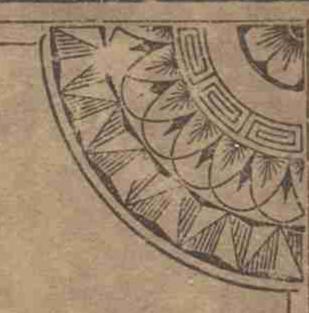
THE



Everlasting Joy.



ADAPTED TO THE USE OF

Public and Private Worship, Sabbath Schools,

Prayer Meetings; also, Anniversary

Occasions, etc., etc.,

BY

J. W. RANDOLPH.



PULLARIA BY

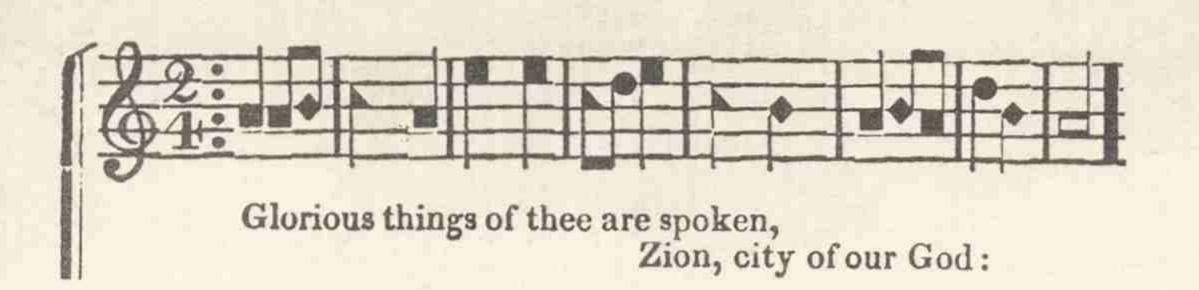
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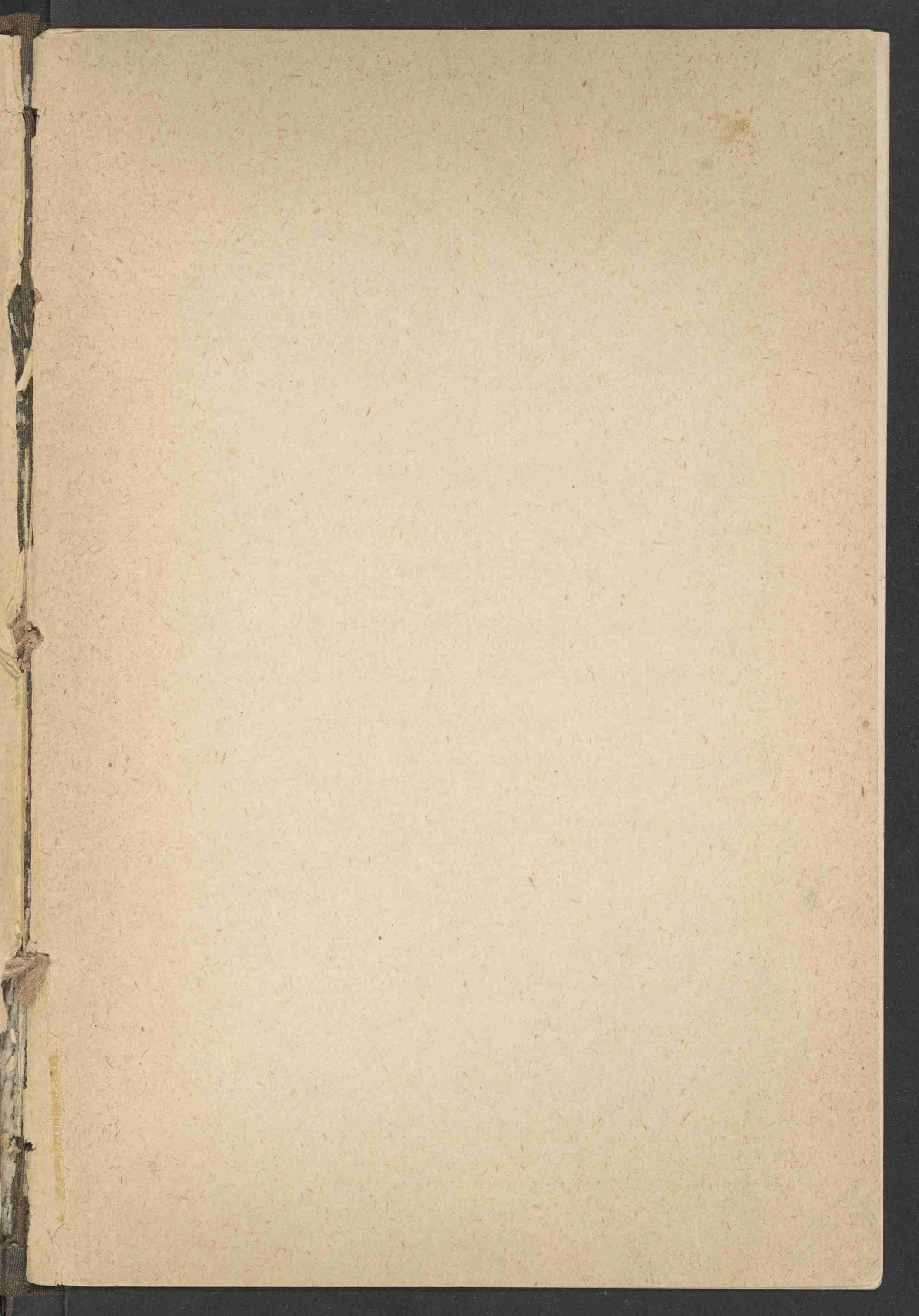
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1884 EVER

THE

Everlasting Joy.



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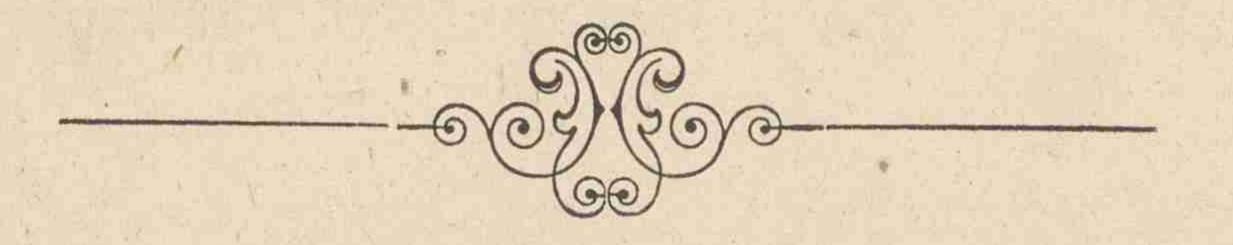
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Galveston, Texas.

1884 Ever

PREFATORY.

In the arrangement of this book it will be seen that the Author has not confined himself to any particular method. The music is new, while the sentiments expressed in verses are well adapted to the purpose and intention of this work. For the Church, the Home and Sabbath School, as well as for Prayer Meetings, the work will prove eminently fitted. Each tune has its own inspiring influence and was composed according to the dictation of its poetic thought. To cheer the heart and elevate the soul of man and to glorify God with songs of joy is its mission.

J. W. RANDOLPH.

EVERLASTING JOY.

THE HOUSE OF PRAYER.

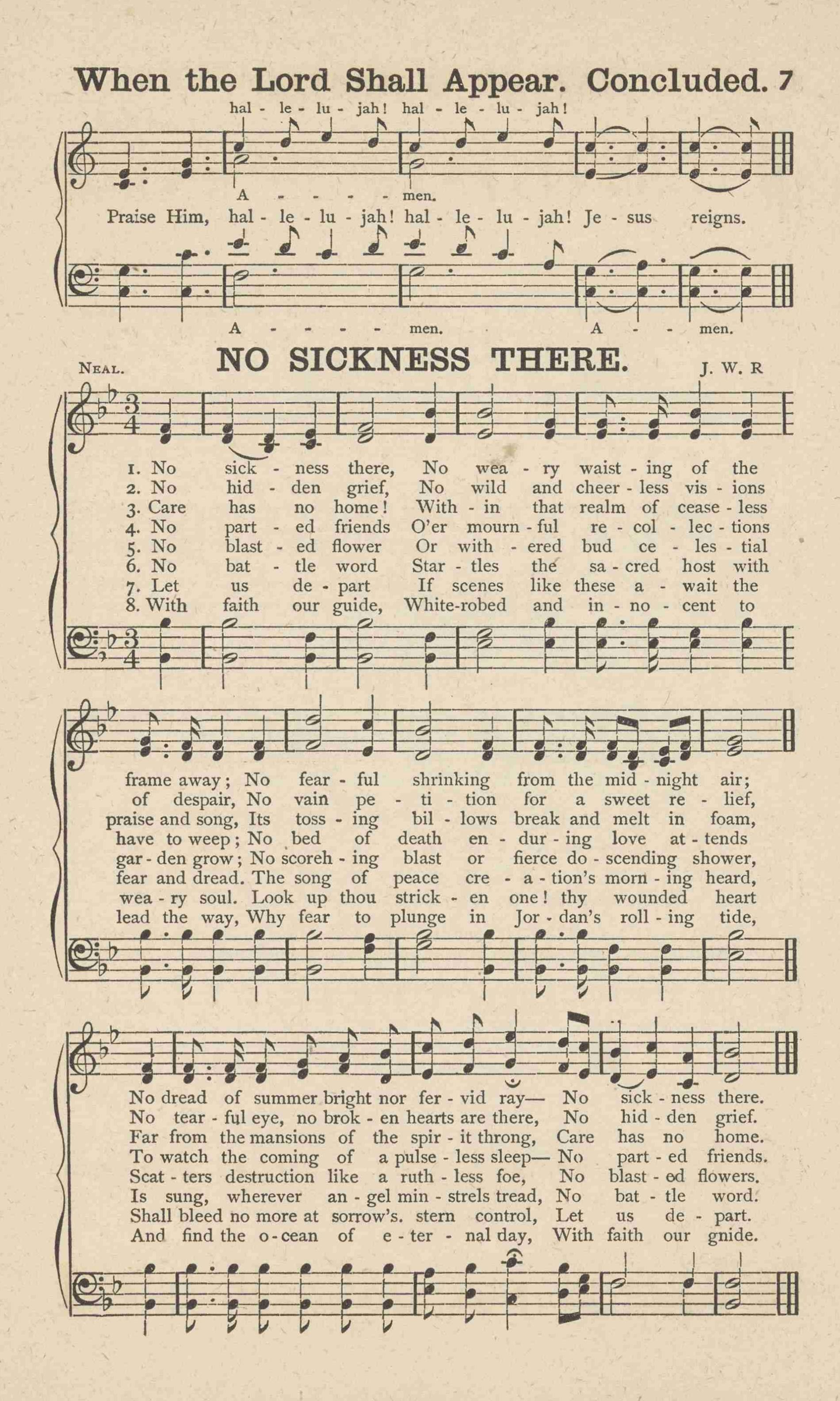






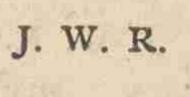
6 WHEN THE LORD SHALL APPEAR.



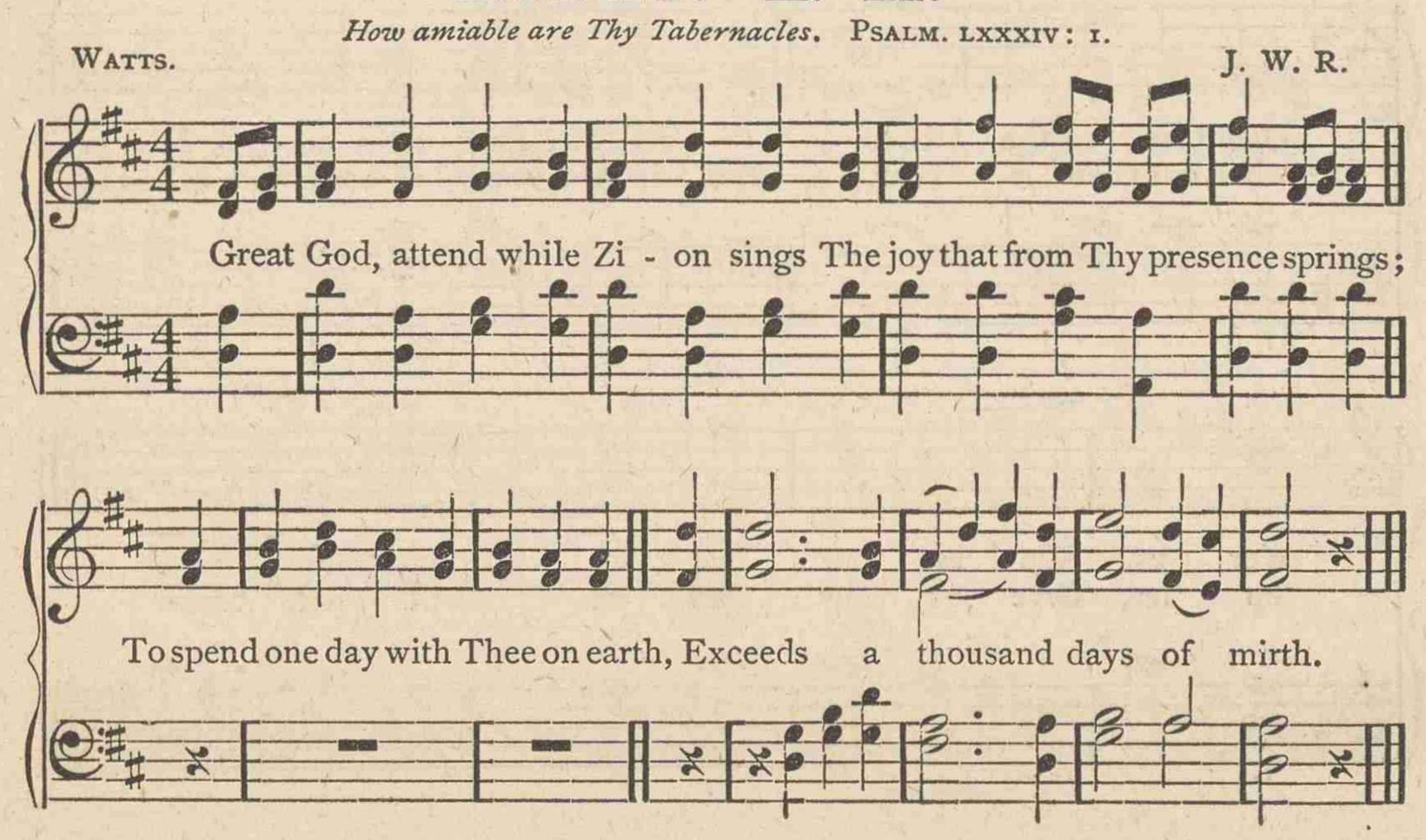


HASTEN, O HASTEN!







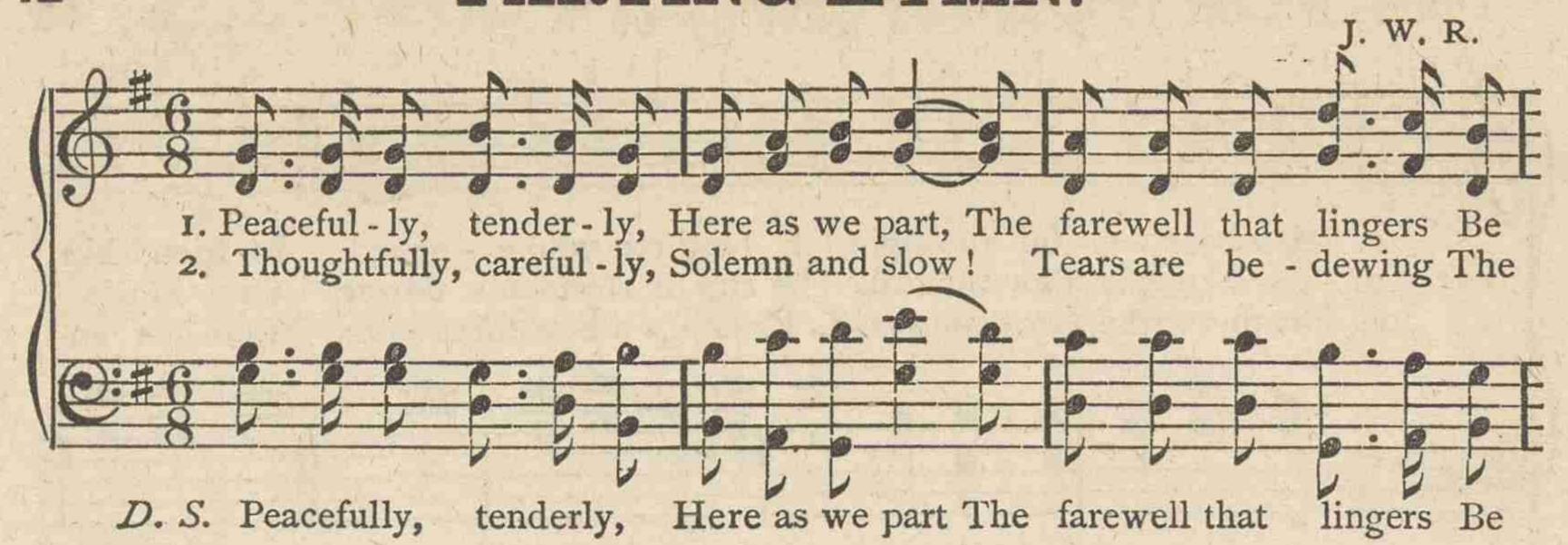


THE NIGHT SONG.





PARTING-HYMN.



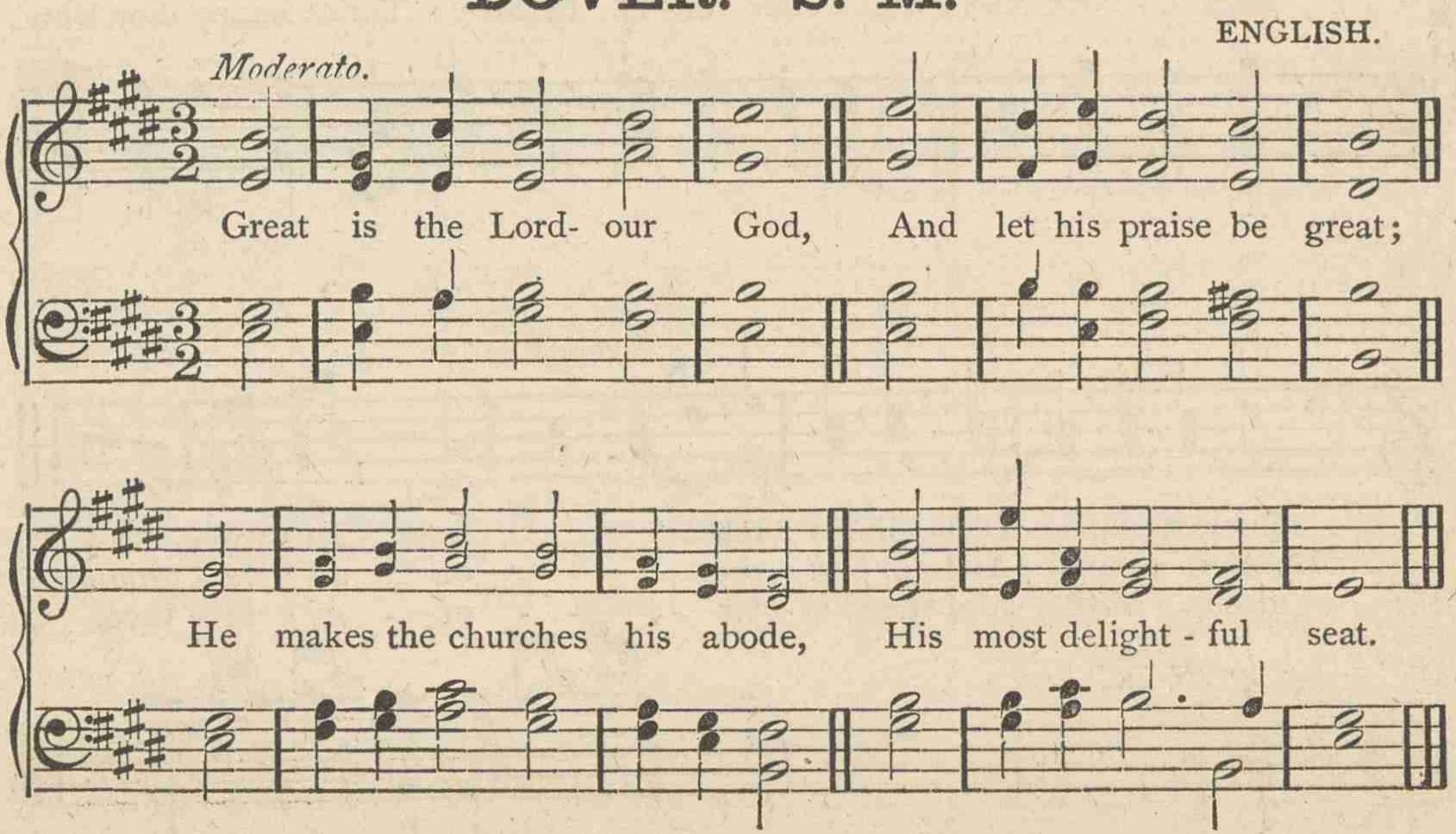


3. Upwardly, steadfastly,
Gaze on that brow:
Jesus, our Leader,
Reigns conqueror now.
His steps let us follow,
His sufferings dare,
Go up to glory,

His blessedness share.

4. Patiently, cheerfully,
Up, and depart
To labor and duty
With gladness of heart;
The ransomed, with triumph,
To Zion we'll bring,
Shouting salvation
To Jesus, our King,





MARCH FORTH TO THE CONFLICT. 13





- 3. Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes!

 Hallelujah, Hallelujah!

 Now to glory see him rise,

 Hallelujah!

 In long triumph, up the sky—

 Hallelujah, Hallelujah!

 Up to waiting worlds on high,

 Hallelujah!
- 4, Heav'n displays her portal wide!
 Glorious hero, through them ride!
 King of Glory! mount the throne—
 Thy great Father's and Thy own.
- 5. Praise Him, all ye heavenly choirs!

 Hallelujah, Hallelujah;

 Praise, and sweep your golden lyres!

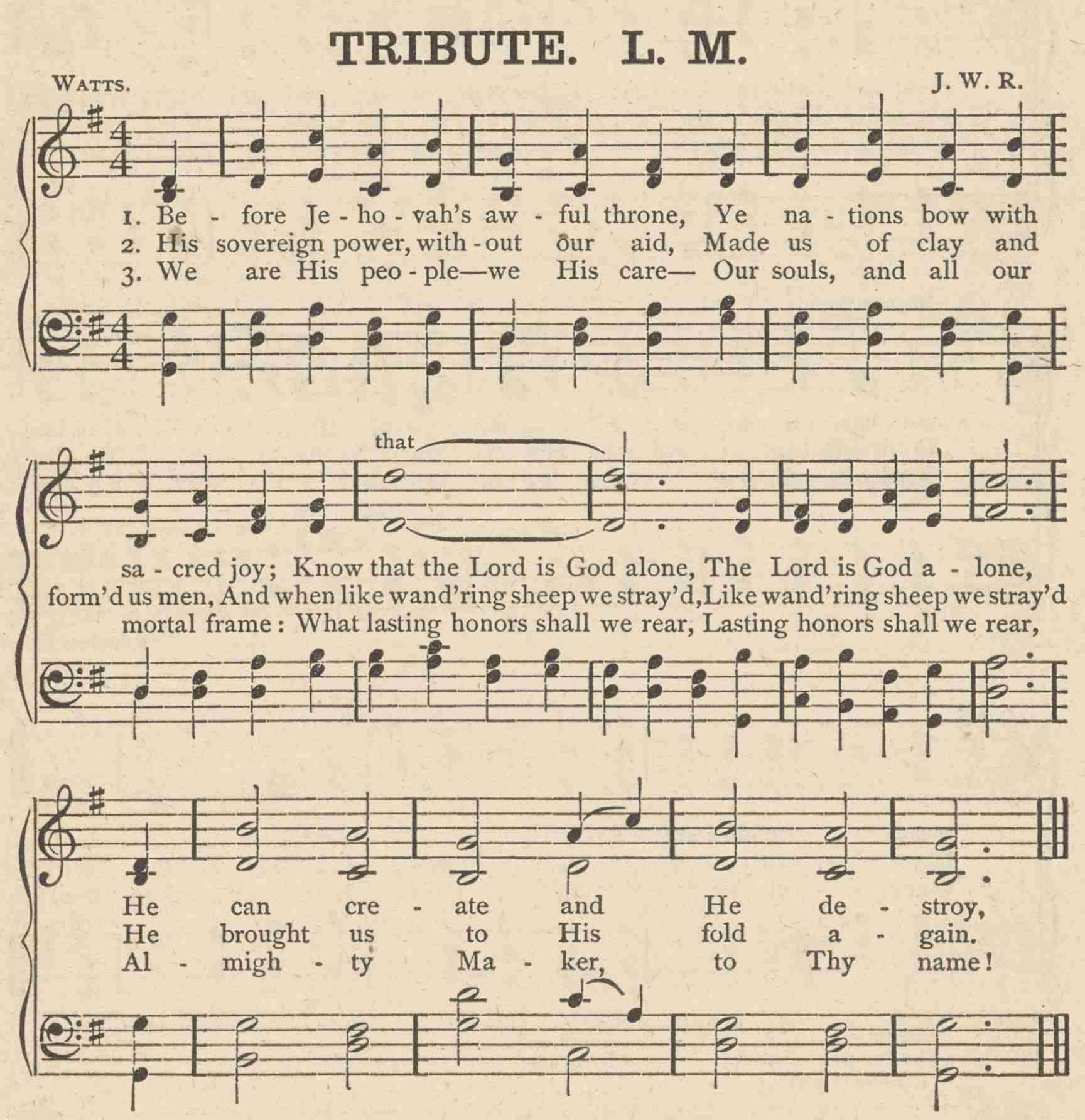
 Hallelujah!

 Shout, O earth, in rapt'rous song,

 Hallelujah, Hallelujah!

 Let the strains be sweet and strong,

 Hallelujah!
- 6. Ev'ry note with wonder swell,
 Sin o'erthrown, and captiv'd hell!
 Where is hell's once dreaded king?
 Where, O death, thy mortal sting?



- 4. We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
 High as the heavens our voices raise;
 And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
 Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise!
- 5. Wide as the world is Thy command!

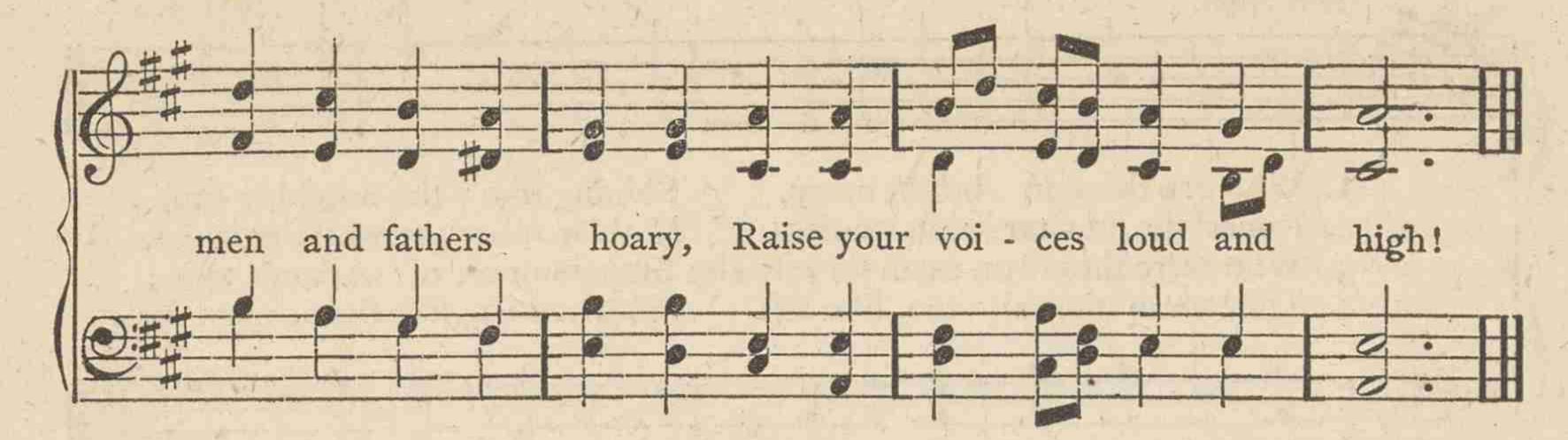
 Vast as eternity Thy love!

 Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand,

 When rolling years shall cease to move!



FREEDOM'S JUBILEE. Concluded. 17



WINDHAM. L. M.



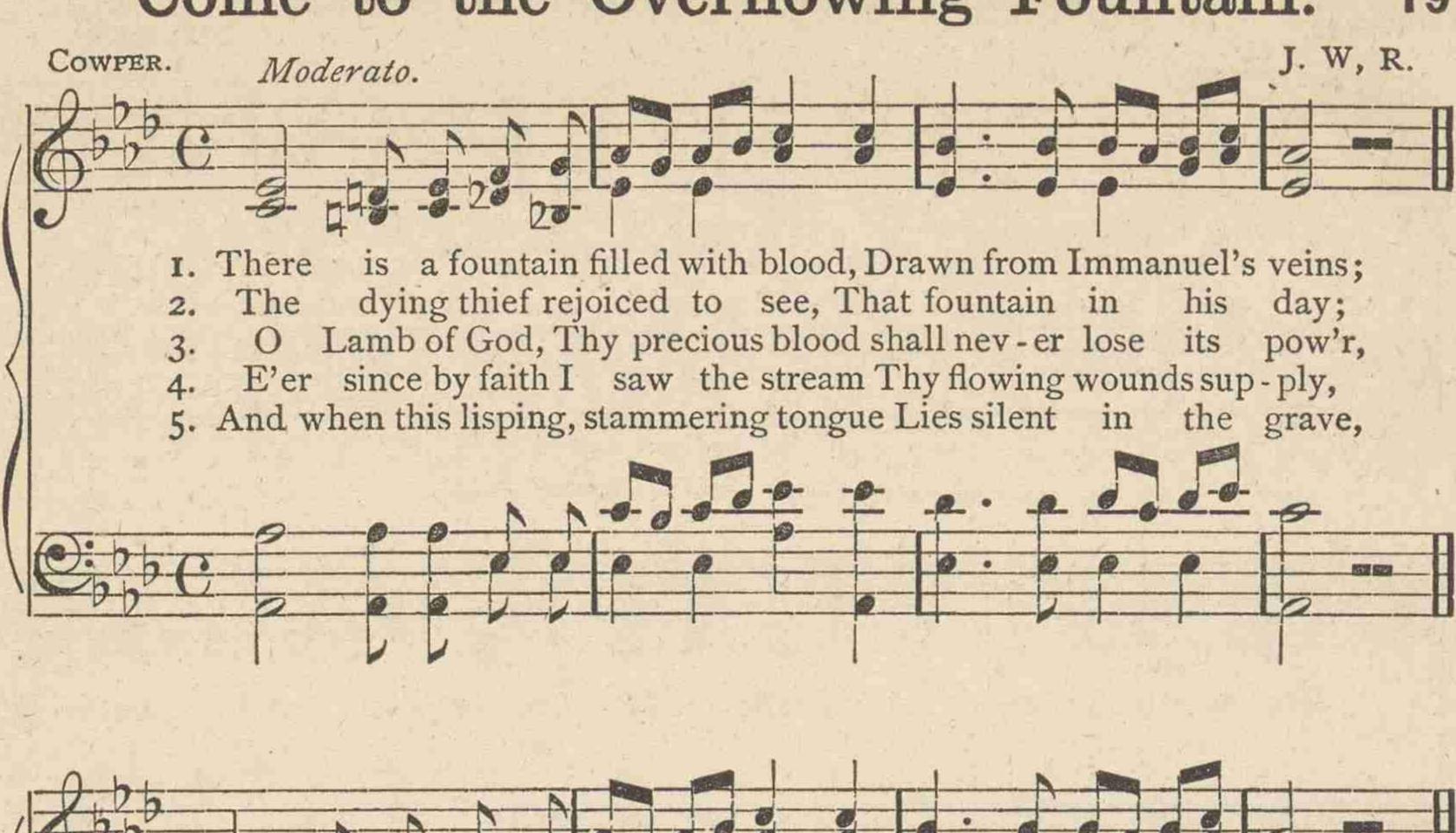
One thing needful.

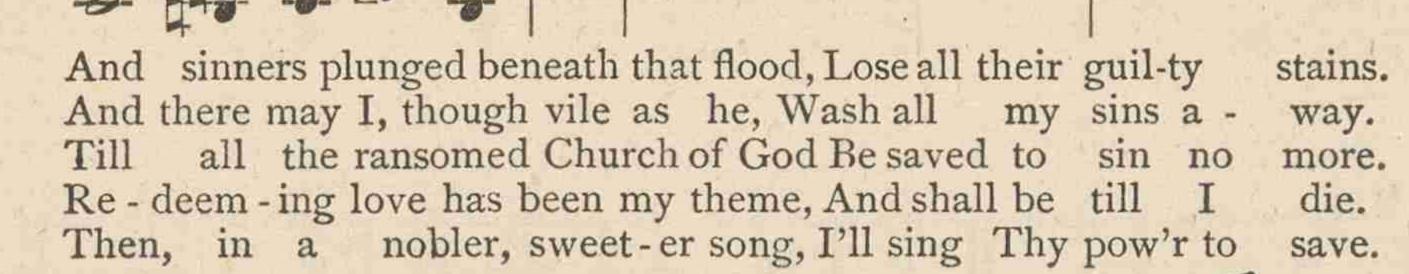
L.M.

- I. WHY will ye waste on trifling cares
 That life which God's compassion spares;
 While, in the various range of thought,
 The one thing needful is forgot?
- 2. Shall God invite you from above?
 Shall Jesus urge his dying love?
 Shall troubled conscience give you pain?
 And all these pleas unite in vain?
- 3. Not so your eyes will always view
 Those objects which you now pursue:
 Not so will heaven and hell appear
 When death's decisive hour is near.
- 4. Almighty God! Thy power impart;
 Fix deep conviction on each heart;
 Nor let us waste on trifling cares
 That life which thy compassion spares.



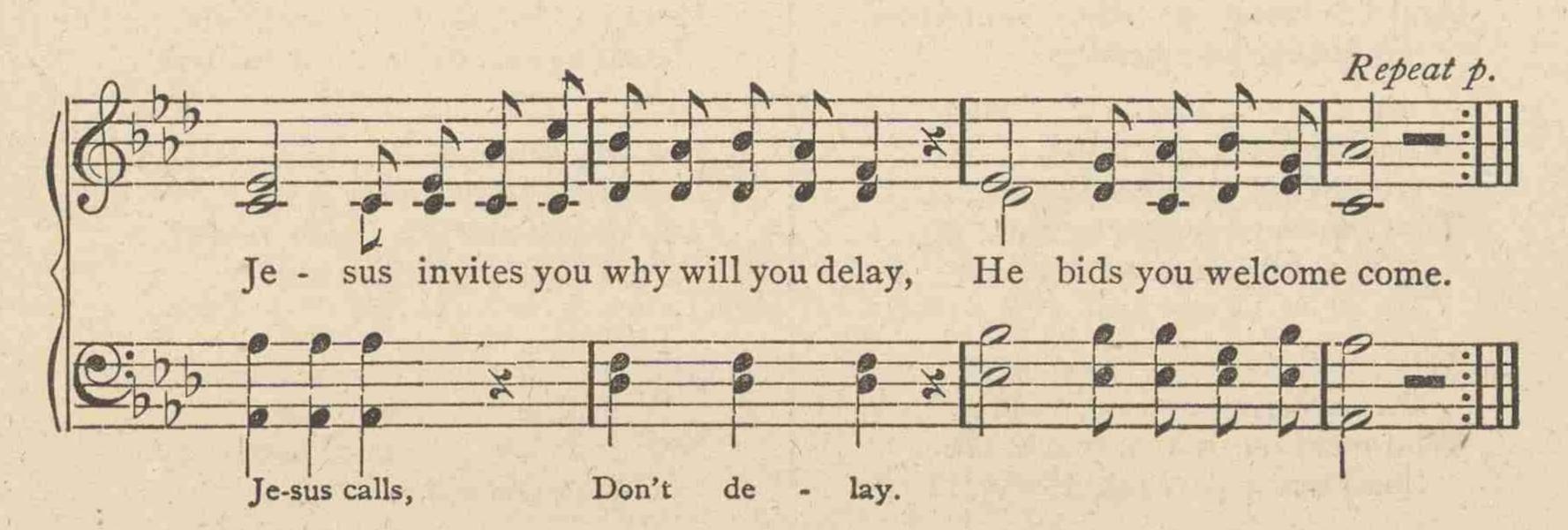


















S. M.

Tune Absence.

Absent in the flesh—present in the spirit.

- I. A ND let our bodies part,
 To different climes repair;
 Still and forever joined in heart
 The friends of Jesus are.
- 2. O let us still proceed
 In Jesus' work below;
 And following our triumphant Head
 To further conquests go.
- 3. O let our heart and mind,
 Great God, to Thee ascend,
 That haven of repose to find,
 Where all our labors end;
- 4. Where all our toils are o'er,
 Our suffering and our pain:
 Who meet on that eternal shore
 Shall never part again.—Wesley.

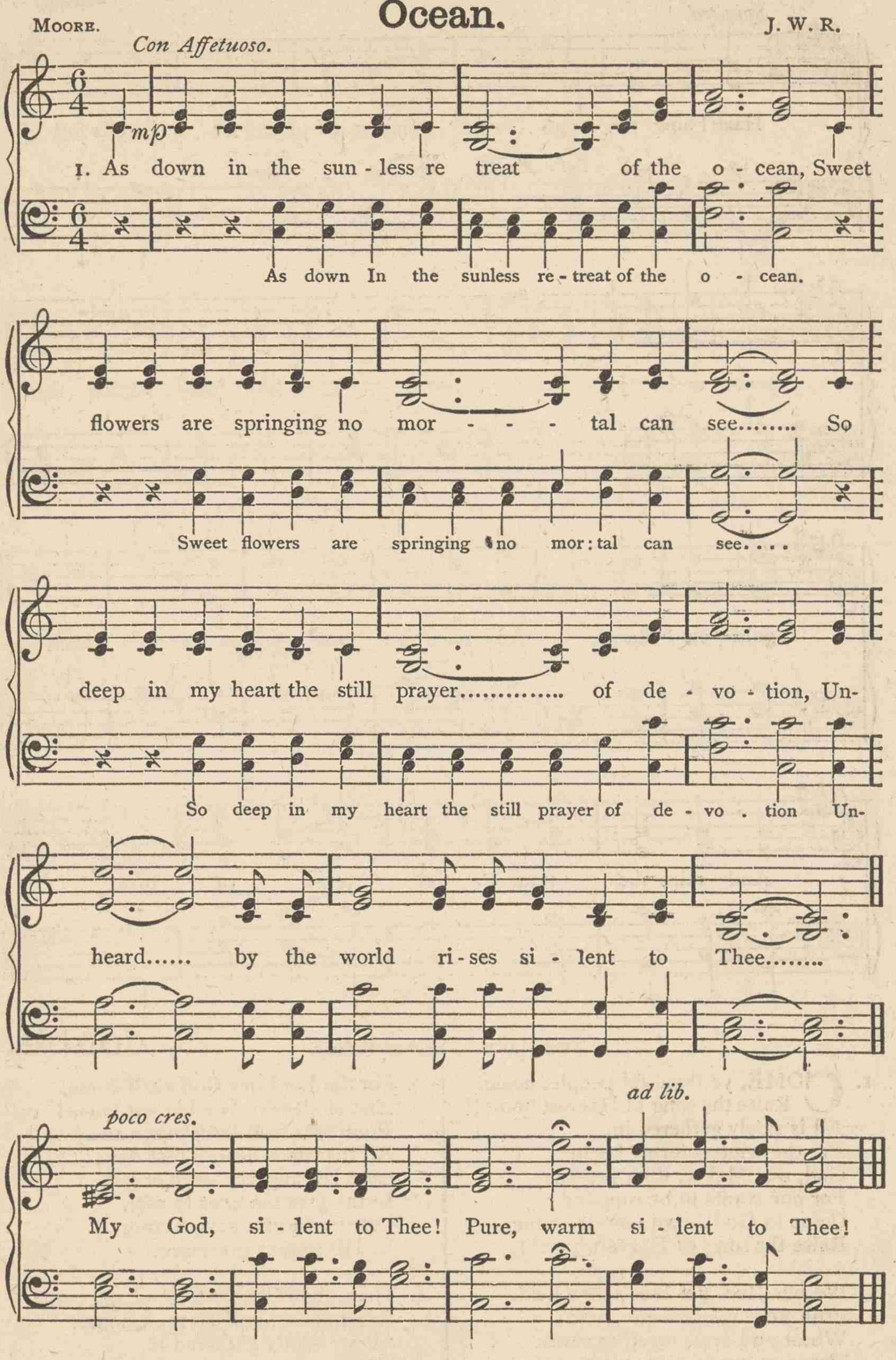
C.M.

Tune Wright.

Homage and devotion.

- I. WITH sacred joy we lift our eyes
 To those bright realms above,
 That glorious temple in the skies,
 Where dwells eternal Love.
- 2. Before the gracious throne we bow
 Of heaven's almighty King;
 Here we present the solemn vow,
 And hymns of praise we sing.
- 3. O Lord, while in Thy house we kneel,
 With trust and holy fear,
 Thy mercy and Thy truth reveal
 And lend a gracious ear.
- 4. With fervor teach our hearts to pray,
 And tune our lips to sing;
 Nor from Thy presence cast away
 The sacrifice we bring.

As Down in the Sunless Retreat of the 21



2. As still to the star of its worship, though clouded,
The needle points faithfully o'er the dim sea;
So, dark as I roam through this wintry world shrouded,
The hope of my spirit turns trembling to Thee,
My God, trembling to Thee, True, fond, trembling to Thee!





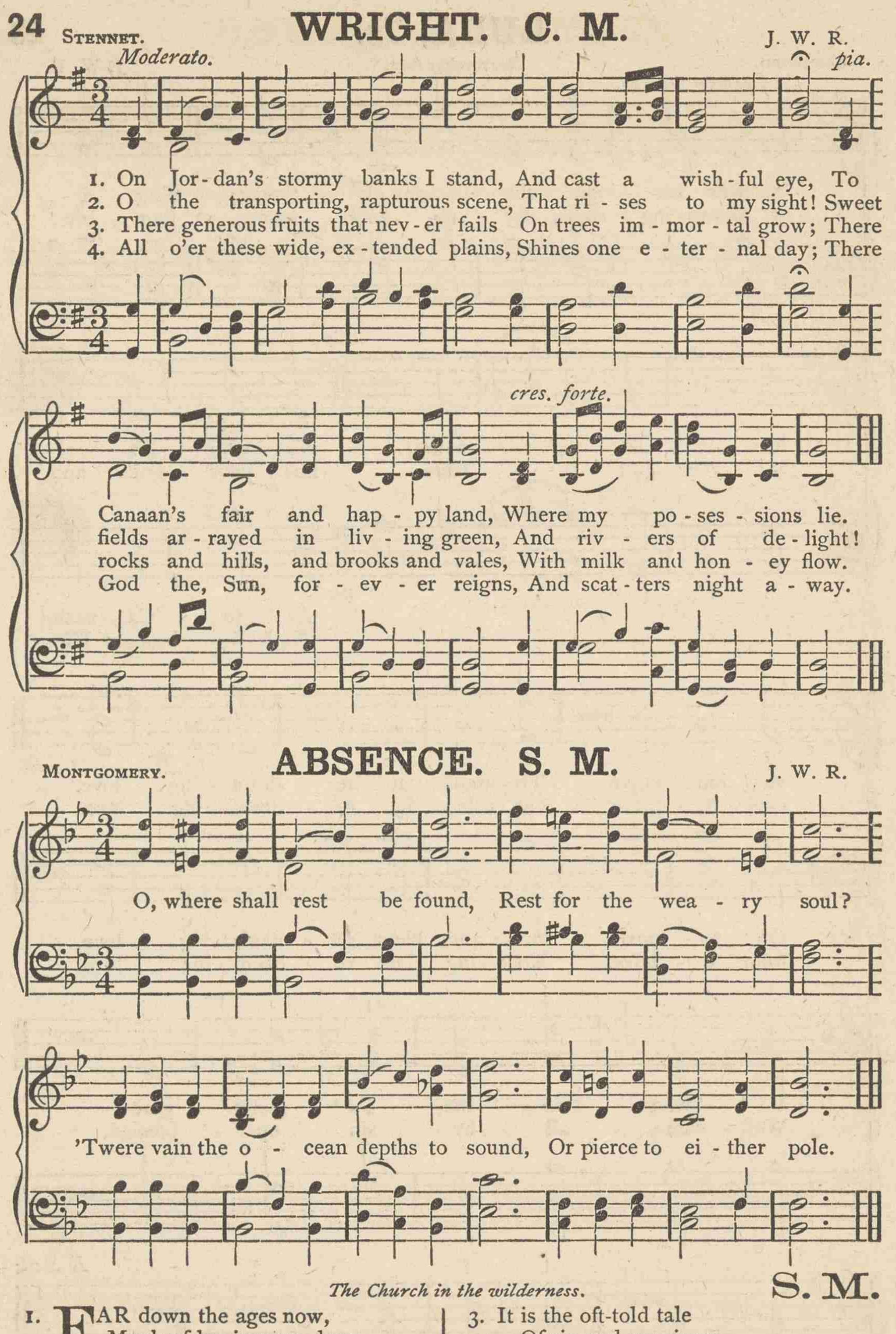
TUNE LULU.

Harvest-Home.

7s, double.

- Raise the song of Harvest home!
 All is safely gathered in,
 Ere the winter-storms begin;
 God, our Maker, doth provide
 For our wants to be supplied;
 Come to God's own temple, come,
 Raise the song of Harvest-home!
- 2. We ourselves are God's own field,
 Fruit unto his praise to yield;
 Wheat and tares together sown,
 Unto joy our sorrow grown;
 First the blade, and then the ear,
 Then the full corn shall appear:
 Lord of harvest, grant that we
 Wholesome grain and pure may be!
- 3. For the Lord our God shall come,
 And shall take His harvest home!
 From His field shall purge away
 All that doth offend, that day;
 Give His angels charge at last
 In the fires the tares to cast,
 But the fruitful ears to store
 In His garner evermore.
- 4. Then, thou Church triumphant, come,
 Raise the song of Harvest-home!
 All are safely gathered in,
 Free from sorrow, free from sin;
 There forever, purified,
 In God's garner to abide;
 Come, ten thousand angels, come,
 Raise the glorious Harvest-home!





- I. HAR down the ages now,
 Much of her journey done,
 The pilgrim church pursues her way,
 Until her crown be won.
- 2. The story of the past

 Comes up before her view:

 How well it seems to suit her still—

 Old, and yet ever new!
- 3. It is the oft-told tale
 Of sin and weariness—
 Of grace and love yet flowing down
 To pardon and to bless.
- No wider is the gate,
 No broader is the way,
 No smoother is the ancient path,
 That leads to life and day.







- 4. Come, then, poor sinner, come away this moment,
 Just as you are, come, filthy and polluted,
 Come to the fountain open for the guilty;
 Jesus invites you.
- 5. But if you trifle with His gracious message,
 Cleave to the world and love its guilty pleasures,
 Mercy, grown weary, shall, in righteous judgment,
 Leave you for ever.
- 6. O! guilty sinner, hear the voice of warning;
 Fly to the Saviour, and embrace his pardon;
 So shall your spirit meet with joy triumphant,
 Death and the judgment.

28 AWAY TO THE WATER OF LIFE.





Speak in Thy gentlest tones of love, Till all our best affections move; We long to hear Thy gentle call, And feel that Thou art all in all.

To conscience speak Thy quickening word,
Till all its sense of sin is stirred;
For we would leave no stain of guile,
To cloud the radiance of Thy smile.

"Kept by the power of grace Divine,

I have kept the faith maintained."

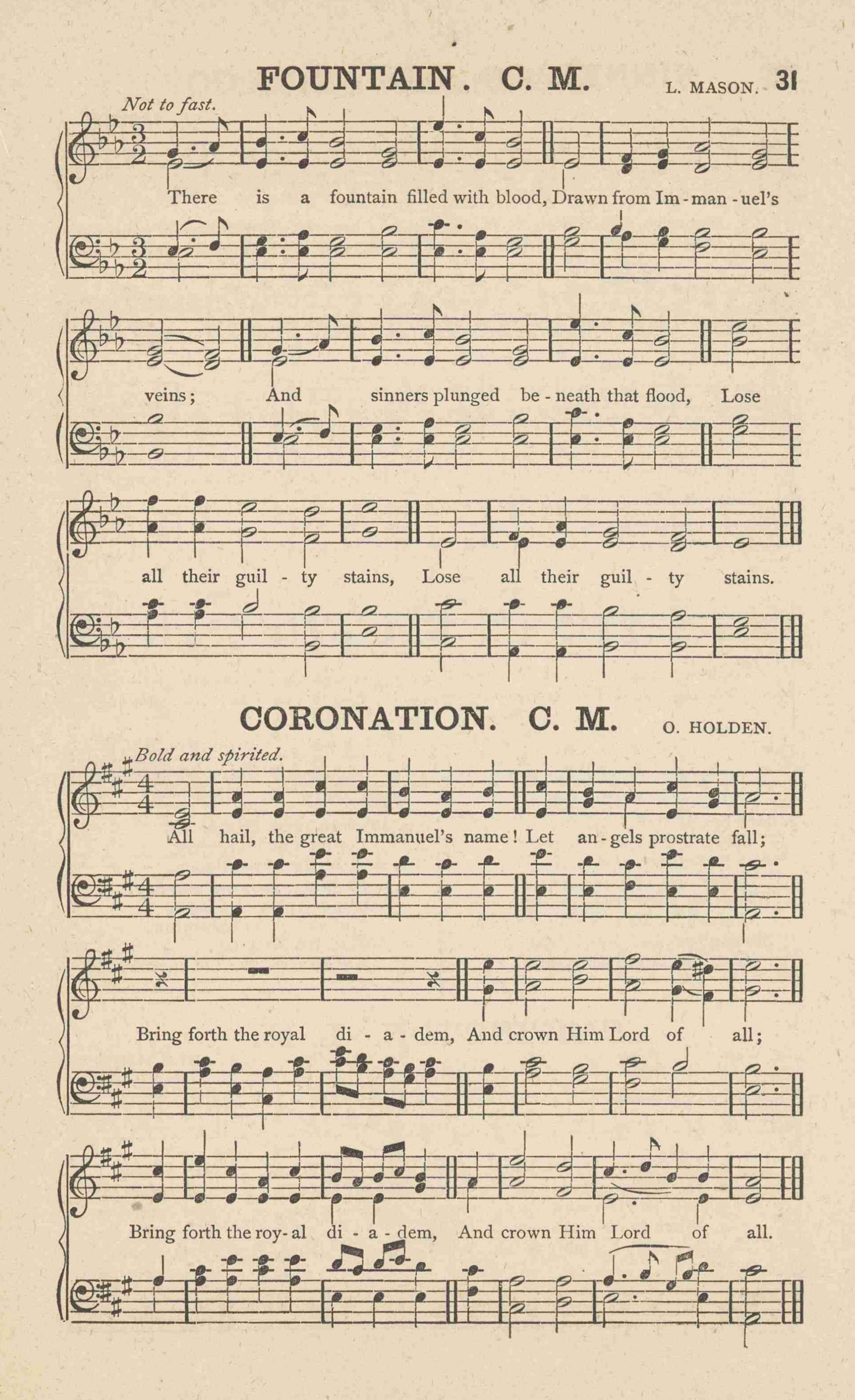
Speak, Father, to the anxious heart,
Till every fear and doubt depart;
For we can find no home or rest,
Till with Thy Spirit's whispers blest.

Speak to convince, forgive, console:
Childlike we yield to Thy control;
These hearts, too often closed before.
Would grieve Thy patient love no more.

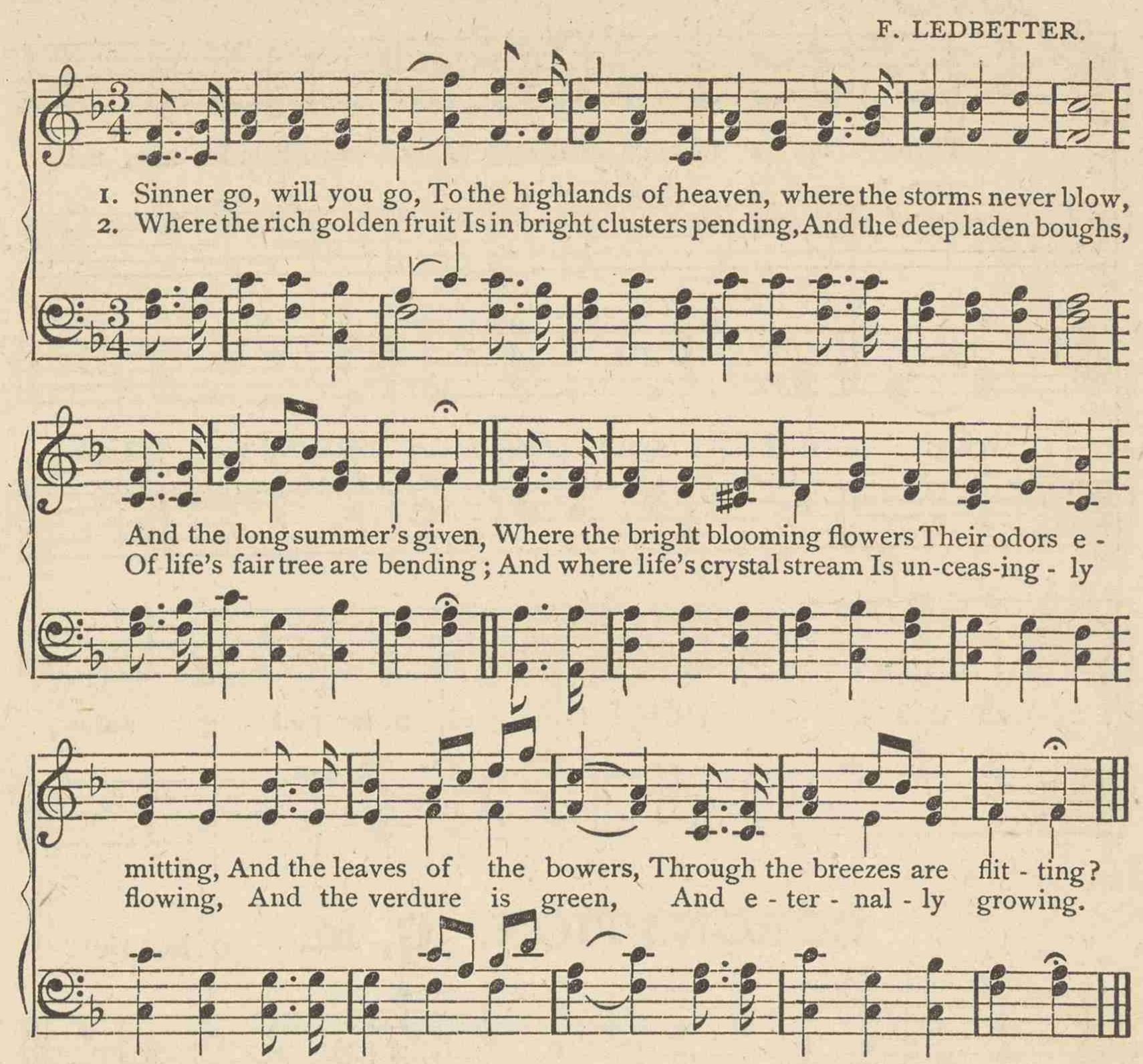
They could not speak a greater word, Nor all the saints in heaven.



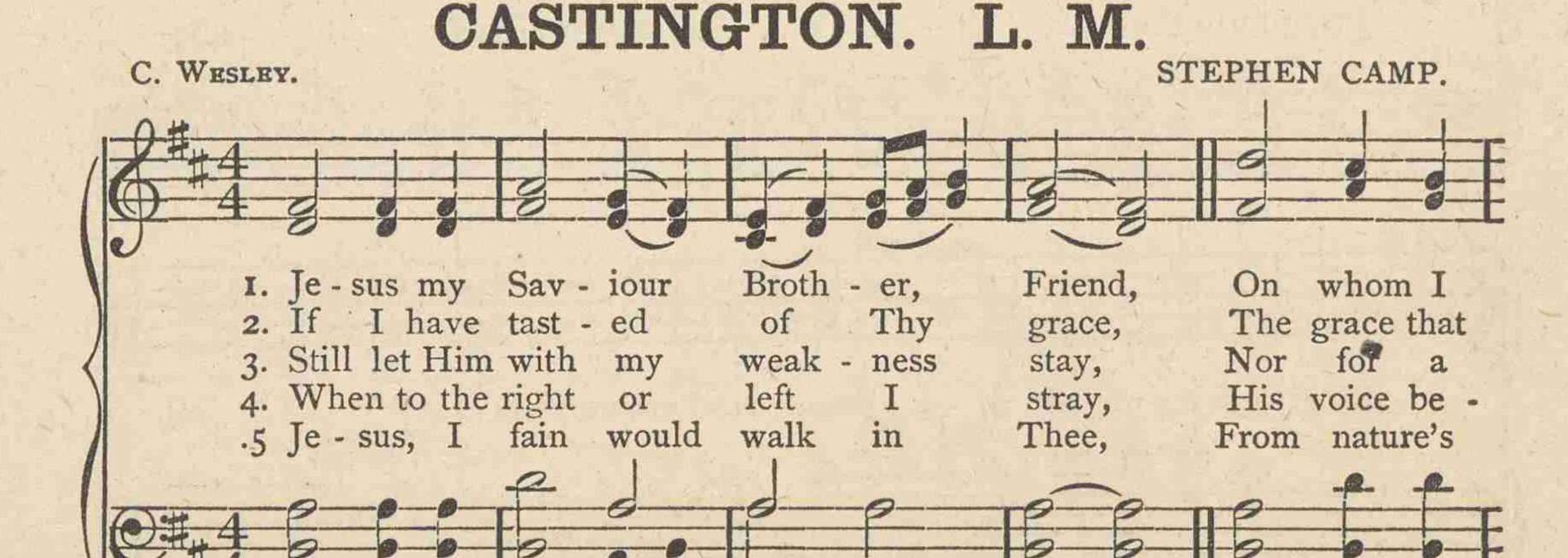








- 3. He's prepared thee a home—
 Sinner canst thou believe it?
 And invites thee to come,
 Sinner, wilt thou receive it?
 Where the saints robed in white
 Cleansed in life's flowing fountain—
 Shining beauteous and bright,
 They inhabit the mountain;
- 4. O come, sinner, come,
 For the tide is receding,
 And the Saviour will soon,
 And for ever, cease pleading,
 Where no sin, nor dismay,
 Neither trouble nor sorrow,
 Will be felt for a day,
 Nor be feared for the morrow.

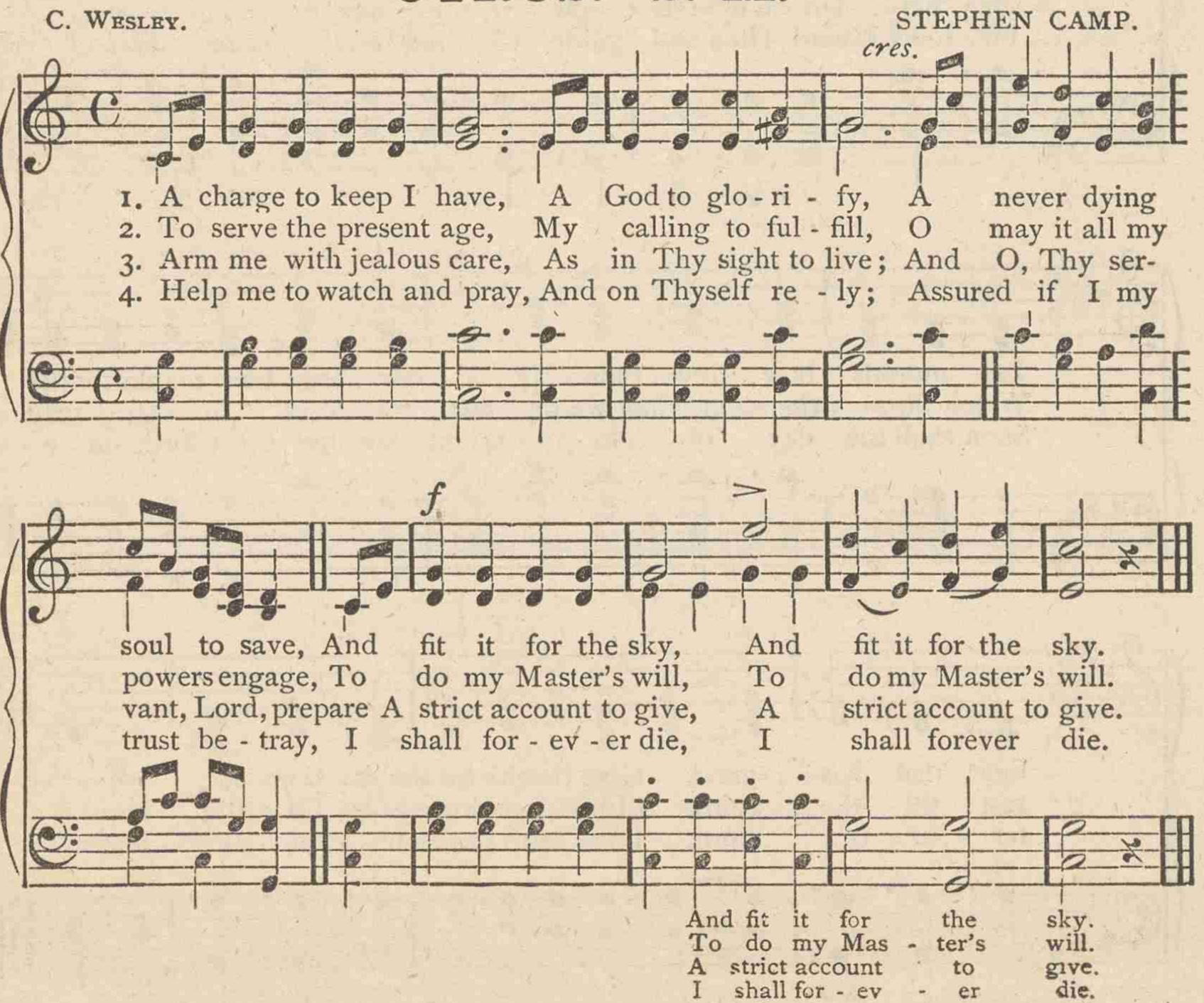












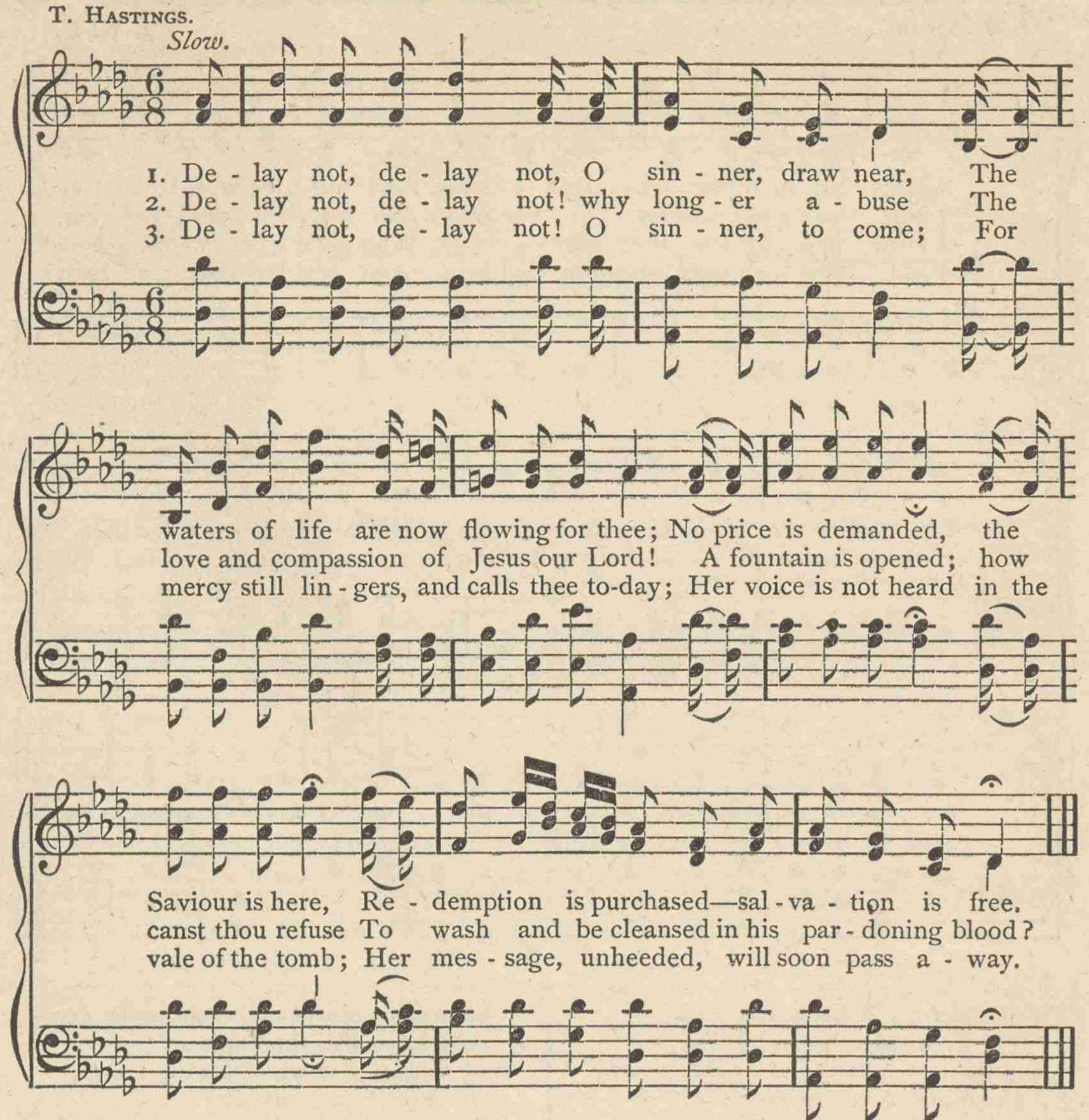




- 1. 'ID scenes of confusion and creature complaints,
 How sweet to my soul is communion with saints;
 To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,
 And feel in the presence of Jesus at home.
- 2. Sweet bonds, that unite all the children of peace; And thrice blesséd Jesus, whose love cannot cease; Though oft from Thy presence in sadness I roam, I long to behold Thee in glory at home.
- 3. While here in the valley of conflict I stray,
 O give me submission and strength as my day;
 In all my afflictions to Thee would I come,
 Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.
- 4. I long, dearest Lord, in Thy beauty to shine;
 No more as an exile in sorrow to pine;
 And in Thy dear image arise from the tomb,
 With glorified millions to praise Thee at home.



DELAY NOT.



- 4. Delay not, delay not! the Spirit of grace,

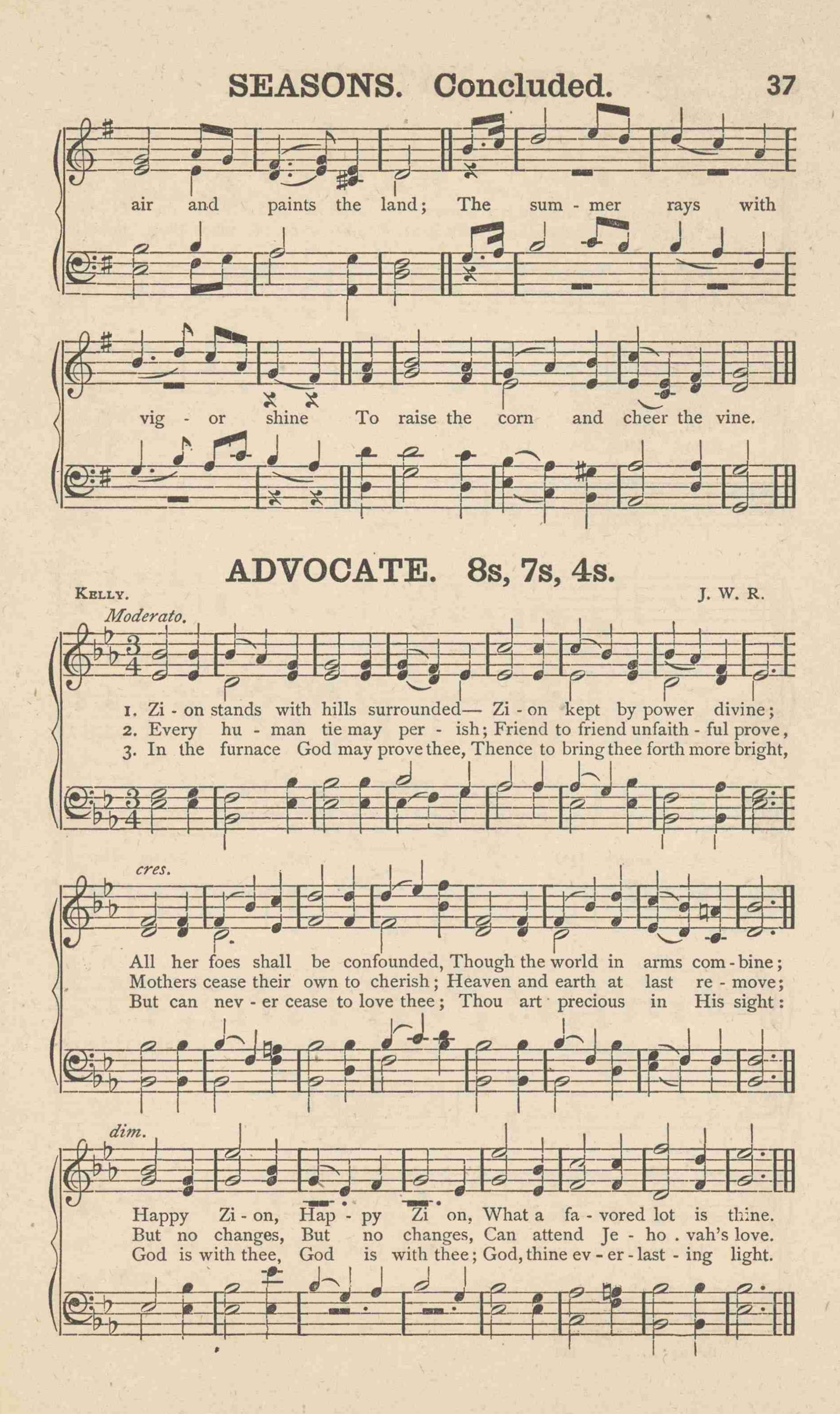
 Long grieved and resisted, entreats thee to come;

 Beware, lest in darkness thou finish thy race,

 And sink to the vale of eternity's gloom.
- 5. Delay not, delay not! the hour is at hand,
 The earth shall dissolve and the heavens shall fade;
 The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall stand;
 What power, then, O sinner, shall lend thee its aid?













Then swift to every startled eye
New streams of glory light the sky;
Heaven bursts her azure gates to pour
Her spirits on the midnight hour.

On wheels of light, on wings of fame,
The glorious hosts of Zion came;
High heaven with songs of triumph rang,
While thus they struck their harps and sang.

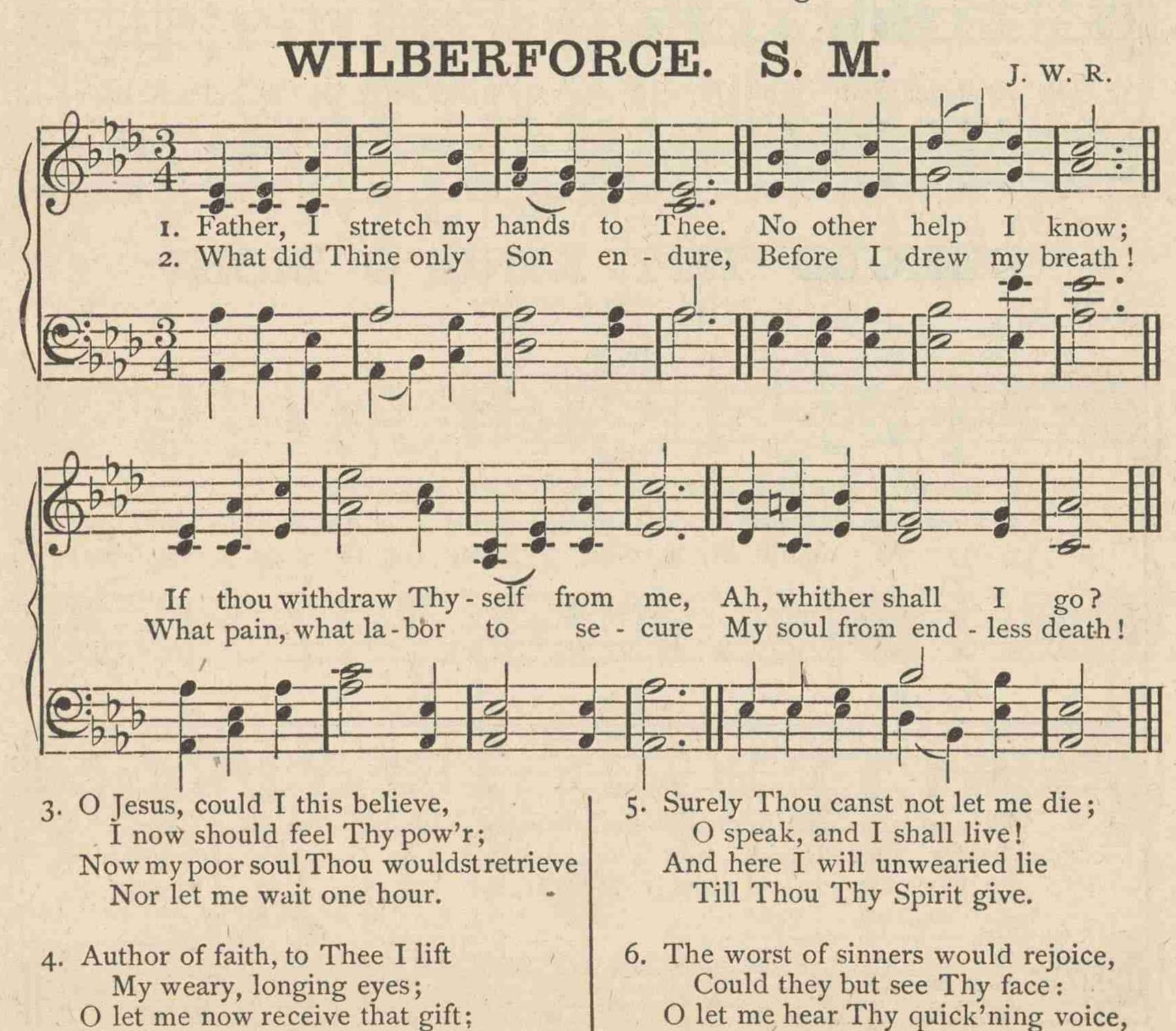
My soul without it dies.

See, Mercy from her golden urn,
Pours a rich stream from them that mourn:
Behold! she binds with tender care
bleeding bosom of despair.

He comes, to cheer the trembling heart, Bids Satan and his hosts depart: Again the day-star gilds the gloom, Again the bowers of Eden bloom.

And taste Thy pard'ning grace!

O Zion, lift thy raptur'd eye,
The long-expected hour is nigh,
The joys of nature rise again,
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.



CLEANSE ME NOW.







- This the only prop of all, all is well.
 That can never, never fall, all is well.
 'Tis the anchor of the soul, when the billows near it roll Bearing safely o'er the goal, all is well.
- 2. 'Tis religion's precious balm, all is well.

 Makes the raging winds a calm, all is well.

 Thus my pleasure midst the pain, either life or death is gain,

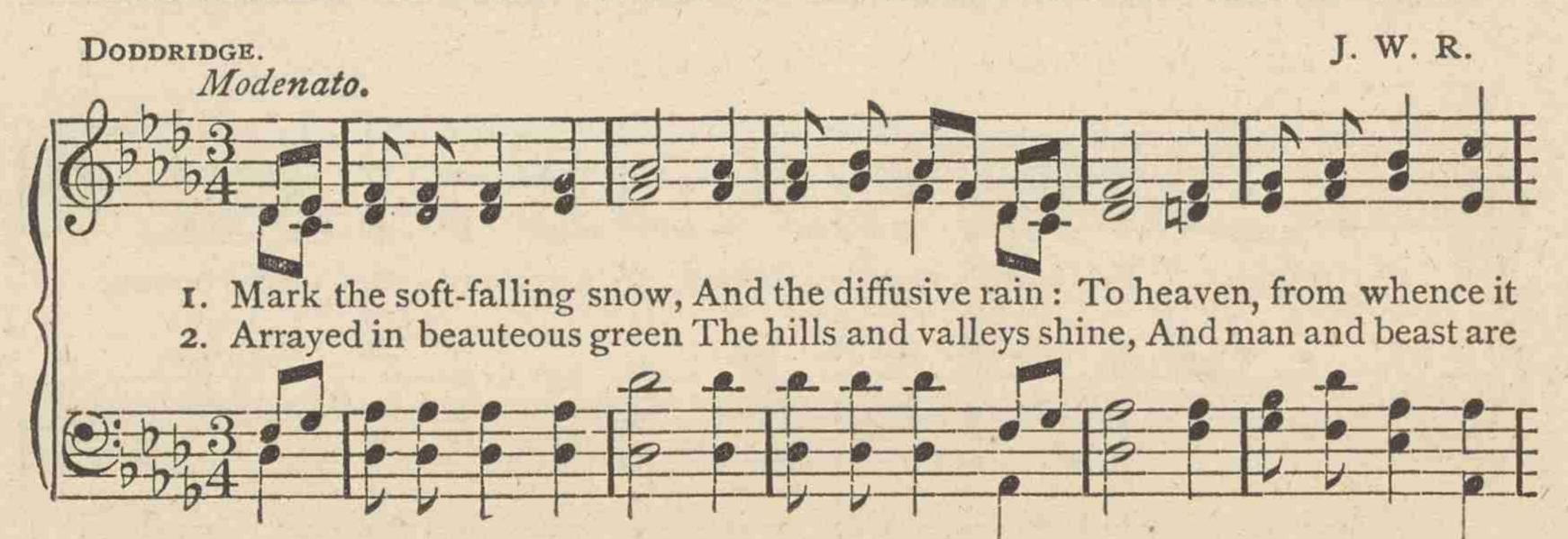
 Sing my soul thy sweet refrain, all is well.
- 4. When life's voyage I have made, all is well.

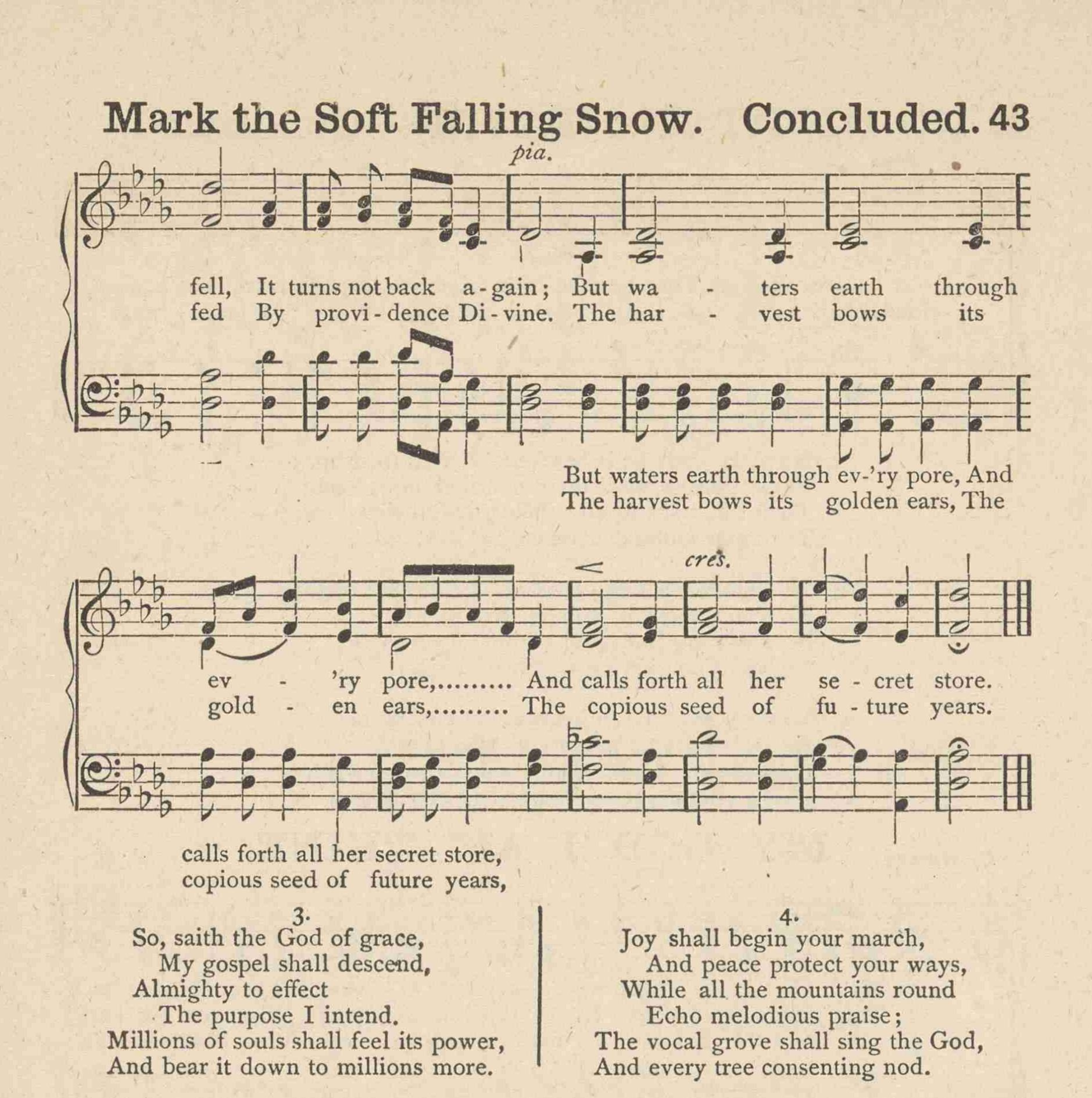
 When my barque aside is laid, all is well.

 When the trumpet's gladsome sound, calls the nations 'neath the ground,

 Let us all receive a crown, all is well.

MARK THE SOFT FALLING SNOW.













- 3. No night shall be in heaven. Forbid to sleep,
 These eyes no more their mournful vigils keep;
 Their fountains dried—their tears all wiped away—
 They gaze undazzled on eternal day.
- 4. No night shall be in heaven—no sorrows reign;
 No secret anguish, no corporeal pain;
 No shivering limbs, no burning fever there;
 No soul's eclipse, no winter of despair.
- 5. No night shall be in heaven, but endless noon— No fast declining sun, no waning moon; But there the Lamb shall yield perpetual light, 'Mid pastures green, and waters ever bright.











47



- 2. Now may the King descend,
 And fill His throne of grace;
 Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
 While saints address Thy face:
 Let sinners feel Thy quick'ning word,
 And learn to know and fear the Lord.
- 3. Descend, celestial Dove,
 With all Thy quick'ning powers;
 Disclose a Saviour's love,
 And bless the sacred hours:
 Then shall my soul new life obtain,
 Nor Sabbath be indulged in vain.

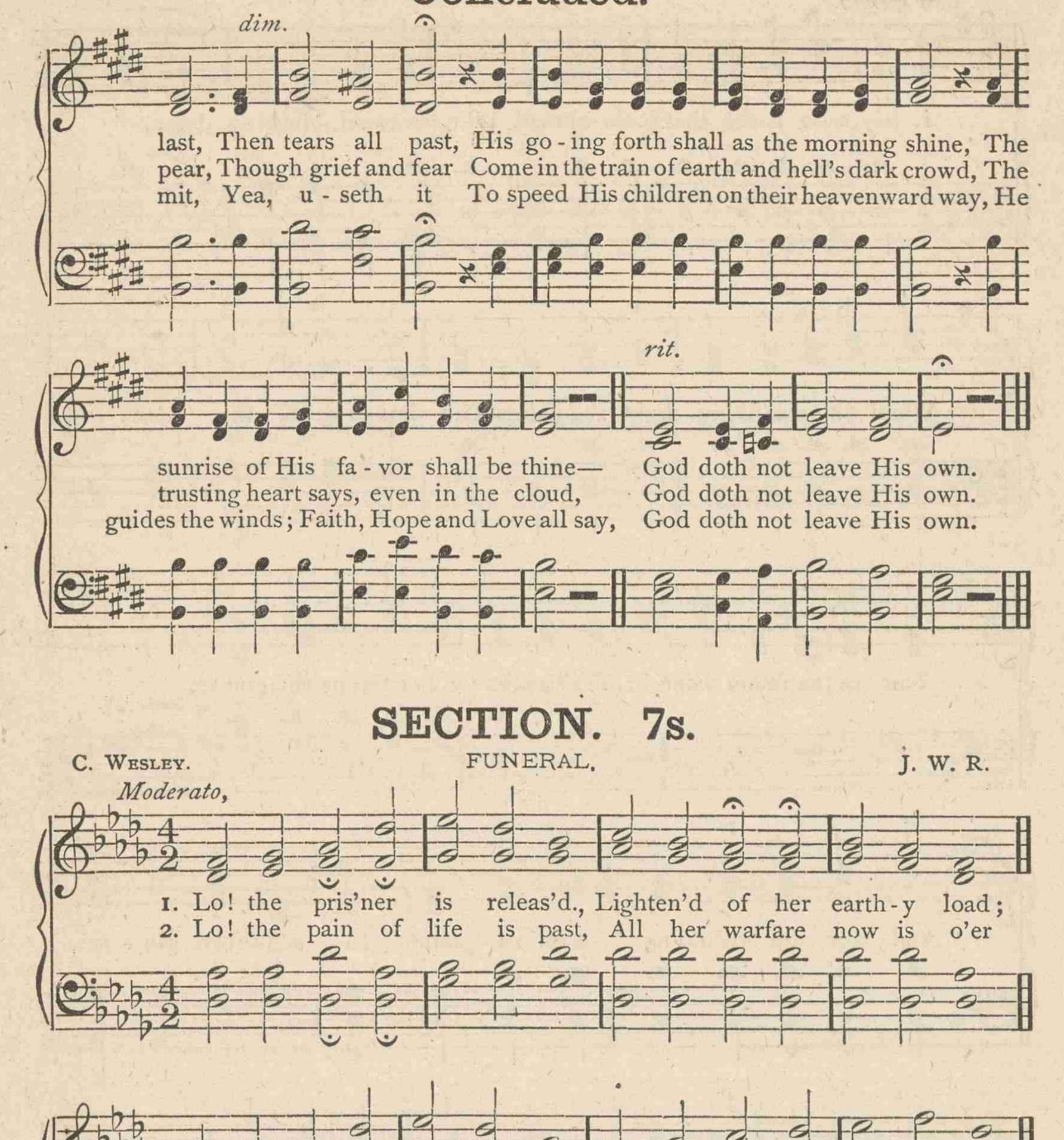
reach.....



GOD DOTH NOT LEAVE HIS OWN.



GOD DOTH NOT LEAVE HIS OWN. 49 Concluded.



Where the wea-ry are at rest, She is gathered

Death and hell be - hind are cast, Grief and suff'ring

- 3. Yes, the Christian's course is run,
 Ended is the glorious strife;
 Fought the fight, the work is done,
 Death is swallow'd up of life!
- 4. Borne by angels on their wings,
 Far from earth the spirit flies,
 Finds her God, and sits, and sings,
 Triumphing in paradise.
- 5. Let the world bewail their dead,
 Fondly of their loss complain;
 Sister! friend! by Jesus freed,
 Death, to thee, to us, is gain:

in - to God!

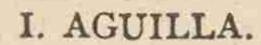
are no more.

6. Thou art entered into joy:

Let the unbelievers mourn,

We in songs our lives employ

Till we all to God return.





2. Clear as the sun, when from the east, Without a cloud he springs, And scatters boundless light and heat, From his resplendent wings.

Tremendous as a host that moves Majestically slow, With banners wide displayed, all armed, And fearless of the foe!

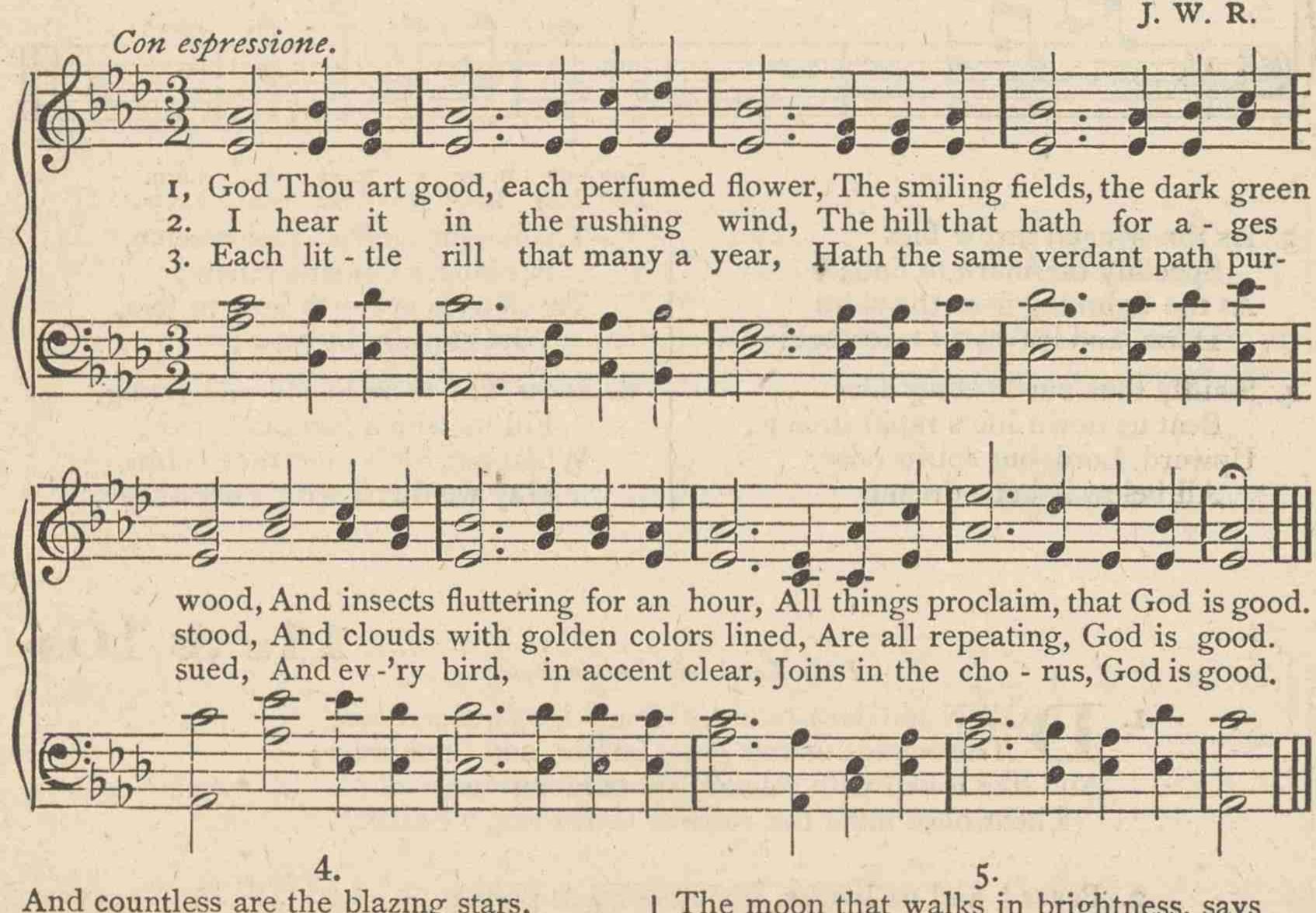






- 3. Farewell to what of earth remains,
 Until then,
 When exiled spirits shall regain
 Forms again!
 He died triumphant, bliss to know!
 Lay him low, lay him low!
- 4. Earth to the earth we now resign—
 "Rest in peace.'
 And dust to dust of kindred kind,
 Sweet release,
 O cease ye tears, no longer flow,
 Lay him low, lay him low!

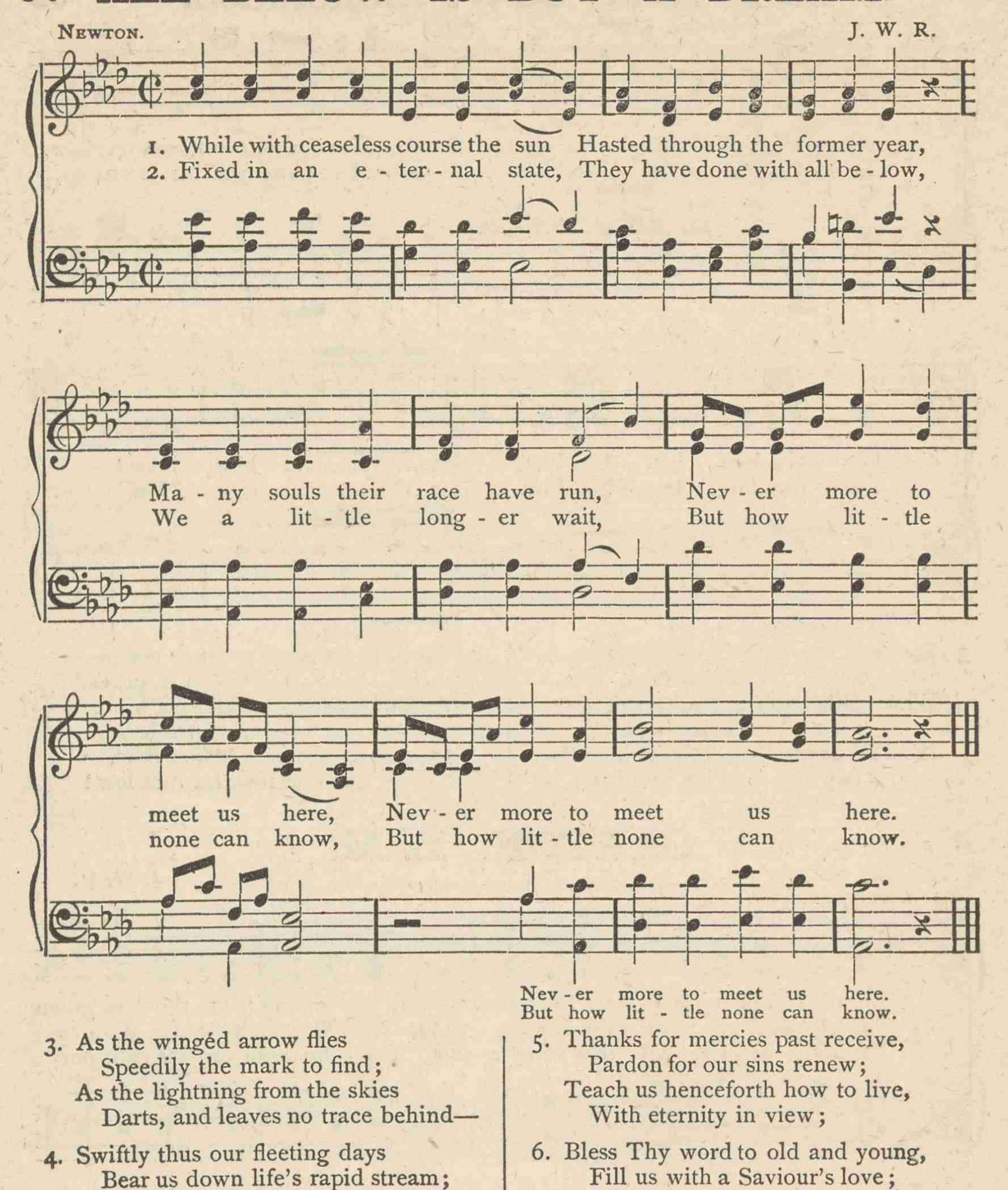




And countless are the blazing stars,
That sing His praise, with light renewed,
The rising sun each day declares,
In rays of glory, God is good.

The moon that walks in brightness, says
That God is good, and we endued
With power to speak our Maker's praise,
Will still repeat that, God is good.

54 ALL BELOW IS BUT A DREAM.



All below is but a dream.

Upward, Lord, our spirits raise,

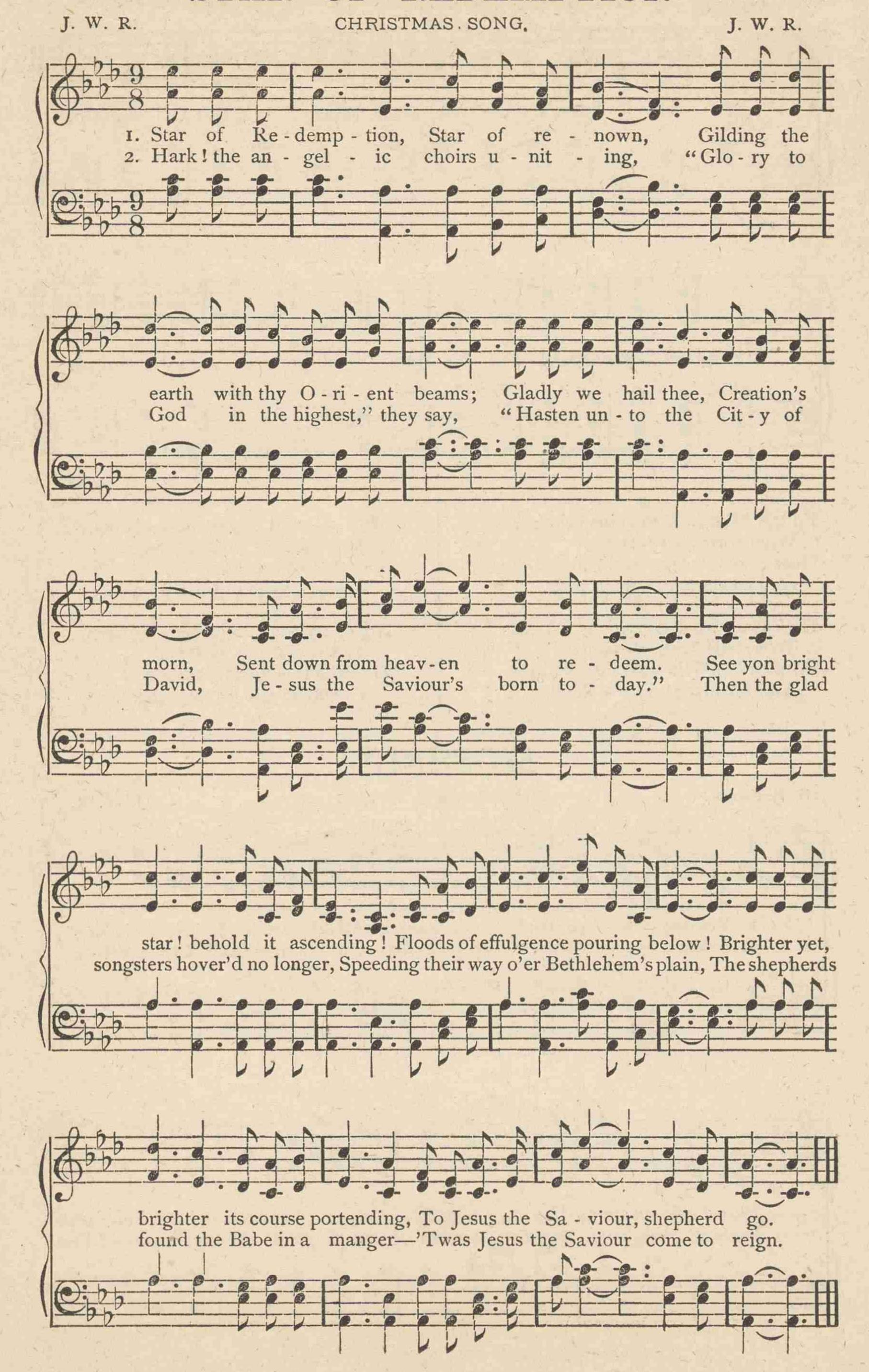
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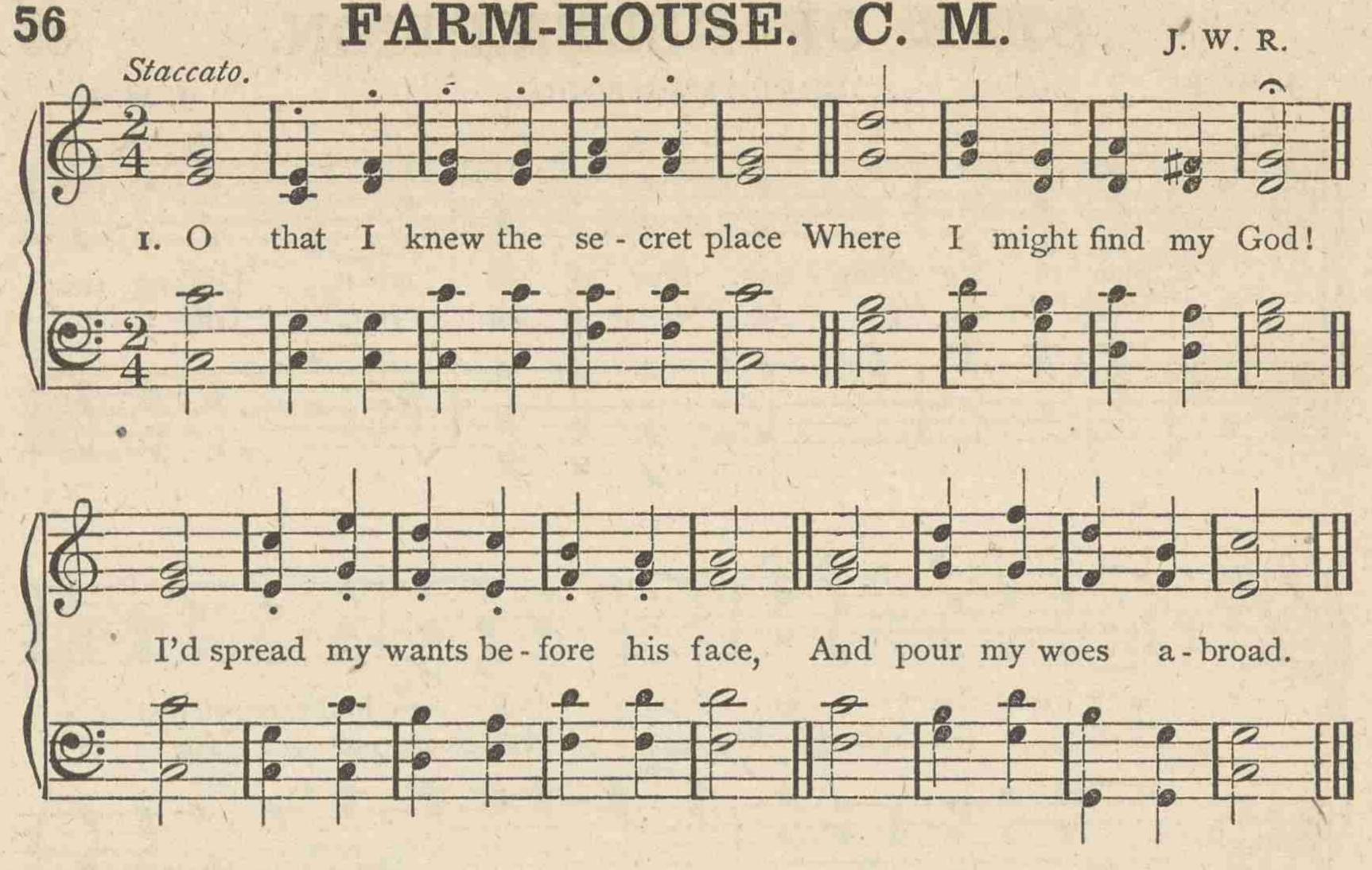
When our life's short race is run,

May we dwell with Thee above.

I the Lord will hasten it, etc.

- 1. DOWN the dark future, through long generations,
 The sounds of war grow fainter, and then cease;
 And like a bell with solemn, sweet vibrations,
 I hear once more the voice of Christ say, "Peace!"
- 2. Peace! and no longer, from its brazen portals,
 The blast of war's great organ shakes the skies;
 But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
 The holy melodies of love arise.—Longfellow.





I'd tell Him how my sins arise;
What sorrows I sustain;
How grace decays, and comfort dies
And leaves my heart in pain.

He knows what arguments I'd take
To wrestle with my God;
I'd plead for His own mercy's sake,
And for my Saviour's blood.

My God, will pity my complaints,
And heal my broken bones;
He takes the meaning of His saints,
The language of their groans.

Arise, my soul from deep distress,
And banish ev'ry fear;
He calls thee to His throne of grace,
To spread thy sorrows there.

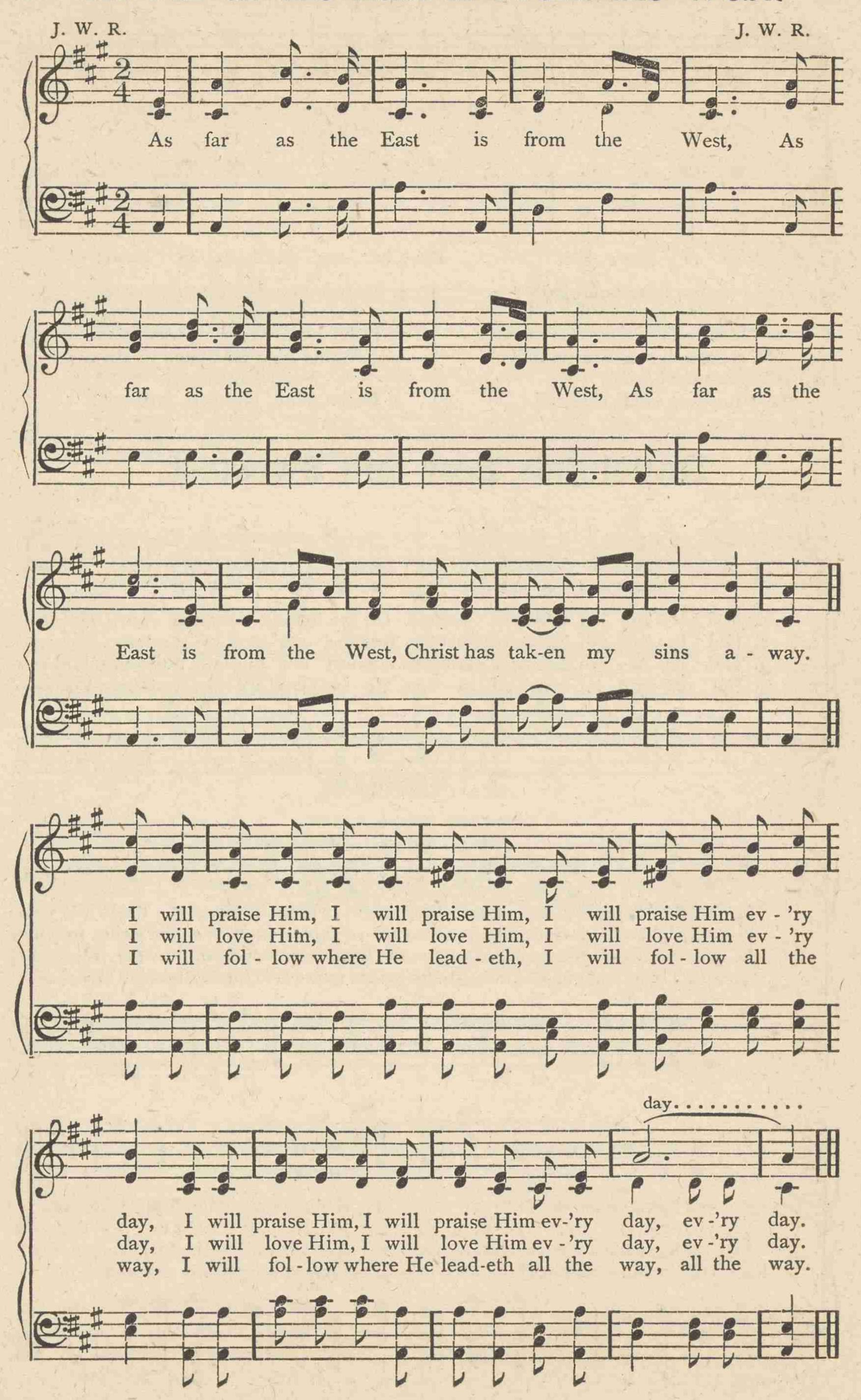


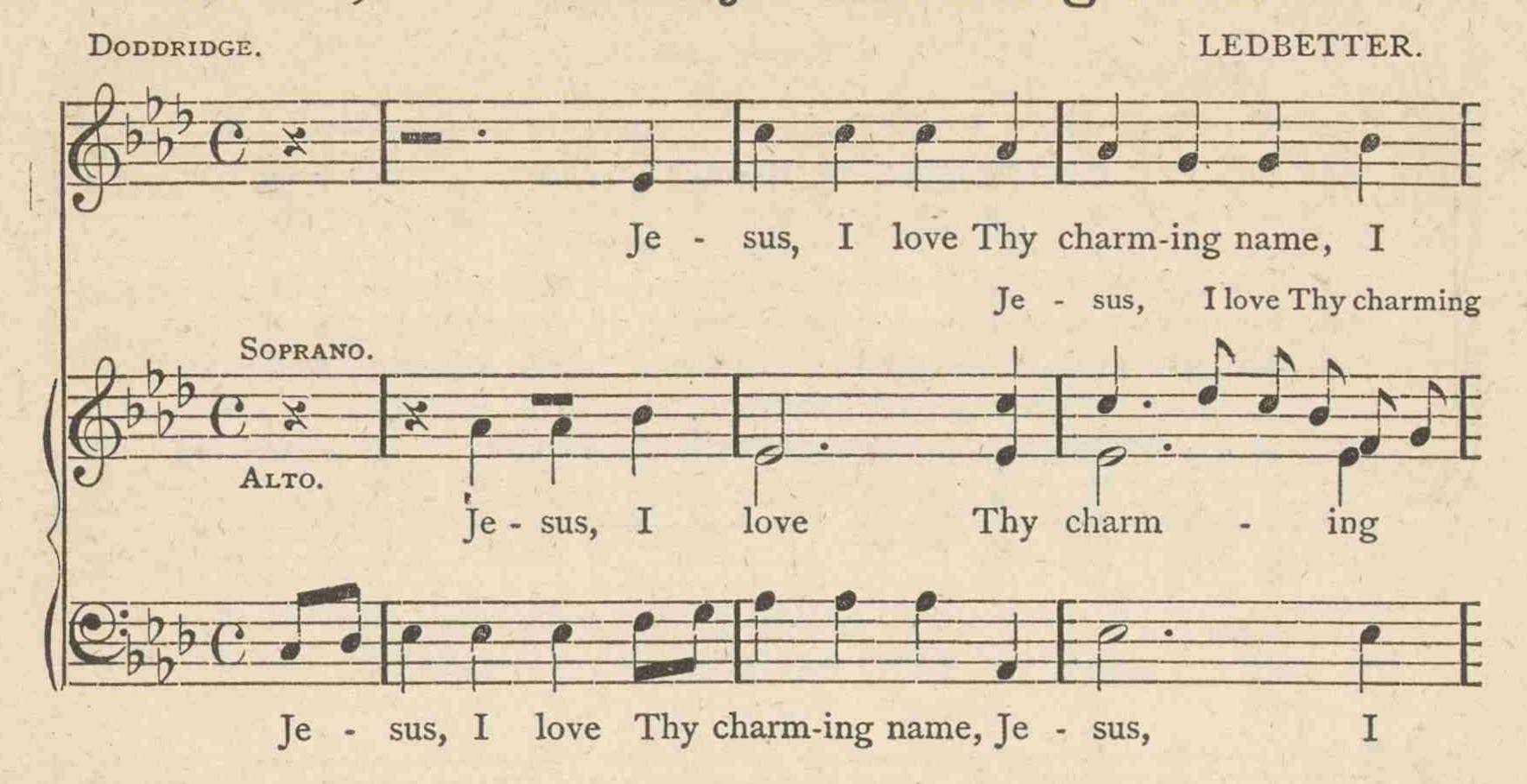






58 As Far as the East is From the West.





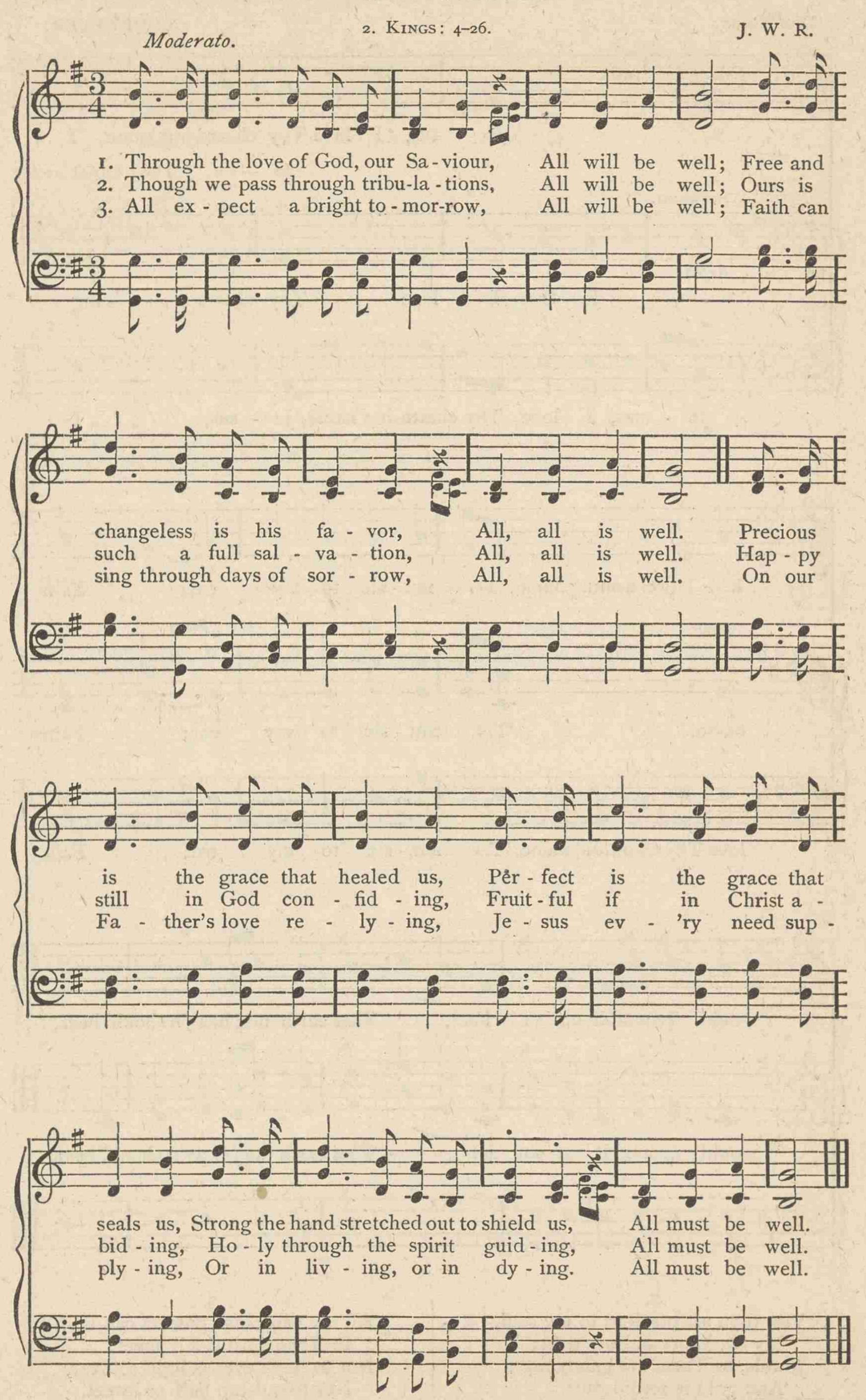




Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
Jewels, to Thee, are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

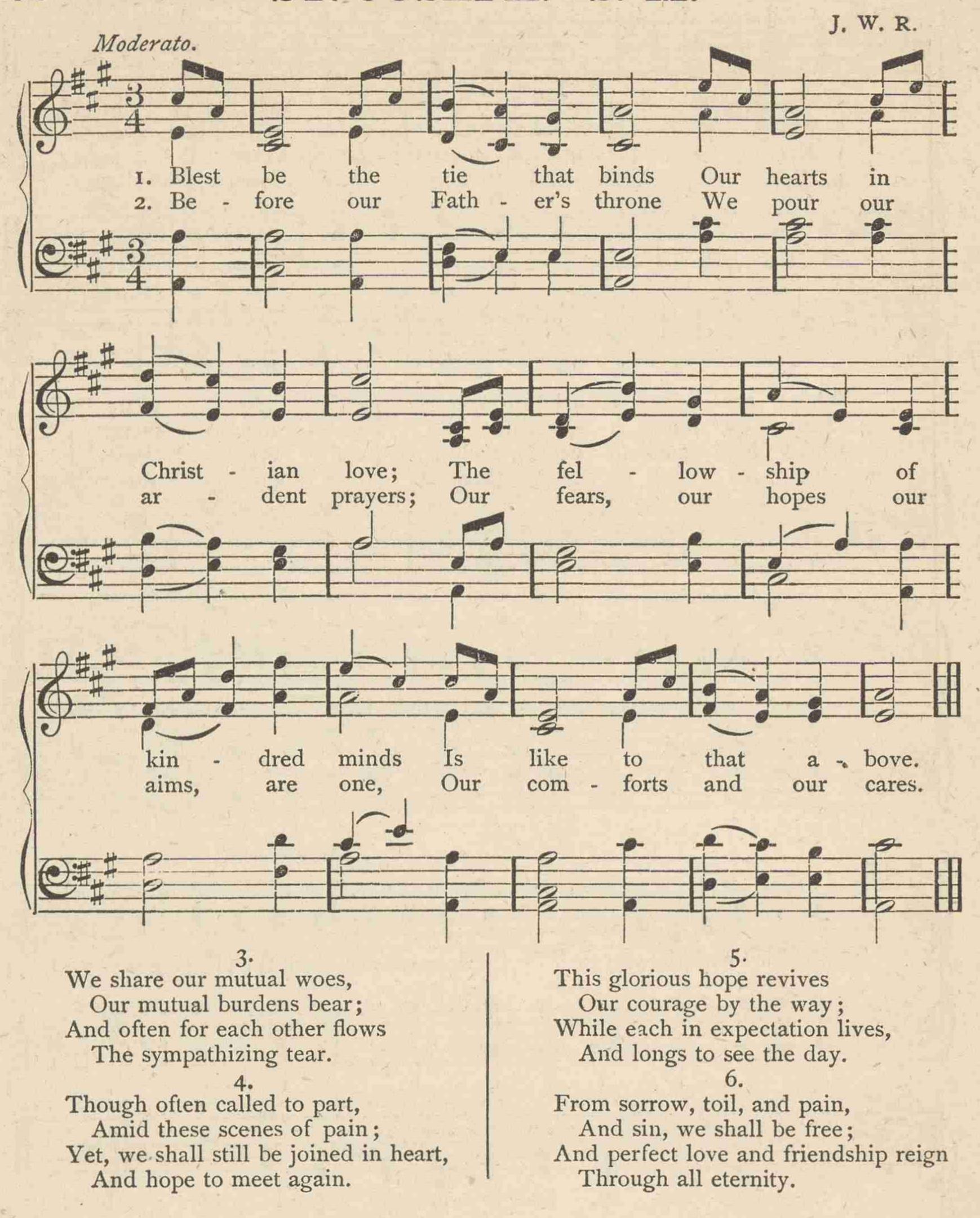
All my capacious powers can wish
In Thee doth richly meet;
Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

IT IS WELL.

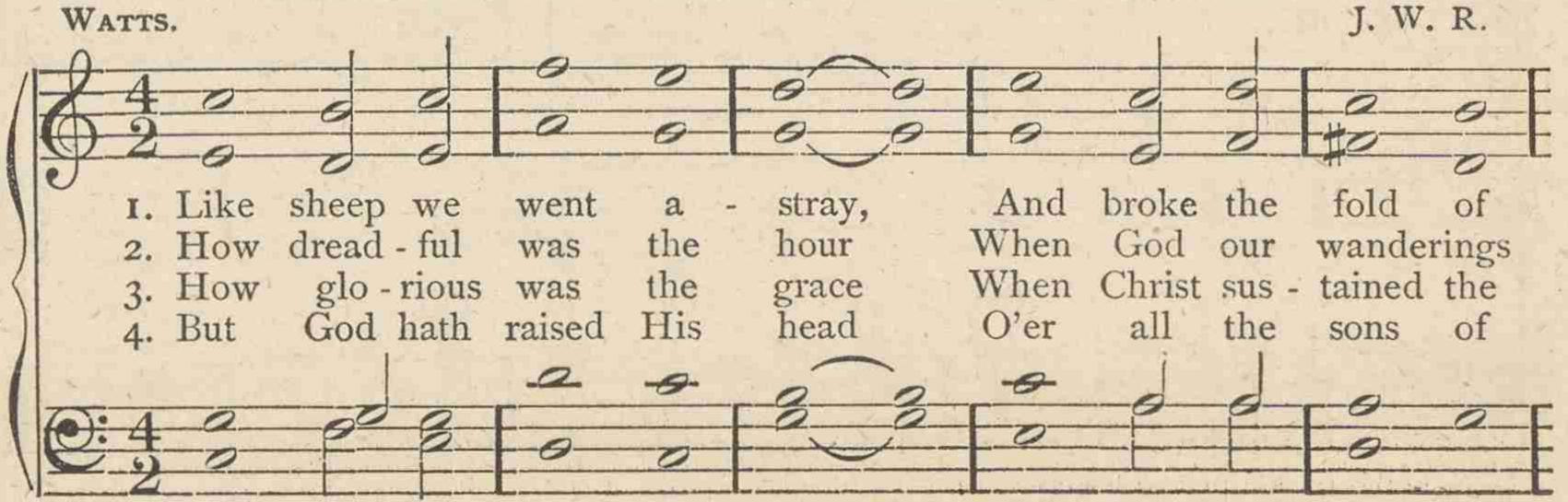




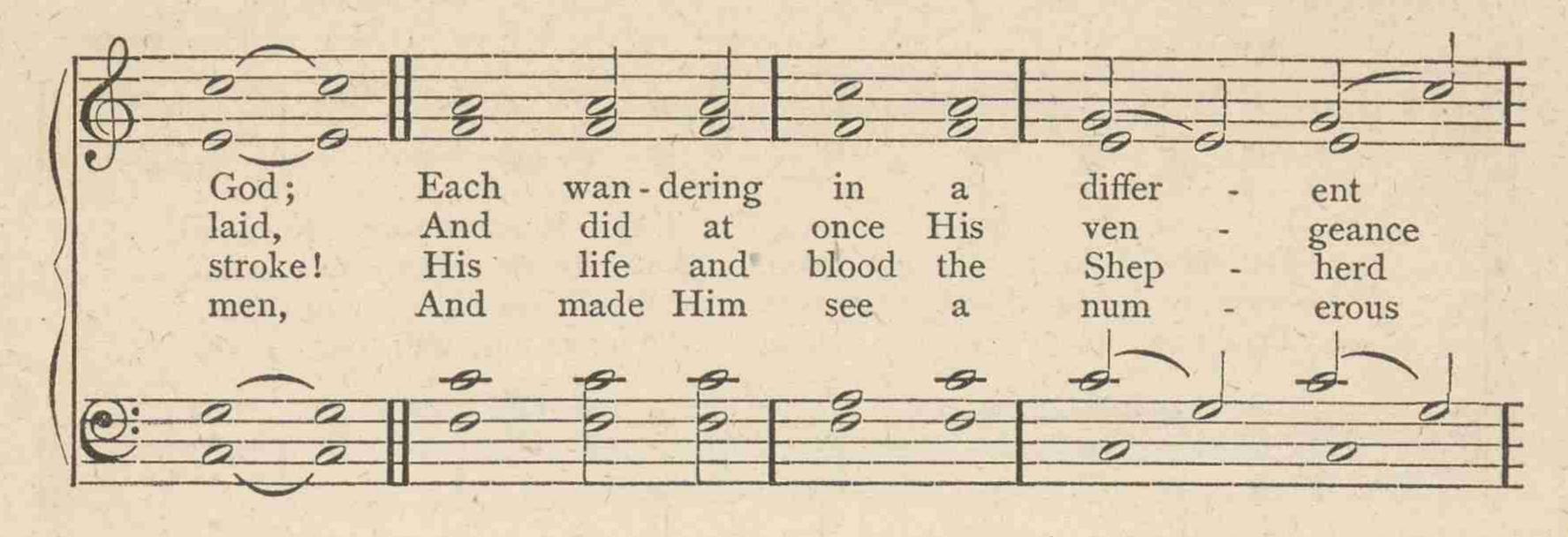
ST. JOSEPH. S. M.

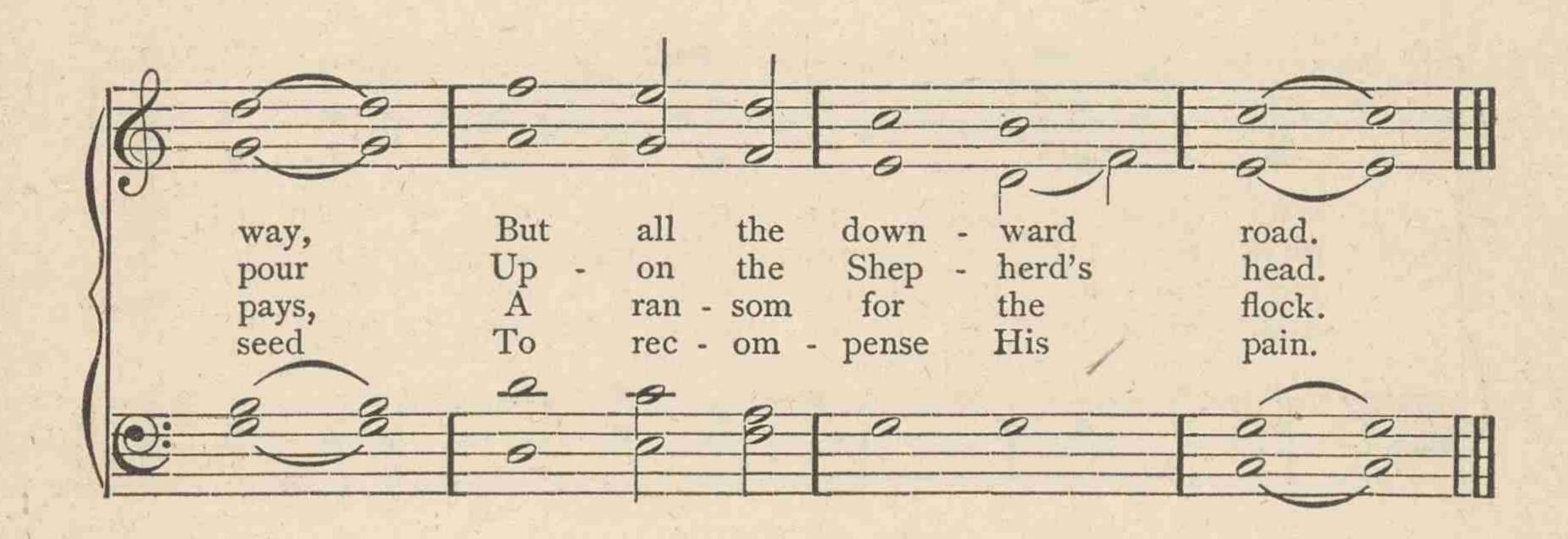


REEDY'S CHAPPELL. S. M.

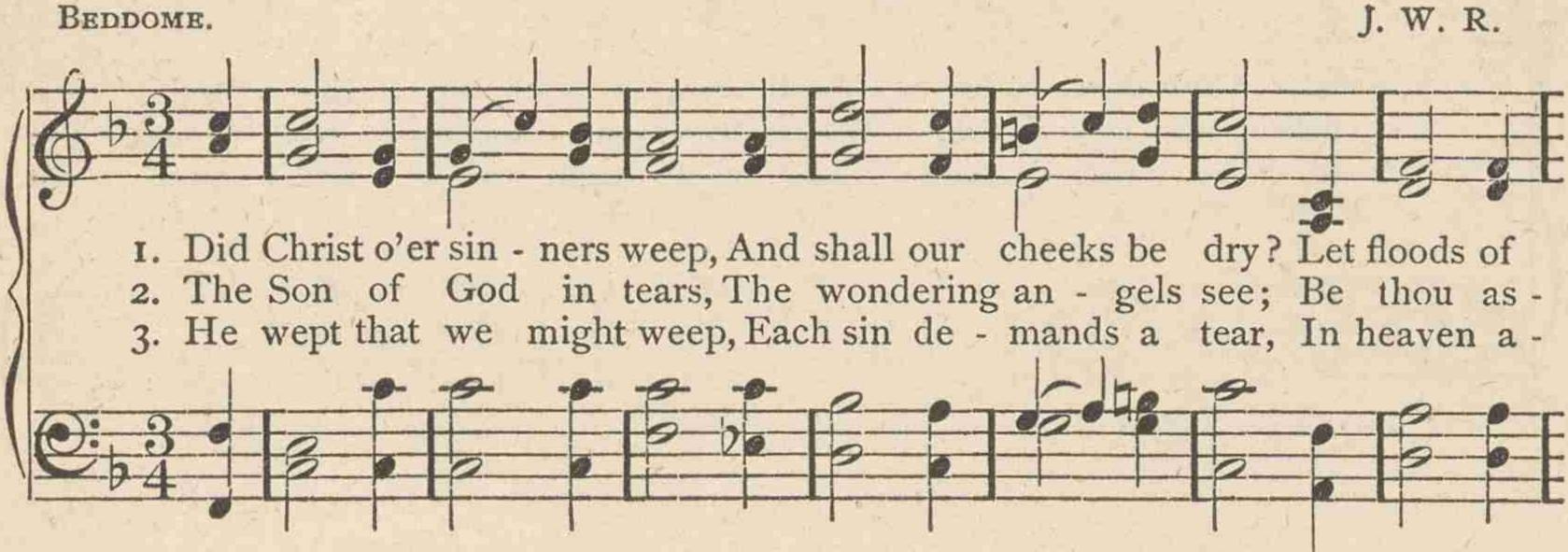








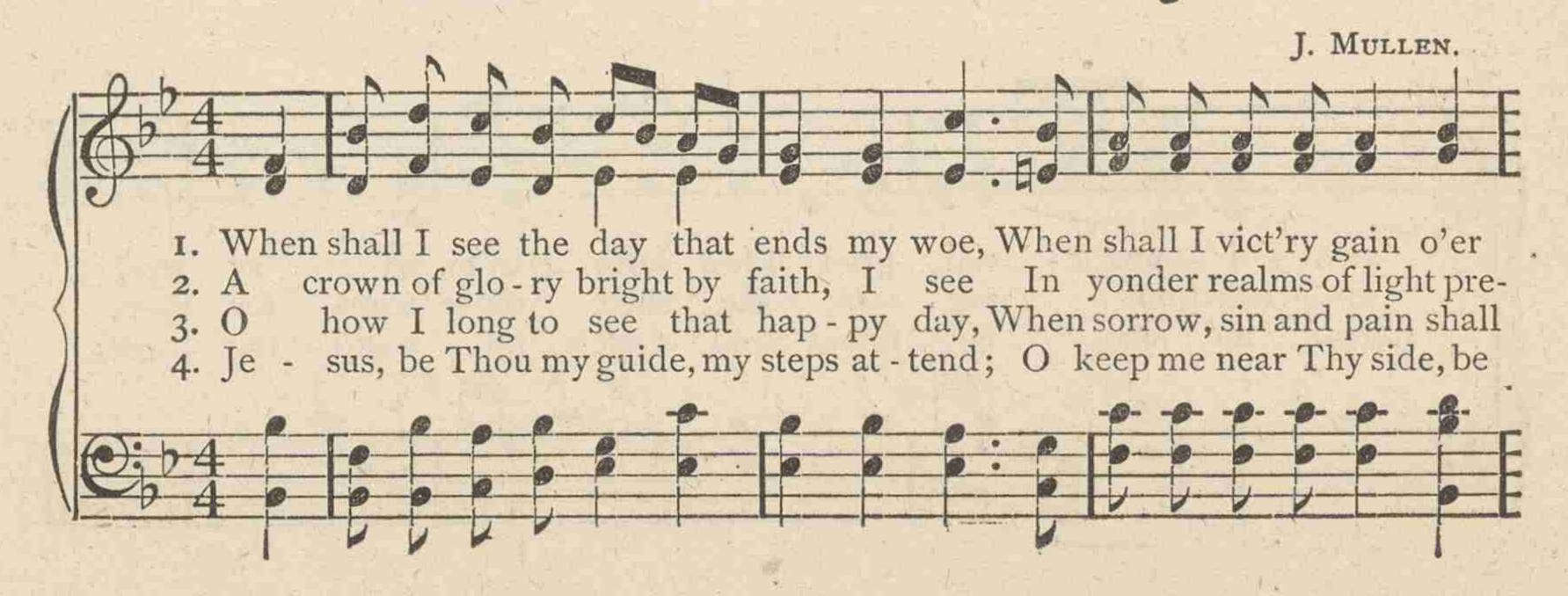




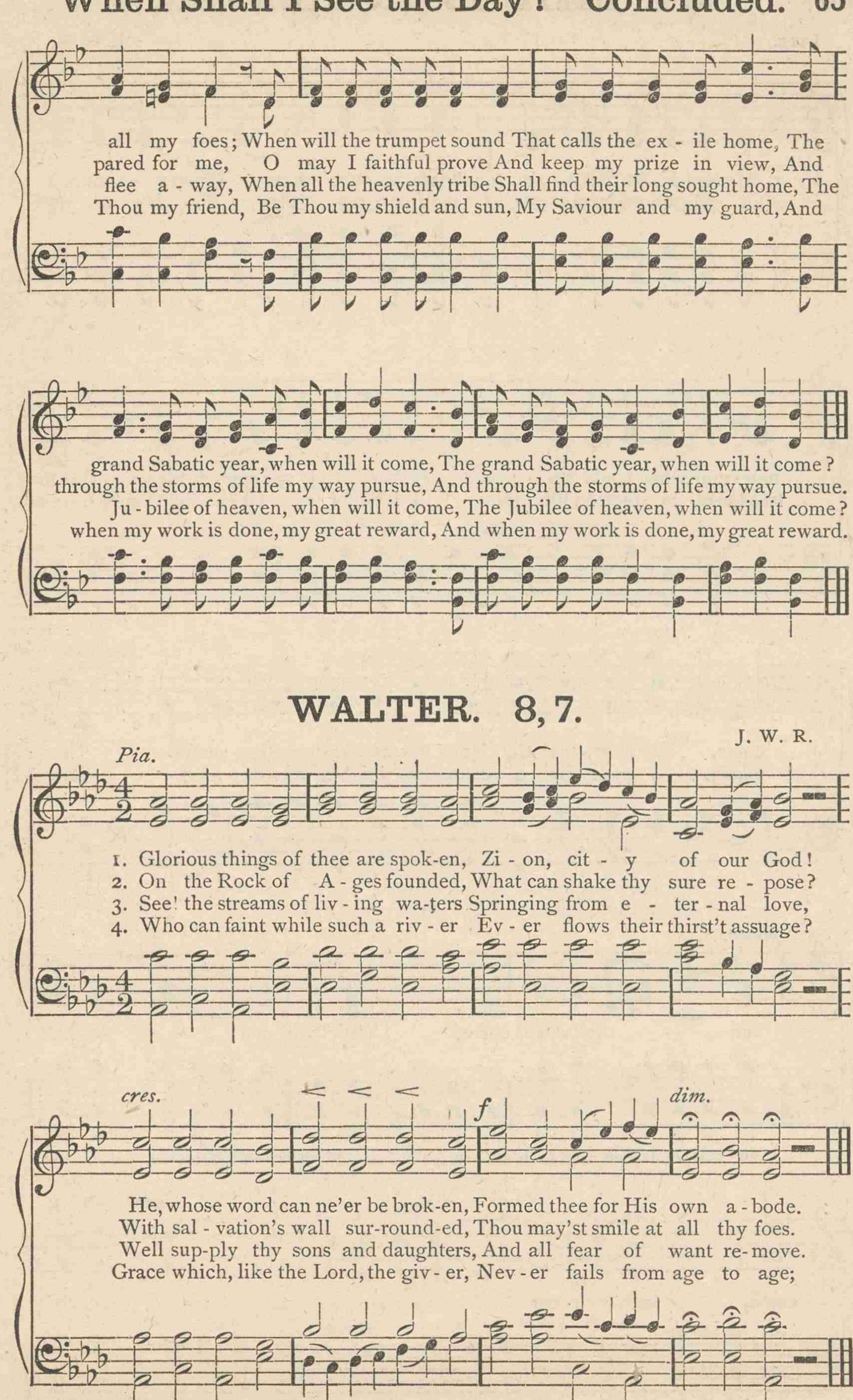




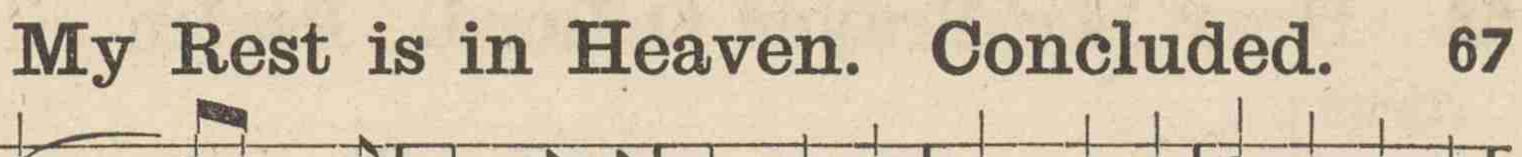
When Shall I See the Day?

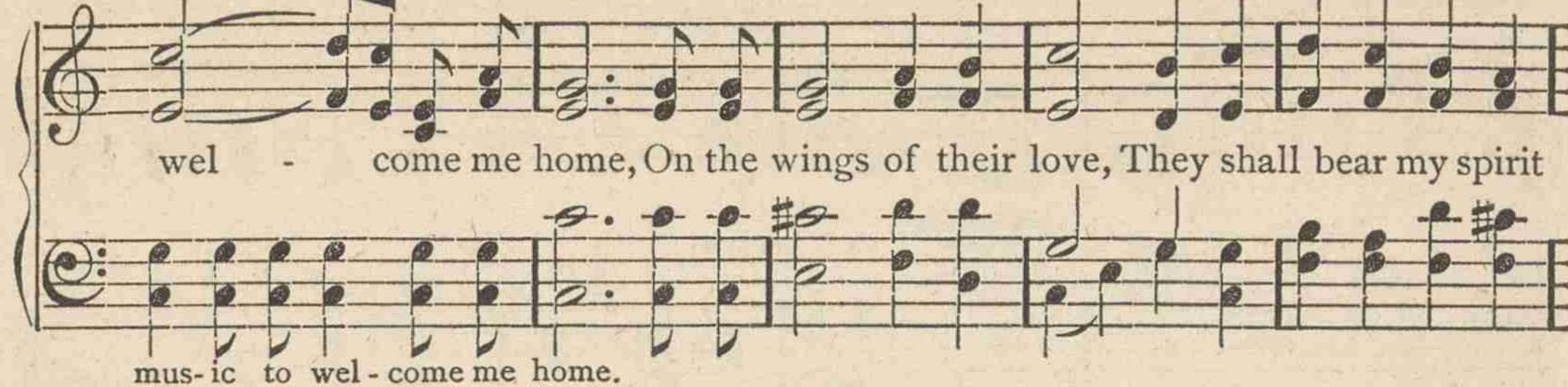


When Shall I See the Day? Concluded. 65











- 3. Afflictions may try me, but can not destroy;
 One vision of home turns them all into joy;
 And the bitterest tear that flows from my eyes,
 But sweetens my hope of that home in the skies.
- 4. Though foes and temptations my progress oppose, They only make heaven more sweet at the close; Come joy or come sorrow—the worst may befall, One moment in heaven will make up for all.
- 5. The thorn and the thistle around me may grow, I would not repose upon roses below; I ask not my portion, I seek not my rest, 'Till seated with Jesus I lean on His breast.
- 6. A scrip for the way and a staff in my hand,
 I march on in haste through the enemy's land:
 The road may be rough, but it can not be long;
 I'll smooth it with hope, and I'll cheer it with song.

TUNE PEACE, PEACE ON EARTH.

11s. & 10s.

That he who loveth God love his brother also .- I. JOHN 4: 21.

- The holier worship which God deigns to bless,
 Restores the lost, and heals the spirit broken,
 And feeds the widow and the fatherless.
- 2. Then, brother man, fold to thy heart thy brother!

 For where loves dwells, the peace of God is there;

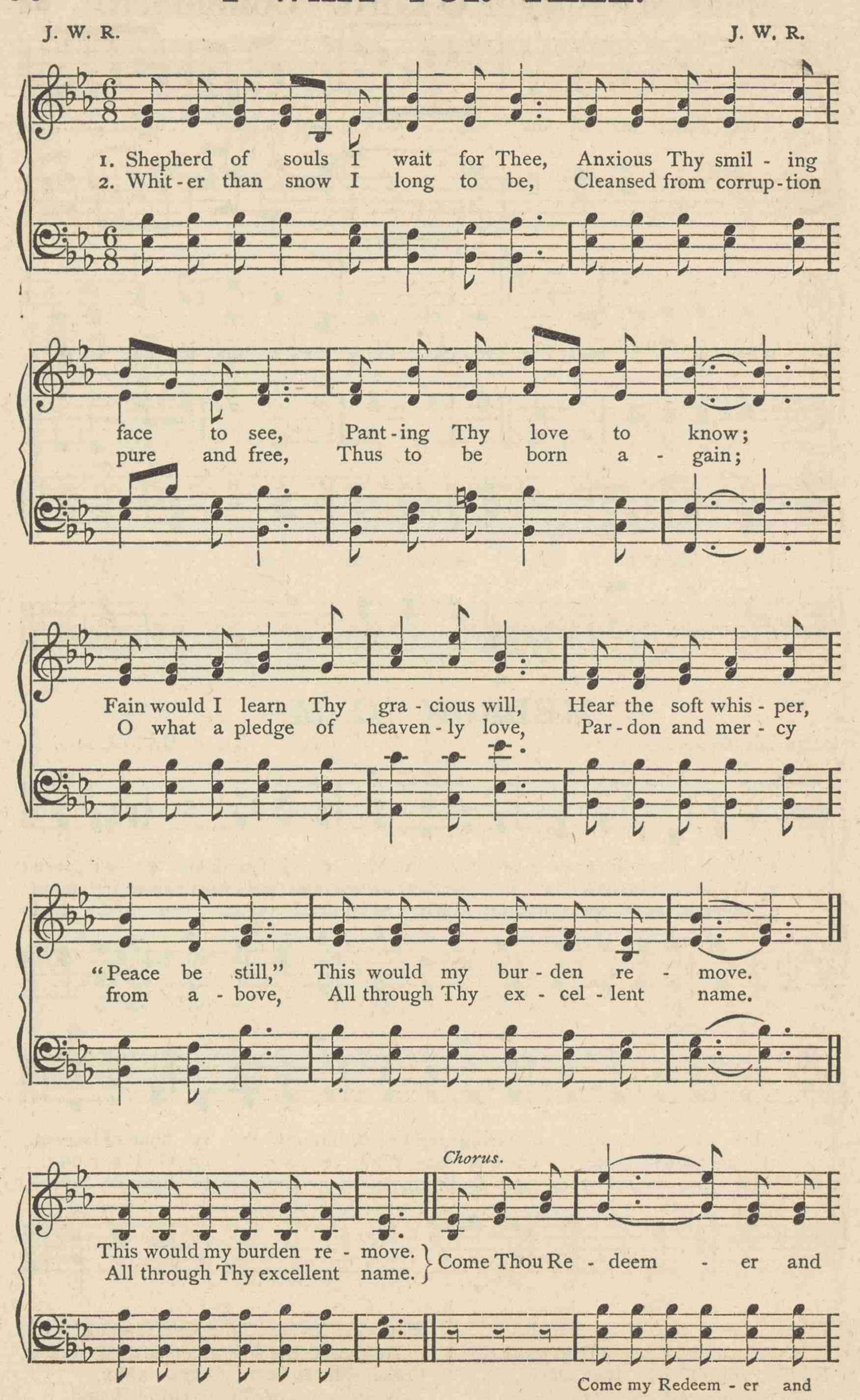
 To worship rightly is to love each other;

 Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.
- 3. Follow with reverent steps, the great example
 Of Him whose holy work was doing good;
 So shall the wide earth seem our Father's temple,
 Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.
- 4. Thus shall all shackles fall; the stormy clangor
 Of wild war music o'er the earth shall cease;
 Love shall tread out the baleful fires of anger,
 And in its ashes plant the tree of peace.—WHITTIER.

68 Hear My Prayer O Lord. Psalm cii.











2. How oft of thy danger and guilt He hath told thee!

How oft still the message of mercy doth send!

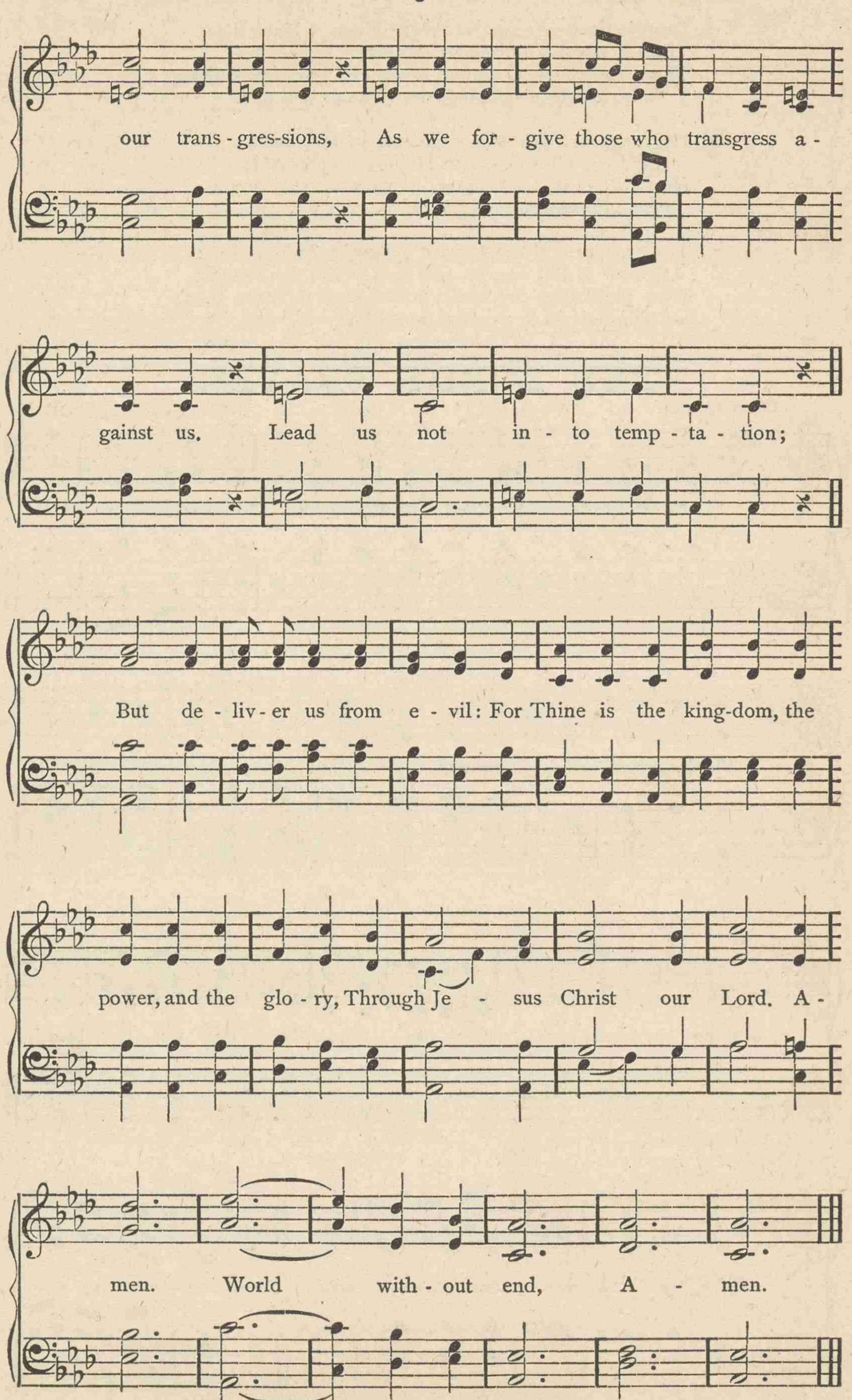
Haste, haste, while He waits in His arms to enfold thee;

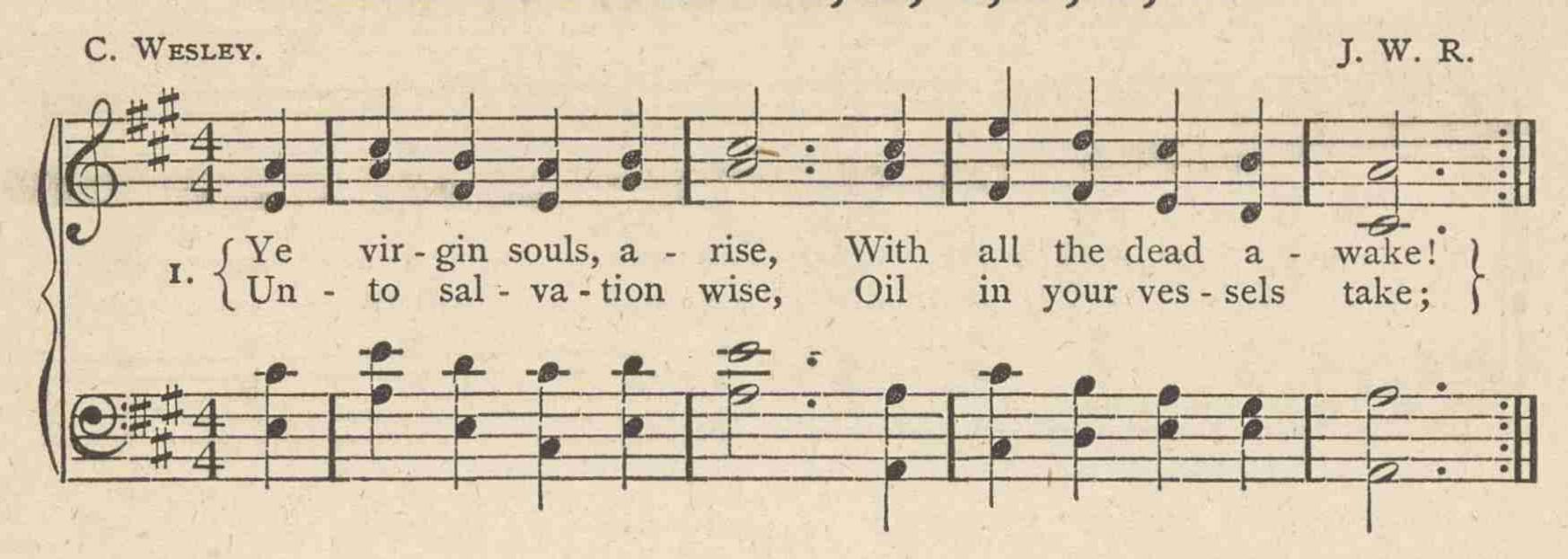
"The harvest is passing, the summer will end."

- 3. Despised and rejected, at length He may leave thee;
 What anguish and horror thy bosom will rend!
 Then, haste thee, O sinner, while He will receive thee;
 "The harvest is passing, the summer will end."
- 4. Ere long, and Jehovah will come in His power;
 Our God will arise, with His foes to contend:
 Haste, haste thee, O sinner; prepare for that hour;
 "The harvest is passing, the summer will end."
- 5. The Saviour will call thee in judgment before Him:
 O, bow to His sceptre, and make Him thy Friend;
 Now yield Him thy heart; make haste to adore Him;
 "The harvest is passing, the summer will end."



74 The Lord's Prayer. Concluded.





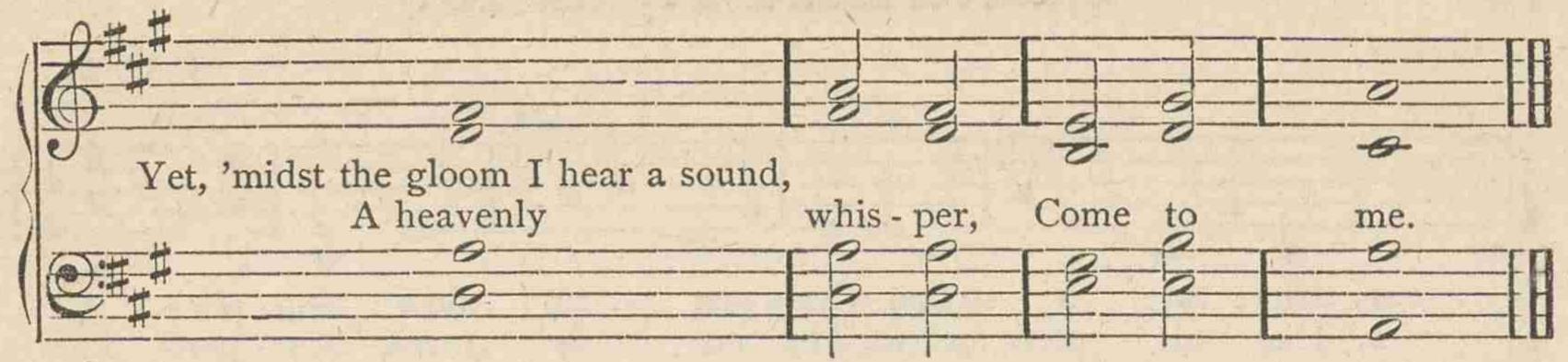




- 2. He comes, He comes, to call
 The nations to His bar,
 And raise to glory all
 Who fit for glory are;
 Made ready for your full reward,
 Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.
- 3. Go meet Him in the sky,
 Your everlasting Friend;
 Your dead to glorify,
 With all His saints to glorify,
 Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace
 To see, without a veil, His face!
- 4. The everlasting doors
 Shall soon the saints receive,
 Above you angel powers
 In glorious joy to live;
 Far from a world of grief and sin,
 With God eternally shut in.







It tells me of a place of rest—

It tells me where my | soul may | flee;

Oh! to the weary, faint, opprest,

How sweet the | bidding, | Come to | me.

When nature shudders, loth to part
From all I love, en- | joy, and | see,
When a faint chill steals o'er my heart,
A sweet voice | utters, Come to | me.

Come, for all else must fall and die,

Earth is no resting | place for | thee;

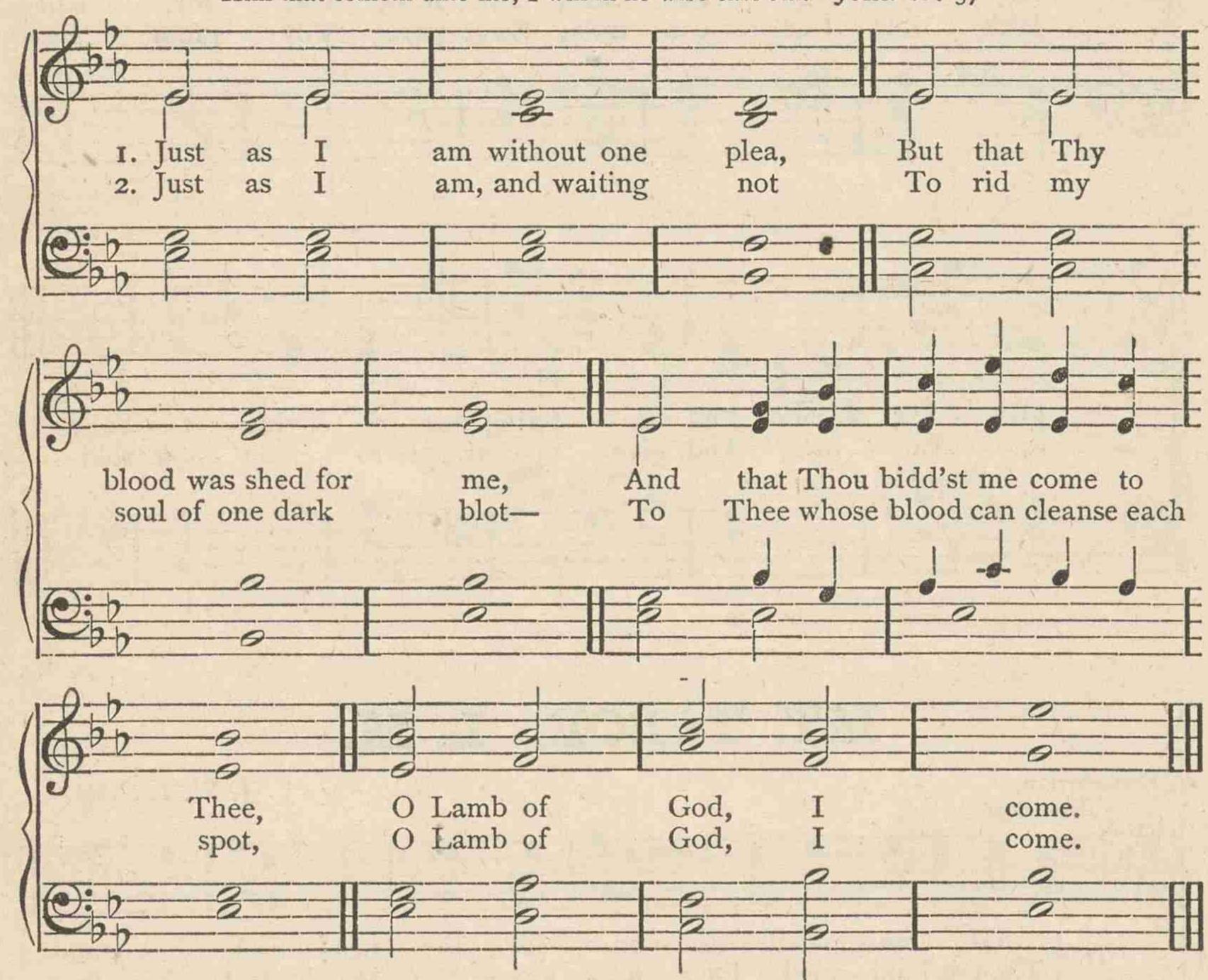
Heavenward | direct thy weeping eye,

I am thy | portion, | Come to | me.

O voice of mercy! voice of love!
In conflict, grief, and—ago- | ny,
Support me, cheer me from above!
And gently | whisper, | Come to | me.

"JUST AS I AM." Chant. No. 2.

Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.—John vi: 37



Just as I | am, though tossed a- | bout |
With many a | conflict, many a | doubt, |
With fears within, and foes without—
O Lamb of | God, I | come.

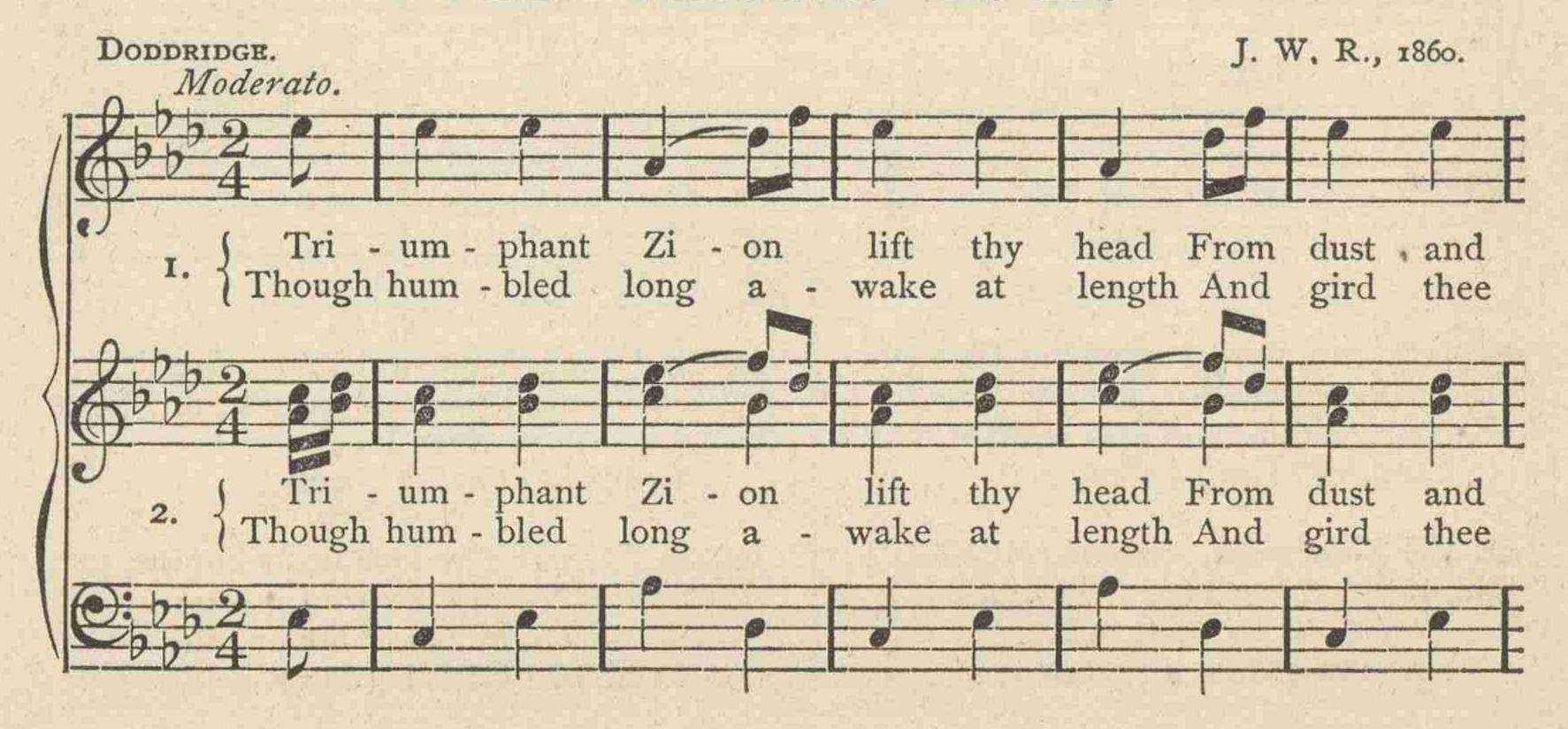
Just as I | am, poor, wretched, | blind; | Sight, riches, | healing of the | mind, | Yea, all I need, in Thee to find, O Lamb of | God, I | come.

Just as I | am, Thou wilt re- | ceive, |
Wilt welcome, | pardon, cleanse, re | lieve,
Because Thy promise I believe—
O Lamb of | God, I | come.

Just as I | am—Thy love un- | known, |
Has broken | every barrier | down; |
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of | God, I | come.



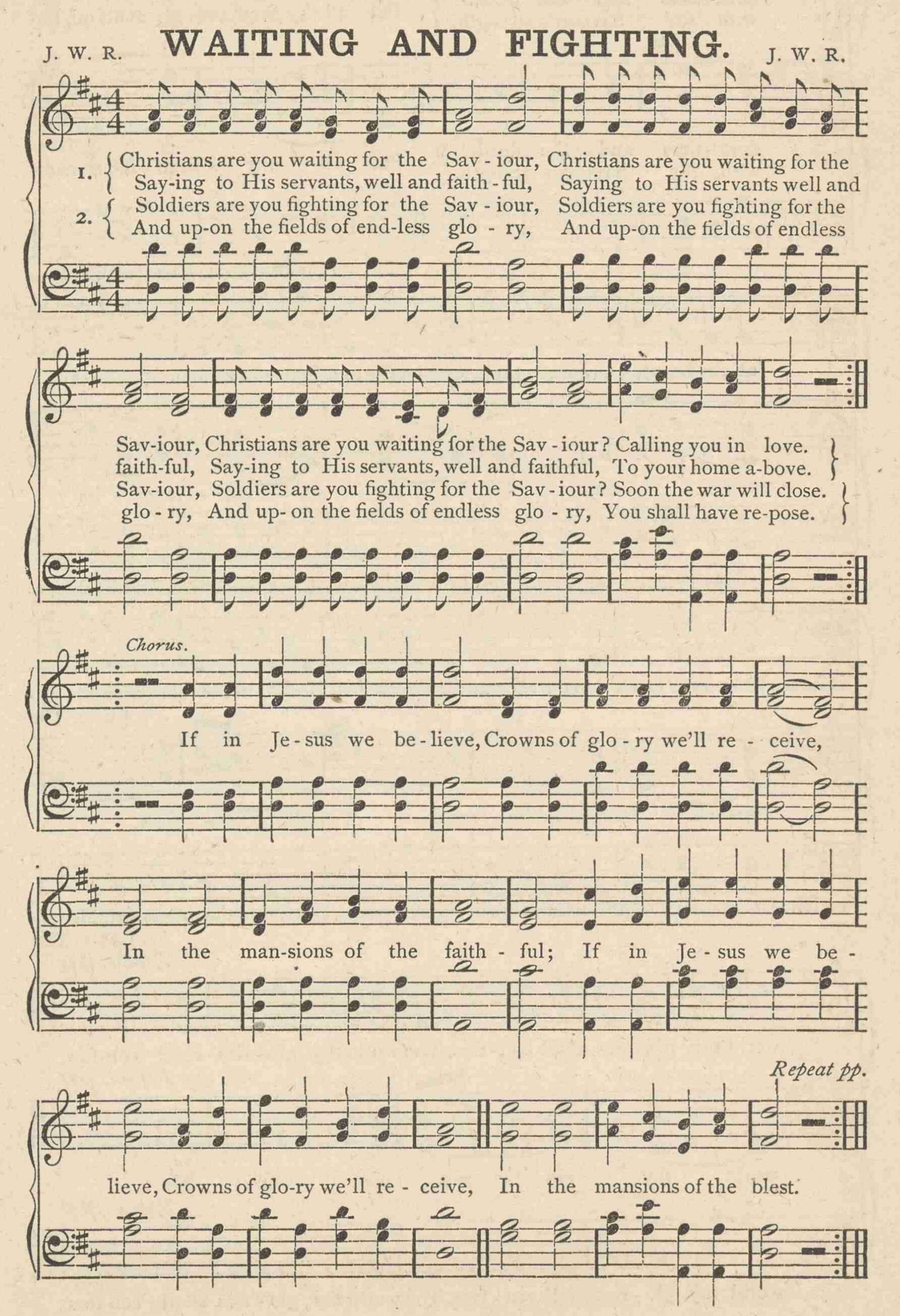
MT. TABOR. L. M.





MT. TABOR. Concluded.

No more shall foes unclean invade, And fill thy hallowed walls with dread; No more shall hell's insulting host Their victory and thy sorrows boast. God, from on high, has heard thy prayer;
His hand thy ruins shall repair:
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.







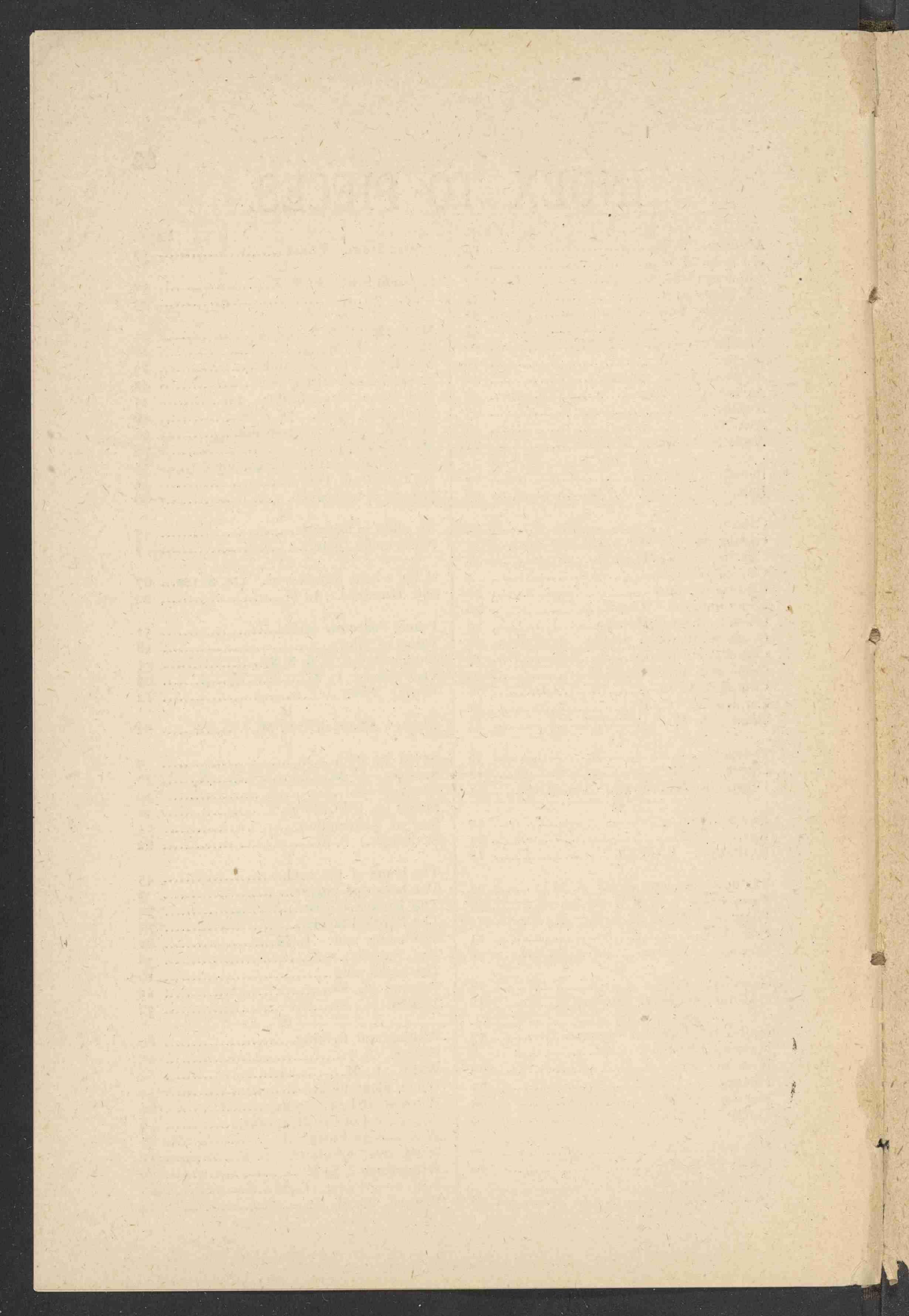
People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.
Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The prisoner leaps to loose His chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

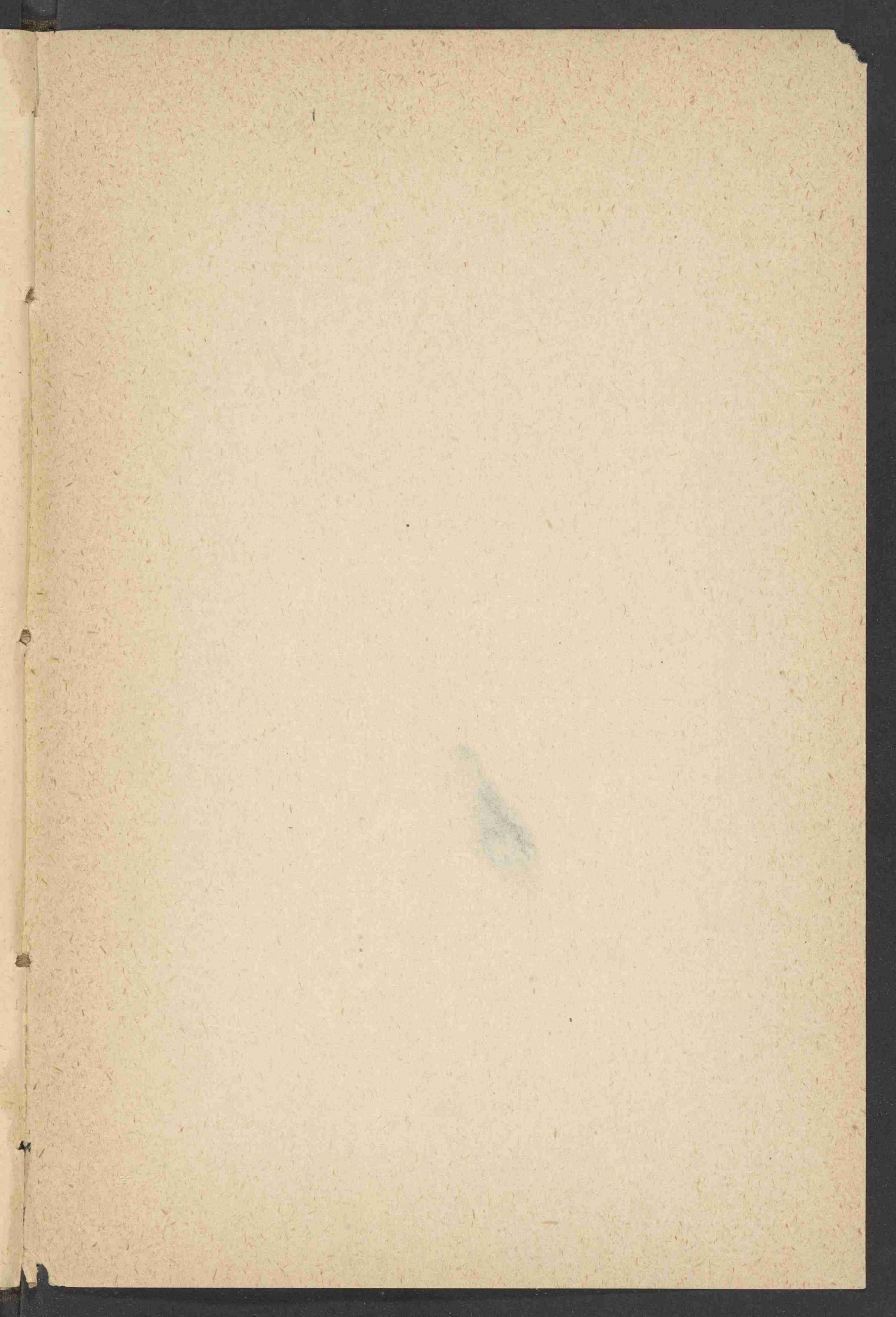
Where He displays His healing power. Death and the curse are known no more. In Him the tribes of Adam boast More blessings than their father lost. Let every creature rise, and bring Peculiar honors to our King; Angels descend with songs again. And earth repeat the long Amen.

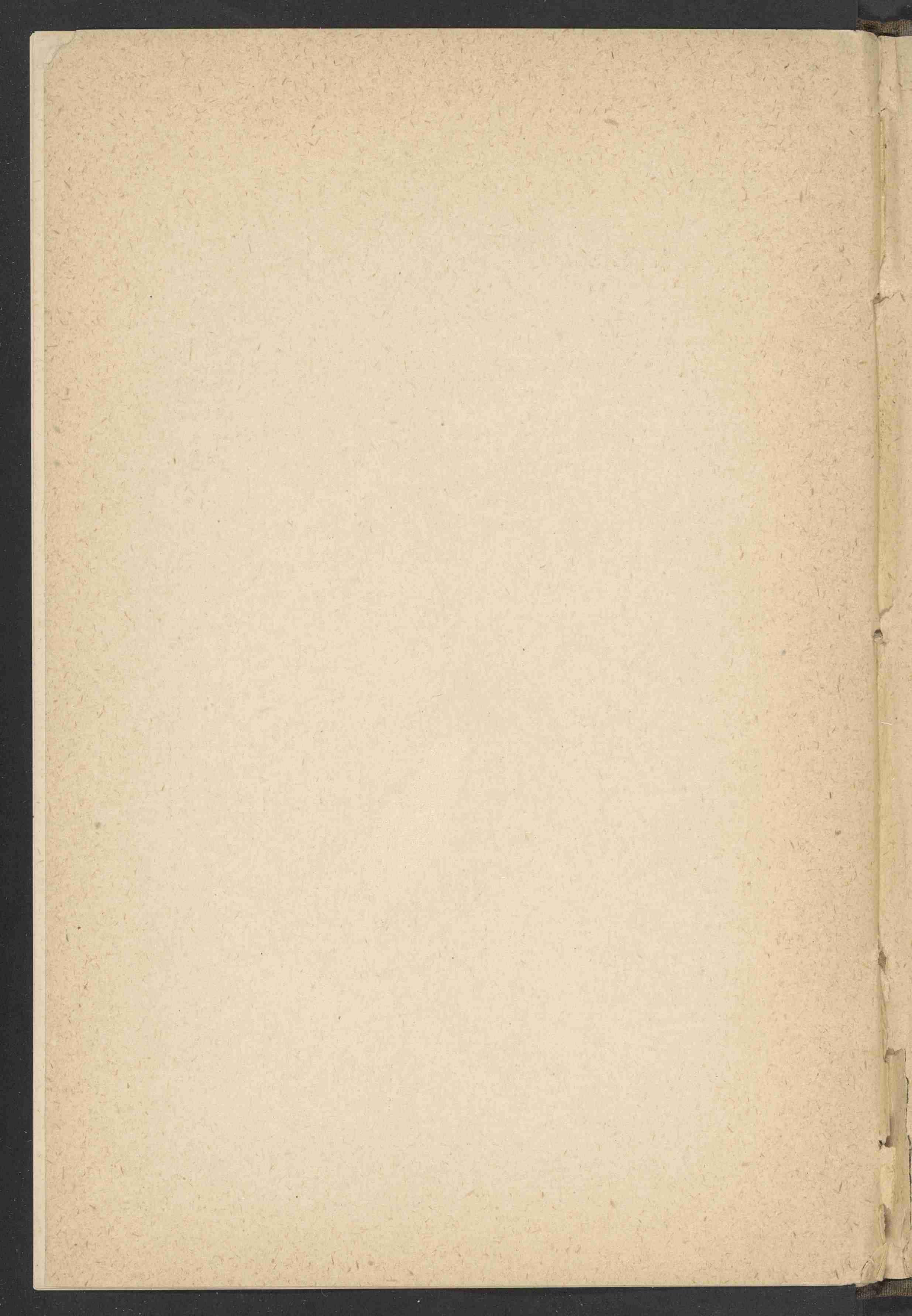
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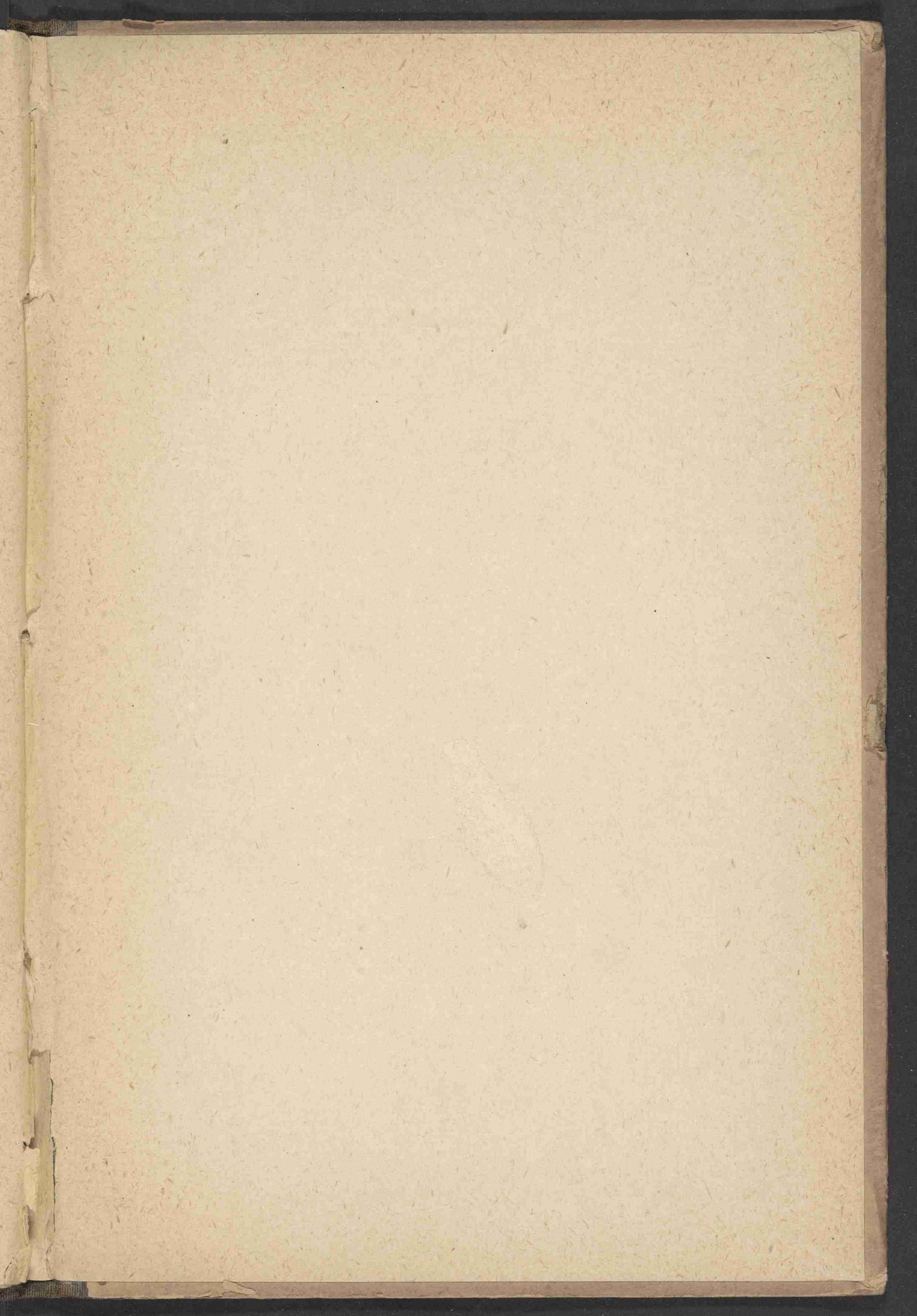
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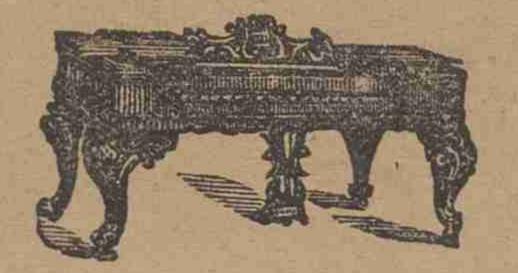






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