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Mrs. D. C. Hooker.

Roscommon, Michigan.

HALLOWED SONGS.

BY PHILIP PHILLIPS,

AUTHOR OF "SINGING PILGRIM," "SONG LIFE," "INTERNATIONAL SINGING ANNUAL," "METRICAL TUNE BOOK," "SONG MINISTRY," ETC., ETC.

DESIGNED FOR

PRAYER-MEETINGS,
YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS,
SUNDAY-SCHOOLS,
RELIGIOUS MEETINGS,
FAMILY WORSHIP,
PRAISE MEETINGS, ETC.

PUBLISHED BY

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AND FOR SALE AT BOOKSELLERS' GENERALLY.

Little
BV
459
.P48
1874

HALLOWED SONGS.

HARMONIZED EDITION, ...	75 cents each, $50 per 100.
MELODY EDITION, ...	40 cents each, $30 per 100.
HYMN EDITION, ...	25 cents each, $15 per 100.

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PREFACE.

The following characteristics have been carefully regarded in preparing

HALLOWED SONGS:

To embody the most popular Hymns and Tunes—new and old—carefully elected from the whole fountain of music, regardless of expense.

THE MOST PRECIOUS HYMNS,

throwing out all that are sectarian and trifling, retaining only such as are hallowed and will grow better by use.

WITHIN REACH OF ALL.

We offer this book in three different forms, that is, Harmonized—Melody and Hymn Editions. Thus the choicest songs are brought within the reach of even the poorest Mission schools See opposite page.

MANY AUTHORS

furnish their purest pieces, thereby giving more variety, and evading that musical monotony which characterizes the writings of any one author.

MODERN FAVORITES,

Embracing two hundred of the most popular tunes which the Christian public, and especially the rising generation, will ever love and hold dear. A few are mentioned below, any one of which is well worth the price of the book:

Sweet By and By.....(*Webster*)
The Gate Ajar for Me.....(*Vail*)
I Am Coming, Lord, to Thee..(*Hartsough*)
How Can I Keep from Singing...(*Lowry*)
Sing of His Mighty Love.....(*Bradbury*)
Come, Come to Jesus.....(*Main*)
Dear Jesus, Abide Thou with Me..(*Camp*)
Sweeping through the Gates....(*Phillips*)

Whiter than Snow.....(*Fischer*)
Almost Persuaded.....(*Bliss*)
Pass Me Not.....(*Doan*)
The Penitent.....(*Allen*)
Over There.....(*O'Kane*)
Rock of Ages.....(*Hastings*)
My Days are Gliding.....(*Root*)
Nearer, My God, to Thee.....(*Mason*)

More than two hundred of the good old

STANDARD HYMNS,

set to familiar tunes, are also included, so that Sunday or Bible-schools can use the more substantial hymns of sanctuary worship, and the children, thus growing up in their use, can also praise God with the great congregation.

REQUEST.

May I ask of the *singing public* a careful examination of Hallowed Songs as to the above points, or at least a glance at the Table of Contents, which I hereby respectfully submit to the Christian public?

January, 1874, PHILIP PHILLIPS.

CLASSIFIED INDEX,

Giving the Numbers of a few prominent hymns under each of the following subjects:

OPENING.—Nos. 27, 392, 38, 362, 332, 18, 263, 244, 395, 364, 25, 137, 263, 261, 224, 326, 229, 140.

CLOSING.—Nos. 399, 258, 214, 43, 8, 98, 14, 202.

FAITH.—Nos. 248, 257, 299, 151, 175, 277, 20, 28.

PRAYER.—Nos. 328, 32, 194, 67, 37, 20, 248, 28, 301, 280, 23, 372, 267, 5, 331, 123.

EXHORTATION.—Nos. 235, 153, 78, 403, 337, 157, 34, 323, 397, 373.

GUIDANCE.—122, 37, 166, 184, 324.

PRAISE.—Nos. 362, 364, 183, 411, 369, 41, 15, 110, 368, 38, 221, 22, 403, 160.

DUTY.—Nos. 145, 322, 409, 69, 206, 396, 190, 159.

INFANT-CLASS.—Nos. 131, 47, 212, 187, 118, 233, 256, 278, 233, 204.

AFFLICTION.—308, 147, 255, 335, 76, 225, 251, 17, 234.

DEATH.—Nos. 309, 347, 348, 333, 93, 380, 265.

WORK.—Nos. 201, 134, 146, 385, 377, 73.

NATIONAL.—Nos. 135, 352.

FAMILY WORSHIP.—Nos. 401, 27, 225, 268, 226, 400, 334, 72, 386.

CONCERT SOLOS.—Nos. 192, 167, 187, 209, 181, 148, 167, 62, 117.

HEAVEN.—Nos. 58, 66, 186, 211, 219, 53, 208, 82, 116, 115, 179, 170, 74, 120.

SABBATH.—Nos. 363, 242, 387, 229.

DEDICATE.—Nos. 383, 31, 149, 339.

SAILOR.—Nos. 158, 366, 312, 376, 374.

REVIVALS.—Nos. 35, 5, 136, 223, 398, 382, 165, 174, 36, 252, 26, 296, 406, 230, 316, 92, 152, 3.

HUMILITY.—Nos. 381, 245, 287, 161.

MISSION.—Nos. 154, 54, 181, 150, 210, 203, 190, 159, 290, 284, 294, 181, 329, 150, 55.

TEMPERANCE.—Nos. 302, 114, 133.

CHRISTMAS.—Nos. 410, 412, 87, 89, 236.

NEW YEAR'S.—Nos. 144, 407.

THANKSGIVING.—Nos. 262, 379, 80, 21.

ANNIVERSARY.—Nos. 29, 217, 163, 80, 91, 219, 70, 43, 193, 160, 6, 209, 85, 163, 70, 148, 215.

UNITY.—Nos. 390, 281, 393, 391, 200.

JESUS.—Nos. 246, 172, 42, 47, 46, 130, 357, 60, 11, 247, 342, 4, 156, 143, 220, 106, 91, 173

CROSS AND CROWN.—Nos. 39, 12, 370, 65, 162, 243, 177, 344.

BIBLE.—Nos. 264, 199, 254, 259, 273, 56, 249.
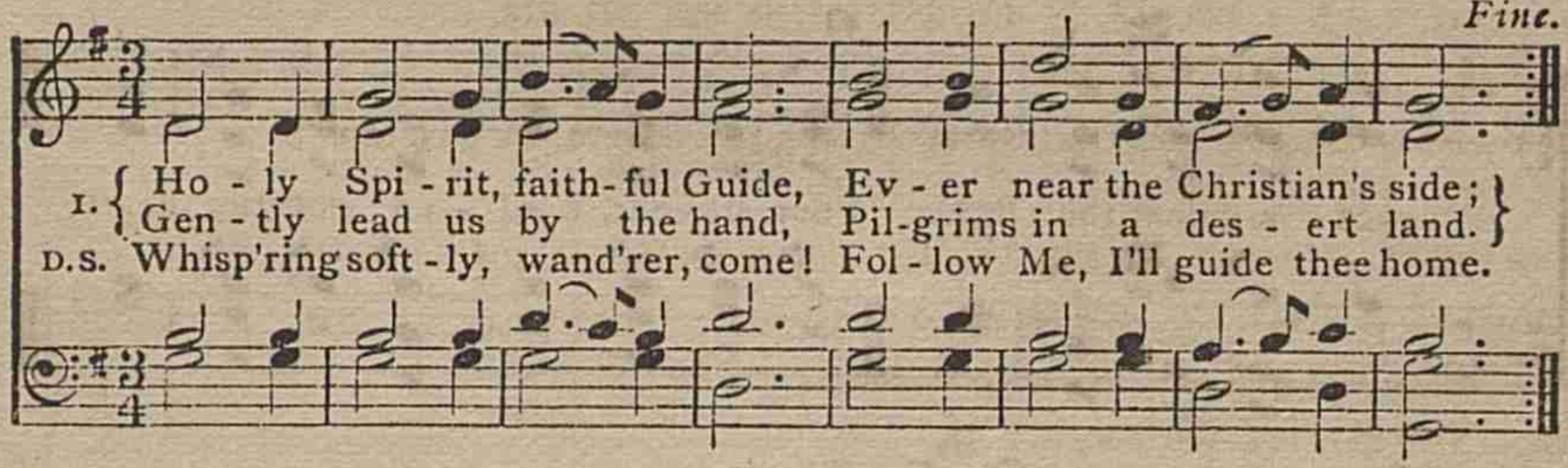
HALLOWED SONGS.

(*HARMONIZED EDITION.*)

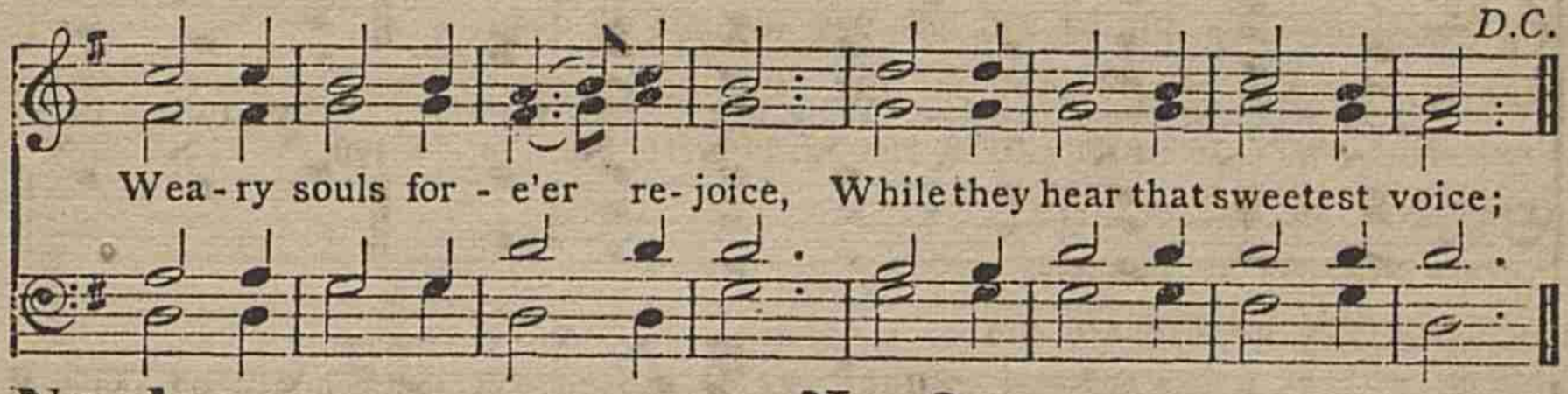
GUIDE. 7s.

M. M. WELLS.

Fine.



D.C.



No. 1.

2 Ever present, truest friend,
Ever near, Thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear.
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint and hopes give o'er;
Whisper softly, wanderer, come!
Follow Me, I'll guide thee home.

3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wondering if our names are there;
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading naught but JESUS' blood;
Whisper softly, wanderer come!
Follow Me, I'll guide thee home.
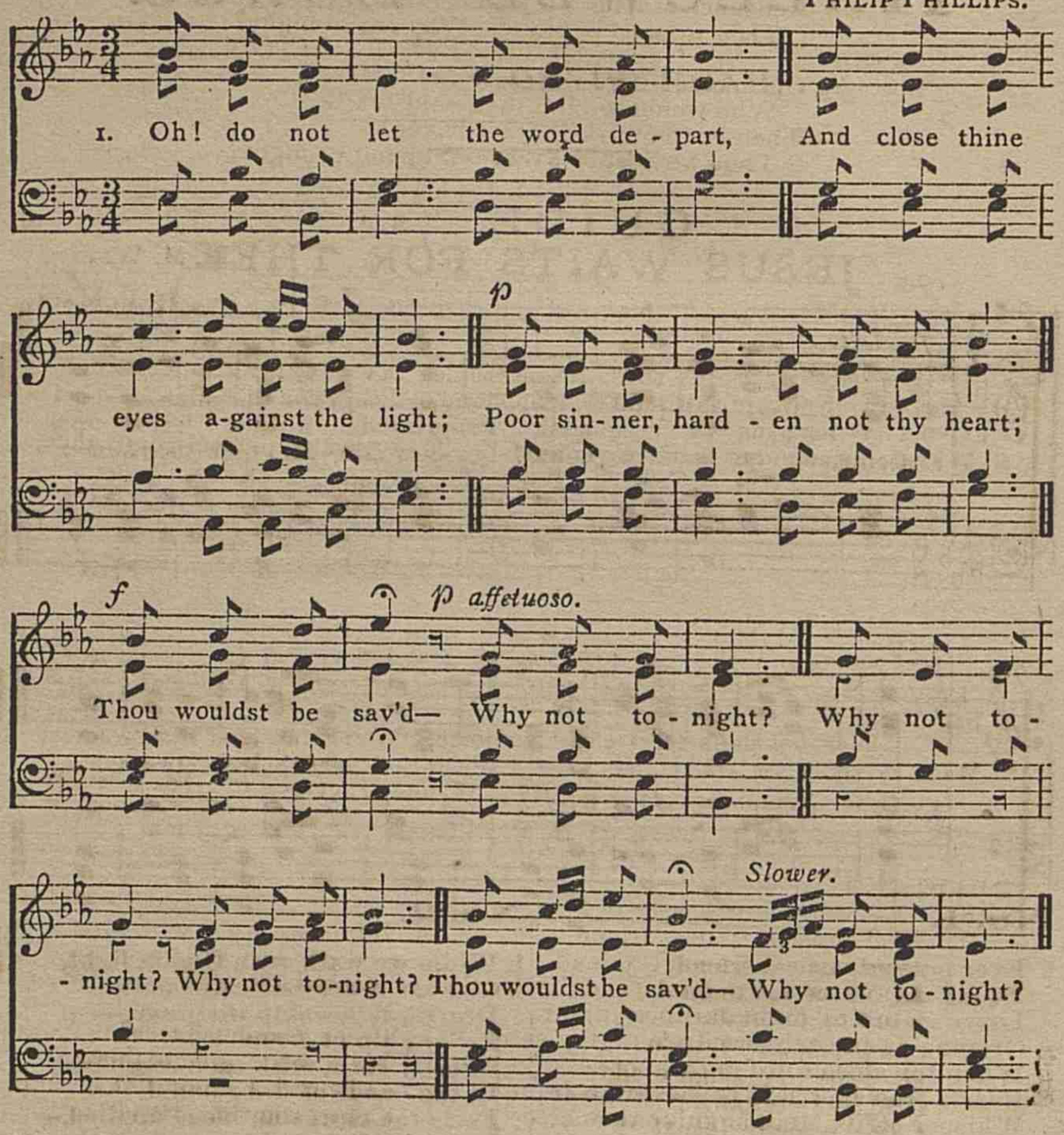
No. 2.

1 While we walk with God in light,
God our hearts doth still unite:
Dearest fellowship we prove,—
Fellowship in Jesus' love:
Sweetly each, with each combined,
In the bonds of duty join'd,
Feels the cleansing blood applied,—
Daily feels that Christ hath died.

2 Still, O Lord, our faith increase;
Cleanse from all unrighteousness;
Thee the' unholy cannot see;
Make, O make us meet for Thee:
Every vile affection kill;
Root out every seed of ill;
Utterly abolish sin;
Write Thy law of love within.

WHY NOT TO-NIGHT? 8s.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.



No. 3. *"Choose ye this day whom ye will serve."*

2 To-morrow's sun may never rise
To bless thy long-deluded sight;
This is the time! oh, then be wise!
Thou wouldst be saved—Why not to-night?
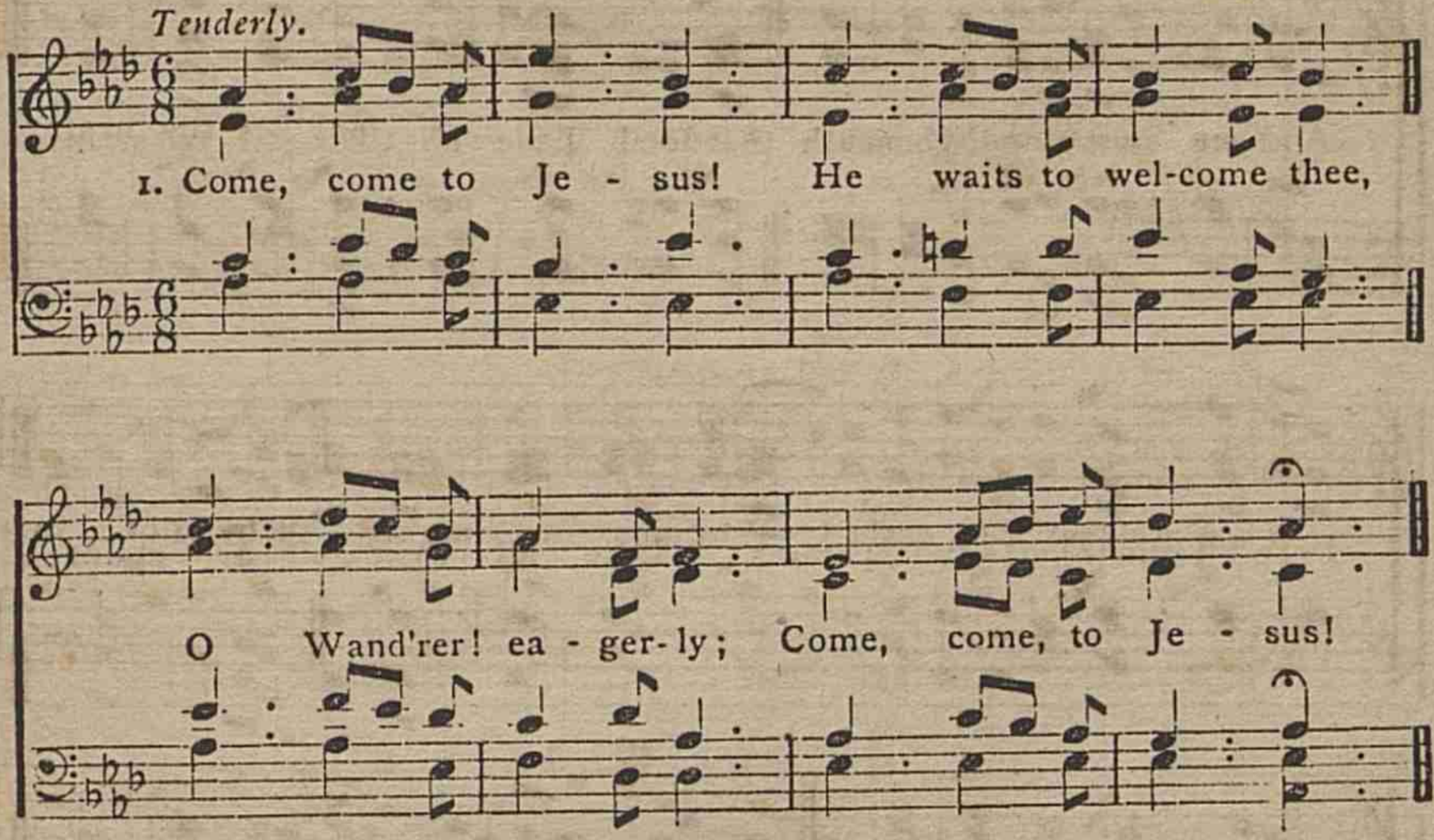
3 The world has nothing left to give—
It has no new, no pure delight;
Oh, try the life which Christians live!
Thou wouldst be saved—Why not to-night?

4 Our God in pity lingers still,
And wilt thou thus His love requite?
Renounce at length thy stubborn will,
Thou wouldst be saved—Why not to-night?

5 Our blessed Lord refuses none
Who would to Him their souls unite;
Then be the work of grace begun!
Thou wouldst be saved—Why not to-night?

JESUS WAITS FOR THEE.

H. P. Main.



No. 4. *"Ye would not come to Me that ye might have life."*

2 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to ransom thee,
O Slave! eternally;
Come, come to Jesus!

3 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to lighten thee,
O Burdened! graciously;
Come, come to Jesus!

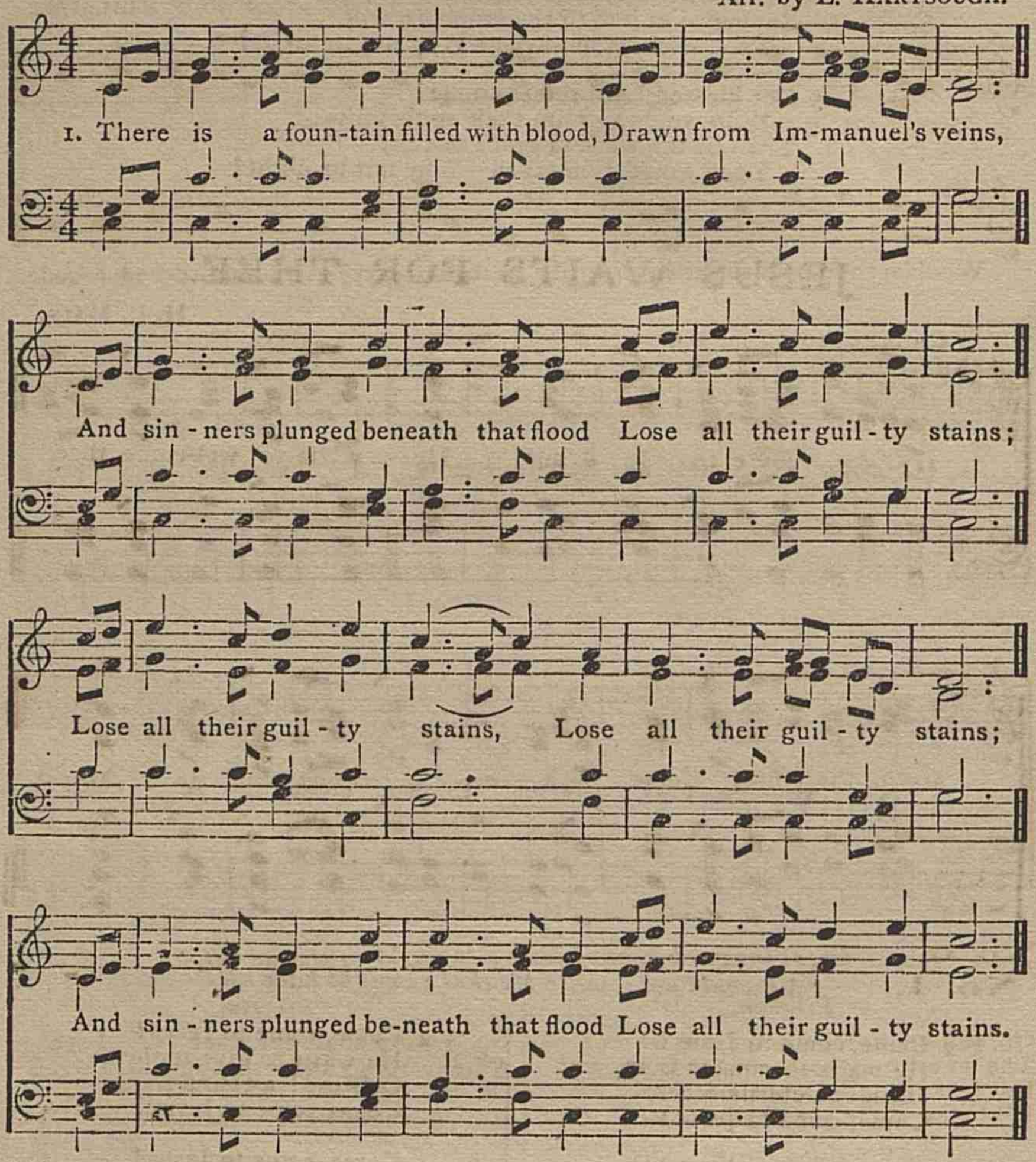
4 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to give to thee,
O Blind! a vision free;
Come, come to Jesus!

5 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to shelter thee,
O Weary! blessedly;
Come, come to Jesus!

6 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to carry thee.
O Lamb! so lovingly;
Come, come to Jesus!

CLEANSING FOUNTAIN. C.M.

Arr. by L. HARTSOUGH.



No. 5.
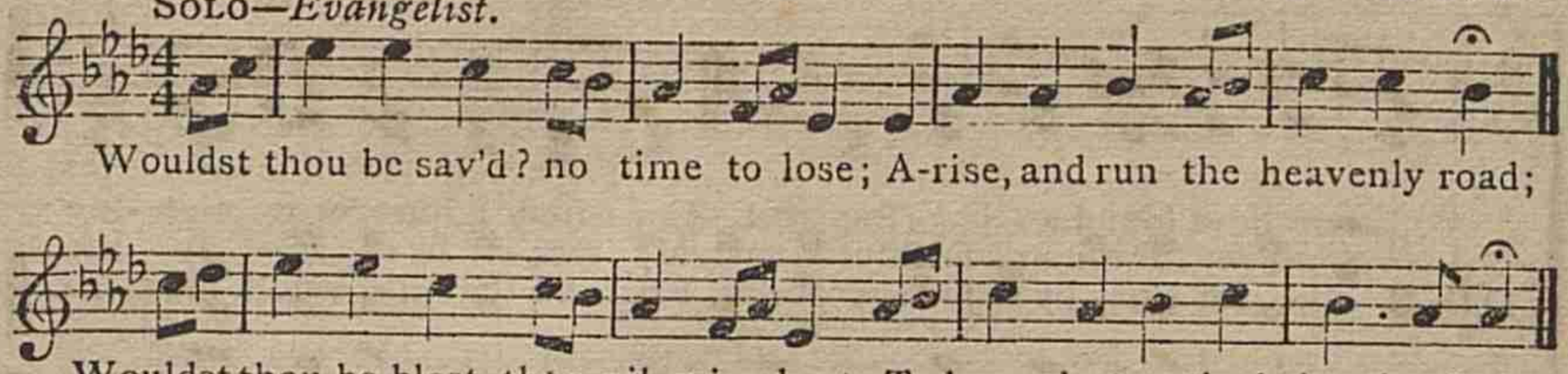
2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

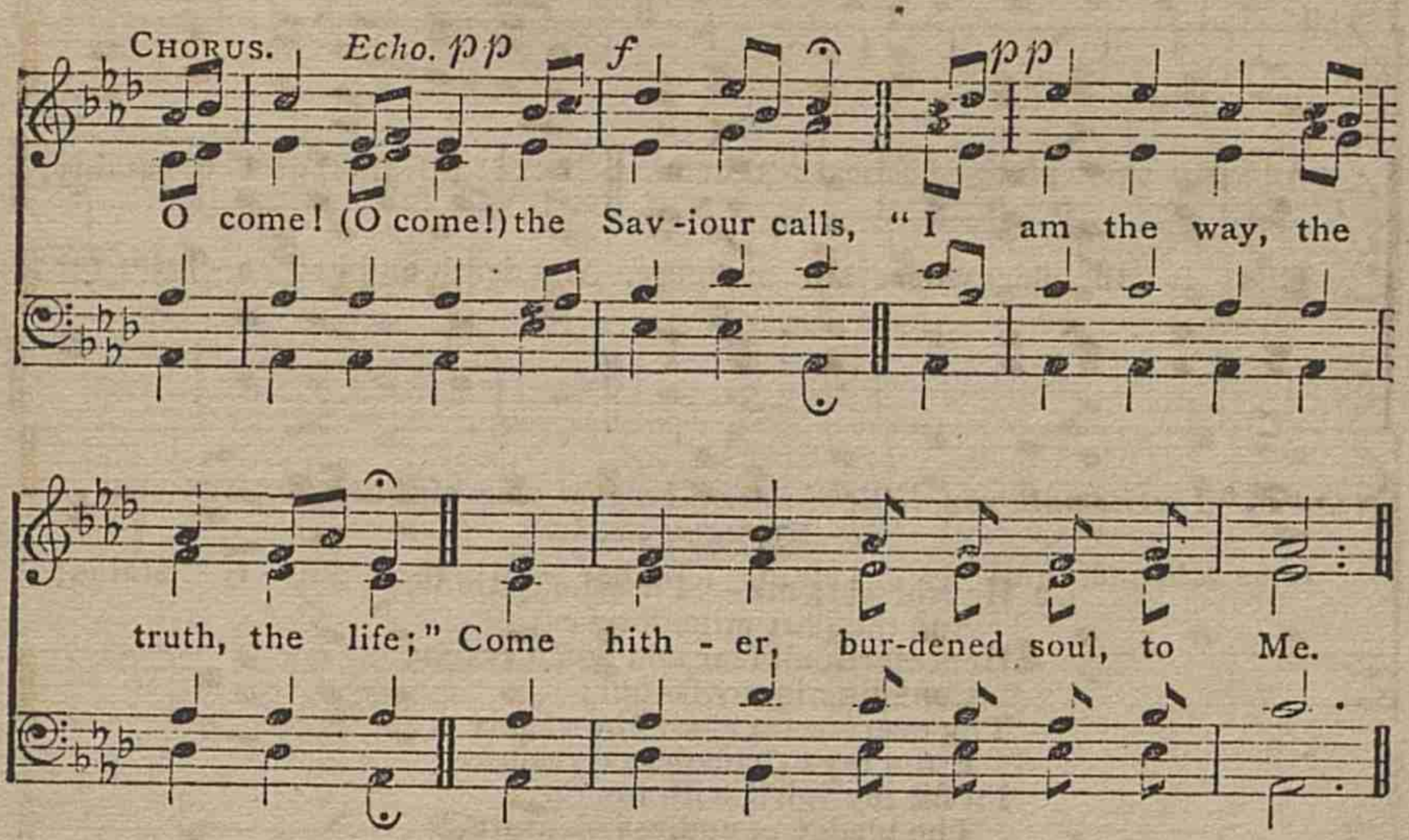
3 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

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

ETERNAL LIFE.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.





No. 6. *"Fight the good fight of faith; lay hold on eternal life."*

Pilgrim.

Oh, tell me how! oh, tell me where!
The way I long have sought to know;
But fear the guilt and sin I bear
Will sink me in the depths of woe. *Cho.*

Evangelist.

God's word will guide thee; dost thou see
A light from yonder distant hill?
On, Pilgrim, on! it shines for thee,
With steady course pursue it still. *Cho.*

Pilgrim.

God's word shall guide me; yes, I see
A light from yonder distant hill;
Oh, tell me, does it shine for me?
Hail, glorious light! I will, I will! *Cho.*

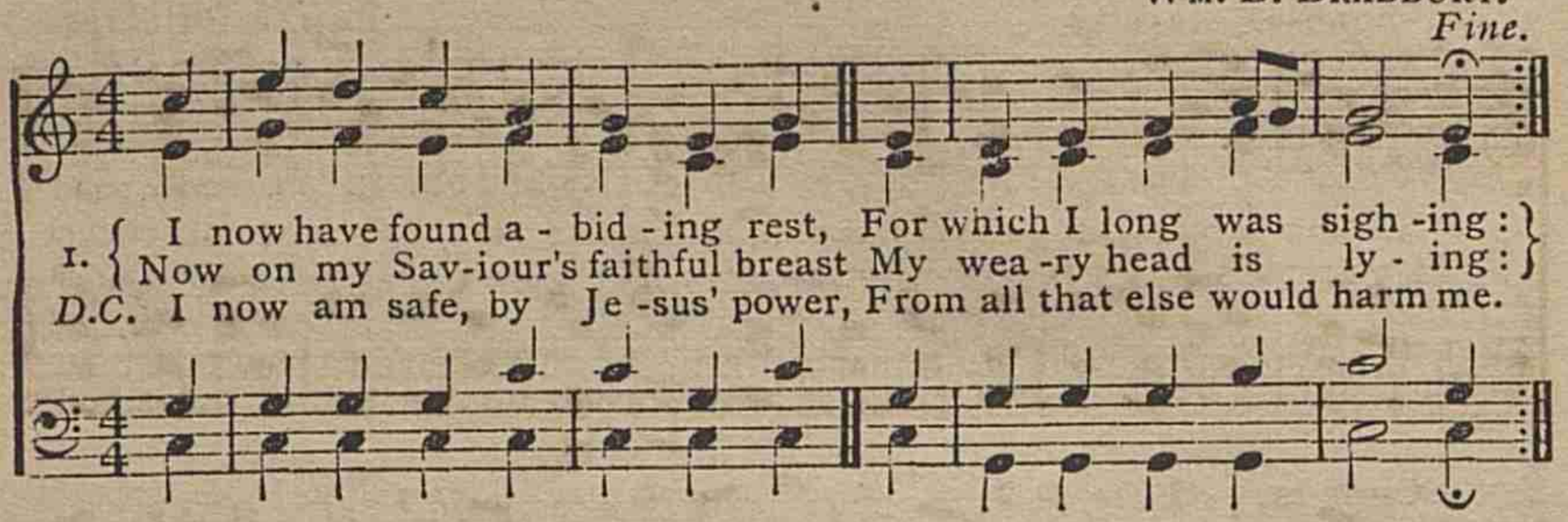
Pilgrim.

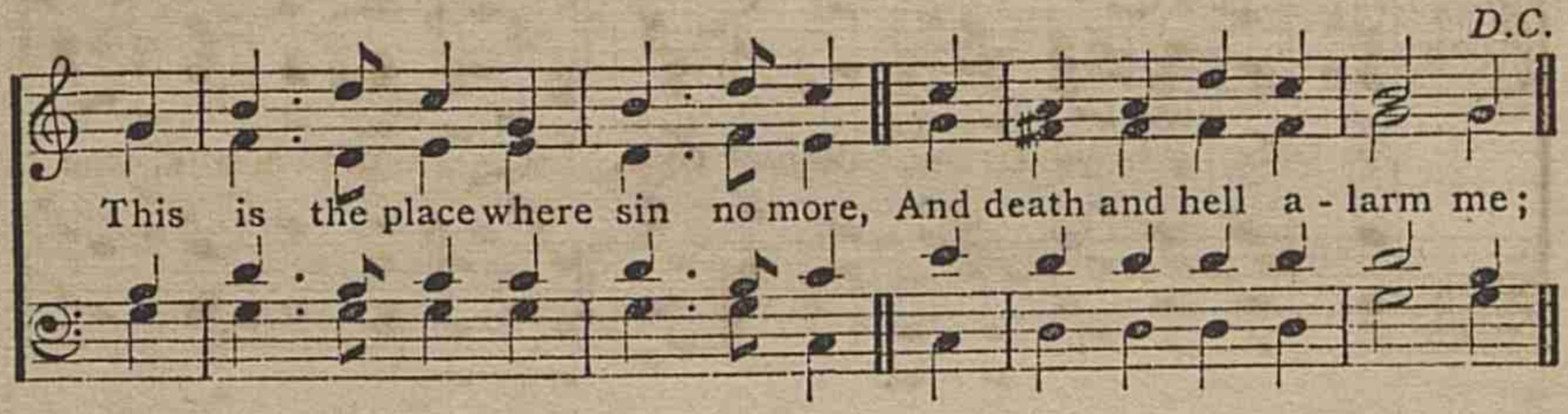
Farewell, a long farewell to those
Who seek to stay me as I fly;
My ears against their call I close,
Life, life, eternal life! my cry. *Cho.*

NOTE.—*This song may be sung as a Duet between the Teachers and the School; or, when rendered as Solos (in dialogue), the Chorus should be sung from another room, or gallery out of sight, as an echo.*

ABIDING REST.

WM. B. BRADBURY.





No. 7. *"I write unto you, little children, because your sins are forgiven you for His name's sake."*

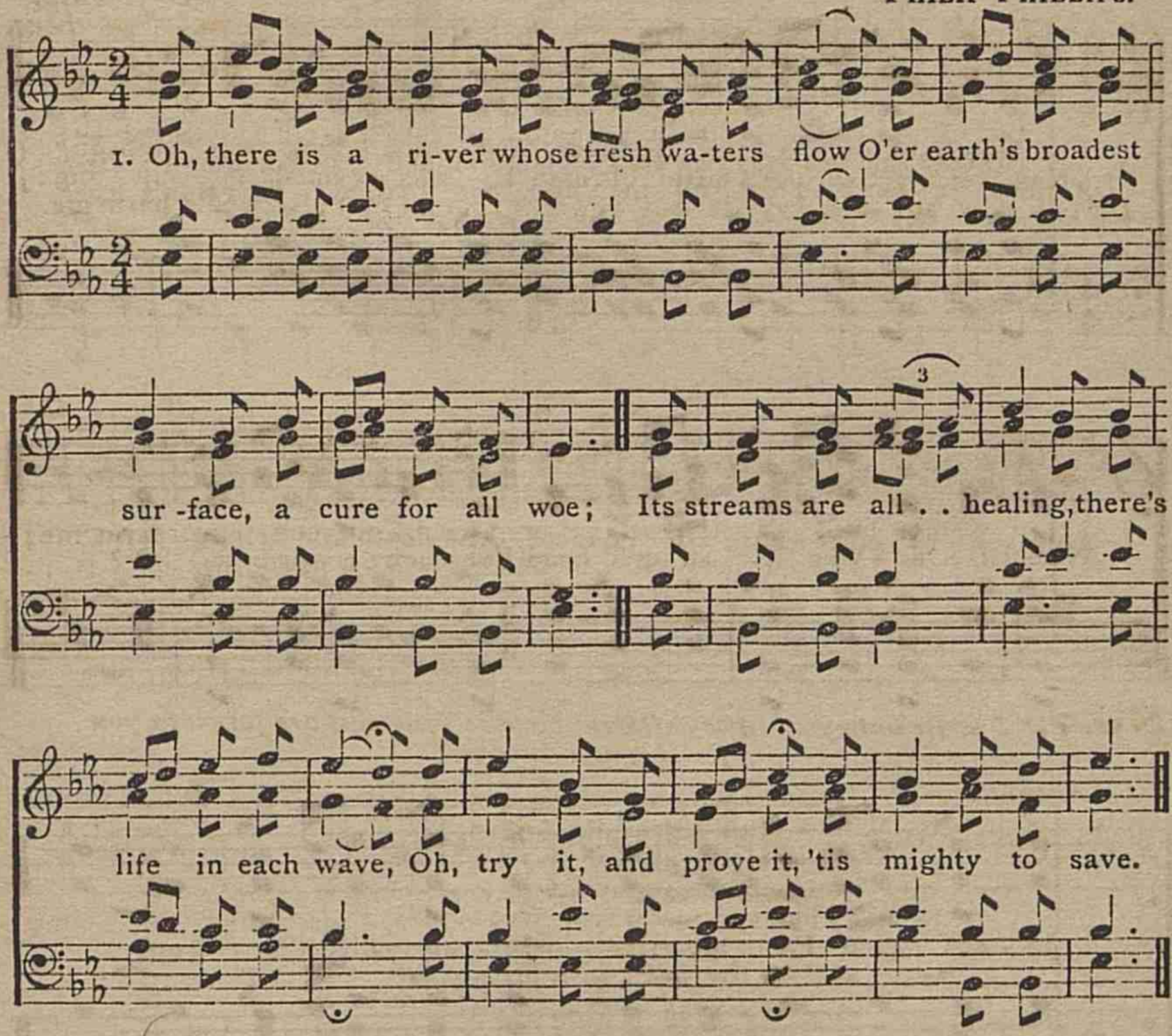
2 He whispers me—"I'm wholly thine,
And thou art mine forever;
Henceforth all fear and doubt resign,
Confiding in my favour;
Thy every want shall find supply
From my exhaustless treasure;
I'll fill thy spirit with my joy,
The pledge of endless pleasure."

3 From Jesus and His love, who now,
By terrors to divide me,
My great and many sins would show!
His wounds from vengeance hide me:
My sins are great—I'll not despair,
Though conscience, too, arraigns me,
Nor doubt my Saviour's watchful care—
His arms of love sustain me.

4 I thank thee, God's beloved Son,
Thy boundless grace adoring,
Which brought thee from thy glorious throne,
Our peace with God restoring;
Oh, make my heart a shrine, where peace
Shall keep her constant dwelling!
Where grateful praise shall never cease,
Abroad thy glories telling.

THE RIVER OF LIFE.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.
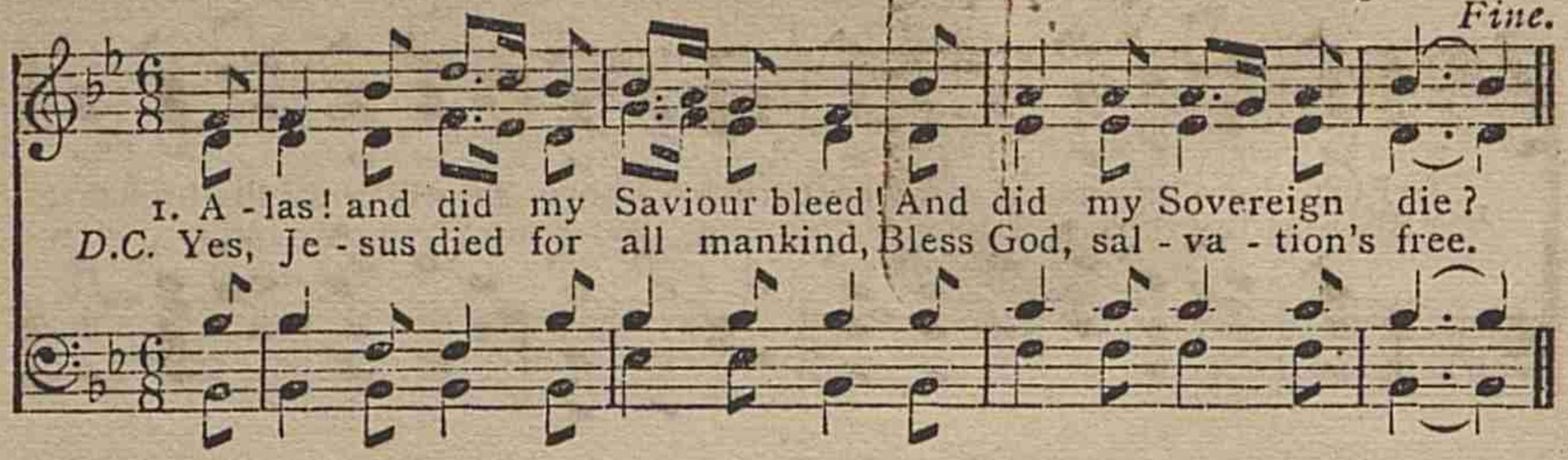


No. 8. *"And He showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as a crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb."*
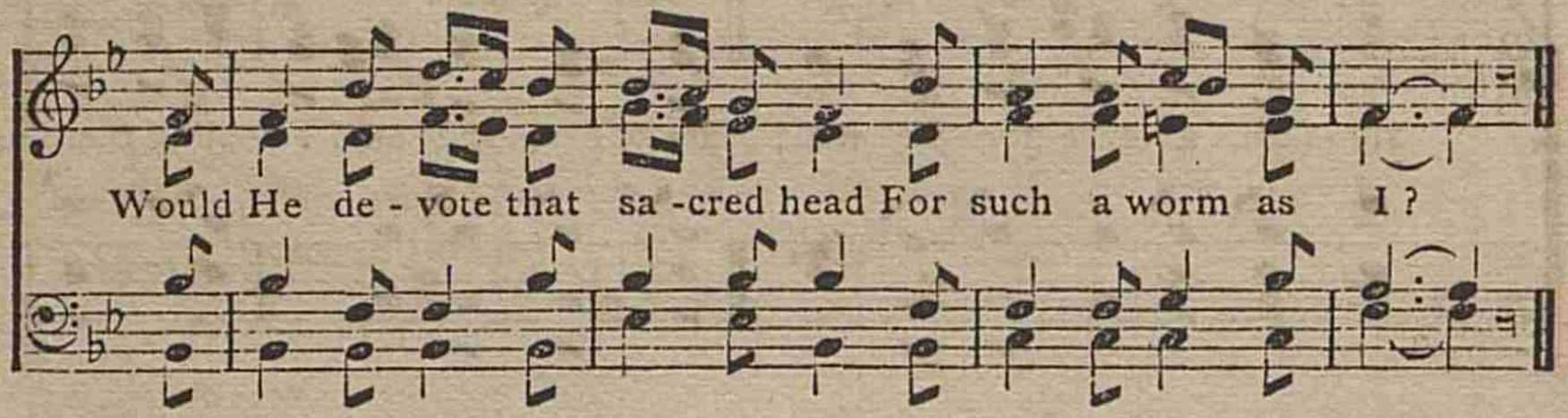
2 Oh, drink of this river, its full crystal flood
Refreshes and lightens of sin's weary load;
Its ripples ne'er mix with the billows of strife,
This is the "Pure River of Water of Life."

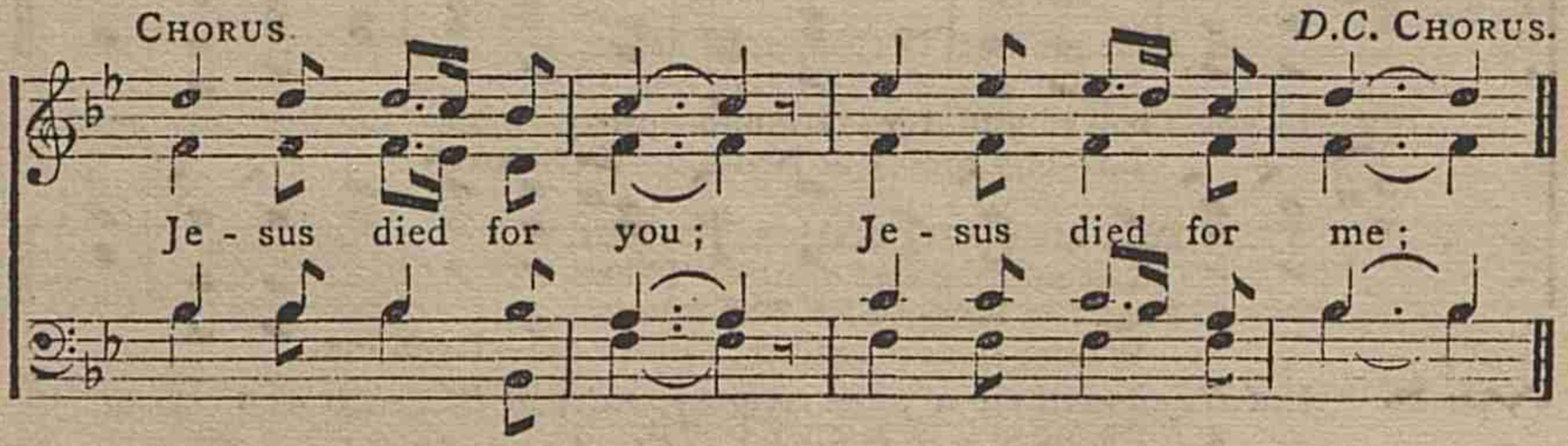
3 This beautiful river our boast well may be,
'Tis fresh, overflowing, and better, 'tis free;
The sin-sick rejoice in this "peace-speaking" tide,
This river is Jesus, the "once crucified."

ALAS! AND DID MY SAVIOUR BLEED?

S. J. VAIL.







No. 9.

2 Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree.—*Cho.*

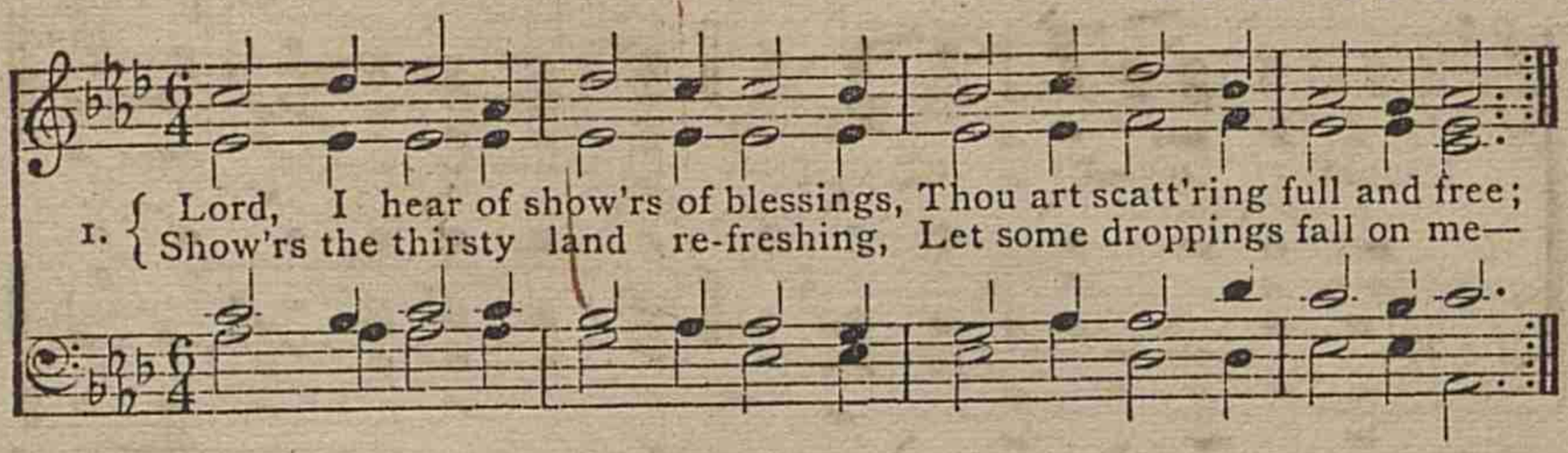
3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,
For man, the creature's sin.—*Cho.*
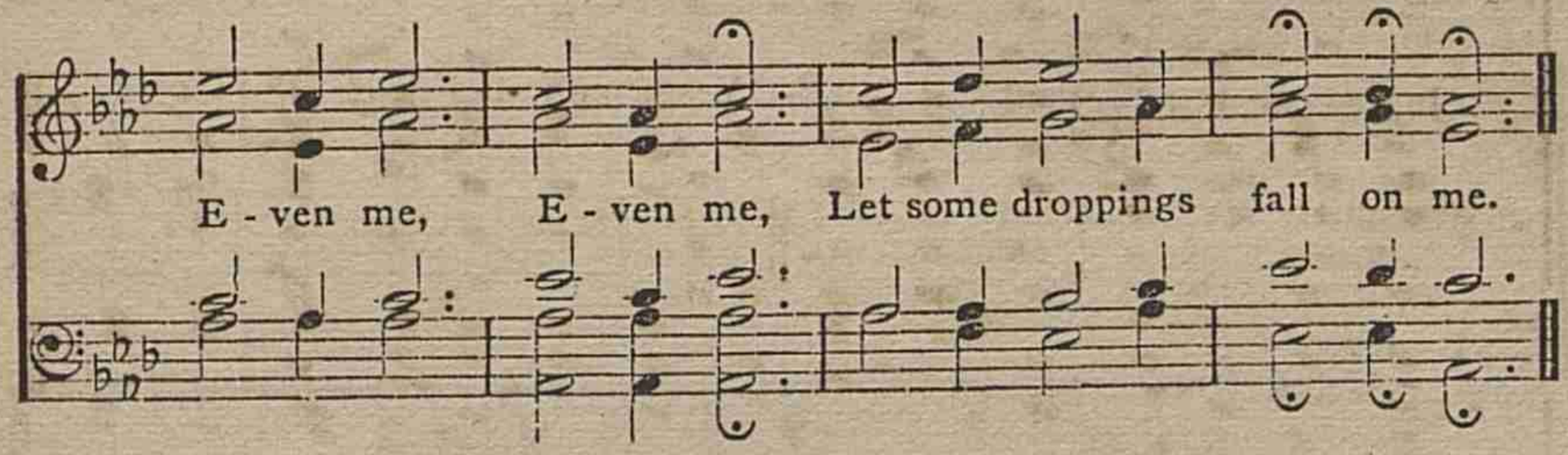
4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While His dear Cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.—*Ch*

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.—*Cho.*

EVEN ME.

WM. B. BRADBURY.





No. 10.

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

3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour,
Let me live and cling to Thee:
Fain I'm longing for Thy favour:
Whilst thou'rt calling, call for me—Even me.

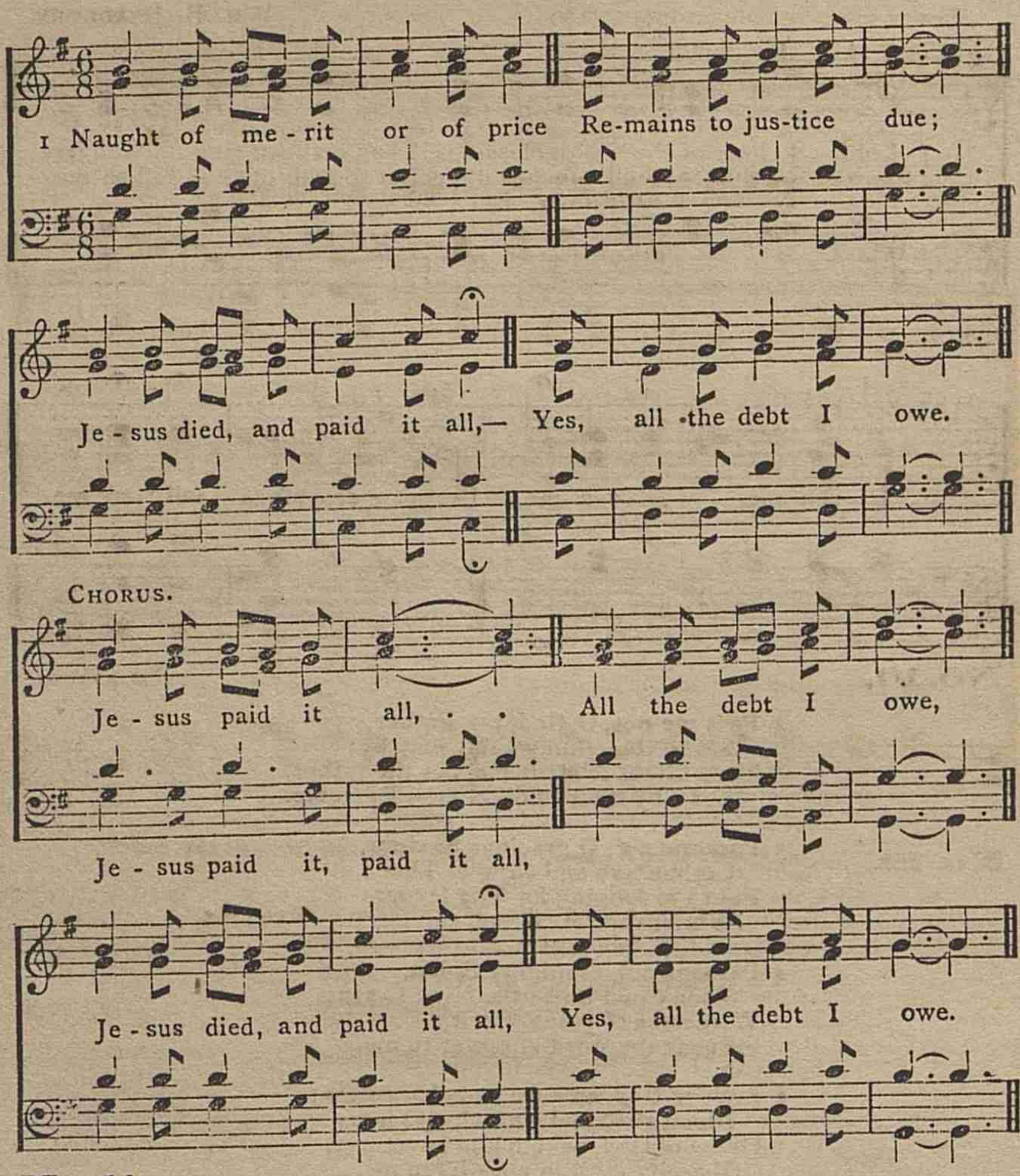
4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
Thou canst make the blind to see:
Witnesses of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me.

5 Love of God, so pure and changeless;
Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
Grace of God, so rich and boundless,
Magnify it all in me—Even me.

6 Pass me not, Thy lost one bringing:
Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee;
Whilst the streams of life are springing,
Blessing others, oh, bless me—Even me.

JESUS PAID IT ALL.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



No. 11.
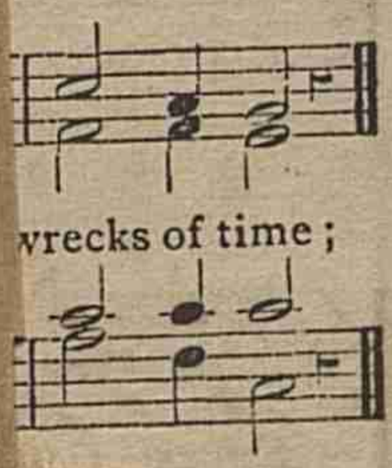
2 When He from His lofty throne,
Stoop'd down to do and die,
Every thing was fully done;
"'Tis finished!" was His cry.
Jesus paid it all, &c.

3 Weary not, O toiling one,
Whate'er thy conflict be,
Work for Him with cheerful heart,
Who suffered all for Thee.
Jesus paid it all, &c.

4 Clinging to the Saviour's cross,
Look up by simple faith,
Praise Him for the pardoning love
That saves from endless death.
Jesus paid it all, &c.

5 Bring a willing sacrifice—
Thy soul to Jesus' feet;
Stand in Him, in Him alone,
All glorious and complete.
Jesus paid it all, &c.

DANIEL READ.
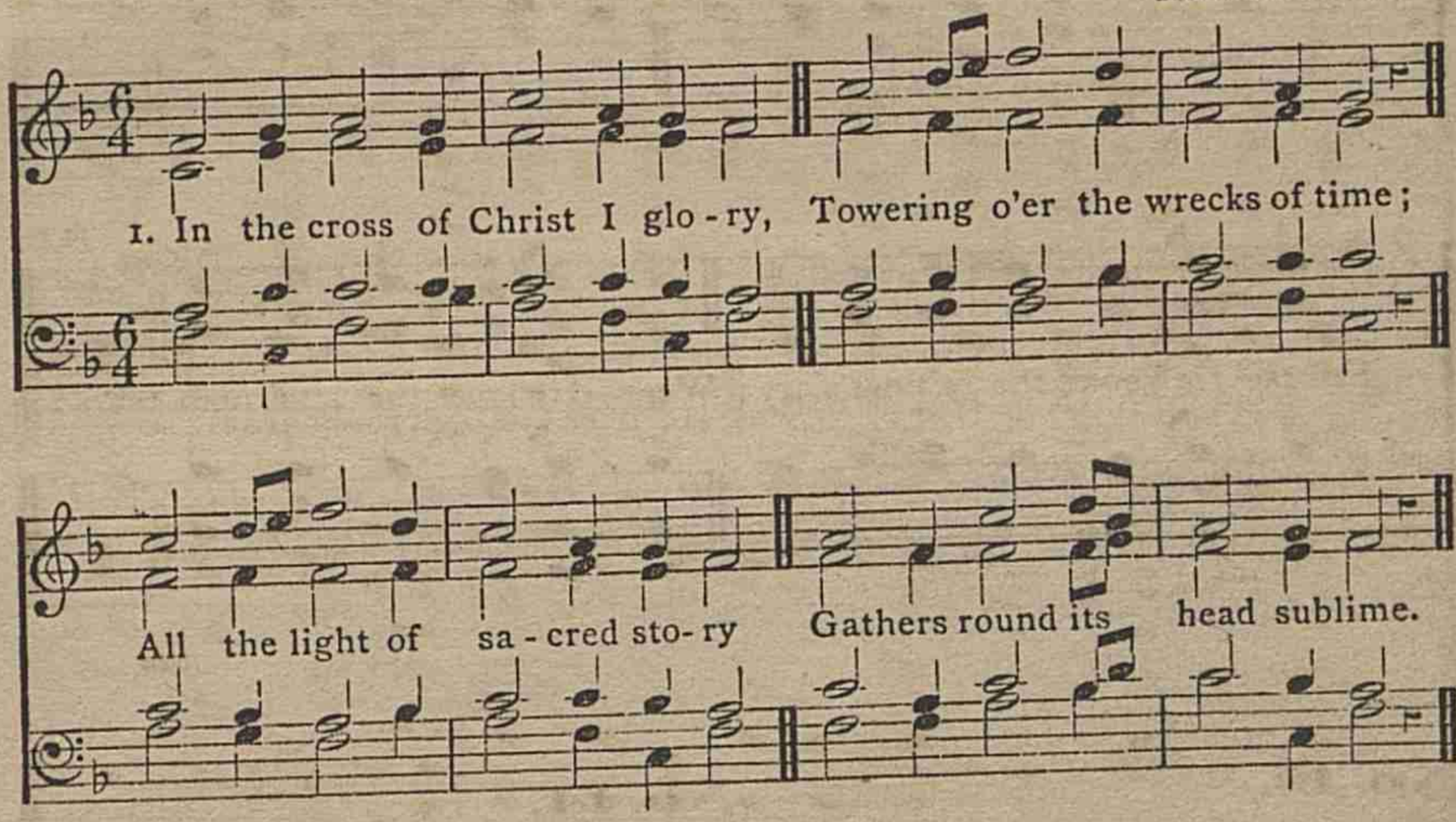


4 Clinging to the Saviour's cross,
Look up by simple faith,
Praise Him for the pardoning love
That saves from endless death.
Jesus paid it all, &c.

5 Bring a willing sacrifice—
Thy soul to Jesus' feet;
Stand in Him, in Him alone,
All glorious and complete.
Jesus paid it all, &c.

BARTIMEUS. 8s. and 7s.

DANIEL READ.



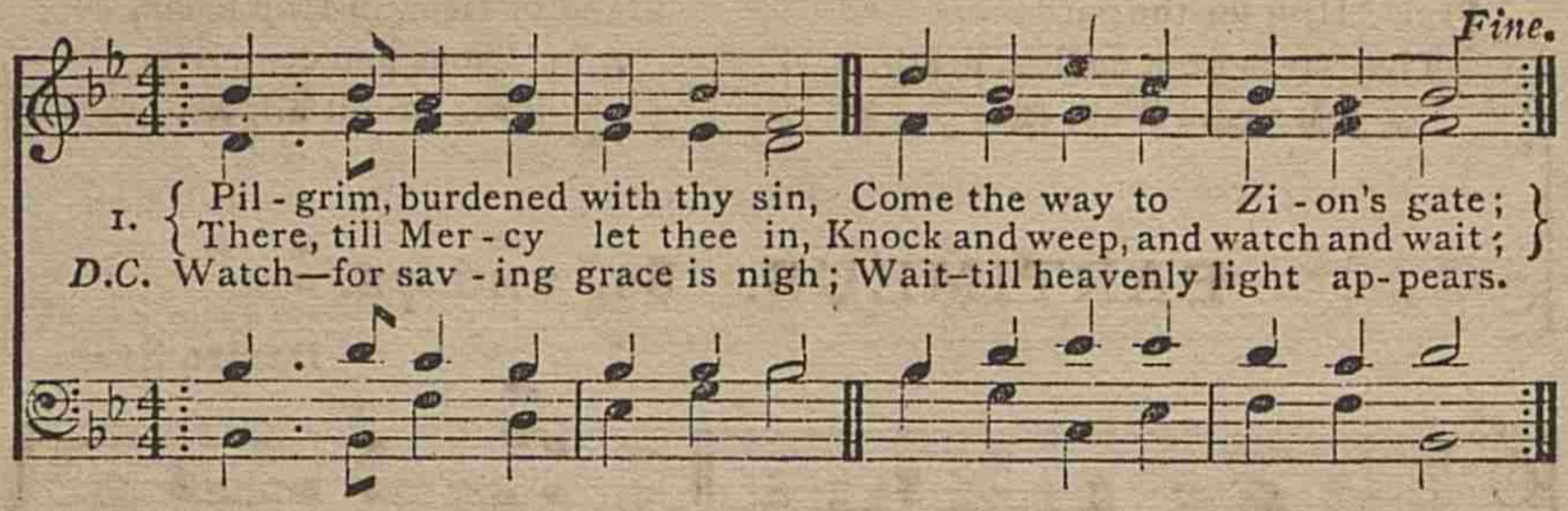
No. 12. *"God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord."*
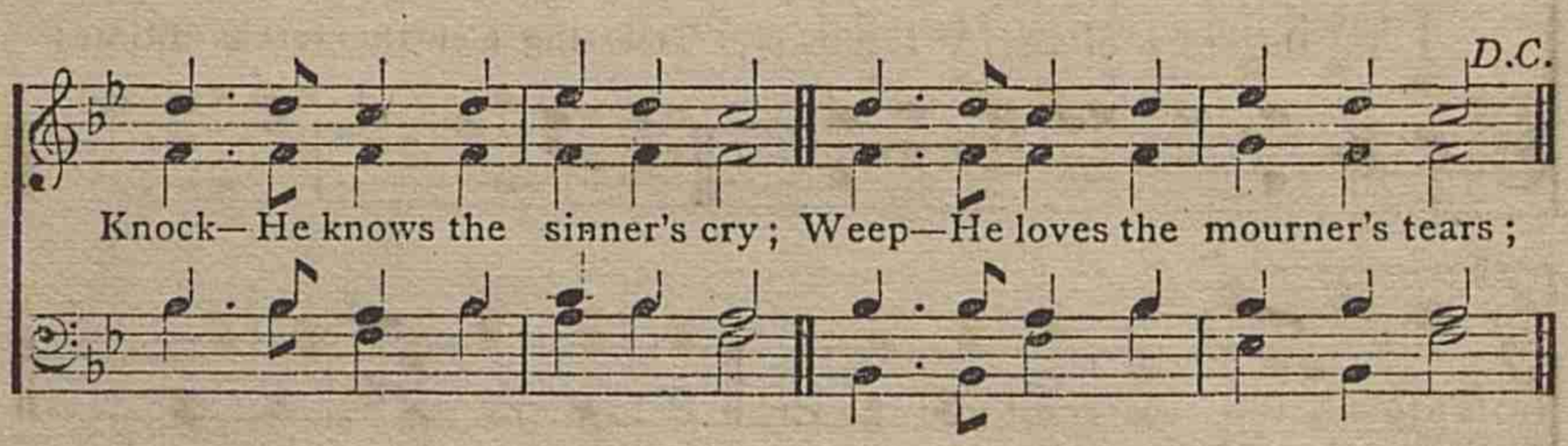
2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me:
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

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

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

THE PILGRIM INVITED.





No. 13.

2 Hark! it is the Bridegroom's voice:
Welcome, pilgrim, to thy rest;
Now within the gate rejoice,
Safe and sealed, and bought and blest:
Safe—from all the lures of vice;
Sealed—by signs the chosen know;
Bought—by love and life the price;
Blest—the mighty debt to owe.

3 Holy pilgrim! what for thee
In a world like this remain?
From thy guarded breast shall flee
Fear and shame, and doubt and pain:
Fear—the hope of heaven shall fly;
Shame—from glory's view retire;
Doubt—in certain rapture die;
Pain—in endless bliss expire.
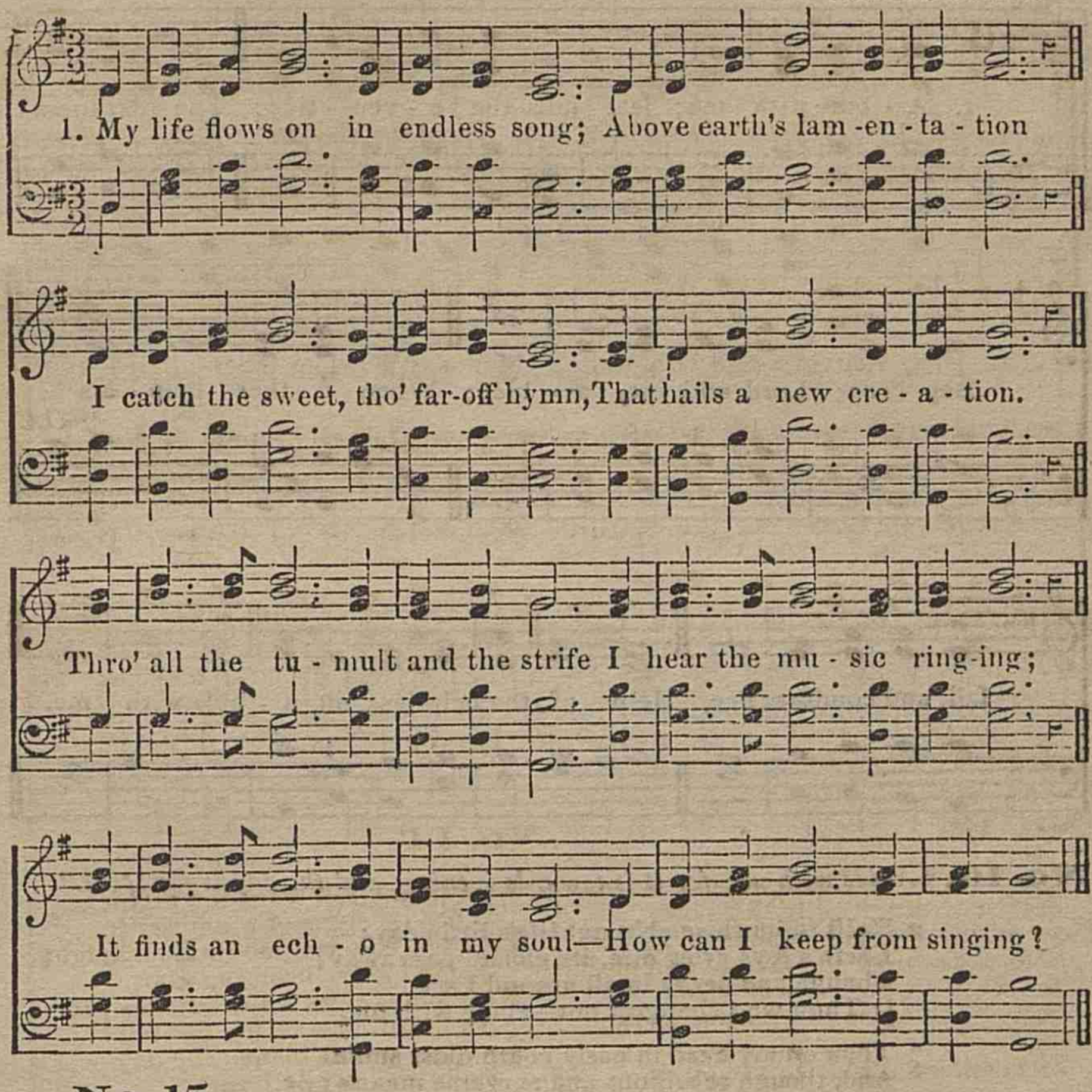
No. 14.

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

2 Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Trav'ler, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
Watchman, will its beams, alone,
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Trav'ler, ages are its own:
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

HOW CAN I KEEP FROM SINGING?

REV. R. LOWRY.



No. 15.

2.

What though my joys and comfort die?
The Lord my Saviour liveth;
What though the darkness gather round?
Songs in the night He giveth.
No storm can shake my inmost calm
While to that refuge clinging;
Since Christ is Lord of heaven and earth,
How can I keep from singing?

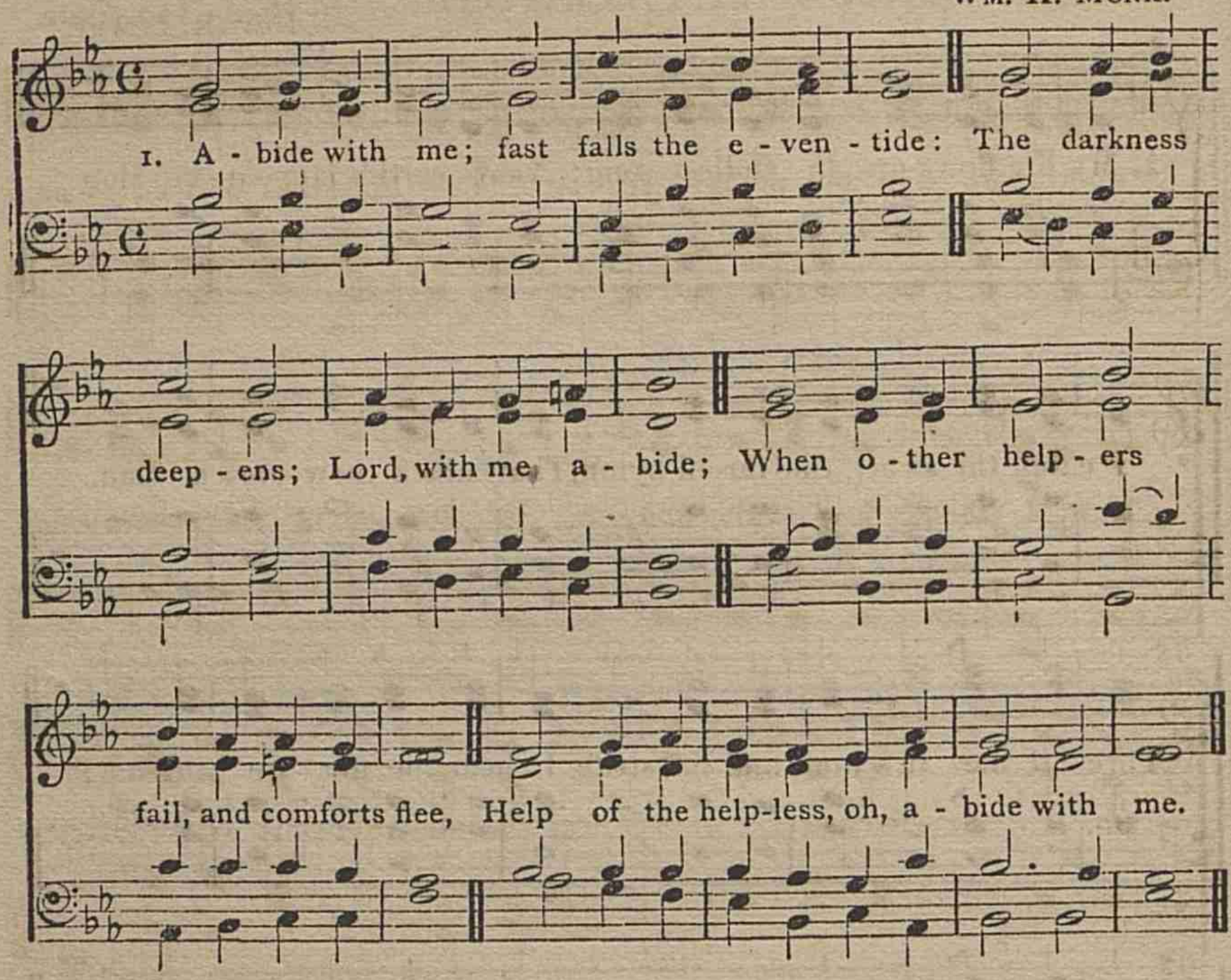
3.

I lift my eyes; the cloud grows dim;
I see the blue above it;
And day by day this pathway smoothes,
Since first I learned to love it.
The peace of Christ makes fresh my heart,
A fountain ever springing;
All things are mine since I am His—
How can I keep from singing?

From "Bright Jewels," by permission.

WITH ME ABIDE.

WM. H. MONK.



No. 16. "*Abide with us; for it is towards evening, and the day is far spent.*"

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

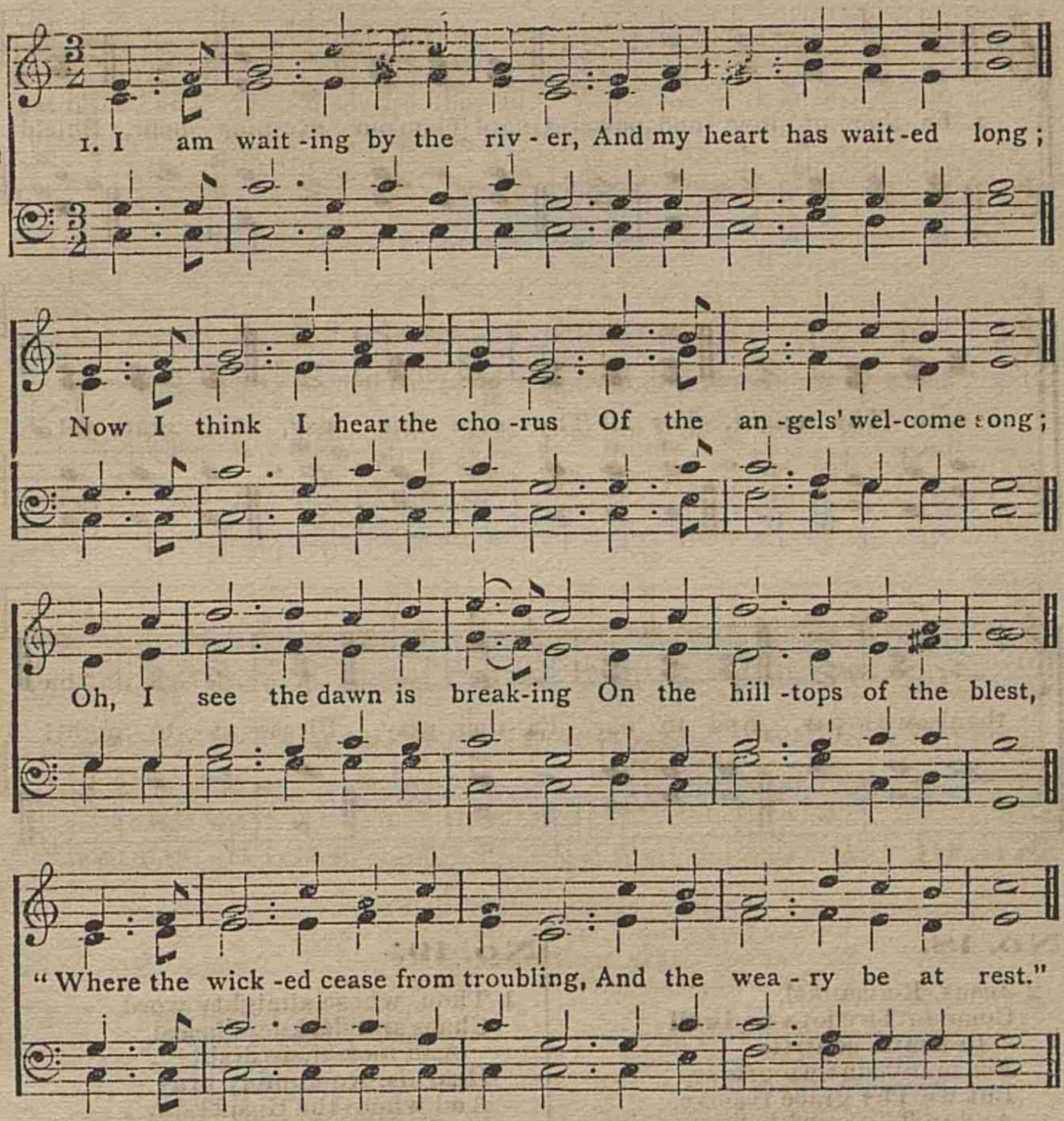
3 Thou on my head in early youth didst smile,
And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me oft as I left Thee;
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me.

4 I need Thy presence every passing hour,
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power;
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be,
Through clouds and sunshine—oh, abide with me.

5 Hold on Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee,
In life and death, O Lord, abide with me.

WAITING BY THE RIVER.

Dr. THOS. HASTINGS.

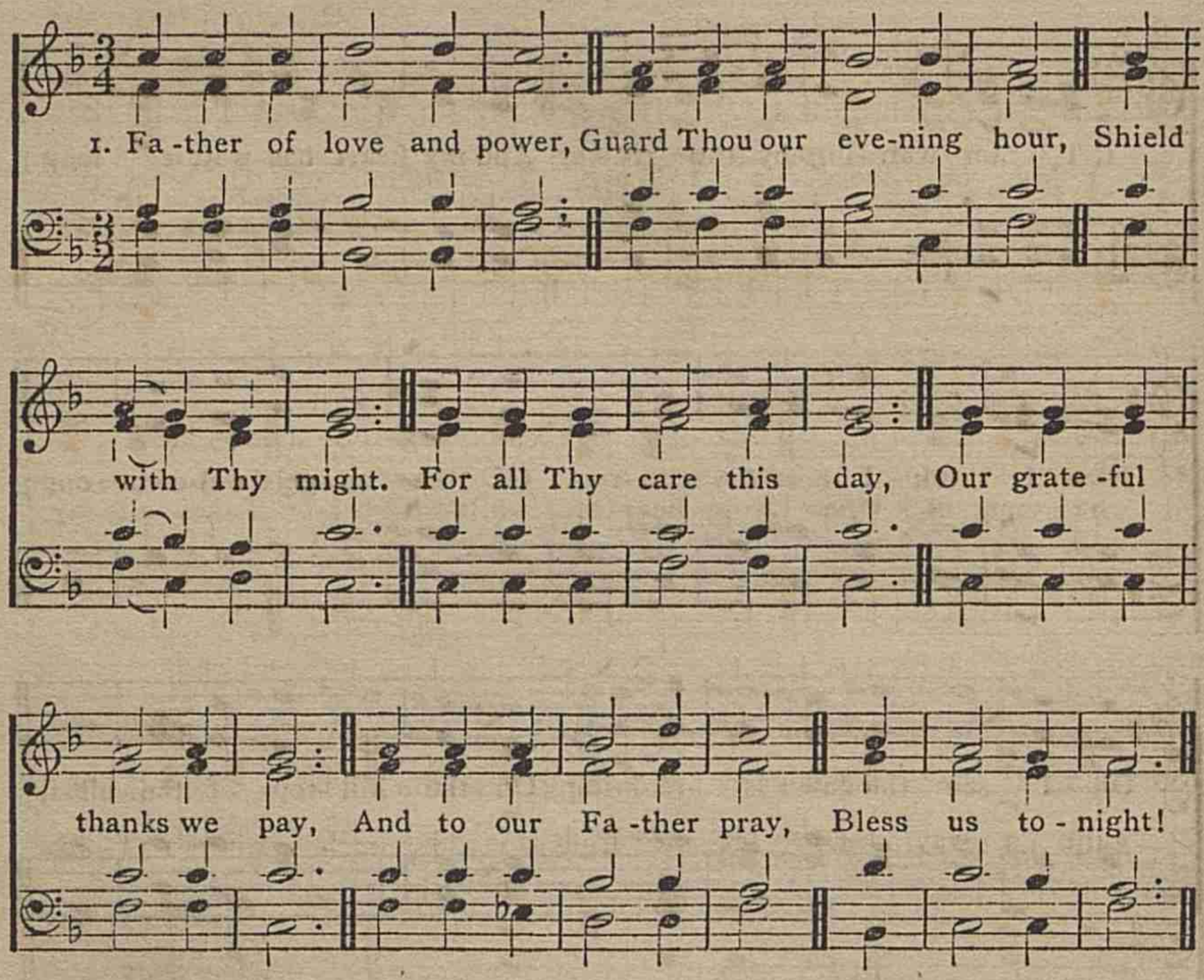


No. 17. *"There shall be no more death."*

2 Far away beyond the shadows
Of this weary vale of tears,
There the tide of bliss is sweeping
Thro' the bright and cha: geless years;
Oh! I long to be with Jesus,
In the mansions of the blest,
"Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary be at rest."

3 They are launching on the river,
From the calm and quiet shore,
And they soon will bear my spirit
Where the weary sigh no more;
For the tide is swiftly flowing,
And I long to greet the blest,
"Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary be at rest."

BLESS US TO-NIGHT.



No. 18.

2 Jesus, Emmanuel,
Come in Thy love to dwell
In hearts contrite;
For many sins we grieve,
But we Thy grace receive,
And in Thy word believe,—
Bless us to-night!

3 Spirit of truth and love
Life-giving, holy dove,
Shed forth Thy light;
Heal every sinner's smart,
Still every throbbing heart,
And Thine own peace impart,
Bless us to-night!

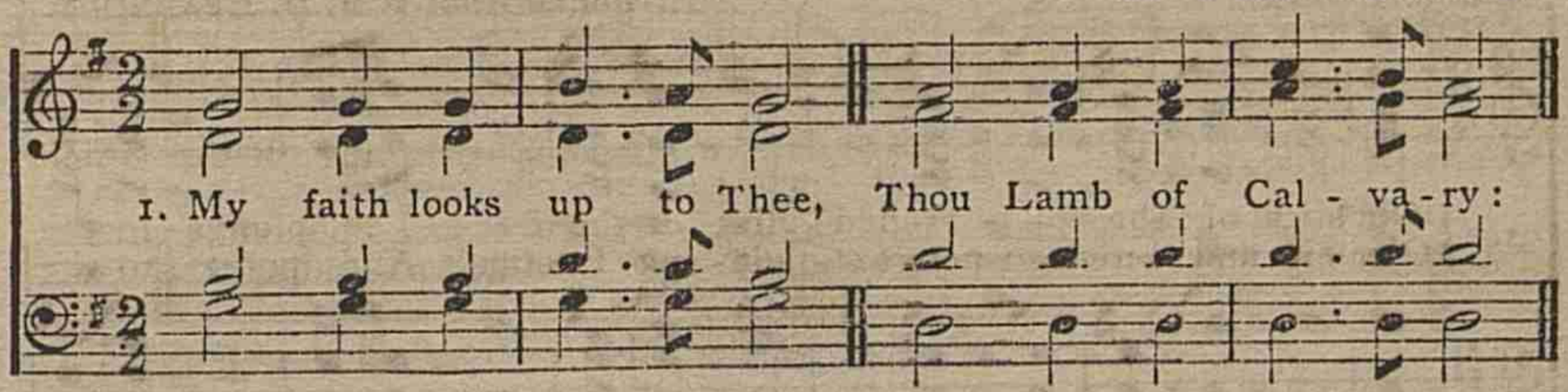
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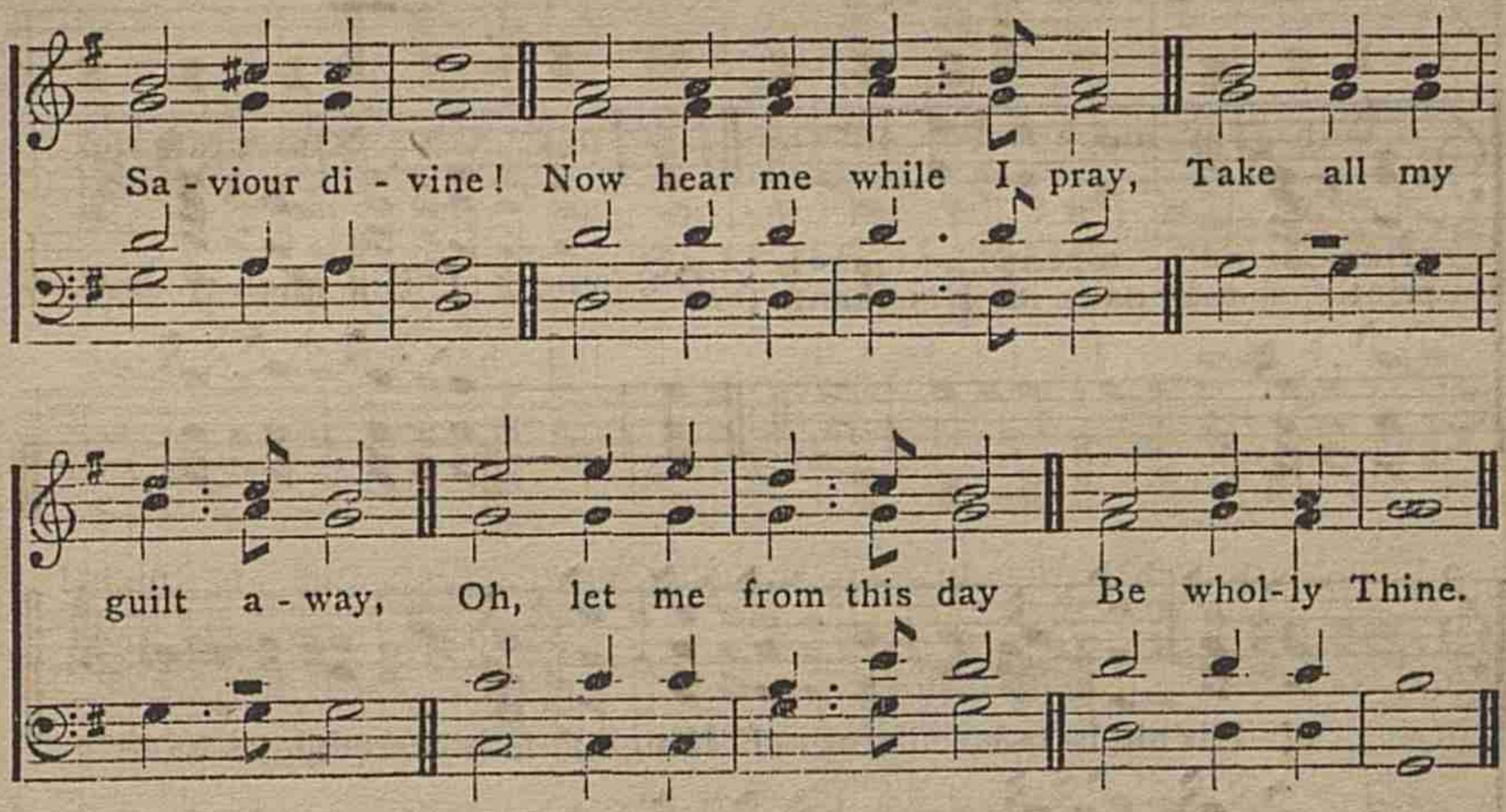
1 Thou, whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight;
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the Gospel day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light.

2 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth thy flight;
Move on the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace:
And in earth's darkest place,
Let there be light.

NEW HAVEN. 6s. and 4s.

Dr. THOS. HASTINGS.





No. 20.

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

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

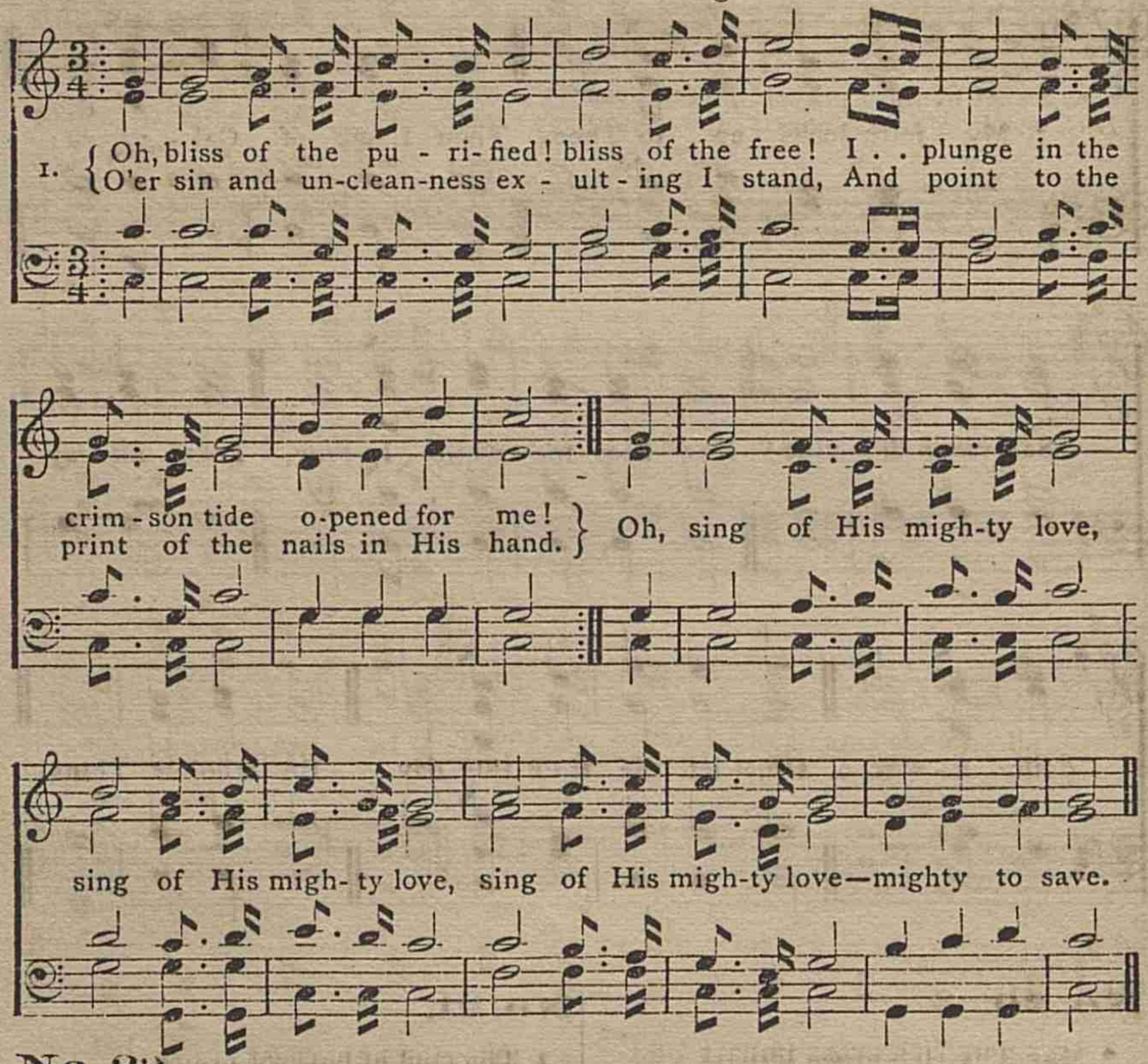
No. 21.

1 The God of harvest praise:
In loud thanksgiving raise
Hand, heart, and voice;
The valleys smile and sing,
Forests and mountains ring,
The plains their tribute bring,
The streams rejoice.

2 The God of harvest praise;
Hearts, hands, and voices, raise.
With sweet accord;
From field to garner throng,
Bearing your sheaves along,
And in your harvest song
Bless ye the Lord.

OH, SING OF HIS MIGHTY LOVE.

Arranged from WM. B. BRADBURY.



No. 22.

2 Oh, bliss of the purified! Jesus is mine,
No longer in dread condemnation I pine;
In conscious salvation I sing of His grace,
Who lifteth upon me the smiles of His face!

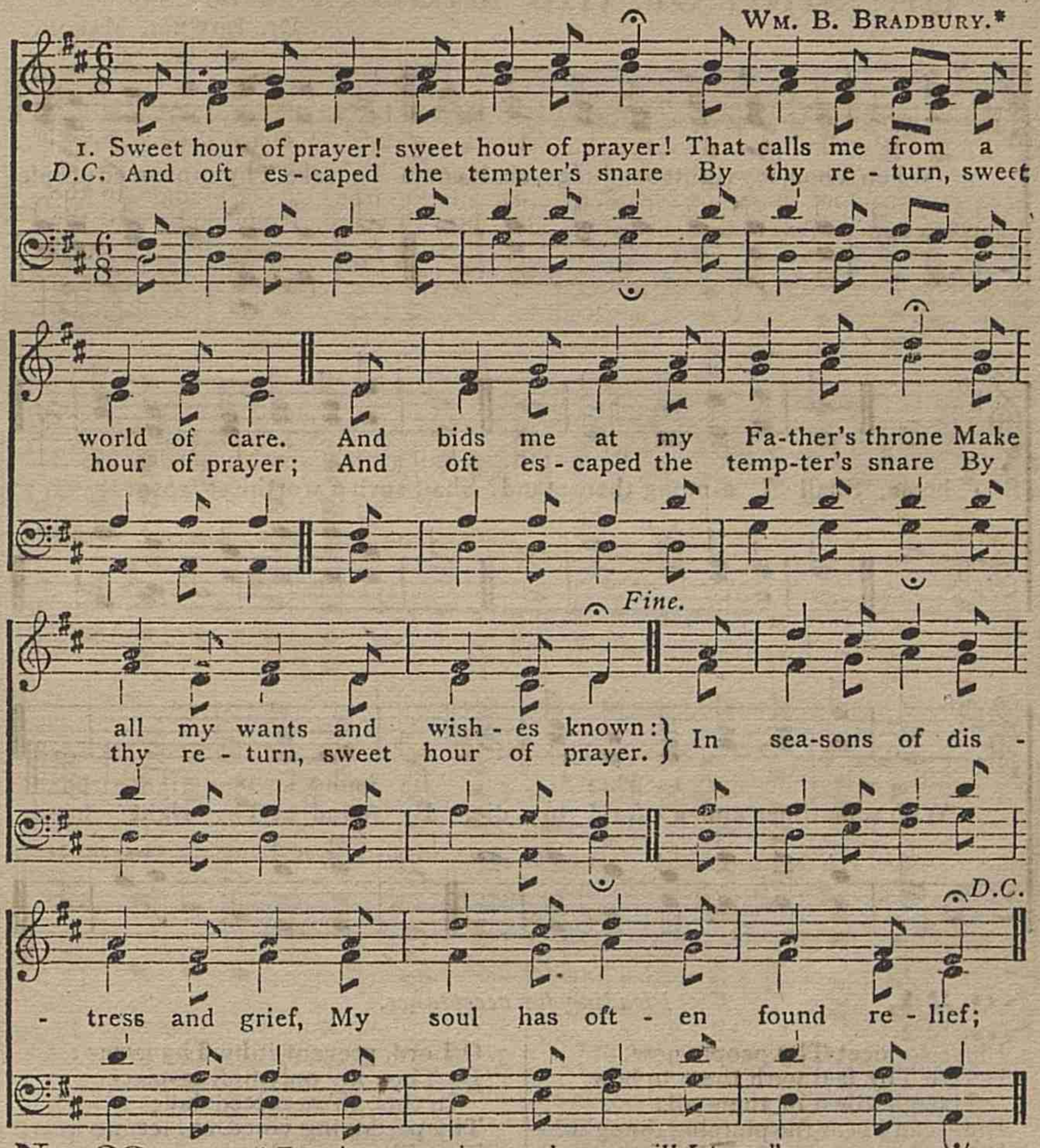
3 Oh, bliss of the purified! bli ⁻ of the pure!
No wound hath the soul that His blood cannot cure;
No sorrow-bowed head but may sweetly find rest,—
No tears but may dry them on Jesus's breast.

4 O Jesus the Crucified! Thee will I sing!
My blessed Redeemer! my God and my King!
My soul filled with rapture shall shout o'er the grave,
And triumph in death in the Mighty to save.

—*Rev. F. Bottome.*

SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

WM. B. BRADBURY.*



No. 23. "*Evening, morning, and noon will I pray.*"

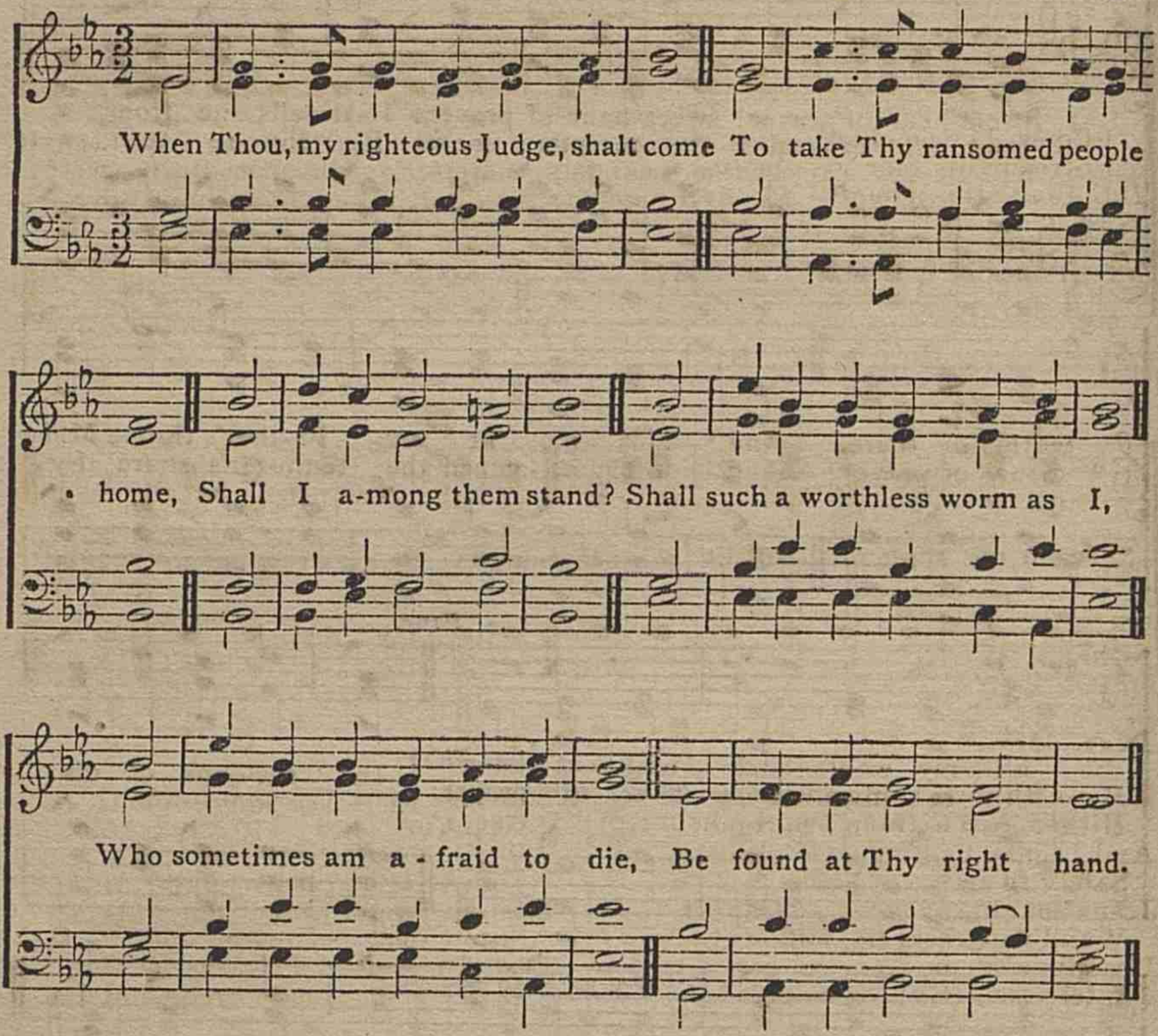
2 ‖: Sweet hour of prayer! :‖
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word and trust His grace,
‖: I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for Thee, sweet hour of prayer! :‖

3 ‖: Sweet hour of prayer! :‖
May I Thy consolation share,
Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height
I 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 thro' the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer! :‖

* *From "Fresh Laurels," by permission of* BIGLOW & MAIN.

MERIBAH. C.P.M.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.



No. 24. *Pleading for acceptance.*

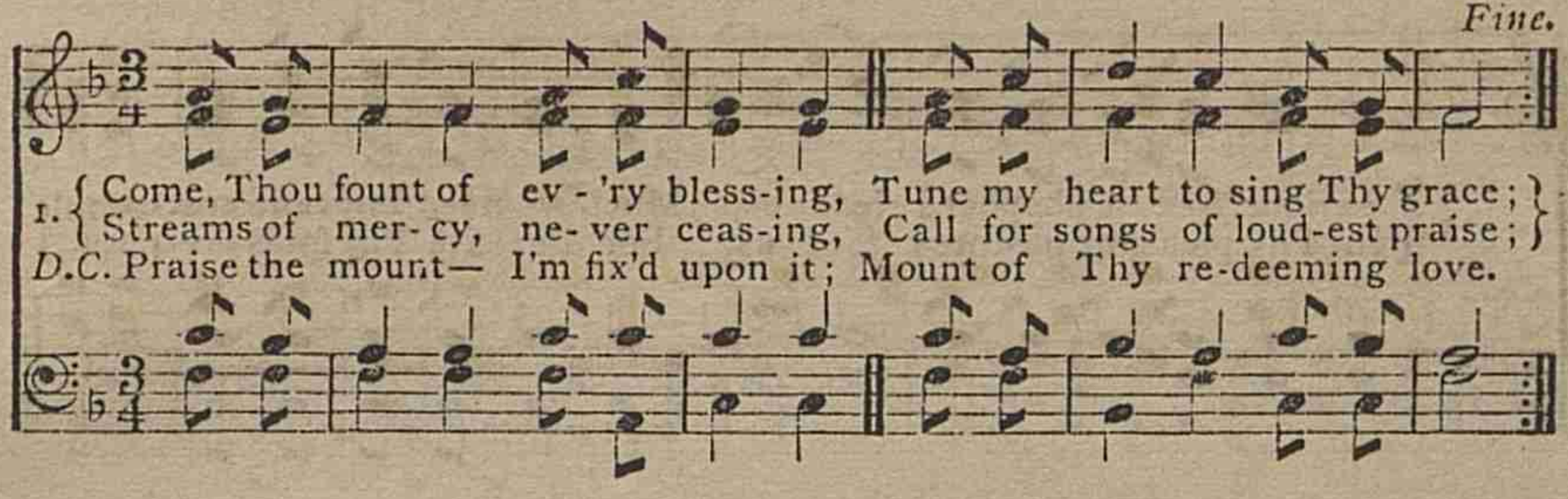
2 I love to meet Thy people now,
Before Thy feet with them to bow,
Though vilest of them all:
But—can I bear the piercing thought?—
What if my name should be left out,
When Thou for them shalt call?
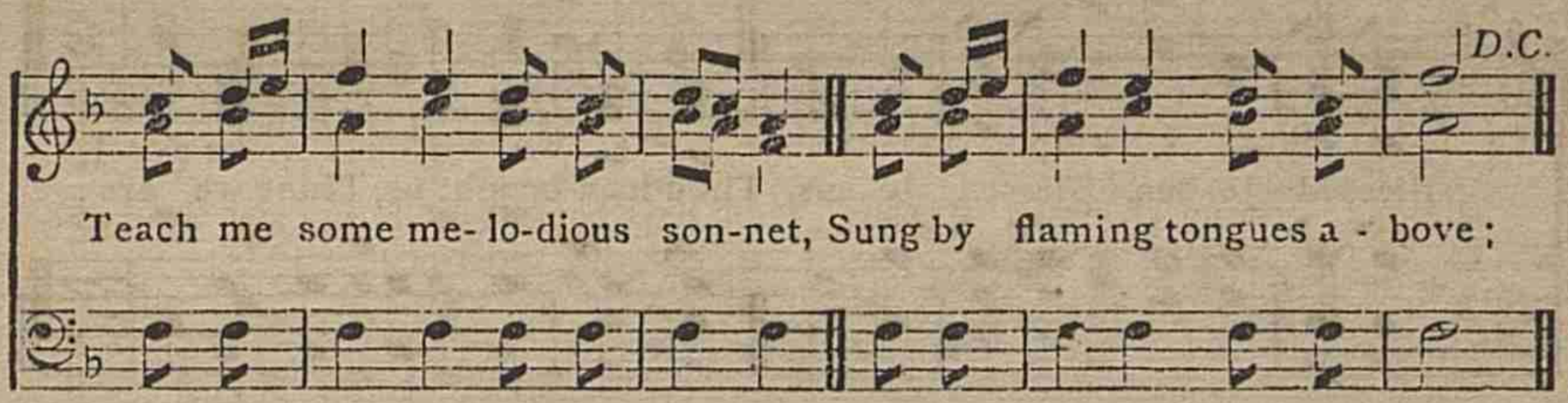
3 O Lord, prevent it by Thy grace;
Be Thou my only hiding-place,
In this, th' accepted day;
Thy pardoning voice, oh, let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 Let me among the 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.—*Ovington's Sel*

NETTLETON. 8s. and 7s. Double.

Dr. NETTLETON.





No. 25.

2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer;
Hither by Thy help I'm come·
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

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

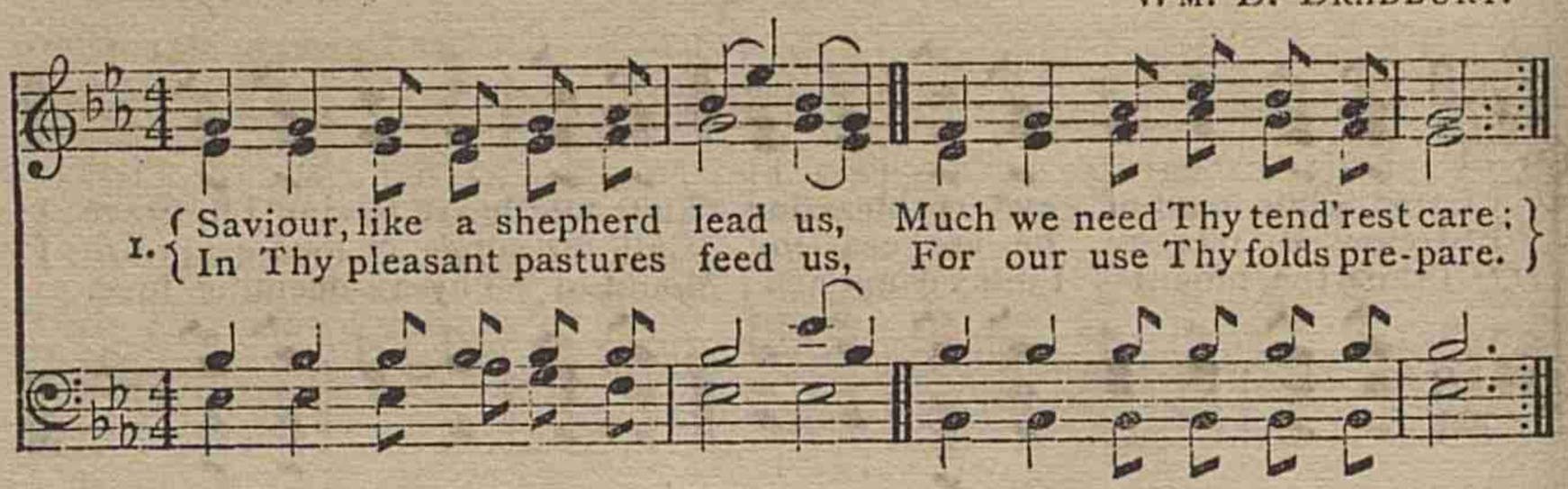
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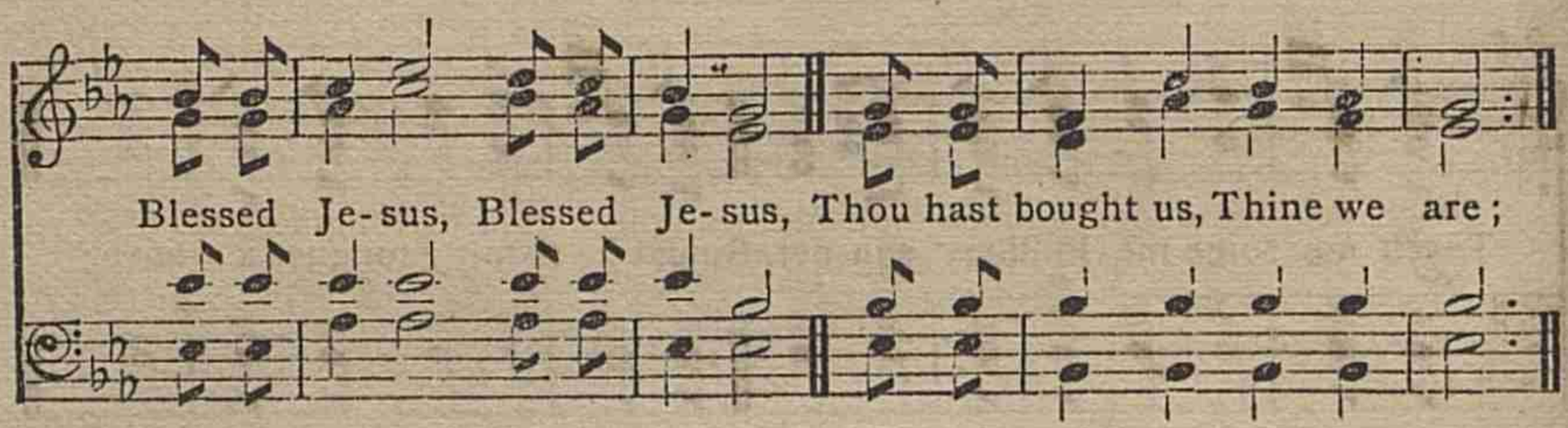
1 Saviour! visit Thy plantation;
Grant us, Lord! a gracious rain:
All will come to desolation,
Unless Thou return again.
Keep no longer at a distance;—
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest, for want of Thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.
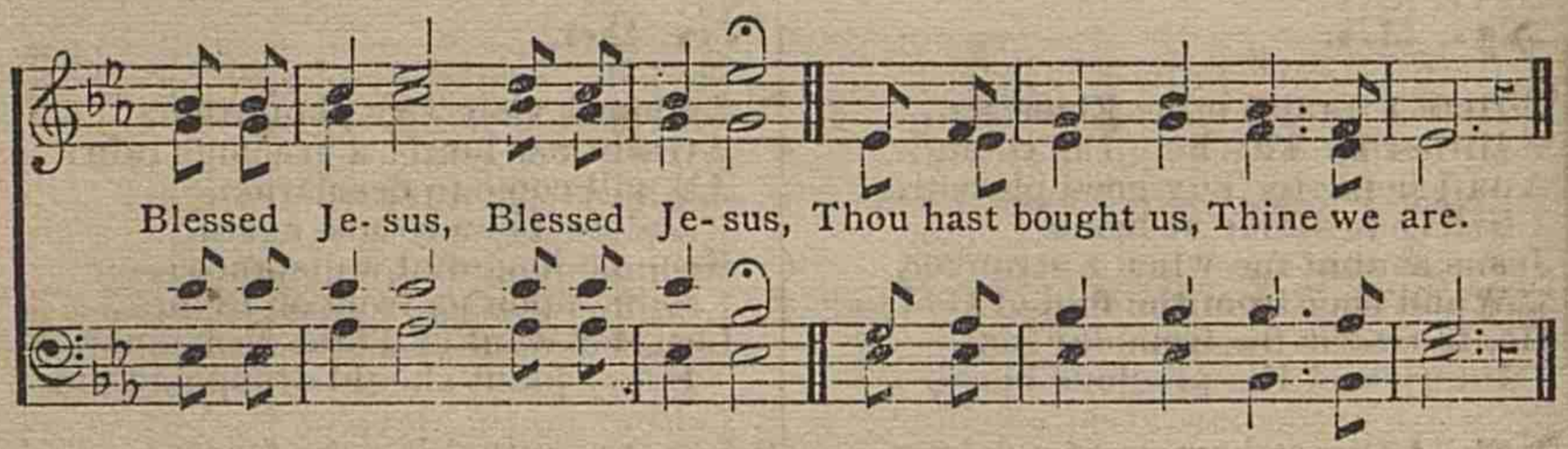
2 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayers;
Let each one, esteemed Thy servant,
Shun the world's enticing snares.
Break the tempter's fatal power;
Turn the stony heart to flesh;
And begin, from this good hour,
To revive Thy work afresh.

GUIDE US, SHEPHERD. 8s. 7s. and 4s.

WM. B. BRADBURY.







No. 27. *"Saviour, like a shepherd lead us."*

2 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.
Blessed Jesus,
Hear, oh, hear us, when we pray.
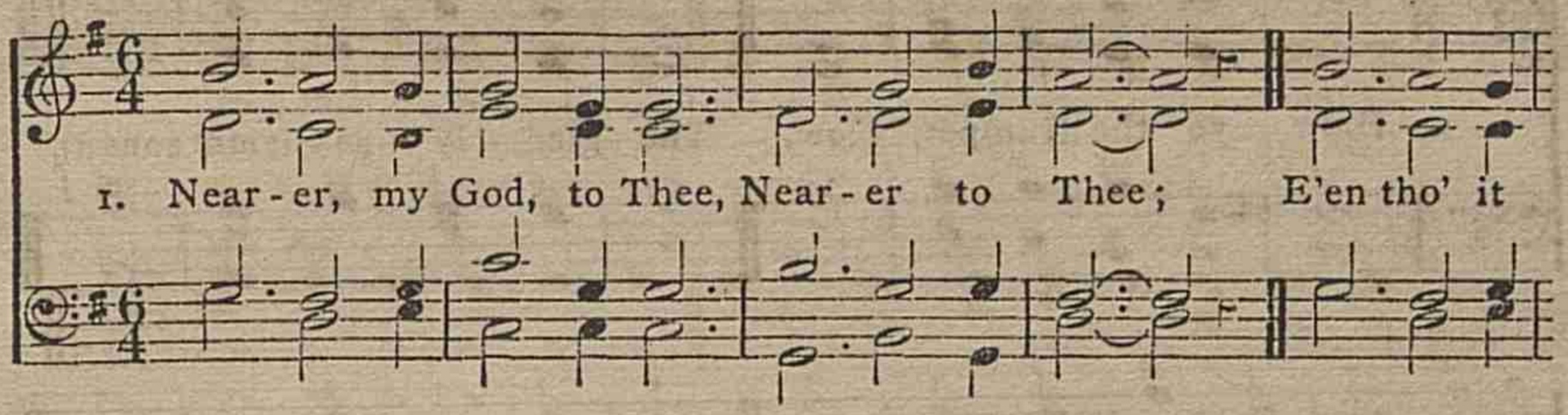
3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free.
Blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to Thee.

3 Early let us seek Thy favour,
Early let us do Thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Saviour,
With Thy love our bosom fill.
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE. (Bethany.)

6s. and 4s.*

Dr. Lowell Mason.



No. 28.

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, &c.

3 There let the way appear,
Steps up to heaven;
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given,
Angels to beckon me,
Nearer, my God, &c.
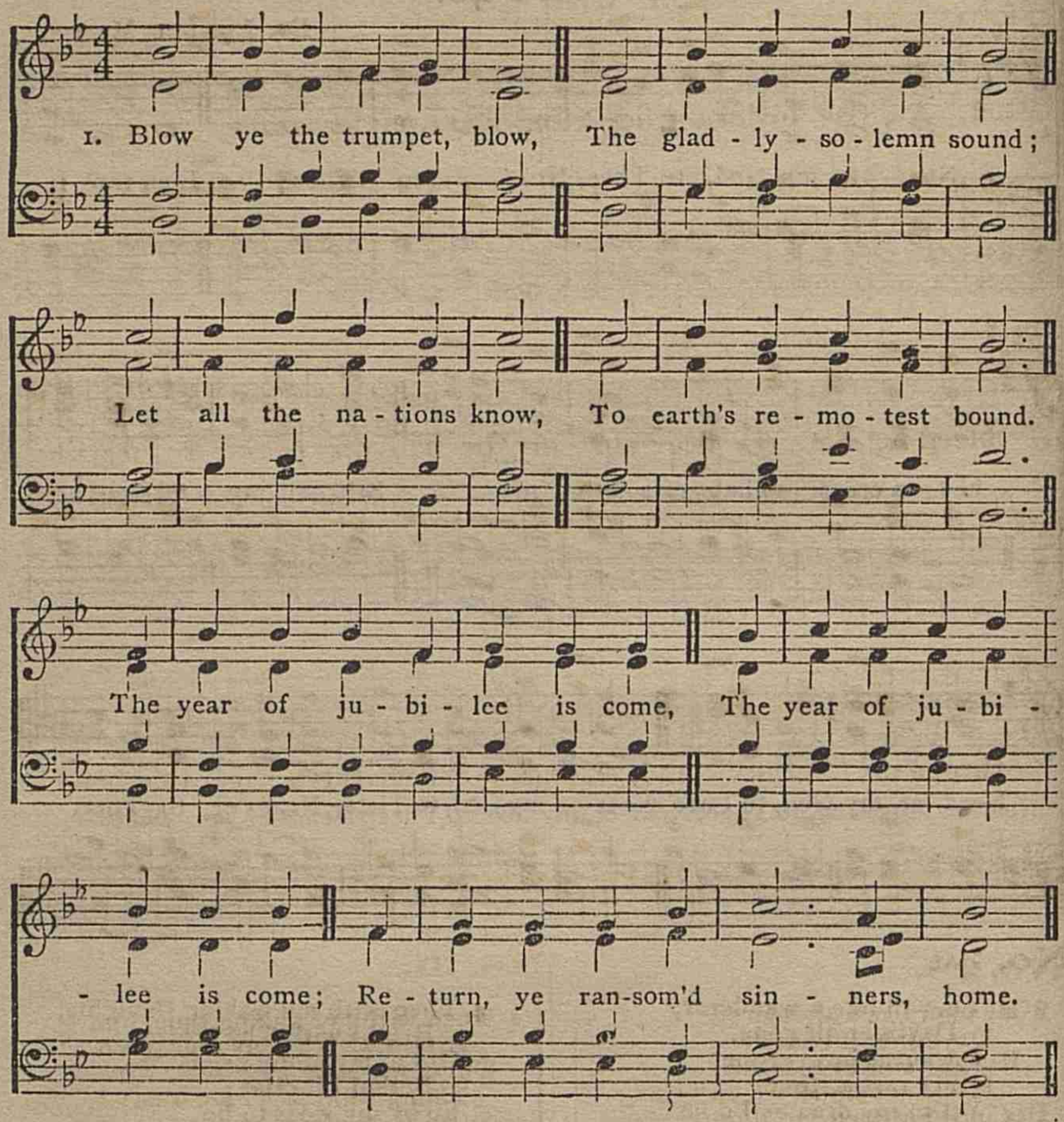
4 Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, &c.

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

* *From the* "Asaph," *by permission of* Mason Brothers.

LENOX. 3rd P.M.

EDSON.



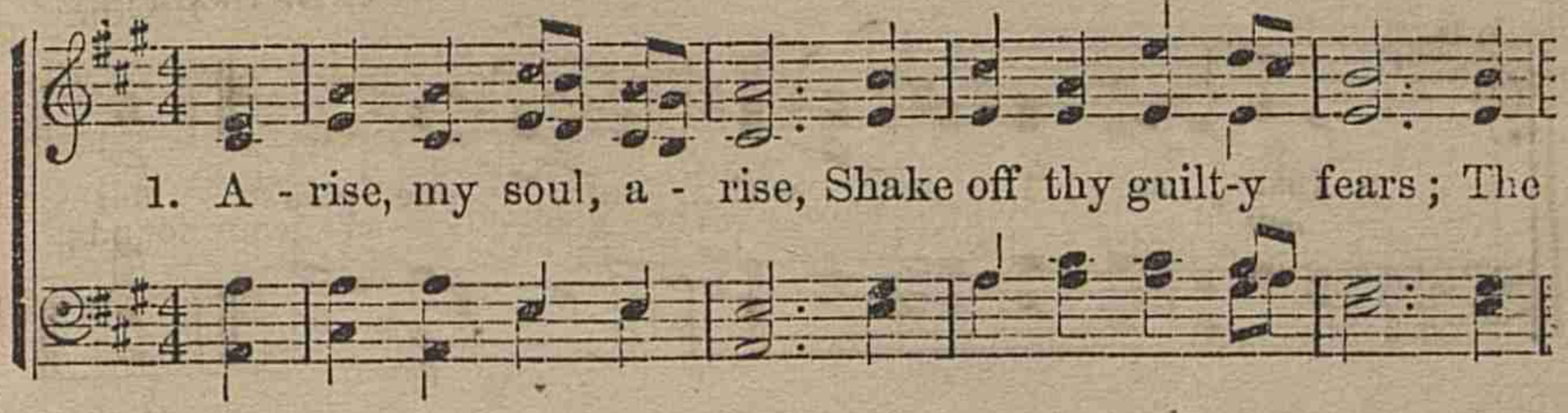
No. 29.

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,—
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in His blood
Throughout the world proclaim;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

ARISE, MY SOUL, ARISE.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.



No. 30

2 He ever lives above
For me to intercede—
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood, to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 My God is reconciled;
His pard'ning voice I hear;
He owns me for His child;
I can no longer fear:
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

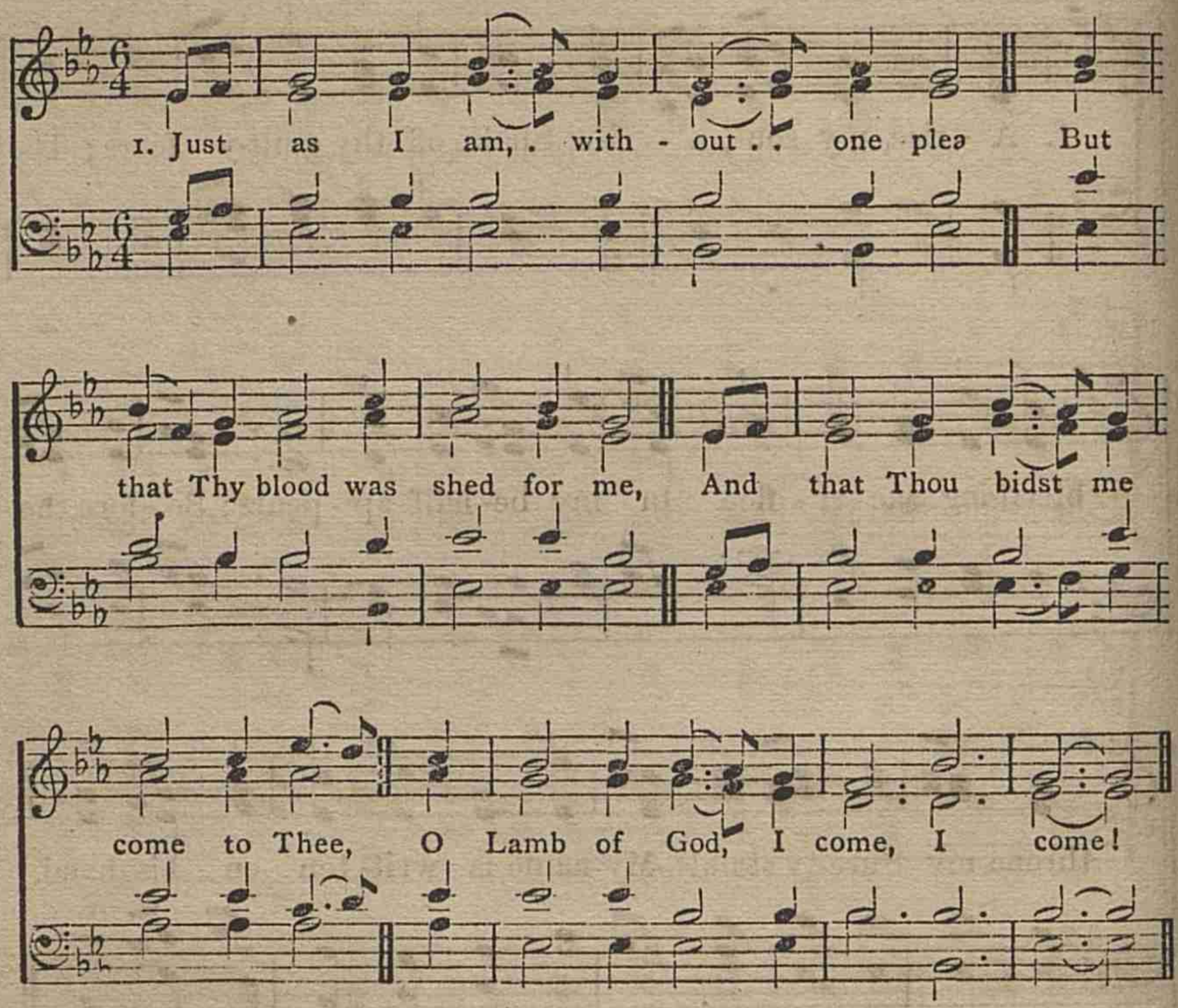
No. 31.

1 Great King of glory, come,
And with Thy favour crown
This temple as Thy home,—
This people as Thine own:
Beneath this roof, O deign to show
How God can dwell with men below.

2 Here may Thine ears attend
Our interceding cries,
And grateful praise ascend,
Like incense, to the skies:
Here may Thy soul-converting word
With faith be preach'd, in faith be heard.

WOODWORTH. L.M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



No. 32.

2 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, I come!

3 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve!
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

4 Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

No. 33.

1 Except the Lord our labours bless,
In vain shall we desire success;
Except His guardian power restrain,
The watchman waketh but in vain.

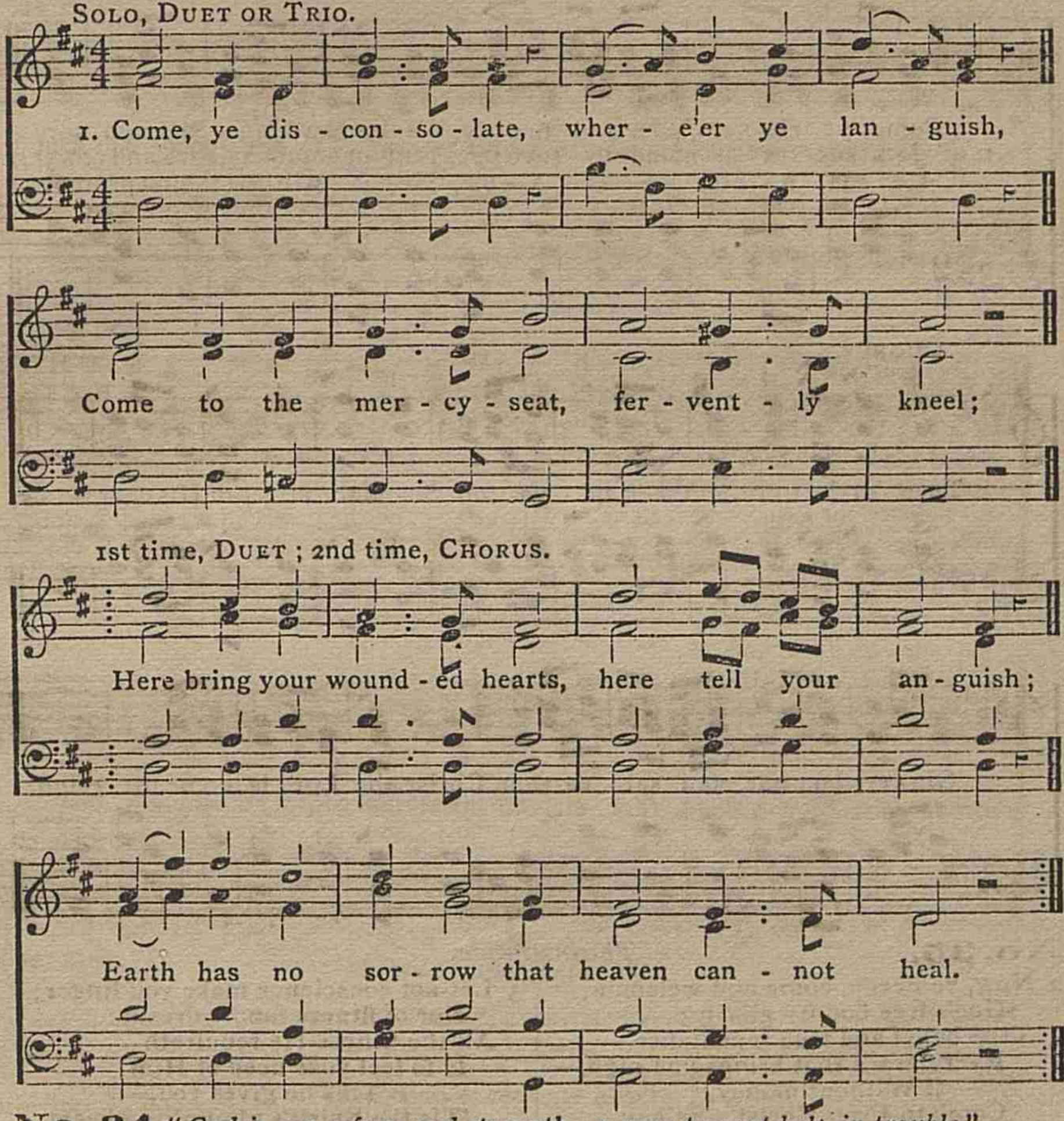
2 'Tis useless toil our stores to keep,—
Early to rise and late to sleep,—
Unless the Lord, who reigns on high,
His providential care supply.

3 Grant, Lord, that we may ever flee
For guidance and for help to Thee;
Thy blessing ask, whate'er we do,
And in Thy strength our work pursue

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE. 30th P.M.

S. WEBBE.

SOLO, DUET OR TRIO.

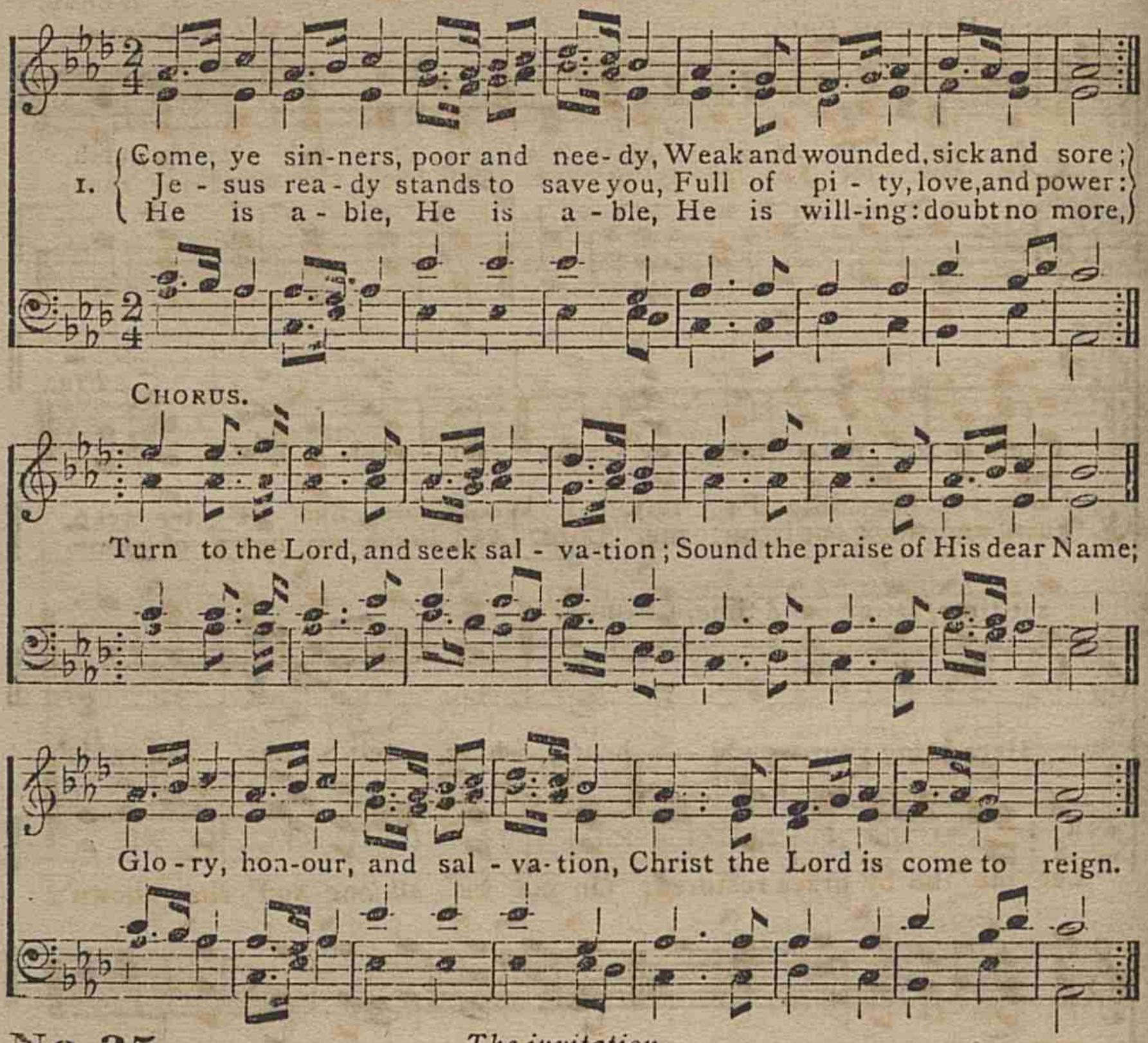


No. 34. "*God is our refuge and strength: a very present help in trouble.*"

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

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

INVITATION. 8s. and 7s. Double.



No. 35. *The invitation.*

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,—
Every grace that brings you nigh,—
‖: Without money,:‖
Come to Jesus Christ, and buy

Chorus.—Turn to the Lord, &c.

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 glimm'ring beam.

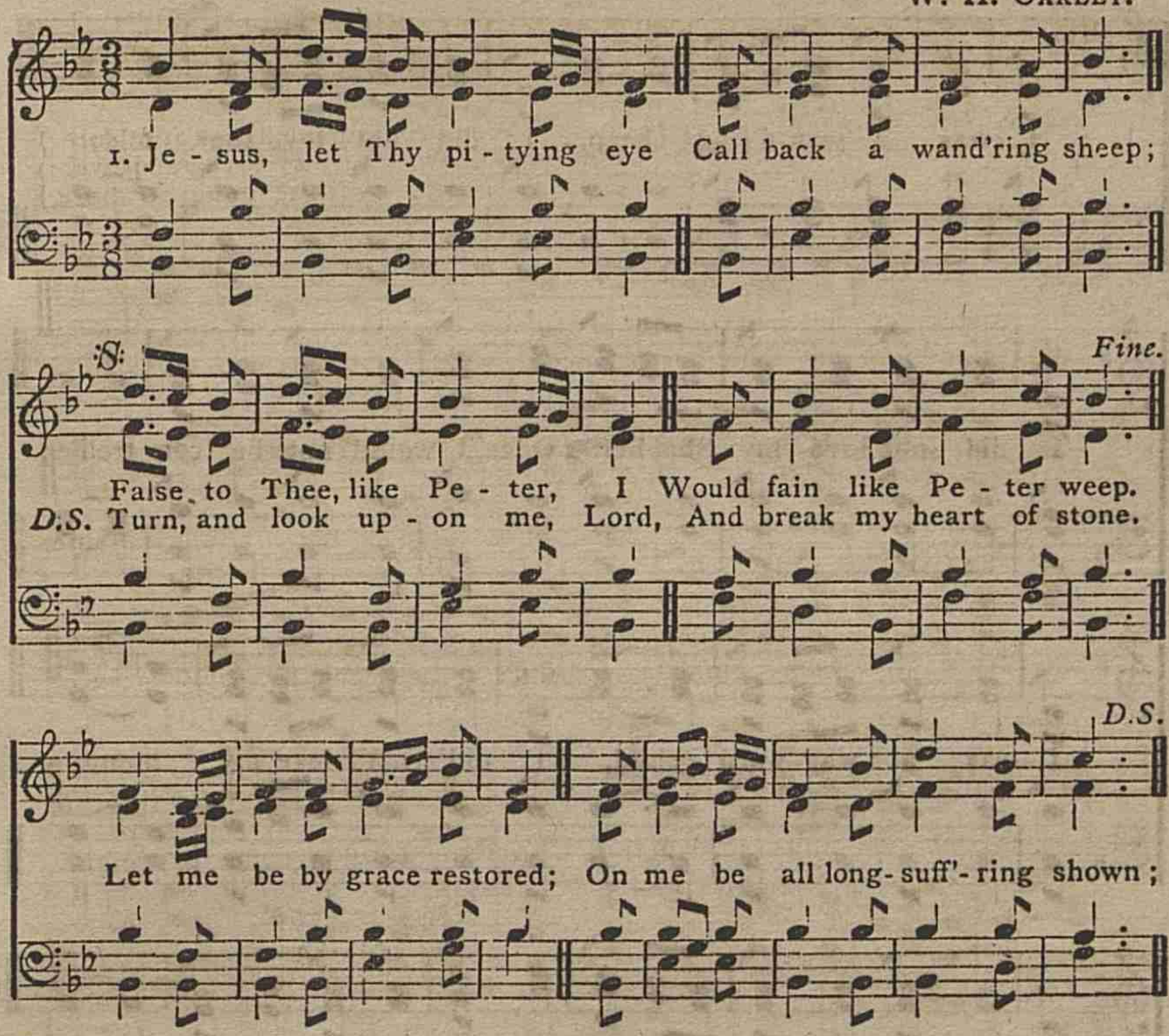
Chorus.—Turn to the Lord, &c.

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

Chorus.—Turn to the Lord, &c.

PENITENCE. 7s. 6s. and 8s.

W. H. OAKLEY.
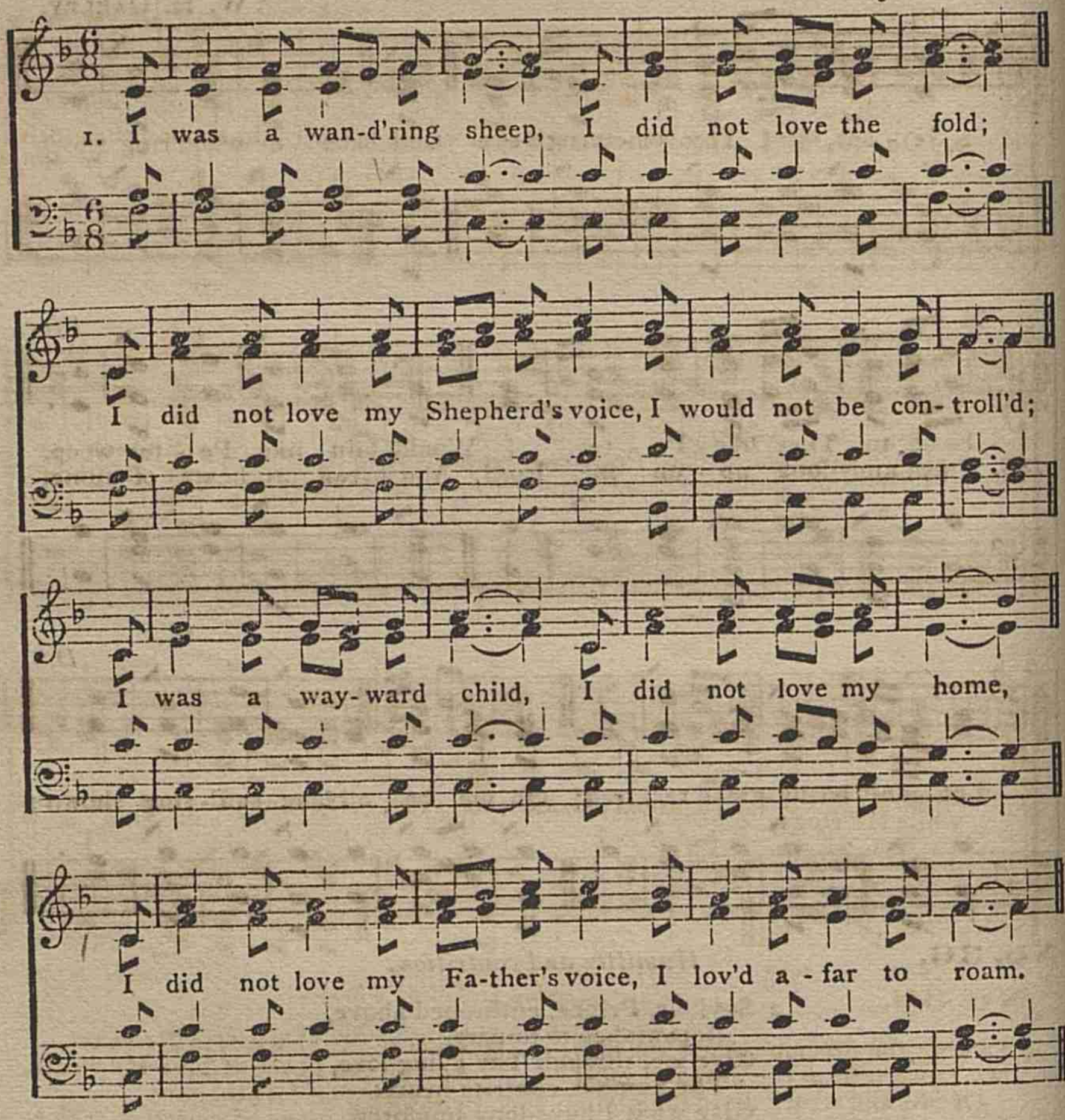


No. 36. *Humility and contrition.*

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, &c.

3 For Thine own compassion's sake,
The gracious wonder show;
Cast my sins behind Thy back,
And wash me white as snow:
If Thy bowels now are stirr'd,
If now I do myself bemoan,
Turn, and look upon me, &c.—*C. Wesley*

LEBANON. S.M.

J. ZUNDEL.



No. 37.

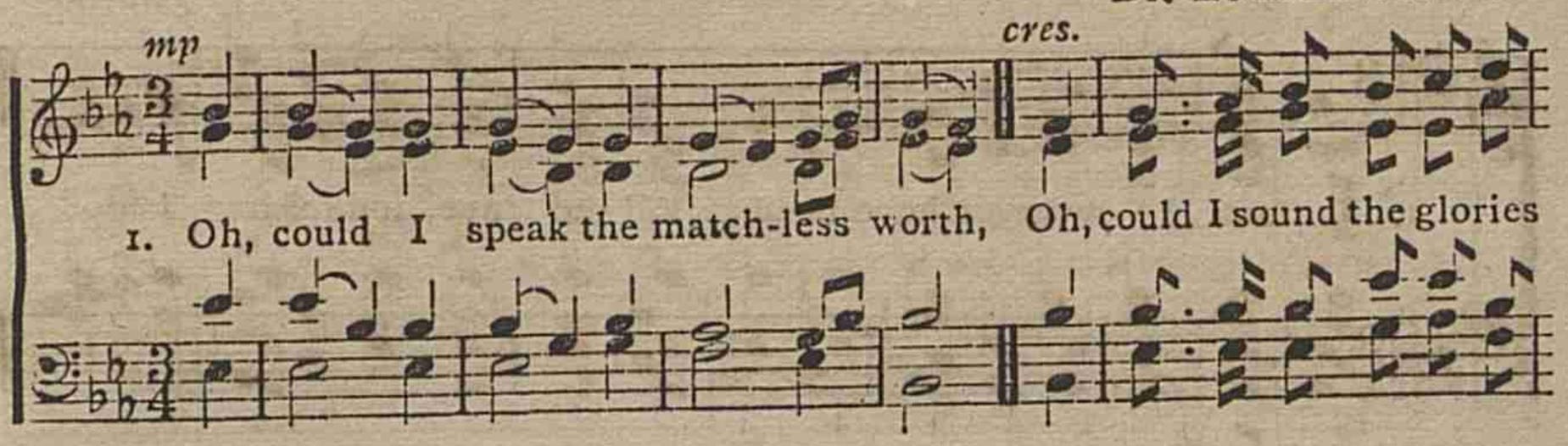
2 The Shepherd sought His sheep,
The Father sought His child:
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild:
They found me nigh to death,
Famish'd, and faint, and lone;
They bound me with the bands of love,
They saved the wandering one.

3 Jesus my Shepherd is,
'Twas He that loved my soul,
'Twas He that washed me in His blood,
'Twas He that made me whole:
'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.

—*Bonar.*

ARIEL. C.P.M.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.



No. 38. *The unsearchable riches of Christ.*

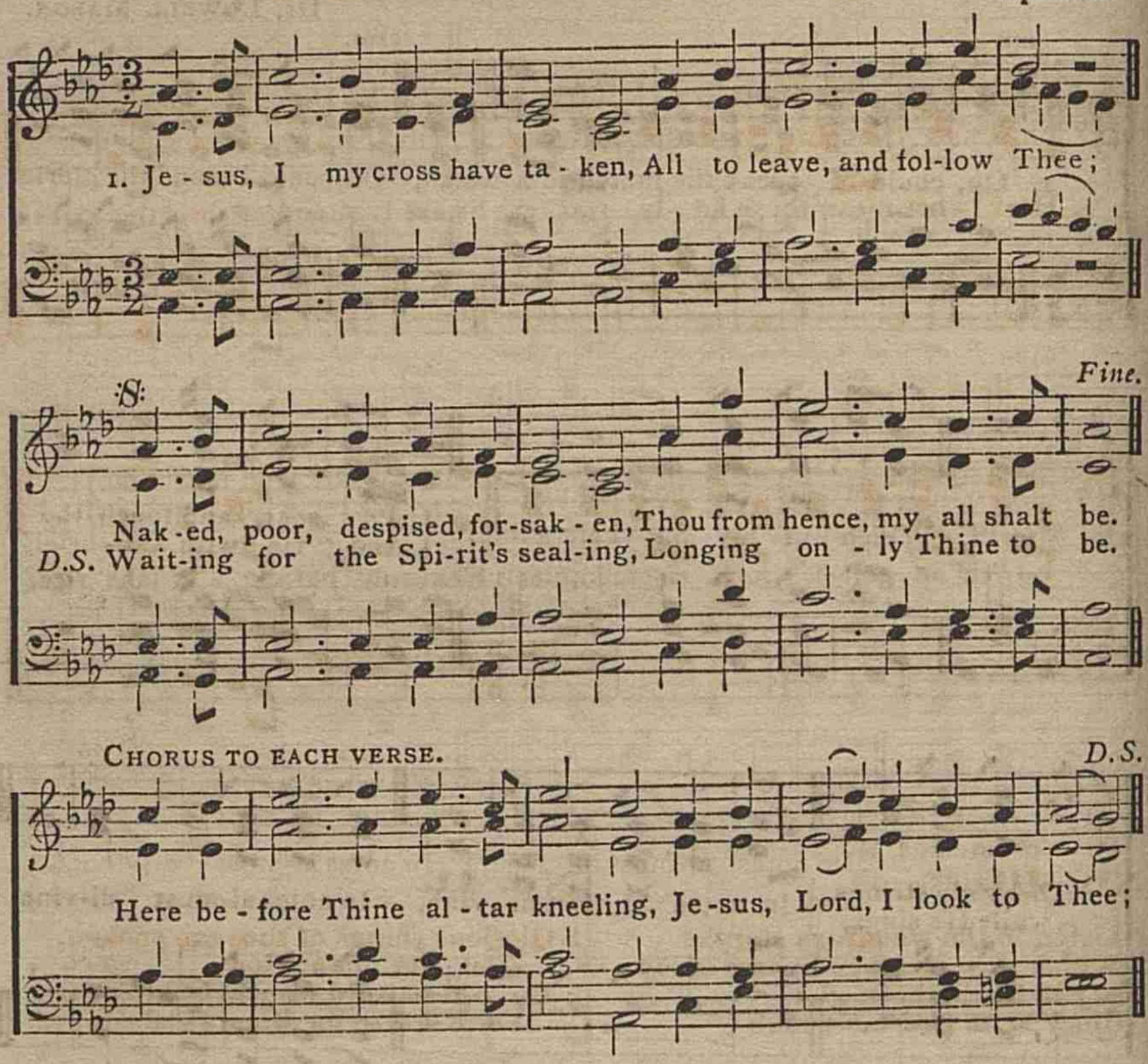
2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine:
I'd sing His glorious righteousness,
In which all perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

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 Well, the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home
And I shall see His face;
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in His grace.—*Medley.*

AUTUMN. 8s. and 7s. Double.

Spanish.



No. 39. *Jesus, I my cross have taken.*

2 Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
Yet how rich is my condition!
God and heaven are still my own.
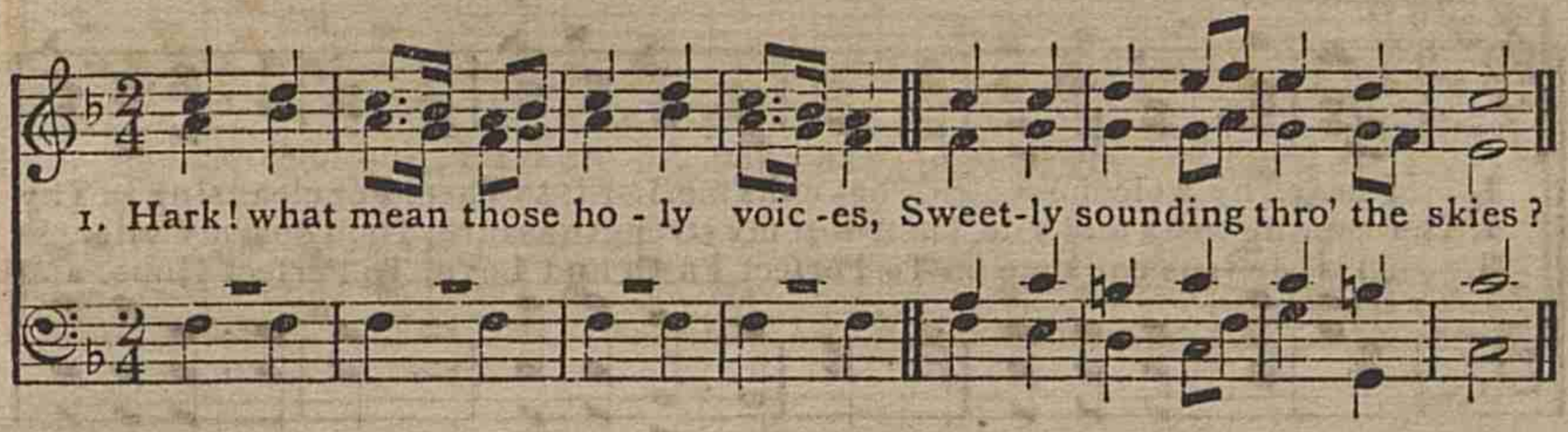
3 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not, like them, untrue:
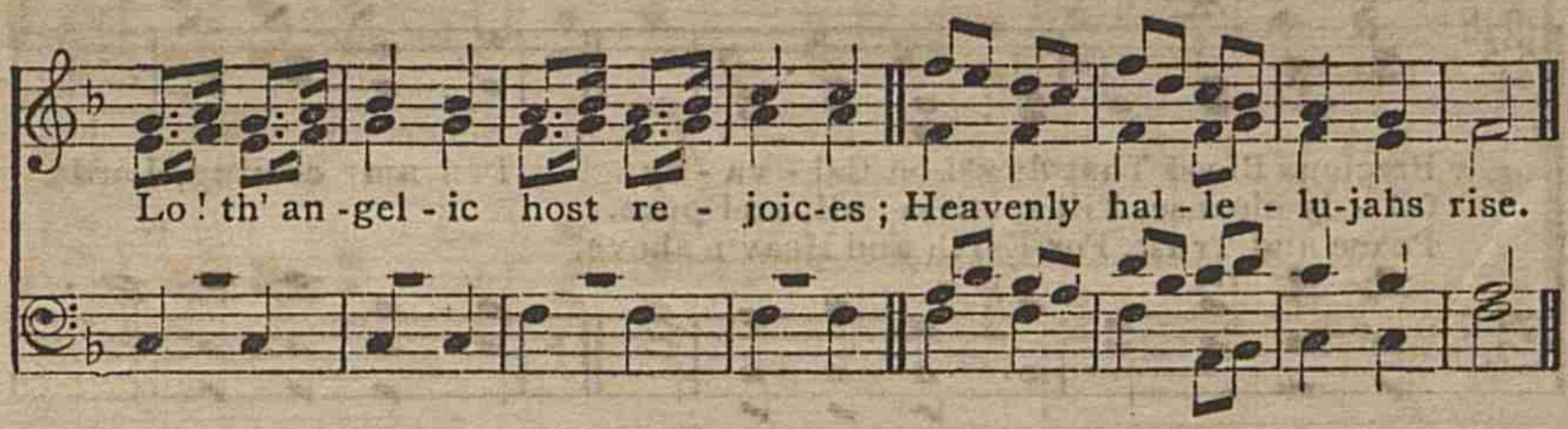
4 And while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may scorn me;
Show Thy face and all is bright.

5 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.

6 Oh! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me;
Oh! 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.—*Miss Grant.*

SICILIAN HYMN. 8s. and 7s.





No. 40.

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 redeem'd, and sins forgiven!—
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

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

5 Hasten, mortals, to adore Him;
Learn His Name, and taste His joy;
Till in heaven ye sing before Him,—
Glory be to God most high!

No. 41.

1 Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God:
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Form'd thee for His own abode;
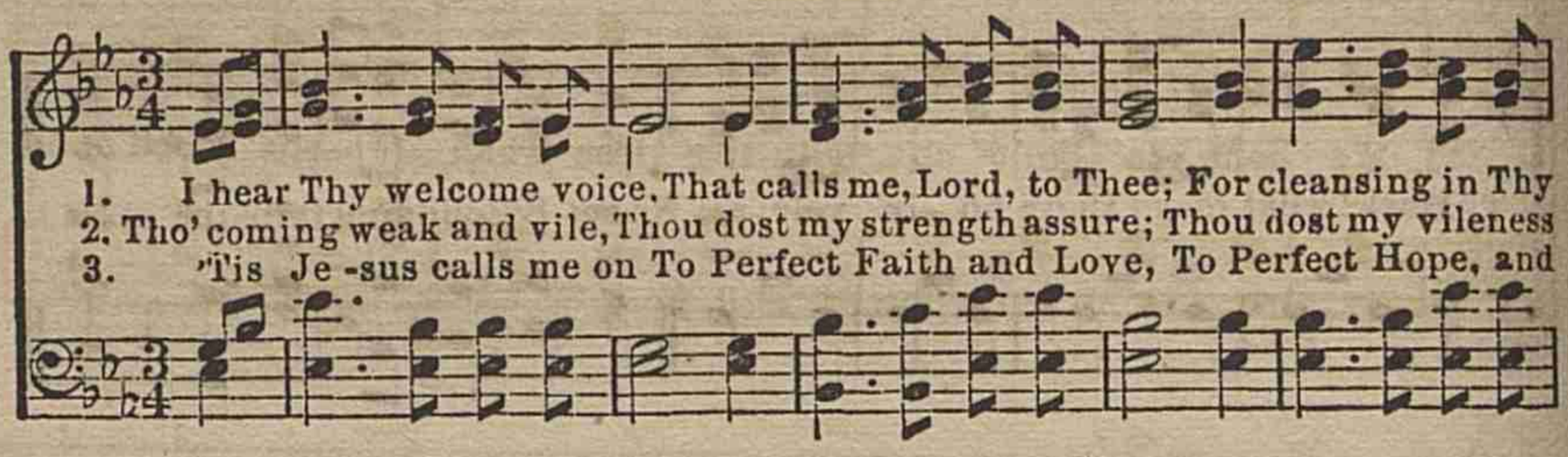
2 On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
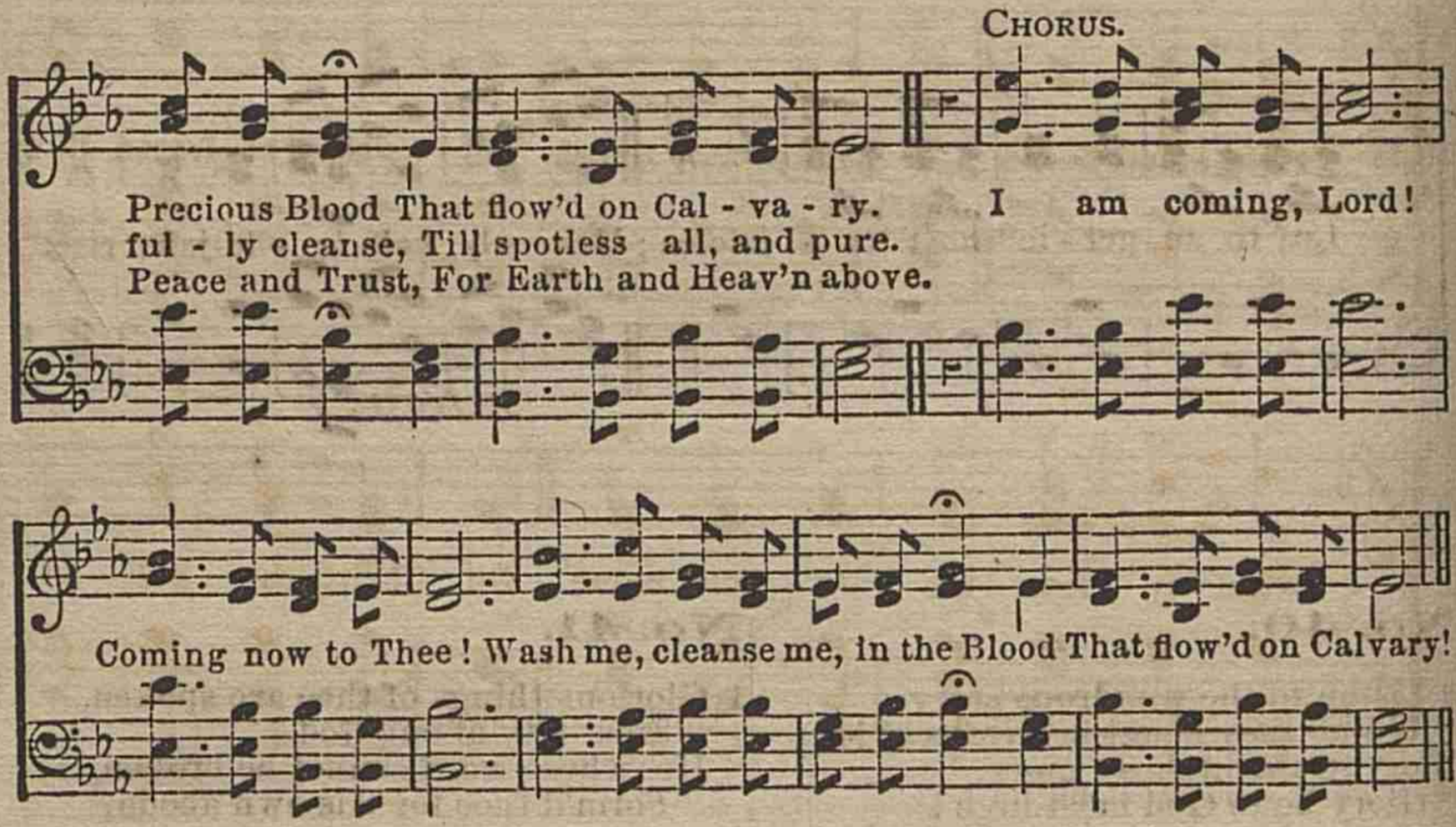
3 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Still supply thy sons and daughters
And all fear of want remove:

4 Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows our thirst t' assuage
Grace, which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

I AM COMING, LORD!

Words and Music by REV. L. HARTSOUGH.





No. 42.

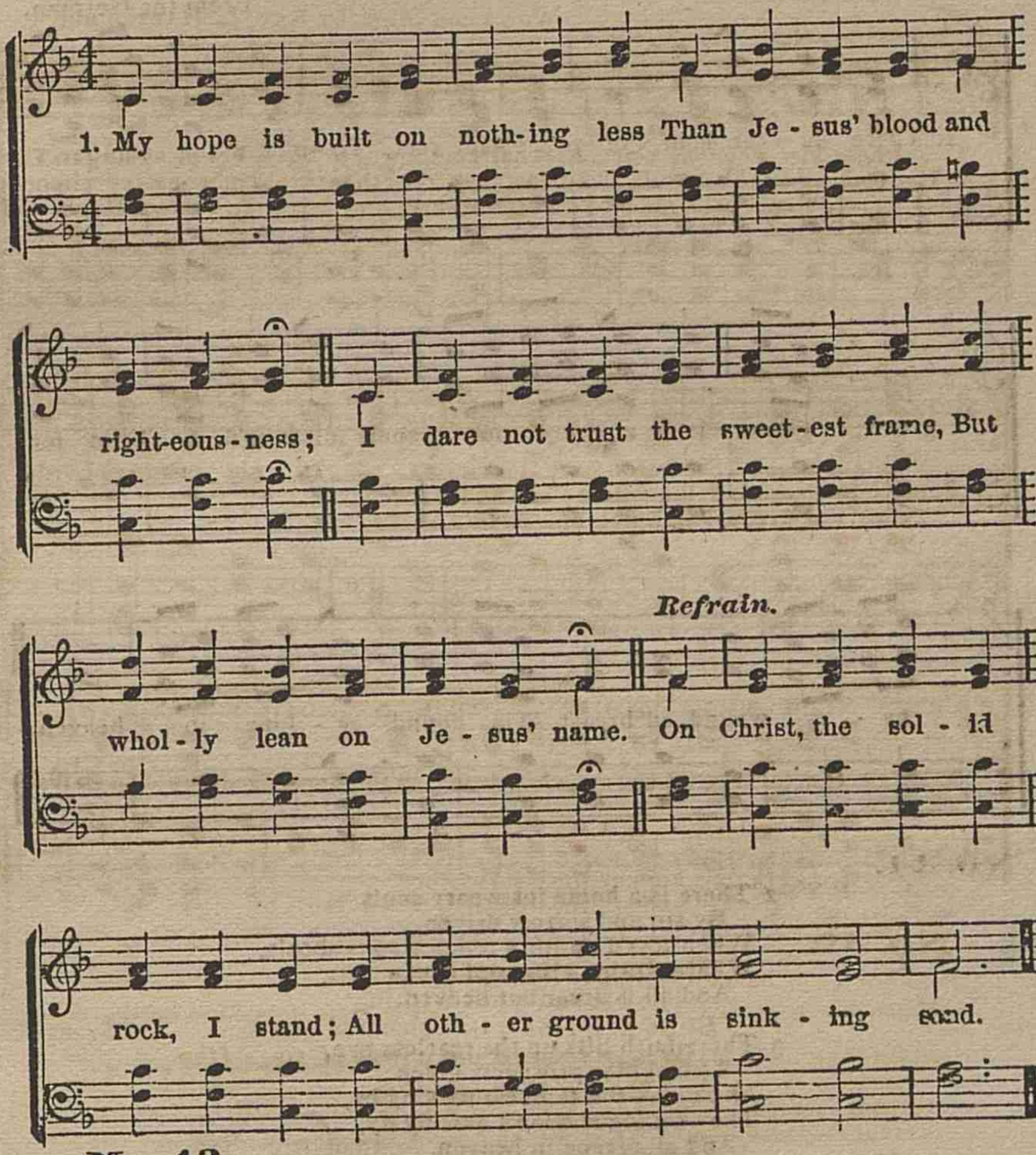
4 'Tis Jesus who confirms,
The blessed work within,
By adding grace, to welcomed grace,
Where reigned the power of sin. *Cho.*

5 And He the Witness gives
To loyal hearts and free,
That every Promise is fulfilled,
If faith but brings the plea. *Cho.*

6 All Hail! Atoning Blood!
All Hail! Redeeming Grace!
All Hail! the Gift of Christ, our Lord,
Our Strength and Righteousness. *Cho.*

THE ROCK THAT DOES NOT MOVE.

Matt. 7 : 25. PHILIP PHILLIPS.



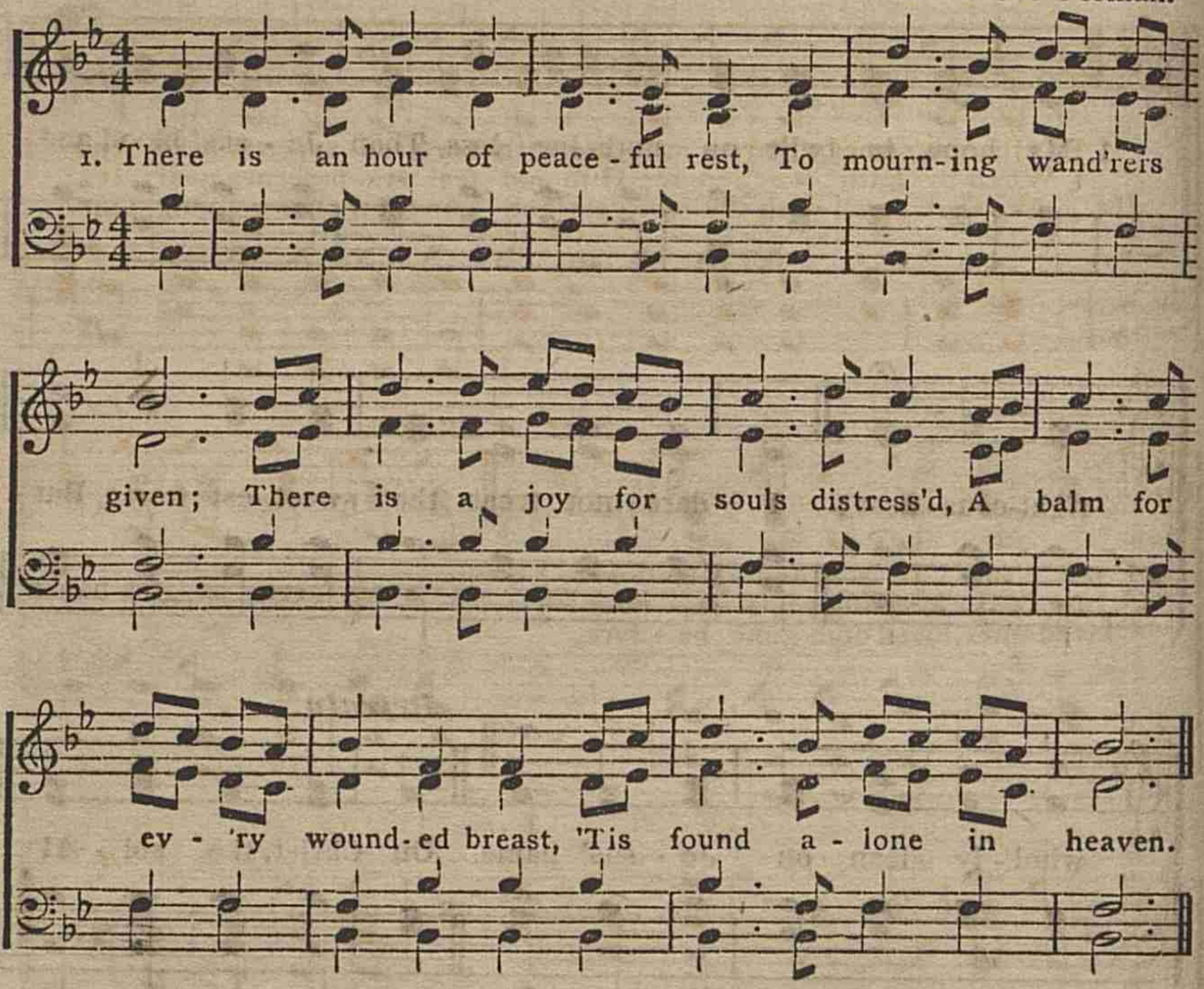
No. 43.

2 When darkness seems to veil His face,
I rest on His *unchanging* grace:
In every high and stormy gale
My anchor holds within the veil. *Ref.*

3 His word, His covenant, and blood,
Support me in the 'whelming flood:
When all around on earth gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay. *Ref.*

THERE IS AN HOUR.

From the German.



No. 44.

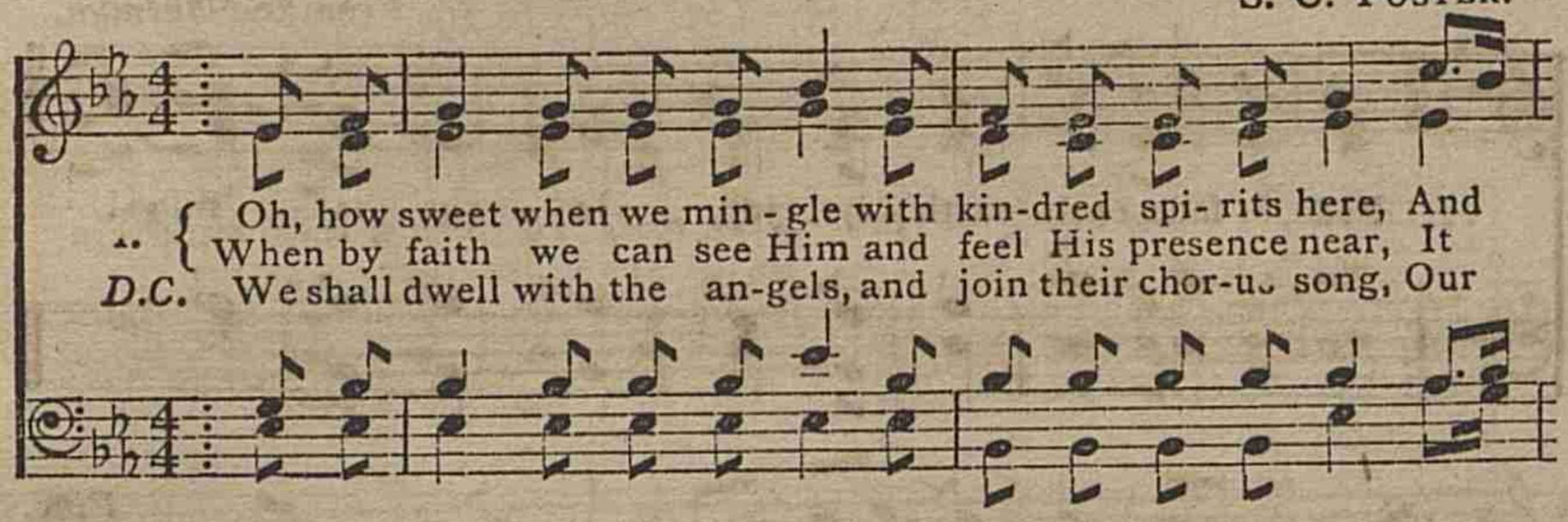
2 There is a home for weary souls
By sin and sorrow driven,
When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heaven.
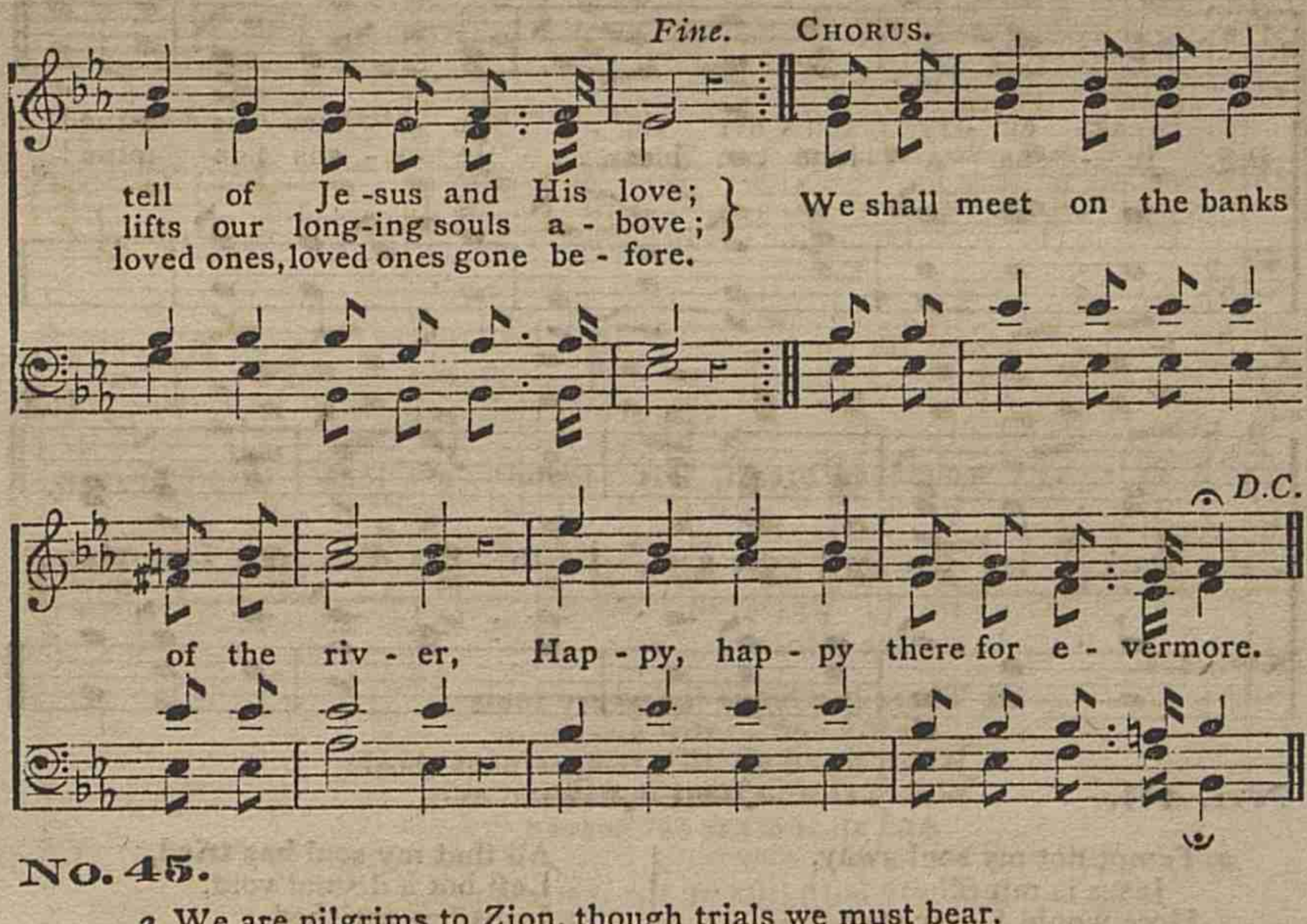
3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
To brighter prospects given;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

4 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.

LOVED ONES GONE BEFORE.

S. C. FOSTER.





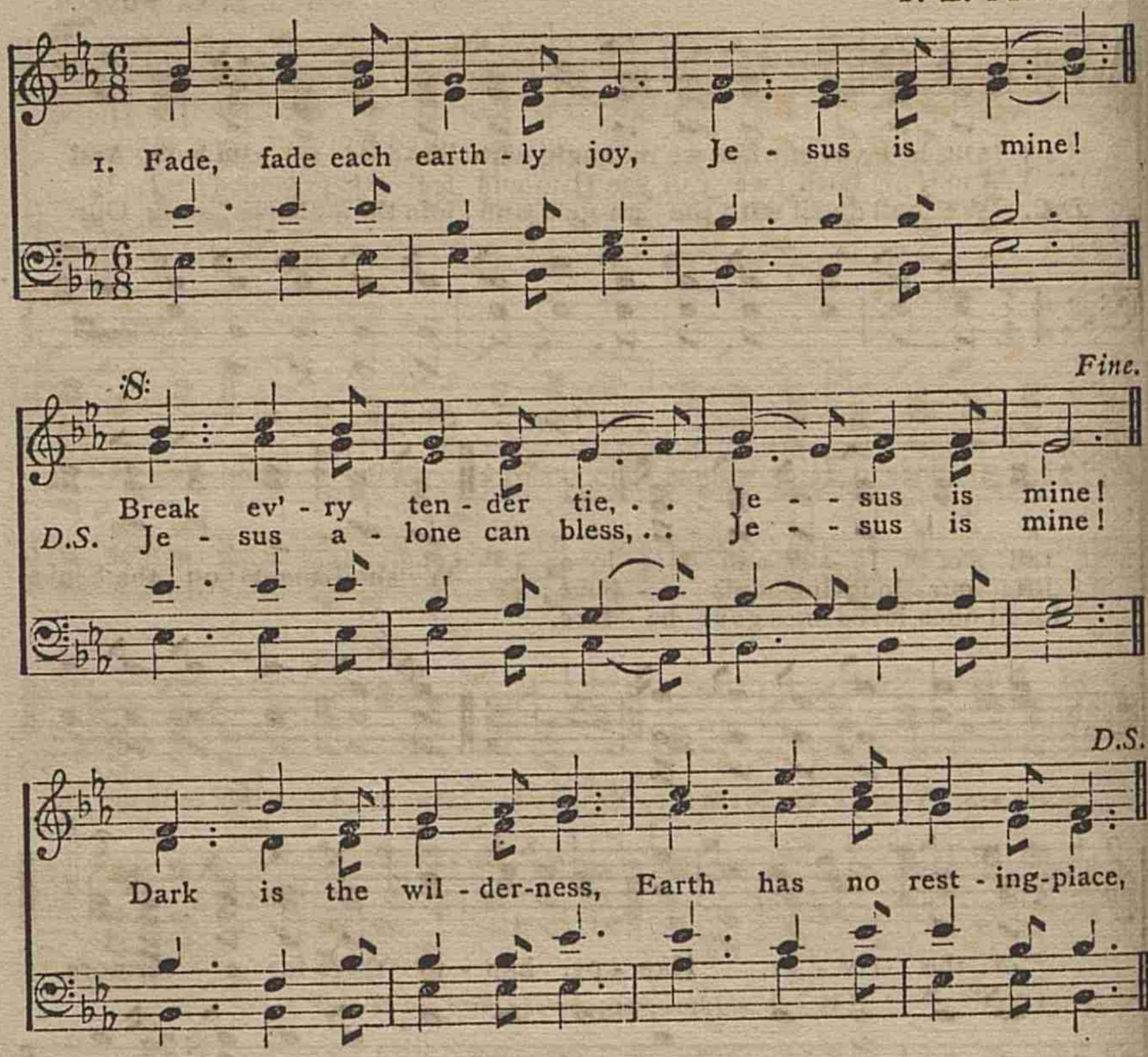
No. 45.

2 We are pilgrims to Zion, though trials we must bear,
We'll count them blessings in disguise;
Though the cross may be heavy, the crown we soon shall wear
In heaven, where pleasure never dies.
Chorus.—We shall meet on the banks, &c.

3 When we walk through the valley and shadow of the tomb,
Dear Saviour, Thou wilt be our guide;
Thy smile like a sunbeam shall light beyond the gloom,
And keep the ransomed at Thy side.
Chorus.—We shall meet on the banks, &c.

JESUS IS MINE.

T. E. PERKINS.



No. 46. *Jesus is mine.*

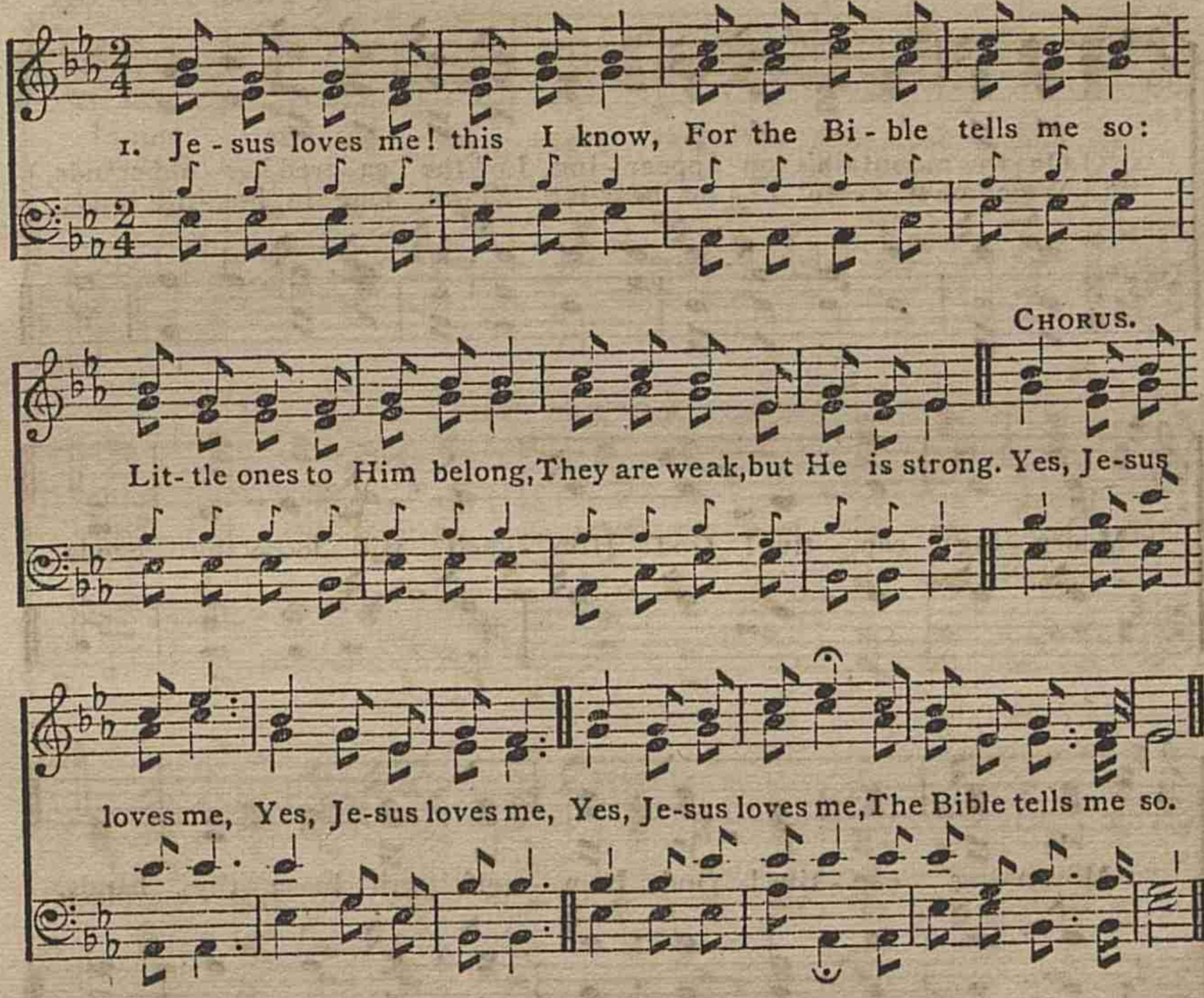
2 Tempt not my soul away,
Jesus is mine!
Here would I ever stay,
Jesus is mine!
Perishing things of clay,
Born but for one brief day,
Pass from my heart away,
Jesus is mine!

3 Farewell, ye dreams of night,
Jesus is mine!
Lost in this dawning light,
Jesus is mine!
All that my soul has tried,
Left but a dismal void,
Jesus has satisfied,
Jesus is mine!

4 Farewell, mortality,
Jesus is mine!
Welcome, eternity,
Jesus is mine!
Welcome, O loved and blest,
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest,
Welcome, my Saviour's breast,
Jesus is mine!—*Bonar*

JESUS LOVES ME.

WM. B. BRADBURY.*



No. 47. *"We love Him because He first loved us."*

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

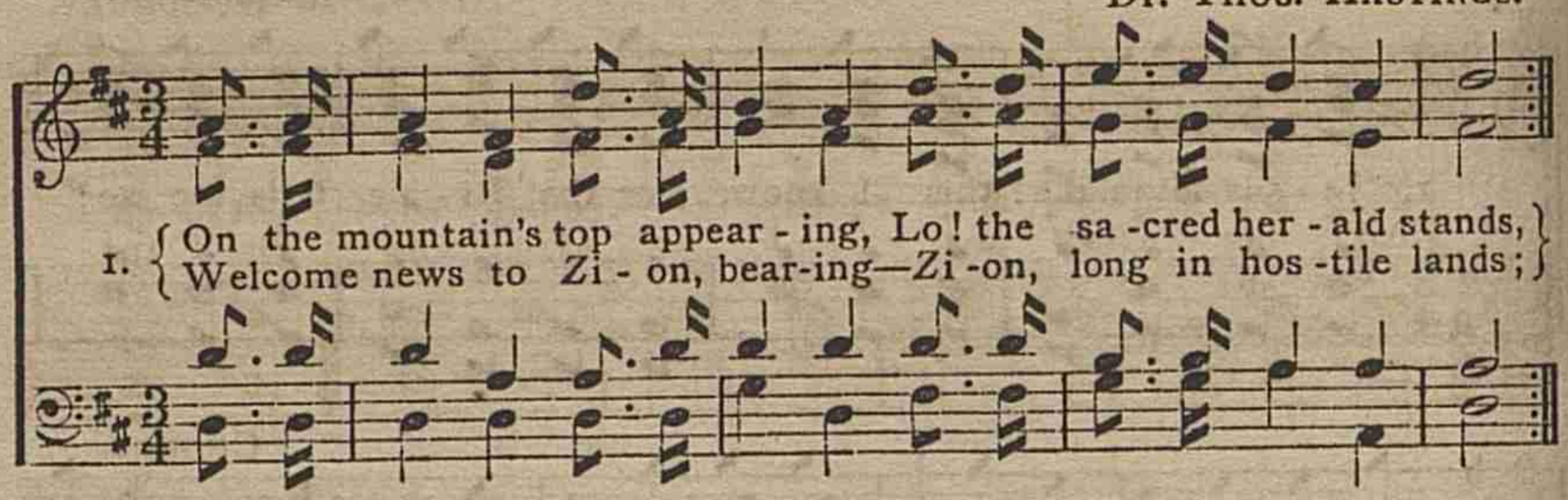
3 Jesus loves me! loves me still,
Though I'm very weak and ill;
From His shining throne on high,
Comes to watch me where I lie.—*Chorus.*
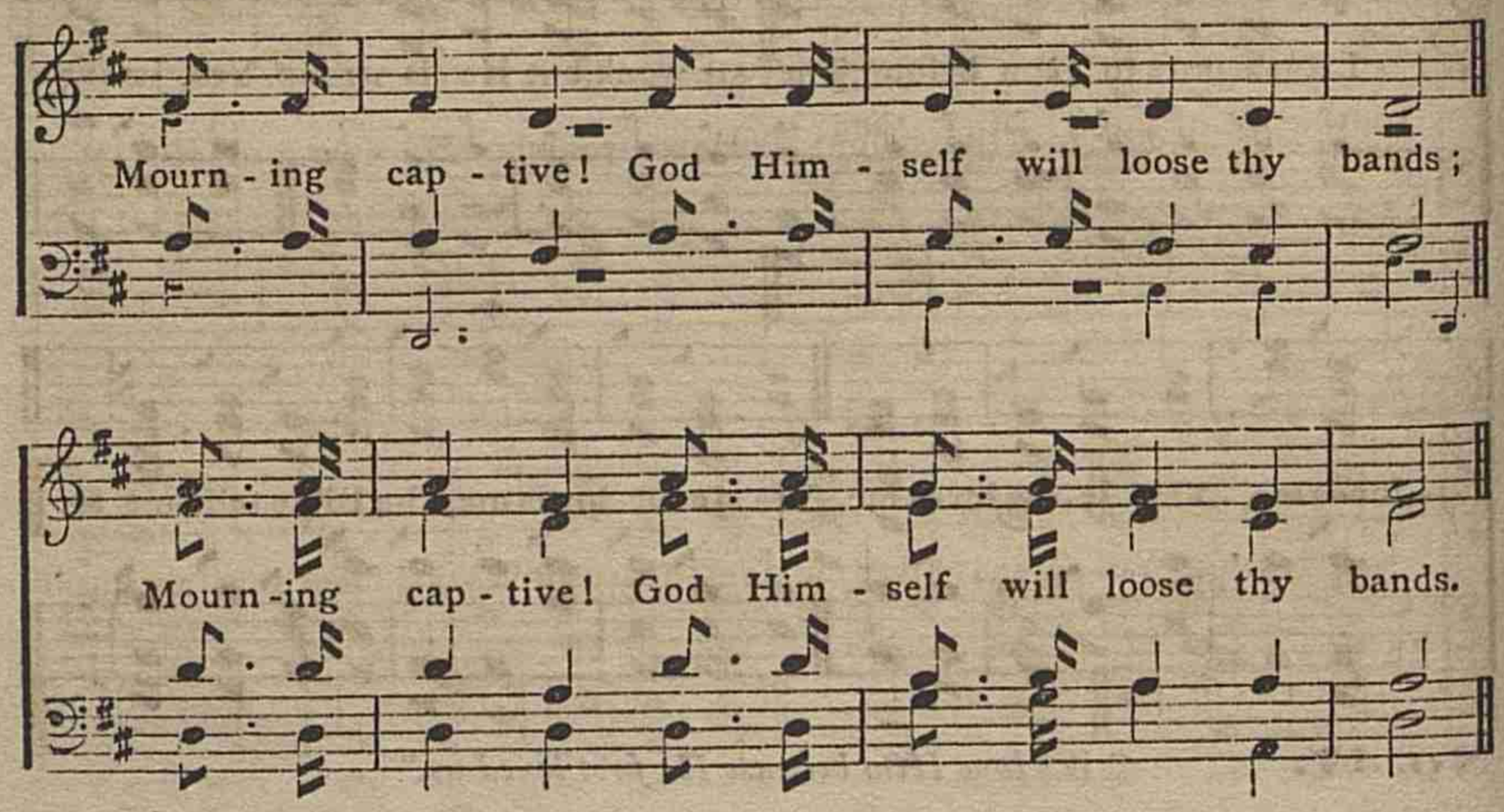
4 Jesus loves me; He will stay
Close beside me all the way;
If I love Him, when I die
He will take me home on high.—*Chorus.*

* *From "Praises of Jesus," by permission of* BIGLOW & MAIN.

ZION. 8s. 7s. and 4s.

Dr. THOS. HASTINGS.





No. 48. *Zion encouraged.*
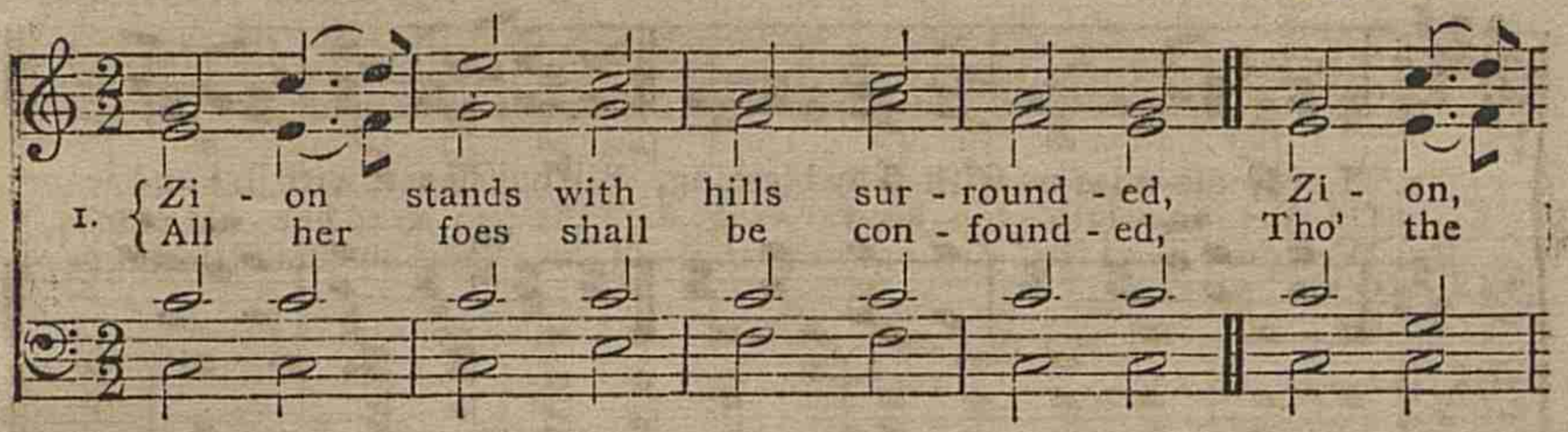
2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well beloved.
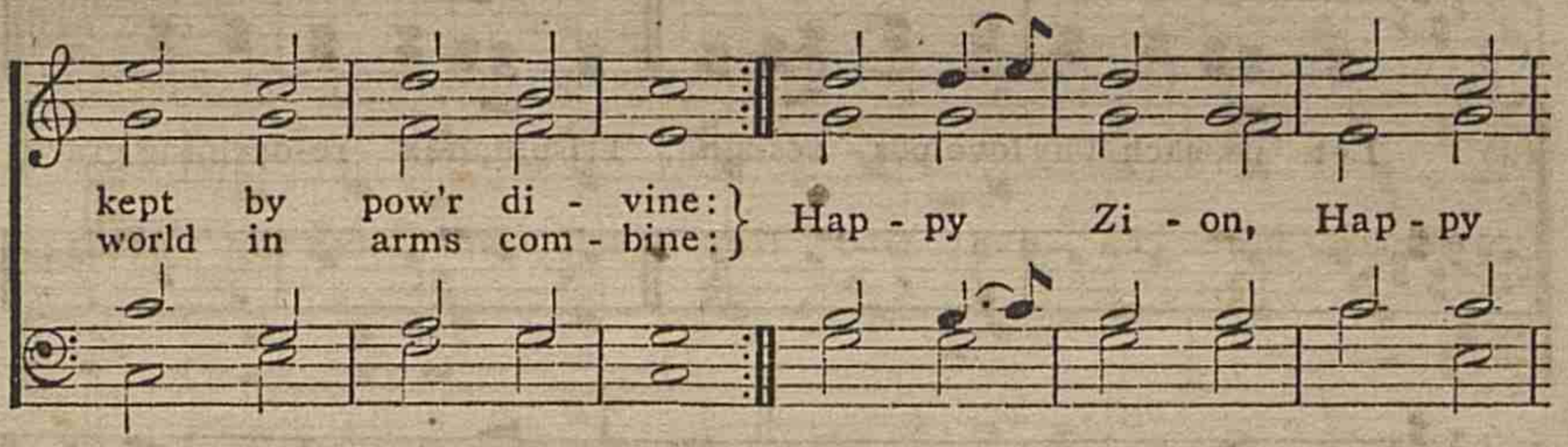
3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He Himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here thy boasts and triumphs end:
Great deliverance
Zion's King shall surely send.
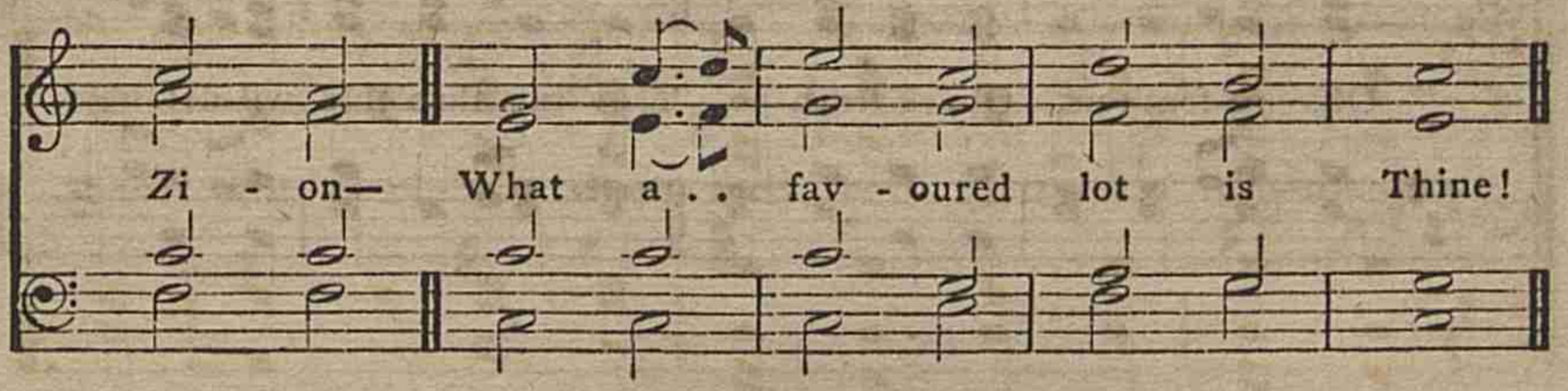
4 Enemies no more shall trouble,
All thy wrongs shall be redress'd,
For thy shame thou shalt have trouble,
In thy Maker's favour bless'd;
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.—*Kelly.*

HAPPY ZION. 8s. 7s. and 4s.

I. B. WOODBURY.







No. 49.

2 Every human tie may perish;
Friend to friend unfaithful prove,
Mothers cease their own to cherish;
Heaven and earth at last removed;
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.

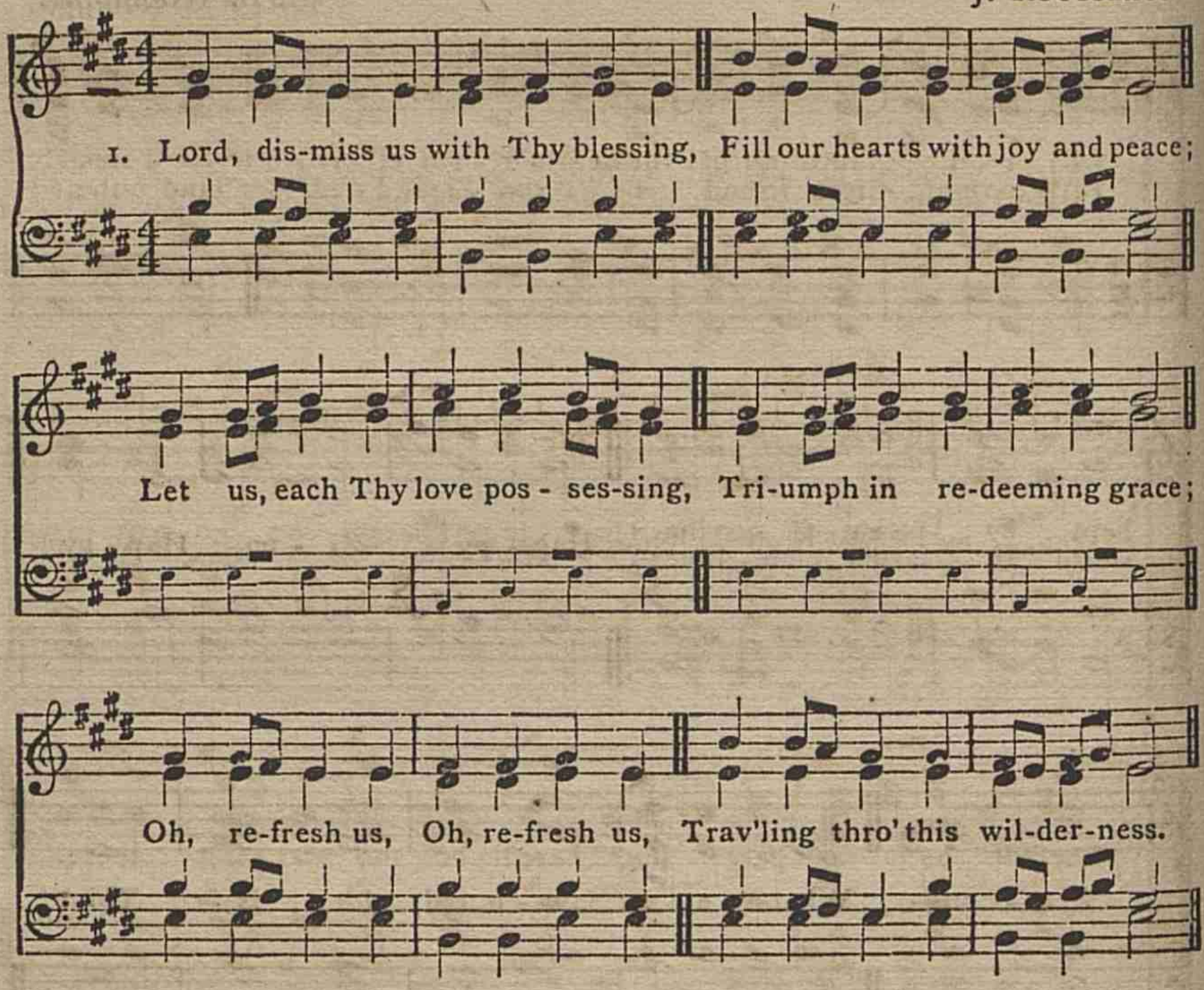
No. 50.

1 Angels, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth:
Come and worship,—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

2 Shepherds in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night
God with man is now residing;
Yonder shines the infant light:
Come and worship,—
Worship Christ the new-born King.

GREENVILLE. 8s. 7s. and 4s.

J. ROUSSEAU.



No. 51.

2 Thanks we give and adoration,
For Thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound:
May Thy presence
With us evermore be found.

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

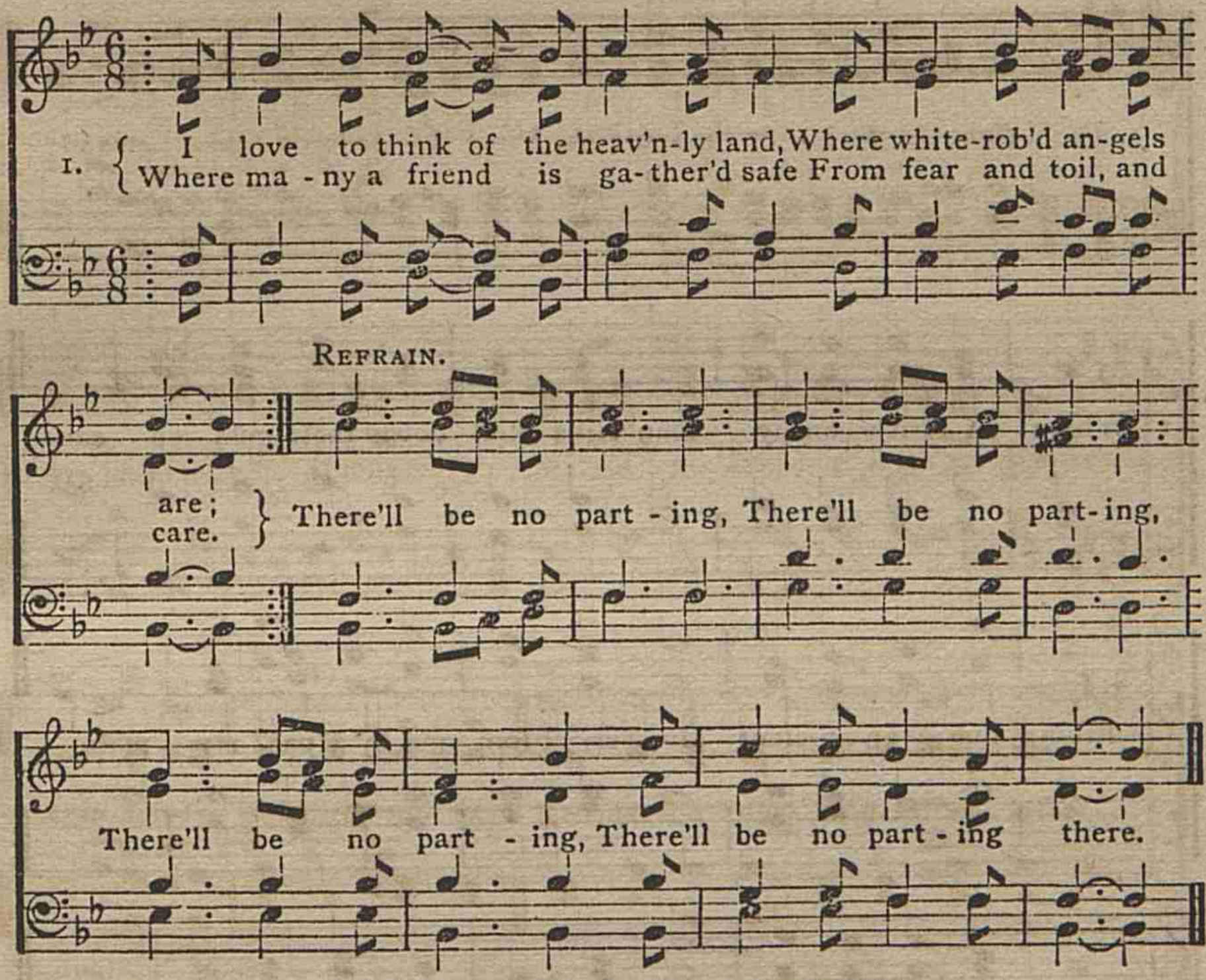
No. 52.

1 O Thou God of my salvation,
My Redeemer from all sin;
Moved by Thy divine compassion,
Who hast died my heart to win,
I will praise Thee:
Where shall I Thy praise begin?

2 Angels now are hov'ring round us,
Unperceived amid the throng;
Wond'ring at the love that crown'd us,
Glad to join the holy song:
Hallelujah,
Love and praise to Christ belong!

THE HEAVENLY LAND.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



No. 513. "*A better country, that is, an heavenly.*"

2 I love to think of the heavenly land,
Where my Redeemer reigns,
Where rapturous songs of triumph rise,
In endless, joyous strains.—*Refrain.*

3 I love to think of the heavenly land,
The saints' eternal home,
Where palms, and robes, and crowns ne'er fade,
And all our joys are one.—*Refrain.*
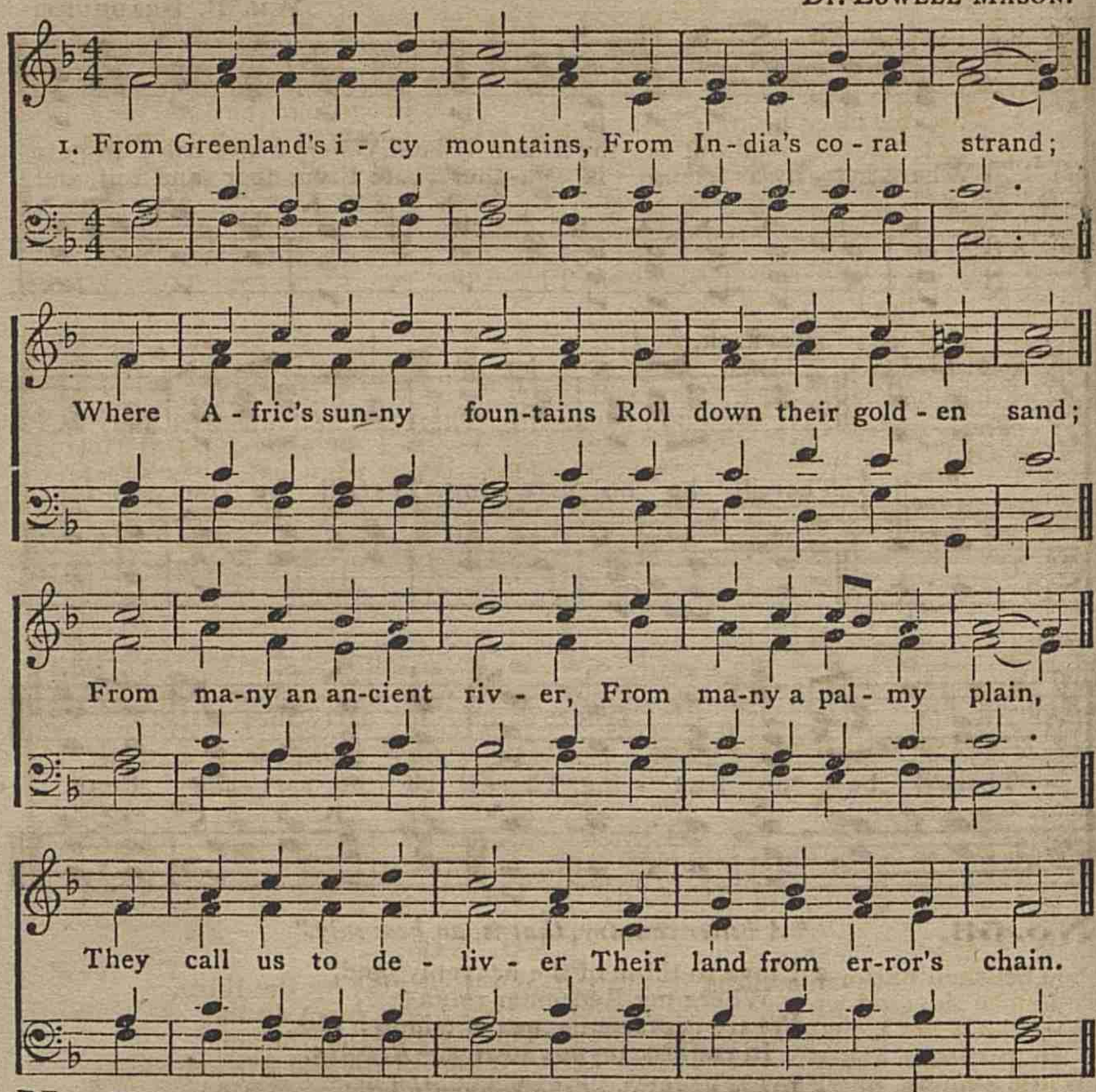
4 I love to think of the heavenly land,
The greetings there we'll meet,
The harps—the songs forever ours—
The walls—the golden streets.—*Refrain.*

5 I love to think of the heavenly land,
That promised land so fair,
Oh, how my raptured spirit longs
To be forever there.—*Refrain.*

REV. L. HARTSOUGH.

MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s. and 6s.

Dr. Lowell Mason.



No. 54 *The cry of the heathen.*

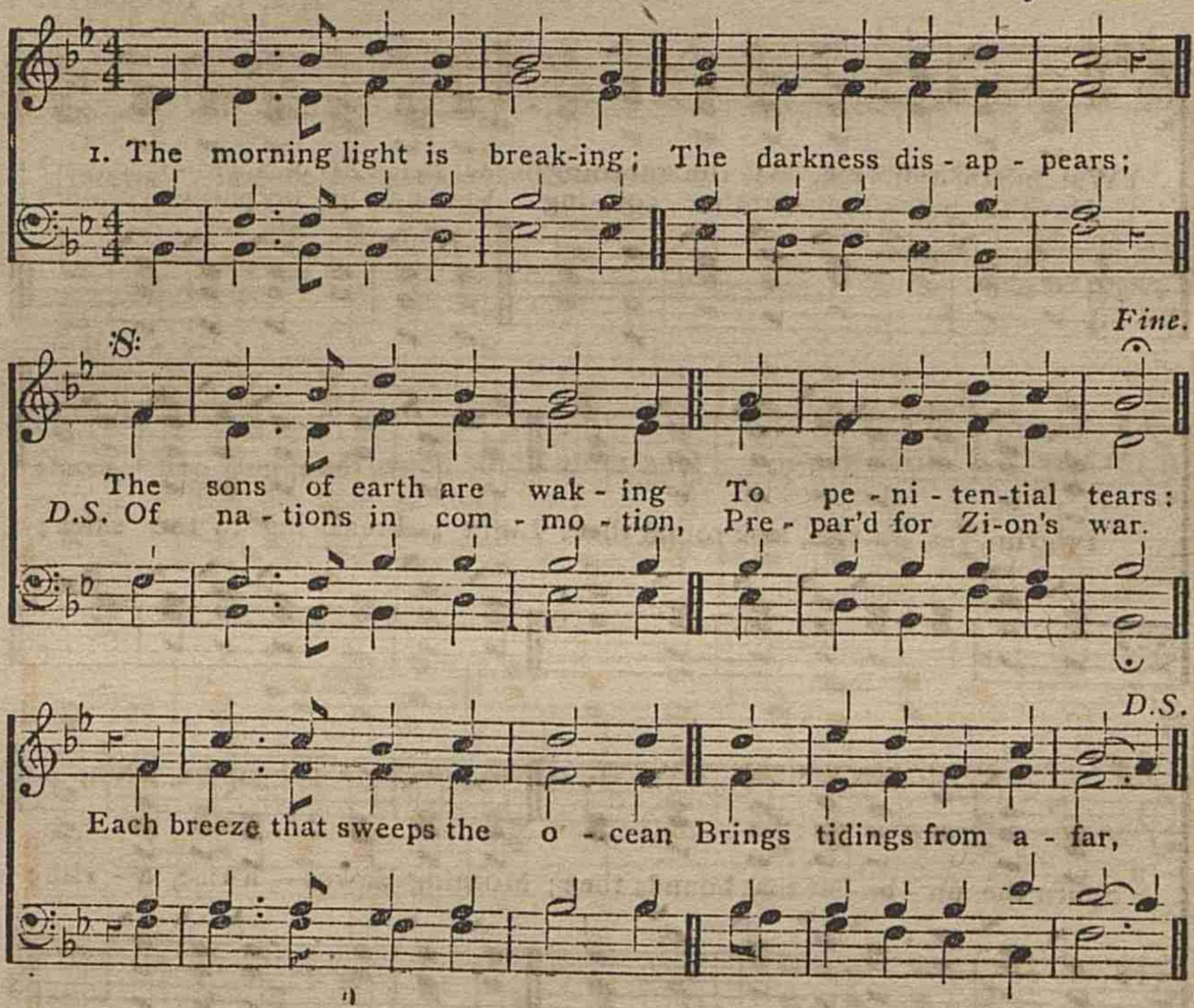
2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

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 learn'd 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 ransom'd nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.—*Heber.*

WEBB. 26th P.M.

G. J. WEBB.



No. 55.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing—
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue Thy onward way;
Flow Thou to every nation,
Nor in Thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home:
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim—"The Lord is come!"

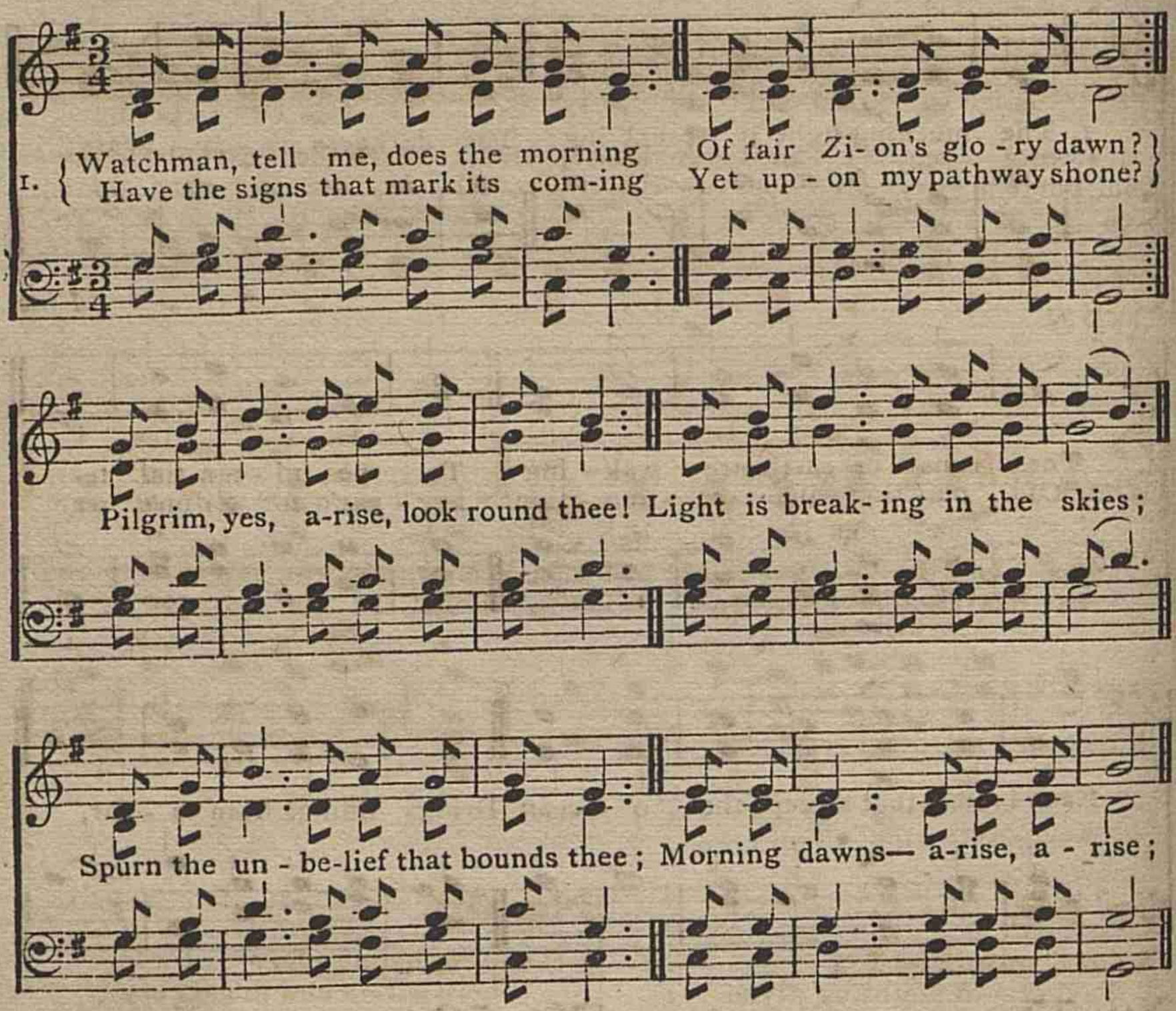
No. 56.

1 We wont give up the Bible,
God's holy book divine,
The Book of inspiration,
Where truth and wisdom shine.
No hand shall wrest it from us,
No tyrant power we fear,
We wont give up the Bible,
Our Fathers loved so dear.

2 We wont give up the Bible,
That tells a Saviour's love,
The precious Lamp that guides us
To purer joys above.
We wont give up the Bible,
But read it day by day,
God help us by its council,
To find the narrow way.

WATCHMAN.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



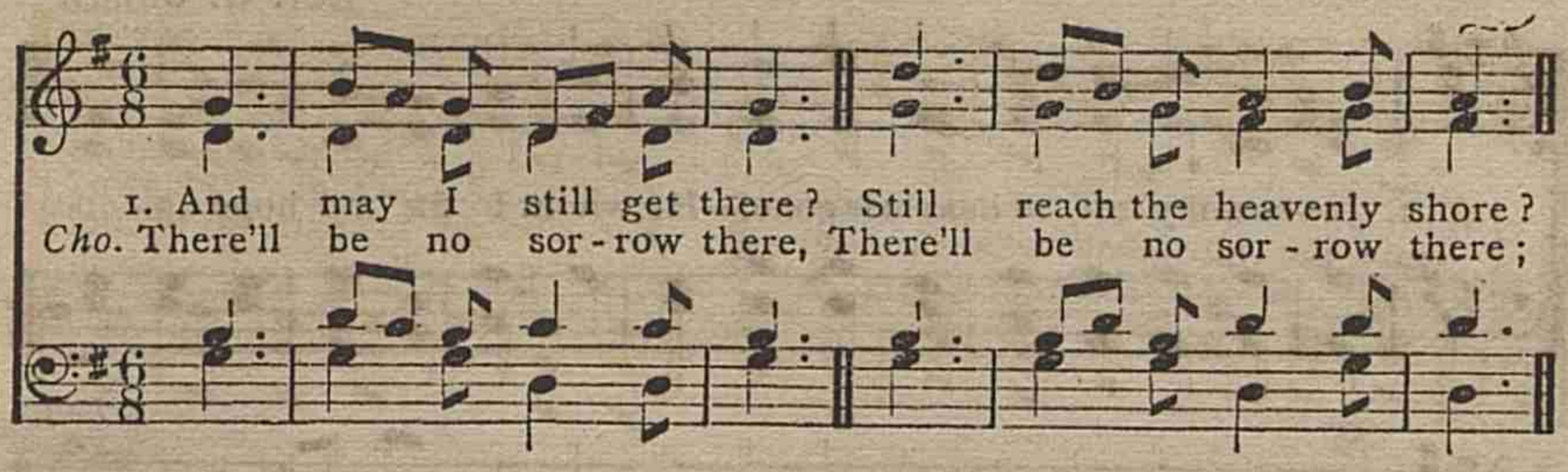
No. 57
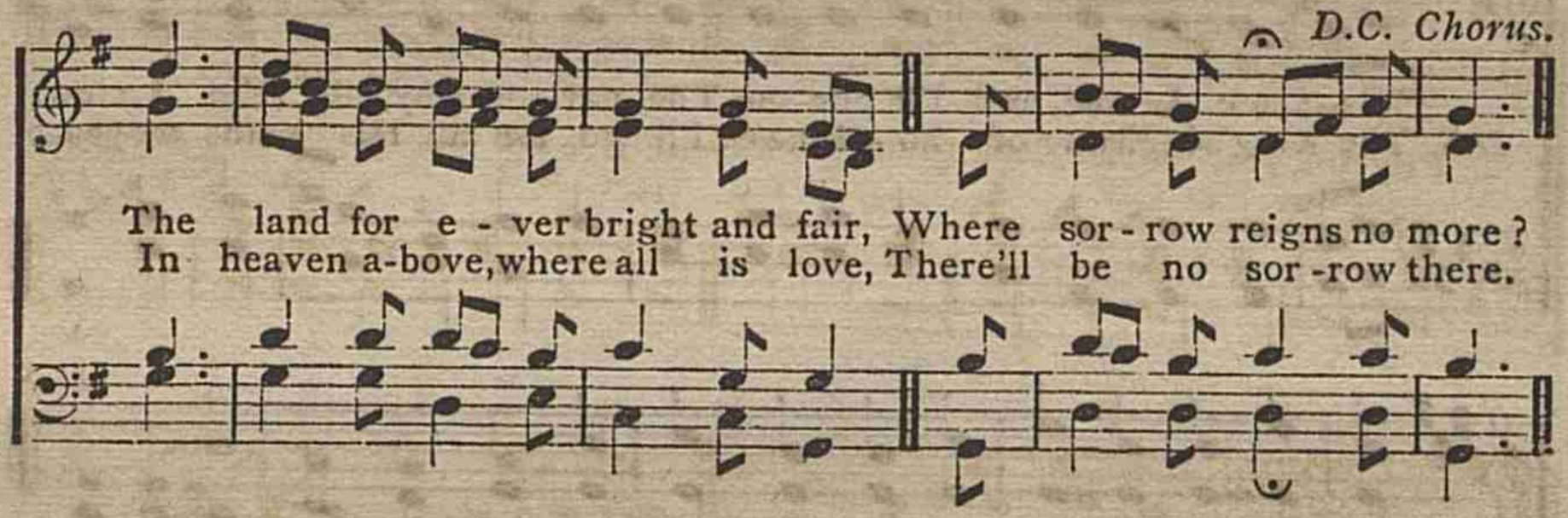
2 Pilgrim in that golden city,
Seated on His jasper throne,
Zion's King, arrayed in beauty,
Reigns in peace from zone to zone;
There, on verdant hills and mountains,
Where the golden sunbeams play,
Purling streams and crystal fountains
Sparkle in th' eternal day.

3 Pilgrim, see! the light is beaming
Brighter still upon thy way;
Signs through all the earth are gleaming,
Omens of the coming day,
When the last loud trumpet, sounding,
Shall awake from earth and sea
All the saints of God now sleeping,
Clad in immortality.

4 Watchman, lo! the land we're nearing,
With its vernal fruits and flowers,
On just yonder; oh, how cheering
Bloom for ever Eden's bowers!
Hark! the choral strains there ringing,
Wafted on the balmy air;
See the millions! hear them singing!
Soon the pilgrims will be there.

NO SORROW THERE.





No. 58.

2 Shall I, unworthy I,
To fear and doubting given,
Mount up at last, and happy fly,
On angel's wings to heaven? *Cho.*

3 Hail, love divine and pure,
Hail, mercy from the skies!
My hopes are bright, and now secure,
Upborne by faith I rise. *Cho.*

4 I part with earth and sin,
And shout the danger's past;
My Saviour takes me fully in,
And I am His at last. *Cho.*

No. 59.

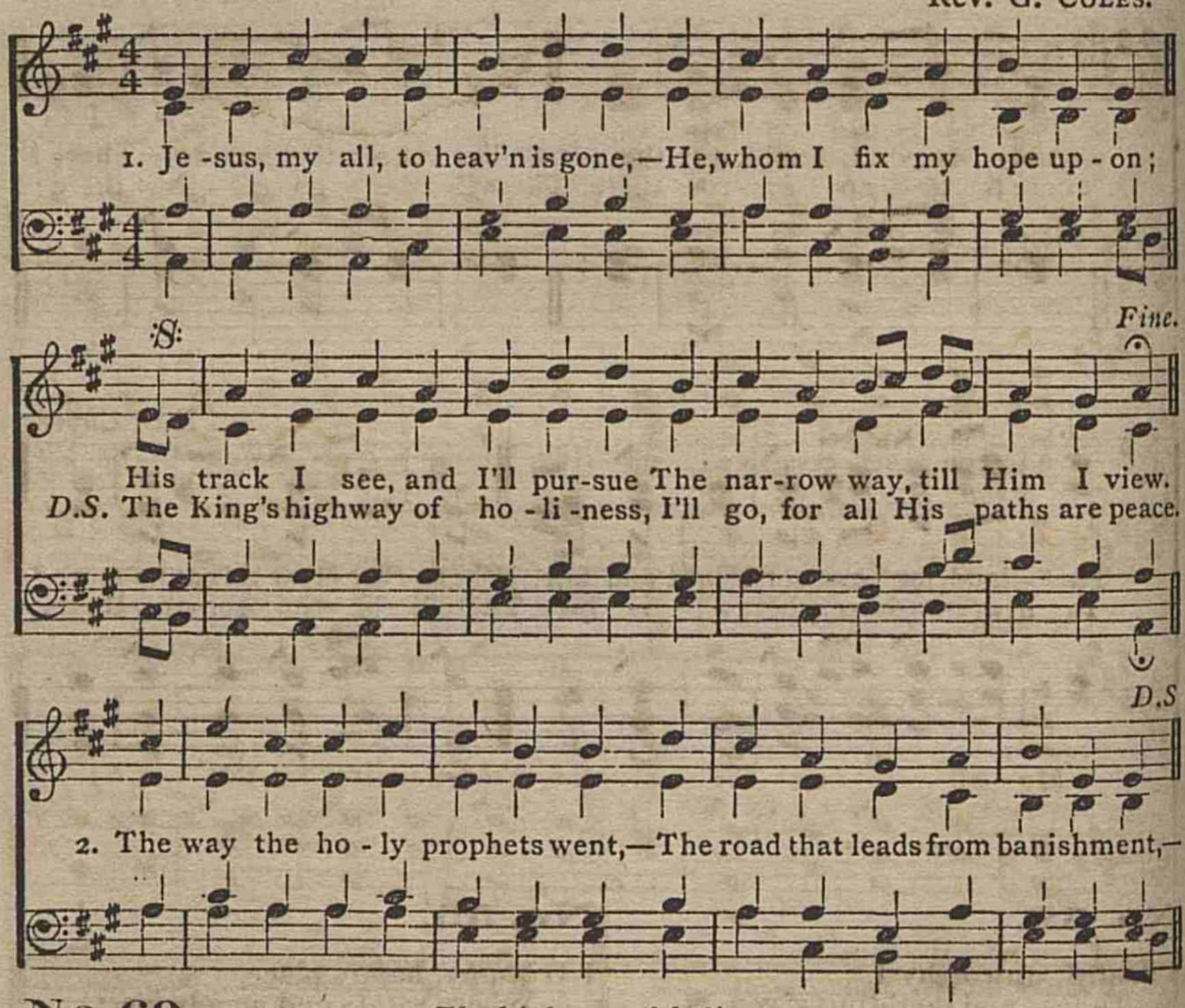
1 O happy, happy place,
Where saints and angels meet!
There we shall see each other's face
And all our brethren greet.

2 The Church of the first-born,
We shall with them be blest,
And, crown'd with endless joy, re-
To our eternal rest. [turn

3 With joy we shall behold,
In yonder blest abode,
The patriarchs and prophets old,
And all the saints of God.

DUANE STREET. L.M.

Rev. G. COLES.



No. 60. *The highway of holiness.*

3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not;
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I was not saved from sin.
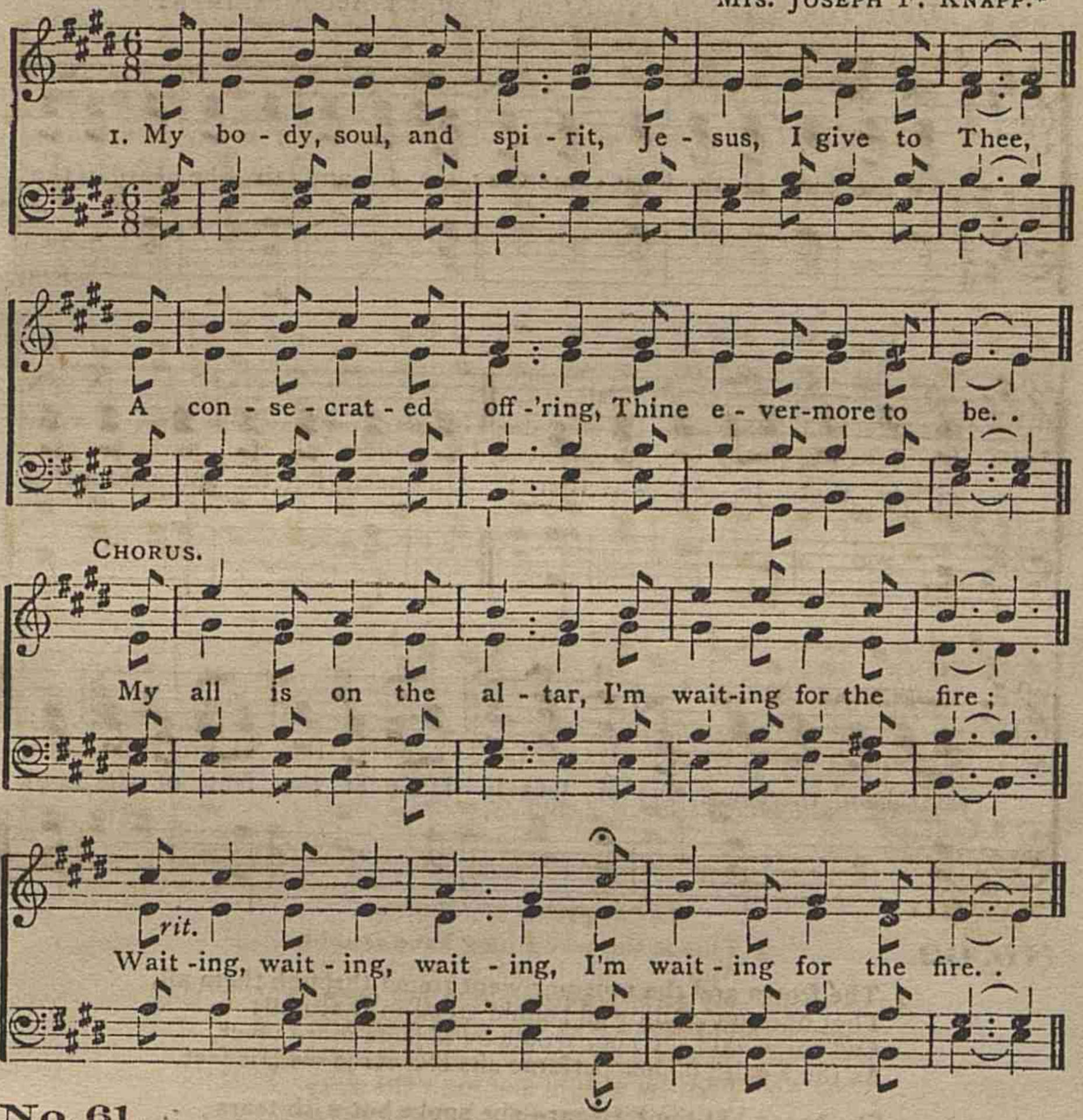
4 The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,—
Come hither, soul, I am the way.

5 Lo! glad I come; and Thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to Thee, as I am;
Nothing but sin have I to 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.—*Cennick.*

CONSECRATION HYMN.

Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp.*



No. 61.

2 O Jesus, mighty Saviour,
I trust in Thy great Name,
I look for Thy salvation,
Thy promise now I claim.—*Cho.*
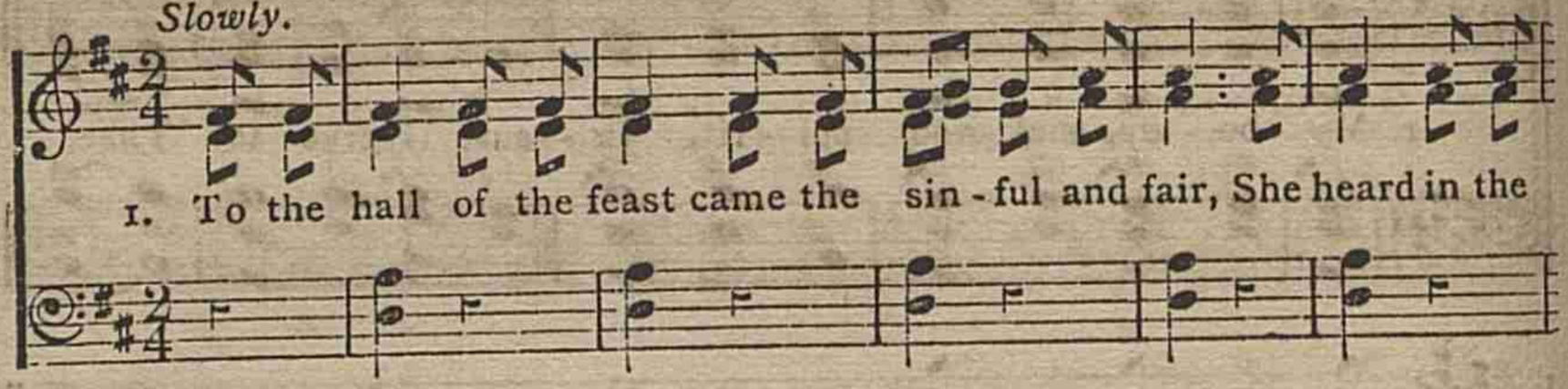
3 Oh, let the fire descending
Just now upon my soul,
Consume my humble offering, [*Cho.*
And cleanse and make me whole.—

4 I'm Thine, O blessed Jesus,
Wash'd by Thy precious blood,
Now seal me by Thy Spirit
A sacrifice to God.—*Chorus.*—*Mary D. James.*

* *From "Notes of Joy."*

MARY MAGDALENE.

DUET FOR SOPRANO AND ALTO, WITHOUT ACCOMPANIMENT.*



No. 62.

2 The frown and the murmur went round through them all,
That one so unhallowed should tread in that hall;
And some said the poor would be objects more meet,
As the wealth of her perfume she showered on His feet.

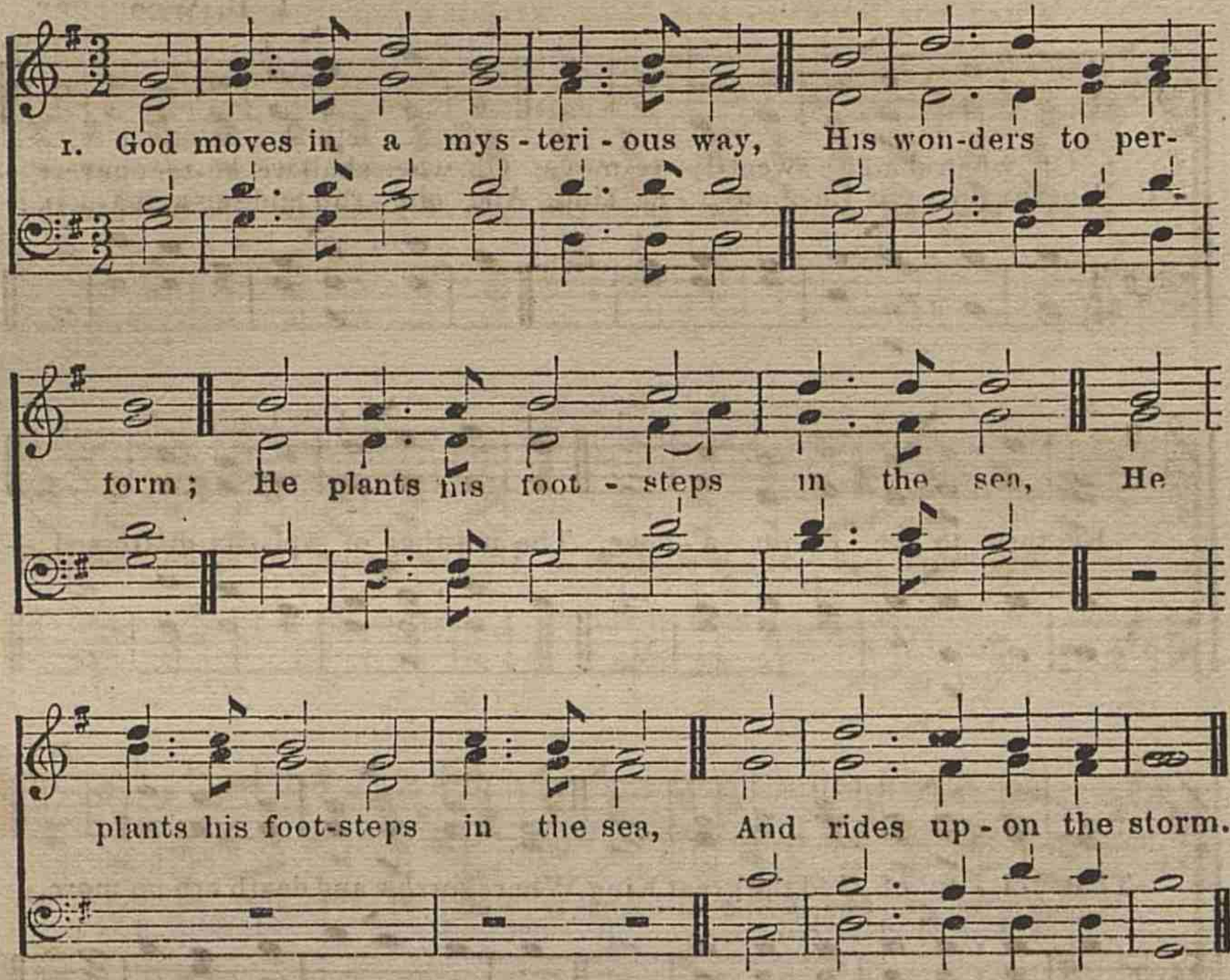
3 She heard but the Saviour—she spoke but with tears;
She dared not look up to the heaven of His eyes,
And the hot tears gushed forth at each heave of her breast,
As her lips to His sandals were throbbingly pressed.

4 In the sky after tempest, as shineth the bows,
In the glare of the sunbeams as melteth the snows,
He looked on the lost one, "her sins were forgiven,"
And Mary went forth in the beauty of heaven.

* *From the "Song Crown."*

WOODLAND. C.M.

N. D. GOULD.



No. 63. *Light shining out of darkness.*

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sov'reign will.

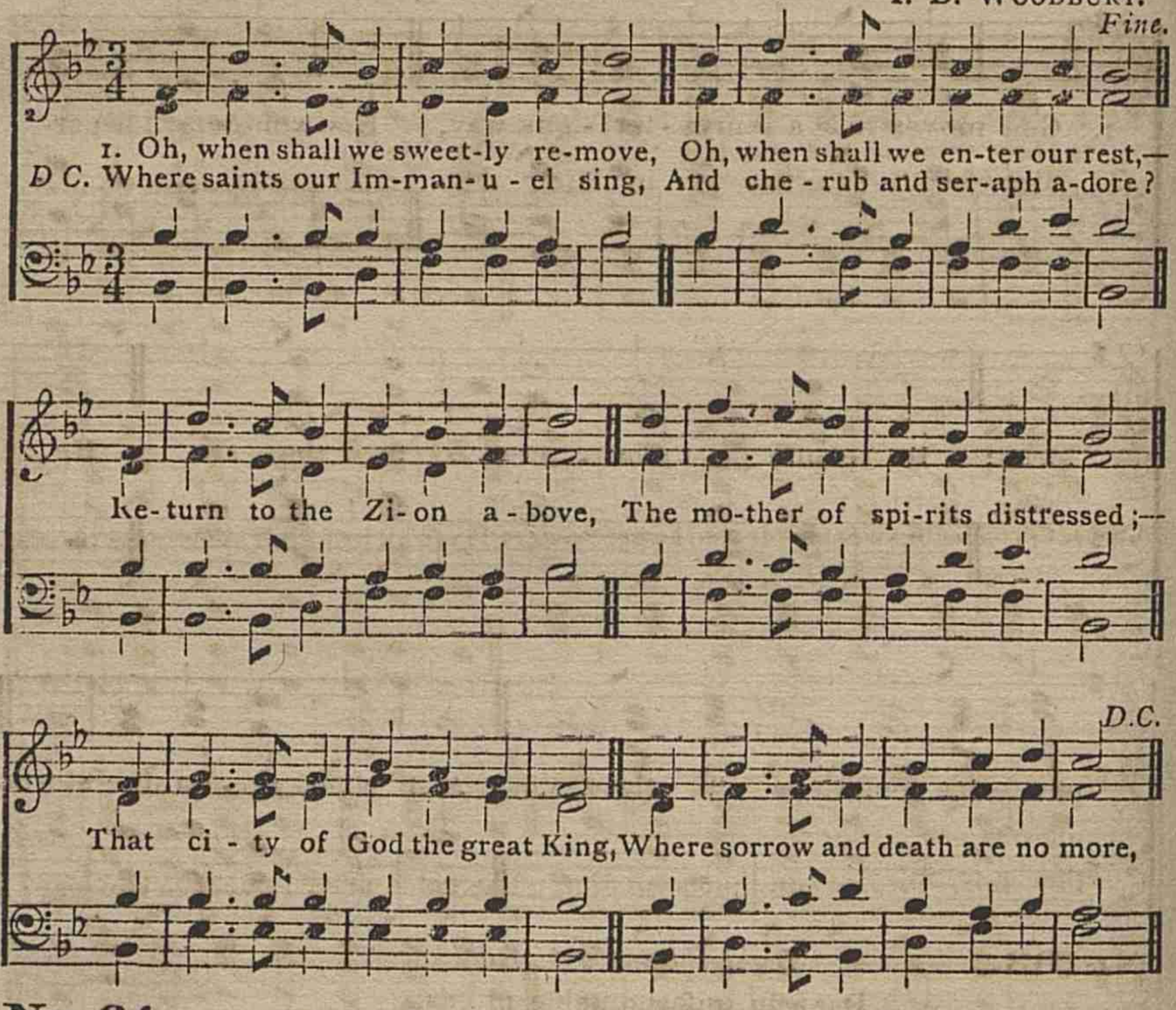
3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take:
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

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

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

ENON'S ISLE. 8s. Double.

I. B. WOODBURY.

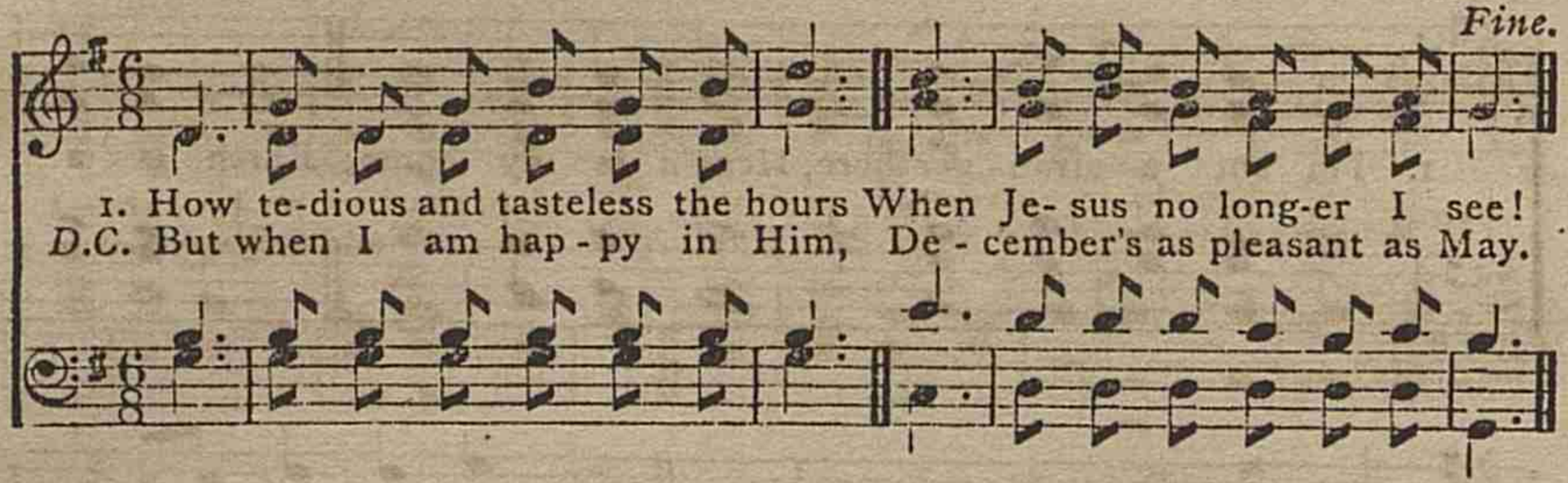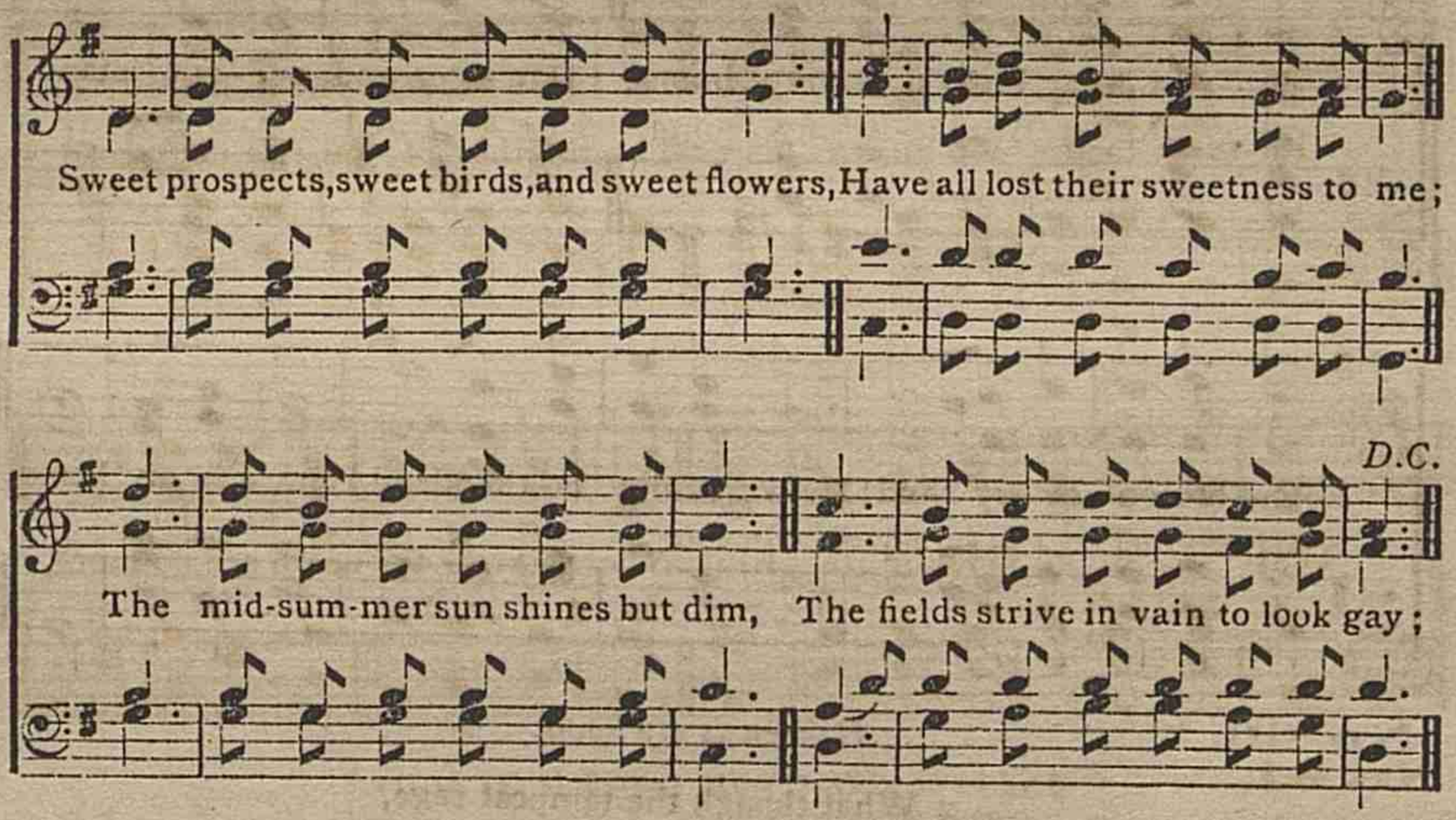


No. 64. *"And to be with Christ, which is far better."*

2 But angels themselves cannot tell
The joys of that holiest place,
Where Jesus is pleased to reveal
The light of His heavenly face:
When, caught in the rapturous flame,
The sight beatific they prove;
And walk in the light of the Lamb,
Enjoying the beams of His love.

3 Thou know'st in the spirit of prayer
We long Thy appearing to see,
Resign'd to the burden we bear,
But longing to triumph with Thee:
'Tis good at Thy word to be here;
'Tis better in Thee to be gone,
And see Thee in glory appear,
And rise to a share in Thy throne.—*C. Wesley.*

DE FLEURY. 8s. Double.





No. 65. *All-sufficiency of Jesus.*

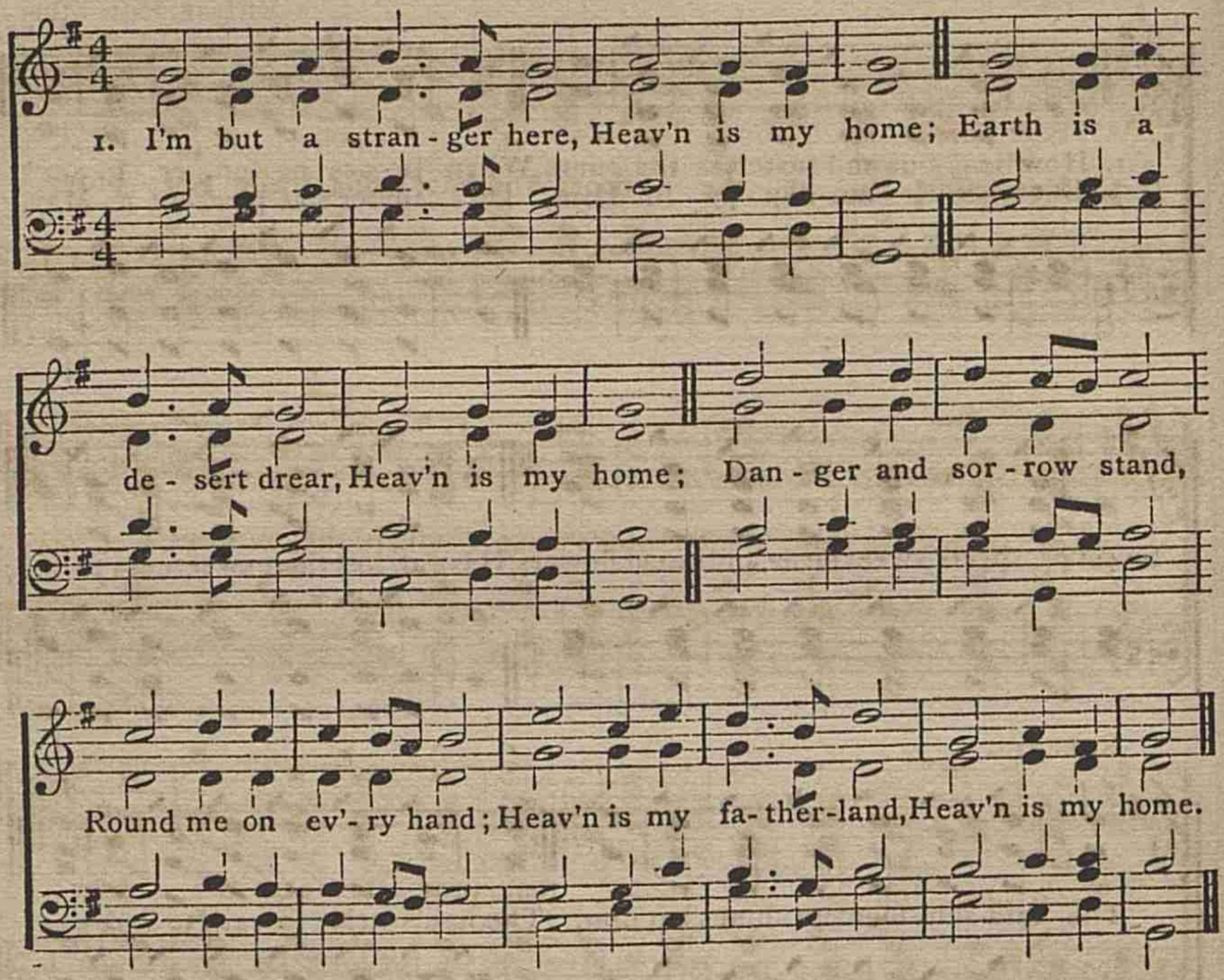
2 His Name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice:
I should, were He always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I,—
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding His face,
My all to His pleasure resign'd,
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind:
While blest 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 to Thee up on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.—*Newton.*

OAK. 6s. and 4s.

Dr. Lowell Mason.
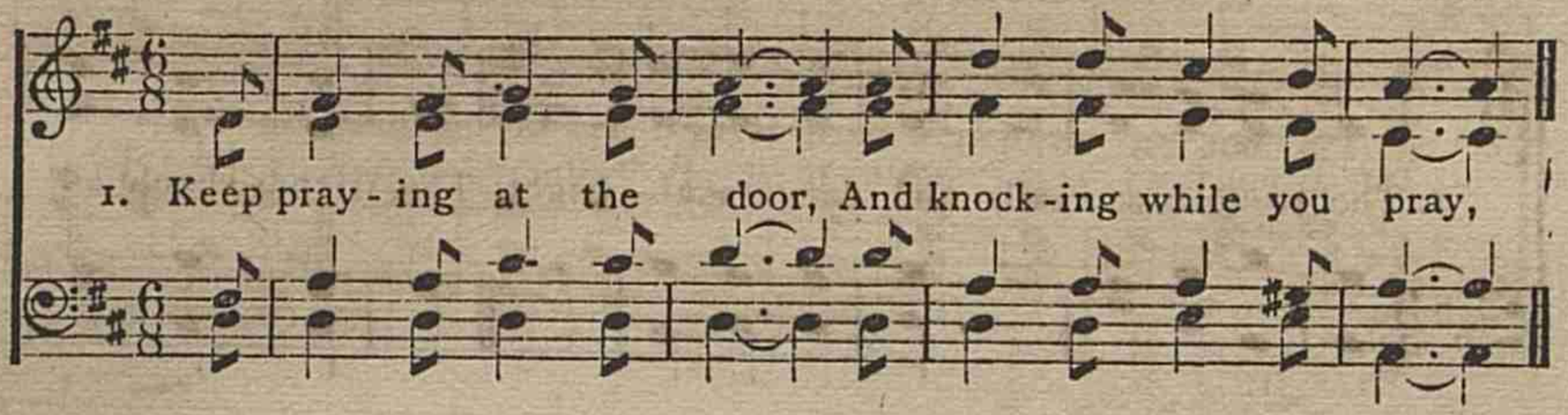


No. 66. *Heaven is my home.*

2 What though the tempest rage,
Heaven is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heaven is my home.
Time's cold and wintry blast
Soon will be overpast;
I shall reach home at last,
Heaven is my home.

3 There, at my Saviour's side,
Heaven is my home;
I shall be glorified,
Heaven is my home.
There are the good and blest
Those I loved most and best,
There too I soon shall rest,
Heaven is my home.

KEEP PRAYING AT THE DOOR.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.
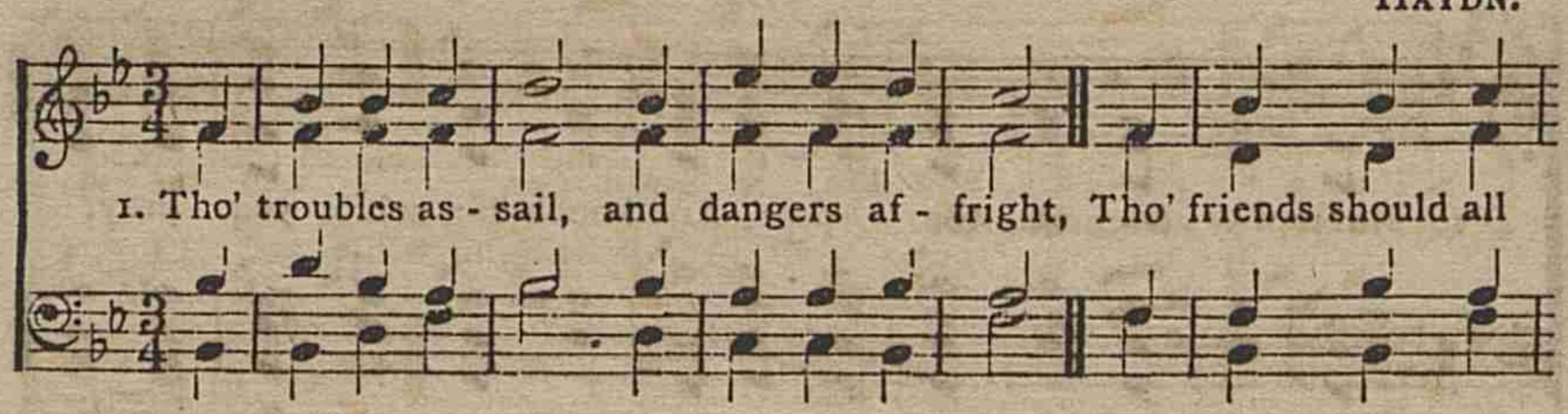


No. 67. *"Seek, and ye shall find."*

2 The Lord will surely come,
His promise cannot fail;
Oh, knock and pray, and plead, and call,
Thy prayer will yet prevail.—*Refrain.*

3 The door will open wide,
And thou shalt enter in,
And from the Holy One receive
A pardon for thy sin.—*Refrain.*

LYONS. 6s. and 5s.

HAYDN.



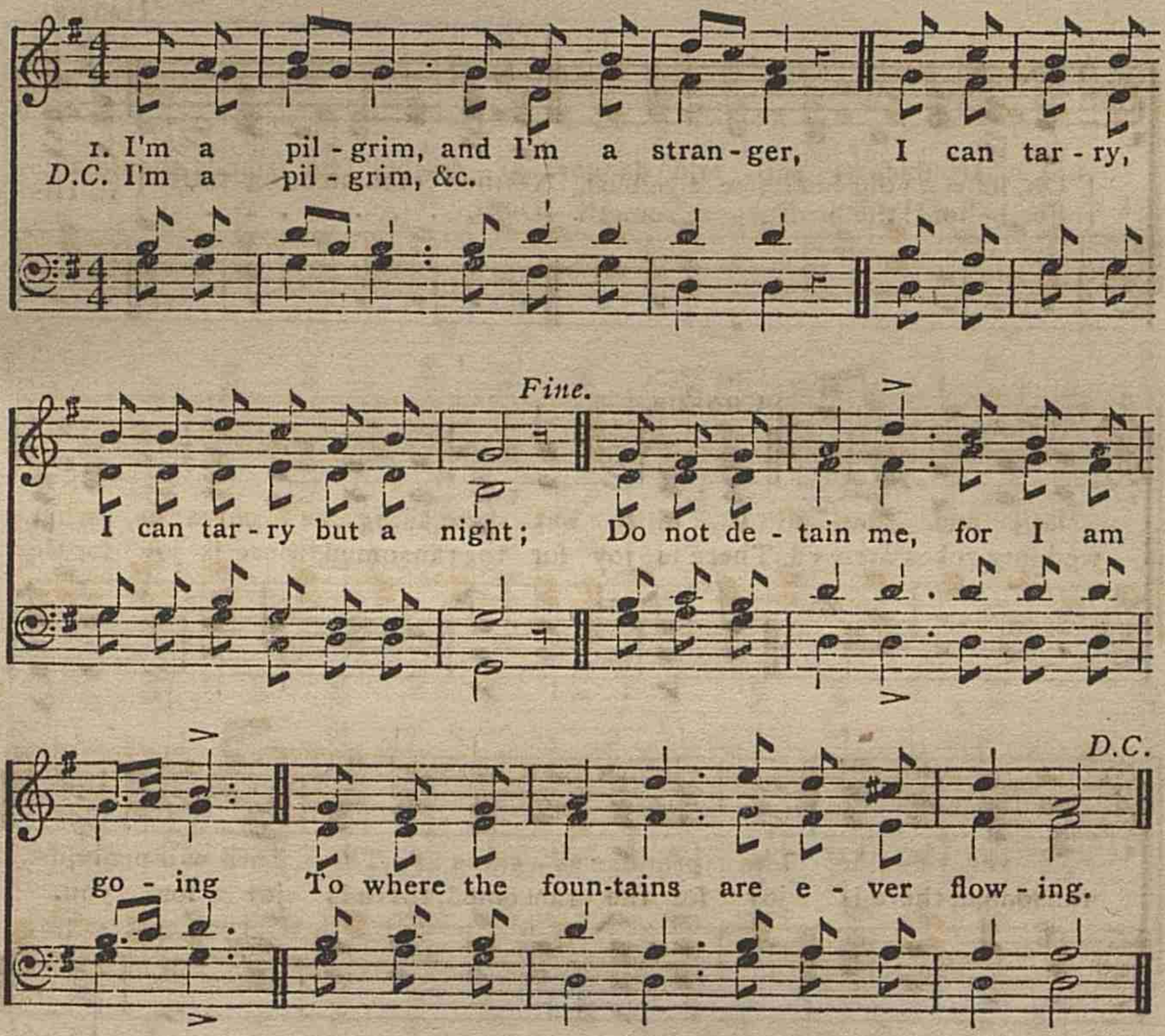
No. 68. *The Lord will provide.*

2 The birds, without barn or storehouse, 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)
The heart-cheering promise,—The Lord will provide.

4 He tells us we're weak,—our hope is in vain;
The good that we seek we ne'er shall obtain:
But when such suggestions our graces have tried,
This answers all questions,—The Lord will provide.—*Newton.*

I'M A PILGRIM.
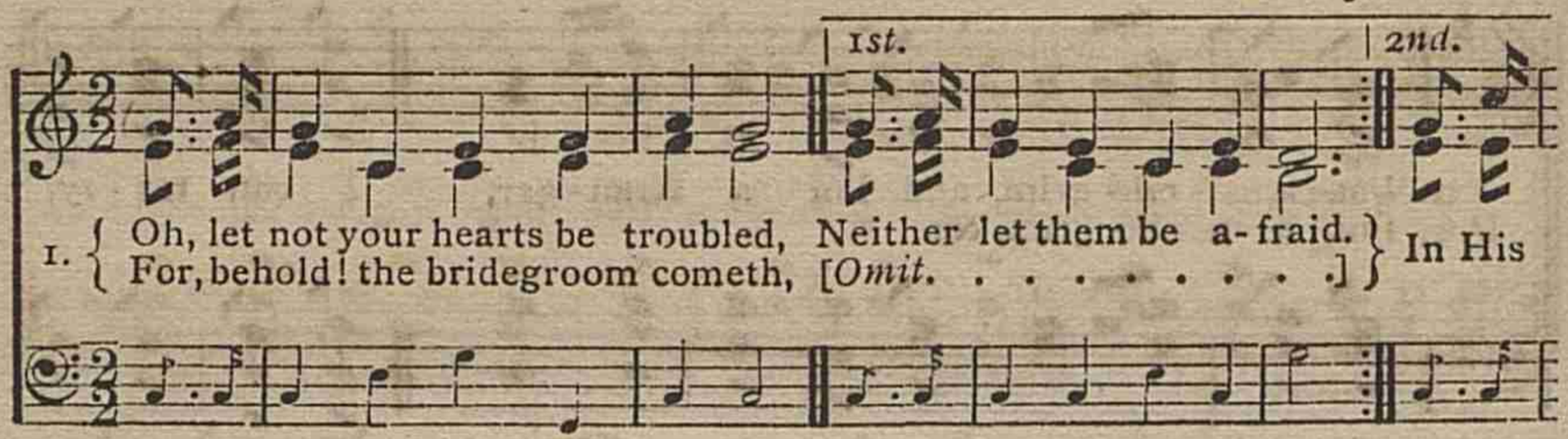


No. 69. *A pilgrim and stranger.*
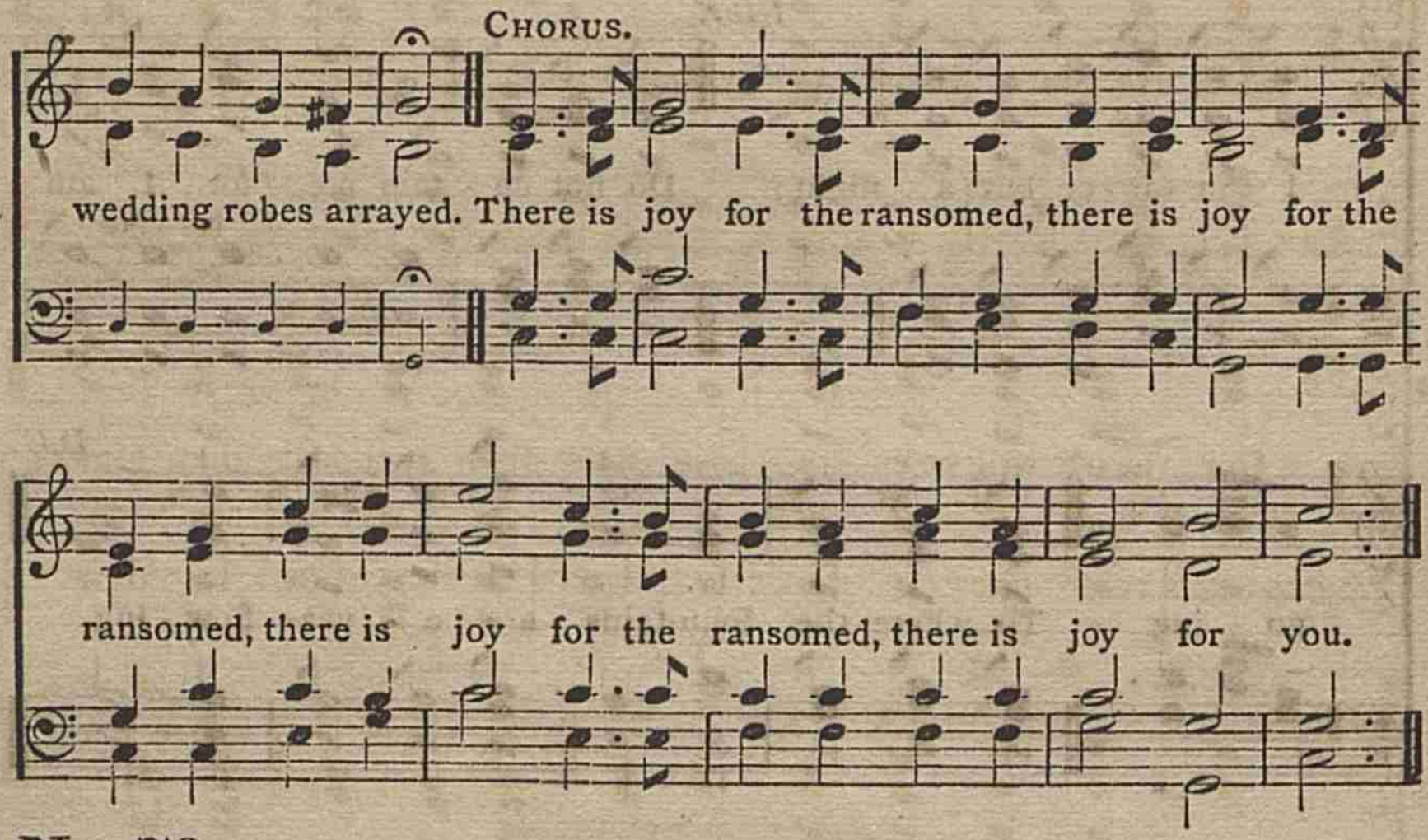
2 There the glory is ever shining;
I am longing, I am longing for the sight;
Here in this country so dark and dreary,
I have been wand'ring forlorn and weary.
I'm a pilgrim and I'm a stranger;
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.

3 There's the city to which I journey;
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is its light;
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
There is no sin there, nor any dying.
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger;
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.

THERE IS JOY FOR YOU.

S. J. VAIL.*





No. 70.

2 Let me drink sweet draughts of mercy
From the fountain flowing free,
Let me drink and live for ever
Where my Saviour I may see.—*Cho.*
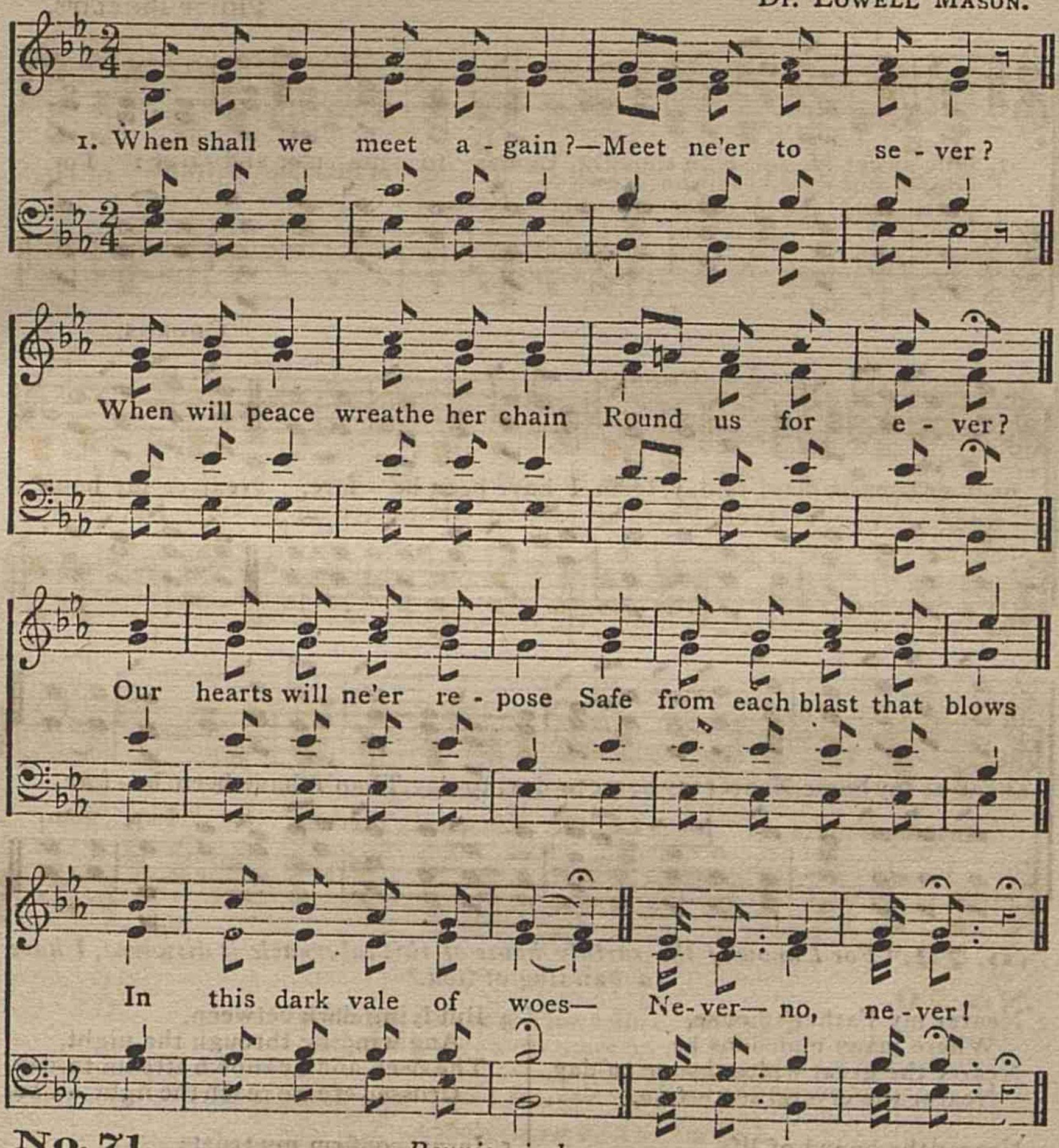
3 Tell me not, ye weary-laden,
There is nought but sorrow here,
For the Lord hath sent His angels,
And His chosen need not fear.—*Cho.*

4 Keep your lamps well trimmed and burning
And the wedding garments on,
For there's none that know the moment
Of the coming of the Son.—*Cho.*—*Mrs. M. A. Kidder.*

* *From "Chapel Melodies."*

UNITY. 6s. and 5s.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.



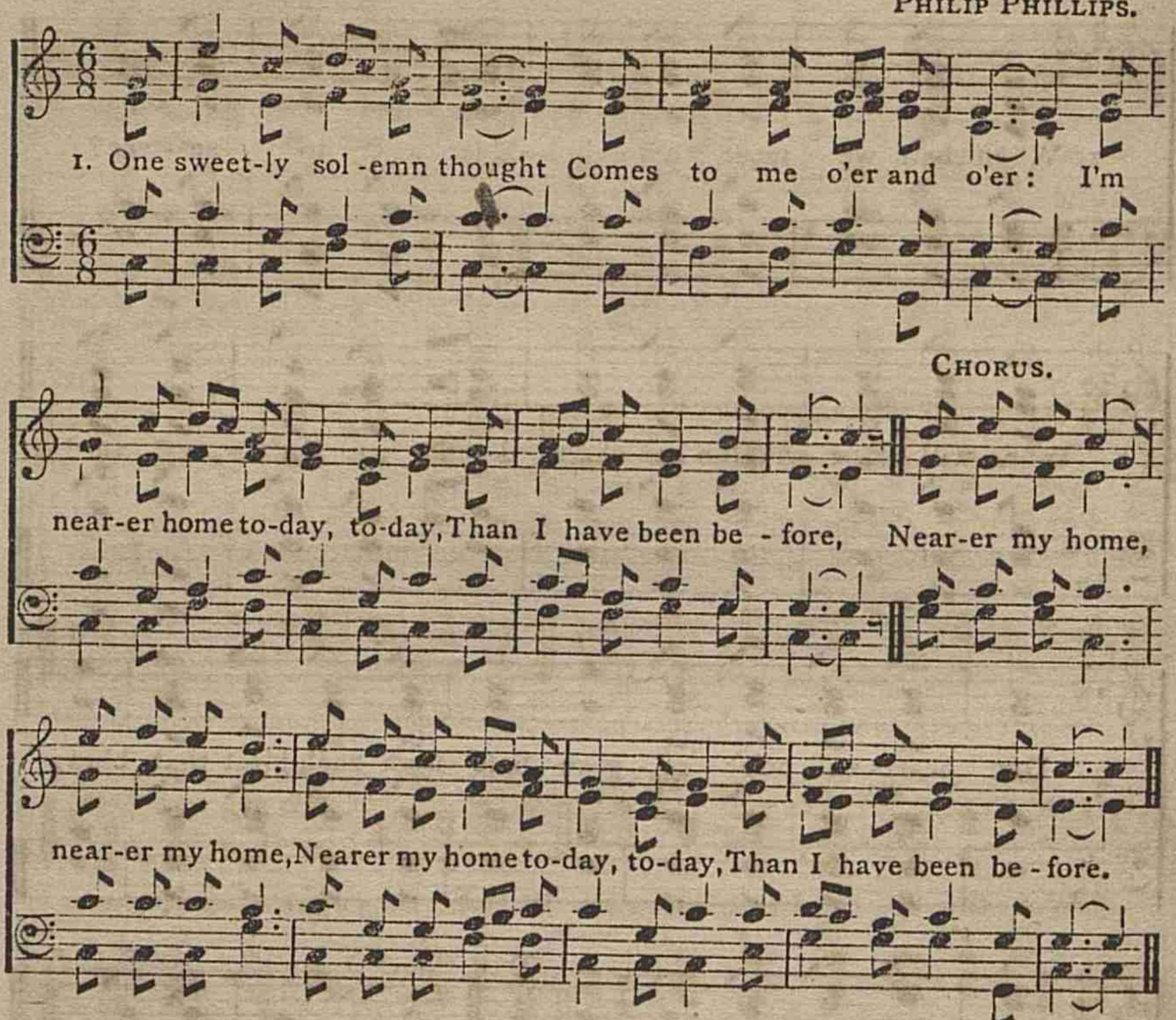
No. 71. *Reunion in heaven.*

2 When shall love freely flow
Pure as life's river?
When shall sweet friendship glow
Changeless for ever?
Where joys celestial thrill,
Where bliss each heart shall fill,
And fears of parting chill,
Never—no, never!

3 Up to that world of light
Take us, dear Saviour;
May we all there unite,
Happy for ever:
Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel,
Never—no, never!

SWEETLY SOLEMN THOUGHT. 6s.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.



CHORUS.

No. 72. *"For I know if the earthly house of this tabernacle is dissolved, I have a building of God."*

2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be,
Nearer the great white throne to-day,
Nearer the crystal sea.—*Cho.*

3 Nearer the bound of life,
Where burdens are laid down,
Nearer to leave the cross to-day,
And nearer to the crown.—*Cho.*

4 But lying dark between,
And winding through the night,
The deep and urknown stream to-day,
Crossed ere we reach the light.—*Cho.*
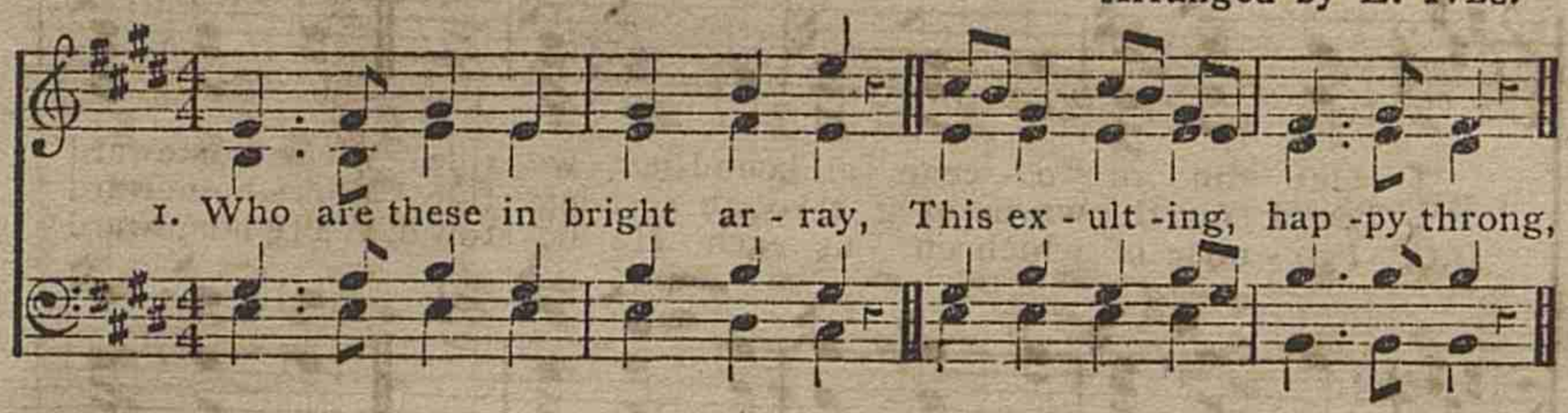
5 Jesus, confirm my trust;
Strengthen the hand of faith
To feel Thee when I stand to-day
Upon the shore of death.—*Cho.*
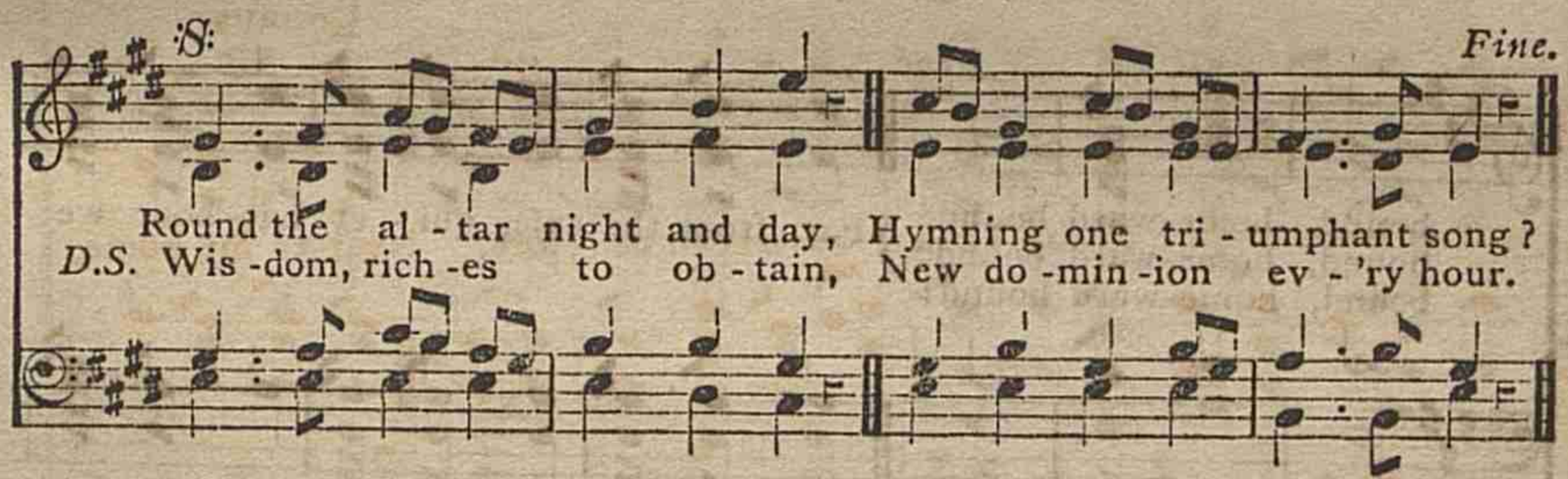
6 Be near me when my feet
Are slipping o'er the brink;
For I am nearer home to-day,
Perhaps, than now I think.—*Cho.*

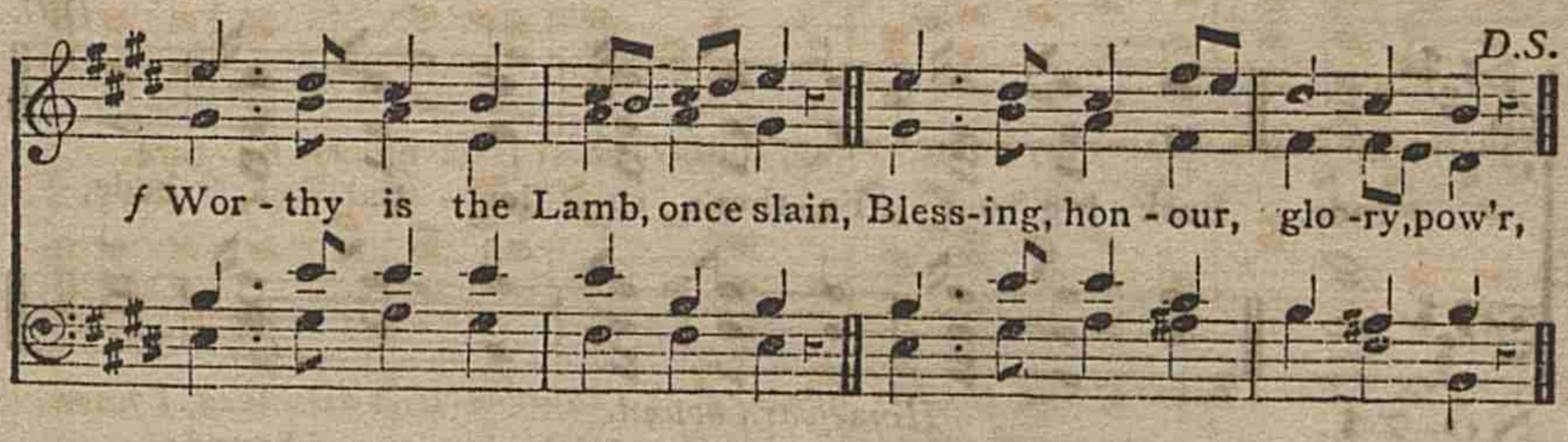
PHŒBE CARY.

IVES. 7s. Double.

Arranged by E. Ives.







No. 73. *Perfect love dispels all fears.*

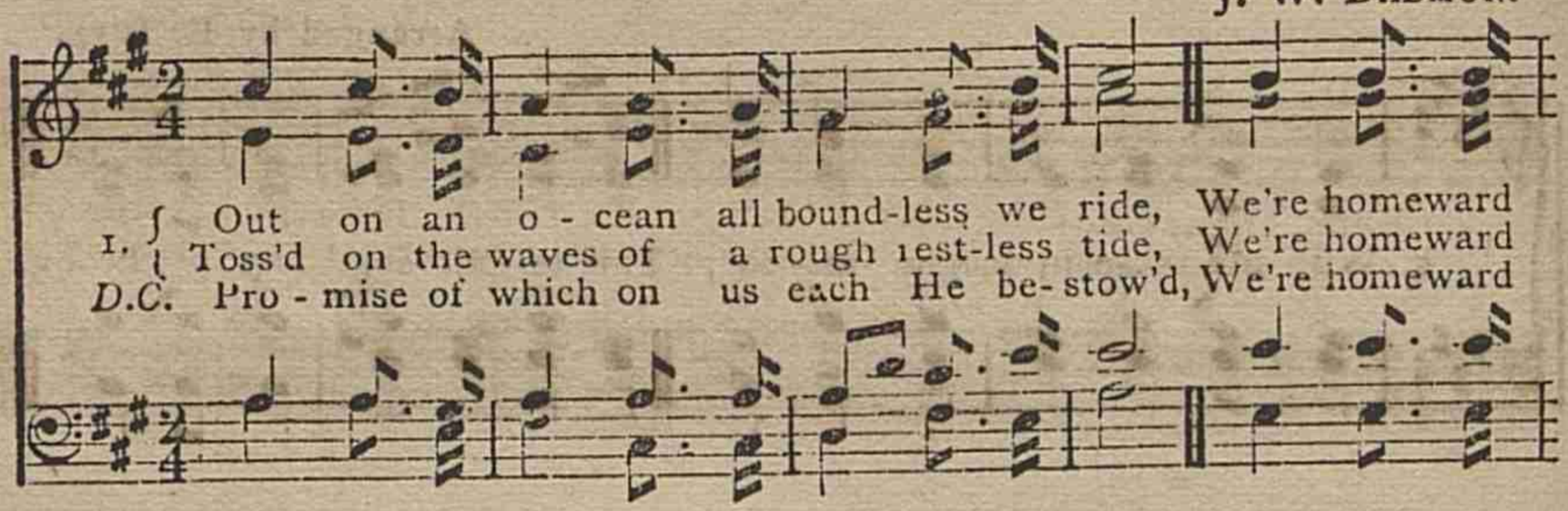
2 These through fiery trials trod;
These from great afflictions came;
Now, before the throne of God,
Sealed with His almighty Name:
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor palms in every hand:
Thro' their great Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.
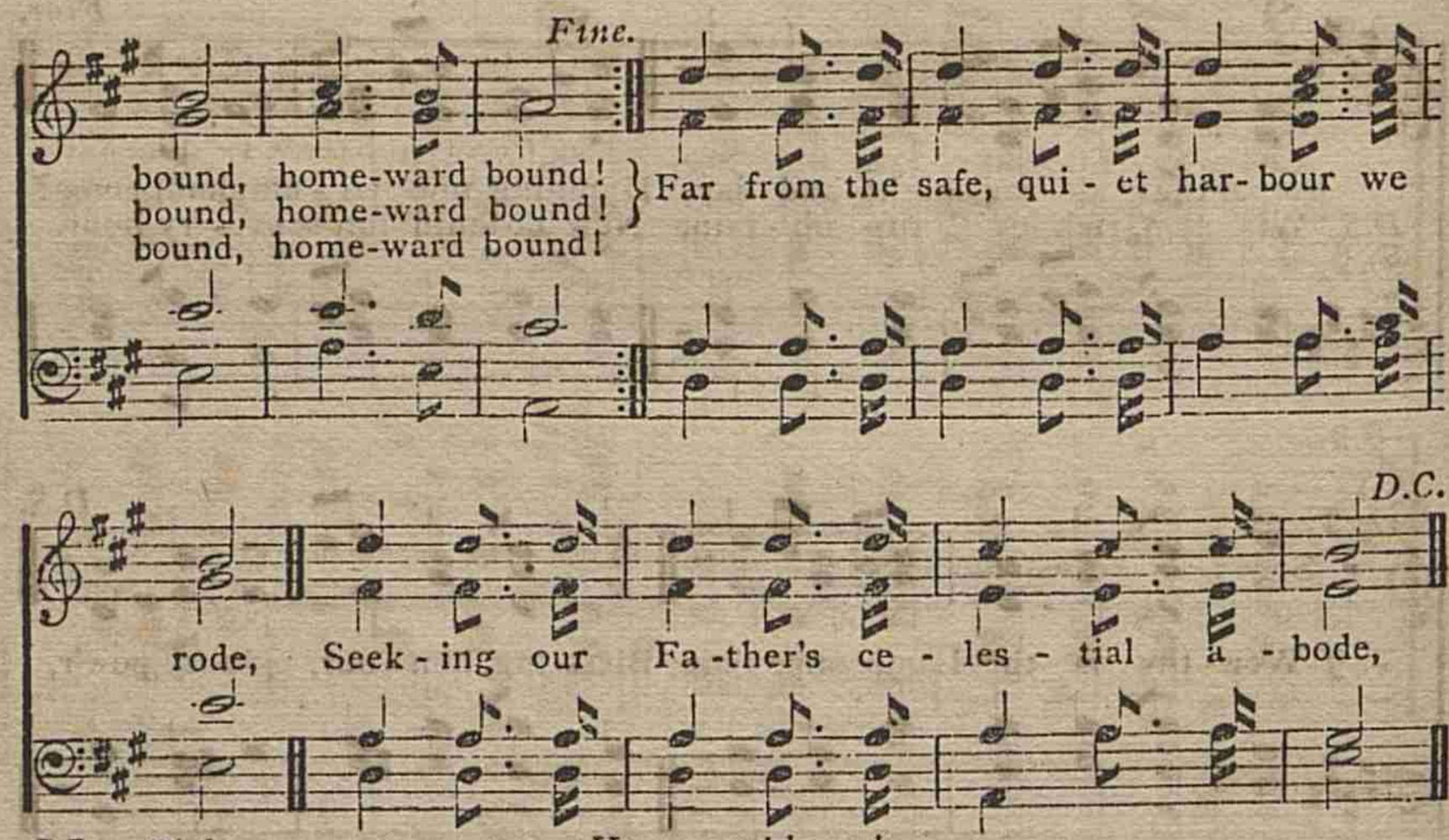
3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed:
Then the Lamb, amidst the throne,
Shall to living fountains lead:
Joy and gladness banish sighs:
Perfect love dispels all fears;
And forever from their eyes,
God shall wipe away their tears.

—*Montgomery.*

HOMEWARD BOUND.

J. W. DADMUN.





No. 74. *Homeward bound.*

2 Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars; We're homeward bound;
Look! yonder lie the bright heavenly shores; We're homeward bound;
Steady! O pilot! stand firm at the wheel,
Steady! we soon shall outweather the gale,
Oh! how we fly 'neath the loud creaking sail; We're homeward bound.

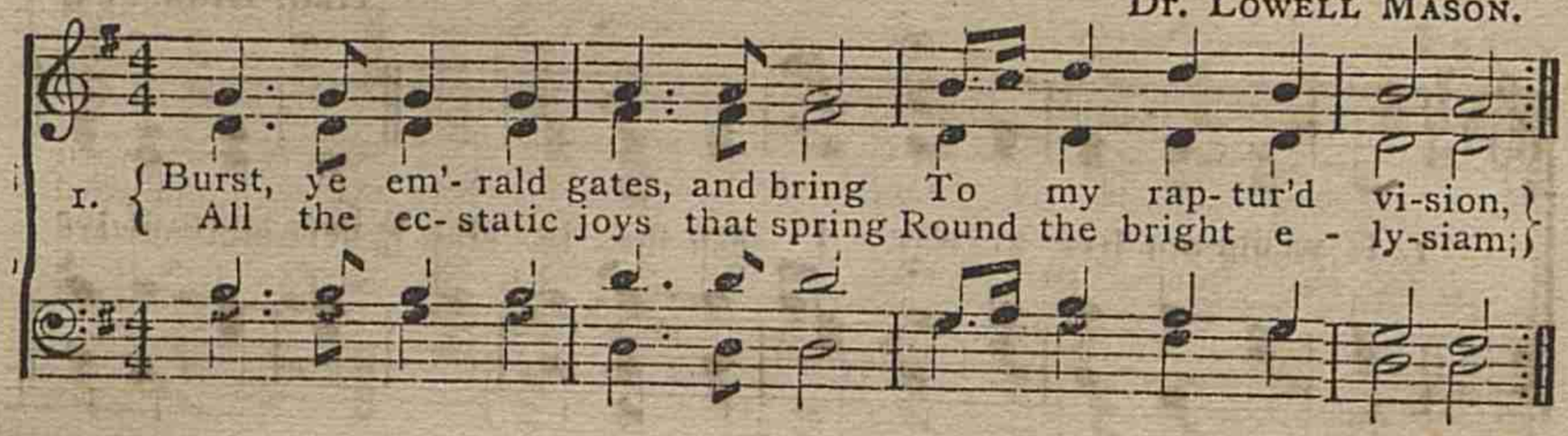
3 We'll tell the world as we journey along, We're homeward bound:
Try to persuade them to enter our throng, We're homeward bound;
Come, trembling sinner, forlorn and oppressed,
Join in our number, oh, come and be blest;
Journey with us to the mansions of rest, We're homeward bound.

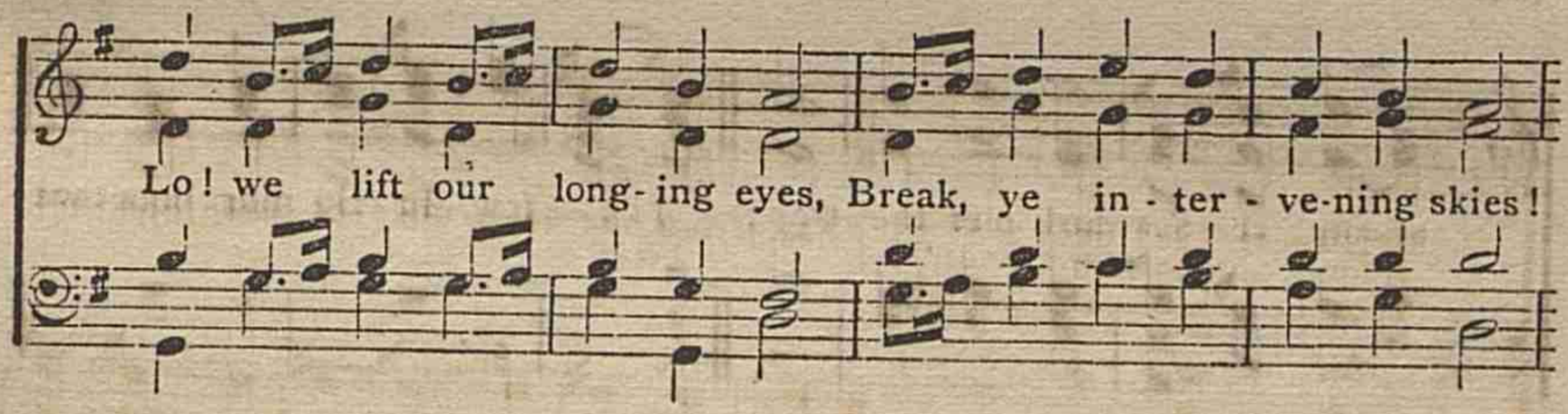
4 Into the harbour of heaven now we glide, We're home at last
Softly we drift on its bright silver tide, We're home at last;
Glory to God! all our dangers are o'er;
We stand secure on the glorified shore,
Glory to God! we will shout evermore, We're home at last.
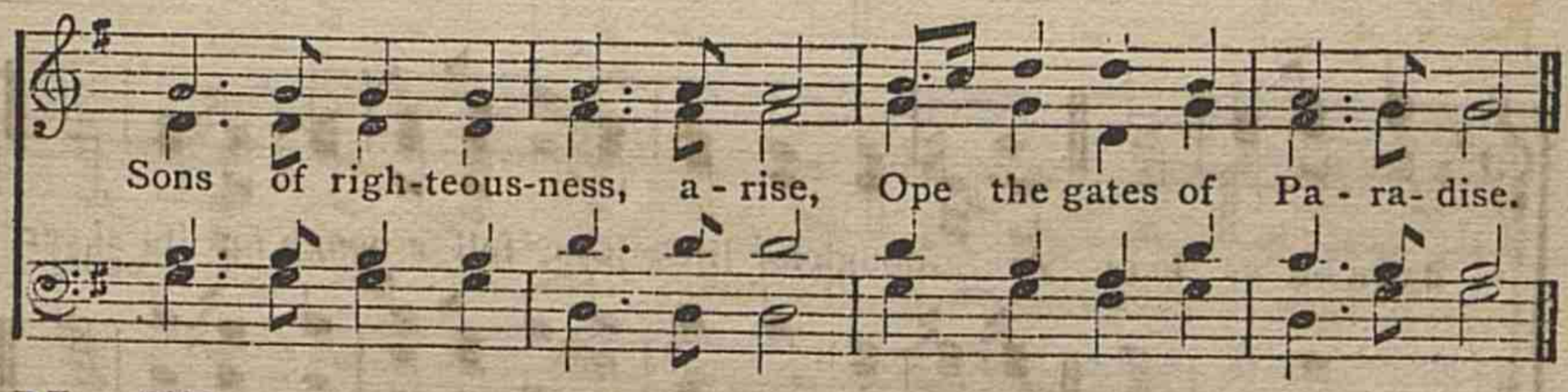
— *Rev. W. F. Warren.*

MERDIN. 7s. 6s. and 7s.

Dr. Lowell Mason.
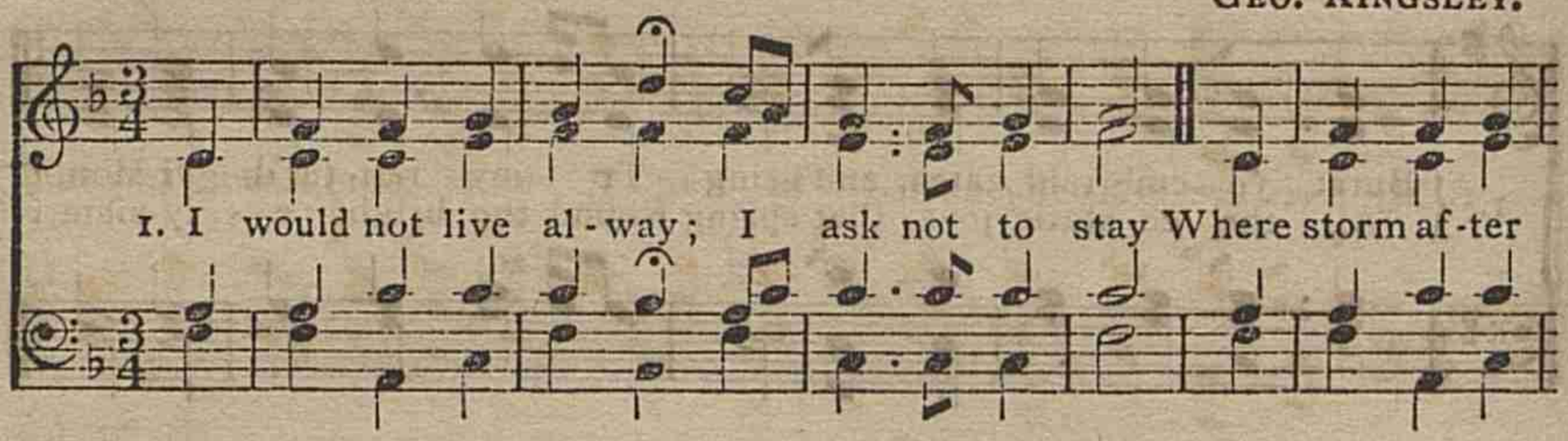






No. 75. *The great salvation.*

2 Floods of everlasting light!
Freely flash before Him;
Myriads, with supreme delight,
Instantly adore Him;
Angels' trumps resound His fame;
Lutes of lucid gold proclaim
All the music of His Name;
Heaven echoing the theme.

3 Four-and-twenty elders rise
From their princely station;
Shout His glorious victories,
Sing the great salvation;
Cast their crowns before His throne,
Cry, in reverential tone,
Glory be to God alone,
Holy! Holy! Holy One.

4 Hark! the thrilling symphonies
Seem, methinks, to seize us;
Join we, too, the holy lays—
Jesus, Jesus, Jesus!
Sweetest sound in seraph's song,
Sweetest note on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung—
Jesus, Jesus, flow along.

GEO. KINGSLEY.



No. 76. *I would not live alway.*
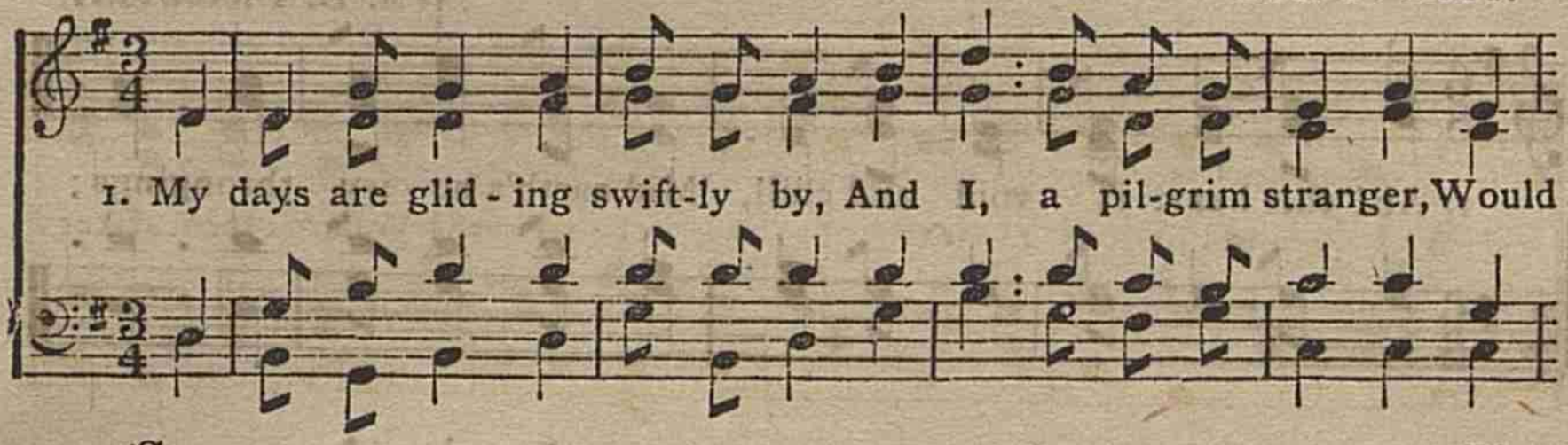
2 I would not live alway; no—welcome the tomb!
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom:
There sweet be my rest till He bid me arise,
To hail Him in triumph descending the skies.

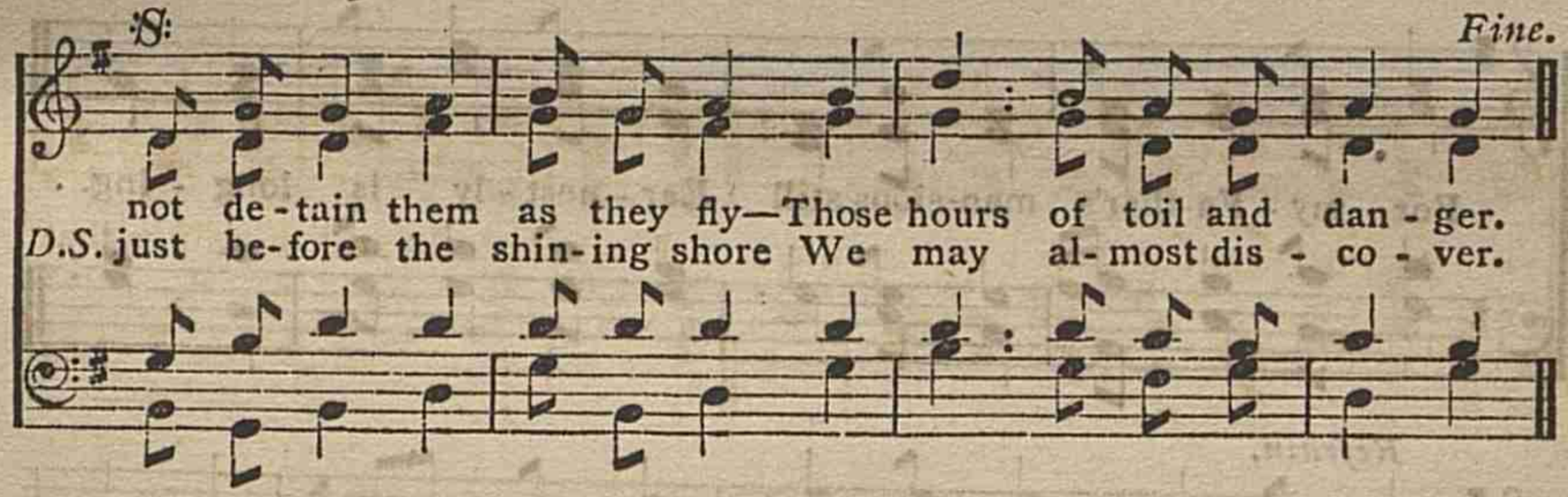
3 Who, who would live alway, away from His God—
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where rivers of pleasure flow bright o'er the plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?
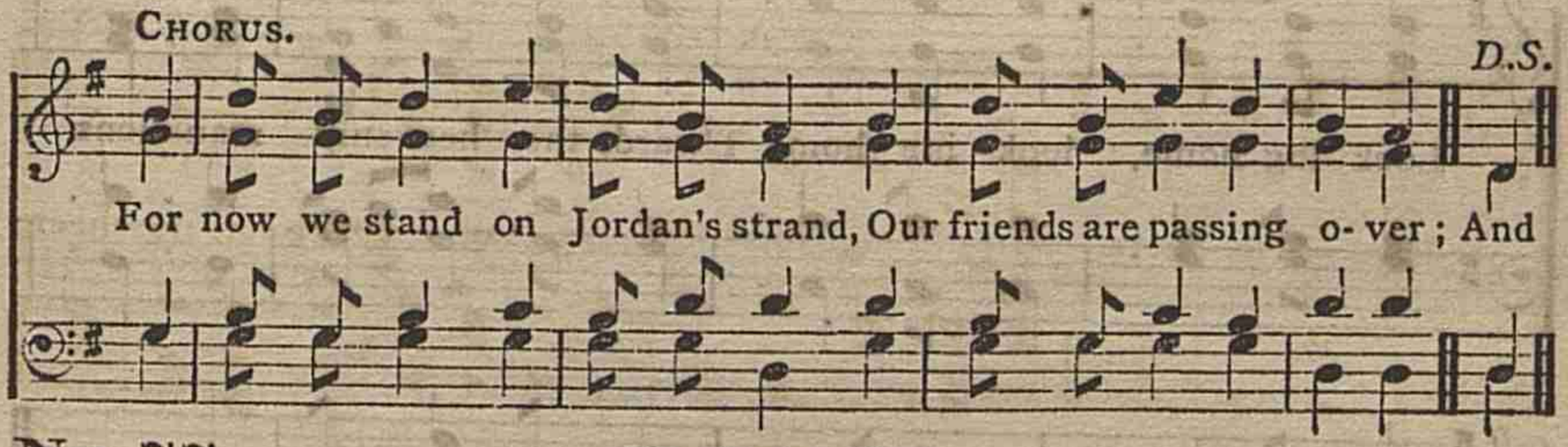
4 There saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
and the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.—*Muhlenburg.*

SHINING SHORE.

GEO. F. ROOT.







No. 77. *The shining shore.*

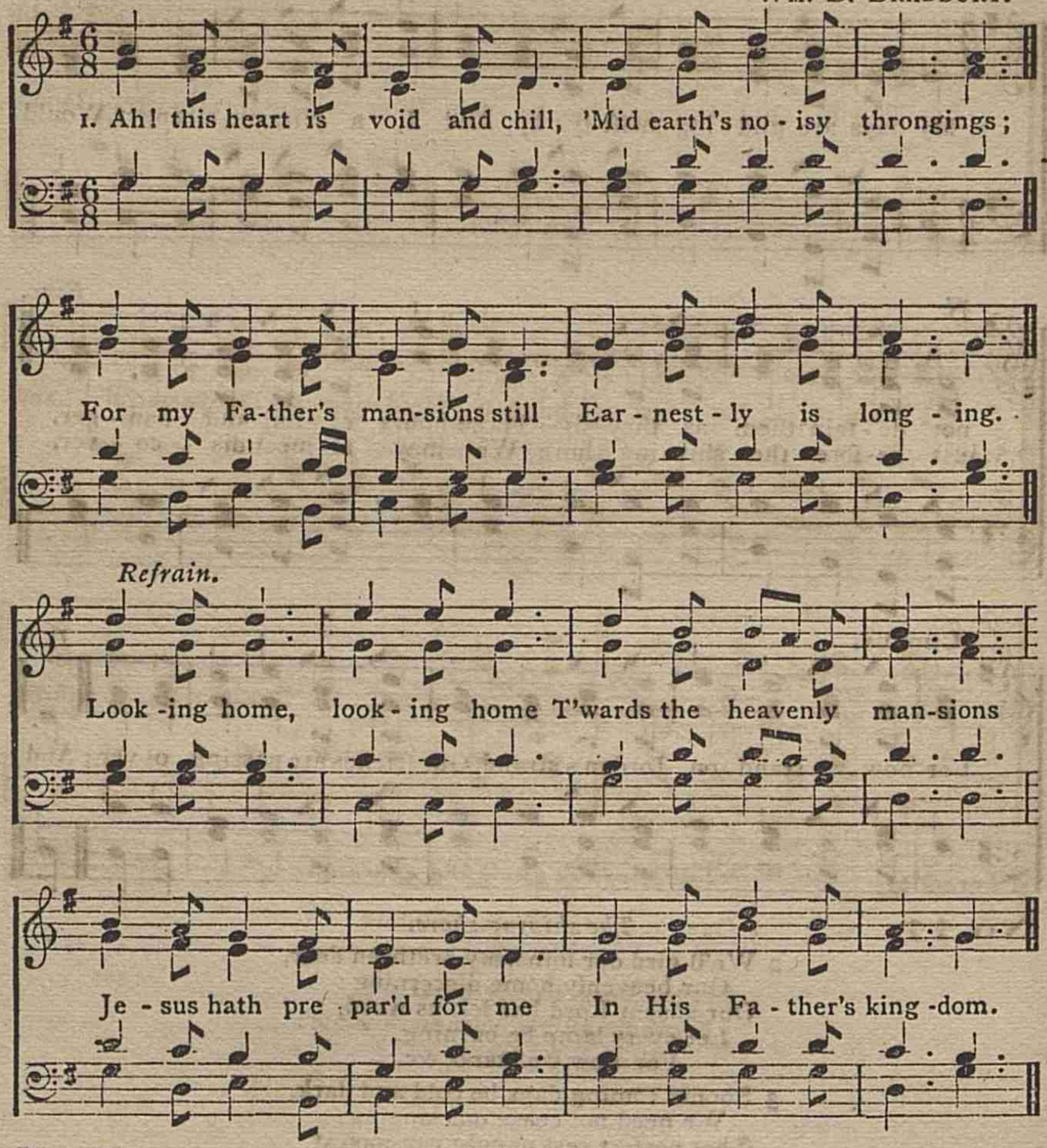
2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our heavenly home discerning :
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.
For now we stand, &c.

3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest naught can molest
Where golden harps are ringing.
For now we stand, &c.

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each chord on earth to sever,
Our King says come, and there's our home,
For ever ! oh, for ever!
For now we stand, &c.

LOOKING HOME.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



No. 78. *Looking home.*

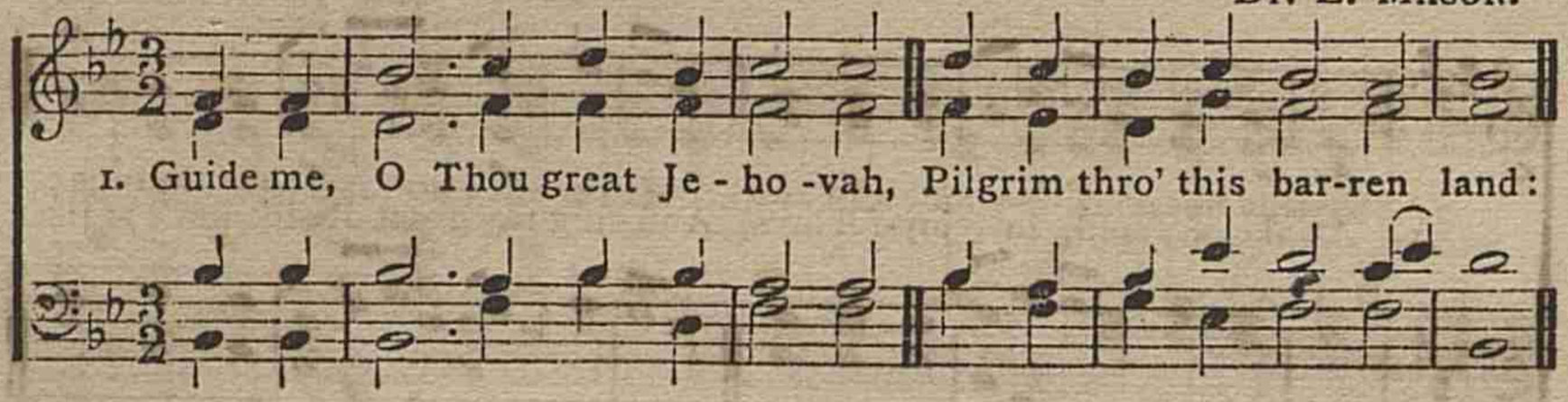
2 Soon the glorious day will dawn,
Heavenly pleasures bringing;
Night will be exchanged for morn,
Sighs give place to singing.

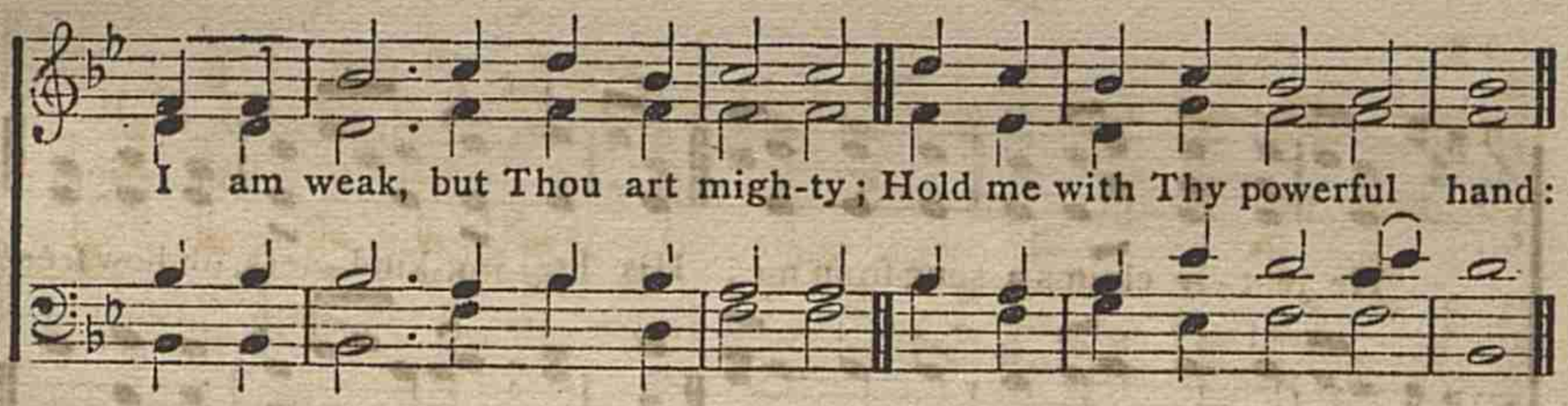
3 Oh! to be at home again,
All for which we're sighing,
From all earthly want and pain
To be swiftly flying.
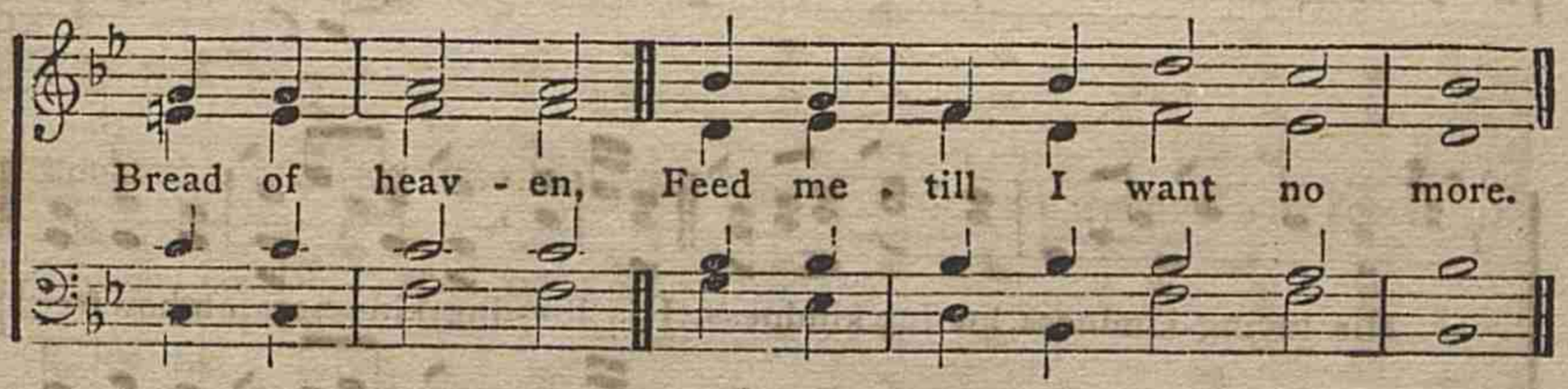
4 Blessed home! oh, blessed home!
All for which we're sighing,
Soon our Lord will bid us come
To our Father's kingdom.

HAMDEN. 8s. 7s. and 4s.

Dr. L. Mason.
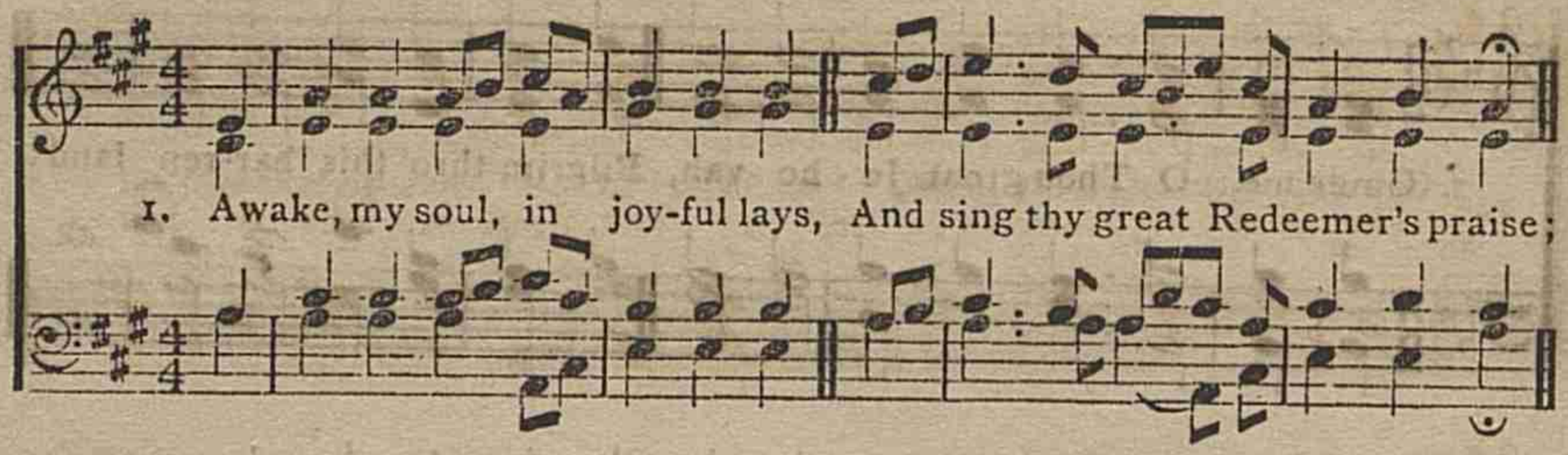






No. 79. *The pilgrim's guide and guardian.*

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

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

LOVING-KINDNESS. L.M.



No. 80. *Christ's loving-kindness.*

2 He saw me ruined by the fall,
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate;
His loving-kindness, oh, how great!

3 Tho' numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along:
His loving-kindness, oh, how strong!
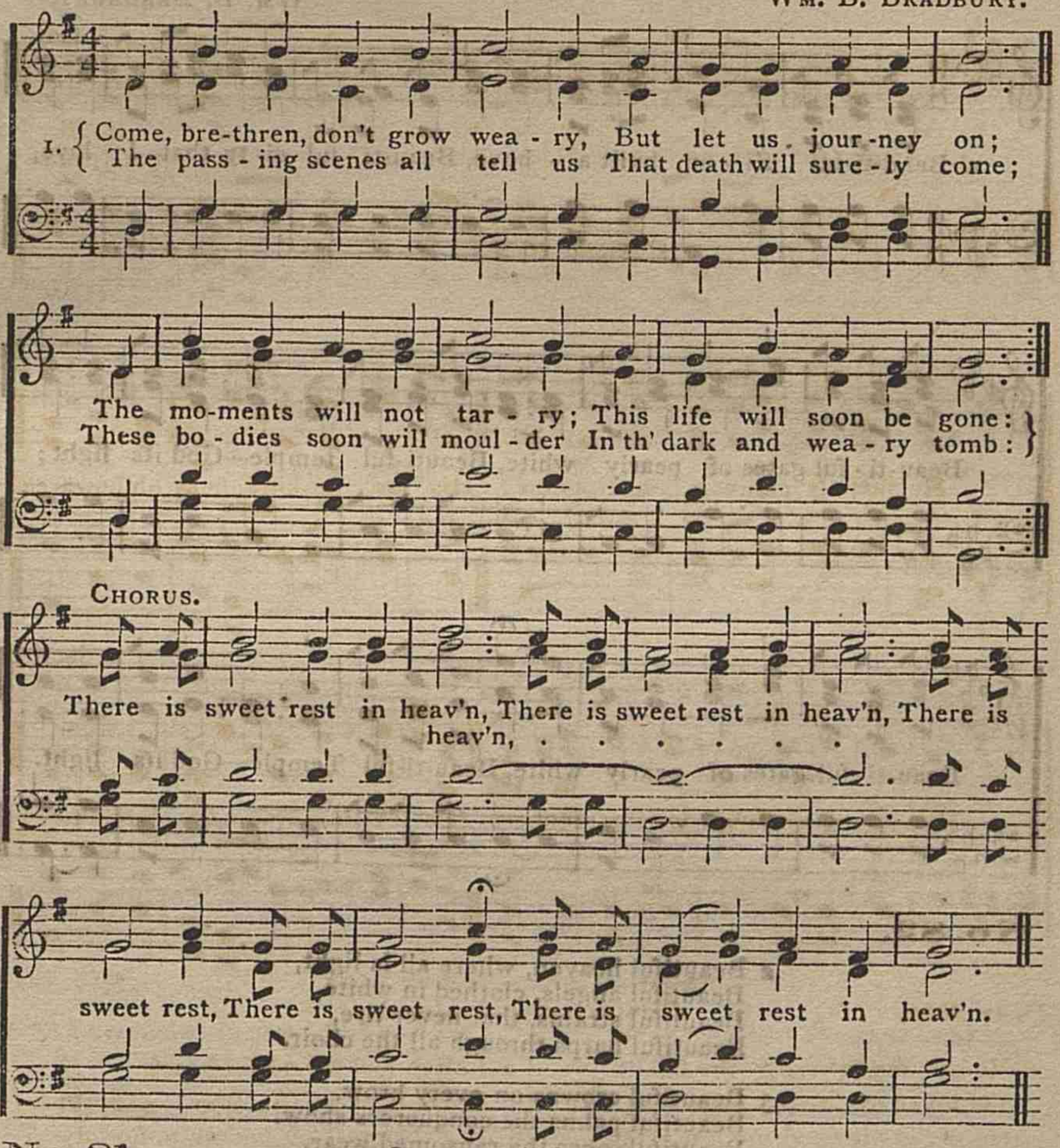
4 I often feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Saviour to depart;
But though I oft have him forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.

5 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
Oh, may my last, expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death.

—*Medley.*

SWEET REST.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



No. 81. *Sweet rest in heaven.*
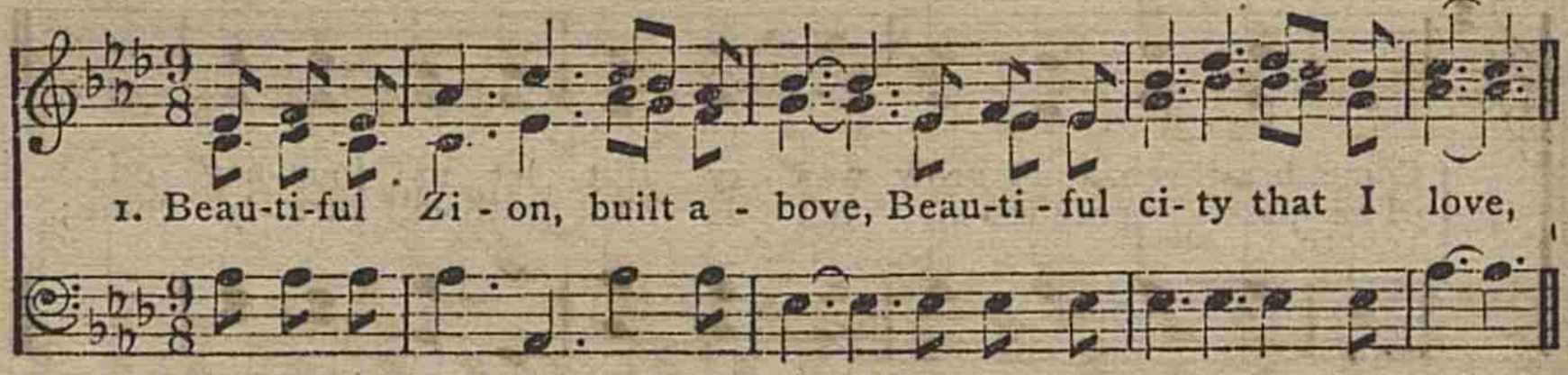
2 Loved ones have gone before us,
They beckon us away,
O'er ærial plains they're soaring,
Blest in eternal day;
But we are in the army,
And dare not leave our post;
We'll fight until we conquer
The foes' most mighty host.

3 Our Captain's gone before us,
He kindly calls us home
To yonder world of glory,
And sweetly bids us come.
The world, the flesh, and Satan,
Will strive to hedge our way,
But we'll o'ercome these powers,
If we hourly watch and pray.

—*Unknown.*

BEAUTIFUL ZION.

WM. B. BRADBURY.*



No. 82.

2 Beautiful heaven, where all is light,
Beautiful angels, clothed in white,
Beautiful strains, that never tire,
Beautiful harps through all the choir.

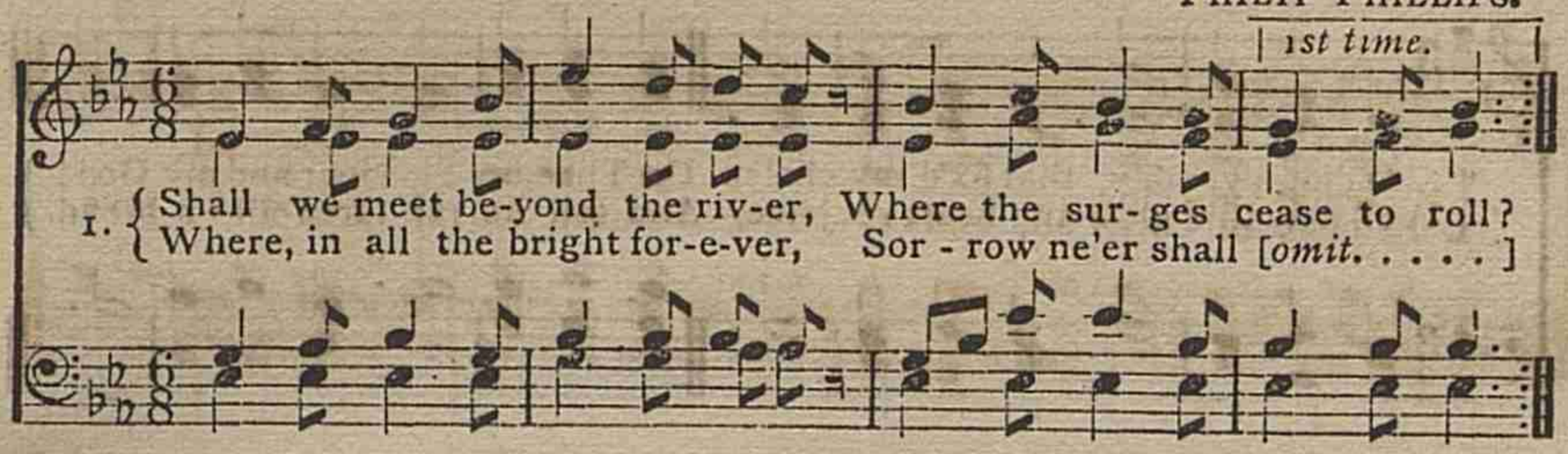
3 Beautiful crowns on every brow,
Beautiful palms the conquerors show.
Beautiful robes the ransomed wear,
Beautiful all who enter there.

Beautiful throne of Christ our King,
Beautiful songs the angels sing,
Beautiful rest, all wandering cease,
Beautiful home of perfect peace.
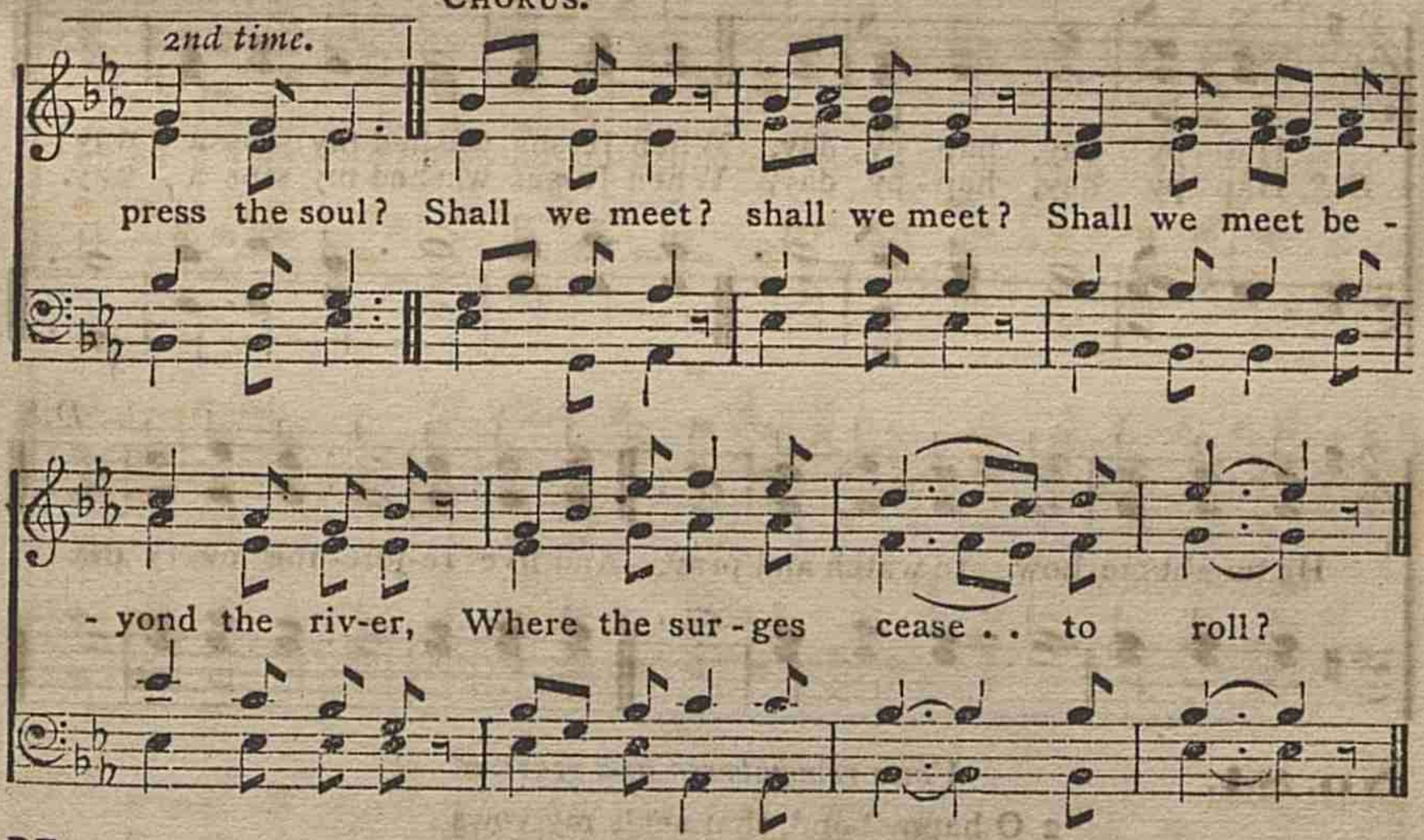
* *From the "Oriola," by permission of* BIGLOW & MAIN.

SHALL WE MEET.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.



CHORUS.



No. 83. *Shall we meet beyond the river.*

2 Shall we meet in that blest harbour,
When our stormy voyage is o'er?
Shall we meet and cast the anchor
By the fair celestial shore?

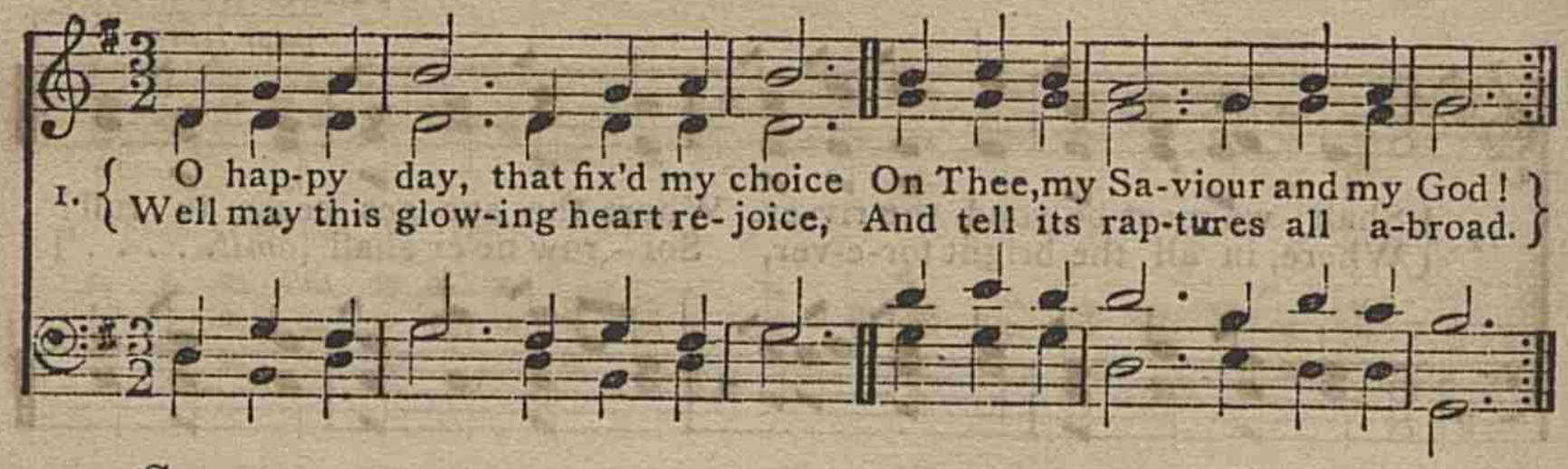
3 Shall we meet in yonder city,
Where the towers of crystal shine,
Where the walls are all of jasper,
Built by workmanship divine?

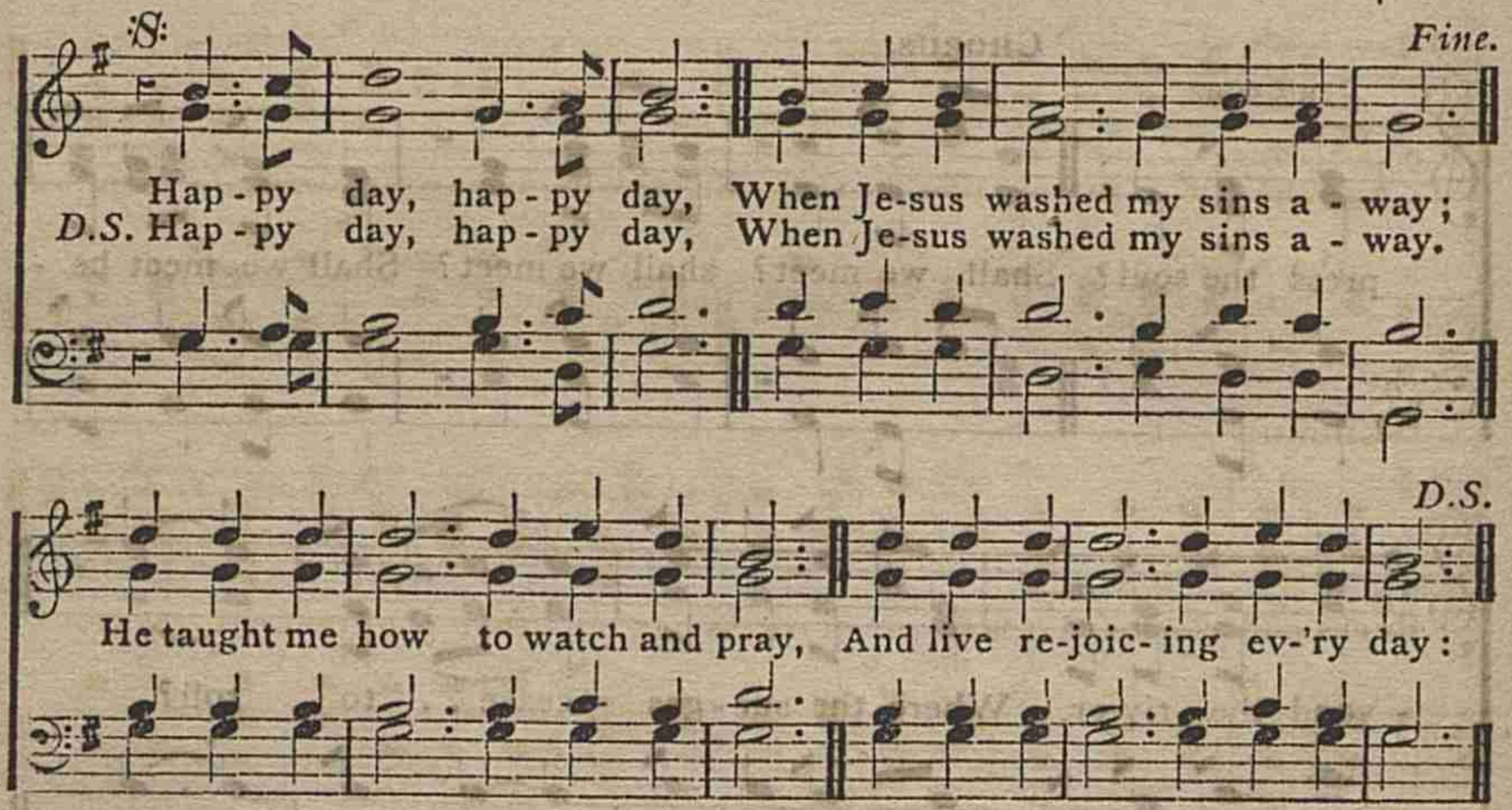
4 Where the music of the ransomed
Rolls its harmony around,
And creation swells the chorus,
With its sweet melodious sound?

5 Shall we meet with many a loved one,
That was torn from our embrace?
Shall we listen to their voices,
And behold them face to face?

6 Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour,
When He comes to claim His own?
Shall we know His blessed favour,
And sit down upon the throne?

HAPPY DAY. L.M.





No. 84. *Vows remembered and renewed.*

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.

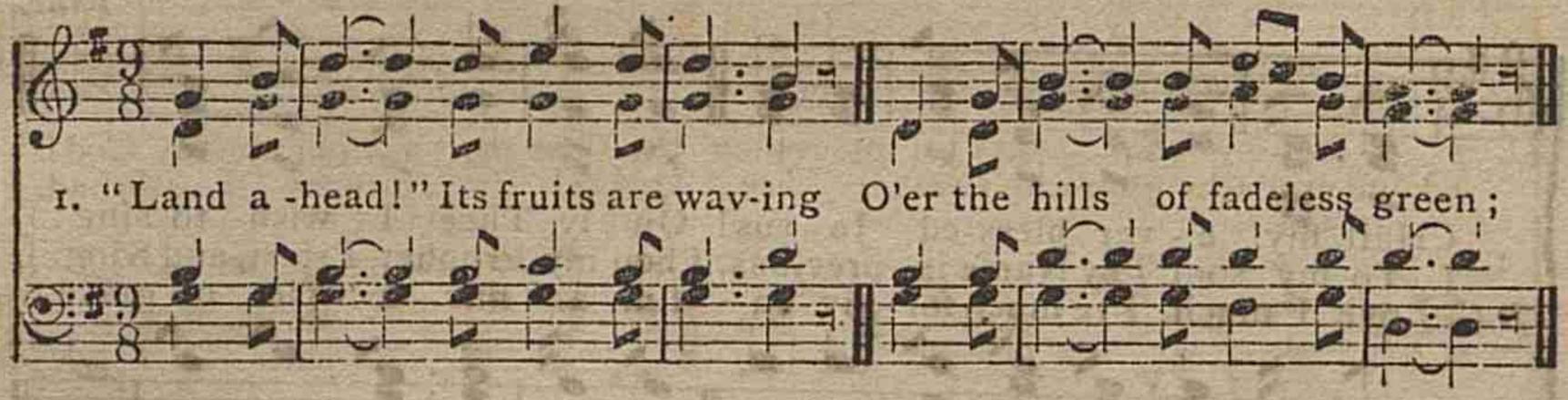
3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done,
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I follow'd on,
Charm'd to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart:
With Him of every good possess'd.

5 High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renew'd shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.—*Doddridge.*

SAFE WITHIN THE VEIL.

JOHN M. EVANS.



No. 85.

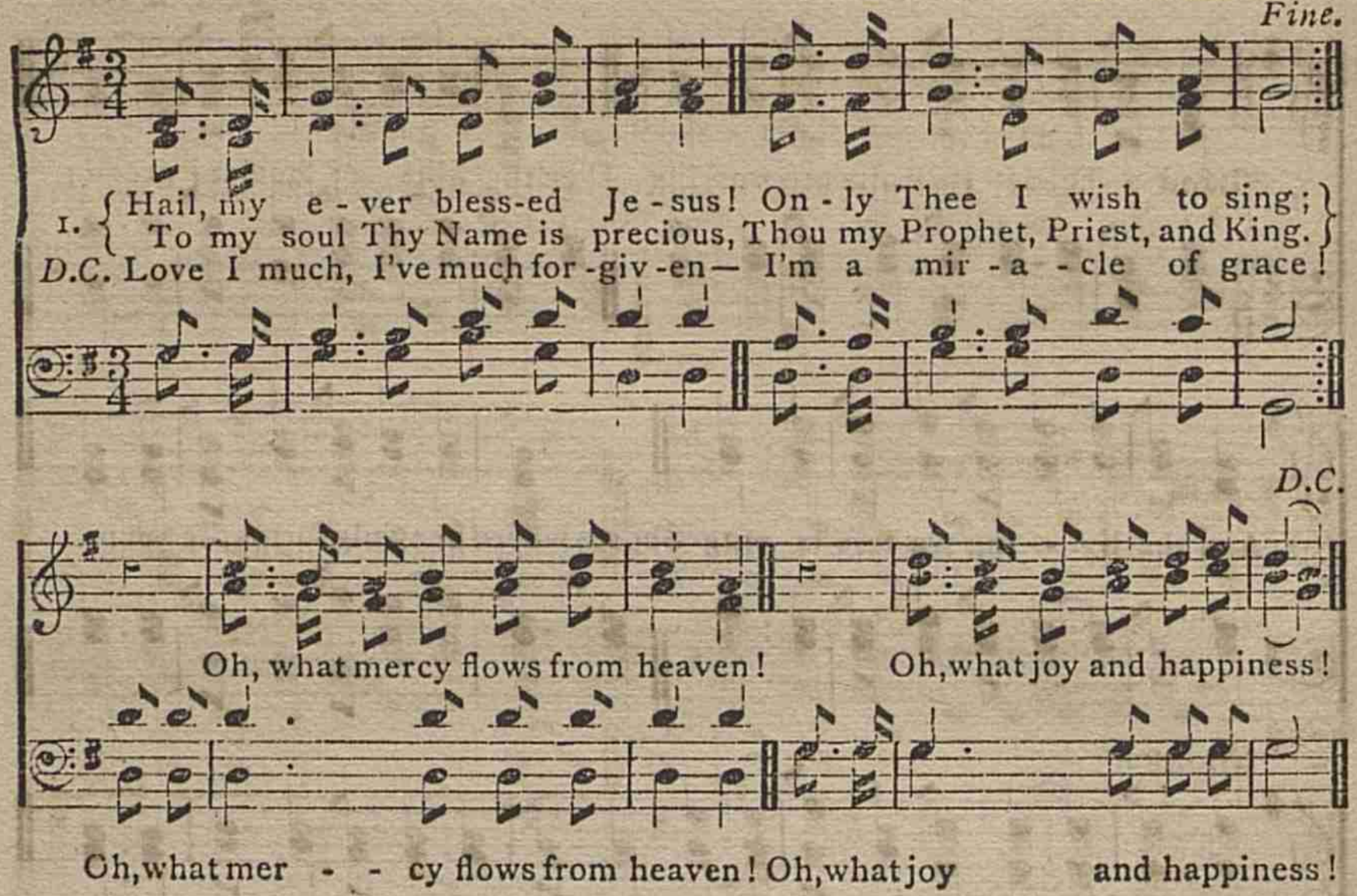
2 Onward, bark! the cape I'm ounding,
See the blessed wave their hands;
Hear the harps of God resounding
From the bright immortal bands.

3 There, let go the anchor, riding
On this calm and silv'ry bay;
Sea-ward fast the tide is gliding,
Shores in sunlight stretch away.

4 Now we're safe from all temptation,
All the storms of life are past;
Praise the rock of our salvation,
We are safely home at last;

HARWELL. 8s. and 7s.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.



No. 86.

2 Once with Adam's race in ruin,
Unconcerned in sin I lay;
Swift destruction still pursuing,
Till my Saviour passed that way.
Witness all ye hosts of heaven
My Redeemer's tenderness;
Love I much, I've much forgiven—
I'm a miracle of grace! etc.

3 Shout, ye bright, angelic choir,
Praise the Lamb enthroned above,
Whilst, astonished, I admire
God's free grace and boundless love.
That blest moment I received Him,
Filled my soul with joy and peace;
Love I much, I've much forgiven—
I'm a miracle of grace!

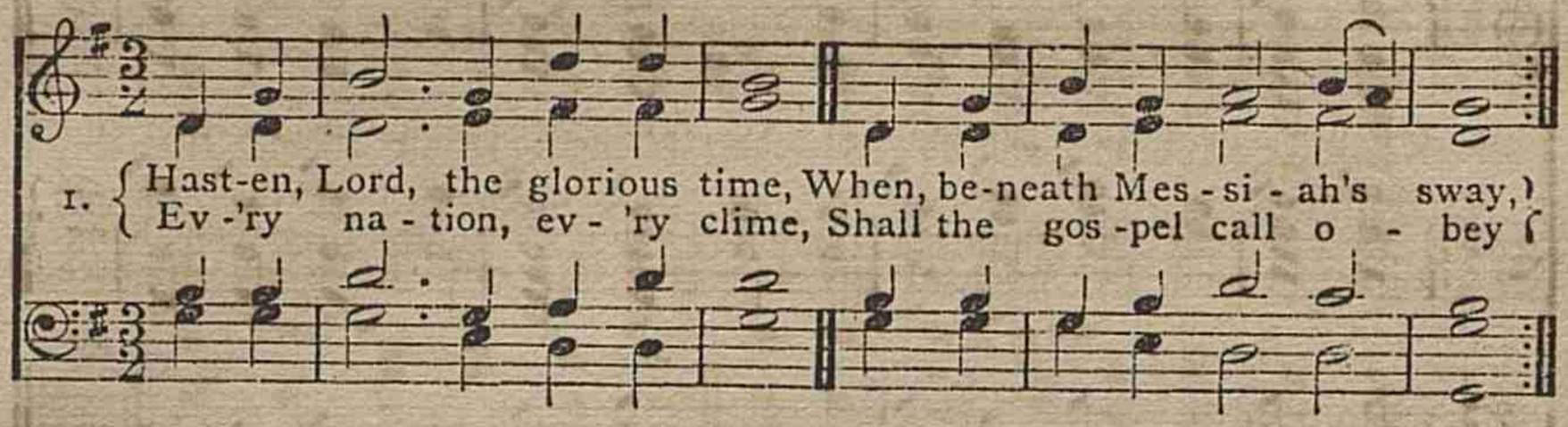
No. 87.
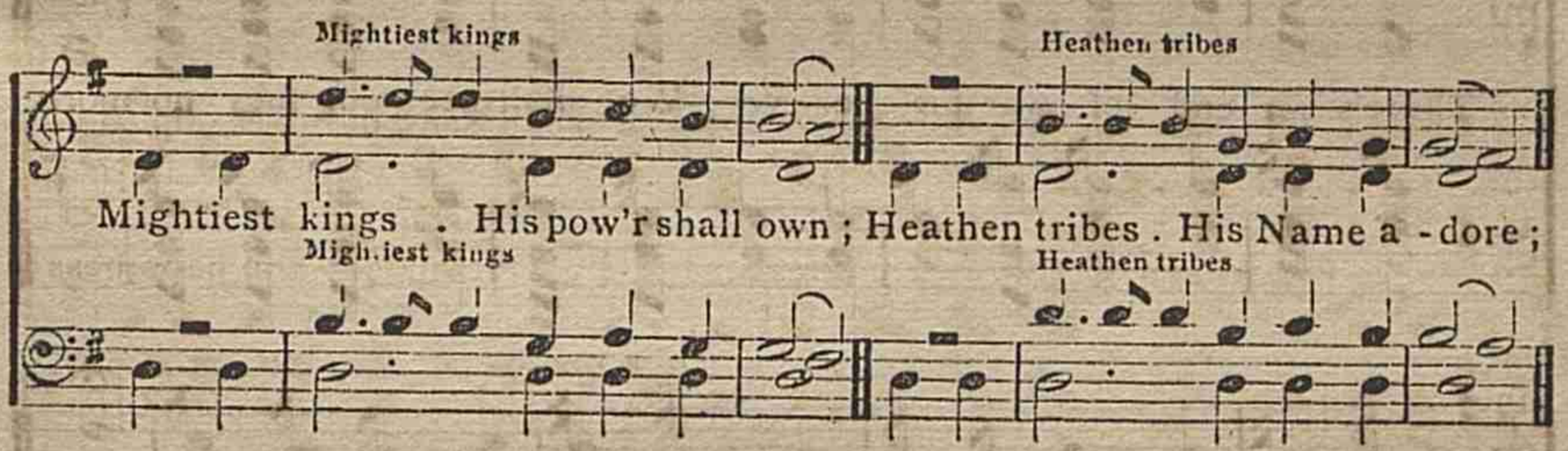
Hark the notes of angels, singing,
Glory, glory to the Lamb!
All in heaven their tribute bringing,
Raising high the Saviour's name.
Ye for whom His life was given,
Sacred themes to you belong:
Come, assist the choir of heaven;
Join the everlasting song.

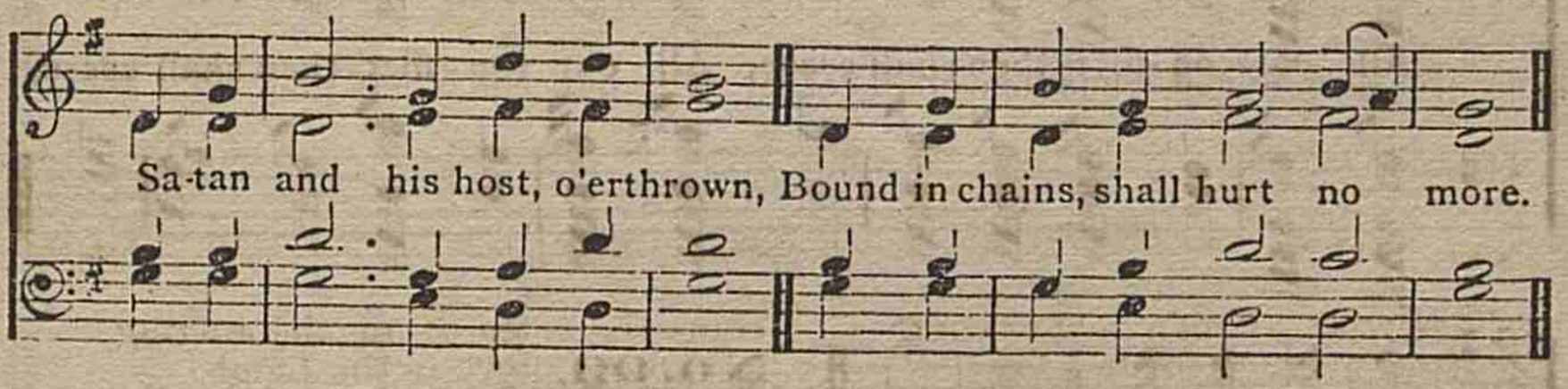
2 Fill'd with holy emulation,
We unite with those above:
Sweet the theme—a free salvation—
Fruit of everlasting love.
Endless life in Him possessing,
Let us praise His precious name;
Glory, honour, power, and blessing,
Be forever to the Lamb.

ELTHAM. 7s Double.

Dr. Lowell Mason.







No. 88.

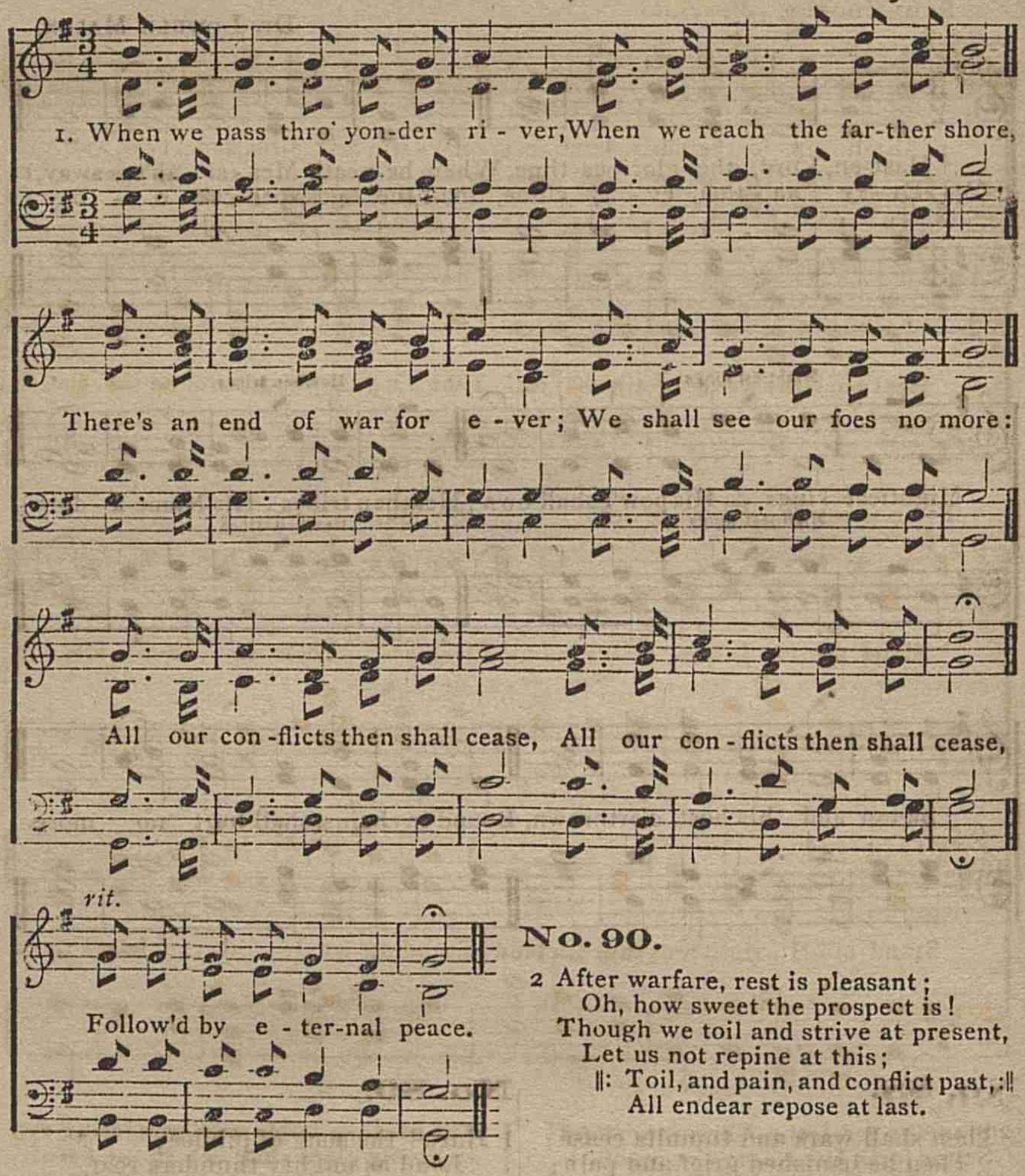
2 Then shall wars and tumults cease;
Then be banished grief and pain;
Righteousness, and joy, and peace,
Undisturbed, shall ever reign.
Bless we, then, our gracious Lord;
Ever praise His glorious Name;
All His mighty acts record,—
All His wondrous love proclaim.

No. 89.

1 Hark! the song of jubilee;
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore:
Hallelujah! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign;
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

THE FARTHER SHORE.

S. J. VAIL.



No. 90.

2 After warfare, rest is pleasant;
Oh, how sweet the prospect is!
Though we toil and strive at present,
Let us not repine at this;
‖: Toil, and pain, and conflict past, :‖
All endear repose at last.

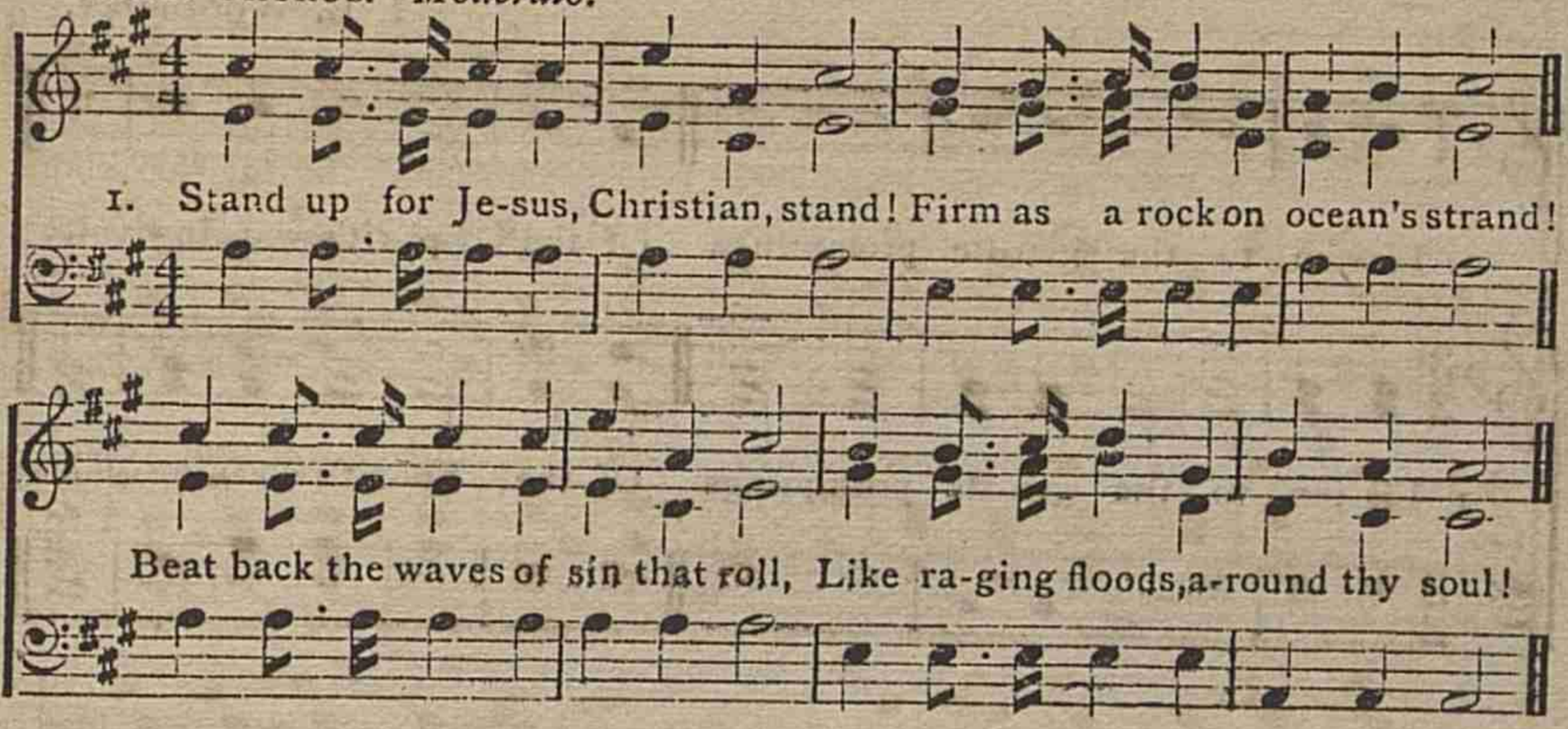
3 When we gain the heavenly regions,
When we touch the heavenly shore—
Blessed thought—no hostile legions
Can alarm or trouble more:
‖: Far beyond the reach of foes, :‖
We shall dwell in sweet repose.

4 O that hope; how bright, how glorious
'Tis His people's blest reward;
In the Saviour's strength victorious,
They at length behold their Lord:
‖: In His kingdom they shall rest, :‖
In His love be fully blest.

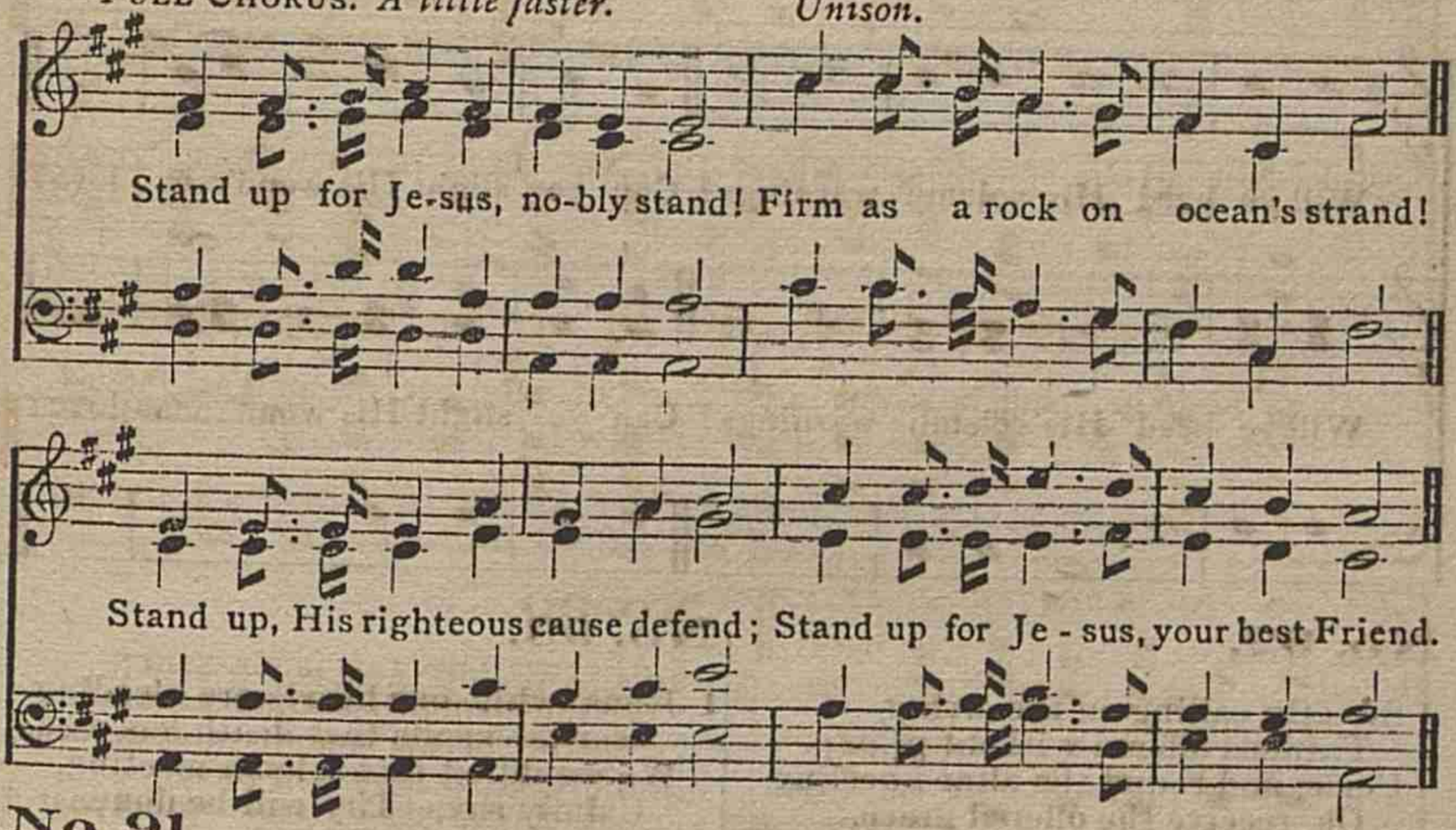
STAND UP FOR JESUS.

ASA HULL.

SEMI-CHORUS. *Moderato.*



FULL CHORUS. *A little faster.* *Unison.*



No. 91.

2 Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand!
Sound forth His Name o'er sea and land!
Spread ye His glorious Word abroad,
Till all the world shall own Him Lord!
—*Chorus.*

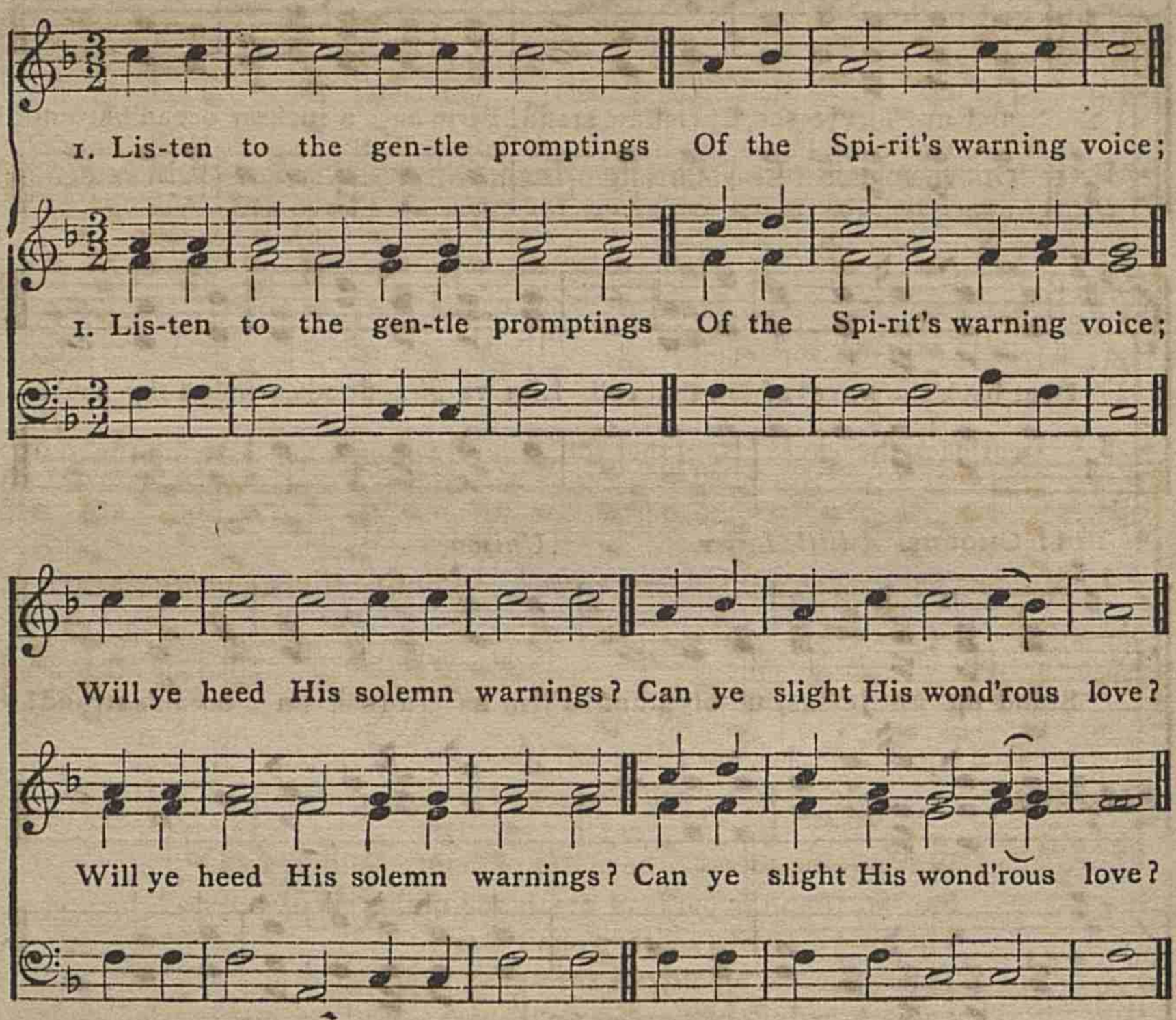
3 Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand!
Lift high the cross with steadfast hand!
Till heathen lands with wondering eye
Its rising glory shall descry.—*Chorus.*

4 Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand!
Soon with the blest immortal band
We'll dwell for aye, life's journey o'er,
In realms of light on heaven's bright
shore.—*Chorus.*

* *From "S. S. Casket," by permission.*

TALMAR. 8s. and 7s.

I. B. WOODBURY.



No. 92.

2 Sweetly calling on the erring,
Pardons offered without price;
Come, and round the altar kneeling,
Oh, receive the offered grace.

3 Joy and hope the troubled conscience
Will allay the soothing peace;
Press ye, then, to realms of glory;
Run with joy the offered race.

4 Hesitate no longer, sinner,
Lest the Spirit, sad and grieved,
Should forsake thee now and ever,
Never more to be deceived.

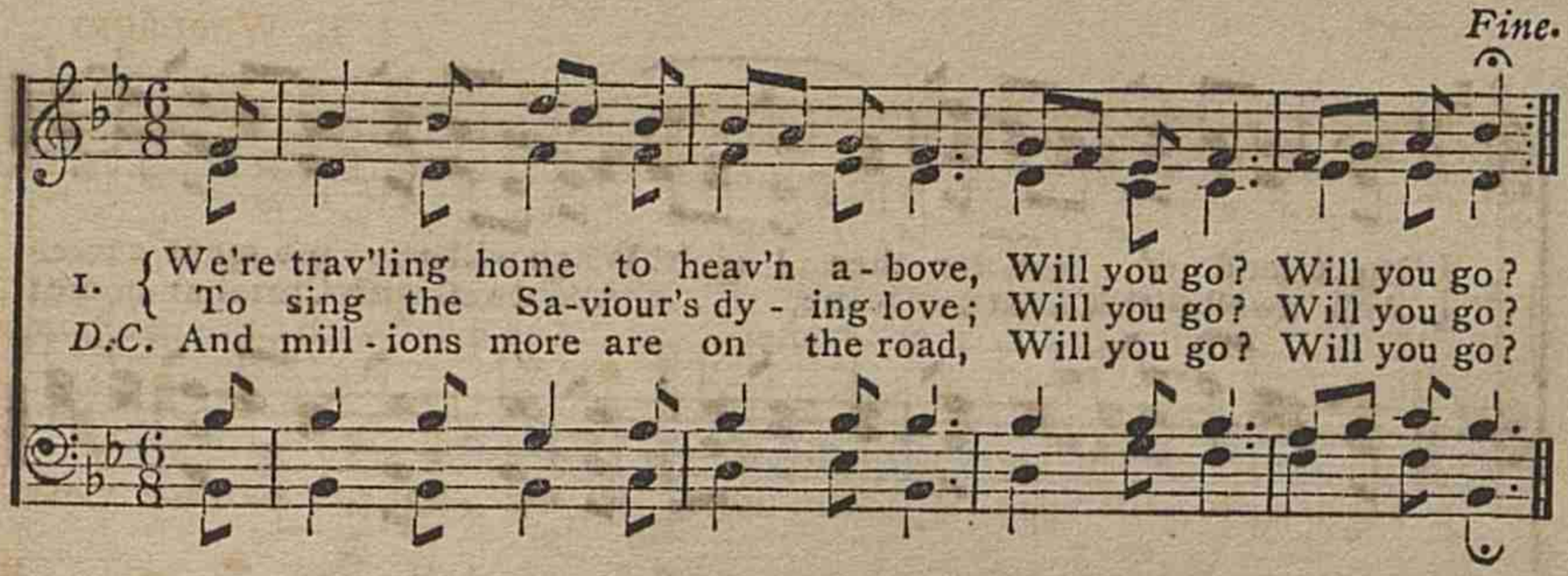
No. 93.
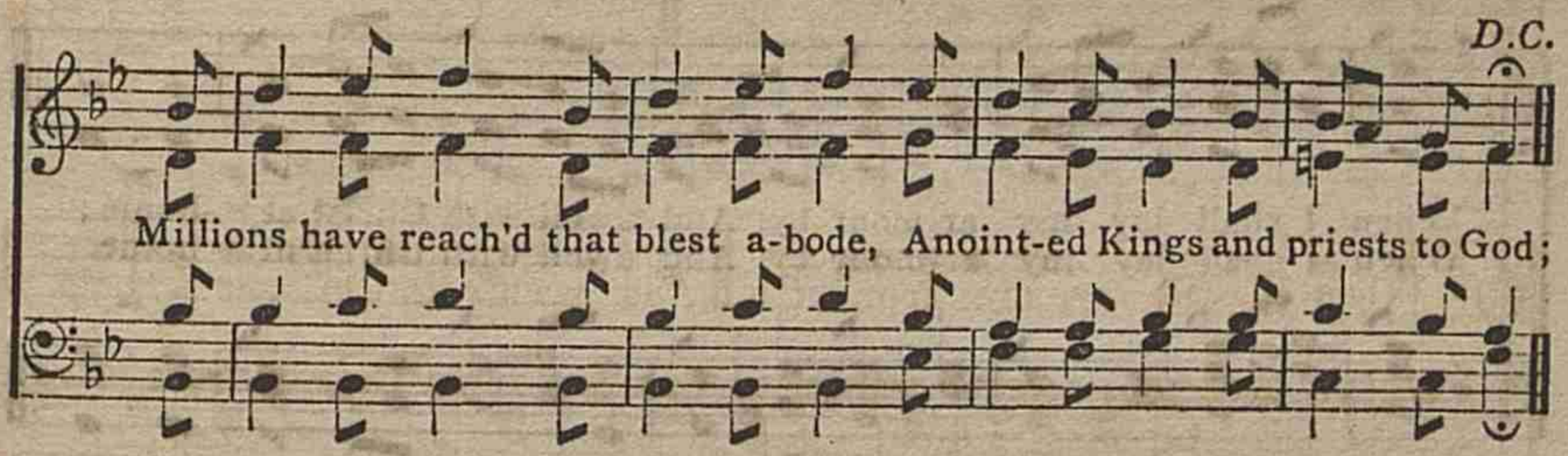
1 Jesus, while our hearts are bleeding
O'er the spoils that death has won,
We would, at this solemn meeting,
Calmly say,—Thy will be done.

2 Tho' cast down, we're not forsaken;
Though afflicted, not alone:
Thou didst give, and Thou hast taken;
Blessed Lord,—Thy will be done.

3 By Thy hands the boon was given;
Thou hast taken but Thine own:
Lord of earth, and God of heaven,
Evermore,—Thy will be done.

WILL YOU GO?
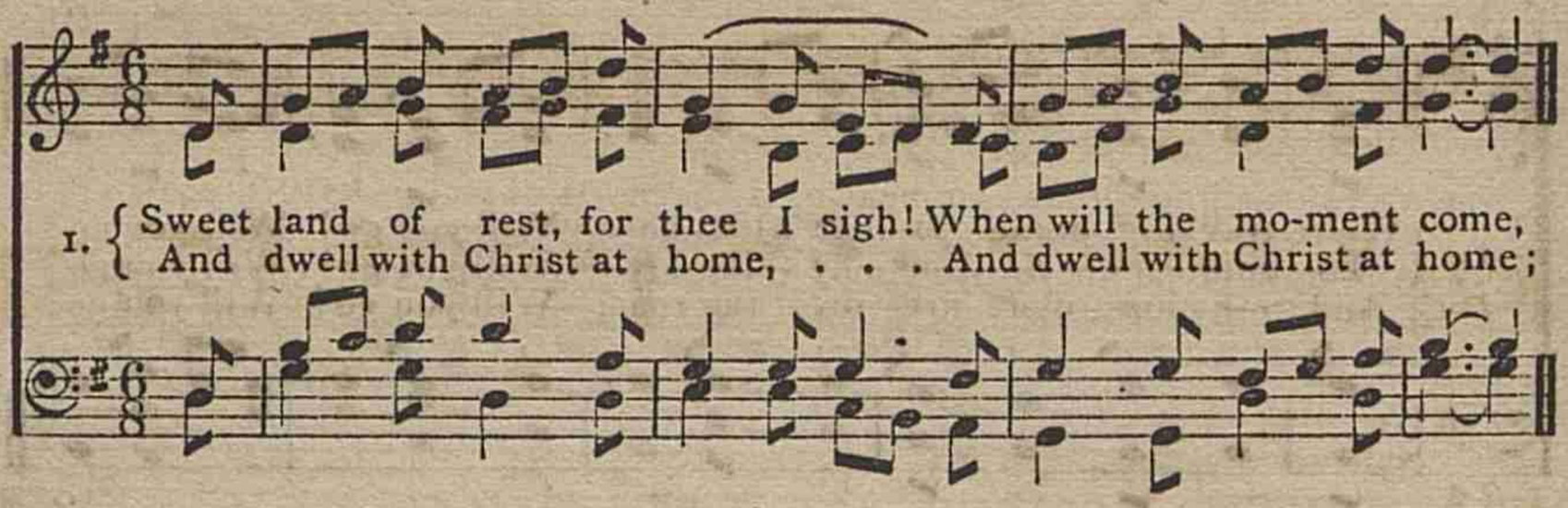




No. 94. *Will you go?*
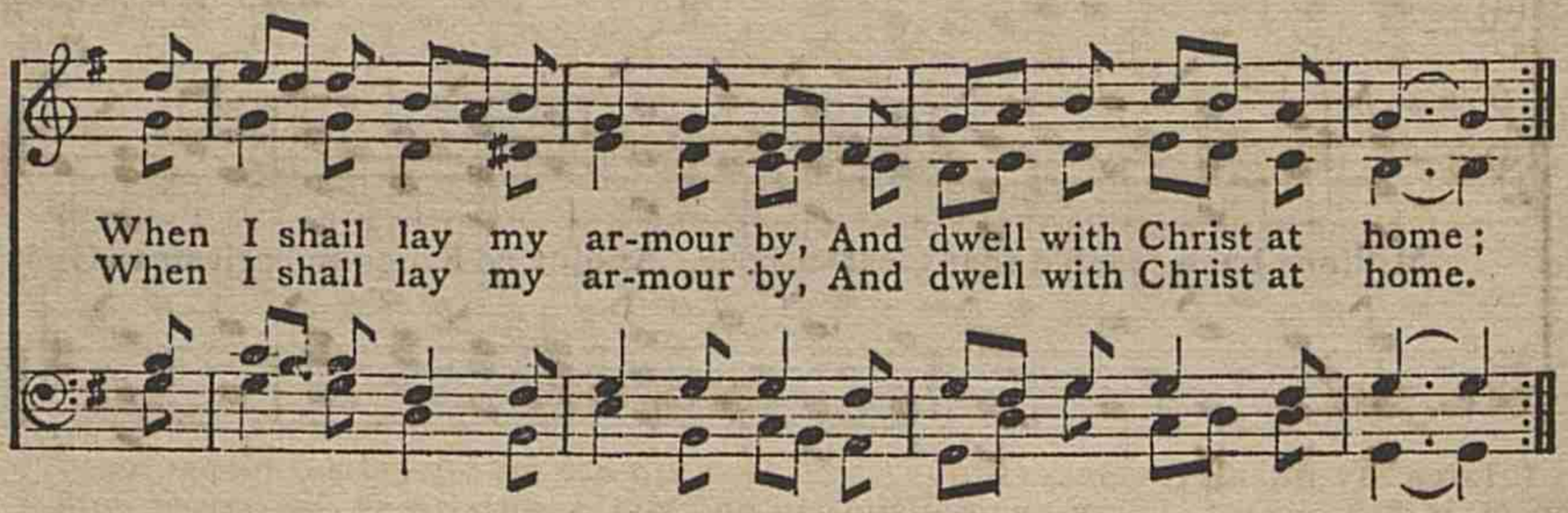
2 We're going to walk the plains of light; Will you go?
Far, far from the curse of death and night; Will you go?
The crown of life we then shall wear,
The conqueror's palm we then shall bear,
And all the joys of heaven we'll share; Will you go?

3 The way to heaven is straight and plain; Will you go?
Repent, believe, be born again; Will you go?
The Saviour cries aloud to thee,
"Take up your Cross and follow Me,
And thou shalt My salvation see." Will you go?

4 Oh, could I hear some sinner say, "I will go;"
Oh, could I hear him humbly pray, "Make me go;"
And all his old companions tell,
"I will not go with you to hell,
I long with Jesus Christ to dwell; Let me go."

SWEET LAND OF REST.





No. 95. *Sweet land of rest.*
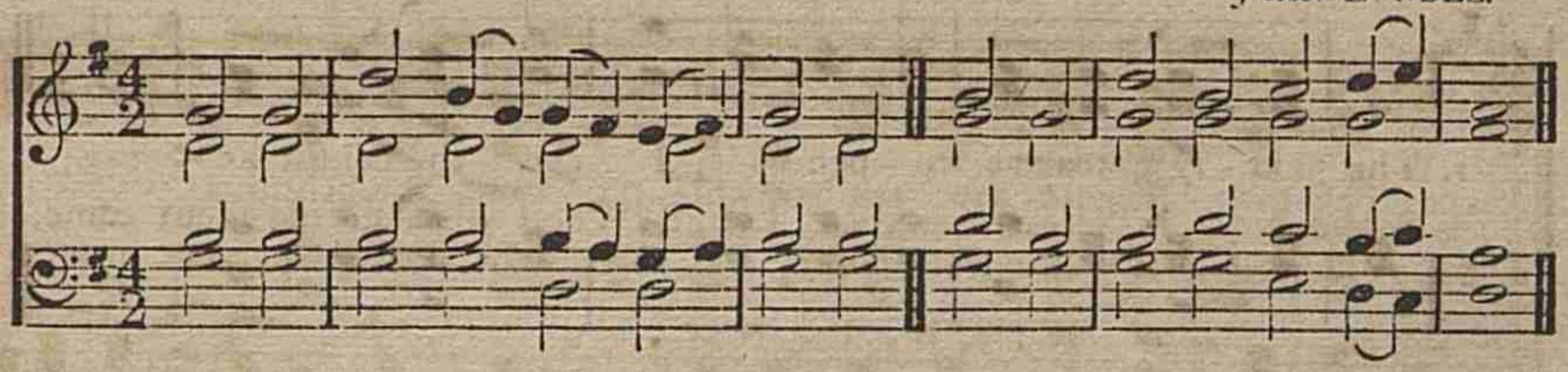
2 No tranquil joys on earth I know,
No peaceful, sheltering dome;
This world's a wilderness of woe,
‖: This world is not my home; :‖
This world's a wilderness of woe,
This world is not my home.
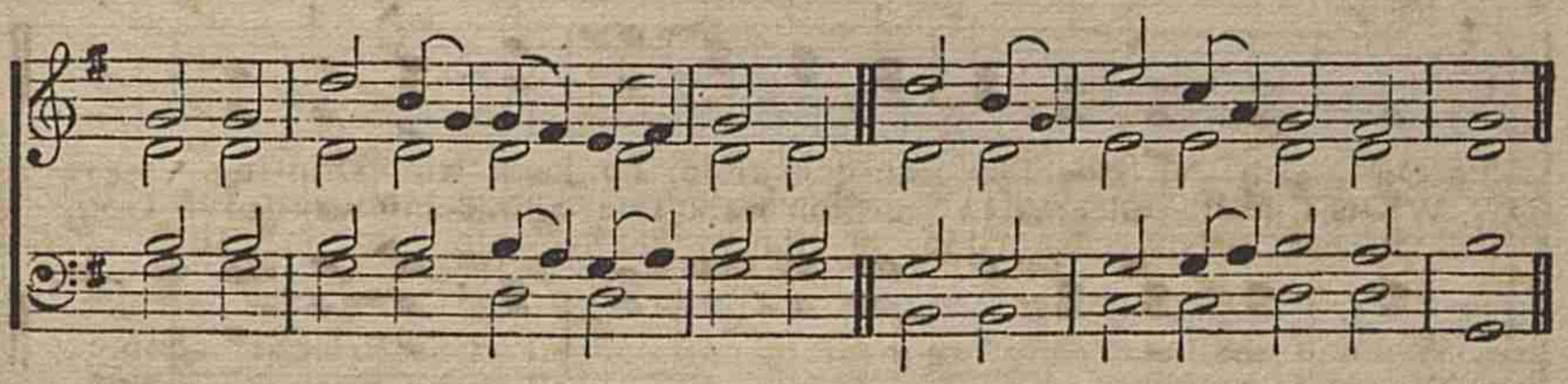
3 To Jesus Christ I sought for rest,
He bade me cease to roam;
But fly for succour to His breast,
‖: And He'd conduct me home; :‖
But fly for succour to His breast,
And He'd conduct me home.

4 Weary of wand'ring round and round
This vale of sin and gloom,
I long to leave th' unhallowed ground,
‖: And dwell with Christ at home; :‖
I long to leave th' unhallowed ground,
And dwell with Christ at home.

LOVE DIVINE.

JOHN ZUNDEL.





No. 96.

1 Love divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven to earth come down,
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling;
All Thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, Thou art all compassion,
Pure unbounded love Thou art;
Visit us with Thy salvation;
Enter every trembling heart.

2 Breathe, oh, breathe Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all Thy grace inherit,
Let us find Thy promised rest;
Take away the love of sinning,
Take our load of guilt away;
End the work of Thy beginning,
Bring us to eternal day.

3 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave;
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
Pray and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love.

No. 97.
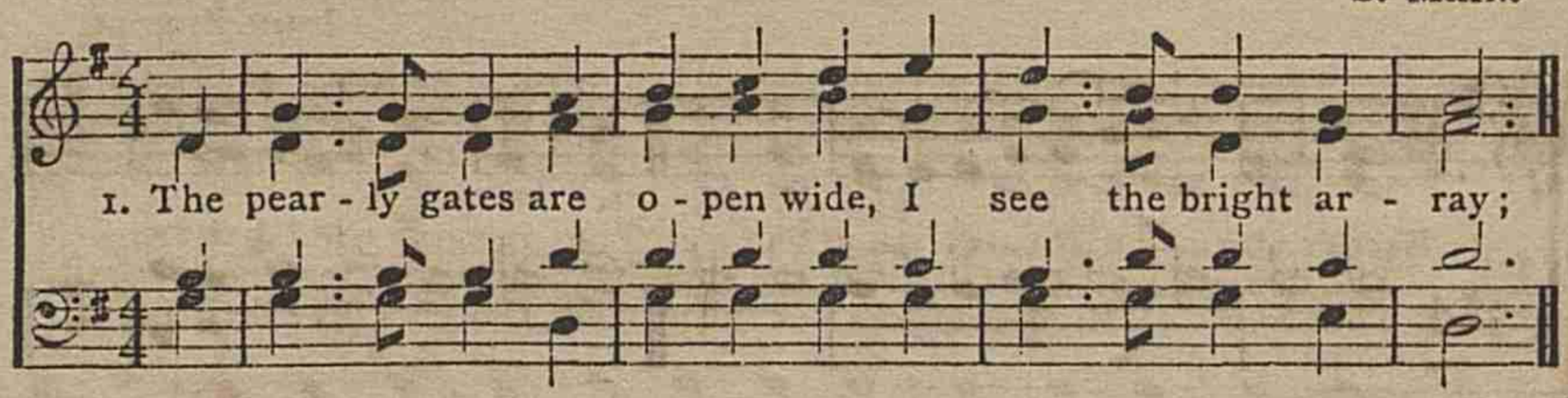
1 Vain are all terrestrial pleasures;
Mix'd with dross the purest gold,
Seek we then for heavenly treasures,—
Treasures never waxing old.
Let our best affections centre
On the things around the throne:
There no thief can ever enter;
Moth and rust are there unknown.

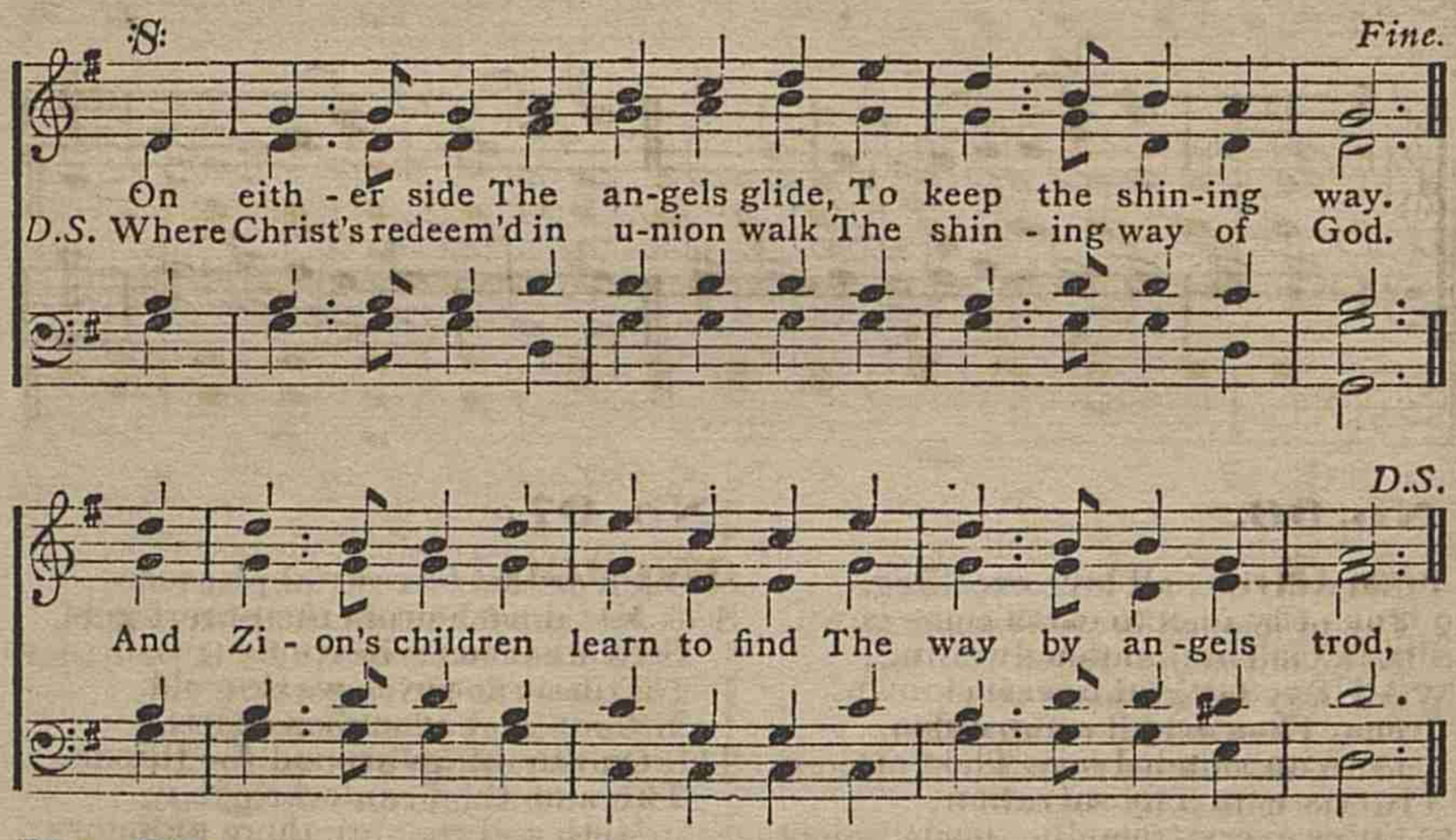
2 Earthly joys no longer please us;
Here would we renounce them all;
Seek our only rest in Jesus,—
Him our Lord and Master call.
Faith, our languid spirits cheering,
Points to brighter worlds above;
Bids us look for His appearing;
Bids us triumph in His love.

3 May our light be always burning,
And our loins be girded round,
Waiting for our Lord's returning,—
Longing for the welcome sound.
Thus the Christian life adorning,
Never need we be afraid,
Should He come at night or morning.
Early dawn or evening shade

THE SHINING WAY.

S. MAIN.





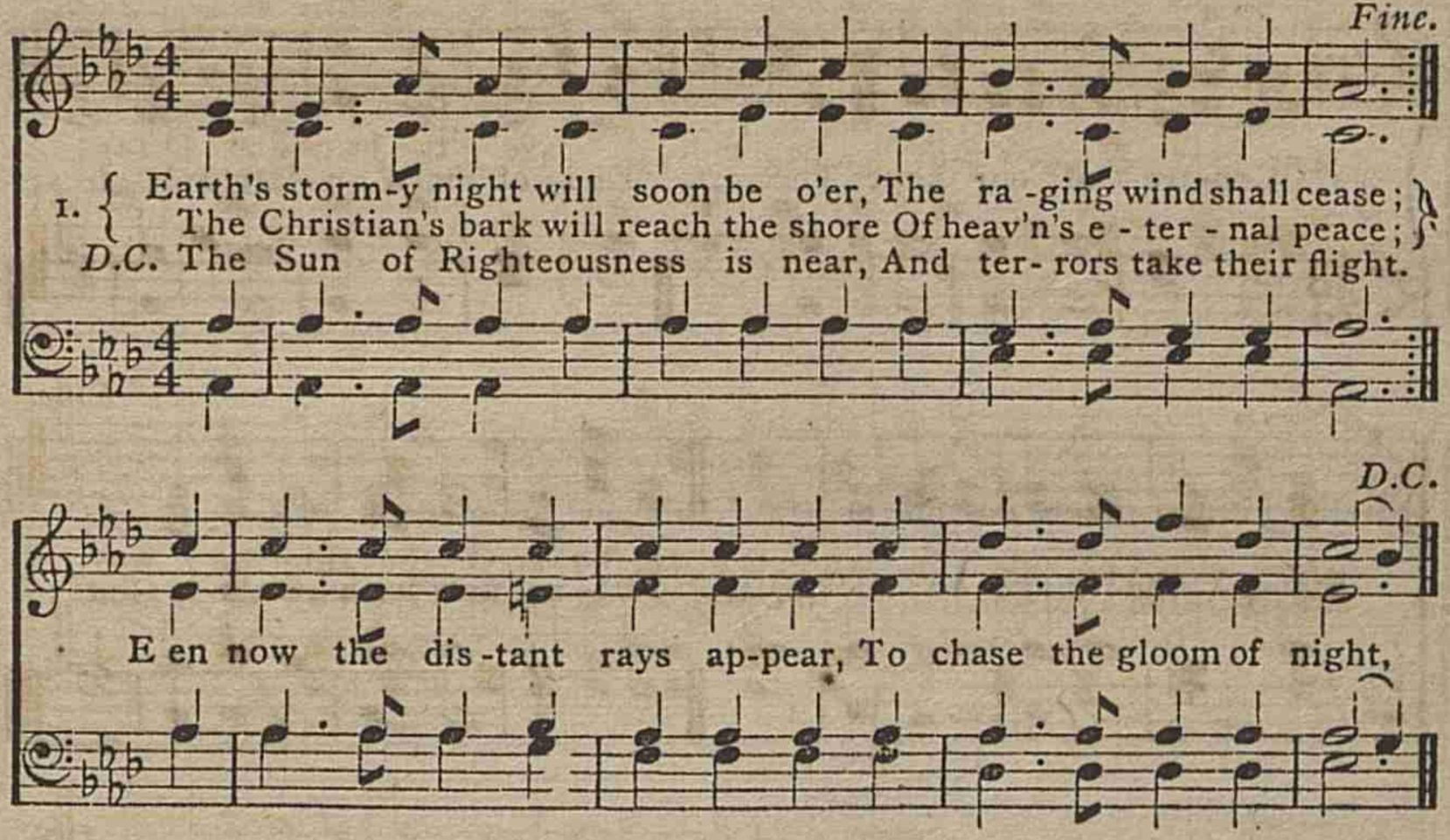
No. 98. *The shining way.*

2 When storms arise, and darkness clouds
The faithful pilgrim's way,
The angels glide on either side,
To drive the clouds away.
And brighter gleams the morning light
Behind the gentle rod;
For Christ's redeemed more clearly see
The shining way of God.

3. And soon they walk the golden streets,—
Not slighted and alone,
On either side the angels glide,
To lead them to the throne:
And there they wear a starry crown,
While mortals tire and plod;
For Christ's redeemed are kings who praise
The shining way of God —*John P. Ellis.*

WILLOW-DALE. C.M. Double.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



No. 99.

2 The precious jewels Jesus sent
To be our solace here,
Were only for a season lent'
They're shining brighter there.
And we shall soon their lovely forms
In glorious robes behold;
Shall sing with them in angels' songs,
With harps of shining gold.

3 Earth's shadowy years will soon be o'er—
Heaven's blissful morn arise,
And sorrow's night will then no more
O'ercloud our weeping eyes.
Then will the Lord of life and love
Unveil His beaming face;
And never from our sight remove
The bright celestial rays.

4 In that blest place no loved ones part;
No mourning there, no sighs;
For God Himself will gently wipe
All sorrow from their eyes.
There everlasting peace and joy,
And transport shall be thine;
Praise shall our utmost power employ
In melody divine.

No. 100.
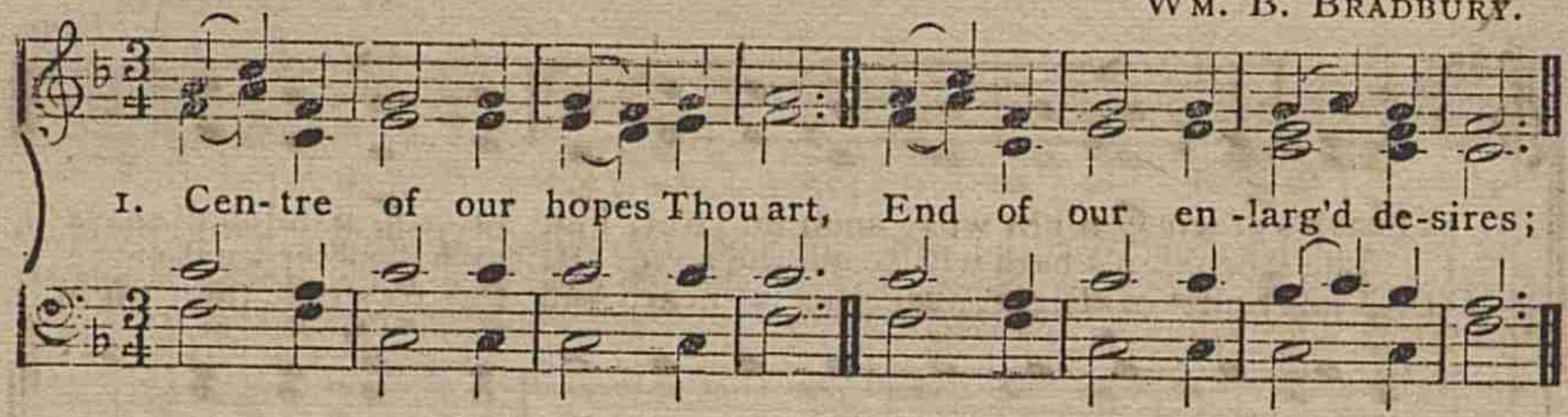
1 Jesus, great Shepherd of the sheep,
To Thee for help we fly:
Thy little flock in safety keep,
For O! the wolf is nigh.
He comes, of hellish malice full,
To scatter, tear, and slay;
He seizes every straggling soul
As his own lawful prey.
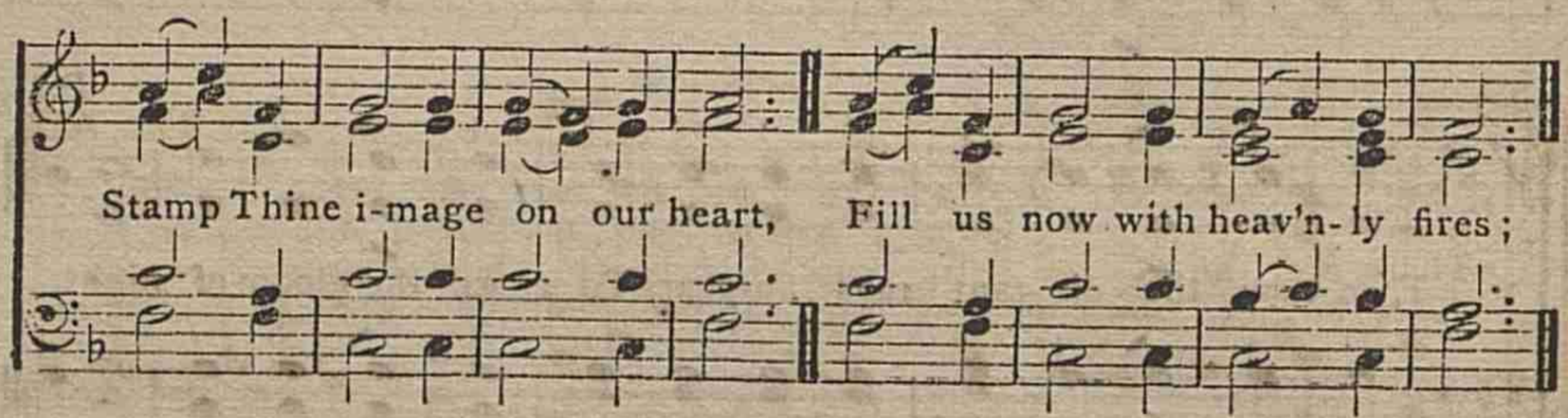
2 Us into Thy protection take,
And gather with Thine arm;
Unless the fold we first forsake,
The wolf can never harm.
We laugh to scorn his cruel power,
While by our Shepherd's side;
The sheep he never can devour,
Unless he first divide.
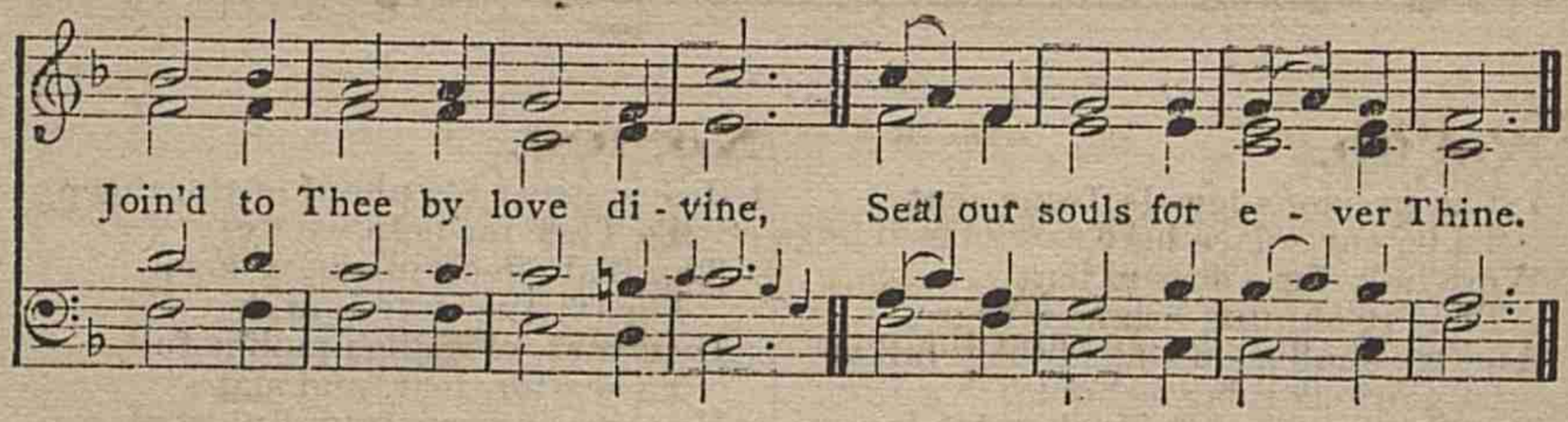
3 O do no not suffer him to part
The souls that here agree;
But make us of one mind and heart,
And keep us one in Thee.
Together let us sweetly live.—
Together let us die;
And each a starry crown receive,
And reign above the sky.

ALETTA. 7s. Six lines.

WM. B. BRADBURY.







No. 101.

2 All our works in Thee be wrought—
Levelled at one common aim:
Every word and every thought
Purge in the refining flame;
Lead us through the paths of peace,
On to perfect holiness.

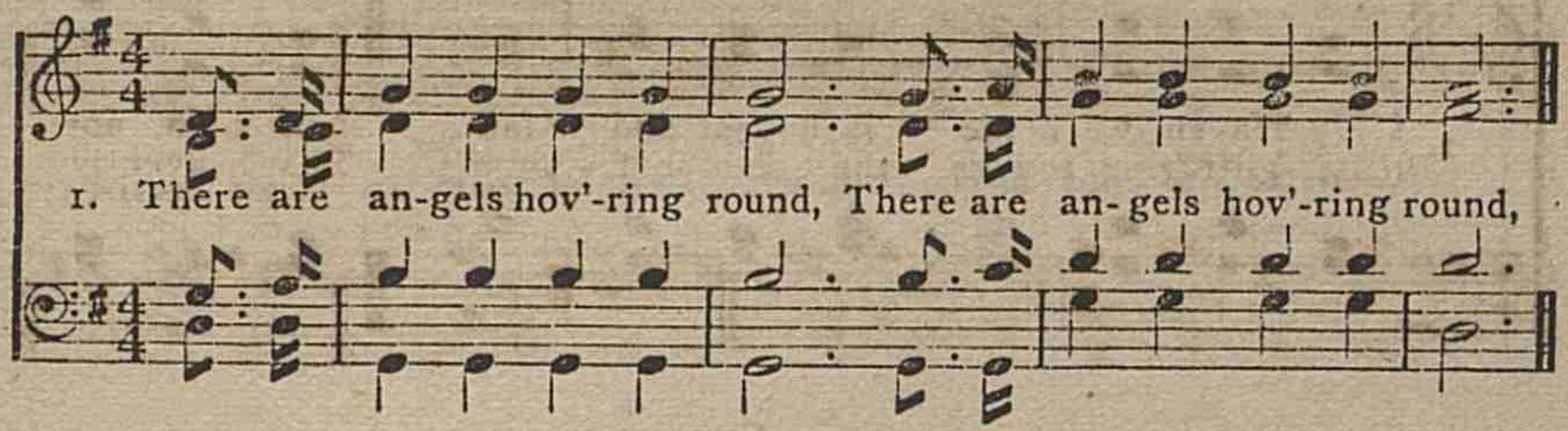
3 Let us altogether rise,
To Thy glorious life restored:
Here again our paradise,
Here prepare to meet our Lord;
Here enjoy the earnest given;
Travel hand in hand to heaven.
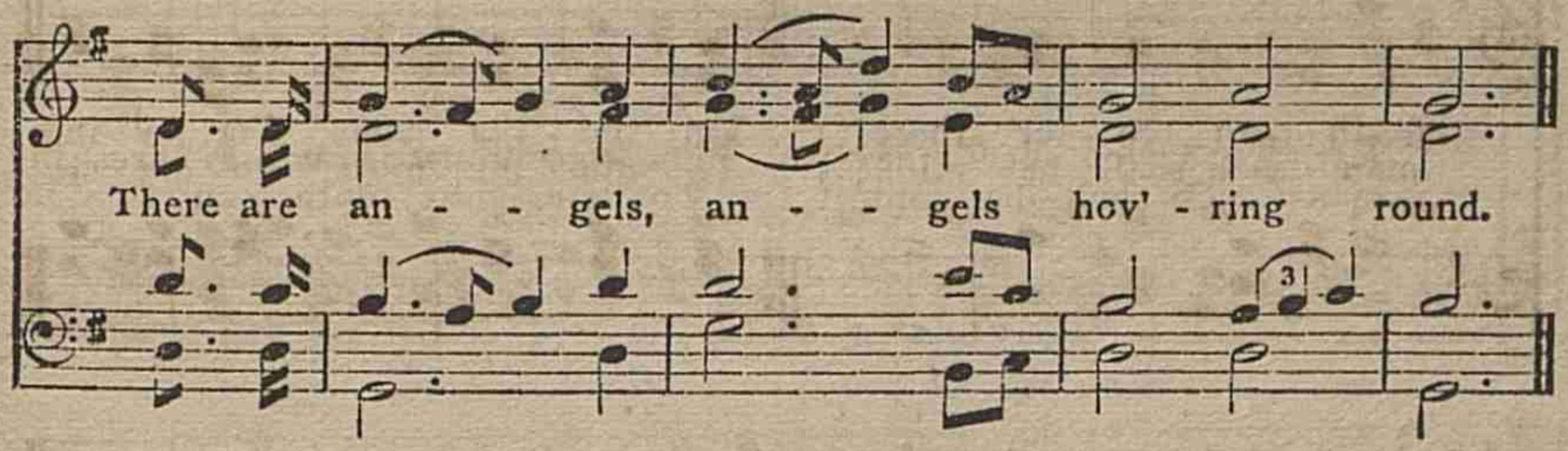
No. 102.

1 Weary souls, that wander wide
From the central point of bliss;
Turn to Jesus crucified;
Fly to those dear wounds of His:
Sink into the purple flood;
Ere into the life of God.

2 Find in Christ the way of peace,
Peace unspeakable, unknown;
By His pain He gives you ease,
Life by His expiring groan:
Rise exalted by His fall;
Find in Christ your all in all.

ANGELS HOVERING ROUND.





No. 103. *Angels hovering round.*

2 To carry the tidings home,
To carry the tidings home,
To carry the tidings, the tidings home.
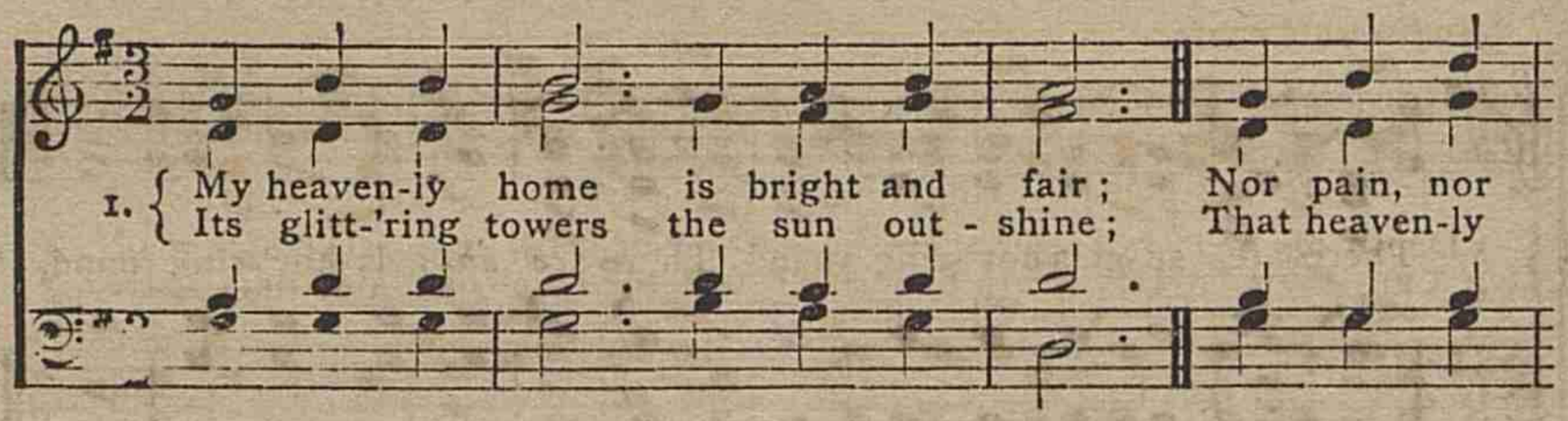
3 To the new Jerusalem,
To the new Jerusalem,
To the new, the new Jerusalem.
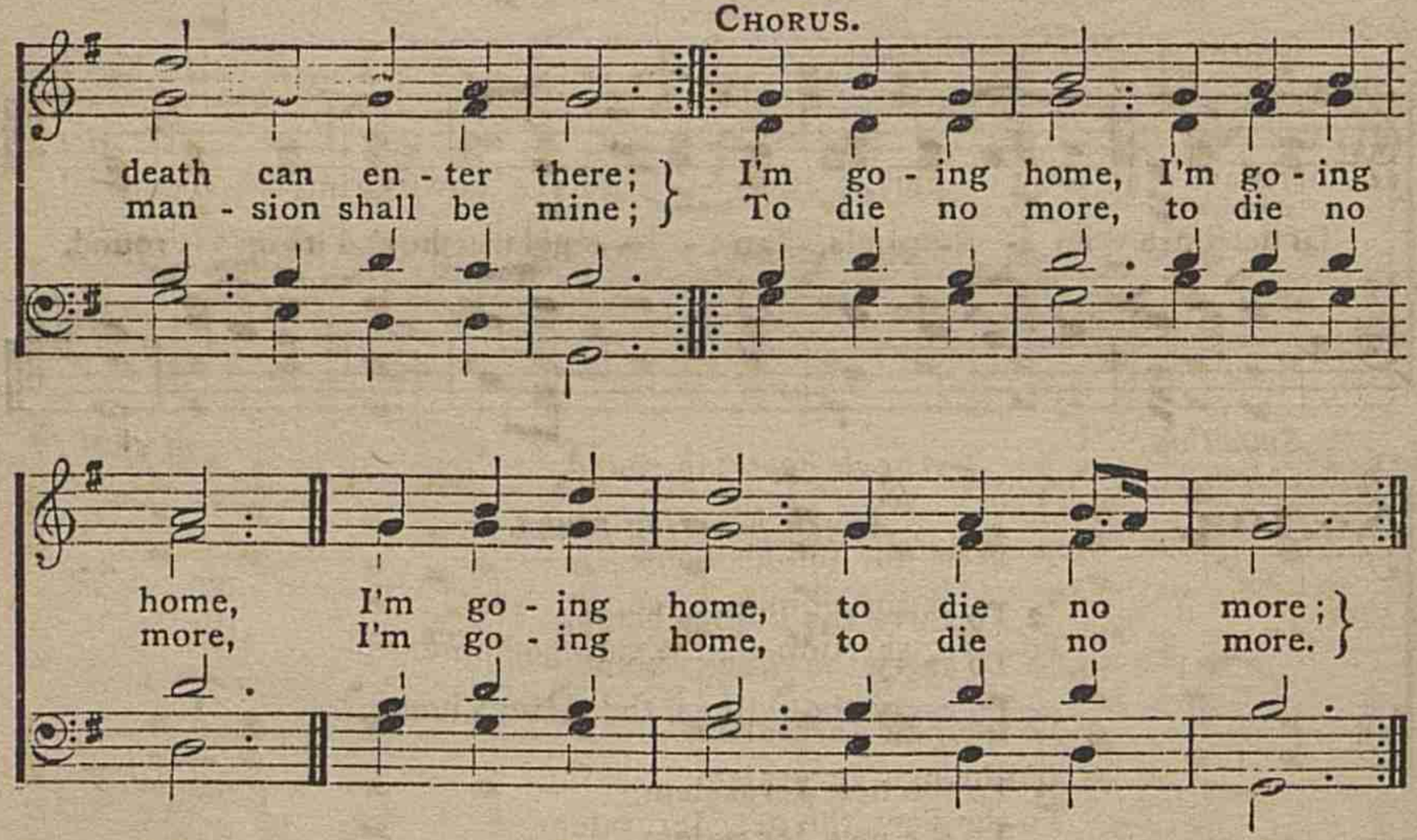
4 Poor sinners are coming home,
Poor sinners are coming home,
Poor sinners, sinners are coming home.

5 And Jesus bids them come,
And Jesus bids them come,
And Jesus, Jesus bids them come.

6 There's glory all around,
There's glory all around,
There's glory, glory all around.

GOING HOME. L.M.





No. 104. *The heavenly home.*
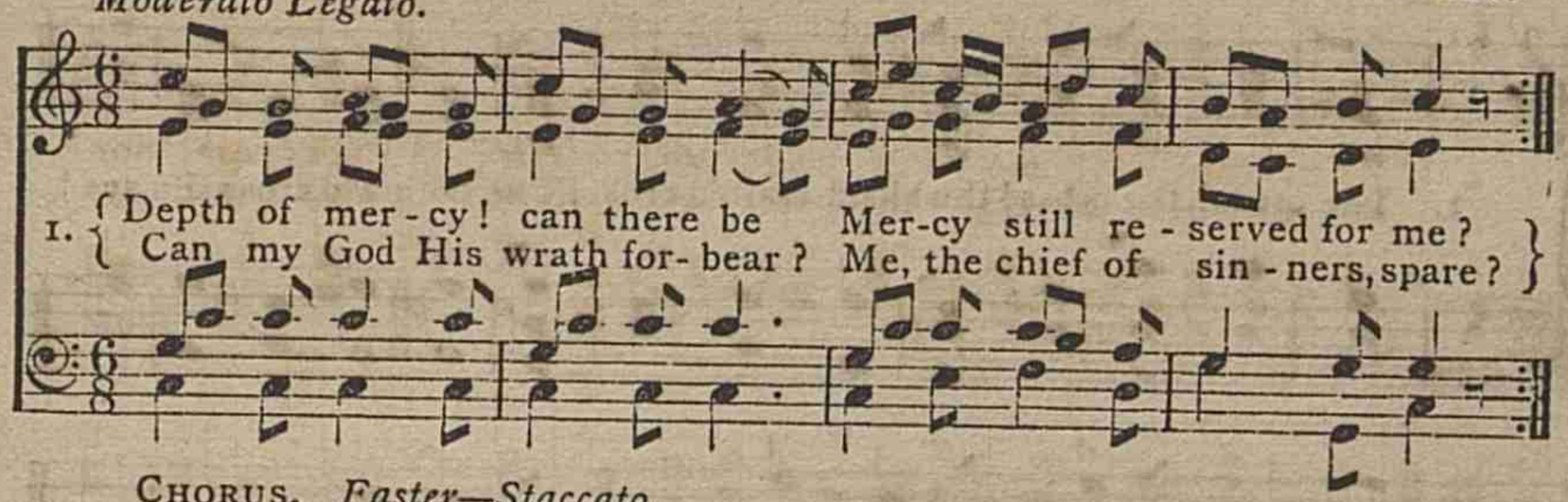
Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky:
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be
I'm going home, &c.

3 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow
Be mine a happier lot to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.
I'm going home, &c.
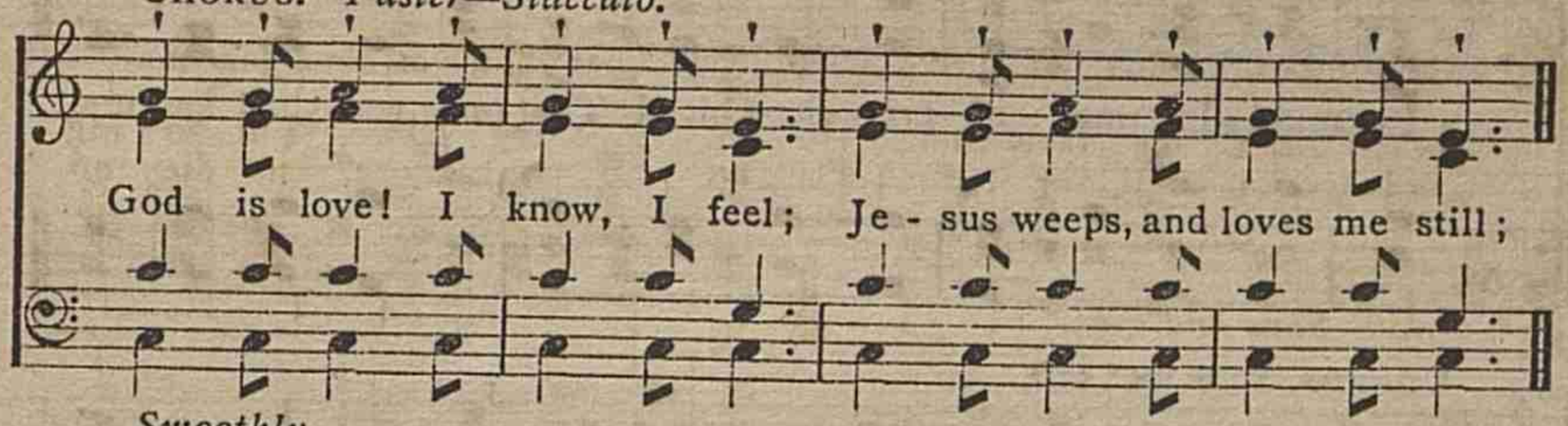
GOD IS LOVE.

W. H. ROBERTS.
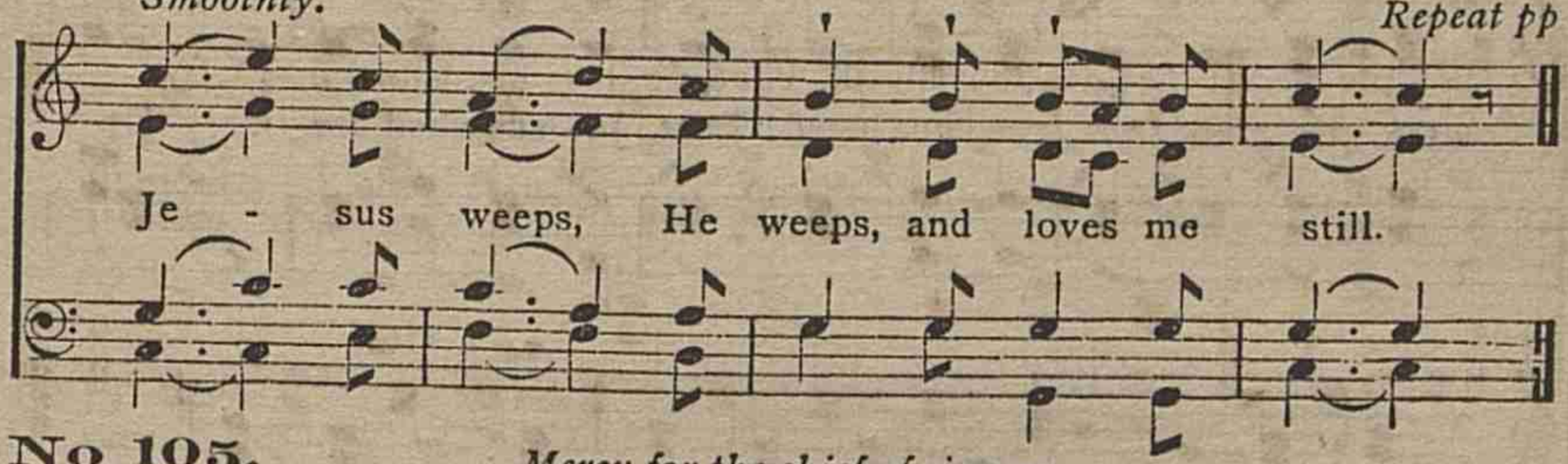
Moderato Legato.



CHORUS. *Faster—Staccato.*



Smoothly. *Repeat pp*



No. 105. *Mercy for the chief of sinners.*

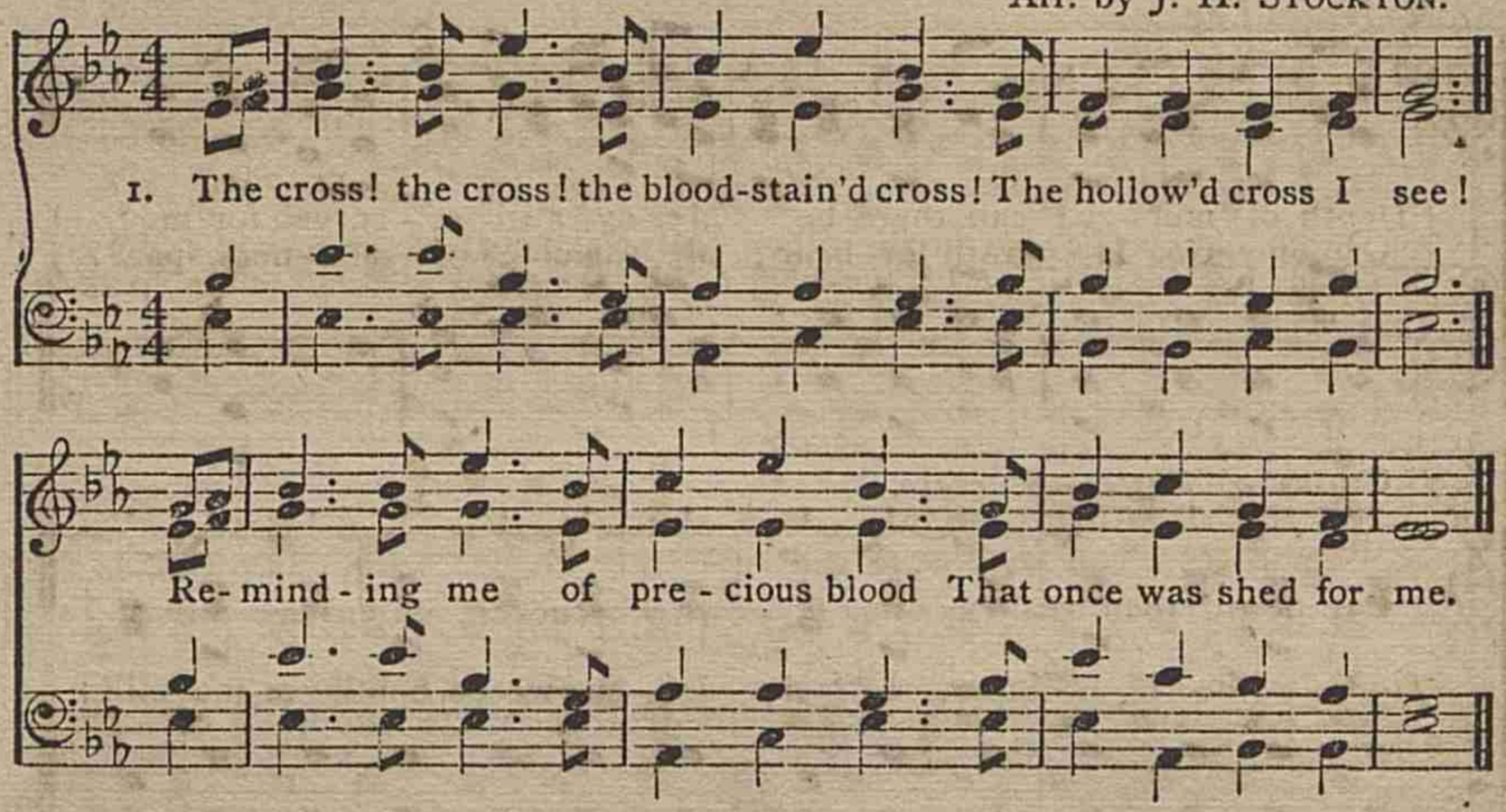
2 I have long withstood His grace
Long provoked Him to His face:
Would not hearken to His calls;
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.
God is love, &c.

3 Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my sins lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.
God is love, &c.

4 There for me the Saviour stands;
Shows His wounds, and spreads His hands;
God is love! I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.
God is love, &c.—*C. Wesley.*

OH, THE BLOOD! THE PRECIOUS BLOOD

Arr. by J. H. STOCKTON.



No. 106. *"He was wounded for our transgression."*
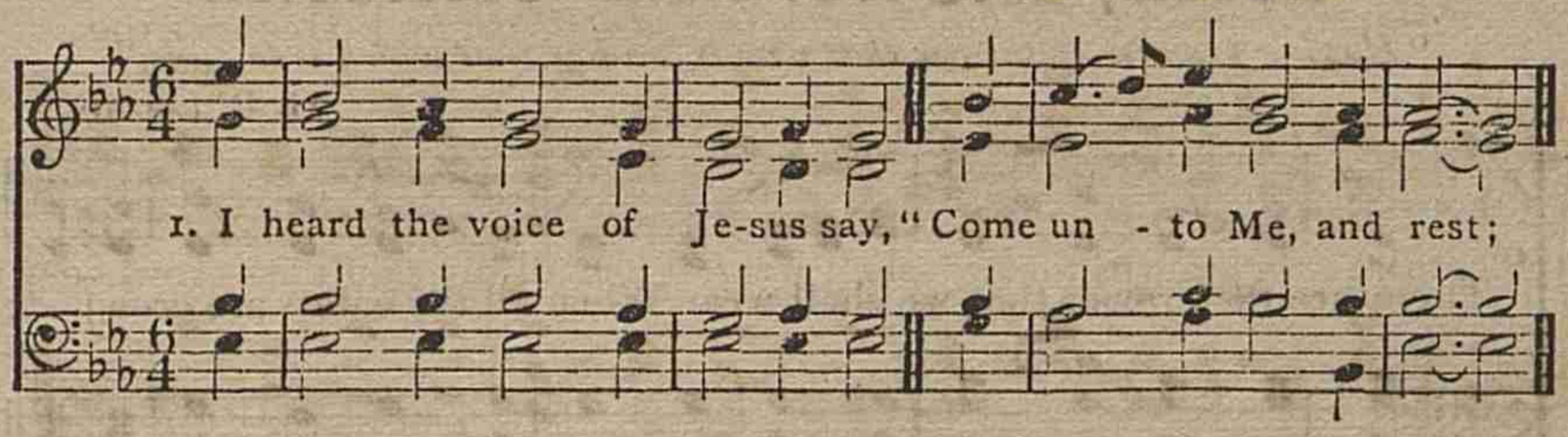
2 The cross! the cross! the heavy cross,
My Saviour bore for me,
Which bowed Him to the earth with grief,
On sad Mount Calvary.

3 How light! how light! this precious cross,
Presented to my view;
And while, with care, I take it up,
Behold the crown my due.

4 The crown! the crown! the glorious crown!
The crown of victory!
The crown of life! it shall be mine
When I shall Jesus see.

5 My tears, unbidden, seem to flow
For love, unbounded love,
Which guides me through this world of woe,
And points to joys above.

COME UNTO ME AND REST.



No. 107. *"And ye shall find rest unto your souls."*

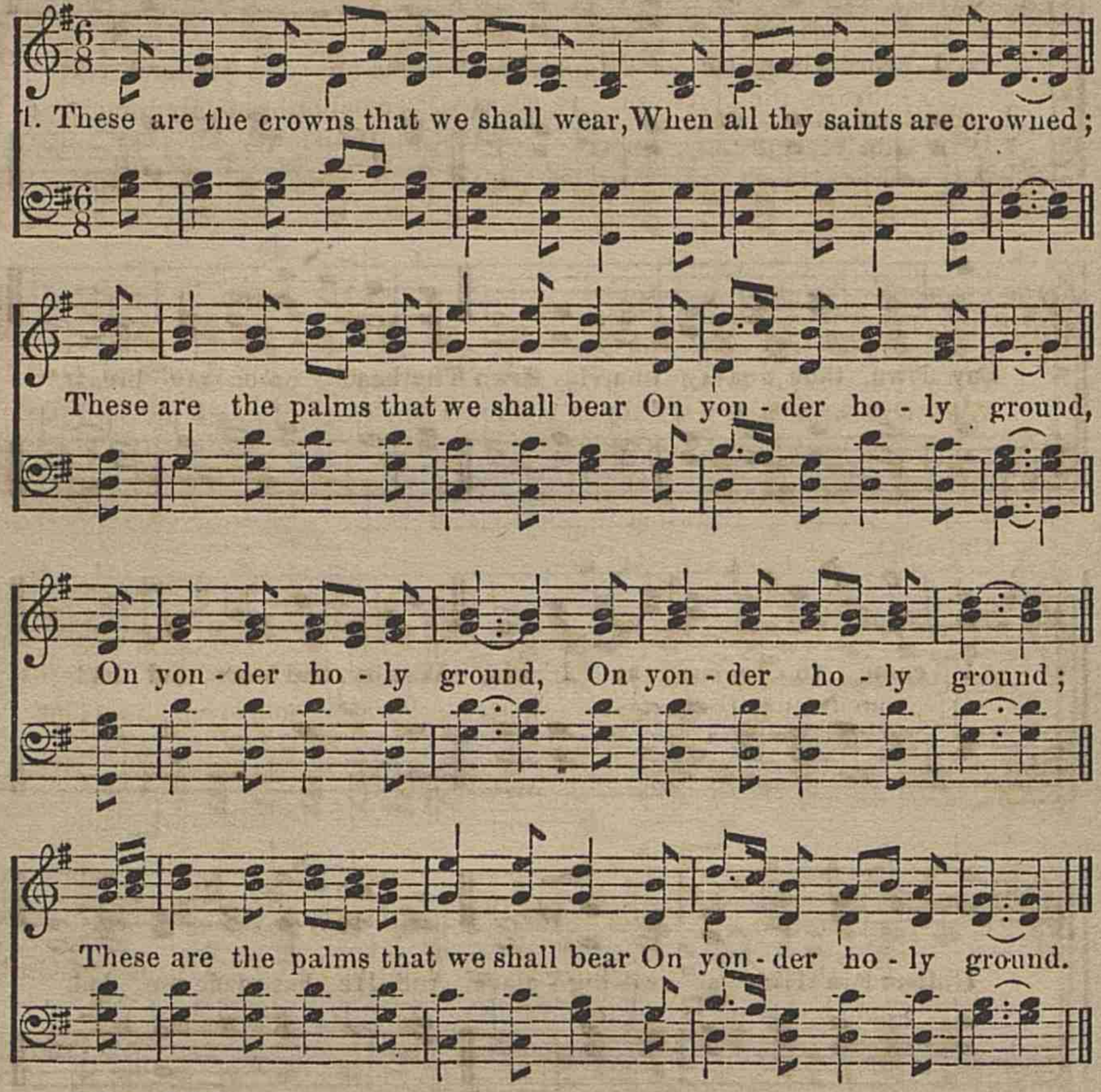
2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water, thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live."
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream; [vived,
My thirst was quenched, my soul re-
And now I live in Him.

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 all my journey's done.

COME, CROWN AND THRONE.

"Having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."

G. B. LOOMIS.



No. 108.

2 These are the robes, unsoiled and white,
Which we shall then put on,
When foremost 'mong the sons of light,
We sit on yonder throne.

3 That is the city of the saints,
Where we so soon shall stand,
When we shall strike these desert-tents,
And quit this desert-land.

4 Then welcome toil, and care, and pain!
And welcome sorrow, too!
All toil is rest, all grief is gain,
With such a prize in view.

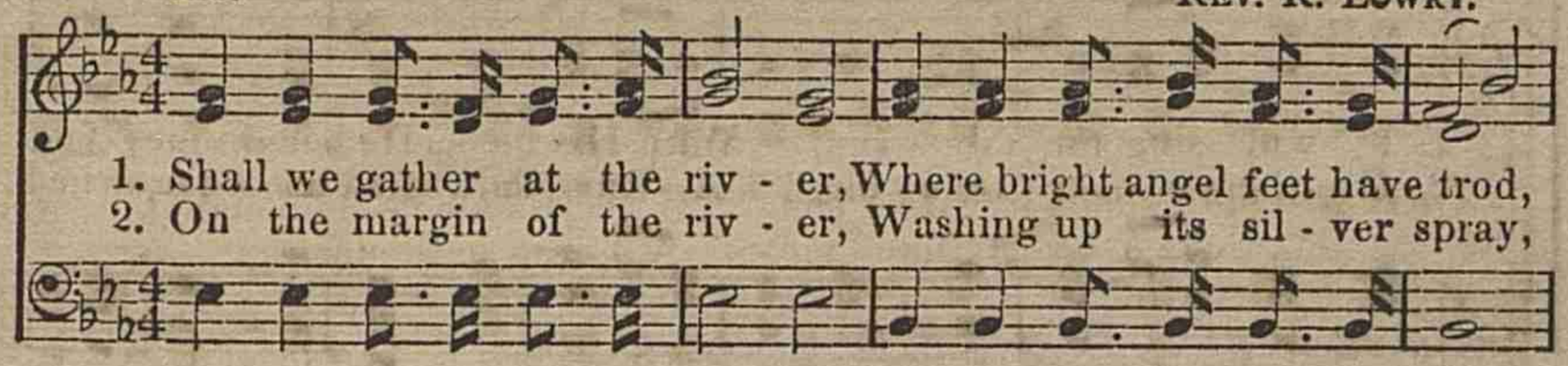
5 Come, crown and throne; come robe, and palm;
Burst forth, glad stream of peace!
Come, holy city of the Lamb!
Rise, Sun of Righteousness!
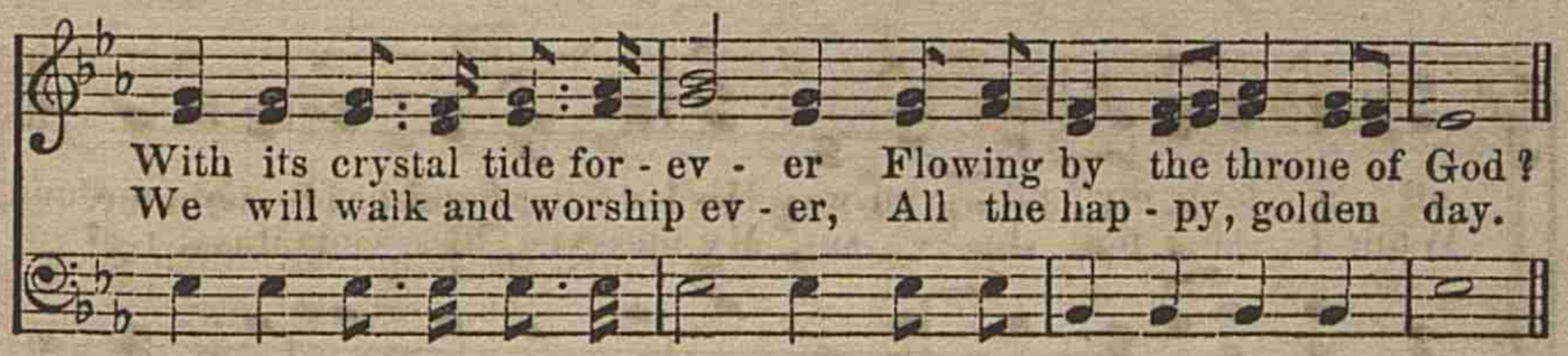
BONAR.

SHALL WE GATHER AT THE RIVER?
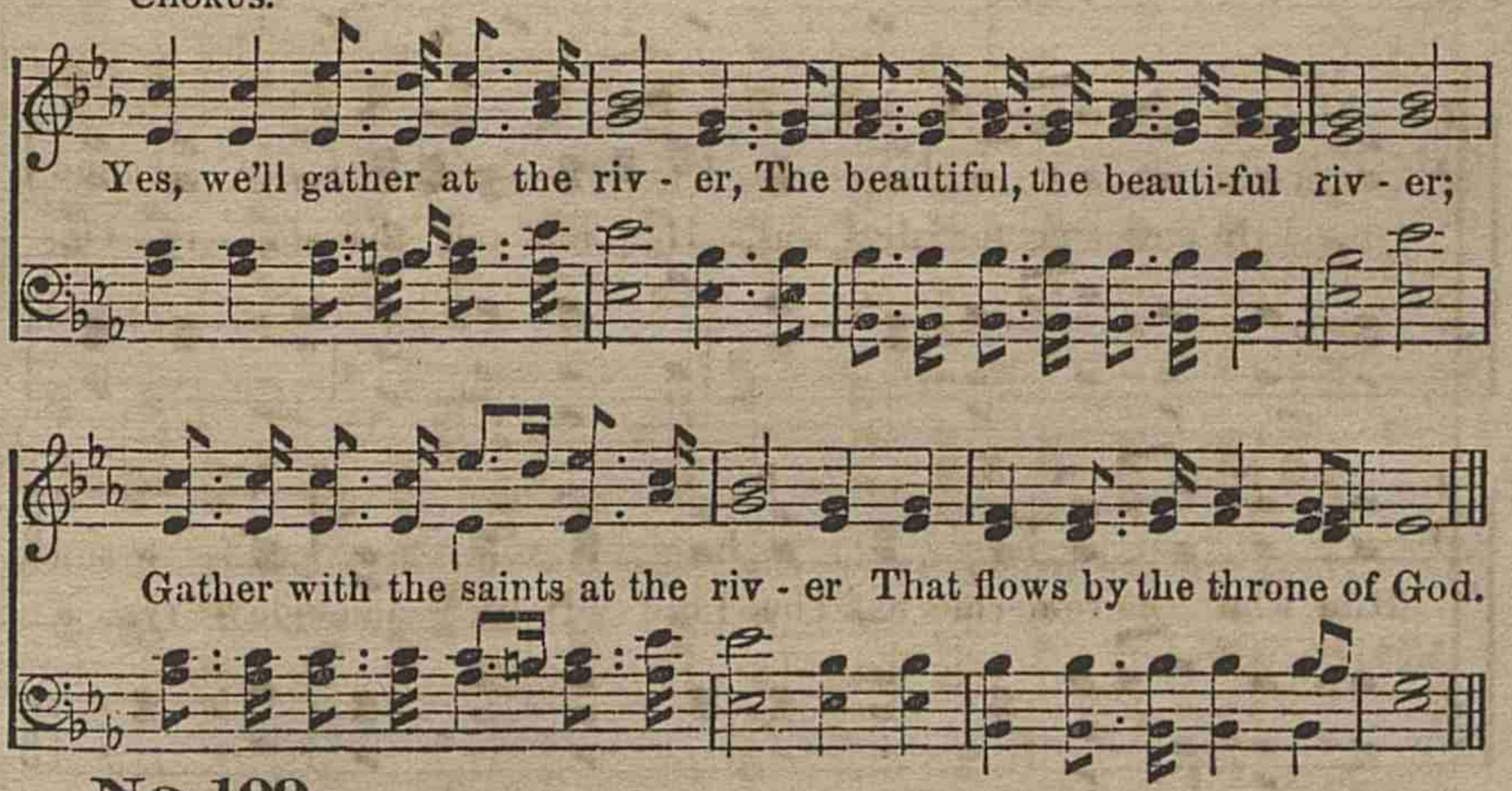
"I will gather you from all nations."

TRIO. REV. R. LOWRY.





CHORUS.



No. 109.

3 Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.
Yes, we'll gather, &c.
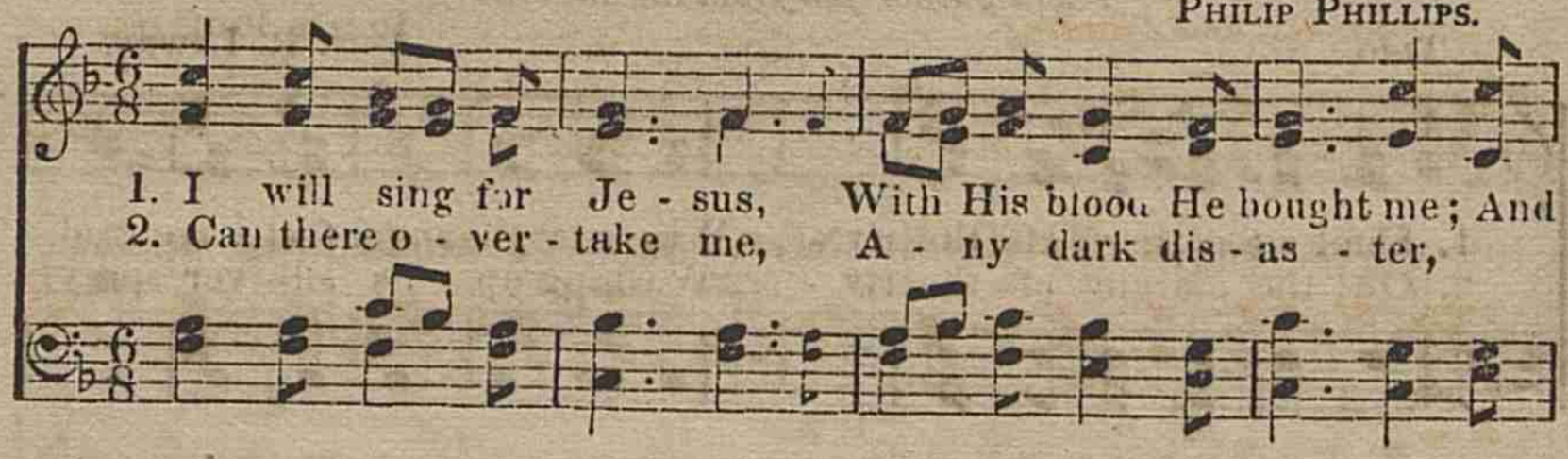
4 Soon we'll reach the silver river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.
Yes, we'll gather, &c.

From "Happy Voices."

I WILL SING FOR JESUS.

"Singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.



No. 110.

3 I will sing for Jesus!
His name alone prevailing,
Shall be my sweetest music,
When heart and flesh are failing.
Oh, help me sing, &c.
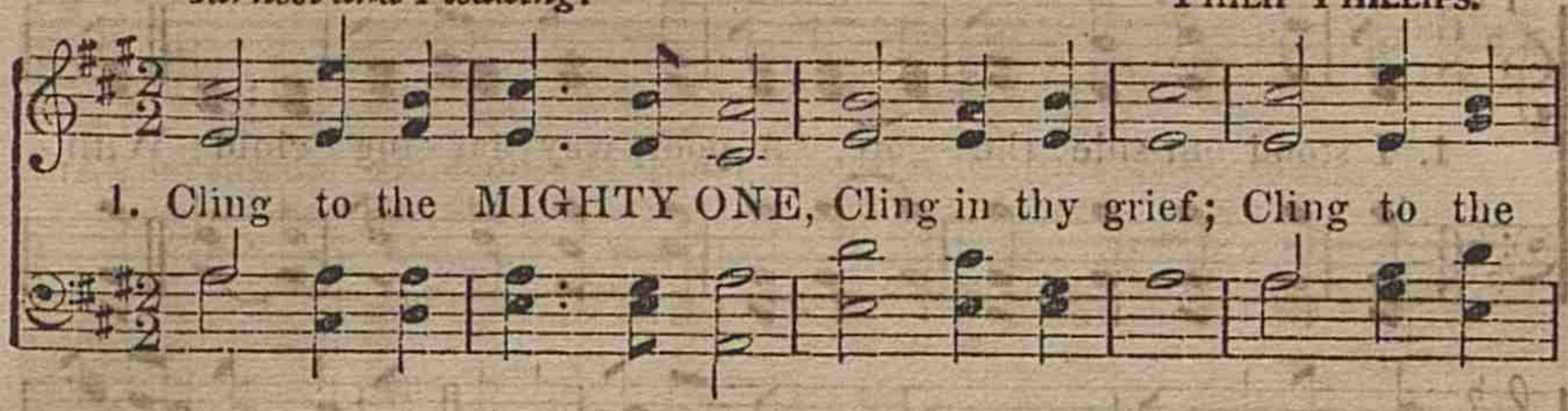
4 Still I'll sing for Jesus!
Oh, how will I adore Him,
Among the cloud of witnesses,
Who cast their crowns before Him.
Oh, help me sing, &c.

From "The Singing Pilgrim." MRS. ELLEN H. GATES.

CLING TO THE MIGHTY ONE.

"But cleave unto the Lord your God."

Earnest and Pleading. PHILIP PHILLIPS.



No. 111.

2 Cling to the LOVING ONE, Cling in thy woe;
Cling to the LIVING ONE, Through all below;
Cling to the PARDONING ONE, He speaketh peace;
Cling to the HEALING ONE, Anguish shall cease.

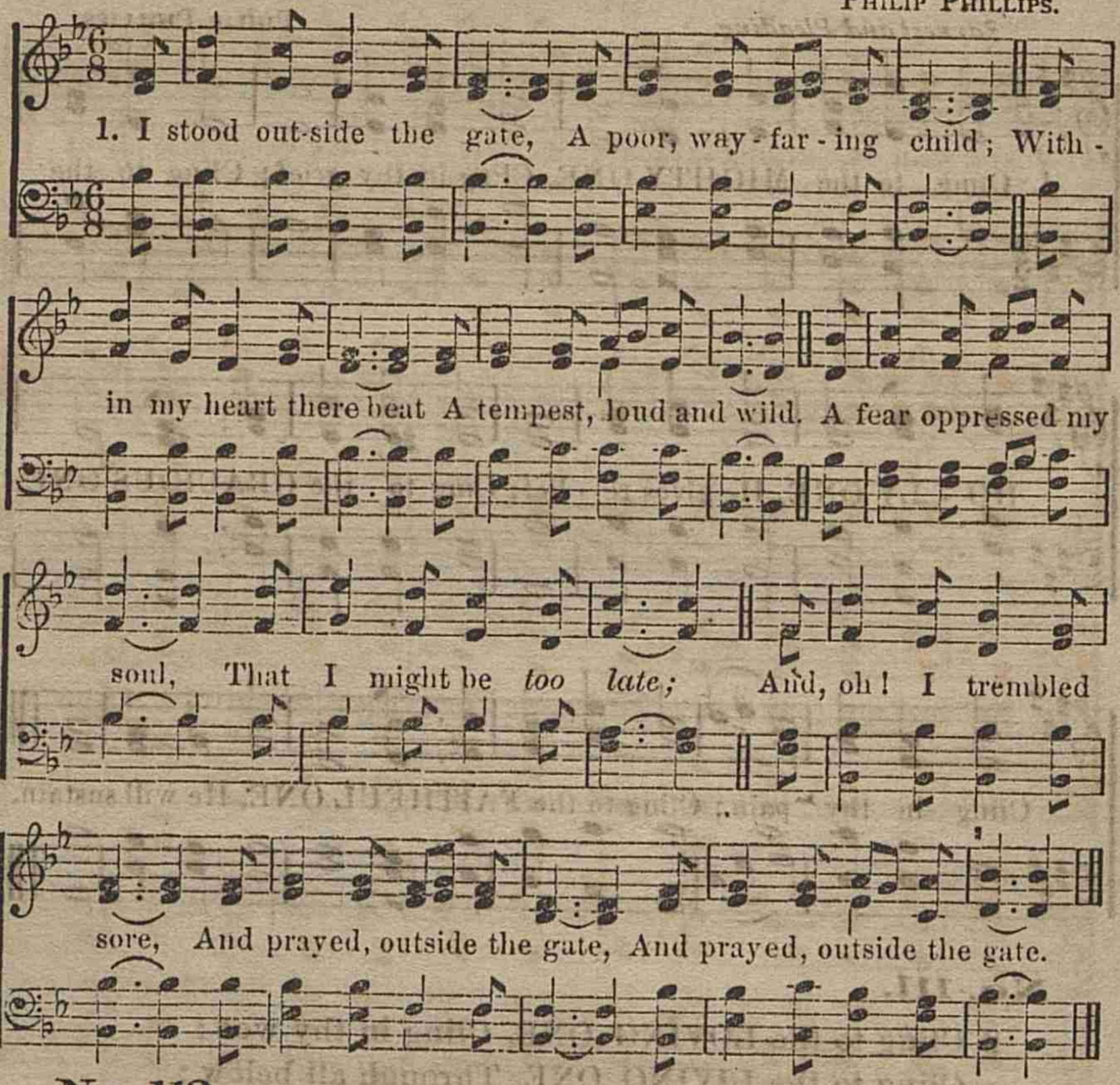
3 Cling to the BLEEDING ONE, Cling to His side;
Cling to the RISEN ONE, In Him abide;
Cling to the COMING ONE, Hope shall arise;
Cling to the REIGNING ONE, Joy lights thine eyes.

From "The Singing Pilgrim."

OUTSIDE THE GATE.

"Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast ont."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.



No. 112.
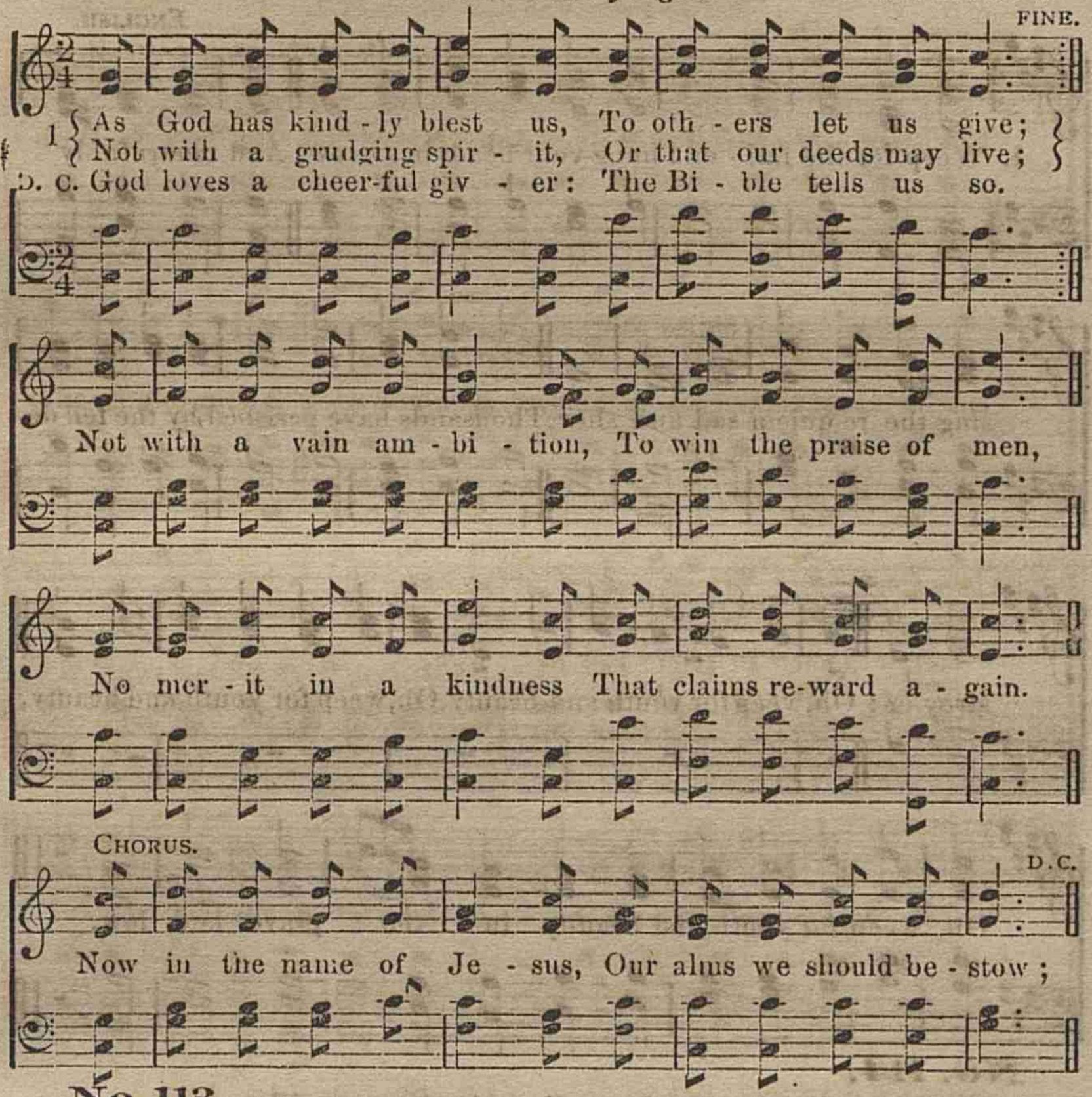
2 "Mercy!" I loudly cried;
"Oh, give me rest from sin!"
"I will," a voice replied;
And Mercy let me in.
She bound my bleeding wounds,
And carried all my sin;
She eased my burdened soul,
And then she took me in.

3 In Mercy's guise, I knew
The Saviour long abused;
Who often sought my heart,
And wept when I refused.
Oh! what a blest return
For ignorance and sin!
I stood outside the gate,
And Jesus let me in!

From "Musical Leaves." JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

'TIS BLESSED TO GIVE.

"God loveth the cheerful giver." PHILIP PHILLIPS.



No. 113.

2 Now in the world before us
A glorious field we see;
And in our Master's vineyard
How active we should be.
The Sabbath schools around us,
For help they loudly call;
Home missions, too, remember,
And freely give to all. *Cho.*

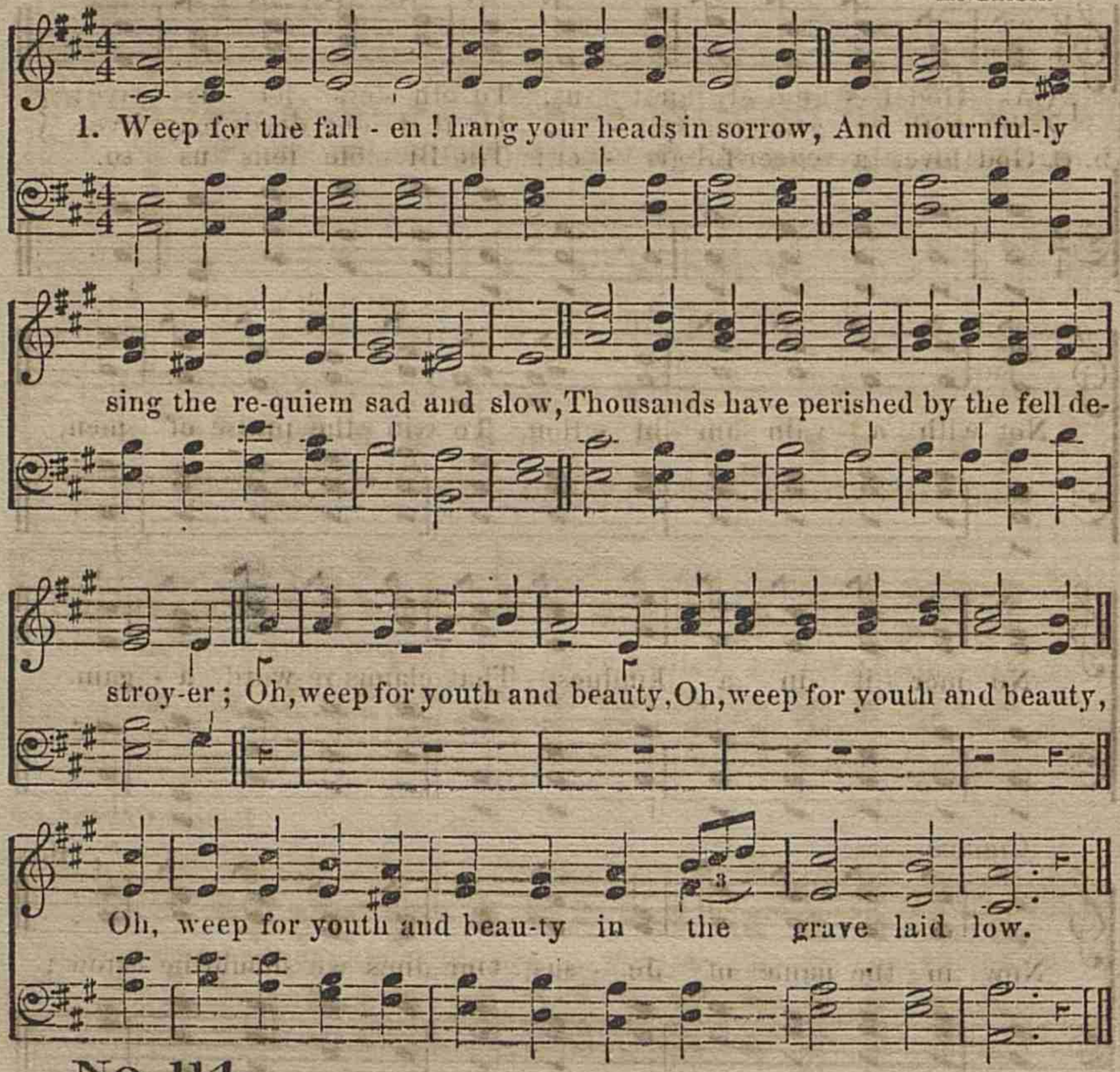
3 The cause of foreign missions
Our zealous care demands;
We'll send the blessed Bible
To distant heathen lands,
That they may hear of Jesus,
Whom we so dearly love;
May leave their senseless idols,
And worship God above. *Cho.*

From the "New Standard Singer."

WEEP FOR THE FALLEN.

"Meekness, temperance—against such there is no law."

ENGLISH.



No. 114.

2 Voices of wailing tell our hopless anguish,
While sorrowing mothers bid us onward go:
Hark! to their accents, theirs the broken-hearted
Who weep for youth and beauty in the grave laid low!

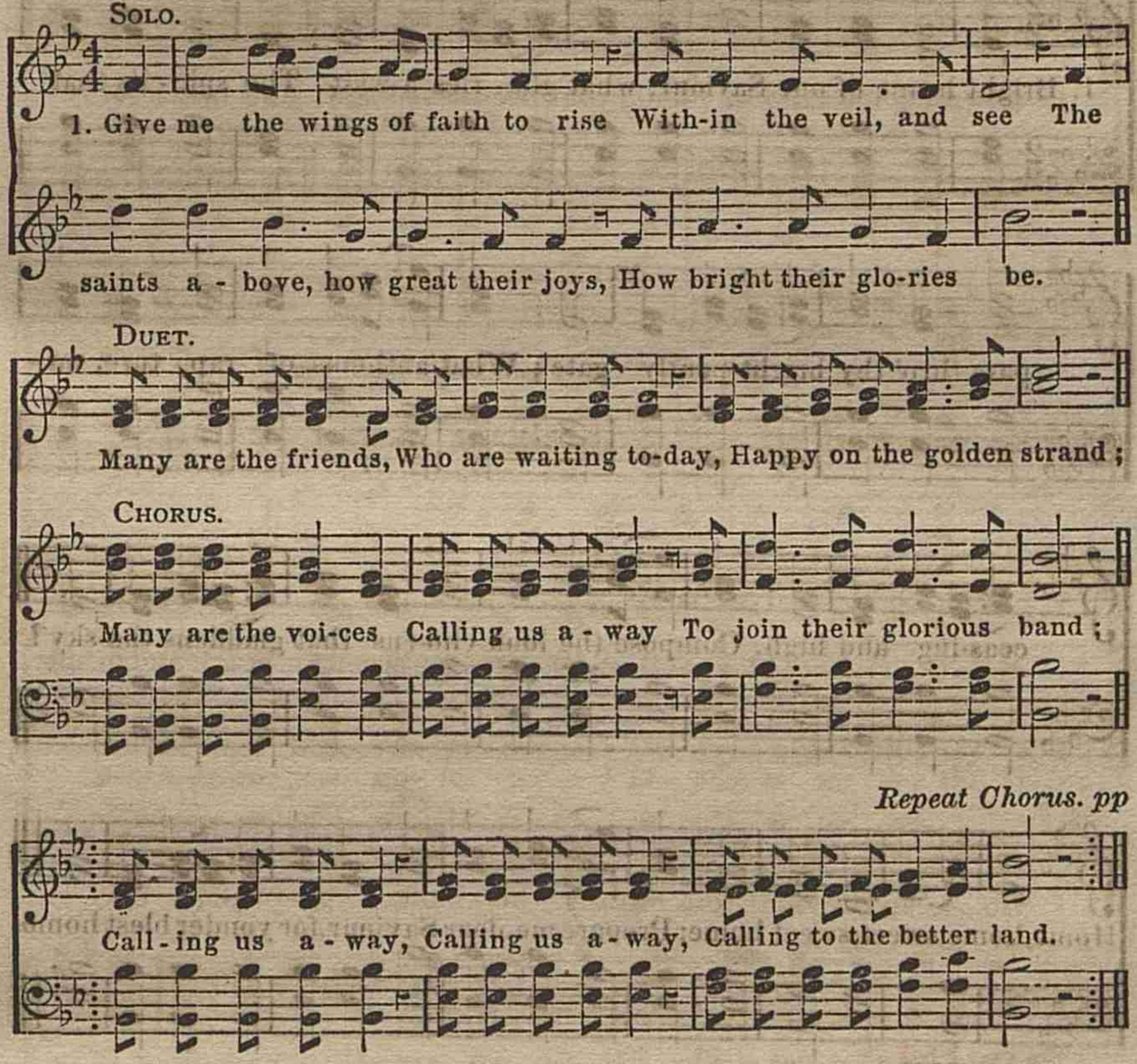
3 Weep for the fallen; but amid your sorrow
Still point to the pledge that freedom can bestow,
Rescue the nation from the fell destroyer,
For why should youth and beauty in the grave lie low!

From "Temperance Chimes."

CALLING US AWAY.

"Here we have no continuing city."

WALTER KITTRIDGE.



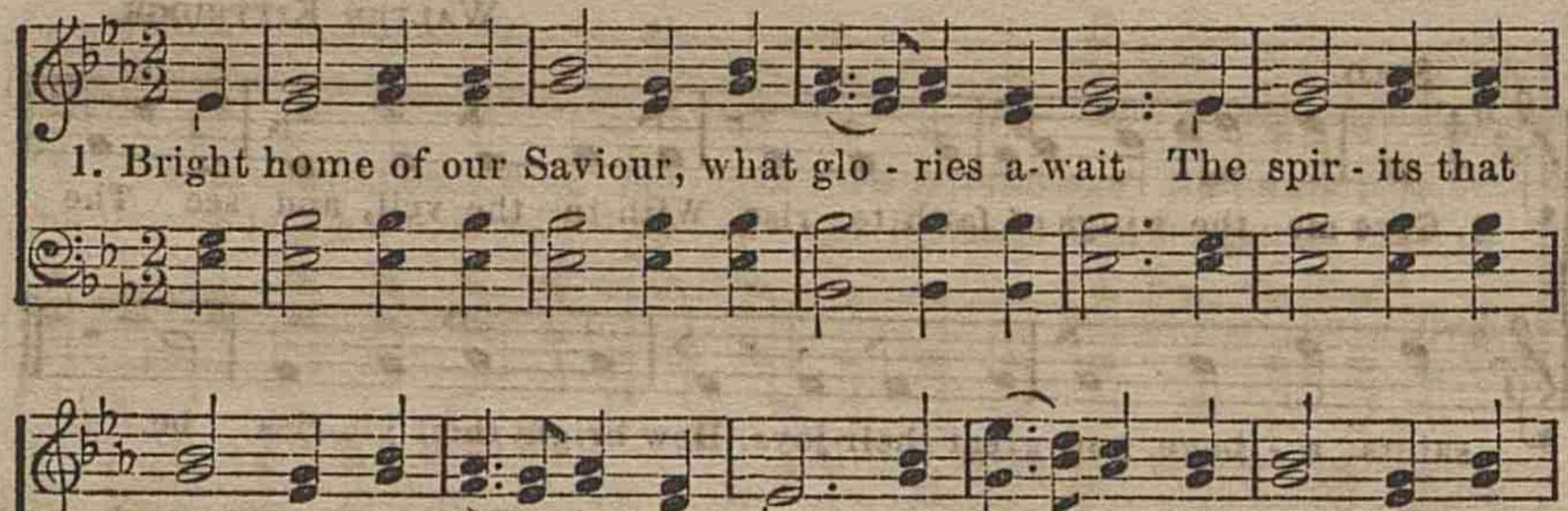
No. 115.

2 Once they were mourners here below,
And pour'd out cries and tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears. *Cho.*

3 I ask them whence their vict'ry came:
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,—
Their triumph to His death. *Cho.*

BRIGHT HOME.*

"In my Father's house are many mansions." PAYNE.



No. 116.

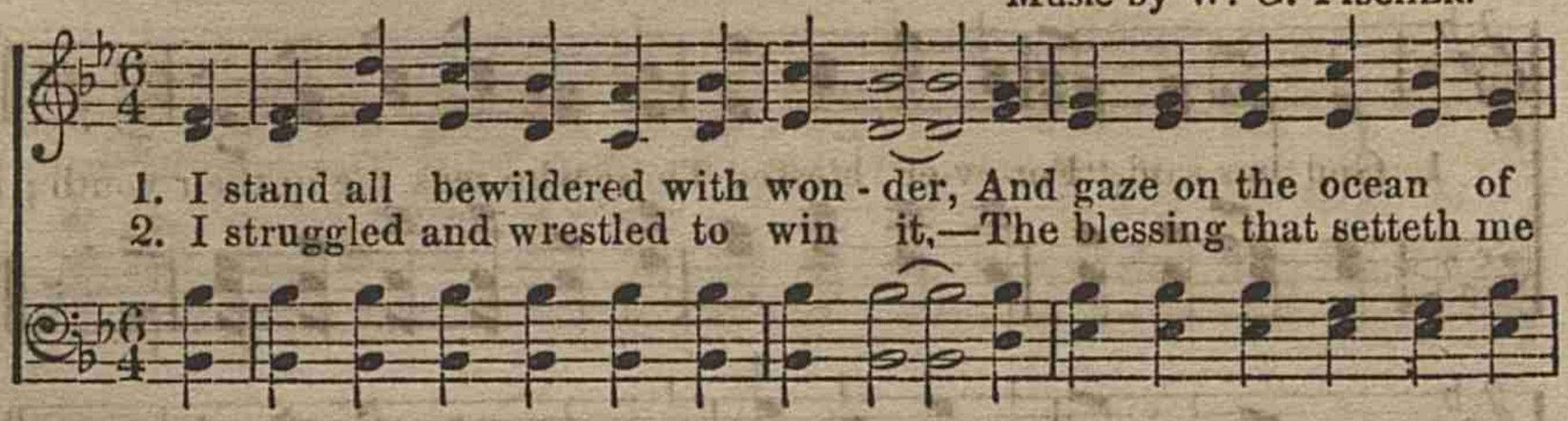
2 The home that our Saviour has gone to prepare—
No heart can conceive of the blessedness there,
Of raptures unending awaiting the just,
When pure in His likeness they rise from the dust. Home &c

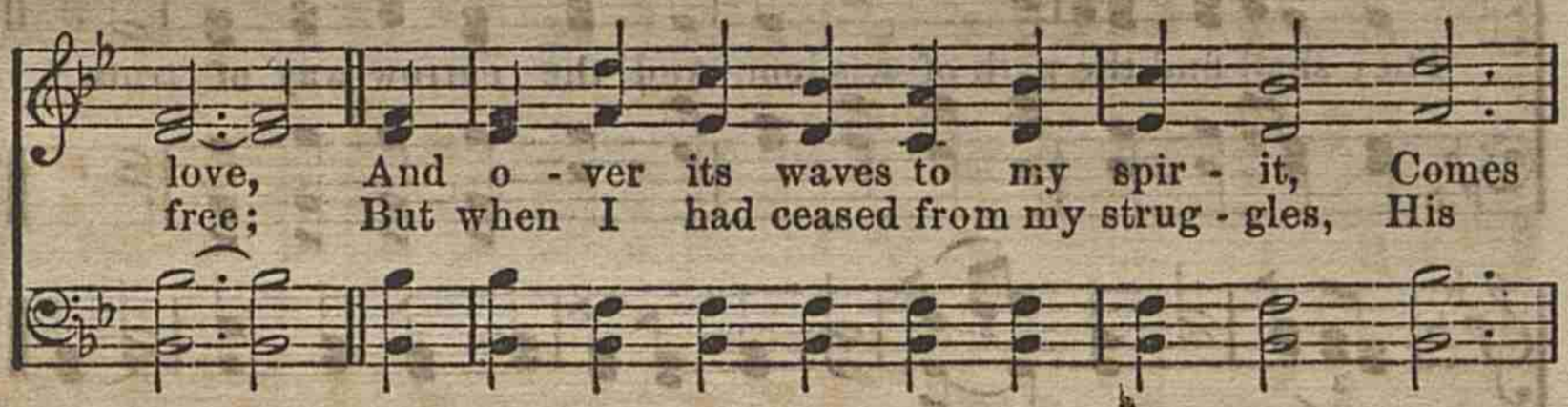
3 We bless Thee, dear Saviour, who call'st us to share
The beautiful home Thou hast gone to prepare;
We trust in Thy mercy, that, wash'd from our sin,
Through yonder bright gates we may all enter in. Home, &c.

**Air—"Home, sweet home."*
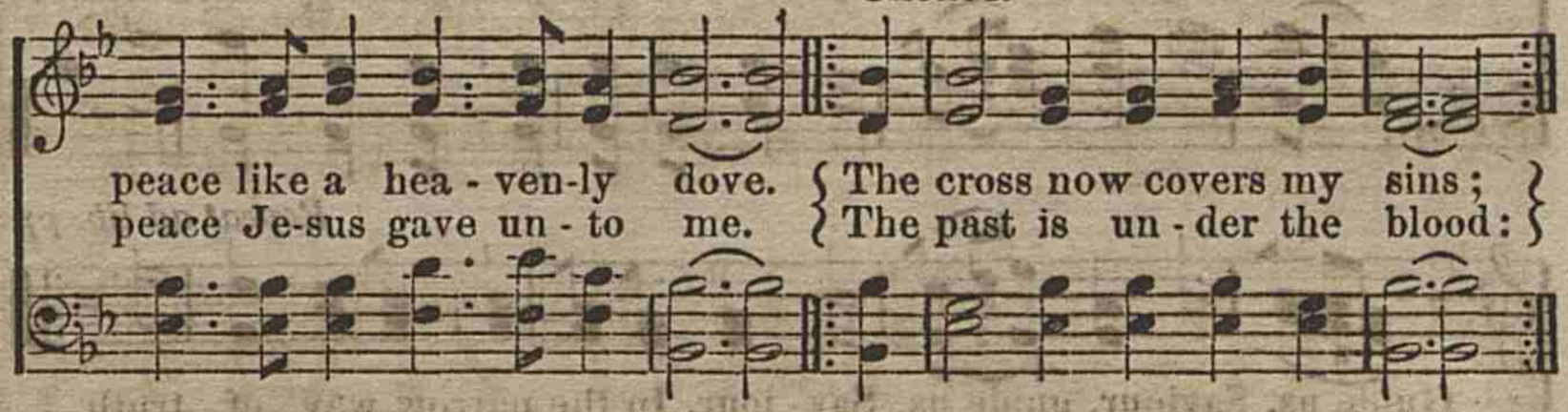
THE PRINCE OF MY PEACE.
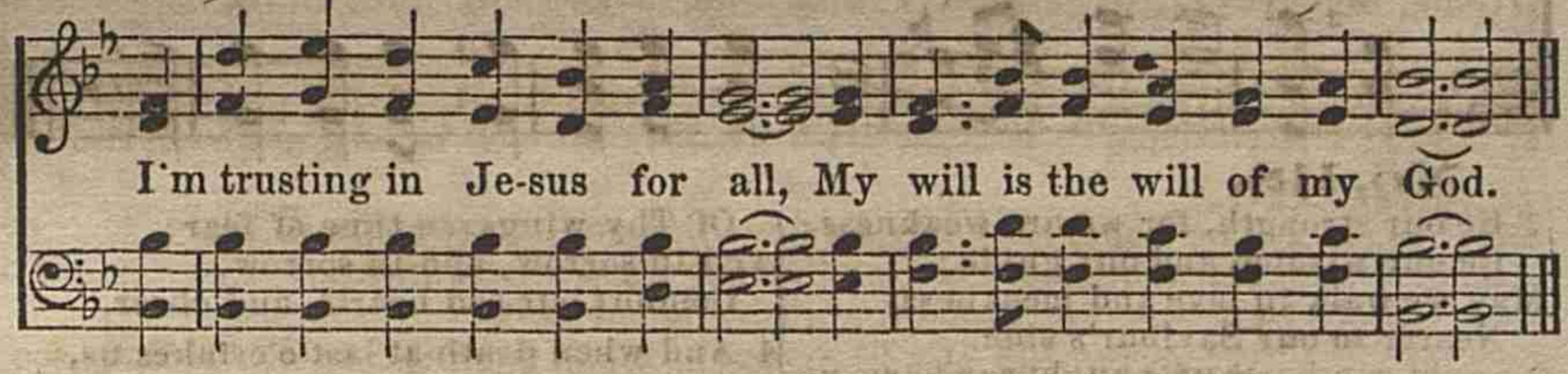
Music by W. G. FISCHER.





CHORUS.





No. 117.

3.

He laid His hand on me and healed me,
And bade me be every whit whole;
I touched the hem of His garment,
And glory came thrilling my soul.
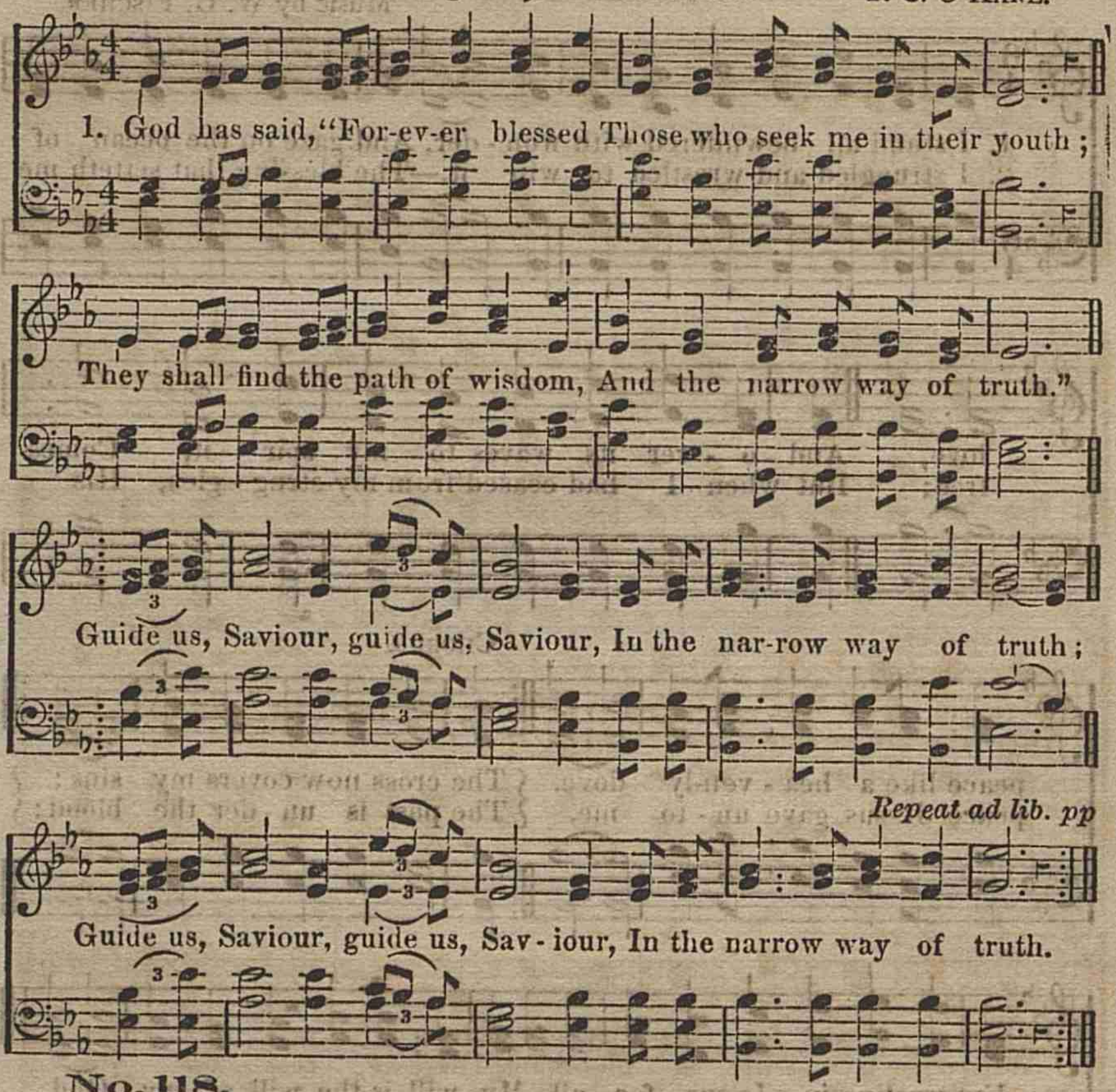
4.

The Prince of my Peace is now passing
The light of His face is on me;
But listen, beloved, He speaketh:—
"My peace I will give unto thee."

CALLENE FISK.

GUIDE US, SAVIOUR.

"He will guide you into all truth." T. C. O'KANE.



No. 118.

2 Be our strength, for we are weakness;
Be our wisdom and our guide;
May we walk in love and meekness,
Nearer to our Saviour's side.
Naught can harm us, naught can harm us,
While we thus in Thee abide.
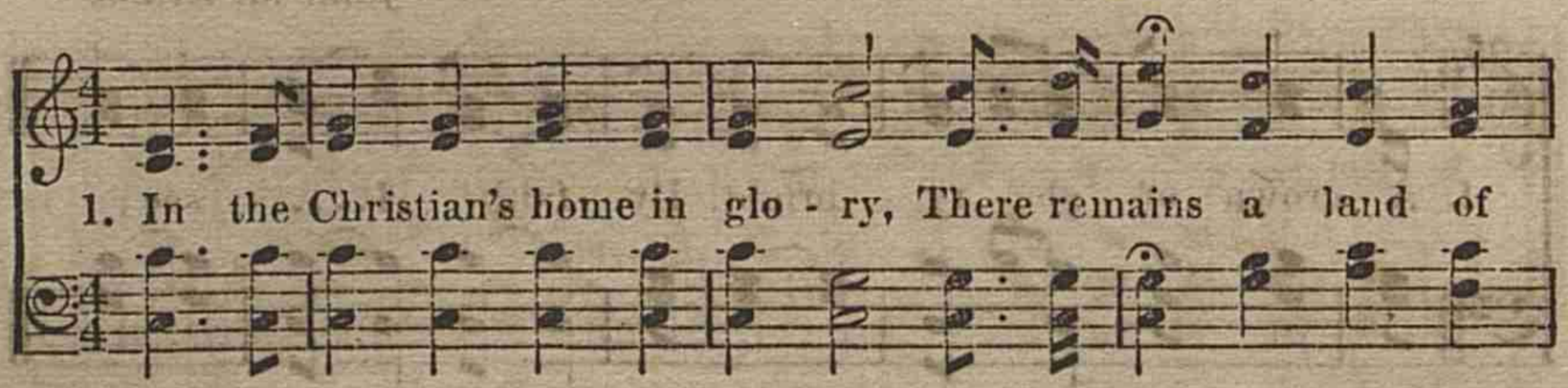
3 May Thy watchful angels hover
Round us, when there's evil near;
May we hide beneath the cover
Of Thy wings, in time of fear;
And in sorrow, and in sorrow,
Comfort our sad hearts, and cheer.
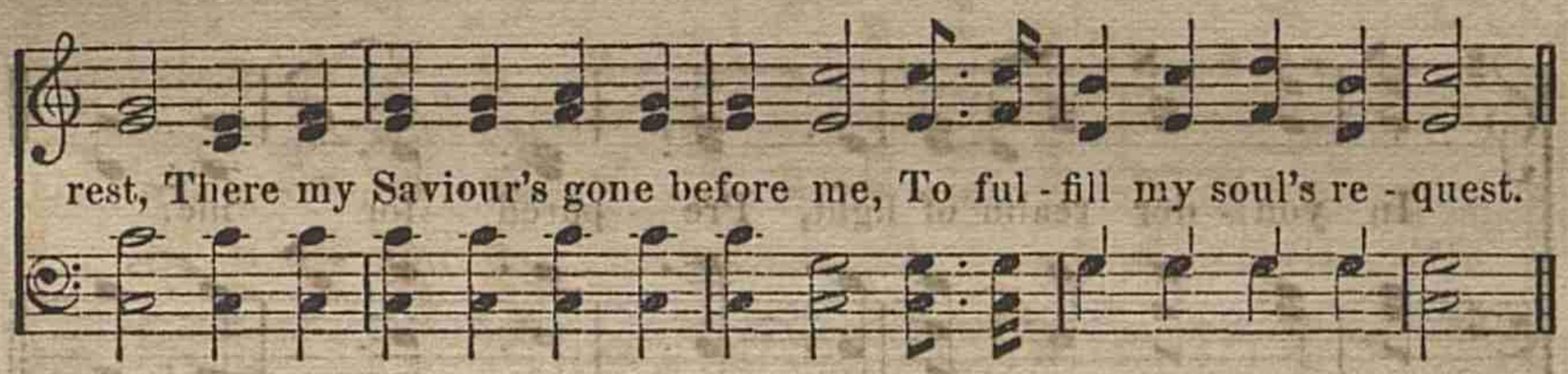
4 And when death at last o'ertakes us,
And we sink beneath His might,
May the blessed morn awake us,
Safe in yonder realms of light;
There forever, there forever,
Chant thy praise with angels bright.

From "Singing Pilgrim." MRS. BISHOP THOMPSON.

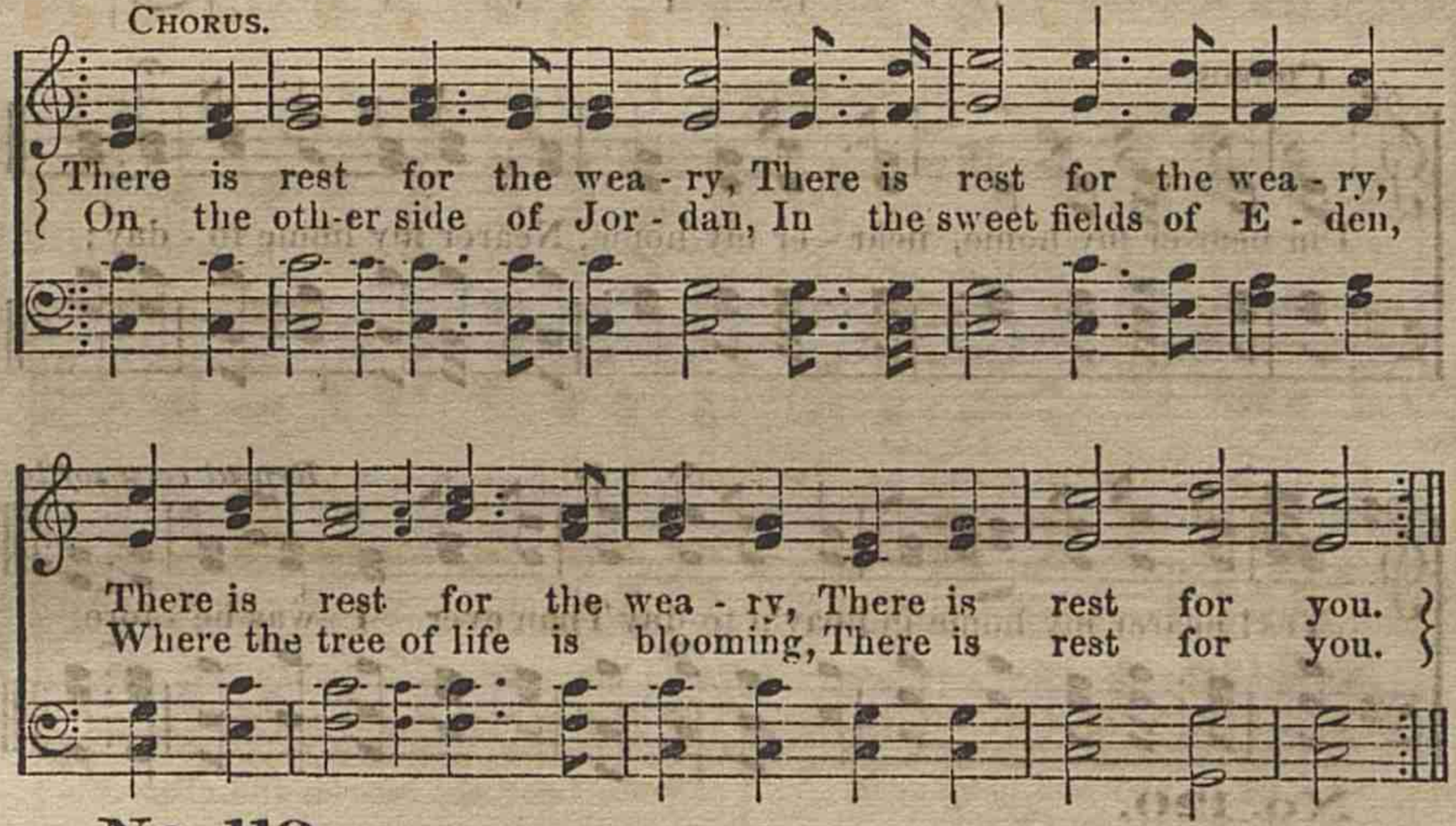
REST FOR THE WEARY.

REV. W. MC DONALD.





CHORUS.
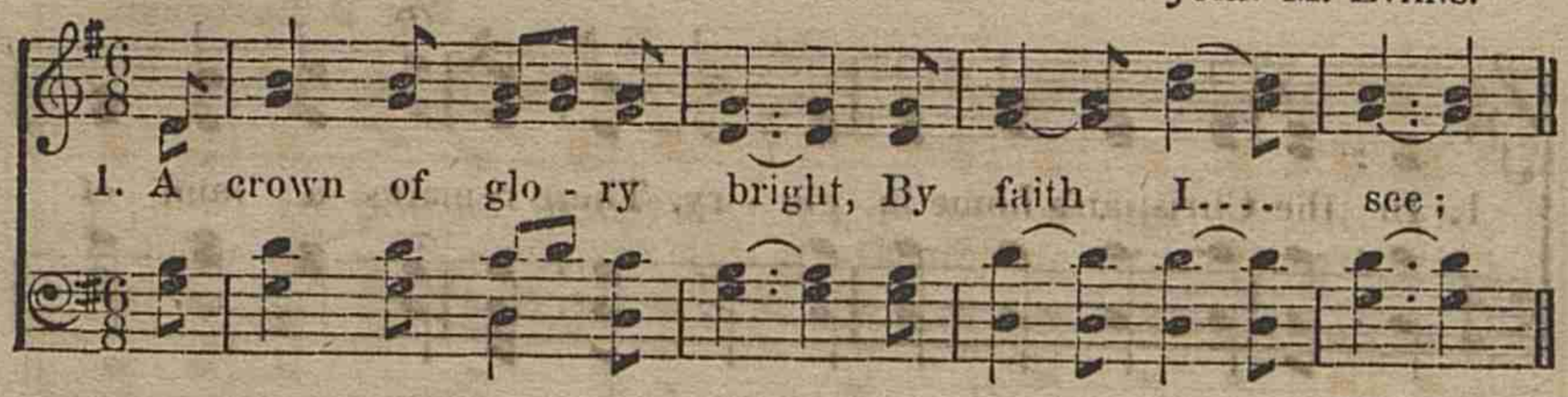


No. 119.
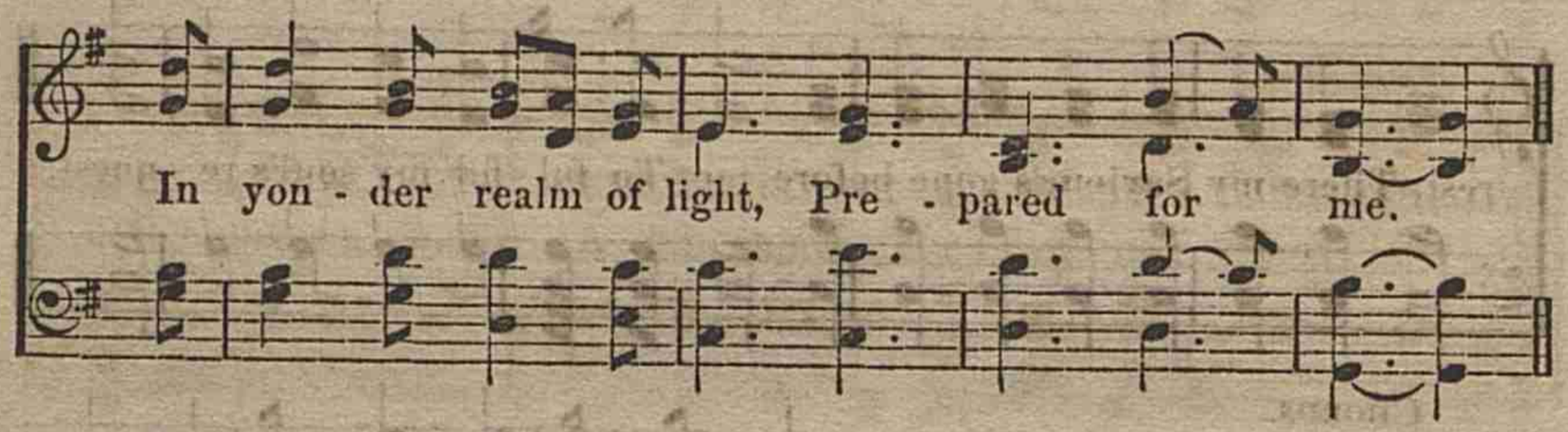
2 He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand,
For my stay shall not be transient
In that holy, happy land
There is rest, &c.
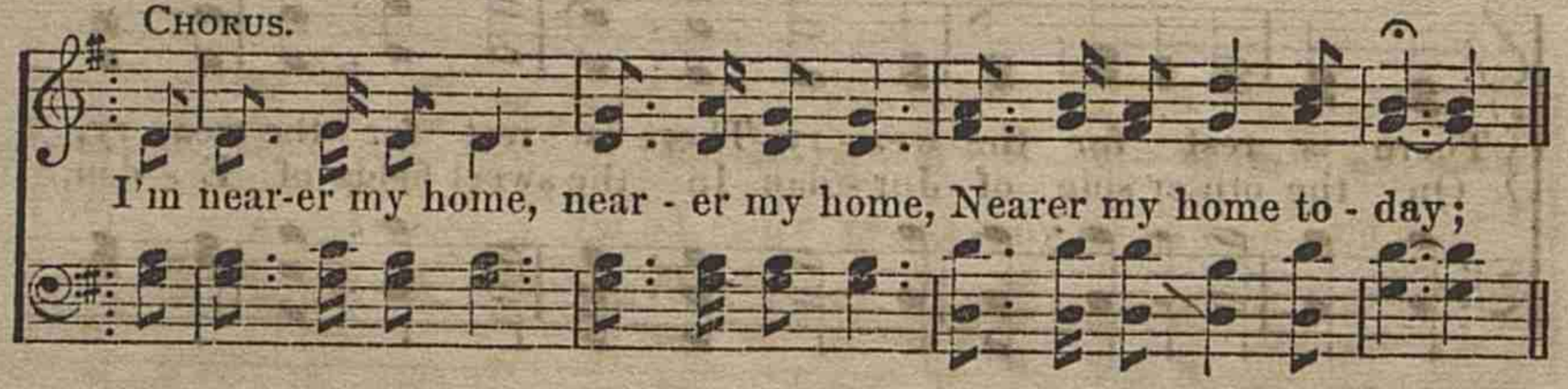
3 Sing, oh, sing, ye heirs of glory;
Shout your triumph as you go;
Zion's gate will open for you,
You shall find an entrance through
There is rest, &c.
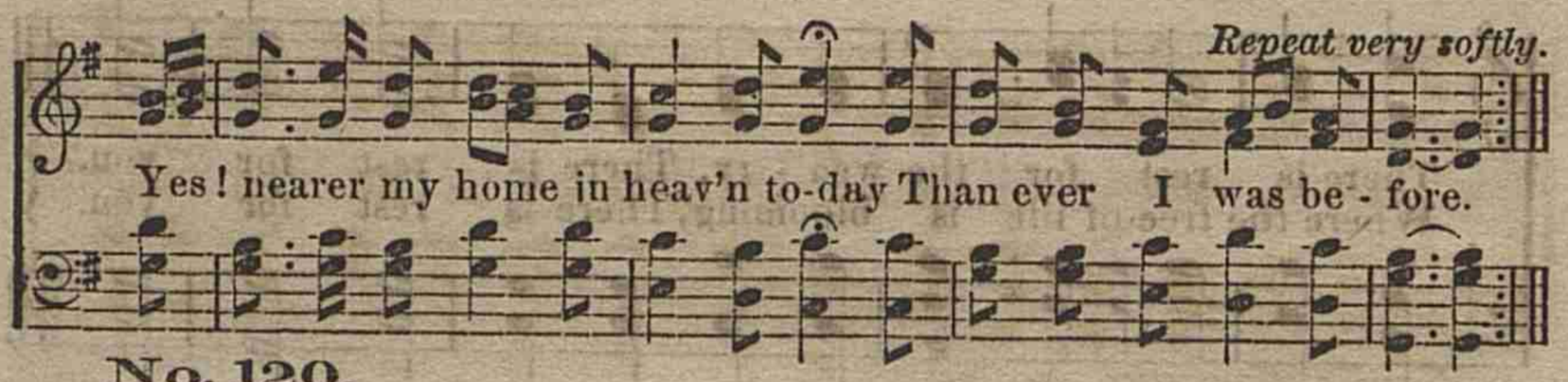
NEARER MY HOME.

JOHN M. EVANS.









No. 120.

2 Oh, may I faithful prove,
And keep the crown in view,
And through the storms of life
My way pursue. *Cho.*
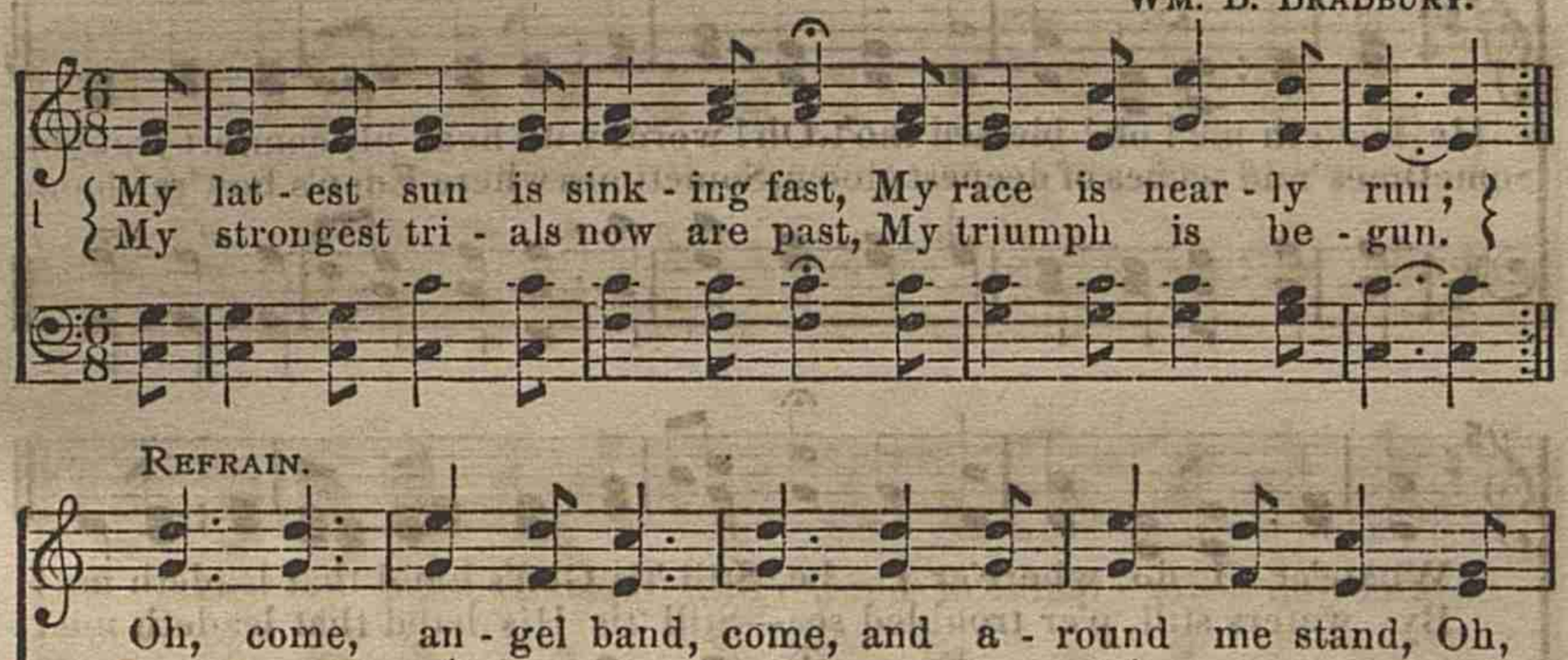
3 Jesus, be Thou my guide,
My steps attend;
Oh, keep me near Thy side,
Be Thou my friend. *Cho.*
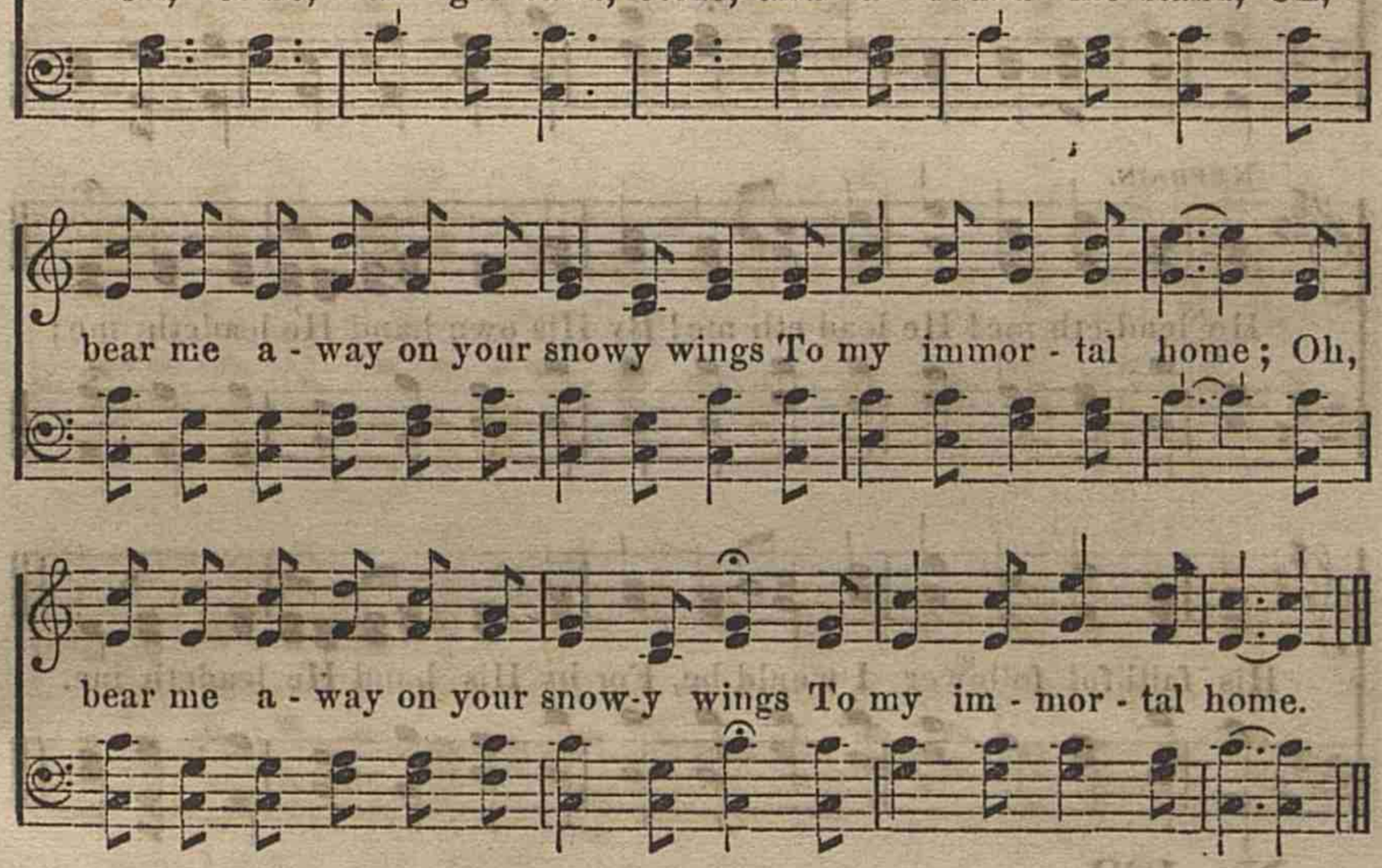
4 Be Thou my shield and sun,
My Saviour and my guard;
And when my work is done,
My great reward. *Cho.*

THE LAND OF BEULAH.

"My immortal home."

WM. B. BRADBURY.





No. 121.

2.

I know I'm nearing the holy ranks
Of friends and kindred dear;
For I brush the dews on Jordan's banks,
The crossing must be near. *Ref.*

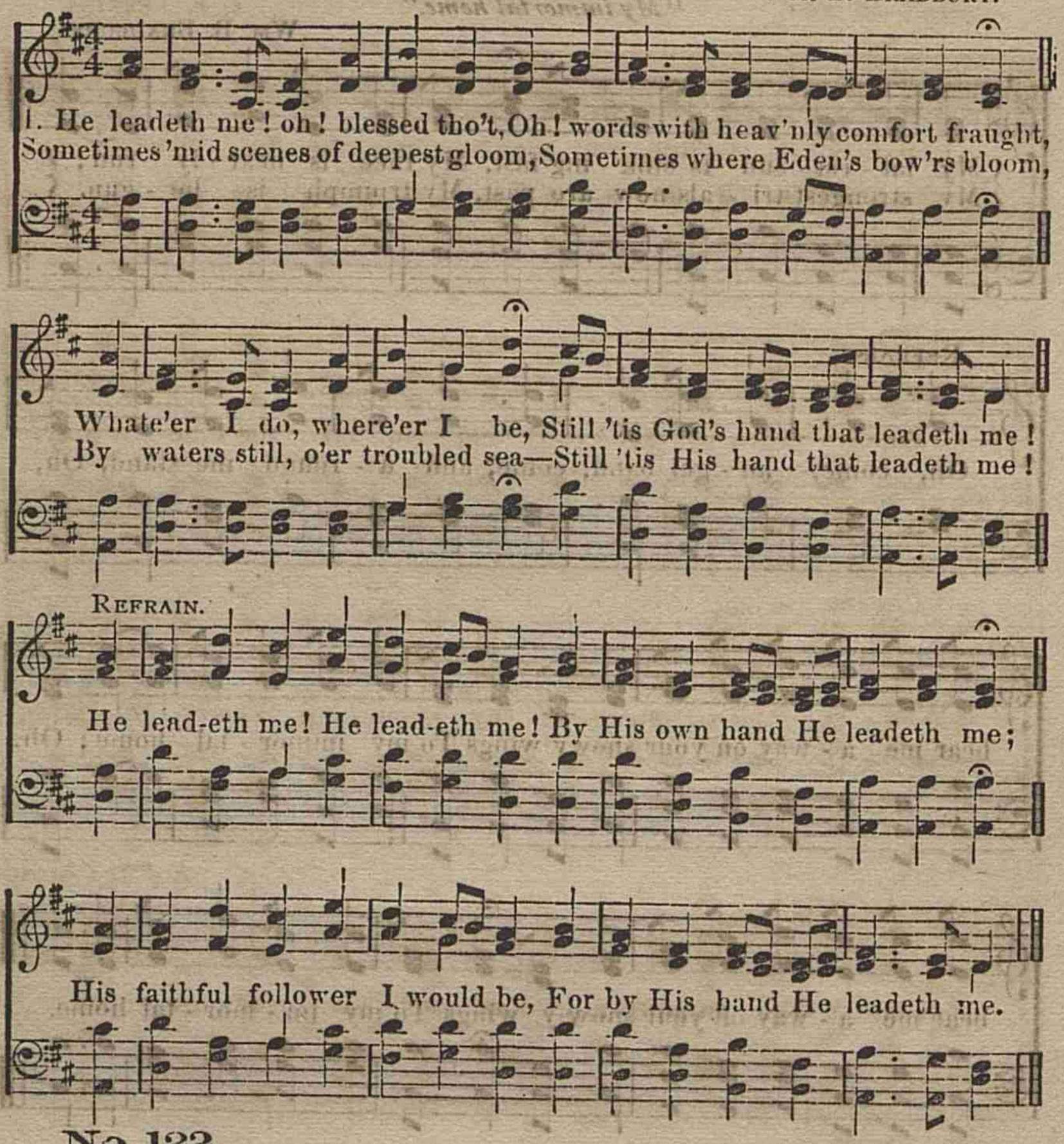
3.

Oh, bear my longing heart to Him,
Who bled and died for me;
Whose blood now cleanses from all sin,
And gives me victory. *Ref.*

REV. J. HASKELL.

HE LEADETH ME.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



No. 122.

3.
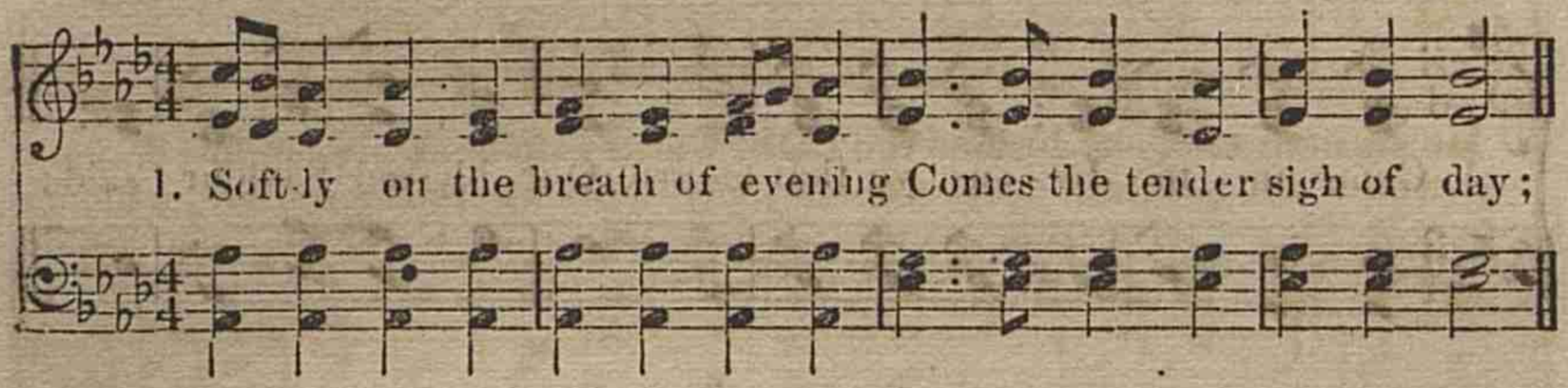
Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine—
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.
He leadeth me, &c.

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.
He leadeth me, &c.

WATCH AND PRAY.

T. E. PERKINS.



No. 123.

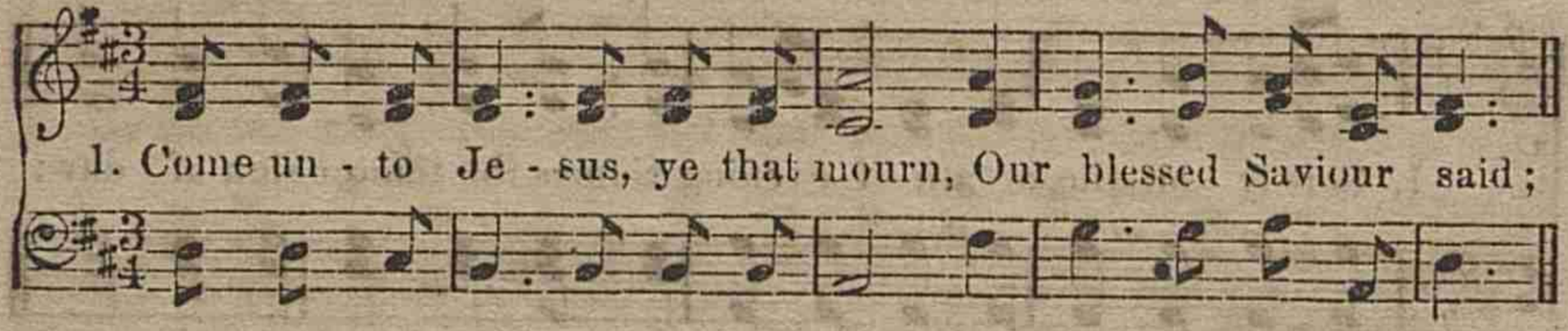
3 'Tis the hour where hallowed feelings
Chase our doubts and fears away;
'Tis the hour of calm devotion:
Pilgrim, watch and pray. *Cho.*

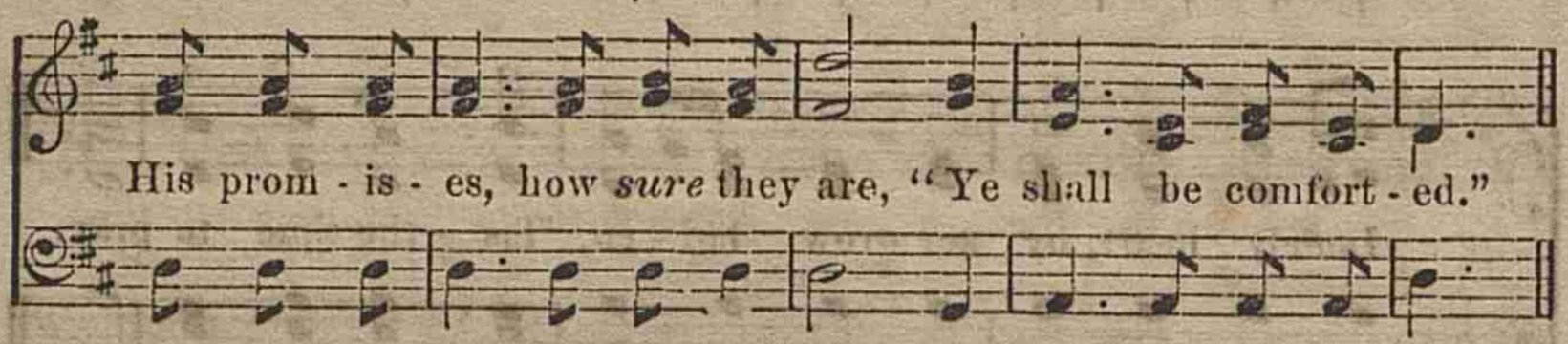
3 Tho' temptations dark oppress thee,
Jesus guides thee on thy way;
He will hear thy lightest whisper:
Pilgrim, watch and pray. *Cho.*

From "Golden Promise." FANNY CROSBY.

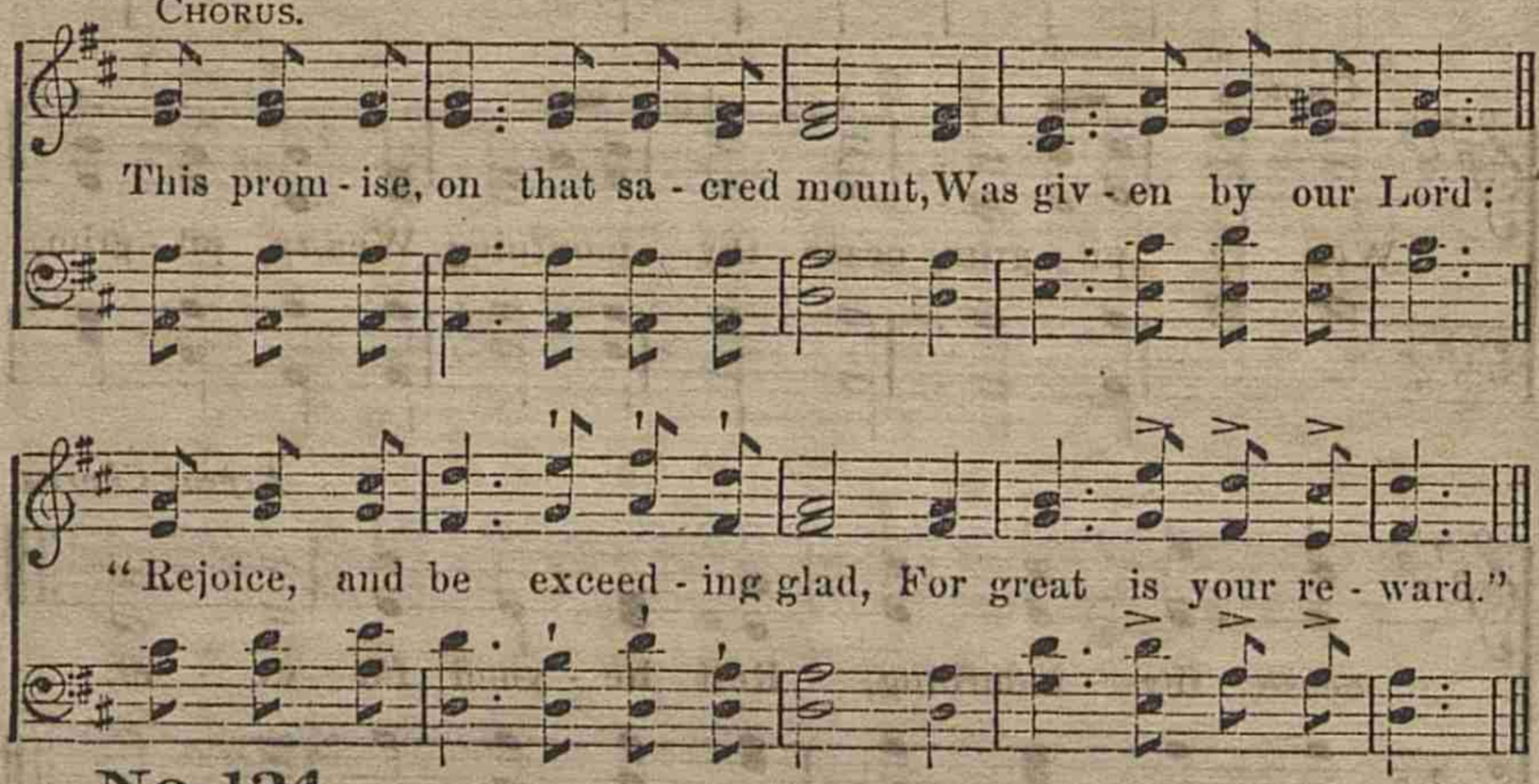
CHRIST ON THE MOUNT.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.





CHORUS.



No. 124.

2 Ye poor in spirit, unto you
How great the blessings given;
His choicest promises are yours,
"Yours is the kingdom—Heav'n."
Cho.
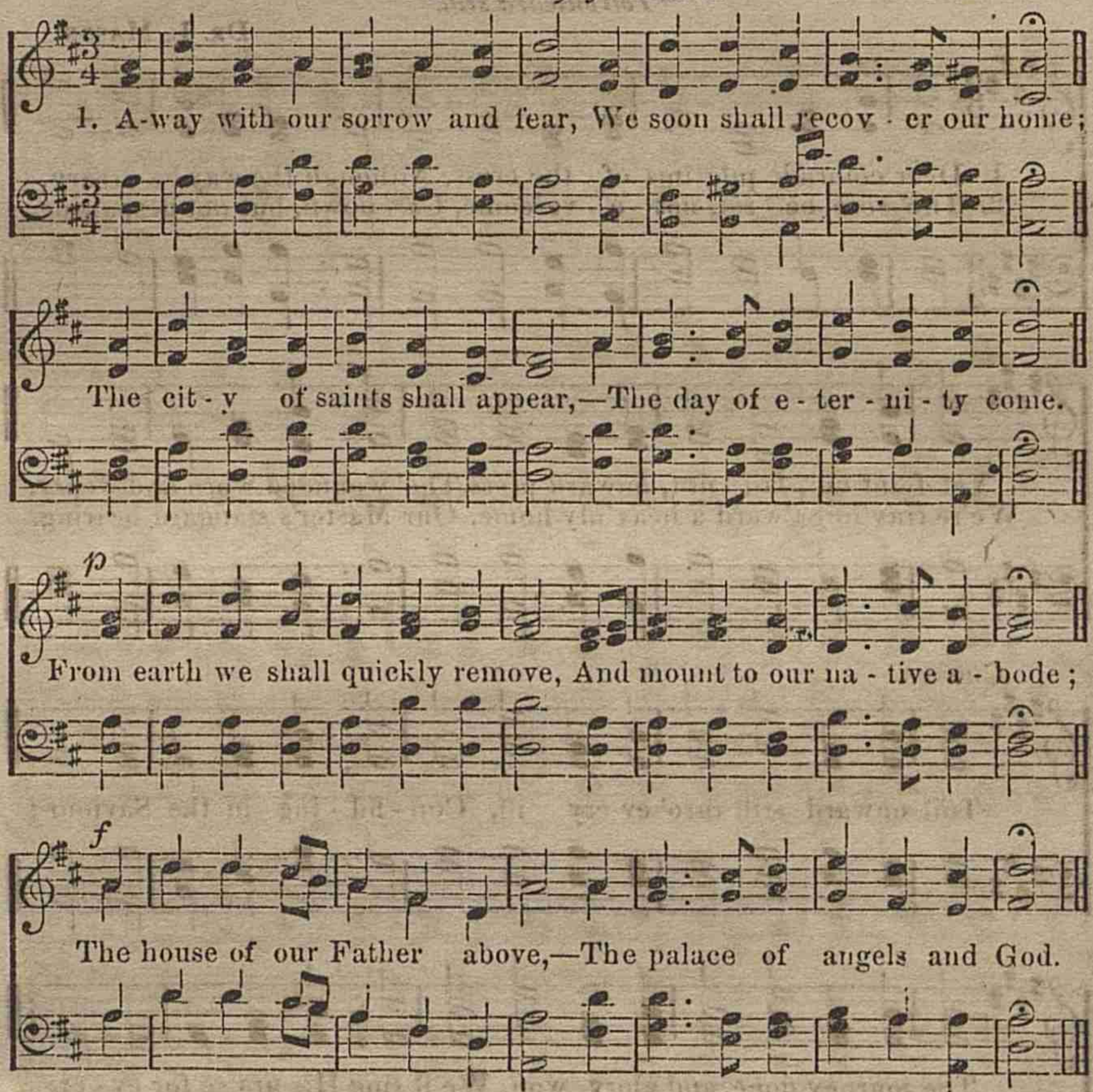
3 The meek, and they for Jesus' sake,
Who persecutions bear;
He promises a heavenly home,
A crown of glory there. *Cho.*

4 Be merciful, for unto such
He spares His chast'ning rod;
Be pure in heart, our Saviour says,
The pure shall dwell with God. *Cho.*

From "Musical Leaves." DR. E. G. SUMNER.

PORTLAND. 8s.

"The heavenly Jerusalem." W. H. OAKLEY.



No. 125.

2 Our mourning is all at an end,
When, raised by the life-giving Word,
We see the new city descend,
Adorn'd as a bride for her Lord;
The city so holy and clean,
No sorrow can breathe in the air:
No gloom of affliction or sin;
No shadow of evil is there.
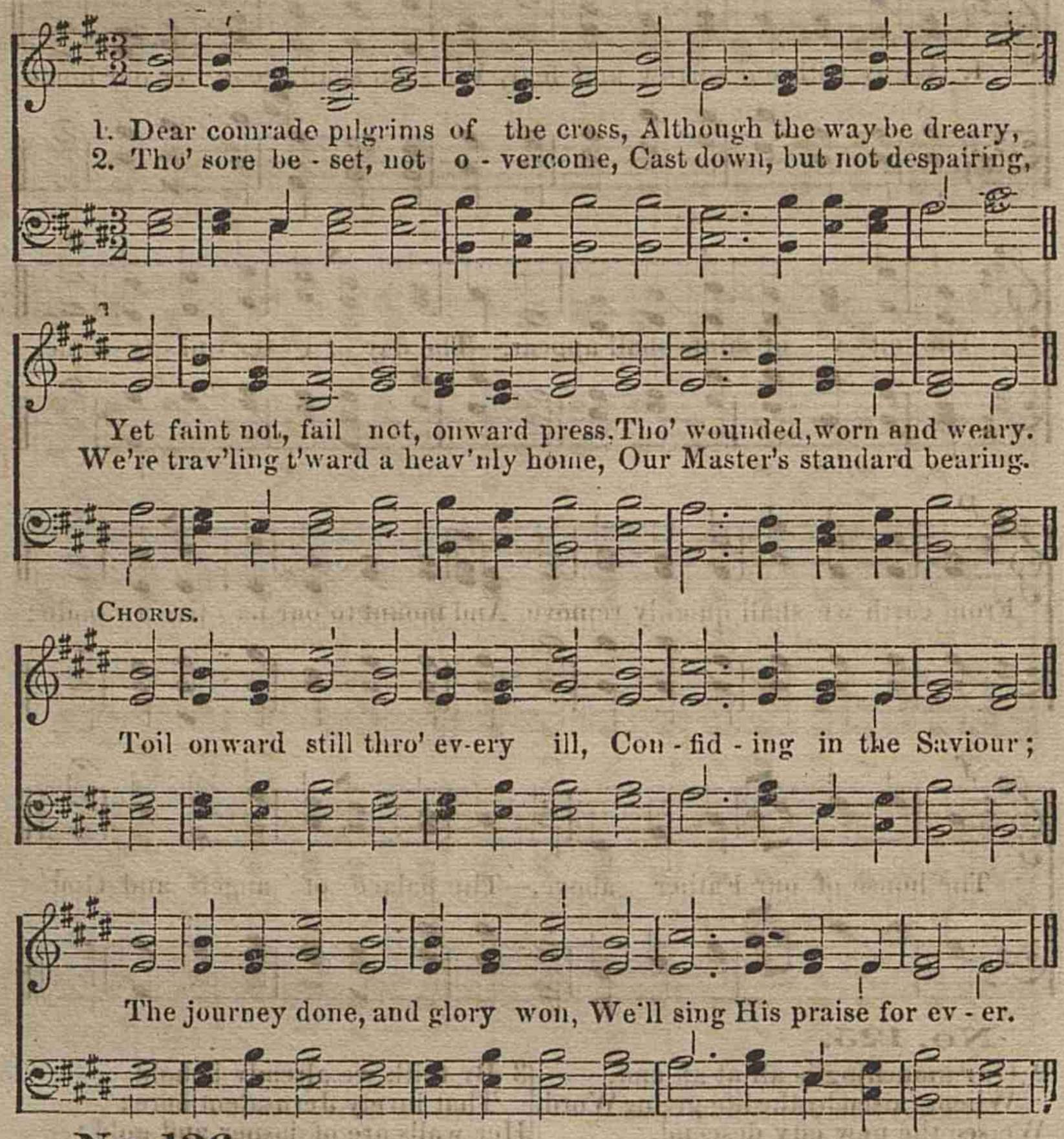
3 By faith we already behold
That lovely Jerusalem here:
Her walls are of jasper and gold;
As crystal her buildings are clear;
Immovably founded in grace,
She stands as she ever hath stood,
And brightly her builder displays,
And flames with the glory of God

C. WESLEY.

CONQUEST.

"Toil onward still."

DR. L. MASON.
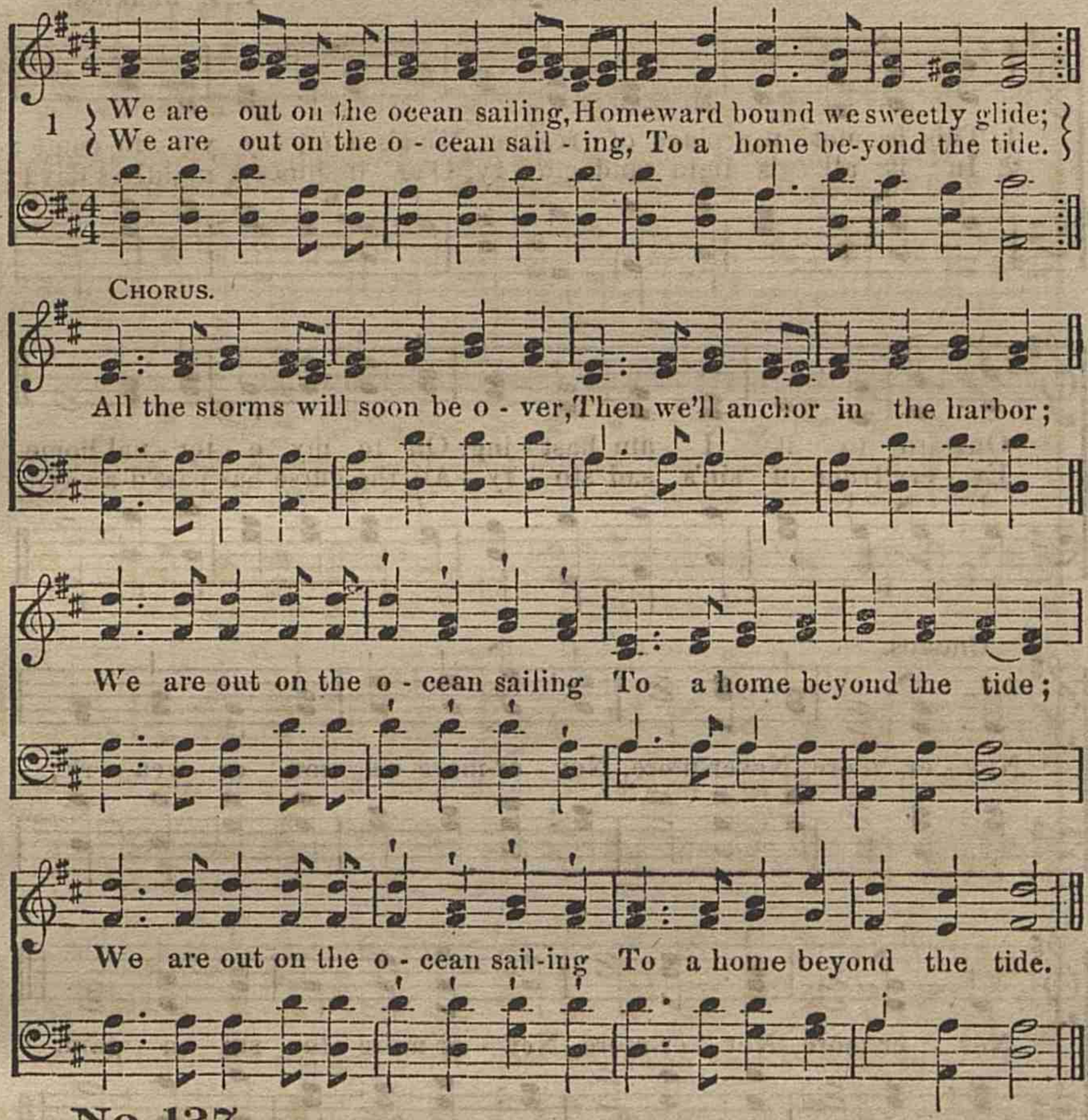


No. 126.

3 We'll one another's burdens bear,
The toilsome journey cheering;
Our joys and all our sorrows share,
Each day our home we're nearing.
Toil onward still, &c.

4 Our Lord is God; His promise sure,
His help shall fail us never;
And they that to the end endure
Shall reign with Him forever!
Toil onward still, &c.

GOLDEN SHORE.

"A home beyond the tide." W. B. BRADBURY.



No. 127.
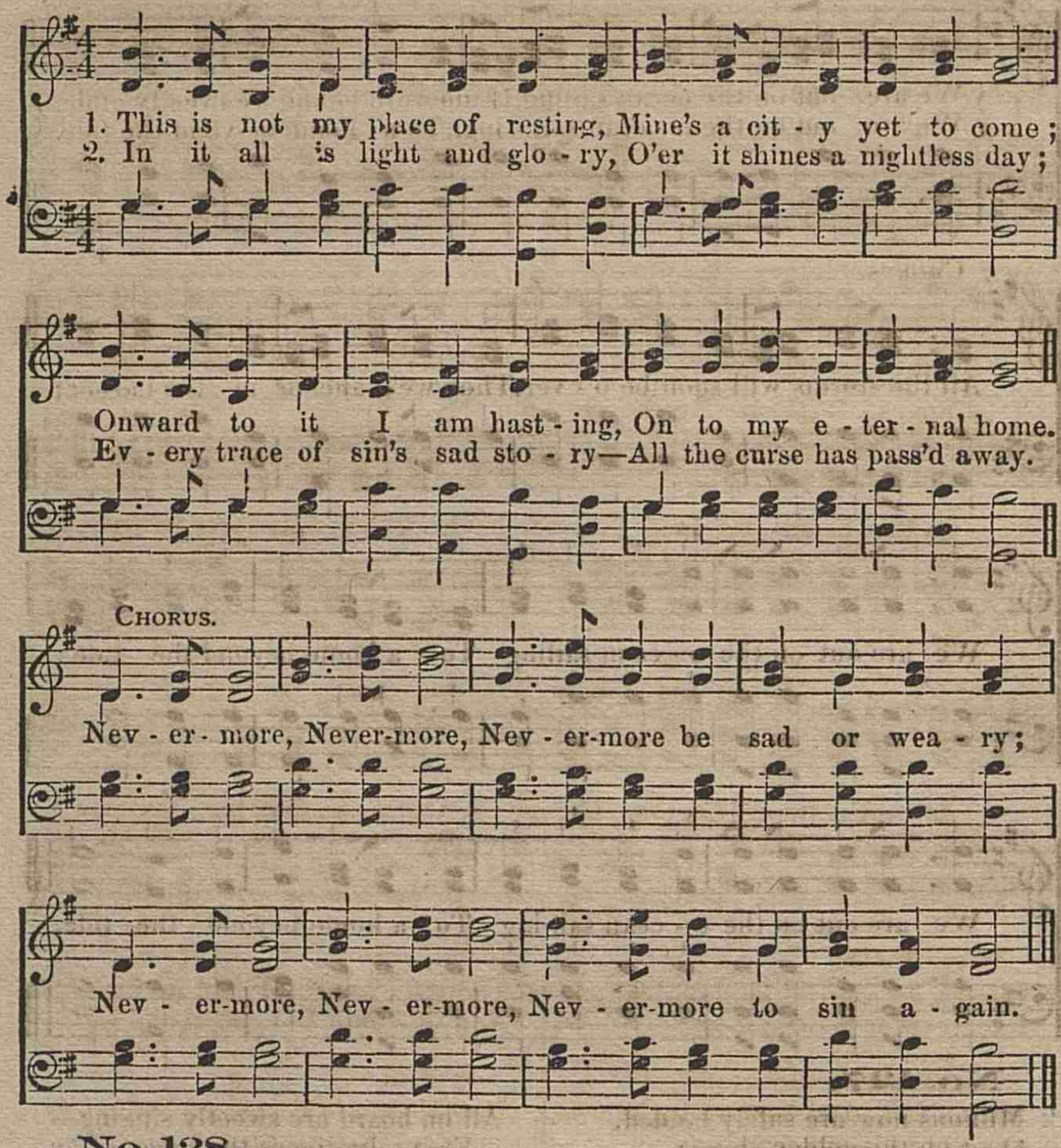
2 Millions now are safely landed,
Over on the golden shore;
Millions more are on the journey,
Yet there's room for millions more. *Cho.*

3 Spread your sails while heavenly breezes
Gently waft our vessel on;
All on board are sweetly singing—
Free salvation is the song. *Cho.*

4 When we all are safely anchored,
We will shout—our trials o'er;
We will walk about the city,
And we'll sing for evermore. *Cho.*

NEVER SIN AGAIN.

"No sin there." T. E. PERKINS.



No. 128.

3.

There the Lamb, our Shepherd, leads us,
By the streams of life along,
On the freshest pastures feed us,
Turns our sighing into song. *Cho.*

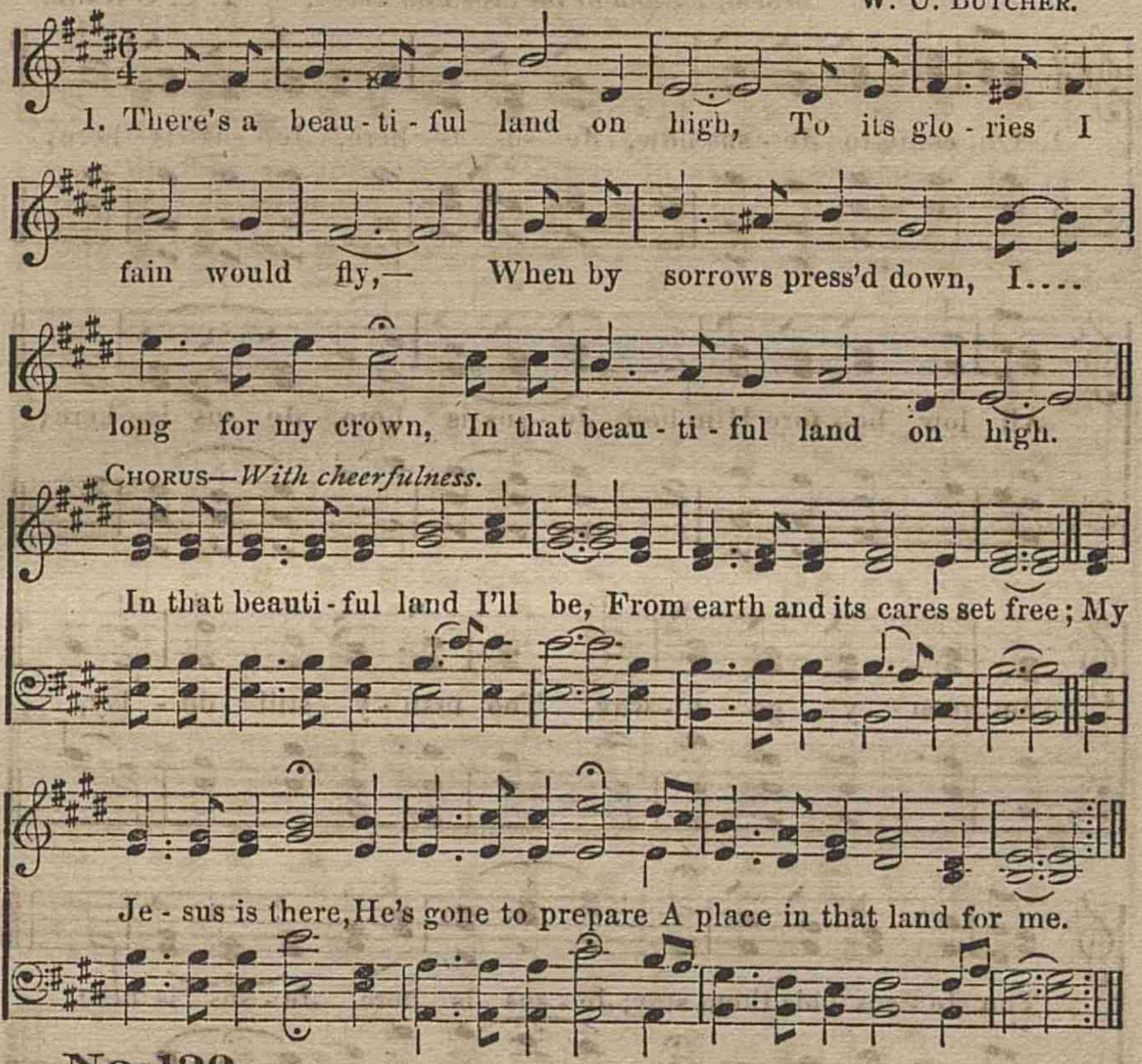
4.

Soon we pass this dreary desert,
Soon we bid farewell to pain,
Nevermore be sad and weary,
Nevermore to sin again. *Cho.*

BONAR.

BEAUTIFUL LAND ON HIGH.,

W. U. BUTCHER.



No. 129.

2 There's a beautiful land on high,
I shall enter it by-and-by;
There, with friends, hand in hand, I
shall walk on the strand,
In that beautiful land on high. *Cho.*

3 There's a beautiful land on high,
Then why should I fear to die,
When death is the way to the realms
of day,
In that beautiful land on high? *Cho.*
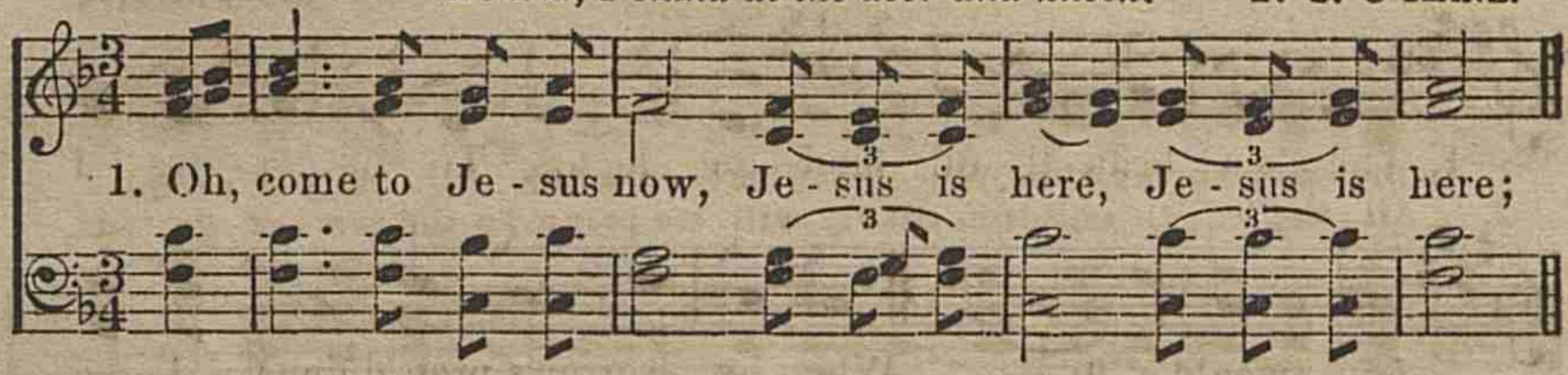
4 There's a beautiful land on high,
And tho' here I oft weep and sigh,
My Jesus hath said that no tears shall
be shed,
In that beautiful land on high. *Cho.*

5 There's a beautiful land on high,
Where we never shall say, "good-by!"
When over the river we're happy for-
ever,
In that beautiful land on high. *Cho.*

From "Devotional Melodies." J. NICHOLSON.

JESUS IS HERE.

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock." T. C. O'KANE.



No. 130.
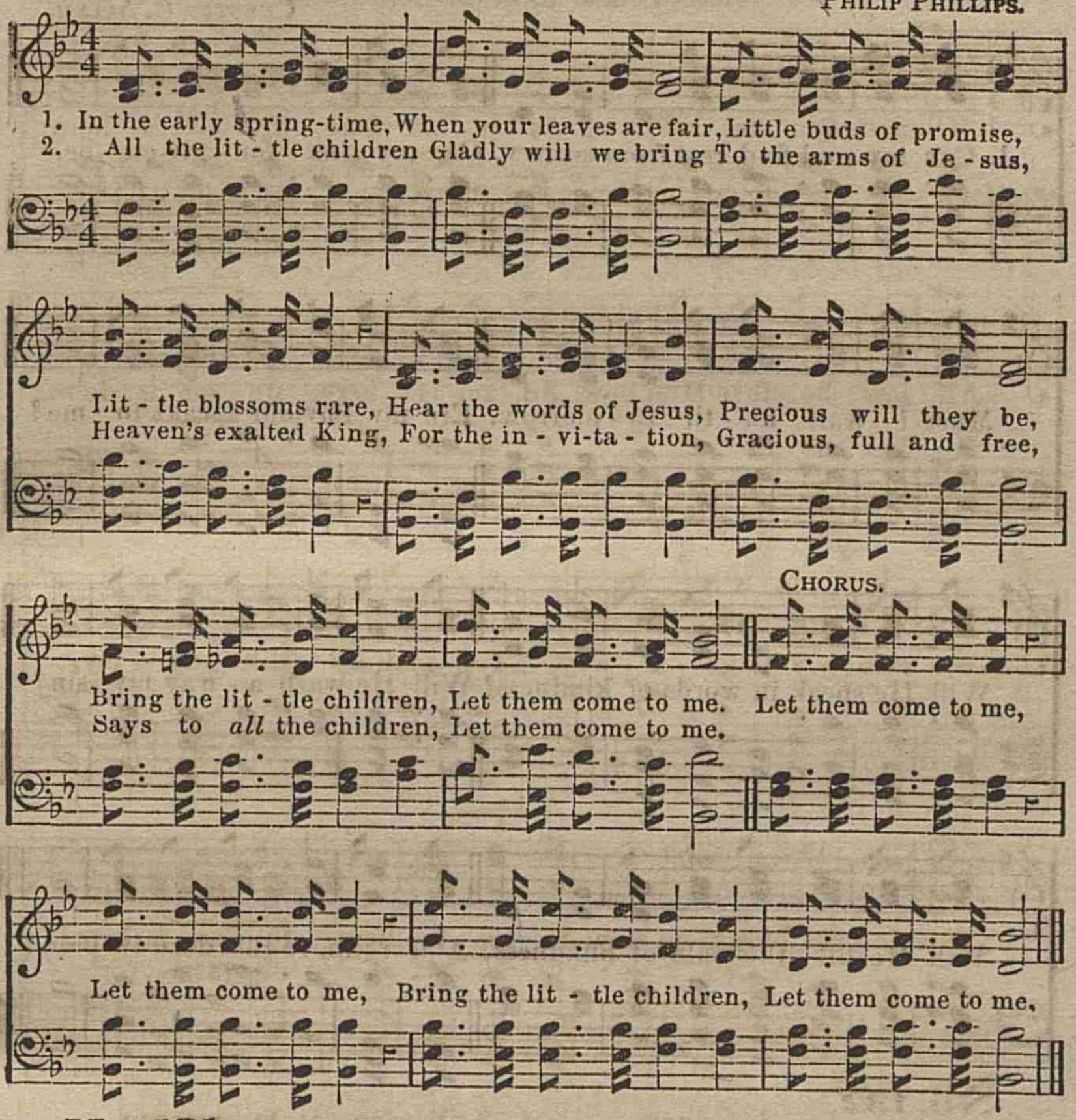
2 Come, then, to Jesus now,
Jesus is here;
All near Him lowly bow,
Jesus is here;
Oh, ye that feel your sin,
And coming long have been,
Now find your rest in Him;
Jesus is here.

3 Oh, come to Jesus now,
Jesus is here;
Old and young together bow,
Jesus is here;
Oh, what a glorious thing,
Sin's weary load to bring,
And lose it while we sing;
Jesus is here.

From "Singing Pilgrim."

LET THE CHILDREN COME IN.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.
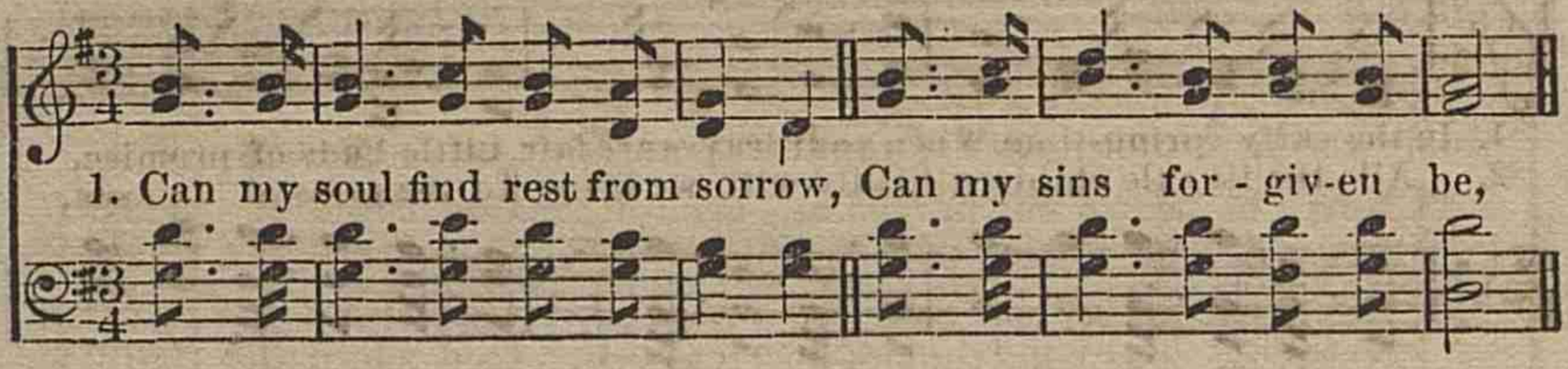


No. 131.

3 Let them come in welcome
To my bleeding side,
To secure their pardon
I was crucified:
They may be forgiven,
From the law set free
I, the Lord, have risen,
Let them come to me.

4 Jesus, we are coming
To Thy loving arms,
Safely there reposing,
Sin no longer harms.
From the wiles of Satan
Thou canst set us free,
Though we're little children,
We will come to Thee.

THE PENITENT.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.



No. 132.

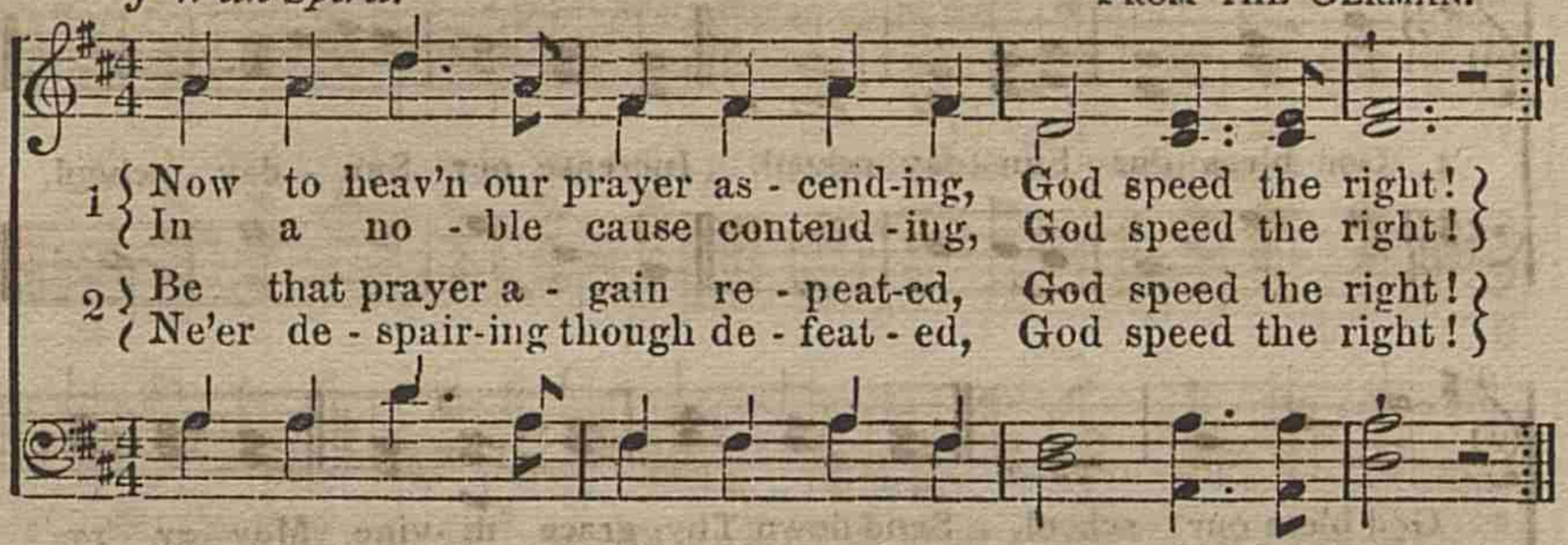
2 O the darkness, how it thickens,
Like the brooding of despair!
And my soul within me sickens—
God, in mercy, hear my prayer!
Give me but a hope to cherish,
Give me just one ray of light—
Help me, save me, or I perish,
Take away this awful night!
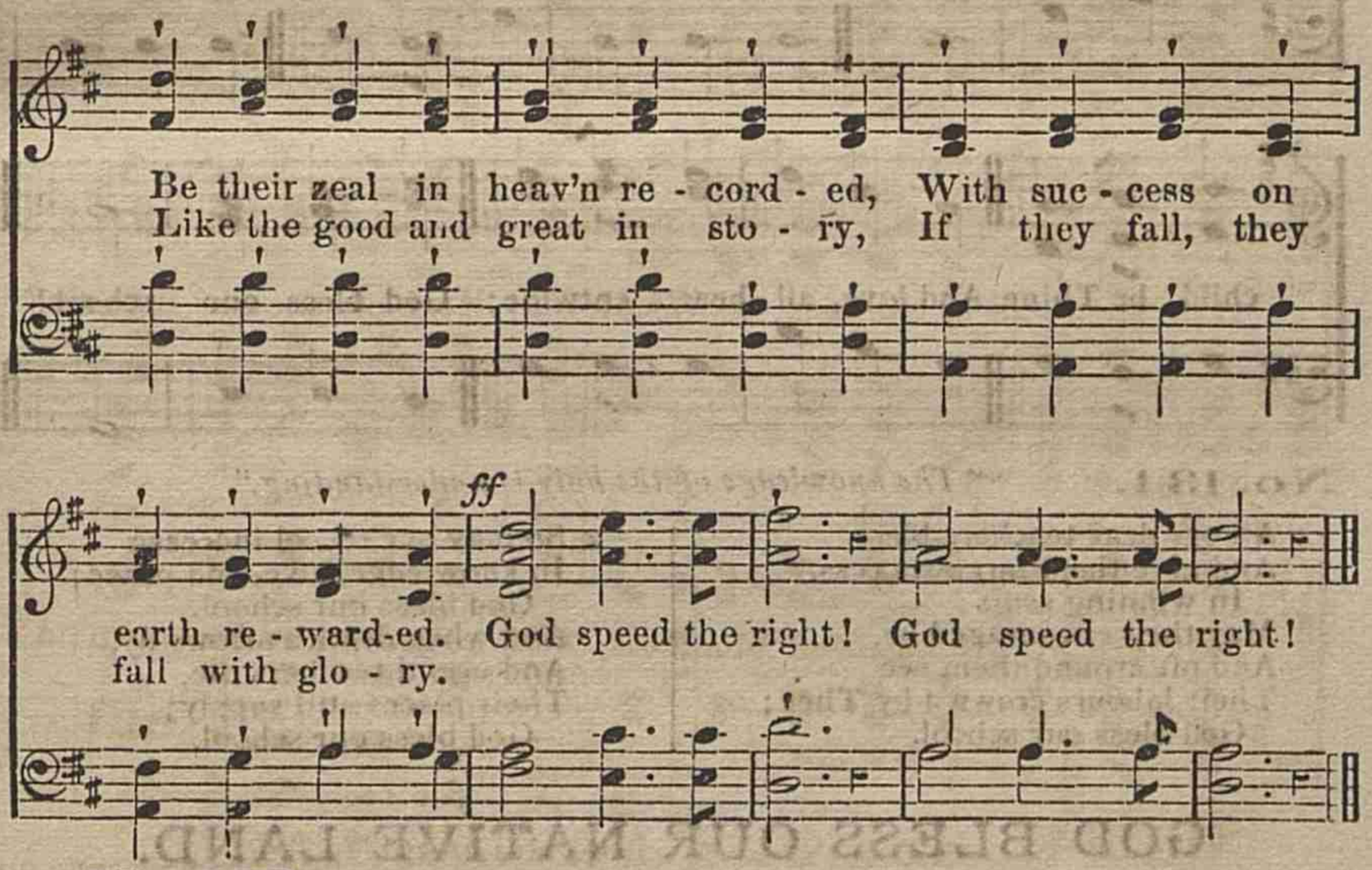
3 Now He hears me, He will save me,
I behold His shining face,
Hear him whisper, He will have me—
O the miracle of grace!
I will joy to tell the story
How He cometh from above—
Fills my soul, O, glory, glory!
With the blessings of His love.

GOD SPEED THE RIGHT.

"And every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things."

f With Spirit. FROM THE GERMAN.
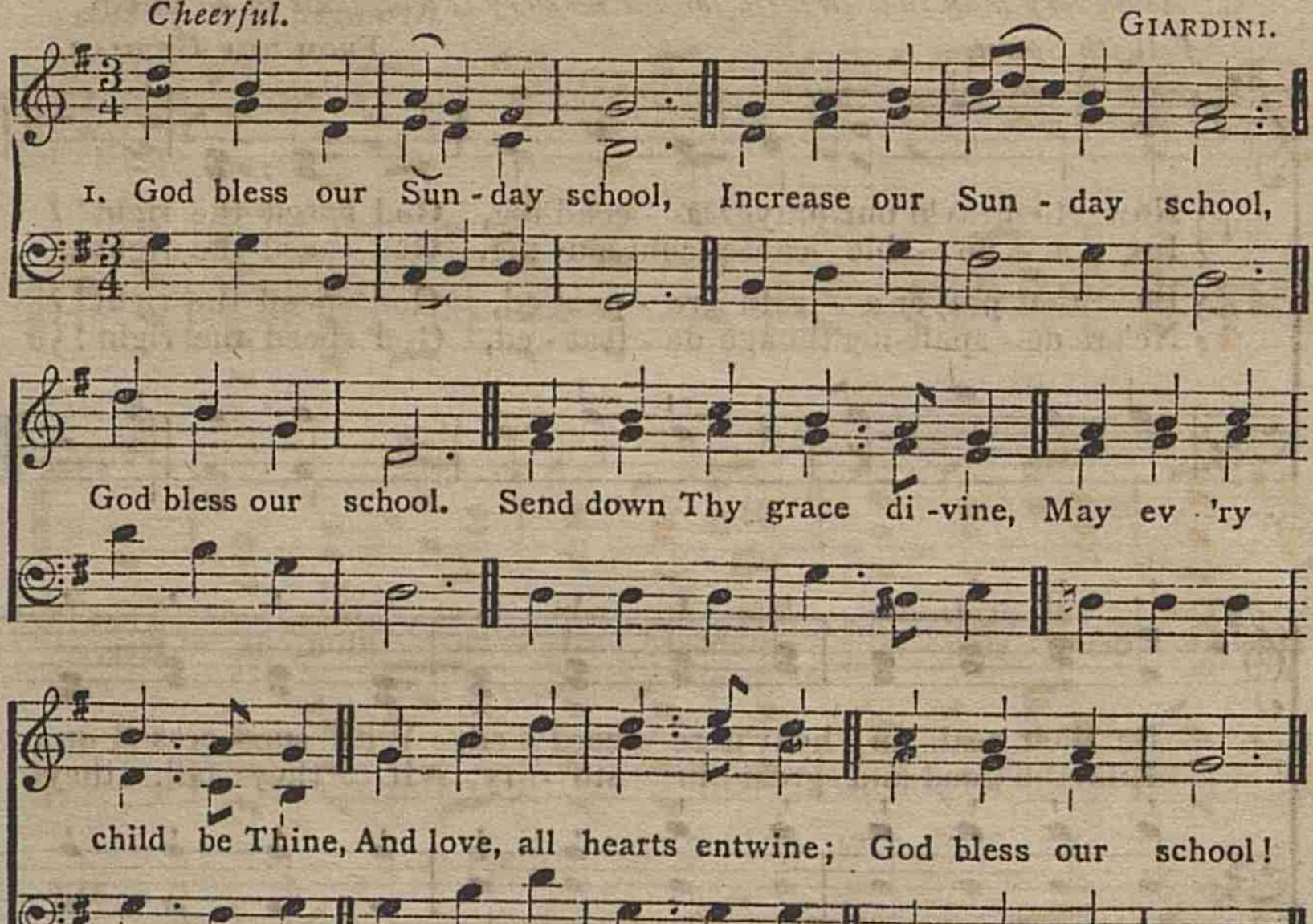




No. 133.

3 Patient, firm, and persevering,
God speed the right!
Ne'er the event our danger fearing,
God speed the right!
Pains, nor toils, nor trials heeding,
And in heaven's own time succeeding.
God speed the right!

GOD BLESS OUR SCHOOL.



No. 134. *"The knowledge of the holy is understanding."*

2 All our dear teachers bless,
And give them large success,
In winning souls;
May they encouraged be,
And oft around them see
Their labours crown'd by Thee;
God bless our school.

2 So may our school increase
In knowledge, love, and peace;
God bless our school.
And when death's arrows fly,
And useful teachers die,
Their places still supply;
God bless our school.

GOD BLESS OUR NATIVE LAND.
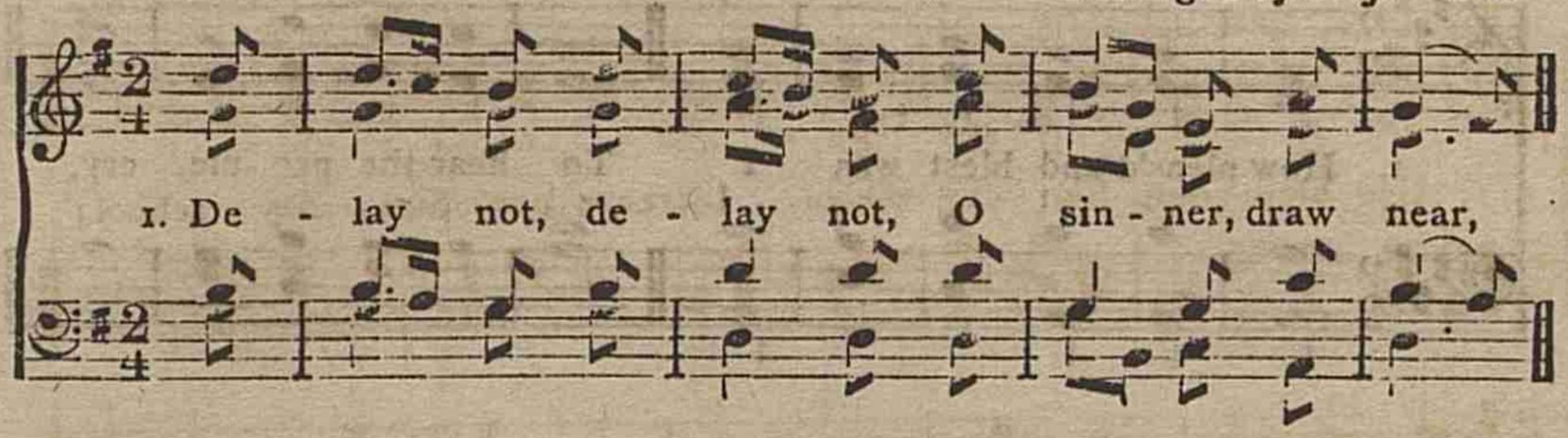
No. 135. *God save the State.*
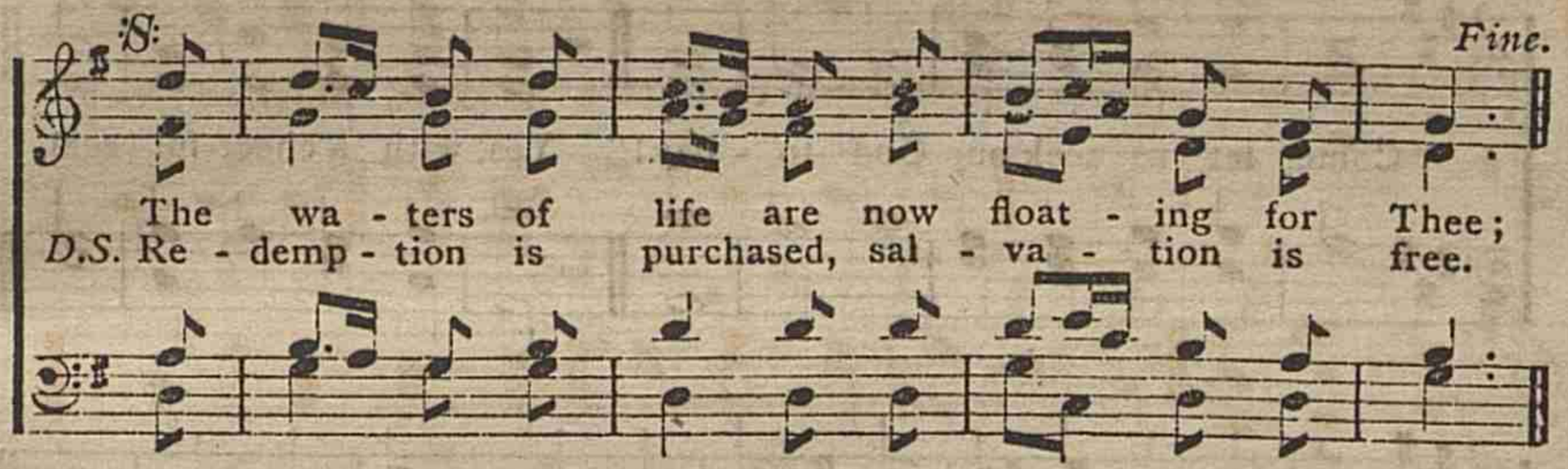
1 God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of winds and wave,
Do Thou our country save
By Thy great might.
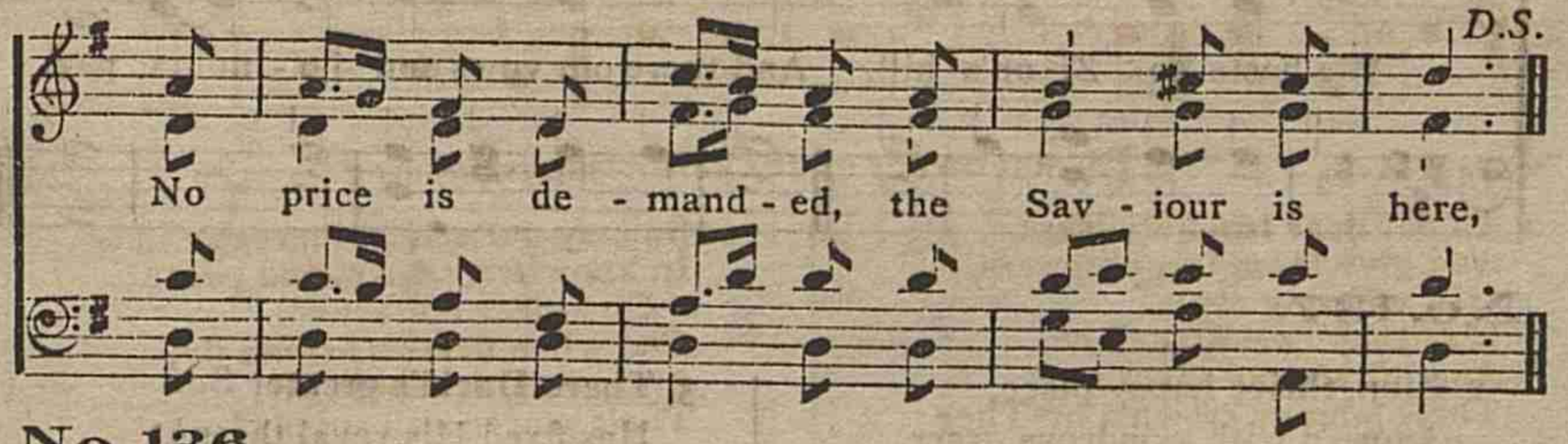
2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God, above the skies;
On Him we wait:
Thou Who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee aloud we cry,
God save the State!—*Dwight.*

HINTON. IIS.

Arranged by S. J. VAIL.
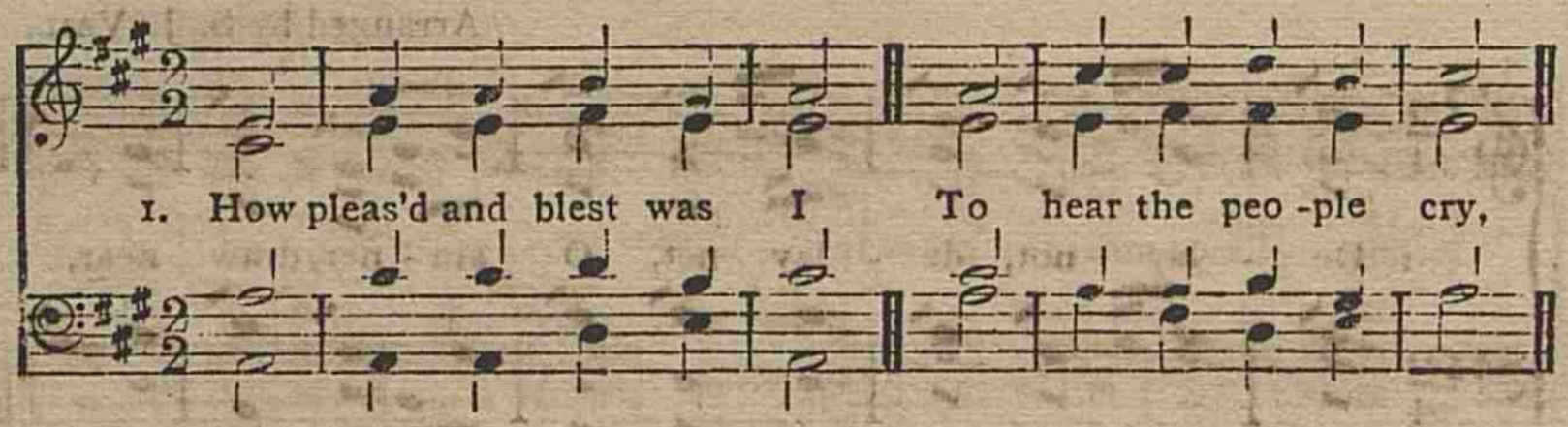






No. 136.
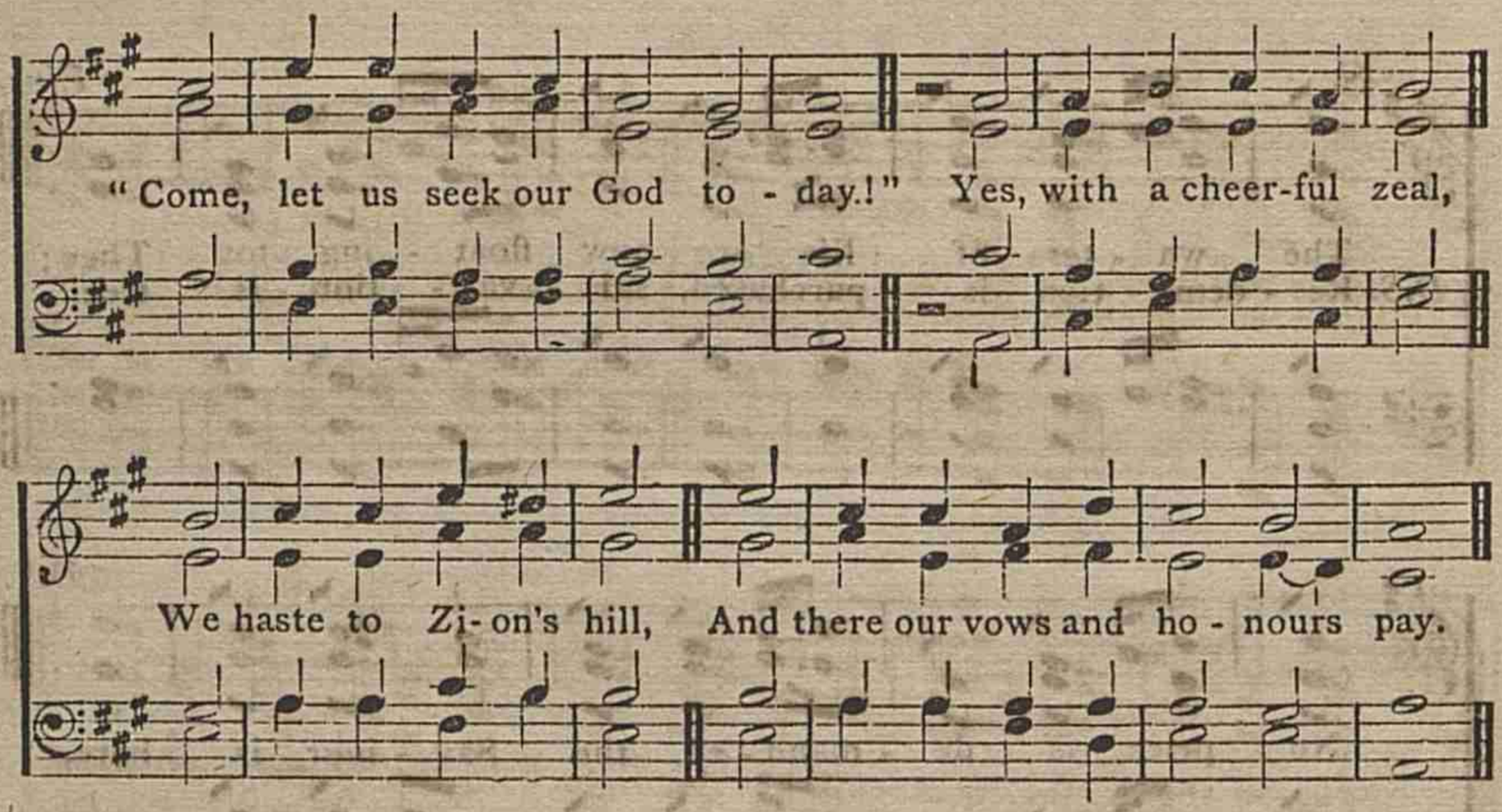
2 Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus thy God?
A fountain is opened, how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleaned in His pardoning blood?

3 Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of grace,
Long grieved and resisted may take its sad flight,
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

DALSTON. S.P.M.

A. WILLIAMS.





No. 137

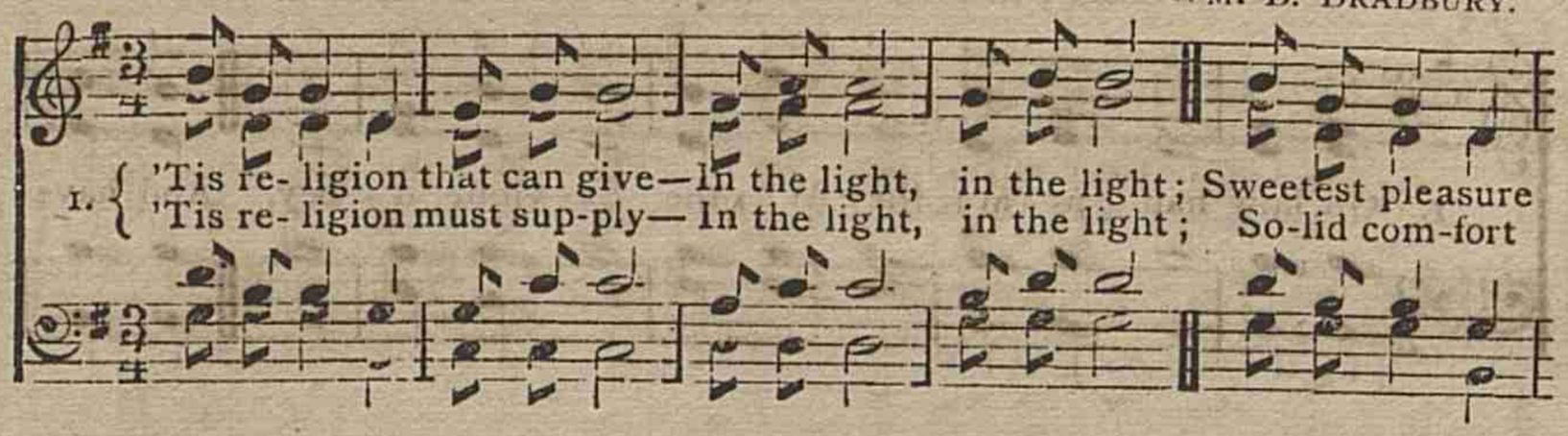
2 Zion, thrice happy place,
Adorn'd with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee round:
In thee our tribes appear
To pray, to praise, to hear
The sacred Gospel's joyful sound.
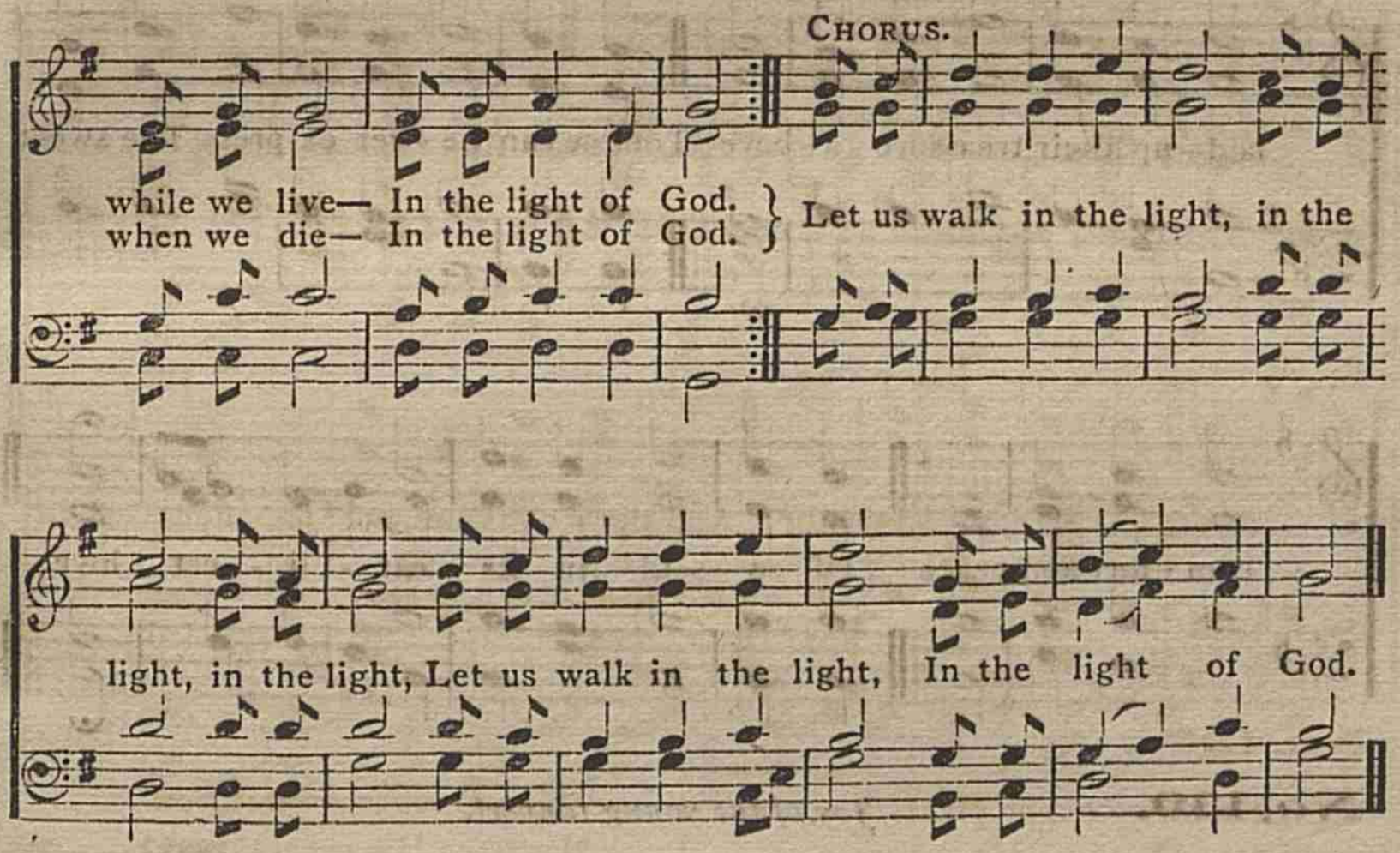
3 There David's greater Son
Has fixed His royal throne;
He sits for grace and judgment there:
He bids the saints be glad,
He makes the sinners sad,
And humble souls rejoice with fear.

4 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of every guest:
The man that seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest!

LET US WALK IN THE LIGHT.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

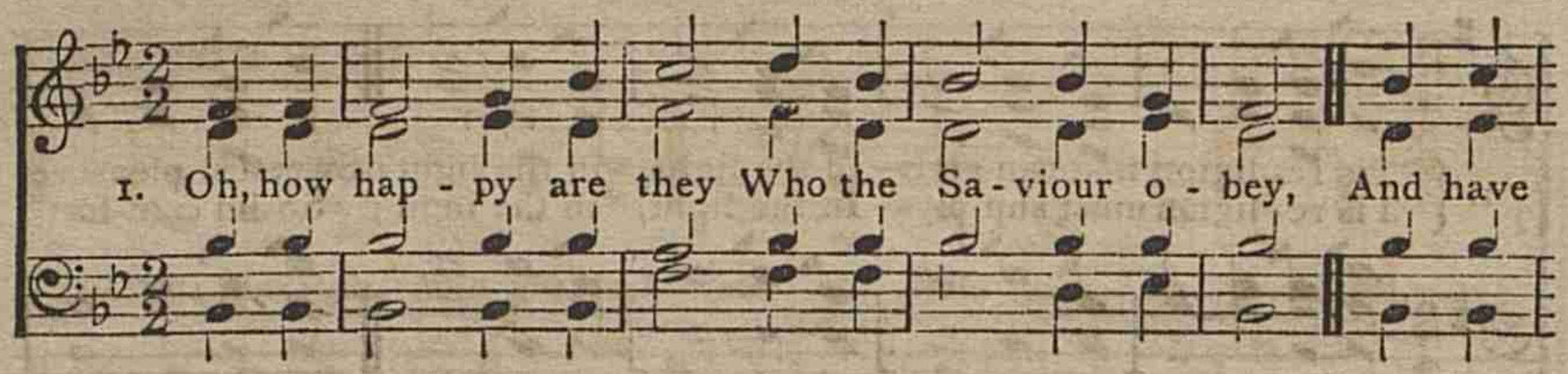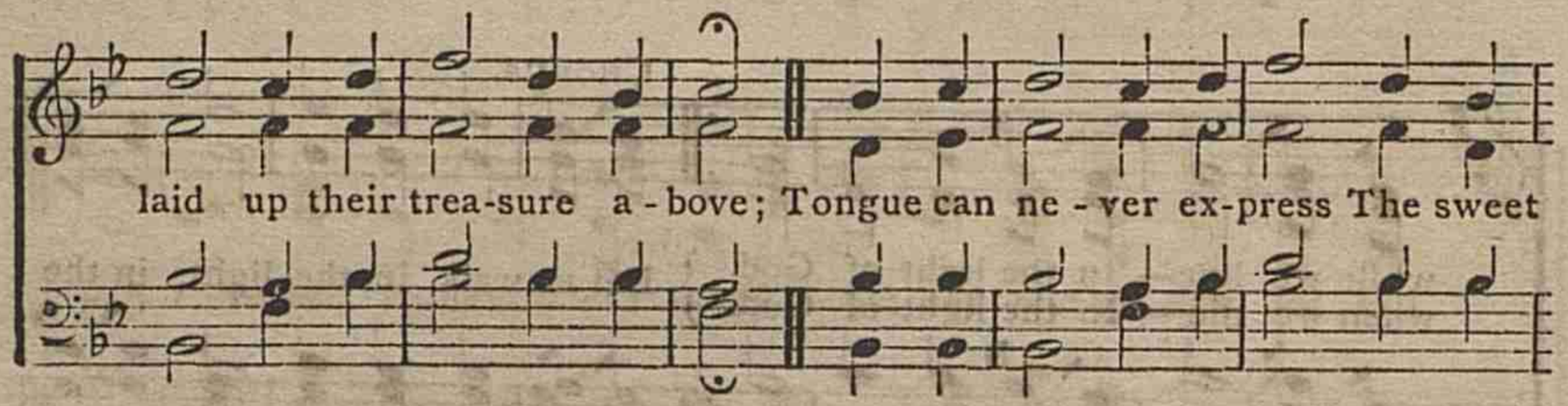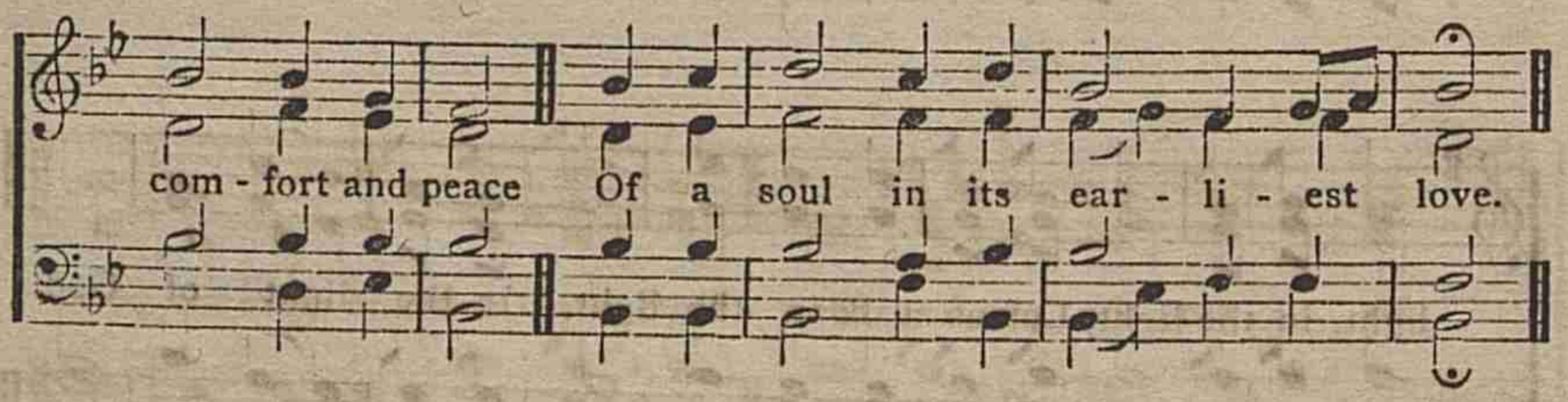




No. 138. *What religion gives.*

2 After death its joys shall be—
In the light, in the light;
Lasting as eternity—
In the light of God.
Be the living God my Friend—
In the light, in the light;
Then my bliss shall never end—
In the light of God.

THE CONVERT. 6s. and 9s.







No. 139. *Joy of the young convert.*

2 That sweet comfort was mine,
When the favour divine
I received through the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart first believed,
What a joy I received,—
What a heaven in Jesus' Name!

3 'Twas a heaven below
My Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more,
Then to fall at His feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song:
Oh, that all His salvation might see;
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffer'd and died,
To redeem even rebels like me.
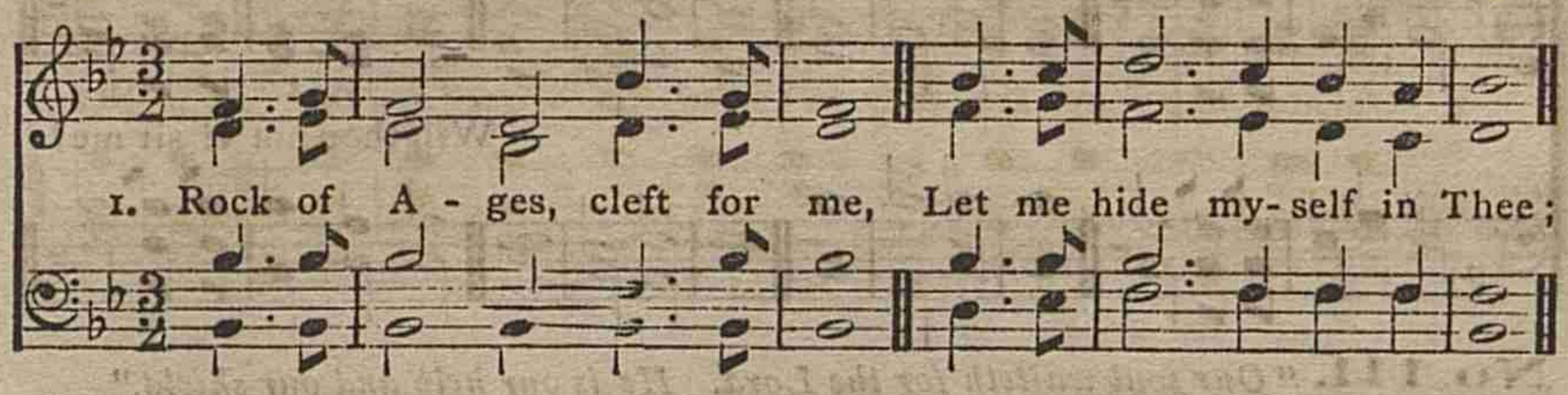
5 Oh, the rapturous height
Of that holy delight,
Which I felt in the life-giving blood;
Of my Saviour possess'd,
I was perfectly blest,
As if filled with the fulness of God.

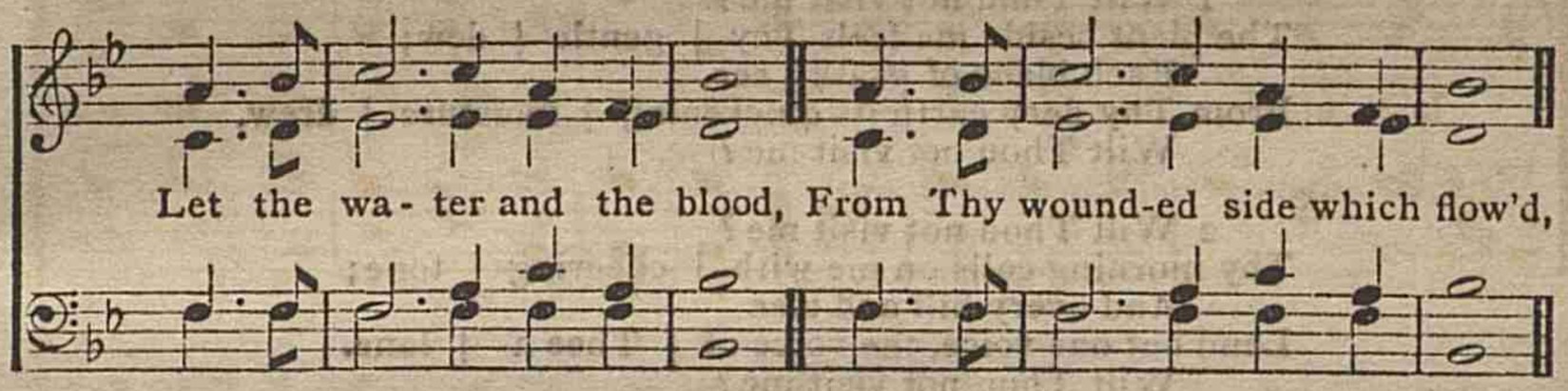
C. Wesley.

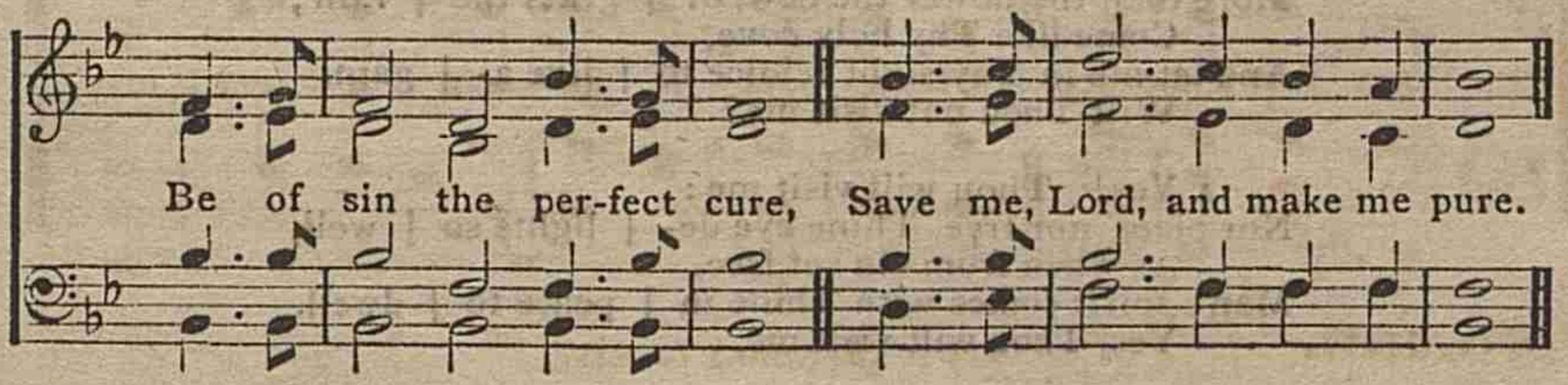
ROCK OF AGES. 7s. Six lines.

"But the Lord is my defence, and my God is the rock of my refuge."

Dr. T. HASTINGS.
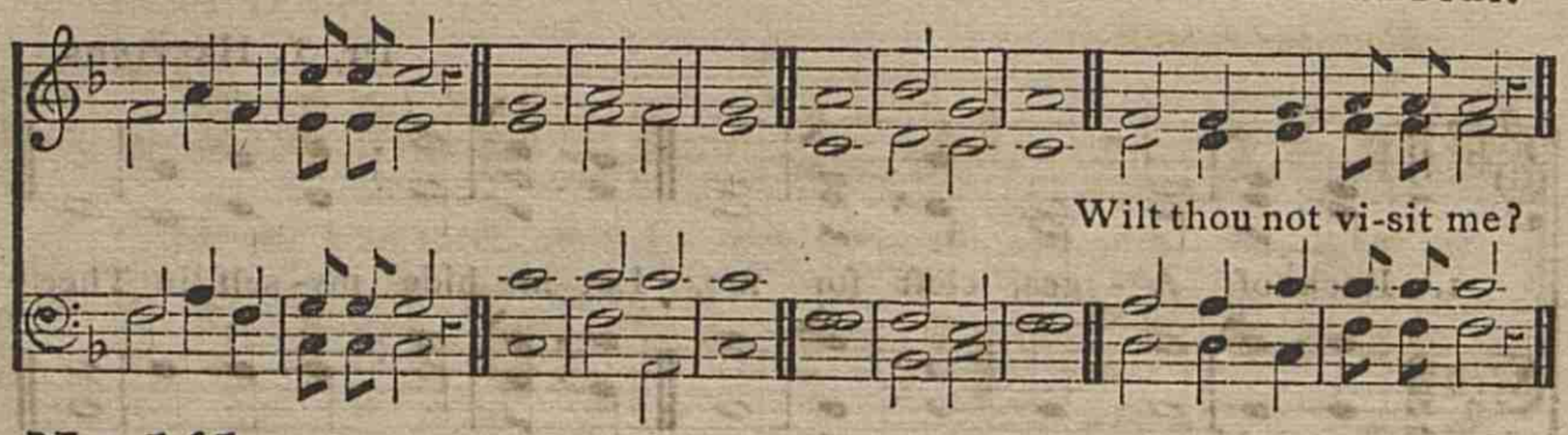






No. 140.

2 Should my tears for ever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
This for sin could ne'er atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.—*Toplady.*

WILT THOU NOT VISIT ME?

WM. B. BRADBURY.



No. 141. "*Our soul waiteth for the Lord. He is our help and our shield.*"

1 Wilt Thou not visit me?
The plant beside me feels Thy | gentle | dew;
Each blade of grass I see,
From Thy deep earth its quickening | moisture | drew.
Wilt Thou not visit me?

2 Wilt Thou not visit me?
Thy morning calls on me with | cheering | tone;
And every hill and tree
Lend but one voice, the voice of | Thee a- | lone.
Wilt Thou not visit me?
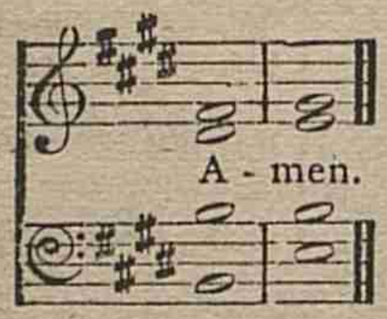
3 Wilt Thou not visit me? I need Thy love
More than the flower the dew, or | grass the | rain,
Come like Thy holy dove,
And let me in Thy sight rejoice to | live a- | gain.
Wilt Thou not visit me?

4 Yes! Thou wilt visit me:
Nor plant, nor tree, Thine eye de- | lights so | well,
As when from sin set free,
Man's spirit comes with Thine in | peace to | dwell.
Yes, Thou wilt visit me.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

No. 142.

(PITCH E.*) Our Father which art in Heaven, Hallowed be Thy Name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever.



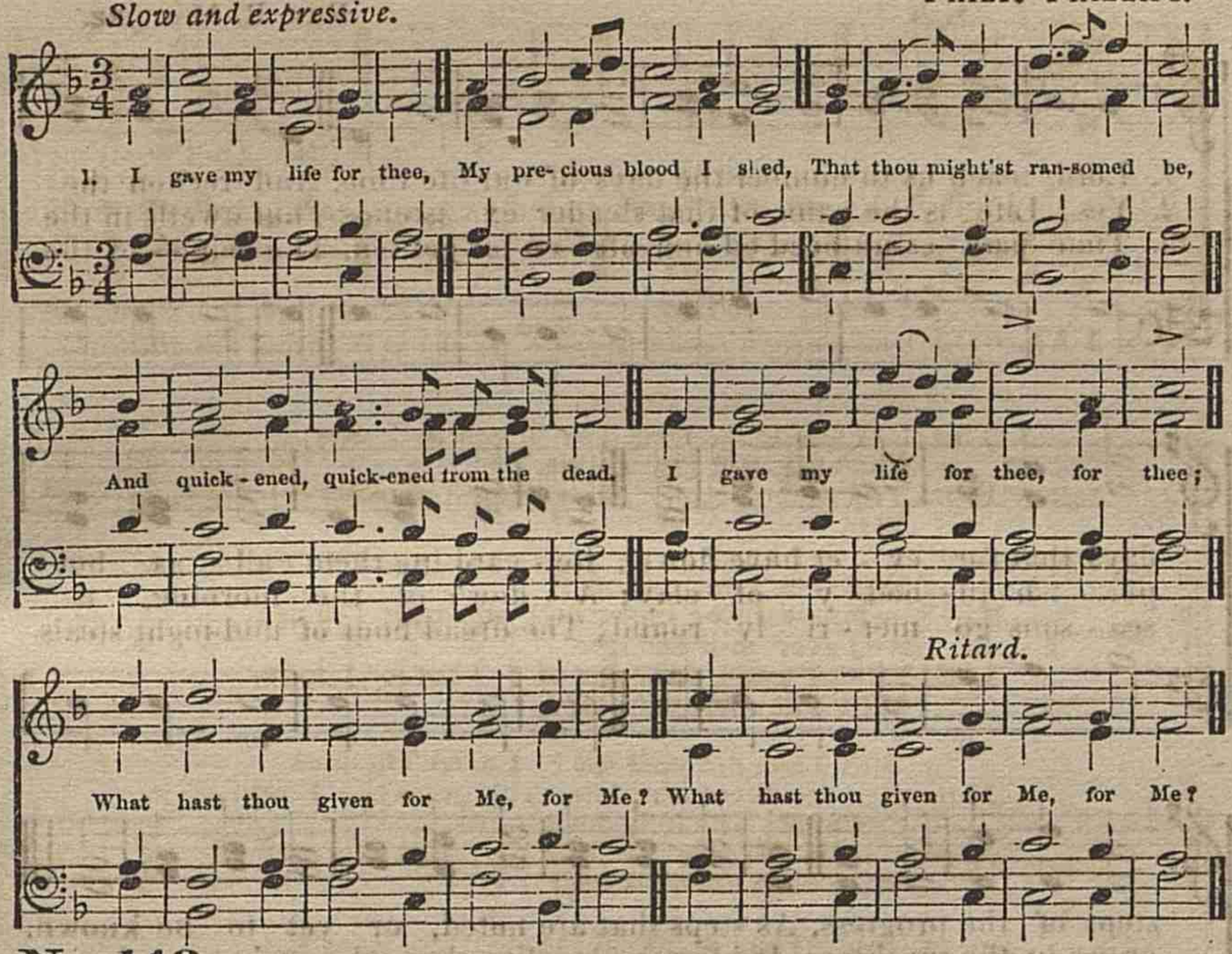
* *Let the words be deliberately, distinctly, and reverently pronounced by a single voice, or in unison, adding the Amen in harmony parts, as written.*

LOVE BEYOND DEGREE.

"This I did for thee. What hast thou done for Me?"*

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

Slow and expressive.



No. 143.

2 I spent long years for thee,
In weariness and woe,
That one eternity
Of joy thou mightest know.
I spent long years for thee, for thee;
‖: Hast thou spent *one* for Me, for Me? :‖

3 My Father's house of light,
My rainbow-circled throne,
I left for earthly night,
For wanderings sad and lone.
I left it all for thee, for thee;
‖: Hast thou left *aught* for Me, for Me? :‖

4 I suffered much for thee,
More than thy tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue thee from hell.
I suffered much for thee, for thee;
‖: What dost thou *bear* for Me, for Me? :‖

5 And I have brought to thee,
Down from My house above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and my love.
Great gifts I brought to thee, to thee;
‖: What hast thou *brought* to Me, to Me? :‖

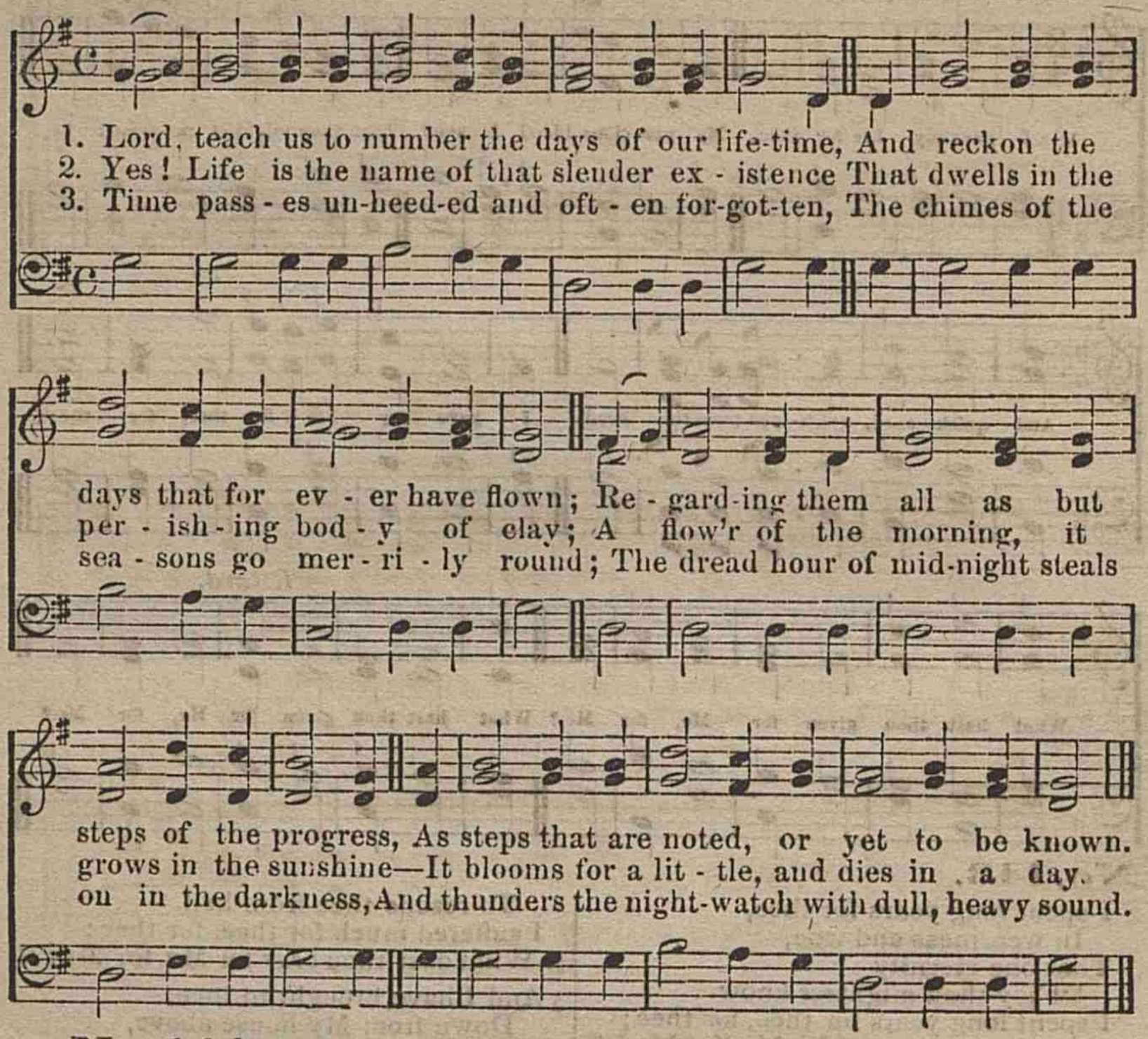
6 Oh, let thy life be given,
Thy years for Me be spent,
World fetters all be riven,
And joy with suffering blent.
Give thou *thyself* to Me, to Me,
‖: And I will welcome thee, *yes* thee! :‖

* *Motto placed under a print of Christ on the Cross, in the study of a German clergyman. It is said that Count Zindendorf was first taught to love the Saviour by reading this motto.*

A NEW YEAR'S HYMN.

"So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

REV. R. MAGUIRE.



No. 144.

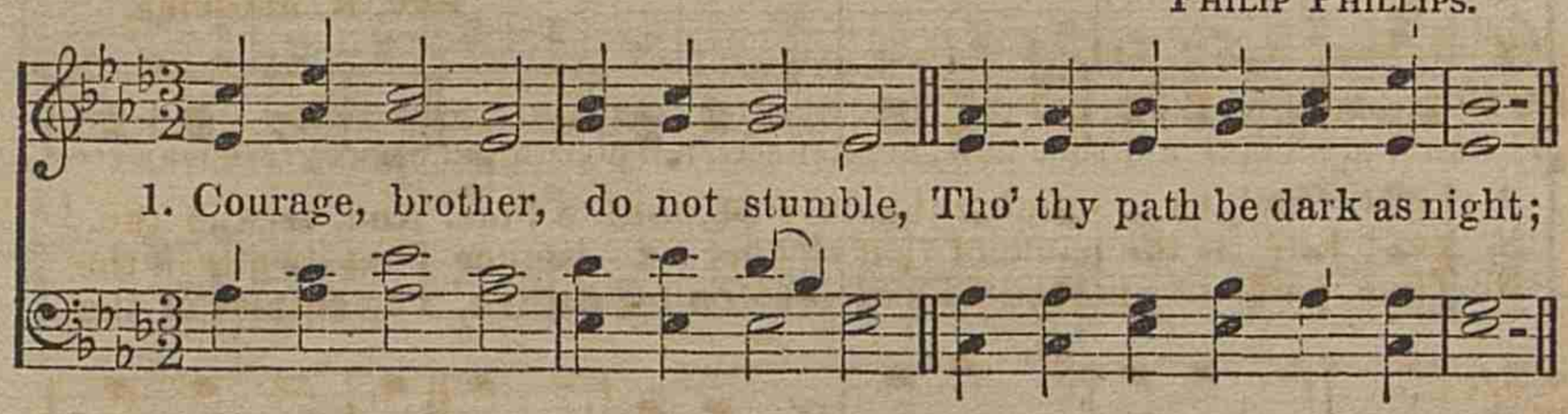
4 The dew of the night and the mist of the morning
Scarce live but a moment, when upward they fly.
The babe of our joy is the child of our sorrow;
To-day it is fondled—to-morrow to die.

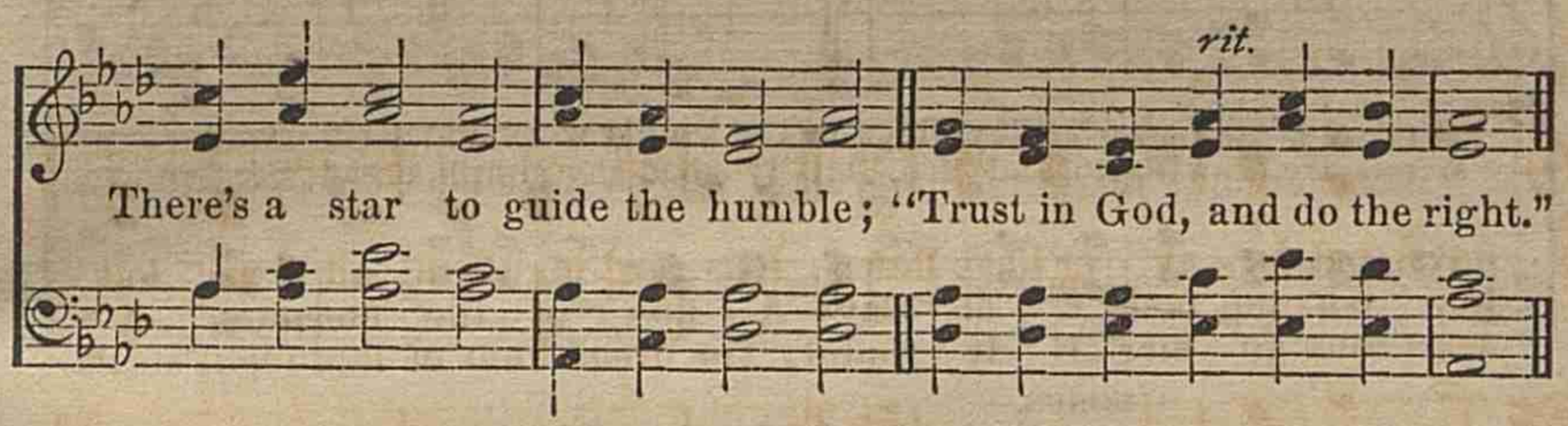
5 Then teach us to number the days of our life-time,
And study to walk in more heavenly ways:
As we reckon the hours and the chimes of the noon-tide,
So teach us, great Teacher, to number our days.
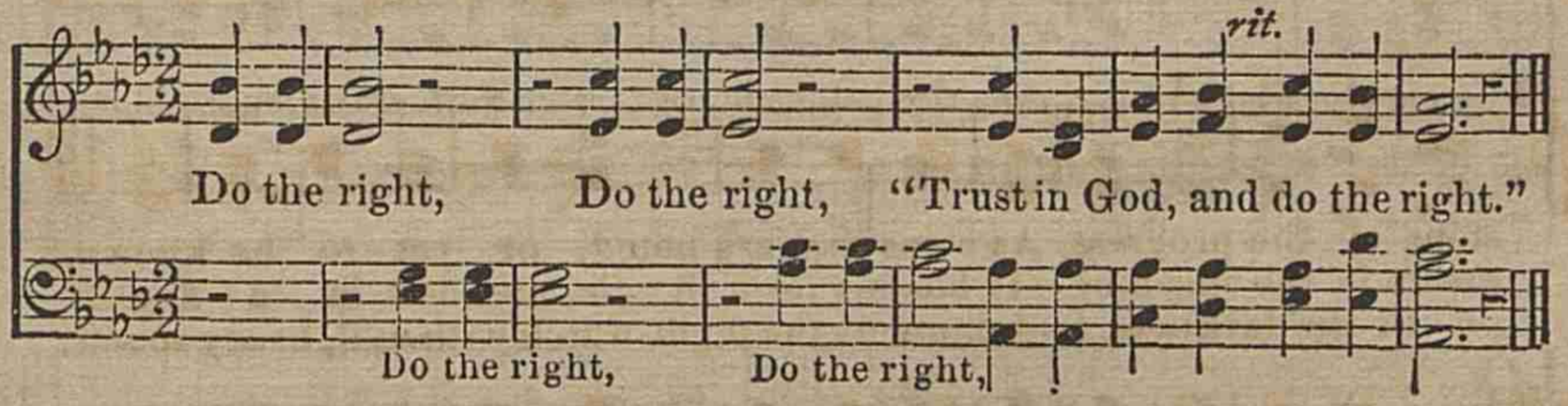
DO THE RIGHT.

"No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.







No. 145.

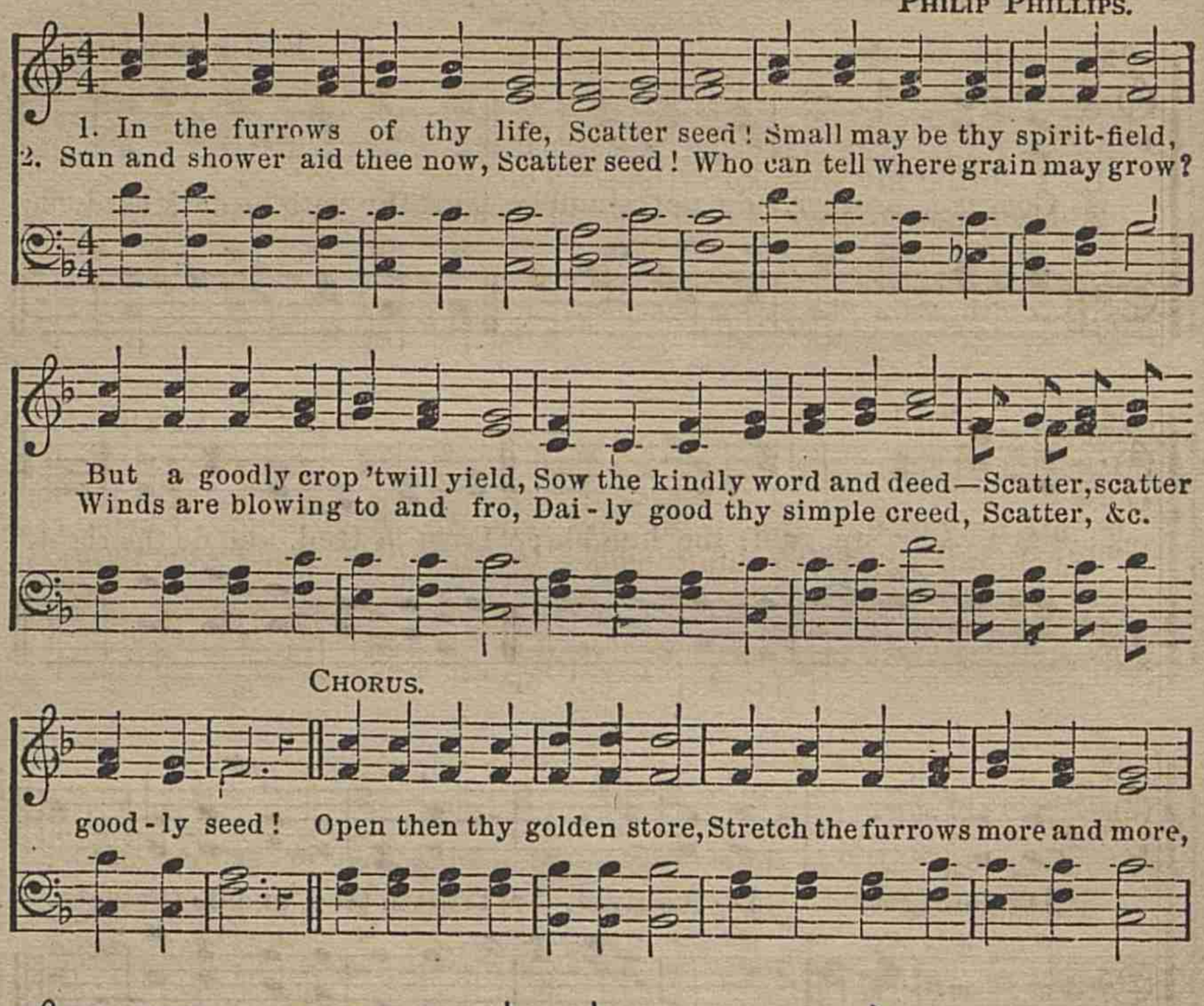
2 Let the road be rough and dreary,
And its end far out of sight,
Foot it bravely! strong or weary,
"Trust in God, and do the right."
Do the right, &c.

3 Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight:
Cease from man, and look above thee,
"Trust in God, and do the right."
Do the right, &c.

THE GOLDEN STORE.

"Behold! a sower went out to sow."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.
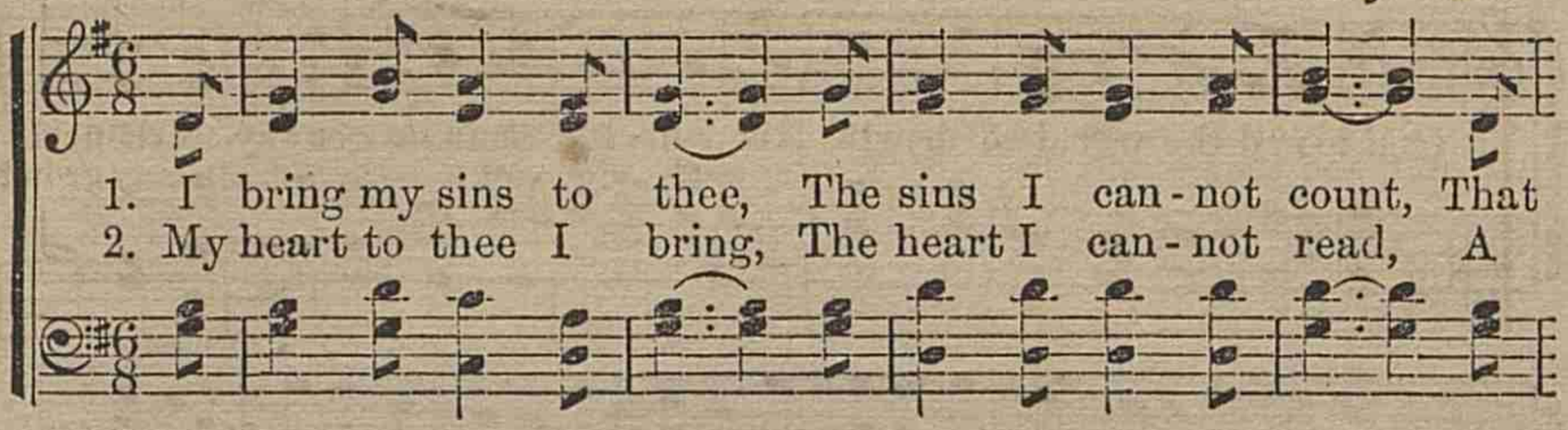


No. 146.
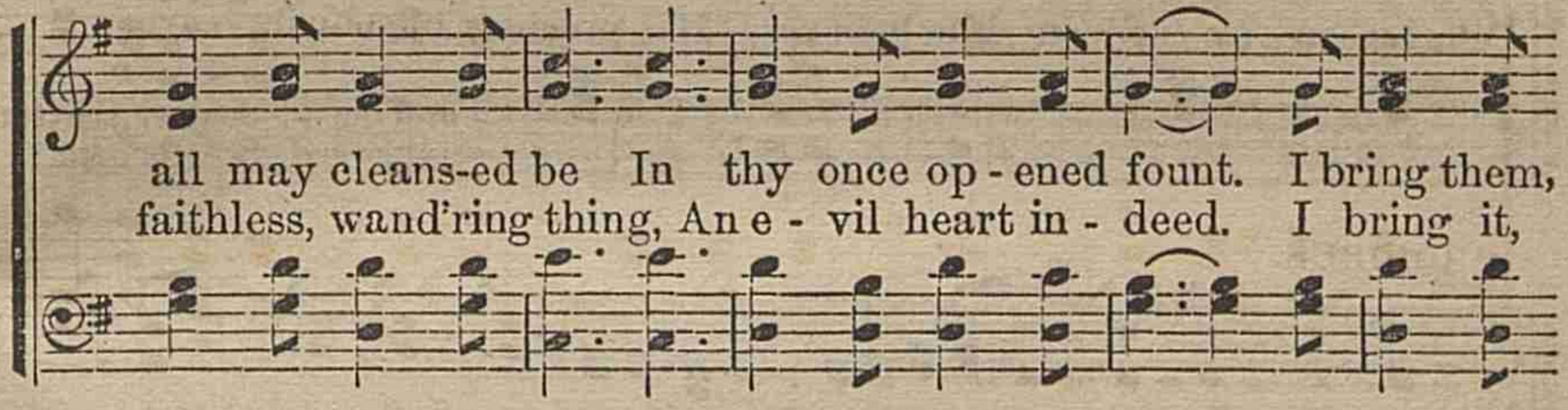
3 Though thy work should seem to fail,
Scatter seed!
Some may fall on stony ground;
Flower and blade are often found
In the clefts we little heed.
Scatter, scatter goodly seed. *Cho.*

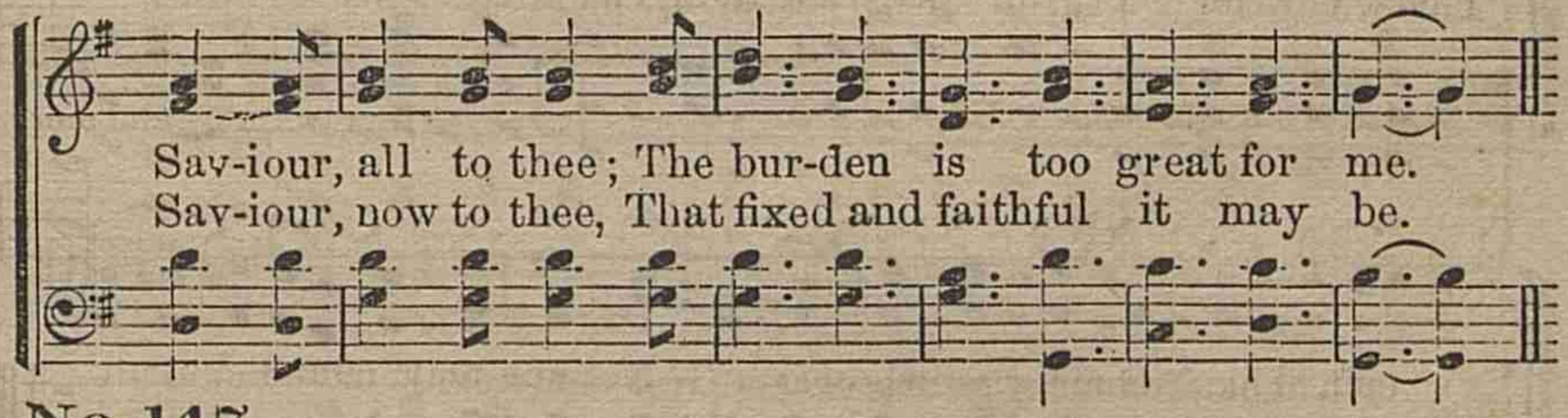
4 Spring-time always dawns for thee!
Scatter seed!
Open then thy golden store,
Stretch thy furrows more and more,
God will give thee all thy need.
Scatter, scatter goodly seed. *Cho.*

I BRING MY SINS TO THEE.

S. J. VAIL.







No. 147.

3 To thee I bring my care,
The care I cannot flee;
Thou wilt not only share,
But take it all for me.
O loving Saviour! now to thee
I bring the load that wearies me.

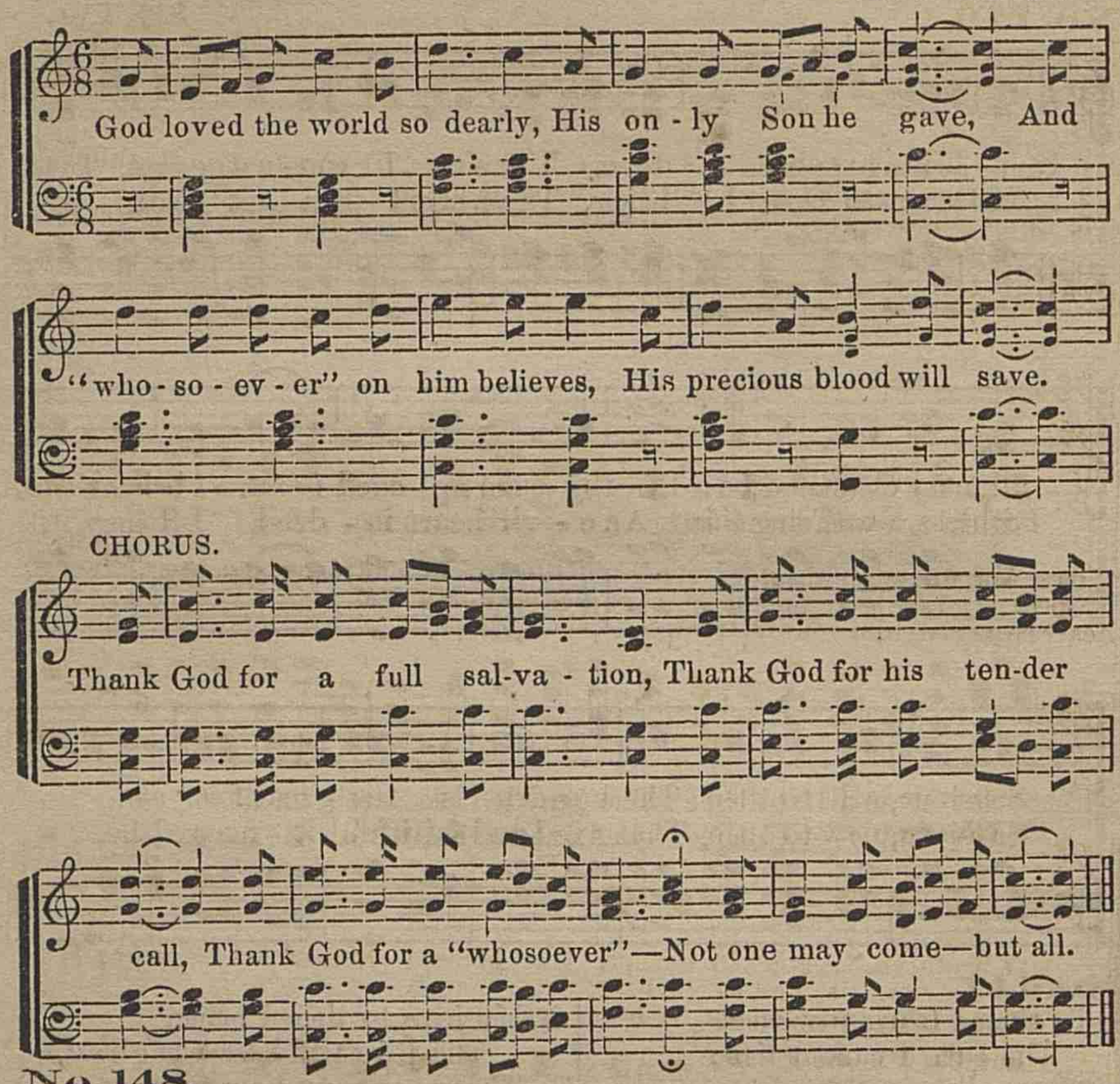
4 I bring my grief to thee,
The grief I cannot tell;
No words shall needed be,
Thou knowest all so well.
I bring the sorrow laid on me,
O suffering Saviour! all to thee.

5 My joys to thee I bring,
The joys thy love has given,
That each may be a wing
To lift me nearer heaven.
I bring them, Saviour, all to thee,
Who hast procured them all for me.

6 My life I bring to thee,
I would not be my own:
O Saviour! let me be
Thine ever, thine alone!
My heart, my life, my all I bring
To thee, my Saviour and my King.

THE BLESSED "WHOSOEVER."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.



No. 148.

2 O look to him ye nations—
The Lamb for sinners slain,
And "whosoever" will seek his face,
Shall never seek in vain.
Cho. Thank God, &c.

3 Come, weary, heavy laden,
And he will give you rest,
And "whosoever" will do his will,
Shall be forever blest.
Cho. Thank God, &c.

4 Come, say the Bride and Spirit,
Amen, so let it be,
For "whosoever" will come to God,
May come—for grace is free.
Cho. Thank God, &c.

'TIS GOOD TO BE HERE.

No. 149. PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. God's tem- ple is here, and the sky is its dome, He speaks from this altar to-
2. As Pe - ter cried out when he saw in the mount E - li - as with Moses ap-
3. Come, sin-ner, why lin- ger a- way from thy God, Away from a pardon so

pray.

day, And fills with his glory transcendently bright, The place where we gather to
pear, And Jesus transfigured in garments of light, O Master, 'tis good to be here.
dear? Now give him your heart as you kneel at his feet, And say it is good to be here.
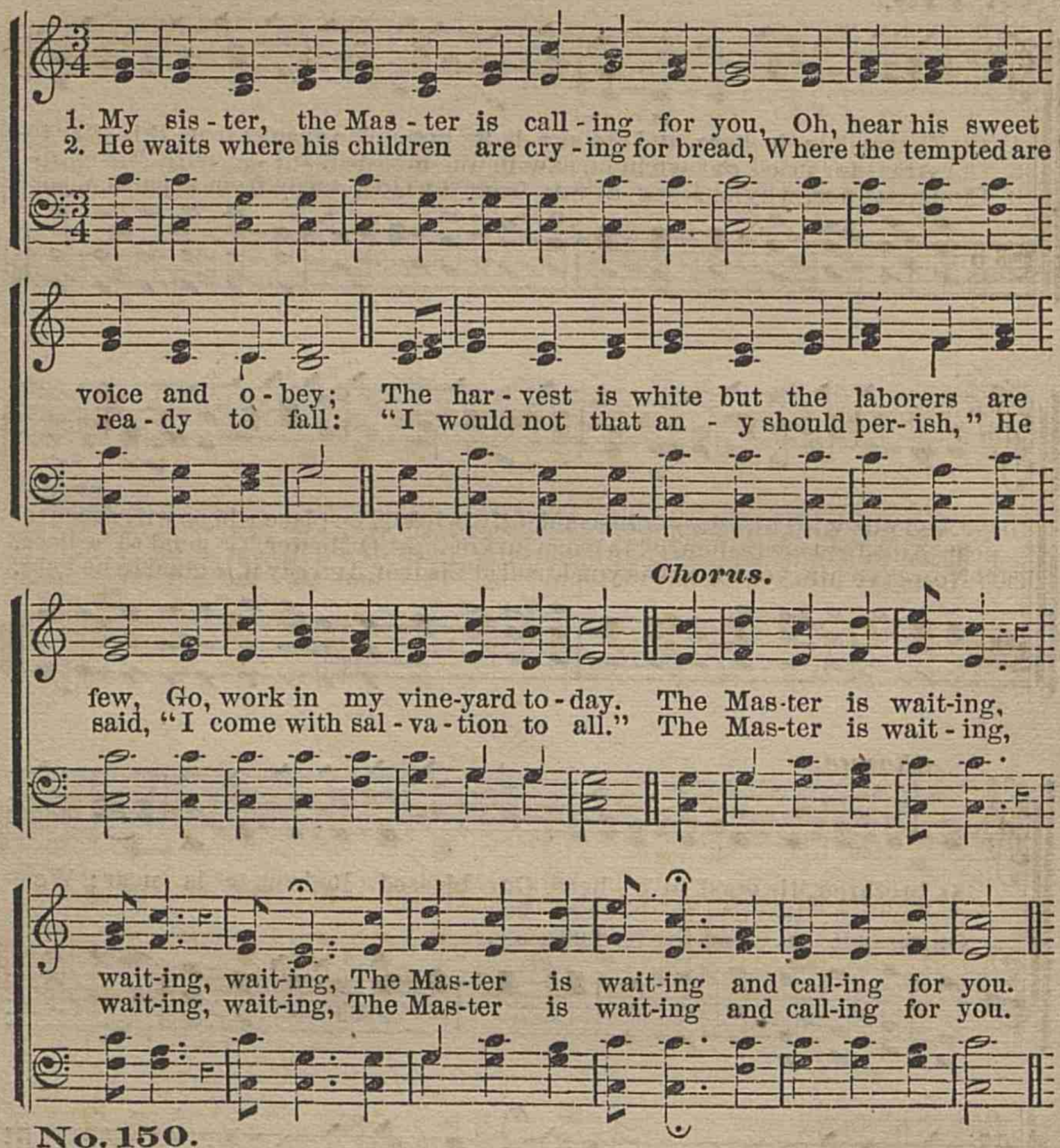
Chorus.

O brethren, 'tis good to be here, Our blessed Redeemer is near; We
We answer, 'tis good to be here, &c.
Oh, yes, it is good to be here, &c.

plunge in the flood of his life-giving blood, O brother, 'tis good to be here!

THE MASTER IS WAITING

Words by ANNIE WITTENMEYER. PHILIP PHILLIPS.



No. 150.

3 He waits in the homes of the poor and oppressed,
To lighten the burdens they bear;
And brings to the weary and faintings ones rest—
Go quickly, and meet with him there.—CHO.

4 My sister, the Master is waiting for you;
He calls for the reapers to-day.
There's work for each one of his children to do;
Oh! haste thee, no longer delay.—CHO.

EVER TRUSTING.

No. 151. PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. Trust in God for ev - ery bless-ing, Trust in God from day to day;
2. God will nev - er fail his children If his prom-ise they be-lieve;
3. Are the ties of earthly friendship Crushed and broken, one by one?
4. Trust in God, the Rock of A - ges, Then thy feet shall stand se-cure;
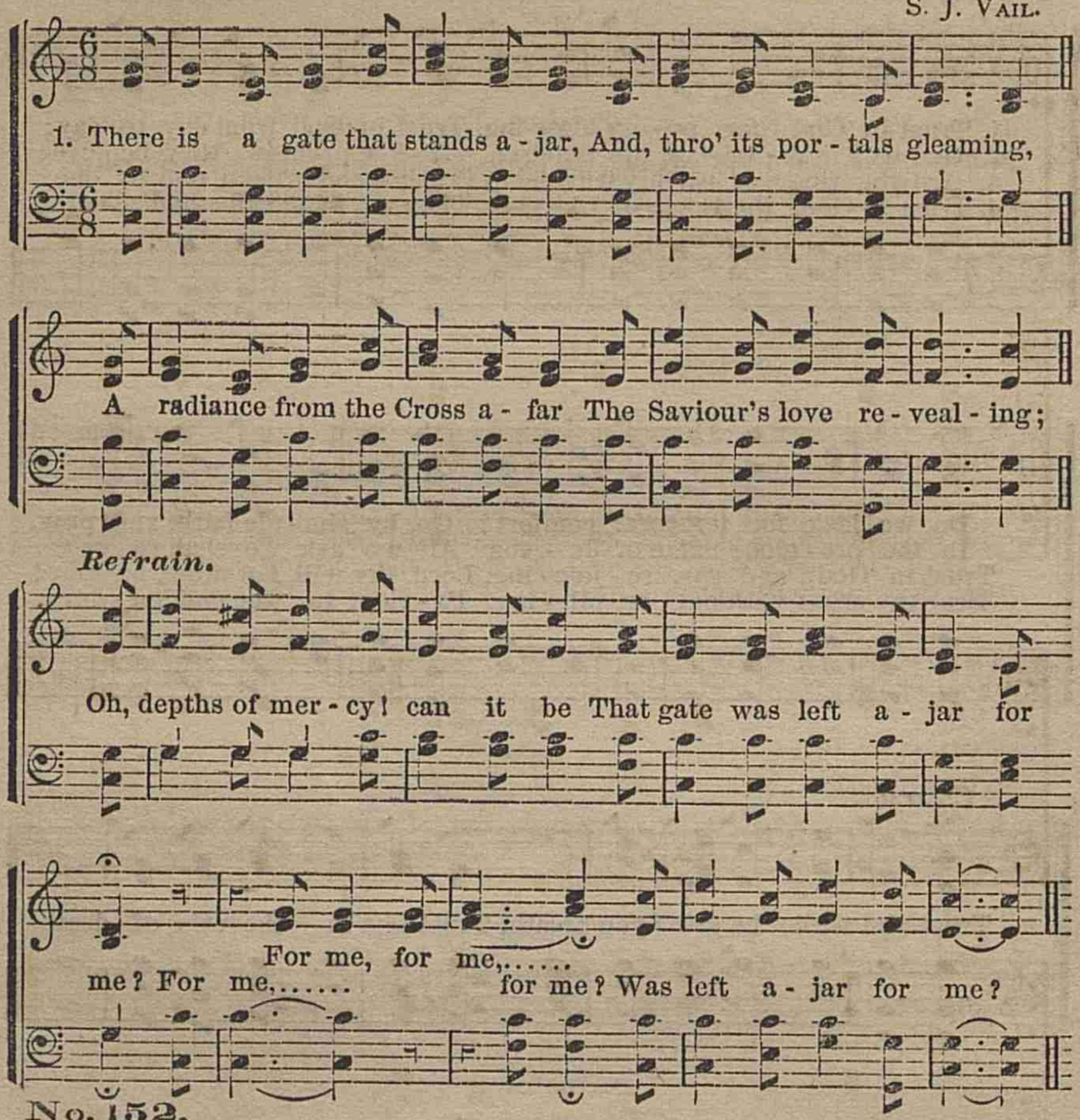
Do we lack for temporal comfort? Go, by sim - ple faith, and pray.
In the pre - cious name of Je - sus All we ask we shall re - ceive.
Trust in God, and say, re - joic - ing, Lord, thy will, not mine, be done!
Bear thy cross with-out re - pin - ing, Pa - tient to the end en - dure.

Chorus.

Trust him while he gives you breath, Trust him in the vale of death,
Trust him on the nar-row sea, Trust him through e-ter - ni - ty.

THE GATE AJAR FOR ME.

S. J. VAIL.



No. 152.

2 That gate ajar stands free for all
Who seek through it salvation;
The rich and poor, the great and small,
Of every tribe and nation.—*Ref.*

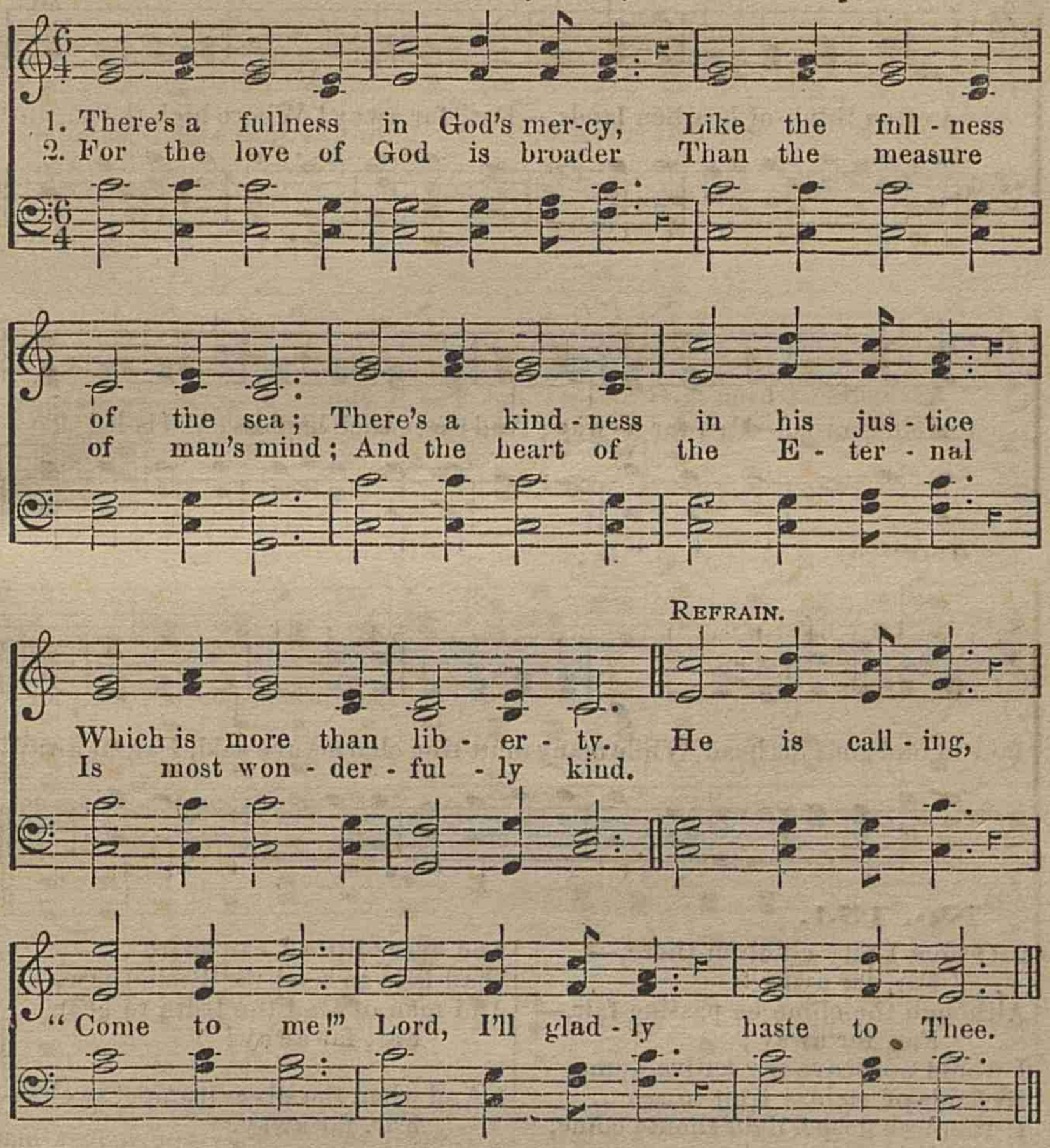
3 Press onward, then, though foes may frown,
While mercy's gate is open,
Accept the cross, and win the crown,
Love's everlasting token.—*Ref.*

4 Beyond the river's brink we'll lay
The cross that here is given,
And bear the crown of life away,
And love him more in heaven.—*Ref.*

MRS. LYDIA BAXTER.

COME NEARER, JESUS.

"A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise."
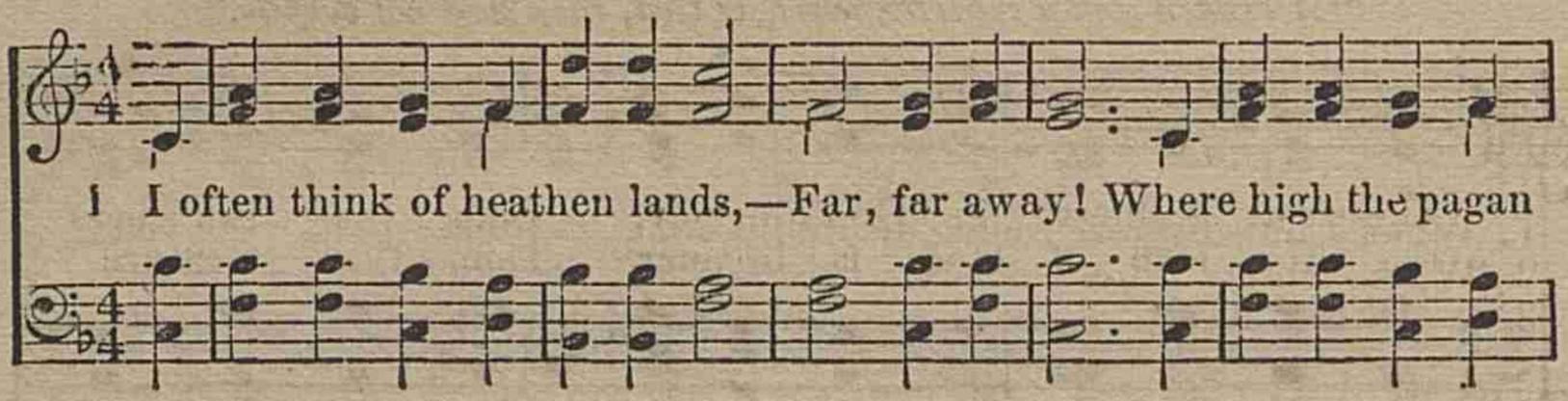


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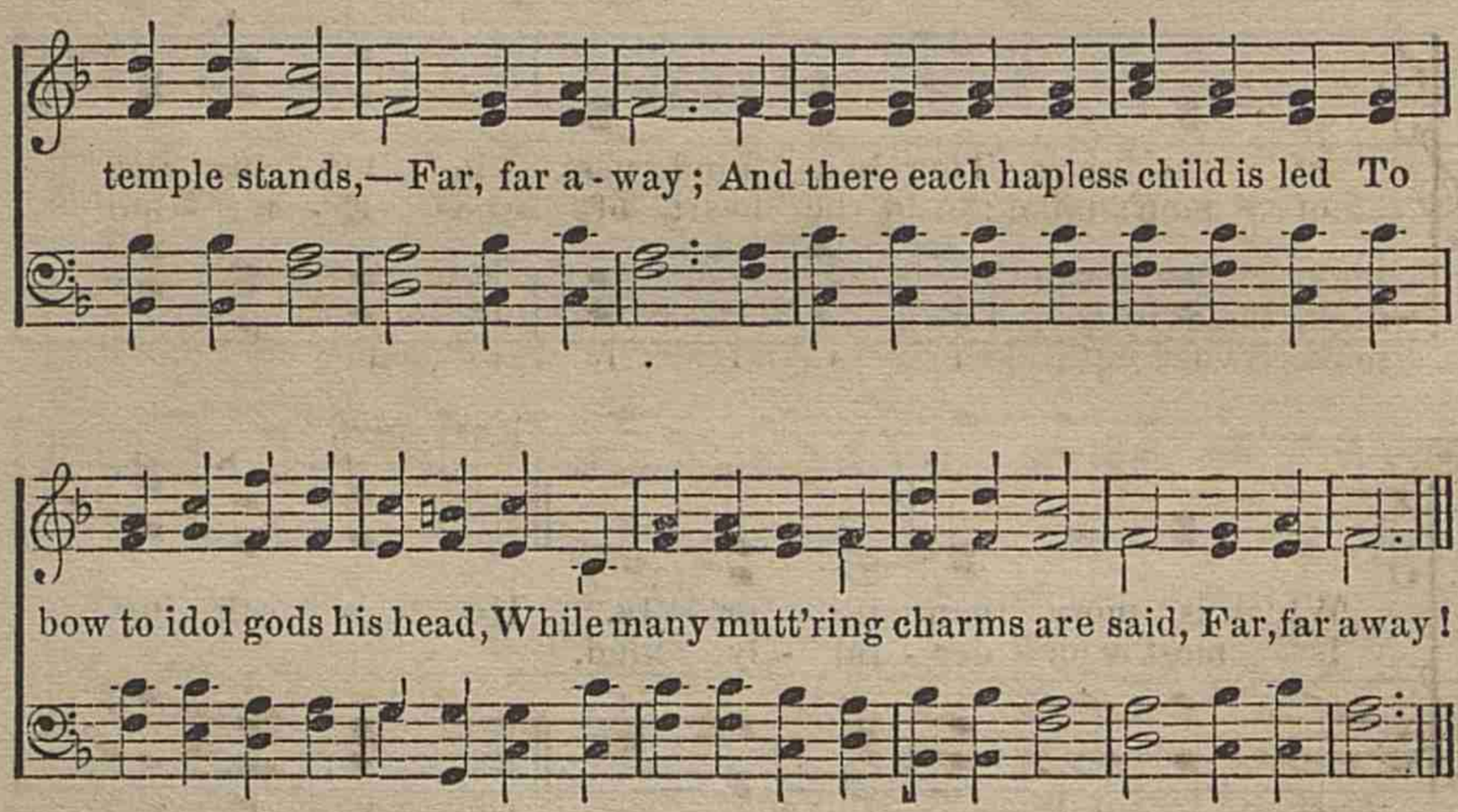
3 Pining souls! come nearer Jesus;
Come, but come not doubting thus;
Come with faith that trusts more freely
His great tenderness for us.
He is calling, &c.

4 If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word:
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.
He is calling, &c.

FAR AWAY.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.





No. 154.

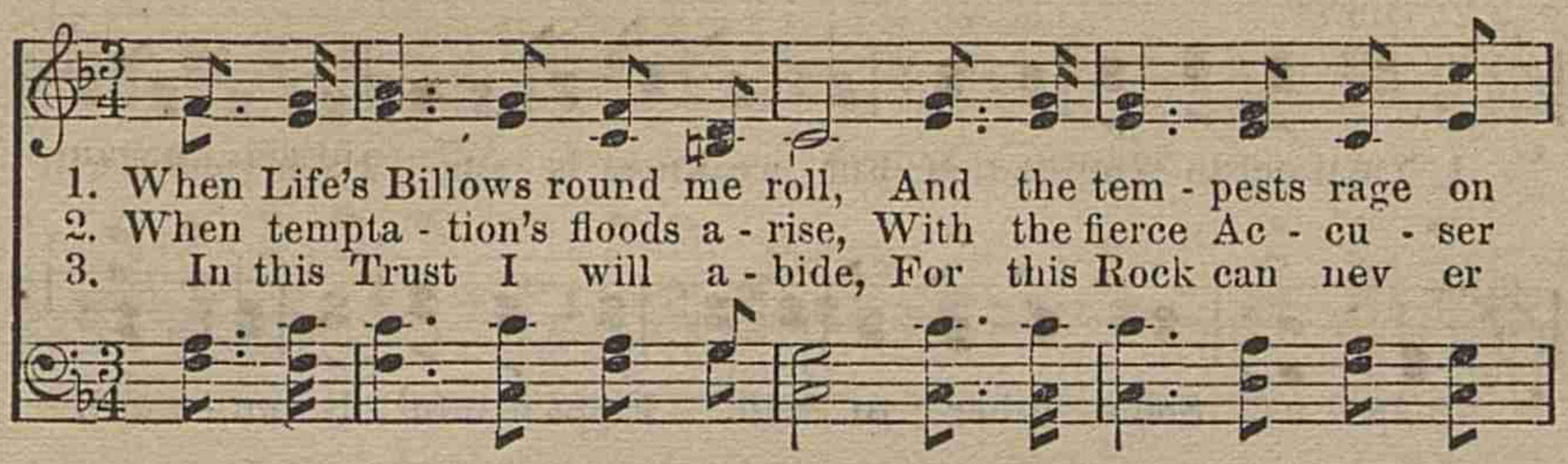
2 O how I pity children there,—
Far, far away!
Although the clime be passing fair,—
Far, far away;
I would not leave my native home,
In fields of richest fruit to roam,
If there no gospel light should come,—
Far, far away!

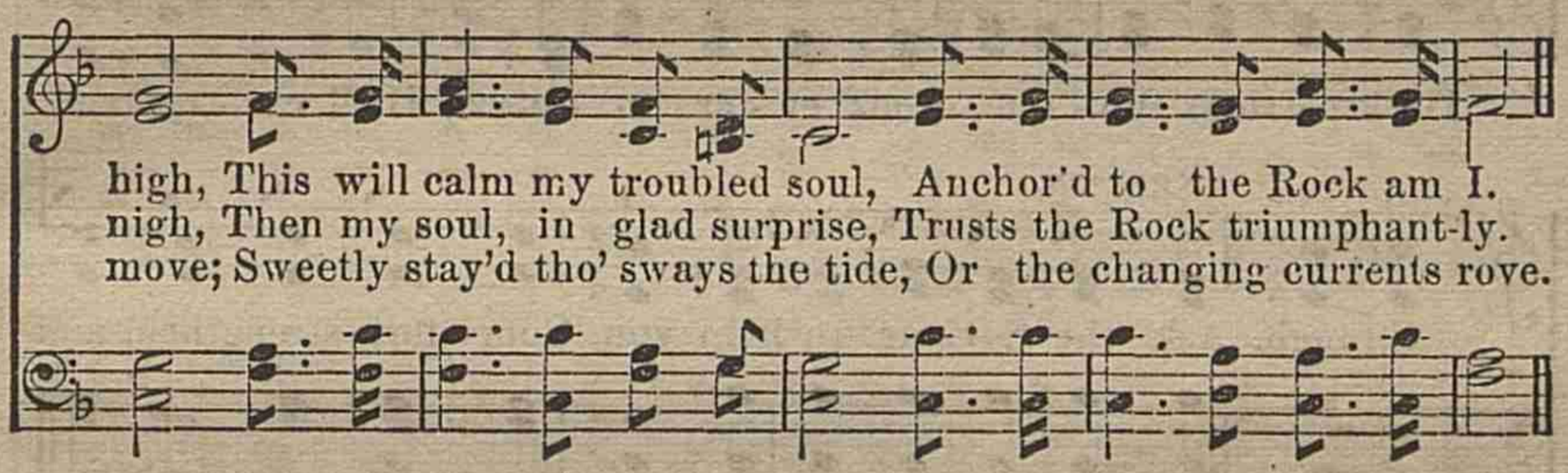
3 But I will pray that God may send—
Far, far away,
Glad tidings of my Saviour Friend—
Far, far away;
And every little I can spare
Shall help to send the Bible there,
And men of God the truth to bear
Far, far away!

4 And when the silver trumpet swells—
Far, far away,
And all the love of Jesus tells—
Far, far away;
The idols shall like Dagon fall,
And many a child on God shall call,
And own my Jesus Lord of all,—
Far, far away!
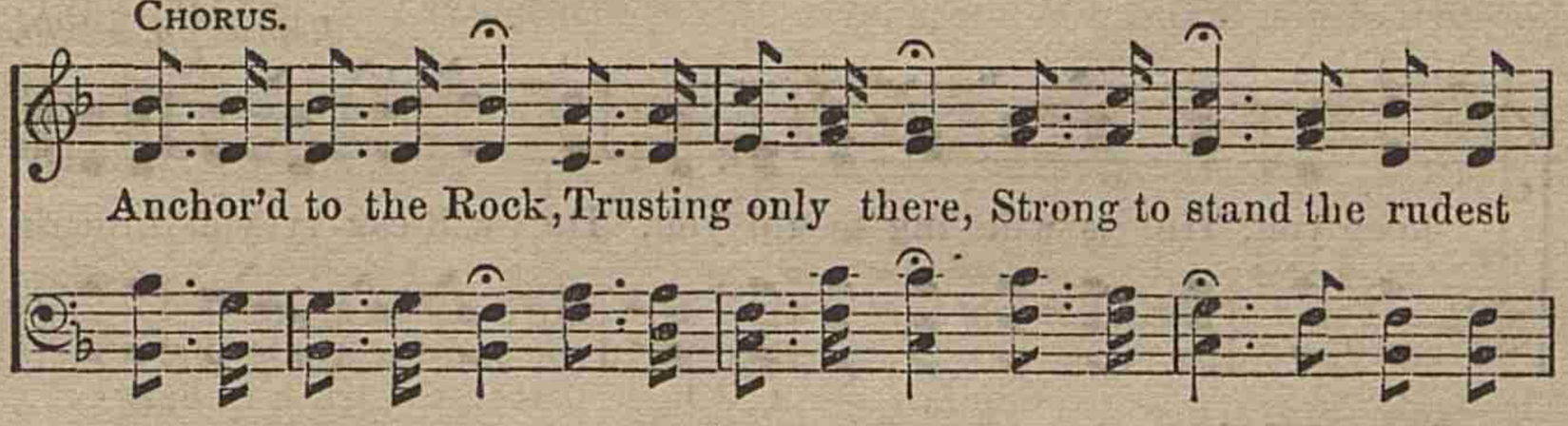
ANCHORED TO THE ROCK.

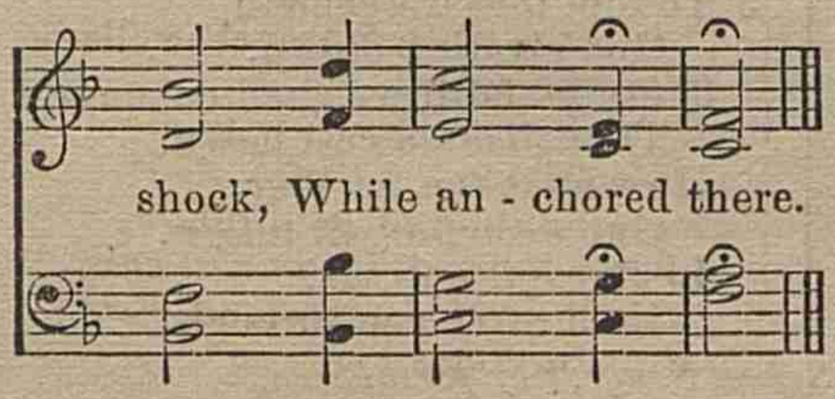
Words and Music by REV. L. HARTSOUGH.





CHORUS.





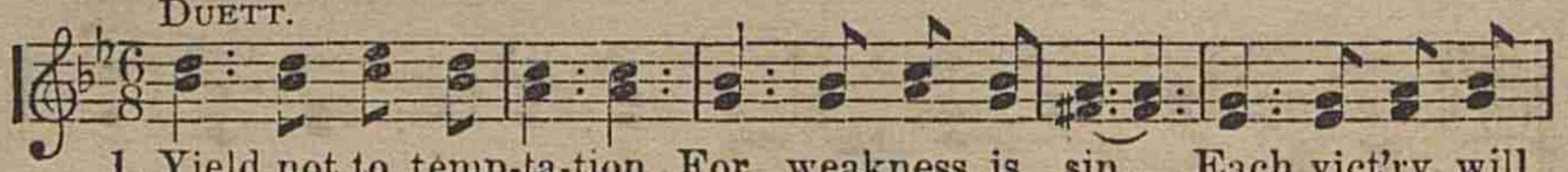
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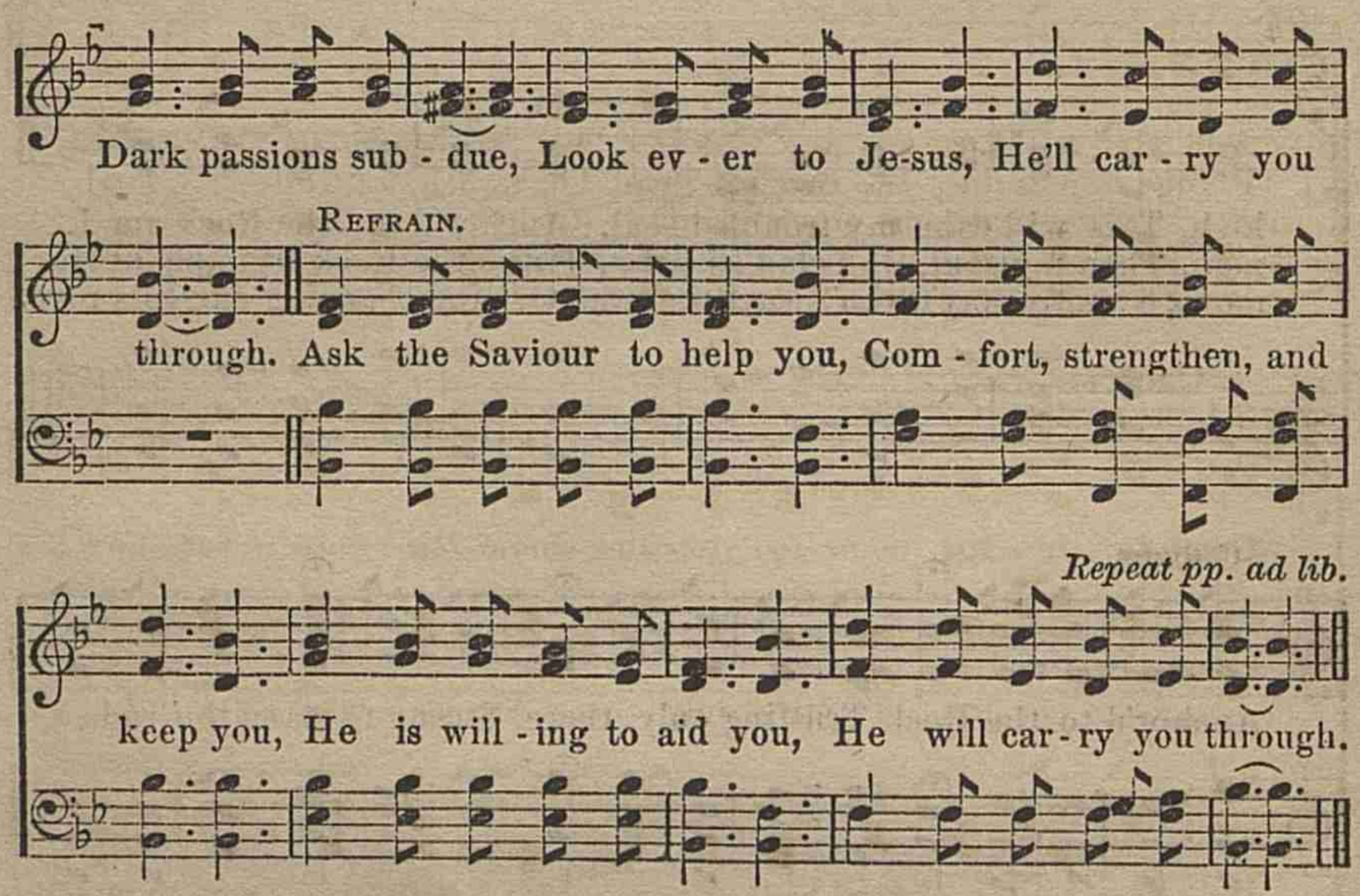
4 When the dark mist gathering o'er.
Blurs and dampens all my sky
To this Rock I'll trust the more
Till the latest fear shall fly.
Anchored to the Rock, &c.

JESUS WILL CARRY YOU THROUGH.

Arr. H. R. PALMER.

DUETT.





No. 156.

2 Shun evil companions,
Bad language disdain,
God's name hold in reverence,
Nor take it in vain,
Be thoughtful and earnest,
Kind hearted and true,
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through. *Cho.*
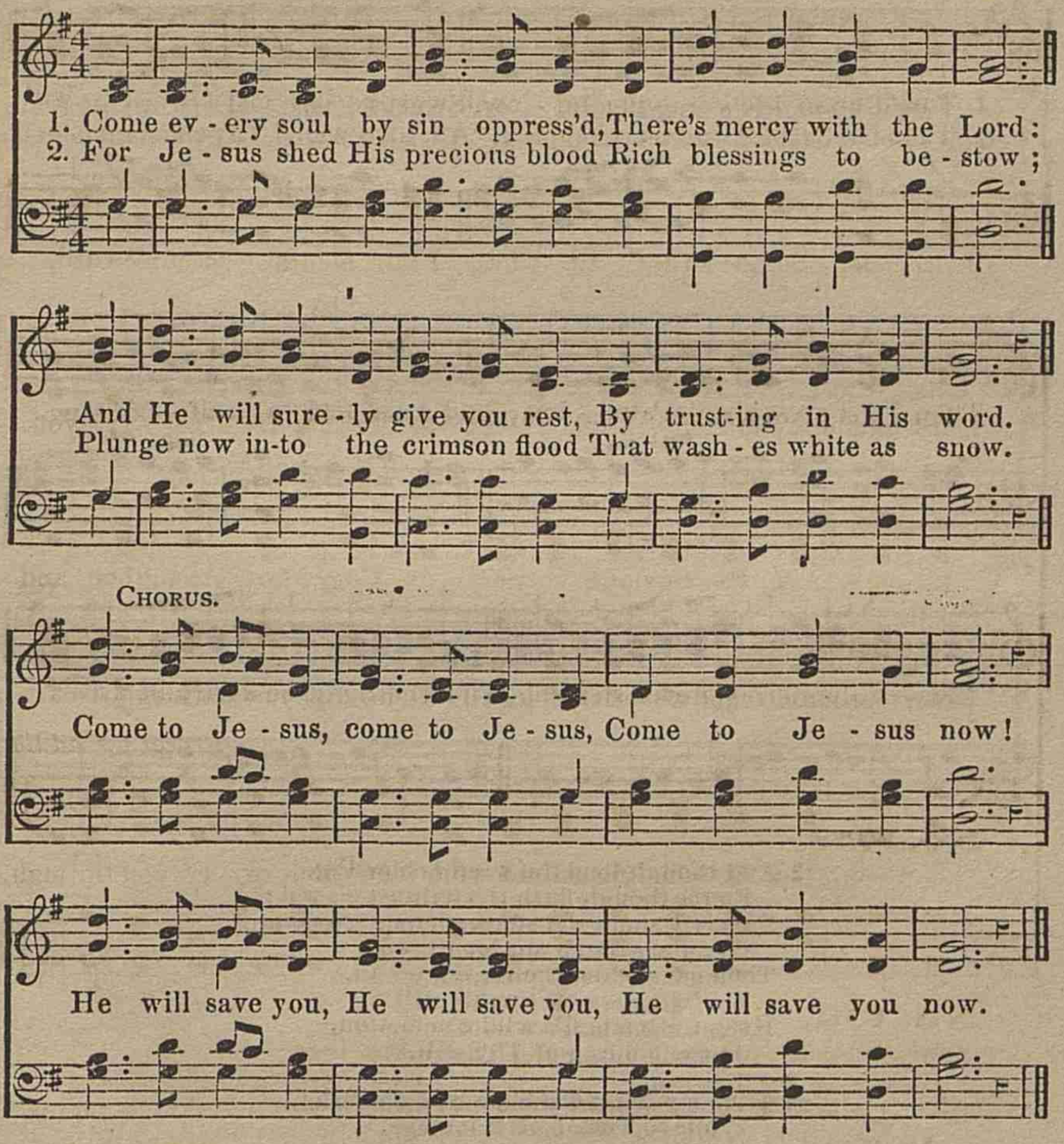
3 To him that o'ercometh,
God giveth a crown,
Through faith we shall conquer,
Though often cast down.
He who is the Saviour,
Our strength will renew,
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through. *Cho.*

From "Palmer's Sabbath School Songs," by permission.

COME TO JESUS.

"Behold, now is the accepted time."

REV. J. C. STOCKTON.



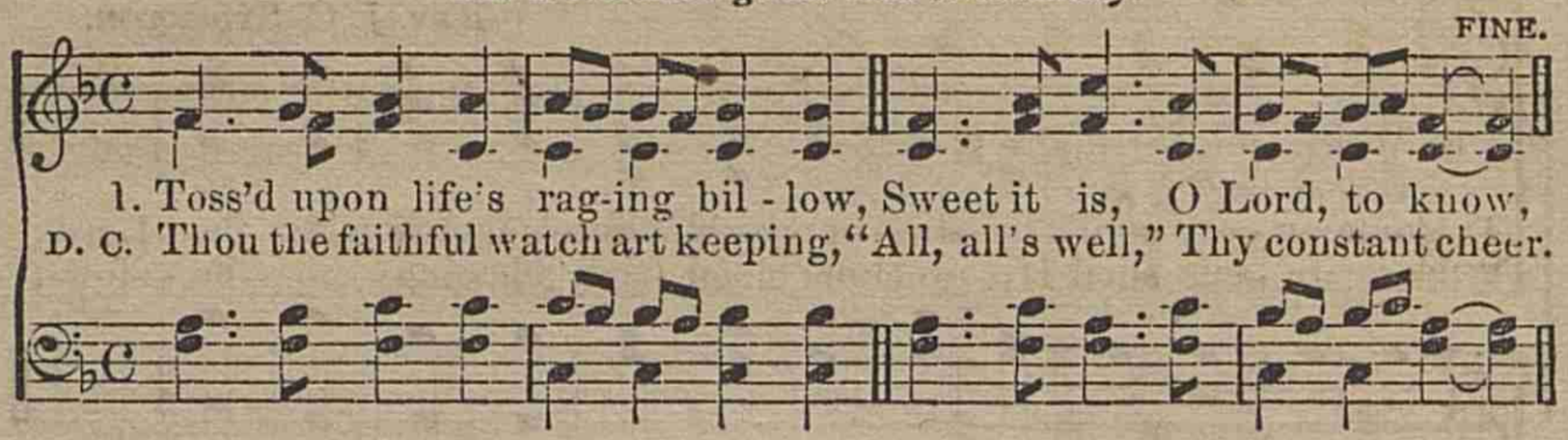
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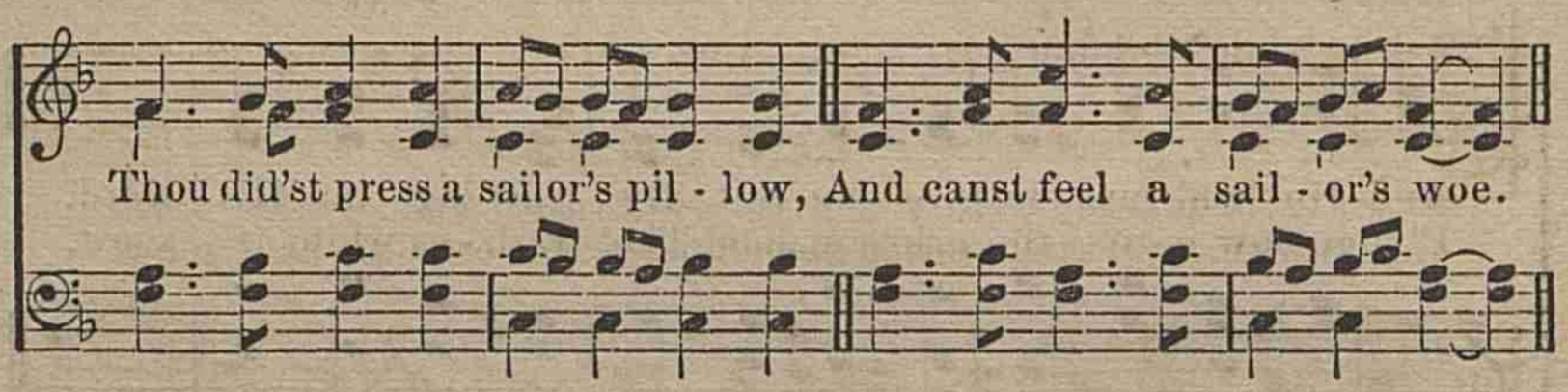
3 Yes, Jesus is the truth, the way
That leads you into rest;
Believe in Him without delay,
And you are fully blest. *Cho.*

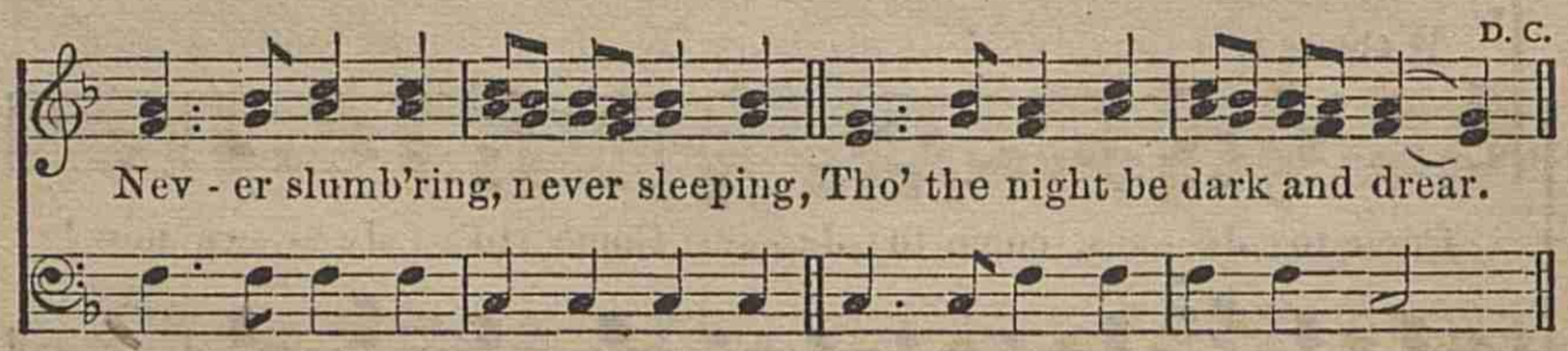
4 Come, then, and join this holy band,
And on to glory go;
To dwell in that celestial land,
Where joys immortal flow. *Cho.*

THE PILOT.

"The Lord shall guide thee continually."
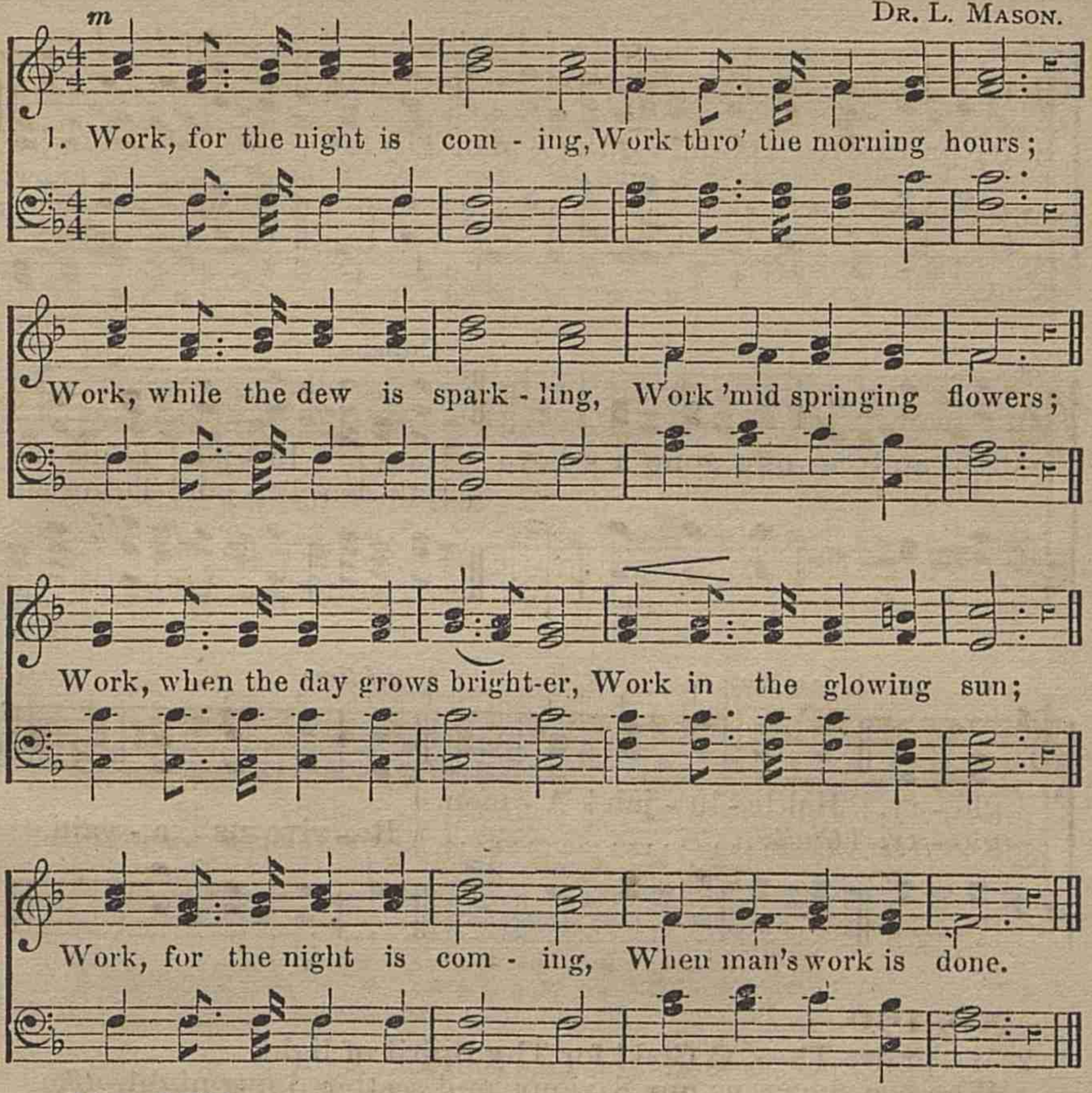






No. 158.

2 And though loud the wind is howling,
Fierce though flash the lightning's red:
Darkly though the storm-cloud's scowling
O'er the sailor's anxious head;
Thou canst calm the raging ocean,
All its noise and tumult still,
Hush the tempest's wild commotion,
At the bidding of Thy will.

3 Thus my heart the hope will cherish
While to Thee I lift mine eye,
Thou wilt save me ere I perish,
Thou wilt hear the sailor's cry.
And though mast and sail be riven,
Life's short voyage will soon be o'er;
Safely moored in heaven's wide haven,
Storm and tempest vex no more.

WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

DR. L. MASON.
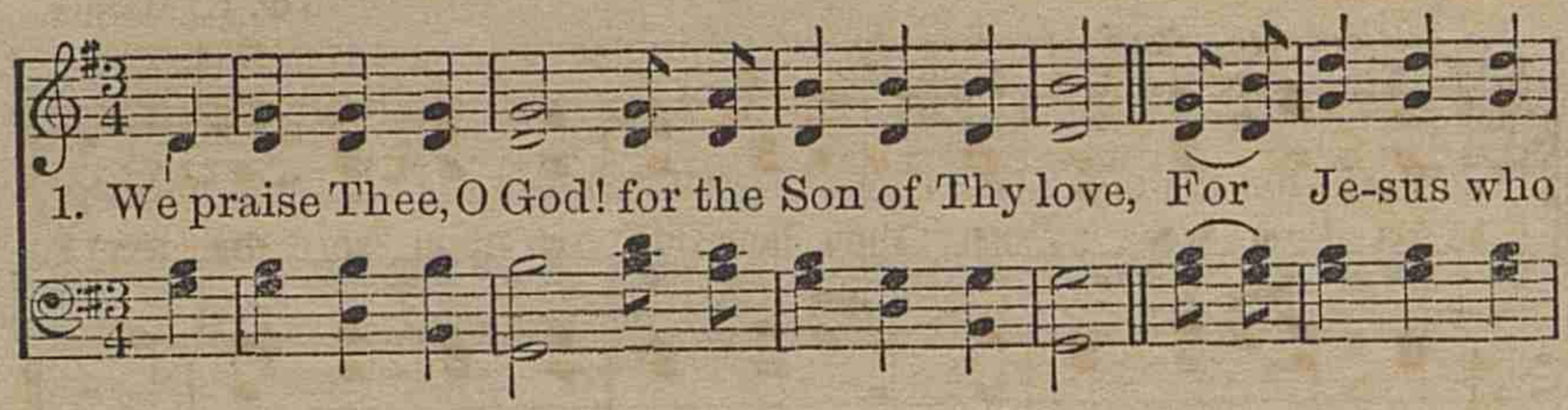


No. 159.

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, while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

From "Song Garden," by permission.

THINE THE GLORY.



No. 160.

2 We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night. *Cho.*

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain. *Cho.*
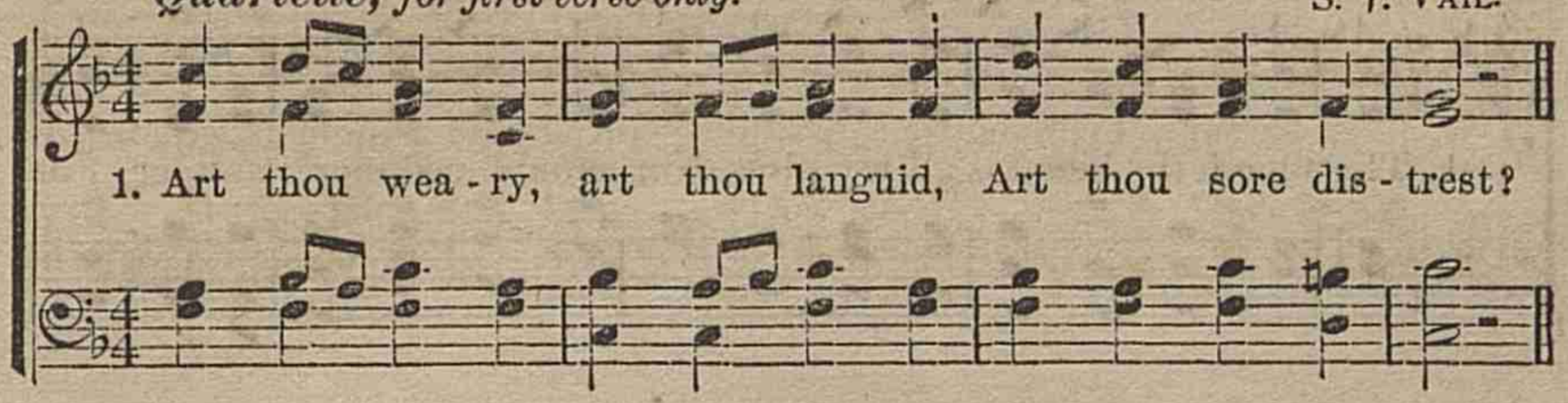
4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways. *Cho.*

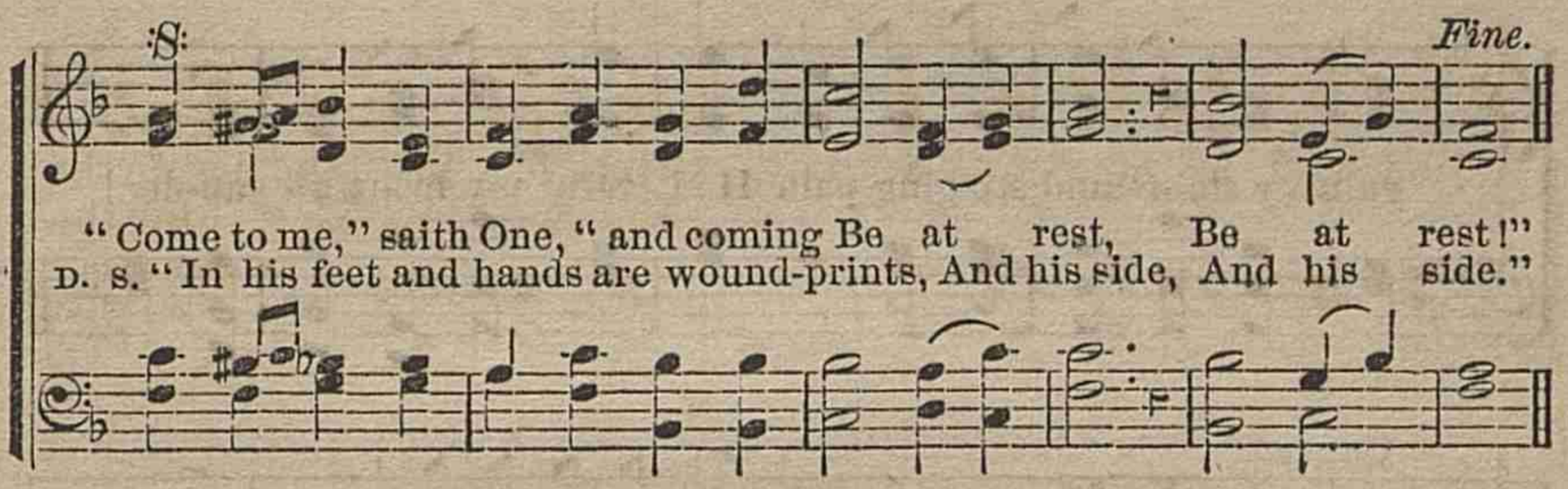
5 Revive us again; fill each heart with Thy love;
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above. *Cho.*

ART THOU WEARY? Response and Chorus.

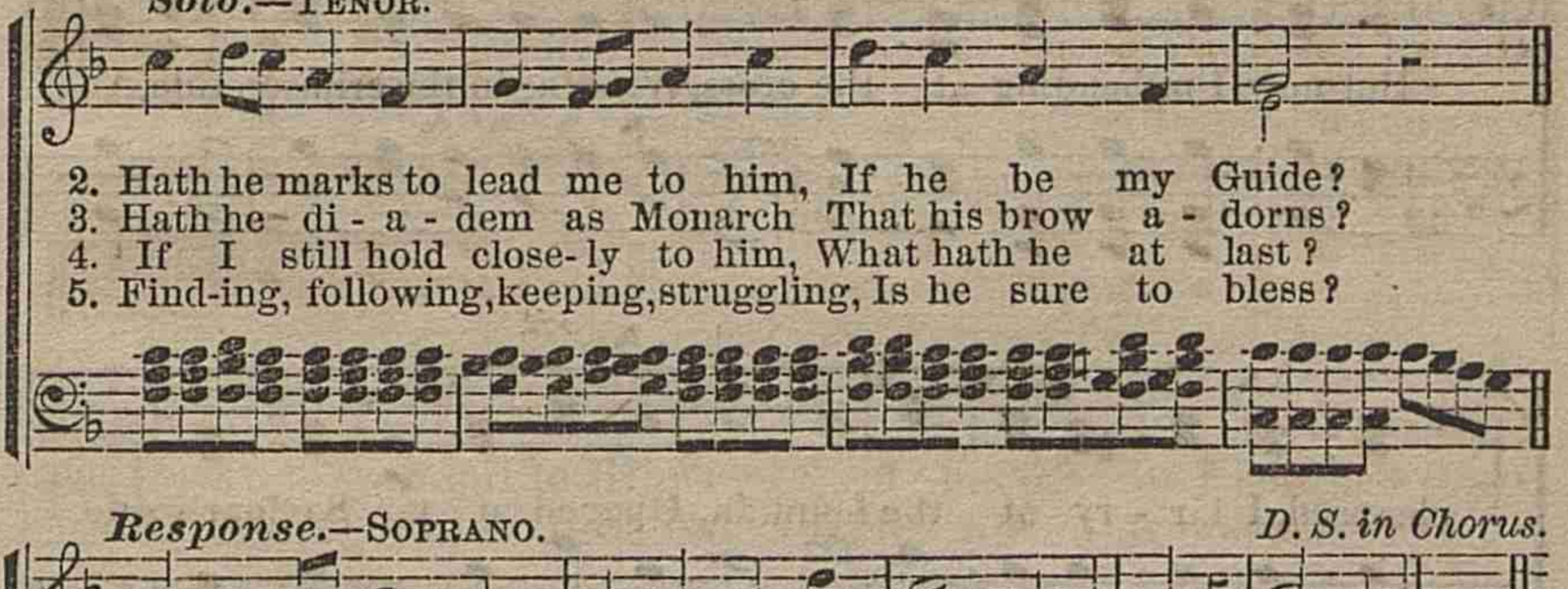
No. 161.

Quartette, for first verse only. S. J. VAIL.

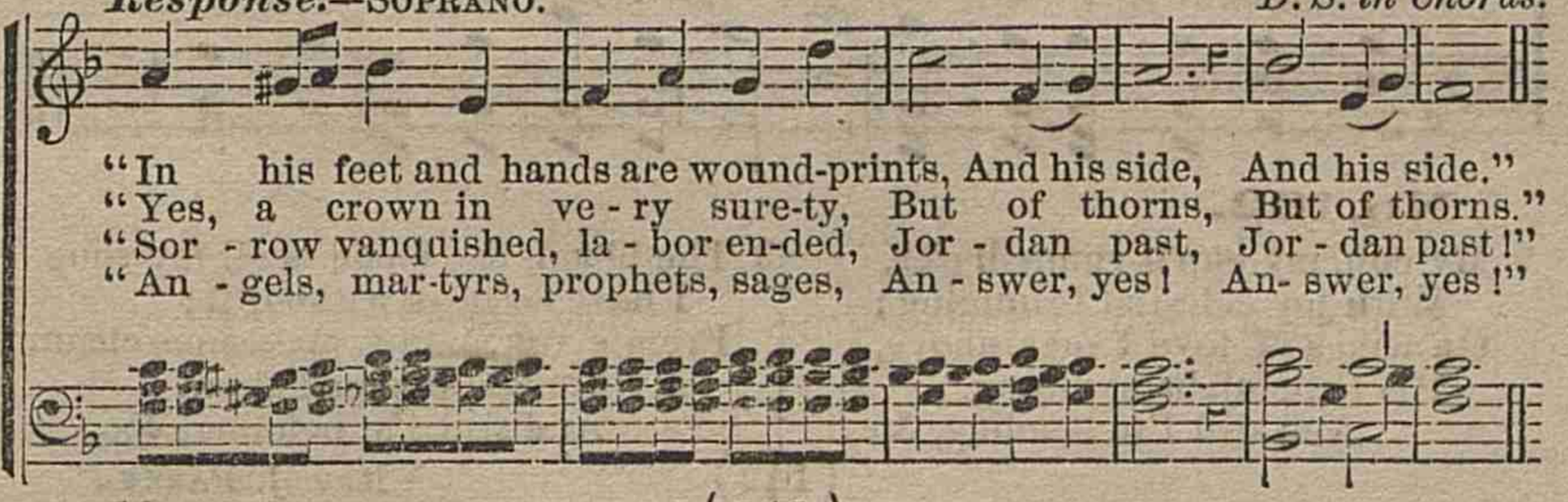




Solo.—TENOR.

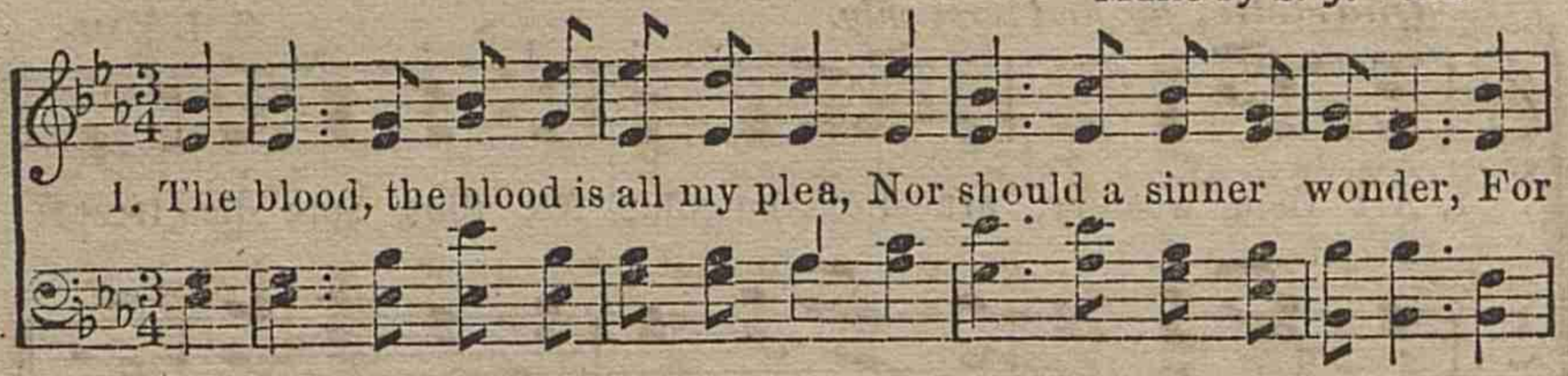


Response.—SOPRANO. *D. S. in Chorus.*



I'M BENDING AT THE CROSS.

Music by S. J. VAIL.



No. 162.

2 My cup, my cup it runneth o'er,
With joy celestial brimming;
On wings of love I soar above,
His hallelujahs hymning.
And still I'm bending, &c.

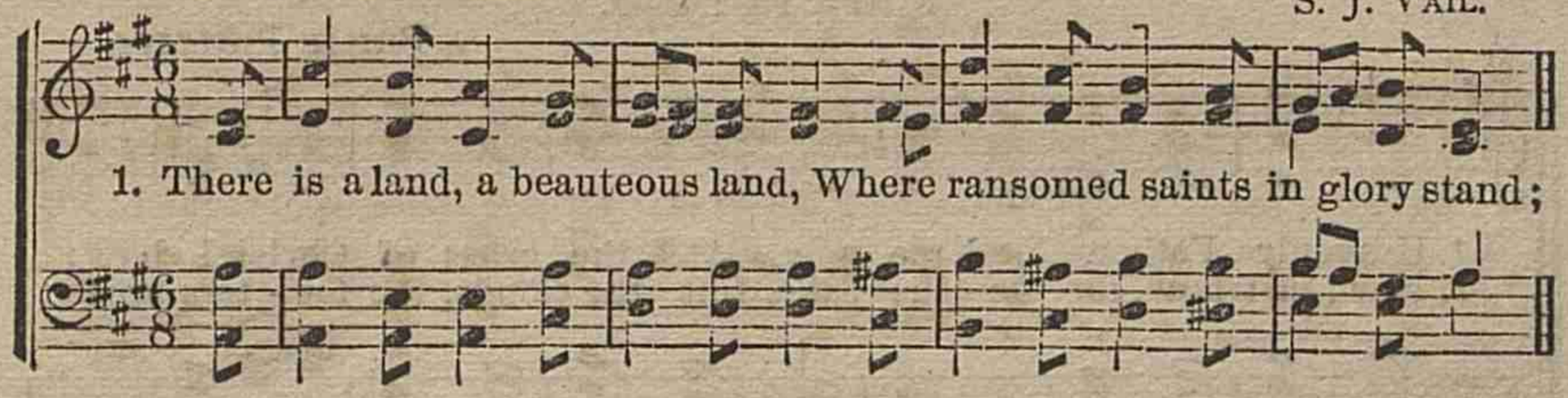
3 The blood, the blood is all my song,
I have no bliss without it;
From every stain it makes me clean,
My life and lip shall shout it.
And still I'm bending, &c.

REV. J. PARKER.

SHALL I BE THERE?

Words by WM. S. KAIN.

S. J. VAIL.



No. 163.

2 Shall I those glories e'er behold,
Those pearly gates and streets of gold?
A crown of glory shall I wear?
Oh! tell me, Lord, shall I be there?

3 That glorious land when shall I see?
Oh! is that blessed place for me?
Is there a crown for me to wear—
Shall I indeed, O Lord, be there?

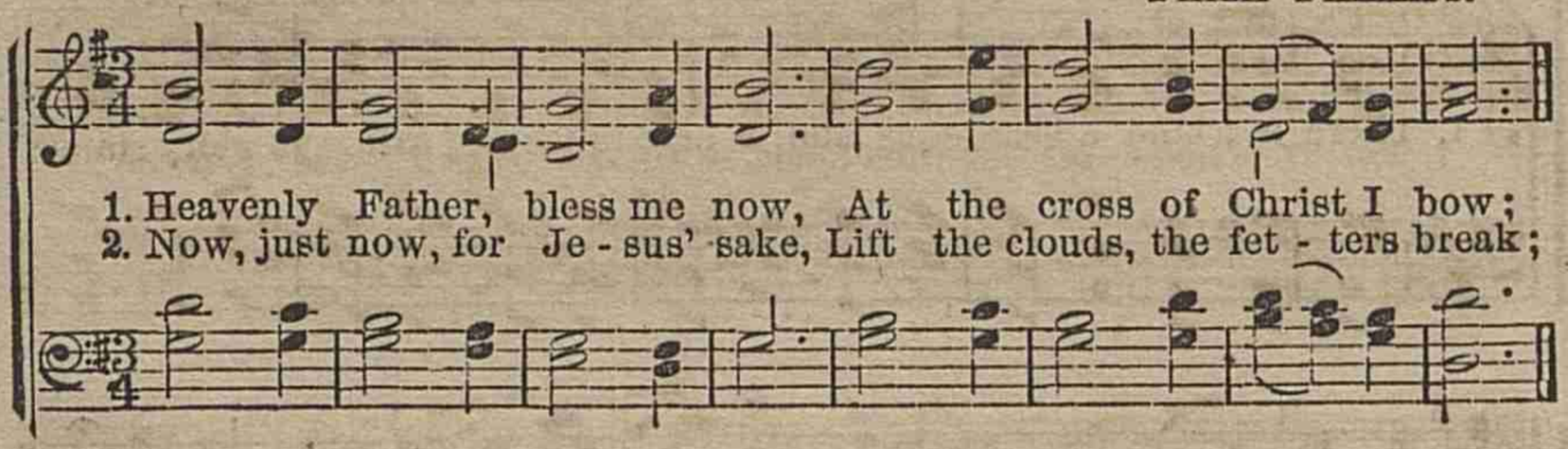
4 Whene'er my wand'rings here shall cease,
Receive me into perfect peace;
And may thy voice to me declare:
Oh! yes, my child, thou shalt be there!

REF. I shall be there, I shall be there,
And in those songs of rapture share;
I shall be there, I shall be there,
Thro' faith in God, I shall be there.

BLESS ME NOW.

Mark 14 : 3-9.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.



No. 164.
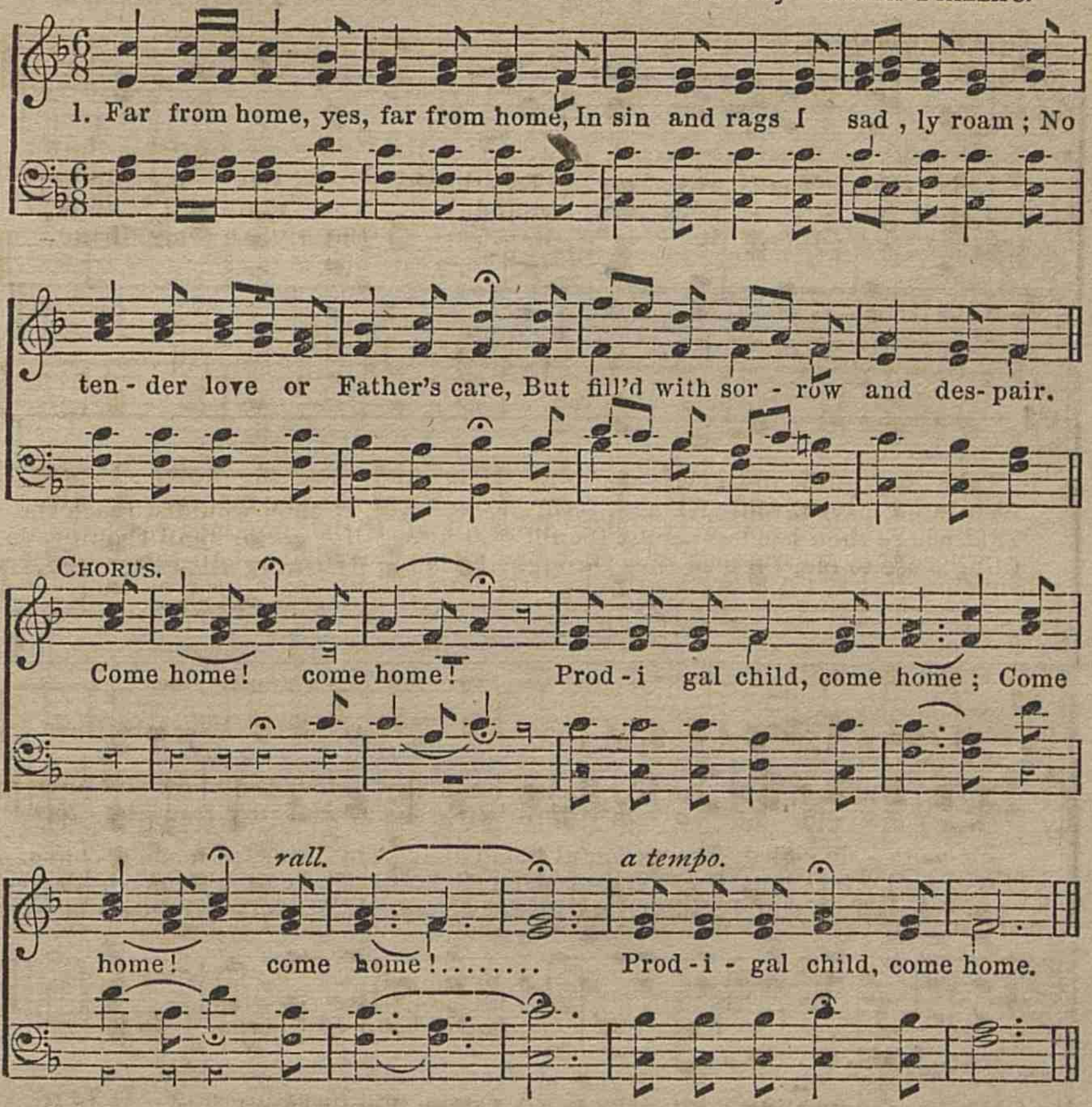
3 Mercy now, O Lord, I plead,
In this hour of utter need;
Turn me not away unblest,
Calm my anguish into rest.

O thou loving, blessed One,
Rising o'er me like the sun,
Light and life art thou within—
Saviour, thou, from every sin!

A. CLARK.

PRODIGAL CHILD, COME HOME.

Words and Music by PHILIP PHILLIPS.



No. 165.

2 Far from home and far from God,
I feel the chastening of His rod,
In feeding here among the swine,
Refusing peace and love divine. *Cho.*
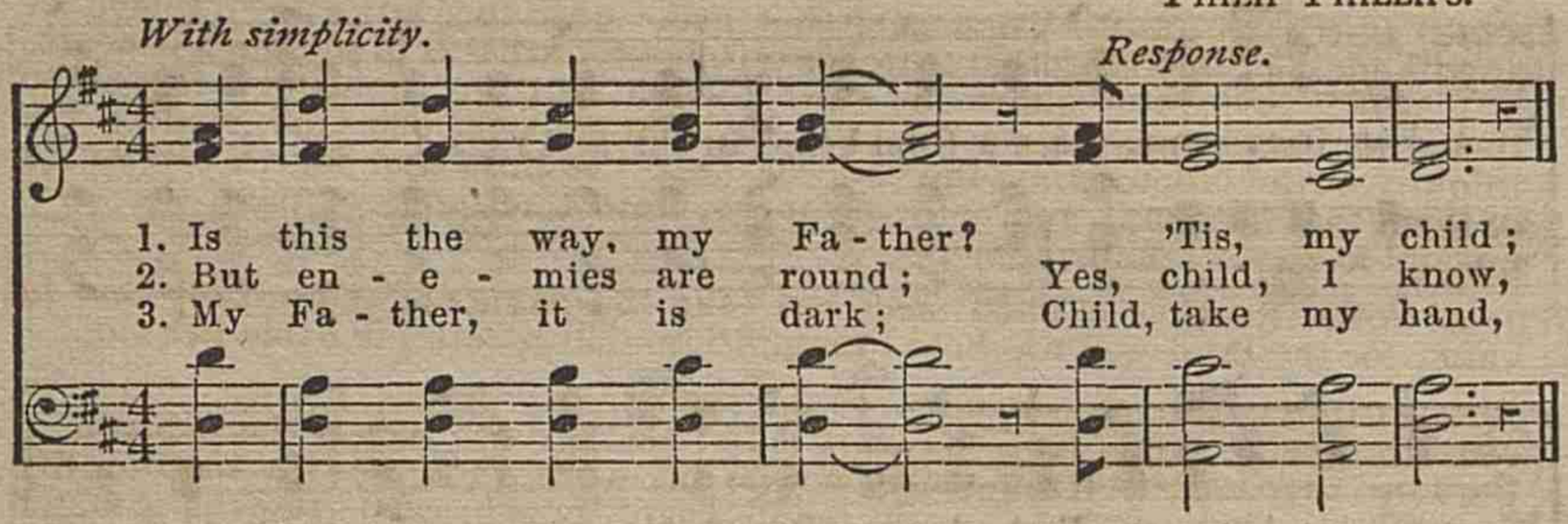
3 Far from home and far from Christ,
His love so free and without price ;
While here in wretchedness I roam,
Far from God, and Christ, and home. *Cho.*

4 Quick to the banquet house repair,
Thy Father stands to greet thee there ;
Come, now, behold His smiling face,
He'll kiss thee with His pardoning grace.
Cho.

THE GUIDING HAND.

"Cast thy burden on the Lord."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.



No. 166.

4.

My footsteps seem to slide.
Response—Child, only raise
Thine eyes to me, then in these slippery ways
I will hold up thy goings;
And thou shalt praise
Me for each step above,
Me for each step above.

5.

O Father, I am weary!
Response—Child, lean thine head
Upon my breast; it was my love that spread
Thy rugged path; hope on,
Till I have said:
Rest, rest, forever rest,
Rest, rest, forever rest.

MRS. SMITH.

N. B.—The *response* and *chant* should be sung as an *echo*, or from another room or gallery, just so as to be distinctly heard.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

No. 167. Exodus 20 : 1-17.

FIRST COMMANDMENT.—Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

SECOND COMMANDMENT.—Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness *of anything* that *is* in heaven above, or that *is* in the earth beneath, or that *is* in the water under the earth: Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them; for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth *generation* of them that hate me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me and keep my commandments.

THIRD COMMANDMENT.—Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

FOURTH COMMANDMENT.—Remember the sabbath-day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work: But the seventh day *is* the sabbath of the Lord thy God; *in it* thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor the stranger that *is* within thy gates: For *in* six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them *is*, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the sabbath-day and hallowed it.

FIFTH COMMANDMENT.—Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

SIXTH COMMANDMENT.—Thou shalt not kill.

SEVENTH COMMANDMENT.—Thou shalt not commit adultery.

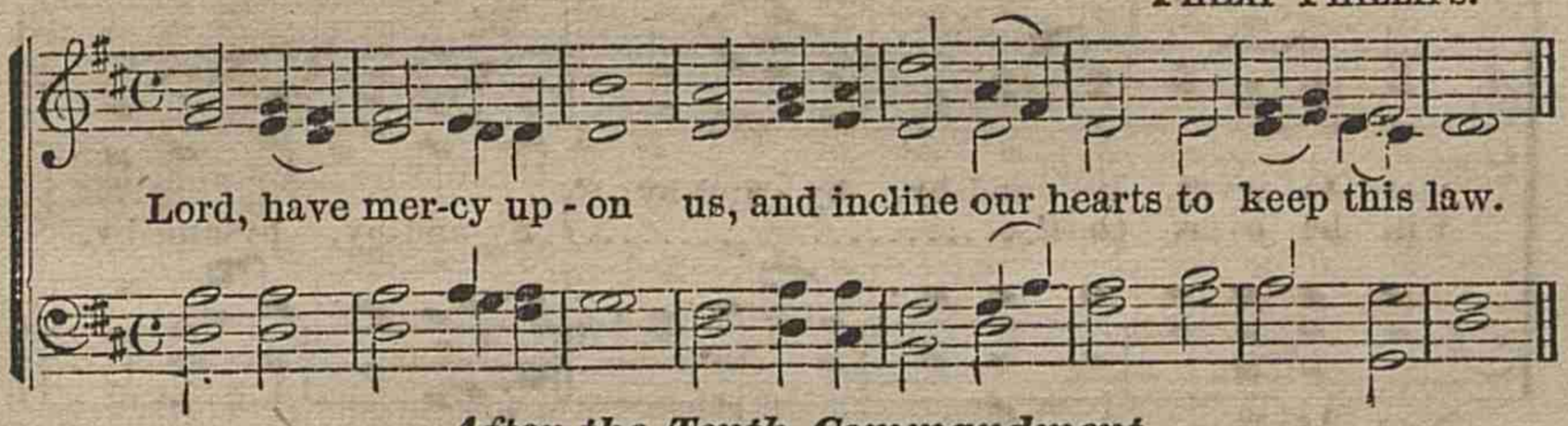
EIGHTH COMMANDMENT.—Thou shalt not steal.

NINTH COMMANDMENT.—Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

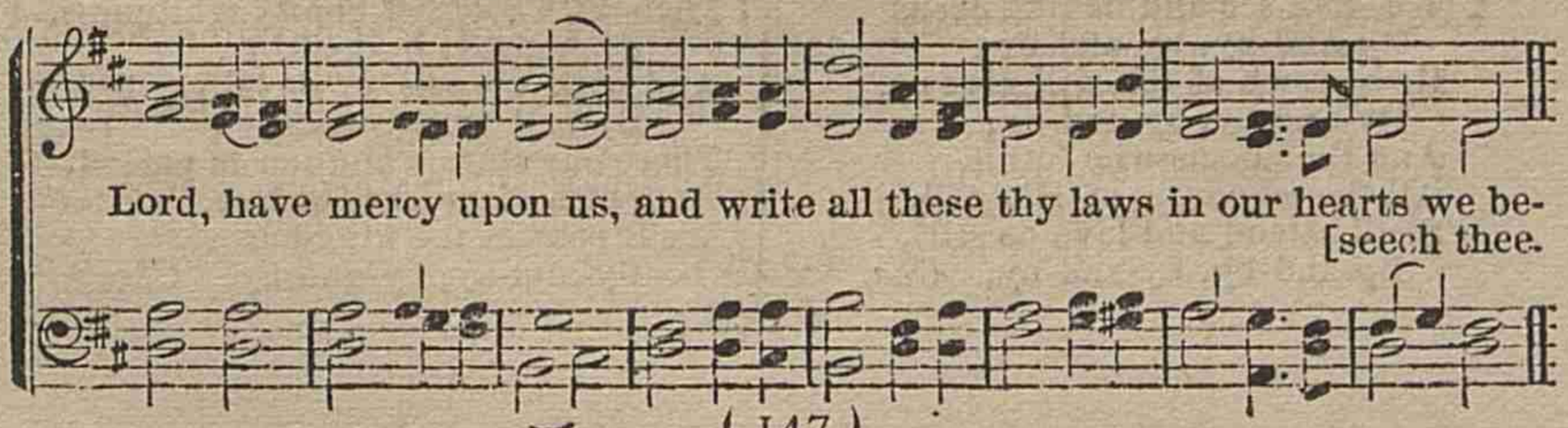
TENTH COMMANDMENT.—Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his manservant, nor his maidservant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that *is* thy neighbor's.

To be sung after each of the first nine Commandments have been read.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.
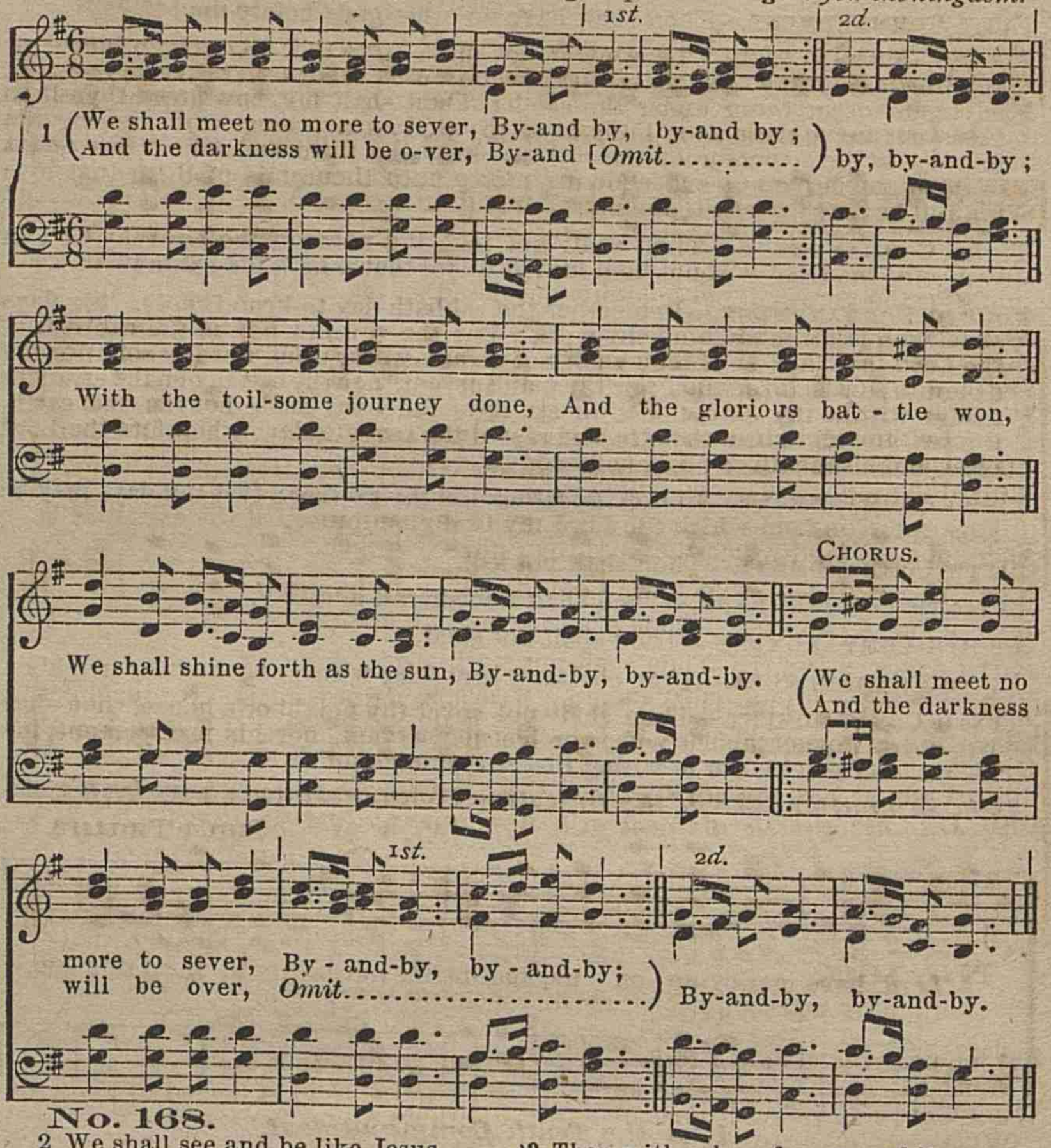


After the Tenth Commandment.



THE FUTURE REST.

S. J. Vail.

"Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom."



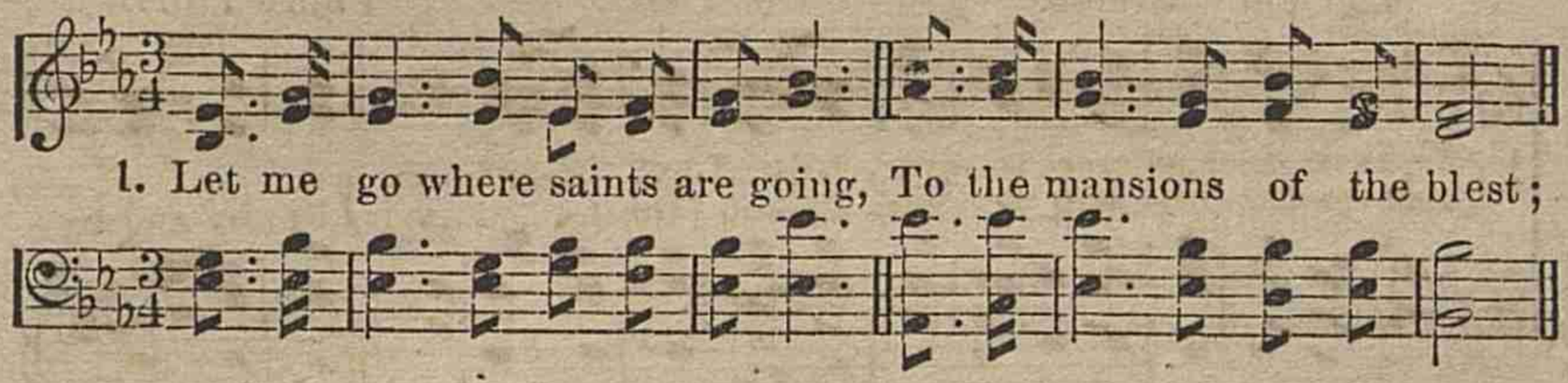
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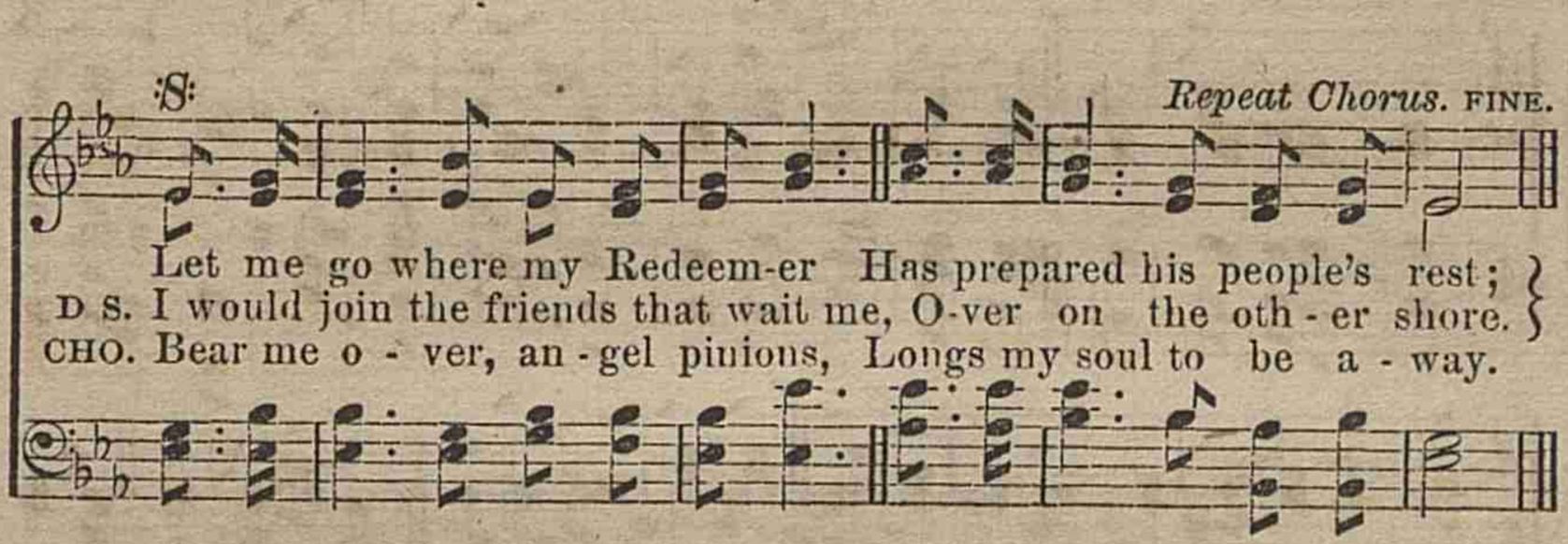
2 We shall see and be like Jesus
By-and-by, by-and-by ;
He a crown of life will give us,
By-and-by, by-and-by;
And the angels who fulfill,
All the mandates of His will,
Shall attend and love us still,
By-and-by, by-and-by. *Cho.*
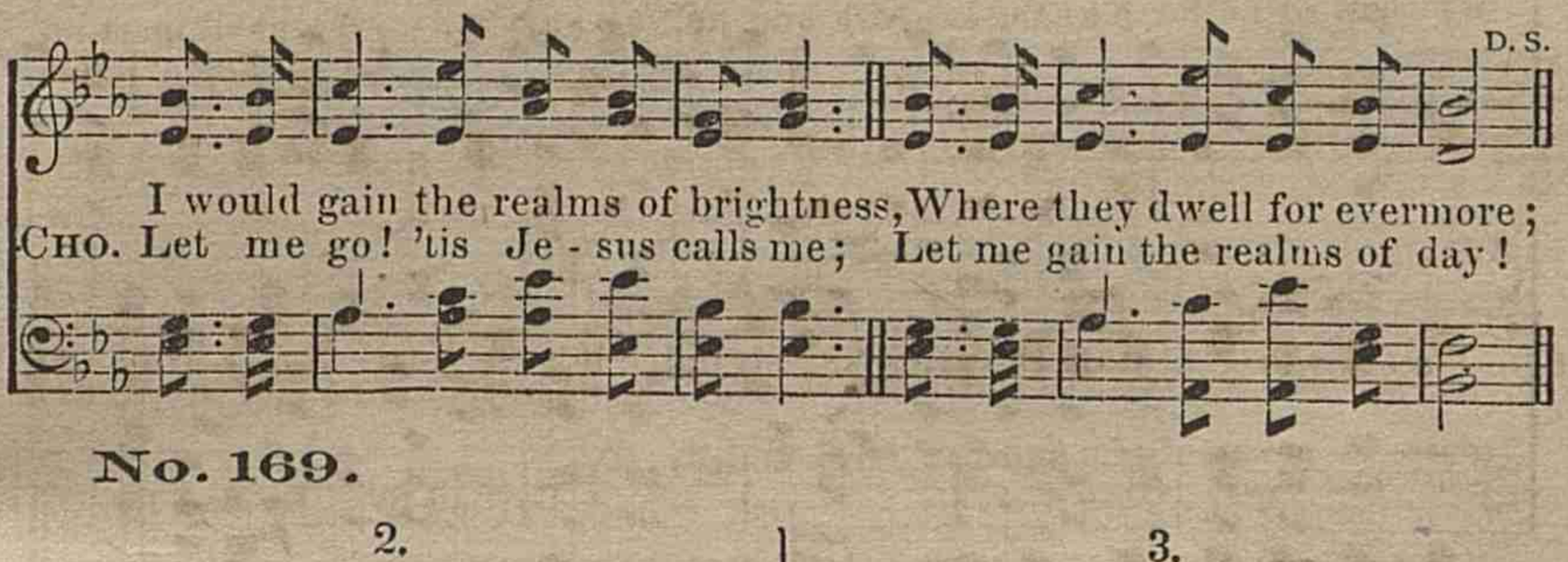
3 Then with robes of snowy whiteness,
By-and-by, by-and-by ;
And with crowns of dazzling bright-
By-and-by, by-and-by ; [ness,
There our storms and perils passed,
And with glory ours at last,
We'll possess the kingdom vast.
By-and-by, by-and-by. *Cho.*

LET ME GO.

Words and Music by Rev. L. Hartsough.







No. 169.

2.

Let me go! why should I tarry?
What has earth to keep me here?
What, but cares and toils and sorrows?
What, but death and pain and fear?
Let me go! for hopes most cherished
Blasted round me often lie;
Oh! I've gathered brightest flowers,
But to see them fade and die.
Let me go. &c.

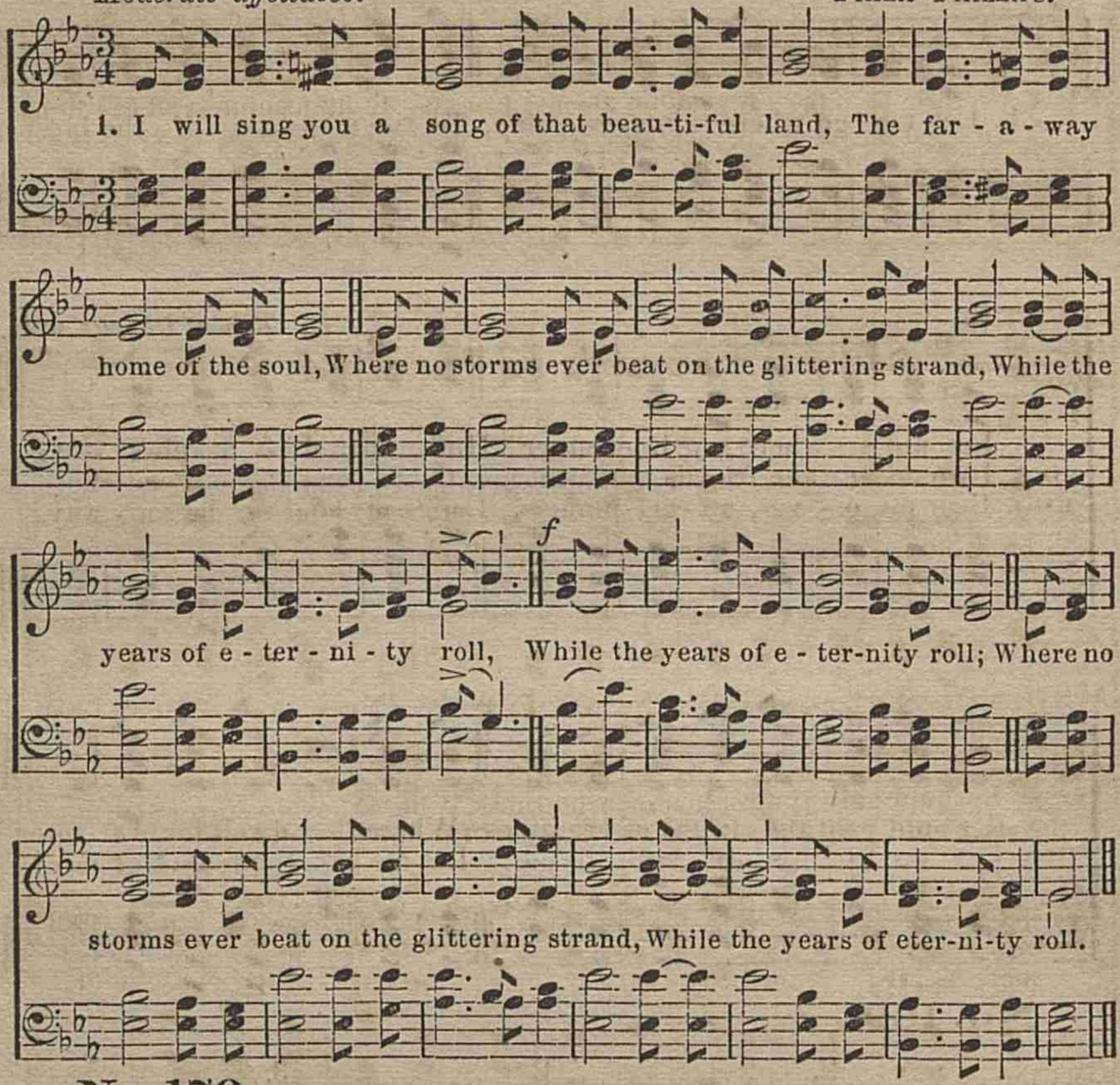
3.

Let me go! there is a glory
That my soul hath longed to know:
I am thirsting for the waters
That from crystal fountains flow:
There is where the angels tarry;
There the saved forever throng;
There the brightness wearies never;
There I'll sing Redemption's song.
Let me go, &c.

HOME OF THE SOUL.

"And there shall in nowise enter into it any thing that defileth."

Moderato affettuoso. PHILIP PHILLIPS.



No. 170.

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

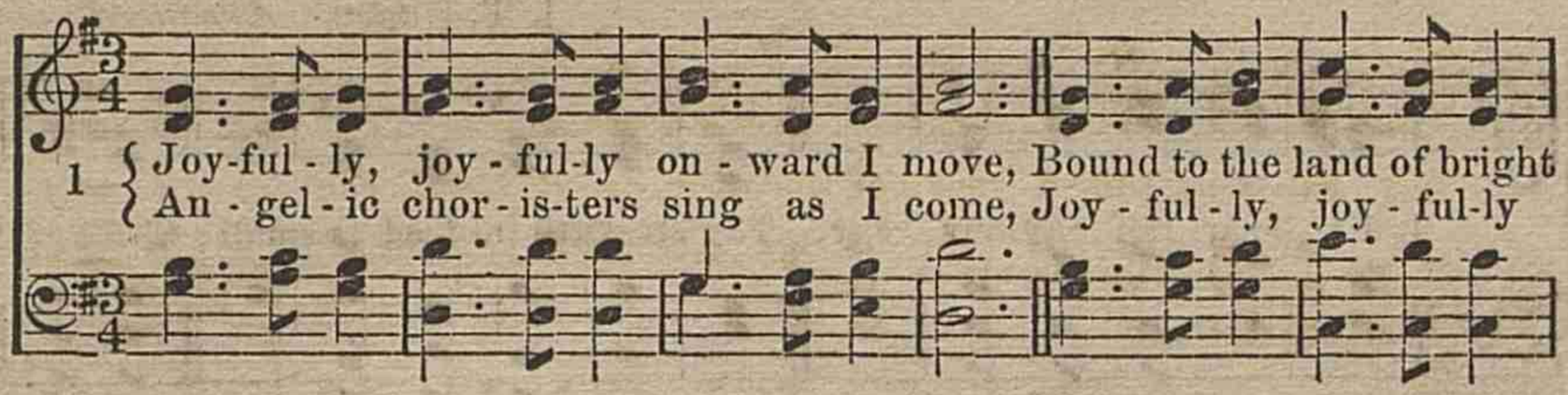
3 That unchangeable home is for you and for me,
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands;
The King of all kingdoms forever is He,
And He holdeth our crowns in His hands.

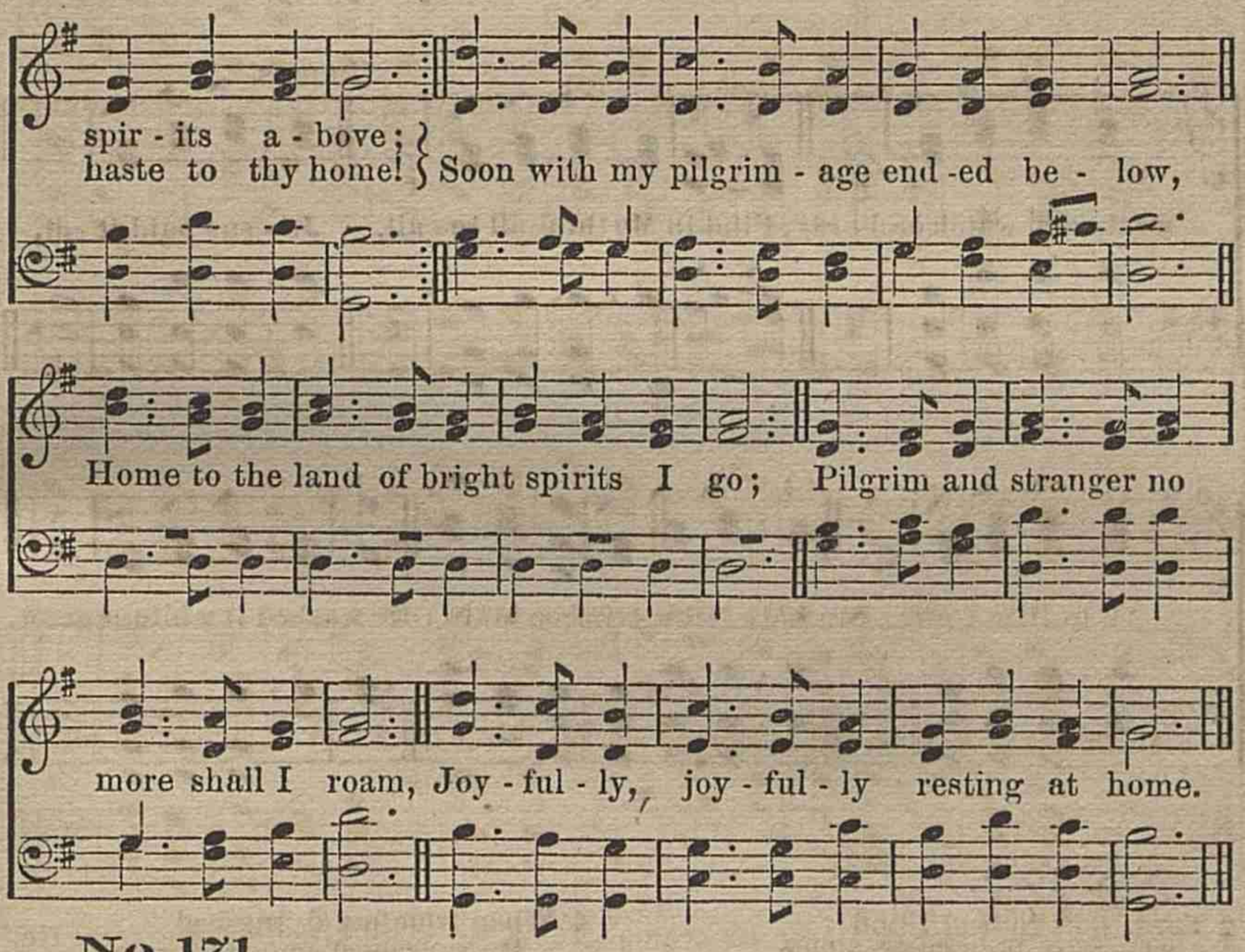
4 Oh, how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain!
With songs on our lips, and with harps in our hands,
To meet one another again.

From "Singing Pilgrim." MRS. ELLEN H. GATES.

JOYFULLY.

"Joyfully onward." A. D. MERRILL.



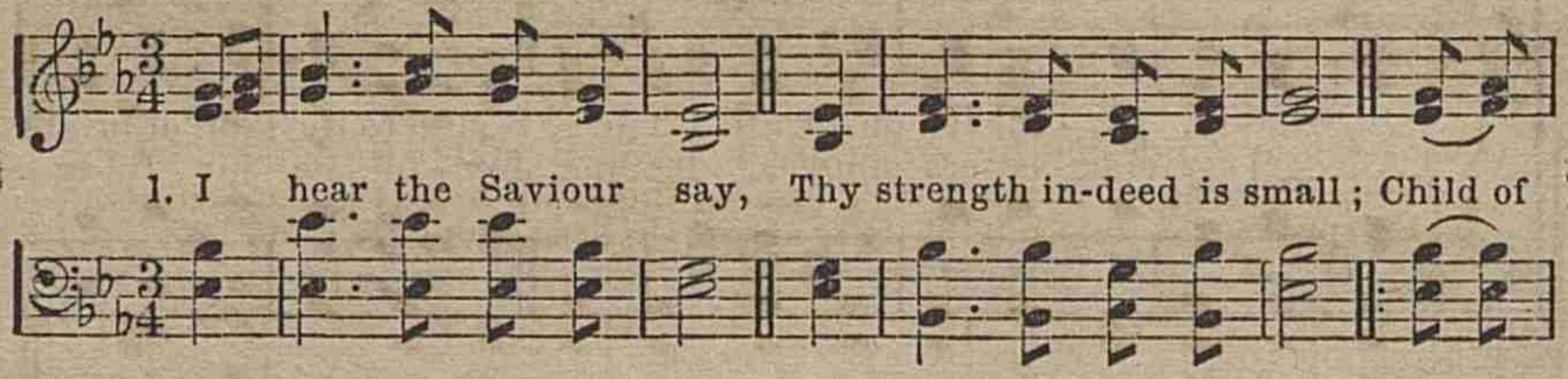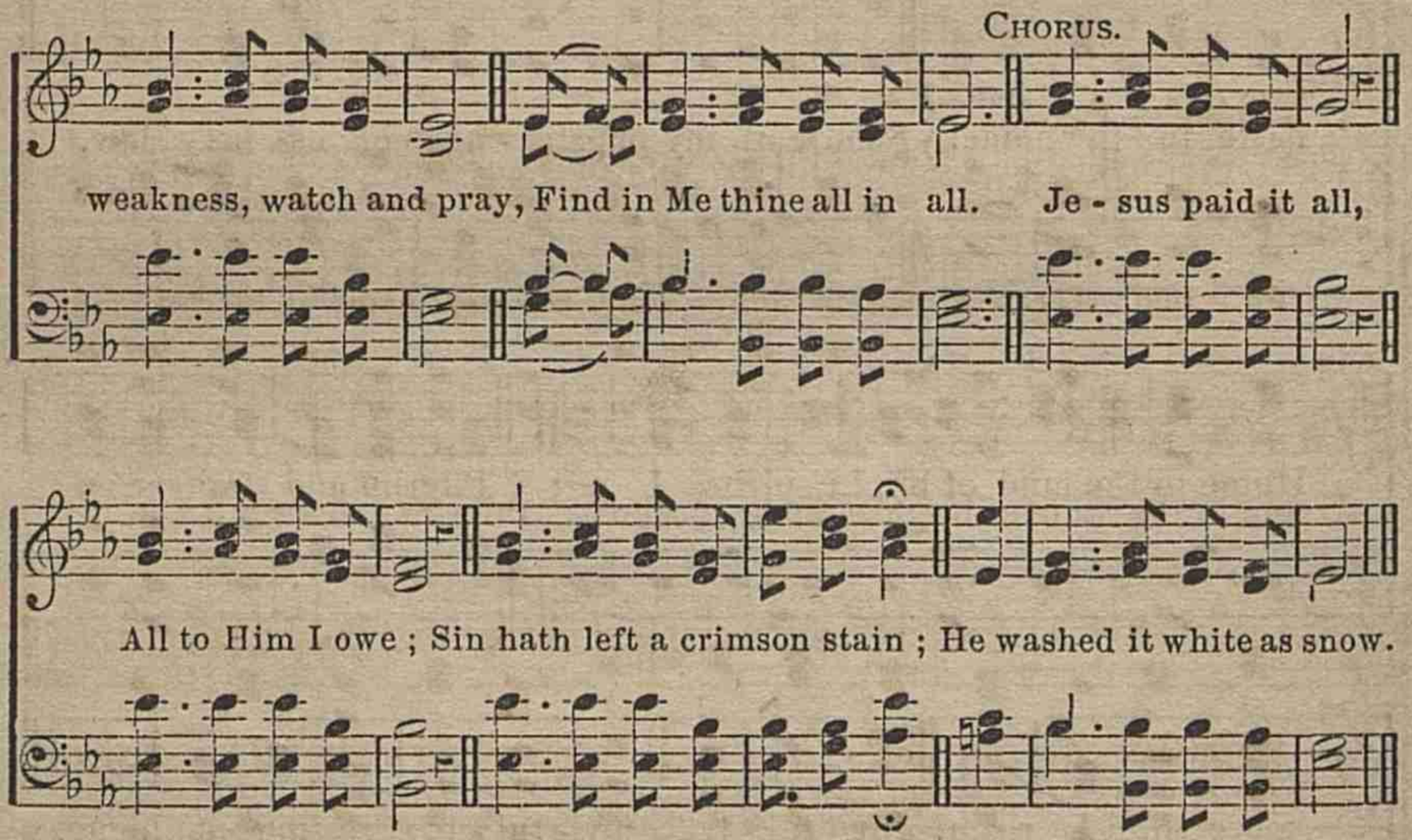


No. 171.

2 Death, with thy weapons of war lay me low,
Strike, king of terrors, I fear not the blow;
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb!
Joyfully, joyfully will I go home.
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death shall be banished, his sceptre be gone
Joyfully, then, shall I witness his doom,
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home. REV. WM. HUNTER.

ALL TO CHRIST I OWE.

J. T. GRAPE. *Arranged.*





No. 172.

2 Lord, now indeed I find
Thy faith, and Thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone. *Cho.*

3 For nothing good have I
Whereby Thy grace to claim—
I'll wash my garment white
In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb. *Cho.*
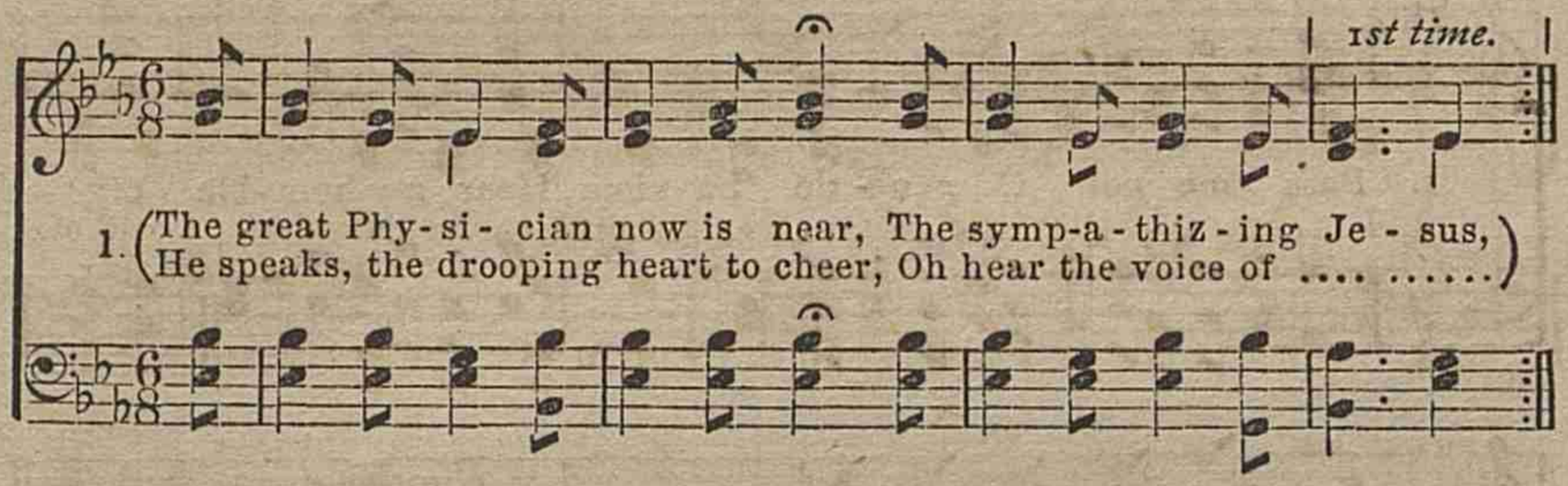
4 When from my dying bed
My ransomed soul shall rise,
Then "Jesus paid it all"
Shall rend the vaulted skies. *Cho.*
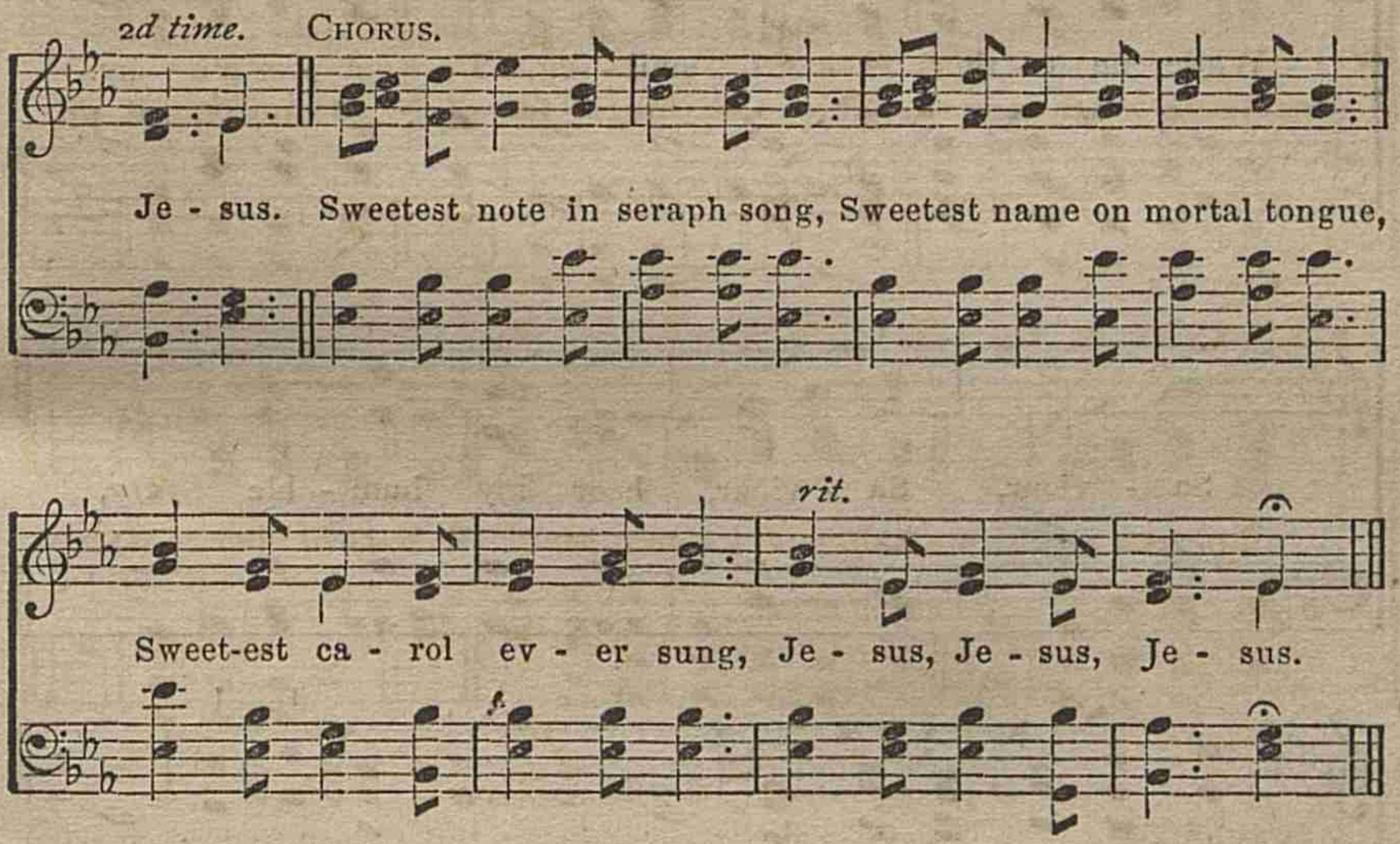
5 And when before the thron
I stand, in Him complete
I'll lay my trophies down,
All down, at Jesus' feet. *Cho.*

From "Pilgrim Harp." MRS. E. M. HALL.

THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

AIR BY REV. J. H. STOCKTON.





No. 173.
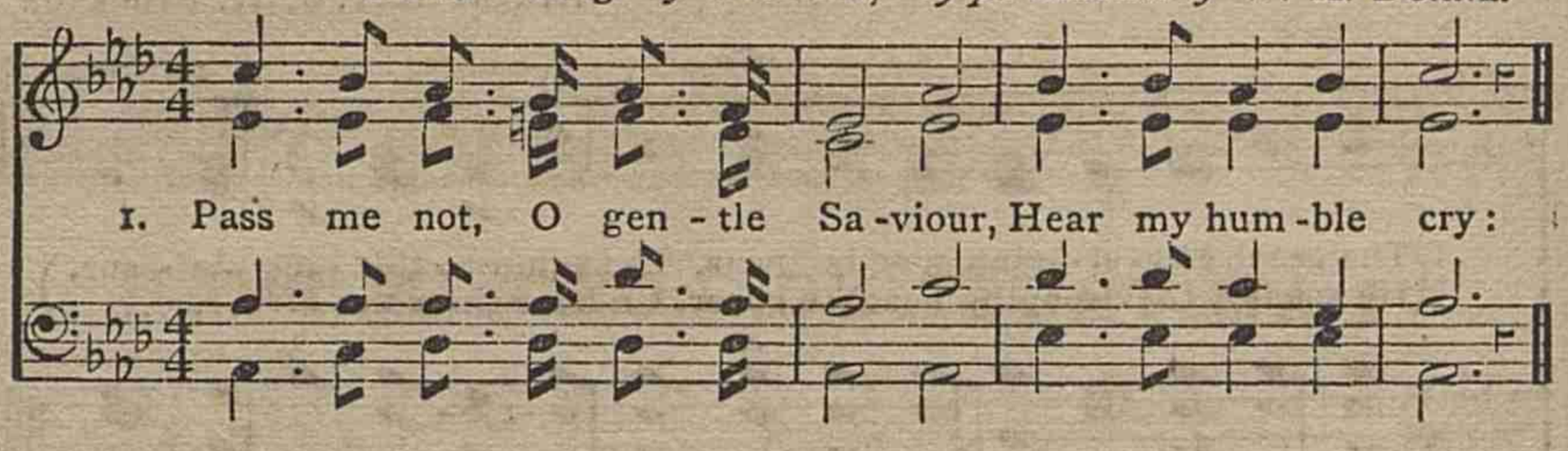
2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh! hear the voice of Jesus,
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus. *Cho.*

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

4 His name dispels my guilt—and fear;
No other name but Jesus:
Oh! how my soul delights to hear
The charming name of Jesus. *Cho.*

PASS ME NOT.

From "Songs of Devotion," by permission of W. H. DOANE.



No. 174. "*Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.*

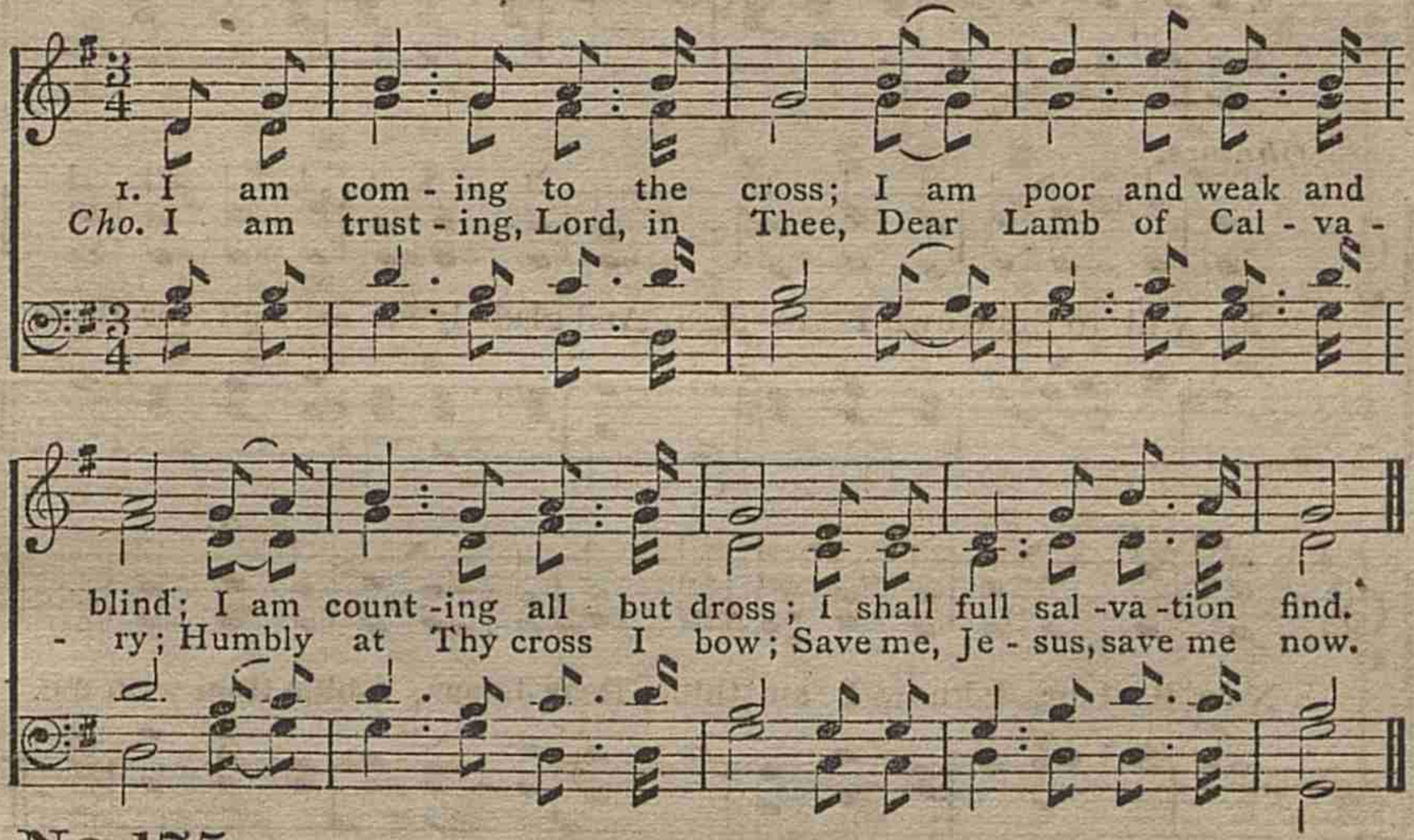
2 Let me at a throne of mercy
Find a sweet relief;
Kneeling there in deep contrition,
Help my unbelief.—*Cho.*

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

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

I AM TRUSTING, LORD, IN THEE.

W. C. FISHER.



No. 175.

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

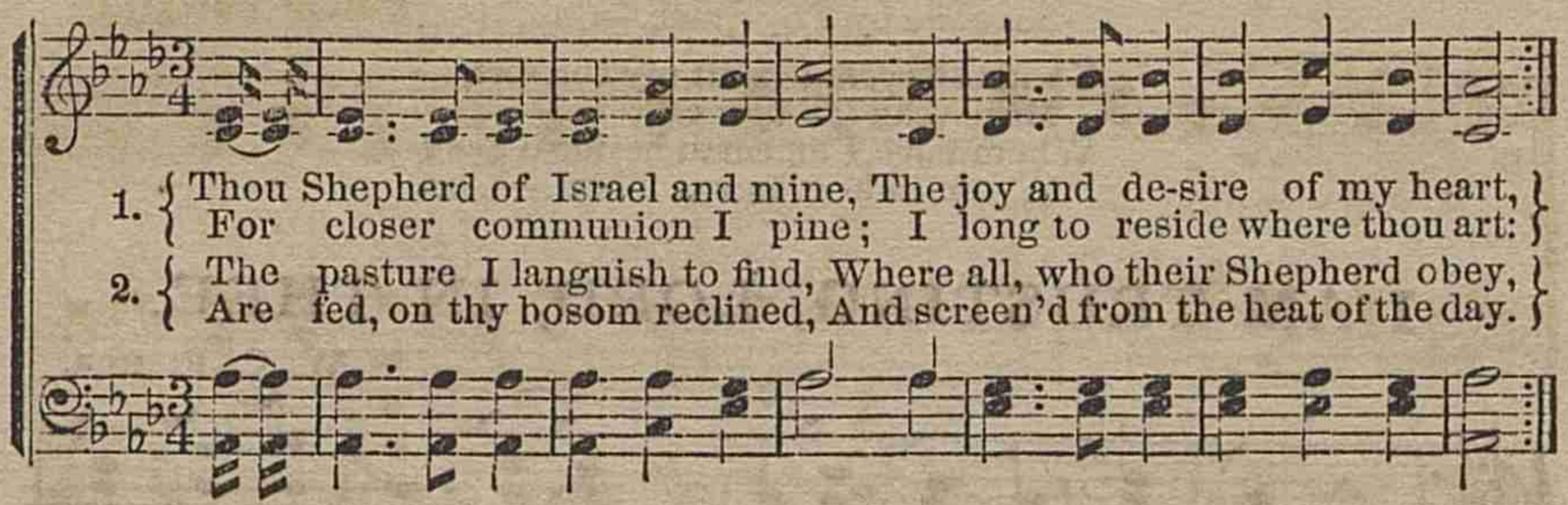
3 Here I give my all to Thee—
Friends, and time, and earthly store;
Soul and body Thine to be—
Wholly Thine—for ever more.—*Cho.*
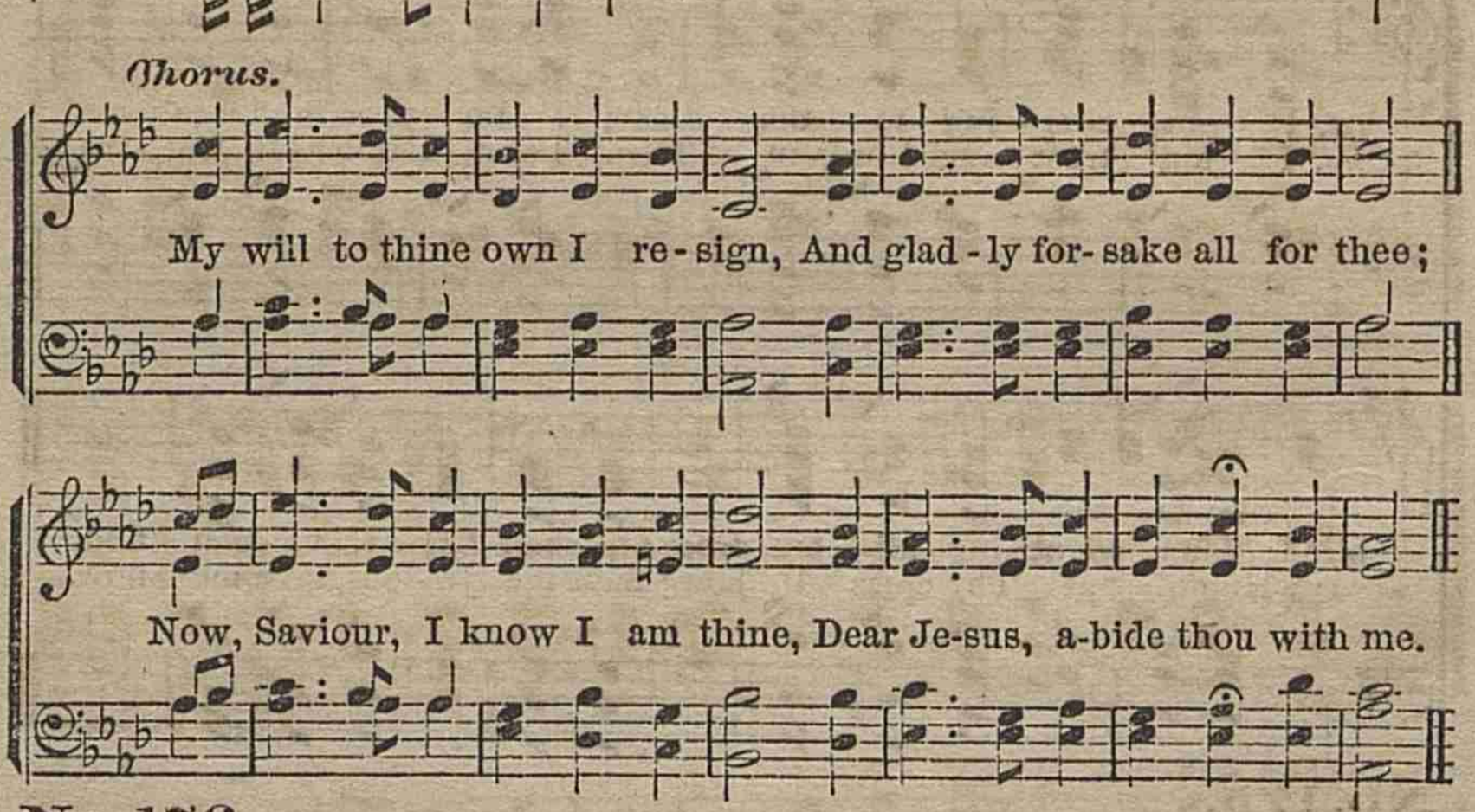
4 In the promises I trust;
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust;
I with Christ am crucified.—*Cho.*

5 Jesus comes! He fills my soul!
Perfected in love I am;
I am every whit made whole;
Glory, glory to the Lamb.—*Cho.*

DEAR JESUS, ABIDE THOU WITH ME.

HARVEY C. CAMP.





No. 176.

3 'Tis there, with the lambs of thy flock,
There only, I covet to rest;
To lie at the foot of the rock,
Or rise to be hid in thy breast.—CHO.
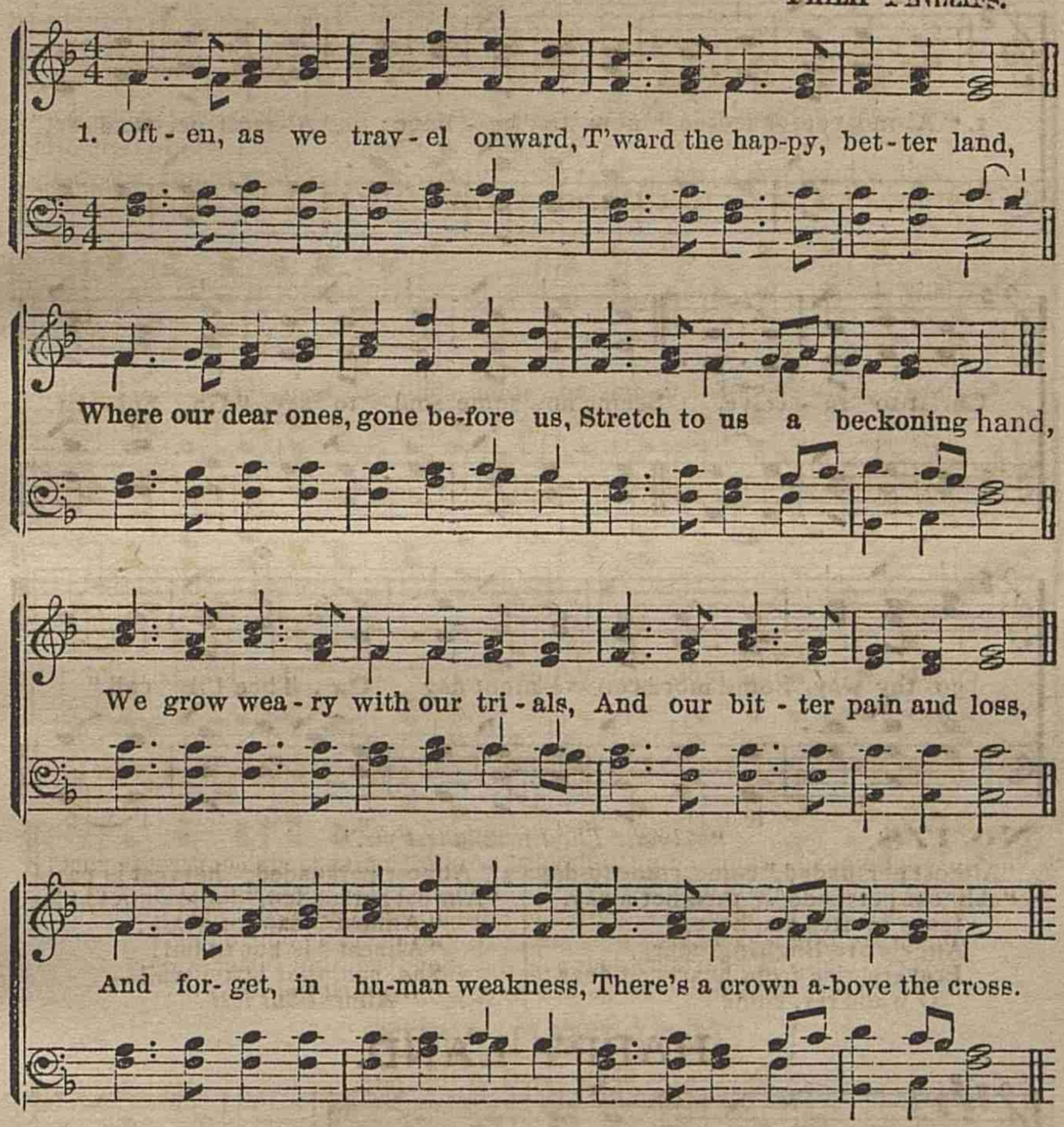
4 'Tis there I would always abide,
And never a moment depart,—
Concealed in the cleft of thy side,
Eternally held in thy heart.—CHO.

5 Appear, and my wand'rings shall cease;
The blood of atonement apply;
And to thyself lead me for peace,—
The Rock that is higher than I.—CHO.

6 Oh, enter this desolate heart,—
Then rule o'er the heart thou hast won;
Nor again in thine anger depart,
But make it forever thy throne —CHO.

THE CROWN ABOVE THE CROSS.

2 Tim. 4 : 28. PHILIP PHILLIPS.



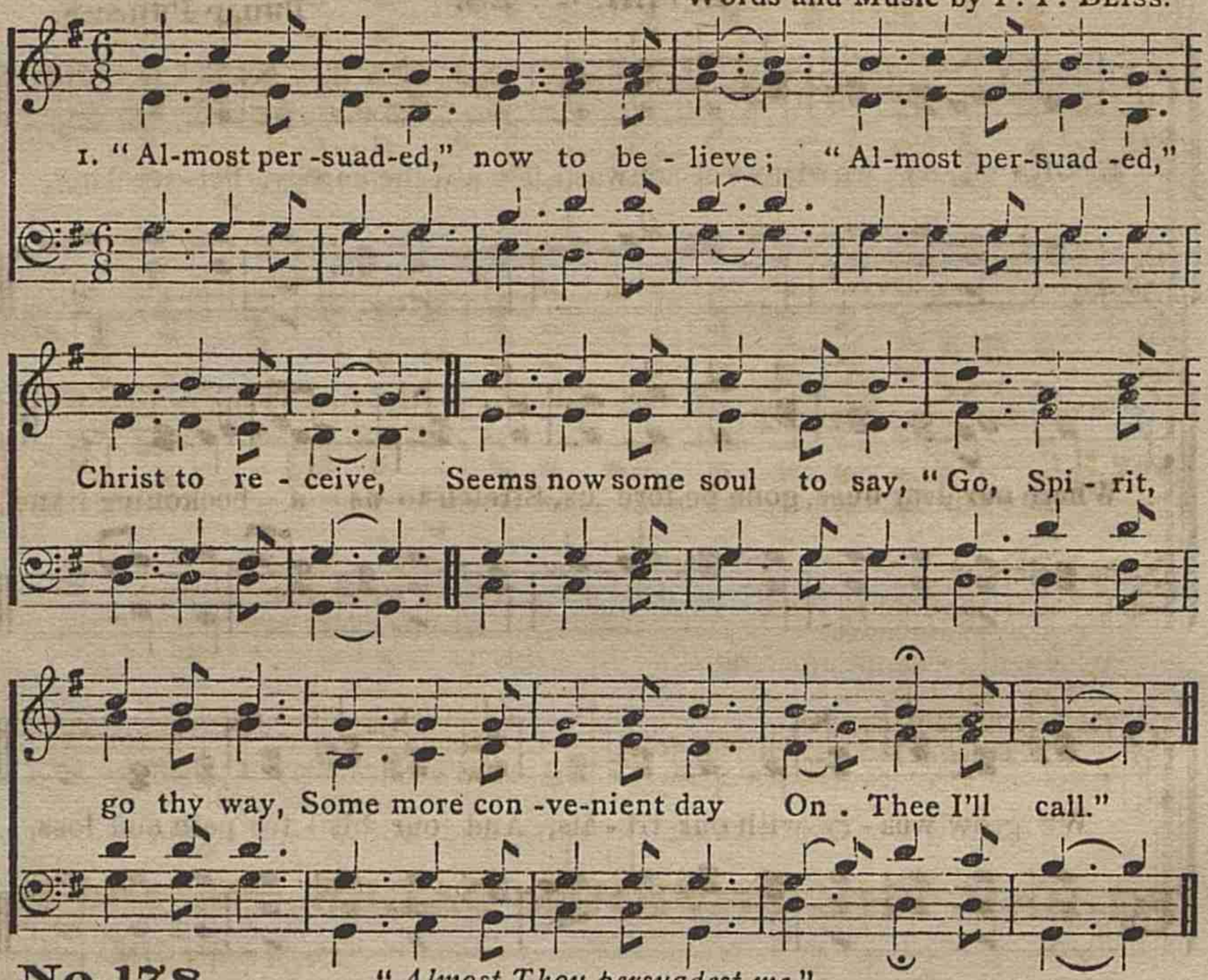
No. 177.

2 Often we grow faint and weary
In the rough and rugged way,
That shall lead us over sorrows,
Nearer heavenward day by day;
And we sit down, weak and weary,
Saying, Life is only loss:
Losing sight, in human blindness,
Of the crown above the cross.

3 Oh, be strong to do and suffer!
After labor cometh rest;
After pain and sorrow—gladness
To the weary, weary breast.
After earth, the peace of heaven,
And the life made free from dross;
After night the golden morning,
And the crown above the cross.

ALMOST PERSUADED.

Words and Music by P. P. Bliss.*
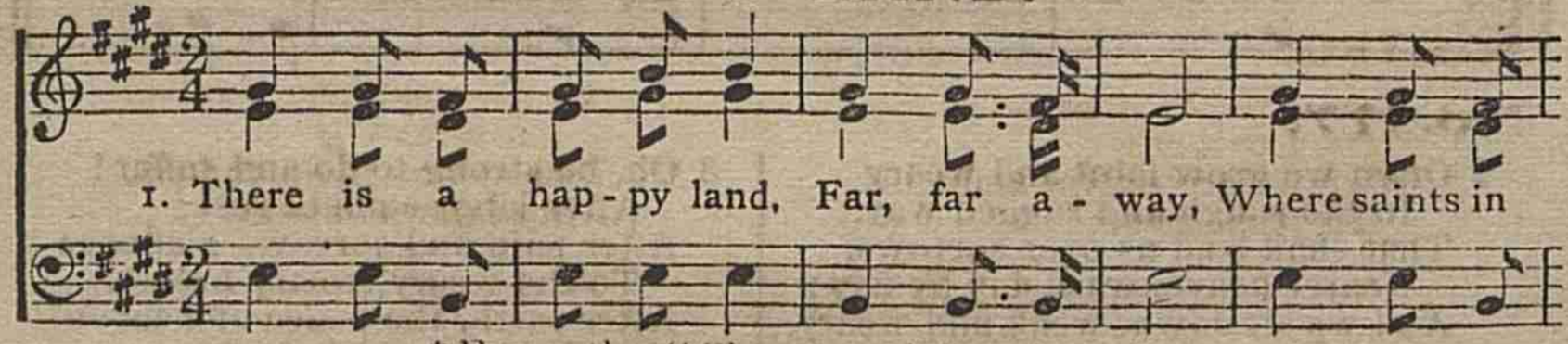


No. 178. *"Almost Thou persuadest me."*
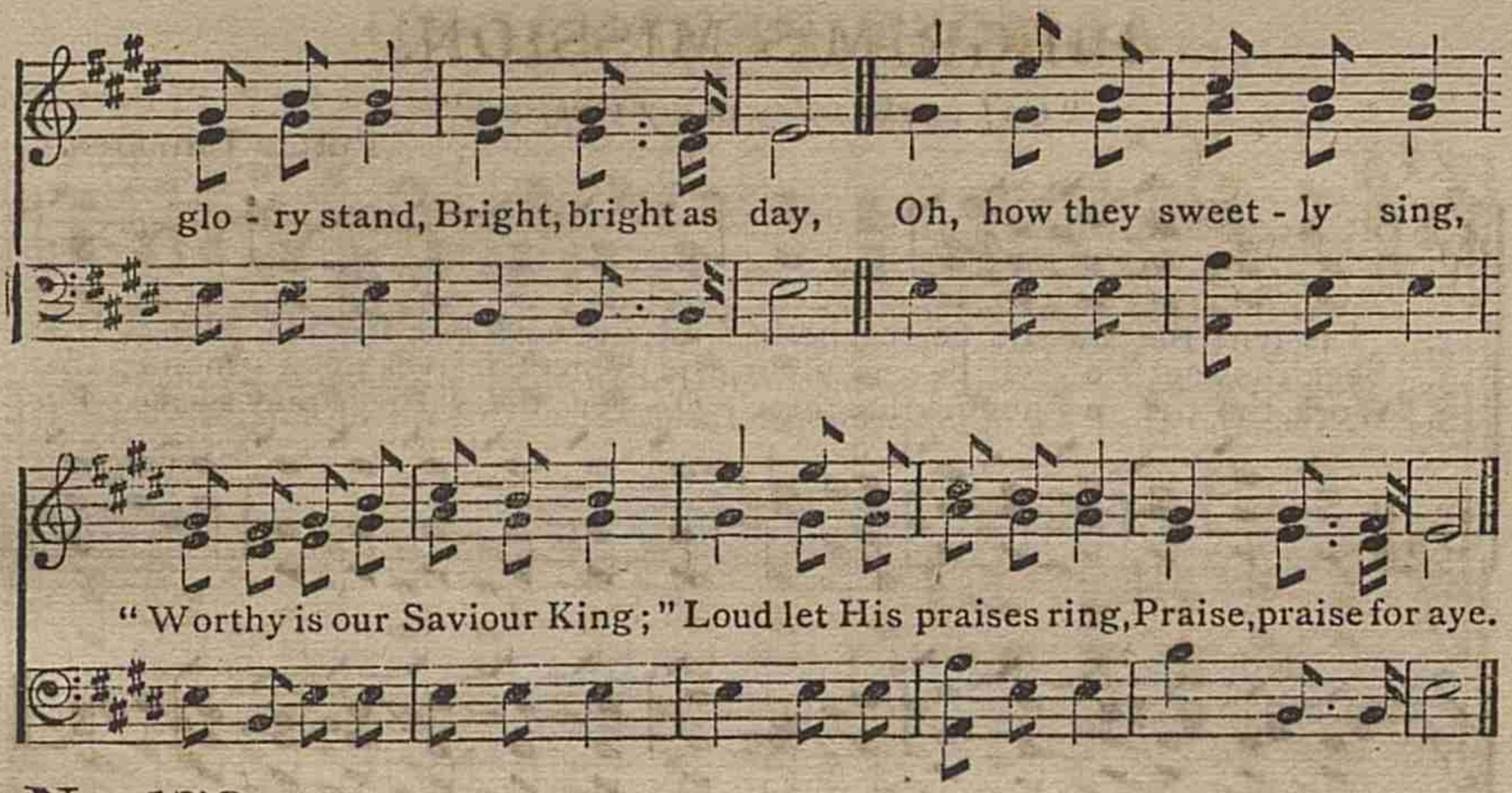
2 "Almost persuaded," come, come to-day:
"Almost persuaded." turn not away.
Jesus invites you here,
Angels are ling'ring near,
Prayers rise from hearts so dear;
O wand'rer, come!

3 "Almost persuaded," harvest is past!
"Almost persuaded," doom comes at last!
"Almost" cannot avail;
"Almost" is but to fail!
Sad, sad, that bitter wail—
"Almost *but lost!*"

HAPPY LAND.



*From the "Charm and Sunshine."



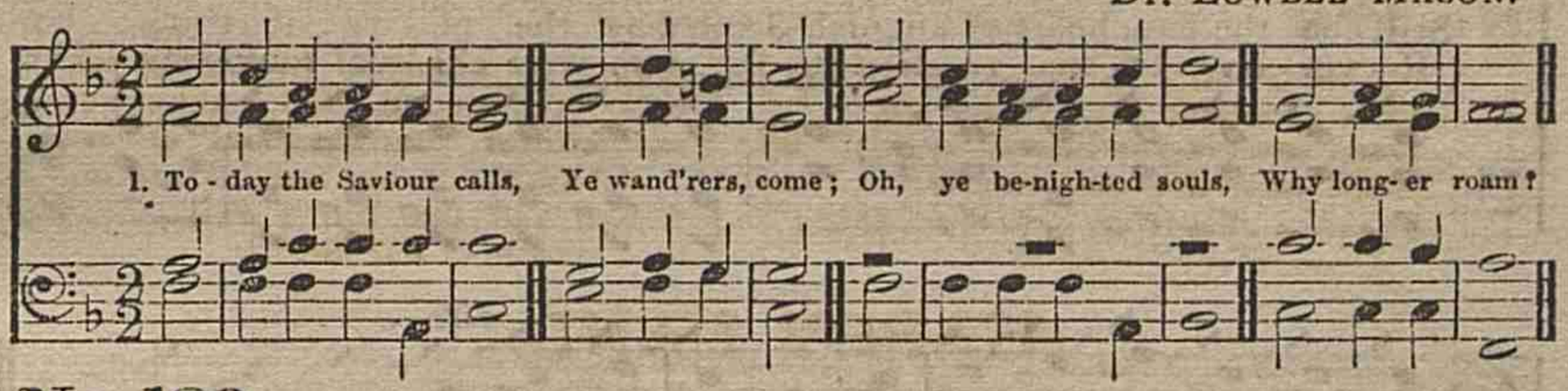
No. 179.

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 dwell 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.

TO-DAY THE SAVIOUR CALLS. 6s. and 4s.

Dr. Lowell Mason.



No. 180.

2 To-day the Saviour calls:
Oh, listen now;
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.
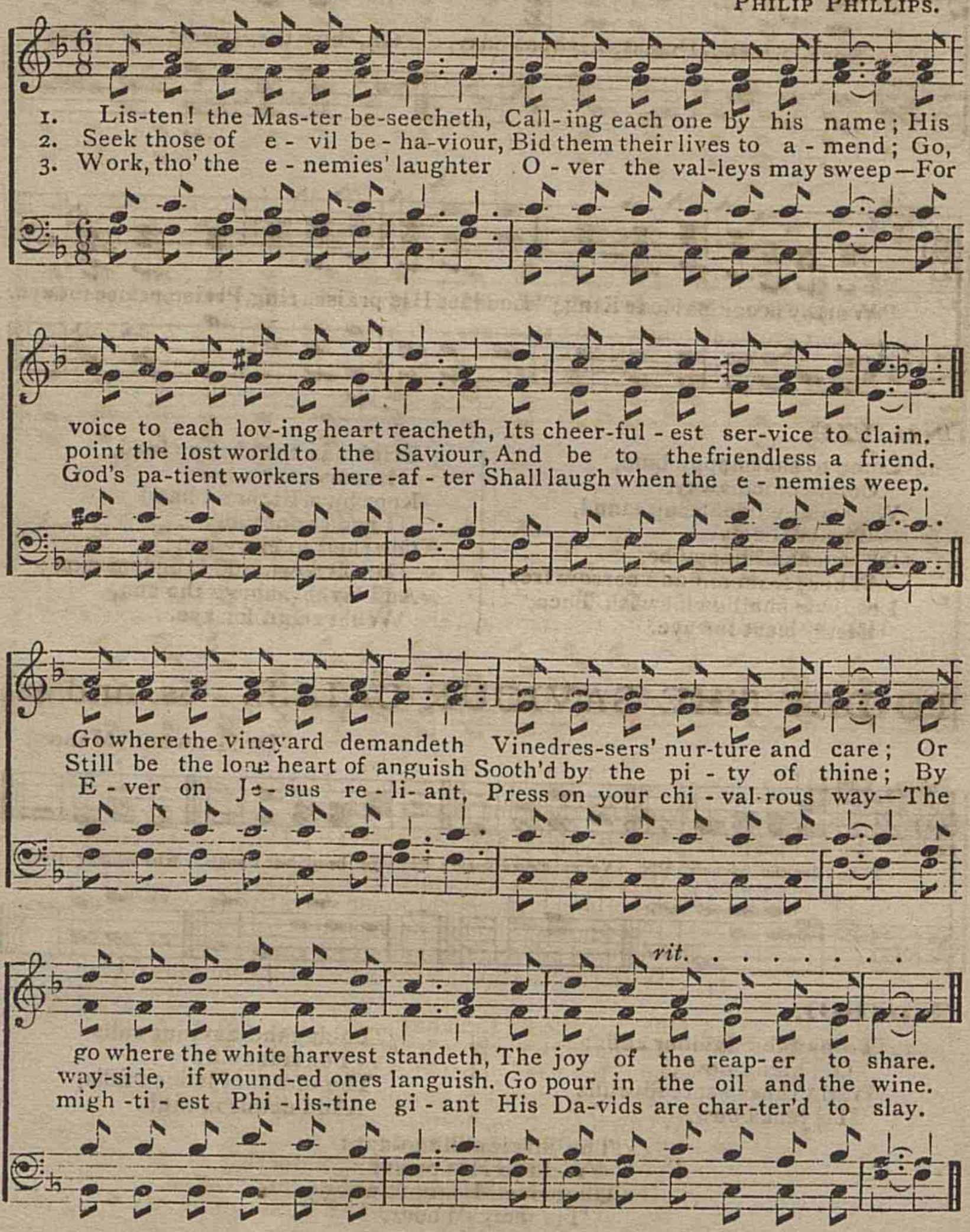
3 To-day the Saviour calls,
For refuge fly;
The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh.

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

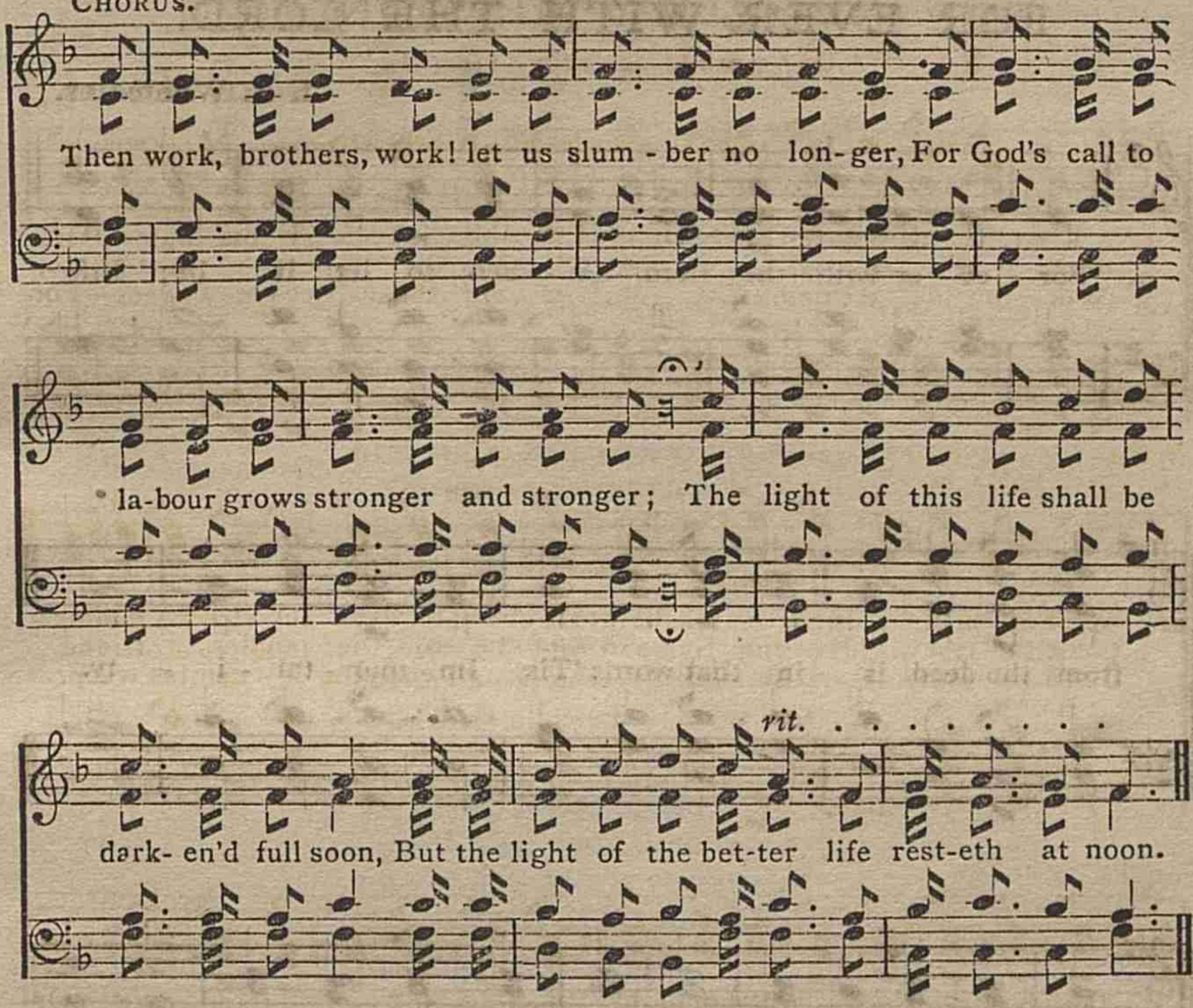
PILGRIM'S MISSION.

"Go! work to-day in my vineyard."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.



CHORUS.



No. 181.
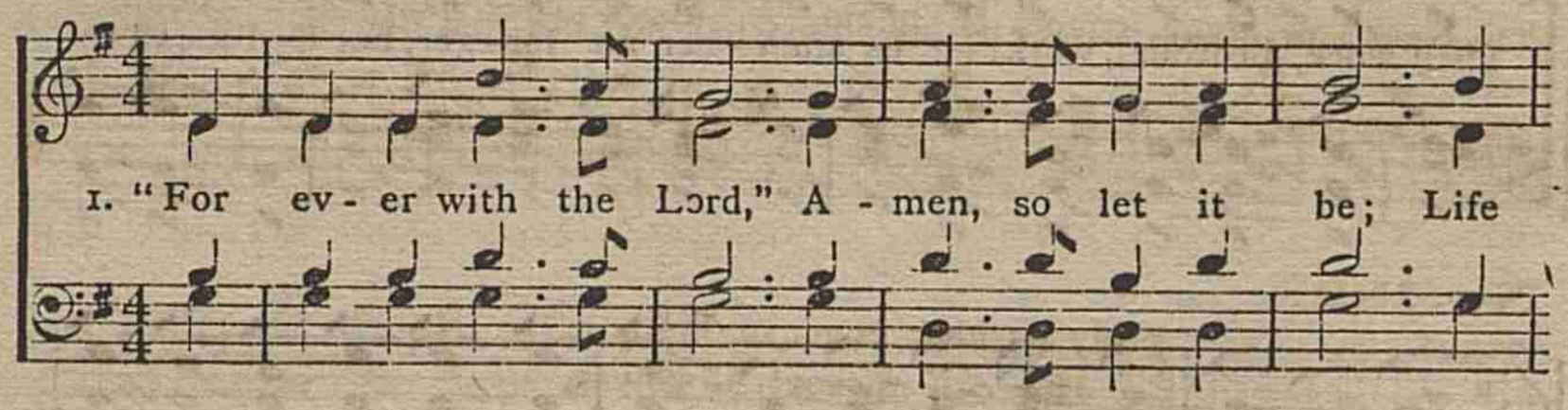
4 Work for the good that is nighest
Dream not of greatness afar;
That glory is ever the highest,
Which shines upon men as they are.
Work, though the world would defeat you;
Heed not its slander and scorn;
Nor weary till angels shall greet you
With smiles through the gates of the morn.—*Cho.*
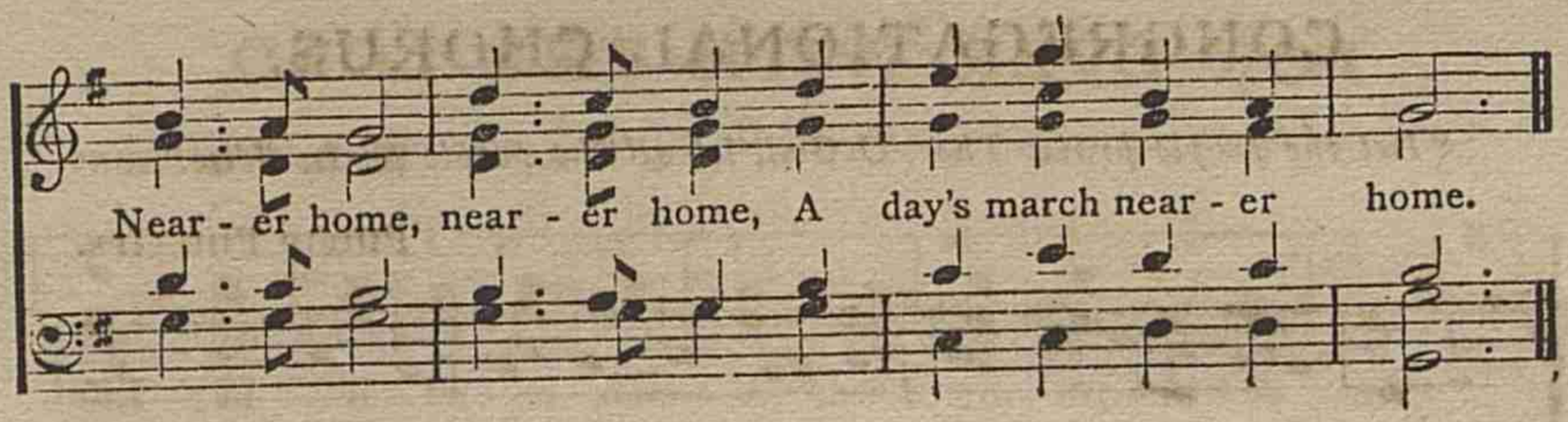
5 Offer thy life on the altar;
In the high purpose be strong;
And if the tired spirit should falter,
Then sweeten thy labour with song.
What, if the poor heart complaineth,
Soon shall its wailing be o'er;
For there, in the rest which remaineth,
It shall grieve and be weary no more.—*Cho.*

Rev. W. MORLEY PUNSHON, A.M., *Jan.*, 1870.

FOR EVER WITH THE LORD.

I. B. WOODBURY.





No. 182.

2 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times, to faith's aspiring eye
Thy golden gates appear!
Ah, then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love;
The bright inheritance of saints—
Jerusalem above;
Home above, home above,
Jerusalem above.
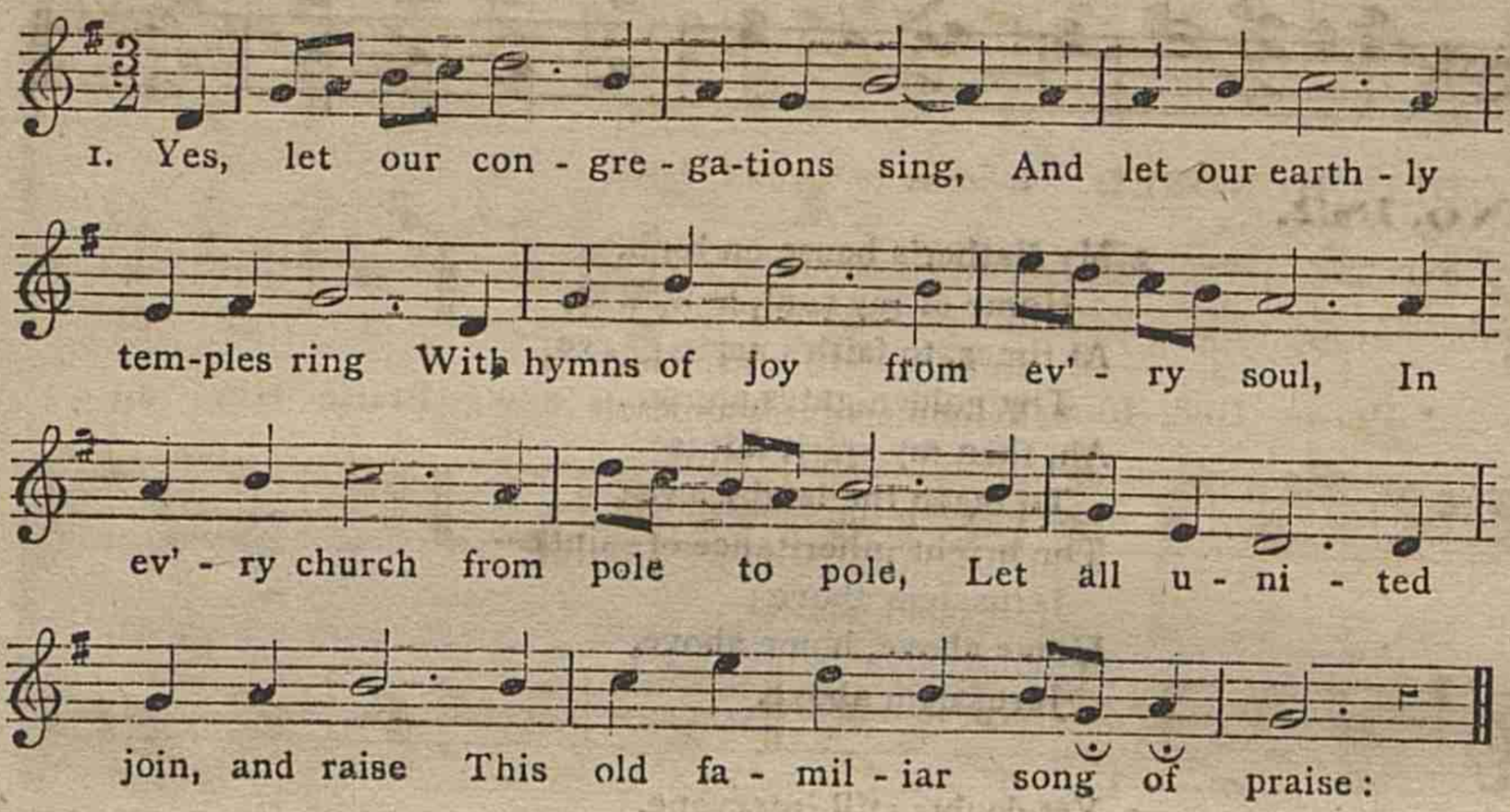
3 Yet doubts still intervene,
And all my comfort flies:
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies;
Anon the clouds depart,
The wind and waters cease,
While sweetly o'er my gladden'd heart
Expands the bow of peace;
Bow of peace, bow of peace,
Expands the bow of peace.

4 So, when my latest breath
Shall rend the vail in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain:
Knowing "as I am known,"
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
"Forever with the Lord;"
With the Lord, with the Lord,
"Forever with the Lord."
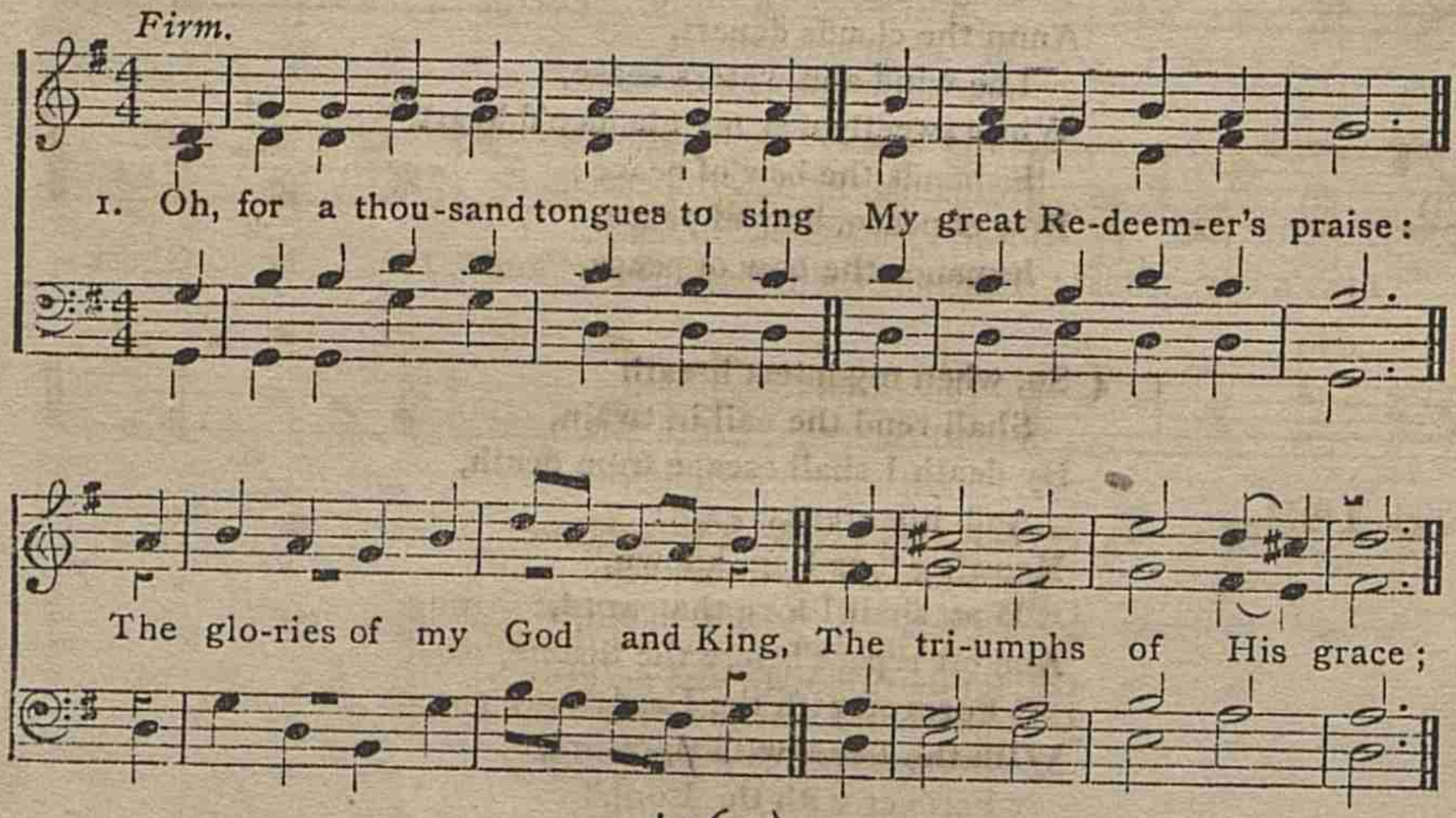
CONGREGATIONAL CHORUS.
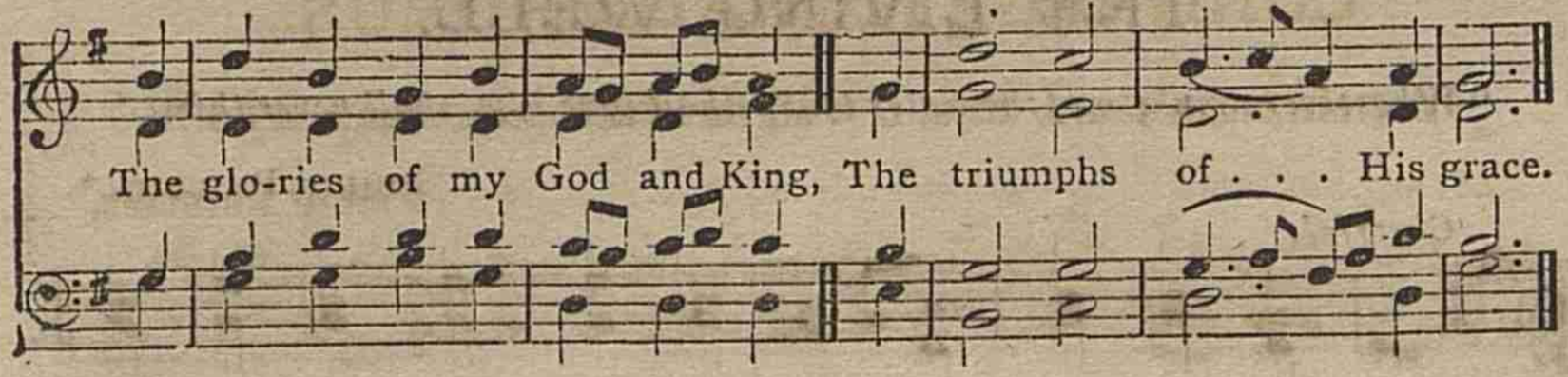
"Let the people praise Thee, O God, let all the people praise Thee."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

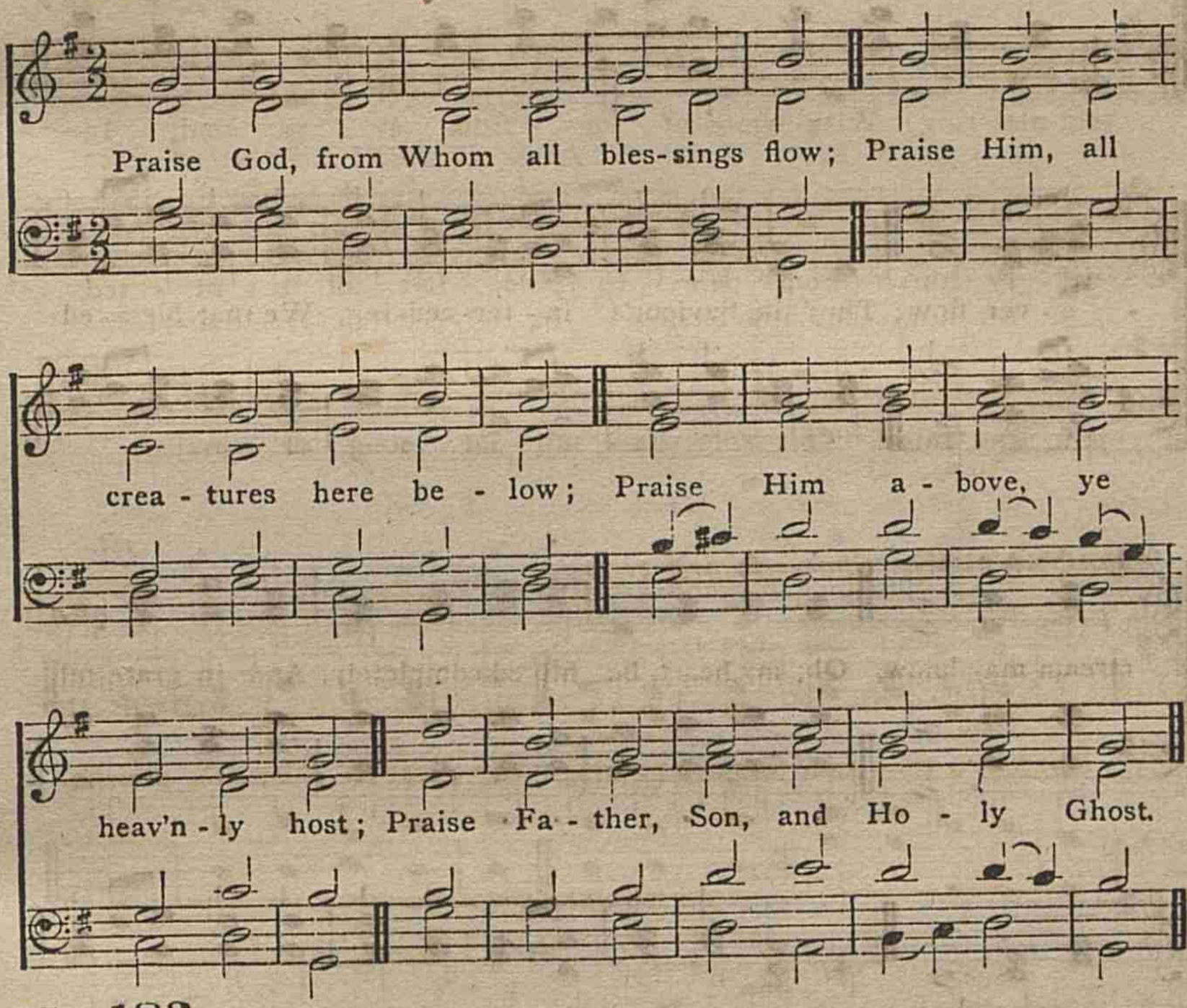


CORONATION. *Chorus to first verse.*





OLD HUNDRED. *Chorus to second verse.*



No. 183.
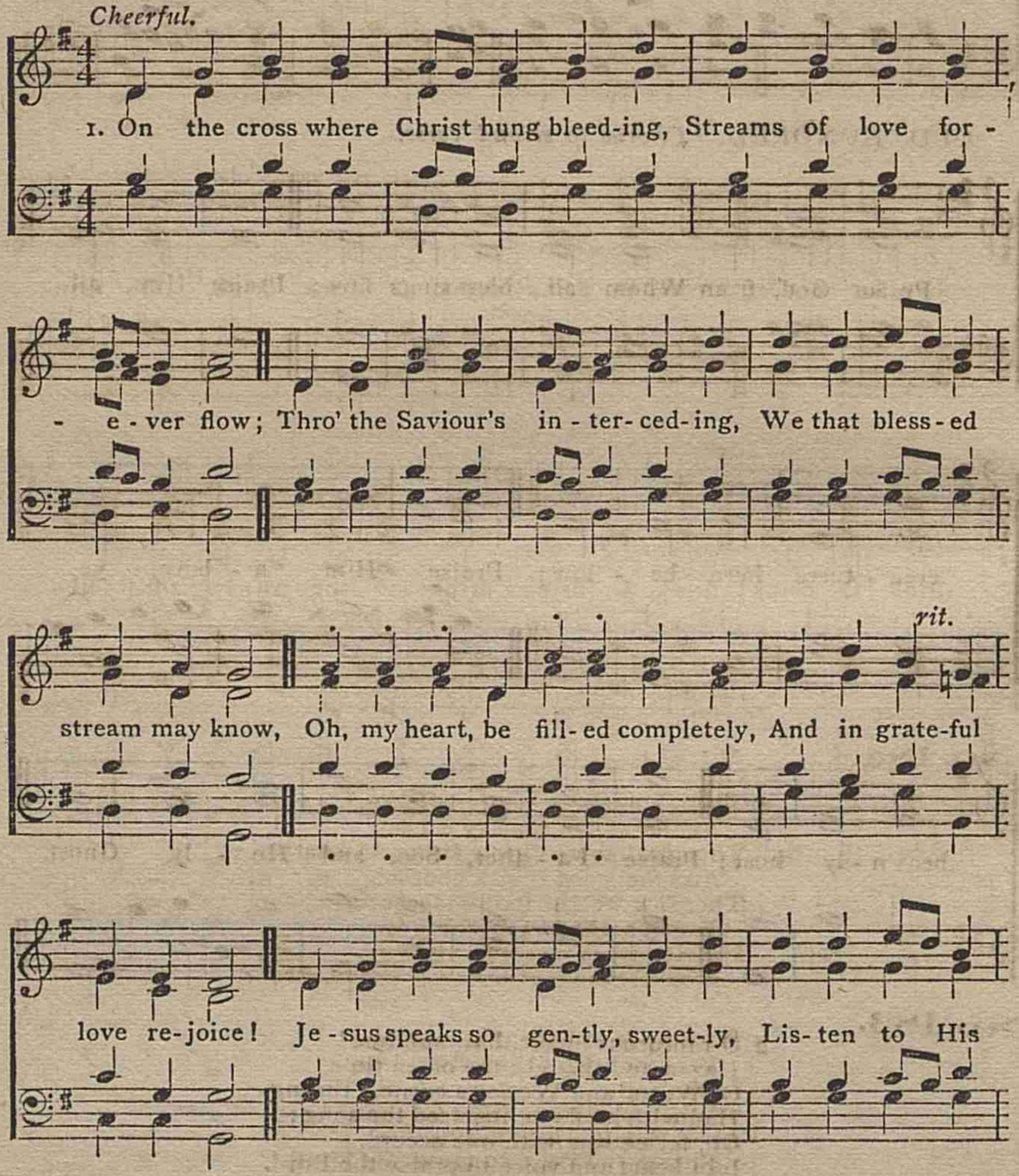
2 O rapturous music, how sublime!
I wept and thought the olden time
Of Watts' and Wesley's earnest throng
Had with its flame inspired the song;
Oh, let us sing with one accord,
Join heart and voice to praise the Lord.
Chorus.—Praise God, &c.

THE LIVING WELL.

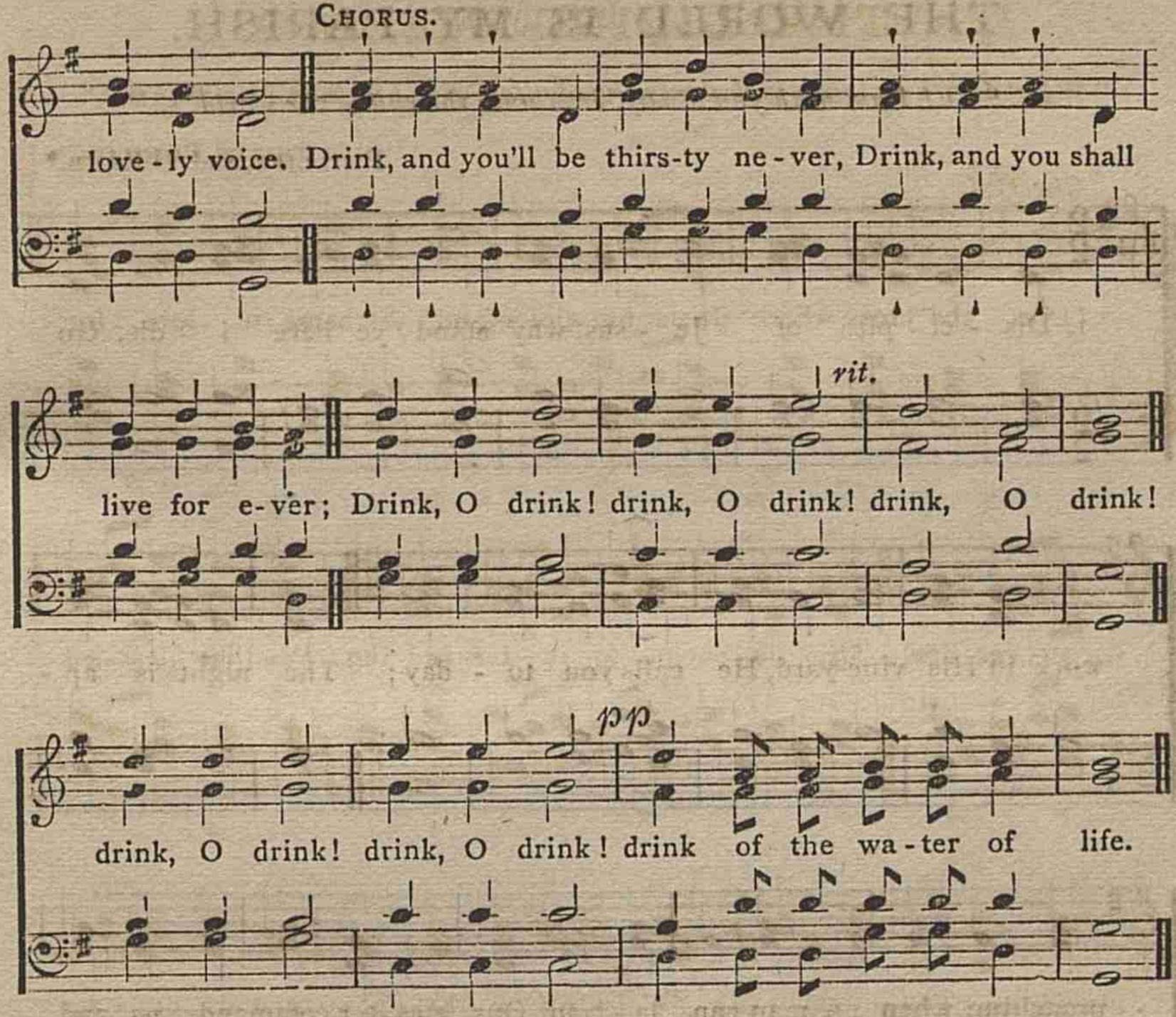
"Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.*

Cheerful.



* *From "Singing Pilgrim."*



No. 184.

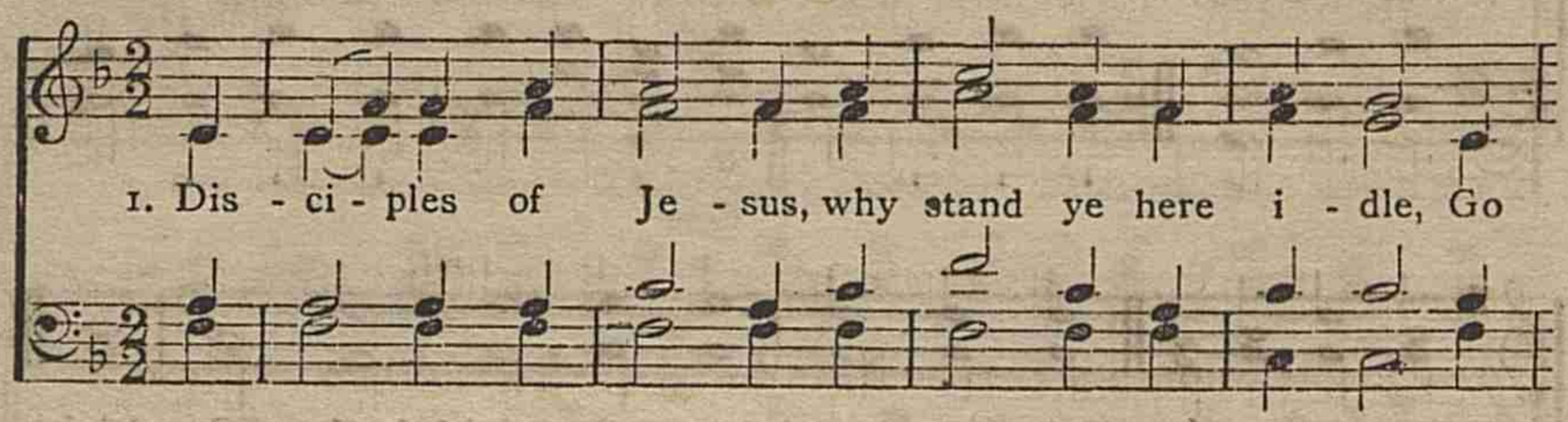
2 Though our way is often dreary,
And in gloom the sky is clad:
Though the steps grow faint and weary,
And the heart is sick and sad;
There's a well of living pleasure,
Every night and morning too,
Flowing in exhaustless measure,
Ever blessing, ever new. Drink, &c.
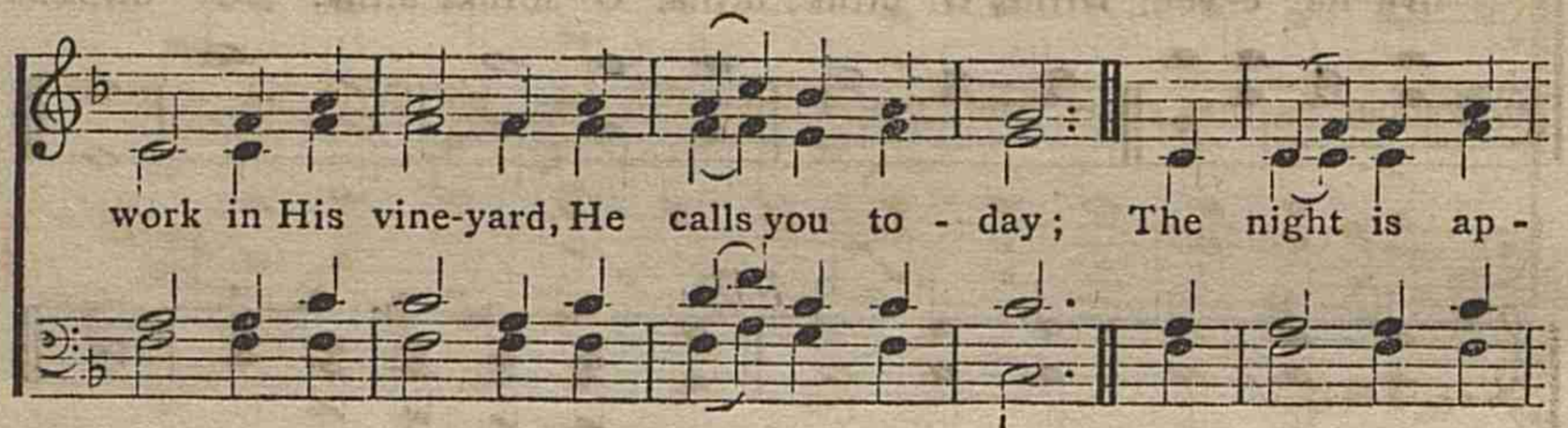
3 We may ever have that fountain,
Welling with exhaustless flow,
In the valley, on the mountain,
Wheresoe'er our steps may go.
As we drink, a holy beauty
Fills our souls, so washed and blest,
And our hands grow strong for duty,
And our weary hearts find rest. Drink, &c.
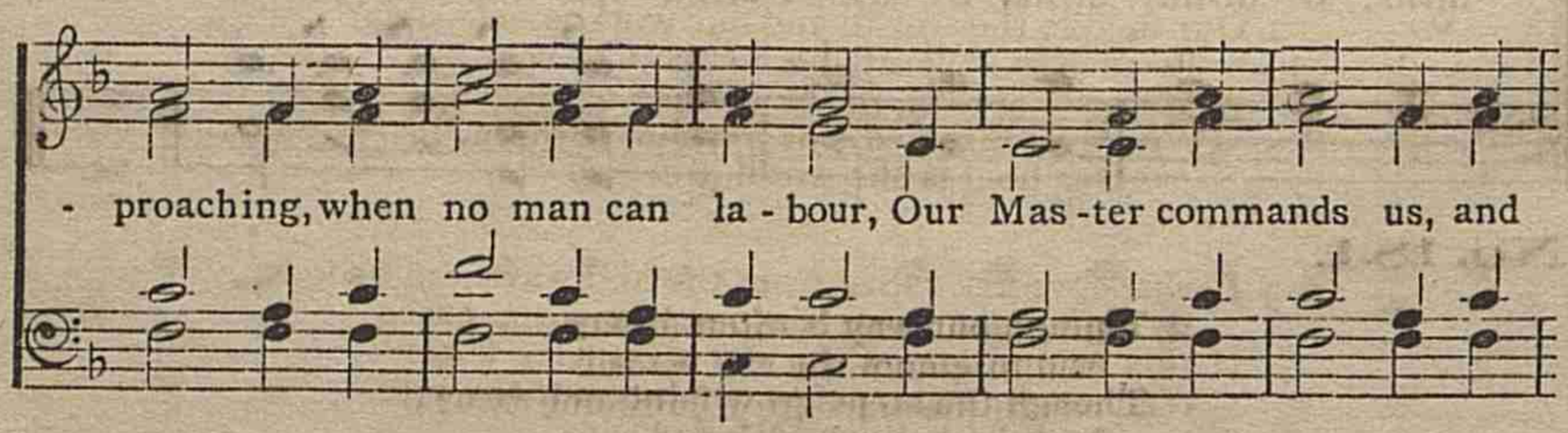
THE WORLD IS MY PARISH.

"Lo! I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."
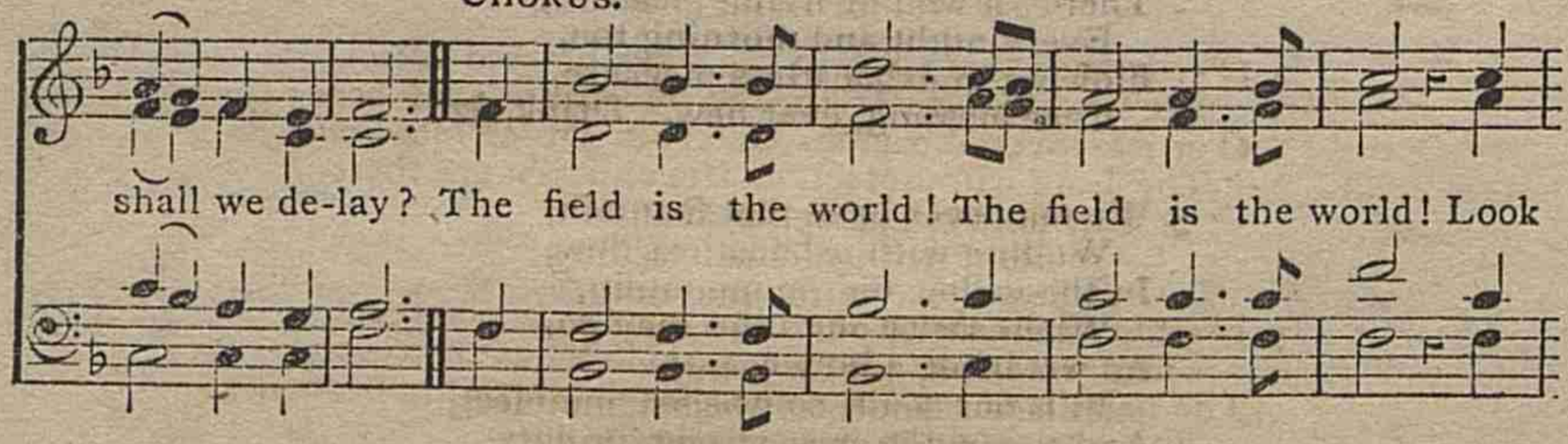
PHILLIPS and O'KANE.*
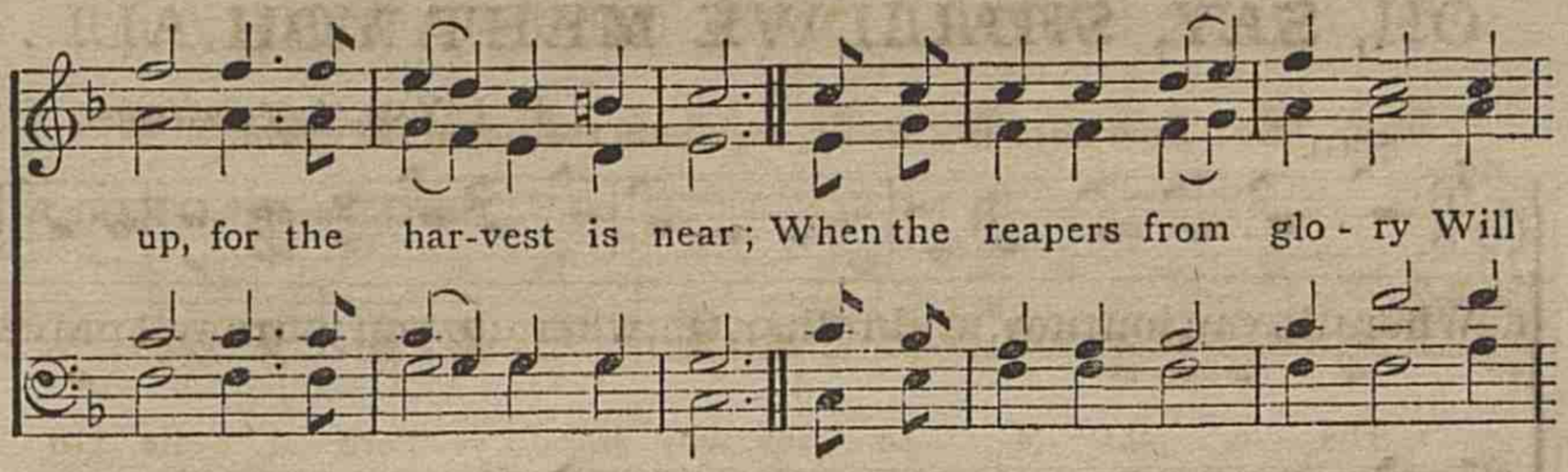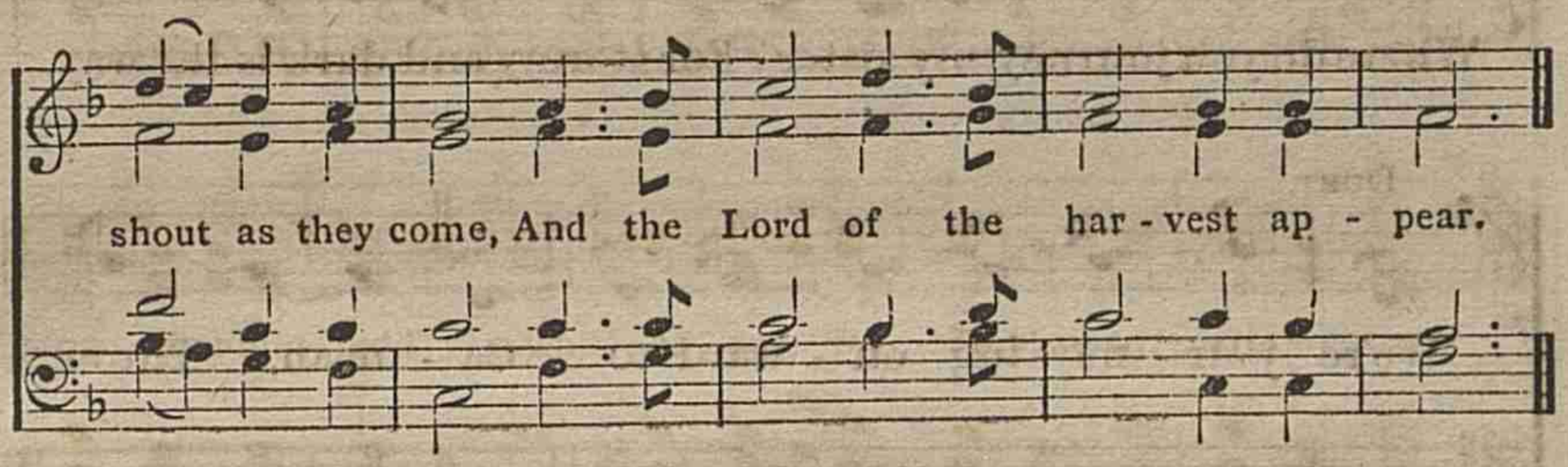






CHORUS.



* *From "Singing Pilgrim.*





No. 183.

2 Our field is the world, and our work is before us,
To each is appointed a message to bear;
At home or abroad, in the cottage or palace,
Wherever directed, our mission is there.
Our field is the world, &c.

3 Perhaps we are called from the highways and hedges,
To gather the lowly, despised, and oppressed;
If this be our duty, then why should we falter,
We'll do it, and trust to our Saviour the rest.
Our field is the world, &c.

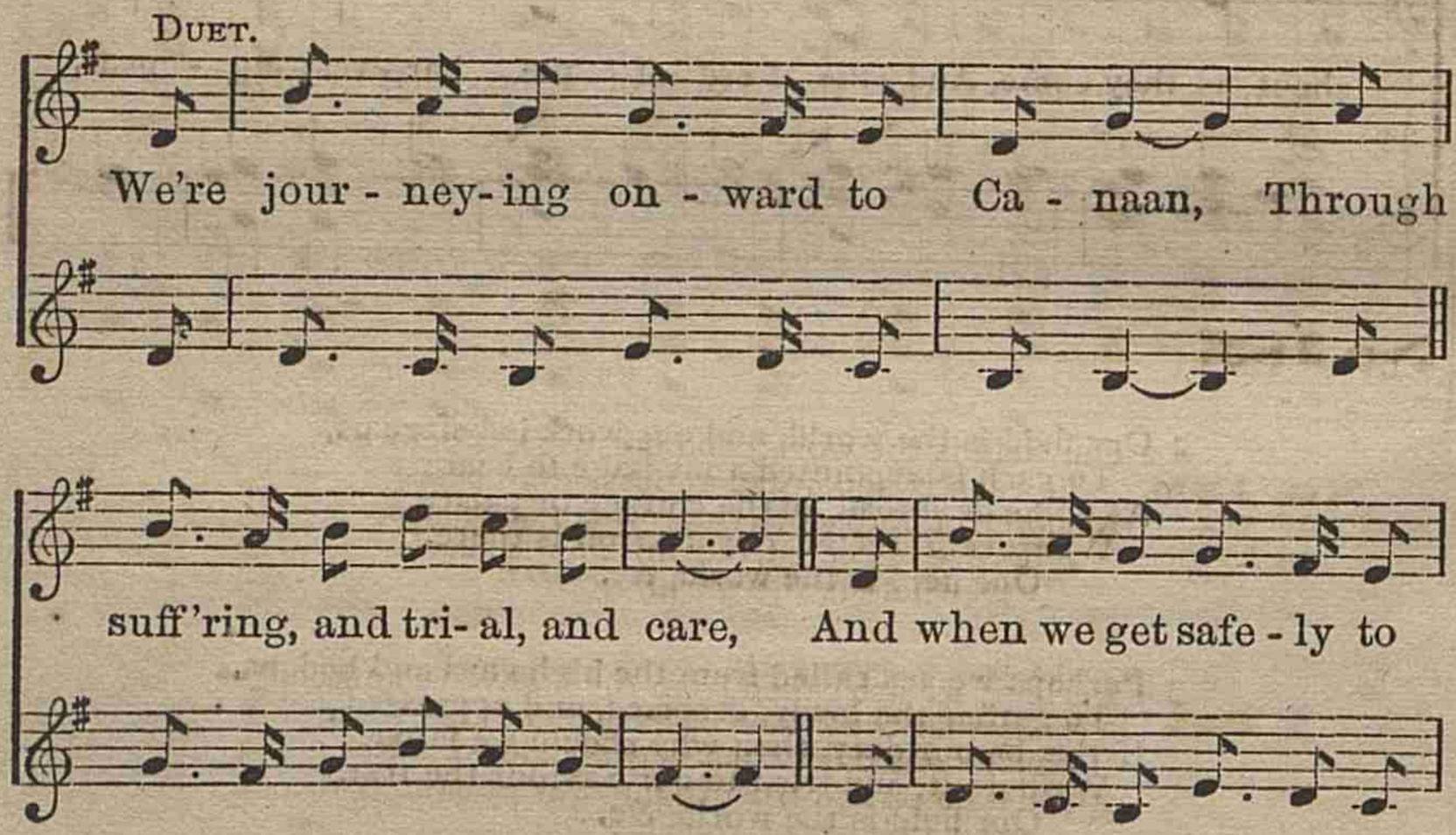
4 O'er islands that sleep in the wave-crested ocean,
We'll scatter the truth, and its truth it shall bear;
O'er ice-covered regions, and rock-girded mountains,
The Lord will protect, as His children are there.
Our field is the world, &c.
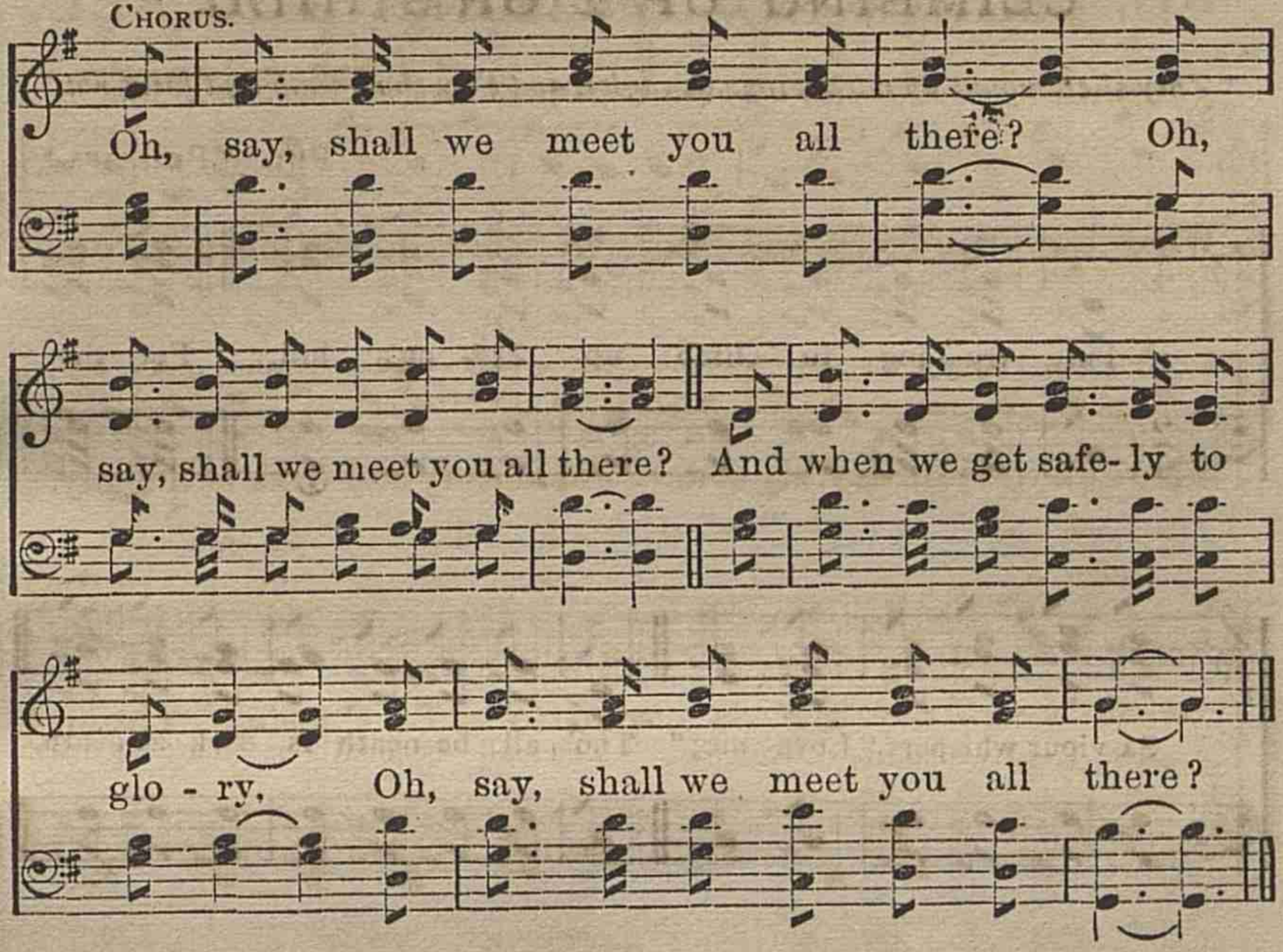
5 Instead of the thorn shall the myrtle be planted;
The desert shall blossom and bloom as the rose;
The palm tree rejoicing shall spread forth her branches:
The lamb and the lion together repose.
Our field is the world, &c.—*Fanny Crosby.*

OH, SAY, SHALL WE MEET YOU ALL.

S. J. VAIL, *by permission.*







No. 186. 2.

Solo. What is your mission, my brother,
What is your mission below?
What is your mission, my sister,
As journeying onward you go?
Duet. Our mission is practising mercy,
Sweet charity. patience, and love,
And following the footsteps of Jesus,
That lead to the mansions above.—*Cho.*

3.
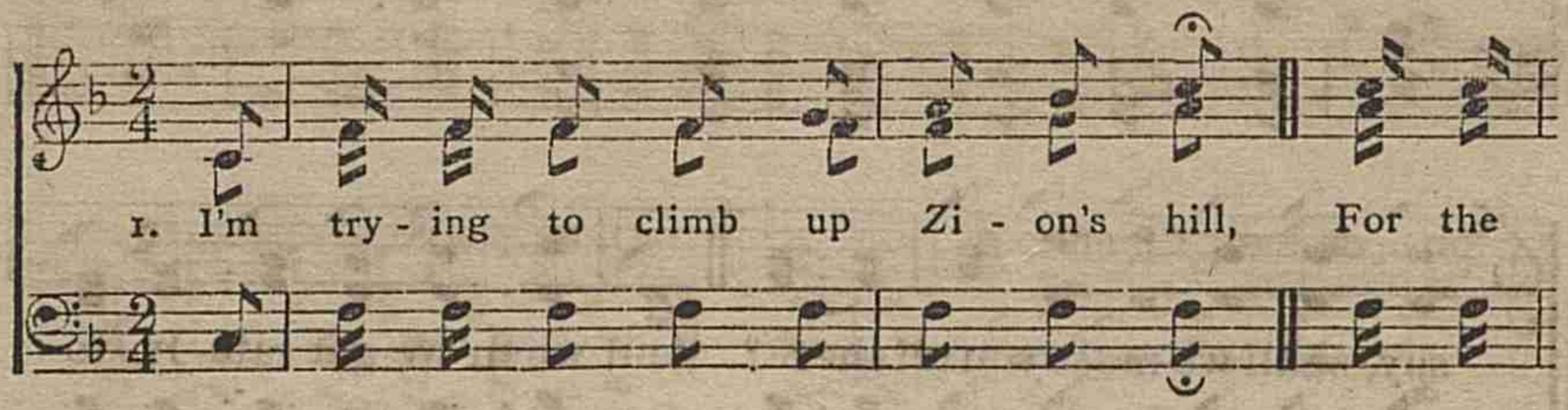
Solo. Oh, yes! you will meet us, my brother,
God helping our weakness and sin;
Bearing the cross, we, my sister,
The crown will endeavor to win.
Duet. We'll walk through the vale and the shadow,
Through suff'rings, and trials, and care,
And when you get safely to glory,
You'll meet, yes, you'll meet us all there!—*Cho.*

Minnie Waters.

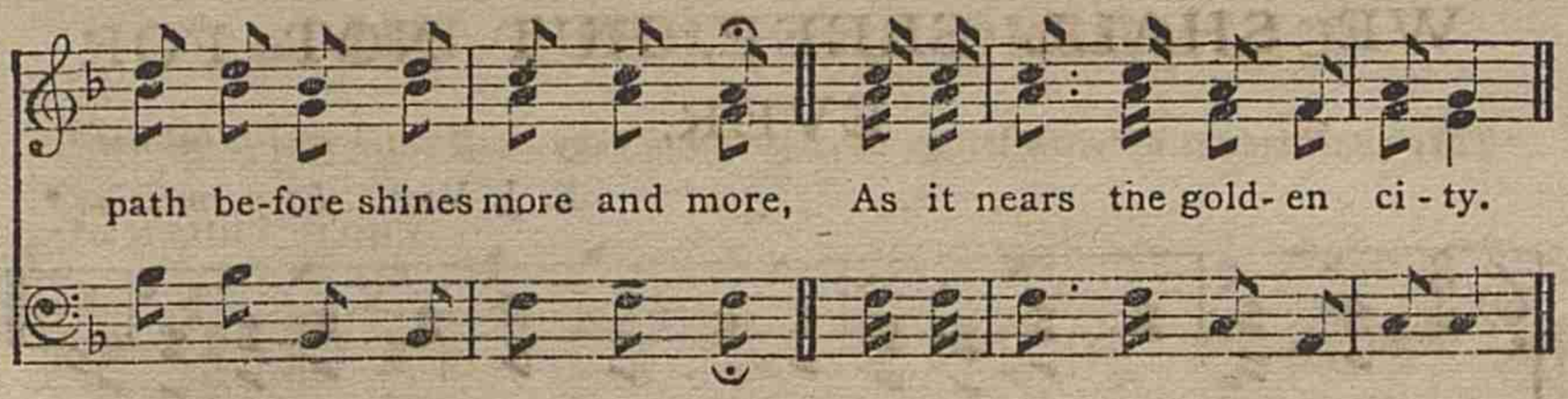
CLIMBING UP ZION'S HILL.
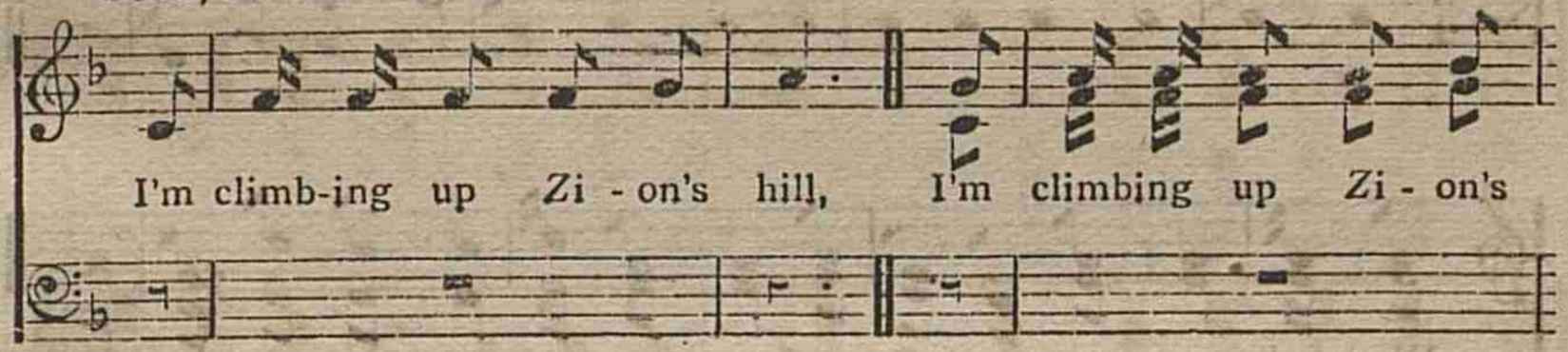
"They shall mount up with wings as eagles, and they shall walk and faint not."
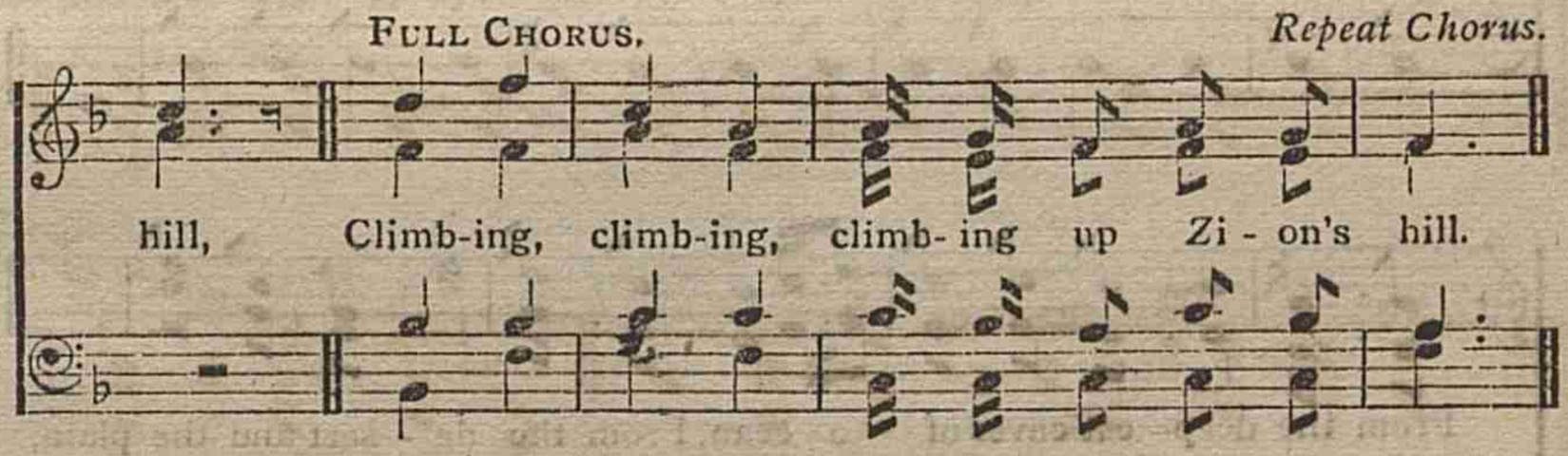
PHILIP PHILLIPS.*



* *From "Singing Pilgrim."*







No. 187.
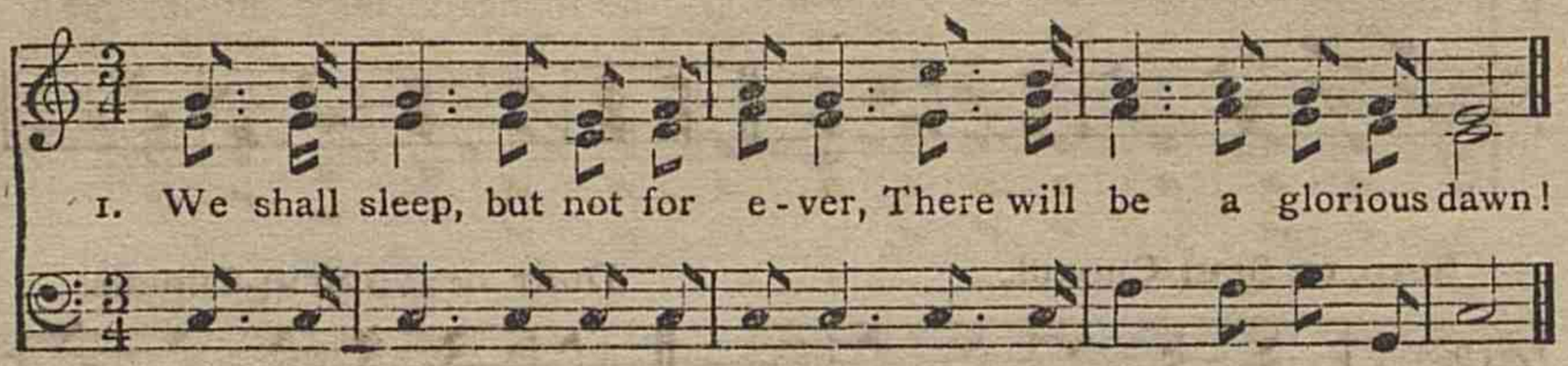
2 I know I'm but a little child,
My strength will not protect me;
But then I am the Saviour's Lamb,
And He will not neglect me.
Then all the time I'll try to climb
This holy hill of Zion,
For I am sure the way is pure,
And on it comes "no lion."—*Chorus.*
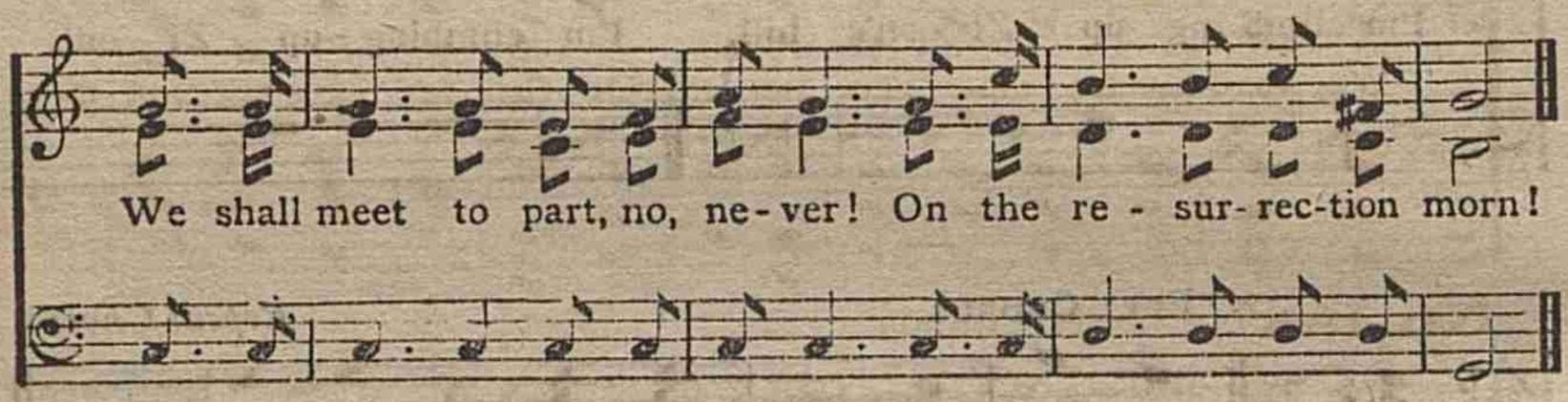
3 Then come with me, we'll upward go,
And climb this hill together;
And as we walk we'll sweetly talk,
And sing as we go thither.
Then mount up still God's holy hill,
Till we reach the pearly portals,
Where raptured tongues proclaim the songs
Of the shining-robed immortals.—*Chorus.*

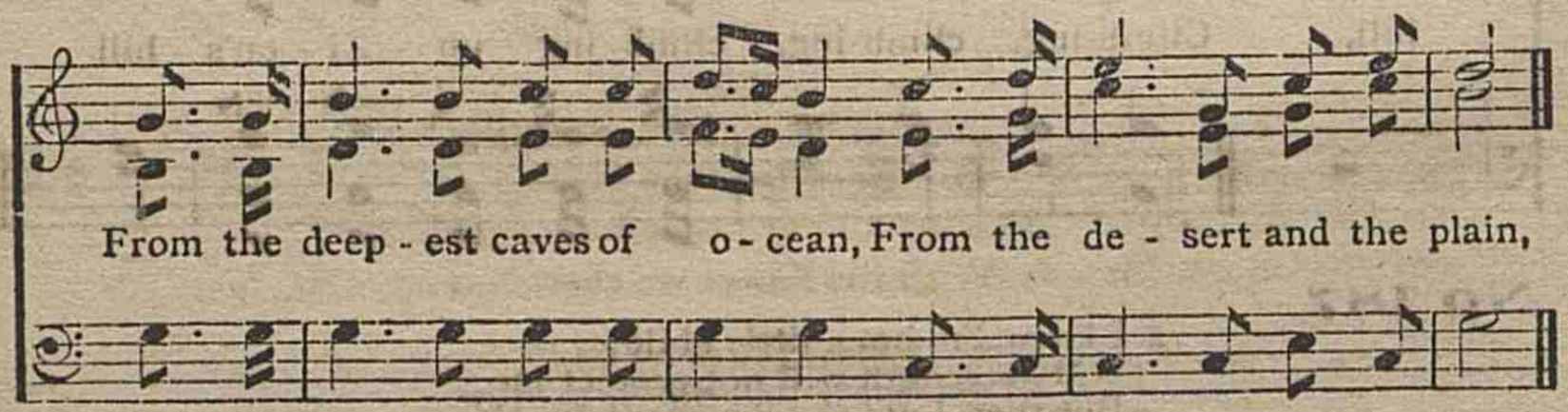
—*Rev. John G. Chaffee.*

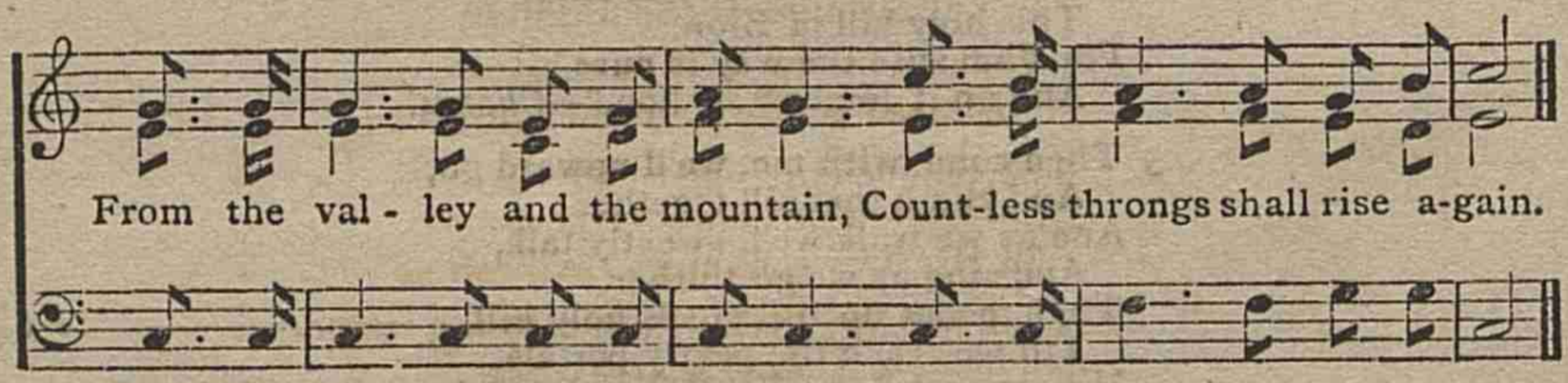
WE SHALL SLEEP, BUT NOT FOR EVER.

S. J. Vail. *By permission.**

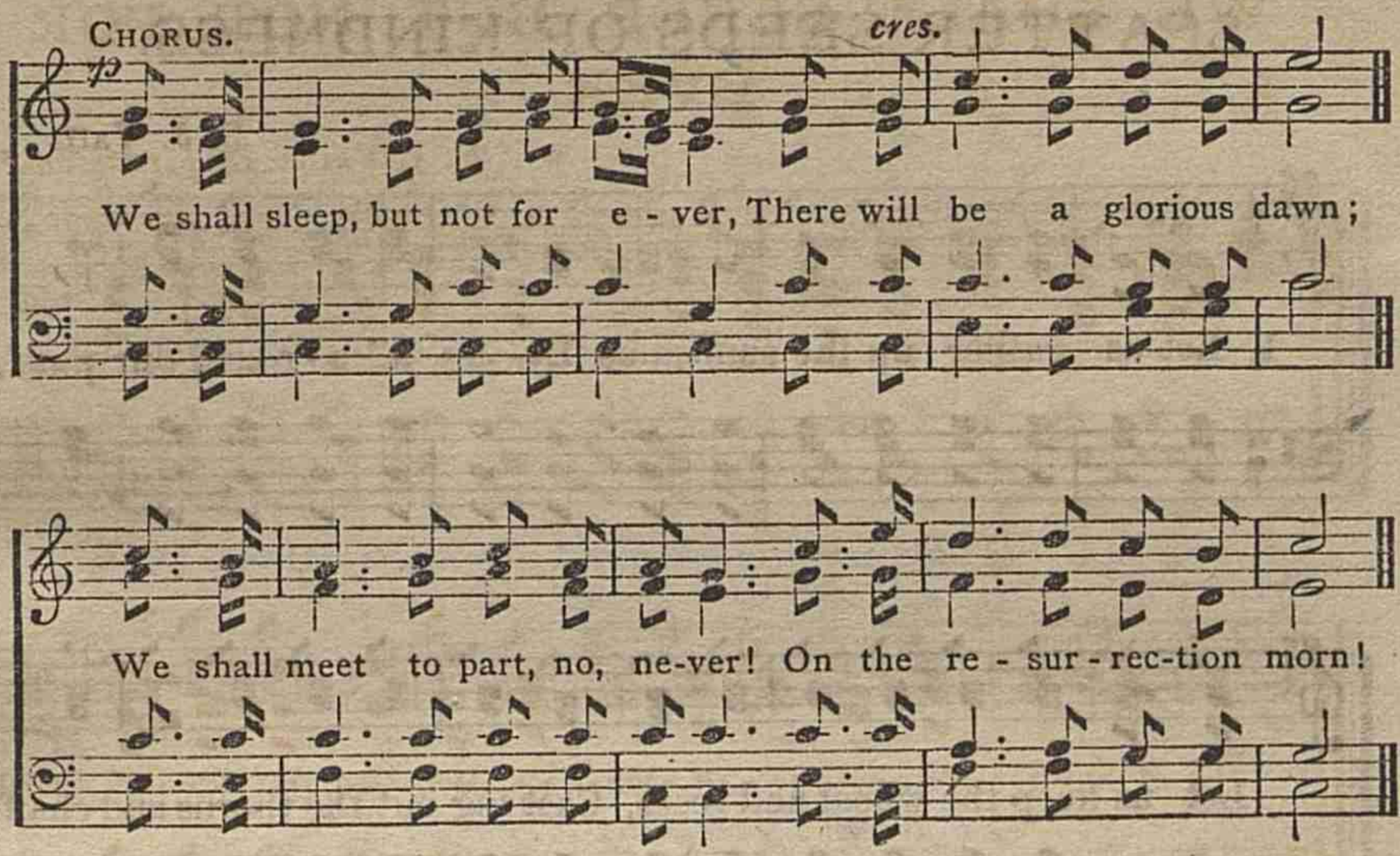








* *From "Musical Leaves."*



No. 188.

2 When we see a precious blossom,
That we tended with such care,
Rudely taken from our bosom,
How our aching hearts despair!
Round its little grave we linger,
Till the setting sun is low,
Feeling all our hopes have perished
With the flower we cherished so.

Cho.—We shall sleep, &c.
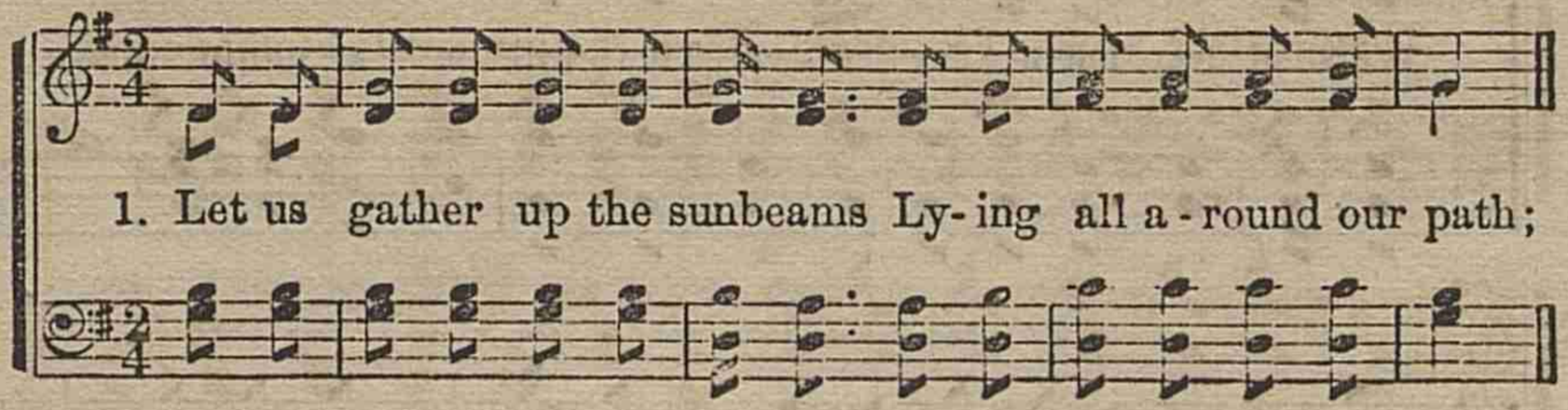
3 We shall sleep, but not for ever,
In the lone and silent grave;
Blessed be the Lord that taketh,
Blessed be the Lord that gave.
In the bright, eternal city
Death, can never, never come!
In His own good time He'll call us
From our rest to Home, sweet Home.
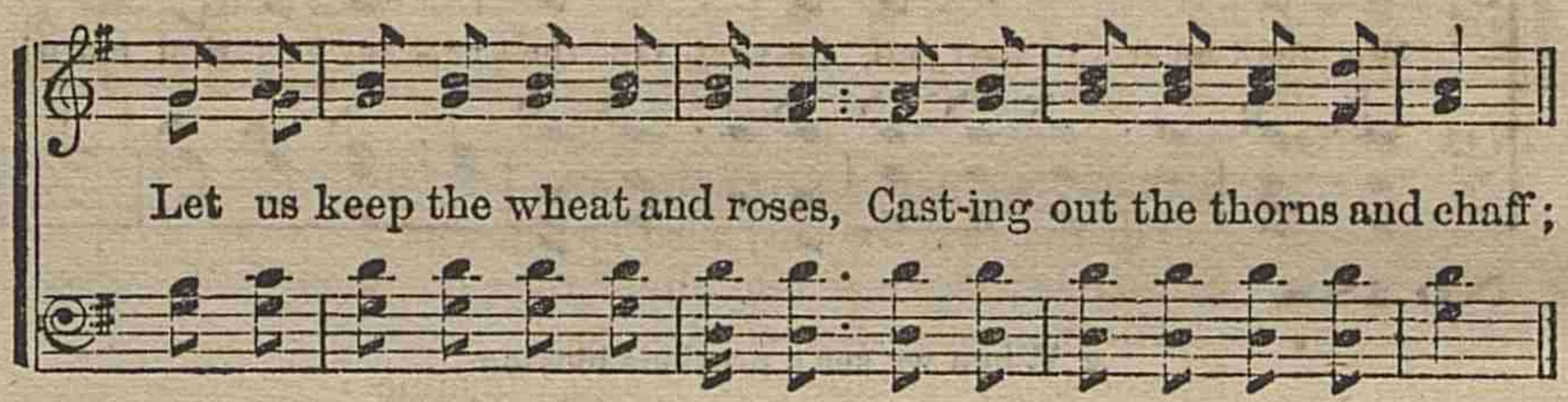
Cho.—We shall sleep, &c.
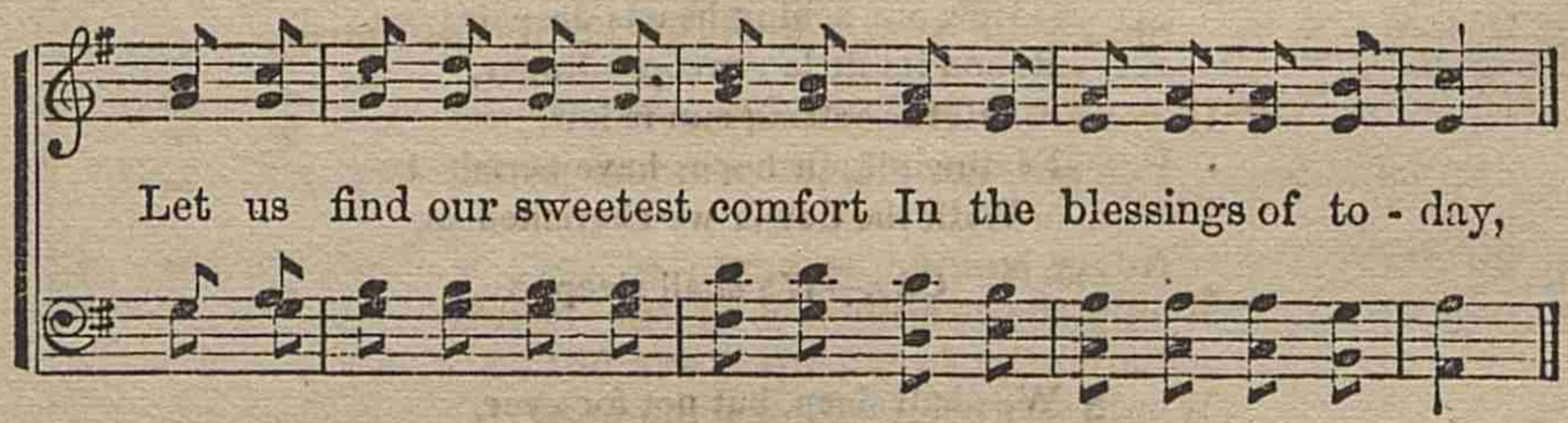
Mrs. M. A. Kidder.
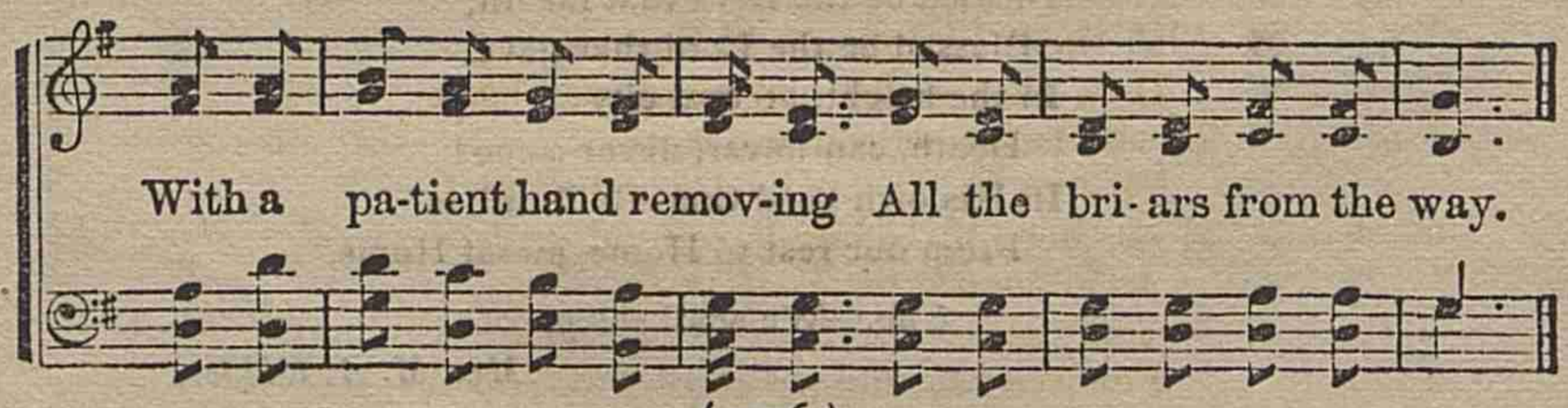
SCATTER SEEDS OF KINDNESS.

S. J. VAIL.
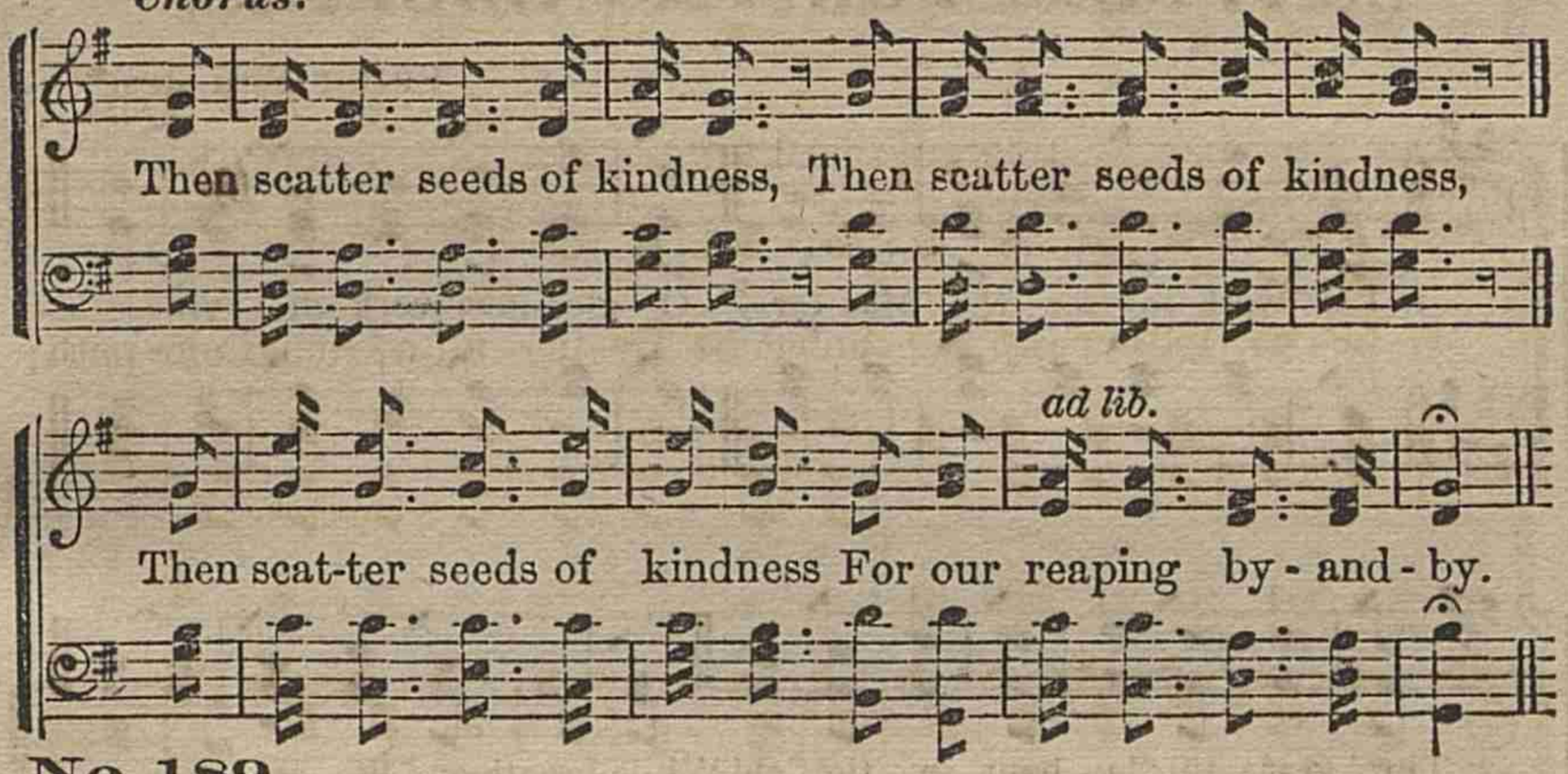








Chorus.



No. 189.

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

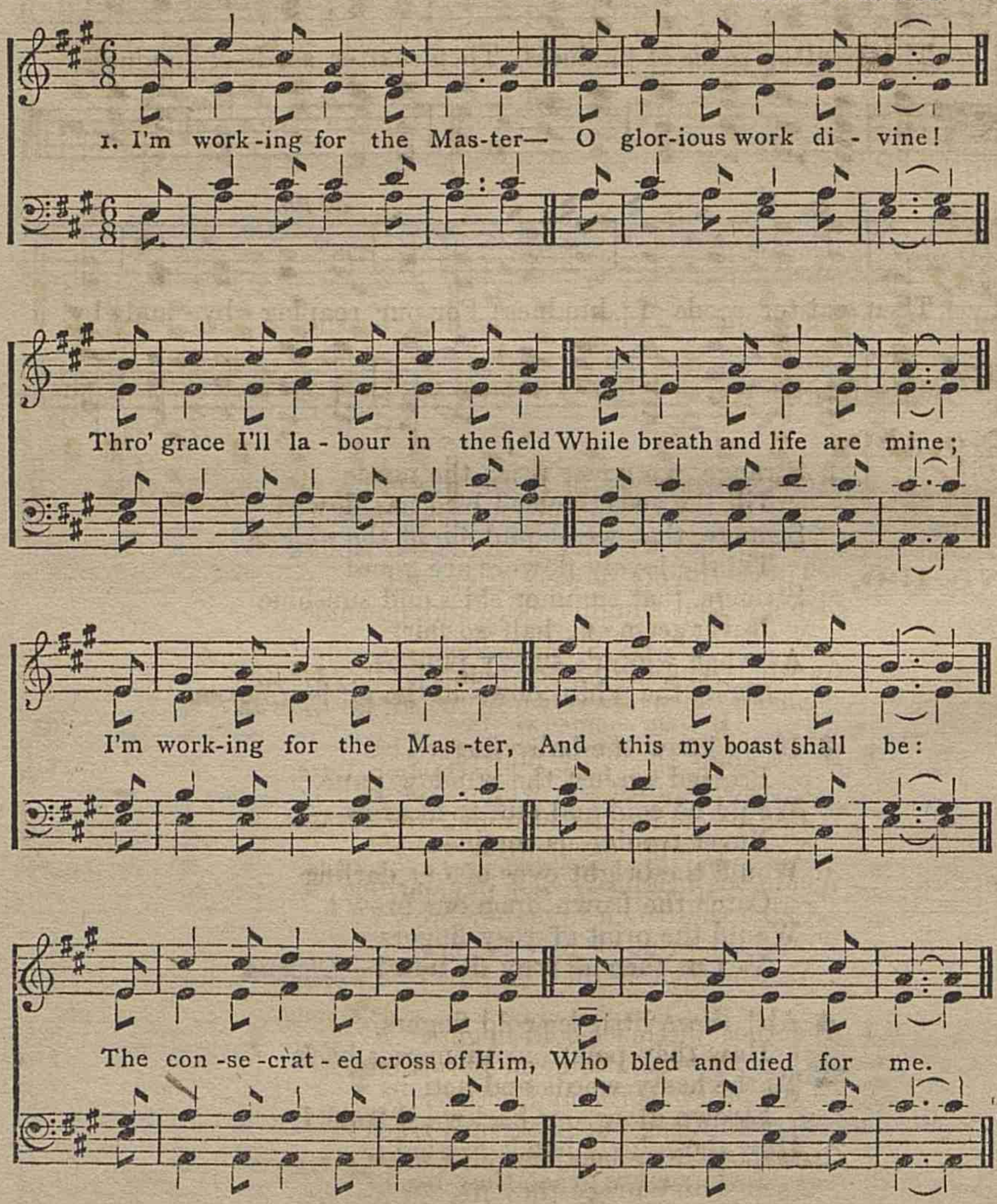
3 If we knew the baby fingers,
Pressed against the window pane,
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow—
Never trouble us again—
Would the bright eyes of our darling
Catch the frown upon our brow?
Would the print of rosy fingers
Vex us then as they do now?—*Chorus.*

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

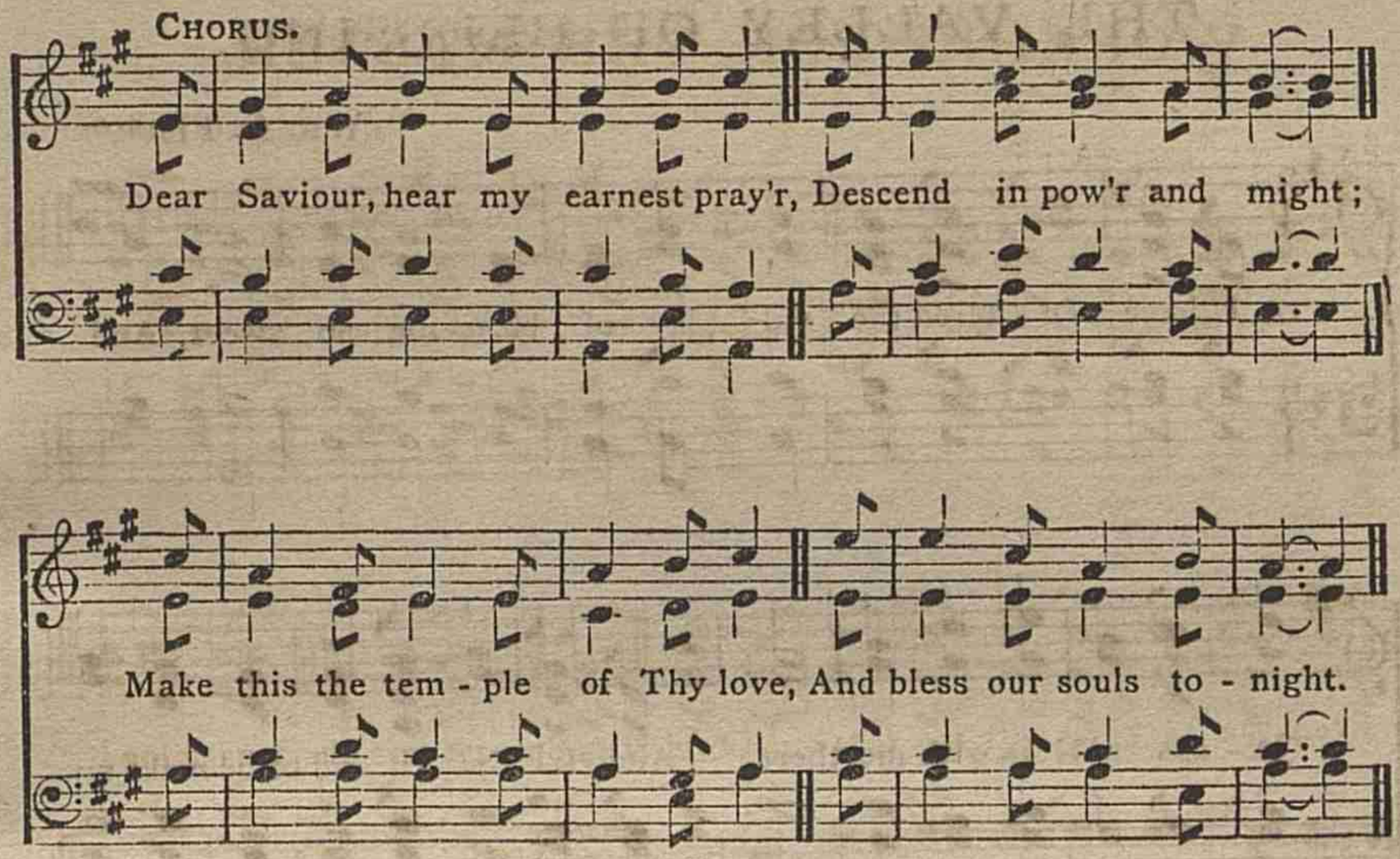
MRS. ALBERT SMITH.

WORKING FOR THE MASTER.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.*



* *Written for* MR. PHILLIPS *for an opening piece at his "Evenings of Sacred Song."*



No. 190.

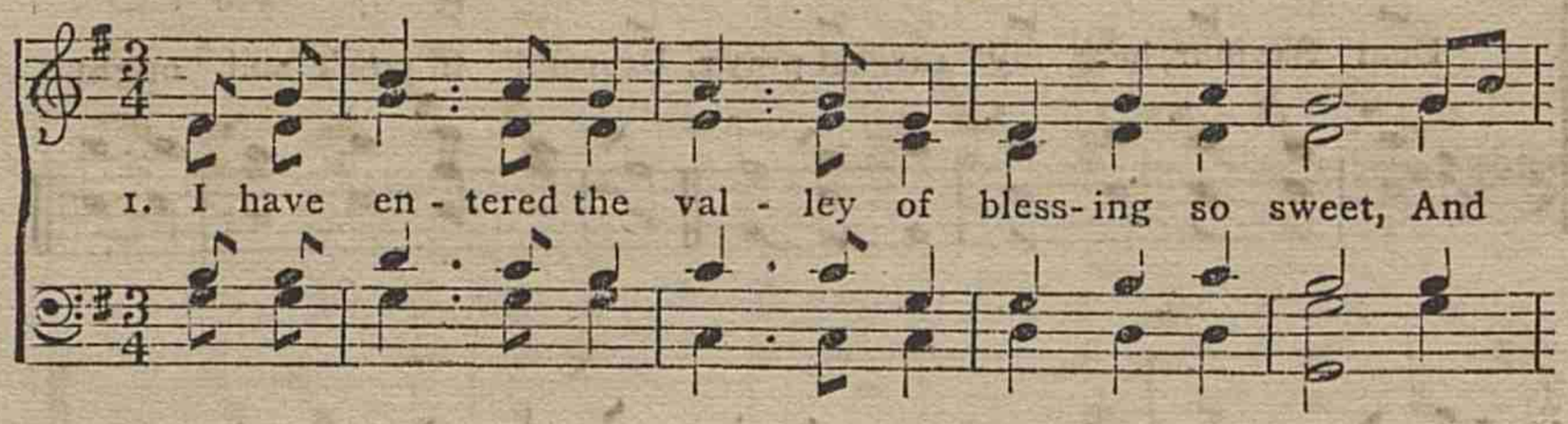
2 If strains like mine so simple,
Can reach Thy gracious ear,
Oh, grant the Christian hope they breathe
Some careless soul may hear;
If I am counted worthy,
To sing these songs for Thee,
The least among Thy children, Lord,
I am content to be.
Cho.—Dear Saviour, hear my earnest prayer,
Descend in power and might,
Oh, turn some wanderer to Thy fold,
Convert one soul to-night.

3 Thy Name, O precious Jesus,
My constant theme below;
Thy love that crowns the angels' song,
I'll sing where'er I go;
While on my journey homeward,
My greatest joy shall be
To labour in the vineyard here,
And gather souls for Thee.
Cho.—Dear Saviour, hear my earnest prayer,
Descend in power and might,
Convert some thoughtless sinner now,
Seal Thine one soul to-night.

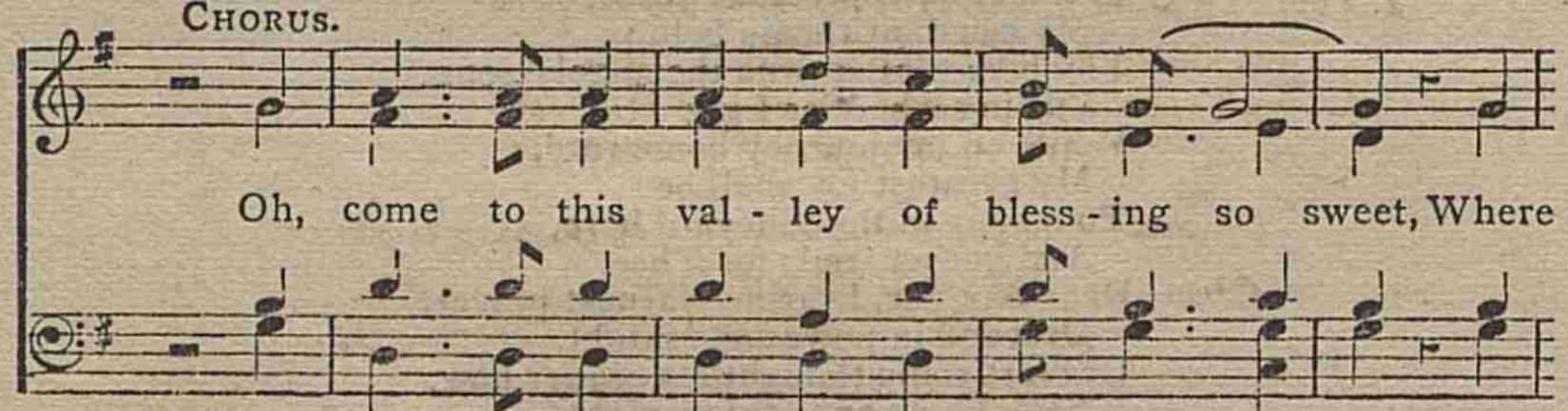
Fanny Crosby.
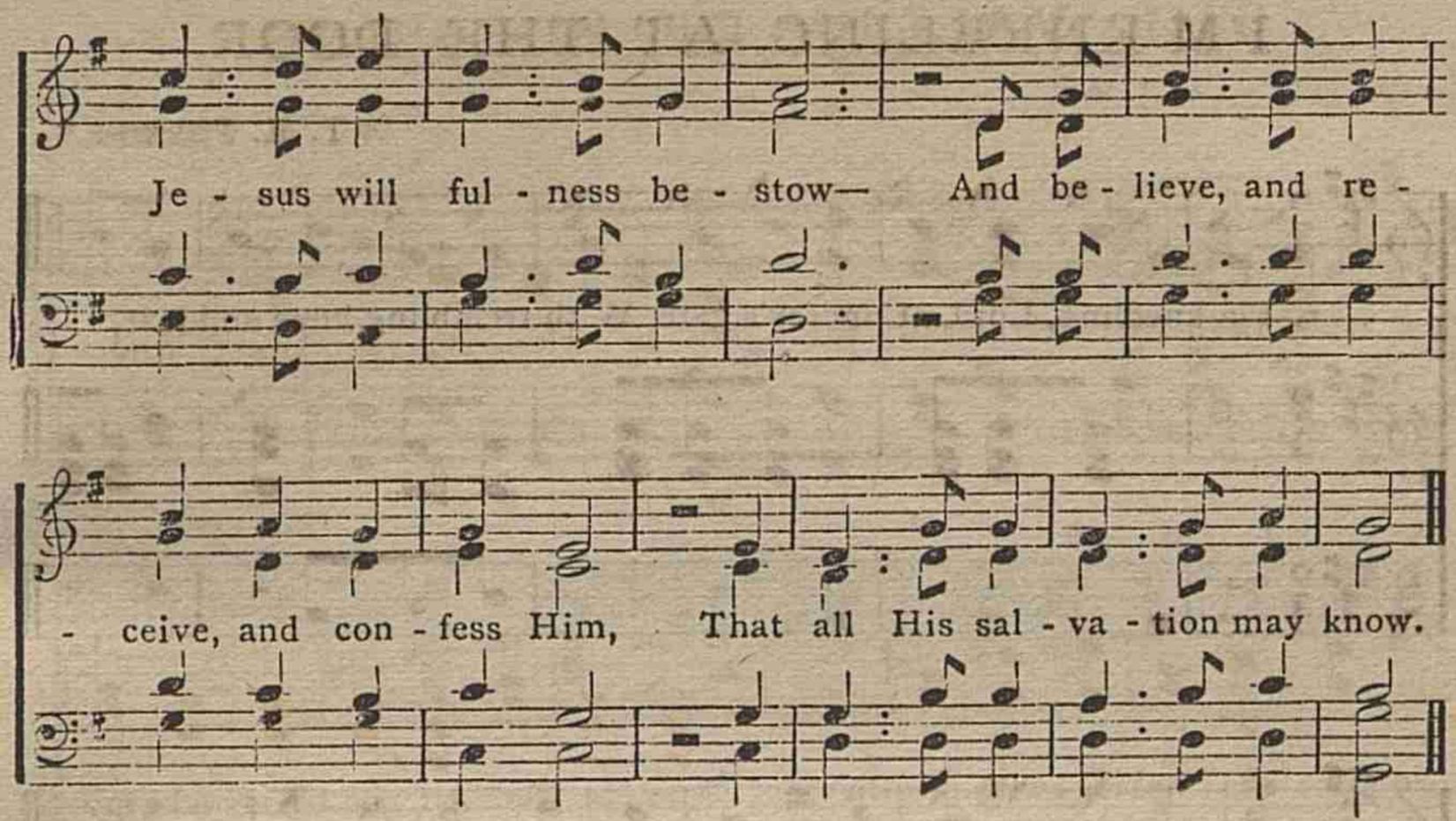
THE VALLEY OF BLESSING.

WM. G. FISCHER.



CHORUS.





No. 191.

2 There is peace in the valley of blessing so sweet,
And plenty the land doth impart;
And there's rest for the weary-worn traveller's feet,
And joy for the sorrowing heart.
Chorus.—Oh, come to this valley, &c.

3 There is love in the valley of blessing so sweet,
Such as none but the blood-washed may feel;
When heaven comes down redeemed spirits to greet,
And Christ sets His covenant seal.
Chorus.—Oh, come to the valley, &c.
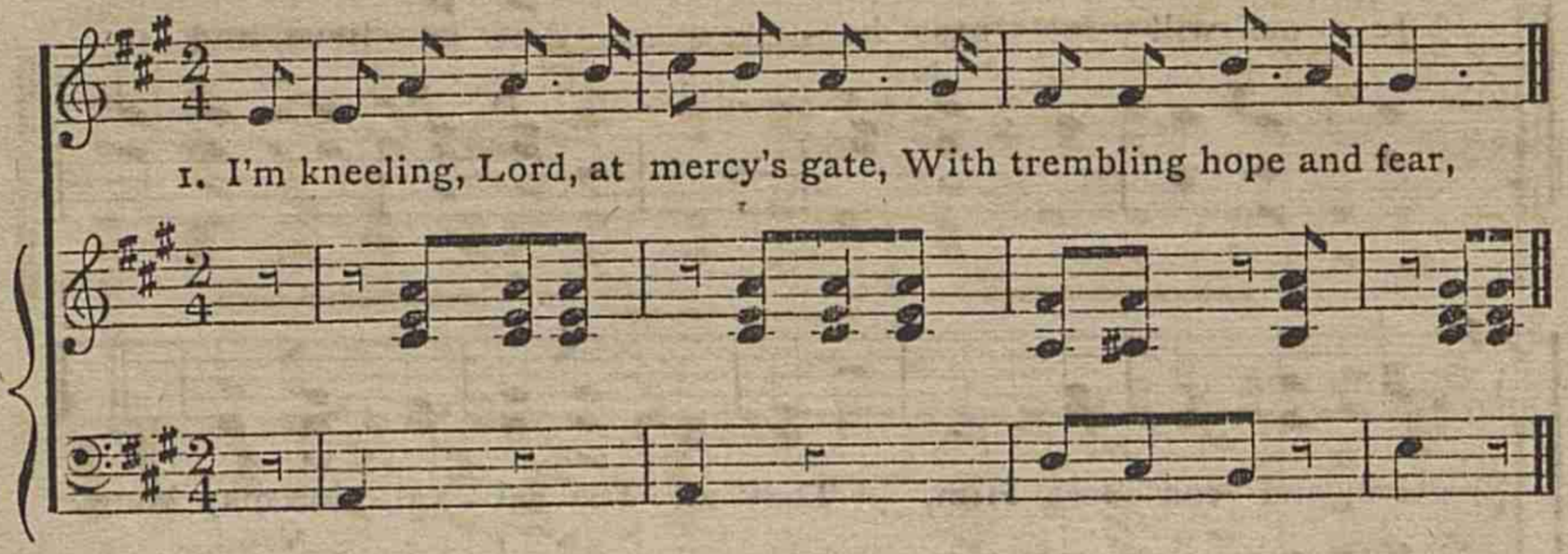
4 There's a song in the valley of blessing so sweet,
That angels would fain join the strain—
As, with rapturous praises, we bow at His feet,
Crying "Worthy the Lamb that was slain!"

Chorus.—Oh, come to this valley of blessing so sweet,
Where Jesus will fulness bestow—
And believe, and receive, and confess Him,
That all His salvation may know.

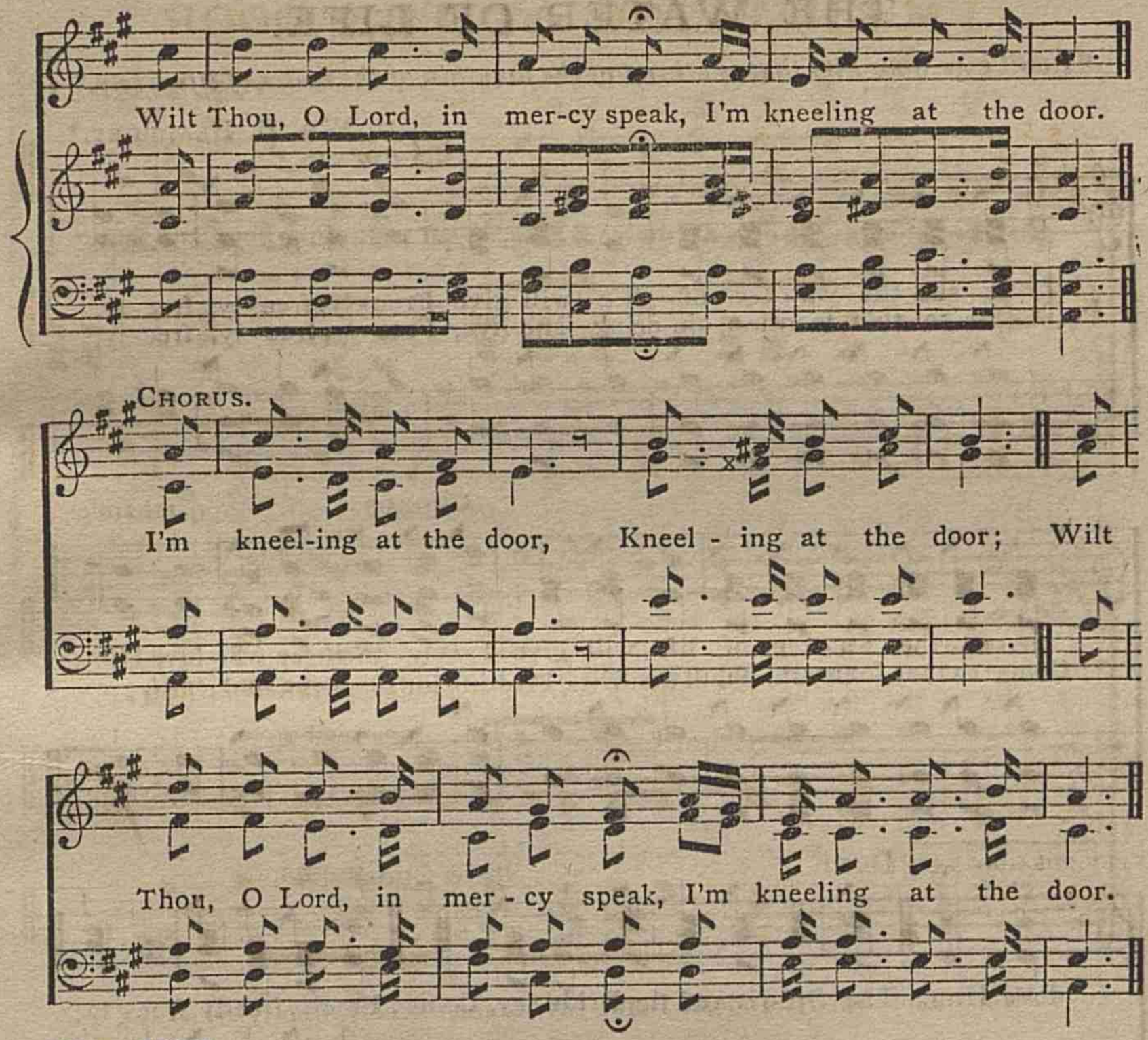
Annie Wittenmyer.

I'M KNEELING AT THE DOOR.

T. E. PERKINS.*



* *From the "Sabbath Carols," by permission.*



No. 192.
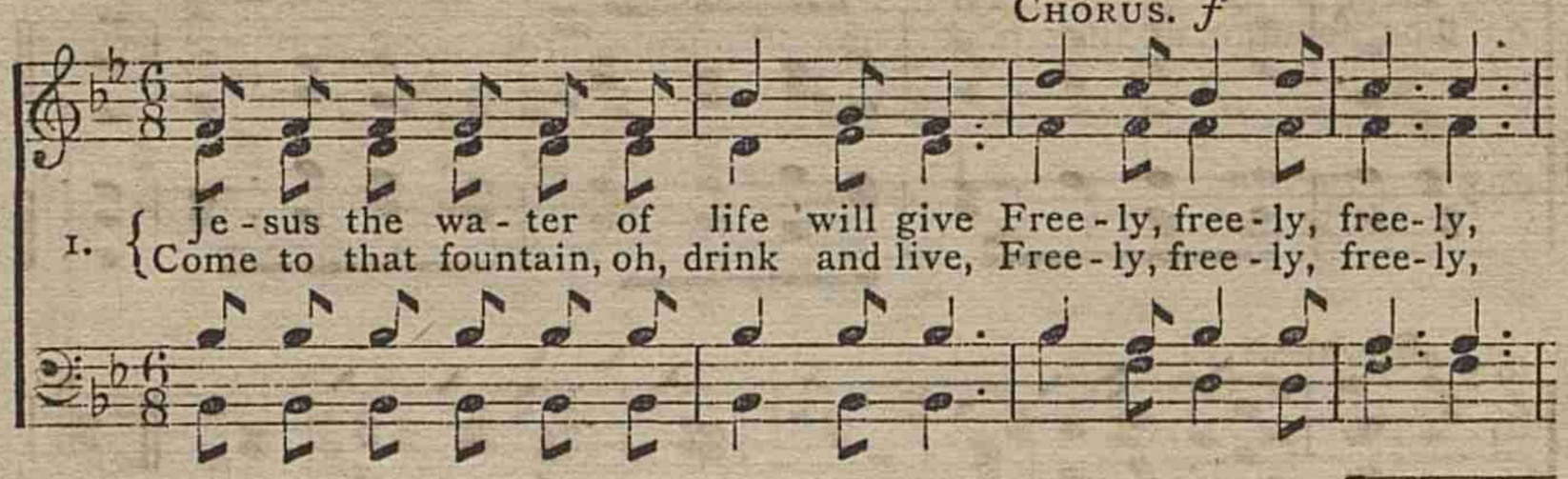
2 None ever empty turned away,
Who truly sought Thy face:
And I, my Saviour, come to-day,
To seek Thy pardoning grace.
Thy precious Blood is all my plea:
This can my soul restore:
Wilt Thou in mercy speak to me,
I'm kneeling at the door.—*Chorus.*

3 And when the ransomed millions stand
On Zion's flowery hill
With palms of victory in their hand,
Waiting their Master's will;
Oh, may I bear the living green,
And that dear Name adore,
Whose love the sinner did redeem,
While kneeling at the door.—*Chorus.*

THE WATER OF LIFE.

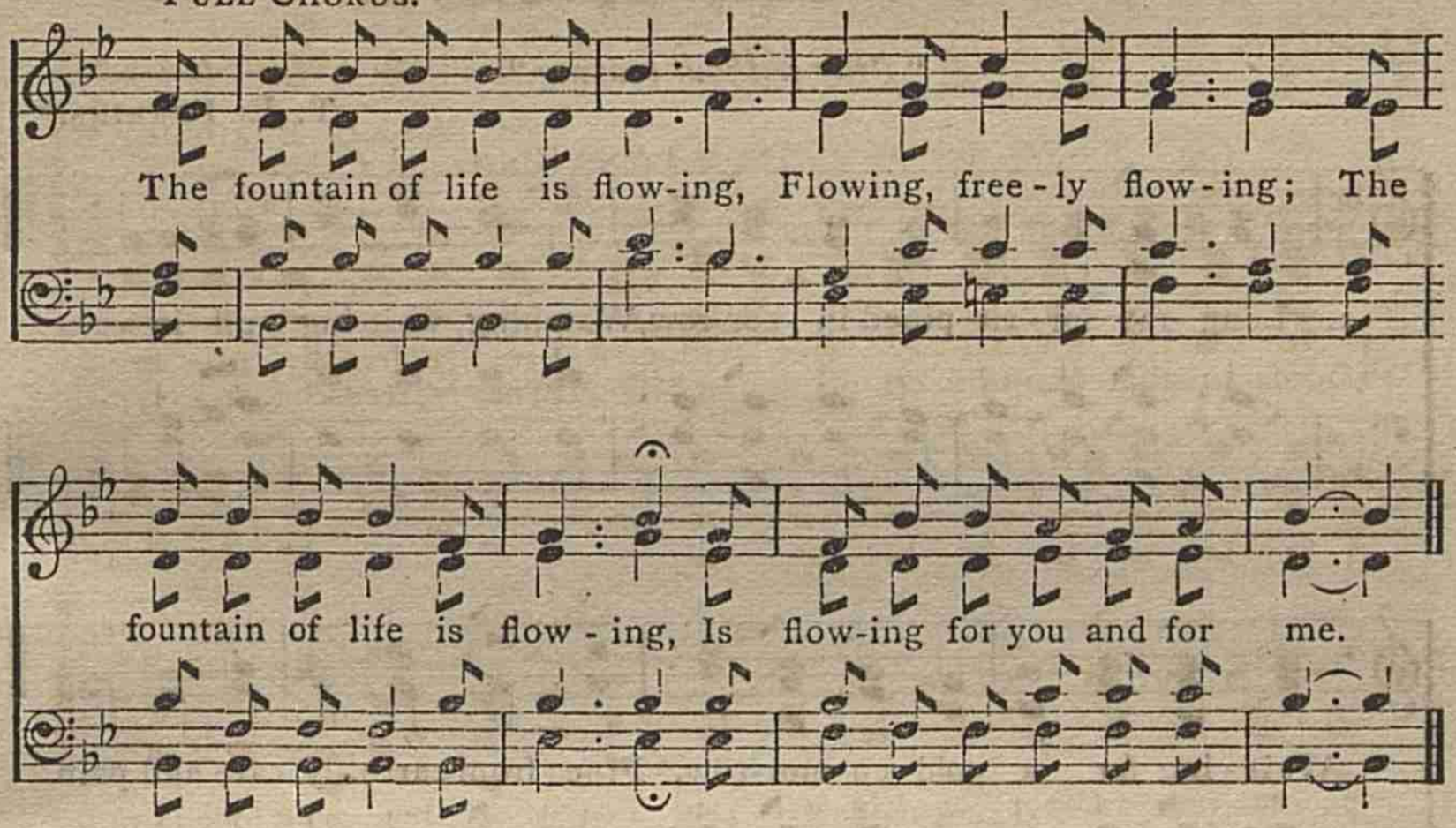
"I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely."

WM. B. BRADBURY.*



* *From "Fresh Laurels," by permission of* BIGLOW & MAIN.

FULL CHORUS.



No. 193.

2 Jesus has promised a home in heaven,
Freely, freely, freely;
Jesus has promised a home in heaven
Freely to those that love Him;
Treasures unfading will there be given
Freely, freely, freely;
Treasures unfading will there be given
Freely to those that love Him.
The Spirit and the Bride, &c.

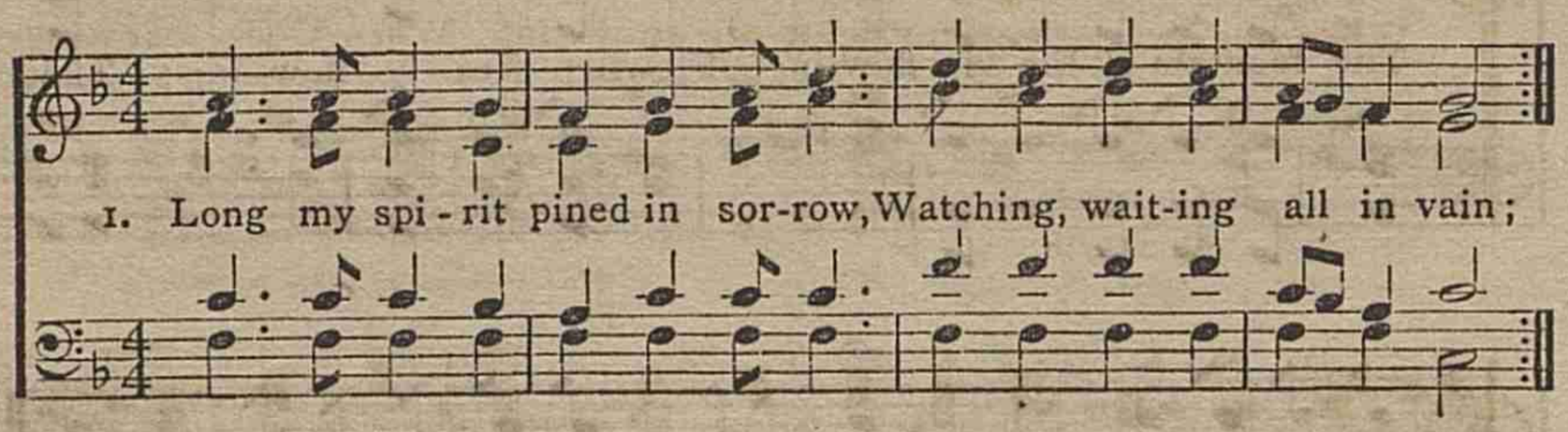
3 Jesus has promised a robe of white,
Freely, freely, freely;
Jesus has promised a robe of white,
Freely to those that love Him;
Kingdoms of glory and crowns of light,
Freely, freely, freely;
Kingdoms of glory and crowns of light
Freely to those that love Him.
The Spirit and the Bride, &c.
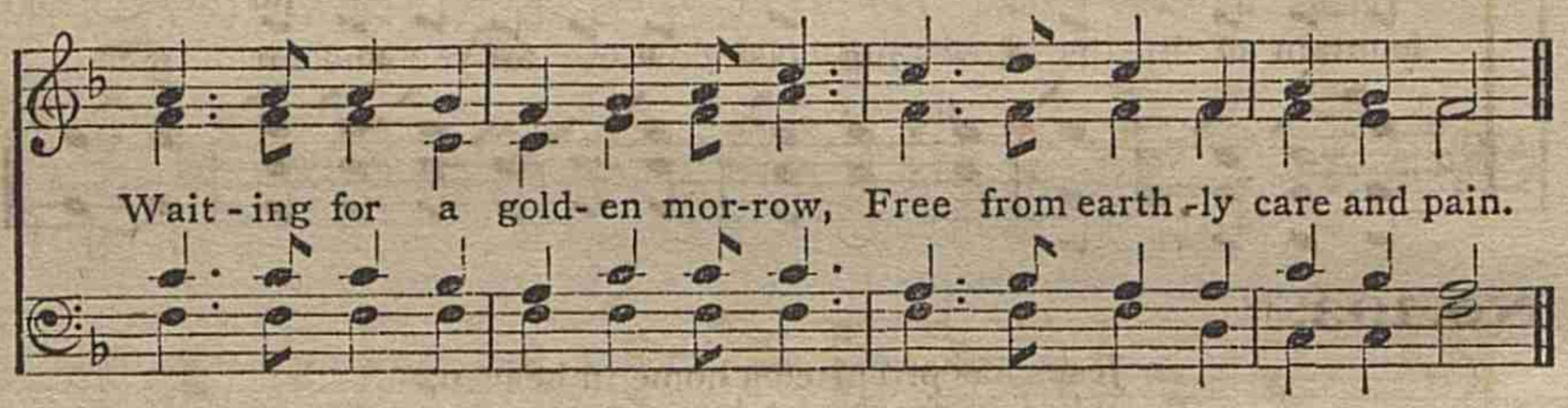
4 Jesus has promised eternal day,
Freely, freely, freely;
Jesus has promised eternal day
Freely to those that love Him;
Pleasure that never shall pass away,
Freely, freely, freely;
Pleasure that never shall pass away,
Freely to those that love Him.
The Spirit and the Bride, &c.
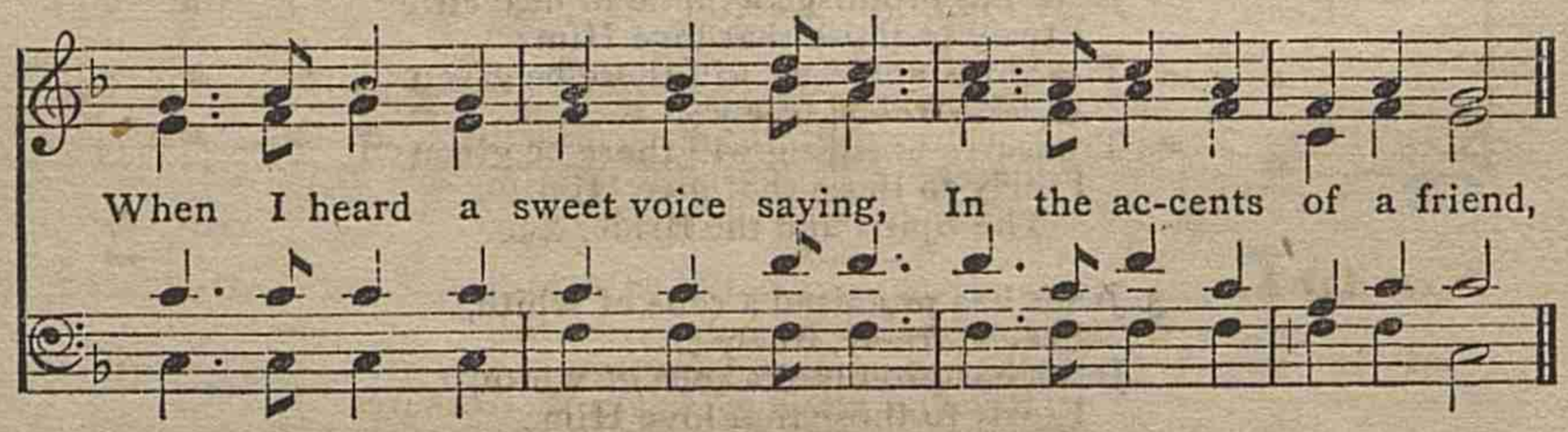
KEEP ON PRAYING.
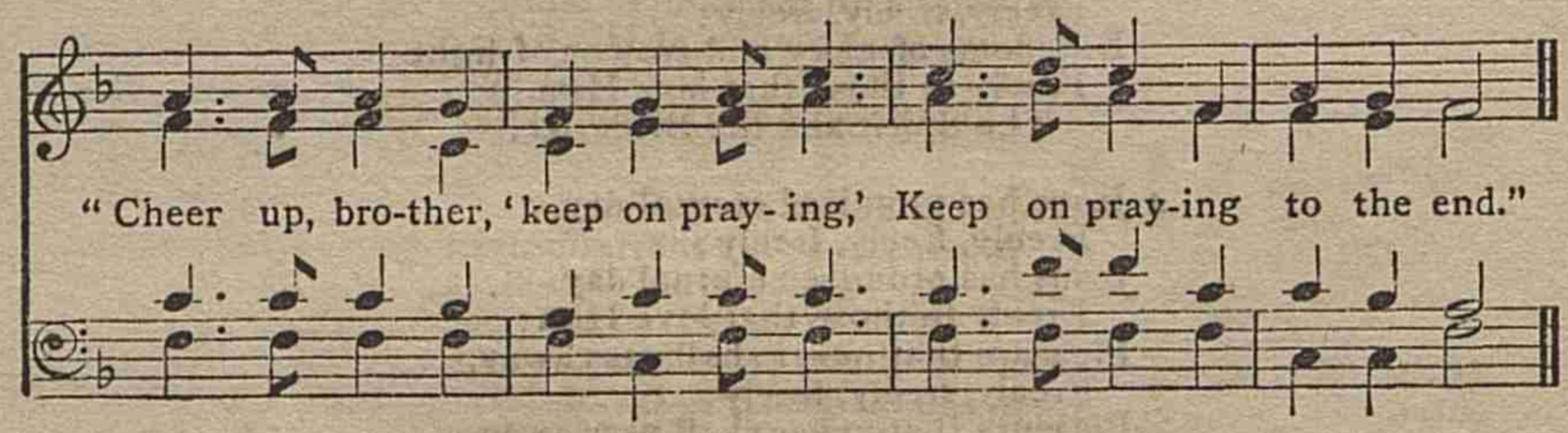
"Pray without ceasing."

T. E. PERKINS.*



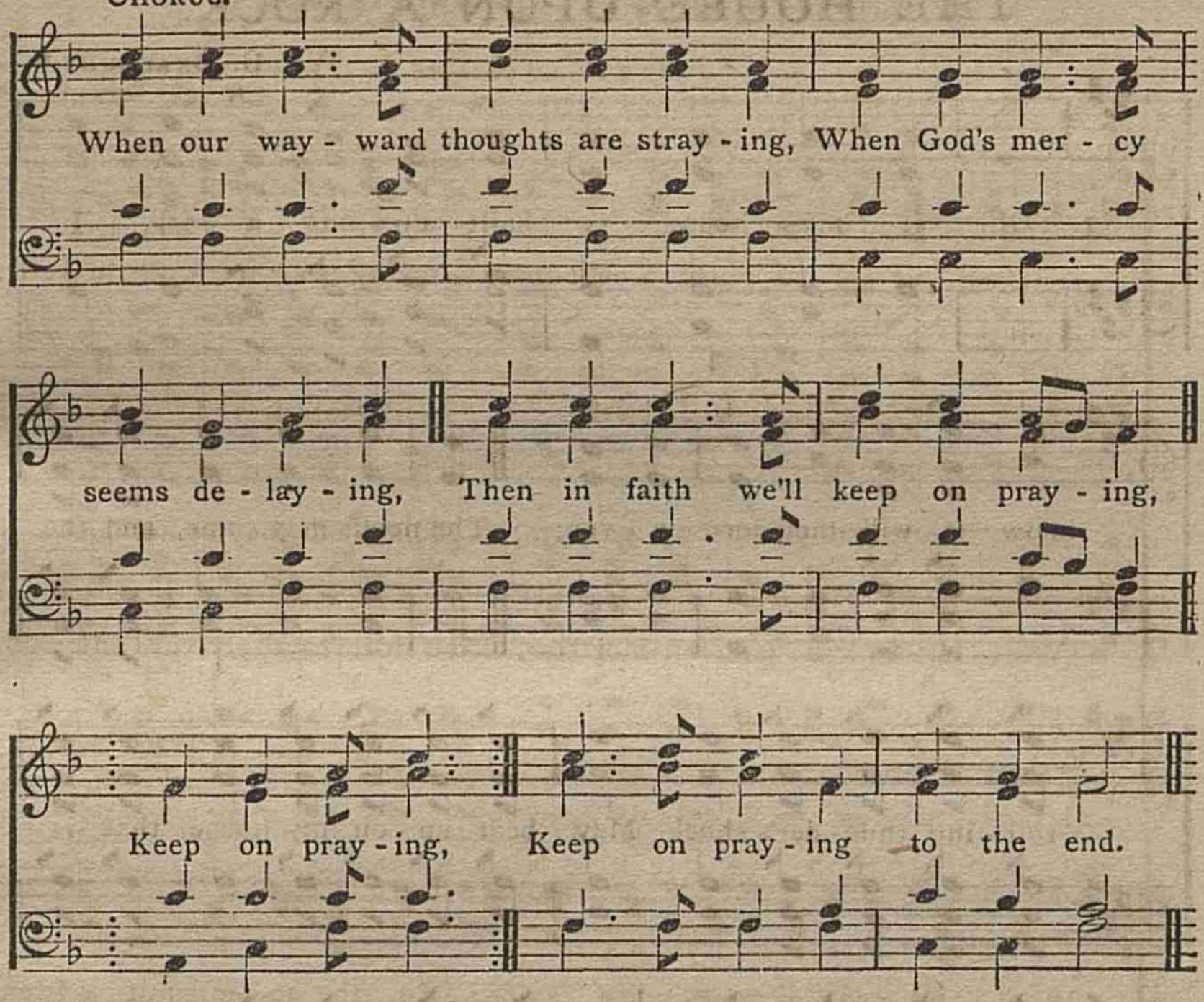






* *From the "Sabbath Carol."*

CHORUS.



No. 194.

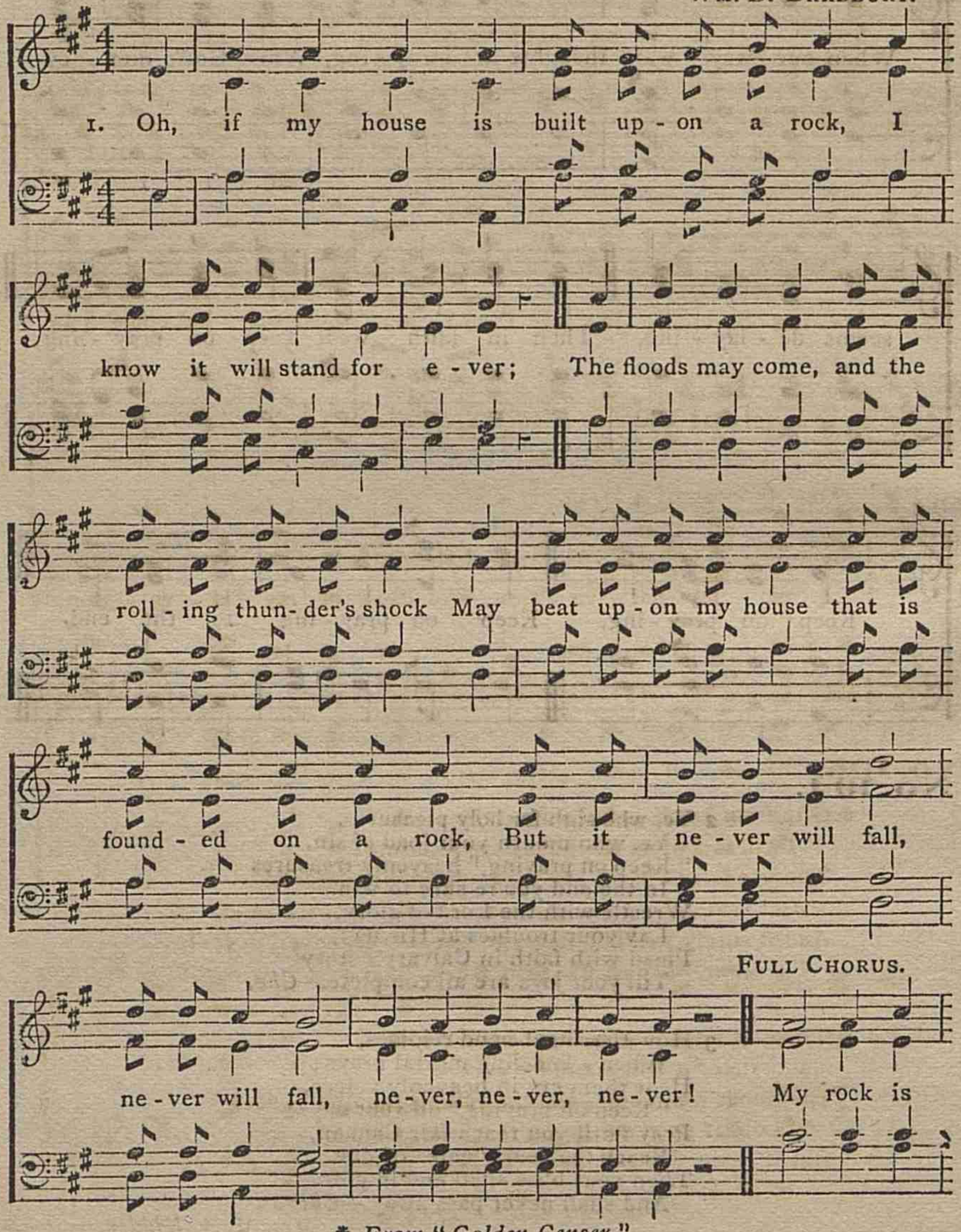
2 Ye, who sigh for holy pleasures,
Ye, who mourn your load of sin,
"Keep on praying," heavenly treasures
In the end you're sure to win.
Wrestle with the Lord of glory,
Lay your troubles at His feet,
Plead with faith in Calvary's story
Till your joys are all complete.—*Cho.*

3 How the angel-band rejoices,
When a kneeling mortal prays;
Hear them cry in heavenly voices,
"Keep on praying," all your days:
Pray until you reach fair Canaan,
Reach the pearly gates of day,
Then your bliss shall end in glory,
And shall never pass away.—*Chorus.*

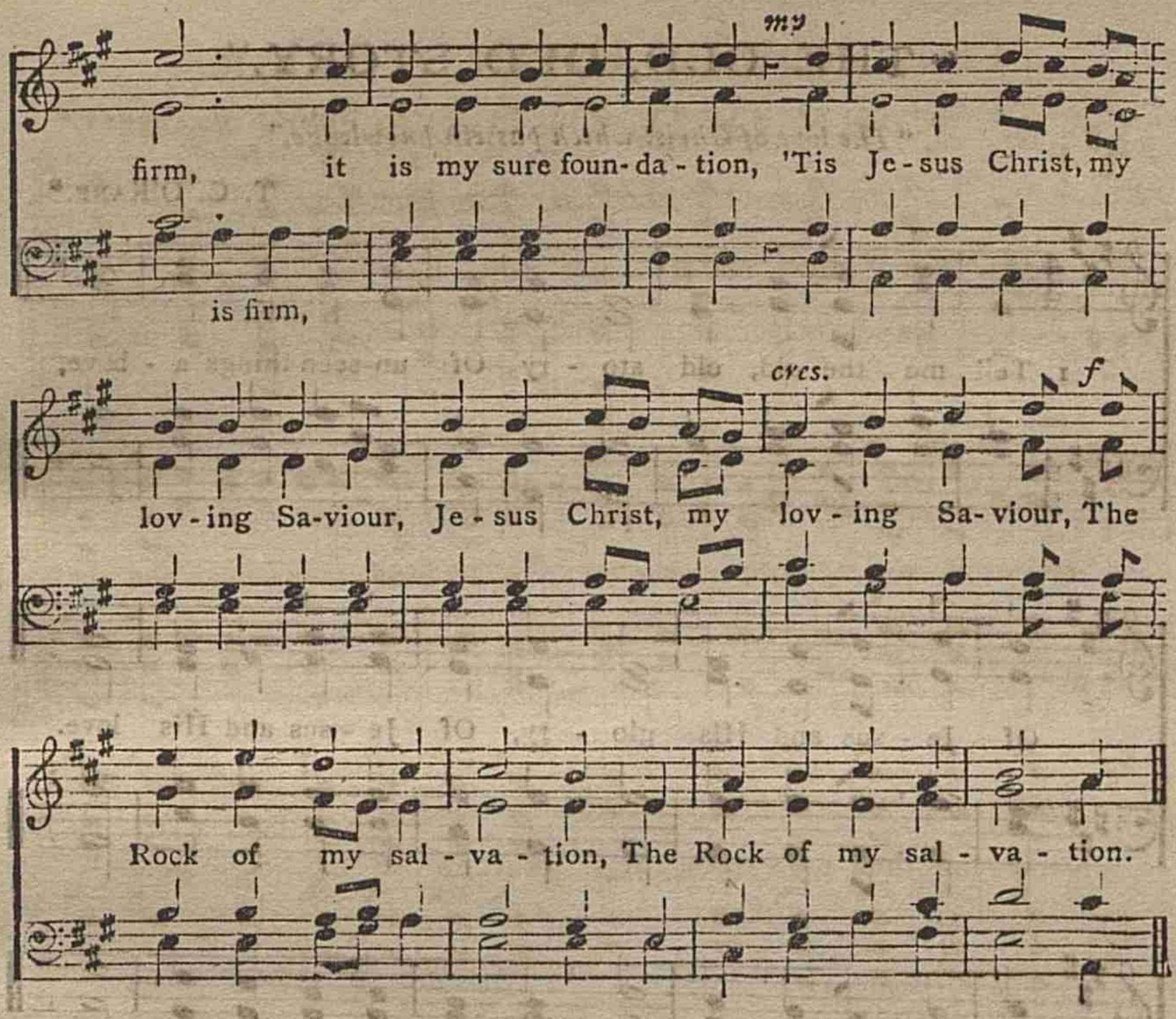
Mrs. M. A. Kidder.

THE HOUSE UPON A ROCK.

WM. B. BRADBURY.*



* *From "Golden Censer."*



No. 195.
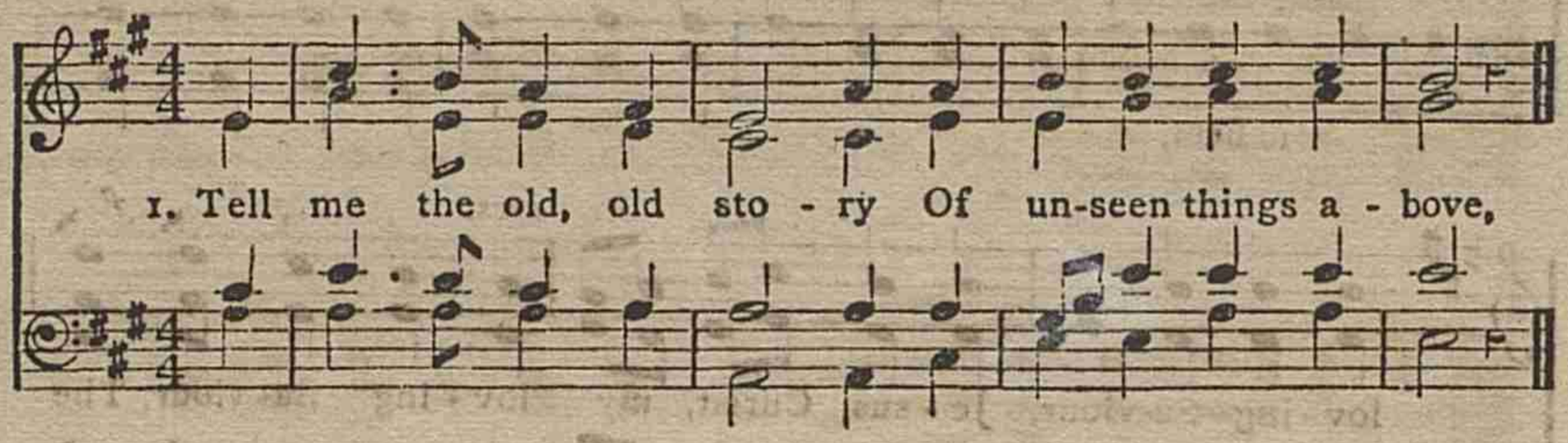
2 Oh, if my house is built upon the sand,
'Twill fall when the floods are swelling:
The winds will blow, and the tempest will descend,
And beat upon my house that is built upon the sand,
And it surely will fall, never to rise, never, never, never!
Chorus.—My rock is firm, &c.

3 Then let my house be built upon a rock,
For there it will stand for ever;
The floods may come, and the rolling thunder's shock
May beat upon my house that is founded on a rock,
But it never will fall, never will fall, never, never, never!
Chorus.—My rock is firm, &c.
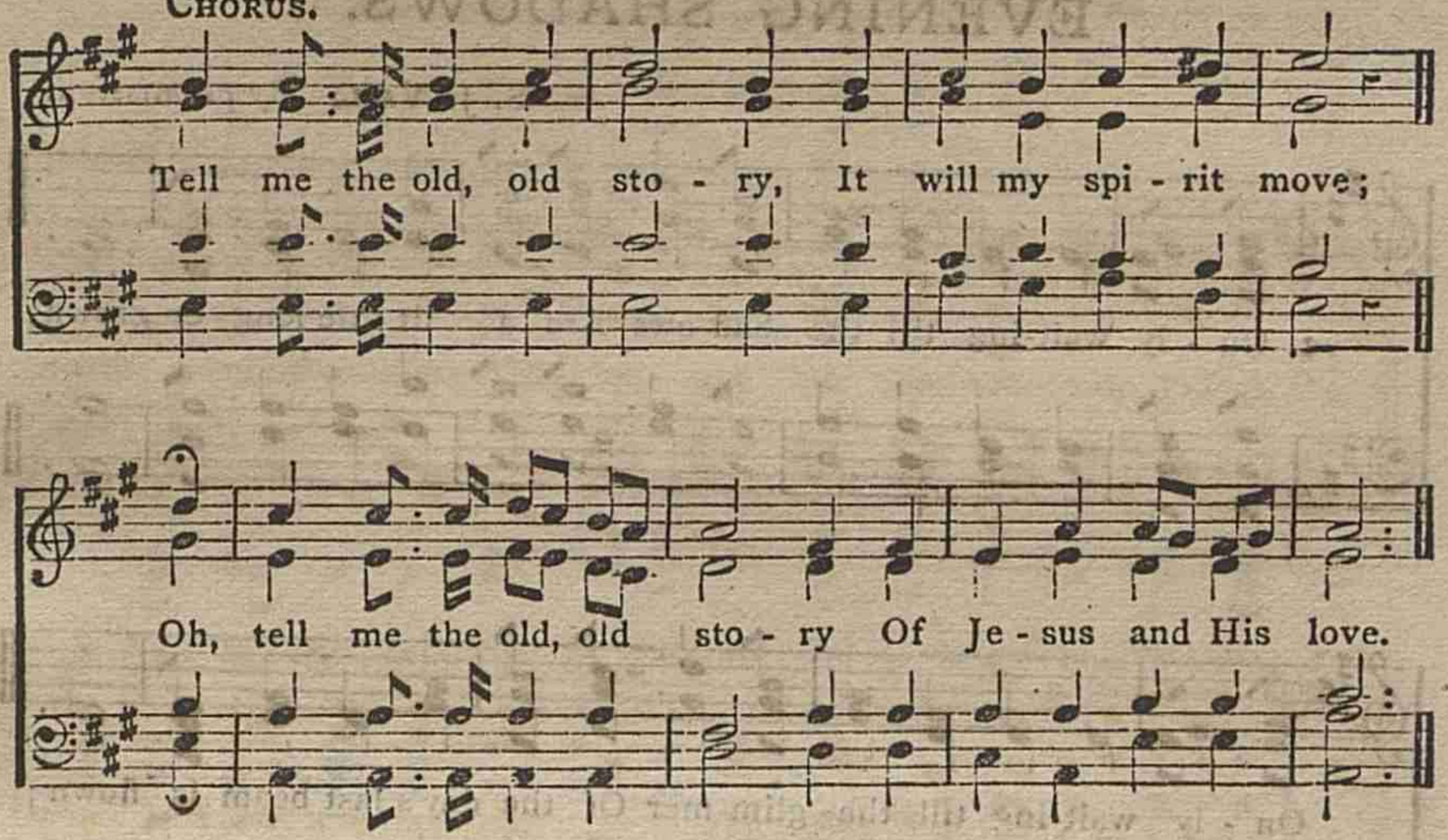
"THE OLD, OLD STORY."

"The love of Christ which passeth knowledge."

T. C. O'KANE.*



* *From "Fresh Leaves."*



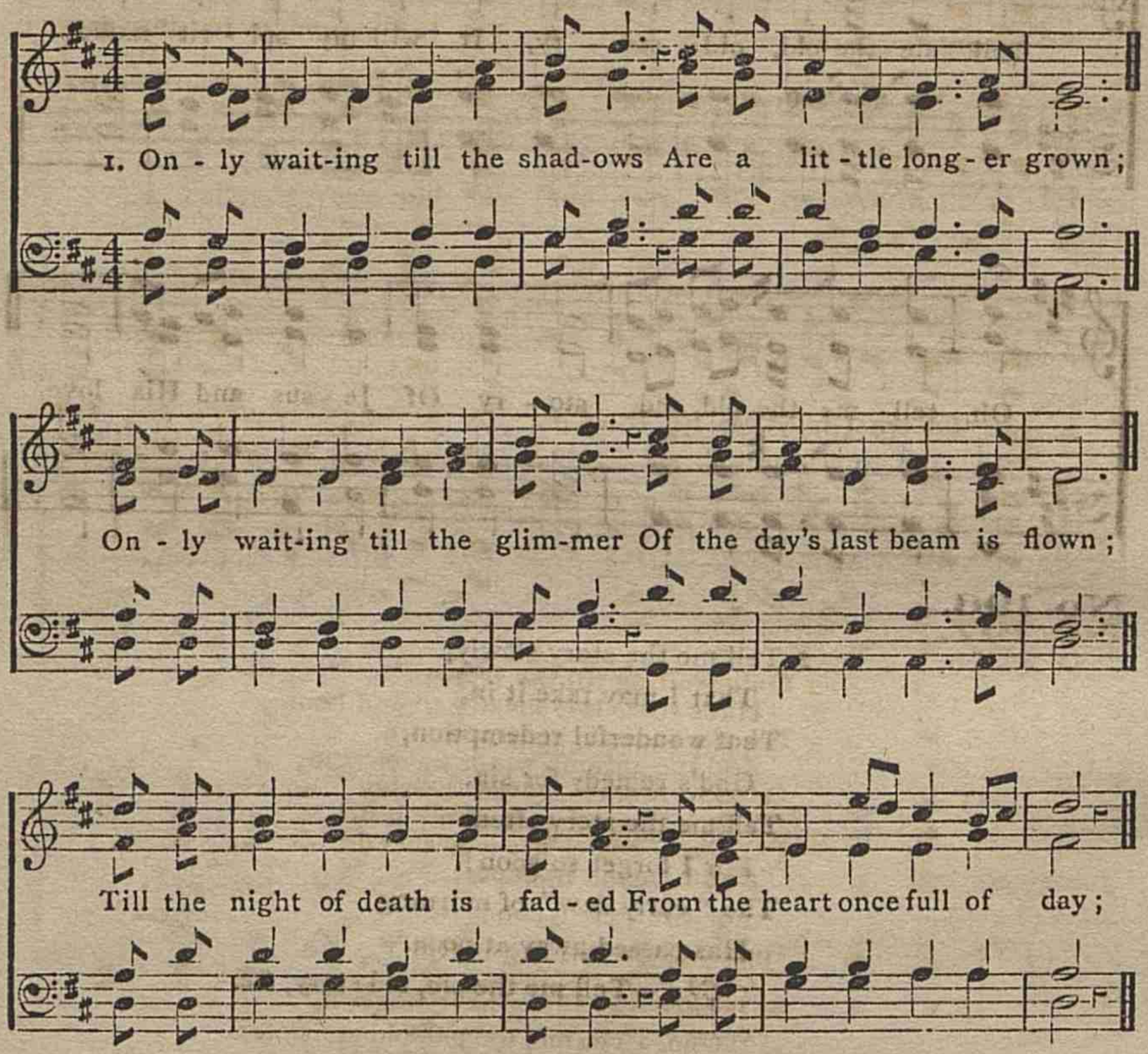
No. 196.

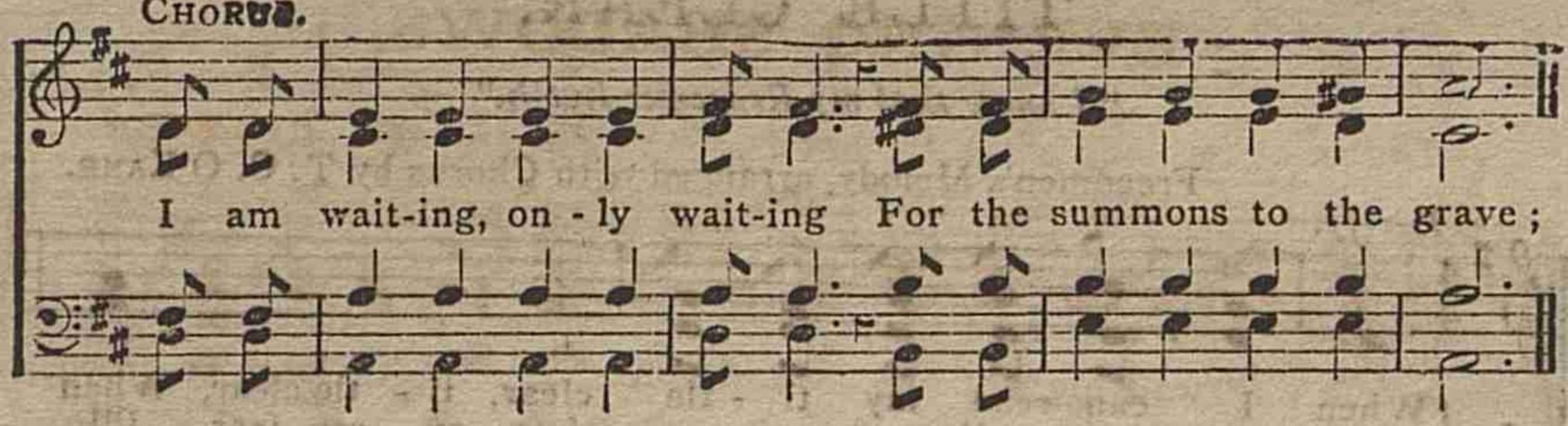
2 Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in,
That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin.
Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon!
The "early dew" of morning
Has passed away at noon.
Cho.—Tell me the old, old story, &c.
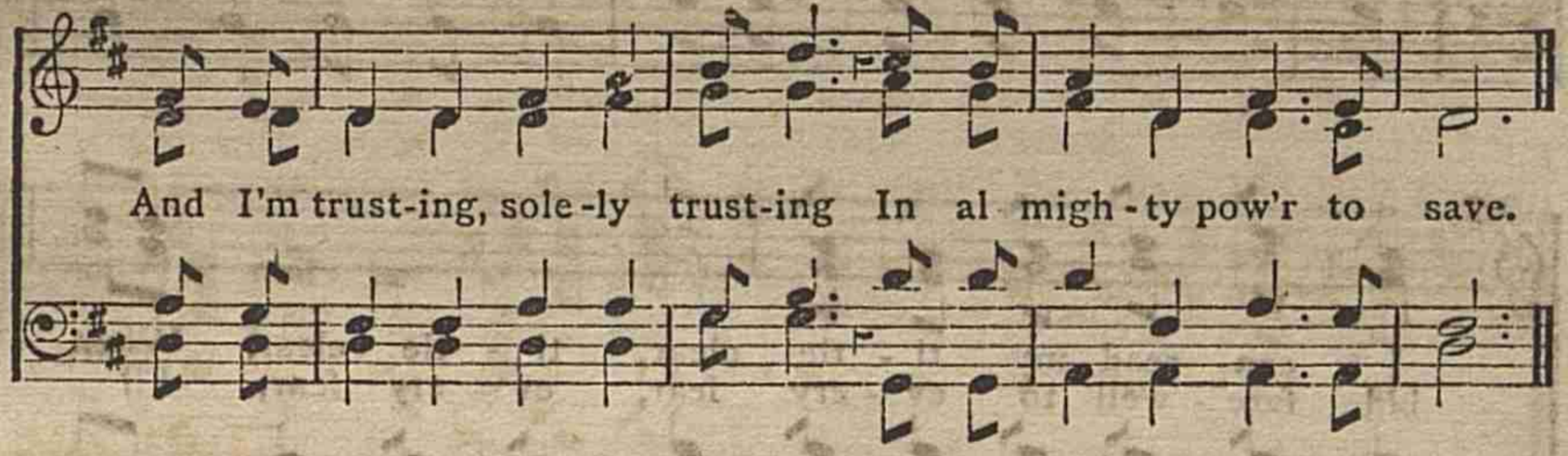
3 Tell me the same old story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.
Oh yes, when that world's glory
Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the old, old story,
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole!"
Cho.—Tell me the old, old story, &c.

EVENING SHADOWS.

S. J. VAIL. *By permission.*







No. 197.

2 Only waiting till the reapers
Have their last sheaf gather'd home;
For the summer time is ended,
And the autumn winds have come;
Quickly, reapers, gather quickly
The last ripe hours of my heart,
For the bloom of life is wither'd,
And I hasten to depart.
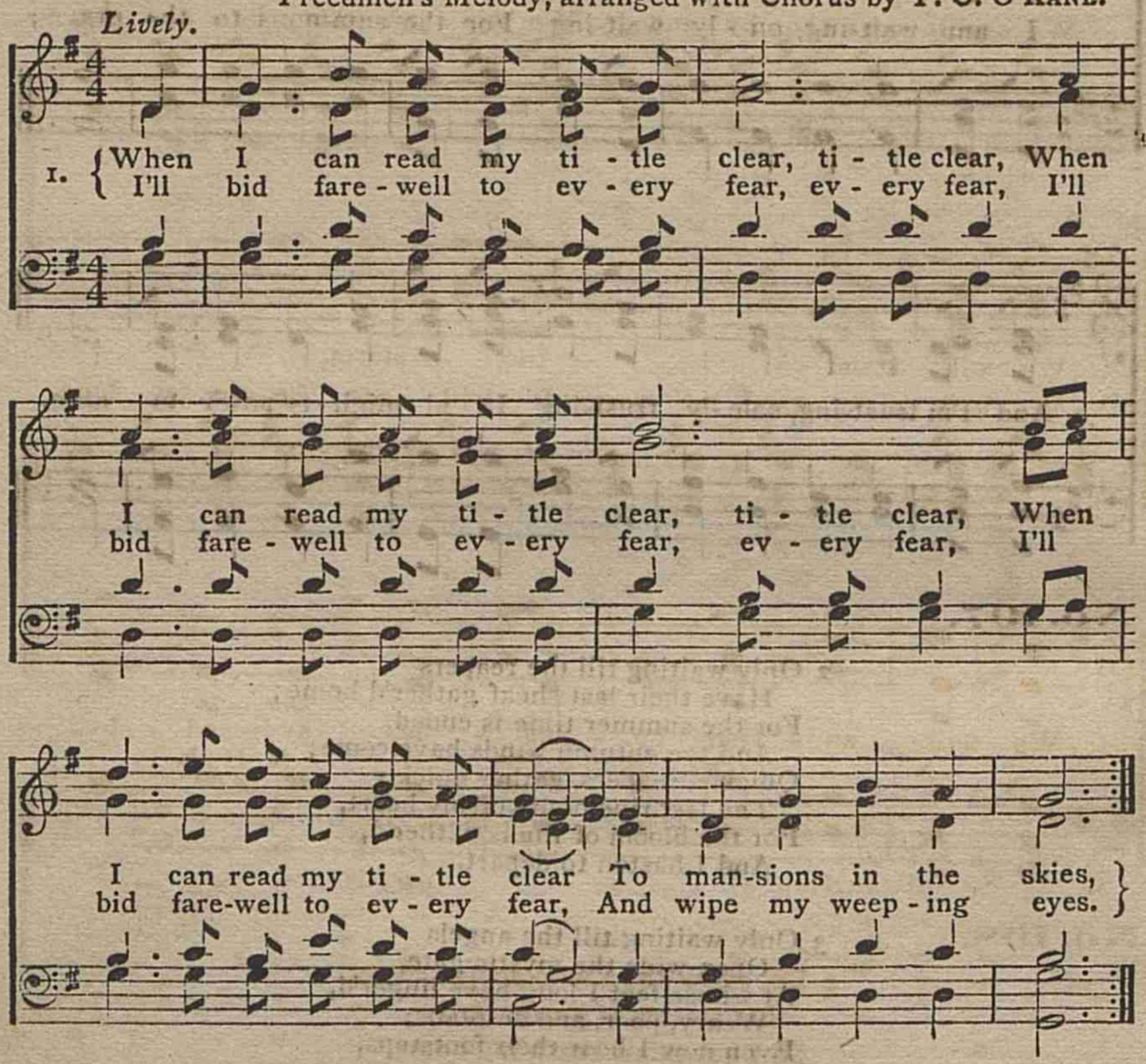
3 Only waiting till the angels
Open wide the mystic gate,
At whose feet I long have linger'd,
Weary, poor, and desolate;
Even now I hear their footsteps,
And their voices far away,
If they call me, I am waiting,
Only waiting to obey.

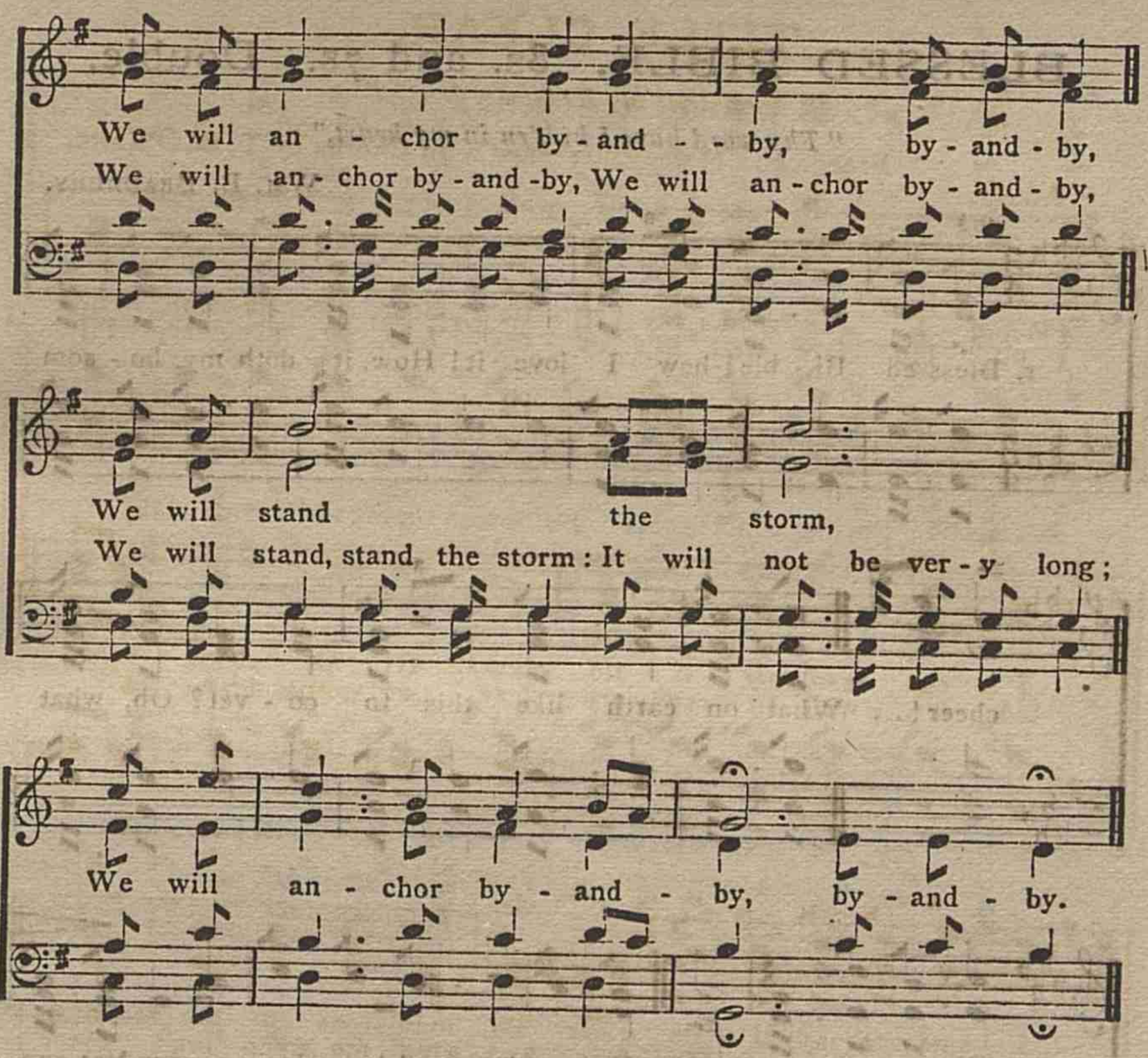
4 Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown;
Then from out the gathering darkness,
Holy, deathless stars will rise,
By whose light my soul will gladly
Wing its passage to the skies.

TITLE CLEAR.

"I know that my Redeemer liveth."

Freedmen's Melody, arranged with Chorus by T. C. O'Kane.





No. 198.
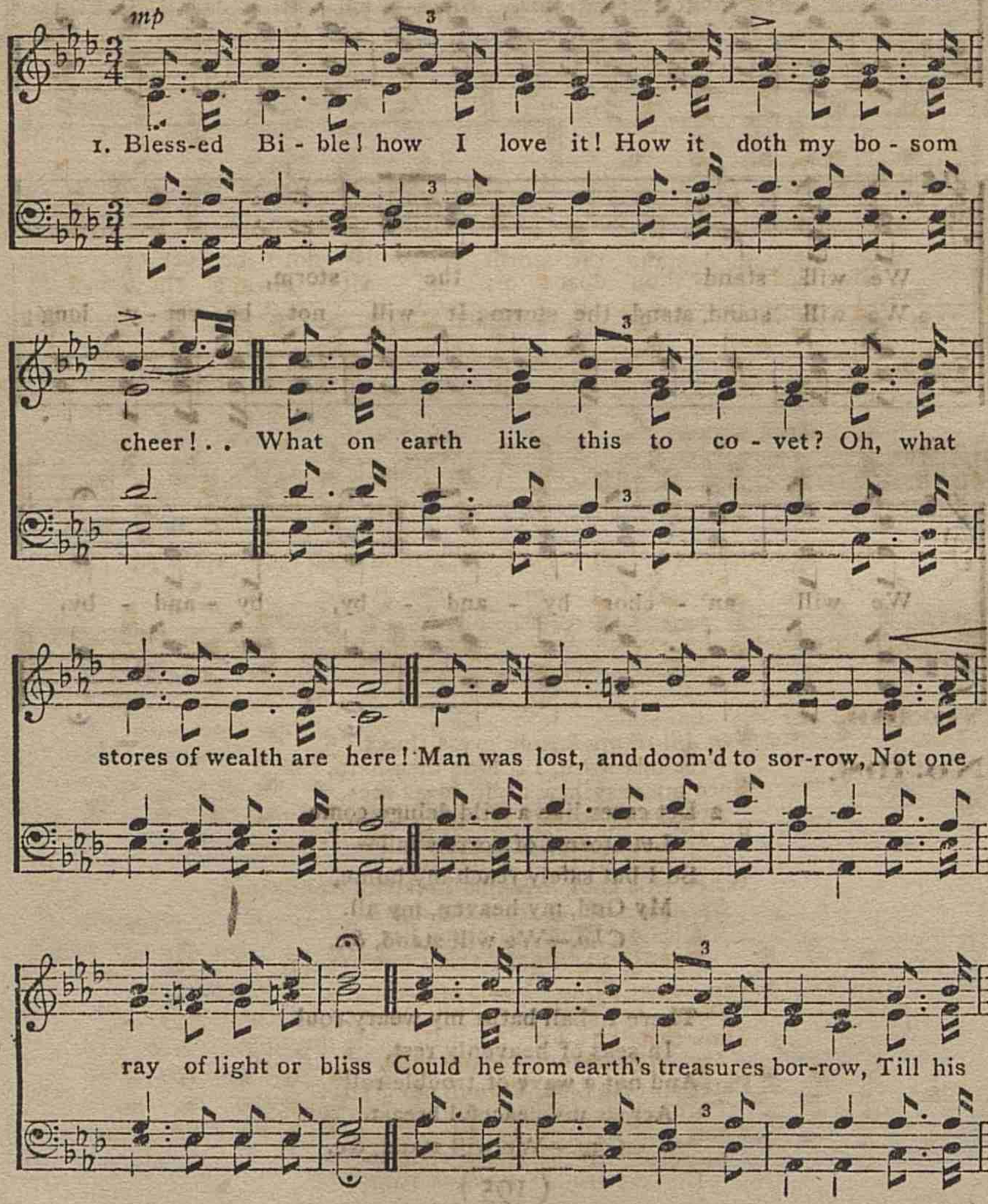
2 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall—
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.
Cho.—We will stand, &c.

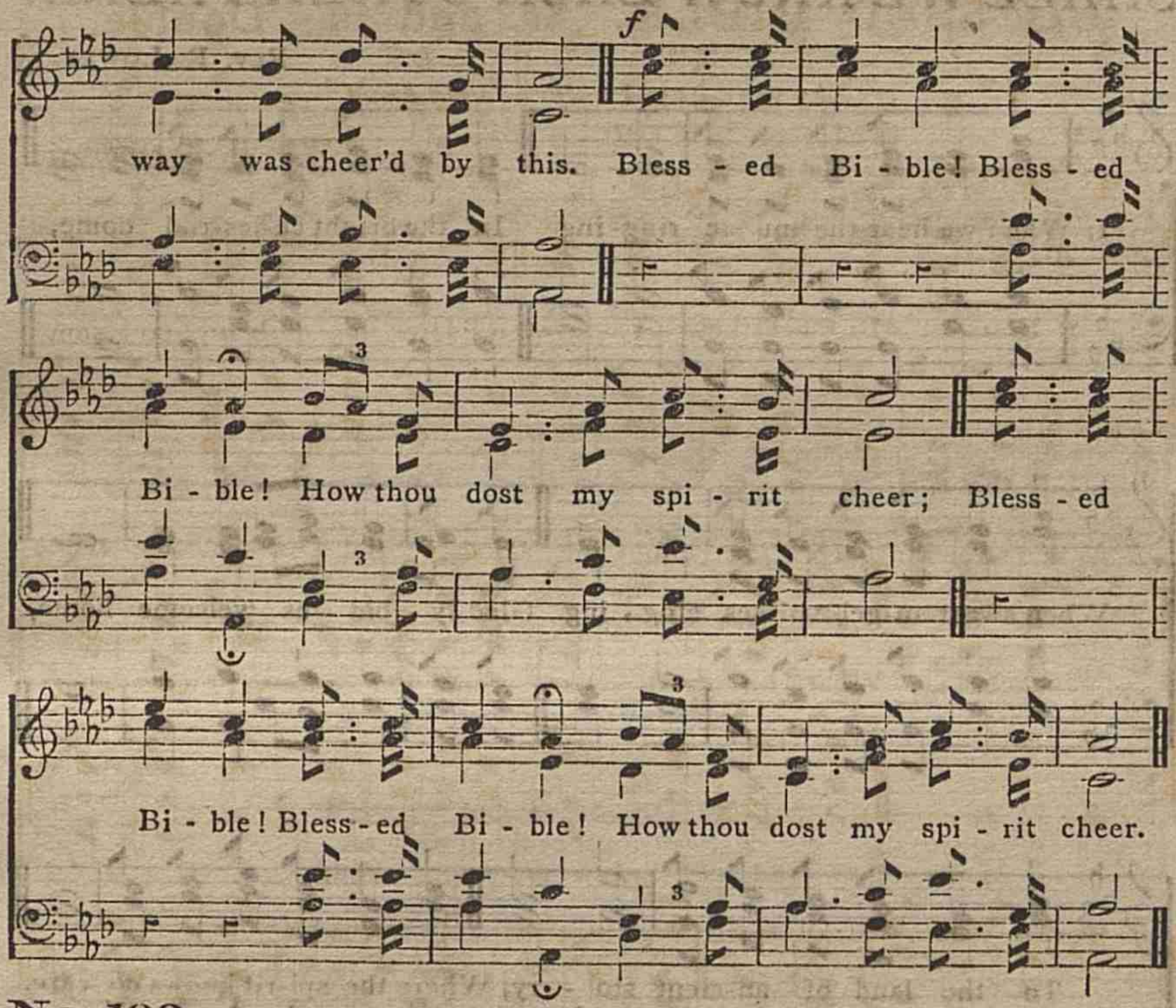
There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.
Cho.—We will stand, &c.

BLESSED BIBLE. 8s. and 7s. Double.

"Thy word have I hidden in my heart."

WM. B. BRADBURY.
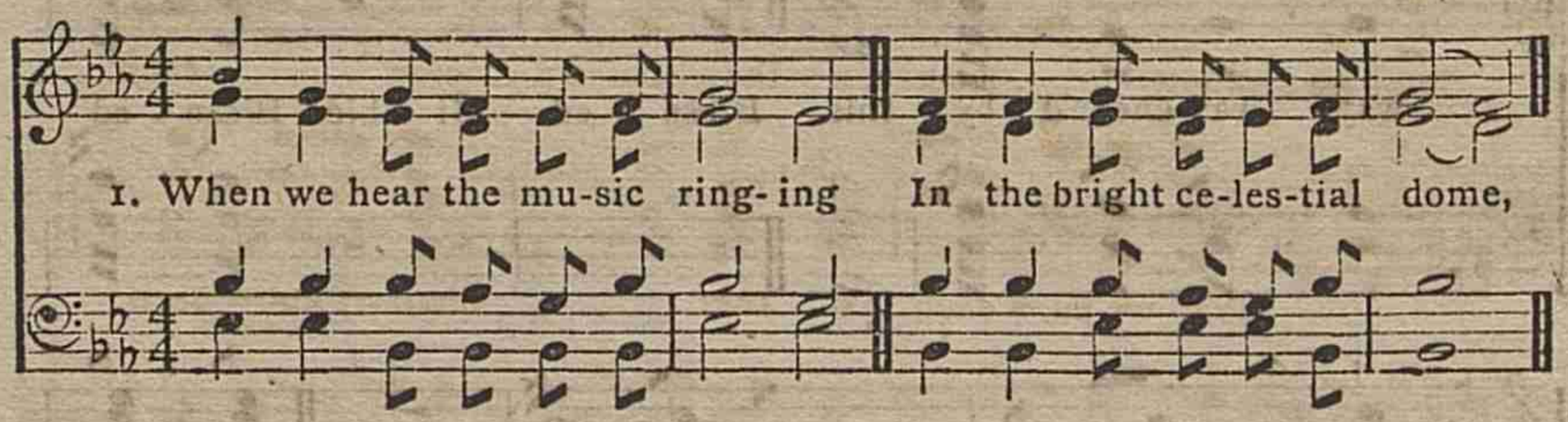




No. 199.
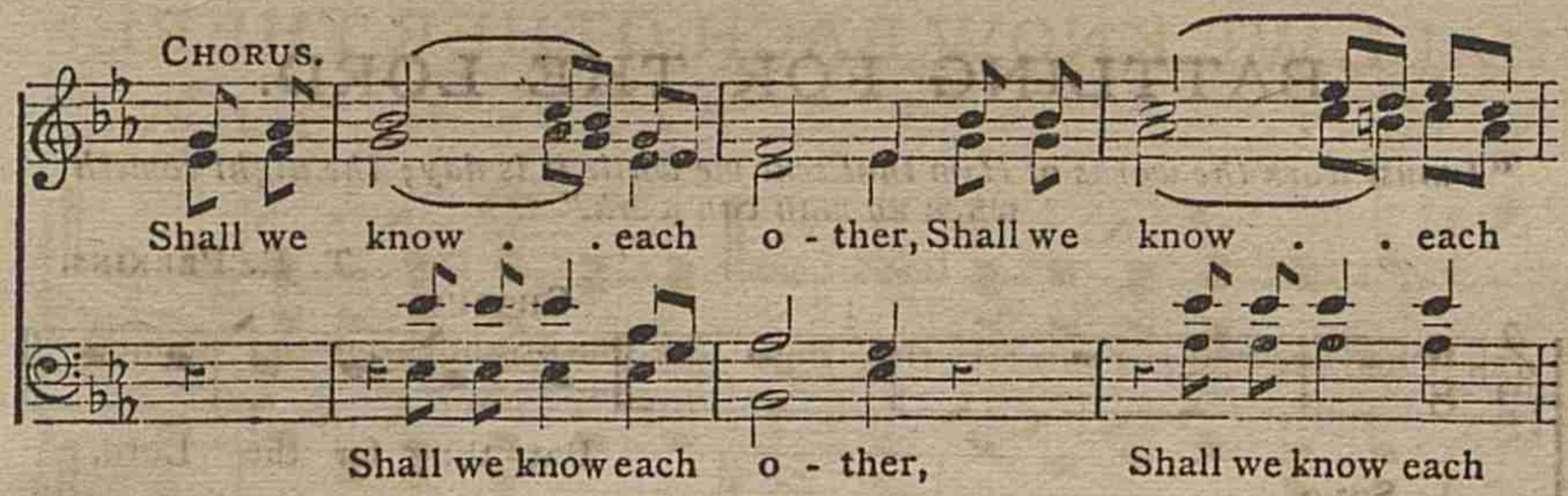
2 Yes, I'll to my bosom press thee;
Precious word, I'll hide thee here,
Sure my very heart will bless thee,
For thou ever say'st "good cheer!"
Speak, poor heart, and tell thy pond'rings,
Tell how far thy rovings led,
When this book brought back thy wand'rings,
Speaking life as from the dead.
Blessed Bible! Blessed Bible!
How thou dost my spirit cheer.
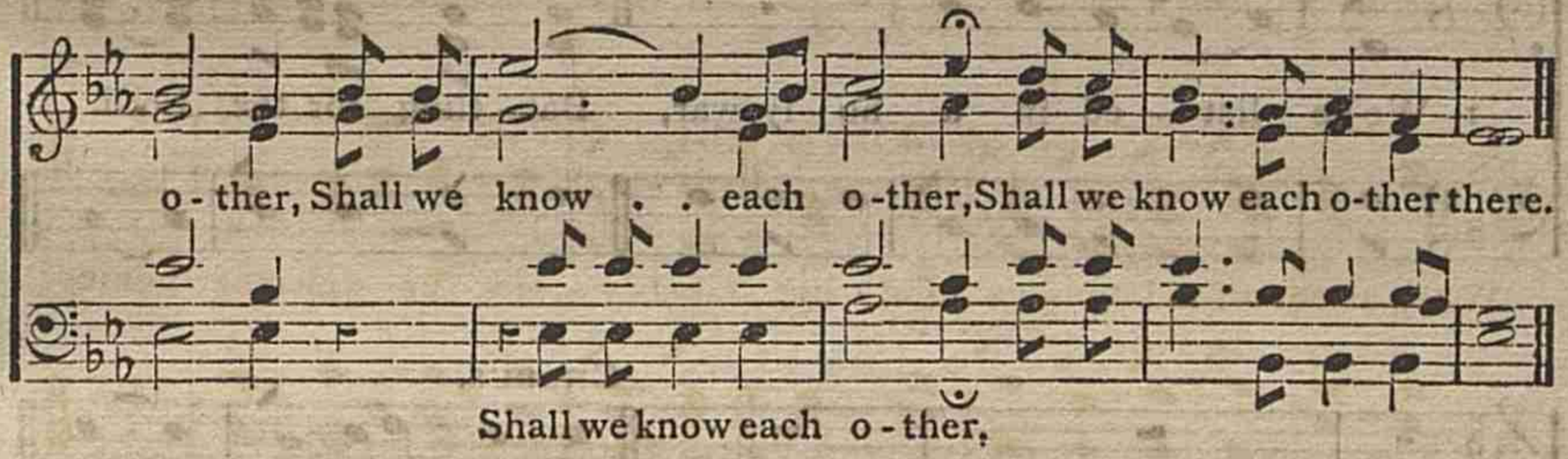
3 Yes, sweet Bible! I will hide thee
Deep—yes, deeper in this heart;
Thou through all my life wilt guide me,
And in death we will not part.
Part in death? no, never! never!
Through death's vale I'll lean on thee;
Then in world's above, for ever,
Sweeter still thy truths shall be.
Blessed Bible! Blessed Bible!
How thou dost my spirit cheer.—*Mrs. Phebe Palmer.*

SHALL WE KNOW EACH OTHER THERE?

Rev. R. Lowry.







No. 200.

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

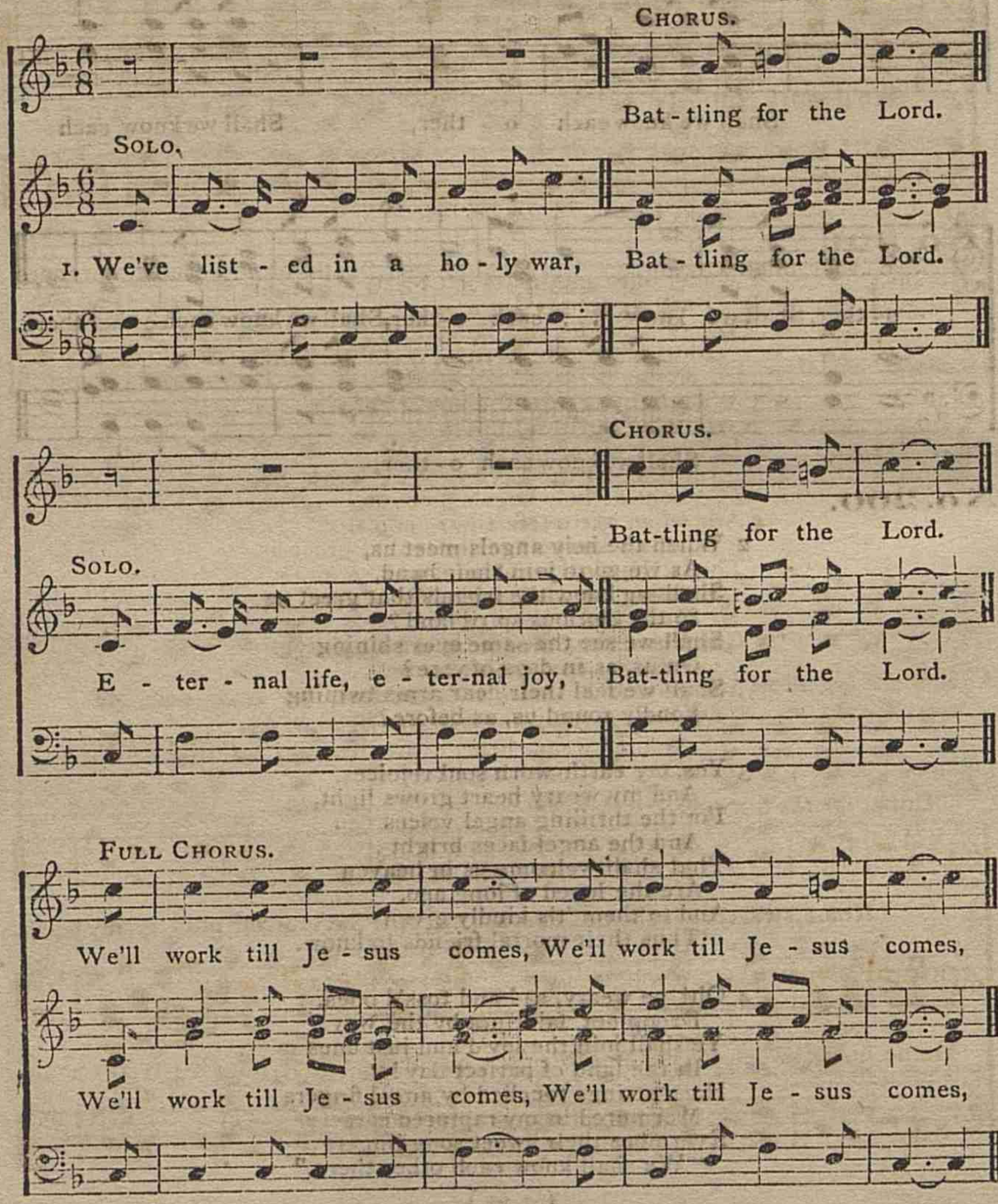
3 Yes, my earth-worn soul rejoices,
And my weary heart grows light,
For the thrilling angel voices
And the angel faces bright
That shall welcome us in heaven
Are the loved of long ago,
And to them 'tis kindly given
Thus their mortal friends to know.
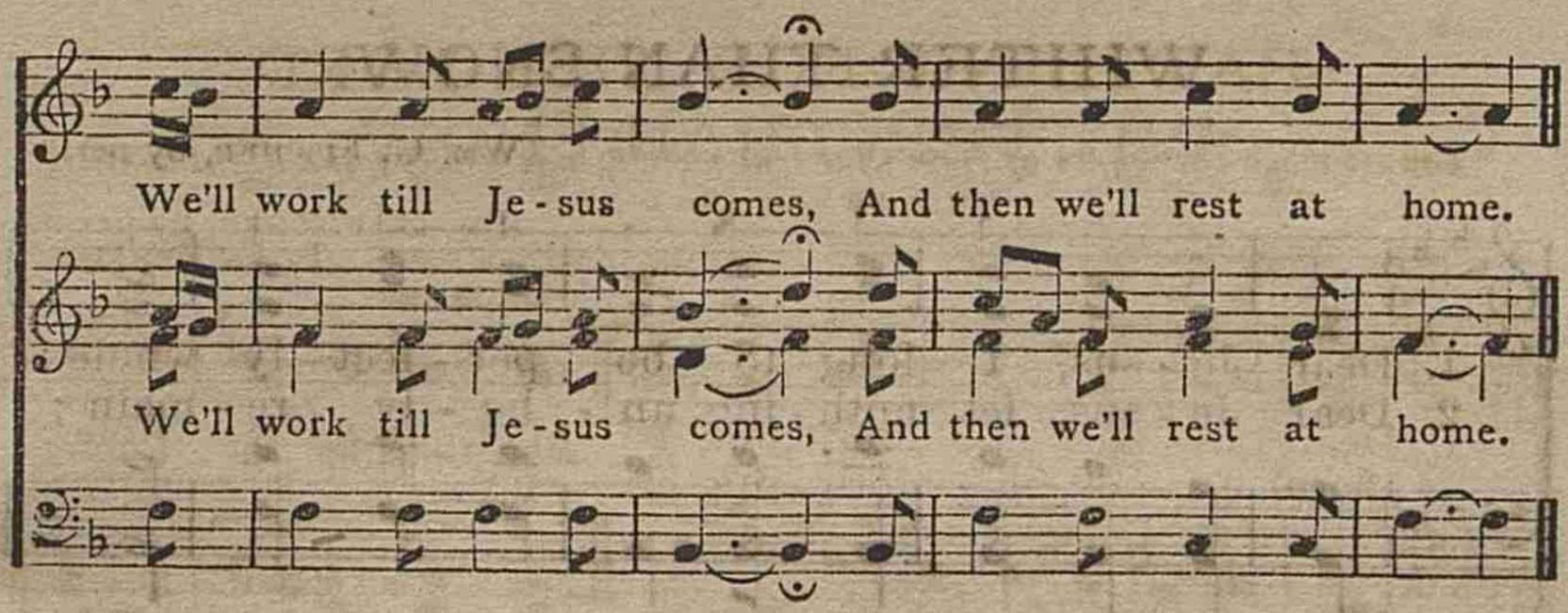
4 Oh! ye weary, sad and toss'd ones,
Droop not, faint not by the way;
Ye shall join the lov'd and just ones
In the land of perfect day!
Harp-strings touched by angel fingers
Murmured in my raptured ear,
Evermore their sweet song lingers
"We shall know each other there."

BATTLING FOR THE LORD.

"I must work the works of Him that sent me while it is day; the night cometh when no man can work."

T. E. PERKINS.





No. 201.

2 Under our captain Jesus Christ,
Battling for the Lord!
We've listed for this mortal life,
Battling for the Lord!—We'll work, &c.

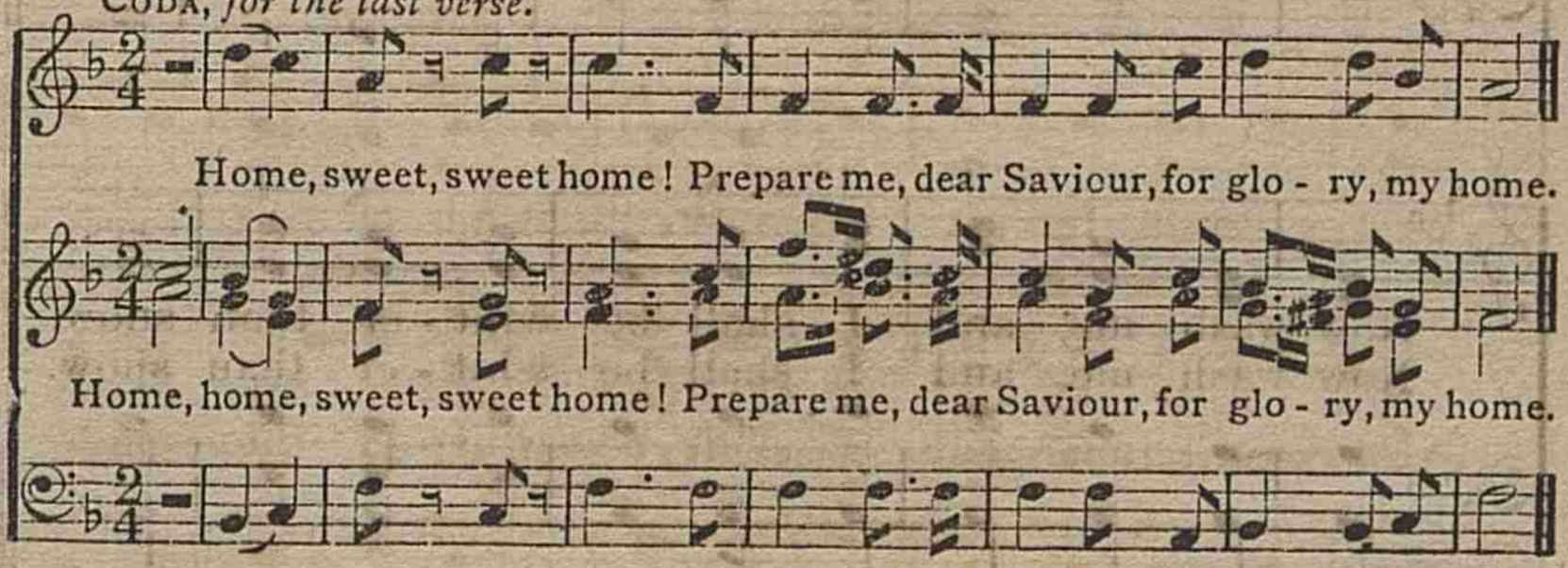
3 We'll fight against the powers of sin,
Battling for the Lord!
In favour of our heavenly King,
Battling for the Lord!—We'll work, &c.

4 And when our warfare here is o'er,
Battling for the Lord!
This strife we'll leave, and war no more,
Battling for the Lord!—We'll work, &c.

5 Our friends and kindred there we'll meet,
On the heavenly shore!
And ground our arms at Jesus' feet,
On the heavenly shore!—We'll work, &c.

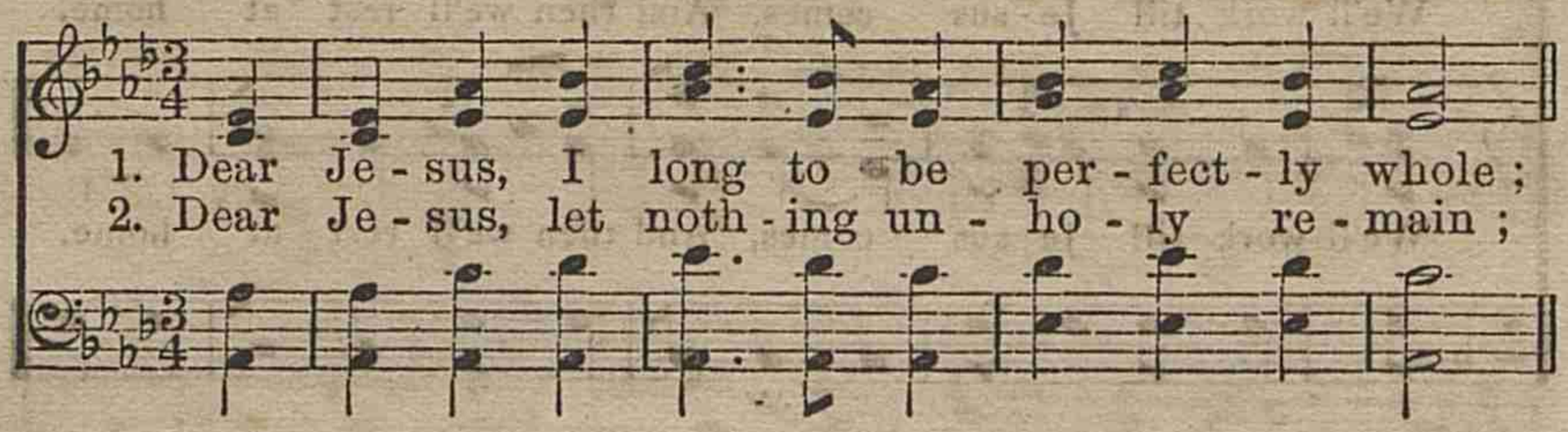
Philip Phillips.

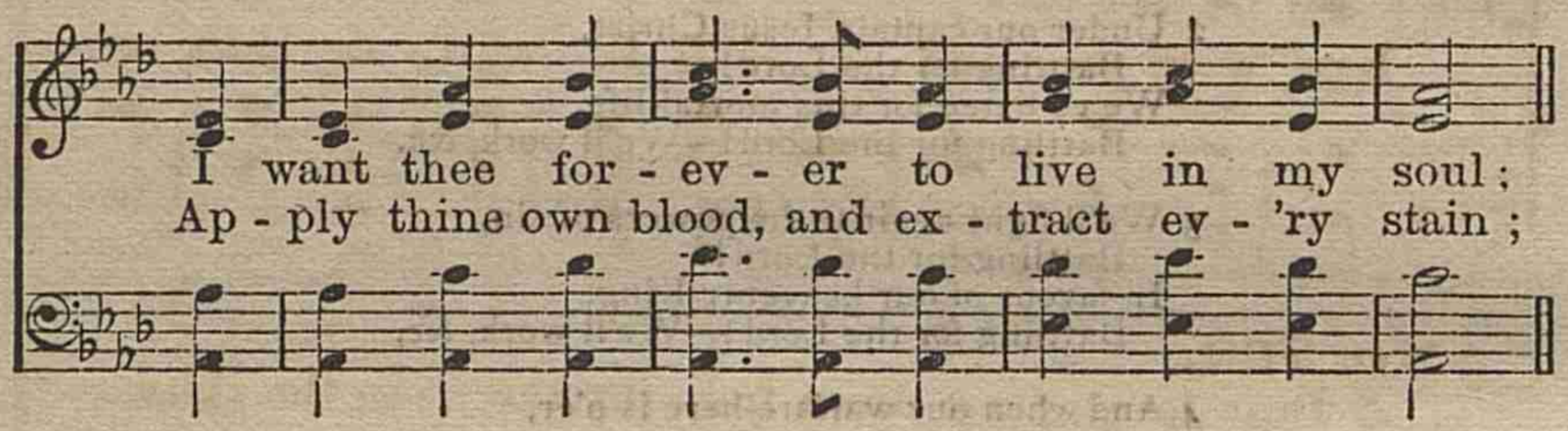
CODA, *for the last verse.*
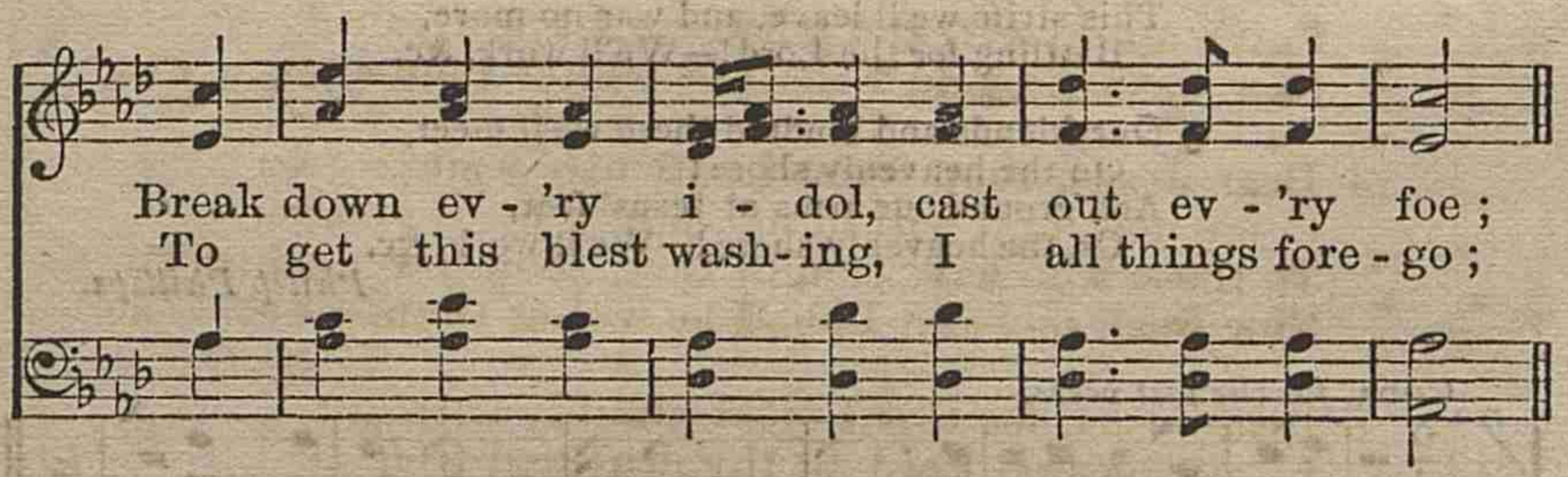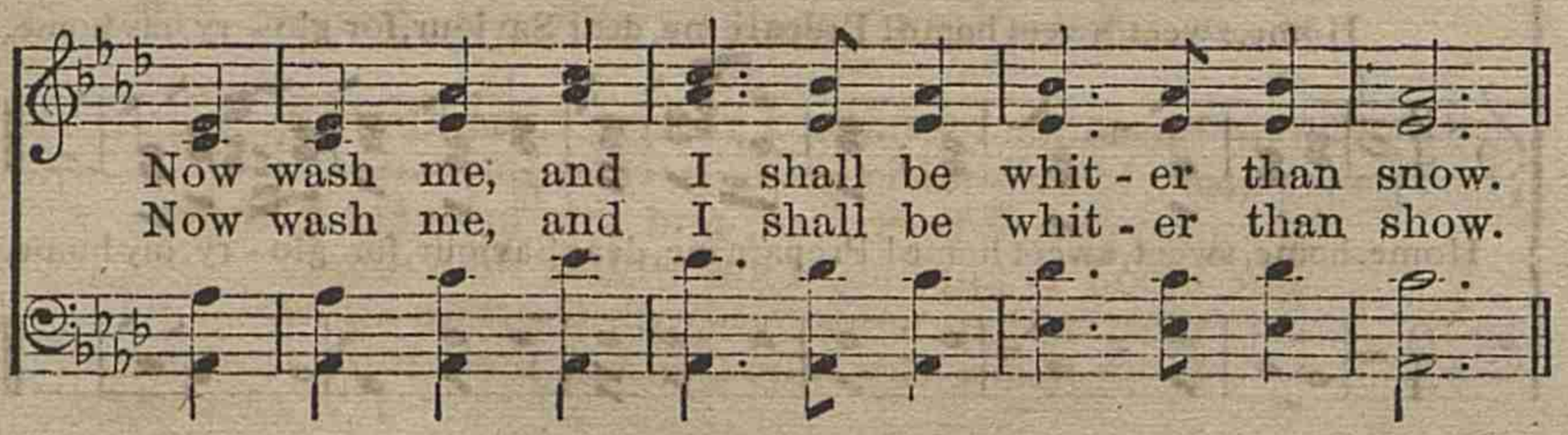


WHITER THAN SNOW.

WM. G. FISCHER, by per.

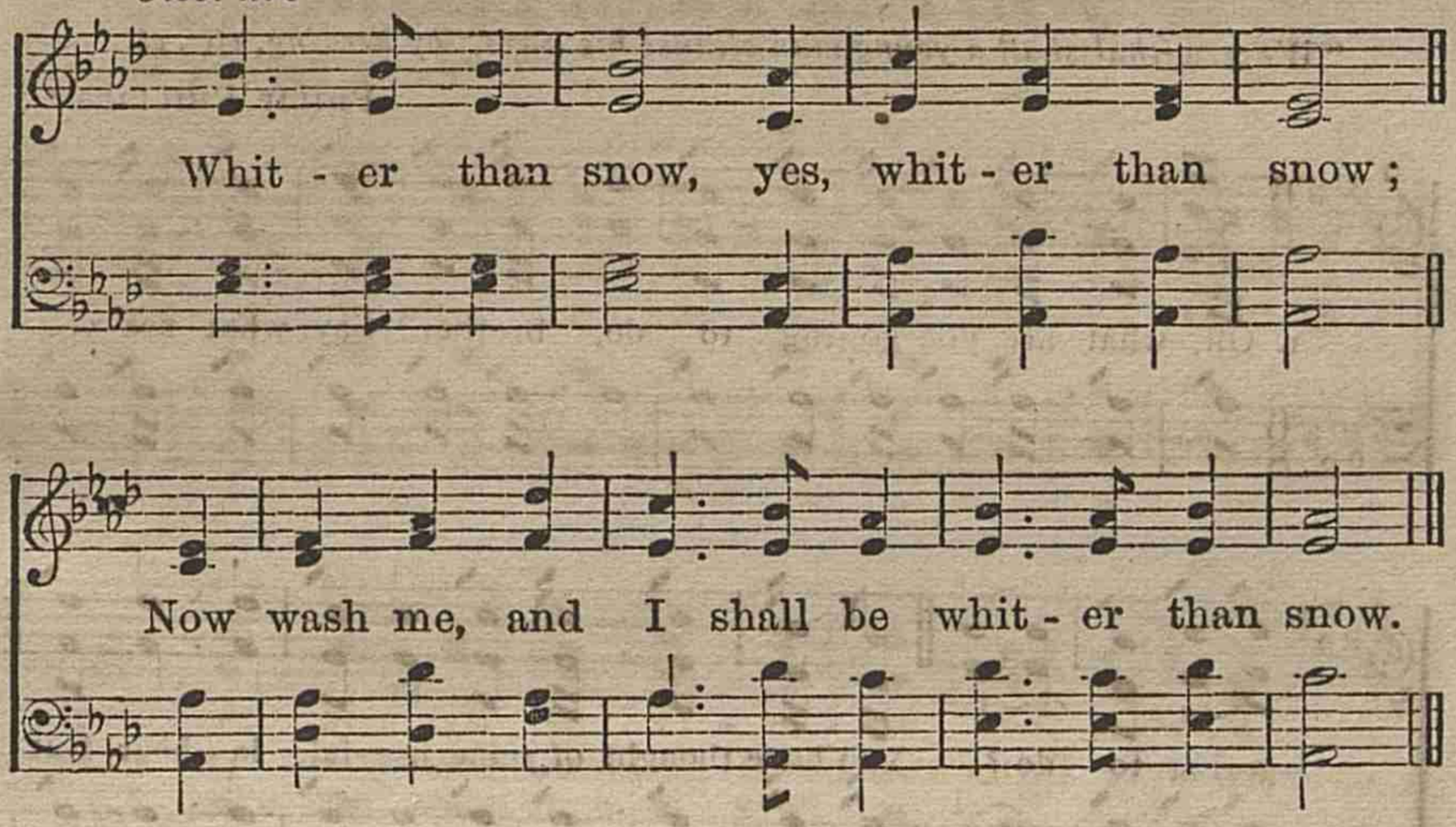








Chorus.



No. 202.

3 Dear Jesus, come down from thy throne in the skies,
And help me to make a complete sacrifice;
I give up myself, and whatever I know,—
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.—*Cho.*

4 Dear Jesus, thou see'st I patiently wait;
Come now, and within me, a new heart create;
To those who have sought thee, thou never saidst no,—
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.—*Cho.*

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

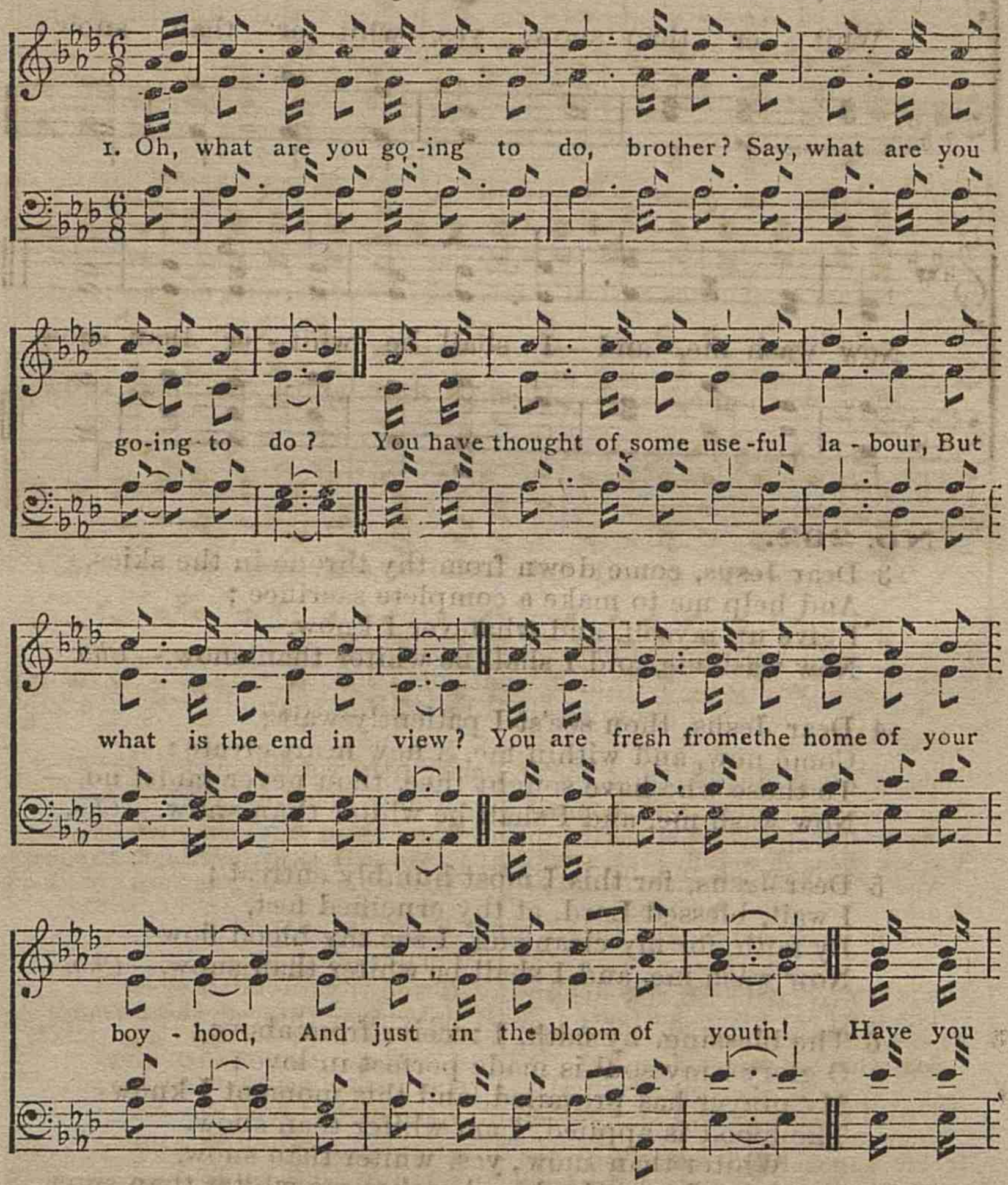
6 The blessing, by faith, I receive from above;
O glory! my soul is made perfect in love;
My prayer has prevailed, and this moment I know
The blood is applied, I am whiter than snow.
Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow,
Dear Jesus, thy blood makes me whiter than snow.

JAMES NICHOLSON.

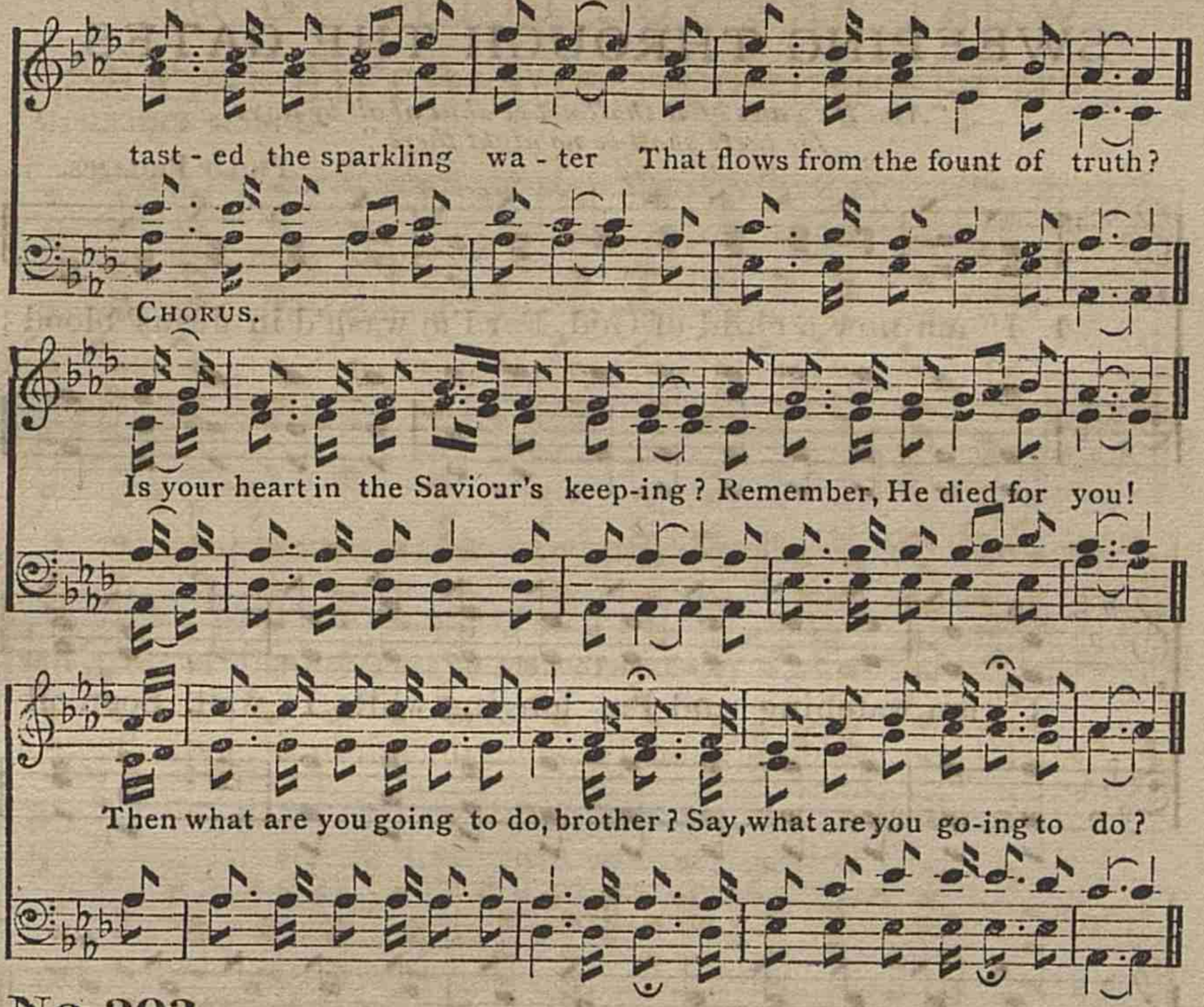
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?

"Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his ways," by heeding, etc., etc.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.*



* *One of the soul-stirring songs from the "Musical Leaves," and dedicated by the author to the Young Men's Christian Associations of the United States.*



No. 203.

2 Oh, what are you going to do, brother?
The morning of youth is past;
The vigour and strength of manhood,
My brother, are yours at last.
You are rising in worldly prospects,
And prospered in worldly things;—
A duty to those less favoured,
The smile of your fortune brings.

Chorus.

Go, prove that you heart is grateful—
The Lord has a work for you!
Then what are you going to do, brother?
Say, what are you going to do?

3 Oh, what are you going to do, brother?
Your sun at its noon is high;
It shines in meridian splendour,
And rides through a cloudless sky.
You are holding a high position,
Of honour, of trust, and fame;—
Are you not willing to give the glory
And praise to your Saviour's Name?

Chorus.

The regions that sit in darkness
Are stretching their hands to you:
Then what are you going to do, brother?
Say, what are you going to do?

4 Oh, what are you going to do, brother?
The twilight approaches now;—
Already your locks are silvered,
And winter is on your brow.
Your talents, your time, your riches,
To Jesus, your Master, give;
Then ask if the world around you
Is better because you live.
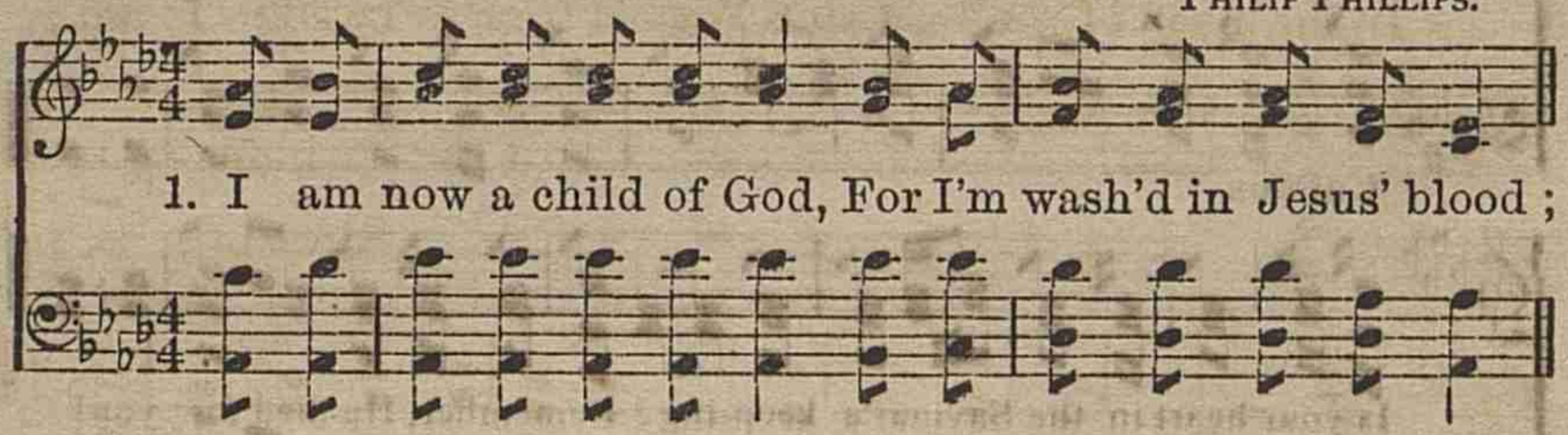
Chorus.

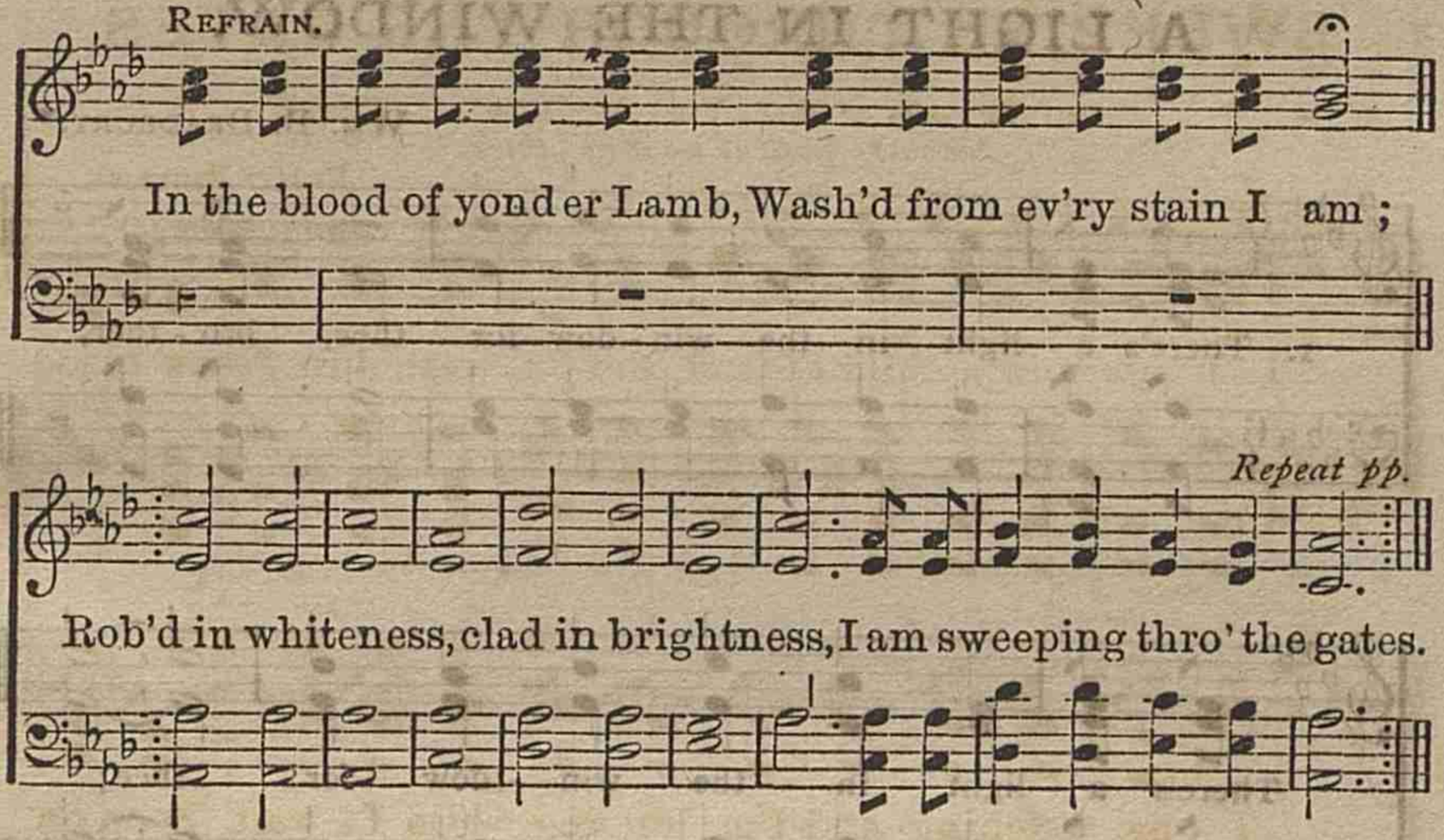
You are nearing the brink of Jordan,
But still there is work for you;
Then what are you going to do, brother?
Say, what are you going to do?

SWEEPING THROUGH THE GATES.

"And the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day:
for there shall be no night there."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.





No. 204.

2 Oh ! the blessed Lord of light,
I have loved him with my might :
Now his arms enfold, and comfort while I wait.
I am leaning on his breast,
Oh ! the sweetness of his rest,
And I'm thinking of my sweeping through the gate. *Refr.*

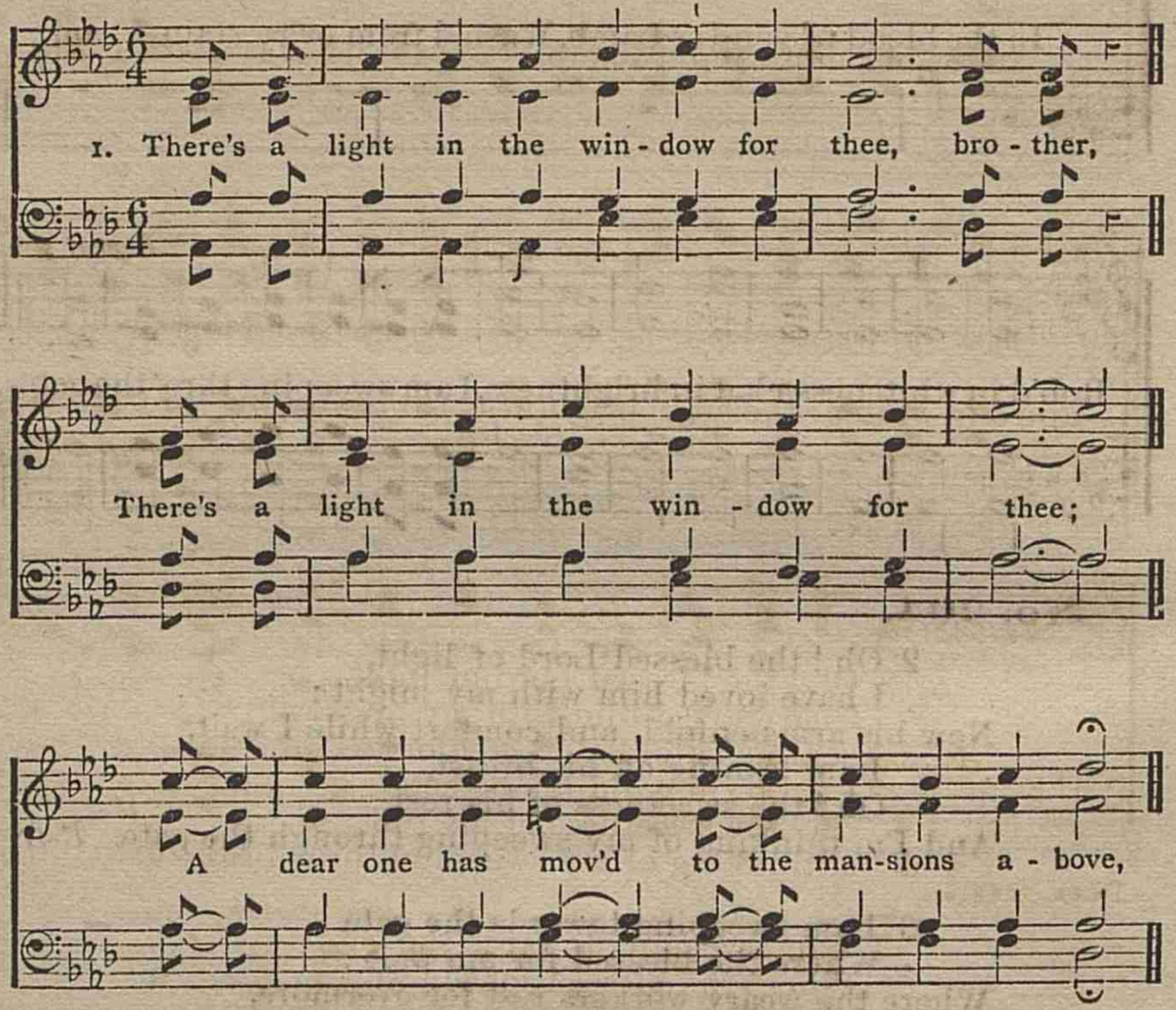
3 I am sweeping towards the gate
Where the blessed for me wait :
Where the weary workers rest for evermore.
Where the strife of earth is done,
And the crown of life is won,
Oh ! I'm thinking of the city while I soar. *Refr.*

4 Burst are all my prison bars,
And I soar beyond the stars ;
To my Father's house, the bright and blest estate
Lo ! the morn eternal breaks,
And the song immortal wakes,
Rob'd in whiteness, I am sweeping thro' the gates. *Refr.*

Rev. John Parker.

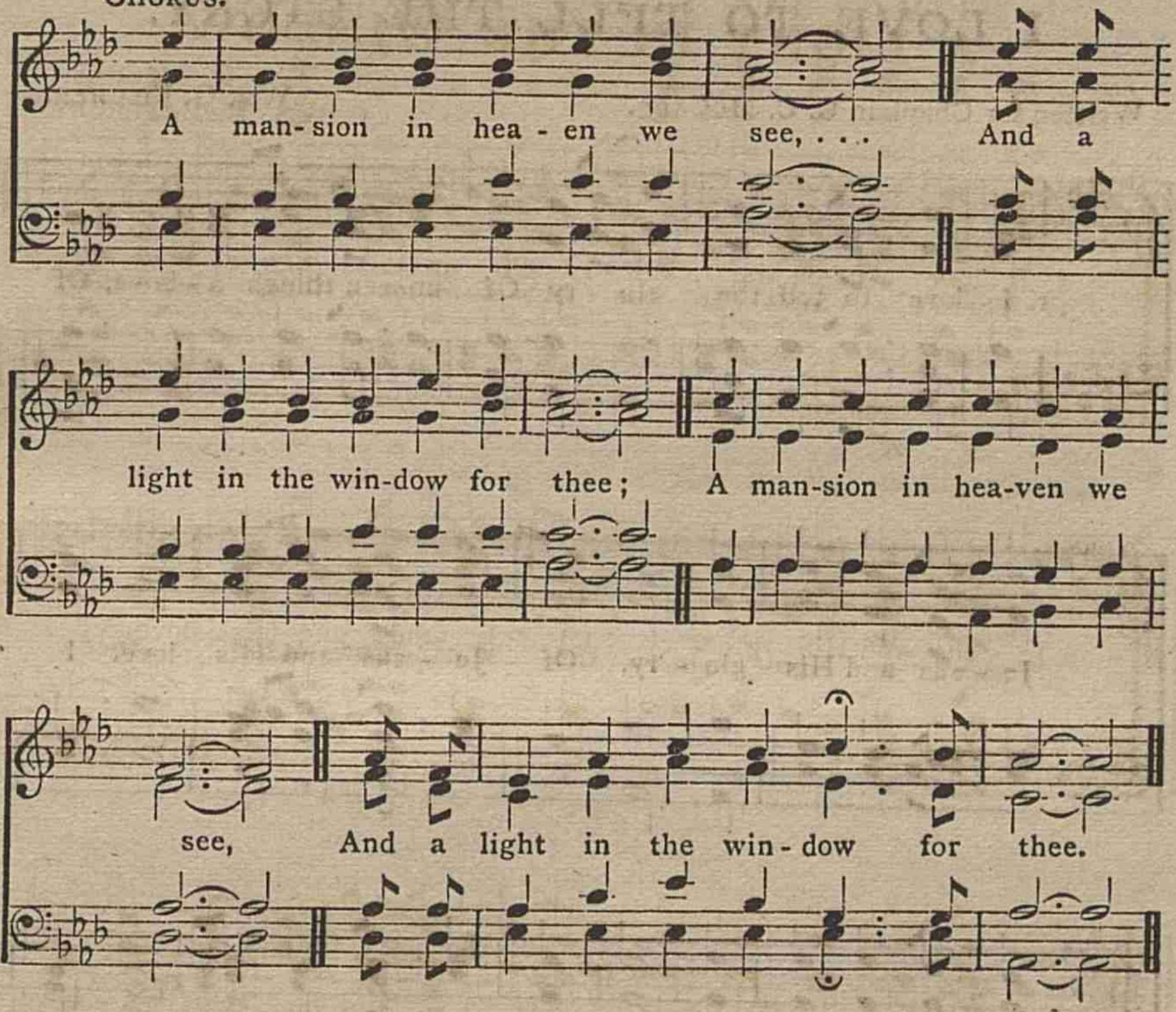
A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW.

WM. B. BRADBURY.*



* *From "Golden Chain."*

CHORUS.



No. 205.
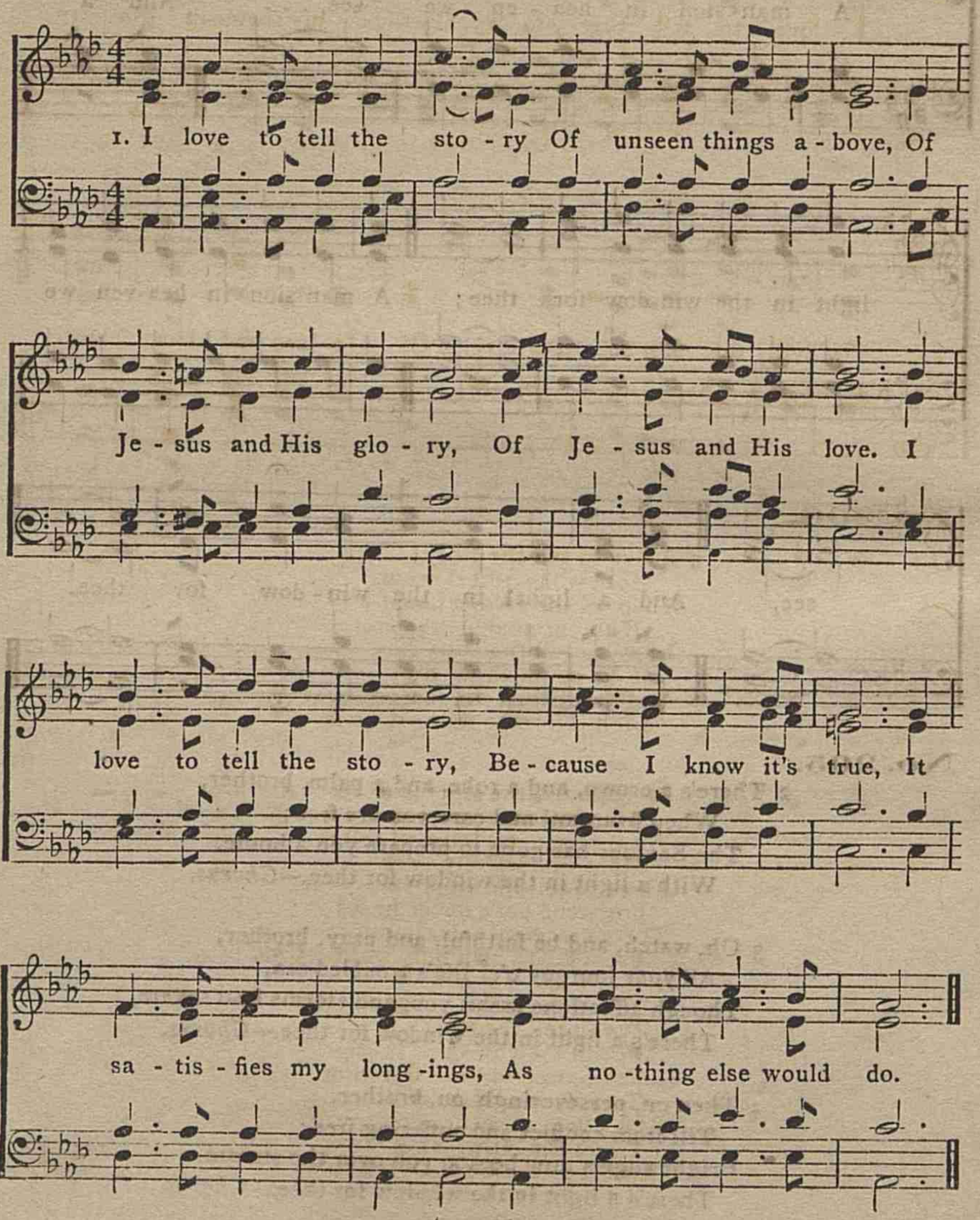
2 There's a crown, and a robe, and a palm, brother,
When from toil and care you are free;
The Saviour has gone to prepare you a home,
With a light in the window for thee.—*Chorus.*
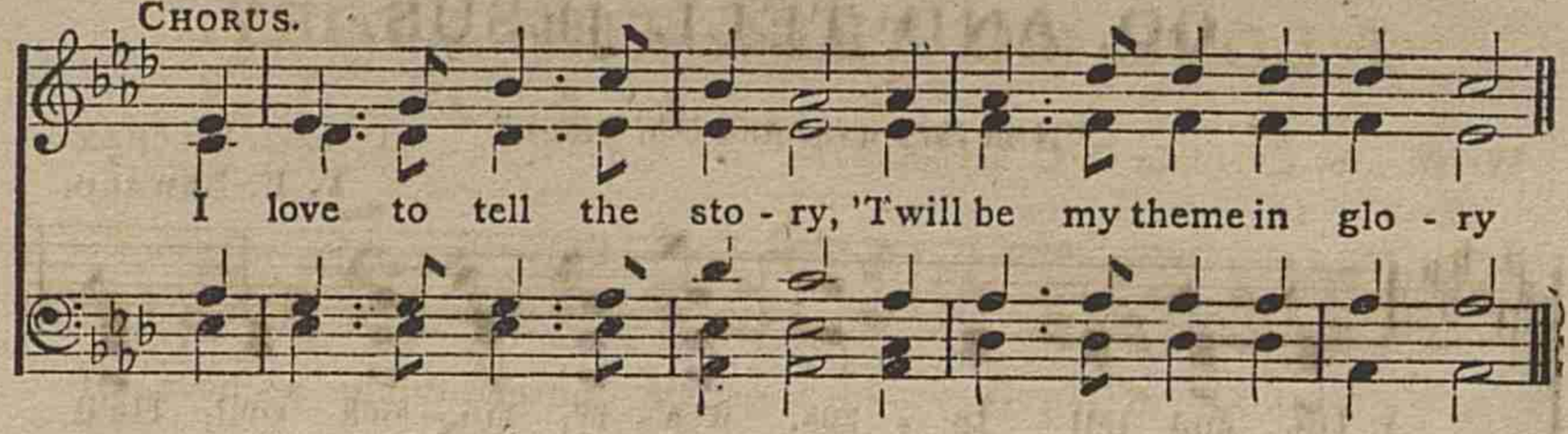
3 Oh, watch, and be faithful, and pray, brother,
All your journey o'er life's troubled sea,
Though afflictions assail you, and storms beat severe,
There's a light in the window for thee.—*Chorus.*
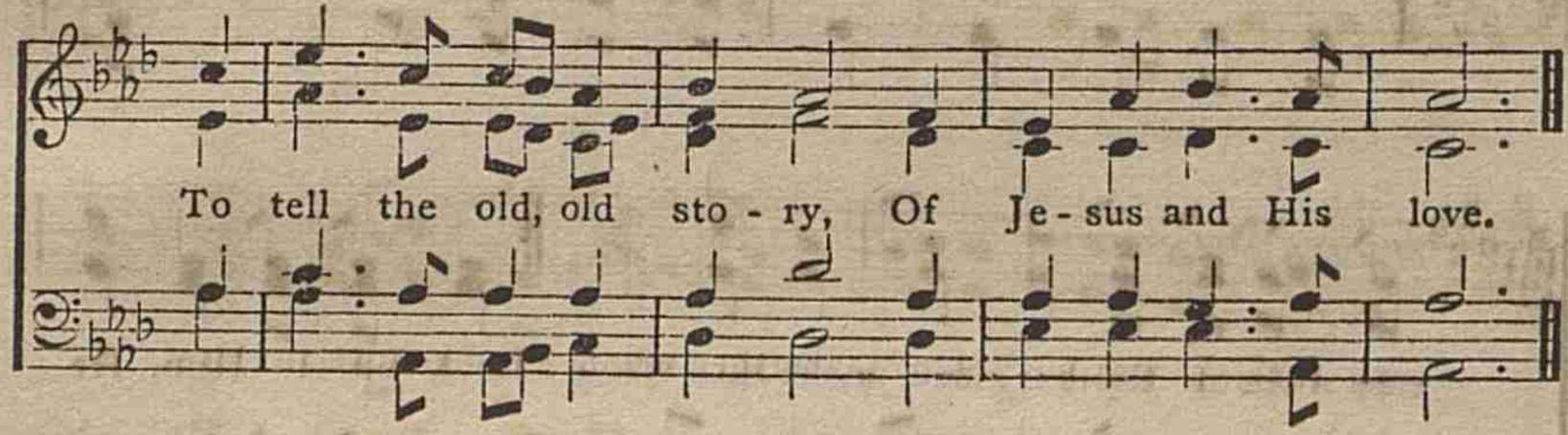
4 Then on, perseveringly on, brother,
Till from conflict and suffering free;
Bright angels now beckon you over the stream,
There's a light in the window for thee.—*Chorus.*

I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

Written for Chaplain C. C. McCabe. Wm. G. Fischer.







No. 206.

2 I love to tell the story:
More wonderful it seems
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.
I love to tell the story:
It did so much for me!
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.—*Cho.*
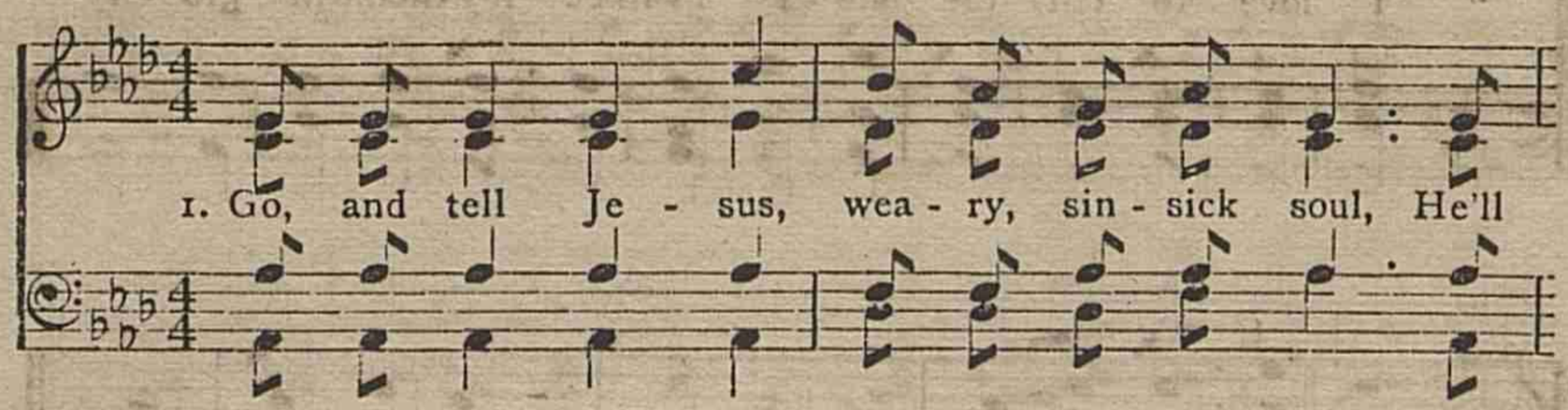
3 I love to tell the story:
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the story:
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own holy word.—*Cho.*

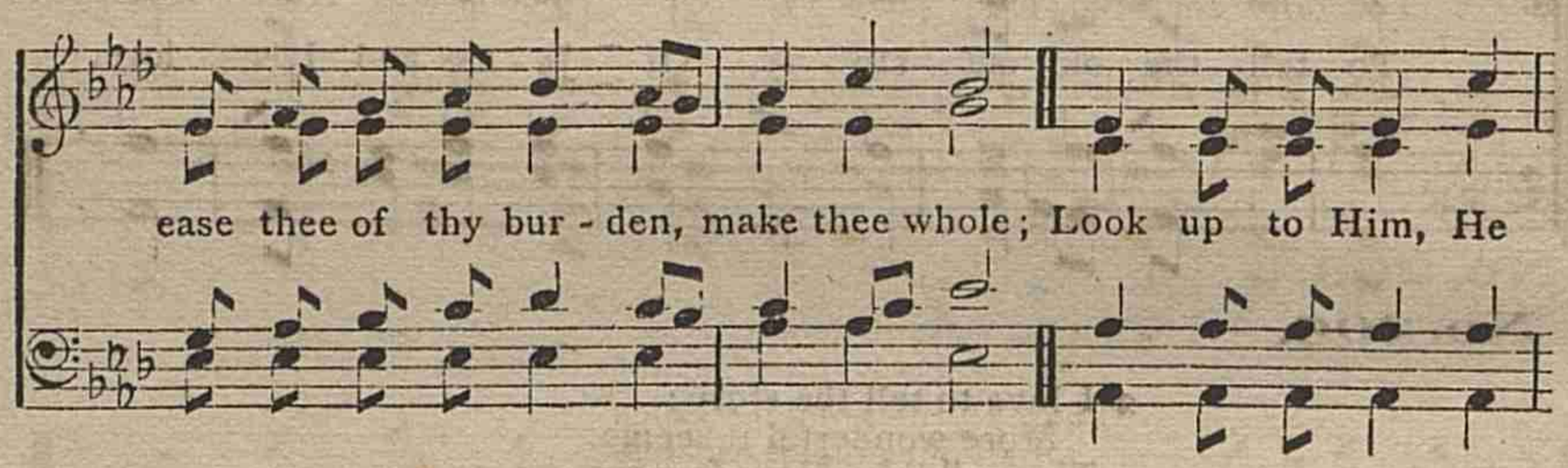
4 I love to tell the story:
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the NEW, NEW SONG,
'Twill be—the OLD, OLD STORY
That I have loved so long.—*Cho.*
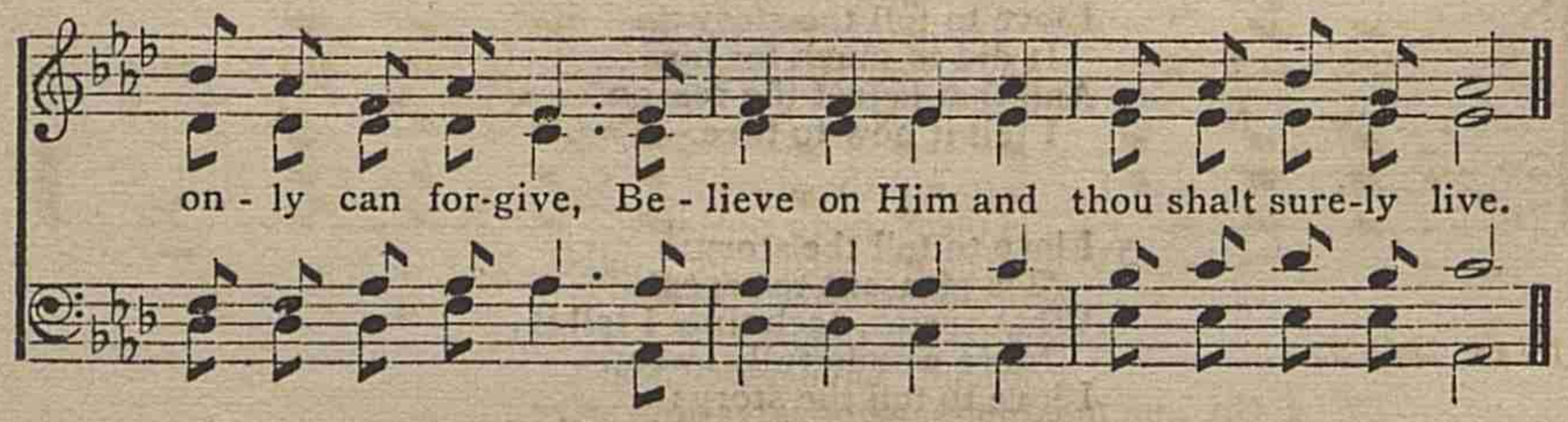
GO, AND TELL JESUS.

"And they went and told Jesus."
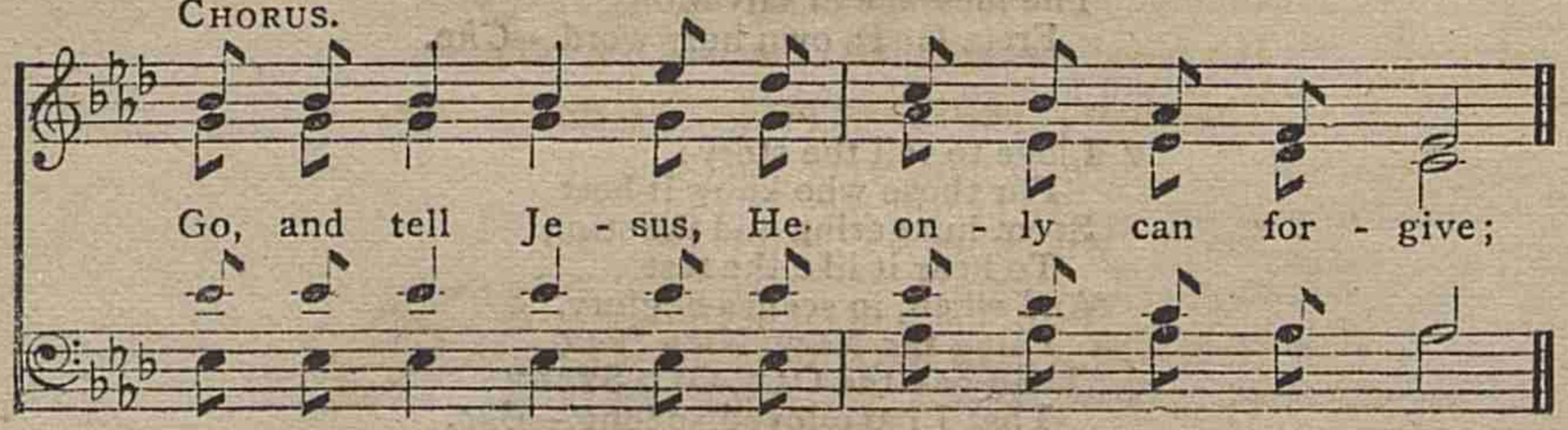
T. F. SEWARD.
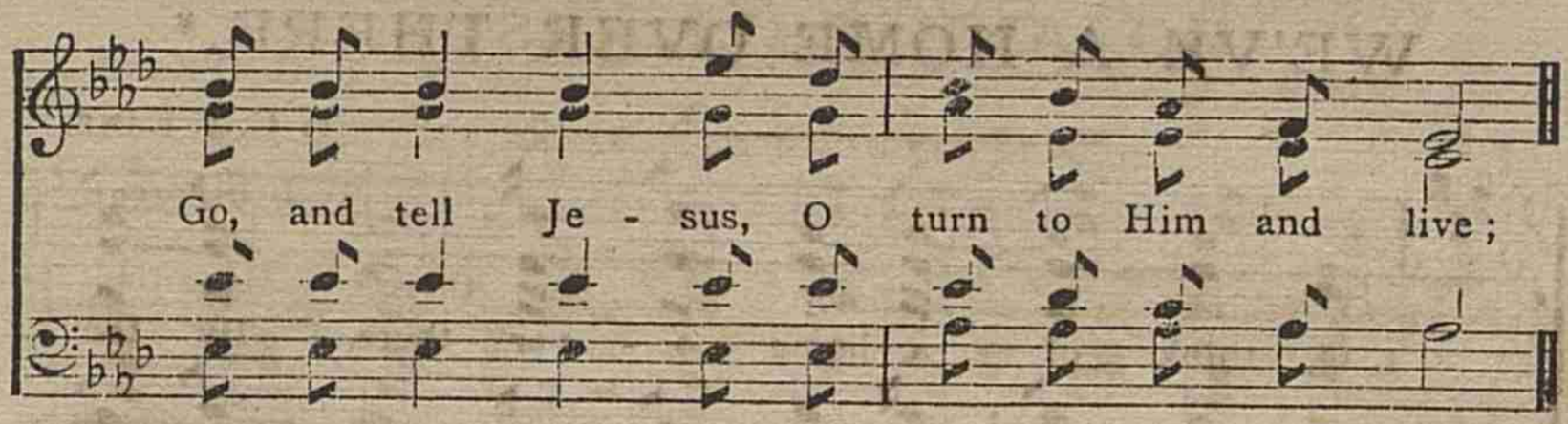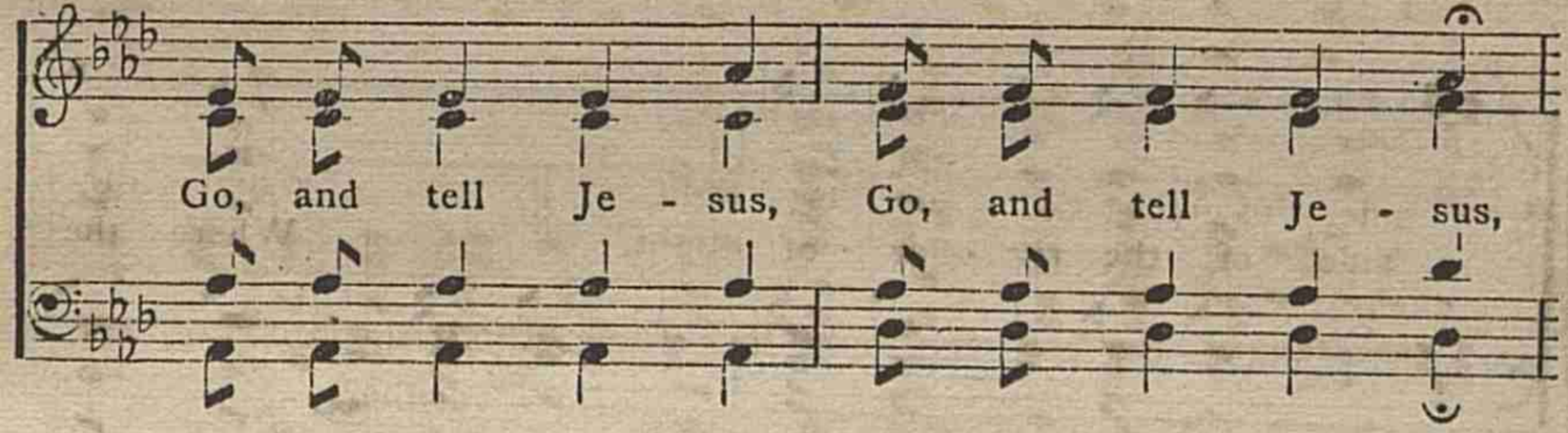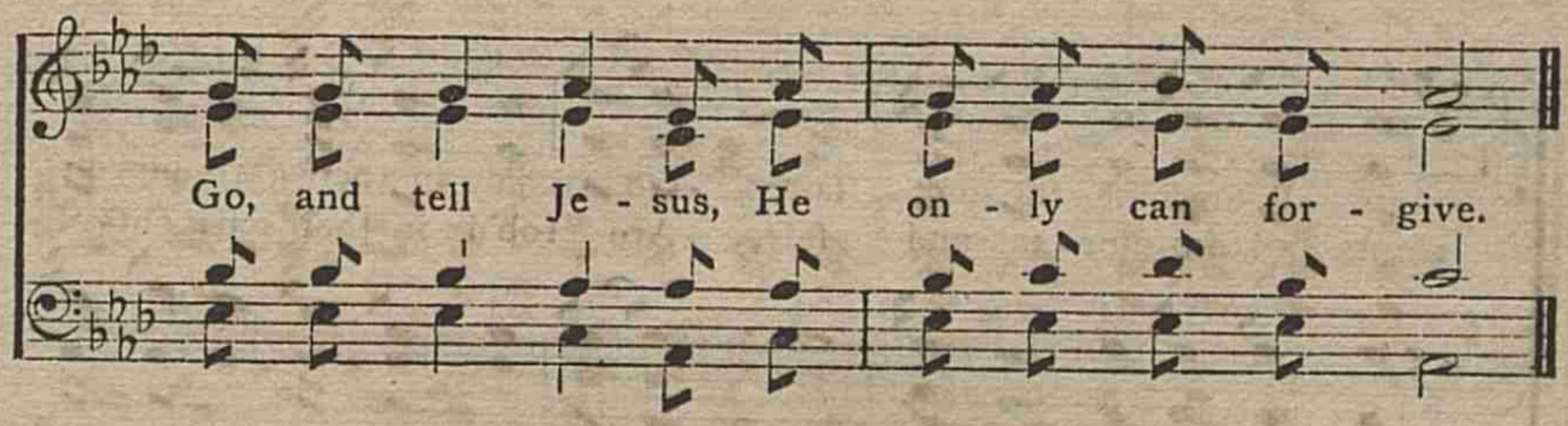






CHORUS.









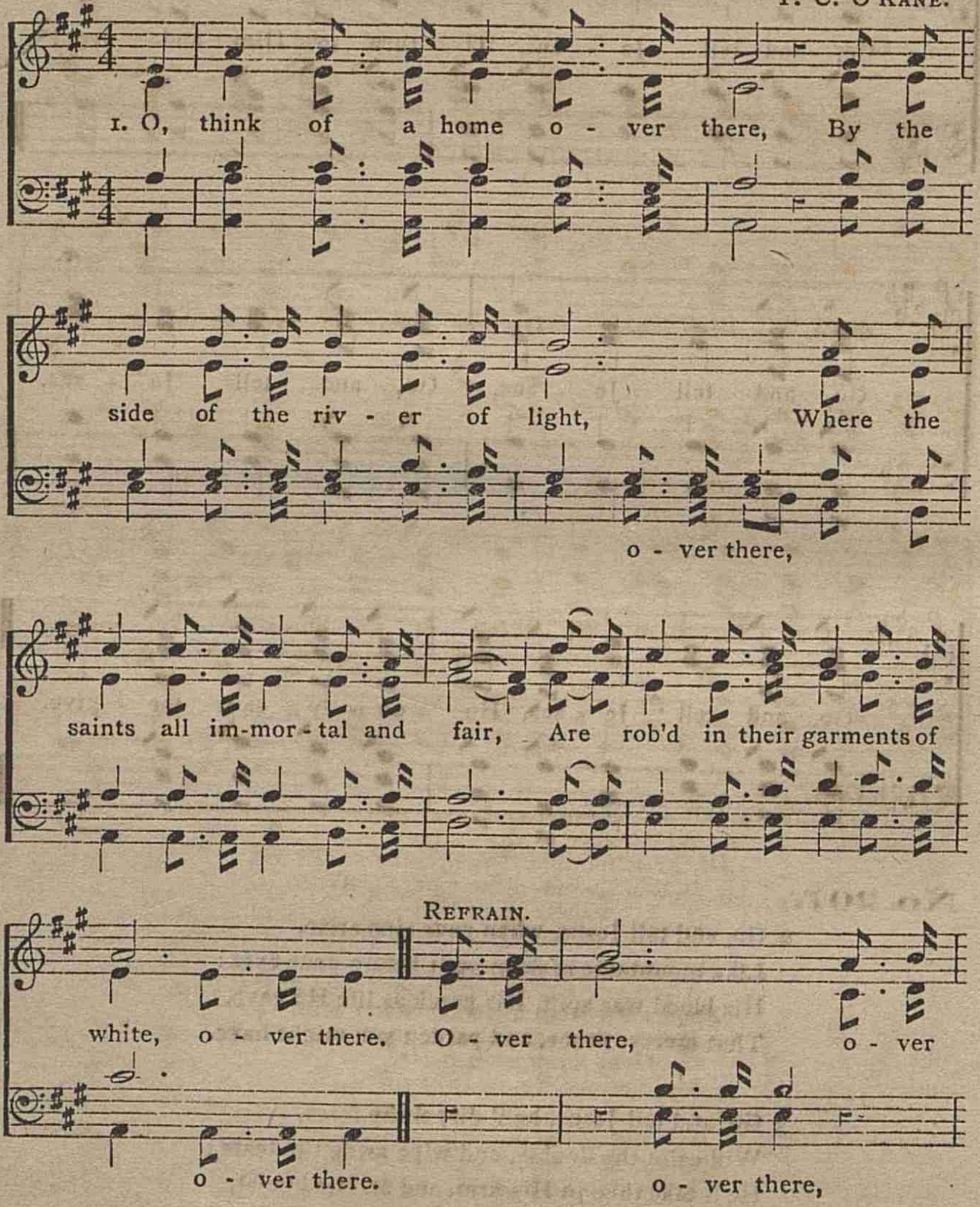
No. 207.

2 Go, and tell Jesus, when your sins arise,
Like mountains of deep guilt before your eyes:
His blood was spilt, His precious life He gave,
That mercy, peace, and pardon you might have.

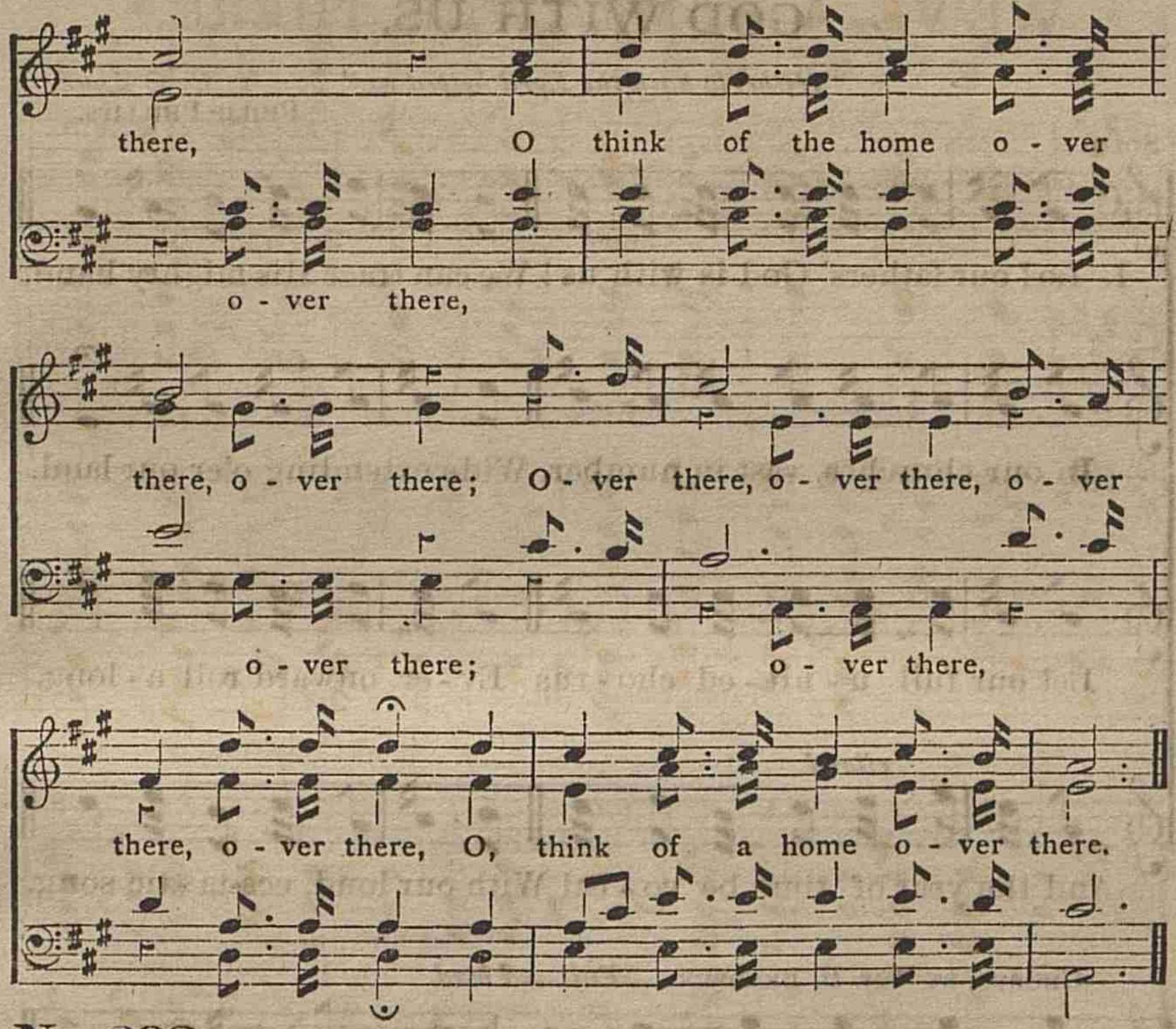
3 Go, and tell Jesus, he'll dispel thy fears,
Will calm thy doubts, and wipe away thy tears;
He'll take thee in His arm, and on His breast,
Thou may'st be happy, and for ever rest.

WE'VE A HOME OVER THERE.*

T. C. O'KANE.



* *From "Fresh Leaves.*



No. 208.

2 O, think of the friends over there,
Who before us the journey have trod,
Of the songs that they breathe on the air,
In their home in the palace of God.
Over there, over there,
O, think of the friends over there.

3 My Saviour is now over there,
There my kindred and friends are at rest;
Then away from my sorrow and care,
Let me fly to the land of the blest.
Over there, over there,
My Saviour is now over there.
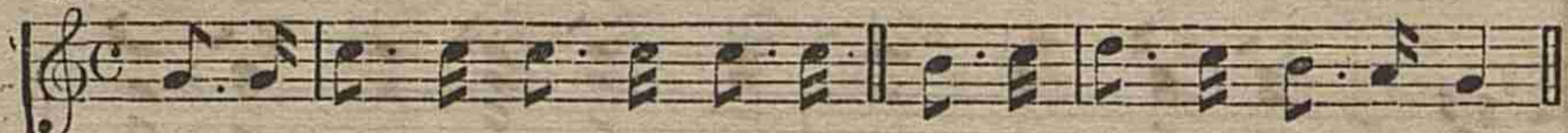
4 I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see;
Many dear to my heart over there,
Are watching and waiting for me.
Over there, over there,
I'll soon be at home over there.

GOD WITH US.
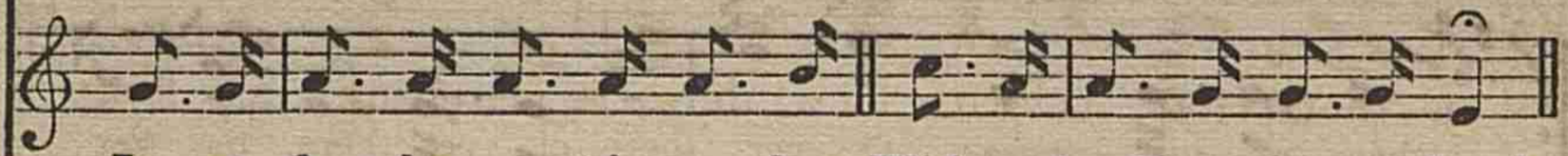
"Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.
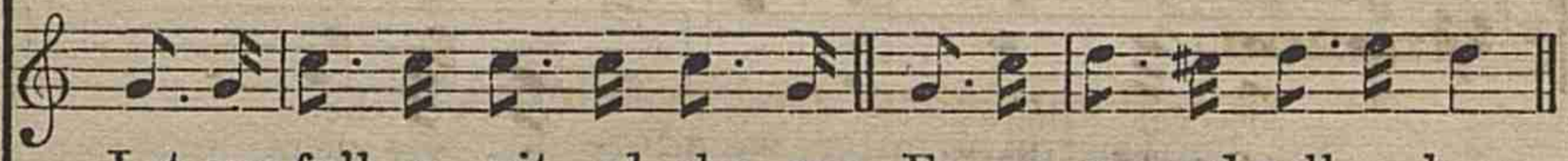
SOLO.



1. Lo! our fathers' God is with us! We can trace His mighty hand,
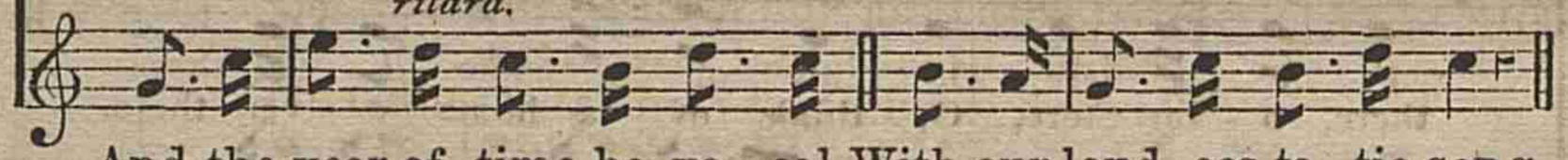


In our churches, vast in number, Wide extending o'er our land.
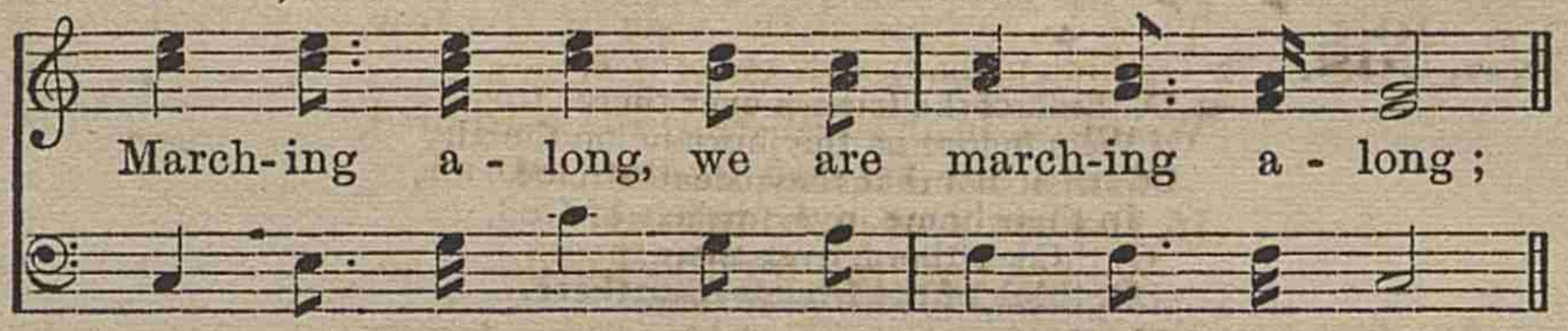


Let our full u - nit - ed cho - rus Ev - er onward roll a - long,

ritard.
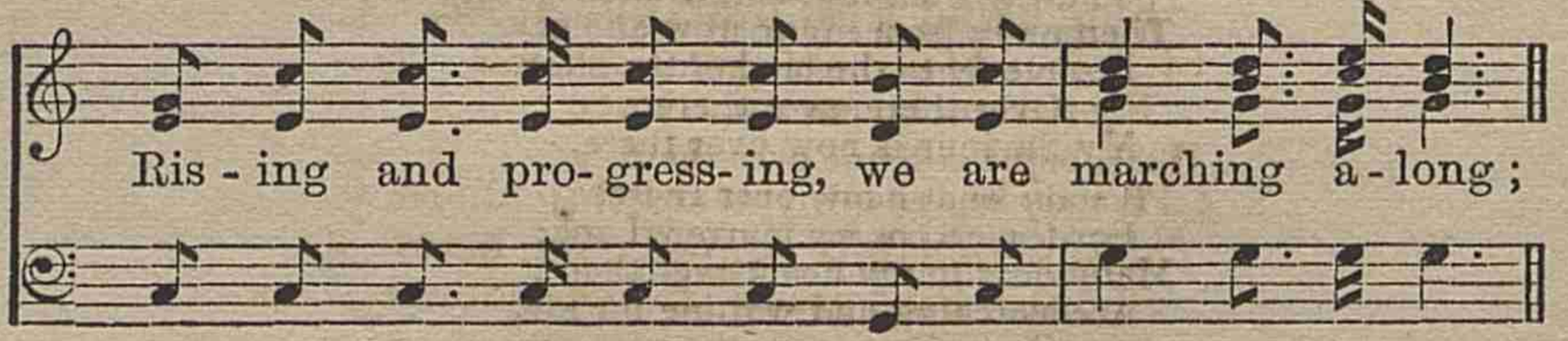


And the year of time be vo - cal With our loud, ecs-ta - tic song.
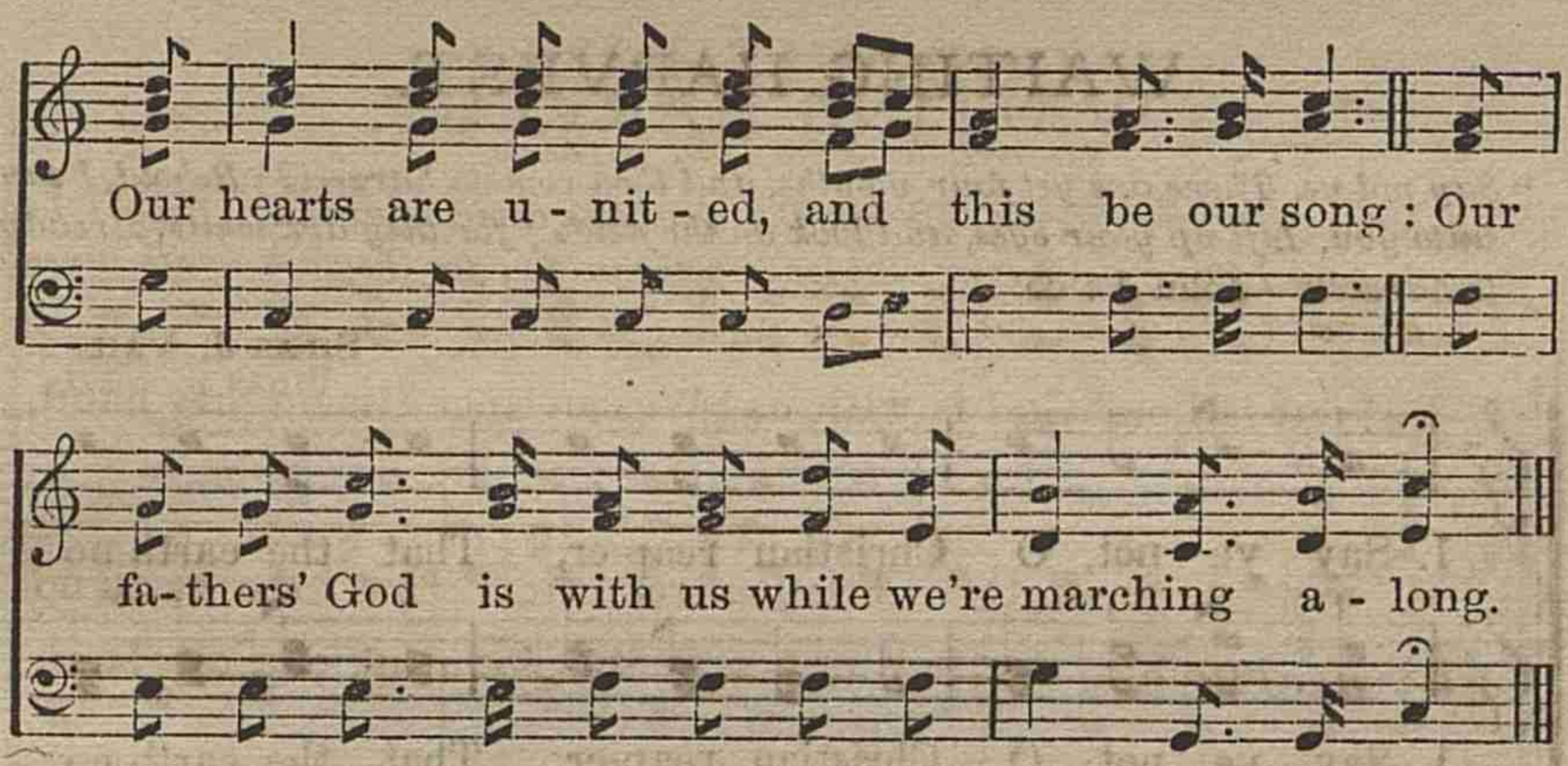
CHORUS, BY WM. B. BRADBURY.—*Full and loud.*



March - ing a - long, we are march-ing a - long;



Ris - ing and pro- gress - ing, we are marching a - long;



No. 209.

2 Lo ! our fathers' God is with us :
Lost in wonder, we adore
Him who brought them safely hither
With the Gospel to our shore.
Fired with zeal, and armed with courage
Strong in faith and love divine,
Through the darkest cloud that gathered
They could see His glory shine.—*Cho*

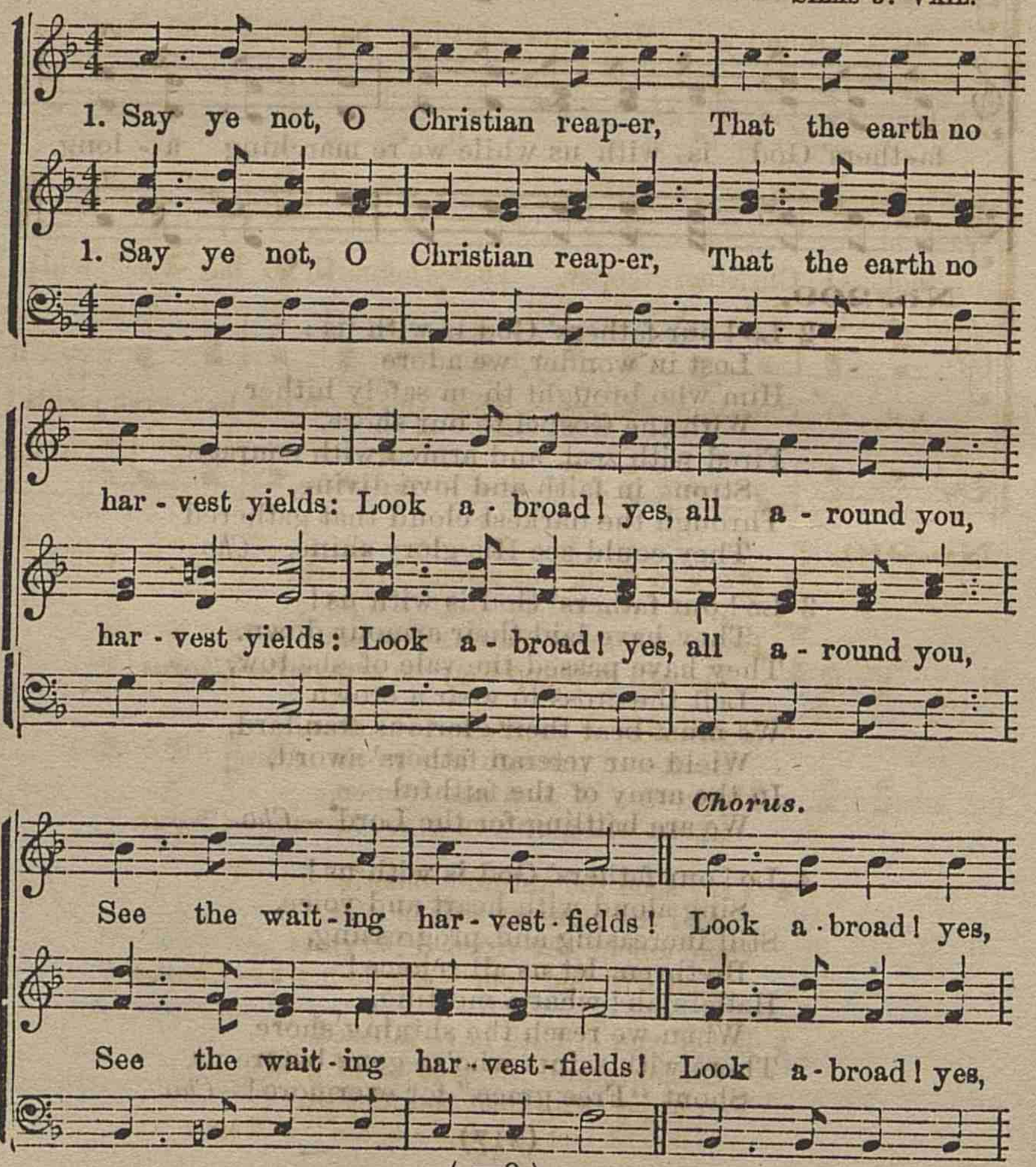
3 Lo ! our fathers' God is with us !
They have laid their armour down,
They have passed the vale of shadow,
Left the cross to wear a crown :
We must bear their glorious standard,
Wield our veteran fathers' sword,
In the army of the faithful
We are battling for the Lord.—*Cho.*
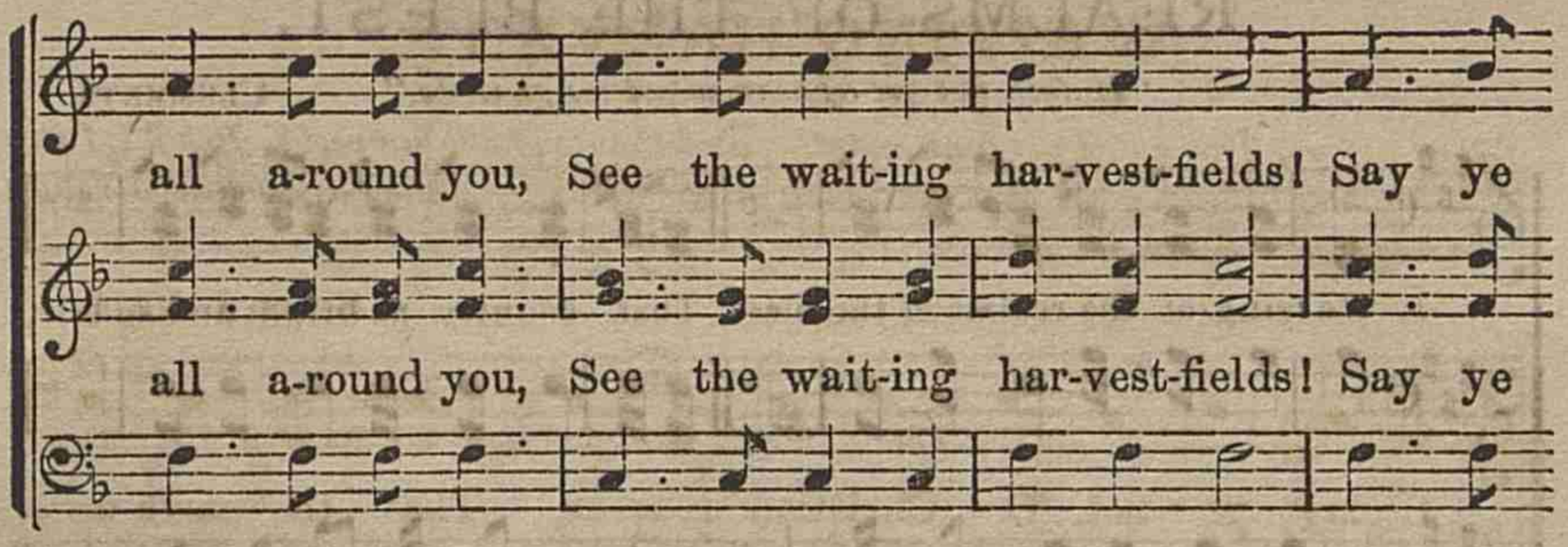
4 Lo ! our fathers' God is with us !
Sing aloud with heart and voice,
Still increasing and progressing,
Brethren, let us all rejoice !
Hallelujah ! what a meeting,
When we reach the shining shore,
There with saints who've gone before us,
Shout "Free grace" for evermore !—*Cho.*
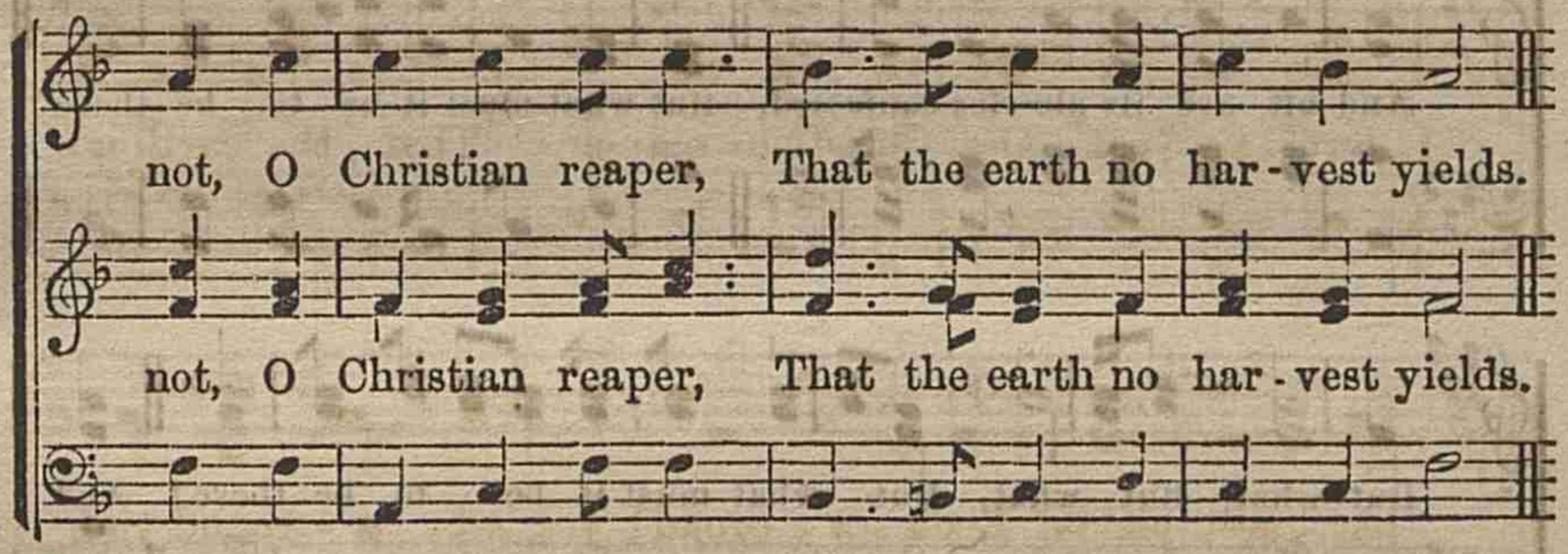
WAITING HARVEST.

"*Say not ye, There are yet four months, and then cometh harvest? Behold, I say unto you, Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white, already to harvest.*"—John 4 : 35.

SILAS J. VAIL.







No. 210.

2 Weak in flesh, but strong in spirit,
Wield the trusty sickle's blade;
Have no fear of Satan's reapers,
Though in pomp they be arrayed.—*Chorus.*

3 Multitudes of youth and children,
Scattered through this world of sin;
Multitudes of men and women,
Christ will give you grace to win.—*Chorus.*

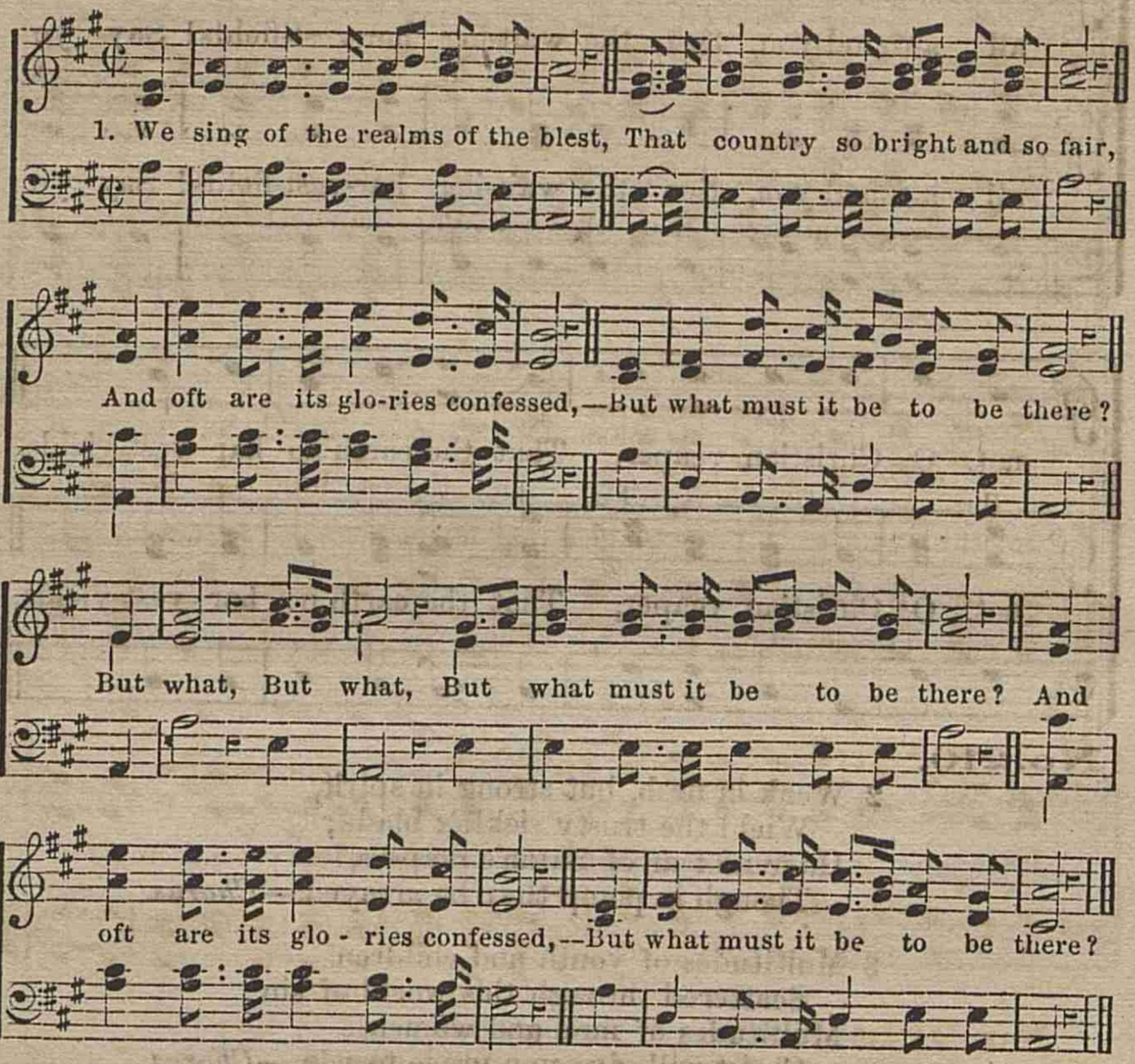
4 Very soon the autumn cometh,
And the summer will be o'er,
Then, among the ripened harvests
You will find your work no more.—*Chorus.*

5 But if you in faith have labored,
Gathering all the sheaves of grain,
You in joy will meet the Master,
When at last he comes again!—*Chorus.*

JAMES H. KELLOGG.

REALMS OF THE BLEST.

"It doth not yet appear what we shall be." CLEMENTS.
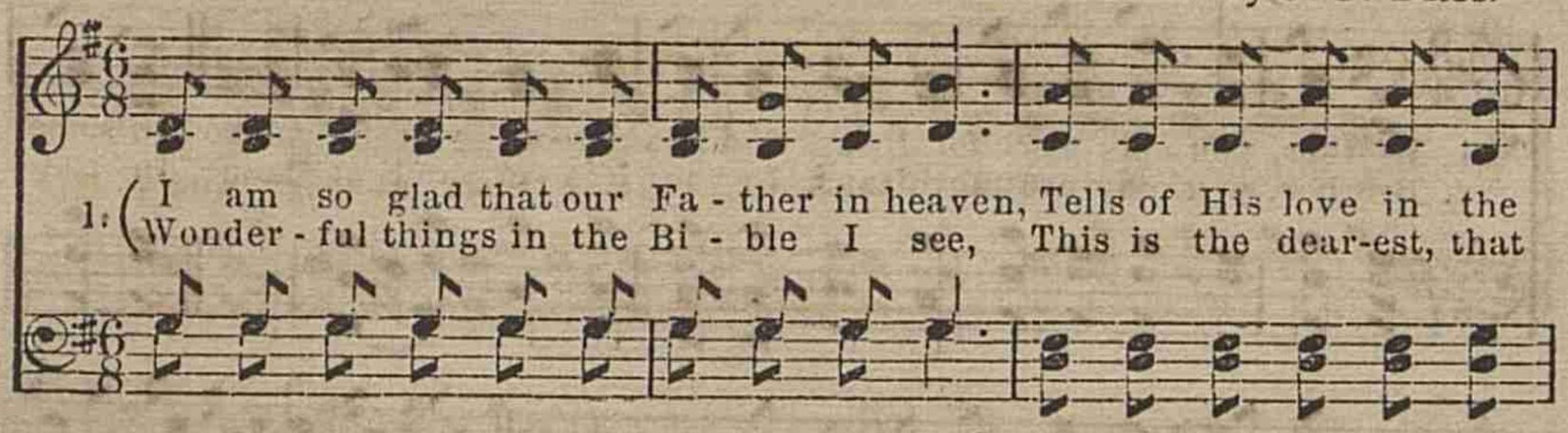


No. 211.

2 We speak of its service of love,
Of robes which the glorified wear—
The church of the first-born above,
But what must it be to be there?
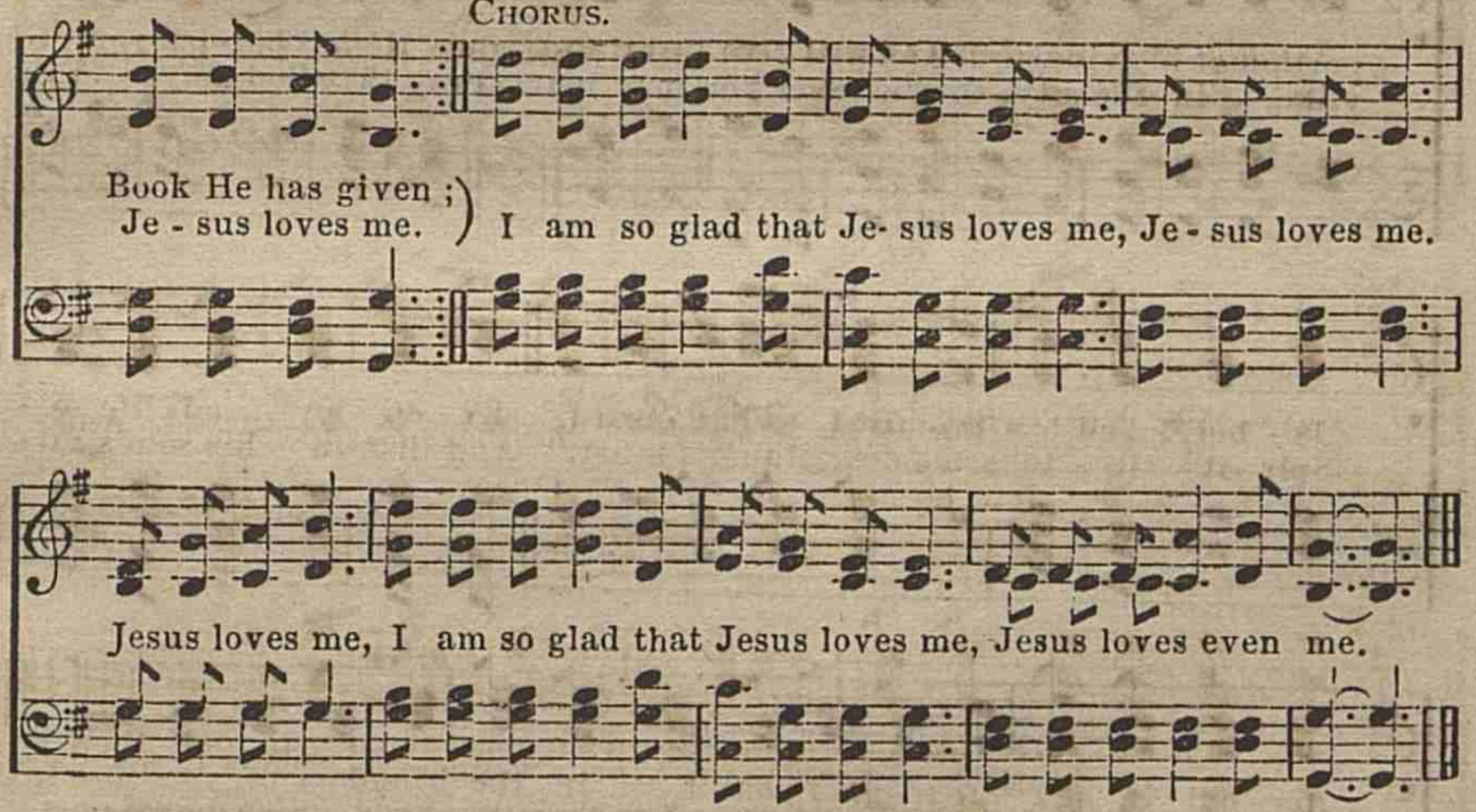
3 Do thou, Lord, 'midst pleasure or woe,
For heaven our spirits prepare;
And shortly we also shall know,
And feel what it is to be there.

JESUS LOVES EVEN ME.

Words and Music by P. P. Bliss.*



CHORUS.



No. 212.
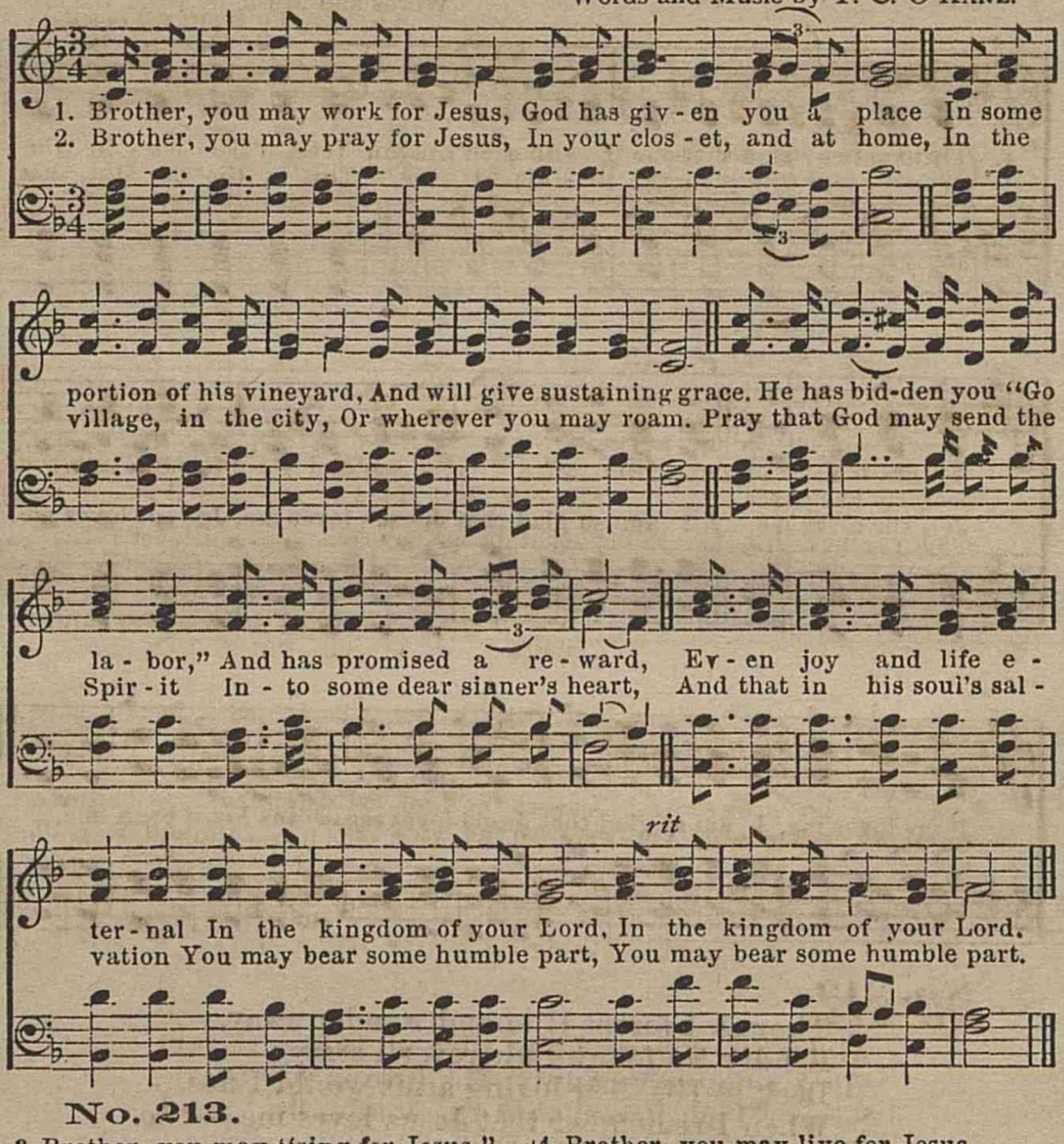
2 Though I forget Him and wander away,
Kindly He follows wherever I stray ;
Back to His dear loving arms would I flee,
When I remember that Jesus loves me.—*Cho.*

3 Oh, if there's only one song I can sing,
When in His beauty I see the great King,
This shall my song in eternity be,
Oh, what a wonder that Jesus loves me.—*Cho.*

* *From the "Chain and Sunshine."*

CHRISTIAN'S MISSION.

Words and Music by T. C. O'KANE.



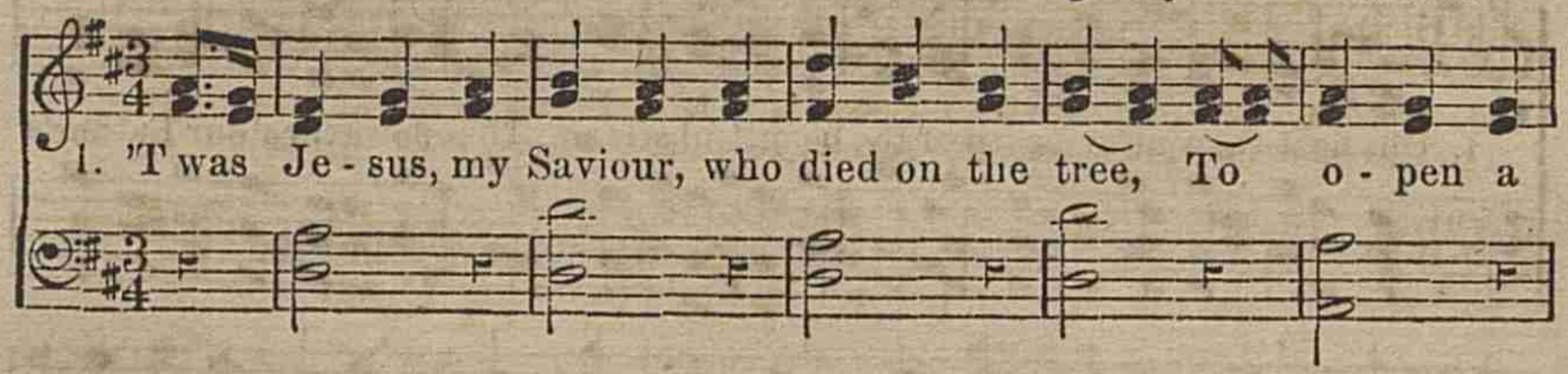
No. 213.

3 Brother, you may "sing for Jesus,"
Oh how precious is His love!
Praise Him for His boundless blessings
Ever coming from above.
Sing how Jesus died to save you,
How your sin and guilt He bore;
How His blood hath sealed your pardon
"Sing for Jesus" evermore.

4 Brother, you may live for Jesus,
Him who died that you might live;
Oh then all your ransomed powers
Cheerful to His service give.
Thus for Jesus you may labor,
And for Jesus sing and pray;
Consecrate your life to Jesus—
Love and serve Him every day.

THE LION OF JUDAH.

Arranged by HENRY TUCKER.



No. 214.

2 And when I was willing with all things to part,
He gave me my bounty, His love in my heart;
So now I am joined with the conquering band,
Who are marching to glory at Jesus' command. *Cho.*

3 And when with the ransomed by Jesus, my head,
From fountain to fountain, I then shall be led;
I'll fall at His feet and His mercy adore,
And sing of the blood of the cross ever more. *Cho.*

THE BEAUTIFUL STREAM.

Arranged by PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. Oh, hast thou ne'er heard of the beautiful stream, That flows thro' our Father's land? Its wa - ters are bright in the heav - en - ly light, And rip - ple o'er gold - en sand.

CHORUS.

Seek now that beau - ti - ful stream,..... Seek now that beautiful stream,..... Its
Oh, seek now that beau-ti- ful stream, Seek now that beau-ti - ful
wa - ters so free, are flowing for thee, Oh, seek then that beautiful stream.
stream, so free, etc.

From the Standard Singer.

No. 215.

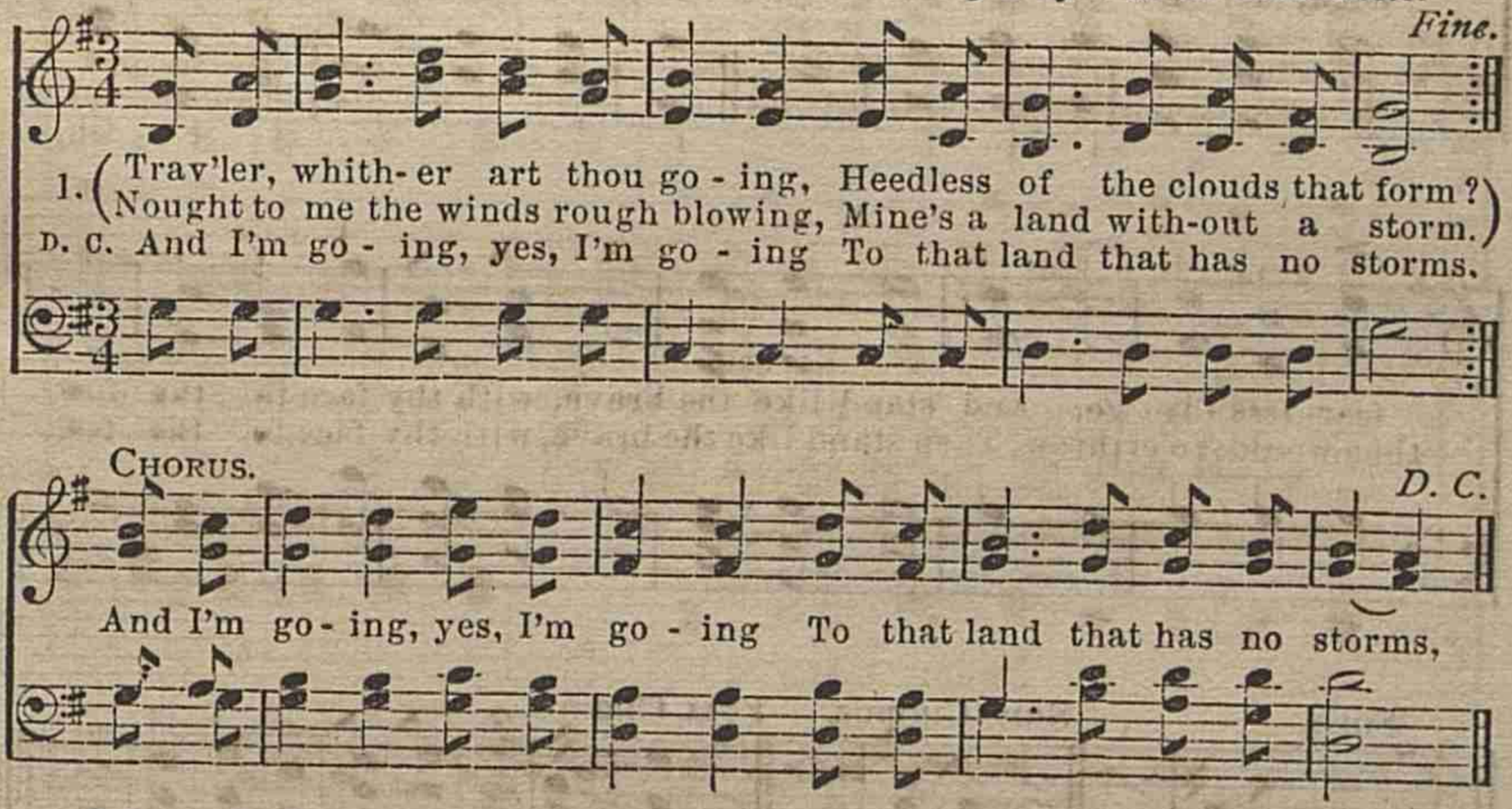
2 Its virtues endure, and its waters, so pure,
Are sweet to the weary soul ;
It flows from the throne of Jehovah alone !
Come, drink where its bright waves roll. *Cho.*

3 This beautiful stream is "the river of life,"
It flows for all nations free ;
A balm for each wound in its waters is found ;
Oh, sinner, it flows for thee. *Cho.*

4 Oh, wilt thou not drink of this beautiful stream,
And dwell on its peaceful shore?
The Spirit says, "Come all ye weary ones home,
And wander in sin no more." *Cho.*

A LAND WITHOUT A STORM.

Arranged by WM. B. BRADBURY.



No. 216.

2 Trav'ler, art thou here a stranger,
Not to fear the tempests' power?
I have not a thought of danger,
Though the sky may darkly lower.

3 Trav'ler, now a moment linger,
Soon the darkness will be o'er.
No! I see a beckoning finger,
Guiding to a far off shore.

4 Trav'ler, yonder narrow portal
Opens to receive thy form.
Yes, but I shall be immortal
In that land without a storm.

O CHRISTIAN, AWAKE.

"Stand, therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having the breast-plate of righteousness."

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. O Christian, a - wake! for the strife is at hand, With hel - met and shield, and a sword in thy hand; To meet the bold tempter, go,
2. What-ev - er thy danger, take heed and be - ware, And turn not thy back, for no ar - mor is there; The le - gions of darkness, If

fear- less - ly go, And stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe.
thou wouldst o'erthrow, Then stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe.

SOLO. SEMI-CHORUS. FULL CHORUS.

Stand like the brave, Stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe.
Stand like the brave,

From "Singing Pilgrim."

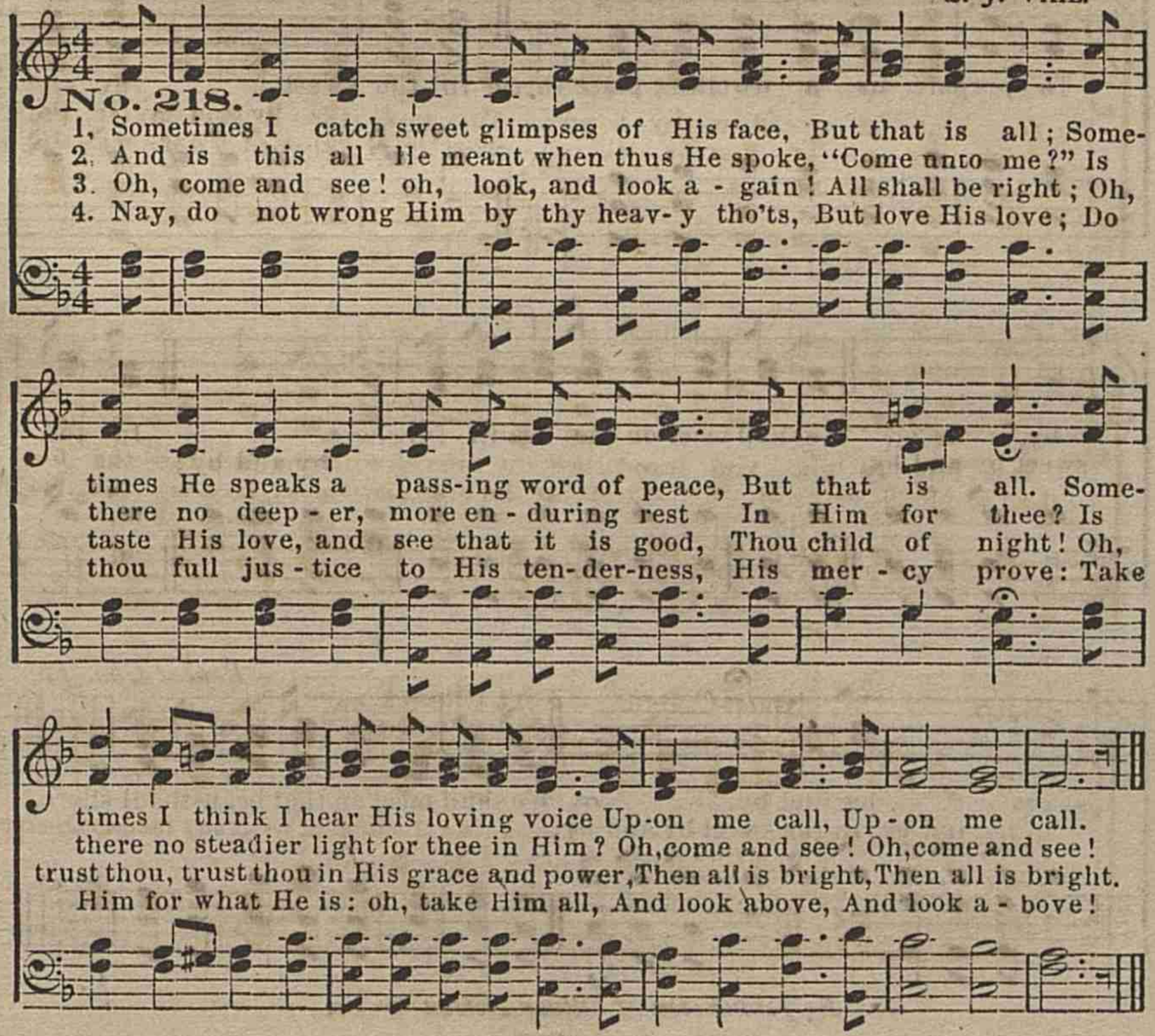
No. 217.

3 The cause of thy Master with vigor defend,
Be watchful, be zealous, and fight to the end ;
Wherever He leads thee, go, valiantly go,
And stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe ;
Stand like the brave, etc.

4 Press on, never doubting, thy Captain is near,
With grace to supply, and with comfort to cheer ;
His love, like a stream, in the desert will flow,
Then stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe.
Stand like the brave, etc.

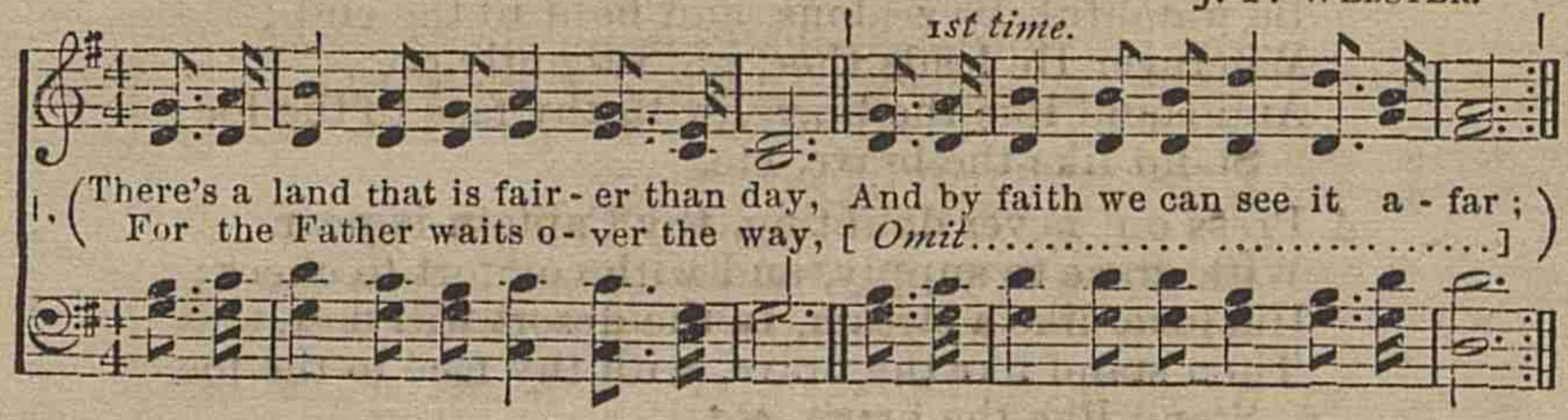
OH, COME AND SEE.
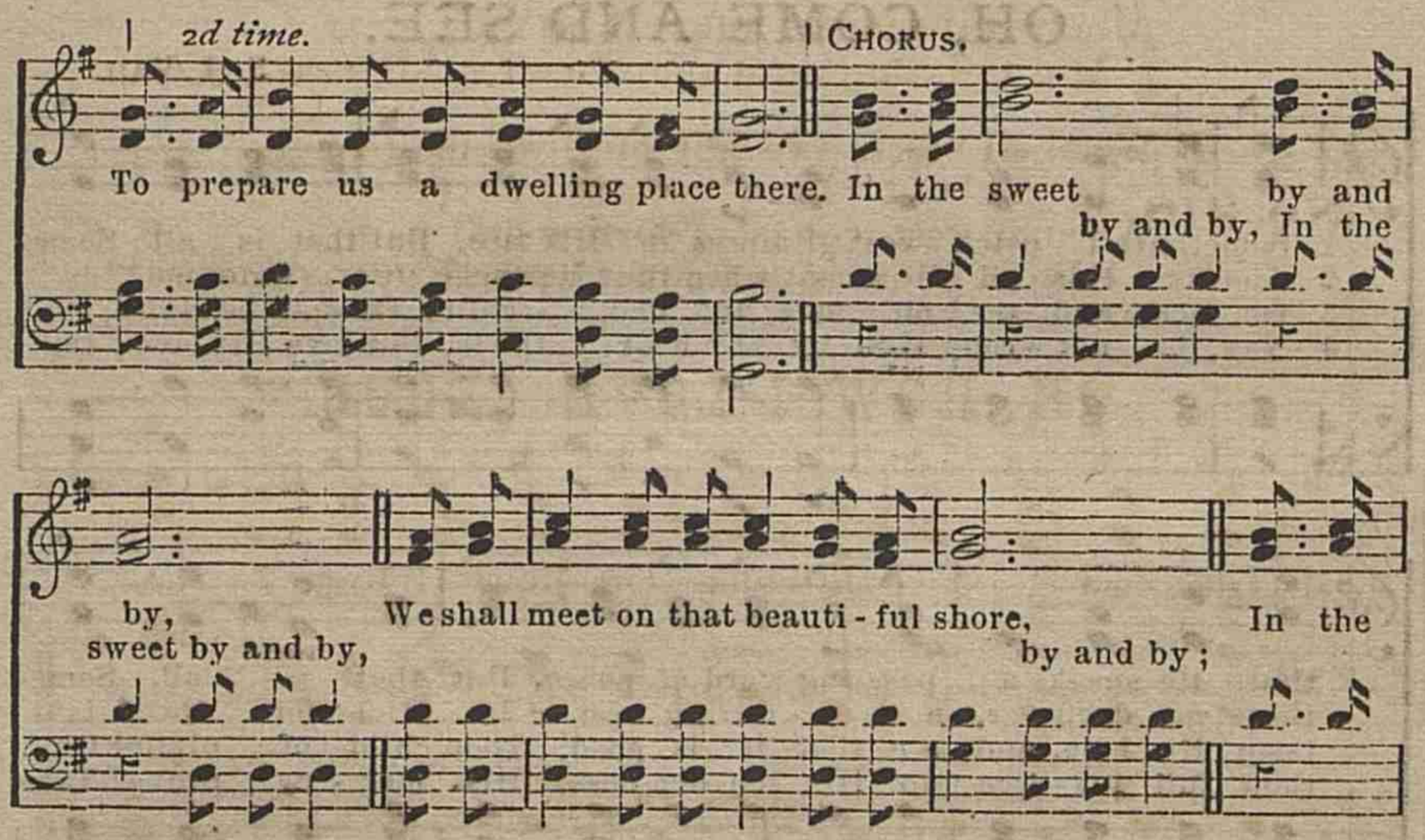
S. J. VAIL.
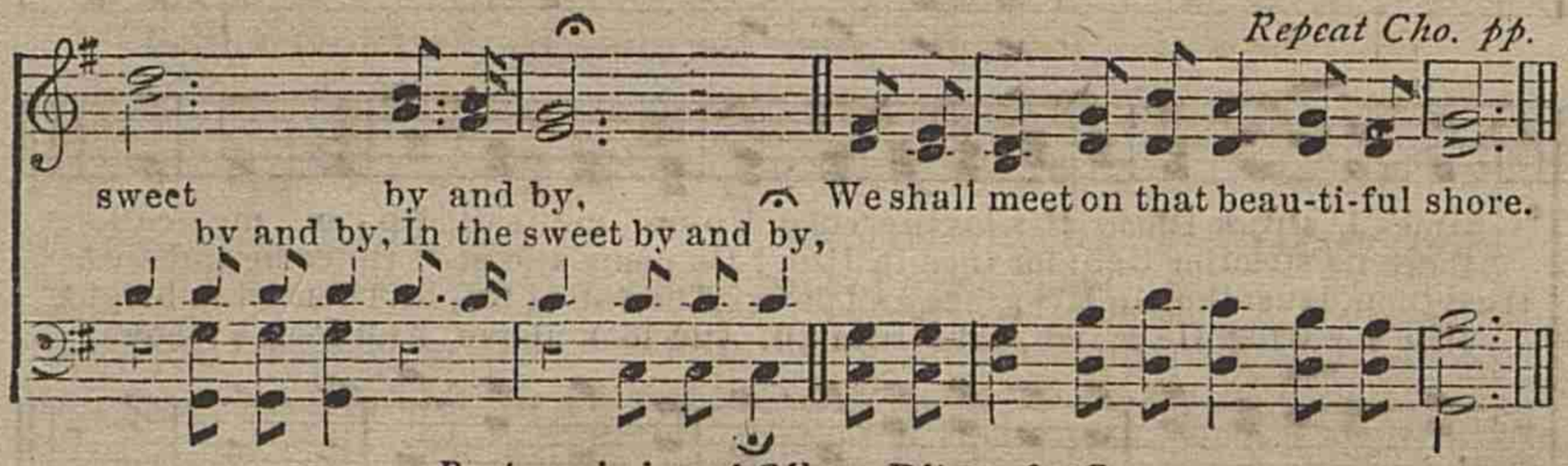


SWEET BY AND BY.

J. P. Webster.







By permission of Oliver Ditson & Co.

No. 219.

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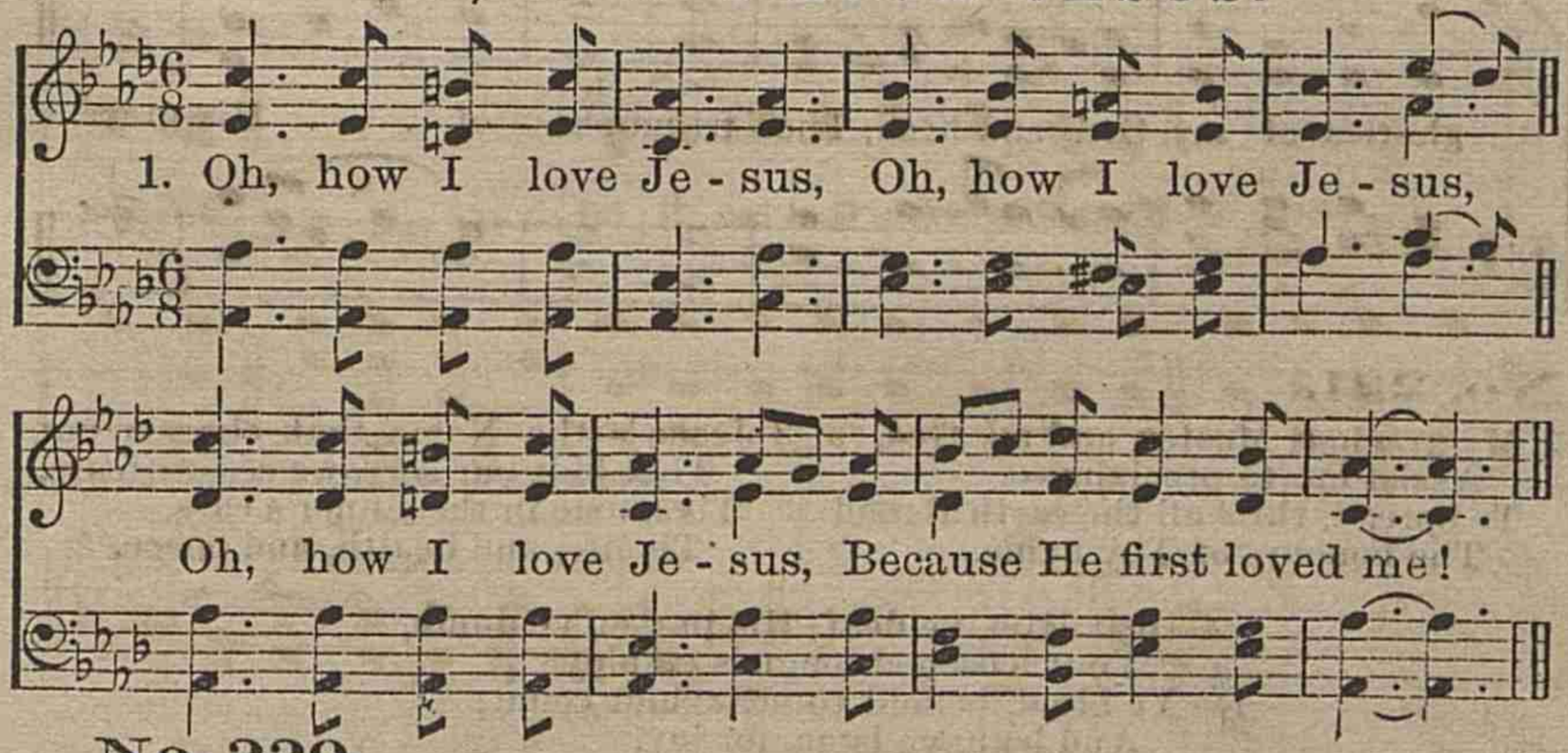
To our bountiful Father above,
We will offer the tribute of praise,
For the glorious gift of His love,
And the blessings that hallow our days!—*Cho.*

1 We shall rest on that beautiful shore,
In the joys of the saved we shall share,
All our pilgrimage toil will be o'er,
And the conqueror's crown we shall wear.—*Cho.*

5 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.—*Cho.*

S. F. Bennett.

OH, HOW I LOVE JESUS.*
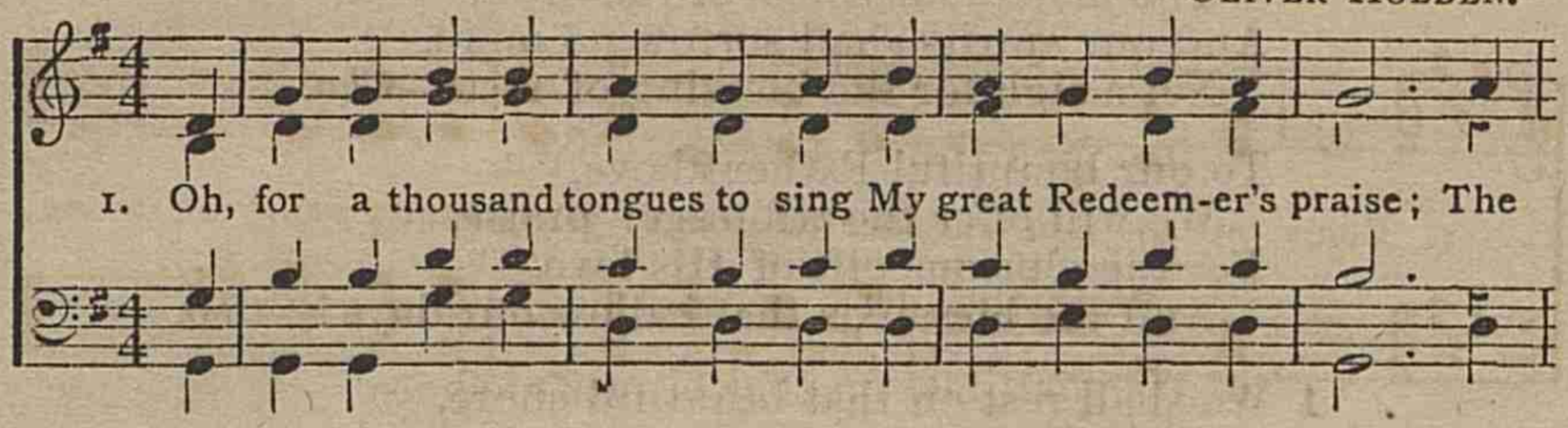


No. 220.

2 How can I forget Thee,
How can I forget Thee,
How can I forget Thee,
Dear Lord, remember me.

* *May be sung after any hymn, where thought proper.*

CORONATION. C.M

OLIVER HOLDEN.



No. 221.

2 My gracious Master, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim.—
To spread, thro' all the earth abroad
The honours of Thy name.

3 Jesus!—the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease:
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.
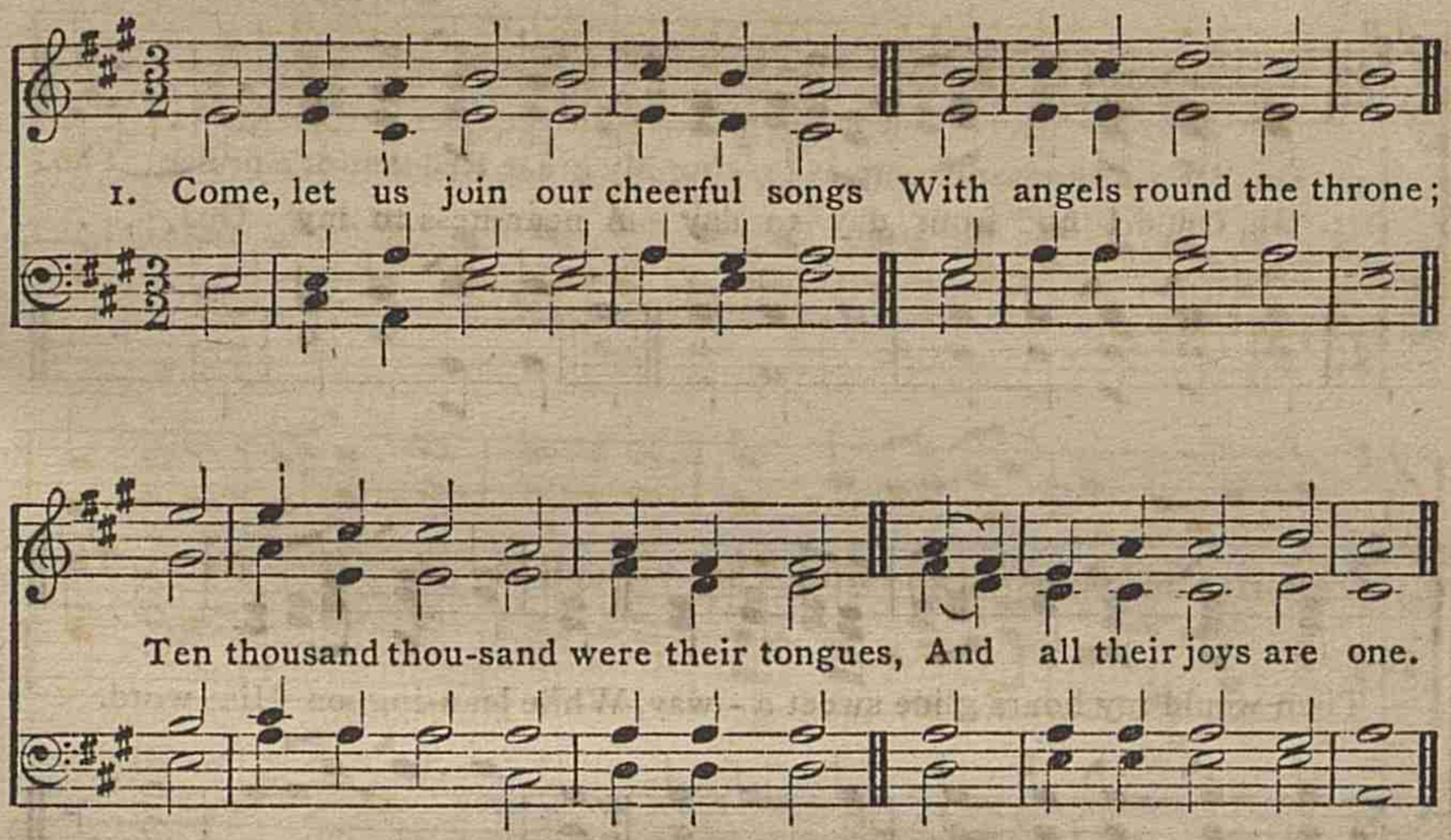
No. 222.

1 All hail the power of Jesus' Name!
Let angels prostrate fall:
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

2 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.

AZMON. C.M.

From GLASER.



No. 223.

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 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever Thine.

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

No. 224.

1 Once more we come before our God:
Once more His blessing ask:
O may not duty seem a load,
Nor worship prove a task.

2 Father, Thy quick'ning Spirit send
From heaven, in Jesus' name,
And bid our waiting minds attend,
And put our souls in frame.

3 May we receive the word we hear,
Each in an honest heart;
And keep the precious treasure there,
And never with it part.
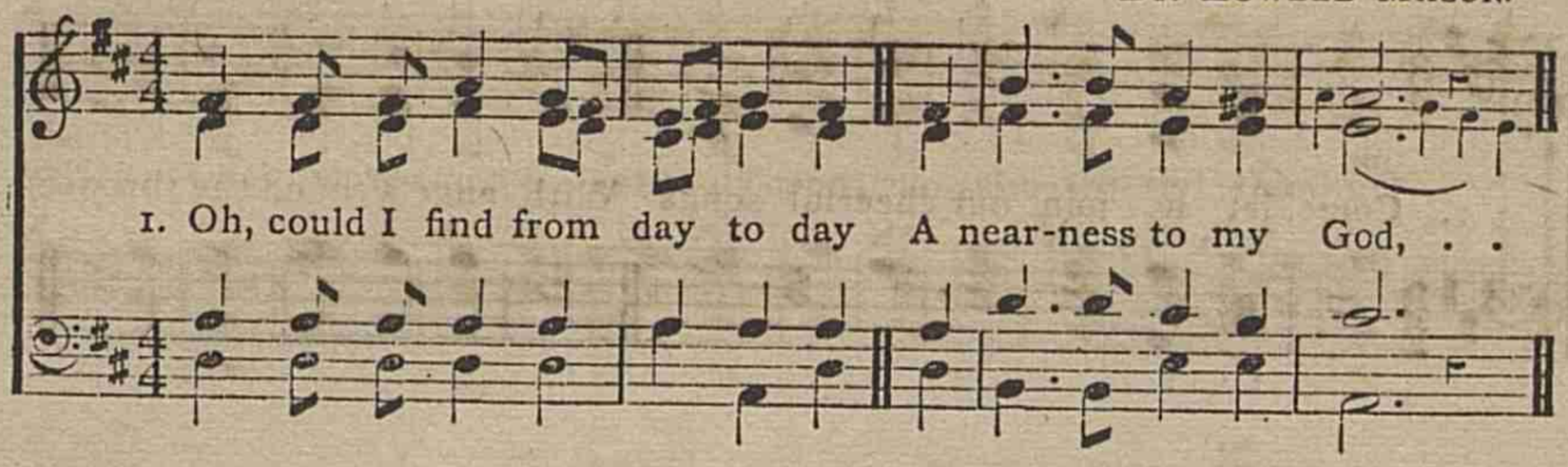
No. 222.—*Concluded.*
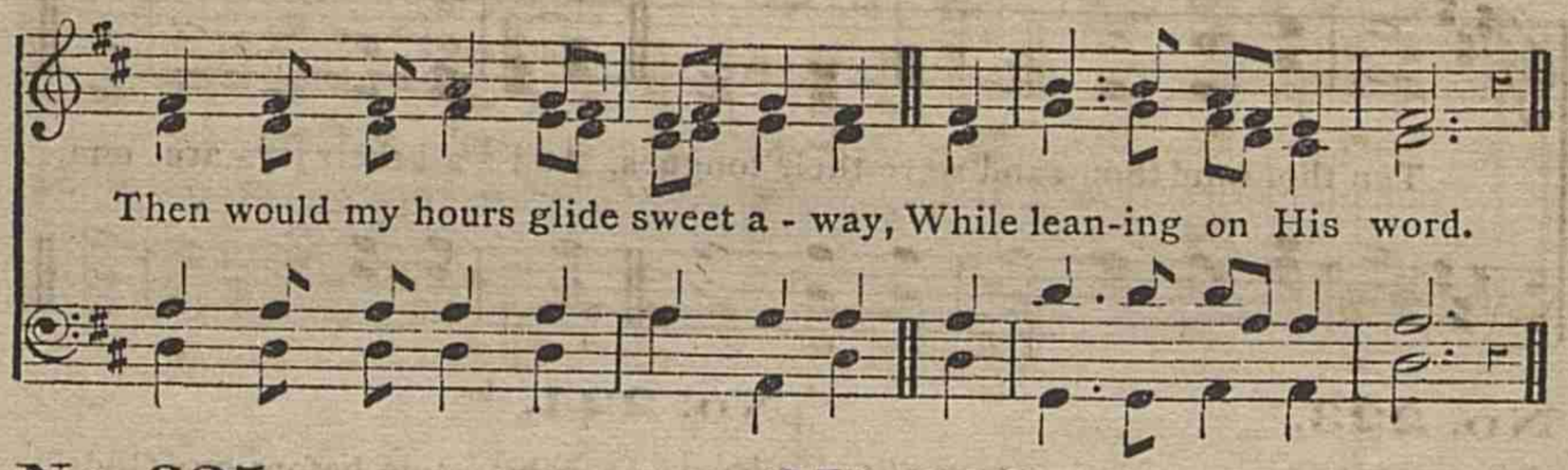
3 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

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

NAOMI. C.M.

Dr. Lowell Mason.





No. 225.

2 Lord, I desire with Thee to live
  Anew from day to day,
In joys the world can never give
  Nor ever take away.

3 Blest Jesus, come, and rule my heart,
  And make me wholly Thine,
That I may never more depart,
  Nor grieve Thy love divine.

4 Thus, till my last, expiring breath,
  Thy goodness I'll adore;
And when my frame dissolves in death
  My soul shall love Thee more.

NO. 226.

1 Forever here my rest shall be,
  Close to Thy bleeding side,
This all my hope, and all my plea,—
  For me the Saviour died.

2 My dying Saviour, and my God,
  Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with Thy blood,
  And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus Thine
  Wash me, and mine thou art; [own:
Wash me, but not my feet alone,—
  My hands, my head, my heart.

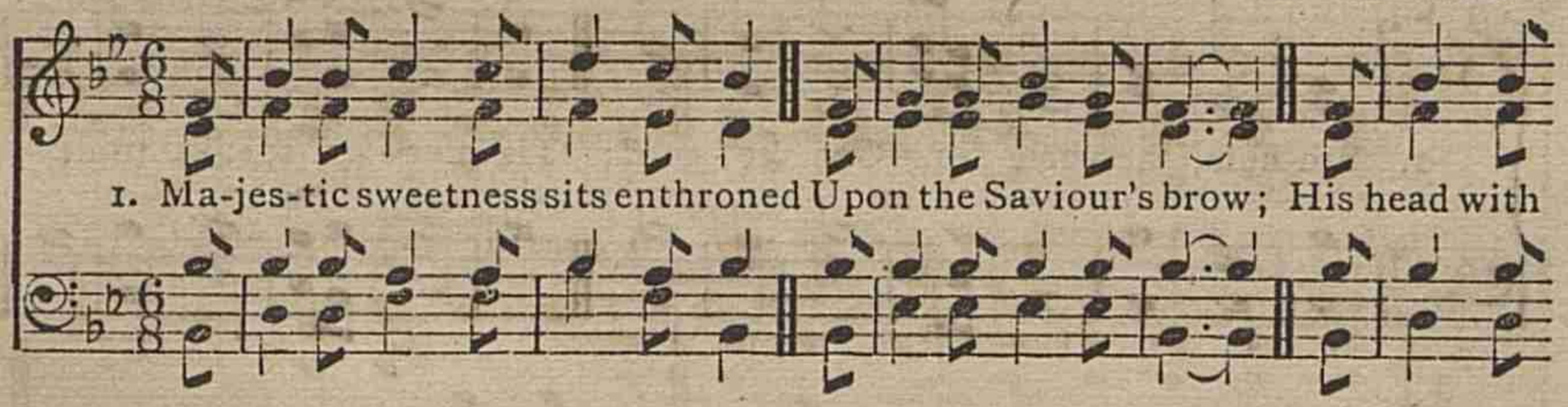
No. 227.

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

2 Look how we grovel here below,
  Fond of these earthly toys;
Our souls, how heavily they go,
  To reach eternal joys.

ORTONVILLE. C.M.

Dr. THOS. HASTINGS.



No. 228.

2 No mortal can with Him compare,
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is He than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
He flew to my relief;
For me He bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

4 To Him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
He saves me from the grave.

No. 229.

1 With joy we hail the sacred day,
Which God has called His own;
With joy the summons we obey,
To worship at His throne.

2 Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair!
As here Thy servants throng
To breathe the humble, fervent pray
And pour the grateful song. [er

3 Spirit of grace! O deign to dwell
Within Thy Church below;
Make her in holiness excel,
With pure devotion glow.
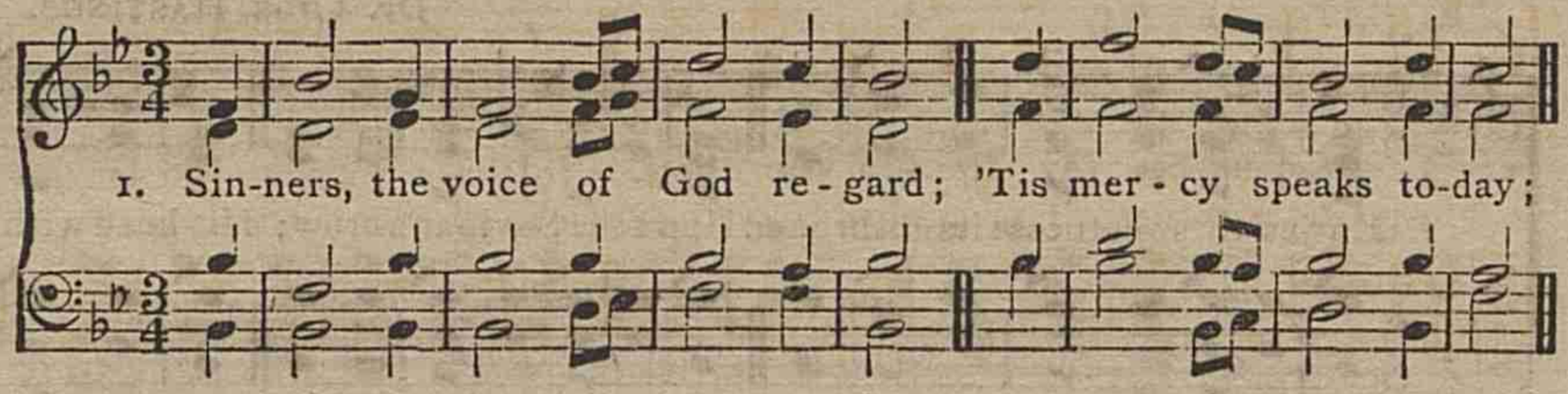
No. 227.—*Concluded.*
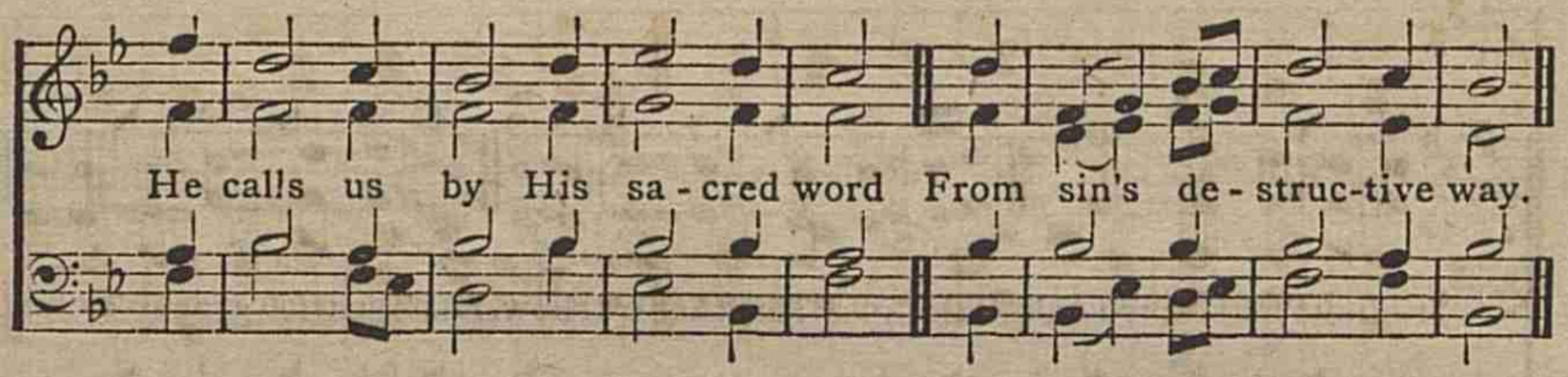
3 In vain we tune our formal songs,—
In vain we strive to rise:
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

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

AVON. C.M.

Scottish.





No. 230.

2 Like the rough sea that cannot rest
You live, devoid of peace;
A thousand stings within your breast
Deprive your souls of ease.

3 Your way is dark, and leads to hell
Why will you persevere!
Can you in endless torments dwell,
Shut up in black despair?

4 Why will you in the crooked ways
Of sin and folly go?
In pain you travel all your days,
To reach eternal woe.

No. 231.

1 Jerusalem! my happy home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labours have an end,
In joy, and peace in Thee?

2 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.
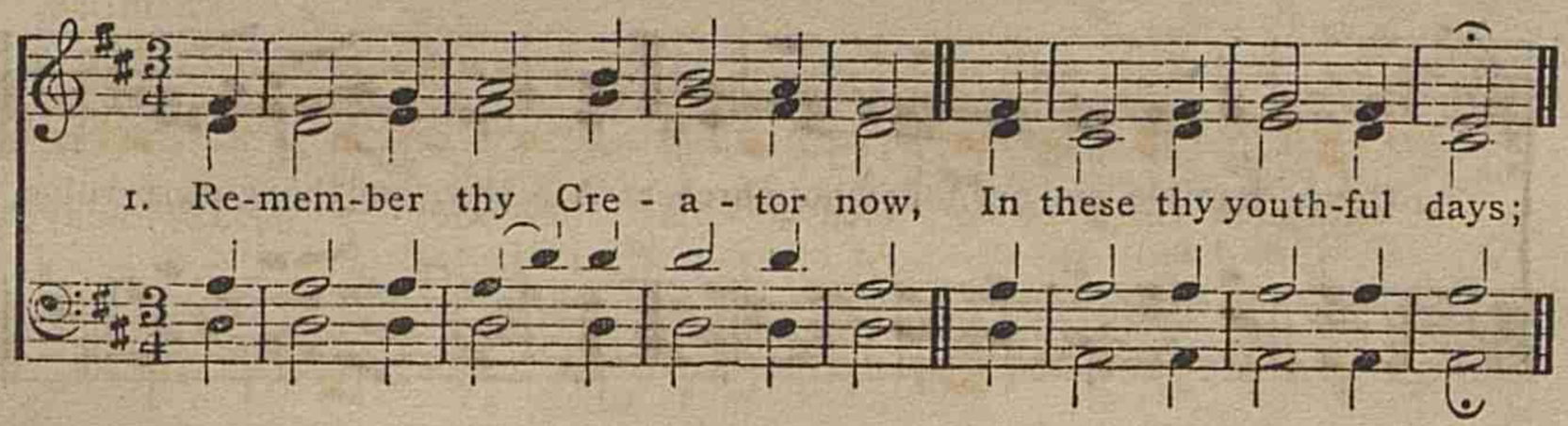
3 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

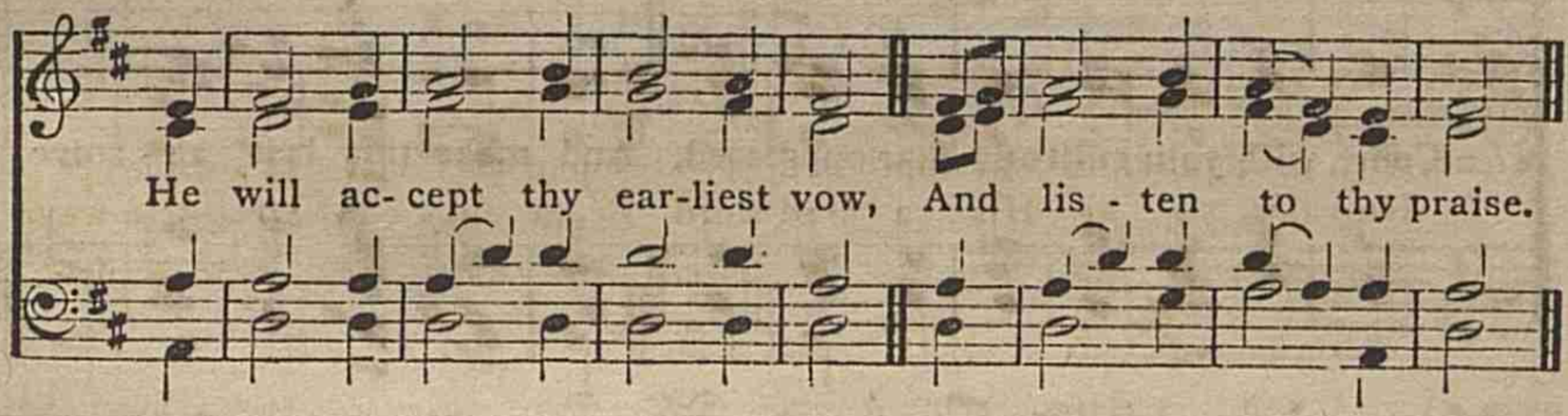
No. 232.

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

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

SCOTT. C.M.





No. 233.

2 Remember thy Creator now,
And seek Him while He's near,
For evil days will come, when thou
Shalt find no comfort near.

3 Remember thy Creator now;
His willing servant be;
Then, when thy head in death shall bow,
He will remember thee.

4 Almighty God! our hearts incline
Thy heavenly voice to hear;
Let all our future days be Thine,
Devoted to Thy fear.

No. 234.

1 When languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond my pains,
And long to fly away;—

2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of His love:
Sweet to look upward, to the place
Where Jesus pleads above;

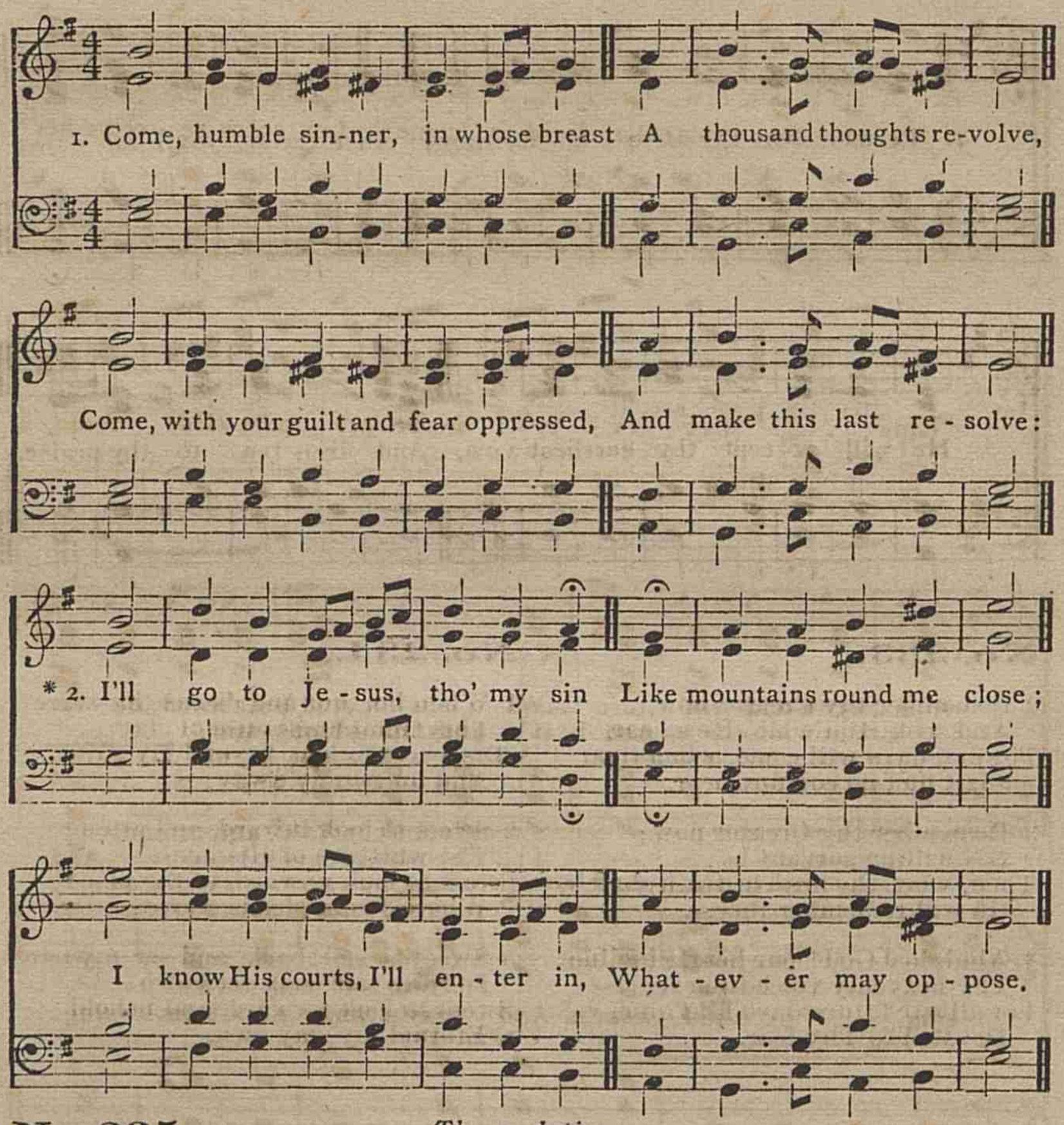
3 Sweet to look back, and see my name
In life's fair book set down;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own.

No. 232.—*Concluded.*

3 Come, then, with all your wants and wounds;
Your every burden bring:
Here love, unchanging love, abounds—
A deep, celestial Spring.

4 Whoever will—O gracious word!—
May of this stream partake;
Come, thirsty souls, and bless the Lord
And drink, for Jesus' sake.

RESOLUTION. C.M. Double. (Old.)



No. 235. *The resolution.*
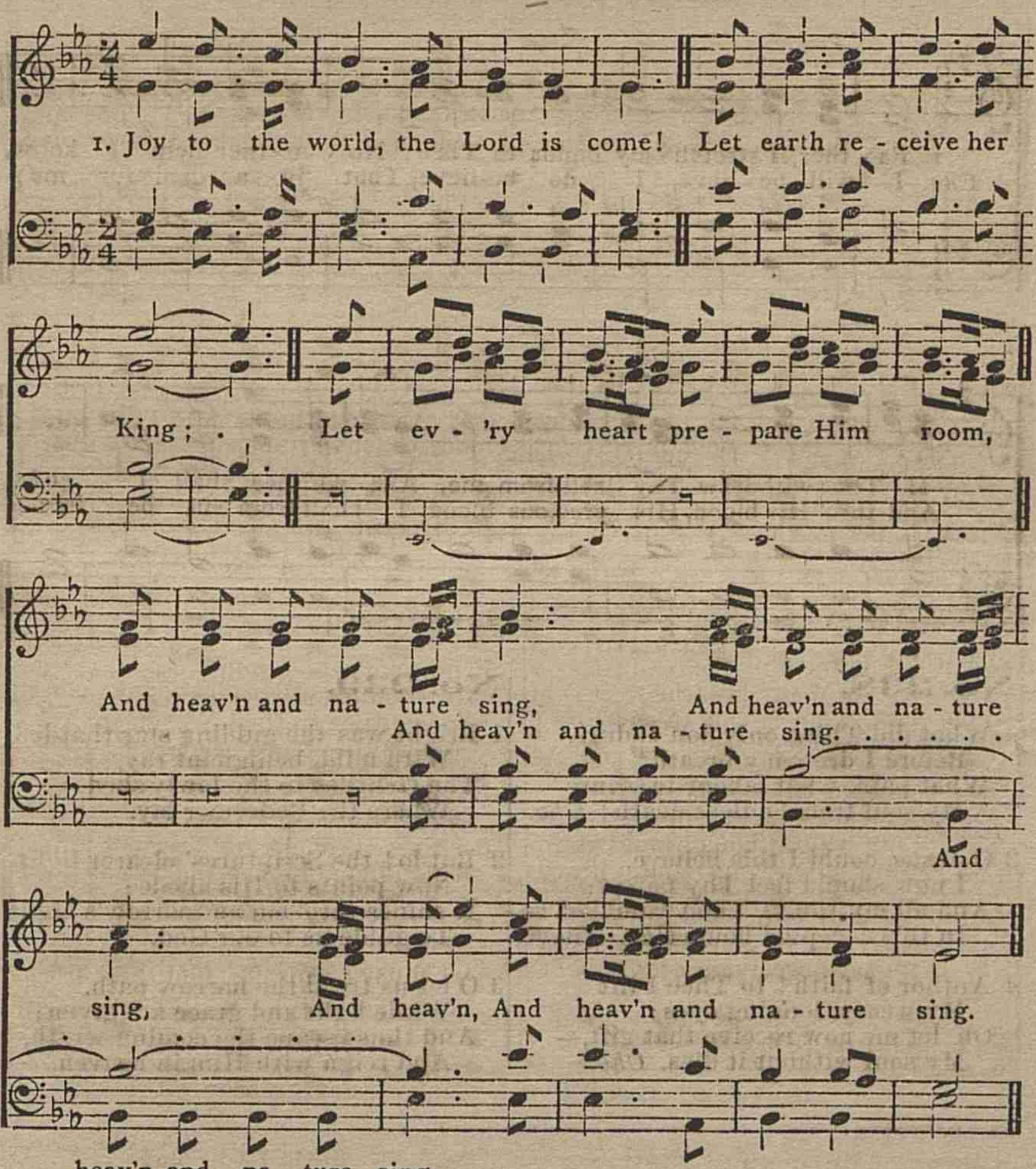
3 Prostrate I'll lie before His throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell Him, I'm a wretch undone
Without His sov'reign grace.

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

5 I can but perish if I go—
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must for ever die.—*Jones.*

* *For the fifth verse repeat the last two braces of the music.*

JOY TO THE WORLD.



No. 236.

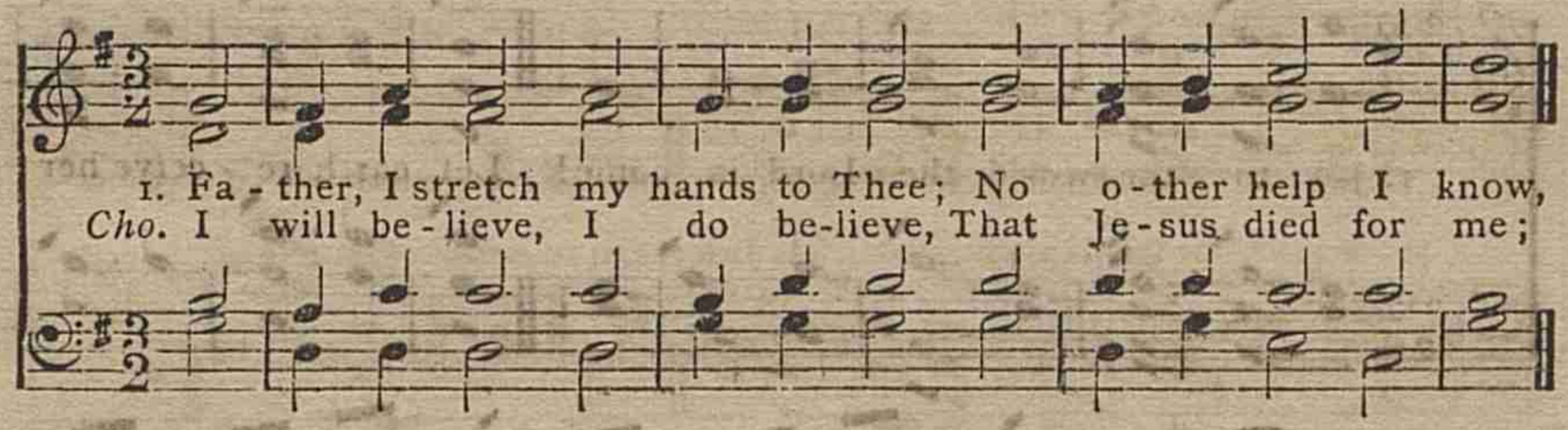
2 Joy to the world, the Saviour reigns!
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and pla'ns,
Repeat the sounding joy,
Repeat the sounding joy,
Repeat repeat the sounding joy.

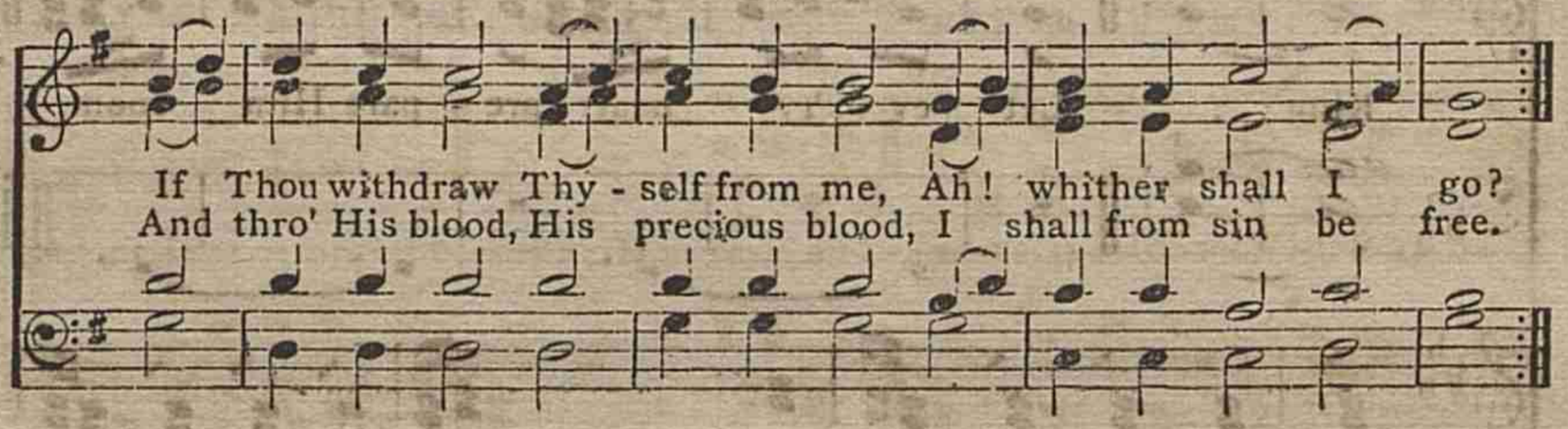
No. 237.

1 Awake, my soul! stretch every nerve
And press with vigour on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

I DO BELIEVE. C.M.





No. 238.

2 What did Thine only Son endure,
Before I drew my breath!
What pain, what labour to secure
My soul from endless death! *Cho.*

3 O Jesus, could I this believe,
I now should feel Thy power;
And all my wants Thou would'st re-
In this accepted hour. *Cho.* [lieve,

4 Author of faith! to Thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes:
Oh, let me now receive that gift,—
My soul without it dies. *Cho.*

No. 239.

1 Bright was the guiding star that led,
With mild, benignant ray,
The Gentiles to the lowly shed
Where the Redeemer lay.

2 But lo! the Scriptures' clearer light
Now points to His abode;
It shines thro' sin and sorrow's night,
To guide us to our God.

3 O let us tread the narrow path,
While light and grace are given;
And thus escape the coming wrath,
And reign with Him in heaven.

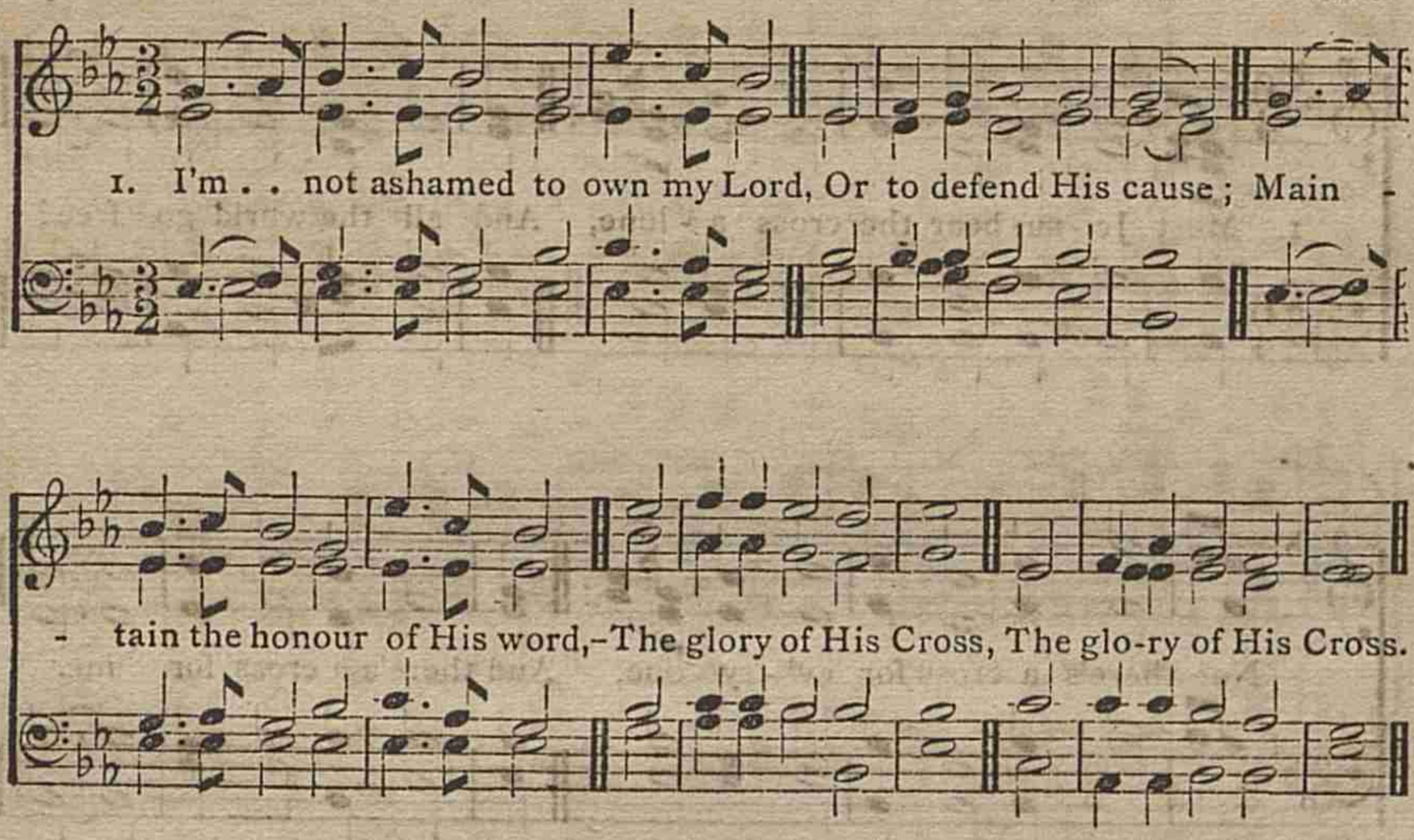
No. 240.

1 How sad our state by nature is;
Our sin, how deep its stains;
And Satan binds our captive souls
Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there's a voice of sov'reign grace
Sounds from the sacred word:—
Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust a faithful Lord.

FOUNTAIN. C.M.

Dr. Lowell Mason.



No. 241.

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.

No. 242.

1 This is the day the Lord hath made:
O earth, rejoice and sing;
Let songs of triumph hail the morn;
Hosanna to our King!

2 The stone the builders set at naught,
That stone has now become
The sure foundation, and the strength
Of Zion's heavenly dome.

3 Christ is that stone, rejected once,
And numbered with the slain;
Now raised in glory, o'er His Church
Eternally doth reign.
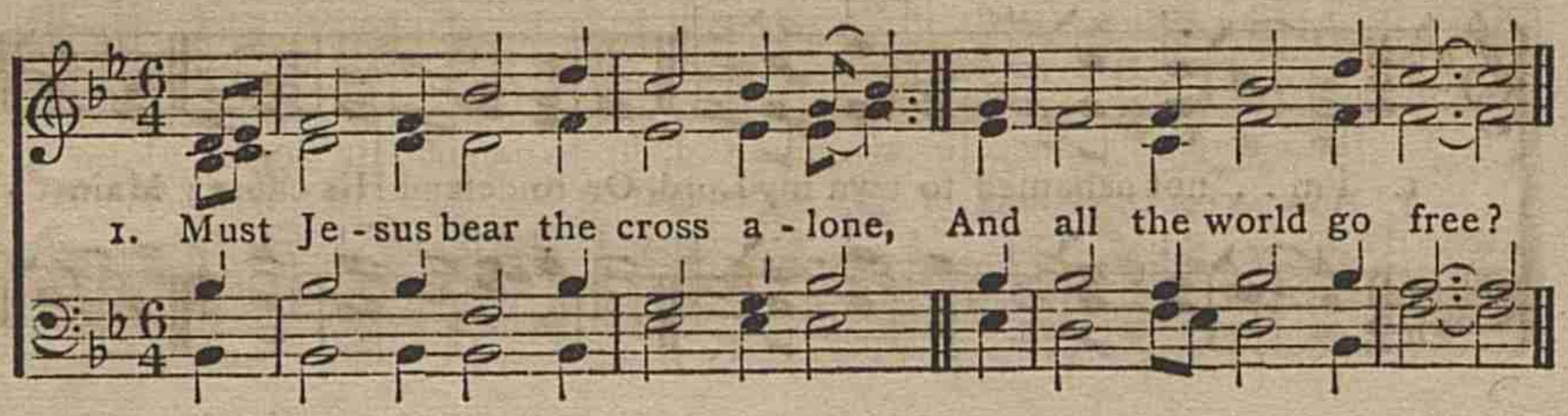
No. 240.—*Concluded.*

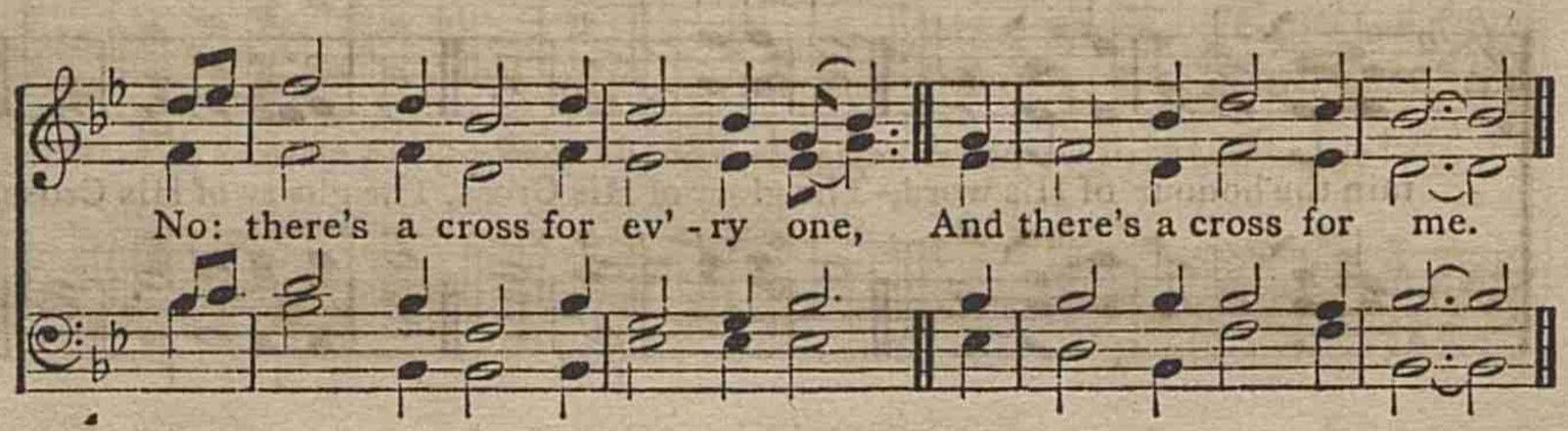
3 My soul obeys the gracious call,
And runs to this relief;
I would believe Thy promise, Lord;
Oh, help my unbelief!

4 To the blest fountain of Thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly;
Here let me wash my guilty soul
From crimes of deepest dye.

CROSS AND CROWN. C.M.

Western Melody.





No. 243.

2 How happy are the saints above
Who once went sorrowing here:
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set us free,
And then go home my crown to wear,—
For there's a crown for me!

No. 244.

1 Come, let us join with one accord
In hymns around the throne;
This is the day our rising Lord
Hath made and called His own.

2 This is the day which God hath blest,
The brightest of the seven,
Type of that everlasting rest
The saints enjoy in heaven.
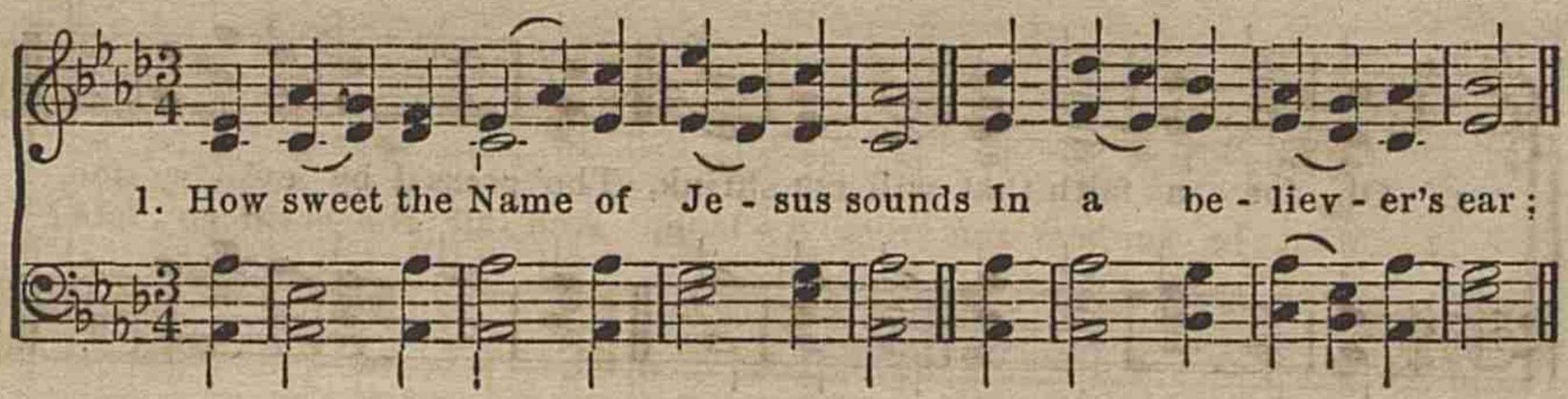
No. 245.

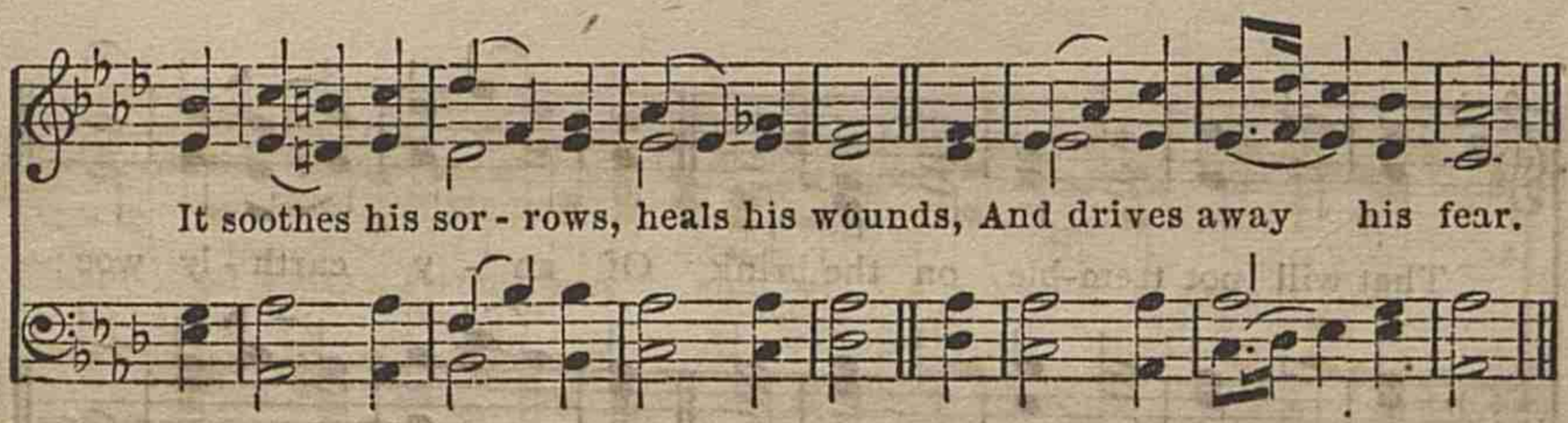
1 And did the Holy and the Just,—
The Sovereign of the skies,—
Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,
That guilty man might rise?

2 Yes, the Redeemer left His throne,
His radiant throne on high—
Surprising mercy! love unknown!—
To suffer, bleed, and die.

PRECIOUS NAME.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.





No. 246.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'T is manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Dear Name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding place;
My never-failing treasure, fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.

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

No. 247.

1 Jesus, the Name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky;
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.

2 Jesus, the Name to sinners dear,—
The Name to sinners given;
It scatters all their guilty fear;
It turns their hell to heaven.

3 O that the world might taste and see
The riches of His grace;
The arms of love that compass me,
Would all mankind embrace.
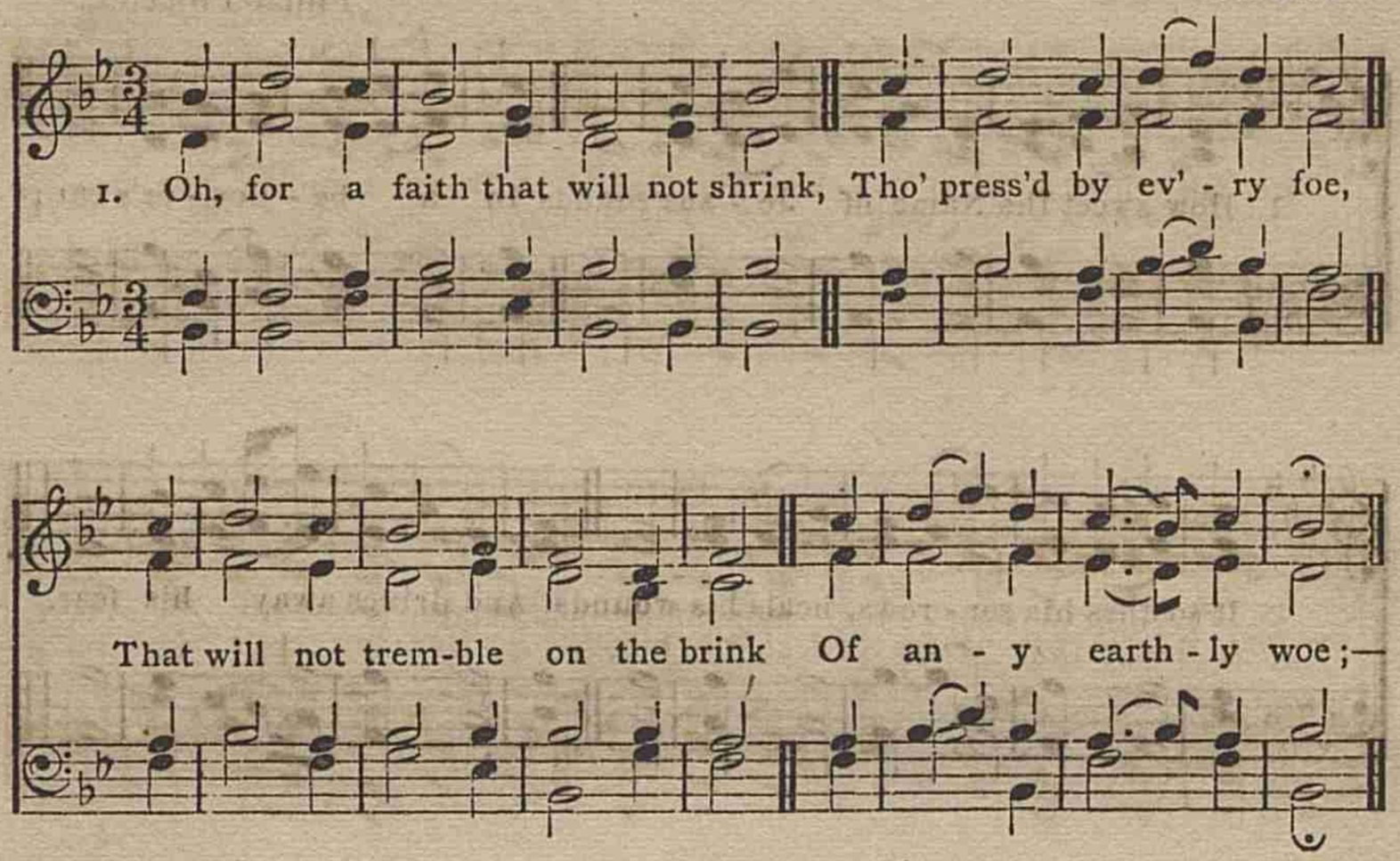
No. 245.—*Concluded.*

3 To dwell with mis'ry here below,
The Saviour left the skies,
And sunk to wretchedness and woe,
That worthless man might rise.

4 He took the dying traitor's place,
And suffered in his stead;
For sinful man—O wondrous grace!—
For sinful man He bled.

BALERMA. C.M.

Scottish.



No. 248.

2 That will not murmur or complain
Beneath the chast'ning rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;—

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

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

No. 249.

1 What glory gilds the sacred page
Majestic, like the sun,
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none.

2 Lord! everlasting thanks be Thine
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

3 Our souls rejoicingly pursue
The steps of Him we love,
Till glory break upon our view
In brighter worlds above.
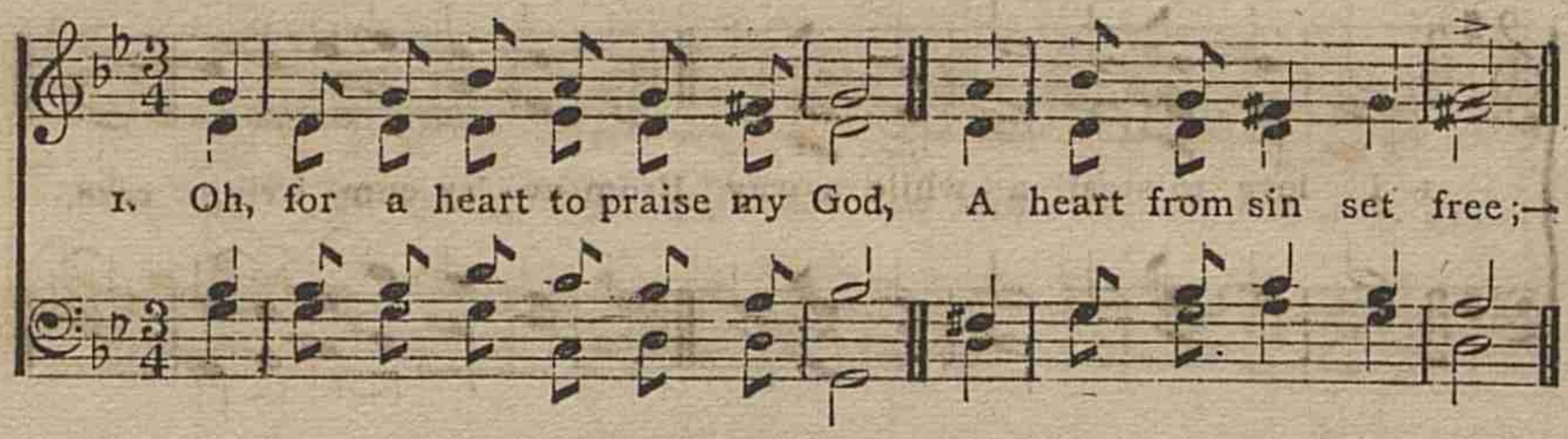
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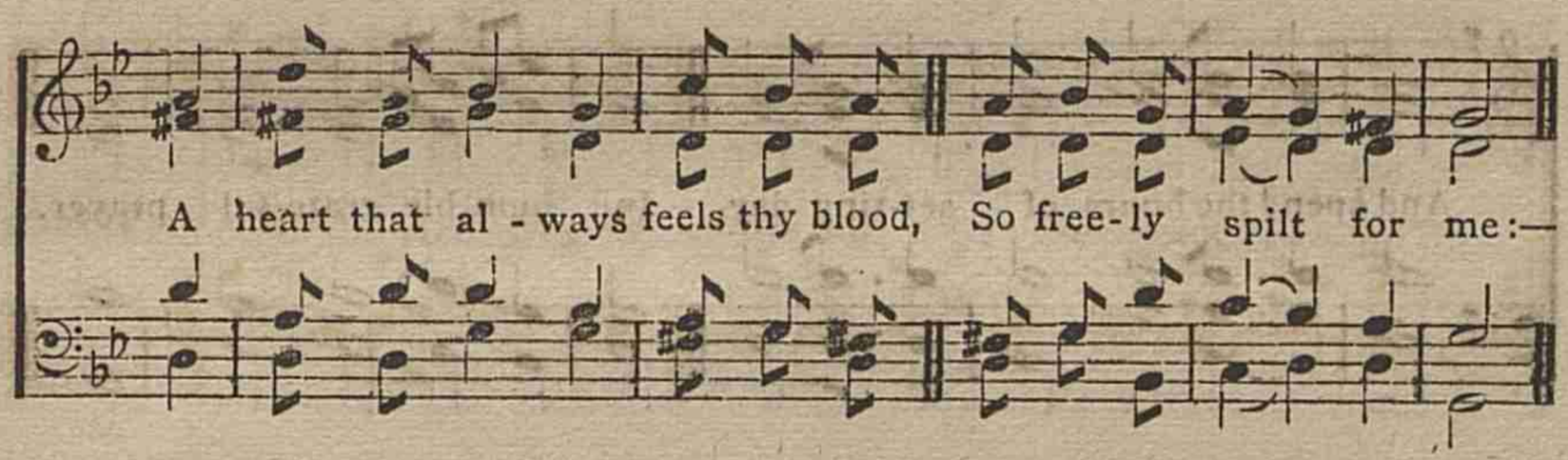
1 Plunged in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay
Without one cheering beam of hope,
Or spark of glimm'ring day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of peace
Beheld our helpless grief:
He saw, and (oh, amazing love!)
He flew to our relief.

ROSCOE. C.M.

From "Psaltery."





No. 251.

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

3 Oh, for a lowly, contrite, heart,
Believing, true, and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within:—

4 A heart in every thought renew'd
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

No. 252.

1 Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek thy Father's face;
Those new desires which in thee burn
Were kindled by His grace.

2 Return, O wanderer, return;
Thy Saviour bids thee live:
Come to His cross, and grateful, learn
How freely He'll forgive.

3 Return, O wanderer, return,
And wipe the falling tear:
Thy Father calls,—no longer mourn;
'Tis love invites thee near.

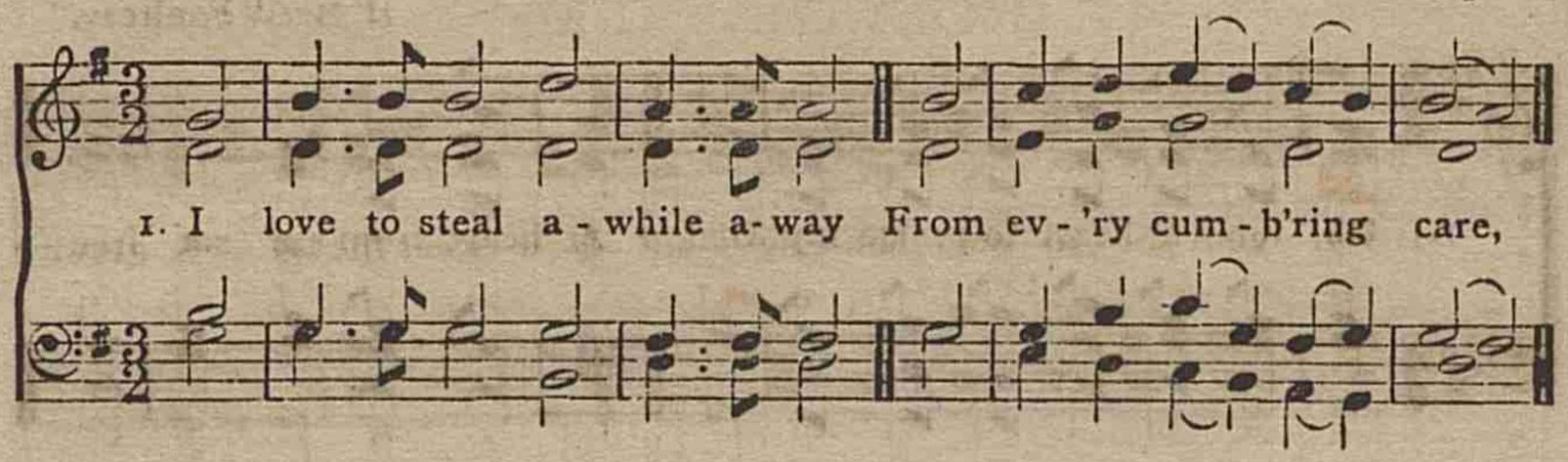
No. 250.—*Concluded.*

3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he fled;
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 Oh, for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

WOODSTOCK. C.M.

D. DUTTON, Jr.



No. 253.

2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all His promises to plead
Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think of mercies past,
And future good implore,—
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On Him whom I adore.

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

No. 254.

1 Hail, sacred truth! whose piercing rays
Dispel the shades of night
Diffusing o'er a ruined world
The healing beams of light.

2 Thy word, O Lord, with friendly aid,
Restores our wand'ring feet;
Converts the sorrows of the mind
To joys divinely sweet.

3 O send Thy light and truth abroad,
In all their radiant blaze;
And bid th'admiring world adore
The glories of Thy grace.

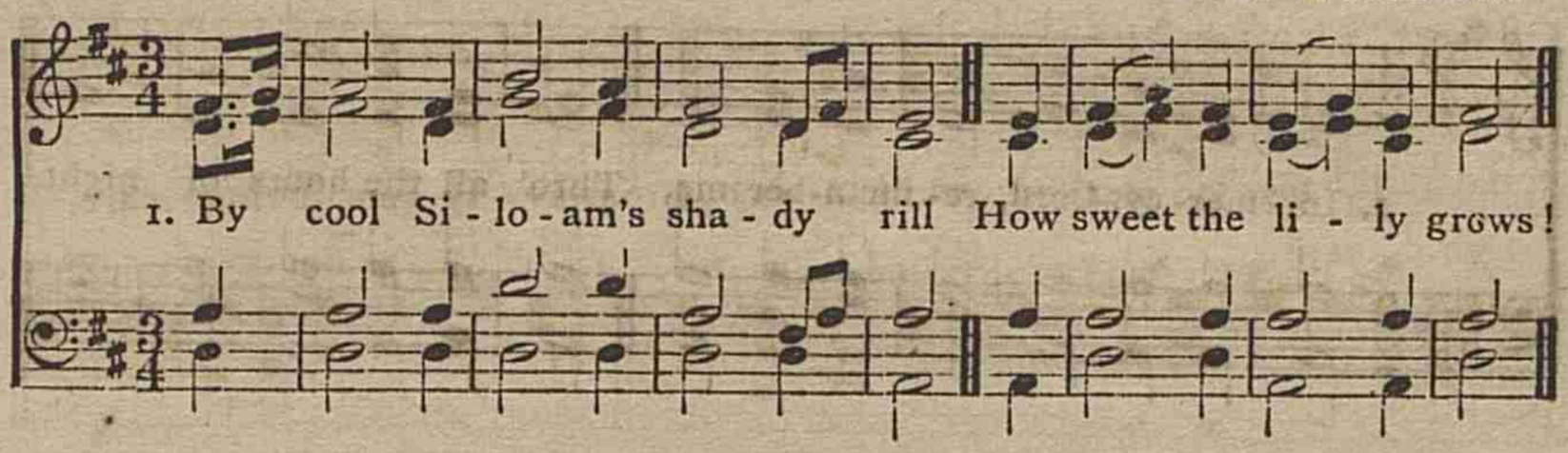
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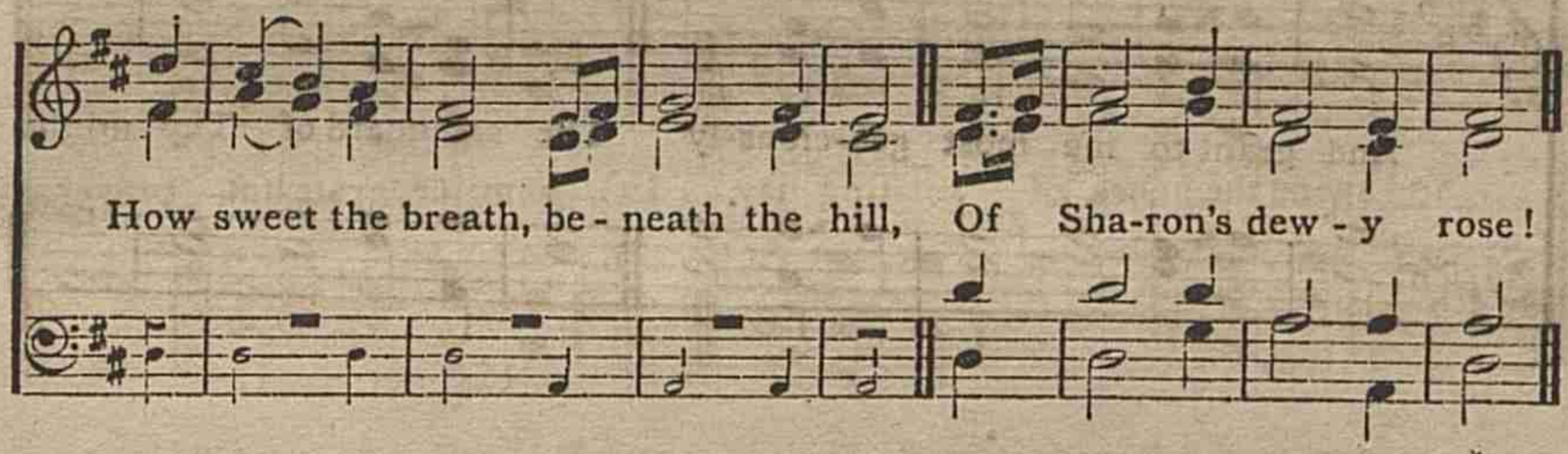
1 Dear Refuge of my weary soul,
On Thee, when sorrows rise,
On Thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

2 To Thee I tell each rising grief,
For Thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.

SILOAM. C.M.

I. B. WOODBURY.





No. 256.

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

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
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.

No. 257.

1 O for an overcoming faith,
To cheer my dying hours,—
To triumph o'er approaching death,
And all his frightful powers.

2 Joyful, with all the strength I have,
My quivering lips should sing,—
Where is thy boasted vict'ry, Grave?
And where, O Death, thy sting?

3 If sin be pardoned, I'm secure
Death has no sting beside:
The law gives sin its damning power,
But Christ, my ransom, died,

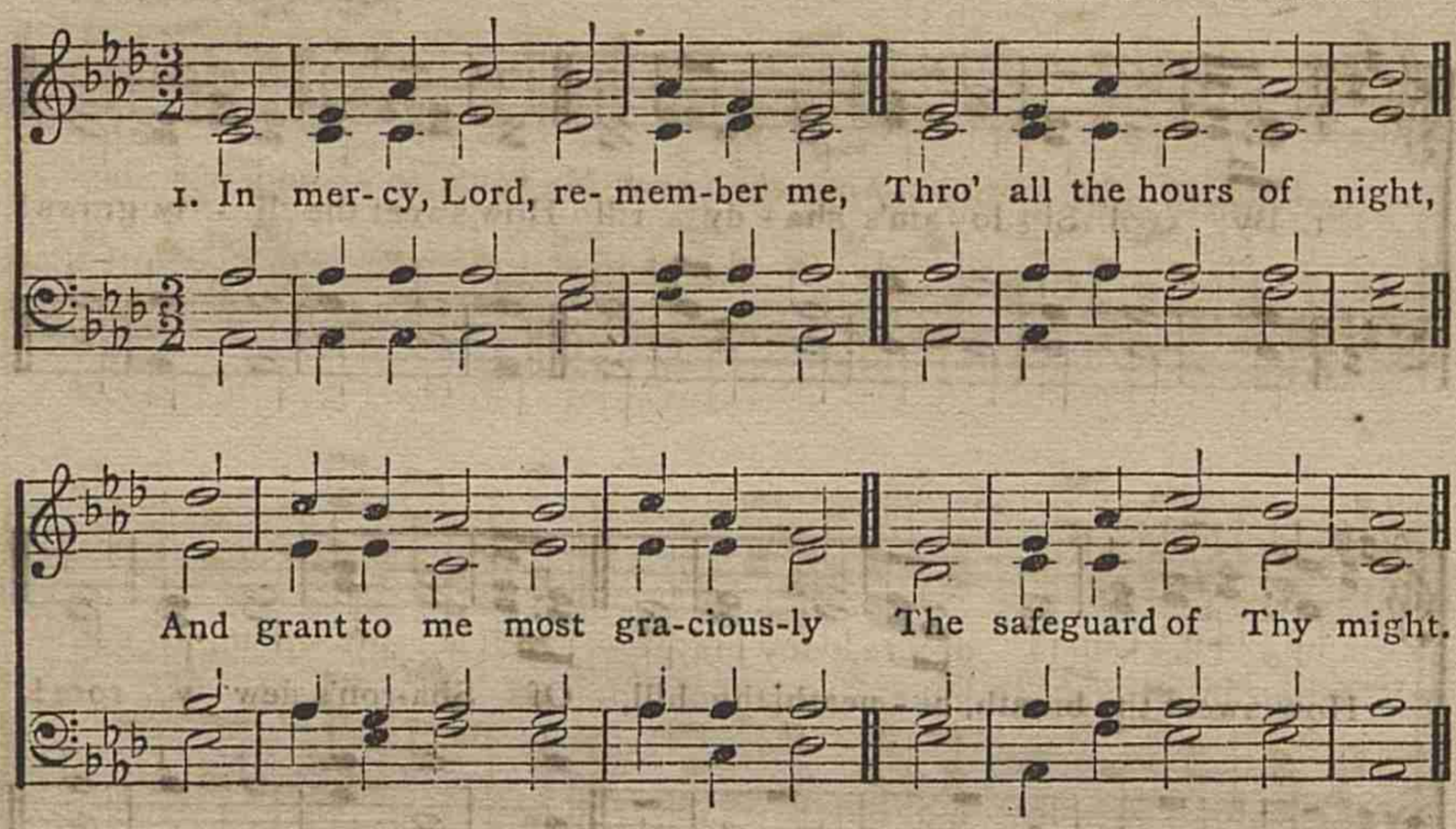
No. 255.—*Concluded.*

3 But, oh, when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call Thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

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

EVAN. C.M.

DR. LOWELL MASON. *



No. 258.

2 With cheerful heart I close mine eyes
Since Thou wilt not remove:
O, in the morning let me rise,
Rejoicing in Thy love.

3 Or, if this night should prove my last,
And end my transient days;
Lord, take me to Thy promised rest,
Where I may sing Thy praise.

No. 259.

1 How precious is the Book divine,
By inspiration given;
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears;
And life, and light, and joy imparts
And banishes our fears.

3 This lamp, thro' all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way;
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.
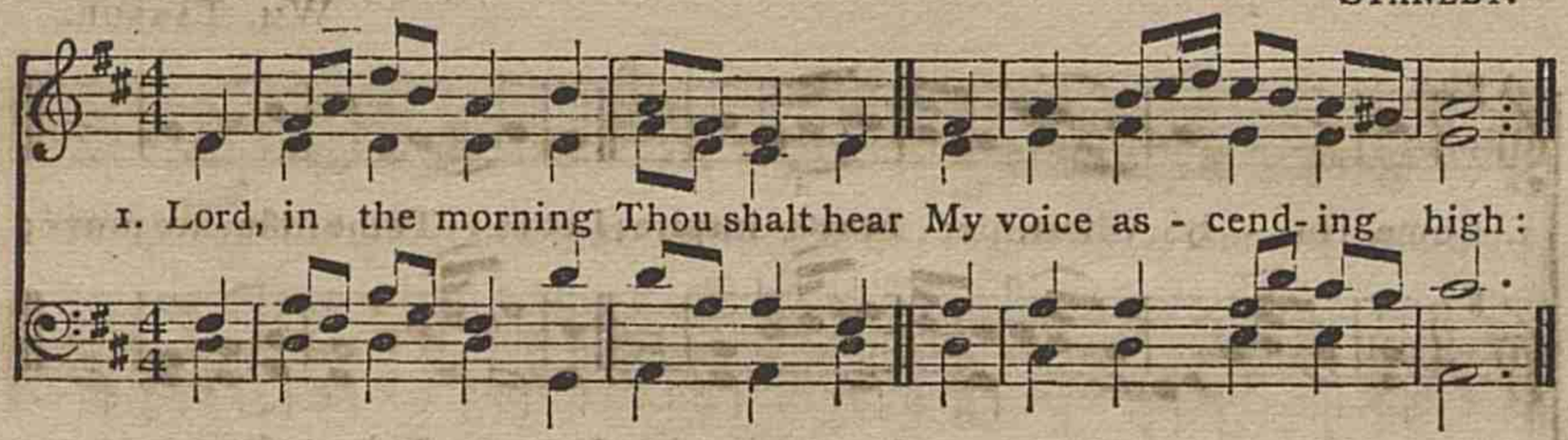
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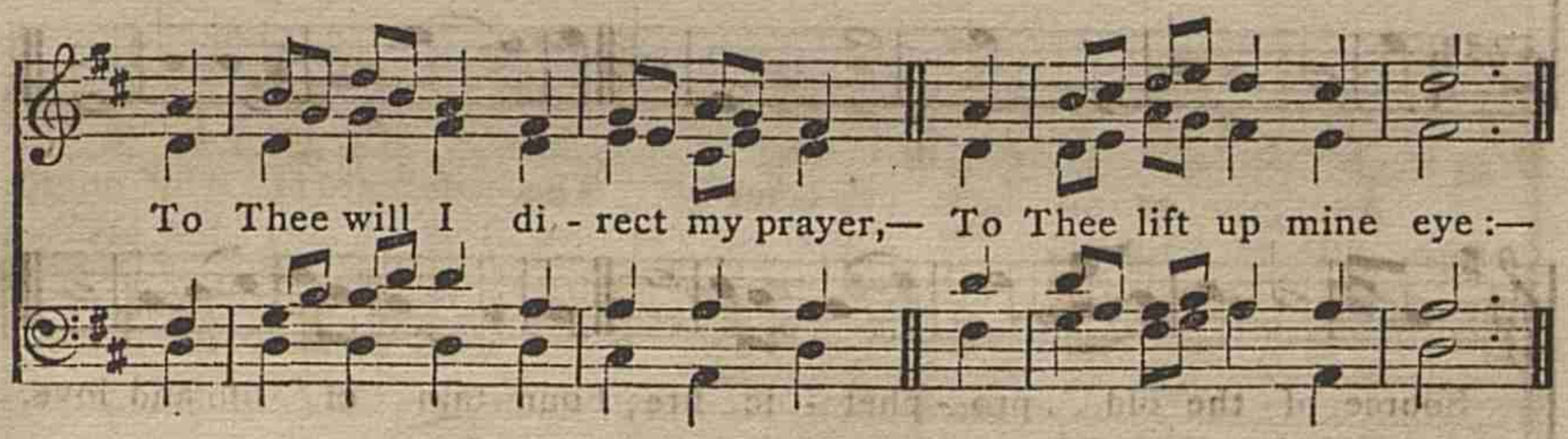
1 See, Israel's gentle Shepherd stands,
With all-engaging charms;
Hark, how He calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in His arms.

2 Permit them to approach, He cries,
Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came.

WARWICK. C.M.

STANLEY.





No. 261.

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone,
To plead for all His saints;
Presenting at the Father's throne,
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Now to Thy house will I resort,
To taste Thy mercies there;
I will frequent Thy holy court,
And worship in Thy fear.

4 O may Thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness;
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

No. 262.

1 Lord, while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
O hear us for our native land,
The land we love the most.

2 O guard our shores from every foe;
With peace our borders bless—
Our cities with prosperity,
Our fields with plenteousness.

3 Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and thee;
And let our hills and valleys chant
The songs of liberty.

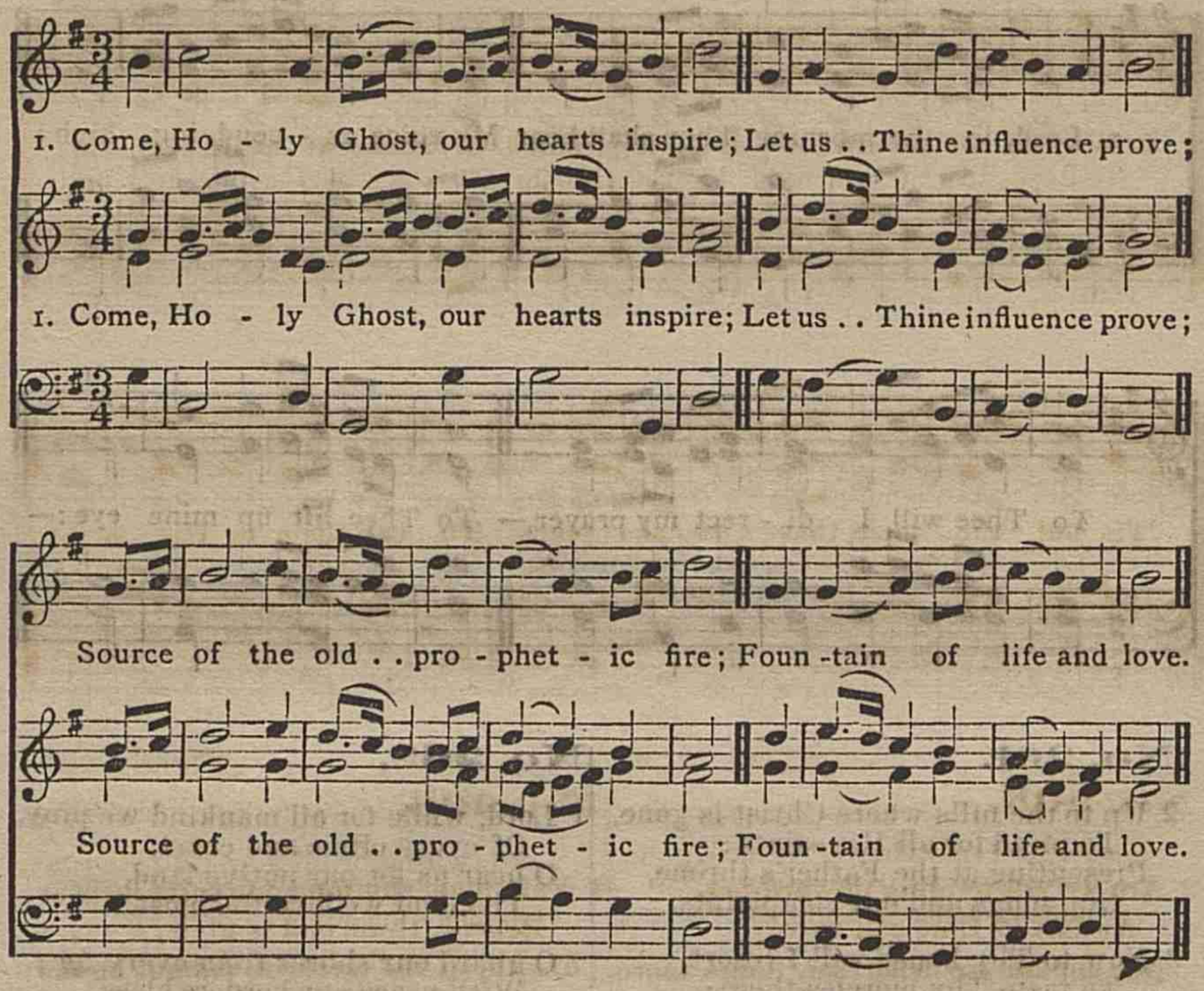
No. 260.—*Concluded.*

3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to Thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are Thine,
Thine let our offspring be.

4 Ye little flock! with pleasure hear,—
Ye children! seek His face;
And fly, with transports, to receive
The blessings of His grace.

ST. MARTIN'S. C.M.

WM. TANSUR.



No. 263.

2 Come, Holy Ghost, for moved by Thee
The prophets wrote and spoke;
Unlock the truth, Thyself the key;
Unseal the sacred Book.

3 Expand Thy wings, celestial Dove;
Brood o'er our nature's night;
On our disorder'd spirits move,
And let there now be light.

4 God, thro' himself, we then shall know,
If Thou within us shine;
And sound, with all Thy saints below,
The depths of love divine.

No. 264.

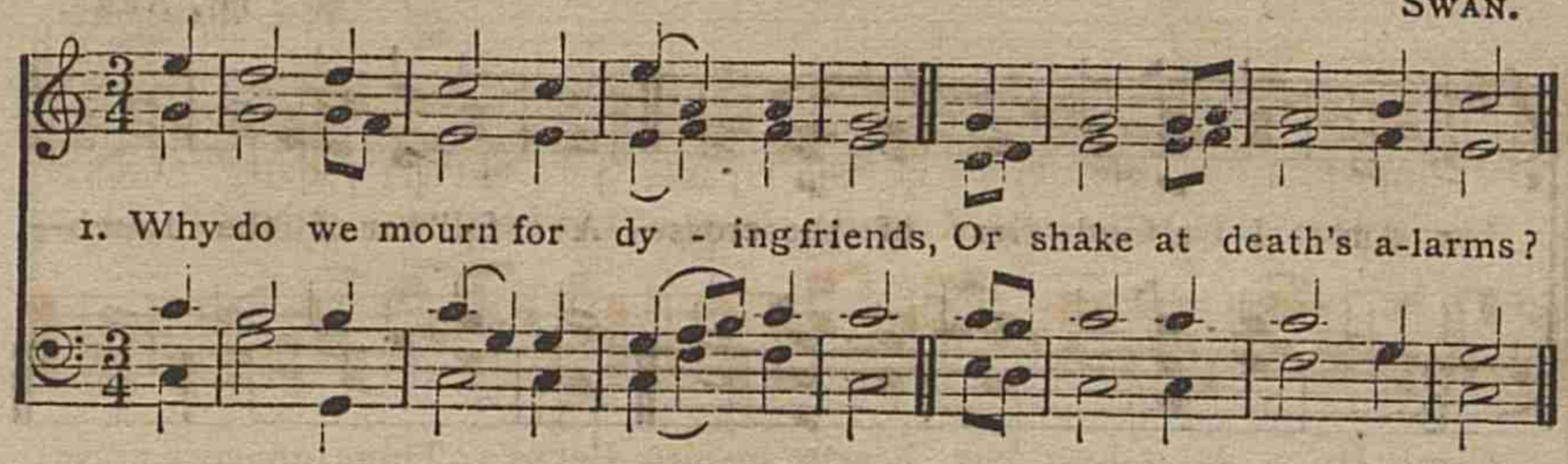
1 This holy Book I'd rather own
Than all the gold and gems
That e'er in monarchs' coffers shone,
Than all their diadems.

2 Nay, were the seas one chrysolite,
The earth one golden ball,
And diamonds all the stars of night,
This book were worth them all.

3 Yes, here a blessed balm appears
To heal the deepest woe,
And those who read this Book in tears
Their tears shall cease to flow.

CHINA. C.M.

SWAN.



No. 265.

2 Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor should we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our love.

3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There once the flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

4 The graves of all His saints He blest,
And softened every bed:
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?

No. 266.

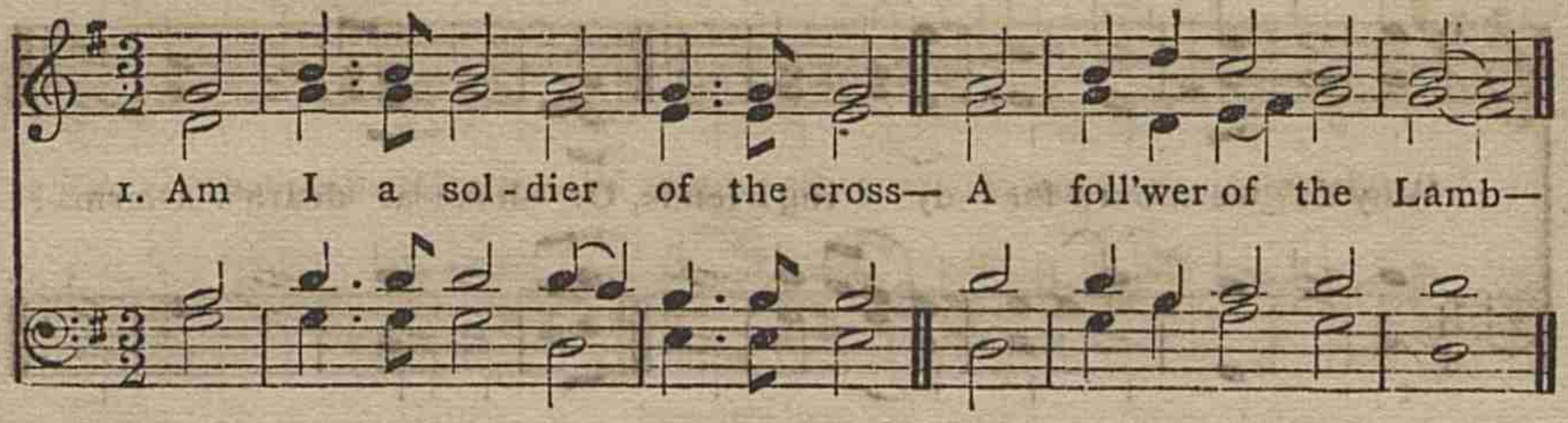
1 Vain man, thy fond pursuits forbear;
Repent, thine end is nigh;
Death, at the farthest, cannot be far:
O think before thou die.

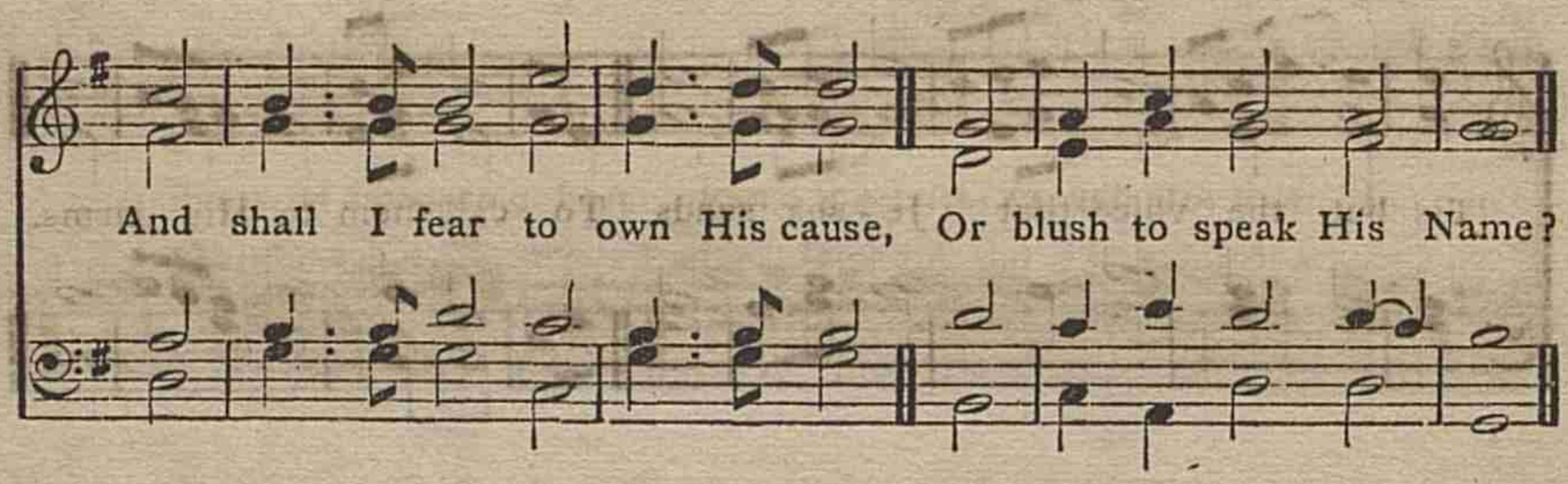
2 Reflect, thou hast a soul to save;
Thy sins, how high they mount!
What are thy hopes beyond the grave?
How stands that dark account?

3 Death enters, and there's no defence;
His time there's none can tell;
He'll in a moment call thee hence
To heaven, or down to hell.

ARLINGTON. C.M.

Dr. ARNE.





No. 267.

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 to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

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

No. 268.

1 How happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven!
This earth, he cries, is not my place;
I seek my place in heaven.

2 A country far from mortal sight,
Yet, O, by faith I see;
The land of rest, the saints delight,—
The heaven prepared for me.

3 O what a blessed hope is ours!
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And ante-date that day.

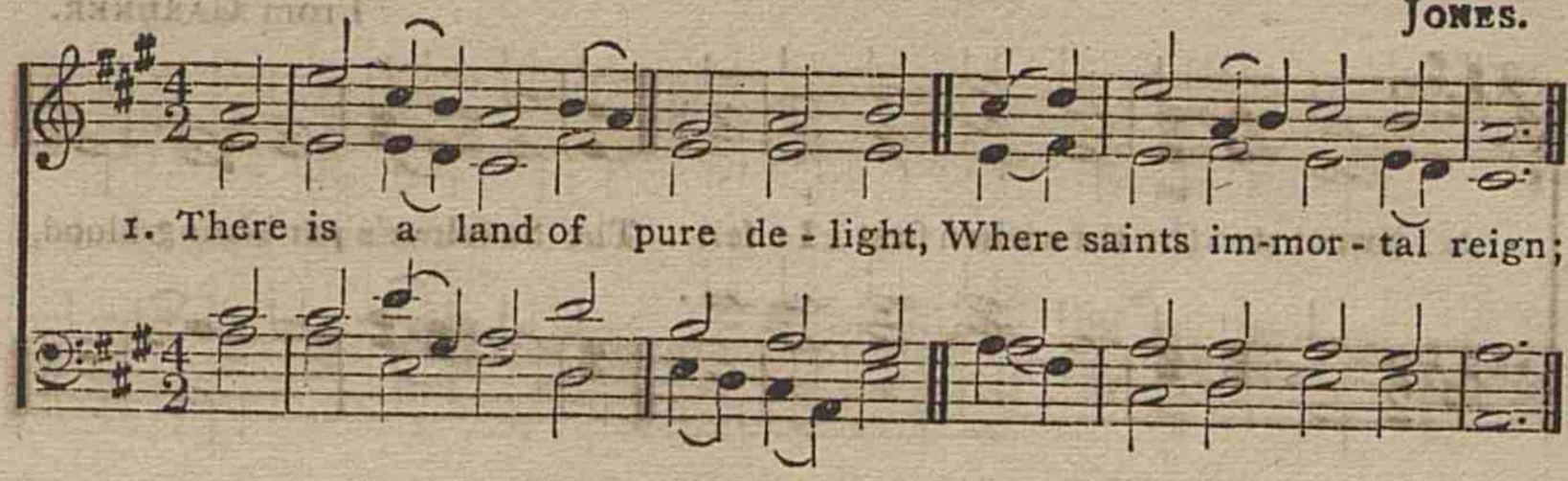
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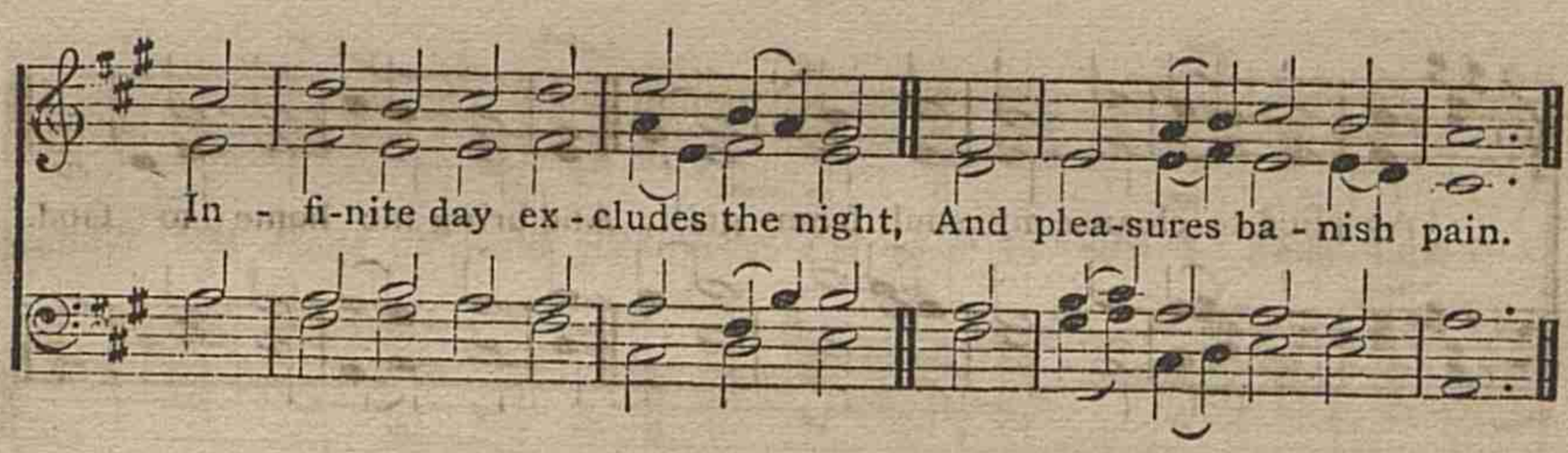
1 On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

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

STEPHENS. C.M.

JONES.





No. 270.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-with'ring 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 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er, [flood
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
Should fright us from the shore.

No. 271.

1 Behold the Saviour of mankind
Nail'd to the shameful tree;
How vast the love that Him inclined
To bleed and die for thee!

2 Hark! how He groans, while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend:
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,—
The solid marbles rend.

3 'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid!
Receive my soul! He cries:
See where He bows His sacred head;
He bows His head, and dies.

4 But soon He'll break death's envious chain
And in full glory shine:
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love, like Thine?

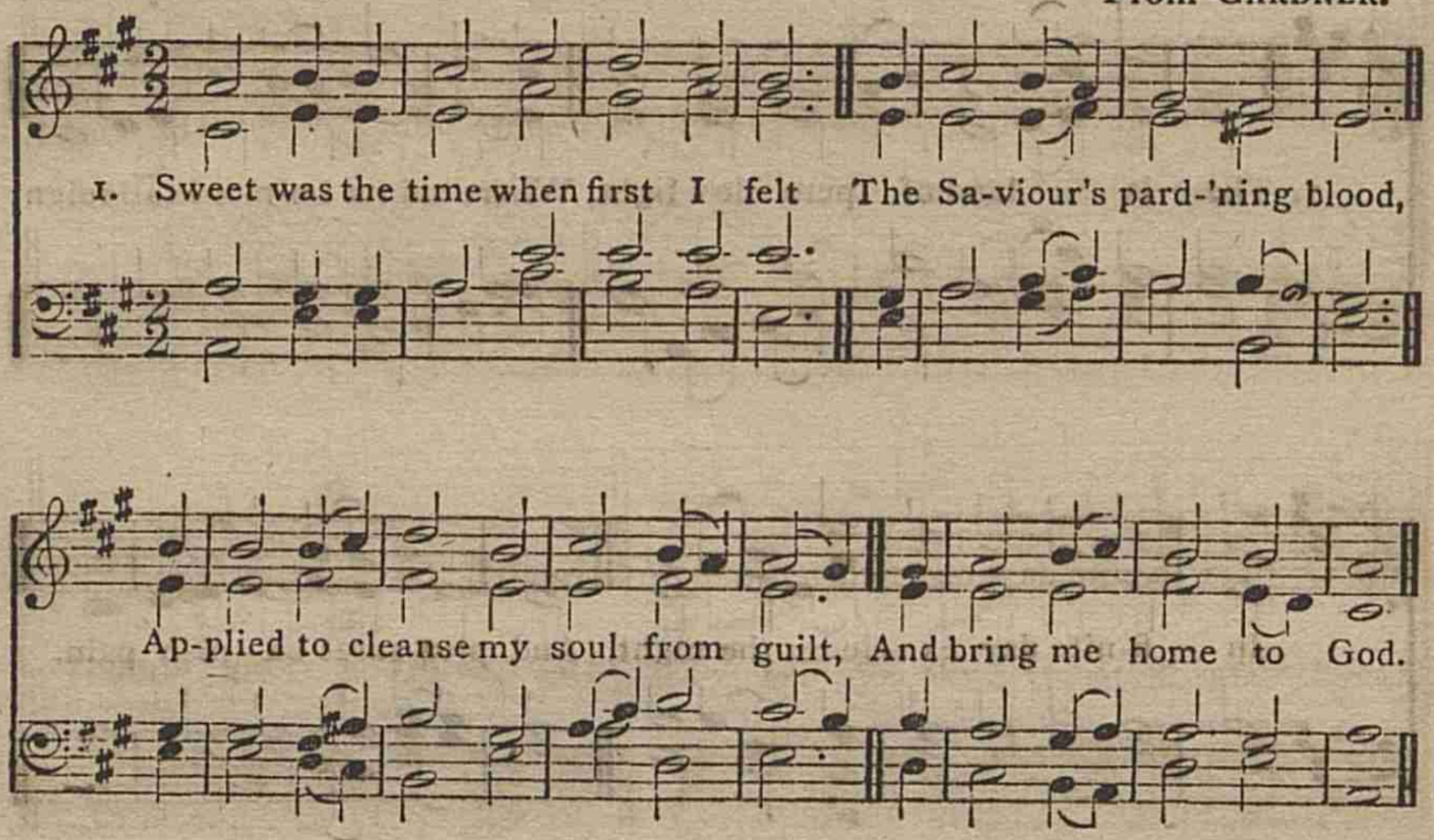
No. 269.—*Concluded.*

3 There generous fruits, that never fail,
On trees immortal grow;
There rock, and hill, and brook, and vale,
With milk and honey flow.

4 O'er all those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day:
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

DEDHAM. C.M.

From GARDNER.



No. 272.

Soon as the morn the light reveal'd,
His praises turned my tongue;
And when the evening shades pre-
His love was all my song. [vail'd,

3 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw His glory shine;
And when I read His holy Word,
I call'd each promise mine.

4 But now, when evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourn;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

No. 273.

1 Thy law is perfect, the Lord of light;
Thy testimonies sure;
The statutes of Thy realms are right,
And Thy commandment pure.

2 Let these, O God, my soul convert,
And make Thy servant wise;
Let these be gladness to my ears,—
The day-spring to mine eyes.
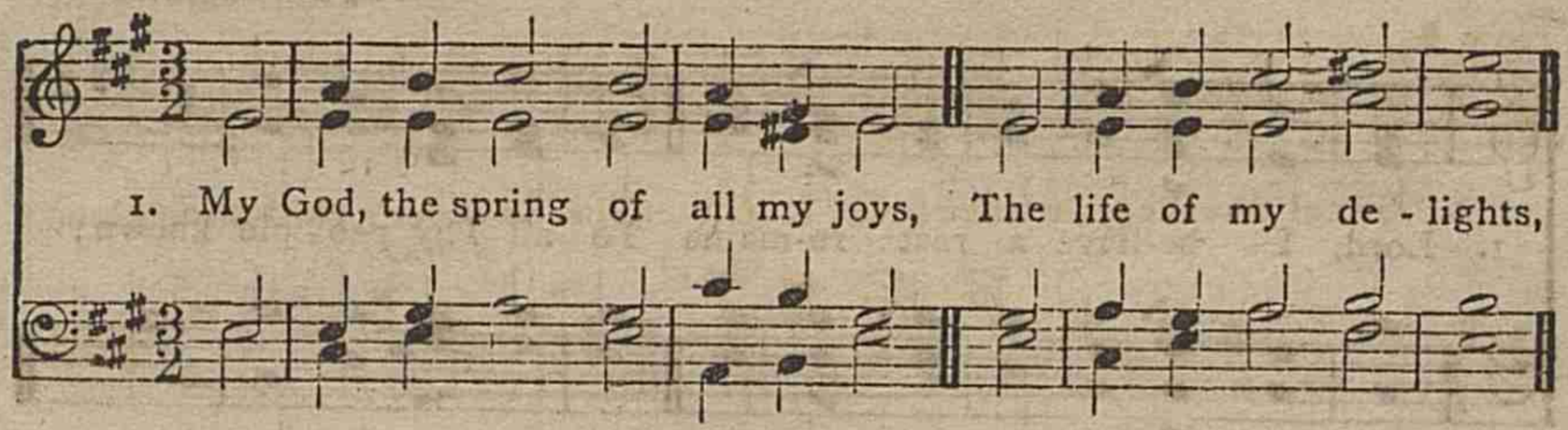
3 By these may I be warned betimes;
Who knows the guile within?
Lord, save me from presumptuous
Cleanse me from secret sin. [crimes;
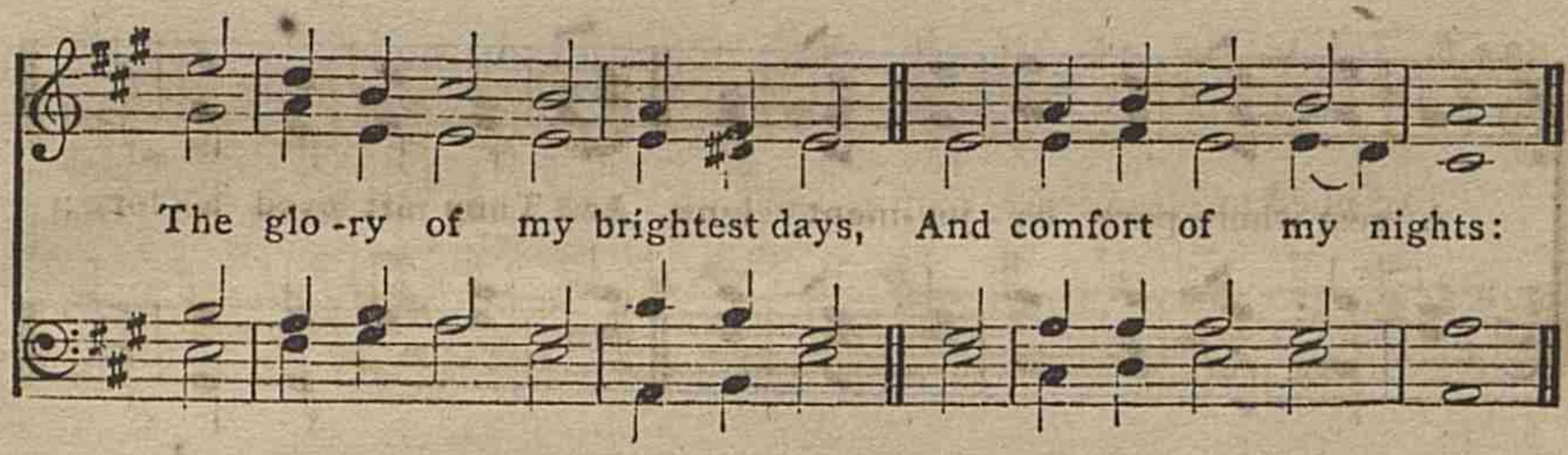
No. 274.

1 Why should we boast of time to come,
Though but a single day?
This hour may fix our final doom,
Tho' strong, and young, and gay.

2 The present we should now redeem;
This only is our own:
The past, alas! is all a dream;
The future is unknown.

MELODY. C.M.





No. 275.

In darkest shades, if Thou appear,
My dawning is begun;
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And Thou my rising sun,

3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
If Jesus shows His mercy mine,
And whispers I am His.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way,
To see and praise my Lord.

No. 276.

1 Lord, I approach the mercy-seat,
Where Thou dost answer prayer;
There humbly fall before Thy feet,—
For none can perish there.

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

3 O, wondrous love!—to bleed and die.
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead Thy gracious name.
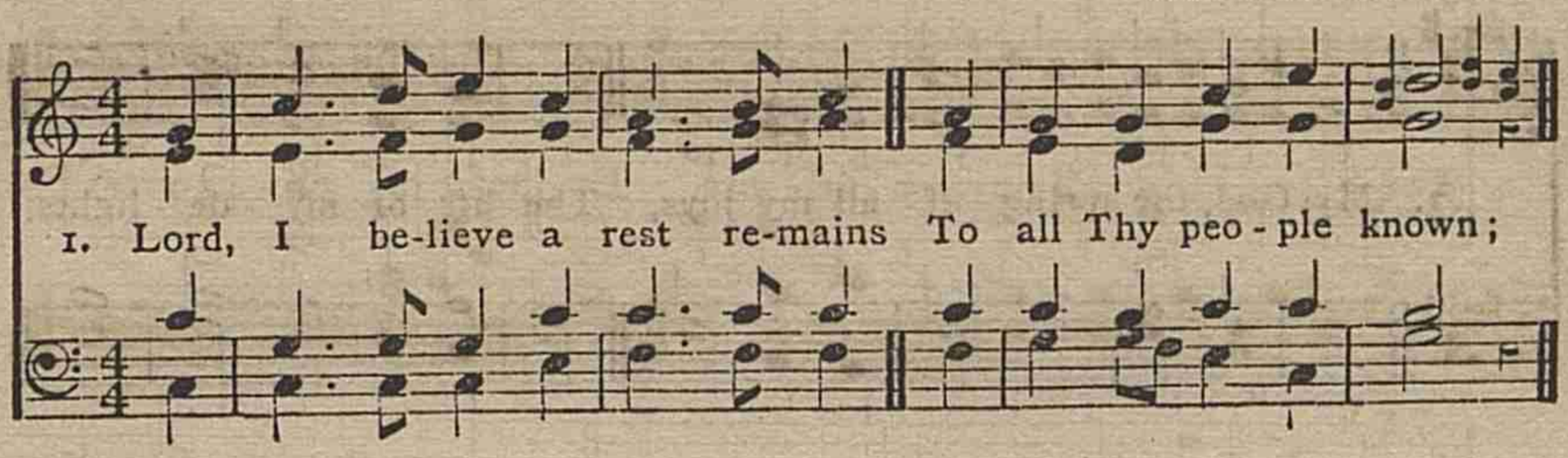
No. 274.—*Concluded.*

3 Oh, think what vast concerns depend
Upon a moment's space,
When life and all its cares shall end
In vengeance or in grace!

4 Oh, for that power which melts the heart,
And lifts the soul on high,
Where sin, and grief, and death depart,
And pleasures never die.

BROWN. C.M

Wm. B. Bradbury.



No. 277.

2 A rest where all our soul's desire
Is fixed on things above;
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.

3 Oh, that I now the rest might know,
Believe, and enter in:
Now, Saviour, now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin.

4 Remove this hardness from my heart,
This unbelief remove;
To me the rest of faith impart,—
The sabbath of Thy love.

No. 278.

1 Hosanna, be the children s song,
To Christ, the children's King;
His praise, to whom our souls belong,
Let all the children sing.

2 From little ones to Jesus brought,
Hosanna now be heard;
Let little infants now be taught
To lisp that lovely word.
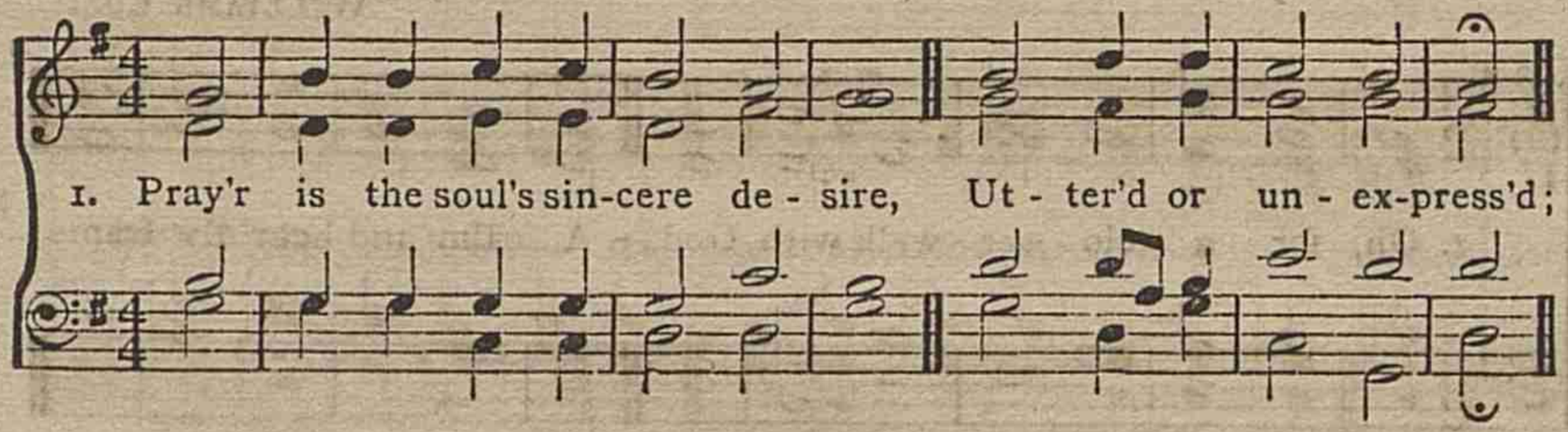
3 Hosanna, on the wings of light,
O'er earth and ocean fly,
Till morn to eve, and noon to night,
And heaven to earth, reply.
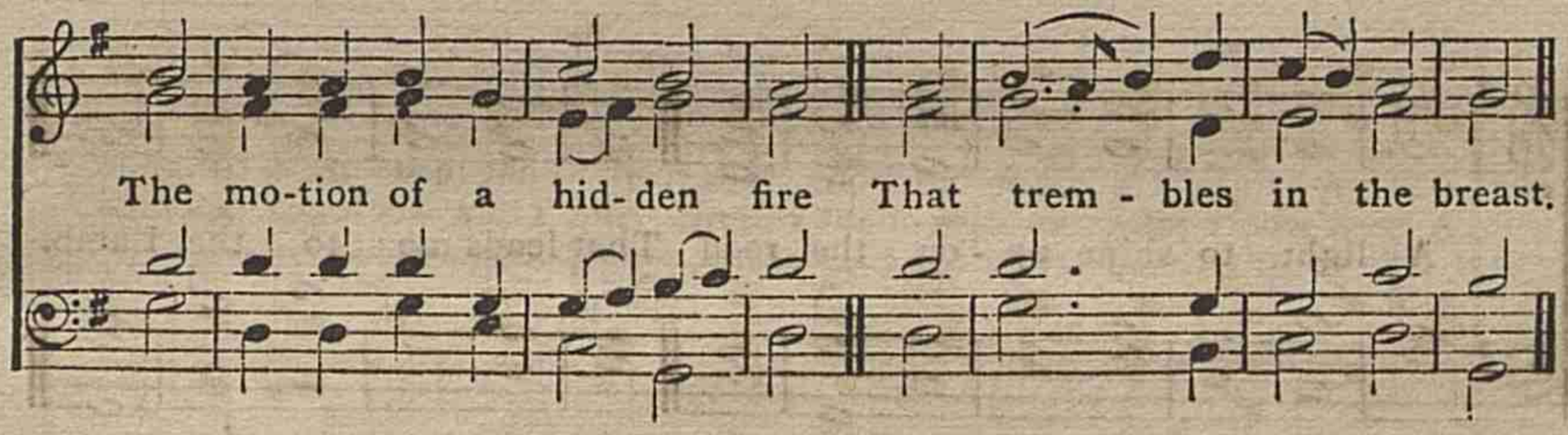
No. 279.

1 Why should our tears in sorrow flow
When God recalls His own,
And bids them leave a world of woe
For an immortal crown?

2 Is not e'en death a gain to those
Whose life to God was given?
Gladly to earth their eyes they close,
To open them in heaven.

PETERBORO'. C.M.





No. 280.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,—
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the Christian's native breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death,—
He enters Heaven with prayer.

No. 281.

1 Blest be the dear uniting love,
That will not let us part:
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are one in heart.

2 Join'd in one spirit to our Head,
Where He appoints we go;
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And show His praise below.

3 O may we ever walk in Him,
And nothing know beside,—
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified.

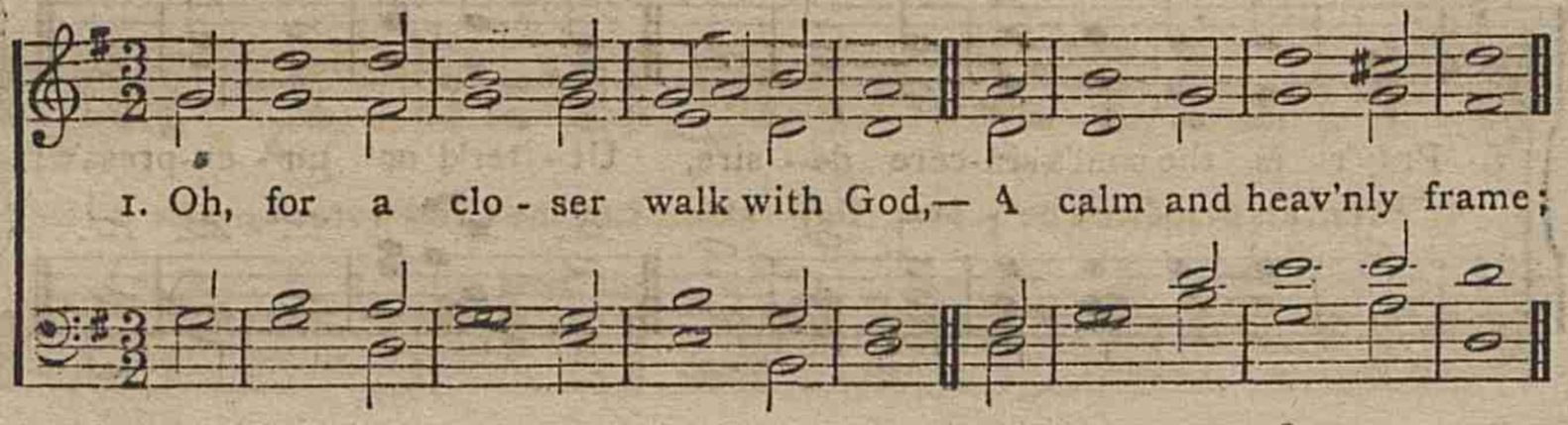
No. 279.—*Concluded.*

3 Their toils are past, their work is done,
And they are fully blest;
They fought the fight, the vict'ry won,
And entered into rest.

4 Then let our sorrows cease to flow,
God has recalled His own;
But let our hearts, in every woe,
Still say,—Thy will be done.

MEAR. C.M.

WILLIAMS' *Coll.*



No. 282.

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 enjoy'd
How sweet their mem'ry 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.

No. 283.

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

2 Jesus, Thou source of all my joys,
Thou ruler of my heart,
How could I bear to hear Thy voice
Pronounce the word,—Depart!
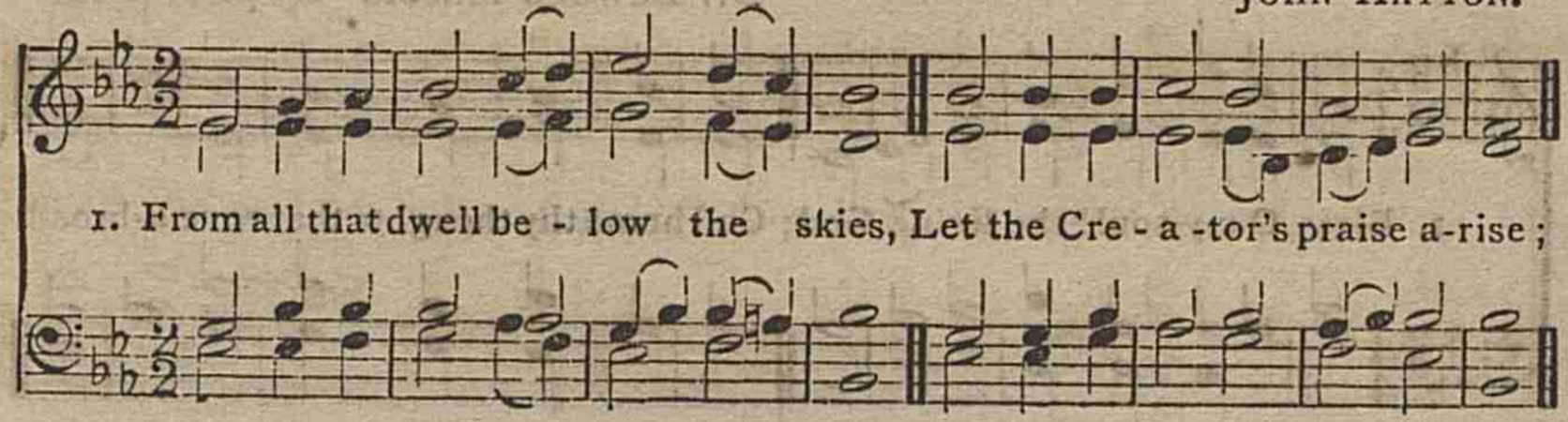
3 The thunder of that awful word
Would so torment my ear,
'Twould tear my soul asunder, Lord,
With most tormenting fear.

4 What, to be banish'd from my Lord,
And yet forbid to die;
To linger in eternal pain,
And death forever fly?

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

DUKE STREET. L.M.

JOHN HATTON.



No. 284.

2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends Thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till sun shall rise and set no more.

3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring;
In songs of praise divinely sing;
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Saviour's Name.

4 In every land begin the song;
To every land the strains prolong;
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And fill the word with loudest praise.

NO. 285.

1 Of Him who did salvation bring,
I could forever think and sing;
Arise, ye needy,—He'll relieve;
Arise, ye guilty,—He'll forgive.

2 Ask but His grace, and lo, 'tis given;
Ask, and He turns your hell to heav'n:
Though sin and sorrow wound my soul
Jesus, Thy balm will make it whole.

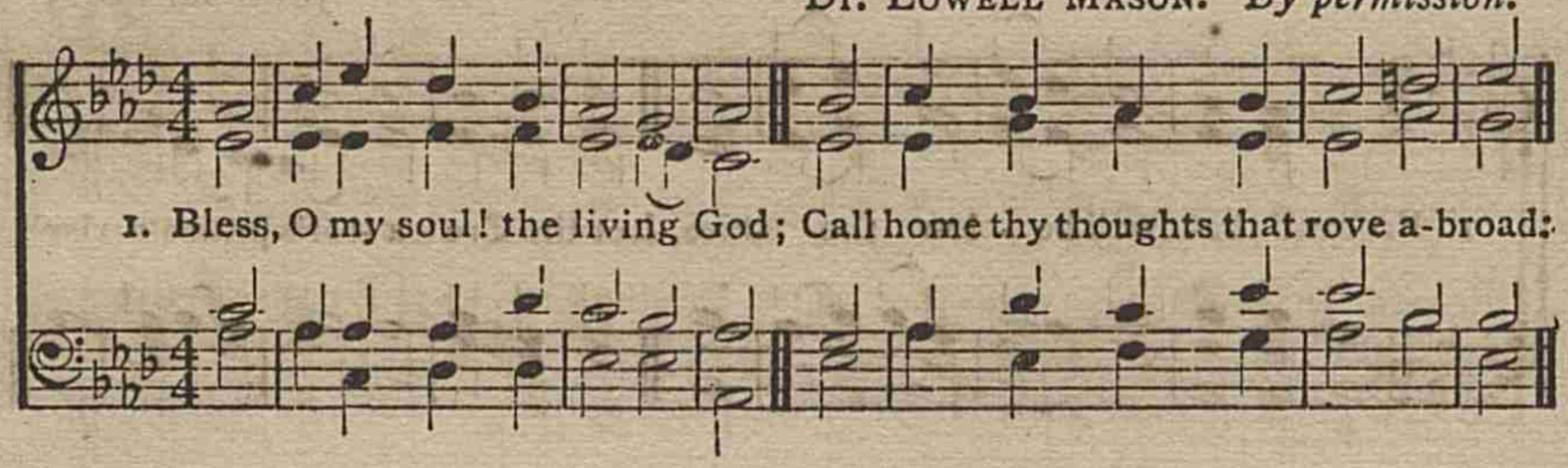
3 To shame our sins He blush'd in blood;
He closed His eyes to show us God:
Let all the world fall down and know,
That none but God such love can show.
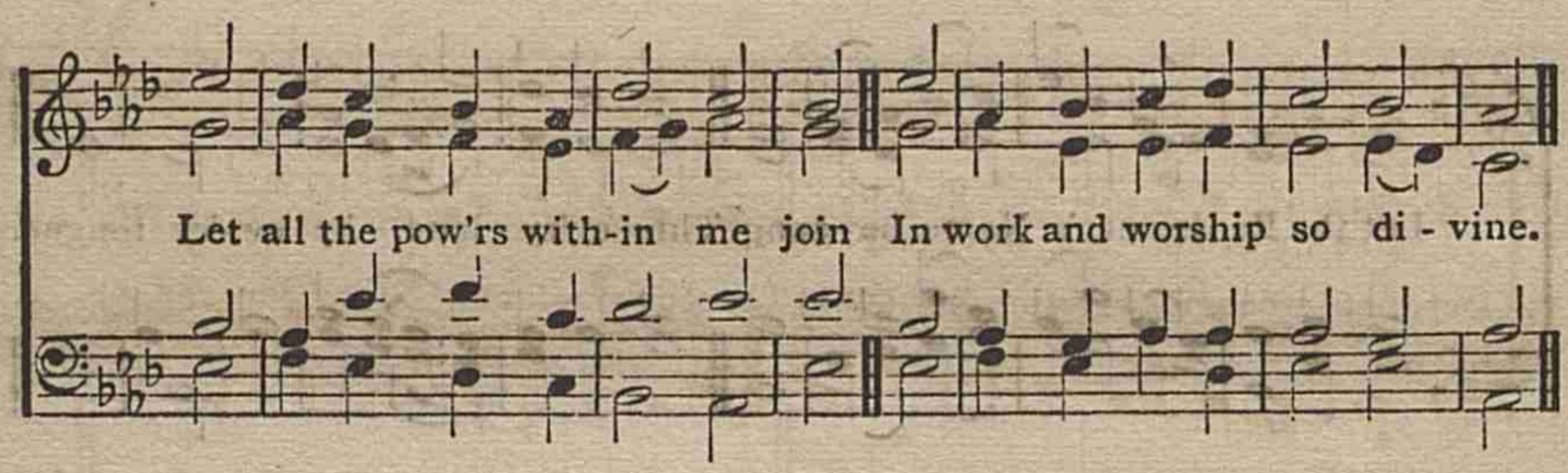
4 'Tis Thee I love, for Thee alone
I shed my tears and make my moan;
Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I meet the object of my love.

5 Insatiate to this spring I fly;
I drink, and yet am ever dry:
Ah! who against Thy charms is proof?
Ah! who that loves can love enough?

UPTON. L.M.

Dr. Lowell Mason. *By permission.*





No. 286.

2 Bless, O my soul! the God of grace;
His favours claim thy highest praise;
Why should the wonders He hath wrought
Be lost in silence, and forgot?

3 'Tis He, my soul, that sent His Son
To die for crimes which thou hast done;
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

4 Let every land His power confess;
Let all the earth adore His grace:
My heart and tongue with rapture join,
In work and worship so divine.

No. 287.

1 And will the great eternal God
On earth establish His abode?
And will He, from His radiant throne,
Accept our temples for His own?

2 These walls we to Thy honour raise:
Long may they echo with Thy praise;
And Thou, descending, fill the place
With choicest tokens of Thy grace.

3 Here let the great Redeemer reign,
With all the graces of His train;
While power divine His word attends,
To conquer foes, and cheer His friends.

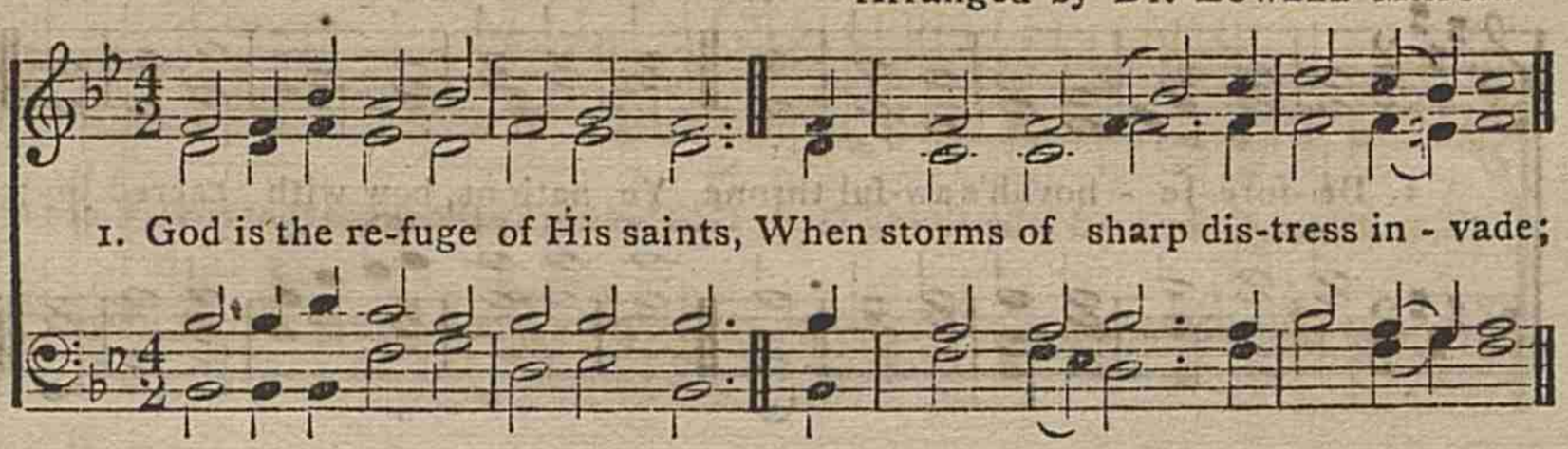
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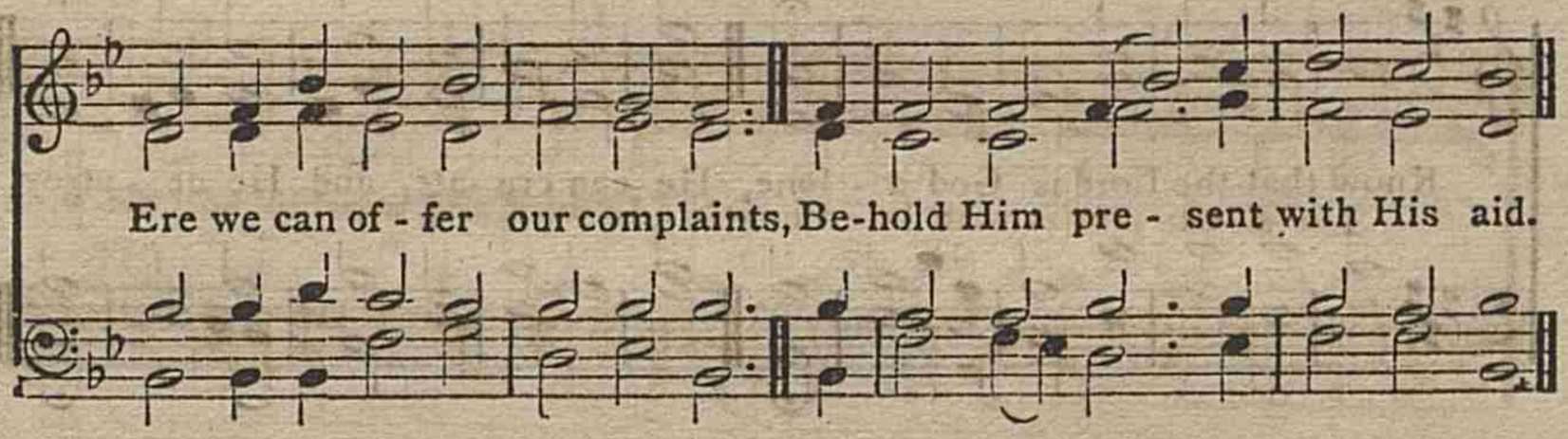
1 Come, let us tune our loftiest song,
And raise to Christ our joyful strain;
Worship and thanks to Him belong,
Who reigns, and shall forever reign.

2 His sovereign power our bodies made;
Our souls are His immortal breath;
And when His creatures sinn'd He bled,
To save us from eternal death.

WARD. L.M.

Arranged by Dr. LOWELL MASON.





No. 289.

2 Loud may the troubled ocean roar;
In sacred peace our souls abide,
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles and dreads the swelling tide.

3 There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God;
Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.

4 That sacred stream, Thy holy Word,
Supports our faith, our fear controls;
Sweet peace Thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.—

No. 290.

1 Behold, the heathen waits to know
The joy the Gospel will bestow;
The exiled captive to receive
The freedom Jesus has to give.

2 Our hearts exult in songs of praise,
That we have seen these latter days,
When our Redeemer shall be known,
Where Satan long hath held his throne.
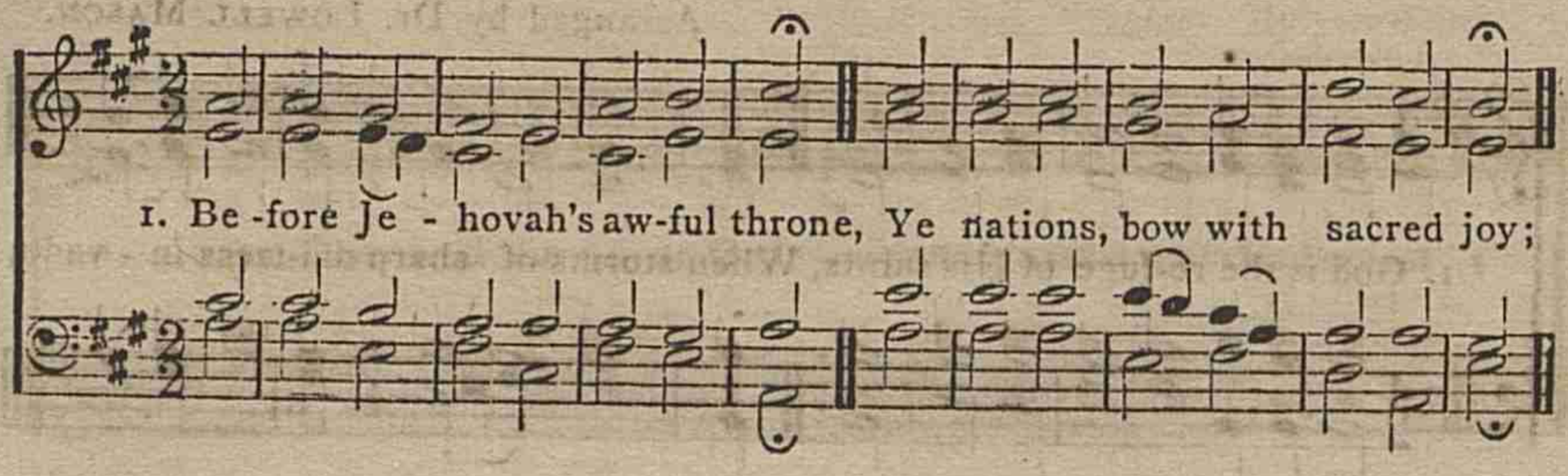
3 Where'er His hand hath spread the skies,
Sweet incense to His Name shall rise;
And slave and freeman, Greek and Jew,
By sovereign grace be formed anew.
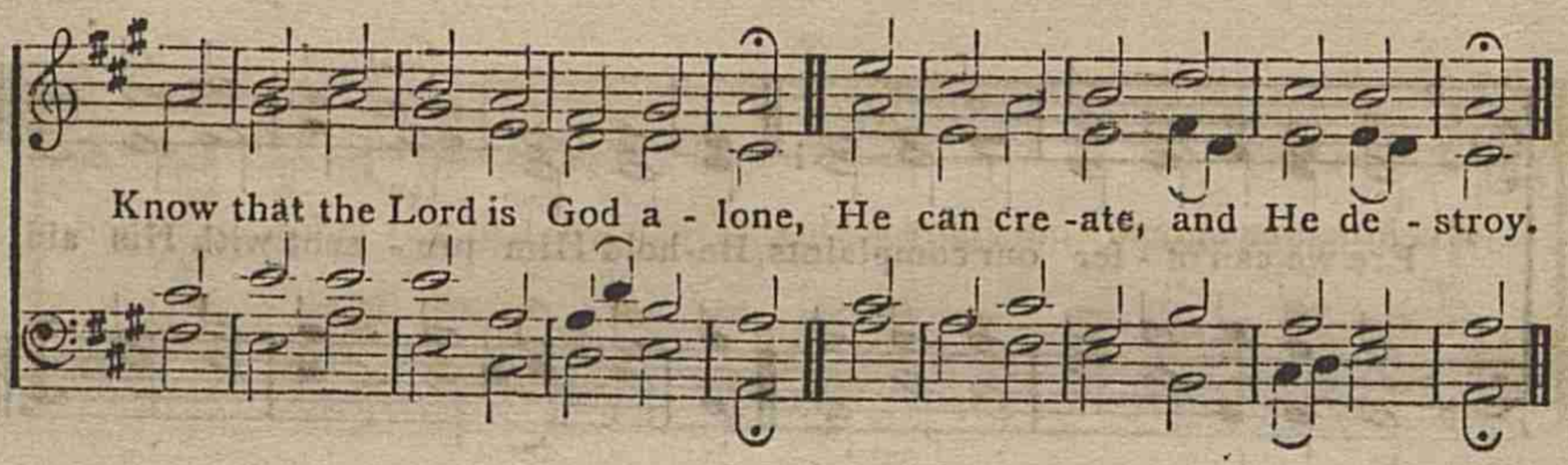
No. 288.—*Concluded.*

3 Burn, every breast with Jesus' love;
Bound every heart with rapt'rous joy;
And saints on earth, with saints above,
Your voices in His praise employ.

4 Extol the Lamb with loftiest song,
Ascend for Him our cheerful strain;
Worship and thanks to Him belong,
Who reigns, and shall forever reign.

OLD HUNDRED. L.M.





No. 291.

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

3 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.

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

No. 292.

1 Sovereign of worlds! display Thy power;
Be this Thy Zion's favored hour;
Bid the bright morning star arise,
And point the nations to the skies.

2 Set up Thy throne where Satan reigns,
On Afric's shore, on India's plains,
On lonely isles and lands unknown,
And make the nations all Thine own.

3 Speak! and the world shall hear Thy voice;
Speak! and the desert shall rejoice;
Scatter the gloom of heathen night,
And bid all nations hail the light.
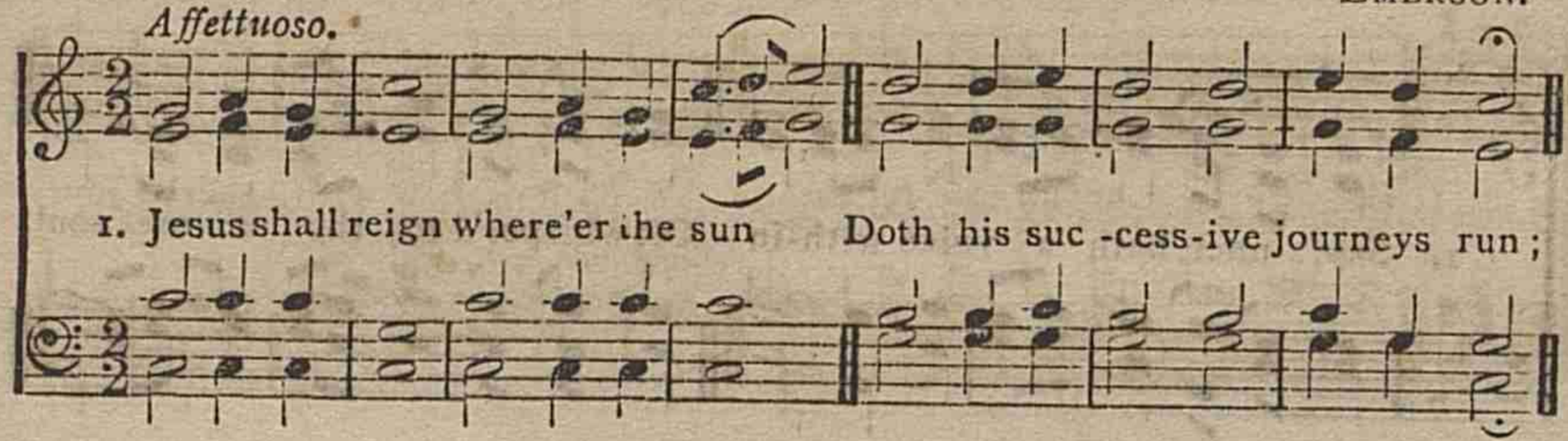
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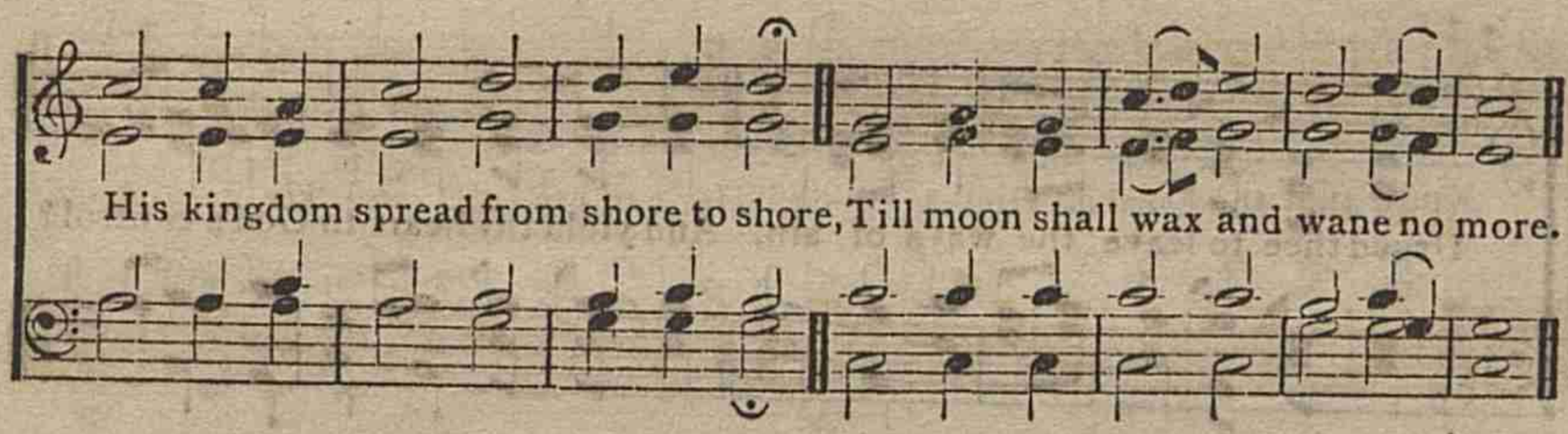
1 My heart is fixed on Thee, my God;
I rest my hope on Thee alone;
I'll spread Thy sacred truths abroad,—
To all mankind Thy love make known.

2 Awake, my tongue; awake, my lyre;
With morning's earliest dawn arise;
To songs of joy my soul inspire,
And swell your music to the skies.

SESSIONS. L.M.

EMERSON.





No. 294.

2 From north to south the princes meet,
To pay their homage at His feet;
While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend His word.

3 To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown His head;
His Name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

4 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

No. 295.

1 Great God, attend, while Zion sings
The joy that from Thy presence springs;
To spend one day with Thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within Thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of pow r,
Shall tempt my feet to leave Thy door.

3 God is our sun, He makes our day;
God is our shield, He guards our way
From all assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without and foes within.

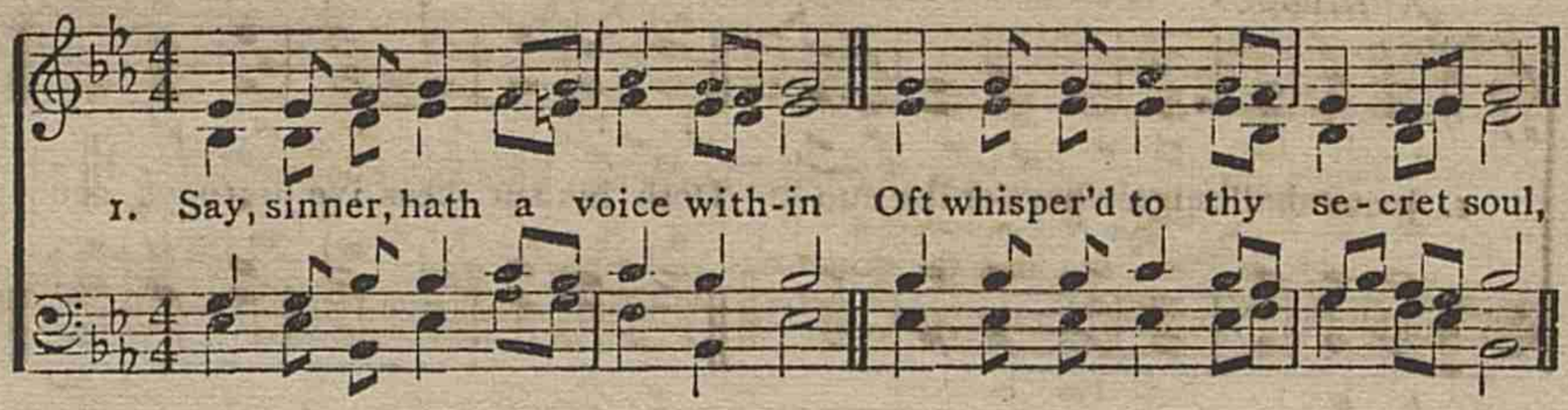
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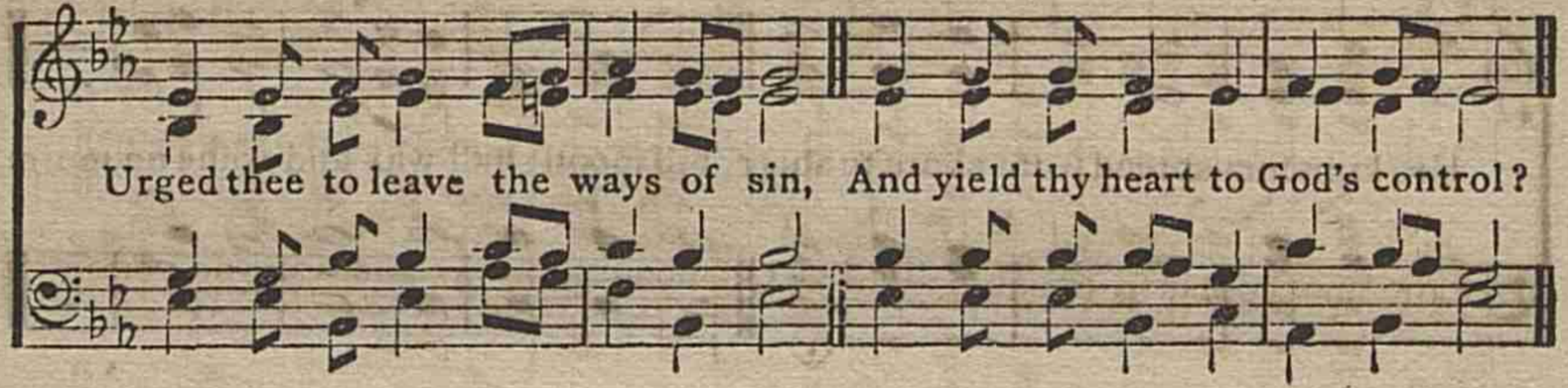
3 With those who in Thy grace abound,
To Thee I'll raise my thankful voice;
Till every land, the earth around,
Shall hear, and in Thy Name rejoice..

4 Eternal God, celestial King,
Exalted be Thy glorious Name;
Let hosts in heaven Thy praises sing,
And saints on earth Thy love proclaim

HAMBURG. L.M.

Arranged by Dr. LOWELL MASON.





No. 296.

2 Sinner, it was a heav'nly voice,
It was the Saviour's gracious call;
It bade thee make the better choice,
And haste to seek in Christ thine all.

3 Spurn not the call to life and light;
Regard in time the warning kind;
That call thou may'st not always slight,
And yet the gate of mercy find.

4 Sinner, perhaps this very day
Thy last accepted time may be;
Oh, shouldst thou grieve Him now away,
Then hope may never beam on thee.

No. 297.

1 How sweetly flow'd the gospel's sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
While list'ning thousands gather'd round,
And joy and rev'rence fill'd the place.

2 From heaven He came, of heaven He spoke,
To heaven He led His foll'wers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night He broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

3 Come, wand'rers, to my Father's home;
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest.
Yes, sacred Teacher! we will come,
Obey, and be forever blest.
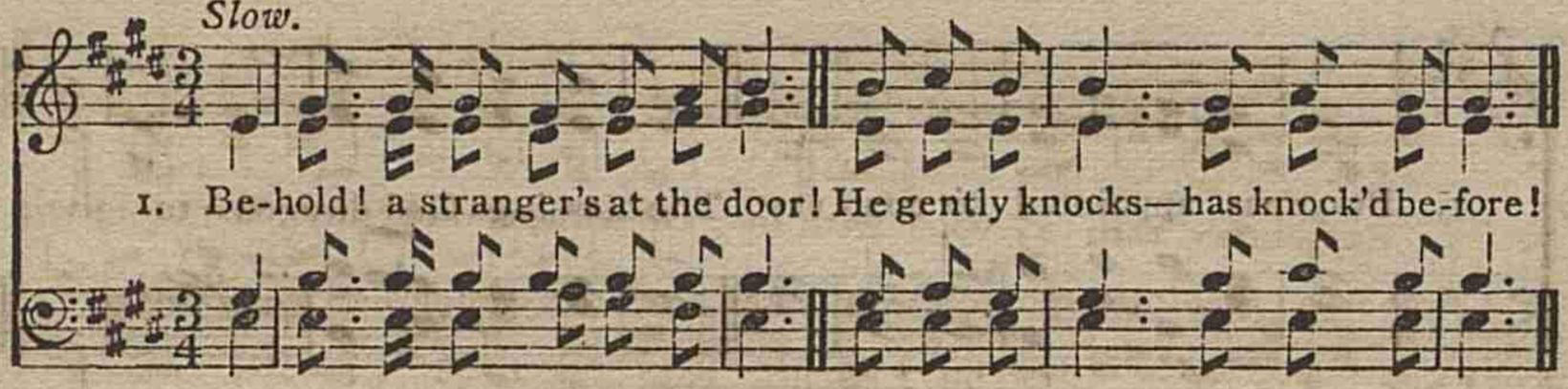
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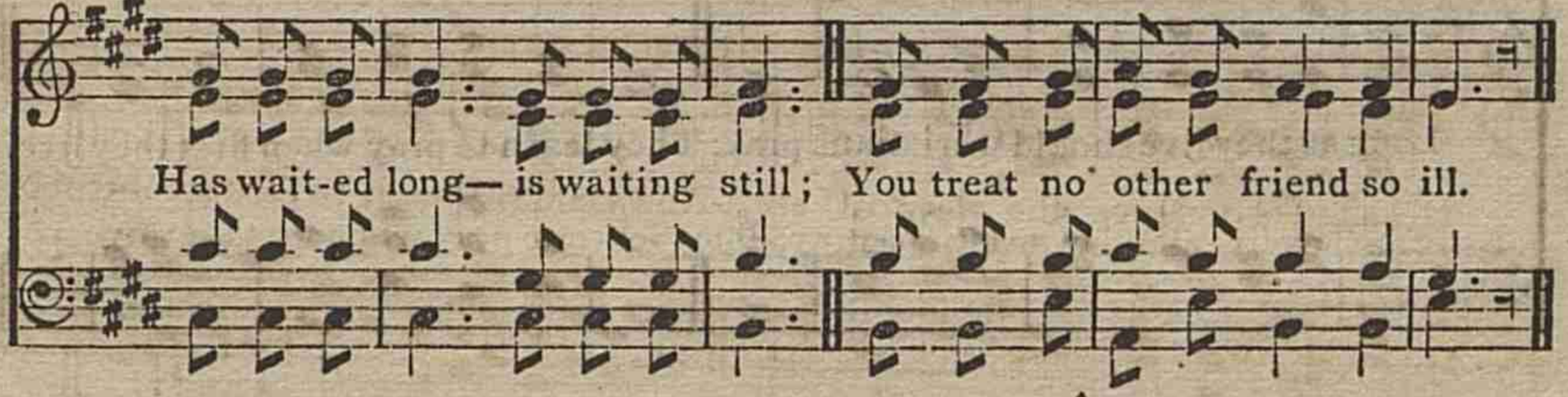
1 Come, O Thou greater than our heart,
And make Thy faithful mercies known;
The mind which was in Thee impart:
Thy constant mind in us be shown.

2 Oh, let us by Thy cross abide,
Thee, only Thee, resolve to know,
The Lamb for sinners crucified,
A world to save from endless woe.

HARTEL. L.M.

Dr. Lowell Mason.





No. 299.

2 But will He prove a friend indeed?
He will!—the very friend you need!
The Man of Nazareth!—'tis He,
With garments dyed at Calvary.

3 Oh! lovely attitude!—He stands
With melting heart, and laden hands!
Oh! matchless kindness!—and He shows
This matchless kindness to His foes.

4 Admit Him, ere His anger burn—
His feet departed ne'er return;
Admit Him, or the hour's at hand
When at His door denied you'll stand!

No. 300.

1 We have no outward righteousness,
No merits or good works, to plead;
We only can be saved by grace;
Thy grace, O Lord, is free indeed.

2 Save us by grace, thro' faith alone,—
A faith Thou must Thyself impart;
A faith that would by works be shown,
A faith that purifies the heart:

3 A faith that doth the mountains move,
A faith that shows our sins forgiven,
A faith that sweetly works by love,
And ascertains our claim to heaven.

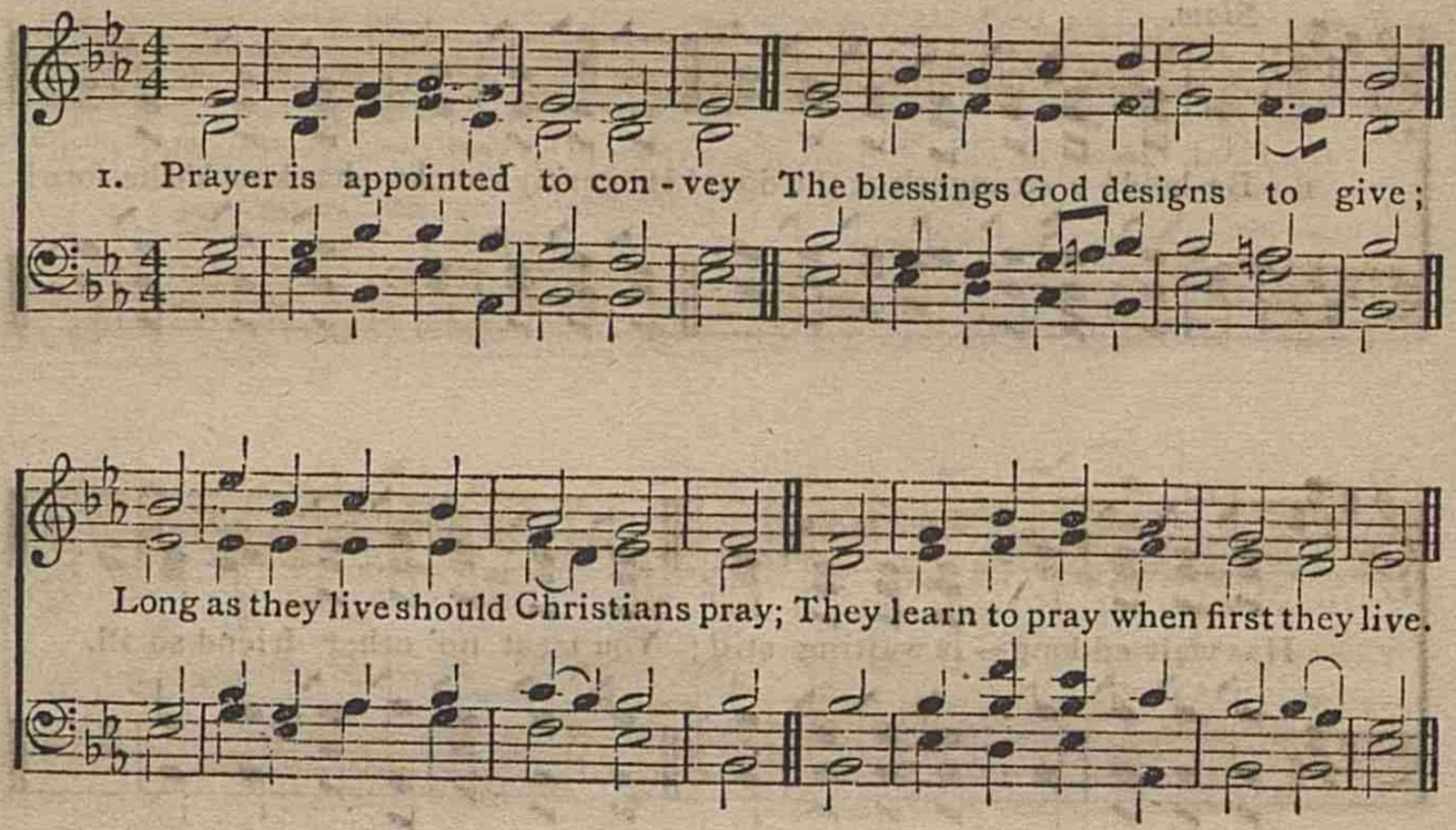
No. 298.—*Concluded.*

3 Take us into Thy people's rest,
And we from our own works shall cease;
With Thy meek Spirit arm our breast,
And keep our minds in perfect peace.

4 Jesus, for this we calmly wait;
Oh, let our eyes behold Thee near!
Hasten to make our heaven complete;
Appear, our glorious God, appear.

UXBRIDGE. L.M.

Dr. Lowell Mason.



No. 301.

2 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress;
If cares distract, or fears dismay;
If guilt deject; if sin distress;
In every case still watch and pray.

3 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak:
Tho' thought be broken, language lame,
Pray, if thou canst or canst not speak;
But pray with faith in Jesus' Name.

4 Depend on Him; thou canst not fail:
Make all thy wants and wishes known;
Fear not; His merits must prevail:
Ask but in faith, it shall be done.

No. 302.

1 Slavery and death the cup contains;
Dash to the earth the poisoned bowl;
Softer than silk are iron chains
Compared with those that chafe the soul.

2 Hosannas, Lord! to Thee we sing,
Whose power the giant fiend obeys;
What countless thousands tribute bring,
For happier homes and brighter days.

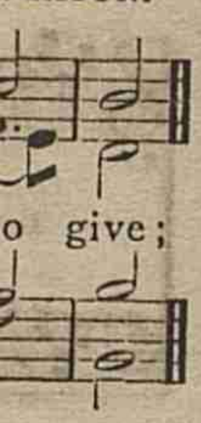
3 Spare, Lord, the thoughtless, guide the blind;
Till man no more shall deem it just,
To live, by forging chains to bind
His weaker brother in the dust.

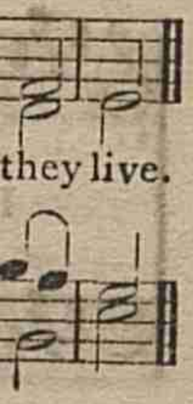
No. 303.

1 What various hindrances we meet
In coming to a mercy-seat;
Yet who that knows its 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.

MASON.

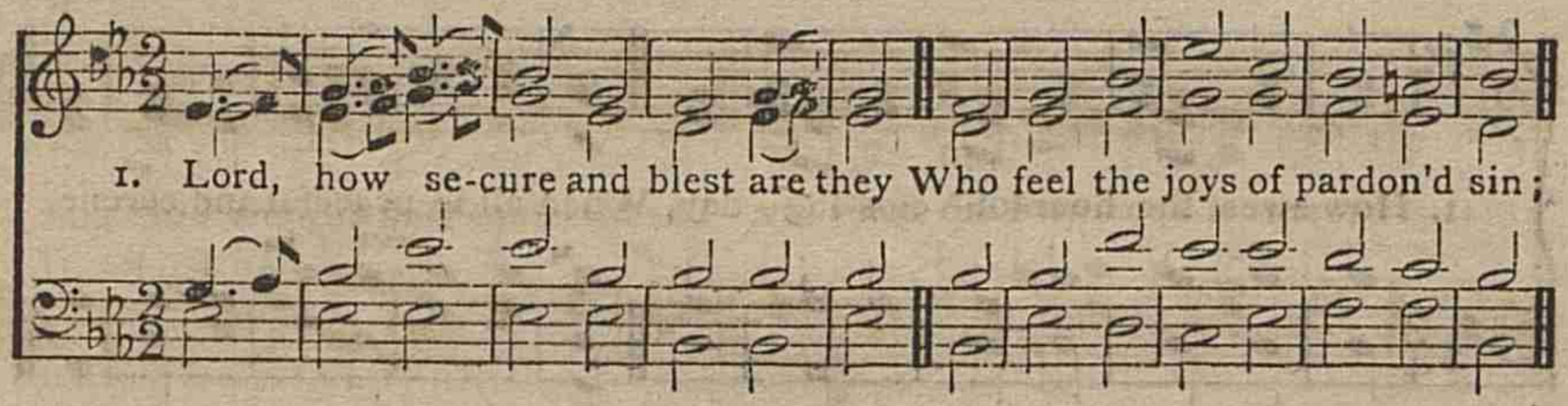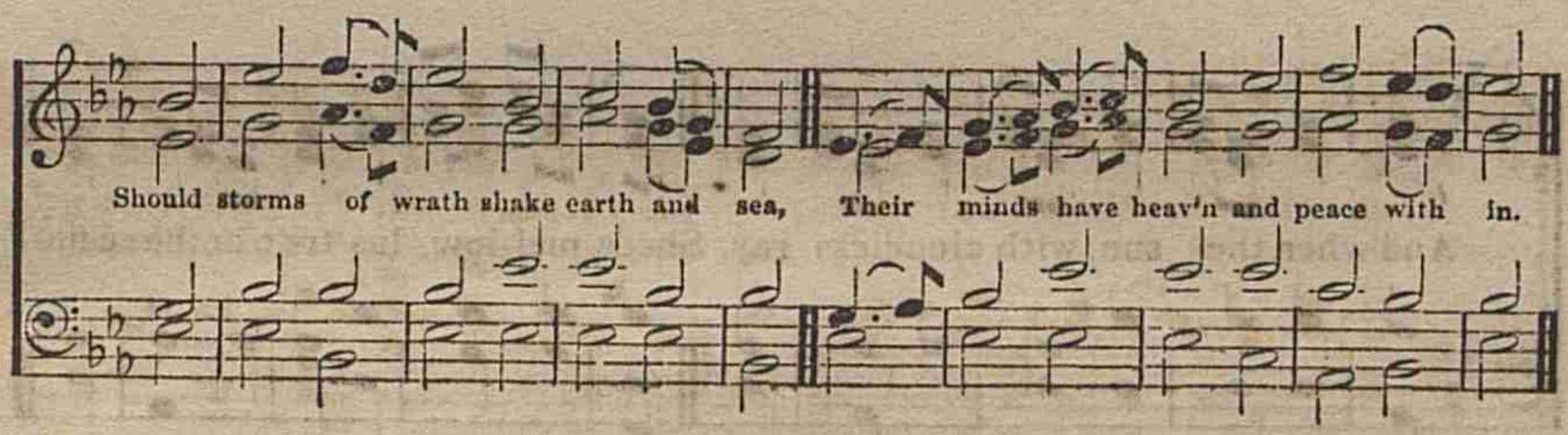




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ILLINOIS. L.M.

Western Tune.





No. 304.

2 The day glides sweetly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love;
And soft and silent as the shades,
Their nightly minutes gently move.

3 Quick as their tho'ts their joys come
But fly not half so swift away; [down,
Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as summer evenings be.

4 How oft they look to the heav'nly hills,
Where groves of living pleasure grow;
And longing hopes and cheerful smiles,
Sit undisturb'd upon their brow.

No. 305.

1 Deem not that they are blest alone
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep;
For God, who pities man, has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

2 The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears;
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years.

3 There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night;
Tho' grief may bide an evening guest,
Yet joy shall come with early light.

4 Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny,—
Tho' with a pierced and broken heart,
And spurned of men, He goes to die.

No. 303.—*Concluded.*

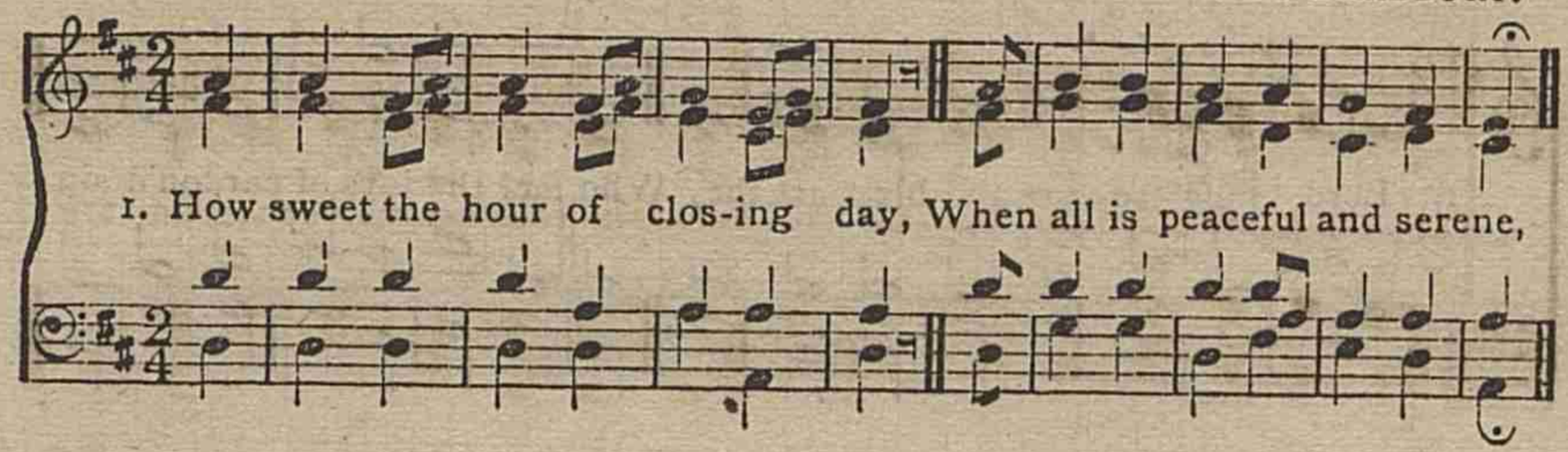
3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight:
Prayer keeps the Christian's armor bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

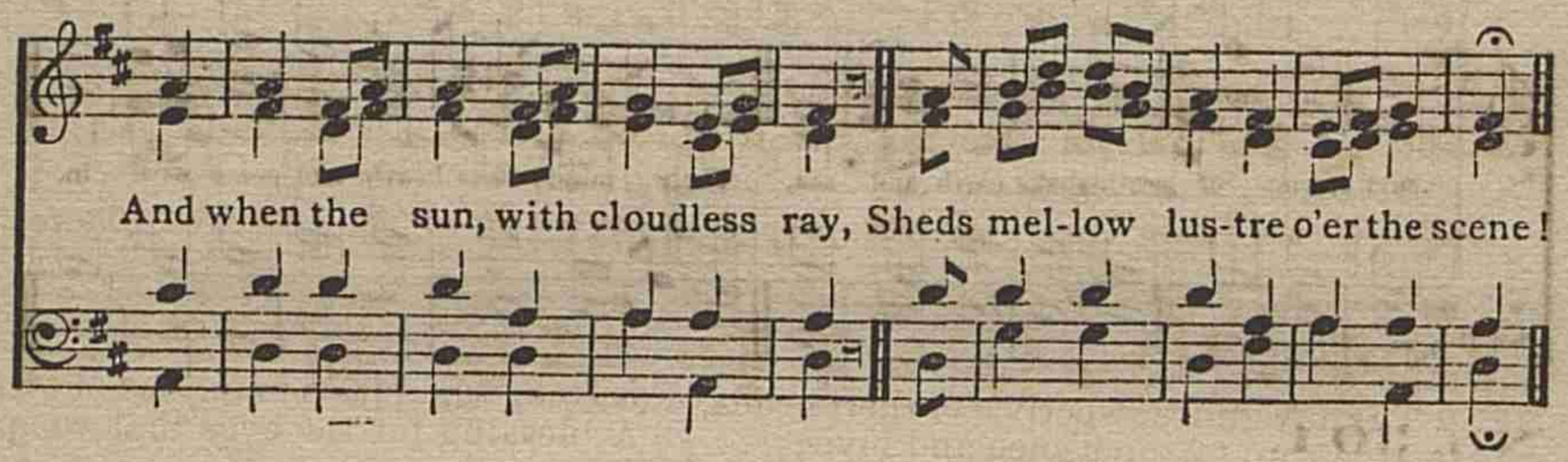
DOXOLOGY. L. M.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

CAPTIVITY. L.M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.





NO. 306.

2 Such is the Christian's parting hour;
So peacefully he sinks to rest;[power,
When faith endued from heaven with
Sustains and cheers his languid breast.

3 Mark but the radiance of his eye,
That smile upon his wasted cheek;
They tell us of his glory nigh,
In language that no tongue can speak.

4 A beam from heaven is sent to cheer
The pilgrim on his gloomy road;
And angels are attending near,
To bear him to their bright abode.

No. 307.

1 Jesus, the gift divine I know,
The gift divine I ask of Thee;
The living water now bestow,
Thy Spirit and Thyself, on me.

2 For Thou of life the fountain art,
None else can give or take away;
O may I find it in my heart,
And with me may it ever stay.

3 Thus may I drink,—and thirst no
For drops of finite happiness; [more
Spring up, O well, in heavenly power,
In streams of pure perennial peace.

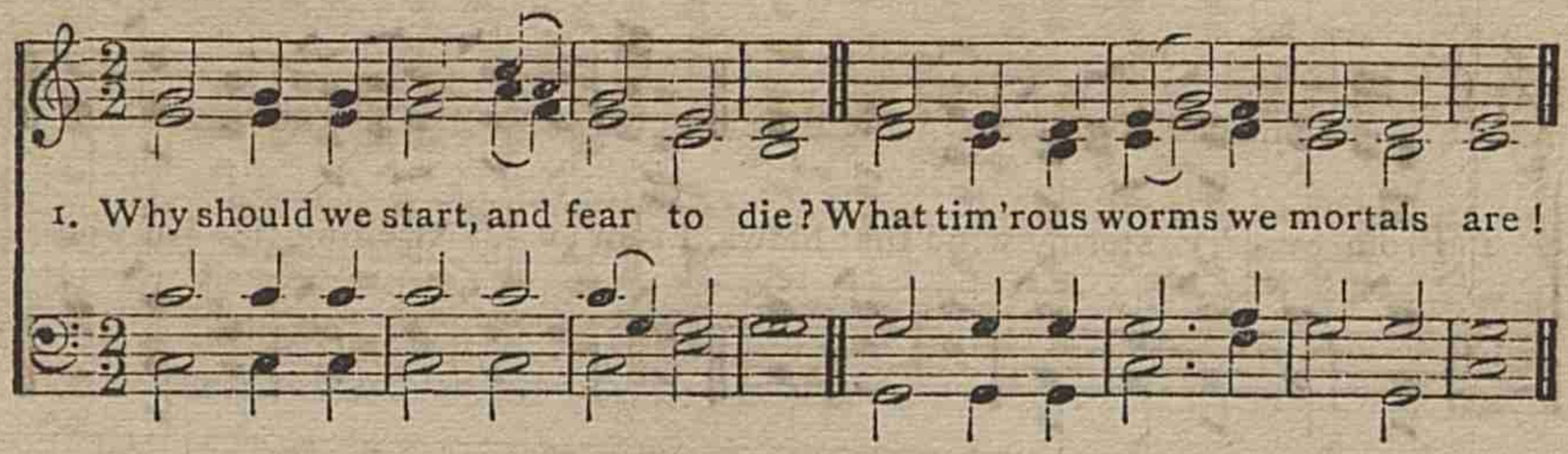
No. 308.

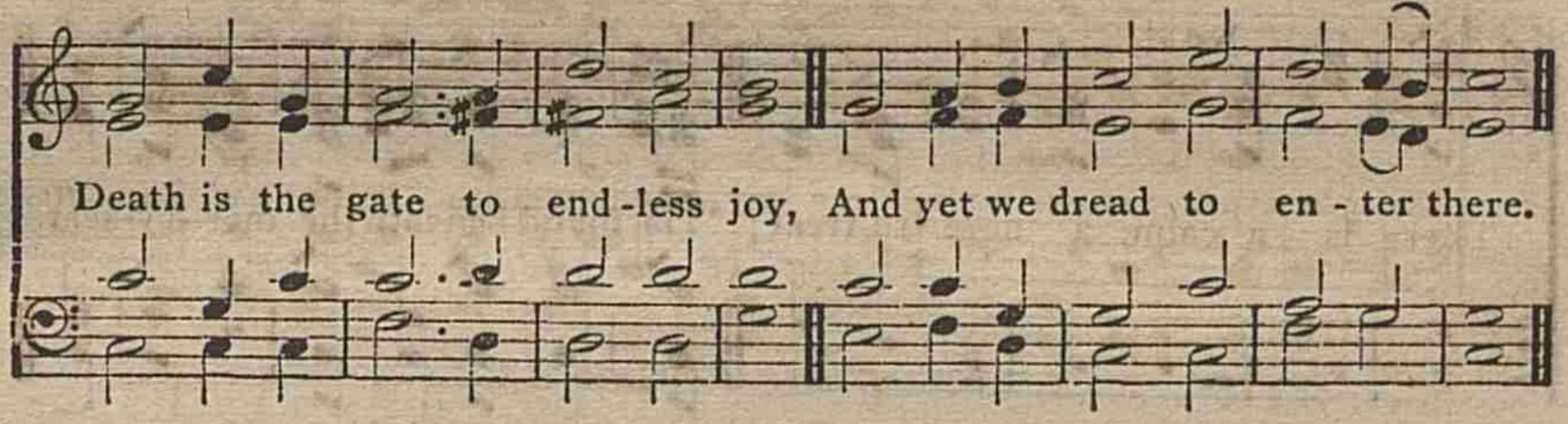
1 How vain is all beneath the skies!
How transient every earthly bliss!
How slender all the fondest ties
That bind us to a world like this!

2 The evening cloud, the morning dew,
The with'ring grass, the fading flow'r,
Of earthly hopes are emblems true—
The glory of a passing hour.

ZEPHYR. L.M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.





No. 309.

2 The pains, the groans, the dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away;
And we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 Oh, would my Lord His servant 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.

No. 310.

1 He wills that I should holy be:
That holiness I long to feel;
That full divine conformity
To all my Saviour's righteous will.

2 See, Lord, the travail of Thy soul
Accomplished in the change of mine;
And plunge me, every whit made whole.
In all the depths of love divine.

3 On Thee, O God, my soul is stayed,
And waits to prove Thine utmost will,
The promise by Thy mercy made,
Thou canst, Thou wilt, in me fulfil.
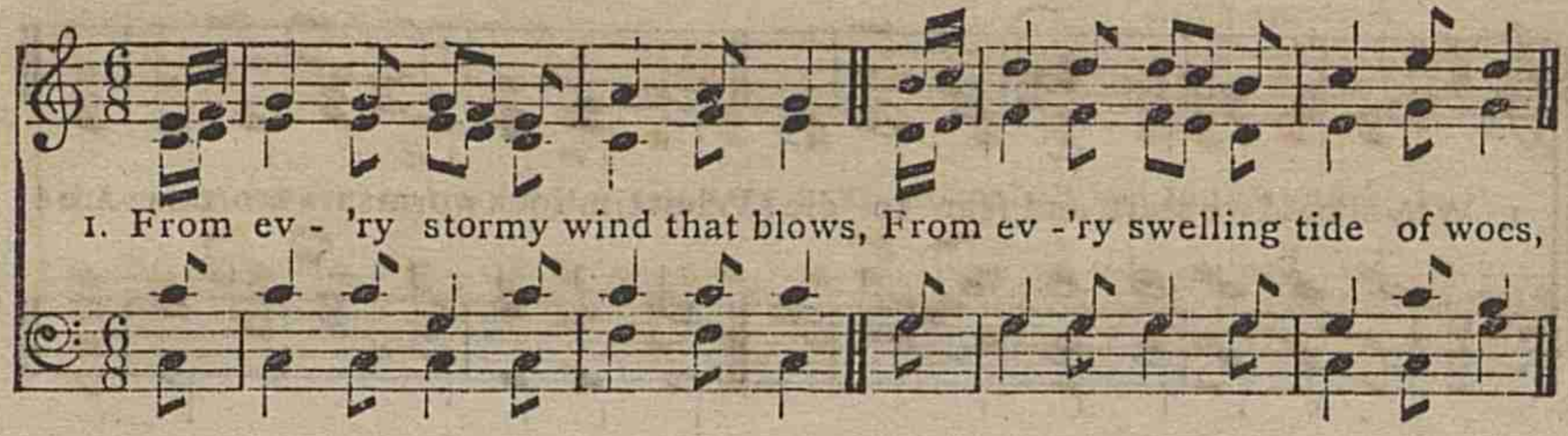
No. 308.—*Concluded.*

3 But tho' earth's fairest blossoms die,
And all beneath the skies in vain,
There is a brighter world on high,
Beyond the reach of care and pain.

4 Then let the hope of joys to come
Dispel our cares, and chase our fears:
If God be ours, we're trav'ling home,
Though passing thro' a vale of tears.

RETREAT. L.M.

Dr. T. HASTINGS.



No. 311.

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

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

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

No. 312.

1 Lord of the wide, extensive main,
Whose power the wind, the sea, controls,
Whose hand doth earth and heaven sustain,
Whose Spirit leads believing souls.

2 'Tis here Thine unknown paths we trace,
Which dark to human eyes appear;
While thro' the mighty waves we pass,
Faith only sees that God is here.

3 Throughout the deep Thy footsteps shine;
We own Thy way is in the sea,
O'erawed by majesty divine,
And lost in Thine immensity.

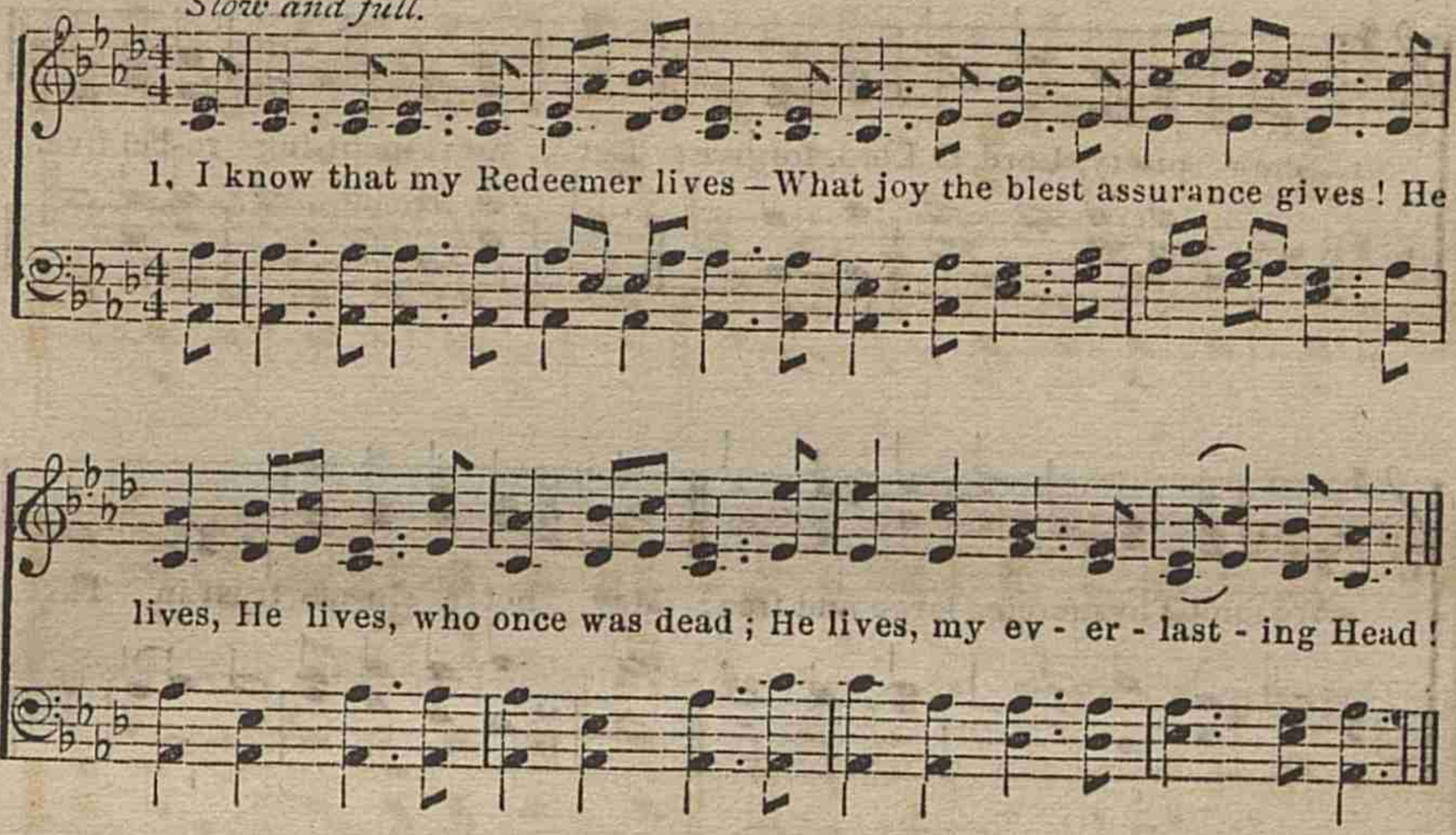
No. 313.

1 Glory to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light:
Keep me, oh, keep me, King of kings,
Beneath the shadow of Thy wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill which I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

MY REDEEMER LIVES.

From "Metrical Tune Book," by PHILIP PHILLIPS.



No. 314.

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

3 He lives, and grants me daily bread;
He lives, and I shall conquer death;
He lives, my mansion to prepare;
He lives, to bring me safely there.

4 He lives, all glory to His Name;
He lives, my Saviour, still the same;
What joy the blest assurance gives,—
I know that my Redeemer lives.

No. 315.

1 Abraham, when severely tried,
His faith by his obedience showed;
He with the harsh command complied,
And gave his Isaac back to God.

2 His son the father offered up,—
Son of his age, his only son;
Object of all his joy and hope,
And less beloved than God alone.

3 O for a faith like his, that we
The bright example may pursue,
May gladly give up all to Thee,
To whom our more than all is due.
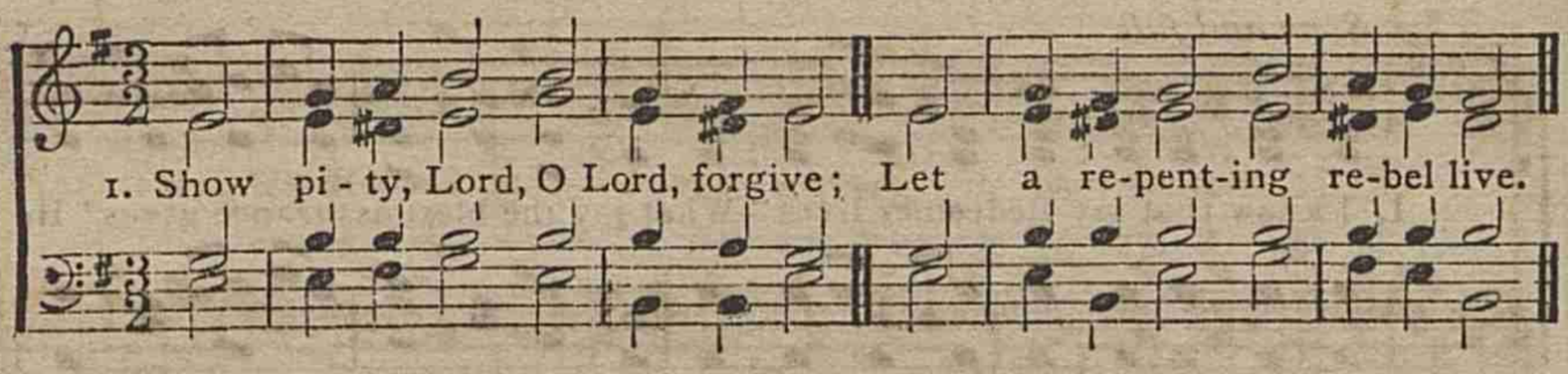
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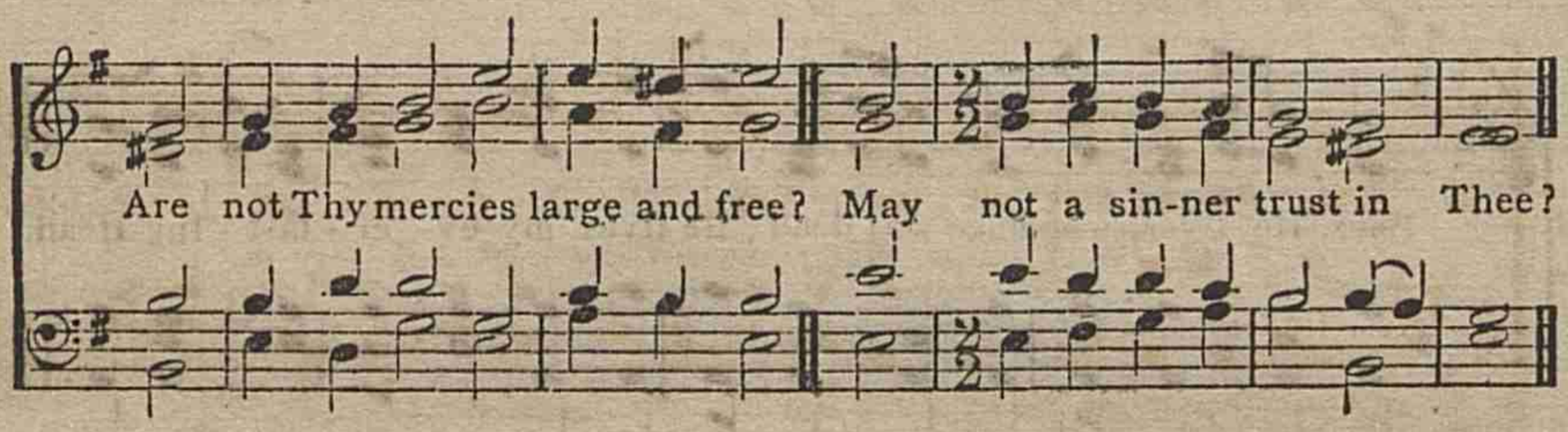
3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgment-day.

4 Lord, let my soul forever share
The bliss of Thy paternal care:
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,
To see Thy face, and sing Thy love.

WINDHAM. L.M.

DANIEL READ.





No. 316.

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 pard'ning love be found.

3 Oh, wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.

4 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hov'ring round Thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,—
Some sure support against despair.

No. 317.

1 He dies! the Friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
A solemn darkness veils the skies,
A sudden trembling shakes the ground:

2 Here's love and grief beyond degree:
The Lord of glory dies for man!
But lo! what sudden joys we see:
Jesus, the dead, revives again.

3 Say, Live forever, wondrous King!
Born to redeem, and strong to save;
Then ask the monster, Where's thy sting?
And, Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?

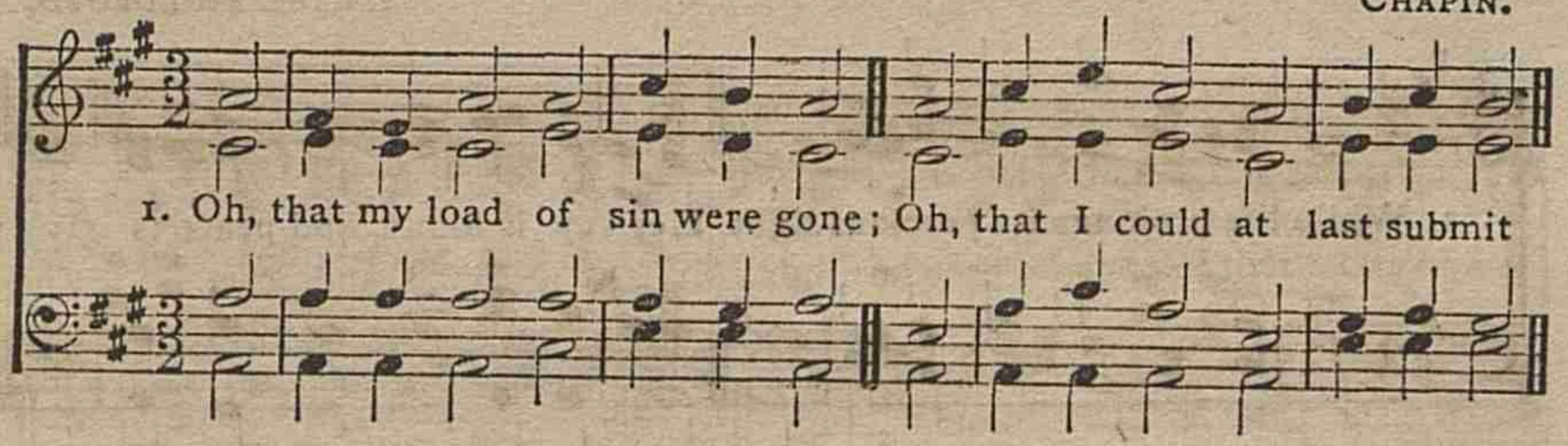
No. 318.

1 The day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinners stay?
How shall He meet that dreadful day—

2 When, shriv'lling like a parch'd scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
And, louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead?

FOREST. L.M.

CHAPIN.



No. 319.

2 Rest for my soul I long to find;
Saviour of all, if mine Thou art,
Give me Thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp Thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I cannot rest till pure within,—
Till I am wholly lost in Thee.

4 Fain would I learn of Thee, my God;
Thy light and easy burden prove;
The cross all stained with hallowed blood
The labor of Thy dying love.

No. 320.

1 O let the pris'ners' mournful cries
As incense in Thy sight appear;
Their humble wailings pierce the skies,
If haply they may feel Thee near.

2 The captive exiles make their moans,
From sin impatient to be free:
Call home, call home, Thy banished ones;
Lead captive their captivity.

3 Show them the blood that bought their peace,
The anchor of their steadfast hope,
And bid their guilty terror's cease,
And bring the ransom'd pris'ners up.

No. 318.—*Concluded.*
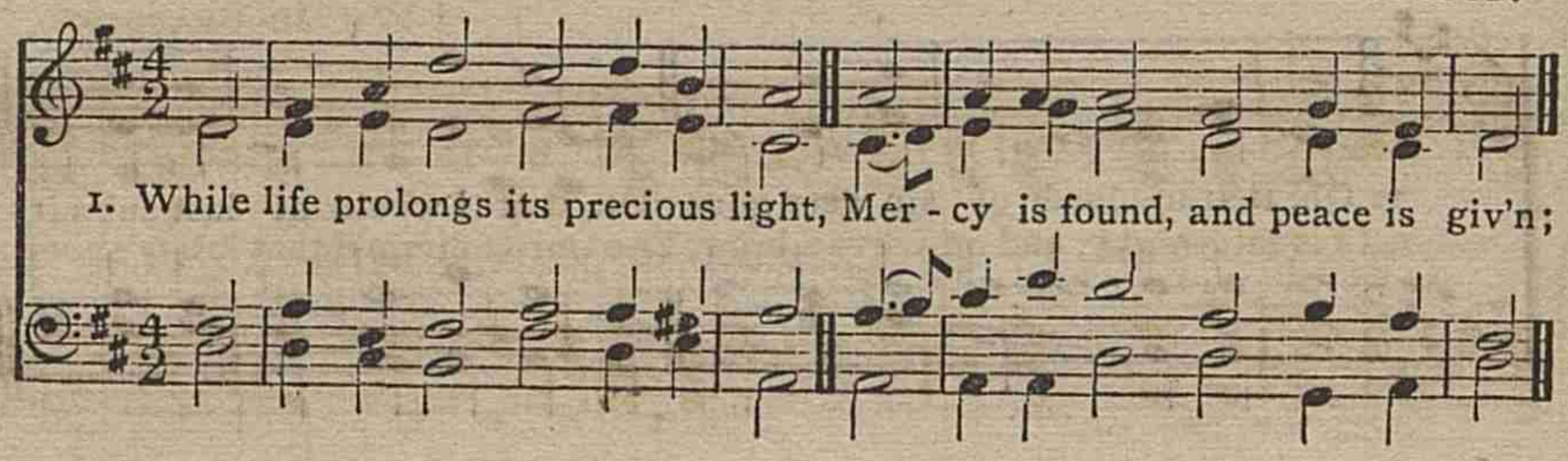
3 Oh, on that day, the wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be Thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,
Tho' heaven and earth shall pass away.

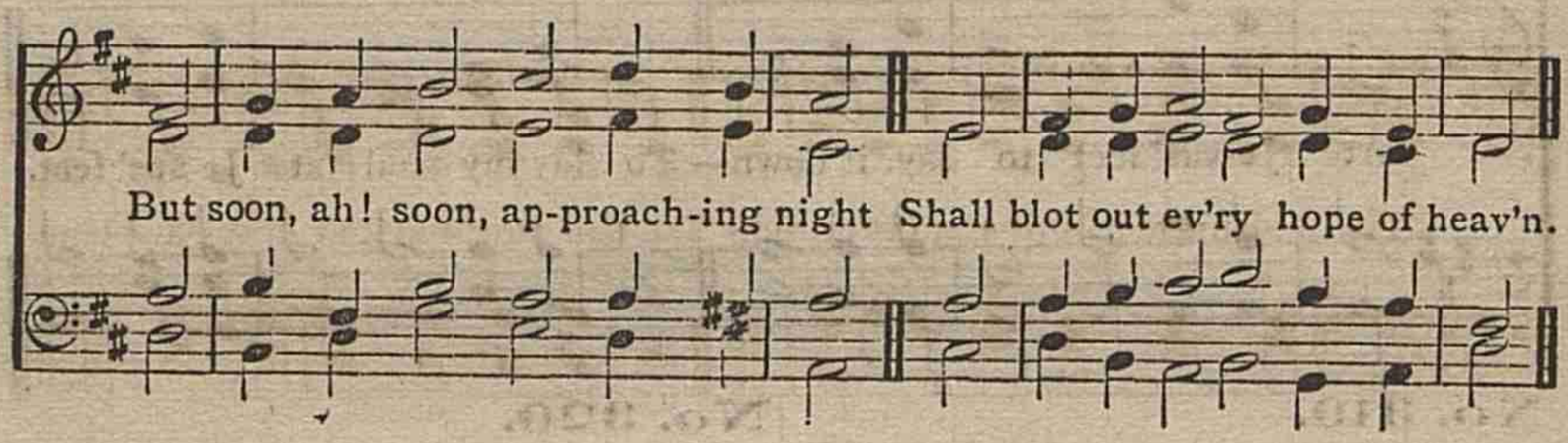
DOXOLOGY. L. M.

Praise to the Father, with the Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One;
As ever was in ages past,
And shall be so while ages last.

WELLS. L.M.

ISRAEL HOLDROYD.





No. 321.

2 While God invites, how blest the day!
How sweet the Gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, oh! haste away,
While yet a pard'ning God is found.

3 Soon, borne on Time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave,—
Before His bar your spirits bring.
And none be found to hear or save.

4 In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise,—
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Saviour calls you to the skies.

No. 322.

1 Go, preach my Gospel, saith the Lord,—
Bid the whole world my grace receive;
He shall be saved who trusts My word,
And he condemned who won't believe.

2 I'll make your great commission known;
And ye shall prove my Gospel true,
By all the works that I have done,
By all the wonders ye shall do.

3 Teach all the nations my commands,—
I'm with you till the world shall end;
All power is trusted in my hands,—
I can destroy, and I defend.

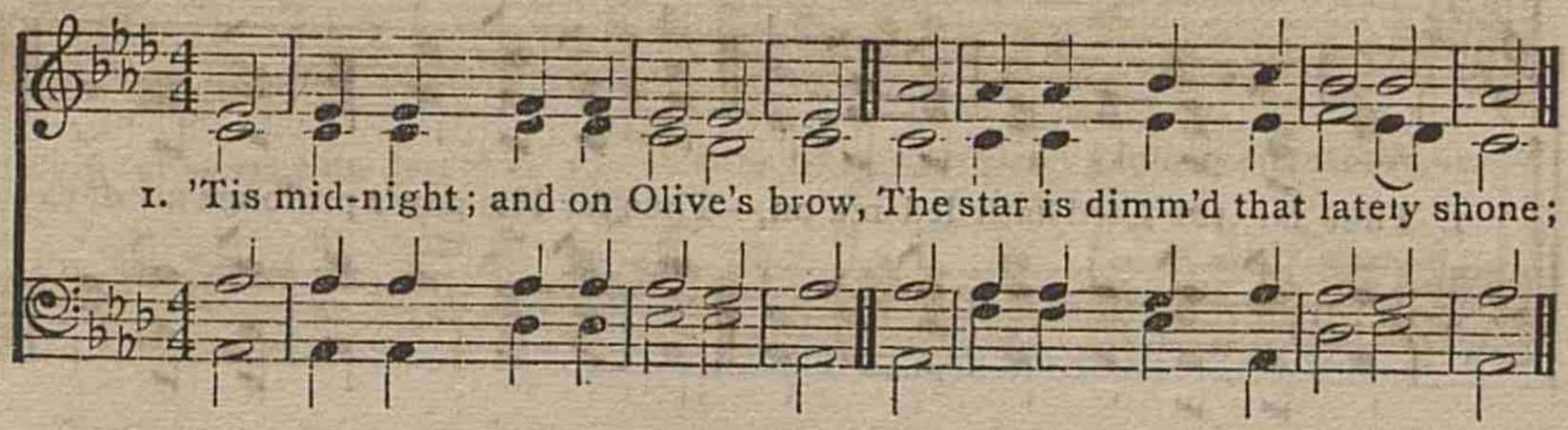
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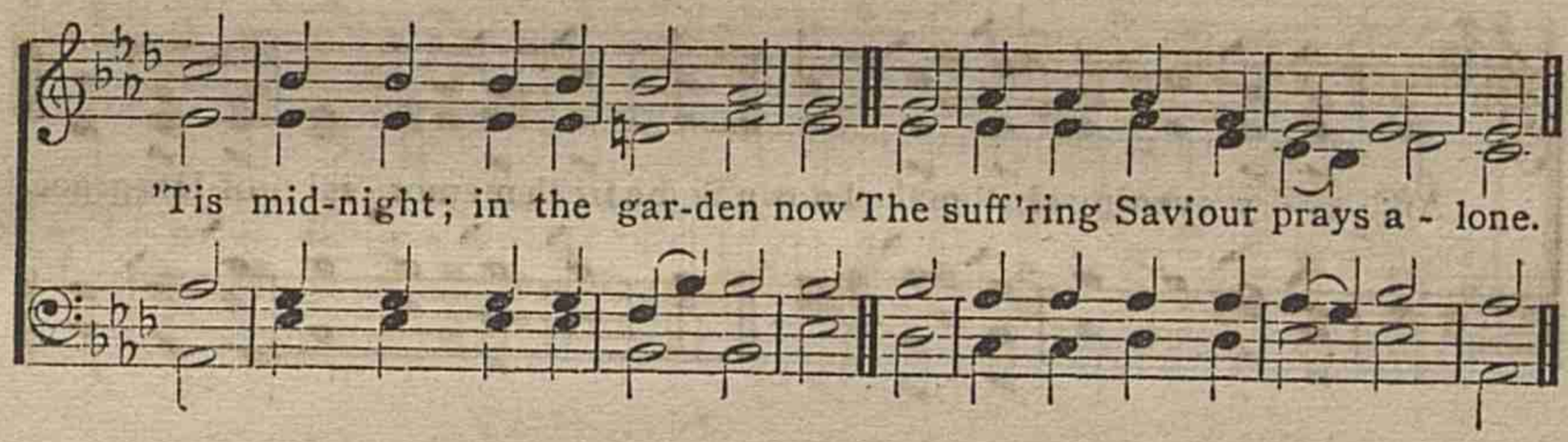
1 Ho! every one that thirsts, draw nigh:
'Tis God invites the fallen race:
Mercy and free salvation buy,—
Buy wine, and milk, and Gospel grace.

2 Come to the living waters, come!
Sinners, obey your Maker's call;
Return, ye weary wand'rers, home,
And find His grace is free for all.

OLIVE'S BROW. L.M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.





No. 324.

2 'Tis midnight; and from all removed,
The Saviour wrestles lone with fears;
Ev'n 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, who hath in anguish knelt,
Is not forsaken by His God.

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

No. 325.

1 From Calvary a cry was heard,—
A bitter and heart-rending cry,
My Saviour! every mournful word
Bespeaks Thy soul's deep agony.

2 A horror of great darkness fell
On Thee, Thou spotless, holy One!
And all the swarming hosts of hell
Conspired to tempt God's only Son.

3 Lord! on Thy cross I fix mine eye:
If e'er I lose its strong control,
O let that dying, piercing cry,
Melt and reclaim my wand'ring soul.
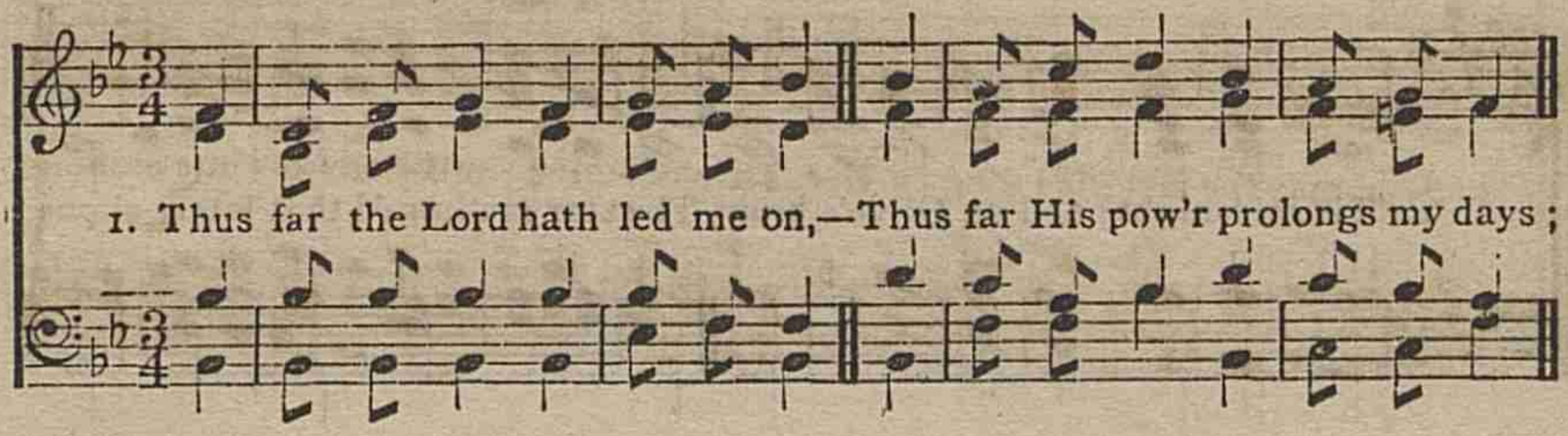
No. 323.—*Concluded.*

3 See from the Rock a fountain rise;
For you in healing streams it rolls;
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye lab'ring, burden'd, sin-sick souls.

4 Nothing ye in exchange shall give;
Leave all you have, and are, behind;
Frankly the gift of God receive;
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

HEBRON. L.M.

Dr. Lowell Mason.





No. 326.

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

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

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

No. 327.

1 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.
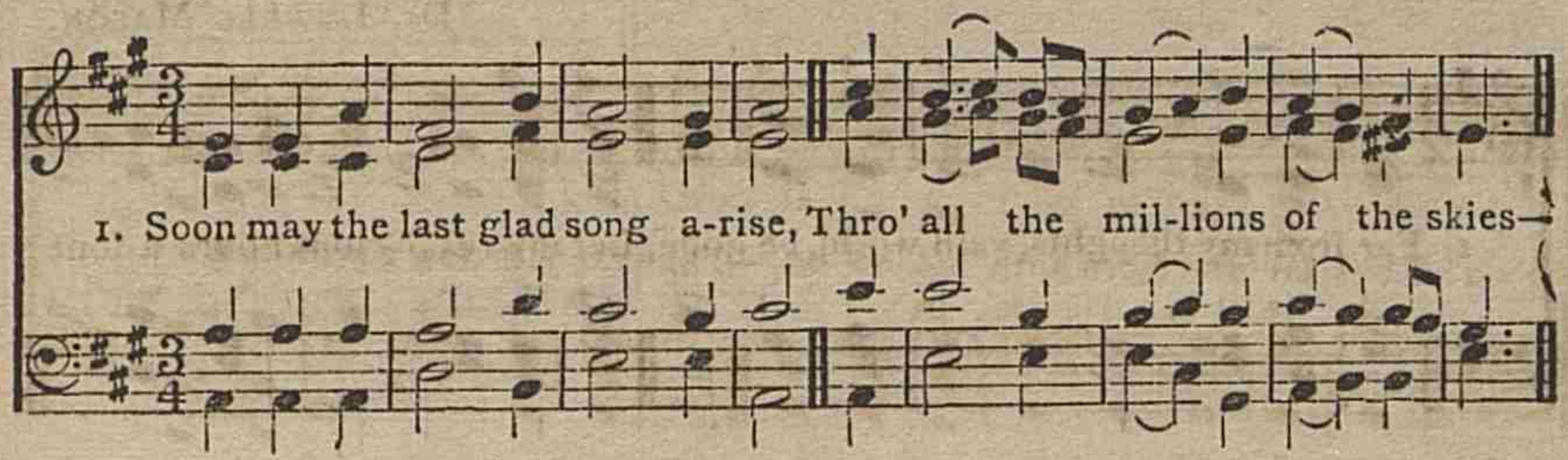
3 Here, at that cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God,—
Thee, my new Master, now I call,
And consecrate to Thee my all.

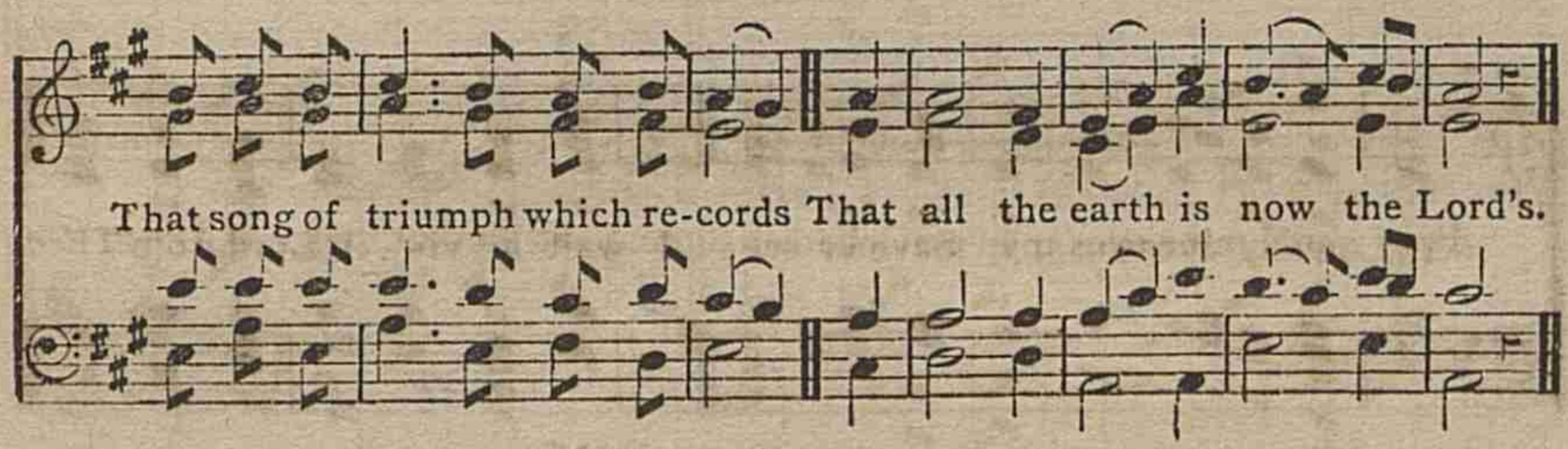
No. 328.

1 Jesus, where'er Thy people meet,
There they behold Thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

2 For Thou within no walls confined,
Dost well with those of humble mind,
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And, going, take Thee to their home.

MIGDOL. L.M.





No. 329.

2 Let thrones, and powers, and kingdoms, be
Obedient, mighty God, to Thee;
And every land, and stream, and main,
Now wave the sceptre of Thy reign.

3 Oh, let that glorious anthem swell;
Let host to host the triumph tell,
'Till not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Saviour reigns.

No. 330.

1 All nature sings Thy boundless love,
In worlds below, and worlds above;
But in Thy blessed word I trace
Diviner wonders of Thy grace.

2 There, what delightful truths I read!
There, I behold the Saviour bleed:
His name salutes my list'ning ear,
Revives my heart, and checks my fear.

3 There Jesus bids my sorrows cease,
And gives my lab'ring conscience peace;
Raises my grateful thoughts on high,
And points to mansions in the sky.

4 For love like this, O let my song,
Thro' endless years, Thy praise prolong;
Let distant climes Thy Name adore,
Till time and nature are no more.

No. 328.—*Concluded.*

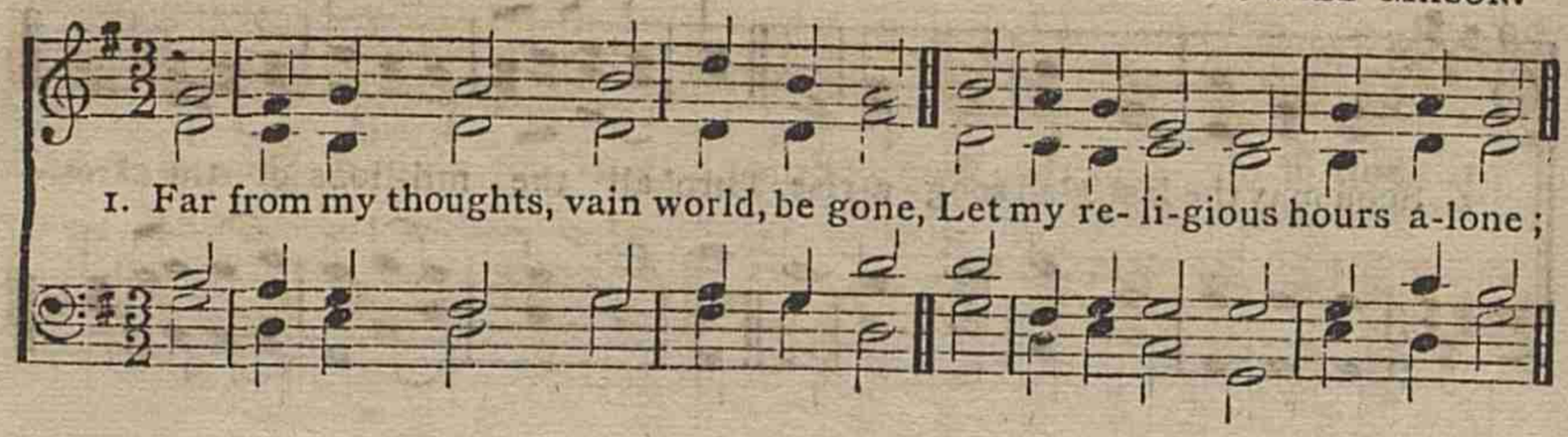
3 Great Shepherd of Thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here, to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of Thy saving name.
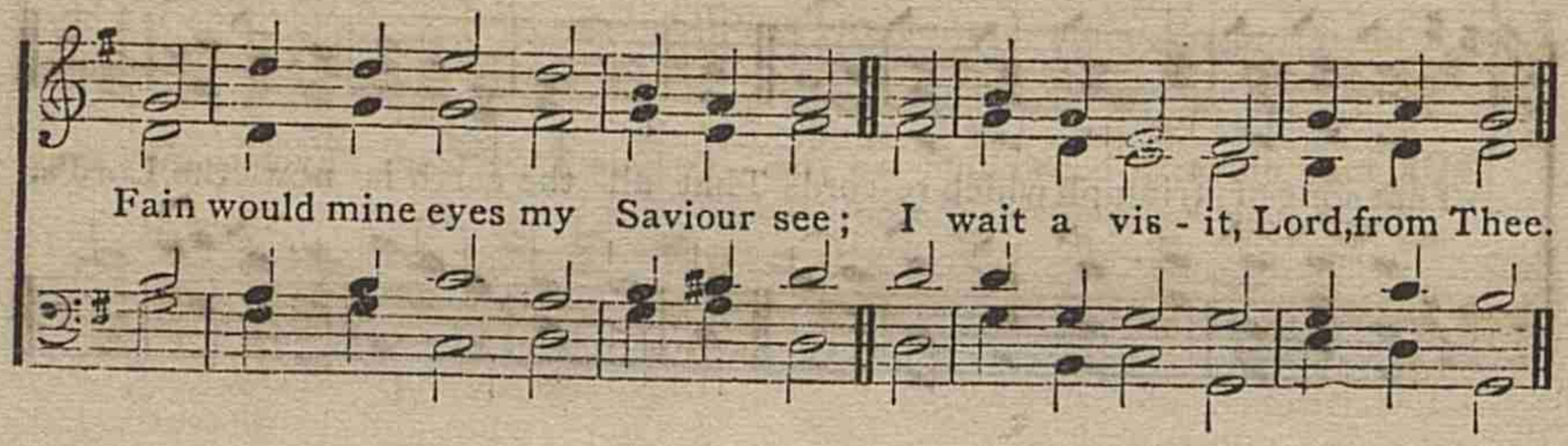
DOXOLOGY. L. M.

Praise to the Father, with the Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One;
As ever was in ages past,
And shall be so while ages last.

ROCKINGHAM. L.M.

Dr. Lowell Mason.





No. 331.

2 Oh, warm my heart with holy fire,
And kindle there a pure desire:
Come, sacred Spirit, from above,
And fill my soul with heavenly love.

3 Blest Saviour, what delicious fare!
How sweet Thine entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.

4 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine!
In Thee Thy Father's glories shine;
Thy glorious Name shall be adored,
And every tongue confess Thee Lord.

No. 332.

1 Come, Saviour, Jesus, from above,
Assist me with Thy heavenly grace
Empty my heart of earthly love,
And for Thyself prepare the place.

2 O let Thy sacred presence fill,
And set my longing spirit free;
Which pants to have no other will,
But night and day to feast on Thee.

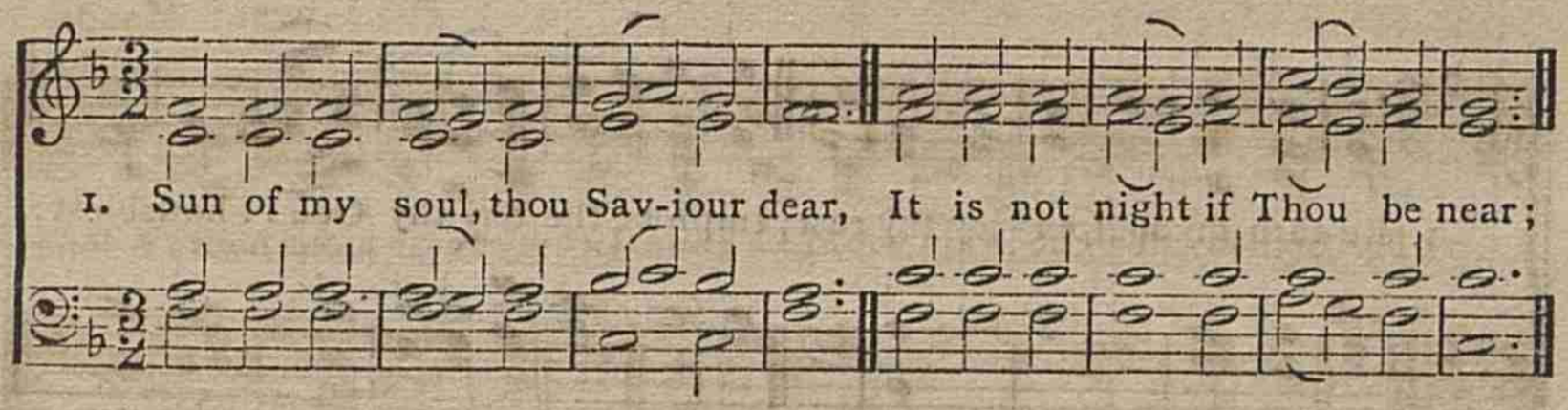
3 Nothing on earth do I desire,
But Thy pure love within my breast;
This, only this, will I require,
And freely give up all the rest.

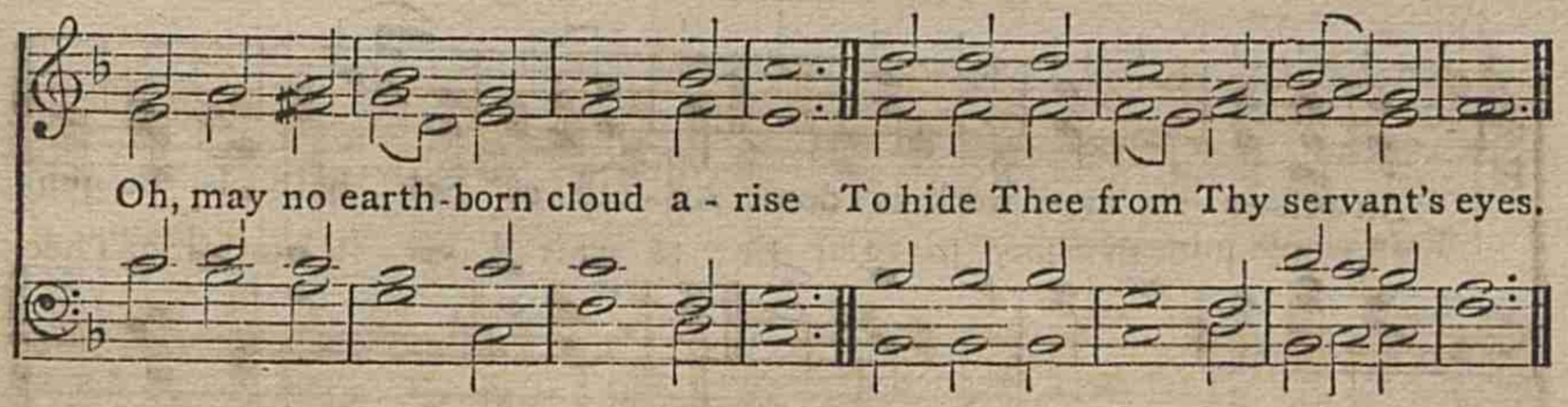
No. 333.

1 How blest the righteous when he dies!
When sinks a weary soul to rest!
How mildly beam the closing eyes!
How gently heaves th'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.

OF MY SOUL. L.M.





No. 334.

2 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.

3 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine—
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

4 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

5 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

No. 335.

1 Deep are the wounds which sin has made,
Where shall the sinner find a cure?
In vain, alas! is nature's aid;
The work exceeds her utmost power.
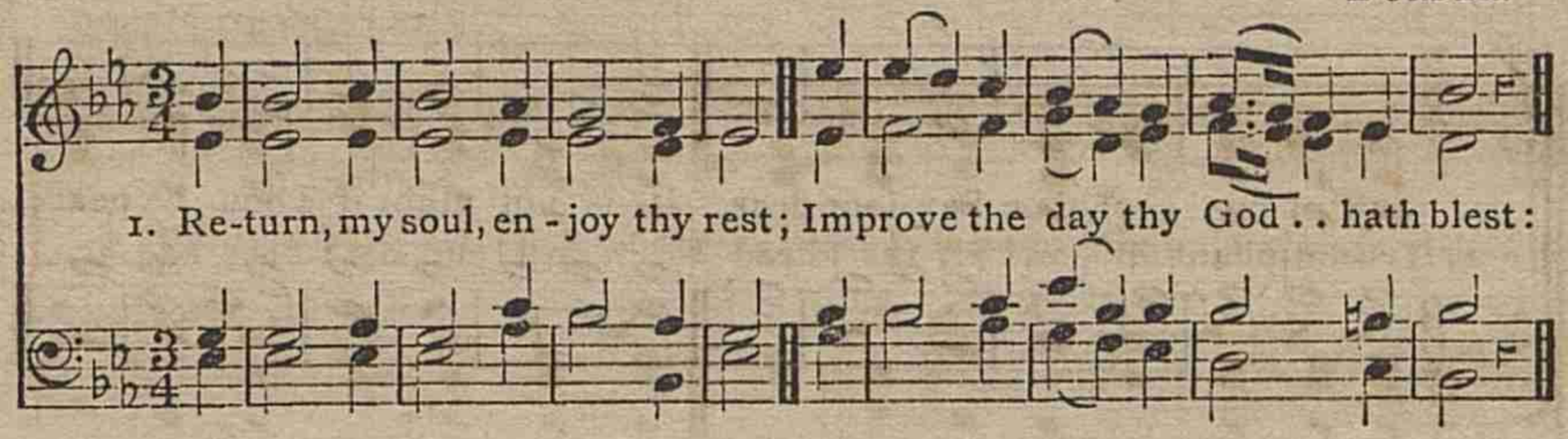
2 But can no sov'reign balm be found,
And is no kind physician nigh,
To ease the pain, and heal the wound,
Ere life and hope forever fly?

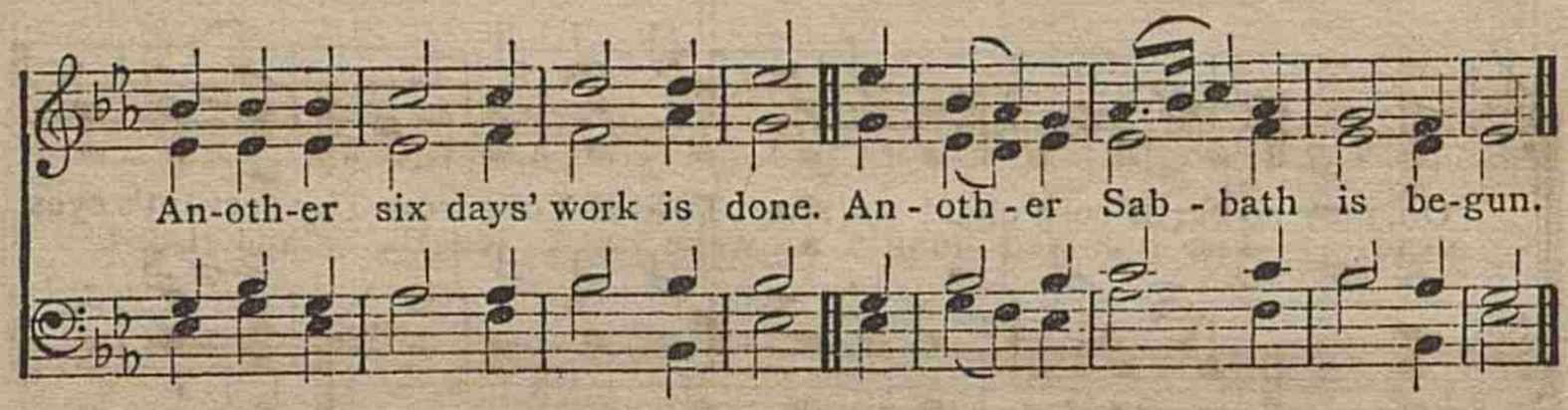
3 There is a great Physician near;
Look up, O fainting soul, and live;
See, in His heavenly smiles, appear
Such help as nature cannot give.

4 See, in the Saviour's dying blood,
Life, health, and bliss, abundant flow;
And in that sacrificial flood
A balm for all thy grief and woe.

LUTON. L.M.

BURDER.





No. 336.

2 Oh that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense to the skies;
And draw from Christ that sweet repose
Which none but he that feels it knows.

3 This heavenly calm, within the breast
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the Church of God remains,
The ends of cares, the end of pains.

4 In holy duties, let the day,
In holy comforts pass away;
How sweet, a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end.

No. 337.

1 Come, sinners, to the gospel feast;
Let every soul be Jesus' guest;
Ye need not one be left behind,
For God hath bidden all mankind.

2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;
The invitation is to all:—
Come all the world! come, sinner, thou!
All things in Christ are ready now.

3 Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed,
Ye restless wand'rers after rest;
Ye poor, and maim'd, and halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

No. 338.

1 Arm of the Lord, awake, awake!
Put on Thy strength, the nations shake,
And let the world, adoring see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by Thee.

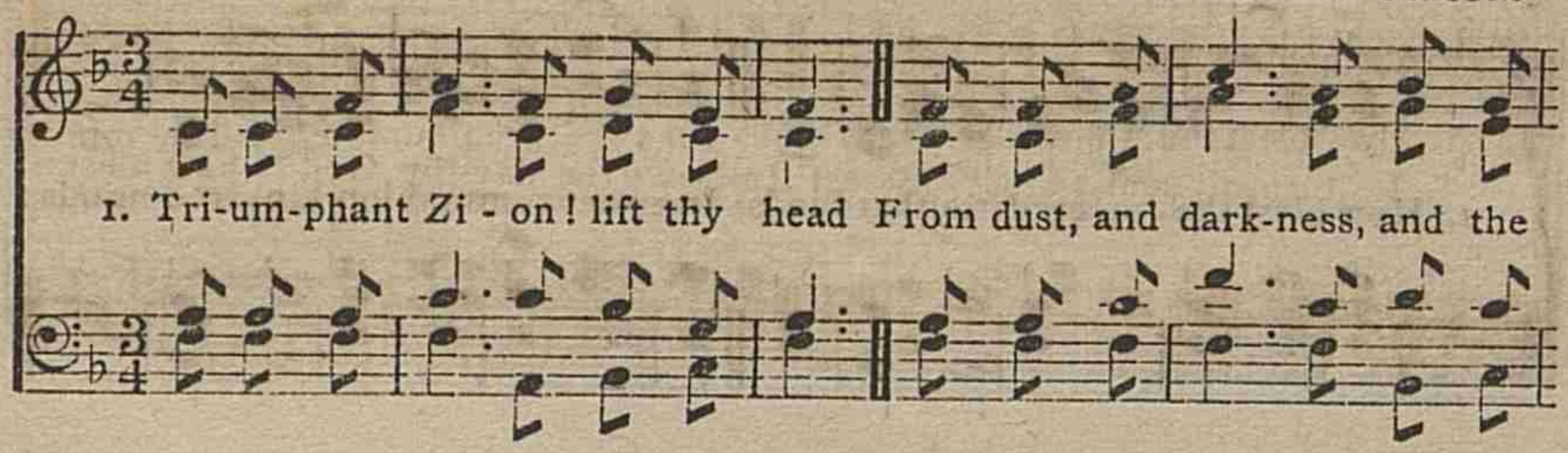
2 Say to the heathen, from Thy throne,
I am Jehovah—God alone:
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.
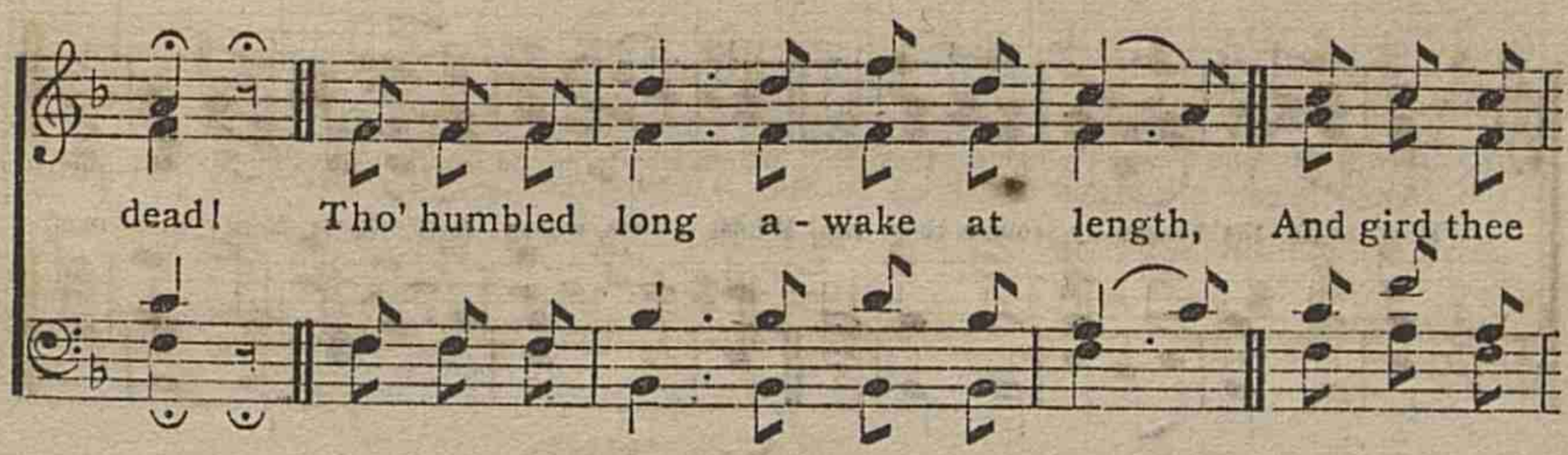
3 No more let creature blood be spilt—
Vain sacrifice for human guilt!
But to each conscience be applied
The blood that flowed from Jesus' side.
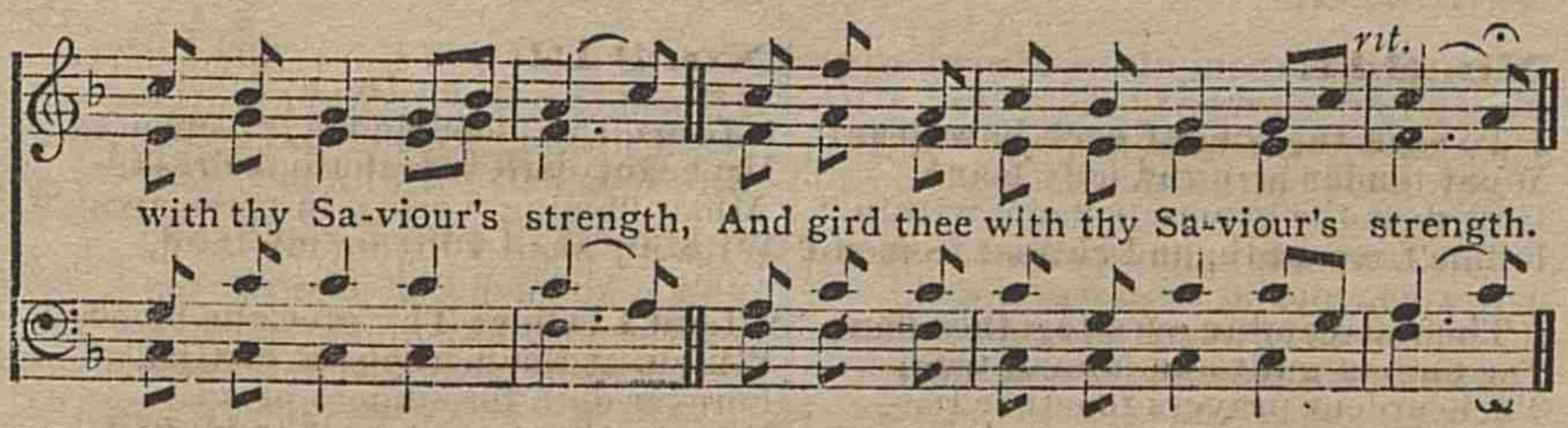
4 Almighty God, Thy grace proclaim,
In every land, of every name;
Let adverse powers before Thee fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

ANVERN. L.M.

Dr. Lowell Mason.







No. 339.

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

3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallowed walls with dread;
No more shall hell's insulting host
Their vict'ry and thy sorrows boast.

4 God, from on high, has heard thy pray-
His hand thy ruin shall repair: [er;
Nor will thy watchful monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.

No. 340.
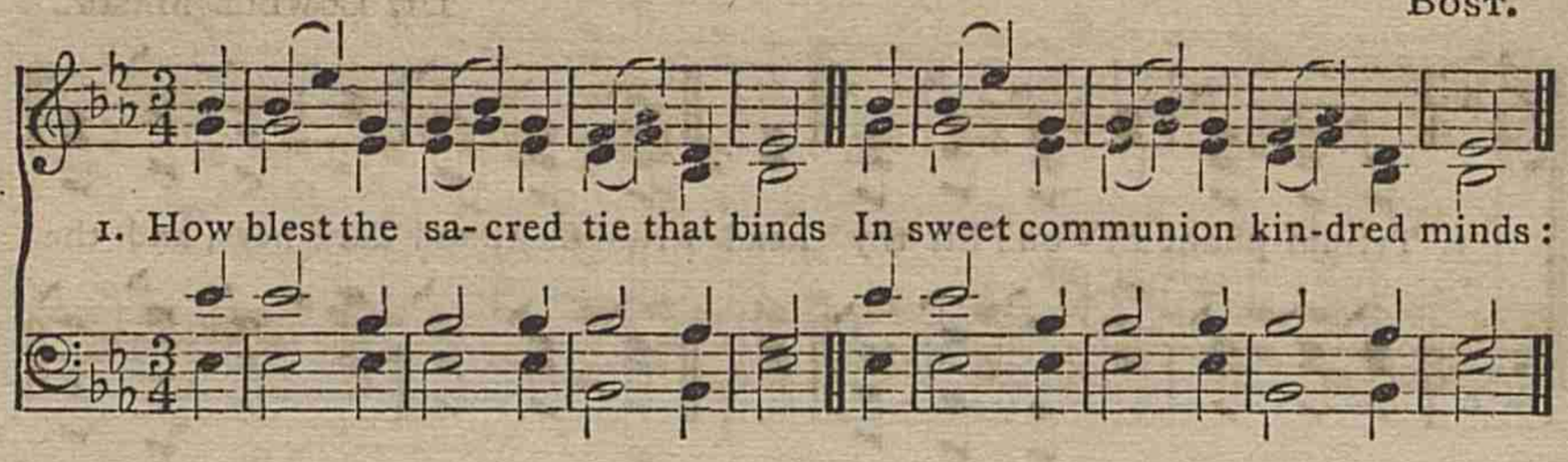
1 Come, O my soul, in sacred lays,
Attempt Thy great Creator's praise:
But O, what tongue can speak His fame?
What mortal verse can reach the theme?
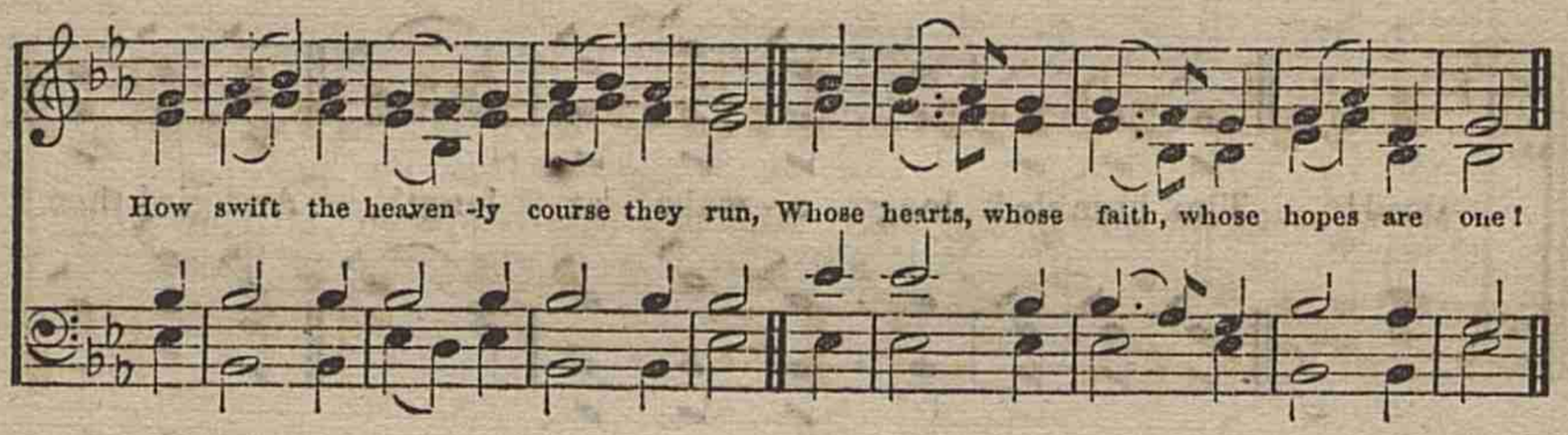
2 Enthroned amid the radiant spheres,
He glory like a garment wears;
To form a robe of light divine,
Ten thousand suns around Him shine.

3 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
Do thou, my soul, His glories sing;
And let His praise employ thy tongue,
Till list'ning worlds shall join the song.

GRATITUDE. L.M.

Bost.





No. 341.

2 To each the soul of each how dear!
What tender love and holy fear!
How does the generous flame within
Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin!

3 Their streaming eyes together flow,
For human guilt and human woe;
Their ardent prayers together rise,
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.

4 Nor shall the glowing flame expire,
When dimly burns frail nature's fire;
Then shall they meet in realms above—
A heaven of joy—a heaven of love!

No. 342.

1 Jesus, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress:
'Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

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

3 Lord, I believe were sinners more
Than sands upon the ocean shore,
Thou hast for all a ransom paid,
For all a full atonement made.

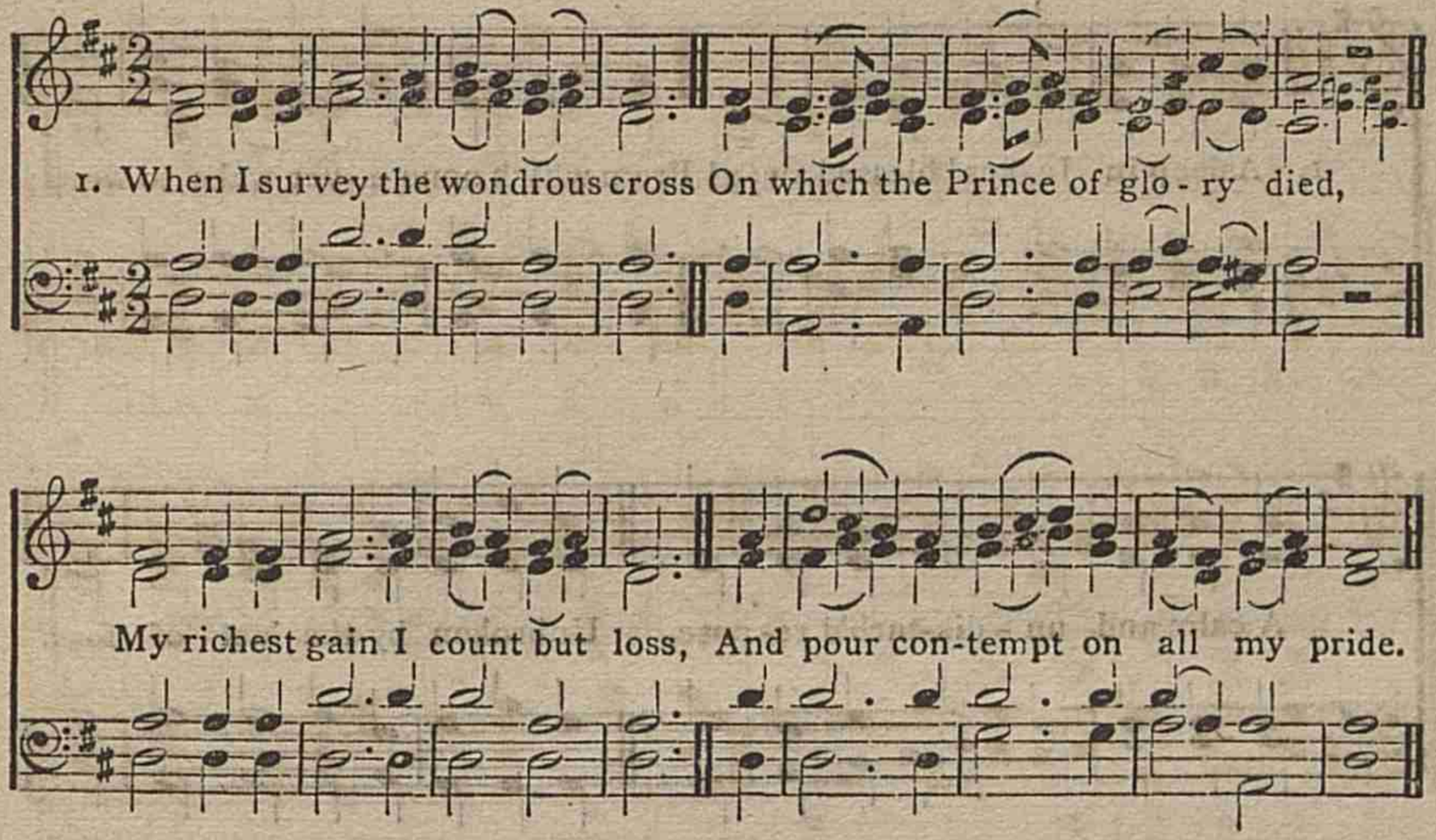
No. 343.

1 I thirst, Thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in Thy cleansing blood;
To dwell within Thy wounds; then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
For ever closed to all but Thee:
Seal Thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love for ever there.

OLIVET. L.M.

I. B. WOODBURY.



No. 344.

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

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

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

No. 345.

1 Shall man, O God of light and life,
Forever moulder in the grave?
Canst Thou forget Thy glorious work,
Thy promise, and Thy power, to save?

2 In those dark, silent realms of night
Shall peace and hope no more arise?
No future morning light the tomb,
Nor day-star gild the darksome skies?

3 Cease—cease, ye vain, desponding fears:
When Christ, our Lord, from darkness sprang,
Death, the last foe, was captive led,
And heav'n with praise and wonder rang.

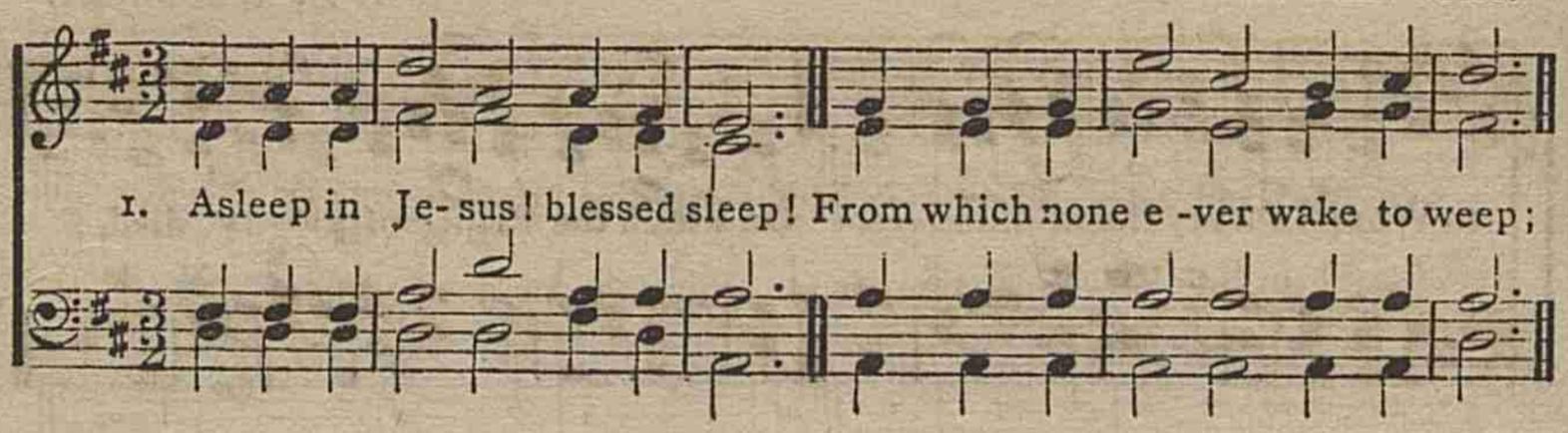
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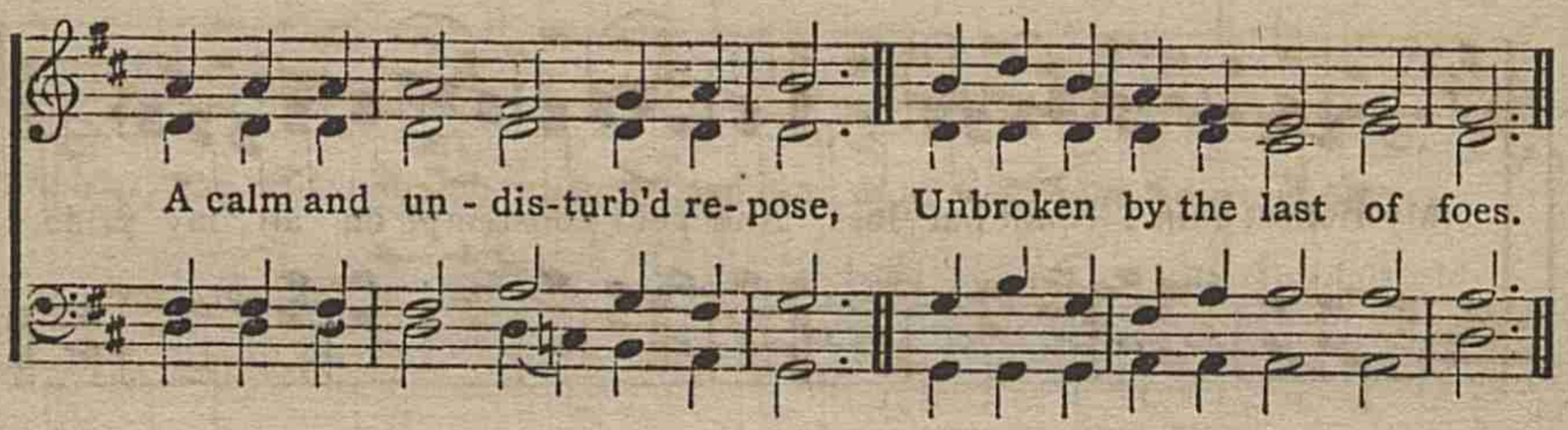
3 How blest are they who still abide
Close shelter'd in Thy bleeding side!
Who thence their life and strength derive,
And by Thee move, and in Thee live.

4 What are our works but sin and death,
Till Thou Thy quick'ning Spirit breathe?
Thou givest the power thy grace to move;
O wondrous grace! O boundless love!

REST. L.M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.





No. 346.

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

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

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

No. 347.

1 There is a God—all nature speaks,
Thro' earth, and air, and seas, and skies;
See—from the clouds His glory breaks,
When earliest beams of morning rise.

2 The rising sun, supremely bright,
Throughout the world's extended frame,
Inscribes, in characters of light,
His mighty Maker's glorious name.

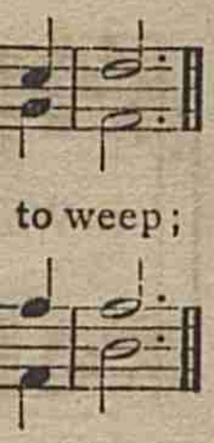
3 Ye curious minds, who roam abroad
And trace creation's wonders o'er,
Confess the footsteps of your God;
Bow down before Him and adore.

No. 348.

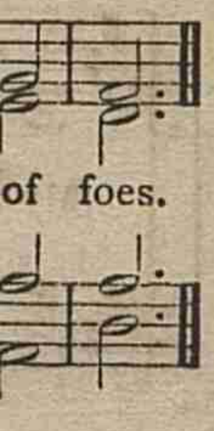
1 Dear is the spot where Christians sleep,
And sweet the strains their spirits pour;
Oh, why should we in anguish weep?
They are not lost, but gone before.

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

ADBURY.



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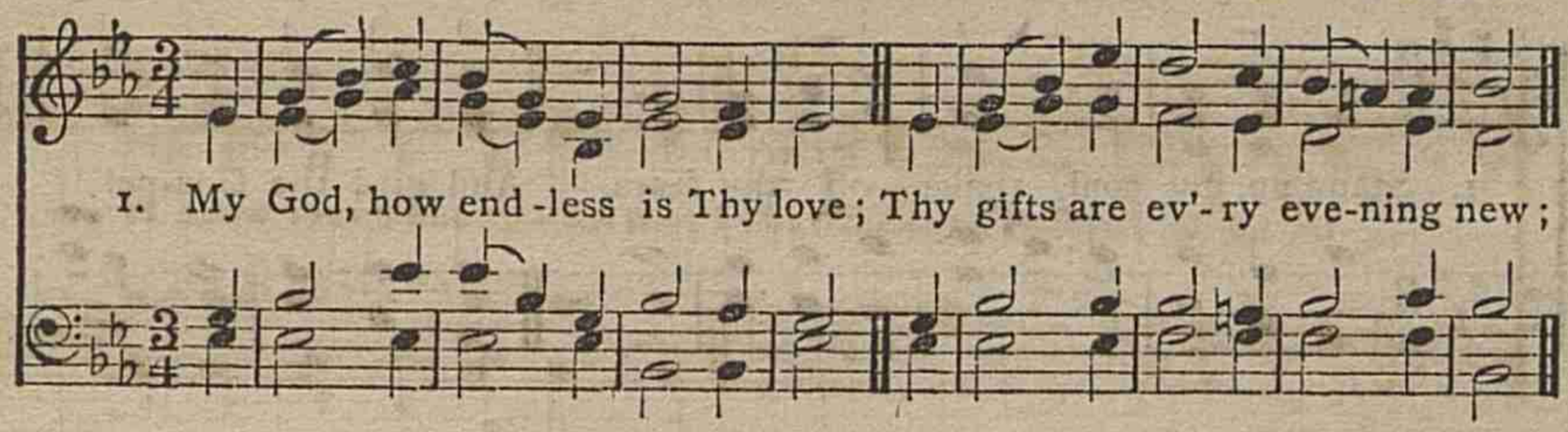
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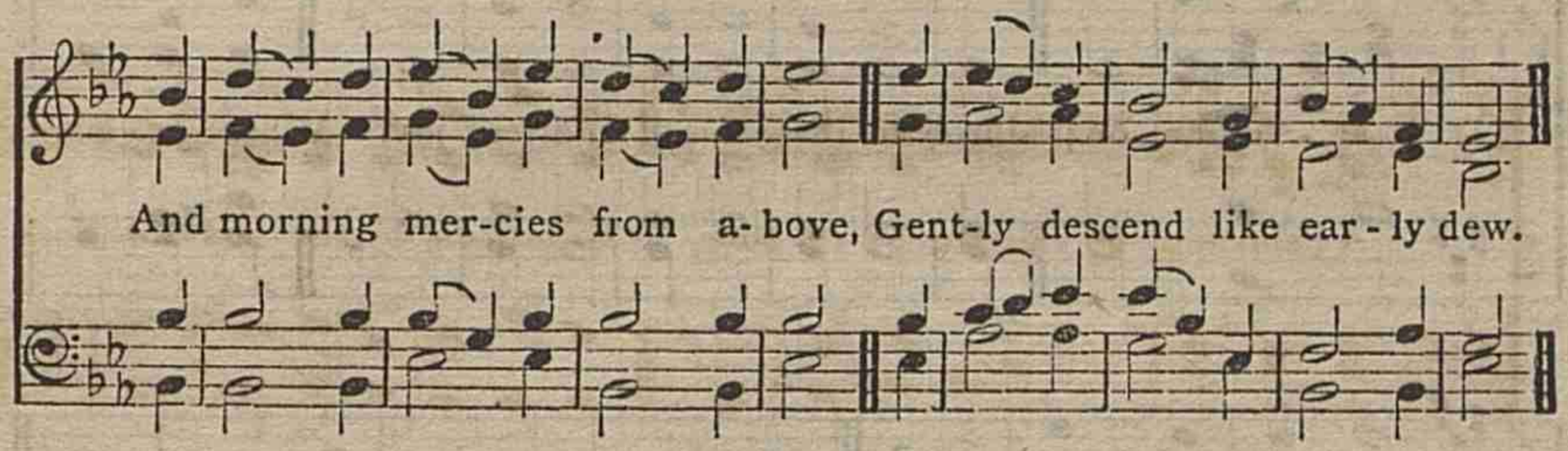
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SHEPHERD. L.M.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.





No. 349.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield myself to Thy command!
To Thee devote my nights and days;
Perpetual blessings from Thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

No. 350.

1 Thine, Lord, is wisdom, Thine alone!
Justice and truth before Thee stand:
Yet, nearer to Thy sacred throne,
Mercy withholds Thy lifted hand.

2 Each evening shows Thy tender love;
Each rising morn Thy plenteous grace:
Thy waken'd wrath doth slowly move;
Thy willing mercy flies apace.

3 To Thy benign, indulgent care,
Father, this light, this breath we owe;
And all we have, and all we are,
From Thee, great Source of being, flow.

4 Thrice Holy! Thine the kingdom is,
The power omnipotent is Thine;
And when created nature dies,
Thy never-ceasing glories shine.

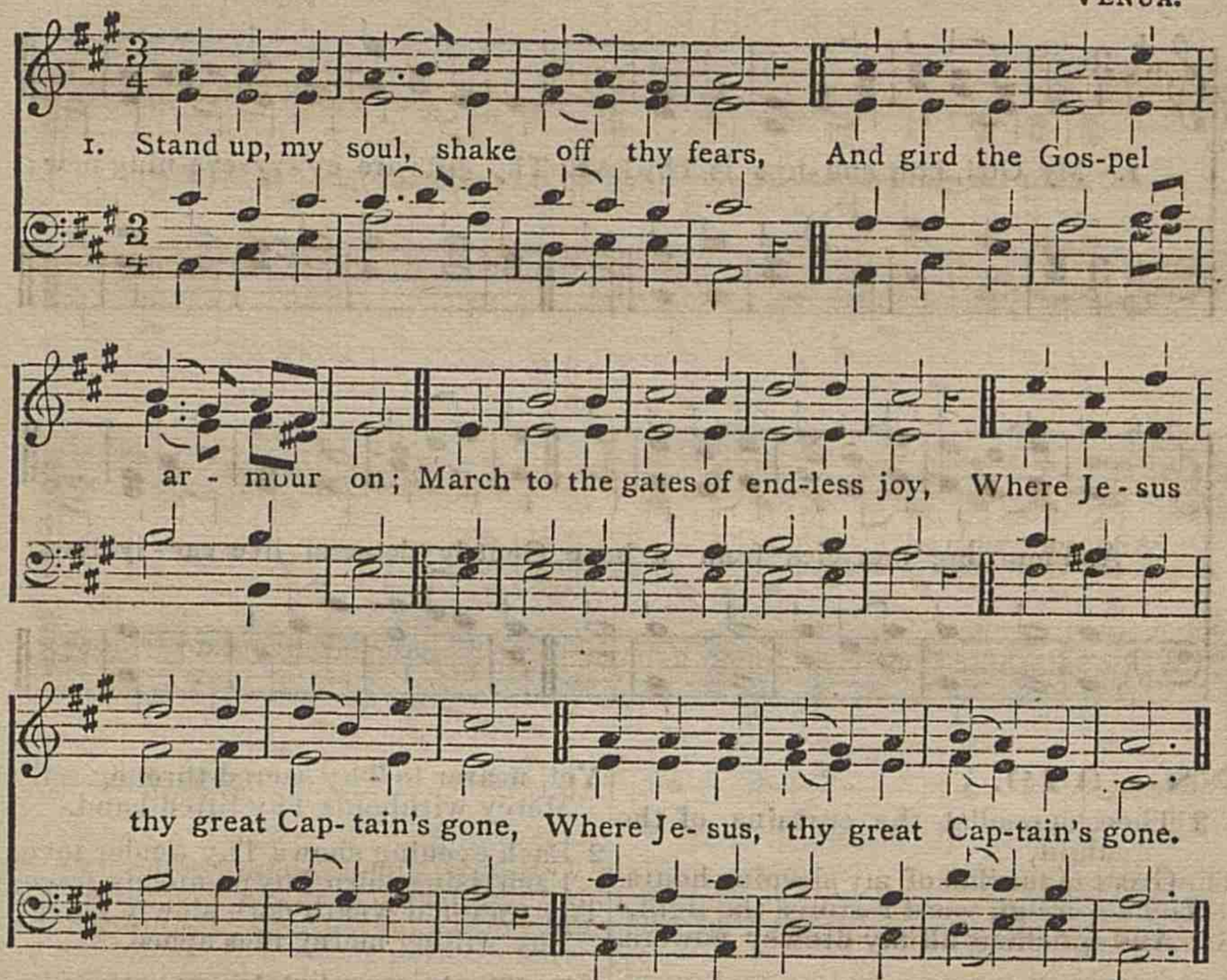
No. 348.—*Concluded.*

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

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

PARK STREET. L.M.

VENUA.



No. 351. *The march.*

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

3 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.

4 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.—*Watts.*

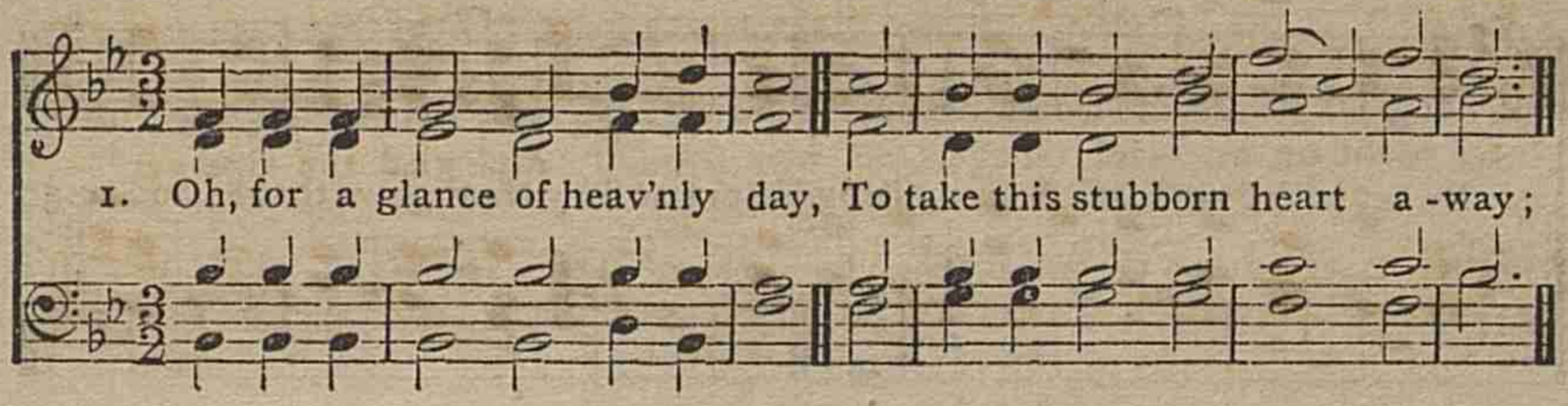
No. 352. *National blessings.*
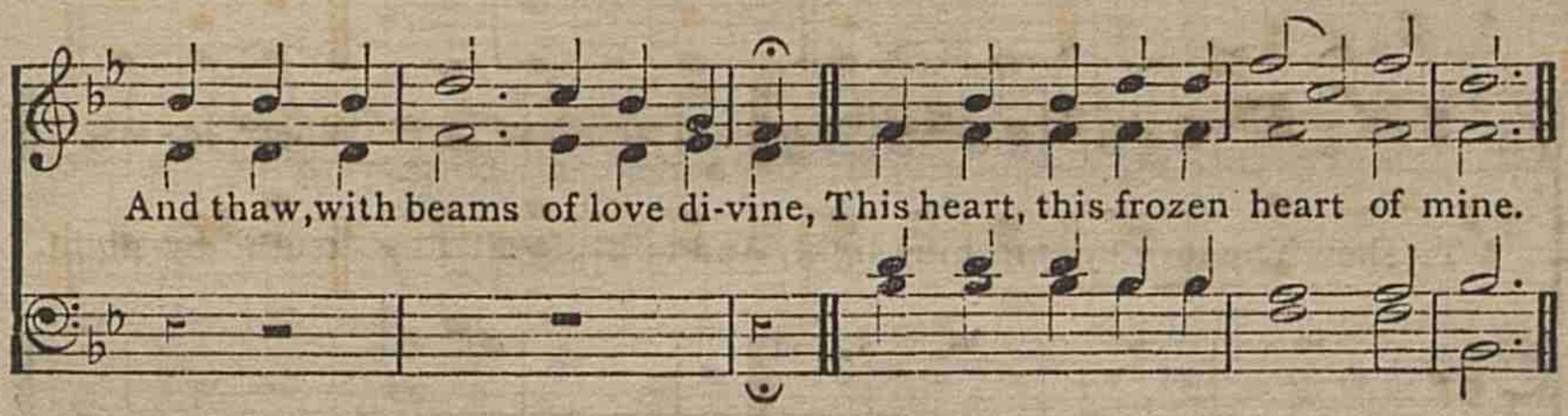
1 Great God of nations, now to Thee
Our hymn of gratitude we raise;
With humble heart, and bending knee,
We offer Thee our song of praise.

2 Thy Name we bless, Almighty God,
For all the kindness Thou hast shown
To this fair land the pilgrims trod,—
This land we fondly call our own.

WARE. L.M.

GEO. KINGSLEY.





No. 353.

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

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

4 But power divine can do the deed:
And, Lord, that power I greatly need:
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
And melt and change this heart of mine.

No. 354.

1 Saviour of men, Thy searching eye,
Doth all mine inmost thoughts descry;
Doth aught on earth my wishes raise,
Or the world's pleasures, or its praise?

2 The love of Christ doth me constrain
To seek the wand'ring souls of men;
With cries, entreaties, tears, to save,—
To snatch them from the gaping grave.

3 For this let men revile my name;
No cross I shun, I fear no shame:
All hail, reproach; and welcome, pain;
Only Thy terrors, Lord, restrain.
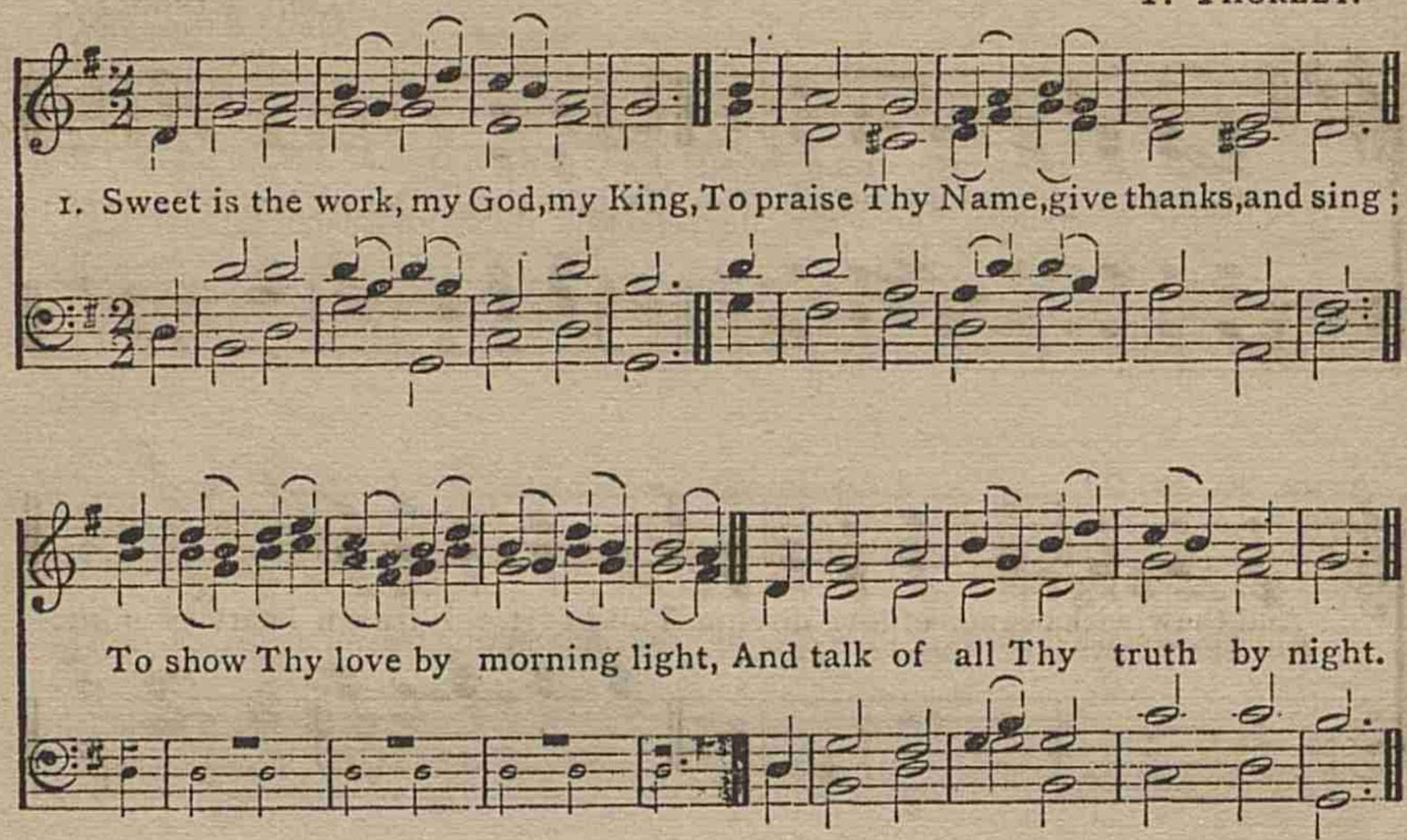
No. 352.—*Concluded.*

3 Here freedom spreads her banner wide,
And casts her soft and hallow'd ray;
Here Thou our father's steps did'st guide
In safety thro' their dangerous way.

4 We praise Thee that the gospel's light
Thro' all our lands its radiance sheds;
Dispels the shades of error's night,
And heavenly blessings round us spreads.

PORTUGAL. L.M.

T. THORLEY.



No. 355.

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

3 When grace has purified my heart,
Then I shall share a glorious part:
And fresh supplies of joy be shed,
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

4 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.

No. 356.

1 Praise waits in Zion, Lord, for Thee;
Thy saints adore Thy holy Name;
Thy creatures bend the' obedient knee,
And, humbly, now Thy presence claim.

2 Eternal Source of truth and light,
To Thee we look, on Thee we call;
Lord, we are nothing in Thy sight,
But Thou to us art all in all.

3 So shall our sun of hope arise,
With brighter still and brighter ray,
Till Thou shalt bless our longing eyes
With beams of everlasting day.
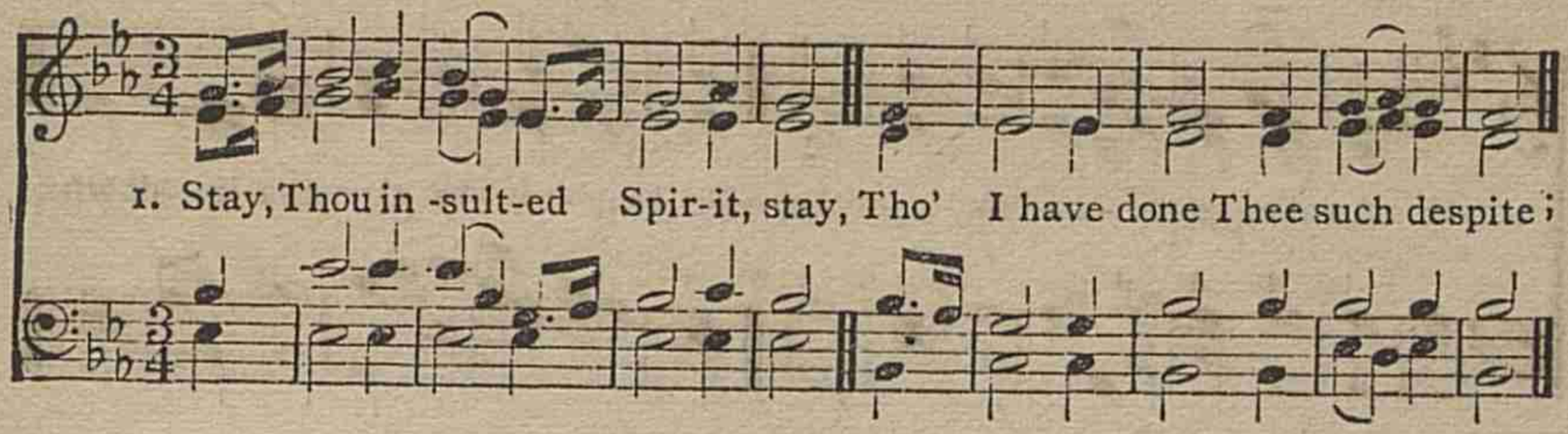
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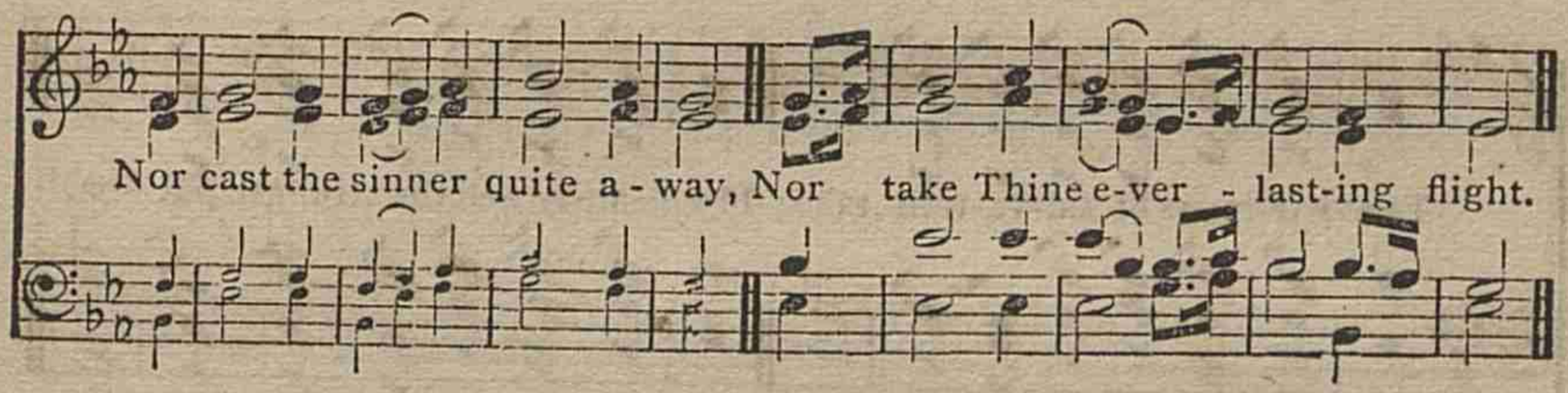
1 Jesus, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee!
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine thro' endless days.

2 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.

BOWRING. L.M.

I. B. WOODBURY.





No. 358.

2 Tho' I have steel'd my stubborn heart,
And shaken off my guilty fears;
And vex'd, and urged Thee to depart,
For many long rebellious years:

3 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:

4 Yet, oh! the chief of sinners spare,
In honour of my great High Priest;
For in Thy righteous anger swear
T' exclude me from Thy people's rest.

No. 359.

1 Jesus, my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
On whom I cast my every care,
On whom for all things I depend,—
Inspire, and then accept, my prayer.

2 If I have tasted of Thy grace,—
The grace that sure salvation brings;
If with me now Thy Spirit stays,
And, hov'ring, hides me in His wings.

3 If to the right or left I stray,
His voice behind me may I hear,—
Return, and walk in Christ, thy way;
Fly back to Christ, for sin is near!

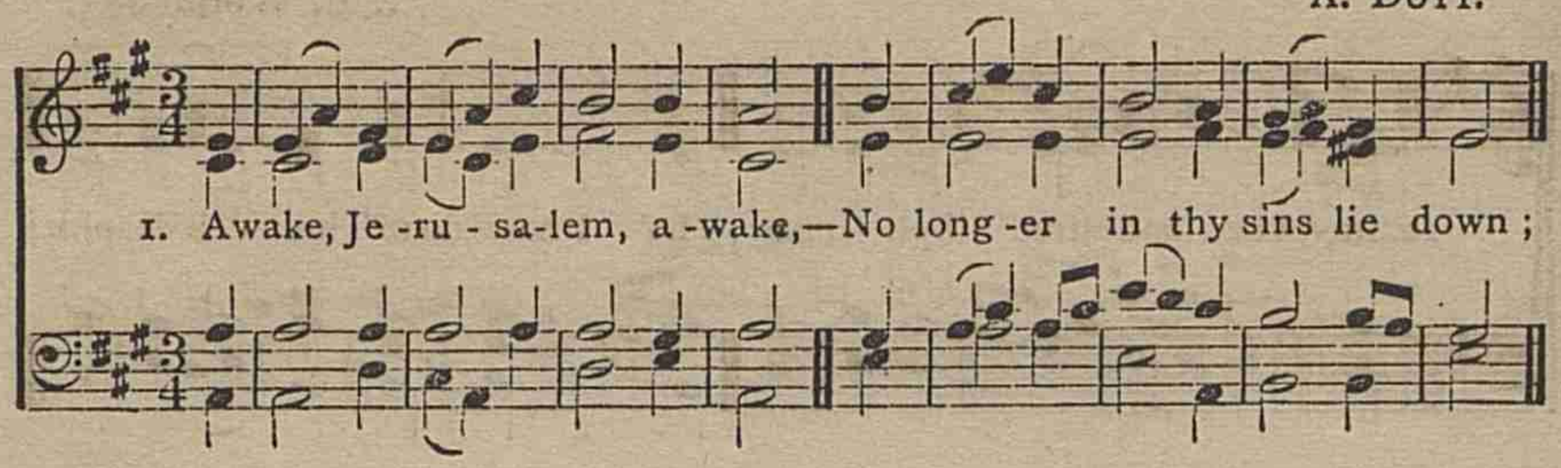
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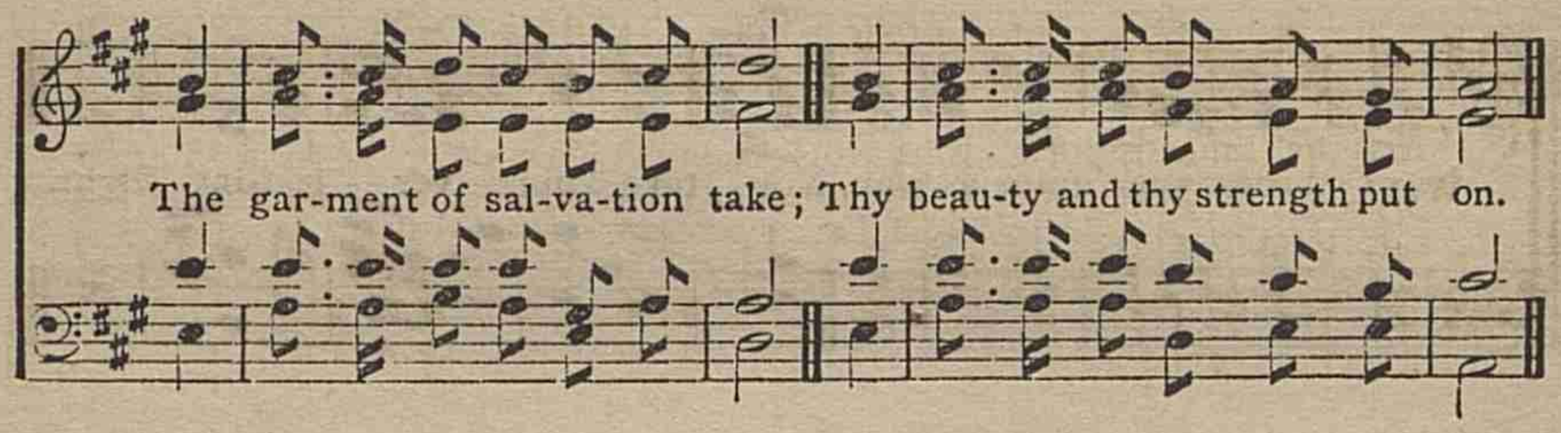
3 Ashamed of Jesus!—yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

4 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain;
And, oh, may this my glory be,—
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

JUDAH. L.M.

A. Doty.





No. 360.

2 Shake off the dust that blinds thy sight,
And hides the promise from Thine eyes;
Arise and struggle into light;
The great Deliv'rer calls,—Arise!

3 Shake off the bands of sad despair;
Zion, assert thy liberty;
Look up, thy broken heart prepare,
And God shall set the captive free.

4 Vessels of mercy, sons of grace,
Be purg'd from every sinful stain,
Be like our Lord, His Word embrace,
Nor bear His hallow'd Name in vain.

No. 361.

1 Arise, my soul, on wings sublime,
Above the vanities of time;
Let faith now pierce the veil, and see
The glories of eternity.

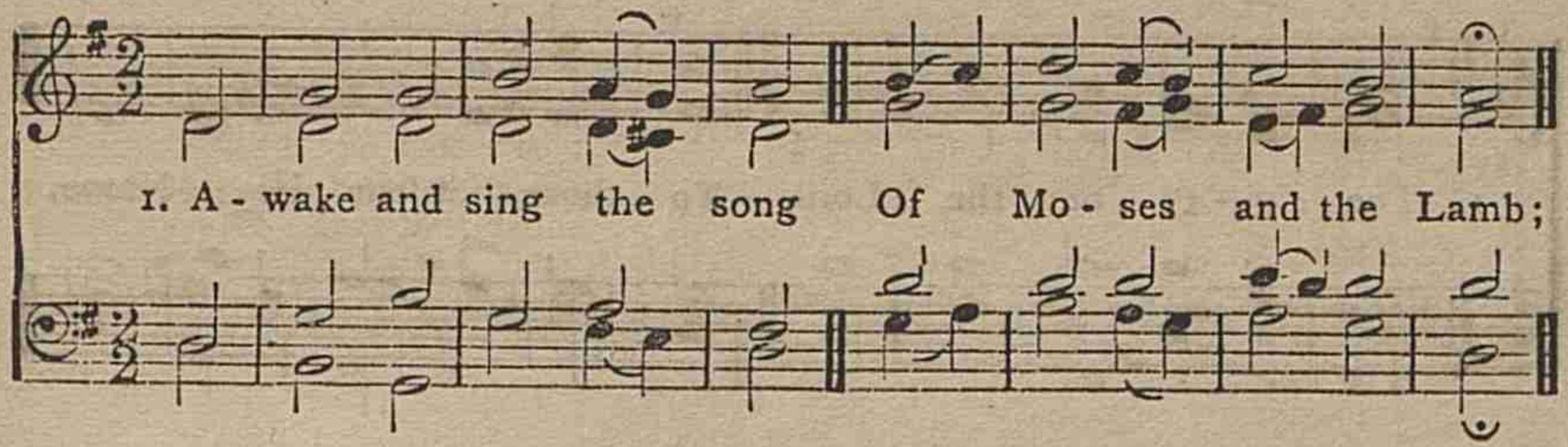
2 Born by a new, celestial birth,
Why should I grovel here on earth?
Why grasp at vain and fleeting toys,
So near to heaven's eternal joys.

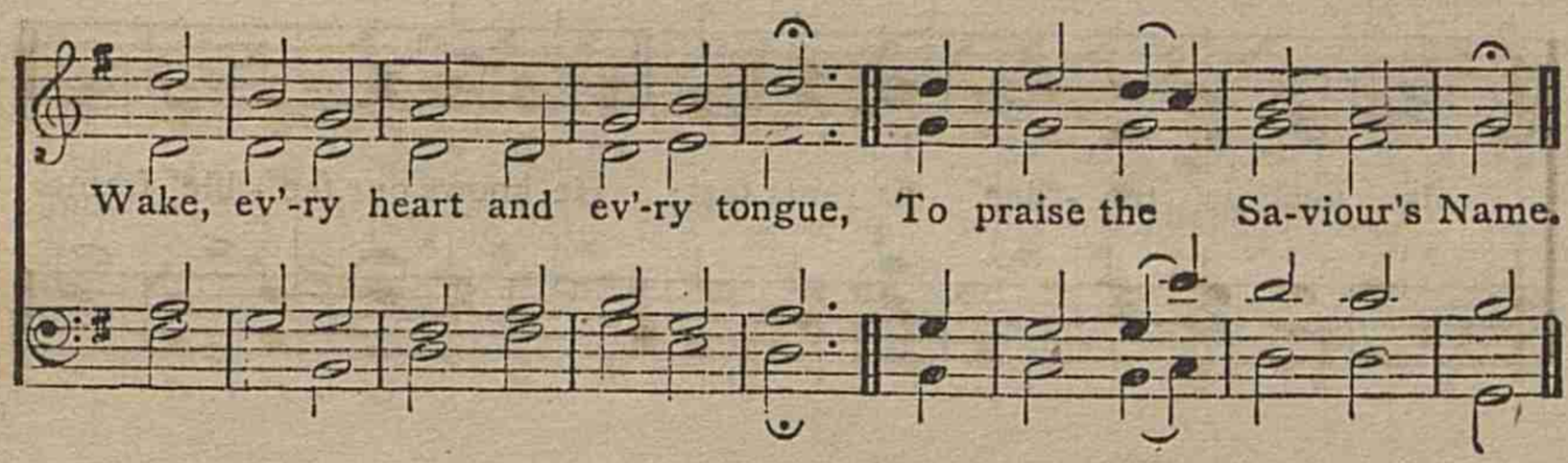
3 Shall aught beguile me on the road,—
The narrow road that leads to God?
Or can I love this earth so well,
As not to long with God to dwell?

4 To dwell with God,—to taste His love,
Is the full heaven enjoyed above:
The glorious expectation now
Is heavenly bliss begun below.

ST. THOMAS. S.M.

HANDEL.





No. 362.

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

3 Ye pilgrims, on the road
To Zion's city, sing;
Rejoice ye in the Lamb of God,—
In Christ, the eternal King.

4 There shall each raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

No. 363.

1 Hail to the Sabbath-day!
The day divinely given,
When men to God their homage pay,
And earth draws near to heaven.

2 Lord, in this sacred hour,
Within Thy courts we bend,
And bless Thy love, and own Thy power,
Our Father and our Friend.

3 Lord, may that holier day
Dawn on Thy servants' sight;
And purer worship may we pay
In heaven's unclouded light.
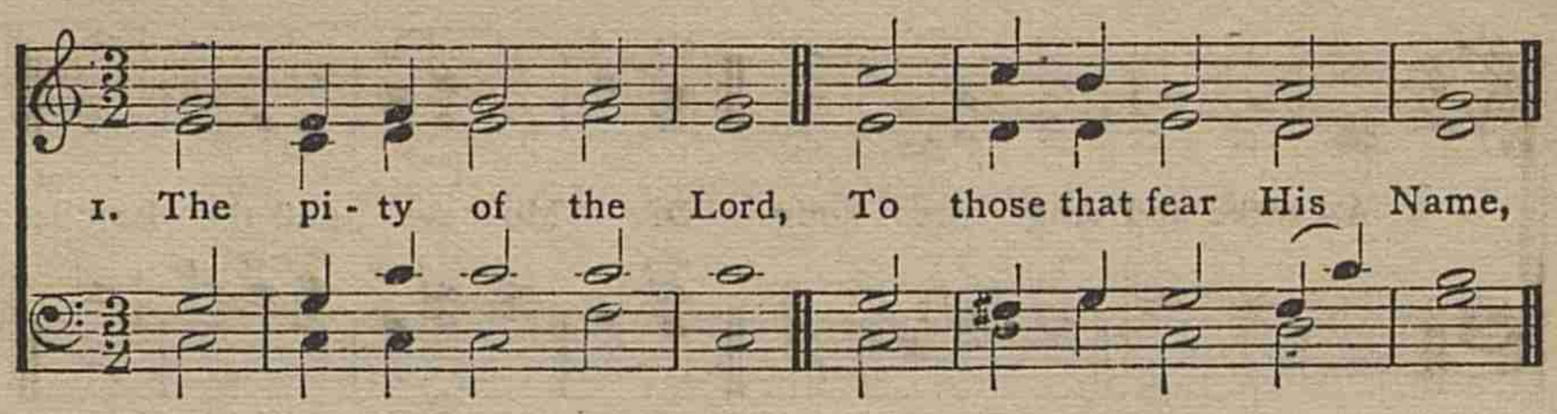
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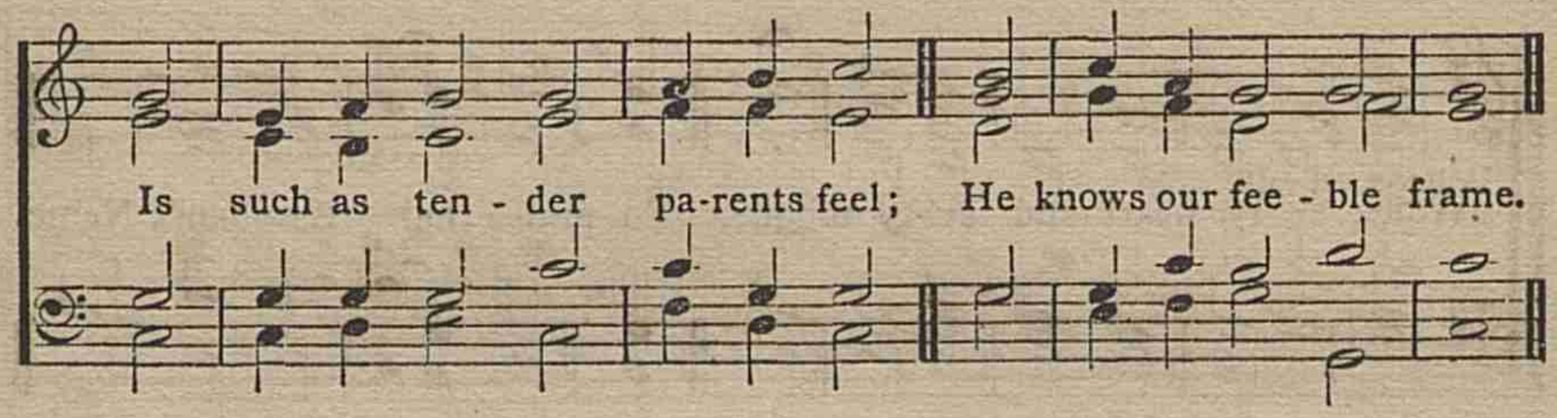
1 Come, sound His praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing:
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

2 Come, worship at His throne,
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are His works, and not our own,
He formed us by His word.

BOYLSTON. S.M.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.





No. 365

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;
When blasting winds 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 word of promise sure.

No. 366.

1 If, on a quiet sea,
Toward heaven we calmly sail,
With grateful hearts, O God to Thee,
We'll own the favoring gale.

2 But should the surges rise,
And rest delay to come,
Blest be the sorrow, kind the storm,
Which drives us nearer home.

3 Soon shall our doubts and fears
All yield to Thy control:
Thy tender mercies shall illume
The midnight of the soul.

No. 367.

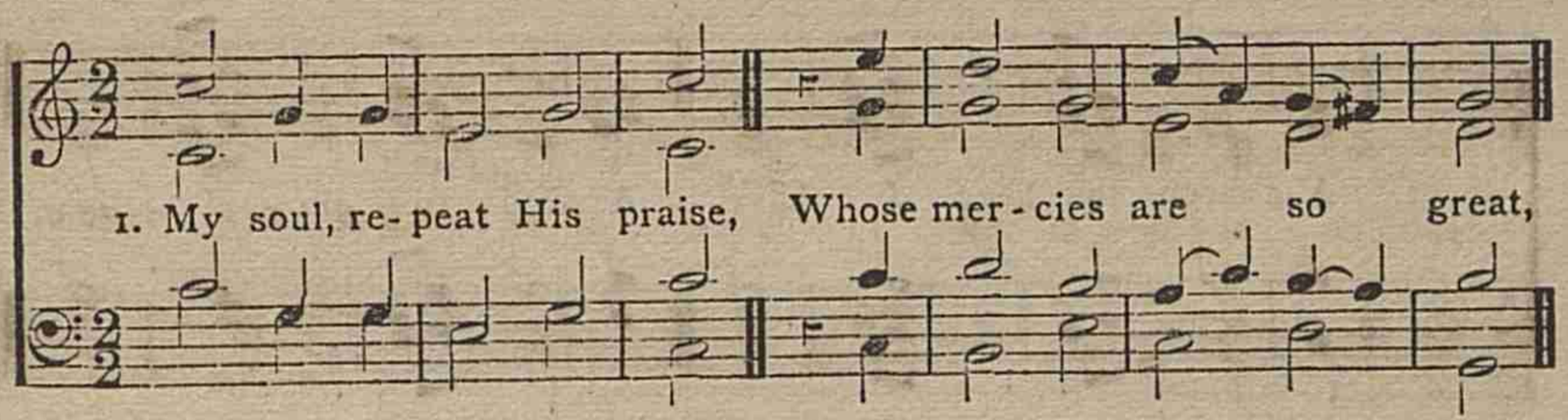
1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears
The wond'ring angels see;
Be thou astonish'd, 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.

SILVER STREET. S.M.

I. Smith.



No. 368.

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

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

No. 369.

1 Glad was my heart to hear
My old companion say,—
Come, in the house of God appear;
For 'tis a holy day.

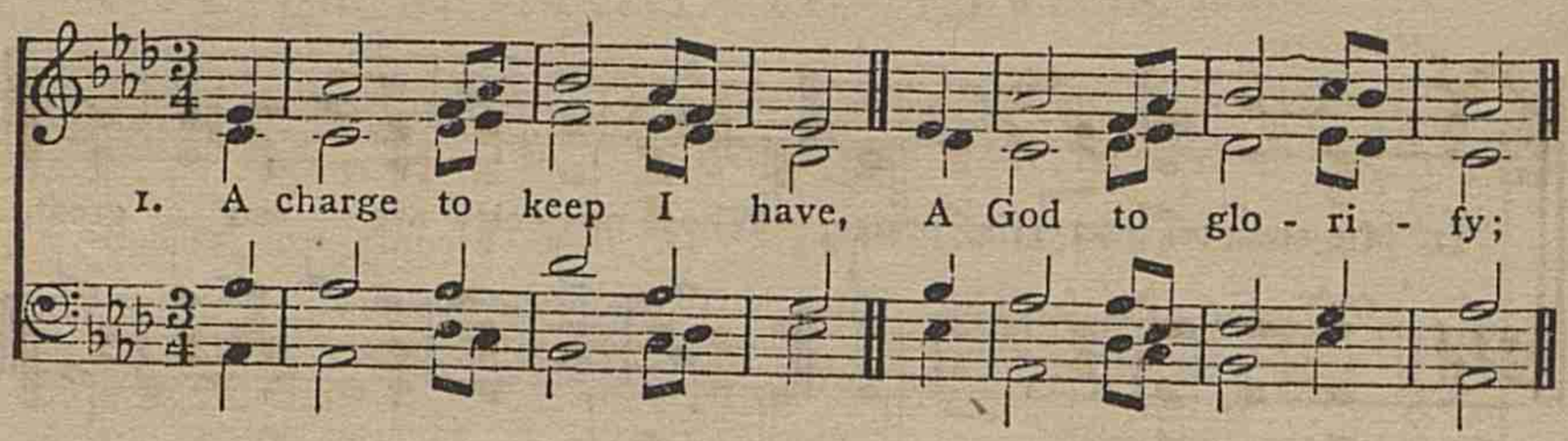
2 Thither the tribes repair,
Where all are wont to meet;
And joyful in the house of prayer,
Bend at the mercy-seat.

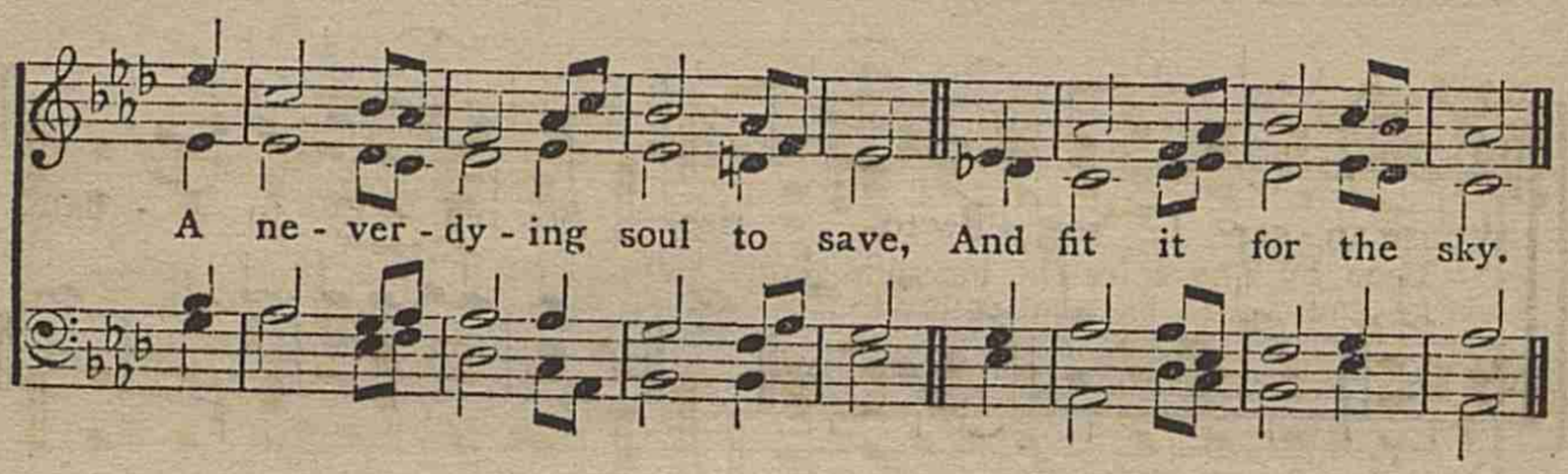
3 Pray for Jerusalem,
The city of our God!
Lord, send Thy blessings down to them
That love the dear abode!

4 Within these walls, may peace
And harmony be found!
Zion, in all thy palaces,
Prosperity abound.

5 For friends and brethren dear
Our prayer shall never cease:
Oft as they meet for worship here,
God send His people peace!

KENTUCKY. S.M





No. 370

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil,—
Oh, 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 oh, 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.

No. 371.

1 Behold the throne of grace;
The promise calls us near;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.

2 Thine image, Lord, bestow,—
Thy presence and Thy love,—
That we may serve Thee here below,
And reign with Thee above.

3 Teach us to live by faith,—
Conform our wills to Thine;
Let us victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

No. 372.

1 The praying spirit breathe!
The watching power impart;
From all entanglements beneath
Call off my peaceful heart;

2 My feeble mind sustain,
By worldly thoughts oppressed;
Appear and bid me turn again
To my eternal rest.

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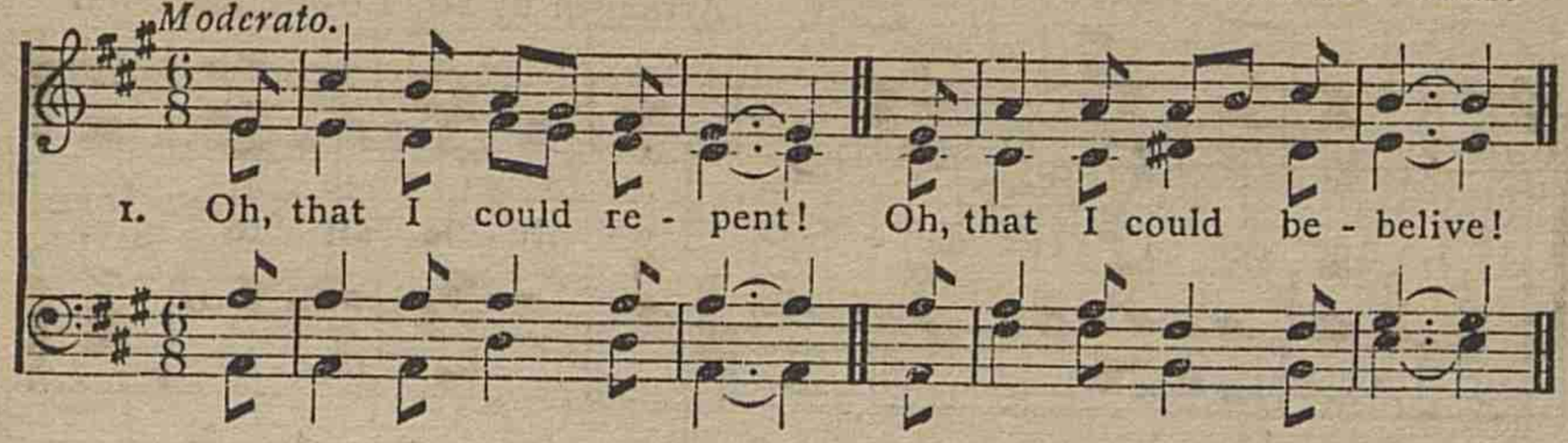
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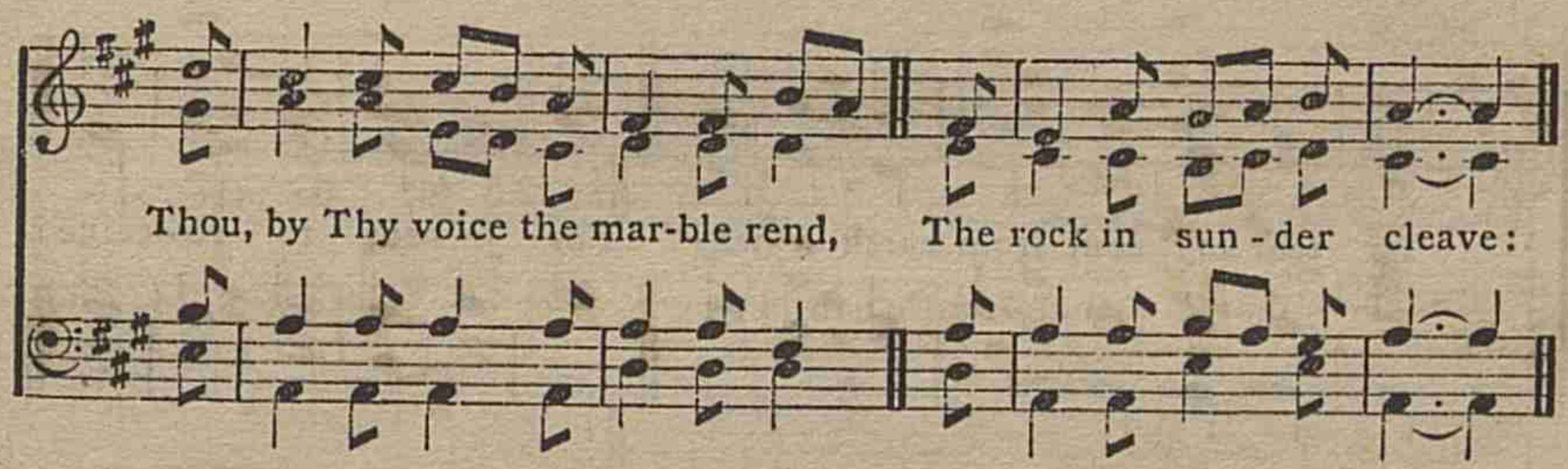
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AYDESBURY. S.M.

HARVEY CAMP.





No. 373.

2 Thou, by Thy two-edged sword,
My soul and spirit part:
Strike with the hammer of Thy Word,
And break my stubborn heart.

3 Saviour, and Prince of peace!
The double grace bestow;
Unloose the bands of wickedness
And let the captive go:

4 Grant me my sins to feel,
And then the load remove:
Wound, and pour in, my wounds to heal,
The balm of pard'ning love.

No. 374.

1 I want a heart to pray,—
To pray, and never cease;
Never to murmur at Thy stay,
Or wish my suff'rings less.

2 I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim,—
Unmov'd by threat'ning or reward,
To Thee and Thy great name;

3 I rest upon Thy word,—
The promise is for me;
My succour and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from Thee:
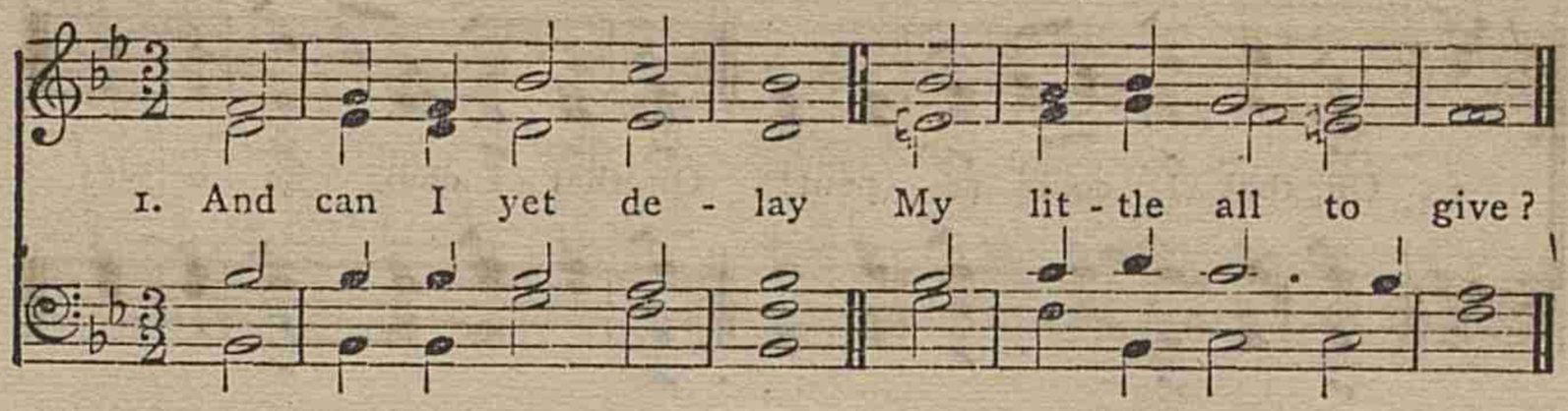
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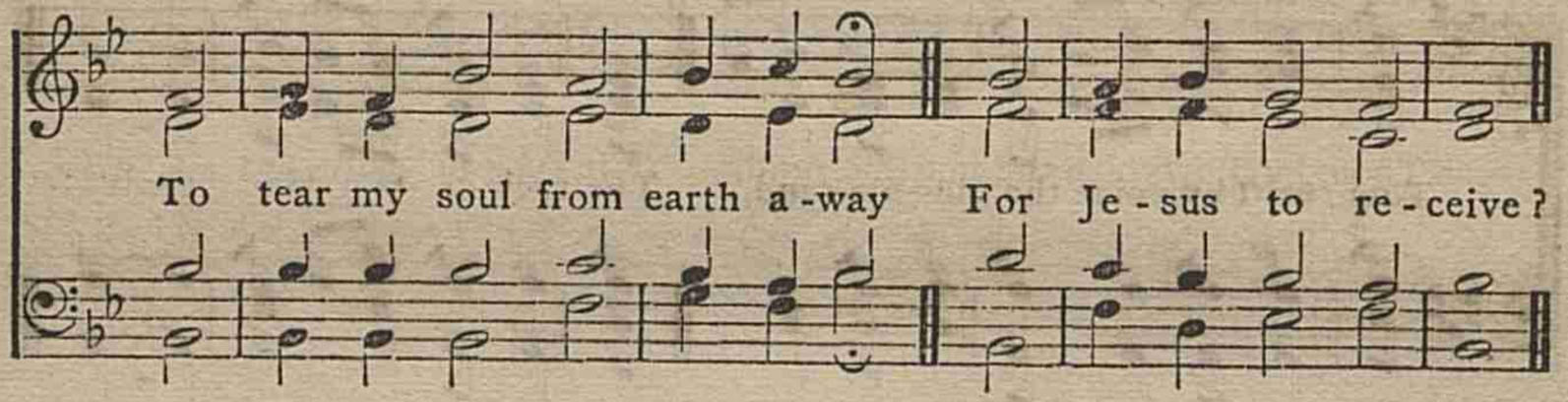
3 Swift to my rescue come;
Thine own this moment seize:
Gather my wand'ring spirit home,
And keep in perfect peace.

4 Suffer'd no more to rove
O'er all the earth abroad,
Arrest the pris'ner of Thy love,
And shut me up in God.

OLMUTZ. S.M.

Arranged by Dr. LOWELL MASON.





No. 375.

2 Nay, but I yield, I yield;
I can hold out no more:
I sink, by dying love compell'd,
And own Thee conqueror.

3 Though late, I all forsake;
My friends, my all, resign:
Gracious Redeemer, take, oh, take,
And seal me ever Thine.

4 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove;
Settle and fix my wav'ring soul
With all Thy weight of love.

No. 376.

1 Thy way is in the sea;
Thy paths we cannot trace;
Nor solve, O Lord, the mystery
Of Thy unbounded grace.

2 Here the dark veils of sense
Our captive souls surround;
Mysterious deeps of providence
Our wond'ring thoughts confound.

3 As through a glass we see
The wonders of Thy love;
How little do we know of Thee,
Or of the joys above!

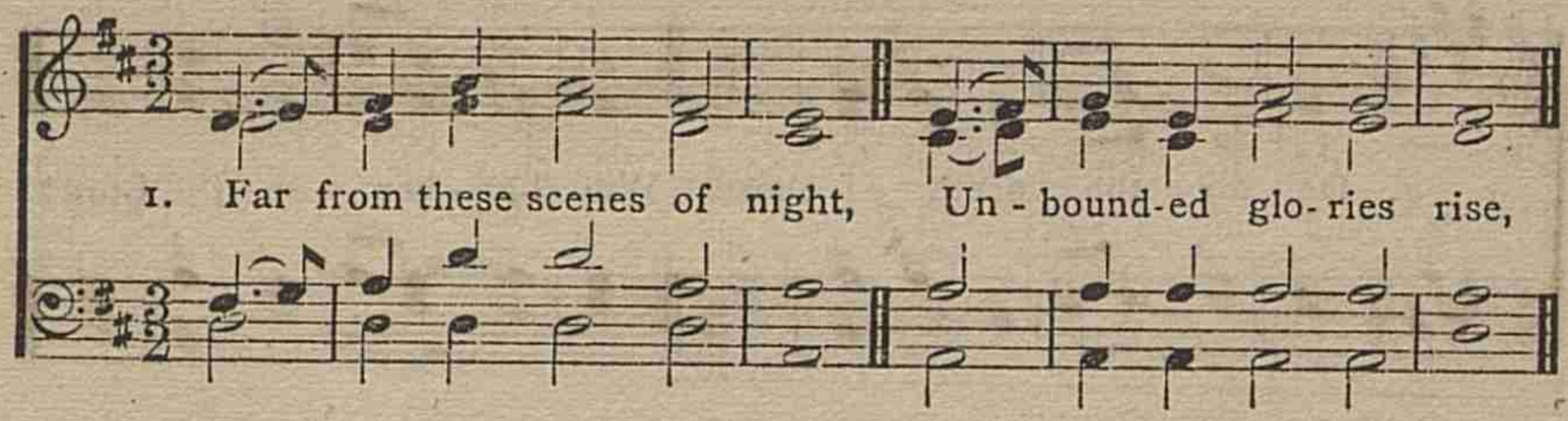
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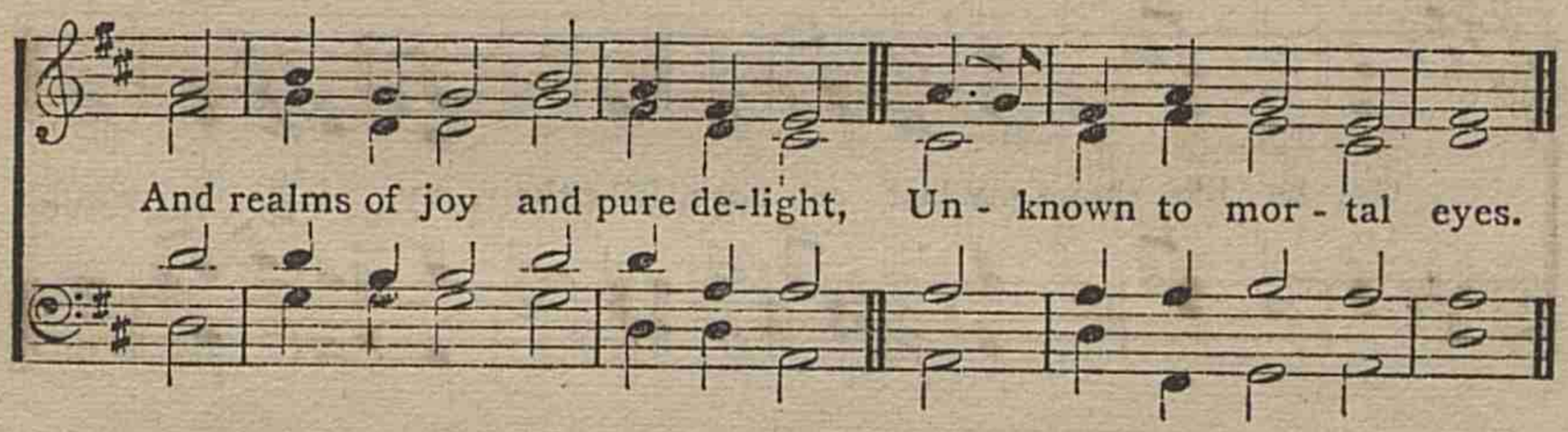
1 Sow in the morn thy seed;
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,—
Broad-cast it o'er the land.

2 Thou know'st not which shall thrive,
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germ alive
When and wherever strown:

HUNTINGTON. S.M.

T. E. PERKINS.





No. 378.

2 Fair land!—could mortal eyes
But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more!

3 No cloud those regions know,—
Realms ever bright and fair;
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

4 Oh may the prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith and strong desire,
Bear every thought above.

No. 379.

1 Lord of the harvest, hear
Thy needy servants cry;
Answer our faith's effectual pray'r,
And all our wants supply.

2 On Thee we humbly wait,—
Our wants are in Thy view;
The harvest, truly, Lord, is great,
The labourers are few.

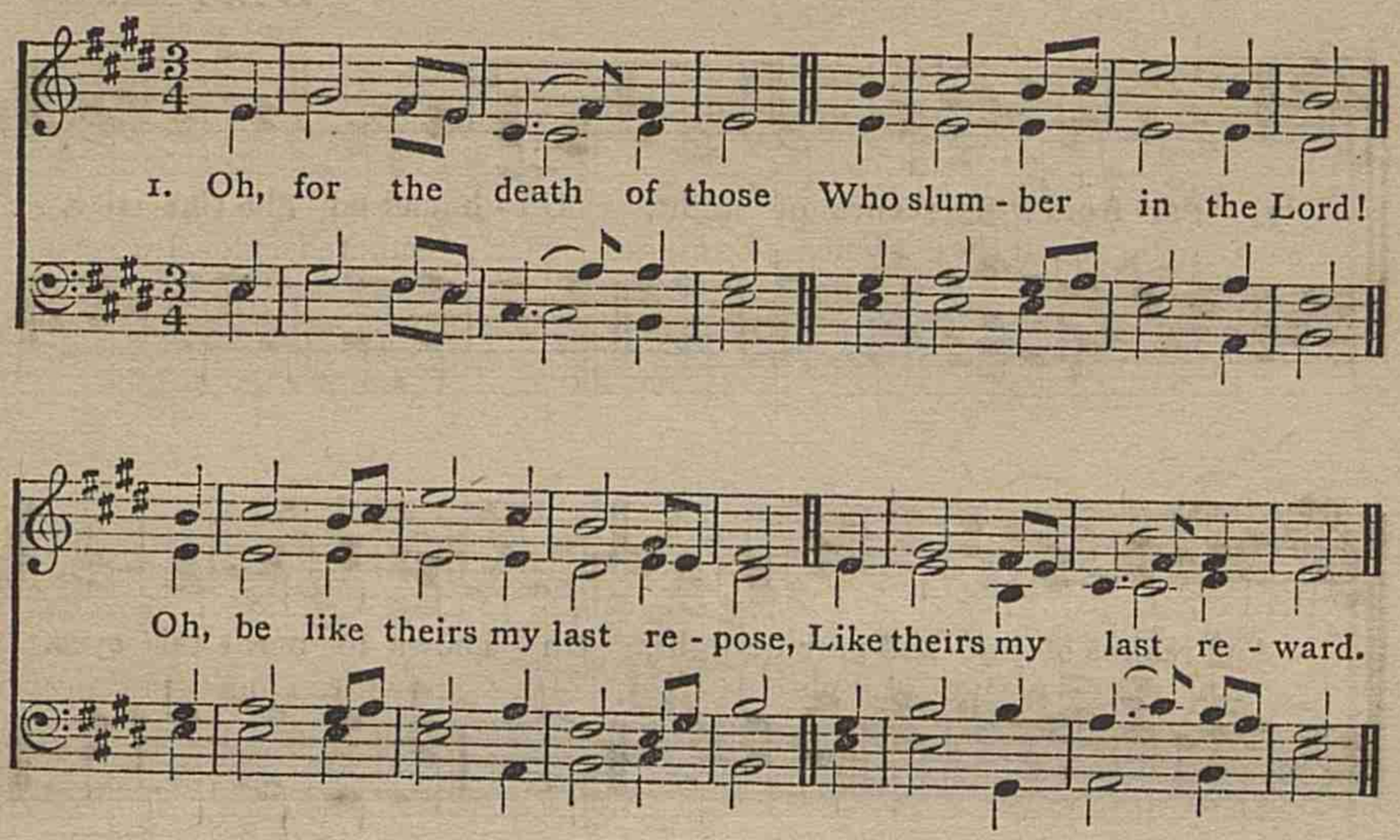
3 Convert and send forth more
Into Thy Church abroad, [pow'r
And let them speak Thy word of
As workers with their God.

No. 377.—*Concluded.*

3 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

4 Thou canst not toil in vain:
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

GOLDEN HILL. S.M.



No. 380.

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 ransom'd spirits soar
On wings of faith and love,
To meet the Saviour they adore,
And reign with Him above.

4 Oh, for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
Oh, be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward.

No. 381.

1 When o'er the deep we rode.
By winds and storms assail'd;
We call'd upon the ocean's God,
Whose mercy never failed.

2 The tempest heard His voice,
The winds obeyed His will;
The elements withheld their noise,
And all the floods were still.

3 With joy we hailed the shore,
And safe the vessel moored;
With grateful hearts, that happy hour,
We praised the ocean's Lord.
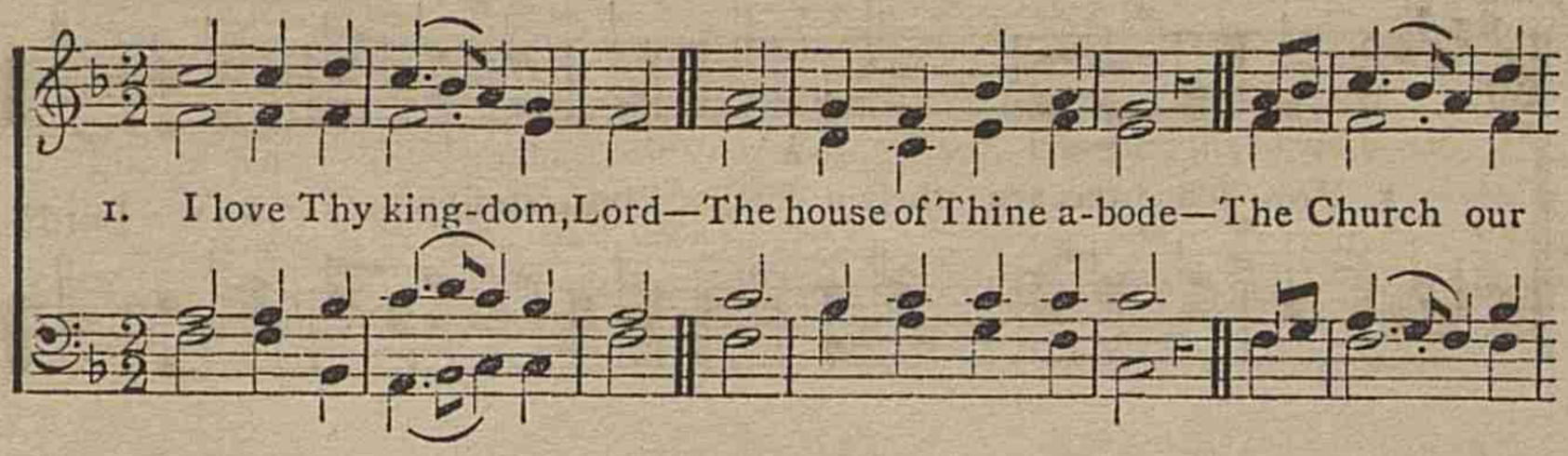
No. 382.

1 O Lord, Thy work revive
In Zion's gloomy hour,
And let our dying graces live
By Thy restoring power.

2 Oh, let Thy chosen few
Awake to earnest prayer;
Their covenant again renew,
And walk in filial fear.

LUTHER. S.M.

Dr. Thos. Hastings.



No. 383.

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 care and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

No. 384.

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

2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But servants of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.
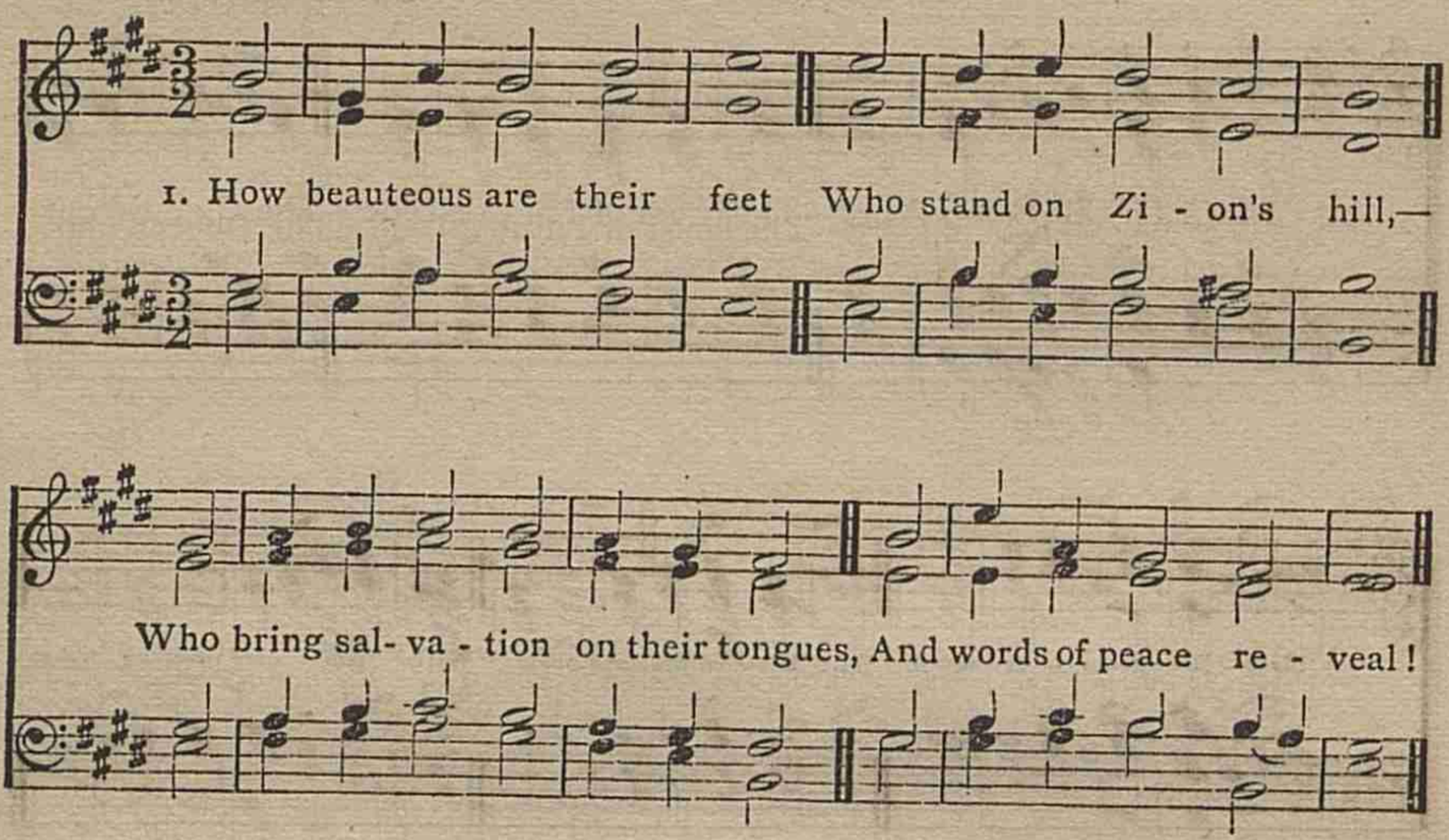
3 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

No. 382.—*Concluded.*

3 Thy Spirit then will speak
Through lips of humble clay,
Till hearts of adamant shall break,—
Till rebels shall obey.

4 Now lend Thy gracious ear;
Now listen to our cry:
Oh, come, and bring salvation near,
Our souls on Thee rely.

DOVER. S.M.



No. 385.

2 How charming is their voice,—
So sweet the tidings are;
Zion, behold thy Saviour King;
He reigns and triumphs here.

3 How happy are our ears,
That hear the joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found.

4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light;
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

No. 386.

1 The power to bless my house,
Belongs to God alone;
Yet rend'ring Him my constant vows,
He sends His blessings down.

2 Shall I not then engage
My house to serve the Lord,—
To search the soul-converting page,
And feed upon His word:—

3 To ask, with faith and hope,
The grace which He supplies,
In prayer and praise to offer up
Their daily sacrifice?

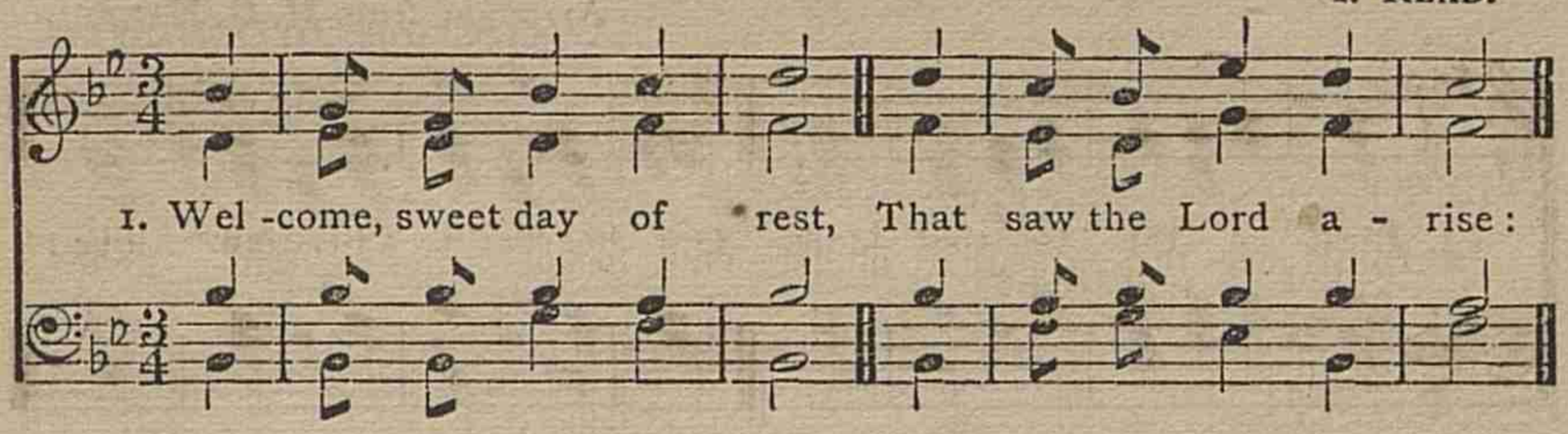
4 Let each his sin eschew,
Through Thy restraining grace;
Our father Abrah'm's steps pursue,
And walk in all Thy ways.

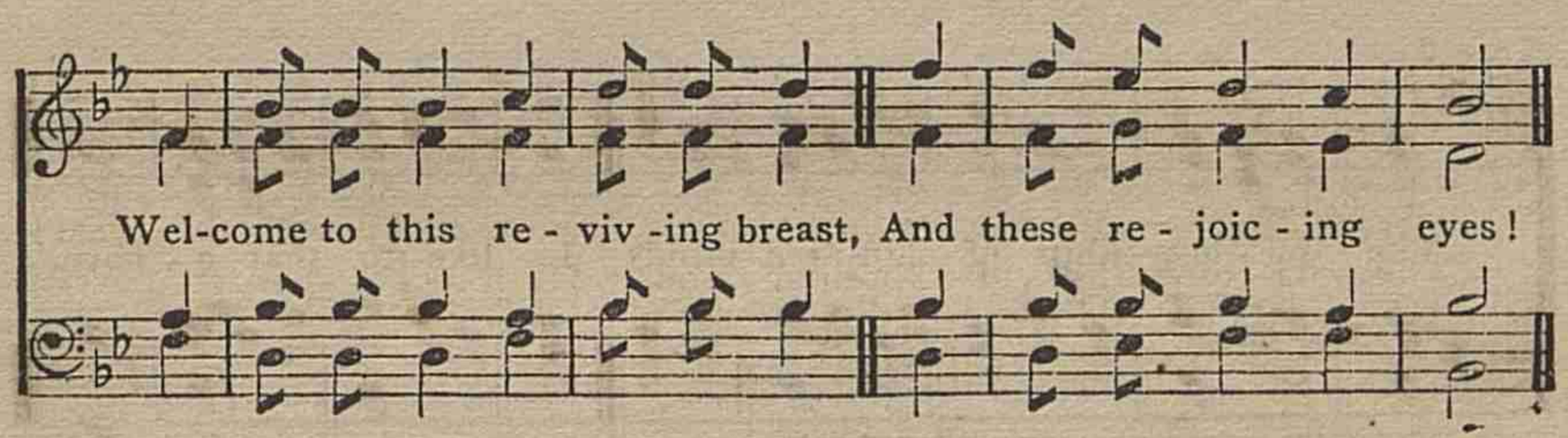
5 Saviour of men, incline
The hearts which Thou hast made,—
Which Thou hast bought with blood
To ask Thy promised aid. [divine,

6 Me and my house receive,
Thy family to increase;
And let us in Thy favour live,
And let us die in peace.

LISBON. S.M.

I. READ.





No. 387.

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

3 One day in such a place,
Where Thou, my God, art seen,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

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

No. 388.

1 O bless the Lord, my soul;
His grace to Thee proclaim;
And all that is within me, join
To bless His holy Name.

2 The Lord forgives thy sins,—
Prolongs thy feeble breath;
He healeth thine infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.

3 Then bless His holy Name
Whose grace hath made thee whole;
Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days:
O bless the Lord, my soul.
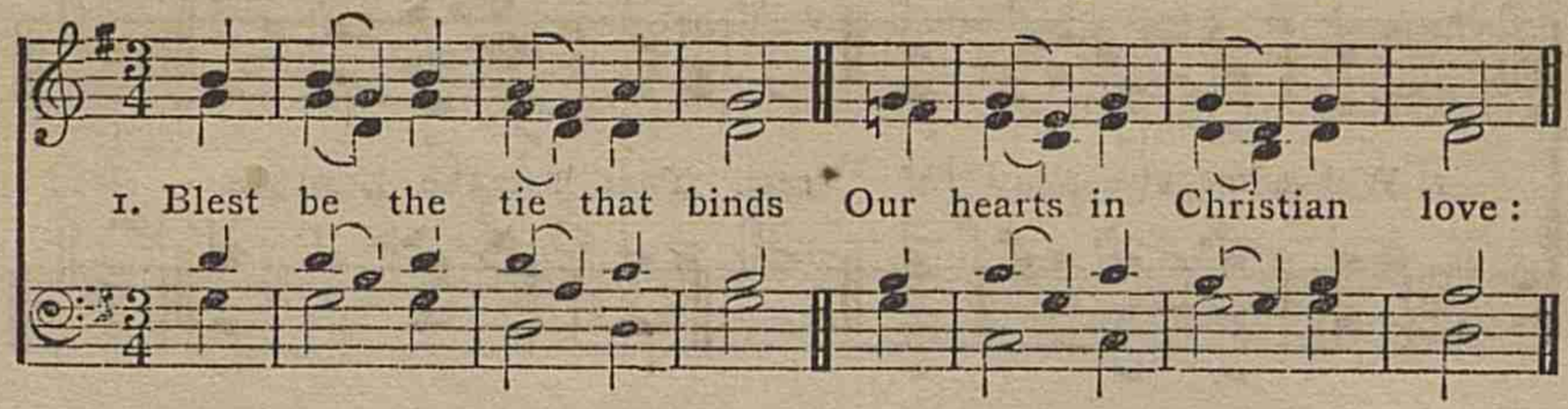
No. 389.

1 How gentle God's commands!
How kind His precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust His constant care.

2 Beneath His watchful eye
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears all nature up,
Shall guard His children well.

DENNIS. S.M.

Arranged from H. G. NAGELI.



No. 390.

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.

No. 391.

1 Let party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their Head

2 Among the saints on earth
Let mutual love be found;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crown'd.

3 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above;
Where streams of bliss forever flow,
And every heart is love.

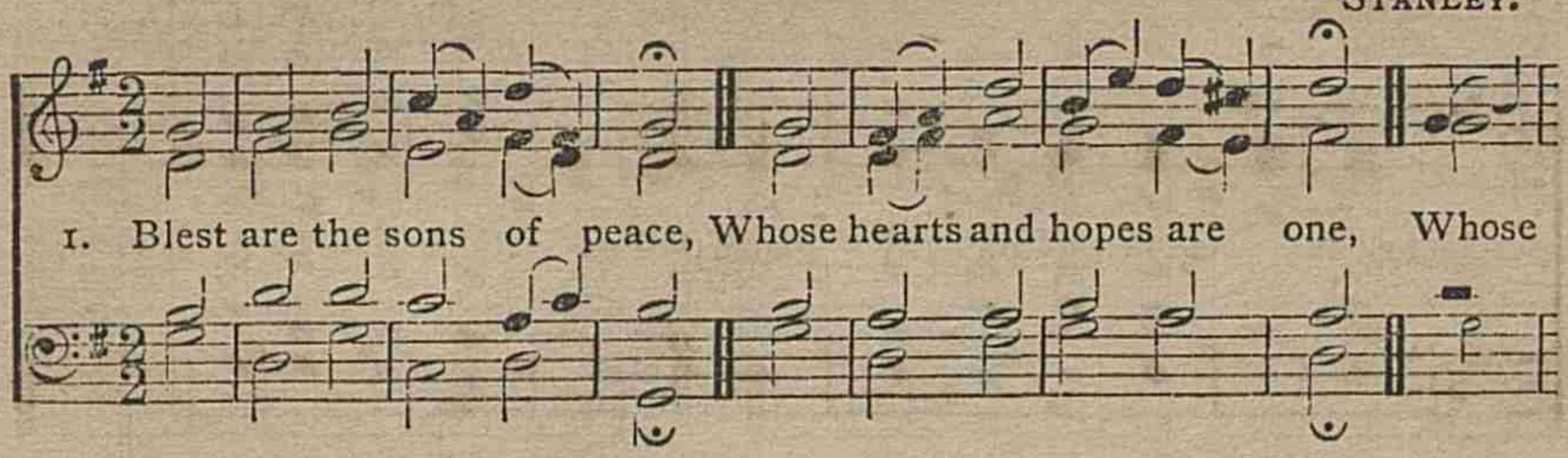
No. 392.

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

2 What troubles have we seen!
What conflicts have we past!
Fightings without, and fears within,
Since we assembled last!

SHIRLAND. S.M

STANLEY.



No. 393.

2 Blest is the pious house
Where zeal and friendship meet;
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows
Make their communion sweet.

3 Thus on the heavenly hills
The saints are blest above,
Where joy, like morning dew, distils,
And all the air is love.

No. 394.

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

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'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!
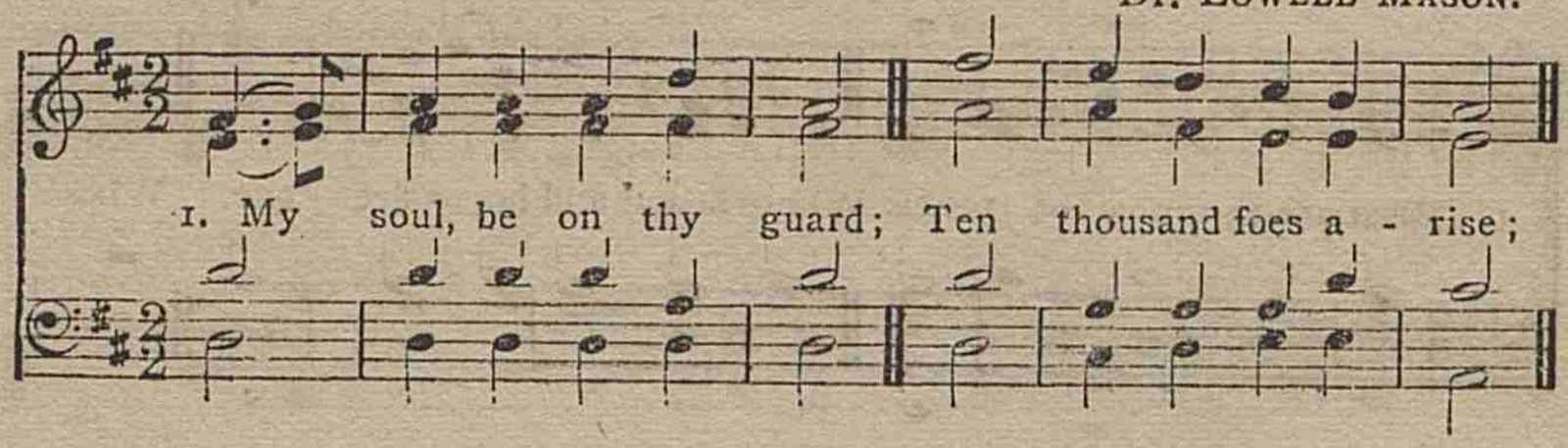
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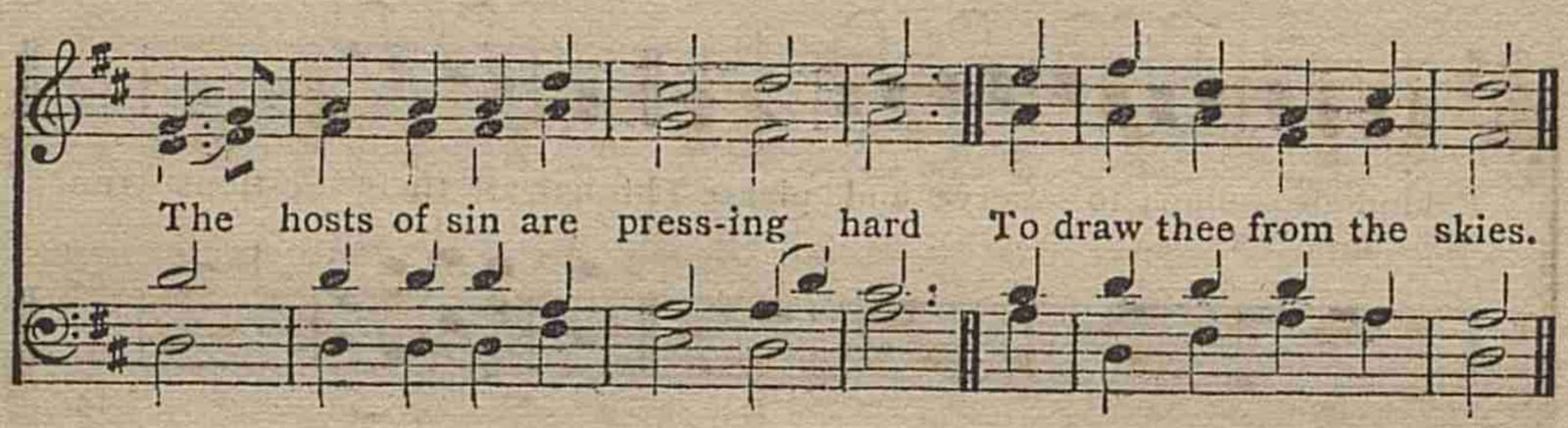
1 Come, Holy Spirit, come,
Let Thy bright beams arise,
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

2 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new create the whole.

LABAN. S.M.

Dr. Lowell Mason.





No. 396.

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

3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor lay thine armour down:
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.

4 Then persevere till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To His divine abode.

No. 397.

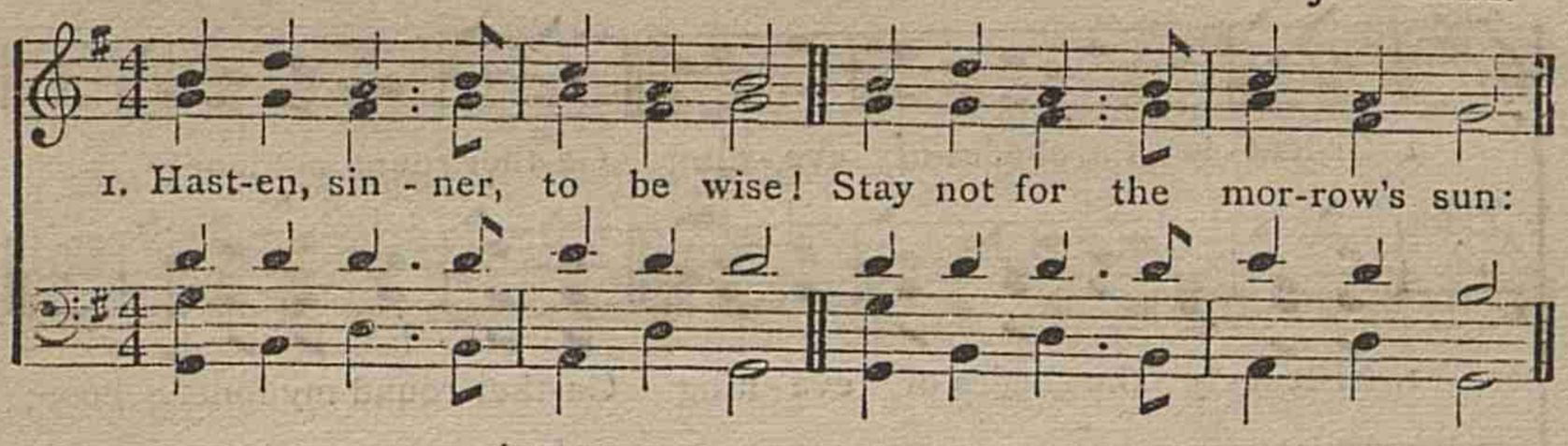
1 Now is th' accepted time,
Now is the day of grace;
Now, sinners, come without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.
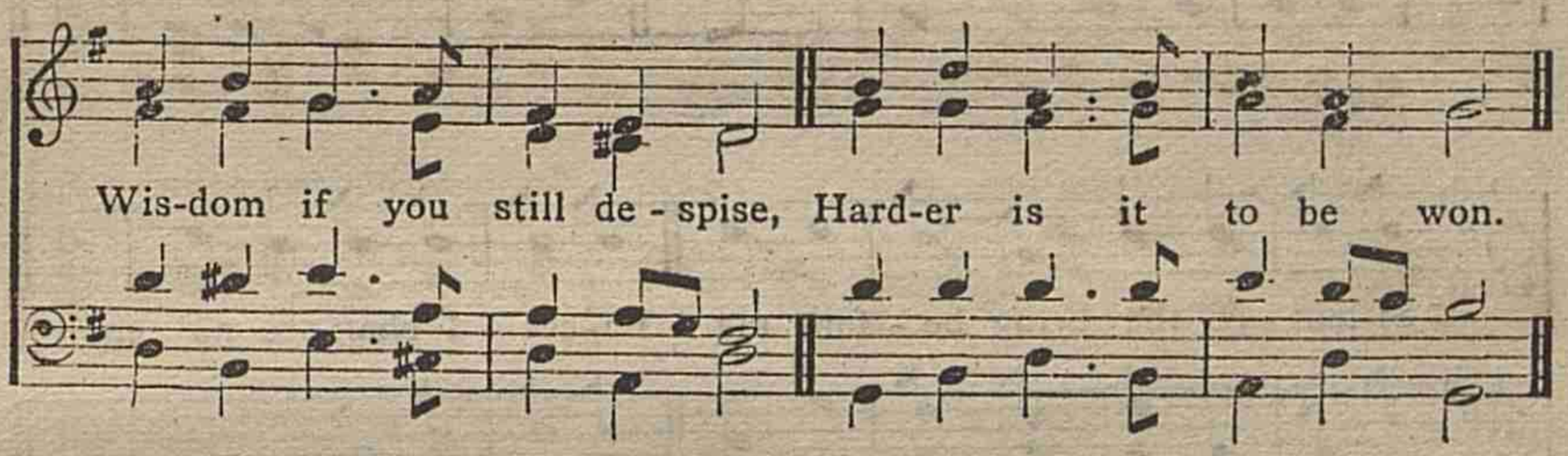
2 Now is th' accepted time,
The Saviour calls to-day;
To-morrow it may be too late—
Then why should you delay?

3 Now is th' accepted time,
The gospel bids you come;
And every promise in His Word
Declares there yet is room.

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

J. PLEYEL.





No. 398.

2 Hasten, mercy to implore!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er
Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Hasten, sinner, to return!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should fail to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Hasten, sinner to be blest!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest
Ere the morrow is begun.

No. 399.
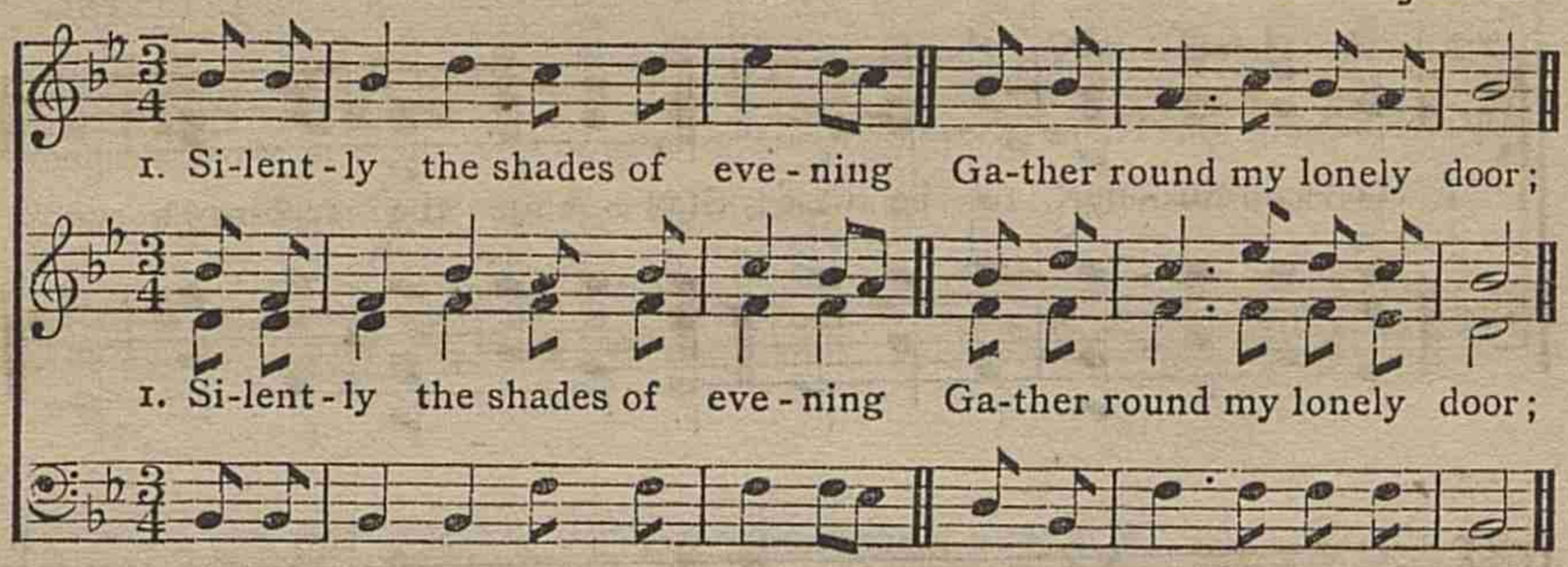
1 Christians, brethren, ere we part,
Every voice and every heart
Join, and to our Father raise
One last hymn of grateful praise.
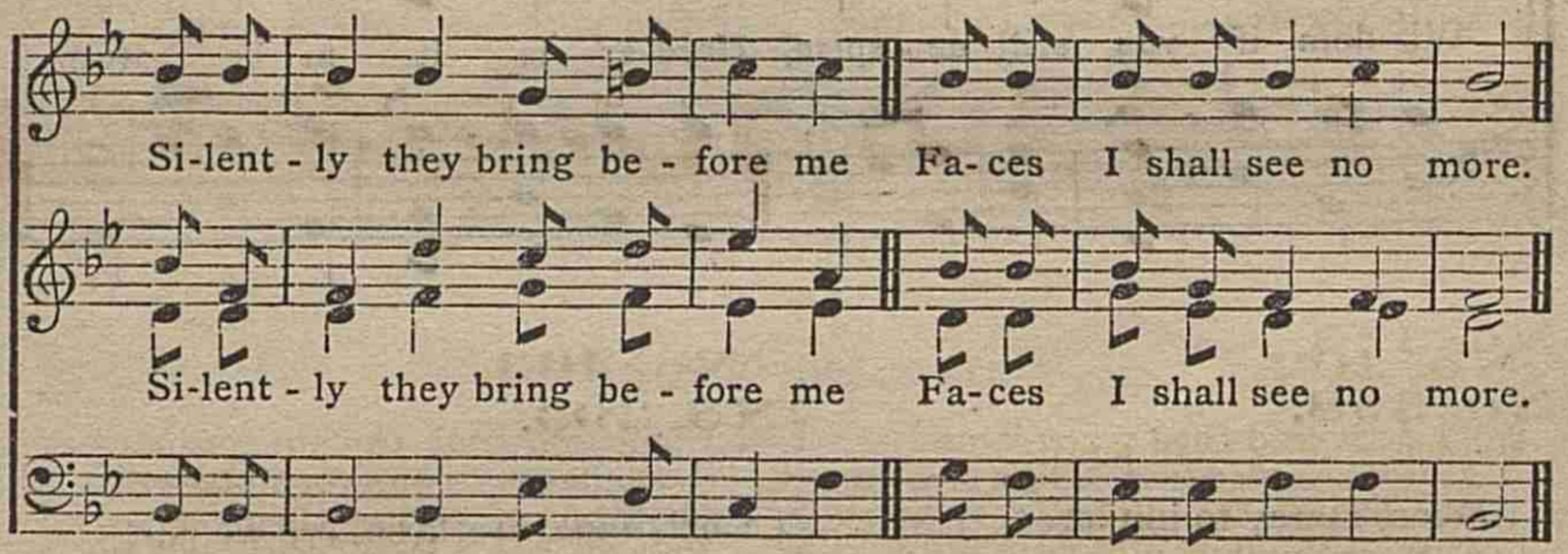
2 Though we here should meet no more,
Yet there is a brighter shore;
There, released from toil and pain,
There we all may meet again.

3 Now to Thee, Thou God of heaven,
Be eternal glory given:
Grateful for Thy love divine,
May our hearts be ever Thine.

STOCKWELL.

D. A. JONES.





No. 400.

2 Oh, the lost, the unforgotten,
Though the world be oft forgot;
Oh, the shrouded and the lonely!
In our hearts they perish not.

3 Living in the silent hours,
Where our spirits only blend;
They unlinked with earthly trouble
We still hoping for its end.

4 How such holy mem'ries cluster,
Like the stars when storms are past,
Pointing up to that fair haven
We may hope to gain at last.
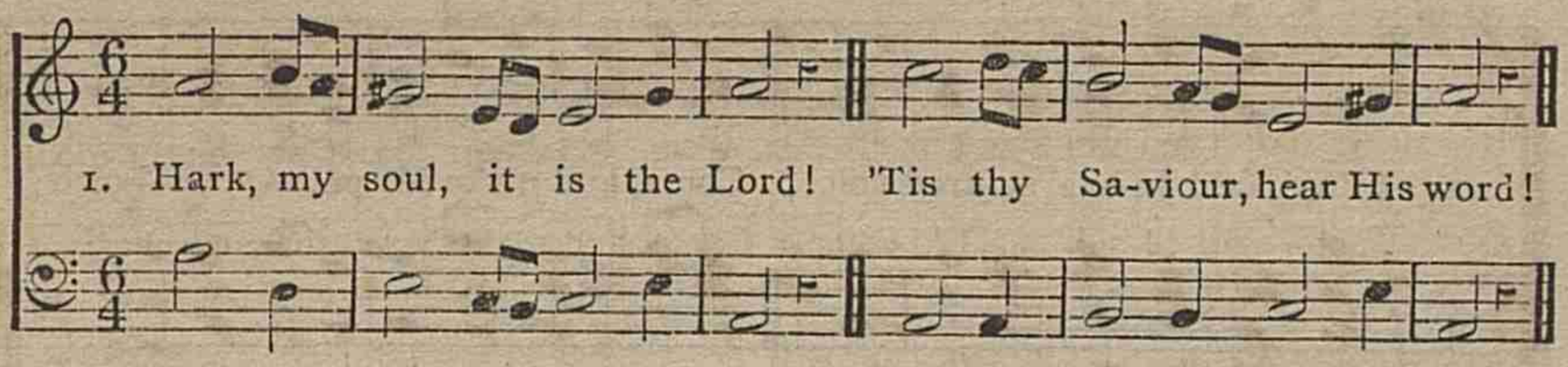
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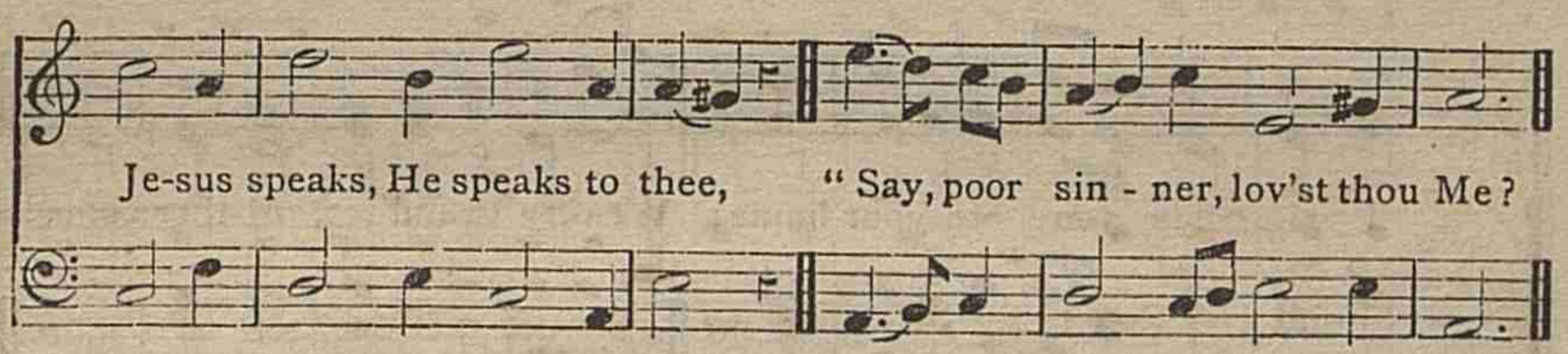
1 Saviour, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.

2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel guards from Thee surround us;
We are safe if Thou art nigh.

3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
Thou art He, who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.

LOVEST THOU ME? 7s.





No. 402.

2 "I delivered thee when bound,
And when bleeding, heal'd thy wound,
Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light."

3 "Thou shall see my glory soon,
When the work of faith is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be:
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?"

4 Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is still so faint,
Yet I love Thee and adore,
Oh, for grace to love Thee more!

No. 403.

1 Come, my soul, thy suit prepare
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He Himself invites thee near,—
Bids thee ask Him, waits to hear.

2 Lord, I come to Thee for rest:
Take possession of my breast;
There, Thy blood-bought right main-
And without a rival reign. [tain,
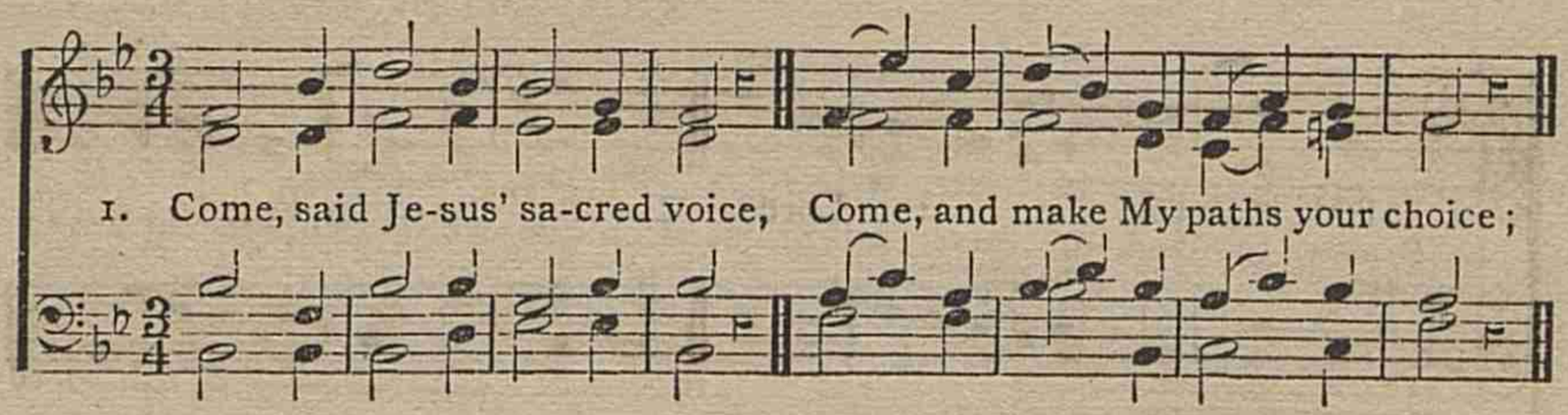
3 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirits cheer;
As my guide my guard my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.
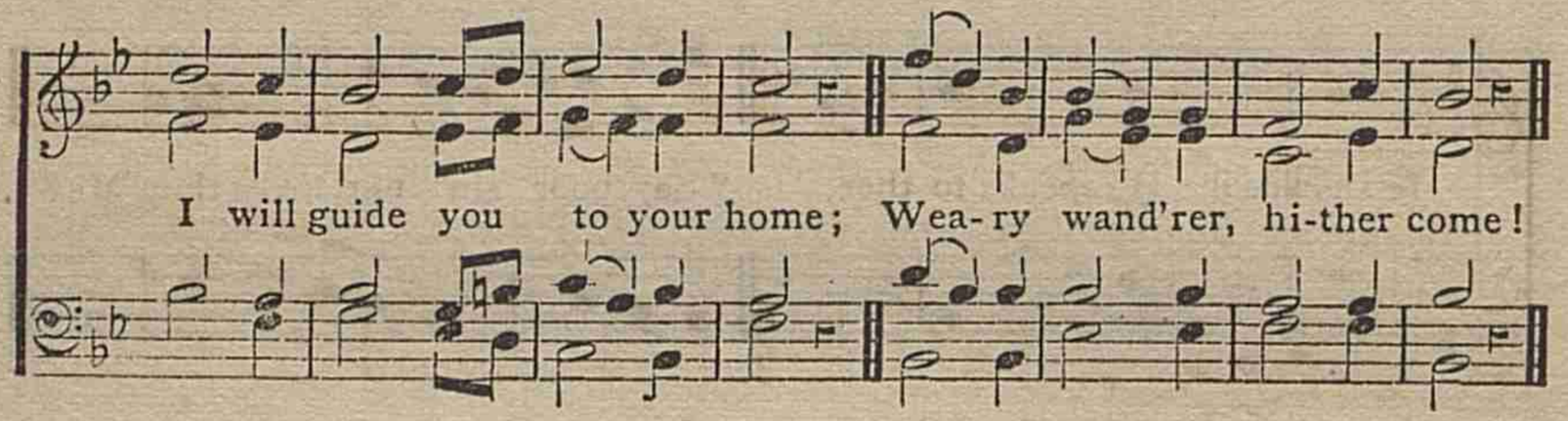
No. 404.

1 When thy mortal life is fled,
When the death-shades o'er thee spread,
When is finished thy career,
Sinner, where wilt thou appear?

2 When the world has passed away,
When draws near the judgment day,
When the awful trump shall sound,
Say, oh, where wilt thou be found?

HORTON. 7s.





No. 405.

2 Thou who, homeless and forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste
Weary wanderer, hither haste.

3 Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn:—

4 Hither come! for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound;
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

No. 406.

1 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you why
God, who did your being give,
Made you with Himself to live;

2 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why?
He, who did your souls retrieve,
Died Himself, that ye might live.

3 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why?
He, who all your lives hath strove,
Urged you to embrace His love.
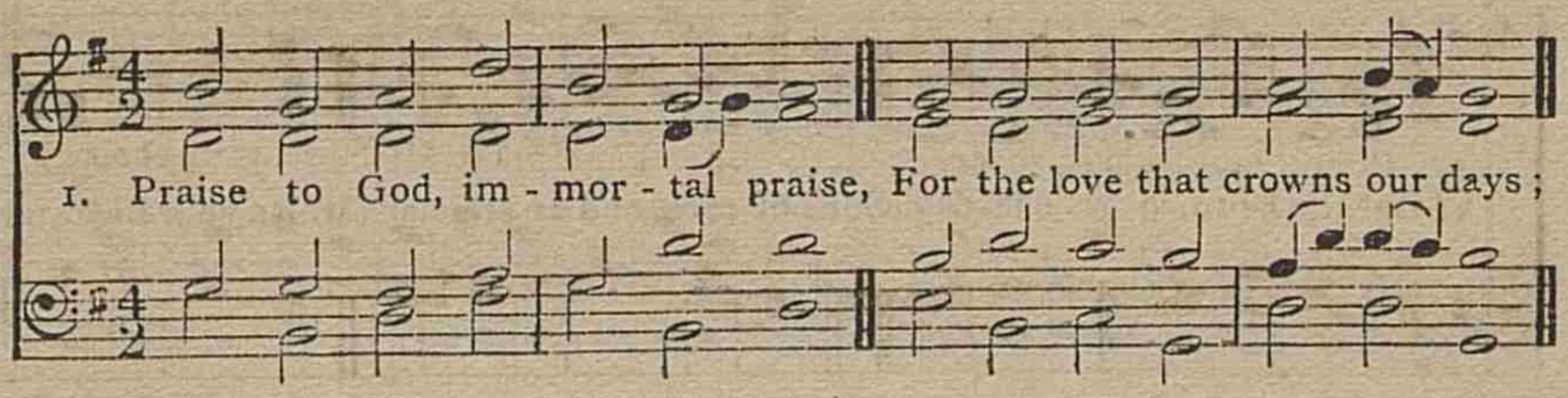
No. 407.

1 Swell the anthem, raise the song;
Praises to our God belong;
Saints and angels join to sing
Praises to the heavenly King,

2 Blessings from His liberal hand
Flow around this happy land:
Kept by Him, no foes annoy;
Peace and freedom we enjoy.

NUREMBERG. 7s.

Arranged by Dr. LOWELL MASON.



No. 408.

2 For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield;
For the joy which harvests bring,
Grateful praises now we sing.

3 Clouds that drop refreshing dews;
Suns that genial heat diffuse;
Flocks that whiten all the plain;
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain;

4 All that spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land:
All that liberal autumn pours
From her overflowing stores.

No. 409.

1 Go, ye messengers of God;
Like the beams of morning, fly,
Take the wonder-working rod;
Wave the banner cross on high.

2 Go to many a tropic isle
In the bosom of the deep,
Where the skies forever smile,
And th'oppressed forever weep.

3 Where the golden gates of day
Open on the palmy East,
High the bleeding cross display;
Spread the Gospel's richest feast.
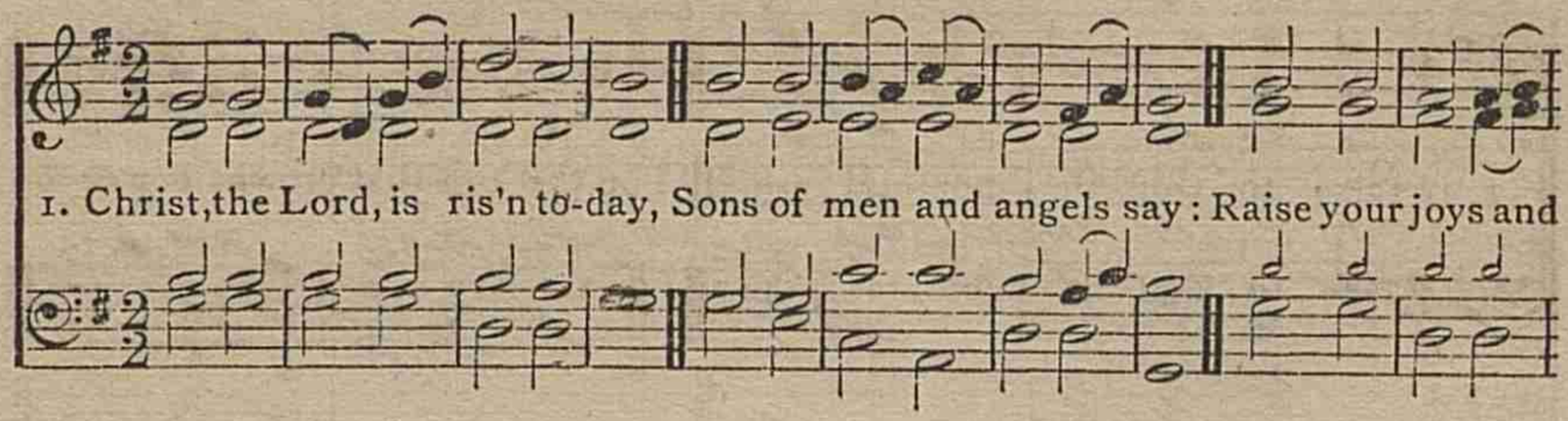
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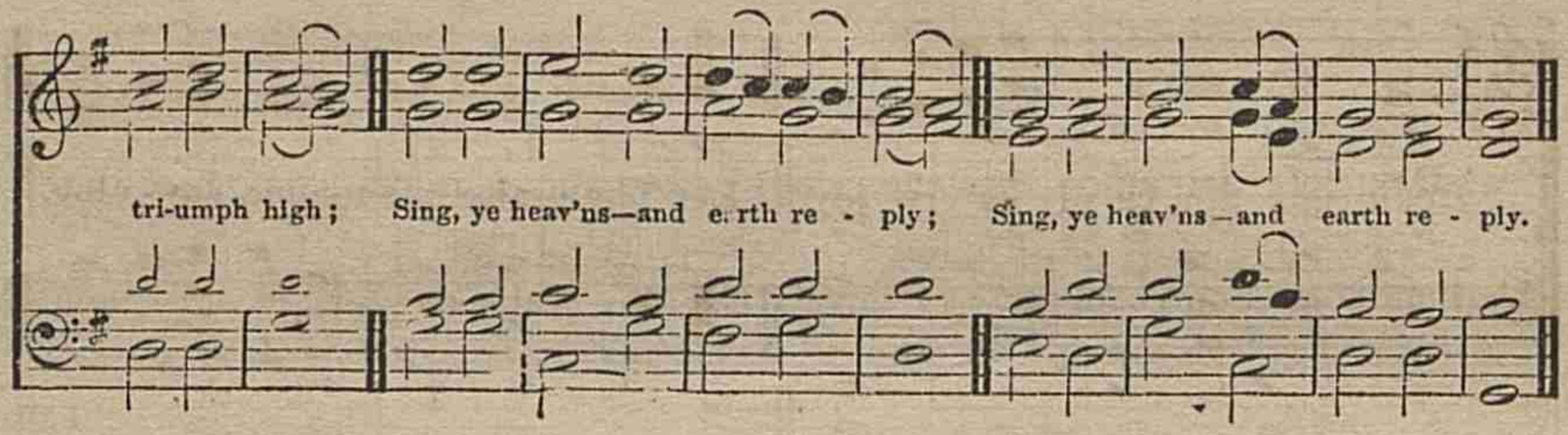
3 Here, beneath a virtuous sway,
May we cheerfully obey,—
Never feel oppression's rod,—
Ever own and worship God.

4 Hark! the voice of nature sings
Praises to the King of kings;
Let us join the choral song,
And the grateful notes prolong.

HENDON. 7s.

MALAN.





No. 410.

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 His 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 vict'ry, boasting grave?:‖

No. 411.

1 Glory be to God on high,
God, whose glory fills the sky;
Peace on earth to man forgiven,
Man, the well-beloved of Heaven.

2 Sovereign Father, heavenly King
Thee we now presume to sing;
Glad Thine attributes confess,
Glorious all, and numberless.

3 Christ our Lord, and God we own,
Christ, the Father's only Son;
Lamb of God for sinners slain,
Saviour of offending man.
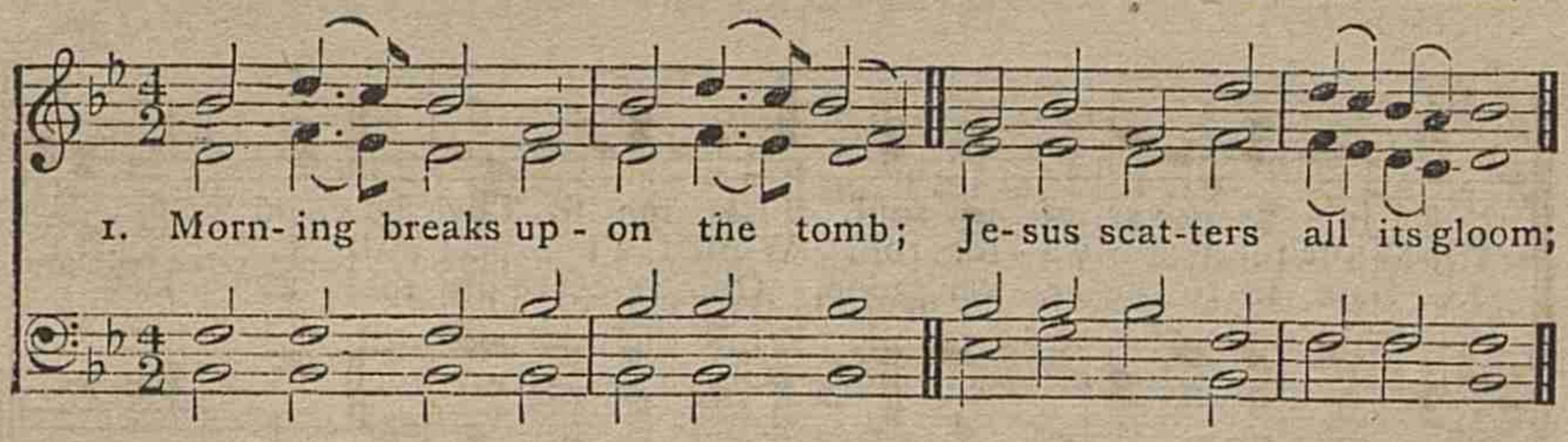
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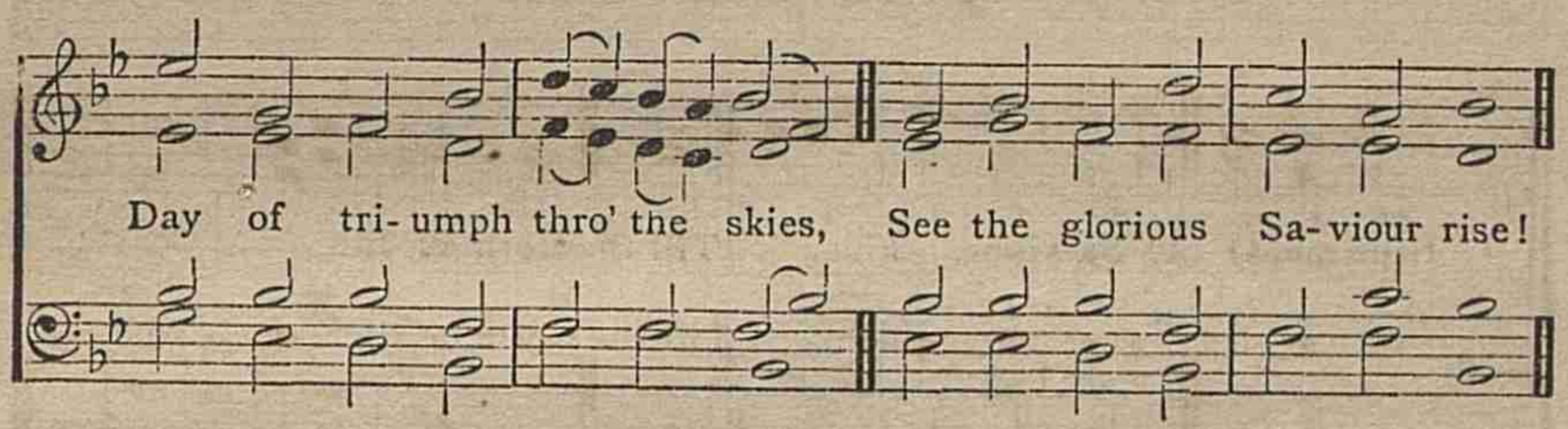
1 Hark! the herald angels sing,—
Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
God and sinners reconciled.

2 Joyful all ye nations rise,—
Join the triumphs of the skies;
With angelic hosts proclaim,—
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

WILMOT. 7s.

From C. VON WEBER.





No. 413.

2 Christian! dry your flowing tears;
Chase those unbelieving fears:
Look on His deserted grave;
Doubt no more His power to save.

3 Ye, who are of death afraid,
Triumph in the scattered shade;
Drive your anxious cares away:
See the place where Jesus lay!

4 Lo! the rising sun appears,
Shedding radiance o'er the spheres;
Lo! returning beams of light
Chase the terrors of the night.

No. 414.

1 Bright and joyful is the morn,
For to us a Child is born;
From the highest realms of heaven,
Unto us a Son is given.

2 On His shoulder He shall bear
Power and majesty, and wear,
On His vesture and His thigh,
Names most awful, names most high.

3 Wonderful in counsel He,
Christ, th' incarnate Deity;
Sire of ages, ne'er to cease;
King of kings, and Prince of peace.
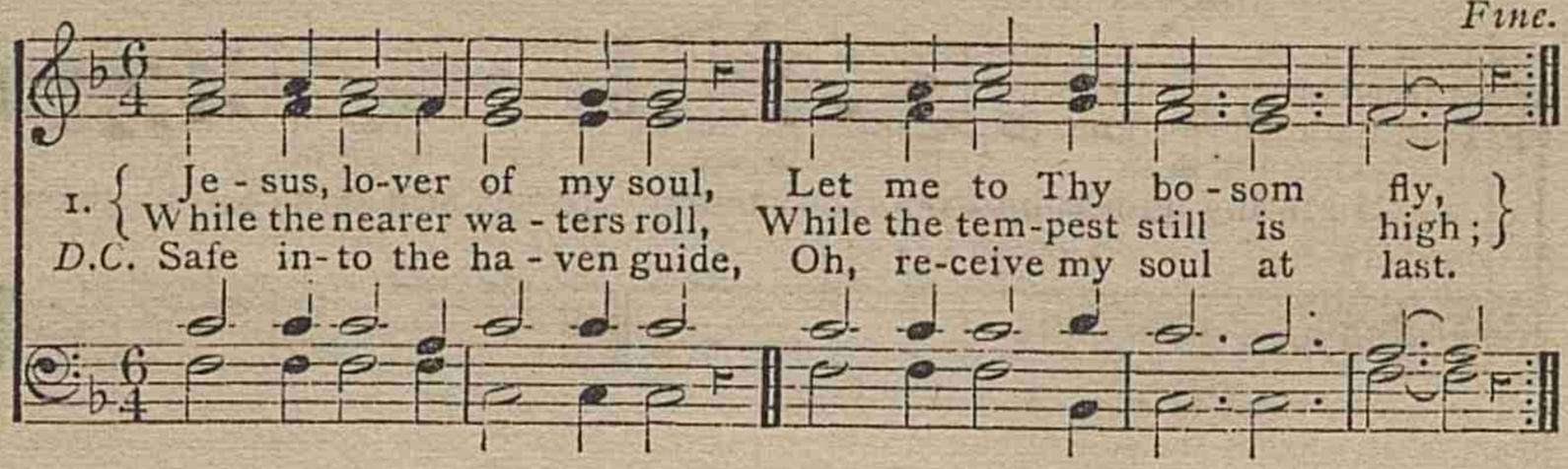
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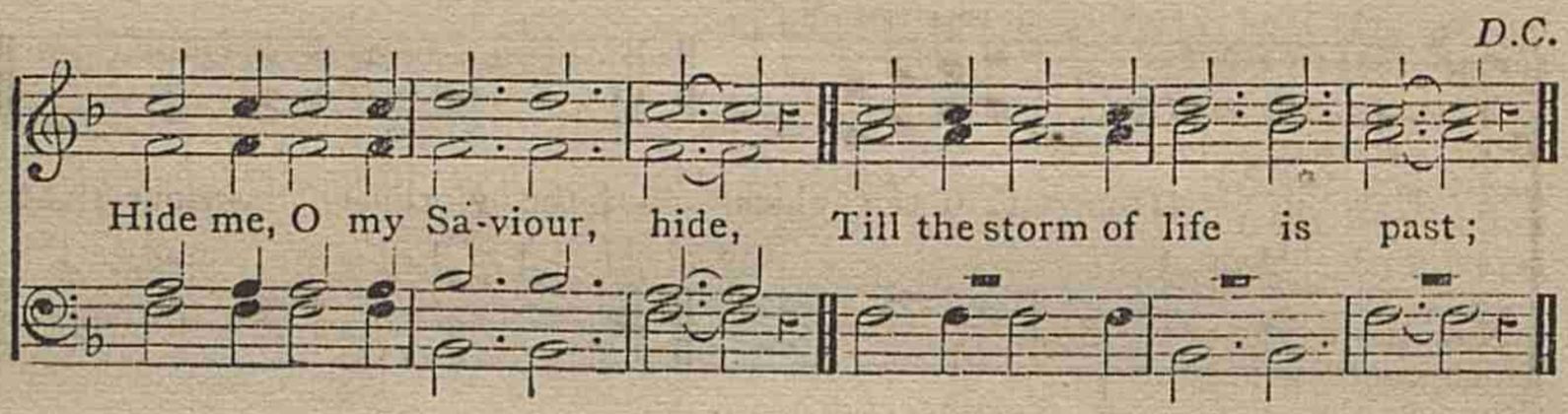
3 Christ, by highest heaven adored,—
Christ the everlasting Lord;
Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail, incarnate Deity!

4 Hail the heaven-born Prince of peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,—
Risen with healing in His wings.

MARTYN. 7s.

S. B. MARSH.





No. 415.

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:
Leave, oh, leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on Thee is stay'd;
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:
More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind;
Just and holy is Thy name;
I am all unrighteousness;
False, and full of sin I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee I found—
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me think of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart;
Rise to all eternity.

No. 416.

1 Come, and let us sweetly join,
Christ to praise in hymns divine:
Give we all, with one accord,
Glory to our common Lord:
Hands, and hearts, and voices raise;
Sing as in the ancient days;
Ante-date the joys above,—
Celebrate the feast of love.

2 Strive we, in affection strive;
Let the purer flame revive;
Such as in the martyrs glow'd,
Dying champions for their God:
We like them may live and love;
Call'd we are their joys to prove:
Saved with them from future wrath;
Partners of like precious faith.

3 Sing we then in Jesus' Name,
Now as yesterday the same;
One in every time and place,
Full for all of truth and grace:
We for Christ, our Master, stand.
Lights in a benighted land:
We our dying Lord confess;
We are Jesus' witnesses.

Scripture Lessons for Responsive Reading.

SIN AND ITS CURE.

All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.—ISAIAH liii, 6.

For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.—JOHN iii, 16.

The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint. From the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness in it; but wounds, and bruises, and putrifying sores.—ISAIAH i, 5, 6.

When Jesus heard it, he saith unto them, They that are whole have no need of a physician, but they that are sick: I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.—MARK ii, 17.

Now the works of the flesh are manifest, which are these: Adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies, envyings, murders, drunkenness, revelings, and such like: of the which I tell you before, as I have also told you in time past, that they which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God.

But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance: against such there is no law. And they that are Christ's have crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts.—GALATIANS v, 19-24.

All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God.—ROMANS iii, 23.

For the wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.—ROMANS vi, 23.

And so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned.—ROMANS v, 12.

This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.—1 TIM. i, 15.

PRAYERS AND PROMISES.

Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving kindness: according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions. Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin. For I acknowledge my transgressions: and my sin is ever before me.—PSALM li, 1-3.

Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.—ISAIAH i, 18.

Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me. Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not thy Holy Spirit from me.—PSALM li, 10, 11.

A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you: and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you an heart of flesh.—EZEKIEL xxxvi, 26.

Hear my prayer, O Lord, and let my cry come unto thee. Hide not thy face from me in the day when I am in trouble; incline thine ear unto me: in the day when I call, answer me speedily.—PSALM cii, 1, 2.

Call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.—PSALM l, 15.

Save me, O God; for the waters are come in unto my soul. I sink in deep mire, where there is no standing: I am come into deep waters, where the floods overflow me.—PSALM lxix, 1, 2.

When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee. For I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour.—ISAIAH xliii, 2, 3.

My God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus.—PHILIPPIANS iv, 19.

PSALM 146.

Praise ye the Lord.
Praise the Lord, O my soul.
While I live will I praise the Lord:
I will sing praises unto my God while I have any being.
Put not your trust in princes,
Nor in the son of man in whom there is no help.
His breath goeth forth, he returneth to his earth;
In that very day his thoughts perish.
Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help,
Whose hope is in the Lord his God:
Which made heaven, and earth, the sea, and all that therein is.
Which keepeth truth forever:
Which executeth judgment for the oppressed:
Which giveth food to the hungry.
The Lord looseth the prisoners:
The Lord openeth the eyes of the blind:
The Lord raiseth them that are bowed down:
The Lord loveth the righteous.
The Lord preserveth the strangers: He relieveth the fatherless and widow:
But the way of the wicked he turneth upside down.
The Lord shall reign forever, even thy God, O Zion, unto all generations.
Praise ye the Lord.

GOSPEL INVITATIONS.

Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat;
Yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.—ISAIAH lv, 1.

Incline your ear, and come unto me: hear, and your soul shall live;
And I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David.—ISAIAH lv, 3.

The Spirit and the bride say, Come. And et him that heareth say, Come.
And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.—REVELATION xxii, 17.

Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.
Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls.—MATTHEW xi, 28, 29.

And him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.—JOHN vi, 37.
Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.—MATTHEW vii, 7.

Repent, and turn yourselves from all your transgressions; so iniquity shall not be your ruin.—EZEKIEL xviii, 30.
For I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth, saith the Lord God: wherefore turn yourselves, and live ye.—EZEK. xviii, 32.

LOST AND FOUND.

And he spake this parable unto them, saying, What man of you, having a hundred sheep, if he lose one of them, doth not leave the nlnety and nine in the wilderness, and go after that which was lost, until he find it? And when he hath found it, he layeth it on his shoulders, rejoicing. And when he cometh home, he calleth together his friends and neighbors, saying unto them, Rejoice with me; for I have found my sheep which was lost.
I say unto you, that likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons, which need no repentance.—LUKE xv, 3–7.

Either what woman having ten pieces of silver, if she lose one piece, doth not light a candle, and swe-p the house, and seek diligently till she find it?
And when she hath found it, she calleth her friends and her neighbors together, saying, Rejoice with me; for I have found the piece which I had lost.—LUKE xv, 8, 9.

Likewise, I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.—LUKE xv, 10.
The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.—LUKE xix, 10.

DUTIES AND MOTIVES.

For the grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world;

Looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearance of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ; who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works.—TITUS ii, 11–14.

Charge them that are rich in this world, that they be not highminded, nor trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy; that they do good, that they be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate.—1 TIMOTHY vi, 17, 18.

Let your conversation be without covetousness; and be content with such things as ye have: for he hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.—HEB. xiii, 5.

Masters, give unto your servants that which is just and equal; knowing that ye also have a Master in heaven.—COL. iv, 1.

Servants, obey in all things your masters according to the flesh; not with eyeservice, as men pleasers; but in singleness of heart, fearing God.—COL. iii, 22.

Whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him.—1 JOHN iii, 17.

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.—MATTHEW xxii, 37–39.

Children, obey your parents in all things: for this is well-pleasing unto the Lord.—COLOSSIANS iii, 20.

And, ye fathers, provoke not your children to wrath: but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.—EPHESIANS vi, 4.

Husbands, love your wives, and be not bitter against them.—COLOSSIANS iii, 19.

Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands, as it is fit in the Lord. COL. iii, 18.

HEAVEN.

In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you, . . . that where I am there ye may be also.—JOHN xiv, 2, 3.

For we know that, if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.—2 COR. v, 1.

After this I beheld, and, lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands; and cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb. And all the angels stood round about the throne, and about the elders and the four beasts, and fell before the throne on their faces, and worshiped God, saying, Amen: Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honor, and power, and might, be unto our God for ever and ever. Amen.

These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple: and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.—REV. vii, 9-12, 14-17.

There shall in no wise enter into it any thing that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie: but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life.—REVELATION xxi, 27.

And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof.—REV. xxi, 23.

In thy presence is fullness of joy; at thy right hand are pleasures for evermore.—PSALM xvi, 11.

He that overcometh shall inherit all things; and I will be his God, and he shall be my son.—REVELATION xxi, 7.

ALPHABETICAL INDEX,

Giving name of tunes in Italic and first line of hymns in Roman letters.

	No.
Abiding rest	7
A charge to keep I have	370
Abraham, when severely	315
Alas, and did my Saviour	9
Alletta	101
All to Christ I owe	172
Almost persuaded	178
All nature sings	330
All hail the power	222
A land without	216
A light in the window	205
Am I a soldier of	267
Anchored to the rock	155
And did the holy and the	245
And can I yet delay	375
And are we yet alive	392
And will the great	287
A New Year's hymn	144
Angels hovering round	103
Angels from the realms	50
Ariel	38
Arise, my soul, arise	30
Art thou weary	161
Arm of the Lord, awake	338
Arise, my soul, on	361
Asleep in Jesus	346
Awake and sing the	362
Awake, my soul! stretc	237
Awake, Jerusalem	360
Bartimeus	12
Battling for the Lord	201
Beautiful land on high	129
Beautiful Zion	82
Behold the Saviour of	271
Behold a stranger at the	299
Behold the heathen	290
Behold the throne of	371
Before Jehovah's awful	291
Blest are the sons of	393
Blest be the dear uniting	281
Blest be the tie	390
Bless me now	164
Bless, O my soul	286
Bless us to-night	18
Blessed Bible	199
Bright and joyful is the	414
Bright was the guiding	239
Bright home	116
By cool Siloam's	256
Burst, ye emerald gates	75
Calling us away	115
Christ, the Lord, is risen	410
Christ on the mount	124
Christian brethren, ere	399
Christian's mission	213
Cleansing fountain	5
Cling to the mighty one	111
Climbing up Zion's hill	187
Come, crown and throne	108
Come, Holy Ghost, our	263
Come, Holy Spirit,	227
Come, let us join	223
Come, let us join with	244
Come, humble sinner	235
Come, Holy Spirit, come	395
Come, let us tune	288
Come, and let us sweetly	416
Come nearer, Jesus	153
Come, my soul, thy	403
Come, O my soul	340
Come, O thou greater	298
Come, Saviour, Jesus	332
Come, sound His praise	364
Come, thou fount of	25
Come, said Jesus	405
Come, sinners, to the	337
Come unto me and rest	107
Come to Jesus	157
Come, ye that love	384
Come, ye disconsolate	34
Come, ye sinners	35
Congregational chorus	183
Consecration hymn	61
Conquest	126
Dalston	137
Dear Jesus, abide	176
Dear refuge of my	255
Dear is the spot	348
Deem not that they are	305
Deep are the wounds	335
Did Christ o'er sinners	367
Do the right	145
Delay not	136
Eltham	88
Enon's Isle	64
Eternal life	6
Even me	10
Evening shadows	197
Ever trusting	151
Except the Lord our lab	33
Far away	154
Far from my thoughts	331
Far from these scenes of	378
Father, I stretch my	238
Forever here my rest	226
Forever with the Lord	182
From all that dwell	284
From Calvary a cry	325
From every stormy wind	311
Glad was my heart	369
Glorious things of	41
Glory be to God	411
Glory to Thee, my God	313
God bless our native	135
God bless our school	134
God is love	105
God is the refuge	289
God speed the right	133
Go and tell Jesus	207
Go with us	209
Go, preach my Gospel	322
Go, ye messengers of	409
Going home	104
Golden shore	127
Great God, attend while	295
Great God of nations	352
Great King of Glory	31
Greenville	51
Guide	1
Guide me, O thou great	79
Guide us, Saviour	118
Hail to the Sabbath day	363
Hail, sacred truth	254
Happy day	84

	No.
Happy land	179
Happy Zion	49
Hark, my soul, it is	402
Hark, the herald angels.	412
Hark, the notes of angels	87
Hark, the song of jubilee	89
Harwell	86
Hasten, sinner, to be wis	398
He dies! the friend of...	317
He leadeth me	122
He wills that I should...	310
Ho! every one that	323
Home of the soul	170
Homeward bound	74
How beauteous are their	385
How blest the righteous.	333
How blest the sacred	341
How can I keep from	15
How gentle God's comm	389
How happy every child.	268
How sad our state	240
How sweet the name of.	246
How sweet the hour	306
How sweetly flowed	297
How tedious and tastele	65
How precious is the	259
How vain are all	308
Hosanna be the child	278
I am coming, Lord	42
I'm a pilgrim	69
I'm bending at the cr.	162
I'm kneeling at the do.	192
I'm not ashamed	241
I'm trusting, Lord	175
I bring my sins	147
I love to tell the story	206
I love to steal a while...	253
I love thy kingdom	383
I know that my Redeem	314
If, on a quiet sea	366
In mercy, Lord	258
I thirst, thou wounded..	343
I will sing for Jesus	110
I would not live alway..	76
I want a heart to	374
Jerusalem, my happy...	231
Jesus, great shepherd..	100
Jesus, I my cross have..	89
Jesus, lover of my soul.	415
Jesus loves me	47
Jesus loves even me	212
Jesus is mine	46
Jesus is here	130
Jesus, and shall it ever.	357
Jesus, my Saviour	359
Jesus, my all, to heaven	60
Jesus paid it all	11
Jesus shall reign	294
Jesus, the gift divine...	307
Jesus, the name high...	247
Jesus, thy blood and	342
Jesus waits for thee	4
Jesus, where'er thy peop	328
Jesus, while our hearts.	93
Jesus will carry you	156
Joyfully	171
Joy to the world	236
Just as I am	32
Keep on praying	194
Keep praying at	67
Lebanon	37
Lenox	29
Let me go	169
Let party names no	391
Let the children come	131
Let us walk in	138
Looking home	78
Lord, how secure and...	304
Lord, I approach the	276
Lord, I am thine	327
Lord, I believe a rest...	277
Lord, in the morning...	261
Lord of the harvest...	379
Lord of the wide...	312
Lord, while for all...	262
Love divine, all	96
Love beyond degree	143
Loved ones gone before.	45
Loving kindness	80
Lyons	68
Majestic sweetness sits..	228
Mary Magdalene	62
Missionary hymn	54
Morning breaks upon..	413
My faith looks up to thee	20
My God, how endless..	349
My God, the spring of..	275
My heart is fixed	293
My soul, be on thy guard	396
My soul, repeat his praise	368
Must Jesus bear the	243
Nearer, my God, to	28
Nearer my home	120
Never sin again	128
No sorrow there	58
Now is the accepted ti..	397
Oak	66
O come and see	218
O Christian, awake	217
O could I find from	225
O could I speak the	38
O bless the Lord	388
O for a heart to	251
O for a closer walk	282
O for an overcoming...	257
O for a faith that will...	248
O for a glance of	353
O for the death of those.	380
O for a thousand tongues	221
O happy place	59
O how I love Jesus	220
O Lord, thy work revive	382
O say, shall we meet	186
O sing of his mighty	22
O thou God of my salva.	52
O the blood, the precious	106
O that I could repent..	373
O let the prisoner's	320
O that my load of sin...	319
O what amazing words..	232
O where shall rest be	394
Of him who did salvatio	285
Once more we come bef	224
Outside the gate	112
On Jordan's stormy	269
Pass me not	174
Penitence	36
Pilgrim's mission	181
Plunged in a gulf	250
Portland	125
Praise to God immortal.	408
Praise waits in Zion	356
Prayer is appointed	301
Prayer is the soul's sinc	280
Prodigal child's	165
Realms of the blest	211
Remember thy Creator.	233

	No.
Rest for the weary	119
Return, my soul, enjoy	336
Return, O wanderer, ret	252
Rock of Ages	140
Safe within the vail	85
Saviour, breathe an eve	401
Saviour of men, thy	354
Saviour, like a shepherd	27
Saviour, visit thy	26
Scatter seeds of kindnes	189
Say, sinner, has a voice	296
See Israel's gentle Shep	260
Shining shore	77
Sicilian hymn	40
Silently the shades of	400
Sinners, the voice of	230
Sinner, turn, why will	406
Shall I be there	163
Shall man, O God	345
Shall we gather at	109
Shall we meet	83
Shall we know each	200
Show pity, Lord	316
Slavery and death	302
Soon may the last	329
Sovereign of worlds	292
Sow in the morn	377
Stand up for Jesus	91
Stand up, my soul	351
Stay, thou insulted Spirit	358
Sun of my soul	334
Sweet is the work	355
Sweet by and by	219
Sweet was the time	272
Sweet hour of prayer	23
Sweet land of rest	95
Sweet rest in heaven	81
Sweetly solemn thought	72
Sweeping through the	204
Swell the anthem	407
Talmar	92
That awful day will	283
That day of wrath	318
There is joy for you	70
There is an hour of	44
There is a land of	270
The blessed whosoever	148
The beautiful stream	215
The convert	139
The crown above	177
The farther shore	90
The future rest	168
The gate ajar	152
The God of harvest	21
The great physician	173
The guiding hand	166
The heavenly land	53
The house upon a rock	195
The land of Beulah	121
The lion of Judah	214
There is a God	347
The golden store	146
The living well	148
The Lord's prayer	142
The master is waiting	150
The old, old story	196
The penitent	132
The pilgrim invited	13
The pilot	158
The pity of the Lord	365
The praying spirit	372
The power to bless	386
The Prince of my peace	117
The river of life	8
The rock that does not	43
The shining way	98
The ten commandments	167
The valley of blessing	191
The water of life	193
The world is my parish	185
Thine, Lord, is wisdom	350
Thine the glory	160
This holy book	264
This is the day the	242
Thou, whose almighty	19
Thus far the Lord	326
Thy law is perfect	273
Thy way is on the deep	376
'Tis blessed to give	113
'Tis good to be here	149
'Tis midnight and on	324
Title clear	198
To-day the Saviour	180
Triumphant Zion	339
Unity	71
Vain man, thy fond	266
Vain are all terrestrial	97
Waiting by the river	17
Waiting harvest	210
Watchman	57
Watch and pray	123
Watchman, tell us	14
Weary souls, that	102
Webb	55
Weep for the fallen	114
We have no outward	300
Welcome, sweet day	387
We shall sleep, but	188
We wont give up	56
We've a home over	208
What are you going to	203
What glory gilds	249
What various hindrances	303
When o'er the deep	381
When languor and	234
When I survey the	344
When thy mortal life	404
Who are these	73
When thou, my rich	24
While we walk with	2
Whiter than snow	202
Why do we mourn	265
While life prolongs	321
Why not to-night	3
Why should our tears	279
Why should we boast	274
Why should we start	309
Wilt thou not visit me	141
With joy we hail	229
With me abide	16
Will you go	94
Willowdale	99
Woodland	63
Working for the	190
Work, for the night is	159
Zion	4

No.
... 180
... 339
... 71
... 266
l... 97
'... 17
... 210
... 57
... 123
... 14
. . 102
... 55
... 114
... 300
... 387
... 188
... 56
... 208
to. 203
... 249
ces 303
... 381
... 234
... 344
... 404
... 73
... 24
... 2
... 202
... 265
... 321
... 3
... 279
... 274
... 309
e.. 141
... 229
... 16
... 94
... 99
... 63
... 190
s.. 159
... 4

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