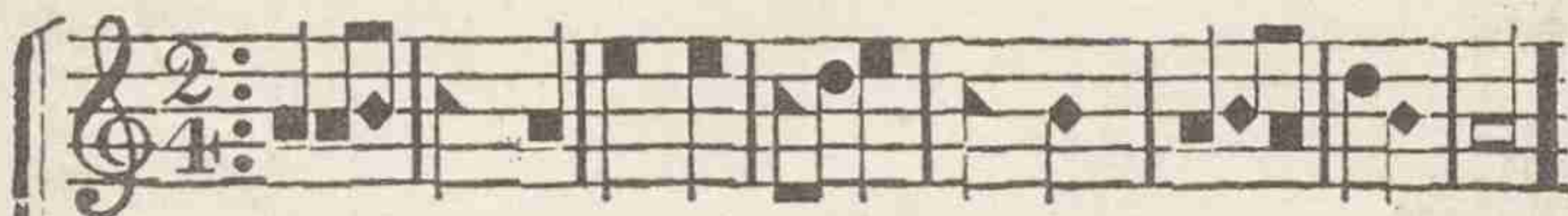


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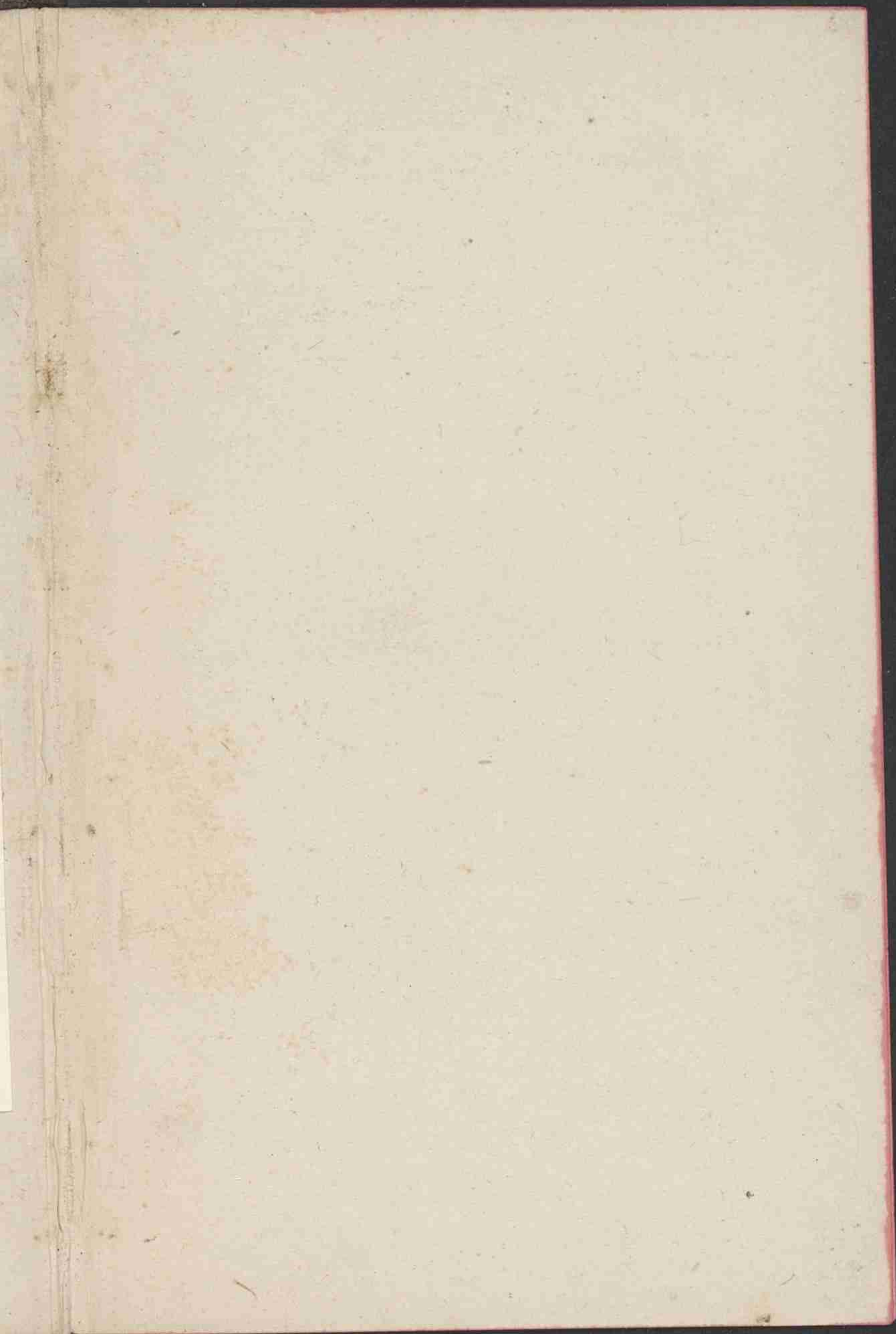
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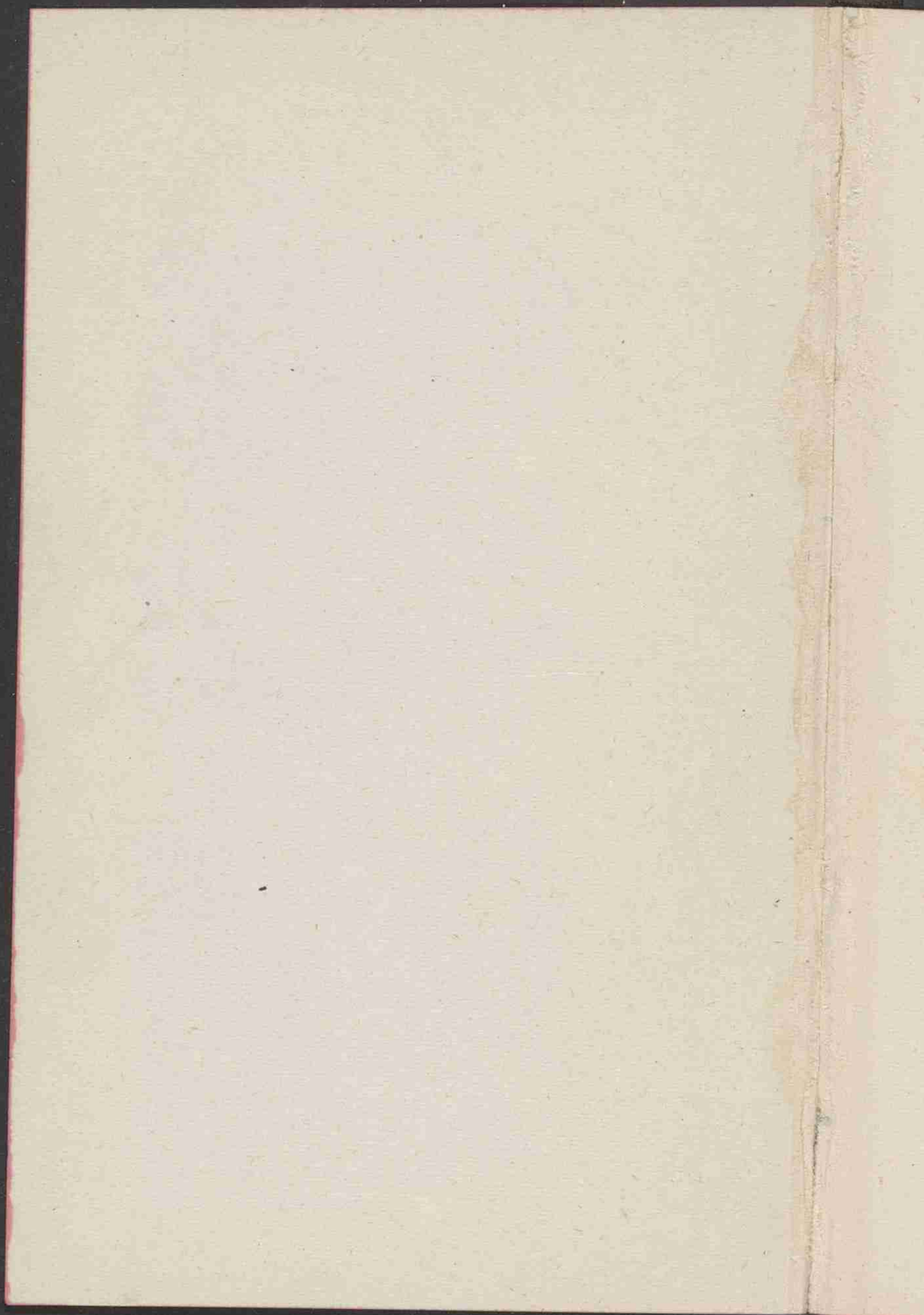


Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God:

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FOR

PRAISE.

1 Pres. 385, **LABAN.** Meth. 595, Bap. —



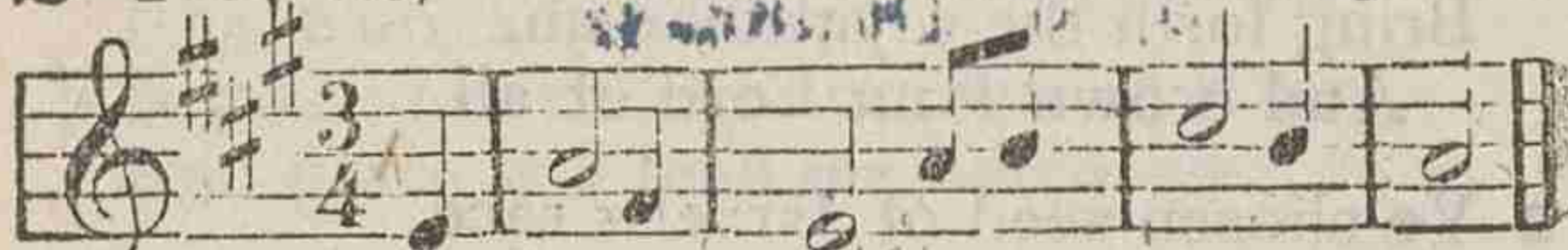
A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

2 From youth to hoary age,
My calling to fulfil,
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live,
And O Thy servant. Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely;
Assured if I my trust betray
I shall forever die.

2 Pres. 205, **AVON.** Meth. 425, Bap. 228.



A LAS! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die?
Would He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 Thy body slain, dear Jesus. Thine,
And bathed in its own blood,
While all exposed to wrath divine,
The glorious Sufferer stood.

3 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

4 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's sin.

5 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While His dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

6 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do.

3 P. 119. **CORONATION.** M. 155, B. 271



ALL hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

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

3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

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

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

4 P. 163. ARLINGTON. M. 654, B. 543.



AMAZING grace! how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed!

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

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

SELECTIONS

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

6 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine;
But God, who called me here below,
Will be for ever mine.

5 P. 396. CHRISTMAS. M. 656, B. 703



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

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

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

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

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

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

6 P. 132, DENNIS. S. M. M—, B. 335.



AND can'st thou, sinner, slight
The call of love divine?
Shall God with tenderness invite,
And gain no thought of thine?

- 2 Wilt thou not cease to grieve
The Spirit from thy breast,
Till He thy wretched soul shall leave,
With all thy sins oppressed?
- 3 To-day a pardoning God
Will hear the suppliant pray;
To-day a Saviour's cleansing blood
Will wash thy guilt away.
- 4 But grace so dearly bought,
If yet thou wilt despise,
Thy fearful doom, with vengeance fraught,
Will fill thee with surprise.

7 P. 229. LENOX. H. M. M. 469, B. 411.



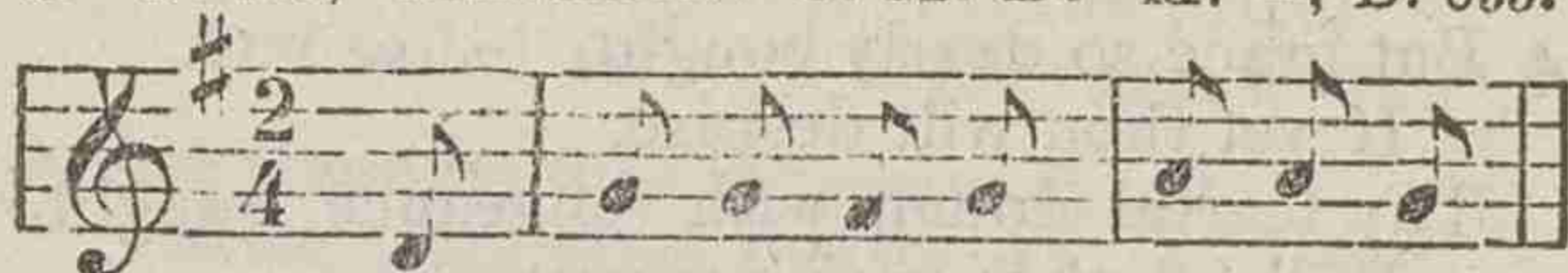
ARISE, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears;
A bleeding sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my surety stands,
My name is written on His hands.

- 2 Five bleeding wounds He bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly speak for me;
Forgive him, Oh! forgive, they cry,
Nor let that ransomed sinner die.

- 3 The Father hears Him pray,
His dear Anointed One;
He cannot turn away
The presence of His Son;
The Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

- 4 My God is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear,
He owns me for a child,
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

8 P. 530, CANAAN. C. M. D. M. —, B. 853.



- AROUND the throne of God in heaven
Thousands of children stand ;
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band,
Singing, Glory, glory, glory be to God on high.

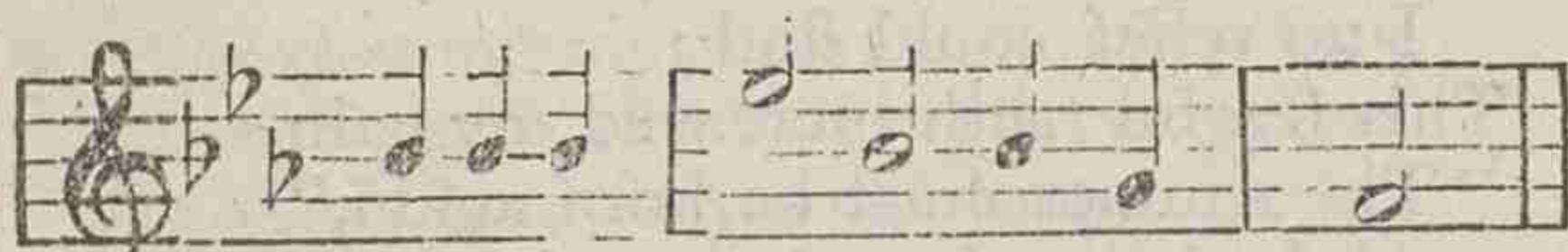
- 2 In flowing robes of spotless white
See every one arrayed;
Dwelling in everlasting light
And joys that never fade,
Singing, Glory, etc.

3 What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace and joy and love?
How came those children there?
Singing, Glory, etc.

4 Because the Saviour shed His blood,
To wash away their sin;
Bathed in that pure and precious blood,
Behold them white and clean!
Singing, Glory, etc.

5 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved His name,
So now they see His blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb,
Singing, Glory, etc.

9 P. 650, **REST.** L. M. M. —, B. 948



A SLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep!
From which none ever wakes to weep!
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes!

2 Asleep in Jesus! oh! how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet:
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost its venom'd sting!

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

- 4 Asleep in Jesus? oh, for me
 May such a blissful refuge be:
 Securely shall my ashes lie,
 Waiting the summons from on high.

10 P. 199 GANGES. C. P. M. M. —, B. 329.



A WAKED by Sinai's awful sound,
 My soul in bonds of guilt I found,
 And knew not where to go;
 Eternal truth did loud proclaim,
 "The sinner must be born again,
 Or sink to endless wo."

- 2 When to the law I trembling fled,
 It poured its curses on my head,
 I no relief could find;
 This fearful truth increased my pain,
 "The sinner must be born again,"
 And whelmed my tortured mind.

- 3 Again did Sinai's thunders roll,
 And guilt lay heavy on my soul,
 A vast, oppressive load;
 Alas, I read and saw it plain,
 "The sinner must be born again,"
 Or drink the wrath of God.

- 4 The saints I heard with rapture tell
 How Jesus conquered death and hell,
 And broke the fowler's snare;
 Yet, when I found this truth remain,
 "The sinner must be born again,"
 I sunk in deep despair.

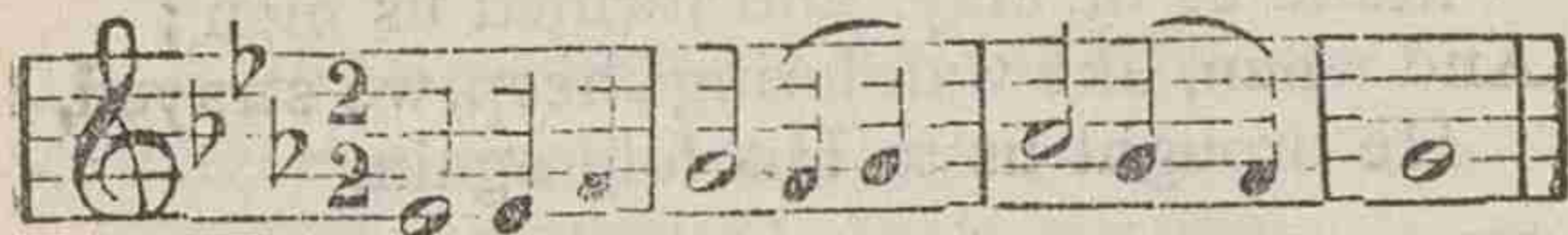
- 5 But while I thus in anguish lay,
The gracious Saviour passed this way,
And felt His pity move;
The sinner, by his justice slain,
Now by His grace is born again
And sings redeeming love.

11 P. 121. **LOVING KINDNESS.** M.—, B. 555



- A** WAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise.
He justly claims a song from thee;
His loving-kindness, O! how free!
- 2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate;
His loving-kindness, O! how great!
- 3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along;
His loving-kindness, O! how strong!
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick, and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood;
His loving-kindness. O! how good!

12 P. 196. **HAMBURG.** L. M. M. 349, B. 379



BEHOLD a stranger at the door!
He gently knocks, has knocked before;
Has waited long—is waiting still.
You treat no other friend so ill.

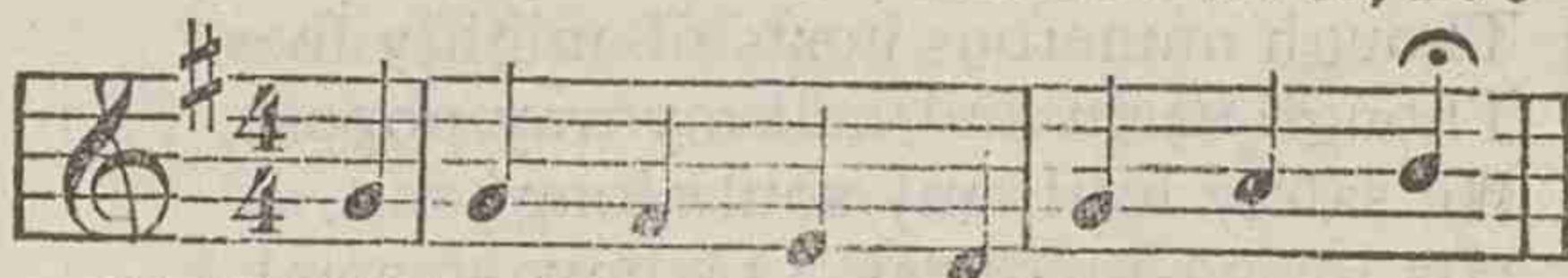
2 O lovely attitude ! He stands
With melting heart and bleeding hands;
O matchless kindness ! and He shows
This matchless kindness to His foes !

3 But will He prove a friend indeed ?
He will ; the very friend you need ;
The Friend of Sinners—yes, 'tis He,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine ;
Turn out His enemy and thine,
That soul-destroying monster, sir,
And let the heavenly stranger in.

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

13 P. 100 Ps. **OLD HUNDRED.** M. 59, B. 5



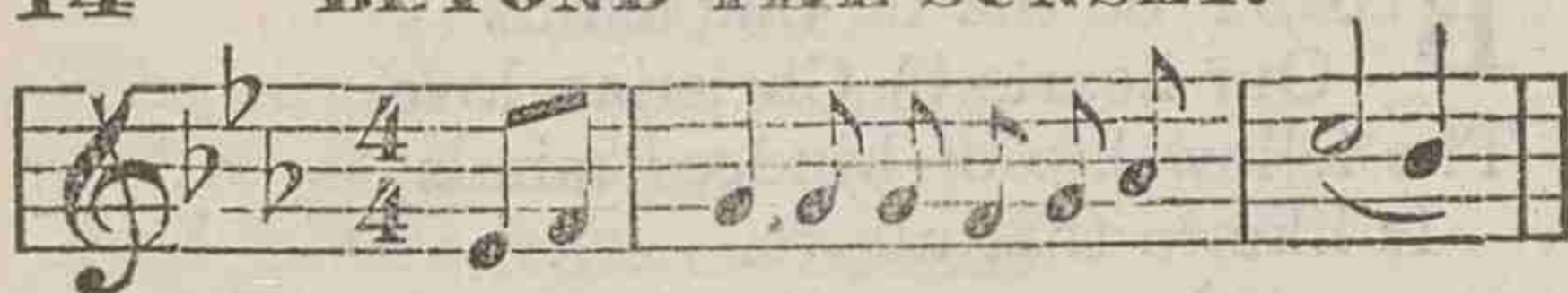
BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne
Ye nations bow with sacred joy ;
Know that the Lord is God alone ;
He can create, and He destroy.

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 heavens our voices raise,
 And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
 Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

14 **BEYOND THE SUNSET.**



BEYOND the sunset's radiant glow
 There is a brighter world I know:
 Where golden glories ever shine—
 Beyond the thought of day's decline.

CHORUS.

Beyond the sunset's radiant glow,
 There is a brighter world I know;
 Beyond the sunset I may spend
 Delightful days that never end.

- 2 Beyond the sunset's purple rim,
 Beyond the twilight deep and dim,
 Where clouds and darkness never come,
 My soul shall find its heavenly home.

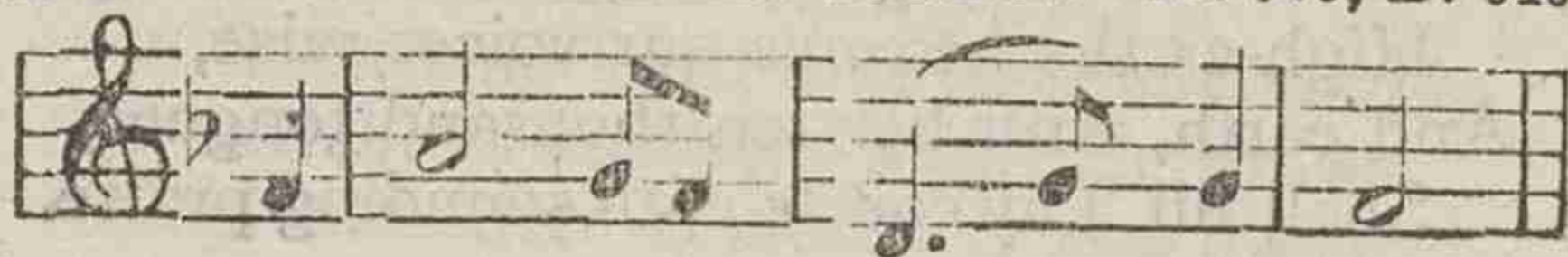
CHORUS—Beyond the sunset's, etc.

- 3 Beyond this desert dark and drear,
 The golden city will appear,
 And morning's lovely beams arise
 Upon my mansion in the skies.

CHORUS—Beyond the sunset's, etc.

- 4 Those golden portals ever shine
 Beyond the reach of day's decline,
 And Jesus bids my soul prepare
 To gain a happy entrance there.

CHORUS—Beyond the sunset's, etc.

15 P. 298. **GOLDEN HILL.** M. 908, B. 640

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

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

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

4 When we asunder part
 It gives us inward pain;
 But we shall still be joined in heart,
 And hope to meet again.

16 P. 596, **LENOX.** H. M. M. 325, B. 365.

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow;
 The gladly-solemn sound
 Let all the nations know,
 To earth's remotest bound:
 The year of Jubilee is come;
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Exalt the Son of God,
 The sin-atoning Lamb;
 Redemption in His blood
 To all the world proclaim:
 The year, etc.

3 Ye who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Come, take it back unbought
The gift of Jesus' love:
The year, etc.

4 The gospel trumpet sounds,
Let all the nations hear,
And earth's remotest bounds
Before the throne appear:
The year, etc.

17 P. 522, **SILLOAM.** . M. M. —, B. 848.



BY cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows;
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose.

2 And such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

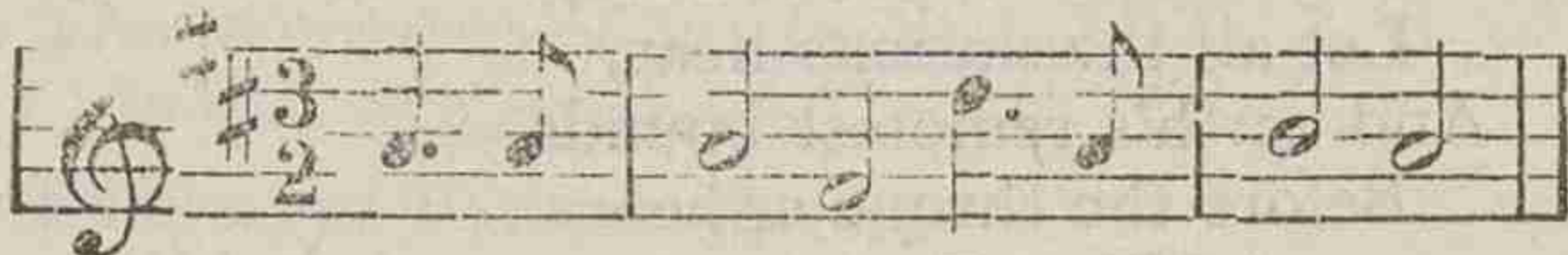
3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
May shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.

5 O Thou, whose infancy was found,
With heavenly ray to shine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,
Were all alike divine.

- 6 Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, and in death,
To keep us still Thy own.

18 P. 532. ZION. M. —, B. —.



CHILDREN, hear the melting story
Of the Lamb that once was slain;
'Tis the Lord of Life and glory:
Shall He plead with you in vain?
O, receive Him,
And salvation now obtain.

- 2 All your sins to Him confessing
Who is ready to forgive,
Seek the Saviour's richest blessing;
On his precious name believe;
He is waiting;
Will you not His grace receive?

19 P. 420. PLEYEL'S HYMN. M. 561, B. —

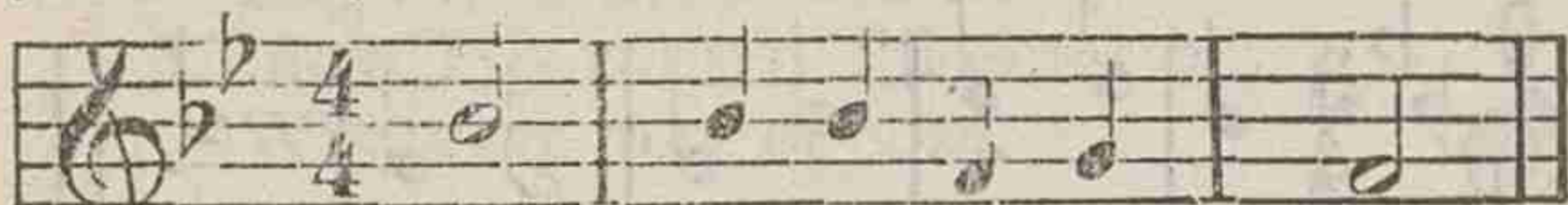


CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways.

- 2 Ye are travelling home to God
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

- 3 O ye mourning souls be glad,
Christ our Advocate is made;
Us to save, our flesh assumes,
Brother to our soul becomes.
- 4 Shout, ye little flock, and blest,
Soon you'll enter into rest;
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.
- 5 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us undismayed go on.
- 6 Lord, submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

20 P. 44, LENOX. H. M. M.—, B.—



COME, every pious heart,
That loves the Saviour's name,
Your noblest powers exert,
To celebrate His fame:
Tell all above, and all below,
The debt of love to Him you owe.

- 2 Such was His zeal for God,
And such His love for you,
He freely undertook
What angels could not do:
His mighty deeds of love and grace
All words exceed and thoughts surpass.

- 3 He left His starry crown,
 And laid His robes aside,
 On wings of love came down,
 And wept, and bled, and died:
 What He endured, O! who can tell,
 To save our souls from death and hell!
- 4 From the dark grave He rose,
 The mansions of the dead,
 And thence His mighty foes
 In glorious triumph led:
 Up through the sky the Conqueror rode,
 And reigns on high, the Saviour God.
- 5 Jesus, we ne'er can pay
 The debt we owe Thy love,
 Yet tell us how we may
 Our gratitude approve:
 Our hearts, our all, to Thee we give;
 The gift, though small, Thou wilt receive.

21 P. 137, **BALEMA.** M. 221, B. 299



COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 With all Thy quickening 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 quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

22 P. 208 SALVATION. C. M. M. 334, B. —



COME, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve:

2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
High as a mountain rose;
I know His courts, I'll enter in
Whatever may oppose.

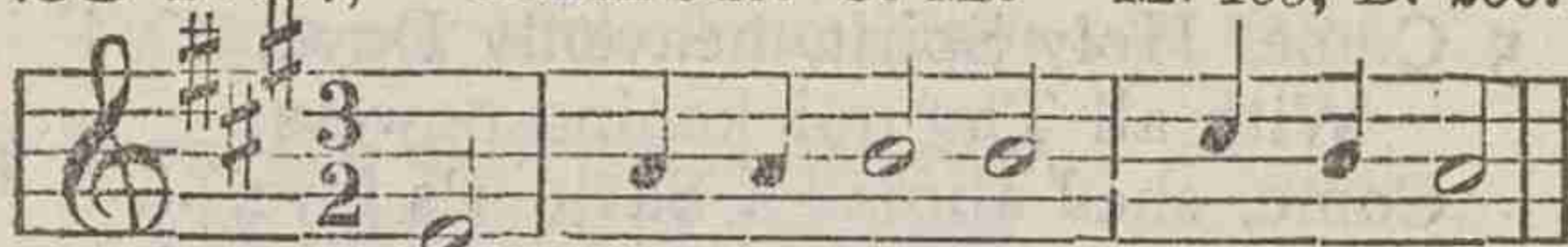
3 "Prostrate I'll lie before His throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell Him I'm a wretch undone
Without His sovereign grace.

4 "I'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives;
Perhaps He may command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives.

5 "Perhaps He will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

- 6 "I can but perish if I go;
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die."

23 P. 107, AZMON. C. M. M. 183, B. 280.



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 air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
And speak Thine endless praise.

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

24 P. 375, HORTON. 7s. M. —, B. 590.



COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He Himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

- 2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.
- 3 With my burden I begin,
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.
- 4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.
- 5 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.

25 P. 459, ITALIAN HYMN. 6&4 M. 8, B. 309.



COME, Thou Almighty King,
Help us Thy name to sing,
Help us to praise :
Father all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of days.

- 2 Jesus our Lord, arise,
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall :
Let Thine almighty aid,
Our sure defence be made ;
Our souls on Thee be staid ;
Lord, hear our call.

3 Come, Thou incarnate Word,
Gird on Thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend.

Come, and Thy people bless,
And give Thy word success;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend.

4 Come, Holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour.

Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

5 To the great One in Three,
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore.

His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity,
Love and adore.

26 P. 117, NETTLETON. 8 & 7 M. 623, B. 596



COME, Thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mercy never ceasing
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—O fix me on it,—
Mount of God's unchanging love.

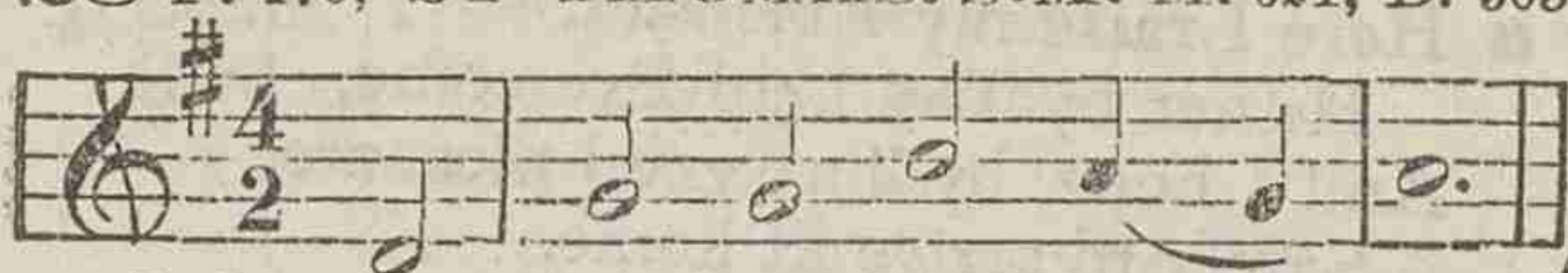
- 2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
 Hither by Thy help I've come,
 And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home.
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God;
 He, to rescue me from danger,
 Interposed with precious blood.
- 3 O! to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrained 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 from Thy courts above.

27 P. 41, DISCIPLE. 8 & 7. M. 934, B.



- COME, Thou long-expected Jesus,
 Born to set Thy people free;
 From our fears and sins release us,
 Let us find our rest in Thee:
 Israel's Strength and Consolation,
 Hope of all the saints Thou art;
 Dear Desire of every nation,
 Joy of every longing heart.
- 2 Born Thy people to deliver;
 Born a child, and yet a King;
 Born to reign in us for ever,
 Now Thy precious kingdom bring.
 By Thine own eternal Spirit,
 Rule in all our hearts alone;
 By Thine all-sufficient merit
 Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

28 P. 470, ST THOMAS. S.M. M. 621, B. 503



COME, we that love the Lord,
 And let our joys be known;
 Join in a song with sweet accord,
 And thus surround the throne.

- 2 The God that rules on high,
 And thunders when He please,
 That rides upon the stormy sky,
 And manages the seas ;
- 3 This awful God is ours,
 Our Father and our Love ;
 He shall send down His heavenly powers
 To carry us above.
- 4 There shall we see His face,
 And never, never sin;
 There, from the rivers of His grace,
 Drink endless pleasures in.
- 5 The men of grace have found
 Glory begun below:
 Celestial fruits on earthly ground
 From faith and hope may grow.
- 6 The hill of Sion yields
 A thousand sacred sweets
 Before we reach the heavenly fields,
 Or walk the golden streets.
- 7 Then let our songs abound,
 And every tear be dry;
 We're marching through Immanuel's ground
 To fairer world's on high.

29 P. 177, HALLELUJAH. M. 330, B. 370



COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
 Weak and wounded sick and sore;
 Jesus ready stands to save you,
 Full of pity, love and power:
 He is able,
 He is willing; doubt no more.

2 Ho! ye needy, come and welcome,
 God's free bounty glorify;
 True belief and true repentance,
 Every grace that brings us nigh,
 Without money,
 Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream;
 All the fitness He requireth
 Is, to feel your need of Him;
 This He gives you;
 'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

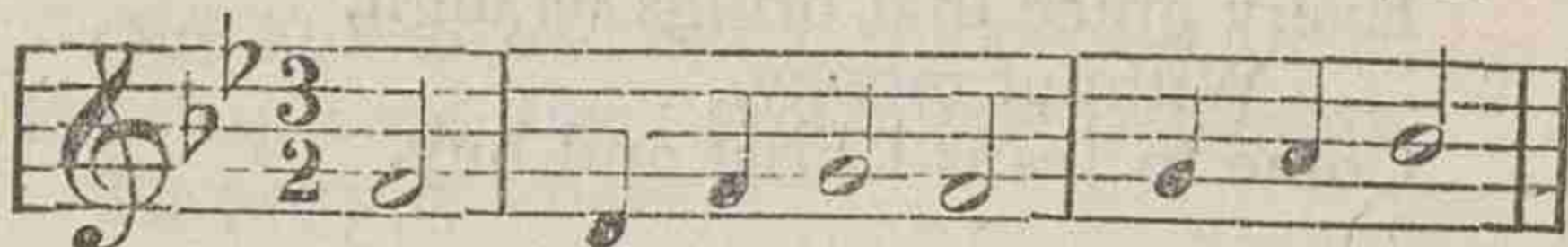
4 Come, ye weary heavy-laden,
 Lost and ruined by the fall;
 If you tarry till you're better
 You will never come at all.
 Not the righteous,
 Sinners Jesus came to call.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
 Lo! your Maker prostrate lies;
 On the bloody tree behold Him;
 Hear Him cry before He dies:
 "It is finished!"
 Sinner, will not this suffice?

6 Lo! the incarnate God, ascended,
 Pleads the merits of His blood;
 Venture on Him, venture wholly,
 Let no other trust intrude;
 None but Jesus
 Can do helpless sinners good.

7 Saints and angels, joined in concert,
 Sing the praises of the Lamb,
 While the blissful seats of heaven
 Sweetly echo with His name;
 Hallelujah!
 Sinners here may sing the same.

30 P. 524, **HEBRON.** L. M. M. —, B. —



DEAR Saviour, if these Lambs should
 stray

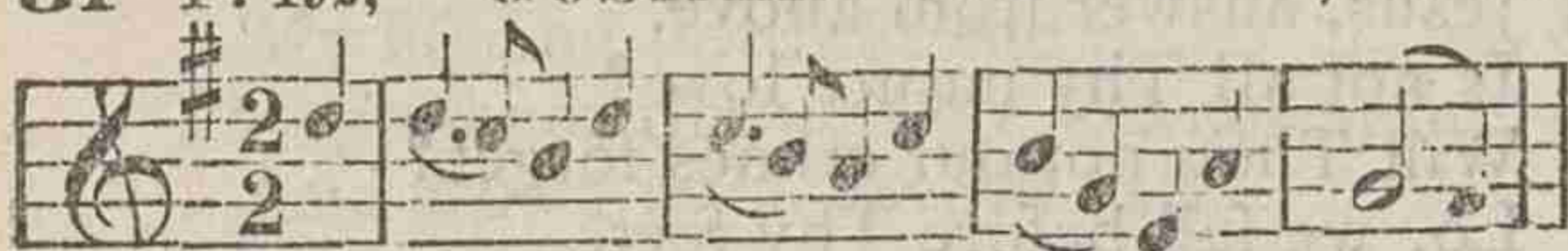
From Thy secure inclosure's bound,
 And, lured by worldly joys away,
 Among the thoughtless crowd be found,

2 Remember still that they are Thine,
 That Thy dear, sacred name they bear;
 Think that the seal of love divine,
 The sign of covenant grace, they wear.

3 In all their erring, sinful years,
 O let them ne'er forgotten be;
 Remember all the prayers and tears
 Which made them consecrate to Thee.

4 And when these lips no more can pray,
 These eyes can weep for them no more,
 Turn Thou their feet from folly's way,
 The wanderers to Thy fold restore.

31 P. 192, GOSHEN. 11s. M. —, B. 340.



DELAY not, delay not, O sinner, draw
near;

The waters of life are now flowing for
thee;

No price is demanded, the Saviour is here;
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

2 Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus thy
God?

A fountain is opened, how canst thou refuse
'To wash and be cleansed in His pardon-
ing blood?

3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come
For mercy still lingers, and calls thee to-
day;

Her voice is not heard in the vale of the
tomb;

Her message, unheeded, will soon pass
away.

32 P. 211, ALETTA. 7s. M. 453, B. 357



DEPTH of mercy, can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?

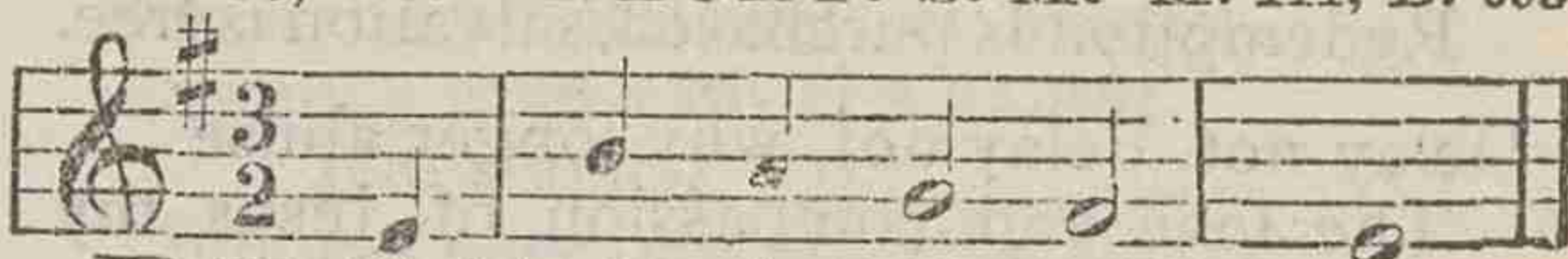
Canst Thou still Thy wrath forbear,
And the chief of sinners spare?

2 We have long withstood Thy grace,
Long provoked Thee to Thy face,
Would not hear Thy gracious calls,
Grieved Thee by a thousand falls.

3 Jesus, answer from above,
Is not all Thy nature love?
Wilt Thou not our crimes forget?
Lo, we fall before Thy feet.

4 Lord, incline us to repent,
Help us now our fall lament,
Deeply our revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

33 P. 86, AYLESBURY. S. M. M. 111, B. 653



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

2 The Son of God in tears
Angels with wonder see;
Be thou astonished, O my Soul,
He shed those tears for thee.

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

34 P. 316, NAOMI. C. M. M. —, B. 620.



FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at Thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:

2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And make me live to Thee.

- 3 Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
 My life and death attend ;
 Thy presence through my journey shine,
 And crown my journey's end.

35 P. 695, **OLMUTZ. S. M.** M. —, B. 974.



“**F**OR ever with the Lord !”
 Amen ; so let it be ;
 Life from the dead is in that word,
 'Tis immortality.

- 2 Here in the body pent,
 Absent from Him I roam,
 Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
 A day's march nearer home.

- 3 My Father's house on high,
 Home of my soul, how near,
 At times, to faith's far-seeing eye,
 Thy golden gates appear !

- 4 “For ever with the Lord !”
 —Father, if 'tis Thy will,
 The promise of that faithful word,
 Even here to me fulfil.

36 P. 625. **TRANSLATION. M. 725, B. 937**



FRRIEND after friend departs ;
 Who has not lost a friend ?
 There is no union here of hearts,
 That finds not here an end.
 Were this frail world our final rest,
 Living or dying none were blest.

- 2 Beyond the flight of time,
 Beyond the reign of death,
 There surely is some blessed clime
 Where life is not a breath ;
 Nor life's affections transient fire,
 Whose sparks fly upward and expire.
- 3 There is a world above,
 Where parting is unknown ;
 A long eternity of love,
 Formed for the good alone ;
 And faith beholds the dying here.
 Translated to that glorious sphere.
- 4 Thus star by star declines,
 Till all are passed away,
 As morning high and higher shines
 To pure and perfect day ;
 Nor sink those stars in empty night.
 But hide themselves in heaven's own light.

37 P. 475, RETREAT. L. M. M. —, B. 584.



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

- 2 There is a place, where Jesus sheds
 The oil of gladness on our heads :
 A place than all beside more sweet,
 It is the blood-bought mercy seat.
- 3 There is a scene, where spirits blend,
 Where friend holds fellowship with friend ;
 Though sundered far, by faith they meet,
 Around one common mercy seat.

- 4 Ah ! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed.
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy seat.
- 5 There, there on eagles' wings we soar,
And sin and sense seem all no more ;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy seat.
- 6 O let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat
If I forget Thy mercy seat.

38 P.603 MISSIONARY HYMN. M.760, B.881



FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand ;
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand ;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

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

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

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole;
 Till o'er our ransomed nature,
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign.

39 P. 545, SPANISH HYMN. M. —, B. 389



FROM the cross uplifted high,
 Where the Saviour deigns to die,
 What melodious sounds I hear,
 Bursting on my ravished ear!
 Love's redeeming work is done,
 Come and welcome, sinner, come.

2 Sprinkled now with blood the throne
 Why beneath thy burdens groan?
 On My pierced body laid,
 Justice owns the ransom paid;
 Bow the knee and kiss the Son,
 Come and welcome, sinner, come.

3 Spread for thee the festal board,
See with richest dainties stored;
To thy Father's bosom pressed,
Thou shalt be a child confessed,
Never from His house to roam,
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

4 Soon the days of life shall end,
Lo! I come, your Saviour, Friend!
Safe your spirits to convey
To the realms of endless day:
Up to My eternal home—
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

40 P. 318. GREENVILLE. M. —, B. 592.



GENTLY, Lord, O! gently lead us,
Through this lonely vale of tears;
Through the changes Thou'st decreed us,
Till our last great change appears,
When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let Thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in Thy perfect way.

2 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear;
And when mortal life is ended,
Bid us in Thine arms to rest,
Till by angel bands attended.
We awake among the blest.

41 P. 30th Ps. **OLMUTZ. S. M. M. 644, B. —**



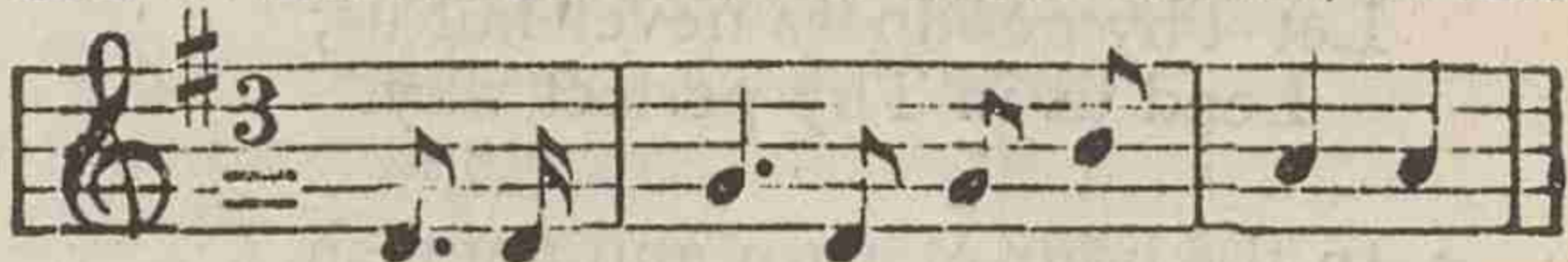
GIVE to the winds thy fears;
 Hope on, be not dismayed:
 God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears;
 God shall lift up thy head.

2 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
 He gently clears thy way;
 Wait thou His time: the darkest night
 Shall end in brightest day.

3 Far, far above thy thought
 His counsel shall appear,
 When fully He the work hath wrought,
 That caused thy needless fear.

4 What though thou rulest not!
 Yet heaven, and earth, and hell
 Proclaim—God sitteth on the throne,
 And ruleth all things well.

42 P. 564. **HARWELL. 8&7. M. 239, B. 742.**



GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
 Sion, city of our God;
 He whose words cannot be broken,
 Formed thee for His own abode:
 On the Rock of ages founded,
 What can shake thy sure repose?
 With salvation's walls surrounded,
 Thou mayest smile at all thy foes.

3 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 to assuage ;
 Grace, which like the Lord, the giver,
 Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,
 See the cloud and fire appear,
 For a glory and a covering,
 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.

43 P. 161. **CRANBROOK.** M. 194, B. 536.



GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
 Harmonious to mine ear :
 Heaven with the echo shall resound,
 And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived the way
 To save rebellious man ;
 And all the steps that grace display,
 Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace first inscribed my name
 In God's eternal book ;
 'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb.
 Who all my sorrows took.

- 4 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.
- 5 Grace taught my soul to pray,
And made mine eyes o'erflow;
'Twas Grace that kept me to this day,
And will not let me go.
- 6 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

44 P. 57, OLIPHANT. S. 7 & 4. M. 558, B. 694



- G**UIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this great barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
Hold me with Thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me, till I want no more.
- 2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong Deliverer.
Be Thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside:
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

45 P. 228. MIDDLETON. M. —, B. 467



HAIL! my ever blessed Jesus,
 Only Thee I wish to sing;
 To my soul Thy name is precious,
 Thou my Prophet, Priest, and King.

2 O! what mercy flows from heaven
 O! what joy and happiness!
 Love I much? I'm much forgiven,
 I'm a miracle of grace.

3 Once with Adam's race in ruin,
 Unconcerned in sin I lay;
 Swift destruction still pursuing,
 Till my Saviour passed that way.

4 Witness all ye hosts of heaven,
 My Redeemer's tenderness,
 Love I much? I'm much forgiven,
 I'm a miracle of grace.

6 That blest moment I received Him,
 Filled my soul with joy and peace;
 Love I much? I'm much forgiven,
 I'm a miracle of grace.

46 P. 82, NETTLETON. M. 154, B. —



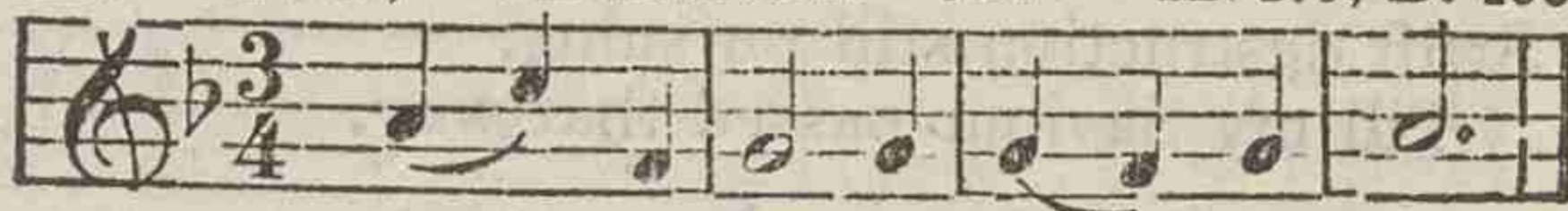
HAIL. Thou once despised Jesus!
 Hail, Thou Galilean King!
 Thou didst suffer to release us;
 Thou didst free salvation bring.

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 man and God.

47 P. 42, ALETTA. 7s. M. 473, B. 486



HARK, my soul, it is the Lord;
 'Tis thy Saviour, hear His word;
 Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee;
 "Say, poor sinner, lovest thou Me?"

2 "I delivered thee when bound,
 And, when wounded, healed thy wound
 Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
 Turned thy darkness into light

3 "Can a woman's tender care
 Cease toward the child she bare?
 Yes, she may forgetful be,
 Yet will I remember thee.

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
 Higher than the heights above;
 Deeper than the depths beneath
 Free and faithful, strong as death.

“Thou shalt see My glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of My throne shalt be;
Say, poor sinner, lovest thou Me?”

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint,
Yet I love Thee and adore.
O for grace to love Thee more.

48 P. 610. HARWELL. 8&7. M. —, B. 280



HARK! ten thousand harp and voices
Sound the note of praise above;
Jesus reigns and heav'n rejoices,
Jesus reigns, the God of love;
See, He sits on yonder throne,—
Jesus rules the world alone.

2 Saviour, hasten Thine appearing—
Bring, oh, bring the glorious day,
When the awful summons hearing,
Heav'n and earth shall pass away;
Then with angel choirs, we'll sing
“Glory, glory to our King.”



HARK! the herald angels say,
Christ the Lord is risen to day;
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Let the glorious tidings fly.

- 2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er,
Lo! he sets in blood no more.
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ has burst the gates of hell:
Death in vain forbids Him rise,
Christ has opened paradise.
- 4 Lives again our glorious King;
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once he died our souls to save;
Where's thy victory, boasting grave?
- 5 Hail! Thou dear almighty Lord,
Hail! Thou great incarnate Word,
Hail! Thou suffering Son of God,
Take the trophies of Thy blood.

50 P. 81, AUTUMN. 8 & 7. M. —, B. 236



HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See, it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth and veils the sky.

“It is finished!”

Hear the dying Saviour cry.

- 2 It is finished—O! what pleasure
Do these precious words afford!
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord:
It is finished!
Saints, the dying words record

3 Finished—all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law ;
Finished—all that God had promised
Death and hell no more shall awe :
It is finished !
Saints, from hence your comfort draw.

4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs ;
Join to sing the pleasing theme ;
All on earth and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name :
Hallelujah !
Glory to the bleeding Lamb !

51 P. 74. DISCIPLE. 8 & 7 .M. —, B. 186.



HARK ! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies !
Lo ! the angelic host rejoices,
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

2 Listen to the wondrous story
Which they chant in hymns of joy ;
Glory in the highest, glory !
Glory be to God most high !

3 Peace on earth, good will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found ;
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven,
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4 Christ is born the great Anointed,
Heaven and earth His praises sing !
O ! receive, whom God appointed.
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

63 P. 188. **PENITENT.** L. M. M. 360, B. 339



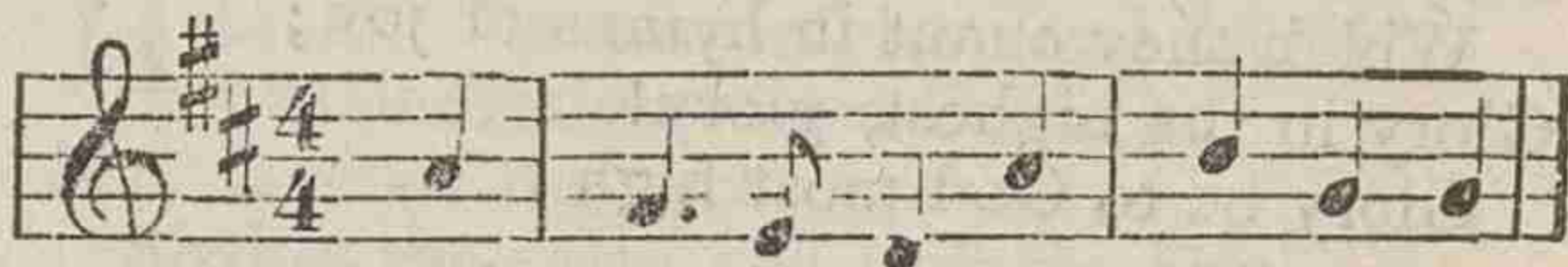
HASTEN, O sinner, to be wise,
And stay not for to-morrow's sun;
The longer wisdom you despise,
The harder is she to be won.

2 O ! hasten mercy to implore,
And stay not for to-morrow's sun;
For fear thy season should be o'er,
Before this evening's course be run.

3 Hasten, O sinner, to return,
And stay not for to-morrow's sun;
For fear thy lamp should fail to burn,
Before the needful work is done.

4 Hasten, O sinner, to be blest,
And stay not for to-morrow's sun;
For fear the curse should thee arrest,
Before the morrow is begun.

53 P. —, **HE LEADETH ME.** M. —, B. 698



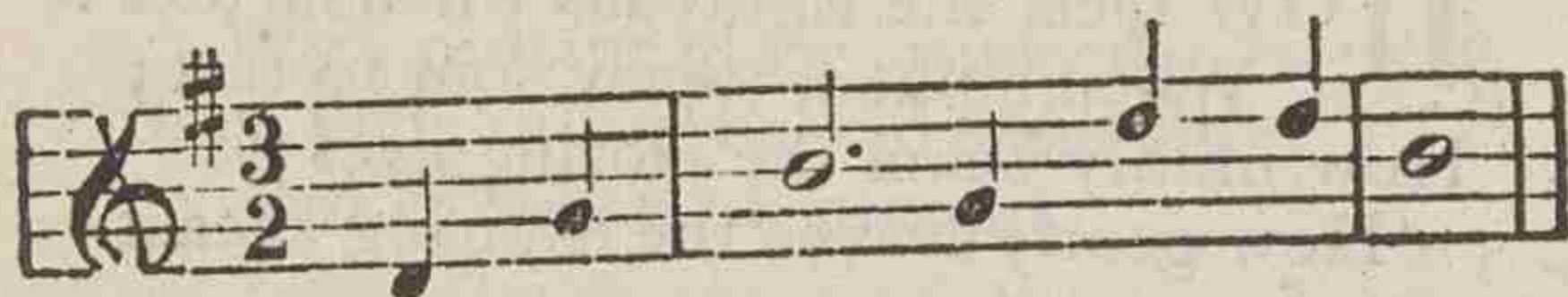
HE leadeth me ! oh ! blessed thought,
Oh ! words with heav'nly comfort
fraught ;

Whate'er I do, where e'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

REF.—He leadeth me ! He leadeth me !
By His own hand He leadeth me ;
His faithful follower I would be,
For by His hand He leadeth me.

- 2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
 Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
 By waters still, o'er troubled sea,—
 Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.
- 3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
 Nor ever murmur nor repine—
 Content, whatever lot I see,
 Since 'tis my God that leadeth me,
- 4 And when my task on earth is done,
 When, by Thy grace the victory's won,
 E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
 Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

54 P. 694, ELTHAM. 7s. M.—, B.—



HIGH, in yonder realms of light,
 Dwell the raptured saints above;
 Far beyond our feeble sight,
 Happy in Immanuel's love:
 Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
 Once they knew, like us below,
 Gloomy doubts, distressing fears,
 Torturing pain and heavy woe.

- 2 Oft the big unbidden tear,
 Stealing down the furrowed cheek,
 Told, in eloquence sincere,
 Tales of woe they could not speak.
 But these days of weeping o'er,
 Past this scene of toil and pain,
 They shall feel distress no more,
 Never, never weep again.

- 3 'Mid the chorus of the skies,
 'Mid the angelic lyres above,
 Hark ! their songs melodious rise,
 Songs of praise to Jesus' love.
 Happy spirits, ye are fled,
 Where no grief can entrance find ;
 Lulled to rest the aching head,
 Soothed the anguish of the mind.

55 P. 632, HAMBURG. L. M. M. 681, B 320



HOW blest the righteous when he dies !
 When sinks a weary soul to rest ;
 How mildly beam the closing eyes ;
 How gently heaves the expiring breast !

- 2 So fades a summer cloud away
 So sinks the gale when storms are o'er :
 So gently shuts the eye of day,
 So dies a wave along the shore
- 3 A holy quiet reigns around,
 A calm which life nor death destroys ;
 Nothing disturbs that peace profound,
 Which his unfettered soul enjoys.
- 4 Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,
 Light from its load the spirit flies ;
 While heaven and earth combine to say,
 "How blest the righteous when he dies !"

56

P. —,

LISBON.

M. —, B. 72



HOW charming is the place,
Where my Redeemer, God,
Unveils the beauty of His face,
And spreads His love abroad!

2 Not the fair palaces,
To which the great resort,
Are once to be compared with this
Where Jesus holds His court.

3 Here, on the mercy seat,
With radiant glory crowned,
Our joyful eyes, behold Him sit,
And smile on all around.

4 Give me, O Lord, a place
Within Thy blest abode,
Among the children of Thy grace,
The servants of my God.

57 P. 235.

PROTECTION.

M. 640, B. 678



HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the
Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent Word!
What more can He say than to you He hath
said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

2 In every condition, in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,
At home and abroad, on the land, on the
sea,

"As thy days may demand, shall thy strength
ever be.

3 "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.

4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway
shall lie,

My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply ;
The flame shall not hurt thee ; I only de-
sign

Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to re-
fine.

5 "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.

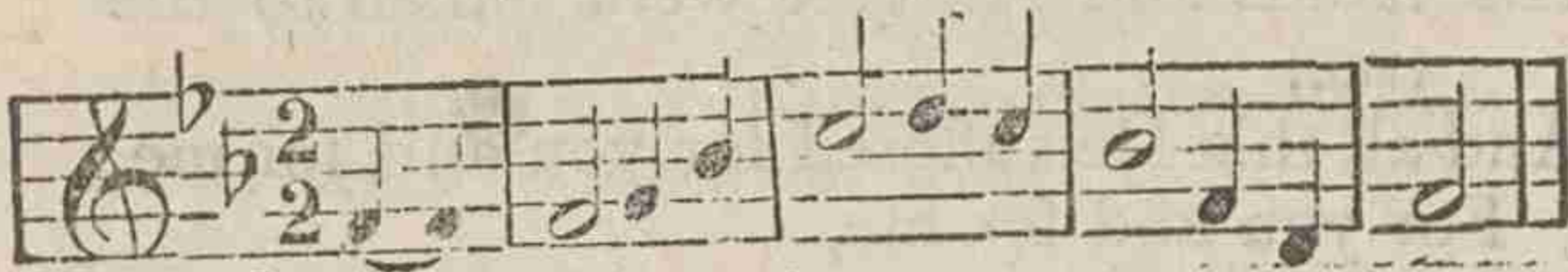
6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for re-
pose,

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."

S P. 265, NEW CONCORD. M. 483, B. 491



HOW nappy are they
 Who the Saviour obey,
 And have laid up their treasures above!
 O what tongue can express
 The sweet comfort and peace
 Of a soul in its earliest love?

2 'Twas heaven below
 My redeemer to know,
 And the angels could do nothing more
 Than to fall at His feet,
 And the story repeat,
 And the lover of sinners adore.

3 O the rapturous height
 Of that holy delight
 Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
 Of my Saviour possessed,
 I was perfectly blest,
 As if filled with the fulness of God.

4 Then, all the day long,
 Was my Jesus my song,
 And redemption through faith in His name;
 O that all might believe,
 And salvation receive,
 And their song and their joy be the same.

9 P. 518. HOME. M. — B. —



HOW loving is Jesus, who came from the
 sky,
 In tenderest pity, for sinners to die;

His hands and His feet were nailed to the
tree,

And all this He suffered for you and for me.

For you and for me,

Yes, all this He suffered for you and for me.

2 How precious is Jesus to all who believe;
And out of His fulness what grace they re-
ceive;

When weak He supports them, when erring
He guides;

And everything needful He kindly provides.

For you and for me.

Yes, everything needful He kindly provides.

3 Oh! give then to Jesus your earliest days;
They only are blessed who walk in His ways;
In life and in death He will still be your
friend,

For whom Jesus loveth He loves to the end.

Loves you and loves me,

Yes, whom Jesus loveth He loves to the end.

60 P. 119 Ps. **WARWICK.** M. —, B. 771



HOW shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?

Thy Word the choicest rules imparts
To keep the conscience clean.

When once it enters to the mind,

It spreads such light abroad,

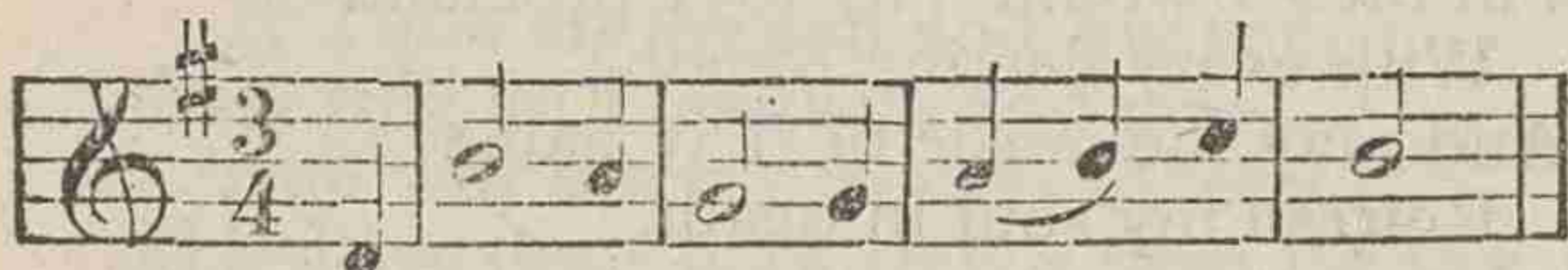
The meanest souls instruction find,

And raise their thoughts to God.

3 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And, through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

4 Thy Word is everlasting truth,
How pure is every page!
That holy Book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

61 P. 66. SEASONS. M. 104, B. 470



HOW sweetly flowed the gospel's sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When list'ning thousands gather'd round,
And joy and rev'rence filled the place.

2 From heav'n He came, of heav'n He spoke;
To heav'n He led His followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night He broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

3 "Come, wanderers, to My Father's home,
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest!"
Yes! sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey Thee, love Thee, and be blest!

62 P. 290. ORTONVILLE. M. 196, B. 48:

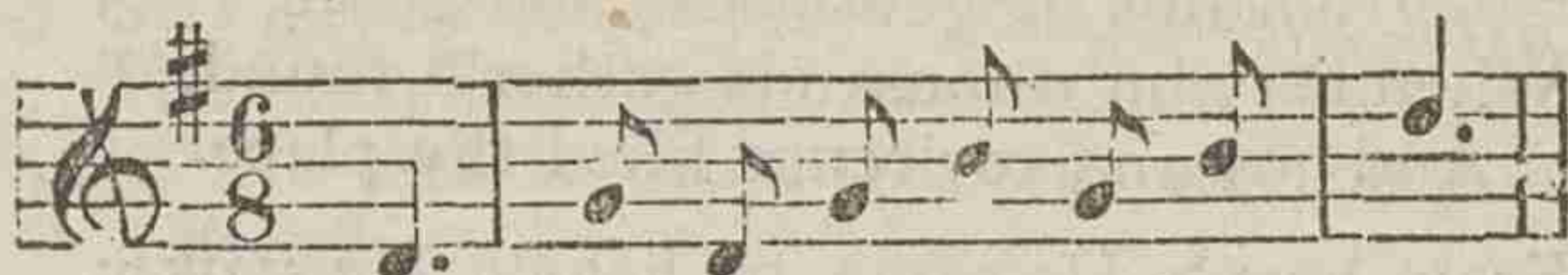


HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!

It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.
- 3 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.
- 4 Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

63 P. 289 DE FLEURY. M. 615, B. 529



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

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

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,

64

TRUSTING.



I AM coming to the cross;
 I am poor, and weak, and blind;
 I am counting all but dross,
 I shall full salvation find.

CHO.—I am trusting. Lord, in Thee,
 Thou blest Lamb of Calvary;
 Humbly at Thy Cross I bow,
 Save me, Jesus, save me now.

2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee,
 Long has evil reigned within;
 Jesus sweetly speaks to me,
 "I will cleanse you from all sin."

3 Here I give my all to Thee,
 Friends, and time, and earthly store;
 Soul and body, Thine to be:
 Wholly Thine for evermore.

4 In Thy promises I trust,
 Now I feel the blood applied;
 I am prostrate in the dust,
 I with Christ am crucified.

65 P. 273, HILLHURST. M. —, B, 507



I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
 Come unto me and rest;
 Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
 Thy head upon my breast.
 I came to Jesus as I was,
 Weary, and worn, and sad,
 I found in Him a resting place,
 And He has made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 Behold, I freely give
 The living water; thirsty one,
 Stoop down, and drink, and live.
 I came to Jesus, and I drank
 Of that life-giving stream;
 My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
 And now I live in Him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 I am this dark world's light:
 Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
 And all thy day be bright;

I looked to Jesus, and I found
 In Him my Star, my Sun;
 And in that light of life I'll walk,
 Till travelling days are done.

4 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 My Father's house above
 Has many mansions; I've a place
 Prepared for you in love.
 I trust in Jesus; in that house,
 According to His word,
 Redeemed by grace, my soul shall live
 For ever with the Lord.

66 P. 276 COVERDALE. M. —, B. 435

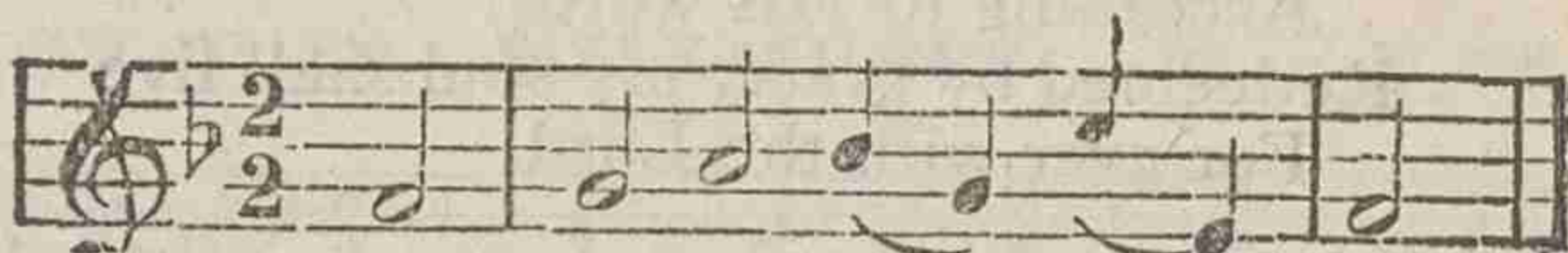


I LAY my sins on Jesus,
 The spotless Lamb of God;
 He bears them all, and frees us
 From the accursed load;
 I bring my guilt to Jesus,
 To wash my crimson stains
 White in His blood most precious,
 Till not a spot remains.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus—
 All fullness dwells in Him;
 He healeth my diseases,
 He doth my soul redeem:
 I lay my griefs on Jesus,
 My burdens and my cares;
 He from them all releases,
 He all my sorrow shares.

- 3 I long to be like Jesus,
 Meek, loving, lowly, mild ;
 I long to be like Jesus,
 The Father's holy Child :
 I long to be with Jesus
 Amid the heavenly throng,
 To sing with saints His praises,
 And learn the angels' song

67 P. 138 Ps, SHIRLAND. M. 887, B. 637



- I LOVE Thy Kingdom, Lord,
 The house of Thine abode ;
 The church our blest Redeemer saved
 With His own precious blood.
- 2 I love Thy church, O God !
 Her walls before Thee stand,
 Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
 And graven on Thy hand.
- 3 For her my tears shall fall ;
 For her my prayers ascend :
 To her my cares and toils be given,
 Till toils and cares shall end.
- 4 Beyond my highest joy
 I prize her heavenly ways,
 Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
 Her hymns of love and praise.
- 5 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
 To Sion shall be given
 The brightest glories earth can yie'
 And brighter bliss of heaven.

68 P. 419, PILGRIMS. M. —, B.



I'M a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger ;
 I can tarry, I can tarry but a night ;
 Do not detain me, for I am going
 To where the fountains are ever flowing.
 I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger,
 I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.

2 There the sunbeams are ever shining,
 I am longing, I am longing for the sight,
 Within a country, unknown and dreary,
 I have been wandering forlorn and weary.
 I'm a pilgrim, etc.

3 Of that country, to which I'm going,
 My Redeemer, my Redeemer is the light;
 There are no sorrows, nor any sighing,
 Nor any sin there, nor any dying.
 I'm a pilgrim, etc.

69 P. 697, OAK. M. —, B. 978



I'M but a stranger here,
 Heav'n is my home ;
 Earth is a desert drear,
 Heav'n is my home ;
 Dangers and sorrows stand
 Round me on every hand,
 Heav'n is my Father-land,
 Heav'n is my home.

2 What though the tempests rage,
 Heav'n is my home;
 Short is my pilgrimage,
 Heav'n is my home;
 And time's wild wintry blast
 Soon will be over past,
 I shall reach home at last—
 Heav'n is my home.

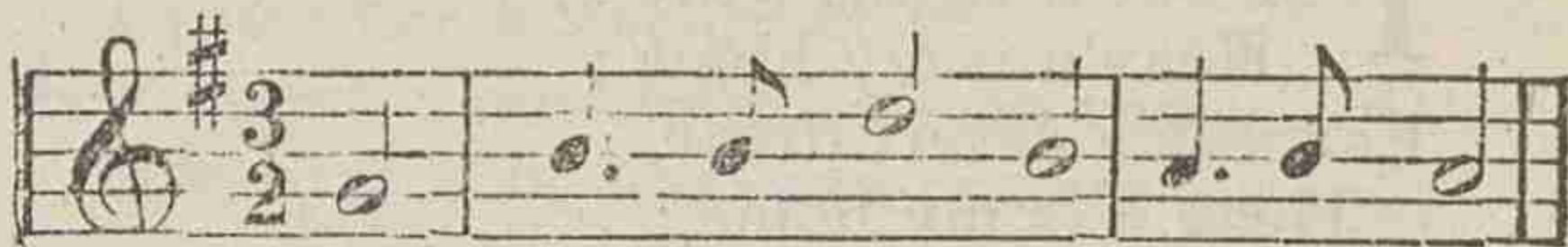
3 Therefore I murmur not,
 Heav'n is my home;
 Whate'er my earthly lot,
 Heav'n is my home;
 And I shall surely stand
 There at my Lord's right hand;
 Heav'n is my Father-land—
 Heav'n is my home.

4 There, at my Saviour's side,
 Heav'n is my home;
 I shall be glorified,
 Heav'n is my home;
 There are the good and blest:
 Those I love most and blest;
 There too I soon shall rest,
 Heav'n is my home.

70 355

WOODLAND.

M. —, B. 115



I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
 Nor to defend His cause,
 Maintain the honor of His word,
 The glory of His cross.

2 Jesus, my God, I know his name,
His name is all my trust;
Nor will He put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

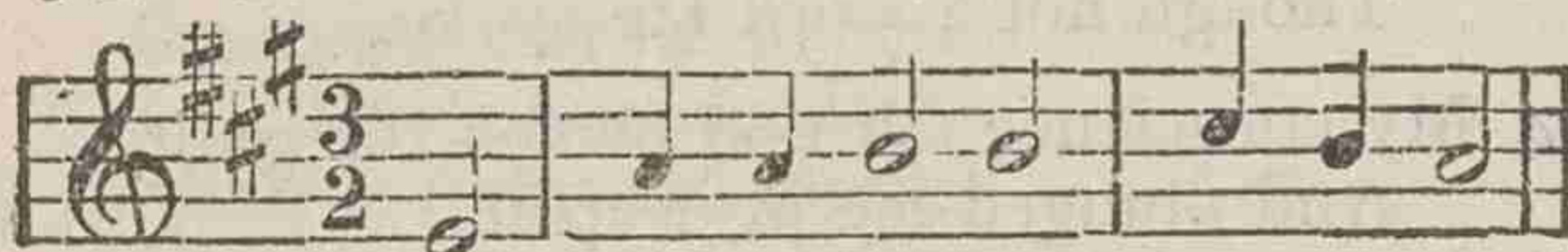
3 Firm as His throne His promise stands,
And He can well secure
What I've committed to His hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will He own my worthless name,
Before His Father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem,
Appoint my soul a place.

71 P. 123.

AZMON.

M. —, B. —



IN every trouble, sharp and strong,
My soul to Jesus flies;
My anchor-hold is firm in Him,
When swelling billows rise.

2 His comforts bear my spirits up,
I trust a faithful God;
The sure foundation of my hope
Is in a Saviour's blood.

3 Loud hallelujahs sing, my soul,
To thy Redeemer's name;
In joy, in sorrow, life and death.
His love is still the same.

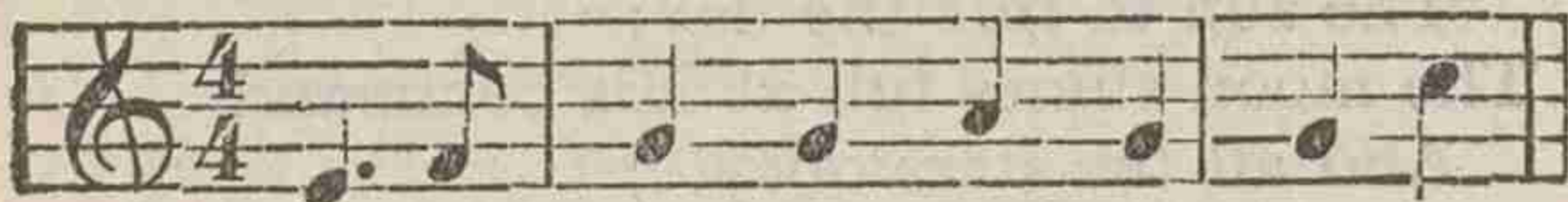
72 P. 123, AVON, C. M. M. —, B. —



IN evil long I took delight,
 Unawed by shame or fear;
 Till a new object struck my sight,
 And stopped my wild career.

- 2 I saw one hanging on a tree,
 In agonies and blood;
 Who fixed His languid eyes on me,
 As near His cross I stood.
- 3 Sure, never to my latest breath,
 Can I forget that look;
 It seemed to charge me with His death,
 Though not a word He spoke.
- 4 My conscience felt and owned the guilt,
 And plunged me in despair;
 I saw my sins His blood had spilt,
 And helped to nail Him there.
- 5 Alas! I knew not what I did,
 But now my tears are vain;
 Where shall my trembling soul be hid?
 For I the Lord have slain.
- 6 A second look He gave, which said,
 "I freely all forgive;
 This blood is for thy ransom paid;
 I die that thou mayest live."
- 8 With pleasing grief and mournful joy,
 My spirit is now filled,
 That I should such a life destroy,
 Yet live by Him I killed.

73 P.255 ANTICIPATION. 8,7&5 M.—, B.—



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

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

2 This is not my place of resting,
 Mine 's a city yet to come;
 Onward to it I am hasting,
 On to my eternal home:
 There is rest, etc.

3 In it all is light and glory,
 O'er it shines a nightless day;
 Ev'ry trace of sin's sad story,
 All the curse hath passed away:
 There is rest, etc.

4 There the Lamb our Shepherd leads 'is
 By the streams of life along,
 On the freshest pastures feeds us.
 Turns our sighing into song:
 There is rest, etc.

74 P. 21 ZERAH. C. M. M. —



I SING the almighty power of God,
 That made the mountains rise,
 That spread the flowing seas abroad
 And built the lofty skies.

'Twas He that sought the lost,
 That found the wandering sheep;
 'Twas He that brought me to the fold;
 'Tis He that still doth keep.

- 4 No more a wandering sheep,
 I love to be controlled:
 I love my tender Shepherd's voice,
 I love the peaceful fold:
 No more a wayward child,
 I seek no more to roam;
 I love my heavenly Father's voice;
 I love, I love His home.

77 P. 635 **FREDERICK.** Hs, M. 708, B. 928



I WOULD not live alway : I ask not to
 stay

Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the
 way

The few lurid mornings that dawn on us
 here,

Are enough for life's woes, full enough for
 its cheer.

- 2 I would not live alway, thus fettered by
 sin ;

Temptation without and corruption within :
 E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with
 fears,

And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent
 tears.

- 3 I would not live alway ; no—we^lcome the
 tomb ;

Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its
 gloom ;

There, sweet be my rest, till He bid me
arise,
To hail Him in triumph descending the
skies.

78 P. 768, **RHINE. C. M.** M. 705, B. 982



JERUSALEM, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me!

When shall my labors have an end,
In joy and peace and thee?

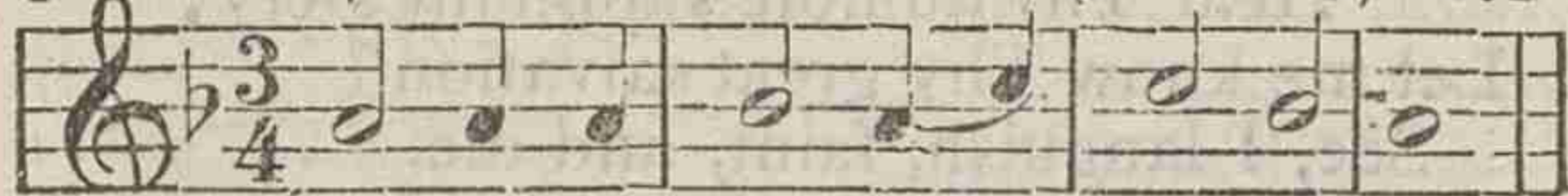
2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls,
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3 O! when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend.
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?

4 Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

5 Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

79 P. 356, **FEDERAL ST. L. M.** M. 613, B. 716



JESUS, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
Ashamed of Thee whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine 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 fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain:
And O may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

80 P. 207 **DORNANCE.** 8&7. M. —, B. —



JESUS, full of all compassion,
Hear Thy humble suppliant's cry;
Let me know Thy great salvation:
See, I languish, faint, and die.

- 2 Guilty, but with heart relenting,
Overwhelmed with helpless grief,
Prostrate at Thy feet repenting,
Send, Oh! send me quick relief.

Whither should a wretch be flying,
But to Him who comfort gives?
Whither, from the dread of dying,
But to Him who ever lives?

- 4 While I view Thee, wounded, grieving,
Breathless, on the cursed tree,
Fain, I'd feel my heart believing,
That Thou sufferedst thus for me.
- 5 Saved!—the deed shall spread new glory
Through the shining realms above;
Angels sing the pleasing story,
All enraptured with Thy love!

81 P. 113 RATHBUN. 8&7. M. —, B. 27.

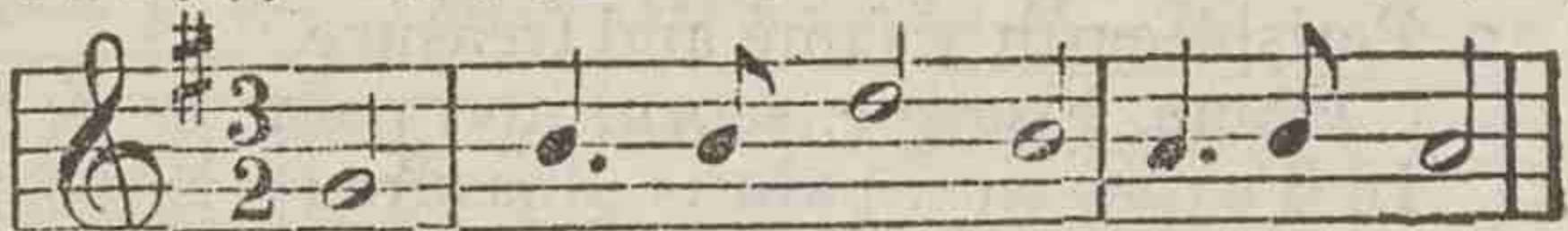


JESUS hail, enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side.

- 2 There for sinners Thou art pleading,
There Thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

- 3 Worship, honor, power and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive:
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it for us to give.

82 P. 297 WOODLAND. C. M. M. 197, B. 48



JESUS, I love Thy charming name,
'Tis music to mine ear;
Fain would I sound it so loud,
That earth and heaven should hear.

- 2 Yes, Thou art precious to my soul,
My joy, my hope, my trust;
Jewels, to Thee, are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.
- 3 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.
- 4 I'll speak the honors of Thy name,
With my last laboring breath;
Then speechless clasp Thee in mine arms,
The antidote of death.

83 P. 346, DISCIPLE. 8&7. M. 632, B. 564



JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my All shalt be:
Let the world neglect and leave me;
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hopes have oft deceived me;
Thou art faithful Thou art true.

- 2 Perish, earth'y fame and treasure,
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain:
In Thy service, pain is pleasure;
With Thy favor, loss is gain:
O 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy bleeding love I see;
O 'tis not in joy to charm me,
When that love is hid from me.

84 P. 556, GOLDEN HILL. S. M. M.—, B. 780



JESUS invites His saints
 To meet around His board;
 Here pardoned rebels sit, and hold
 Communion with their Lord.

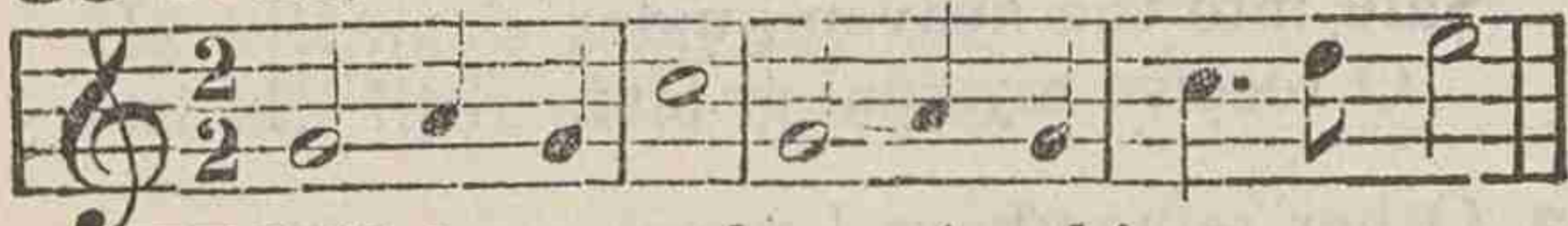
2 For food He gives His flesh:
 He bids us drink His blood;
 Amazing favor, matchless grace
 Of our descending God.

3 This holy bread and wine
 Maintain our fainting breath,
 By union with our living Lord,
 And interest in His death.

4 Our heavenly Father calls
 Christ and His members one:
 We the young children of His love,
 And He the first born Son.

5 Let all our powers be joined
 His glorious name to raise:
 Pleasure and love fill every mind,
 And every voice be praise.

85 P. 594, SESSIONS. I. M. M.—, B. —



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 thought.

- 2 He knows what wandering hearts we have,
Apt to forget His glorious 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,
We 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 While He is absent from our sight,
'Tis to prepare our souls a place;
That we may dwell in heavenly light,
And live for ever near His face.

86 P. 244, MARTYN. 7s. M. 433, B. 41³



JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the heaven guide;
O receive my soul at last.

- 2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee.
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support a comfort me:

All my trust on Thee is staid,
 All my help from thee I bring;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
 All in 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.

87 JESUS LOVES ME. 7s.



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

CHOR.—Yes, Jesus loves me,
 Yes, Jesus loves me,
 Yes, Jesus loves me,
 For the Bible tells me so.

Jesus loves me, He who died
 Heaven's gate to open wide;
 He will wash away my sin,
 Let His little child come in.

3 Jesus loves me, loves me still,
 Though I'm very weak and ill
 From His shining throne on high
 Comes to watch me where I lie.

- 4 Jesus loves me; He will stay
Close beside me all the way :
If I love Him, when I die
He will take me home on high.

88 P. 554, **ESHTEMOA**. 7s. M. —, B. 795



JESUS, Master, hear me now,
While I would renew my vow,
And record Thy dying love;
Hear, and help me from above.

- 2 Feed me, Saviour, with this bread,
Broken in Thy body's stead;
Cheer my spirit with this wine,
Streaming like that blood of Thine.

- 3 And as now I eat and drink,
Let me truly, sweetly think,
Thou didst hang upon the tree,
Broken, bleeding, there—for me.

89 P. 324, **MARTYN**. 7s. M. —, B. 604



JESUS, merciful and mild,
Lead me as a helpless child;
On no other arm than Thine,
Would my weary soul recline:
Thou art ready to forgive,
Thou canst bid the sinner live;
Guide the wanderer, day by day,
In the straight and narrow way,

- 2 Thou canst fit me by Thy grace
 For the heavenly dwelling-place;
 All Thy promises are sure,
 Ever shall Thy love endure;
 Then what more could I desire,
 How to greater bliss aspire?
 All I need, in Thee I see;
 Thou art all in all to me.

90 P. 50, **HAPPY DAY.** L.M. M. 428, B. 412



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 paths are peace.
- 3 This is the way I long have sought,
 And mourned because I found it not;
 My grief and burden long have been,
 Because I could not cease from sin.
- 4 The more I strove against its power,
 I sinned and stumb'ed but the more,
 Till late I heard my Saviour say,
 "Come hither, soul, I am the way."
- 5 Lo! g'ad I come, and Thou blest Lamb,
 Shalt take me to Thee as I am;
 Nothing but sin I Thee can 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!"

91 P. 214, ALETTA, 7s. M. —, B. —



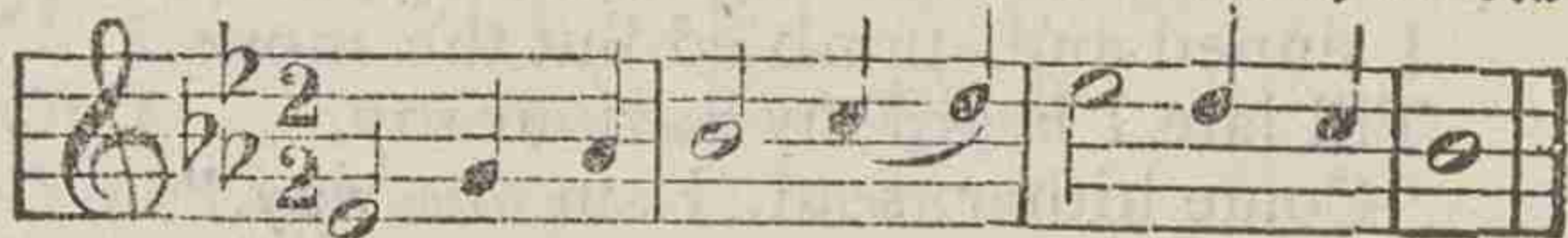
JESUS, save my dying soul,
Make the broken spirit whole;
Humble in the dust I lie,—
Saviour, leave me not to die.

- 2 Jesus, full of every grace,
Now reveal Thy smiling face;
Grant the joys of sins forgiv'n,
Foretaste of the bliss of heav'n.

- 3 All my guilt to Thee is known,
Thou art righteous, Thou alone;
All my help is from Thy cross,
All beside I count but loss.

- 4 Lord, in Thee I now believe,
Wilt Thou, wilt Thou not forgive;
Helpless at Thy feet I lie,
Saviour, leave me not to die.

92 P. 72 Ps, DUKE ST. L.M. M. 441, B. 379



JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

- 2 For Him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown His head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.
- 4 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud amen.

93

TENDER SHEPHERD.



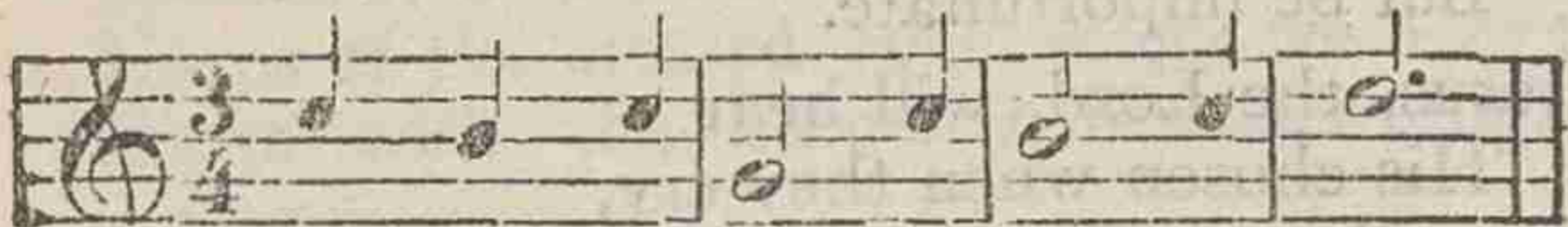
JESUS! tender Shepherd hear me!
Bless Thy little lamb to-night!

Through the darkness be Thou near me,
Watch my sleep till morning light.

- 2 All this day Thy hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou has clothed me, warmed and fed me,
Listen to my evening prayer.

- 3 Let my sins be all forgiven!
Bless the friends I love so well!
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell.

94 P. 256, MENDON. I. M. M. 460, B. 434



JESUS, Thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;

'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 When from the dust of earth I rise
To claim my mansion in the skies,
E'en then shall this be all my plea,
"Jesus hath lived and died for me."

3 Lord, I believe Thy precious blood,
Which at the mercy-seat of God
For ever doth for sinners plead,
For me, e'en for my soul, was shed.

4 Oh, let the dead now hear Thy voice,
Now bid Thy banished one's rejoice;
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus, the Lord our Righteousness !

95 P. 371, WATCHMAN, S. M. M. —, B. 588



JESUS, who knows full well
The heart of every saint ;
Invites us all our griefs to tell,
To pray and never faint.

2 He bows His gracious ear,
We never plead in vain ;
Yet we must wait till He appear,
And pray, and pray again.

3 Though unbelief suggest,
Why should we longer wait ?
He bids us never give Him rest,
But be importunate.

4 Jesus, the Lord, will hear
His chosen when they cry,
Yes, though He may a while forbear,
He 'll help them from on high.

5 His nature, truth and love,
Engage Him on their side;
When they are grieved, His mercies move,
And can they be denied?

6 Then let us earnest be,
And never faint in prayer;
He loves our importunity,
And makes our cause His care.

96 P. 535, **VICTORY.** M. —, B. —



JOYFULLY, joyfully onward we move,
Bound to the land of bright spirits
above;

Angelic choristers sing as we come,
"Joyfully, joyfully haste to your home:"
Soon with our pilgrimage ended below,
Home to the land of bright spirits we go;
Pilgrims and strangers no more shall we
roam,

'Joyfully, joyfully resting at home.

2 Friends, fondly cherished, have passed on
before,
Waiting, they watch us approaching the
shore;

Singing to cheer us thro' death's chilling
gloom,

"Joyfully, joyfully haste to your home:"
Sounds of sweet melody fall on the ear,
Harps of the blessed your voices we hear;
Rings with the harmony heaven's high
dome,—

"Joyfully, joyfully haste to your home."

- 3 Death with his weapon may soon lay **us**
low,
Safe in our Saviour, we fear not the **blow**;
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb,
Joyfully, joyfully will we go home:
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death shall be conquered, his sceptre be
gone;
Over the plains of blest Canaan we'll **room**,
Joyfully, joyfully with Christ at home.

97 P. 98 Ps.

ANTIOCH.

M. 99, B. 183



- J**OY to the world, the Lord is come,
Let earth receive her king;
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heaven and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns,
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills **and**
plains
Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground:
He comes to make his blessings flow,
Far as the curse is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and **grace**,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

98 P. 218 WOODWORTH L. M. B.—M. 408



JUST as I am, without one plea
 But that Thy blood was shed for me,
 And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
 O ! Lamb of God, I come.

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
 To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each
 spot,
 O ! Lamb of God, I come.

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
 With many a conflict, many a doubt,
 Fightings within, and fears without,
 O ! Lamb of God, I come.

4 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.

99 P. 621

GANGES.

M. — B—

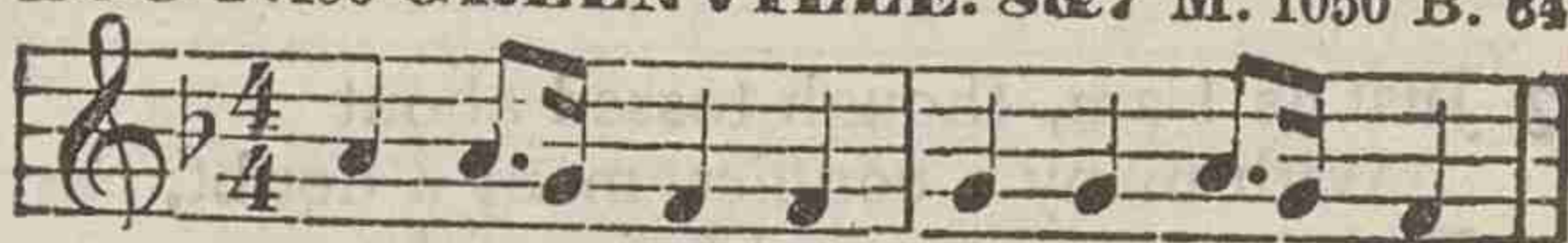


LO ! on a narrow neck of land,
 'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand
 Yet how insensible !
 A point of time, a moment's space,
 Removes me to yon heavenly place
 Or shuts me up in hell.

2 O God, my inmost soul convert,
And deeply, on my thoughtless heart,
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And save me ere it be too late;
Wake me to righteousness.

3 Before me place in bright array
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When Thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at Thy bar:
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom?

100 P.486 GREENVILLE. 8&7 M. 1050 B. 84



LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
O! refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness.

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 to be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal 's given,
Us from earth to call away;
Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
Glad to leave our cumbrous clay,
May we, ready,
Rise and reign in endless day.

101 P. 544 HAMBURG. L.M. M. 1010, B. 569



LORD, I am Thine, entirely Thine,
 Purchased and saved by blood divine.
 With full consent Thine I would be,
 And own Thy sovereign right in me.

- 2 Grant one poor sinner more a place
 Among the children of Thy grace;
 A wretched sinner, lost to God,
 But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.
- 3 Thine would I live, Thine would I die,
 Be Thine through all eternity;
 The vow is past beyond repeal;
 Now will I set the solemn seal.
- 4 Here at that cross where flows the blood
 That bought my guilty soul for God;
 Thee, my new Master, now I call,
 And consecrate to Thee my all.

102 P. 370 HORTON. 7s. M. 937 B. 593



LORD, I cannot let Thee go,
 Till a blessing Thou bestow;
 Do not turn away Thy face,
 Mine's an urgent, pressing case.

- 2 Dost Thou ask me who I am?
 Ah! my Lord, Thou knowest my name,
 Yet the question gives a plea,
 To support my suit with Thee.

- 3 Thou didst once a wretch behold,
In rebellion blindly bold,
Scorn Thy grace, Thy power defy;
That poor rebel, Lord, was I.
- 4 Once a sinner near despair,
Sought Thy mercy seat by prayer;
Mercy heard, and set him free;
Lord that mercy came to me.
- 5 Thou hast helped in every need;
This emboldens me to plead;
After so much mercy past,
Canst Thou let me sink at last.
- 6 No, I must maintain my hold,
'Tis Thy goodness makes me bold,
I can no denial take,
When I plead for Jesus sake.

103 P. 587

EVEN ME.

M. — B. 822



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

- 2 Pass me not, O God our Father!
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let Thy mercy light on me.
Even me.

- 3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour!
Let me live and cling to Thee;
Oh! I'm longing for Thy favor—
While Thou'rt calling, oh call me!
Even me.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
 Thou canst make the blind to see;
 Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
 Speak some words of power to me,
 Even me.

5 Pass me not! Thy lost one bringing,
 Bind, O bind my heart to Thee;
 While the streams of life are springing,
 Blessing others—O bless me!

104 P. 477 HENDON. 7s M. 592 B. 78



LORD, we come before Thee now,
 At Thy feet we humbly bow;
 O do not our suit distain;
 Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?

2 Lord, on Thee our sou's depend;
 In compassion now descend;
 Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace;
 Tune our lips to sing Thy praise

3 Send some message from Thy word,
 That may joy and peace afford;
 Let Thy spirit now impart
 Full salvation to each heart.

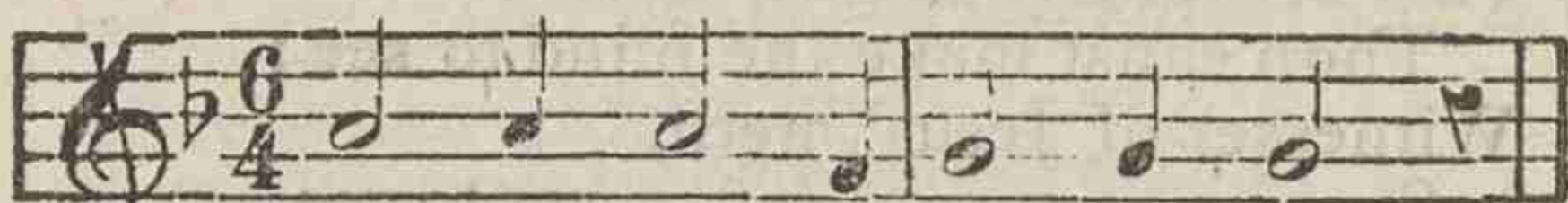
4 Comfort those who weep and mourn,
 Let the time of joy return;
 Those who are cast down, lift up,
 Make them strong in faith and hope

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

105 P. 92

MARTYN. 7s.

M. — B. 253



MARY to the Saviour's tomb.
 Hasten'd at the early dawn,
 Spice she brought, and sweet perfume,
 But the Lord she loved had gone.
 For awhile she lingering stood,
 Filled with sorrow and surprise,
 Trembling, while a crystal flood
 Issued from her weeping eyes.

2 But her sorrows quickly fled
 When she heard His welcome voice:
 Christ had risen from the dead,
 Now He bids her heart rejoice;
 What a change His word can make,
 Turning darkness into day!
 Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,
 He will wipe your tears away.

106 P. 194 BARTIMEUS. 8&7 M, — B. 211



"MERCY. O Thou Son of David,"
 Thus blind Bartimeus prayed,—
 "Others by Thy word are saved,
 Now to me afford Thine aid."

2 Many for his crying chid him,
 But he calls the louder still,—
 Till the gracious Saviour bid him
 Come, and ask me what you will.

3 "Lord, remove this grievous blindness,
Let mine eyes behold the day!"
Straight he saw, and won by kindness,
Followed Jesus in the way.

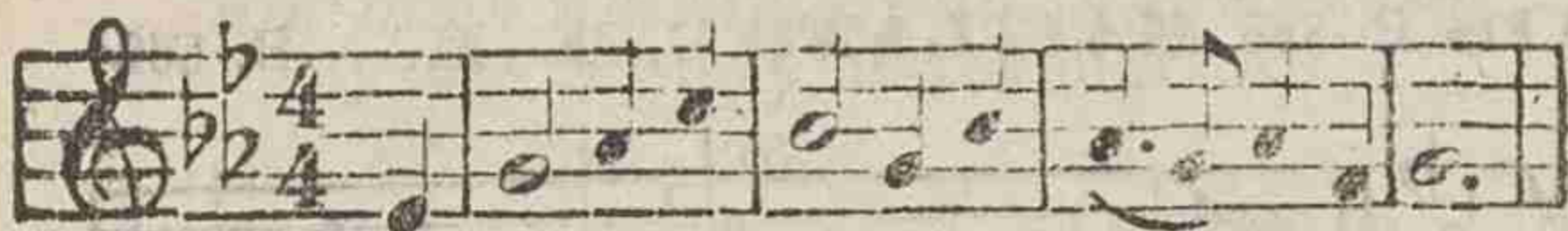
4 Oh, methinks I hear him praising,
Publishing to all around,
"Friends is not my case amazing?
What a Saviour I have found!"

5 "Oh that all the blind but knew Him,
And would be advised by me.
Surely they would hasten to Him,
He would cause them all to see."

107 P. 689

HOME. 11s.

M. — B —



'MID 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 blessed Jesus, whose love cannot
cease:
Though oft from Thy presence in sadness I
roam,
I long behold Thee, in glory, at home.
3 Whate'er Thou deniest, O give me Thy
grace,
The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of Thy
face.

Inspire me with patience to wait at Thy
throne,
And find even now a sweet foretaste of
home.

4 I long, dearest Lord, in Thy beauties 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.

108 P. 388 MATTLAND C. M. M. — B. 562



MUST Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there 's a cross for every one,
And there 's a cross for me.

2 That consecrated cross I 'll bear
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home, my crown to wear,
For there 's a crown for me.

109 P. 623 NELSON. S & 7. M. — B. 927



MY days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,—
Those hours of toil and danger:

For now we stand on Jordan's strand,
 Our friends are passing over;
 And, just before, the shining shore
 We may almost discover.

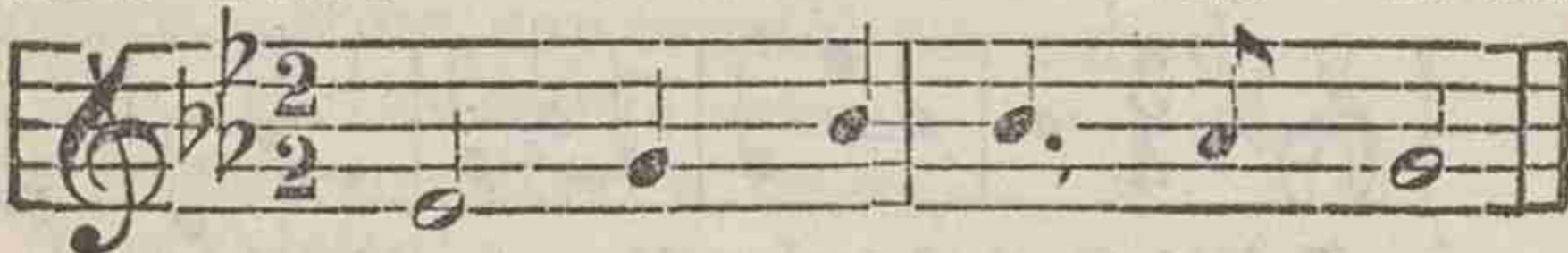
2 Our absent King the watchword gave
 "Let every lamp be burning;"
 We look afar, across the wave,
 Our distant home discerning.
 For now, etc.

3 Should coming days be dark and cold,
 We will not yield to sorrow,
 For hope will sing, with courage bold,
 "There's glory on the morrow."
 For now, etc.

4 Let storms of woe in whirlwinds rise,
 Each cord on earth to sever,—
 There—bright and joyous in the skies!
 There—is our home for ever:

For now we stand on Jordan's strand
 Our friends are passing over;
 And, just before, the shining shore
 We may almost discover.

110 P. 274 OLIVET. 6&4. M. — B. 601



MY faith looks up to Thee,
 Thou Lamb of Calvary,
 Saviour divine!

Now hear me while I pray,
 Take all my guilt away;
 Oh let me, from this day,
 Be wholly Thine.

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

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 tear 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 distress remove;
 Oh, bear me safe above,—
 A ransomed soul.

III P. 449 GRATITUDE. L. M. M. 973 B. 94



MY God, how endless is Thy love!
 Thy gifts are every evening new;
 And morning mercies from above
 Gently distil like early dew.

2 Thou speakest the curtain of the night,
 Great Guardian of My sleeping hours;
 Thy sovereign word restores the light,
 And quickens all my drowsy powers.

- 3** I yield my powers to Thy comand,
 To Thee I consecrate my days;
 Perpetual blessings from Thy hand
 Demand perpetual songs and praise.

112 P. 71. Ps. **ATHENS. C.M.** M. 562 B.558



- M**Y Saviour, my Almighty Friend,
 When I begin Thy praise,
 Where will the growing numbers end,
 The number of Thy grace?
- 2** Thou art my everlasting trust,
 Thy goodness I adore;
 And since I knew Thy graces first,
 I speak Thy glories more.
- 1** My feet shall travel all the length
 Of the celestial road,
 And march, with courage in Thy strength,
 To see my Father, God.
- 4** When I am filled with sore distress
 For some surprising sin,
 I'll plead Thy perfect righteousness,
 And mention none but Thine.
- 5** Awake, awake, my tuneful powers;
 With this delightful song
 I entertain the darkest hours,
 Nor think the season long.

113 P. 384

LABAN. S.M.

M.—B. 704



- M**Y soul, be on thy guard,
 Ten thousand foes arise;

And hosts of sins are pressing hard,
To draw thee from the skies.

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

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor once at ease sit down;
Thy arduous work will not be done,
Till thou hast got the crown.

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

114 P.103 Ps. BOYLSTON.S.M. M. 361 B. 119



MY soul repeat, His praise,
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

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

115 P. 30

DENNIS. S. M.

M.—D. 659



MY times are in Thy hand ;
 O God I wish them there ;
 My life, my friends, my soul I leave
 Entirely to Thy care.

2 My times are in Thy hand,
 Whatever they may be,
 Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
 As best may seem to Thee.

3 My times are in Thy hand,
 Why should I doubt or fear ?
 A father's hand will never cause
 His child a needless tear.

4 My times are in Thy hand.
 Jesus, the crucified ;
 The hand my many sins have pierced
 Is now my guard and guide.

116 P. 320

BETHANY. 6&4.

M.—B, 600



NEARER, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee !
 E'en though it be a cross
 That raiseth me,
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee,

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

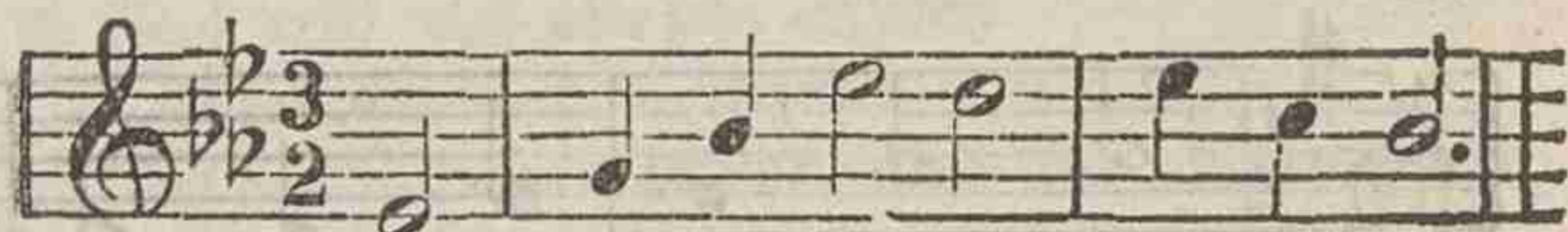
3 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I 'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

4 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.

117 P. 230

WELLS, L.M.

M. — B. 425



NO more, my God, I boast no more
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of Thy Son.

2 Now for the love I bear His name,
What was my gain, I count my loss;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to His cross.

- 3 Yes, and I must and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake;
O! may my soul be found in Him,
And of His righteousness partake.
- 4 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before Thy throne;
But faith can answer Thy demands,
By pleading what the Lord has done.

118 JESUS PAID IT ALL.



NOTHING, either great or small,
Remains for me to do;
Jesus died, and paid it all,—
Yes, all the debt I owe.

CHO.—Jesus paid it all,
All the debt I owe,
Jesus died and paid is all,
Yes, all the debt I owe.

2 When He from His lofty throne,
Stoop'd down to do and die,
Everything was fully done;
“’Tis finished!” was His cry.
Jesus paid it all, &c.

3 Weary, working, plodding one,
Oh, wherefore toil you so?
Cease your doing—all was done;
Yes, ages long ago.
Jesus paid it all, &c.

4 Till to Jesus work you cling,
Alone by simple faith,
“Doing” is a deadly thing,
Your “doing” ends in death.
Jesus paid it all, &c.

- 5 Cast your deadly "doing" down,
Down all at Jesus' feet;
Stand in Him, in Him alone,
All glorious and complete.
Jesus paid it all, &c.

119 P. 164 GERAR. S. M. M. 135 B. 791



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 cursed 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.

120 P. 607 WEBB, 7&6. M. — B. —



NOW be the Gospel banner
In every land unfurled;

And be the shout, hosanna !
 Re-echoed through the world:
 Till every isle and nation,
 Till every tribe and tongue
 Receive the great salvation,
 And join the happy throng.

2 What though the embattled legions
 Of earth and hell combine?
 His arm throughout their regions,
 Shall soon resplendent shine:
 Ride on, O Lord, victorious;
 Immanuel, Prince of peace,
 Thy triumph shall be glorious
 Thy empire still increase.

3 Yes, Thou shalt reign for ever
 O Jesus, King of kings;
 Thy light, Thy love, Thy favor,
 Each ransomed captive sings:
 The isles for Thee are waiting,
 The deserts learn Thy praise;
 The hills and valleys greeting,
 The song responsive raise.

121 P. 154

PLEYELS. 7.

M. — B. 541



NOW begin the heavenly theme,
 Sing aloud in Jesus' name;
 Ye, who His salvation prove,
 Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Ye, who see the Father's grace
 Beaming in the Saviour's face,
 As to Canaan on ye move,
 Praise and bless redeeming love,

- 3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears;
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove.
Cancelled by redeeming love.

Ye, alas ! who long have been
Willing slaves to death and sin,
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop and taste redeeming love.

- 5 When His spirit leads us home,
When we to His glory come,
We shall all the fulness prove
Of our Lord's redeeming love.

122 P 32 Ps. SHIRLAND. S M. M. 463 B. 001



O BLESSED souls are they
Whose sins are covered o'er;
Divinely blessed, to whom the Lord
Imputes their guilt no more.

- 2 They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care;
Their lips and lives without deceit
Shall prove their faith sincere.

- 3 While I concealed my guilt,
I felt the painful wound,
Till I confessed my sins to Thee,
And ready pardon found.

- 4 Let sinners learn to pray,
Let saints keep near the throne;
Our help in times of deep distress
Is found in God alone.

123 P. 361 KENTUCKY. S. M. M. — B. —



O, CEASE, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All the wide world to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.

2 Behold the ark of God,
Behold the open door;
Hasten to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

3 There, safe thou shalt abide,
There, sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

124 P. 40 ARIEL. C. P. M. M. — B. 553



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

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

- 3 I'd sing the characters He bears,
And all the forms of love He wears.
Exalted on His throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all His glories known.
- 4 Soon the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord will call me home,
And I shall see His face:
Then, with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in His grace.

125 P. 412

WEBB. 7&6.

M. — B. —



- O** Faint and feeble-hearted,
Why thus cast down with fear?
Fresh aid shall be imparted;
Thy God unseen is near.
- 2 His eye can never slumber,
He marks thy cruel foes;
Observes their strength, their number,
And all thy weakness knows.
- 3 Though heavy clouds of sorrow
Make dark thy path to-day,
There may shine forth to-morrow
Once more a cheering ray.
- 4 Though doubts and griefs assailing
Conceal heaven's fair abode;
Yet now faith's power prevailing
Should stay thy mind on God.

126 P. 317 **BALEMA. C. M. M. 449 B. 624**

O, FOR a closer walk with God,
 A calm and heavenly frame;
 A light to shine upon the road,
 That leads me to the Lamb.

2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
 When first I saw the Lord?
 Where is the soul refreshing view
 Of Jesus and His word?

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

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
 Sweet messenger of rest!
 I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
 And drove Thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
 What'er that idol be,
 Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
 And worship only Thee.

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

127 P. 202 PORTUGAL. L. M. M. 393 B.



O, FOR a glance of heavenly day,
To take this stubborn stone away;
And thaw, with beams of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

2 The rocks can rend; the earth can quake;
The sea can roar; the mountains can shake;
Of feeling all things show some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

3 To hear the sorrows Thou hast felt,
Dear Lord, an adamant would melt;
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing move this heart of mine.

4 Thy judgments, too, unmoved I hear,
(Amazing thought!) which devils fear;
Goodness and wrath in vain combine,
To stir this stupid heart of mine.

5 But power divine can do the deed,
And much to feel that power I need;
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
And move and melt this heart of mine.

128 P. 313 AVON. C. M. M. 533 B. 623



O, FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that always feels Thy blood,
So freely shed for me:

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

3 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Holy, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

129 P. 306 ARMENIA. C. M. M. 655 B. 527



O, FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace.

2 My gracious Master, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread all through the earth abroa
The honors of Thy name.

3 Jesus, the name that calms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears;
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

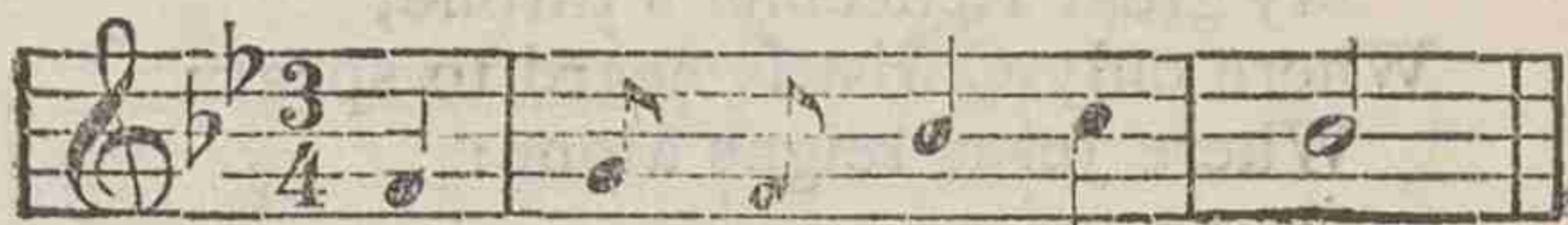
4 He breaks the power of reigning sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.

5 Let us obey: we then shall know.
Shall feel our sins forgiven:
Anticipate our heaven below,
And own that love in heaven.

130 P. 633

OLMUTZ. S. M.

M. — B. 936



O, FOR the death of those,
Who slumber in the Lord !
O be, like theirs, my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward !

2 Their bodies in the ground
In silent hope may lie,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound
Shall call them to the sky

3 Their ransomed spirits soar,
On wings of faith and love,
To meet the Saviour they adore,
And reign with Him above.

4 With us their names shall live
Through long succeeding years,
Embalmed with all our hearts can give,
Our praises and our tears.

131 P. 354 **HAPPY DAY. L. M.** M. 1011 B. 766

O HAPPY day, that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour, and my God !
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad

CHO.—Happy day ! happy day !
When Christ shall wash our sins away.
Here in Thy courts we'll gladly stay,
And at Thy footstool humbly pray
That Thou wouldst take our sins away.

- 2 O happy bond that seals my vows
To Him, who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.
- 3 'Tis done:—the great transaction 's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine:
He drew me—and I followed on—
Charmed to confess the voice divine.
- 4 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When called on angels' bread to feast?

132 P. 157 **BALERMA. C. M. M. — B. —**



O, HAPPY is the man who hears
Instruction's warning voice,
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice.

- 2 For she has treasures greater far
Than eastern climes unfold;
More precious are her bright rewards
Than gems or stores of gold.
- 3 Her bright hand offers to the just
Immortal, happy days;
Her left, imperishable wealth
And heavenly crowns displays.
- 4 And, as her holy labors rise,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

133 P. 311 KENTUCKY. S. M. M. 676 B. 328



O WHERE shall rest be found,
 Rest for the weary soul?
 'Twere vain the ocean depths to sound,
 Or pierce to either pole.

2 The world can never give
 The bliss for which we sign,
 'Tis not the whole of life to live,
 Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears
 There is a life above,
 Unmeasured by the flight of years;
 And all that life is love.

4 There is a death whose pang
 Outlasts the fleeting breath;
 O what eternal horrors hang
 Around "the second death!"

5 Lord God of truth and grace,
 Teach us that death to shun,
 Lest we be banished from Thy face
 And evermore undone.

134 P. 48 DORNANCE. S&7. M. — B. 798



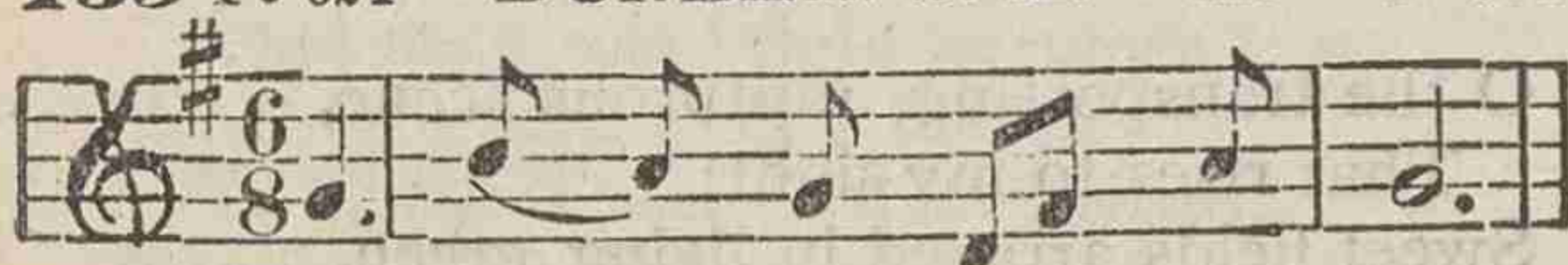
ONE there is, above all others
 Well deserves the name of friend;
 His is love beyond a brother's,
 Costly, free, and knows no end,

2 Which of all our friends. to save us,
 Could or would have shed his blood!
 But this Saviour died to have us
 Reconciled in Him to God.

3 When He lived on earth abased,
 Friend of sinners was His name;
 Now above all glory raised,
 He rejoices in the same.

4 O! for grace our hearts to soften,
 Teach us, Lord. at length to love:
 We, alas! forget too often,
 What a Friend we have above.

135 P. 624 DUNBAR. S. M. M. — B. 924



ONE sweetly solemn thought
 Comes to me e'er and o'er,
 Nearer my parting hour am I
 Than e'er I was before.

2 Nearer my Father's house,
 Where many mansions be;
 Nearer the throne where Jesus reign,—
 Nearer the crystal sea;

3 Nearer my going home,
 Laying my burden down,
 Leaving my cross of heavy grief,
 Wearing my starry crown;

4 Nearer that hidden stream,
 Winding through shades of night,
 Rolling its cold, dark waves between
 Me and the world of light.

- 5 Jesus ! to Thee I cling:
 Strengthen my arm of faith;
 Stay near me while my way-worn feet
 Press through the stream of death.

136 P. 670 JORDAN. C. M. D. M. 707, B. 986



- ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
 And cast a wishful eye,
 To Canaan's fair and happy land,
 Where my possessions lie.

- 8 O the transporting, rapturous scene,
 That rises to my sight;
 Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
 And rivers of delight.

- 3 There generous fruits, that never fail,
 On trees immortal grow;
 There rocks and hills, and brooks and vales,
 With milk and honey flow.

On all those wide and extended plains
 Shines one eternal day;
 There God the Son for ever reigns,
 And scatters night away.

- 5 No chilling winds nor poisonous breath
 Can reach that healthful shore:
 Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
 Are felt and feared no more.

137 P. 89

WEBB. 7&6.

M. — B. 225



O SACRED Head once wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down;
How scornfully surrounded

With thorns Thy only crown!
O sacred Head, what glory,
What bliss till now was Thine;
Yet, though despised and gory,
I joy to call Thee mine.

2 How art Thou pale with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn;
How does that visage languish
That once was bright as morn!
What language shall I borrow
To thank Thee, dearest Friend;
For this Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?

3 Oh! make me Thine for ever;
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never
Outlive my love to Thee.
Be near when I am dying;
Oh! show Thy cross to me;
And, for my succour flying,
Come, Lord, and set me free.

138 P. 119 Ps. PETERBOROUGH. M. — B. 635



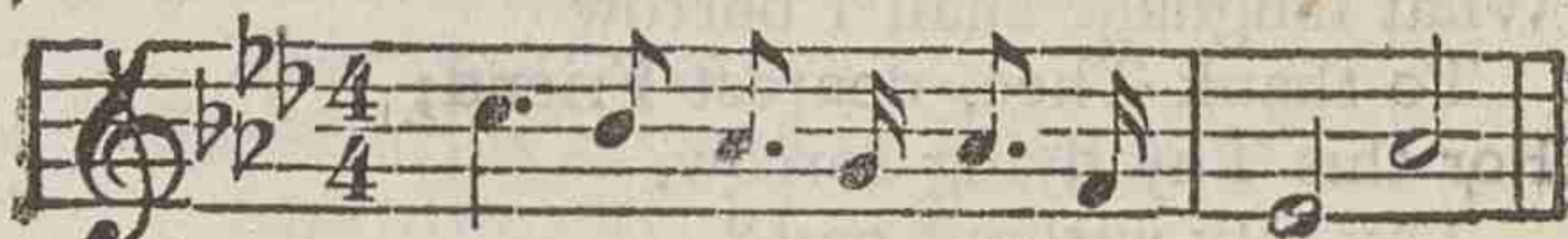
O, that the Lord would guide my ways
To keep His statutes still!
Oh! that my God would grant me grace
To know and do His will!

2 O! send Thy Spirit down to write
 Thy law upon my heart;
 Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
 Nor act the liar's part.

3 My soul hath gone too far astray,
 My feet too often slip;
 Yet, since I've not forgot Thy way,
 Restore Thy wandering sheep.

4 Make me to walk in Thy commands,
 'Tis a delightful road;
 Nor let my head, nor heart, nor hands
 Offend against my God.

139 P. — PASS ME NOT. M. —, B. —



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

CHO. — Saviour, Saviour, hear my humble cry!
 While on others Thou art smiling,
 Do not pass me by.

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

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

140 P. 349 MARTYN. 7s. M. 884, B. B. 841

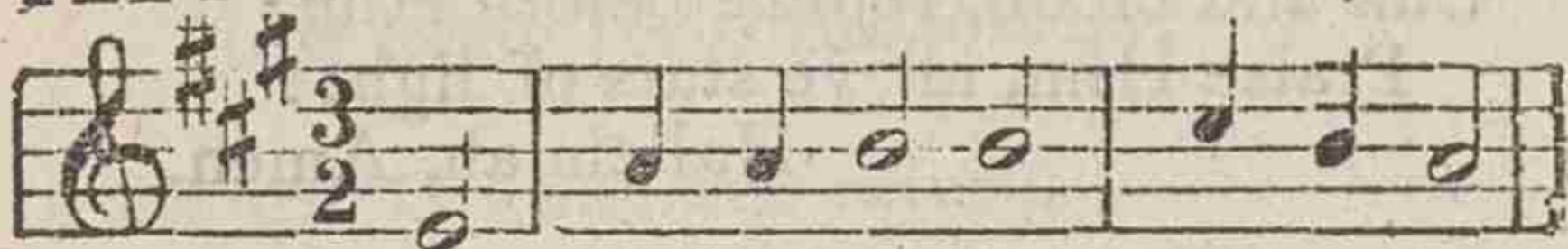


PEOPLE of the living God,
 I have sought the world around,
 Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
 Peace and comfort no where found:
 Now to you my spirit turns,
 Turns a fugitive unblest;
 Brethren, where your altar burns,
 O ! receive me into rest.

2 Lonely, I no longer roam,
 Like the cloud, the wind, the wave;
 Where you dwell shall be my home,
 Where you die shall be my grave;
 Mine the God whom you adore,
 Your Redeemer shall be mine;
 Earth can fill my soul no more,
 Every idol I resign.

3 Tell me not of gain or loss,
 Ease, enjoyment, pomp and power,
 Welcome poverty and cross,
 Shame, reproach, affliction's hour:
 "Follow me;" I know Thy voice;
 Jesus, Lord, Thy steps I see;
 Now I take Thy yoke by choice;
 Light Thy burden now to me.

141 P. 162 AZMON. C. M. M. 188, B. 182



PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,
 We wretched sinners lay,

Without one chearful beam 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 power of darkness thus,
And brake our iron 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.

142 R. 148 Ps. SICILY 8s&7s. M. —, B. 9



PRAISE the Lord! ye heavens adore
Him;

Praise Him, angels in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him;
Praise Him, all ye stars of light!

Hallelujah, Amen.

2 Praise the Lord—for He hath spoken;
Worlds His mighty voice obeyed;
Laws which never can be broken,
For their guidance He hath made.

Hallelujah, Amen.

3 Praise the Lord—for He is glorious;
 Never shall His promise fail;
 God hath made His saints victorious,
 Sin and death shall not prevail.
 Hallelujah, Amen.

4 Praise the God of our salvation,
 Hosts on high His power proclaim;
 Heaven, and earth, and all creation,
 Praise and magnify His name!
 Hallelujah, Amen.

143 P. 176 GRATITUDE. L. M. M 351 B.—

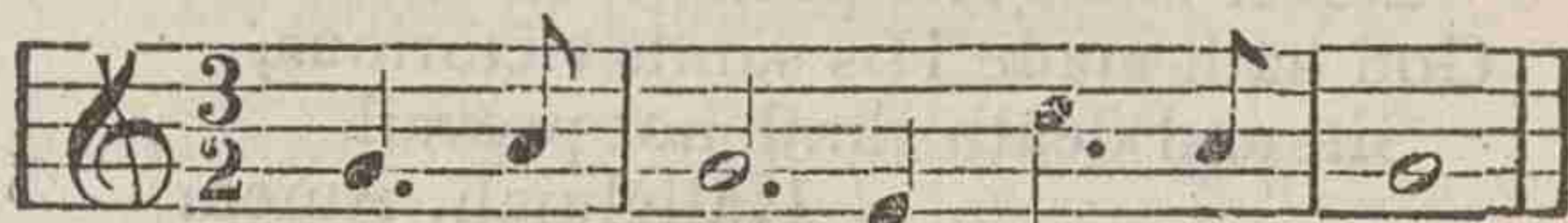


RETURN, O wanderer, return,
 And seek an injured Father's face;
 Those warm desires that in thee burn
 Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

2 Return, O wanderer, return,
 And seek a Father's melting heart;
 His pitying eyes thy grief discern,
 His hand shall heal thine inward smart.

3 Return, O wanderer, return,
 Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live;
 Go to His bleeding feet, and learn
 How freely Jesus can forgive.

4 Return, O wanderer, return,
 And wipe away the falling tear;
 'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn,"
 'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

144 P. 41 **TOPLADY. 7s.** M. 134 B. 41⁶

ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee;
 Let the water and the blood,
 From Thy wounded side which flowed,
 Be of sin the double cure;
 Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

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

145 P. 460 **SAFELY THROUGH. M. 315 B. 57**

SAFELY, through another week,
 God has brought us on our way:
 Let us now a blessing seek,
 Waiting in His courts to-day;

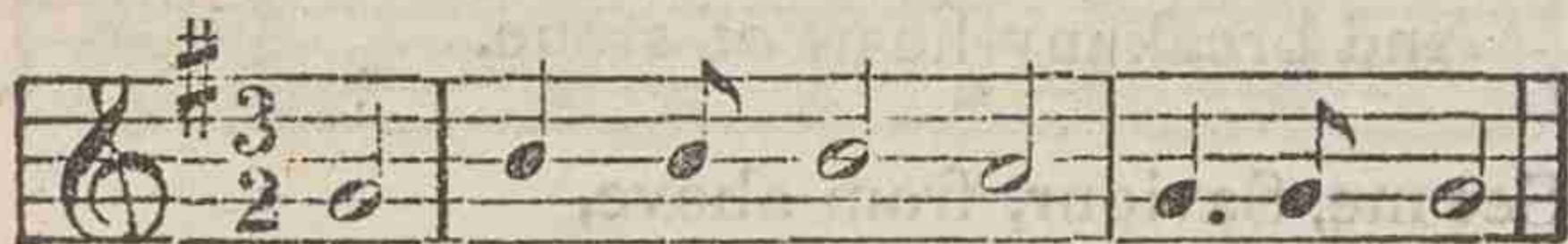
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 While we seek supplies of grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show Thy reconciling face,
Take away our sin and shame:
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in Thee.

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

4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief for ail complaints:
Such let our sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

146 P. 432 ARLINGTON. C.M. M.136 B. 538



SALVATION! O the joyful sound;
'Tis pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

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.

147 P. — KISON. P. M. M. 379, B. —



SAVIOUR, let Thy pitying eye
Call back Thy wand'ring sheep;
False to Thee, like Peter, I
Would fain like Peter weep.
Let me be by grace restored;
On me be all long suff'ring shown:
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

- 2 Saviour, Prince, enthroned above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, through Thy dying love,
The humble, contrite heart:
Give what I have long implored,
A portion of Thy grief unknown:
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

- 3 See me, Saviour, from above,
Nor suffer me to die!
Life, and happiness, and love:
Drop from Thy gracious eye.
Speak the reconciling word,
And let Thy mercy melt me down:
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

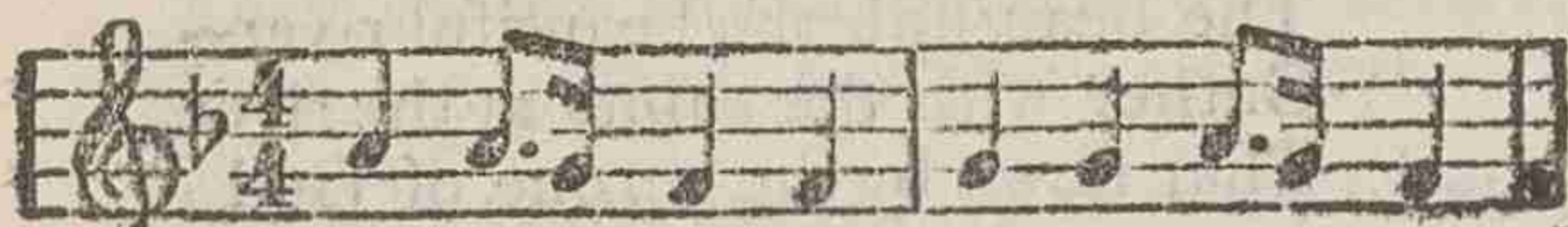
148 P. — NETTLETON. S&7. M. —, B. 805



SAVIOUR, like a Shepherd lead us :
 Much we need Thy tender care ;
 In Thy pleasant pastures feed us,
 For our use Thy fold prepare :
 We are Thine : do thou befriend us
 Be the guardian of our way ;
 Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,
 Seek us when we go astray.

2 Thou hast promised to receive us,
 Poor and sinful though we be ;
 Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
 Grace to cleanse, and power to free :
 Early let us seek Thy favor,
 Early help us do Thy will ;
 Holy Lord, our only Saviour !
 With Thy grace our bosom fill.

149 P. 580 GREENVILLE. S&7. M. 941, B. 824



SAVIOUR, visit Thy plantation,
 Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain ;
 All will come to desolation,
 Unless Thou return again :
 Lord, revive us ;
 All our help must come from Thee.

2 Keep no longer at a distance,
 Shine upon us from on high,
 Lest, for want of Thine assistance,

Every plant should droop and die •

Lord, revive us ;

All our help must come from Thee.

- 3** Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayers ;
Let each one esteemed Thy servant
Shun the world's bewitching snares.

Lord, revive us ;

All our help must come from Thee.

- 4** Break the tempter's fatal power ;
Turn the stony heart to flesh ;
And begin from this good hour,
To revive Thy work afresh ;

Lord revive us ;

All our help must come from Thee.

150 P. — BEAUTIFUL RIVER. M.—, B. 914



SHALL we gather at the river,
Where bright angels' feet have trod ;
With its crystal tide for ever
Flowing by the throne of God ?

CHOR.—Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river—
Gather with the saints at the river,
That flows by the throne of God.

- 2** On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray
We will walk and worship ever,
All the happy, golden day.—**CHO.**

- 3** On the bosom of the river,
Where the Saviour-king we own,
We shall meet, and sorrow never
'Neath the glory of the throne.—**CHO**

- 7 Soon we'll reach the shining river,
 Soon our pilgrimage will cease,
 Soon our happy hearts will quiver
 With the melody of peace.—CHO.

151 P. 51. Ps. **PENITENT.** M. 180, B. 351



- S**HOW pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive;
 Let a repenting rebel live;
 Are not Thy mercies large and free?
 May not a sinner trust in Thee?
- 2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass
 The power and glory of Thy grace;
 Great God, Thy nature hath no bound,
 So let Thy pardoning love be found
- 3 O! wash my soul from every sin,
 And make my guilty conscience clean;
 Here on my heart the burden lies,
 And past offences pain mine eyes.
- 4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
 Against Thy law, against Thy grace;
 Lord, should Thy judgments grow severe,
 I am condemned, but Thou art clear.
- 5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
 I must pronounce Thee just in death;
 And if my soul were sent to hell,
 Thy righteous law approves it well.
- 6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
 Whose hope, still hovering round Thy word,
 Would light on some sweet promise there,
 Some sure support against despair.

152 BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.



SOWING in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness,

Sowing in the noon-tide and the dewy eve;
Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping.

We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

CHO.—Bringing in the sheaves.

2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,

Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;

By and by the harvest, and the labor ended,
We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.—**CHO.**

3 Go, then, ever weeping, sowing for the Master,
Though the loss sustain'd our spirit often grieves;

When our weeping's over, He will bid us welcome.

We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.—**CHO.**

153 P.139 MARTYN. 7s. M. 345, B. 329



SINNERS, turn, why will ye die?

God your Maker asks you why;

God who did your being give,

Made you with Himself to live,

He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of His own hands;
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross His love and die?

2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God your Saviour asks you why;
He who did your soul retrieve,
Died himself that ye might live,
Will ye let Him die in vain,
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye rebel sinners, why
Will ye slight His grace and die?

3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God the Spirit asks you why?
Many a time with you He strove;
Wooed you to embrace His love;
Will ye not His grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
Why will ye for ever die,
O ye guilty sinners, why?

154 P. 394

REST. L. M.

M. —, B. 714



STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armour on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where Jesus, thy great Captain's gone.

2 Hell and sin resist thy course,
But hell and sin are vanquished foes;
Thy Jesus nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when He rose.

- 3 What though the prince of darkness rage,
And waste the fury of his spite :
Eternal chains confine him down
To fiery deeps and endless night.
- 4 What though thy inward lusts rebel :
'Tis but a struggling gasp for life ;
The weapons of victorious grace
Shall slay thy sins and end the strife.
- 5 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait
- 6 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace;
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

155 P. 137 RETREAT. L. M. M. 224, B. 293



- S**TAY, Thou insulted Spirit, stay;
Though I have done Thee such despite,
Cast not the sinner quite away,
Nor take Thine everlasting flight.
- 2 Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all, who e'er Thy grace received,
Ten thousand times Thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times Thy goodness grieved :
- 3 Yet O ! the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High Priest;
Nor in Thy righteous anger swear,
I shall not see Thy people's rest.

4 If yet Thou canst my sins forgive,
E'en now, my Lord, relieve my woes;
Into Thy rest of love receive,
And bless me with a calm repose.

5 E'en now my weary soul release,
And raise me by Thy gracious hand;
Guide me into Thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

156 P. 295 HURSLEY. L. M. M. —, B. 96



SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near:
Oh ! may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

2 When soft the dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought—how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh.
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 Be near to bless me when I wake,
Ere through the world my way I take;
Abide with me till, in Thy love,
I lose myself in heaven above.

157 P. — SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER



SWEET hour of prayer ! sweet hour of
prayer !
That calls me from a world of care,

And bids me at my Father's throne
 Make all my wants and wishes known;
 In seasons of distress and grief
 My soul has often found relief,
 And oft escaped the tempter's snare
 By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

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

3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
 May I thy consolation share,
 Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height
 view my home and take my flight;
 This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
 To seize the everlasting prize;
 And shout, while passing through the air,
 Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.

158 P. 92 Ps. MIGDOL. L. M. M. —, B. 59



SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
 To praise Thy name, give thanks and
 sing;

To show Thy love by morning light,
 And talk of all Thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
 No mortal care shall seize my breast;
 O! may my heart in tune be found,
 Like David's harp of solemn sound!

- 3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless His works and b'ess His Word;
Thy works of grace how bright they shine!
How deep Thy counsels! how divine!
- 4 Then I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil to cheer my head.
- 5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

159 P. 353

OTTO. 8&7.

M. 479, B. 428



SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend,
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.

- 2 Here I'll sit for ever viewing,
Mercy flow in streams of blood;
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.
- 3 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before His cross to lie;
While I see divine compassion
Floating in His languid eye.
- 4 Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the cross I gaze;
Love I much? I'm much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.

- 5 Love and grief my heart dividing,
 With my tears, His feet I bathe;
 Constant still in faith abiding,
 Life deriving from His death.

160 P. 664 DUNDEE. C. M. M. 719, B. 901



THAT awful day will surely come,
 The appointed hour makes haste,
 When I must stand before my Judge,
 And pass the solemn test.

- 2 Thou lovely Chief of all my joys,
 Thou Sovereign of my heart,
 How could I bear to hear Thy voice
 Pronounce the word, "Depart!"

- 3 O! wretched state of deep despair,
 To see my God remove,
 And fix my doleful station, where
 I must not taste His love.

- 4 Jesus, I throw my arms around,
 And hang upon Thy breast;
 Without a gracious smile from Thee,
 My spirit cannot rest.

- 5 O! tell me that my worthless name
 Is graven on Thy hands;
 Show me some promise in Thy Book,
 Where my salvation stands.

- 6 Give me one kind, assuring word,
 To sink my fears again;
 And cheerfully my soul shall wait
 Her three-score years and ten.

161 P. 23 Ps. OLNEY. S M. M. —, B. —



THE Lord my Shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied;
Since He is mine, and I am His,
What can I want beside?

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

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

4 While He affords His aid,
I cannot yield to fear,
Tho' I shall walk thro' death's dark shade,
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 following days;
Nor from Thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak Thy praise.

162 P. 1 LENOX. H. M. M. 58, B. 148



THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
His throne is built on high;

The garments He assumes
Are light and majesty.
His glories shine with beams so bright,
No mortal eye can bear the sight.

2 The thunders of His hand
Keep the wide world in awe;
His wrath and justice stand
To guard His holy law;
And where His love resolves to bless,
His truth confirms and seals the grace.

3 Through all His ancient works,
Surprising wisdom shines;
Confounds the powers of hell,
And breaks their cursed designs.
Strong is His arm, and shall fulfil
His great decrees, His sovereign will.

4 And can this mighty King
Of glory condescend,
And will He write His name,
My Father and my Friend?
I love His name, I love His word;
Join all my powers and praise the Lord.

163 P.103 Ps. BOYLSTON. C. M. M. 62. B. 126



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

- 2 He knows we are but dust,
Scattered with every breath :
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.
- 3 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.
- 4 But Thy compassions Lord,
To endless years endure ;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

164 P. 165 FOUNTAIN. C. M. M. 131, B. 410



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

- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day ;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved to sin no more.
- E'er since by faith I saw the stream,
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

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

165 P. 529

BEULAH.

M. — B—



THERE is a happy land,
 Far, far away.
 Where saints in glory stand,
 Bright, bright as day;
 Oh, how they sweetly sing,
 Worthy is our Saviour King,
 Loud let His praises ring,
 Praise, praise for aye.

- 2 Come to that happy land,
 Come, come away;
 Why will ye doubting stand,
 Why still delay?
 Oh, we shall happy be,
 When from sin and sorrow free,
 Lord, we shall live with Thee,
 Blest, blest for aye.

- 3 Bright in that happy land,
 Beams every eye;
 Kept by a Father's hand,
 Love cannot die.
 Oh! then to glory run,
 Be a crown and kingdom won;
 And bright above the sun,
 We'll reign for aye.

186 P. 681 CHRISTMAS. C. M. M —, B. 976



THERE is a house not made with hands,
 Eternal and on high;
 And here my spirit, waiting, stands,
 Till God shall bid it fly.

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;
 As an earnest of the place
 His own Spirit given.

4 We walk by faith of joys to come;
 Faith lives upon His Word;
 But 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.

187 P. 685

VARINA.

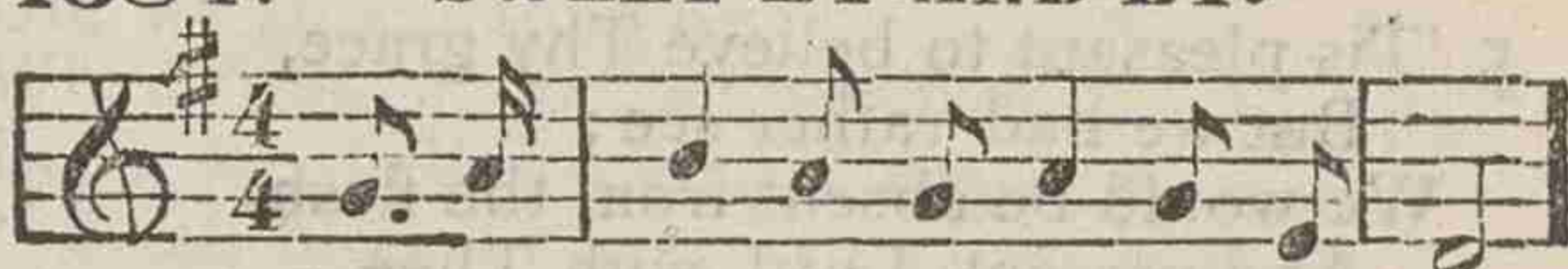
M. 706, B. 908



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

- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
- 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.
- 5 O! could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbecclouded eyes:
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.

168 P. SWEET BY-AND-BY.

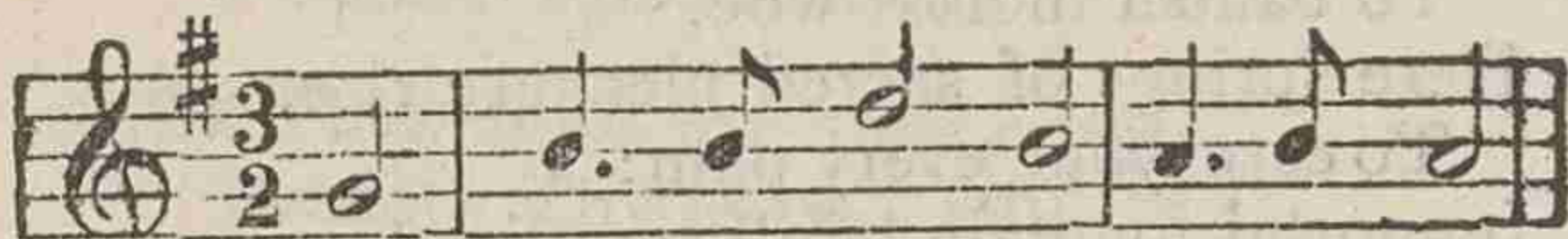


THERE'S a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we can see it afar;
For the Father waits over the way,
To prepare us a dwelling place there.

CHO.—In the sweet by-and by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore,
In the sweet by-and-by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore,

- 2 We shall sing on that beautiful shore
The melodious songs of the blest,
And our spirits shall sorrow no more,
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.
In the sweet, etc.
- 3 To our bountiful Father above,
We will offer our tribute of praise,
For the glorious gift of His love,
And the blessings that hallow our days!
In the sweet, etc.
- 4 We shall meet we shall sing, we shall reign
In the land where the saved never die!
We shall rest free from sorrow and pain,
Safe at home in the sweet by and by.
In the sweet, etc.

169 P. 696 WOODLAND. C. M. M. —, B. 976

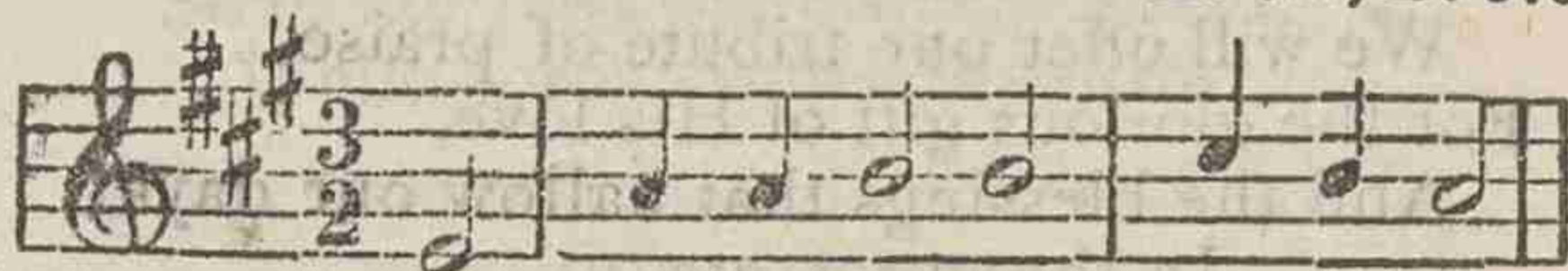


THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast,
'Tis found above—in heaven.

- 2 There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven;
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heaven.
- 3 There, faith lifts up her cheerful eye,
To brighter prospects given;
And views the tempests passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

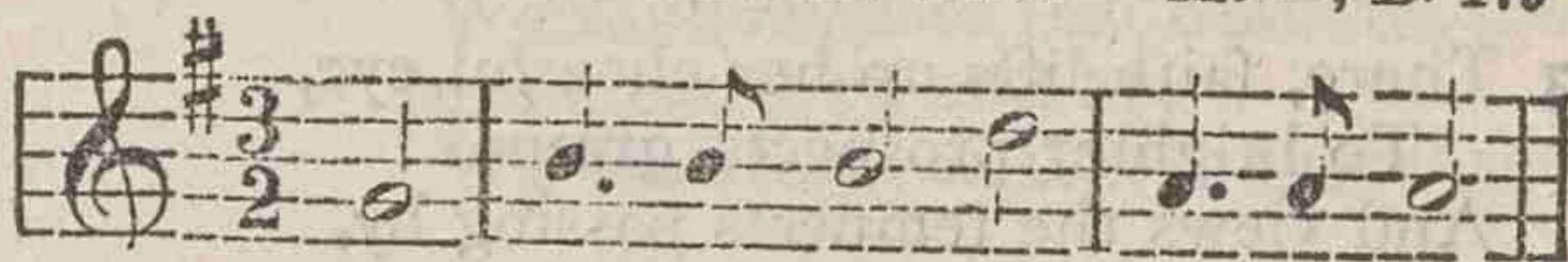
There, fragrant flowers, immortal bloom,
 And joys supreme are given;
 There, rays divine disperse the gloom—
 Beyond the confines of the tomb
 Appears the dawn of heaven.

170 P. 174 AZMON. C. M. M. 340, B. 378



- T**HE Saviour calls, let every ear
 Attend the heavenly sound;
 Ye doubting souls dismiss your fear,
 Hope smiles reviving round.
- 2 For every thirsty, longing heart,
 Here streams of bounty flow:
 And life, and health, and bliss impart,
 To banish mortal woe.
- 3 Here springs of sacred pleasure rise,
 To ease your every pain:
 Immortal fountain! full supplies!
 Nor shall you thirst in vain.
- 4 Ye sinners come, 'tis mercy's voice,
 The gracious call obey:
 Mercy invites to heavenly joys,
 And can you yet delay?
- 5 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts;
 To Thee let sinners fly,
 And take the bliss Thy love imparts,
 And drink and never die.

171 P. 43 WOODSTOCK. M. —, B. 179



THE Saviour! O what endless charms
 Dwell in the blissful sound!

Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads sweet comfort round

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

3 The almighty Former of the skies
Stooped to our vile abode;
While angels viewed with wondering eyes,
And hailed the incarnate God.

4 O ! the rich 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 !

179 P. 179

LABAN. S. M.

M. — B. —



THE Spirit, in our hearts,
Is whispering, "Sinner, come;"
The bride, the church of Christ proclaims
To all His children, "Come!"

2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him, "Come;"
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the Fountain, come !

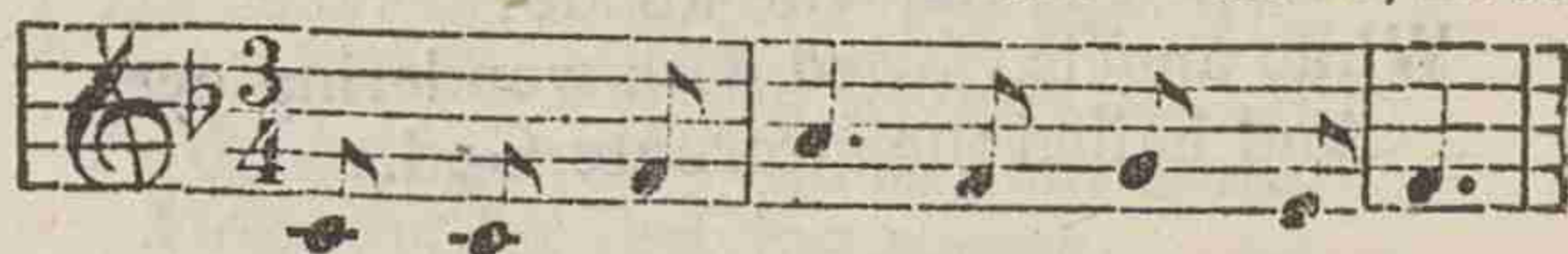
4 Yes, whosoever will,
 Oh, let him freely come,
 And freely drink the stream of life ;
 'Tis Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo ! Jesus, who invites,
 Declares, " I quickly come ;"
 Lord, even so ; we wait Thine hour ;
 Oh blest Redeemer, come !

173 P 495

ANVERN. L. M.

M. —, B. 56



THINE earthly Sabbath, Lord we love,
 But there's a nobler rest above ;
 To that our longing souls aspire
 With ardent love and strong desire.

2 In Thy blest kingdom we shall be
 From every mortal trouble free ;
 No groans shall mingle with the songs,
 Which warble from immortal tongues.

3 No rude alarms of raging foes,
 No cares to break the long repose,
 No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
 But sacred, high, eternal noon.

4 O ! long-expected day, begin ;
 Dawn on this world of woe and sin :
 Fain would we leave this weary road,
 And sleep in death and rest in God,

174 P. 118 Ps. MARLOW, C. M. M. 321, B. 52



THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
 He calls the hours His own ;

- Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.
- 2 To-day He rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints His triumphs spread,
And all His wonders tell.
- 3 Hosanna to th' annointed King,
To David's holy Son;
Help us, O Lord, descend and bring
Salvation from Thy throne.
- 4 Blest is the Lord who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes in God His Father's name,
To save our sinful race.
- 5 Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise;
The highest heavens, in which he reigns,
Shall give Him nobler praise.

175 P. 23 PORTUGUESE. 11s. M. 645, B. —



- THOUGH troubles assail, and dangers
affright;
Though friends should all fail, and foes all
unite;
Yet one thing secures us, whatever be-
tide;
The Scripture assures us, the Lord will pro-
vide.
- 1 The birds without barn or store-house are
fed;
From them let us learn to trust for our
bread.

His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied;

So long as 'tis written, the Lord will provide.

- 3 When Satan appears to stop up our path,
And fills us with fears, we triumph by faith:
He cannot take from us, though oft he has
tried,
This heart-cheering promise, the Lord will
provide.

- 4 No strength of our own, or goodness we
claim,
Yet since we have known the Saviour's great
name,
In this our strong tower for safety we hide;
The Lord is our power, the Lord will pro-
vide.

- 5 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
This word of His grace shall comfort us
through:
No fearing or doubting, with Christ on our
side,
We hope to die shouting, the Lord will pro-
vide.

176 P. 261 SHOEL. L. M. M. —, B. 667



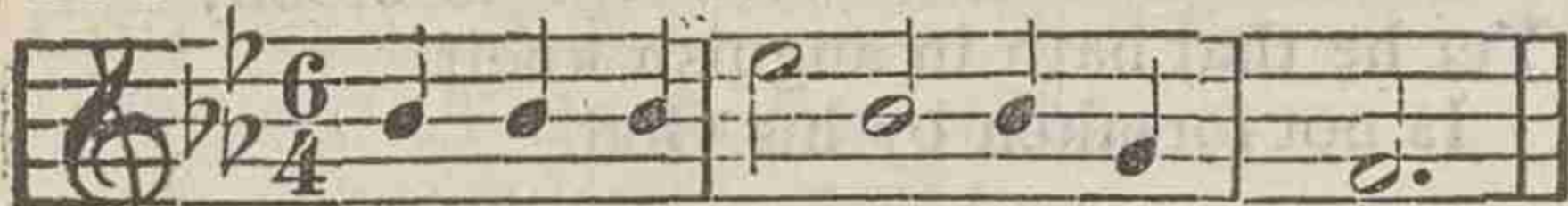
'TIS by the faith of joys to come,
We walk through deserts dark as night,
Till we arrive at heaven our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

- 2 The want of sight she well surmounts;
 She makes the pearly gates appear;
 Far into distant worlds she pries,
 And brings eternal glories near.
- 3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
 While faith inspires a heavenly ray,
 Though lions roar and tempests blow,
 And rocks and dangers fill the way.
- 4 So Abram, by divine command,
 Left his own house to walk with God;
 His faith beheld the promised land,
 And fired his zeal along the road.

177 P. 80

REST. L. M.

M. —, B. 237



- 'TIS finished! so the Saviour cried,
 And meekly bowed His head died;
- 'Tis finished—yes, the race is run,
 The battle fought, the victory won.
- 'Tis finished—all that heaven decreed,
 And all the ancient prophets said,
 Is now fulfilled, as was assigned,
 In Me the Saviour of mankind.
- 'Tis finished—heaven is reconciled,
 And all the powers of darkness spoiled:
 Peace, love, and happiness again
 Return and dwell with sinful men.
- 'Tis finished—let the joyful sound
 Be heard through all the nations round:
 'Tis finished—let the echo fly
 Through heaven and hell, through earth and
 sky.

178 P. — OLIVE BROW. L. M. M. —, B. 216



'TIS midnight ; and on Olive's brow
The star is dimmed that lately shone :

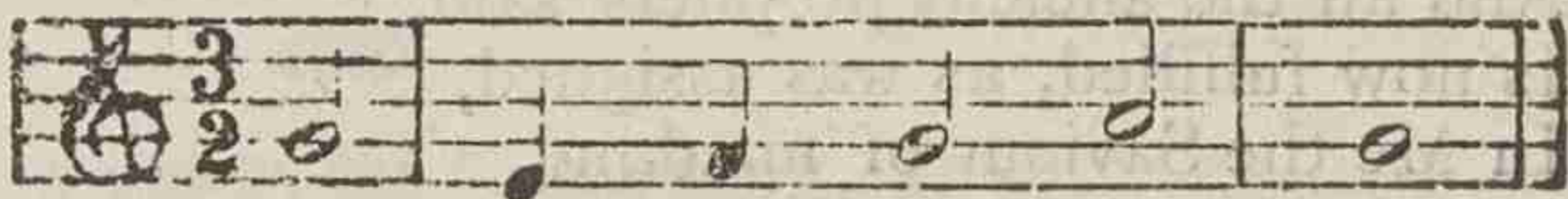
'Tis midnight; in the garden, now,
The suffering Saviour prays alone.

2 'Tis midnight; and from all removed,
The Saviour wrestles lone with fears;
E'en that disciple whom He loved
Heeds not His master's grief and tears.

3 'Tis midnight; and for others' guilt
The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet he that hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by his God.

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

179 P. 29 BOYLSTON. S. M. M.—, B. 63I



THY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be !

Lead me, O God, by Thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.

2 I dare not choose my lot,
I would not, if I might;
Choose Thou for me, O Lord, my God,
So shall I walk aright.

- 3 The kingdom that I seek
Is Thine; so let the way
That leads to it, O Lord, be Thine,—
Else I must surely stray.
- 4 Take Thou my cup and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee, O Lord, may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill.
- 5 Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be Thou, O Lord, my guide, my strength,
My wisdom, and my all.

180 P. — TO-DAY. P. M. M. —, B. —



TO-DAY the Saviour calls!
Ye wanderers, come;
Oh, ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam?

- 2 To-day the Saviour calls;
Oh, hear Him now!
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

- 3 To-day the Saviour calls;
For refuge fly;
The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh.

- 4 The Spirit calls to-day:
Yield to His power;
O, grieve Him not away!
'Tis mercy's hour.

181 P. 496

LABAN. C. M.

M. — B. 248



TO-DAY the Saviour rose,
 Our Jesus left the dead;
 He conquered our malignant foes,
 And Satan captive led.

2 He left His glorious throne,
 To make our peace with God;
 Blessings for ever on His name,
 He bought us with His blood.

3 For us, His life He paid,
 For us the law fulfilled;
 On Him our load of guilt was laid;
 We by His stripes are healed.

4 Ye saints adore His name,
 Who hath such mercy shown;
 Ye sinners, love the bleeding Lamb,
 And make His praises known.

182

HINDON. 7s.



TO Thy pastures fair and large,
 Heavenly Shepherd, lead Thy charge,
 And my couch, with tenderest care,
 'Mid the springing grass prepare.

2 When I faint with summer's heat
 Thou shalt guide my weary feet
 To the streams that, still and slow.
 Through the verdant meadows flow.

3 Safe the dreary vale I tread,
By the shades of death e'erspread,
With Thy rod and staff supplied,
This my guard, and that my guide.

4 Constant to my latest end,
Thou my footsteps shalt attend;
And shalt bid Thy hallowed dome
Yield me an eternal home.

183 P. 821 ANVERN. L. M. M. —, B. —



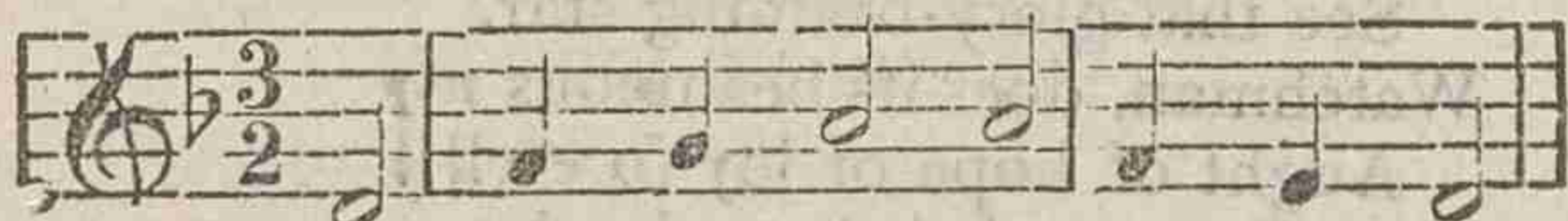
TRIUMPHANT Zion, lift Thy head
From dust, and darkness, and the dead;
Though humbled long, awake at length,
And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.

2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let Thy various charms be known:
The world Thy glories shall confess,
Decked in the robes of righteousness.

3 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.

4 God, from on high, Thy groans will hear;
His hand Thy ruin shall repair;
Nor will Thy watchful Monarch cease
To guard Thee in eternal peace.

184 P. 548 WINDHAM. M. — B. —



'TWAS on that dark, that doleful night,
When powers of earth and hell arose

Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betrayed Him to His foes.

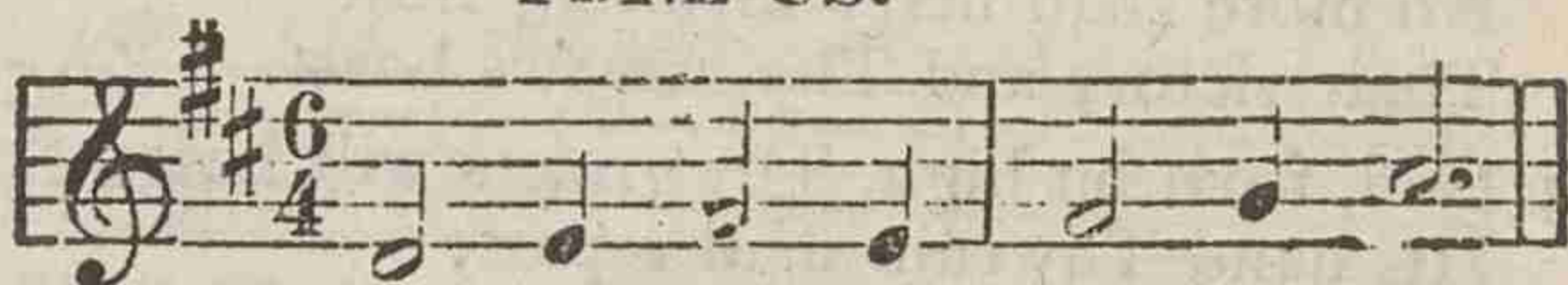
2 Before the mournful scence began,
He took the bread, and blessed and braxe;
What love through all His actions ran!
What wondrous words of grace He spake

3 "This is my body broke for sin;
Receive and eat the living food;"
Then took the cup and blest the wine;
"'Tis the covenant in My blood."

4 "Do this, (He cried,) till time shall end,
In memory of your dying Friend;
Meet at my table, and record
The love of your departed Lord."

5 Jesus Thy feast we celebrate,
We show Thy death, we sing Thy name,
Till Thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage supper of the Lamb.

185 P. 606 WATCHMAN. 7s. M. 165, B. 99
TELL US.



WATCHMAN, tell us of the night
What its signs of promise are.
Traveller, o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory-beaming star.
Watchman, does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell!
Traveller, yes, it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.

2 Watchman, tell us of the night;
 Higher yet that stars ascend.
 Traveller, blessedness and light,
 Peace and truth, its course portends.
 Watchman, will its beams alone
 Gild the spot that gave them birth !
 Traveller, ages are its own,
 See its bursts o'er all the earth.

3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
 For the morning seems to dawn.
 Traveller, darkness takes its flight,
 Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
 Watchman, let thy wanderings cease;
 Hie thee to thy quiet home.
 Traveller, lo ! the Prince of Peace,
 Lo ! the son of God is come.

186 P. — N·NE BUT JESUS. M. —, B. —



WEEPING will not save me—
 Though my face were bathed in tears,
 That could not allay my fears,
 Could not wash the sins of years,
 Weeping will not save me.

CHO.—Jesus wept and died for me;
 Jesus suffered on the tree:
 Jesus waits to make me free;
 He alone can save me.

2 Working will not save me—
 Purest deeds that I can do;
 Honest thoughts and feelings too,
 Cannot form my soul anew,
 Working will not save me.—**CHO.**

3 Waiting will not save me—
 Helpless, guilty, lost, I lie;
 In my ear is mercy's cry,
 If I wait I can but die—
 Waiting will not save me.—CHO.

4 Faith in Christ will save me—
 Let me trust Thy weeping Son;
 Trust the work that He has done;
 To His arms, Lord, let me run—
 Faith in Christ will save me.—CHO.

187 P. 499 LESCHER. H. M. M. 307, B. 47



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

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 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.

188 P. 493 LISBON. . M. M. 313, B. 46

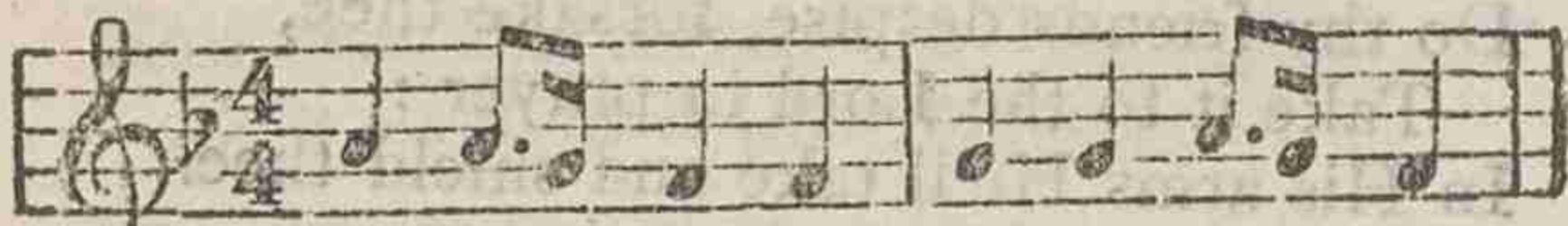


WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.

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

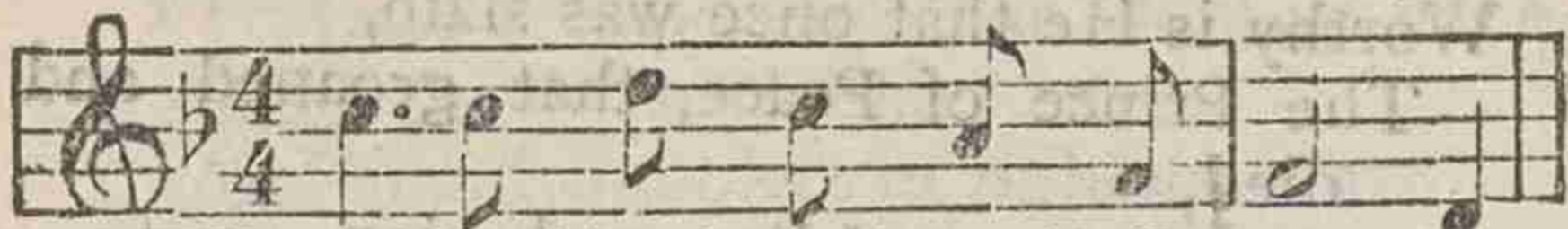
3 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

189 P. 221 GREENVILLE. 847. M.—, B.—



WELCOME, welcome, dear Redeemer,
Welcome to this heart of mine;
Lord, I make a full surrender,
Ev'ry power and thought be Thine;
Thine entirely,
Through eternal ages Thine.

**190 WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE
IN JESUS**



WHAT a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear;

What a privilege to carry
 Every thing to God in prayer.
 Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
 Oh, what needless pain we bear—
 All because we do not carry
 Every thing to God in prayer.

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

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

191 P. 108 DUANE STREET. M. 184, B. 274



WHAT equal honors shall we bring
 To Thee, O Lord, our God, the Lamb,
 When all the notes that angels sing
 Are far inferior to Thy name!
 Worthy is He that once was slain,
 The Prince of Peace, that groaned and
 died,
 Worthy to rise, and live, and reign,
 At His almighty Father's side.

- 3 Blessing for ever on the Lamb,
 Who bore the curse for wretched men:
 Let angels sound His sacred name,
 And every creature say—Amen.

192 P. 116 Ps. WOODSTOCK. C. M. M. --- B. 102



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 Thy house,
 My offering 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 graee to me!
 My life, which Thou hast made Thy care,
 Lord, I devote to Thee.

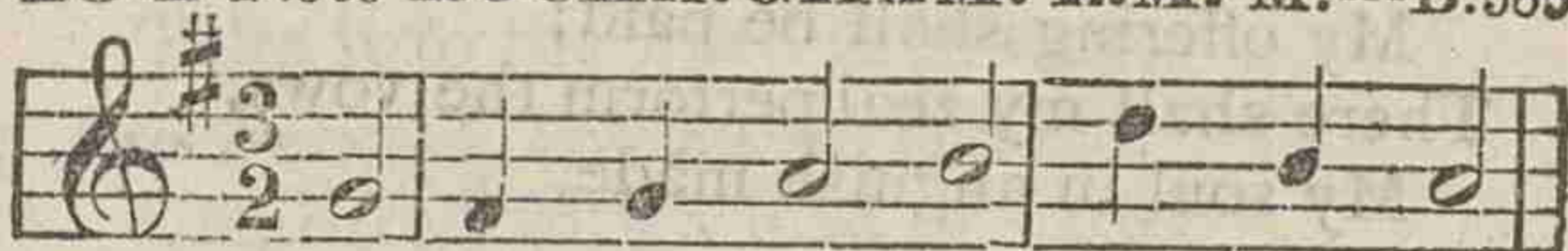
193 P. 17 Ps. UXBRIDGE. L. M. M. 697, B. 614



WHAT sinners value I resign;
 Lord! 'tis enough that Thou art mine;
 I shall behold Thy blissful face,
 And stand complete in righteousness.

- 2 This life's a dream—an empty show;
But the bright world, to which I go,
Hath joys substantial and sincere;
When shall I wake, and find me there?
- 3 Oh, glorious hour!—oh, blest abode!
I shall be near, and like my God;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.
- 4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains, with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise!

194 P.369 **ROCKINGHAM. L.M. M.---**B.585



WHAT various hindrances we meet
In coming to a mercy seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer
But wishes to be often there?

- 2 Prayer makes the darkened clouds withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright,
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees
- 4 Have you no words? ah! think again;
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill a fellow creature's ear
With the sad tale of all you care.

- 5 Were half the breath thus vainly spent
 To heaven in supplication sent,
 Our cheerful song would oftener be,
 "Hear what the Lord hath done for me!"

195 P. 423 ELIZABETHTOWN. M 1014 B 11



- WHEN all Thy mercies, O my God!
 My rising soul surveys,
 Transported with the view, I'm lost
 In wonder, love, and praise.

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

- 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 cheerful heart
 That taste 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 joyful song I'll raise:
 For, oh, eternity's too short
 To utter all Thy praise.

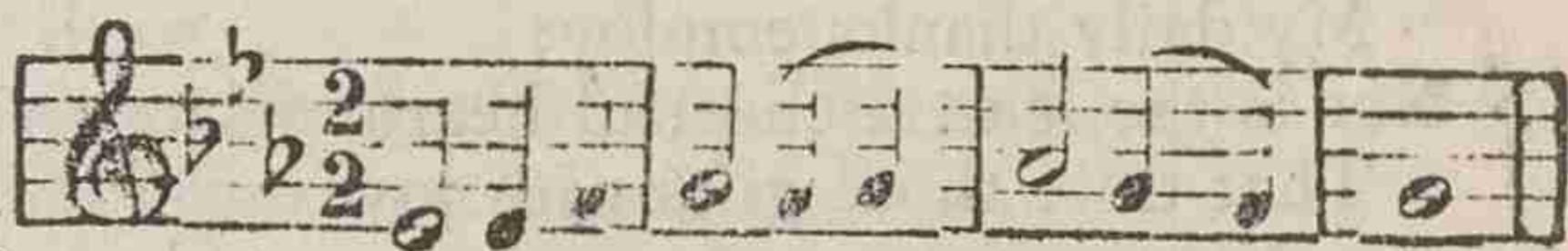
196 P. 672 **PIS** A.H. C. M. M. 655, B. 988

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

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

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

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

197 P. 352 **HAMBURG**. L. M. M. 126, B. 781

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

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

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

4 His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er His body on the tree;
Then I am 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.

198 P. 127 AYRSHIRE. L. M. M. 862, B. 544



WHEN, marshaled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks—
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

2 Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.
Deep horror then my vitals froze;
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem!

199 P. 657

CHIMES. C. M. M. 391, B. 325



WHEN rising from the bed of death,
Overwhelmed with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face,
O ! how shall I appear ?

- 2 If yet while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought.
- 3 When Thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclosed,
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
O ! how shall I appear ?
- 4 Yet never shall my soul despair
Her pardon to procure,
Who knows Thine only Son has died,
To make her pardon sure.

200 P. 259

UXBRIDGE. L. M. M. —, B. 452



WHEN sins and fears prevailing rise,
And fainting hope almost expires;
Jesus, to Thee I lift mine eyes,
To Thee I breathe my soul's desires.

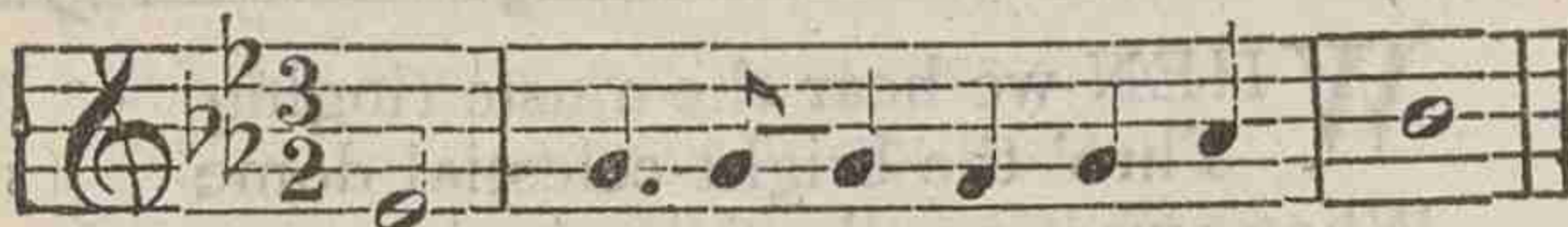
- 2 Art Thou not mine, my living Lord?
And can my hope, my comfort die,
Fixed on Thy everlasting Word,
That Word which built the earth and
sky ?

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;
 Since Jesus is for ever mine,
 Not death itself, that last of foes,
 Shall break a union so divine.

201 P. 650. MERIBAH. C. M. M.—B. 965



WHEN Thou, my righteous Judge shalt
 come

To take Thy ransomed people home,
 Shall I among them stand?
 Shall such a worthless worm as I,
 Who sometimes am afraid to die,
 Be found at Thy right hand?

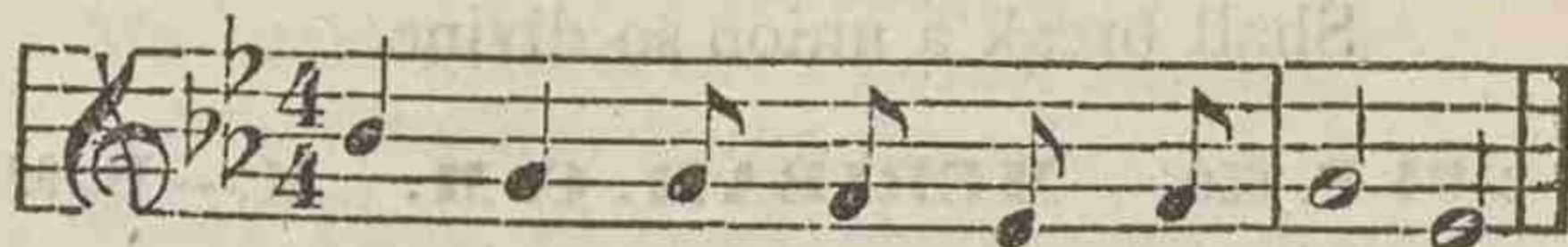
2 I love to meet among them now,
 Before Thy gracious feet to bow,
 Though vilest of them all:
 But can I bear the piercing thought,
 What, if my name should be left out,
 When Thou for them shalt call?

3 Prevent, prevent it by Thy grace;
 Be Thou, dear Lord, my hiding-place,

In this the accepted day;
Thy pardoning voice, O let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.

- 4 Let me among Thy saints be found,
Whene'er the archangel's trump shall sound,
To see Thy smiling face;
Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.

202. SHALL WE KNOW EACH OTHER?



WHEN we hear the music ringing
Thro' the bright celestial dome
When sweet angel voices singing
Gladly bid us welcome home,
To the land of ancient story,
Where the spirit knows no care—
In the land of light and glory,
Shall we know each other there?

CHO.—Shall we know each other?
Shall we know each other?
Shall we know each other?
Shall we know each other there?

- 2 When the holy angels meet us
As we go to join their band;
Shall we know the friends that greet us
In the glorious spirit land?
Shall we see the same eyes shining
On us, as in day's of yore?

Shall we feel their dear arms twining
Fondly round us, as before.

CHO.—Shall we know each other?

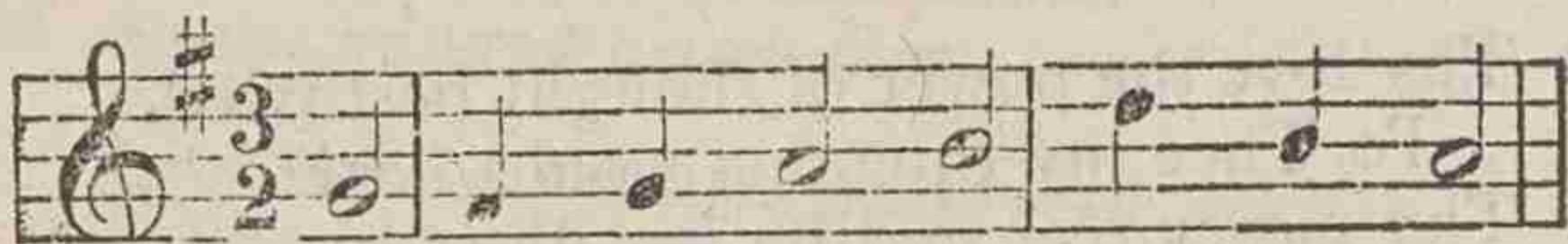
3 Yes, my earth-worn soul rejoices,
And my weary heart grows light,
For the thrilling angel voices,
And the angel faces bright,
That shall welcome us in heaven,
Are the loved of long ago,
And to them is kindly given,
Thus, their mortal friends to know.

CHO.—Shall we know each other?

4 Oh! ye weary, sad, and toss'd ones,
Droop not, faint not by the way,
Ye shall join the loved and just ones,
In the land of perfect day!
Harpings touched by angel fingers,
Murmured in my raptured ear,
Ever more that sweet song lingers:
“We shall know each other there.

CHO.—We shall know each other?

203 P. 99 ROCKINGHAM. L. M. M 732 B



WHERE high the heavenly temple
stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears,
The Advocate of saints appears.

- 2 He, who for men in mercy stood,
And poured on earth His precious blood.
Pursues in heaven His plan of grace
The Saviour of the chosen race.
- 3 Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.
- 4 Our fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains;
And still remembers in the skies,
His tears, and agonies, and cries.
- 5 In every pang that rends the heart,
The Man of sorrows had a part;
He sympathizes in our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

204 P. 24 **BRATTLE STREET.** M. 100, B. 29



WHILE Thee I seek protecting Power!
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

- 2 Thy love the power of thought bestowed.
To Thee my thoughts would soar:
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
That mercy I adore.
- 3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see;
Each blessing to my soul most dear,
Because conferred by Thee.

- 4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.
- 5 When gladness wings the favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet Thy will.
- 6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see,
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart will rest on Thee.

205 P. 508 **BENEVENTO.** 7s. M 807 B. 909



WHILE with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here;
Fixed in their eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,
But how little none can know.

- 2 As the winged arrow flies

Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts and leaves no trace behind:
Swiftly thus our fleeing days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise;
All below is but a dream.

- 3 Thanks for mercies past receive,
 Pardon of our sins renew;
 Teach us henceforth how to live,
 With eternity in view.
 Bless Thy word to young and old,
 Fill us with a Saviour's love;
 And when life's short tale is told,
 May we dwell with Thee above.

206 P. — SCOTCH AIR. M. —, B. —



- WHOSOEVER, Lord, 'tis spoken;
 Word of Thine can ne'er be broken;
 Sure I need no other token
 Of my soul's security.
- 2 Cometh to Thee; Lord, I need Thee.
 Hungry, come to Thee to feed me;
 Now, I come! Thou hast received me;
 All in all in Thee I find.
- 3 Nowise cast out: what a blessed
 Word of comfort to the wretched!
 Now I know my sins confessed,
 Part between us nevermore.
- 4 Hallelujah! saved forever!
 Death nor hell—all foes together
 Never, me from Christ will sever:—
 He is Lord victorious.

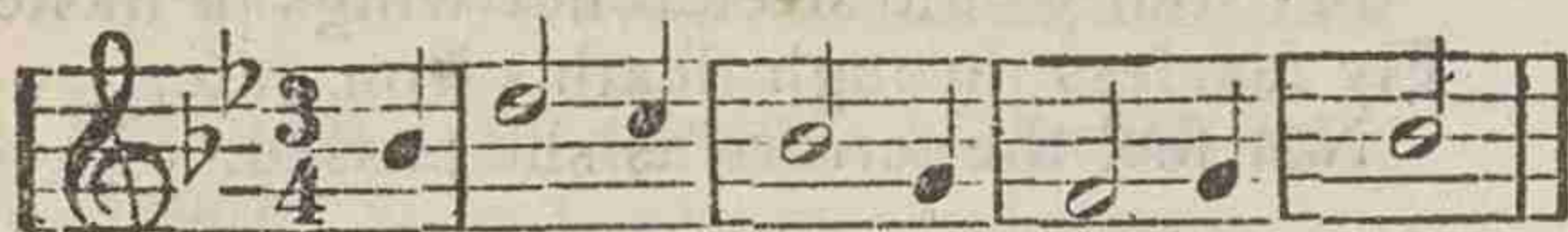
207 P. 630 CHINA. C. M. M. 729, B. 940



- WHY do we mourn departing friends,
 Or shake at death's alarms?
 'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
 To call them to His arms.

- 2 Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor should we wish our hours more slow
To keep us from our love.
- 3 The graves of all the saints He blest,
And softened every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?
- 4 Thence He rose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising day.

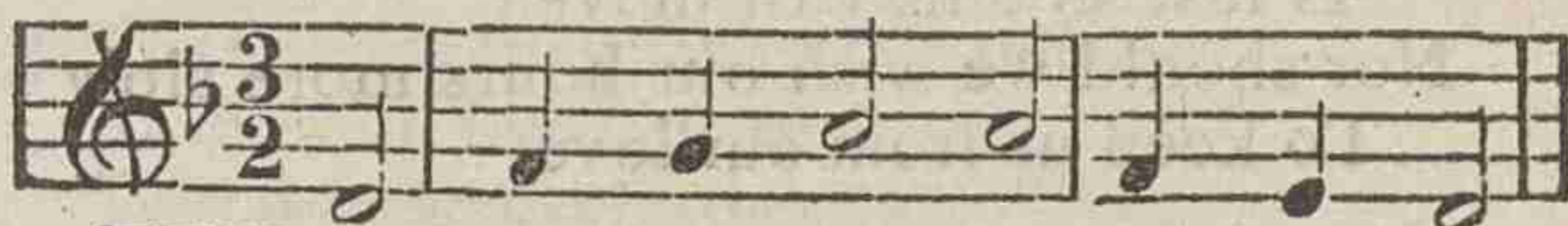
208 P. 314 **BALEMA.** C. M. M. —, B. —



WHY should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend and bring
Some tokens of Thy grace.

- 2 Dost Thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt Thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?
- 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.

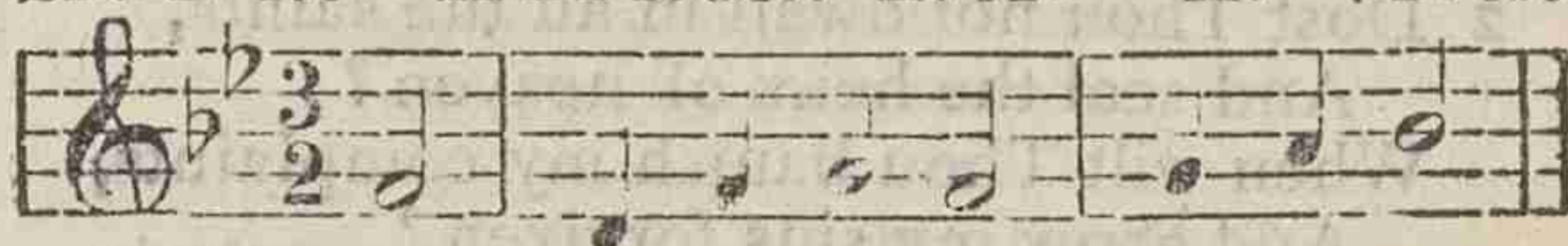
209 P. 627 WINDHAM. L. M. M. 679, B. 930



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 O, 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 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.

210 P. 186 HEBRON. L. M. M. —, B. 325



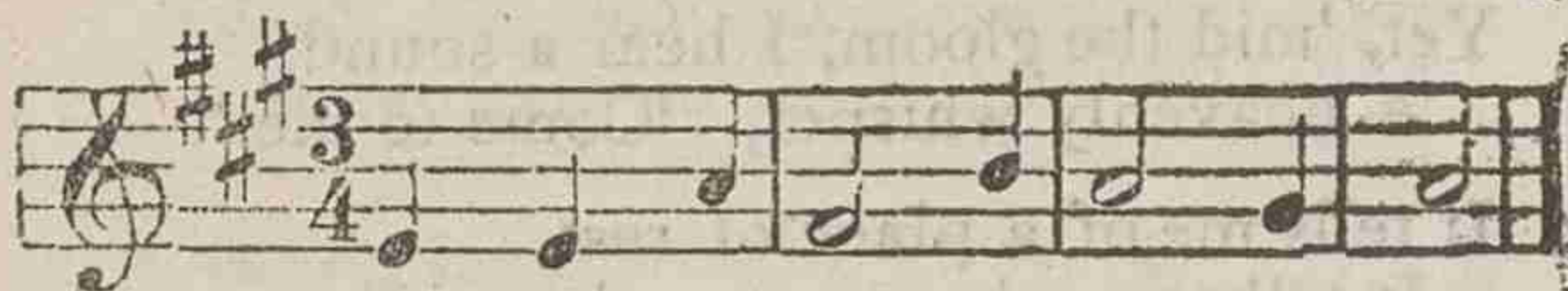
WHY will we waste on trifling cares
 That life which God's compassion
 spares;

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 be urged 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 grace impart;
Fix deep conviction on each heart,
Nor let us waste, on trifling cares,
That life which Thy compassion spares.

211: P. 138 Ps. **MIGDOL. L. M. M. —, B. 12.**

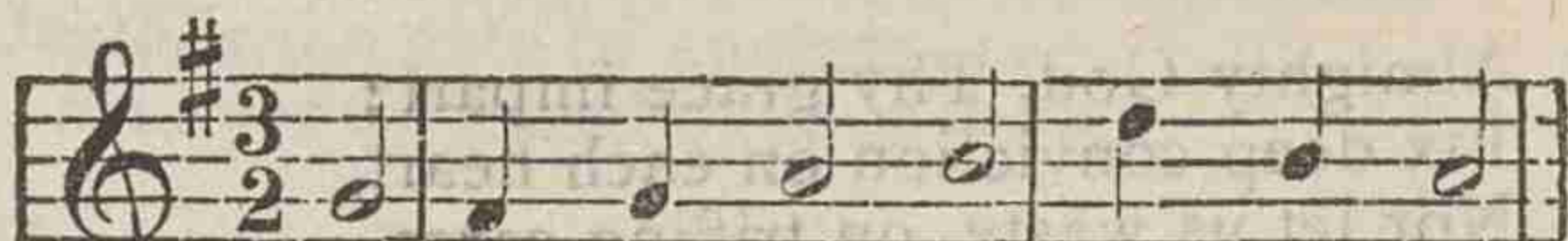


WITH all my powers of heart and
tongue

- I'll praise my Maker in my song;
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song, and join the praise.
- 2 I'll sing Thy truth and mercy, Lord;
I'll sing the wonders of Thy word;
Not all the works and names below,
So much Thy power and glory show.
- 3 To God I cried when troubles rose;
He heard me and subdued my foes;
He did my rising fears control,
And strength diffused through all my soul.
- 4 The God of heaven maintains His state,
Frowns on the proud and scorns the great;
But from His throne descends to bless
The humble souls that trust His grace.
- 5 Amidst a thousand snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by Thy hand;
Thy words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

- 6 Grace will complete what grace begins,
To save from sorrows and from sins;
The work that wisdom undertakes,
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

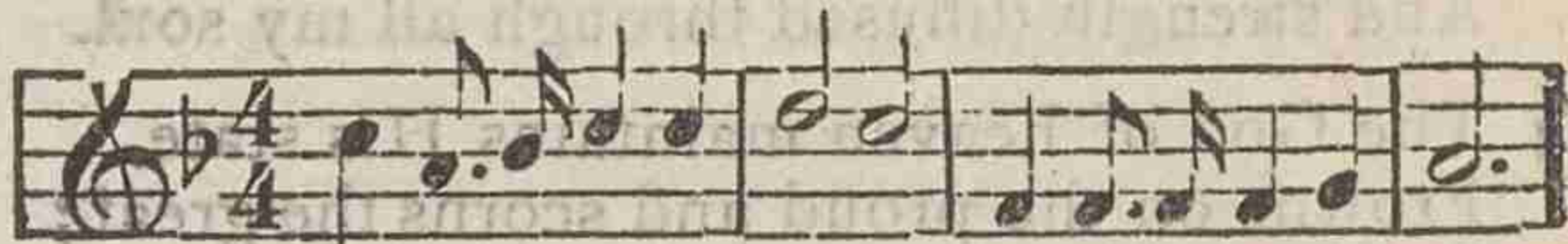
212 P. 193 **ROCKINGHAM.** M. —, B. 137



WITH tearful eyes I look around,
Life seems a dark and stormy sea;
Yet, 'mid the gloom, I hear a sound,
A heavenly whisper, "Come to me."

- 2 It tells me of a place of rest,
It tells me where my soul may flee;
Oh! to the weary, faint, oppressed,
How sweet the bidding, "Come to me!"
- 3 Oh voice of mercy! voice of love!
In conflict, grief, and agony,
Support me, cheer me from above!
And gently whisper, "Come to me!"
- 4 I come; all else must fail and die;
Earth has no resting-place for me;
To Christ I lift my weeping eye,
Thou art my hope; I come to Thee.

213 P. — **WORK SONG. 7&6.** M. —, B. 700



WORK, for the night is coming
Work through the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling,
Work, 'mid springing flowers;

FOR PRAISE.

Work, when the day grows brighter,
 Work, in the glowing sun,
 Work, for the night is coming,
 When man's work is done.

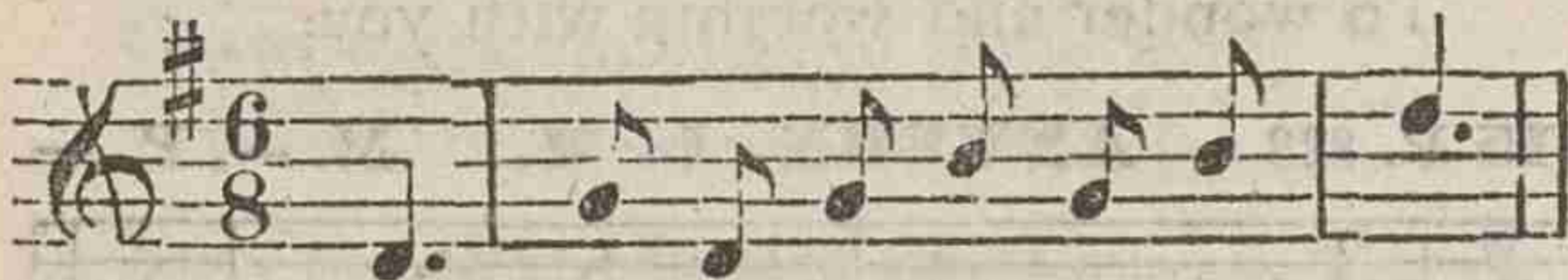
2 Work, for the night is coming,
 Work through the sunny noon;
 Fill brightest hours with labor,
 Rest comes sure and soon.
 Give every flying minute
 Something to keep in store;
 Work, for the night is coming,
 When man works no more.

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

214 P. 678

DeFLEURY.

M. —, B. —



YE angels who stand round the throne,
 And view my Immanuel's face,
 In rapturous songs make Him known;
 Tune, tune your softs harps to His praise.
 He formed you the spirits you are,
 So happy so noble, so good;
 While others sunk down in despair,
 Confirmed by His power, ye stood.

- 2 Ye saints who stand nearer than they,
 And cast your bright crowns at His feet,
 His grace and His glory display,
 And all His rich mercy repeat:
 He snatched you from hell and the grave
 He ransomed from death and despair;
 For you He was mighty to save,
 Almighty to bring you safe there.
- 3 O! when will the period appear
 When I shall unite in your song?
 I'm weary of lingering here,
 And I to your Saviour belong,
 I'm fettered and chained up in clay
 I struggle and pant to be free;
 I long to be soaring away,
 My God and my Saviour to see:
- 4 I want to put on my attire,
 Washed white in the blood of the Lamb;
 I want to be one of your choir,
 And tune my sweet harp to His name.
 I want—O! I want to be there,
 Where sorrow and sin bid adieu,
 Your joy and your friendship to share,
 To wonder and worship with you.

215 P. 823

ANVERN. L. M.

M. —, P. —



YE Christian heralds! go, proclaim
 Salvation through Immanuel's name;
 To distant climes the tidings bear,
 And plant the Rose of Sharon there.

- 2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire,
 With flaming zeal your breast inspire,

Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And hush the tempest into peace.

3 And when our labors are all o'er,
Then we shall meet to part no more—
Meet with the blood-bought throng, to fall,
And crown our Jesus—Lord of all!

216 P. 251 ST. MARTIN. C. M. M. —, B. —



YE trembling souls, dismiss your fears,
Be mercy all your theme;
Mercy, which like a river flows
In one perpetual stream.

2 Fear not the powers of earth and hell;
God will those powers restrain;
His arms shall all their rage repel,
And make their efforts vain.

3 Fear not the want of outward good.
For His He will provide;
Grant them supplies of daily food,
And give them heaven beside.

4 Fear not that He will e'er forsake,
Or leave His work undone;
He's faithful to His promises,
And faithful to His Son.

5 Fear not the terrors of the grave,
Or death's tremendous sting;
He will from endless wrath preserve,
To endless glory bring.

217 P. 173

HENRY. C. M.

M. —, B. —



YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast;
Where Mercy spreads her bounteous store,
For every humble guest.

2 See, Jesus stands with open arms,
He calls, He bids you come,
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms;
But see, there yet is room.

3 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart;
There love and pity meet;
Nor will He bid the soul depart,
That trembles at His feet.

4 O! come, and with His children tast
The blessing of His love:
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.

5 There, with united heart and voice,
Before the eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In ecstasies unknown.

218 P. 252

OLMUTZ. S. M.

M. —, B. 26



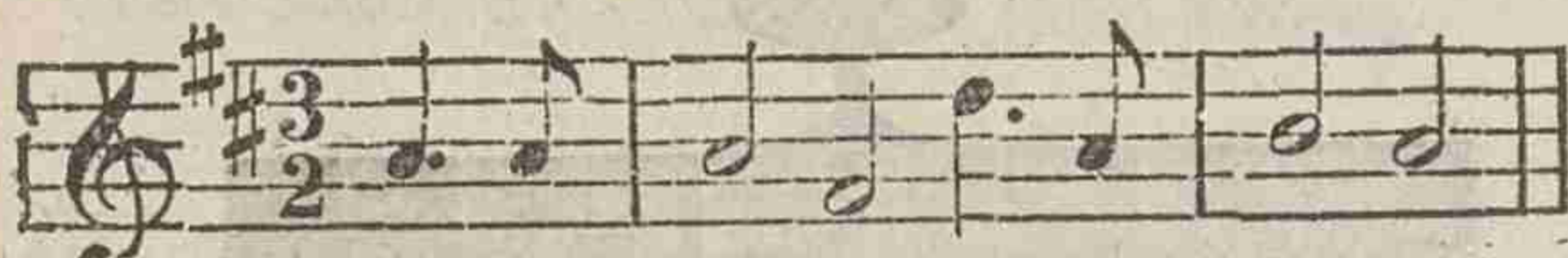
YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take;
Loud to the praise of love divine,
Bid every string awake.

- 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 will to the end,
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the love divine
- 4 When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame;
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon His name.
- 5 Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at His control:
His loving kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.
- 6 Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on Thee;
Who waits for Thy salvation, Lord,
Shall Thy salvation see.

219 P. 559

ZION. S&7.

M. —, B. 748



ZION stands with hills surrounded—
Zion, kept by power divine;
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine.
Happy Zion!
What a favorite lot is thine.

- 2 Every human tie may perish,
Friend to friend unfaithful prove,
Mothers cease their own to cherish,
Heaven and earth at last remove

But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

- 3 In the furnace God may prove thee.
Thence to bring thee forth more bright;
But can never cease to love thee;
Thou art precious in His sight:
God is with thee:—
God, thine everlasting light.



L. M.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

C. M.

LET God the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit be adored,
Where there are works to make Him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

S. M.

GIVE to the Father praise,
Give glory to the Son,
And to the Spirit of His grace
Be equal honours done.

H. M.

To God the Father's throne,
Perpetual honours raise;
Glory to God the Son;
To God the spirit praise:
With all our powers, eternal King,
Thy name we sing, while faith adores.

L. C. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be praise amid the heavenly host,
And in the church below;
From whom all creatures draw their breath,
By whom redemption blessed the earth,
From whom all comforts flow.

7s.

SING we to our God above,
Praise eternal as His love;
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

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