Church Hymns

. . and . .

Gospel Songs

A special collection of Songs well adapted
for use in Church, Sunday School
and prayer service
in the home

Cumberland Presbyterian Edition

Cumberland Presbyterian Publishing House
Nashville, Tennessee

C

IRA

Church Hymns
and Gospel Songs

For use in Church Services
Prayer Meetings and
other Religious Gatherings

BY

IRA D. SANKEY
JAMES MCGRANAHAN
AND GEO. C. STEBBINS

Cumberland Presbyterian Publishing House
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

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PREFACE TO
CUMBERLAND PRESBYTERIAN EDITION

At the meeting of the General Assembly of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, at Marshall, Mo., in 1898, the undersigned committee was appointed to revise "Bible Songs" and adapt it to the use of Prayer Meetings and Sunday-Schools, by the addition of one hundred or more Gospel Hymns. A careful investigation showed that such a revision could not be made with the hope that it would meet the wants of the church; the committee, therefore, recommended to the Assembly which met in Denver, in 1899, that a new book be prepared containing a choice collection of standard church hymns and Gospel songs. The Assembly adopted the suggestion and continued the committee.

After much correspondence and conference it was learned that permission could not be had to use in a new book many of the songs and much of the music which we thought indispensable. So examination was made among the recently published hymn books to see if one could be found which was suited to our purpose. It was thus ascertained that "Church Hymns and Gospel Songs," published by The Biglow & Main Co., contained a large part of the music and poetry which we desired, together with a number of new and beautiful songs. A contract was entered into with the publishers for a Cumberland Presbyterian edition of this book, and in anticipation of the favorable action of the Assembly, the Board of Publication purchased a supply at once. The rapid sale has already proven the good judgment of the Committee.

At the meeting of the General Assembly at Chattanooga, in May, 1900, the action of the committee and the Board of Publication was approved, and the "Cumberland Presbyterian Edition of Church Hymns and Gospel Songs" was formally adopted.

It is the opinion of the committee that this book, with "Bible Songs" and "Spiritual Songs," makes a series of three most excellent hymnals, which very adequately supply the needs of Cumberland Presbyterian churches, and we heartily recommend their use throughout the Denomination.

J. I. D. HINDS,
FINIS K. FARR,
JAMES E. CLARKE,
JOHN M. GAUT,
Committee.

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THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO., Publishers.

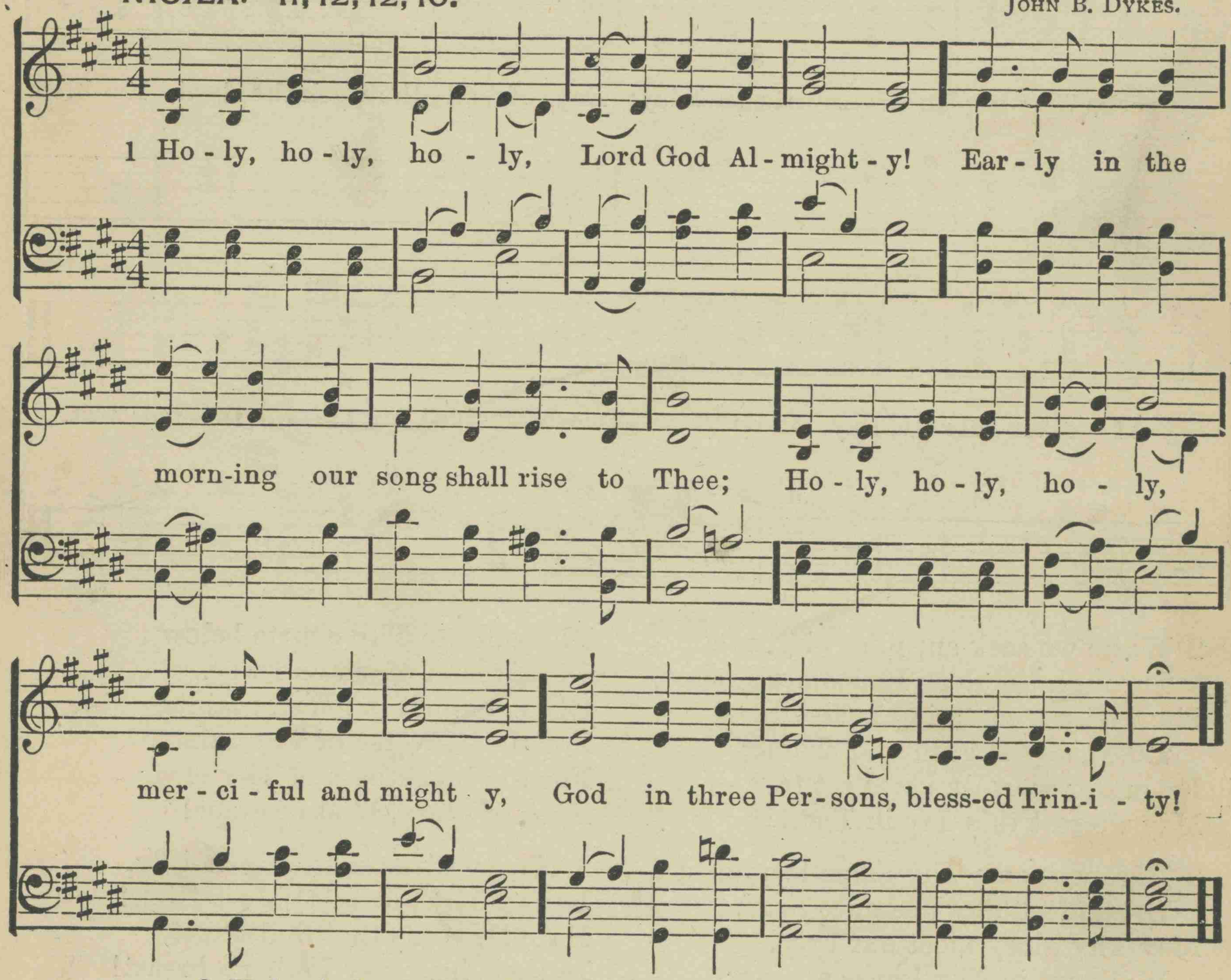
CHURCH HYMNS

AND

GOSPEL SONGS.

Worship.

I NICÆA. 11, 12, 12, 10. JOHN B. DYKES.



2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert and art and evermore shalt be.

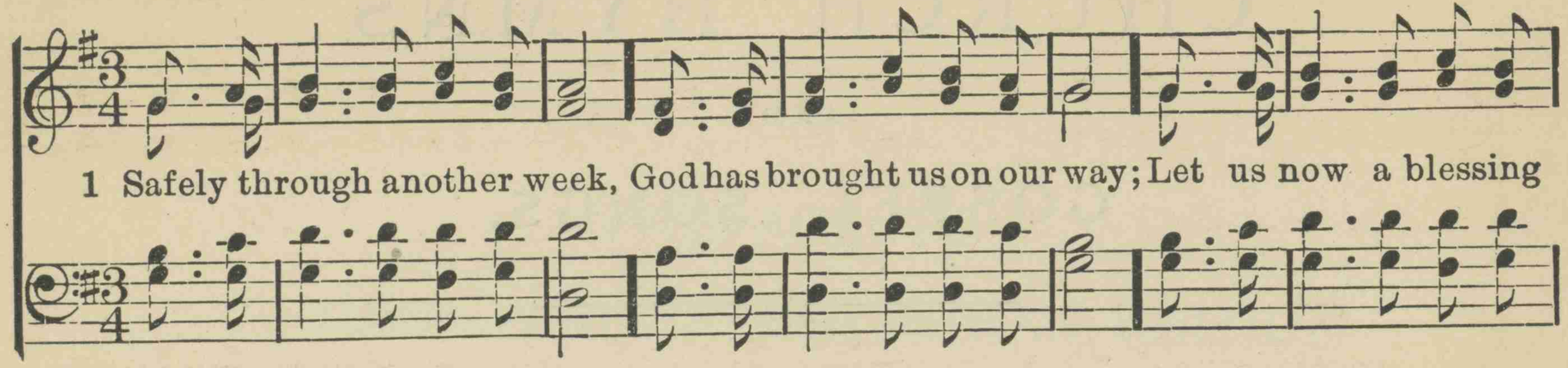
3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see;
Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in power, in love and purity.

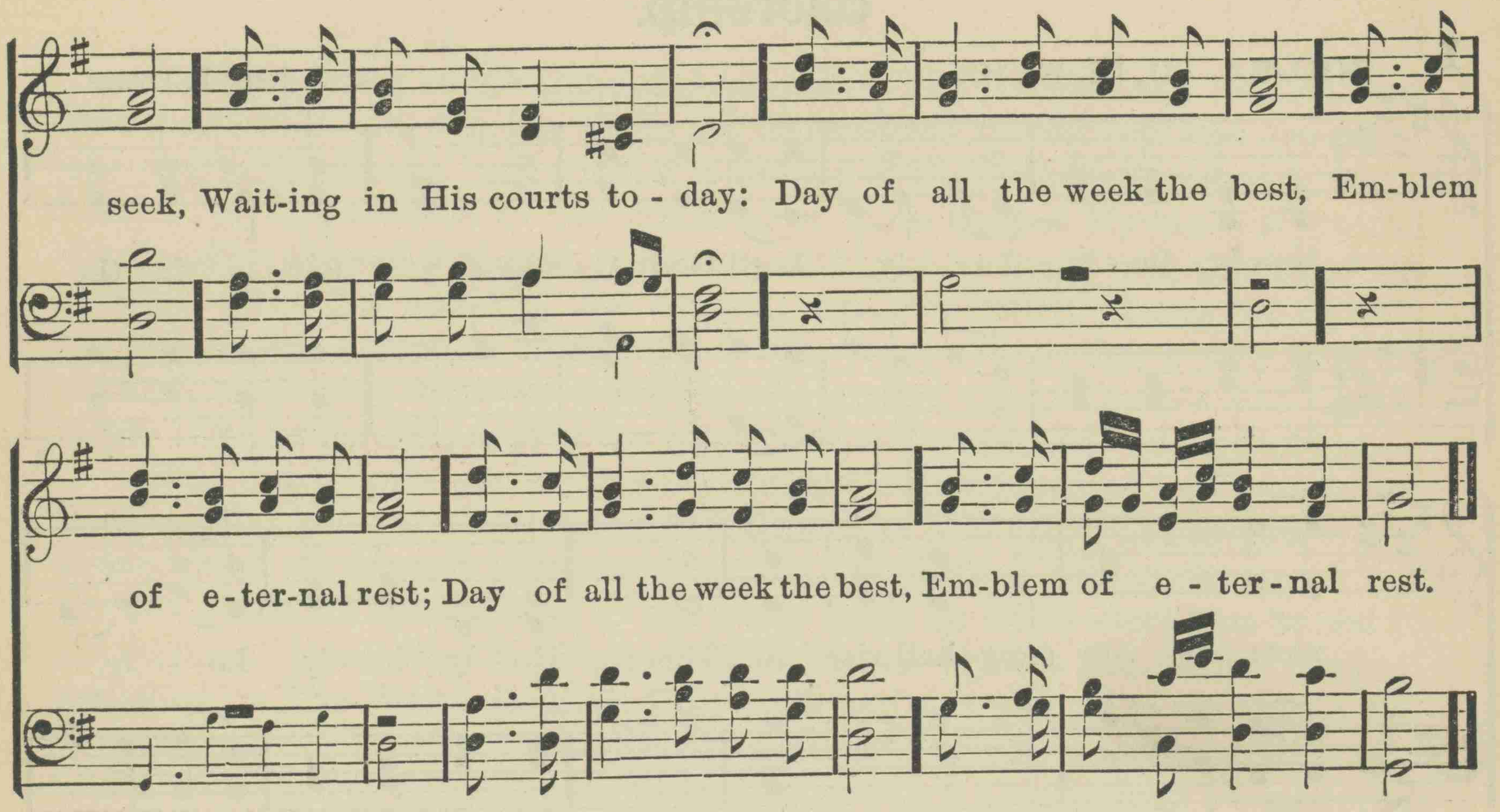
4 Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth and sky and sea;
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty;
God in three persons, blesséd Trinity!

Reginald Heber.

2 SABBATH. 7s. 61.

LOWELL MASON.





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

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

4 May Thy gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief for all complaints:
‖: Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we rest in Thee above. :‖

John Newton.

3

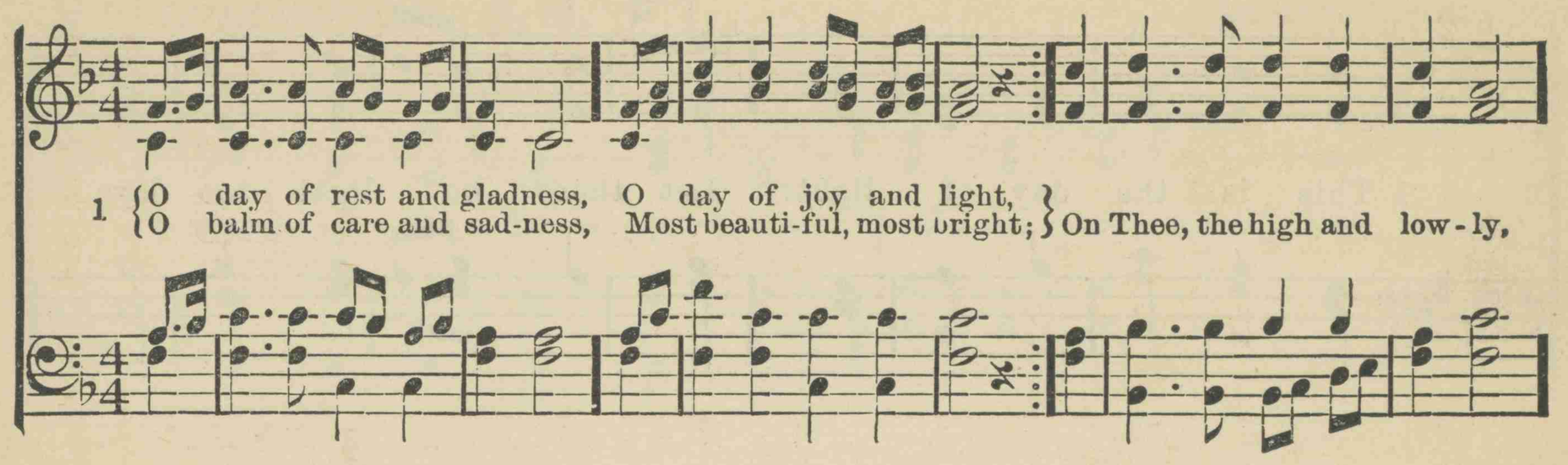
1 Pleasant are Thy courts above,
In the land of light and love;
Pleasant are Thy courts below
In this land of sin and woe.
Oh, my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of Thy saints,
For the brightness of Thy face,
King of glory, God of grace!

2 Happy birds that sing and fly,
Round Thy altars, O Most High!
Happier souls that find a rest,
In their heavenly Father's breast!
Like the wandering dove that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.

3 Happy souls, their praises flow,
Ever in this vale of woe;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies;
On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach Thy throne at length;
At Thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

Henry F. Lyte.

4 MENDEBRAS. 7s, 6s. D.

Arr. by LOWELL MASON.

2 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

3 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest.
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest Three in One.

Christopher Wordsworth

5

1 The dawn of God's new Sabbath
Breaks o'er the earth again,
As some sweet summer morning
After a night of pain.
It comes as cooling showers
To cheer a thirsting land,
As shades of clustered palm-trees
'Mid weary wastes of sand.

2 Lord, we would bring our burden
Of sinful thought and deed,
In Thy pure presence kneeling
From bondage to be freed;
Our heart's most bitter sorrow
For all our work undone,
So many talents wasted,
So few true conquests won.

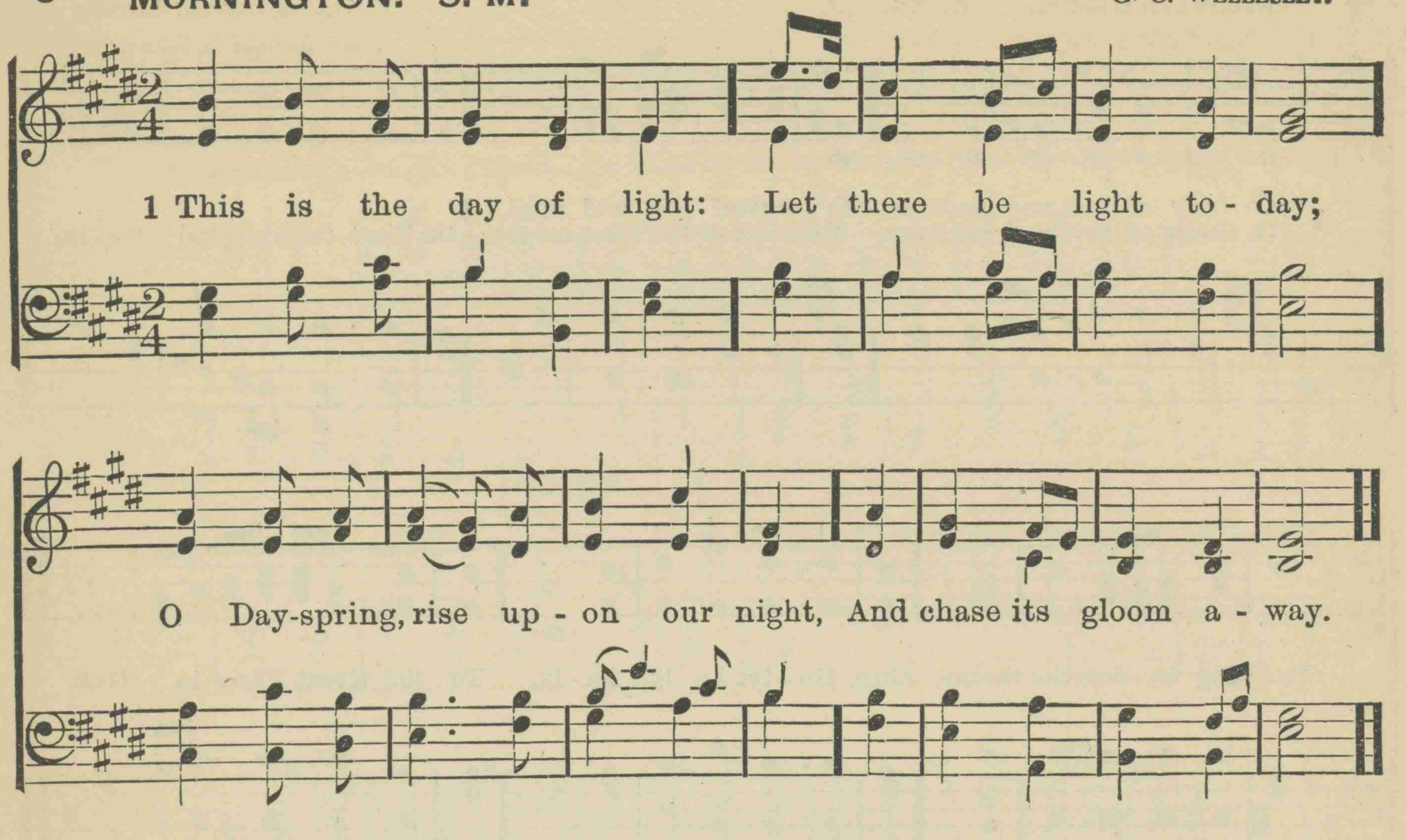
3 Yet still, O Lord long-suffering,
Still grant us in our need
Here in Thy holy presence
The saving name to plead;
And on Thy day of blessings,
Within Thy temple walls,
To foretaste the pure worship
Of Zion's golden halls:—

4 Until in joy and gladness
We reach that home at last,
When life's short week of sorrow
And sin and strife is past;
When angel-hands have gathered
The first ripe fruit for Thee.
O Father, Son, and Spirit,
Most Holy Trinity!

Ada C. Cross.

6 MORNINGTON. S. M.

G. C. Wellesley.



2 This is the day of rest:
Our failing strength renew;
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.

3 This is the day of peace:
Thy peace our spirits fill;
Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease,
The waves of strife be still.

4 This is the day of prayer:
Let earth to heaven draw near;
Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there;
Come down to meet us here.

5 This is the first of days:
Send forth Thy quickening breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise,
O Vanquisher of death!

John Ellerton.

7

1 With joy we lift our eyes
To those bright realms above,
That glorious temple in the skies,
Where dwells eternal Love.

2 Before Thy throne we bow,
O Thou almighty King;
Here we present the solemn vow,
And hymns of praise we sing.

3 While in Thy house we kneel,
With trust and holy fear,
Thy mercy and Thy truth reveal,
And lend a gracious ear.

4 Lord, teach our hearts to pray,
And tune our lips to sing;
Nor from Thy presence cast away
The sacrifice we bring.

Thomas Jervis.

8

1 Now let our voices join
To raise a sacred song;
Ye pilgrims! in Jehovah's ways,
With music pass along.

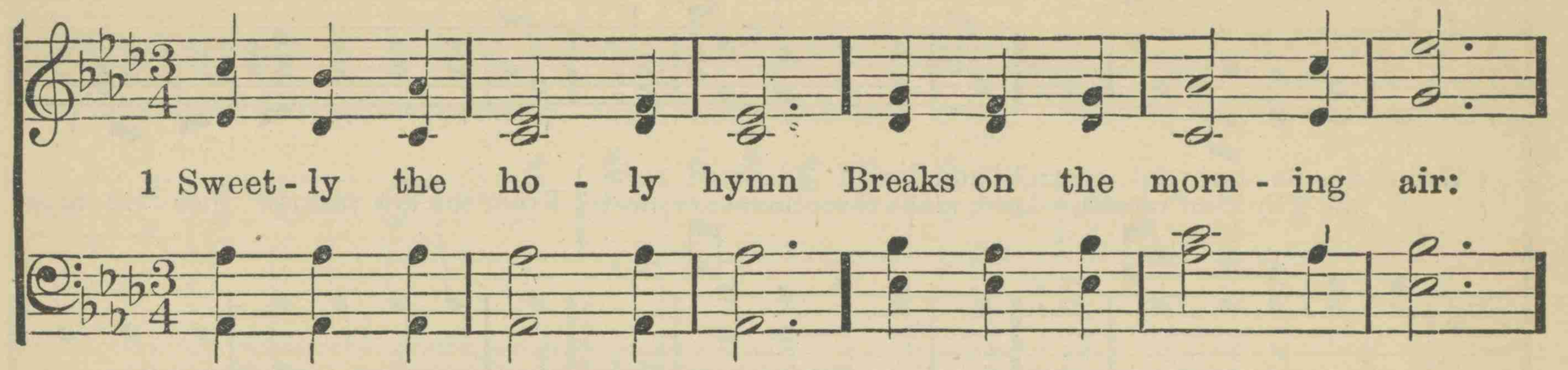
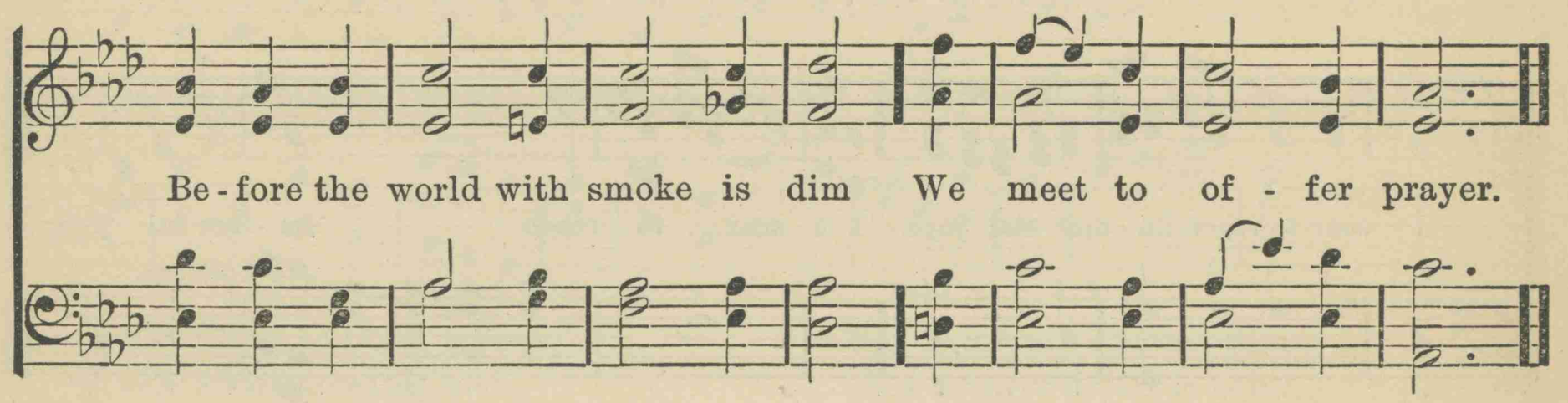
2 See—flowers of paradise,
In rich profusion, spring;
The sun of glory gilds the path,
And dear companions sing.

3 See—Salem's golden spires,
In beauteous prospect, rise;
And brighter crowns than mortals wear,
Which sparkle through the skies.

4 All honor to His name,
Who marks the shining way,—
To Him who leads the pilgrims on
To realms of endless day.

Philip Doddridge.

9 GREENWOOD. S. M.

JOSEPH E. SWEETSER.



2 While flowers are wet with dews,
  Dew of our souls, descend:
Ere yet the sun the day renews,
  O Lord, Thy Spirit send.

3 Upon the battle-field,
  Before the fight begins,
We seek, O Lord, Thy sheltering shield,
  To guard us from our sins.

4 Ere yet our vessel sails
  Upon the stream of day,
We plead, O Lord, for heavenly gales
  To speed us on our way.

5 On the lone mountain side,
  Before the morning's light,
The Man of Sorrows wept and cried,
  And rose refreshed with might.

6 Oh, hear us then, for we
  Are very weak and frail,
We make the Saviour's name our plea,
  And surely must prevail.

Charles H. Spurgeon.

10

1 Sweet is the work, O Lord,
  Thy glorious name to sing;
To praise and pray—to hear Thy word,
  And grateful offerings bring.

2 Sweet—at the dawning light,
  Thy boundless love to tell;
And, when approach the shades of night,
  Still on the theme to dwell.

3 Sweet—on this day of rest,
  To join in heart and voice,
With those who love and serve Thee best,
  And in Thy name rejoice.

4 To sons of praise and joy
  Be every Sabbath given,
That such may be our blest employ
  Eternally in heaven.

Harriet Auber.

11

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

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

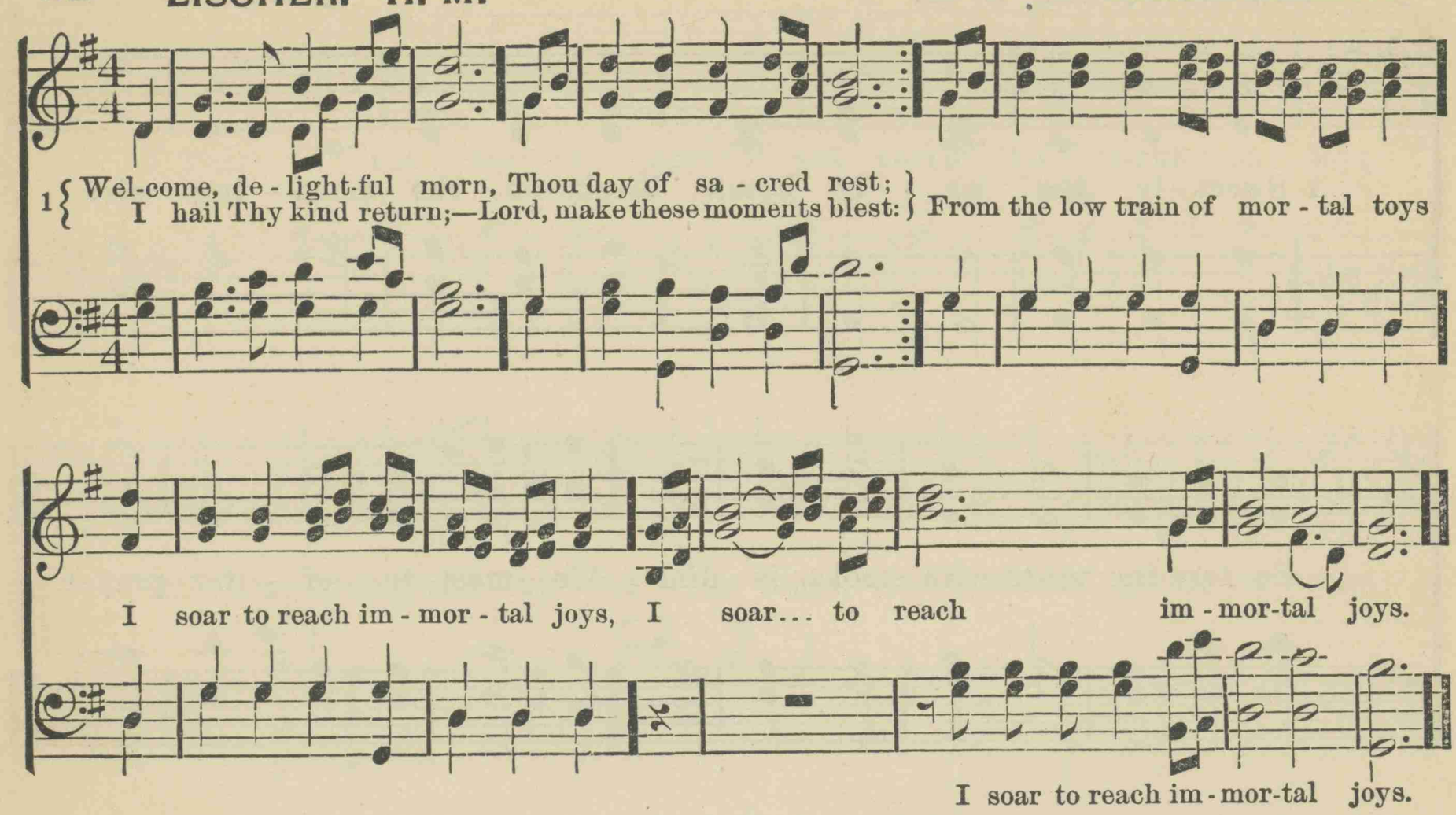
3 One day, amid the place
  Where my dear Lord hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
  Within the tents of sin.

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

Isaac Watts.

Morning.

12 **LISCHER. H. M.** FRIEDRICH SCHNEIDER.



2 Now may the King descend,
And fill His throne of grace;
Thy scepter, Lord, extend,
While saints address Thy face:
Let sinners feel Thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless the sacred hours:
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be enjoyed in vain.

— Hayward.

13

1 O Zion! tune thy voice,
And raise thy hands on high;
Tell all the earth thy joys,
And boast salvation nigh;
Cheerful in God, arise and shine,
While rays divine stream all abroad.

2 He gilds thy mourning face
With beams that cannot fade;
His all-resplendent grace
He pours around thy head;
The nations round thy form shall view,
With luster new, divinely crowned.

3 In honor to His name,
Reflect that sacred light;
And loud that grace proclaim,
Which makes thy darkness bright;
Pursue His praise, till sovereign love,
In worlds above, the glory raise.

4 There, on His holy hill,
A brighter sun shall rise,
And, with His radiance, fill
Those fairer, purer skies;
While, round His throne, ten thousand stars,
In nobler spheres, His influence own.

Philip Doddridge.

14

1 Now, to Thy sacred house,
With joy I turn my feet,
Where saints, with morning-vows,
In full assembly meet:
Thy power divine shall there be shown,
And from Thy throne Thy mercy shine.

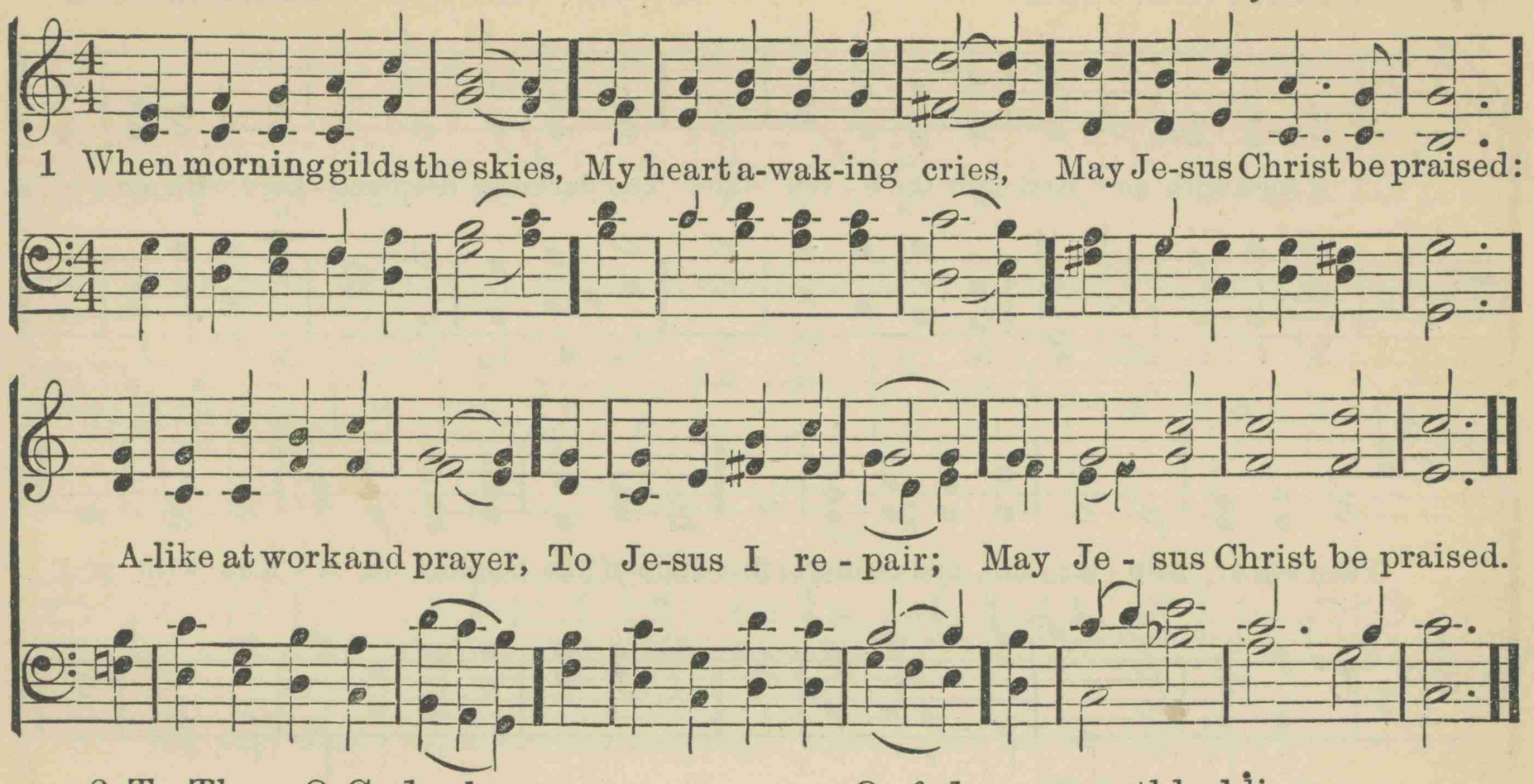
2 Oh, send Thy light abroad;
Thy truth with heavenly ray
Shall lead my soul to God,
And guide my doubtful way;
I'll hear Thy word with faith sincere,
And learn to fear and praise thē Lord.

3 Now in Thy holy hill,
Before Thine altar, Lord!
My harp and song shall sound
The glories of Thy word:
Henceforth, to Thee, O God of grace!
A hymn of praise my life shall be.

Timothy Dwight.

Morning.

15 LAUDES DOMINI. 6s. 6l.

JOSEPH BARNBY.

2 To Thee, O God, above,
I cry with glowing love,
May Jesus Christ be praised:
This song of sacred joy,
It never seems to cloy:
May Jesus Christ be praised.

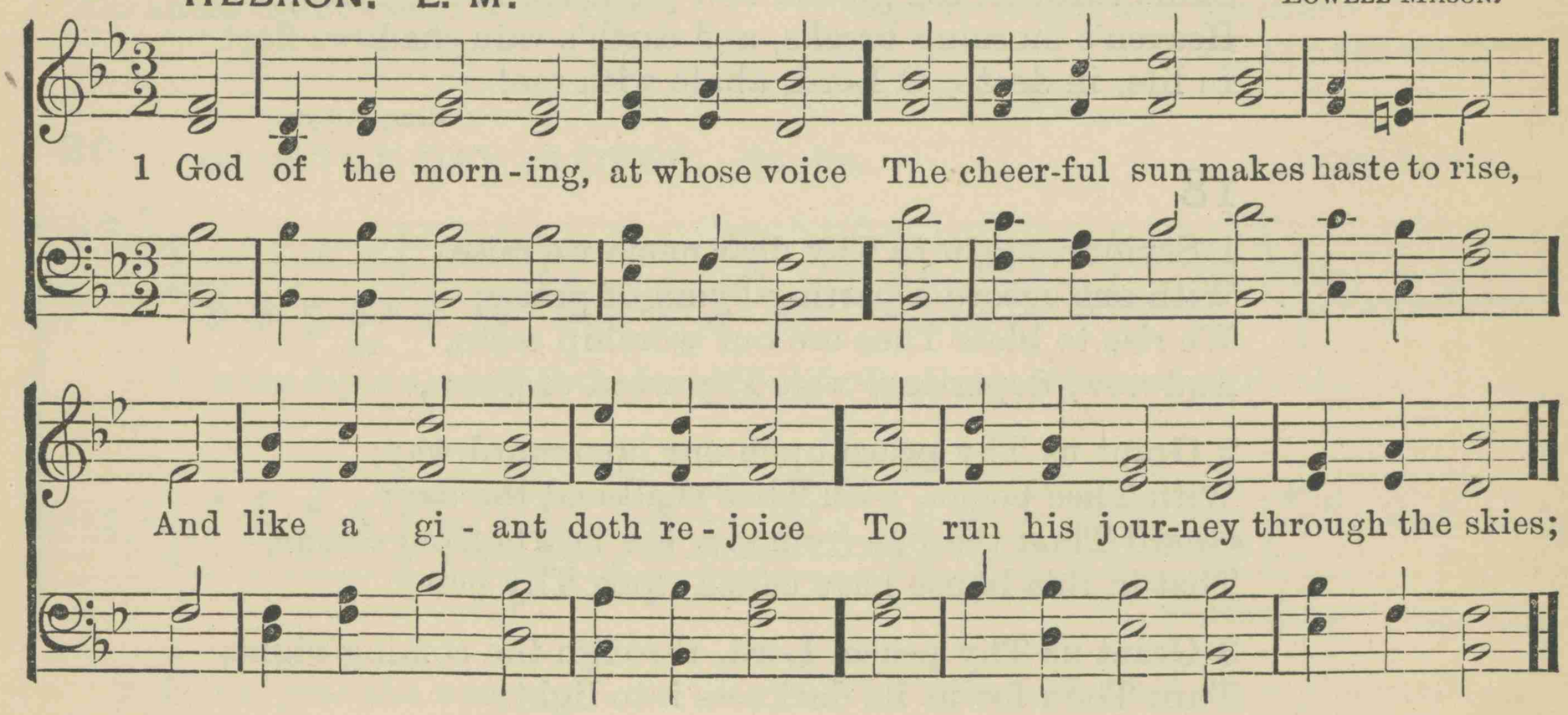
3 Does sadness fill my mind,
A solace here I find;
May Jesus Christ be praised:
Or fades my earthly bliss,
My comfort still is this:
May Jesus Christ be praised.

4 Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle divine:
May Jesus Christ be praised:
Be this the eternal song,
Through all the ages long:
May Jesus Christ be praised.

Tr. Edward Caswall.

16 HEBRON. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.



2 Oh, like the sun may I fulfil
The appointed duties of the day;
With ready mind and active will,
March on and keep my heavenly way.

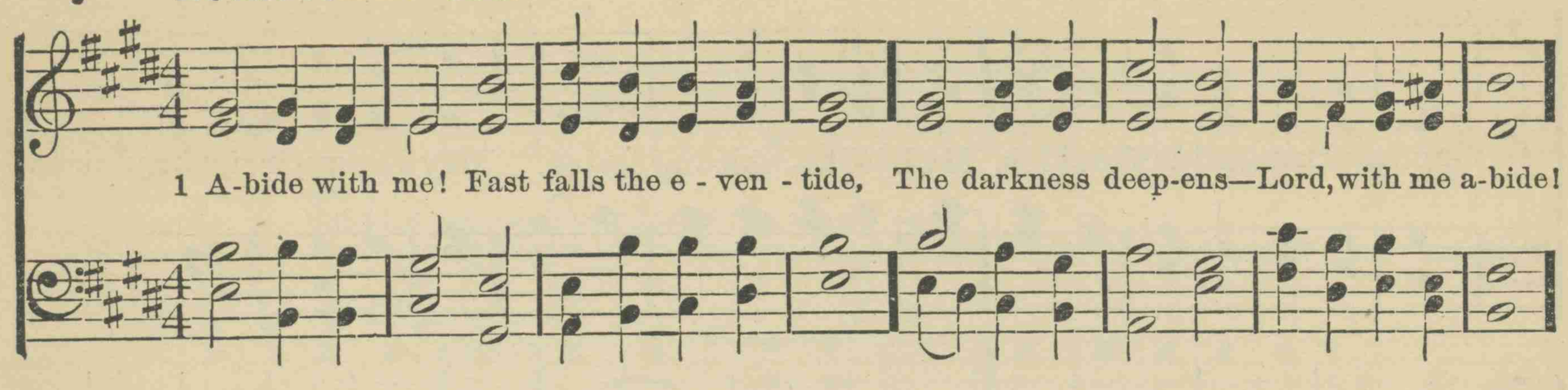
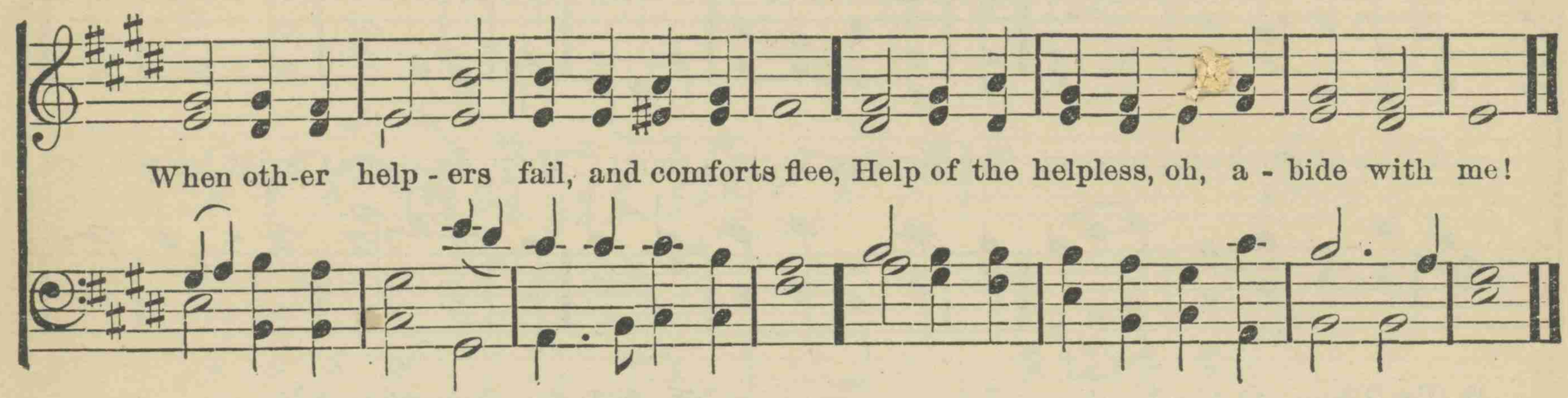
3 But I shall rove, and lose the race,
If God my Sun should disappear,
And leave me in this world's wide maze,
To follow every wandering star.

4 Give me Thy counsel for my guide,
And then receive me to Thy bliss;
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold compared with this.

Isaac Watts.

Evening.

17 EVENTIDE. 10s.

WILLIAM H. MONK.



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

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

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

Henry F. Lyte.

18

1 Saviour, again to Thy dear name we raise
With one accord a parting hymn of praise;
We rise to bless Thee ere our worship cease,
And now, departing, wait Thy word of peace,

2 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day;
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy name.

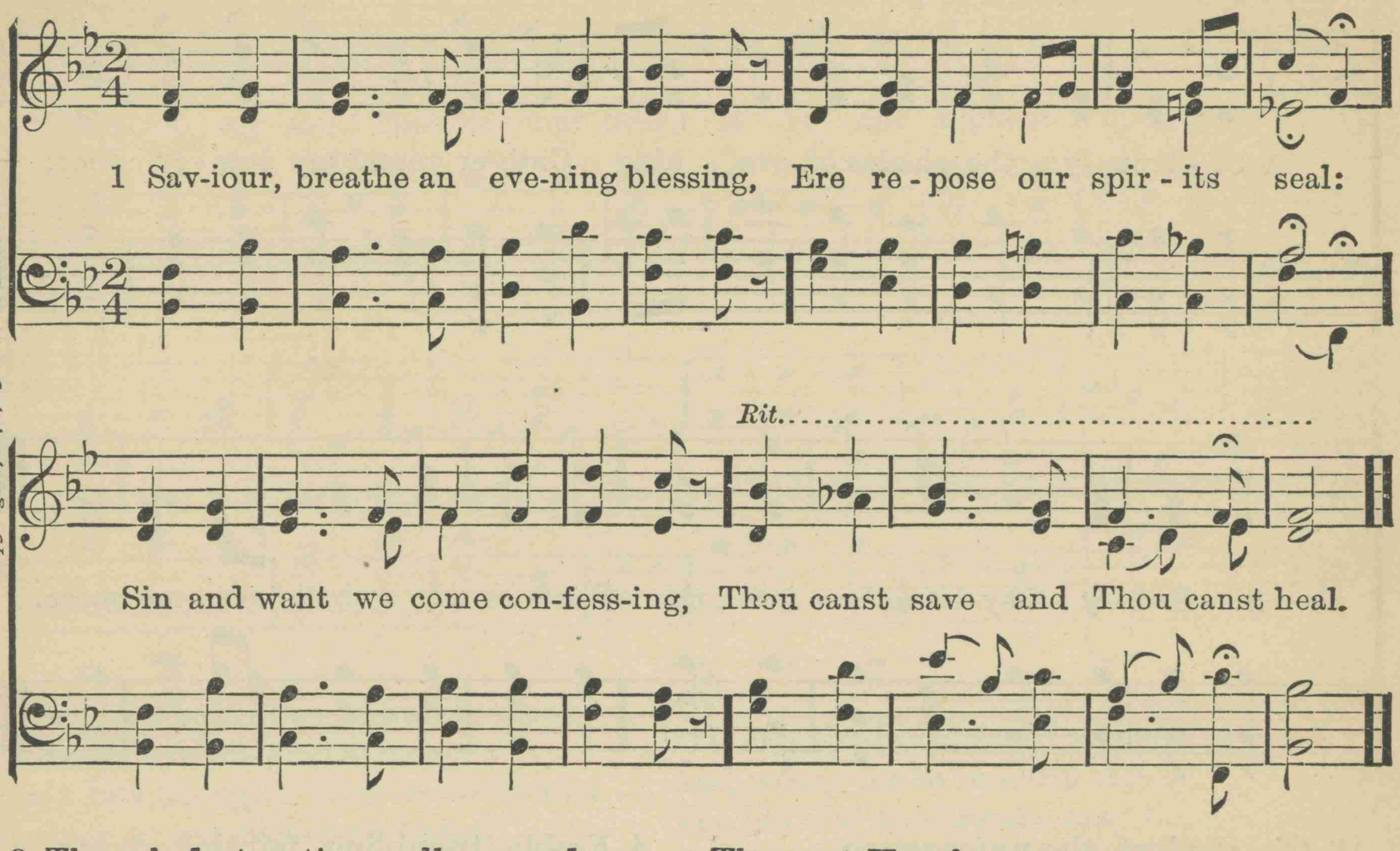
3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night;
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

John Ellerton.

19 EVENING PRAYER. 8s, 7s.

GEORGE C. STEBBINS.



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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.

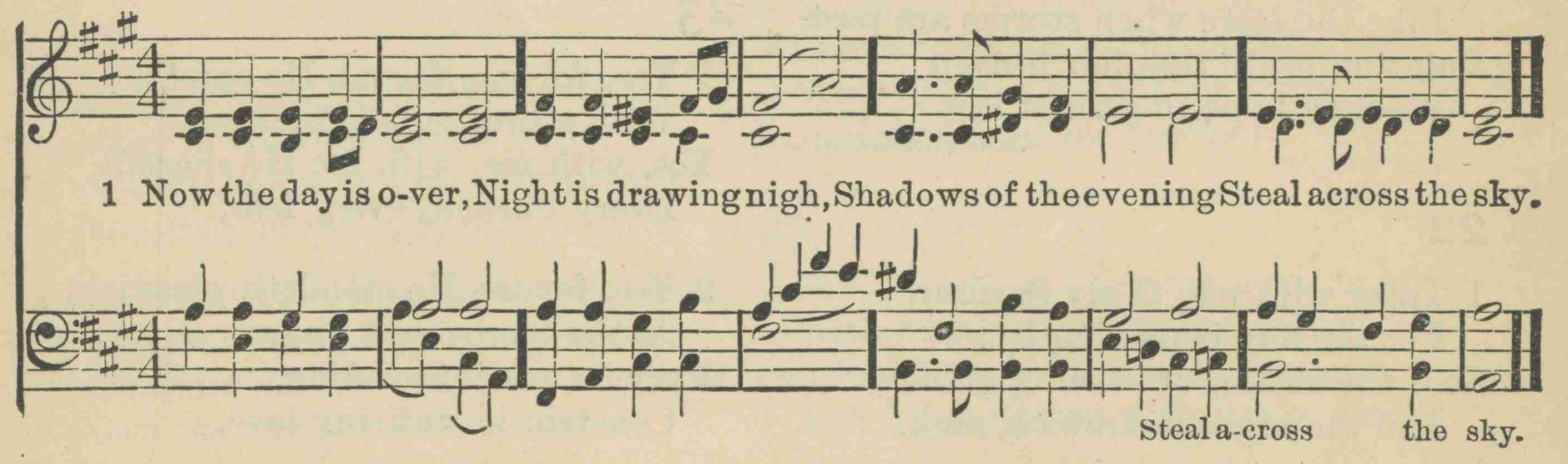
3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
Thou art He who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.

4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in bright and deathless bloom.

James Edmeston.

20 NOW THE DAY IS OVER. 6s, 5s.

JOSEPH BARNBY.



2 Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With Thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.

3 Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.

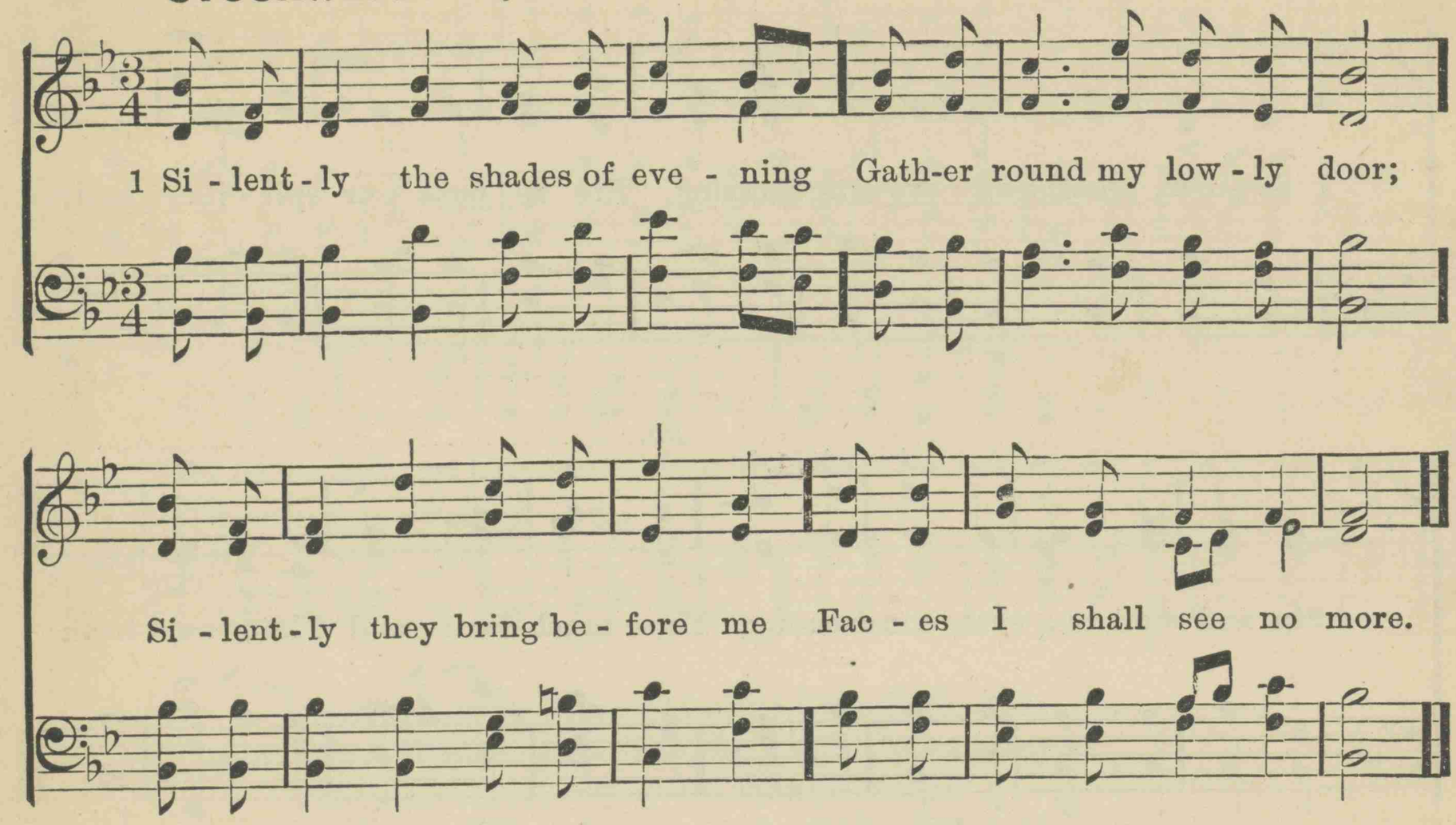
4 Through the long night-watches,
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

5 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise,
Pure and fresh and sinless
In Thy holy eyes.

Sabine Baring-Gould.

Evening.

21 STOCKWELL. 8s, 7s. DARIUS E. JONES.



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 memories cluster,
Like the stars when storms are past,
Pointing up to that fair heaven
We may hope to gain at last.

Christopher C. Cox.

22

1 Tarry with me, O my Saviour,
For the day is passing by;
See! the shades of evening gather,
And the night is drawing nigh.

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

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

4 Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,
Lord, I cast myself on Thee;
Tarry with me through the darkness!
While I sleep, still watch by me.

5 Tarry with me, O my Saviour!
Lay my head upon Thy breast
Till the morning; then awake me—
Morning of eternal rest!

Caroline S. Smith.

23

1 Yes, for me, for me He careth,
With a brother's tender care;
Yes, with me, with me He shareth
Every burden, every fear.

2 Yes, for me He standeth pleading,
At the mercy-seat above;
Ever for me interceding,
Constant in untiring love.

3 Yes, in me, in me He dwelleth,
I in Him, and He in me!
And my empty soul He filleth,
Here and through eternity.

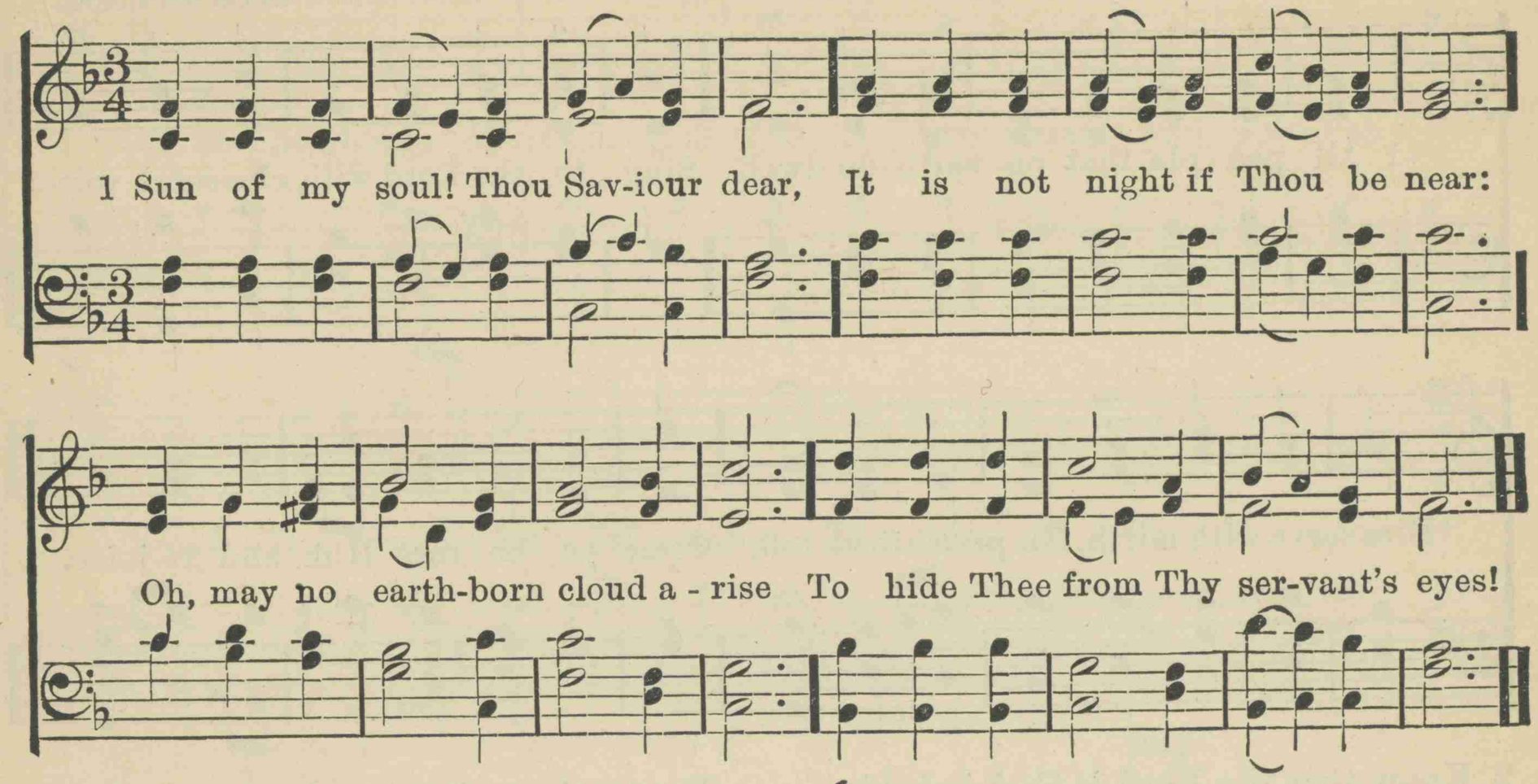
4 Thus I wait for His returning,
Singing all the way to heaven;
Such the joyous song of morning,
Such the banquet song of even.

Horatius Bonar.

Evening.

24 HURSLEY. L. M.

PETER RITTER, arr.



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

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

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

John Keble.

25

1 Again, as evening's shadow falls,
We gather in these hallowed walls;
And evening hymn and evening prayer
Rise mingling on the holy air.

2 May struggling hearts, that seek release,
Here find the rest of God's own peace;
And, strengthened here by hymn and prayer,
Lay down the burden and the care.

3 O God our Light, to Thee we bow;
Within all shadows standest Thou:
Give deeper calm than night can bring,
Give sweeter songs than life can sing.

4 Life's tumult we must meet again,
We cannot at the shrine remain;
But in the spirit's secret cell,
May hymn and prayer for ever dwell.

Samuel Longfellow.

26

1 When shades of night around us close,
And weary limbs in sleep repose,
The faithful soul awake may be,
And longing sigh, O Lord, to Thee.

2 Thou true Desire of nations, hear;
Thou Word of God, Thou Saviour dear;
In pity heed our humble cries,
And bid at length the fallen rise.

3 Oh, come, Redeemer, come and free
Thine own from guilt and misery;
The gates of heaven again unfold,
Which Adam's sin had closed of old.

4 All praise, eternal Son, to Thee,
Whose advent doth Thy people free;
Whom with the Father we adore
And Holy Ghost for evermore.

Tr. fr. C. Coffin.

27

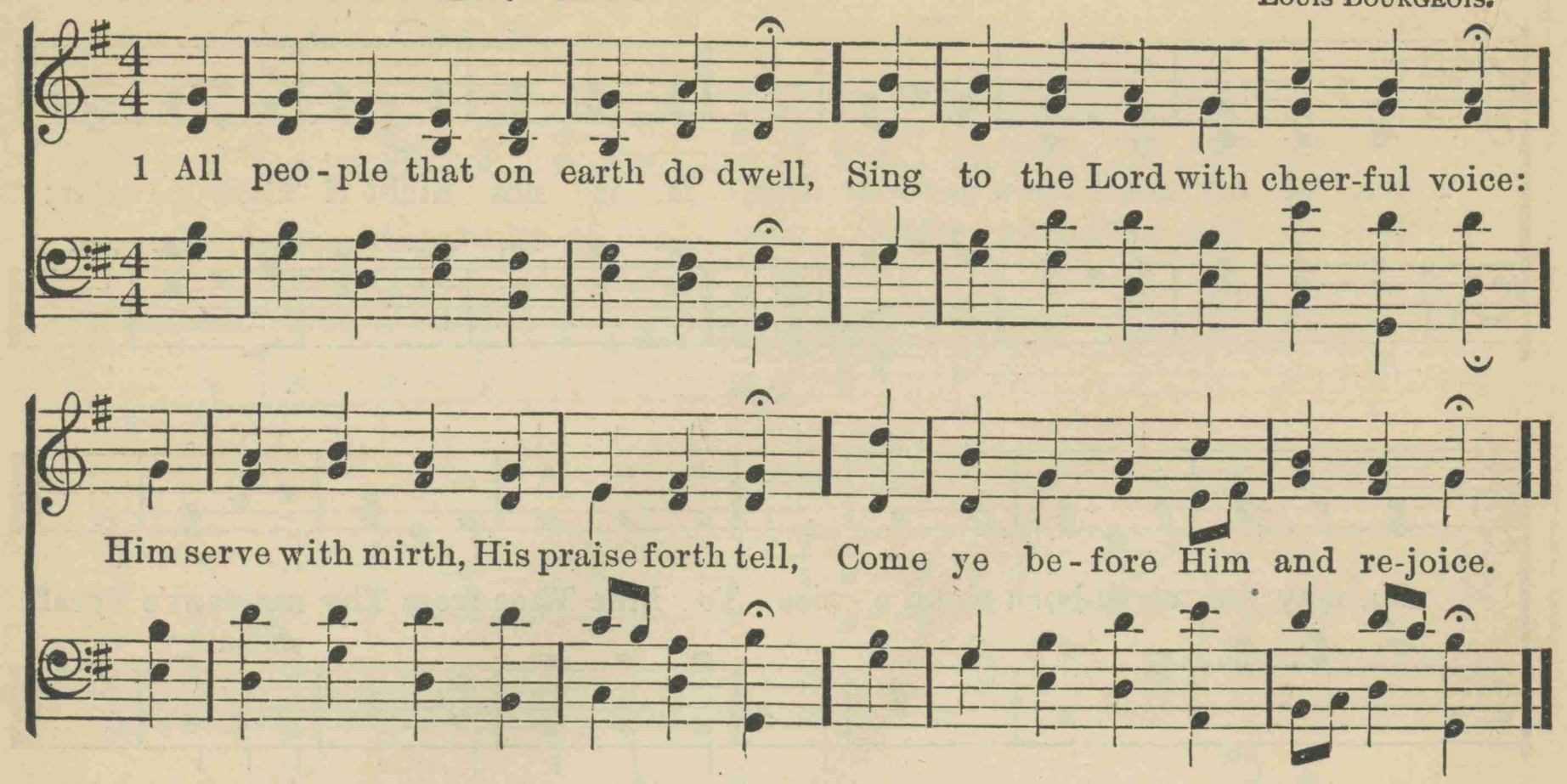
1 Great God! to Thee my evening song
With humble gratitude I raise;
Oh, let Thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise.

2 My days unclouded as they pass,
And every gentle, rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to Thy love and power.

3 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Jesus; His dear name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God!
And kind acceptance at Thy throne.

Anne Steele.

Praise to God.

28 **OLD HUNDRED. L. M.** LOUIS BOURGEOIS.

2 Know that the Lord is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make:
We are His flock, He did us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

3 Oh, enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto:
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

William Kethe.

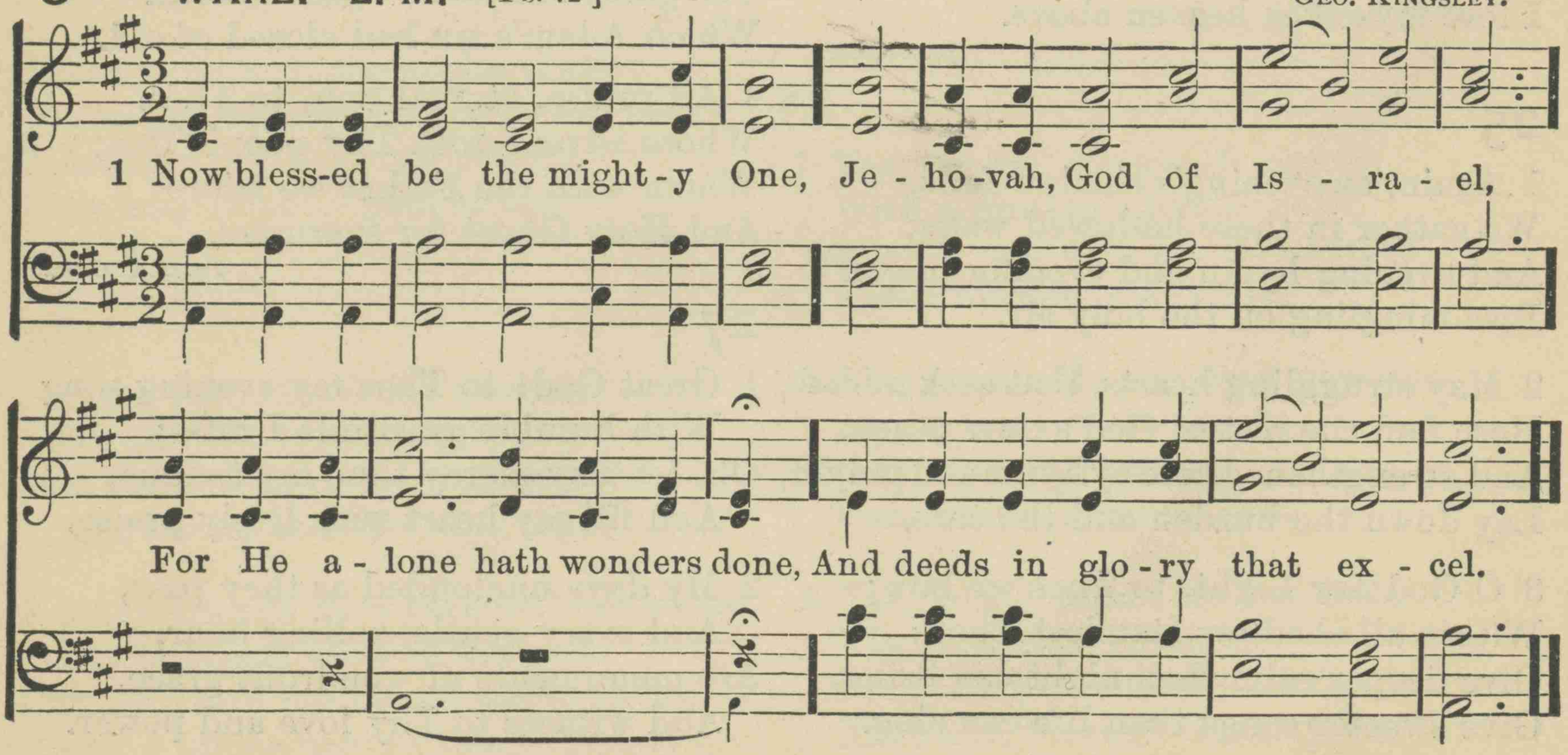
---

29 Doxology.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Thomas Ken.

30 **WARE. L. M.** [Ps. 72] GEO. KINGSLEY.



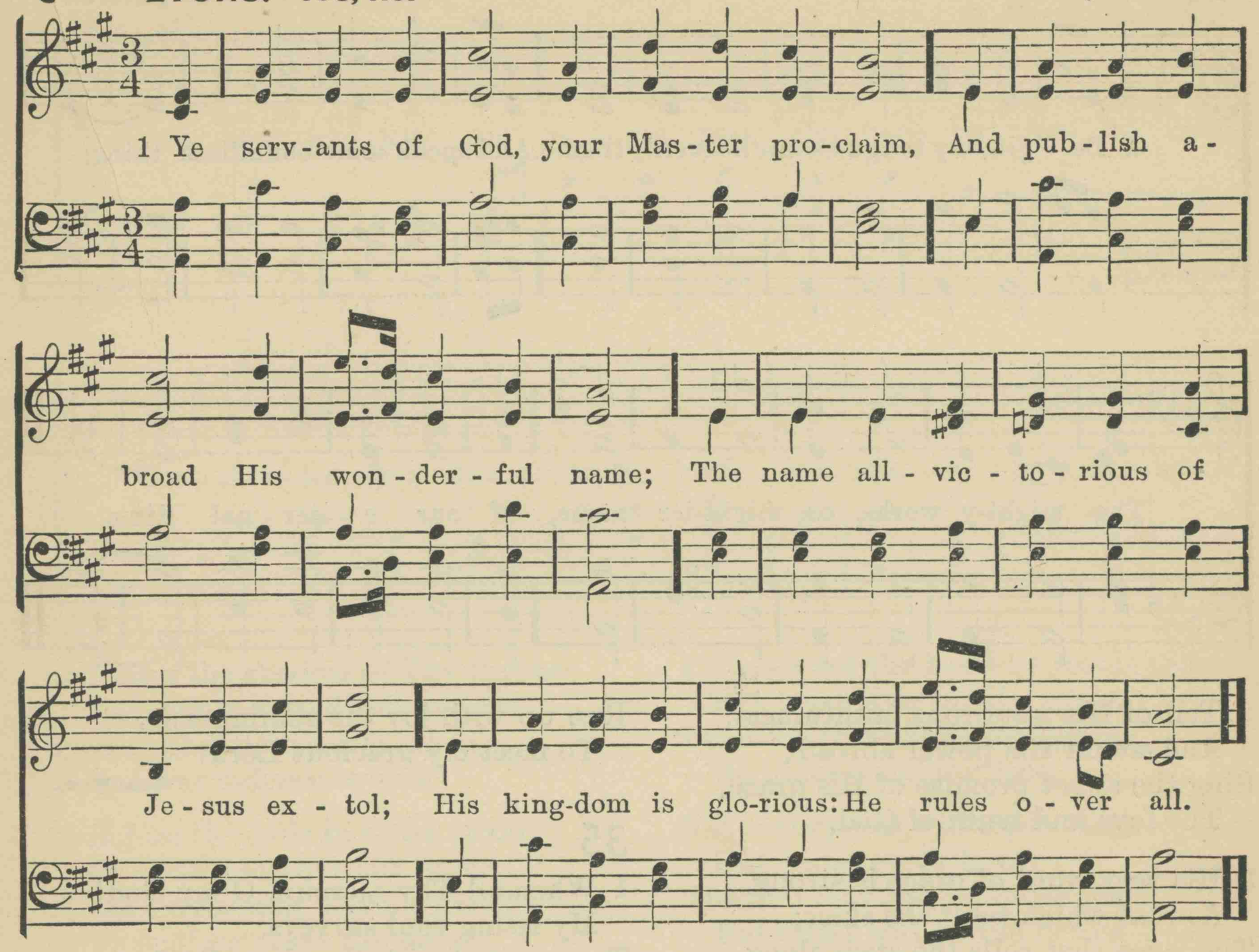
2 All kings before Him down shall fall:
All nations shall His laws obey;
He'll save the needy when they call,
The poor, and those that have no stay.

3 And blesséd be His glorious name,
Long as the ages shall endure;
O'er all the earth extend His fame.
Amen, amen, forever more.

Anon.

Praise to God.

31 **LYONS.** 10s, 11s. FRANZ J. HAYDN.



2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still He is nigh: His presence we have;
The great congregation His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus, our King.

3 "Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,"
Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son;
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore, and give Him His right—
All glory and power, and wisdom and might;
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, for infinite love.

Charles Wesley.

---

32 **Tune—WARE.** [Ps. 9.]

1 Lord, Thee I'll praise with all my heart,
And all Thy wondrous works proclaim;
In Thee, O Thou Most High, I'll joy,
And sing the praise of Thy great name.

2 Jehovah shall a refuge prove,
A refuge strong for poor oppressed
A safe retreat where weary souls
In troublous times may find a rest

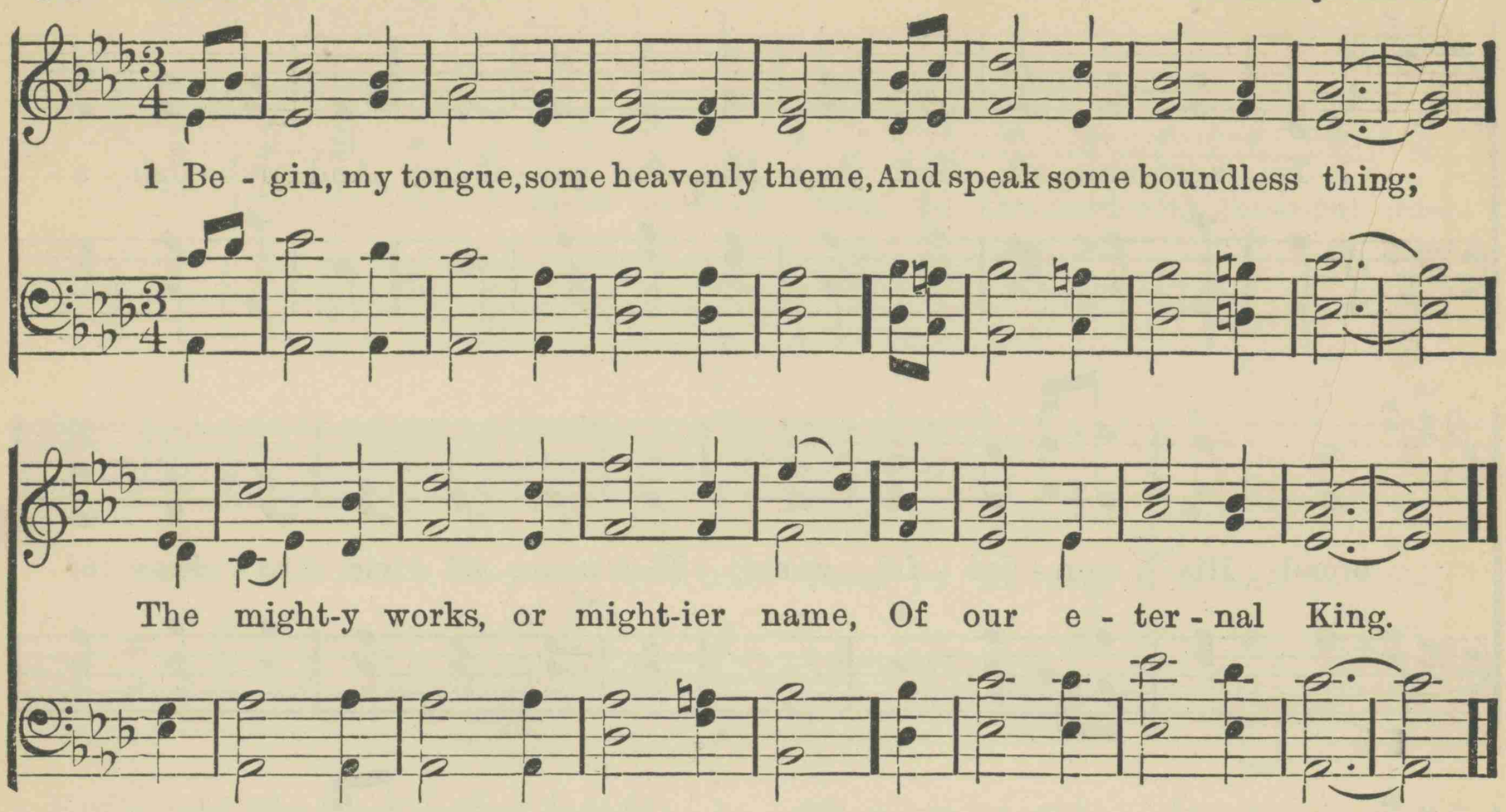
3 And they, O Lord, that know Thy name,
Their confidence in Thee will place;
For Thou, Jehovah, never hast
Forsaken them that seek Thy face.

4 Sing praises to the Lord most high,
To Him that doth in Zion dwell;
Declare His mighty deeds abroad,
His deeds among all people tell.

Anon.

Praise to God.

33 MANOAH. C. M.

Fr. FRANZ J. HAYDN.

2 Tell of His wondrous faithfulness,
And sound His power abroad;
Sing the sweet promise of His grace,
The love and truth of God.

3 His very word of grace is strong,
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along,
Speaks all the promises.

4 Oh, might I hear Thy heavenly tongue
But whisper, "Thou art mine!"
Those gentle words should raise my song
To notes almost divine.

Isaac Watts.

34

1 My God! the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights!

2 In darkest shades if He appear,
My dawning is begun:
He is my soul's sweet morning star
And He my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows His heart is 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 meet my gracious Lord!

Isaac Watts.

35

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

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

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

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

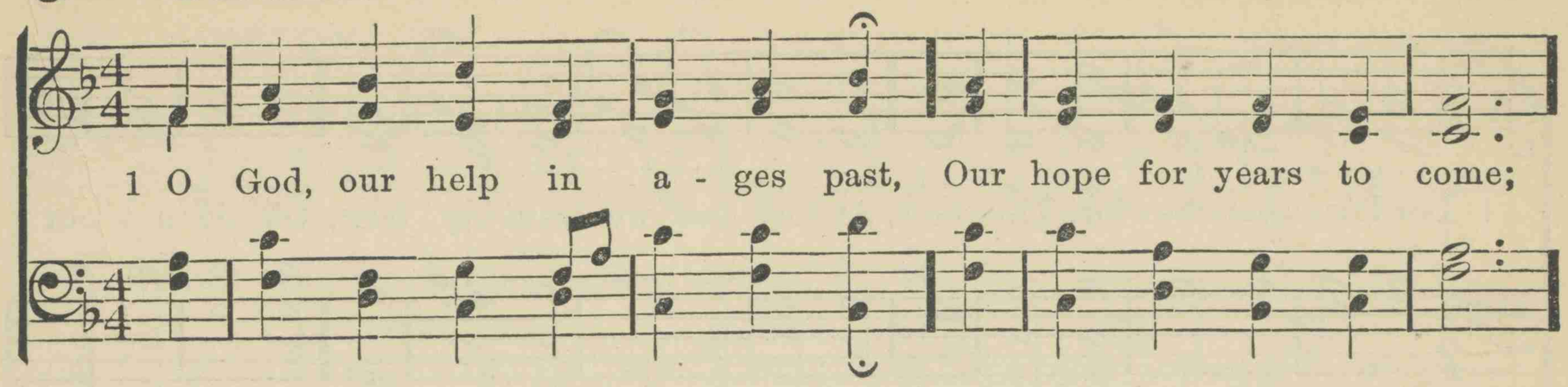
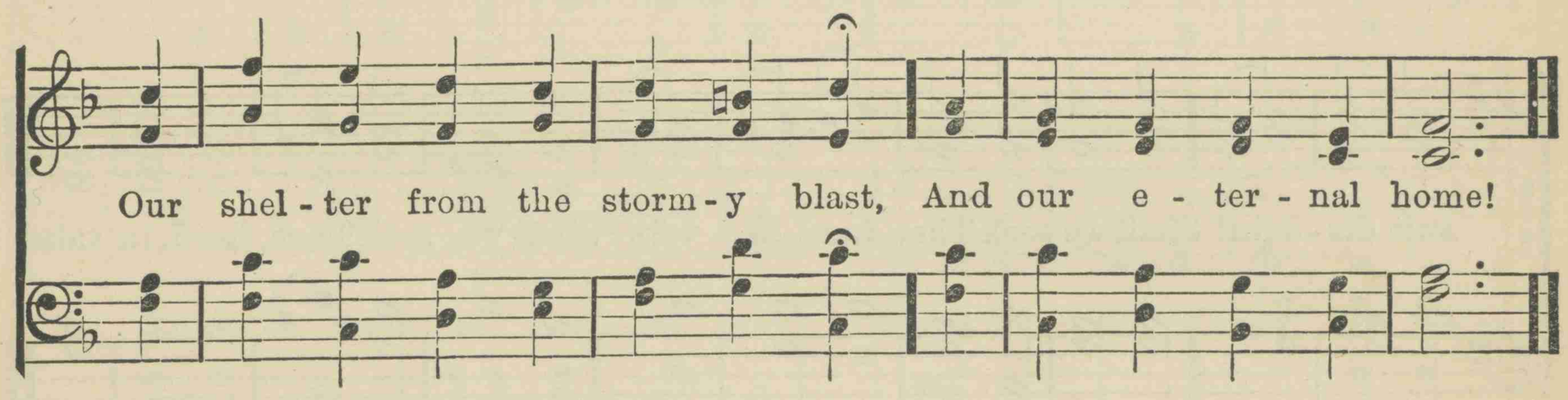
5 Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

6 Through all eternity, to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
For, oh, eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise!

Joseph Addison.

36

DUNDEE. C. M.

ANDRO HART'S PSALTER.

2 Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages, in Thy sight,
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

Isaac Watts.

37

1 God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform:
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take!
The clouds ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy, and will 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.

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

William Cowper.

38

1 Oh, for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that always feels Thy blood
So freely shed for me!

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

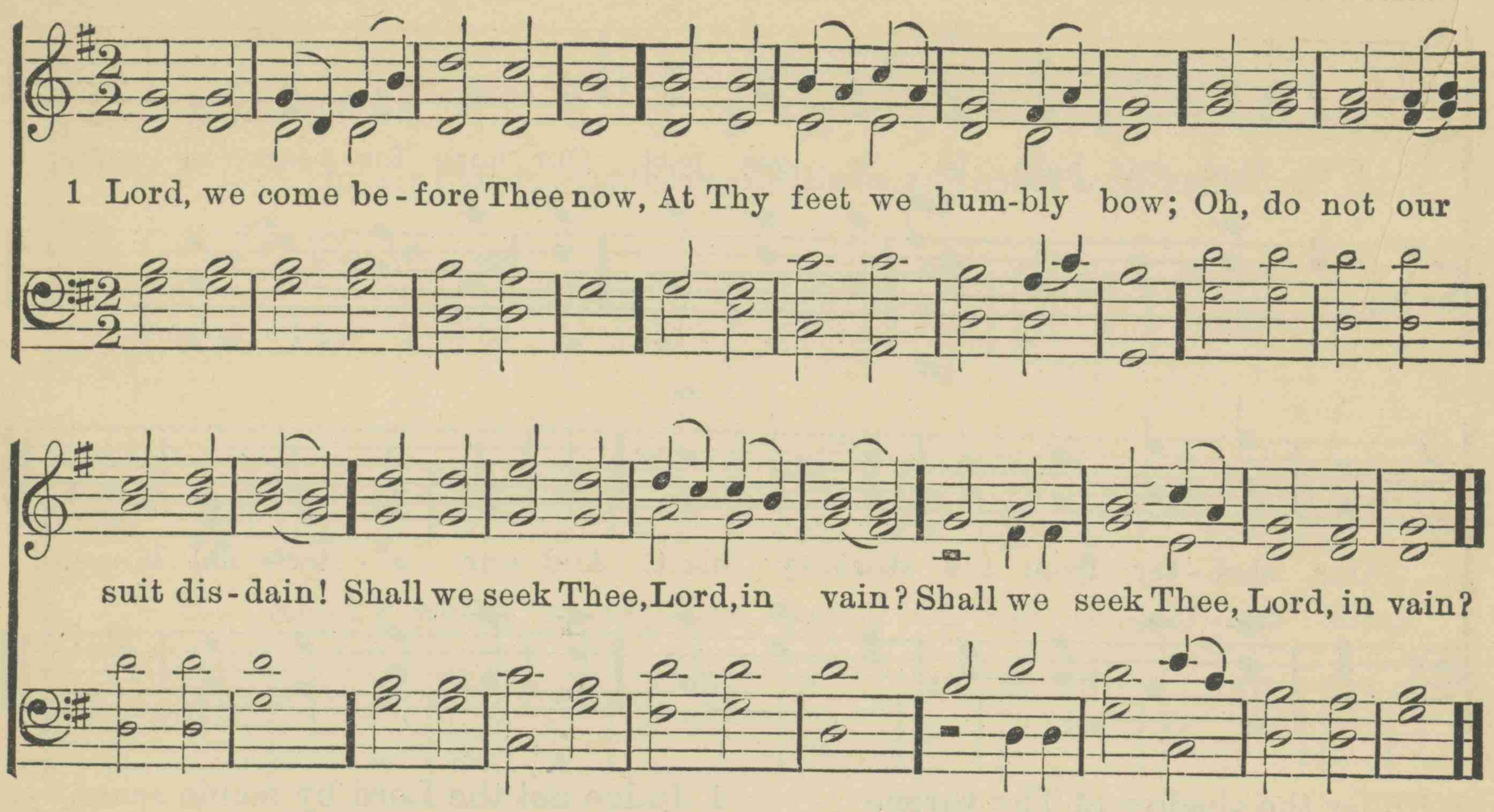
3 Oh, for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean!
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within.

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And filled with love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good;
An image, Lord! of Thine.

Charles Wesley.

39 HENDON. 7s.

ABRAHAM H. C. MALAN.



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

3 In Thine own appointed way,
Now we seek Thee; here we stay;
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing Thou bestow.

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

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

William Hammond.

40

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

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

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

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

James Merrick.

41

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

2 With my burden I begin:—
Lord! remove this load of sin;
Let Thy blood for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

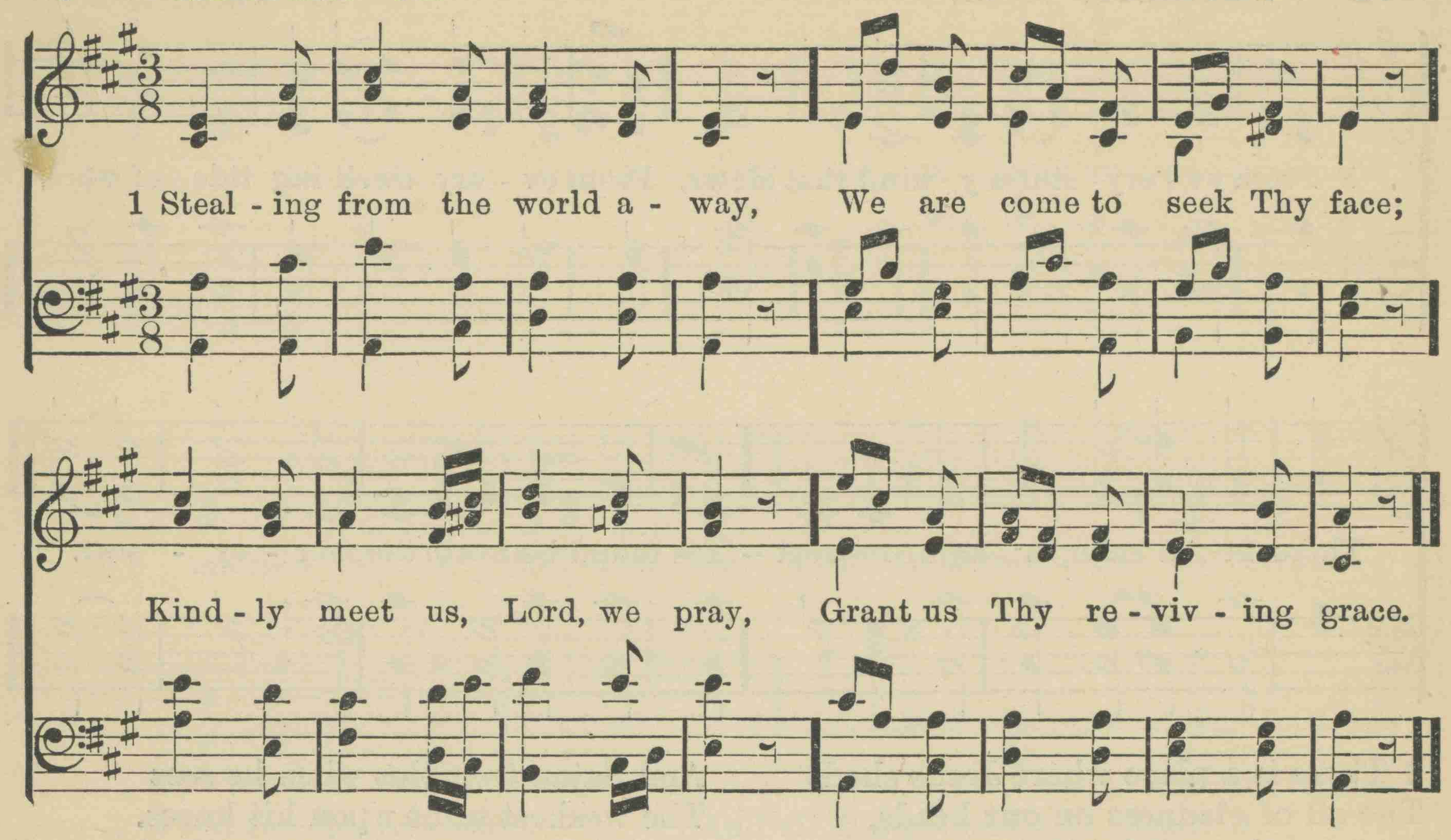
3 Lord! I come to Thee for rest;
Take possession of my breast;
There, Thy blood-bought right maintain
And, without a rival, reign.

4 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

5 Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die Thy people's death.

John Newton.

Prayer.

42 **HORTON. 7s.** XAVIER SCHNYDER.

2 Yonder stars that gild the sky
Shine but with a borrowed light;
We, unless Thy light be nigh,
Wander, wrapt in gloomy night.

3 Sun of Righteousness! dispel
All our darkness, doubts, and fears;
May Thy light within us dwell,
Till eternal day appears.

4 Warm our hearts in prayer and praise,
Lift our every thought above;
Hear the grateful songs we raise,
Fill us with Thy perfect love.

Ray Palmer.

43

1 They who seek the throne of grace
Find that throne in every place;
If we live a life of prayer,
God is present everywhere.

2 In our sickness and our health,
In our want, or in our wealth,
If we look to God in prayer,
God is present everywhere.

3 When our earthly comforts fail,
When the foes of life prevail,
'Tis the time for earnest prayer;
God is present everywhere.

4 Then, my soul, in every strait,
To thy Father come, and wait;
He will answer every prayer:
God is present everywhere.

Oliver Holden.

44

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

2 Once a sinner, near despair,
Sought Thy mercy-seat by prayer;
Mercy heard and set him free—
Lord! that mercy came to me.

3 Many days have passed since then,
Many changes I have seen;
Yet have been upheld till now;
Who could hold me up but Thou?

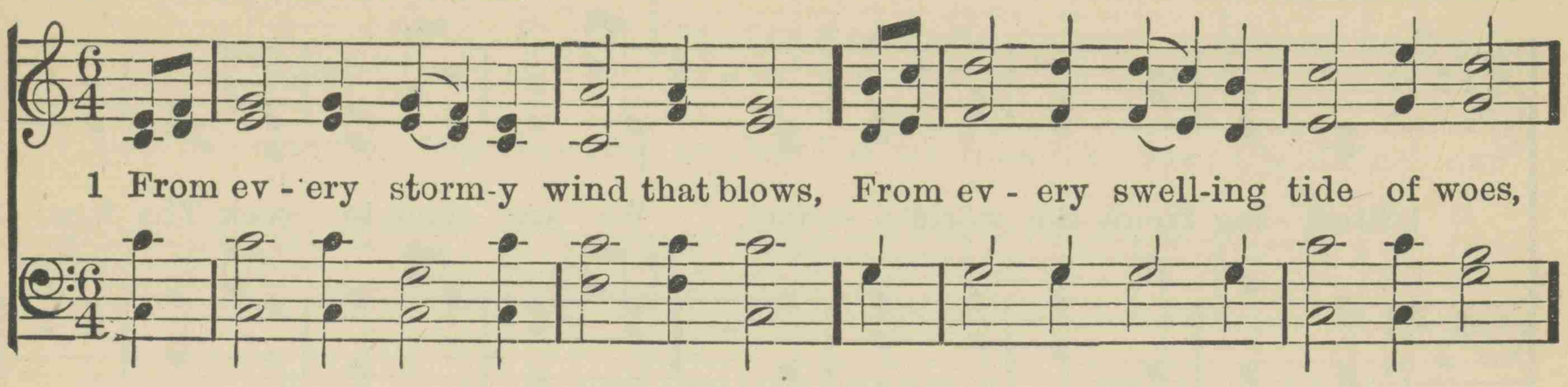
4 Thou hast helped in every need—
This emboldens me to plead;
After so much mercy past,
Canst Thou let me sink at last?

5 No—I must maintain my hold;
'Tis Thy goodness makes me bold;
I can no denial take,
Since I plead for Jesus' sake.

John Newton.

45 RETREAT. L. M.

THOMAS HASTINGS.



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

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

4 There, there on eagles' wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more,
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

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

Hugh Stowell.

46

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

2 Prayer makes the darkened clouds withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 Have you no words? ah! think again;
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill a fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.

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

William Cowper.

47

1 My God, is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to Thy feet,
The calm and holy hour of prayer?

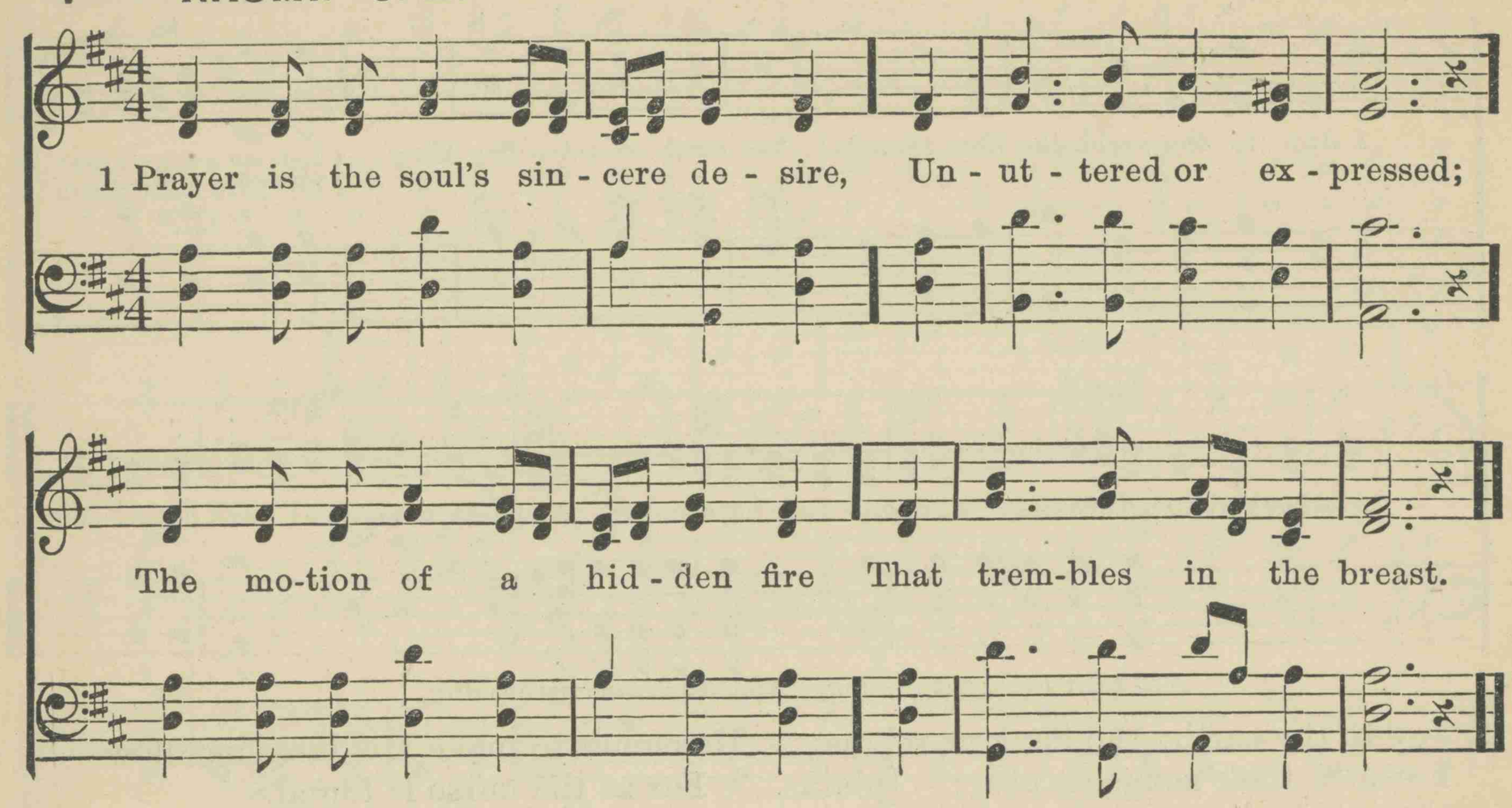
2 Then is my strength by Thee renewed;
Then are my sins by Thee forgiven;
Then dost Thou cheer my solitude,
With clear and beauteous hopes of heaven.

3 No words can tell what sweet relief,
There for my every want I find;
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
What deep and cheerful peace of mind!

4 Lord, till I reach the blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be,
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In faithful, filial prayer to Thee!

Charlotte Elliott.

Prayer.

48 NAOMI. C. M. LOWELL MASON.

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 vital breath,
The Christian's native air:
His watchword at the gates of death—
He enters heaven with prayer.

5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry—"Behold he prays!"

6 O Thou, by whom we come to God—
The Life, the Truth, the Way;
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod;
Lord! teach us how to pray.

James Montgomery.

49

1 I love to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

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 on 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 brightest scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm at this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

Phœbe H. Brown.

50

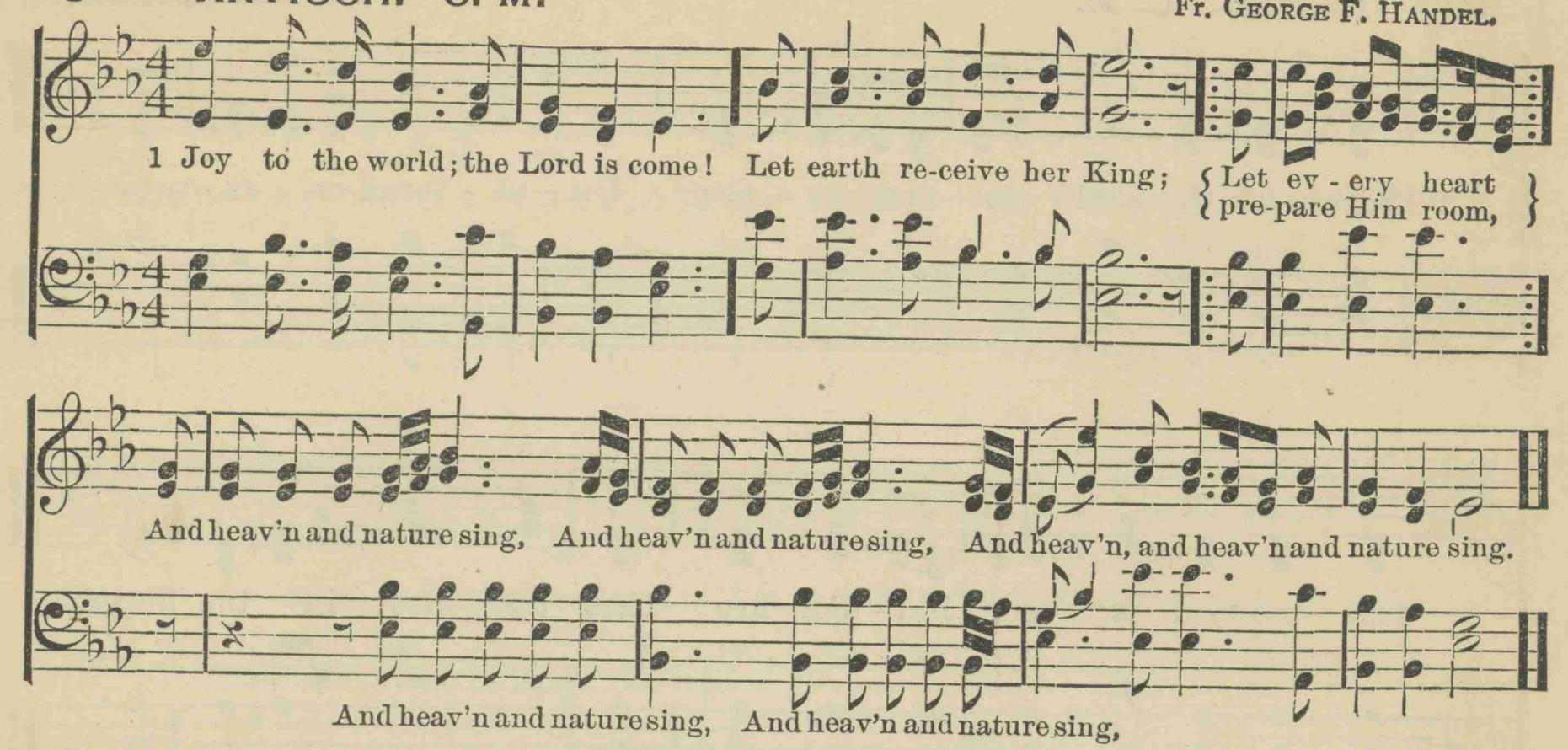
1 Father! whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at Thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:—

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

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

Anne Steele.

51 ANTIOCH. C. M.

Fr. GEORGE F. HANDEL.

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

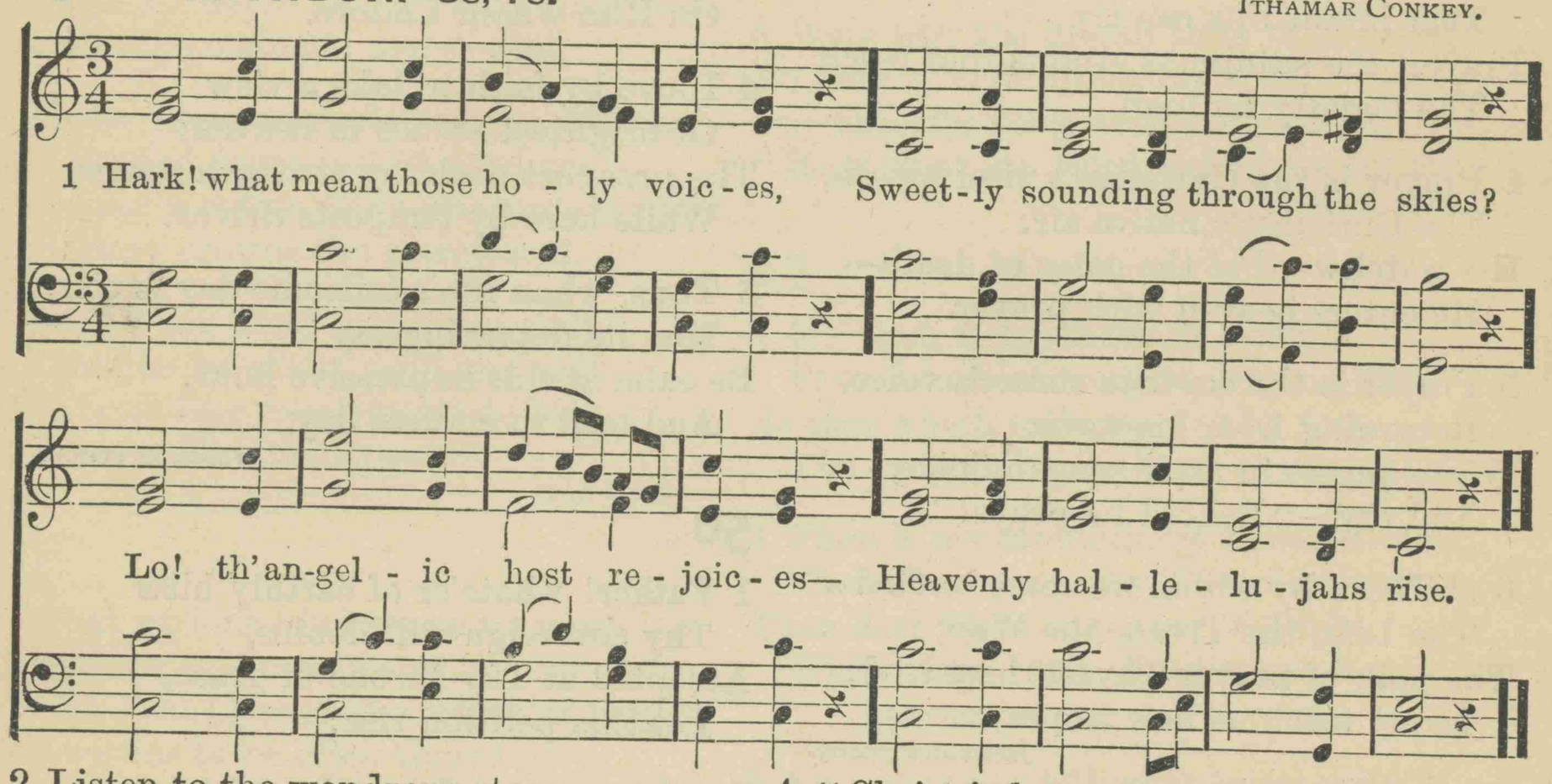
3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

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

Isaac Watts.

52 RATHBUN. 8s, 7s.

ITHAMAR CONKEY.



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

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

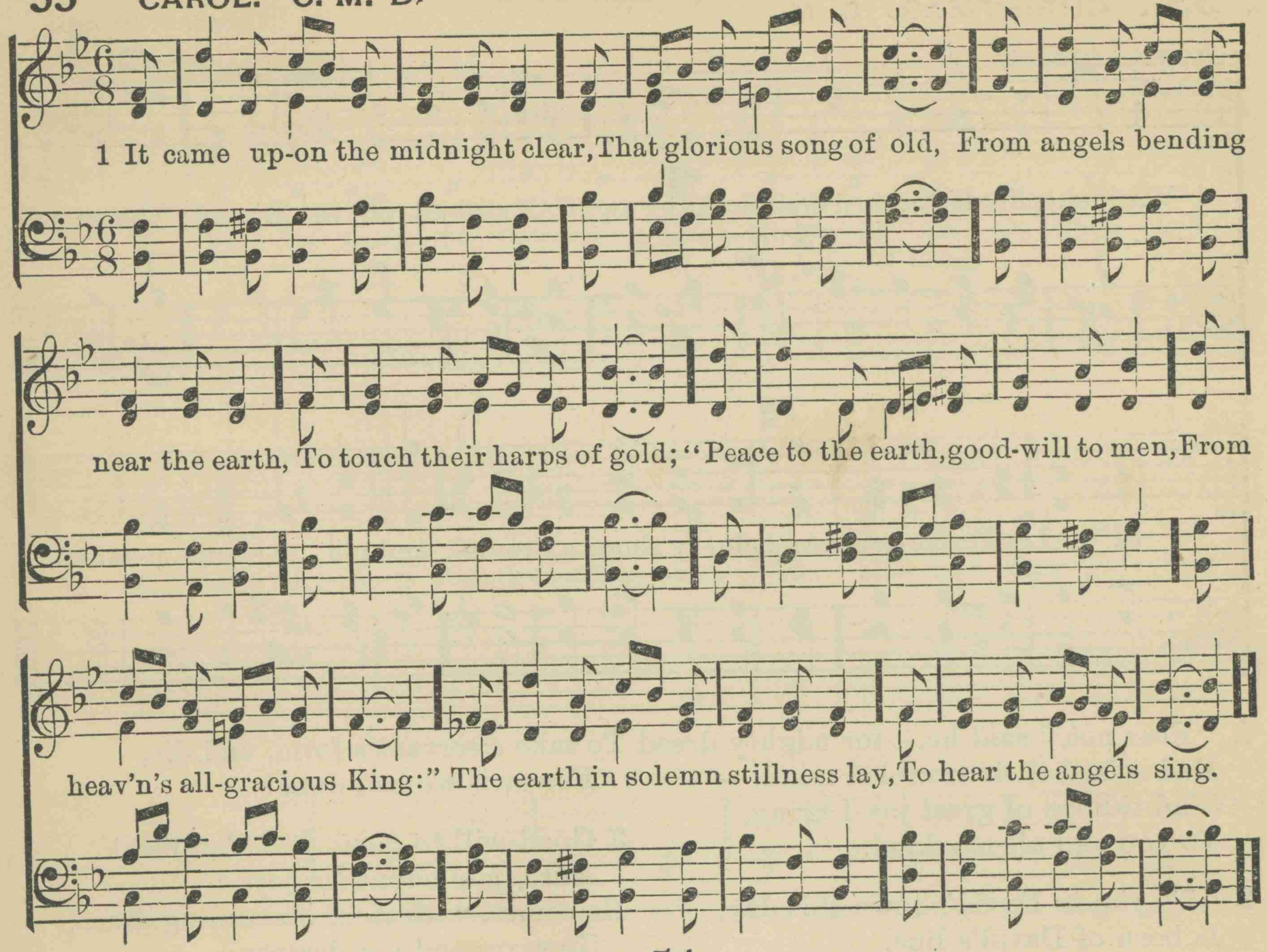
4 "Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth His praises sing:
O receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

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!"

John Cawood.

The Nativity.

53 CAROL. C. M. D. RICHARD S. WILLIS.



2 Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still celestial music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on heavenly wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds,
The blesséd angels sing.

3 O ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way,
With painful steps and slow;—
Look up! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
Oh, rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing!

4 For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold!
When peace shall over all the earth
Its final splendors fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing!

Edmund H. Sears.

1 Calm on the listening ear of night
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains.
Celestial choirs, from courts above,
Shed sacred glories there,
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.

2 The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply,
And greet from all their holy heights
The Dayspring from on high:
O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm;
And Sharon waves in solemn praise
Her silent groves of palm.

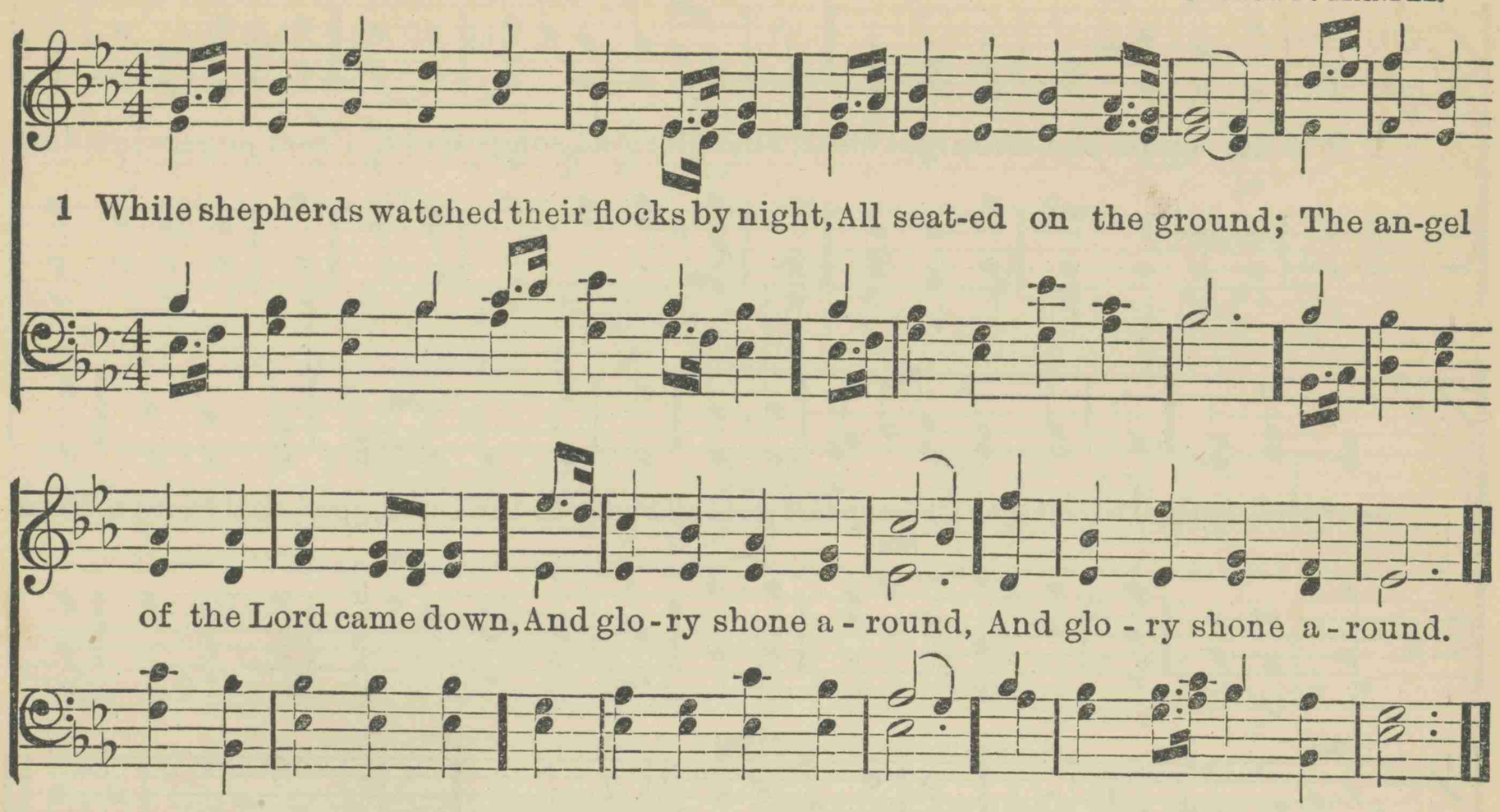
3 "Glory to God!" the lofty strain
The realms of ether fills;
How sweeps the song of solemn joy
O'er Judah's sacred hills!
"Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring:
"Peace on the earth; good-will to men,
From heaven's eternal King."

Edmund H. Sears.

The Nativity.

55 CHRISTMAS. C. M.

GEORGE F. HANDEL.



2 "Fear not," said he,—for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind,—
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
To you and all mankind.

3 "To you in David's town this day,
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ, the Lord,
And this shall be the sign;—

4 "The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

5 Thus spake the seraph—and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:—

6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin, and never cease!"

Nahum Tate.

56

1 Angels rejoiced and sweetly sung
At our Redeemer's birth;
Mortals! awake; let every tongue
Proclaim His matchless worth.

2 Glory to God, who dwells on high,
And sent His only Son
To take a servant's form, and die,
For evils we had done!

3 Good-will to men; ye fallen race!
Arise, and shout for joy;
He comes, with rich, abounding grace,
To save, and not destroy.

4 Lord! send the gracious tidings forth,
And fill the world with light,
That Jew and Gentile, through the earth,
May know Thy saving might.

William Hurn.

57

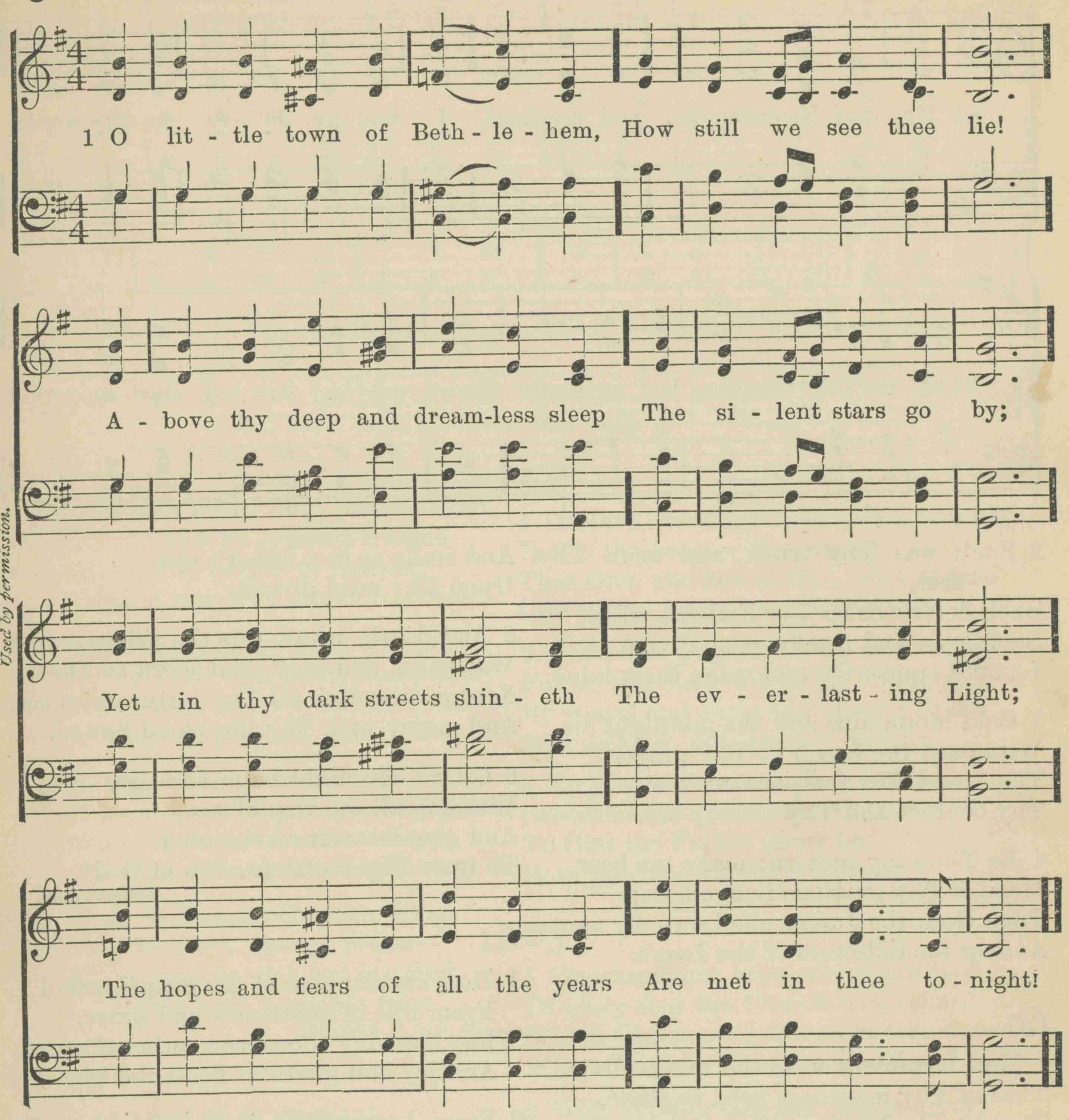
1 Bright was the guiding star that led,
With mild, benignant ray,
The Gentiles to the lowly shed
Where the Redeemer lay.

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

3 Oh, haste to follow where it leads;
The gracious call obey,
Be rugged wilds, or flowery meads,
The Christian's destined way.

4 Oh, gladly tread the narrow path,
While light and grace are given;
Who meekly follow Christ on earth
Shall reign with Him in heaven.

Harriet Auber.

58 BETHLEHEM. P. M. LEWIS H. REDNER.

Used by permission.

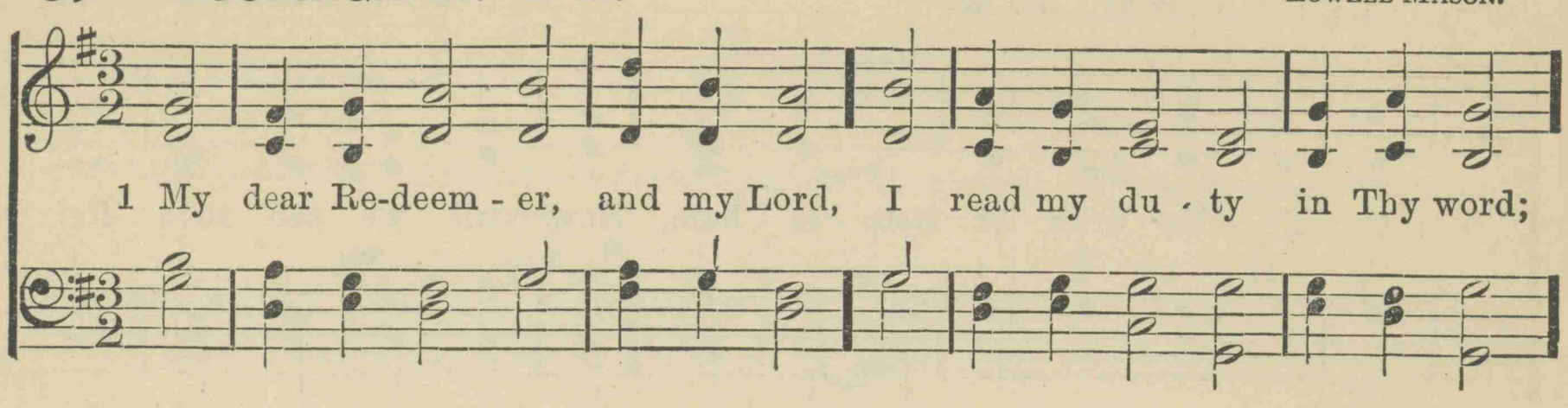
2 For Christ is born of Mary;
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars! together
Proclaim the holy birth,
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth!

3 How silently, how silently
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming;
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

4 O holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin and enter in,—
Be born in us to-day!
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell,—
Oh, come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel!

Phillips Brooks.

59 ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.

2 Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal,
Such deference to Thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of Thy prayer;
The desert Thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and Thy victory too.

4 Be Thou my pattern; make me bear
More of Thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

Isaac Watts.

60

1 How beauteous were the marks divine,
That in Thy meekness used to shine,
That lit Thy lonely pathway, trod
In wondrous love, O Son of God!

2 Oh, who like Thee, so calm, so bright,
So pure, so made to live in light?
Oh, who like Thee did ever go
So patient through a world of woe?

3 Oh, who like Thee, so humbly bore
The scorn, the scoffs of men, before?
So meek, forgiving, godlike, high,
So glorious in humility?

4 The bending angels stooped to see
The lisping infant clasp Thy knee,
And smile as in a father's eye,
Upon Thy mild divinity.

5 And death, which sets the prisoner free,
Was pang, and scoff, and scorn to Thee;
Yet love through all Thy torture glowed,
And mercy with Thy life-blood flowed.

6 Oh, in Thy light be mine to go,
Illuming all my way of woe;
And give me ever on the road
To trace Thy footsteps, Son of God!

Arthur C. Coxe.

61

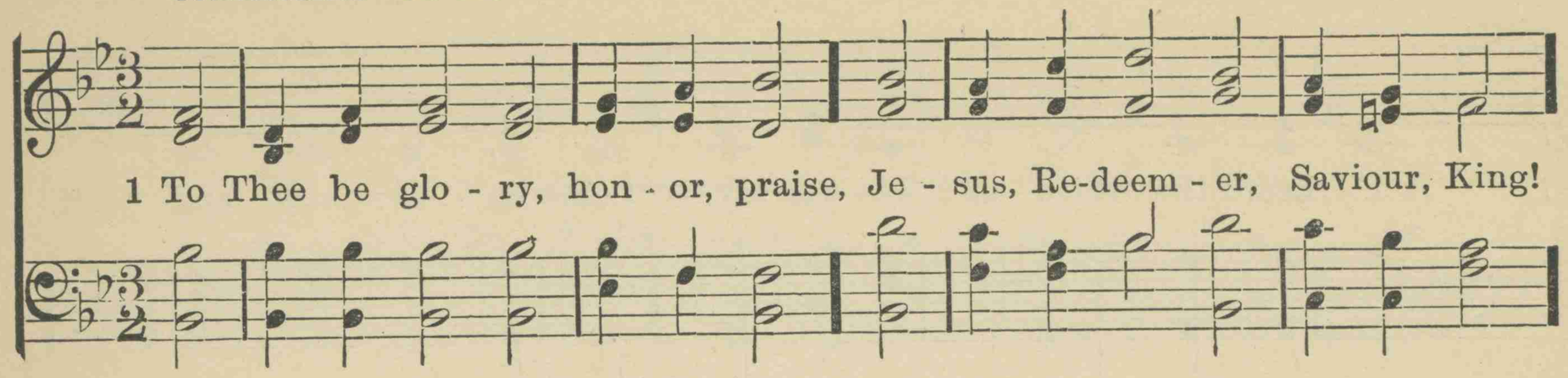
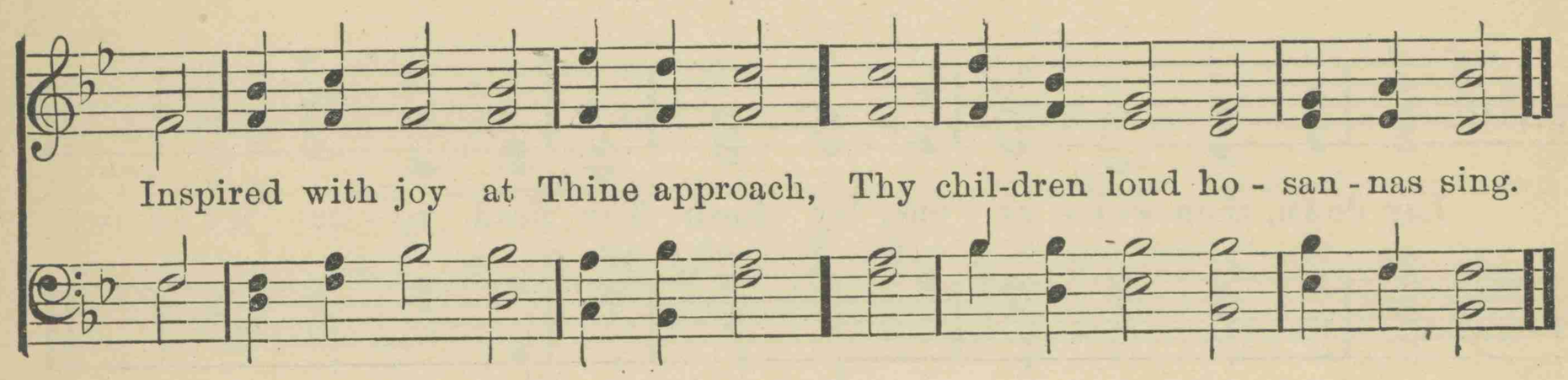
1 How sweetly flowed the gospel sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and gladness filled the place!

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

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

4 Decay then, tenements of dust;
Pillars of earthly pride, decay:
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

John Bowring.

62 HEBRON. L. M. LOWELL MASON.



2 Hail, Israel's King! Hail David's Son!
Hail, Thou that in Jehovah's name
Did'st come Thy people to redeem,
And comest now Thy crown to claim!

3 Then, in Thy way to Salem's courts,
They met Thee with triumphal palms;
Now, for Thy glad return we watch [psalms.
With longing prayers, and vows, and

4 Then, from the shouts of fickle joy
Thou passedst to Thy Cross, Thy grave;
Now, from the dawn of endless day,
We welcome Him that comes to save.

5 To Thee, Redeemer, Saviour, King,
To Thee be glory, honor, praise!
At Thine approach, with joy inspired,
Thy children loud hosannas raise.

Theodulph, tr. by C. 1861.

63

1 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die:
O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

2 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The last and fiercest strife is nigh:
The Father on His sapphire throne
Awaits His own anointed Son.

3 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain;
Then take, O God, Thy power, and reign.

Henry H. Milman

64

1 Oh, love, how deep! how broad! how high!
It fills the heart with ecstasy,
That God, the Son of God, should take
Our mortal form, for mortals' sake.

2 For us He prayed, for us He taught,
For us His daily works He wrought,—
By words and signs and actions thus
Still seeking, not Himself, but us.

3 To Him whose boundless love has won
Salvation for us through His Son,
To God the Father glory be,
Both now and through eternity.

Tr. John M. Neale.

65

1 Oh, wondrous type, oh, vision fair,
Of glory that the Church shall share,
Which Christ upon the mountain shows,
Where brighter than the sun He glows!

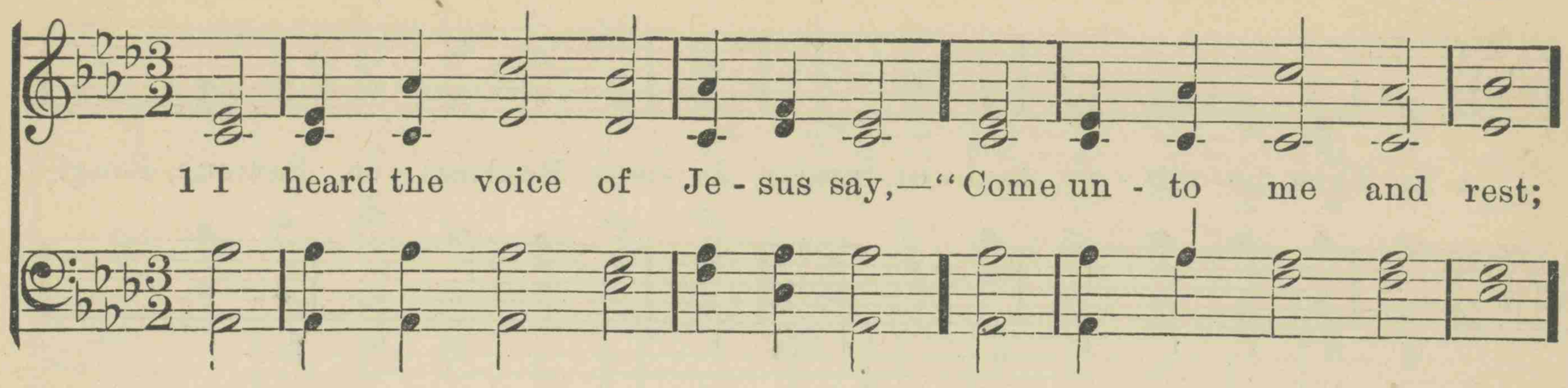
2 With shining face and bright array,
Christ deigns to manifest to-day
What glory shall be theirs above,
Who joy in God with perfect love.

3 And faithful hearts are raised on high
By this great vision's mystery;
For which in joyful strains we raise
The voice of prayer, the hymn of praise.

4 O Father, with the Eternal Son,
And Holy Spirit, ever One,
Vouchsafe to bring us by Thy grace
To see Thy glory face to face.

Tr. John M. Neale.

66

EVAN. L. M. WILLIAM H. HAVERGAL.

2 I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He hath made me glad.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,—
"Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live!"

4 I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

5 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!"

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

Horatius Bonar.

67

1 There is a name I love to hear;
I love to sing its worth;
It sounds like music in mine ear—
The sweetest name on earth.

2 It tells me of a Saviour's love
Who died to set me free;
It tells me of His precious blood—
The sinner's perfect plea.

3 It tells me of a Father's smile
Beaming upon His child;
It cheers me through this "little while,"
Through desert, waste, and wild.

4 It tells of One whose loving heart
Can feel my smallest woe—
Who in each sorrow bears a part
That none can bear below.

5 It bids my trembling soul rejoice,
And dries each rising tear;
It tells me in a "still small voice,"
To trust, and not to fear.

Frederick Whitfield.

68

1 A pilgrim through this lonely world,
The blesséd Saviour passed;
A mourner all His life was He,
A dying Lamb at last.

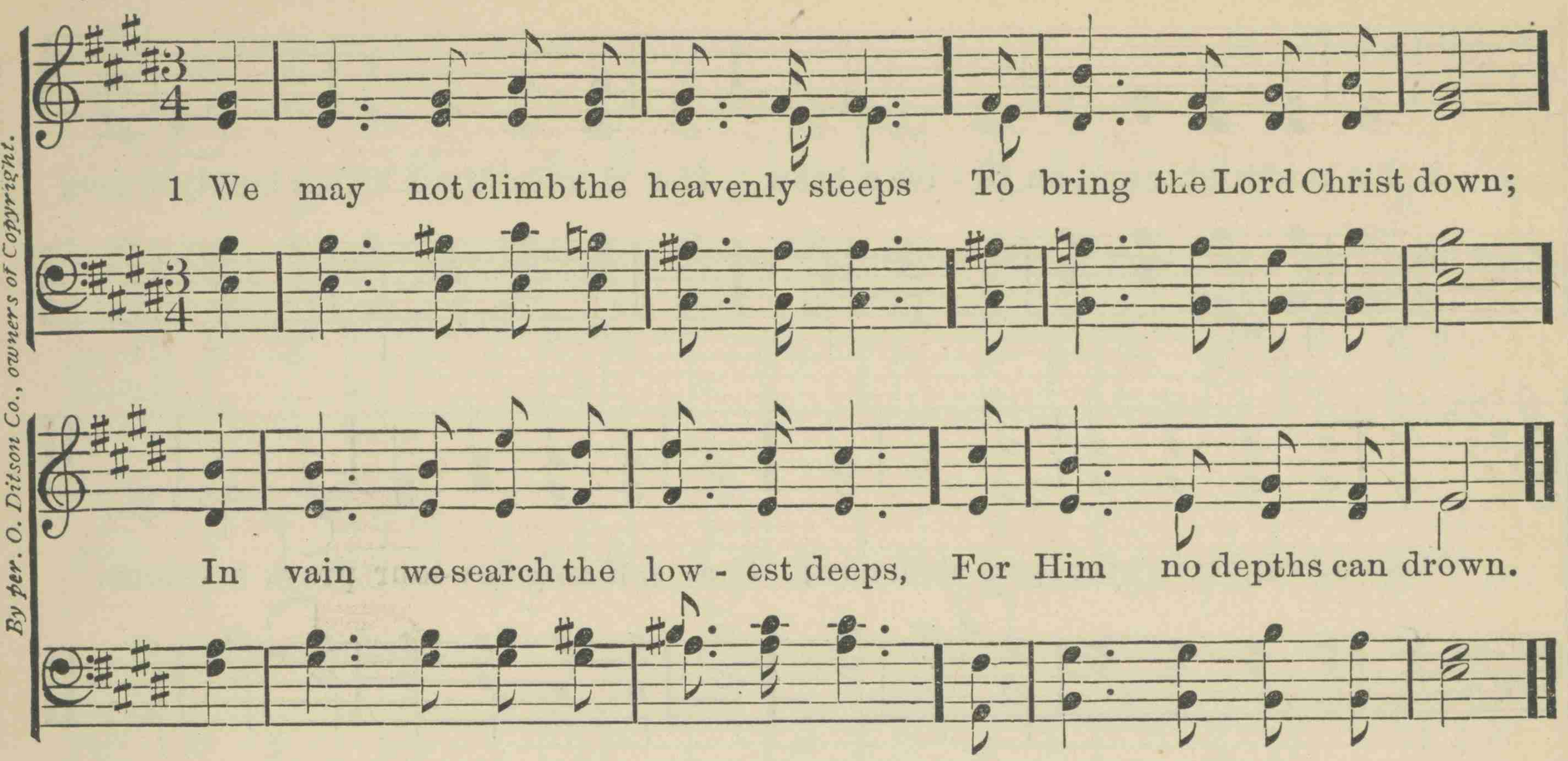
2 That tender heart that felt for all,
For all its life-blood gave;
It found on earth a resting-place,
Save only in the grave.

3 Such was our Lord; and shall we fear
The cross, with all its scorn?
Or love a faithless evil world,
That wreathed His brow with thorn?

4 No! facing all its frowns or smiles,
Like Him, obedient still,
We homeward press thro' storm or calm.
To Zion's blesséd hill.

Horatius Bonar.

69 SERENITY. C. M.

WILLIAM V. WALLACE.

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2 But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He;
And faith has yet its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

3 The healing of the seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

4 Thro' Him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame;
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with His name.

5 O Lord and Master of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine!

John G. Whittier.

70

1 What grace, O Lord, and beauty shone
Around Thy steps below;
What patient love was seen in all
Thy life and death of woe.

2 For ever on Thy burdened heart
A weight of sorrow hung;
Yet no ungentle, murmuring word
Escaped Thy silent tongue.

3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
Thy friends unfaithful prove;
Unwearied in forgiveness still,
Thy heart could only love.

4 Oh, give us hearts to love like Thee!
Like Thee, O Lord, to grieve
Far more for others' sins, than all
The wrongs that we receive.

5 One with Thyself, may every eye,
In us, Thy brethren, see
The gentleness and grace that spring
From union, Lord! with Thee.

Edward Denny.

71

1 O Lord, we now the path retrace
Which Thou on earth hast trod,
To man Thy wondrous love and grace,
Thy faithfulness to God!

2 Thy love, by man so sorely tried,
Proved stronger than the grave;
The very spear that pierced Thy side
Drew forth the blood to save.

3 Unmoved by Satan's subtle wiles,
Or suffering, shame, or loss,
Thy path uncheered by earthly smiles,
Led only to the cross.

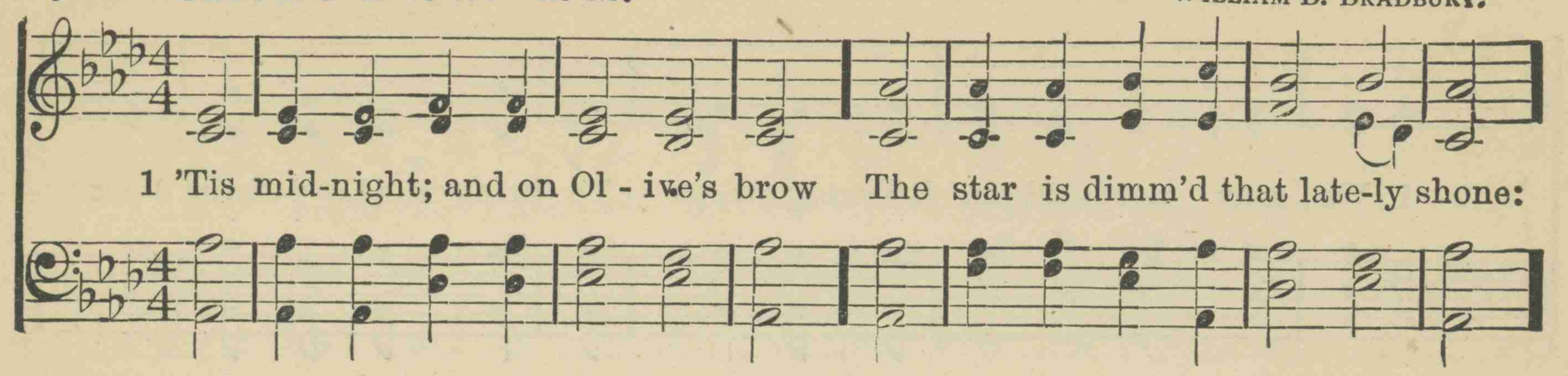
4 O Lord, with sorrow and with shame,
We meekly would confess,
How little we, who bear Thy name,
Thy mind, Thy ways, express.

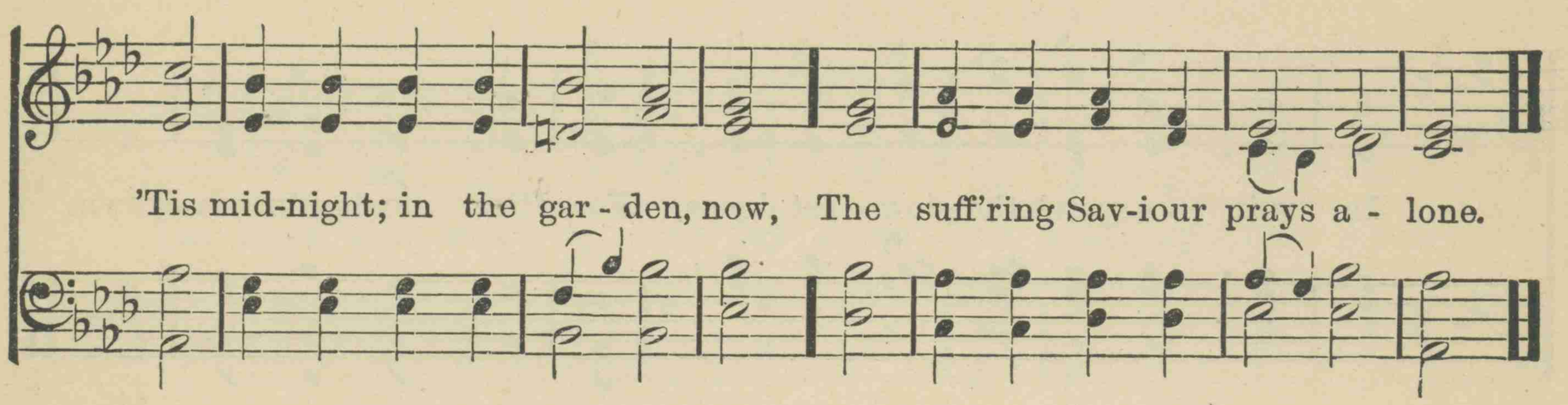
5 Give us Thy meek, Thy lowly mind;
We would obedient be,
And all our rest and pleasure find
In fellowship with Thee.

James G. Deck.

72 OLIVE'S BROW. L. M.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.





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 that hath in anguish knelt,
Is not forsaken by his God.

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

William B. Tappan.

73

1 Within the garden's whispering shade,
He knelt in anguish and alone;
And mid the gathering gloom He prayed,
While crushed by burdens not His own.

2 "My Father, if Thou wilt, remove
This cup of woe and wrath divine;
But if I must its anguish prove,
Then not my will be done, but Thine."

3 Alone He knelt, alone He wept;
Our cup He drank and for us prayed;
My soul awake! for thou hast slept
While Christ thy Master was betrayed.

4 Lord, think upon that hour of gloom,
Thy tears, Thy blood, Thine agony;
The cross, the darkness and the tomb,
Then, O my Saviour, think on me!

Horace L. Hastings.

74

1 "'Tis finished!"—so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bowed His head and died:
"'Tis finished!"—yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.

2 'Tis finished!—all that heaven foretold
By prophets in the days of old;
And truths are opened to our view
That kings and prophets never knew.

3 'Tis finished! Son of God, Thy power
Hath triumphed in this awful hour;
And yet our eyes with sorrow see
That life to us was death to Thee.

4 'Tis finished! let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round:
'Tis finished!—let the triumph rise,
And swell the chorus of the skies.

Samuel Stennett.

75

1 Jesus, whom angel hosts adore,
Became a man of griefs for me;
In love, though rich, becoming poor,
That I through Him enriched might be.

2 The ever-blessèd Son of God
Went up to Calvary for me;
There paid my debt, there bore my load,
In His own body on the tree.

3 'Tis finished all: the vail is rent,
The welcome sure, the access free:—
Now then, we leave our banishment,
O Father, to return to Thee!

Horatius Bonar.

76 HAMBURG. L. M.

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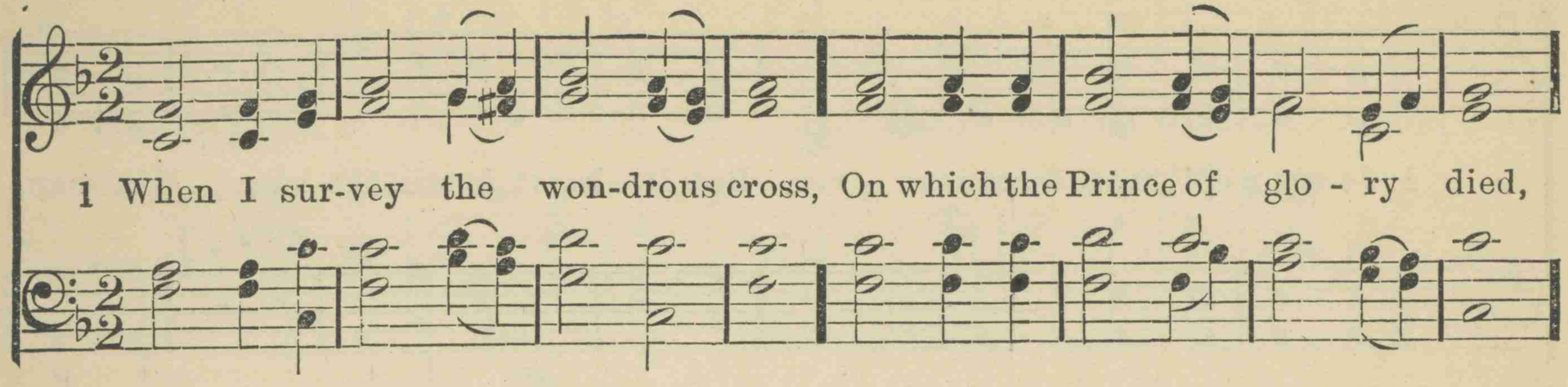
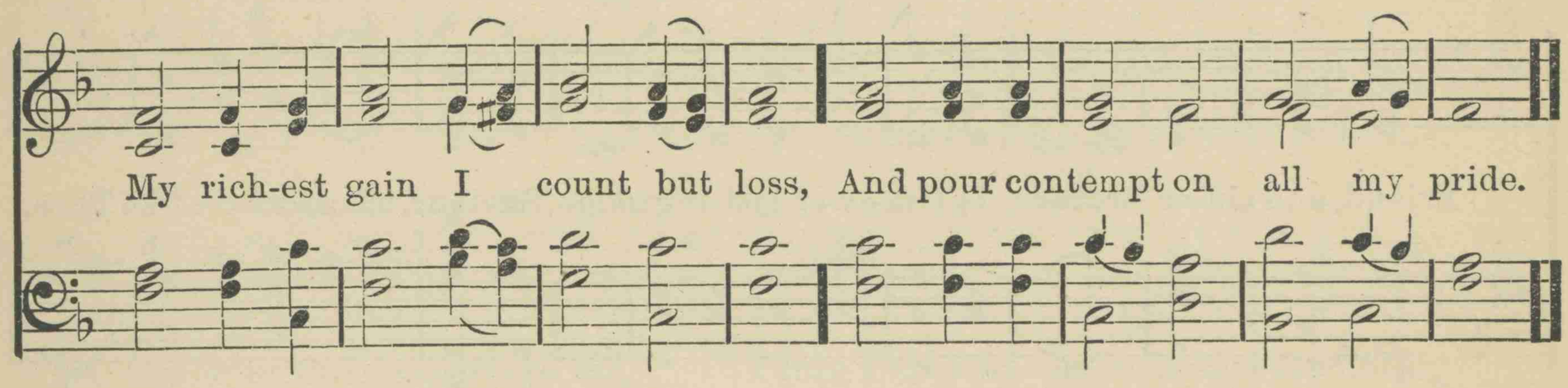




2 Forbid it, Lord! that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most
I sacrifice them to His blood.

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

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

5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Isaac Watts.

77

1 From Calvary a cry was heard—
A bitter and heart-rending cry;
My Saviour! every mournful word
Bespoke Thy soul's deep agony.

2 A horror of great darkness fell
On Thee, Thou spotless, holy One!
And all the eager hosts of hell
Conspired to tempt God's only Son.

3 The scourge, the thorns, the deep disgrace—
These Thou could'st bear, nor once repine
But when Jehovah vailed His face,
Unutterable pangs were Thine.

4 Let the dumb world its silence break;
Let pealing anthems rend the sky;
Awake, my sluggish soul, awake!
He died, that we might never die.

John W. Cunningham.

78

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 Ye saints, approach! the anguish view
Of Him who groans beneath your load;
He gives His precious life for you,
For you He sheds His precious blood.

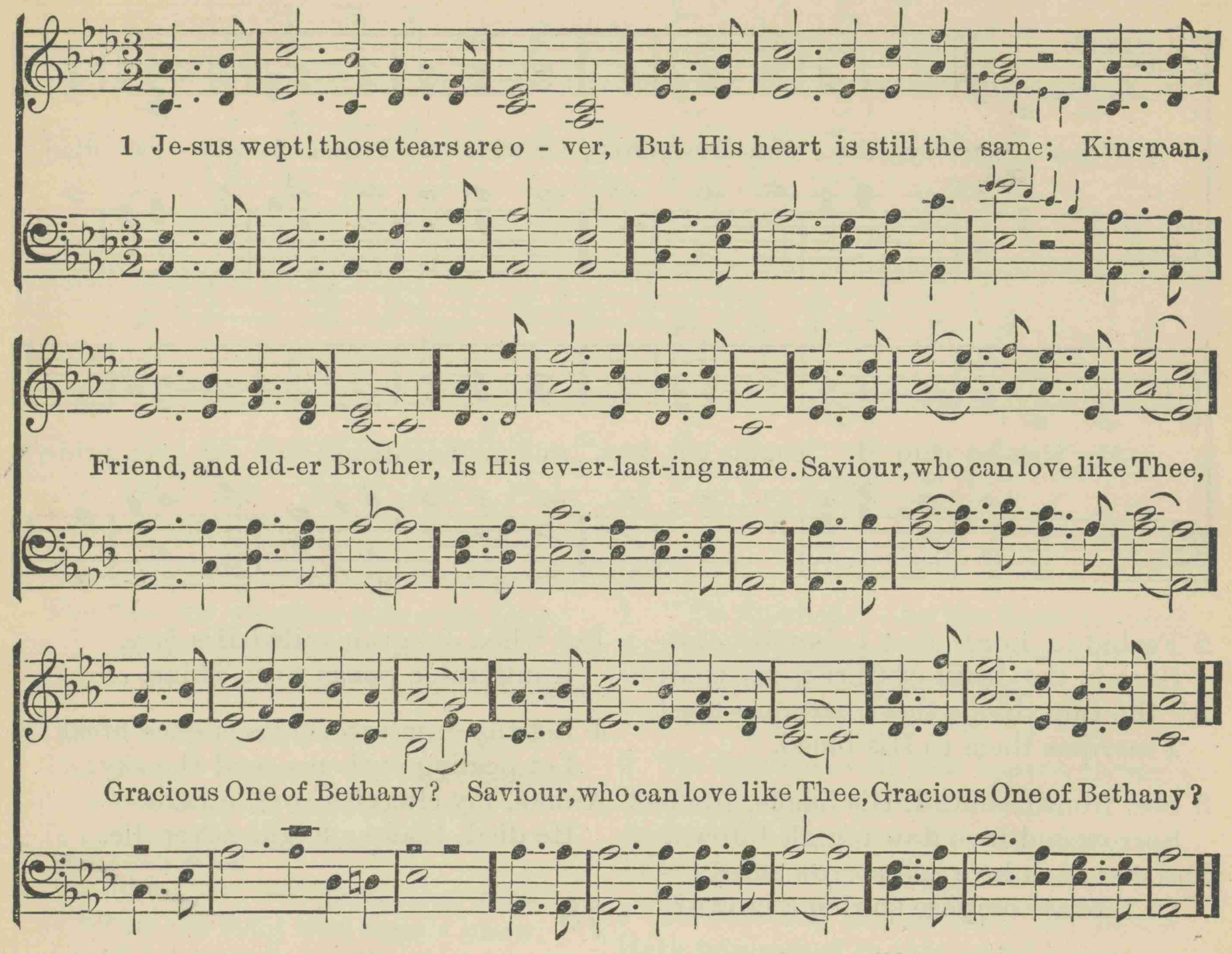
3 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of Glory dies for men;
But lo! what sudden joys we see,
Jesus, the dead, revives again.

4 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliverer reigns;
Sing how He spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the tyrant death in chains.

5 Say, "Live forever, glorious King,
Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Then ask,—"O death, where is thy sting?
And where thy victory, O grave?"

Isaac Watts.

79 AUTUMN. 8s, 7s. D. FRANCOIS H. BARTHELEMON.



2 When the pangs of trial seize us,
When the waves of sorrow roll,
I will lay my head on Jesus,
Pillow of the troubled soul.
‖: Surely, none can feel like Thee,
Weeping One of Bethany! :‖

3 Jesus wept! and still in glory,
He can mark each mourner's tear;
Living to retrace the story
Of the heart He solaced here.
‖: Lord, when I am called to die,
Let me think of Bethany. :‖

4 Jesus wept! that tear of sorrow
Is a legacy of love;
Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,
He the same doth ever prove.
‖: Thou art all in all to me,
Living One of Bethany! :‖

John R. Macduff.

80

1 Hark! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See!—it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and vails the sky:
‖: "It is finished!—It is finished!"
Hear the dying Saviour cry. :‖

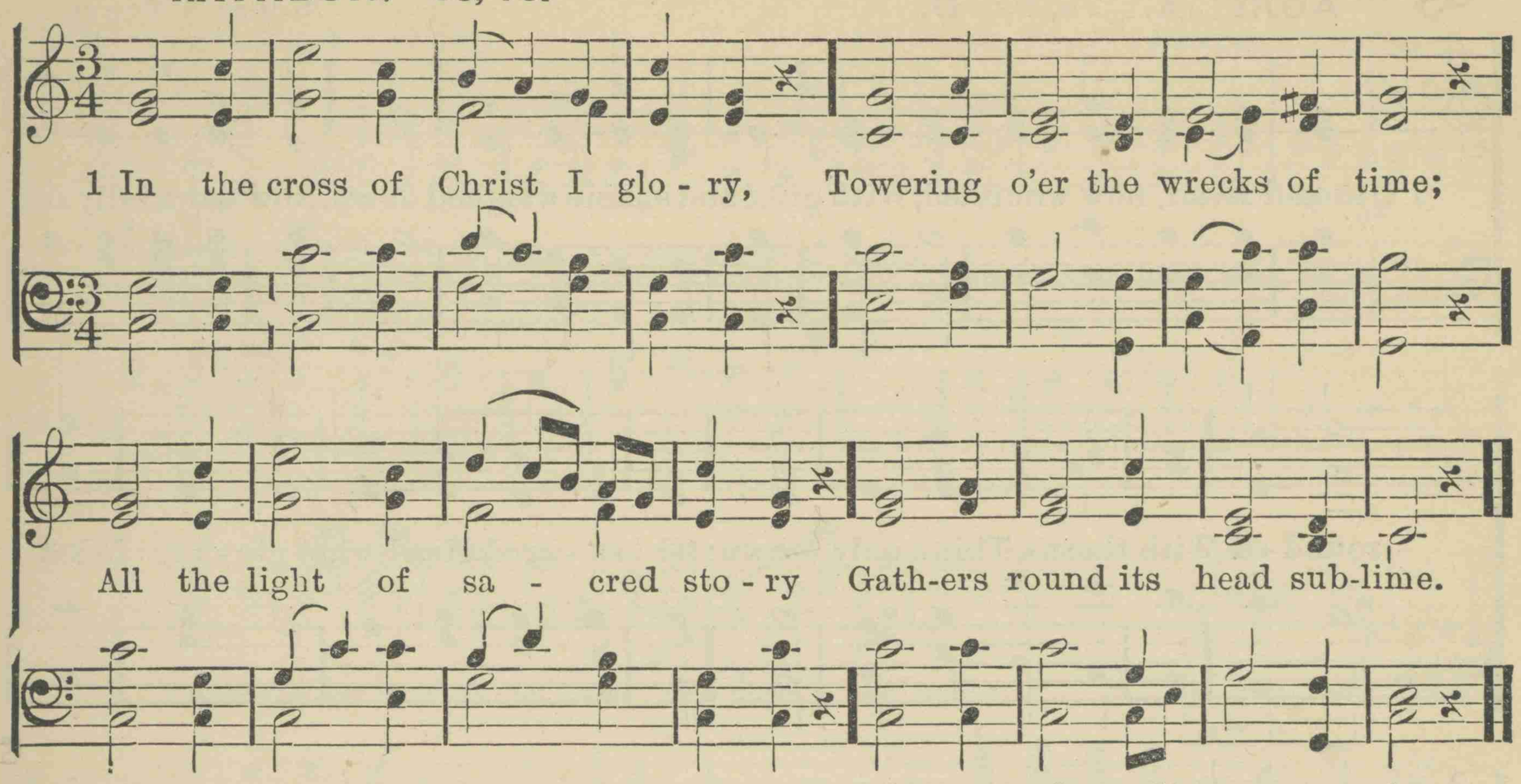
2 Now redemption is completed,
Sin atoned, the curse removed,
Satan, death, and hell defeated,
At His rising fully proved.
‖: All is finished!—All is finished!
Here our hopes do rest unmoved. :‖

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

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

Jonathan Evans.

81 **RATHBUN.** 8s, 7s. ITHAMAR CONKEY.



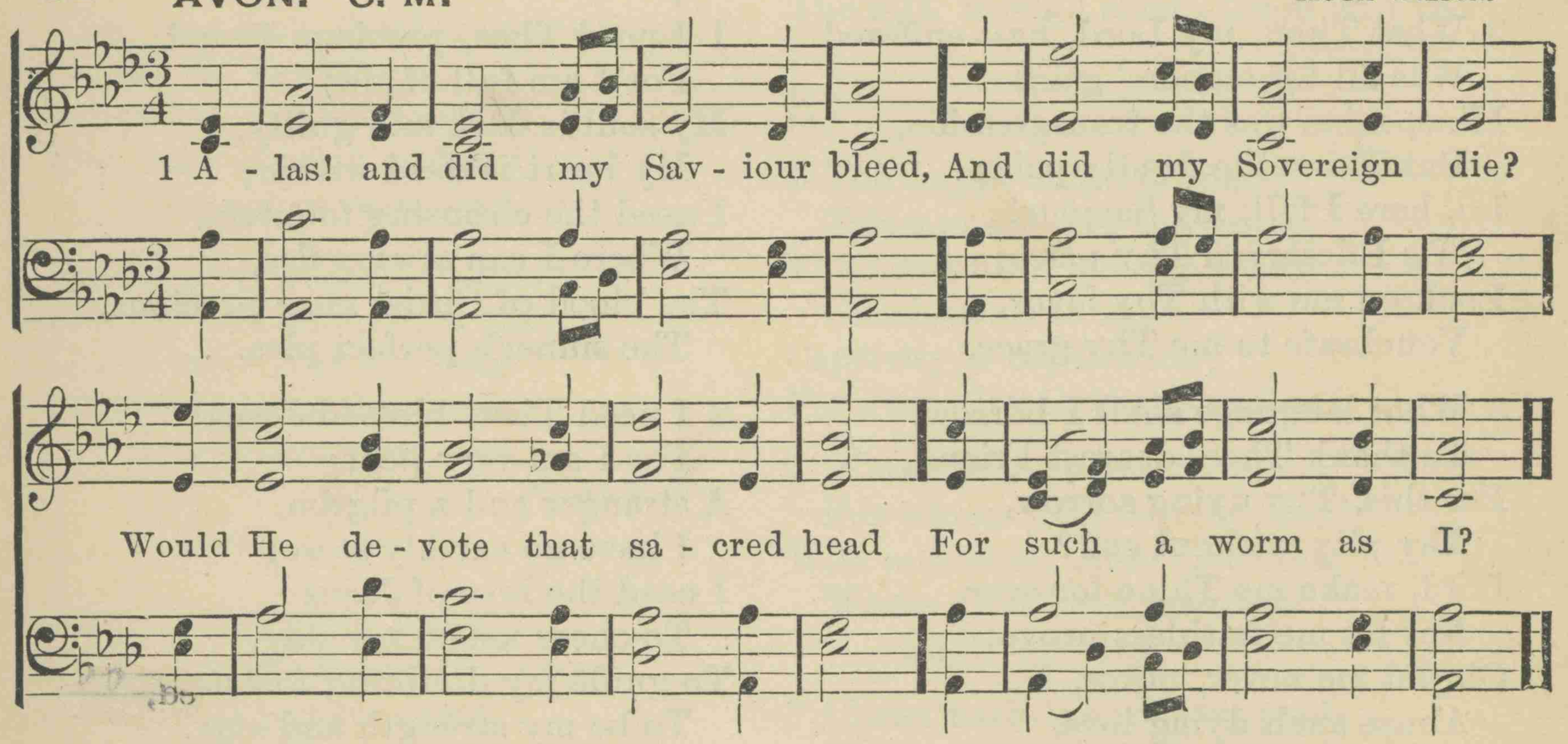
2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me:
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming,
Adds more luster 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.

John Bowring.

82 **AVON.** C. M. HUGH WILSON.



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

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.

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

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.

Isaac Watts.

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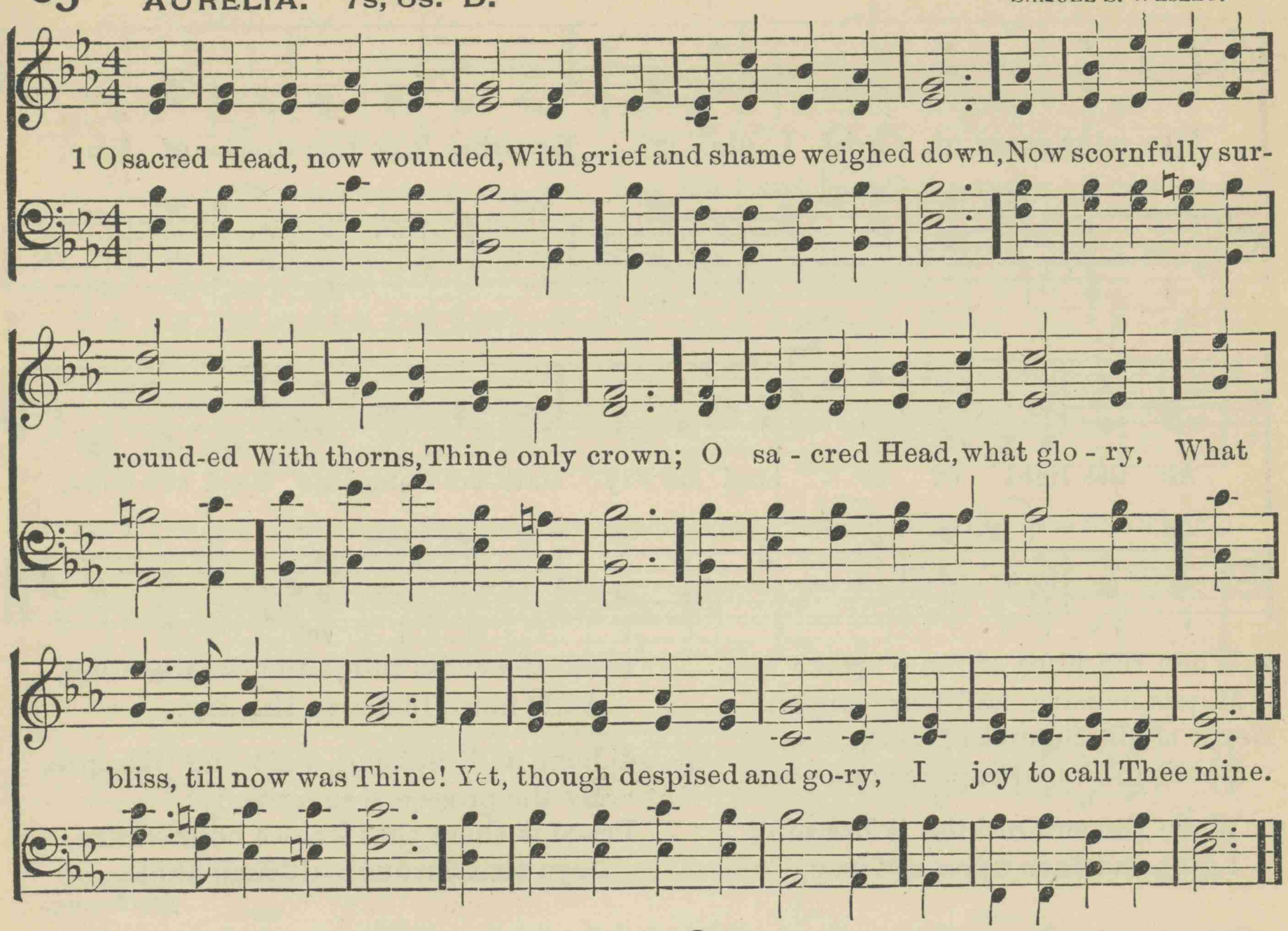


2 What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered
Was all for sinners' gain:
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But Thine the deadly pain;
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!
'Tis I deserved Thy place;
Look on me with Thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

3 What language shall I borrow,
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
For this, Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
Lord, make me Thine for ever,
Nor let me faithless prove:
Oh, let me never, never,
Abuse such dying love.

4 Be near when I am dying,
Oh, show Thy cross to me!
And for my succor flying,
Come, Lord, and set me free!
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he who dies believing,
Dies safely—through Thy love.

Tr. James W. Alexander.

84

1 I need Thee, precious Jesus!
For I am full of sin;
My soul is dark and guilty,
My heart is dead within;
I need the cleansing fountain,
Where I can always flee,
The blood of Christ most precious,
The sinner's perfect plea.

2 I need Thee, blesséd Jesus!
For I am very poor;
A stranger and a pilgrim,
I have no earthly store;
I need the love of Jesus
To cheer me on my way,
To guide my doubting footsteps,
To be my strength and stay.

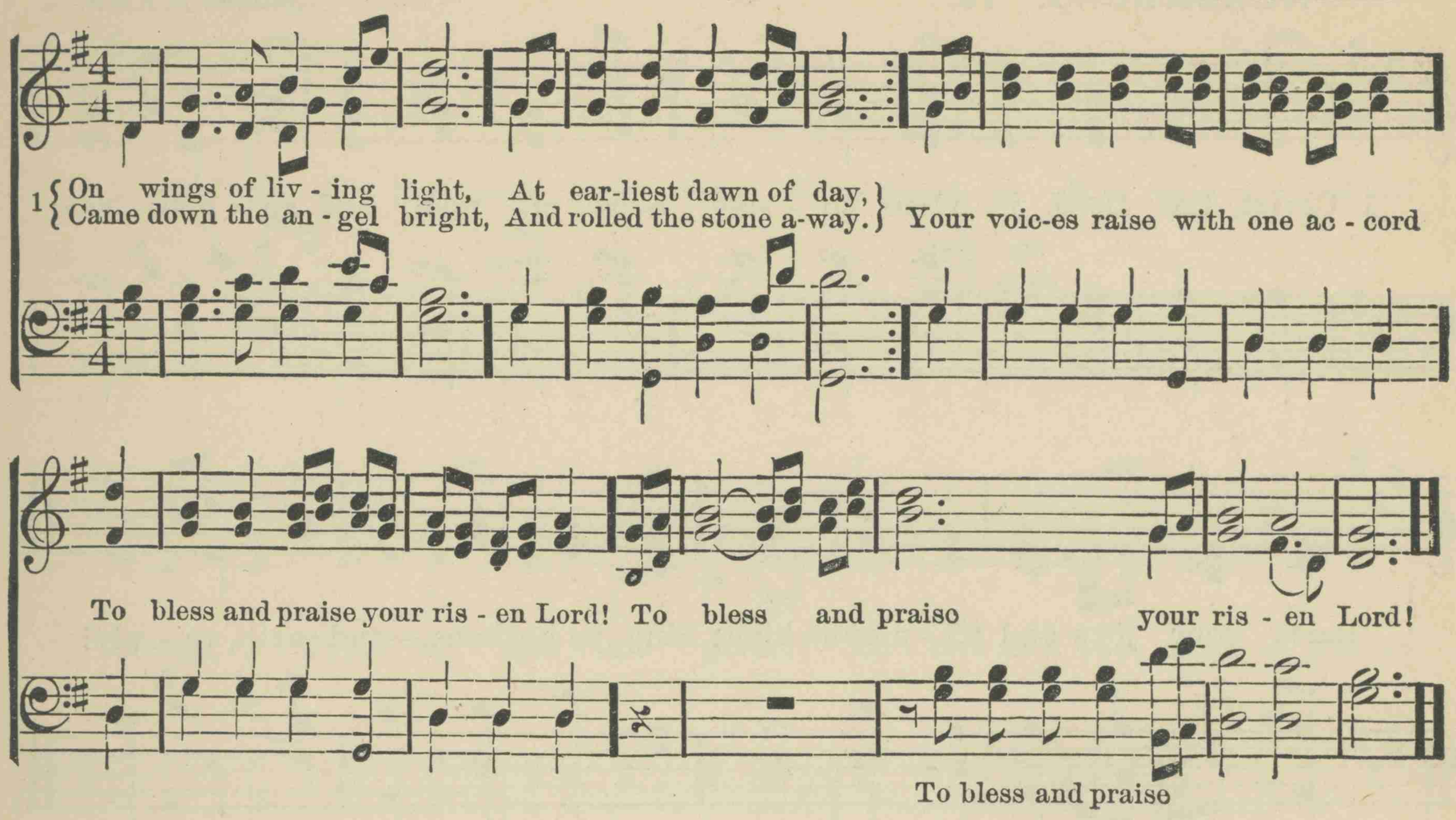
3 I need Thee, blesséd Jesus!
And hope to see Thee soon,
Encircled with the rainbow,
And seated on Thy throne:
There, with Thy blood-bought children,
My joy shall ever be
To sing Thy praise, Lord Jesus,
To gaze, my Lord, on Thee!

Frederick Whitfield.

Resurrection and Ascension.

85

LISCHER. H. M.

FRIEDRICH SCHNEIDER.

2 The keepers watching near,
At that dread sight and sound,
Fell down with sudden fear
Like dead men to the ground.
Your voices raise, etc.

3 Then rose from death's dark gloom,
Unseen by mortal eye,
Triumphant o'er the tomb
The Lord of earth and sky!
Your voices raise, etc.

4 Oh, let your hearts be strong!
For we, like Him, shall rise,
To dwell with Him ere long
In bliss beyond the skies!
Your voices raise, etc.

William W. How.

86

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

2 From the dark grave He rose,
The mansions of the dead,
And thence His mighty foes
In glorious triumph led;
Up through the sky the Conqueror rode,
And reigns on high, the Saviour God.

3 Jesus, we ne'er can pay
The debt we owe Thy love;
Yet tell us how we may
Our gratitude approve;
Our hearts, our all to Thee we give;
The gift, though small, Thou wilt receive.

Samuel Stennett.

87

1 The happy morn is come!
Triumphant o'er the grave,
The Lord hath left the tomb,
Omnipotent to save:
Captivity is captive led;
For Jesus liveth that was dead.

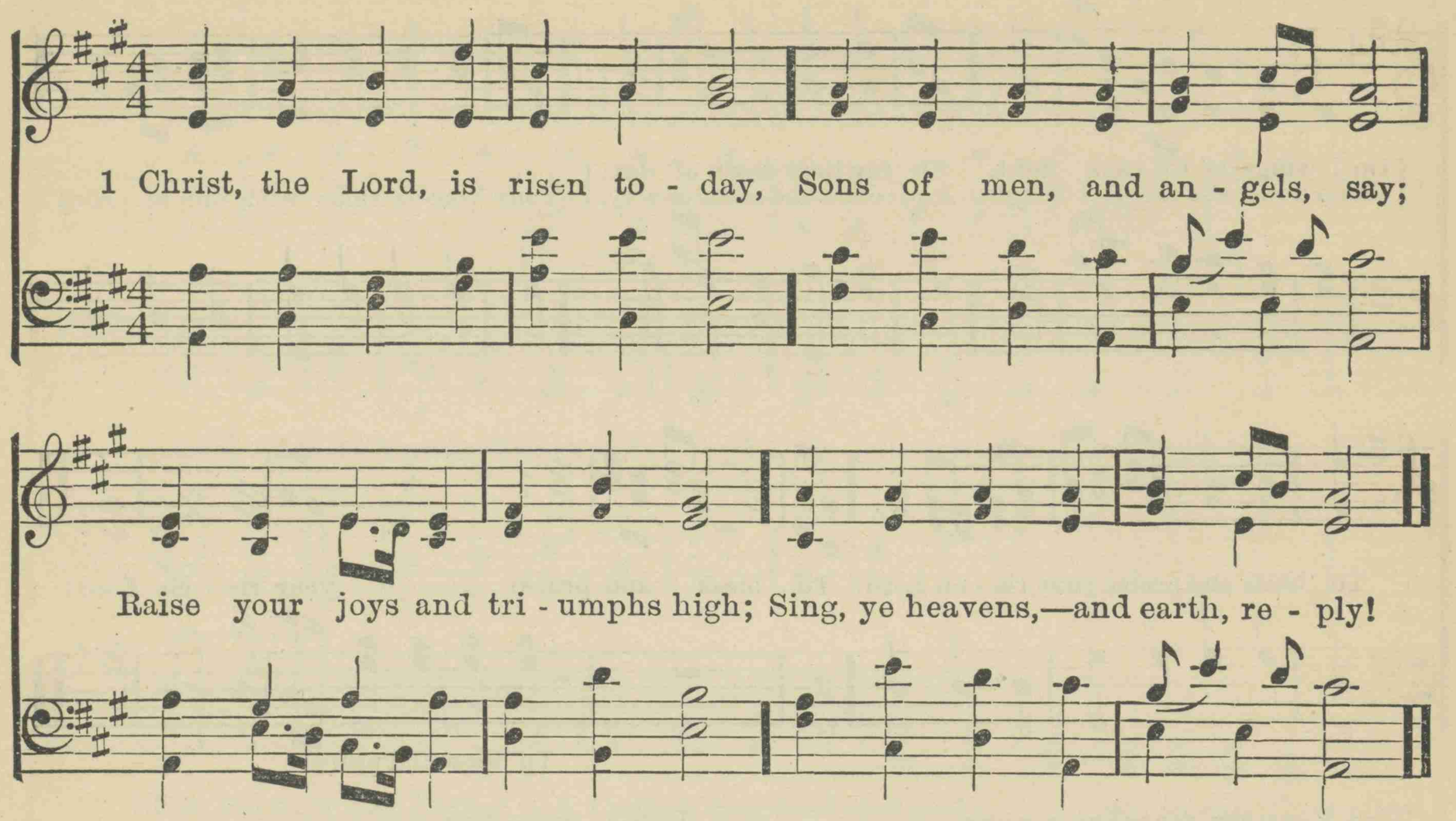
2 Who now accuseth them
For whom their Surety died?
Who now shall those condemn
Whom God hath justified?
Captivity, etc.

3 Christ hath the ransom paid;
The glorious work is done;
On Him our help is laid,
By Him our victory won;
Captivity, etc.

4 Hail, the triumphant Lord!
Thy resurrection Thou!
We bless Thy sacred Word;
Before Thy throne we bow;
Captivity, etc.

Thomas Haweis.

88 NUREMBURG. 7s. JOHANN R. AHLE.



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 hath burst the gates of hell!
Death in vain forbids His rise;
Christ hath opened Paradise!

4 Lives again our glorious King:
Where, O Death, is now thy sting!
Once He died, our souls to save:
Where thy victory, boasting Grave?

5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Follow our exalted Head;
Made like Him, like Him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

Charles Wesley.

89

1 Angels! roll the rock away;
Death! yield up thy mighty Prey;
See! the Saviour leaves the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom.

2 Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes,
See Him high in glory rise!
Hosts of angels, on the road,
Hail Him—the incarnate God.

3 Heaven unfolds its portals wide;
See the Conqueror through them ride!
King of glory! mount Thy throne—
Boundless empire is Thine own.

4 Praise Him, ye celestial choirs!
Tune, and sweep your golden lyres;
Raise, O earth! your noblest songs,
From ten thousand thousand tongues.

5 Every note with wonder swell,
Sin o'erthrown, and captive hell!
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
Where thy terrors, vanquished king?

Thomas Scott.

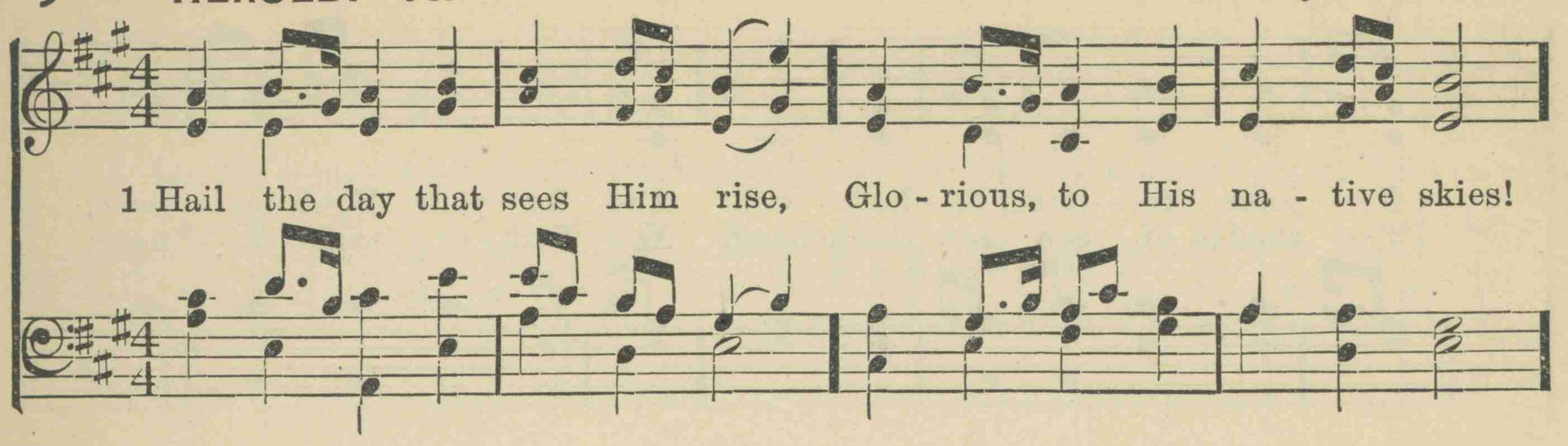
90

1 Morning breaks upon the tomb,
Jesus scatters all its gloom;
Day of triumph through the skies—
See the glorious Saviour rise!

2 Ye, who are of death afraid,
Triumph in the scattered shade;
Drive your anxious cares away;
See the place where Jesus lay!

3 Christian! dry your flowing tears,
Chase your unbelieving fears;
Look on His deserted grave;
Doubt no more His power to save!

William B. Collyer.

91 HEROLD. 7s. LOUIS J. F. HEROLD.

2 There the glorious triumph waits:
Lift your heads, eternal gates!
Christ hath vanquished death and sin;
Take the King of glory in.

3 Still for us He intercedes,
His prevailing death He pleads;
Near Himself prepares our place,
Great Forerunner of our race.

4 Master, will we ever say,
Taken from our Head to-day,
See Thy faithful servants, see,
Ever gazing up to Thee!

5 Grant, though parted from our sight,
High above yon azure height,
Grant, our hearts may thither rise,
Following Thee beyond the skies!

Charles Wesley.

92

1 Hail to Thee, our risen King!
Joyfully Thy praise we sing;
For, the mighty conflict o'er,
Now Thou livest evermore.

2 Thou within the tomb hast slept,
Angel guards Thy vigil kept;
'Twas their word to Mary brought
Tidings of the Lord she sought.

3 "Seek Him not among the dead,
He is risen as He said:"
Gladdened by the angelic word,
Turning, she beheld her Lord.

4 Fain like Mary, Lord, would we
In Thy glorious presence be,
Hear Thy voice and see Thy face,
Praise Thee for Thy wondrous grace.

S. A.

93

1 Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Our triumphant holy-day:
He endured the cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save.

2 Lo! He rises, mighty King!
Where, O death! is now thy sting?
Lo! He claims His native sky!
Grave! where is thy victory?

3 Sinners, see your ransom paid,
Peace with God for ever made:
With your risen Saviour rise;
Claim with Him the purchased skies.

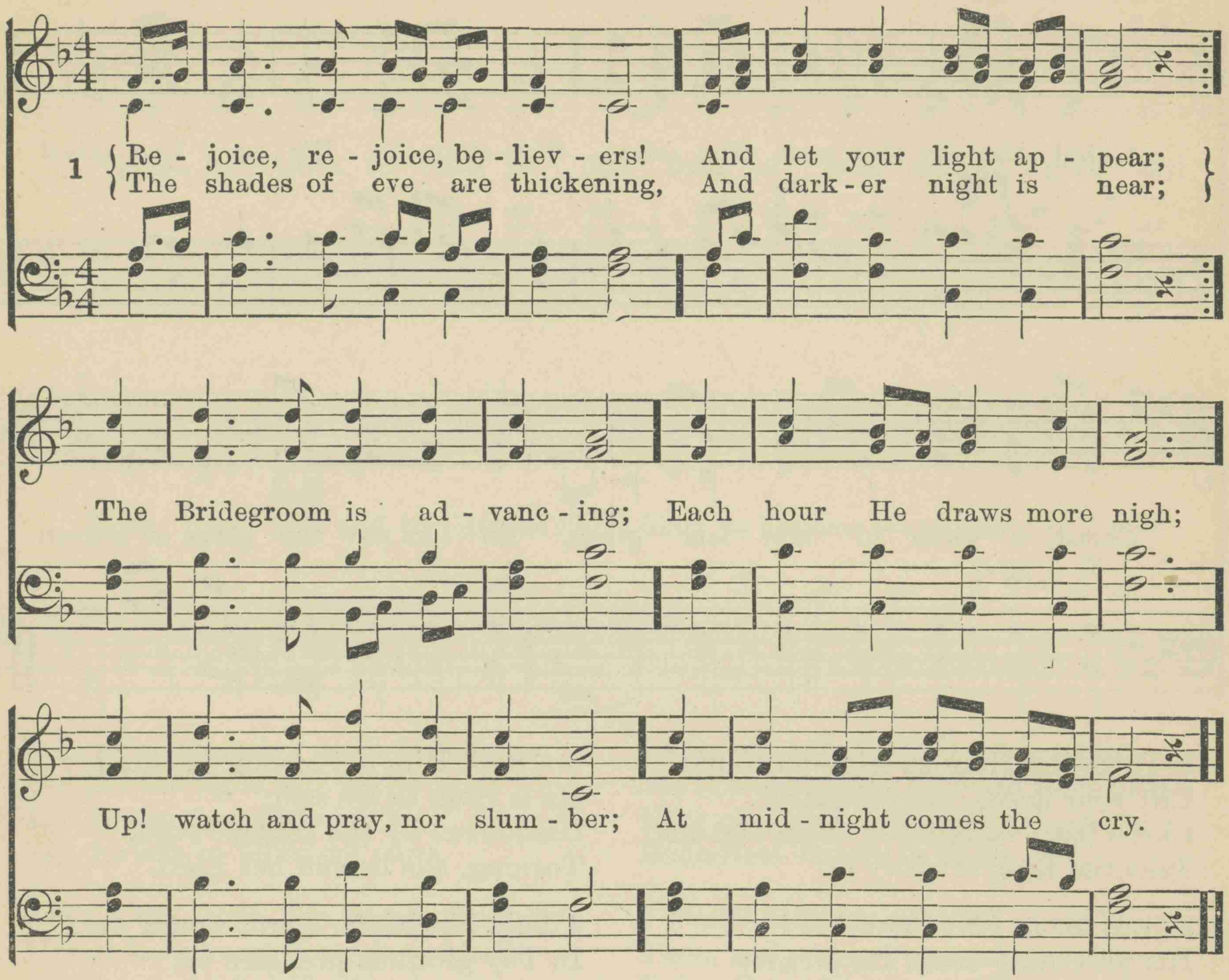
4 Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Our triumphant holy-day,
Loud the song of victory raise;
Shout the great Redeemer's praise.

Anon.

Christ's Second Coming.

94 MENDEBRAS. 7s, 6s. D.

Arr. by LOWELL MASON.



2 See that your lamps are burning,
Your vessels filled with oil;
Wait calmly your deliverance
From earthly pain and toil;
The watchers on the mountains
Proclaim the Bridegroom near;
Go, meet Him, as He cometh,
With hallelujahs clear.

3 Our hope and expectation,
O Jesus, now appear!
Arise, Thou sun so looked-for,
O'er this benighted sphere!
With hearts and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord, to see
The day of our redemption,
And ever be with Thee.

Tr. Jane Borthwick.

95

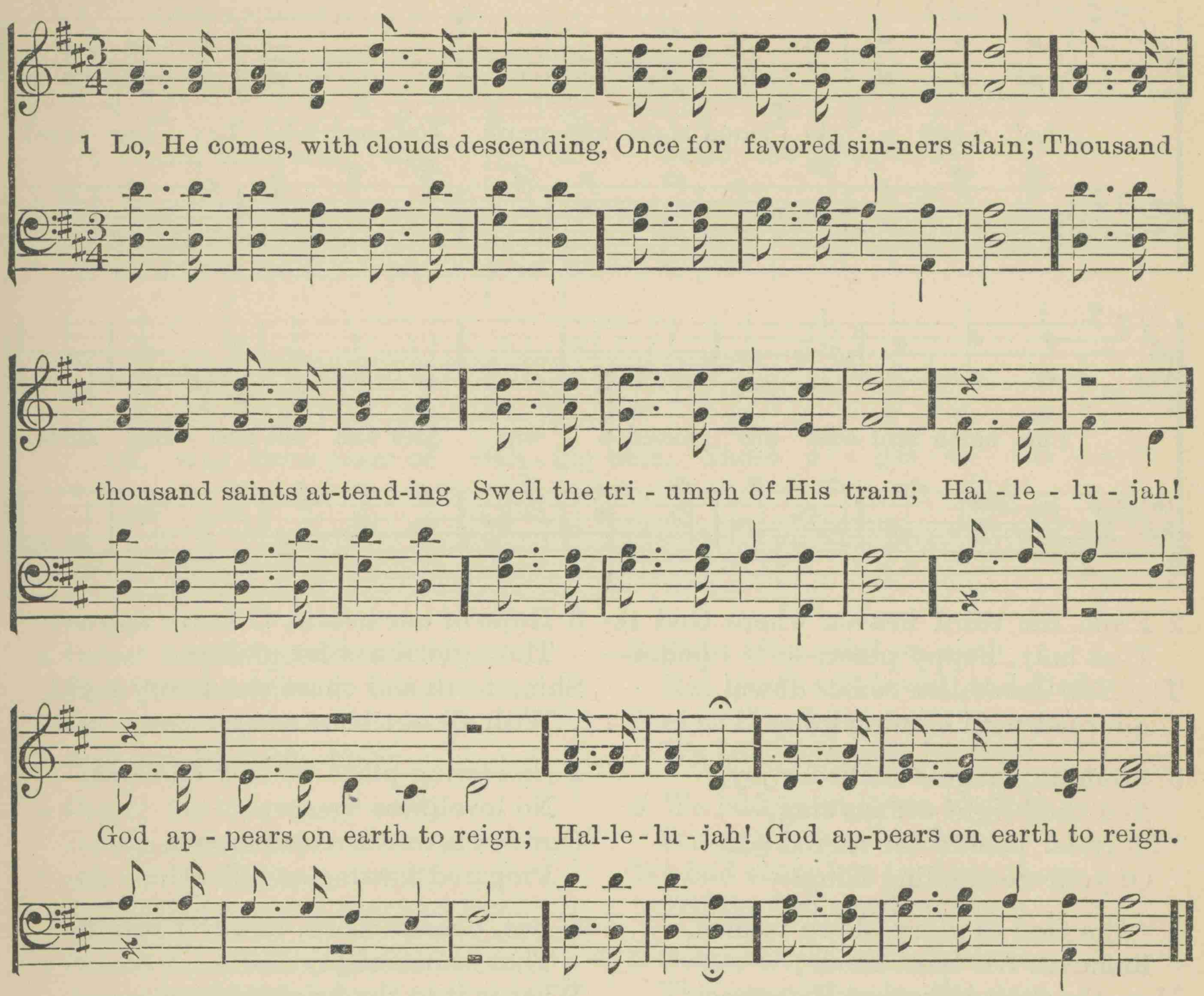
1 The marriage feast is ready,
The marriage of the Lamb,
He calls the faithful children
Of faithful Abraham:
Now from the golden portals
The sounds of triumph ring;
The triumph of the Victor,
The marriage of the King.

2 Nor sigh nor sorrow enters
Where Jesus leads them in;
Nor death may cross the threshold,
Nor pain, nor fear, nor sin:
Now shades of night and darkness
Are past and fled away,
Before the radiant brightness
Of everlasting day.

3 No tear-drops stain that threshold,
No weeping eyes are there;
For God hath wiped all tear-drops,
And God hath stilled all care:
The sunlight of the Presence,
The bright Shechinah-flame,
Lights up the bridal banquet
Of God and of the Lamb.

Gerard Moultrie.

96 ZION. 8s, 7s, 4. THOMAS HASTINGS.



2 Every eye shall now behold Him,
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at naught and sold Him,
Pierced, and nailed Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 Yea, Amen; let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal throne:
Saviour, take the power and glory;
Claim the kingdom for Thine own.
Oh, come quickly,
Hallelujah! Come, Lord, come.

Charles Wesley, alt.

97

1 O'er the distant mountains breaking
Comes the reddening dawn of day;
Rise, my soul, from sleep awaking,
Rise, and sing, and watch, and pray;
'Tis thy Saviour,
On His bright returning way.

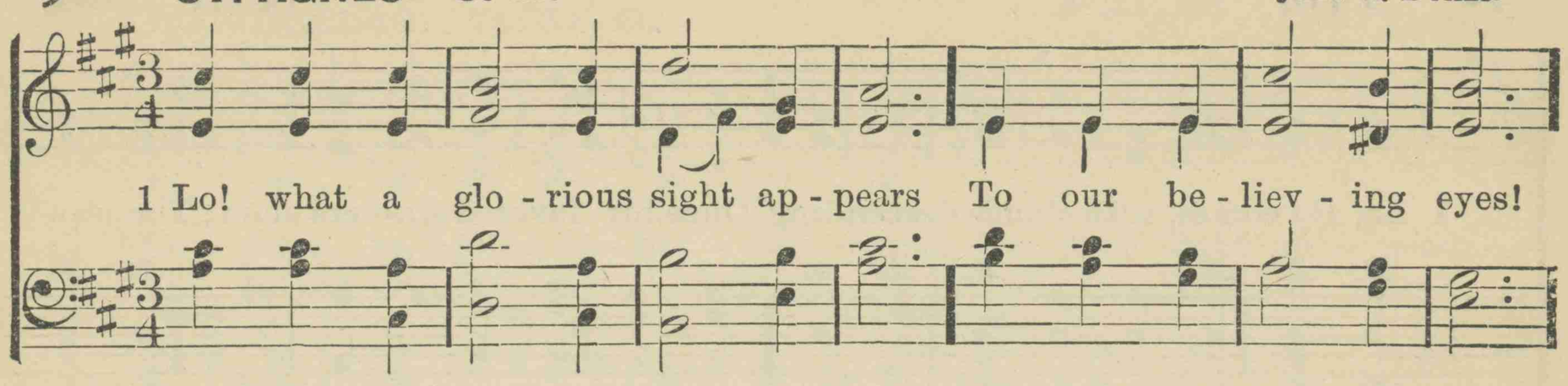
2 O Thou long-expected, weary
Waits my anxious soul for Thee;
Life is dark, and earth is dreary
Where Thy light I do not see:
O my Saviour,
When wilt Thou return to me?

3 Nearer is my soul's salvation,
Spent the night, the day at hand;
Keep me in my lowly station,
Watching for Thee, till I stand,
O my Saviour,
In Thy bright and promised land.

4 With my lamp well-trimmed and burning,
Swift to hear, and slow to roam,
Watching for Thy glad returning
To restore me to my home;
Come, my Saviour,
O my Saviour, quickly come!

John S. B. Monsell.

98 **ST. AGNES. C. M.** JOHN B. DYKES.



2 From the third heaven where God re-
That holy, happy place,— [sides—
The New Jerusalem comes down,
Adorned with shining grace.

3 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing,—
"Mortals! behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King:—

4 "The God of glory, down to men,
Removes His blest abode;
Men, the dear objects of His grace,
And He their loving God:—

5 "His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye;
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
And death itself shall die!"

6 How long, dear Saviour! oh, how long
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time!
And bring the welcome day.

Isaac Watts.

99

1 Light of the lonely pilgrim's heart!
Star of the coming day!
Arise, and with Thy morning beams
Chase all our griefs away.

2 Come, blesséd Lord! let every shore
And answering island sing
The praises of Thy royal name,
And own Thee as their King.

3 Hope of our hearts, O Lord, appear,
Thou glorious Star of day!
Shine forth and chase the dreary night,
With all our tears away.

4 No resting-place we seek on earth,
No loveliness we see;
Our eye is on the royal crown,
Prepared for us—and Thee!

5 But, dearest Lord, however bright,
That crown of joy above,
What is it to the brighter hope
Of dwelling in Thy love?

Edward Denny.

100

1 Bride of the Lamb, awake, awake!
Why sleep for sorrow now?
The hope of glory, Christ, is thine,
A child of glory, thou.

2 Thy spirit, through the lonely night,
From earthly joy apart,
Hath sighed for one that's far away,—
The Bridegroom of thy heart.

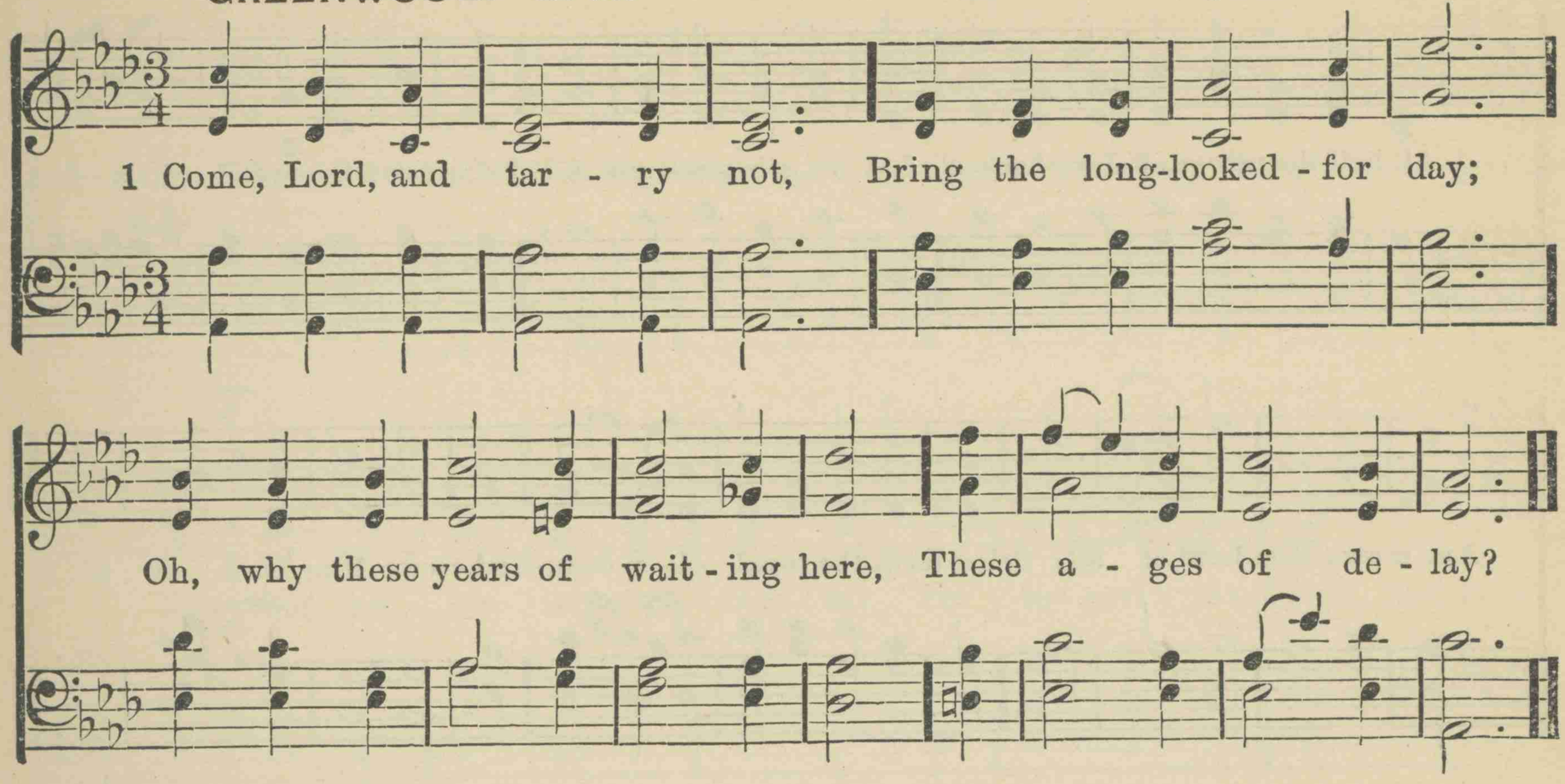
3 But see! the night is waning fast,
The breaking morn is near;
And Jesus comes with voice of love,
Thy drooping heart to cheer.

4 Then weep no more; 'tis all thine own,
His crown, His joy divine;
And, sweeter far than all beside,
He, He Himself is thine!

Edward Denny.

Christ's Second Coming.

101 GREENWOOD. S. M. JOSEPH E. SWEETSER.



2 Come! for the good are few,
They lift the voice in vain;
Faith waxes fainter on the earth,
And love is on the wane.

3 Come! for love waxes cold,
Its steps are faint and slow;
Faith now is lost in unbelief;
Hope's lamp burns dim and low.

4 Come! for creation groans,
Impatient of Thy stay,
Worn out with these long years of ill,
These ages of delay.

5 Come, and make all things new;
Build up this ruined earth,
Restore our faded Paradise,
Creation's second birth!

6 Come, and begin Thy reign
Of everlasting peace;
Come, take the kingdom to Thyself,
Great King of Righteousness!

Horatius Bonar.

102

1 The Church has waited long
Her absent Lord to see;
And still in loneliness she waits,
A friendless stranger she.

2 Age after age has gone,
Sun after sun has set,
And still, in weeds of widowhood,
She weeps a mourner yet.

3 Saint after saint on earth
Has lived, and loved, and died;
And as they left us one by one,
We laid them side by side:

4 We laid them down to sleep,
But not in hope forlorn;
We laid them but to ripen there
Till the last glorious morn.

5 Come, Lord, and wipe away
The curse, the sin, the stain,
And make this blighted world of ours
Thine own fair world again.

Horatius Bonar.

103

1 Ye servants of the Lord!
Each in His office wait,
Observant of His heavenly word,
And watchful at His gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins as in His sight,
For awful is His name.

3 Watch,—'tis your Lord's command;
And while we speak He's near;
Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.

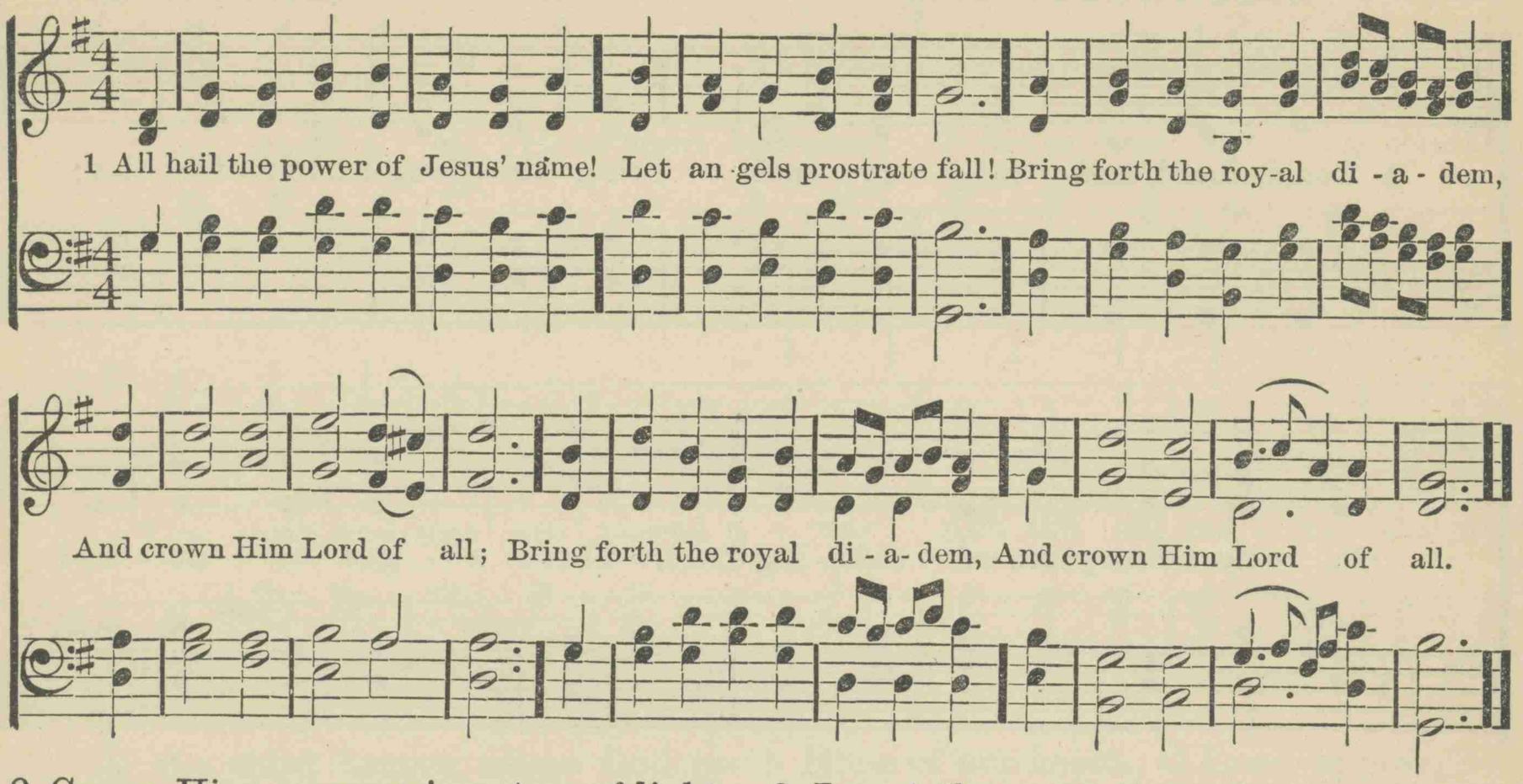
4 Oh, happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.

Philip Doddridge.

Praise to Christ.

104 CORONATION. C. M.

OLIVER HOLDEN.



2 Crown Him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fixed this earthly ball;
Now hail the Strength of Israel's might,
And crown Him Lord of all.

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

4 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.

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

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

Edward Perronet, alt.

105

1 Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace!

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

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

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

Charles Wesley.

106

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

2 Behold your King, your Saviour crowned
With glories all divine;
And tell the wondering nations round,
How bright those glories shine.

3 When in His earthly courts we view
The beauties of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And with their voice to sing.

4 And shall we long and wish in vain?
Lord, teach our songs to rise:
Thy love can raise our humble strain,
And bid it reach the skies.

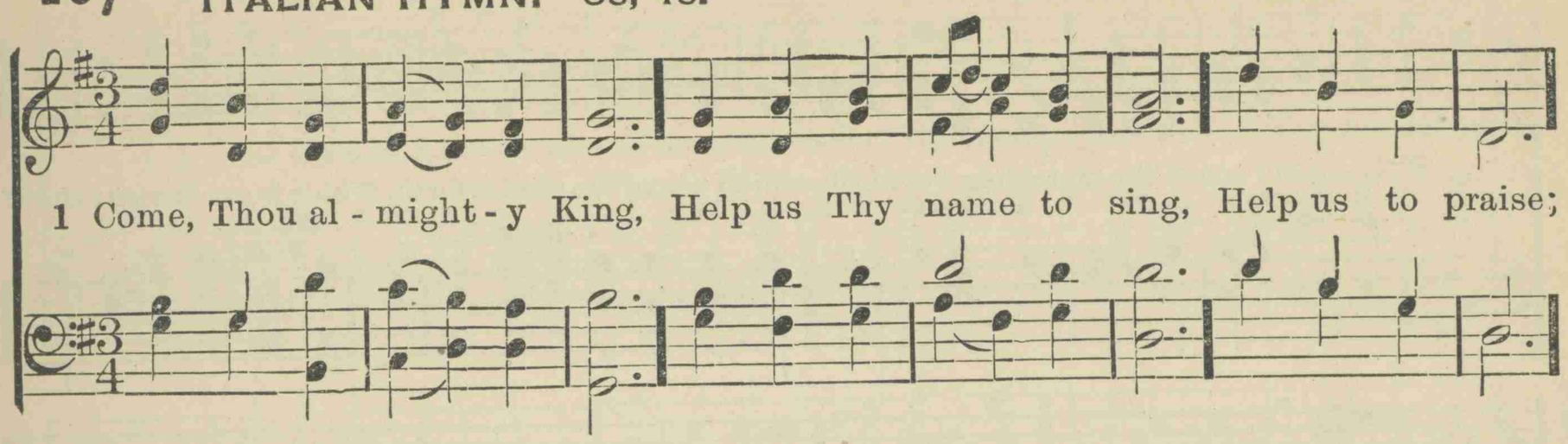
5 Oh for the day, the glorious day!
When heaven and earth shall raise,
With all their powers, the raptured lay,
To celebrate Thy praise.

Anne Steele.

Praise to Christ.

107 ITALIAN HYMN. 6s, 4s.

FELICE GIARDINI.



1 Come, Thou al - might - y King,
Help us Thy name to sing,
Help us to praise;
Fa - ther! all - glo - ri - ous,
O'er all vic - to - ri - ous,
Come, and reign
o - ver us,
An-cient of days!

2 Come, Thou incarnate Word,
Gird on Thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend;
Come, and Thy people bless,
And give Thy word success,
Spirit of holiness!
On us descend.

3 Come, holy Comforter!
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour:
Thou, Who, almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!

4 To the great One in Three,
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore!
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

Charles Wesley.

108

1 Glory to God on high!
Let heaven and earth reply,
"Praise ye His name!"
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore;
Sing loud for evermore,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

2 While they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising His name,—
Ye who have felt His blood
Sealing your peace with God,
Sound His dear name abroad,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

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

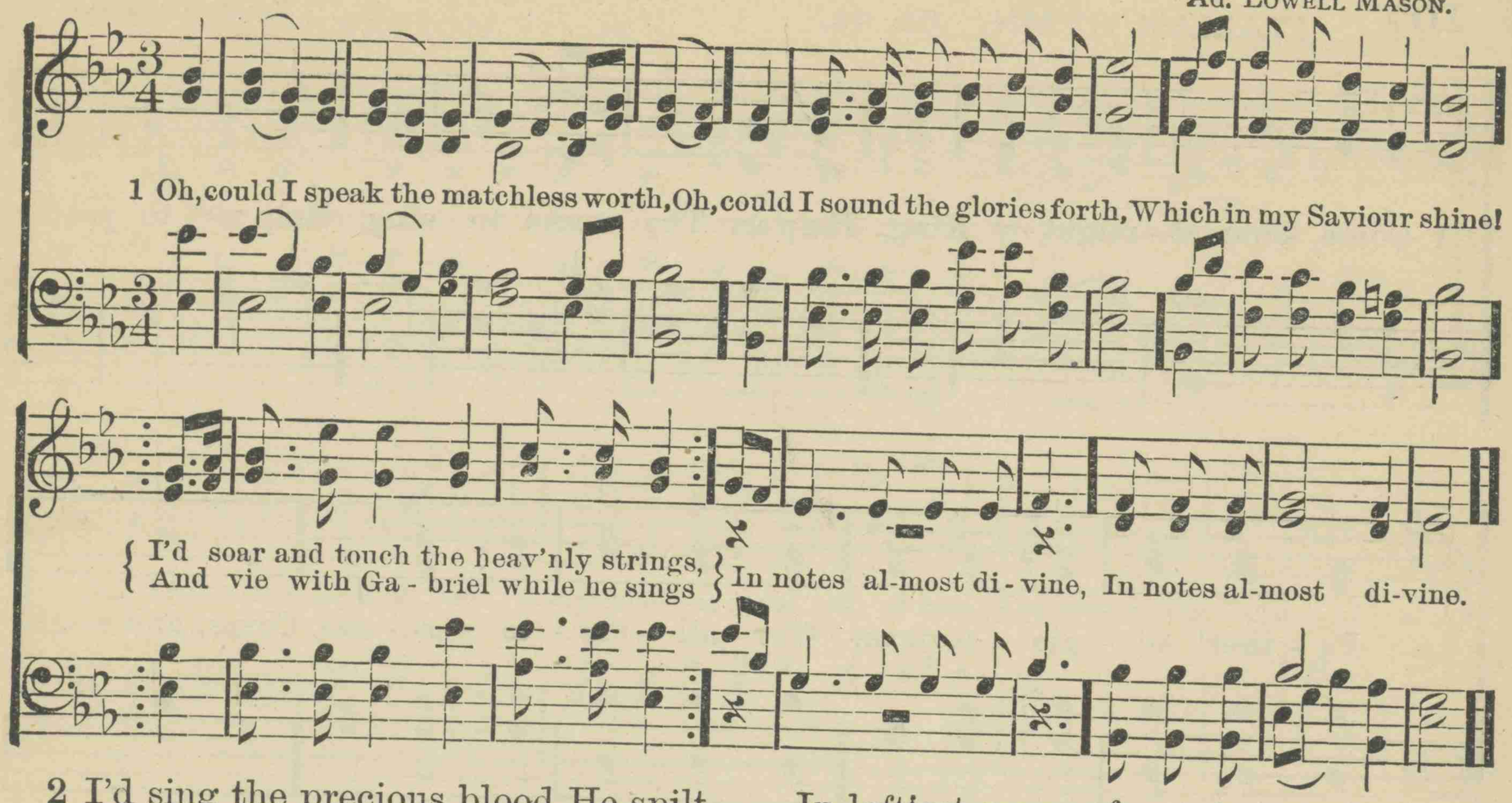
4 Soon must we change our place
Yet will we never cease
Praising His name;
To Him our songs we bring;
Hail Him our gracious King;
And, through all ages, sing,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

James Allen.

Praise to Christ.

109 ARIEL. C. P. M.

Ad. Lowell Mason.



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.

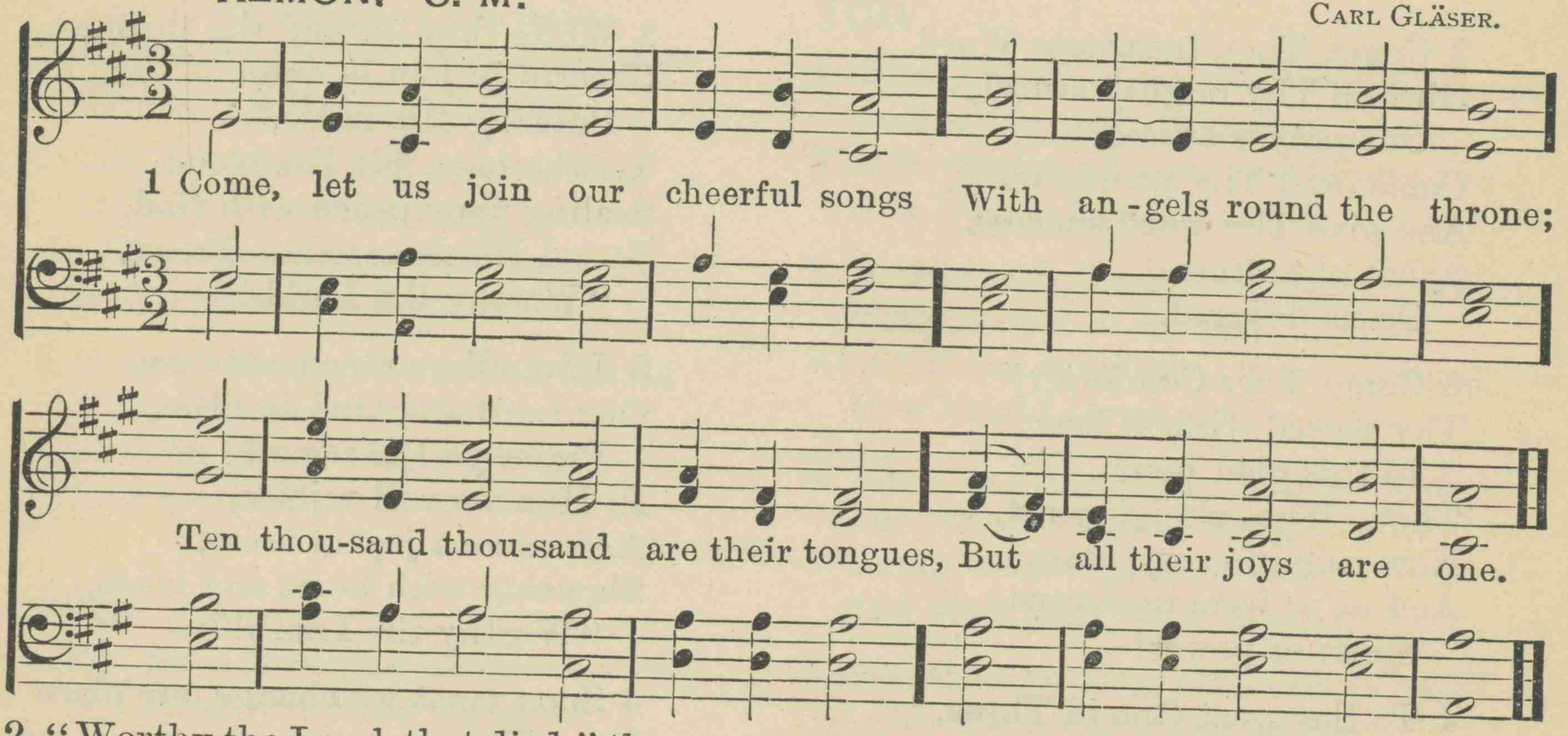
3 I'd sing the characters He bears,
And all the forms of love He wears,
Exalted on His throne:
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all His glories known.

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.

Samuel Medley.

110 AZMON. C. M.

Carl Gläser.



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

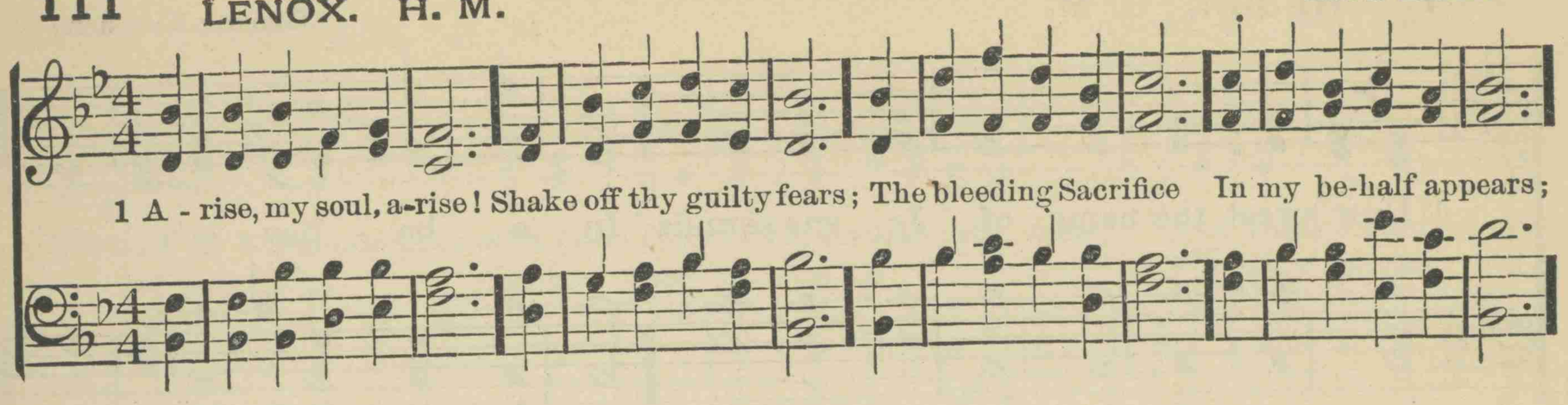
3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever Thine!

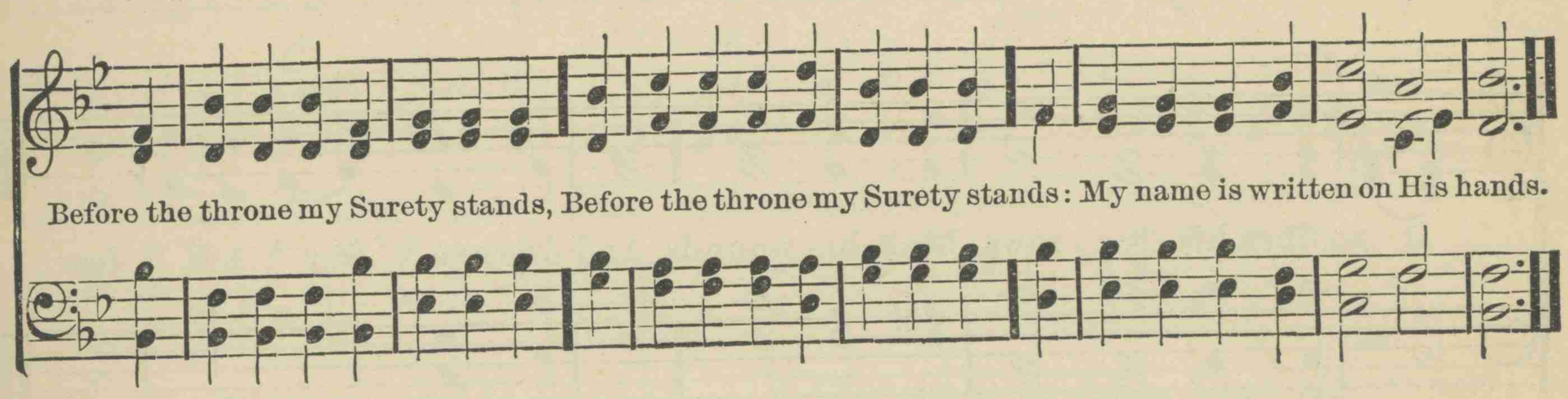
4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
And speak Thine endless praise.

Isaac Watts.

Praise to Christ.

111 LENOX. H. M. LEWIS EDSON.





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 pardoning 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.

Charles Wesley.

112

1 Ye saints, your music bring,
Attuned to sweetest sound,
Strike every trembling string,
Till earth and heaven resound;
The triumphs of the cross we sing;
Awake, ye saints, each joyful string.

2 The cross, the cross alone,
Subdued the powers of hell;
Like lightning from His throne
The prince of darkness fell;
The triumphs of the cross we sing;
Awake, ye saints, each joyful string.

3 The cross hath power to save
From all the foes that rise;
The cross hath made the grave
A passage to the skies;
The triumphs of the cross we sing;
Awake, ye saints, each joyful string.

Andrew Reed.

113

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

2 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.

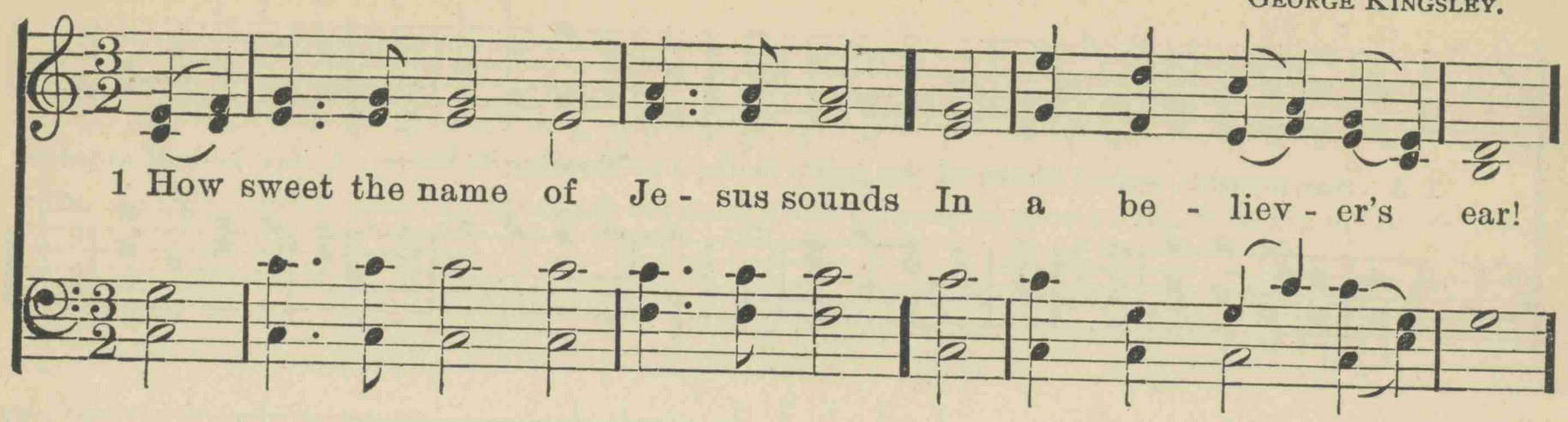
3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in His blood
Throughout the world proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

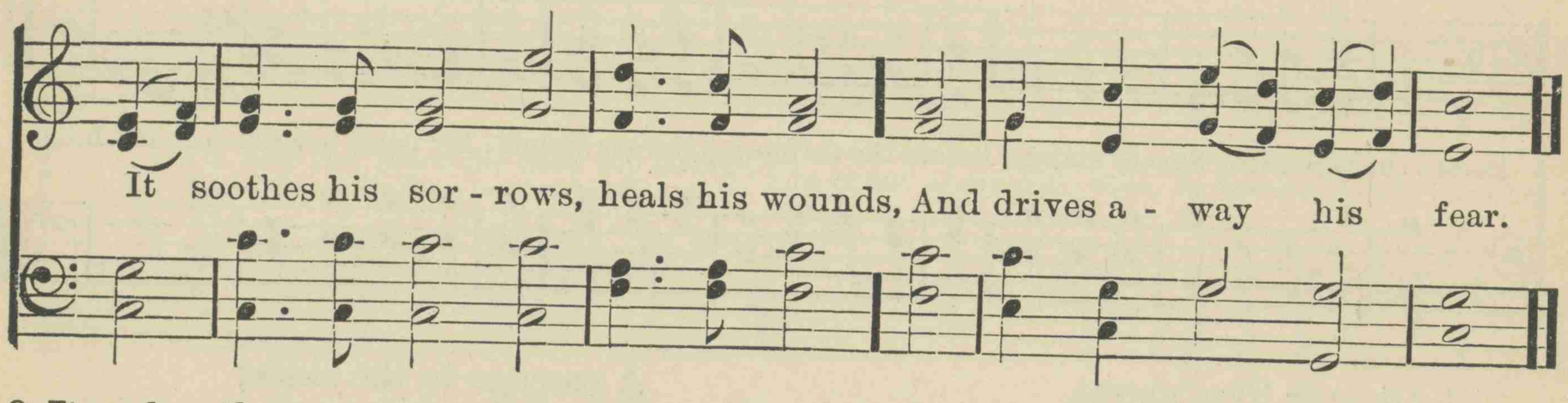
4 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face:
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home;

Charles Wesley.

114 HEBER. C. M.

GEORGE KINGSLEY.





2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And, to the weary, rest.

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

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

John Newton.

115

1 To our Redeemer's glorious Name
Awake the sacred song:
O may His love—immortal flame—
Tune every heart and tongue.

2 His love, what mortal tho't can reach?
What mortal tongue display?
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

3 Let wonder still with love unite,
And gratitude and joy;
Be Jesus our supreme delight,
His praise our best employ.

Anne Steele.

116

1 Jesus! delightful, charming name!
It spreads a fragrance round:
Justice and mercy, truth and peace,
In Union here are found.

2 He is our life, our joy, our strength,
In Him all glories meet;
He is a shade above our heads,
A light to guide our feet.

3 The thickest clouds are soon dispersed,
If Jesus shows His face:
To weary, heavy-laden souls
He is the resting-place.

Benjamin Beddome.

117

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

2 Yes, Thou art precious to my soul,
My Transport and my Trust;
Jewels to Thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

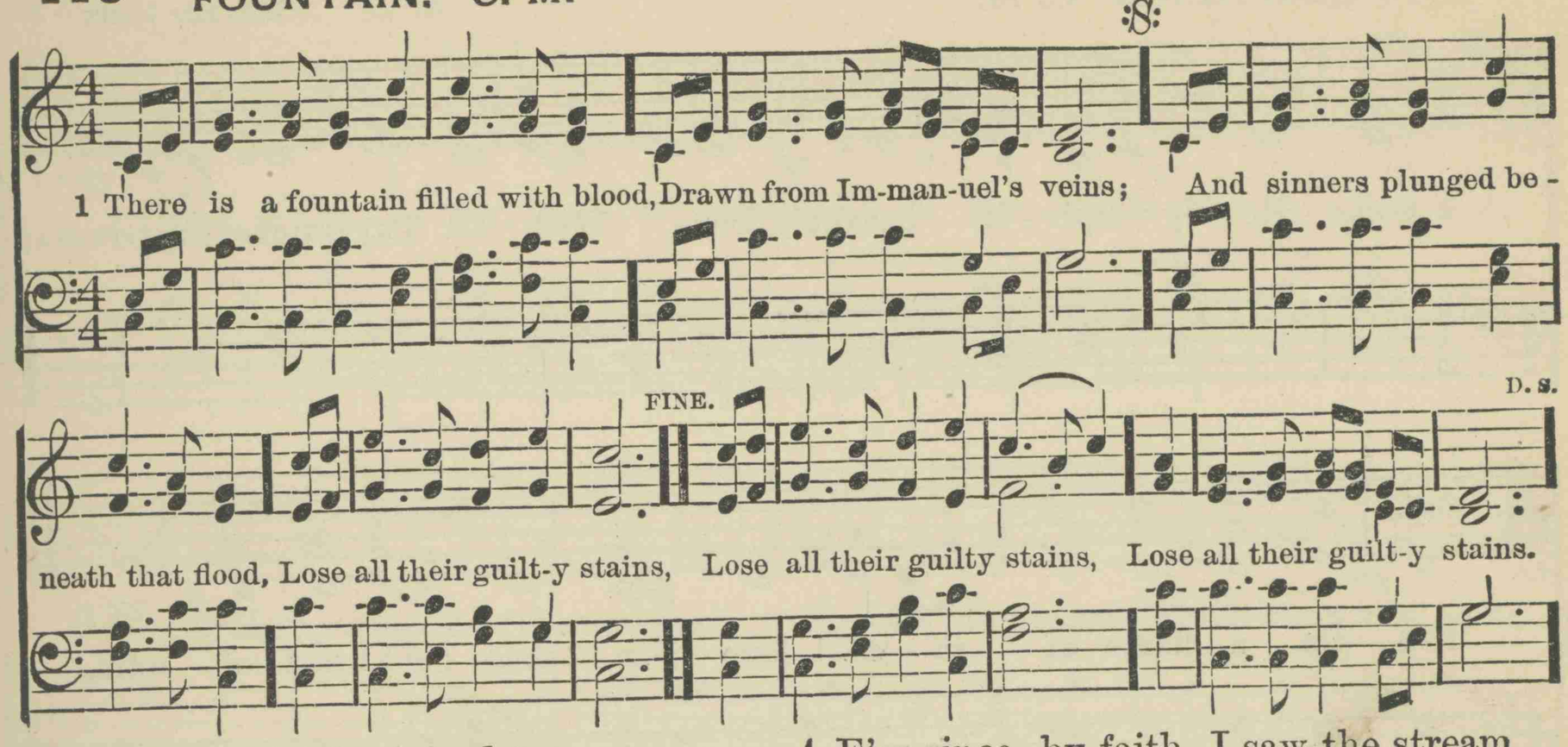
3 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

4 I'll speak the honors of Thy name
With my last laboring breath;
Then, speechless, clasp Thee in mine arms,
The antidote of death.

Philip Doddridge.

118 FOUNTAIN. C. M.

Ad. fr. LOWELL MASON.



2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

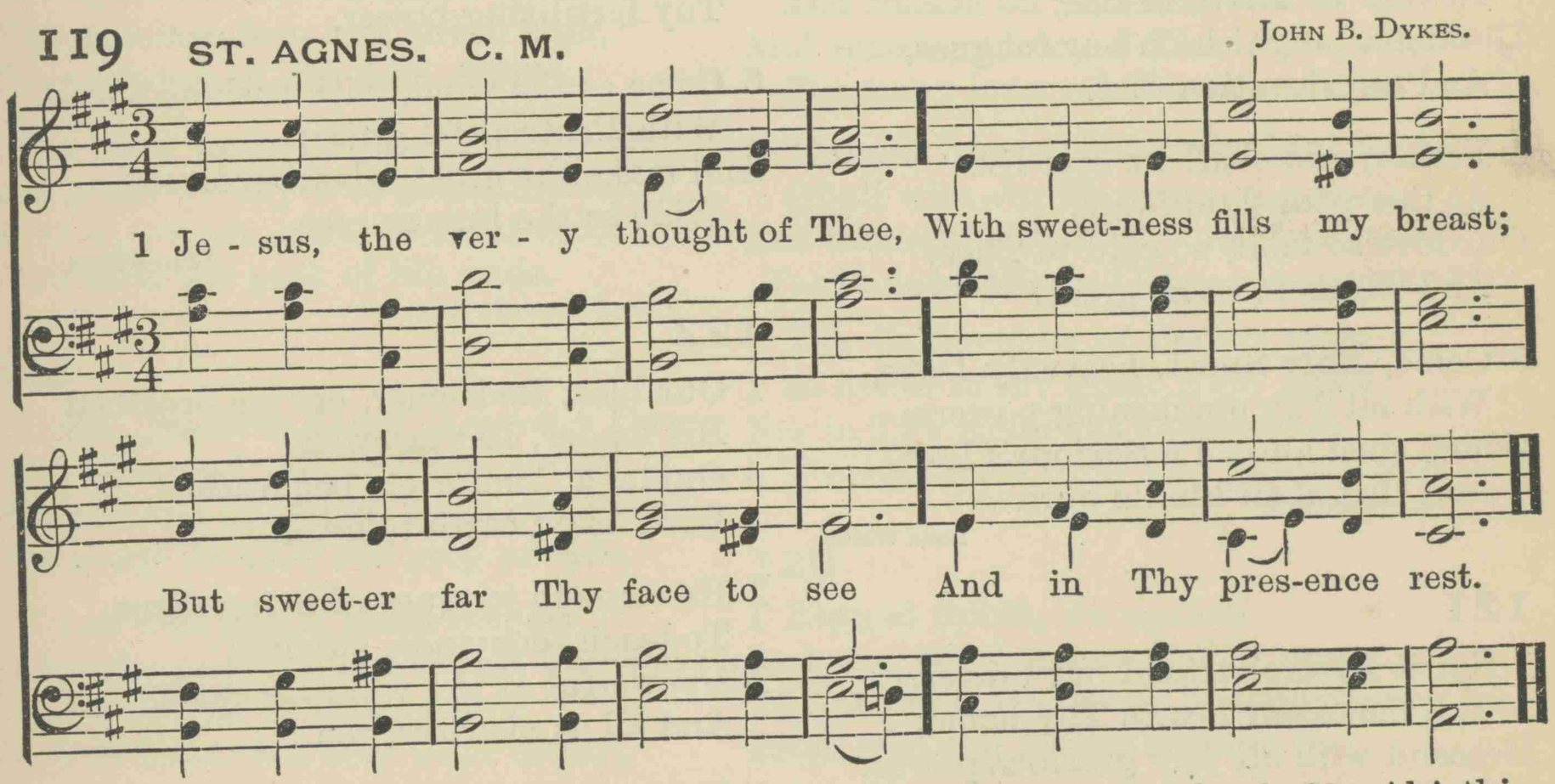
4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.

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

William Cowper.

119 ST. AGNES. C. M.

JOHN B. DYKES.



2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

3 O Hope of every contrite heart!
O Joy of all the meek!
To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

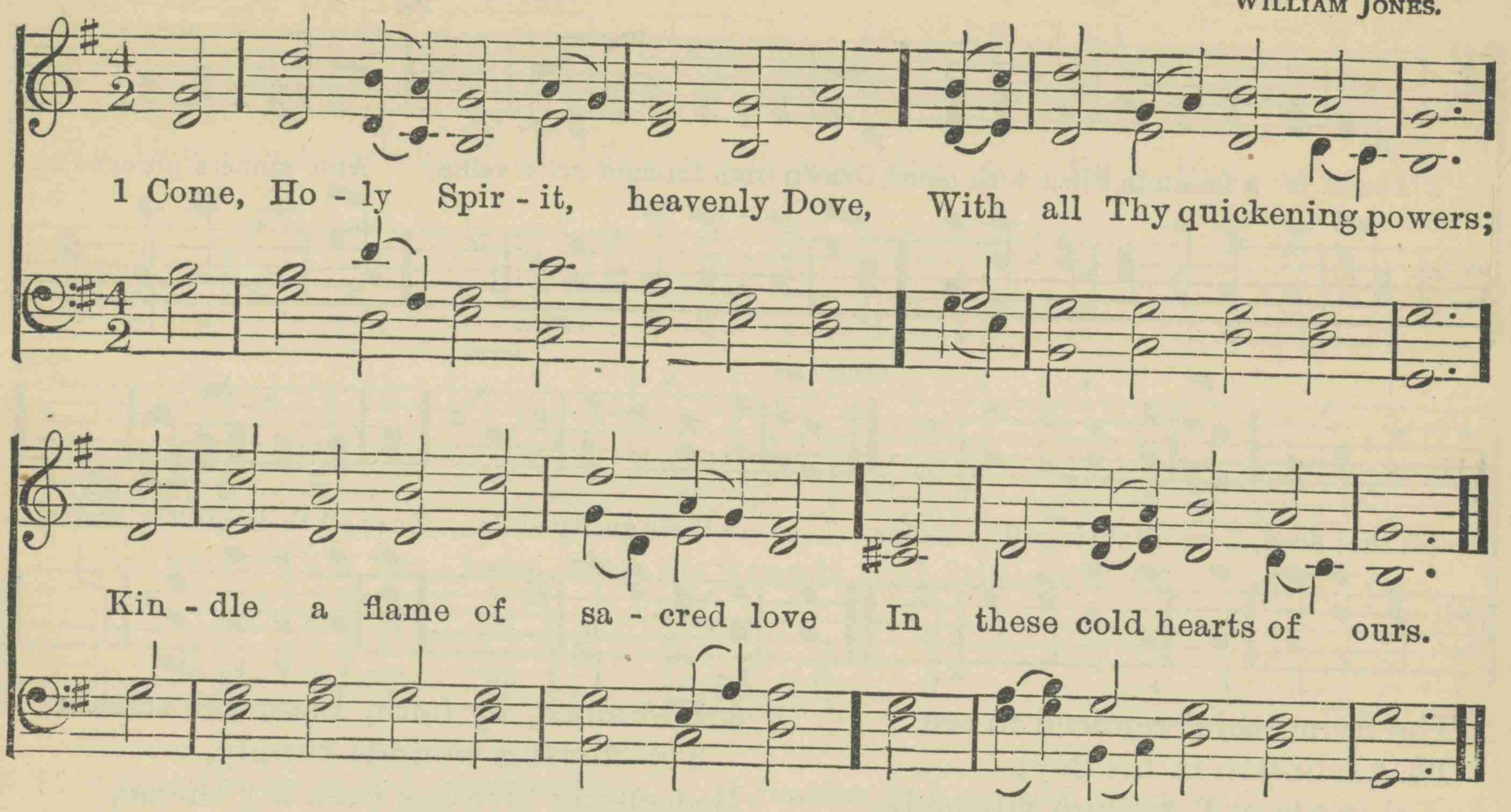
4 But what to those who find? Ah! this,
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but His loved ones know.

5 Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus, be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

Tr. Edward Caswall.

120 STEPHENS. C. M.

WILLIAM JONES.



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

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

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

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

Isaac Watts.

121

1 Spirit Divine! attend our prayer,
And make our hearts Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious power:
Come, Holy Spirit, come!

2 Come as the light: to us reveal
Our sinfulness and woe;
And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.

3 Come as the fire, and purge our hearts
Like sacrificial flame:
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.

4 Come as the dew, and sweetly bless
This consecrated hour;
Shed richly on my fruitless soul
Thy fertilizing power.

5 Come as the wind, with rushing sound,
With Pentecostal grace;
And make the great salvation known
Wide as the human race.

Andrew Reed.

122

1 Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender, last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed,
With us on earth to dwell.

2 He came in tongues of living flame,
To teach, convince, subdue;
All-powerful as the wind He came,
And all as viewless, too.

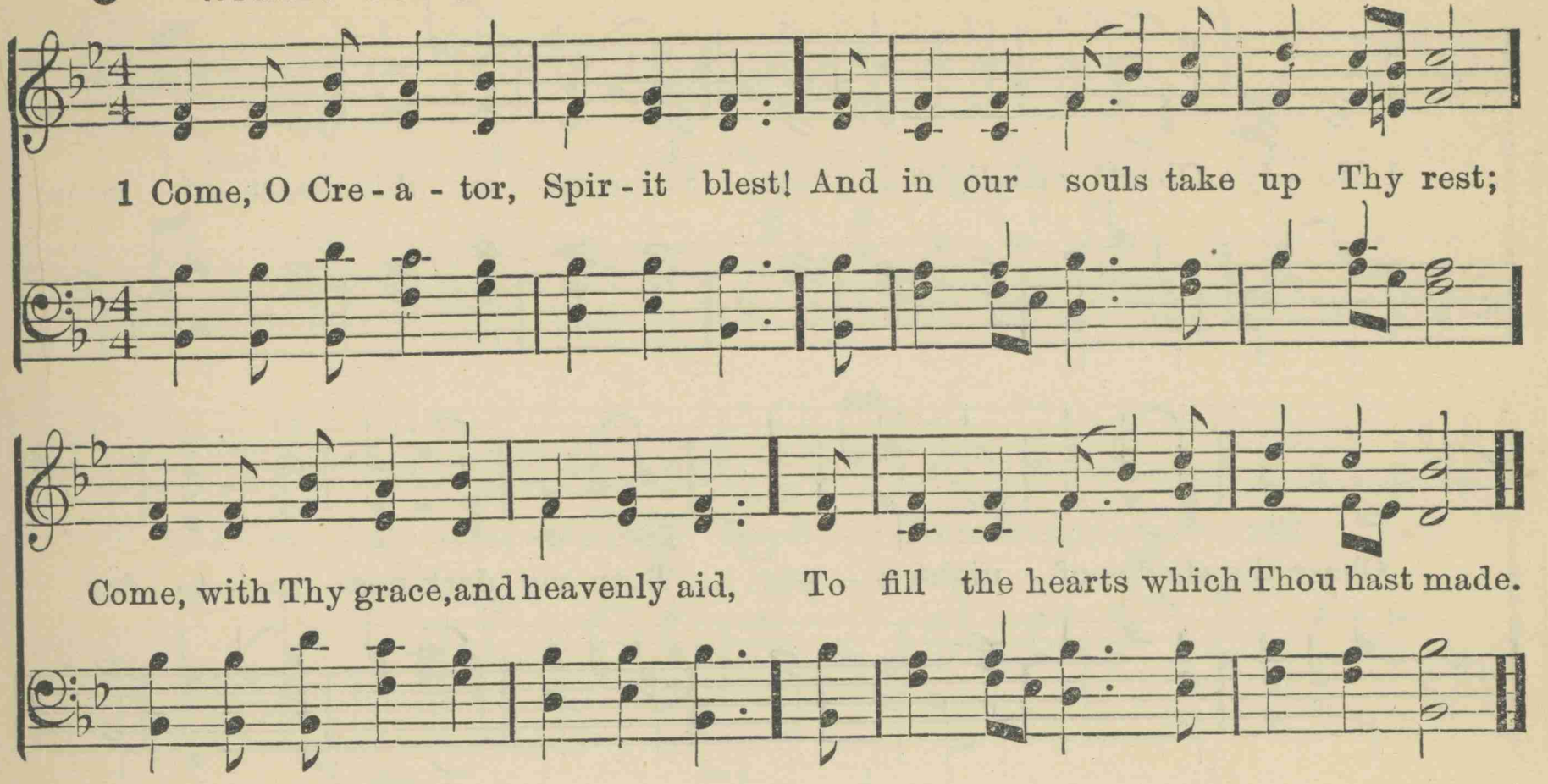
3 He came, sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to fix His rest.

4 And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, calms every fear,
And speaks to us of heaven.

Harriet Auber. alt.

Holy Spirit.

123 WARD. L. M.

Ad. Lowell Mason.

2 Great Comforter! to Thee we cry;
O highest gift of God most high!
O Fount of life! O fire of love!
Send sweet anointing from above!

3 Kindle our senses from above,
And make our heart o'erflow with love;
With patience firm and virtue high,
The weakness of our flesh supply.

4 Far from us drive the foe we dread,
And grant us Thy true peace instead;
So shall we not, with Thee for guide,
Turn from the path of life aside.

Tr. Edward Caswall

124

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

2 To us the light of truth display,
And make us know and choose Thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

3 Lead us to holiness—the road
That we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ, the Living Way,
Nor let us from His precepts stray.

4 Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with Him for ever blest;
Lead us to heaven, its bliss to share—
Fullness of joy for ever there!

Simon Browne.

125

1 Stay, Thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done Thee such despite;
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take Thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have steeled my stubborn heart,
And shaken off my guilty fears;
And vexed, 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, O, the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High Priest;
Nor in Thy righteous anger swear
T' exclude me from Thy people's rest.

Charles Wesley.

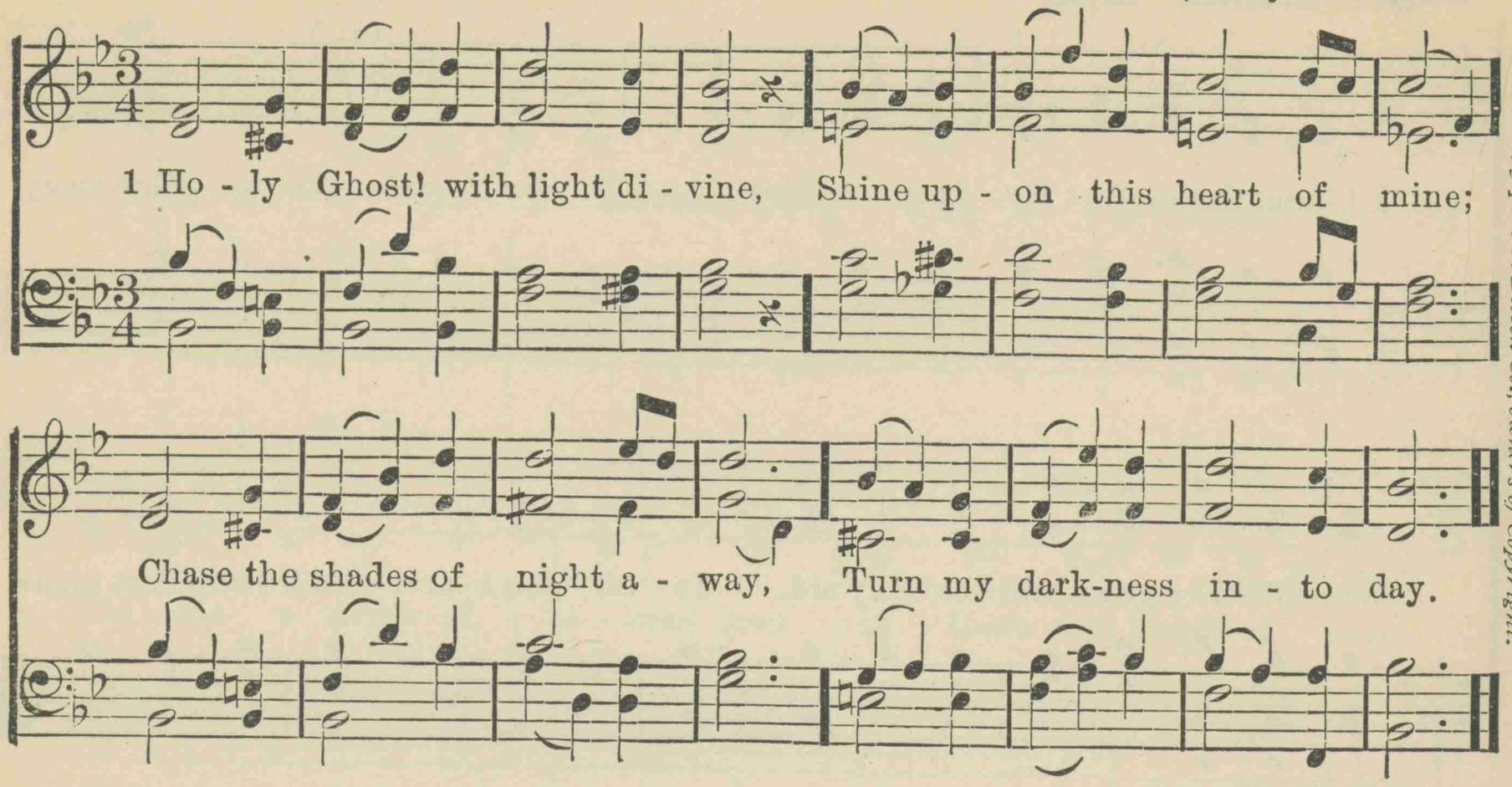
126

1 Eternal Spirit, we confess
And sing the wonders of Thy grace;
Thy power conveys our blessings down
From God the Father and the Son.

2 Enlightened by Thy heavenly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day;
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger, and our refuge too.

3 Thy power and glory work within,
And break the chains of reigning sin;
Do our imperious lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.

Isaac Watts.

127 LAST HOPE. 7s. L. M. GOTTSCHALK, arr. by H. P. MAIN.

By per. O. Ditson Co., owners of Copyright.

2 Holy Ghost! with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long hath sin without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost! with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit! all-divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol-throne,
Reign supreme—and reign alone.

Andrew Reed.

128

1 Gracious Spirit, Love divine,
Let Thy light within me shine!
All my guilty fears remove;
Fill me with Thy heavenly love.

2 Speak Thy pardoning grace to me;
Set the burdened sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God;
Wash me in His precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart;
Seal salvation on my heart;
Breathe Thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from Thee stray;
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine;
Keep me, Lord, forever Thine.

John Stocker.

129

1 Holy Spirit, Truth divine!
Dawn upon this soul of mine;
Word of God, and inward Light!
Wake my spirit, clear my sight.

2 Holy Spirit, Love divine!
Glow within this heart of mine;
Kindle every high desire;
Perish self in Thy pure fire!

3 Holy Spirit, Power divine!
Fill and nerve this will of mine;
By Thee may I strongly live,
Bravely bear, and nobly strive.

Samuel Longfellow.

130

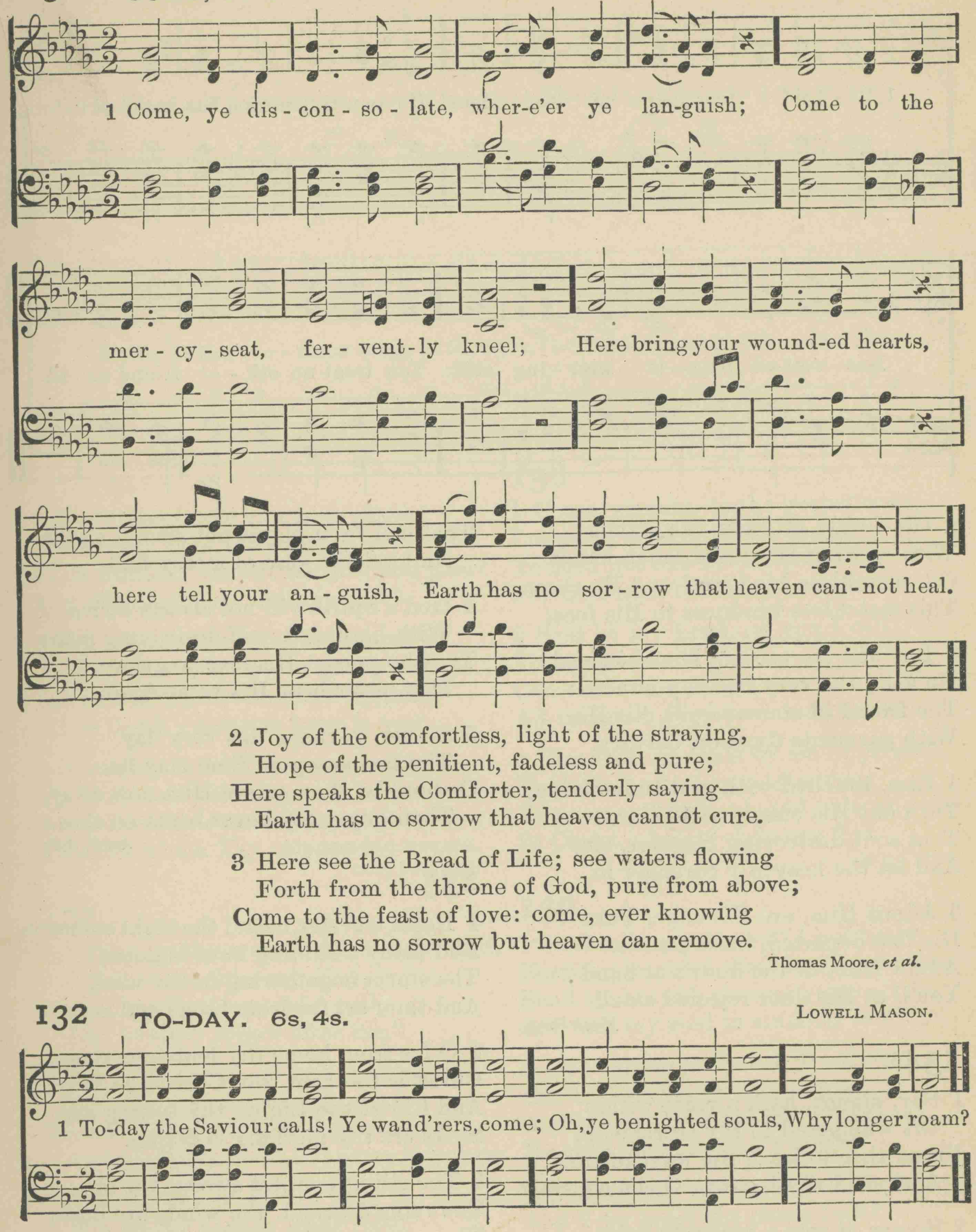
1 Holy Spirit! gently come,
  Raise us from our fallen state;
Fix Thy everlasting home
  In the hearts Thou didst create.

2 Now Thy quickening influence bring,
  In our spirits sweetly move;
Open every mouth to sing
  Jesus' everlasting love.

3 Take the things of Christ, and show
  What our Lord for us hath done;
May we God the Father know
  Through His well-beloved Son.

William Hammond.

131 COME, YE DISCONSOLATE. 11s, 10s. SAMUEL WEBBE.



2 Joy of the comfortless, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitient, 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.

Thomas Moore, *et al.*

132 TO-DAY. 6s, 4s. LOWELL MASON.

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

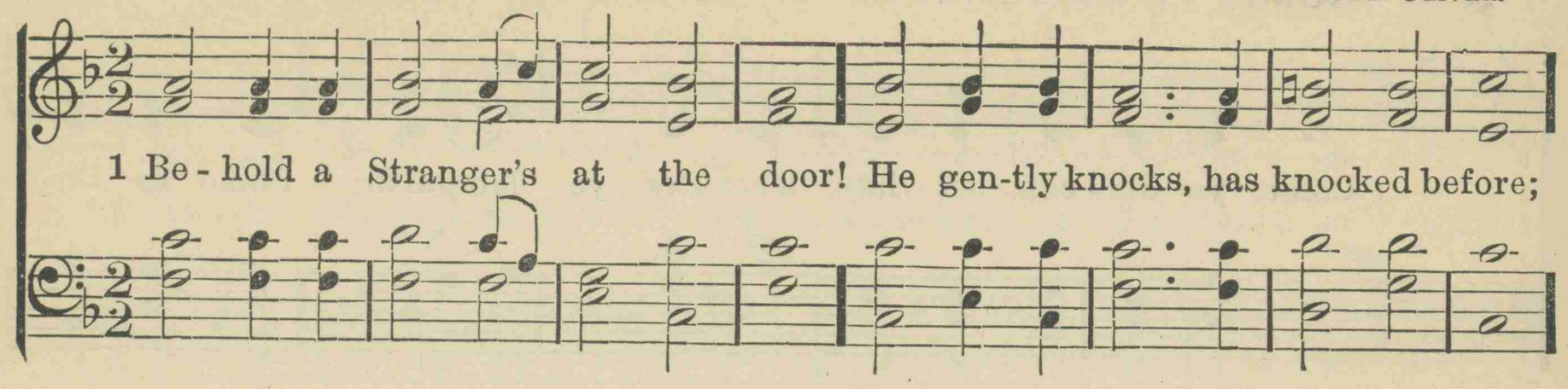
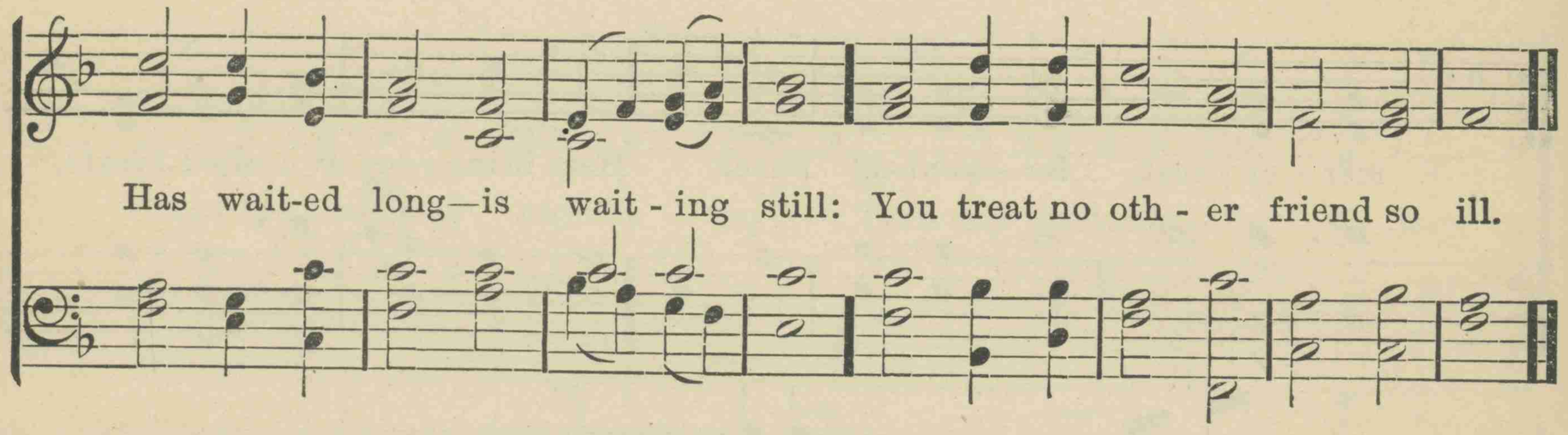
3 To-day the Saviour calls;
For refuge fly;
The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh.

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

Samuel F. Smith. alt.

133 FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

HENRY K. OLIVER.



2 Oh, lovely attitude, He stands
With melting heart and laden hands!
Oh, matchless kindness! and He shows
This matchless kindness to His foes;

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

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

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

Joseph Gregg.

134

1 Say, sinner, hath a voice within
Oft whispered to thy secret soul,
Urged thee to leave the ways of sin,
And yield thy heart to God's control?

2 Sinner, it was a heavenly voice,
It was the Spirit'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 mayst not always slight
And yet the gate of mercy find.

4 God's Spirit will not always strive
With hardened, self-destroying man;
Ye, who persist His love to grieve,
May never hear His voice again.

5 Sinner, perhaps this very day
Thy last accepted time may be;
O shouldst thou grieve Him now away,
Then hope may never beam on thee.

Ann B. Hyde.

135

1 Haste, traveler, haste! the night comes on,
And many a shining hour is gone;
The storm is gathering in the west,
And thou art far from home and rest.

2 O far from home thy footsteps stray;
Christ is the Life, and Christ the Way,
And Christ the Light; thy setting sun
Sinks ere thy morning is begun.

3 The rising tempest sweeps the sky;
The rains descend, the winds are high;
The waters swell, and death and fear
Beset thy path, nor refuge near.

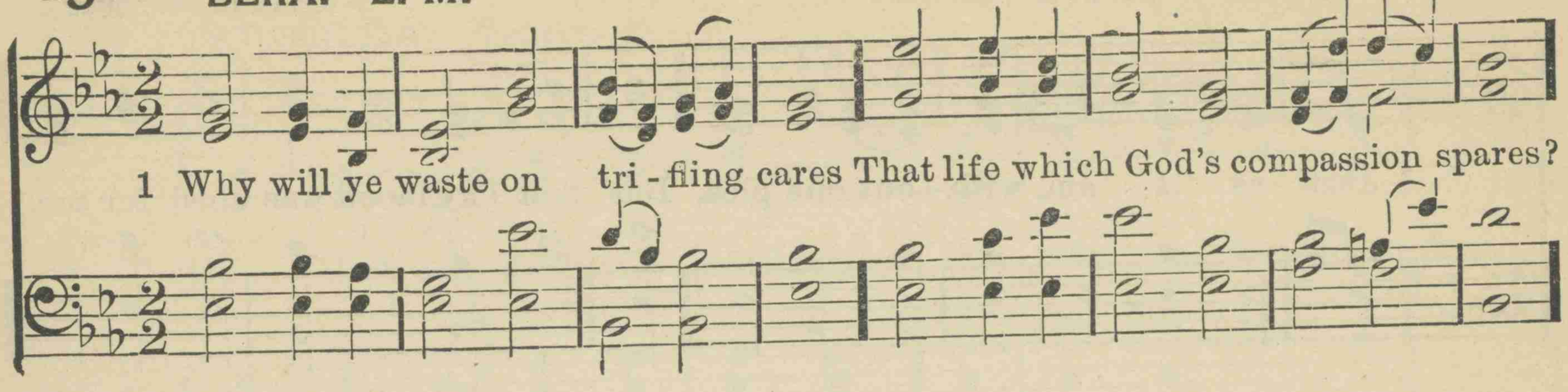
4 Then linger not in all the plain,
Flee for thy life, the mountain gain;
Look not behind, make no delay,
O speed thee, speed thee on thy way.

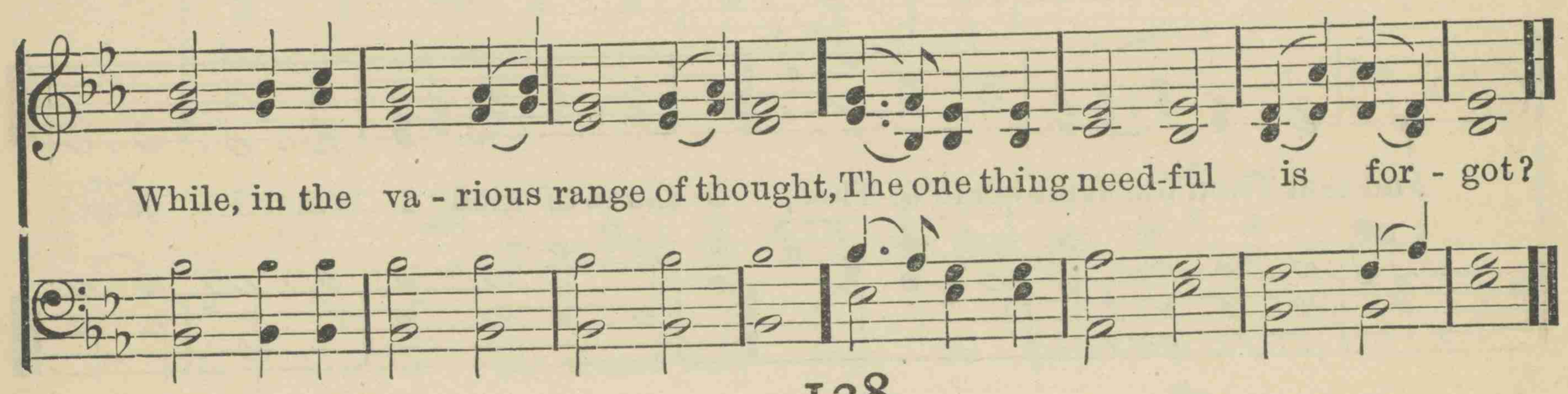
William B. Collyer.

Invitation.

136 BERA. L. M.

JOHN E. GOULD.





2 Shall God invite you from above?
Shall Jesus urge His dying love?
Shall troubled conscience give you pain?
And all these pleas unite in vain?

3 Not so your eyes will always view
Those objects which you now pursue;
Not so will heaven and hell appear,
When death's decisive hour is near.

4 Almighty God! Thy grace impart;
Fix deep conviction on each heart:
Nor let us waste on trifling cares
That life which Thy compassion spares.

Philip Doddridge.

137

1 "Take up thy cross," the Saviour said,
"If thou wouldst my disciple be;
Deny thyself, the world forsake,
And humbly follow after me."

2 Take up thy cross; let not its weight
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm;
His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart and nerve thine arm.

3 Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame;
Nor let thy foolish pride rebel;
Thy Lord for thee the cross endured,
To save thy soul from death and hell.

4 Take up thy cross, and follow Christ;
Nor think till death to lay it down;
For only he who bears the cross
May hope to wear the glorious crown.

Charles W. Everest.

138

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 wanderers after rest;
Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

Charles Wesley.

139

1 God calling yet! shall I not hear?
Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
Shall life's swift passing years all fly,
And still my soul in slumber lie?

2 God calling yet! shall I not rise?
Can I His loving voice despise,
And basely His kind care repay?
He calls me still; can I delay?

3 God calling yet! and shall He knock,
And I my heart the closer lock?
He still is waiting to receive,
And shall I dare His Spirit grieve?

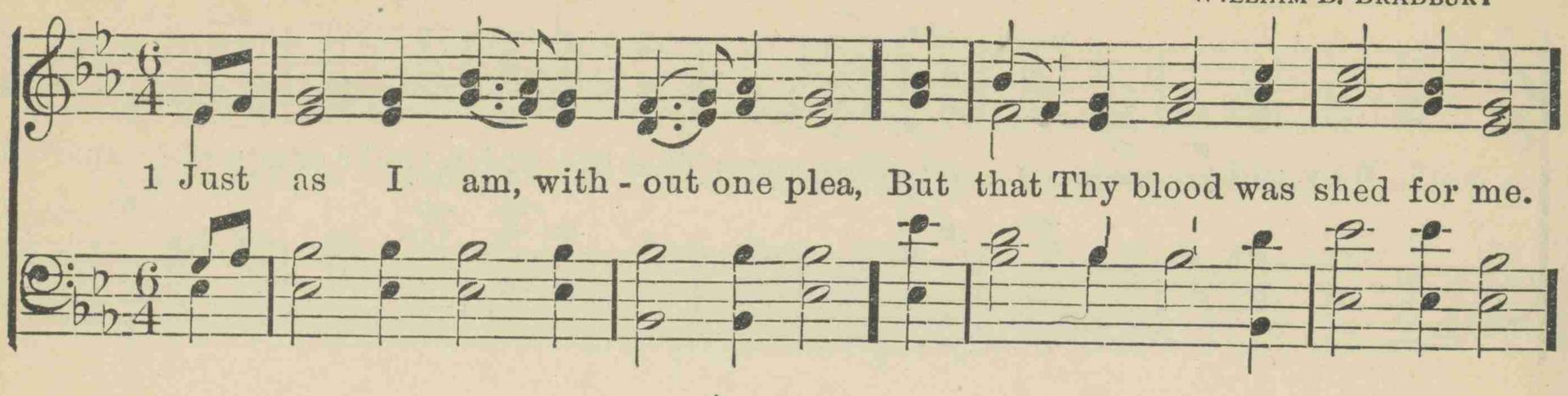
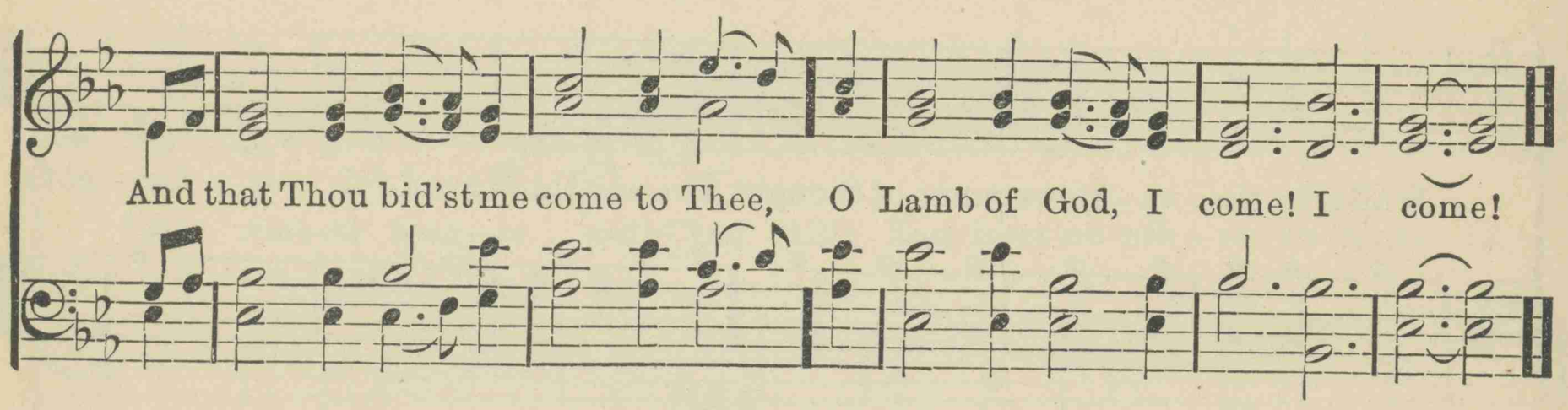
4 God calling yet! I cannot stay;
My heart I yield without delay:
Vain world, farewell! from thee I part;
The voice of God hath reached my heart.

Tr. Jane Borthwick.

Repentance.

140 WOODWORTH. L. M.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY



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

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

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

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

Charlotte Elliott.

141

1 With tearful eyes I look around;
Life seems a dark and stormy sea;
Yet 'mid the gloom, I hear a sound,
A heavenly whisper, "Come to me!"

2 It tells me of a place of rest;
It tells me where my soul may flee:
Oh, to the weary, faint, oppressed,
How sweet the bidding, "Come to me!"

3 "Come, for all else must fail and die!
Earth is no resting-place for thee;
To heaven direct thy weeping eye,
I am thy portion, "Come to me!"

4 O voice of mercy! voice of love!
In conflict, grief, and agony,
Support me, cheer me from above!
And gently whisper, "Come to me!"

Charlotte Elliott.

142

1 Show pity, Lord! O Lord! forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not Thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in Thee?

2 Oh, wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.

3 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against Thy law, against Thy grace:
Lord! should Thy judgments grow severe,
I am condemned, but Thou art clear.

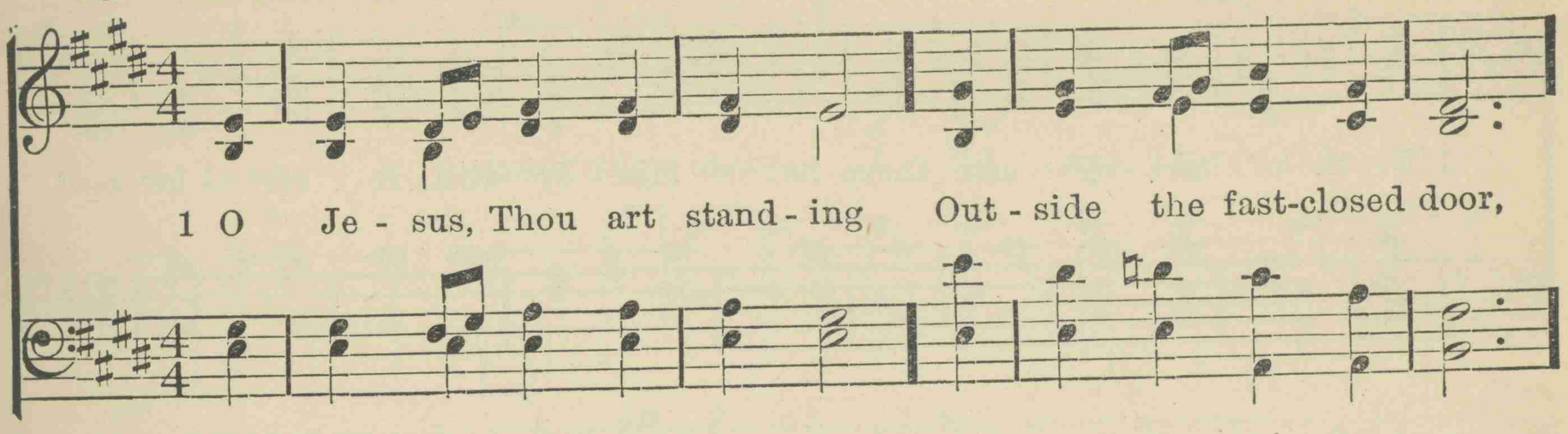
4 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce Thee just in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

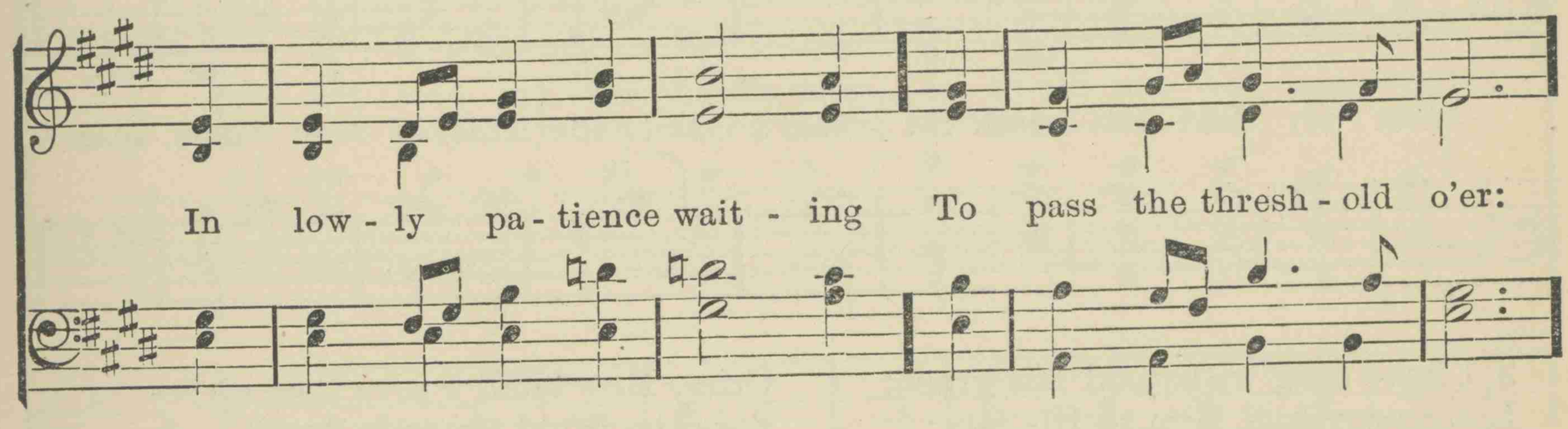
5 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord!
Whose hope, still hovering round Thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there.
Some sure support against despair.

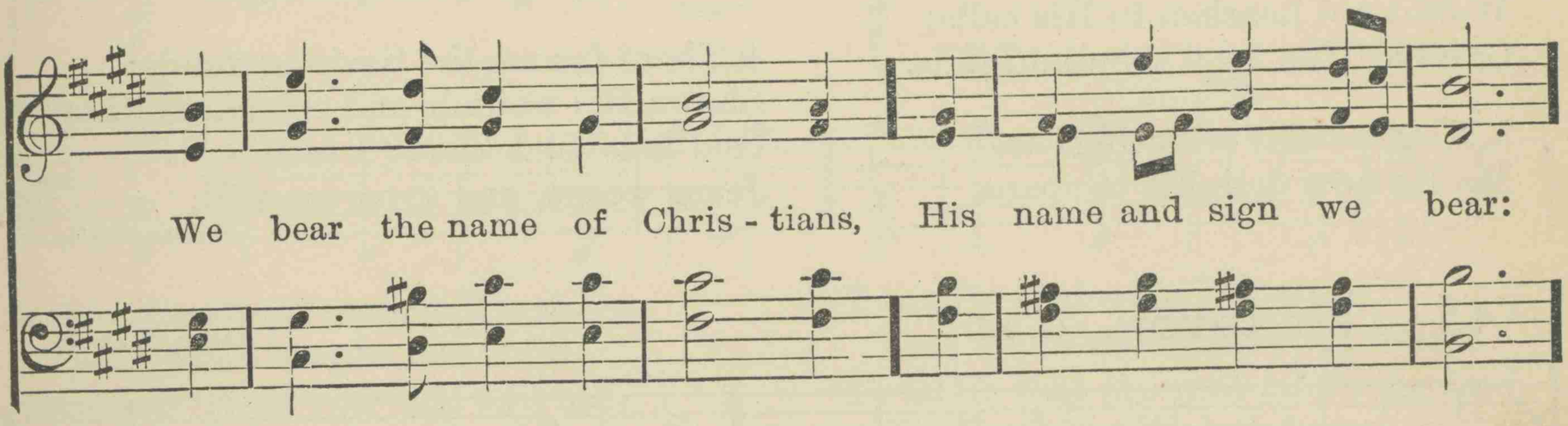
Isaac Watts.

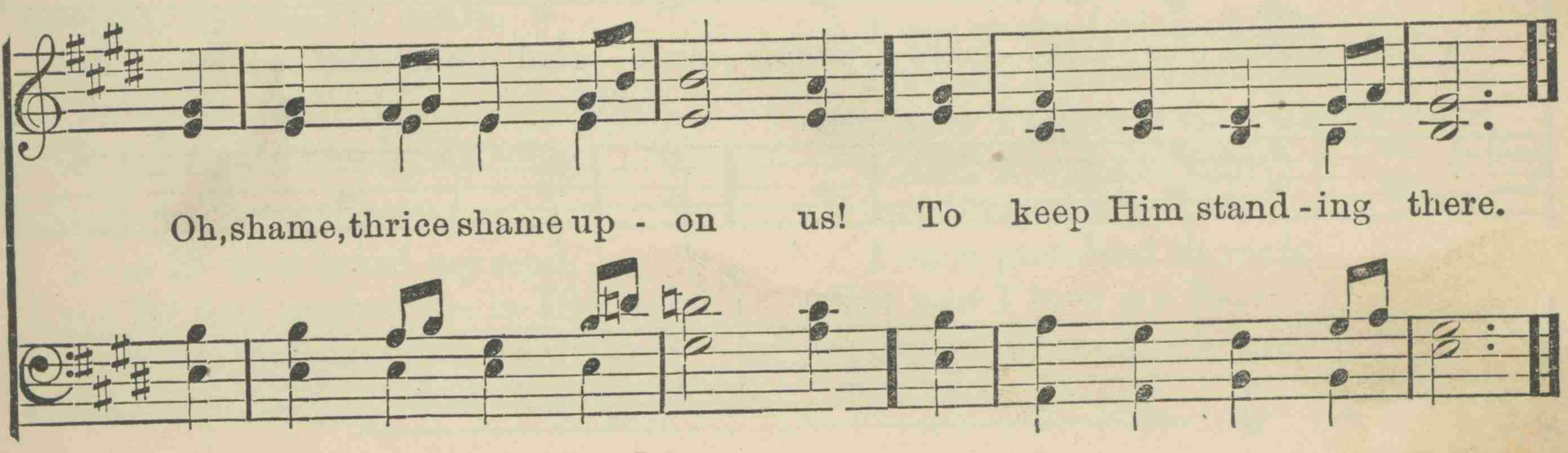
Repentance.

143 ST. HILDA. 7s, 6s. D. JUSTIN H. KNECHT, *et. al.*







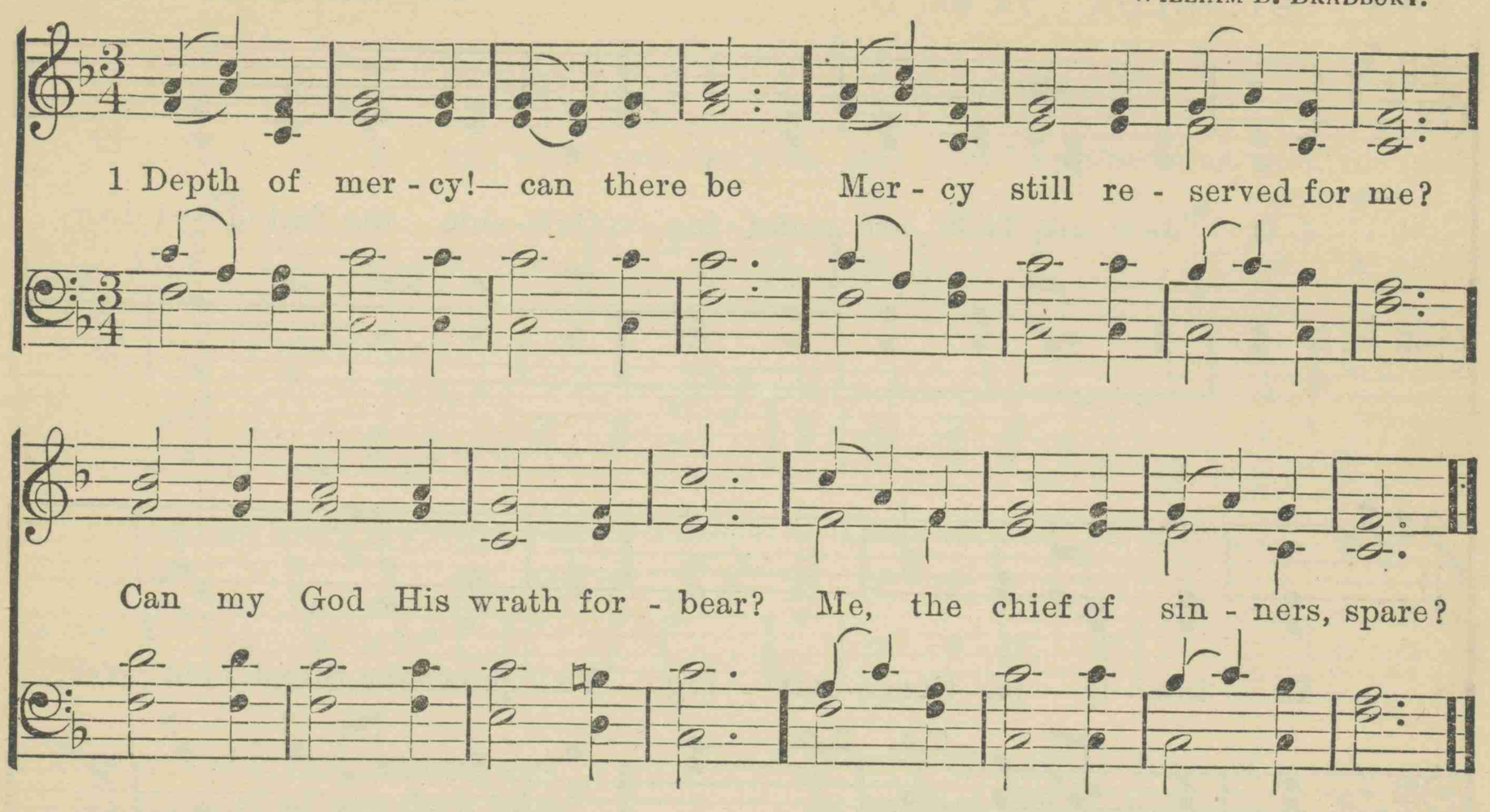


2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking:
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred:
Oh, love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
Oh, sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesus, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, my children,
And will ye treat me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door:
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore!

William W. How.

Repentance.

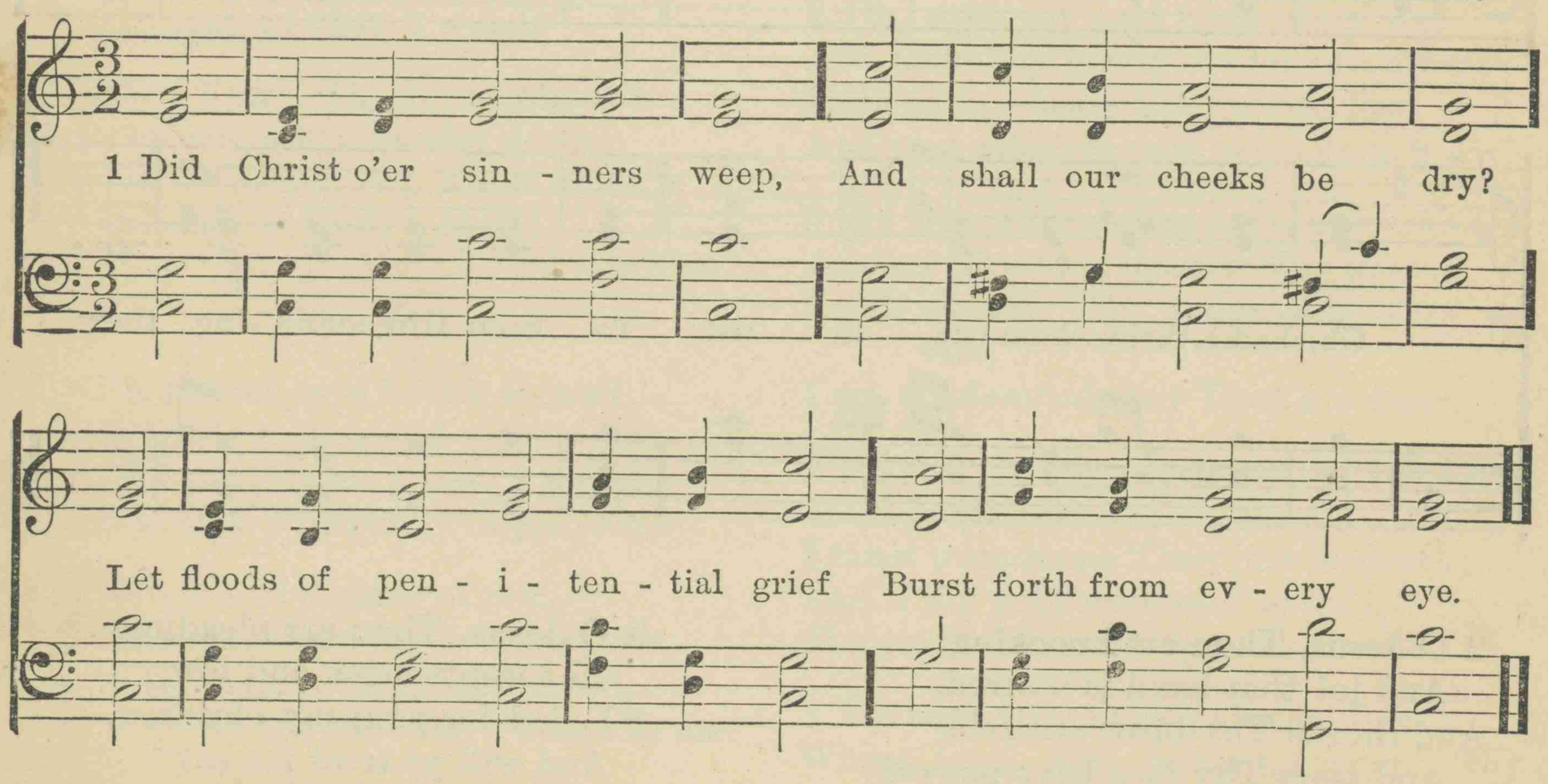
144 ALETTA. 7s. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

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.

3 Kindled His relentings are;
Me He now delights to spare;
Cries, How shall I give thee up?—
Lets the lifted thunder drop!

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.

Charles Wesley.

145 BOYLSTON. S. M. LOWELL MASON.



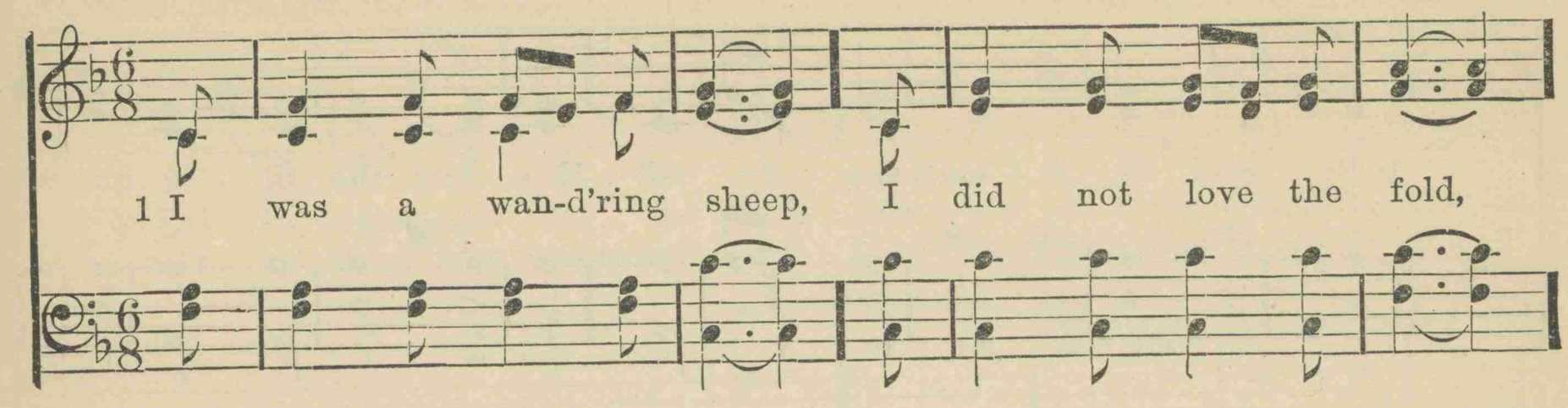
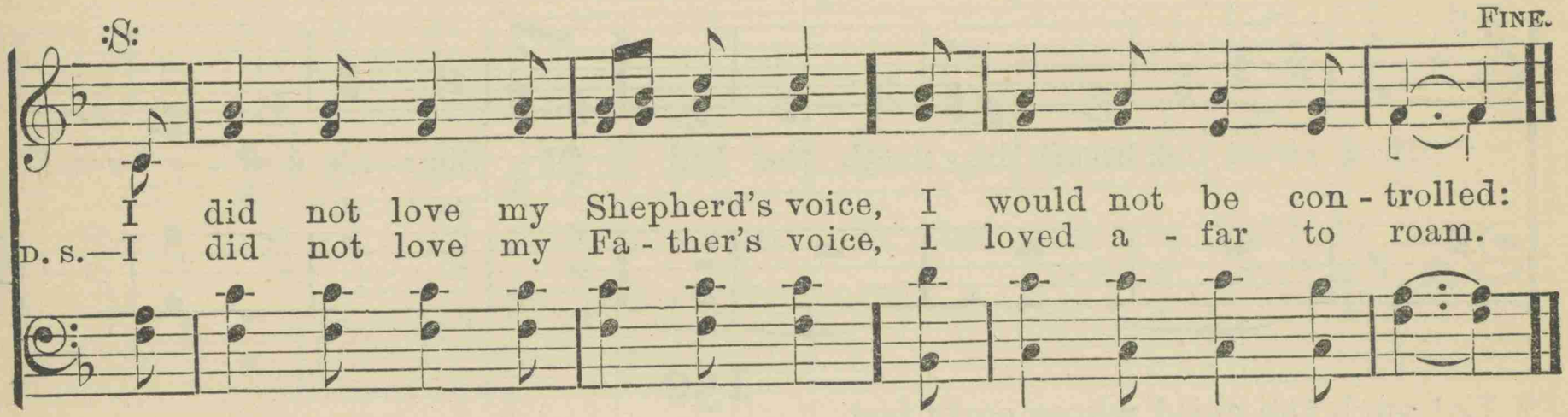
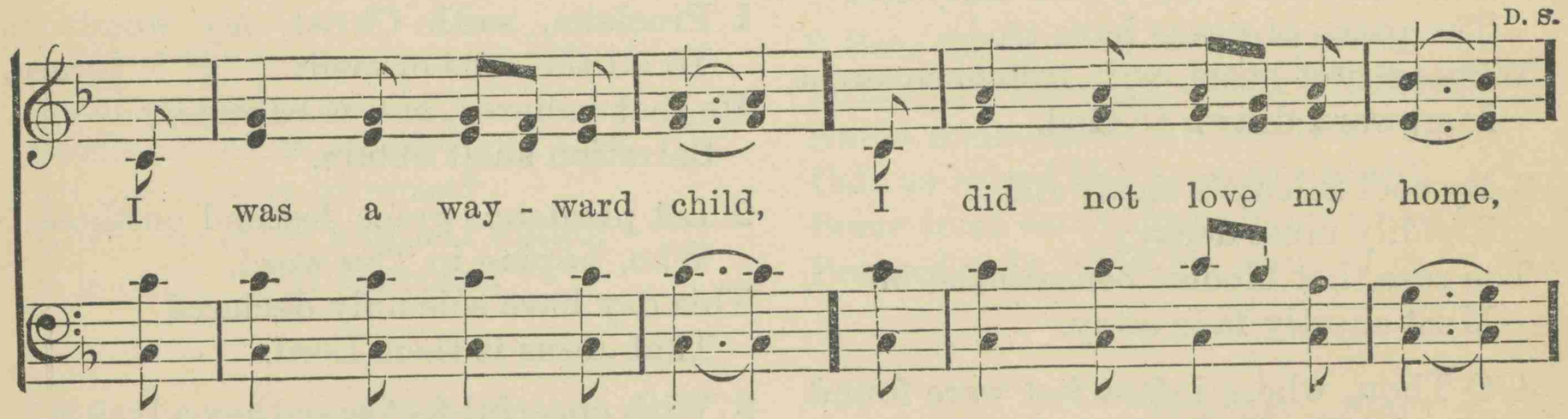
2 The Son of God in tears
The wondering angels see;
Be thou astonished, O my soul;
He shed those tears for thee.

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

Benjamin Beddome.

Repentance.

146 LEBANON. S. M. D. JOHN ZUNDEL.



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

4 I was a wandering sheep,
I would not be controlled,
But now I love my Shepherd's voice,
I love, I love the fold:
I was a wayward child,
I once preferred to roam;
But now I love my Father's voice,
I love, I love His home!

Horatius Bonar.

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147 Tune—BOYLSTON, No. 145.

1 And can I yet delay
My little all to give?—
To tear my soul from earth away,
And Jesus to receive?

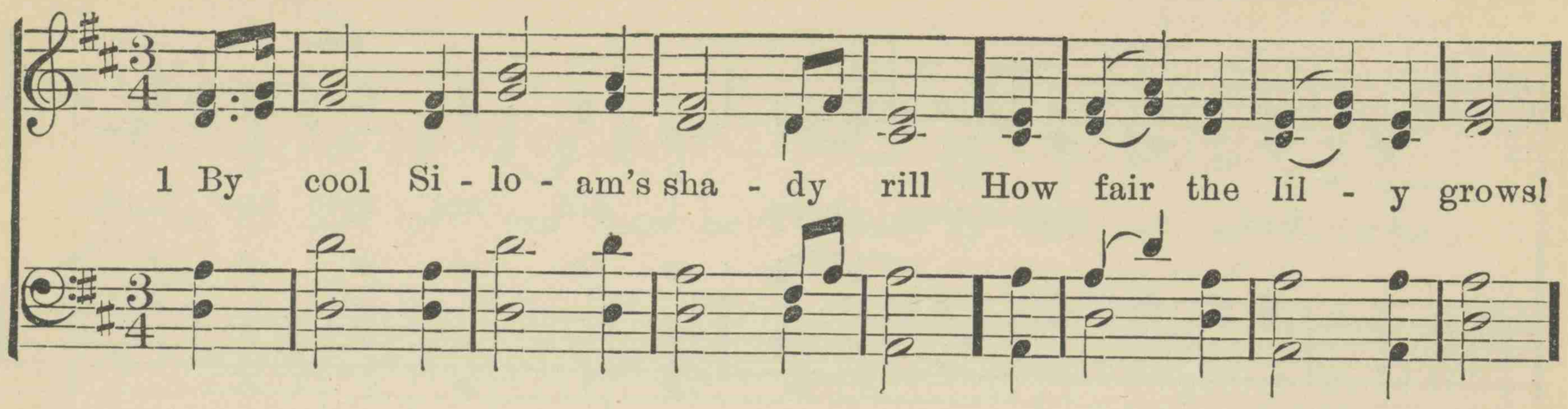
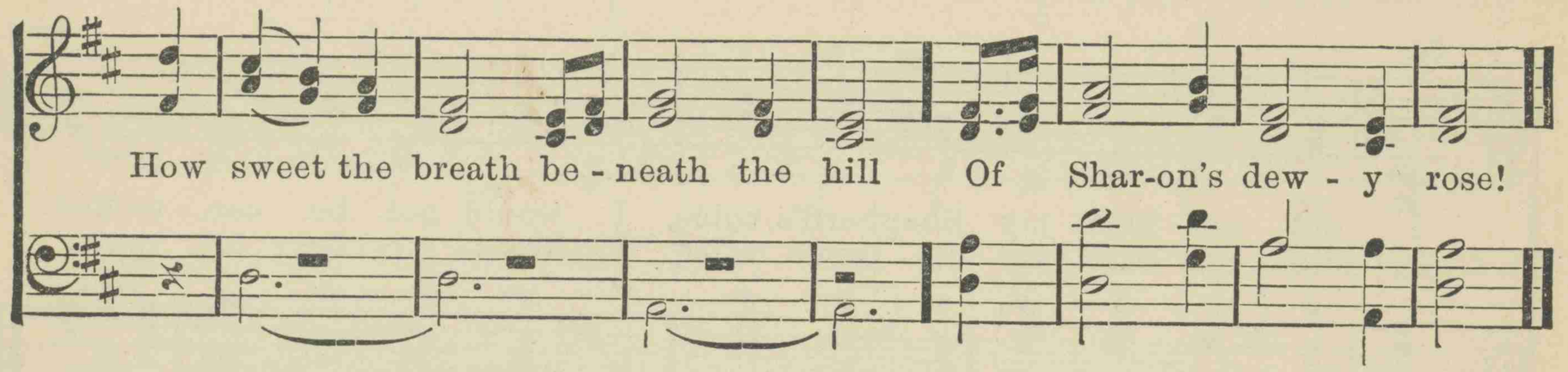
2 Nay, but I yield, I yield!
I can hold out no more:
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own Thee Conqueror.

3 Though late, I all forsake;
My friends, my all, resign;
Gracious Redeemer, take, oh, take,
And seal me ever Thine.

Charles Wesley.

148 SILOAM. C. M.

ISAAC B. WOODBURY.



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

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

4 O Thou, whose infant feet were found
Within Thy Father's shrine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue crown'd
Were all alike divine!

5 Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone
In childhood, manhood, age and death,
To keep us still Thine own.

Reginald Heber.

149

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."

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.

Philip Doddridge.

150

1 Proclaim, saith Christ, my wondrous grace,
To all the sons of men;
He that believes, and is baptized,
Salvation shall obtain.

2 Let plenteous grace descend on those,
Who, hoping in Thy word,
This day have solemnly declared
That Jesus is their Lord.

3 With cheerful feet may they advance,
And run the Christian race,
And, through the troubles of the way,
Find all-sufficient grace.

James Newton.

151

1 O Lord, and will Thy pardoning love
Embrace a wretch so vile?
Wilt Thou my load of guilt remove,
And bless me with Thy smile?

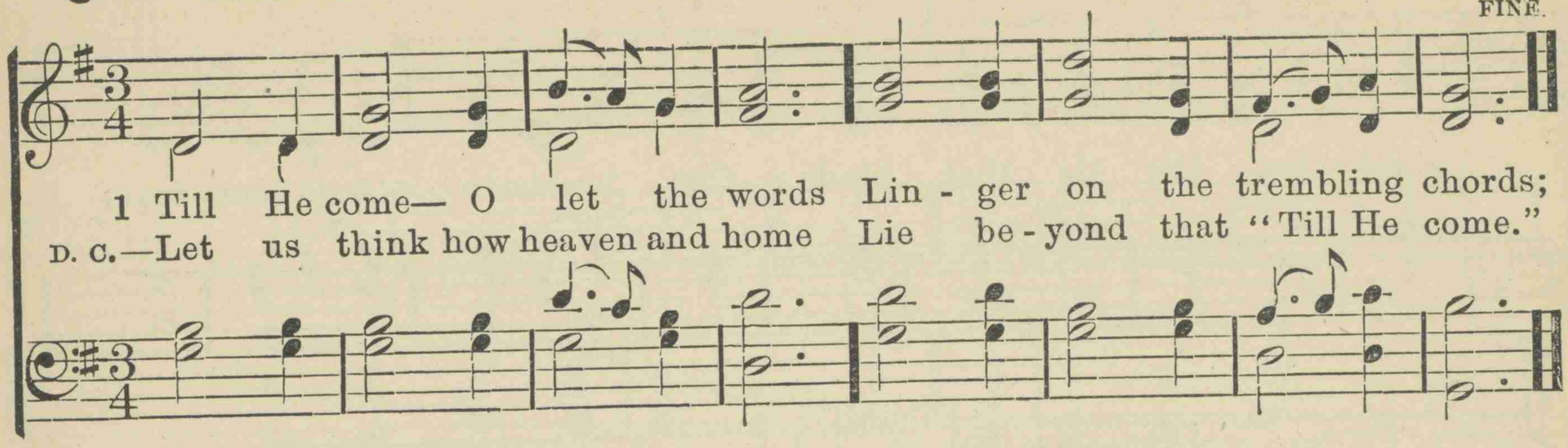
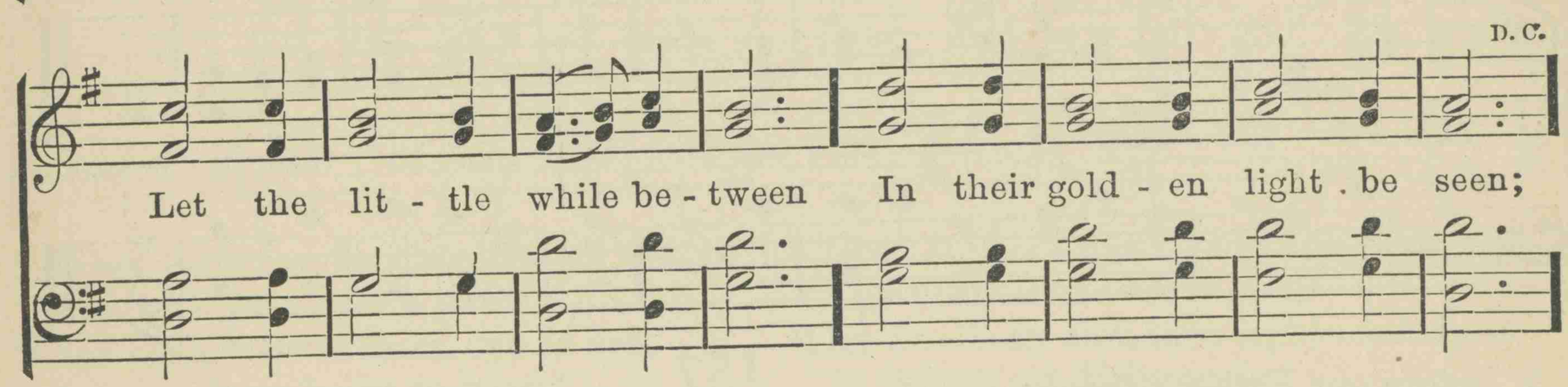
2 Hast Thou the cross for me endured,
And all the shame despised?
And shall I be ashamed, O Lord,
With Thee to be baptized?

3 Didst Thou the great example lead,
In Jordan's swelling flood?
And shall my pride disdain the deed
That's worthy of my God?

4 O Lord, the ardor of Thy love
Reproves my cold delays;
And now my willing footsteps move
In Thy delightful ways.

John Fellows.

152 GUIDE. 7s. 6l.

MARCUS M. WELLS.



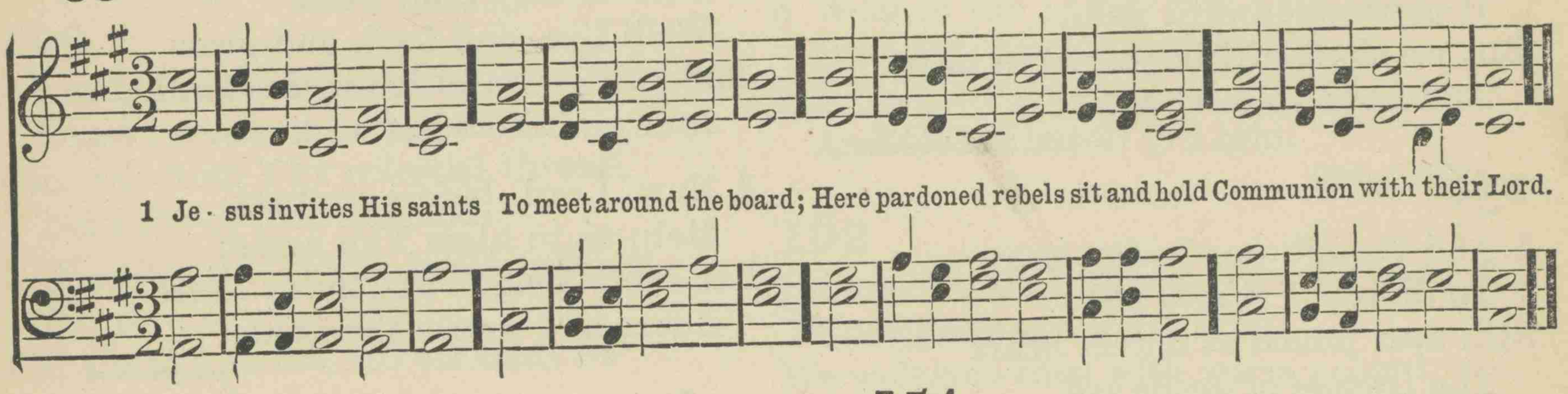
2 When the weary ones we love
Enter on their rest above,
Seems the earth so poor and vast,
All our life-joy overcast?
Hush! be every murmur dumb:
It is only, "Till He come."

3 See, the feast of love is spread,
Drink the wine, and break the bread;
Sweet memorials—till the Lord
Call us round His heavenly board;
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only "Till He come."

Edward H. Bickersteth.

153 STATE STREET. S. M.

JONATHAN C. WOODMAN.



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

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

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

Isaac Watts.

154

1 Jesus, we thus obey
Thy last and kindest word,
And in Thine own appointed way
We come to meet Thee, Lord!

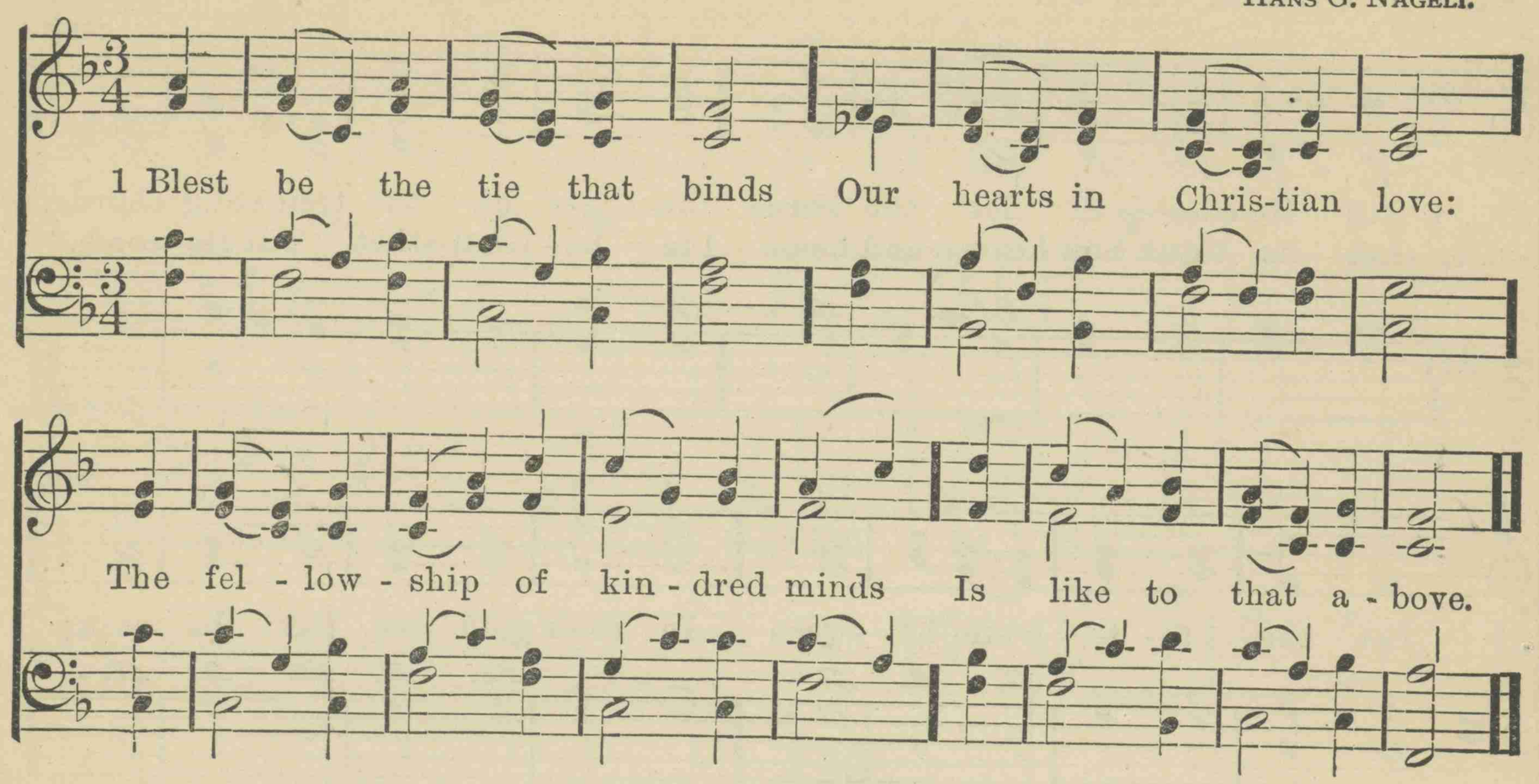
2 Thus we remember Thee,
And take this bread and wine
As Thine own dying legacy,
And our redemption's sign.

3 Now let our souls be fed
With manna from above,
And over us Thy banner spread
Of everlasting love.

Charles Wesley.

Fellowship.

155 DENNIS. S. M.

HANS G. NÄGELI.

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.

John Fawcett.

156

1 And though our bodies part,
To different climes afar,
Still ever joined as one in heart
The friends of Jesus are.

2 The vineyard of the Lord
Before His laborers lies,
And lo! we see the vast reward
Which waits us in the skies.

3 O that our heart and mind
May evermore ascend,
That haven of repose to find,
Where all our labors end;

4 Where all our toils are o'er,
Our suffering and our pain!
Who meet on that eternal shore
Shall never part again.

Charles Wesley.

157

1 Once more before we part,
Oh, bless the Saviour's name!
Let every tongue and every heart
Adore and praise the same.

2 Lord, in Thy grace we came,
That blessing still impart;
We meet in Jesus' sacred name,
In Jesus' name we part.

3 Still on Thy holy word
We'll live, and feed, and grow,
And still go on to know the Lord,
And practise what we know.

4 Now, Lord, before we part,
Help us to bless Thy name;
Let every tongue and every heart
Adore and praise the same.

Joseph Hart.

158

1 Blest are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one,
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.

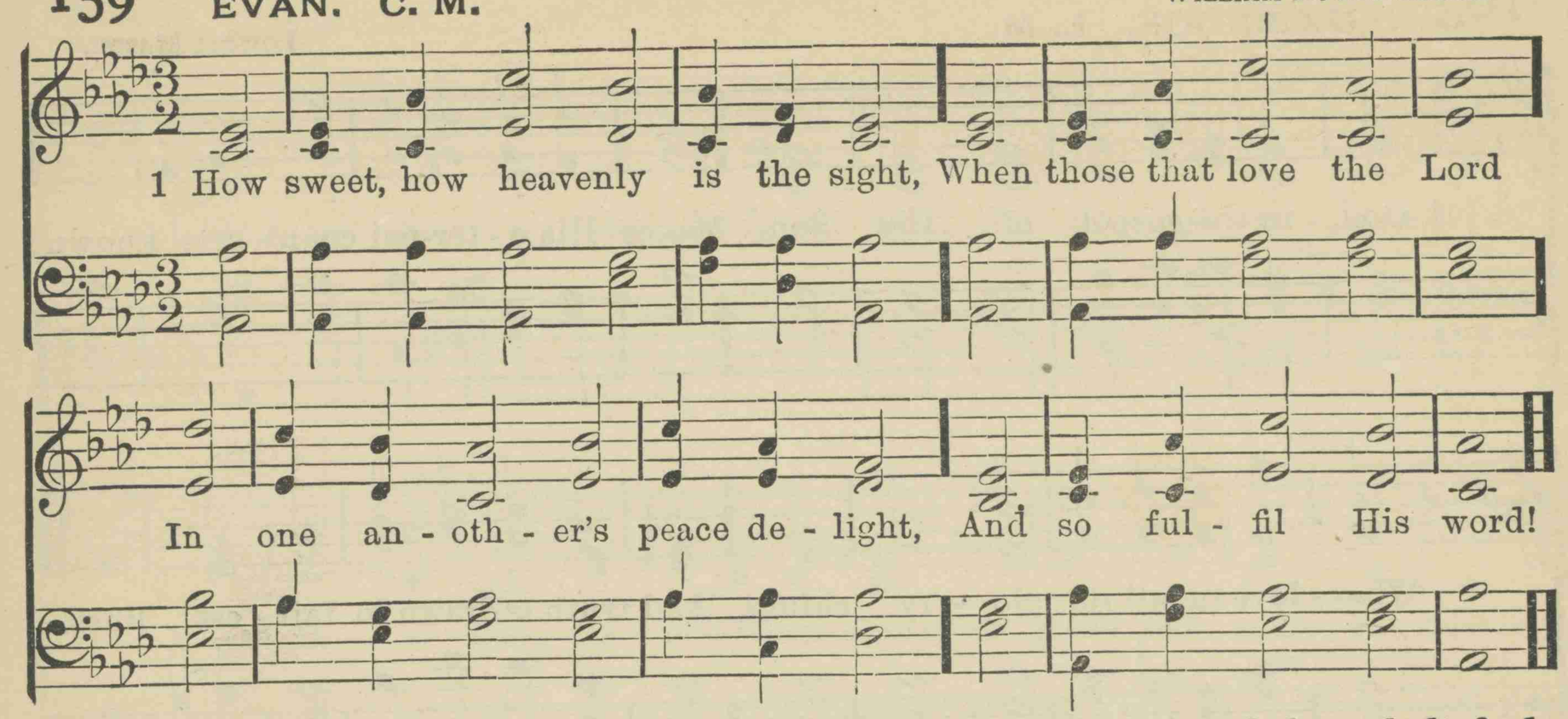
2 Blest is the pious house,
Where zeal and friendship meet;
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.

3 From those celestial springs
Such streams of pleasure flow
As no increase of riches brings,
Nor honors can bestow.

Isaac Watts.

Fellowship.

159 EVAN. C. M. WILLIAM H. HAVERGAL.



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

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

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

Joseph Swain.

160

1 Lord, Thou on earth didst love Thine own,
Didst love them to the end;
Oh, still from Thy celestial throne,
Let gifts of love descend!

2 The love the Father bears to Thee,
His own eternal Son,
Fill all Thy saints, till all shall be
In pure affection one.

3 One blesséd fellowship of love,
Thy living church should stand,
Till, faultless, she at last above
Shall shine at Thy right hand.

4 Oh, glorious day, when she, the Bride,
With her dear Lord appears!
Then robed in beauty at His side,
She shall forget her tears.

Ray Palmer.

161

1 Walk in the Light! so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love
His Spirit only can bestow,
Who reigns in light above.

2 Walk in the Light! and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly His;
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In Whom no darkness is.

3 Walk in the Light! and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away,
Because that light hath on thee shone
In which is perfect day.

4 Walk in the Light! and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.

5 Walk in the Light! thy path shall be
Peaceful, serene, and bright:
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
And God Himself is Light.

Bernard Barton.

162

1 Come in, thou blesséd of the Lord,
Stranger nor foe art thou:
We welcome thee with warm accord,
Our friend, our brother, now.

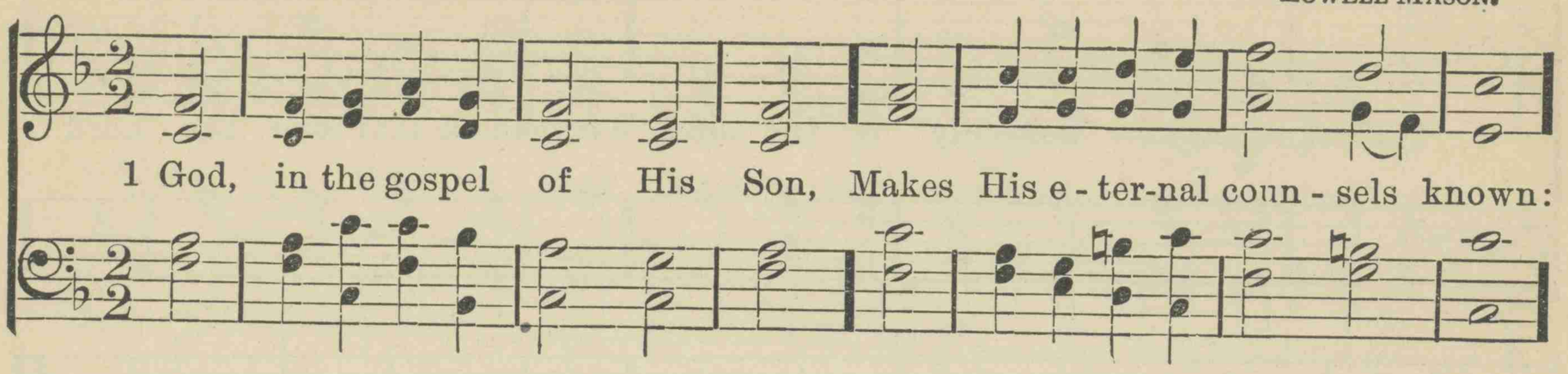
2 The hand of fellowship, the heart
Of love, we offer thee:
Leaving the world, thou dost but part
From lies and vanity.

3 Come with us; we will do thee good,
As God to us hath done;
Stand but in Him, as those have stood
Whose faith the victory won.

4 And when, by turns, we pass away
And star by star grows dim,
May each, translated into day,
Be lost and found in Him.

James Montgomery.

163 UXBRIDGE. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.

2 Here sinners, of an humble frame,
May taste His grace, and learn His name;
May read, in characters of blood,
Thy wisdom, power, and grace of God.

3 The prisoner here may break his chains;
The weary rest from all his pains;
The captive feel his bondage cease,
The mourner find the way of peace.

4 Here faith reveals to mortal eyes
A brighter world beyond the skies;
Here shines the light which guides our way
From earth to realms of endless day.

5 Oh, grant us grace, Almighty Lord,
To read and mark Thy holy word;
Its truth with meekness to receive,
And by its holy precepts live.

Benjamin Beddome.

164

1 I love the sacred Book of God!
No other can its place supply;
It points me to His own abode;
It gives me wings and bids me fly.

2 Sweet Book! in thee my eyes discern
The very image of my Lord;
From thine instructive page I learn
The joys His presence will afford,

3 In thee I read my title clear
To mansions that will ne'er decay;—
Dear Lord, oh, when wilt Thou appear,
And bear Thy prisoner away?

4 While I am here, these leaves supply
His place, and tell me of His love;
I read with faith's discerning eye,
And gain a glimpse of joys above.

5 I know in them the Spirit breathes
To animate His people here;
Oh, may these truths prove life to all,
Till in His presence we appear!

Thomas Kelly.

165

1 Upon the Gospel's sacred page
The gathered beams of ages shine;
And, as it hastens, every age
But makes its brightness more divine.

2 On mightier wing, in loftier flight,
From year to year does knowledge soar;
And, as it soars, the Gospel light
Becomes effulgent more and more.

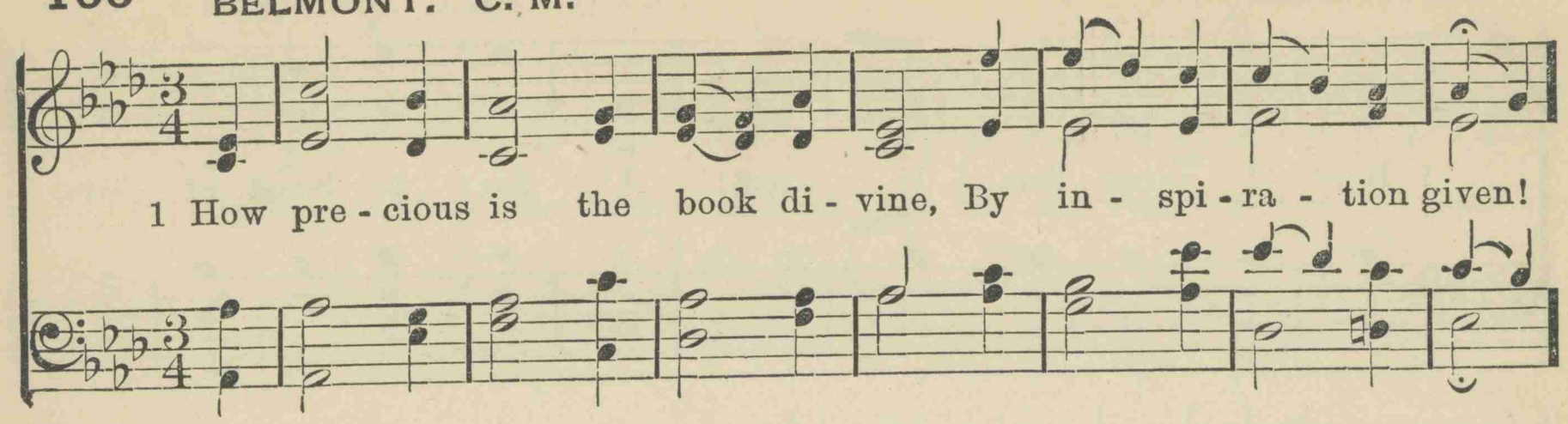
3 More glorious still, as centuries roll,
New regions blest, new powers unfurled,
Expanding with the expanding soul,
Its radiance shall o'erflow the world,—

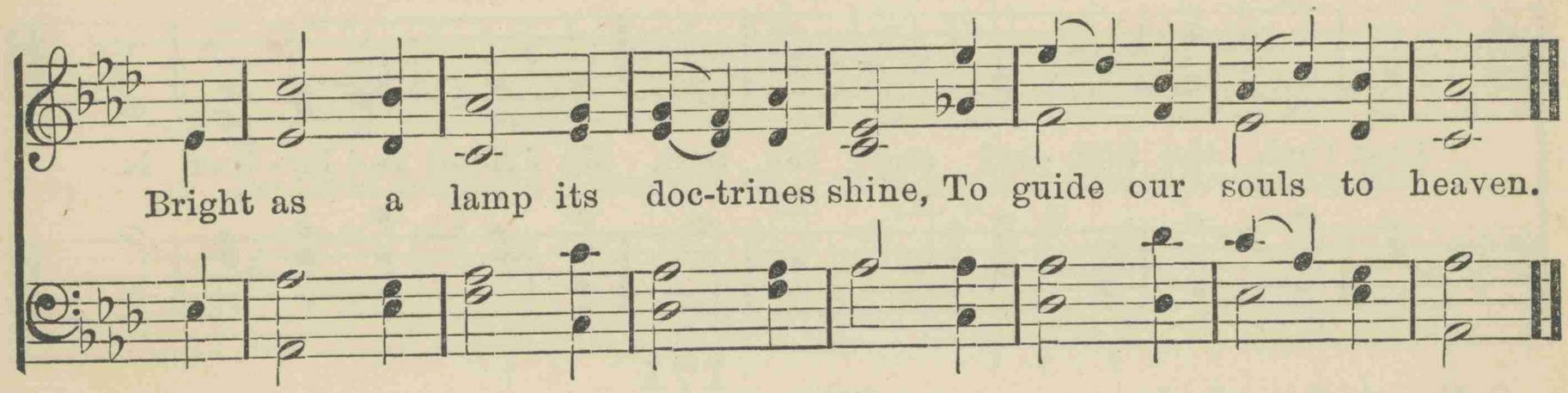
4 Flow to restore, but not destroy;
As when the cloudless lamp of day
Pours out its floods of light and joy,
And sweeps the lingering mist away.

John Bowring.

166 BELMONT. C. M.

Fr. William Gardiner.





2 Its light descending from above,
Our gloomy world to cheer,
Displays a Saviour's boundless love,
And brings His glories near.

3 It shows to man his wandering ways,
And where his feet have trod;
And brings to view the matchless grace
Of a forgiving God.

4 O'er all the strait and narrow way
Its radiant beams are cast;
A light whose never weary ray
Grows brightest at the last.

5 It sweetly cheers our fainting hearts
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and comfort it imparts,
And calms our anxious fears.

6 This lamp through all the dreary night
Of life shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

John Fawcett.

167

1 The Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

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

3 The hand, that gave it, still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
Its truths upon the nations rise,—
They rise, but never set.

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

5 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view,
In brighter worlds above.

William Cowper.

168

1 Father of mercies! in Thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be Thy name adored,
For these celestial lines.

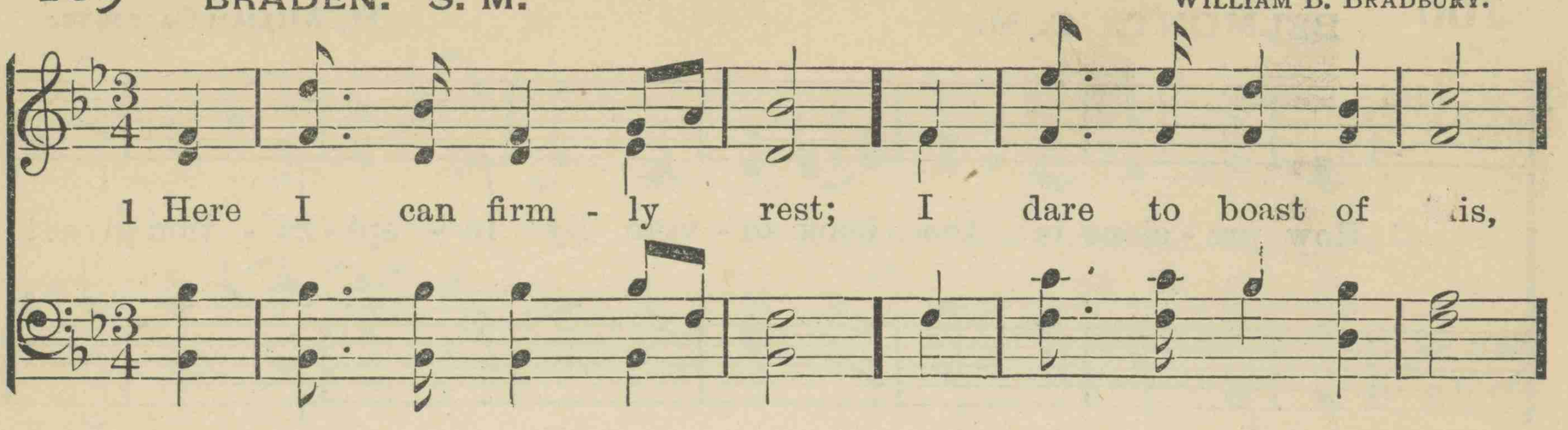
2 Here, the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast;
Sublimer sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.

3 Here, the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

4 Oh, may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

Anne Steele.

169 BRADEN. S. M.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

2 Naught have I of my own,
  Naught in the life I lead;
What Christ hath given, that alone
  I dare in faith to plead.

3 I rest upon the ground
  Of Jesus and His blood;
It is through Him that I have found
  My soul's eternal good.

4 His Spirit in me dwells,
  O'er all my mind He reigns,
My care and sadness He dispels,
  And soothes away my pains.

Tr. Catherine Winkworth.

170

1 What cheering words are these;
  Their sweetness who can tell?
In time, and to eternal days,
  "'Tis with the righteous well!"

2 Well when they see His face,
  Or sink amidst the flood;
Well in affliction's thorny maze,
  Or on the mount with God.

3 'Tis well when joys arise,
  'Tis well when sorrows flow,
'Tis well when darkness vails the skies,
  And strong temptations grow.

4 'Tis well when Jesus calls,—
  "From earth and sin arise,
To join the hosts of ransomed souls,
  Made to salvation wise!"

John Kent.

171

1 I bless the Christ of God,
  I rest on love divine,
And with unfaltering lip and heart,
  I call the Saviour mine.

2 I praise the God of peace;
  I trust His truth and might;
He calls me His, I call Him mine,
  My God, my joy, my light.

3 'Tis He who saveth me,
  And freely pardon gives;
I love because He loveth me;
  I live because He lives.

4 My life with Him is hid,
  My death has passed away,
My clouds have melted into light,
  My midnight into day.

Horatius Bonar.

172

1 How can a sinner know
  His sins on earth forgiven?
How can my gracious Saviour show
  My name inscribed in heaven?

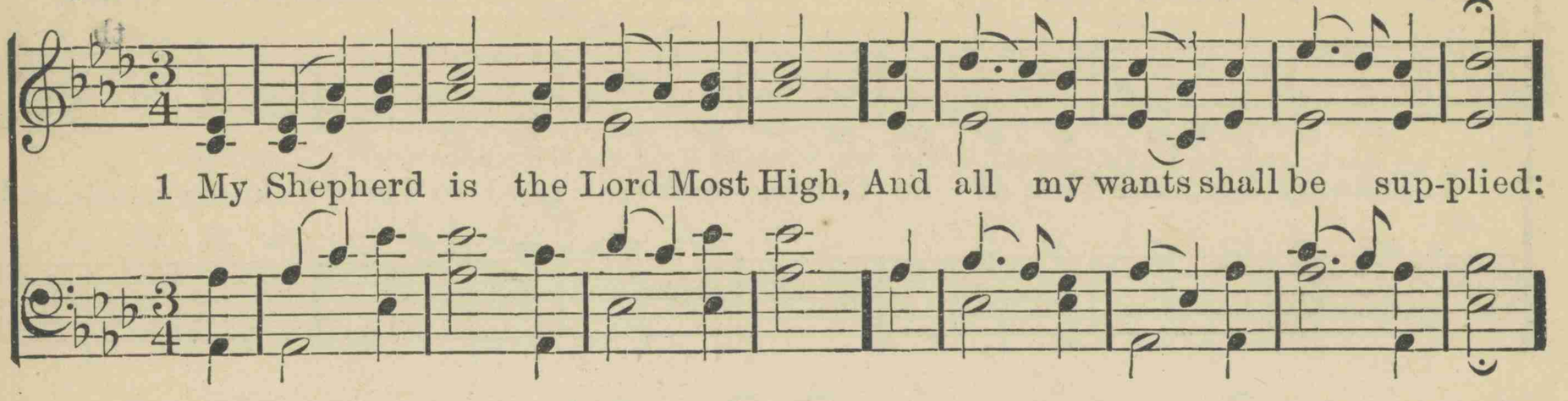
2 What we have felt and seen
  With confidence we tell;
And publish to the sons of men
  The signs infallible.

3 We who in Christ believe
  That He for us hath died,
We all His unknown peace receive,
  And feel His blood applied.

Charles Wesley.

Assurance.

173 LOUVAN. L. M. [Ps. 23.]

VIRGIL C. TAYLOR.

2 He in His mercy doth restore
My soul when sinking in distress;
For His name's sake He evermore
Leads me in paths of righteousness.

3 Yea, tho' I walk thro' death's dark vale,
E'en there no evil will I fear,
Because Thy presence shall not fail,
Thy rod and staff my soul shall cheer.

4 For me a table Thou hast spread,
Prepared before the face of foes;
With oil Thou dost anoint my head;
My cup is filled and overflows.

Anon.

174

1 Complete in Thee, no work of mine
May take, dear Lord, the place of Thine;
Thy blood has pardon bought for me,
And I am now complete in Thee.

2 Complete in Thee—no more shall sin
Thy grace has conquered, reign within;
Thy voice will bid the tempter flee,
And I shall stand complete in Thee.

3 Complete in Thee—each want supplied,
And no good thing to me denied,
Since Thou my portion, Lord, wilt be,
I ask no more—complete in Thee.

4 Complete in Thee, for ever blest,
Of all Thy fullness, Lord, possessed,
Thy praise throughout eternity—
Thy love I'll sing complete in Thee.

Aaron R. Wolfe.

175

1 My soul complete in Jesus stands!
It fears no more the law's demands;
The smile of God is sweet within,
Where all before was guilt and sin.

2 My soul at rest in Jesus lives;
Accepts the peace His pardon gives;
Receives the grace His death secured,
And pleads the anguish He endured.

3 My soul its every foe defies,
And cries—'Tis God that justifies!
Who charges God's elect with sin?
Shall Christ, who died their peace to win?

4 A song of praise my soul shall sing,
To our eternal, glorious King!
Shall worship humbly at His feet,
In whom alone it stands complete.

Grace W. Hinsdale.

176

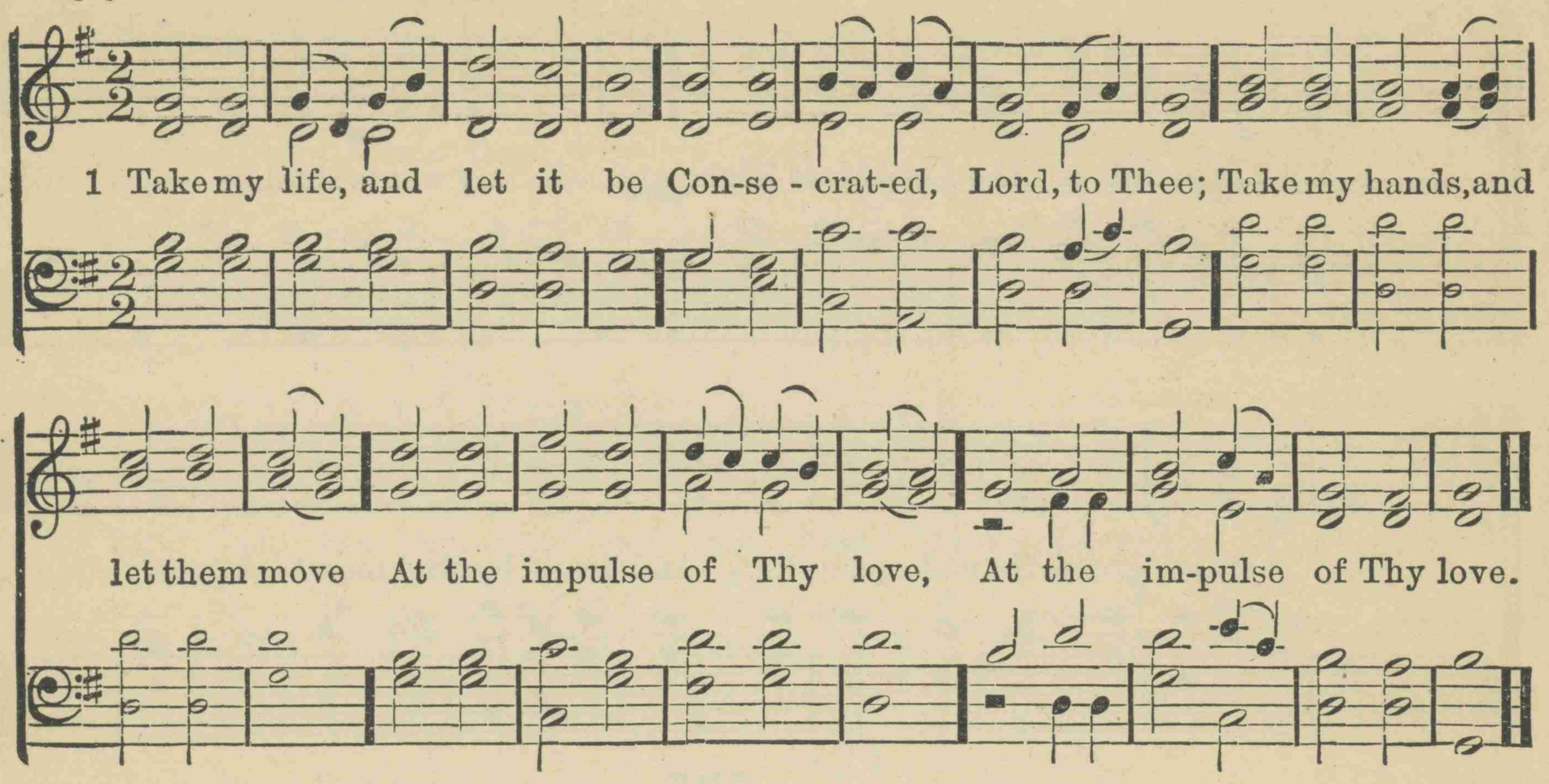
1 Let me but hear my Saviour say,
"Strength shall be equal to thy day;"
Then I rejoice in deep distress,
Leaning on all-sufficient grace.

2 I can do all things—or can bear
All suffering, if my Lord be there;
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
While He my sinking head sustains.

3 I glory in infirmity,
That Christ's own power may rest on me;
When I am weak, then am I strong;
Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.

Isaac Watts.

Consecration.

177 HENDON. 7s. ABRAHAM H C. MALAN.

2 Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee;
Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King.

3 Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee;
Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withold.

4 Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise;
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

5 Take my will and make it Thine;
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart, it is Thine own!
It shall be Thy royal throne.

6 Take my love; my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store;
Take myself, and I will be,
Ever, only, all for Thee.

Frances R. Havergal.

178

1 Ask ye what great thing I know
That delights and stirs me so?
What the high reward I win!
Whose the name I glory in?
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

2 Who is life in life to me?
Who the death of death will be?
Who will place me on His right
With the countless hosts of light?
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

3 This is that great thing I know;
This delights and stirs me so;
Faith in Him who died to save,
Him who triumphed o'er the grave,
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

Benjamin H. Kennedy.

179

1 Saviour! teach me, day by day,
Love's sweet lesson to obey;
Sweeter lesson cannot be,—
Loving him who first loved me.

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

3 Teach me all Thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in Thy grace;
Learning how to love from Thee,
Loving Him who first loved me.

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

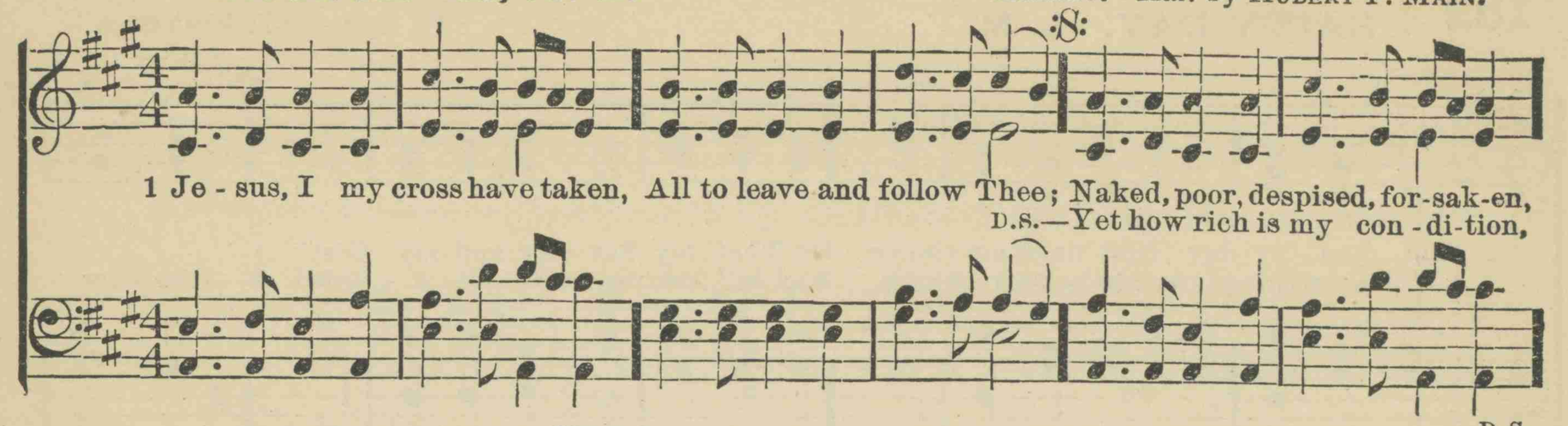
5 Thus may I rejoice to show
That I feel the love I owe;
Singing, till Thy face I see,
Of His love who first loved me.

Jane E. Leeson.

Consecration.

180 DISCIPLE. 8s, 7s. D.

MOZART. Har. by HUBERT P. MAIN.



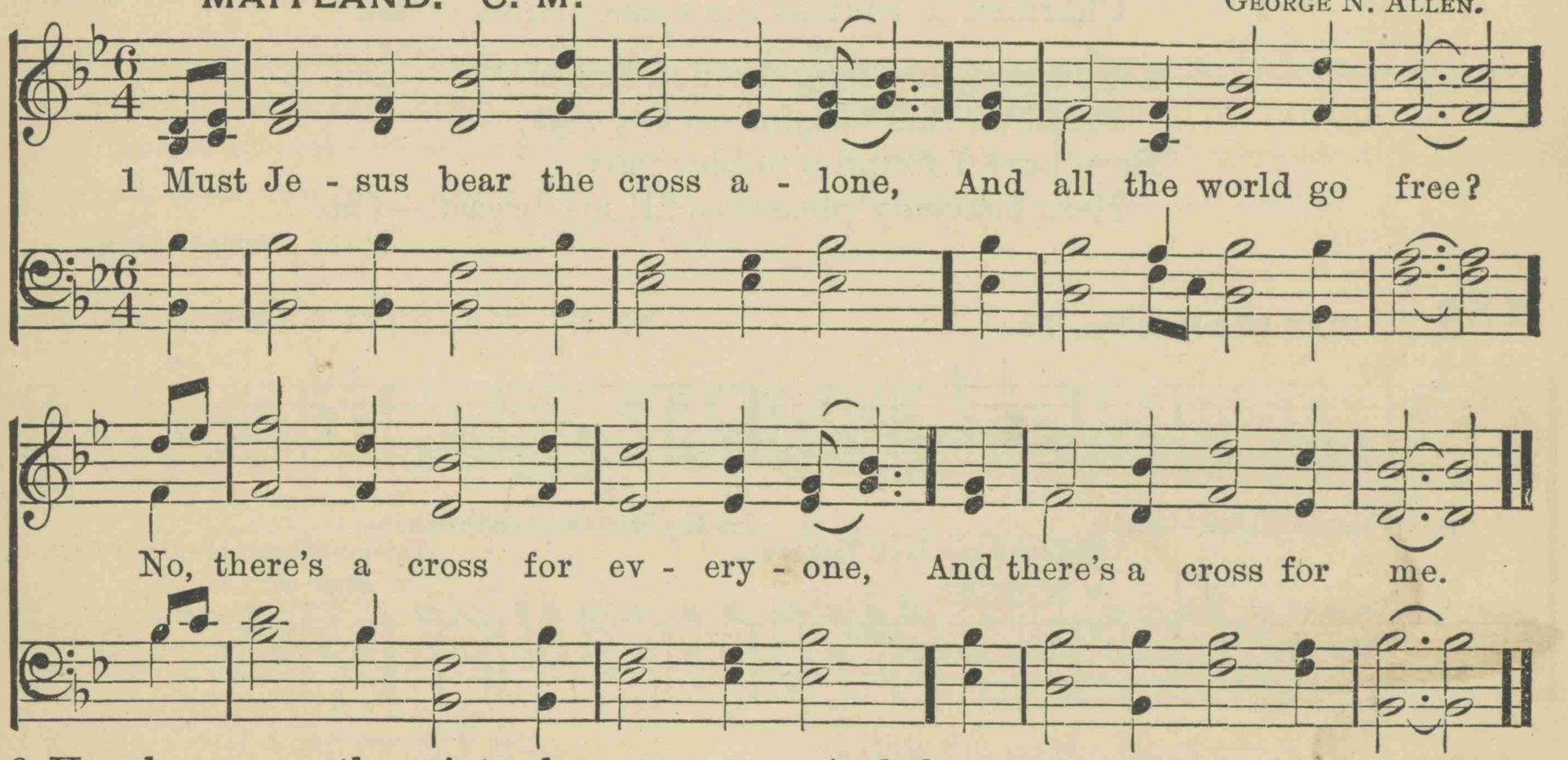
2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me—
Thou art not, like them, untrue;
Oh, while Thou dost smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me,
Show Thy face, and all is bright.

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

Henry F. Lyte.

181 MAITLAND. C. M.

GEORGE N. ALLEN.



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

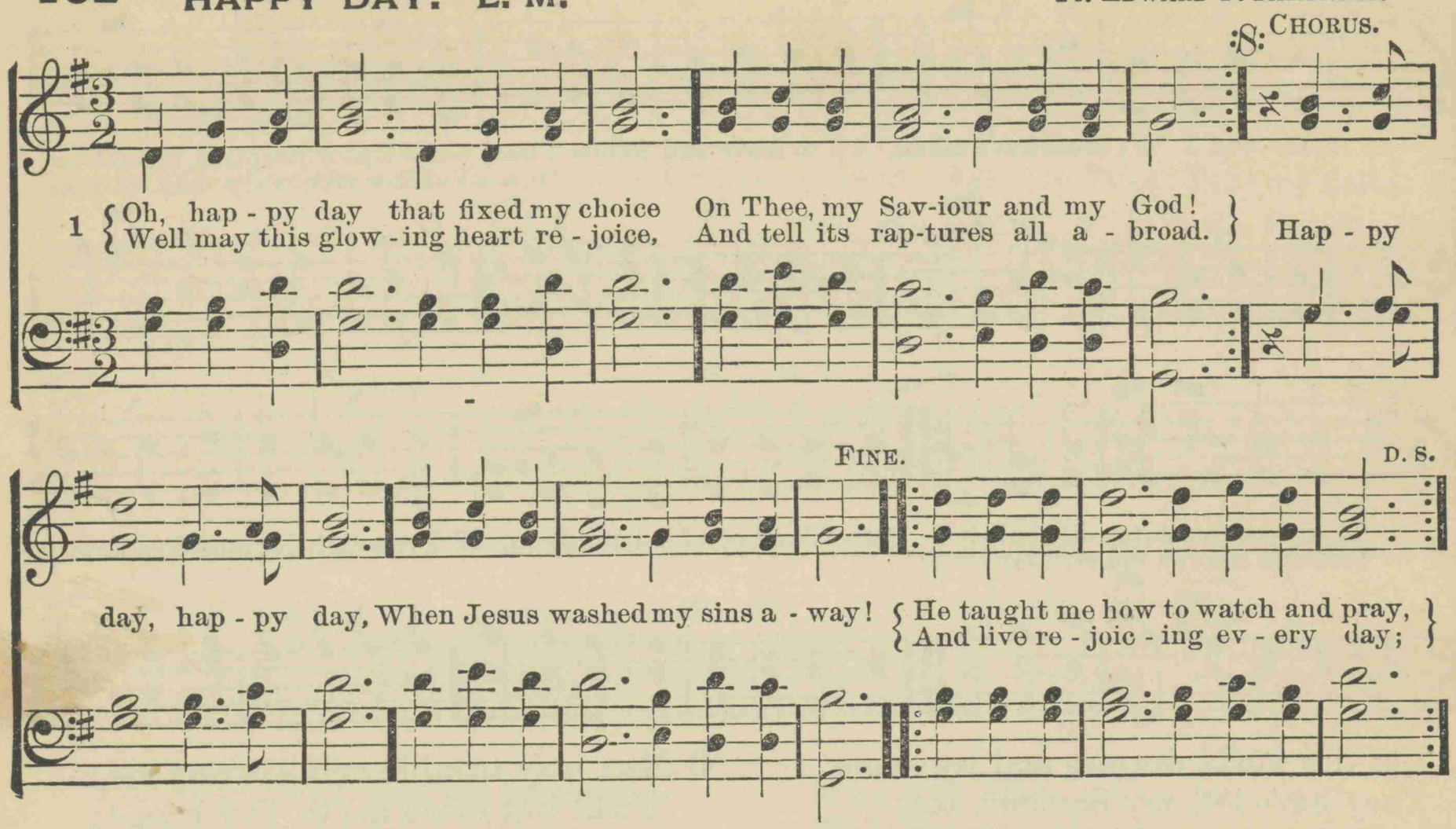
3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

4 Upon the crystal pavement, down
At Jesus' piercéd feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown,
And His dear name repeat.

Thomas Shepherd.

182 HAPPY DAY. L. M.

Fr. EDWARD F. RIMBAULT.



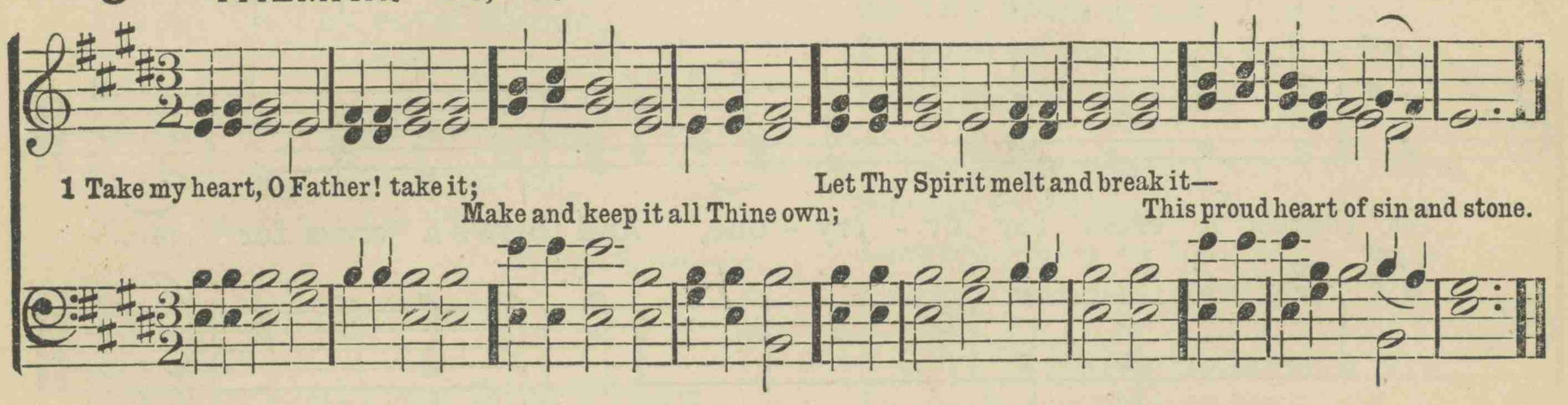
2 Oh, happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.—*Cho.*

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

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

Philip Doddridge.

183 TALMAR. 8s, 7s.

ISAAC B. WOODBURY.

2 Father, make me pure and lowly,
Fond of peace and far from strife;
Turning from the paths unholy
Of this vain and sinful life.

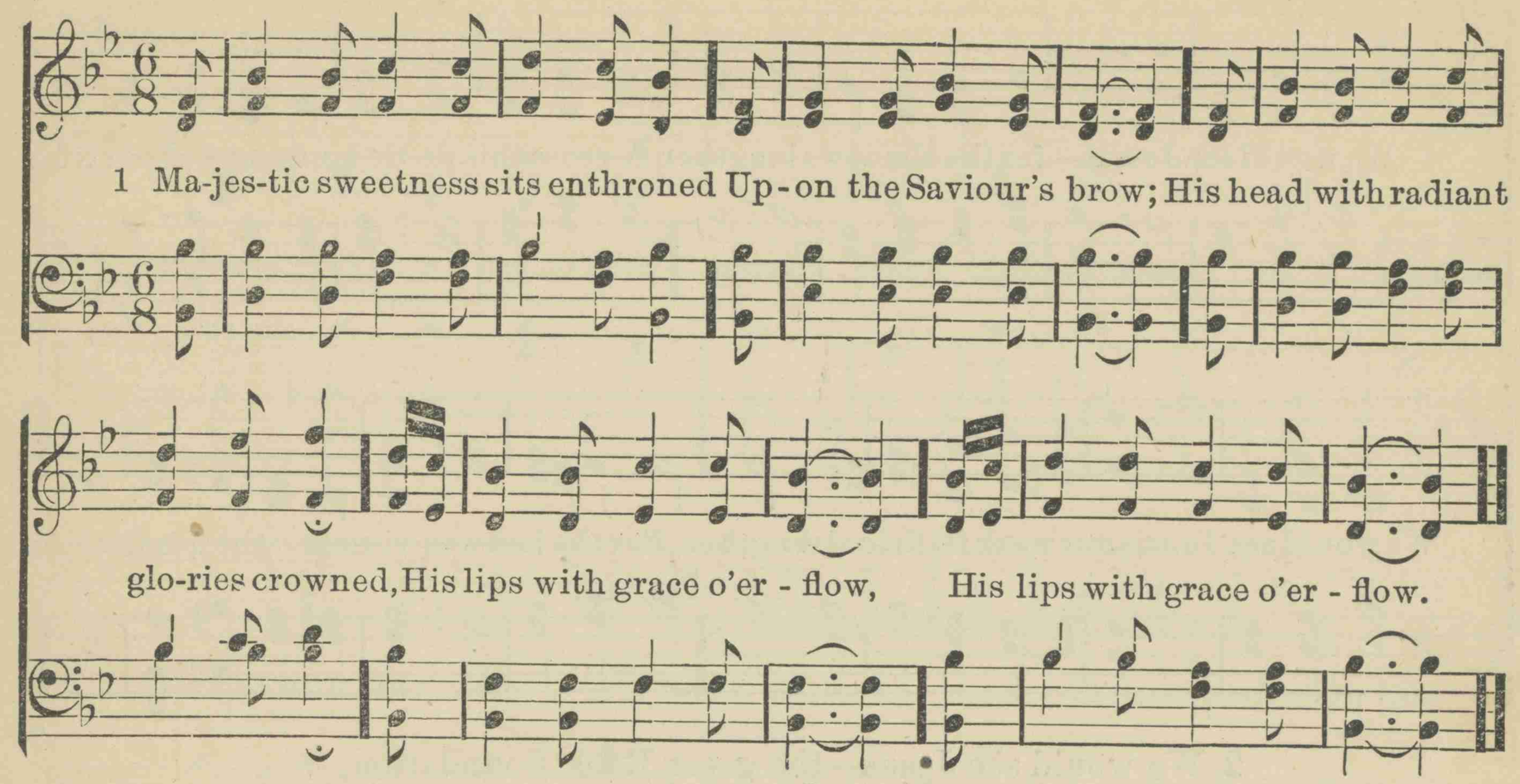
3 Ever let Thy grace surround me,
Strengthen me with power divine,
Till Thy cords of love have bound me:
Make me to be wholly Thine,

4 May the blood of Jesus heal me,
And my sins be all forgiven;
Holy Spirit, take and seal me,
Guide me in the path to heaven.

Anon.

184 ORTONVILLE. C. M.

THOMAS HASTINGS.



185

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,
And 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.
And saves me from the grave.

Samuel Stennett.

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

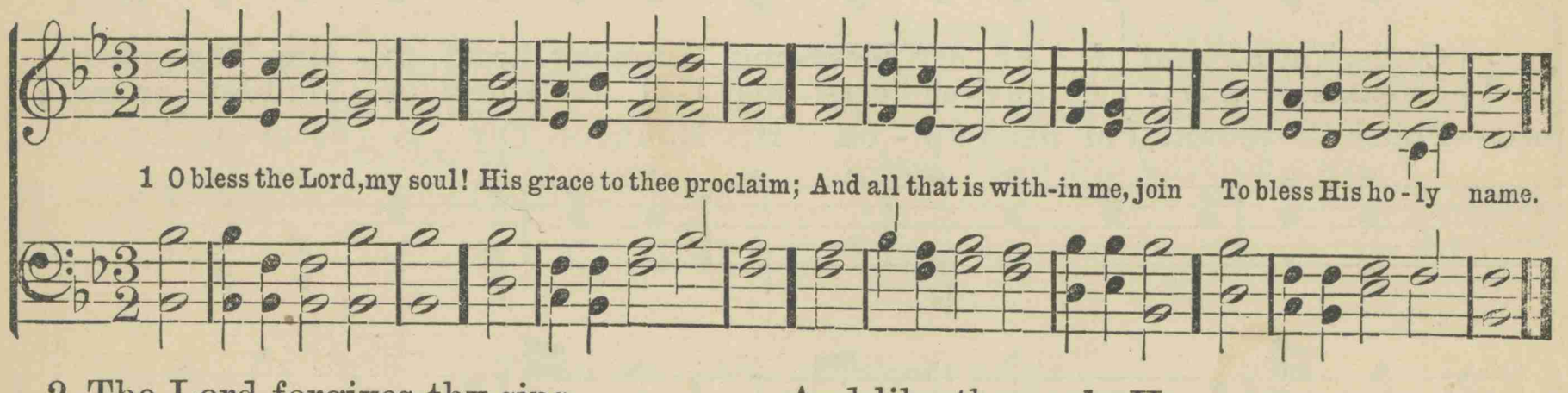
2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed!

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

John Newton.

186 STATE STREET. S. M.

JONATHAN C. WOODMAN.



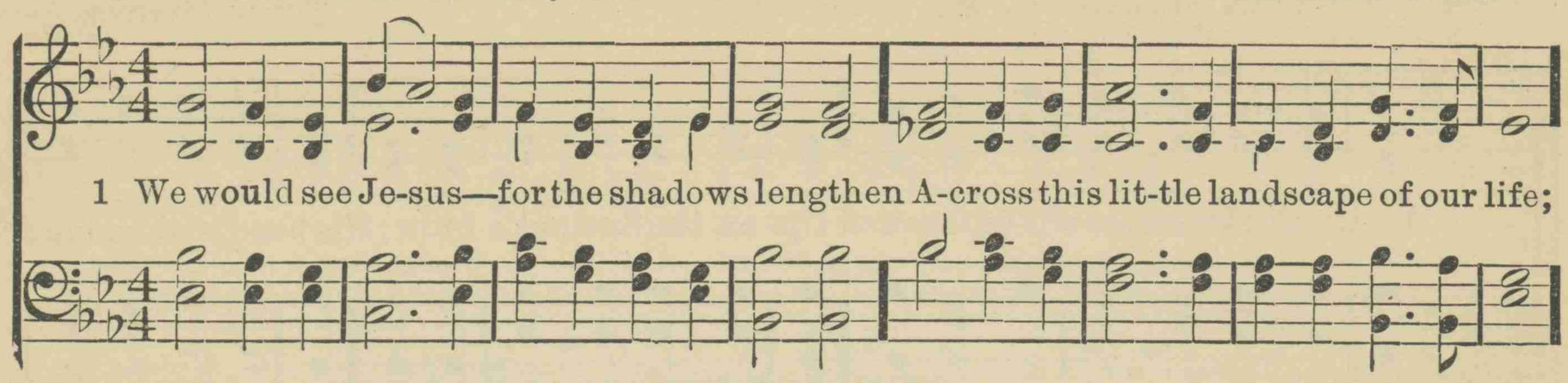
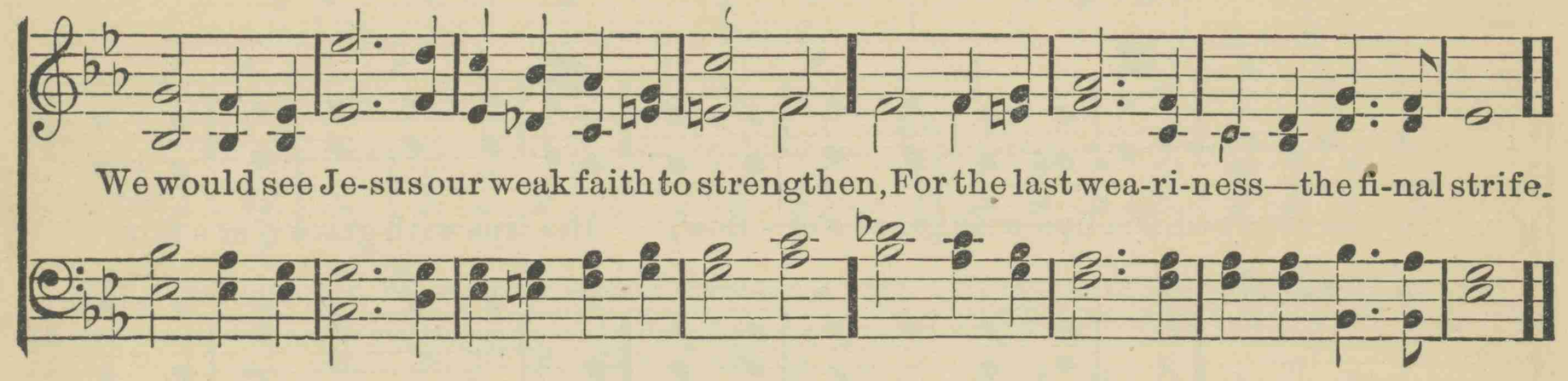
2 The Lord forgives thy sins,
Prolongs thy feeble breath;
He healeth thine infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.

3 He clothes thee with His love,
Upholds thee with His truth;
And like the eagle He renews
The vigor of thy youth.

4 Then bless His holy name
Whose grace hath made thee whole;
Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days:
O bless the Lord, my soul!

Isaac Watts, alt.

Grace.

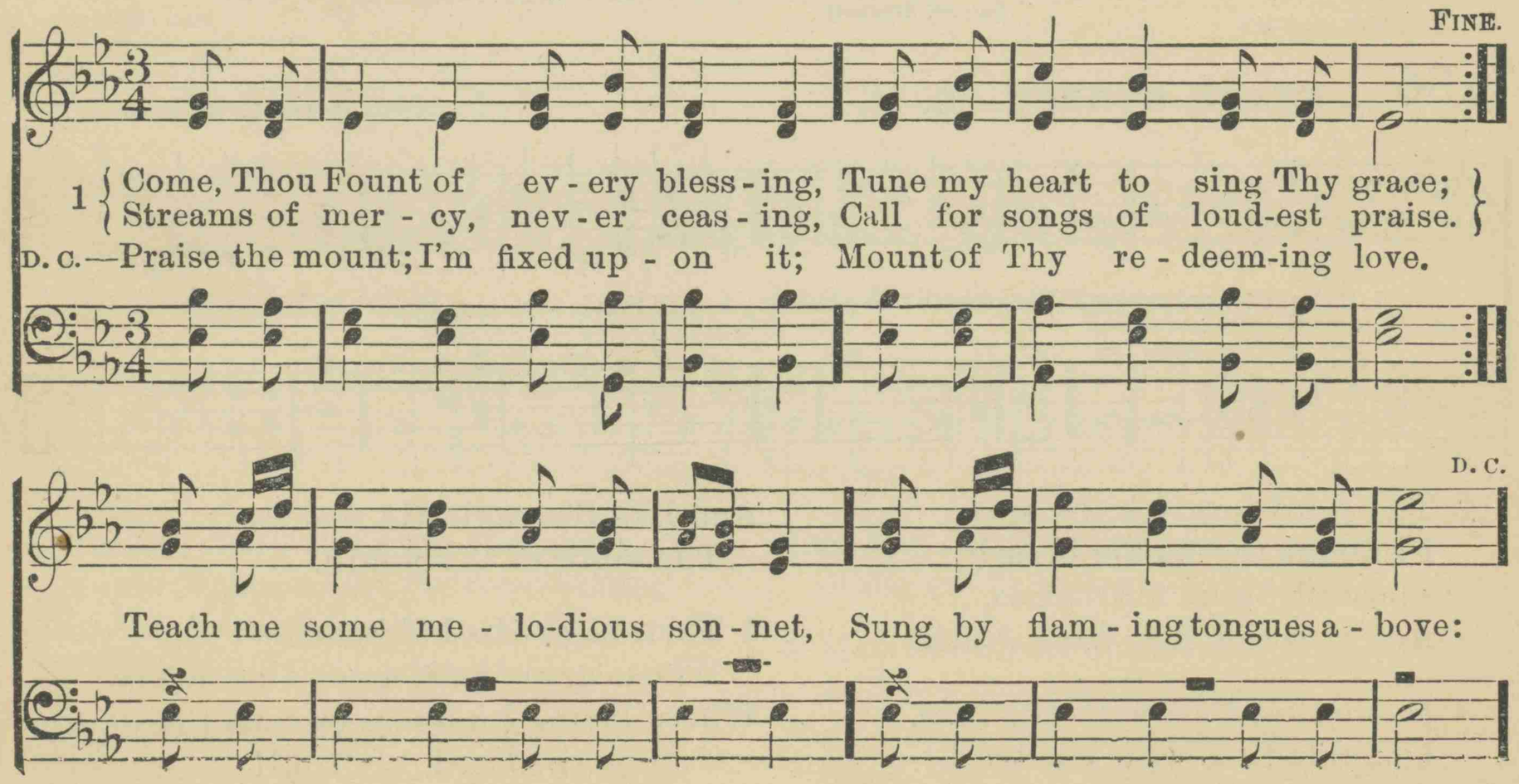
187 **RAYNOLDS.** 11s, 10s. FELIX MENDELSSOHN.



2 We would see Jesus—the great Rock Foundation,
Whereon our feet were set with sovereign grace;
Not life, nor death, with all their agitation,
Can thence remove us, if we see His face.

3 We would see Jesus—other lights are paling,
Which for long years we have rejoiced to see:
The blessings of our pilgrimage are failing,
We would not mourn them, for we go to Thee.

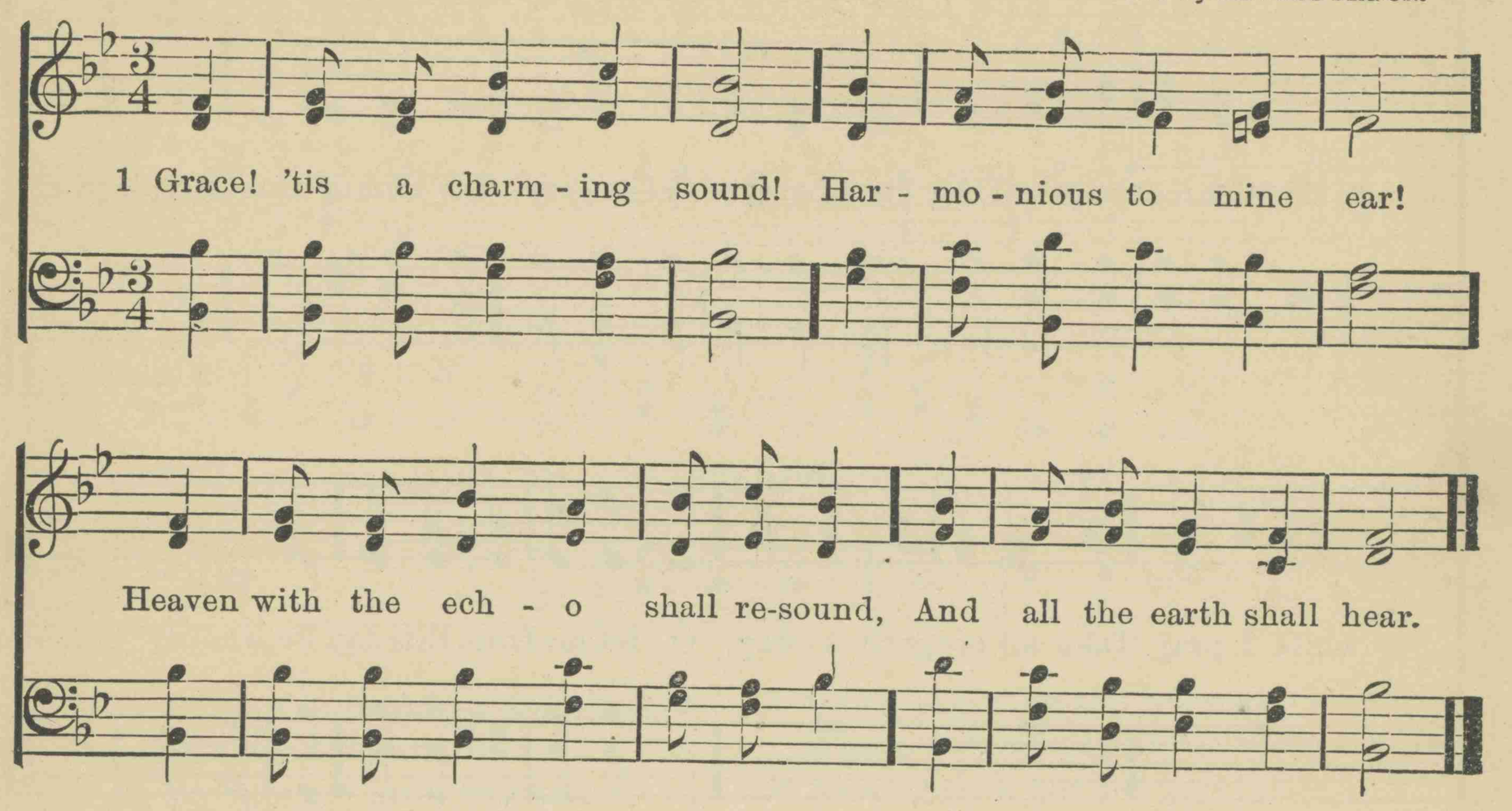
4 We would see Jesus—this is all we're needing,
Strength, joy, and willingness come with the sight;
We would see Jesus, dying, risen, pleading,
Then welcome day, and farewell mortal night!

Anna B. Warner.

188 **NETTLETON.** 8s, 7s. D. JOHN WYETH.

Grace.

189 OLMUTZ. S. M.

Ad. by LOWELL MASON.



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

3 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

Philip Doddridge

190

1 Behold! what wondrous grace
The Father has bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!

2 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.

3 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.

4 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down Thy Spirit, like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.

5 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
Our faith shall Abba, Father! cry,
And Thou the kindred own.

Isaac Watts.

[Tune No. 188, opposite page.]

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

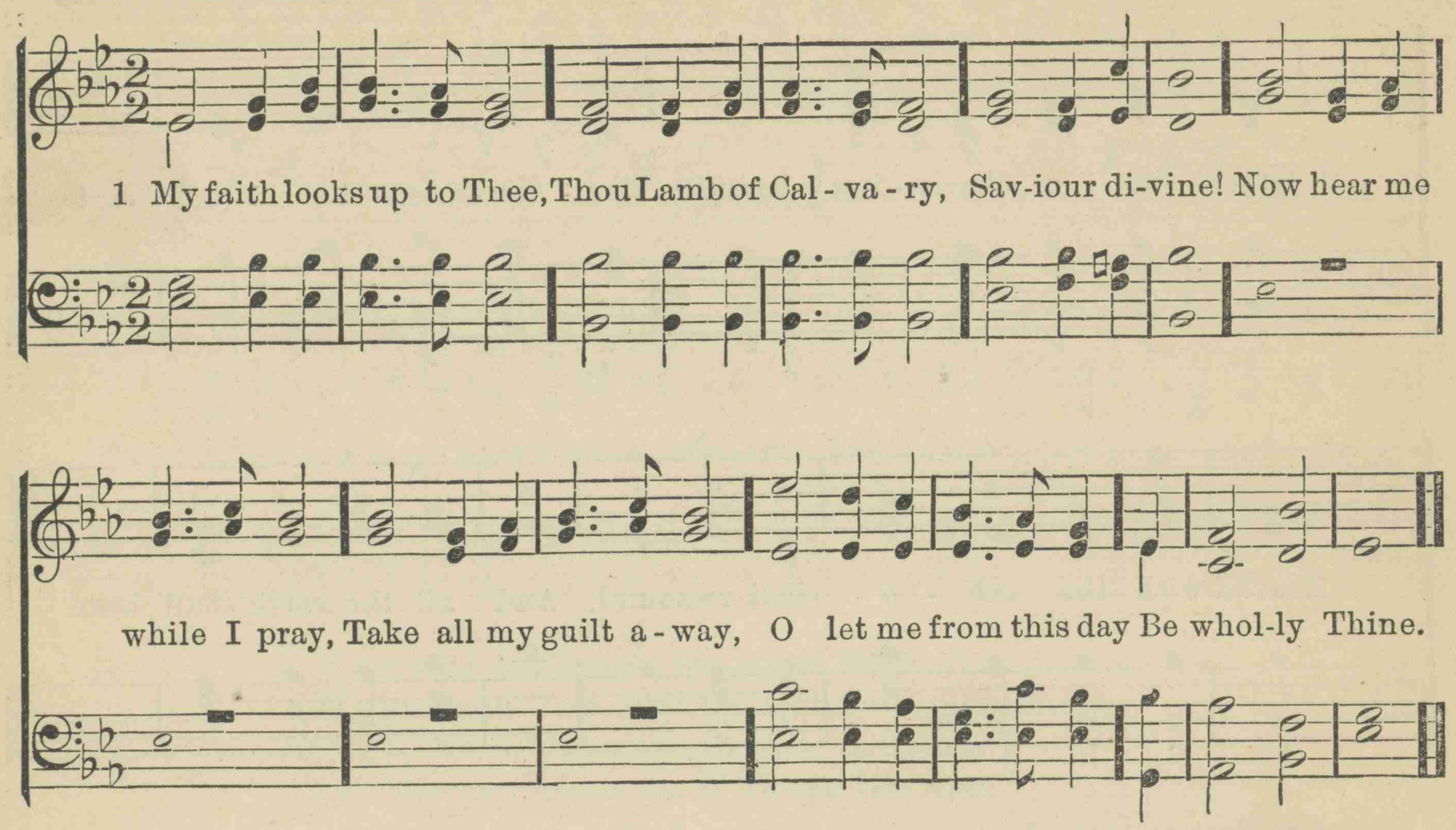
3 O, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee:
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it;
Seal it for Thy courts above.

Robert Robinson.

Faith.

191 OLIVET. 6s, 4s.

LOWELL MASON.



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

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

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

Ray Palmer.

192

1 Saviour, I look to Thee,
Be not Thou far from me,
  'Mid storms that lower:
On me Thy care bestow,
Thy loving-kindness show,
Thine arms around me throw,
  Each trying hour.

2 Saviour, I look to Thee,
Feeble as infancy,
  Gird up my heart.
Author of life and light,
Thou hast an arm of might,
Thine is the sovereign right,
  Thy strength impart.

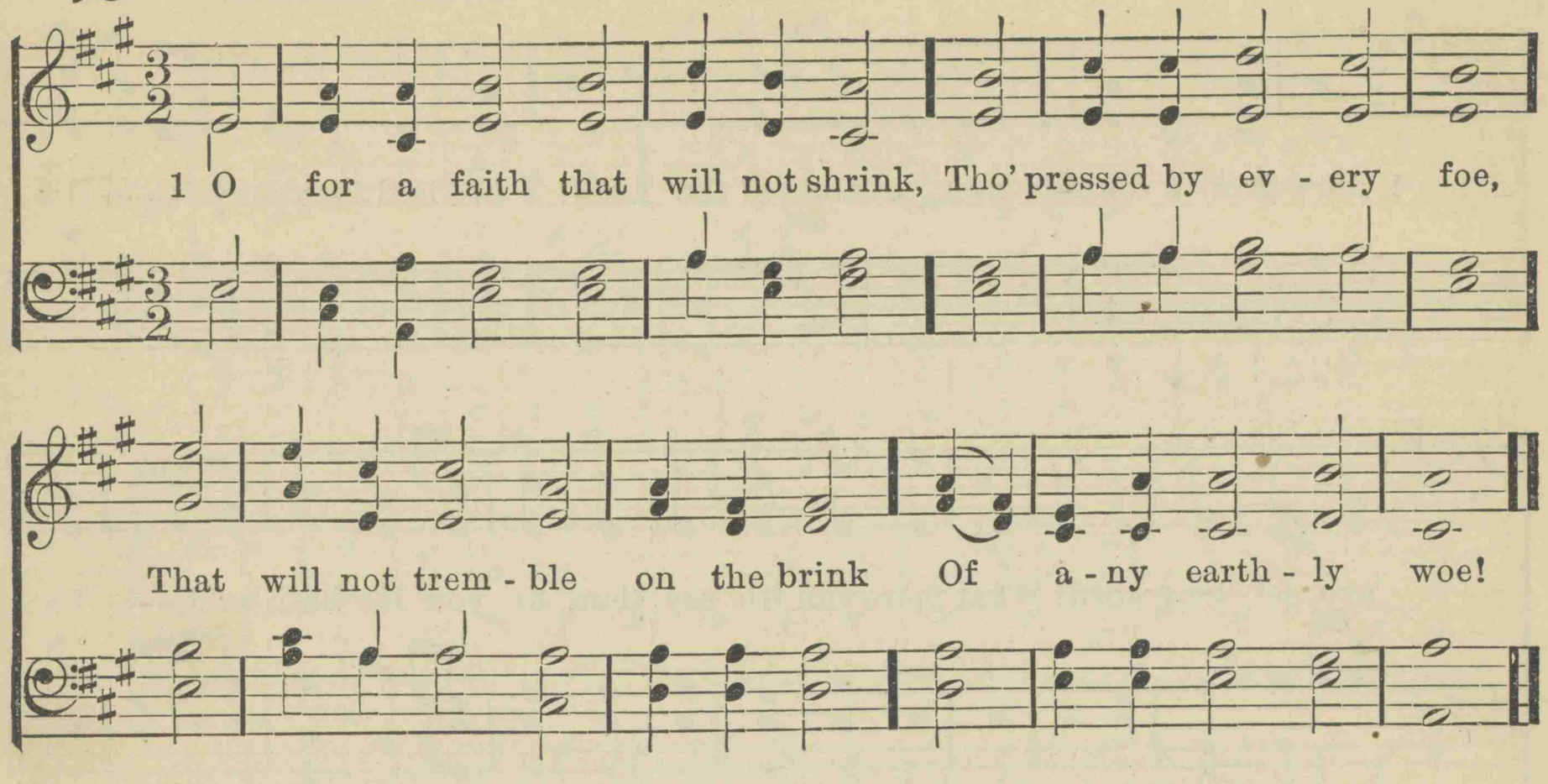
3 Saviour, I look to Thee,
Let me Thy fulness see,
  Save me from fear;
While at Thy cross I kneel,
All my backslidings heal,
And a free pardon seal,
  My soul to cheer.

4 Saviour, I look to Thee,
Thine shall the glory be,
  Hearer of prayer:
Thou art my only aid,
On Thee my soul is stayed,
Naught can my heart invade,
  While Thou art near.

Thomas Hastings.

193 AZMON. C. M.

CARL GLÄSER.



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

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

4 That bears, unmoved, the world's dread frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile;
That seas of trouble cannot drown,
Nor Satan's arts beguile;

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

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

William H. Bathurst.

194

1 Faith adds new charms to earthly bliss,
And saves us from its snares:
It yields support in all our toils,
And softens all our cares.

2 The wounded conscience knows its power
The healing balm to give;
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.

3 Unveiling wide the heavenly world,
Where endless pleasures reign,
It bids us seek our portion there,
Nor bids us seek in vain.

4 Faith shows the promise fully sealed
With our Redeemer's blood;
It helps our feeble hope to rest
Upon a faithful God.

5 There, still unshaken, would we rest,
Till this frail body dies,
And then, on faith's triumphant wing
To endless glory rise.

Daniel Turner.

195

1 Lord, I believe; Thy power I own;
Thy word I would obey;
I wander comfortless and lone,
When from Thy truth I stray.

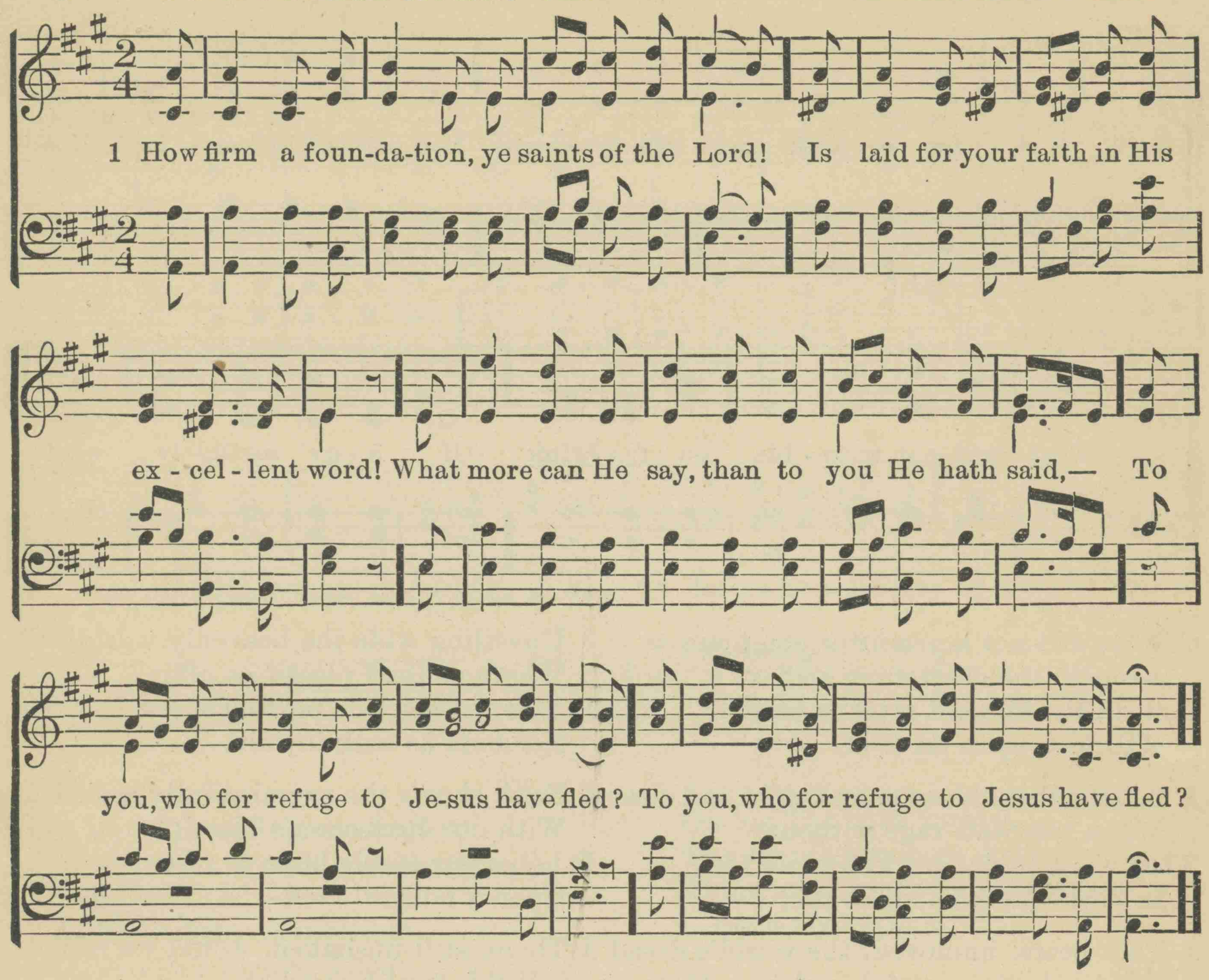
2 Lord, I believe; but gloomy fears
Sometimes bedim my sight;
I look to Thee with prayers and tears,
And cry for strength and light.

3 Lord, I believe; but oft, I know,
My faith is cold and weak:
My weakness strengthen, and bestow
The confidence I seek.

4 Yes! I believe; and only Thou
Canst give my soul relief:
Lord, to Thy truth my spirit bow;
"Help Thou mine unbelief!"

John R. Wreford.

196 PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11s. MARCANTOINE PORTOGALLO.



2 "Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dismayed,
For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by My gracious, omnipotent hand.

3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee thy trouble to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

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

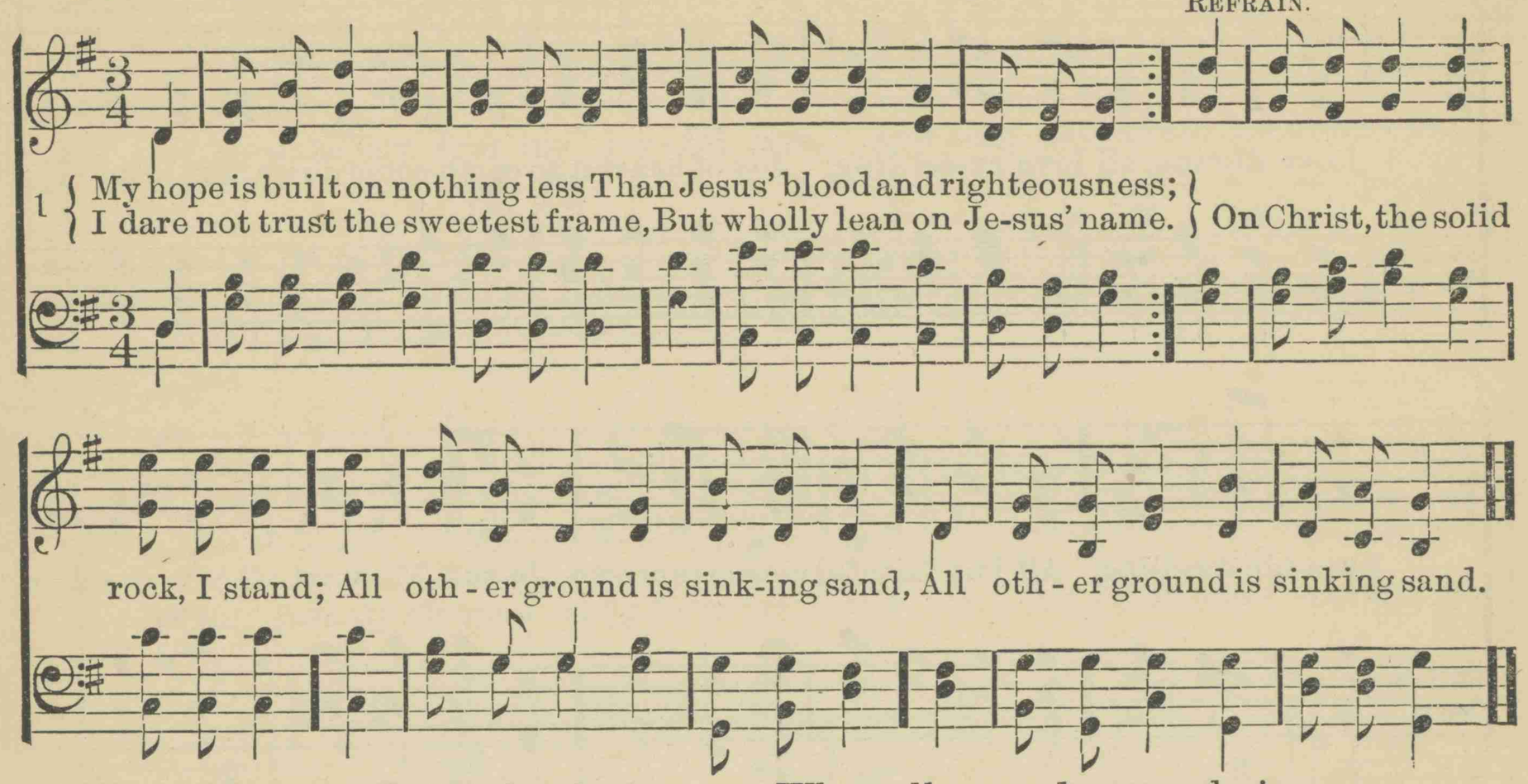
6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not—I will not desert to His foes;
That soul—though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never—no never—no never forsake!"

George Keith.

197 SOLID ROCK. L. M. 61.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

REFRAIN.



2 When darkness veils His lovely face,
I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil.—*Ref.*

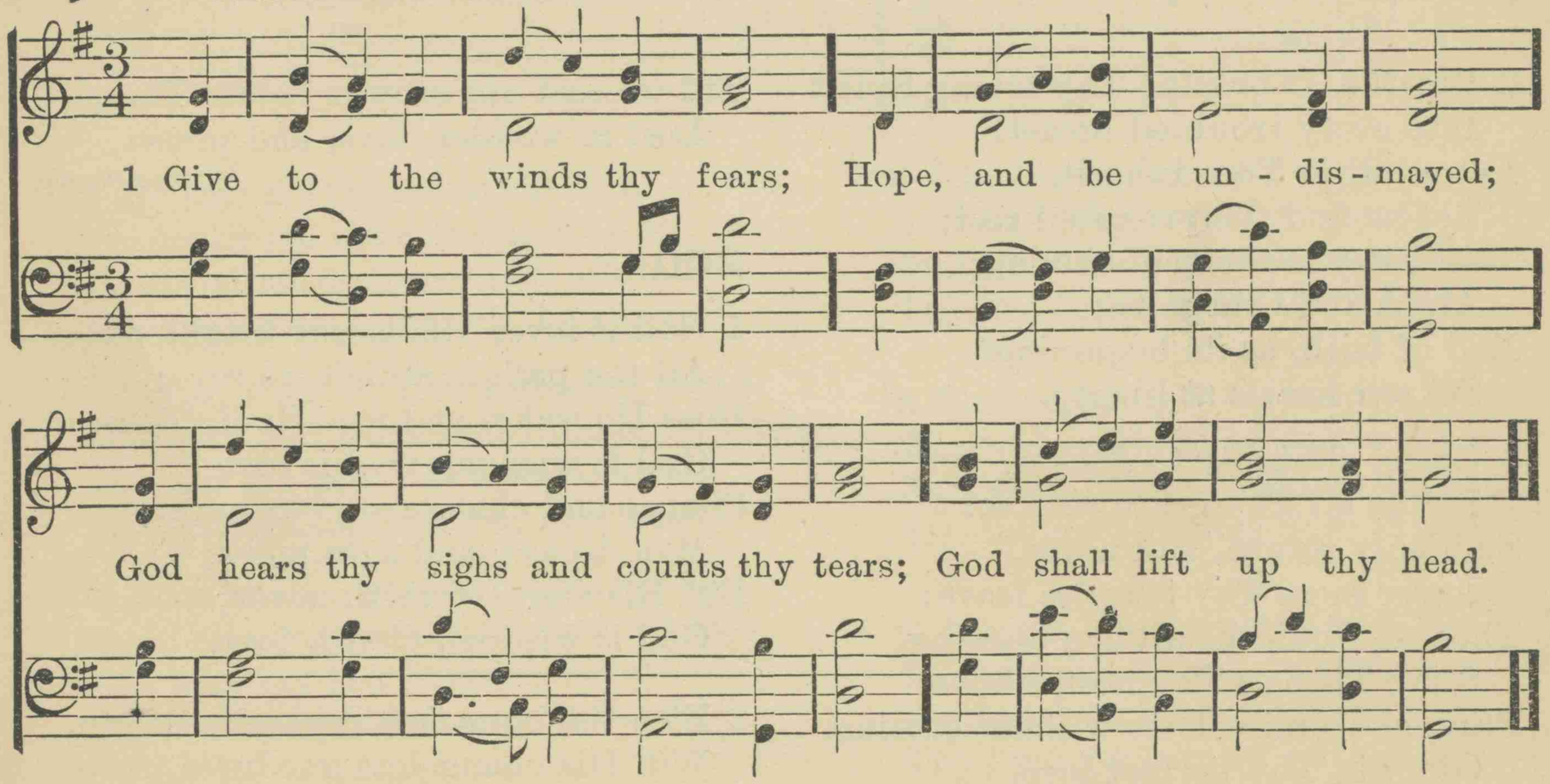
3 His oath, His covenant, His blood,
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.—*Ref.*

4 When He shall come with trumpet sound,
O, may I then in Him be found;
Drest in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne.—*Ref.*

Edward Mote.

198 THACHER. S. M.

GEORGE F. HANDEL.



2 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou His time; so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

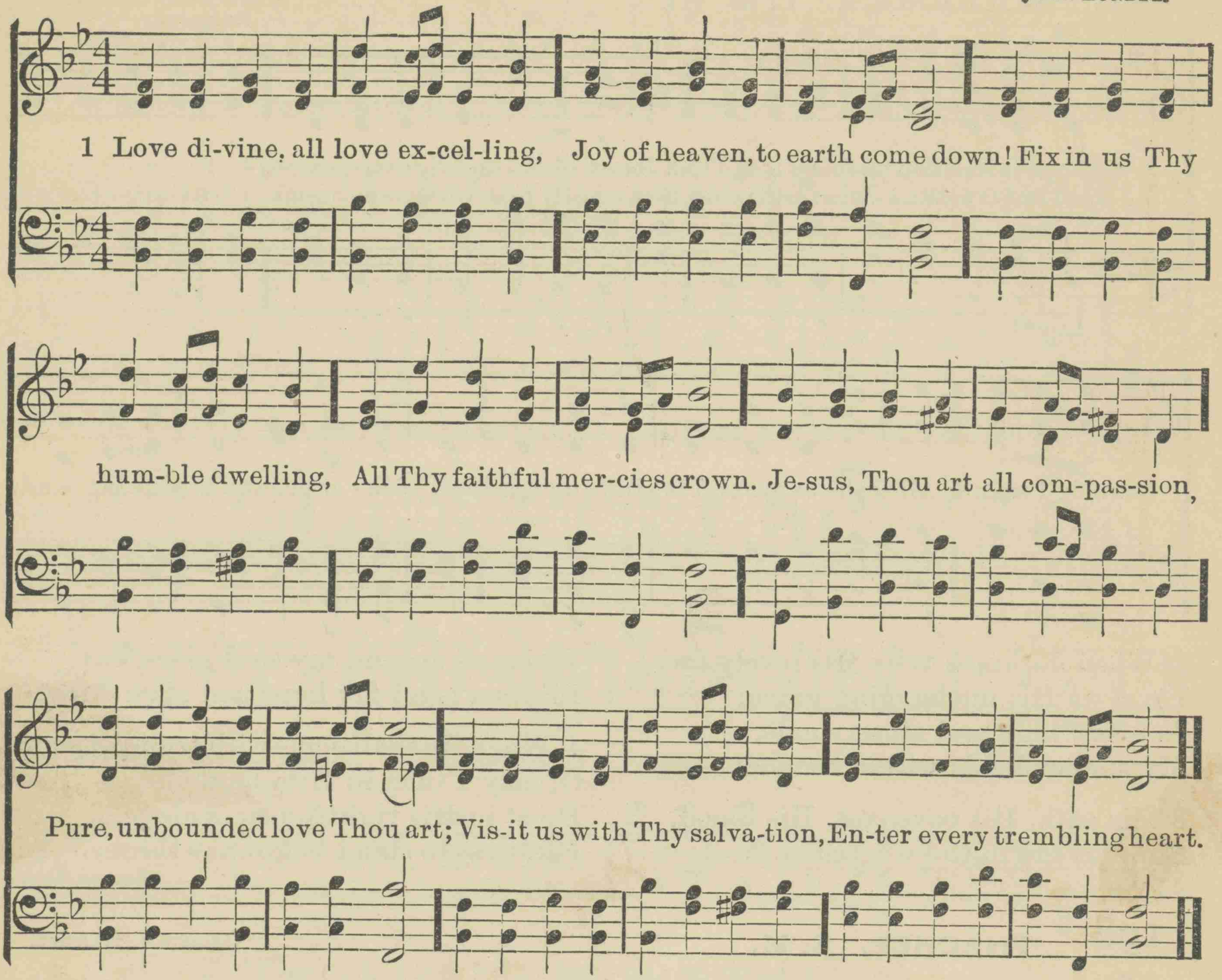
3 What though thou rulest not!
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.

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

Tr. John Wesley.

199 BEECHER. 8s, 7s. D.

JOHN ZUNDEL.



2 Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find the promised rest;
Take away the love of sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning!
Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace 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.

4 Finish then Thy new creation,
Pure, and spotless may we be:
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secured by Thee!
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place;
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Charles Wesley.

200

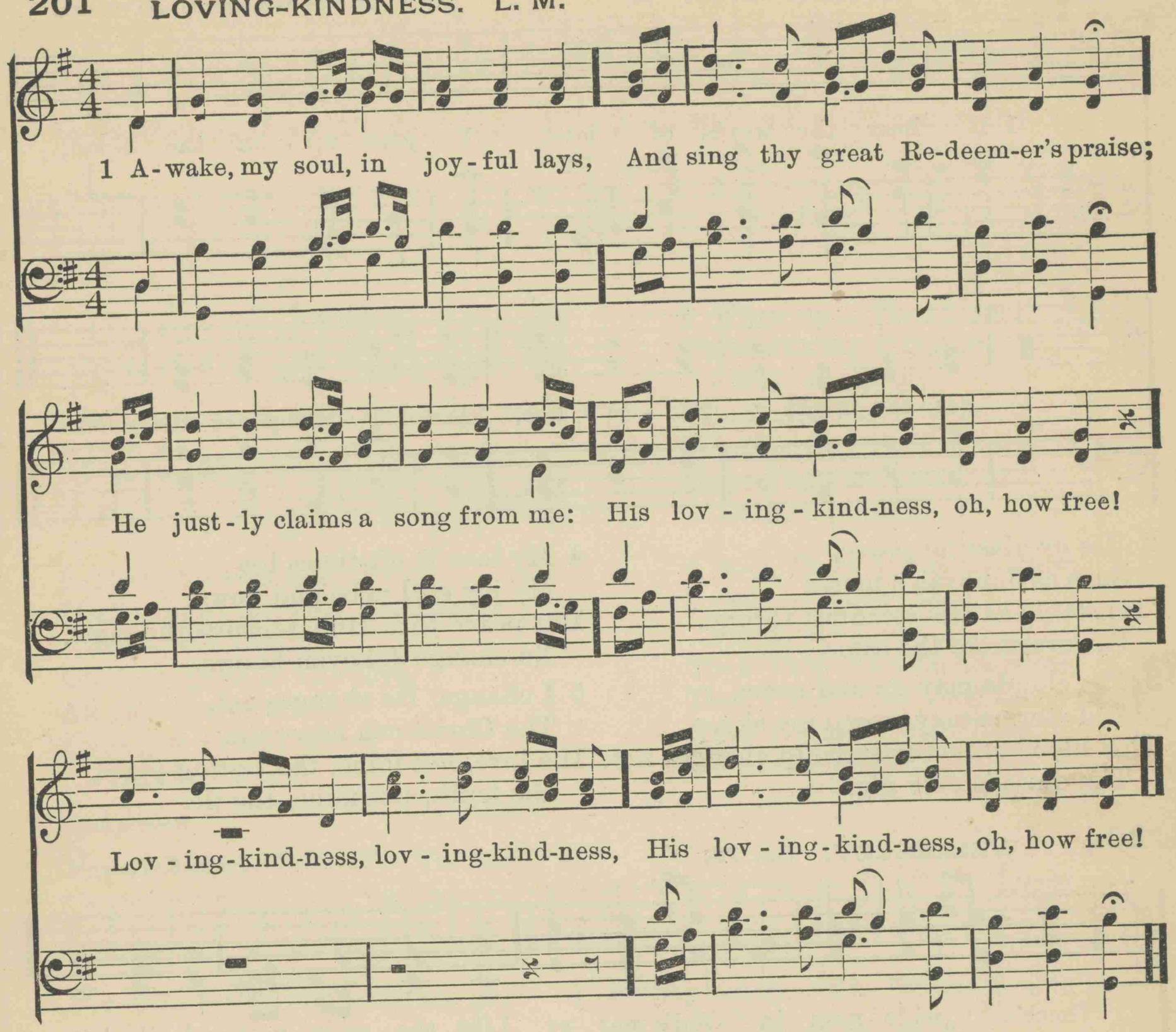
1 God is love; His mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss He wakes and woe He lightens;
God is wisdom, God is love.
Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But His mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.

2 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth,
Will His changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom His brightness streameth;
God is wisdom, God is love.
He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere His glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

John Bowring.

201 LOVING-KINDNESS. L. M.

ANON.



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

3 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood:
His loving-kindness, oh, how good!

4 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!

Samuel Medley.

202

1 Thy loving-kindness, Lord, I sing,
Of grace and life the sacred spring;—
In blood o'erflowing, rich and free,
In loving-kindness shed for me.

2 I to Thy mercy-seat repair,
And find Thy loving-kindness there;
And when to Thy sweet word I go,
Thy loving-kindness there I know.

3 Each evening from the world apart,
Thy loving-kindness cheers my heart;
And when the day salutes my eyes,
Thy loving-kindness doth arise.

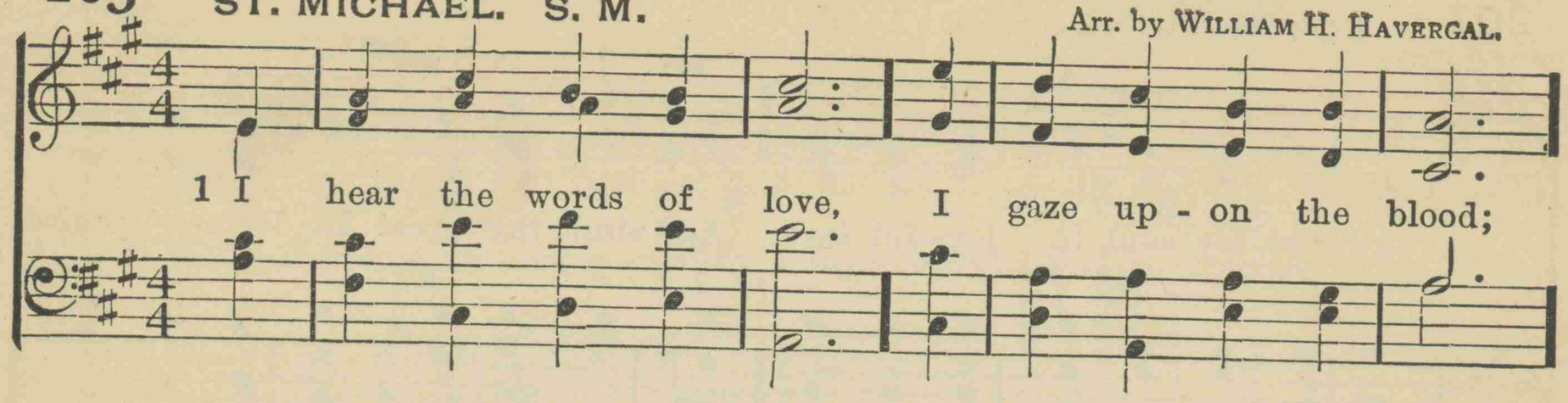
4 Lord, from the moment of my birth,
I've nothing known but love on earth;
By day, by night, where'er I be,
Thy loving-kindness follows me.

5 From daily sin and daily woe,
Thy loving-kindness saves me now;
And I will praise, for sins forgiven,
Thy loving-kindness, all, in heaven.

George B. Cheever.

Love.

203 **ST. MICHAEL. S. M.**

Arr. by WILLIAM H. HAVERGAL.

2 'Tis everlasting peace,
Sure as Jehovah's name;
'Tis stable as His steadfast throne,
For evermore the same.

3 The clouds may go and come,
And storms may sweep my sky,
This blood-sealed friendship changes not,
The cross is ever nigh.

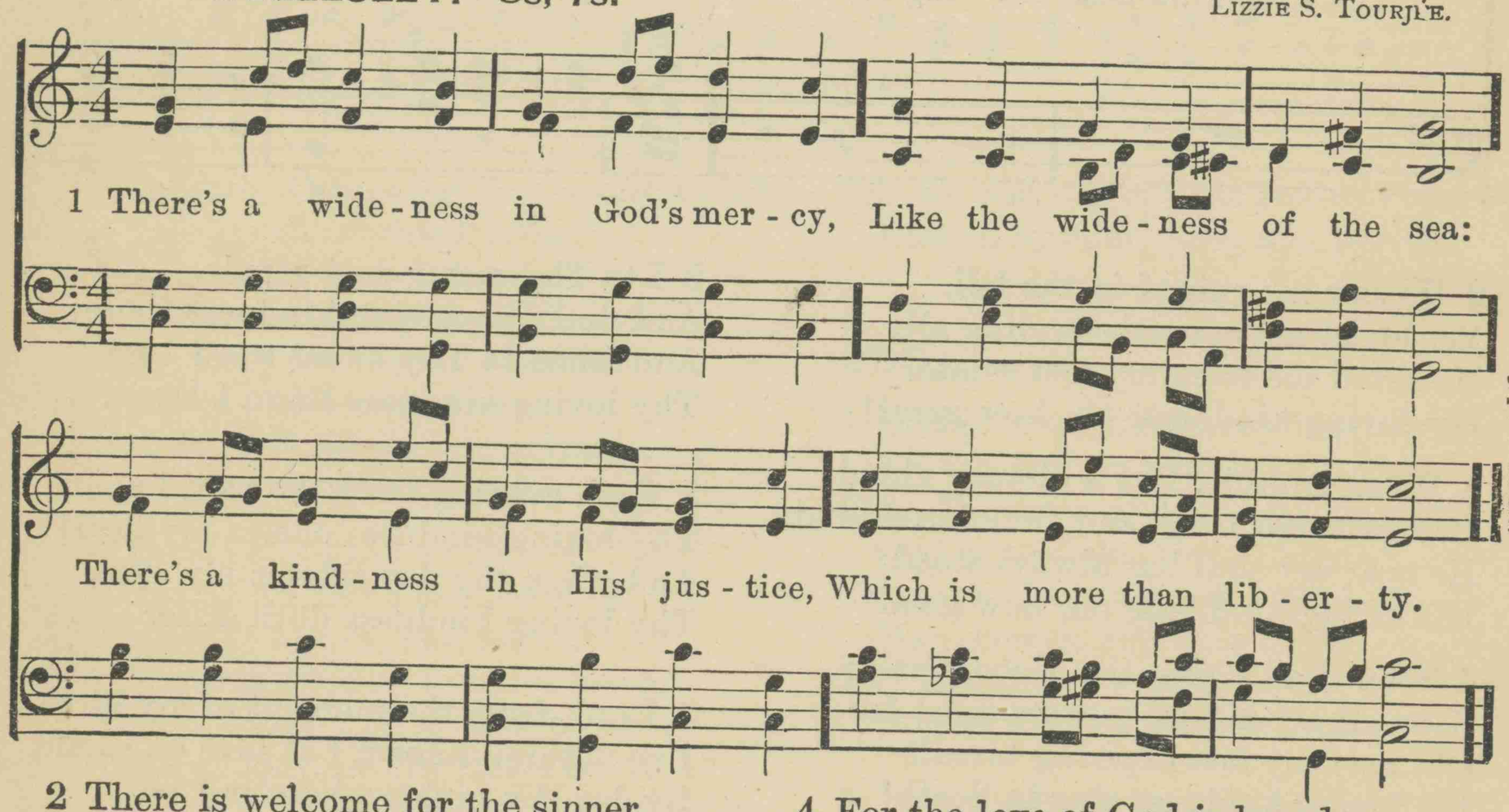
4 My love is oft-times low,
My joy still ebbs and flows;
But peace with Him remains the same,
No change Jehovah knows.

5 I change, He changes not,
The Christ can never die;
His love, not mine, the resting-place,
His truth, not mine, the tie.

Horatius Bonar.

204 **WELLESLEY. 8s, 7s.**

LIZZIE S. TOURJÉE.



Used by permission.

2 There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour;
There is healing in His blood.

3 There is plentiful redemption
In the blood that has been shed;
There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the Head.

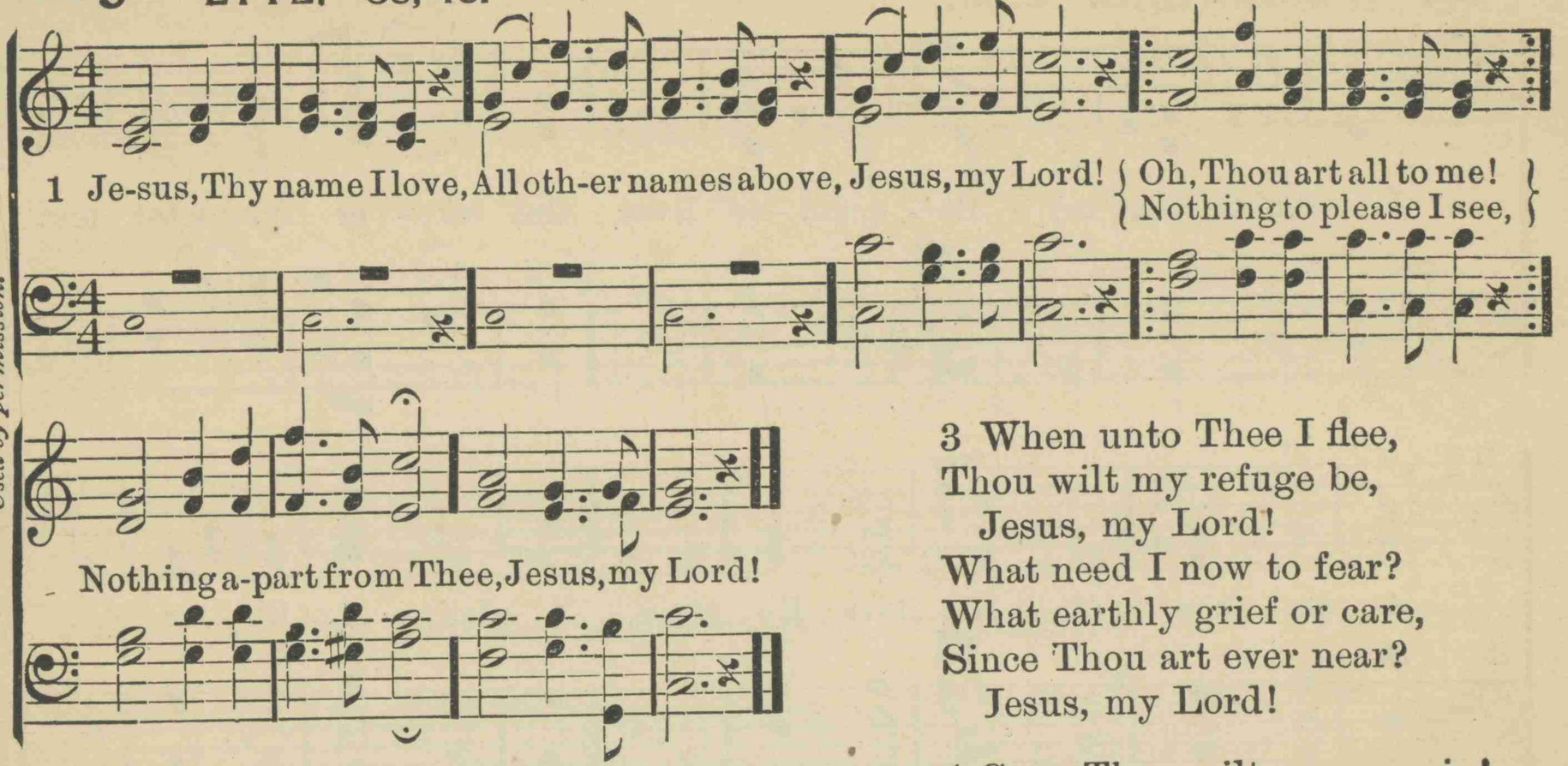
4 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

5 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.

Frederick W. Faber.

Love.

205 LYTE. 6s, 4s.

JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK.

Used by permission.

2 Thou, blesséd Son of God,
Hast bought me with Thy blood,
Jesus, my Lord!
Oh, how great is Thy love,
All other loves above,
Love that I daily prove,
Jesus, my Lord!

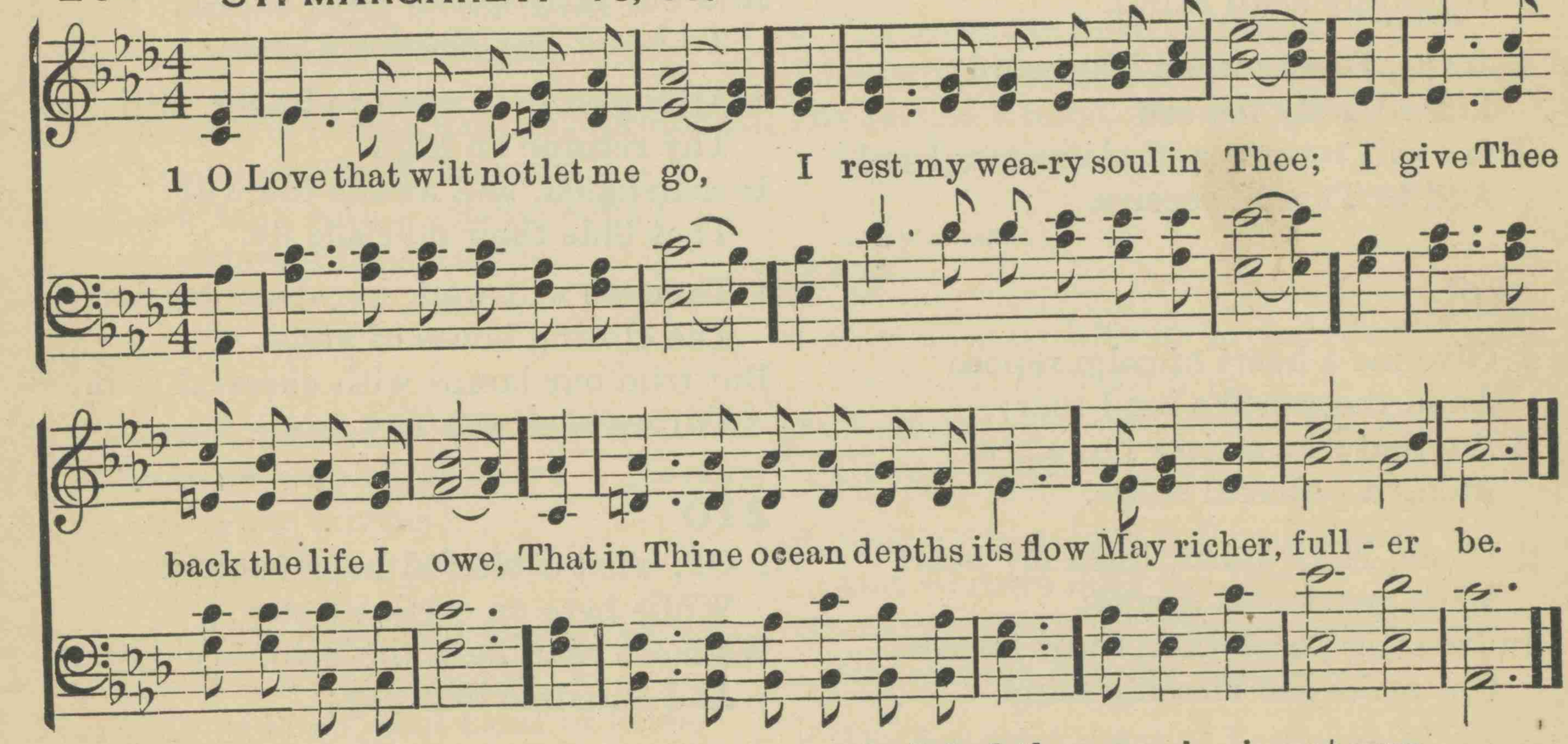
3 When unto Thee I flee,
Thou wilt my refuge be,
Jesus, my Lord!
What need I now to fear?
What earthly grief or care,
Since Thou art ever near?
Jesus, my Lord!

4 Soon Thou wilt come again!
I shall be happy then,
Jesus, my Lord!
Then Thine own face I'll see,
Then I shall like Thee be,
Then evermore with Thee,
Jesus, my Lord!

James G. Deck.

206 ST. MARGARET. 7s, 6s.

ALBERT L. PEACE.



2 O Light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to Thee;
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in Thy sunshine's glow its day
May brighter, fairer be.

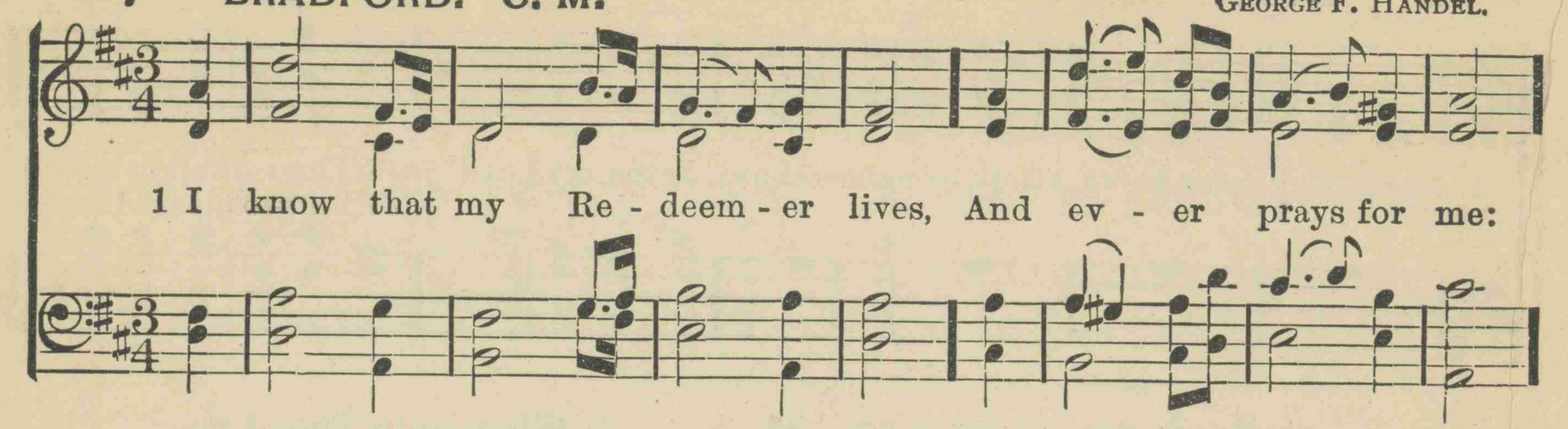
3 O joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.

4 O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from Thee
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

George Matheson.

207 BRADFORD. C. M.

GEORGE F. HANDEL.



2 I find Him lifting up my head;
  He brings salvation near:
His presence makes me free indeed,
  And He will soon appear.

3 He wills that I should holy be:
  What can withstand His will?
The counsel of His grace in me
  He surely shall fulfill.

4 Jesus, I hang upon Thy word:
  I steadfastly believe
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,
  And to Thyself receive.

Charles Wesley.

208

1 Give me a heart of calm repose
  Amid the world's loud roar;
A life that like a river flows
  Along a peaceful shore.

2 Come, Holy spirit, hush my heart
  With gentleness divine;
Indwelling peace thou canst impart;
  Oh, make the blessing mine.

3 Above these scenes of storm and strife,
  There spreads a region fair;
Give me to live that higher life,
  And breathe that heavenly air.

4 Come, Holy Spirit, breathe that peace
  Which flows from pardoned sin;
Then shall my soul her conflict cease,
  And find a heaven within.

Anon.

209

1 Jesus, our life, our hope, our heaven,
  The lingering times have flown;
To Thee the kingdom now is given;
  Return and claim Thine own.

2 And, as we wait, along the skies
  Unearthly glory steals;
And our glad spirits seem to rise,
  To haste Thy chariot wheels.

3 Although they seem to linger, still
  Thy retinue on high
Is marshaled, and awaits the will
  That bids their myriads fly.

4 Then we will wait, nor deem too long
  The closing hours of grace,
But trim our lamps with cheerful song,
  Till we shall see Thy face.

Anon.

210

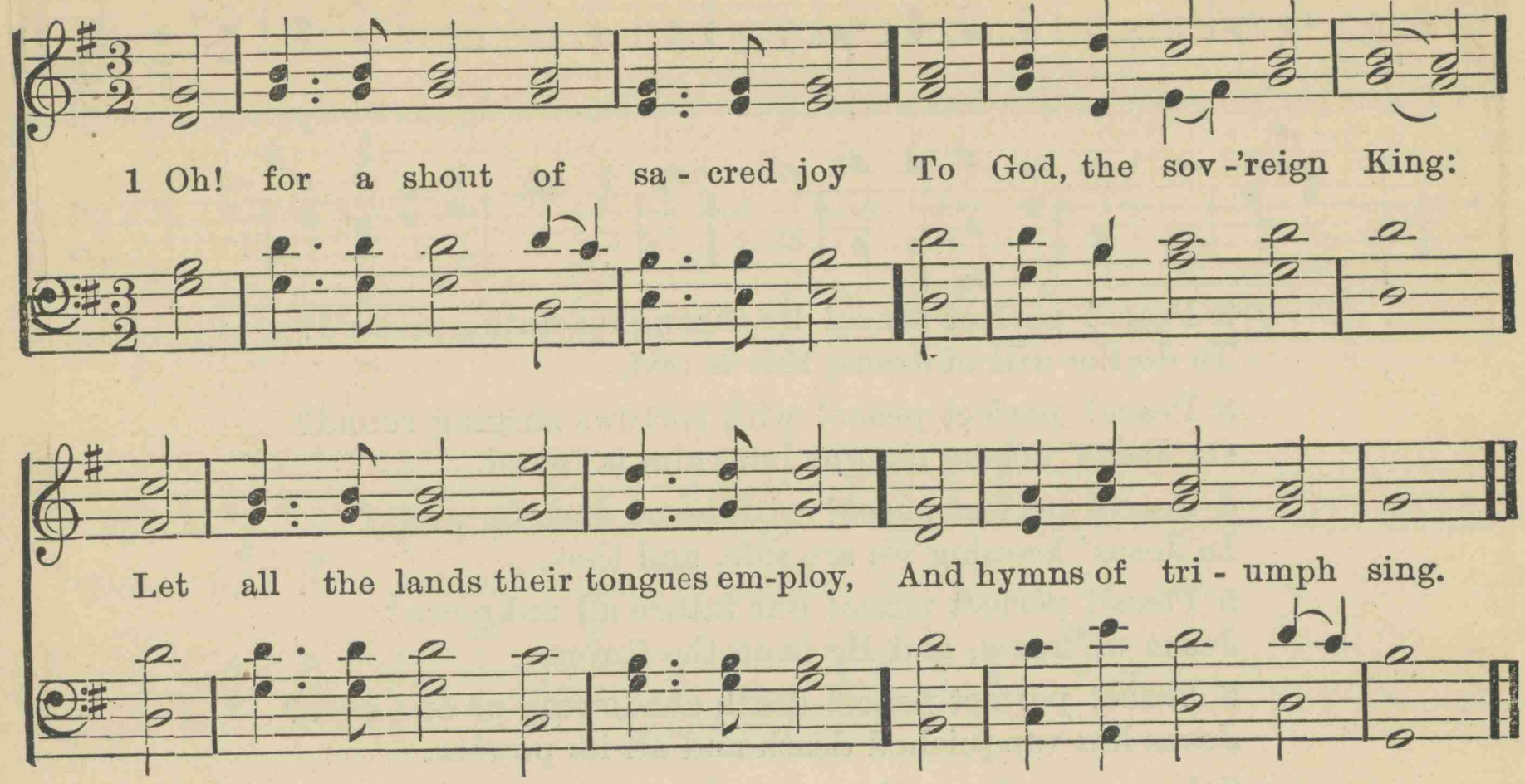
1 Oh, what a blessed hope is ours!
  While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
  And antedate that day;

2 We feel the resurrection near,
  Our life in Christ concealed,
And with His glorious presence here
  Our earthen vessels filled.

3 Oh, would He all of heaven bestow!
  Then like our Lord we'll rise;
Our bodies, fully ransomed, go
  To take the glorious prize.

Charles Wesley.

211 ARLINGTON. C. M. THOMAS A. ARNE.



2 Jesus, our God, ascends on high;
His heavenly guards around
Attend Him rising through the sky,
With trumpets' joyful sound.

3 While angels shout and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains;
Let all the earth His honor sing;—
O'er all the earth He reigns.

4 Rehearse His praise, with awe profound;
Let knowledge lead the song;
Nor mock Him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

Isaac Watts.

212

1 The head that once was crowned with thorns,
Is crowned with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

2 The highest place that heaven affords
Is His by sovereign right:
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
He reigns in glory bright;—

3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom He manifests His love
And grants His name to know.

4 To them the cross with all its shame,
With all its grace is given;
Their name—an everlasting name,
Their joy—the joy of heaven.

5 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with Him above;
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of His love.

6 The cross He bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him;
His people's hope, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

Thomas Kelly.

213

1 Come, let us lift our joyful eyes
Up to the courts above,
And smile to see our Father there,
Upon a throne of love.

2 Now we may bow before His feet,
And venture near the Lord:
No fiery cherub guards His seat,
Nor double flaming sword.

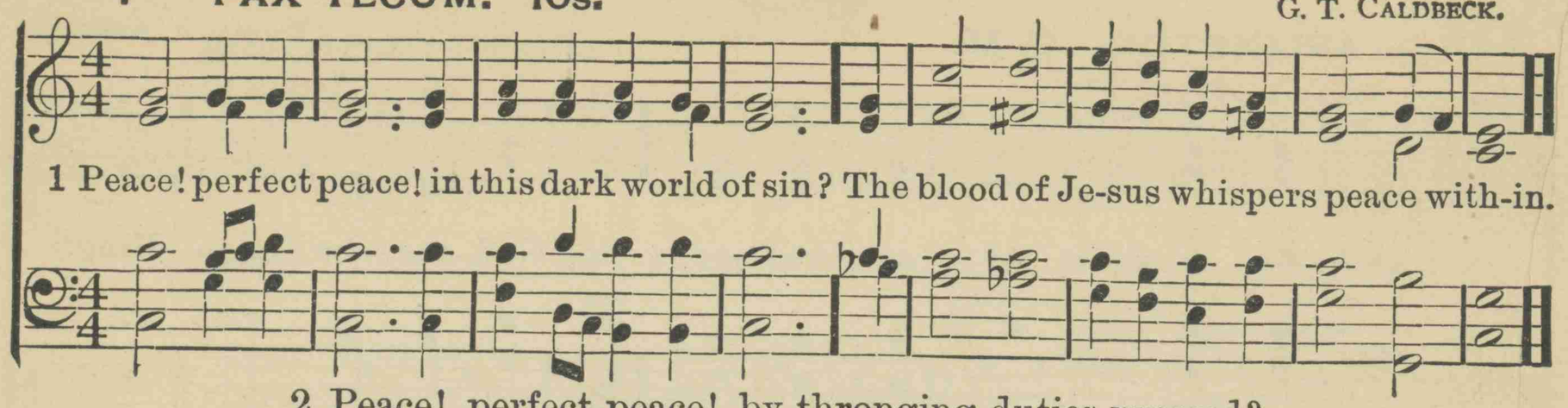
3 The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss
Are opened by the Son;
High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reach the almighty throne.

4 To Thee ten thousand thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high,
And glory to the eternal King,
Who lays His anger by.

Isaac Watts.

Peace.

214 PAX TECUM. 10s. G. T. CALDBECK.



2 Peace! perfect peace! by thronging duties pressed?
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

3 Peace! perfect peace! with sorrows surging round?
On Jesus' bosom naught but calm is found.

4 Peace! perfect peace! with loved ones far away?
In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.

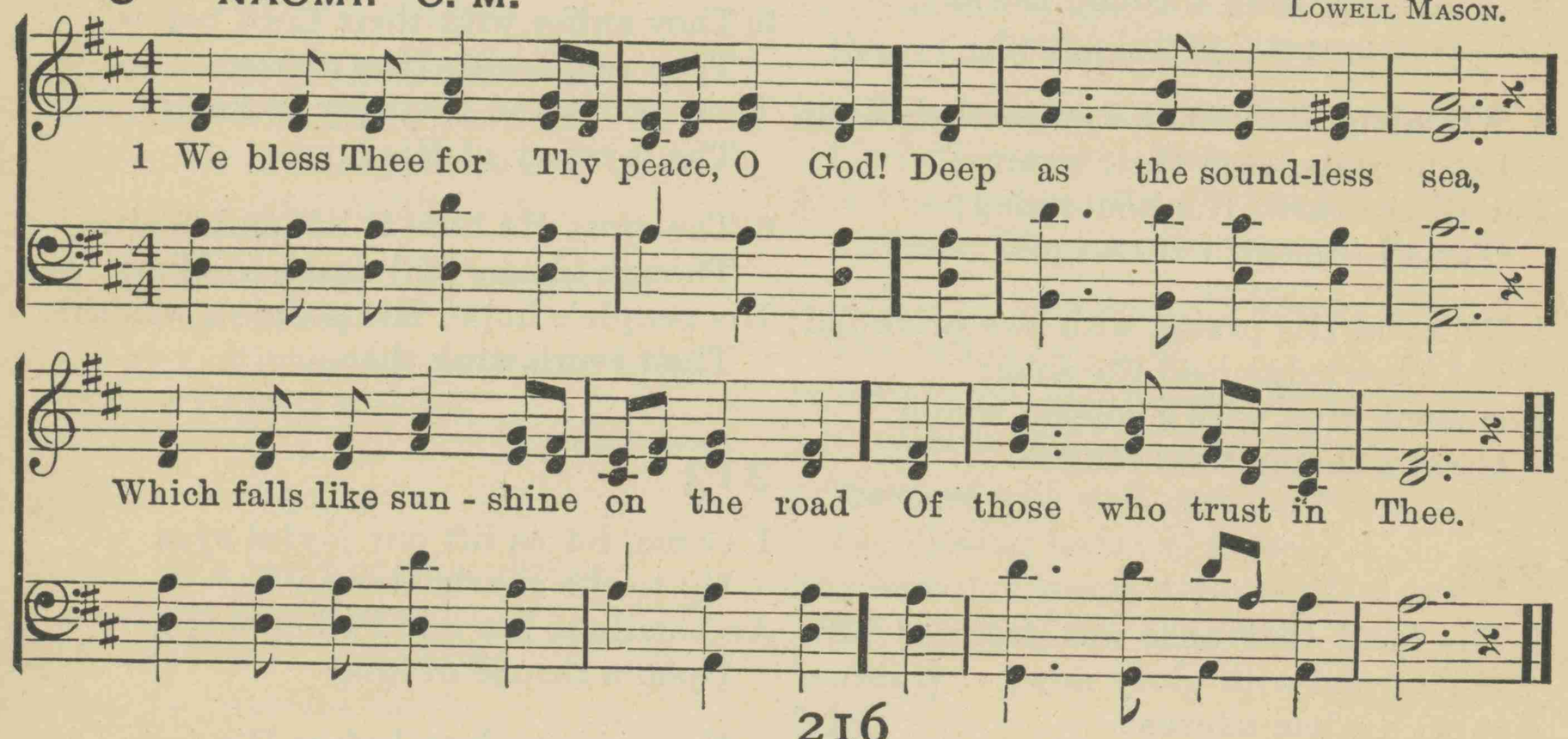
5 Peace! perfect peace! our future all unknown?
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

6 Peace! perfect peace! death shadowing us and ours?
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

7 It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call to heaven's perfect peace.

Edward H. Bickersteth.

215 NAOMI. C. M. LOWELL MASON.



2 We ask not, Father, for repose
Which comes from outward rest,
If we may have through all life's woes
Thy peace within our breast;—

3 That peace which suffers and is strong,
Trusts where it cannot see,
Deems not the trial-way too long,
But leaves the end with Thee.

4 O Father, give our hearts this peace,
Whate'er may outward be,
Till all life's discipline shall cease,
And we go home to Thee.

Anon.

216

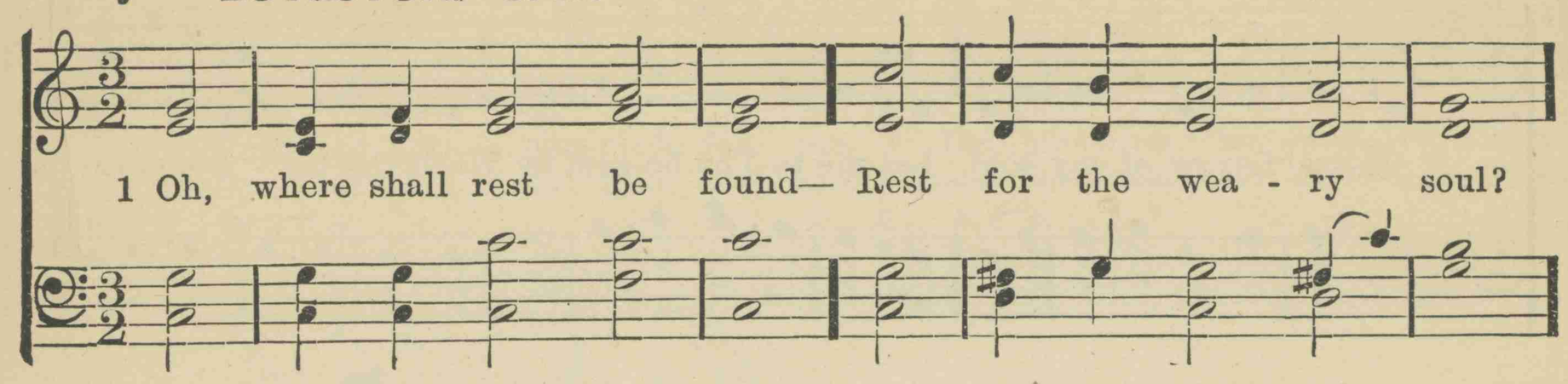
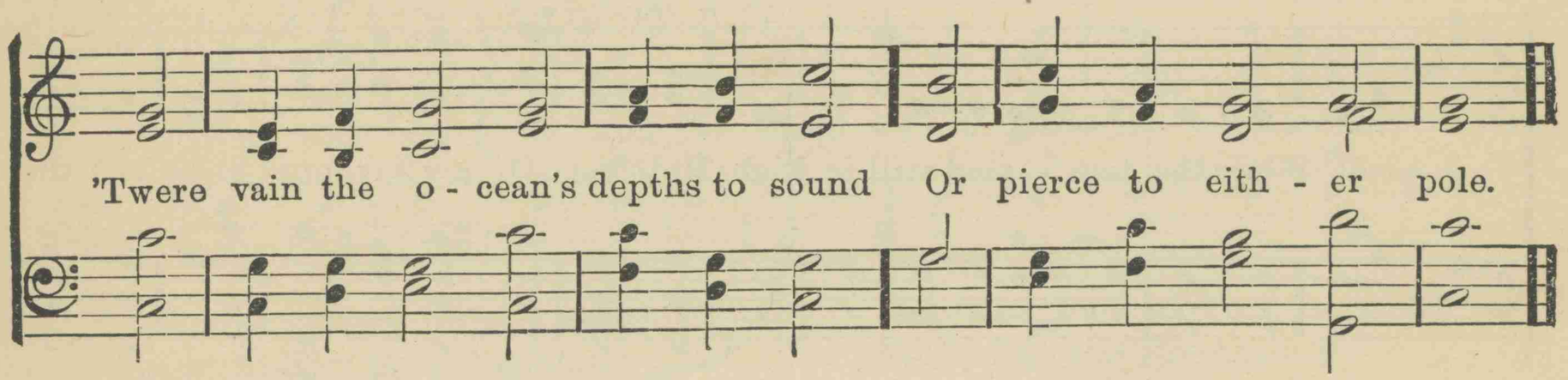
1 Lord, while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
O hear us for our native land,—
The land we love the most.

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 shout
The songs of liberty.

John R. Wreford.

Rest.

217 BOYLSTON. S. M. LOWELL MASON.



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.

James Montgomery.

218

1 And is there, Lord, a rest
For weary souls designed,
Where not a care shall stir the breast,
Nor sorrow entrance find?

2 Is there a blissful home,
Where kindred minds shall meet,
And live, and love, nor ever roam
From that serene retreat?

3 Are there bright, happy fields,
Where naught that blooms shall die;
Where each new scene fresh pleasure yields,
And healthful breezes sigh?

4 Are there celestial streams,
Where living waters glide,
With murmurs sweet as angel-dreams,
And flowery banks beside?

5 Forever blessèd they,
Whose joyful feet shall stand,
While endless ages waste away,
Amid that glorious land!

6 My soul would thither tend,
While toilsome years are given;
And then with all the blest ascend
To meet the Lord from heaven!

Ray Palmer.

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219 Tune—NAOMI, No. 215.

1 Calm me, my God, and keep me calm;
Let Thine outstretchéd wing
Be like the shade of Elim's palm,
Beside her desert spring.

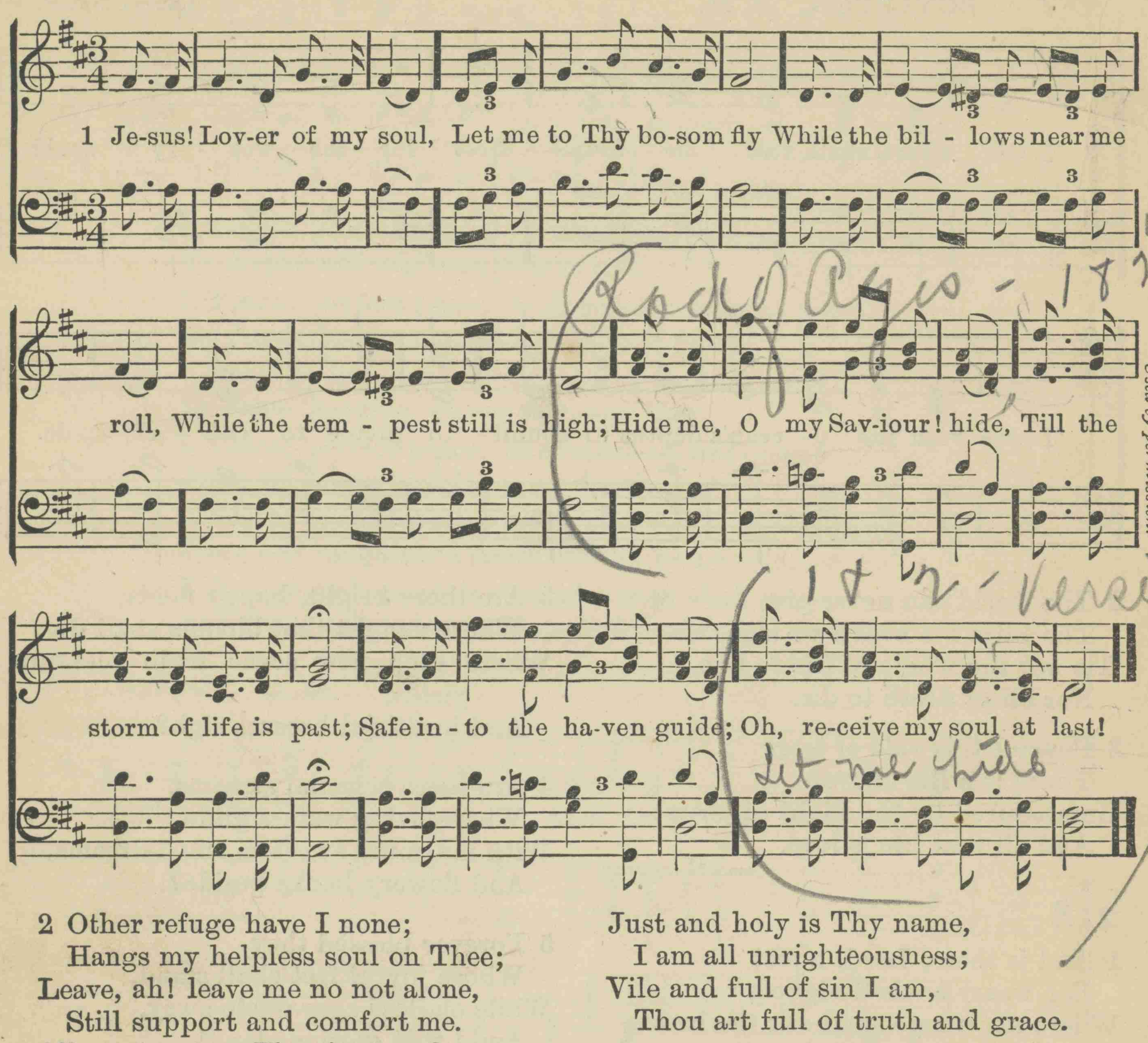
2 Yes, keep me calm, though loud and rude
The sounds my ear that greet,—
Calm in the closet's solitude,
Calm in the bustling street;

3 Calm in the hour of buoyant health,
Calm in my hour of pain,
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
Calm in my loss or gain;

4 Calm in the sufferance of wrong,
Like Him who bore my shame,
Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting throng,
Who hate Thy holy name.

5 Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Soft resting on Thy breast;
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,
And bid my spirit rest.

Horatius Bonar.

220 REFUGE. 7s. D. JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK.

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me no not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed;
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;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

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

Charles Wesley.

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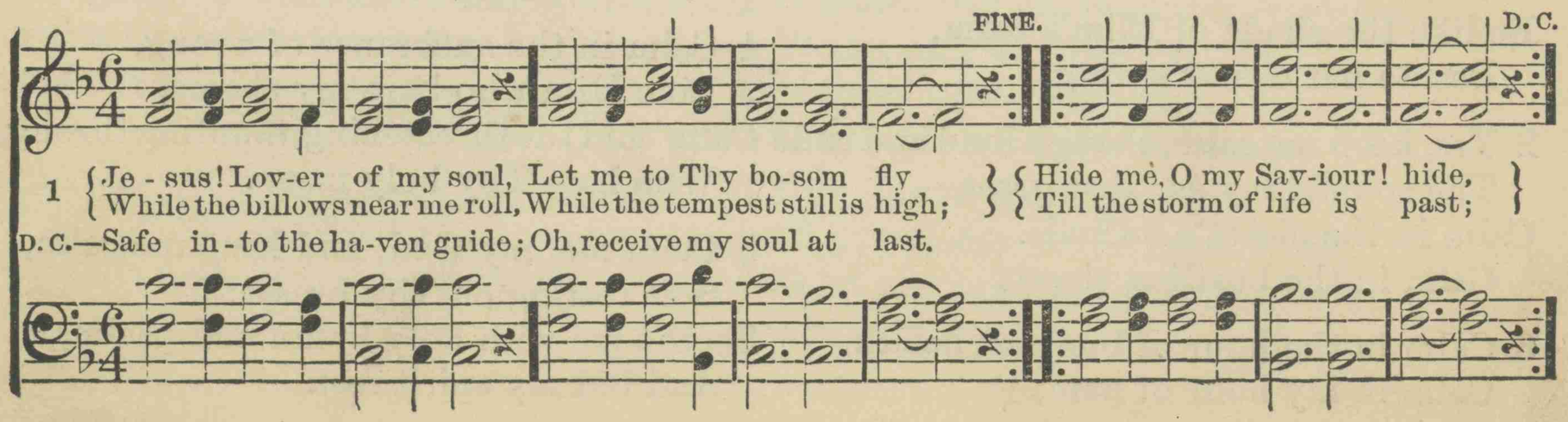
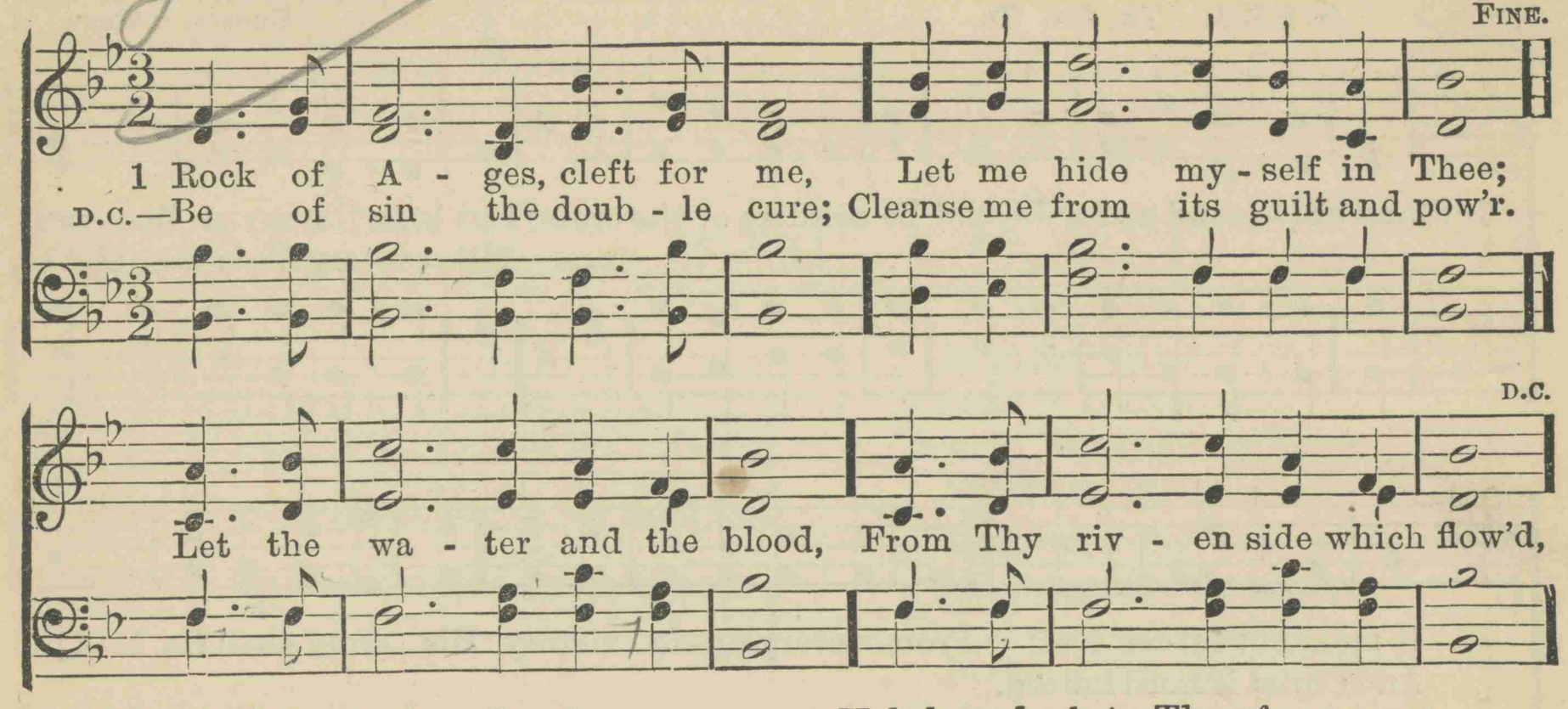
220 MARTYN. 7s. D. [Second Tune] SIMEON B. MARSH.

Last Verse

Conflict.

221 TOPLADY. 7s. 6l. THOMAS HASTINGS.



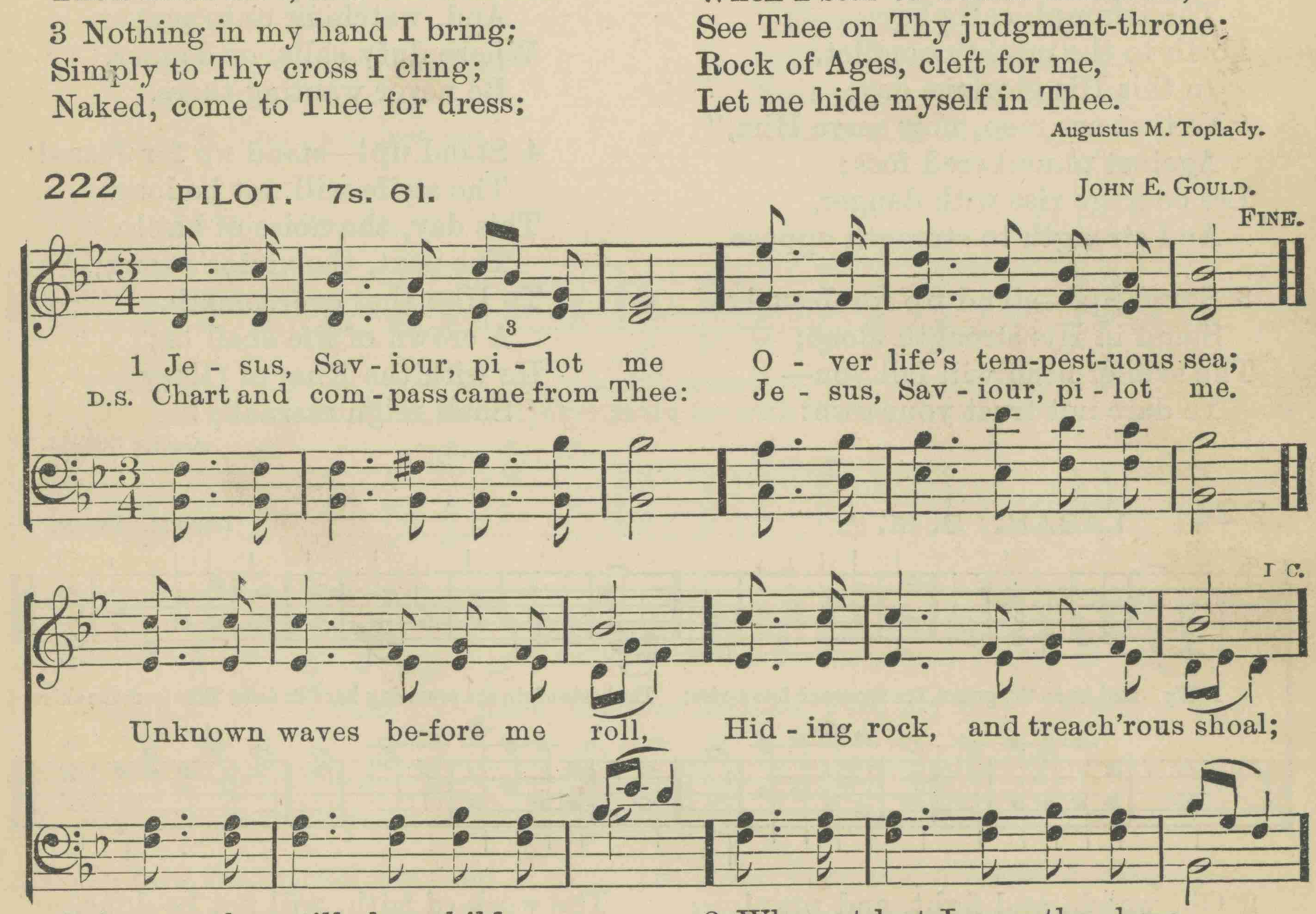
2 Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfil Thy laws demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the Fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment-throne;
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

Augustus M. Toplady.

222 PILOT. 7s. 6l. JOHN E. GOULD.



2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey Thy will
When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

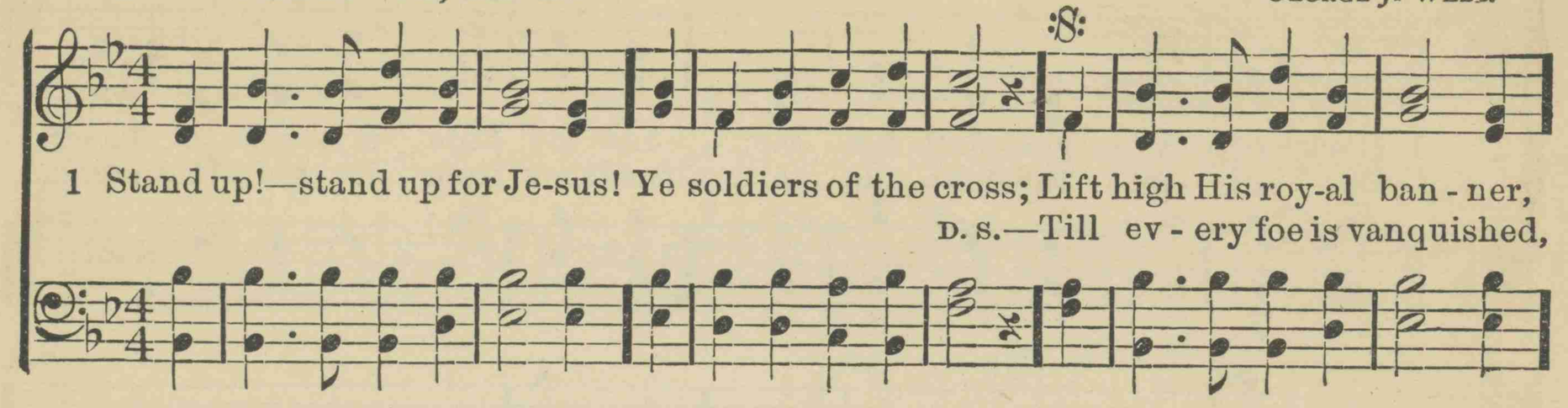
3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee!"

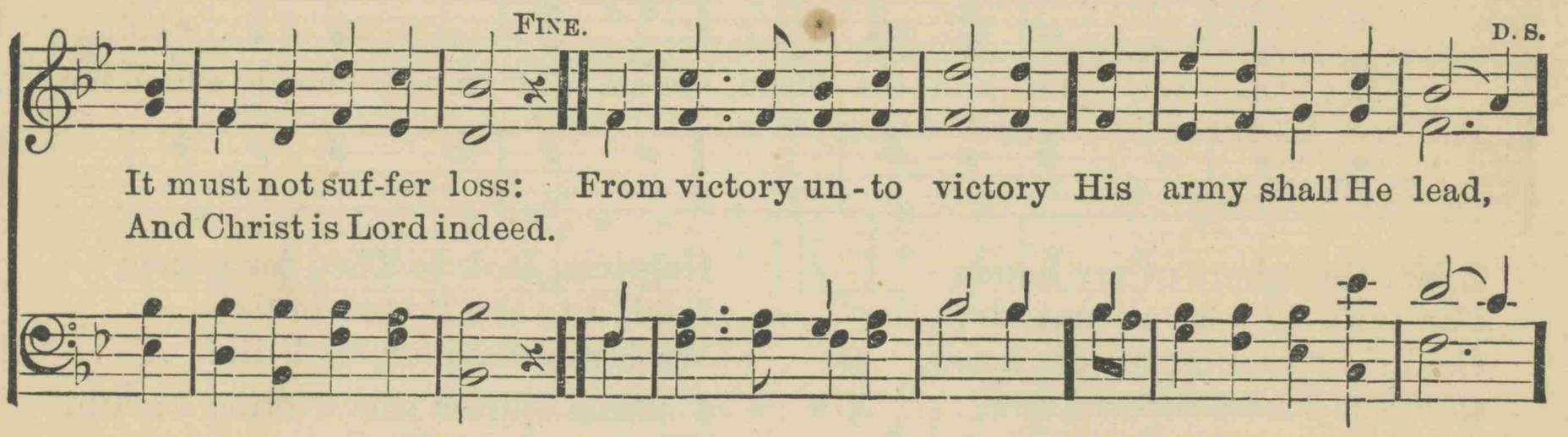
Edward Hopper.

Used by permission.

Conflict.

223 **WEBB. 7s, 6s. D.** GEORGE J. WEBB.



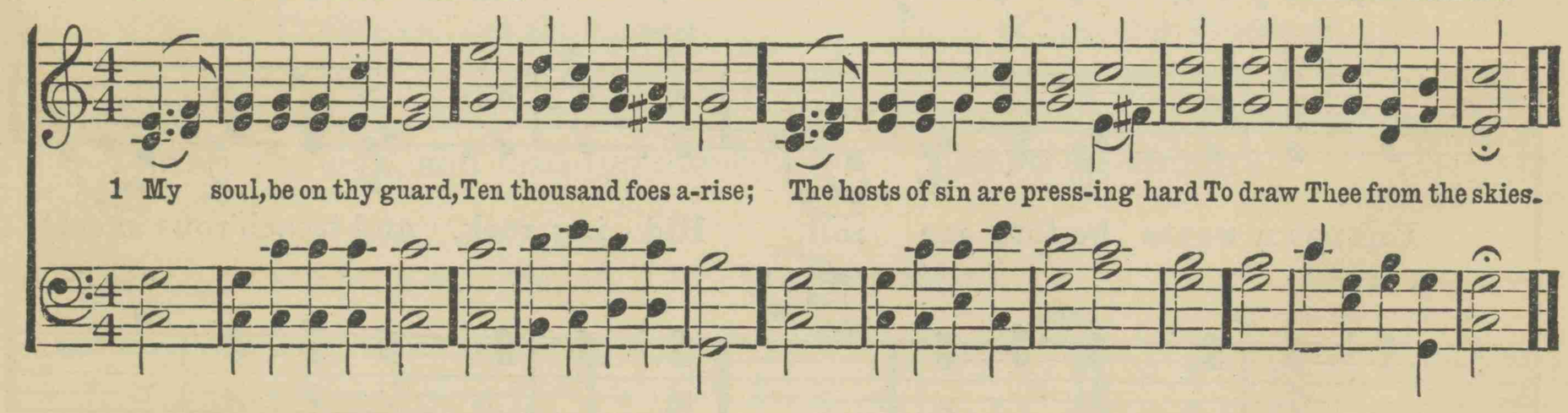


2 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The triumph call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day:
"Ye that are men, now serve Him,"
Against unumbered foes;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you—
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day, the noise of battle,
The next, the victor's song;
To Him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally!

George Duffield.

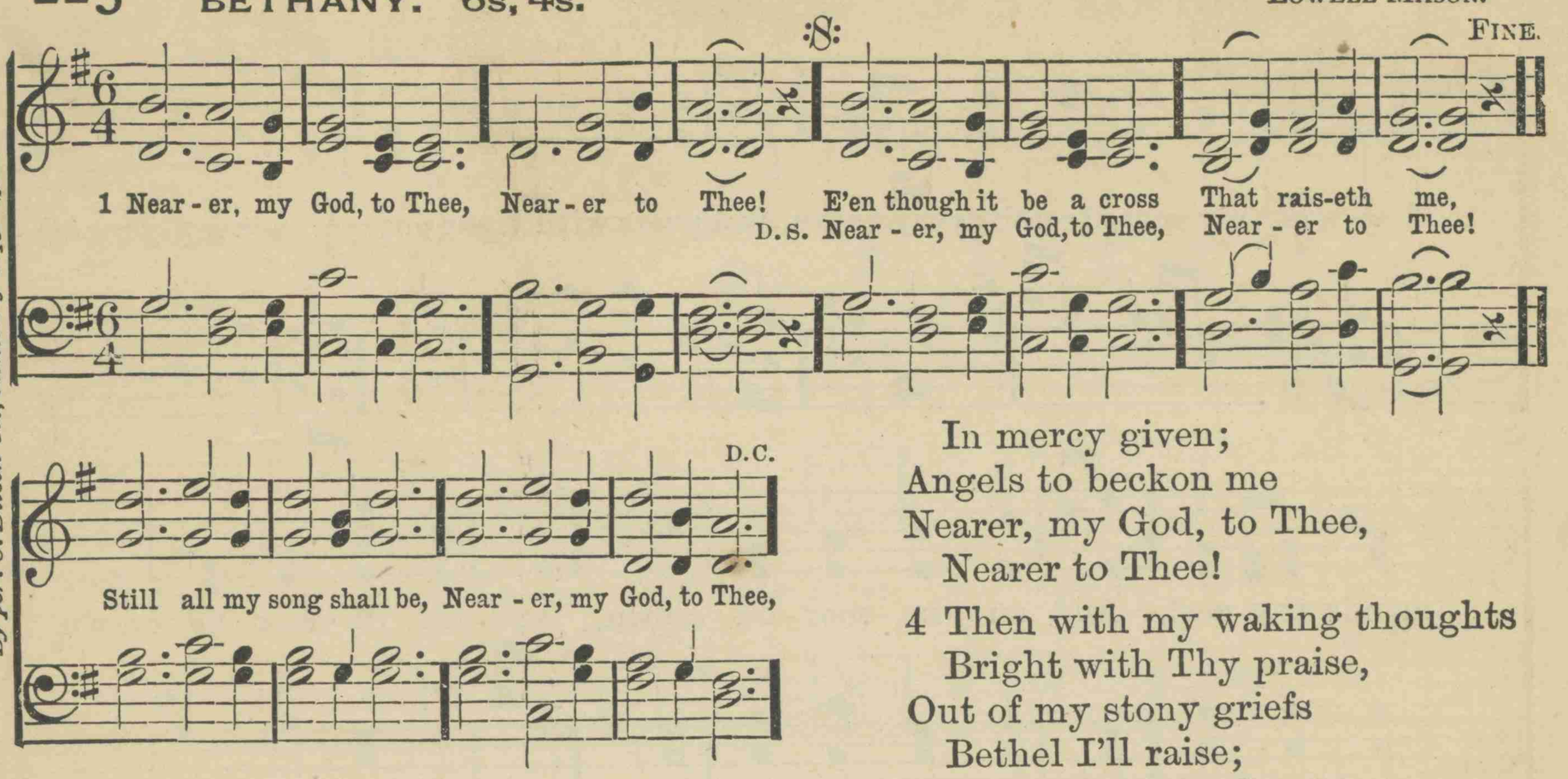
224 **LABAN. S. M.** LOWELL MASON.

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

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
The work of faith, will not be done,
Till thou obtain thy crown.

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

George Heath.

Guidance.

225 **BETHANY. 6s, 4s.** LOWELL MASON.

By per. O. Ditson Co., owners of Copyright.

2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

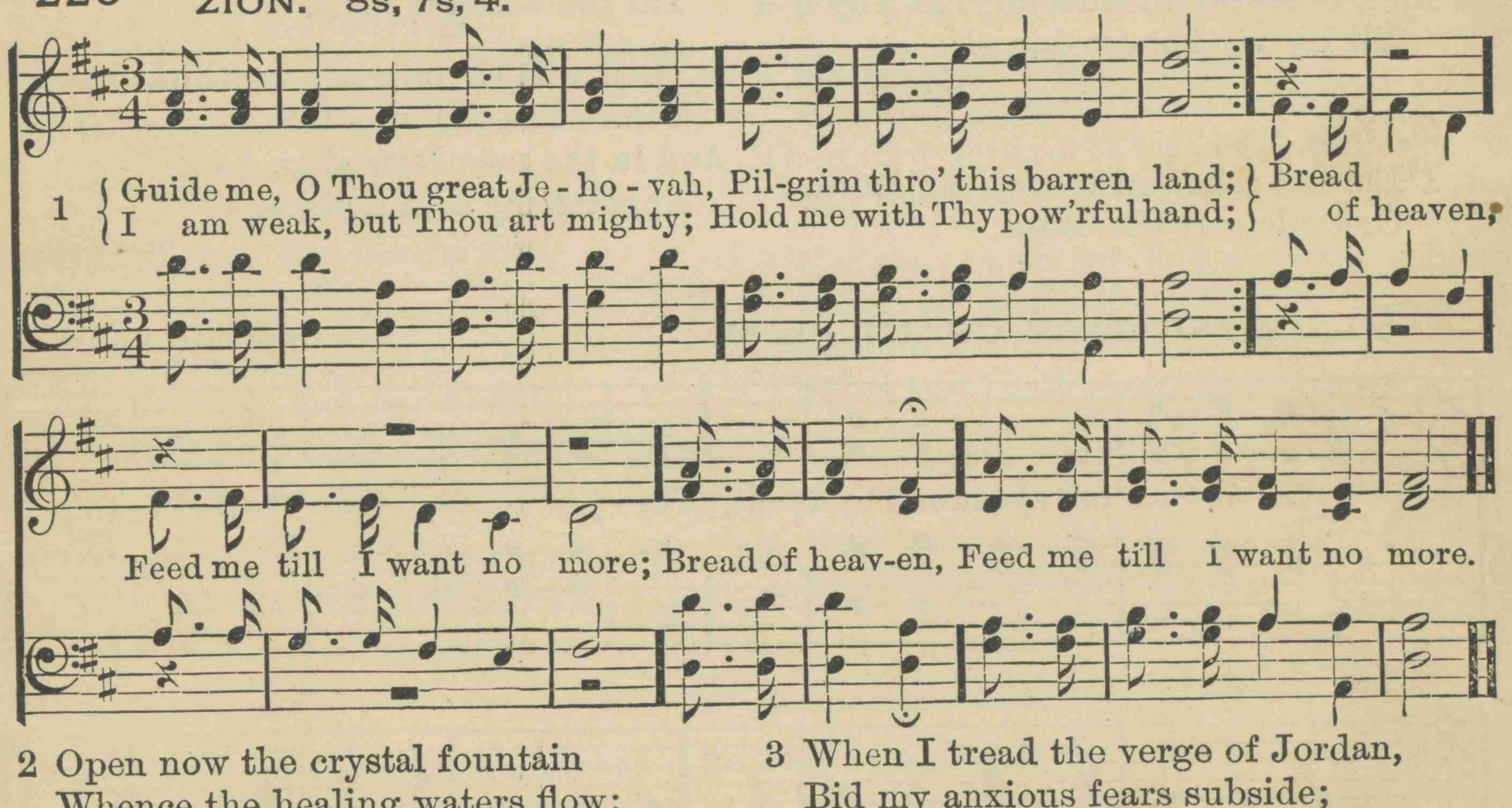
3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

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

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

Sarah F. Adams.

226 **ZION. 8s, 7s, 4.** THOMAS HASTINGS.

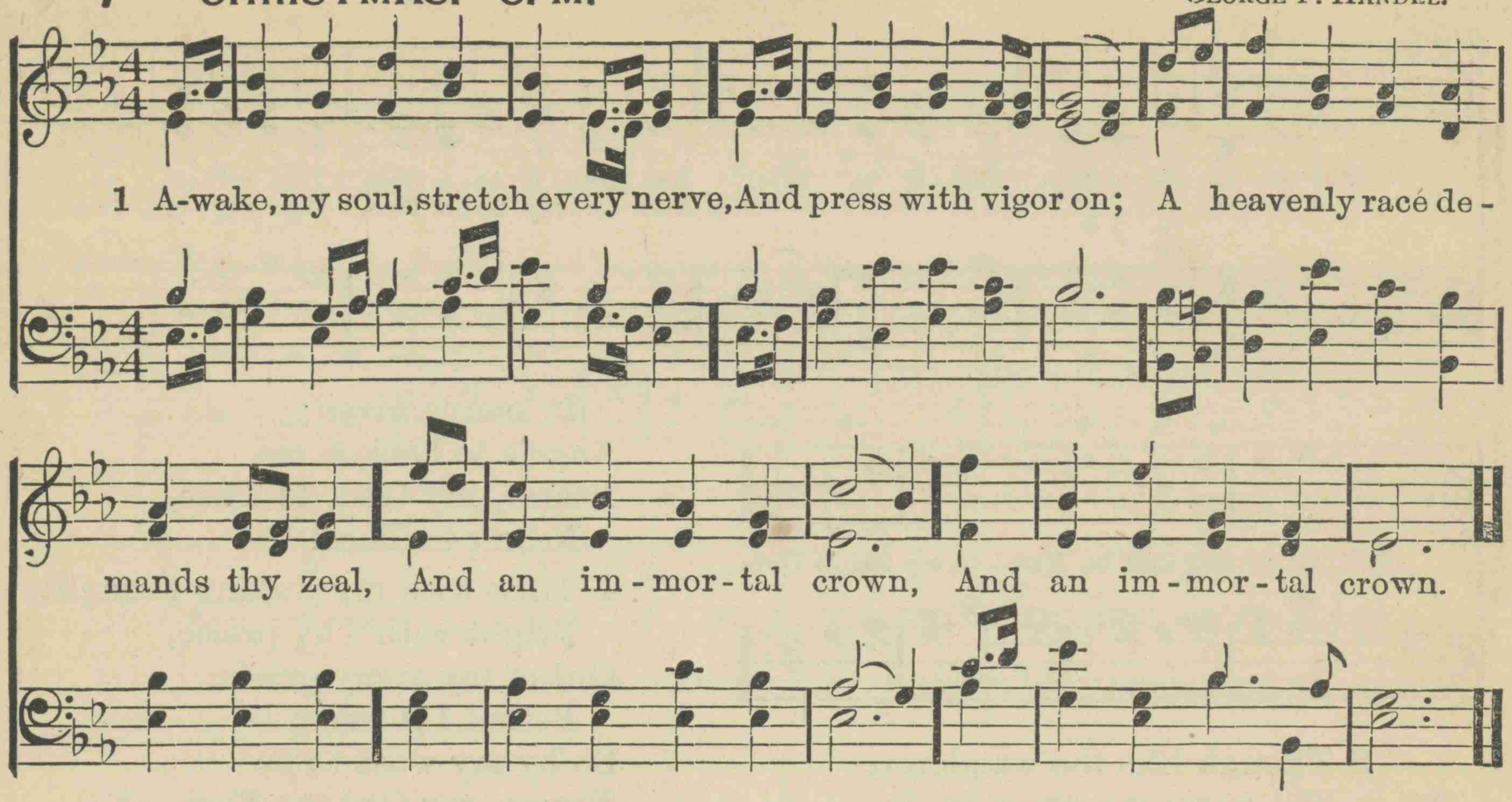


2 Open now the crystal fountain
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

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.

William Williams.

227 CHRISTMAS. C. M. GEORGE F. HANDEL.



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

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice,
That calls thee from on high,
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

4 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

Philip Doddridge.

228

1 I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend His cause;
Maintain the honor of His word,
The glory of His cross.

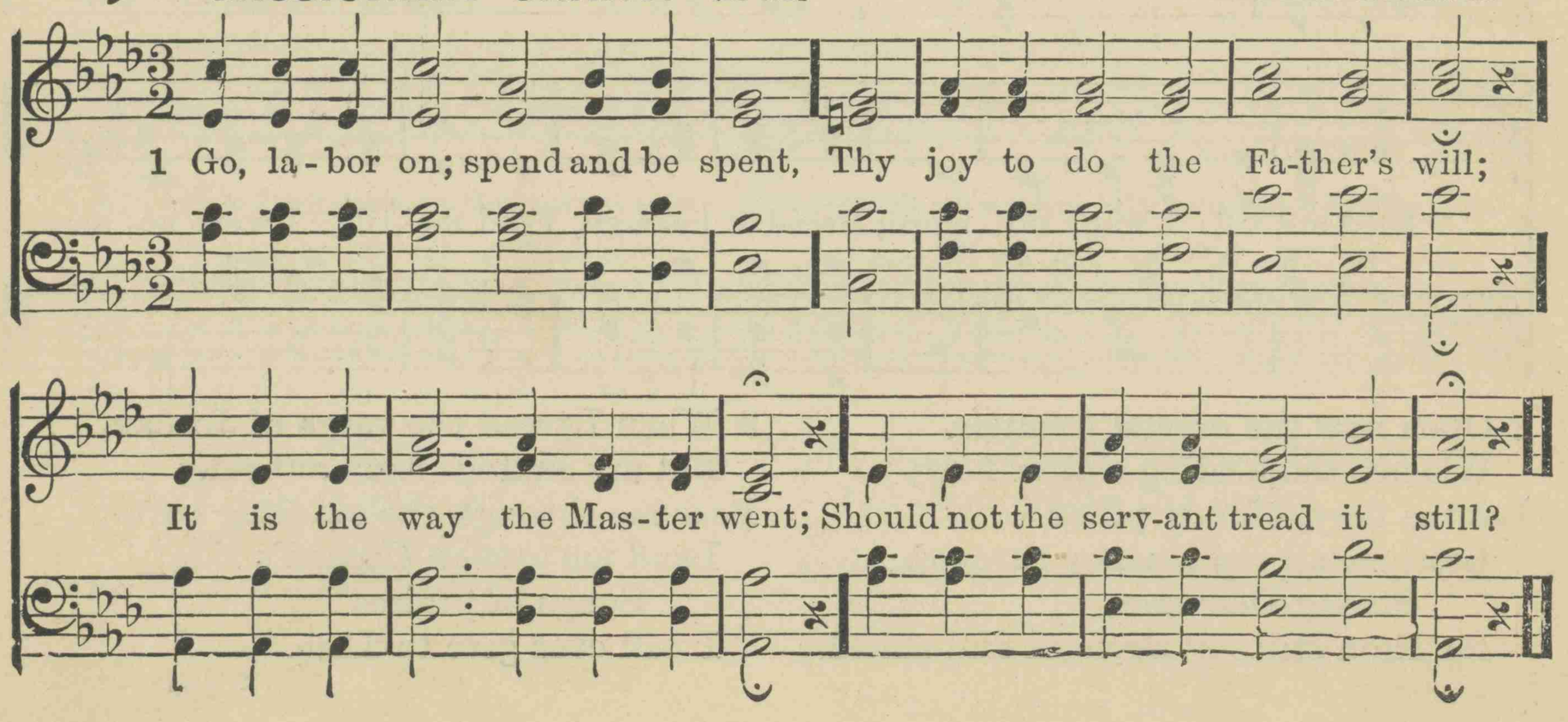
2 Jesus, my God!—I know His name—
His name is all my trust;
Nor will He put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

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

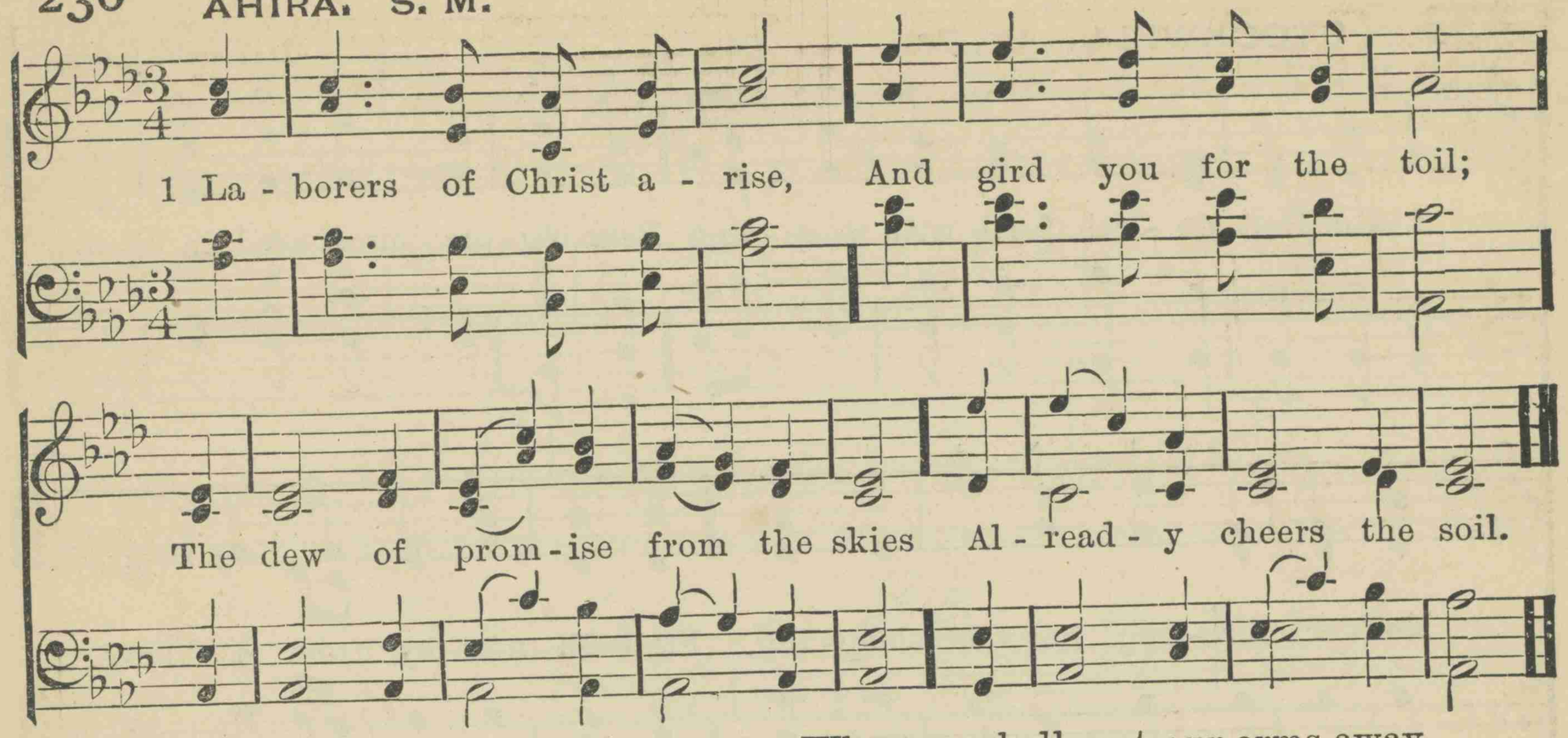
4 Then will He own my worthless name,
Before His Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

Isaac Watts.

229 MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M. HEINRICH C. ZEUNER.



Work.

230 AHIRA. S. M. HENRY W. GREATOREX.

2 Go where the sick recline,
Where mourning hearts deplore;
And where the sons of sorrow pine,
Dispense your hallowed lore.

3 Be faith, which looks above,
With prayer, your constant guest,
And wrap the Saviour's changeless love
A mantle round your breast.

4 So shall you share the wealth
That earth may ne'er despoil,
And the blest gospel's saving health
Repay your arduous toil.

Lydia H. Sigourney.

231

1 Arise, ye saints, arise!
The Lord our Leader is;
The foe before His banner flies,
And victory is His.

2 We follow Thee, our Guide,
Our Saviour, and our King;
We follow Thee, through grace supplied
From heaven's eternal spring.

3 We soon shall see the day
When all our toils shall cease;
When we shall cast our arms away,
And dwell in endless peace.

4 This hope supports us here;
It makes our burdens light;
'Twill serve our drooping hearts to cheer,
Till faith shall end in sight:

Thomas Kelly.

232

1 Make haste, O man, to live,
For thou so soon must die;
Time hurries past thee like the breeze;
How swift its moments fly!

2 Make haste, O man, to do,
Whatever must be done;
Thou hast no time to lose in sloth,
Thy day will soon be gone.

3 Up, then, with speed, and work;
Fling ease and self away;
This is no time for thee to sleep,
Up, watch, and work, and pray!

4 Make haste, O man, to live,
Thy time is almost o'er;
O sleep not, dream not, but arise,
The Judge is at the door.

Horatius Bonar.

[Tune No. 229, opposite page.]

2 Go, labor on; 'tis not for naught;
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
The Master praises,—what are men?

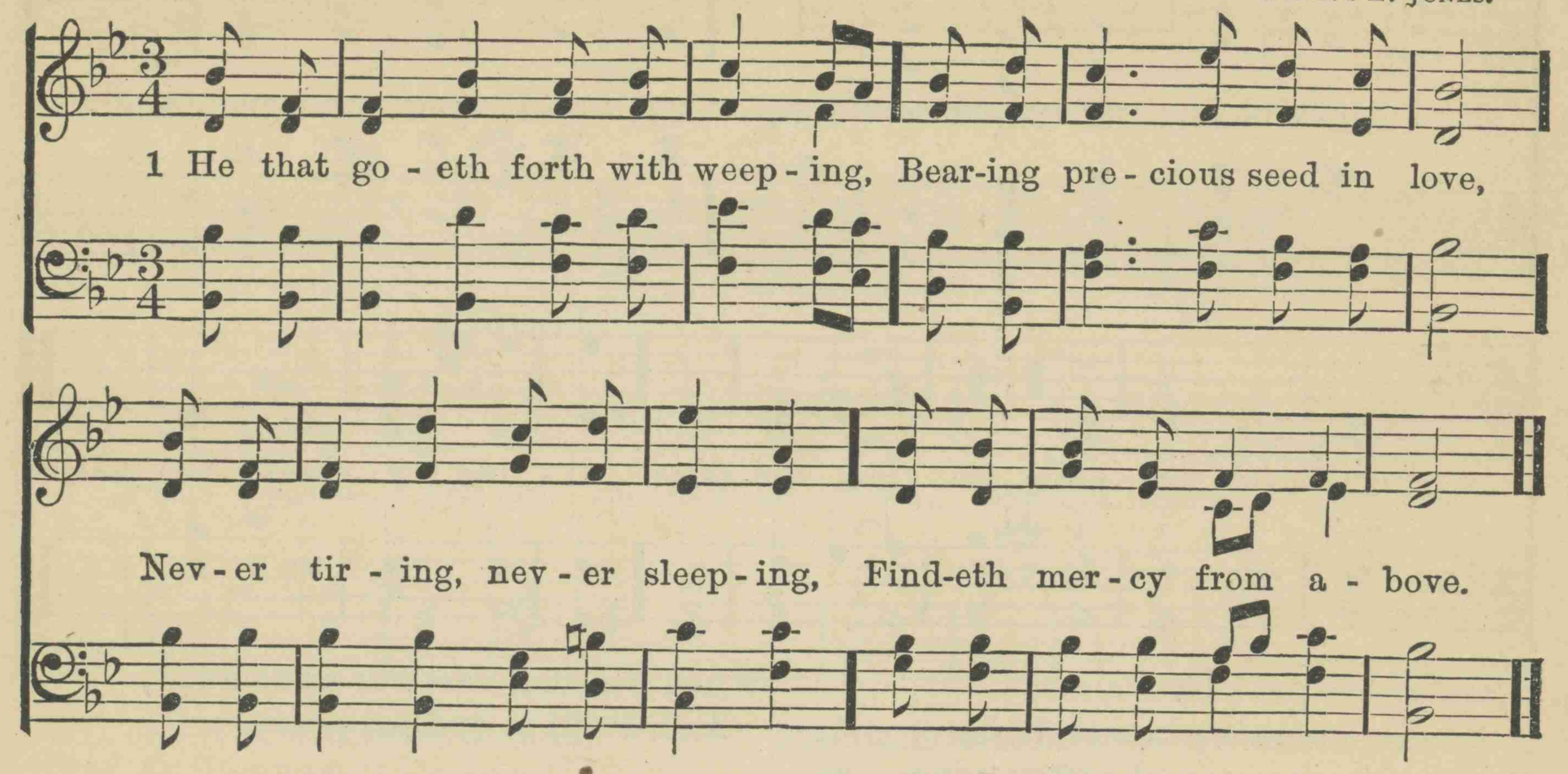
3 Go, labor on; enough, while here,
If He shall praise thee, if He deign
Thy willing heart to mark and cheer:
No toil for Him shall be in vain.

4 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal: "Behold, I come!"

Horatius Bonar.

233 STOCKWELL. 8s, 7s.

DARIUS E. JONES.



2 Soft decend the dews of heaven,
Bright the rays celestial shine;
Precious fruit will thus be given,
Through an influence all divine.

3 Sow thy seed, be never weary,
Let no fears thy soul annoy;
Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,
Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.

4 Lo, the scene of verdure brightening!
See the rising grain appear;
Look again! the fields are whitening,
For the harvest time is near.

Thomas Hastings.

234

1 Father, hear the prayer we offer!
Not for ease that prayer shall be,
But for strength that we may ever
Live our lives courageously.

2 Not forever by still waters
Would we idly, quiet stay,
But would smite the living fountains
From the rocks along our way.

3 Be our strength in hours of weakness,
In our wanderings, be our guide;
Through endeavor, hardship, danger,
Father, be Thou at our side!

4 Ours to sow the seed in sorrow,
Thine to bid it spring and grow;
And the golden days of autumn
Will a precious harvest show.

Anon.

235

1 Cast thy bread upon the waters,
Thinking not 'tis thrown away;
God Himself saith, thou shalt gather
It again some future day.

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

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

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

Phœbe A. Hannaford.

236

1 All unseen the Master walketh
By the toiling servant's side;
Comfortable words He speaketh,
While His hands uphold and guide.

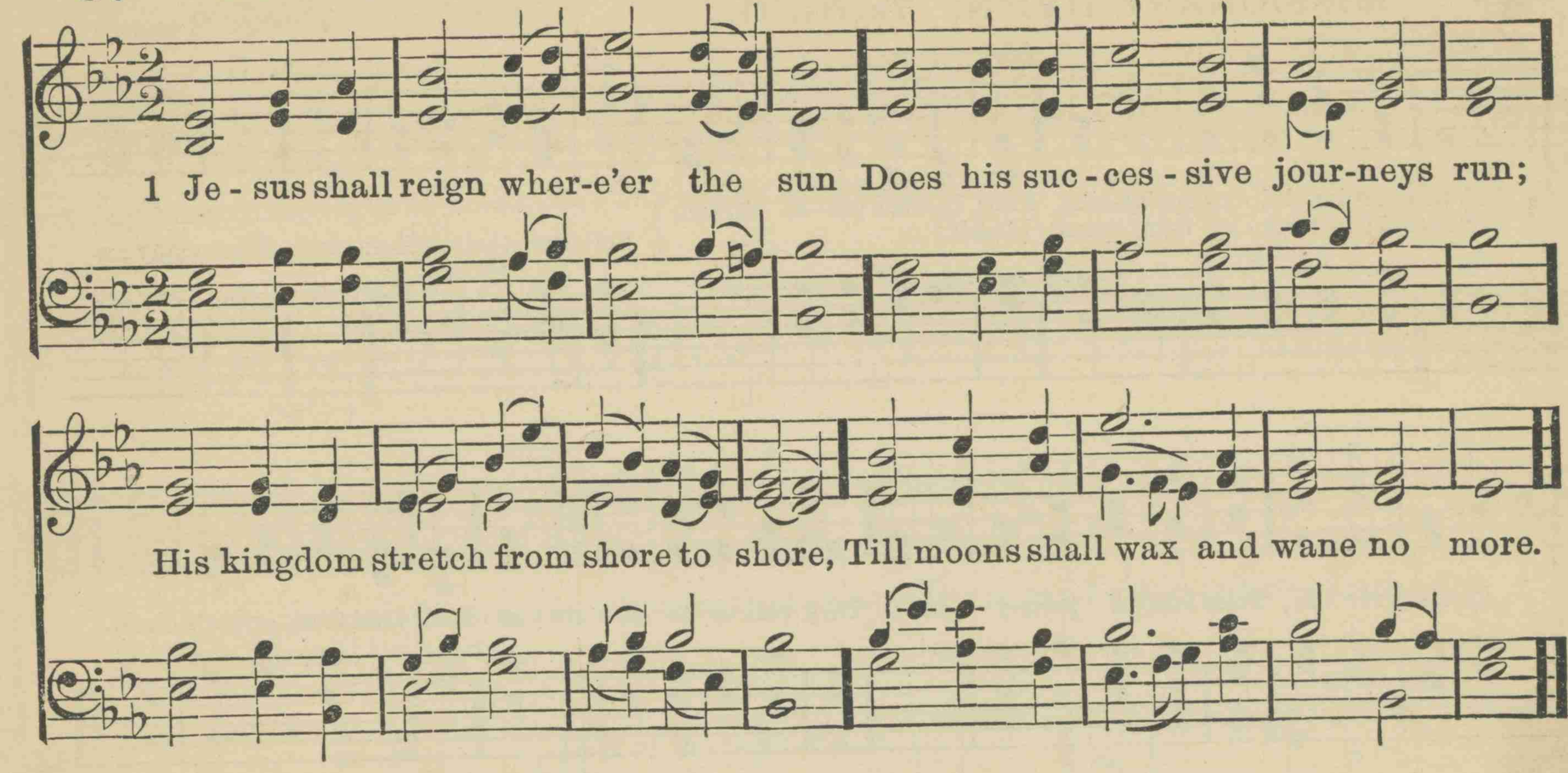
2 Grief, nor pain, nor any sorrow
Rends thy heart, to Him unknown;
He to-day, and He to-morrow,
Grace sufficient gives His own.

3 Holy strivings nerve and strengthen,
Long endurance wins the crown;
When the evening shadows lengthen,
Thou shalt lay thy burden down.

Thomas MacKellar.

237 DUKE STREET. L. M.

JOHN HATTON.



2 To Him shall endless prayer be made
And endless praises crown His head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning-sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love, with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose His chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

Isaac Watts.

238

1 Go, messenger of peace and love,
To people plunged in shades of night;
Like angels sent from fields above
Be thine to shed celestial light.

2 Go to the hungry, food impart;
To paths of peace the wanderer guide;
And lead the thirsty, panting heart
Where streams of living water glide.

3 O, faint not in the day of toil;
When harvest waits the reaper's hand,
Go gather in the glorious spoil,
And joyous in His presence stand.

4 Thy love a rich reward shall find
From Him who sits enthroned on high;
For they who turn the erring mind
Shall shine like stars above the sky.

Alexander Balfour.

239

1 Look from Thy sphere of endless day,
O God of mercy and of might!
In pity look on those who stray,
Benighted in this land of light.

2 In peopled vale, in lonely glen,
In crowded mart, by stream or sea,
How many of the sons of men
Hear not the message sent from Thee!

3 Send forth Thy heralds, Lord, to call
The thoughtless young, the hardened old,
A scattered, homeless flock, till all
Be gathered to Thy peaceful fold.

4 Then all these wastes, a dreary scene,
That makes us sadden as we gaze,
Shall grow with living waters green,
And lift to heaven the voice of praise.

William C. Bryant.

240

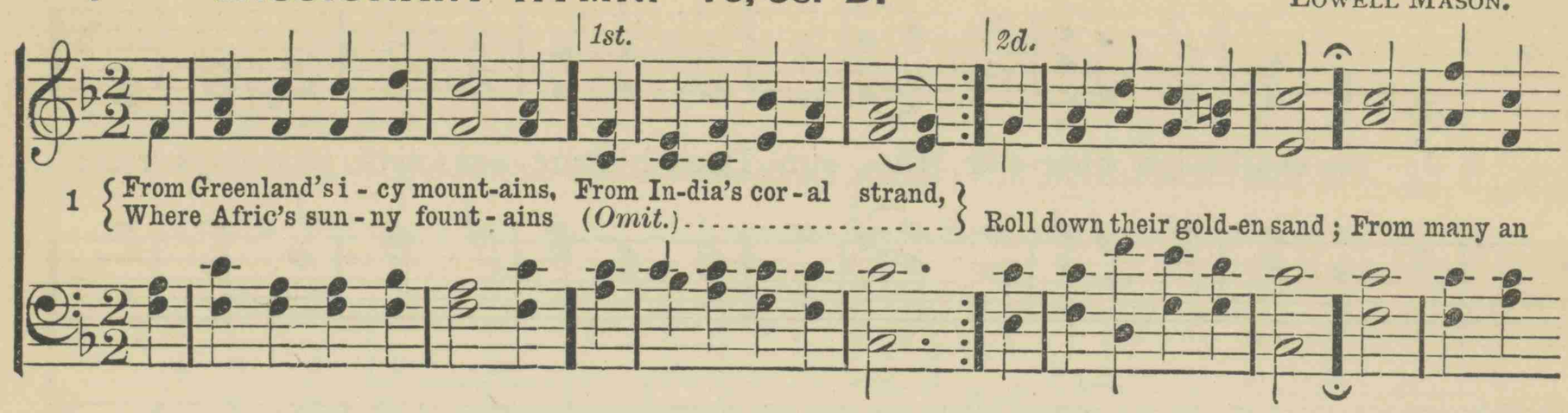
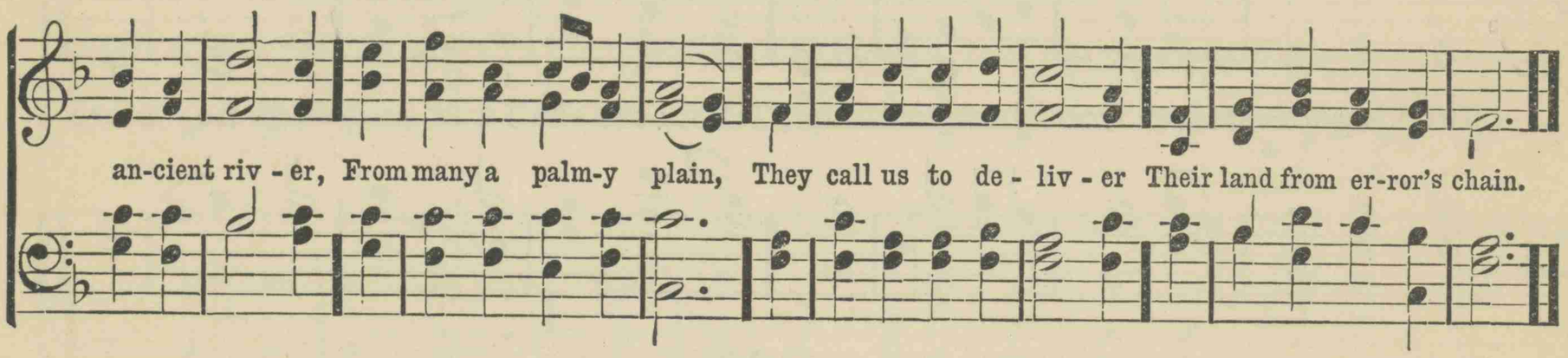
1 Sovereign of worlds! display Thy power;
Be this Thy Zion's favored hour;
Bid the bright morning Star arise,
And point the nations to the skies.

2 Set up Thy throne where Satan reigns,—
On Afric's shore, on India's plains,
On wilds and continents 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.

Bourne H. Draper.

241 MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s, 6s. D.

LOWELL MASON.

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!

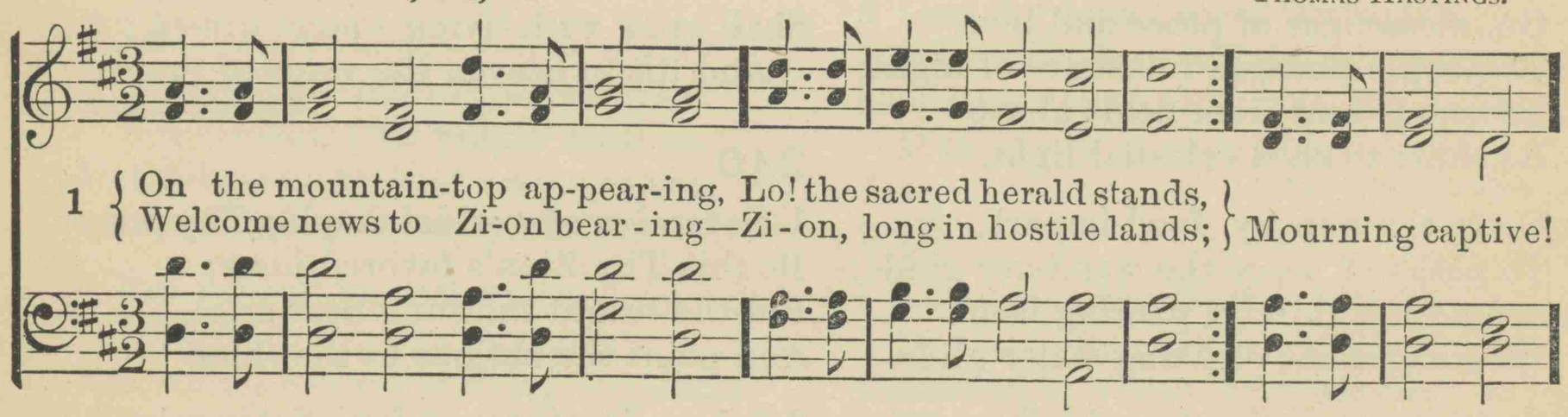
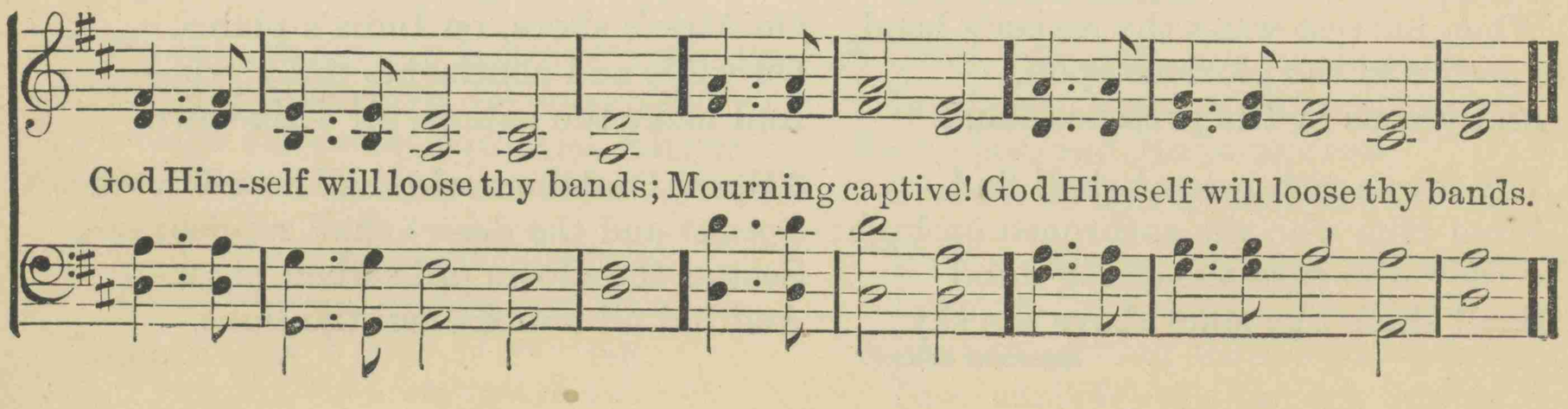
3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,—
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

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

Reginald Heber.

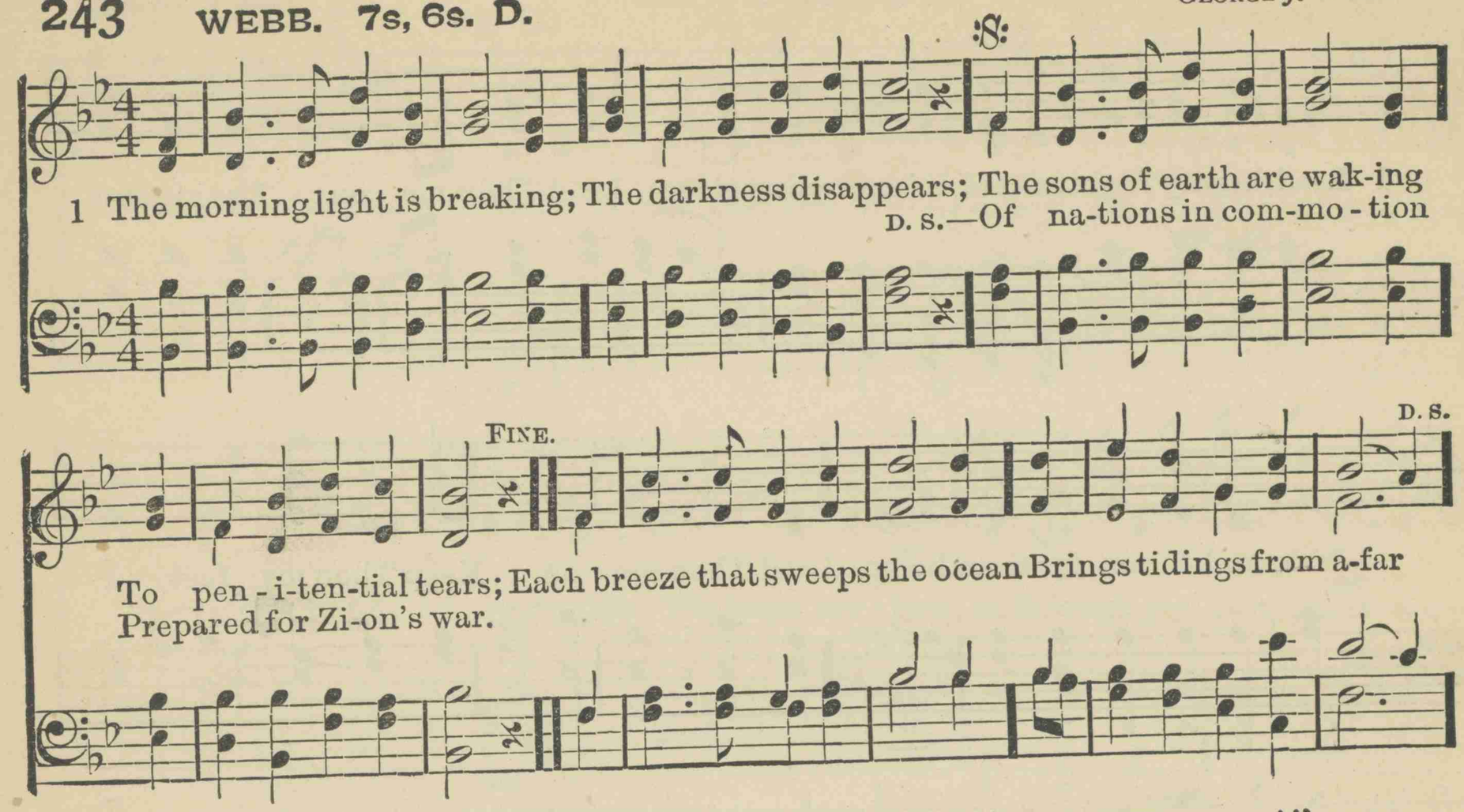
242 ZION. 8s, 7s, 4.

THOMAS HASTINGS.



243 WEBB. 7s, 6s. D.

GEORGE J. WEBB.



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 thine 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!"

Samuel F. Smith.

244

1 Now be the gospel banner
In every land unfurled;
And be the shout, "Hosanna!"
Re-echoed through the world,
Till every isle and nation,
Till every tribe and tongue,
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng.

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

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

Thomas Hastings.

[Tune No. 242, opposite page.]

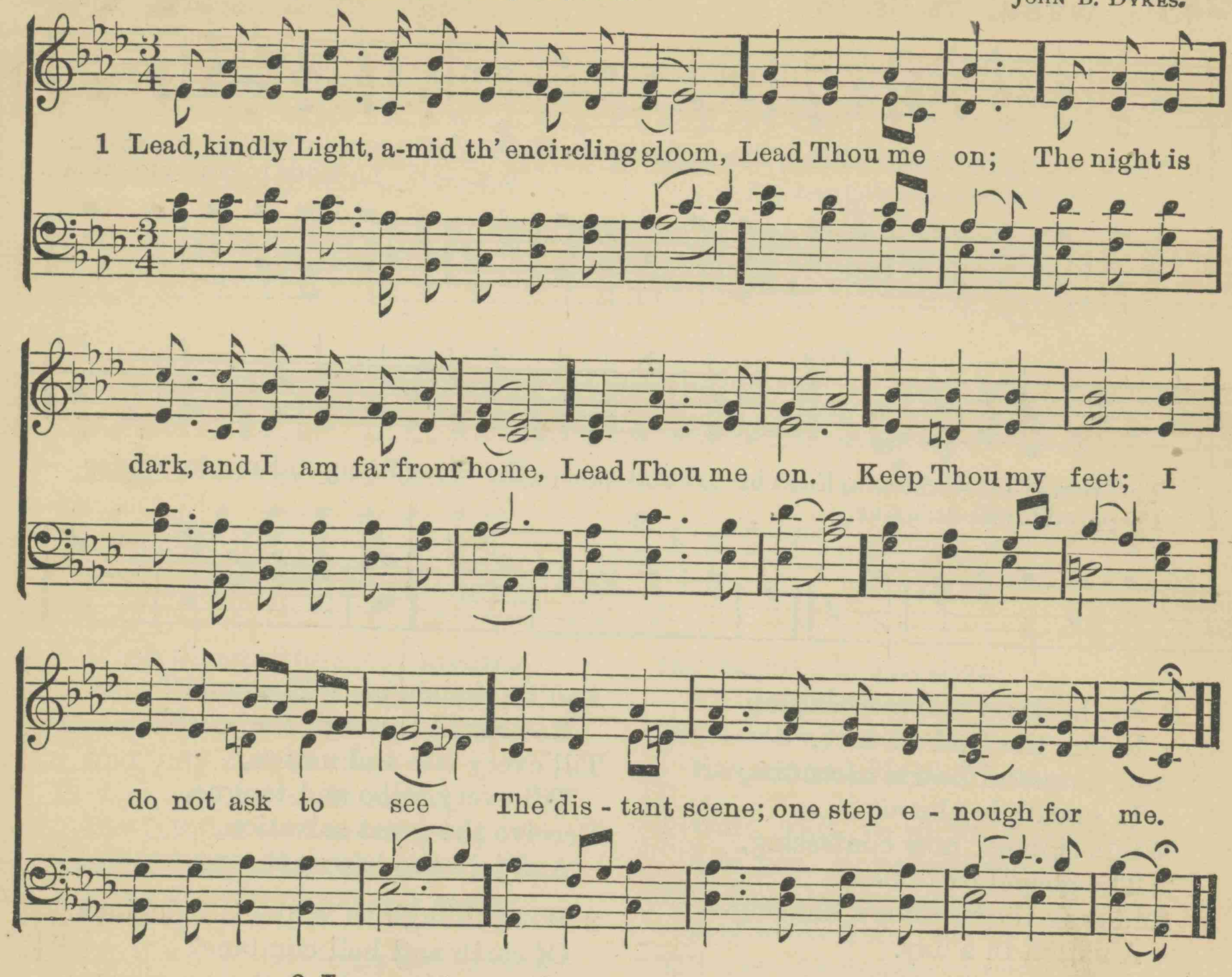
2 Has thy night been long and mournful,
All thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well beloved.

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

Thomas Kelly.

245 LUX BENIGNA. 10s, 4s, 10s.

JOHN B. DYKES.



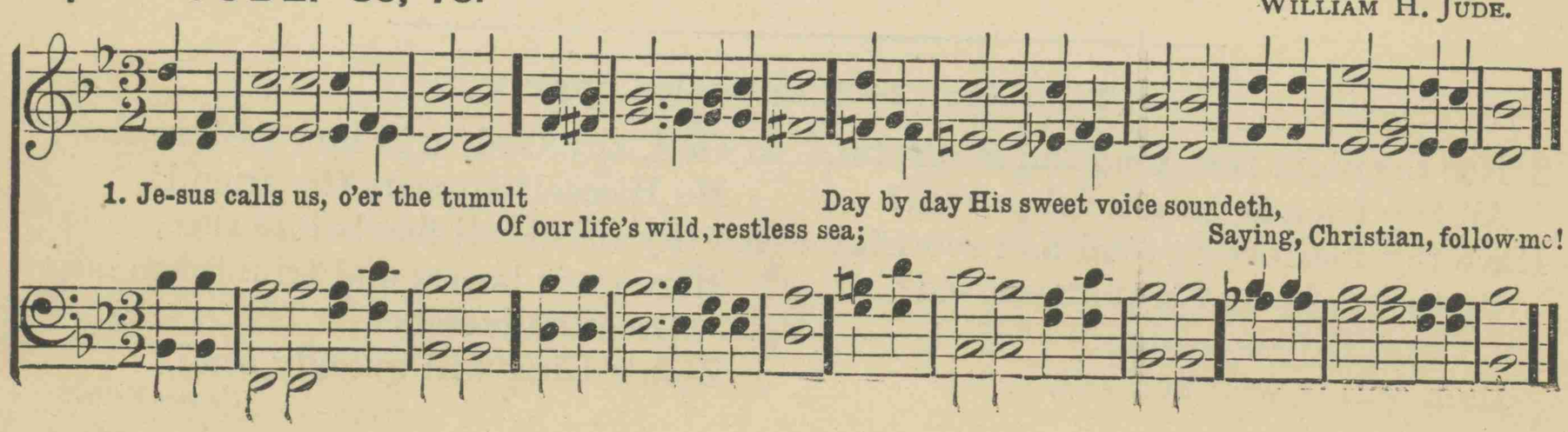
2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

3 So long Thy power hath blessed me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

John H. Newman.

246 JUDE. 8s, 7s.

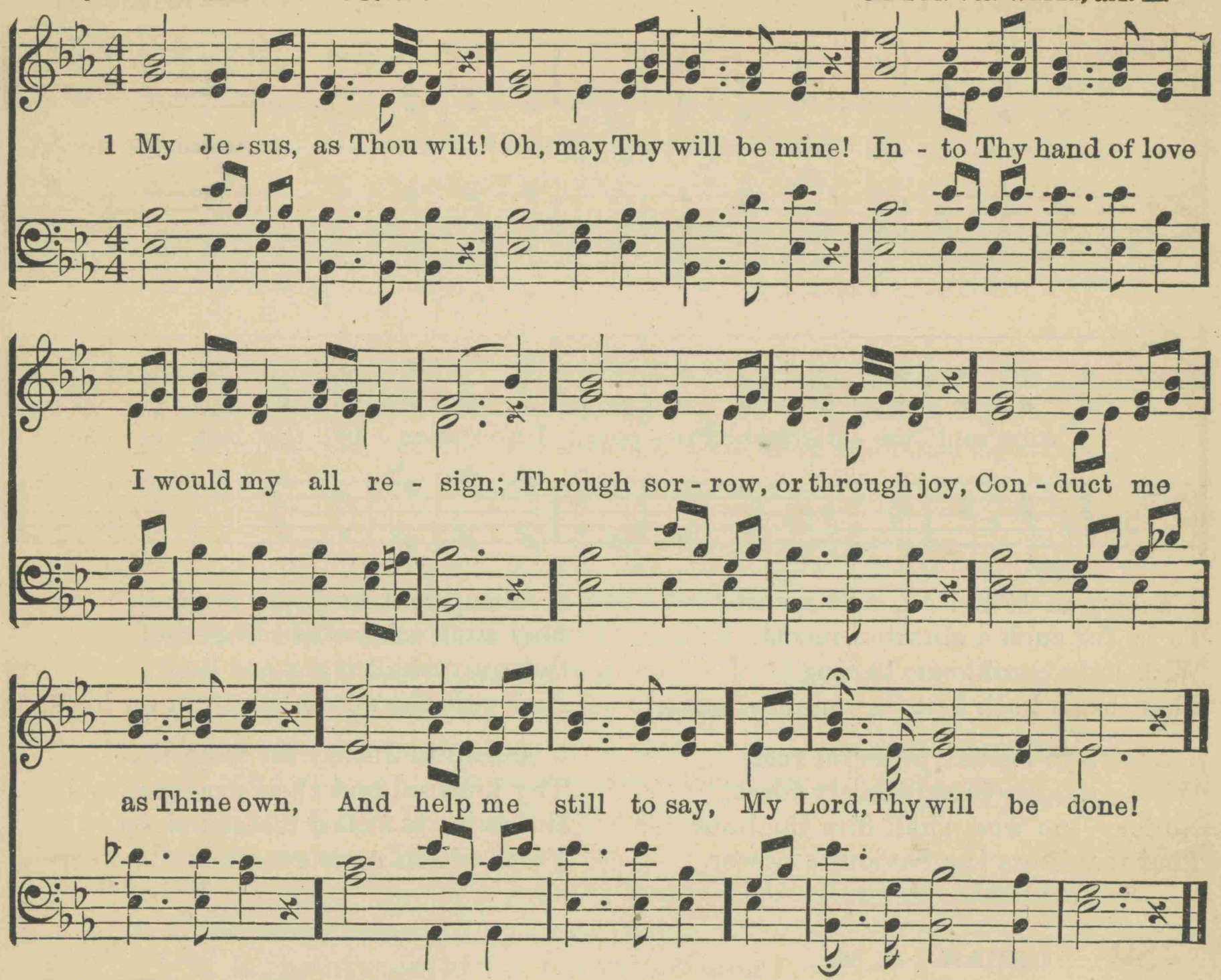
WILLIAM H. JUDE.



Affliction.

247 JEWETT. 6s. D.

CARL M. VON WEBER, arr. H.



2 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear;
Since Thou on earth hast wept,
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with Thee,
My Lord, Thy will be done!

3 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
All shall be well for me;
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust with Thee:
Straight to my home above
I travel calmly on,
And sing, in life or death,
My Lord, Thy will be done!

Tr. Jane Borthwick.

[Tune No. 246, opposite page.]

248

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

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

4 Jesus calls us! by Thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear Thy call;
Give our hearts to Thy obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all!

Cecil F. Alexander.

1 Pilgrims in this vale of sorrow,
Pressing onward toward the prize,
Strength and comfort here we borrow
From the Hand that rules the skies,

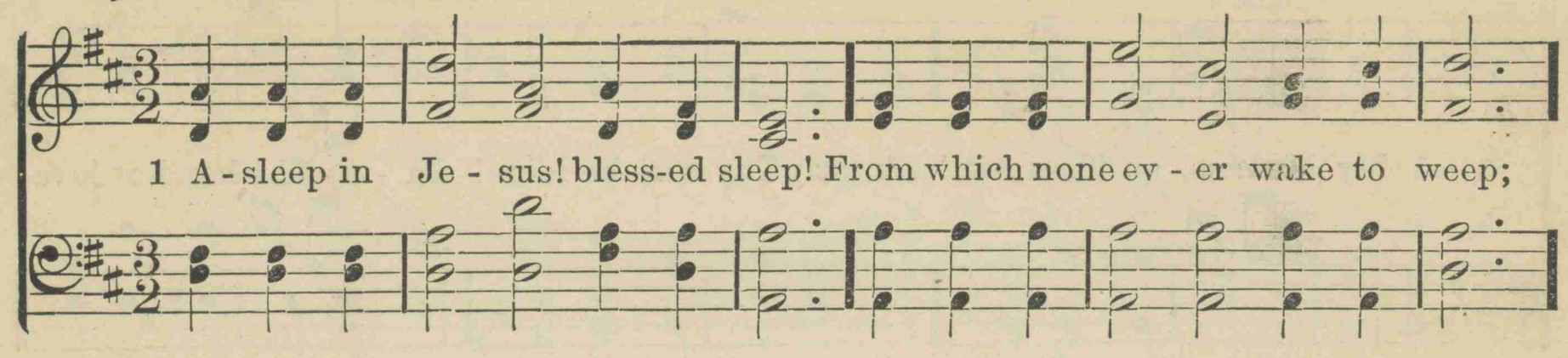
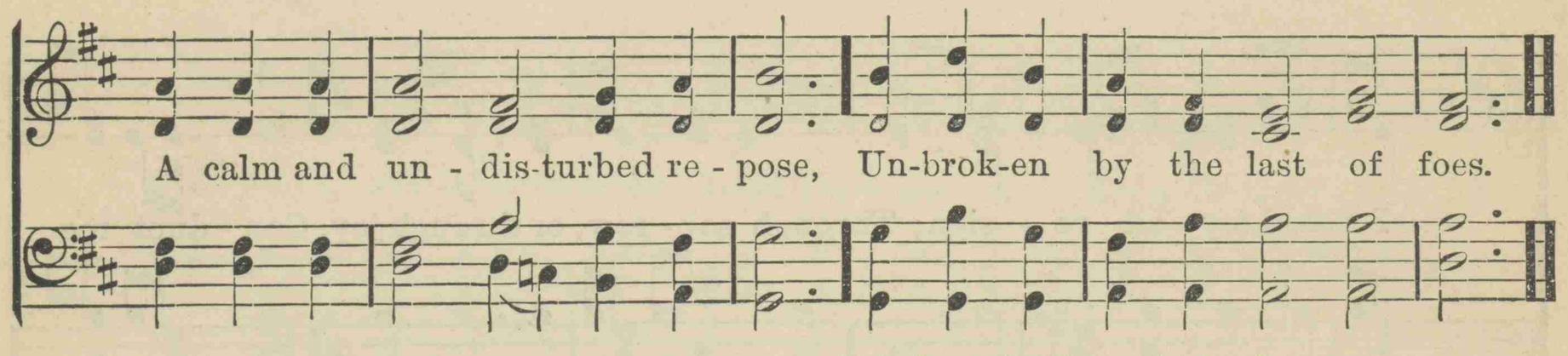
2 'Mid these scenes of self-denial,
We are called the race to run;
We must meet full many a trial
Ere the victor's crown is won.

3 Love shall every conflict lighten,
Hope shall urge us swiftĕr on,
Faith shall every prospect brighten,
Till the morn of heaven shall dawn.

Thomas Hastings.

Them that Sleep.

249 REST. L. M. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.



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

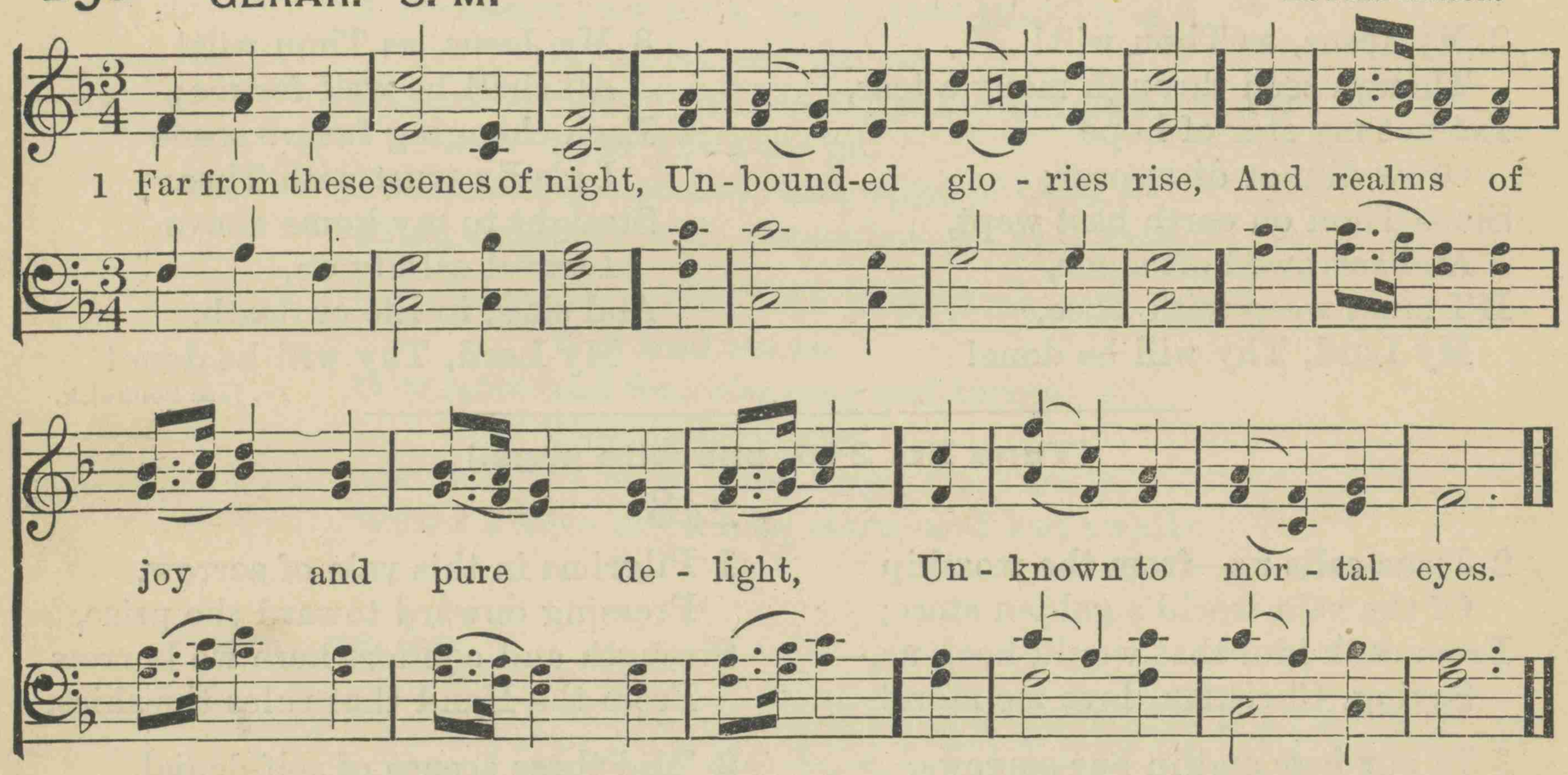
3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear—no woe, shall dim the hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

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.

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

Margaret Mackay.

250 GERAR. S. M. LOWELL MASON.



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.

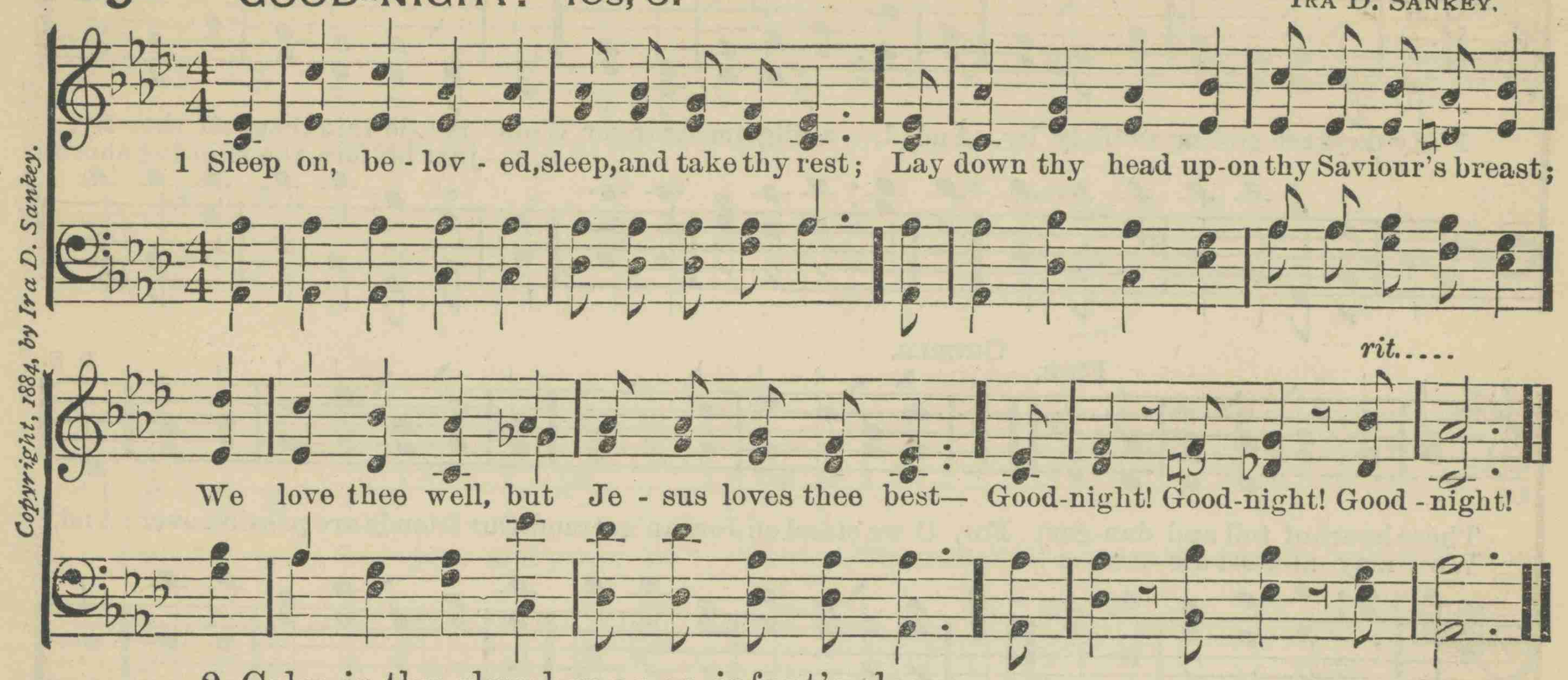
4 O may the prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith, and strong desire,
Bear every thought above.

Anne Steele.

Them that Sleep.

It is said: The early Christians were accustomed to bid their dying friends Good-night, so sure were they of their awakening on the Resurrection Morning.

251 GOOD-NIGHT. 10s, 6. IRA D. SANKEY.



Copyright, 1884, by Ira D. Sankey.

2 Calm is thy slumber as an infant's sleep;
But thou shalt wake no more to toil and weep:
Thine is a perfect rest, secure and deep—Good-night! Good-night!

3 Until the shadows from this earth are cast,
Until He gathers in His sheaves at last,
Until the twilight gloom be overpast—Good-night! Good-night!

4 Until the Easter glory lights the skies,
Until the dead in Jesus shall arise,
And He shall come, but not in lowly guise—Good-night! Good-night!

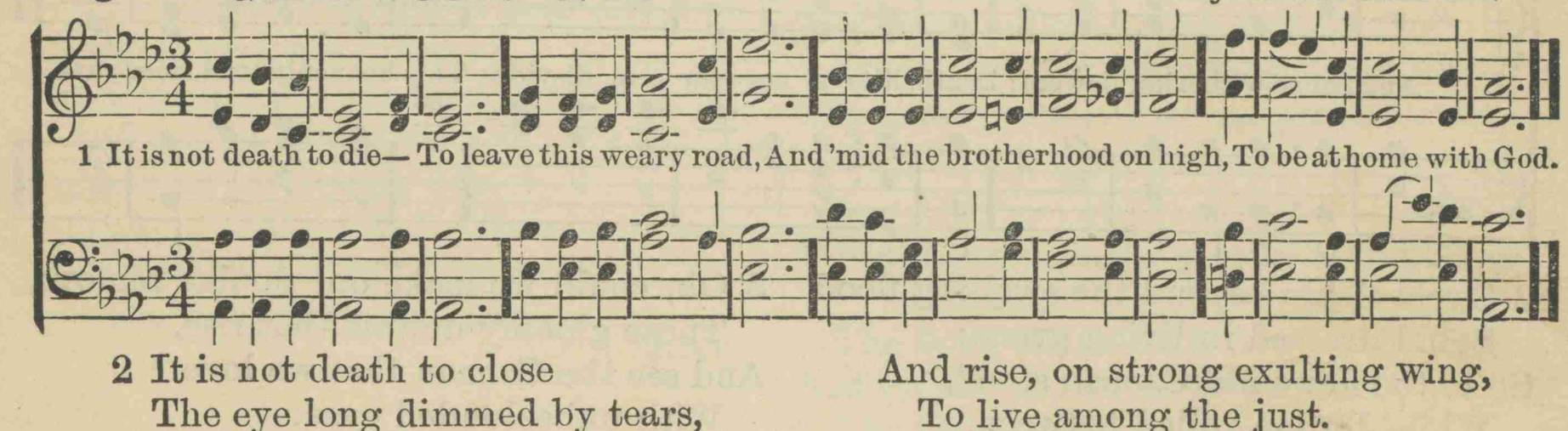
5 Until, made beautiful by Love Divine,
Thou, in the likeness of thy Lord shalt shine,
And He shall bring that golden crown of thine—Good-night! Good-night!

6 Only "Good-night," beloved—not "farewell!"
A little while, and all His saints shall dwell
In hallowed union indivisibe—Good-night! Good-night!

7 Until we meet again before His throne,
Clothed in the spotless robe He gives His own,
Until we know even as we are known—Good-night! Good-night!

Sarah Doudney.

252 GREENWOOD. S. M. JOSEPH E. SWEETSER.



2 It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake, in glorious repose
To spend eternal years.

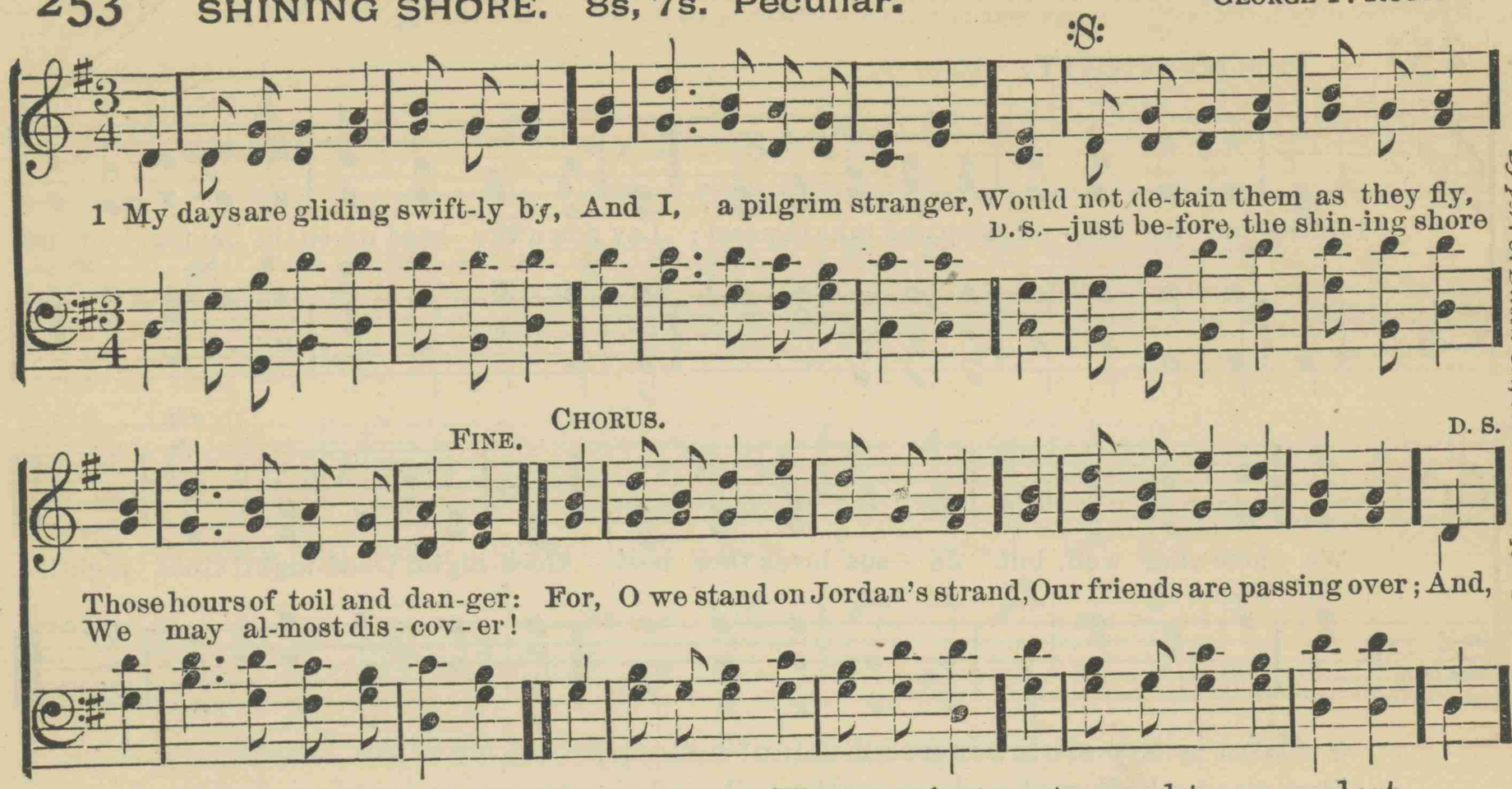
3 It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise, on strong exulting wing,
To live among the just.

4 Jesus, Thou Prince of life!
Thy chosen cannot die;
Like Thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with Thee on high.

Tr. George W. Bethune.

253 SHINING SHORE. 8s, 7s. Peculiar.

GEORGE F. ROOT.



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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."

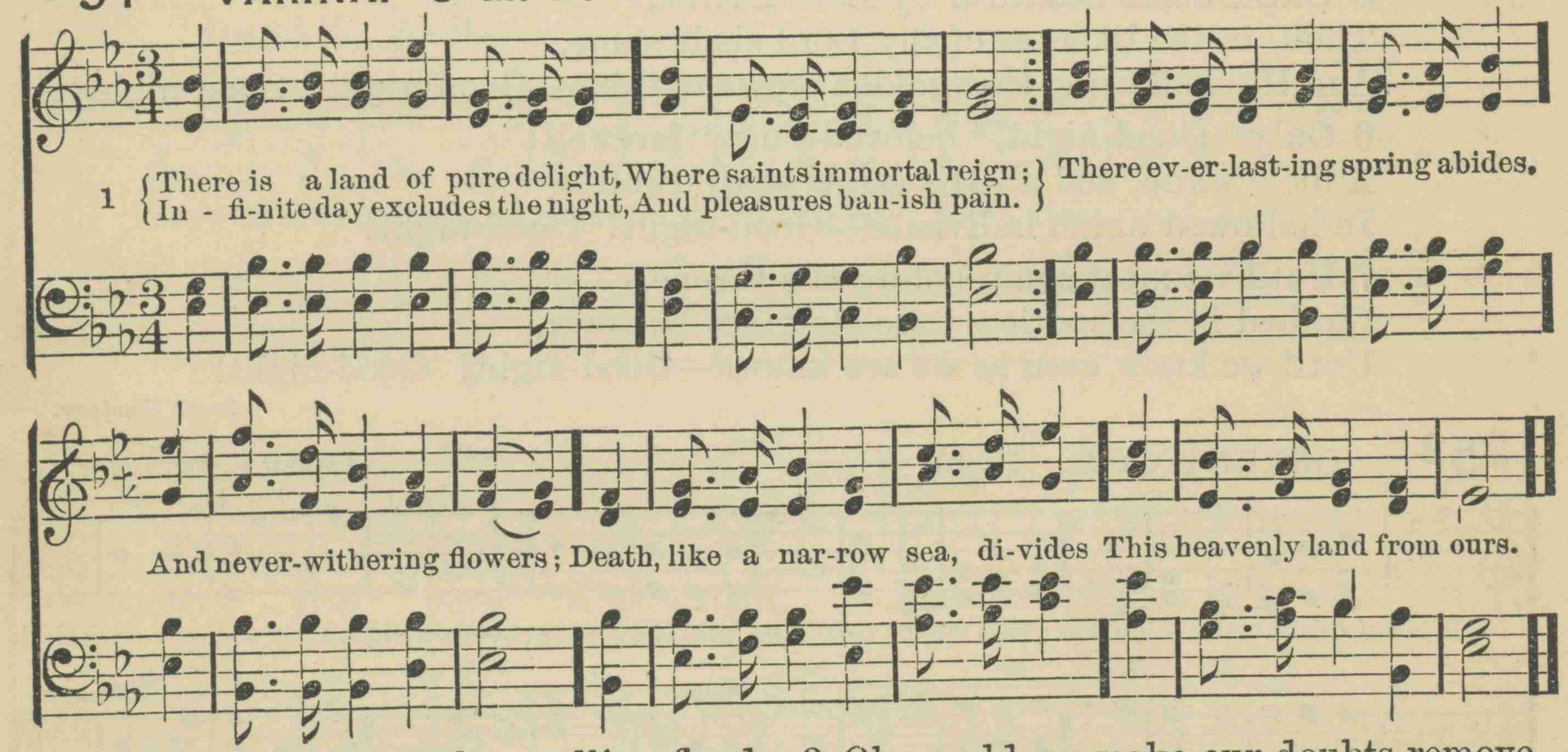
3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest nought can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.

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

David Nelson.

254 VARINA. C. M. D.

GEORGE F. ROOT.

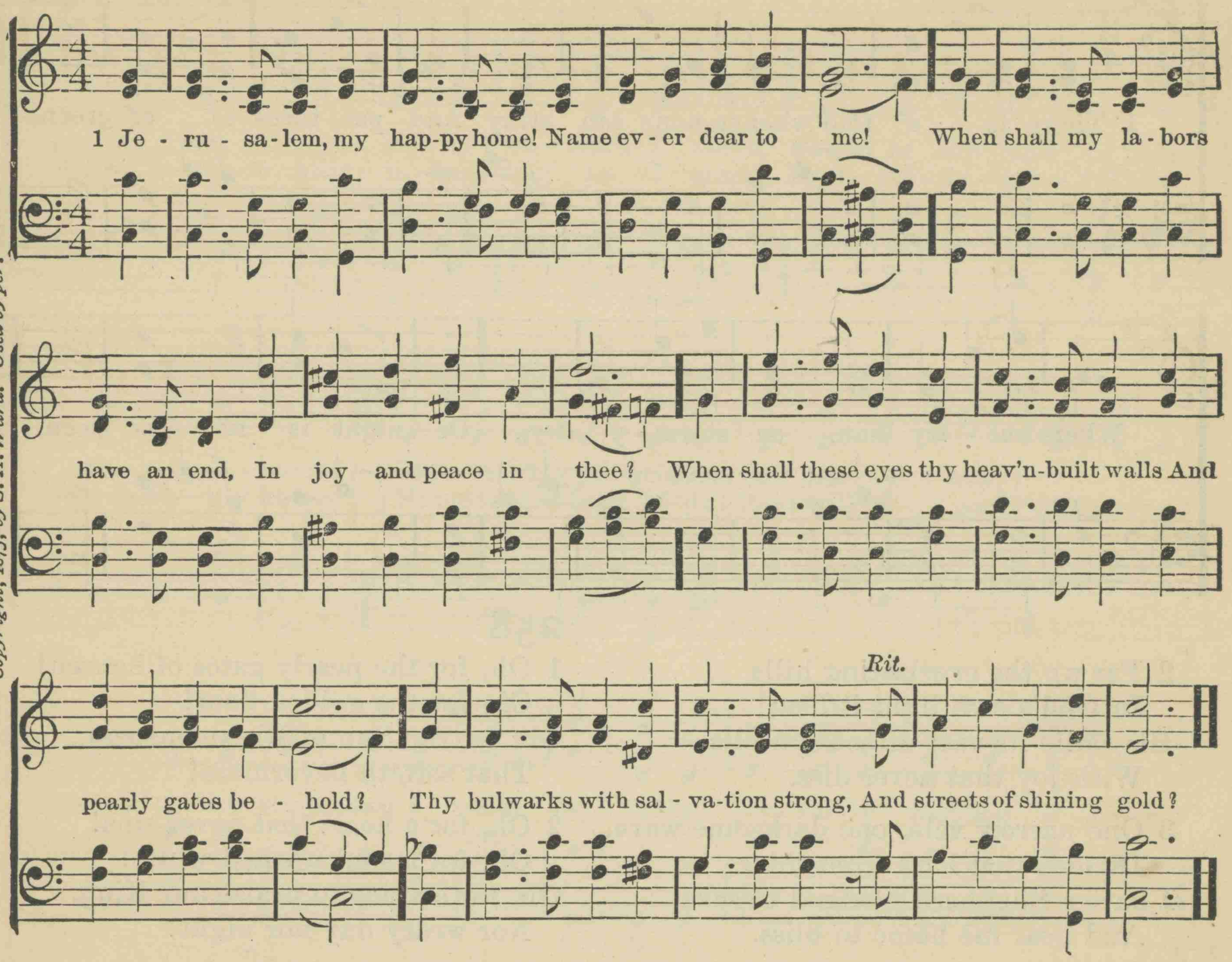


2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

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

Isaac Watts.

255 MATERNA. C. M. D.

SAMUEL A. WARD.

Copyright, 1875, by S. A. Ward. Used by per.

2 O when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbath has no end?
There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

3 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.
Jerusalem, my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

F. B. P.

256

1 O mother dear, Jerusalem,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have and end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

O happy harbor of God's saints,
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow can be found,
Nor grief, nor care, nor toil.

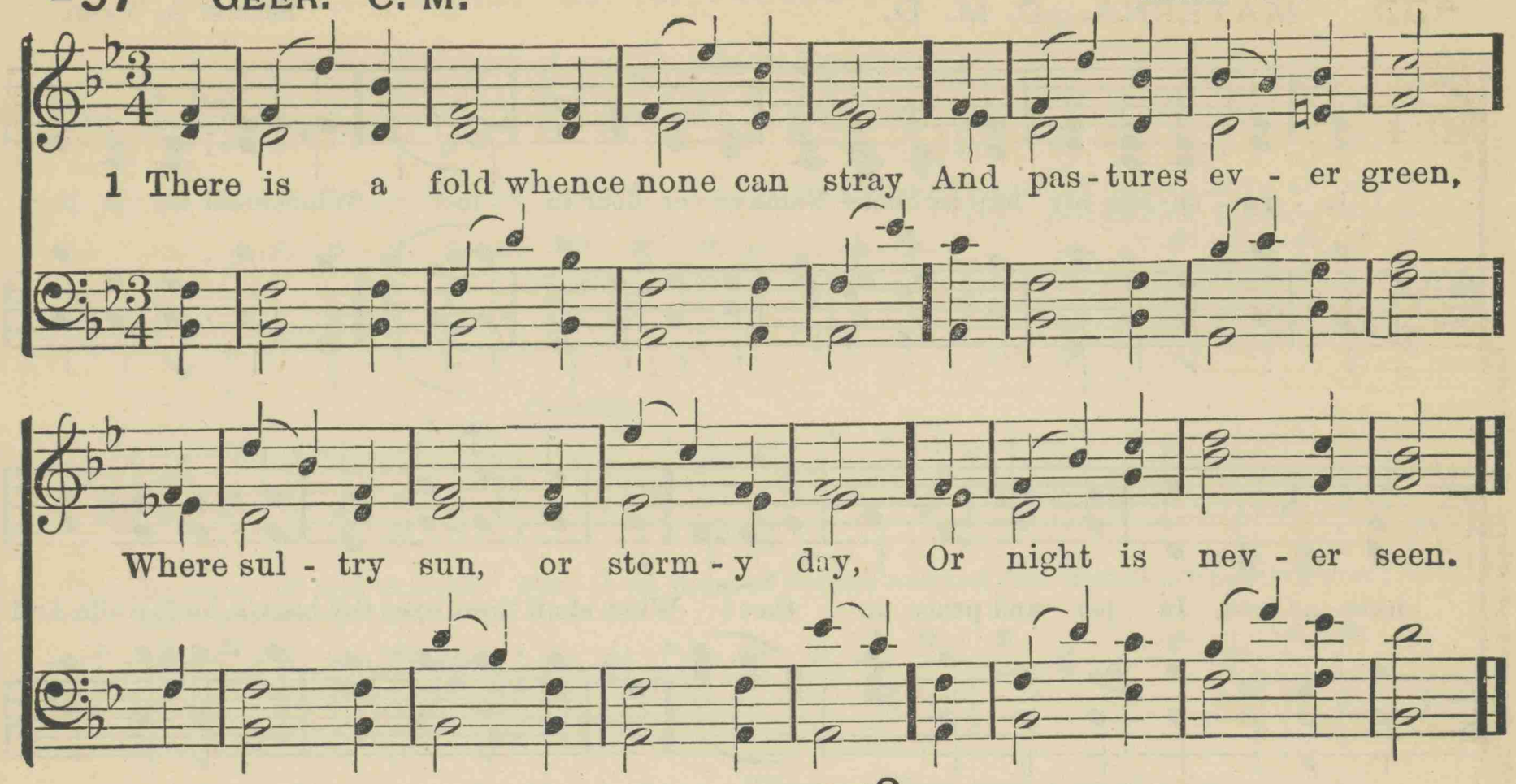
2 No dimming cloud o'ershadows thee,
Nor gloom, nor darksome night;
But every soul shines as the sun,
For God himself gives light.
Thy walls are made of precious stone,
Thy bulwarks diamond-square;
Thy gates are all of orient pearl:
O God, if I were there!

3 Right through thy streets with pleasing sound
The flood of life doth flow,
And on the banks, on either side,
The trees of life do grow.
Those trees each month yield ripened fruit;
For evermore they spring;
And all the nations of the earth
To Thee their honors bring.

F. B. P.

257 GEER. C. M.

HENRY W. GREATOREX.



2 Far up the everlasting hills
In God's own light it lies;
His smile its vast dimension fills
With joy that never dies.

3 One narrow vale, one darksome wave,
Divides that land from this:
I have a Shepherd pledged to save
And bear me home to bliss.

4 Far from this guilty world to be
Exempt from toil and strife—
To spend eternity with Thee—
My Saviour, this is life!

John East.

258

1 Oh, for the pearly gates of heaven!
Oh, for the golden floor!
Oh, for the Sun of Righteousness,
That setteth nevermore!

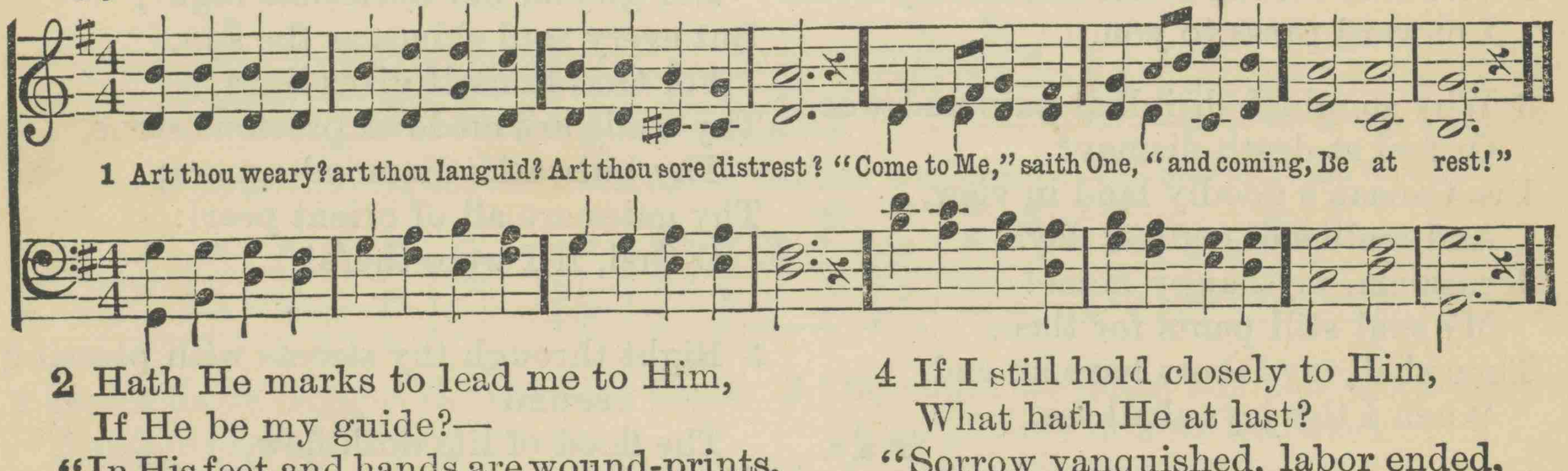
2 Oh, for a heart that never sins!
Oh, for a soul washed white!
Oh, for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day nor night!

3 Oh, by Thy love and anguish, Lord,
And by Thy life laid down,
Grant that we fail not of Thy grace,
Nor fail to reach our crown!

Cecil F. Alexander.

259 STEPHANOS. 8, 5, 8, 3.

HENRY W. BAKER.



2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my guide?—
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side."

3 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?—
'Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

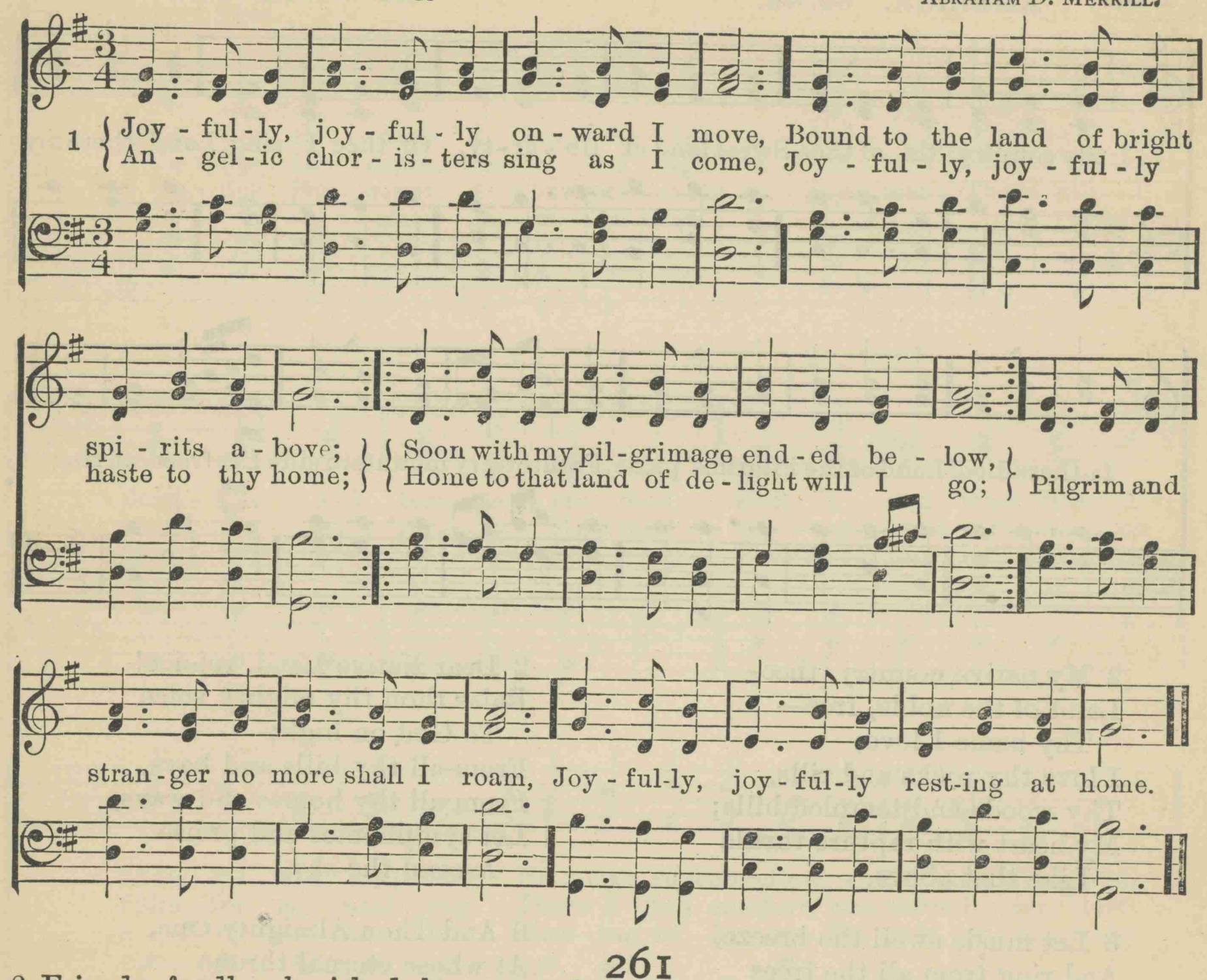
4 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan passed."

5 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away."

Tr. John M. Neale.

260 JOYFULLY. 10s.

ABRAHAM D. MERRILL.



2 Friends, fondly cherished, have passed on before.
Waiting, they watch me approaching the shore;
Singing to cheer me through death's chilling gloom,
Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.
Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear;
Harps of the blesséd, your voices I hear;
Rings with the harmony heaven's high dome,
Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.

3 Death, with thy weapon 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.

William Hunter.

261

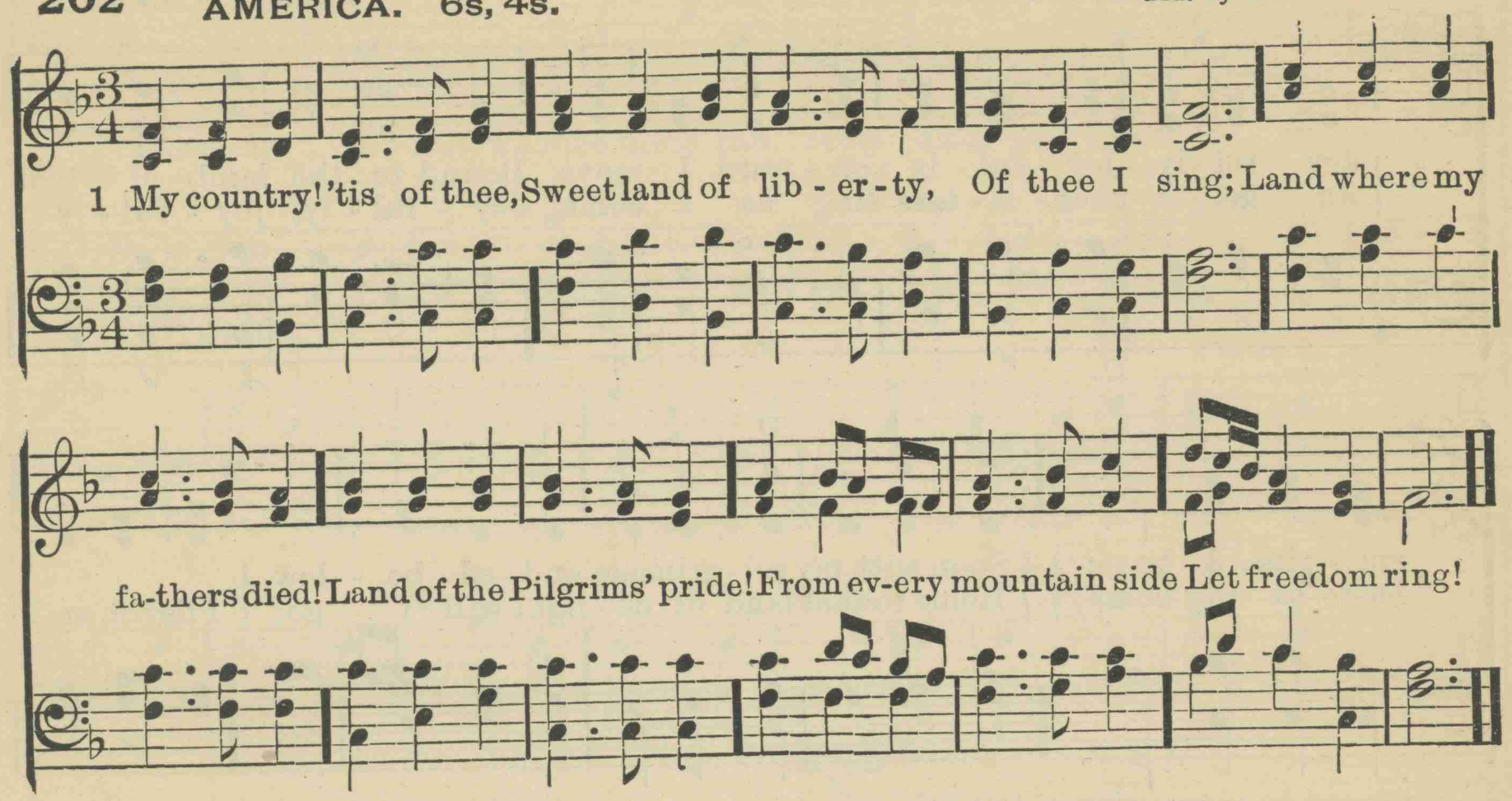
1 Happy the spirit released from its clay;
Happy the soul that goes bounding away;
Singing, as upward it hastes to the skies,
Victory, victory! homeward I rise,
Many the toils it has passed through below,
Many the seasons of trial and woe;
Many the doubtings it never should sing,
Victory, victory! thus on the wing.

2 How can we wish them recalled from their home,
Longer in sorrowing exile to roam?
Safely they passed from their troubles beneath,
Victory, victory! shouting in death.
Thus let them slumber, till Christ from the skies
Bids them in glorified body arise:
Singing, as upward they spring from the tomb,
Victory, victory! Jesus hath come.

William Hunter.

262 AMERICA. 6s, 4s.

Ad. by HENRY CAREY.



2 My native country, thee—
Land of the noble, free—
  Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
  Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
  Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
  The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God! to Thee,
Author of liberty,
  To Thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
  Great God, our King!

Samuel F. Smith.

263

1 Our land, with mercies crowned,
This wide, enchanted ground,
  O God, is Thine:
Our fathers knew Thy name;
The trophies of their fame—
Our heritage—proclaim,
  A Power divine.

2 Dear Native Land, rejoice!
Raise thou thy mighty voice
  To God on high;
From all thy hills and bays,
From all thy homes and ways,
Let symphonies and praise
  Ascend the sky.

3 And Thou Almighty One,
At whose eternal throne
  We bow the knee;
In all the coming time,
Bless Thou this favored clime,
And may our deeds sublime
  Be hymns to Thee!

Edwin T. Winkler.

264

1 God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
  Through storm and night:
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind 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!

Tr. Charles T. Brooks.

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265

Under his Wings.

"*Hide me under the shadow of thy wings.*"—Ps. 17 : 8.

Rev. W. O. Cushing.

Solo or Duet.

Ira D. Sankey.

1 Un - der His wings I am safe - ly a - bid - ing; Tho' the night
2 Un - der His wings, what a ref - uge in sor - row! How the heart
3 Un - der His wings, O what pre - cious en - joy - ment! There will I

deep - ens and tem - pests are wild, Still I can trust Him; I
yearn - ing - ly turns to His rest! Oft - en when earth has no
hide till life's tri - als are o'er; Shel-tered, pro - tect - ed, no

know He will keep me; He has redeemed me, and I am His child.
balm for my heal - ing, There I find comfort, and there I am blest.
e - vil can harm me; Rest - ing in Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.

Chorus.

Un - der His wings, un - der His wings, Who from His love can sev - er?

Un - der His wings my soul shall a - bide, Safe - ly a - bide for - ev - er.

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266

Open Wide the Door.

W. KITCHING. *"Behold, I stand at the door and knock."*—Rev. 3:20. J. H. BURKE.

1 Je - sus knocks; He calls to thee; "Wea - ry one, O come to me;"
2 Je - sus knocks, He comes to save, 'Twas for thee His life He gave;
3 Je - sus knocks, is knocking still; Yield to Him at once thy will;
4 Je - sus knocks; the mo - ments fly; While sal - va - tion yet is nigh,

He can save, and on - ly He; O - - - pen wide the door.
He hath triumphed o'er the grave; O - - - pen wide the door.
He with joy thy heart can fill; O - - - pen wide the door.
Ere the Sav - iour pass - eth by, O - - - pen wide the door.
O - pen, o - pen wide the door.

CHORUS.

O - - - - pen wide the door,
O - pen, o - pen wide, O - pen wide the door,

O - - - pen wide the door, He can save, and
O - pen, o - pen, wide, O - pen wide the door;

on - ly He;— O - - - pen wide the door.
O - pen wide the door.
O - pen, o - pen, wide the door.

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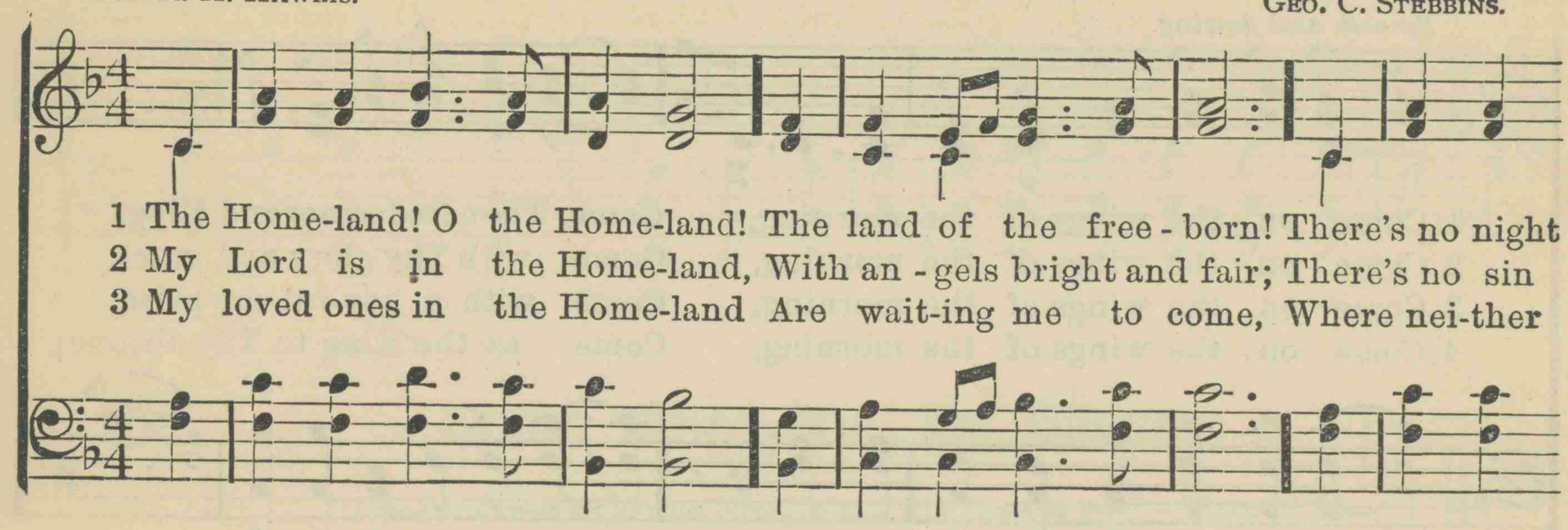
267

The Homeland!

"Neither shall there be any more pain."—Rev. 21:4.

Rev. R. H. Haweis. Geo. C. Stebbins.



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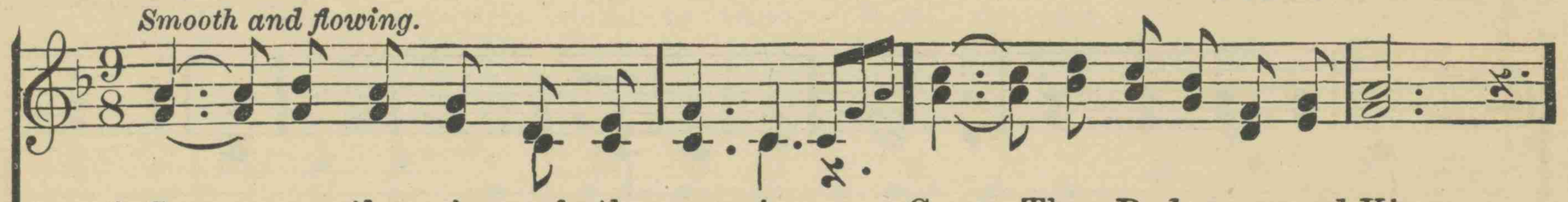
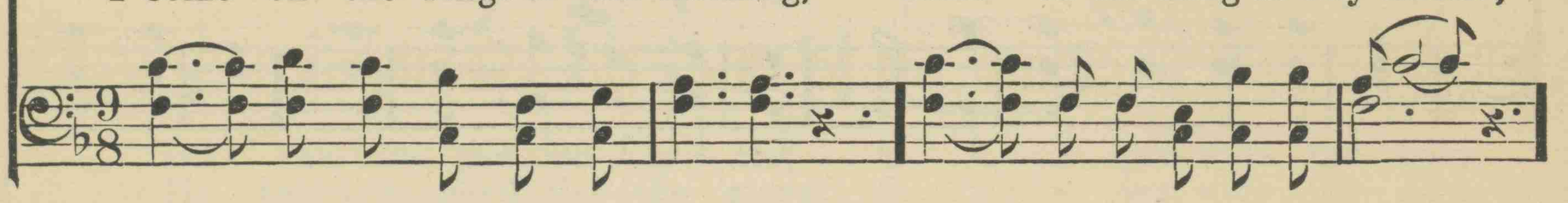
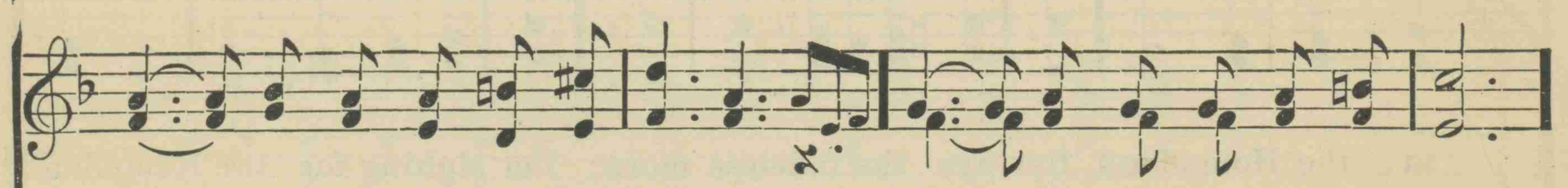
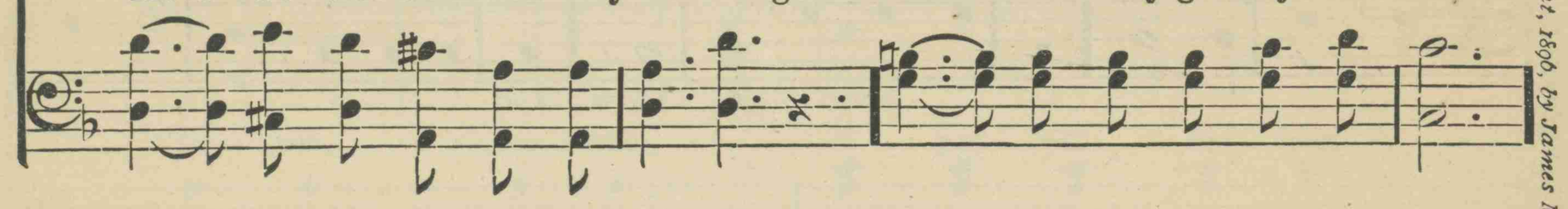
268 Come on the Wings of the Morning.

"Looking for that blessed hope."—Acts 2:13.

EL NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

Smooth and flowing.

1 Come on the wings of the morning, Come, Thou Redeemer and King;
2 Come on the wings of the morning, Come with Thy glory and grace,
3 Come on the wings of the morning, Come with a joy-ful sur-prise,
4 Come on the wings of the morning, Come as the King to Thy throne;



Hail to the day that is dawning, Hail to the joy it will bring!
All of Thy promise per-form-ing, Show-ing the light of Thy face.
Lift - ing the sad and the mourning, Wip - ing the tears from their eyes.
Have we not sounded Thy warn-ing? Now let Thy glo - ry be known.

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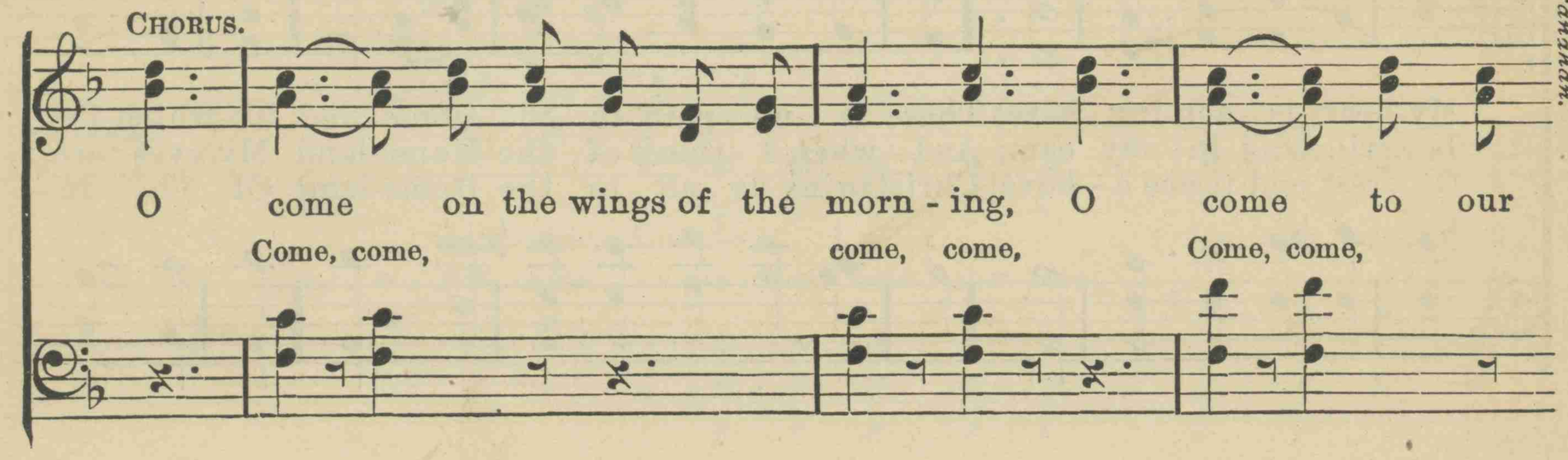
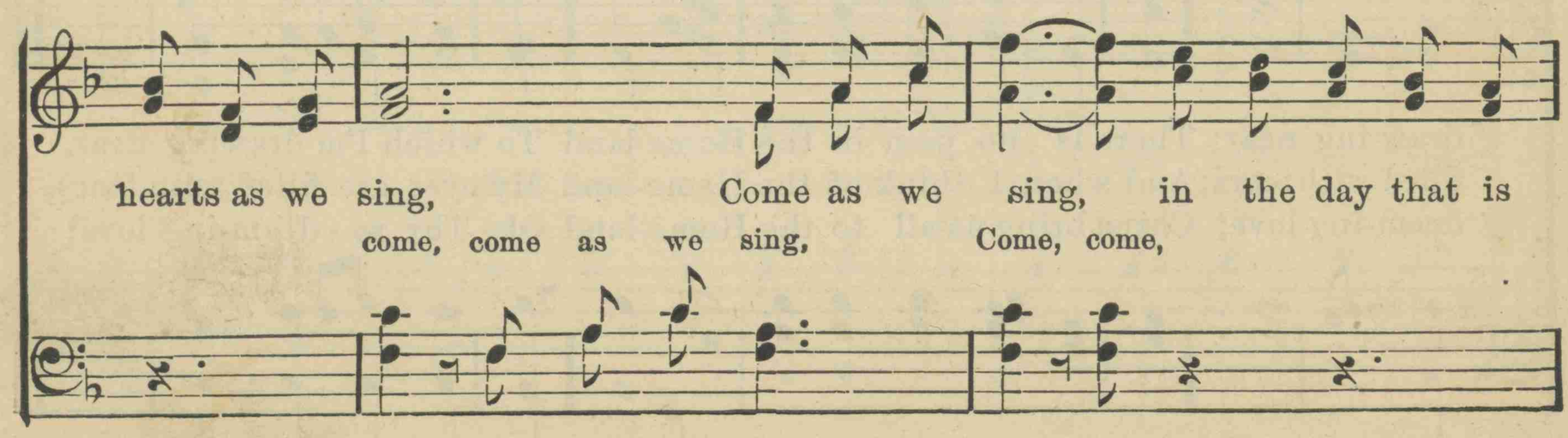
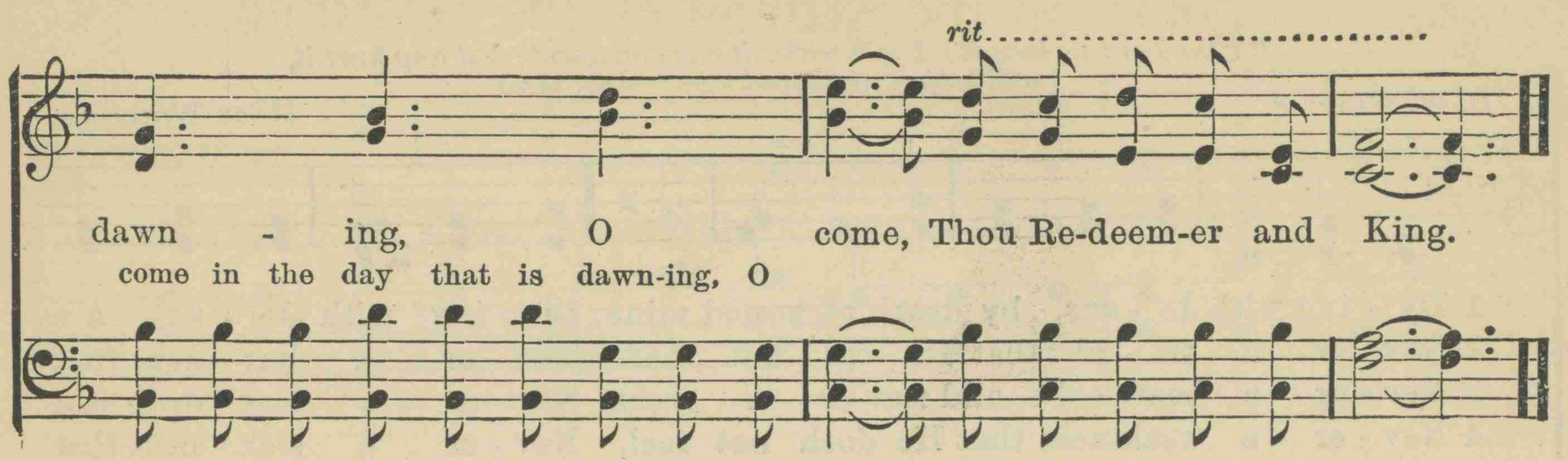
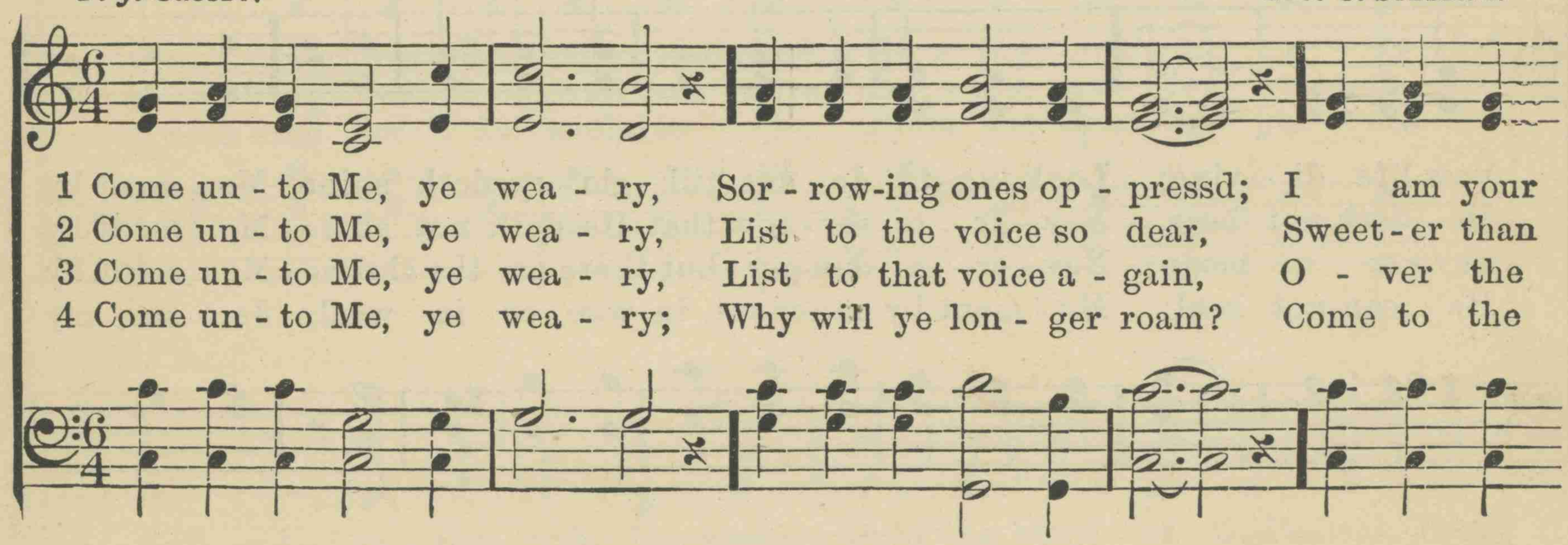
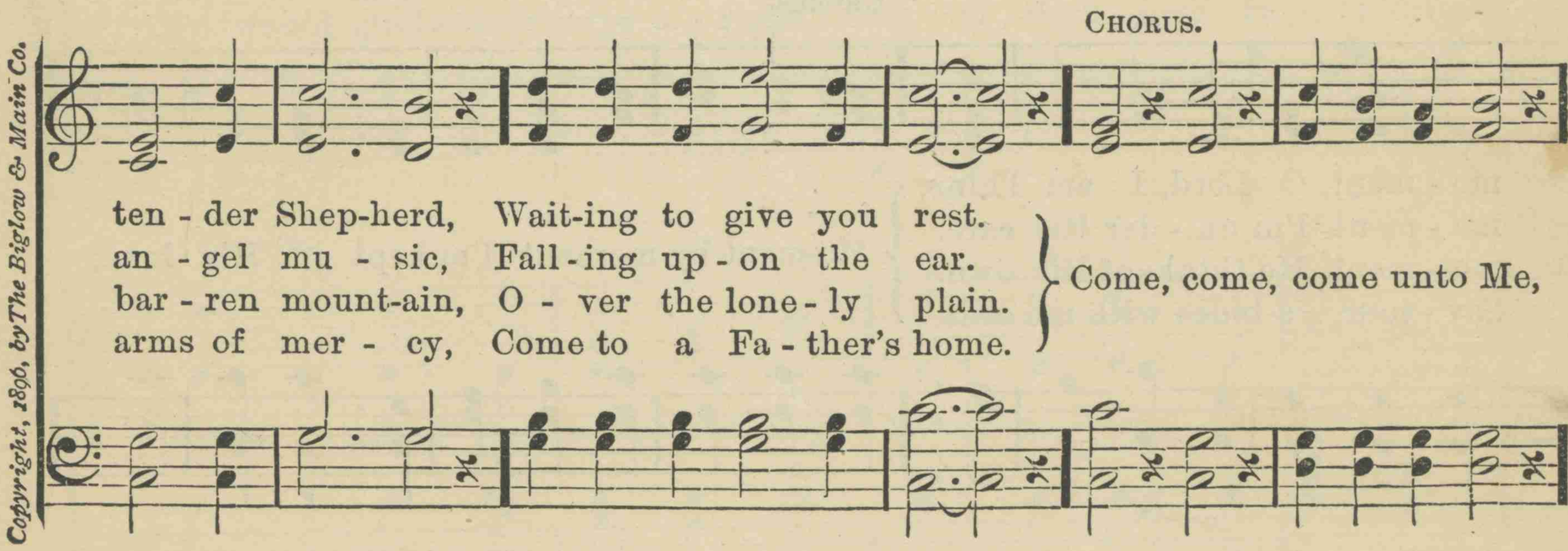
CHORUS.

O come on the wings of the morn - ing, O come to our
Come, come, come, come, Come, come,

hearts as we sing, Come as we sing, in the day that is
come, come as we sing, Come, come,

Come on the Wings.—Concluded.

269 Come Unto Me, Ye Weary.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor; and I will give you rest."—Matt. 11:28.

F. J. Crosby. Geo. C. Stebbins.



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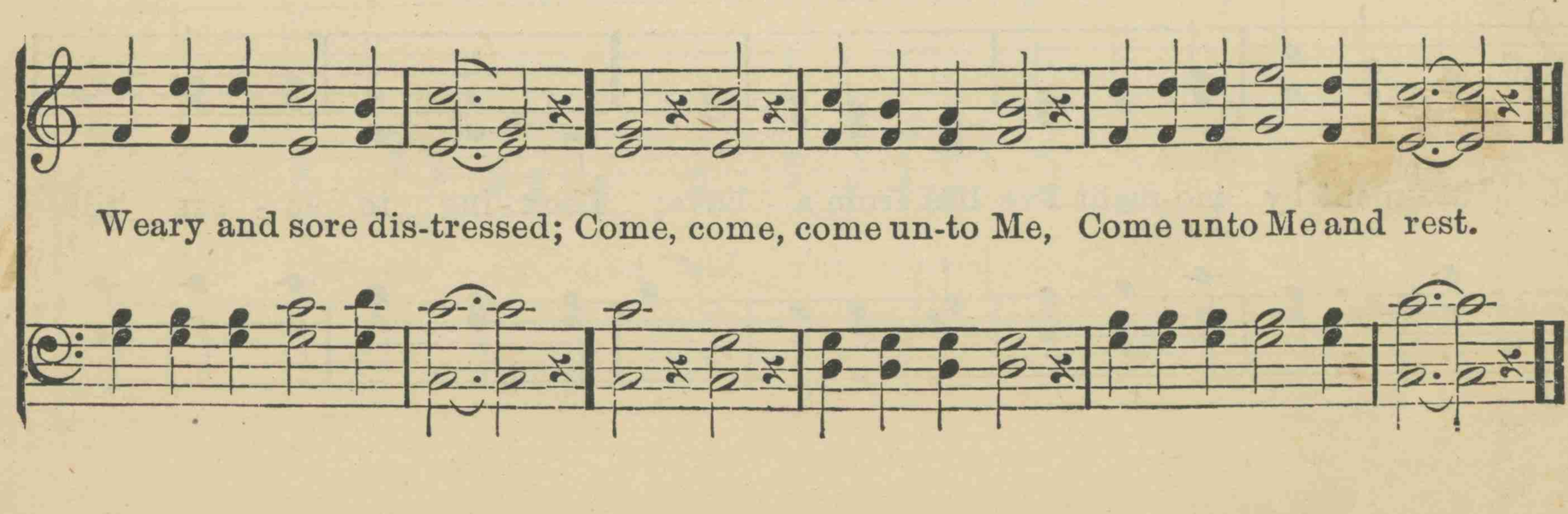
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Moment by Moment.

"I the Lord do keep it: I will water it every moment: lest any hurt it,
I will keep it night and day."—Isa. 27:3.

D. W. WHITTLE. MARY WHITTLE.

1 Dy - ing with Je - sus, by death reckoned mine; Liv - ing with Je - sus, a
2 Nev - er a tri - al that He is not there, Nev - er a bur - den that
3 Nev - er a heart-ache, and nev-er a groan, Nev - er a tear - drop and
4 Nev - er a weak-ness that He doth not feel, Nev - er a sick - ness that

new life di - vine; Look-ing to Je - sus 'till glo - ry doth shine, Mo - ment by
He doth not bear, Nev - er a sor - row that He doth not share, Mo - ment by
nev - er a moan; Nev - er a dan-ger but there on the throne, Mo - ment by
He can-not heal; Mo - ment by mo-ment, in woe or in weal, Je - sus, my

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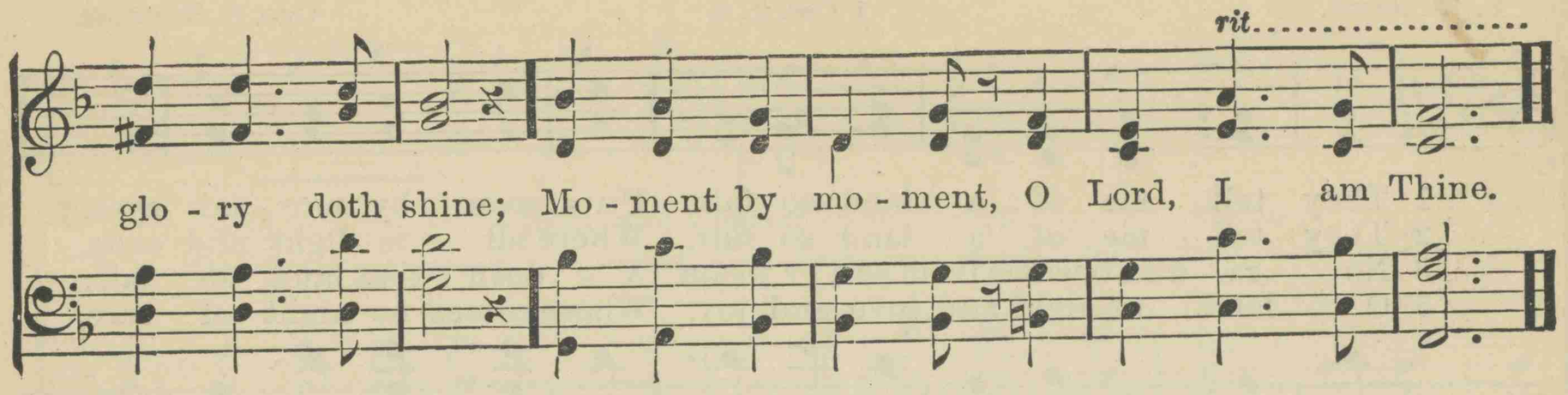
CHORUS.

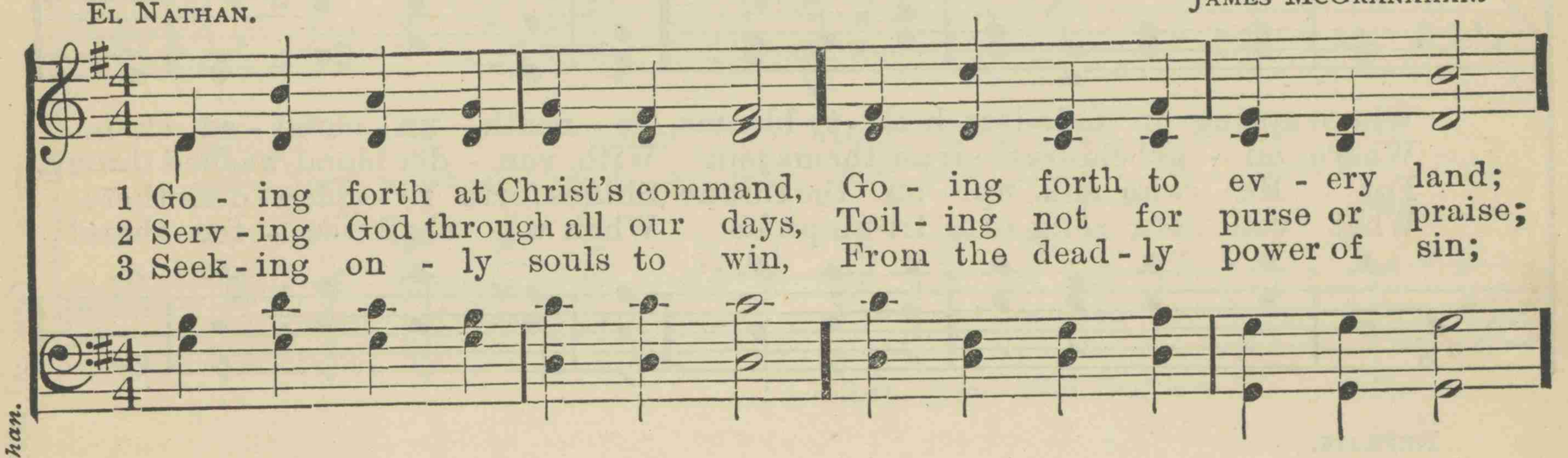
mo - ment, O Lord, I am Thine.
mo - ment I'm un - der His care.
mo - ment He thinks of His own.
Sav - iour, a-bides with me still.

} Mo-ment by moment I'm kept in His love;

Mo-ment by mo-ment I've life from a - bove; Look - ing to Je - sus 'till

Moment by Moment.—Concluded.

271 Saved to Serve.

"*Serve the Lord with gladness.*"—Psa. 100 : 2.

EL NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

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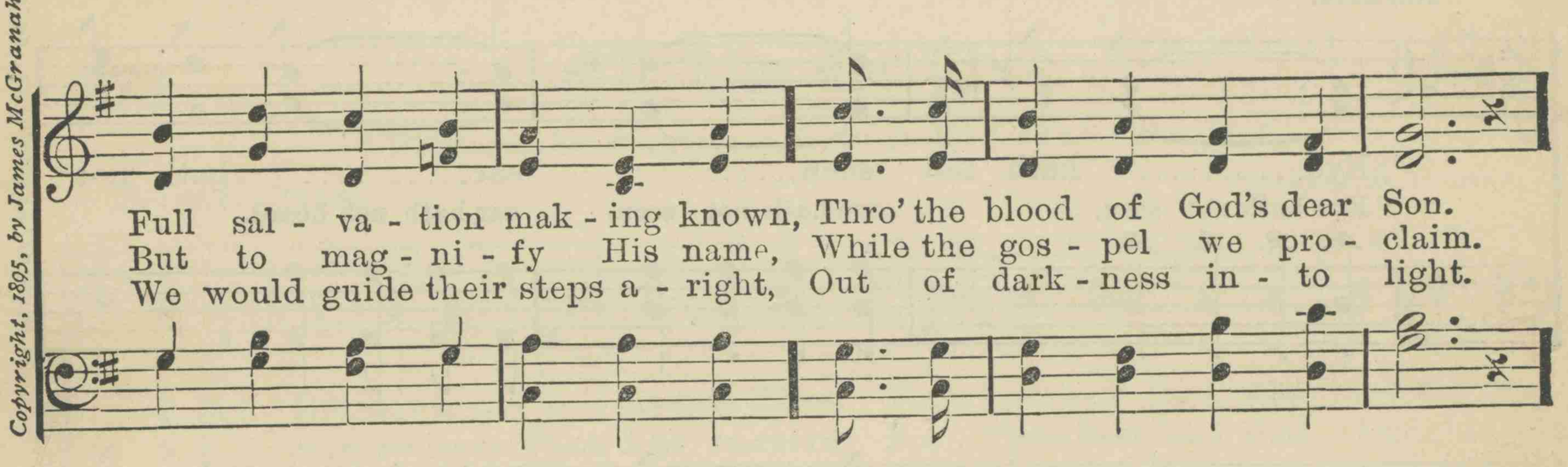

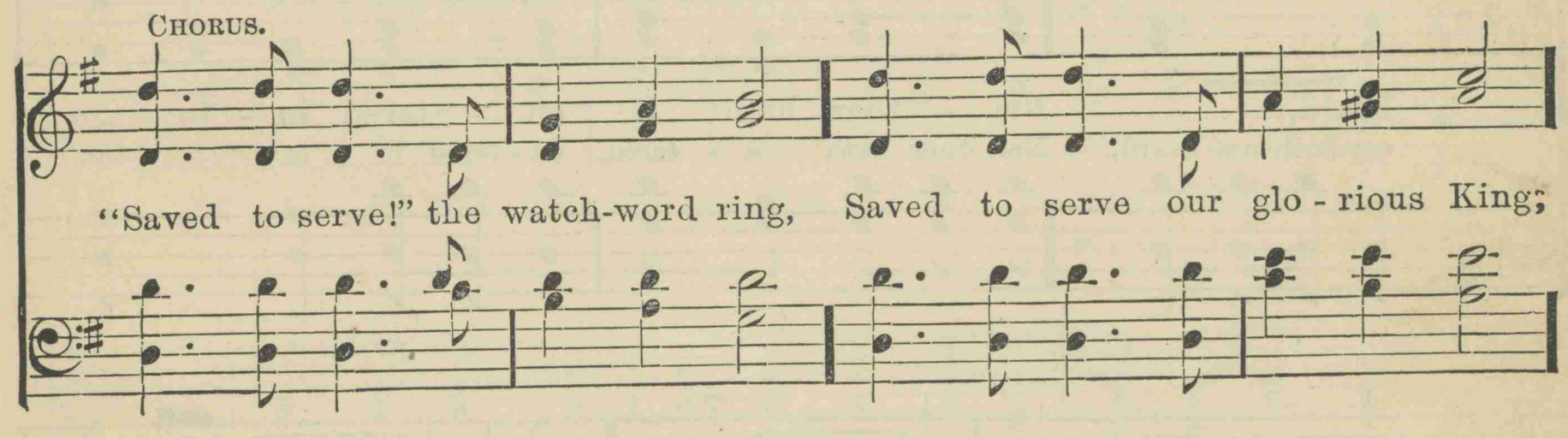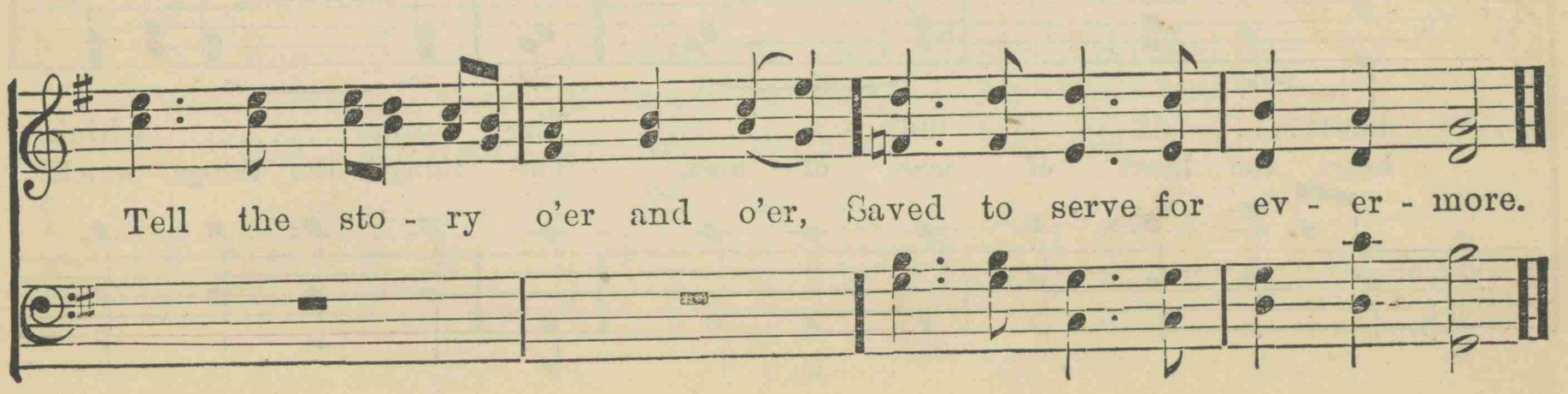

272

Eye Hath Not Seen.

F. J. CROSBY. 1 Cor. 2: 9. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1 They tell me of a land so fair, Un - seen by mor - tal eyes,
2 They tell me of a land so fair, Where all is light and song,
3 No ra - diant beams from sun or moon A - dorn that land so fair,
5 O land of light and love and joy, Where comes no night of care,

Where spring in fade-less beau - ty blooms, Be - neath un - cloud - ed skies.
Where an - gel choirs their an-thems join With yon - der blood-washed throng.
For He who sits up - on the throne Shines forth re - splen - dent there.
What will our song of tri-umph be When we shall en - ter there!

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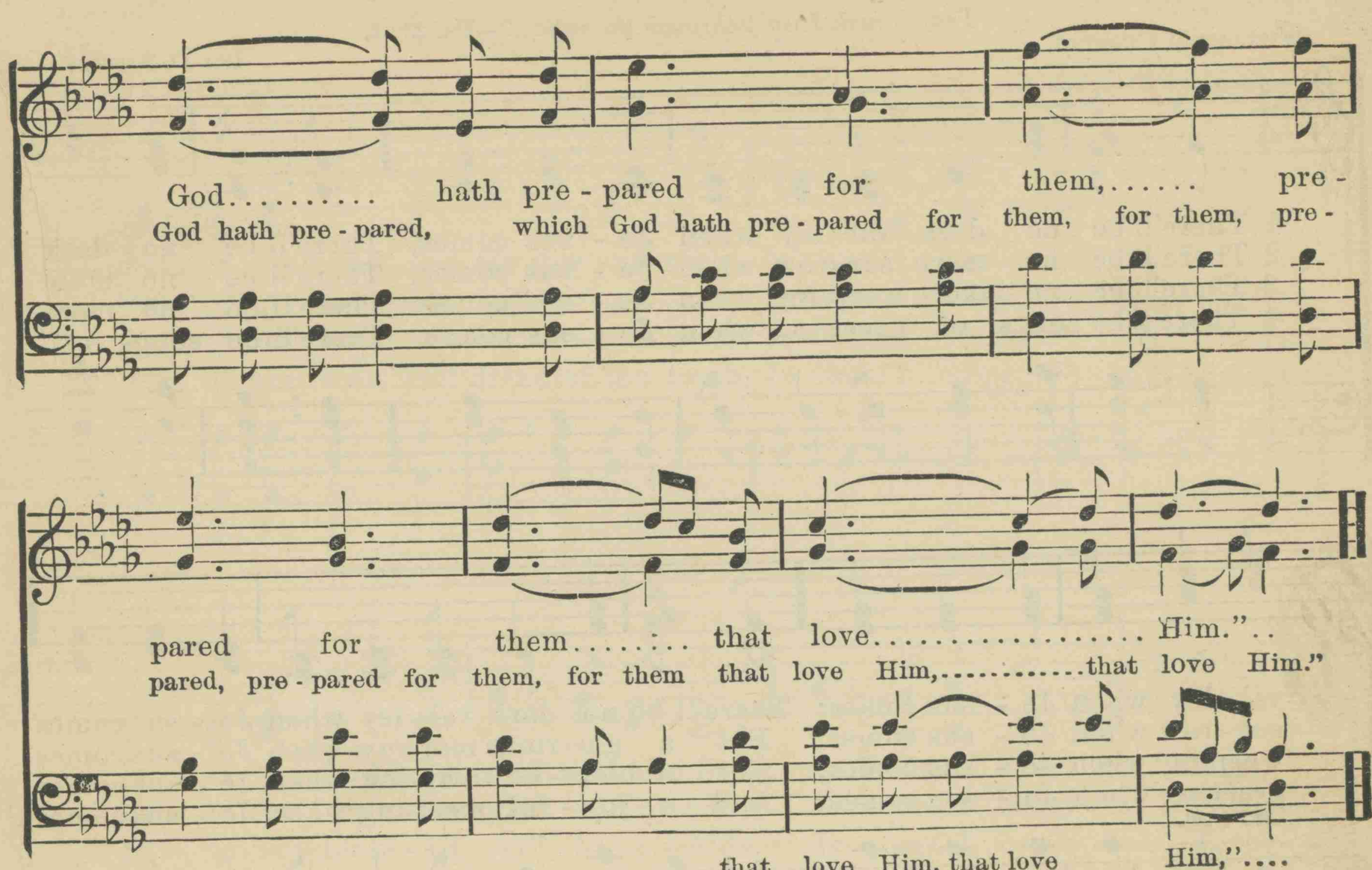
REFRAIN.

"Eye..... hath not seen,..... ear..... hath not
"Eye hath not seen, eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard,

heard,..... Nei - ther hath it en - tered in - to the
ear hath not heard, Nei - ther hath en - tered, en - tered in - to the

heart.... of man,..... The things..... which
heart, the heart of man, of man, The things, the things which

Eye hath Not Seen.—Concluded.

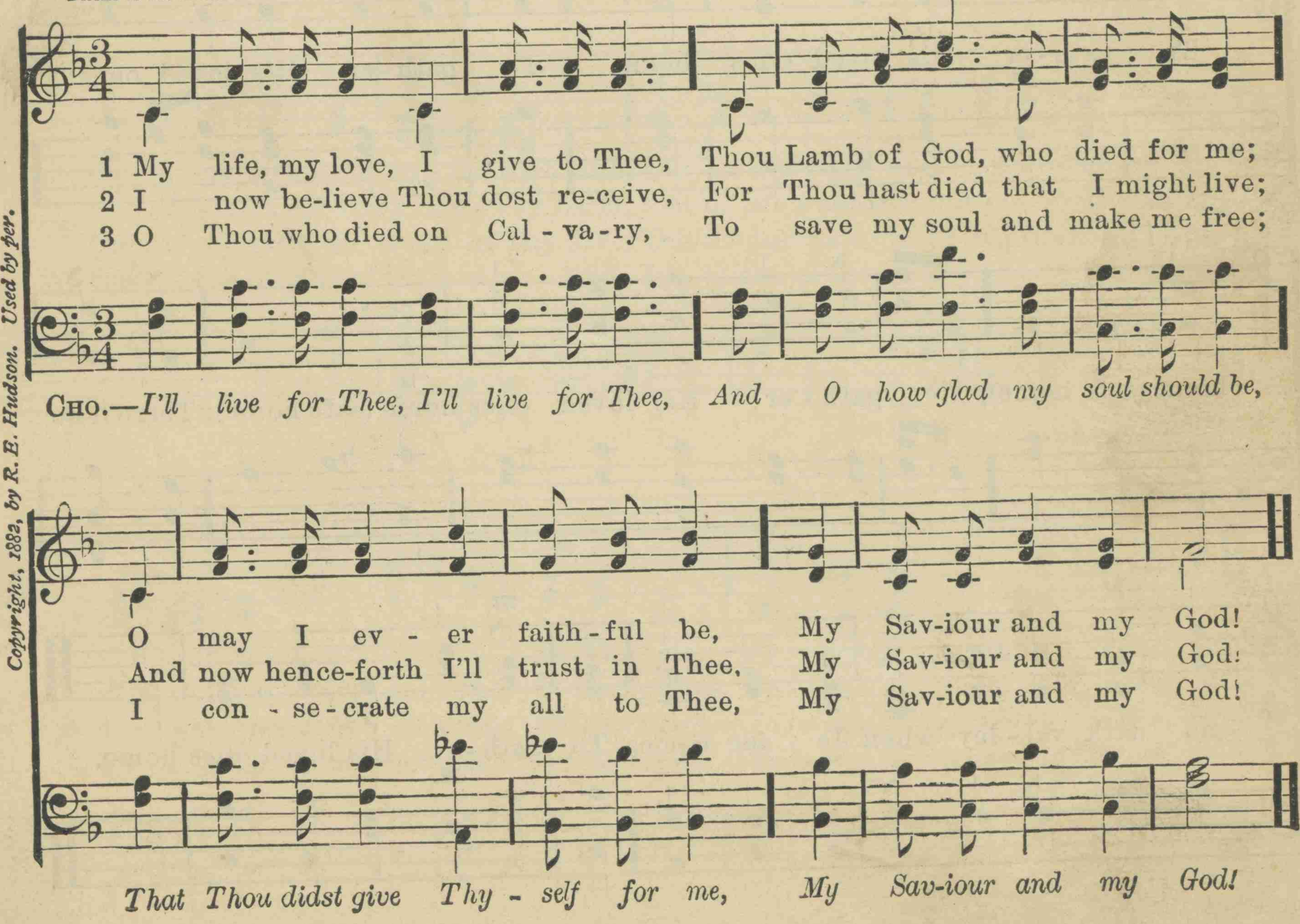


273

I'll Live for Thee.

"Whether we live therefore, or die, we are the Lord's."—Rom. 14: 8.

RALPH E. HUDSON. CHARLES R. DUNBAR.



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There'll Be No Dark Valley.

"Yea, though I walk through the valley."—Ps. 23: 4.

WILLIAM O. CUSHING.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1 There'll be no dark val - ley when Je - sus comes, There'll be no dark
2 There'll be no more sor - row when Je - sus comes, There'll be no more
3 There'll be no more weep-ing when Je - sus comes, There'll be no more
4 There'll be songs of greet-ing when Je - sus comes, There'll be songs of

val - ley when Je - sus comes; There'll be no dark val - ley when Je - sus comes
sor - row when Je - sus comes; But a glo - rious mor-row when Je - sus comes
weeping when Je - sus comes; But a bless - ed reap-ing when Je - sus comes
greeting when Je - sus comes; And a joy - ful meet-ing when Je - sus comes

REFRAIN.

To gath - er His loved ones home. To gath - er His loved ones

home (safe home), To gath - er His loved ones home (safe home); There'll be

p *m*

no dark val - ley when Je - sus comes To gath - er His loved ones home.

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Jesus, I Come.

"Deliver me, O my God."—Ps. 71:4.

WILLIAM T. SLEEPER. GEORGE C. STEBBINS.

1 Out of my bond-age, sor-row and night, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
2 Out of my shame-ful fail-ure and loss, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
3 Out of un-rest and ar-ro-gant pride, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
4 Out of the fear and dread of the tomb, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;

In-to Thy free-dom glad-ness and light, Je-sus, I come to Thee;
In-to the glo-rious gain of Thy cross, Je-sus, I come to Thee;
In-to Thy bless-ed will to a-bide, Je-sus, I come to Thee;
In-to the joy and light of my home Je-sus, I come to Thee;

Out of my sick-ness in-to Thy health, Out of my want and in-to Thy wealth,
Out of earth's sor-rows in-to Thy balm, Out of life's storms and in-to Thy calm,
Out of my-self to dwell in Thy love, Out of des-pair in-to raptures a-bove,
Out of the depths of ru-in un-told, In-to the peace of Thy sheltering fold,

Out of my sin and in-to Thy-self, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
Out of dis-tress to ju-bi-lant psalm, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
Up-ward for aye on wings like a-dove, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
Ev-er Thy glo-rious face to be-hold, Je-sus, I come to Thee.

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Saved by Grace.

"*By grace ye are saved.*"—Eph. 2 : 5.

FANNY J. CROSBY.
SOLO OR DUET.

GEORGE C. STEBBINS.

1 Some day the sil - ver cord will break, And I no more as now shall sing;
2 Some day my earth - ly house will fall, I can - not tell how soon 'twill be,
3 Some day, when fades the gold - en sun Beneath the ro - sy - tint - ed west,
4 Some day; till then I'll watch and wait, My lamp all trimmed and burning bright,

But, O, the joy when I shall wake With-in the pal - ace of the King!
But this I know—my All in All Has now a place in heaven for me.
My bless-ed Lord shall say, "Well done!" And I shall en - ter in - to rest.
That when my Sav - iour ope's the gate, My soul to Him may take its flight.

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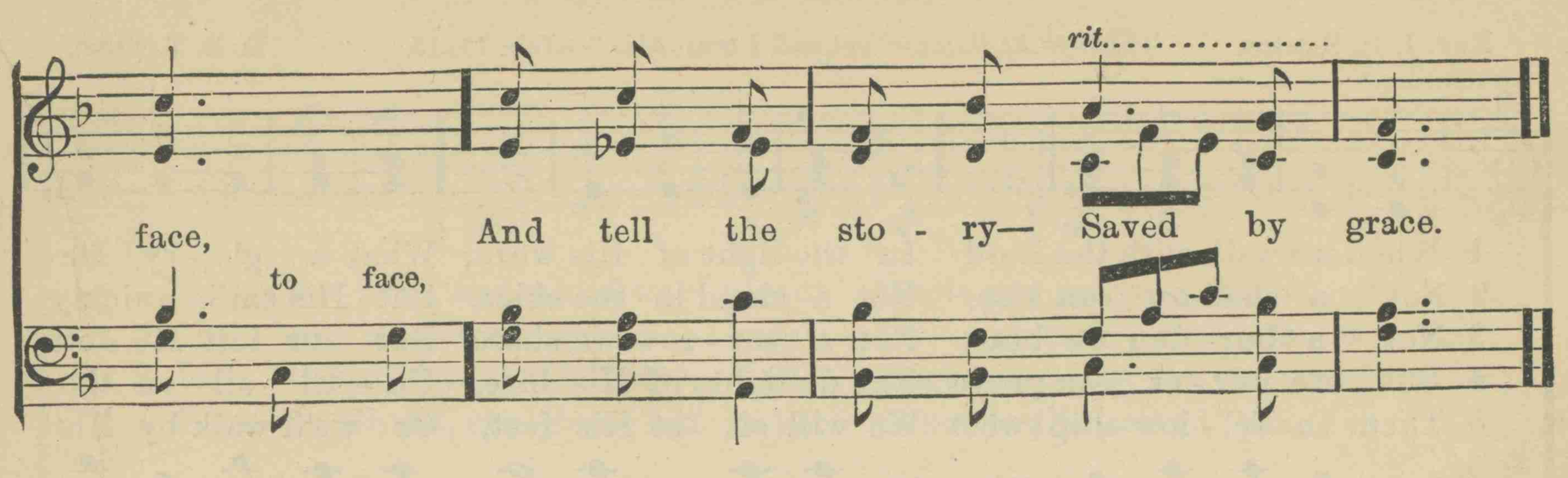
CHORUS.

And I shall see Him face to face, And tell the sto - ry—Saved by grace; And I shall see Him face to

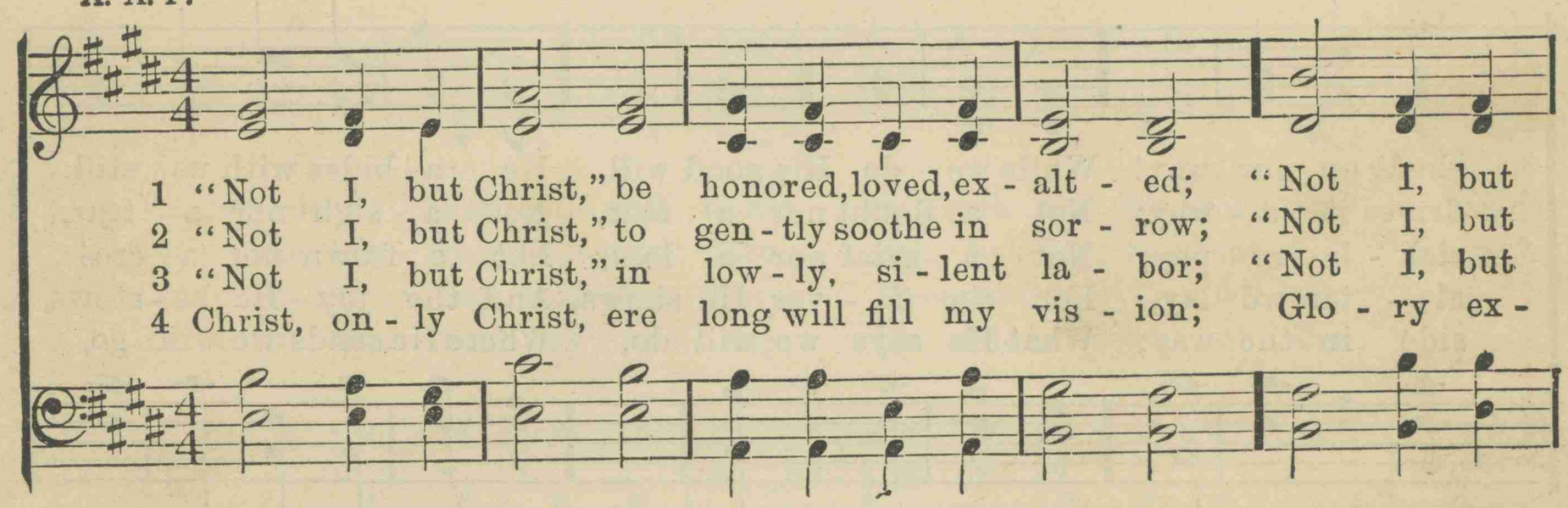
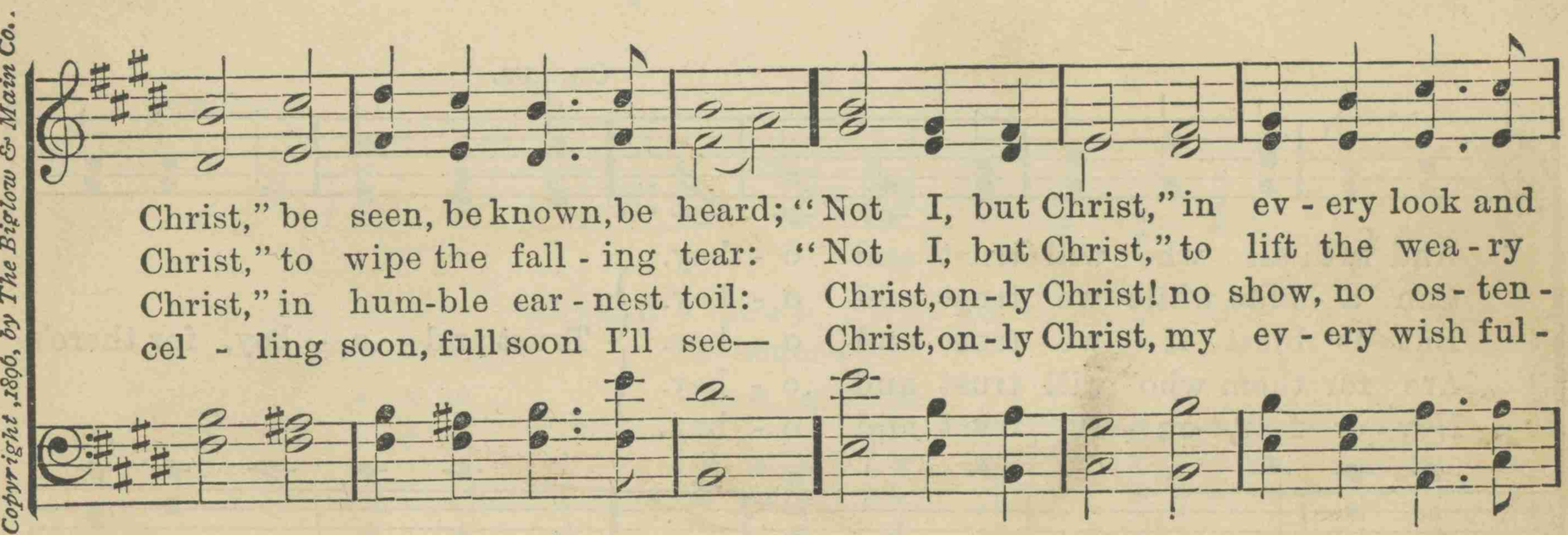
shall see shall see

Saved by Grace.—Concluded.

277

"Not I, but Christ."

"Not I, but Christ liveth in me."—Gal. 2 : 20.

A. A. F. J. H. Burke.



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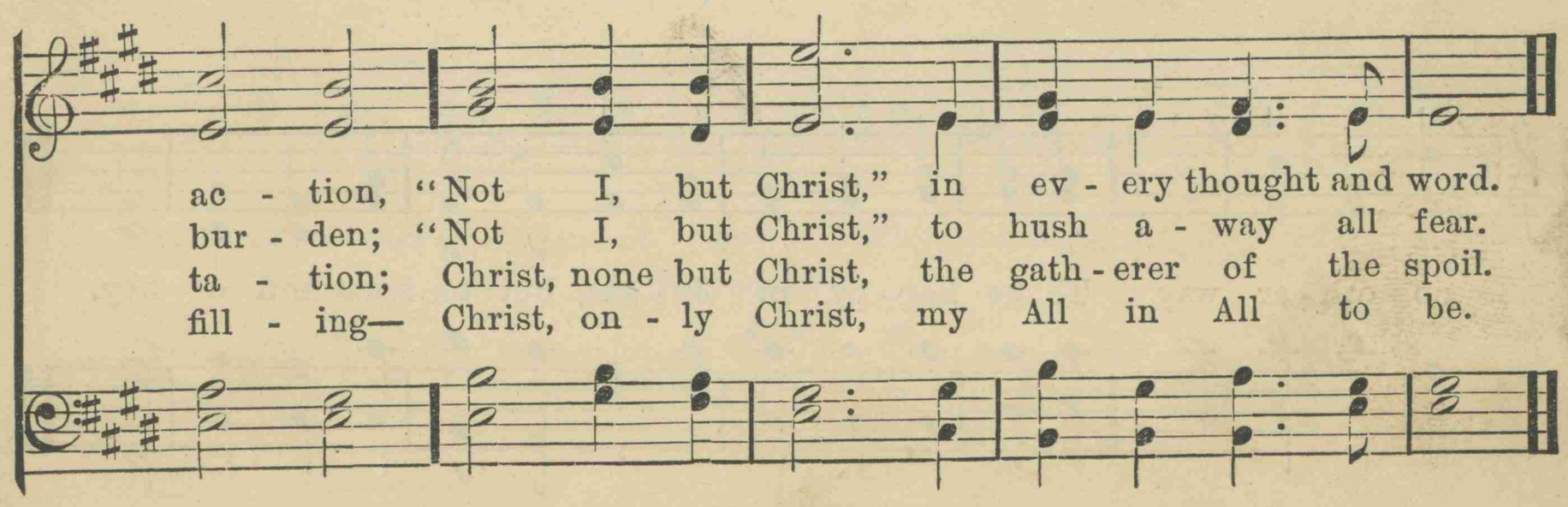
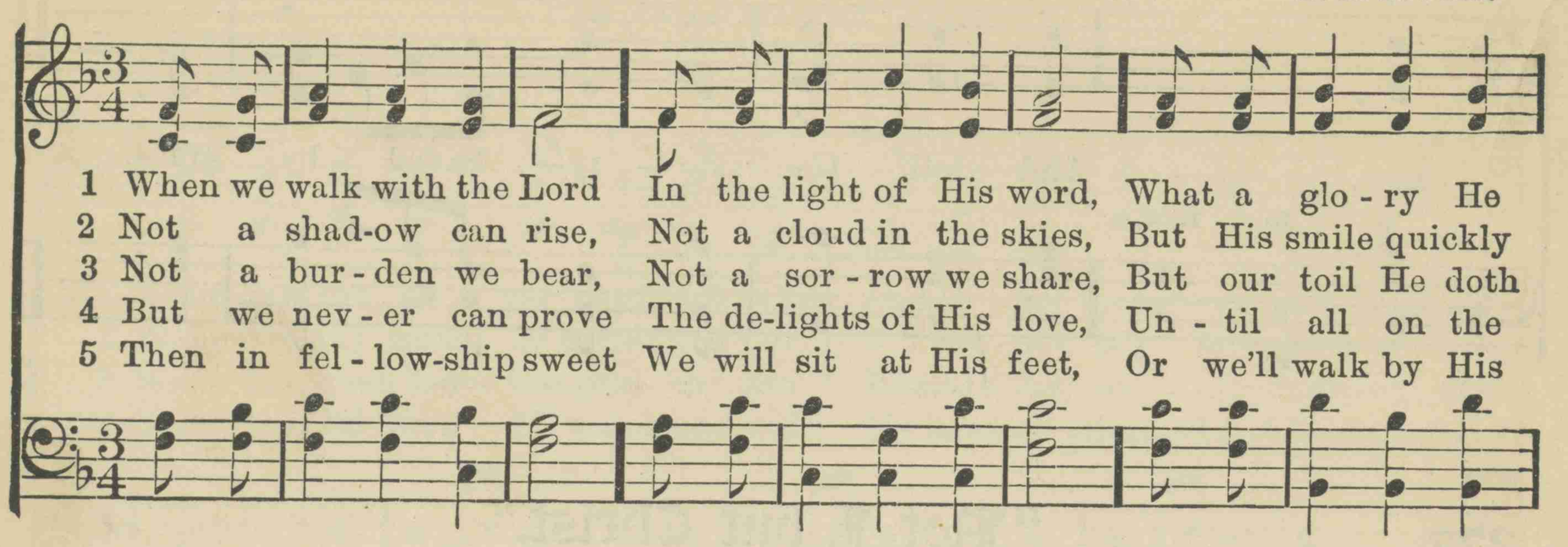
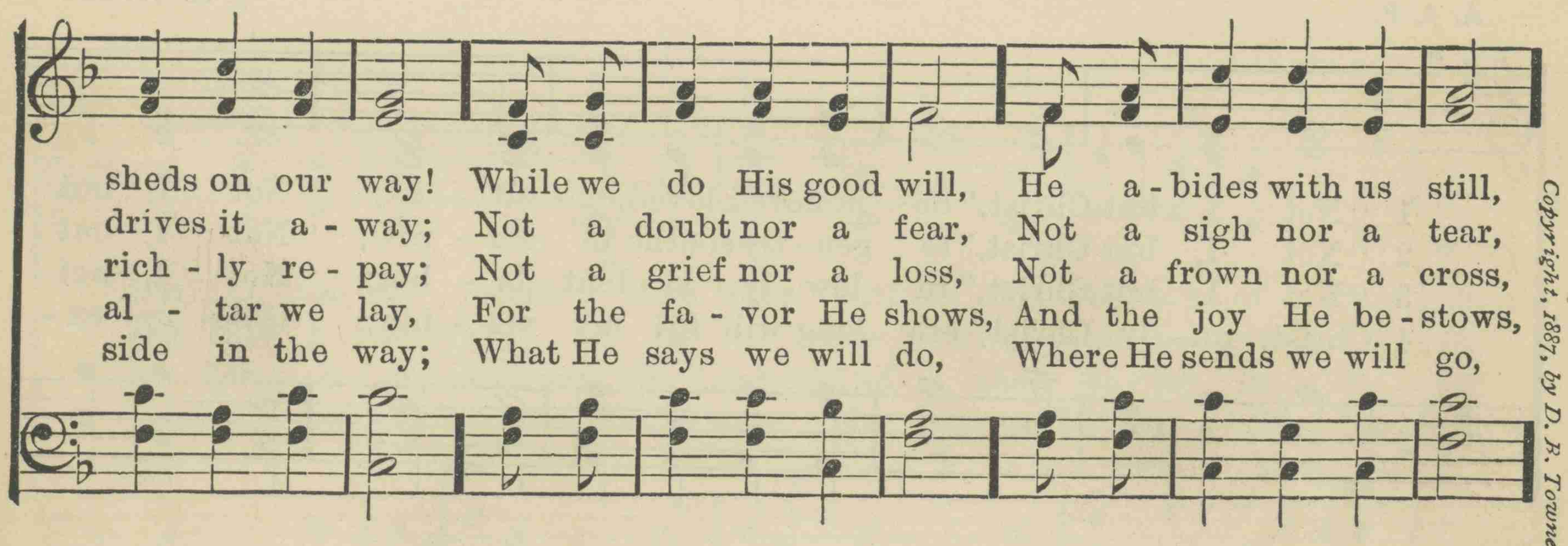
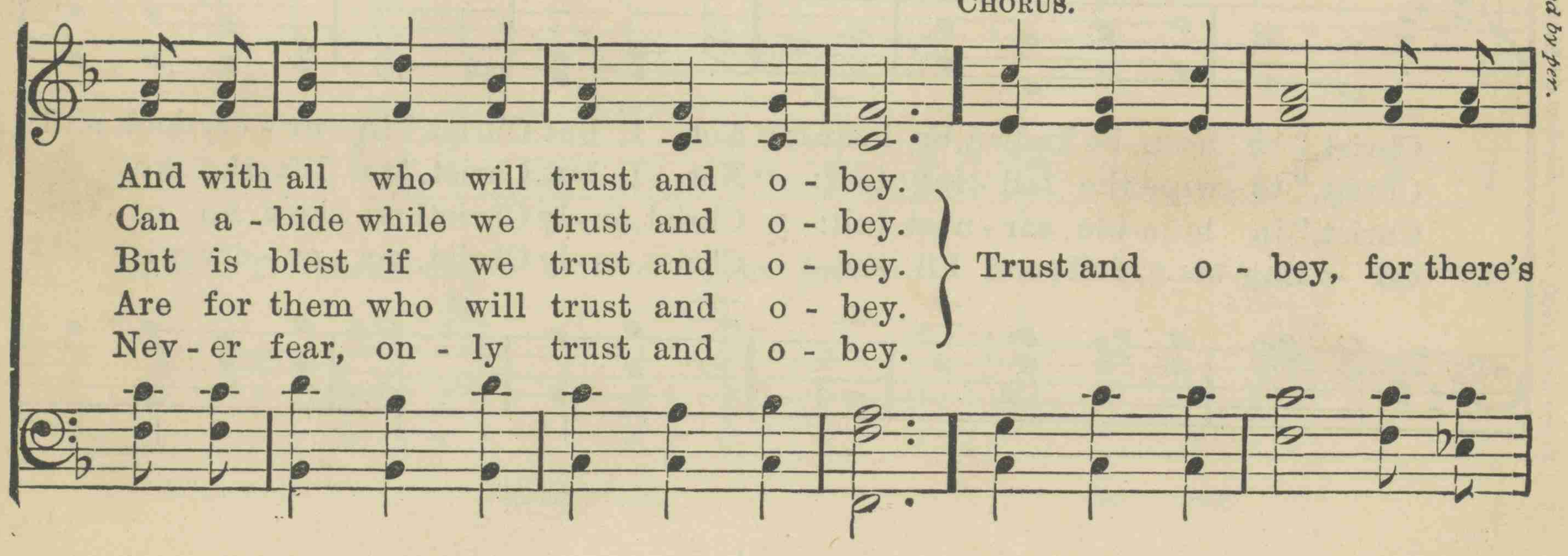
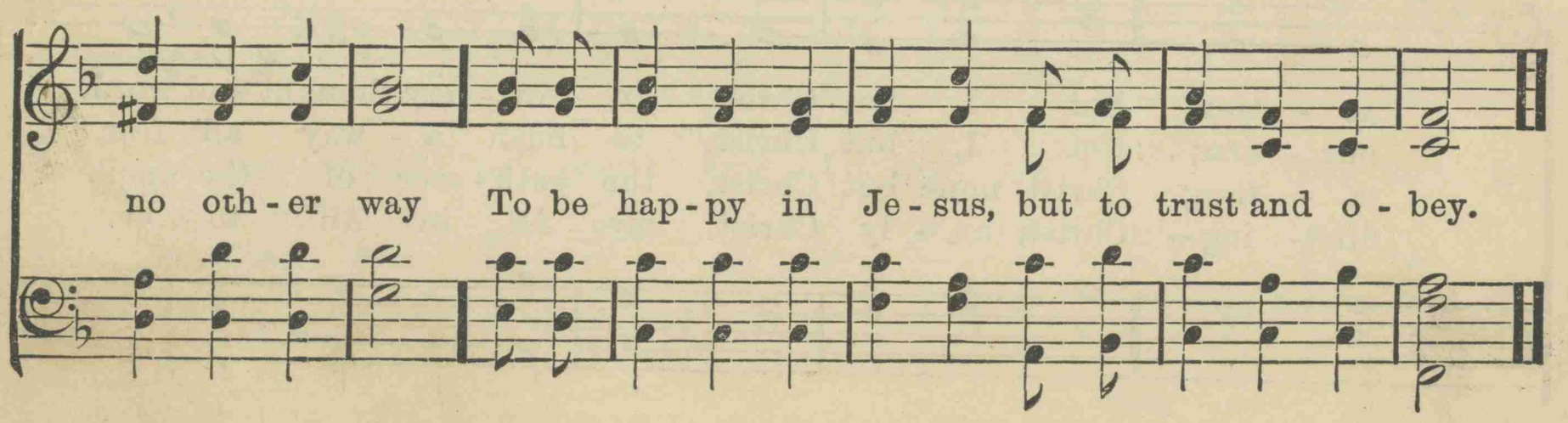

278

Trust and Obey.

Rev. J. H. SAMMIS. *"Though he slay me, yet will I trust him."*—Job. 13:15. D. B. TOWNER.





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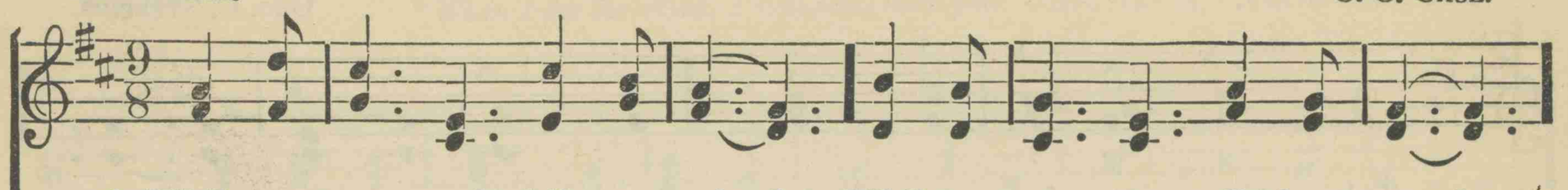
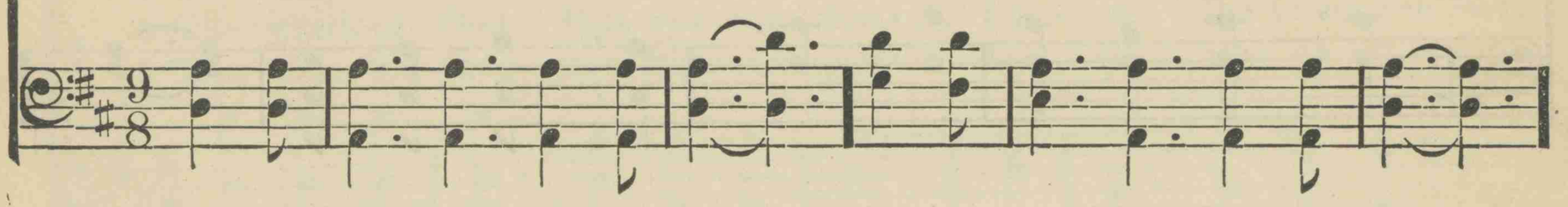
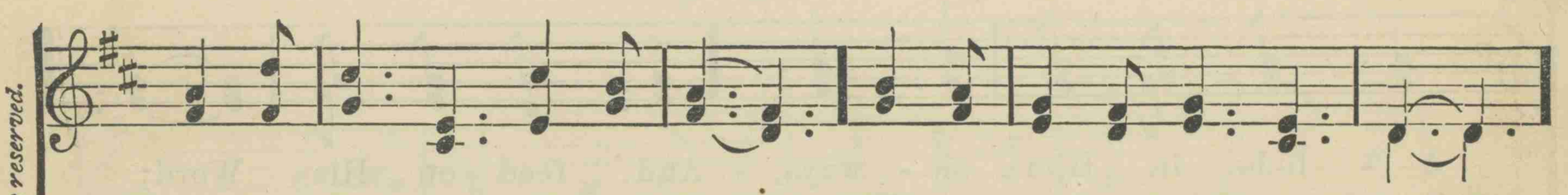
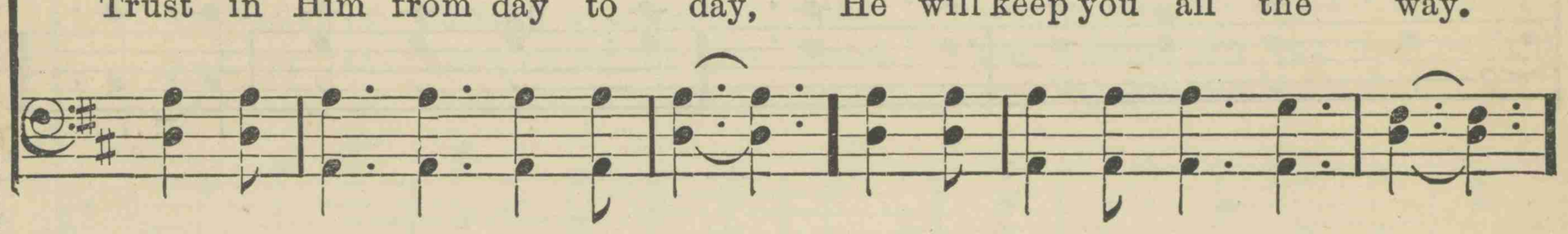
279

Why Not Now?

'Behold, now is the accepted time."—2 Cor. 6 : 2.

EL NATHAN. C. C. CASE.

1 While we pray, and while we plead, While you see your soul's deep need,
2 You have wandered far a - way; Do not risk an - oth - er day;
3 In the world you've failed to find Aught of peace for troubled mind;
4 Come to Christ, con - fess - ion make; Come to Christ and par - don take;

While your Fa - ther calls you home, Will you not, my broth - er, come?
Do not turn from God your face, But, to - day, ac - cept His grace.
Come to Christ, on Him be - lieve, Peace and joy you shall re - ceive.
Trust in Him from day to day, He will keep you all the way.

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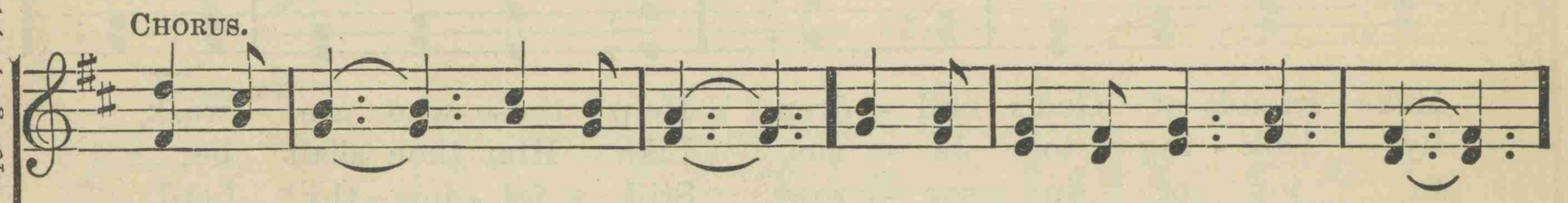
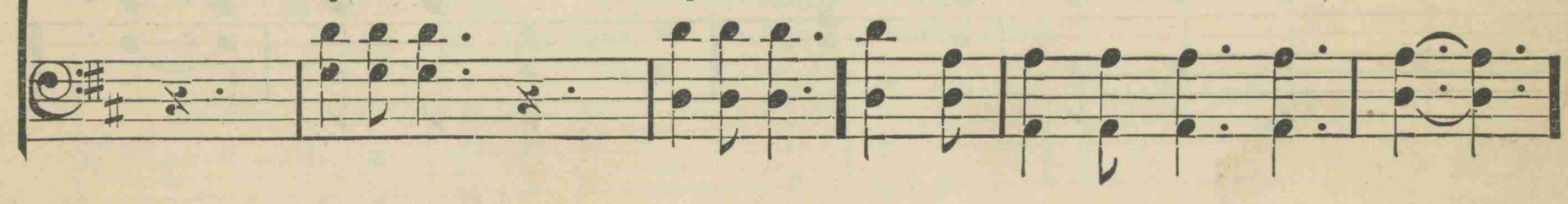
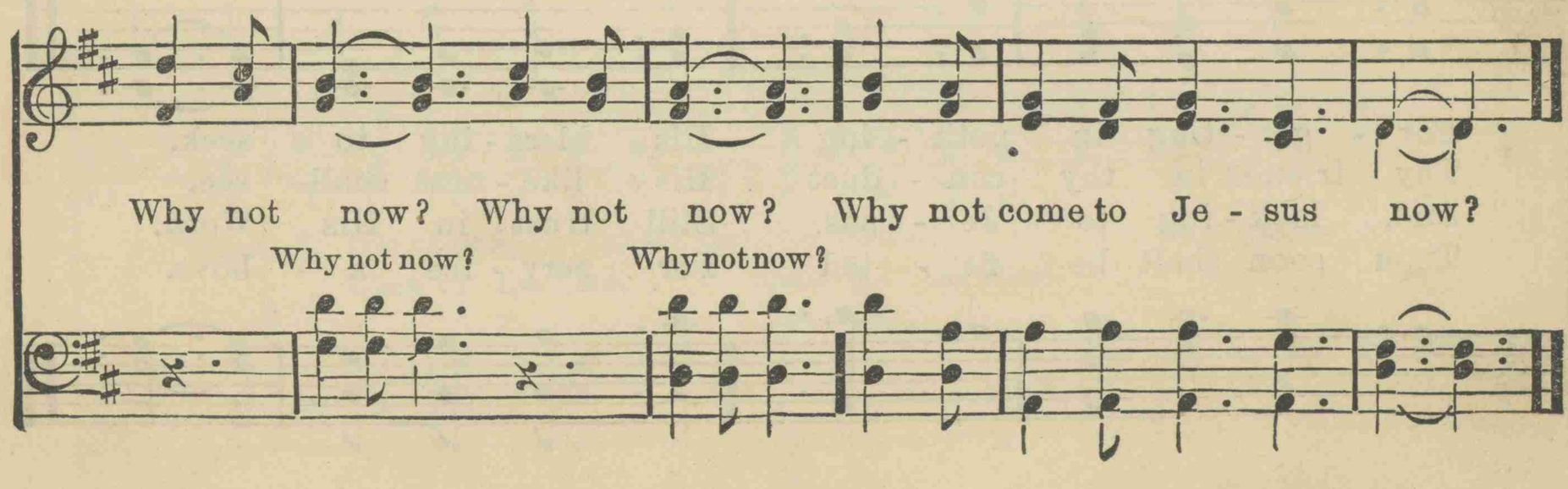
CHORUS.

Why not now? why not now? Why not come to Je - sus now?
Why not now? Why not now?

Why not now? Why not now? Why not come to Je - sus now?
Why not now? Why not now?



Take Time to be Holy.

"Be ye holy: for I am the Lord your God."—Lev. 20: 7.

W. D. Longstaff. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1 Take time to be ho - ly, Speak oft with thy Lord;
2 Take time to be ho - ly, The world rush - es on;
3 Take time to be ho - ly, Let Him be thy Guide,
4 Take time to be ho - ly, Be calm in thy soul,

A - bide in Him al - ways, And feed on His Word;
Spend much time in se - cret, With Je - sus a - lone;
And run not be - fore Him, What - ev - er be - tide;
Each thought and each mo - tive Be 'neath His con - trol;

Make friends of God's chil - dren, Help those who are weak,
By look - ing to Je - sus, Like Him thou shalt be;
In joy or in sor - row Still fol - low thy Lord,
Thus led by His Spir - it To fount - ains of love,

For - get - ting in noth - ing His bless - ing to seek.
Thy friends in thy con - duct His like - ness shall see.
And, look - ing to Je - sus, Still trust in His Word.
Thou soon shalt be fit - ted For serv - ice a - bove.

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281

I will Pass over You.

"When I see the blood, I will pass over you."—Ex. 12 : 13.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1 When God the way of life would teach And gath - er all His own,
2 By Christ, the sin - less Lamb of God, The pre - cious blood was shed,
3 O soul, for thee sal - va - tion thus By God is free - ly given;
4 The wrath of God that was our due, Up - on the Lamb was laid;
5 How calm the judg - ment hour shall pass To all who do o - bey

He puts them safe be-yond the reach Of death, by blood a - lone.
When He ful - filled God's ho - ly word, And suf - fered in our stead.
The blood of Christ a - tones for sin, And makes us meet for heaven
And by the shed - ding of His blood, The debt for us was paid.
The word of God a - bout the blood, And make that word their stay.

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CHORUS.

It is His word, God's precious word, It stands for - ev - er true:
It is His word, God's precious word,

When I, the Lord, shall see the blood, I will pass o - ver you.
When I the Lord, shall see the blood,

282

Hide Me, O My Saviour.

"He shall hide me"—Ps. 27 : 5.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WILLIAM H. DOANE.

1 Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide me In Thy ho - ly place;
2 Hide me, when the storm is rag - ing O'er life's troubled sea;
3 Hide me, when my heart is break-ing With its weight of woe;

Rest - ing there be - neath Thy glo - ry, O let me see Thy face.
Like a dove on o - cean's bil - lows, O let me fly to Thee.
When in tears I seek the com - fort Thou canst a - lone be - stow.

REFRAIN.

Hide me, hide me, O bless-ed Sav - iour, hide me;
Hide me, hide me, safe - ly hide me,

O Sav - iour, keep me Safe - ly, O Lord, with Thee.
O my Sav - iour, keep Thou me.

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Throw Out the Life-Line.

(MAY BE SUNG AS A SOLO AND CHORUS.)

Rev. EDWARD S. UFFORD. E. S. UFFORD. Arr. by GEORGE C. STEBBINS.

1 Throw out the Life-Line a - cross the dark wave, There is a broth-er whom
2 Throw out the Life-Line with hand quick and strong: Why do you tar - ry, why
3 Throw out the Life-Line to dan-ger-fraught men, Sink - ing in anguish where
4 Soon will the sea - son of res - cue be o'er, Soon will they drift to e -

some one should save; Some - bod - y's broth-er! oh, who then, will dare To
lin - ger so long? See! he is sink - ing; oh, hast - en to - day— And
you've nev - er been: Winds of temp - ta - tion and bil - lows of woe Will
ter - ni - ty's shore, Haste then, my broth-er, no time for de - lay, But

throw out the Life-Line, his per - il to share?
out with the Life-Boat! a - way, then, a - way!
soon hurl them out where the dark wa - ters flow.
throw out the Life-Line and save them to - day.

CHORUS.

Throw out the Life-Line!

Throw out the Life-Line! Some one is drift-ing a - way; Throw out the

Life - Line! Throw out the Life - Line! Some one is sink-ing to - day.

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The Eye of Faith.

"Seekest thou great things for thyself? seek them not."—Jer. 45: 5.

Rev. J. J. MAXFIELD. WILLIAM A. OGDEN.

1 I do not ask for earth-ly store Be-yond a day's sup-ply;
2 I care not for the emp-ty show That thoughtless worldlings see;
3 What-e'er the cross-es mine shall be, I will not dare to shun;
4 And when at last, my la-bor o'er, I cross the nar-row sea,

I on-ly cov-et, more and more, The clear and sin-gle eye,
I crave to do the best I know, And leave the rest with Thee;—
I on-ly ask to live for Thee, And that Thy will be done;
Grant, Lord, that on the oth-er shore My soul may dwell with Thee;

To see my du-ty face to face, And trust the Lord for dai-ly grace.
Well sat-is-fied that sweet re-ward Is sure to those who trust the Lord
Thy will, O Lord, be mine each day, While pressing on my homeward way
And learn what here I can-not know, Why Thou hast ev-er loved me so.

CHORUS.

Then shall my heart keep sing-ing singing, singing, While to the cross I cling; cling, I cling; For rest is

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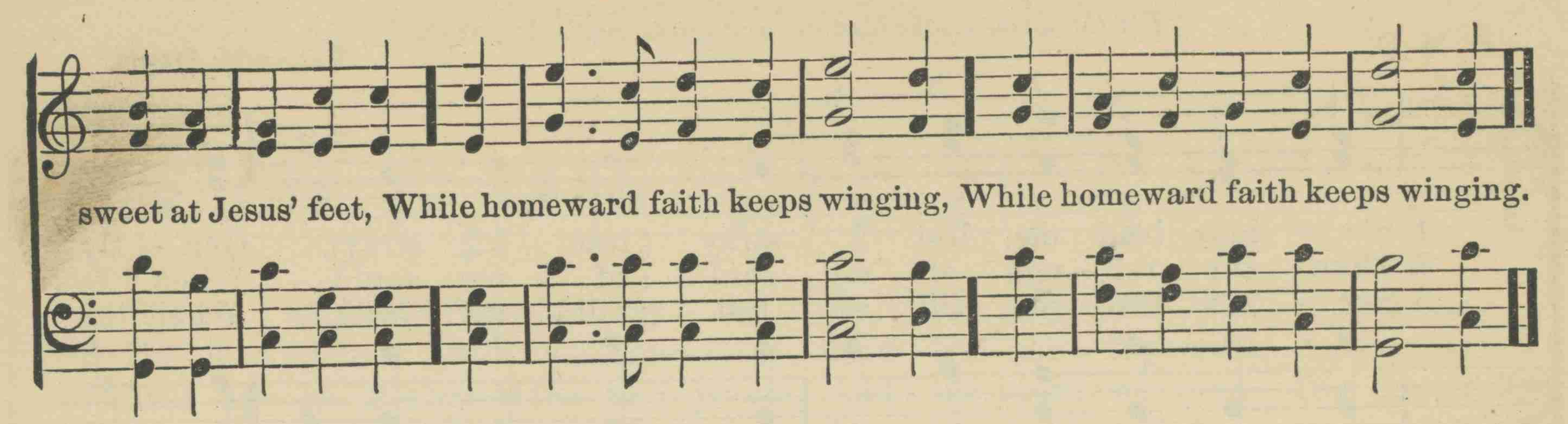
The Eye of Faith.—Concluded.

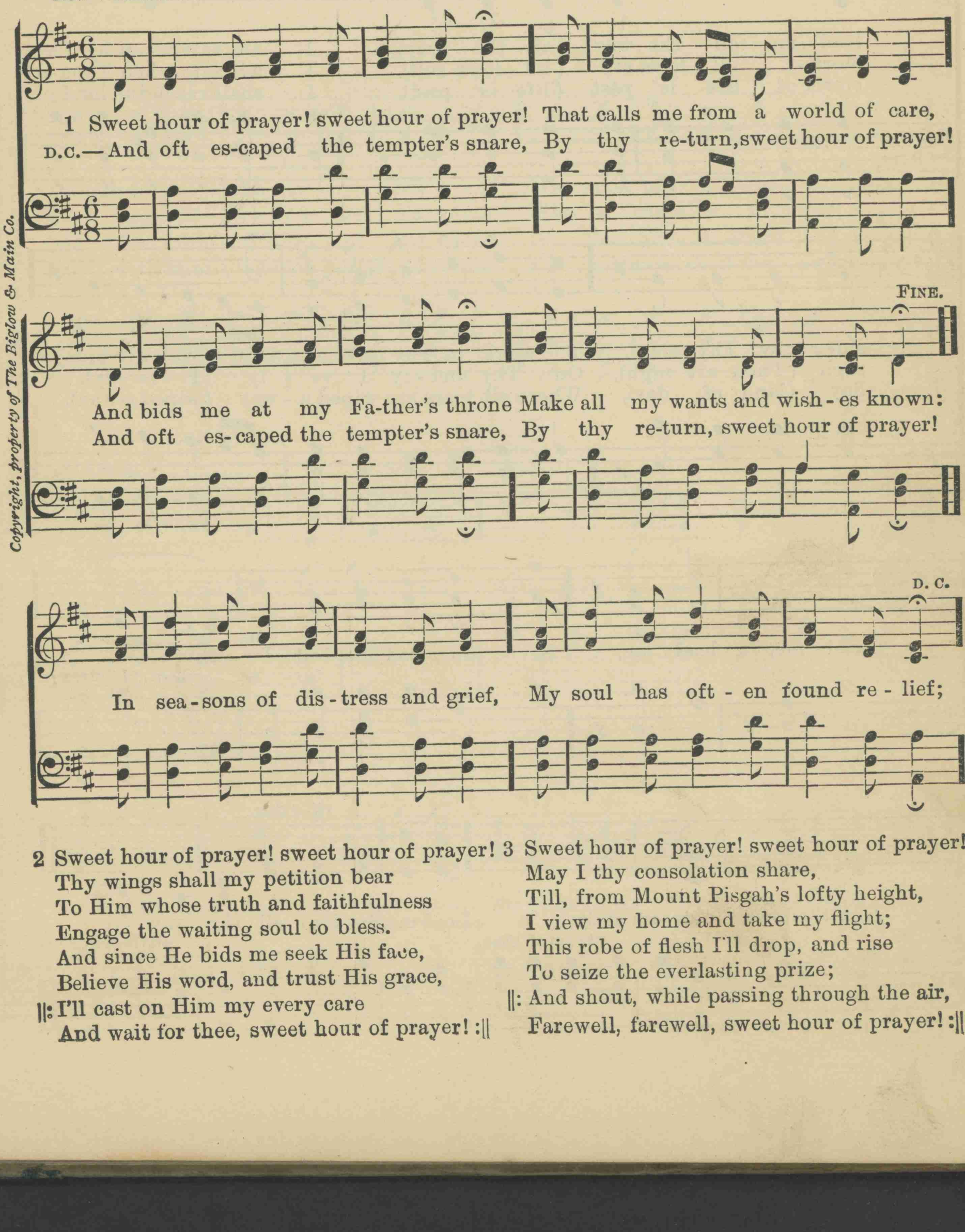


285

Sweet Hour of Prayer.

"Evening, and morning, and at noon will I pray."—Psalm. 4:17.

Rev. WILLIAM W. WALFORD. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.



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

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

Lead Me, Saviour.

"For thy name's sake lead me and guide me."—Ps. 31 : 3.

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1 Sav - iour, lead me, lest I stray (lest I stray), Gen - tly lead me all the way (all the way); I am safe when by Thy
2 Thou the ref - uge of my soul (of my soul) When life's storm-y bil - lows roll (bil - lows roll), I am safe when Thou art
3 Sav - iour, lead me, till at last (till at last), When the storm of life is past (life is past), I shall reach the land of

side (by Thy side), I would in Thy love a - bide (love a - bide).
nigh (Thou art nigh), On Thy mer - cy I re - ly (I re - ly).
day (land of day), Where all tears are wiped a - way (wiped a-way).

CHORUS.

Lead me, lead me, Sav - iour, lead me, lest I stray;..... lest I stray;

Gen-tly down the stream of time, stream of time, Lead me, Sav-iour all the way. all the way.

rit. e dim.

From "Carols of Joy," by per. John J. Hood.

287 O Glad and Glorious Gospel.

"God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son."—Jno. 3:16.

M. FRASER. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1 'Tis a true and faith-ful say - ing, Je - sus died for sin - ful men;
2 He has made a full a - tone - ment, Now his sav - ing work is done;
3 Still up - on His hands the nail - prints, And the scars up - on His brow,
4 But re - mem-ber this same Je - sus In the clouds will come a - gain,

Though we've told the sto - ry oft - en, We must tell it o'er a - gain.
He has sat - is - fied the Fa - ther, Who ac - cepts us in His Son.
Our Re - deem - er, Lord and Sav - iour In the glo - ry stand - eth now.
And with Him His blood-bought peo - ple Ev - er - more shall live and reign.

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CHORUS.

O glad and glo - rious Gos - pel! With joy we now pro - claim....

we now pro-claim

A full and free sal - va - tion, Through faith in Je - sus' name.

A Soldier of the Cross.

"A good soldier of Jesus Christ."—2 Tim. 2:3.

ISAAC WATTS. IRA D. SANKEY.

1 Am I a sol - dier of the cross— A follower of the Lamb?
2 Must I be car - ried to the skies, On flow - ery beds of ease,
3 Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
4 Since I must fight if I would reign, In - crease my cour - age, Lord!

And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' blood - y seas?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup - port - ed by Thy word.

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CHORUS.

In the name..... of Christ the King, Who hath purchased
In the name of Christ the King,

life for me, Thro' grace I'll win the promised crown, Whate'er my cross may be.

289

Sometime we'll Understand.

"What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."—John 13: 7.

MAXWELL N. CORNELIUS, D.D. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1 Not now, but in the com-ing years, It may be in the bet-ter land,
2 We'll catch the brok-en thread a - gain, And fin - ish what we here be - gan;
3 We'll know why clouds instead of sun Were o - ver many a cherished plan;
4 Why what we long for most of all, E - ludes so oft our ea - ger hand;
5 God knows the way, He holds the key, He guides us with un - err - ing hand;

We'll read the mean-ing of our tears, And there, sometime, we'll un-der-stand.
Heav'n will the mys - ter - ies ex - plain, And then, ah then, we'll un-der-stand.
Why song has ceased when scarce be-gun; 'Tis there, sometime, we'll un-der-stand.
Why hopes are crushed and cas-tles fall, Up there, sometime, we'll un-der-stand.
Some-time with tear-less eyes we'll see; Yes, there, up there, we'll un-der-stand.

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CHORUS. A *little faster.*

Then trust in God through all thy days; Fear not, for He doth hold thy hand;
doth hold, doth hold thy hand;

a tempo primo. *cres.* *ad lib.*

Though dark thy way, still sing and praise; Sometime, sometime, we'll un - der-stand.

True-hearted, Whole-hearted.

"I will praise Thee, O Lord, with my whole heart."—Ps. 9: 1.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. GEORGE C. STEBBINS.

1 True-heart-ed, whole-heart-ed, faith - ful and loy - al, King of our
2 True-heart-ed, whole-heart-ed, full - est al - le - giance Yield - ing hence-
3 True-heart-ed, whole-heart-ed, Sav - iour all - glo - rious! Take Thy great

lives, by Thy grace we will be; Un - der the stand - ard ex -
forth to our glo - ri - ous King; Val - iant en - deav - or and
pow - er and reign there a - lone, O - ver our wills and af -

alt - ed and roy - al, Strong in Thy strength we will bat - tle for Thee.
lov - ing o - be-dience, Free - ly and joy - ous - ly now would we bring.
fec - tions vic - to - rious, Free - ly sur - ren-dered and whol - ly Thine own.

CHORUS.

Peal out the watch-word! si - lence it nev - er! Song of our
Peal si - lence Song

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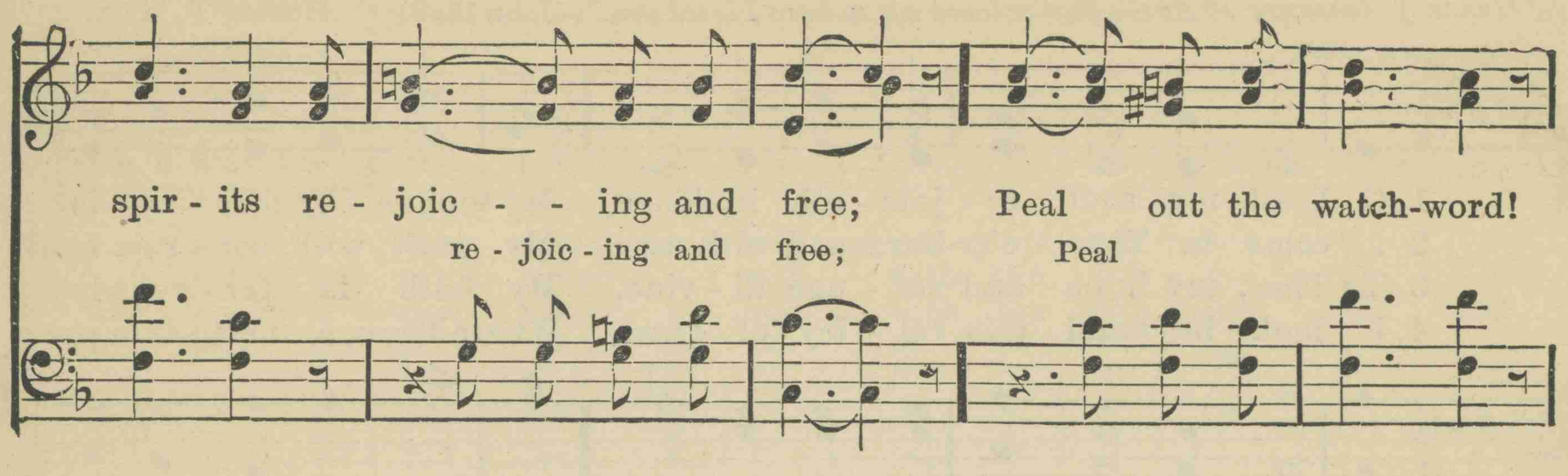
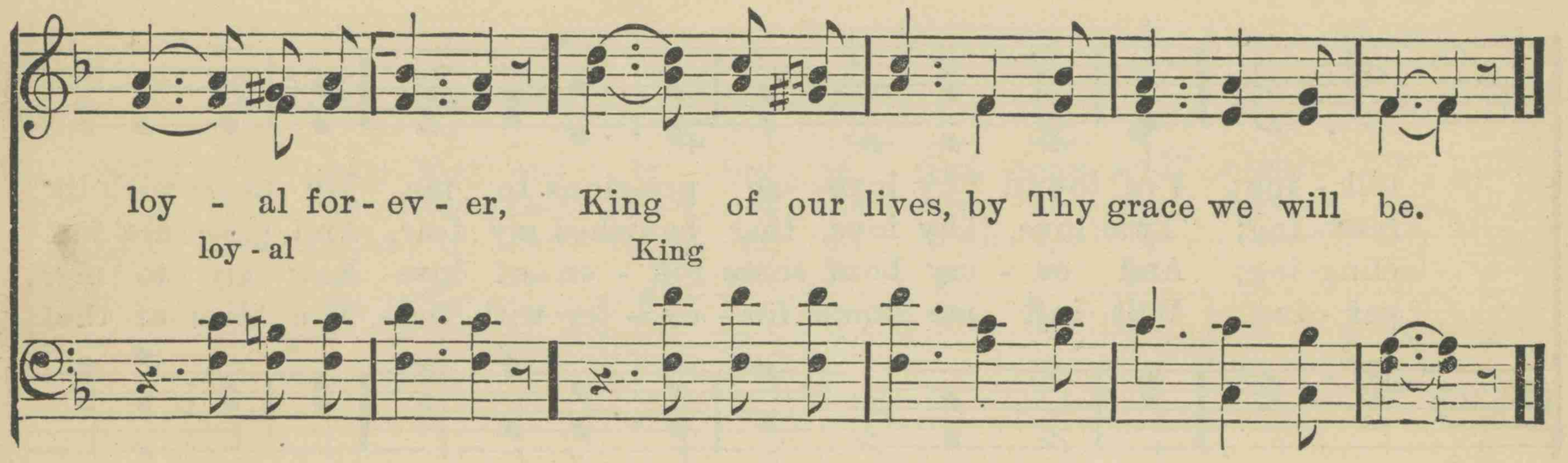
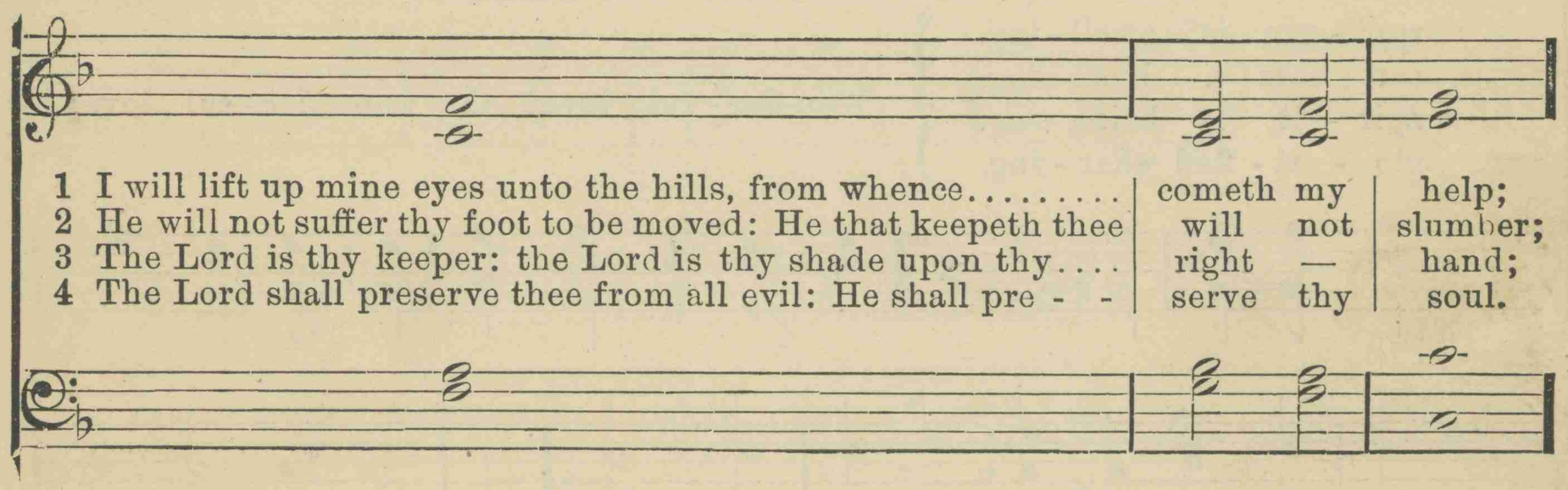
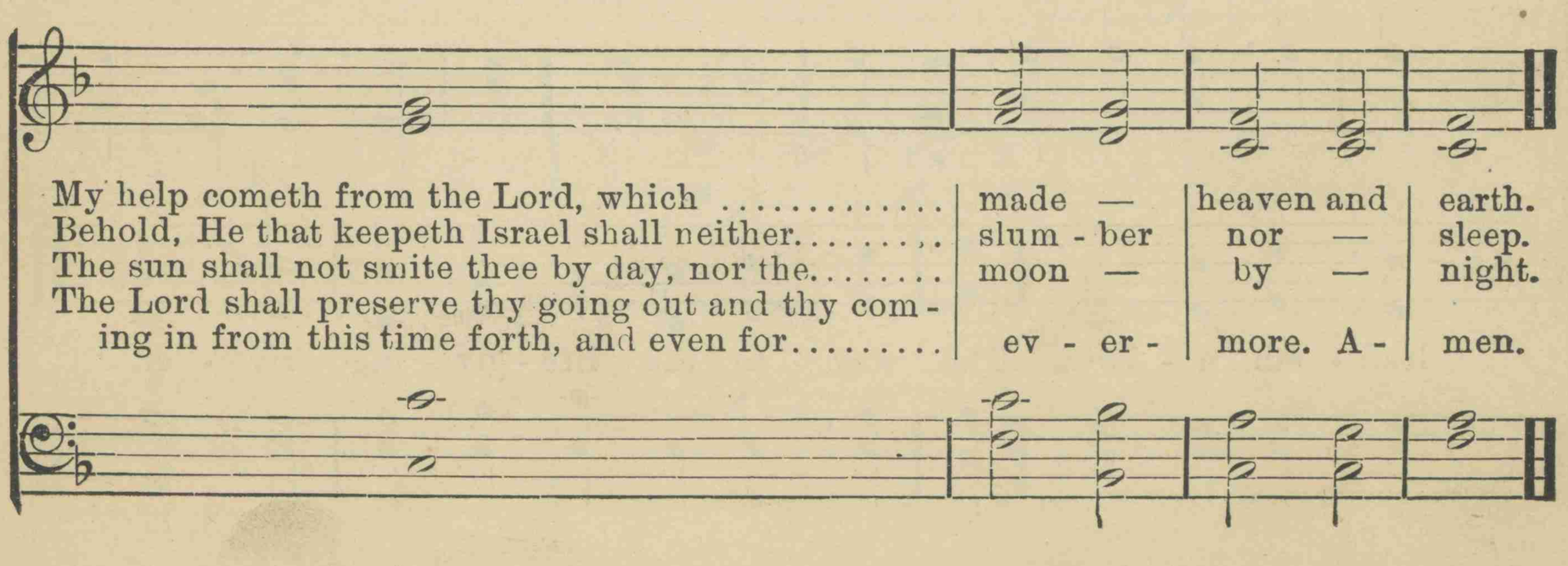
True-hearted, Whole hearted.—Concluded.

291 I Will Lift up Mine Eyes.

Psalm 121. ANON.





292

Wonderful Love!

GRACE J. FRANCES. *"As the Father loved me, so have I loved you."*—John 15:9. HUBERT P. MAIN.

1 O Lord, my soul re - joic - eth in Thee, My tongue Thy mer - cy is
2 I came to Thee o'er-burdened with care, My guilt with sor - row con-
3 To Thee, my hope and ref - uge di - vine, My faith is fer - vent-ly
4 I look be - yond this val - ley of tears, Where Thou, a man - sion pre-

tell - ing; I've found Thy love so pre-cious to me, My heart with its
fess - ing; 'Twas love, Thy love, that banished my fear, And gave me for
cling - ing; And ev - ery hour some tok - en of love New joy to my
par - ing, Wilt call me home for - ev - er with Thee, The bliss of the

REFRAIN.

rapt - ure is swell - ing.
sad - ness a bless - ing.
spir - it is bring - ing.
glo - ri - fied shar - ing.

Won-der - ful love! O won - der - ful love!

I'll sing of its ful - ness for - ev - er; I've found the way that

lead - eth a - bove, The way to the life - giv - ing riv - er.

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293

Speed Away.

"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel."—Mark 16:15.

FANNY J. CROSBY. I. B. WOODBURY, arr.

1 Speed a - way, speed a - way on your mis - sion of light,
2 Speed a - way, speed a - way with the life - giv - ing Word,
3 Speed a - way, speed a - way with the mes - sage of rest,

To the lands that are ly - ing in dark - ness and night; 'Tis the
To the na - tions that know not the voice of the Lord; Take the
To the souls by the tempt - er in bond - age op - pressed; For the

Mas - ter's com-mand; go ye forth in His name, The won - der - ful
wings of the morn - ing and fly o'er the wave, In the strength of your
Sav - iour has purchased their ran - som from sin, And the ban - quet is

Gos - pel of Je - sus pro - claim; Take your lives in your hand, to the
Mas - ter the lost ones to save; He is call - ing once more, not a
read - y, O gath - er them in; To the res - cue make haste, there's no

work while 'tis day,
mo - ment's de - lay,
time for de - lay,
} Speed a - way, speed a - way, speed a - way.

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Satisfied.

"I shall be satisfied, when I wake with thy likeness."—**Ps. 17:15.**

HORATIUS BONAR. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1 When I shall wake in that fair morn of morns, Aft - er whose dawn-ing
2 When I shall see Thy glo - ry face to face, When in Thine arms Thou
3 When I shall meet with those that I have loved, Clasp in my arms the
4 When I shall gaze up - on the face of Him Who died for me, with

nev - er night re - turns, And with whose glo - ry day e - ter - nal burns—
wilt Thy child em-brace, When Thou shalt o - pen all Thy stores of grace—
dear ones long re-moved, And find how faith - ful Thou to me hast proved—
eyes no lon - ger dim, And praise Him with the ev - er - last - ing hymn—

REFRAIN.

I shall be sat - is - fied, be sat - is - fied, I.... shall be sat - is - fied,
I shall be

I..... shall be sat - is - fied, When I shall wake in
When I shall

that fair morn of morns; I.... shall be sat - is - fied, I.... shall be
I shall be I shall be

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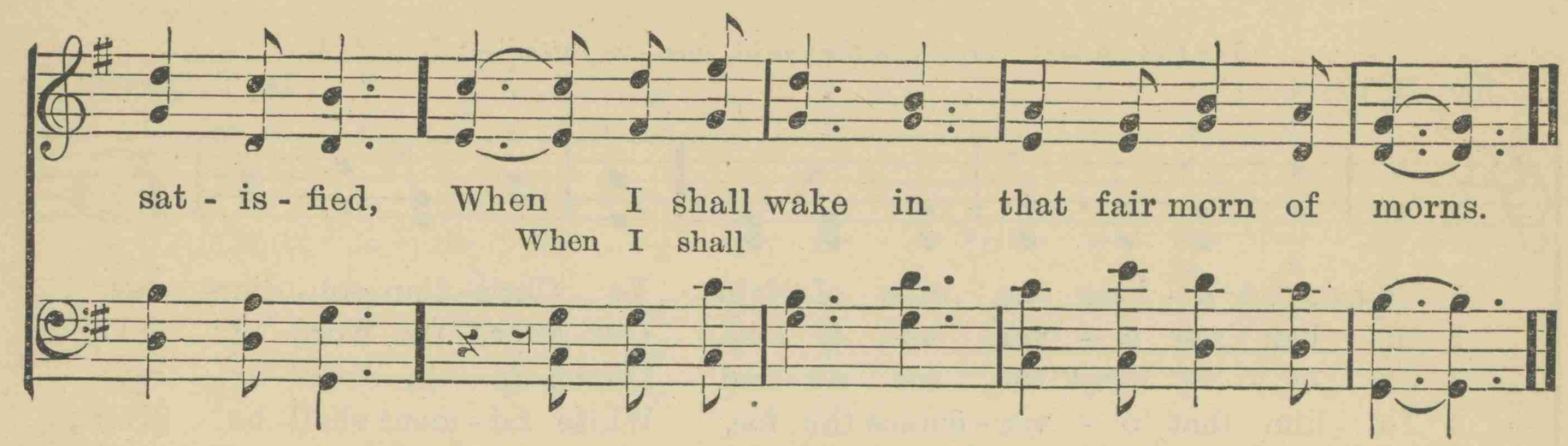
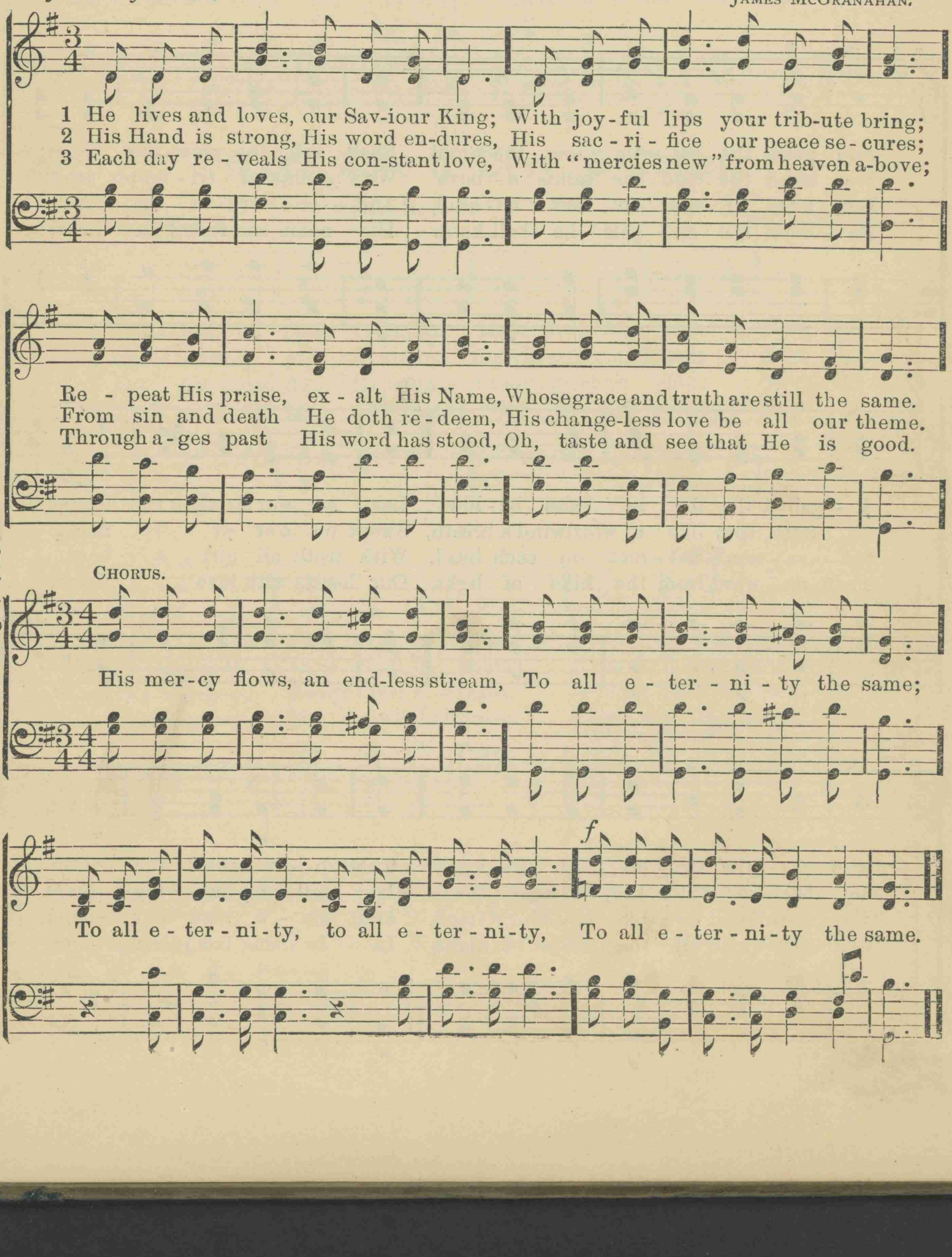
Satisfied.—Concluded.

295 Our Saviour King.

"*His mercy endureth forever.*"—Ps. 136:1.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



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Faith is the Victory.

"The victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."—1 John 5:4.

JOHN H. YATES. IRA D. SANKEY.

1 En-camped a - long the hills of light, Ye Chris - tian sol - diers, rise,
2 His ban - ner o - ver us is love, Our sword the Word of God;
3 On ev - 'ry hand the foe we find Drawn up in dread ar - ray;
4 To him that o - ver - comes the foe, White rai - ment shall be given;

And press the bat - tle ere the night Shall veil the glow - ing skies;
We tread the road the saints a - bove With shouts of tri - umph trod;
Let tents of ease be left be - hind, And— on - ward to the fray;
Be - fore the an - gels he shall know His name con-fessed in heaven;

A - gainst the foe in vales be - low Let all our strength be hurled;
By faith, they like a whirlwind's breath, Swept on o'er ev - 'ry field;
Sal - va - tion's hel - met on each head, With truth all girt a - bout,
Then on - ward from the hills of light, Our hearts with love a - flame;

Faith is the vic - to - ry, we know, That o - ver-comes the world.
The faith by which they conquer'd Death Is still our shin - ing shield.
The earth shall trem-ble 'neath our tread, And ech - o with our shout.
We'll van-quish all the hosts of night, In Je - sus' conquering name.

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Faith is the Victory.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Faith is the vic - to - ry! Faith is the vic - to - ry!
Faith is the vic - to - ry! Faith is the vic - to - ry!

Oh, glo - ri - ous vic - to - ry, That o - ver-comes the world.

297 More Love to Thee, O Christ.

"Continue ye in my love."—John 15:9.

ELIZABETH PRENTISS. WILLIAM H. DOANE.

1 More love to Thee, O Christ! More love to Thee; Hear Thou the
2 Once earth-ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a-
3 Let sor - row do its work, Come grief or pain; Sweet are Thy
4 Then shall my lat - est breath Whis - per Thy praise, This be the

prayer I make On bend-ed knee; This is my earn - est plea,
lone I seek, Give what is best: This all my prayer shall be,
mes - sen-gers, Sweet their re - frain, When they can sing with me,—
part - ing cry My heart shall raise; This still its prayer shall be:

More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee, More love to Thee!

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298

Praise him! Praise him!

"I will sing praises unto my God."—Ps. 146 : 2.

FANNY J. CROSBY. CHESTER G. ALLEN.

1 Praise Him! praise Him! Je - sus, our bless-ed Re-deem - er! Sing, O earth—His
2 Praise Him! praise Him! Je - sus, our bless-ed Re-deem - er! For our sins He
3 Praise Him! praise Him! Je - sus, our bless-ed Re-deem - er! Heavenly por - tals

won - der - ful love pro - claim! Hail Him! hail Him! high-est arch-an-gels in
suf - fered, and bled, and died; He our Rock, our hope of e - ter - nal sal -
loud with ho - san - nas ring! Je - sus, Sav - iour, reigneth for - ev - er and

D. S.—Praise Him! praise Him! tell of His ex - cel-lent

glo - ry; Strength and hon-or give to His ho - ly name! Like a shep-herd,
va - tion, Hail Him! hail Him! Je-sus, the Cru - ci - fied. Sound His prais - es!
ev-er: Crown Him! crown Him! Prophet, and Priest, and King! Christ is com - ing!

greatness, Praise Him! praise Him! ev-er in joy - ful song!

Je-sus will guard His children, In His arms He car-ries them all day long;
Je-sus who bore our sor-rows, Love un-bound-ed, won-der-ful, deep and strong;
o - ver the world vic - to - rious, Power and glo - ry un - to the Lord be - long;

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299 I Know Whom I Have Believed.

2 Tim. 1: 12.

EL NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

Moderato.

1 I know not why God's wondrous grace To me He hath made known,
2 I know not how this sav - ing faith To me He did im - part,
3 I know not how the Spir - it moves, Con-vinc - ing men of sin,
4 I know not what of good or ill May be re - served for me,
5 I know not when my Lord may come, At night or noon - day fair,

Nor why— un - wor - thy—Christ in love Re - deemed me for His own.
Nor how be - liev - ing in His word Wrought peace with-in my heart.
Re - veal - ing Je - sus through the Word, Cre - at - ing faith in Him.
Of wea - ry ways or gold - en days, Be - fore His face I see.
Nor if I'll walk the vale with Him, Or "meet Him in the air."

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CHORUS.

But "I know whom I have be - liev-ed, And am per-suad-ed that He is a - ble
To keep that which I've com - mit - ted Un - to Him a - gainst that day."

Blessed Assurance.

"He that believeth on me hath everlasting life."—John 6:47.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

1 Bless-ed as - sur - ance,—Je - sus is mine! Oh, what a fore - taste of
2 Per - fect sub - mis - sion, per - fect de - light, Vis-ions of rapt - ure now
3 Per - fect sub - mis - sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav - iour am

glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, pur - chase of God,
burst on my sight; An - gels, de - scend - ing, bring from a - bove
hap - py and blest; Watching and wait - ing, look - ing a - bove,

CHORUS.

Born of His Spir - it, washed in His blood.
Ech - oes of mer - cy, whis - pers of love.
Filled with His good - ness, lost in His love.
} This is my sto - ry,

this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav - iour all the day long; This is my

sto - ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav - iour all the day long.

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301

At the Cross.

"Look unto me, and be ye saved."—Isa. 45 : 22.

ISAAC WATTS. R. E. HUDSON.

1 A - las! and did my Sav - iour bleed, And did my Sovereign die?
2 Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up - on the tree?
3 But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe;

Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y, grace un-known, And love be - yond de - gree!
Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do!

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CHORUS.

At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the bur-den of my heart rolled a - way, It was there by faith rolled a - way,
I re - ceived my sight, And now I am hap - py all the day.

302

Go Ye Unto all the World.

Matt. 28: 18. Mark 16: 15.

G. M. J.

JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1 Far, far a-way in heathen darkness dwell-ing, Mill-ions of souls for
2 See o'er the world the o - pen doors in - vit - ing, Sol - diers of Christ, a -
3 "Why will ye die?" the voice of God is call - ing, "Why will ye die?" re -
4 God speed the day when those of ev - ery na - tion, "Glo - ry to God" tri -

ev - er may be lost; Who, who will go sal - va-tion's sto - ry tell - ing,
rise and en - ter in! Breth'ren, a-wake! our forc - es all u - nit - ing,
ech - o in His name; Je - sus hath died to save from death ap - pall - ing,
umphant-ly shall sing; Ransomed, redeemed, re - joic-ing in sal - va - tion,

CHORUS.

Look - ing to Je-sus, heeding not the cost?
Send forth the gospel, break the chains of sin.
Life and sal-va-tion therefore go proclaim.
Shout "Hal-le-lu - jah for the Lord is King."
} "All power is giv - en un - to me,

All power is giv - en un - to me, Go ye in - to all the world and

preach the gos - pel, And lo, I am with you al - way."

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303

Jesus is Calling.

"*Arise, he calleth thee.*"—John 11:28.

FANNY J. CROSBY. GEORGE C. STEBBINS.

1 Je - sus is ten-der - ly call-ing thee home—Call-ing to - day, call - ing to - day;
2 Je - sus is call-ing the wea - ry to rest— Call-ing to - day, call - ing to - day;
3 Je - sus is wait-ing, oh, come to Him now—Waiting to - day, wait - ing to - day;
4 Je - sus is pleading, oh, list to His voice—Hear Him to-day, hear Him to - day;

Why from the sunshine of love wilt thou roam Far-ther and far-ther a - way?
Bring Him thy burden, and thou shalt be blest; He will not turn thee a - way.
Come with thy sins, at His feet low - ly bow; Come, and no lon - ger de - lay.
They who be-lieve on His name shall rejoice; Quick-ly a - rise and a - way.

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REFRAIN.

Call - - ing to - day!..... call - - ing to - day!.....
Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day; Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day;

Je - - sus is call - - ing, is ten - der-ly call-ing to - day.
Je - sus is ten - der - ly call-ing to - day,

Onward, Christian Soldiers

"Be strong and of a good courage."—Deut. 31: 6.

SABINE BARING-GOULD. ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

1 On - ward, Christian sol - diers! March-ing as to war, With the cross of
2 Like a might-y ar - my Moves the church of God: Brothers, we are
3 Crowns and thrones may per-ish, King-doms rise and wane, But the Church of
4 On - ward then, ye faith - ful, Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your

Je - sus, Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the Roy - al Mas - ter,
tread - ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed,
Je - sus Con-stant will re-main: Gates of hell can nev - er
voic - es In the tri-umph-song: Glo - ry, praise, and hon - or,

Leads a-gainst the foe; For-ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban-ners go.
All one bod-y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
'Gainst that Church prevail: We have Christ's own promise, And that can-not fail.
Un - to Christ the King: This, through countless a-ges, Men and an - gels sing.

CHORUS.

On - ward, Chris - tian sol - diers! March - ing as to war,
With the cross of Je - sus, Go - ing on be - fore.

305 There shall be Showers of Blessing.

Ezek. 34:26.

EL NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1 "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing:" This is the prom-ise of love;
2 "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing"— Pre-cious re-viv-ing a-gain;
3 "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing:" Send them up-on us, O Lord;
4 "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing:" Oh that to-day they might fall,

There shall be sea-sons re-fresh-ing, Sent from the Sav-iour a-bove.
O-ver the hills and the val-leys, Sound of a-bun-dance of rain.
Grant to us now a re-fresh-ing, Come, and now hon-or Thy Word.
Now as to God we're con-fess-ing, Now as on Je-sus we call!

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CHORUS.

Show - - - ers of bless - ing,
Show-ers, show-ers of bless-ing, Show-ers of bless-ing we need:
Mer-cy-drops round us are fall-ing, But for the show-ers we plead.

306 A Shelter in the Time of Storm.

"*My God is the Rock of my refuge.*"—Ps. 94:22.

V. G. CHARLESWORTH. IRA D. SANKEY.

1 The Lord's our Rock, in Him we hide, A shel-ter in the time of storm;
2 A shade by day, de-fence by night, A shel-ter in the time of storm;
3 The rag-ing storms may round us beat, A shel-ter in the time of storm;
4 O Rock di-vine, O Ref-uge dear, A shel-ter in the time of storm;

Se-cure what-ev-er ill be-tide, A shel-ter in the time of storm.
No fears a-larm, no foes af-fright, A shel-ter in the time of storm.
We'll nev-er leave our safe re-treat, A shel-ter in the time of storm.
Be Thou our help-er ev-er near, A shel-ter in the time of storm.

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CHORUS.

Oh, Je-sus is a Rock in a wea-ry land, A wea-ry land, a wea-ry land;

Oh, Je-sus is a Rock in a wea-ry land,— A shel-ter in the time of storm.

307

Christ Arose!

"*He is not here, but is risen.*"—Luke. 24; 6.

R. L. ROBERT LOWRY.

Slow.

1 Low in the grave He lay— Je - sus, my Sav - iour! Wait - ing the
2 Vain - ly they watch His bed— Je - sus, my Sav - iour! Vain - ly they
3 Death can - not keep his prey— Je - sus, my Sav - iour! He tore the

CHORUS. *Faster.*

com-ing day— Je - sus, my Lord!
seal the dead— Je - sus, my Lord!
bars a - way— Je - sus, my Lord!

Up from the grave He a - rose, With a might - y tri-umph o'er His foes; He a - rose a Vic - tor from the dark do - main, And He lives for ev - er with His saints to reign; He a - rose! He a - rose! He a - rose! Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ a - rose!

He a - rose,
He a - rose!
He a - rose!
He a - rose!
He a - rose!

rit.

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308 Casting All Your Care upon Him.

1 Pet. 5:7.

CÆSAR MALAN, arr by J. E. A. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1 How sweet, my Sav - iour, to re - pose On Thine al - might-y power!
2 It is Thy will that I should cast My ev - 'ry care on Thee;
3 That I should trust Thy lov - ing care, And look to Thee a - lone,
4 Why should my heart then be dis - trest By dread of fu - ture ill?

To feel Thy strength up - hold - ing me, Through ev - 'ry try - ing hour!
To Thee re - fer each ris - ing grief, Each new per - plex - i - ty;
To calm each trou - bled thought to rest, In prayer be - fore Thy throne.
Or why should un - be - liev - ing fear My trem - bling spir - it fill?

CHORUS.

Cast - ing all..... your care up - on Him,..... Cast-ing
all your care, all your care up - on Him,

all..... your care up-on Him,..... Casting all..... your care up-on
all your care, all your care upon Him, your care,

Him,.. ..... For He car - eth, He car - eth for you.
all your care up - on Him,

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309

Arise and Shine.

CARRIE E. BRECK. Isa. 60 : 1. DANIEL. B. TOWNER.

1 "A - rise and shine! thy light is come!" The Lord hath made thee free!
2 "A - rise and shine! thy light is come!" Let sin and sor - row hide.

The chains of dark - ness bind no more. Go forth in lib - er - ty!
Go forth and show to all the world That Light and Life a - bide.

Copyright, 1897, by D. B. Towner.

CHORUS.

"A - rise and shine! thy light is come!" A - rise, a - rise and shine!

With love's bright a - dorn - ing shine forth as the morn - ing,—

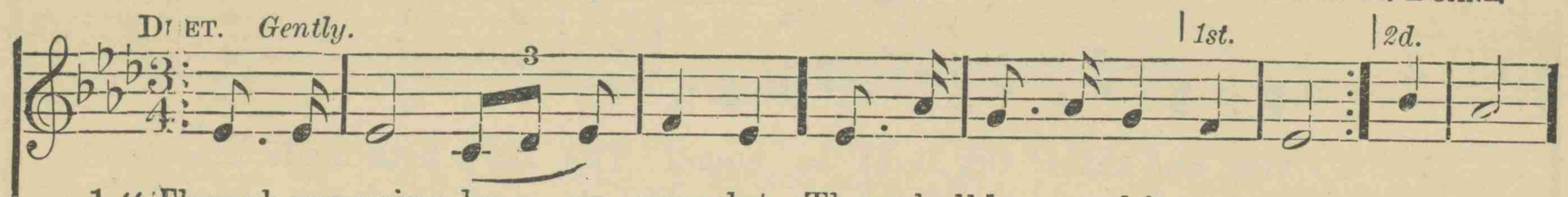
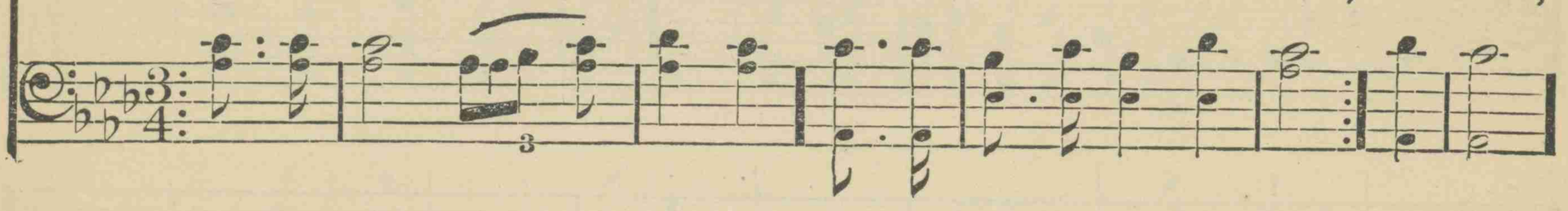
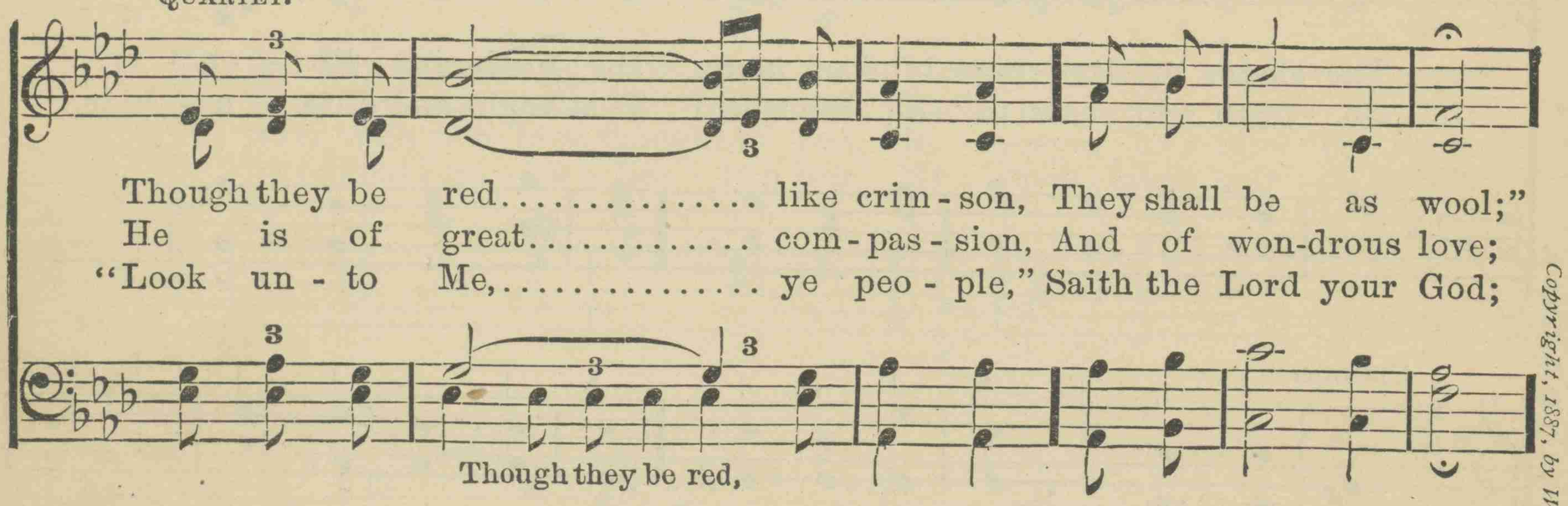
A - rise, a - rise and shine!

3 "Arise and shine! thy light is come!"
Thy God thy glory is;
Show forth the wonders of His love,
And let all praise be His.—*Cho.*

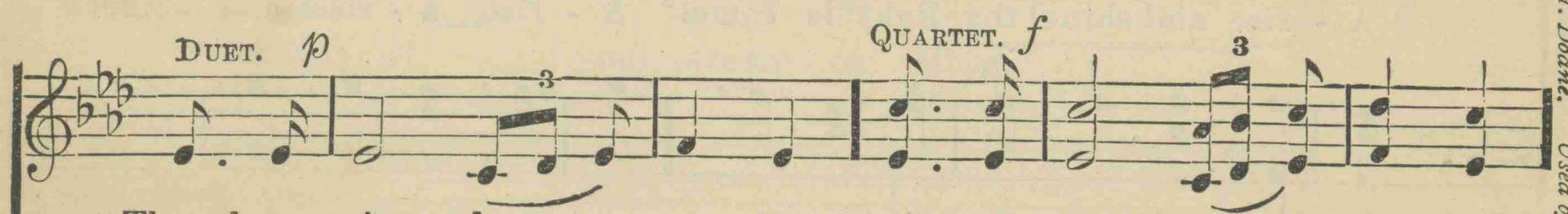
4 "Arise and shine! thy light is come!"
And night shall be no more!
Shine till the glory of the Lord
Is known from shore to shore.—*Cho.*

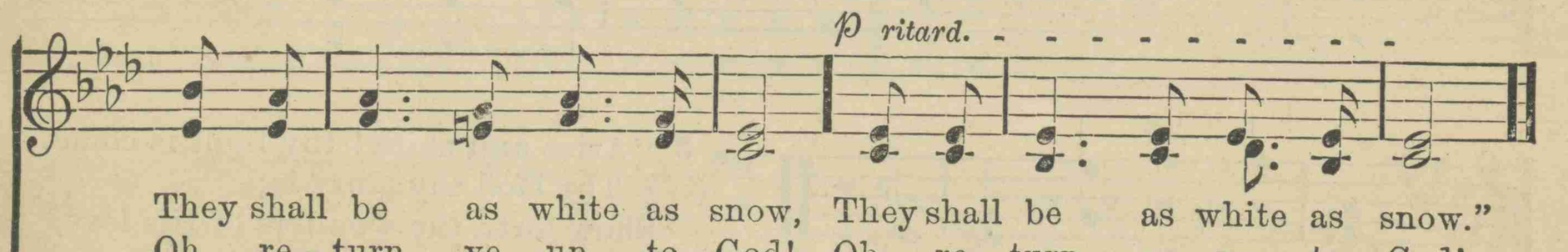
310 Though Your Sins be as Scarlet.

"Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."—Isaiah 1:18.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WILLIAM H. DOANE.

1 "Though your sins be as scar-let, They shall be as white as snow; as snow;
2 Hear the voice that en-treats you: Oh, re-turn ye un-to God! to God!
3 He'll for-give your transgressions, And re-member them no more; no more;

Though they be red..... like crim-son, They shall be as wool;"
He is of great..... com-pas-sion, And of won-drous love;
"Look un-to Me,..... ye peo-ple," Saith the Lord your God;

Though they be red,



"Though your sins be as scar-let, Though your sins be as scar-let,
Hear the voice that en-treats you, Hear the voice that en-treats you,
He'll for-give your trans-gressions, He'll for-give your trans-gressions,

They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow."
Oh, re-turn ye un-to God! Oh, re-turn ye un-to God!
And re-mem-ber them no more, And re-mem-ber them no more.

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311 Christ Receiveth Sinful Men.

"They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick."—Matt. 9 : 12.

From Erdman Neumeister, 1671. James McGranahan.

1 Sin - ners Je - sus will re - ceive; Sound this word of grace to all
2 Come, and He will give you rest; Trust Him, for His word is plain;
3 Now my heart condemns me not, Pure be - fore the law I stand;
4 Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men, E - ven me with all my sin;

Who the heav'n-ly path-way leave, All who lin - ger, all who fall.
He will take the sin - ful - est; Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.
He who cleansed me from all spot, Sat - is - fied its last de - mand.
Purged from ev - 'ry spot and stain, Heav'n with Him I en - ter in.

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REFRAIN.

Sing it o'er..... and o'er a - gain:..... Christ re - ceiv - - - - eth sin - ful men;.....
Sing it o'er a - gain, Sing it o'er a - gain: ceiv - eth sin - ful men, Christ re - ceiveth sin - ful men;

Make the mes - - - - sage clear and plain:.....
Make the message plain, Make the mes-sage plain:

Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.

Come Unto Me.

"Come unto me all ye that labor, and I will give you rest."—**Matt. 11:28.**

NATHANAEL NORTON. GEORGE C. STEBBINS.

1 "Come un - to me." It is the Saviour's voice,— The Lord of life, who bids thy heart re - joice; O wea - ry heart, with
2 Wea - ry with life's long strug-gle, full of pain, O doubt - ing soul, thy Sav - iour calls a - gain; Thy doubts shall van - ish,
3 O, dy - ing man, with guilt and sin dis - mayed, With con - science wak - ened, of thy God a - fraid; Twixt hopes and fears— oh,
4 Rest, peace, and life, the flow'rs of deathless bloom, The Sav - iour gives us,—not be - yond the tomb— But here, and now: on

heav - y cares op - prest; "Come un - to me," and I will give you rest.
and thy sorrows cease, "Come un - to me," and I will give you peace.
end the anxious strife, "Come un - to me," and I will give you life.
earth some glimpse is giv'n Of joys which wait us thro' the gates of heav'n.

REFRAIN.

"Come un - to me, come un - to me, Come un - to me, and

"Come un - to me, O, come un - to me, Come un - - to me,

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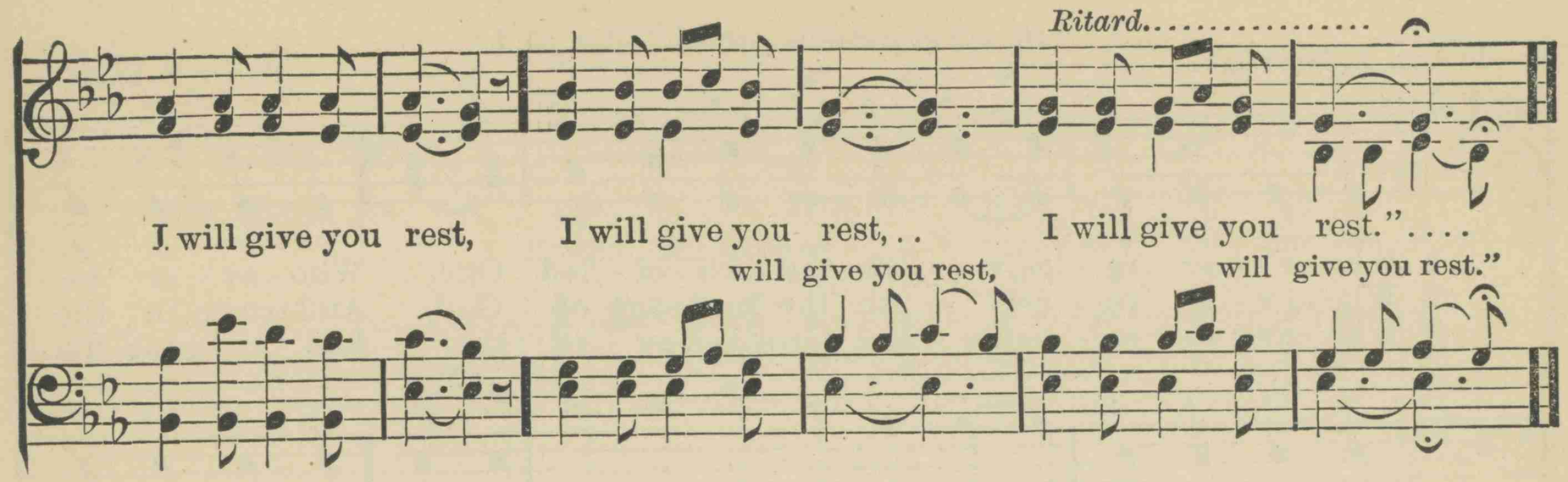
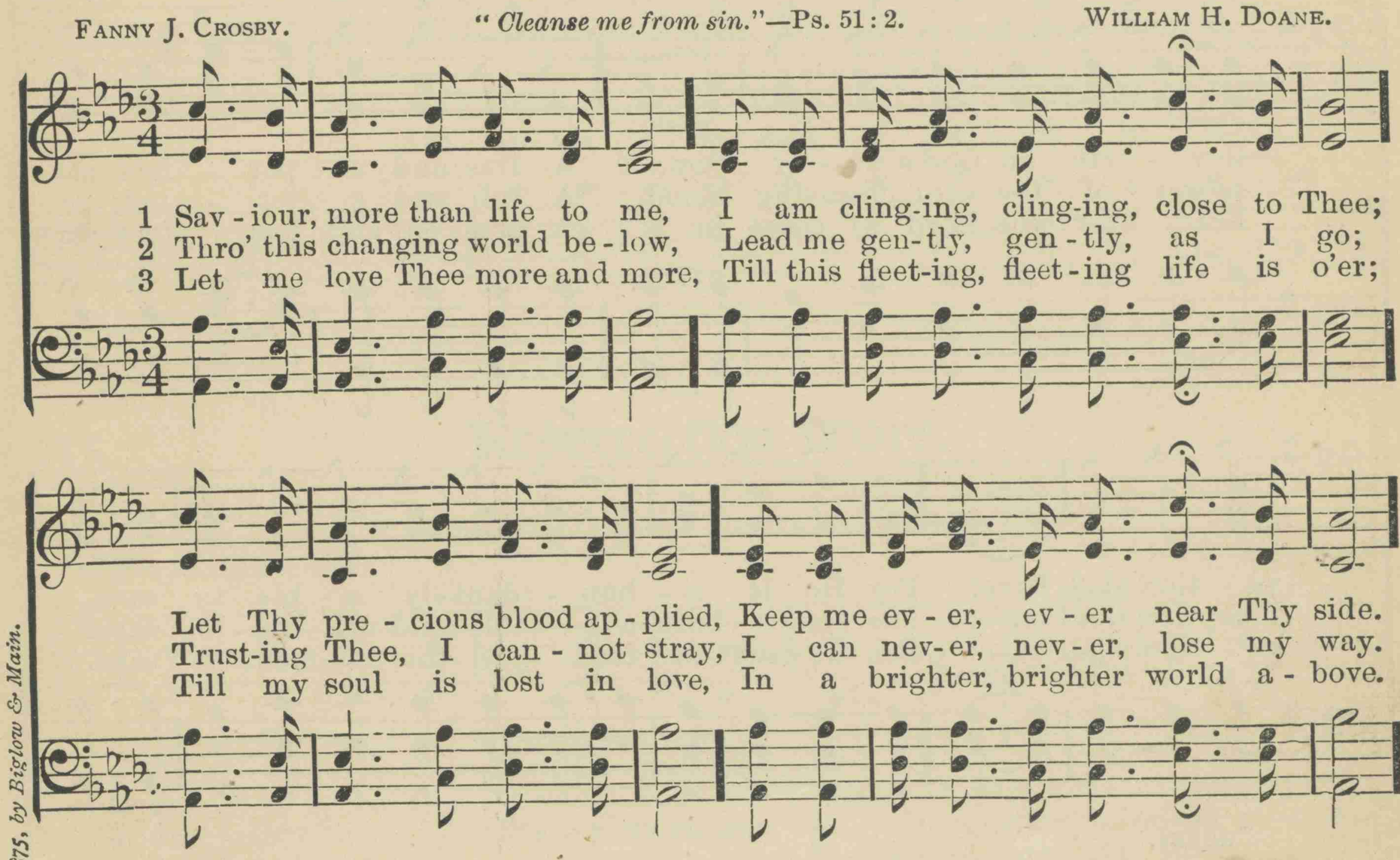
Come unto Me.—Concluded.

313 Every Day and Hour.

FANNY J. CROSBY. *"Cleanse me from sin."*—Ps. 51 : 2. WILLIAM H. DOANE.



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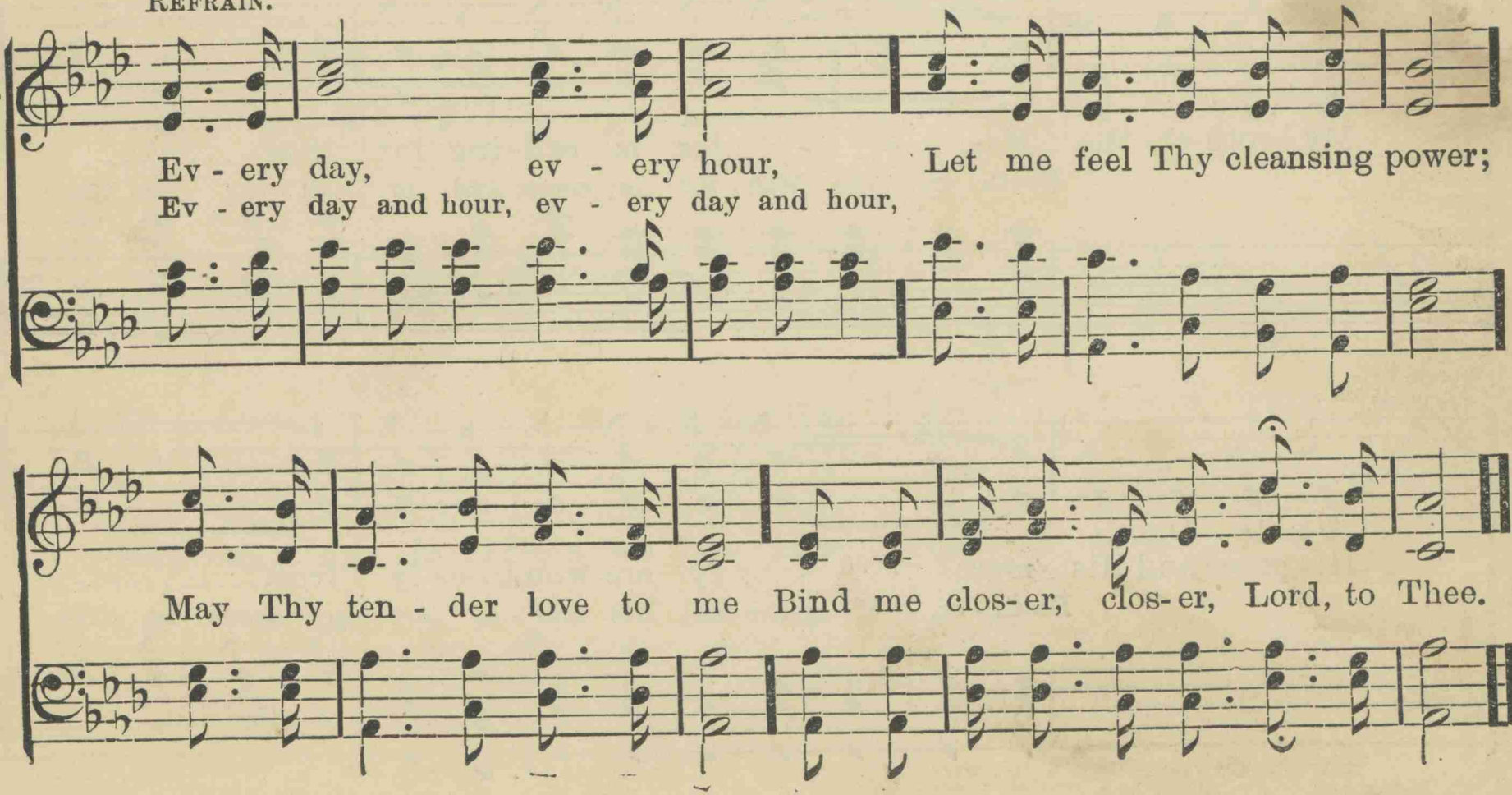
Abundantly Able to Save.

"He will abundantly pardon."—Isa. 55:7.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. PHILIP P. BLISS.

1 Who-ev-er re-ceiv-eth the Cru-ci-fied One, Who-ev-er be-
2 Who-ev-er re-ceiv-eth the mes-sage of God, And trusts in the
3 Who-ev-er re-pents and for-sakes ev-'ry sin, And o-pens his

liev-eth on God's on-ly Son, A free and a per-fect sal-
power of the soul cleansing blood, A full and e-ter-nal re-
heart for the Lord to come in, A pres-ent and per-fect sal-

va-tion shall have: For He is a-bun-dant-ly a-ble to save.
demption shall have: For He is both a-ble and will-ing to save.
va-tion shall have: For Je-sus is read-y this mo-ment to save.

CHORUS.

My broth-er, the Mas - - ter is call-ing for thee;.....
Broth-er, the Mas-ter is come, and is call-ing for thee;

His grace and His mer - - cy are wondrous-ly free;.....
Broth-er, His grace and His mer-cy are won-drous-ly free;

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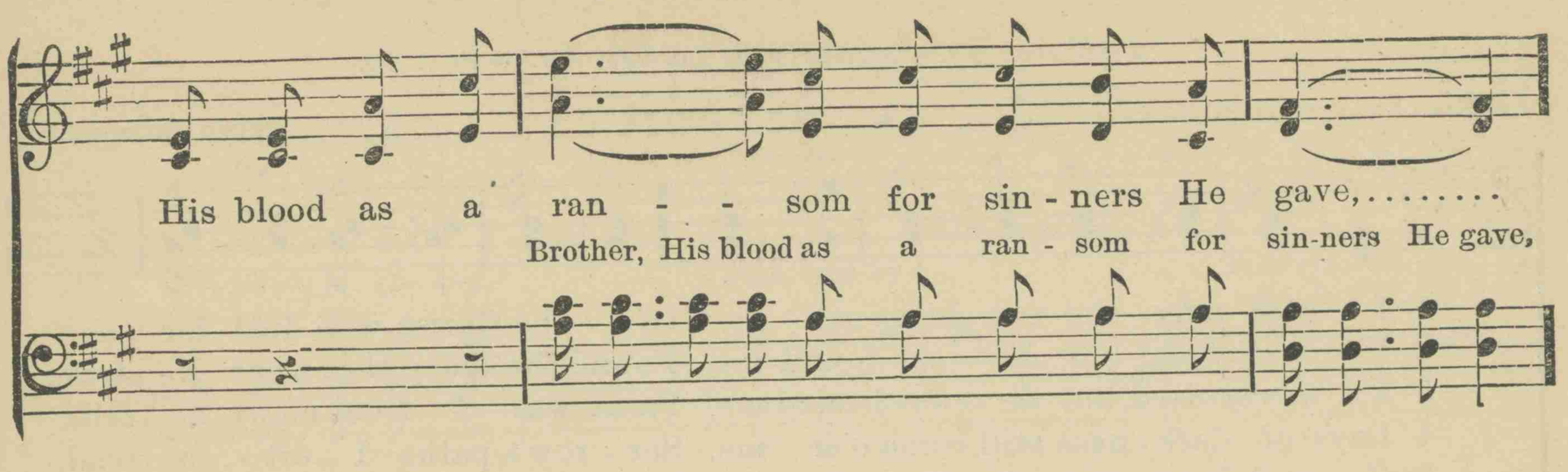
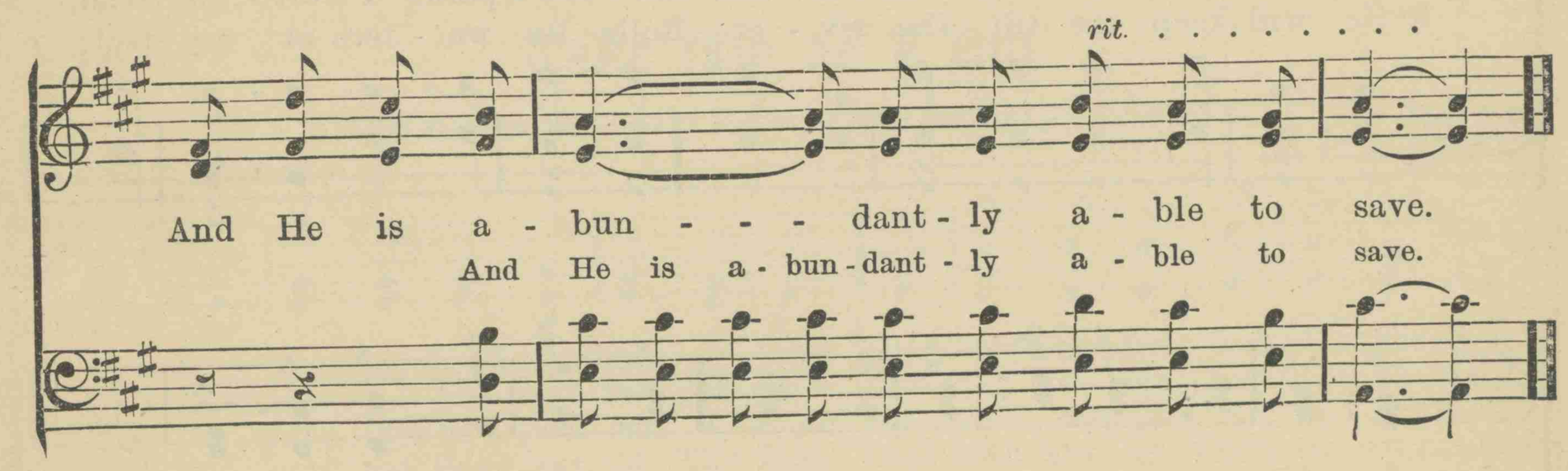
Abundantly Able to Save.—Concluded.



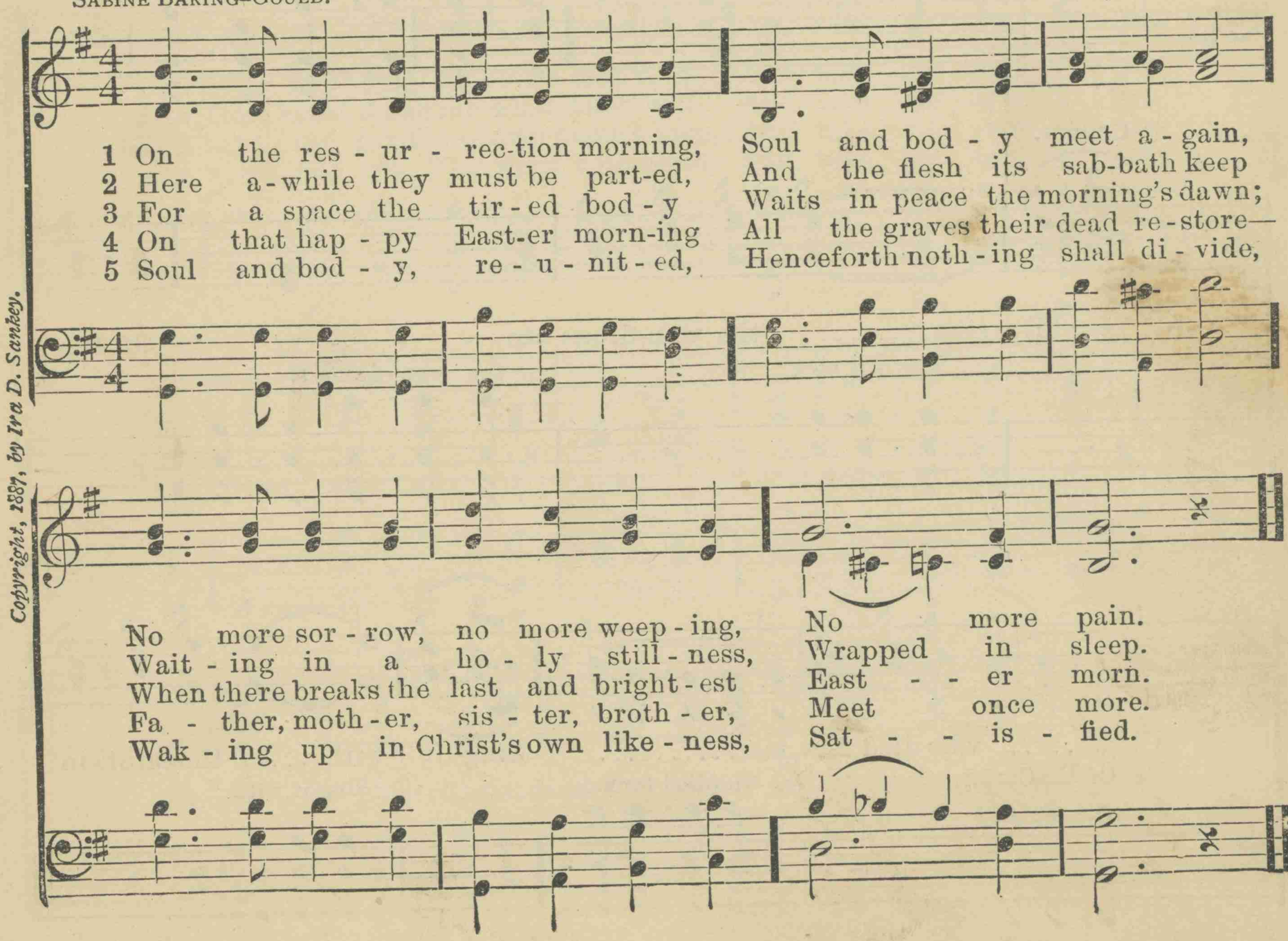


315

Resurrection Morn.

"The dead in Christ shall rise first."—1 Thess. 4: 16.

SABINE BARING-GOULD. IRA D. SANKEY.



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316

I will Sing the Wondrous Story.

"I will sing of the mercies of the Lord forever."—Ps. 1: 89.

Rev. Francis H. Rowley. Peter Bilhorn.

1 I will sing the won-drous sto - ry Of the Christ who died for me,
2 I was lost, but Je - sus found me, Found the sheep that went a - stray;
3 I was bruised, but Je - sus healed me, Faint was I from many a fall,
4 Days of dark - ness still come o'er me, Sor - row's paths I oft - en tread,
5 He will keep me till the riv - er Rolls its wa - ters at my feet;

How He left His home in glo - ry, For the cross on Cal - va - ry.
Threw His lov - ing arms a - round me, Drew me back in - to His way.
Sight was gone, and fears pos-sessed me, But He freed me from them all.
But the Sav - iour still is with me, By His hand I'm safe - ly led.
Then He'll bear me safe - ly o - ver, Where the loved ones I shall meet.

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CHORUS.

Yes, I'll sing..... the won-drous sto - - - ry Of the
Yes, I'll sing the won - drous sto - ry

Christ..... who died for me,..... Sing it with..... the saints in
Of the Christ who died for me, Sing it with

glo - - - ry, Gathered by..... the crys-tal sea.
the saints in glo - ry, gath-ered by the crys - tal sea.

317 Take Me as I Am

"*Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out.*"—John 6 : 37.

ELIZA H. HAMILTON. IRA D. SANKEY.

1 Je - sus, my Lord, to Thee I cry; Un - less Thou help me I must die:
2 Help-less I am, and full of guilt; But yet for me Thy blood was spilt,
3 No prep - a - ra - tion can I make, My best re-solves I on - ly break,
4 Be - hold me, Sav - iour, at Thy feet, Deal with me as Thou se - est meet;

Oh, bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am.
And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt, And take me as I am.
Yet save me for Thine own name's sake, And take me as I am.
Thy work be - gin, Thy work com-plete, And take me as I am.

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CHORUS.

And take me as I am, And take me as I am;

My on - ly plea—Christ died for me! Oh, take me as I am.

318

Hark, hark! my Soul!

"Are they not all ministering spirits."—Heb. 1:14.

FREDERICK W. FABER. CHARLES C. CONVERSE. Arr. by I. D. S.

1 Hark, hark! my soul! an - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green
2 Far, far a - way, like bells at eve - ning peal - ing, The voice of
3 On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing - ing, "Come, wea - ry

fields and o - cean's wave-beat-shore;
Je - sus sounds o'er land and sea;
souls, for Je - sus bids you come,

How sweet the truth those
And la - den souls by
And through the dark, its

bless-ed strains are tell - ing
thousands meek-ly steal-ing,
ech - oes sweet-ly ring - ing,

Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.
The mu - sic of the Gos - pel leads us home.

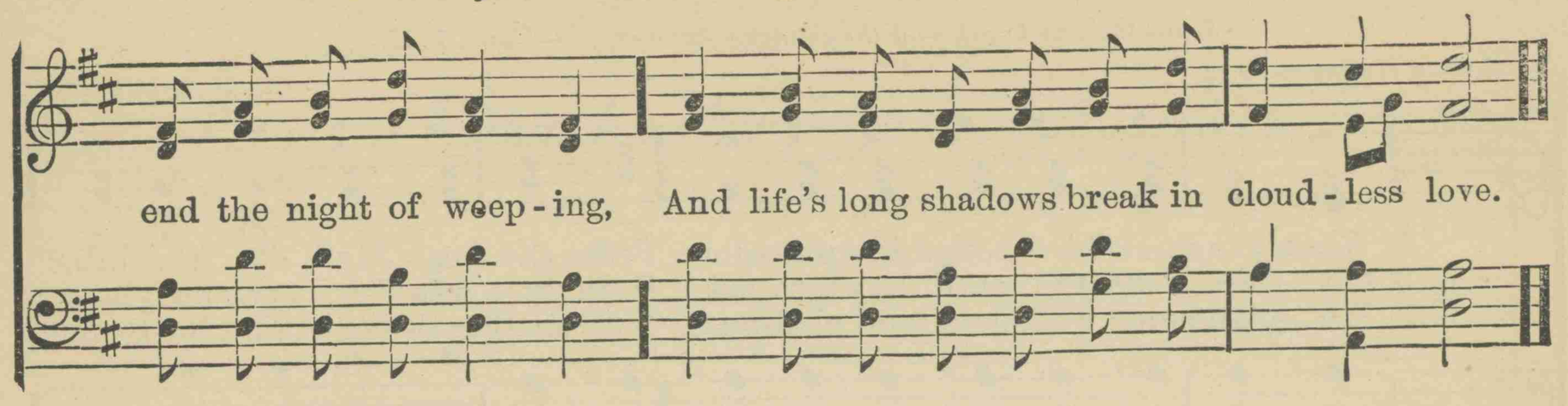
Copyright, 1890, by Ira D. Sankey.

CHORUS.

An - gels, sing on! your faith-ful watch-es keep - ing; Sing us sweet

frag - ments of the songs a - bove Till morn-ing's joy shall

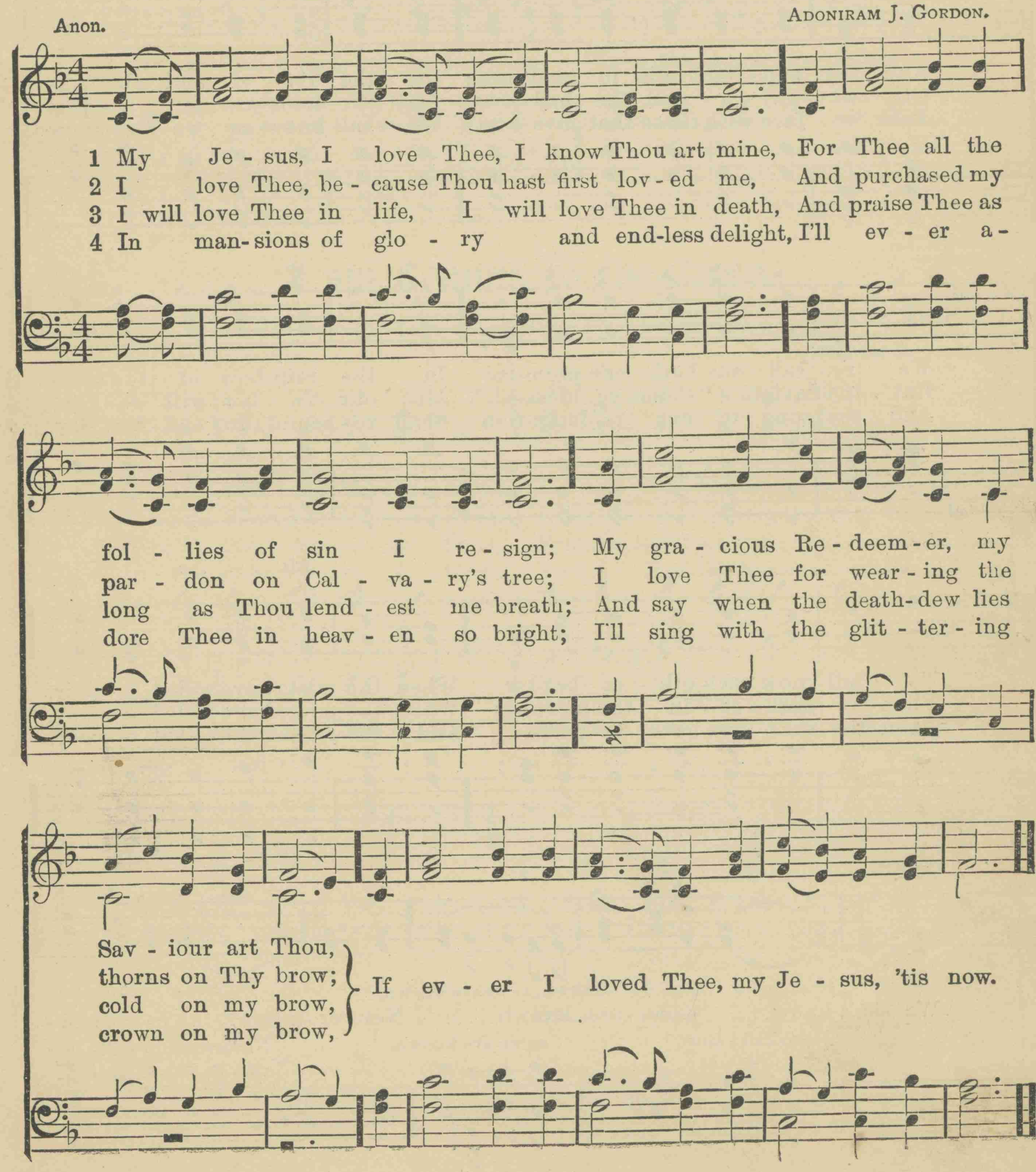
Bark, Bark! my Soul!—Concluded.



319 My Jesus, I Love Thee.

"Mine are thine and thine are mine."—John 17 : 10.

Anon. ADONIRAM J. GORDON.



320

When the Mists have Rolled Away.

"Until the day break and the shadows flee away."—Cant. 1; 17.

ANNIE HERBERT. Arr.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1 When the mists have rolled in splen-dor From the beau - ty of the hills,
2 Oft we tread the path be - fore us With a wea - ry, bur-den'd heart;
3 We shall come with joy and glad-ness, We shall gath - er 'round the throne,

And the sun - light falls in glad - ness On the riv - er and the rills:
Oft we toil a - mid the shad - ows, And our fields are far a - part:
Face to face with those that love us, We shall know as we are known:

We re - call our Fath - er's prom-ise In the rain-bow of the spray:
But the Saviour's "Come, ye bless-ed," All our la - bor will re - pay,
And the song of our re-demp-tion Shall re - sound thro' end - less day,

Rit.

We shall know each oth - er bet-ter When the mists have rolled a - way.
When we gath - er in the morning Where the mists have rolled a - way.
When the shad - ows have de - part-ed And the mists have rolled a - way.

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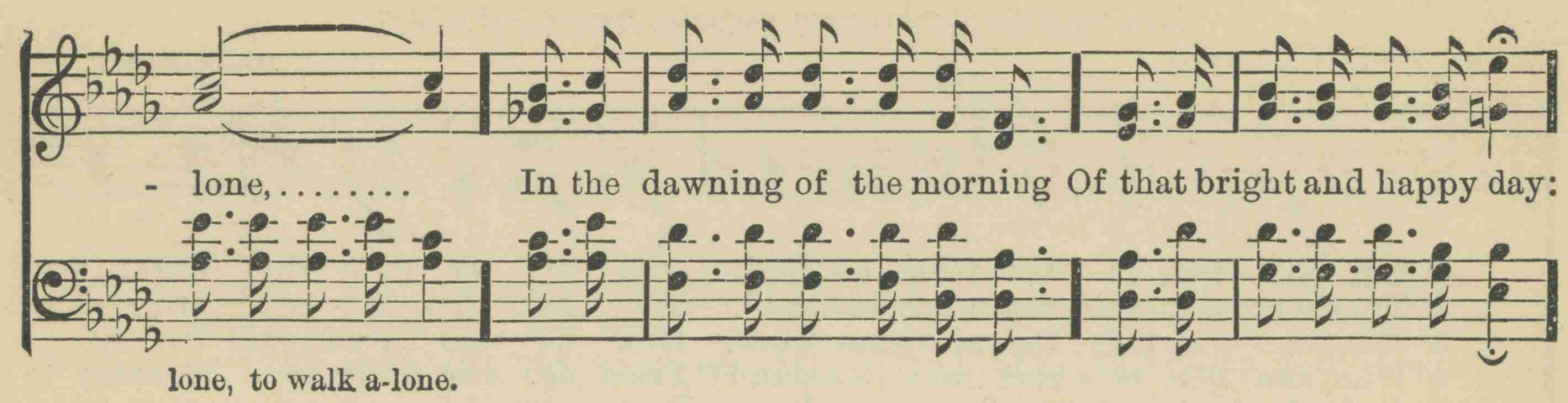
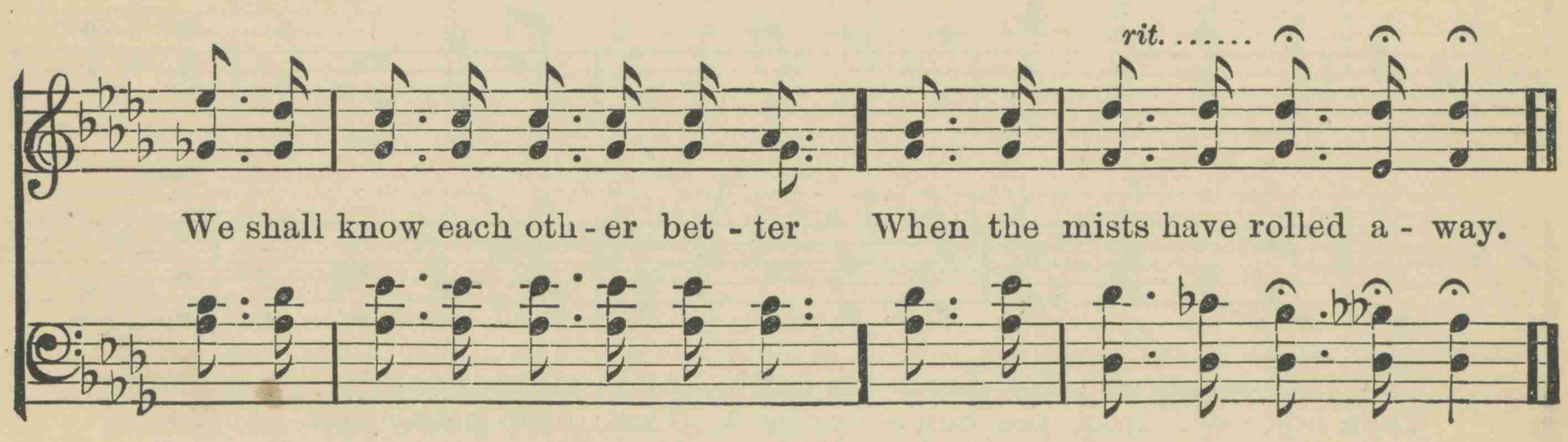
CHORUS.

known, as we are known,
We shall know.... as we are known,.... Nev - er - more.... to walk a -
We shall know as we are known, Nevermore to walk a -

When the Mists, etc.—Concluded.



321 I am Coming to the Cross.

"Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out."—John 6:37.

Rev. WILLIAM MCDONALD. WILLIAM G. FISCHER.

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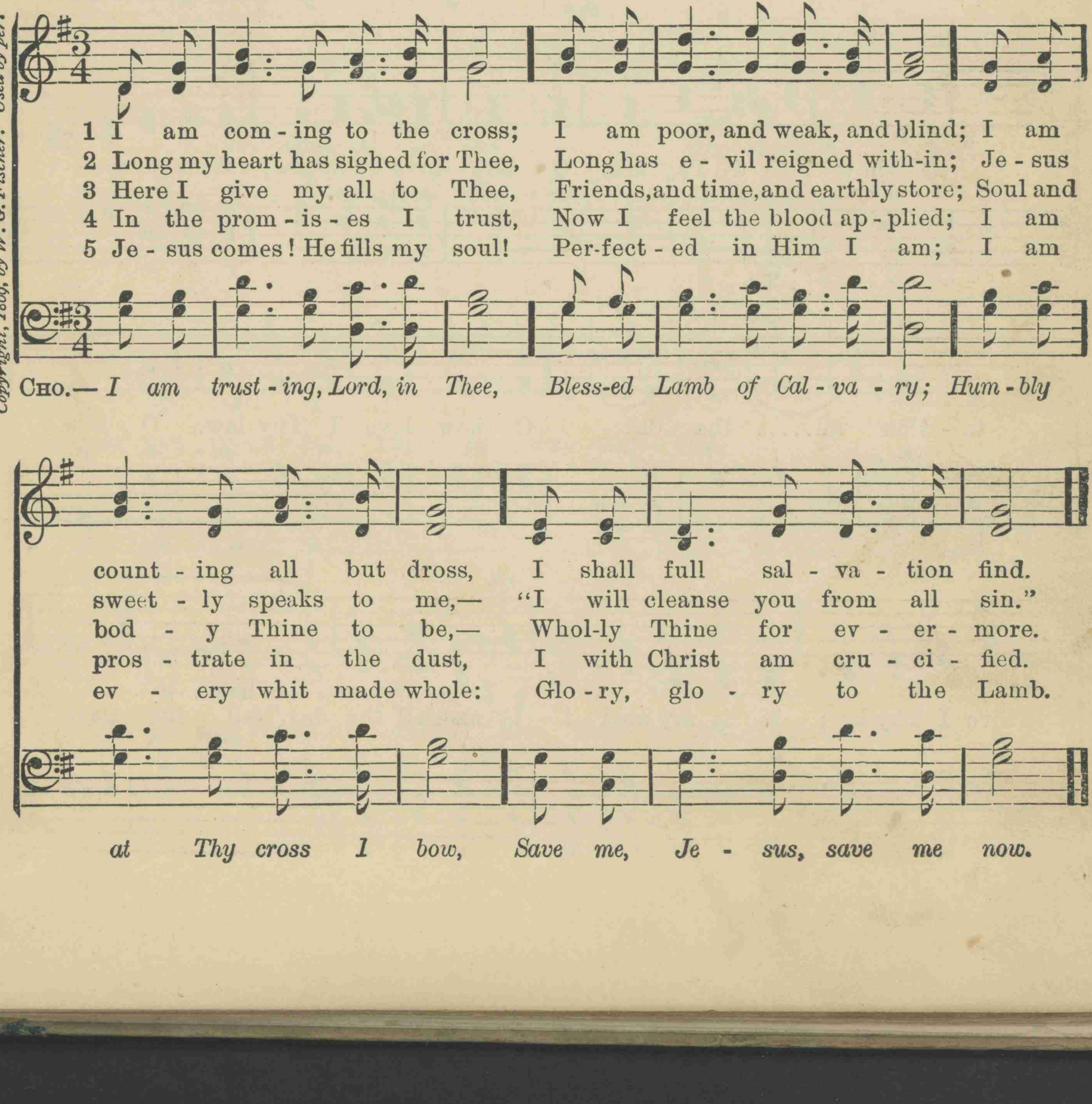

322

O how Love I Thy Law.

"The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring forever."—Ps. 19:9.

ANON. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1 Un - spot - ted is the fear of God, And ev - er doth en - dure;
2 They more than gold, yea, much fine gold, To be de - sir - ed are;
3 More - o - ver they, thy serv - ant warn, How he his life should frame.
4 Who can his er - rors un - der-stand? From se - cret faults me cleanse;
5 And do not suf - fer them to have Do - min - ion o - ver me;

The judg-ments of the Lord are truth, And right-eous-ness most pure.
Than hon - ey, from the hon - ey-comb That drop-peth, sweet - er far.
A great re - ward pro - vid - ed is For them that keep the same.
Thy serv - ant al - so keep Thou back From all pre-sump-tuous sins.
I shall be right-eous, then, and from The great trans-gres - sion free.

CHORUS. Psalm 119:97.

"O how love I Thy law, O how love I Thy law; It is my med - i -
ta - tion all..... the day; O how love I Thy law, O how
love I Thy law; It is my med - i - ta - tion all the day," (all the day)."

rit.

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323

Sunshine in the Soul.

"I will joy in the God of my salvation."—Hab. 3:18.

ELIZA E. HEWITT. JOHN R. SWENEY.

1 There is sun-shine in my soul to-day, More glo-ri-ous and bright
2 There is mu-sic in my soul to-day, A car-ol to my King,
3 There is springtime in my soul to-day, For when the Lord is near,
4 There is glad-ness in my soul to-day, And hope, and praise, and love,

Than glows in a-ny earth-ly sky, For Je-sus is the Light.
And Je-sus, list-en-ing, can hear, The songs I can-not sing.
The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flowers of grace ap-pear.
For bless-ings which He gives me now, For joys laid up a-bove.

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REFRAIN.

Oh, there's sun - - - - shine, Bless-ed sun - - - - shine,
sun-shine in my soul, sun-shine in my soul,
While the peace-ful, hap-py mo-ments roll;
hap-py mo-ments roll;
When Je-sus shows His smil-ing face, There is sun-shine in my soul.

Blessed be the Fountain.

EDEN R. LATTA. (Whiter than Snow.) HENRY S. PERKINS.

Moderato.

1 Bless-ed be the Fount-ain of blood, To a world of sin-ners re-vealed;
2 Thorny was the crown that He wore, And the cross His bod - y o'er-came;
3 Fa - ther, I have wandered from Thee, Oft - en has my heart gone a - stray;

Bless-ed be the dear Son of God: On - ly by His stripes we are healed.
Grievous were the sor - rows He bore, But He suf - fered thus not in vain.
Crim-son do my sins seem to me— Wa - ter can not wash them a - way.

Though I've wandered far from His fold, Bringing to my heart pain and woe,
May I to that Fountain be led, Made to cleanse my sins here be - low;
Je - sus to that Fountain of Thine, Lean-ing on Thy prom-ise I go;

Wash me in the Blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whit - er than snow.
Wash me in the Blood that He shed, And I shall be whit - er than snow.
Cleanse me by Thy wash - ing di - vine, And I shall be whit - er than snow.

CHORUS.

Whit - - - - er than the snow,..... Whit - - - - er
Whit-er than the snow, whit-er than the snow, Whit-er than the snow,

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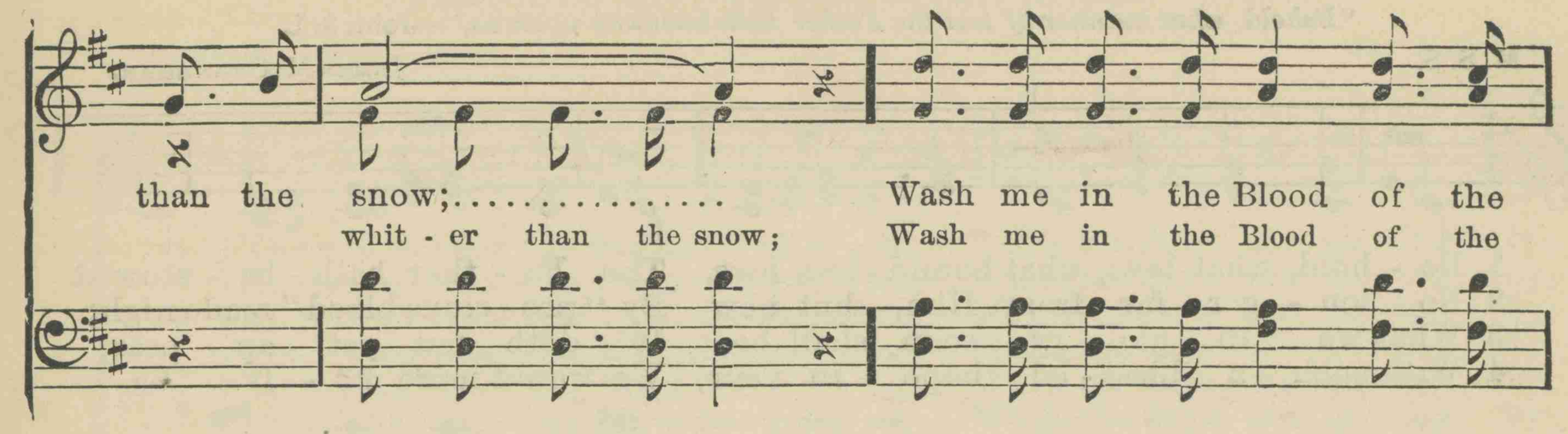
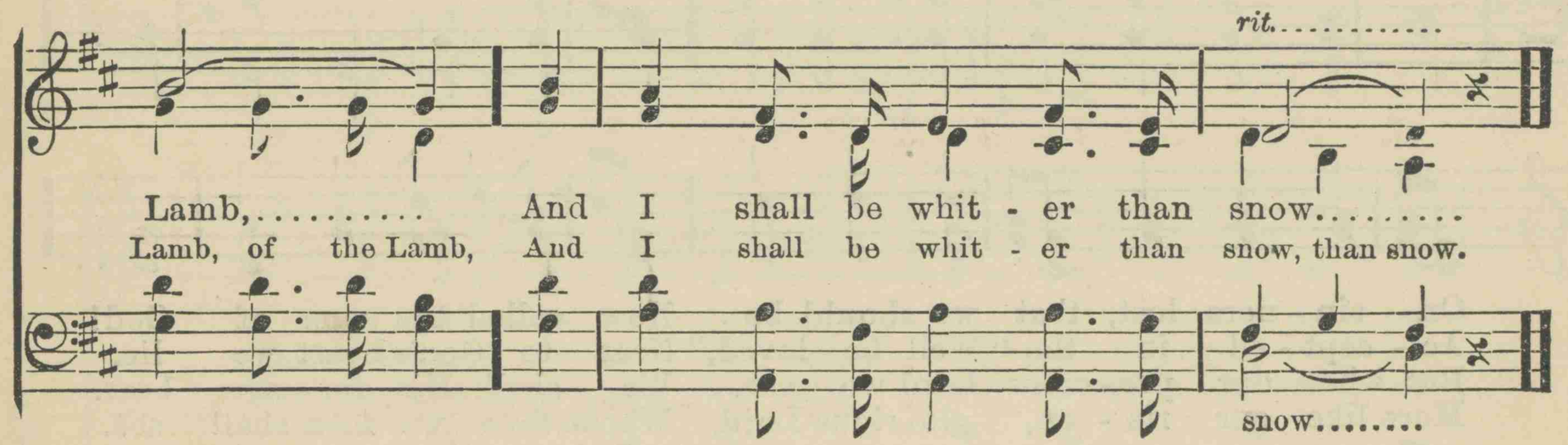
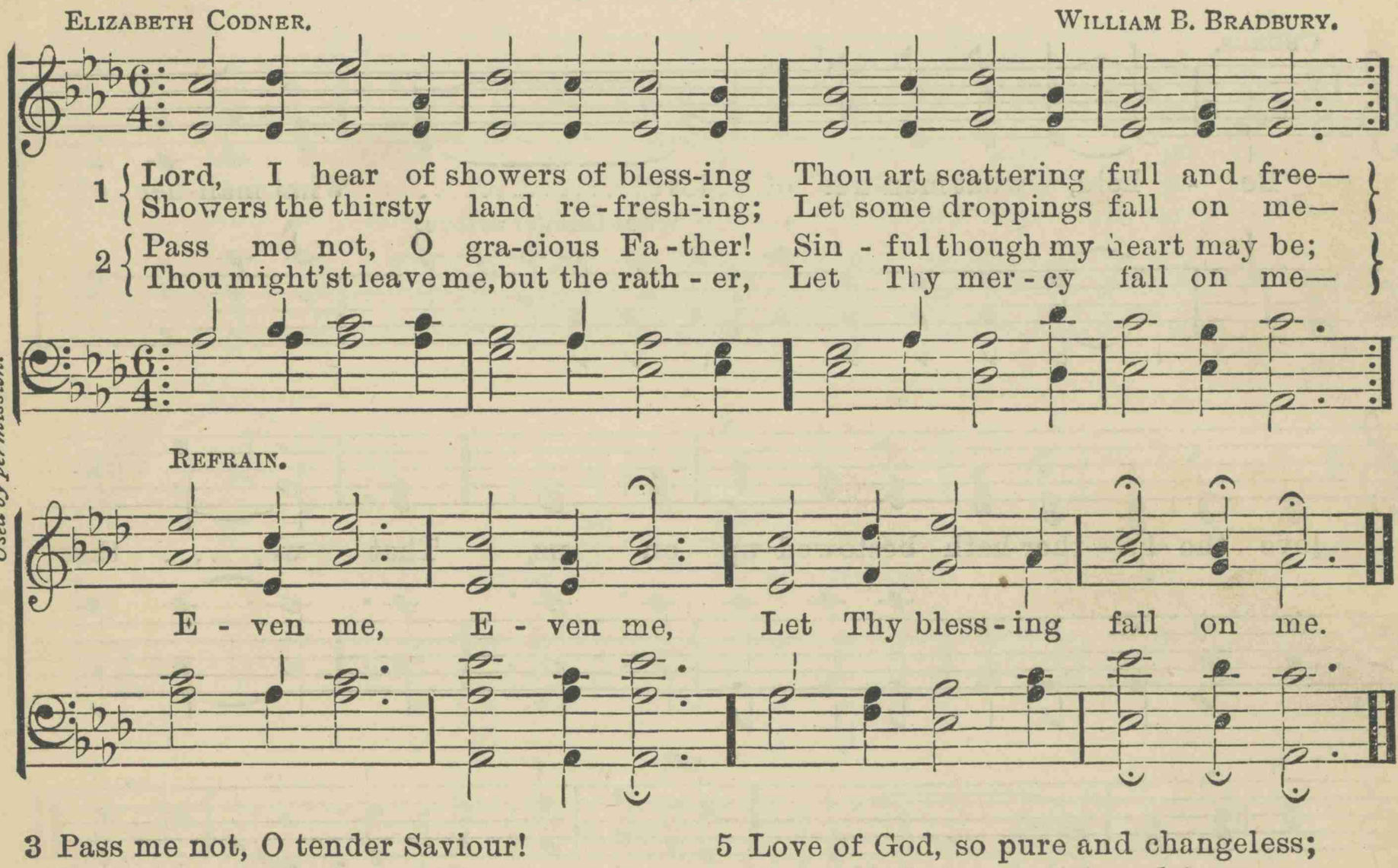
Blessed be the Fountain.—Concluded.



325 Even Me.

"Bless me, even me also, O my Father."—Gen. 27: 38.

ELIZABETH CODNER. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.



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3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour!
Let me love and cling to Thee;
I am longing for Thy favor;
Whilst Thou'rt calling, oh, call me.—*Ref.*

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me.—*Ref.*

5 Love of God, so pure and changeless;
Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
Magnify them all in me.—*Ref.*

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

326 Behold, what Love.

"Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us,"—John 3:1.

M. S. S. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1 Be - hold, what love, what bound - less love, The Fa - ther hath be - stowed
2 No lon - ger far from Him, but now By "pre - cious blood" made nigh;
3 What we in glo - ry soon shall be, It doth not yet ap - pear;
4 With such a bless - ed hope in view, We would more ho - ly be,

On sin - ners lost, that we should be Now called the sons of God!
Ac - cept - ed in the "Well be - loved," Near to God's heart we lie.
But when our pre - cious Lord we see, We shall His im - age bear.
More like our ris - en, glo - rious Lord, Whose face we soon shall see.

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CHORUS.

"Be - hold, what man-ner of love!..... What man-ner of

What manner of love,

love the Fa - ther hath bestowed up - on us, That we,..... that

we should be called..... Should be called the sons of God."

the sons of God,

327 While the Days are Going By.

"*Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.*"—Eccl. 9:10.

GEORGE COOPER, by per. IRA D. SANKEY.

1 There are lone - ly hearts to cher - ish, While the days are go - ing by;
There are wea - ry souls who per - ish, While the days are go - ing by;

2 There's no time for i - dle scorn-ing, While the days are go - ing by;
Let your face be like the morn-ing, While the days are go - ing by;

3 All the lov - ing links that bind us, While the days are go - ing by;
One by one we leave be - hind us, While the days are go - ing by;

If a smile we can re - new, As our jour - ney we pur - sue,
Oh, the world is full of sighs, Full of sad and weep - ing eyes;
But the seeds of good we sow, Both in shade and shine will grow,

Oh, the good we all may do, While the days are go - ing by.
Help your fall - en broth - er rise, While the days are go - ing by.
And will keep our hearts a - glow, While the days are go - ing by.

REFRAIN.

Go - ing by, go - ing by, Go - ing by, go - ing
Go - ing by, go - ing by, Go - ing by.

by, Oh, the good we all may do, While the days are go-ing by.
go - ing by.

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328

Onward Go!

"Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before."—Phil. 3 : 13.

E. B. Arr. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1 Trust - ing in the Lord thy God, On - ward go! on - ward go!
2 Has He called thee to the plough? On - ward go! on - ward go!
3 Has He given thee gold - en grain? On - ward go! on - ward go!
4 Has He said the end is near? On - ward go! on - ward go!
5 In this lit - tle mo - ment then, On - ward go! on - ward go!

On - ward! on - ward!

Hold - ing fast His promised word,
Night is com - ing, serve Him now;
Sow, and thou shalt reap a - gain;
Serv - ing Him with ho - ly fear,
In thy ways ac - knowledge Him;

On - ward go!
On-ward! on-ward go!

On - ward! on - ward! on - ward!

Ne'er de - ny His wor - thy Name, Though it bring re-proach and shame;
Faith and love in serv - ice blend; On His might - y arm de - pend;
To thy Mas - ter's gate re - pair, Watching be and wait - ing there;
Christ thy por - tion, Christ thy stay, Heavenly bread up - on the way,
Let His mind be found in thee: Let His will thy pleas-ure be;

Spread-ing still His wondrous fame,
Stand - ing fast un - til the end,
He will hear and an - swer prayer;
Lead - ing on the glo - rious day;
Thus in life and lib - er - ty,

On - ward go!
On - ward go!
On - ward, on - ward! On - ward go!

On - ward, on - ward! go!

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329

'Tis the Blessed Hour of Prayer.

—— *into the temple at the hour of prayer.*"—Acts 3 : 1.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WILLIAM H. DOANE.

1 'Tis the bless - ed hour of prayer, when our hearts low - ly bend, And we
2 'Tis the bless - ed hour of prayer, when the Sav - iour draws near, With a
3 'Tis the bless - ed hour of prayer, when the tempt-ed and tried To the
4 At the bless - ed hour of prayer, trust-ing Him we be - lieve That the

gath - er to Je - sus, our Sav - iour and Friend; If we come to Him in
ten - der com - pas - sion His chil - dren to hear; When He tells us we may
Sav - iour who loves them their sor - row con - fide; With a sym - pa - thiz - ing
bless - ing we're need-ing we'll sure - ly re - ceive, In the full-ness of this

faith, His pro - tec - tion to share,
cast at His feet ev - 'ry care,
heart He re - moves ev - 'ry care;
Trust we shall lose ev - 'ry care;

} What a balm for the wea - ry! O how

D. S.—*What a balm for the wea - ry! O how*

sweet to be there! Bless-ed hour of prayer, bless-ed hour of prayer;
sweet to be there!

FINE. CHORUS. D. S.

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330

Beloved, Now are We.

1 Jno. 3: 2.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1 Sons of God, be - loved in Je - sus! O the wondrous word of grace;
2 Bless-ed hope, now bright-ly beam-ing, On our God we soon shall gaze;
3 By the power of grace transform-ing, We shall then His im - age bear;

In His Son the Fa - ther sees us, And as sons He gives us place.
And in light ce - les - tial gleam-ing, We shall see our Sav - iour's face.
Christ His promised word per-form - ing, We shall then His glo - ry share.

CHORUS.

"Be - lov - ed, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet ap -

pear what we shall be: but we know..... that when he shall ap -

but we know, we know we

pear,..... we know..... that when he shall ap -

know, that when he shall ap - pear we know, we know, we

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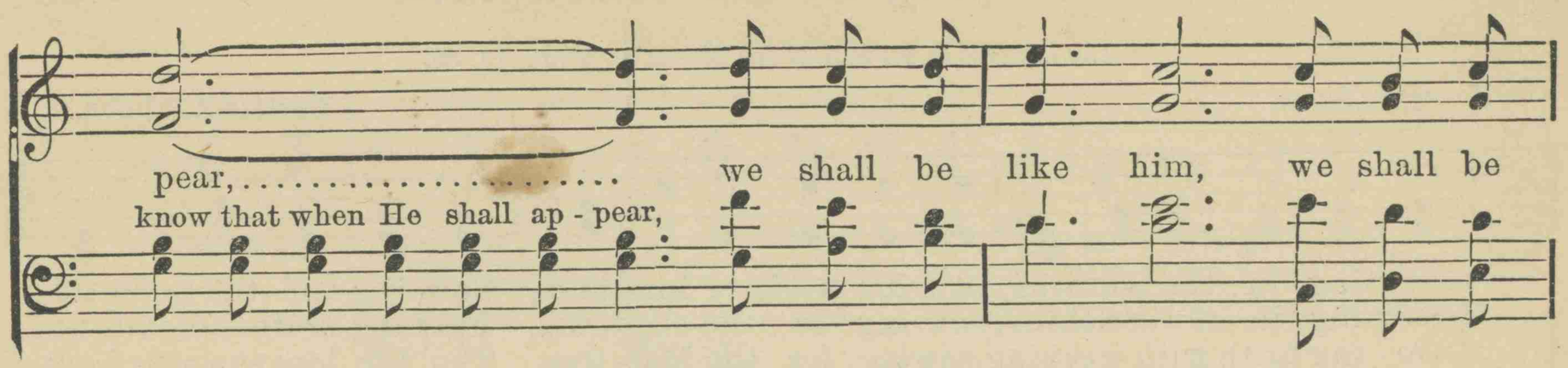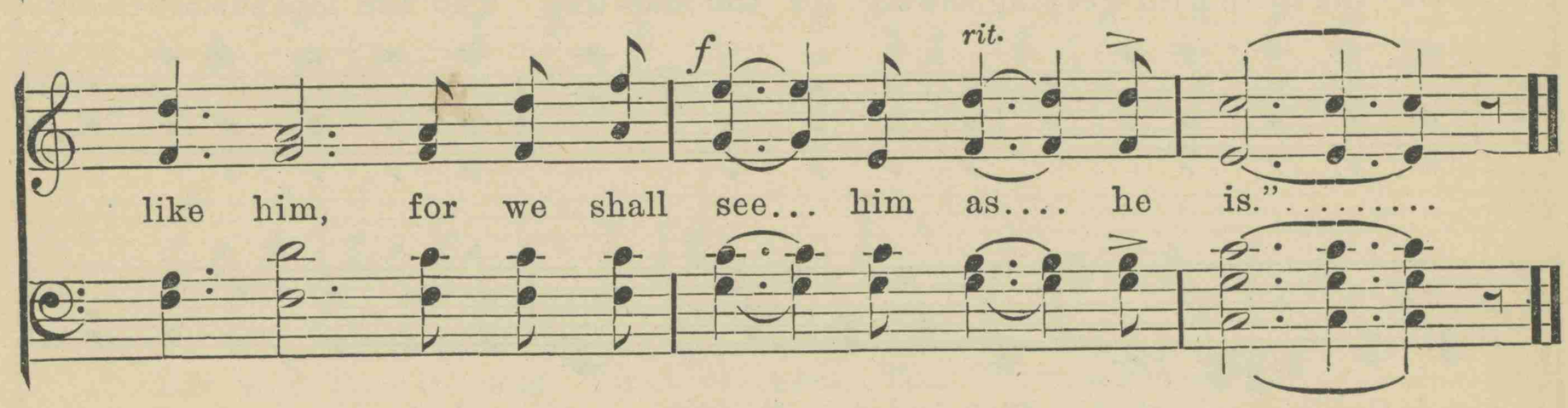
331 Hold Thou My Hand.

"I the LORD *have called thee....and will hold thine hand."*—Isaiah 42:6.

FRANCES J. CROSBY. HUBERT P. MAIN.

1 Hold Thou my hand; so weak I am, and help-less, I dare not take one step with-out Thy aid;
2 Hold Thou my hand; and clos-er, clos-er draw me To Thy dear self—my hope, my joy, my all;
3 Hold Thou my hand; the way is dark be-fore me With-out the sun-light of Thy face di-vine;
4 Hold Thou my hand, that when I reach the mar-gin Of that lone riv-er Thou didst cross for me,

Hold Thou my hand; for then, O lov-ing Sav-iour,
Hold Thou my hand, lest hap-ly I should wan-der,
But when by faith I catch its ra-diant glo-ry,
A heavenly light may flash a-long its wa-ters,

No dread of ill shall make my soul a-fraid.
And, miss-ing Thee, my trem-bling feet should fall.
What heights of joy, what rapturous songs are mine!
And ev-'ry wave like crys-tal bright shall be.

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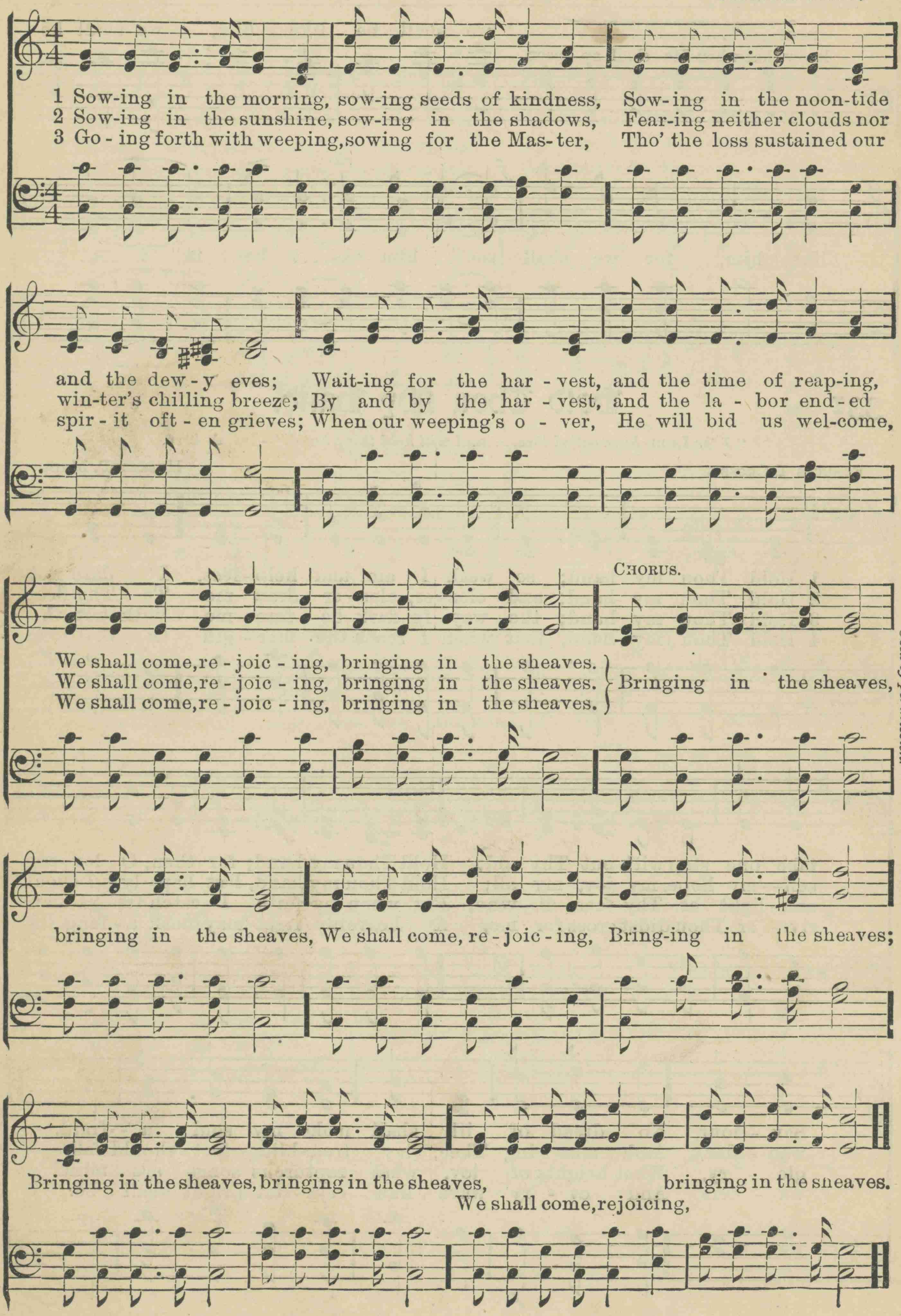
Bringing in the Sheaves.

"*The harvest is the end of the world.*"—Matt. 13: 39.

KNOWLES SHAW. GEORGE A. MINOR.

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333 For Jehovah I am Waiting.

Psalm 130. (Metrical Version.) WILBUR A. CHRISTY.

1 From the depths do I in - voke Thee, O Je - ho - vah, give an ear;
2 Lord, if Thou shouldst mark transgressions, Who be-fore Thee, Lord, shall stand?
3 Is - rael, hope thou in Je - ho - vah, Mercies great are found with Him;

To my voice be Thou at - ten - tive, And my sup - pli - ca - tions hear.
But with Thee there is for - give - ness, That Thy name may fear com - mand.
He, a - bound-ing in re - demp-tion, Is - rael will from sin re - deem.

CHORUS.

I am wait - ing, I am wait - ing,..... And my
For Je - ho - vah I am wait - ing, wait - ing,

hope is in His word; I am wait - ing, ev - er
My hope is in His word; In His word of prom - ise, my

wait - - ing, Yea, my soul waits for the Lord.
hope is in His word, Yea, my soul..... waits for the Lord.

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334 We're Marching to Zion.

"We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said, I will give it you."—Num. 10:29.

ISAAC WATTS. ROBERT LOWRY.

Spirited.

1 Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, Join
2 Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But
3 The hill of Zi - on yields A thou - sand sa - cred sweets Be -
4 Then let our songs a - bound, And ev - ery tear be dry; We're

in a song with sweet ac-cord, Join in a song with sweet ac - cord, And
chil-dren of the heavenly King, But chil-dren of the heavenly King, May
fore we reach the heavenly fields, Be - fore we reach the heavenly fields, Or
marching thro' Immanuel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, To

thus sur - - round the throne, And thus sur-round the throne.
speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a - broad.
walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.
fair - - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.

thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.

CHORUS.

We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau - ti-ful, beau-ti - ful Zi - on; We're
We're marching on to Zi - on.

march-ing up-ward to Zi - on, The beau - ti - ful cit - y of God.
Zi - on, Zi - on,

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335

Hiding in Thee.

"My strong rock, for a house of defence."—**Ps. 31 : 2.**

Rev. WILLIAM O. CUSHING. IRA D. SANKEY.

1 O safe to the Rock that is high - er than I,
2 In the calm of the noon - tide, in sor - row's lone hour,
3 How oft in the con - flict, when pressed by the foe,

My soul in its con - flicts and sor - rows would fly;
In times when tempt - a - tion casts o'er me its power;
I have fled to my Ref - uge and breathed out my woe;

So sin - ful, so wea - ry, Thine, Thine would I be;
In the tem - pests of life, on its wide, heav - ing sea,
How oft - en, when tri - als like sea - bil - lows roll,

Thou blest "Rock of A - ges," I'm hid - ing in Thee.
Thou blest "Rock of A - ges," I'm hid - ing in Thee.
Have I hid - den in Thee, O Thou Rock of my soul.

} Hid - ing in Thee,

REFRAIN.

Hid - ing in Thee, Thou blest "Rock of A - ges," I'm hid - ing in Thee.

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Christ Returneth.

"I will come again, and receive you unto myself."—John 14:3.

H. L. TURNER. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1 It may be at morn, when the day is a - wak-ing, When sunlight through dark - ness and shad - ow is break-ing, That Je - sus will come in the
2 It may be at mid - day, it may be at twi-light, It may be, per - chance, that the black-ness of mid-night Will burst in - to light in the
3 While the hosts cry Ho - san - na, from heaven descending, With glo - ri - fied saints and the an - gels at - tend - ing With grace on His brow, like a
4 Oh, joy! oh, de - light! should we go with-out dy - ing, No sick-ness, no sad - ness, no dread and no cry - ing, Caught up through the clouds with our

ful - ness of glo - ry, To re - ceive from the world "His own."
blaze of His glo - ry, When Je - sus re - ceives "His own."
ha - lo of glo - ry, Will Je - sus re - ceive "His own."
Lord in - to glo - ry, When Je - sus re - ceives "His own."

CHORUS.

O Lord Je - sus, how long, how long Ere we shout the glad song, Christ re-turneth,
Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.

rit. - - - - - - - - - -

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337

Ye Must be Born Again.

"Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."—John 3:3.

WILLIAM T. SLEEPER. GEORGE C. STEBBINS.

1 A ru - ler once came to Je - sus by night, To
2 Ye chil - dren of men, at - tend to the word So
3 O ye who would en - ter that glo - ri - ous rest, And
4 A dear one in heav - en thy heart yearns to see, At the

ask Him the way of sal - va - tion and light; The Mas - ter made
sol - emn - ly ut - tered by Je - sus, the Lord, And let not this
sing with the ran-somed the song of the blest; The life ev - er
beau - ti - ful gate may be watch-ing for thee; Then list to the

a - gain,.....

an - swer in words true and plain, "Ye must be born a - gain, a-gain."
mes-sage to you be in vain, "Ye must be born a - gain, a-gain."
last - ing if ye would ob - tain, "Ye must be born a - gain, a-gain."
note of this sol - emn re - frain, "Ye must be born a - gain, a-gain,"

CHORUS. a - gain,..... a - gain,....

"Ye must be born a - gain, a-gain," Ye must be born a - gain, a-gain, I

a - gain.....

ver - i - ly, ver - i - ly, say un - to thee, Ye must be born a - gain, a-gain.

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The Mistakes of My Life.

"*Behold, I have set before thee an open door.*"—Rev. 3:8.

Mrs. Urania L. Bailey. Robert Lowry.

1 The mistakes of my life have been ma - ny, The sins of my heart have been
2 I am low - est of those who love Him, I am weak-est of those who
3 My mistakes His free grace will cov - er, My sins He will wash a -
4 The mistakes of my life have been ma - ny, And my spir - it is sick with

more, And I scarce can see for weep-ing, But I'll knock at the o - pen door.
pray; But I come as He has bid - den, And He will not say me nay.
way, And the feet that shrink and fal - ter Shall walk through the gates of day.
sin, And I scarce can see for weep-ing, But the Sav-iour will let me in.

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Chorus.

I know I am weak and sin - ful, It comes to me more and more;

But when the dear Sav-iour shall bid me come in, I'll en - ter the o - pen door.

339

Travelling Home.

"And the ransomed of the Lord shall come to Zion with songs."—Isa. 35:10.

JOHN CENNICK. TULLIUS C. O'KANE. Arr. by D. B. TOWNER.

1 Chil-dren of the heavenly King, As we jour-ney let us sing,
2 Fear not, breth-ren, joy-ful stand On the bor-ders of our land,
3 Lord, o-be-dient-ly we'll go, Glad-ly leav-ing all be-low,

Sing our Sav-iour's wor-thy praise, Glo-rious in His works and ways.
Je-sus Christ, our Fa-ther's Son, Bids us un-dis-mayed go on.
On-ly Thou our Lead-er be, And we still will fol-low Thee.

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CHORUS.

We are trav-'ling home, trav-'ling home to God,
We are trav - - - - 'ling home to God, In the
In the nar-row way, way our fa-thers trod;
way..... our fa-thers trod; They are
They are hap-py now, hap-py now and we Soon their hap-pi-ness shall see.
hap - - - py now and we

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340 When the Roll is Called up Yonder.

"For we must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ."—2 Cor. 5: 10.

J. M. B.

JAMES M. BLACK.

1 When the trum - pet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more,
2 On that bright and cloudless morn-ing, when the dead in Christ shall rise,
3 Let me la - bor for the Mas - ter from the dawn till set - ting sun,

And the morn - ing breaks, e - ter - nal, bright and fair; When the
And the glo - ry of His res - ur - rec - tion share; When His
Let me talk of all His won - drous love and care, Then, when

saved of earth shall gath - er o - ver on the oth - er shore And the
chos - en ones shall gath - er to their home be - yond the skies, And the
all of life is o - ver, and my work on earth is done, And the

roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there.
roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there.
roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there.

CHORUS.

When the roll..... is called up
When the roll is called up

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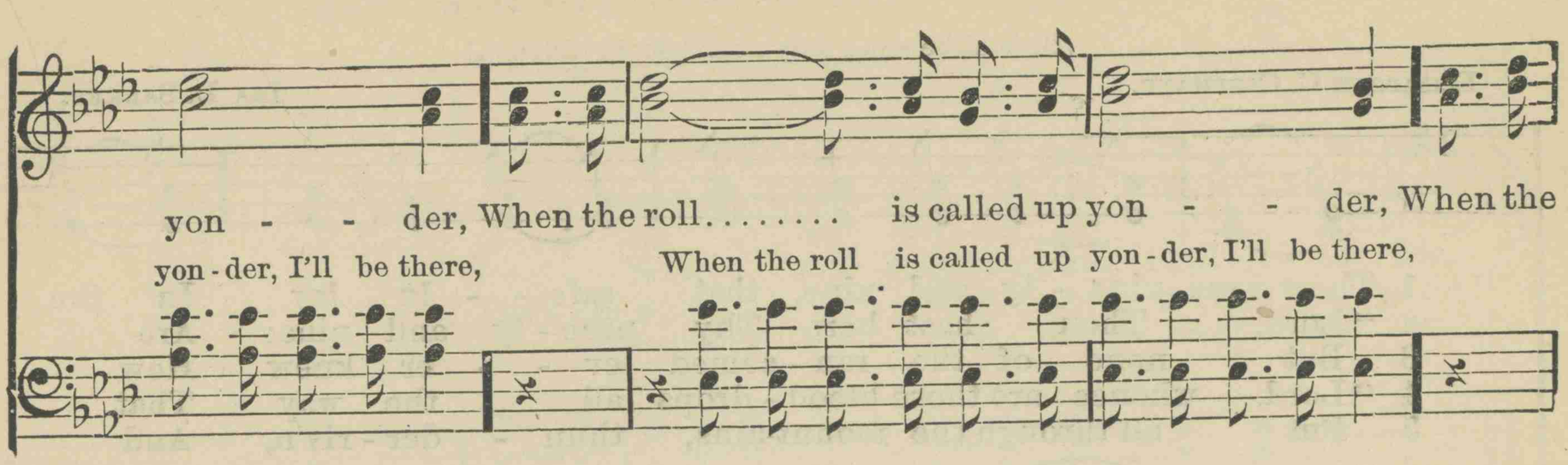
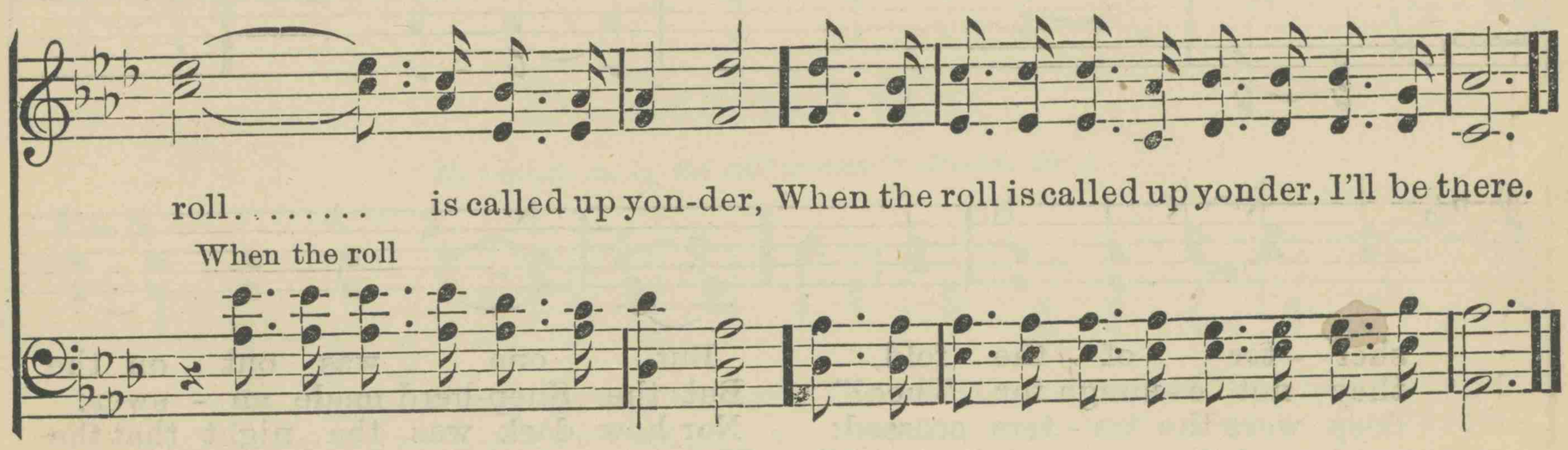
When the Roll is Called up Yonder.—Concluded.



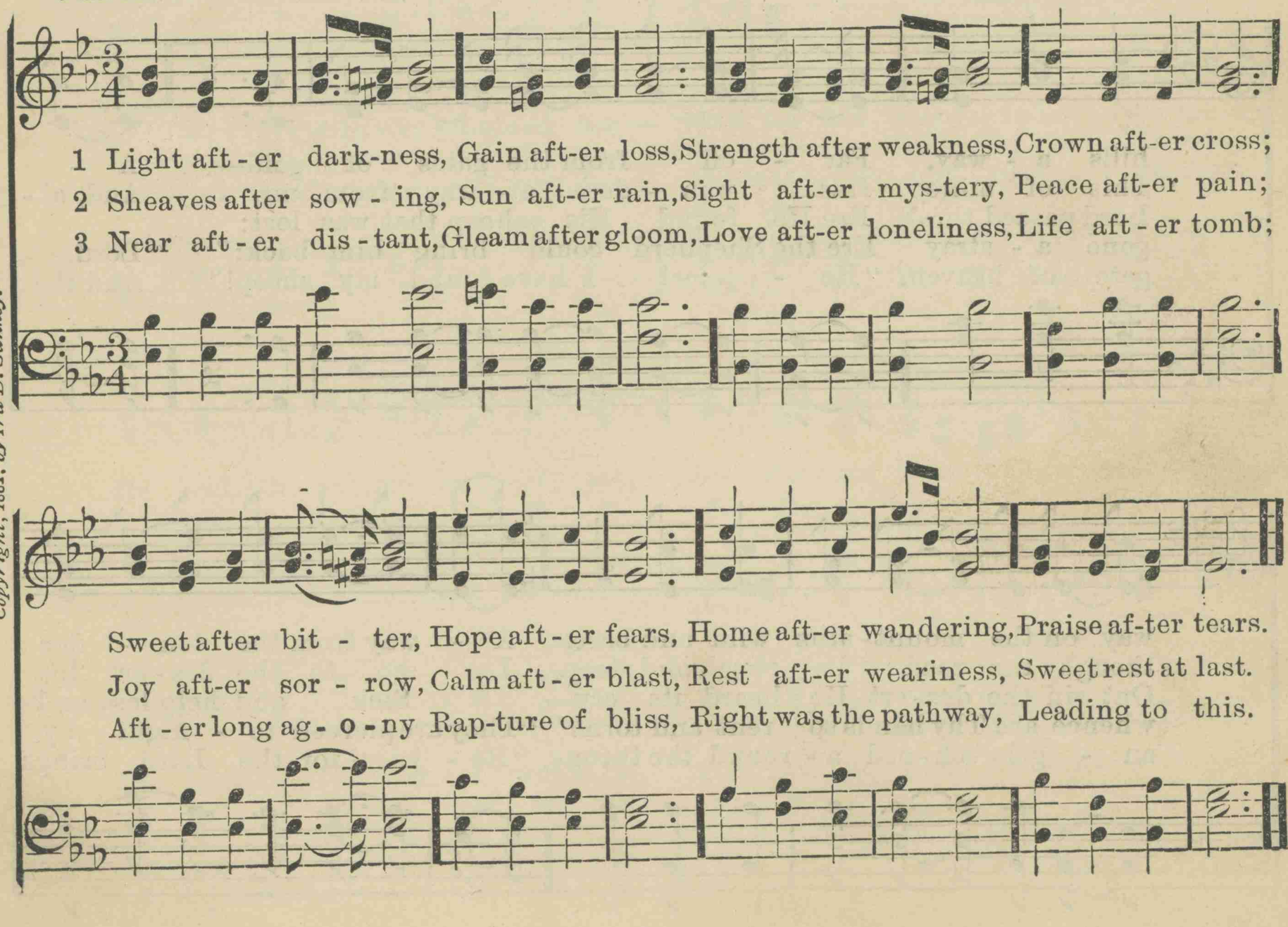


341

Light after Darkness.

"They shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."—Isa. 35:10.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. IRA D. SANKEY.



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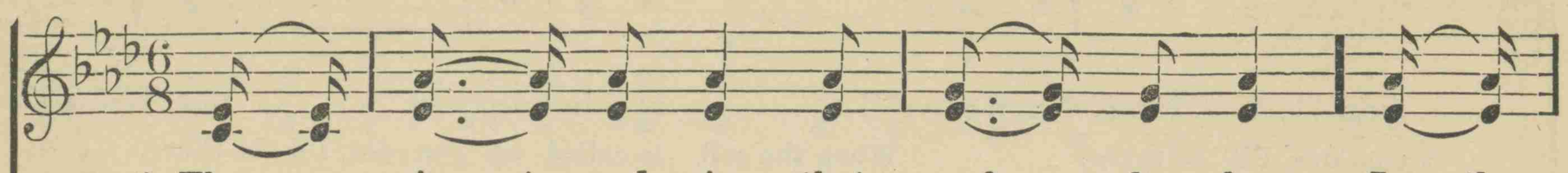
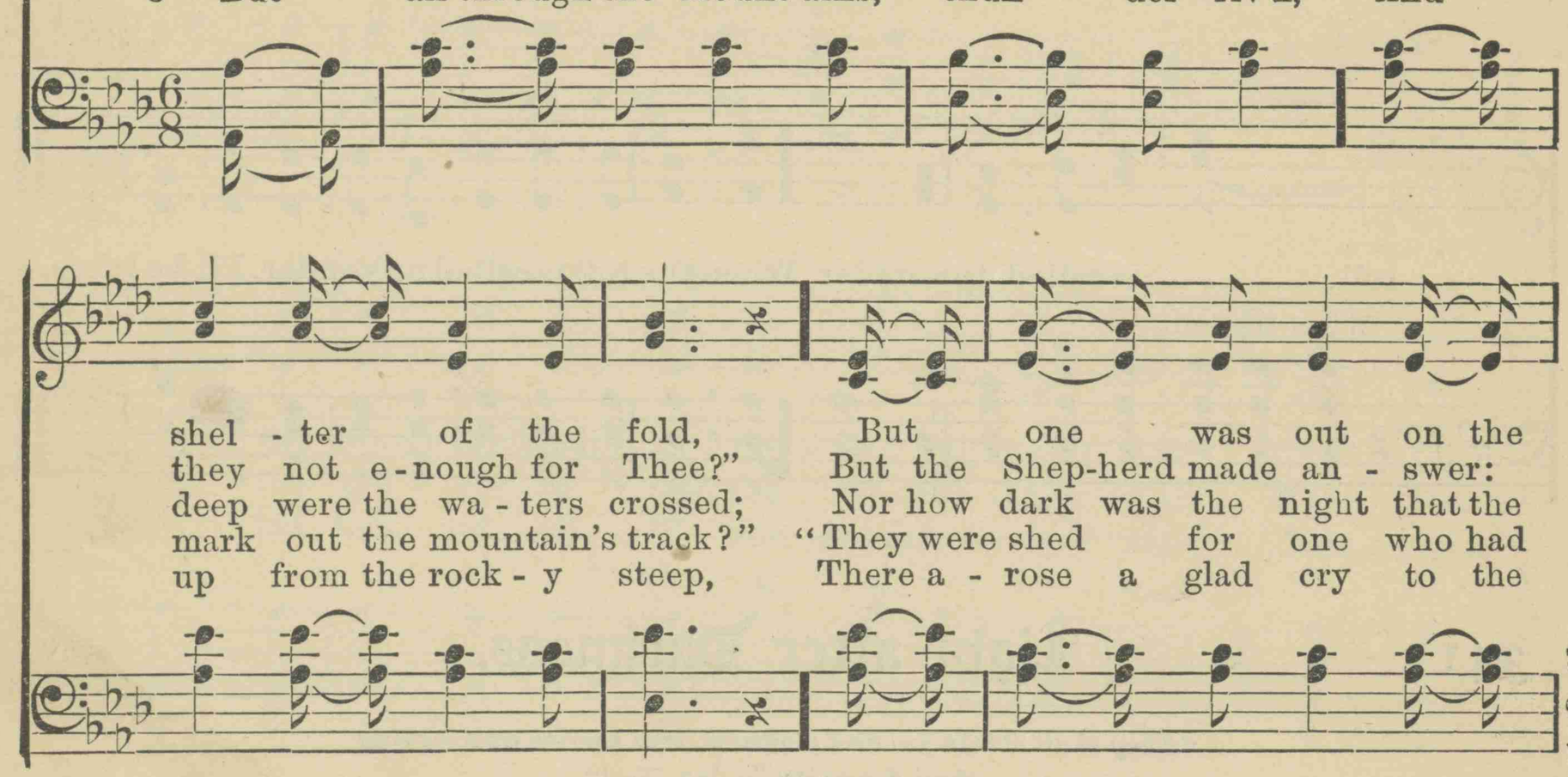
342

The Ninety and Nine.

(Should be sung only as a Solo ad libitum.)

ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE. IRA D. SANKEY.

1 There were nine - ty and nine, that safe - - ly lay In the
2 "Lord, Thou hast here Thy nine - ty and nine; Are
3 But none of the ran - somed ev - - er knew How
4 "Lord, whence are those blood - drops all the way That
5 But all through the mount-ains, thun - der - riv'n, And

shel - ter of the fold, But one was out on the
they not e - nough for Thee?" But the Shep-herd made an - swer:
deep were the wa - ters crossed; Nor how dark was the night that the
mark out the mountain's track?" "They were shed for one who had
up from the rock - y steep, There a - rose a glad cry to the

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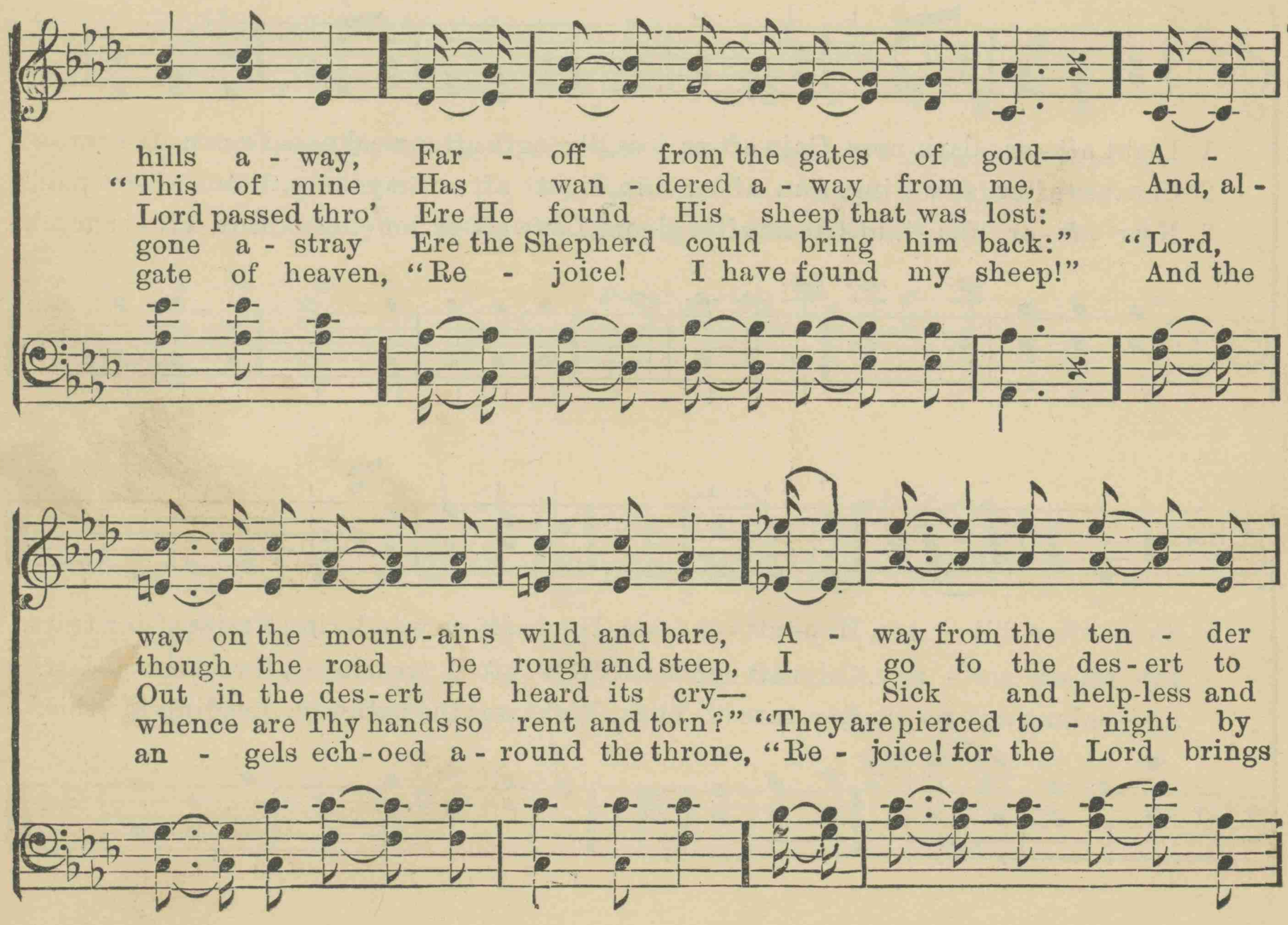
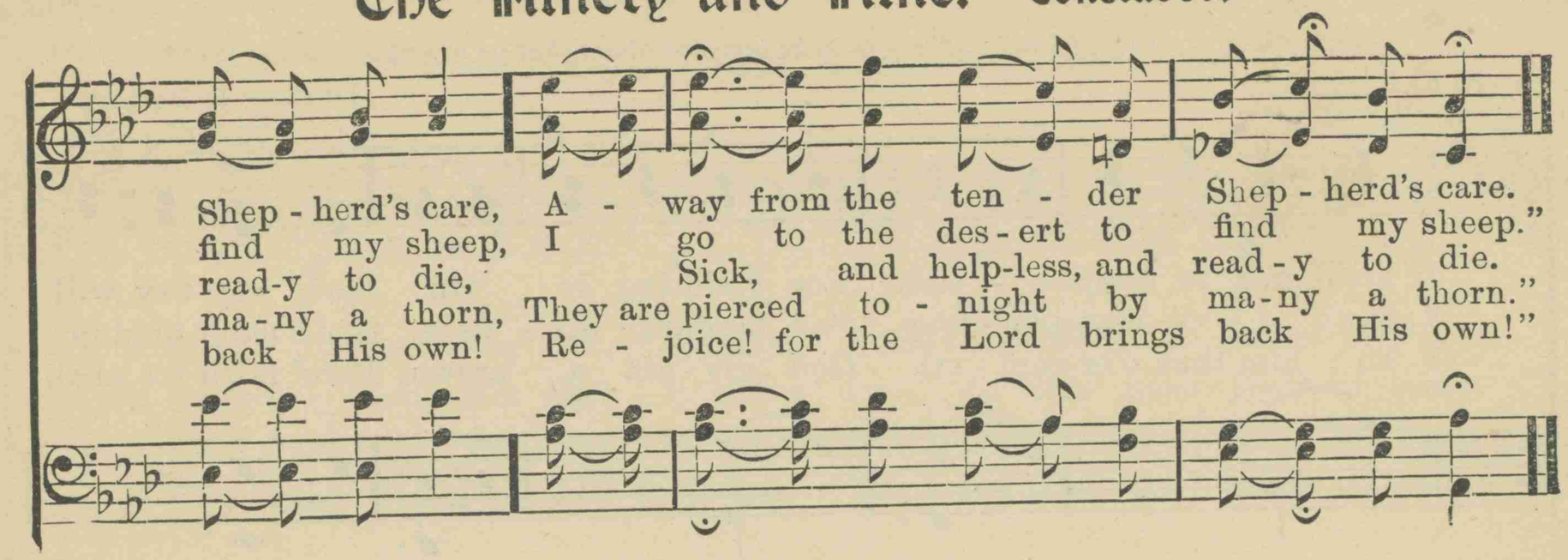


hills a - way, Far - off from the gates of gold— A -
"This of mine Has wan - dered a - way from me, And, al -
Lord passed thro' Ere He found His sheep that was lost:
gone a - stray Ere the Shepherd could bring him back:" "Lord,
gate of heaven, "Re - joice! I have found my sheep!" And the

way on the mount-ains wild and bare, A - way from the ten - der
though the road be rough and steep, I go to the des-ert to
Out in the des-ert He heard its cry— Sick and help-less and
whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?" "They are pierced to - night by
an - gels ech-oed a - round the throne, "Re - joice! for the Lord brings

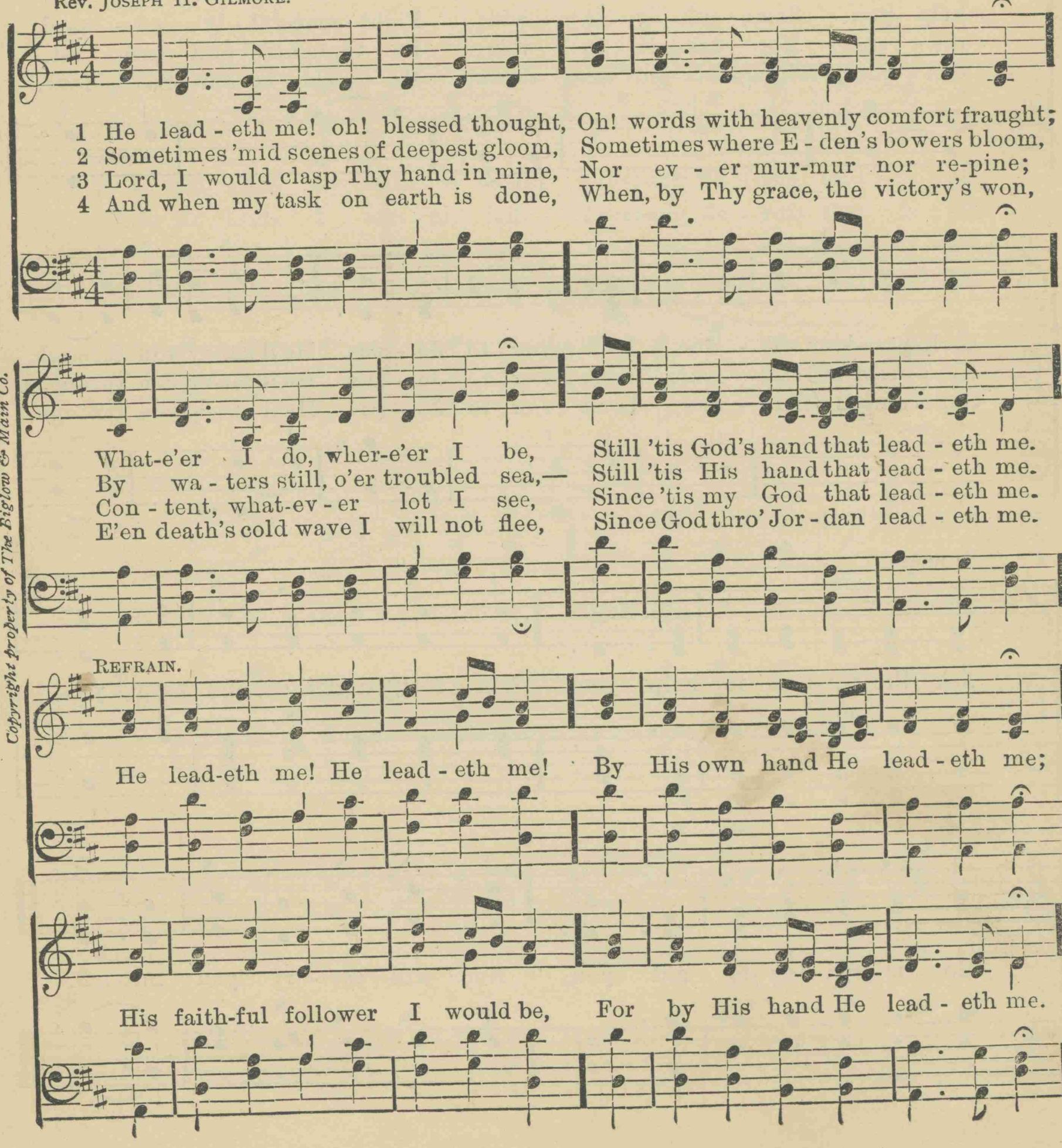
The Ninety and Nine.—Concluded.



343 He Leadeth Me.

"*He leadeth me by the still waters.*"—Psalm 23 : 2.

Rev. Joseph H. Gilmore. William B. Bradbury.



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344

Yield Not to Temptation.

"God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able."—Cor. 10:13.

H. R. P.

HORATIO R. PALMER.

1 Yield not to tempt-a - tion, For yield-ing is sin, Each vic-t'ry will
2 Shun e - vil com-pan - ions, Bad language dis - dain, God's name hold in
3 To him that o'er-com - eth God giv - eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall

help you Some oth - er to win; Fight man-ful - ly on - ward,
rev - 'rence, Nor take it in vain; Be thoughtful and earn - est,
con - quer, Though oft - en cast down; He who is our Sav - iour,

Dark pass-ions sub - due, Look ev-er to Je - sus, He'll car-ry you through.
Kind-heart-ed and true, Look ev-er to Je - sus, He'll car-ry you through.
Our strength will re - new, Look ev-er to Je - sus, He'll car-ry you through.

CHORUS.

Ask the Sav-iour to help you, Com - fort, strengthen, and keep you;
He is will - ing to aid you, He will car - ry you through.

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345

Trusting Jesus, That is All.

"Though he slay me, yet will I trust him."—Job 13:15.

EDGAR P. STITES. IRA D. SANKEY.

1 Sim - ply trust - ing ev - 'ry day, Trust - ing through a storm-y way;
2 Bright - ly doth His Spir - it shine In - to this poor heart of mine;
3 Sing - ing, if my way is clear; Pray - ing, if the path is drear;
4 Trust - ing Him while life shall last, Trust - ing Him till earth is past;

E - ven when my faith is small, Trust-ing Je - sus, that is all.
While He leads I can - not fall. Trust-ing Je - sus, that is all.
If in dan - ger, for Him call; Trust-ing Je - sus, that is all.
Till with - in the jas - per wall, Trust-ing Je - sus, that is all.

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CHORUS.

Trust - ing as the mo-ments fly, Trust - ing as the days go by;

Trust - ing Him what - e'er be - fall, Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.

346

The Better Land.

"A better country, that is an heavenly."—Heb. 11:16.

GURDON ROBINS, arr. DANIEL B. TOWNER.

1 There is a land mine eye hath seen In vi - sions of en - raptured thought,
2 A land up - on whose bliss-ful shore There rests no shad - ow, falls no stain;
3 Its skies are not like earth - ly skies, With va - rying hues of shade and light;
4 There sweeps no des - o - la - ting wind A - cross the calm, se - rene a - bode.

So bright, that all which spreads between Is with its ra - diant glo - ries fraught.
There those who meet shall part no more, And those long parted meet a - gain.
It hath no need of suns, to rise To dis - si - pate the gloom of night.
The wan-d'rer there a home may find With-in the par - a - dise of God.

CHORUS.

Oh, land of love,..... of joy and light, ... Thy glo-ries
Oh, land of love, of joy and light,
gild..... earth's darkest night;.... Thy tran-quil shore,.....
Thy glories gild earth's darkest night (earth's darkest night); Thy tranquil shore,
we, too, shall see, ... When day shall break... and shadows flee.
(we, too, shall see), When day shall break

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347

There is a Green Hill Far Away.

"And they took Jesus and led him away."—John 19: 16.

CECIL F. ALEXANDER.

GEORGE C. STEBBINS.

Moderato.

1 There is a green hill far a - way, With - out a cit - y wall;
2 We may not know, we can - not tell What pains He had to bear;
3 He died that we might be for-given, He died to make us good,
4 There was no oth - er good e - nough To pay the price of sin;

Where the dear Lord was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all.
But we be - lieve it was for us He hung and suf - fered there.
That we might go at last to heaven, Saved by His pre - cious blood.
He on - ly could un - lock the gate Of heaven and let us in.

CHORUS.

Oh! dear - ly, dear - ly has He loved, And we must love Him too;

And trust in His re - deem-ing blood, And try His works to do.

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348

I Am Praying for You.

"Evening, and morning, and at noon, will I pray."—Psa. 55:17.

SAMUEL O'M. CLUFF. IRA D. SANKEY.

1 I have a Sav - iour, He's plead - ing in glo - ry, A dear, lov - ing
2 I have a Fa - ther: to me He has giv - en A hope for e -
3 I have a robe: 'tis re - splen - dent in white-ness, A - wait - ing in
4 I have a peace: it is calm as a riv - er— A peace that the
5 When Je - sus has found you, tell oth-ers the sto - ry, That my lov - ing

Sav - iour, tho' earth-friends be few; And now He is watch - ing in
ter - ni - ty bless - ed and true: And soon He will call me to
glo - ry my won - der-ing view; Oh, when I re - ceive it all
friends of this world nev - er knew: My Sav - iour a - lone is its
Sav - iour is your Sav-iour too; Then pray that your Sav - iour may

ten - der-ness o'er me, And oh, that my Sav - iour were your Sav-iour too!
meet Him in heav - en, But oh, that he'd let me bring you with me too!
shin - ing in bright-ness, Dear friend, could I see you re - ceiv - ing one too!
Au - thor and Giv - er, And oh, could I know it was giv - en to you!
bring them to glo - ry, And pray'r will be answered—'twas answered for you!

f CHORUS. *p*

For you I am pray - ing, For you I am pray - ing,

f *pp* *rall.*

For you I am pray - ing, I'm pray - ing for you.

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349 Rescue the Perishing.

"Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled."—Luke 14 : 23.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WILLIAM H. DOANE.

1 Res - cue the per - ish-ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit - y from
sin and the grave;

2 Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait-ing, Wait - ing the pen - i - tent
child to re - ceive.

3 Down in the human heart, Crushed by the tempter, Feel-ings lie bu-ried that
grace can re - store:

4 Res - cue the per - ish-ing, Du - ty demands it; Strength for thy la - bor the
Lord will pro-vide:

Weep o'er the err - ing one, Lift up the fall - en,
Plead with them earnest-ly, Plead with them gen-tly:
Touched by a lov - ing heart, Wakened by kind - ness,
Back to the nar - row way Pa - tient - ly win them;

CHORUS.

Tell them of Je - sus the might - y to save.
He will for - give if they on - ly be - lieve.
Chords that were kroken will vi - brate once more.
Tell the poor wanderer a Sav - iour has died.

} Res - cue the per-ish-ing,

Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save.

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350 Wonderful Words of Life.

"The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life."—John 6 : 61.

P. P. B. PHILIP P. BLISS.

1 Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won - der - ful words of Life;
2 Christ, the bless - ed One, gives to all Won - der - ful words of Life;
3 Sweet - ly ech - o the gos - pel call, Won - der - ful words of Life;

Let me more of their beau - ty see, Won-der - ful words of Life;
Sin - ner, list to the lov - ing call, Won-der - ful words of Life;
Of - fer par - don and peace to all, Won-der - ful words of Life;

CHORUS.

Words of life and beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty;
All so free-ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to heav - en.
Je - sus, on - ly Sav - iour, Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er.
} Beau-ti - ful words,

won - der - ful words, Won - der - ful words of Life. Life.

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351 Safe in the Arms of Jesus.

"Underneath are the everlasting arms."—Deut. 33 : 27.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WILLIAM H. DOANE.

1 Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast,
2 Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from cor - rod - ing care,
3 Je - sus, my heart's dear ref - uge, Je - sus has died for me;
CHO.—*Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast,*

There by His love o'er - shad - ed, Sweet-ly my soul shall rest.
Safe from the world's tempt - a - tions, Sin can - not harm me there.
Firm on the Rock of A - ges Ev - er my trust shall be.
There by His love o'er - shad - ed, Sweet-ly my soul shall rest.

rit. FINE.

Hark! 'tis the voice of an - gels, Borne in a song to me,
Free from the blight of sor - row, Free from my doubts and fears;
Here let me wait with pa - tience, Wait till the night is o'er;

D. C. CHORUS.

O - ver the fields of glo - ry, O - ver the Jas - per sea.....
On - ly a few more tri - als, On - ly a few more tears!.....
Wait till I see the morn - ing Break on the gold - en shore.....

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352 Welcome! Wanderer, Welcome!

HORATIUS BONAR. IRA D. SANKEY.

1 In the land of stran-gers, Whith-er thou art gone, Hear a far voice
2 "From the land of hun-ger, Faint-ing, famished, lone, Come to love and
3 Leave the haunts of ri-ot, Wast-ed, woe-be-gone, Sick at heart and
4 See the door still o-pen! Thou art still my own; Eyes of love are
5 Far off thou hast wan-dered; Wilt thou far-ther roam? Come, and all is
6 See the well-spread ta-ble, Un-for-got-ten one! Here is rest and
7 Thou art friendless, home-less, Hope-less and un-done; Mine is love un-

call-ing, "My son! my son!"
glad-ness, My son! my son!
wea-ry, My son! my son!
on thee, My son! my son!
par-doned, My son! my son!
plen-ty, My son! my son!
chang-ing, My son! my son!

"Wel-come! wand-'rer, wel-come! Wel-come

back to home! Thou hast wan-dered far a-way: Come home! come home!"

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353 I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.

L. H. LEWIS HARTSOUGH.

1 I hear Thy wel-come voice That calls me, Lord, to Thee For cleansing in Thy
2 Tho' com-ing weak and vile, Thou dost my strength assure; Thou dost my vileness
3 'Tis Je-sus calls me on To per-fect faith and love, To per-fect hope, and
4 'Tis Je-sus who con-firms The bless-ed work with-in, By add-ing grace to
5 And He the wit-ness gives To loy-al hearts and free, That ev-ery promise
6 All hail, a-ton-ing blood! All hail, re-deem-ing grace! All hail, the Gift of

I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

pre - cious blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.
ful - ly cleanse, Till spot - less all and pure.
peace, and trust, For earth and heav'n a - bove.
wel-comed grace, Where reigned the pow'r of sin.
is ful - filled, If faith but brings the plea.
Christ, our Lord, Our Strength and Right-eous - ness.

I am com-ing, Lord!

Com-ing now to Thee! Wash me, cleanse me in the blood That flowed on Calva - ry.

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354

Pass Me Not.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WILLIAM H. DOANE.

1 Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - iour, Hear my hum-ble cry; While on
2 Let me at a throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief. Kneel - ing
3 Trust-ing on - ly in Thy mer - it, Would I seek Thy face; Heal my
4 Thou the Spring of all my com - fort More than life to me, Whom have

CHORUS.

oth - ers Thou art smil - ing, Do not pass me by.
there in deep con - tri - tion, Help my un - be - lief:
wounded, brok - en spir - it, Save me by Thy grace.
I on earth be - side Thee? Whom in Heav'n but Thee?

Sav - iour, Sav - iour,

hear my humble cry, While on oth-ers Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.

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355 We Praise Thee, O God!

Rev. WILLIAM P. MACKAY. JOHN J. HUSBAND.

1 We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus who
2 We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spir - it of light, Who has shown us our
3 All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our
4 All glo - ry and praise to the God of all grace, Who has bought us, and
5 Re - vive us a - gain; fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re -

CHORUS.

died, and is now gone a - bove.
Sav - iour, and scattered our night.
sins, and has cleansed every stain.
sought us, and guid-ed our ways.
kin-dled with fire from a - bove.
} Hal - le - lu-jah! Thine the glo - ry, hal - le -

lu - jah, a - men, Hal - le - lu-jah! Thine the glo - ry, re - vive us a - gain.

356 I Need Thee Every Hour.

ANNIE S. HAWKS. ROBERT LOWRY, D.D.

1 I need Thee ev-ery hour, Most gra-cious Lord; No ten - der voice like Thine
2 I need Thee ev-ery hour, Stay Thou near by; Temptations lose their power
3 I need Thee ev-ery hour, In joy or pain; Come quickly and a - bide,
4 I need Thee ev-ery hour; Teach me Thy will; And Thy rich prom-is - es
5 I need Thee ev-ery hour, Most Ho - ly One; Oh, make me Thine in-deed,

I Need Thee Every Hour.—Concluded.

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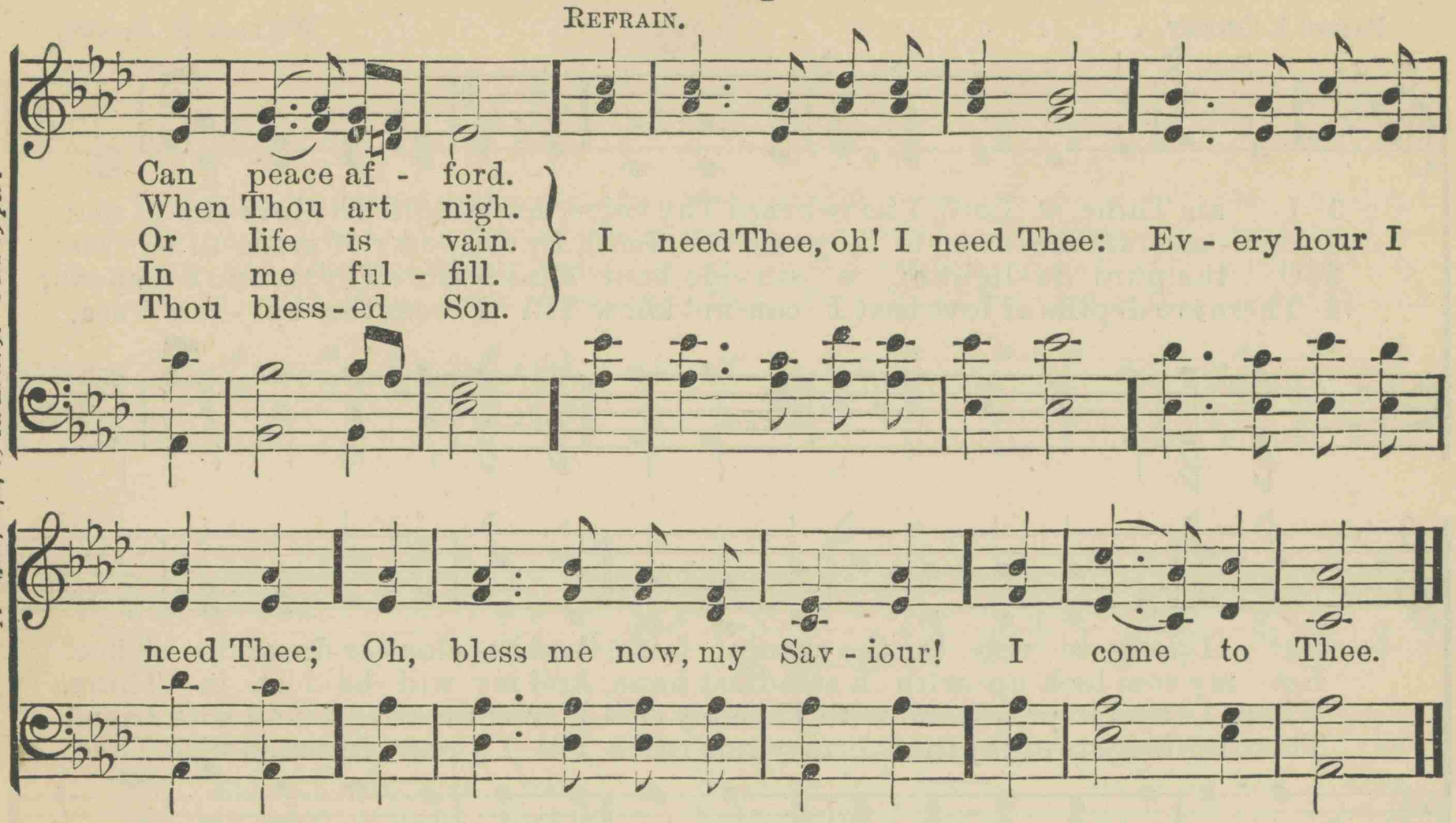
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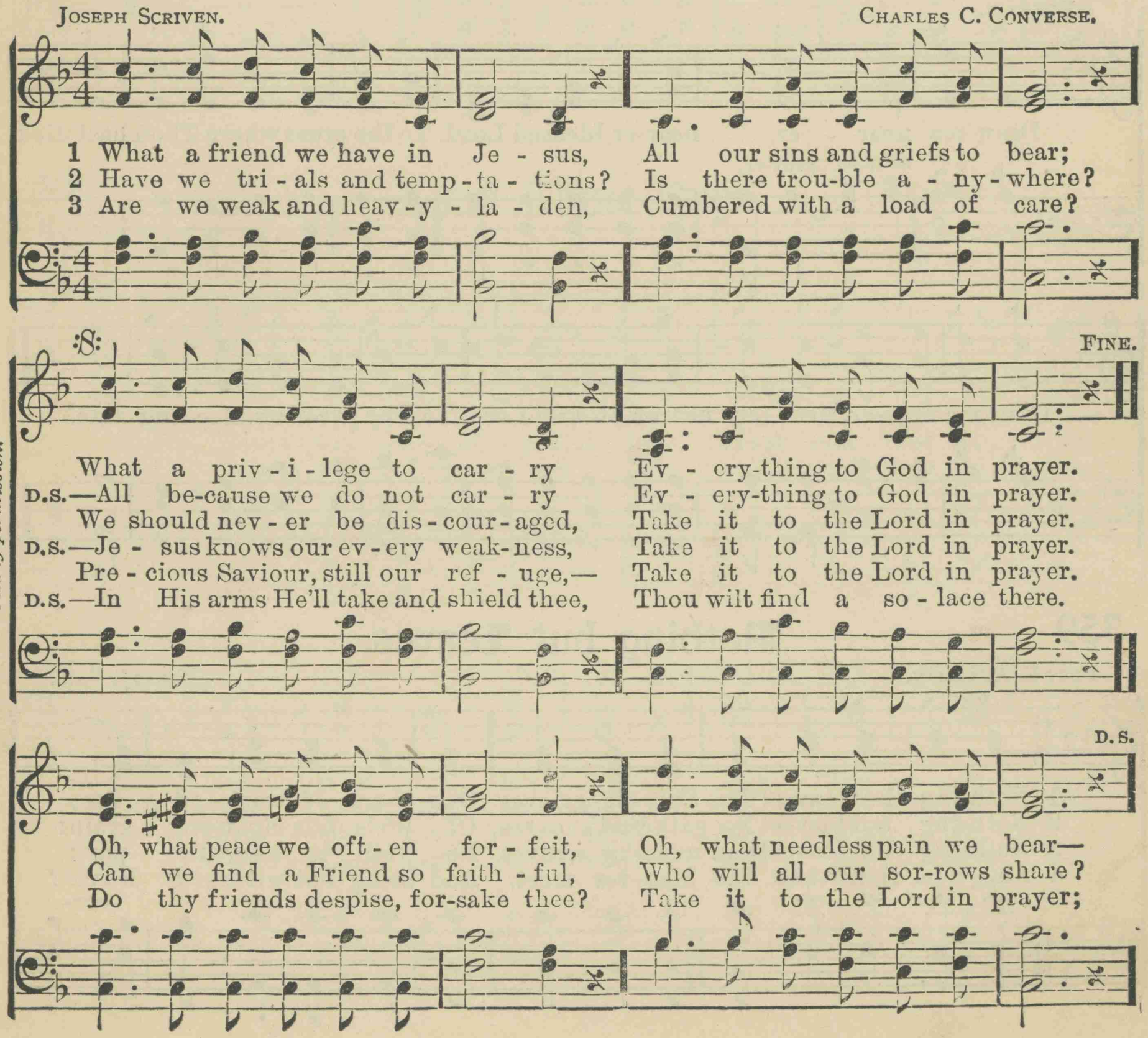
357 What a Friend We have in Jesus.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN. CHARLES C. CONVERSE.

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358 Draw Me Nearer.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WILLIAM H. DOANE.

1 I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me;
2 Con - se-crate me now to Thy serv-ice, Lord, By the pow'r of grace di - vine;
3 O the pure de-light of a sin - gle hour That be-fore Thy throne I spend,
4 There are depths of love that I can-not know Till I cross the nar - row sea,

But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be clos - er drawn to Thee.
Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope, And my will be lost in Thine.
When I kneel in pray'r, and with Thee, my God, I commune as friend with friend.
There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I rest in peace with Thee.

REFRAIN.

Draw me near - er, near-er, blessed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died,
near-er, near-er,
Draw me near-er, near - er, nearer, blessed Lord, To Thy precious, bleeding side.

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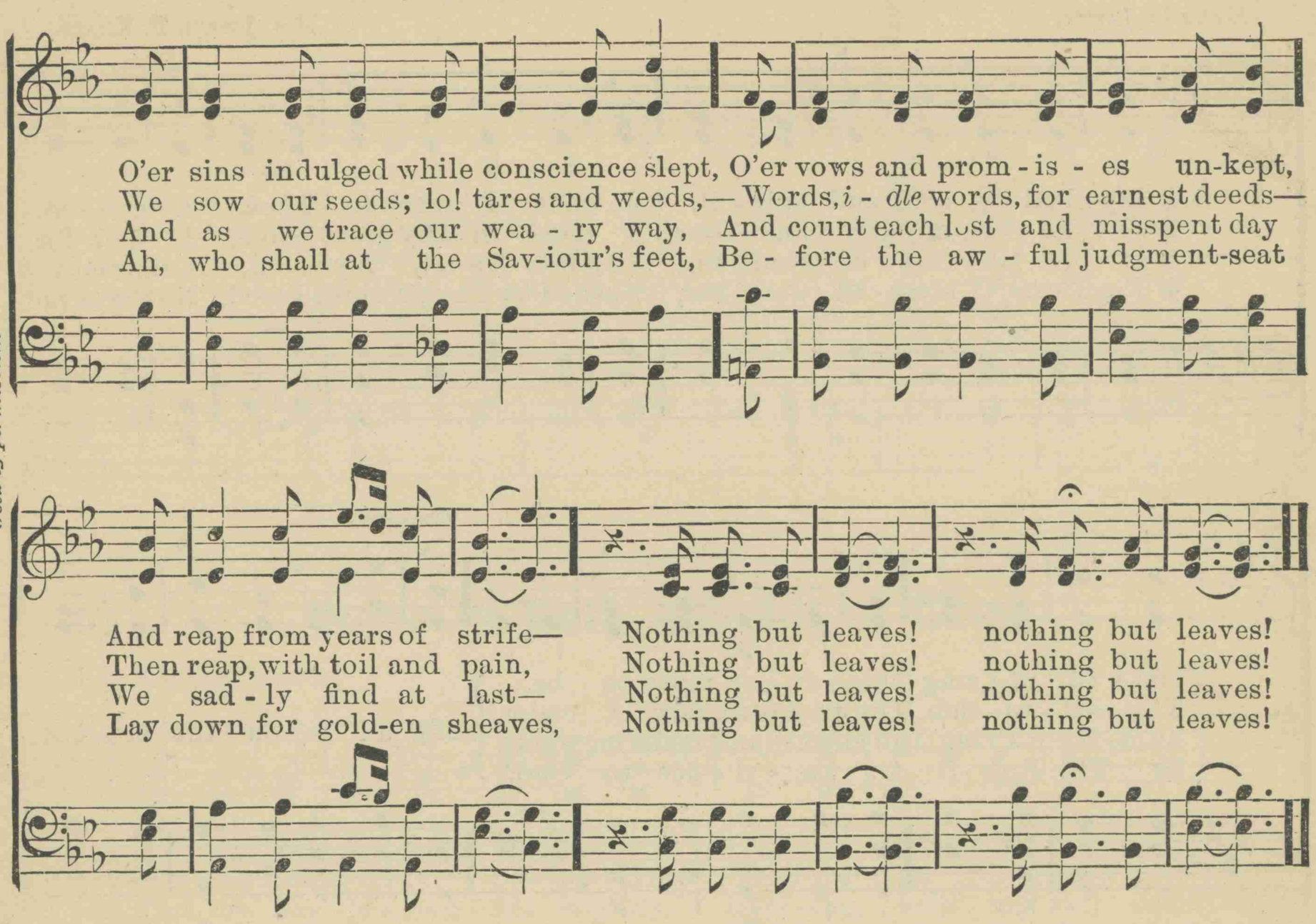
359 Nothing but Leaves.

LUCY E. AKERMAN. SILAS J. VAIL.

1 Noth-ing but leaves! The Spir - it grieves O'er years of wast - ed life;
2 Noth-ing but leaves! No gathered sheaves, Of life's fair ripen-ing grain:
3 Noth-ing but leaves! Sad mem-'ry weaves No veil to hide the past:
4 Ah, who shall thus the Mas - ter meet, And bring but withered leaves?

Nothing but Leaves.—Concluded.



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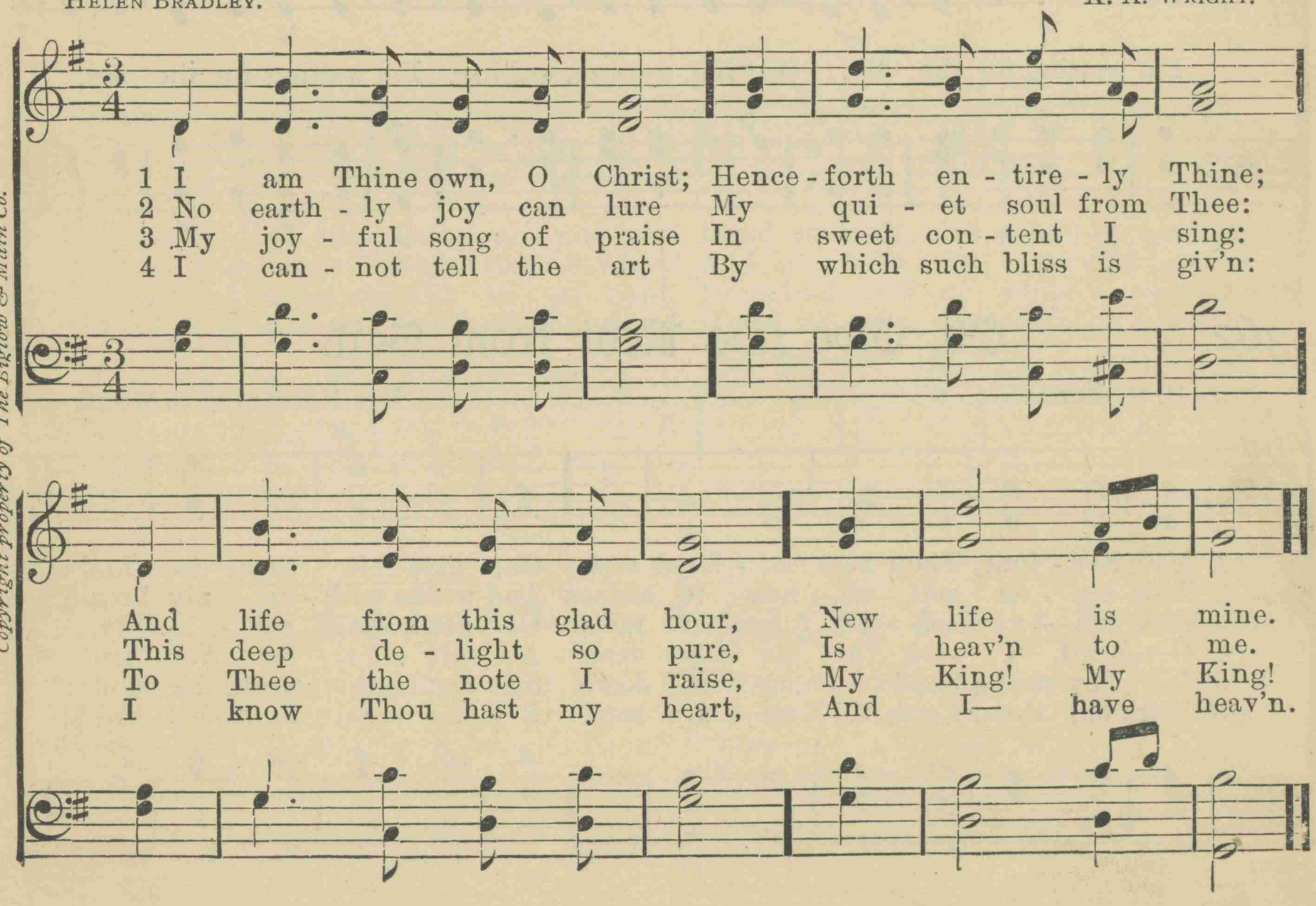
360

I am Thine Own.

HELEN BRADLEY. A. A. WRIGHT.



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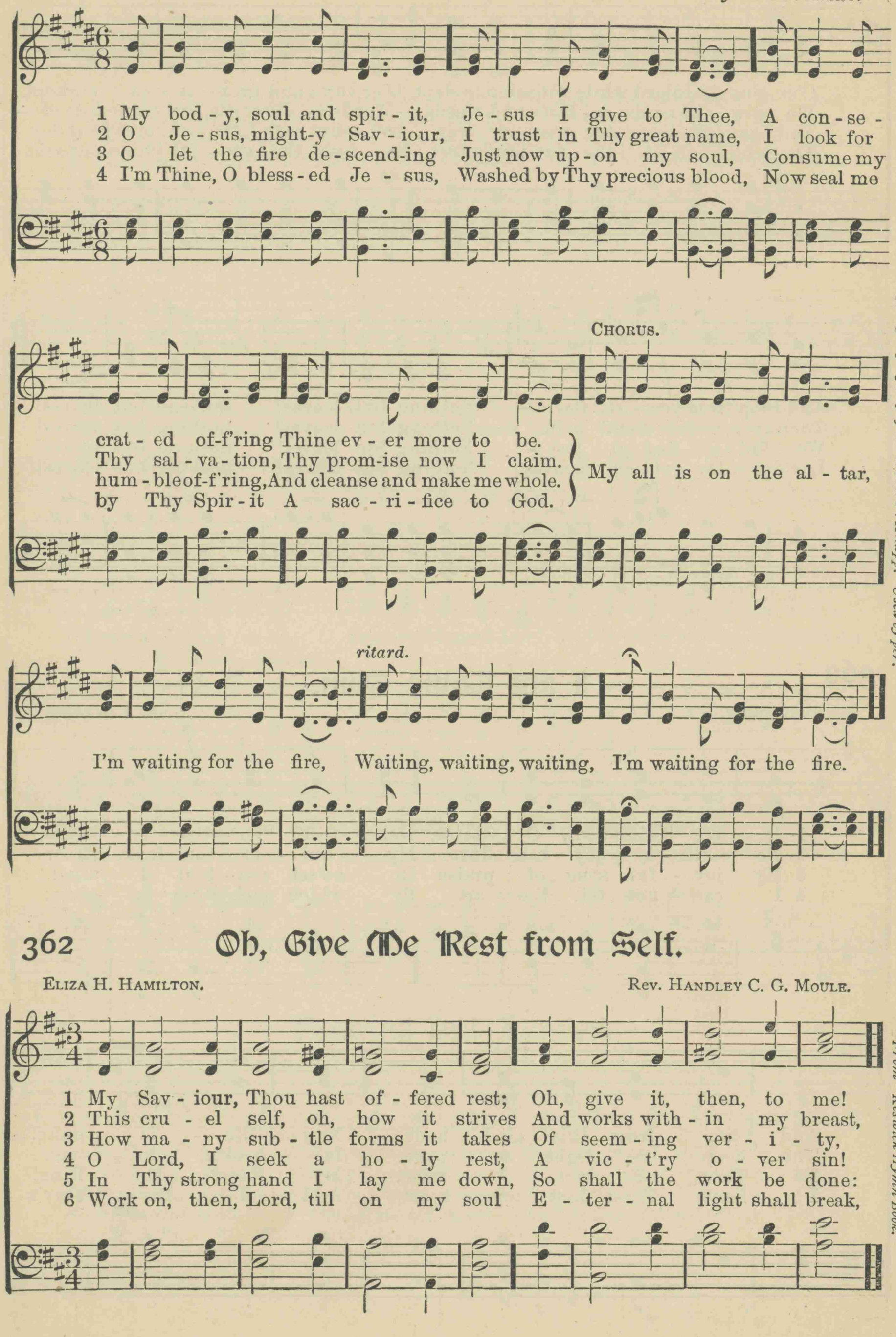
361 My Body, Soul and Spirit.

MARY D. JAMES. Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

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362 Oh, Give Me Rest from Self.

ELIZA H. HAMILTON. Rev. HANDLEY C. G. MOULE.

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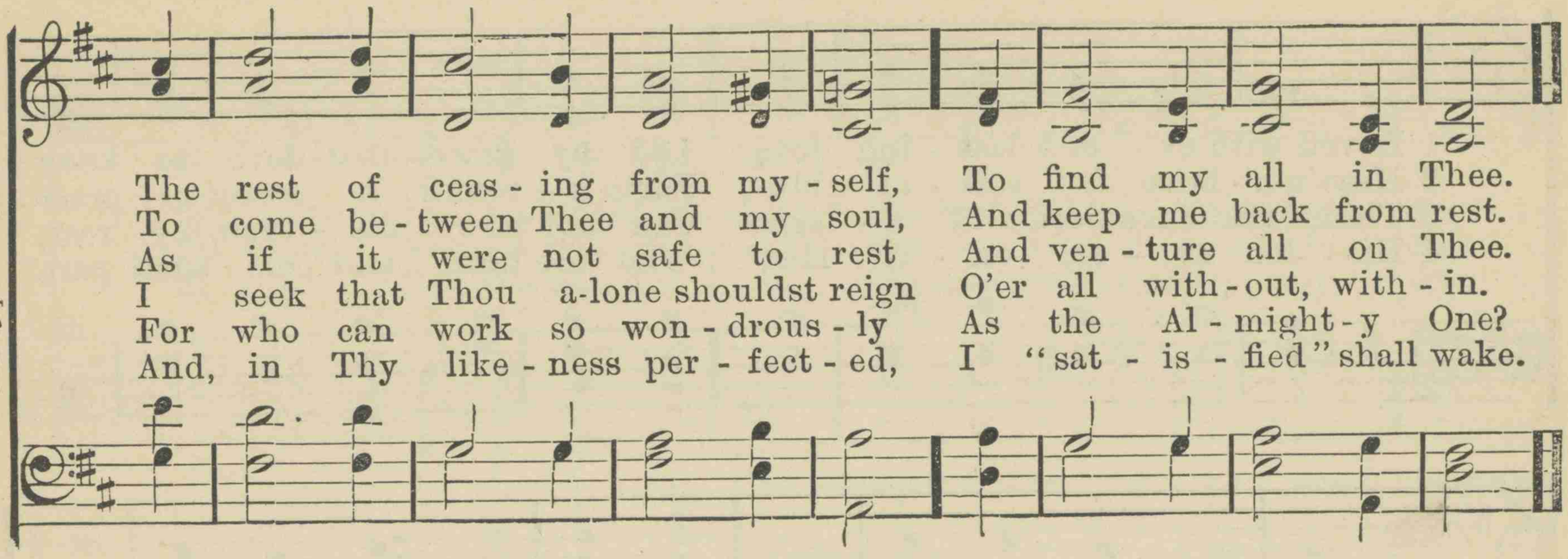
Oh, Give me Rest.—Concluded.



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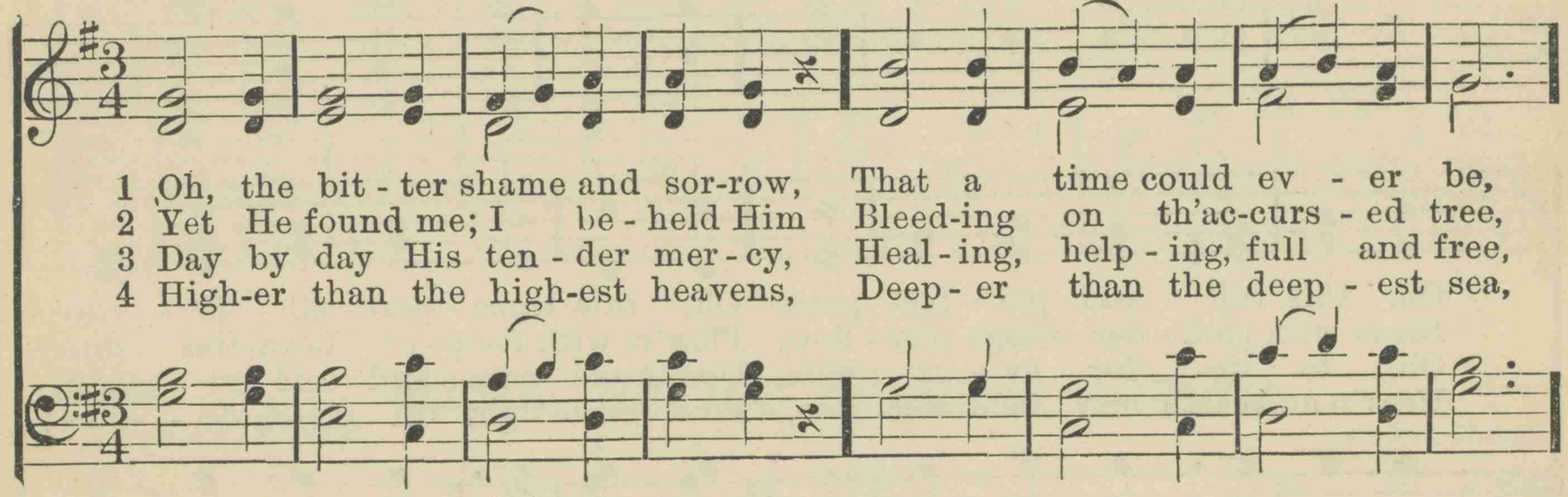
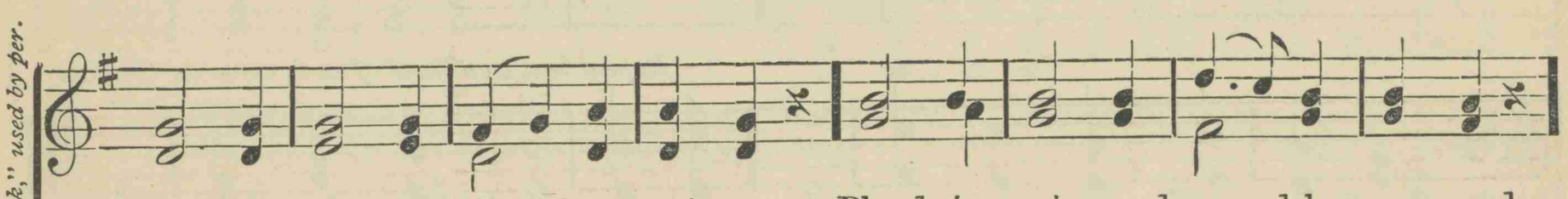
363 None of Self, and All of Thee.

Rev. Theodor Monod. Rev. J. Mountain.



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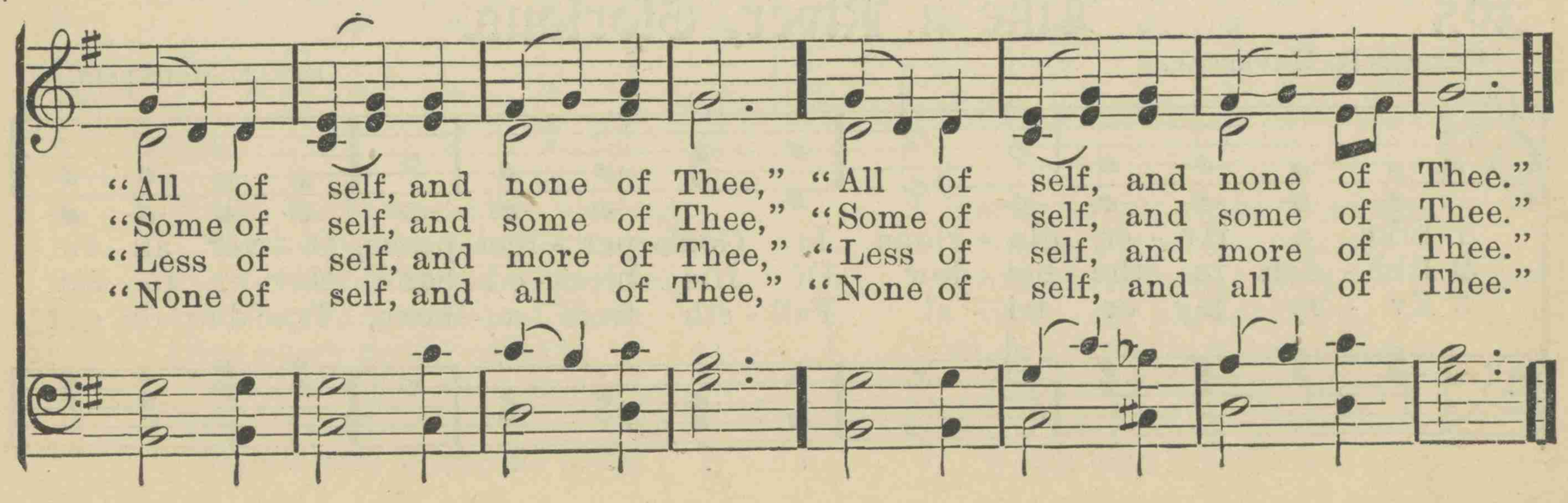

364 I am His and He is Mine.

Rev. WADE ROBINSON. Rev. J. MOUNTAIN.

1 Loved with ev - er - last - ing love, Led by grace that love to know;
2 Heav'n a - bove is soft - er blue, Earth a - round is sweet-er green!
3 Things that once were wild a - larms Can - not now dis - turb my rest;
4 His for ev - er, on - ly His; Who the Lord and me shall part?

Spir - it, breath - ing from a - bove, Thou hast taught me it is so!
Something lives in ev - ery hue Christ-less eyes have nev - er seen:
Closed in ev - er - last - ing arms, Pil - lowed on the lov - ing breast.
Ah, with what a rest of bliss, Christ can fill the lov - ing heart!

Oh, this full and per - fect peace! Oh, this trans - port all di - vine!
Birds with glad - der songs o'er - flow, Flow'rs with deep - er beau - ties shine,
Oh, to lie for ev - er here, Doubt and care and self re - sign,
Heav'n and earth may fade and flee, First - born light in gloom de - cline;

Repeat last two lines of each verse as Chorus.

In a love which can - not cease, I am His, and He is mine.
Since I know, as *now* I know, I am His, and He is mine.
While He whis - pers in my ear— I am His, and He is mine.
But while God and I shall be, I am His, and He is mine.

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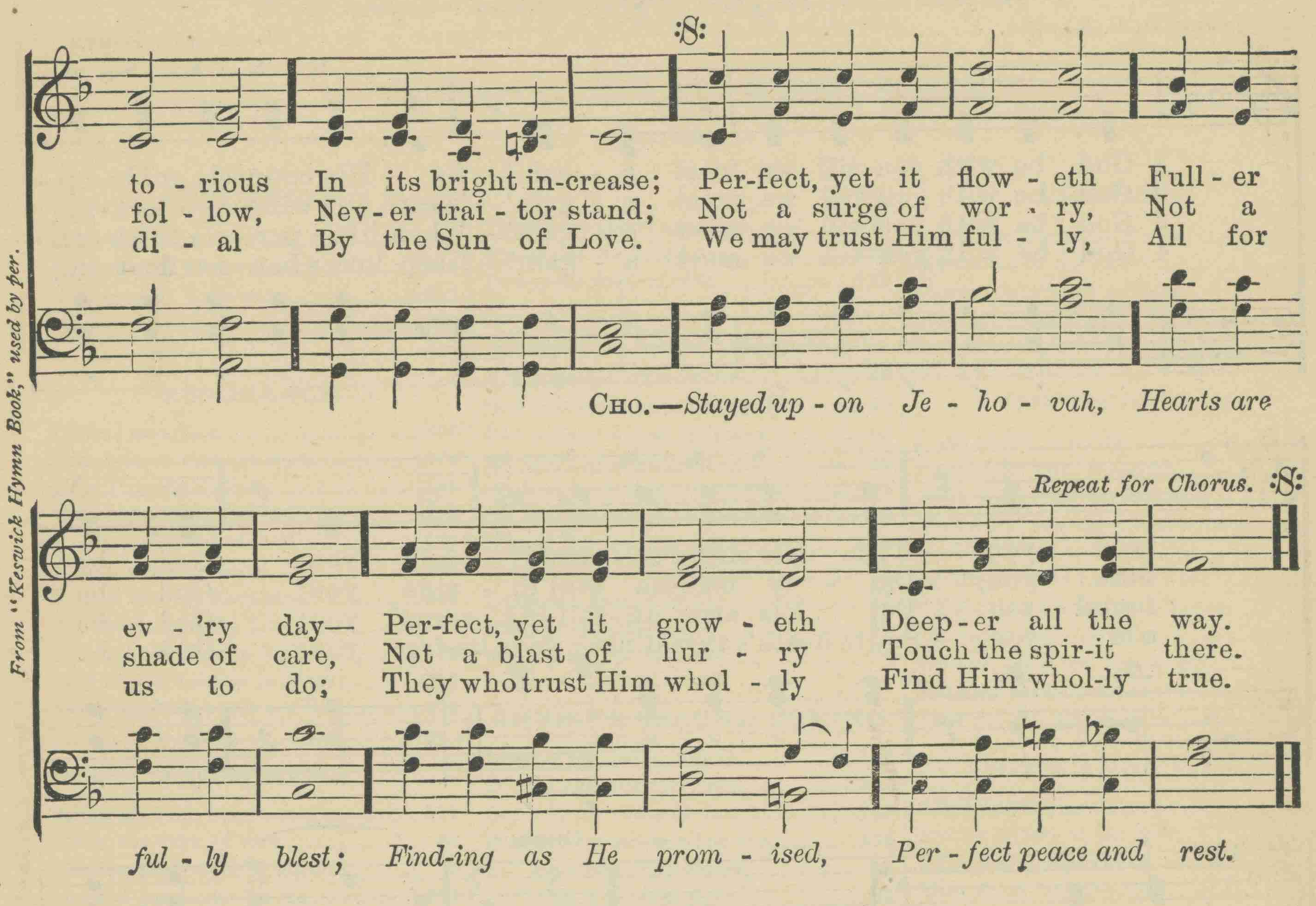
365 Like a River, Glorious.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. Rev. J. MOUNTAIN.

1 Like a riv - er, glo - rious Is God's per - fect peace, O - ver all vic -
2 Hid - den in the hol - low Of His bless - ed hand, Nev - er foe can
3 Ev - 'ry joy or tri - al Fall - eth from a - bove, Trac'd up-on our

Like a River Glorious.—Concluded.



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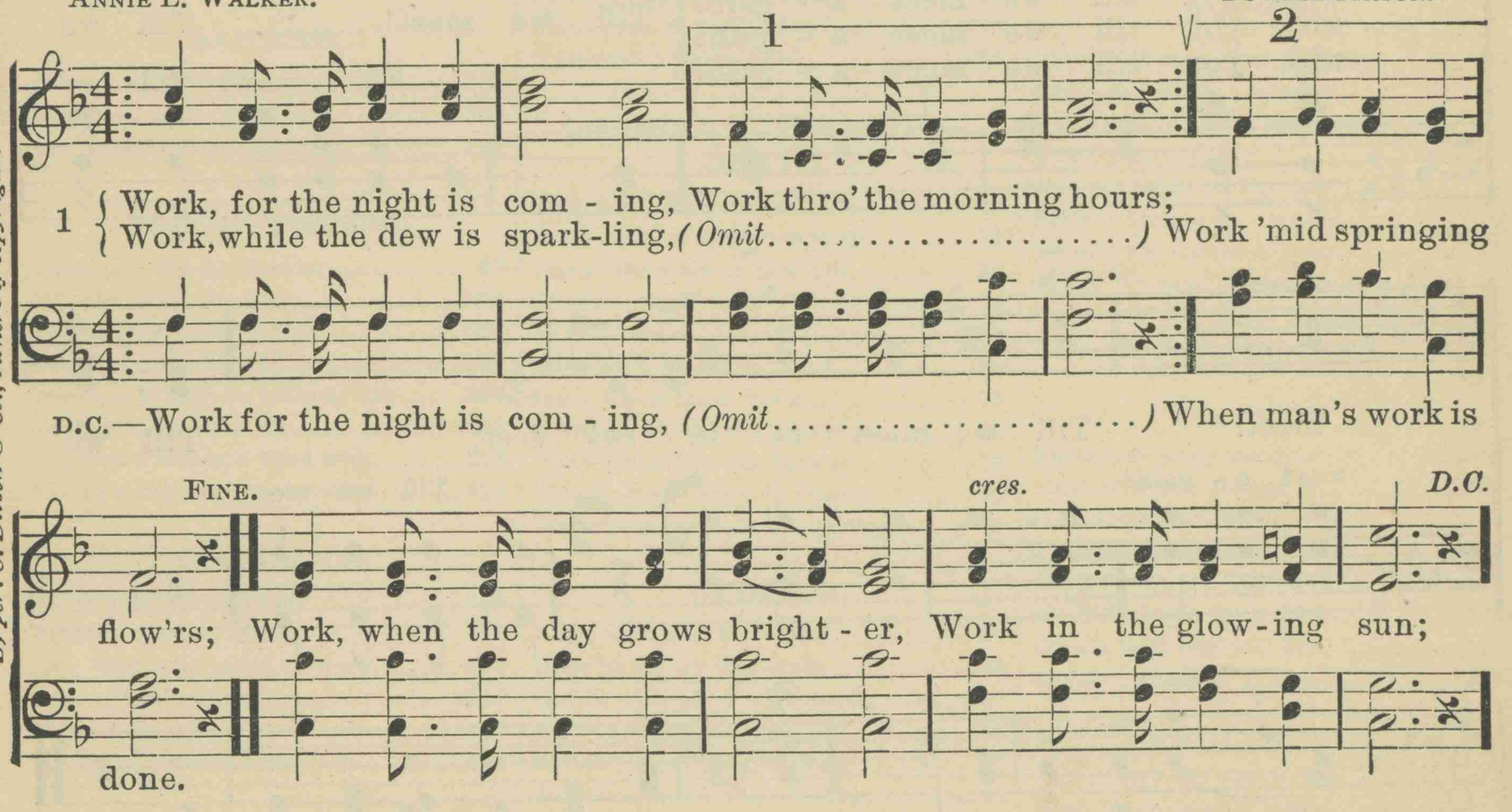
366 Work, for the Night is Coming.

Annie L. Walker. Lowell Mason.



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.

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367

God be with You!

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you."—Romans. 16: 20.

JEREMIAH E. RANKIN. WILLIAM G. TOMER.

1 God be with you till we meet a - gain!— By His counsels guide, up -
2 God be with you till we meet a - gain!— 'Neath His wings pro-tect - ing
3 God be with you till we meet a - gain!— When life's per - ils thick con -
4 God be with you till we meet a - gain!— Keep love's ban - ner float - ing

hold you, With His sheep se - cure-ly fold you; God be
hide you, Dai - ly man-na still di - vide you; God be
found you, Put His arms un - fail-ing round you; God be
o'er you, Smite death's threat'ning wave be-fore you; God be

CHORUS.

with you till we meet a - gain!
with you till we meet a - gain!
with you till we meet a - gain!
with you till we meet a - gain!

Till we meet!..... Till we

Till we meet! Till we

meet! Till we meet at Je - sus' feet; Till we

meet a - gain! Till we meet!

meet!.... Till we meet! God be with you till we meet a - gain!

Till we meet! Till we meet a - gain!

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"O sing
unto the
Lord a
new song"