh dissolves in death,
My soul shall love Thee more.

5 Through boundless grace I then shall spend
An everlasting day,
In the embraces of my Friend,
Who took my guilt away.

6 That worthy name shall have the praise,
To whom all praise is due;
While every ransomed soul shall gaze
On scenes forever new.

335 Brown. C. M.

Wm. B. Bradbury.



1. I love to steal a-while a-way From ev - 'ry cumb-'ring care,
2. I love in sol - i - tude to shed The pen - i - ten - tial tear,
3. I love to think on mer - cies past, And fu - ture good im-plore,
4. I love by faith to take a view Of bright er scenes in heav'n;
5. Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er, May its de - part - ing ray



And spend the hours of set - ting day In hum-ble, grate - ful pray'r.
And all His prom - is - es to plead Where none but God can hear.
And all my cares and sor - rows cast On Him whom I a - dore.
The pros-pect doth my strength renew, While here by tem- pest driv'n.
Be calm as this im-press-ive hour, And lead to end - less day.



336 C. M. MILLMAN.

1 Oh, help us Lord! each hour of need,
Thy heavenly succor give;
Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live.

2 Oh, help us when our spirits bleed,
With contrite anguish tore.
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
Oh, help us! Lord, the more.

3 Oh, help us thro' the prayer of faith,
More firmly to believe;
For still the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.

4 If strangers to Thy fold we call,
Imploring at Thy feet,
The crumbs that from Thy table fall,
'Tis all we dare entreat.

5 But be it, Lord of mercy, all,
So Thou wilt grant but this;
The crumbs that from Thy table fall
Are light, and life, and bliss.

337 C. M.

1 O, happy they who know the Lord,
With whom He deigns to dwell!
He feeds and cheers them by His word—
His arm supports them well.

2 To them, in each distressing hour,
His throne of grace is near,
And when they plead His love and pow'r
He stands engaged to hear.

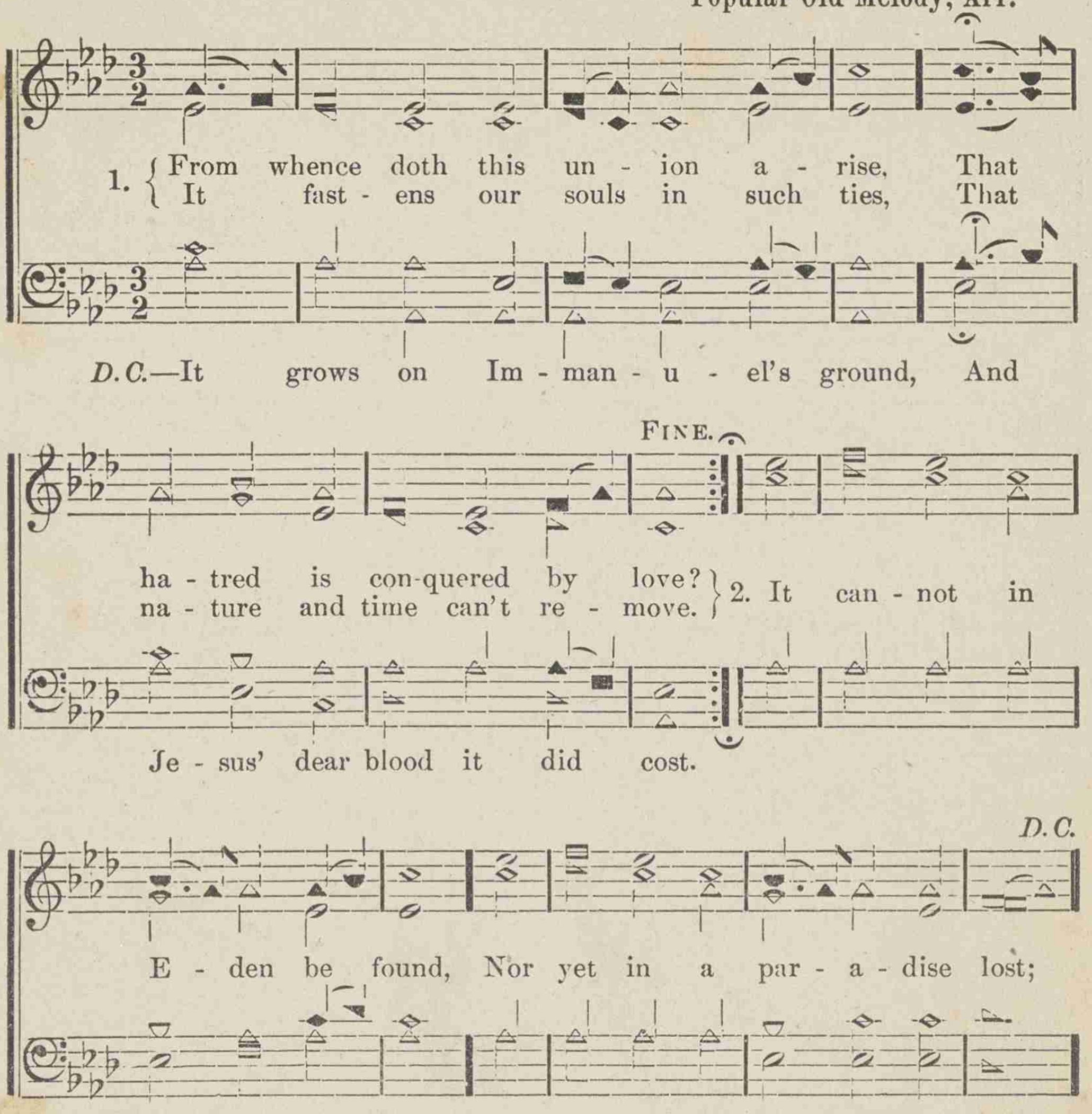
3 His presence sweetens all our cares,
And makes our burdens light;
A word from Him dispels our fears,
And gilds the gloom of night.

4 Lord, we expect to suffer here,
Nor would we dare repine;
But give us still to find Thee near,
And own us still for Thine.

5 Let us enjoy and highly prize
These tokens of Thy love,
Till Thou shalt bid our spirits rise
To dwell with Thee above.

338 Stephens. 8s. D.

Popular Old Melody, Arr.



3 My friends are so precious to me,
Our hearts all united in love;
Where Jesus is gone we shall be,
In yonder blest mansions above.

4 O! why then so loth for to part.
Since we shall ere long meet again,
Engraved on Immanuel's heart,
At distance we cannot remain.

5 And when we shall see that bright day.
And join with the angels above,
Leaving these vile bodies of clay,
United with Jesus in love.

6 With Jesus we ever shall reign,
And all His bright glories shall see,
Singing hallelujah, Amen,
Amen, even so let it be.

339 C. M. Toplady.

1 A Sovereign Protector I have,
Unseen, yet for ever at hand;
Unchangeably faithful to save;
Almighty to rule and command!

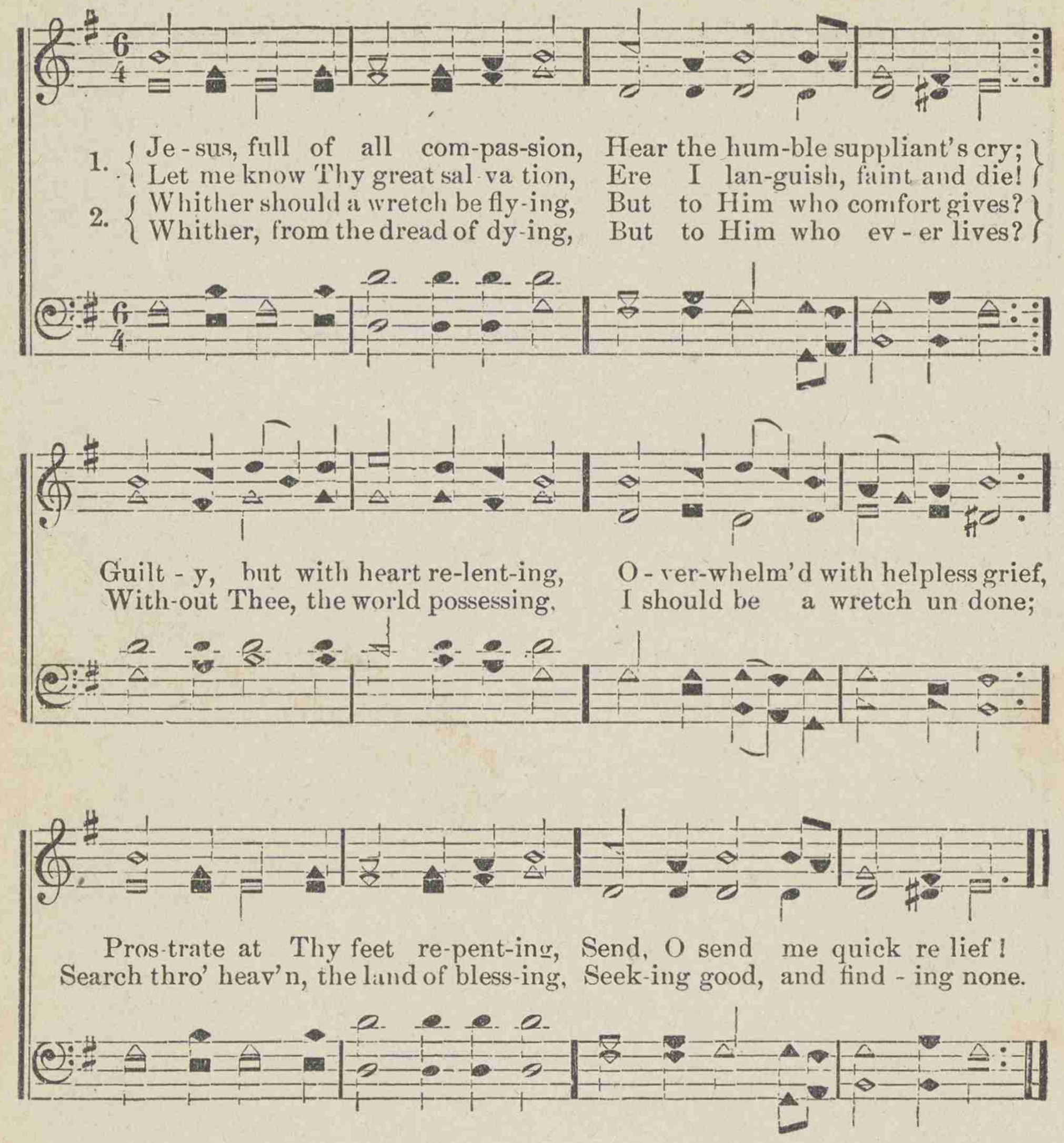
2 He smiles, and my comforts abound;
His grace as the dew shall descend;
And walls of salvation surround
The souls He delights to defend!

3 Kind author and ground of my hope,
Thee, Thee for my God I avow;
My glad Ebenezer set up,
And own Thou hast helped me till now.

4 I muse on the years that are past,
Wherein my defense Thou hast proved:
Nor wilt Thou relinquish at last
A sinner so signally loved!

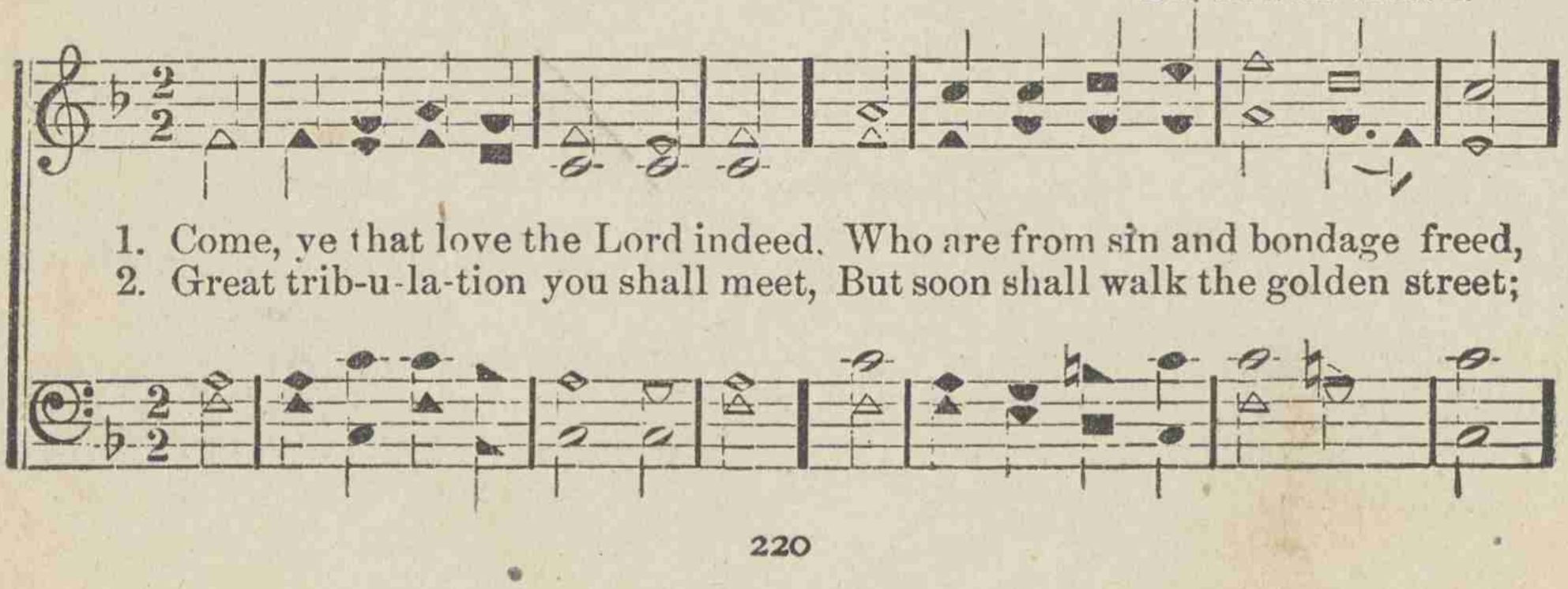
340 Humility.

Arr.

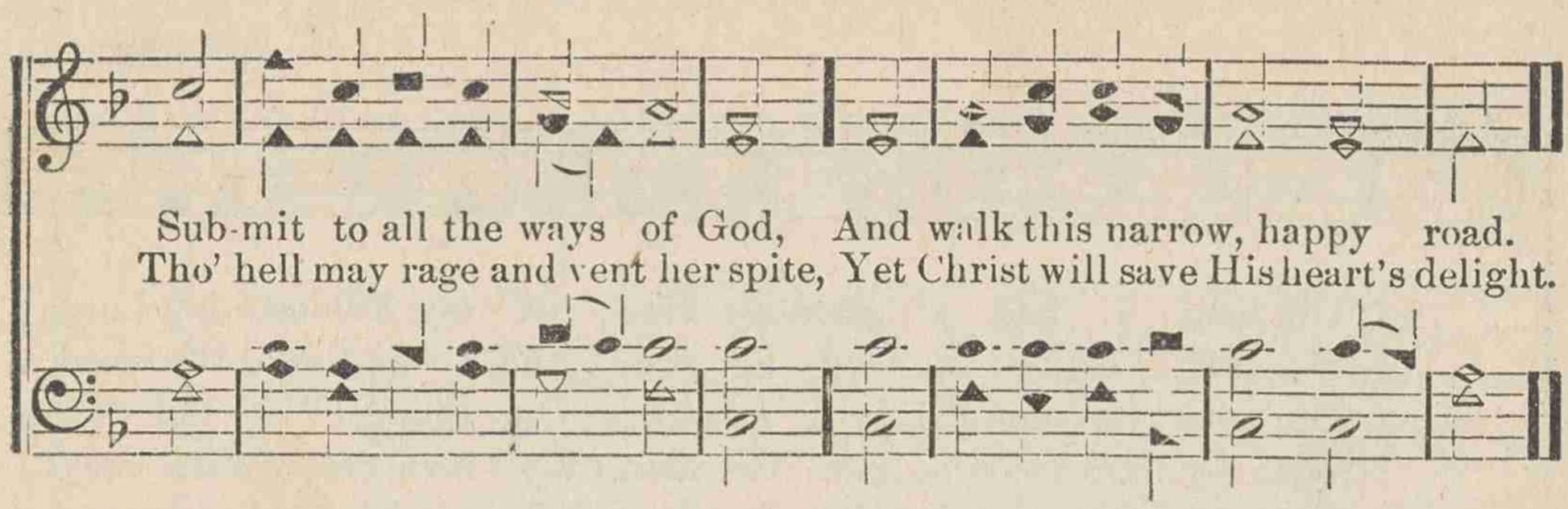


341 Uxbridge. L. M.

Dr. Lowell Mason.



Uxbridge. L. M. Concluded.



3 The happy day will soon appear,
When Gabriel's trumpet you shall hear;
Sound thro' the earth, yea, down to hell,
To call the nations, great and small.

4 Behold the skies in burning flames,
The trumpet louder still proclaims;
The world must hear and know their doom,
The separation now is come.

5 Behold the righteous marching home,
And all the angels bid them come;
While Christ the Judge their joy proclaims,
Here come my saints, I own their names.

6 In grandeur see the royal line,
Whose glittering robes the sun outshine;
See saints and angels join in one.
And march in splendor round the throne.

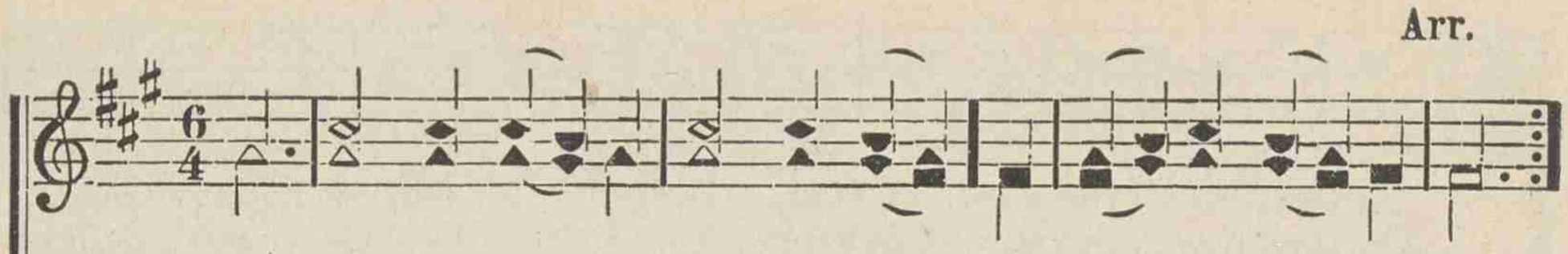
342 The Prodigal Son.

Arr. by J. H. H.

The R. K. Co., owners.

Columbus.

Arr.

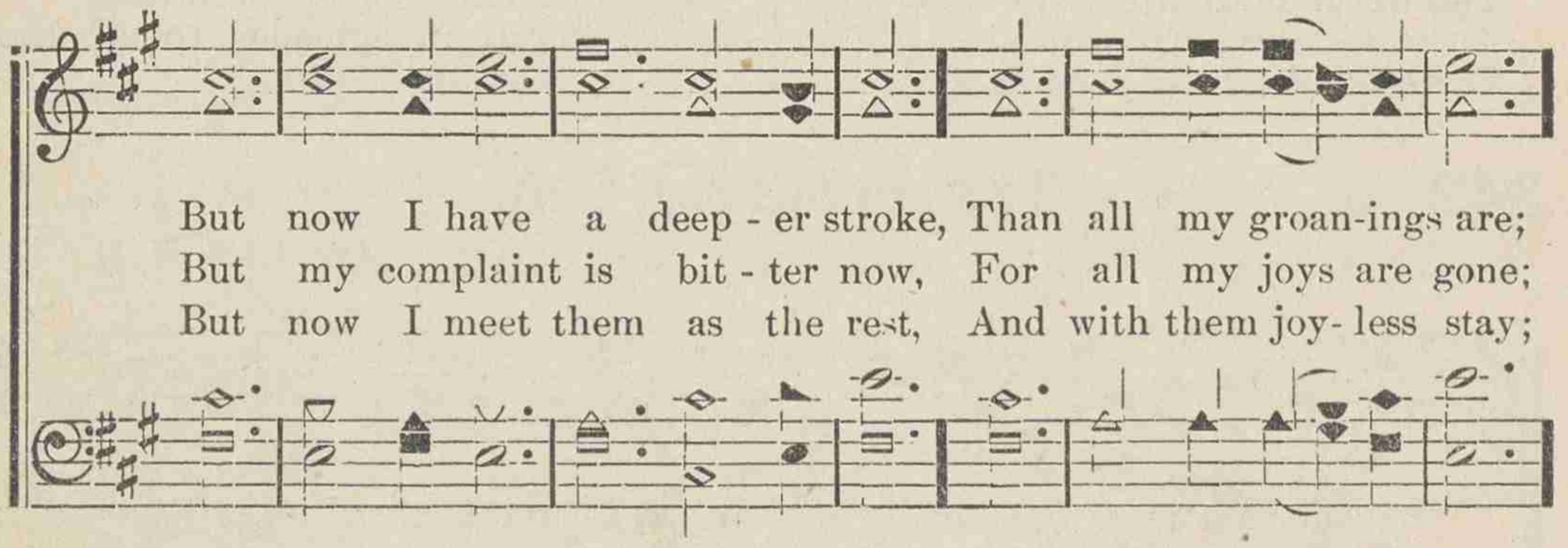


1. { Oh, once I had a glo-rious view, Of my Re-deem-ing Lord,
   He said, "I'll be a God to you," And I be lieved His word. }

2. { Oh, what im- mor- tal joys I felt, On that cel - es - tial day,
   When my hard heart be- gan to melt, By love dis-solved a - way! }

3. { Once I could joy His saints to meet, To me they were most dear;
   I then could stoop to wash their feet, And shed a joy - ful tear; }





But now I have a deep - er stroke, Than all my groan-ings are;
But my complaint is bit - ter now, For all my joys are gone;
But now I meet them as the rest, And with them joy- less stay;



My God has me of late for-sook,—He's gone I know not where.
I've strayed, I'm left, I know not how; The light's from me withdrawn.
My con - ver - sa - tion's spir it - less, Or else I've naught to say.



4 I forward go in duty's way,
But can't perceive Him there;
Then backwards on the road I stray,
But cannot find Him there:
On the left hand where He doth work.
Among the wicked crew,
And on the right, I find Him not,
Among the favored few.

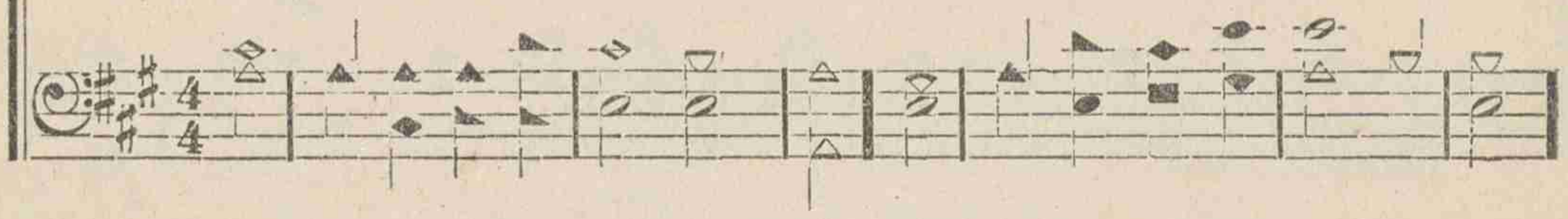
5 What shall I do? Shall I lie down,
And sink in deep despair?
Will He forever wear a frown,
Nor hear my feeble prayer?
No; He will put His strength in me,
He knows the way I've strolled;
And when I'm tried sufficiently,
I shall come forth as gold.

344 Upton. L. M.

Newton.

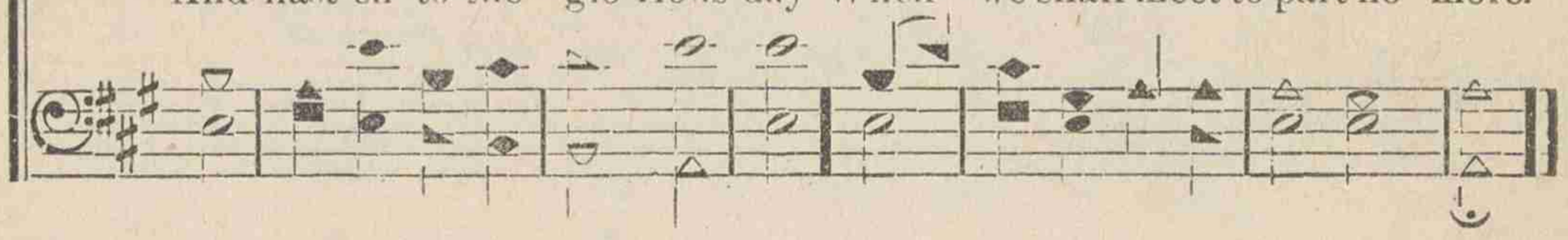


1. Kin-dred in Christ, for His dear sake A heart- y welcome here re-ceive;
2. To you and us by grace 'tis giv'n To know the Saviour's precious name;
3. May He, by whose kind care we meet, Send His good Spirit from a- bove,
4. For - gotten be each worldly theme, When Christians see each other thus:
5. We'll talk of all He did and said, And suffered for us here be - low;
6. Thus as the moments pass a - way, We'll love, and wonder, and a-dore;





May we togeth-er now par-take The joys which only He can give.
And shortly we shall meet in heav'n, Our hope, our way, our end the same.
Make our communi - ca - tion sweet, And cause our hearts to burn with love.
We on- ly wish to speak of Him Who lived, and died, and reigns for us.
The path He marked for us to tread, And what He's doing for us now.
And hast-en to the glo-rious day When we shall meet to part no more.



345 L. M. KENT.

1 'Twas with an everlasting love
That God His own elect embraced
Before He made the worlds above.
Or earth on her huge columns placed.

2 Long ere the sun's refulgent ray
Primeval shades of darkness drove,
They on His sacred bosom lay,
Loved with an everlasting love.

3 Then, in His love and His decrees,
Christ and His bride appeared as one;
Her sin, by imputation, His,
Whilst she in spotless splendor shone.

4 Believer, here Thy comfort stands,
From first to last salvation's free;
And everlasting love demands
An everlasting song from Thee.

346 L. M. DODDRIDGE.

1 How sad and awful is my state!
The very thing I do I hate:
When I to God draw near in prayer,
I feel the conflict even there.

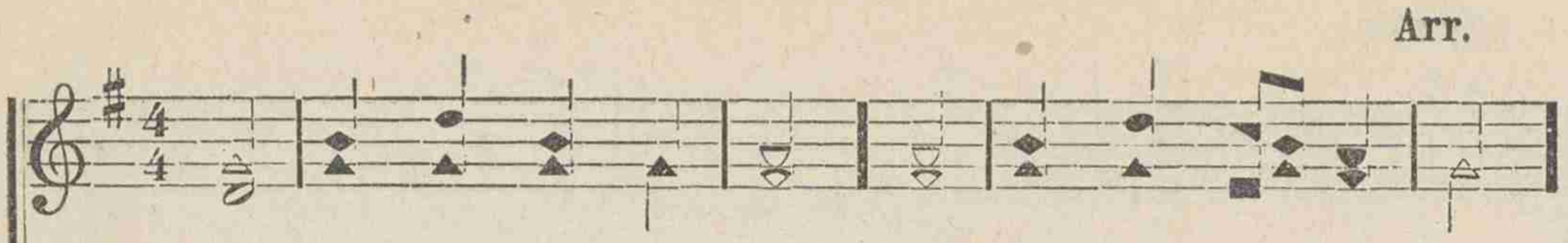
2 I mourn because I can not mourn;
I hate my sin, yet can not turn;
I grieve because I can not grieve
I hear the truth, but can't believe.

3 Yet, Lord, the blood which Thou hast spilt
Can make this rocky heart to melt;
Thy blood can make me clean within;
Thy blood can pardon all my sin.

4 On this rich blood my faith is found.
And on this hope I fix my ground;
Soon shall I reach th' eternal shore,
Where doubts and fears prevail no more.

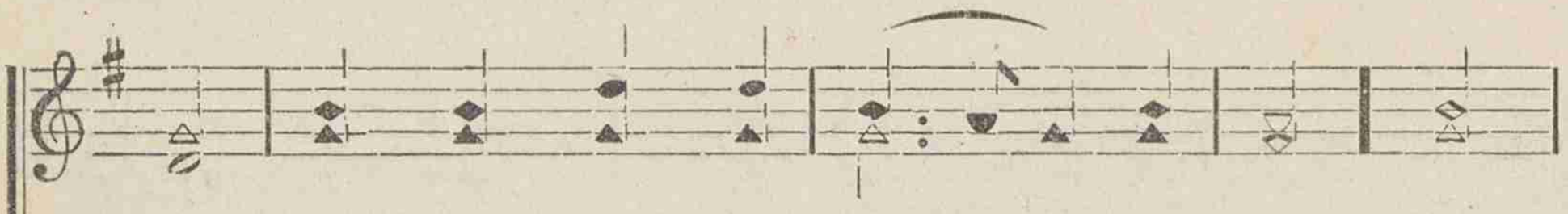
347 Albion. S. M.

Arr.



1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known;
2. The sor - rows of the mind Be ban- ished from the place;
3. Let those re - fuse to sing That nev - er knew our God;
4. The men of grace have found Glo - ry be - gun be - low;
5. The hill of Zi - on yields A thou-sand sa - cred sweets
6. Then let our songs a - bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry;



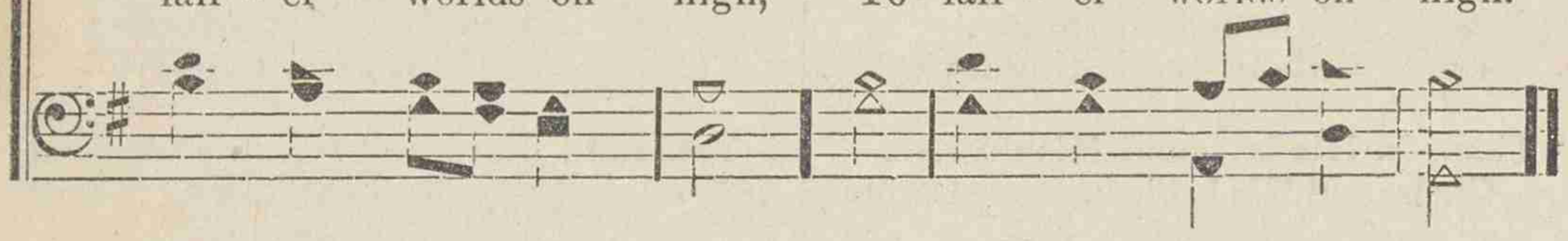


Join in a song with sweet ac - cord, And
Re - lig - ion nev - er was de - signed To
But chil - dren of the heav'n - ly King, May
Ce - les - tial fruits on earth - ly ground, From
Be - fore we reach the heav'n - ly fields, Or
We're march - ing through Im - man - uel's ground, To





thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.
make our pleas - ures less, To make our pleas - ures less.
speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a - broad.
faith and hope may grow, From faith and hope may grow.
walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.
fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.



348 S. M. Newton.

1 I would, but cannot sing,
I would, but cannot pray;
For Satan meets me when I try,
And frights my soul away.

2 I would, but can't repent,
Though I endeavor oft;
This stony heart can ne'er relent
Till Jesus makes it soft.

3 I would, but cannot love,
Though loved by love divine;
No arguments have power to move
A soul so base as mine.

4 I would, but cannot rest
In God's most holy will;
I know what He appoints is best,
Yet murmur at it still.

5 O could I but believe!
Then all would easy be;
I would, but cannot—Lord, relieve;
My help must come from Thee!

6 But if indeed I would,
Though I can nothing do,
Yet the desire is something good,
For which my praise is due.

7 By nature prone to ill,
Till Thine appointed hour
I was as destitute of will
As now I am of power.

8 Wilt Thou not crown at length
The work Thou hast begun?
And with the will afford me strength
In all Thy ways to run?

349 Shepherd. S. M.

Wyatt Minshall.



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

4 While He affords His aid,
I cannot yield to fear, [shade.
Tho' I shall walk thro' death's dark
My Shepherd's with me there.

5 Amid surrounding foes
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

6 The bounties of Thy love
Shall crown my future days;
Nor from Thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak Thy praise.

350 Sweet Rivers. C. M.

Moore.

1. While I'm in pris - on here be-low, In an - guish, pain and smart,
2. I view the mon-ster death and smile, Now he has lost his sting;
3. A few more days, or years at most, My tri - als will be o'er;
4. O, come, my Sav-iour, come a- way, And bear me thro' the sky,

Oft -times those troubles I fore-go When love surrounds my heart.
Though Sa - tan rag - es all the while I still the triumph sing;
I hope to join the heav-'nly host On that e - ter-nal shore;
Nor let Thy char-iot wheels de- lay—Make haste and bring it nigh;

In dark est shadows of the night Faith mounts the up - per sky;
I hold my Sav-iour in my arms, And will not let Him go;
My raptured soul shall drink and feast In love's un bound- ed sea;
I hope to see Thy glo -rious face And in Thy im - age shine,

I there be- hold my heart's de-light, And would re joice to die. die.
I'm so de light-ed with His charms No oth - er good I know. know.
The glorious hope of end - less rest Is rav- ish - ing to me. me.
To triumph in vic - to - rious grace, And be for - ev - er Thine. Thine.

351 Vernon. L. M. 6 l.

Ingalls.



2 'Tis hard, when in our soul's distress,
All, all around is wilderness,
When herbs and quenching streams there's none,
To say, "My Father's will be done."
Yet, Lord, I would to Thee resign,
And say, "My Father's will be mine."

3 And yet, how light our sorrows be,
To His, in dark Gethsemane,
Who drank the cup, with stifled groan,
And said, "My Father's will be done."
Dear Lord, may I to Thee resign,
And say, "My Father's will be mine."

352

GRANT.

1 When gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On Him I lean, who, not in vain,
Experienced every human pain;
He feels my griefs, He sees my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray,
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the ill I would not do;
Still He, who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

3 When vexing thoughts within me rise,
And, sore dismayed, my spirit dies;
Then He who once vouchsafed to bear
The sickening anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

353

1 This is the field,—the world below,
Where wheat and tares together grow
Where oft we see, in mingled band,
Sinners and saints together stand;
But soon the reaping-time will come,
And angels shout the harvest-home.

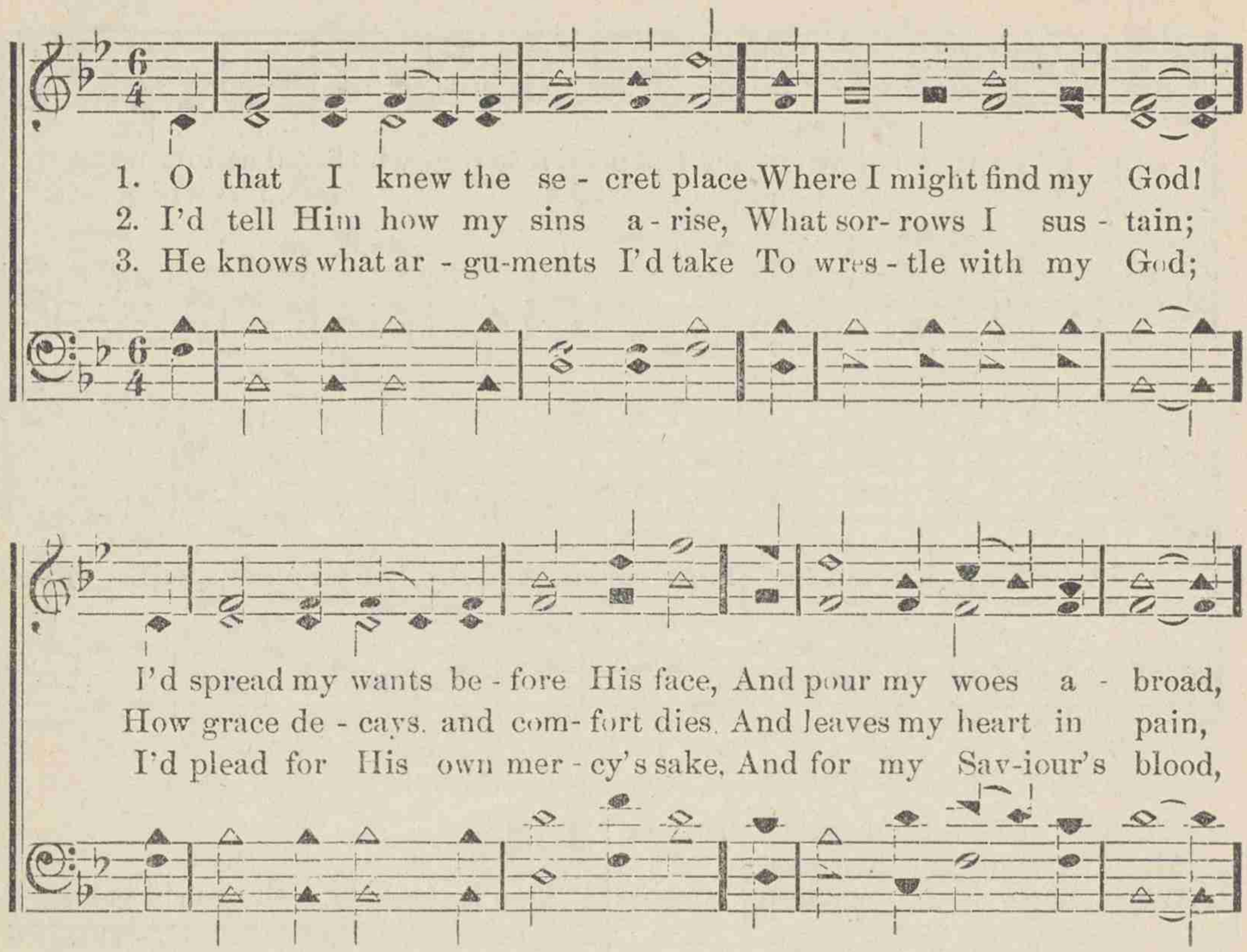
2 We seem as one when thus we meet
And bow before the mercy-seat;
But to the Lord's all-searching eyes
Each heart appears without disguise;
And soon the reaping-time will come,
And angels shout the harvest-home.

3 To love my sins, a saint to appear,
To grow with wheat, and be a tare,
May serve me while on earth below,
Where tares and wheat together grow;
But soon the reaping-time will come,
And angels shout the harvest-home.

4 Most awful truth, and is it so?
Must all mankind the harvest know?
Is every one a wheat or tare?—
Me for the harvest, Lord, prepare:
For soon the reaping-time will come,
And angels shout the harvest-home.

5 Then all who truly righteous are
Shall in their Father's kingdom share;
But tares in bundles shall be bound,
And cast in hell: oh, doleful sound!
And soon the reaping-time will come,
And angels shout the harvest-home.

354 Reconciliation. C. M.



Reconciliation. C. M. Concluded.

4 My God will pity my complaints,
And heal my broken bones:
He takes the meaning of His saints,
The language of their groans.

5 Arise, my soul, from deep distress,
And banish every fear;
He calls thee to His throne of grace,
To spread thy sorrows there.

355

1 In vain we seek for peace with God,
By methods of our own;
Jesus, there's nothing but Thy blood
Can bring us near the throne.

2 The threatenings of Thy broken law
Impress the soul with dread;
If God the sword of justice draw,
It strikes the spirit dead.

3 But Thine illustrious sacrifice
Hath answered these demands;
And peace and pardon from the skies
Came down from Jesus' hands.

4 Here all the ancient types agree,
The altar and the Lamb;
And prophets in their vision see
Salvation through His name.

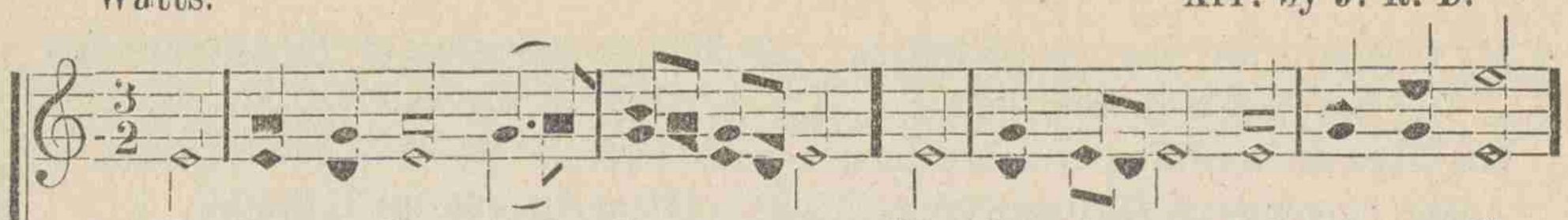
5 'Tis by Thy death we live, O Lord,
'Tis on Thy cross we rest;
Forever be Thy love adored,
Thy name forever blest.

356 Minshall. 8s & 7s.

L. Mason.

357 Supplication. L. M.

Watts. Arr. by J. R. D.

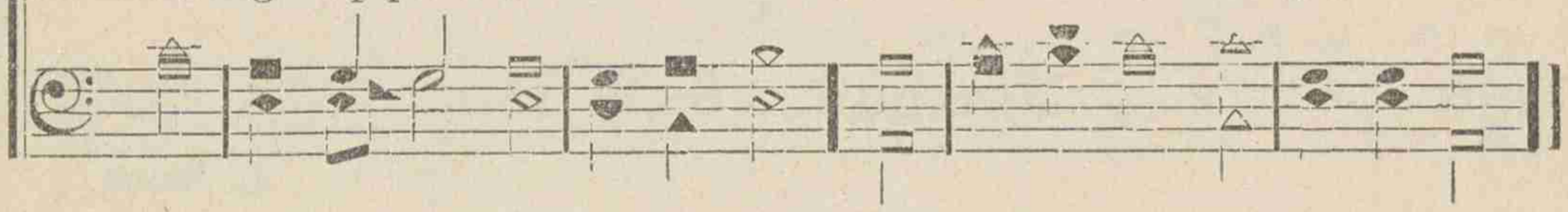


1. So let our lips and lives express The ho - ly gos - pel we pro-fess;
2. Thus shall we best pro - claim a-broad The hon-ors of our Saviour God;
3. Our flesh and sense must be denied— Pas-sion and en - vy, lust and pride;
4. Re- lig- ion bears our spir - its up, While we ex- pect that bless-ed hope,





So let our works and vir-tues shine, To prove the doc-trine all di- vine.
When the sal- va- tion reigns with in, And grace subdues the pow'r of sin.
While jus-tice, temp'rance, truth and love, Our in-ward pi - e - ty ap-prove.
The bright ap-pear-ance of the Lord, And faith stands leaning on His word.



358 L. M. KELLY.

1 "Poor and afflicted," Lord, are Thine,
Among the great unfit to shine;
But, though the world may think it strange,
They would not with the world ex- [change.

2 "Poor and afflicted;" yes, they are;
They're not exempt from grief and care;
But He who saved them by His blood,
Makes every sorrow yield them good.

3 "Poor and afflicted!" 'Tis their lot,
They know it, and they murmur not;
'Twould ill become them to refuse,
The state their Master deign'd to choose.

4 "Poor and afflicted;" yet they sing,
For Jesus is their glorious King;
Thro' suffering perfect, now He reigns,
And shares in all their griefs and pains.

5 "Poor and afflicted." But, ere long,
They'll join the bright celestial throng,
Their suff'rings then will reach a close,
And heav'n afford them sweet repose.

6 And while they walk the thorny way,
They're often heard to sigh and say,
"Dear Saviour, come. O, quickly come,
And take Thy mourning pilgrims home."

359 L. M. SWAIN.

1 And am I blessed with Jesus' love?
And shall I dwell with Him above?
And will the joyful period come
When I shall call the heavens my home?

2 Think, O, my soul! what must it be—
A world of glorious minds to see;
Drink at the fountain head of peace,
And bathe in everlasting bliss.

3 To hear them all at once proclaim
Eternal glories to the Lamb;
And join, with joyful heart and tongue,
That new, that never-ending song.

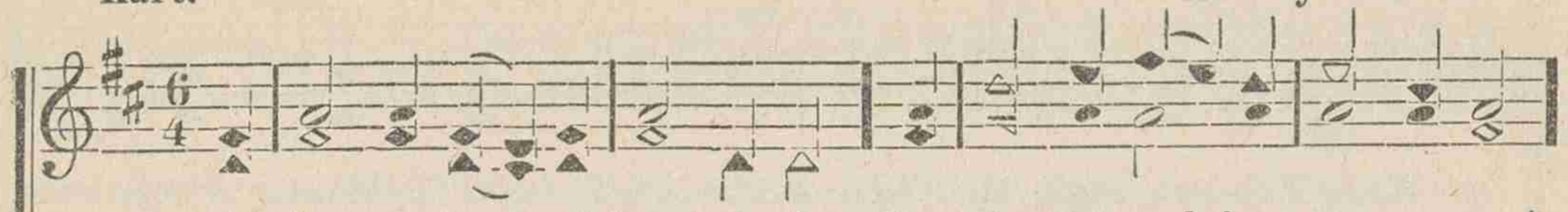
4 And does the happy hour draw near,
When Christ will in the clouds appear,
And I, without a veil, shall see
The Man, the Christ, that bled for me?

5 If, in my soul, such joys abound,
While weeping faith explores the wound,
How glorious will those scars appear,
When perfect love forbids a tear!

6 Think, O, my soul! if 'tis so sweet
On earth to sit at Jesus' feet,
What must it be to wear a crown,
And sit with Jesus on a throne.

360 Frozen Heart. L. M.

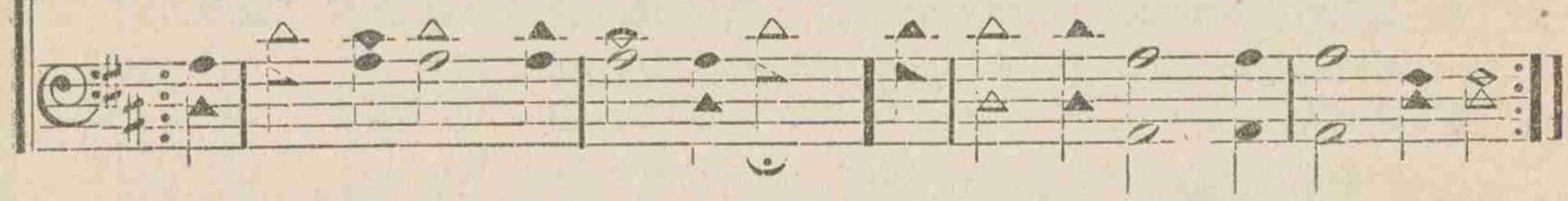
Hart. Arr. by J. R. D.



1. O! for a glance of heav'nly day, To take this stub-born stone a-way!
2. The rocks can rend; the earth can quake; The seas can roar; the mountains shake;
3. To hear the sor rows Thou hast felt, Dear Lord, an ad-amant would melt!
4. Thy judgments, too, unmoved I hear, (Amazing thought!) which devils fear;
5. But something yet can do the deed! And that dear something much I need;



And thaw, with beams of love di-vine, This heart, this frozen heart of mine.
Of feel-ing, all things show some sign, But this un-feel-ing heart of mine.
But I can read each mov-ing line, And nothing move this heart of mine.
Good-ness and wrath in vain com bine To stir this stupid heart of mine.
Thy Spir-it can from dross re-fine, And move and melt this heart of mine.



361 L. M. Mercer's Selec.

1 Oh, how shall I myself assure
That I am safe, in Christ secure,
Or that I do in Him believe,
And from Him grace for grace receive?

2 When I with Christians do compare
My daily exercise and prayer,
I seem to fall so far behind,
That gloomy fears o'erwhelm my mind.

3 I read the precious word of God,
Which Jesus ratified with blood,
But, while I read, my fears arise,
And hide the promise from my eyes.

4 I go to meeting as the rest,
To hear and learn, and to be blest;
But, while they're comforted in bliss,
My heart's just like a rock of ice.

5 Or if I'm ever made to weep,
And weeping rank with Jesus' sheep,
Those comforts are but transient guests,
My blessings make but partial feasts.

6 Sometimes I seek some lonely place,
To muse and pray for greater grace,
But there can only groan and sigh,
Oh, what a wretched soul am I!

7 Others, I hear, say they have found
The Saviour precious all around;
But I am mostly cold and dead,
Which often makes me sore afraid.

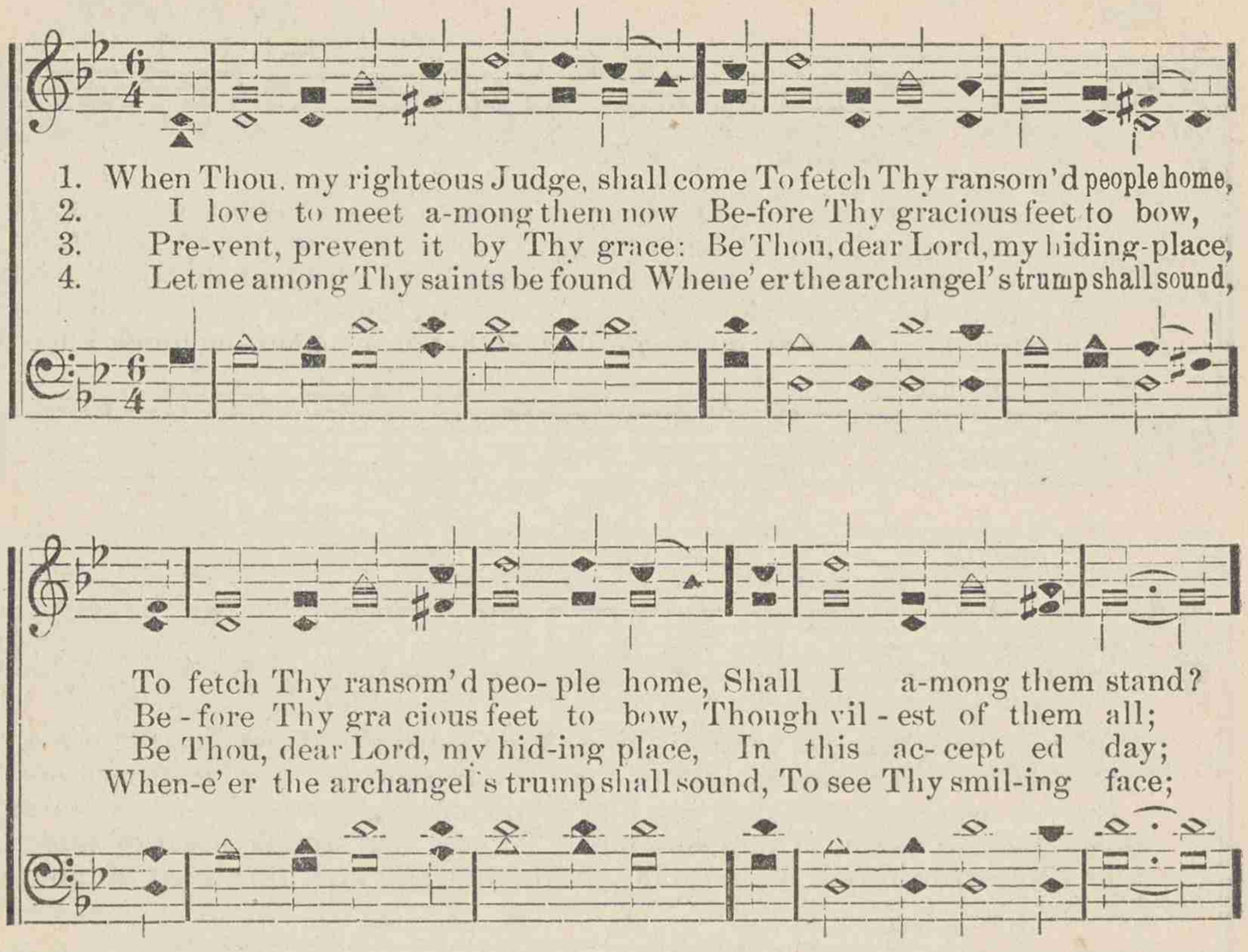
8 'Tis rarely I can ever see
Myself, as I would wish to be;
The good I would I can't attain,
And what I hate I can't refrain.

9 Some Christians, when they come to die,
Seem full of joy, and long to fly;
But I have oft a tortured mind
Lest I shall then be left behind.

10 Come, Christians dear, of every tongue,
Whose hearts and lips agree in one,
Unfold the truth, and let me know
If it indeed be so with you.

11 Are these the trials which you know?
Is this the gloomy way you go?
Come, tell me quick, for Jesus' sake,
Or my poor heart will surely break.

362 Salem's Bright King.



363 Valley. 7s.



1. Breth- ren, while we so-journ here, Fight we must, but should not fear,
2. For - ward, then, with cour age go, Long we shall not dwell be- low;
3. In the way a thousand snares Lie to take us un - a-wares;
4. But, from Sa - tan's mal - ice free, Saints shall soon vic - to rious be;
5. But of all the foes we meet, None so oft mis - lead our feet;
6. Yet let noth - ing spoil your peace, Christ will al - so con-quer these;





Foes we have, but we've a friend, One that loves us to the end.
Soon the joy - ful news will come, "Child, your Father calls, come home."
Sa - tan, with ma - li- cious art, Watch - es each un guarded part.
Soon the joy - ful news will come, "Child, your Father calls come home."
None be - tray us in - to sin, Like the foes that dwell within.
Then the joy - ful news will come, "Child, your Father calls, come, home."



364 7s. LELAND.

1 Brethren, we have met again,
Let us join to pray and sing,
Jesus as the Saviour reigns,
Praise Him in the highest strain!

2 Many days and weeks are past,
Since we met together last,
Yet our lives do still remain,
Here on earth we meet again?

3 Many of our friends are gone
To their long eternal home,
They have left us here below,
Soon we after them shall go.

4 Brethren, tell me how you do,
Does your love continue true?
Are you waiting for your King,
When He shall return again?

5 Gracious is the Lord indeed,
To my soul in time of need;
Surely He hath won my heart,
May I choose Him for my part?

6 Jesus is my glorious King,
May our hearts be tuned to sing,
Praise Him, love Him evermore,
He's the God whom we adore.

Amandra. 11s.

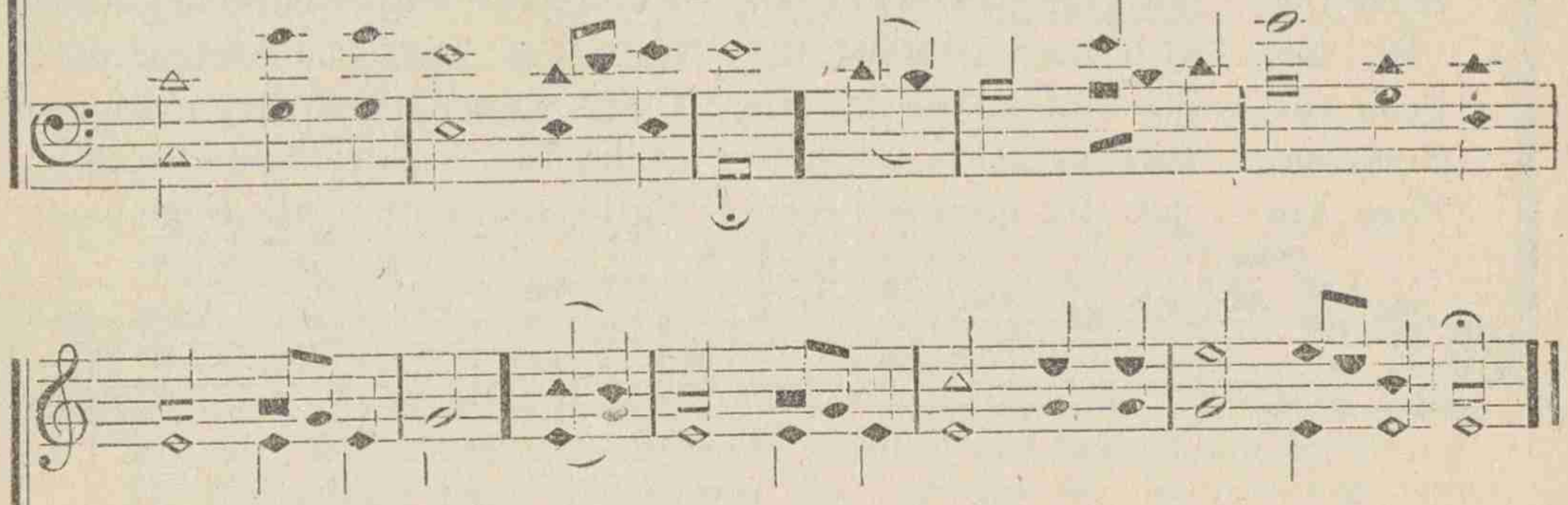
ART.



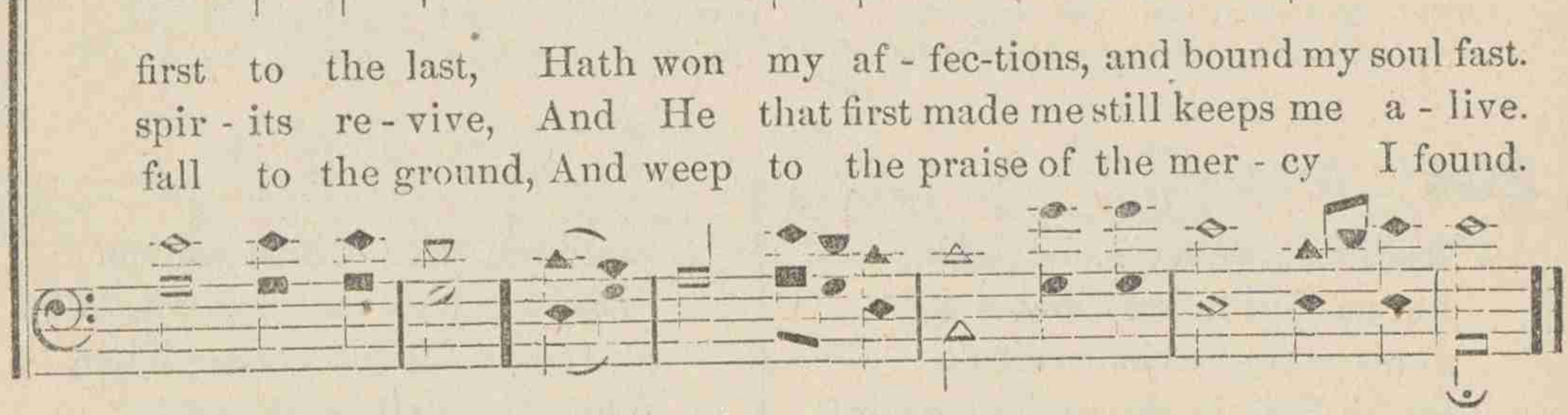
1. Thy mer - cy my God, is the theme of my song, The joy of my
2. With - out Thy sweet mer-cy I could not live here; Sin soon would re -
3. Thy mer - cy is more than a match for my heart, Which won-ders to



heart and the boast of my tongue; Thy free grace a - lone, from the
duce me to ut - ter de spair; But thro' Thy free good-ness my
feel its own hard - ness de-part; Dis - solved by Thy sun-shine I



first to the last, Hath won my af - fec-tions, and bound my soul fast.
spir - its re - vive, And He that first made me still keeps me a - live.
fall to the ground, And weep to the praise of the mer - cy I found.



4 The door of Thy mercy stands open all day,
To the poor and the needy, who knock by the way;
No sinner shall ever be empty sent back
Who comes seeking mercy for Jesus' sake.

5 Thy mercy in Jesus exempts me from hell,
Its glories I'll sing and its wonders I'll tell;
'Twas Jesus, my friend, when He hung on the tree,
Who opened the channel of mercy for me.

6 Great Father of mercy, Thy goodness I own,
And the covenant love of Thy crucified Son;
All praise to the Spirit whose whi-per divine,
Seals mercy and pardon and righteous-ness mine.

366

11s.

1 While nature was sinking in stillness to rest, [in the west;
The last beams of daylight shone dim
O'er fields by the moonlight my wandering feet [retreat.
Sought in quietude's hour a place of

2 While passing a garden, I paused, then drew near, [ear;
A voice faint and plaintive arrested my
The voice of the sufferer affected my heart, [part.
In agony pleading the poor sinner's

3 In offering to heaven His pitying prayer, [must bear;
He spoke of the torments the sinner
His life, for a ransom He offered to give,
That sinners redeemed in glory might live.

4 So deep were His sorrows, so fervent His prayer, [blood and tears;
That down o'er His bosom rolled sweat,
I wept to behold Him, I asked Him His name, [came.
He answered 'tis Jesus, from heaven I

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

6 I heard with deep anguish the tale of His woe, [did flow;
While tears like a fountain of waters
The cause of His sorrow to hear Him repeat,
Affected my heart and I fell at His feet.

7 I trembled with horror and loudly did cry, [die!
Lord, save a poor sinner, O, save or I
He smiled when He saw me, and said to me, live, [give.
Thy sins, which are many, I freely for-

8 How sweet was that moment He bade me rejoice; [ing His voice!
His smile, O, how pleasant! how charm-
I flew from the garden to spread it abroad,
I shouted salvation and glory to God.

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

10 The day of bright glory is rolling around [shall sound,
When Gabriel descending, the trumpet
My soul then in rapture of glory shall rise, [eyes.
To gaze on the Saviour with unclouded

367

11s.

1 O, Jesus, my Saviour, I know Thou art mine, [resign,
For Thee all the pleasures of life I'll
Of objects most pleasing I love Thee the best, [Thee I'm blest.
Without Thee I'm wretched, but with

2 Thou art my rich treasure, my joy and my love, [above;
No richer's possessed by the angels
For Thee all the pleasures of sense I'll forego,
And wander a pilgrim distressed below.

3 Thy spirit first taught me to know I was blind, [to find,
Then taught me the way of salvation
And when I was sinking in darkest despair, [not fear.
My Saviour relieved me and bid me

4 Though poor and despised, by faith I now stand, [kind hand;
Upheld and supported by heaven's
In Jesus supported, I'll praise His dear name, [blame.
Regardless of censure, of praise or of

5 I find Him in singing, I find Him in prayer,
In sweet meditation He always is near;
My constant companion, O, may we not part, [heart.
All glory to Jesus, He dwells in my

6 If ever I loved, sure I love Thee, my Lord, [Thy word;
I love Thy dear people, Thy ways and
I love all creation, I love sinners, too,
Since Jesus has died to redeem them from woe.

368

11s.

1 I would not weep alway, though many a tear [and drear;
Must fall on life's pathway, so lonely
But e'en in the desert love's fountain is free. [to me.
And mercy's sweet words are as manna

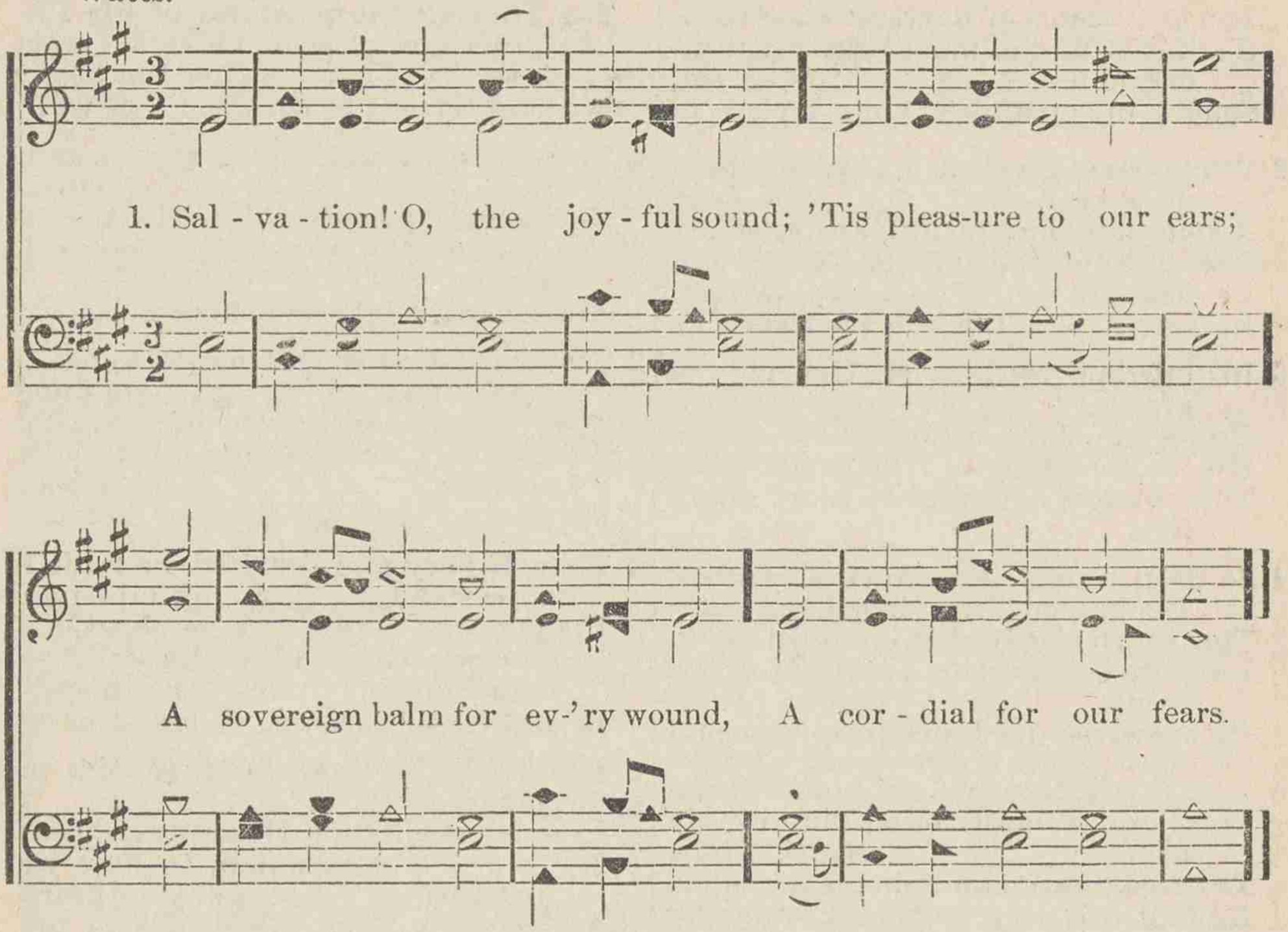
2 I would not smile alway, for oft on the air [voice of despair,
Comes the deep sigh of anguish, the
Yet e'en for the wretched, whose hopes are all riven, [in heaven.
Still, still there is joy, there is rapture

3 I would not fear alway, though error's dark cloud, [to enshroud;
Gather thick, the blest beacon of faith
The bright sun of righteousness shines thro' the gloom, [the tomb.
And the rainbow of promise o'erreaches

4 But I would hope alway, till o'er my wrapt soul,
The waves of fruition unceasingly roll;
Then, then shall this restless, worn spirit be free; [from Thee.
My Saviour, 'tis waiting a summons

369 Primrose. C. M.

Watts.



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

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

370 C. M. Doddridge.

1 Salvation! O melodious sound
To wretched. dying men!
Salvation, that from God proceeds,
And leads to God again.

2 Rescued from hell's eternal gloom,
From fiends, and fires, and chain
Raised to a paradise of bliss,
Where love triumphant reigns.

3 But may a poor bewildered soul,
Sinful and weak as mine.
Presume to raise a trembling eye
To blessings so divine?

4 The lustre of so bright a bliss,
My feeble heart o'erbears;
And unbelief almost perverts
The promise into tears.

5 My Saviour God, no voice but Thine
These dying hopes can raise;
Speak Thy salvation to my soul,
And turn my prayer to praise.

371 C. M.

1 Salvation, through our dying Head
Shall ever stand complete;
He paid whate'er His people owed,
And cancelled all their debt.

2 He sends His spirit from above,
Our spirit to renew;
Displays His power, reveals His love,
Gives life and comfort too.

3 He heals our wounds, subdues our foes,
And shows our sins forgiven;
Conducts us through the wilderness
And brings us safe to heaven.

4 Salvation now shall be my stay;
"A sinner saved," I'll cry,
Then gladly quit this mortal clay,
For better joys on high.

372. Ceylon. 7s & 6s.

Arr.

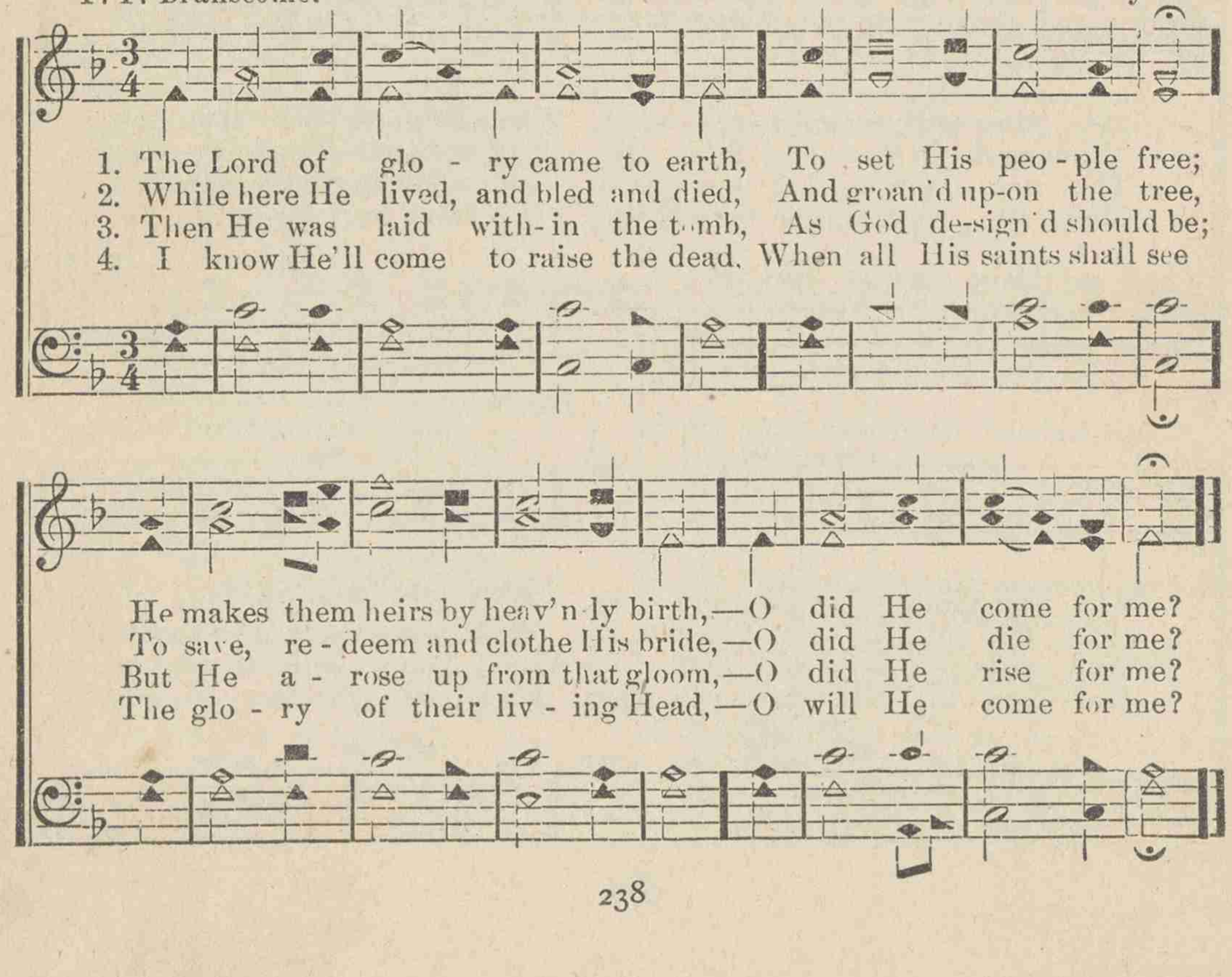


373 New Hope. S. M.



374 The Lord of Glory. C. M.

F. P. Branscome. John R. Daily.



875 C. M. WATTS.

1 What shall I render to my God
For all His kindness shown?
My feet shall visit Thine abode,
My songs address Thy throne.

2 Among the saints that fill Thine house
My off'ring shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.

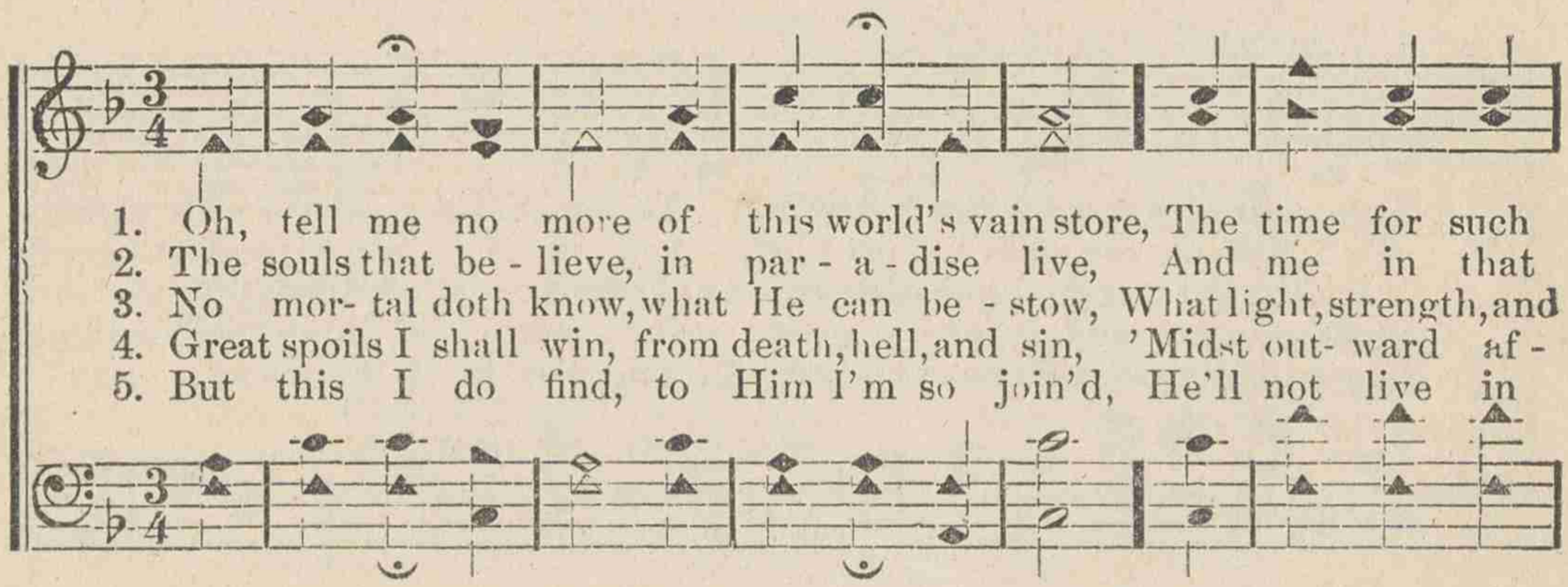
3 How much is mercy Thy delight,
Thou ever blessed God!
How dear Thy servants in Thy sight,
How precious is their blood!

4 How happy all Thy servants are,
How great Thy grace to me! [care,
My life, which Thou hast made Thy
Lord, I devote to Thee.

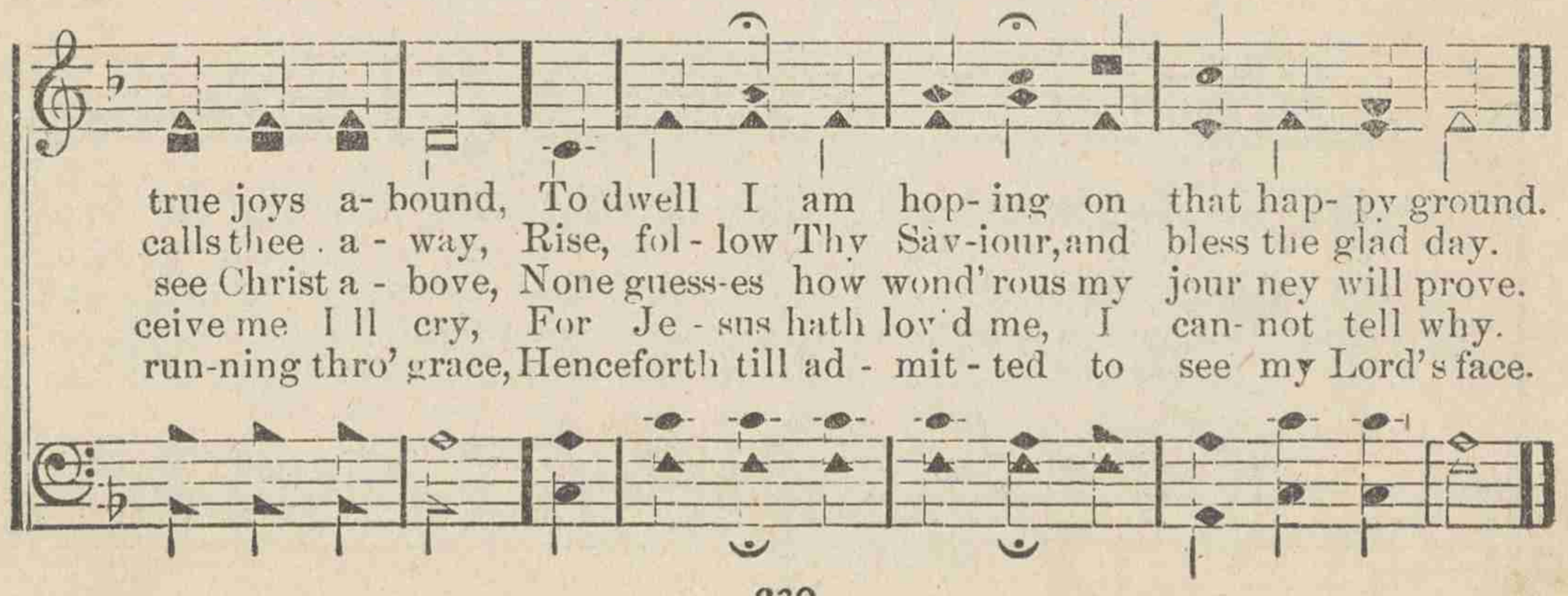
5 Now I am Thine, forever Thine,
Nor shall my purpose move;
Thy hand has loos'd my bonds of pain,
And bound me with Thy love.

6 Here in Thy courts I leave my vow,
And Thy rich grace record;
Witness, ye saints, who hear me now
If I forsake the Lord.

376 Sweet Harmony.







377 New Jerusalem. 8s. D.



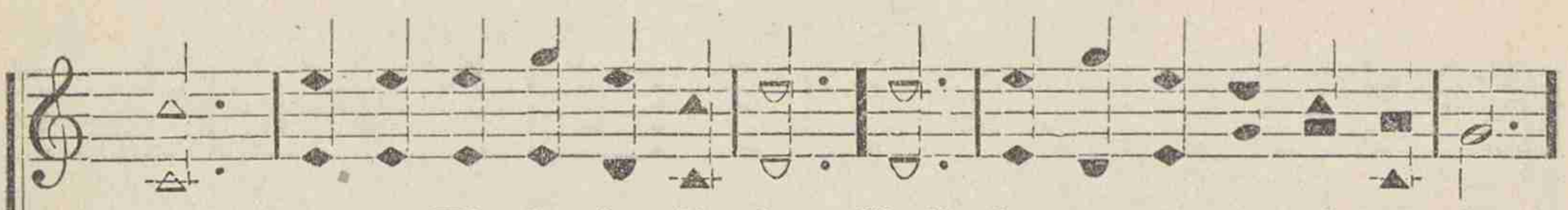
1. My gra-cious Re-deem-er I love; His prais-es a-loud I'll pro-claim,
2. He free - ly redeemed with His blood, My soul from the confines of hell,
3. My glo-rious Re-deemer! I long To see Thee descend on the cloud,
4. Nor sor-row, nor sickness, nor pain, Nor sin, nor temptation, nor fear,
5. Ye pal- a- ces, scep-tres and crowns, Your pride with disdain I sur- vey;



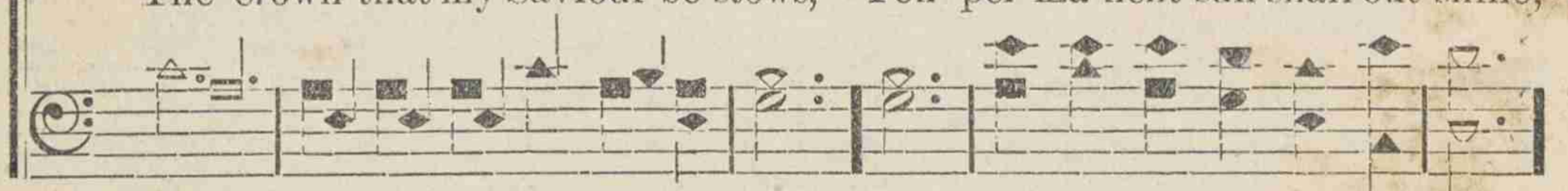


And join with the ar-mies a - bove, To shout His a - dor a - ble name:
To live on the smiles of my God, And in His sweet presence to dwell.
Amid-t the bright, numberless throng, And mix with the triumphing crowd.
Shall ev - er mo-lest me a - gain; Per - fec-tion of glo - ry reigns there.
Your pomps are but shadows and sounds, And pass in a mo-ment a - way.





To gaze on His glo-ries di- vine Shall be my e - ter-nal em-ploy;
To shine with the an-gels of light, With saints and with seraphs to sing;
O, when wilt Thou bid me as-cend To join in Thy praises a - bove;
This soul and this bod-y shall shine In robes of sal- va-tion and praise,
The crown that my Saviour be-stows, Yon per-ma-nent sun shall out-shine;





And feel them in-ces-sant- ly shine, My boundless, in- ef- fa- ble joy.
To view, with e- ter- nal de light, My Je-sus, my Saviour, my King.
To gaze on Thee world without end, And feast on Thy rav-ish-ing love?
And banquet on pleasures di-vine, Where God His full beauty dis-plays.
My joy ev - er-last-ing- ly flows, My God, my Re-deem-er, is mine.



378 Refuge. 7s.

Lloyd. Minshall.

FINE.

1. Wait, my soul, up - on the Lord, To His gra- cious prom-ise flee,
   Lay- ing hold up - on His word: "As thy days, thy strength shall be."
2. Days of tri - al, days of grief, In suc - ces sion thou mayst see;
   This is still thy sweet re - lief: "As thy days, thy strength shall be."

D. C.—God has prom-ised need-ful grace: "As thy days, thy strength shall be."
D. C.—Faith-ful, pos - i - tive and sure: "As thy days, thy strength shall be."

D.C.

If the sor - rows of thy case, Seem pe- cu - liar still to thee.
Rock of A - ges, I'm se - cure. With the prom - ise, full and free,
If the sorrows of thy case, Seem pe-cu-liar still to thee,
Rock of A-ges, I'm se- cure, With the promise, full and free,

379 New Hundred. C. M.

Watts. C. E. Pollock.

1. How can I sink with such a prop As my e - ter - nal God,
2. How can I die while Je - sus lives, Who rose and left the dead?
3. All that I am, and all I have Shall be for - ev - er Thine;
4. Yet if I might make some re- serve, And du - ty did not call,

Who bears the earth's huge pil-lars up, And spreads the heav'ns abroad?
Par - don and grace my soul re- ceives From my ex - alt - ed Head.
What - e'er my du - ty bids me give My cheer- ful hand re- sign.
I love my God with zeal so great That I should give Him all.

380 Repose. 11s.

Arr.



FINE.



D.S.



4 My union I want with the Father and Son,
I want that perfected which now is begun;
That love and sweet union which soothes every care.
And with my dear brethren all burdens to bear.

5 My faith and my hope, my love and my zeal,
I want them recruited, and never to fail,
Remembering at all times what Jesus did say,
And set out anew, and begin ev'ry day.

6 My treasure in heaven I want to lay up,
Where no moth and no rust can ever corrupt:
Where no thief and no robber will venture or dare—
My heart and my treasure I want to be there.

7 O, come, my dear brethren, both aged and youth,
And all who are willing to walk in the truth,
Let's all join together in union and love,
And on our blest journey then joyful we'll move.

381

11s.

1 Come, brethren and sisters, and hear me relate,
And I will inform you of my present state,
Though oft I have called sweet Jesus my own,
I now feel dejected, like one left alone.

2 How backward in duty, how lifeless I be,
The smiles of my Saviour how seldom I see
I scarcely in Zion can raise a sweet song—
My harp on the willow now seems to be hung.

3 I know prayer's a duty I owe to my Lord,
It is enjoined on me in His holy word,
But when I attempt it I've no heart to pray,
My thoughts are so wandering, and often astray.

4 When I read the scrpitures, instruction to gain,
'Tis but a small portion that I can retain;
They seem so mysterious, so dark to my view,
I can't understand them—as I wish to do.

5 In all my performance how short I do fall;
I'm pining, I languish, and barren withal;
I seem like a tree that encumbers the ground:
The leaves make appearance, but no fruit is found.

6 My moments are lonesome, small comfort I find,
Dark clouds hover o'er me and darken my mind;
The cold dreary winter with tempests do blow,
I'm chilled with the cold, and in darkness I go.

7 Disperse this thick darkness, O Jesus, my friend,
And cause this cold winter in summer to end;
Thy soul cheering presence to me now restore,
And give me my harp from the willows once more.

382

11s.

1 Come, children of heaven, and help us to sing
Loud anthems, and praises, to Jesus, our King.
His life it was given our souls to redeem,
And bring us to heaven, to dwell there with Him.

2 Not angels in glory, nor cherubs above,
Can fathom the fountain of infinite love;
Their wisdom can't search it—they cannot tell why,
The Sovereign of angels for sinners should die.

3 In the region of darkness, death, sorrow and pains,
We all lay in ruin, in prison and chains;
But Jesus has bought us with His precious blood;
'Tis a ransom provided to bring us to God.

4 Why then should we wish still to stay here below,
When rivers of pleasure in Paradise flow?
Eternally streaming in exquisite bliss,
And still we are feeling our joys to increase.

5 Then come, my dear brethren, count all things but loss,
Your treasure's in heav'n, don't shrink from the cross.
Ye favorites of heaven, dear lambs of the fold,
Though devils surround you—be faithful and bold.

6 Consider the dangers that lie in your way,
The snares and temptations in this evil day,
But this we must suffer, and patient endure,
Till Jesus shall take us, where dangers are o'er.

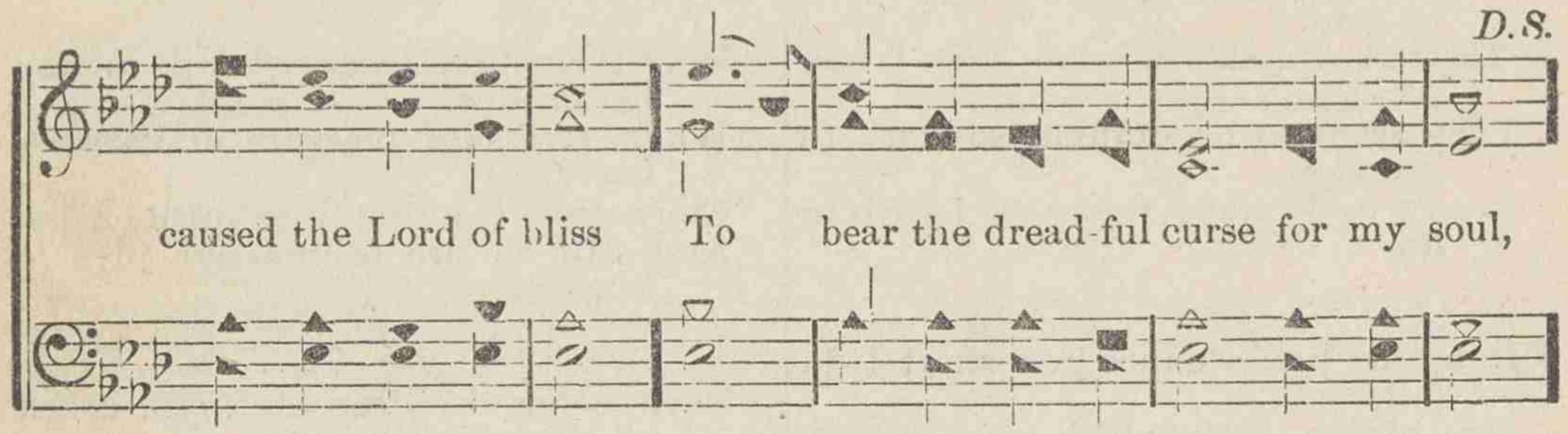
7 Then with Him in glory we shortly shall reign,
Delivered from sorrow, temptations and pain,
To join with the angels and spirits divine—
In Jesus' image eternally shine.

383 Wondrous Love. P. M.

First tune.







2 When I was sinking down, sinking down, sinking down,
When I was sinking down sinking down;
When I was sinking down beneath God's righteous frown,
Christ laid aside His crown for my soul, for my soul,
Christ laid aside His crown for my soul.

3 To God and to the Lamb I will sing, I will sing,
To God and to the Lamb I will sing;
To God and to the Lamb, and to the great I AM,
While millions join the theme, I will sing, I will sing,
While millions join the theme, I will sing.

4 Ye sons of Zion's King, join the praise, join the praise,
Ye sons of Zion's King, join the praise;
Ye sons of Zion's King, with hearts and voices sing,
And strike each tuneful string in His praise, in His praise,
And strike each tuneful string in His praise.

5 And when to that bright world we arrive, we arrive,
And when to that bright world we arrive;
When to that world we go, free from all pain and woe,
We'll join the happy throng, and sing on, and sing on,
We'll join the happy throng, and sing on.

Wondrous Love. P. M.

Second tune.

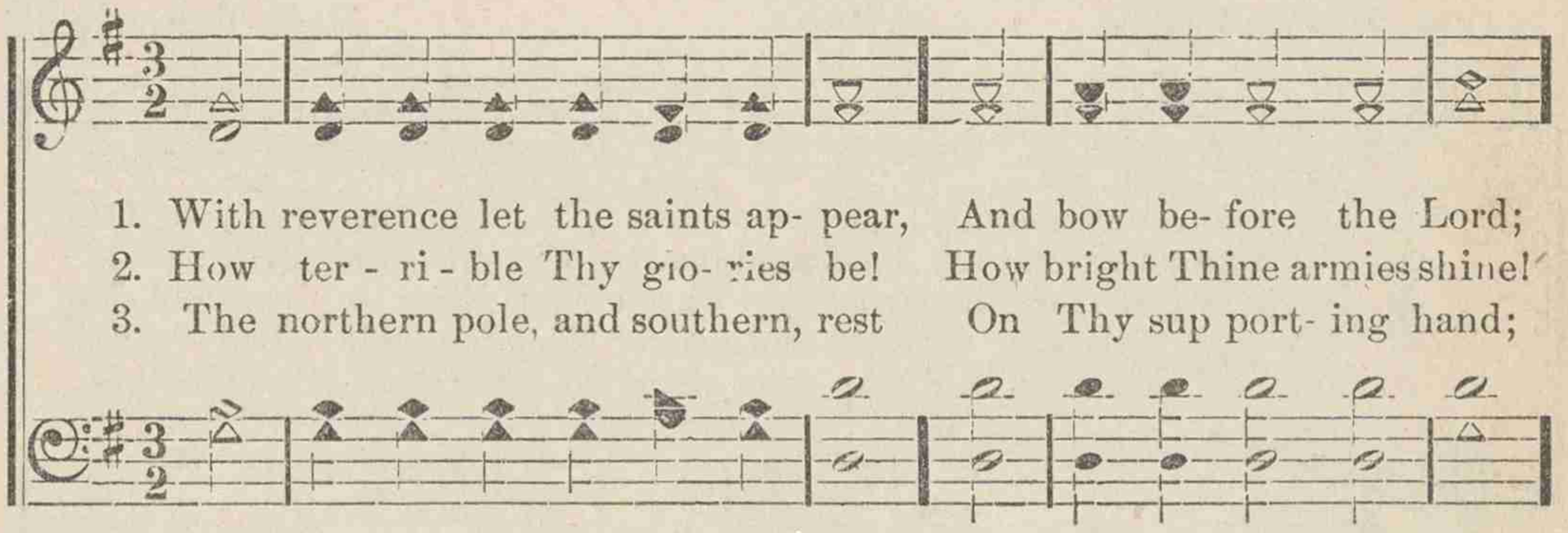


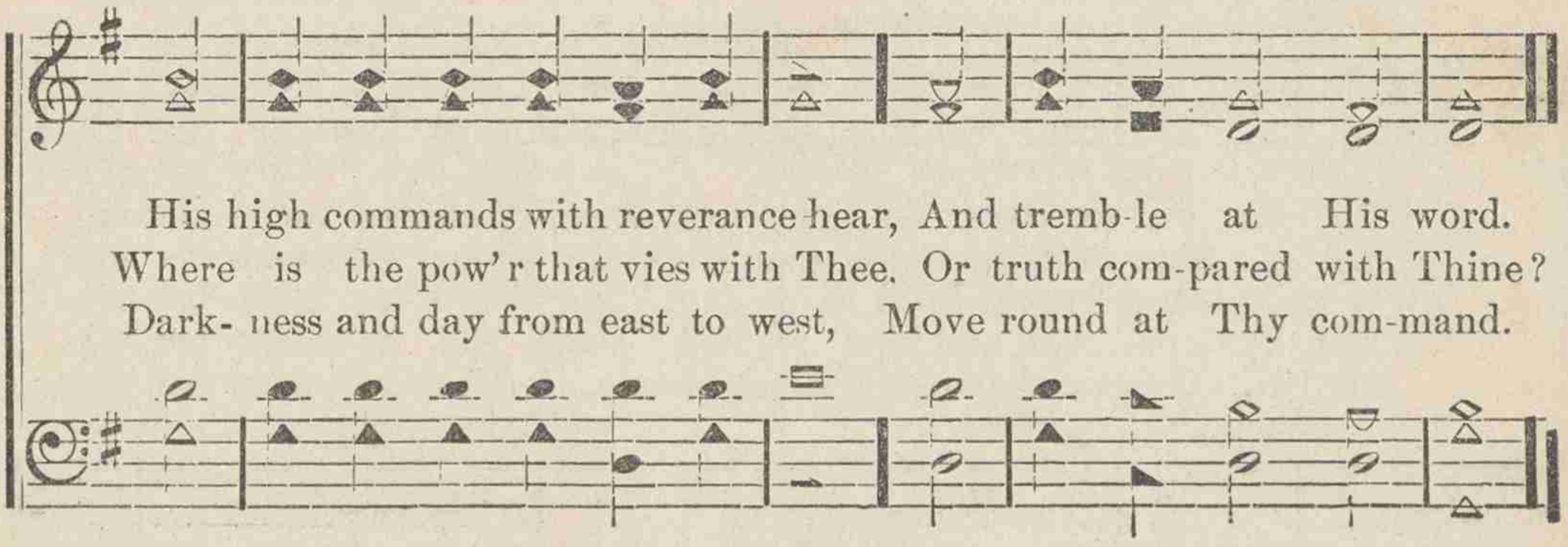
D. C.—To bear the dreadful curse for my soul, for my soul, To bear the dread-ful



384 Harvey's Chant. C. M.

Arr.





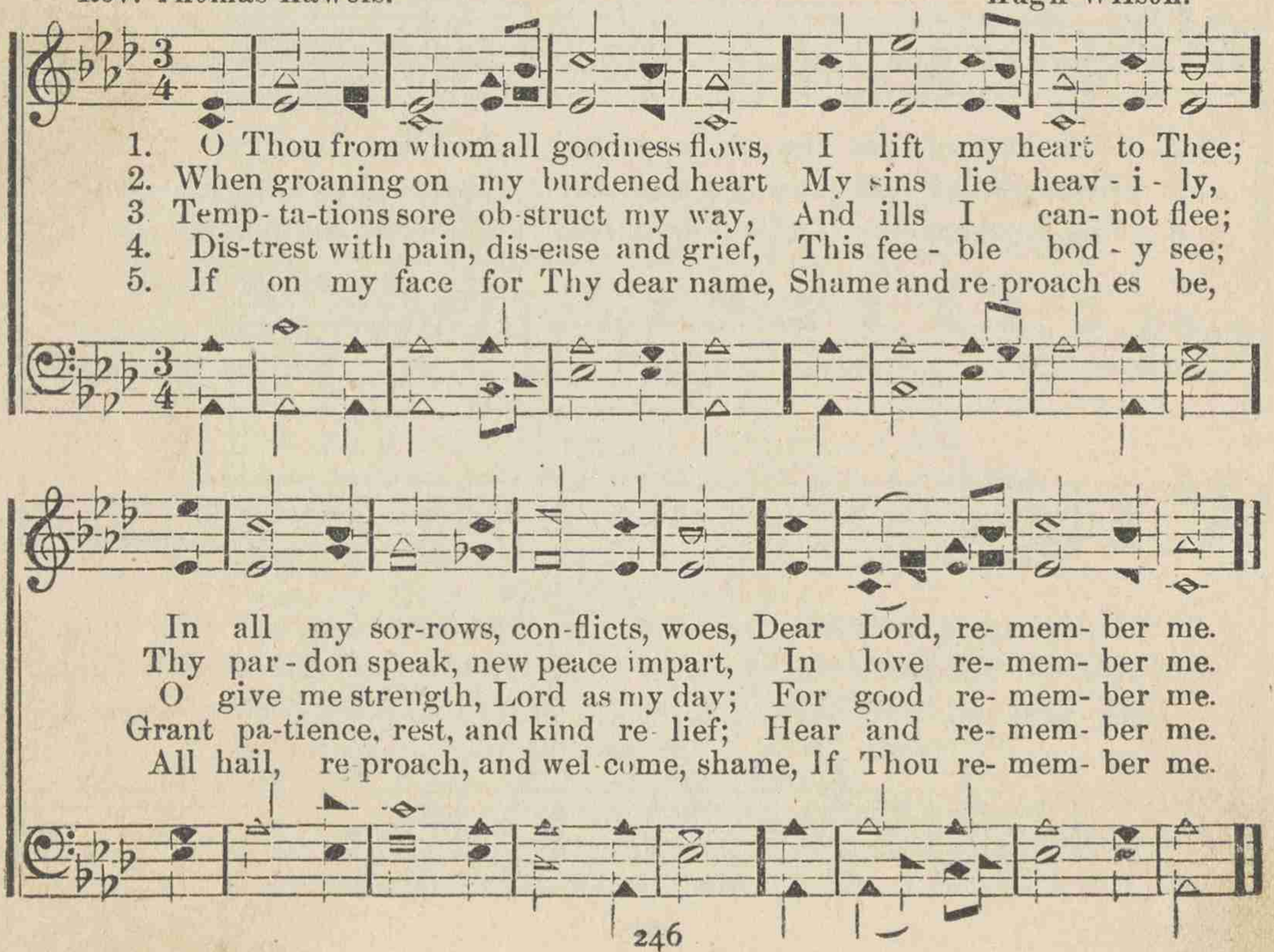
385 Laban. S. M.

George Heath. Dr. L. Mason.



386 All Goodness Flows. C. M.

Rev. Thomas Haweis. Hugh Wilson.



387 C. M.

1 Jesus, Thou art the sinner's friend;
As such I look to Thee;
Now in the bowels of Thy love,
O, Lord, remember me.

2 Remember Thy pure word of grace,
Remember Calvary;
Remember all Thy dying groans,
And then remember me.

3 Thou wonderous advocate with God,
I yield myself to Thee;
While Thou art sitting on Thy throne,
Dear Lord, remember me.

4 I own I'm guilty, own I'm vile,
Yet Thy salvation's free;
Then in Thy all-abounding grace,
Dear Lord, remember me.

5 Howe'er forsaken or distrest,
Howe'er oppressed I be,
Howe'er afflicted here on earth,
Do Thou remember me.

6 And when I close my eyes in death,
And creature's help all flee,
Then, O, my dear Redeemer, God,
I pray remember me.

388 S. M.

1 I love my Saviour, God,
Because He first loved me;
Because He shed His precious blood,
To set my spirit free.

2 'Twas love my bosom felt,
And made me wipe mine eyes,
When low before His throne I knelt,
To pour my feeble cries.

3 Touched by His dying love,
I melted into grief;
Swift on the wings of love He moved,
And brought me sweet relief.

4 With my whole heart I love
The God that loved and bled;
Who left the shining realms above,
And suffered in my stead.

5 Who can forbear to love
A God so good and kind?
Sure He is worthy to be loved
By me and all mankind.

389 C. M. TOPLADY.

1 When languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond my pains,
And long to fly away.

2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of His love;
Sweet to look upward, to the place
Where Jesus pleads above.

3 Sweet to look back, and see my name
In life's fair book set down;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own.

4 Sweet on His faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end;
Sweet on the promise of His grace
For all things to depend.

5 Sweet in the confidence of faith,
To trust His firm decrees;
Sweet to lie passive in His hands,
And know no will but His.

6 If such the sweetness of the stream,
What must the fountain be [bliss,
Where saints and angels draw their
Directly, Lord, from Thee?

390 S. M. WATTS.

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

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

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

4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens Thou didst bear
When hanging on the cursèd tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing His bleeding Love.

391 Jesus Knows.

Laura E. Newell. J. H. Hall.

1. Come what may of joy or sor- row. Be my por-tion pain or rest,
2. I would nev-er choose my pathway, But by faith would walk with Him;
3. Je - sus sees if heav-y heart-ed, I am toil- ing on life's road:
4. Je - sus calls me to be faith-ful, To be help- ful as I roam;

Je-sus guides me and directs me, And His way is al ways best.
Trusting ev - er, and be-liev-ing, If the skies are bright or dim.
And with love He lifts the shadows That ob-scure His blest a - bode.
And when toils and tears are end-ed, He will bid His child "come home."

CHORUS.

Je - sus knows,..... Je - sus knows,..... .....

Je - sus knows, Je-sus knows, Je-sus knows, Je- sus knows, All the

way..... my feet must go; ..... Je-sus knows,..... Je- sus

way, all the way, my feet must go, feet must go, Jesus knows, Jesus knows, Jesus

Copyright, 1899, by The Ruebush-Kieffer Co.

Jesus Knows. Concluded.

knows,..... Him I trust,..... who loves me so.....

rit.

knows, Jesus knows, Him I trust, Him I trust, who loves me so. loves me so.

392 Home, Sweet Home.

David Denham. H. R. Bishop.

1. 'Mid scenes of con - fu - sion and creature complaints,
   How sweet to my soul is com - mun - ion (*omit.*) with saints!
2. An a - lien from God, and a stran- ger to grace,
   I wan-dered thro' earth, its gay pleas-ures (*omit.*) to trace;
3. The pleas - ures of earth I have seen fade a - way;
   They bloom for a sea - son, but soon they (*omit.*) de - cay;

To find at the ban-quet of mer-cy there's room, And feel in the
In the path-way of sin I con - tin - ued to roam, Un- mind - ful, a -
But pleas ures more last-ing in Je - sus are giv'n: Sal - va - tion on

D.S.—There's no friend like

FINE. *D.S.*

pres - ence of Je - sus at home.
las! that it led me from home.
earth, and a man - sion in heav'n.
} Home, home, sweet, sweet home;

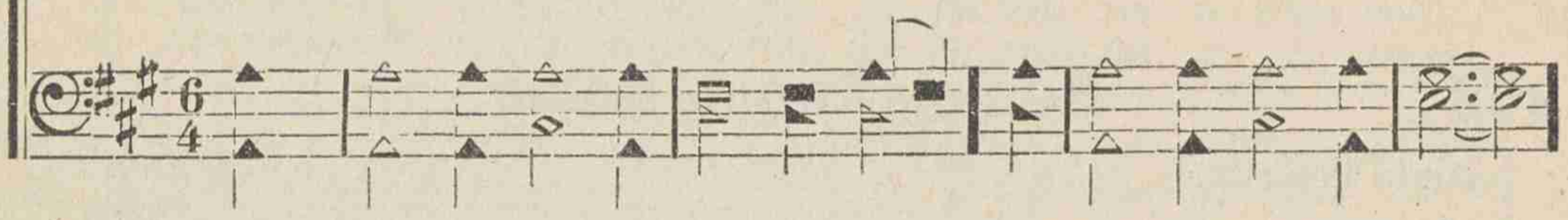
Je - sus, there's no place like home.

393 Cross and Crown. C. M.

Thos. Shepherd. Geo. N. Allen.



1. Must Je- sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
2. How hap - py are the saints a - bove; Who once went sorrowing here;
3. The con - se - cra - ted cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free;
4. Up - on the crys - tal pavement, down At Je-sus' pierc-ed feet,
5. O pre-cious cross! O glo-rious crown! O res - ur - rec -tion day!





No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
But now they taste un-min gled love, And joy without a tear.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
With joy I'll cast my gold - en crown, And His dear name re peat.
Ye an-gels. from the stars come down, And bear my soul a - way.



394 C. M.

1 Since man by sin has strayed from God,
He seeks creation through;
And vainly hopes for solid bliss
In trying something new.

2 The new possessed like fading flowers,
Soon looses its gay hue;
The bubble now no longer takes,
The soul wants something new.

3 And could we call all Europe ours,
With India and Peru,
The mind would feel an aching void
And still want something new.

4 But when we feel a Saviour's love,
All good in Him we view;
The soul forsakes its vain delights—
In Christ finds all things new.

5 The joys the dear Redeemer brings,
Will bear a strict review;
Nor need we ever change again,
For Christ is always new.

395 C. M.

1 Didst Thou, dear Jesus, suffer shame
And bear the cross for me?
And shall I fear to own Thy name
Or Thy disciple be?

2 Inspire my soul with life divine,
And make me truly bold;
Let knowledge, faith and meekness shine,
Nor love nor zeal grow cold.

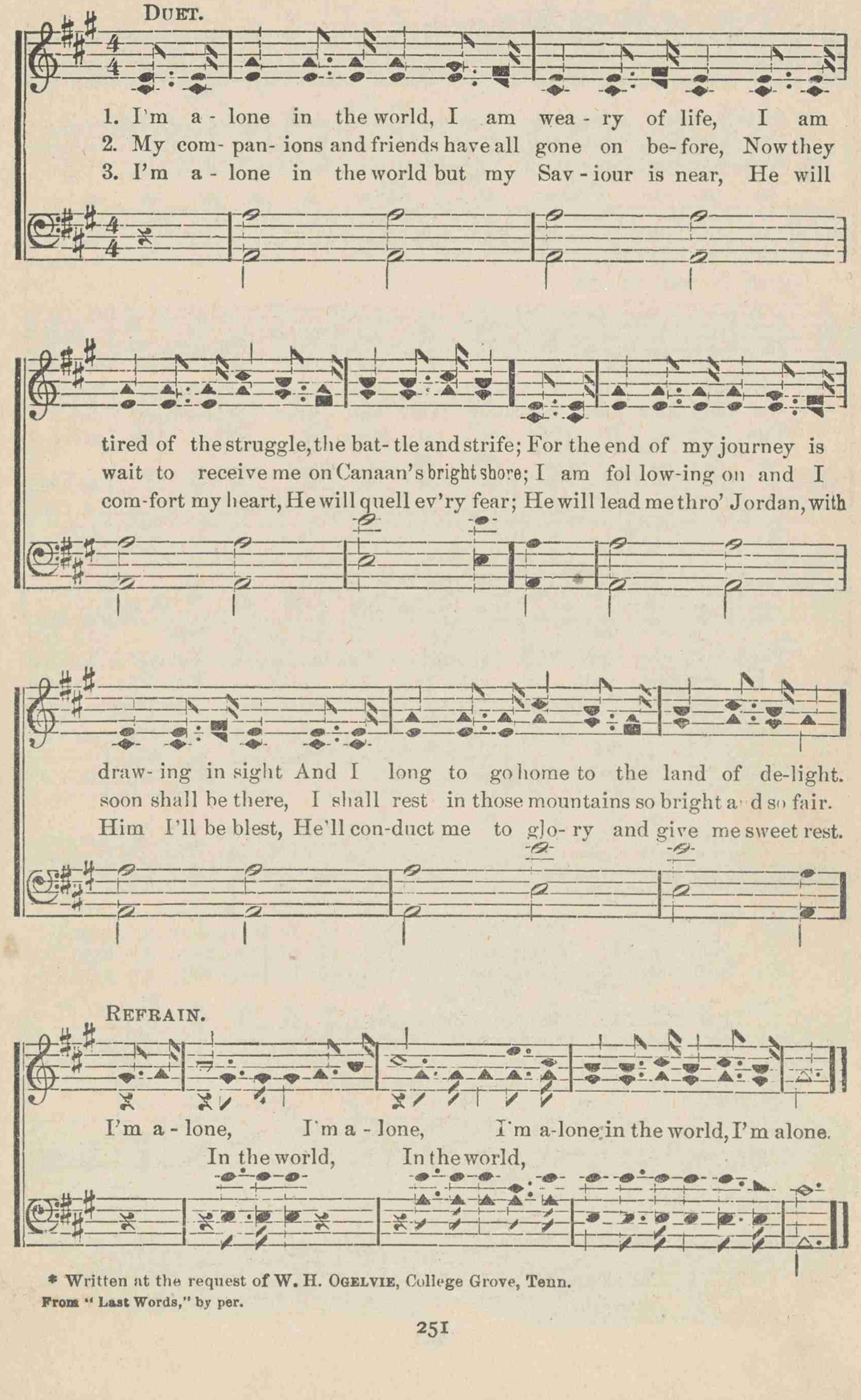
3 Let mockers scoff, let men defame,
And treat me with disdain;
Still may I glorify Thy name
And count their slander gain.

4 To Thee I cheerfully submit,
And all my powers resign;
Let wisdom point out what is fit,
And I'll no more repine.

396 I'm Alone.*

W. T. D. W. T. Dale.

DUET.



REFRAIN.

* Written at the request of W. H. OGELVIE, College Grove, Tenn.

From "Last Words," by per.

397 Never Alone.

Eben E. Rexford. Arr. by M. L. McPhail.

Effective as a Solo and Chorus.

1. How ma - ny times dis - cour-aged, We sink be - side the way;
2. Oh, soul, hast thou for - got - ten The ten - der word and sweet
3. Take cour-age, way-worn pil - grim! Tho' mists and shad- ows hide

A - bout us all is dark - ness, We hard - ly dare to pray.
Of Him who left be - hind Him The print of bleed-ing feet?
The face of Him thou lov - est, He's ev - er at thy side.

Then, thro' the mists and shad- ows, The sweet- est voice e'er known
"I nev - er will for - sake thee, Oh, child, so wea - ry grown;
Reach out thy hand and find Him, And lo, the clouds have flown;

Says, "Child, am I not with thee, Nev - er to leave thee a - lone?"
Re - mem-ber, I have prom-ised Nev - er to leave thee a - lone."
He smiles on thee who prom-ised Nev - er to leave thee a - lone.

CHORUS.

No, nev - er a - lone,..... no, nev - er a - lone! He

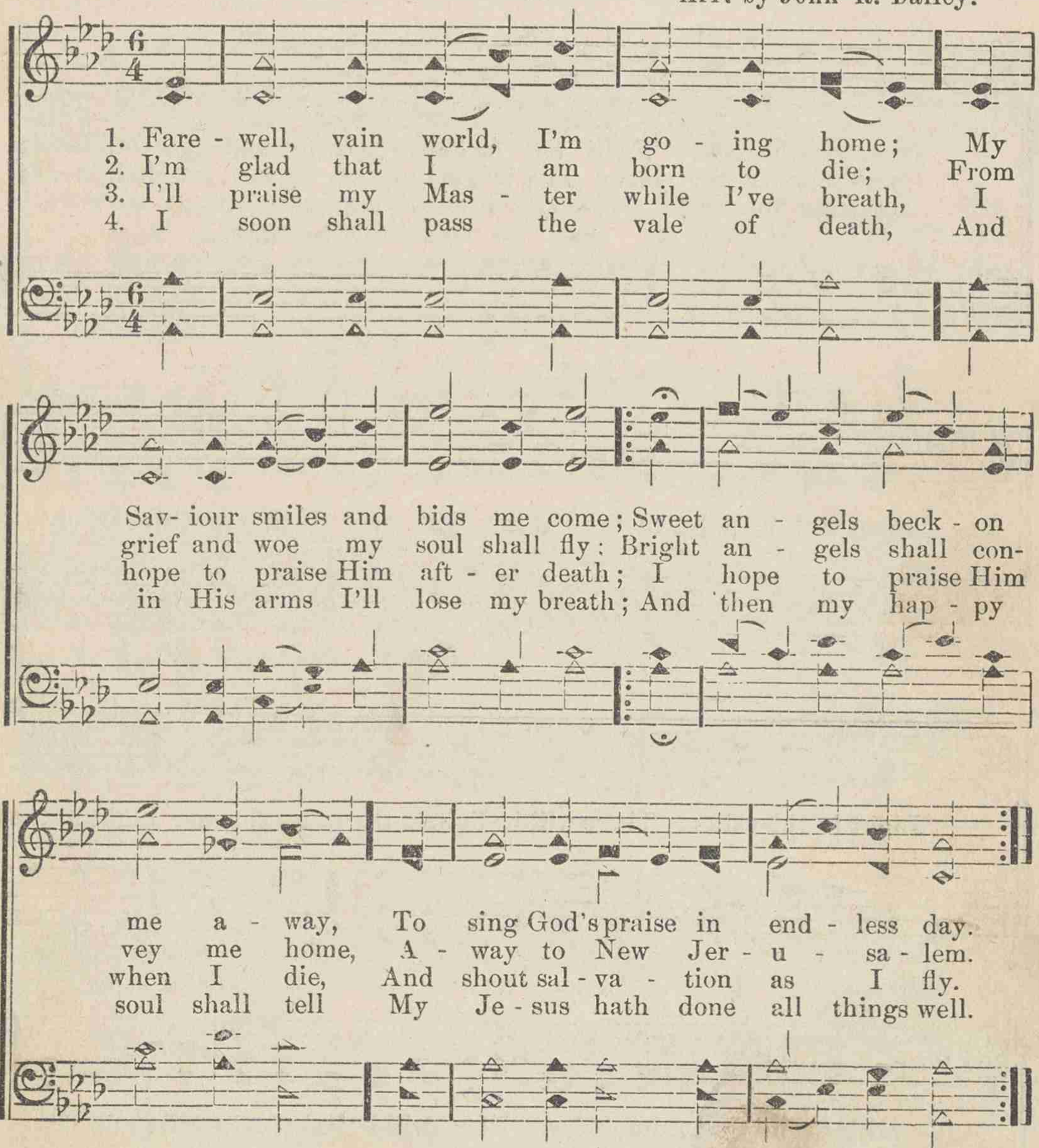
Copyright, 1898, by Henry Date, by per.

Never Alone. Concluded.



398 Adieu. S. M.

Arr. by John R. Dailey.



I soon shall hear the awful sound.
Awake, ye nations underground!
Arise, and drop your dying shrouds,
And meet King Jesus in the clouds.

6 Then shall I see my blessed God,
And praise Him in His bright abode;
My theme in blest eternity,
Shall glory, glory, glory be.

399 Light in the Valley.

E. R. Latta. Frank M. Davis, by per.

1. When to the earth I am bid ding a-dieu, And, in the dis-tance, the
2. Je - sus, who suf-fered and died for my sake, Then will my Stay and my
3. Now I am los - ing my hold upon earth! Je- sus is ten-der - ly

mes- sen- ger see, 'Twill not be dark - ness my soul go - eth thro';
Com - fort - er be: Heav - en's bright dawn on my vis - ion shall break;
set - ting me free! Glo - ry is break-ing, and heav- en has birth!

CHORUS.

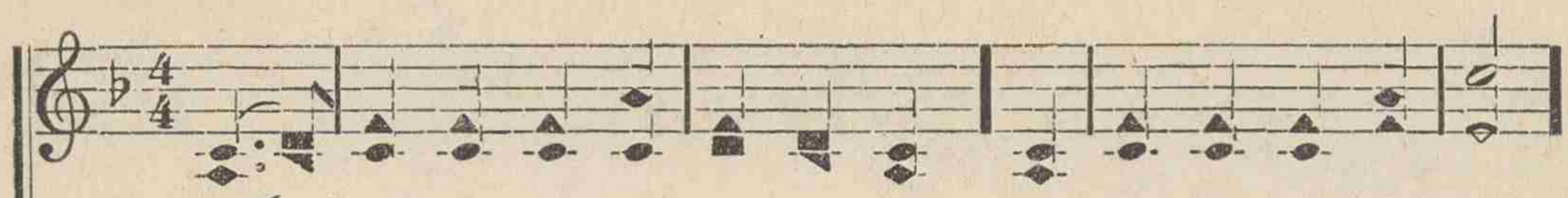
There will be light in the val-ley for me. Light in the val-ley,

Light in the valley, There will be light in the valley for me; Light in the

val-ley, Light in the valley, There will be light in the valley for me.

400 The Righteous Marching Home.

Rev. W. P. Rivers. Arr. by R. M. McIntosh.



1. As Zi-on's pil-grims, in ac- cord, The sol diers of our King,
2. In fel low-ship of joys and woes, We'll bear the com-mon strife,
3. With faith and pray'r we'll urge the fray, Nor will we fear or fly;
4. Then while the Spir - it leads us on, Our march we'll still pur sue,
5. Tho' worn with bat-tle-wounds and scars, Yet true to Christ in love,





In cov'nant bands we'll serve the Lord, And all His prais-es sing.
And on-ward press, thro' all our foes, In hope of end - less life.
For vic-t'ry waits us on the way, And crowns a - bove the sky.
Un - til our work be- low is done, And we our King shall view.
We'll dwell with God be-yond the stars At home, in heav'n a - bove.



𝄋 Refrain.



See the righteous marching on! And the an- gels bid them come;



D.S.—To wel-come trav-'lers home, To wel- come trav-'lers home,

D.S.



And the Sav-iour stands a - wait - ing To welcome trav-'lers home.



And the Sav-iour stands a - wait - ing To welcome trav-'lers home.

401

Lucas.

Charles Wesley. James Lucas.

1. Come, let us a - new Our jour-ney pur-sue— Roll round with the year,
2. Our life is a dream; Our time, as a stream, Glides swift-ly a - way,
3. Oh, that each in the day Of His coming may say, "I have fought my way thro';

And nev - er stand still till the Mas-ter ap-pear; His a - dor - a- ble will
And the fu - gi-tive moment re - fus - es to stay; The ar- row is flown,
I have finished the work Thou didst give me to do!" Oh, that each from his Lord,

Let us glad-ly ful - fill, And our tal-ents im-prove By the pa-tience of
The moment is gone, The mil len- ni- al year Rush-es on to our
May re-ceive the glad word, "Well and faith fully done: En-ter in - to my

hope and the la- bor of love, By the patience of hope and the la-bor of love.
view, and e - ter- ni-ty's near, Rushes on to our view, and e - ter- ni ty's near.
joy and sit down on my throne! Enter in - to my joy and sit down on my throne!"

402 Where They Never Grow Old.

G. P. H. Rev. G. P. Hott.

1. In that land where none ev - er grow old, In that land where the
2. There the flow - ers for - ev - er more bloom, And life's springtime shall
3. Sor- row's tears nev - er more shall be known, Ev -'ry heart - ache be
4. In the land where none ev - er grow old, In the beau - ty of

love- light ne'er dies, Where no suff -'ring and sor - rows are known,
ne'er pass a - way, There's no dread- ing of death or the tomb,
ban- ished for aye, To our arms all the lov'd ones shall come,
morn- ing they'll dwell, There they tell us no part - ings are known,

D.S.—And with dear ones shall part nev - er more.

FINE. CHORUS.

We shall meet far be- yond the bright skies.
For the morn - ing but o - peneth to - day.
In the beau - ti - ful land far a - way.
And they nev - er more say "fare- you- well."
} We shall meet on the

In the land where they nev - er grow old.

D.S.

bright gold- en shore, Where there's life and there's love we are told,

Copyright, 1902, by The Ruebush-Kieffer Co.

403 Pass Me Not.

Fanny J. Crosby. **W. H. Doane, by per.**



404 Passing Under the Rod.

W. T. D. Frank M. Davis.

Slow, with feeling.

1. When bowed with af - flic-tion and woes here be- low, As on in my
2. When tri - als and loss - es fall un - to me here; When mingling the
3. When weep-ing I stand o'er the spoils of the grave,—My friends all de-

way to bright Canaan I go; I hear a sweet voice: 'tis the
cup of thanks-giv-ing with tears; I hear the same voice,—the sweet
part - ed be-yond the dark wave; I hear the sweet voice of my

voice of my God:—"I love thee, I love thee: pass un- der the rod."
voice of my God:—"I love thee, I love thee: pass un der the rod."
Fa-ther and God:—"I love thee, I love thee; pass un- der the rod."

REFRAIN.

Pass un - der the rod, Pass un - der the rod,

rit. e dim.

I love thee, I love thee: pass un - der the rod.

From "Last Words," by per.

405 Lead Me, Saviour.

F. M. Davis. J. Henry Hall.

With expression.

1. Sav-iour, lead me, lest I stray, lest I stray, Gent- ly lead me all the
2. Thou the ref uge of my soul, of my soul, When life's stormy bil-lows
3. Sav-iour, lead me then at last, then at last, When the storm of life is

1. Sav-iour, lead me, lead me lest I stray, Gent-ly lead me;
2. Thou the ref - uge, refuge of my s ul, When life's storm- y,
3. Sav iour, lead me, lead me then at last, When the storm, the

way, all the way; I am safe when by Thy side, by Thy side,
roll, bil-lows roll; I am safe when Thou art nigh, Thou art nigh,
past, life is past, To the land of end less day, end-less day,

lead me all the way, I am safe, am safe when by Thy side,
storm y bil lows roll, I am safe, am safe when Thou art nigh,
storm of life is past, To the land, the land of end-less day,

CHORUS.

I would in Thy love a - bide, love a- bide.
All my hopes on Thee re - ly, Thee re - ly.
Where all tears are wiped a- way, wiped a - way.

Lead me,
Lead me all the way,

I would in, would in Thy love a- bide.
All my hopes, my hopes on Thee re- ly.
Where all tears, all tears are wiped a way.

Lead me, Sav - iour lead me lest I stray, lest I stray, Gent - ly
lead me all the way, Saviour lead me lest I stray, lest I stray, Gent- ly

By per. of The Ruebush Kieffer Co.

Lead Me, Saviour. Concluded.



406 How I Love Jesus.

Frederick Whitfield. American Spiritual.



407 Lead Me On.

J. H. Leslie. C. E. Pollock.

1. Lead me safe - ly on by the nar - row way From the
2. With a Shep - herd's care thro' the night and day, Keep me
3. Thro' the storms of life, 'mid the o - cean's foam, Lead me

shores of time to the realms of day; By the cross of Christ may I
close to Thee lest I go a - stray; Lead me safe - ly on by Thy
safe - ly on to my heav'nly home; At the fount of life on the

ev - er stand, As I jour - ney on to the bet - ter land.
ten - der love, Thro' this world of sin to my home a - bove.
oth - er shore, Let me free - ly drink till I thirst no more.

CHORUS.

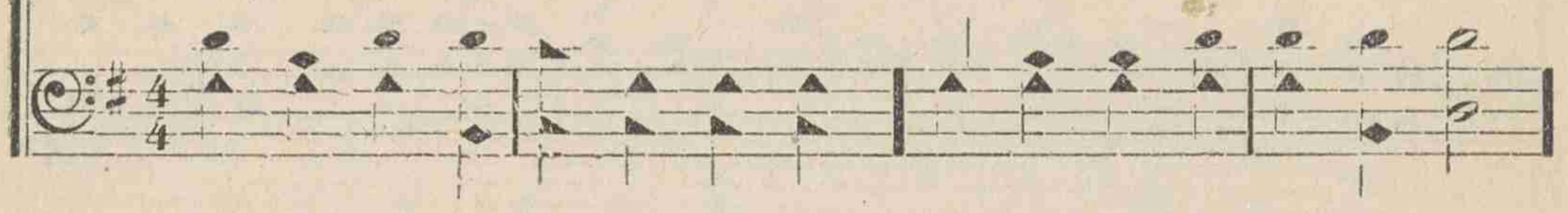
Lead me on, lead me on, lead me on, lead me on, By the straight and narrow way;
Lead me on, lead me on, lead me on, lead me on, To the realms of endless day.

408 Christ is All in All.

W. H. R. Will H. Ruebush.



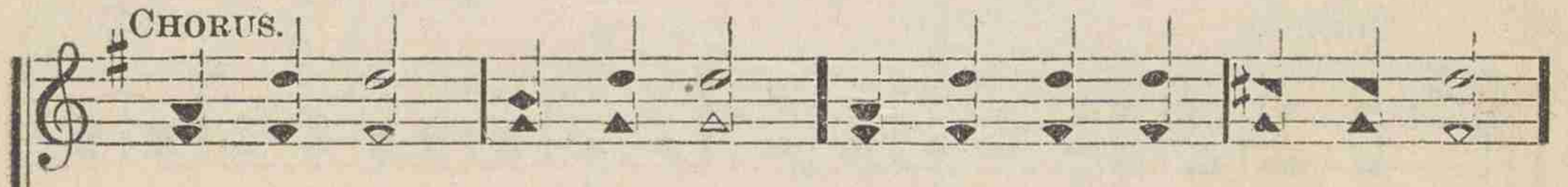
1. In the hour when worn and wea-ry, When the world seems to en-thrall;
2. In the day when heav-y bur-dens May up - on your shoulders fall;
3. In the night when storm-clouds gather Hear the Shepherd's gracious call;





Go to Je - sus, He will cheer you, Find in Christ your all in all.
Go to Je - sus, He will aid you, Find in Christ your all in all.
Go to Je - sus, He will guide you, Find in Christ your all in all.





All in all, all in all, Find in Christ your all in all;



On His breast they sweet-ly rest, Who make Christ all in all.

Copyright, 1902, by The Ruebush-Kieffer Co.

409 Safe Within the Vail.

J. M. Evans.

1. "Land a - head! its fruits are waving O'er the hills of fadeless green;
2. On-ward, bark! the cape I'm rounding. See! the bless- ed wave their hands.
3. There, let go the an chor, rid-ing On this calm and sil- v'ry bay;
4. Now we're safe from all temp-ta-tion; All the storms of life are past;

And the liv - ing wa- ters lav- ing Shores where heavenly forms are seen.
Hear the harps of God re-sounding From the bright im-mor-tal bands.
Seaward fast the tide is glid-ing; Shores in sun- light stretch a-way.
Praise the Rock of our sal - va-tion; We are safe at home at last.

CHORUS.

Rocks and storms I'll fear no more, When on that e- ter- nal shore.

Drop the an- chor! furl the sail! I am safe with-in the vail!

From "Last Words," by per.

410 It is I. 12s. & 8s.

Rev. I. Baltzell. A. S. Kieffer.



The storm could not bury that word in the wave,
'Twas taught through the tempest to fly,
It shall reach His disciples in every age,
Saying, "Be not afraid, It is I."

3 When the spirit is broken with sorrow and care,
And comfort is ready to die,
Then darkness shall pass, and the sunshine appear,
By the life-giving word, "It is I."

4 When death is at hand, and this cottage of clay
Is left with a tremulous sigh,
The gracious Redeemer will light all the way,
Saying, "Be not afraid, it is I."

By permission.

411 I Want to Love Him More.

Rev. F. L. Snyder. Howard E. Smith.

1. There is a sto - ry ev - er new, I'll tell it o'er and o'er,
2. The Prince of life, yet as a babe He came in days of yore,
3. The sto - ry ev - er sweet-er grows, How on the cross He bore,
4. O, how He suf- fer'd on the tree, No love like that be - fore;

How Je - sus gave His life for me; I want to love Him more.
To bring good-will and peace to men; I want to love Him more.
My sins, and by His stripes I'm heal'd; I want to love Him more.
I know and feel I love Him, yet I want to love Him more.

CHORUS.

I want to love Him more, I want to love Him more:
love Him more, love Him more;
He did so ver - y much for me, I want to love Him more.
love Him more.

Copyright, 1900, by The Ruebush-Kieffer Co. Used by permission.

412 Redemption. 11s.

From Ingalls.



2 He loved me of old, and He loveth me still;
Before the creation He gave me by will,
A portion worth more than the Indies of gold,
Which cannot be wasted, nor mortgaged, nor sold.

3 He gave me a Surety, a covenant Head,
To live in my name, and to die in my stead;
He gave me a righteousness wholly divine,
And viewed all the merits of Jesus as mine.

4 He gave a Preceptor infallibly wise,
And treasures of grace to be sent in supplies;
Yea, all that I ask for, my Father hath given
To help me on earth, and to crown me in heaven.

5 He gave me a will to accept what He gave,
Though I was averse to His purpose to save;
He wrote in His will my repentance and faith,
And all my enjoyments for life and for death.

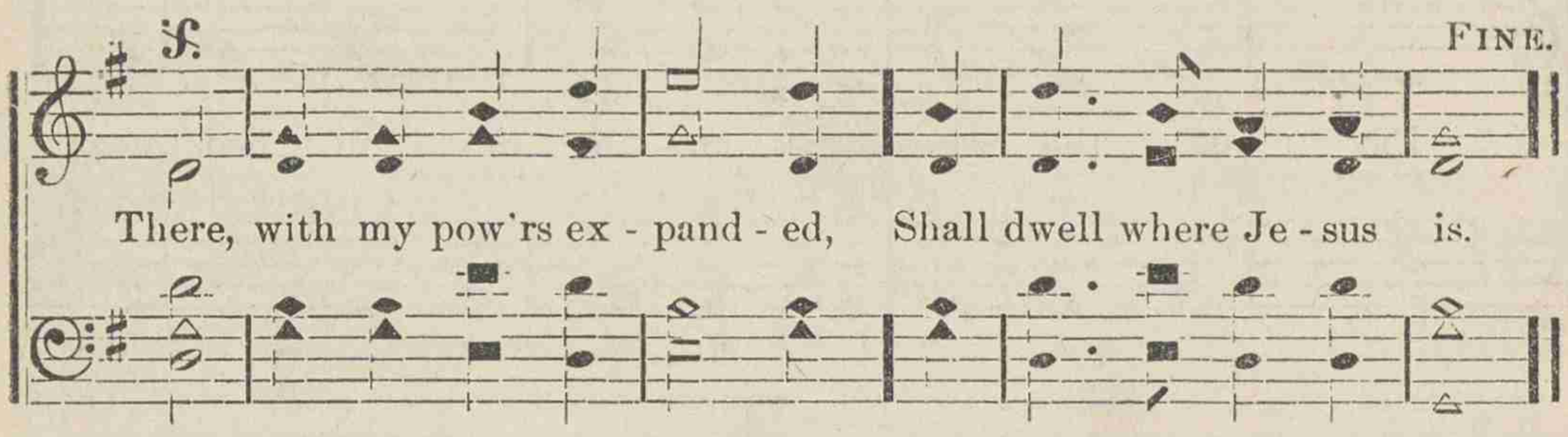
6 My trials and sorrows, my conflicts and cares,
The spirit of prayer and the answer of prayers,
The steps I should tread, and the place I should fill,
My Father determined and wrote in His will.

7 My cross and my crown are both willed by my God,
He swore to His will, and then sealed it with blood;
'Tis proved by the Spirit, the witness within;
'Tis mine to inherit; I'll glory begin.

Complainer. 7s & 6s.

Gadsby's Col. Wm. Walker.







3 With Father, Son, and Spirit,
I shall forever reign,
Sweet joy and peace inherit,
And every good obtain.

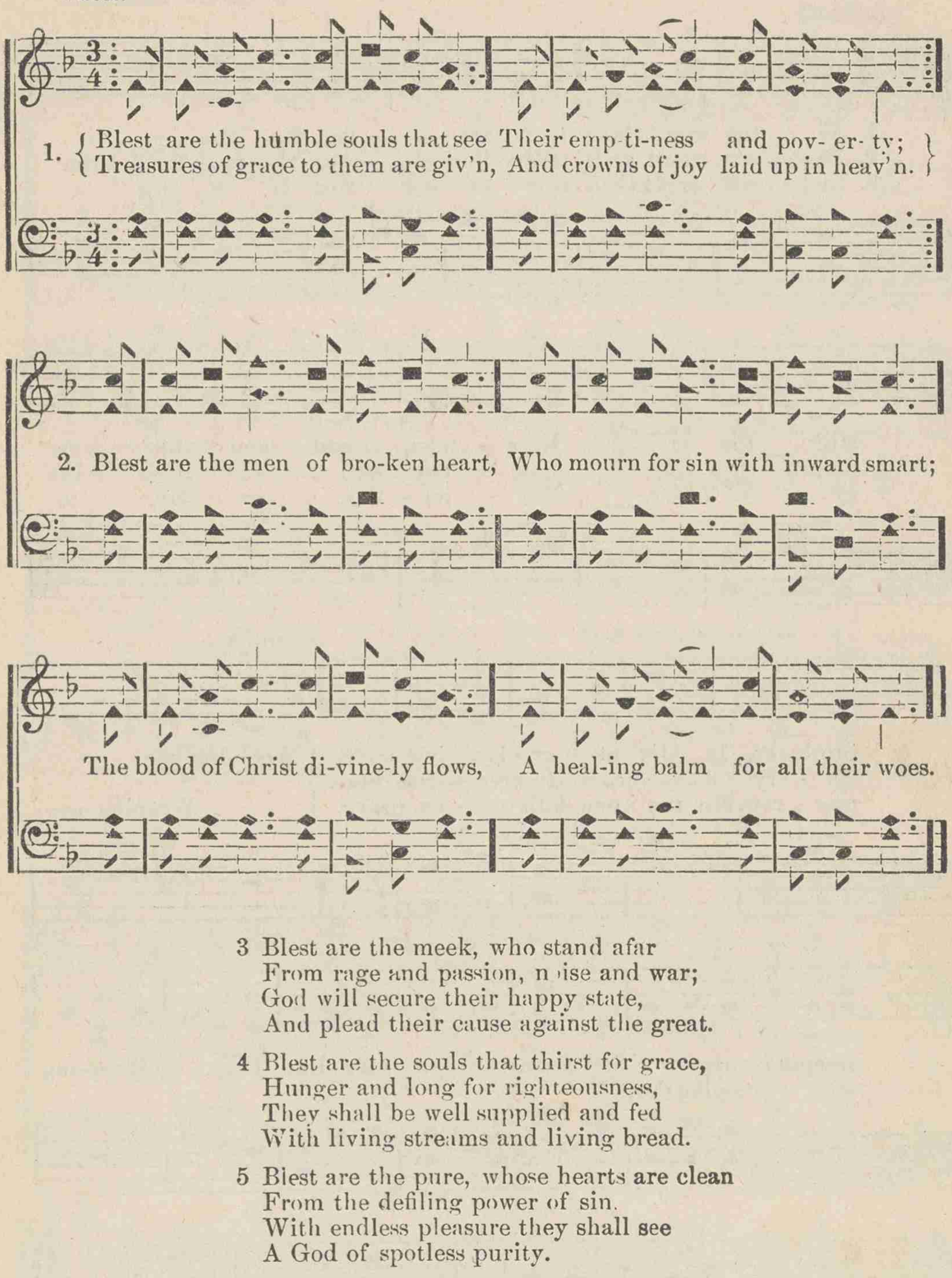
4 I soon shall reach the harbor,
To which I speed the way;
Shall cease from all my labor,
And there for ever stay.

5 Sweet Spirit, guide me over
This life's tempestuous sea;
Keep me, O holy Lover,
For I confide in Thee.

6 O that in death's dark swelling
I may be helped to sing,
And pass the river, telling
The triumphs of my King.

414 He Lives. L. M. D.

Watts.



3 Blest are the meek, who stand afar
From rage and passion, n oise and war;
God will secure their happy state,
And plead their cause against the great.

4 Blest are the souls that thirst for grace,
Hunger and long for righteousness,
They shall be well supplied and fed
With living streams and living bread.

5 Blest are the pure, whose hearts are clean
From the defiling power of sin.
With endless pleasure they shall see
A God of spotless purity.

6 Blest are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing strife,
They shall be called the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God, the God of peace.

7 Blest are the sufferers who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake;
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord,
Glory and joy are their reward.

415

Weeping One of Bethany.

Respectfully inscribed to "The Hall Quartett."

J. C. B. J. Calvin Bushey.

1. Je - sus wept! those tears are o - ver, But His love is still the same, Kins - man, friend and eld - er
2. Je - sus wept! and still in glo - ry, He must mark the mourn - er's tear, Lov - ing still to trace the
3. Je - sus wept! that tear of sor - row If a leg - a - cy of love, Yes - ter - day, to - day, to -

CHORUS.

broth - er, Is His ev - er - last - ing name. } Weep-ing one,
sto - ry Of the hearts He strengthened here.
mor - row, He the same doth ev - er prove.

Weeping one, weeping one, Sav- iour, who can love like Thee, Weep-ing weeping one,

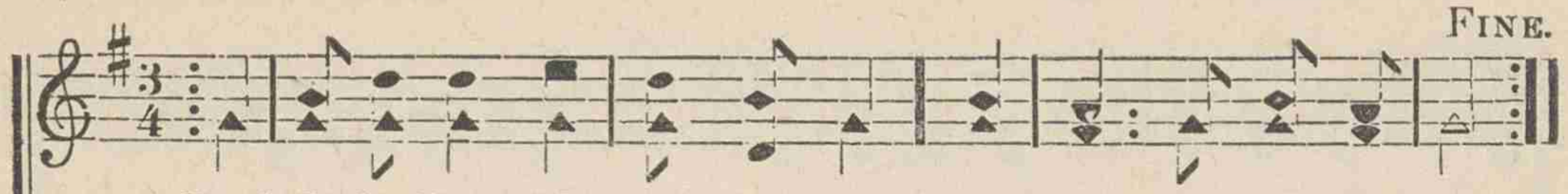
one, weep - ing one, Weep-ing one of Beth- an - y.
weeping one, weeping one,

Copyright, 1896, by The Ruebush-Kieffer Co.

416 Belief. C. M. D.

Bradbury.

FINE.



1. { Lord, I be-lieve; Thy pow'r I own, Thy truth I would o - bey: }
   { I wan-der com- fort - less and lone, When from Thy paths I stray. }
2. { Lord, I be lieve a rest re- mains To all Thy people known; }
   { A rest where pure en - joy-ment reigns, And Thou art loved a - lone. }
3. { O that I now the rest might know, Be - lieve, and en - ter in: }
   { Now Saviour, now the pow'r be - stow, And let me cease from sin; }



D. C.—I look to Thee with pray'rs and tears, And cry for strength and light.
D. C.—Where fear, and sin, and grief ex - pire, Cast out by per- fect love.
D. C.—To me the rest of faith im - part,—The Sab- bath of Thy love.



Lord, I be- lieve: but gloom- y fears Some-times be- dim my sight:
A rest where all our soul's de - sire Is fixed on things a - bove;
Re- move this hard ness from my heart; This un - be - lief re - move;

417 Iva. S. M.

Hammond. John R. Daily.



1. A - wake and sing the song Of Mos - es and the Lamb; Wake
2. Sing of His sav - ing love, Sing of His ris - ing power, Sing
3. Sing on your heav'nly way. Ye ran- som'd sin - ners, sing; Sing
4. Soon shall we hear Him say, Ye bless - ed chil- dren come; Soon



ev - 'ry heart and ev - 'ry tongue To praise the Sav iour's name.
how He in - ter- cedes a - bove For those whose sins He bore.
on, re - joic - ing ev - 'ry day In Christ, th'e- ter - nal King.
will He call us hence a - way To our im - mor - tal home.

418 The Happy Day.

Rev. Philip Doddridge. Edward F. Rimbault.



1. O hap-py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
2. O hap py bond that seals my vows, To Him who mer-its all my love.
3. 'Tis done, the great transaction's done: I am my Lord's and He is mine;
4. Now rest my long - di - vi - ded heart, Fixed on this blissful c·n ter, r·st;
5. High heav'n that heard the solemn vow, That vow renewed shall daily hear,





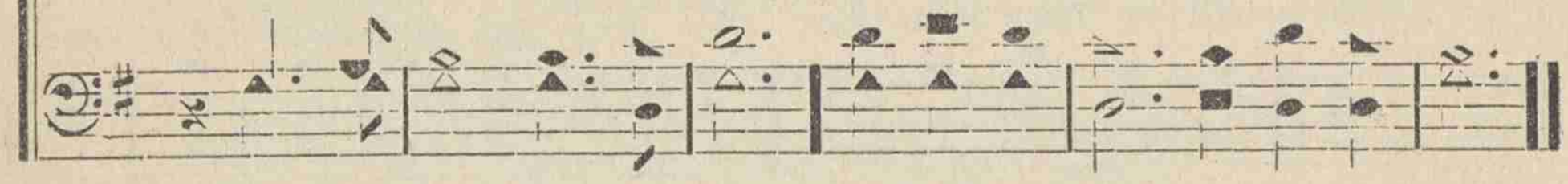
Well may this glow-ing heart rejoice, And tell its rap - ture all a-broad.
Let cheerful an-thems fill His house, While to that sa - cred shrine I move.
He drew me and I fol - lowed on; Charmed to confess the voice di vine.
Nor ev - er from thy Lord de-part, With Him of ev - 'ry good possessed.
Till in life's la - test hour I bow, And bless in death a bond so dear.



REFRAIN. FINE.



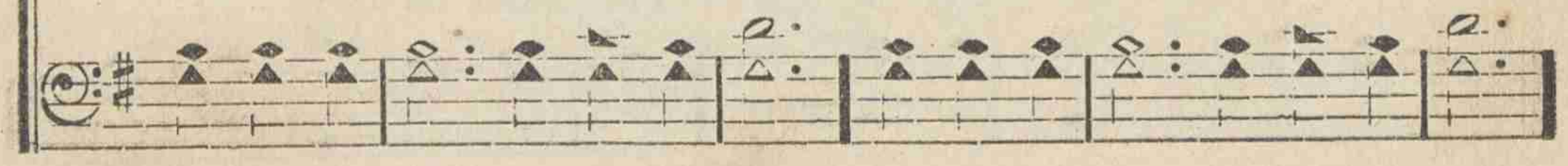
Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je-sus washed my sins a - way,



D.S.



He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re- joic - ing ev- 'ry day.



419 Whose I Am.

Frances R. Havergal. A. J. Showalter.

1. Je- sus, Mas ter, whose I am, Purchased Thine a-lone to be
2. Oth er lords have long held sway; Now, Thy name a-lone to bear;
3. Je- sus, Mas-ter, I am Thine! Keep me faith-ful, keep me near:

By Thy blood, O spot-less Lamb! Shed so will - ing - ly for me:
Thy dear voice a - lone o - bey, Is my dai - ly, hour - ly pray'r.
Let Thy pres- ence in me shine, All my home-ward way to cheer.

Let my heart be all Thine own, Let me live to Thee a - lone;
Who have I in heav'n but Thee? Nothing else my joy can be;
Je - sus! at Thy feet I fall: Oh, be Thou my all in all;

Let my heart be all Thine own, Let me live to Thee a - lone.
Whom have I in heav'n but Thee? Nothing else my joy can be.
Je - sus! at Thy feet I fall; Oh, be Thou my all in all.

420 Wait and Murmur Not.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick, by per.

1. The home where changes never come, Nor pain nor sor-row, toil nor care;
2. Yet when bow'd down beneath the load By heav'n allow'd, thine earthly lot;
3. If in thy path some thorns are found, O, think who bore them on His brow:
4. Toil on, nor deem, tho' sore it be, One right unheard, one pray'r forgot;

Yes! 'tis a bright and blessed home; Who would not fain be rest-ing there?
Thou yearnst to reach that blest abode, Wait, meekly wait, and murmur not.
If grief thy sorrowing heart has found, It reached a ho - li - er than thou.
The day of rest will dawn for thee; Wait, meek-ly wait and murmur not.

CHORUS.

O, wait, meek - ly wait, and mur- mur not, O,
meek - ly wait,

wait, meek-ly wait, and murmur not, O, wait,
meek-ly wait, meek-ly wait,

O, wait, O, wait, and mur - mur not, O murmur not.
meek-ly wait,

421 C. M.

1 Deacons awake, the work fulfill—
The work to you assigned;
Discharge your sacred du ies well
With pure and upright mind.

2 The table of your gracious Lord,
The Lord who for us died—
The church's poor and pastor's board,
By you must be supplied.

3 How great, how solemn your employ!
Preserve a conscience pure;
Be grave amid your social joy,
And blameless and sincere.

4 Still let the mystery of your faith
In bright effulgence glow; [saith,
Hear what the Lord, your Saviour
"Fulfill your work below."

5 Then shall you up to glory rise,
And fill that heavenly place—
That place of pure celestial joy
Assigned you by His grace.

422 L. M.

1 Thou sacred Spirit, heavenly dove,
Distill Thy dews of joy and love;
O'erspread our souls with rays of light,
And guide our erring judgments right.

2 From our dear brethren, taught Thy word,
Fain would we choose a deacon, Lord;
One who may fill the office well,
And in the faith of Christ excel.

3 In Thee we trust, on Thee depend,
Our constant, never-failing friend;
Assist us, Lord, and bless our choice,
And in Thy name will we rejoice.

423 C. M.

1 Go, and the Saviour's grace proclaim
Ye messengers of God;
Go publish in Immanuel's name
Salvation through His blood.

2 What tho' your arduous track may lie
Through regions dark as death:
What tho' your faith and zeal to try,
Perils beset your path.

3 Yet with determined courage go,
And armed with power divine;
Your God will needful aid bestow,
And on your labors shine.

424 C. M.

1 Upon Thy servant called to fill,
The deacon's sacred trust,
O may Thy Spirit's grace distil,
And make Him wise and just.

2 Help him Thy table, Lord, to spread,
With reference to that night.
When powers of darkness at Thy head
Aimed their malignant spite.

3 By faith and prayer may he uphold,
His faithful pastor's hands,
And to his temporal wants afford,
Such aid as God commands.

4 Thy poor, the objects of Thy love,
Who want and famine dread,
O may His bowels toward them move,
To grant supplies of bread.

5 Thus may he use his office well,
And to himself procure,
Great boldness in the Christian faith,
And find the promise sure.

425 S. M.

1 How beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill!
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal.

2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are!
Zion, behold thy Saviour King—
He reigns and triumphs here.

3 How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought but never found.

4 How blessed are our eyes
That see this heavenly light;
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare His arm,
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

426 Home-Land of the Soul.

J. H. H. J. H. Hall.

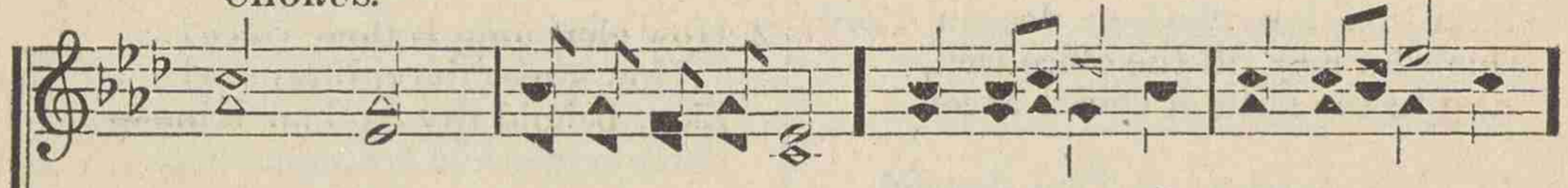


1. A blessed tho't comes to my soul, O - ver in the heav'nly homeland;
2. And there we'll join the blood-washed throng, O- ver in the heav'nly homeland;
3. And when we cross the Jordan's brink, O - ver in the heav'nly homeland;
4. And when a-round our Father's throne, O - er in the heav'nly homeland;
5. We'll meet our friends who've gone before, O- ver in the heav'nly homeland;



We'll dwell with Christ while ages roll; O - ver in the heav'nly home land.
To sing the glad Redemption song, O - ver in the heav'nly home-land.
Oh, there we'll find each broken link, O - ver in the heav'nly home-land.
Then we shall know as we are known. O - ver in the heav'nly home land.
Yes, meet and greet to part no more, O - ver in the heav'nly home-land.

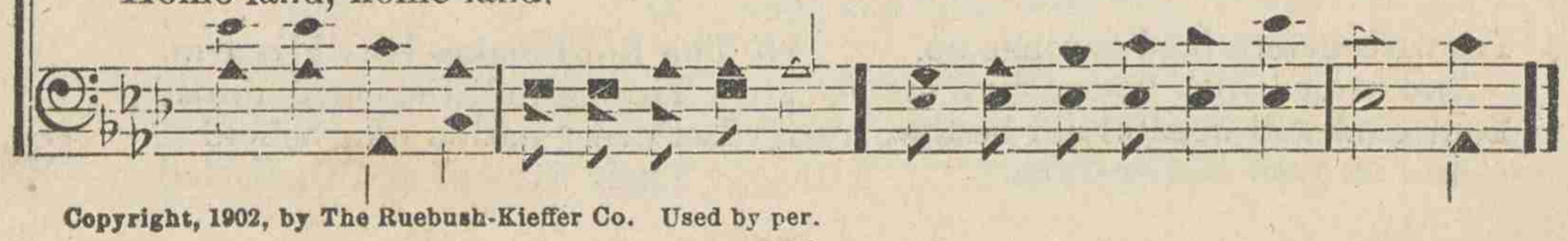
CHORUS.



Home - land, home-land of the soul, Blessed home, heav'nly home,
Home-land, home-land, Blessed home-land, heav'nly home-land,



Home - land, homeland of the soul, O-ver in the heav'n-ly home land.
Home-land, home-land.



Copyright, 1902, by The Ruebush-Kieffer Co. Used by per.

427 L. M. W. THOMPSON.

1 The year of time has rolled away,
And we are brought to see the day;
When we can take each other's hand,
And worship in a social band.

2 See Zion's children gathering round,
To hear the gospel's trumpet sound;
The aged soldier and the youth,
Who serve one God and love the truth.

3 The watchmen on the stand are seen,
The grove around is dressed in green;
United voices join to sing,
The lofty praises of our King.

4 Hail! you who love and serve one Lord,
One faith, one hope, one life, one word,
One body joined by love divine,
In one association join.

5 In council now we meet to hear,
How Zion's borders doth appear,
If peace and love, and union reigns,
And gospel truth your cause sustains.

6 Thrice welcome kindred to this place;
We'll bow before the throne of grace,
And ask our God our souls to cheer,
And bless us while assembled here.

428 C. M. W. THOMPSON.

1 Now from the east and west and south,
And north the saints repair;
To meet the sons of God below
And join in praise and prayer.

2 Their voices join in concert sweet,
The Saviour's praise to sing;
Their hearts rejoice to hear the fame
Of Christ their glorious King.

3 To hear of peace and love and zeal
In all the churches round,
That truth prevails, and all the saints
Delight to hear the sound.

4 We hear of souls renewed by grace,
Who follow Christ the Lord;
And this delights the hearts of those
Who sound His grace abroad.

5 In social convocation now,
In love and union sweet·
May this association sit
At Christ our Saviour's feet.

429 C. M. W. THOMPSON.

1 Not to control the church of God,
Nor bind, or rule her sons,
But to associate below
With Zion's little ones.

2 We meet in council, and advise,
And hear from all around,
And sing and pray, and preach and hear
And so our joys abound.

3 These seasons still from year to year
Our comforts do restore;
While love and union sweetly roll
Our Saviour we adore.

4 If thus to meet on earth below
So warms our hearts with love,
What raptures will His children feel,
When they shall meet above.

430 L. M. CENNICK.

1 Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till Him I view.

2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment—
The King's highway of holiness—
I'll go, for all His path's are peace.

3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief a burden long hath been,
Because I could not cease from sin.

4 The more I strove against its power,
I sinned and stumbled but the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul, I am the way!"

5 Lo! glad I come! and Thou, blest Lamb,
Shall take me to Thee as I am!
My sinful self to Thee I give—
Nothing but love shall I receive.

6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to Thy redeeming blood,
And say, Behold the way to God!

More Like Thee.

W. J. K. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



1. Je - sus, Sav-iour, great ex - am-ple, Pat-tern of all pur - i - ty,
2. Lest I wan - der from Thy pathway, Or my feet move wea- ri - ly,
3. When temp-ta-tions fierce-ly low-er, And my shrinking soul would flee,
4. When a-round me all is darkness, And Thy beauties none may see,
5. When death's cold, repulsive fin-ger; Leaves its impress on my brow,



I would fol - low in Thy footsteps, Dai - ly growing more like Thee.
Sav iour, take my hand and lead me; Keep me steadfast: more like Thee.
Change each weakness in - to pow-er, Keep me spotless: more like Thee.
May Thy beams, O Glo-rious Brightness, In ef - fulgence shine thro' me.
May Thy life, with-in me swell-ing. Keep me sing-ing then as now.



CHORUS.



More like Thee, More like Thee, Saviour, this my constant pray'r shall be:
More like Thee, More like Thee,



Day by day, where'er I stay, Make me more and more like Thee.



Copyright, 1876, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. Used by per.

Praise God.

(DOXOLOGY.) J. L. Pipkin.

Praise God, Praise God, Praise God from
Praise God, Praise God, Praise God from

whom all bless-ings flow; Praise Him, Praise Him, Praise
Praise Him, Praise Him,

DUET.

Him, All crea-tures here be - low; Praise Him a - bove, ye
Praise Him,

heav'n - ly hosts, Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost!

Praise Fa - - ther, Son, *rit.* *ad libitum repeat.*

Praise Fa-ther, Son, praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost!

Index of Subjects.

	Pages.		Pages.
Hymns of Praise	33–46	Prayer	129–143
Perfections of God	47–48	Pilgrimage	144–151
Trust in God	49–59	Heaven and Home	152–169
Holy Spirit	60–64	Funeral Hymns	170–184
Christ	65–74	Lord's Day	185–187
The Gospel	75–87	Introductory Hymns	188–195
Christian Experience	88–102	Closing Hymns	196–198
The Church	103–109	Parting Hymns	199–201
Invitation Hymns	110–113	Spiritual Songs	202–247
Baptism	114–122	Miscellaneous Hymns	248–279
The Lord's Supper	123–128		

Index of Tunes.

	Pages.		Pages.
Adieu	253	Bethany	202
Albion	224	Beyond the Swelling Flood	166
All Goodness Flows	246	Bottomly	200
All to Christ I owe	84	Boyleston	81, 212
Alma	165	Bright Glory	150
Amandra	234	Brown	54, 218
Amboy	147		
America	37	Cambridge	63, 187
Antioch	71	Ceylon	237
A Pilgrim Song	151	Cheering Words	56
Arlington	42, 67	Christ is All in All	263
Ascension	125	Clarington	95
A Sinner Like Me	92	Close to Thee	139
Atwater	100	Columbus	222
Autumn	105	Come, Ye Disconsolate	136
Avon	59, 123	Complainer	268
Azmon	193	Condescension	51, 124
		Conflict	91, 141
Balerma	39, 66, 214	Consolation	141
Baptism	114	Conquering Love	101
Barby	192	Conquering Soldier	145
Bartimeus	76, 136	Cook	117, 142, 192, 211
Belief	271	Coronation	38
Beloved	205	Cross and Crown	250

	Pages.
Detroit	216
Devotion	68, 118, 138
Diadem	38
Disciple	113
Dismission	120
Doddridge	106
Downs	74
Duane Street	46
Duke Street	58
Dunbar	170
Dunlap	52, 75
Eltham	81
Evan	54
Evening Shade	107
Exhortation	160
Experience	90
Fairfield	69
Fair Haven	40, 97
Fatherland	159
Fiducia	111
Forest	61, 185
Foundation	204
Fountain	83
Fredericksburg	43
Frozen Heart	231
Garden	89
Gates	131
Going Home	178
Gospel Trumpet	78, 109
Greenfield	207
Greenville	85, 196
Guide	63, 140
Harvey's Chant	245
Harwell	45, 197
Heaven Is My Home	152
Heavenly Region	157
Hebron	50, 121, 176, 198
He Lives	269
Hickman	94
Hide Thou Me	132
Holy Cross	74
Holy Manna	194
Homeland of the Soul	276
Home of the Soul	168
Hope	134
Home, Sweet Home	249
Hopewell	108
Horton	193
House of the Lord	104
How I Love Jesus	261
Humility	220
Idumea	96, 121, 174
I'll Lay My Armor Down	86
I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord	103
I'm Alone	251
Imandra	201
I Need Thee, Precious Jesus	203
Iowa	153
It is I	265
It is Well With My Soul	184
Iva	271
I Want to Love Him More	266
Jesus Knows	248
Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me	130
Josie	198
Kentucky	64, 197
Kingwood	169
Laban	246
Land of Promise	163
Land of Rest	164
Lead Me On	262
Lead Me, Saviour	260
Lenox	72, 77
Leander	115
Light in the Valley	254
Lingham	44
Lischer	187
Lone Pilgrim	146
Love	124
Lovest Thou Me?	98
Loving Kindness	41
Lucas	256
Madison	173
Maitland	217
Martyn	73, 213
Mear	47, 186
Melody	208
Mercy-Seat	142
Merden	36
Merrick	137
Minshall	229
More Like Thee	278
Mount Vernon	171
Nettleton	34
Never Alone	252
New Britain	62, 190, 146
New Concord	88
New Hope	238
New Hundred	241
New Jerusalem	240
New Orleans	179
Ninety-Fifth	210
Ninety-Third	212

	Pages.
Old Hundred	33
Olivet	129
Olney	116
Ortonville	60, 188
Over There	162
O When Shall I See Jesus?	102
Passing Under the Rod	259
Pass Me Not	258
Parting Hymn	199
Peterborough	49
Pilgrim	140
Pisgah	112
Pleasant Hill	149, 156
Praise God	279
Prayer	175
Preservation	57
Primrose	236
Reconciliation	228
Redemption	267
Resignation	177
Rest	171
Restoration	120
Refuge	241
Repose	242
Rockbridge	127
Rock of Ages	210
Sabbath Evening	65
Safe Within the Vail	264
Salem	70
Salem's Bright King	122, 232
Salvation	110, 117
Sessions	35, 189
Shawmut	156
Shepherd	225
Shining Shore	144
Siloam	65
Silver Street	34
Social Band	183
Some Sweet Day	172
Sonnet	148
Spring	130
Star in the East	82
Star of Bethlehem	93
Stephens	219
St. Thomas	53
Suffering Saviour	128
Supplication	230
Sweet By-and-By	154
Sweet Harmony	239
Sweet Hour of Prayer	135
Sweet Name	87
Sweet Rivers	226
Talmar	73
The Cross of Christ	126
The Happy Day	272
The Land of Beulah	182
The Lord of Glory	238
The Lord Will Provide	215
The Prodigal	98
The Prodigal Son	221
The Righteous Marching Home	255
The Throne of Grace	195
Thy Way, O God	48
Time is Winging Us Away	152
Unfading Joy	99
Upton	223
Uxbridge	55, 220
Valley	36, 233
Varina	167
Vernon	194, 227
Wait and Murmur Not	274
Walk With God	158
Watchman	80
Waynesville	131
Webb	209
Weeping One of Bethany	270
We'll Meet Again	155
What a Friend We Have in Jesus	133
When I Am Gone	180
When Sorrows Encompass Me	206
Where They Never Grow Old	257
Whose I Am	273
Windham	119
Wondrous Love	244. 245
Woodland	161
Woodworth	143
Wrest	79
Zion's Hill	106