THE

CONGREGATION:

A SELECTION OF

Hymns and Tunes, New and Old,

FOR

CHRISTIAN WORSHIP AND WORK.

Compiled by J. H. FILLMORE.

PRINTED IN FIGURE NOTATION.

Z6
F485.2

CINCINNATI:
PUBLISHED BY FILLMORE BROTHERS.
185 RACE STREET.

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1884
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PUBLISHERS' PREFACE.

NUMEROUS demands for a choice, but small hymnal suitable for regular use and protracted and social meetings, have induced us to issue "The Congregation."

We have endeavored to make it complete enough for general congregational purposes, and distinct enough to be a valuable supplement to all larger collections.

The notation used is such as to adapt it to the use of all, and make it what it aims to be peculiarly, a book for congregational worship.

FILLMORE BROS.

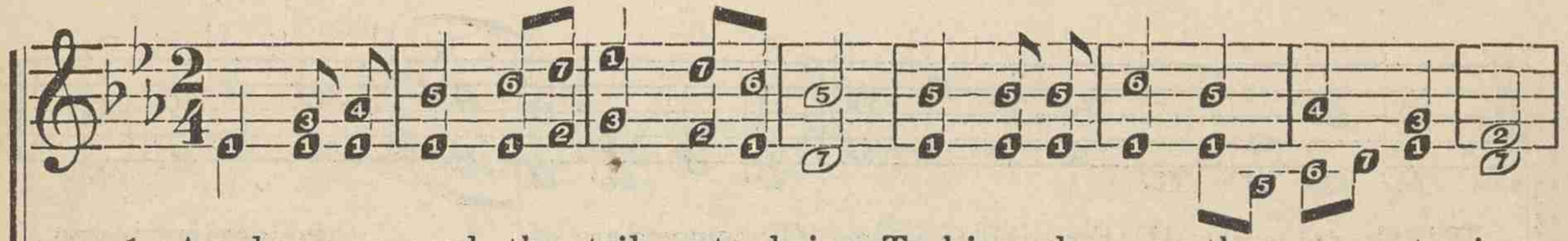
CINCINNATI, July 1, 1884.

THE

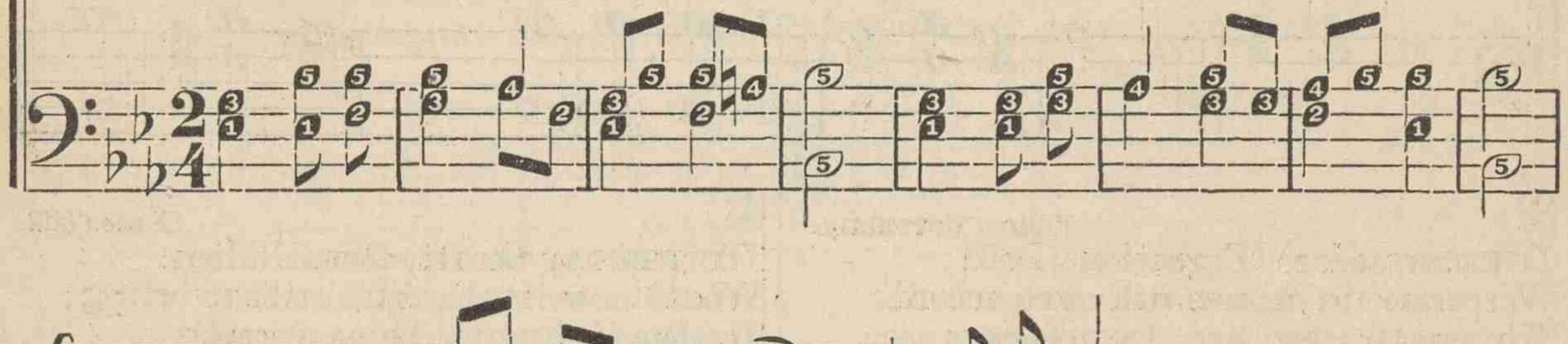
CONGREGATION.

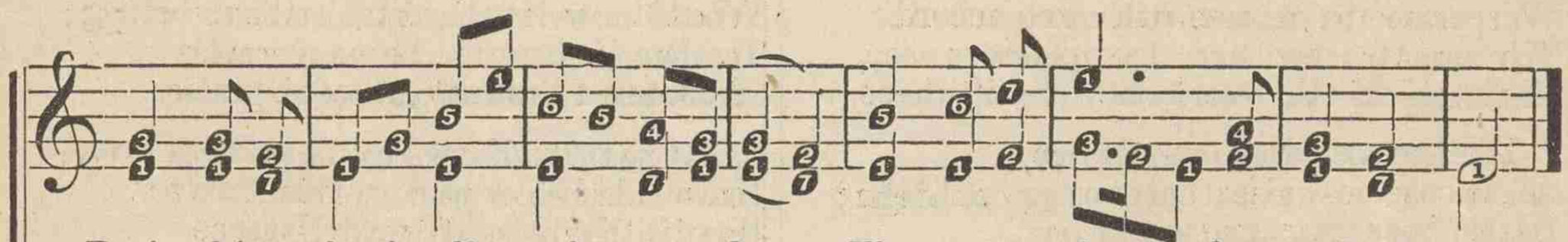
1 Awake, my tongue, thy tribute bring.

DUKE STREET. L. M. JOHN NEEDHAM. JOHN HATTON.

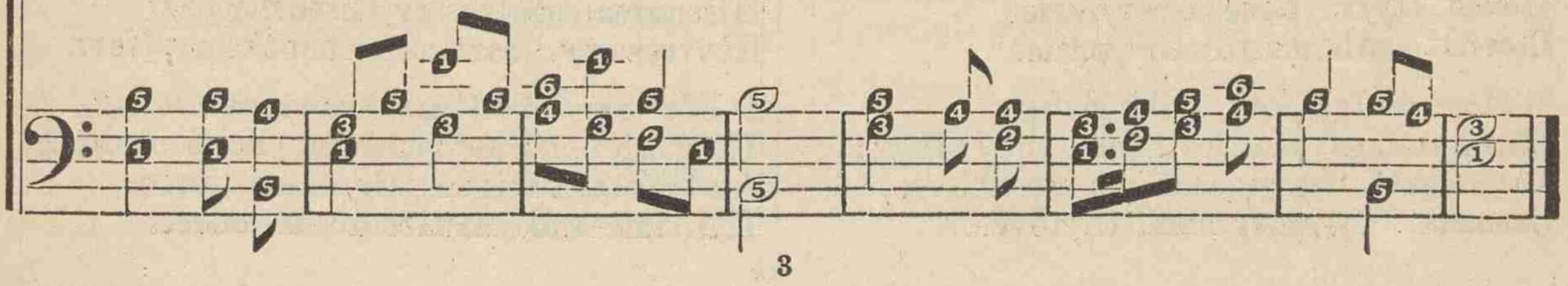


1. Awake, my soul, thy trib - ute bring To him who gave thee power to sing;
2. How vast his knowledge! how profound! A deep where all our tho'ts are drowned;
3. Thro' each bright world above, behold Ten thousand thousand charms unfold;
4. But in re-demp-tion, O what grace! Its wonders, O what thought can trace!

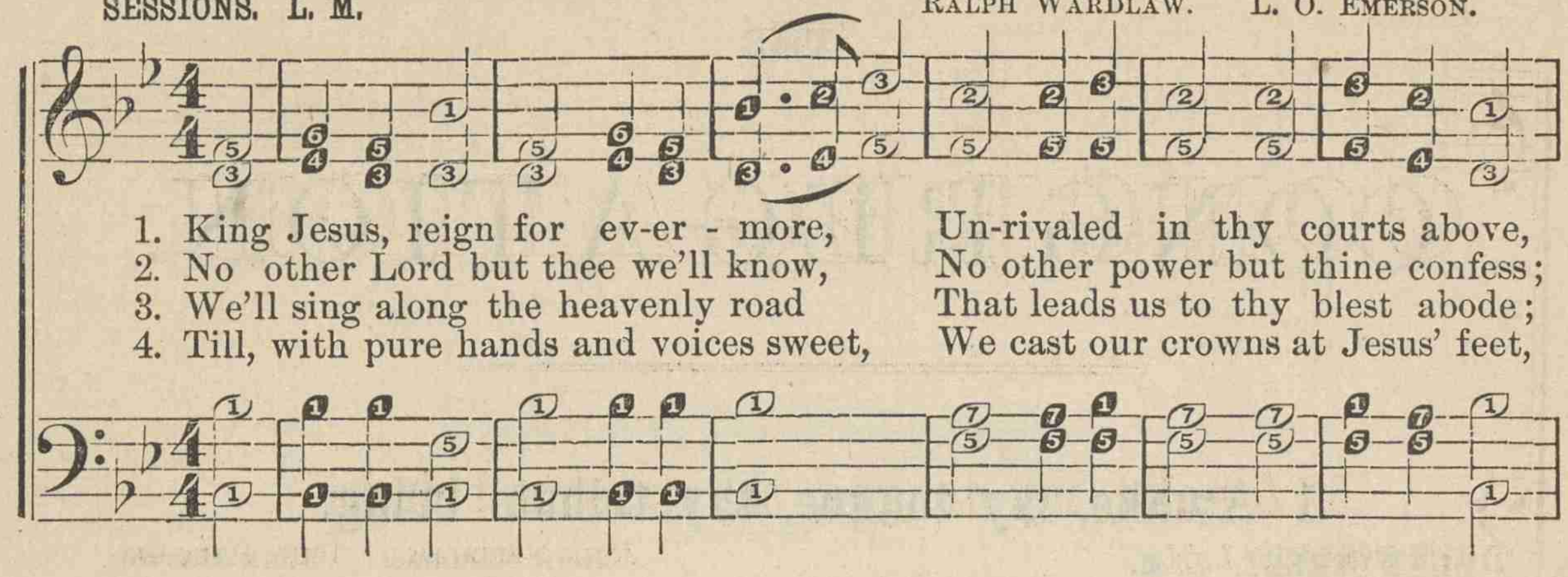


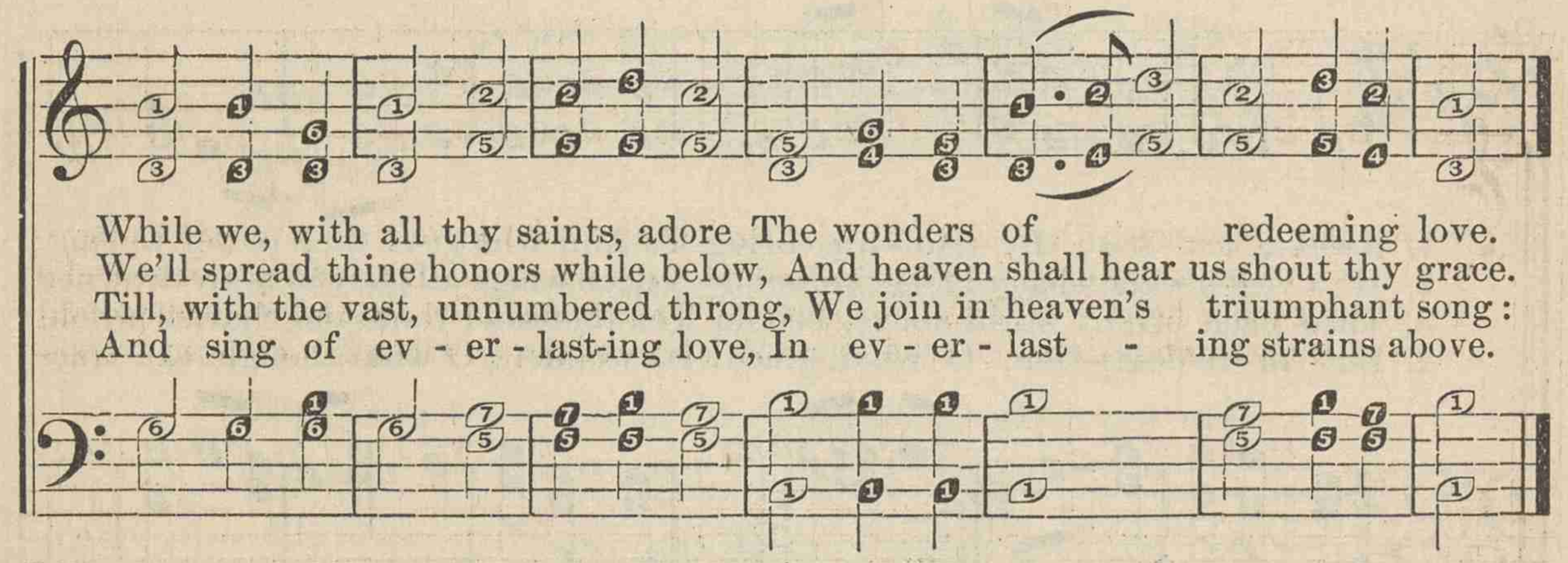


Praise him who is all praise a - bove, The source of wis - dom and of love.
The stars he numbers, and their names He gives to all those heavenly flames.
Earth, air, and mighty seas com - bine To speak his wis - dom all di - vine.
Here, wisdom shines for - ev - er bright; Praise him, my soul, with sweet delight.



2 King Jesus, reign for evermore.

SESSIONS. L. M. RALPH WARDLAW. L. O. EMERSON.

1. King Jesus, reign for ev-er - more, Un-rivaled in thy courts above,
2. No other Lord but thee we'll know, No other power but thine confess;
3. We'll sing along the heavenly road That leads us to thy blest abode;
4. Till, with pure hands and voices sweet, We cast our crowns at Jesus' feet,



While we, with all thy saints, adore The wonders of redeeming love.
We'll spread thine honors while below, And heaven shall hear us shout thy grace.
Till, with the vast, unnumbered throng, We join in heaven's triumphant song:
And sing of ev - er - last-ing love, In ev - er - last - ing strains above.

3 THOS. COTTERILL.

THEE we adore, O gracious Lord;
We praise thy name with one accord;
Thy saints, who here thy goodness see,
Through all the world do worship thee.

2 To thee aloud all angels cry,
And ceaseless raise their songs on high;
Both cherubim and seraphim,
The heavens and all the powers therein.

3 Th' apostles join the glorious throng;
The prophets swell th' immortal song;
The martyrs' noble army raise
Eternal anthems to thy praise.

4 Thee, holy, holy, holy King;
Thee, O Lord God of hosts, they sing;
Thus earth below, and heaven above,
Resound thy glory and thy love.

4 *Exeter Coll.*

TO THEE my heart, eternal King,
Would now its thankful tribute bring;
To thee its humble homage raise
In songs of ardent, grateful praise.

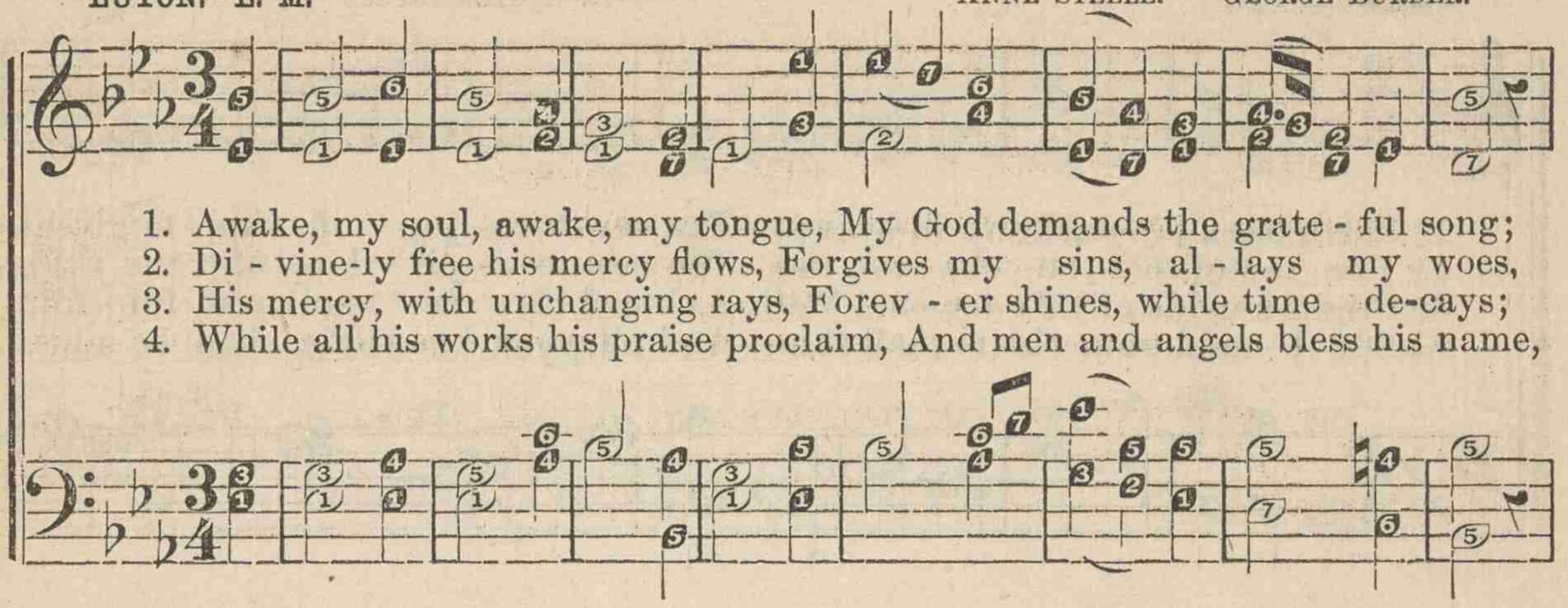
2 All nature shows thy boundless love,
In worlds below and worlds above:
But in thy blessed word I trace
The richer glories of thy grace.

3 Here what delightful truths are given;
Here Jesus shows the way to heaven;
His name salutes my listening ear,
Revives my heart and checks my fear.

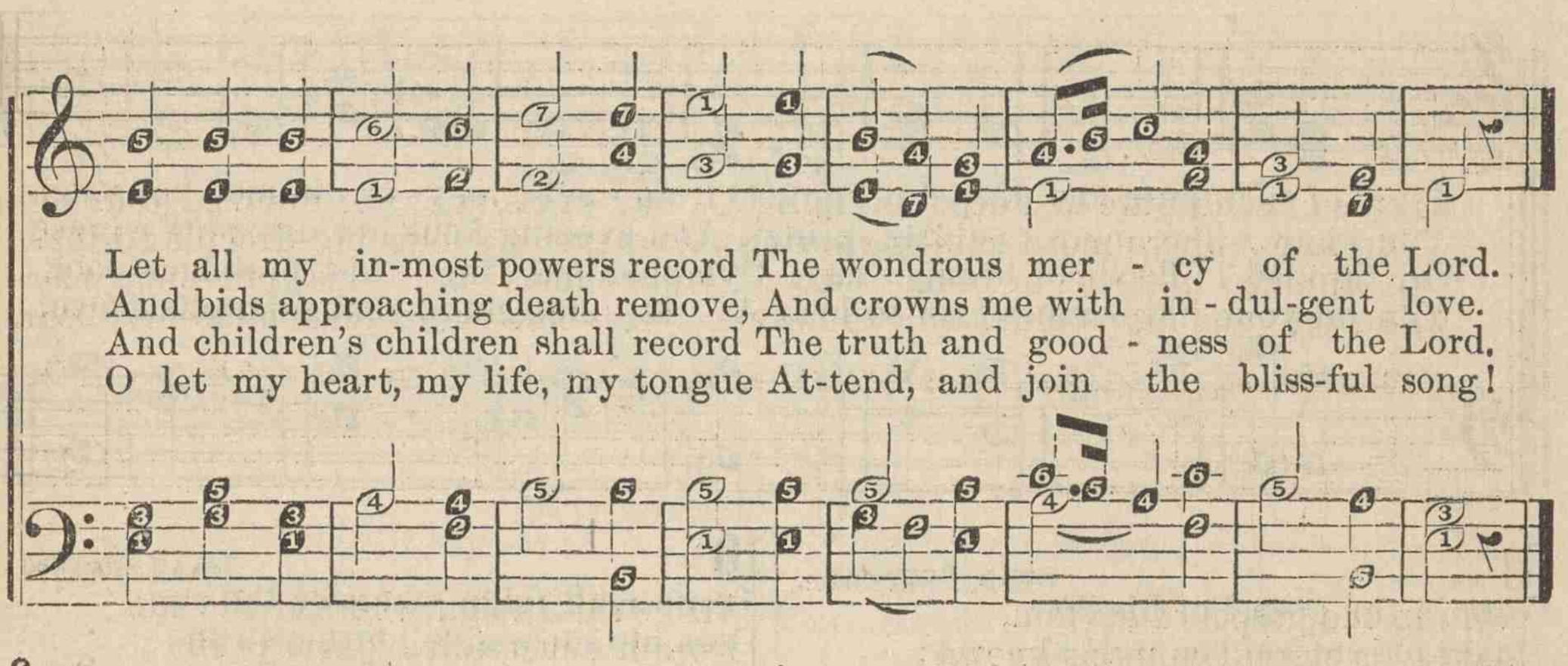
4 For love like this, O may our song
Through endless years thy praise prolong;
And distant climes thy name adore,
Till time and nature are no more.

5 Awake, my soul, awake, my tongue.

LUTON. L. M. ANNE STEELE. GEORGE BURDER.



1. Awake, my soul, awake, my tongue, My God demands the grate - ful song;
2. Di - vine-ly free his mercy flows, Forgives my sins, al - lays my woes,
3. His mercy, with unchanging rays, Forev - er shines, while time de-cays;
4. While all his works his praise proclaim, And men and angels bless his name,



Let all my in-most powers record The wondrous mer - cy of the Lord.
And bids approaching death remove, And crowns me with in - dul-gent love.
And children's children shall record The truth and good - ness of the Lord.
O let my heart, my life, my tongue At-tend, and join the bliss-ful song!

6

BENJ. SKENE.

How sweet the praise, how high the theme,
To sing of him who rules supreme;
Who dwells at God's right hand on high,
Yet looks on us with tender eye!

2 Th' angelic host, in countless throngs,
Recount his glories in their songs,
And golden harps salute his ear;
Yet our weak praise he deigns to hear.

3 The planets roll their orbits round;
Unnumbered worlds, in space profound,
Are ruled by him, by him controlled;
Yet he's the Shepherd of our fold.

4 Exalted high upon his throne,
The universe is all his own;
Untold the honors he doth wear,
Yet we are objects of his care.

7

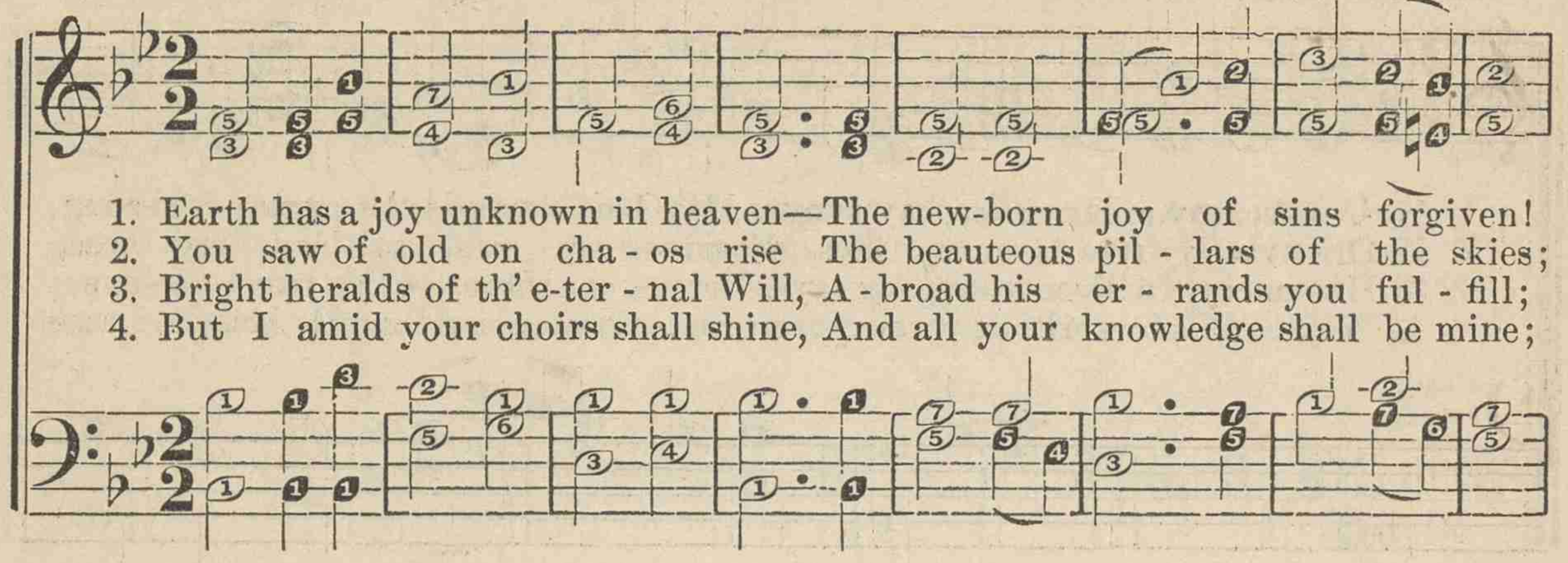
ISAAC WATTS.

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

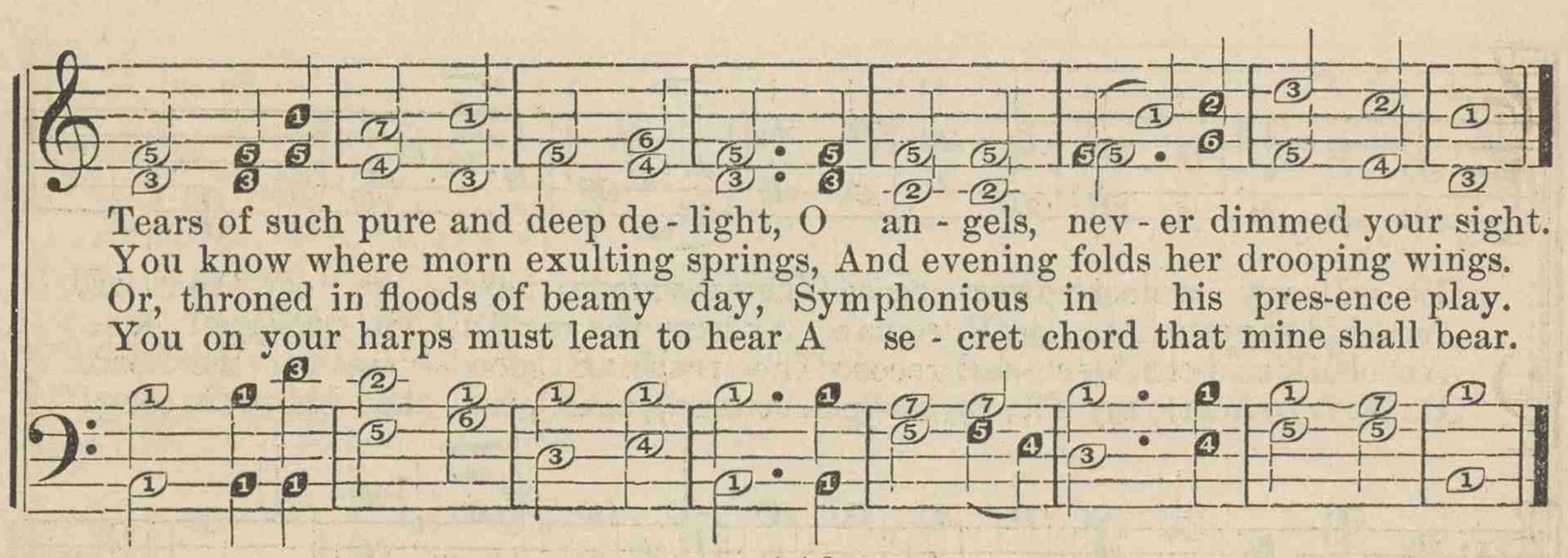
2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

8 Earth has a joy unknown in heaven.

WARD. L. M. A. L. HILLHOUSE. LOWELL MASON.



1. Earth has a joy unknown in heaven—The new-born joy of sins forgiven!
2. You saw of old on cha - os rise The beauteous pil - lars of the skies;
3. Bright heralds of th' e-ter - nal Will, A - broad his er - rands you ful - fill;
4. But I amid your choirs shall shine, And all your knowledge shall be mine;



Tears of such pure and deep de - light, O an - gels, nev - er dimmed your sight.
You know where morn exulting springs, And evening folds her drooping wings.
Or, throned in floods of beamy day, Symphonious in his pres-ence play.
You on your harps must lean to hear A se - cret chord that mine shall bear.

9

BENJ. BEDDOME.

GOD, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known;
'Tis here his richest mercy shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

2 Here sinners of a humble frame
May taste his grace and learn his name;
'Tis writ in characters of blood,
Severely just—immensely good.

3 Here Jesus, in ten thousand ways,
His soul-attracting charms displays;
Recounts his poverty and pains,
And tells his love in melting strains.

4 May this blest volume ever lie
Close to my heart, and near my eye;
Till life's last hour my soul engage,
And be my chosen heritage.

10

ISAAC WATTS.

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

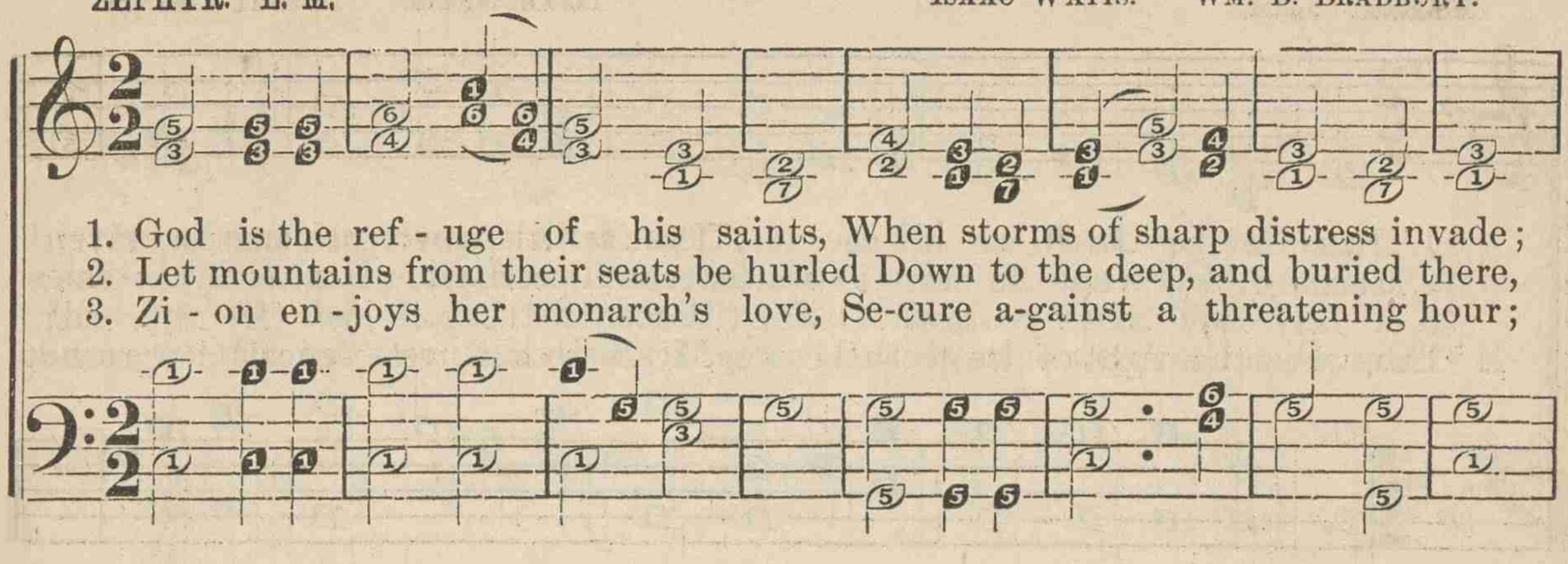
2 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

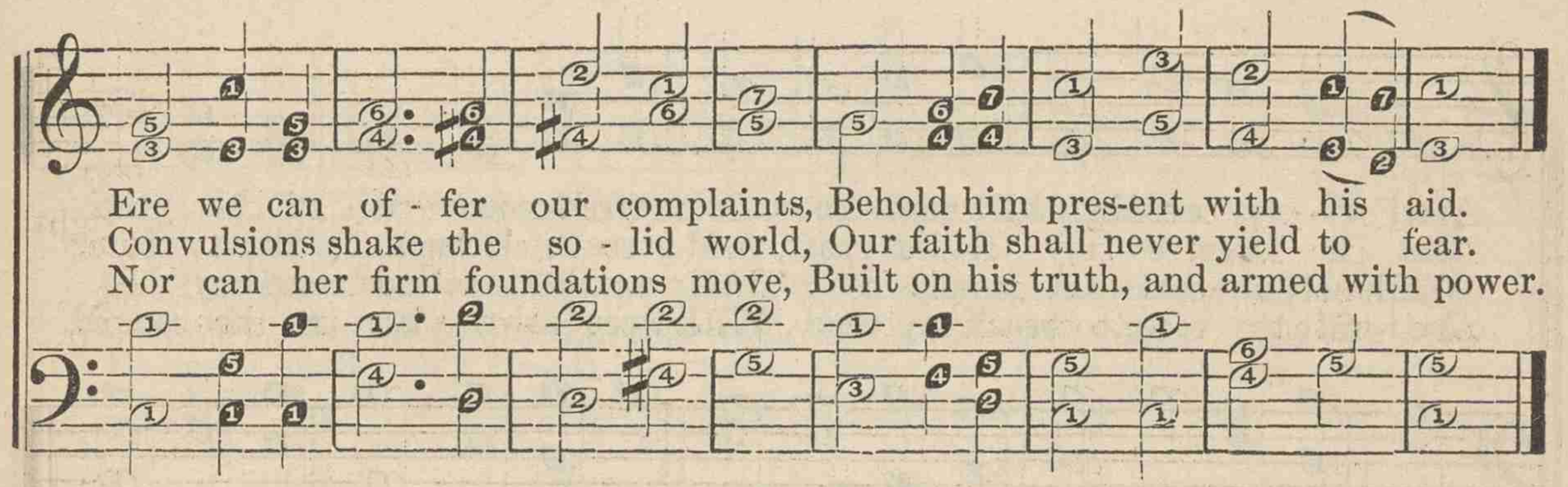
3 Where he displays his healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more;
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

4 Let every creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

11 God is the refuge of his saints.

ZEPHYR. L. M. ISAAC WATTS. WM. B. BRADBURY.





12

ISAAC WATTS.

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

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

3 I yield my powers to thy command;
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

13

JOHN BOWRING.

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.

14

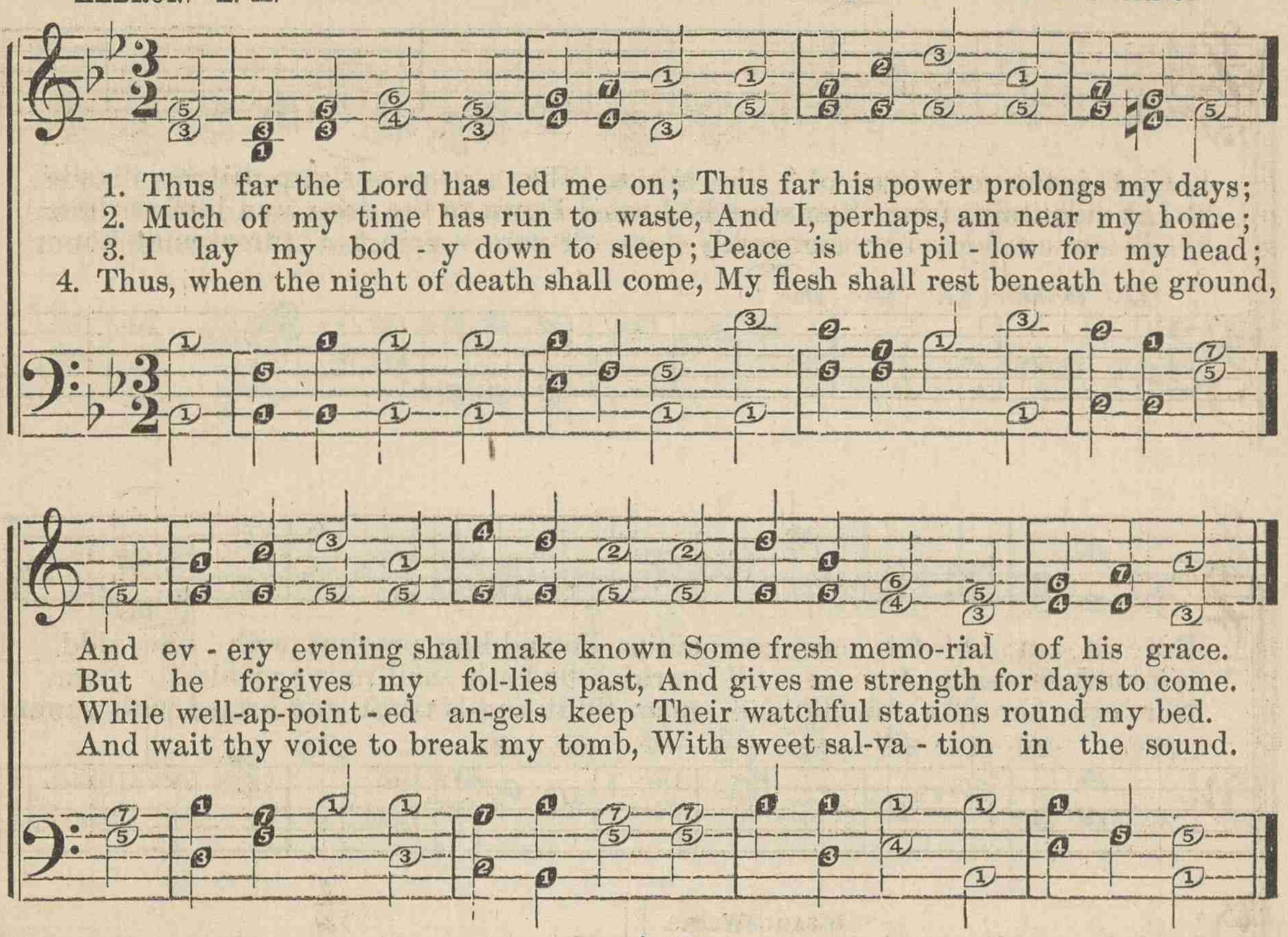
J. WESLEY, tr.

Lo! God is here—let us adore,
And own how dreadful is this place;
Let all within us feel his power,
And, silent, bow before his face.

2 Lo! God is here—him day and night
United choirs of angels sing;
To him, enthroned above all height,
Let saints their humble worship bring.

15 Thus far the Lord has led me on.

HEBRON. L. M. ISAAC WATTS. LOWELL MASON.



1. Thus far the Lord has led me on; Thus far his power prolongs my days;
2. Much of my time has run to waste, And I, perhaps, am near my home;
3. I lay my bod - y down to sleep; Peace is the pil - low for my head;
4. Thus, when the night of death shall come, My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,

And ev - ery evening shall make known Some fresh memo-rial of his grace.
But he forgives my fol-lies past, And gives me strength for days to come.
While well-ap-point-ed an-gels keep Their watchful stations round my bed.
And wait thy voice to break my tomb, With sweet sal-va - tion in the sound.

16

JOHN NEWTON.

KINDRED in Christ, for his dear sake
A hearty welcome here receive;
May we together now partake
The joys which only he can give.

2 May he, by whose kind care we meet,
Send his good Spirit from above,
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love.

3 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When Christians meet together thus;
We only wish to speak of him
Who lived, and died, and reigns for us.

4 Thus, as the moments pass away,
We'll love, and wonder, and adore;
And hasten on the glorious day
When we shall meet to part no more.

17

ISAAC WATTS.

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

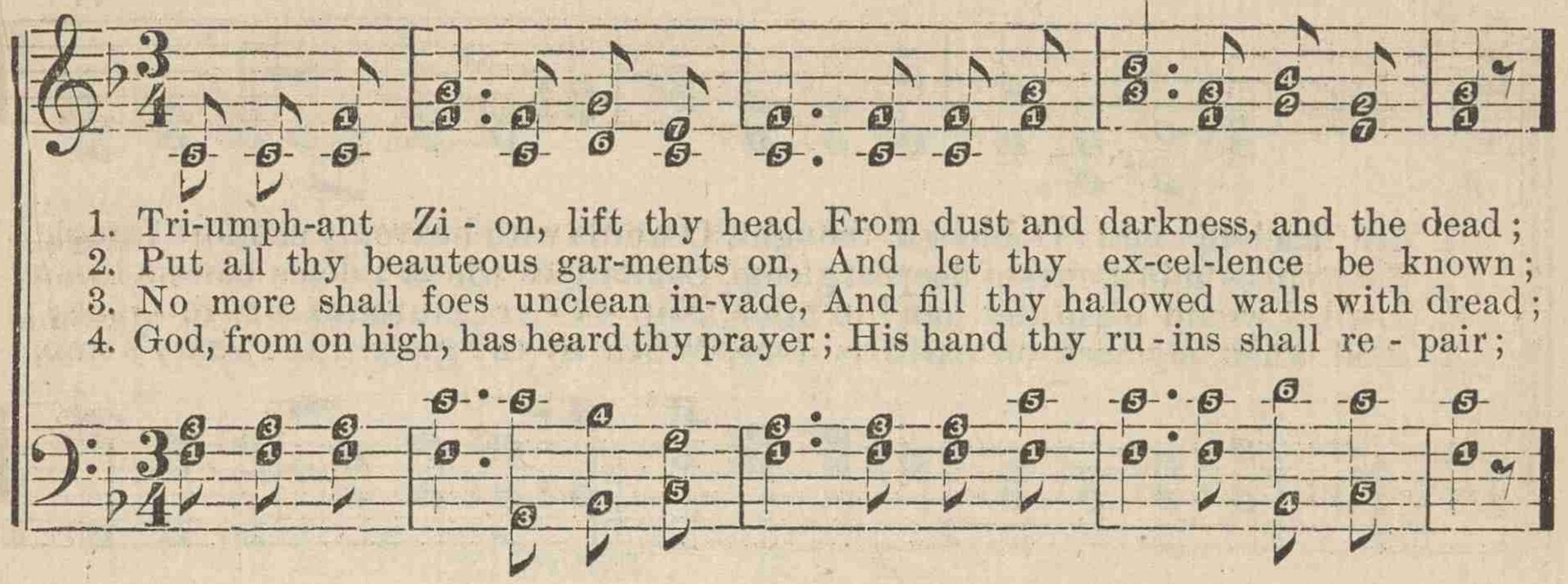
2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my Lord;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

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

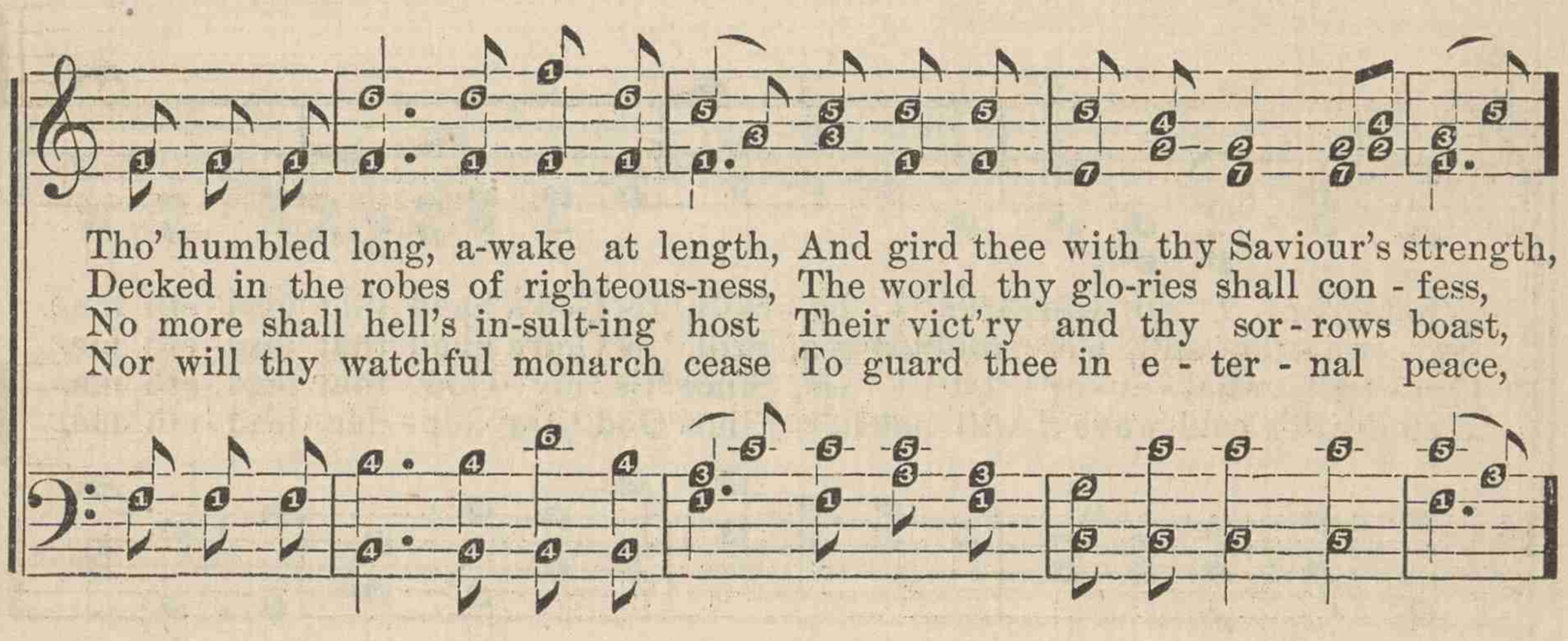
4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far to small:
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

18 Triumphant Zion, lift thy head.

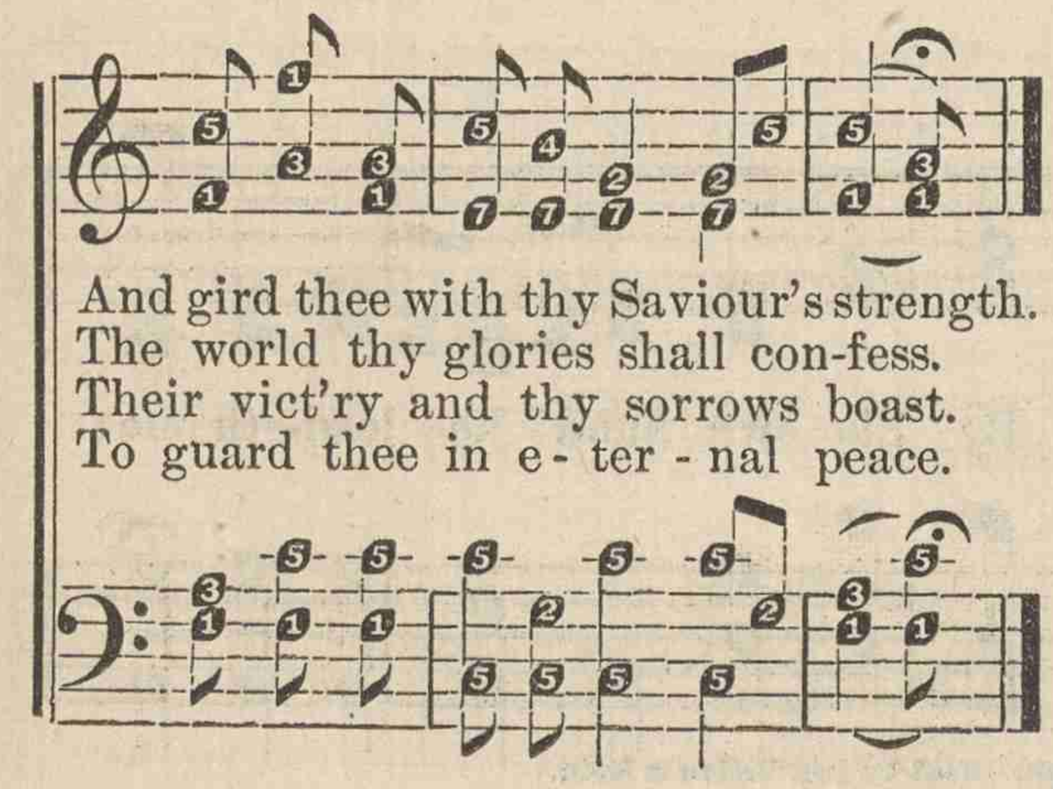
ANVERN. L. M. PHILIP DODDRIDGE. LOWELL MASON.



1. Tri-umph-ant Zi - on, lift thy head From dust and darkness, and the dead;
2. Put all thy beauteous gar-ments on, And let thy ex-cel-lence be known;
3. No more shall foes unclean in-vade, And fill thy hallowed walls with dread;
4. God, from on high, has heard thy prayer; His hand thy ru - ins shall re - pair;



Tho' humbled long, a-wake at length, And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength,
Decked in the robes of righteous-ness, The world thy glo-ries shall con - fess,
No more shall hell's in-sult-ing host Their vict'ry and thy sor - rows boast,
Nor will thy watchful monarch cease To guard thee in e - ter - nal peace,



And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.
The world thy glories shall con-fess.
Their vict'ry and thy sorrows boast.
To guard thee in e - ter - nal peace.

19

JOSIAH CONDER.

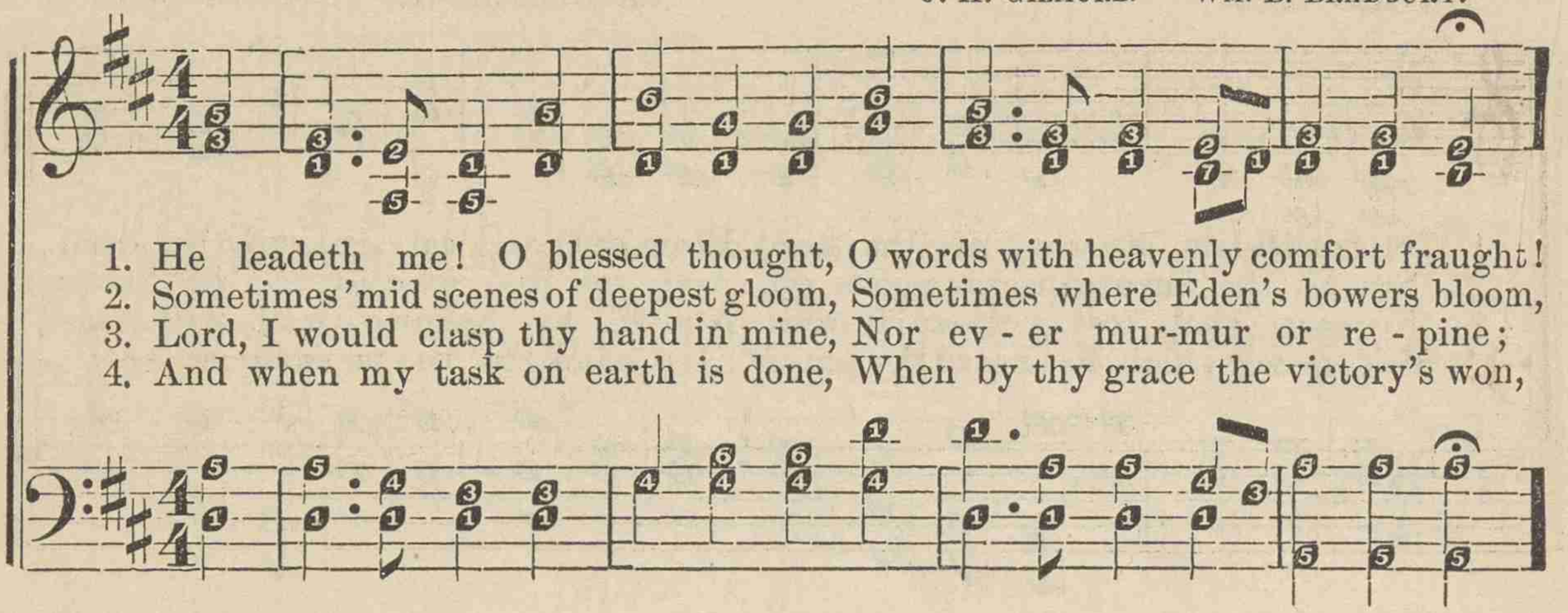
THE Lord is King! Lift up thy voice,
O earth, and all ye heavens, rejoice!
From world to world the joy shall ring—
"The Lord omnipotent is King!"

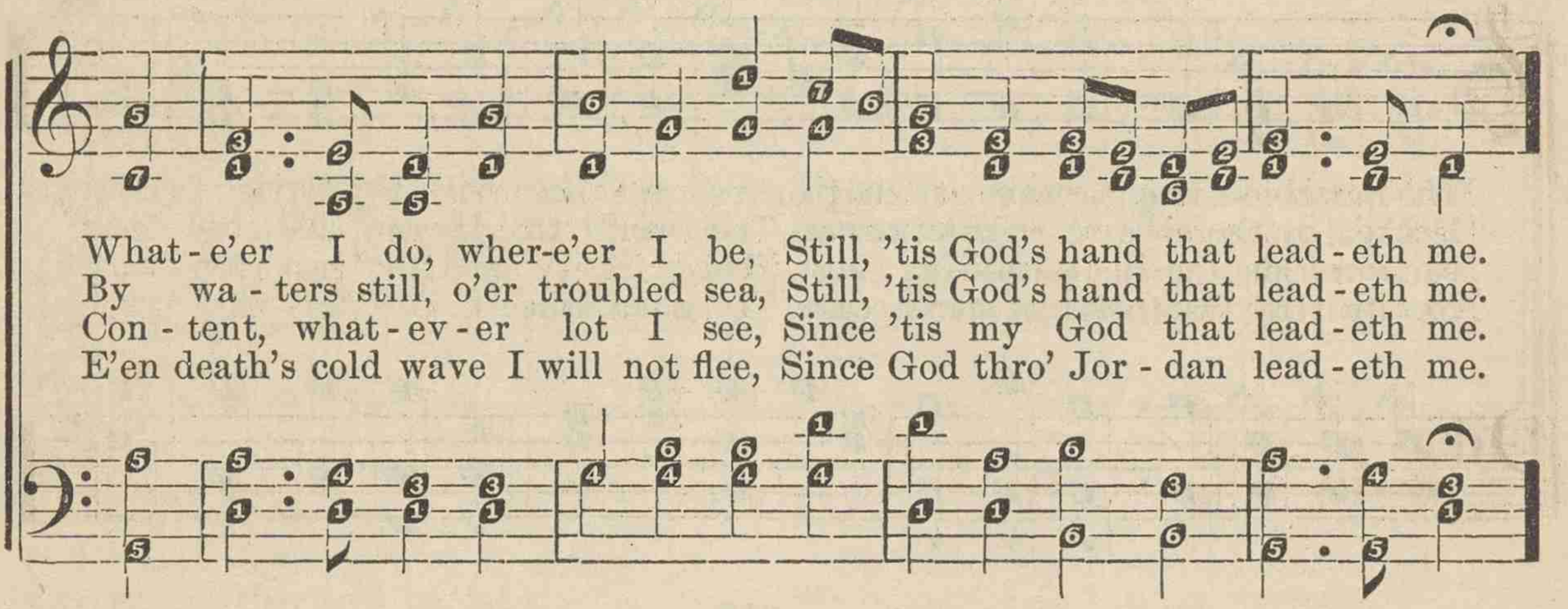
2 The Lord is King! Who, then, shall dare
Resist his will, distrust his care?
Holy and true are all his ways;
Let every creature speak his praise.

3 O, when his wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, his love forsake,
Then may his children cease to sing
"The Lord omnipotent is King!"

20 He leadeth me: O blessed thought!

J. H. GILMORE. WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. He leadeth me! O blessed thought, O words with heavenly comfort fraught!
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
3. Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur-mur or re - pine;
4. And when my task on earth is done, When by thy grace the victory's won,

What - e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still, 'tis God's hand that lead - eth me.
By wa - ters still, o'er troubled sea, Still, 'tis God's hand that lead - eth me.
Con - tent, what - ev - er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead - eth me.
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - dan lead - eth me.

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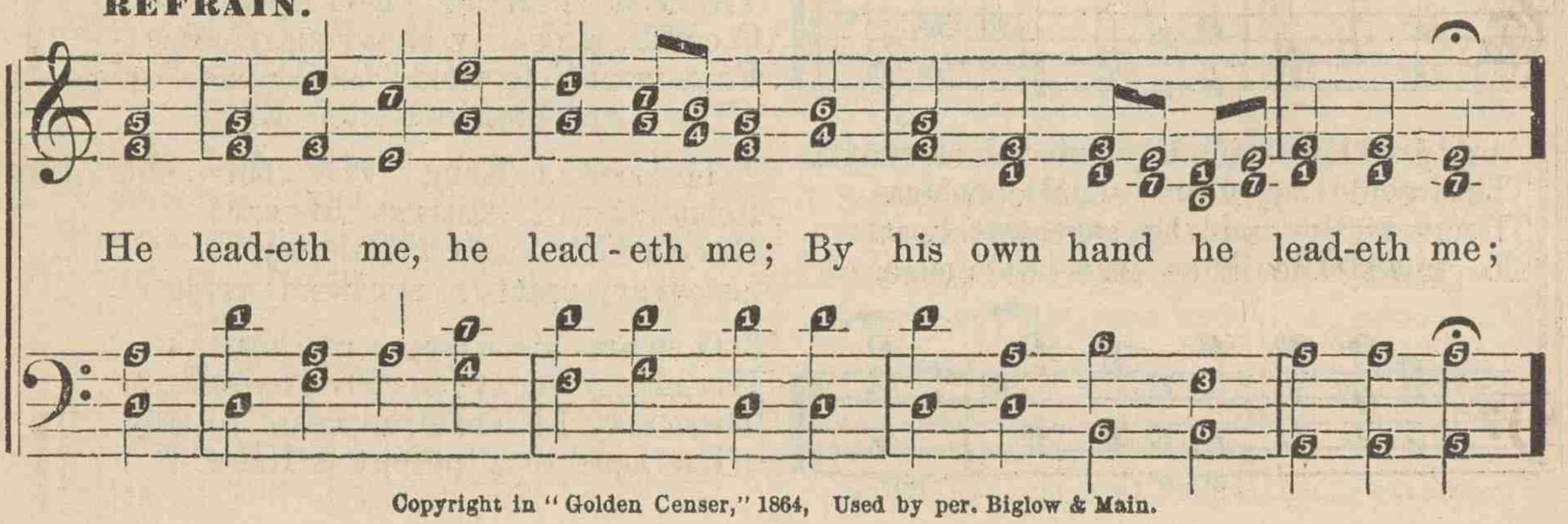
He lead-eth me, he lead - eth me; By his own hand he lead-eth me;

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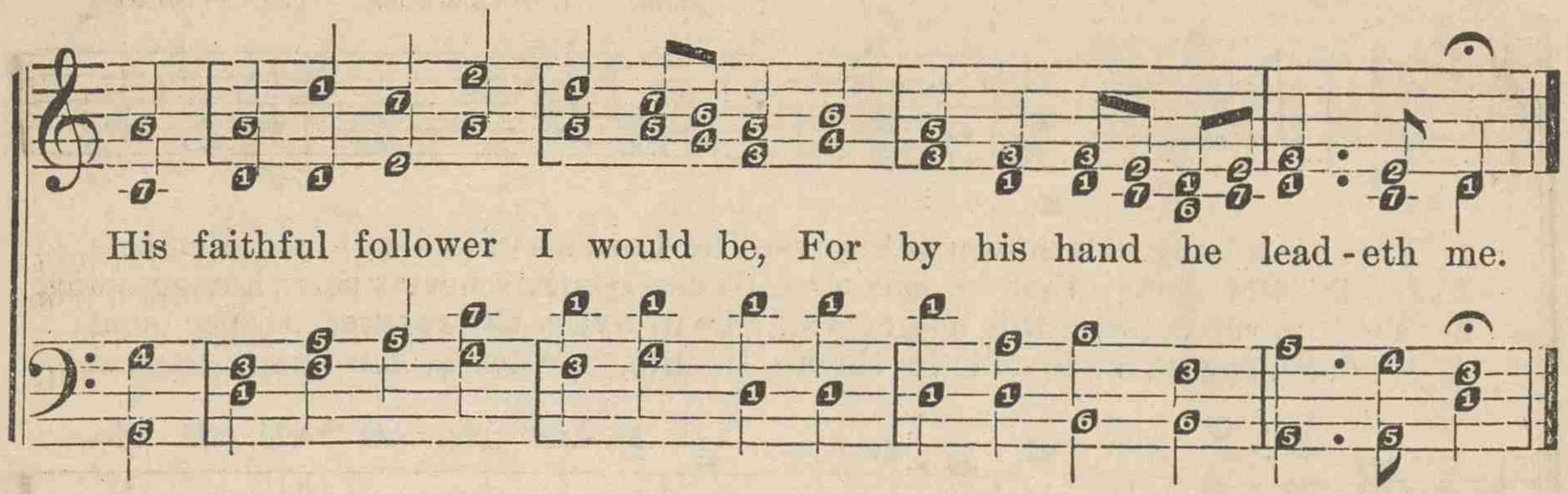
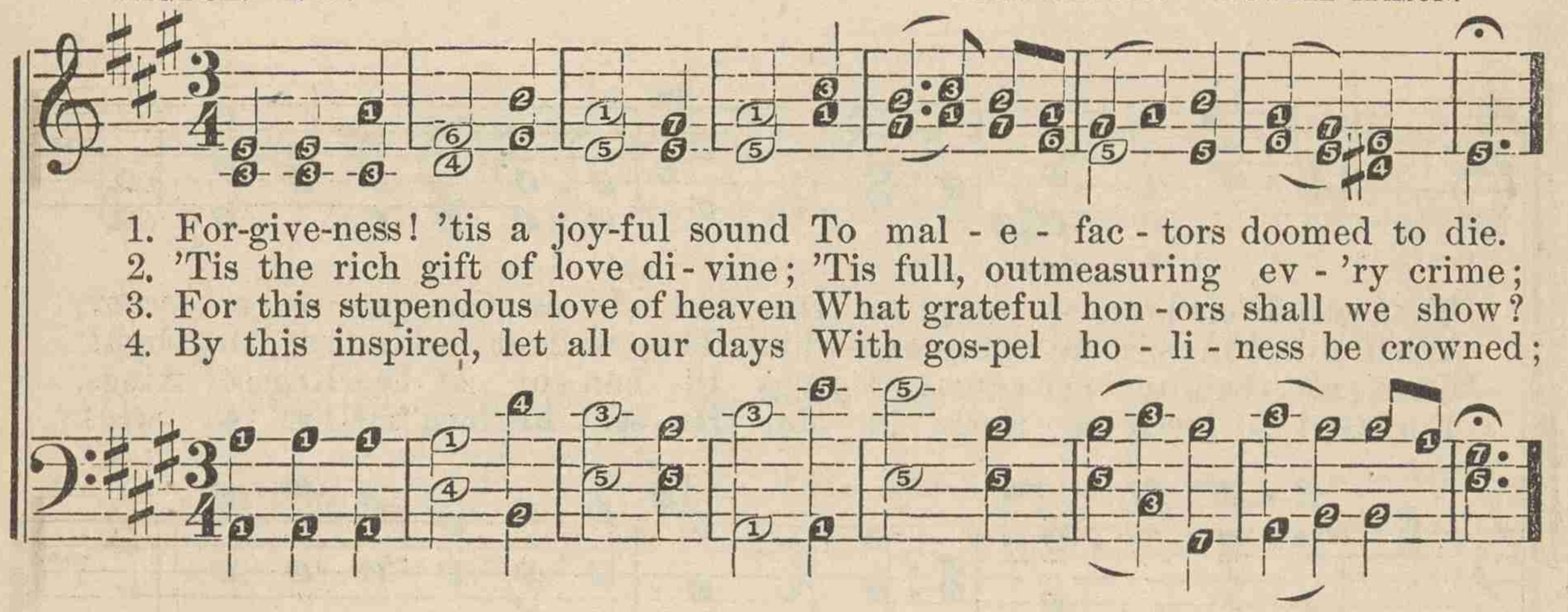
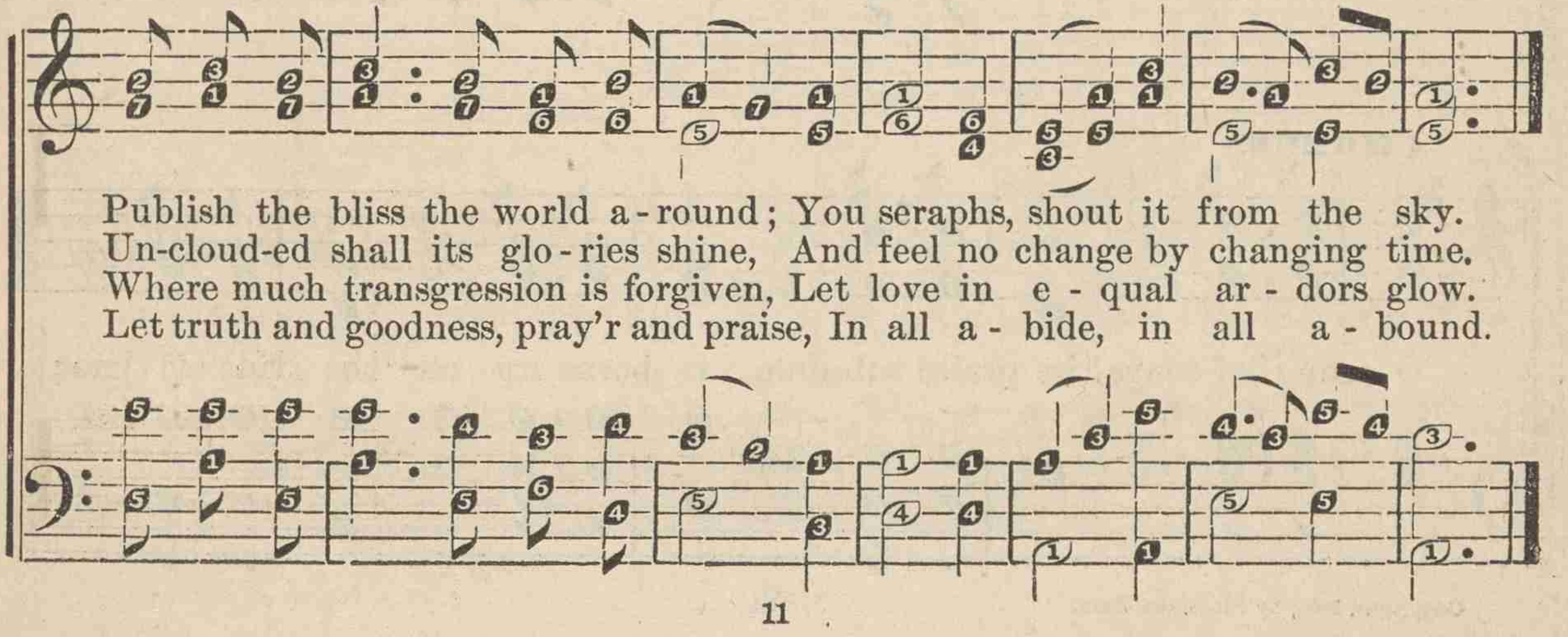
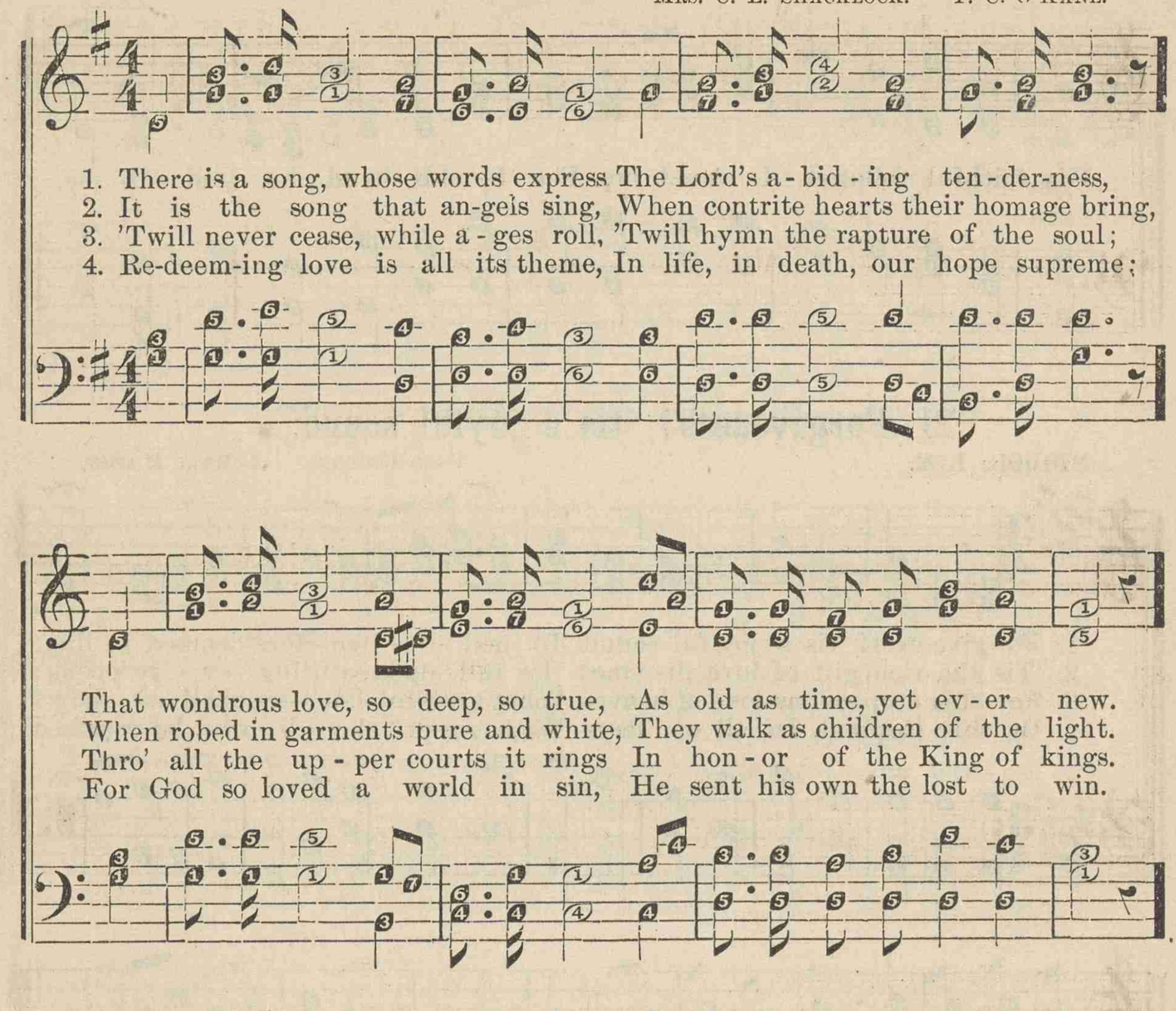
He leadeth me. Concluded.



21 Forgiveness! 'tis a joyful sound.

MIGDOL. L. M. THOS. GIBBONS. LOWELL MASON.

22 There is a song, whose words express.

MRS. C. L. SHACKLOCK. T. C. O'KANE.



CHORUS.

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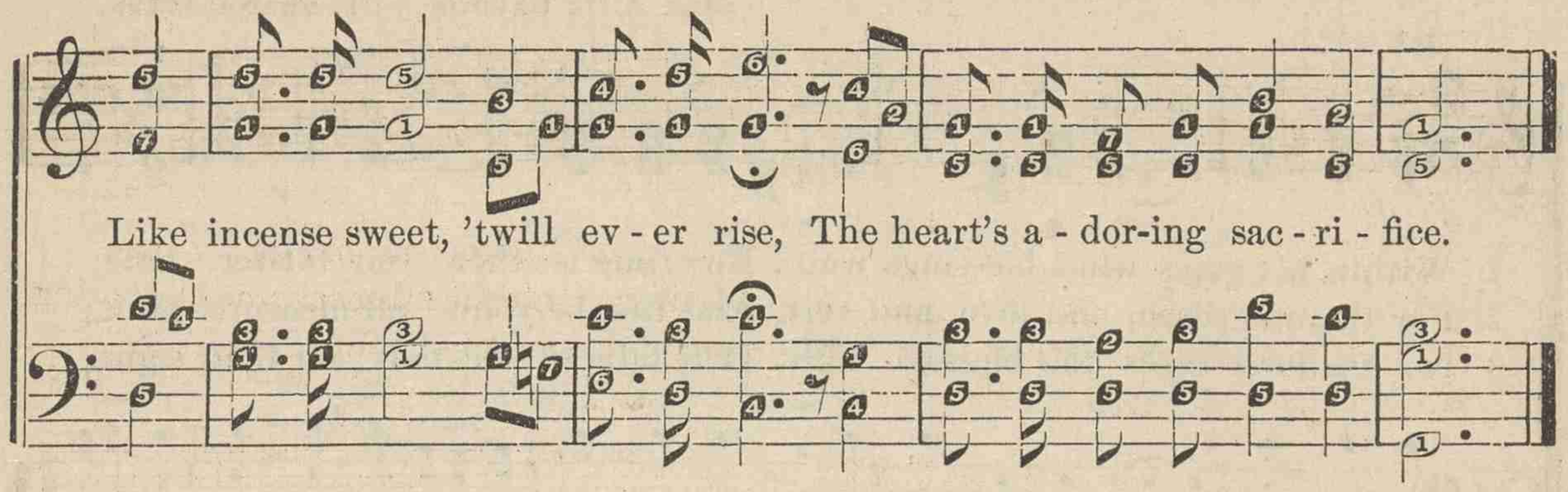
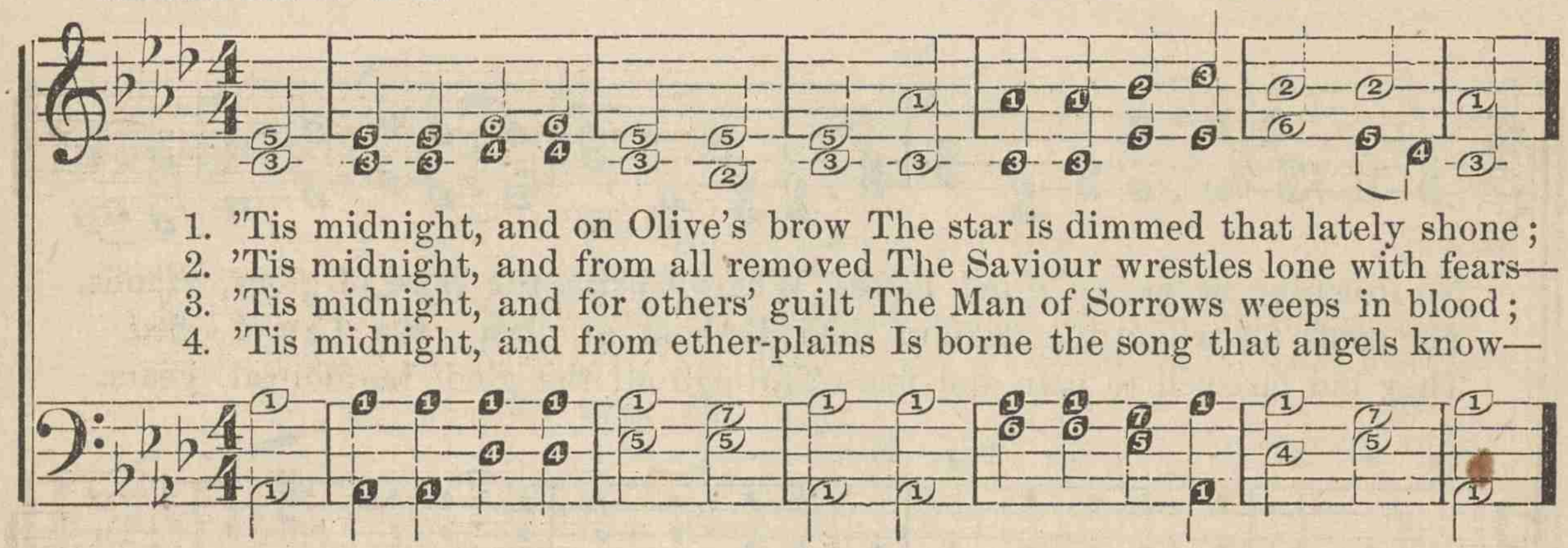
There is a song. Concluded.

23 'Tis midnight, and on Olive's brow.

OLIVE'S BROW. L. M. W. B. TAPPAN. WM. B. BRADBURY.



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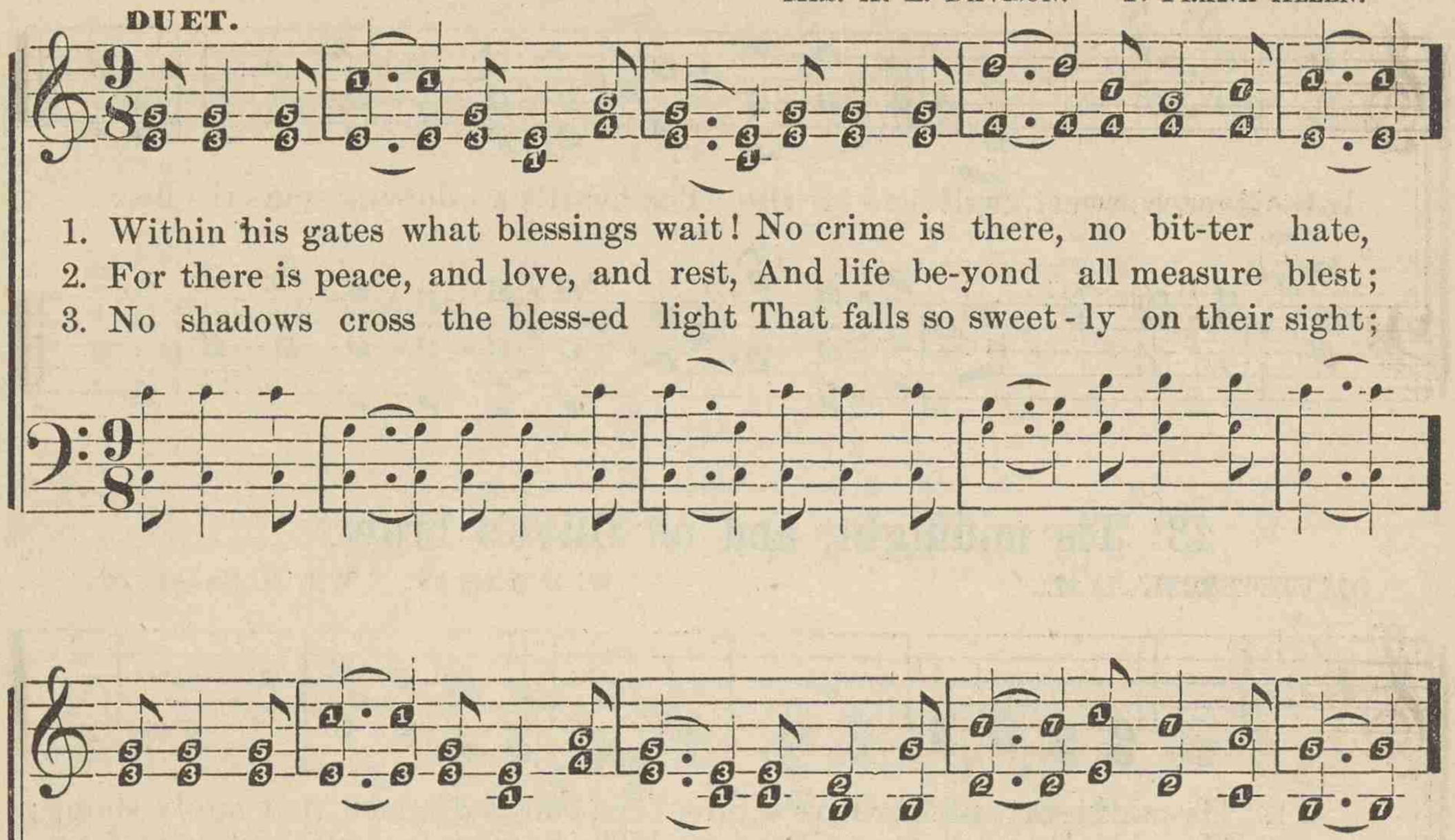
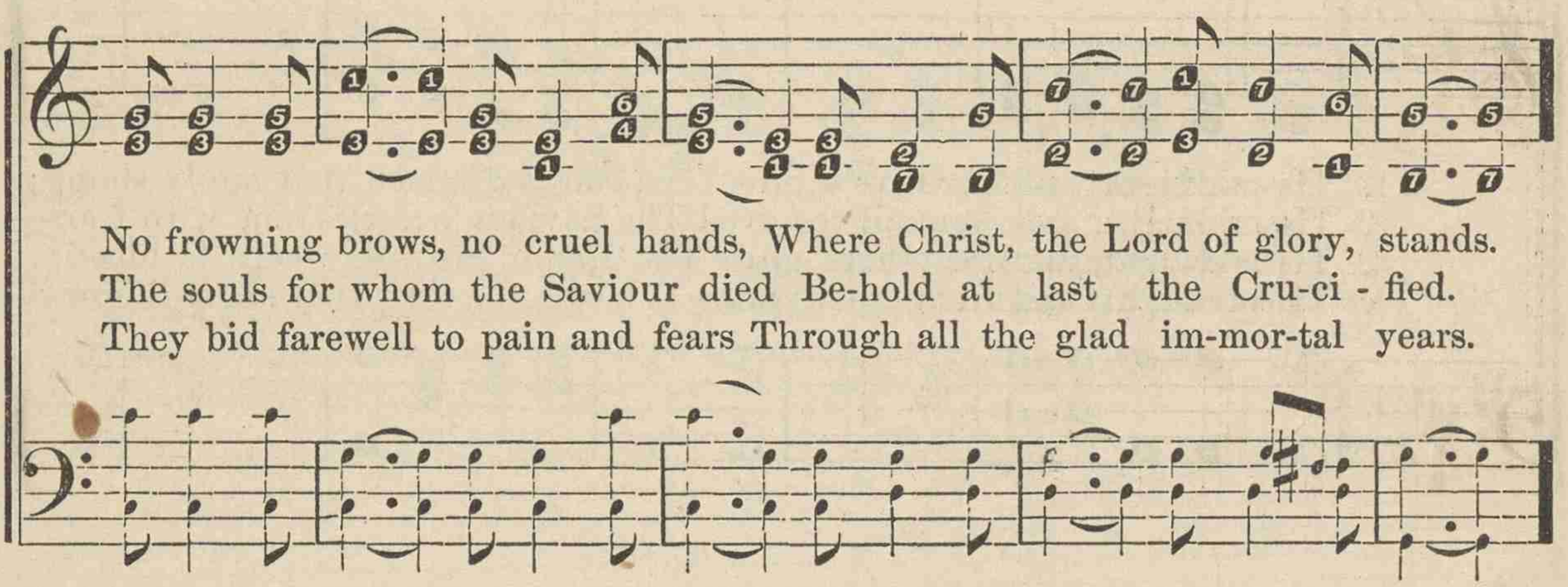
24 Within his gates what blessings wait.

MRS. A. L. DAVISON. T. FRANK ALLEN.

DUET.

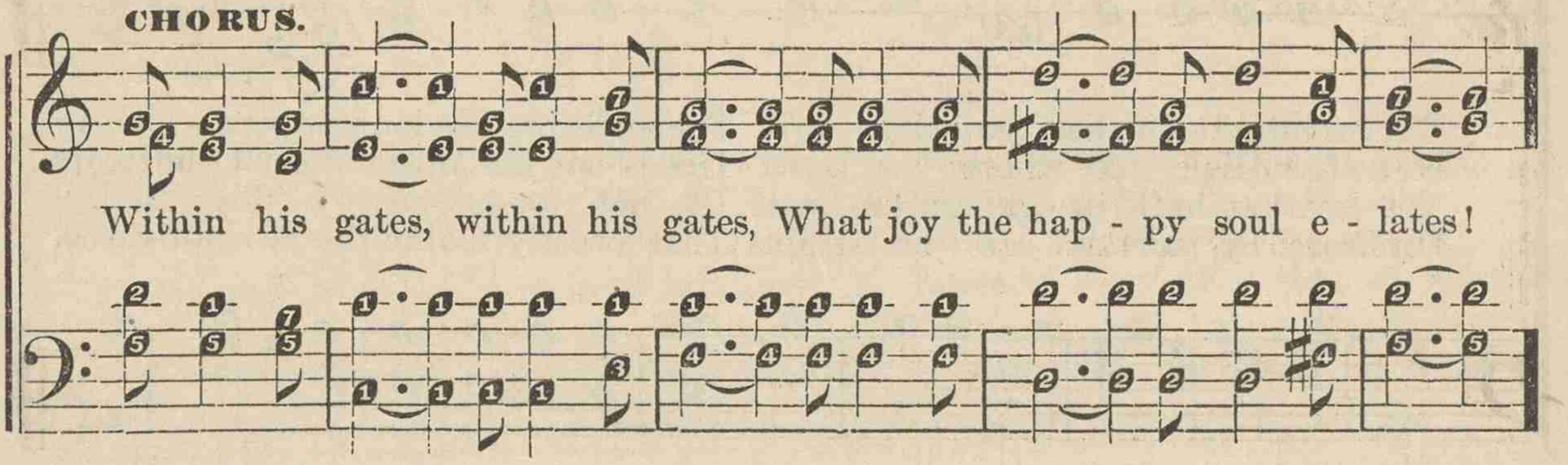


1. Within his gates what blessings wait! No crime is there, no bit-ter hate,
2. For there is peace, and love, and rest, And life be-yond all measure blest;
3. No shadows cross the bless-ed light That falls so sweet-ly on their sight;



No frowning brows, no cruel hands, Where Christ, the Lord of glory, stands.
The souls for whom the Saviour died Be-hold at last the Cru-ci-fied.
They bid farewell to pain and fears Through all the glad im-mor-tal years.

CHORUS.



Within his gates, within his gates, What joy the hap-py soul e-lates!

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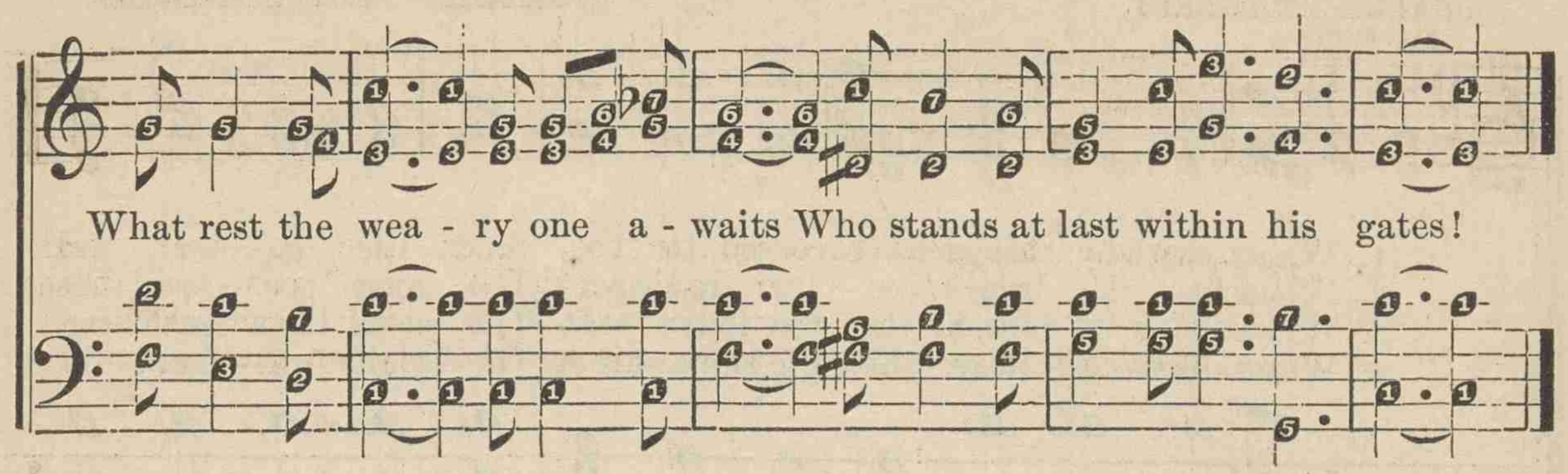
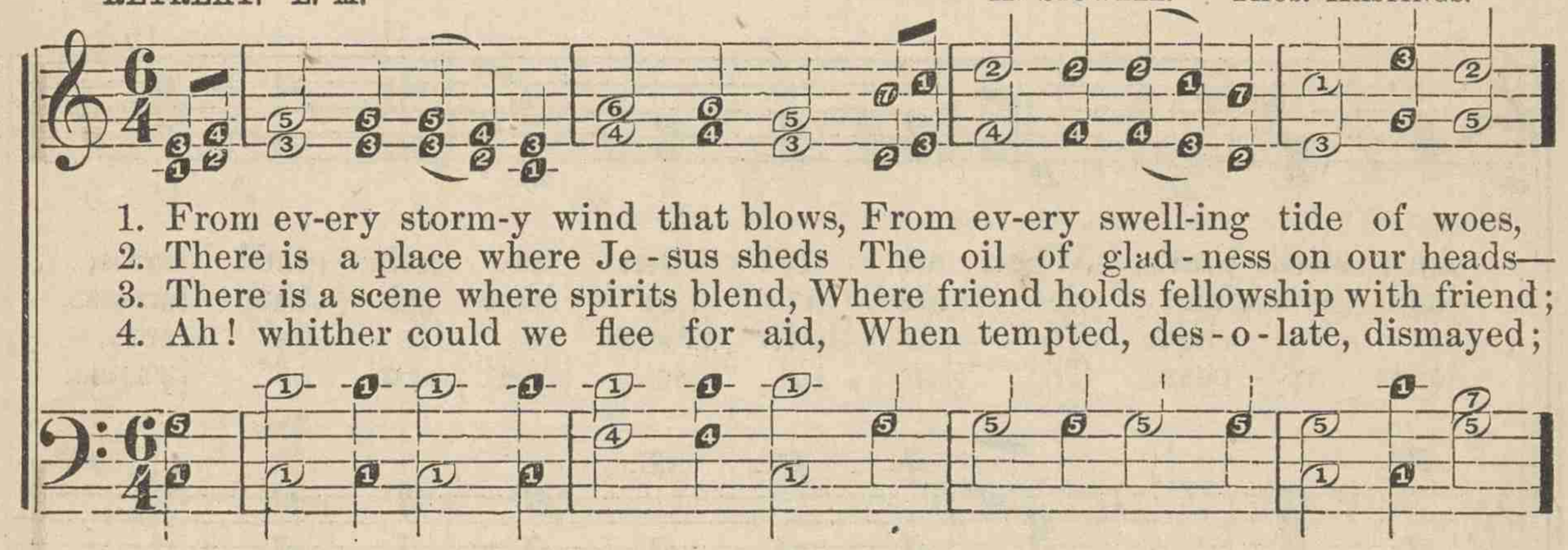
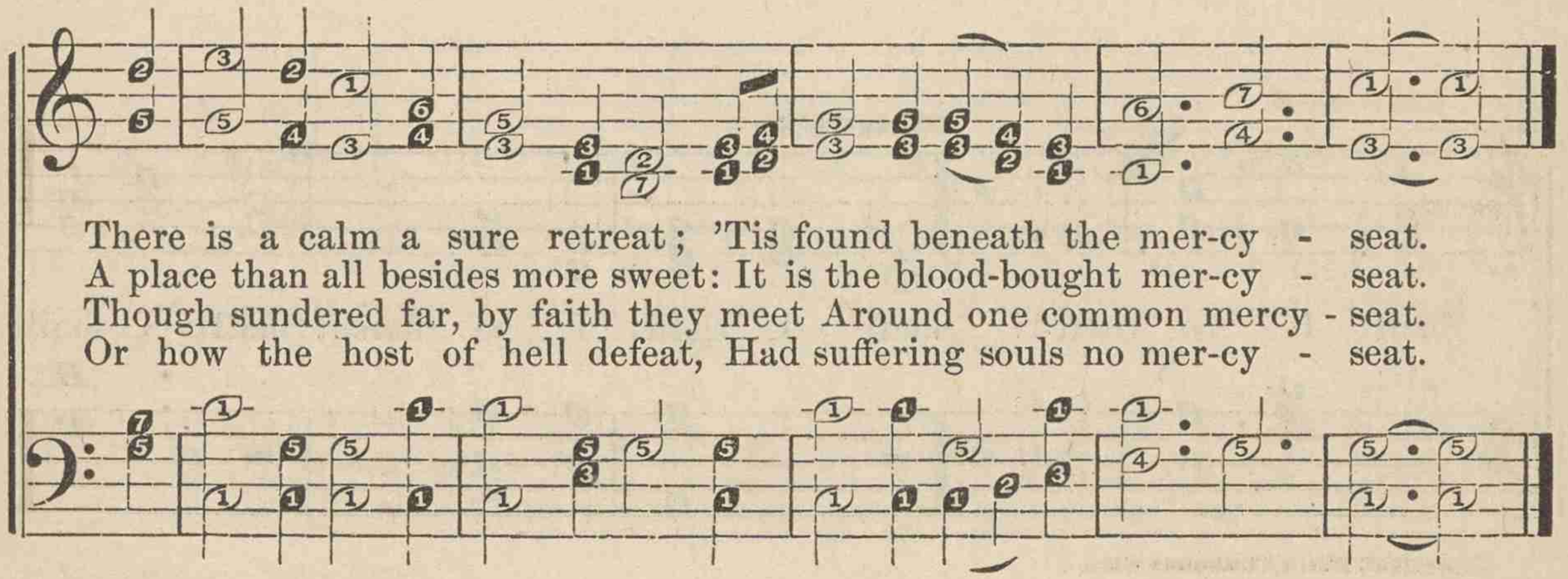
Within his gates. Concluded.

25 From every stormy wind that blows.

RETREAT. L. M. H. STOWELL. THOS. HASTINGS.

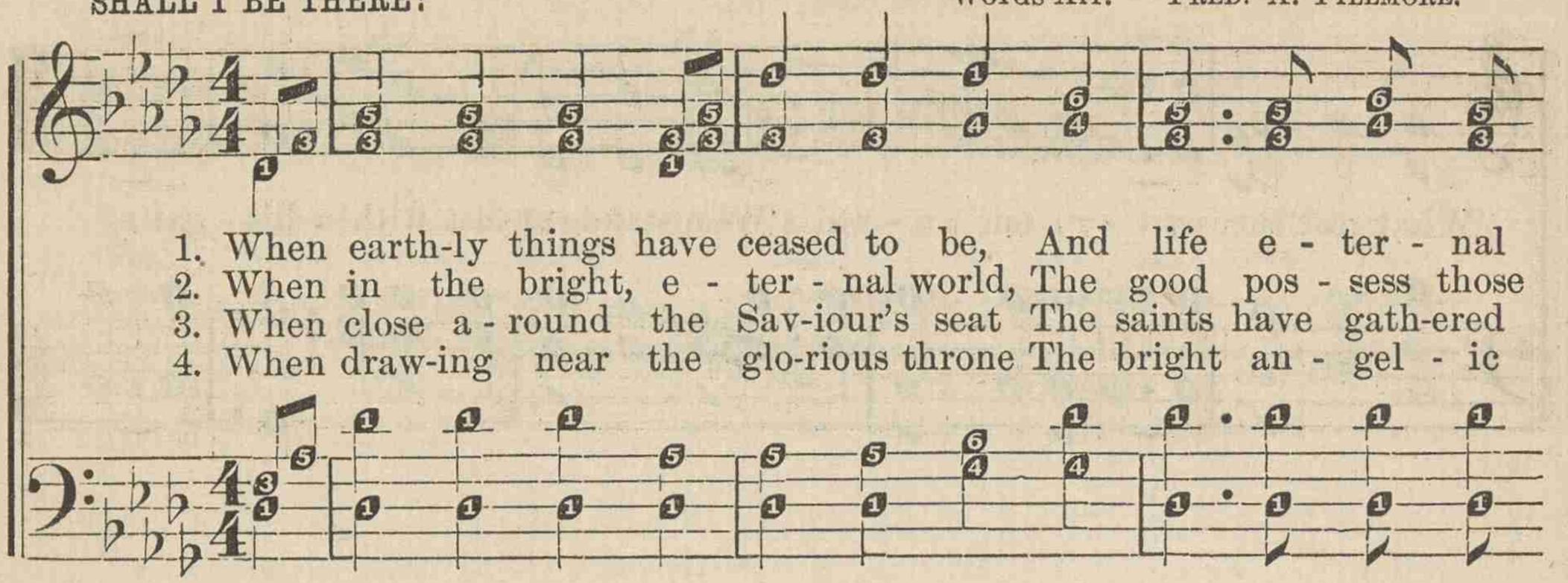


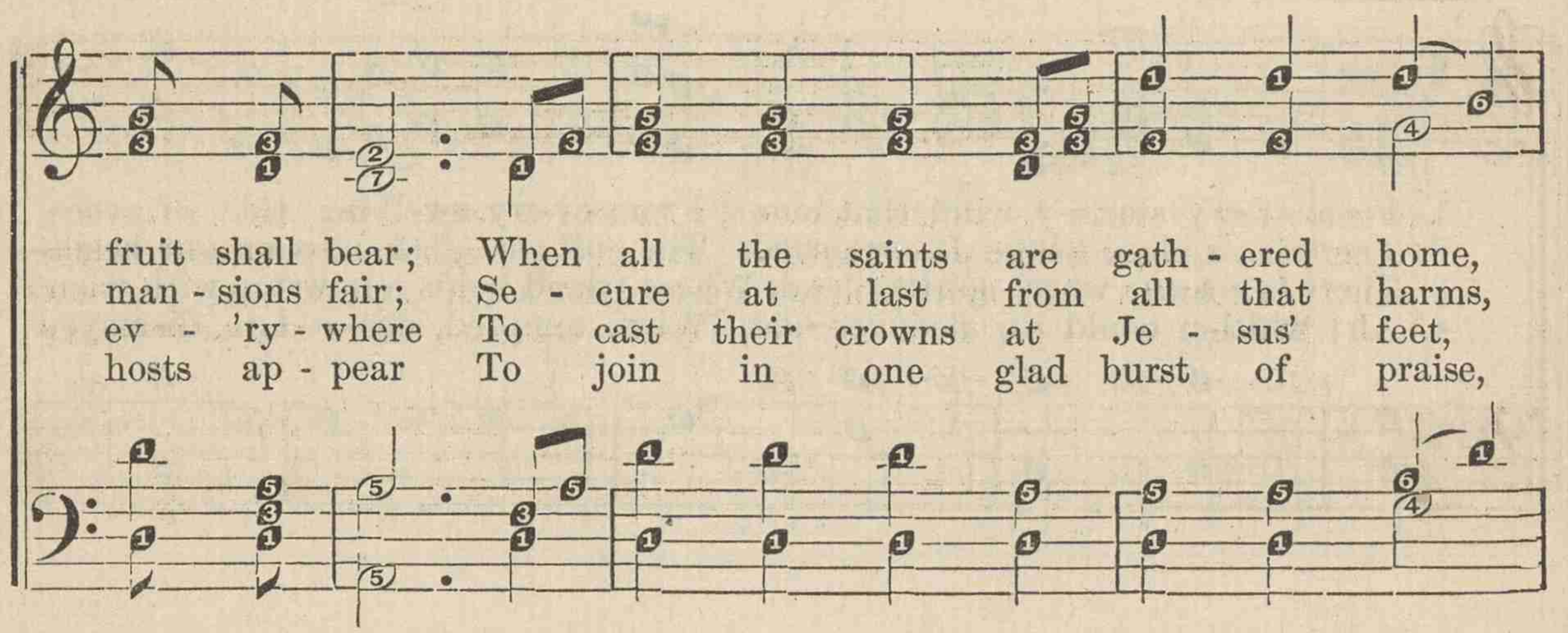
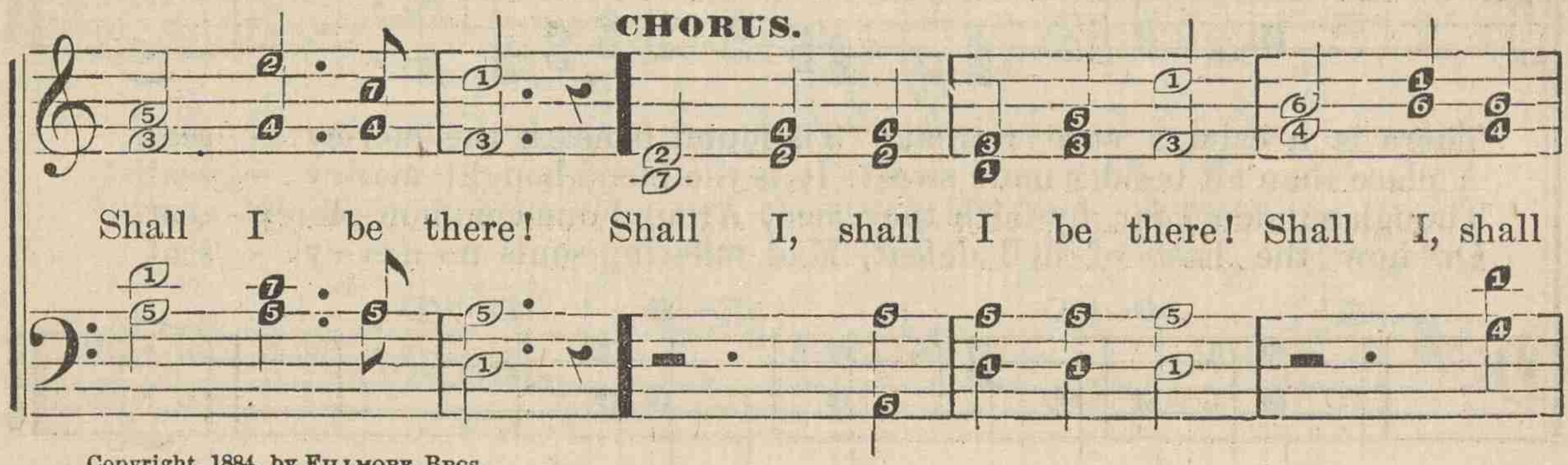


26 When earthly things have ceased to be.

SHALL I BE THERE!

Words Arr. FRED. A. FILLMORE.





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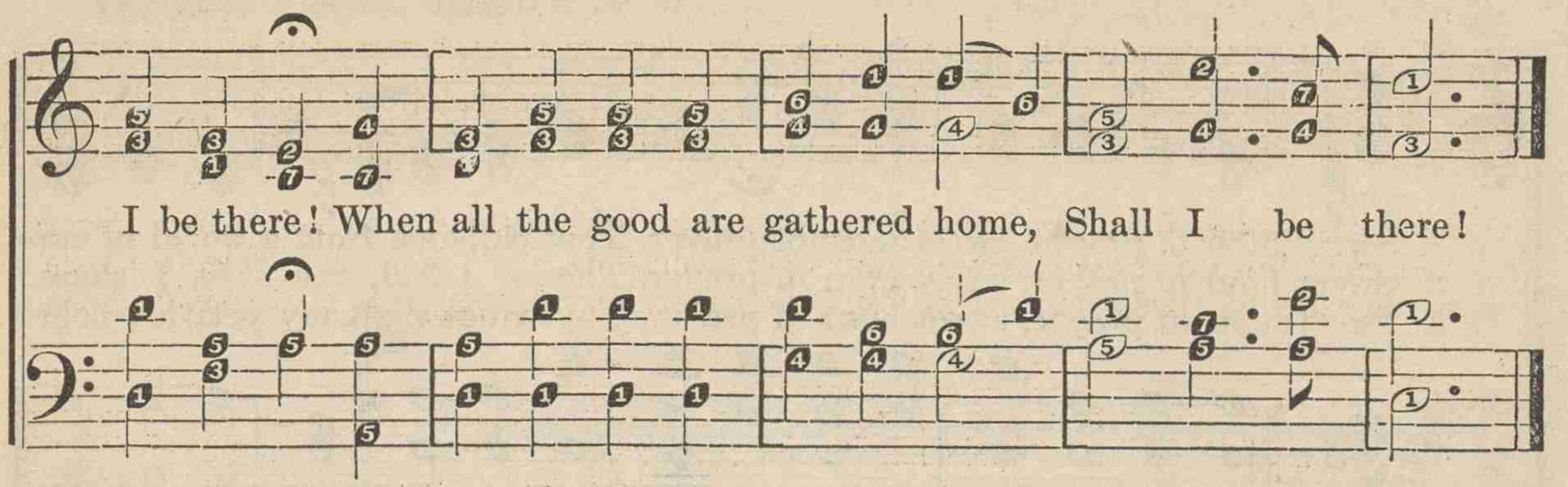
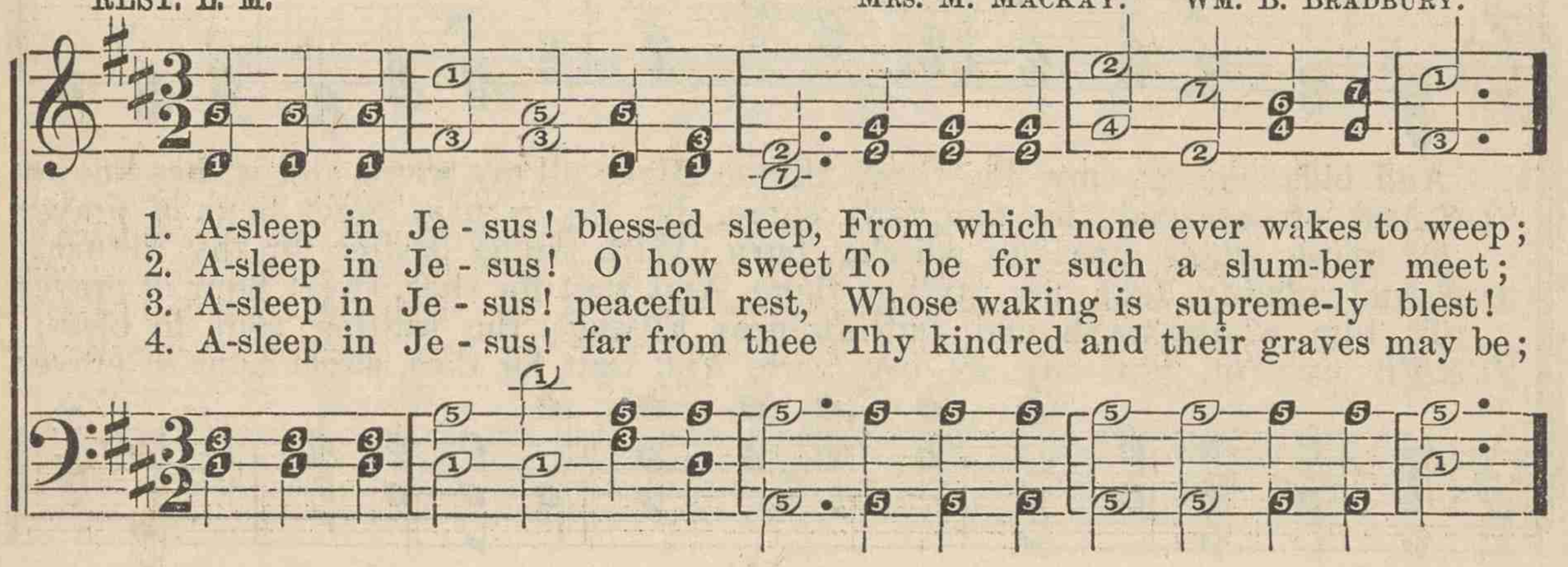
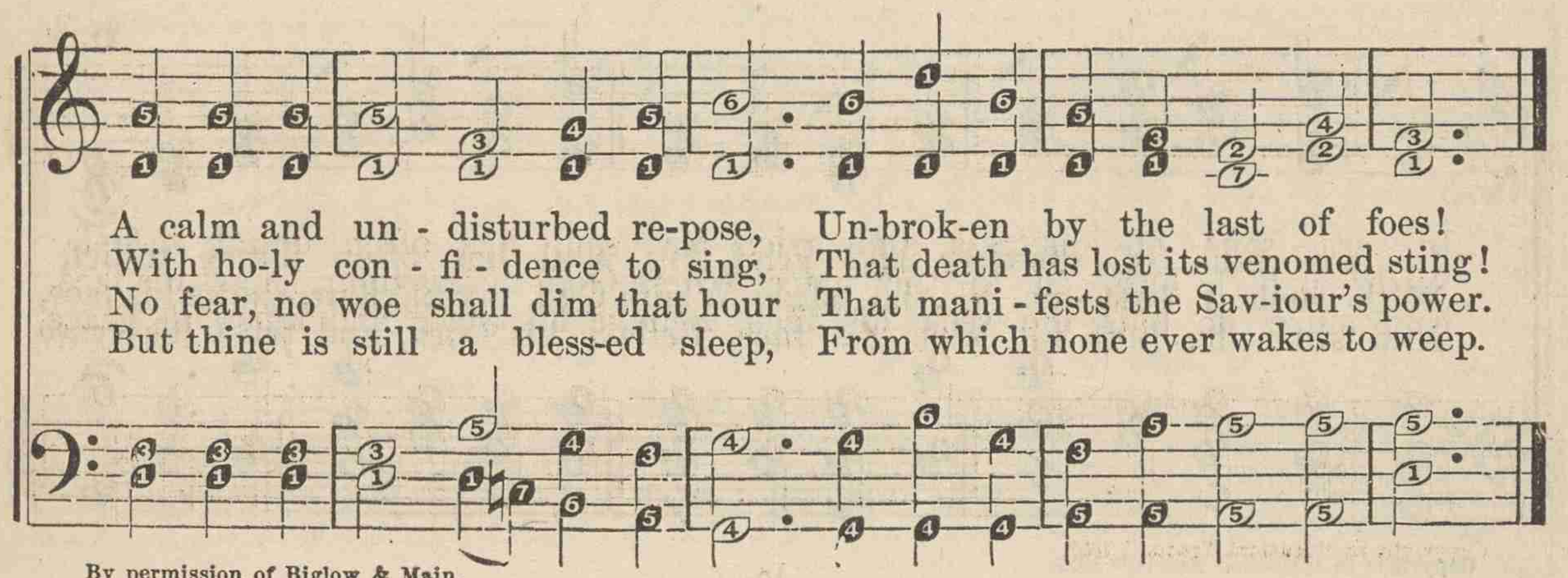
When earthly things. Concluded.



27 Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep.

REST. L. M. MRS. M. MACKAY. WM. B. BRADBURY.





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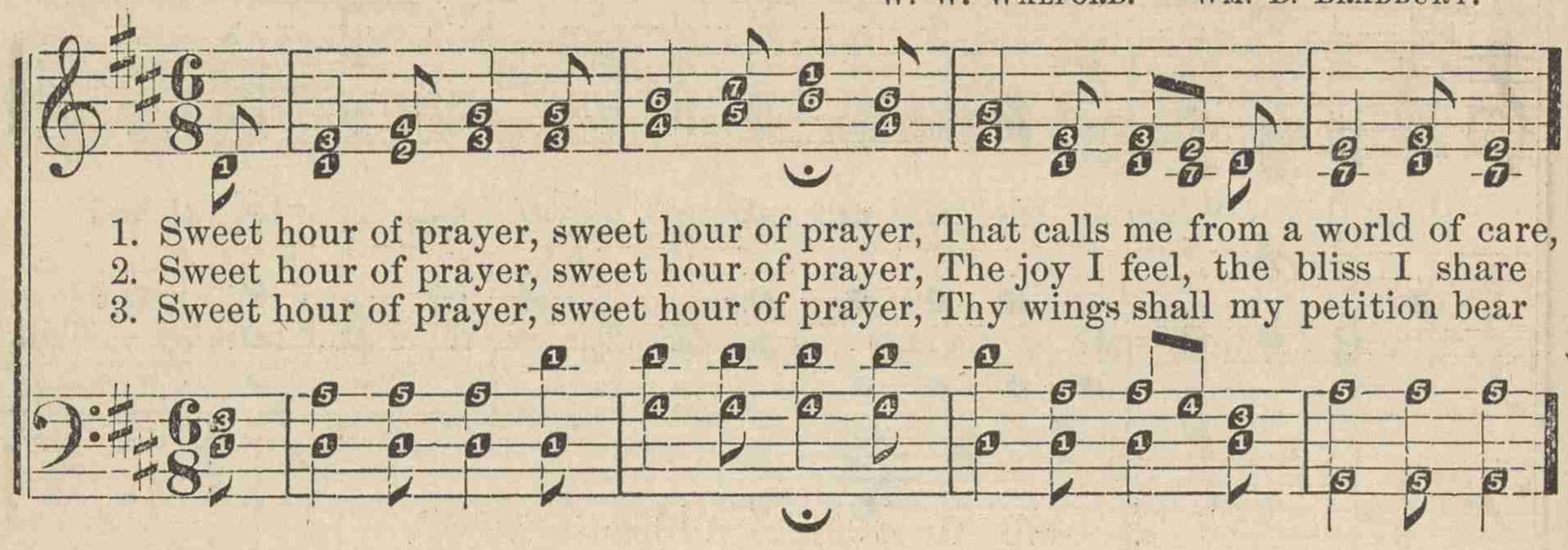
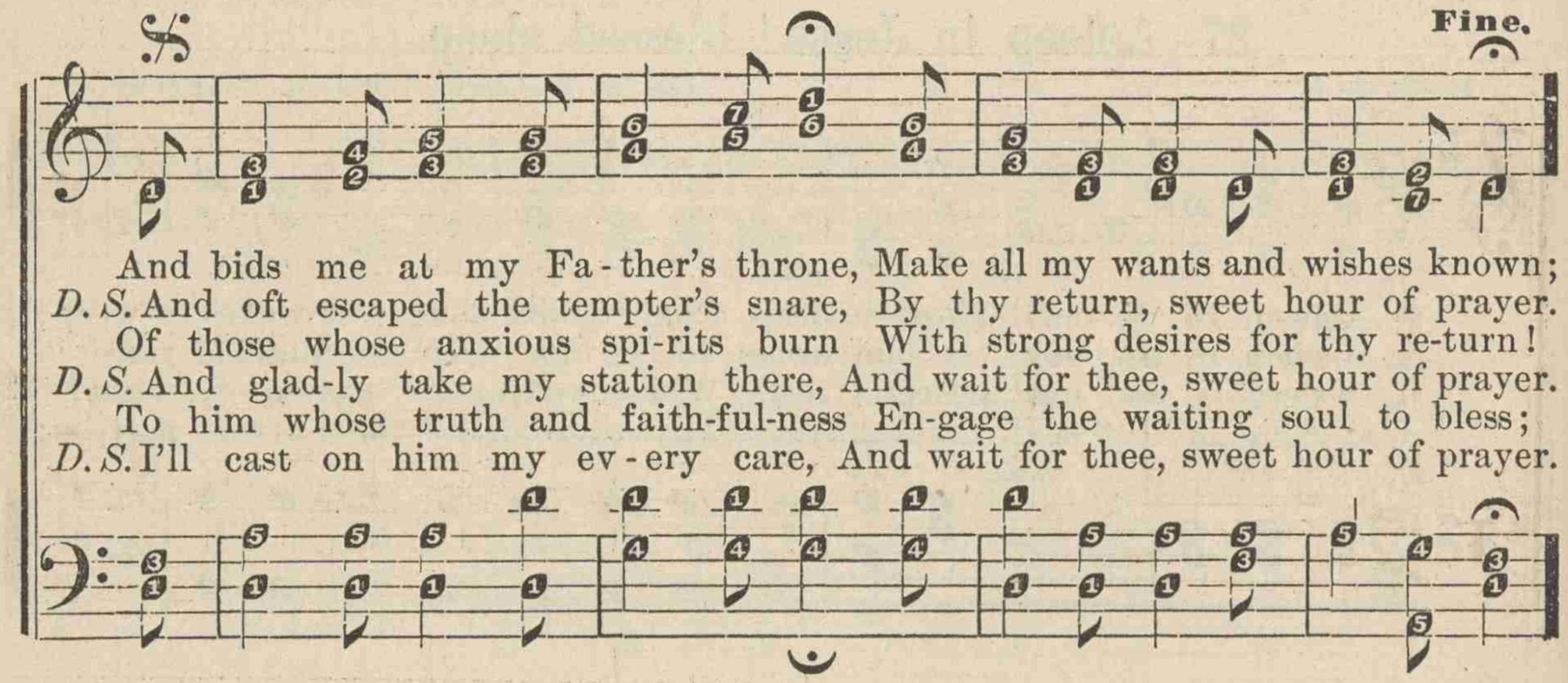
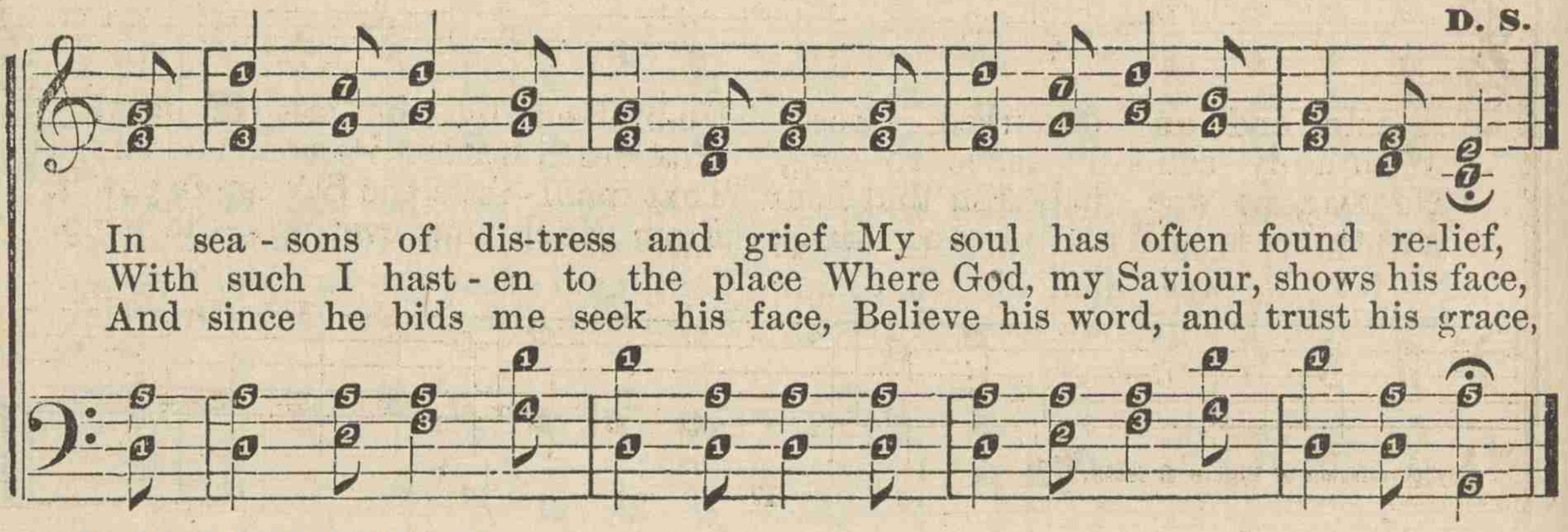
28 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer.

W. W. WALFORD. WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, The joy I feel, the bliss I share
3. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, Thy wings shall my petition bear



And bids me at my Fa-ther's throne, Make all my wants and wishes known;
D. S. And oft escaped the tempter's snare, By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.
Of those whose anxious spi-rits burn With strong desires for thy re-turn!
D. S. And glad-ly take my station there, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.
To him whose truth and faith-ful-ness En-gage the waiting soul to bless;
D. S. I'll cast on him my ev-ery care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

In sea-sons of dis-tress and grief My soul has often found re-lief,
With such I hast-en to the place Where God, my Saviour, shows his face,
And since he bids me seek his face, Believe his word, and trust his grace,

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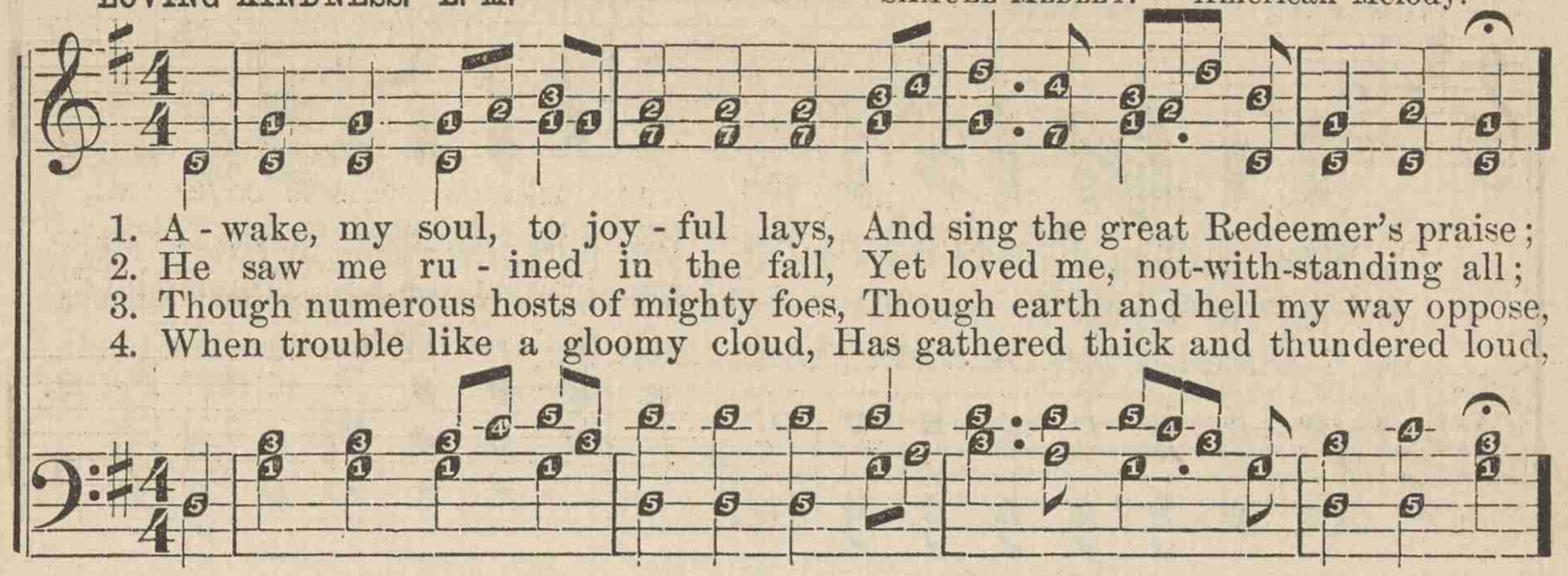
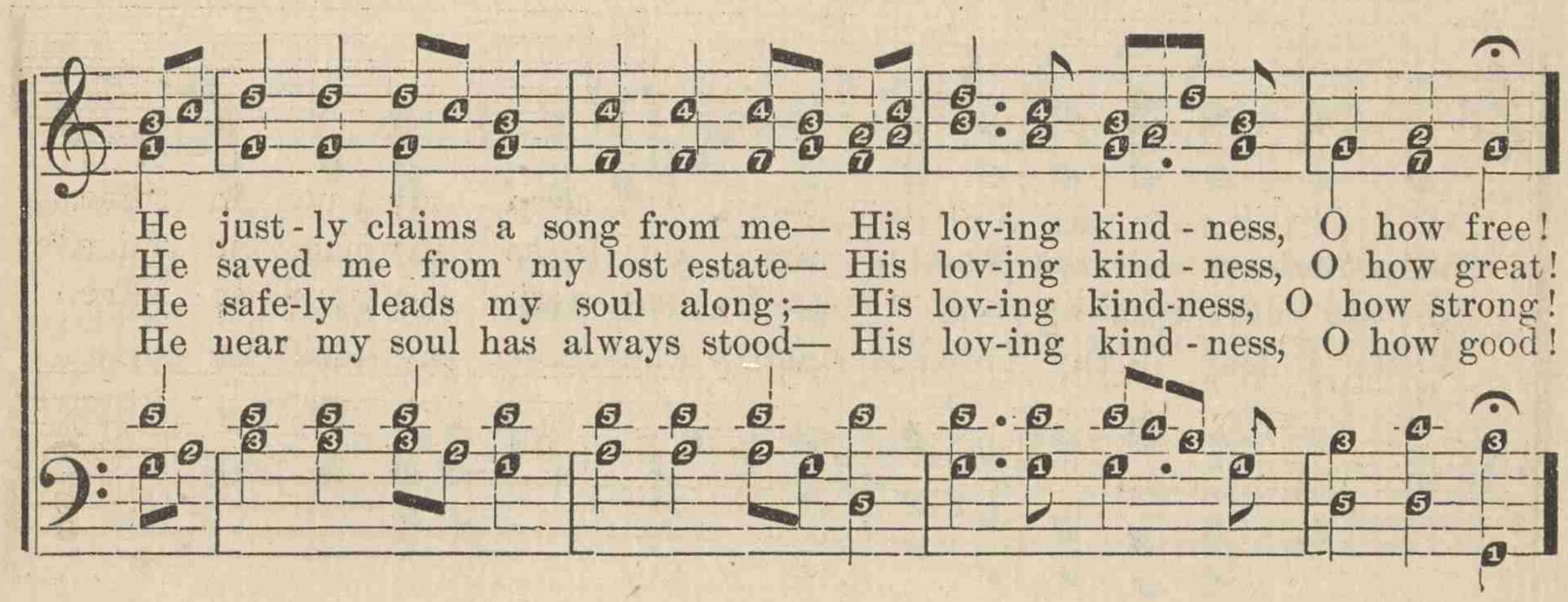
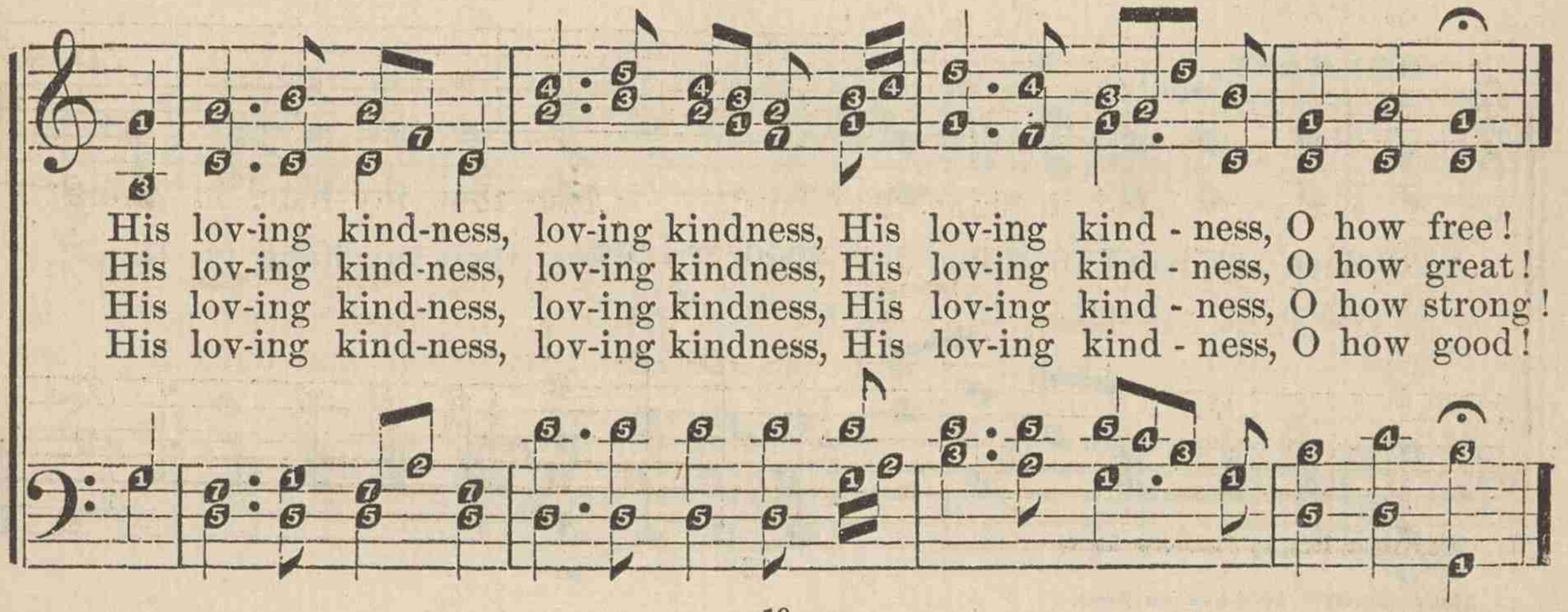
29 Awake, my soul, to joyful lays.

LOVING KINDNESS. L. M. SAMUEL MEDLEY. American Melody.

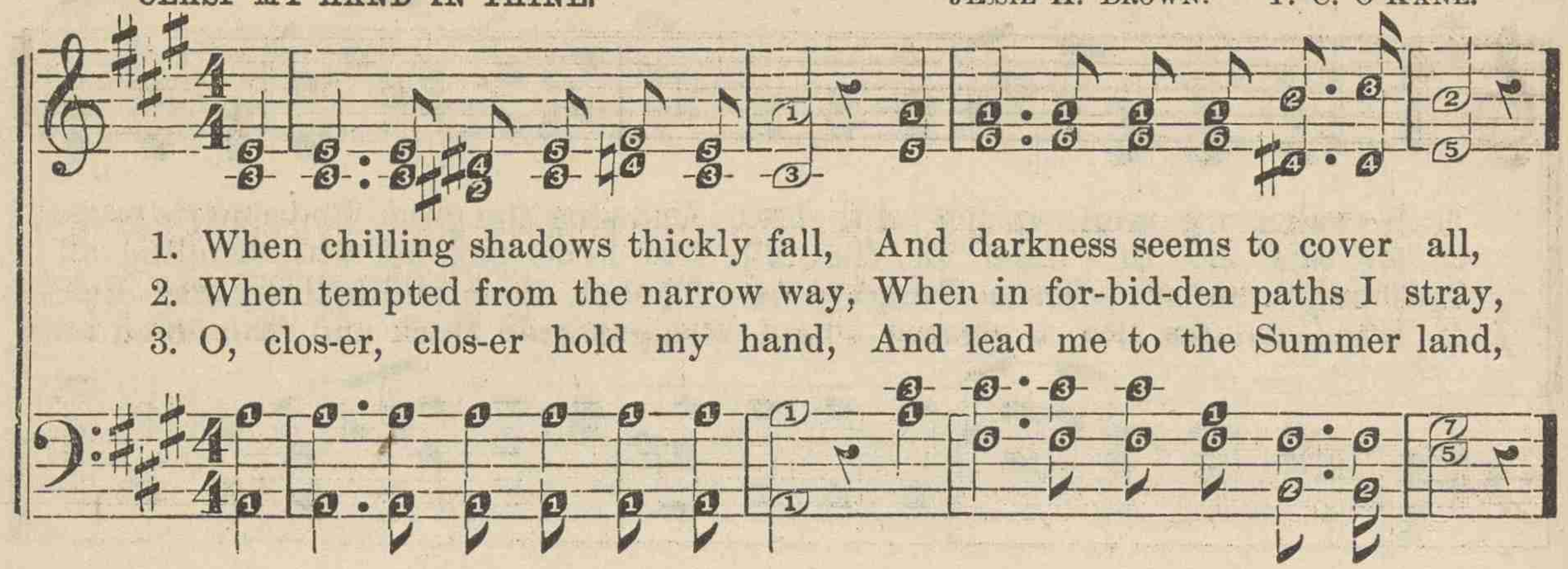


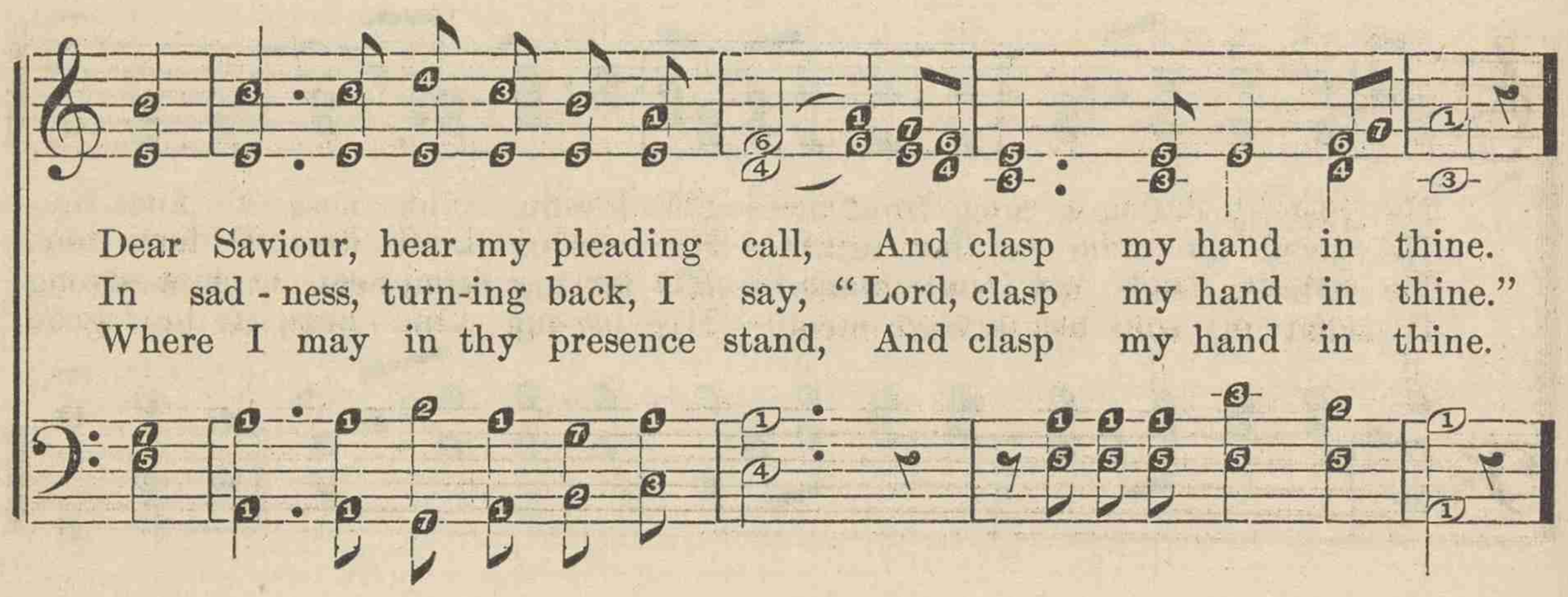
1. A - wake, my soul, to joy - ful lays, And sing the great Redeemer's praise;
2. He saw me ru - ined in the fall, Yet loved me, not-with-standing all;
3. Though numerous hosts of mighty foes, Though earth and hell my way oppose,
4. When trouble like a gloomy cloud, Has gathered thick and thundered loud,

He just - ly claims a song from me— His lov-ing kind - ness, O how free!
He saved me from my lost estate— His lov-ing kind - ness, O how great!
He safe-ly leads my soul along;— His lov-ing kind-ness, O how strong!
He near my soul has always stood— His lov-ing kind - ness, O how good!

His lov-ing kind-ness, lov-ing kindness, His lov-ing kind - ness, O how free!
His lov-ing kind-ness, lov-ing kindness, His lov-ing kind - ness, O how great!
His lov-ing kind-ness, lov-ing kindness, His lov-ing kind - ness, O how strong!
His lov-ing kind-ness, lov-ing kindness, His lov-ing kind - ness, O how good!

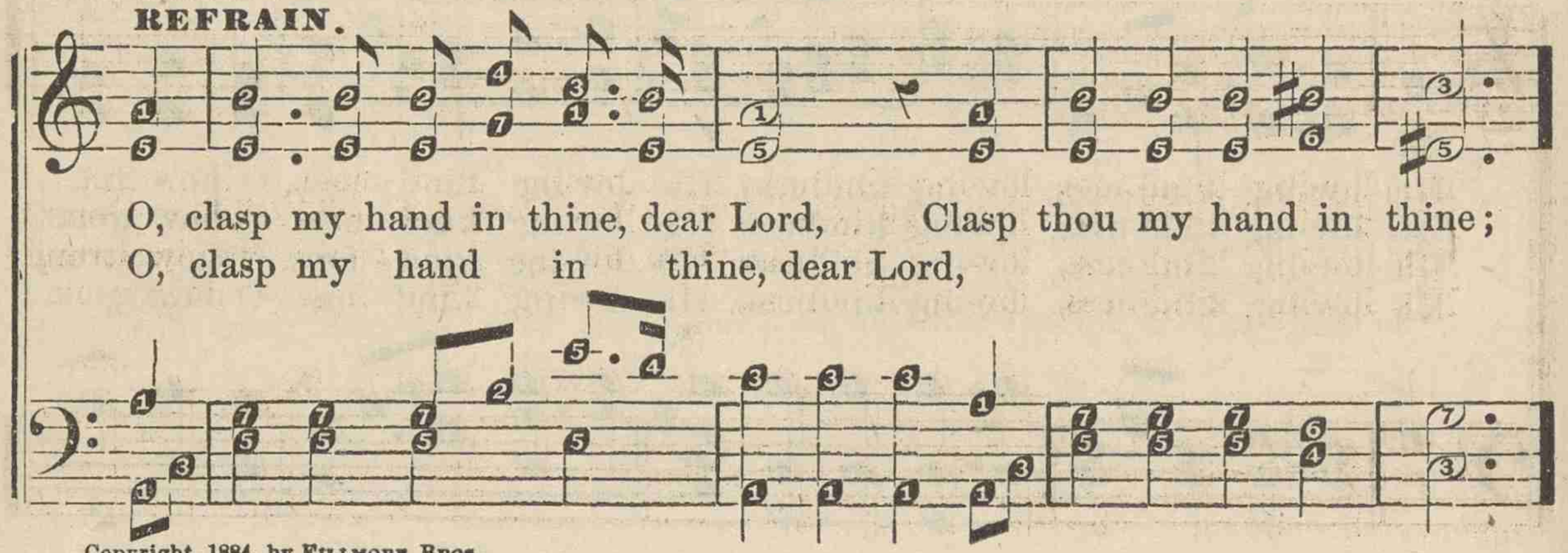
30 When chilling shadows thickly fall.

CLASP MY HAND IN THINE.

JESSIE H. BROWN. T. C. O'KANE.



1. When chilling shadows thickly fall, And darkness seems to cover all,
2. When tempted from the narrow way, When in for-bid-den paths I stray,
3. O, clos-er, clos-er hold my hand, And lead me to the Summer land,

Dear Saviour, hear my pleading call, And clasp my hand in thine.
In sad - ness, turn-ing back, I say, "Lord, clasp my hand in thine."
Where I may in thy presence stand, And clasp my hand in thine.

REFRAIN.

O, clasp my hand in thine, dear Lord, Clasp thou my hand in thine;
O, clasp my hand in thine, dear Lord,

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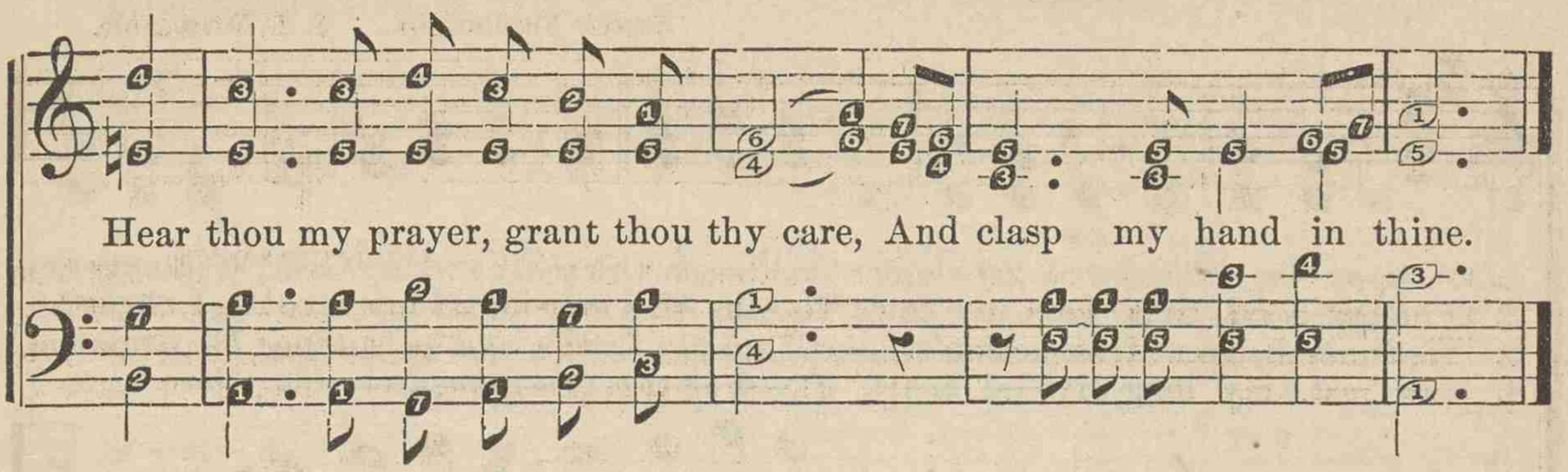
When chilling shadows. Concluded.

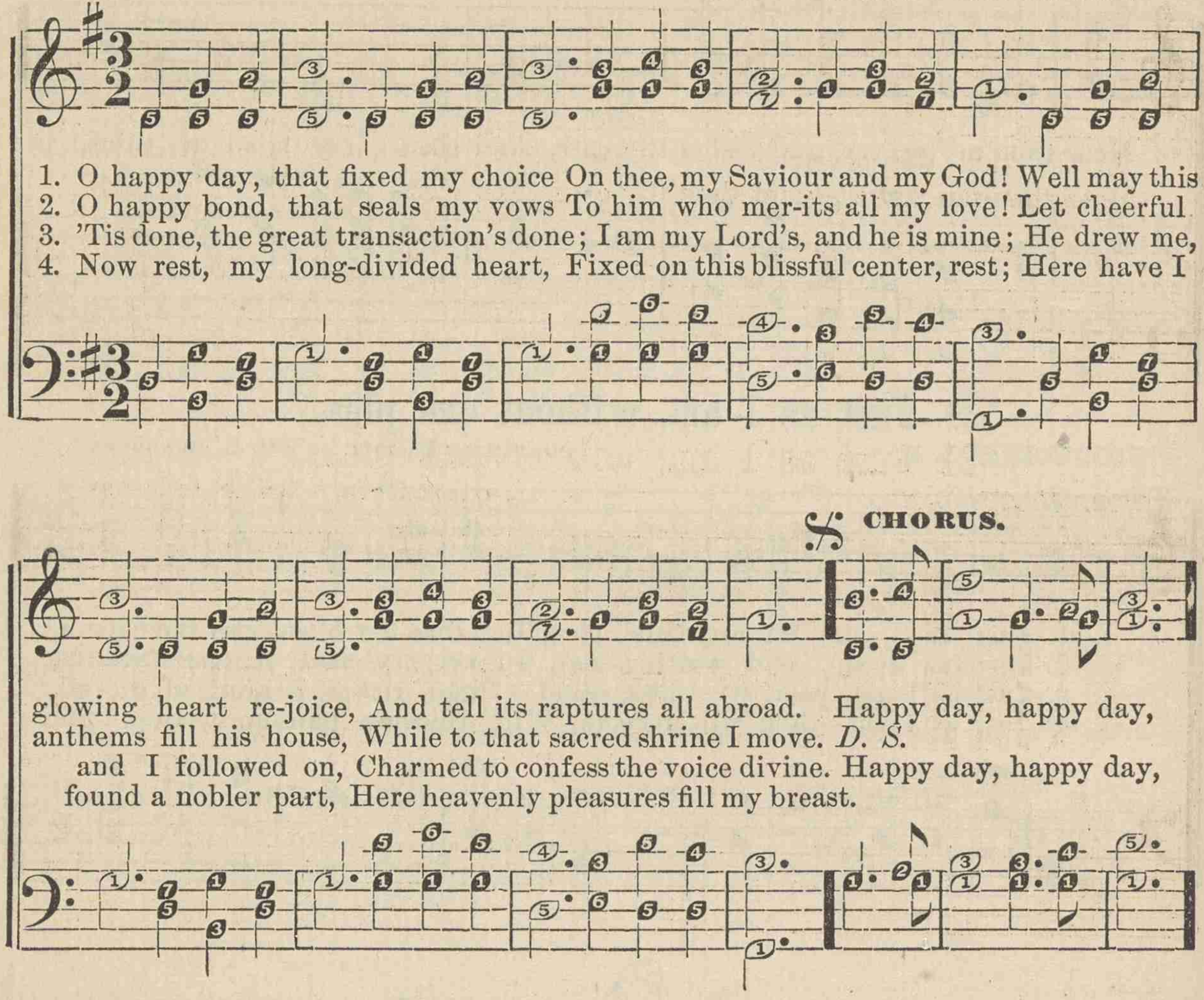


31 Just as I am, without one plea.

WOODWORTH. L. M. CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. WM. B. BRADBURY.

32 O happy day, that fixed my choice.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. E. F. RIMBAULT.



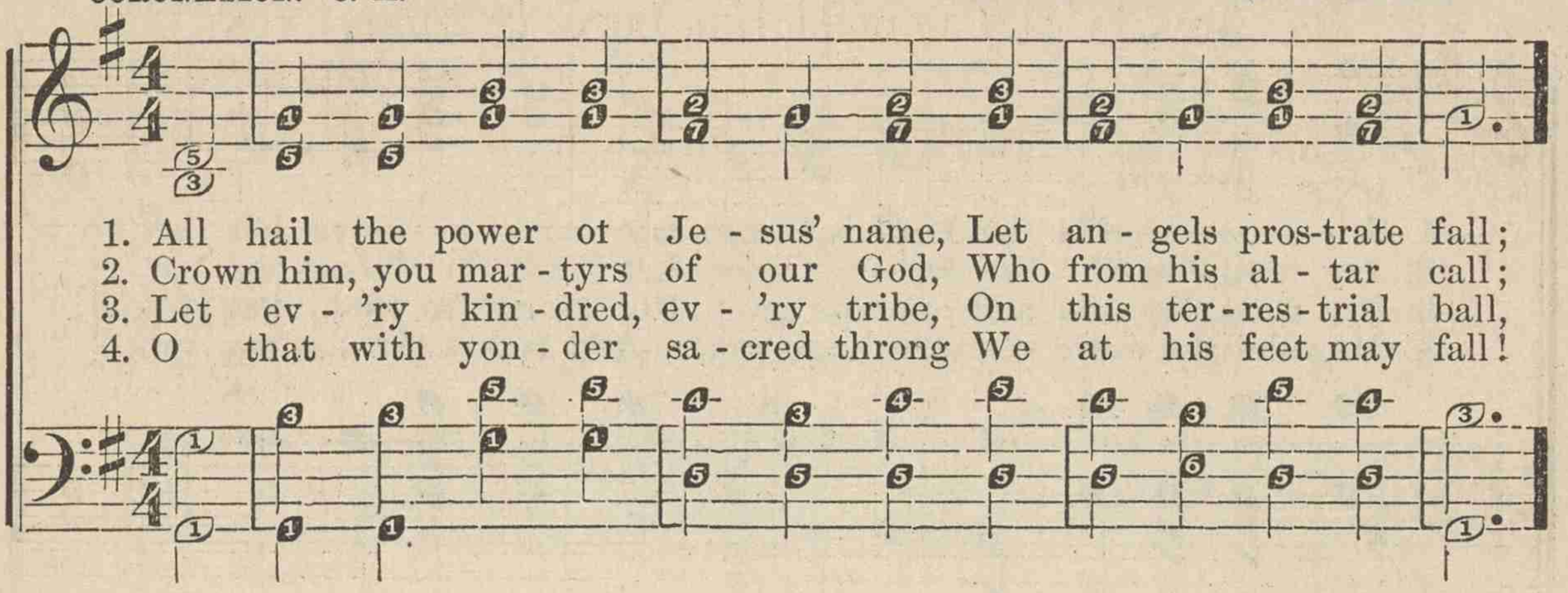
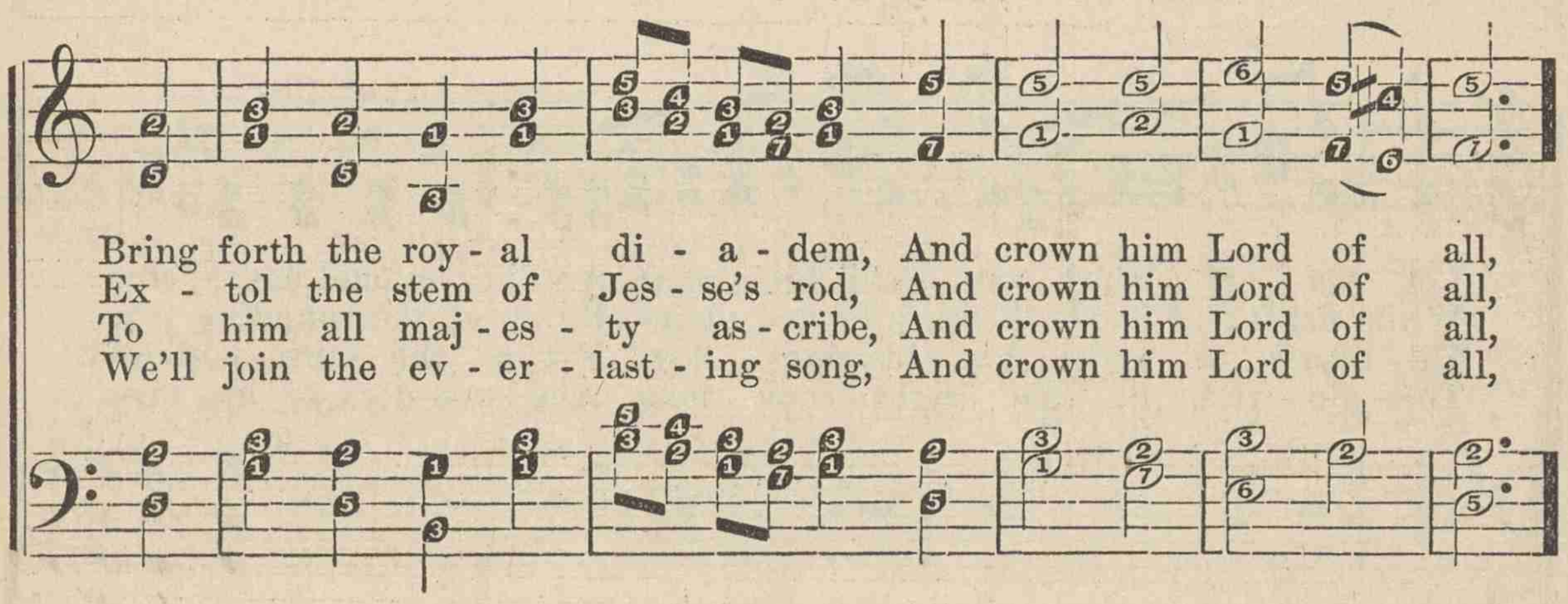
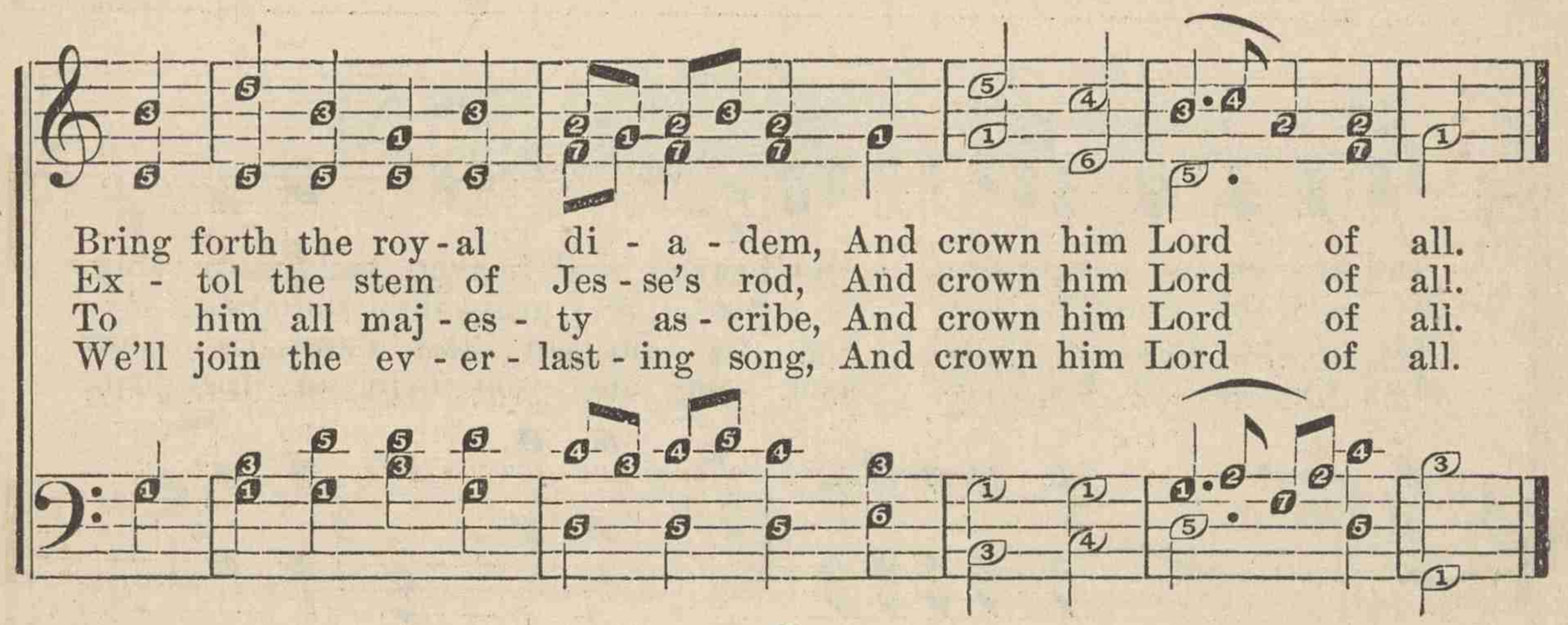
1. O happy day, that fixed my choice On thee, my Saviour and my God! Well may this glowing heart re-joice, And tell its raptures all abroad. Happy day, happy day, anthems fill his house, While to that sacred shrine I move. *D. S.*
2. O happy bond, that seals my vows To him who mer-its all my love! Let cheerful and I followed on, Charmed to confess the voice divine. Happy day, happy day,
3. 'Tis done, the great transaction's done; I am my Lord's, and he is mine; He drew me, found a nobler part, Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.
4. Now rest, my long-divided heart, Fixed on this blissful center, rest; Here have I

CHORUS.

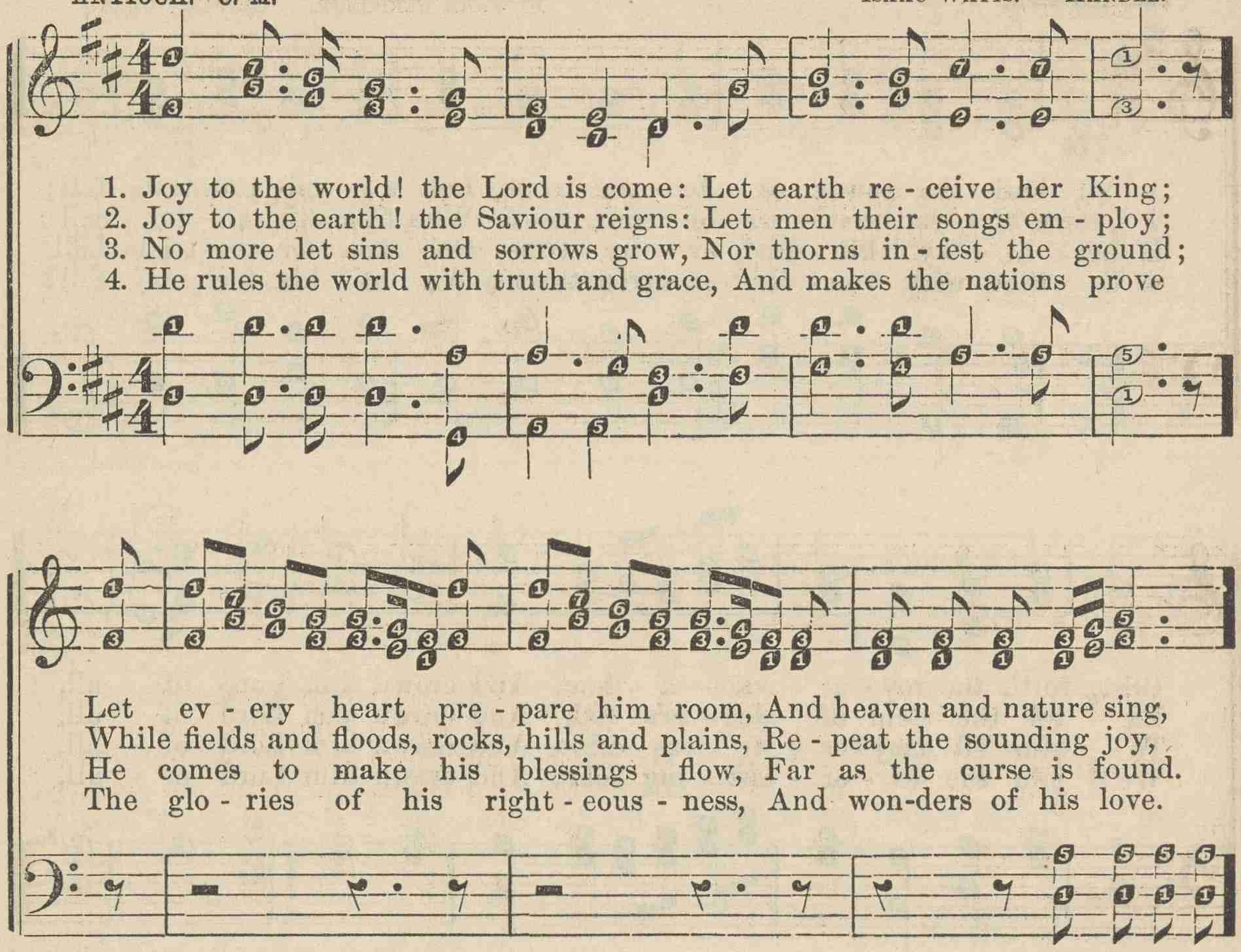
When Jesus washed my sins a - way. { He taught me how to watch and pray,
When Jesus washed my sins a - way. { And live re - joic - ing ev - 'ry day,

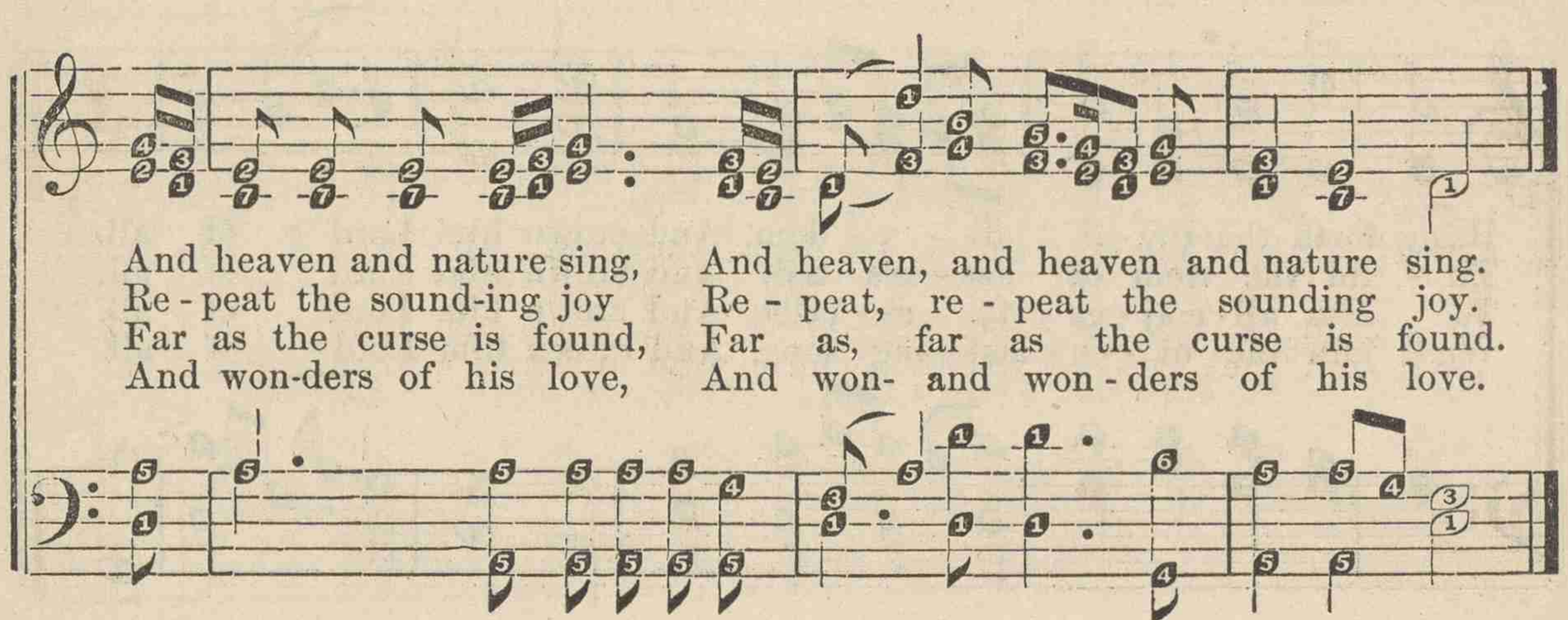
Fine. **D. S.**

33 All hail the power of Jesus' name.

CORONATION. C. M. EDWARD PERRONET. OLIVER HOLDEN.



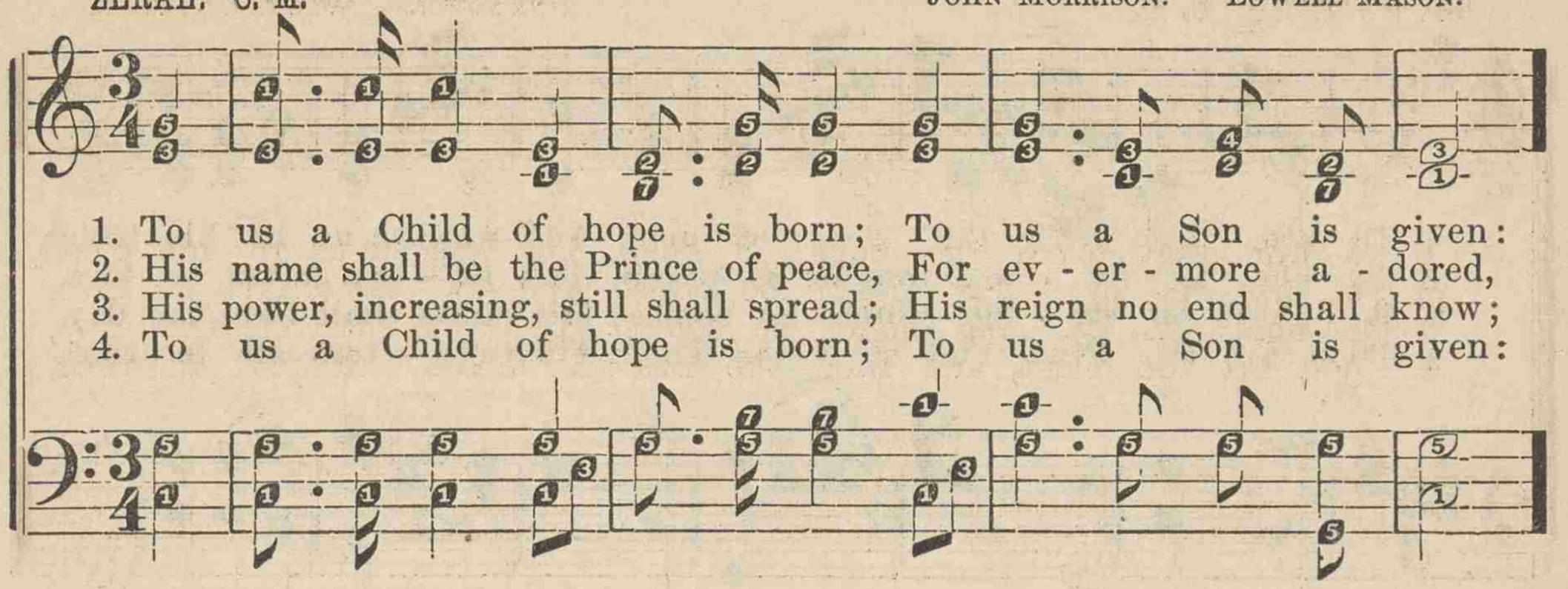
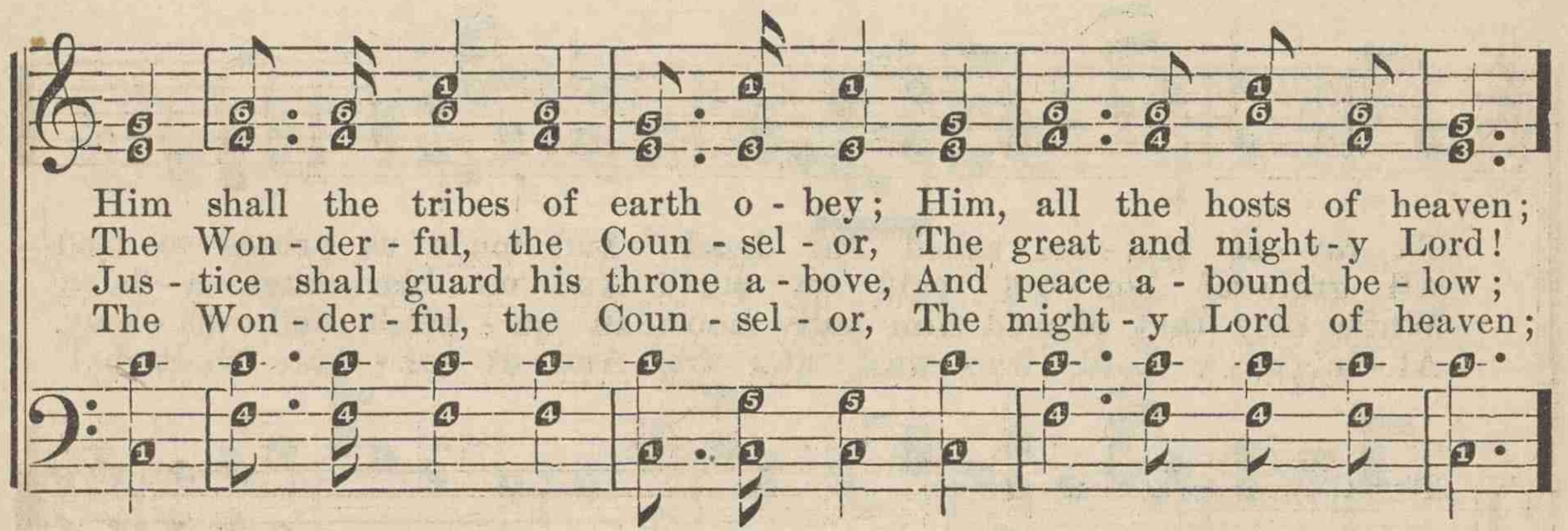
34 Joy to the world! the Lord is come.

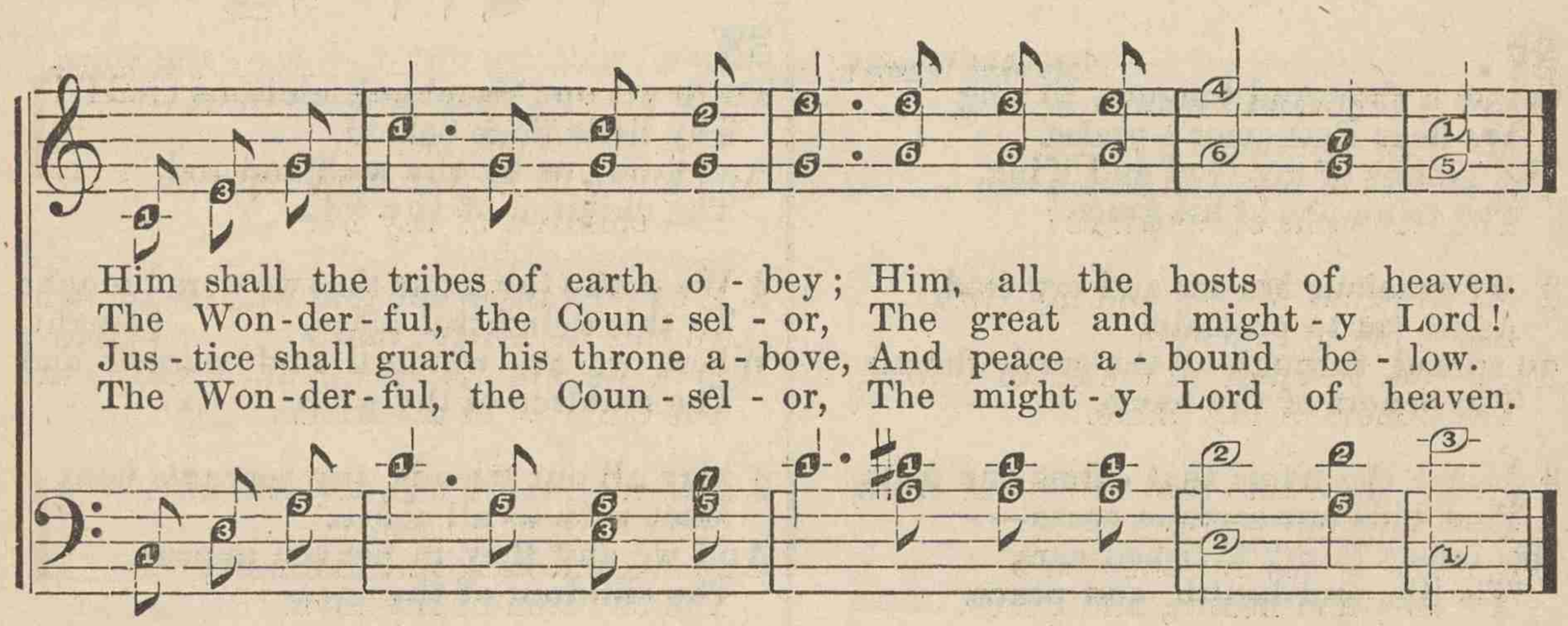
ANTIOCH. C. M. ISAAC WATTS. HANDEL.

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come: Let earth re - ceive her King;
2. Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns: Let men their songs em - ploy;
3. No more let sins and sorrows grow, Nor thorns in - fest the ground;
4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the nations prove

Let ev - ery heart pre - pare him room, And heaven and nature sing,
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains, Re - peat the sounding joy,
He comes to make his blessings flow, Far as the curse is found.
The glo - ries of his right - eous - ness, And won-ders of his love.

And heaven and nature sing, And heaven, and heaven and nature sing.
Re - peat the sound-ing joy Re - peat, re - peat the sounding joy.
Far as the curse is found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
And won-ders of his love, And won- and won - ders of his love.

35 To us a Child of hope is born.

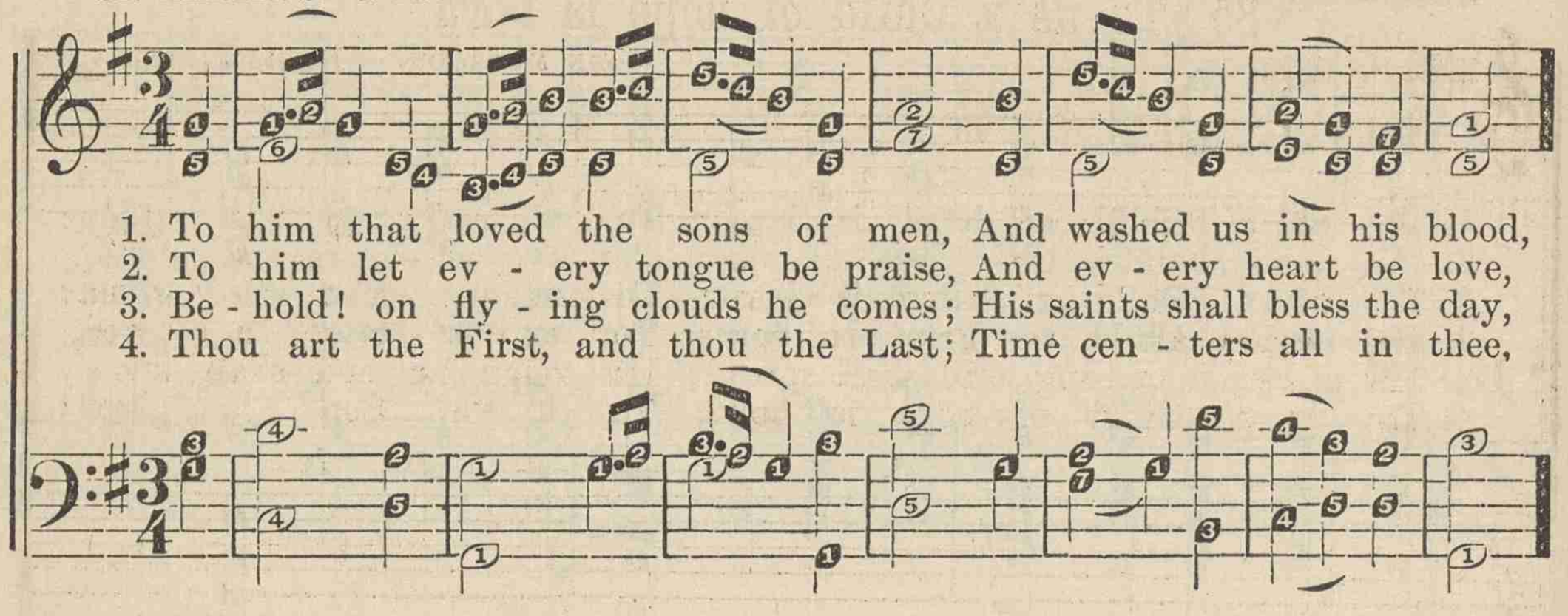
ZERAH. C. M. JOHN MORRISON. LOWELL MASON.



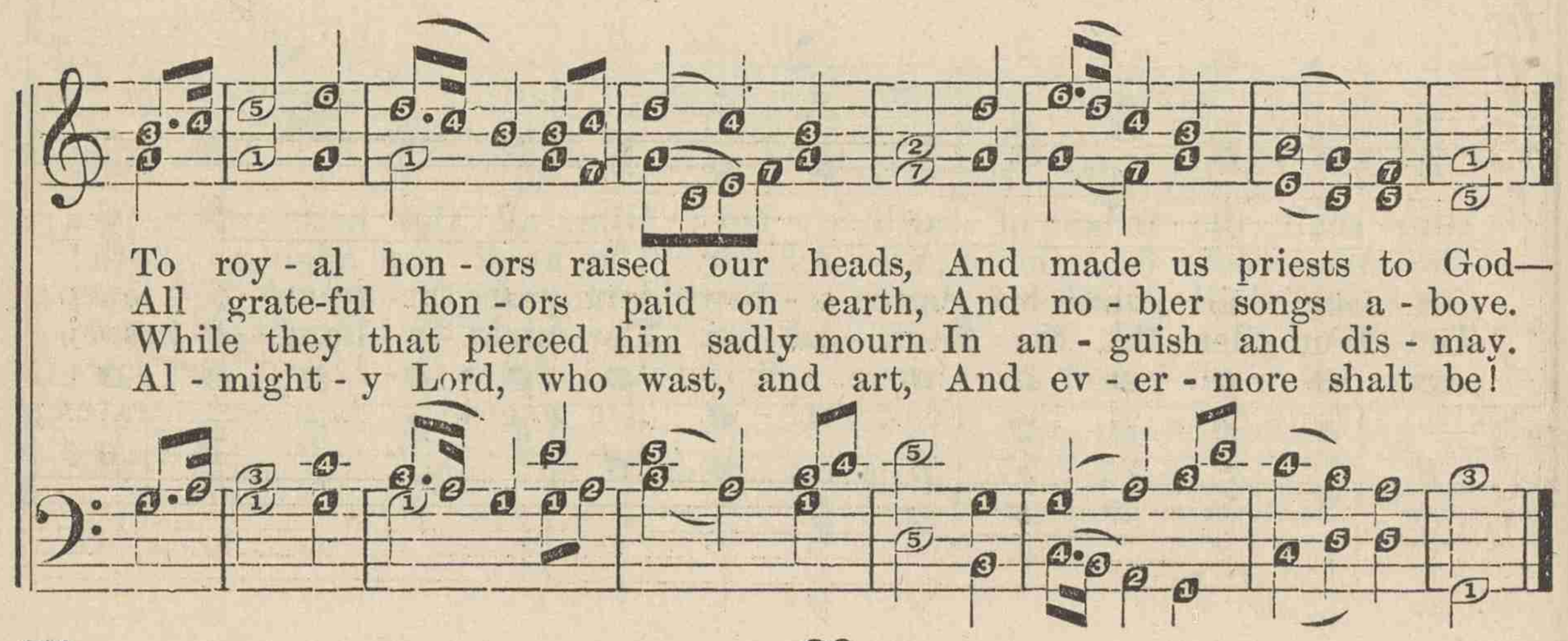


36 To him that loved the sons of men.

ST. MARTIN'S. C. M. UNKNOWN. WILLIAM TANSUR.



1. To him that loved the sons of men, And washed us in his blood,
2. To him let ev - ery tongue be praise, And ev - ery heart be love,
3. Be - hold! on fly - ing clouds he comes; His saints shall bless the day,
4. Thou art the First, and thou the Last; Time cen - ters all in thee,



To roy - al hon - ors raised our heads, And made us priests to God—
All grate-ful hon - ors paid on earth, And no - bler songs a - bove.
While they that pierced him sadly mourn In an - guish and dis - may.
Al - might - y Lord, who wast, and art, And ev - er - more shalt be!

37 CHARLES WESLEY.

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

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

3 Jesus! the name that calms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease—
'Tis music to my ravished ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

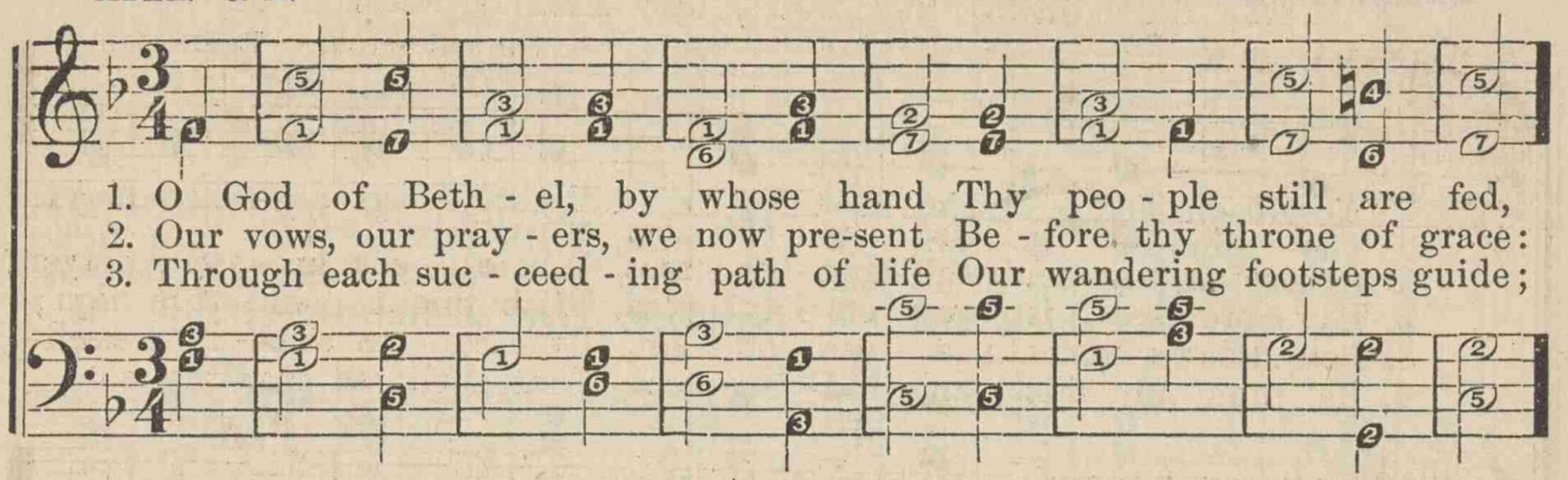
38 UNKNOWN.

THOU art our Shepherd, glorious God!
Thy little flock behold,
And guide us by thy staff and rod,
The children of thy fold.

2 We praise thy name that we were brought
To this delightful place, [taught,
Where we are watched and warned and
The children of thy grace.

3 May all our friends, thy servants here,
Meet with us all above,
And we and they in heaven appear,
The children of thy love.

39 O God of Bethel, by whose hand.

MEAR. C. M. PHILIP DODDRIDGE. AARON WILLIAMS.

4 O spread thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
We all arrive in peace.

5 Such blessings from thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
And thou shalt be our chosen God,
Our portion evermore.

40

WILLIAM COWPER.

GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps on 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 gracious will.

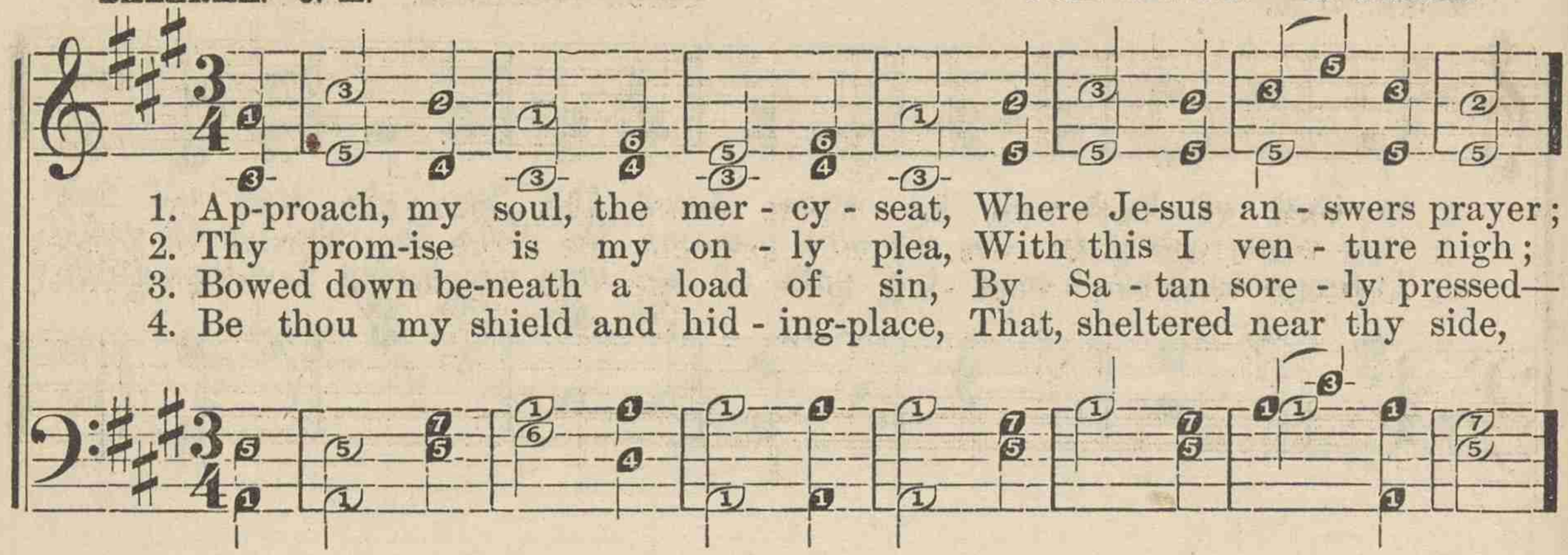
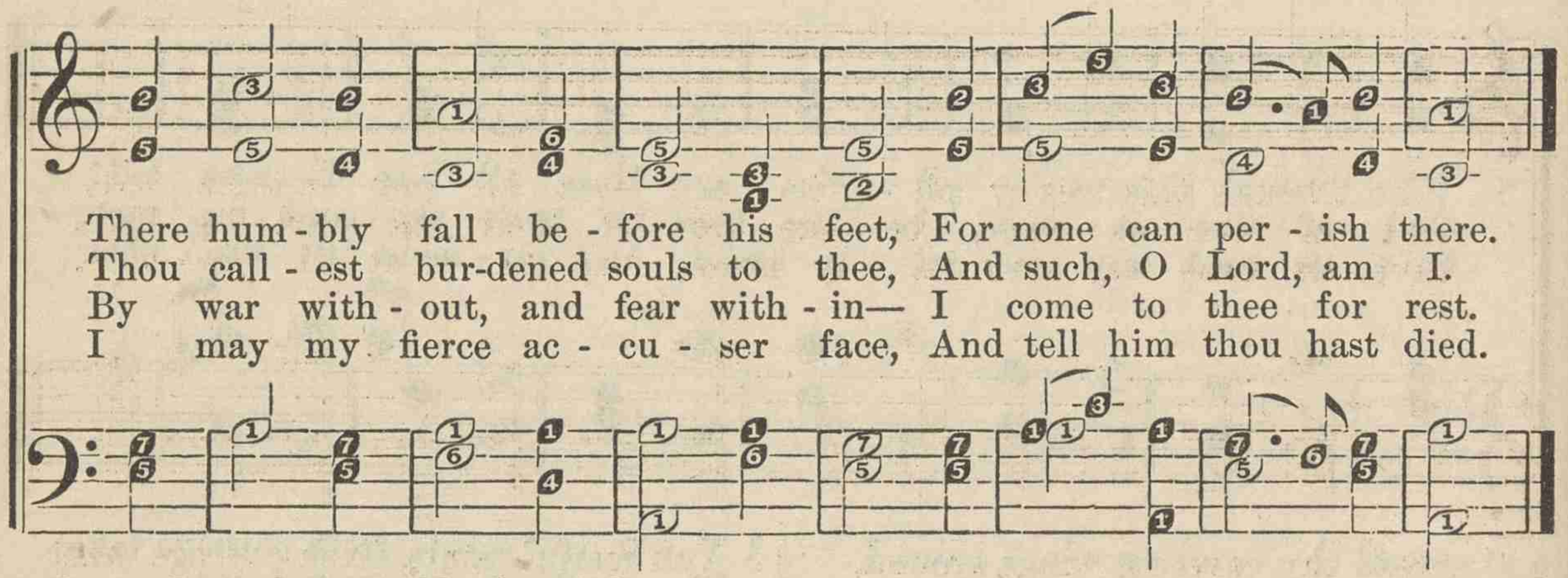
3 You fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds you so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

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

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

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

41 Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat.

BALERMA. C. M. JOHN NEWTON. R. SIMPSON.

5 O wondrous love, to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name!

42

JOHN FAWCETT.

How precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its precepts shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

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

43

THOS. COTTERILL.

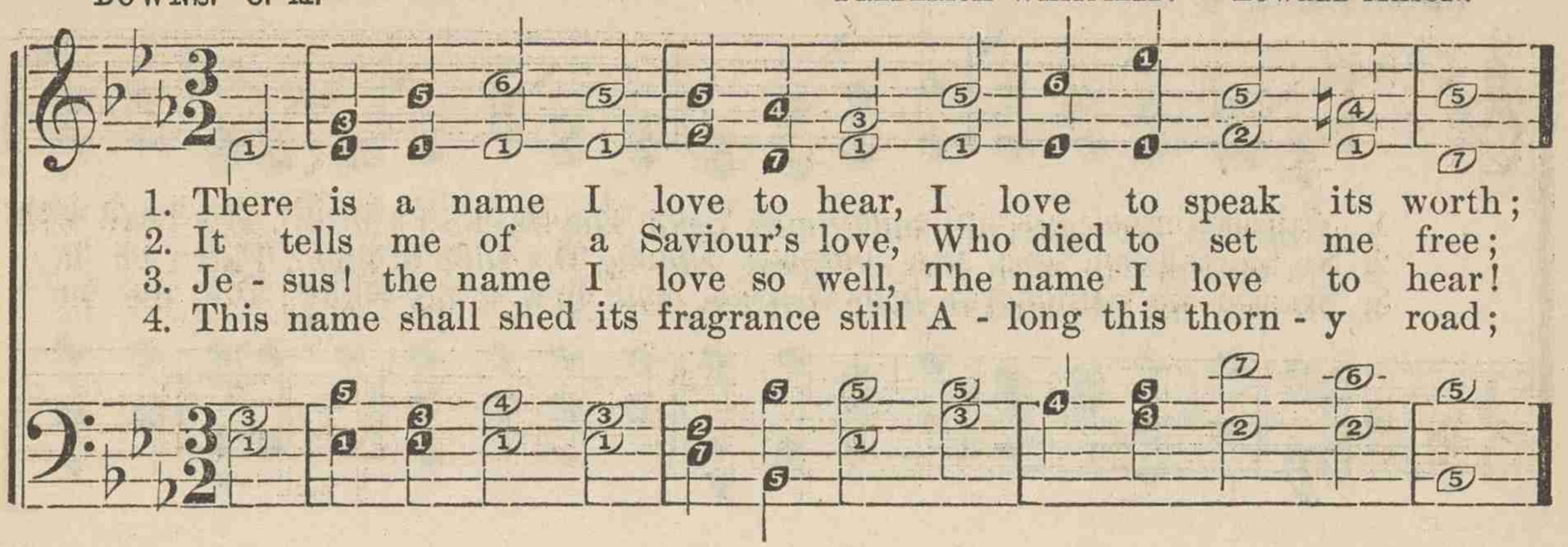
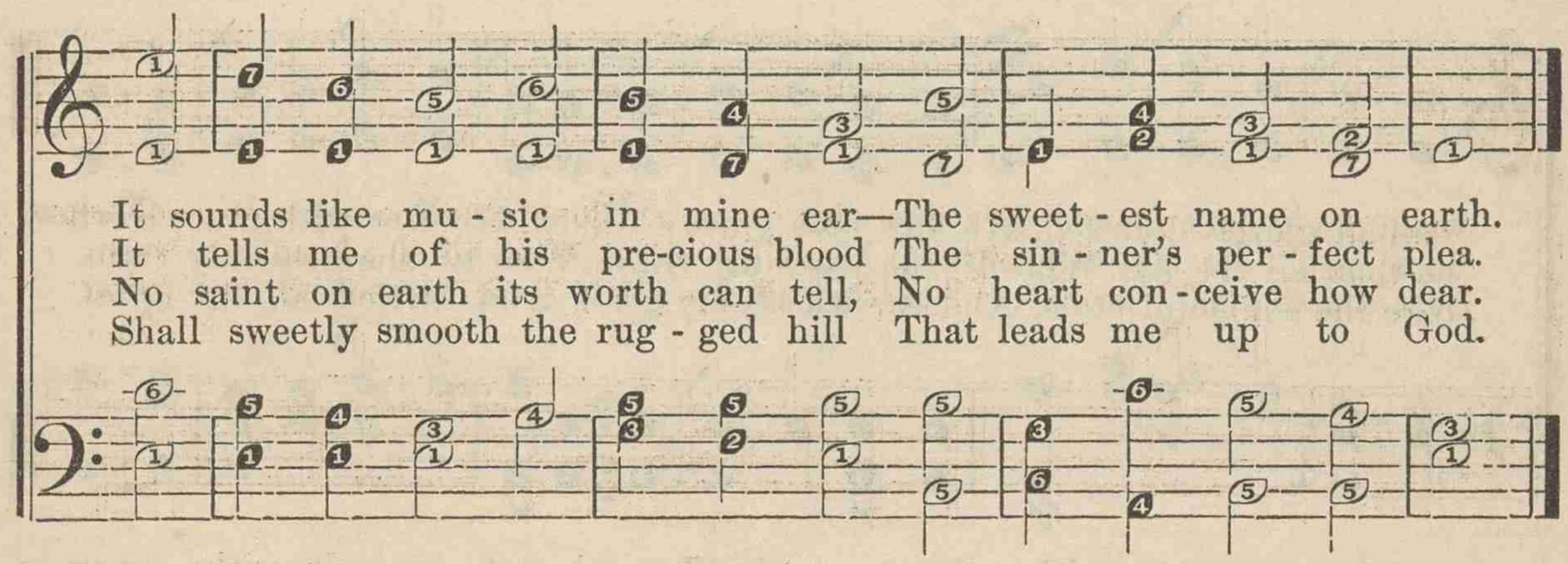
HELP us, O Lord, thy yoke to wear,
Delighting in thy will;
Each other's burdens learn to bear;
The law of love fulfill.

2 He that hath pity on the poor
Doth lend unto the Lord;
And, lo! his recompense is sure,
For more shall be restored.

3 To thee our all devoted be,
In whom we move and live;
Freely we have received from thee,
And freely may we give.

4 And while we thus obey thy word,
And every want relieve,
O may we find it, gracious Lord,
More blest than to receive.

44 There is a name I love to hear.

DOWNS. C. M. FREDERICK WHITFIELD. LOWELL MASON.



45

MISS E. FLETCHER.

THINK gently of the erring one:
O let us not forget,
However darkly stained by sin,
He is our brother yet;

2 Heir of the same inheritance,
Child of the self-same God,
He hath but stumbled in the path
We have in weakness trod.

3 Speak gently to the erring ones:
We may yet lead them back,
With holy words and tones of love,
From misery's thorny track.

4 Forget not, brother, thou hast sinned,
And sinful yet may be;
Deal gently with the erring heart,
As God hath dealt with thee.

46

GEORGE W. DOANE.

THOU art the Way: to thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

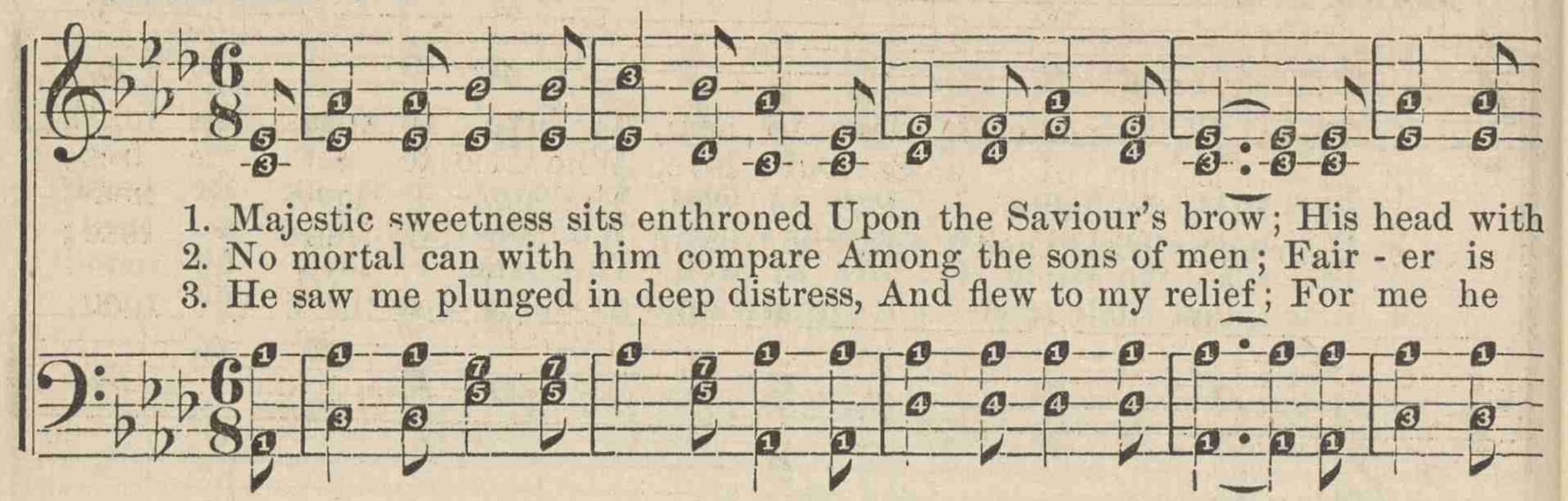
2 Thou art the Truth: thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou, only, canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life: the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in thee,
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life:
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

47 Majestic sweetness sits enthroned.

ORTONVILLE. C. M. SAMUEL STENNETT. THOS. HASTINGS.



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.

5 To heaven, the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.

6 Since from thy bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.

48

MRS. A. L. BARBAULD.

BLEST is the man whose softening heart
Feels all another's pain,
To whom the supplicating eye
Was never raised in vain;

2 Whose breast expands with generous warmth,
A stranger's woes to feel;
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal.

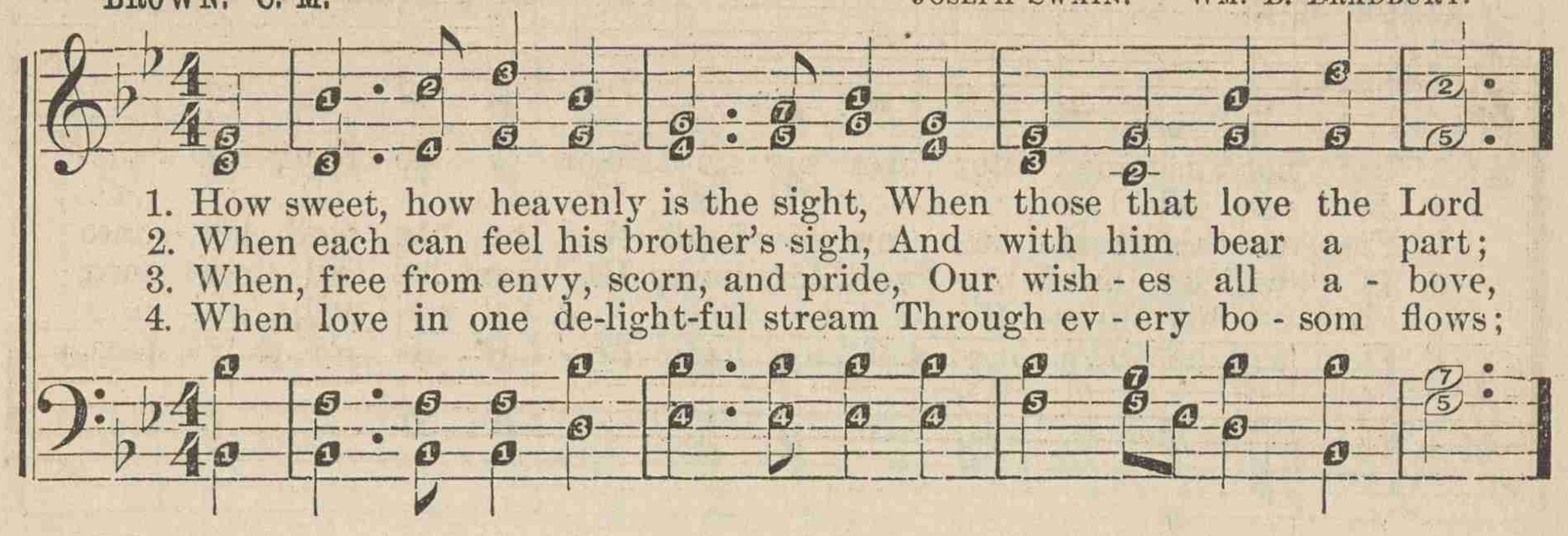
3 He spreads his kind supporting arms
To every child of grief;
His sacred bounty largely flows,
And brings unasked relief.

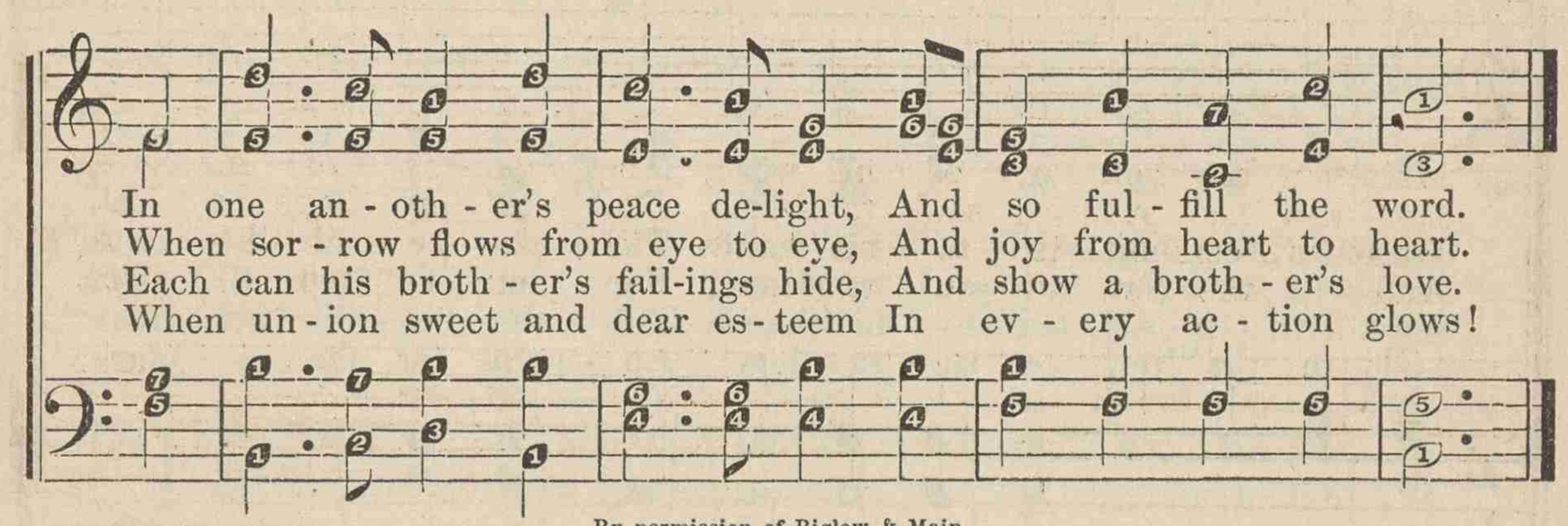
4 To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow;
He views, through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe.

5 Peace from the bosom of his God
The Saviour's grace shall give;
And when he kneels before the throne,
His trembling soul shall live.

49 How sweet, how heavenly is the sight.

BROWN. C. M. JOSEPH SWAIN. WM. B. BRADBURY.





By permission of Biglow & Main.

5 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.

50

J. H. GURNEY.

LORD, as to thy dear cross we flee,
And pray to be forgiven,
So let thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heaven.

2 Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear;
Like thee, to do our Father's will,
Our brother's griefs to share.

3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine;
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
As free and true as thine.

4 If joy shall at thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We, in our turn, would meekly cry,
"Father, thy will be done!"

5 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
O may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow thee to heaven!

51

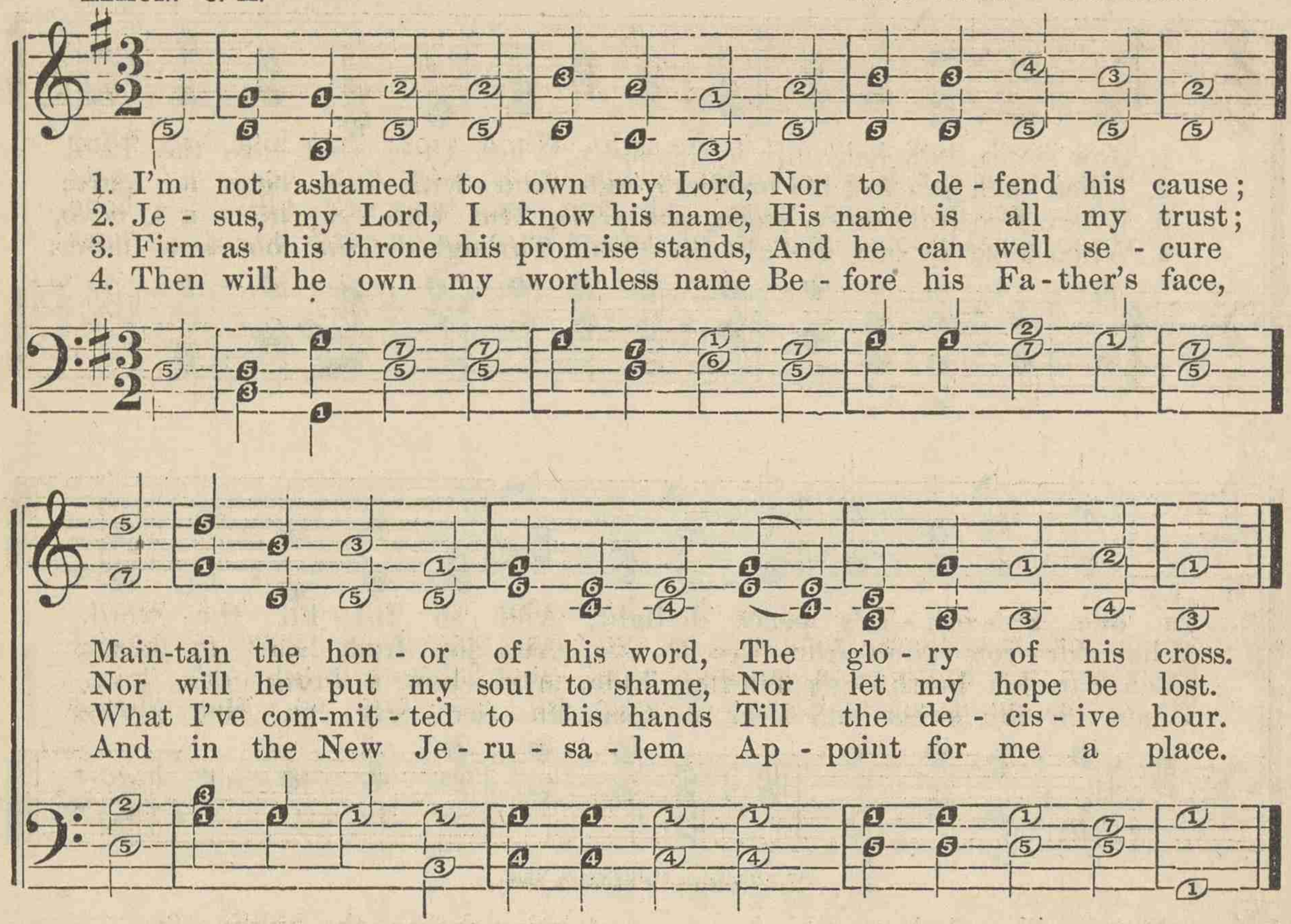
HORATIUS BONAR.

LORD, let thy Spirit penetrate
This heart and soul of mine;
And my whole being with thy grace
Pervade, O Life divine!

2 As this clear air surrounds the earth,
Thy grace around me roll;
As the fresh light pervades the air,
So pierce and fill my soul.

52 I'm not ashamed to own my Lord.

AZMON. C. M. ISAAC WATTS. C. G. GLASER.



53

UNKNOWN.

ASHAMED of Christ! Our souls disdain
The mean, ungenerous thought:
Shall we disown that Friend whose blood
To man salvation brought?

2 With the glad news of love and peace,
From heaven to earth he came;
For us endured the painful cross,
For us despised the shame.

3 To his command let us submit
Ourselves without delay;
Our lives—yea, thousand lives of ours—
His love can ne'er repay.

4 To bear his name—his cross to bear—
Our highest honor this!
Who nobly suffers for him now,
Shall reign with him in bliss.

54

WM. CUTTER.

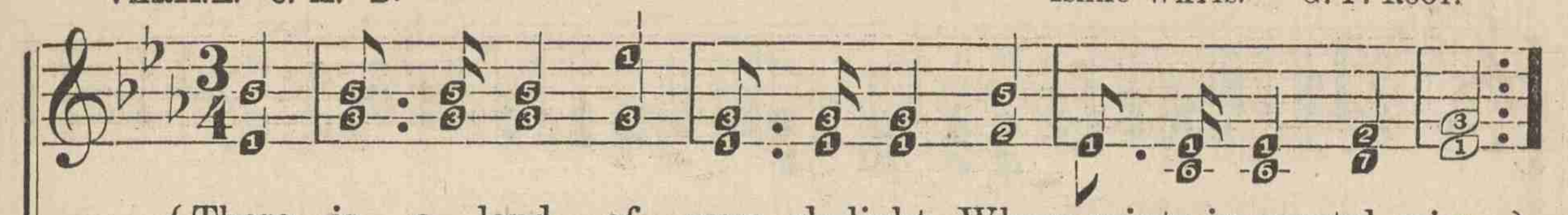
SHE loved her Saviour, and to him
Her costliest present brought;
To crown his head, or grace his name,
No gift too rare, she thought.

2 So let the Saviour be adored,
And not the poor despised;
Give to the hungry from your hoard,
But all, give all to Christ.

3 Go, clothe the naked, lead the blind,
Give to the weary rest;
For sorrow's children comfort find,
And help for all distressed.

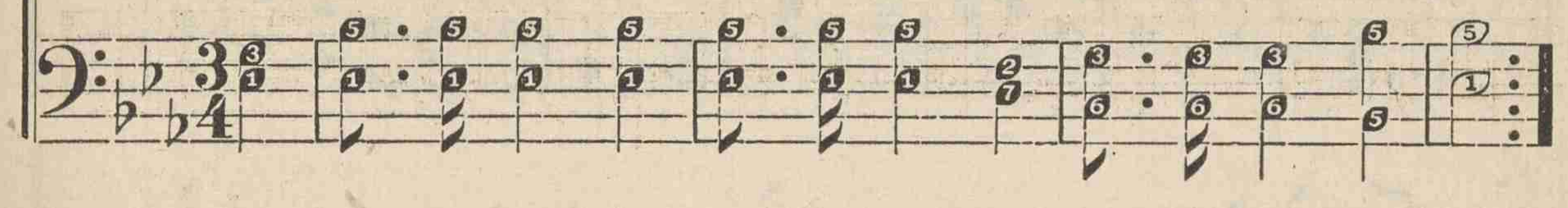
4 But give to Christ alone thy heart,
Thy faith, thy love supreme;
Then for his sake thine alms impart,
And so give all to him.

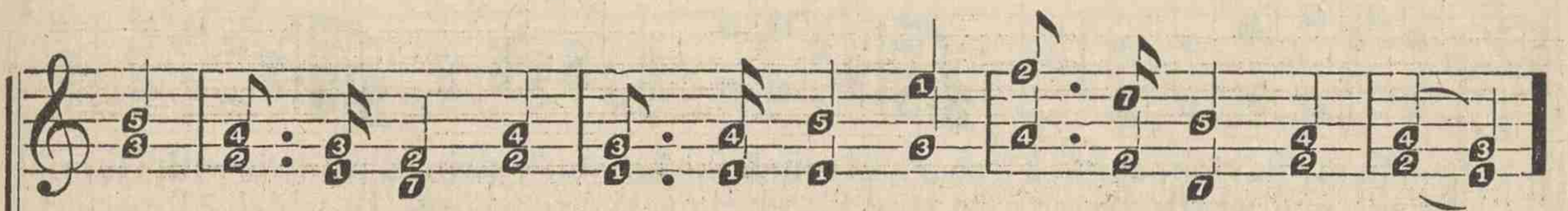
55 There is a land of pure delight.

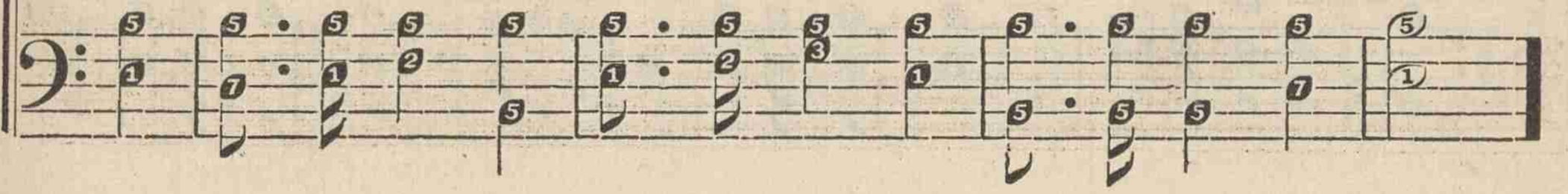
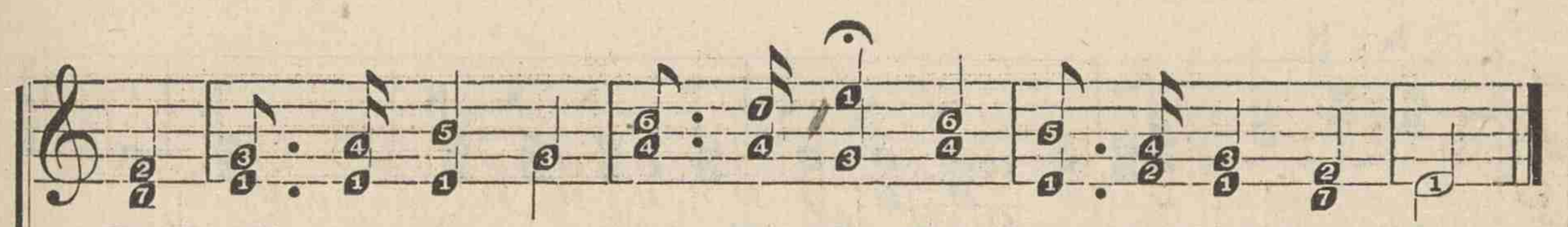
VARINA. C. M. D. ISAAC WATTS. G. F. ROOT.

1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints immor-tal reign;
   In - fi - nite day excludes the night, And pleasures ban - ish pain.

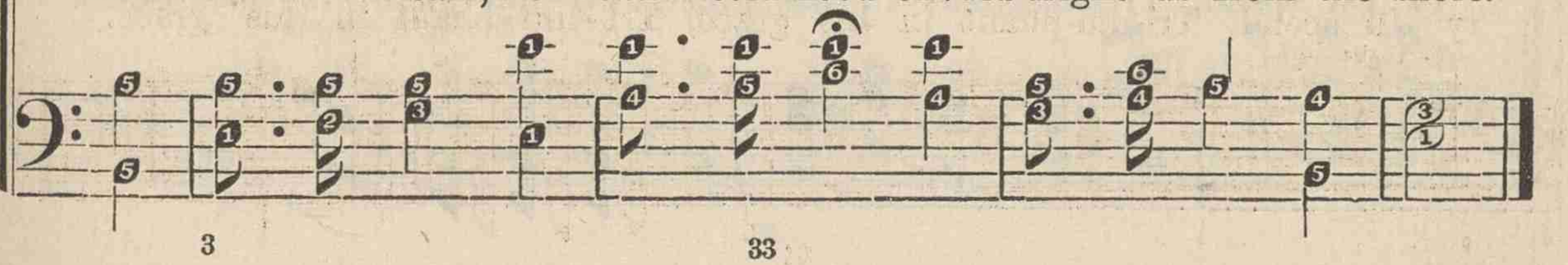
2. Sweet fields, be-yond the swell-ing flood Stand dressed in living green;
   So to the Jews old Canaan stood, While Jordan rolled be-tween.

3. O could we make our doubts remove, Those gloomy doubts that rise,
   And see the Ca - naan that we love, With un - be - cloud - ed eyes—





There ev - er - last - ing spring a - bides, And nev - er - with'r-ing flowers;
But tim'rous mor - tals start and shrink To cross this nar - row sea,
Could we but climb where Mo - ses stood, And view the land-scape o'er,

Death, like a nar - row sea, di - vides This heavenly land from ours.
And lin - ger, shivering, on the brink, And fear to launch a - way.
Not Jor - dan's stream, nor death's cold flood Should fright us from the shore.



56 O could I speak the matchless worth

ARIEL. C. P. M. SAMUEL MEDLEY. LOWELL MASON.

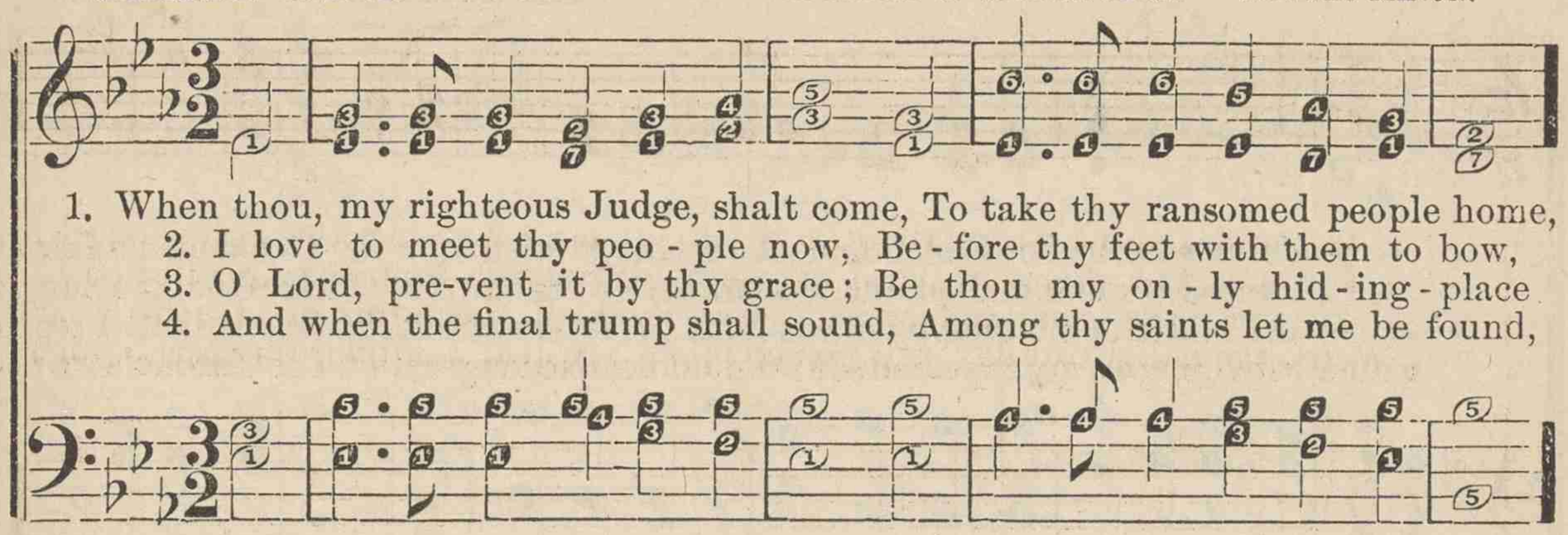
1. O could I speak the matchless worth, O could I sound the glories forth,
2. I'd sing the precious blood he spilt, My ransom from the dreadful guilt
3. I'd sing the char-ac-ters he bears, And all the forms of love he wears,
4. Well—the delightful day will come, When my dear Lord will bring me home,

Which in my Saviour shine, I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings, And vie with Gabriel,
Of sin, and wrath divine; I'd sing his glorious righteousness, In which all-perfect,
Exalted on his throne; In loftiest songs of sweetest praise, I would to ev-er-
And I shall see his face; Then, with my Saviour, Brother, Friend, A blest eterni-

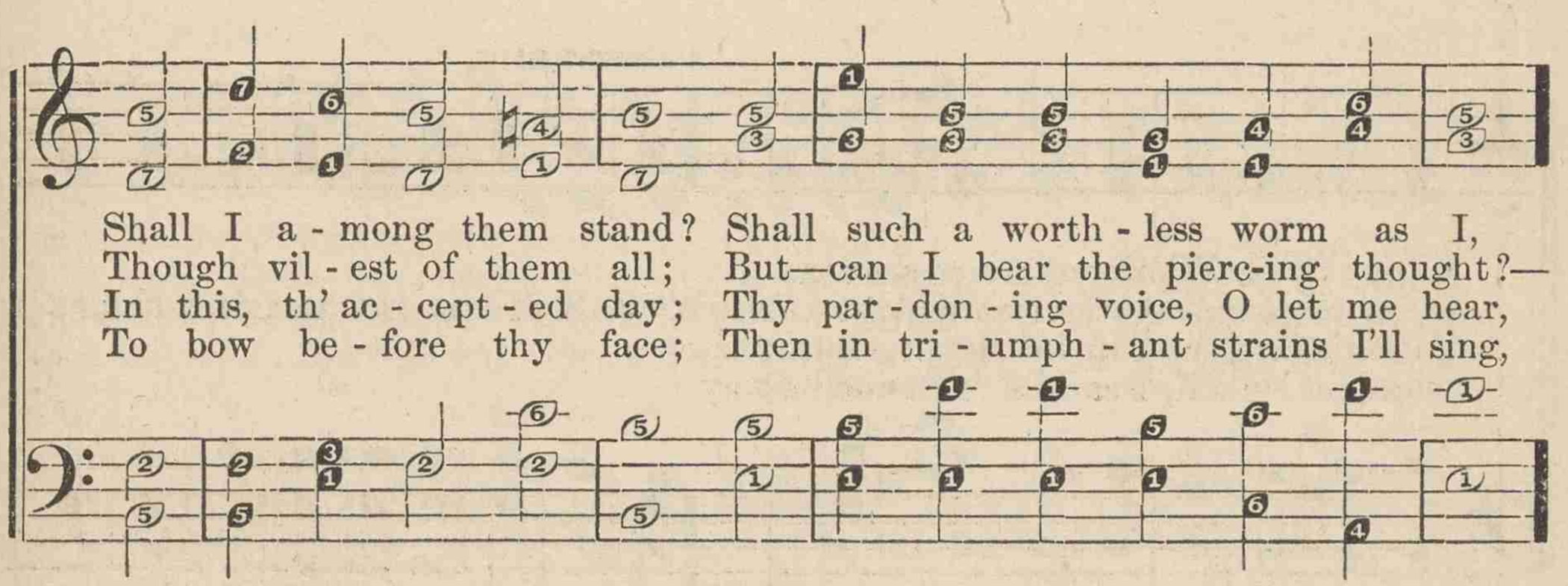
while he sings, In notes al - most di - vine, In notes al - most di - vine.
heavenly dress, My soul shall ev - er shine, My soul shall ev - er shine.
last - ing days Make all his glo-ries known, Make all his glo - ries known.
ty I'll spend, Tri-um-phant in his grace, Tri - um - phant in his grace.

57 When thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come.

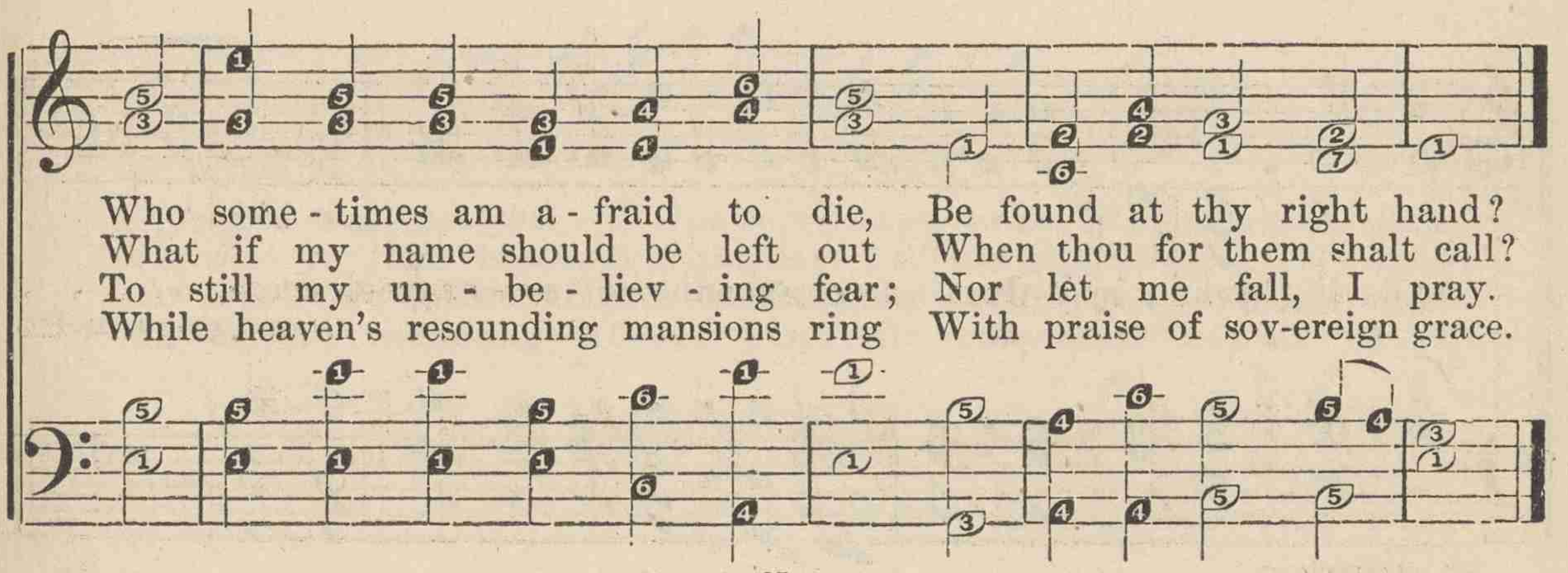
MERIBAH. C. P. M. COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON. LOWELL MASON.



1. When thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come, To take thy ransomed people home,
2. I love to meet thy peo - ple now, Be - fore thy feet with them to bow,
3. O Lord, pre-vent it by thy grace; Be thou my on - ly hid - ing - place
4. And when the final trump shall sound, Among thy saints let me be found,



Shall I a - mong them stand? Shall such a worth - less worm as I,
Though vil - est of them all; But—can I bear the pierc-ing thought?—
In this, th' ac - cept - ed day; Thy par - don - ing voice, O let me hear,
To bow be - fore thy face; Then in tri - umph - ant strains I'll sing,



Who some - times am a - fraid to die, Be found at thy right hand?
What if my name should be left out When thou for them shalt call?
To still my un - be - liev - ing fear; Nor let me fall, I pray.
While heaven's resounding mansions ring With praise of sov-ereign grace.

58 On Jordan's stormy banks I stand.

SAMUEL STENNETT. T. C. O'KANE.

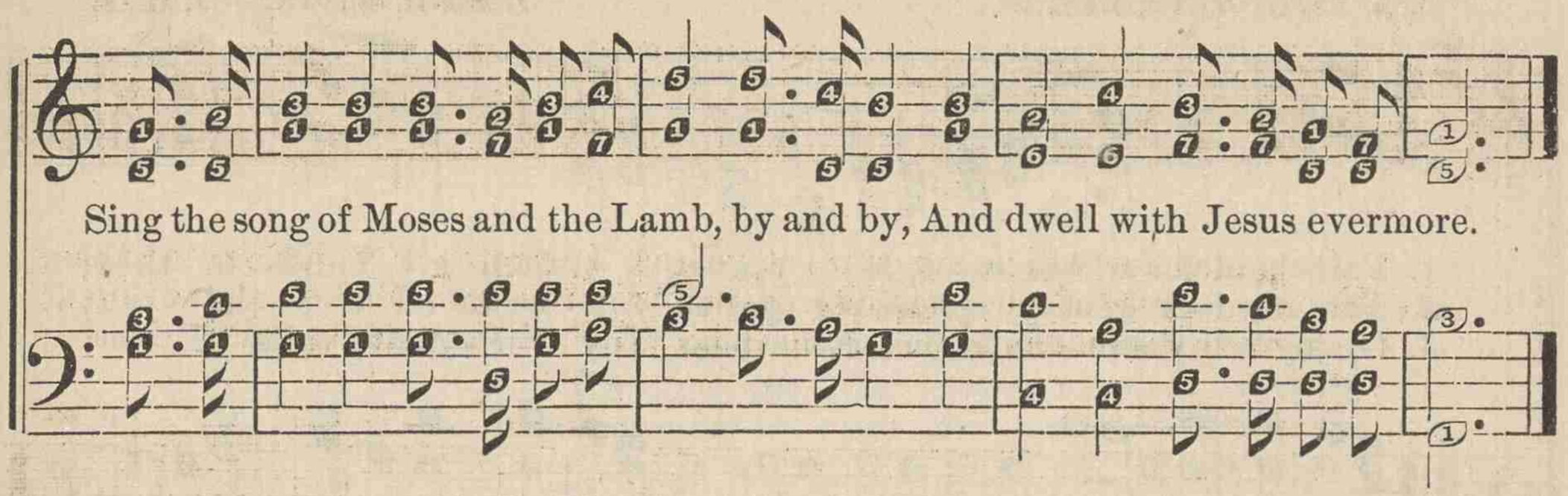
1. On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wishful eye To Canaan's fair and
2. O'er all those wide-extended plains Shines one eternal day; There God, the Sun, for-
3. When shall I reach that happy place, And be for-ev-er blest; When shall I see my
4. Filled with delight, my raptured soul Would here no longer stay; Tho' Jordan's waves a-

hap-py land, Where my possessions lie.
ev-er reigns, And scatters night a-way.
Father's face, And in his bo-som rest?
round me roll, Fearless I'd launch a-way.

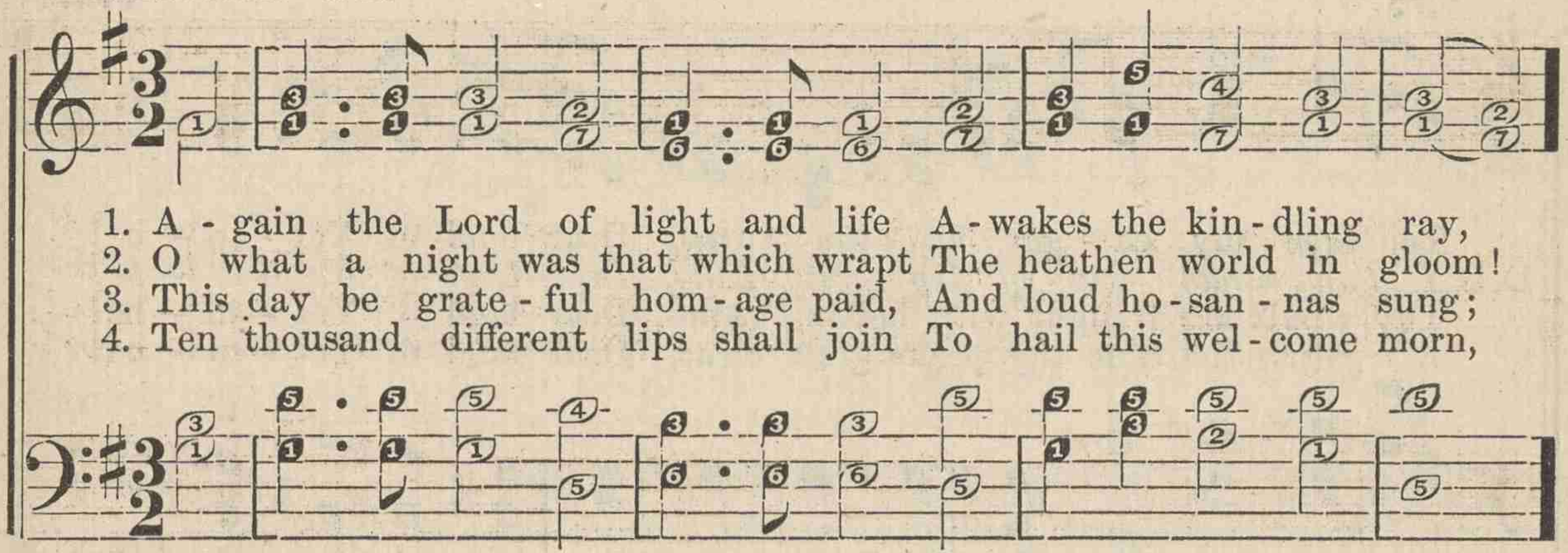
CHORUS.

We will rest in the fair and hap-py land, (by and by,) Just a-cross on the ev-er-green shore, ...
ev-er-green shore,

By permission.

On Jordan's stormy banks. Concluded.

59 Again the Lord of light and life.

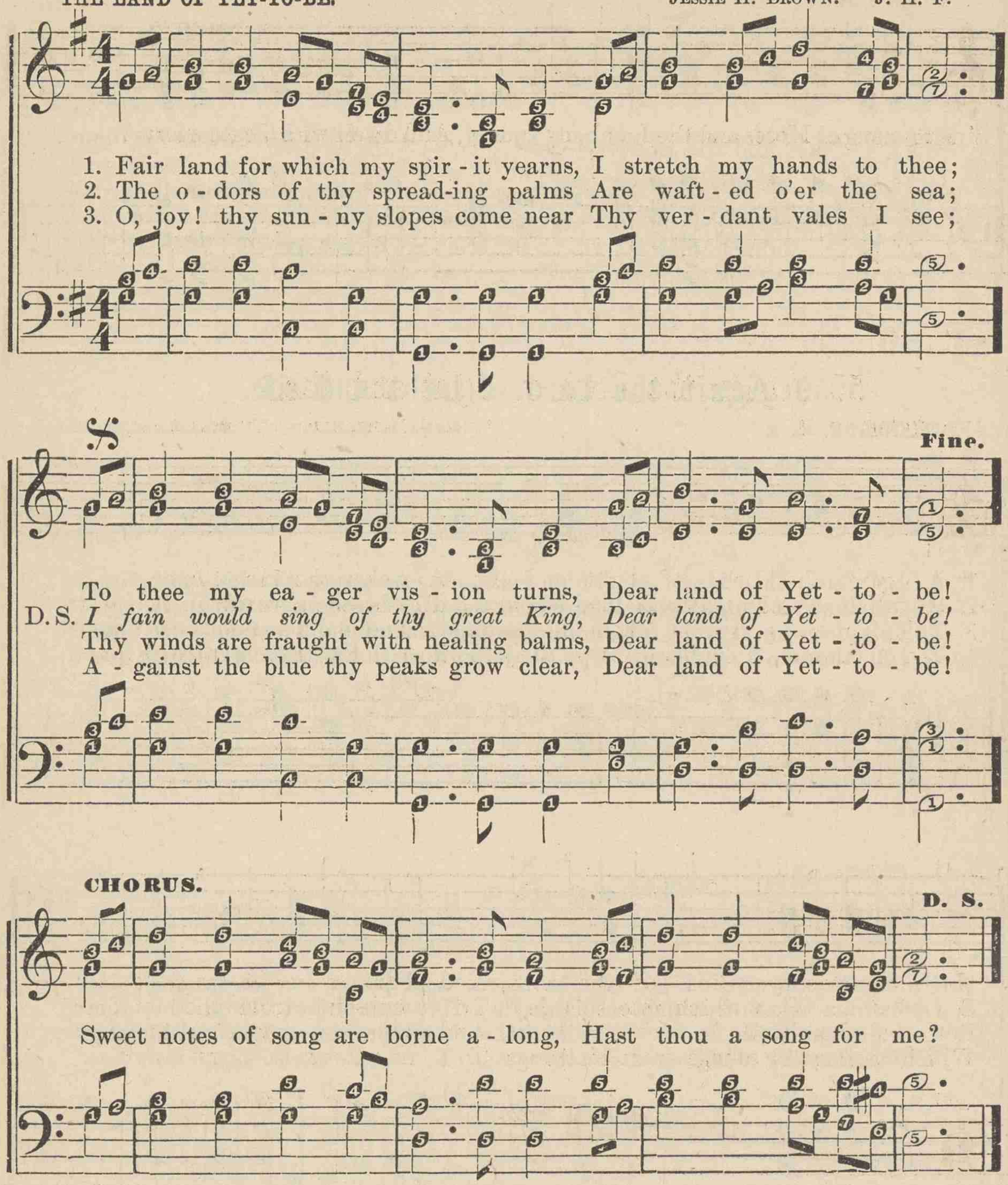
ARLINGTON. C. M. ANNA L. BARBAULD. THOMAS A. ARNE.



60 Fair land for which my spirit yearns.

THE LAND OF YET-TO-BE.

JESSIE H. BROWN. J. H. F.



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61 Alas! and did my Saviour bleed.

VAIL. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS. S. J. VAIL.

Fine.

1. A - las! and did my Sav - iour bleed? And did my Sov-ereign die?
D. C. *Yes Je - sus, died for all man - kind; Bless God, sal - va - tion's free.*
2. Was it for crimes that I had done He groaned up - on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in,
4. Thus might I hide my blush-ing face While his dear cross ap - pears,
5. 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!
When God's own Son was cru - ci - fied For man the crea-ture's sin.
Dis - solve my heart in thank - ful - ness And melt mine eyes to tears.
Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way—'Tis all that I can do.

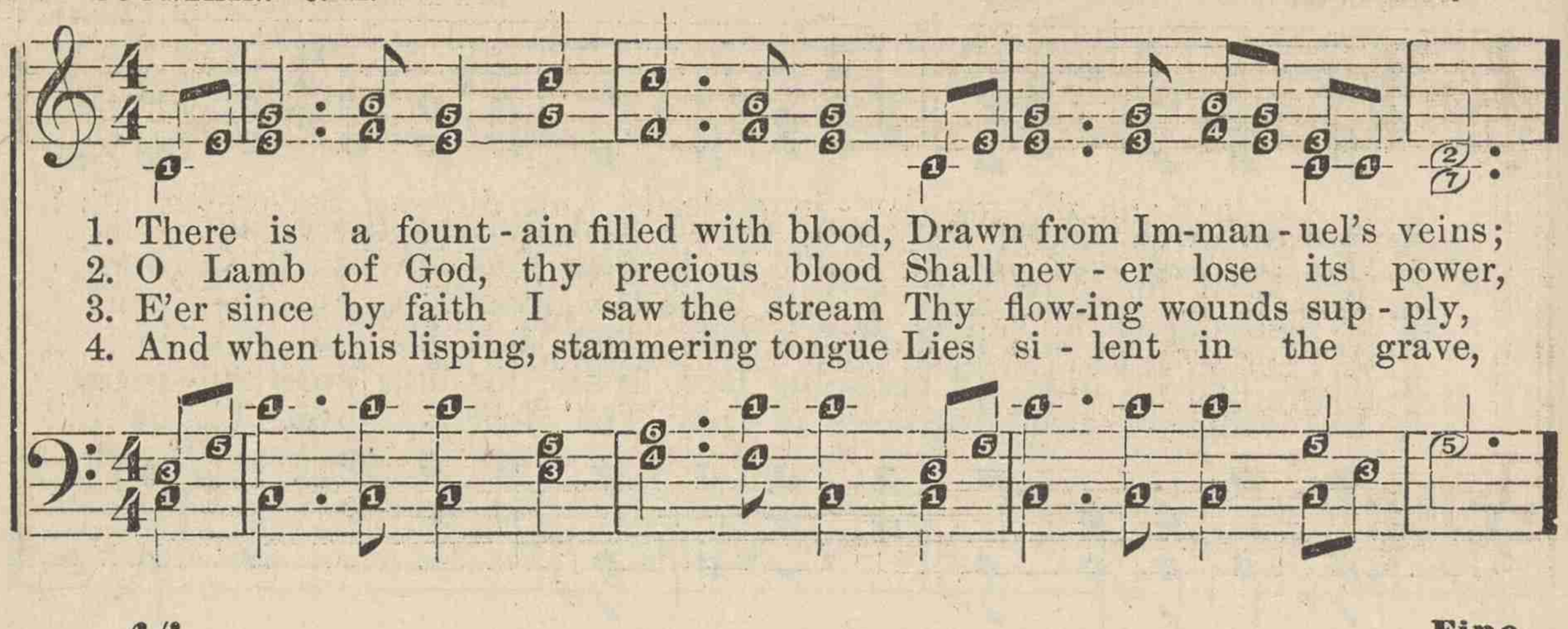
CHORUS.

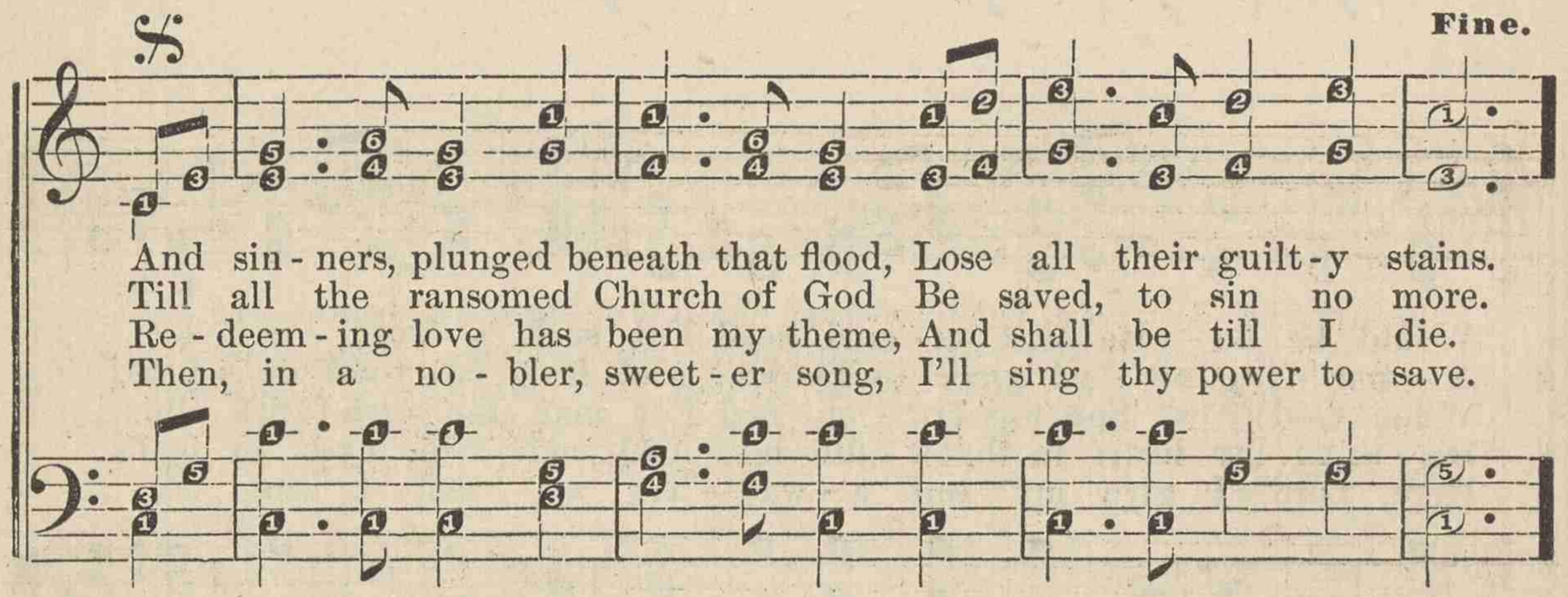
D. C.

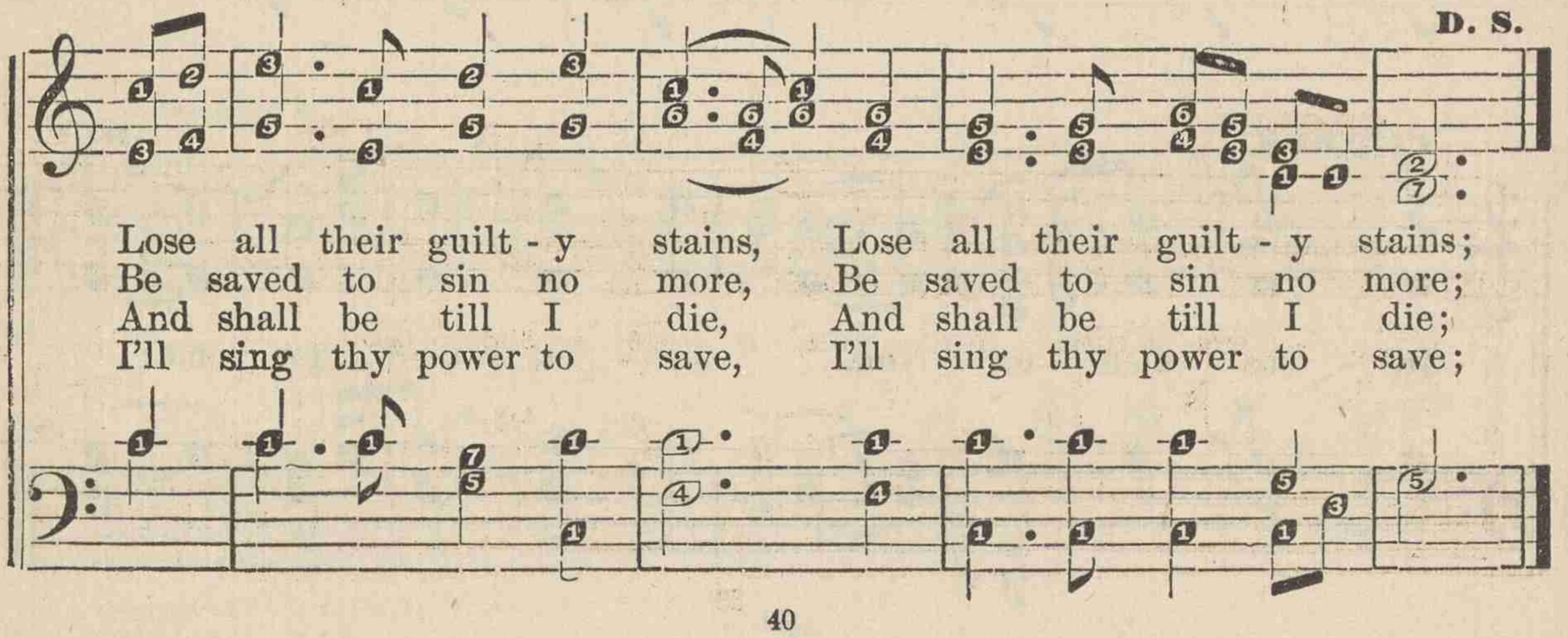
Je - sus died for you, Je - sus died for me;

62 There is a fountain filled with blood.

FOUNTAIN. C. M. WM. COWPER. American Melody.



1. There is a fount - ain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-man - uel's veins;
2. O Lamb of God, thy precious blood Shall nev - er lose its power,
3. E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flow-ing wounds sup - ply,
4. And when this lisping, stammering tongue Lies si - lent in the grave,

Fine.

And sin - ners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains.
Till all the ransomed Church of God Be saved, to sin no more.
Re - deem - ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
Then, in a no - bler, sweet - er song, I'll sing thy power to save.

D. S.

Lose all their guilt - y stains, Lose all their guilt - y stains;
Be saved to sin no more, Be saved to sin no more;
And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die;
I'll sing thy power to save, I'll sing thy power to save;

63 Return, O wanderer, now return.

PASSING AWAY. C. M. W. B. COLLYER. A. D. FILLMORE.

1. Re - turn, O wanderer, now re - turn, And seek thy Fa-ther's face:
2. Re - turn, O wanderer, now re - turn, He hears thy hum-ble sigh;
3. Re - turn, O wanderer, now re - turn, Thy Saviour bids thee live:
4. Re - turn, O wanderer, now re - turn, And wipe the fall - ing tear:

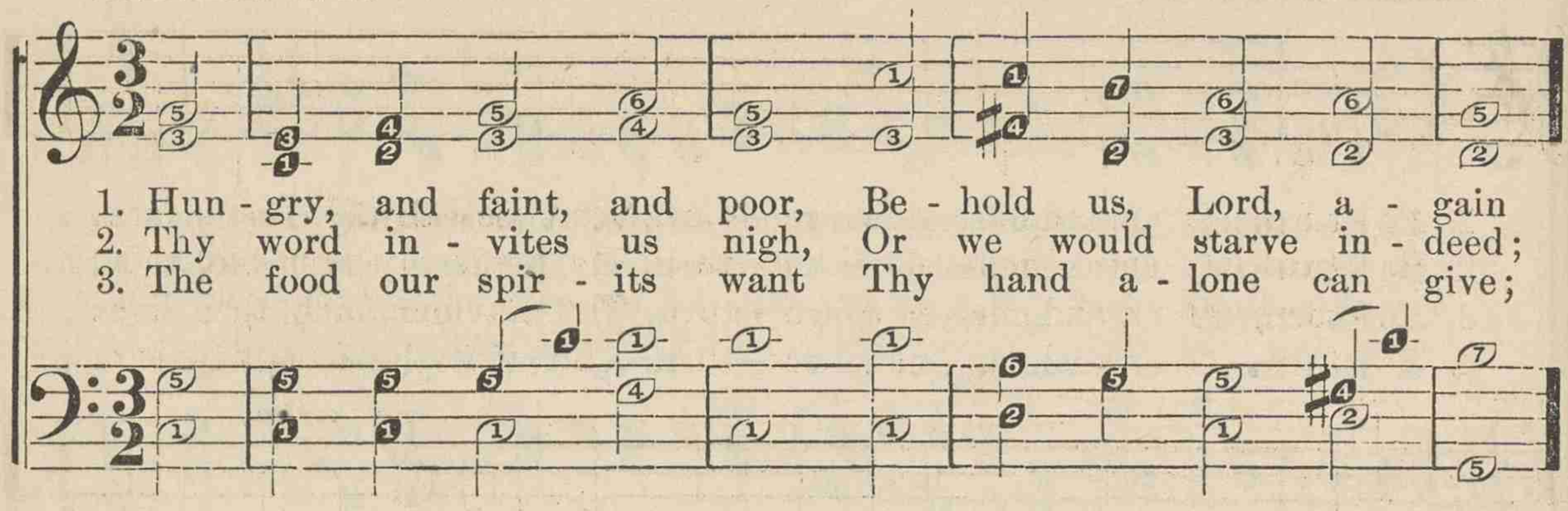
Those new de - sires which in thee burn Were kin - dled by his grace.
He sees thy softened spir - it mourn, When no one else is nigh.
Go to his feet, and grate - ful learn How free - ly he'll for - give.
Thy Fa - ther calls—no long - er mourn: 'Tis love in - vites thee near.

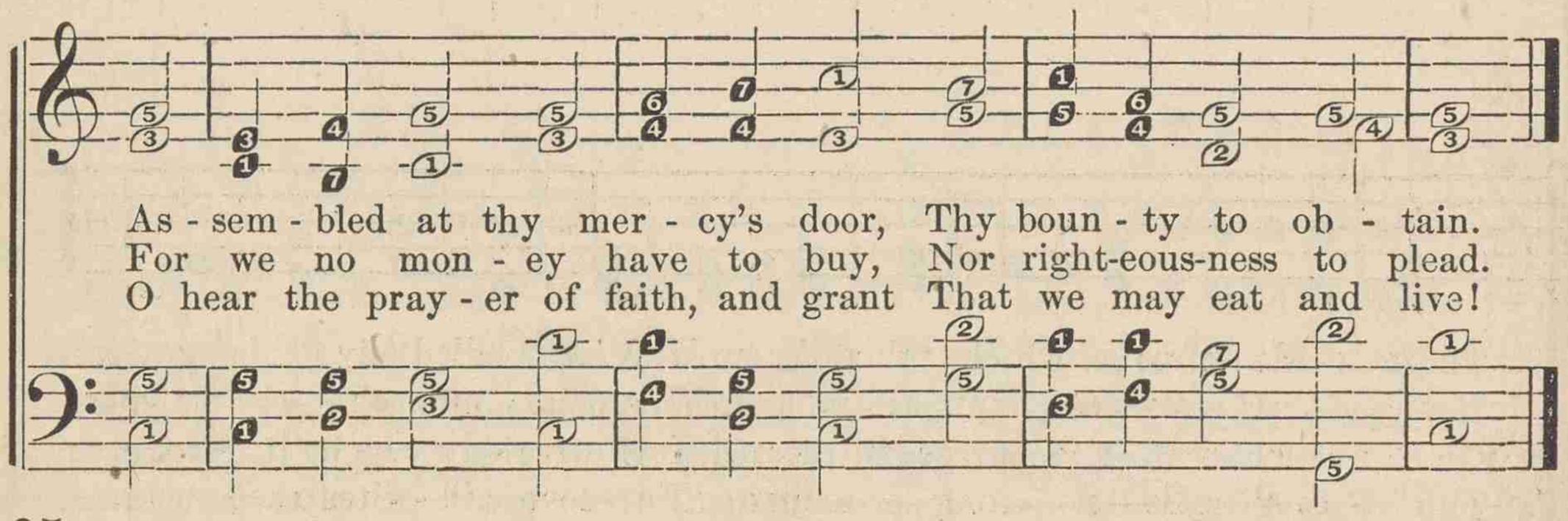
CHORUS.

{We are pass - ing a - way, We are pass - ing a - way;
We are pass - ing a - way To the great judg - ment - day.}

64 Hungry, and faint, and poor.

BOYLSTON. S. M. UNKNOWN. LOWELL MASON.





65

BENJ. BEDDOME.

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

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.

66

W. W. HOW.

WE GIVE thee but thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be;
All that we have is thine alone,
A trust, O Lord, from thee.

2 May we thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive,
And gladly, as thou blessest us,
To thee our first-fruits give.

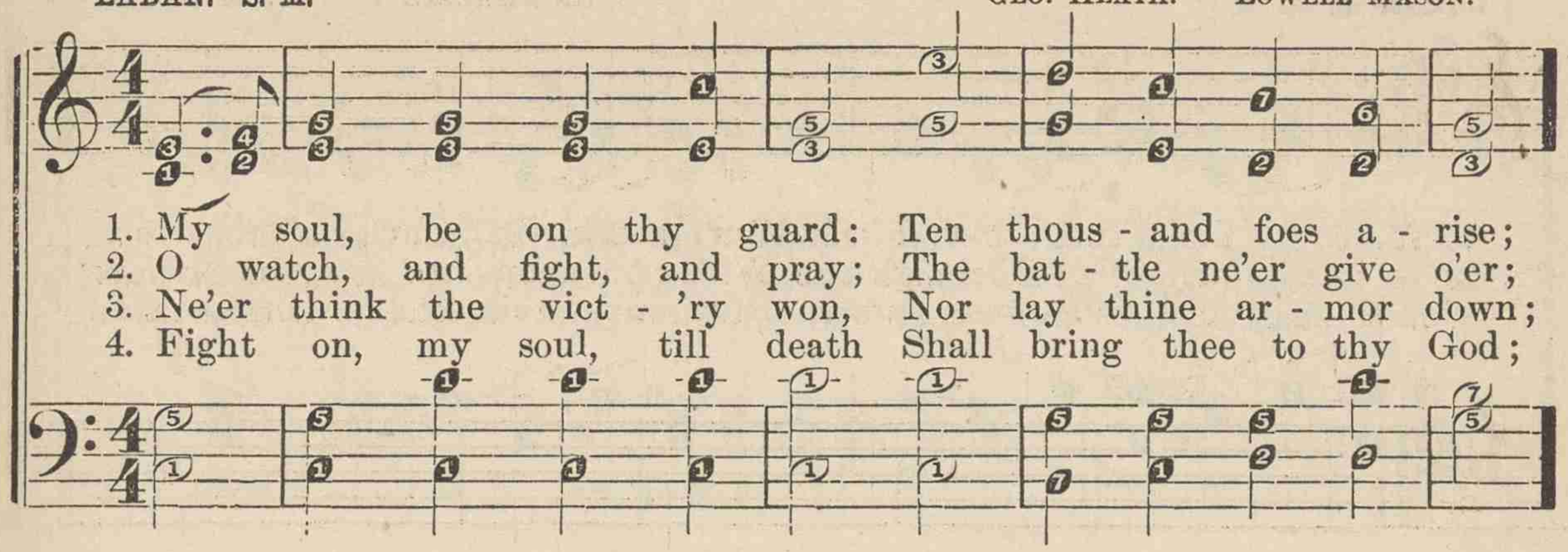
3 To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless,
Is angels' work below.

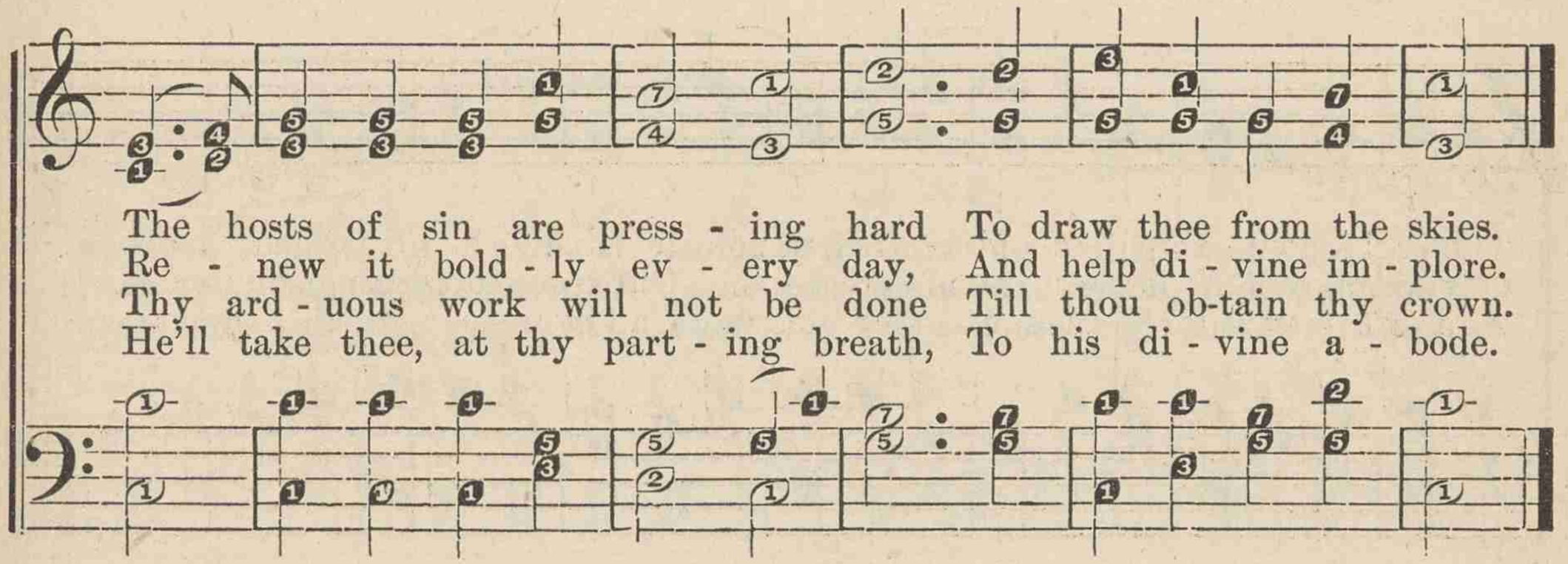
4 The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace—
It is a Christ-like thing.

5 And we believe thy word,
Though dim our faith may be,
Whate'er for thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto thee.

67 My soul, be on thy guard.

LABAN. S. M. GEO. HEATH. LOWELL MASON.





68

CHARLES WESLEY.

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

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will!

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

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

69

JOS. SWAIN.

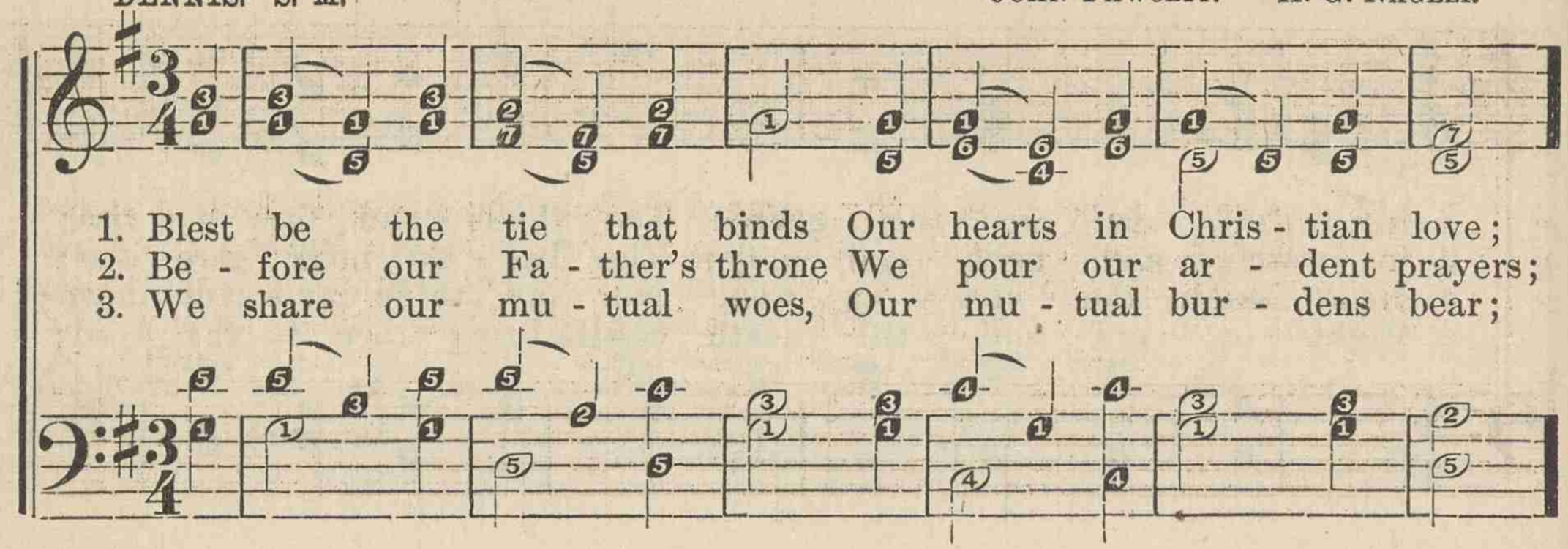
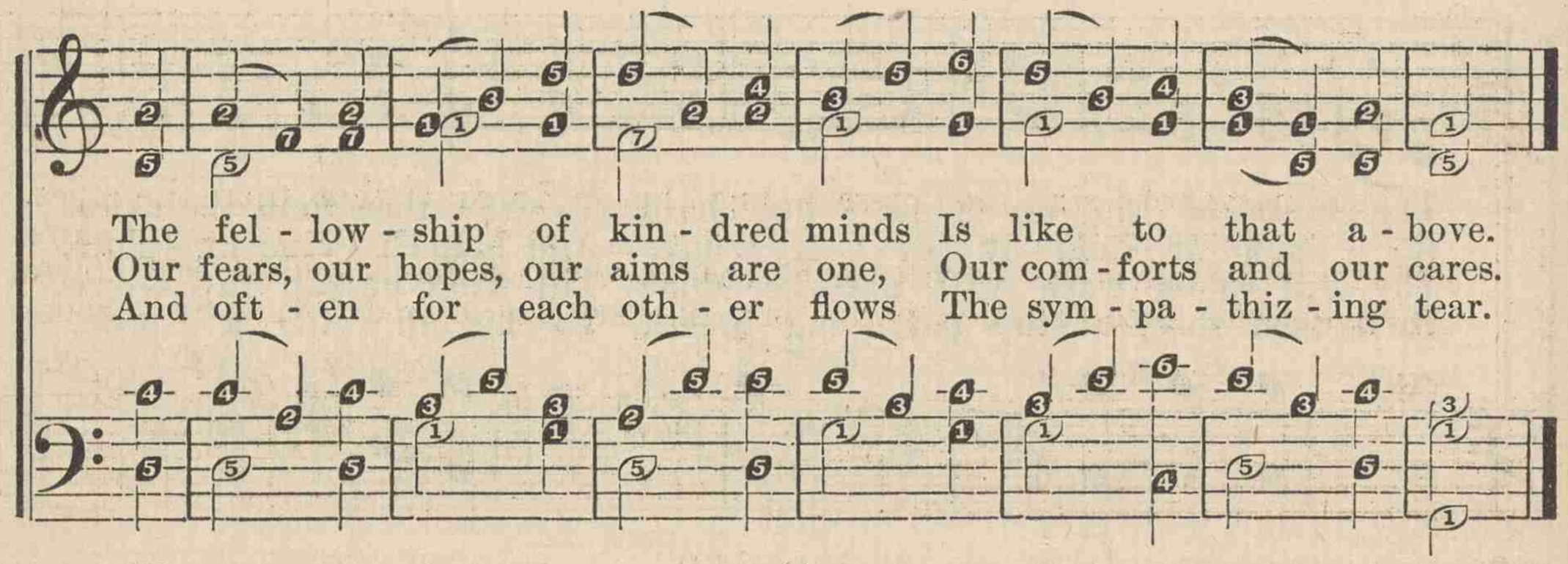
IN expectation sweet
We wait, and sing, and pray,
Till Christ's triumphal car we meet,
And see an endless day.

2 He comes! the Conqueror comes!
Death falls beneath his sword;
The joyful prisoners burst their tombs,
And rise to meet their Lord.

3 The trumpet sounds—Awake!
Ye dead, to judgment come!
The pillars of creation shake,
While hell receives her doom.

4 Thrice happy morn for those
Who love the ways of peace;
No night of sorrow e'er shall close
Upon its perfect bliss.

70 Blest be the tie that binds.

DENNIS. S. M. JOHN FAWCETT. H. G. NAGELI.

4 Here we must often part
In sorrow and in pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

71

E. T. FITCH.

To God, the only wise,
In every age adored,
Let glory from the Church arise,
Through Jesus Christ our Lord!

72

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

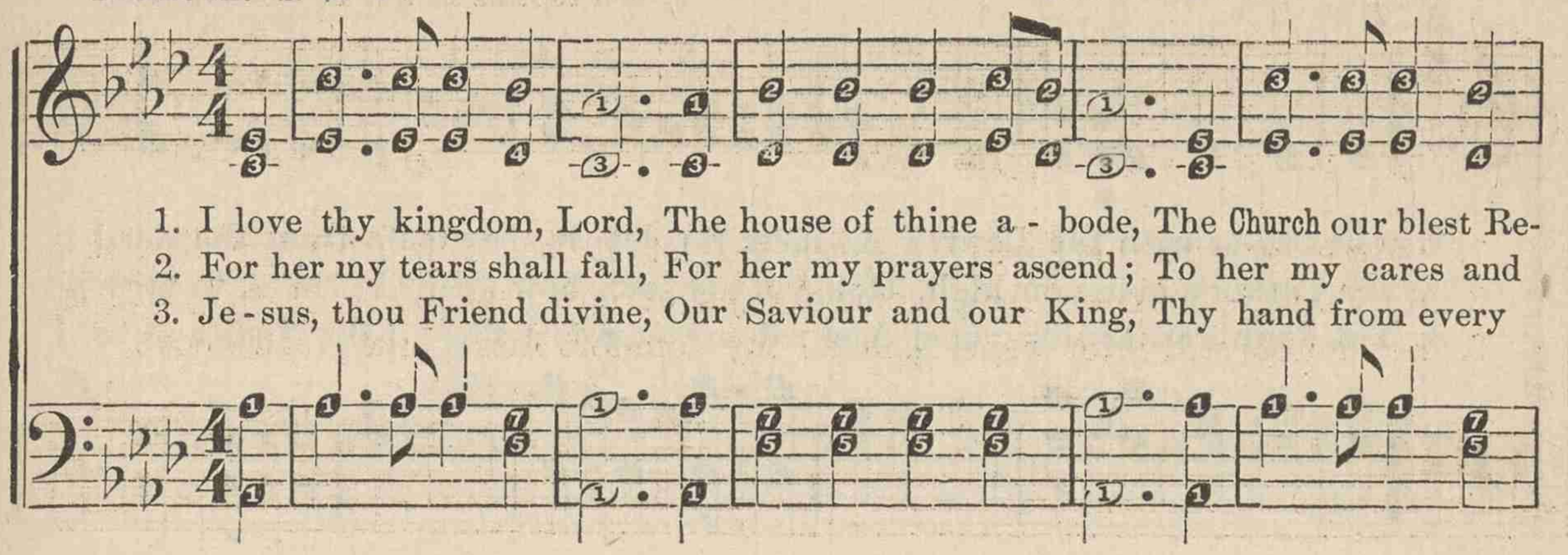
How gentle God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.

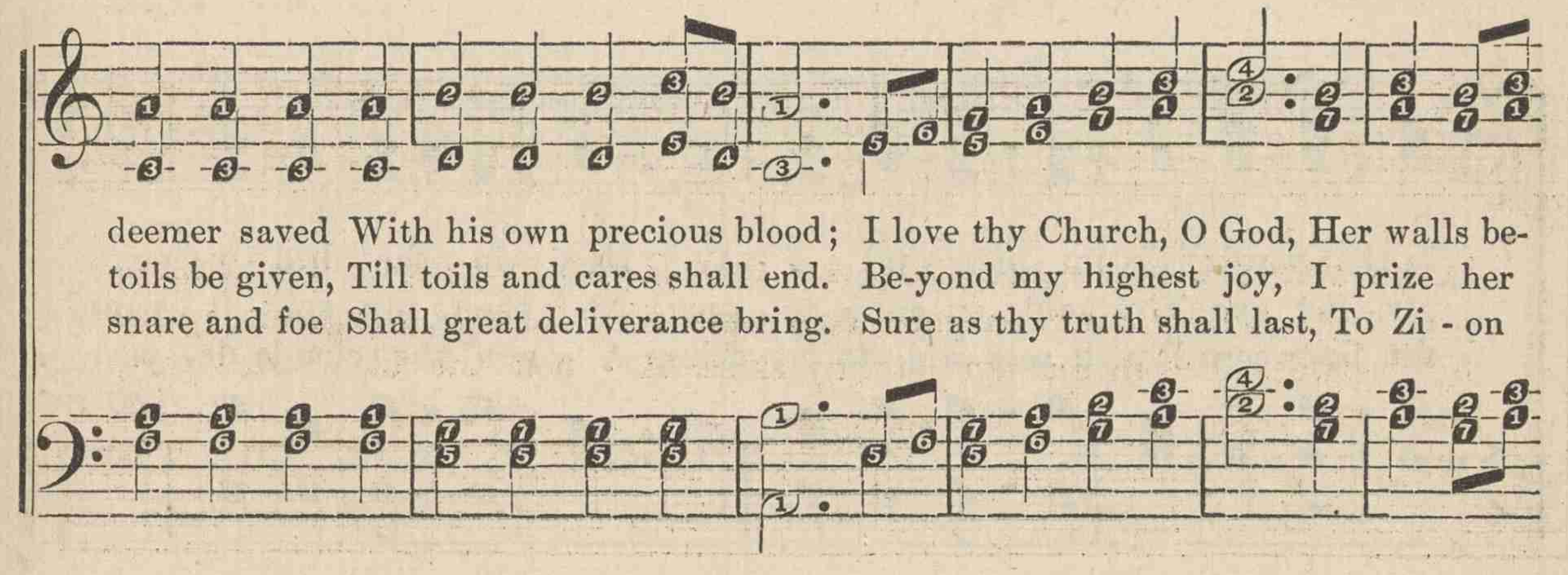
2 Beneath his watchful eye
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears creation up,
Shall guard his children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
O seek your heavenly Father's throne,
And peace and comfort find.

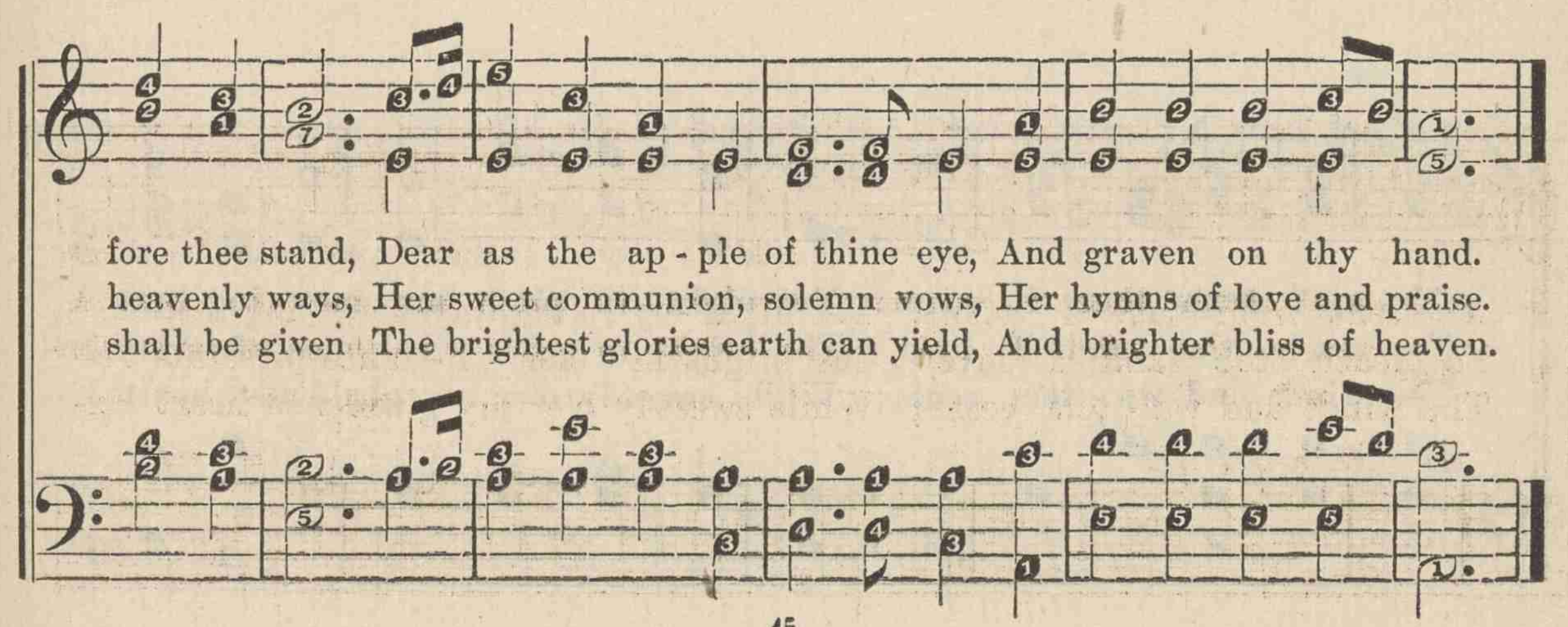
4 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day;
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

73 I love thy kingdom, Lord.

BEALOTH. S. M. D. TIMOTHY DWIGHT. ANON.

1. I love thy kingdom, Lord, The house of thine a - bode, The Church our blest Re-
2. For her my tears shall fall, For her my prayers ascend; To her my cares and
3. Je - sus, thou Friend divine, Our Saviour and our King, Thy hand from every

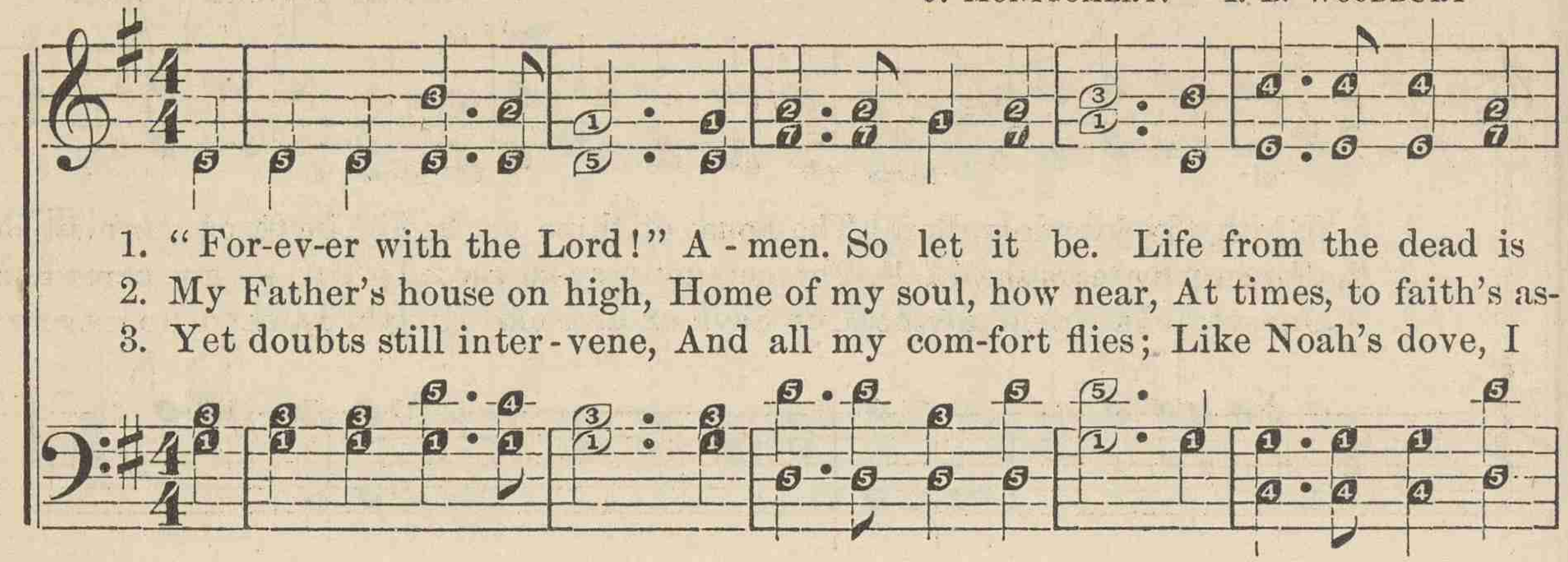
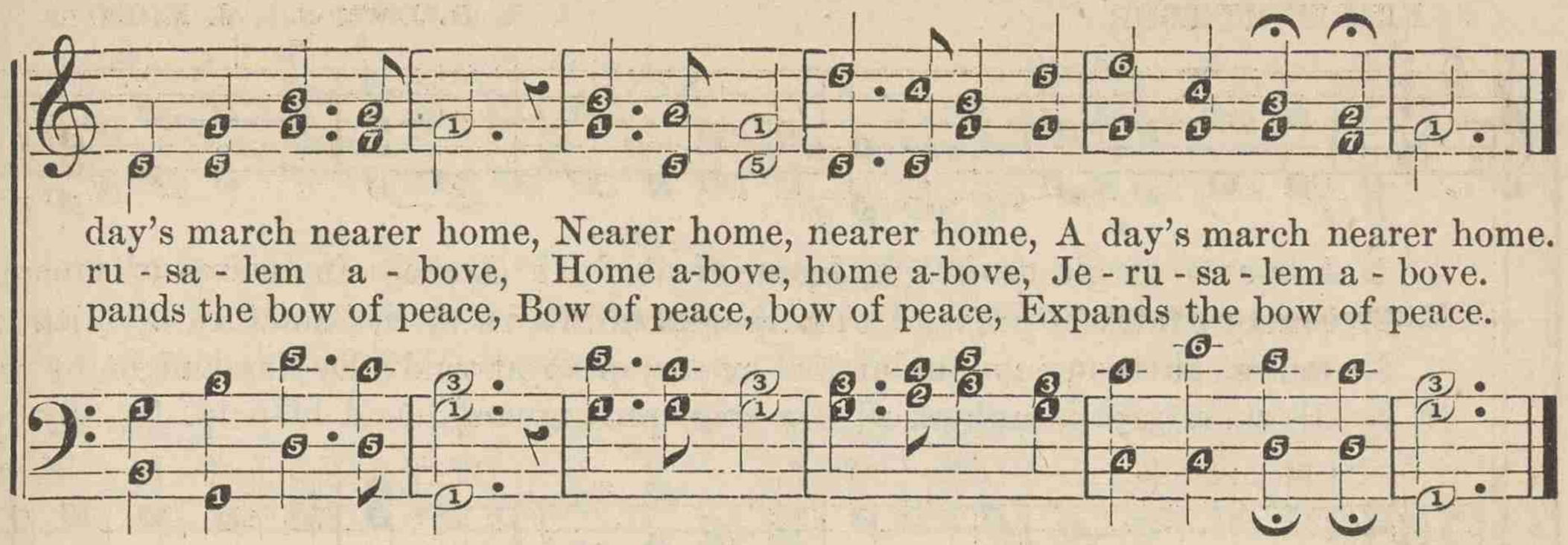


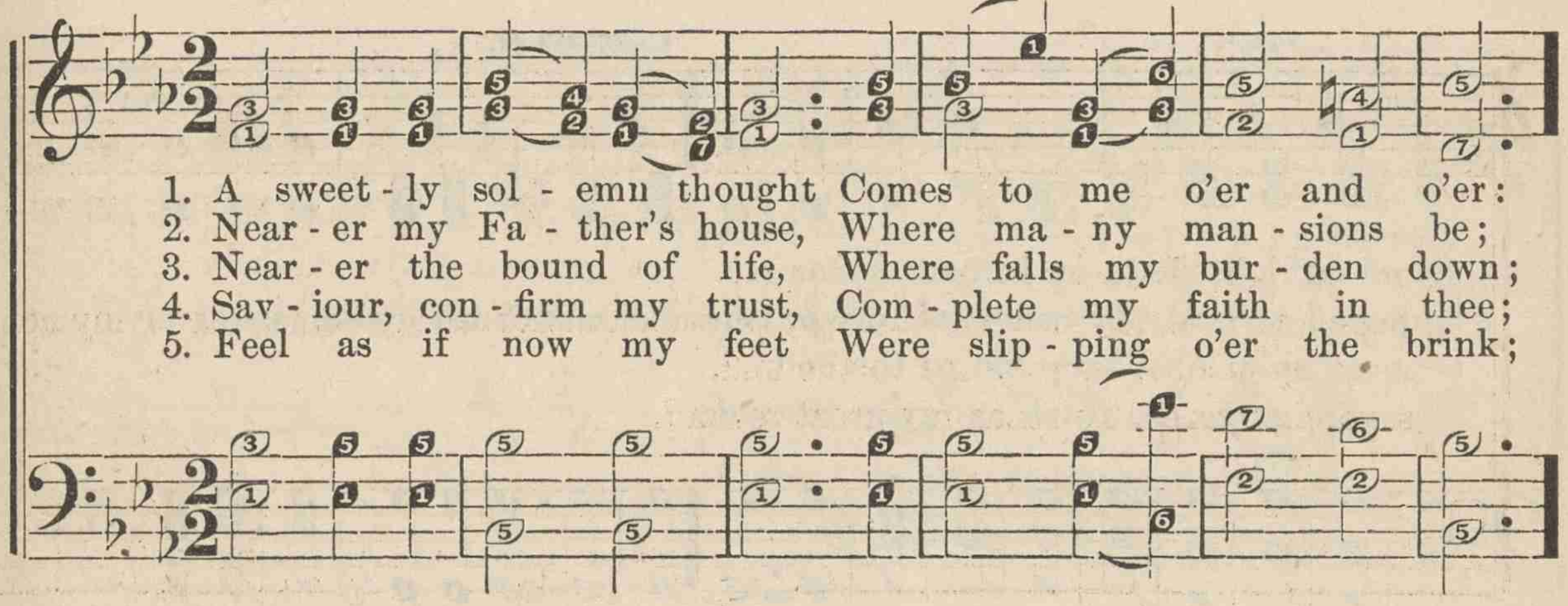
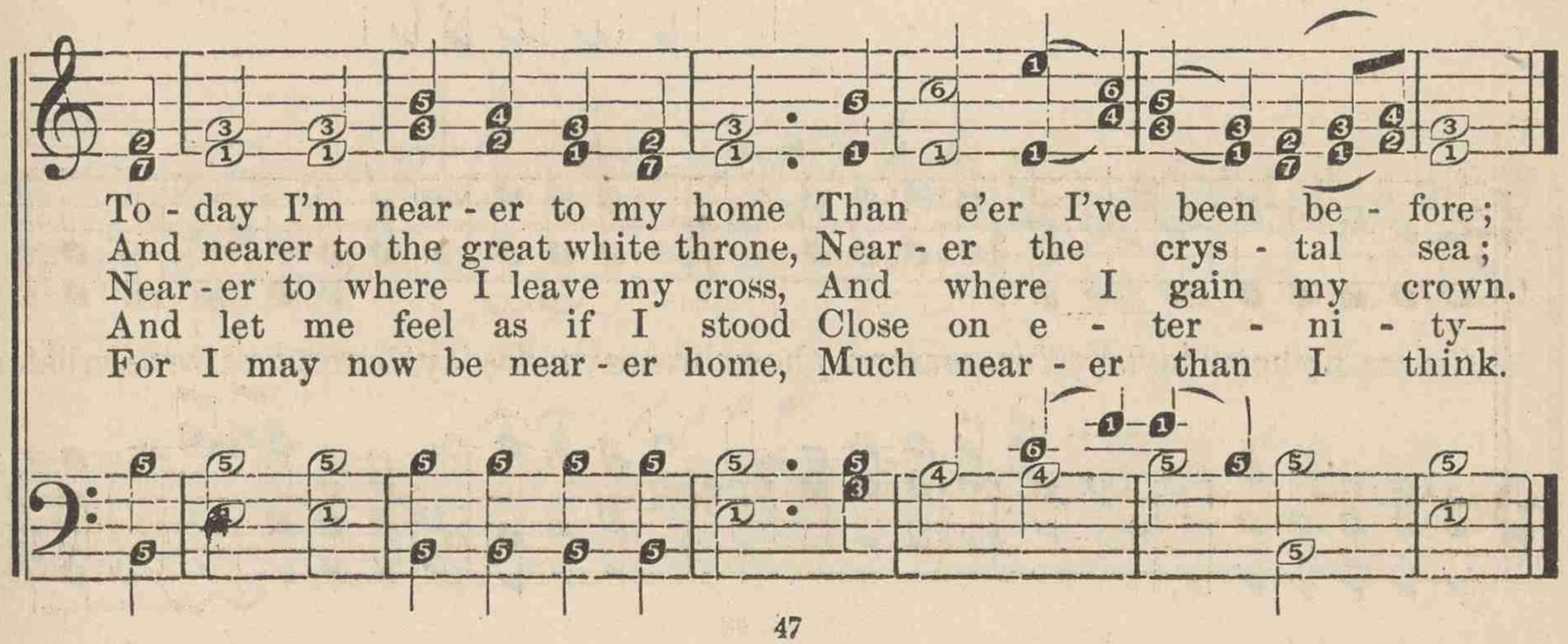
deemer saved With his own precious blood; I love thy Church, O God, Her walls be-
toils be given, Till toils and cares shall end. Be-yond my highest joy, I prize her
snare and foe Shall great deliverance bring. Sure as thy truth shall last, To Zi - on



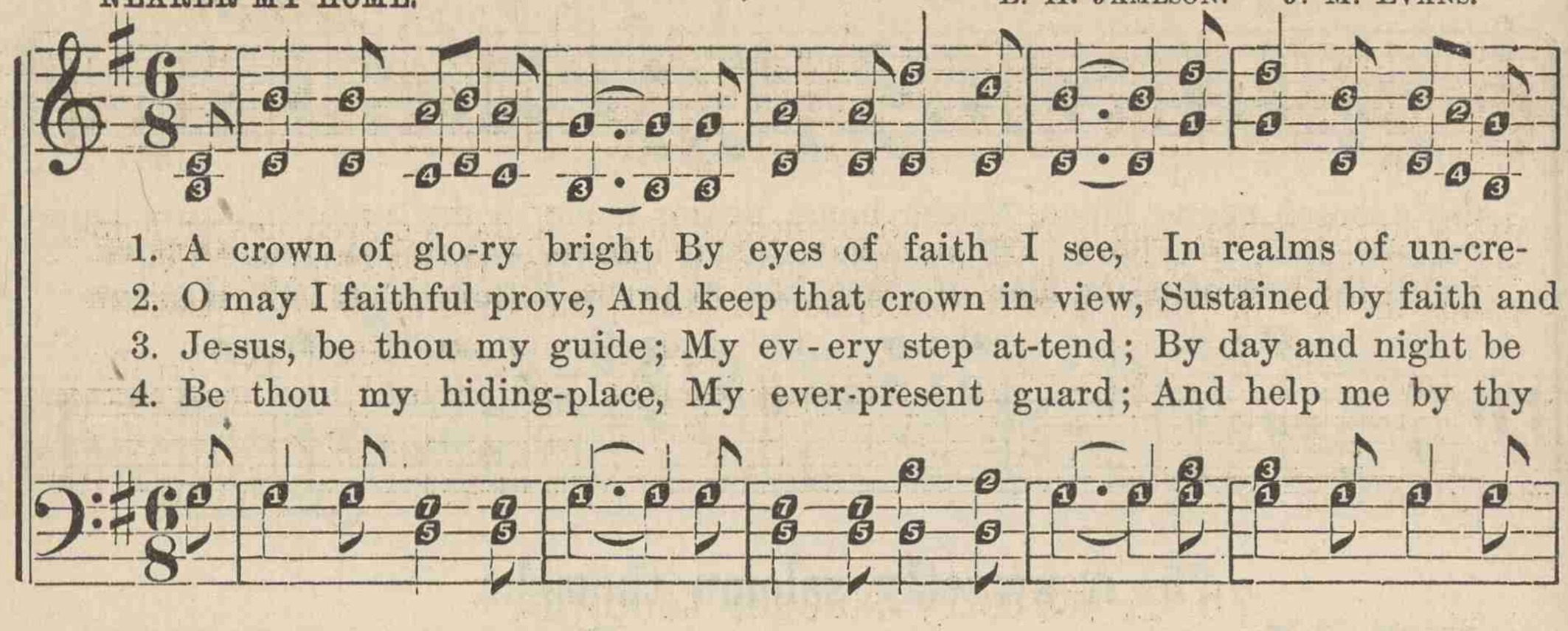
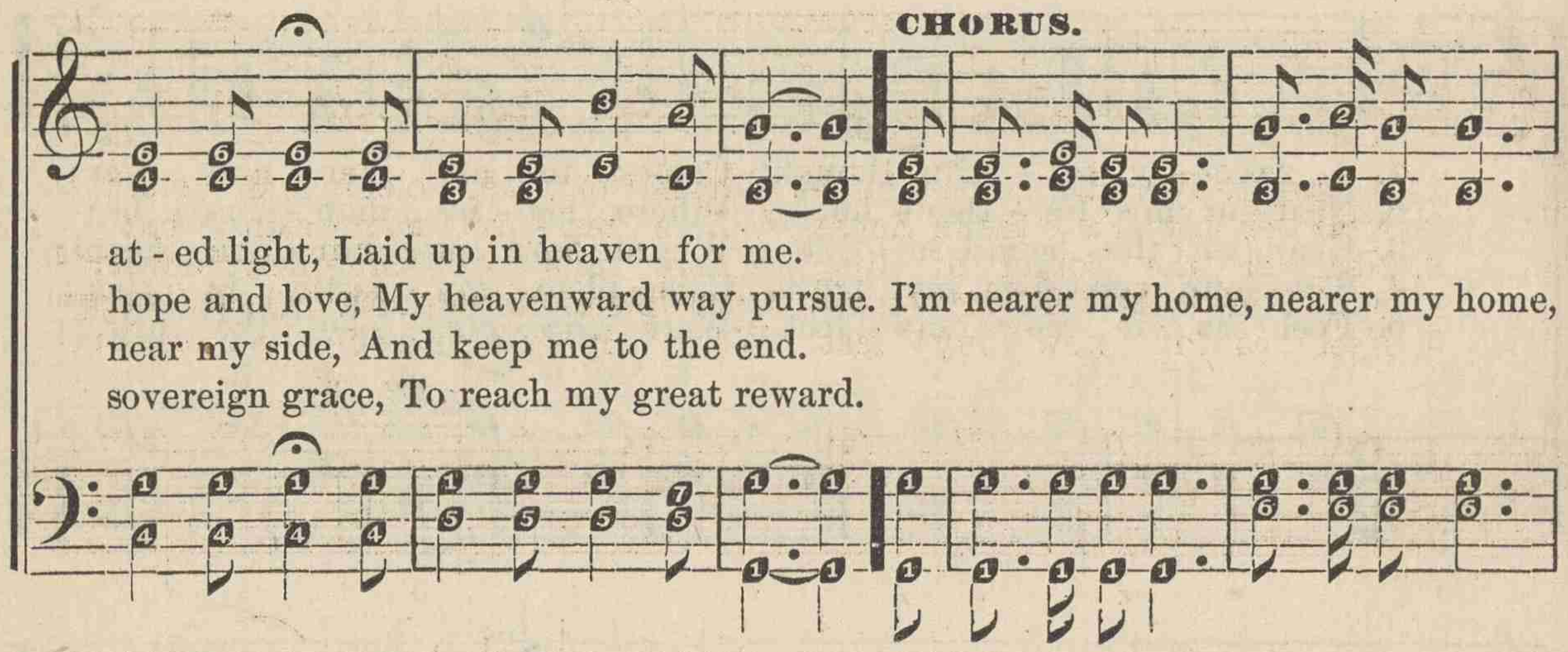
fore thee stand, Dear as the ap - ple of thine eye, And graven on thy hand.
heavenly ways, Her sweet communion, solemn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.
shall be given The brightest glories earth can yield, And brighter bliss of heaven.

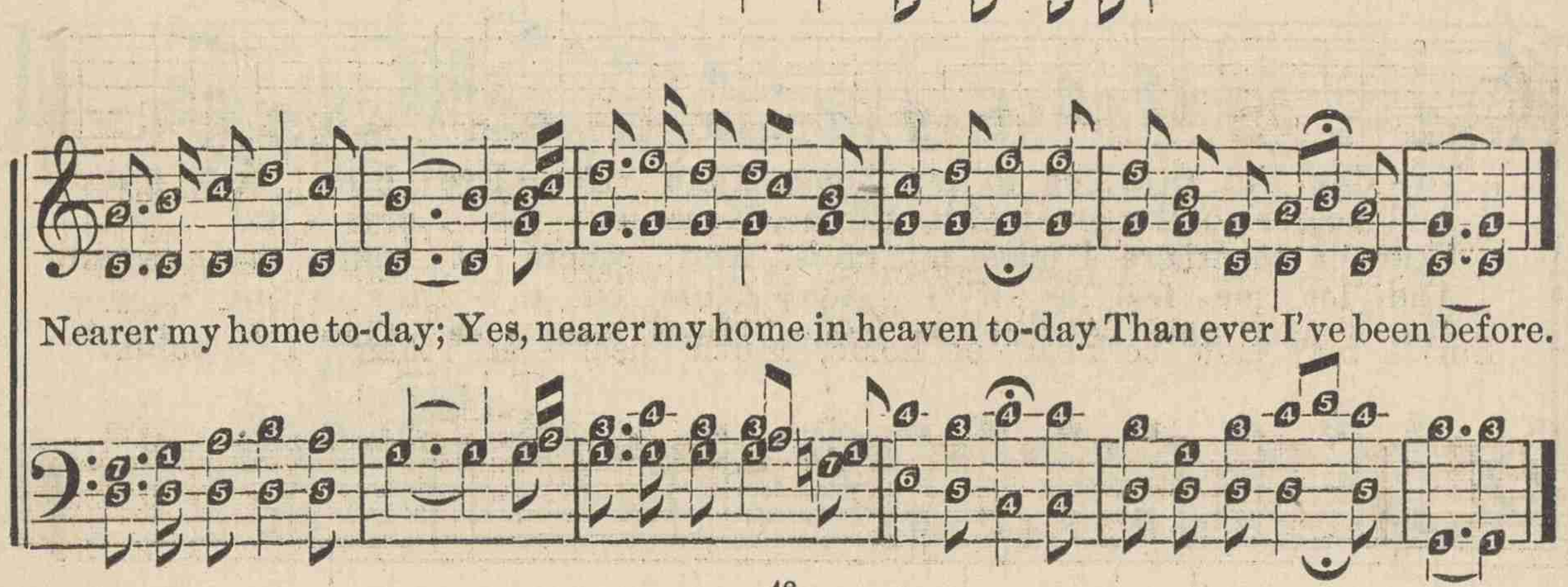
74 "Forever with the Lord!"

J. MONTGOMERY. I. B. WOODBURY

"Forever with the Lord!" Concluded.

75 A sweetly solemn thought.

OZREM. S. M. PHŒBE CARY. I. B. WOODBURY.



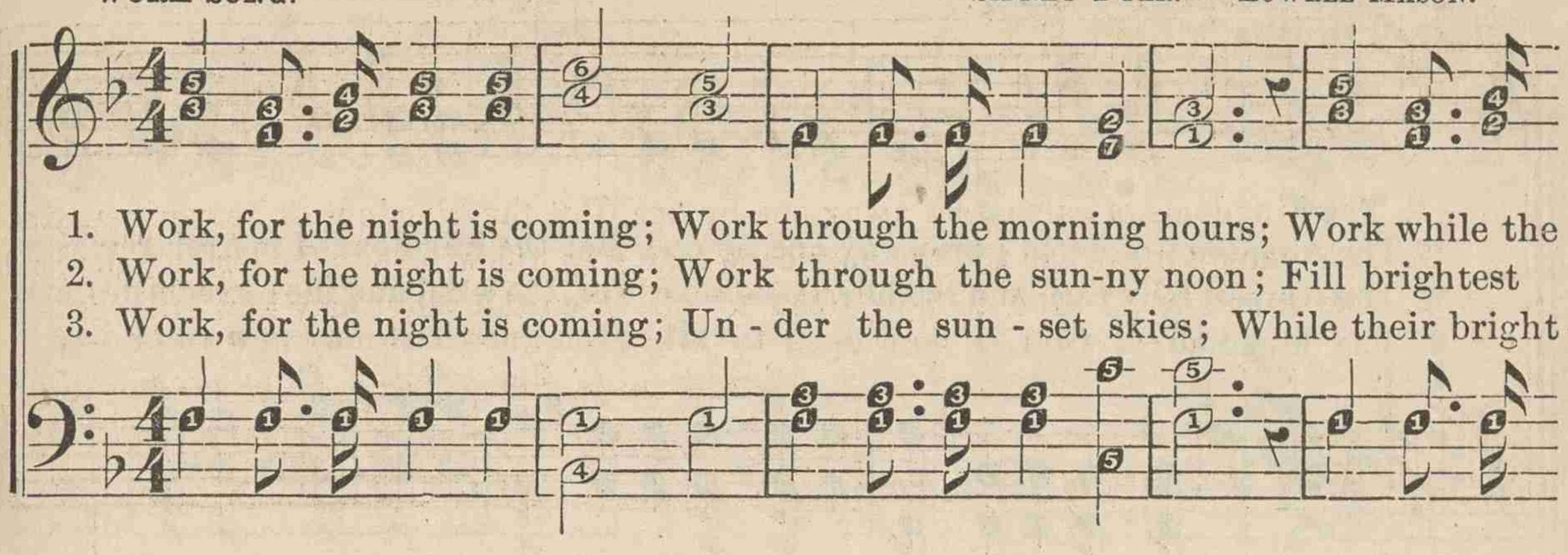
76 A crown of glory bright.

NEARER MY HOME. L. H. JAMESON. J. M. EVANS.

1. A crown of glo-ry bright By eyes of faith I see, In realms of un-cre-
2. O may I faithful prove, And keep that crown in view, Sustained by faith and
3. Je-sus, be thou my guide; My ev-ery step at-tend; By day and night be
4. Be thou my hiding-place, My ever-present guard; And help me by thy

CHORUS.

at-ed light, Laid up in heaven for me.
hope and love, My heavenward way pursue. I'm nearer my home, nearer my home,
near my side, And keep me to the end.
sovereign grace, To reach my great reward.

Nearer my home to-day; Yes, nearer my home in heaven to-day Than ever I've been before.

77 Work, for the night is coming.

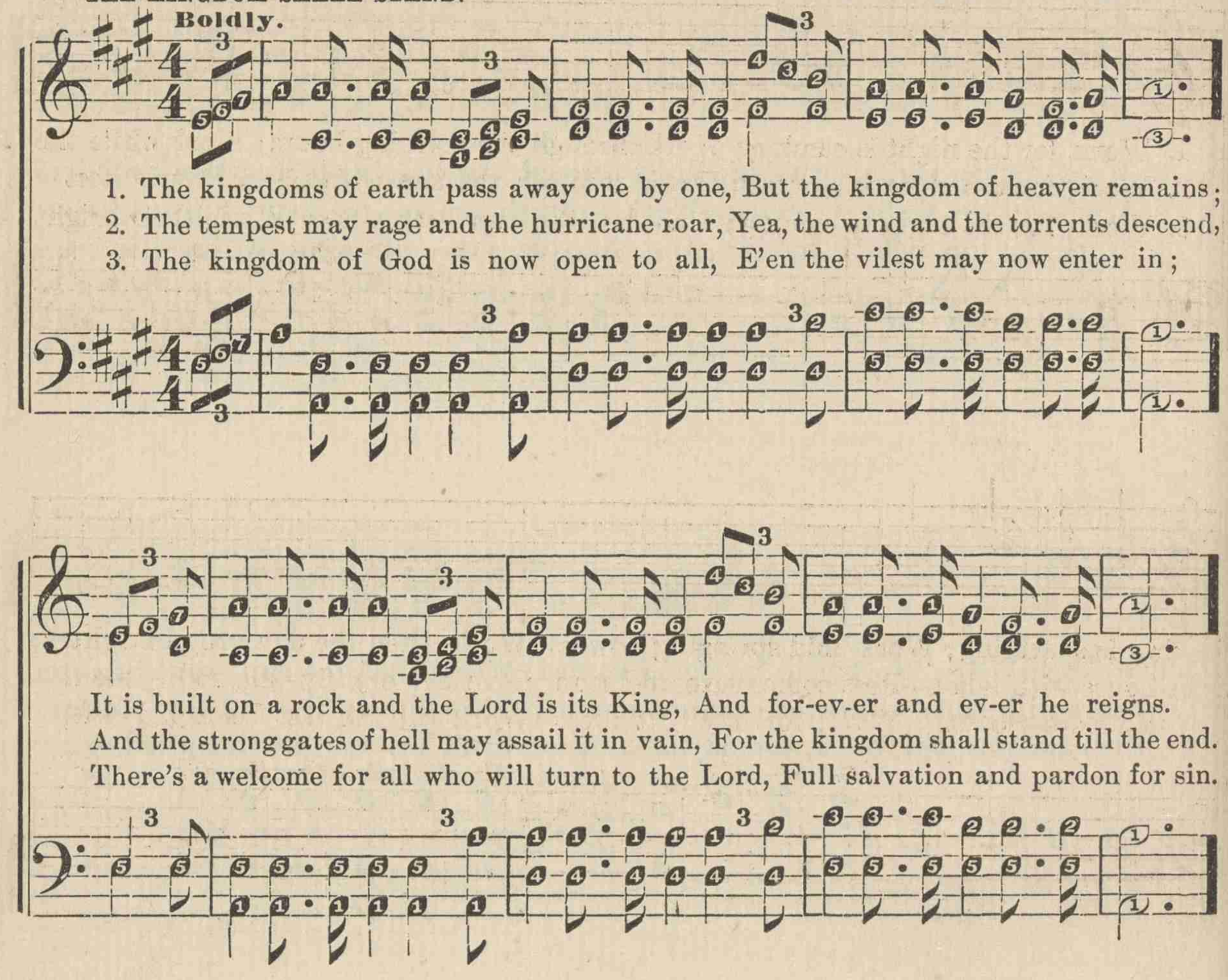
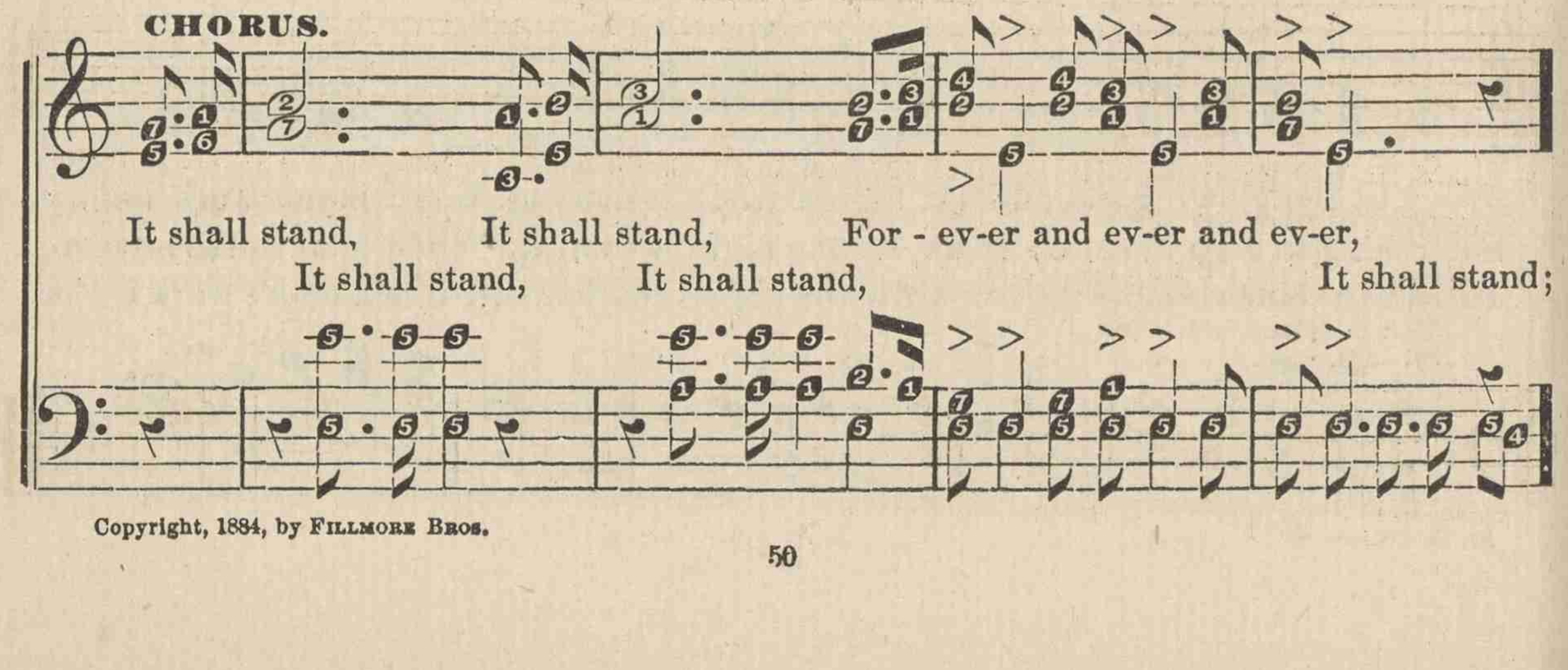
WORK SONG. SIDNEY DYER. LOWELL MASON.



By permission.

78 The kingdoms of earth pass away one by one.

THE KINGDOM SHALL STAND. H. R. TRICKETT. J. H. F.



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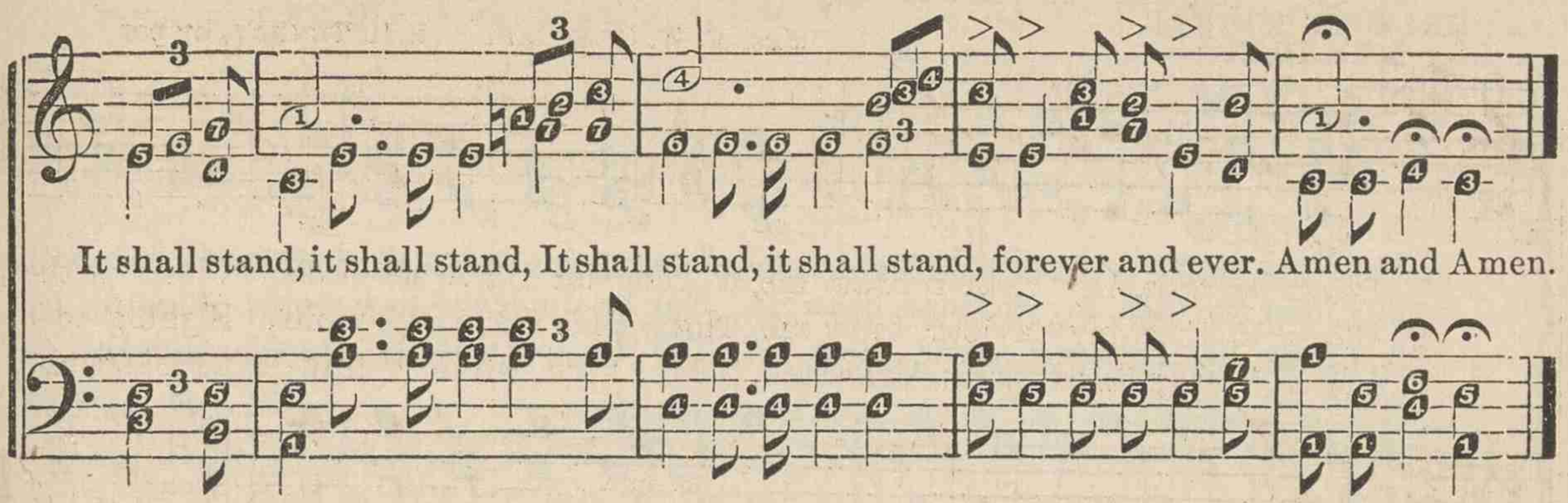
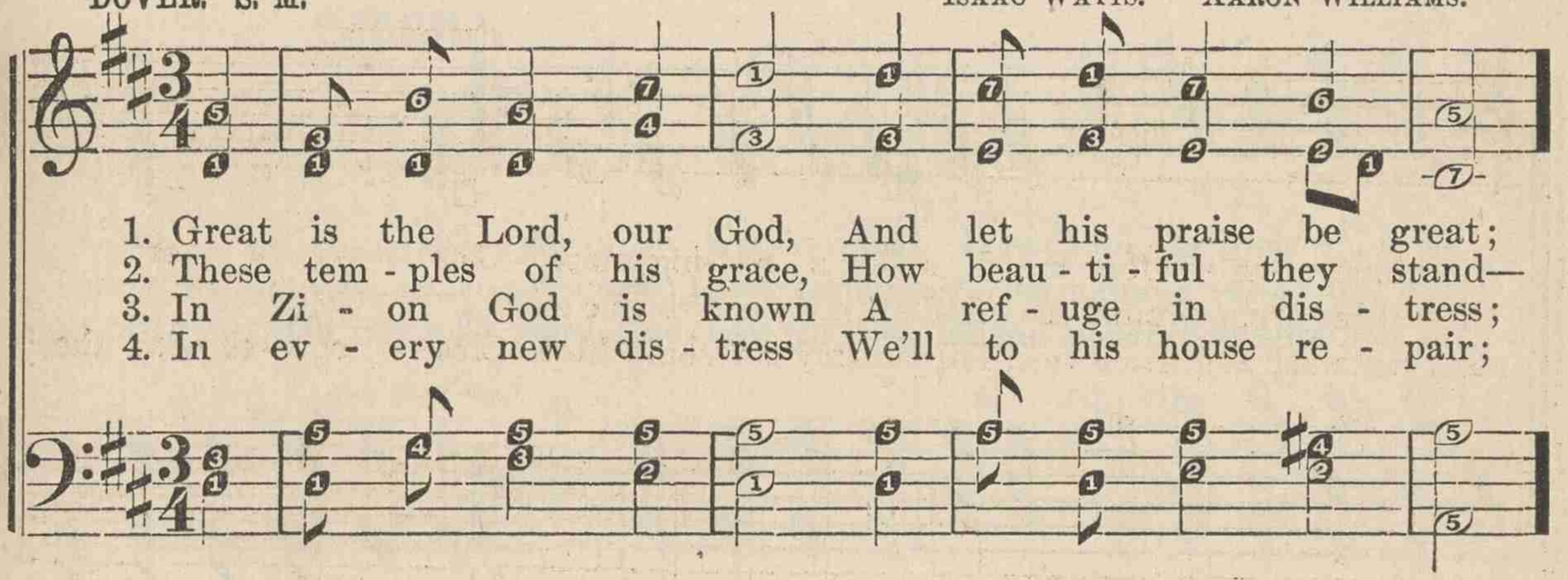
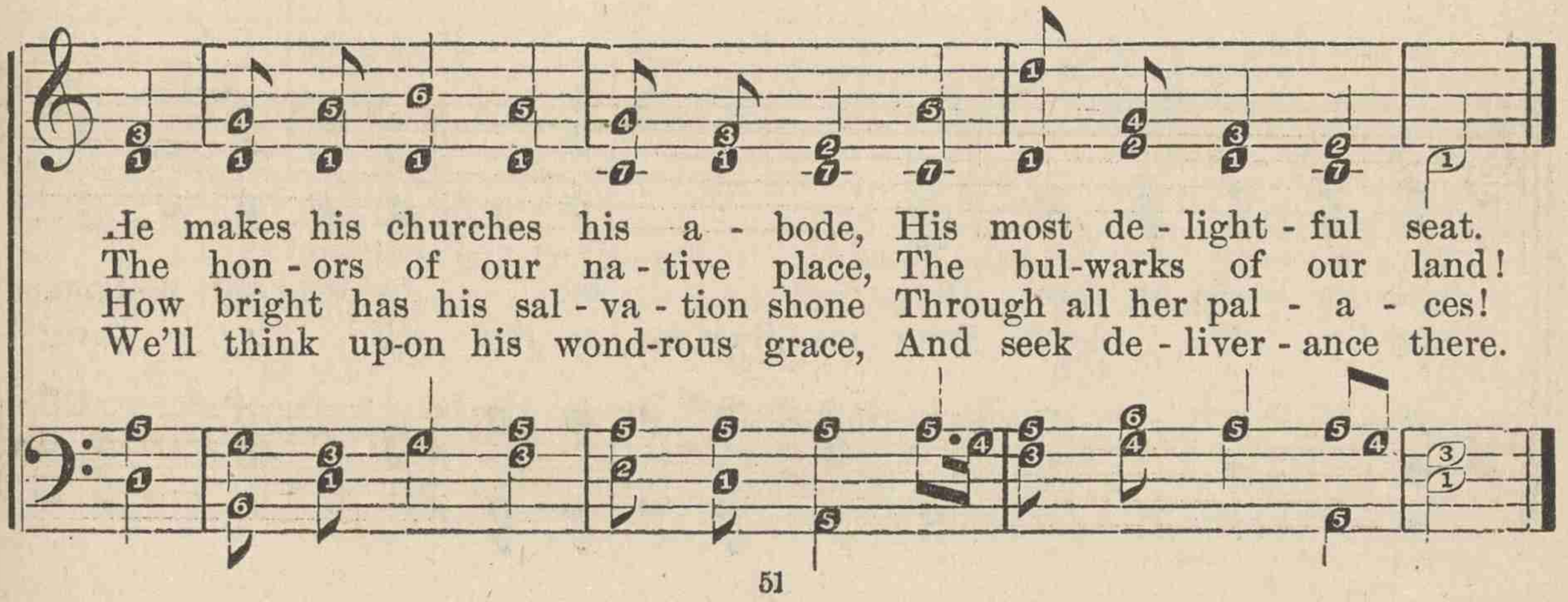
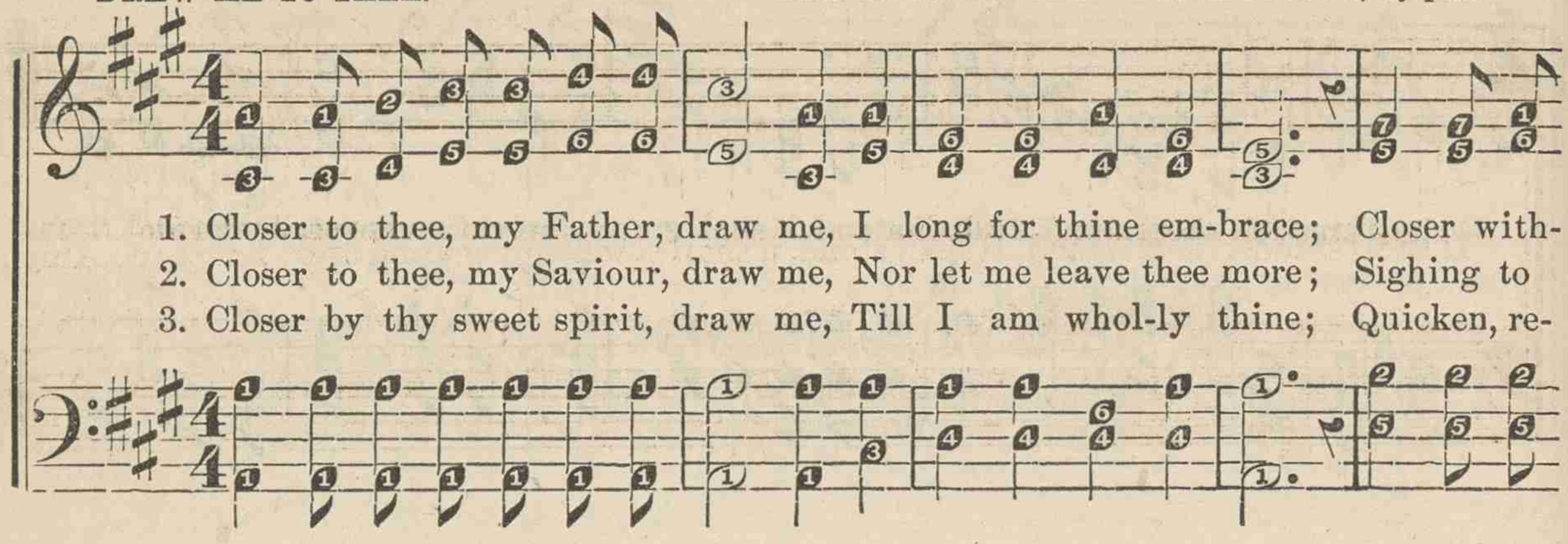
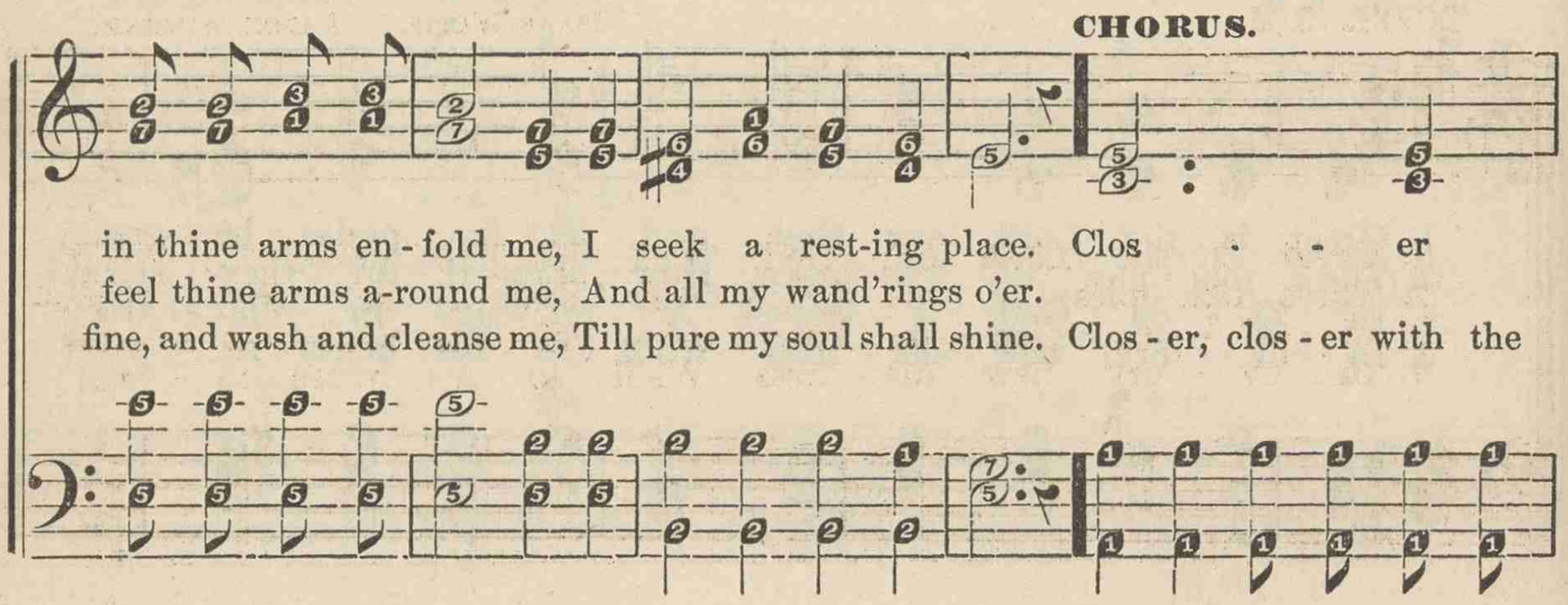
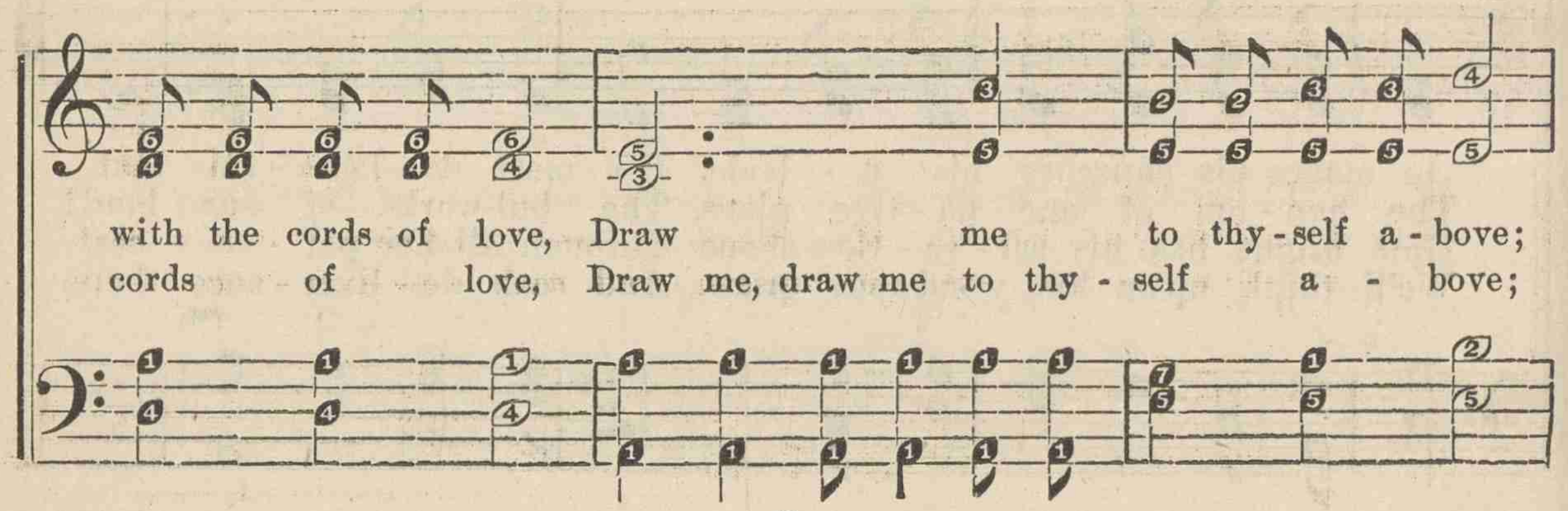
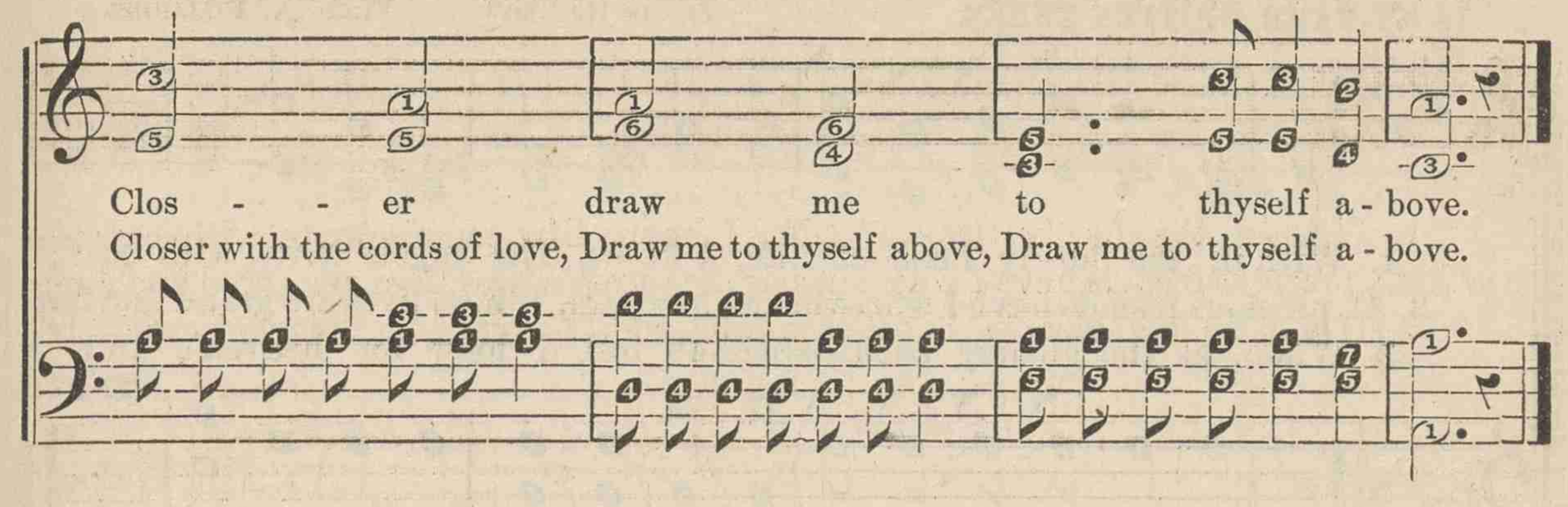
The kingdoms of earth. Concluded.

79 Great is the Lord, our God.

DOVER. S. M. ISAAC WATTS. AARON WILLIAMS.



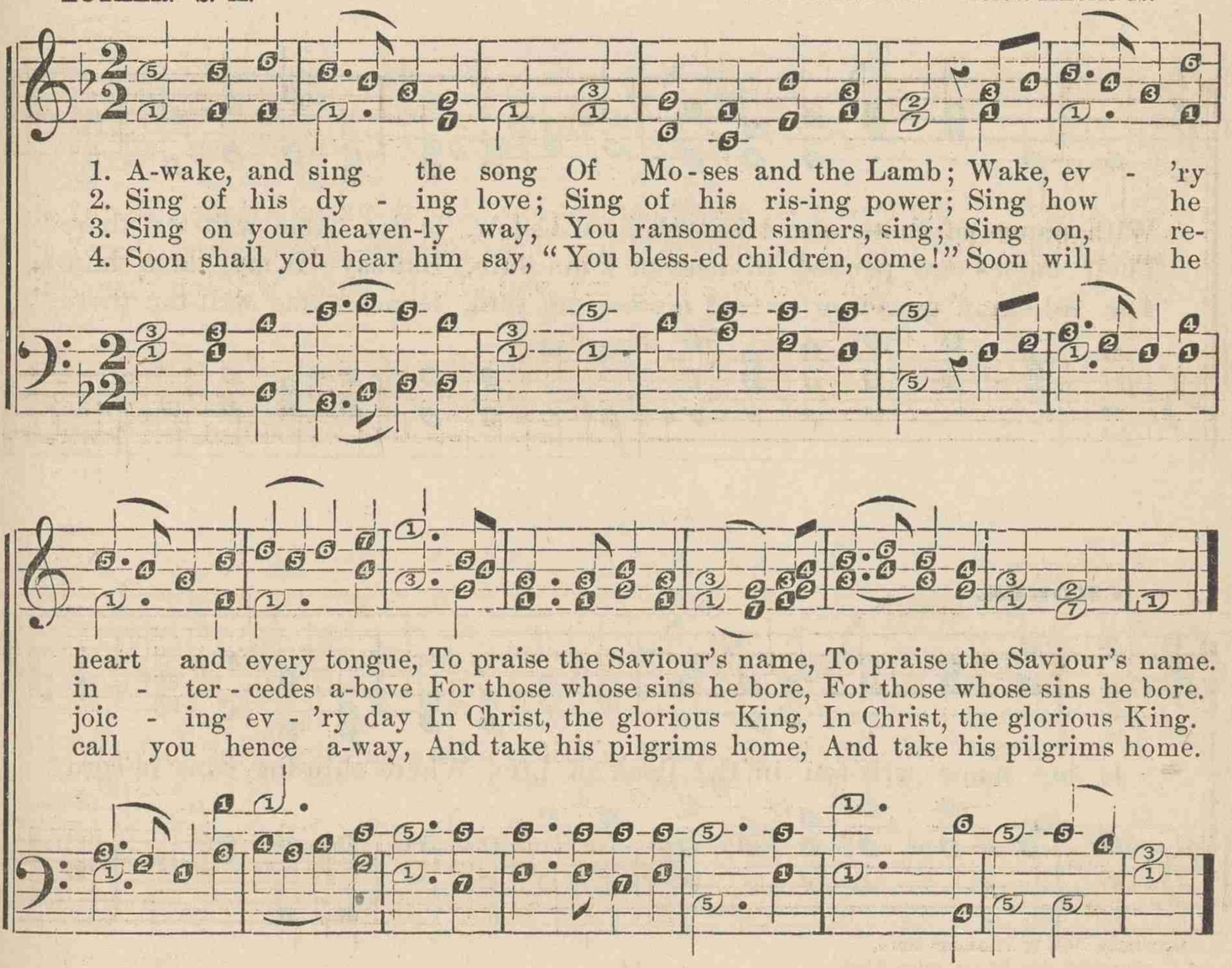
80 Closer to thee, my Father, draw me.

DRAW ME TO THEE. MRS. E. W. CHAPMAN. J. H. TENNEY, by per.

1. Closer to thee, my Father, draw me, I long for thine em-brace; Closer with-
2. Closer to thee, my Saviour, draw me, Nor let me leave thee more; Sighing to
3. Closer by thy sweet spirit, draw me, Till I am whol-ly thine; Quicken, re-

CHORUS.

in thine arms en - fold me, I seek a rest-ing place. Clos - - - er
feel thine arms a-round me, And all my wand'rings o'er.
fine, and wash and cleanse me, Till pure my soul shall shine. Clos - er, clos - er with the

with the cords of love, Draw me to thy - self a - bove;
cords of love, Draw me, draw me to thy - self a - bove;

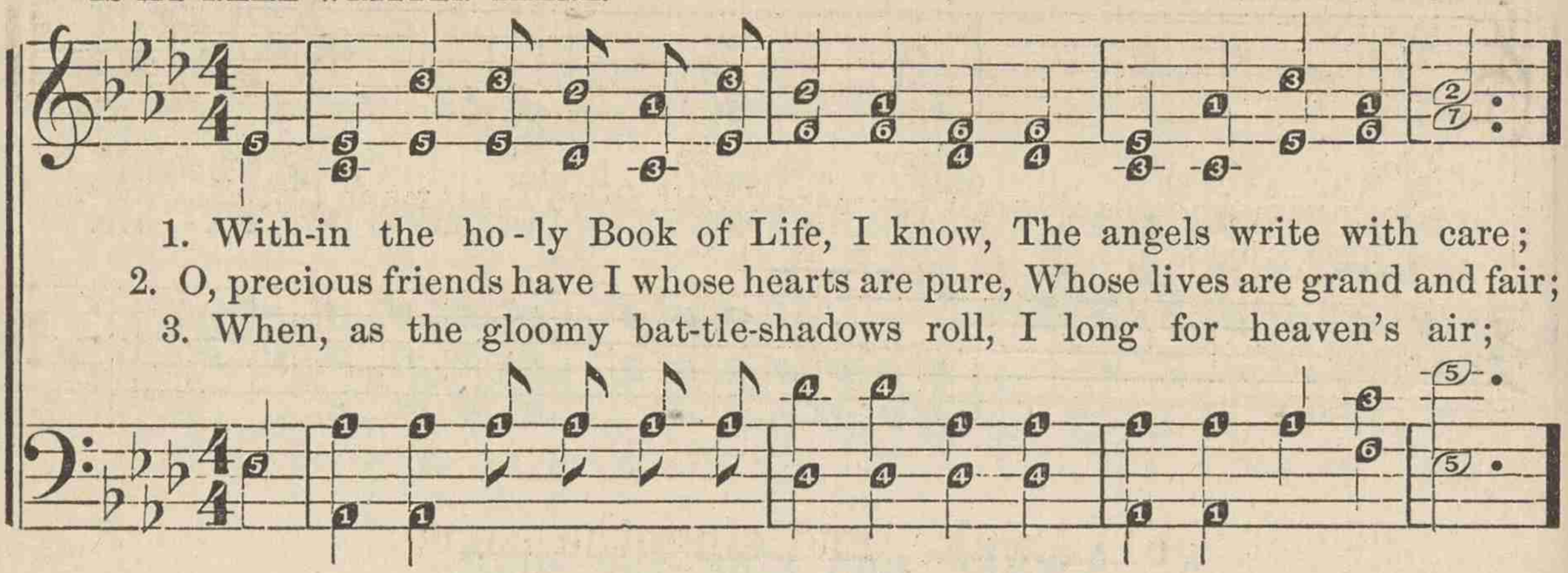
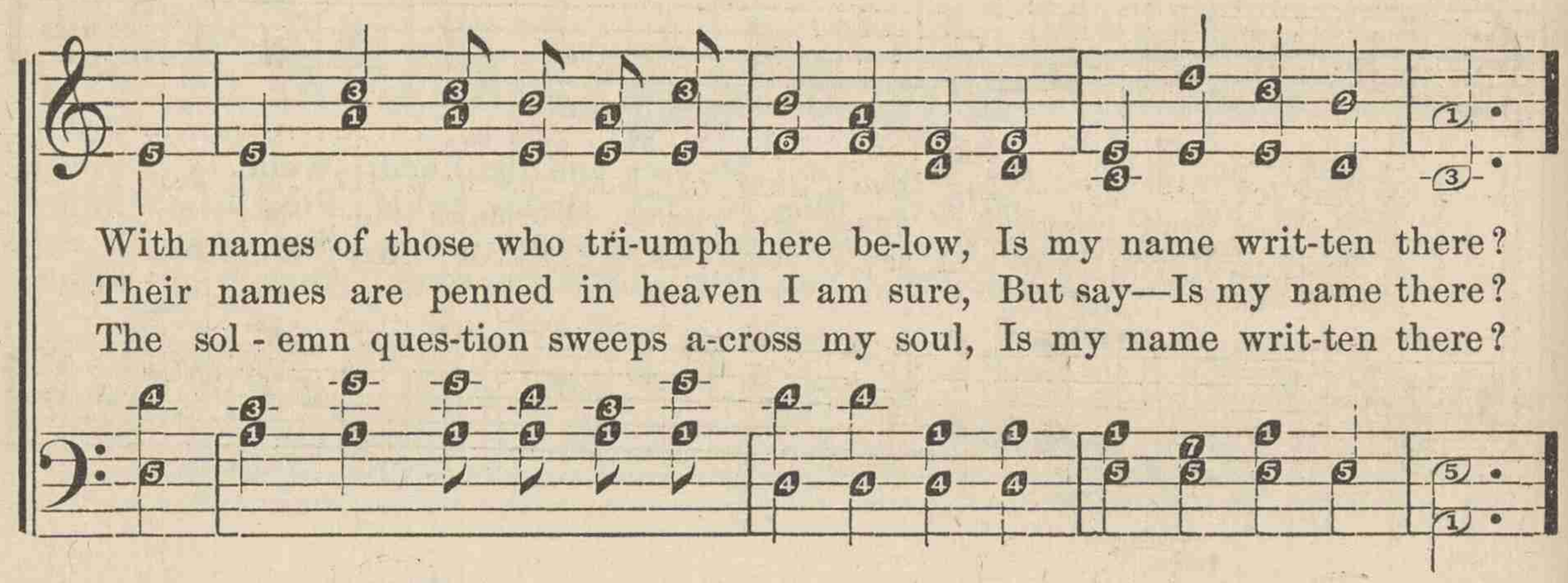
Closer to thee, my Father. Concluded.

81 Awake, and sing the song.

LUTHER. S. M. WM. HAMMOND. THOS. HASTINGS.

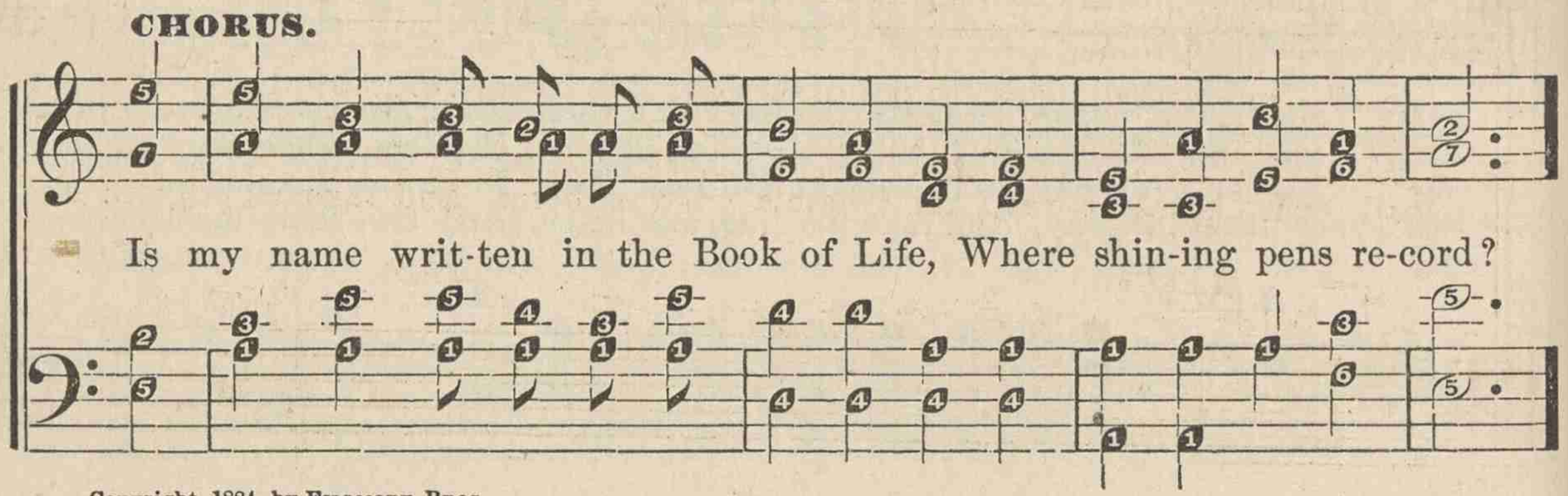


82 Within the holy Book of Life, I know.

IS MY NAME WRITTEN THERE. JESSIE H. BROWN. FRED. A. FILLMORE.



CHORUS.



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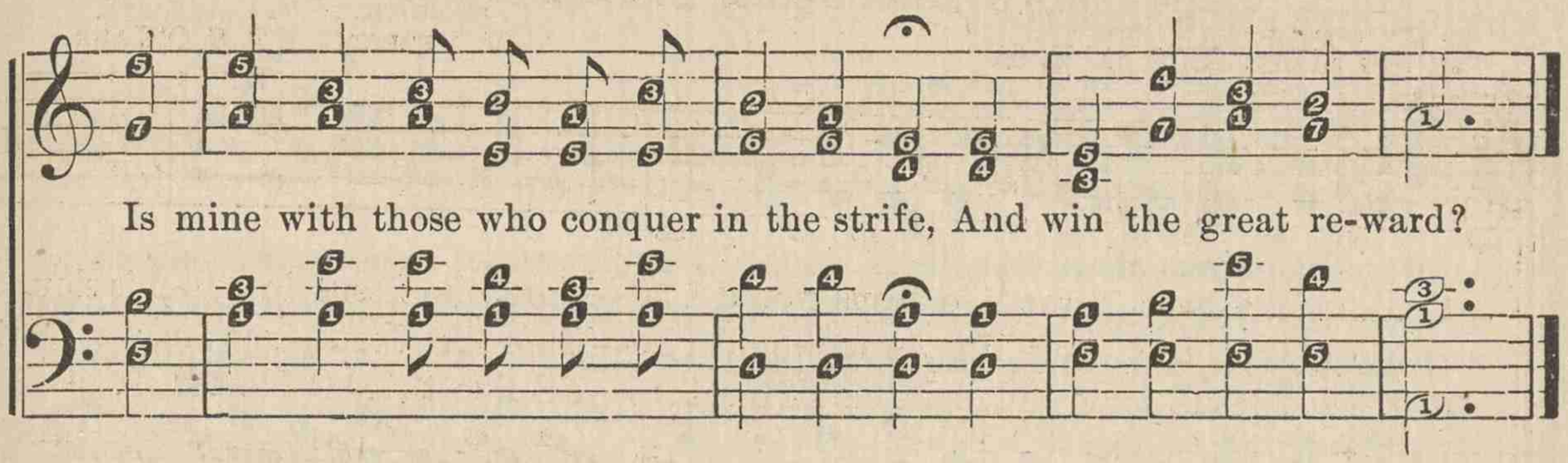
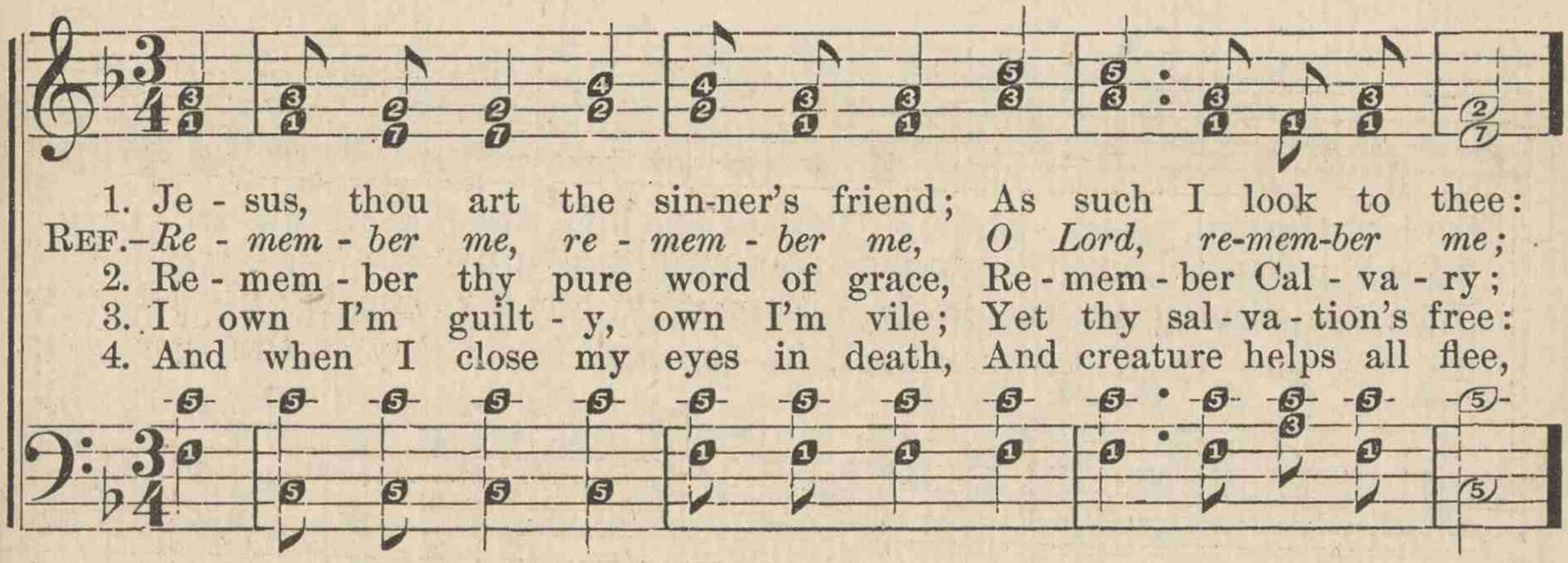
Within the holy Book of Life. Concluded.



83 Jesus, thou art the sinner's friend.

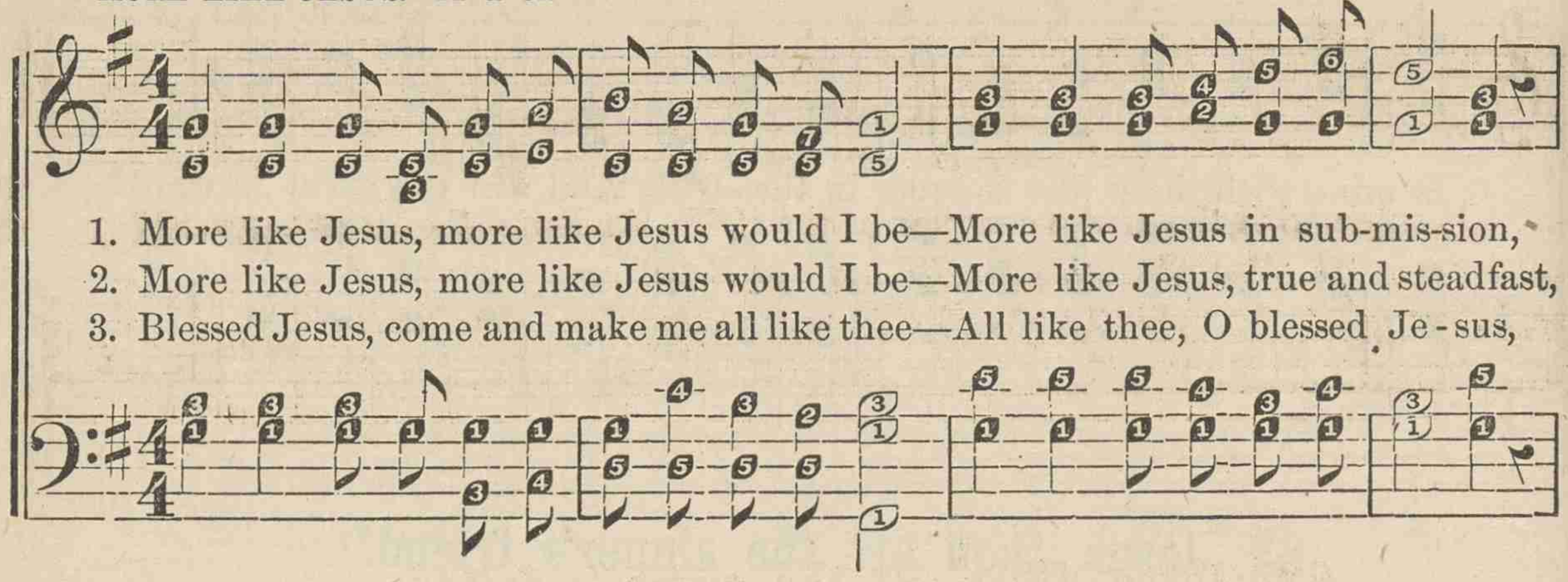
REMEMBER ME. C. M. RICHARD BURNHAM. ASA HULL.



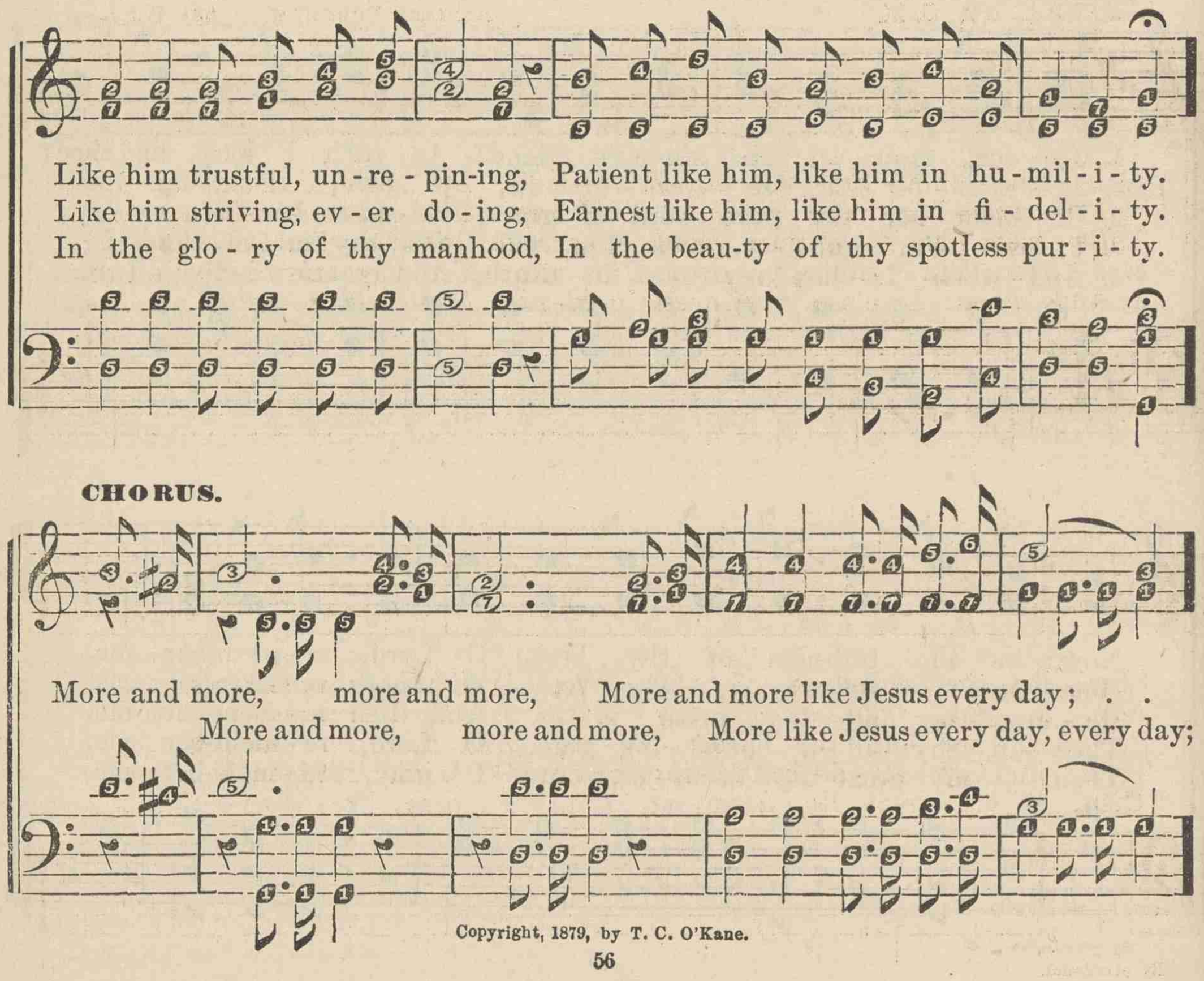
By permission.

84 More like Jesus would I be.

MORE LIKE JESUS. 11 & 8s. F. MERRICK. T. C. O'KANE.



1. More like Jesus, more like Jesus would I be—More like Jesus in sub-mis-sion,
2. More like Jesus, more like Jesus would I be—More like Jesus, true and steadfast,
3. Blessed Jesus, come and make me all like thee—All like thee, O blessed Je-sus,

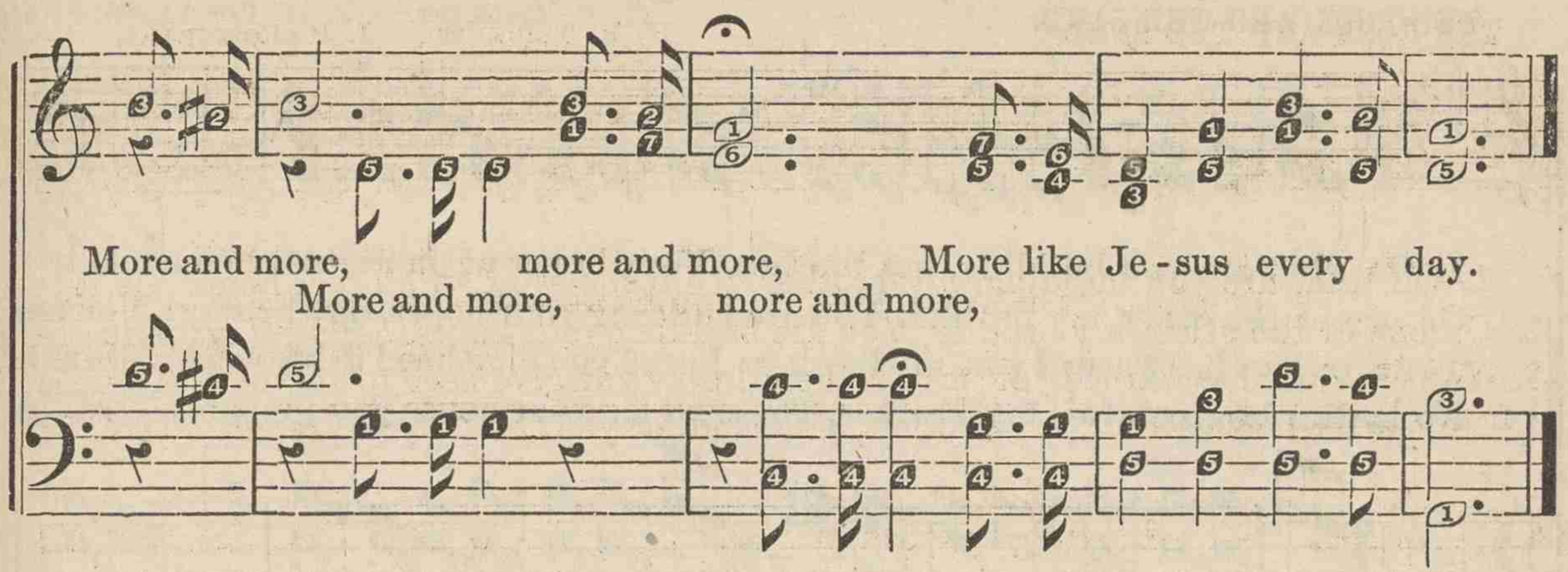


Like him trustful, un-re-pin-ing, Patient like him, like him in hu-mil-i-ty.
Like him striving, ev-er do-ing, Earnest like him, like him in fi-del-i-ty.
In the glo-ry of thy manhood, In the beau-ty of thy spotless pur-i-ty.

CHORUS.

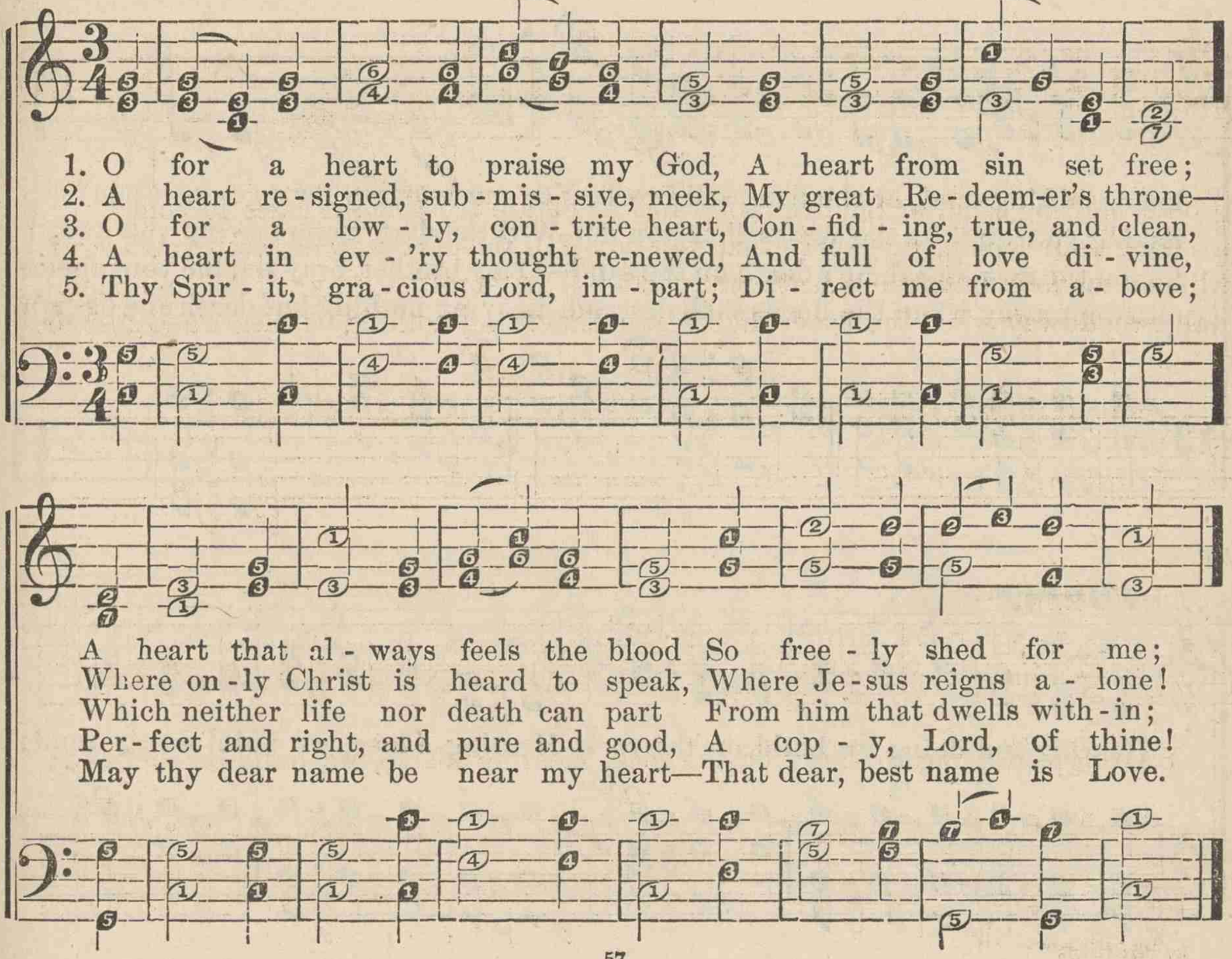
More and more, more and more, More and more like Jesus every day; . .
More and more, more and more, More like Jesus every day, every day;

Copyright, 1879, by T. C. O'Kane.



85 O for a heart to praise my God.

PRAYER. C. M. WM. COWPER. T. J. COOK.



86 On what are you building, my brother.

THE ROCK AND THE SAND. H. R. TRICKETT. J. H. ROSECRANS.

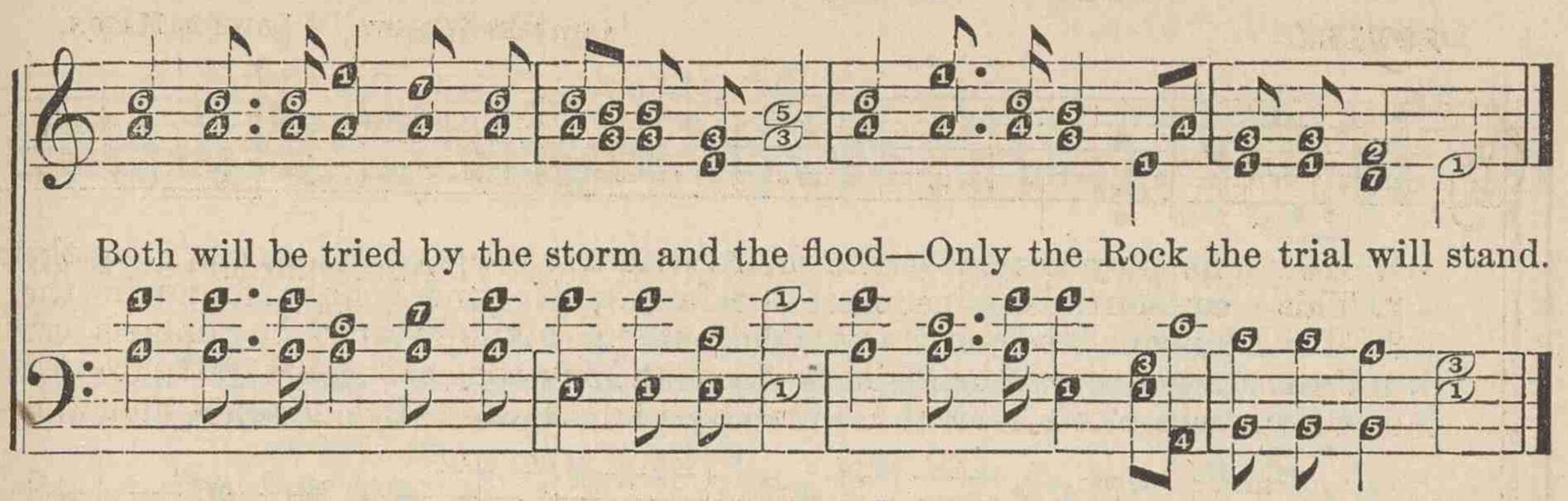
1. On what are you building, my brother, Your hopes of an eternal home? Is it loose, shifting sand, or the firm, solid rock, You are trusting for a-ges to come?
2. On one or the other, my brother, You are building your hopes, day by day; You are risking your soul on the works that you do: Will the dark waters sweep you away?
3. Your Saviour has warned you, my brother: I pray you give heed to his voice: There is life on the rock, but there's death on the sand—O my brother, pray tell me your choice.
4. No matter how careful, my brother, The sand for your house you prepare, 'Twill be all swept away when the floods shall descend, Leaving nothing but death and despair.

CHORUS.

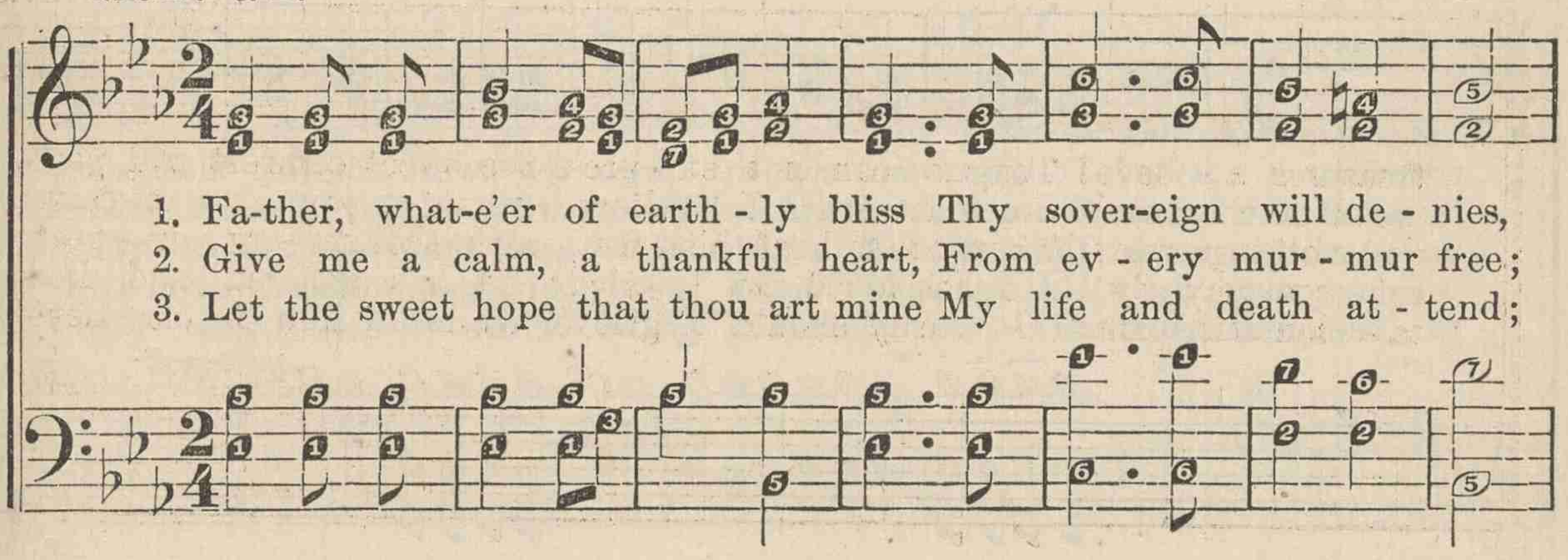
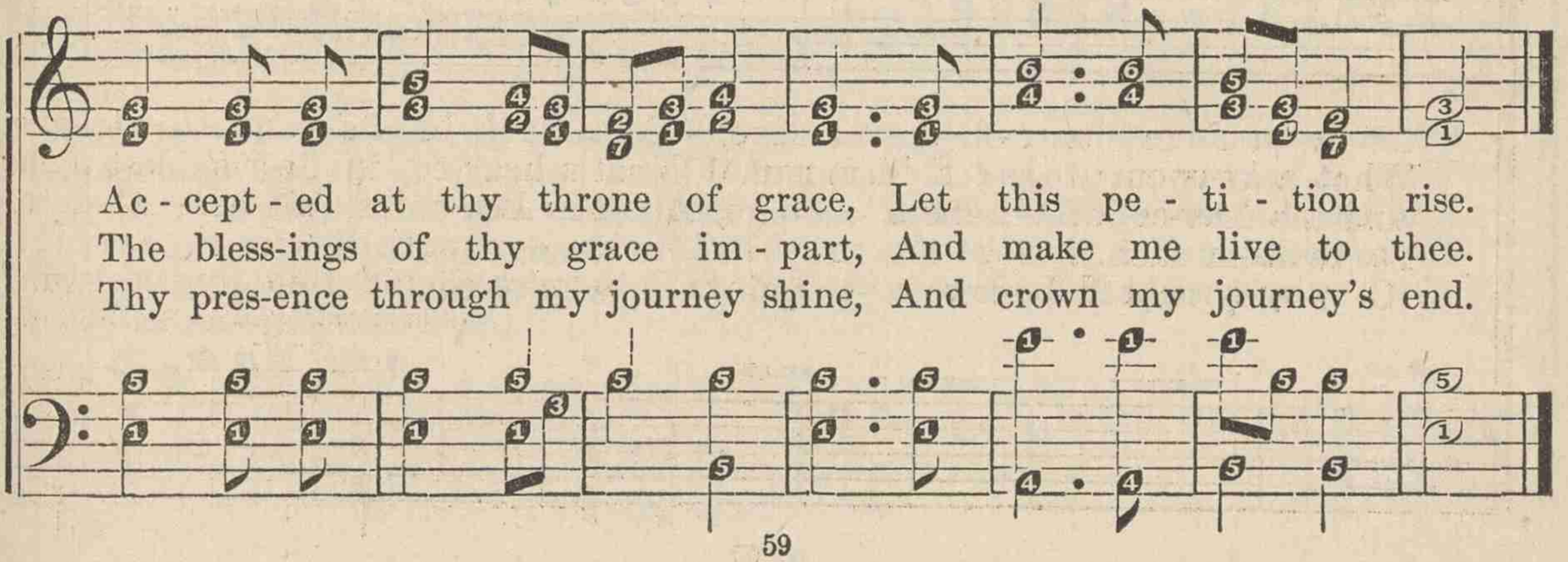
Hearing and doing we build on the rock, Hearing a-lone, we build on the sand;

By permission.

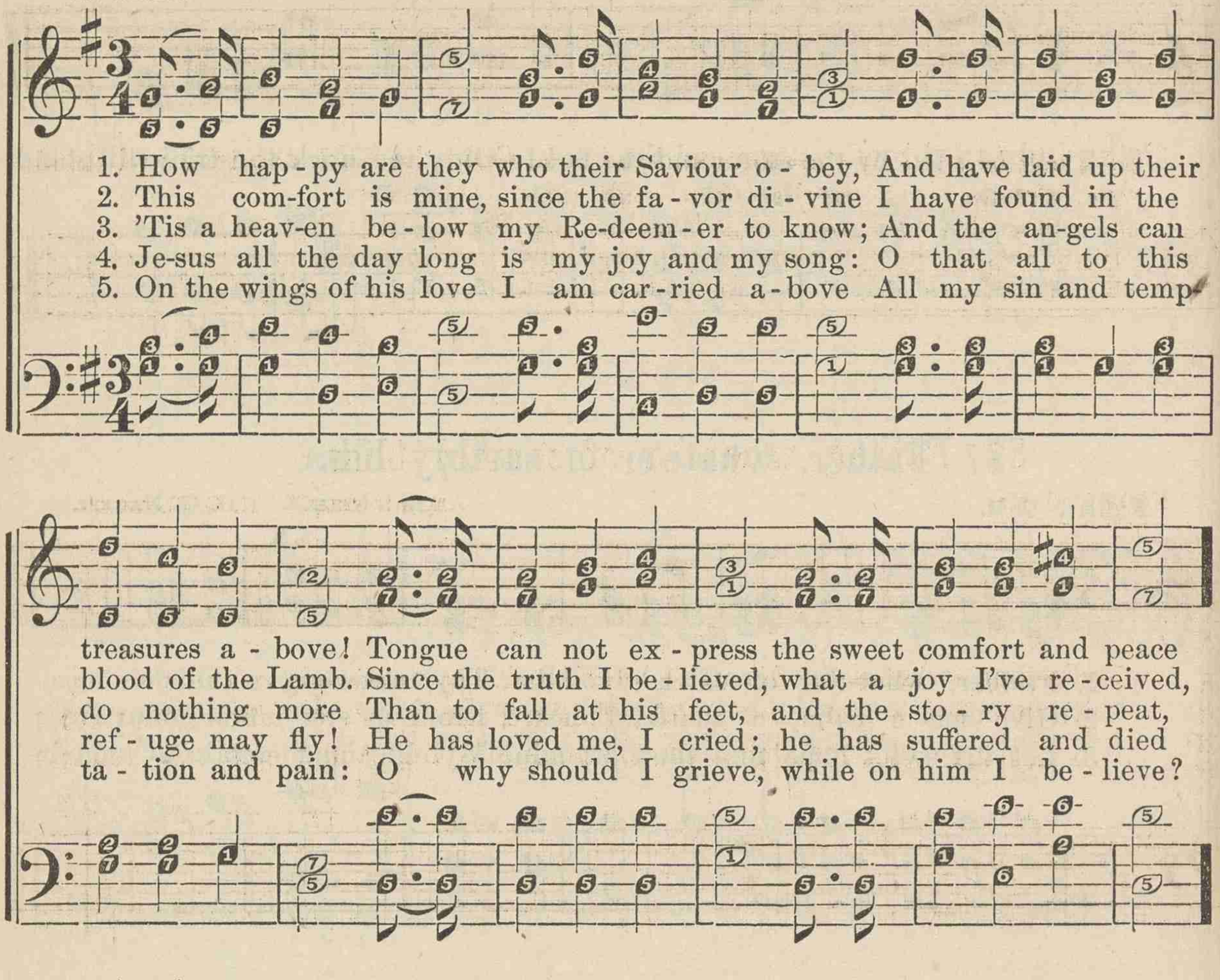
On what are you building. Concluded.



87 Father, whate'er of earthly bliss.

NAOMI. C. M. ANNE STEELE. H. G. NAGELI.

88 How happy are they who their Saviour obey.

ROWLEY. CHARLES WESLEY. LOWELL MASON.



1. How hap-py are they who their Saviour o-bey, And have laid up their
2. This com-fort is mine, since the fa-vor di-vine I have found in the
3. 'Tis a heav-en be-low my Re-deem-er to know; And the an-gels can
4. Je-sus all the day long is my joy and my song: O that all to this
5. On the wings of his love I am car-ried a-bove All my sin and temp-

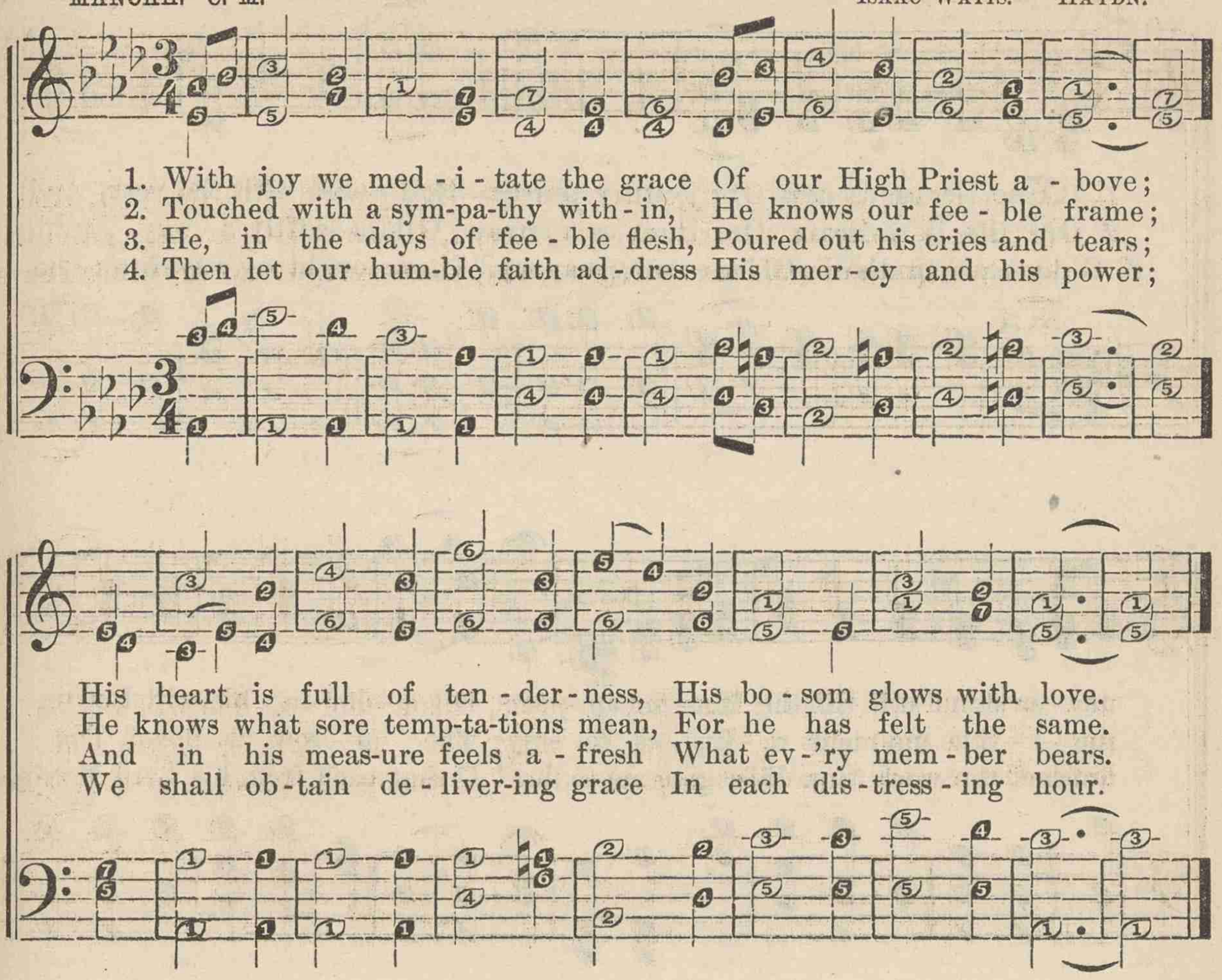
treasures a-bove! Tongue can not ex-press the sweet comfort and peace
blood of the Lamb. Since the truth I be-lieved, what a joy I've re-ceived,
do nothing more Than to fall at his feet, and the sto-ry re-peat,
ref-uge may fly! He has loved me, I cried; he has suffered and died
ta-tion and pain: O why should I grieve, while on him I be-lieve?

Of a soul in its ear-li-est love, Of a soul in its ear-li-est love.
What a heav-en in Je-sus' blest name! What a heav-en in Je-sus' blest name!
And the Lov-er of sin-ners a-dore, And the Lov-er of sin-ners a-dore.
To re-deem such a reb-el as I! To re-deem such a reb-el as I!
O why should I sor-row a-gain? O why should I sor-row a-gain?

[*Hymn concluded on opposite page.*]

89 With joy we meditate the grace.

MANOAH. C. M. ISAAC WATTS. HAYDN.



[*How happy are they. Concluded.*]

6 O the rapturous height of that holy delight,
Which I find in the life-giving blood!
Of my Saviour possessed, I am perfectly blessed,
Being filled with the fullness of God!

7 Now my remnant of days will I spend to his praise,
Who has died, me from sin to redeem;
Whether many or few, all my years are his due—
They shall all be devoted to him.

8 What a mercy is this! what a heaven of bliss!
How unspeakably happy am I!
Gathered into the fold, with believers enrolled—
With believers to live and to die!

90 Come, let us anew.

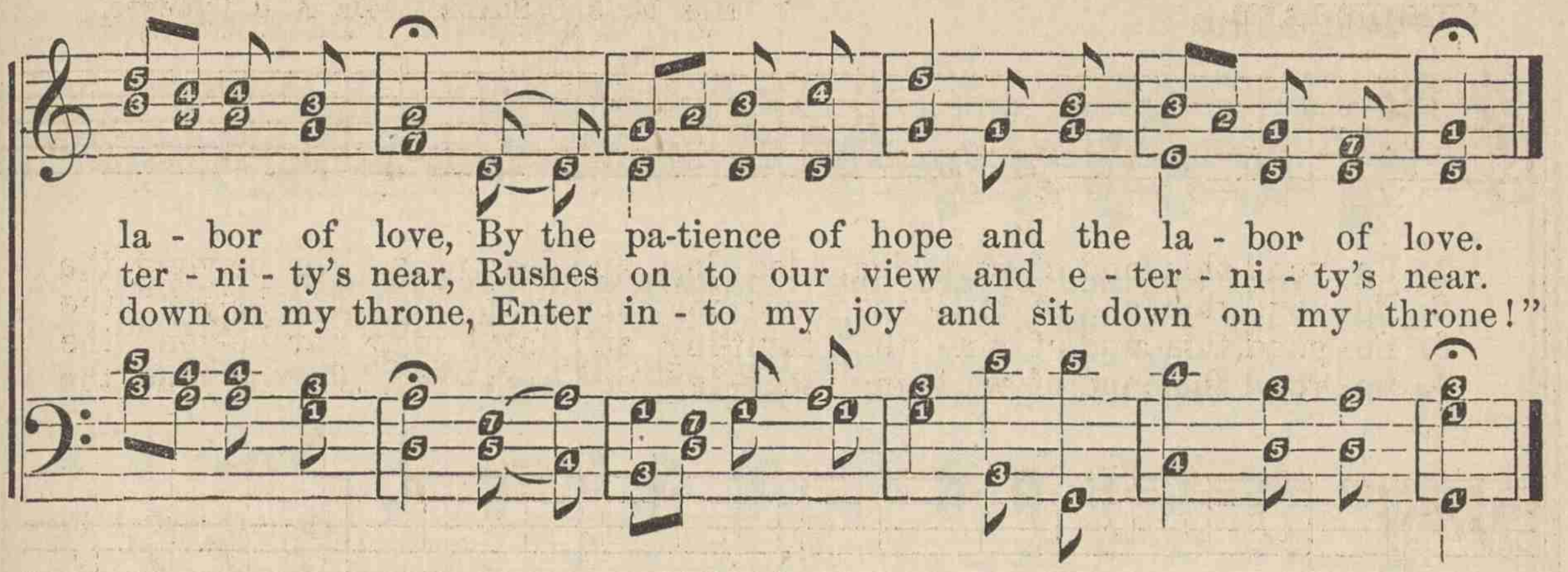
LUCAS. 10, 5s & 11s. CHARLES WESLEY. JAMES LUCAS.

1. Come, let us a - new Our journey pursue—Roll round with the year, And
2. Our life is a dream; Our time, as a stream, Glides swiftly a - way, And the
3. O that each, in the day Of his coming may say, "I have fought my way thro'; I have

nev - er stand still till the Mas - ter ap - pear; His a - dor - a - ble will Let us
fug - i - tive mo-ment re - fus - es to stay; The ar - row is flown, The
finished the work thou didst give me to do!" O that each from his Lord May re-

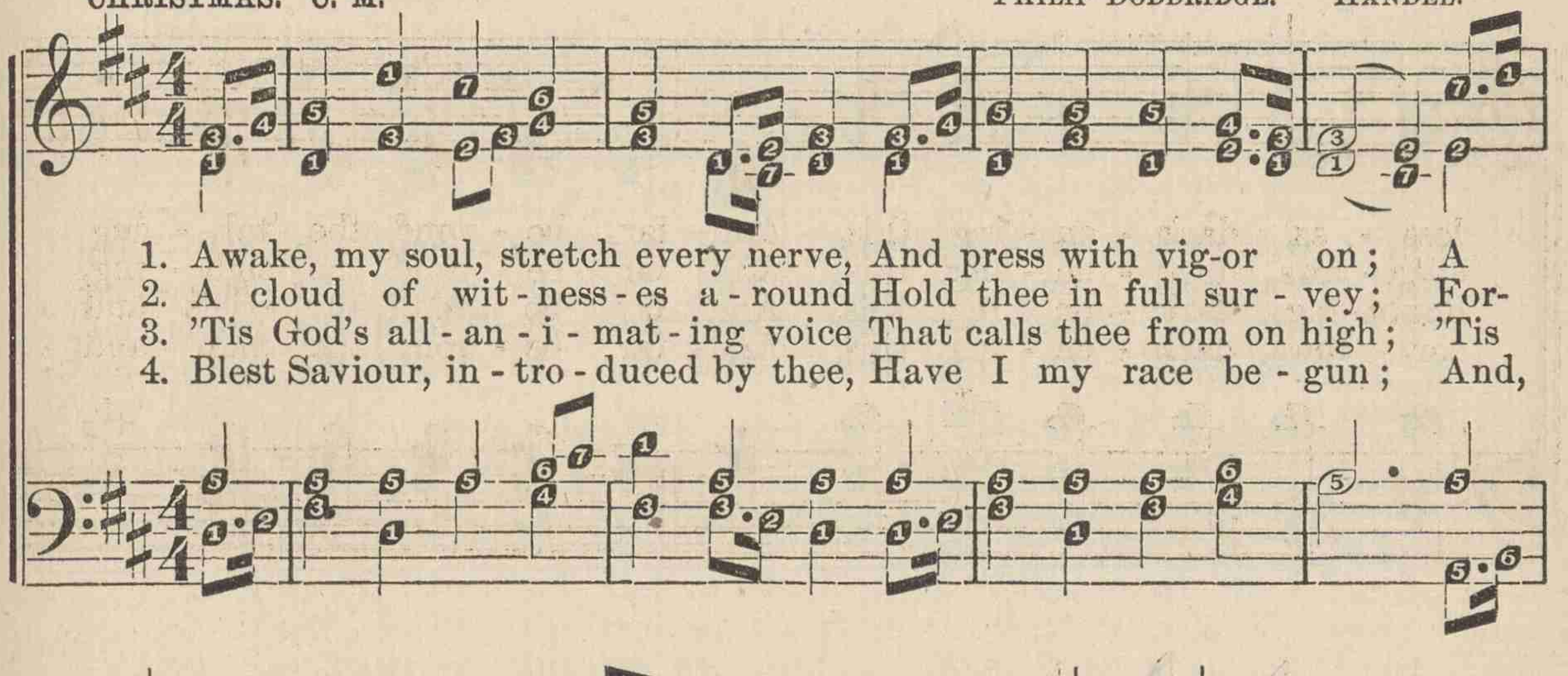
glad - ly ful - fill, And our ta-lents improve By the pa-tience of hope, and the
mo-ment is gone, The mil - len - ni - al year Rush-es on to our view and e-
ceive the glad word, "Well and faithfully done: En-ter in - to my joy and sit

Come, let us anew. Concluded.



91 Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve.

CHRISTMAS. C. M. PHILIP DODDRIDGE. HANDEL.



92 Beyond this land of parting, losing and leaving.

SUMMER-LAND. MRS. M. B. C. SLADE. DR. A. B. EVERETT.

1. Be - yond this land of part - ing, los - ing, and leav - ing, Far be-yond the
2. Be - yond this land of toil - ing, sow - ing, and reap - ing, Far be-yond the
3. Be - yond this land of sin - ning, faint-ing, and fall - ing, Far be-yond the
4. Be - yond this land of wait - ing, seek - ing, and sigh - ing, Far be-yond the

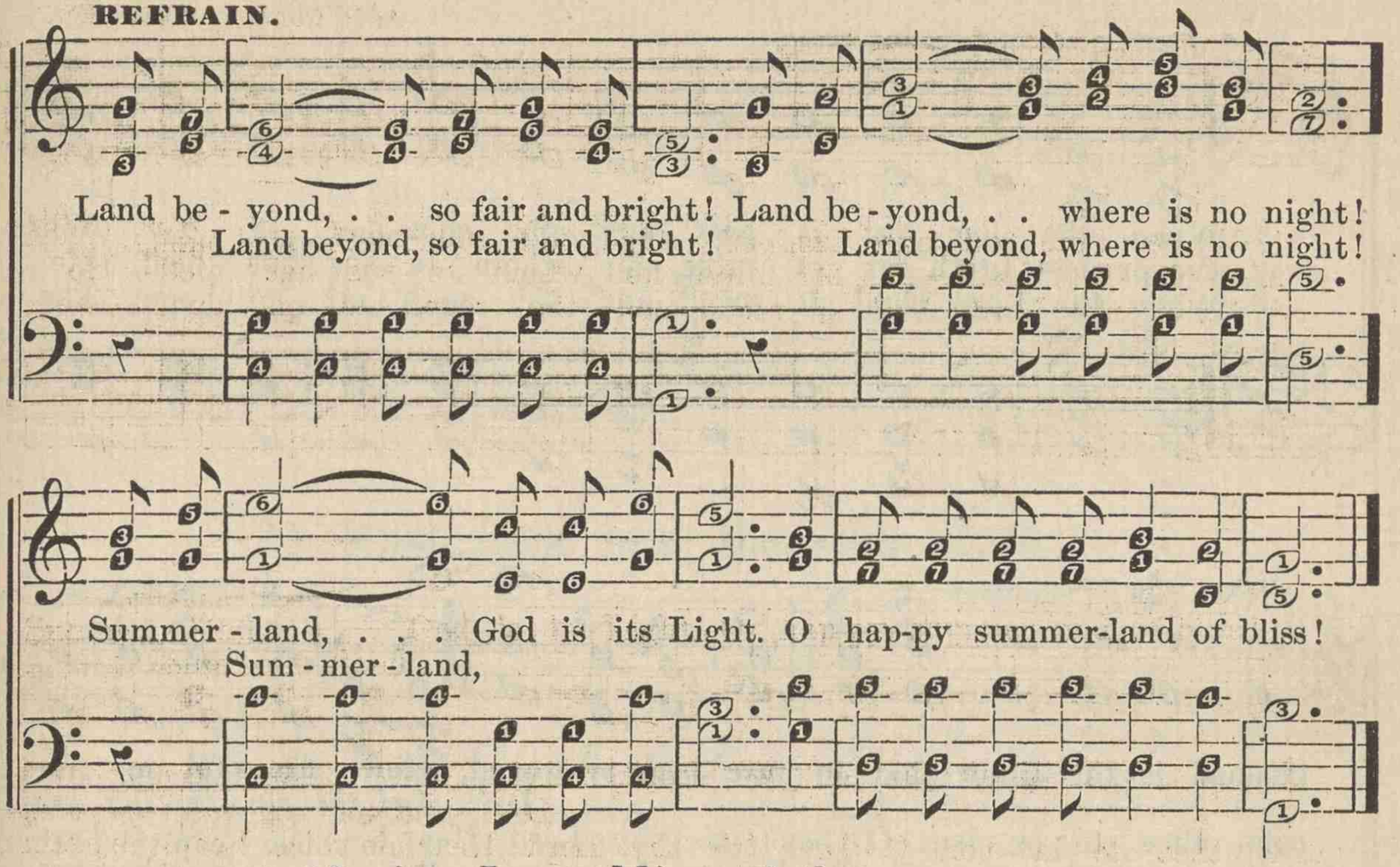
loss - es, dark - en - ing this, And far be - yond the tak - ing
shad - ows, dark - en - ing this, And far be - yond the sigh - ing,
doubt-ings, dark - en - ing this, And far be - yond the griefs and
sor - rows, dark - en - ing this, And far be - yond the pain and

and the be - reav - ing, Lies the sum - mer - land of bliss.
moan - ing, and weep - ing, Lies the sum - mer - land of bliss.
dan - gers be - fall - ing, Lies the sum - mer - land of bliss.
sick - ness and dy - ing, Lies the sum - mer - land of bliss.

By permission.

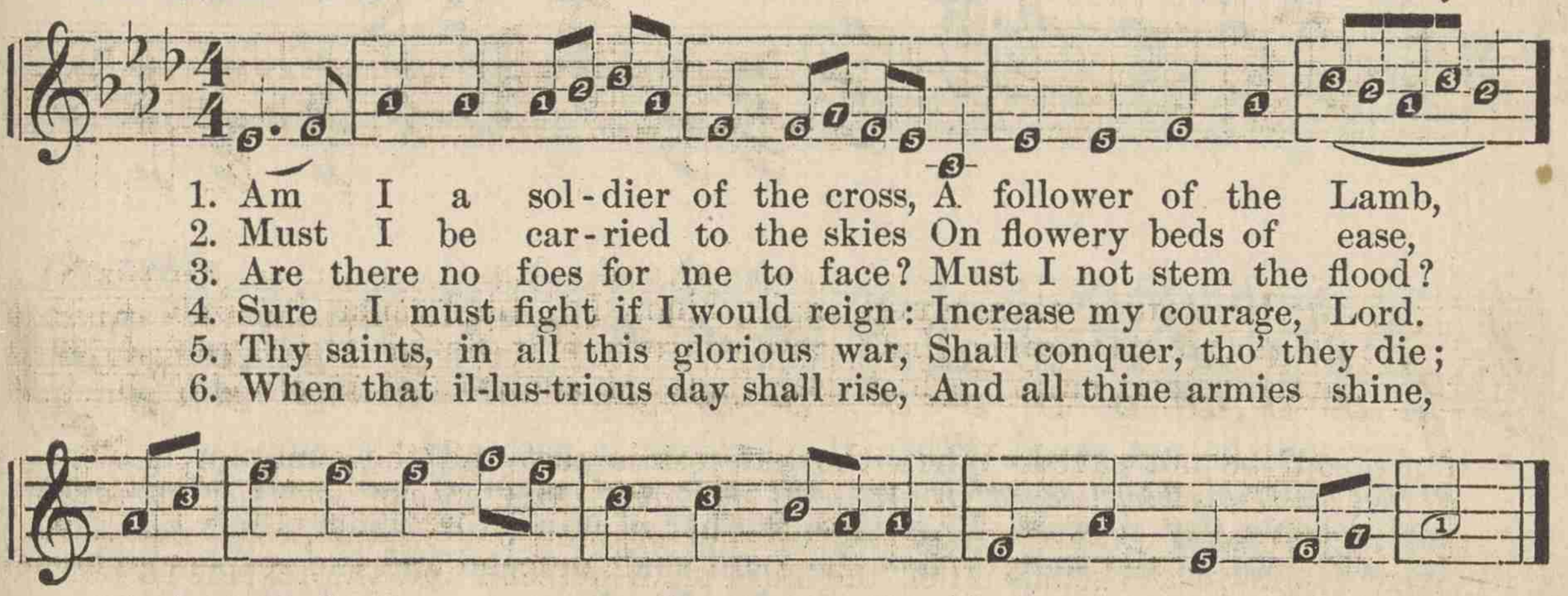
Beyond this land of parting. Concluded.

REFRAIN.



93 Am I a soldier of the cross.

MT. PISGAH. C. M. ISAAC WATTS. American Melody.



94 When the harvest is past and the summer is o'er.

A. P. Cobb. J. H. F.

Rhythm according to the words.

1. When the har - vest is past and the sum - mer is o'er, When
2. Prayer - less broth - er of mine, for whom Je - sus has died, He
3. When the Lord shall de - scend and the reap - ers go home, The

gleaned is the grain that in rare beau-ty waved, How fear - ful my fate

D. S. *And the rip - en - ing grain*

calls thee to la - bor. O - bey: 'tis thy Lord. Hear his voice. Reap the grain
sheaves may be ma - ny, the har - vest be long; But on - ly the faith-

Fine.

if my soul be not saved, When the har-vest is past and the sum-mer is o'er!
of the harvest which waved O - ver hill - side and plain, if our souls be not saved.
and receive thy re-ward, Prayerless brother of mine, for whom Jesus has died.
ful will join in the song, When the Lord shall descend and the reapers go home.

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When the harvest is past. Concluded.

CHORUS. D. S.

In vain, in vain the broad field, . . In vain, in vain the rich yield, . .
the broad field, the rich yield.

95 Must Jesus bear the cross alone.

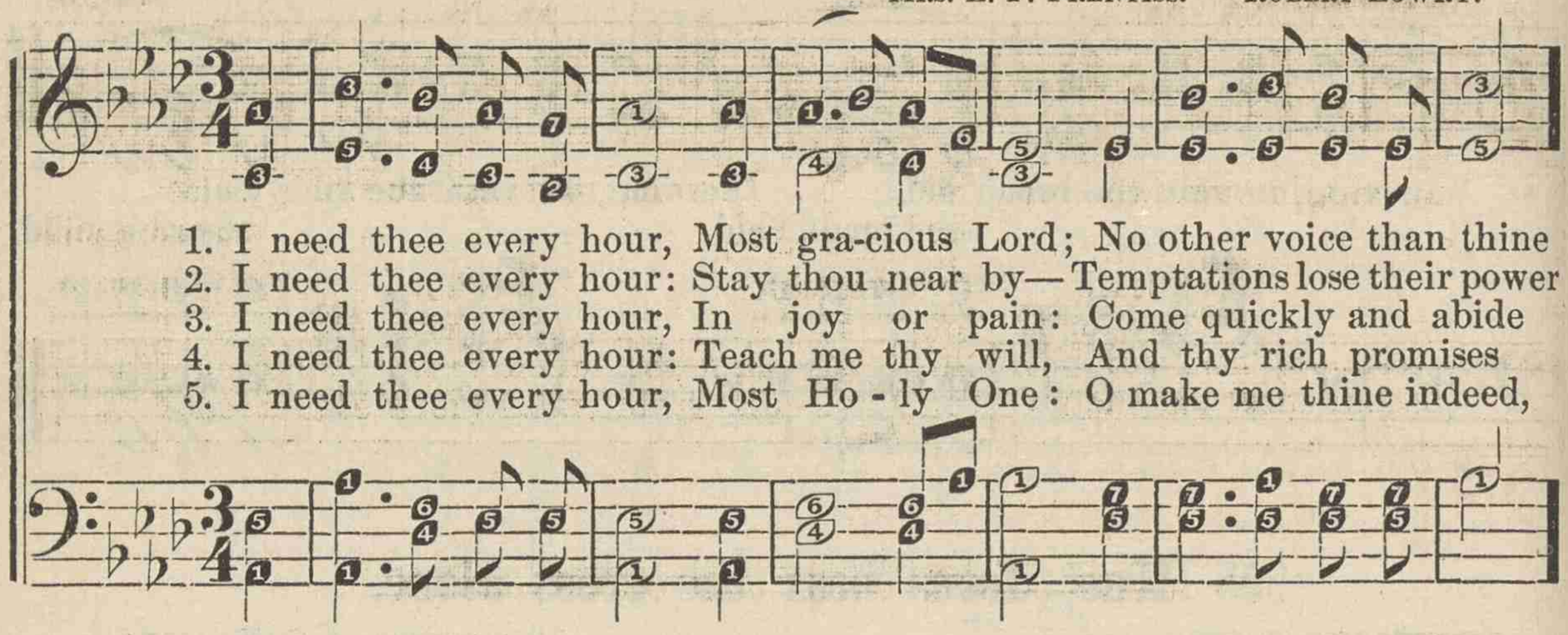
MAITLAND. C. M. T. SHEPHERD. G. N. ALLEN.

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
2. The con - se - crat - ed cross I'll bear Till death shall set me free,
3. Up - on the crys-tal pavement, down At -Je - sus' pierc-ed feet,
4. O pre-cious cross! O glorious crown! O re - sur - rec - tion day!

No; there's a cross for ev - ery one, And there's a cross for me.
And then go home my crown to wear— For there's a crown for me.
Joy - ful I'll cast my gold - en crown, And his dear name re - peat.
Ye an - gels, from the stars come down, And bear my soul a - way.

96 I need thee every hour.

MRS. E. P. PRENTISS. ROBERT LOWRY.



1. I need thee every hour, Most gra-cious Lord; No other voice than thine
2. I need thee every hour: Stay thou near by—Temptations lose their power
3. I need thee every hour, In joy or pain: Come quickly and abide
4. I need thee every hour: Teach me thy will, And thy rich promises
5. I need thee every hour, Most Ho - ly One: O make me thine indeed,

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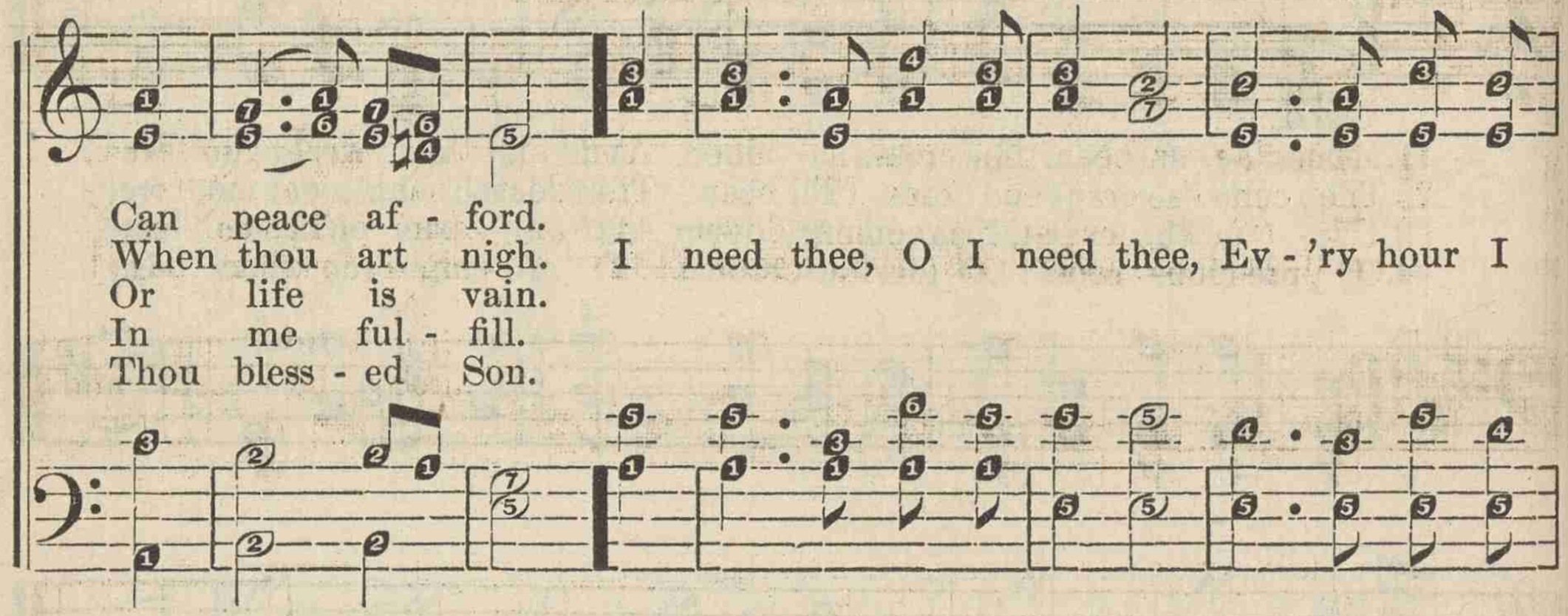
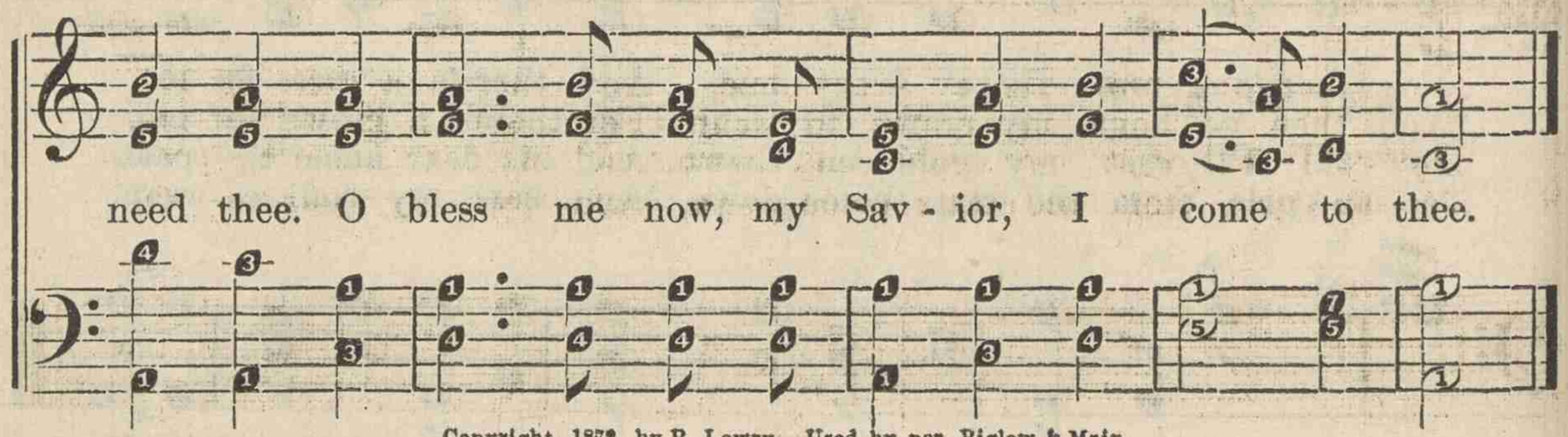

Can peace af - ford.
When thou art nigh. I need thee, O I need thee, Ev - 'ry hour I
Or life is vain.
In me ful - fill.
Thou bless - ed Son.

need thee. O bless me now, my Sav - ior, I come to thee.

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97 Saviour, thy dying love Thou gavest me.

SOMETHING FOR JESUS.

S. D. PHELPS. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Sav - iour, thy dy - ing love Thou gav - est me; Nor should I
2. O'er the blest mer - cy - seat, Plead - ing for me, My fee - ble
3. Give me a faith - ful heart—Like - ness to thee— That each de-

aught withhold, Dear Lord, from thee: In love my soul would bow,
faith looks up, Je - sus, to thee; Help me the cross to bear,
part - ing day Hence-forth may see Some work of love be - gun,

My heart ful - fill its vow, Some offering bring thee now—Something for thee.
Thy wondrous love declare, Some song to raise, or prayer—Something for thee.
Some deed of kindness done, Some wanderer sought and won—Something for thee.

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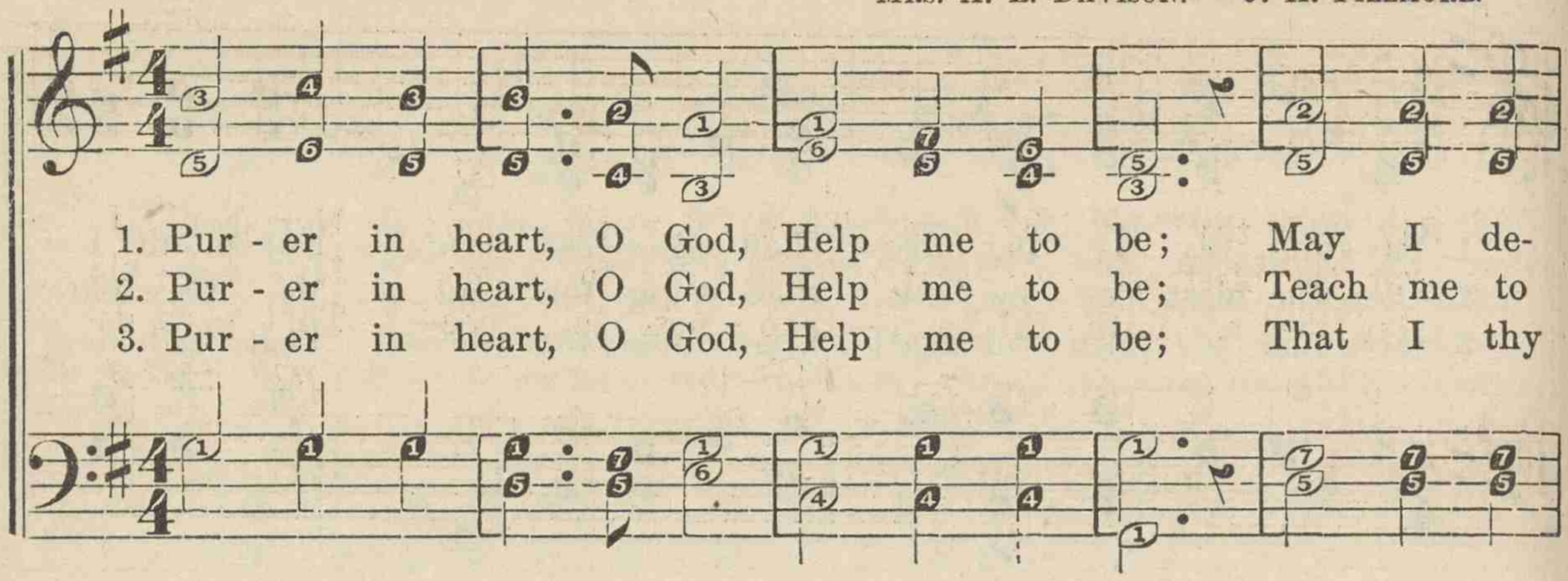
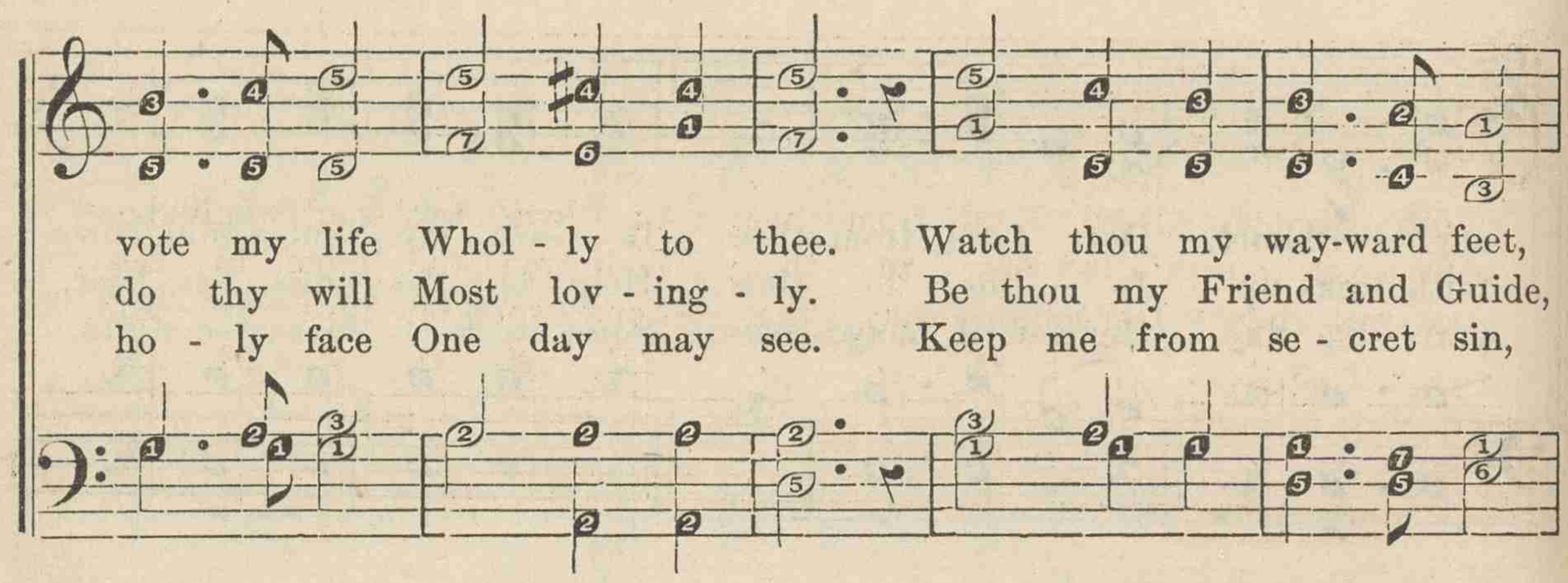
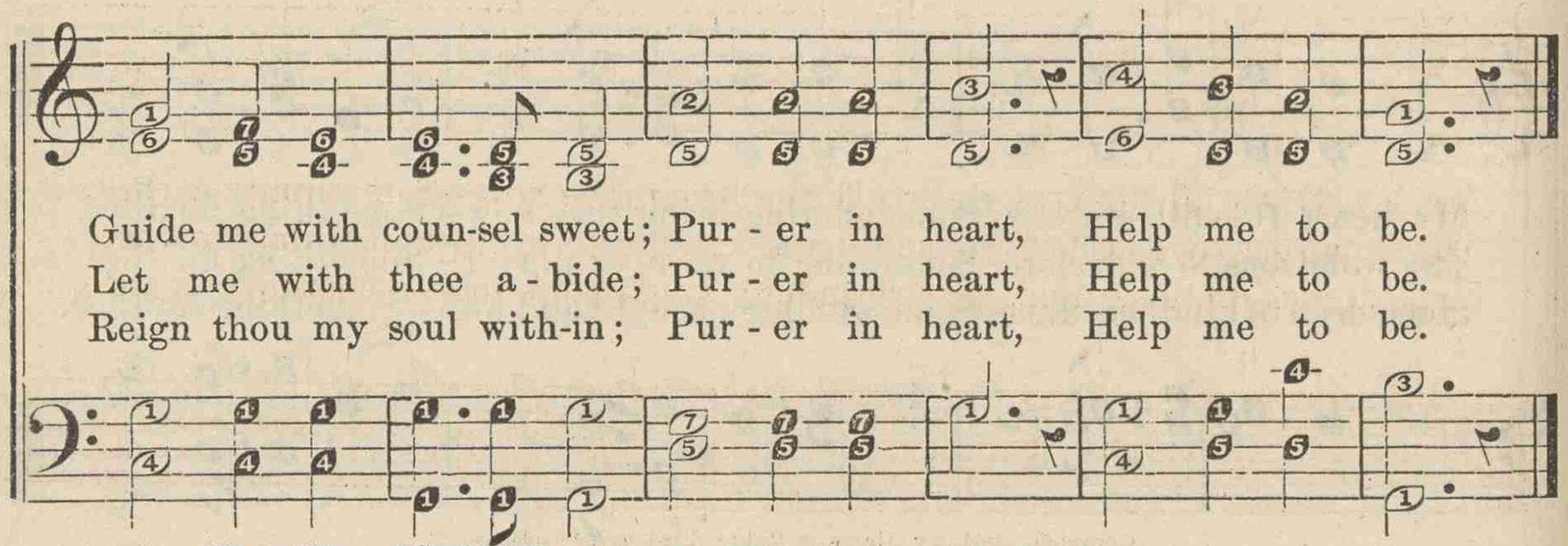
98 Purer in heart, O God, Help me to be.

MRS. A. L. DAVISON. J. H. FILLMORE.





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99 Shadows are hovering Over the day.

CLIMBING UPWARD. 6s & 4s. D. JESSIE H. BROWN. T. FRANK ALLEN.

1. Shad - ows are hov - er - ing O - ver the day; Dark-ness is
2. Light - en the drear - i - ness, Lord, with thy love; Give to my
3. Help me to care - ful - ly Walk thro' the dark; Teach me to

cov - er - ing All of my way; Fa - ther, I can not see!
wea - ri - ness Strength from a - bove; Long tho' the road may be,
prayer - ful - ly Press toward the mark; Fa - ther thy love is free,

Rit.

Reach thy dear hand to me; Up-ward I climb to thee, Up-ward to thee!
Still from the world I flee; Up-ward I climb to thee, Up-ward to thee!
Hear, then, my on - ly plea; Up-ward I climb to thee, Up-ward to thee!

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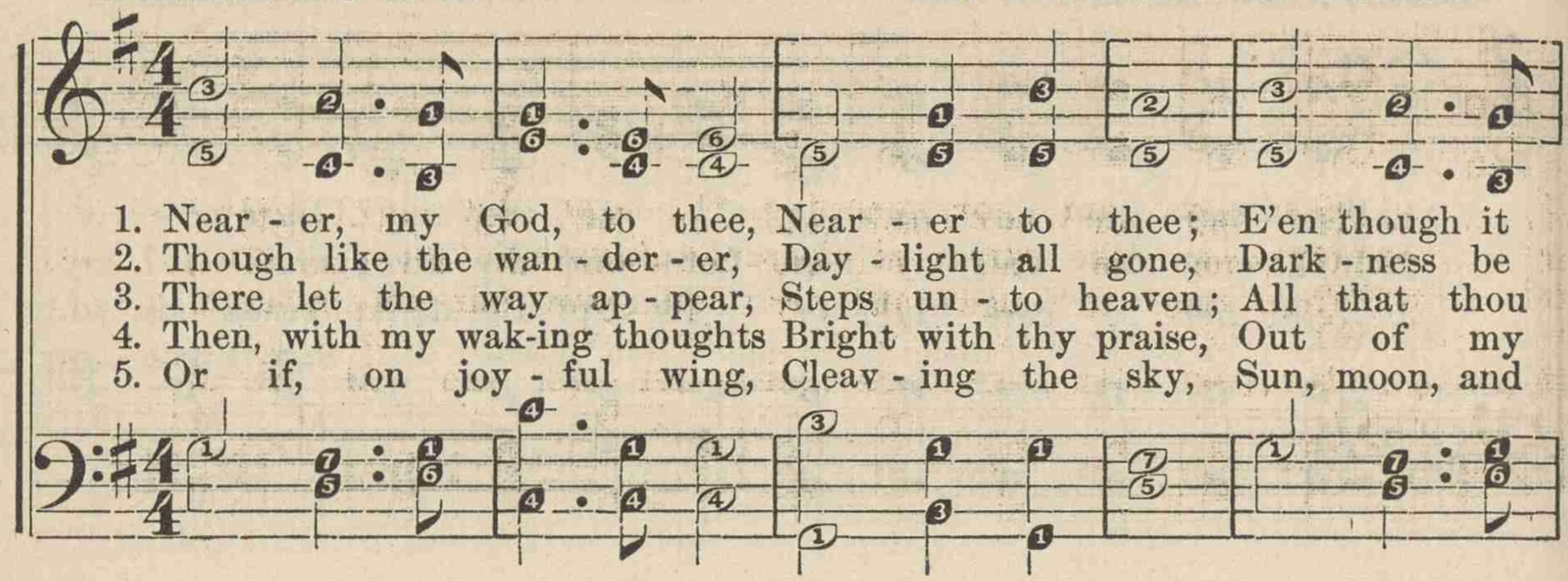
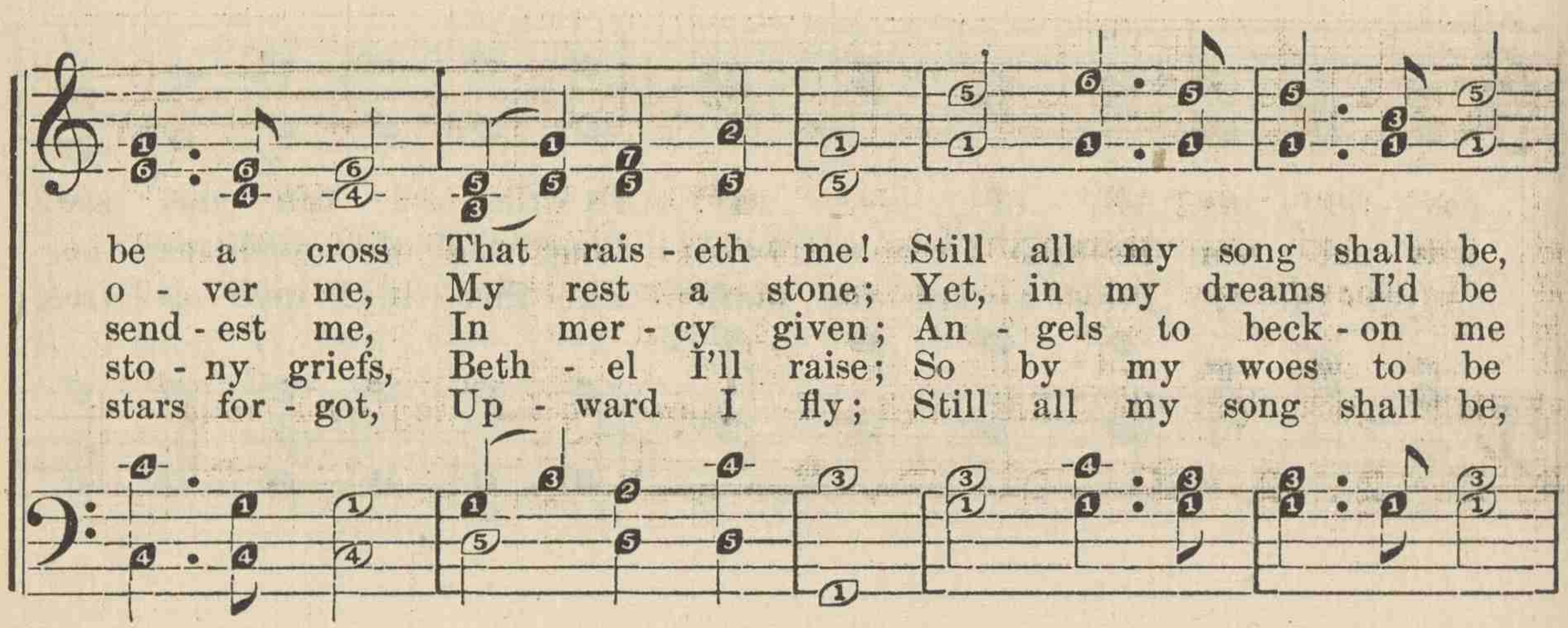
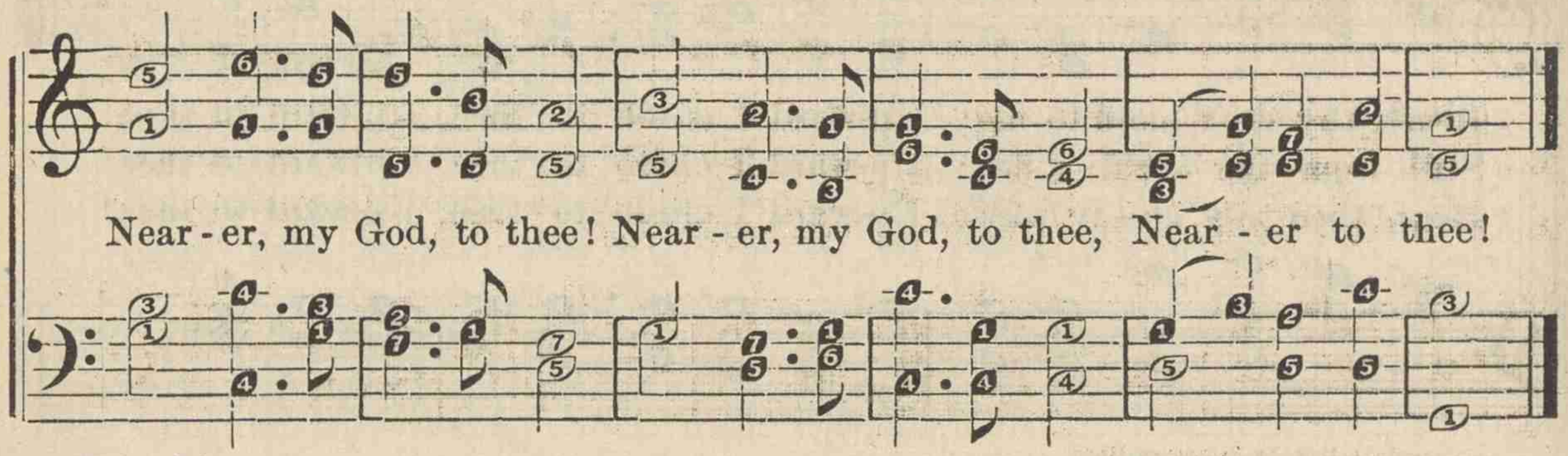
100 Nearer, my God, to thee.

BETHANY. 6s & 4s. D. MRS. S. F. ADAMS. LOWELL MASON.

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101 My faith looks up to thee.

OLIVET. 6s & 4s. 7 l. RAY PALMER. LOWELL MASON.

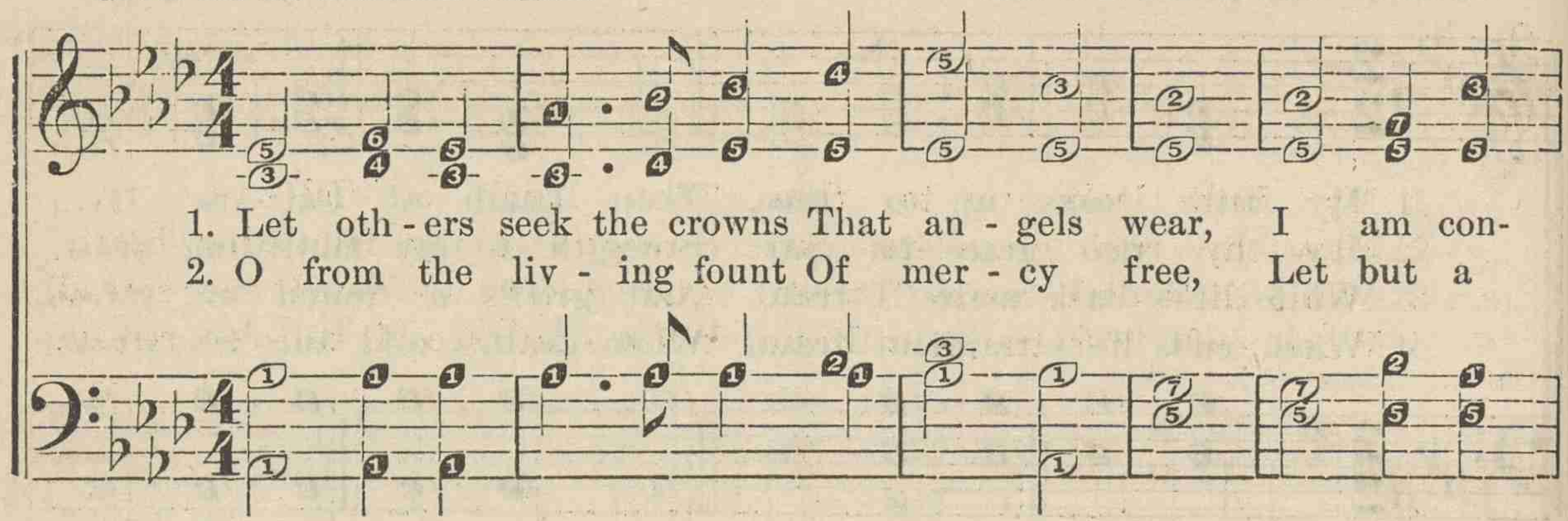
1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
2. May thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart,
3. While life's dark maize I tread, And grief's a - round me spread,
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold, sul - len stream

Sa - viour di - vine: Now hear me while I pray; Take all my
My zeal in - spire; As thou hast died for me, O may my
Be thou my guide; Bid dark - ness turn to day, Wipe sor - row's
Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sa - viour, then, in love, Fear and dis-

guilt a - way; O let me, from this day, Be whol - ly thine.
love to thee Pure, warm, and changeless be— A liv - ing fire.
tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From thee a - side.
trust re - move; O bear me safe a - bove— A ran-somed soul.

102 Let others seek the crowns That angels wear.

GIVE ME AN HUMBLE PLACE.

MRS. C. L. SHACKLOCK. J. H. F.

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103 O Lord, I would be thine.

I WOULD BE THINE. REV. S. H. HOLLIDAY. J. H. F.

1. O Lord, I would be thine, My all to thee I give, My bod - y,
2. Since thou hast purchased me With precious blood di-vine, Thine on - ly
3. O for the need-ed grace! Wilt thou not give it me? And lead me

CHORUS.

spir - it, soul—Do thou the gift re - ceive.
I would be, And be en - tire - ly thine. My hands, my head, my heart, I
day by day, To live by faith in thee.

on thine al - tar lay; O use me as thou wilt, Em-ploy me ev - 'ry day.

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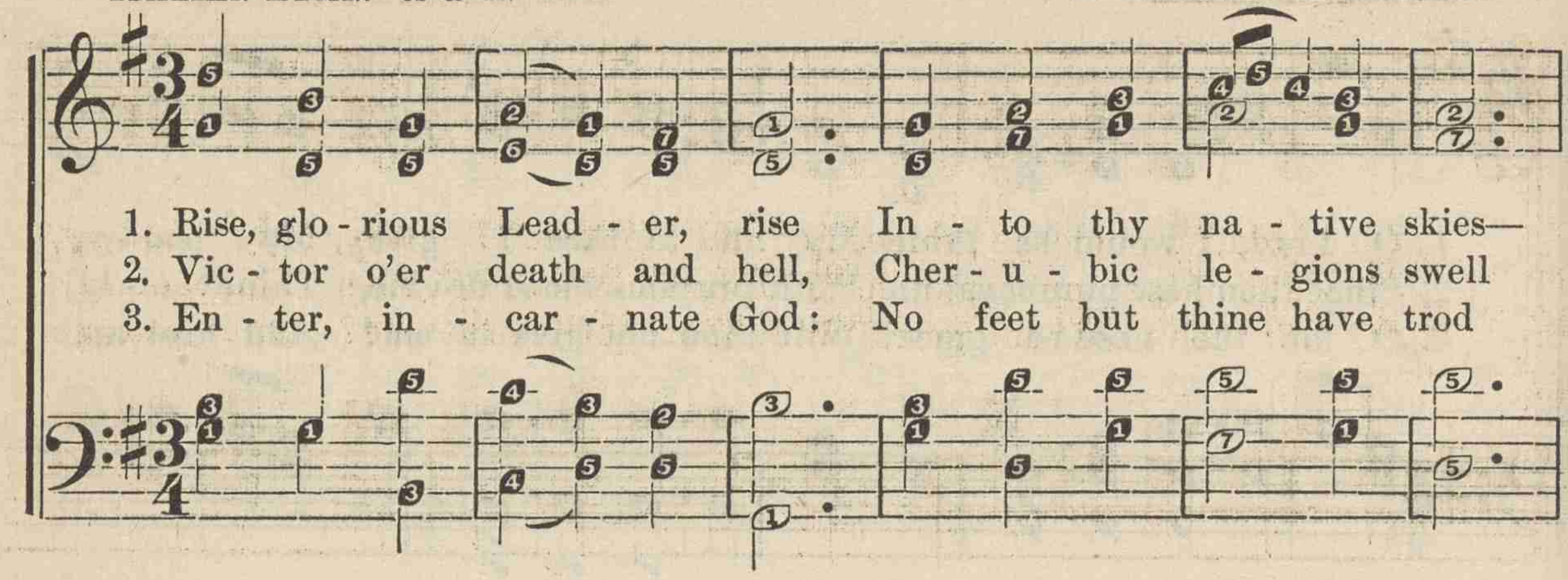
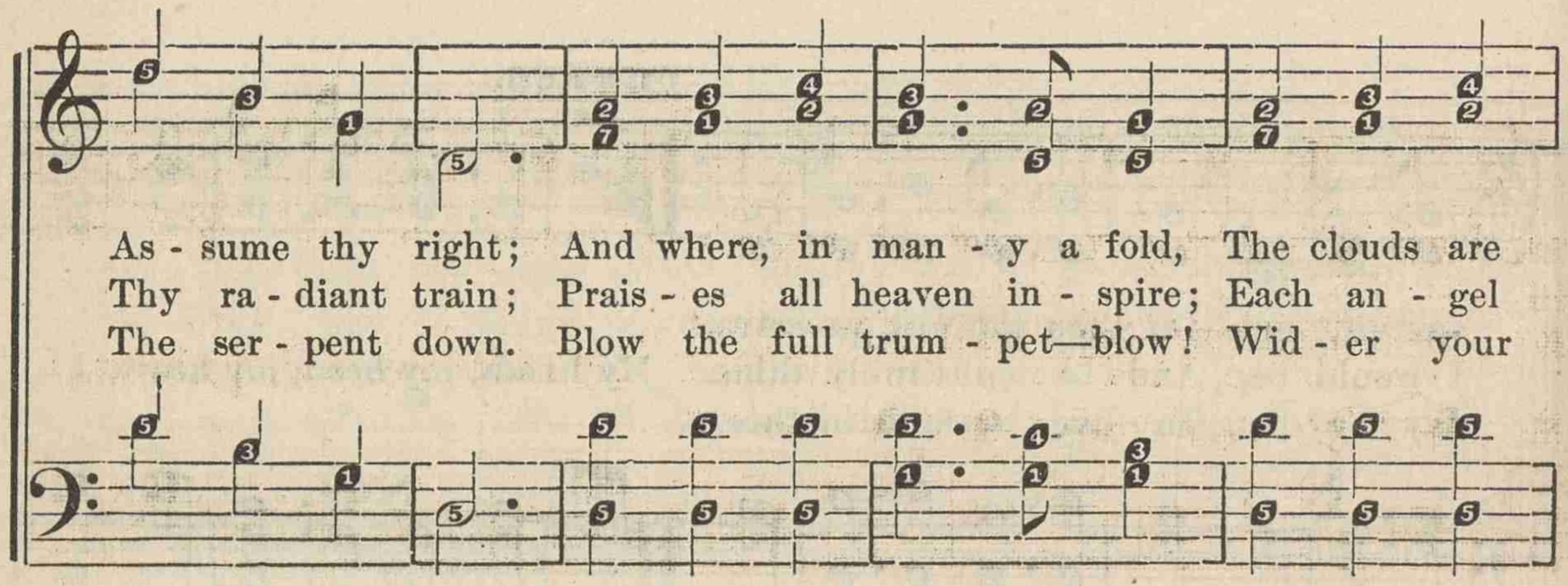
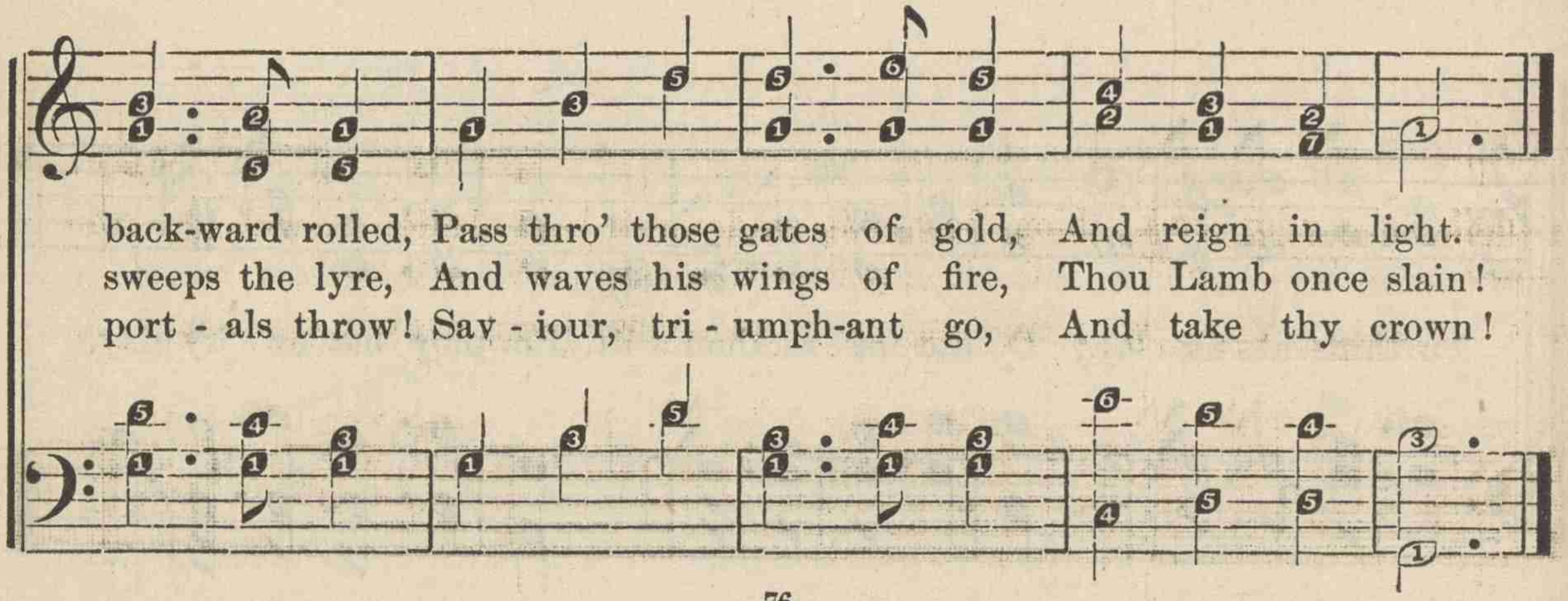
104 Rise, glorious Leader, rise.

ITALIAN HYMN. 6s & 4s. M. BRIDGES. F. GIARDINI.

1. Rise, glo - rious Lead - er, rise In - to thy na - tive skies—
2. Vic - tor o'er death and hell, Cher - u - bic le - gions swell
3. En - ter, in - car - nate God: No feet but thine have trod

As - sume thy right; And where, in man - y a fold, The clouds are
Thy ra - diant train; Prais - es all heaven in - spire; Each an - gel
The ser - pent down. Blow the full trum - pet—blow! Wid - er your

back-ward rolled, Pass thro' those gates of gold, And reign in light.
sweeps the lyre, And waves his wings of fire, Thou Lamb once slain!
port - als throw! Sav - iour, tri - umph-ant go, And take thy crown!

105 Sound, sound the truth abroad.

DORT. 6s & 4s.

THOS. KELLY. LOWELL MASON.

1. Sound, sound the truth a - broad, Bear ye the word of God
2. Far, o - ver sea and land, Go, at your Lord's com - mand;
3. Speed on the wings of love— Je - sus, who reigns a - bove,

Thro' the wide world; Tell what our Lord has done, Tell how the
Bear ye his name— Bear it to ev - ry shore, Re - gions un-
Bids us to fly— They who his mes - sage bear Should neither

day is won, Tell from his loft - y throne Sa - tan is hurled.
known ex-plore, En - ter at ev - 'ry door: Si - lence is shame.
doubt nor fear; He will their Friend ap - pear, He will be nigh.

106 Night, with ebon pinion.

SORROWS. 6s, 5s & 7. L. H. JAMESON. J. P. POWELL.

1. Night, with ebon pinion, Brooded o'er the vale; All around was si - lent,
2. Smit-ten for of - fen - ses Which were not his own, He, for our transgressions,
3. Ab - ba, Father, Father, If in - deed it may, Let this cup of anguish

Save the night-wind's wail, When Christ, the Man of Sorrows, In tears and
Had to weep a - lone; No friend with words to com-fort, Nor hand to
Pass from me, I pray. Yet, if it must be suf-fered By me, thine

sweat and blood, Prostrate in the gar - den, Raised his voice to God.
help was there, When the Meek and Low-ly, Humbly bowed in prayer.
on - ly Son, Ab - ba, Fa-ther, Fa - ther, Let thy will be done.

By permission.

107 Jesus wept: those tears are over.

CHALLEN. 8s & 7s. Peculiar. EDWARD DENNY. JAMES CHALLEN.

1. Je - sus wept: those tears are o - ver, But his heart is still the same;
2. When the pangs of tri - al seize us, When the waves of sor - row roll,
3. Je - sus wept, and still, in glo - ry, He can mark each mourner's tear—
4. Je - sus wept: that tear of sor - row Is a leg - a - cy of love;

Kinsman, Friend, and El-der Broth - er, Is his ev - er - last - ing name,
I will lay my head on Je - sus— Pil - low of the troubled soul.
Liv - ing to re - trace the sto - ry Of the hearts he sol - aced here.
Yes - ter - day, to - day, to - mor - row, He the same shall ev - er prove.

Sav - iour, who can love like thee, Gra-cious One of Beth - a - ny?
Tru - ly none can feel like thee, Weep-ing One of Beth - a - ny.
Lord, when I am called to die, Let me think of Beth - a - ny.
Thou art all in all to me, Liv - ing One of Beth - a - ny.

108 Jesus, I am coming now.

COMING NOW. 7s & 6s. ROBERT MOFFETT. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. Je - sus, I am coming now, Coming to the fountain; Precious is th'a-
2. Je - sus, make me true to thee, Pure, and meek, and lowly, While I walk the
3. Je-sus, fill my heart with peace, Flowing like a riv - er; Day by day my

CHORUS.

ton-ing blood Shed on Calv'ry's mountain.
nar-row way To the cit - y ho - ly. Coming now, coming now, Seek-ing
joy in-crease, Till the glad for - ev - er.

grace and fa - vor, That my wea-ry soul may find Rest in thee for - ev - er.

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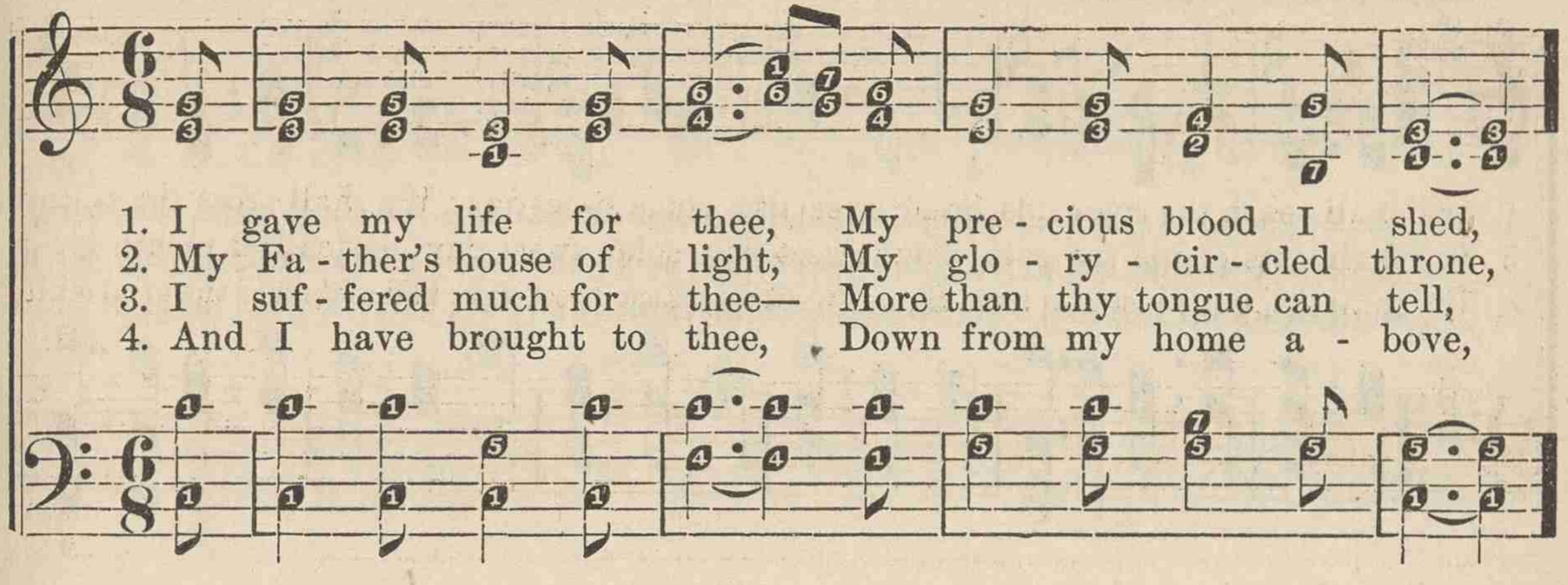
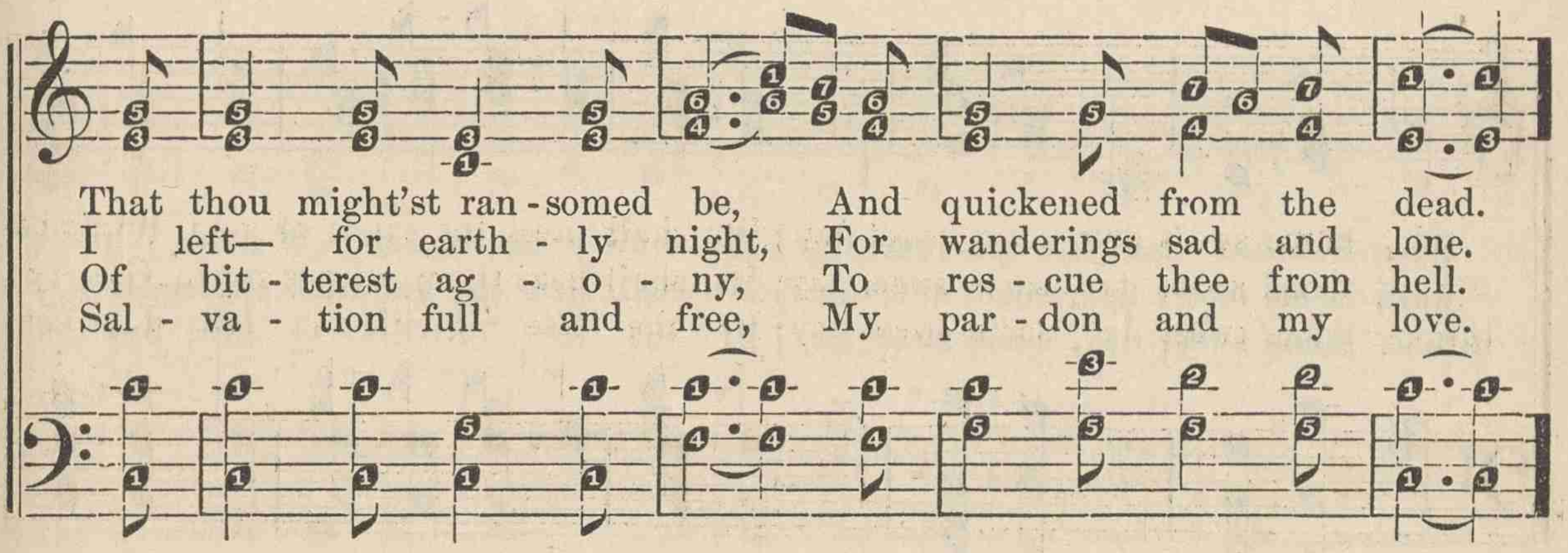
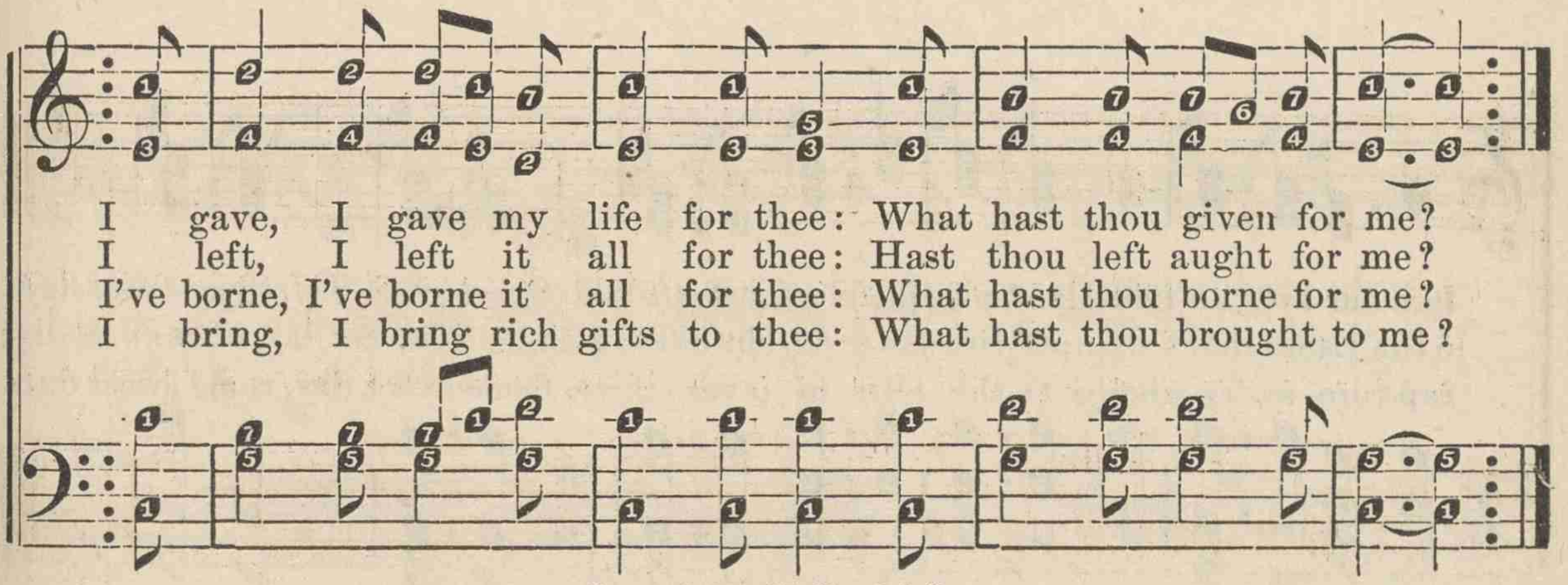
109 I gave my life for thee.

WHAT HAST THOU DONE FOR ME? 6s & 8. MISS F. R. HAVERGAL. P. P. BLISS.

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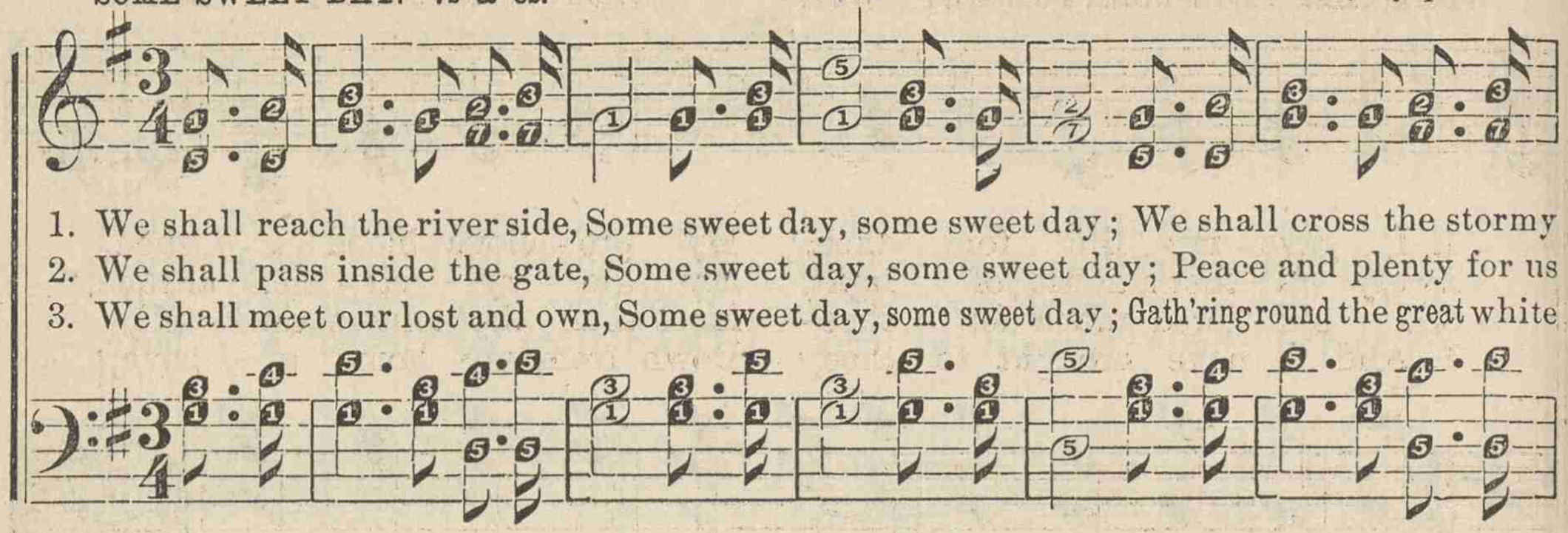
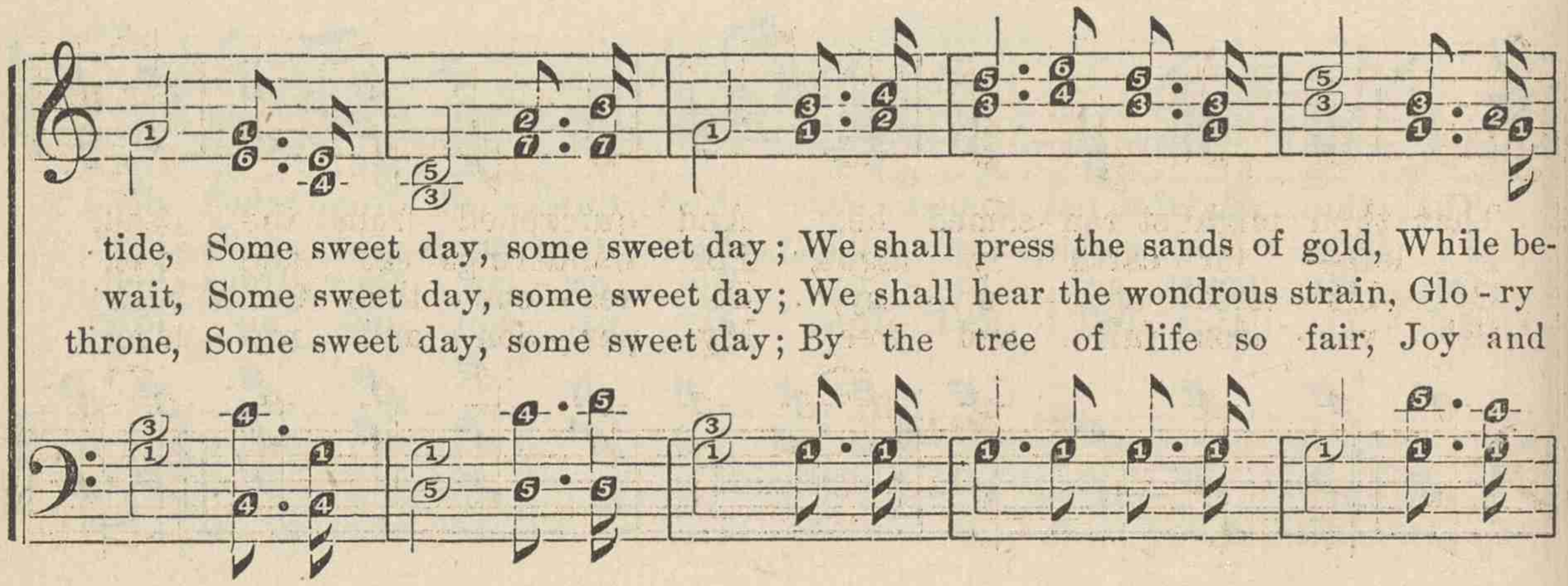
110 We shall reach the river side.

SOME SWEET DAY. 7s & 6s. ARTHUR W. FRENCH. D. B. TOWNER, by per.

1. We shall reach the river side, Some sweet day, some sweet day; We shall cross the stormy tide, Some sweet day, some sweet day; We shall press the sands of gold, While be-
2. We shall pass inside the gate, Some sweet day, some sweet day; Peace and plenty for us wait, Some sweet day, some sweet day; We shall hear the wondrous strain, Glo-ry
3. We shall meet our lost and own, Some sweet day, some sweet day; Gath'ring round the great white throne, Some sweet day, some sweet day; By the tree of life so fair, Joy and



fore our eyes un-fold Heaven's splendors, yet un-told, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
to the Lamb that's slain; Christ was dead, but lives again, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
rap-ture ev-'ry-where; O the bliss of o-ver there, Some sweet day, some sweet day.

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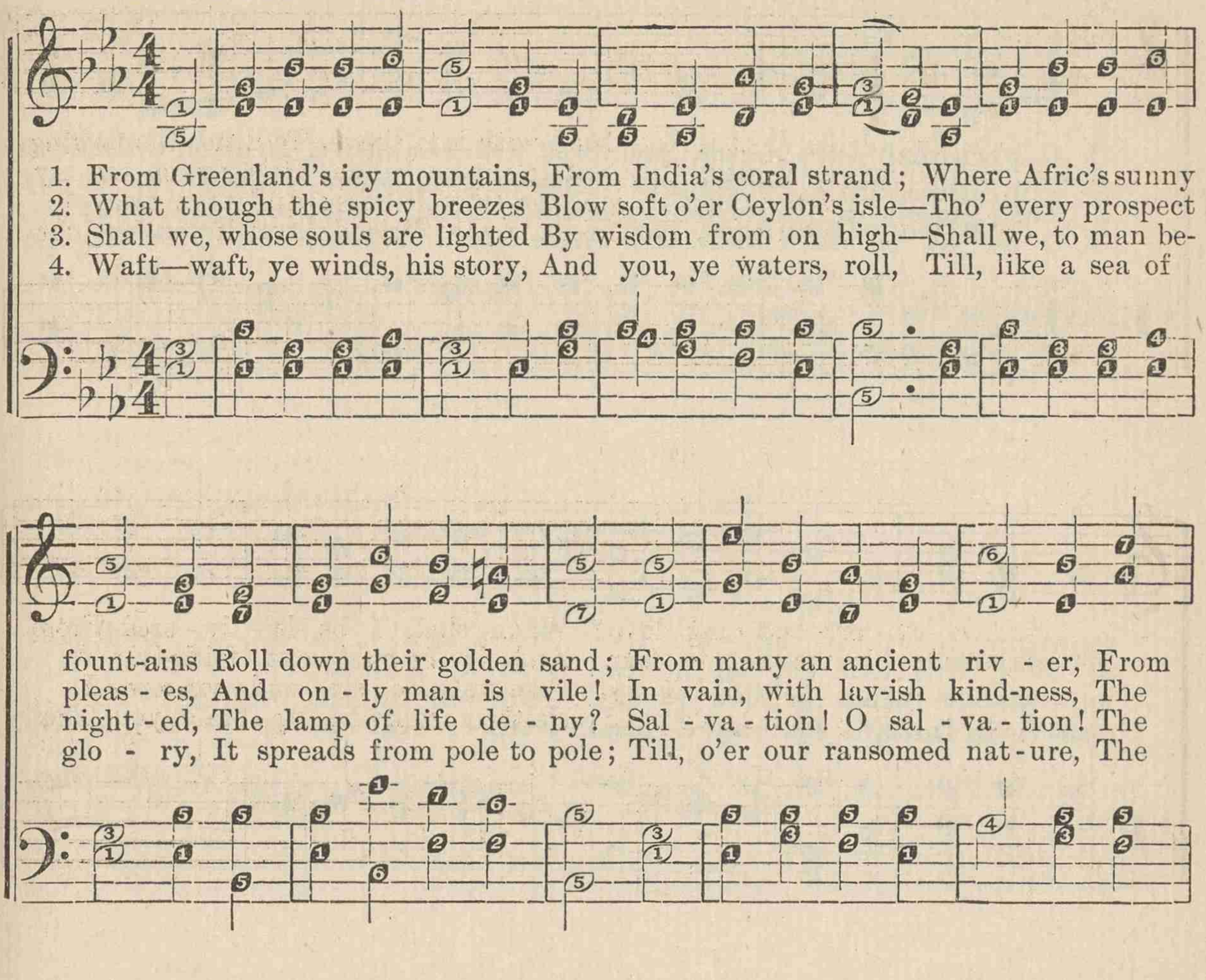
111 From Greenland's icy mountains.

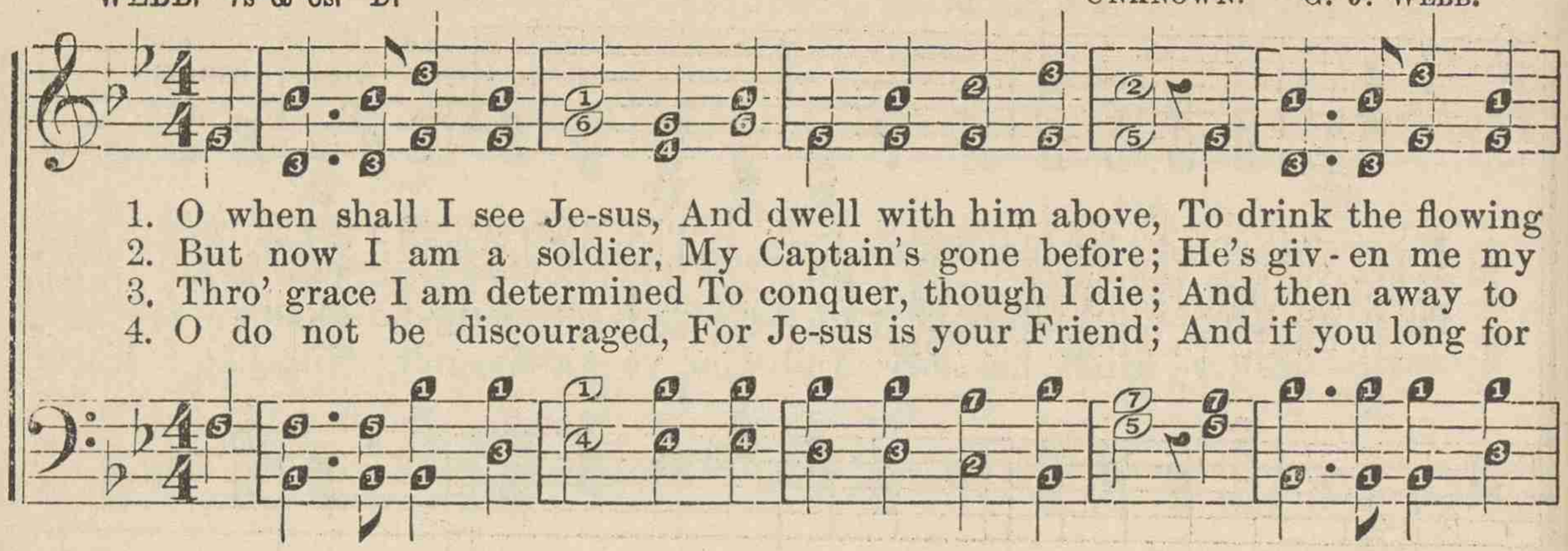
MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 6s. D. R. HEBER. LOWELL MASON.

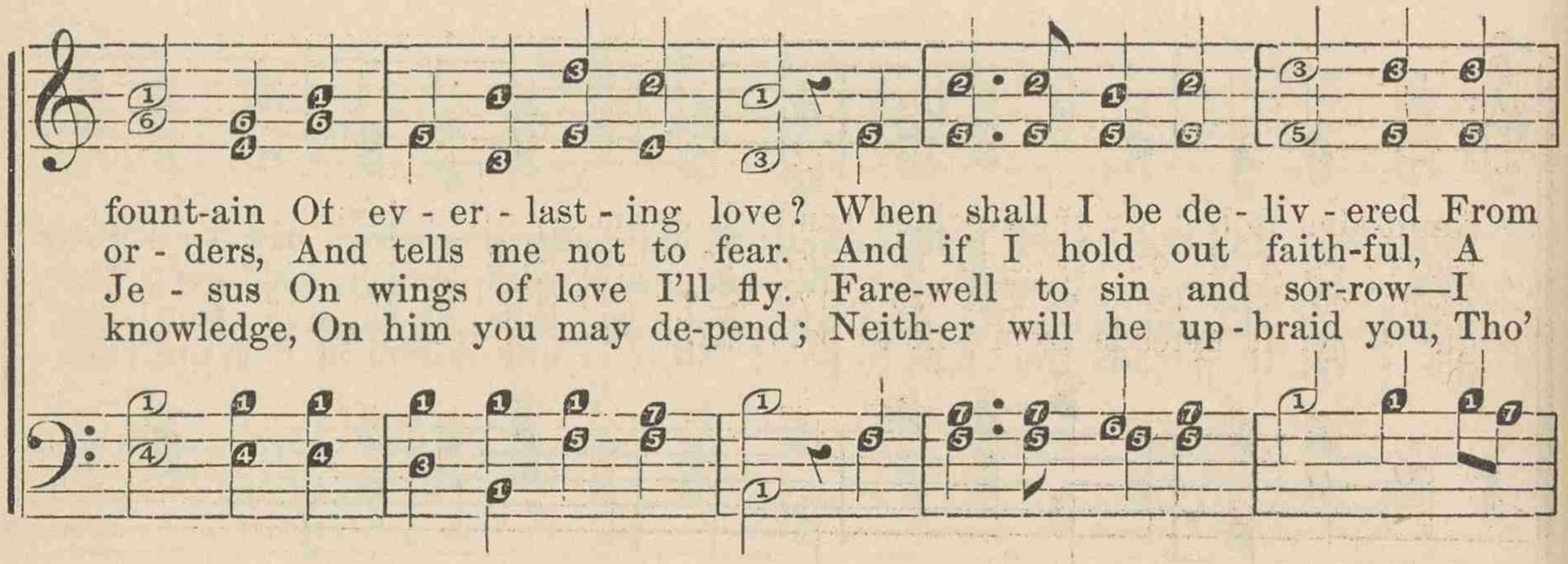
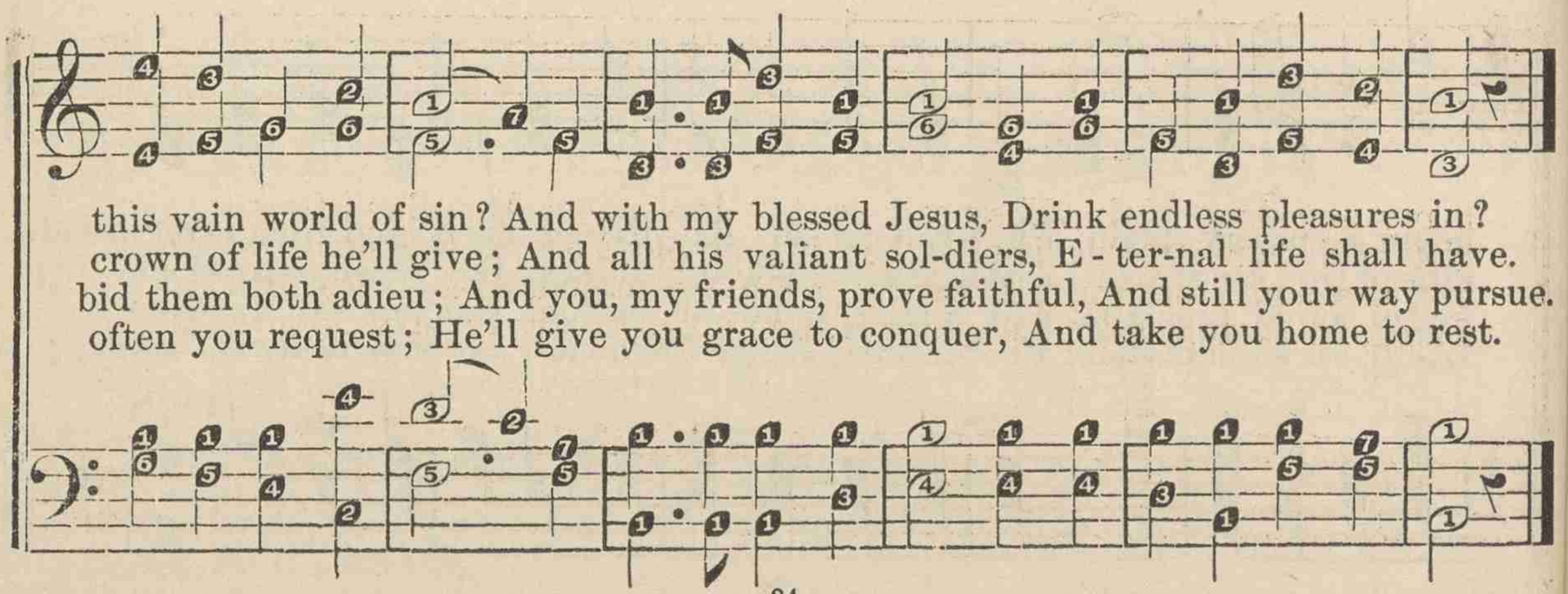


112 O when shall I see Jesus.

WEBB. 7s & 6s. D. UNKNOWN. G. J. WEBB.

1. O when shall I see Je-sus, And dwell with him above, To drink the flowing
2. But now I am a soldier, My Captain's gone before; He's giv-en me my
3. Thro' grace I am determined To conquer, though I die; And then away to
4. O do not be discouraged, For Je-sus is your Friend; And if you long for



fount-ain Of ev - er - last - ing love? When shall I be de - liv - ered From
or - ders, And tells me not to fear. And if I hold out faith-ful, A
Je - sus On wings of love I'll fly. Fare-well to sin and sor-row—I
knowledge, On him you may de-pend; Neith-er will he up-braid you, Tho'

this vain world of sin? And with my blessed Jesus, Drink endless pleasures in?
crown of life he'll give; And all his valiant sol-diers, E - ter-nal life shall have.
bid them both adieu; And you, my friends, prove faithful, And still your way pursue.
often you request; He'll give you grace to conquer, And take you home to rest.

113 Stand up for Jesus.

[*Tune—Webb.*]

G. DUFFIELD.

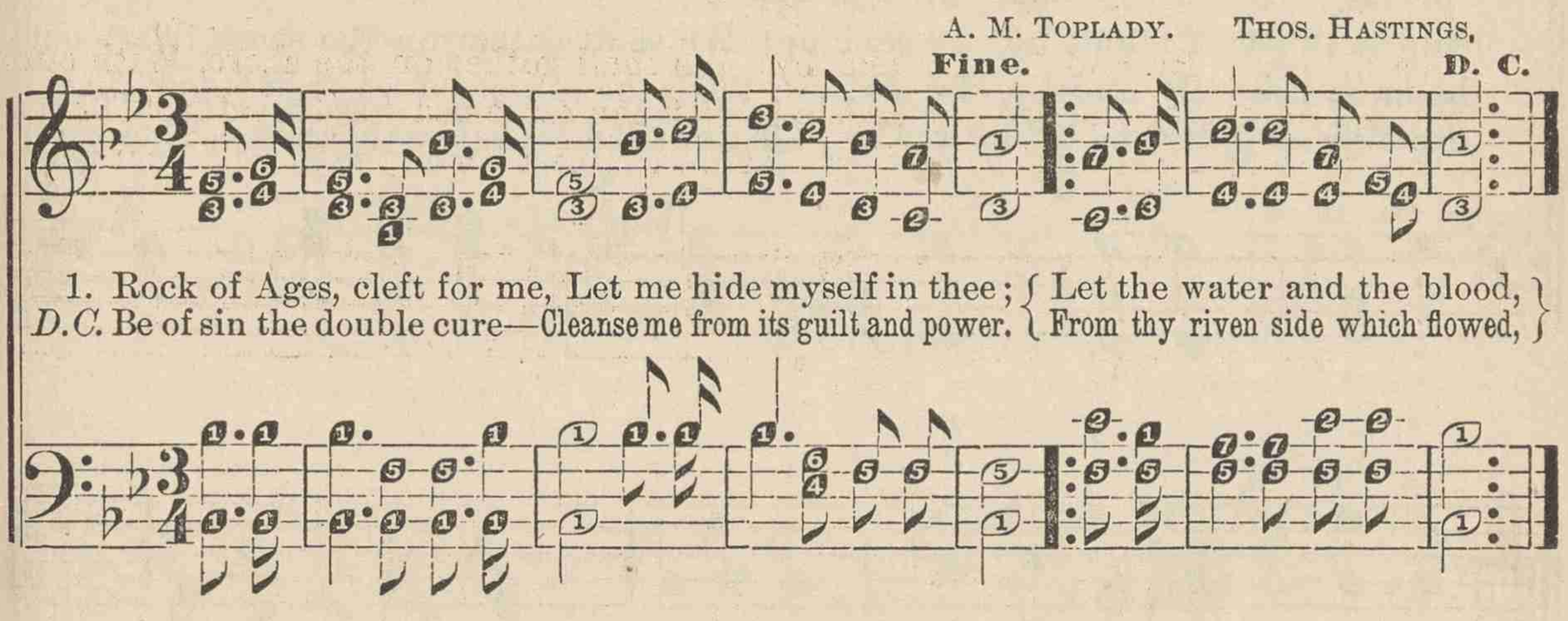
STAND up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high his royal banner:
It must not suffer loss;
From victory unto victory
His army shall he lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus;
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this his glorious day.
"Ye that are men, now serve him,
Against unnumbered 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.

114 Rock of Ages, cleft for me.

A. M. TOPLADY. THOS. HASTINGS.

1. Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee; { Let the water and the blood, }
D.C. Be of sin the double cure—Cleanse me from its guilt and power. { From thy riven side which flowed, }

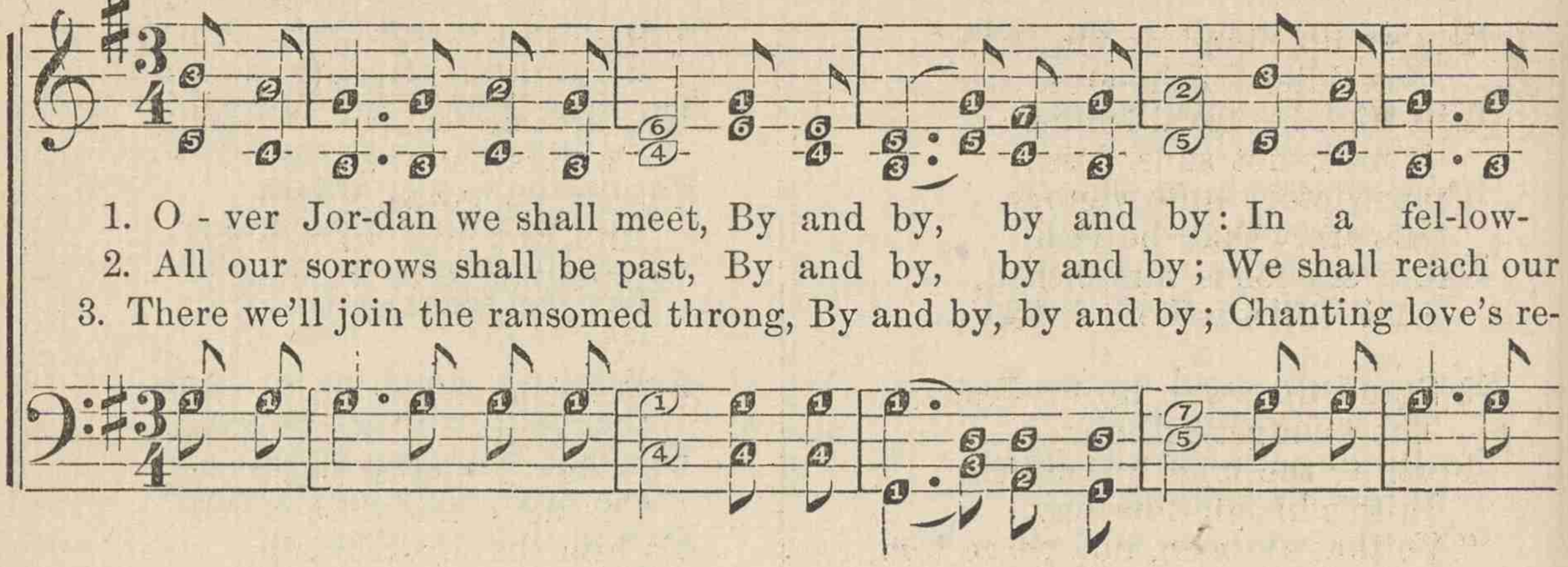
2 Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfill the law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone—
Thou must save, and thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress;
Helpless, look to thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly:
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

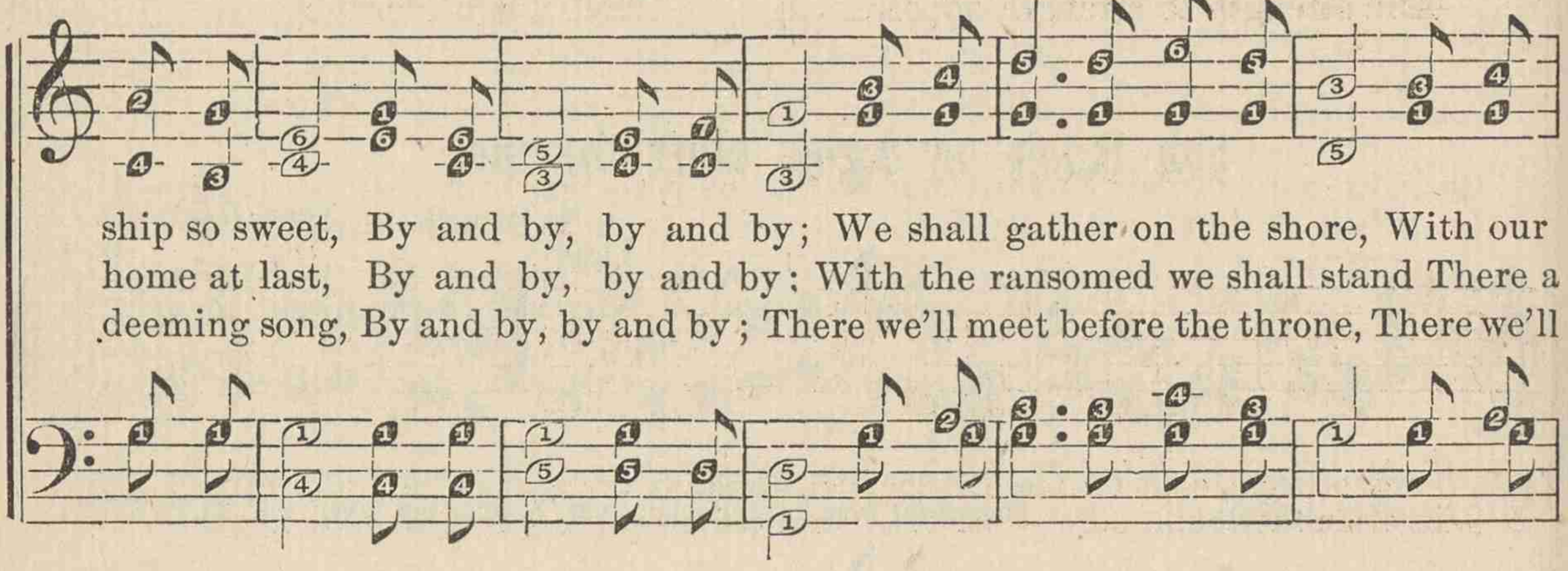
4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my heart-strings break in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

115 Over Jordan we shall meet.

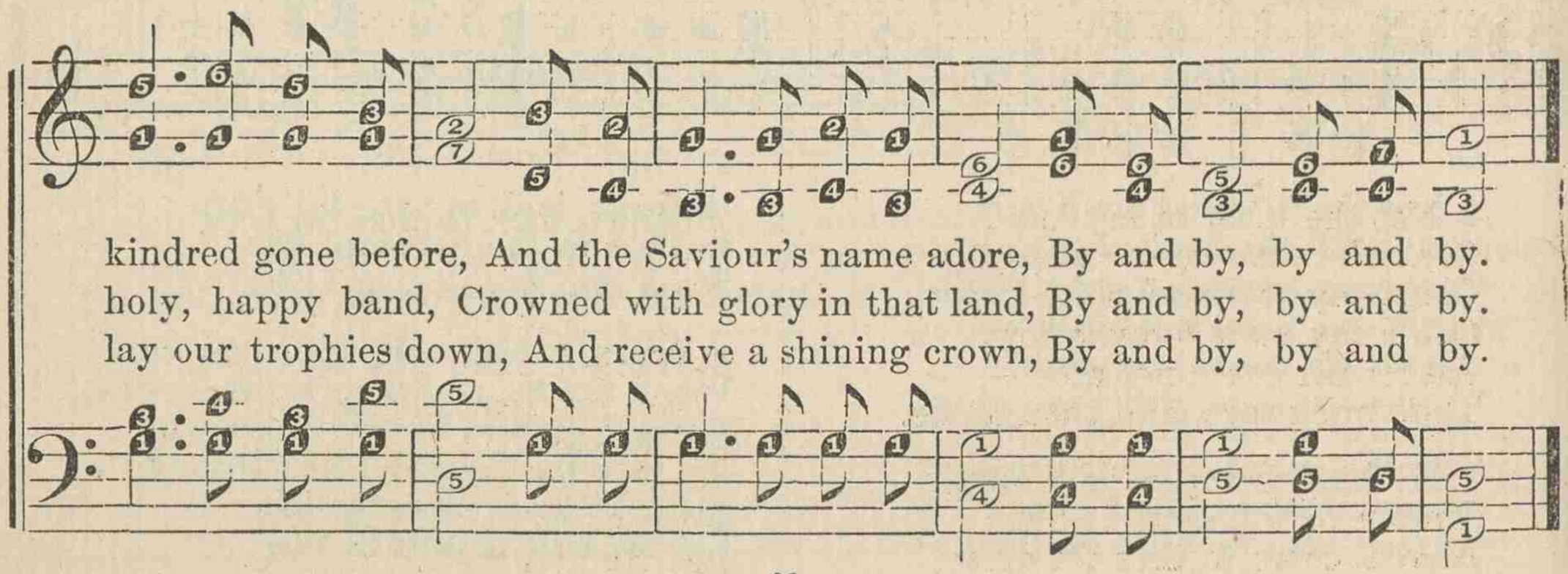
BY AND BY. 7s & 6s. D. Words and Music by W. T. DALE. Arranged.



1. O - ver Jor-dan we shall meet, By and by, by and by: In a fel-low-
2. All our sorrows shall be past, By and by, by and by; We shall reach our
3. There we'll join the ransomed throng, By and by, by and by; Chanting love's re-



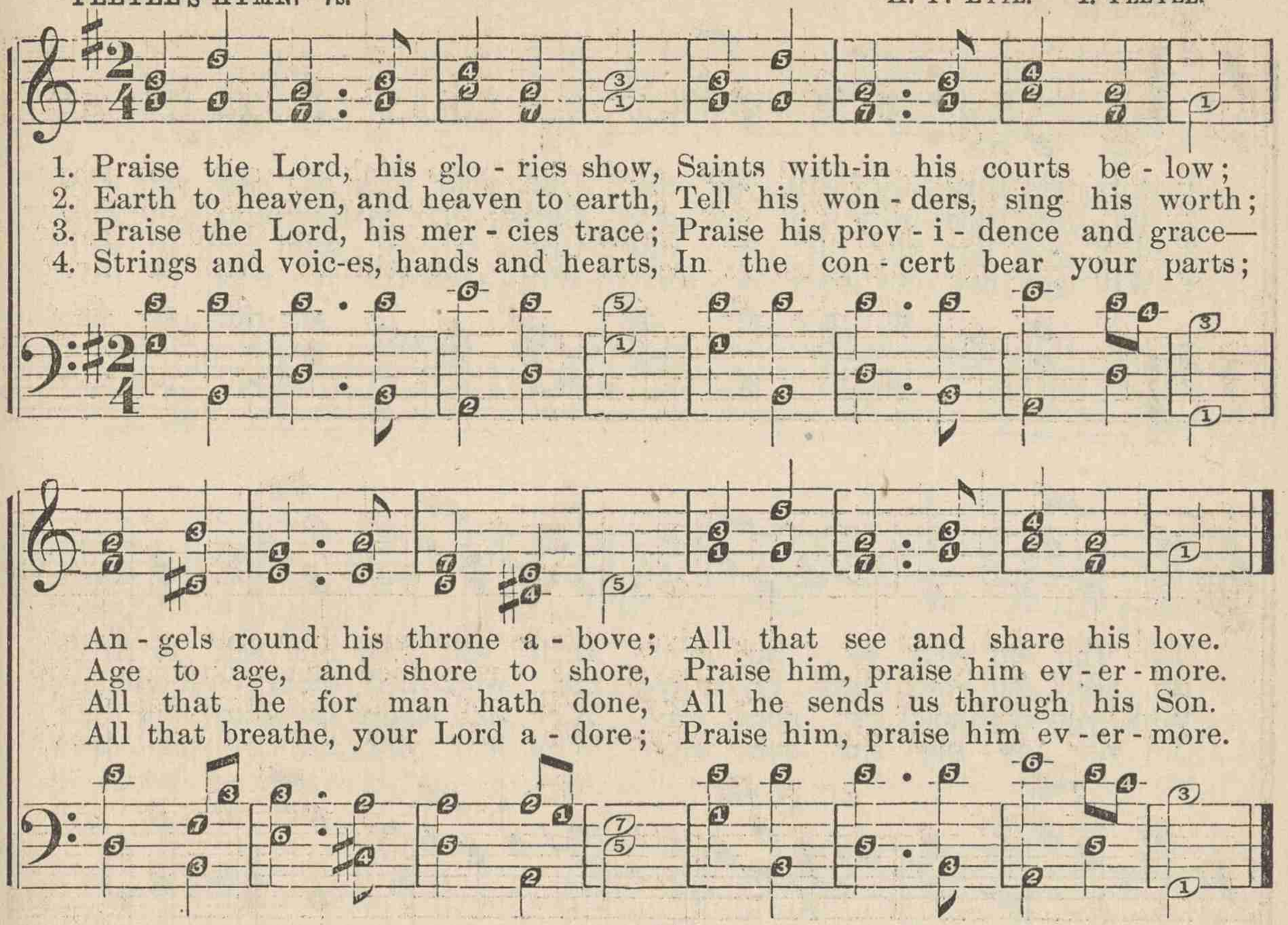
ship so sweet, By and by, by and by; We shall gather on the shore, With our
home at last, By and by, by and by: With the ransomed we shall stand There a
deeming song, By and by, by and by; There we'll meet before the throne, There we'll



kindred gone before, And the Saviour's name adore, By and by, by and by.
holy, happy band, Crowned with glory in that land, By and by, by and by.
lay our trophies down, And receive a shining crown, By and by, by and by.

116 Praise the Lord, his glories show.

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s. H. F. LYTE. I. PLEYEL.



1. Praise the Lord, his glo - ries show, Saints with-in his courts be - low;
2. Earth to heaven, and heaven to earth, Tell his won - ders, sing his worth;
3. Praise the Lord, his mer - cies trace; Praise his prov - i - dence and grace—
4. Strings and voic-es, hands and hearts, In the con - cert bear your parts;

An - gels round his throne a - bove; All that see and share his love.
Age to age, and shore to shore, Praise him, praise him ev - er - more.
All that he for man hath done, All he sends us through his Son.
All that breathe, your Lord a - dore; Praise him, praise him ev - er - more.

117

CHARLES WESLEY.

CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say:
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Sing, ye heavens; thou earth, reply.

2 Love's redeeming work is done;
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Lo! our 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's thy victory, boasting grave?

118

J. MONTGOMERY.

LORD of hosts, to thee we raise
Here a house of prayer and praise;
Thou thy people's hearts prepare
Here to meet for praise and prayer.

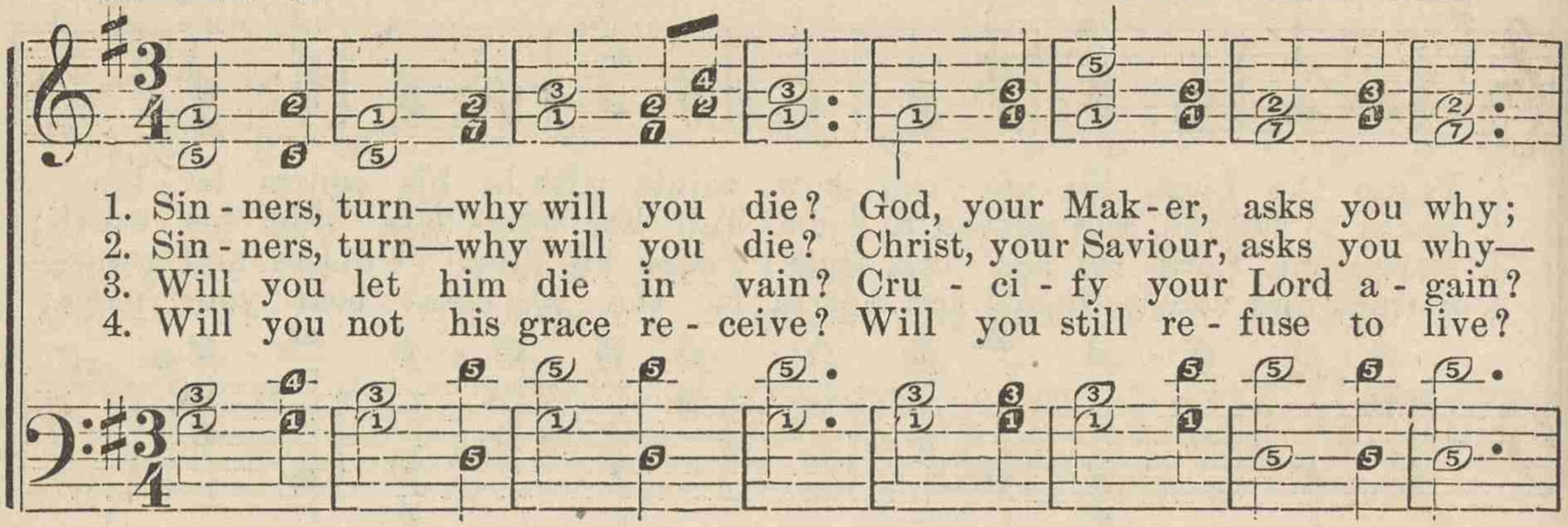
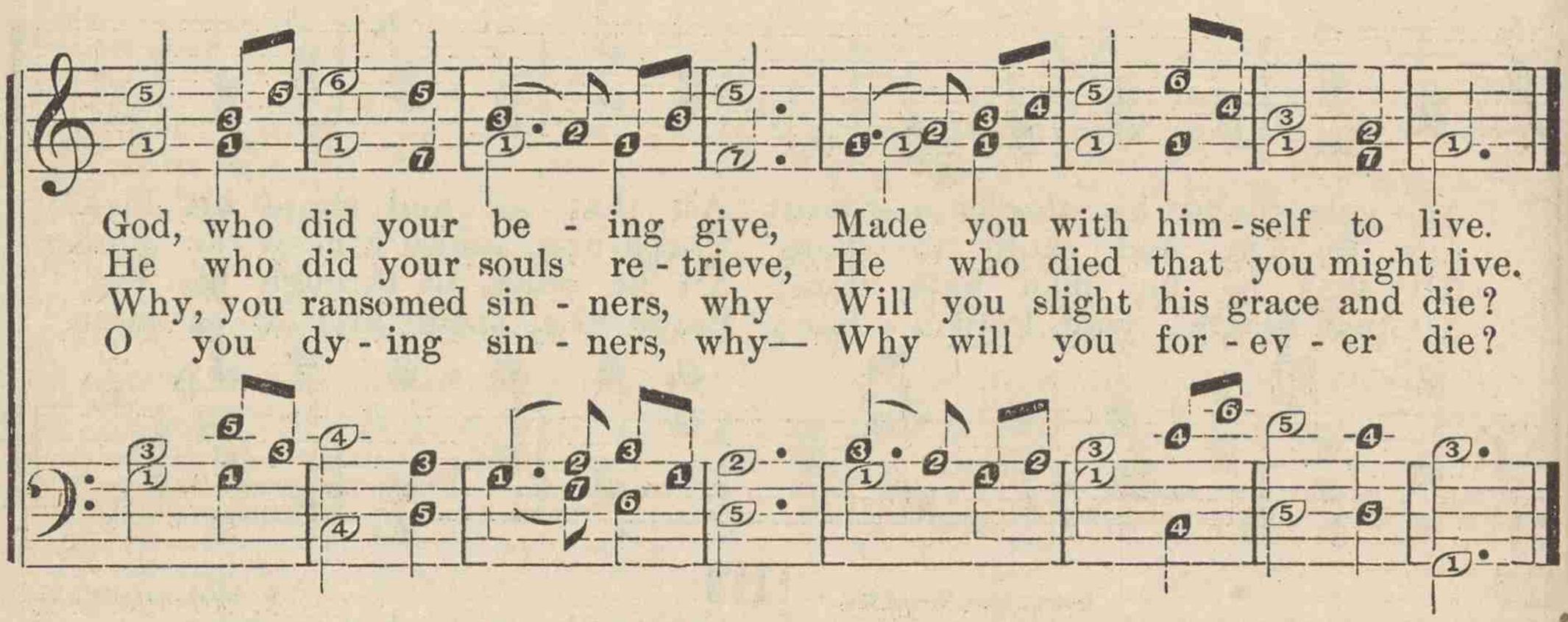
2 Let the living here be fed
With thy word, the heavenly bread;
Here, in hope of glory blest,
May the dead be laid to rest;

3 Here to thee a temple stand,
While the sea shall gird the land;
Here reveal thy mercy sure,
While the sun and moon endure.

4 Hallelujah!—earth and sky
To the joyful sound reply;
Hallelujah!—hence ascend
Prayer and praise till time shall end.

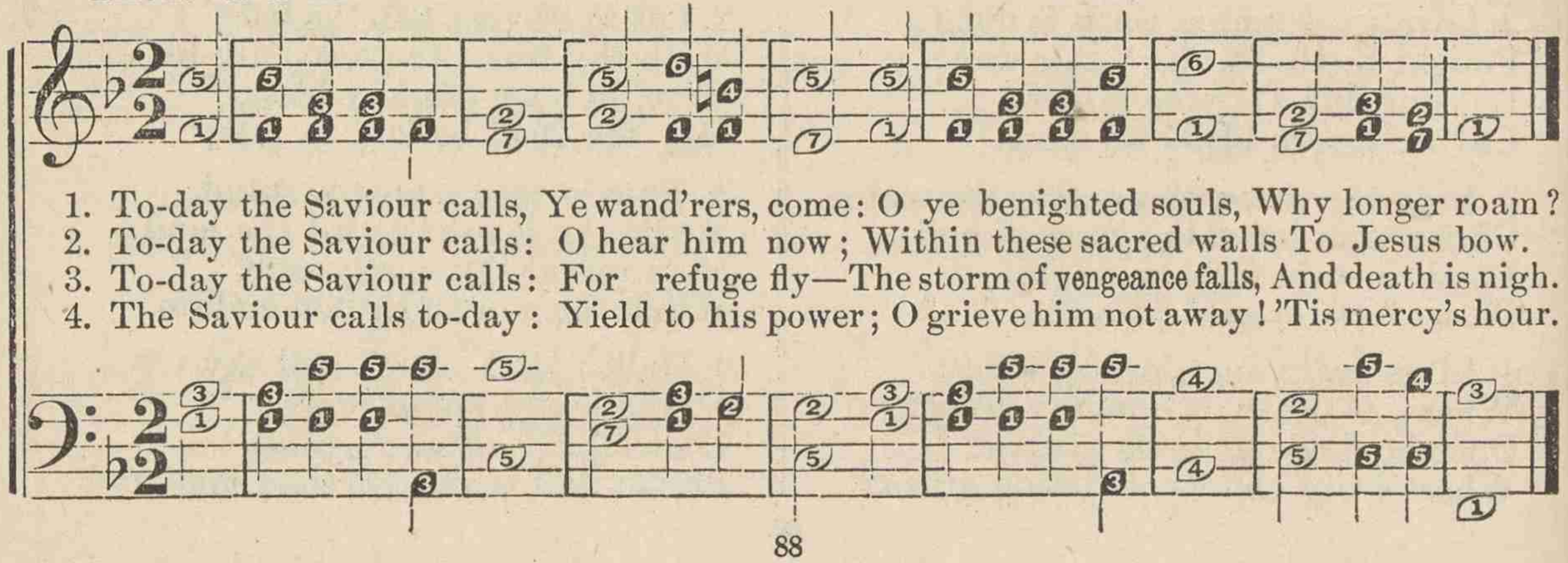
119 Sinners, turn, why will you die?

COOKHAM. 7s. CHARLES WESLEY. ANON.



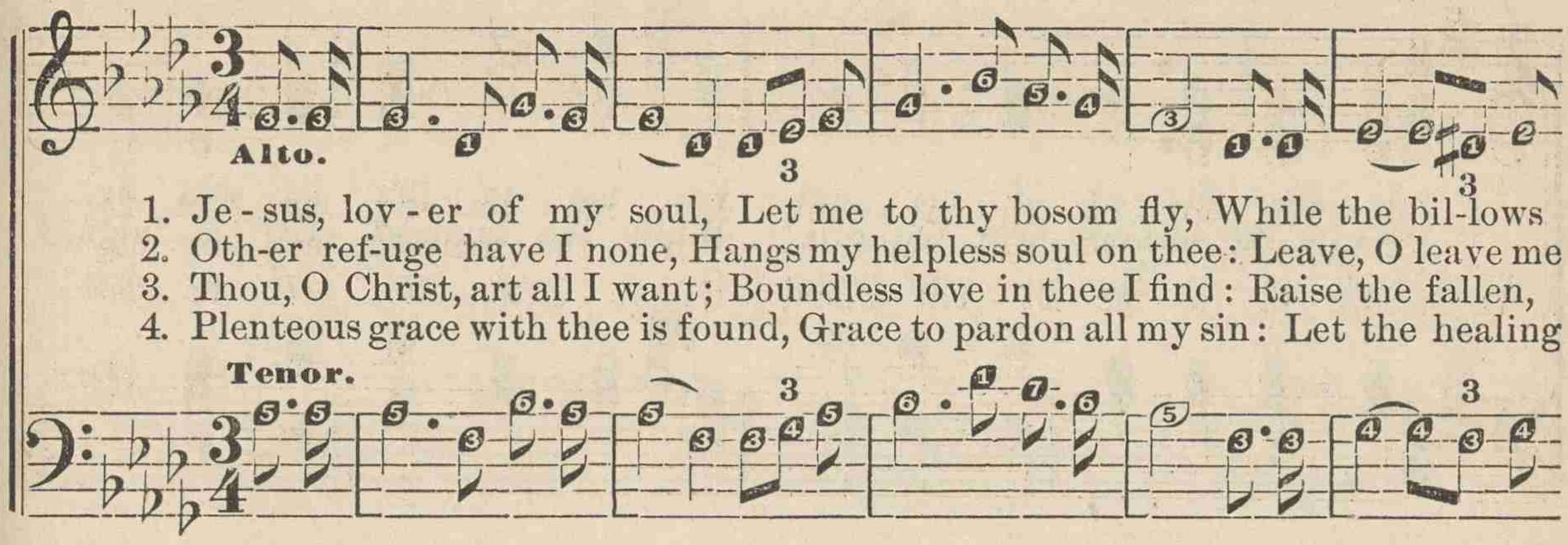
120 To-day the Saviour calls.

AMOY. 6s & 4s. S. F. SMITH. LOWELL MASON.



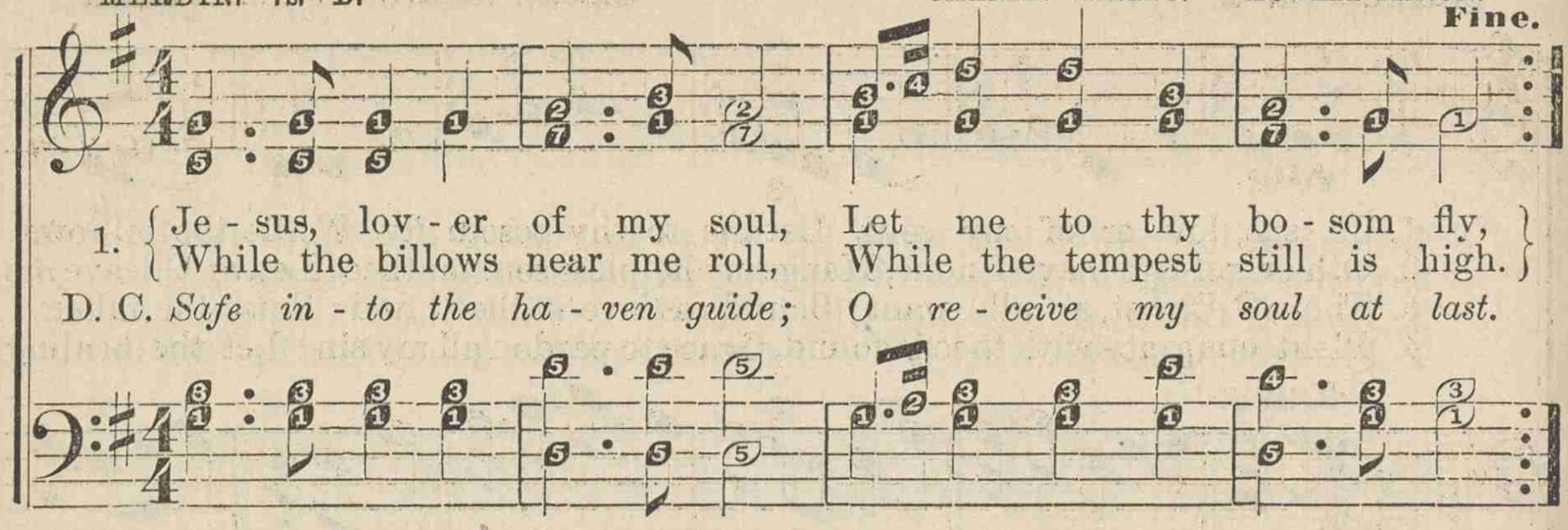
121 Jesus, lover of my soul.

REFUGE. 7s. D. CHARLES WESLEY. J. P. HOLBROOK.



By permission.

122 Jesus, lover of my soul.

MERDIN. 7s. D. CHARLES WESLEY. LOWELL MASON.

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
Leave, O leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring:
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
Boundless love in thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
Prince of peace and righteousness—
Most unworthy, Lord, I am;
Thou art full of love 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.

123

UNKNOWN.

'Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasure while we live;
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.
After death, its joys will be
Lasting as eternity;
Be the living God my friend,
Then my bliss shall never end.

124 What could your Redeemer do.

[*Tune Merdin.*] CHARLES WESLEY.

WHAT could your Redeemer do
More than he has done for you?
To procure your peace with God,
Could he more than shed his blood?
After all this flow of love,
All his drawings from above,
Why will you your Lord deny?
Why will you resolve to die?

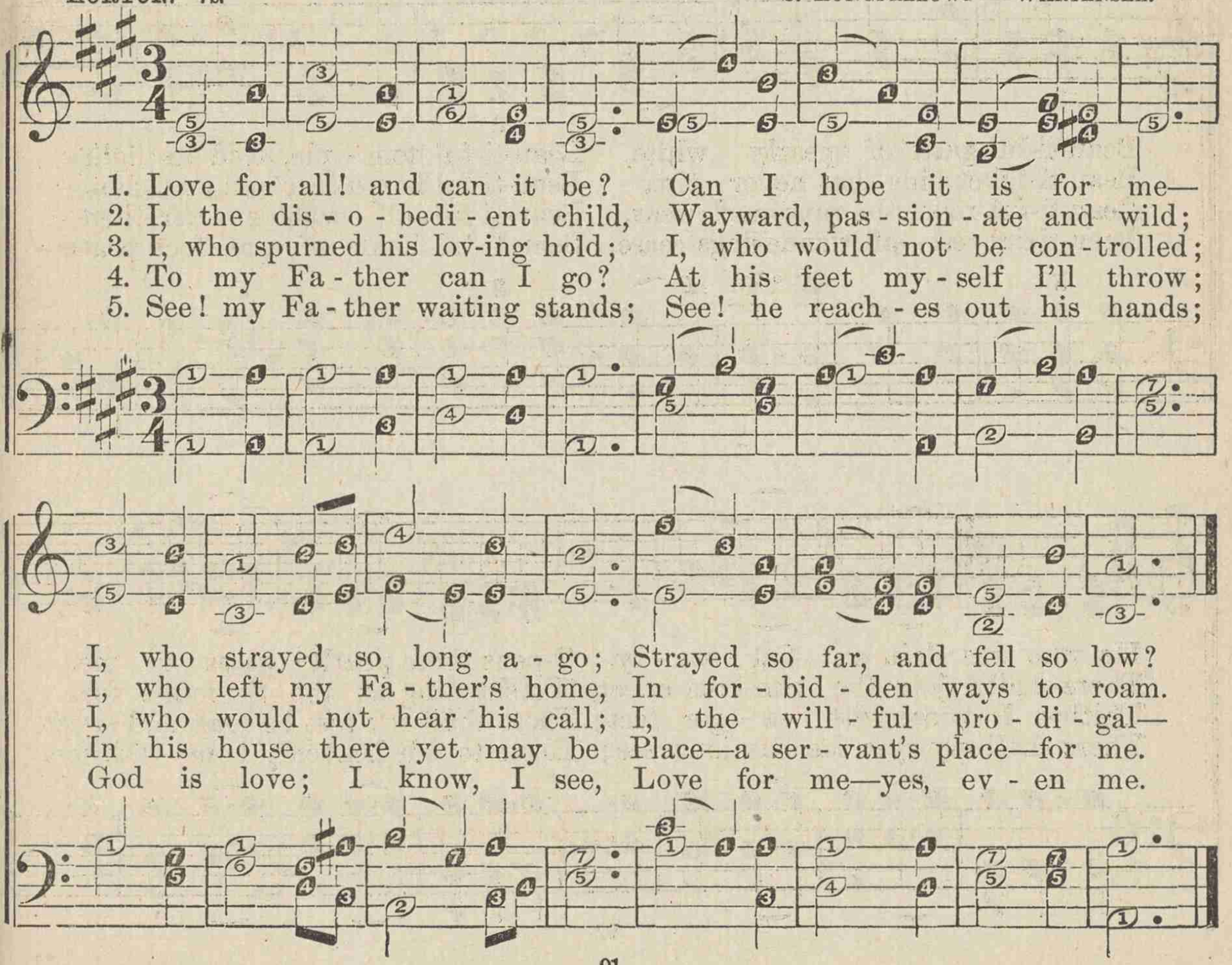
2 "Turn," he cries, "O sinner, turn!
By his life your God hath sworn
He would have you turn and live—
He would all the world receive.
If your death were his delight,
Would he thus to life invite?
Would he ask, beseech, and cry,
Why will you resolve to die?"

3 Sinners, turn, while God is near:
He has left you naught to fear;
Now, e'en now, your Saviour stands,
All day long he spreads his hands;
Cries—"You will not happy be;
No, you will not come to me—
Me, who life to none deny:
Why will you resolve to die?"

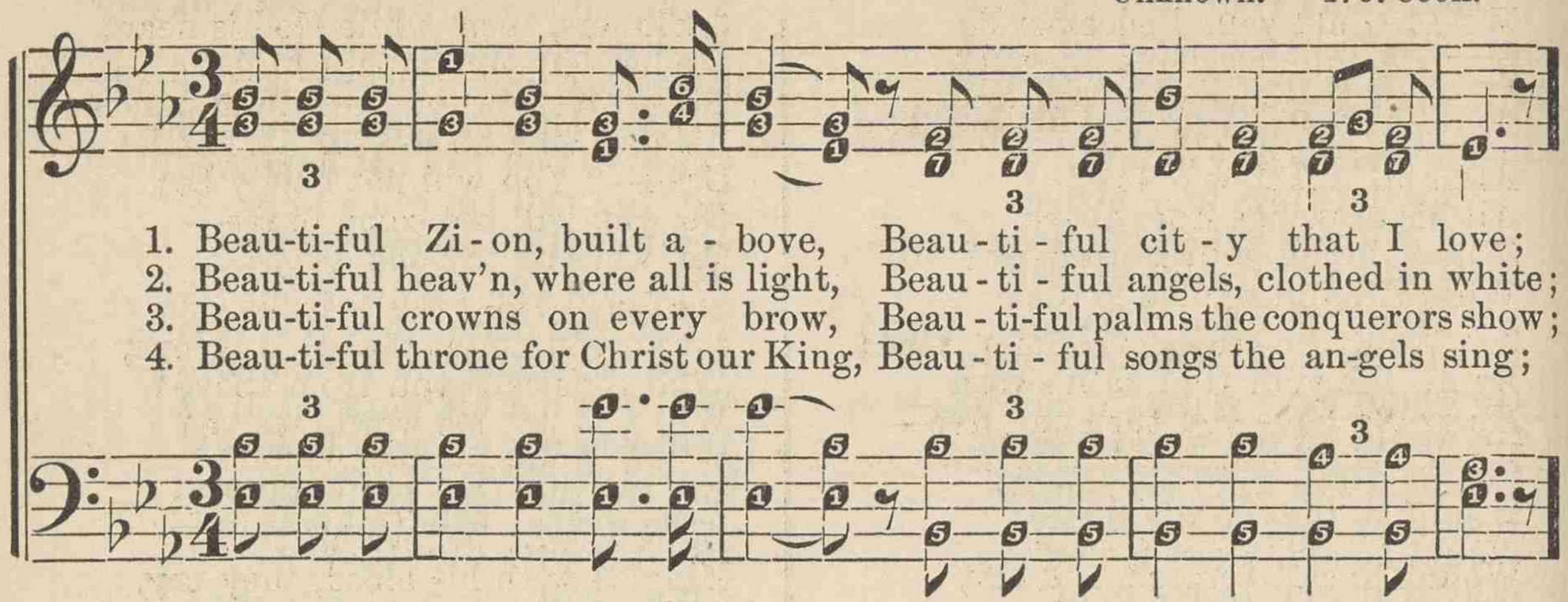
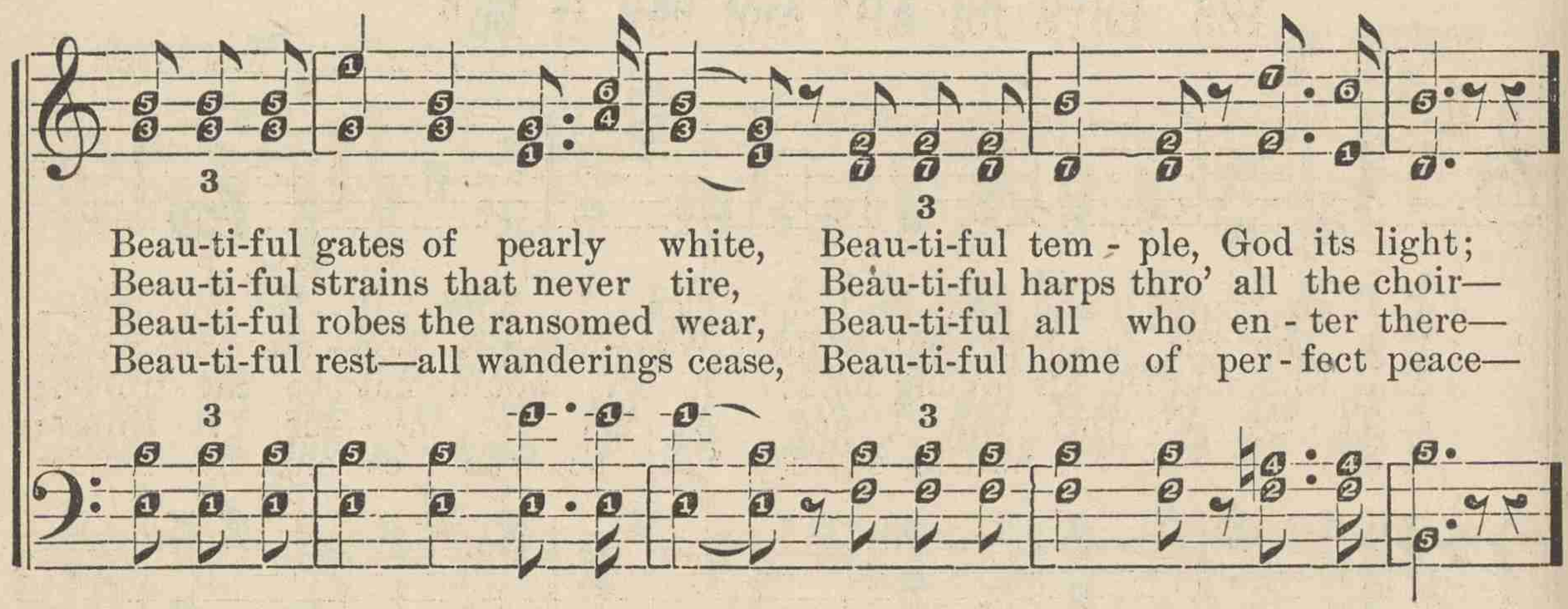
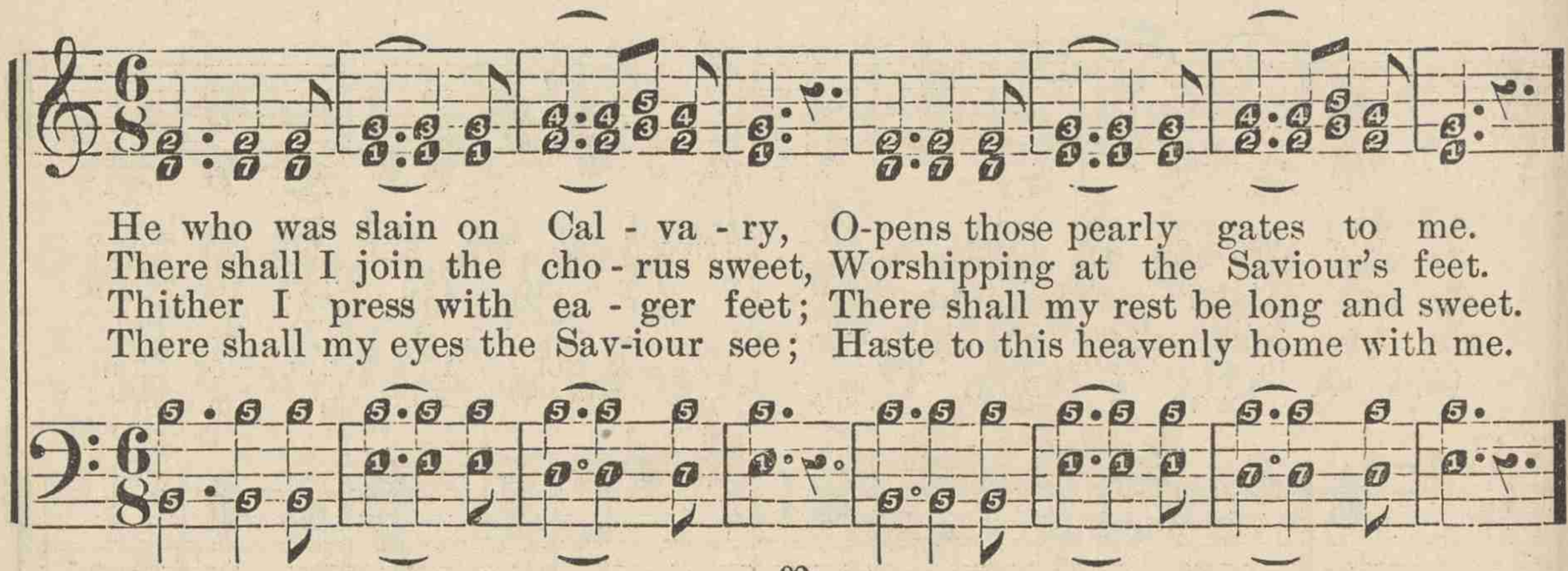
4 Can you doubt that God is love,
Who thus calls you from above?
Will you not his word receive?
Will you not his oath believe?
See, the suffering Lord appears;
Jesus weeps: believe his tears—
Mingled with his blood, they cry,
"Why will you resolve to die?"

125 Love for all! and can it be?

HORTON. 7s. S. LONGFELLOW. WARTENSEE.

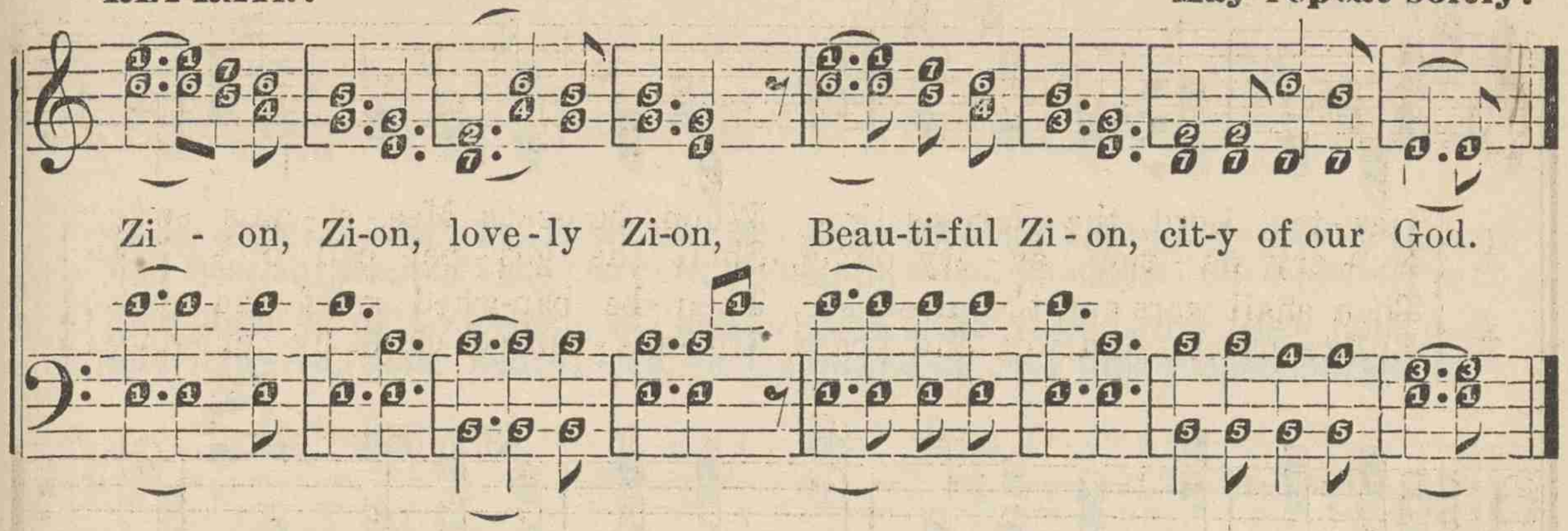


126 Beautiful Zion, built above.

Unknown. T. J. Cook.



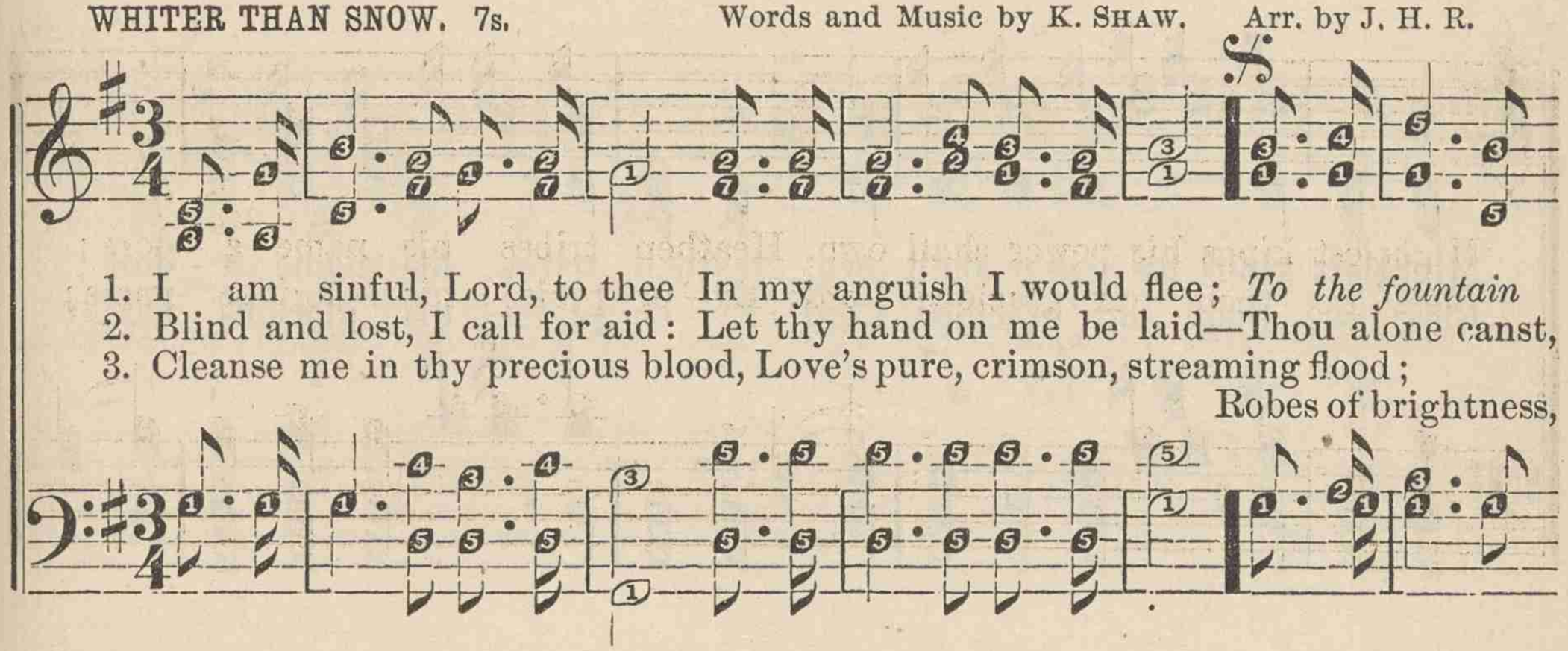
Beautiful Zion, built above. Concluded.

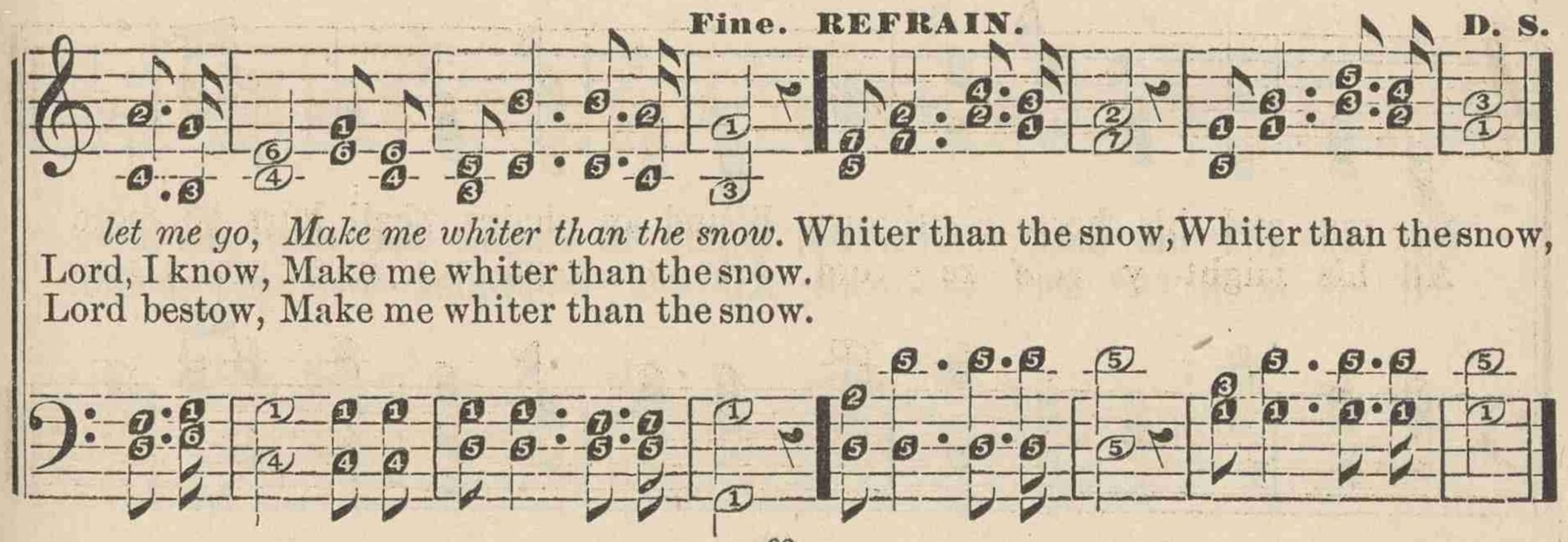
REFRAIN. **May repeat softly.**



127 I am sinful, Lord, to thee.

WHITER THAN SNOW. 7s. Words and Music by K. SHAW. Arr. by J. H. R.





128 Hasten, Lord, the glorious time.

ELTHAM. 7s. D. HARRIET AUBER. LOWELL MASON.

1. Has - ten, Lord, the glorious time, When, be-neath Mes - si - ah's sway,
Ev - ery na - tion, ev - ery clime, Shall the gos - pel call o - bey.

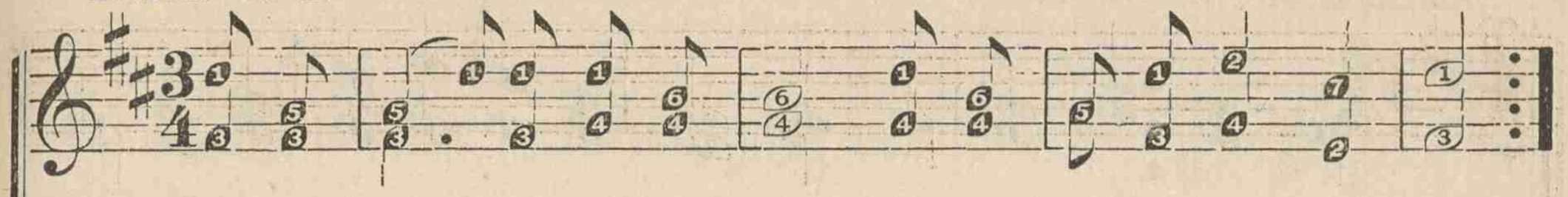
2. Then shall wars and tumults cease, Then be ban-ished grief and pain;
Righteousness, and joy, and peace, Un - dis - turbed shall ev - er reign.

Mightiest kings his power shall own, Heathen tribes his name a - dore;
Bless we, then, our gracious Lord; Ev - er praise his glorious name;

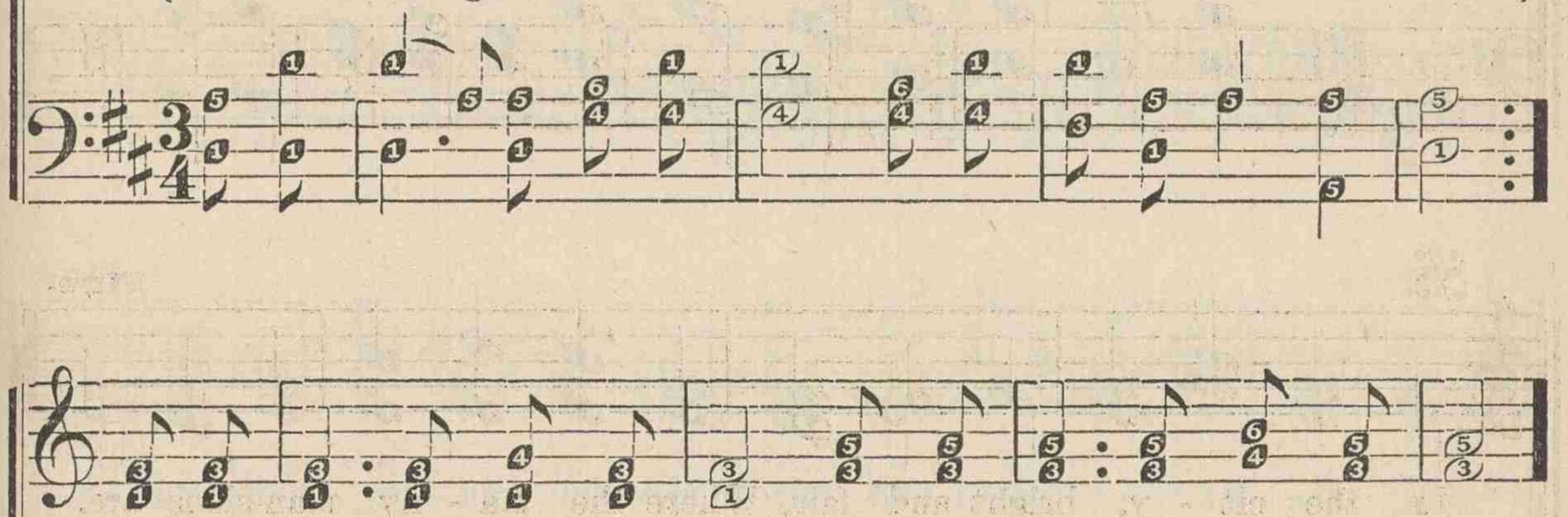
Sa - tan and his host, o'erthrown, Bound in chains, shall hurt no more
All his might - y acts re - cord, All his wond-rous love pro - claim.

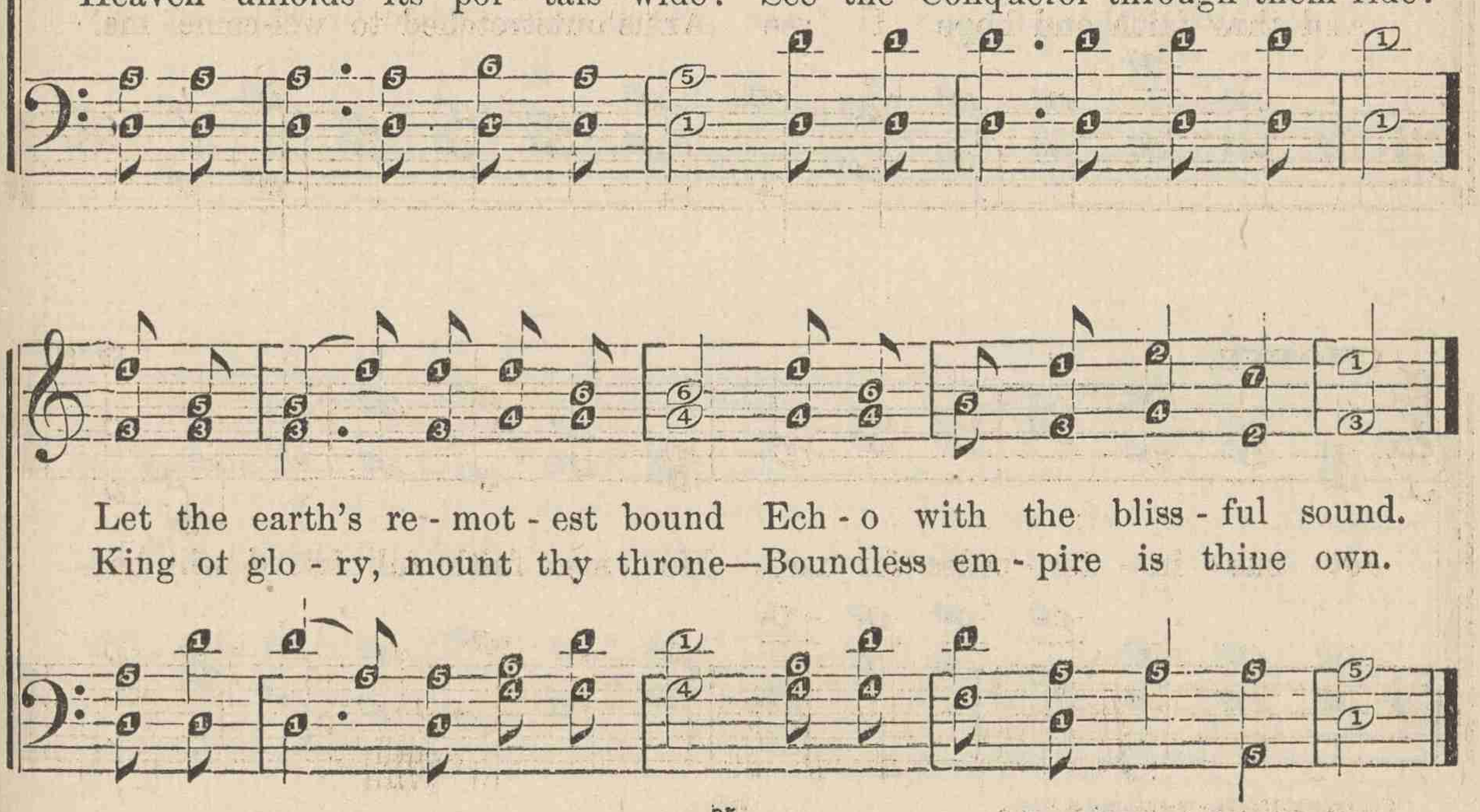
129 Angels, roll the rock away.

AMBOY. 7s. D. THOMAS SCOTT. LOWELL MASON.



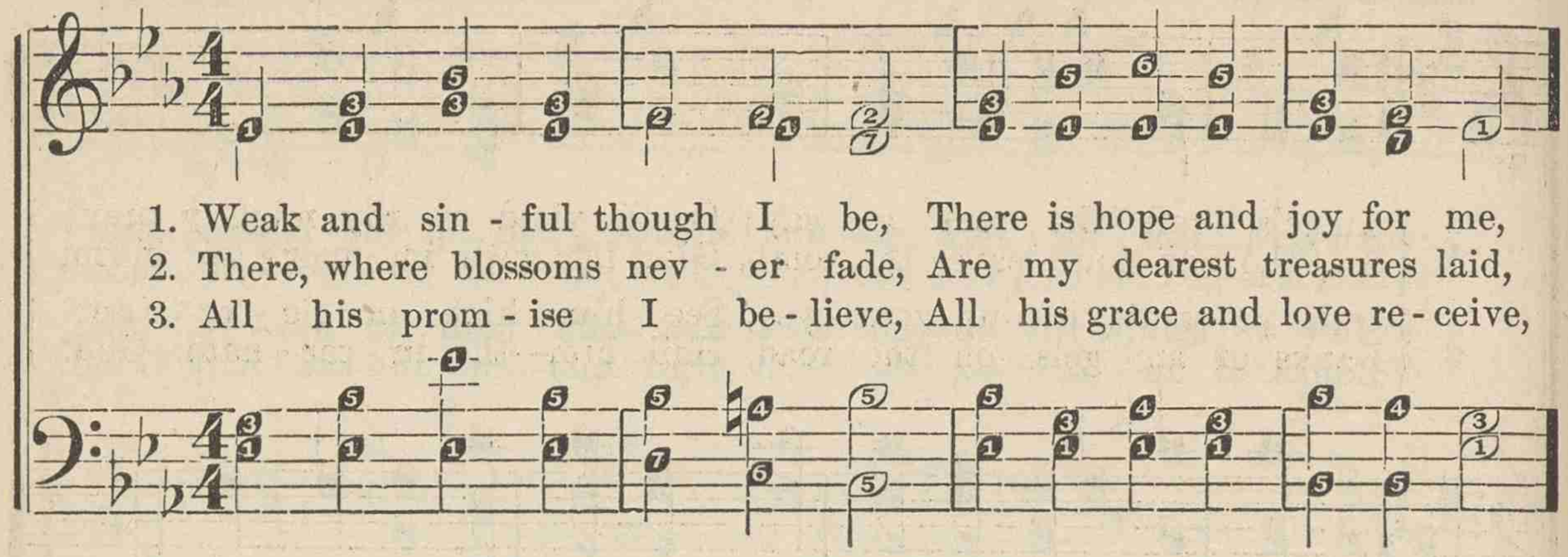
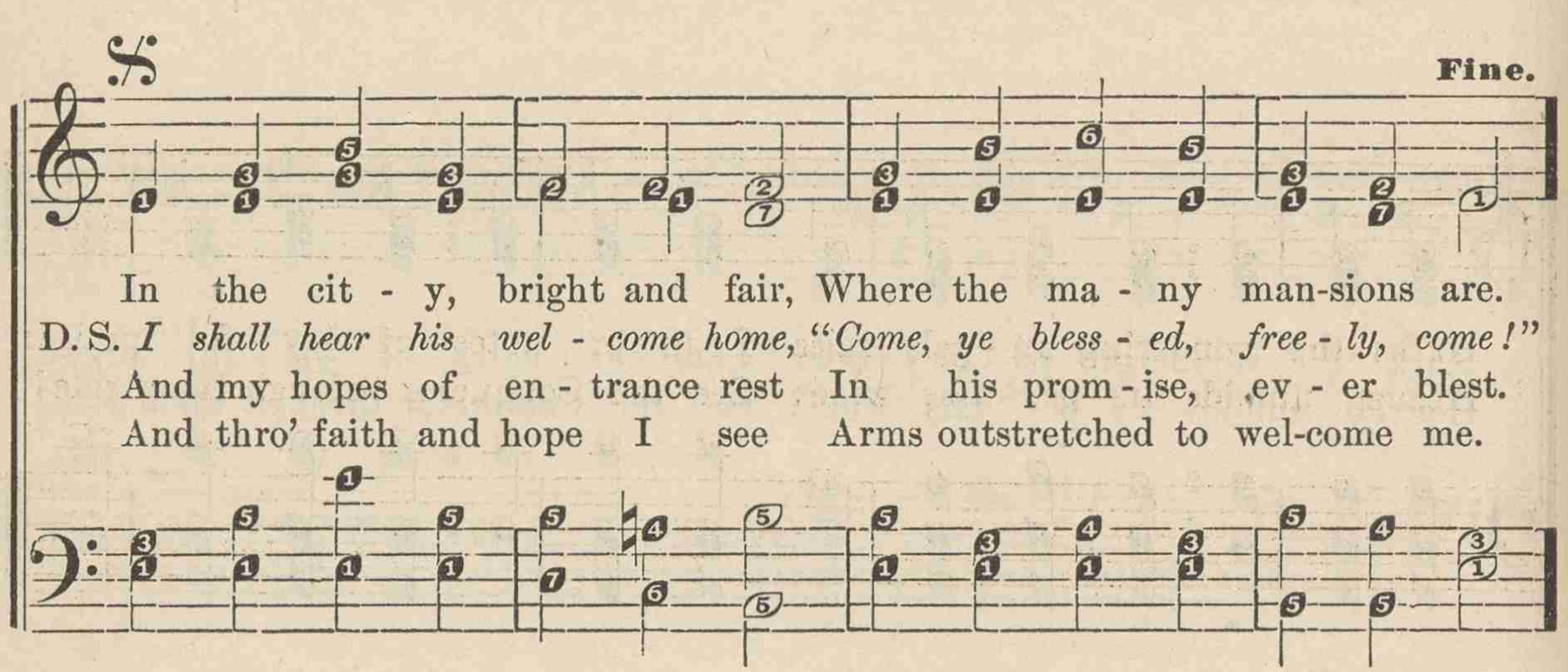
1. An-gels, roll the rock a - way; Death, yield up thy might-y prey;
   See, the Sav - iour leaves the tomb, Glow-ing with im - mor - tal bloom.

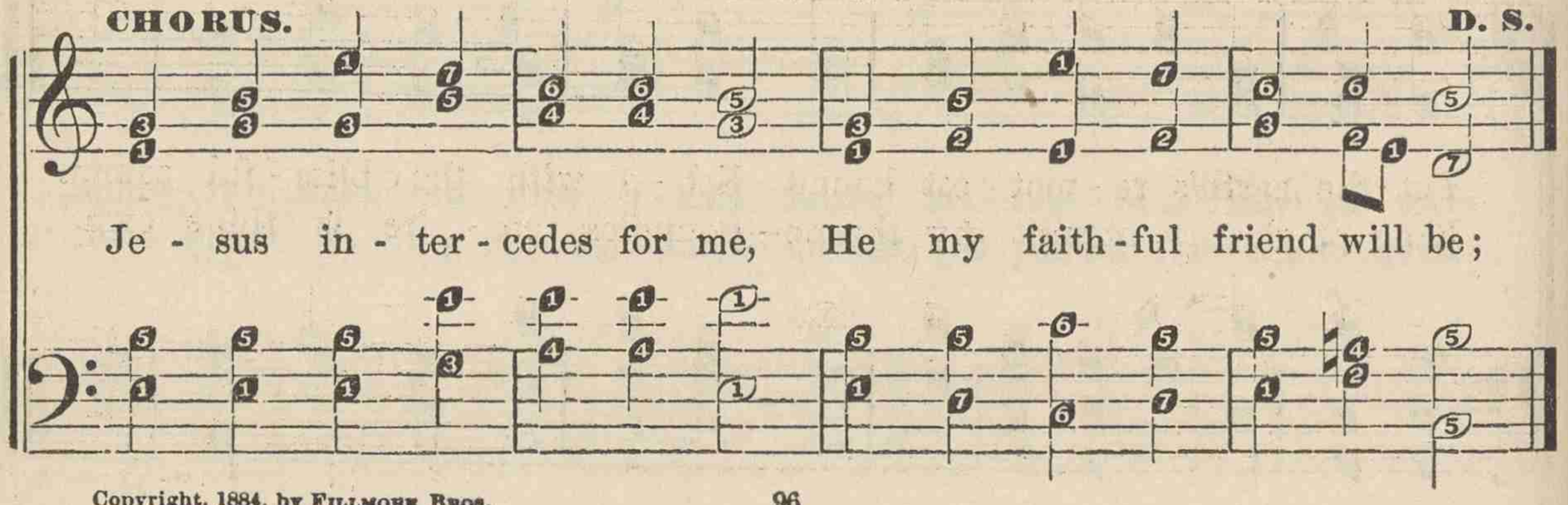
2. Now ye saints, lift up your eyes; See him high in glo - ry rise:
   Ranks of an - gels, on the road, Hail him—the in - car - nate God.

Hark! the wondering an - gels raise Loud - er notes of joy - ful praise:
Heaven unfolds its por - tals wide: See the Conqueror through them ride!



Let the earth's re - mot - est bound Ech - o with the bliss - ful sound.
King of glo - ry, mount thy throne—Boundless em - pire is thine own.

130 Weak and sinful though I be.

BEYOND THE GATES. MRS. C. L. SHACKLOCK. J. H. F.





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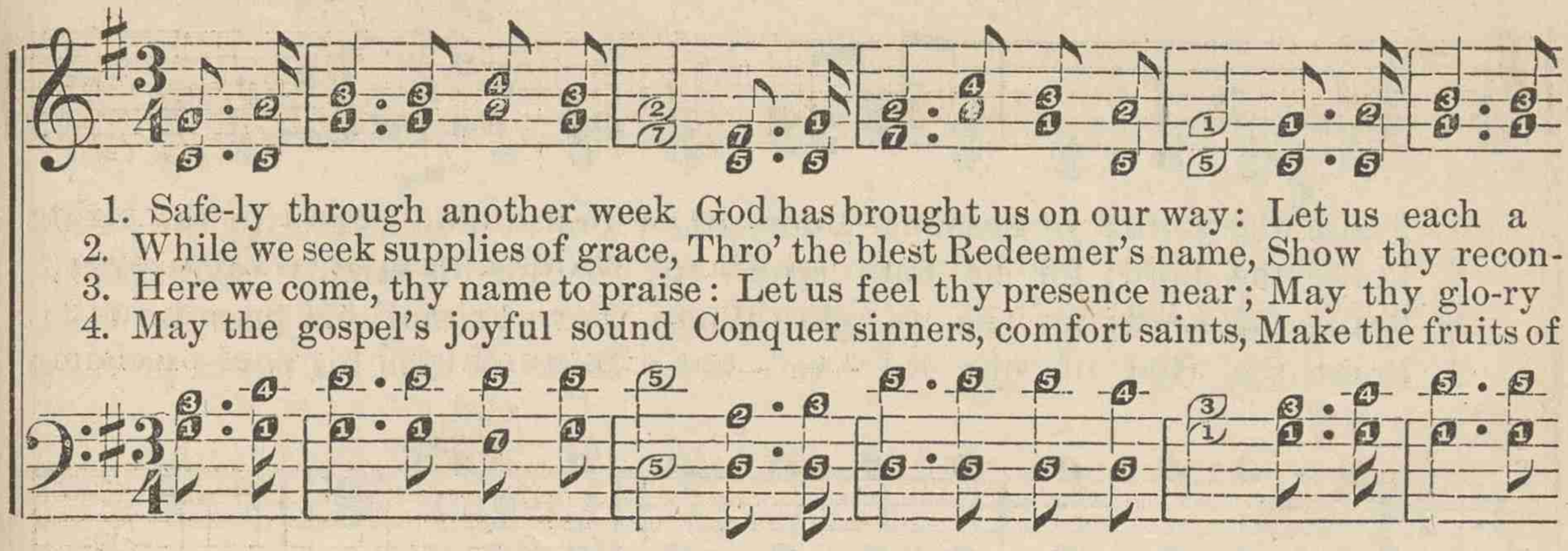
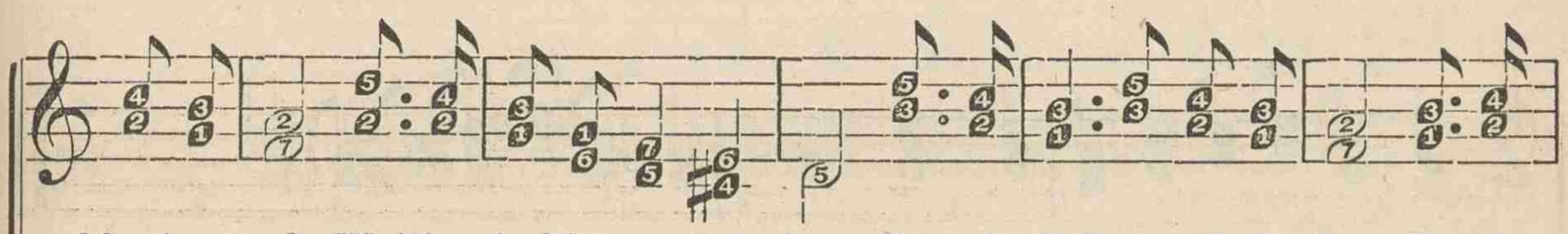
131 Safely through another week.

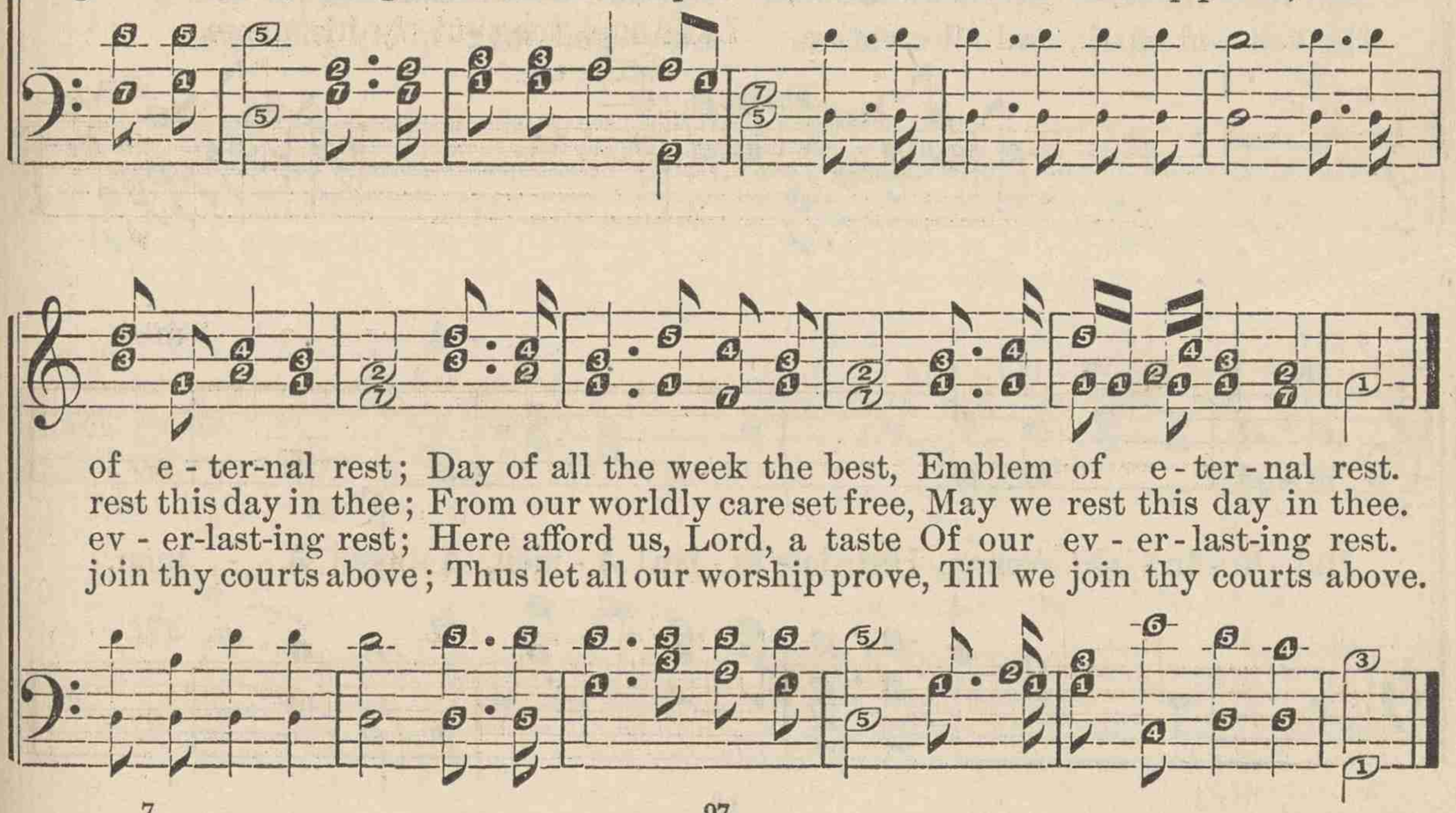
SABBATH. 7s. 6 l. JOHN NEWTON. LOWELL MASON.



1. Safe-ly through another week God has brought us on our way: Let us each a
2. While we seek supplies of grace, Thro' the blest Redeemer's name, Show thy recon-
3. Here we come, thy name to praise: Let us feel thy presence near; May thy glo-ry
4. May the gospel's joyful sound Conquer sinners, comfort saints, Make the fruits of



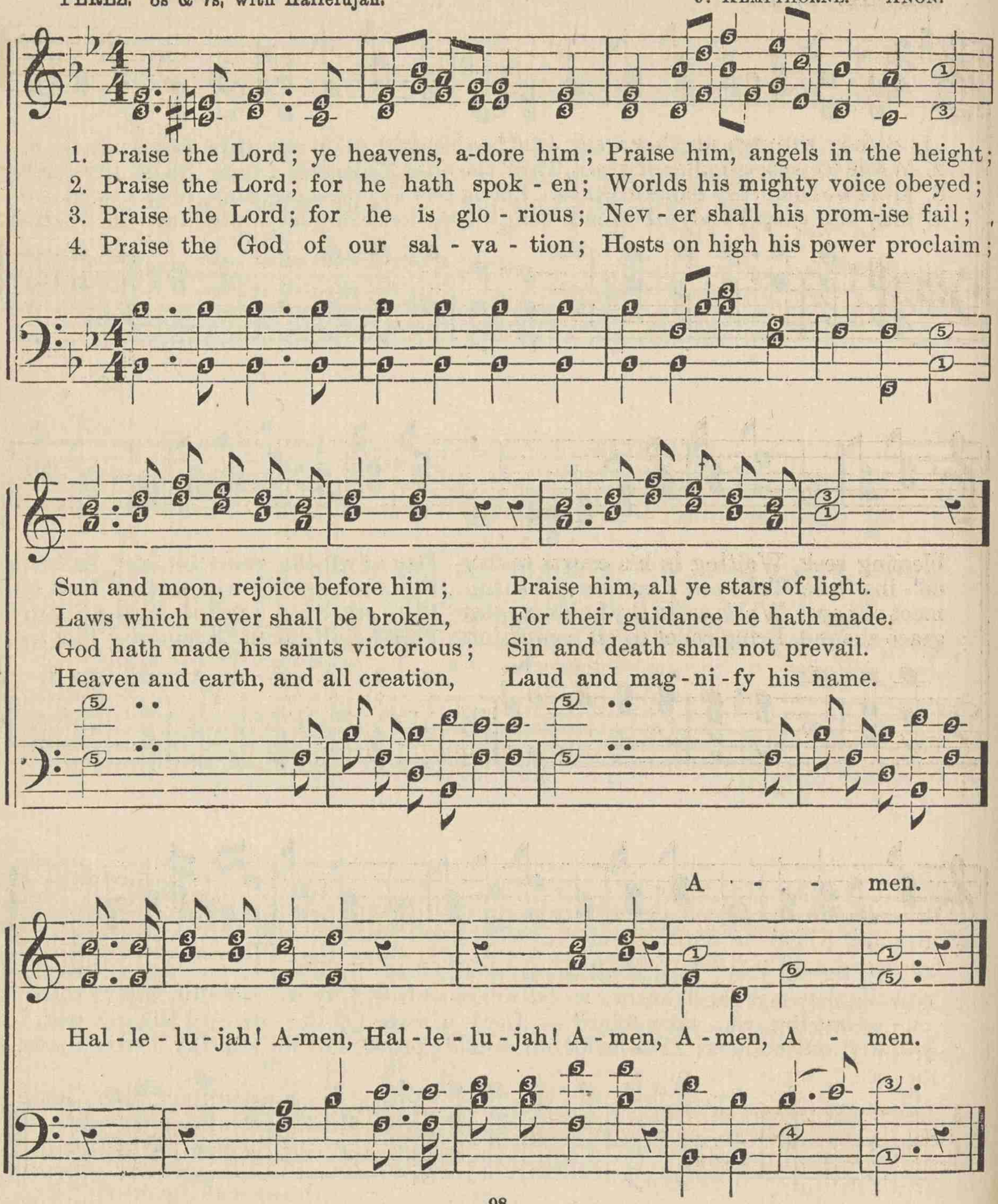
blessing seek, Waiting in his courts to-day—Day of all the week the best, Emblem
cil - ing face, Take away our sin and shame; From our worldly care set free, May we
meet our eyes, While we in thy house appear; Here afford us, Lord, a taste Of our
grace abound, Bring relief to all complaints; Thus let all our worship prove, Till we



of e - ter-nal rest; Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e - ter - nal rest.
rest this day in thee; From our worldly care set free, May we rest this day in thee.
ev - er-last-ing rest; Here afford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last-ing rest.
join thy courts above; Thus let all our worship prove, Till we join thy courts above.

132 Praise the Lord; ye heavens, adore him.

PEREZ. 8s & 7s, with Hallelujah. J. KEMPTHORNE. ANON.



1. Praise the Lord; ye heavens, a-dore him; Praise him, angels in the height;
2. Praise the Lord; for he hath spok - en; Worlds his mighty voice obeyed;
3. Praise the Lord; for he is glo - rious; Nev - er shall his prom-ise fail;
4. Praise the God of our sal - va - tion; Hosts on high his power proclaim;

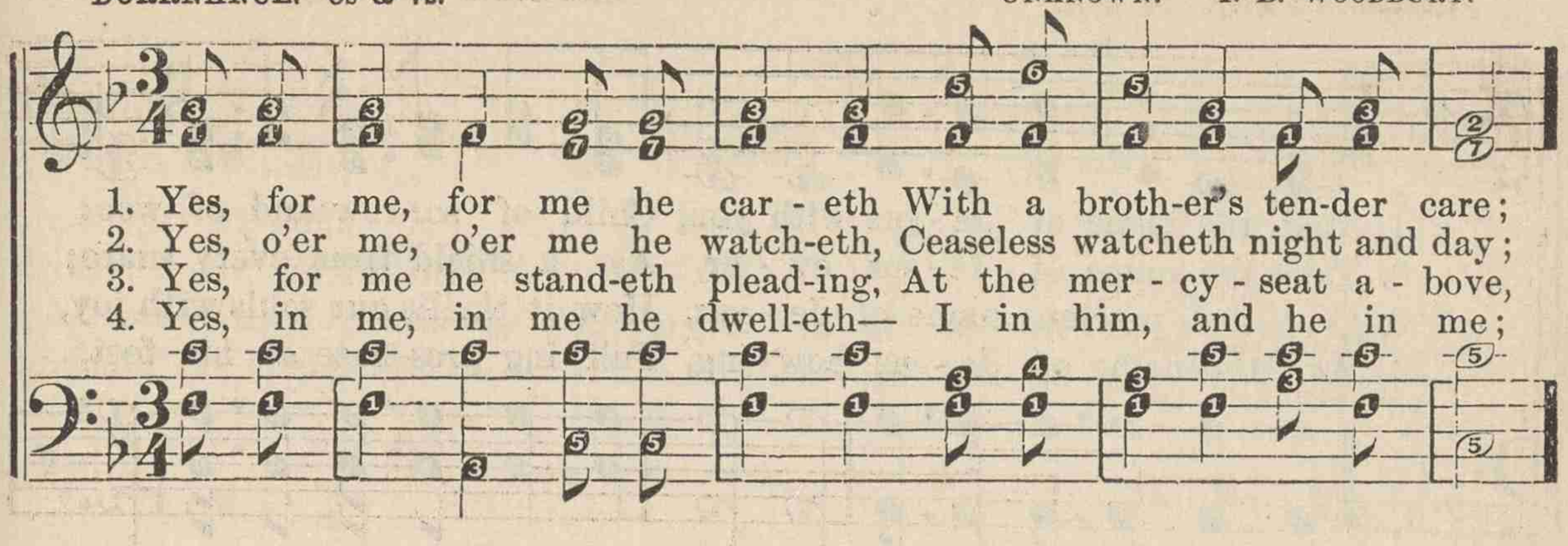
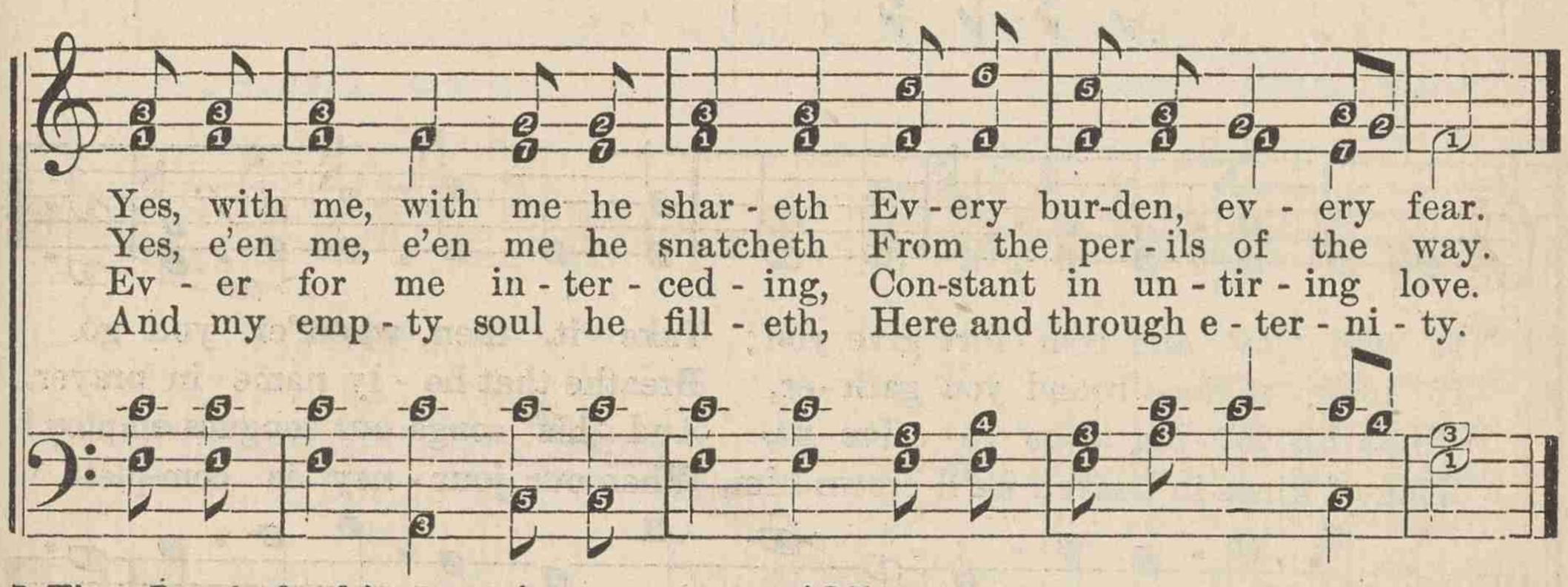
Sun and moon, rejoice before him; Praise him, all ye stars of light.
Laws which never shall be broken, For their guidance he hath made.
God hath made his saints victorious; Sin and death shall not prevail.
Heaven and earth, and all creation, Laud and mag - ni - fy his name.

A - - - men.

Hal - le - lu - jah! A-men, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men, A - men, A - men.

133 Yes, for me, for me he careth.

DORRNANCE. 8s & 7s. UNKNOWN. I. B. WOODBURY.



5 Thus I wait for his returning,
  Singing all the way to heaven—
Such the joyful song of morning,
  Such the tranquil song of even.

134

E. NASON.

JESUS only, when the morning
  Beams upon the path I tread;
Jesus only, when the darkness
  Gathers round my weary head.

2 Jesus only, when the billows
  Cold and sullen o'er me roll,
Jesus only, when the trumpet
  Rends the tomb and wakes the soul;

3 Jesus only, when, adoring,
  Saints their crowns before him bring;
Jesus only, I will, joyous,
  Through eternal ages sing.

135

THOS. HASTINGS.

HE THAT goeth forth with weeping,
  Bearing precious seed in love,
Never tiring, never sleeping,
  Findeth mercy from above.

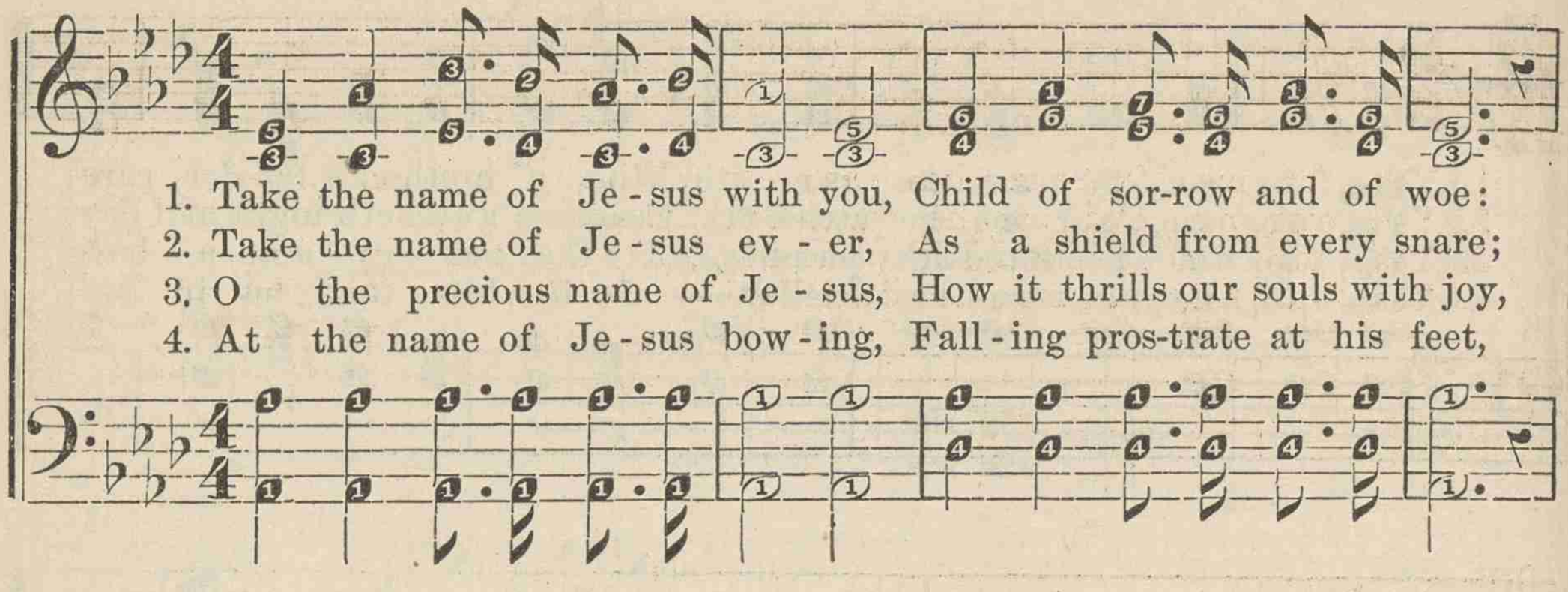
2 Soft descend the dews of heaven;
  Bright the rays celestial shine;
Precious fruits will thus be given,
  Through the influence all divine.

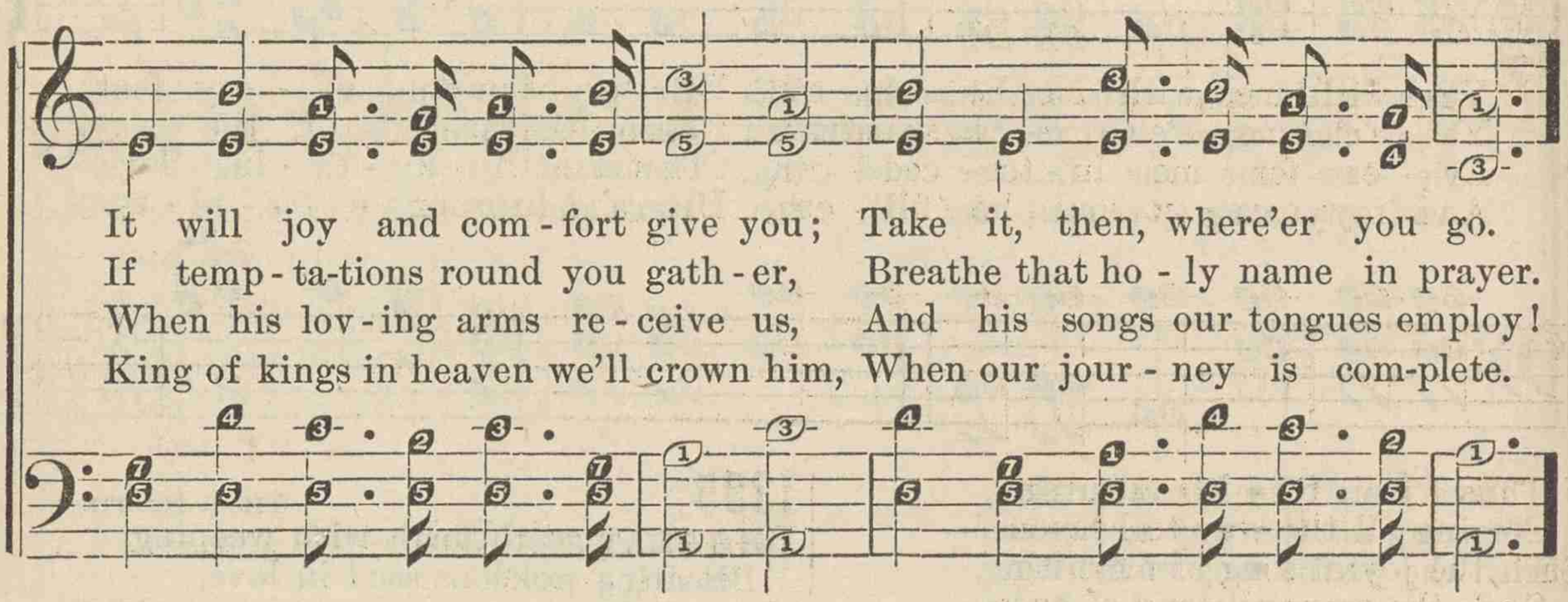
3 Sow thy seed; be never weary;
  Let no fears thy soul annoy:
Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,
  Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.

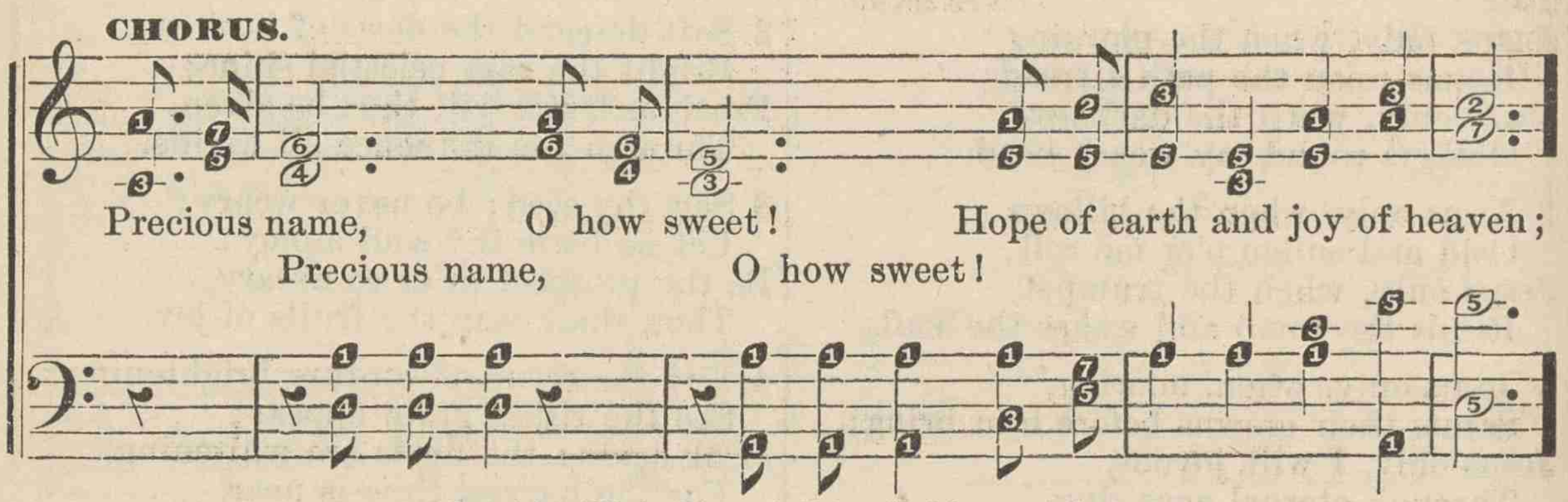
4 Lo! the scene of verdure brightening;
  See the rising grain appear;
Look again: the fields are whitening,
  For the harvest-time is near.

136 Take the name of Jesus with you.

PRECIOUS NAME. 8s & 7s. MRS. LYDIA BAXTER. W. H. DOANE.







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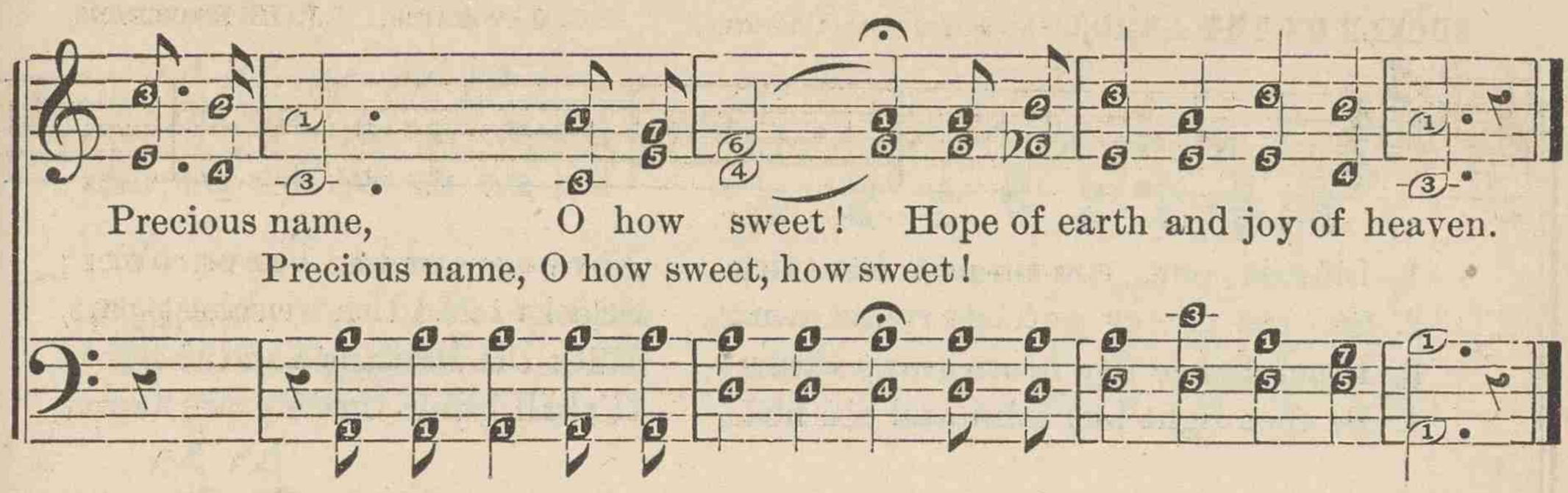
Take the name of Jesus with you. Concluded.

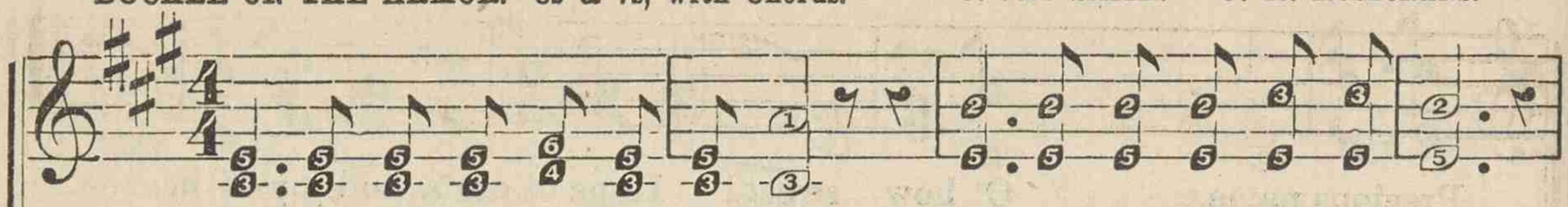


137 Sister, thou wast mild and lovely.

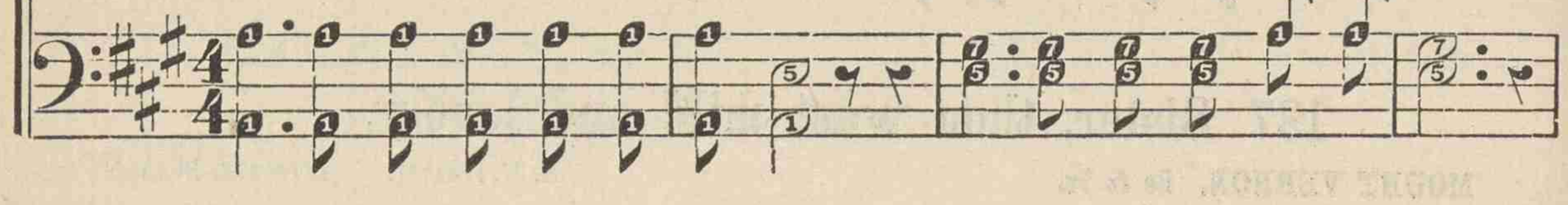
MOUNT VERNON. 8s & 7s. S. F. SMITH. LOWELL MASON.

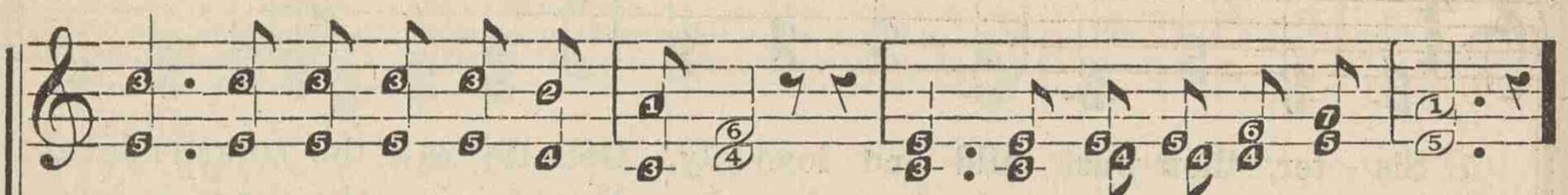
138 Life is one continued battle.

BUCKLE ON THE ARMOR. 8s & 7s, with Chorus. C. JAY SMITH. J. H. ROSECRANS.

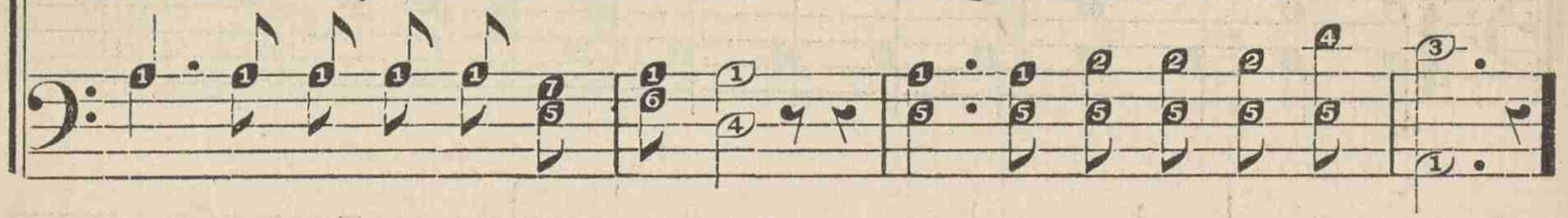


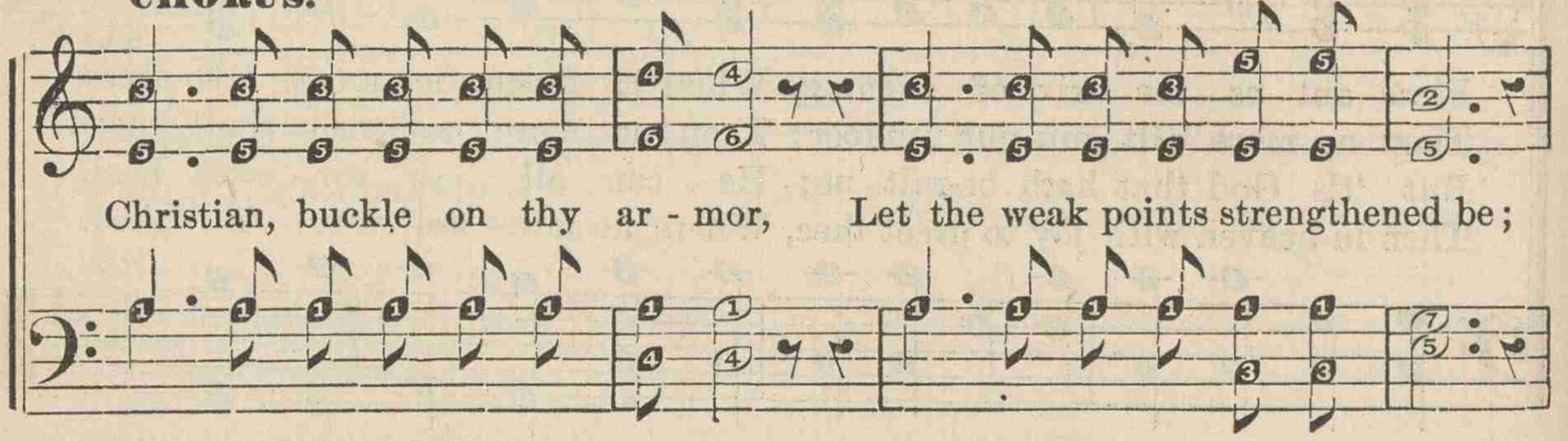
1. Life is one con-tin-ued bat - tle, Nev - er end-ed, nev-er o'er;
2. Sa - tan ev - er watches round him, Seeks to find the weakest part,
3. If perchance thy heart grows weary With the struggle and the fight,
4. Be that light but faint and fee-ble, It shall guide thee ev - er - more,



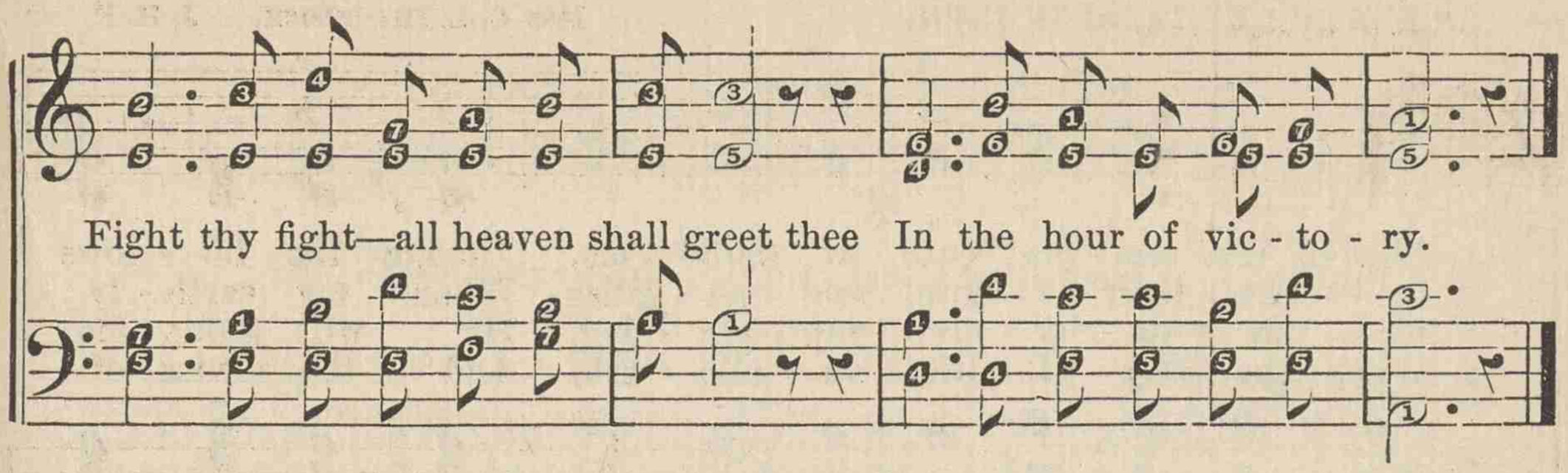


And the Christian's path to glo - ry Is a con - flict ev - er - more.
And in moments most un - heed-ed Quick-ly throws his fi - ery dart.
And the day seems dark and dreary, Lit - tle sun-shine, lit - tle light:
And at ev - ery bat - tle leave thee Stronger than thou wast be - fore.

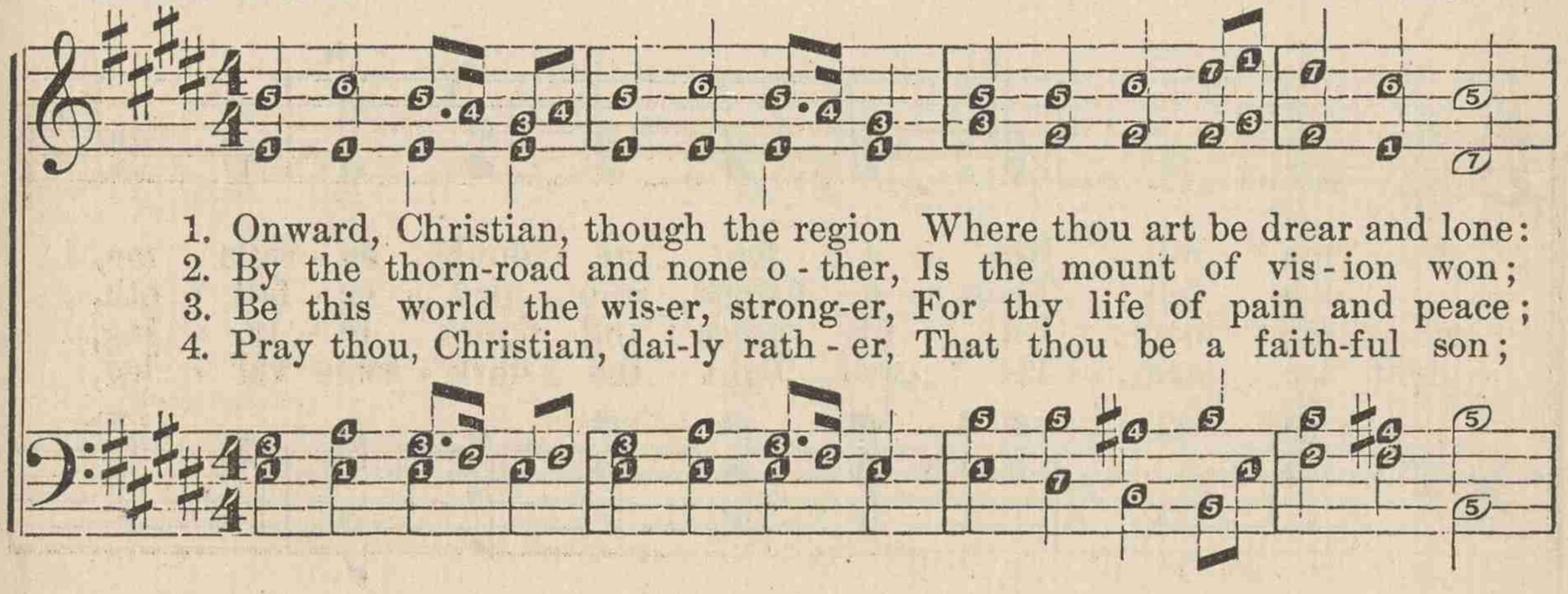
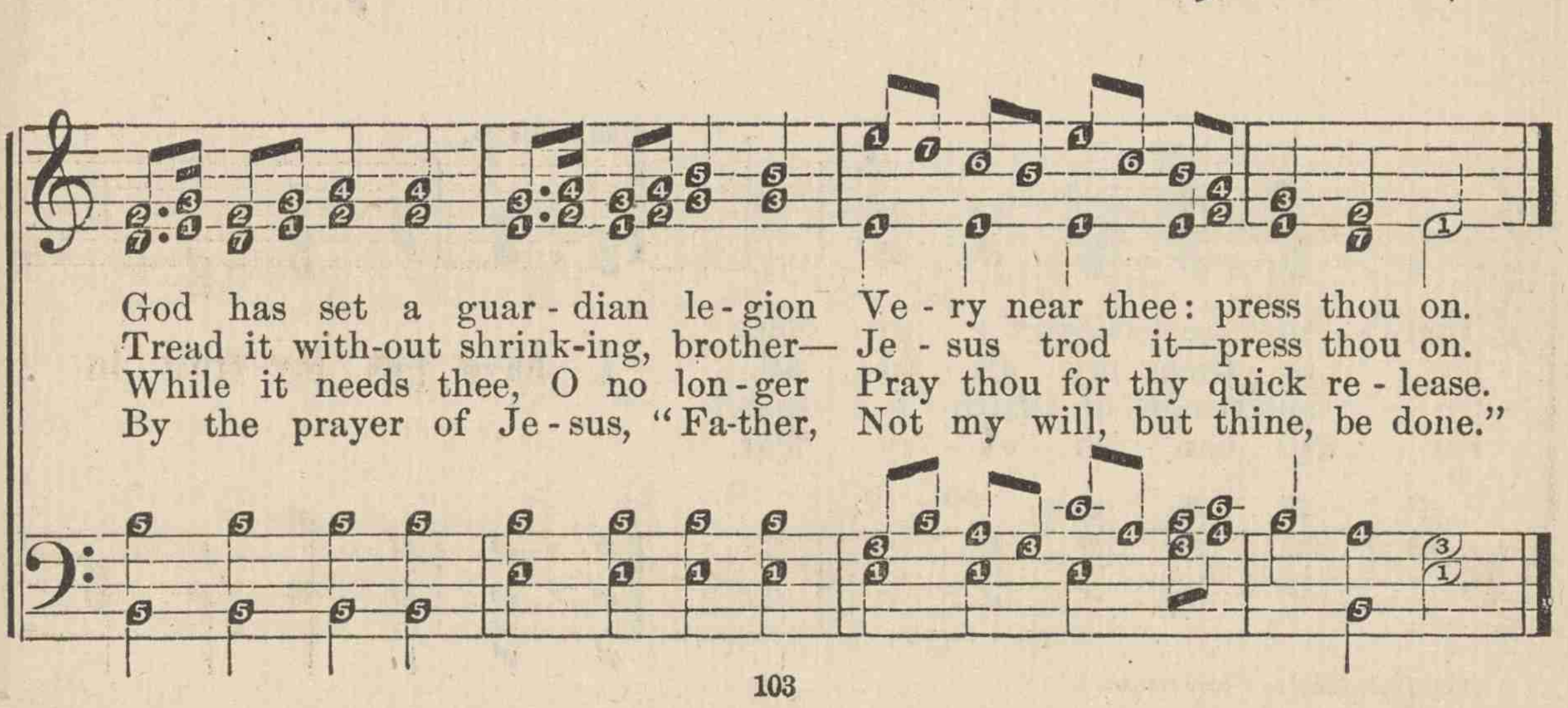


CHORUS.

Christian, buckle on thy ar - mor, Let the weak points strengthened be;

Copyright, 1882, in "Voice of Joy."

Life is one continued battle. Concluded.

139 Onward, Christian, though the region.

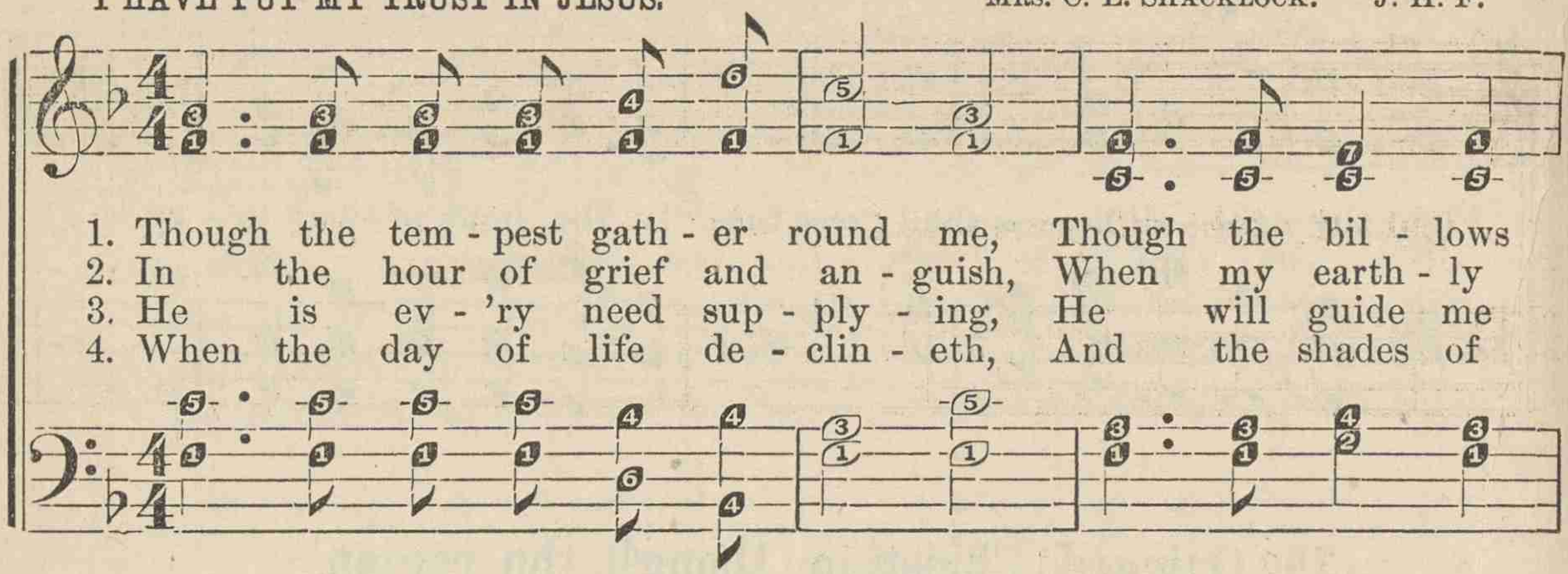
SICILY. 8s & 7s. S. JOHNSON. Sicilian Melody.



140 Though the tempest gather round me.

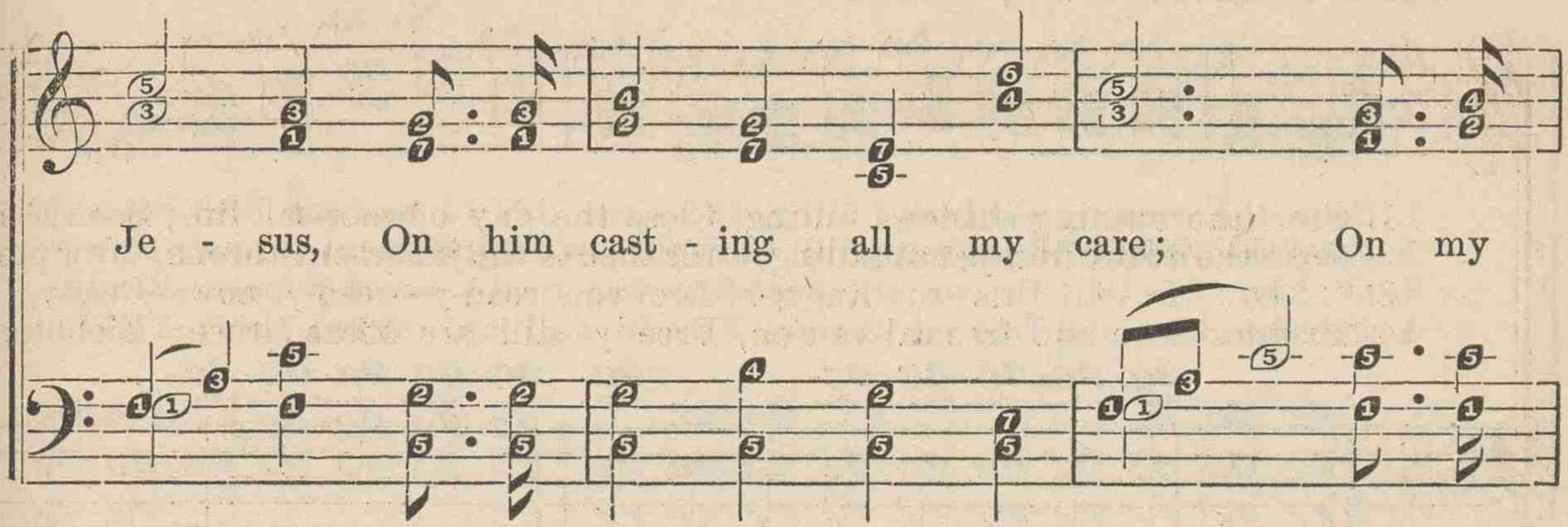
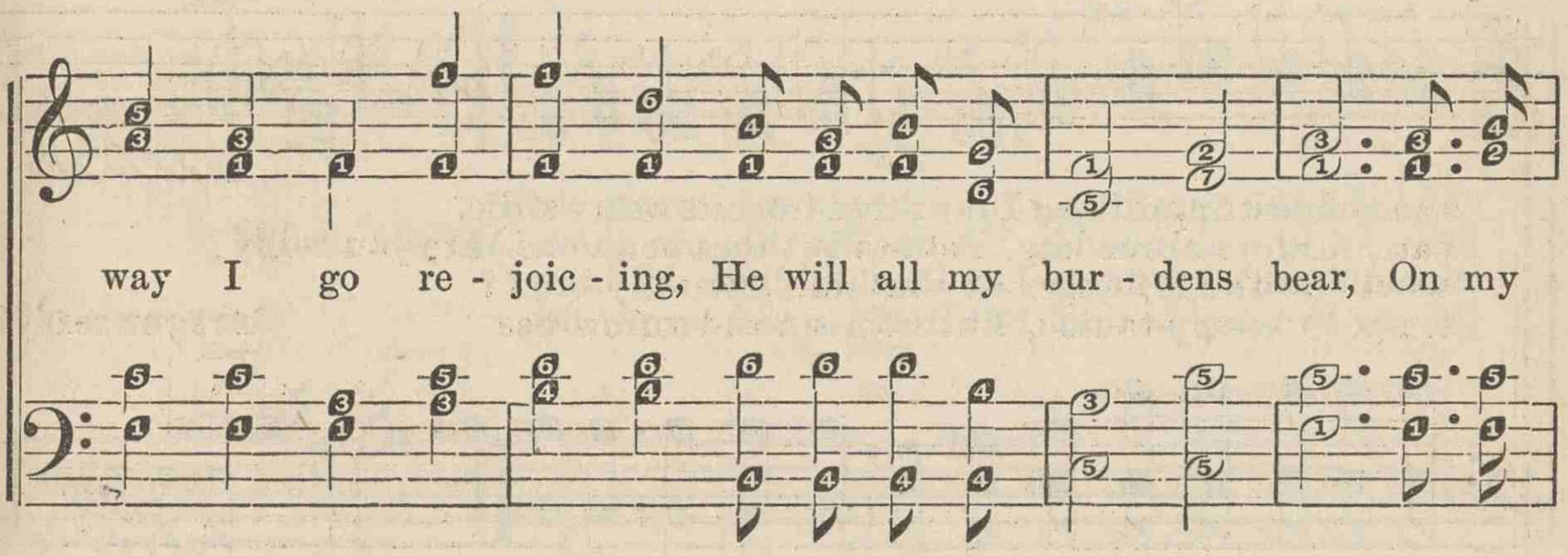
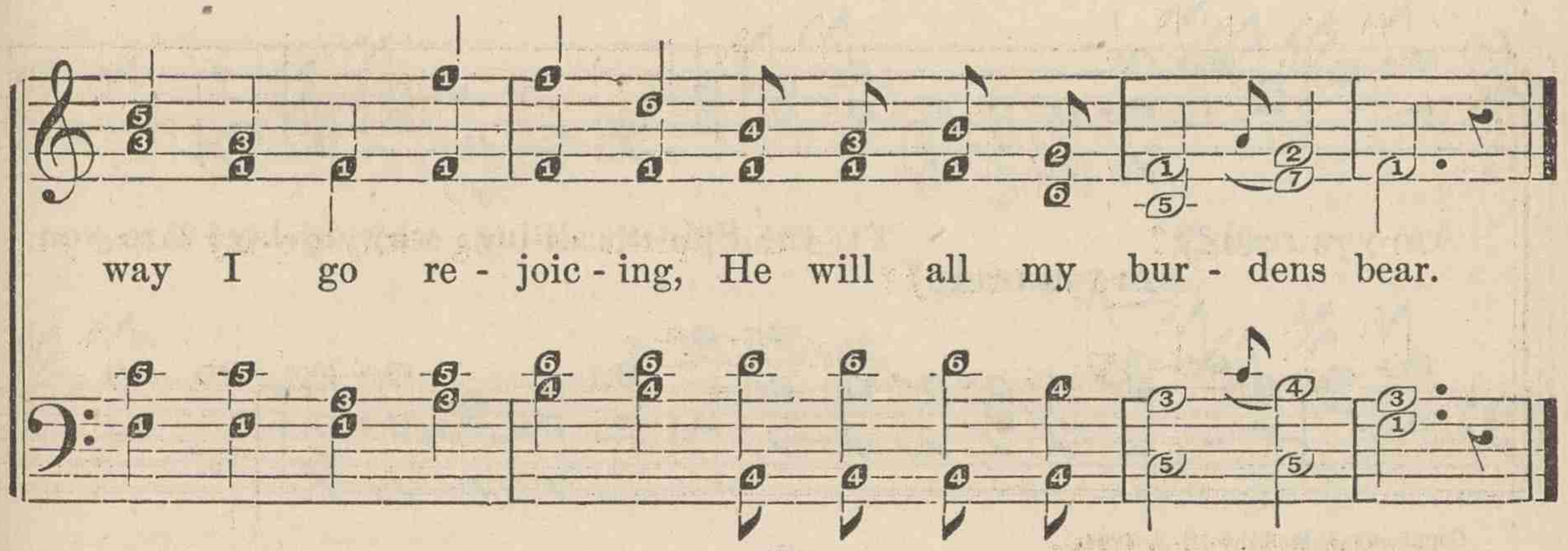
I HAVE PUT MY TRUST IN JESUS.

MRS. C. L. SHACKLOCK. J. H. F.



CHORUS.

Copyright, 1884, by FILLMORE BROS.

Though the tempest gather round me. Concluded.

141 Soon the evening shadows falling.

ARE YOU READY? 8s & 7s, with Refrain. J. W. SLAUGHENHAUPT. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Soon the evening shadows falling, Close the day of mor-tal life; Soon the
2. Soon the awful trumpet sounding, Calls thee to the judgment-throne; Now pre-
3. O how fa-tal 'tis to lin-ger! Are you read-y—read-y now—Ready,
4. Priceless love and free sal-va-tion, Free-ly still are offered thee: Yield no

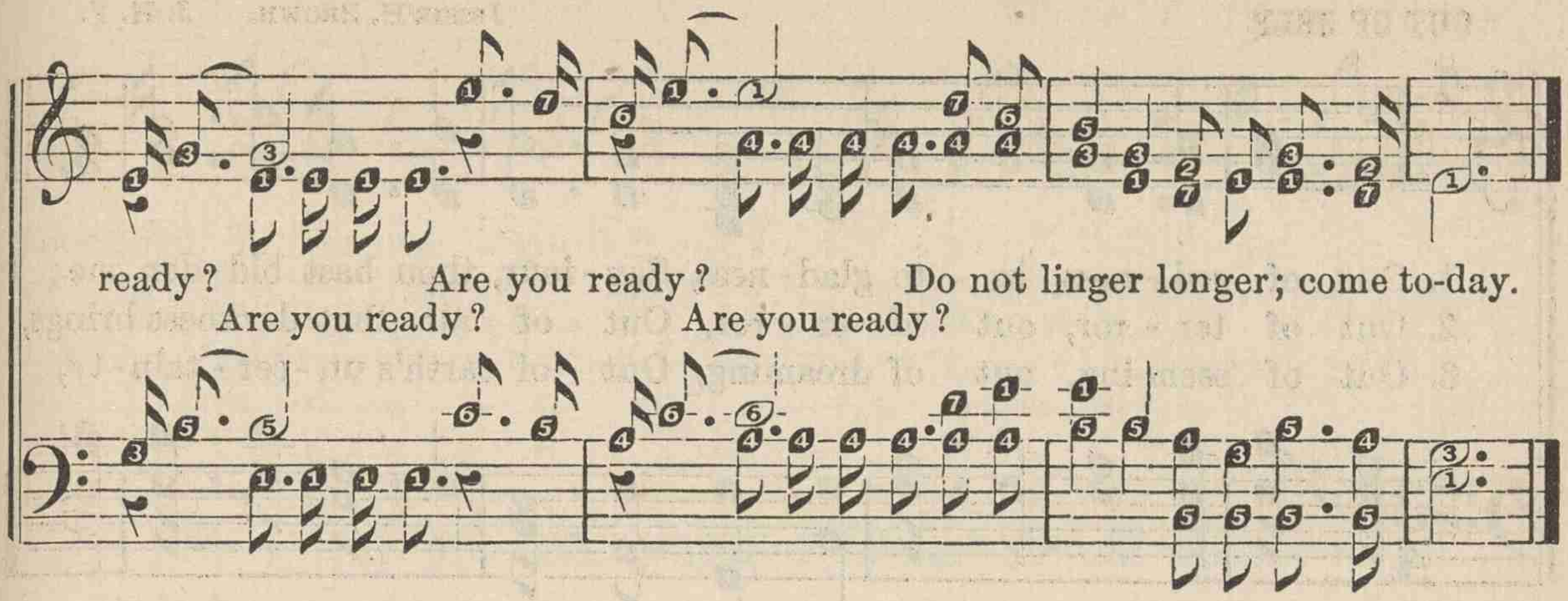
REFRAIN.

hand of death appalling, Draws thee from its weary strife.
pare, for love abounding, Yet has left thee not alone. Are you ready?
should death's icy finger Lay its chill upon thy brow?
lon-ger to temp-ta-tion, But from sin and sorrow flee. Are you ready?

Are you ready? 'T is the Spir-it call-ing: why de-lay? Are you ready?

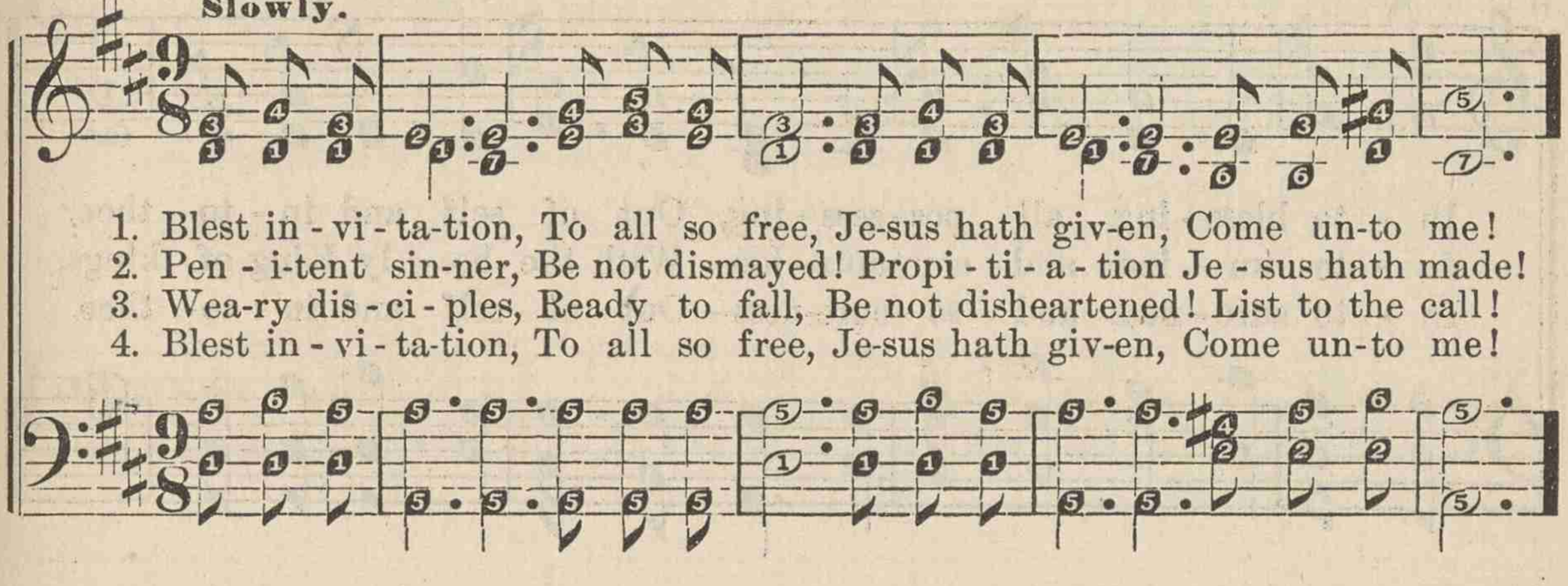
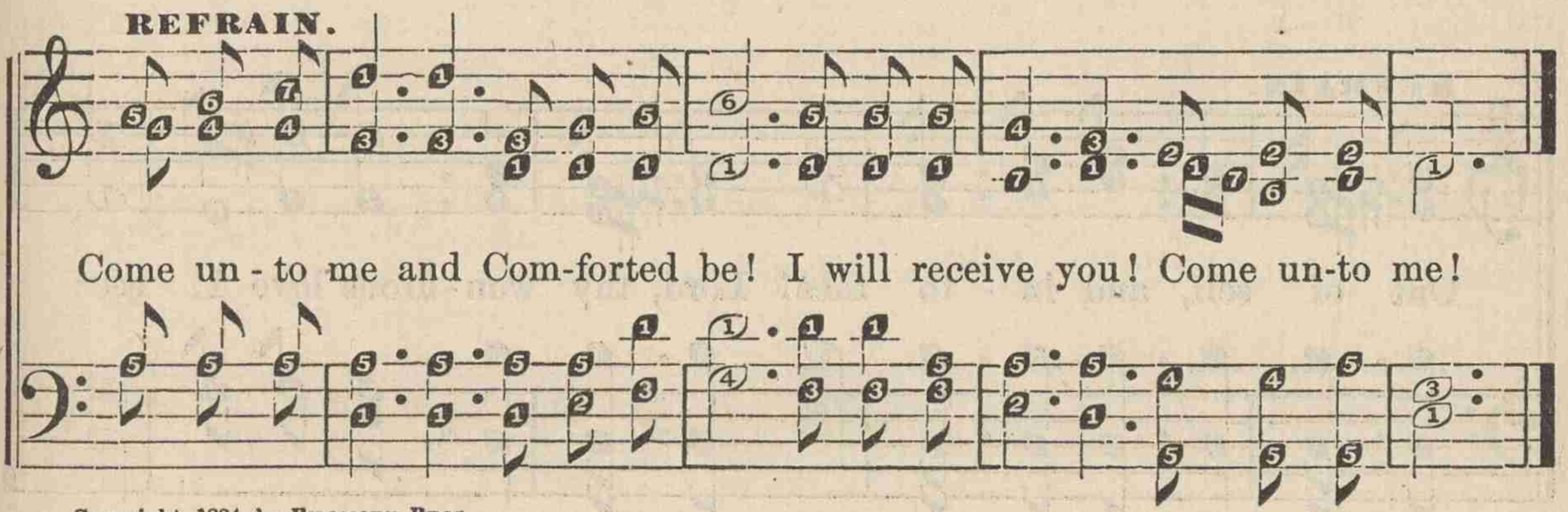
Copyright, 1878, by E. S. Lorenz.

Soon the evening shadows falling. Concluded.



142 Blest invitation, To all so free.

COME UNTO ME. 5s & 4s. E. R. LATTA. J. H. F.



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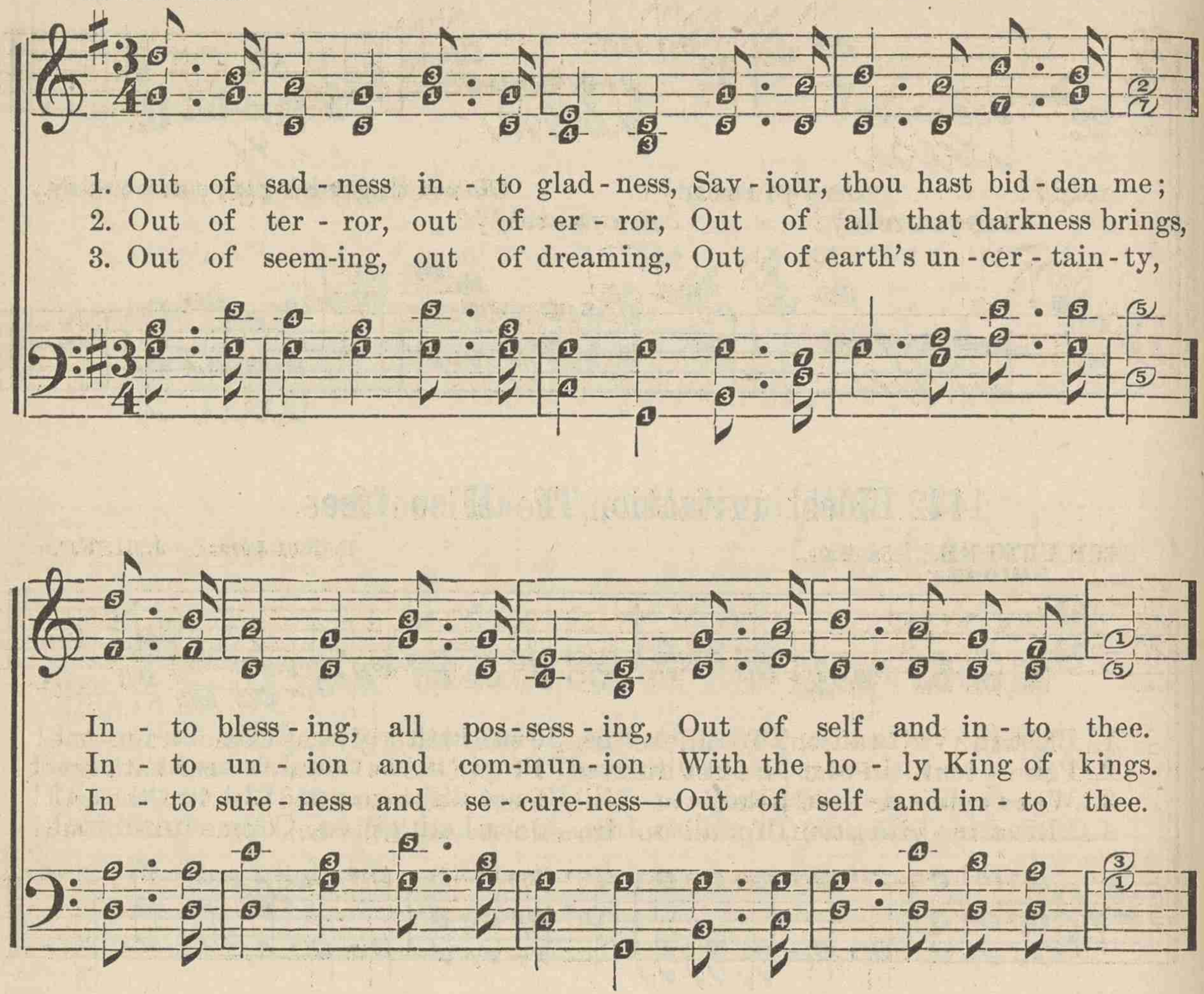
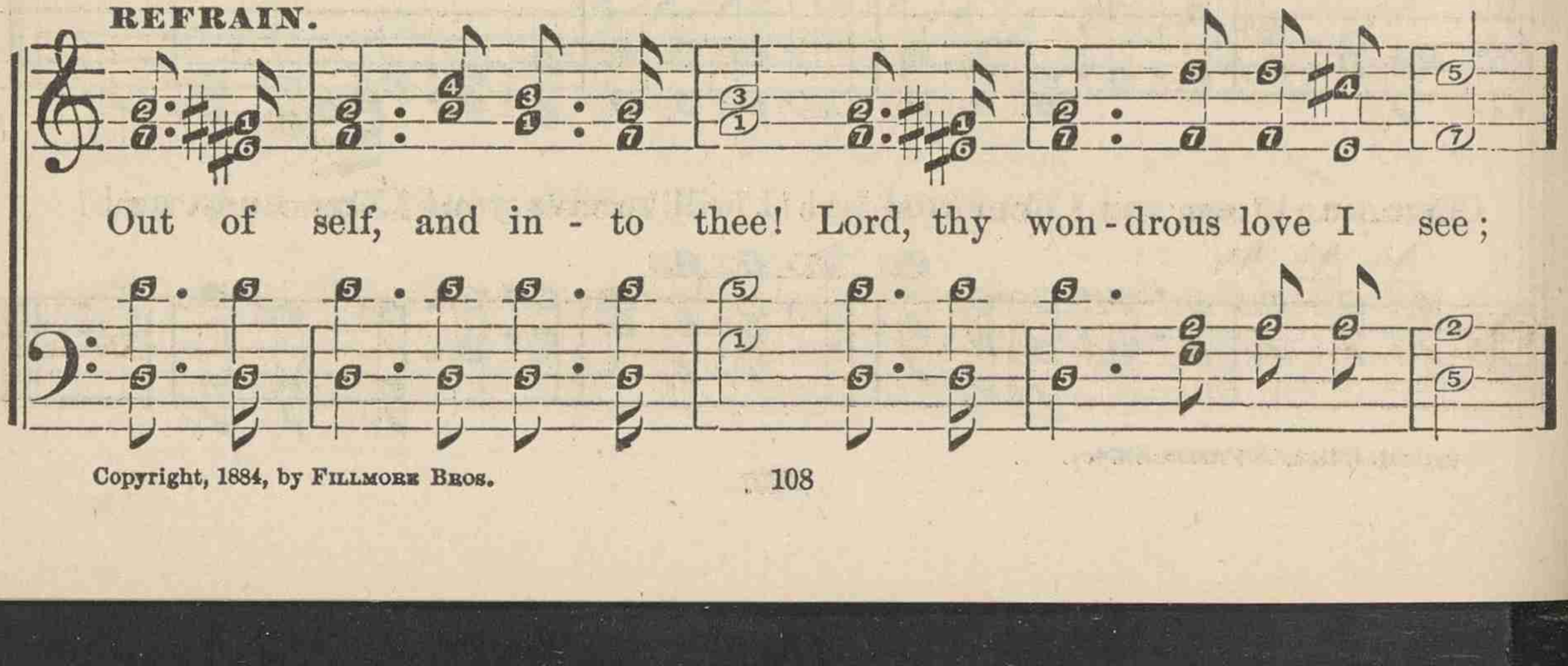
143 Out of sadness into gladness.

OUT OF SELF.

JESSIE H. BROWN. J. H. F.



REFRAIN.

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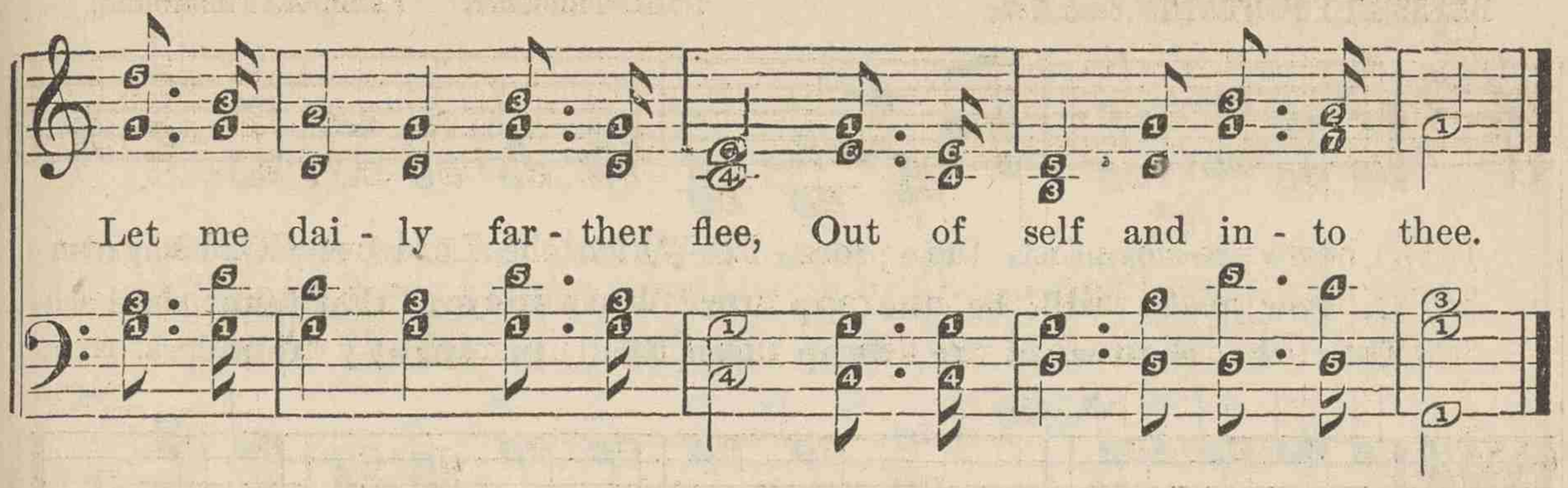
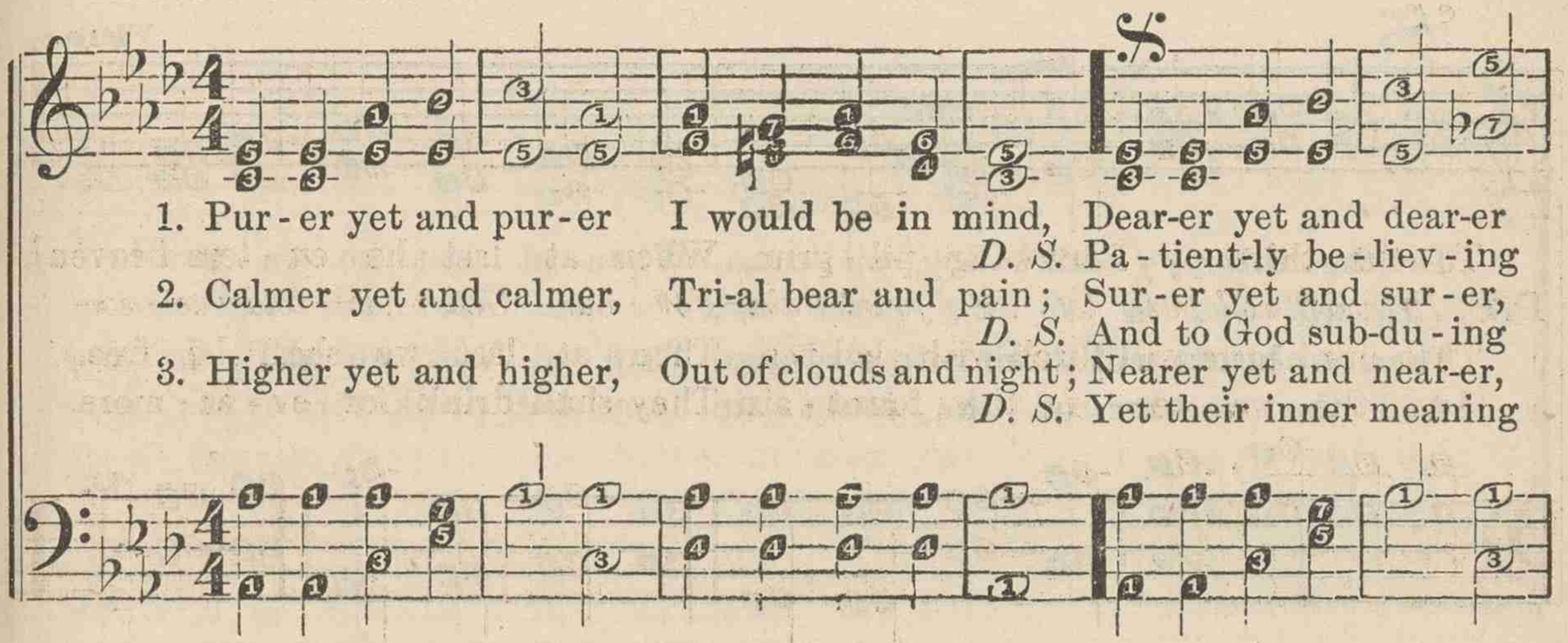
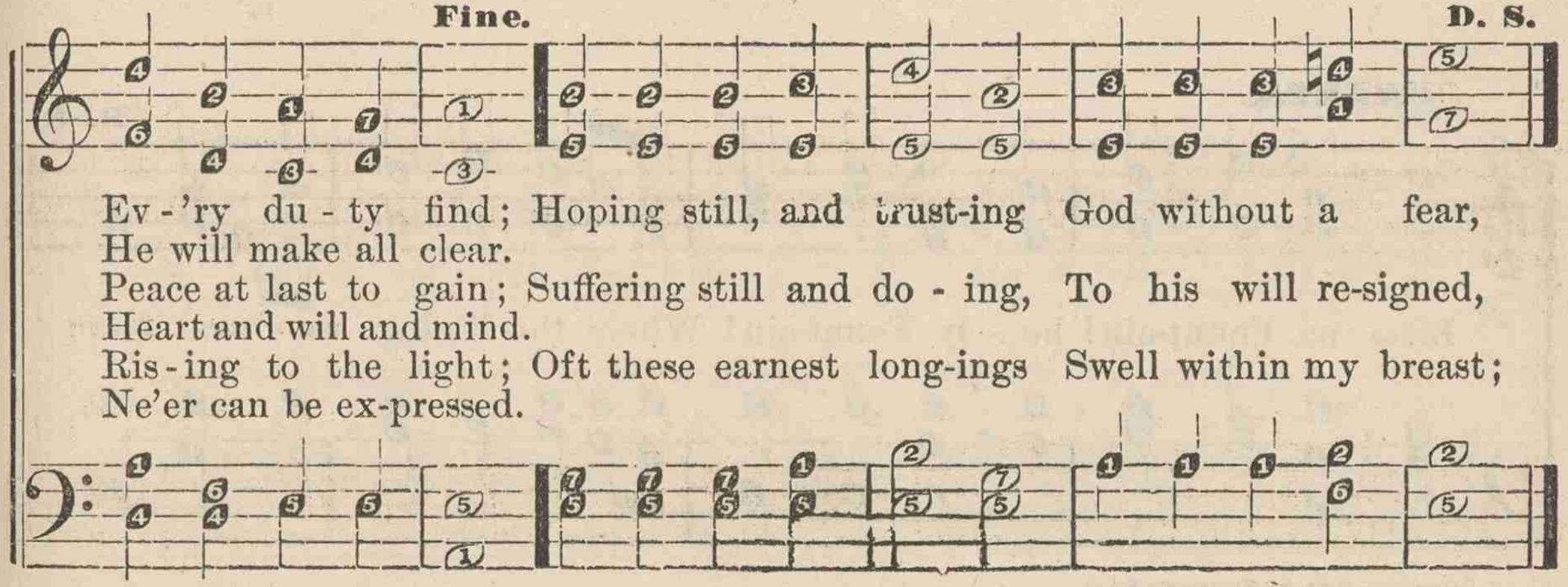
Out of sadness into gladness. Concluded.

144 Purer yet and purer I would be in mind.

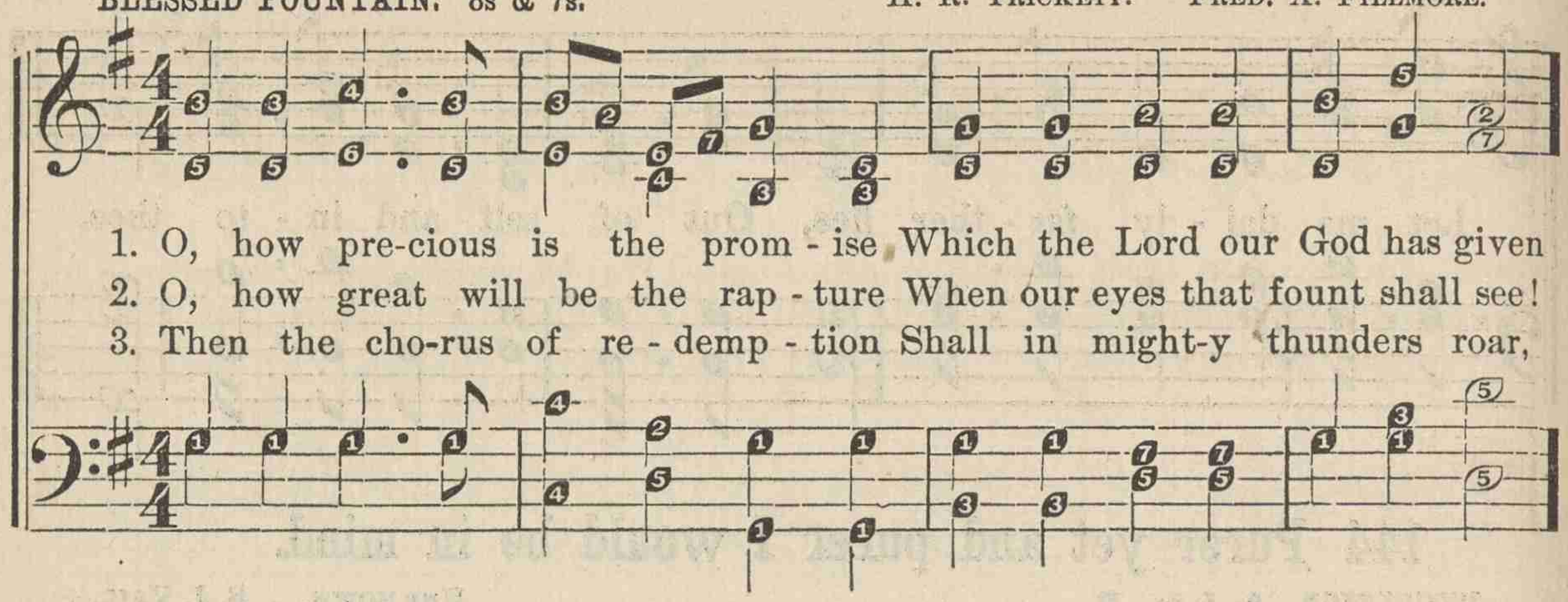
EXCELSIOR. 6s & 5s. D. UNKNOWN. S. J. VAIL.



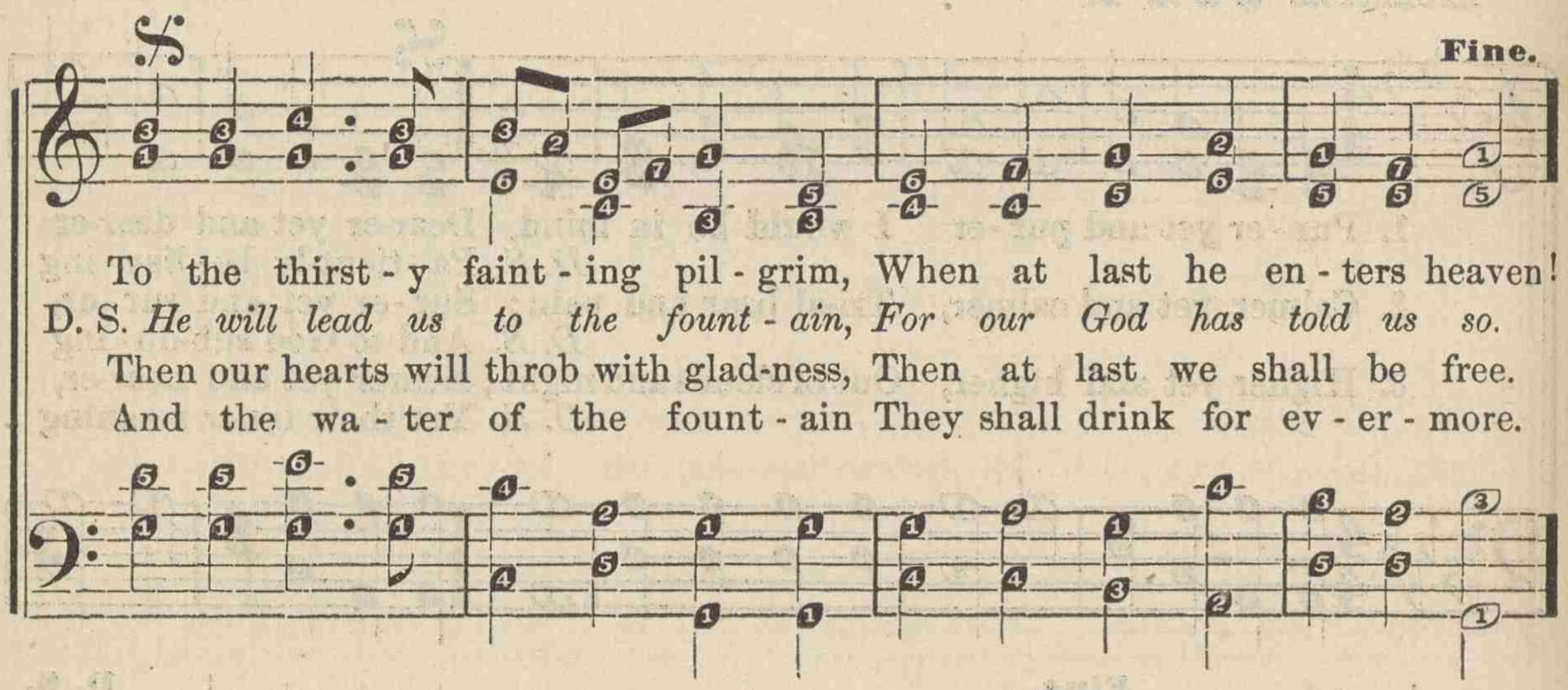


145 O, how precious is the promise.

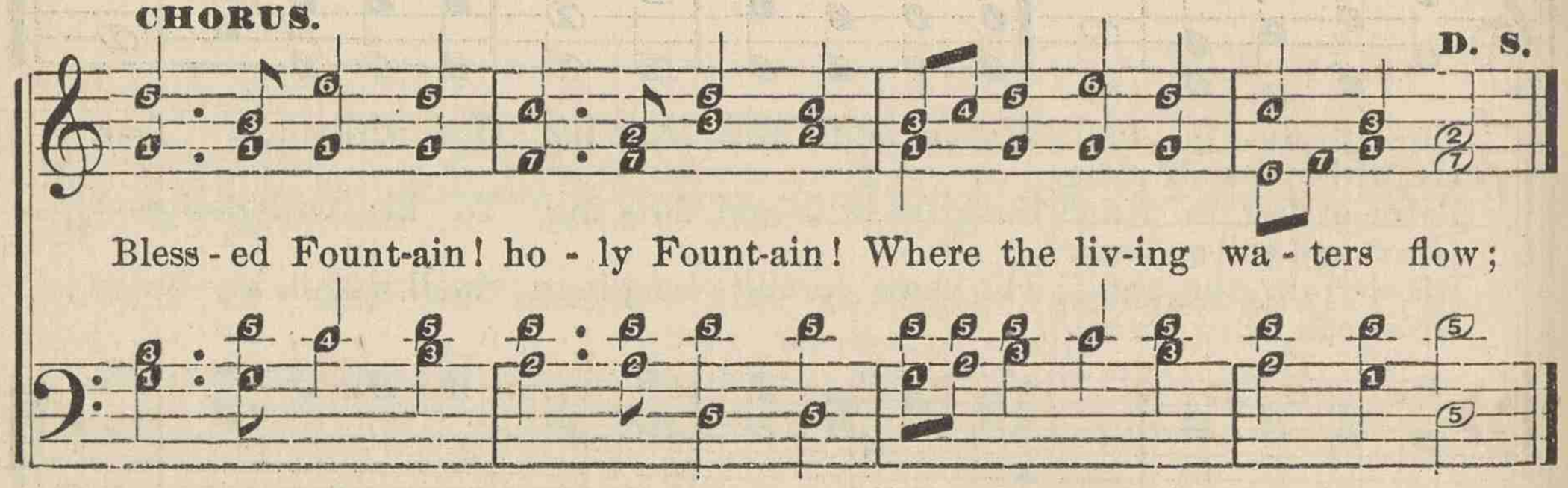
BLESSED FOUNTAIN. 8s & 7s. H. R. TRICKETT. FRED. A. FILLMORE.



1. O, how pre-cious is the prom - ise Which the Lord our God has given
2. O, how great will be the rap - ture When our eyes that fount shall see!
3. Then the cho-rus of re - demp - tion Shall in might-y thunders roar,



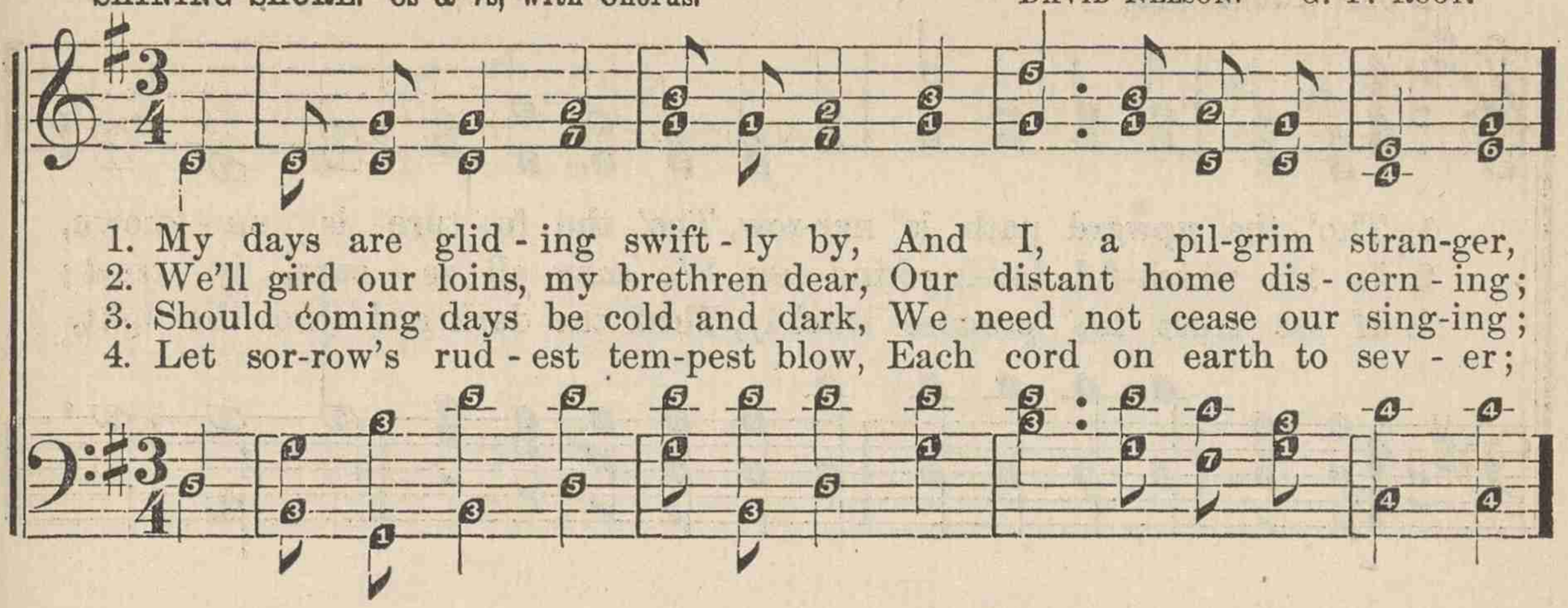
To the thirst - y faint - ing pil - grim, When at last he en - ters heaven!
D. S. *He will lead us to the fount - ain, For our God has told us so.*
Then our hearts will throb with glad-ness, Then at last we shall be free.
And the wa - ter of the fount - ain They shall drink for ev - er - more.

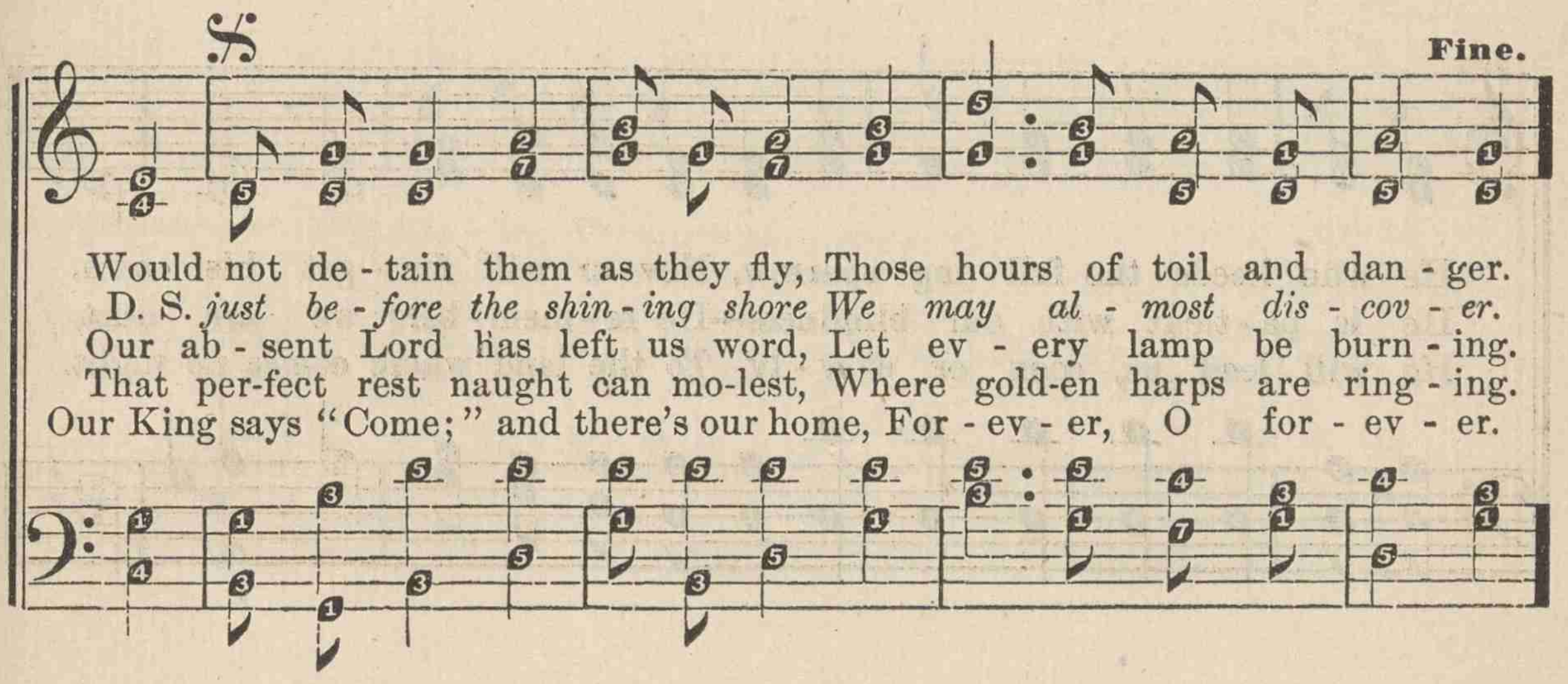
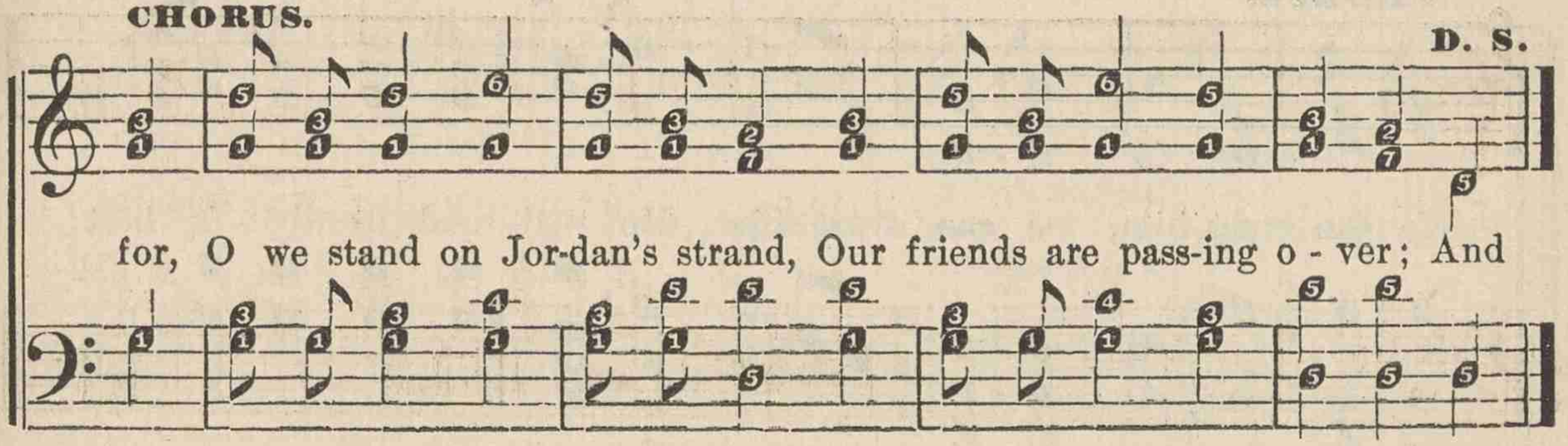
CHORUS.

Bless - ed Fount-ain! ho - ly Fount-ain! Where the liv-ing wa - ters flow;

Copyright, 1884, by FILLMORE BROS.

146 My days are gliding swiftly by.

SHINING SHORE. 8s & 7s, with Chorus. DAVID NELSON. G. F. ROOT.





By permission.

147 Though the upward path is narrow.

WE CAN TRUST HIM.

JESSIE H. BROWN. ALFRED POWERS.

1. Tho' the upward path is nar-row, Tho' the fu - ture is un - known,
2. In his watch-ful lov-ing-kind-ness, We may all se - cure - ly trust;
3. If we trust his promise whol-ly, Thro' the dark and thro' the light,

He who heeds the fall - ing sparrow, Nev - er will for - get his own.
He is pa - tient with our blindness—He re - mem - bers we are dust.
He will lead us, soon or slow - ly, To the land where comes no night.

CHORUS.

We can trust him, we can trust him, He will send us what is best;

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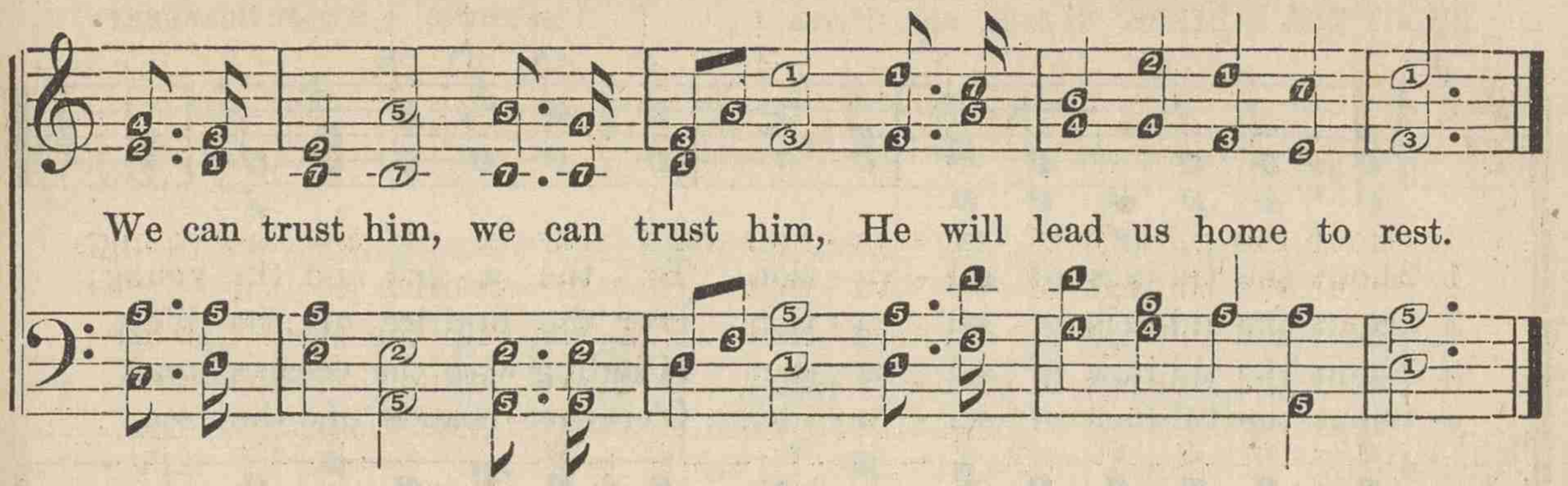
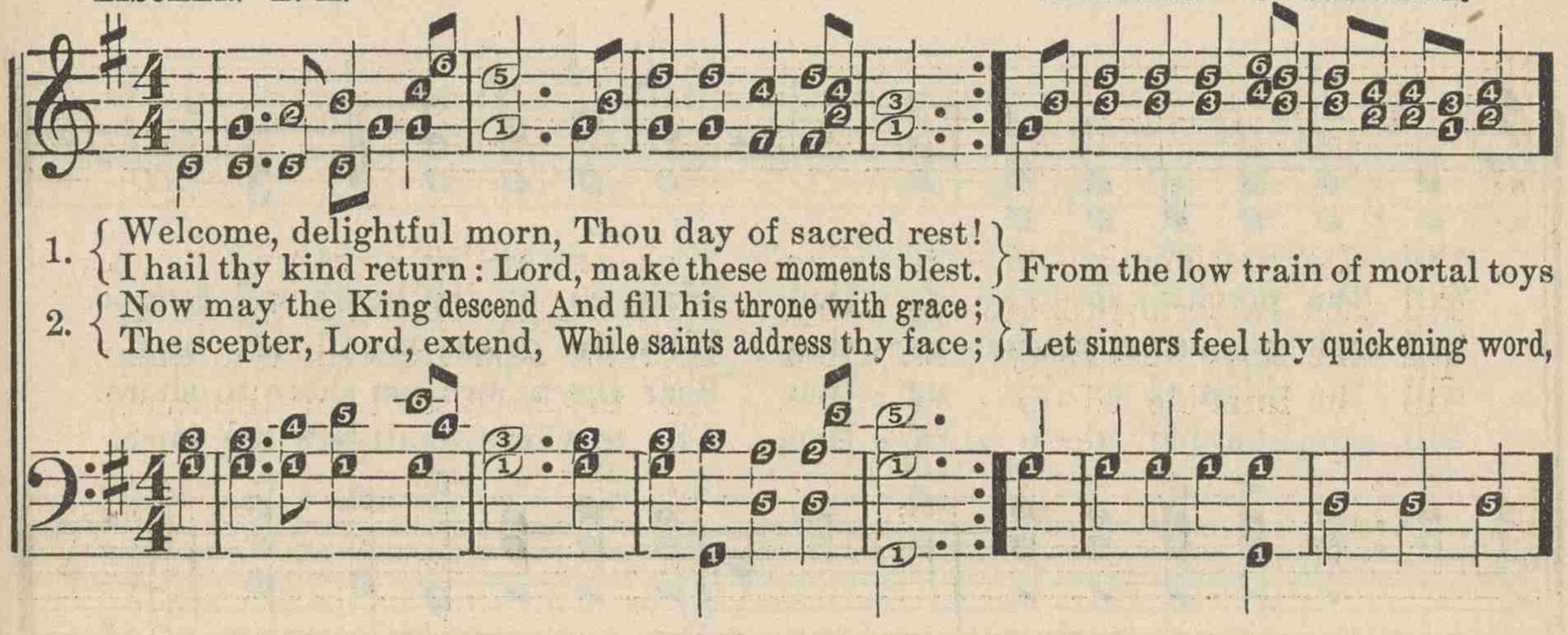
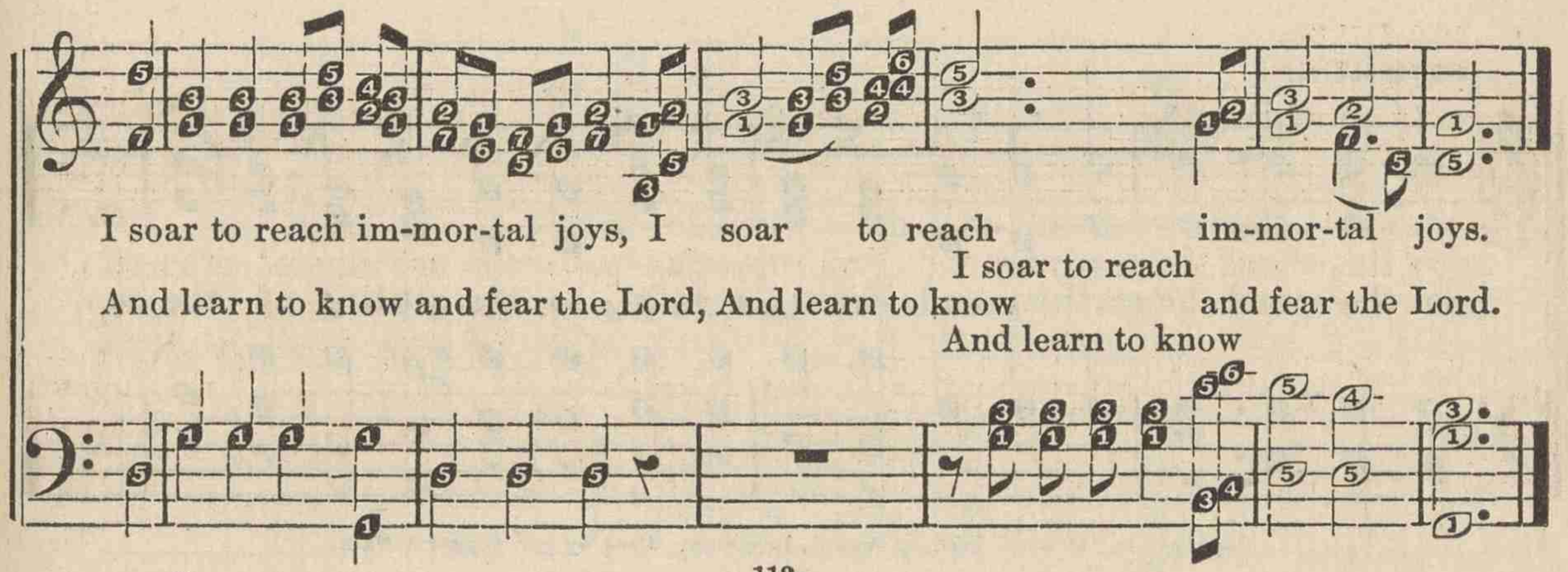
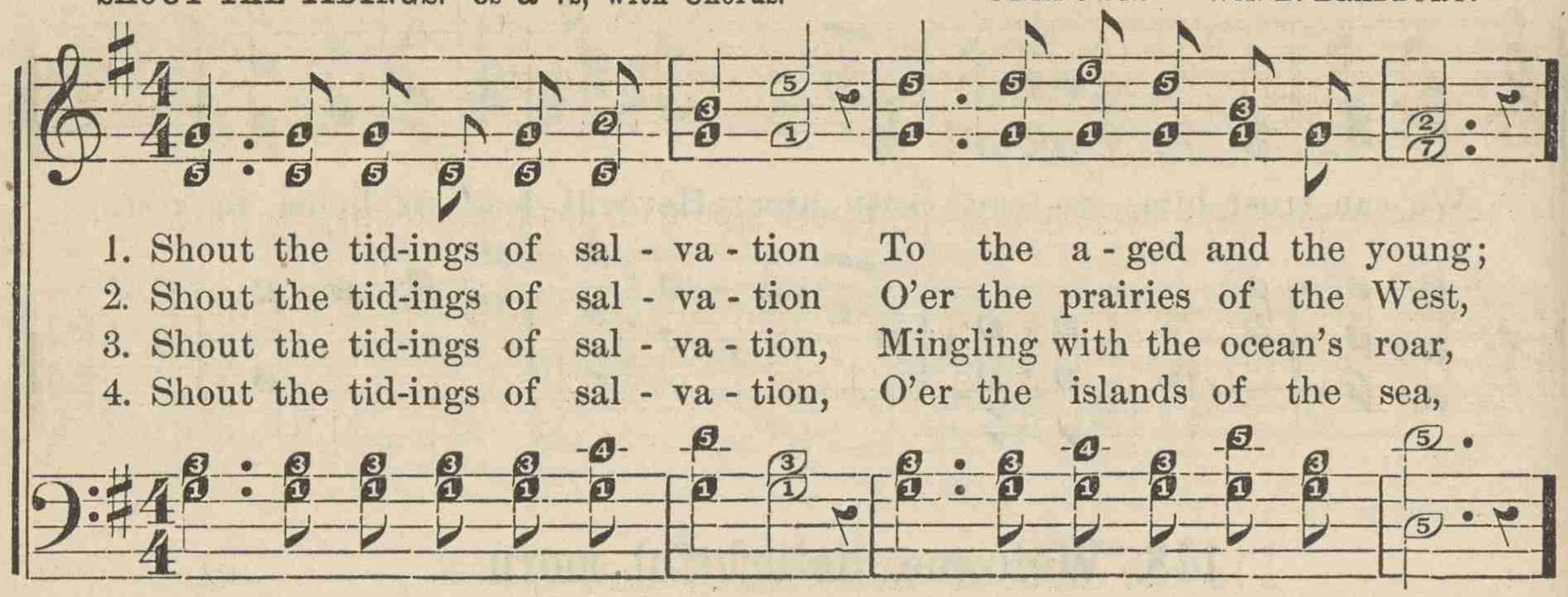
Though the upward path is narrow. Concluded.

148 Welcome, delightful morn.

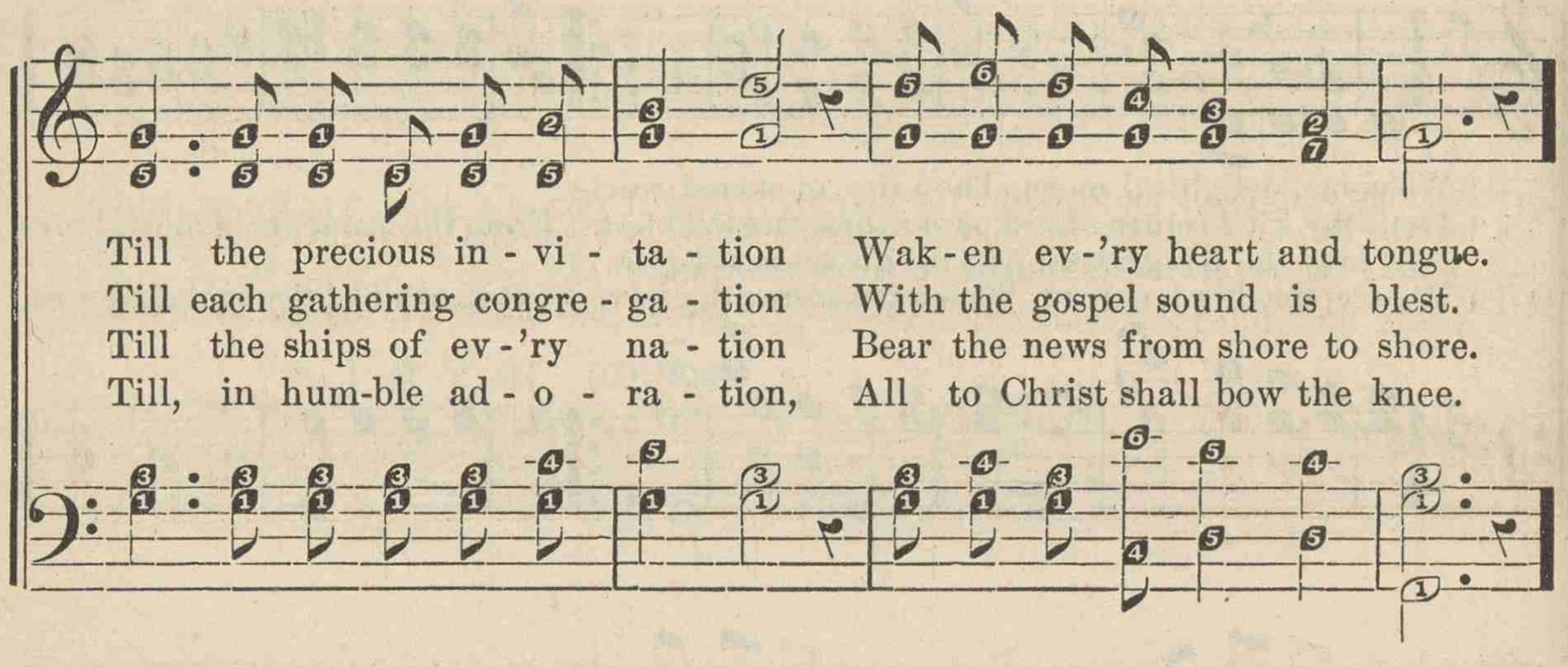
LISCHER. H. M. HAYWARD. F. SCHNEIDER.



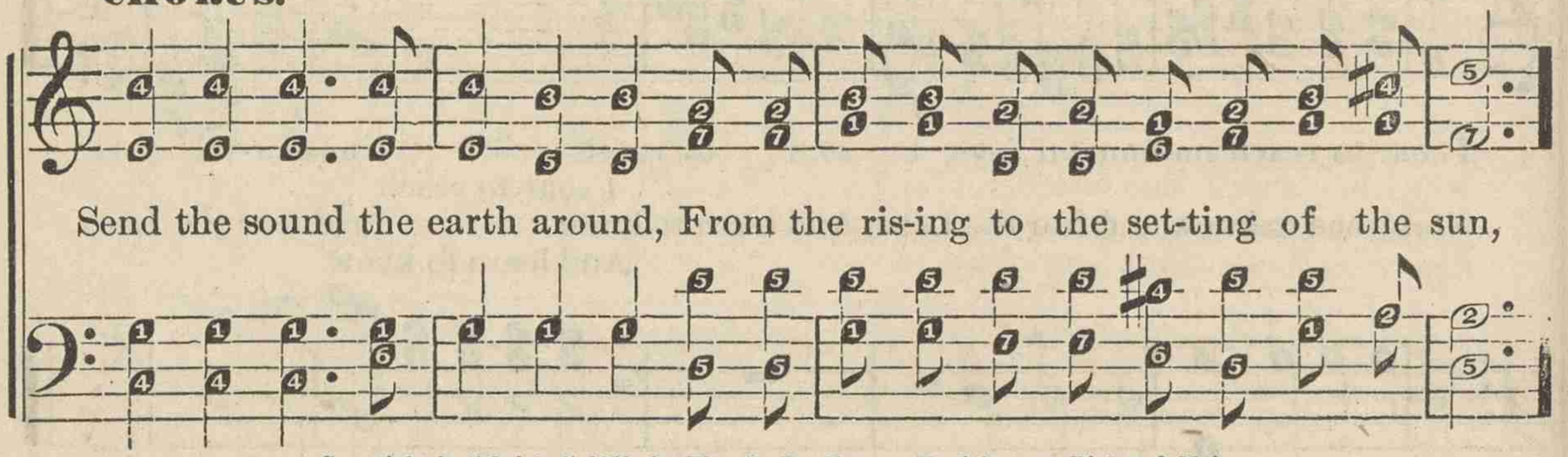
149 Shout the tidings of salvation.

SHOUT THE TIDINGS. 8s & 7s, with Chorus. UNKNOWN. WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. Shout the tid-ings of sal - va - tion To the a - ged and the young;
2. Shout the tid-ings of sal - va - tion O'er the prairies of the West,
3. Shout the tid-ings of sal - va - tion, Mingling with the ocean's roar,
4. Shout the tid-ings of sal - va - tion, O'er the islands of the sea,

Till the precious in - vi - ta - tion Wak-en ev-'ry heart and tongue.
Till each gathering congre - ga - tion With the gospel sound is blest.
Till the ships of ev-'ry na - tion Bear the news from shore to shore.
Till, in hum-ble ad - o - ra - tion, All to Christ shall bow the knee.

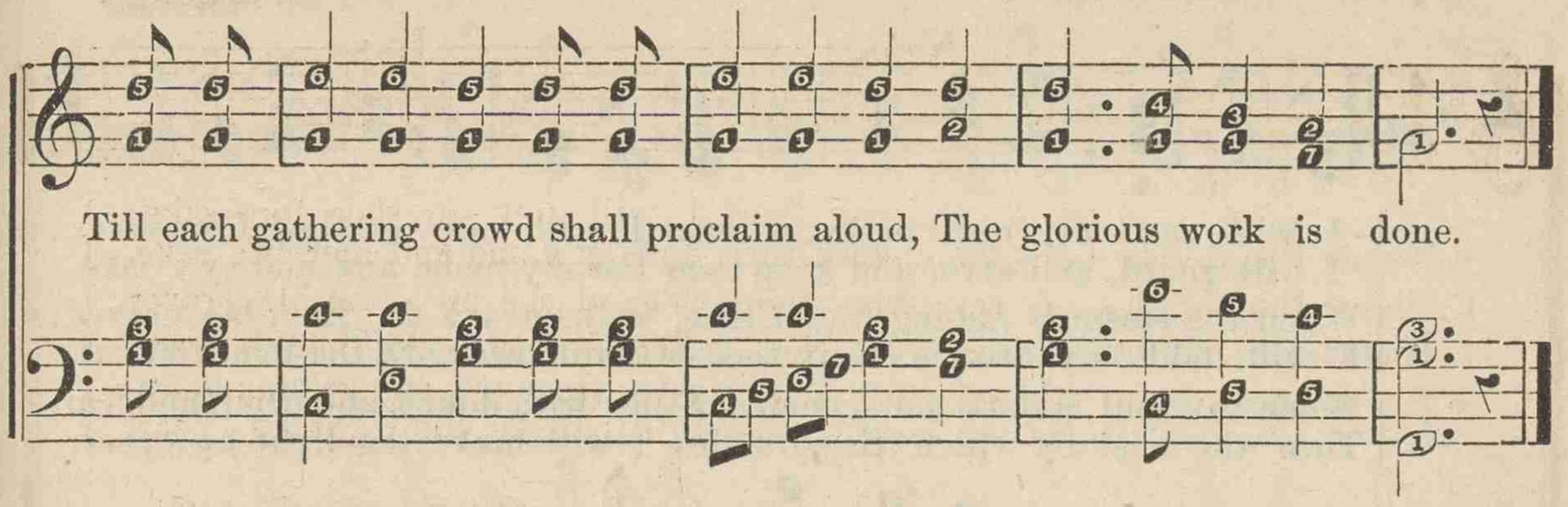
CHORUS.



Send the sound the earth around, From the ris-ing to the set-ting of the sun,

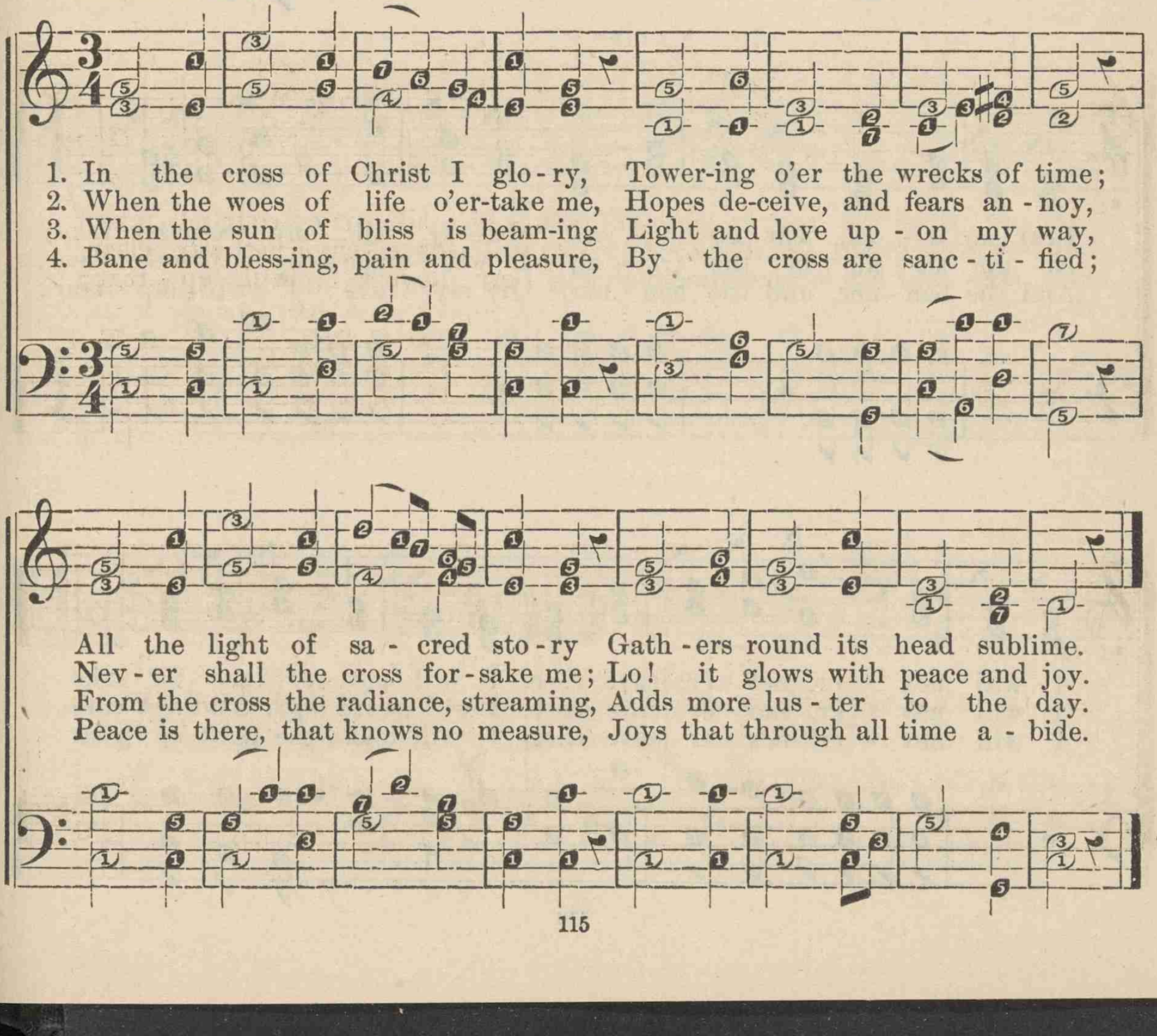
Copyright in "Oriola," 1859, by Wm. B. Bradbury. Used by per. Biglow & Main.

Shout the tidings of salvation. Concluded.



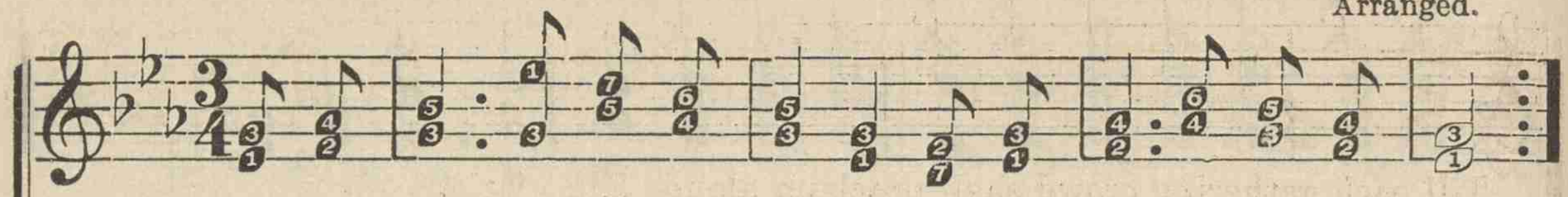
150 In the cross of Christ I glory.

RATHBUN. 8s & 7s. I. BOWRING. I. CONKEY.



151 I will never leave thee.

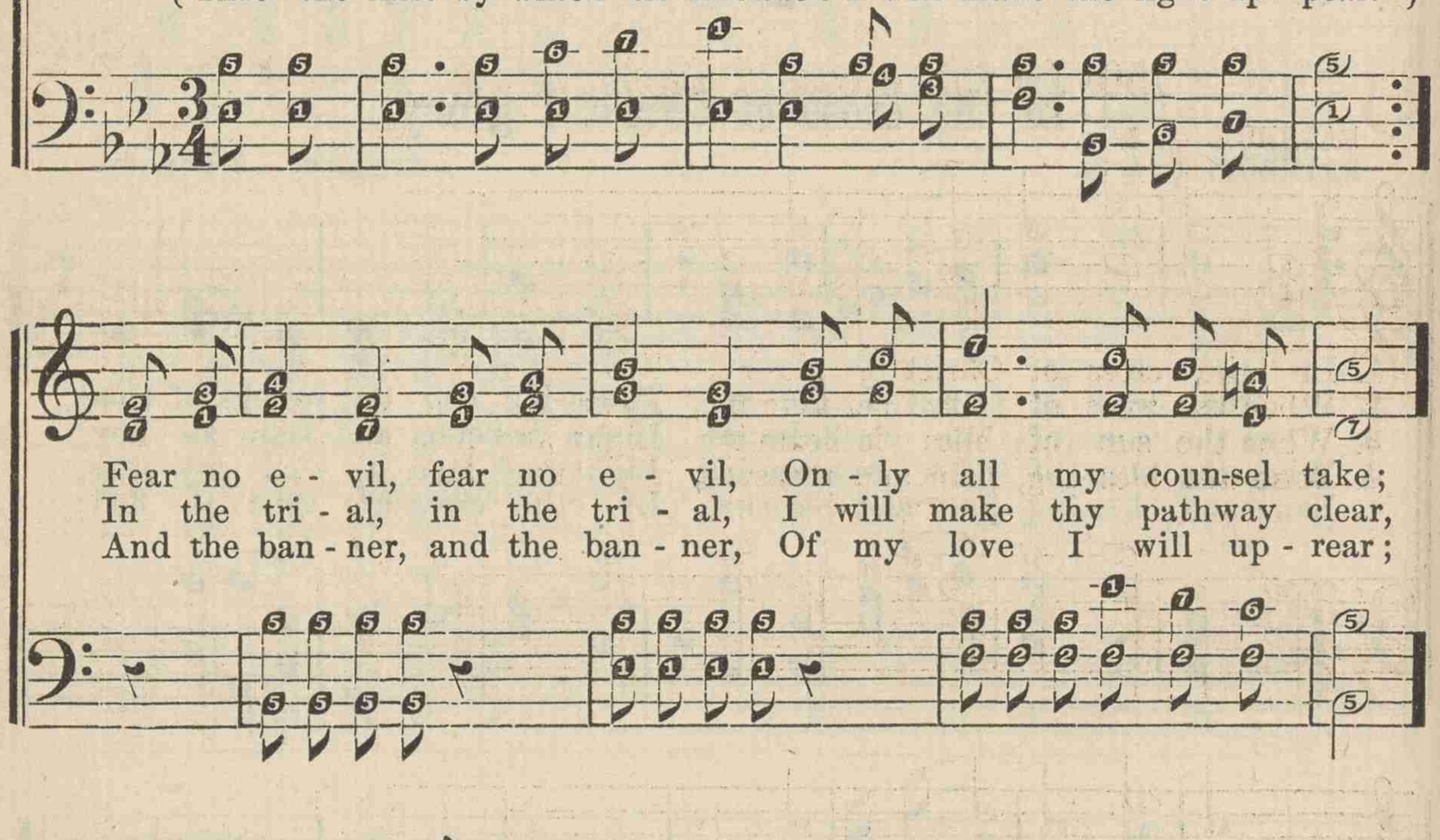
Arranged.



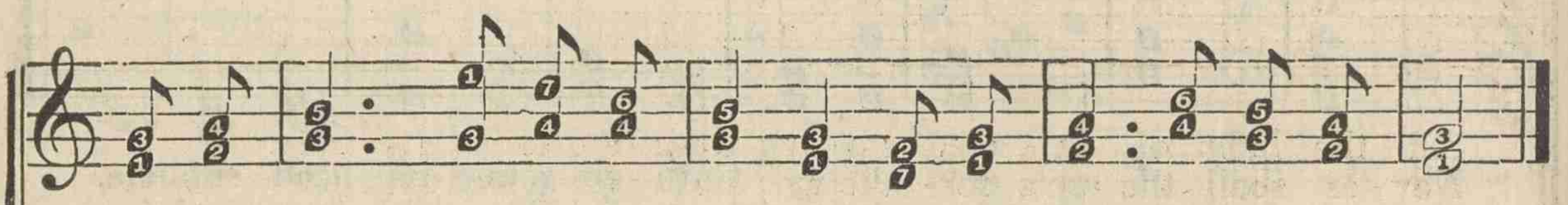
1. { I will nev - er, nev - er leave thee, I will nev - er thee for - sake;
   I will guard, and save, and keep thee For my name and mer-cy's sake. }

2. { When the storm is rag-ing round thee, Call on me in hum-ble prayer;
   I will fold my arms a - bout thee—Guard thee with the tend'rest care. }

3. { When thy soul is dark and clouded, Filled with doubt, and grief, and fear,
   Thro' the mist by which 'tis shrouded I will make the light ap - pear. }



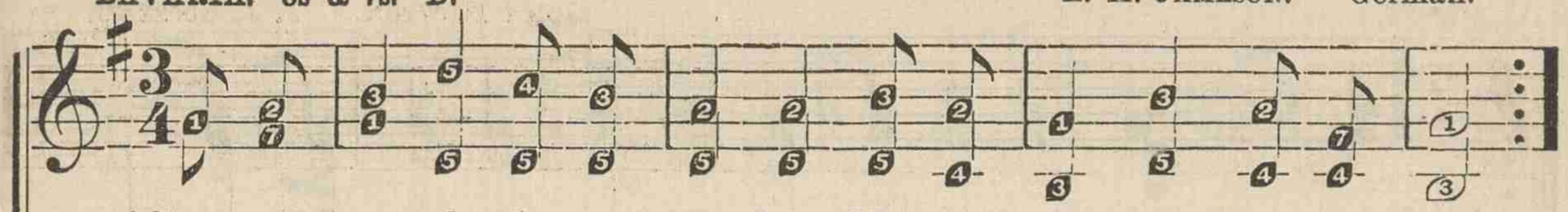
Fear no e - vil, fear no e - vil, On - ly all my coun-sel take;
In the tri - al, in the tri - al, I will make thy pathway clear,
And the ban - ner, and the ban - ner, Of my love I will up - rear;



I will nev - er, nev - er leave thee, I will nev - er thee for - sake.
I will nev - er, nev - er leave thee, I will guard with tend'rest care.
I will nev - er, nev - er leave thee, I will make the light ap - pear.

152 Sinner, hear the invitation.

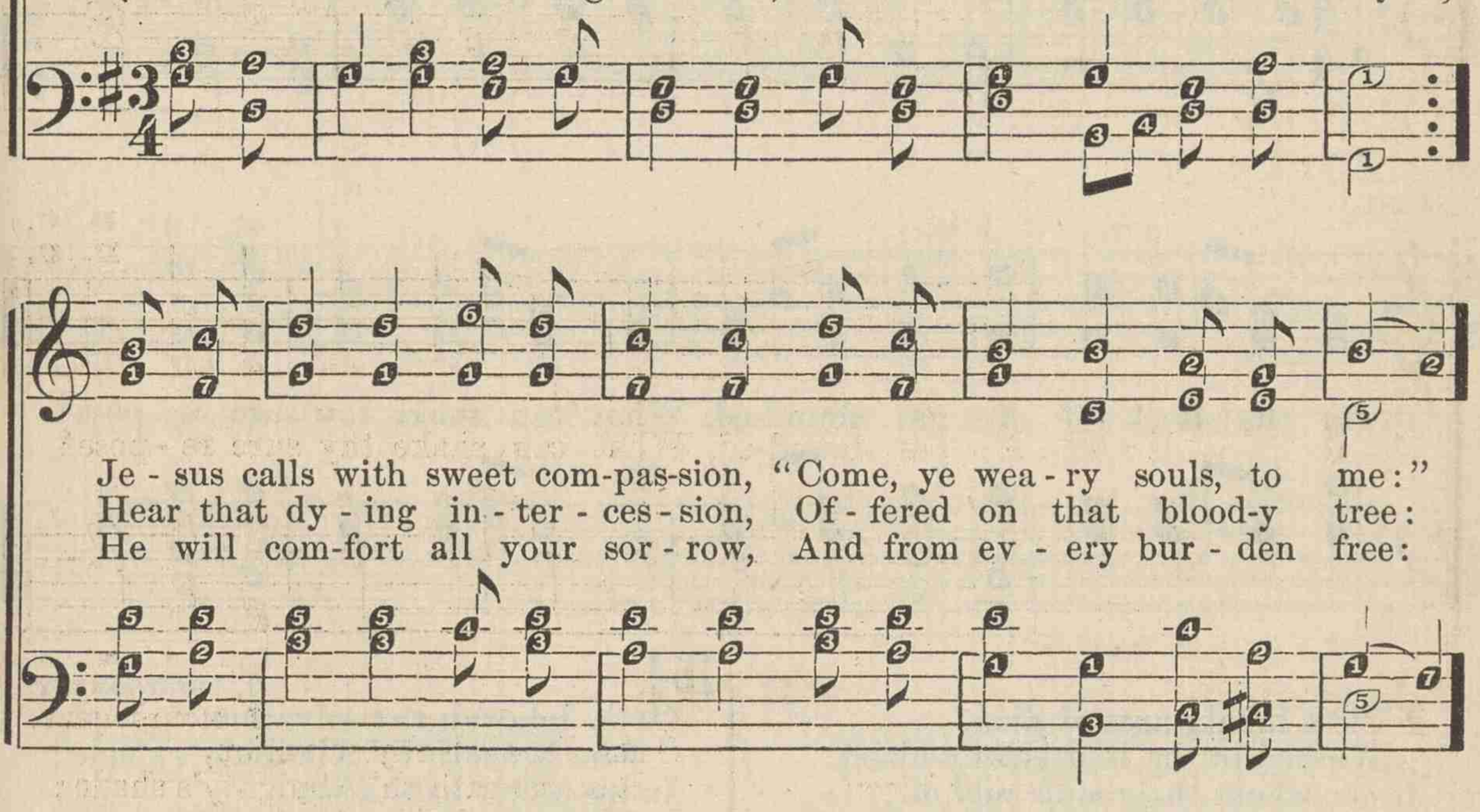
BAVARIA. 8s & 7s. D. L. H. JAMESON. German.

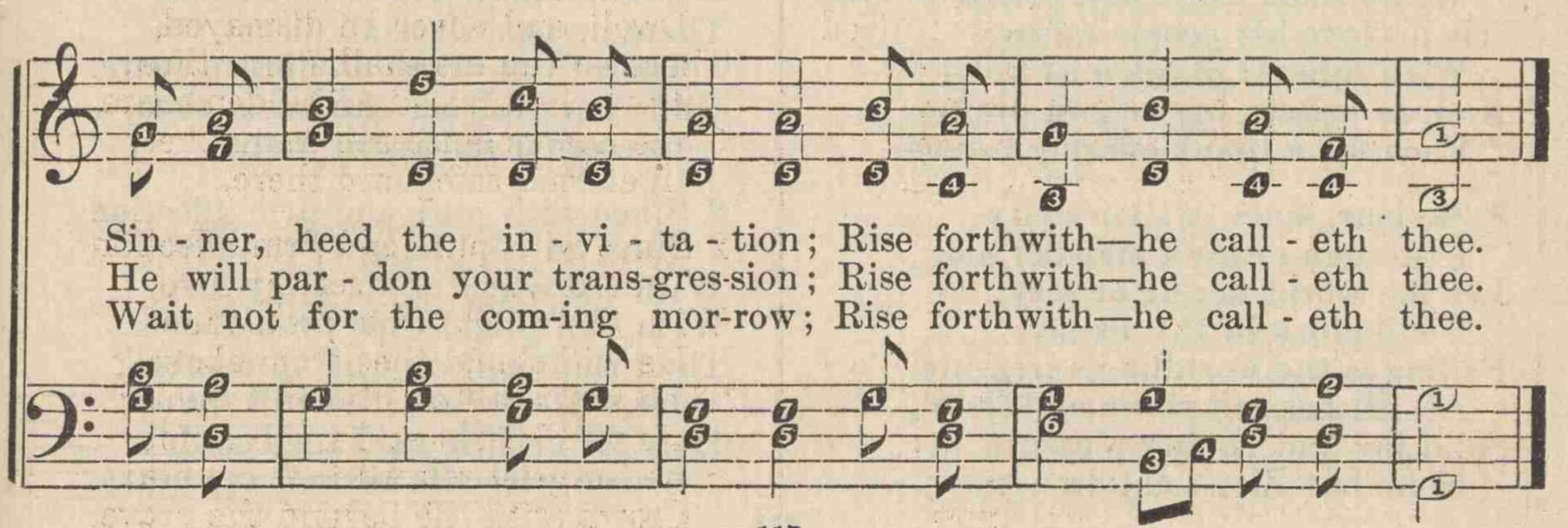


1. Sin - ner, hear the in - vi - ta - tion: Mer - cy calls you from a - bove.
   Come, receive this great sal - va - tion, Purchased by re - deem - ing love.

2. On the rug - ged cross-tree bleeding, Hear the wounded Lamb of God
   For trans-gres-sors in - ter - ced - ing, While they shed his pre-cious blood;

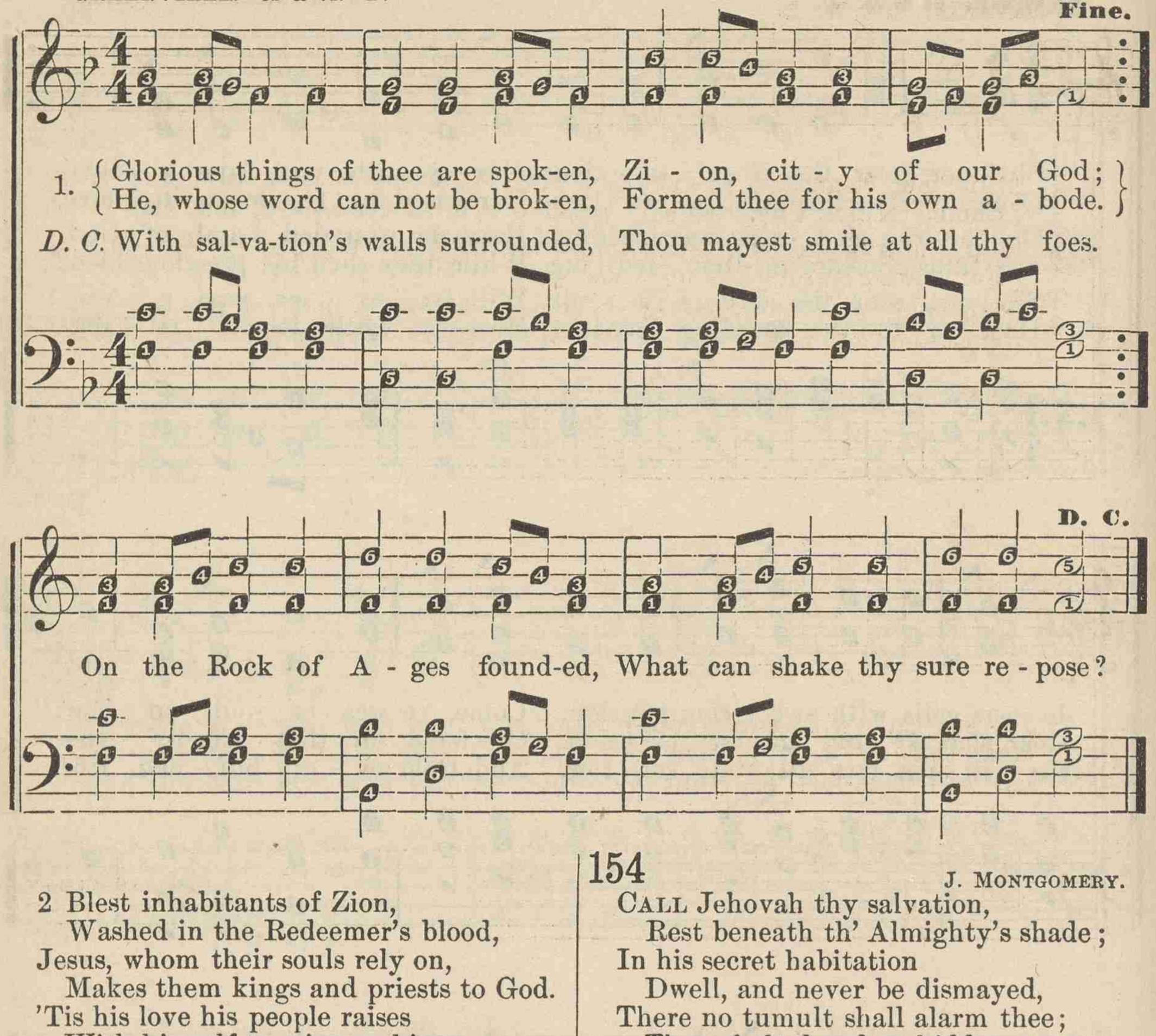
3. Sin - ner, soon the day of fa - vor Will for - ev - er pass a - way:
   Hast - en to the bleeding Sav-iour, Hast - en while it is to - day.



Je - sus calls with sweet com-pas-sion, "Come, ye wea - ry souls, to me:"
Hear that dy - ing in - ter - ces - sion, Of - fered on that blood-y tree:
He will com-fort all your sor - row, And from ev - ery bur - den free:

Sin - ner, heed the in - vi - ta - tion; Rise forthwith—he call - eth thee.
He will par - don your trans-gres-sion; Rise forthwith—he call - eth thee.
Wait not for the com-ing mor-row; Rise forthwith—he call - eth thee.

153 Glorious things of thee are spoken.

GREENVILLE. 8s & 7s. D. JOHN NEWTON. J. J. ROSSEAU.



2 Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Washed in the Redeemer's blood,
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God.
'Tis his love his people raises
With himself to reign as kings;
And, as priests, his solemn praises
Each for a thank-offering brings.

3 Saviour, since of Zion's city
I through grace a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in thy name.
Fading is the worldling's treasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
Solid joy and lasting pleasure
None but Zion's children know.

154

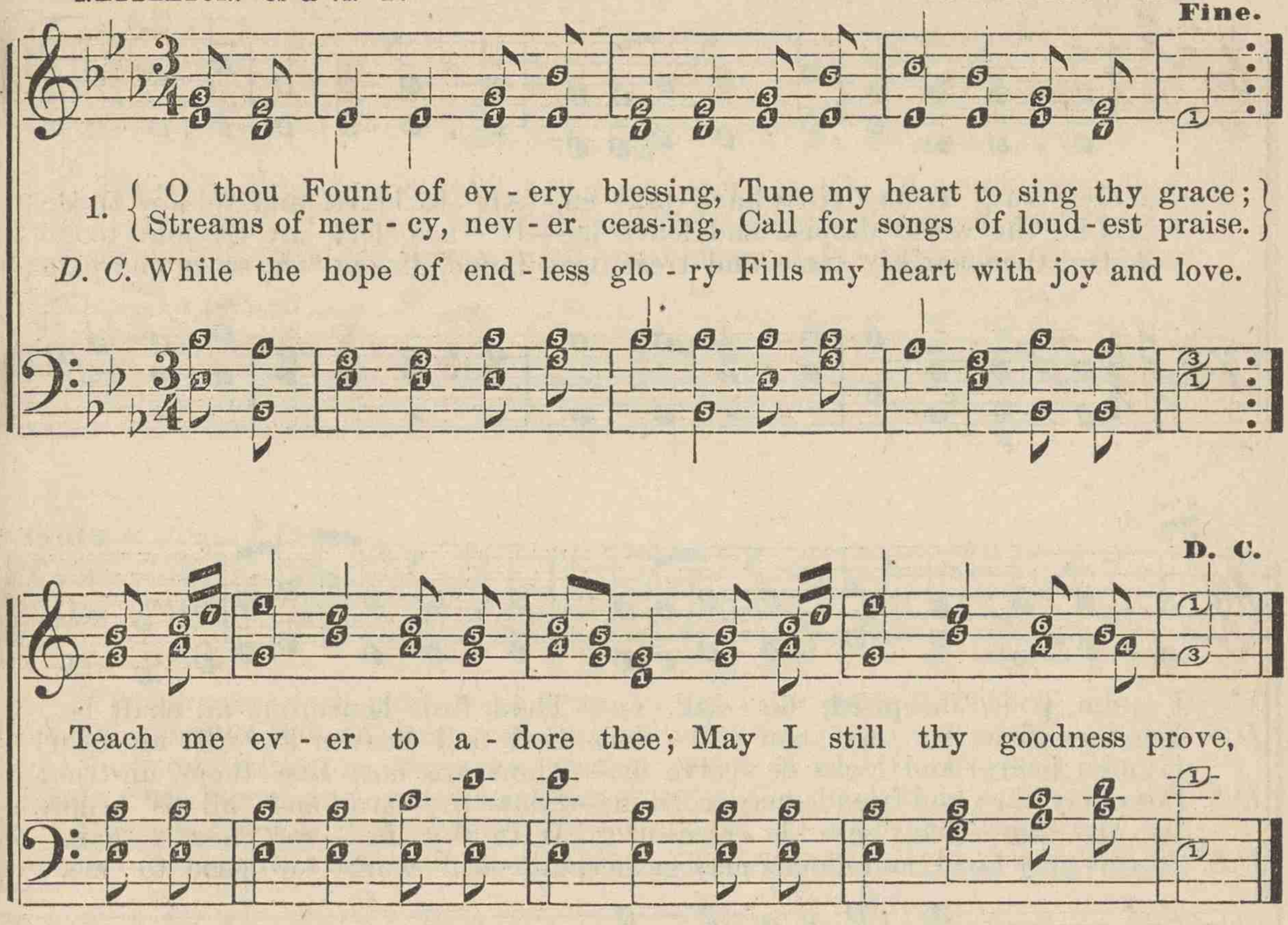
J. MONTGOMERY.

CALL Jehovah thy salvation,
Rest beneath th' Almighty's shade;
In his secret habitation
Dwell, and never be dismayed,
There no tumult shall alarm thee;
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare.
Guile nor violence can harm thee,
In eternal safeguard there.

2 Since with pure and firm affection
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of his protection
He will shield thee from above.
Thou shalt call on him in trouble;
He will hearken; he will save;
Here for grief reward thee double;
Crown with life beyond the grave.

155 O thou Fount of every blessing.

NETTLETON. 8s & 7s. D. R. ROBINSON. ANON.



2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I've come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from thy fold, O 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 me closer still to thee.
Never let me wander from thee,
Never leave thee, whom I love;
By thy Word and Spirit guide me,
Till I reach thy courts above.

156

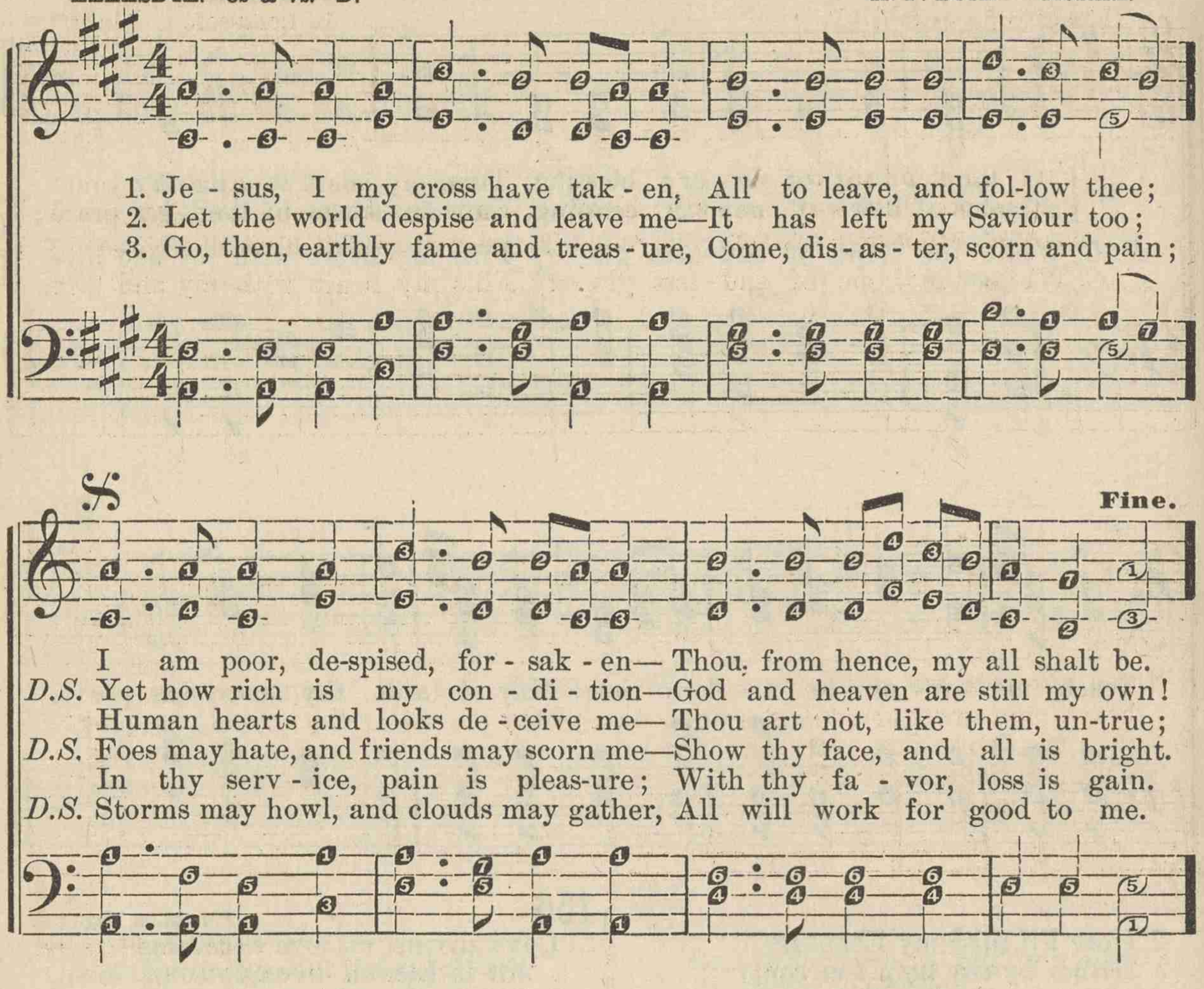
CHARLES WESLEY.

LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down,
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art:
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

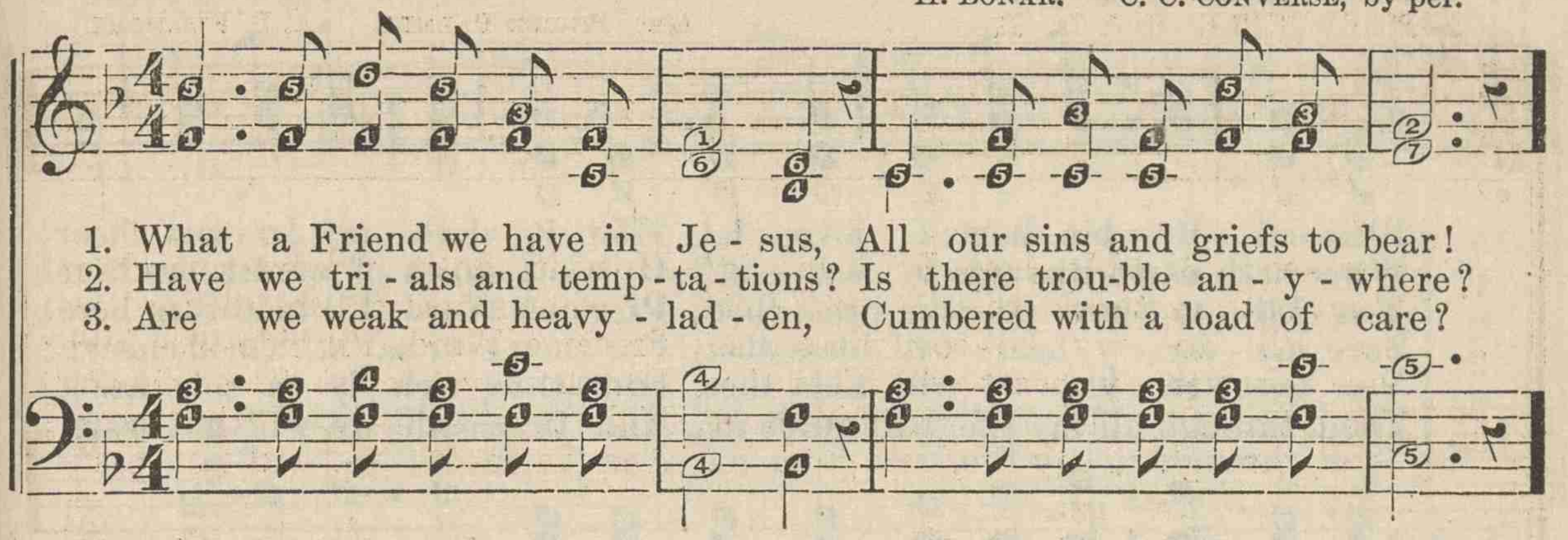
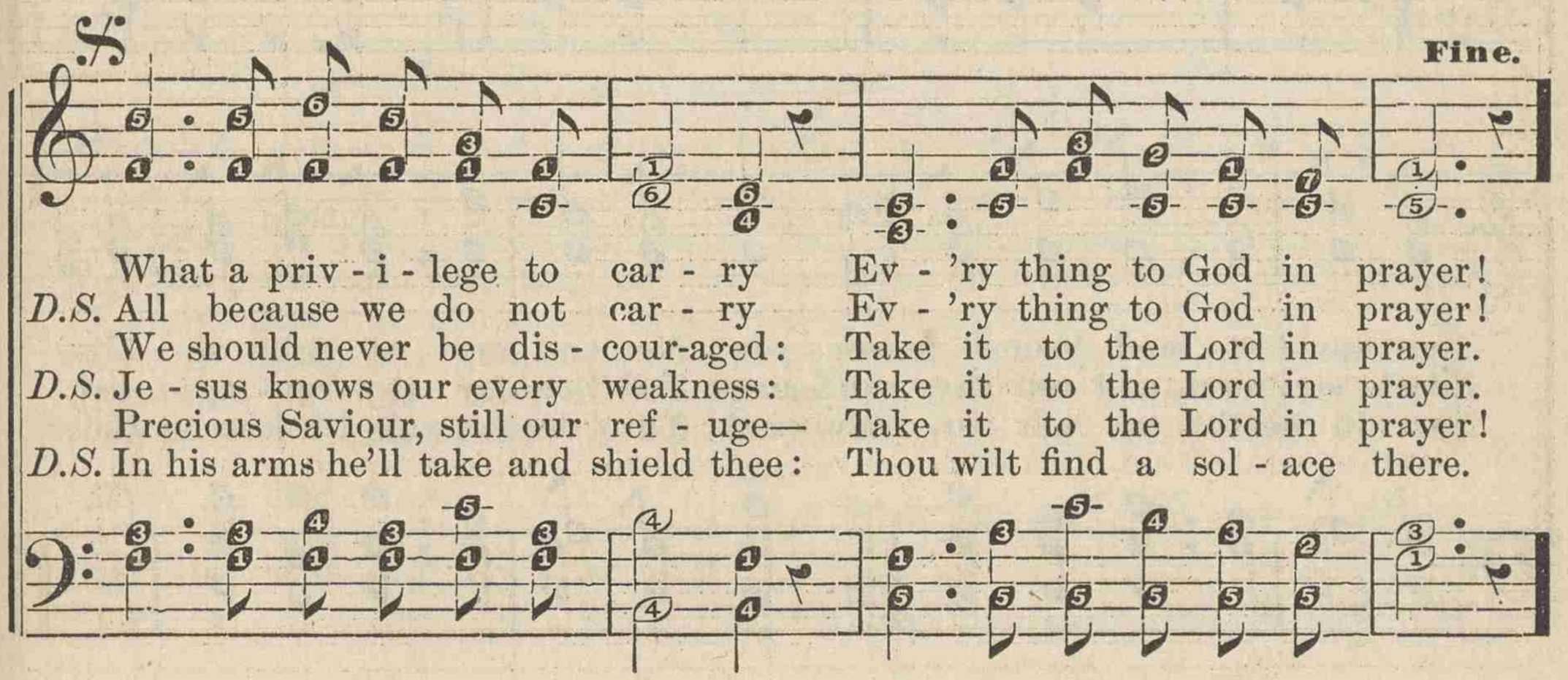
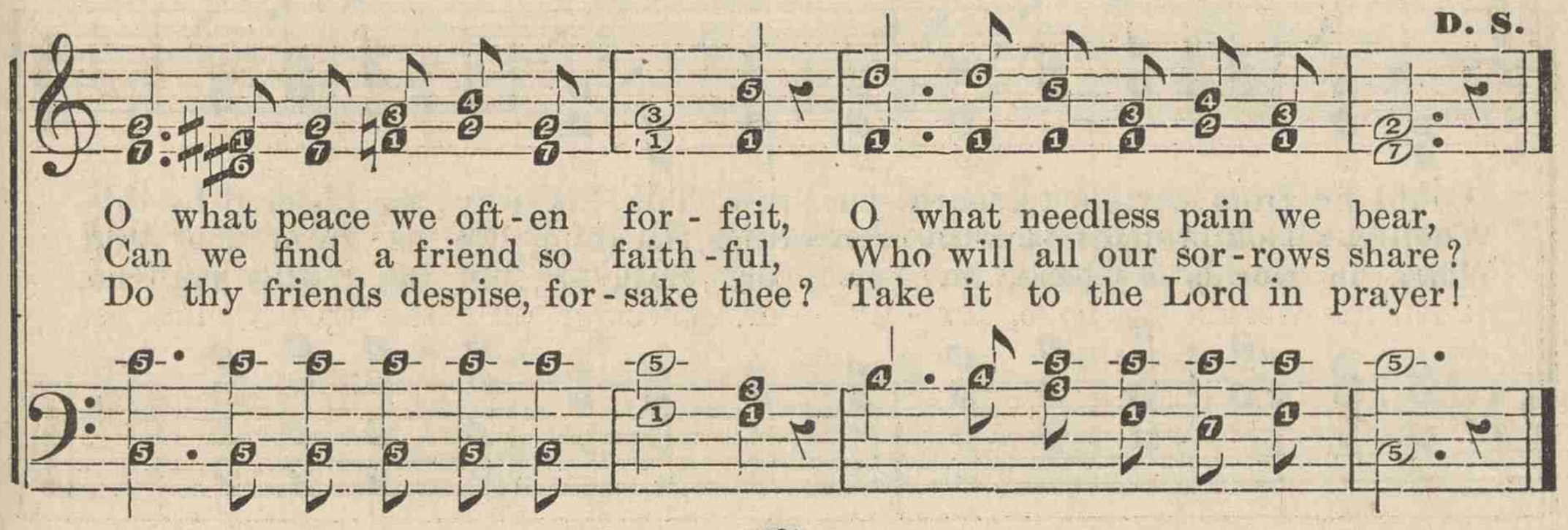
2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find the promised rest.
Take away the love of sinning,
Take our load of guilt away;
End the work of thy beginning—
Bring us to eternal day.

157 Jesus, I my cross have taken.

ELLESDIE. 8s & 7s. D. H. F. LYTE. MOZART.

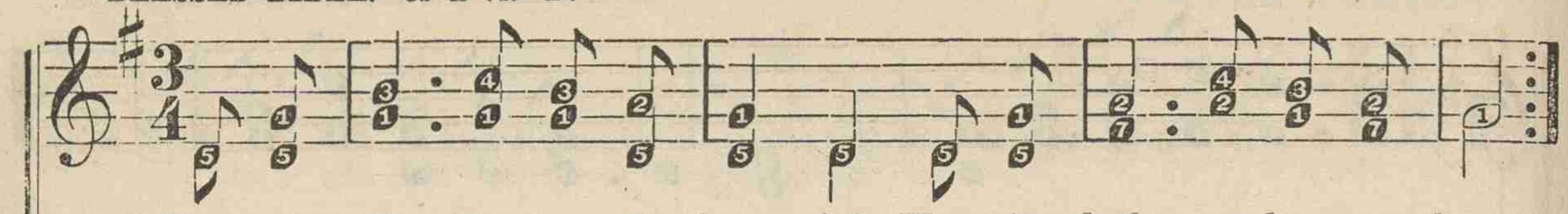


158 What a Friend we have in Jesus.

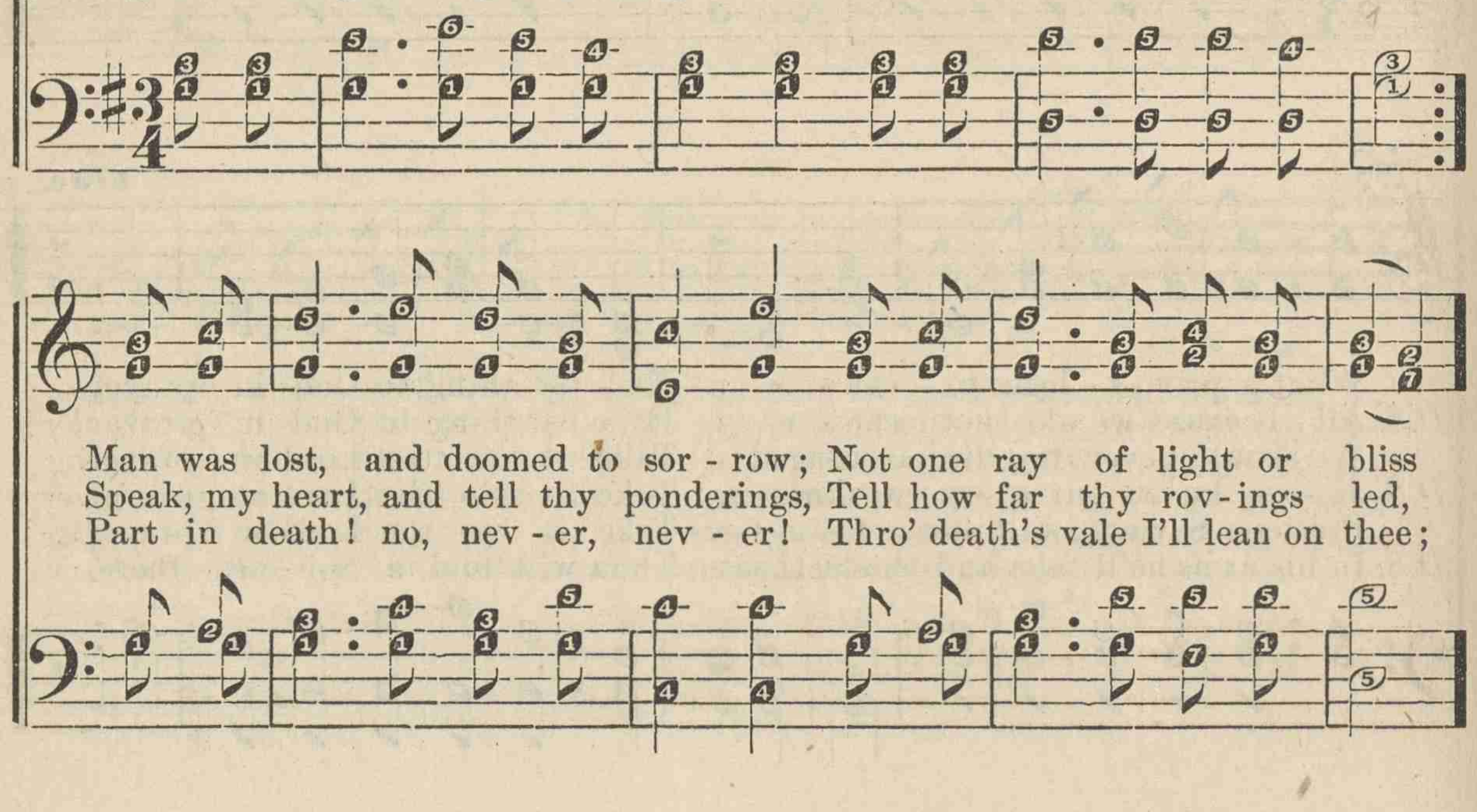
H. BONAR. C. C. CONVERSE, by per.



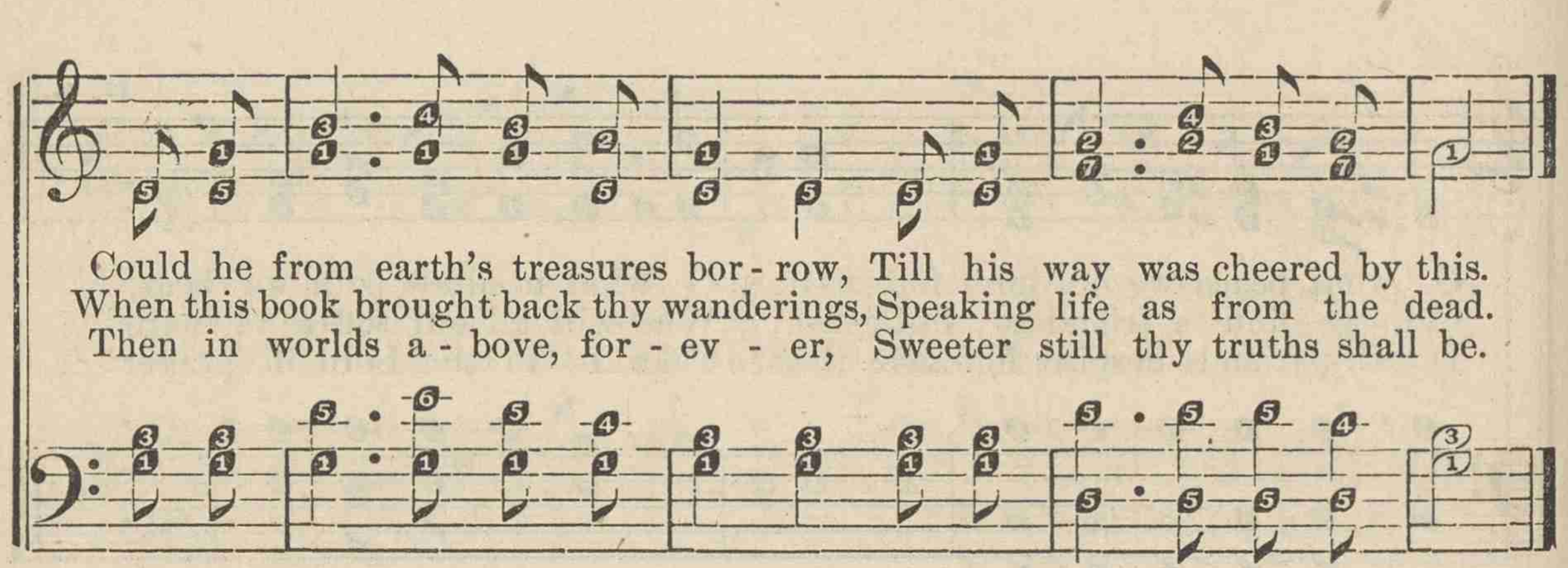
159 Blessed Bible, how I love it!

BLESSED BIBLE. 8s & 7s. D. MRS. PHŒBE PALMER. A. D. FILLMORE.



1. Bless-ed Bi - ble, how I love it! How it doth my bo-som cheer!
   What hath earth like this to cov - et? O what stores of wealth are here!
2. Yes, I'll to my bo-som press thee; Precious Word, I'll hide thee here;
   Sure my ver - y heart will bless thee, For thou ever say'st "Good cheer!"
3. Yes, sweet Bi - ble, I will hide thee, Hide thee, rich-ly in this heart;
   Thou, through all my life, wilt guide me, And in death we will not part.



Man was lost, and doomed to sor - row; Not one ray of light or bliss
Speak, my heart, and tell thy ponderings, Tell how far thy rov-ings led,
Part in death! no, nev - er, nev - er! Thro' death's vale I'll lean on thee;

Could he from earth's treasures bor - row, Till his way was cheered by this.
When this book brought back thy wanderings, Speaking life as from the dead.
Then in worlds a - bove, for - ev - er, Sweeter still thy truths shall be.

160 Lord, with glowing heart I'll praise thee.

WOLFORD. 8s & 7s. D. S. F. Key. English Melody.

1. Lord, with glowing heart I'll praise thee, For the bliss thy love be - stows;
2. Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee, Wretched wanderer, far a - stray,
3. Lord, this bo - som's ar-dent feel - ing Vain-ly would my lips ex - press;

For the pardoning grace that saves me, And the peace that from it flows.
D.S. Thou must light the flame, or nev - er Can my love be warmed to praise.
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee From the path of death a - way;
D.S. And, the light of hope re - veal - ing, Bade the blood-stained cross ap-pear.
Low be - fore thy foot-stool kneel - ing, Deign thy suppliant's prayer to bless;
D.S. And since words can nev - er meas - ure, Let my life show forth thy praise.

Help, O Lord, my weak en - deav - or: This dull soul to rapture raise;
Praise, with love's de-vout - est feel - ing, Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,
Let thy grace, my soul's chief treas - ure, Love's pure flame within me raise;

161 Gently, Lord, O gently lead us.

AUTUMN. 8s & 7s. D. THOS. HASTINGS. MARECHIO.

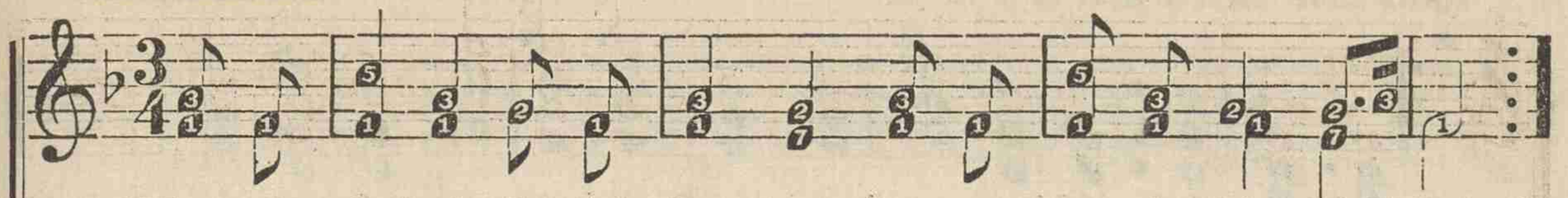
1. Gent-ly, Lord, O gent-ly lead us Thro' this gloom-y vale of tears;
2. In the hour of pain and anguish, In the hour when death draws near,
3. When this mor-tal life is end-ed, Bid us in thine arms to rest,

Thro' the chang-es thou'st de-creed us, Till our last great change ap-pears.
D. S. Let thy good-ness nev-er fail us, Lead us in thy per-fect way.
Suf-fer not our hearts to lan-guish, Suf-fer not our souls to fear.
D. S. May thy presence sweetly cheer us, Till our con-flicts all shall cease.
Till by an-gel bands at-tend-ed, We a-wake a-mong the blest.
D. S. Then shall praises, nev-er ceas-ing, Ech-o through thy dwell-ing-place.

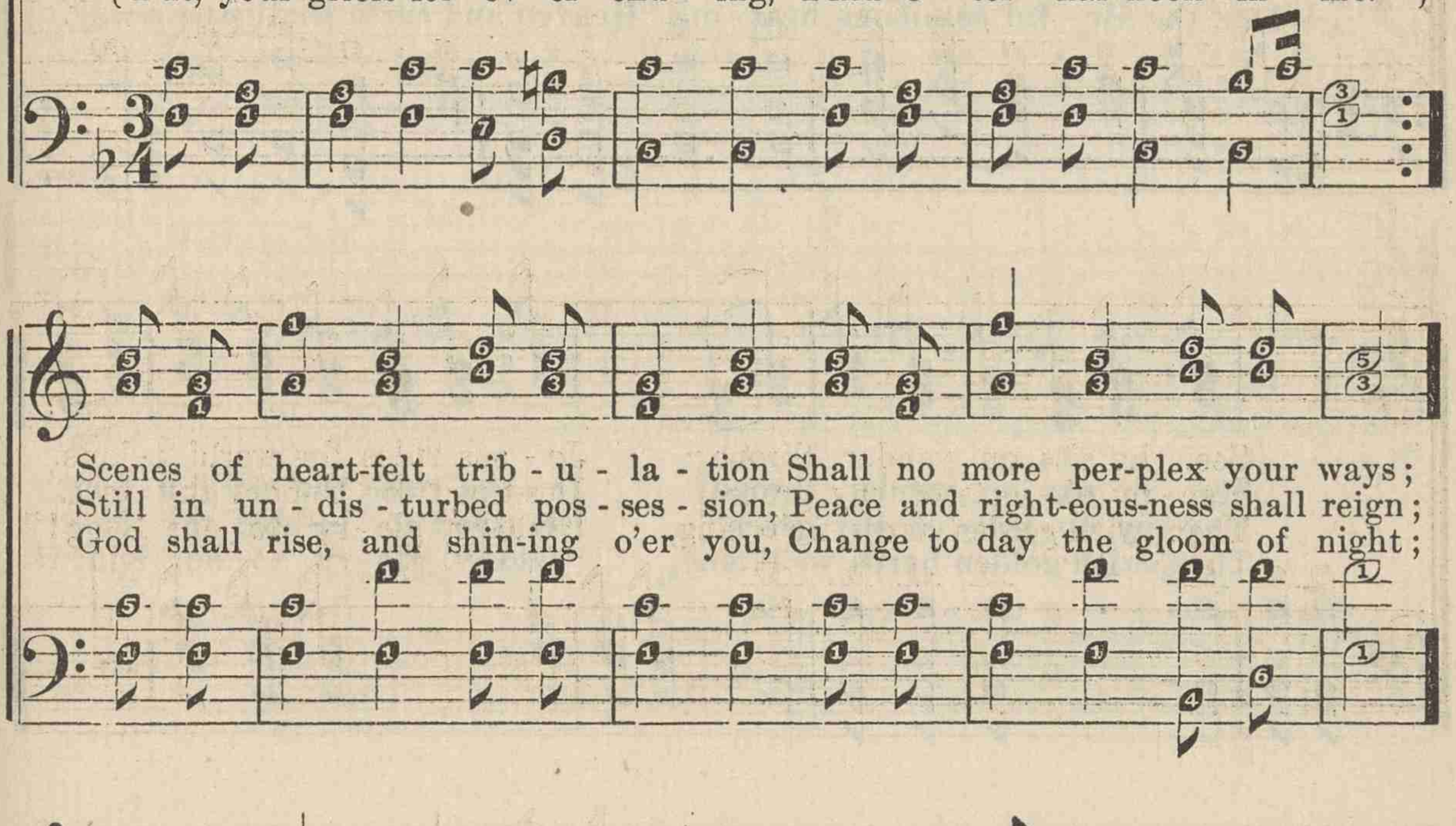
When tempta-tion's darts as-sail us, When in de-vious paths we stray,
Let thy prom-ise to be near us Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Then, O crown us with thy bless-ing, Thro' the tri-umphs of thy grace;

162 Hear what God, the Lord, hath spoken.

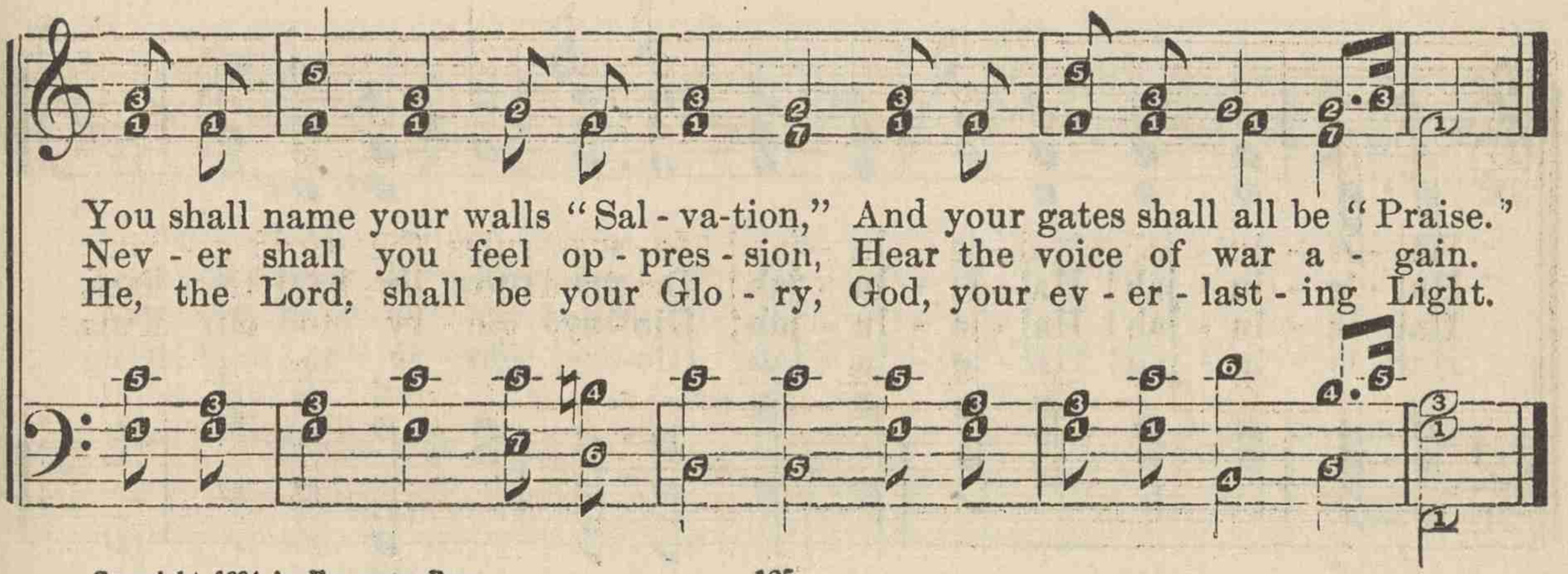
NEW HERMON WM. COWPER. J. H. F.



1. Hear what God, the Lord, hath spoken: O my peo-ple faint and few,
Com-fort-less, af-flict-ed, brok-en, Fair a-bodes I build for you;
2. There, like streams that feed the garden, Pleasures with-out end shall flow,
For the Lord, your faith re-ward-ing, All his boun-ty shall be-stow.
3. Ye, no more your suns de-scend-ing, Waning moons no more shall see;
But, your griefs for-ev-er end-ing, Find e-ter-nal noon in me.



Scenes of heart-felt trib-u-la-tion Shall no more per-plex your ways;
Still in un-dis-turbed pos-ses-sion, Peace and right-eous-ness shall reign;
God shall rise, and shin-ing o'er you, Change to day the gloom of night;



You shall name your walls "Sal-va-tion," And your gates shall all be "Praise."
Nev-er shall you feel op-pres-sion, Hear the voice of war a-gain.
He, the Lord, shall be your Glo-ry, God, your ev-er-last-ing Light.

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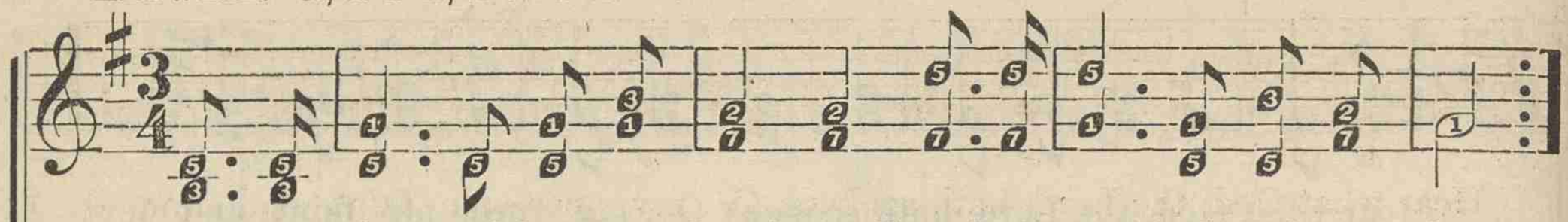
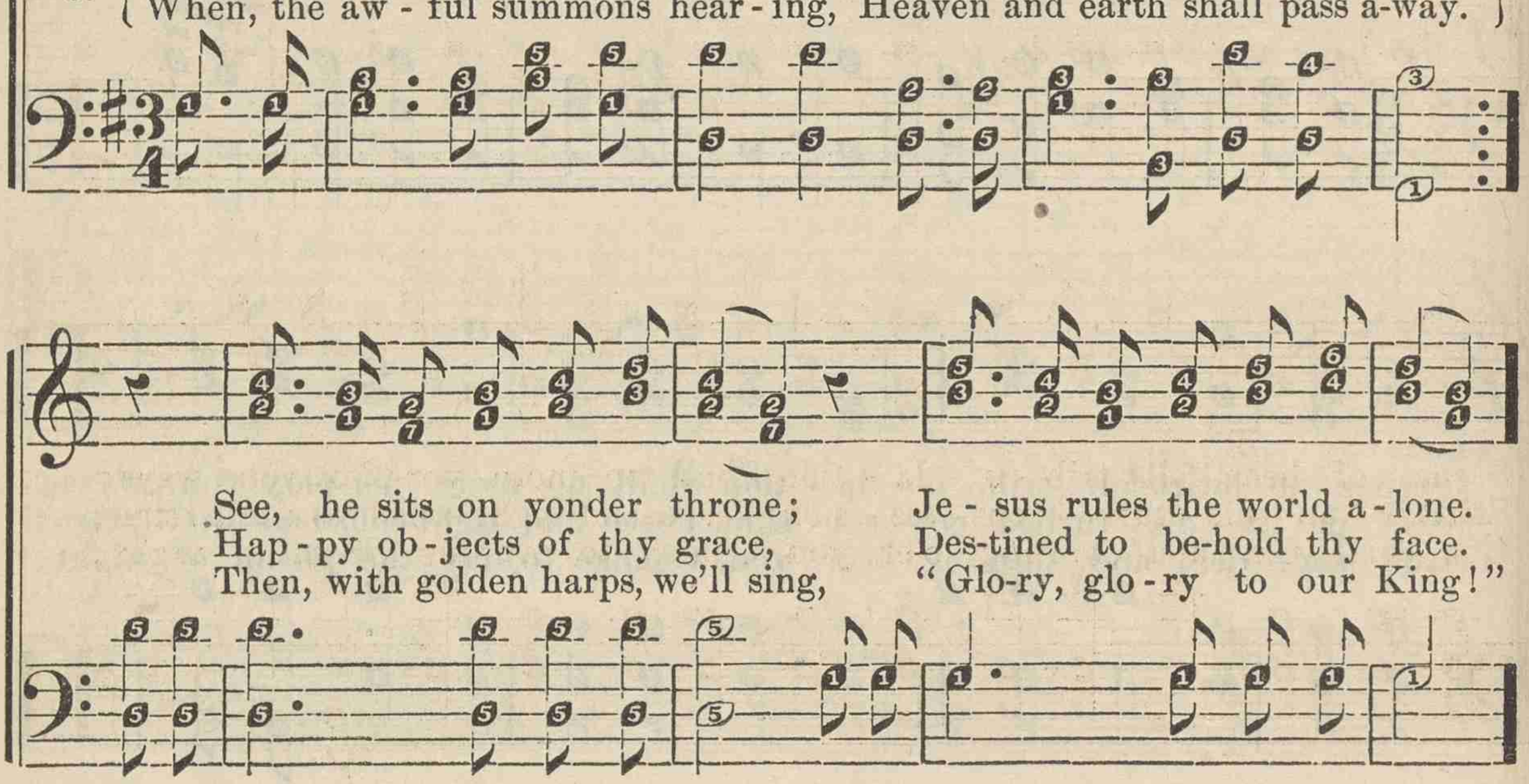
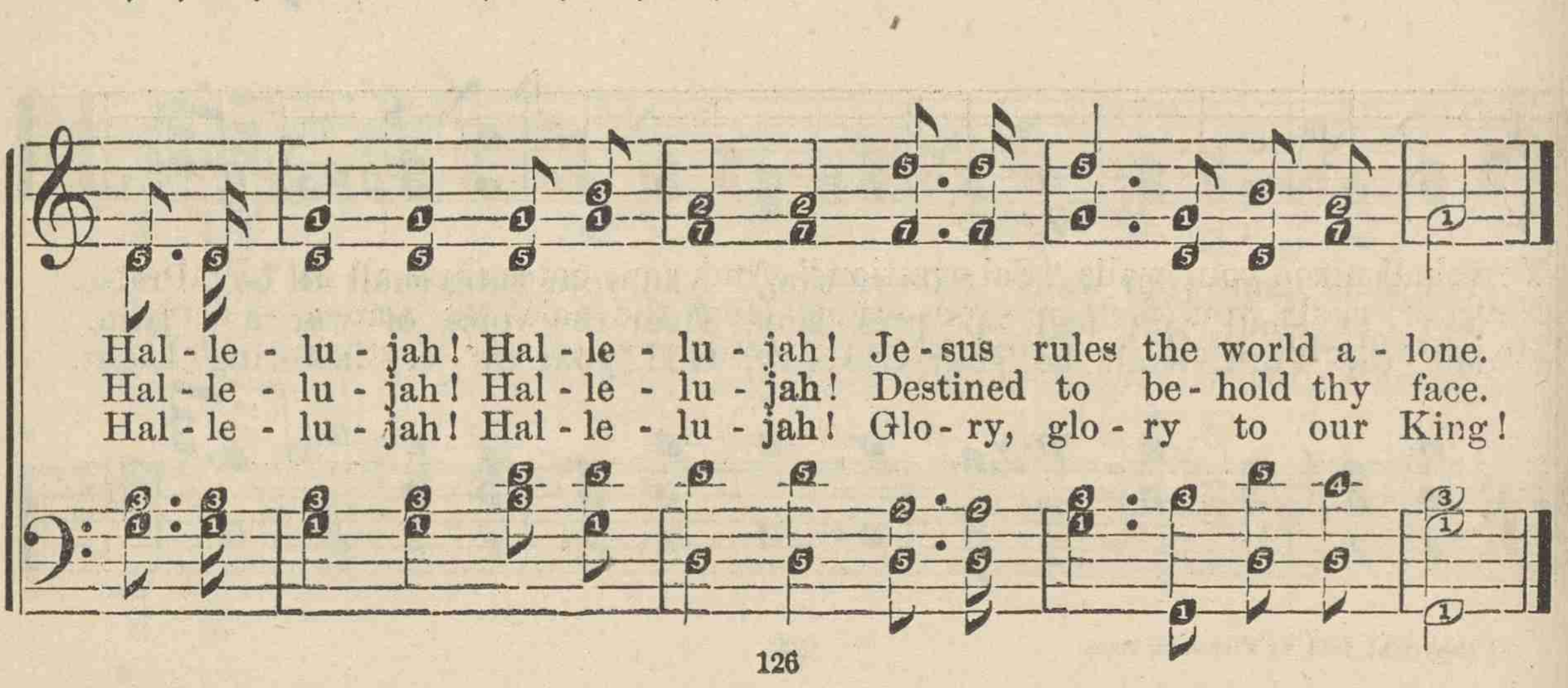
163 Hark! ten thousand harps and voices.

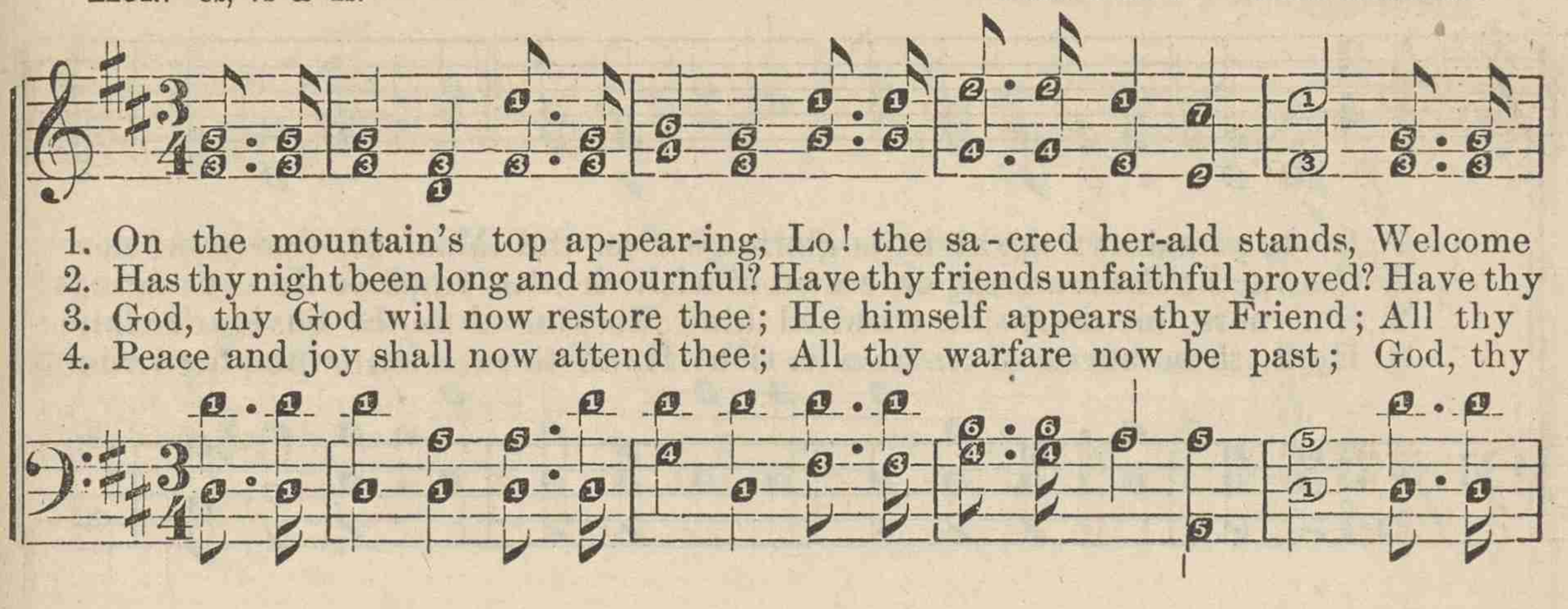
HARWELL. 8s, 7s & 4s, or 8s & 7s. D. THOS. KELLY. LOWELL MASON.



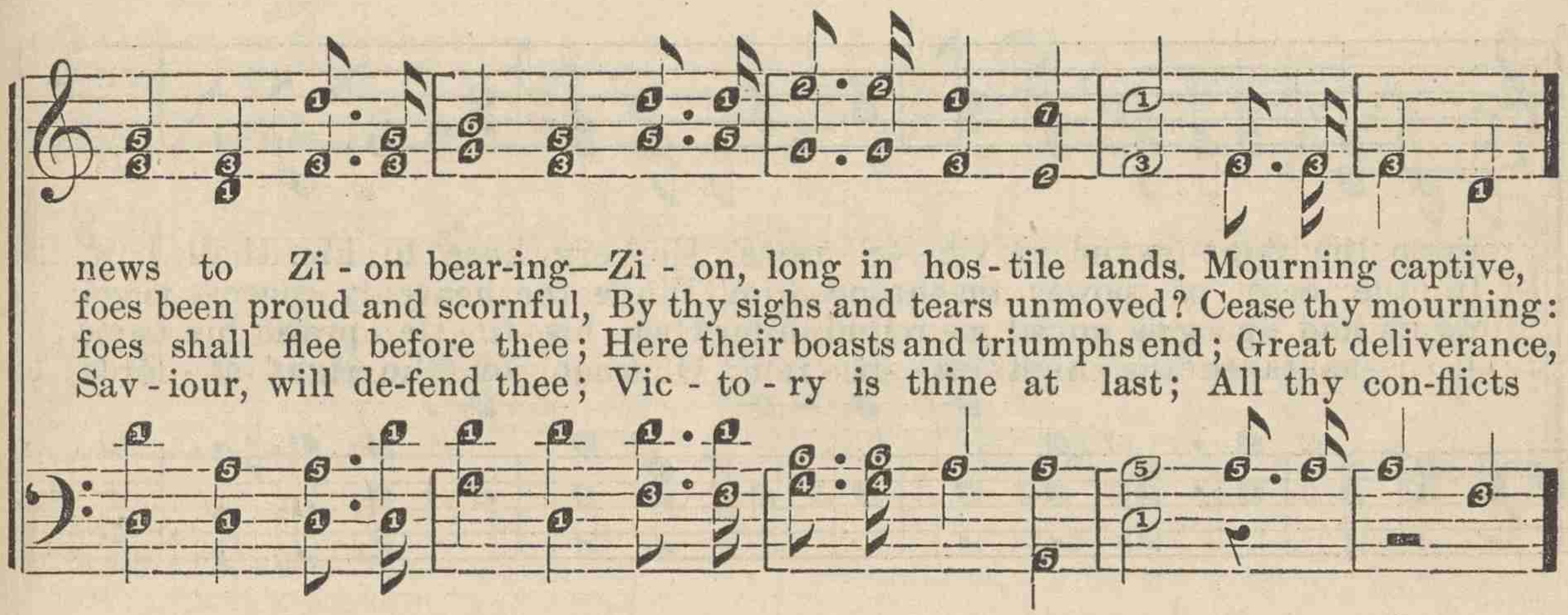
1. Hark! ten thousand harps and voic-es Sound the note of praise a - bove;
   Je - sus reigns, and heaven re - joic-es—Je - sus reigns, the God of love.
2. King of glo - ry, reign for - ev - er—Thine an ev - er - last - ing crown:
   Nothing from thy love shall sev - er Those whom thou hast made thine own;
3. Sav-iour, has - ten thine ap - pear - ing; Bring, O bring the glo-rious day,
   When, the aw - ful summons hear - ing, Heaven and earth shall pass a-way.

See, he sits on yonder throne; Je - sus rules the world a - lone.
Hap - py ob - jects of thy grace, Des-tined to be-hold thy face.
Then, with golden harps, we'll sing, "Glo-ry, glo - ry to our King!"

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus rules the world a - lone.
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Destined to be - hold thy face.
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry to our King!

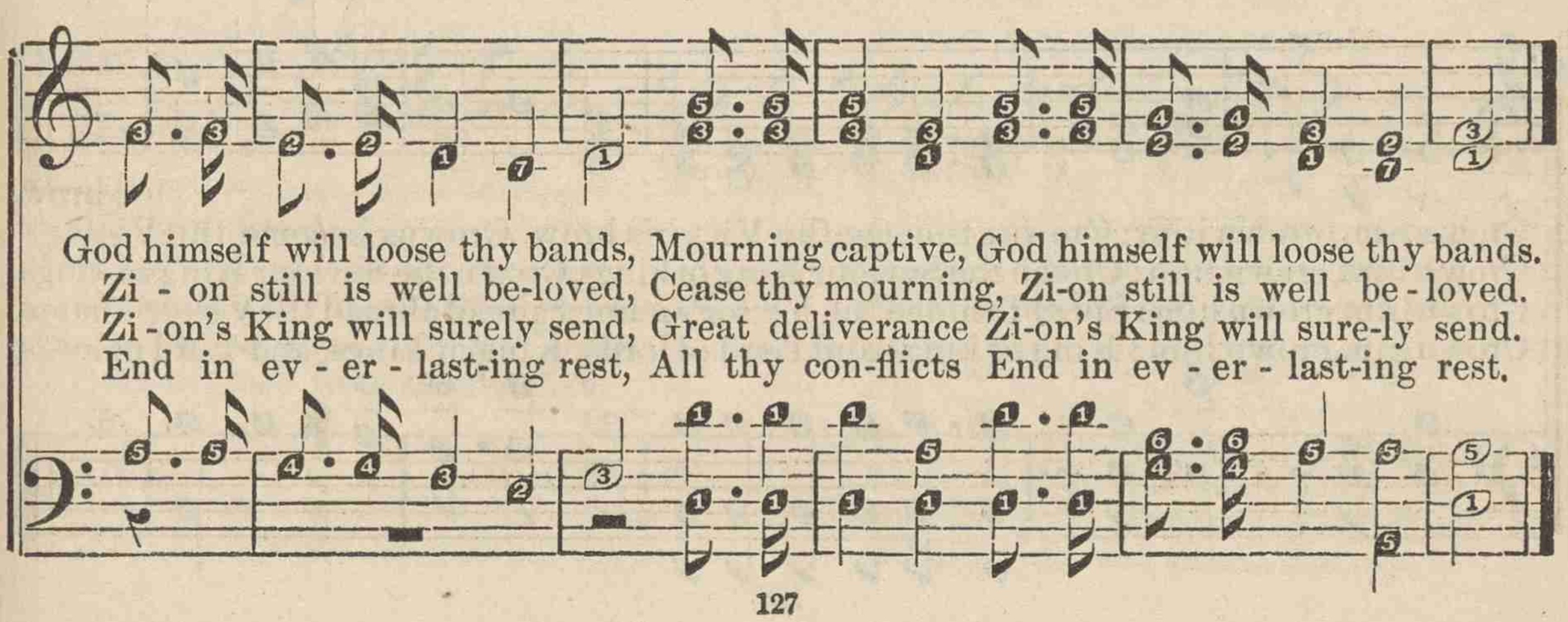
164 On the mountain's top appearing.

ZION. 8s, 7s & 4s. THOS. KELLY. THOS. HASTINGS.

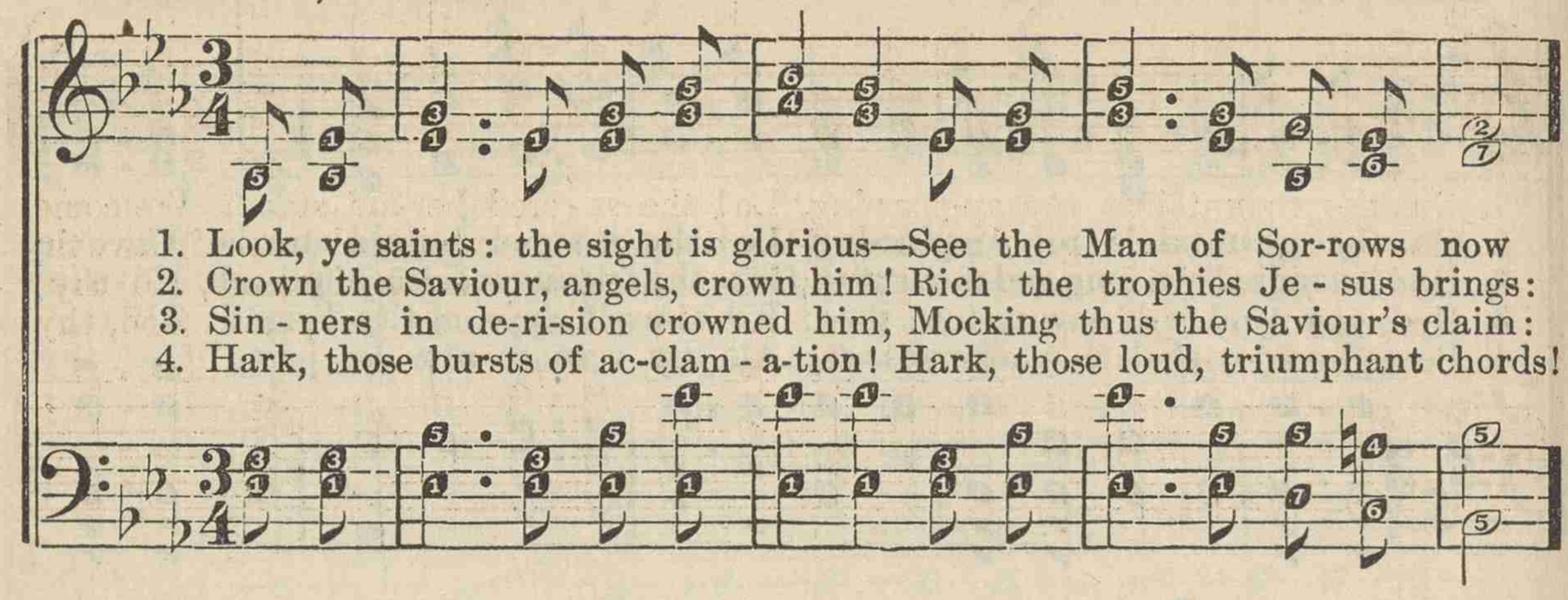


1. On the mountain's top ap-pear-ing, Lo! the sa-cred her-ald stands, Welcome news to Zi-on bear-ing—Zi-on, long in hos-tile lands. Mourning captive,
2. Has thy night been long and mournful? Have thy friends unfaithful proved? Have thy foes been proud and scornful, By thy sighs and tears unmoved? Cease thy mourning:
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,
4. Peace and joy shall now attend thee; All thy warfare now be past; God, thy Sav-iour, will de-fend thee; Vic-to-ry is thine at last; All thy con-flicts

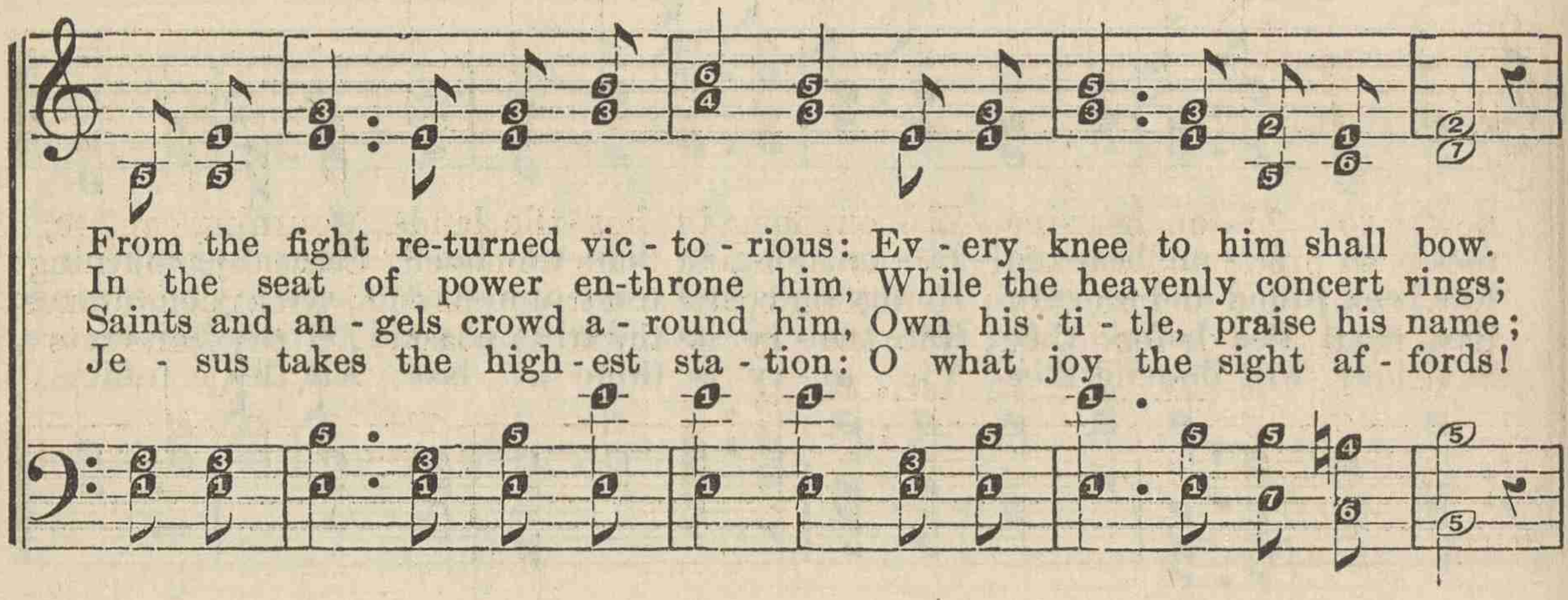


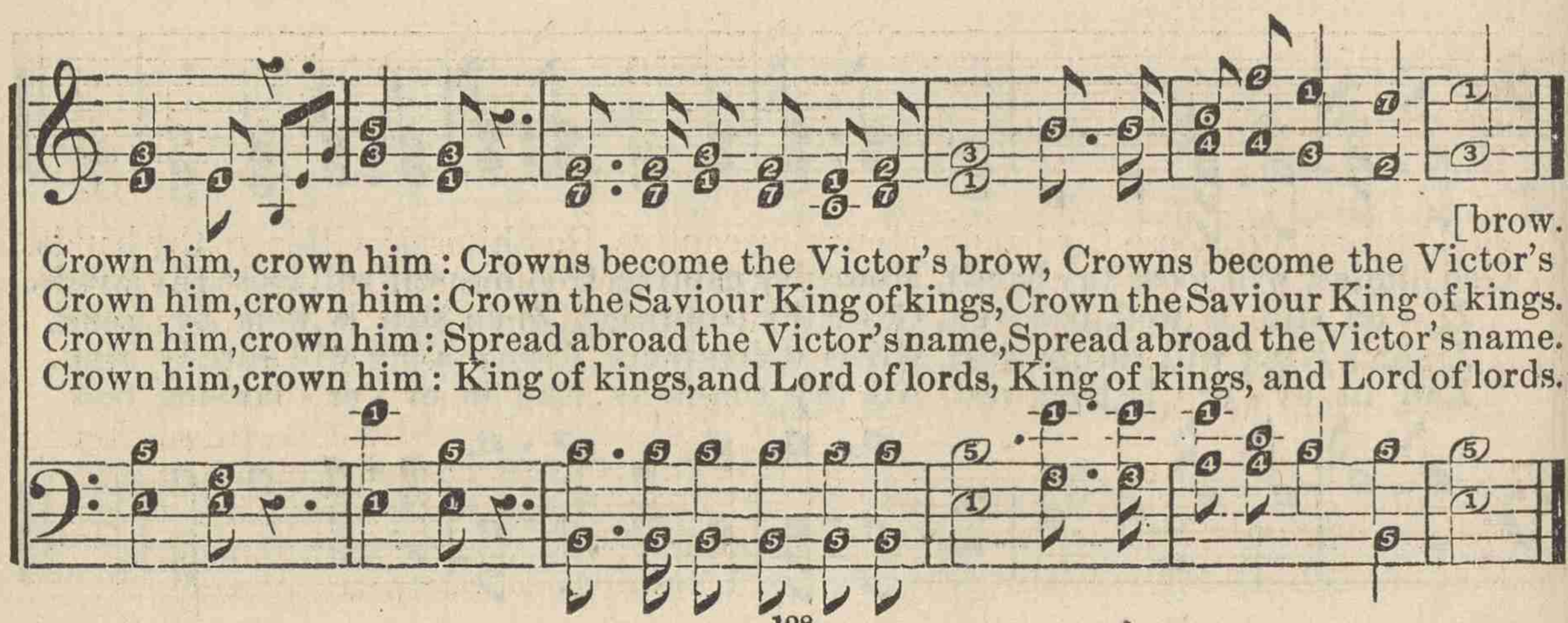
God himself will loose thy bands, Mourning captive, God himself will loose thy bands.
Zi-on still is well be-loved, Cease thy mourning, Zi-on still is well be-loved.
Zi-on's King will surely send, Great deliverance Zi-on's King will sure-ly send.
End in ev-er-last-ing rest, All thy con-flicts End in ev-er-last-ing rest.

165 Look, ye saints: the sight is glorious.

CORONAL. 8s, 7s & 4s. THOS. KELLY. I. B. WOODBURY.

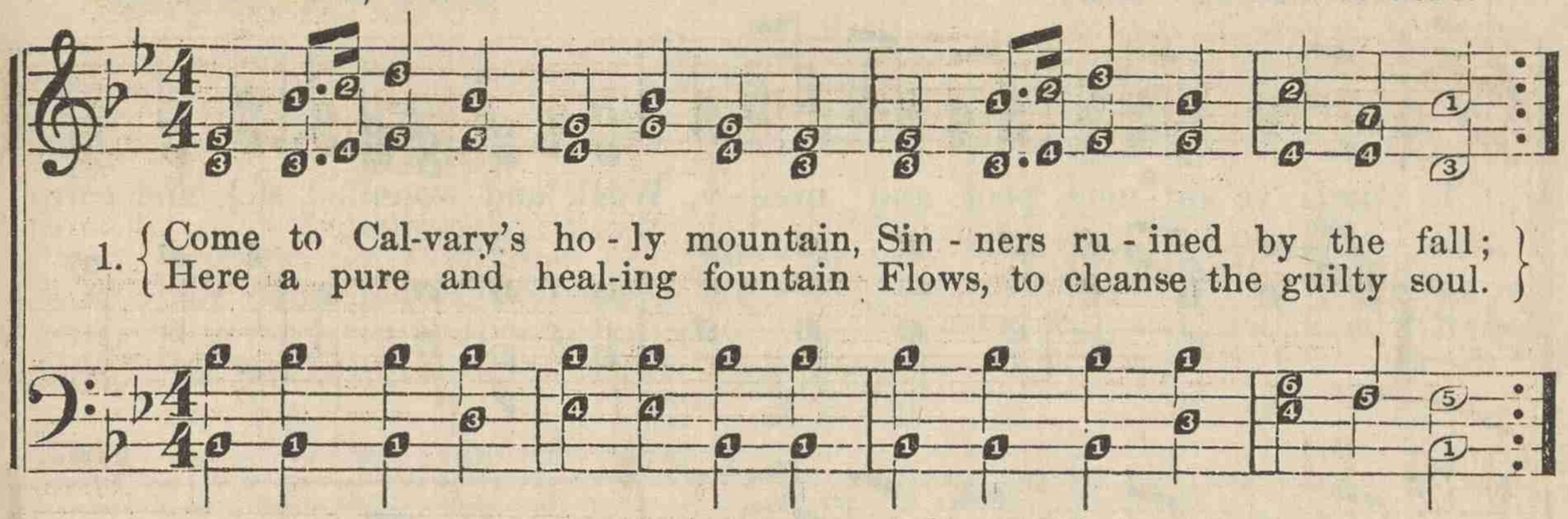
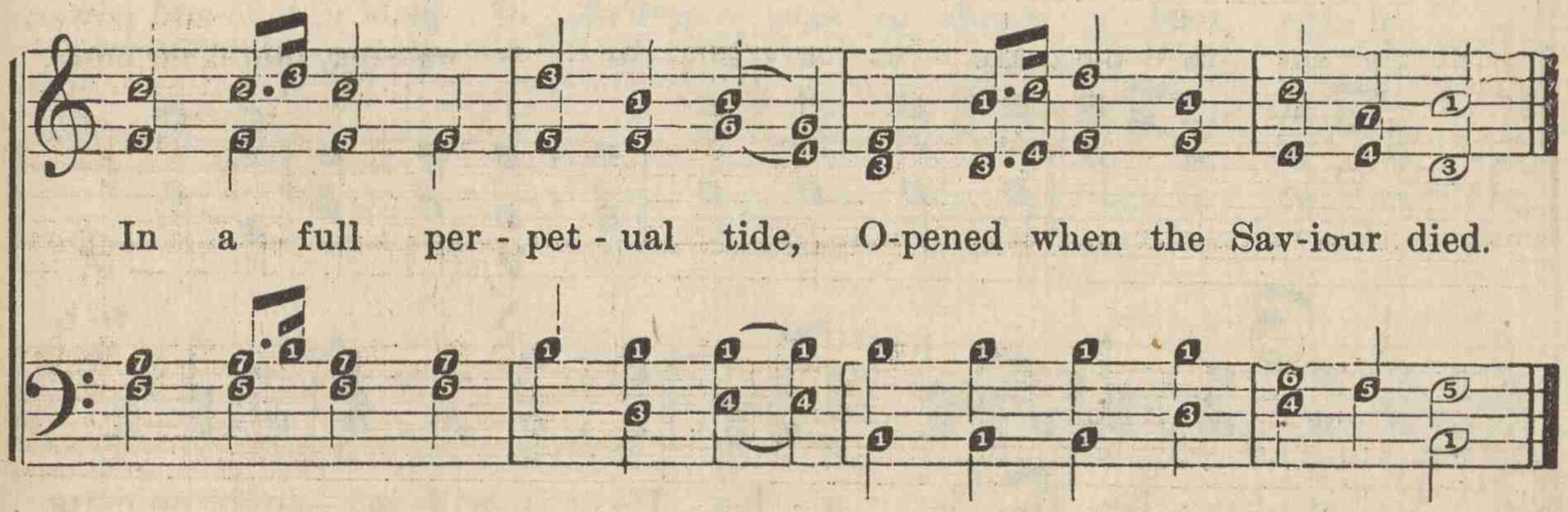


1. Look, ye saints: the sight is glorious—See the Man of Sor-rows now
2. Crown the Saviour, angels, crown him! Rich the trophies Je - sus brings:
3. Sin - ners in de-ri-sion crowned him, Mocking thus the Saviour's claim:
4. Hark, those bursts of ac-clam - a-tion! Hark, those loud, triumphant chords!



From the fight re-turned vic - to - rious: Ev - ery knee to him shall bow.
In the seat of power en-throne him, While the heavenly concert rings;
Saints and an - gels crowd a - round him, Own his ti - tle, praise his name;
Je - sus takes the high - est sta - tion: O what joy the sight af - fords!

[brow.
Crown him, crown him: Crowns become the Victor's brow, Crowns become the Victor's
Crown him, crown him: Crown the Saviour King of kings, Crown the Saviour King of kings.
Crown him, crown him: Spread abroad the Victor's name, Spread abroad the Victor's name.
Crown him, crown him: King of kings, and Lord of lords, King of kings, and Lord of lords.

166 Come to Calvary's holy mountain.

HAPPY ZION. 8s, 7s & 4s. J. MONTGOMERY. I. B. WOODBURY.

2 Come in sorrow and contrition,
Wounded, impotent, and blind:
Here the guilty find remission;
Here the lost a refuge find;
Health this fountain will restore;
He that drinks shall thirst no more.

3 Come, ye dying, live forever:
'Tis a soul-reviving flood;
God is faithful—he will never
Break the cov'nant sealed in blood—
Signed when our Redeemer died,
Sealed when he was crucified.

167

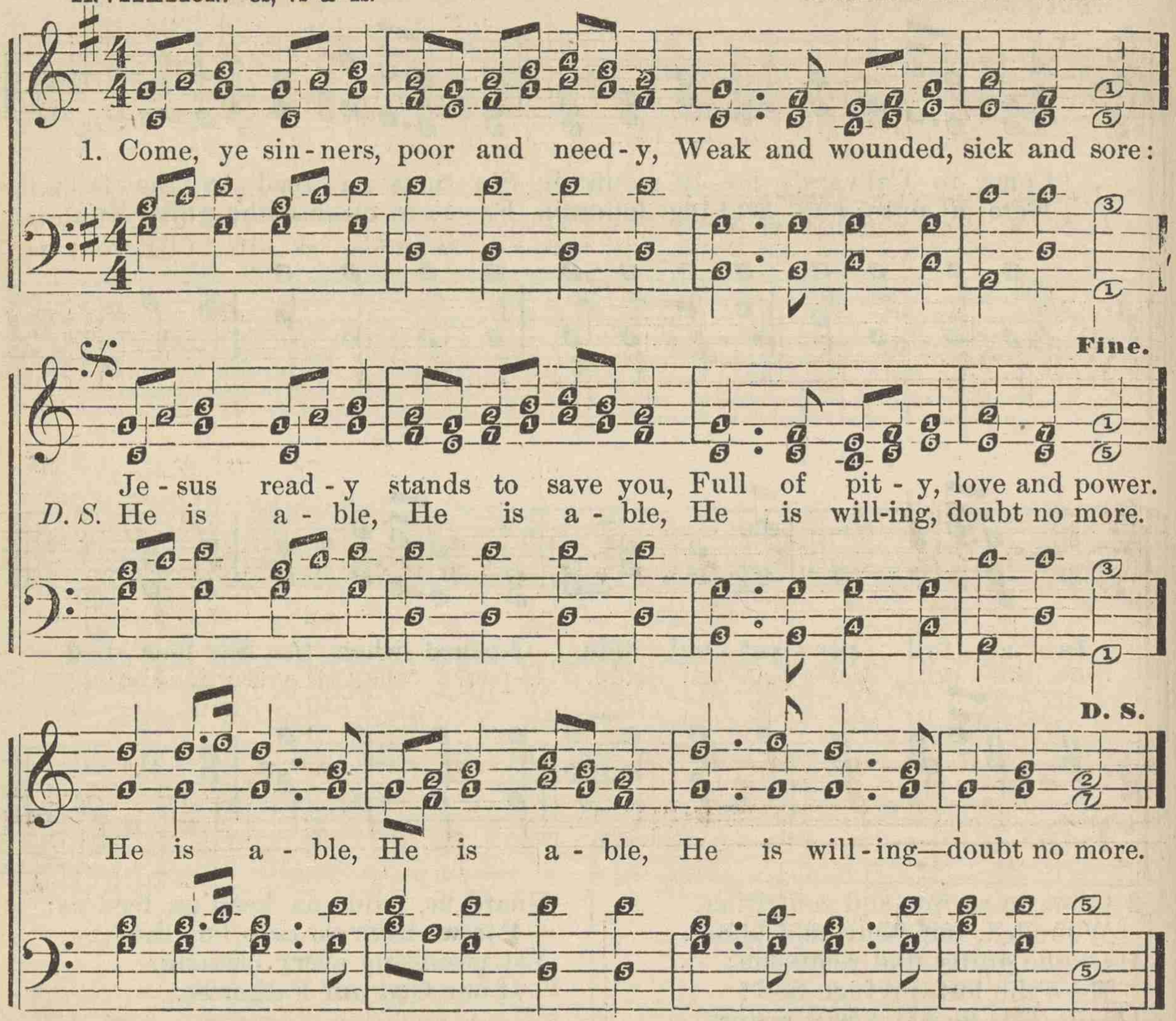
JAS. EDMESTON.

LEAD us, heavenly Father, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us:
For we have no help but thee;
Yet possessing every blessing,
If our God our Father be.

2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us:
All our weakness thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe.
Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
Through the desert thou didst go.

3 Let thy Spirit, now attending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy,
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy.
Thus provided, pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

168 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy.

INVITATION. 8s, 7s & 4s. CHARLES WESLEY. ANON.

2 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream:
All the fitness he requireth,
Is to feel your need of him.
This he gives you;
'Tis the Saviour's rising beam.

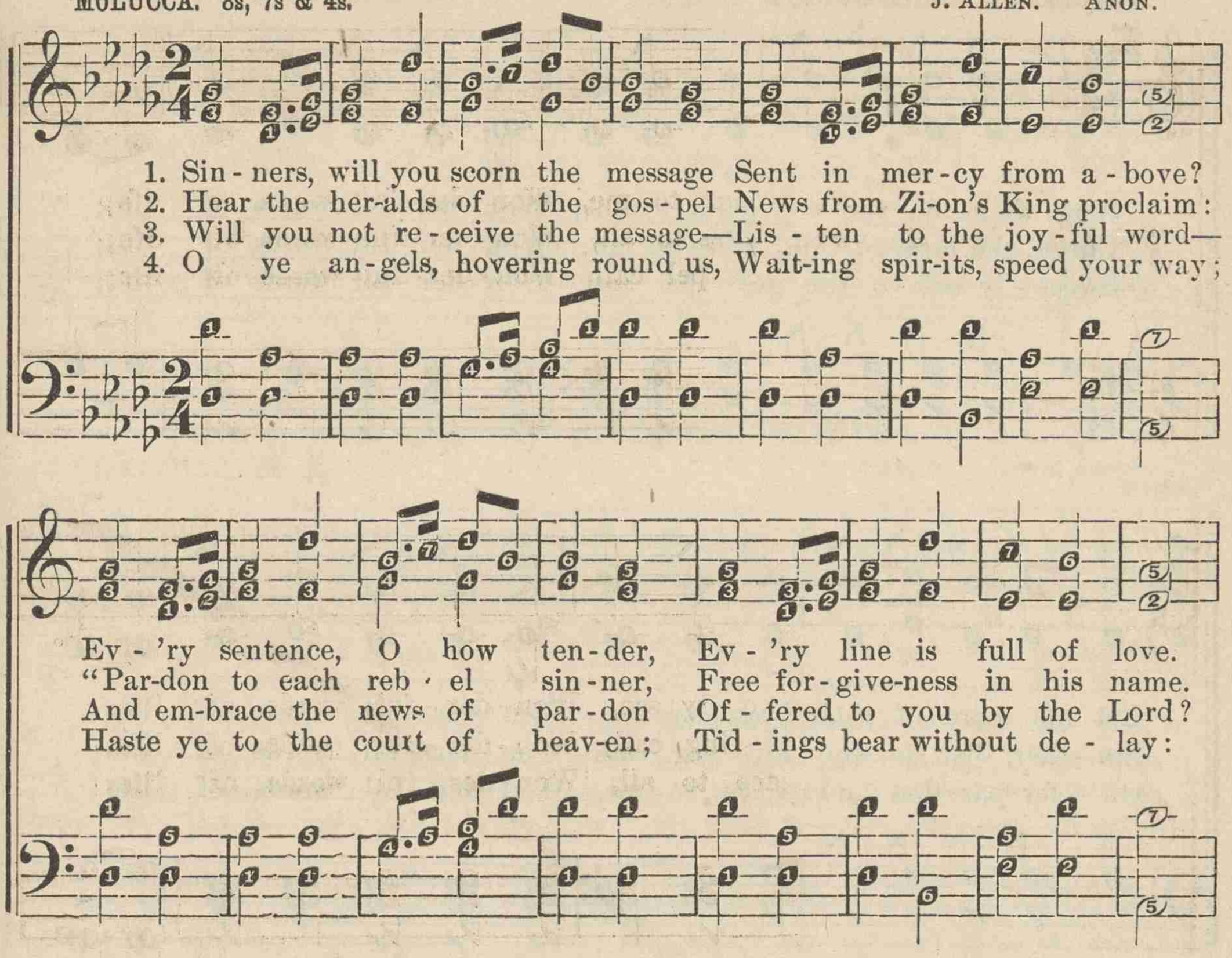
3 Come, you weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall:
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous—
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

4 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Saviour prostrate lies:
On the bloody tree behold him;
Hear him cry before he dies,
"It is finished!"
Sinners, will not this suffice?

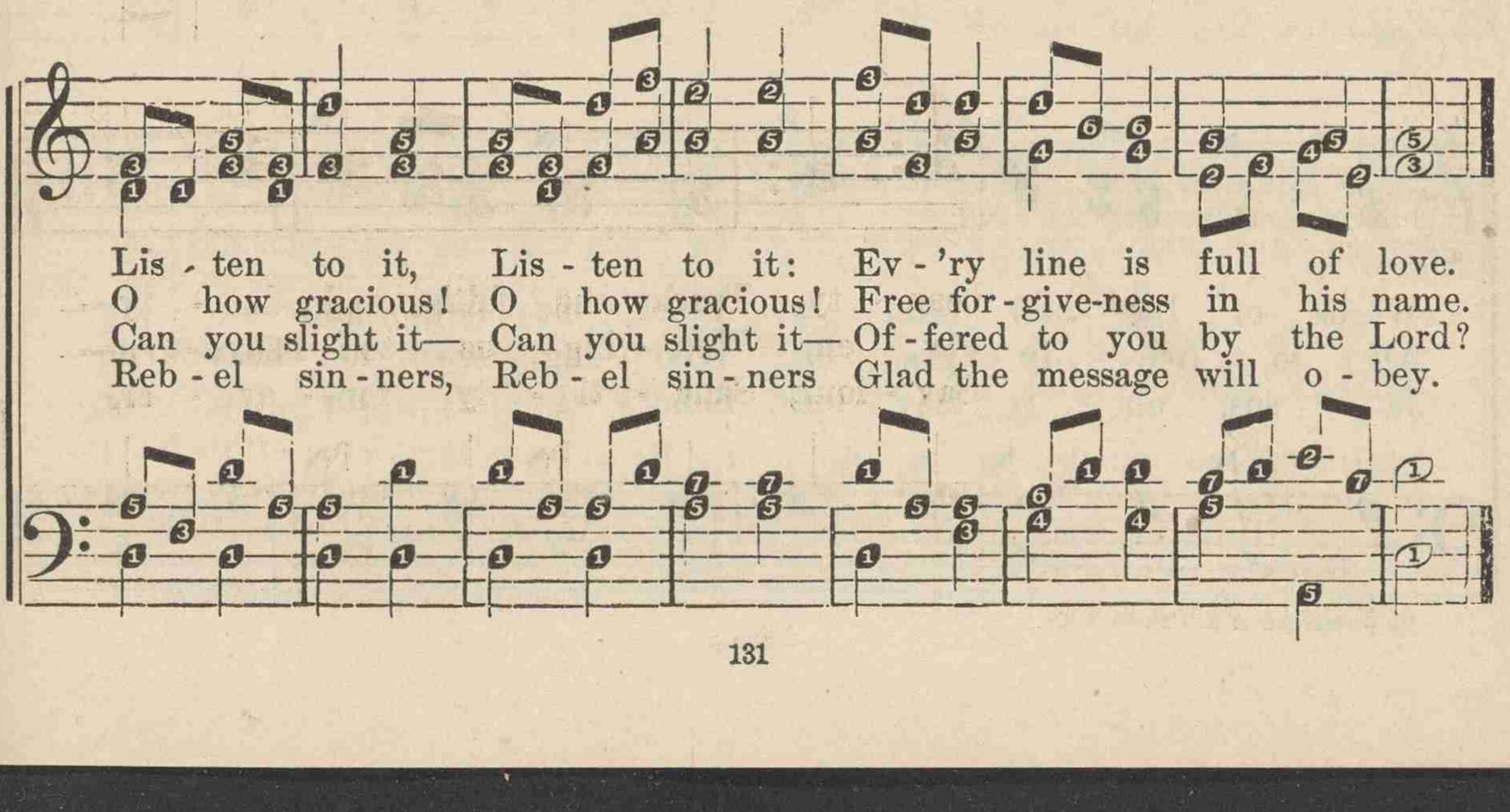
5 Lo! the rising Lord ascending,
Pleads the virtue of his blood:
Venture on him, venture freely,
Let no other trust intrude.
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

169 Sinners, will you scorn the message?

MOLUCCA. 8s, 7s & 4s. J. ALLEN. ANON.

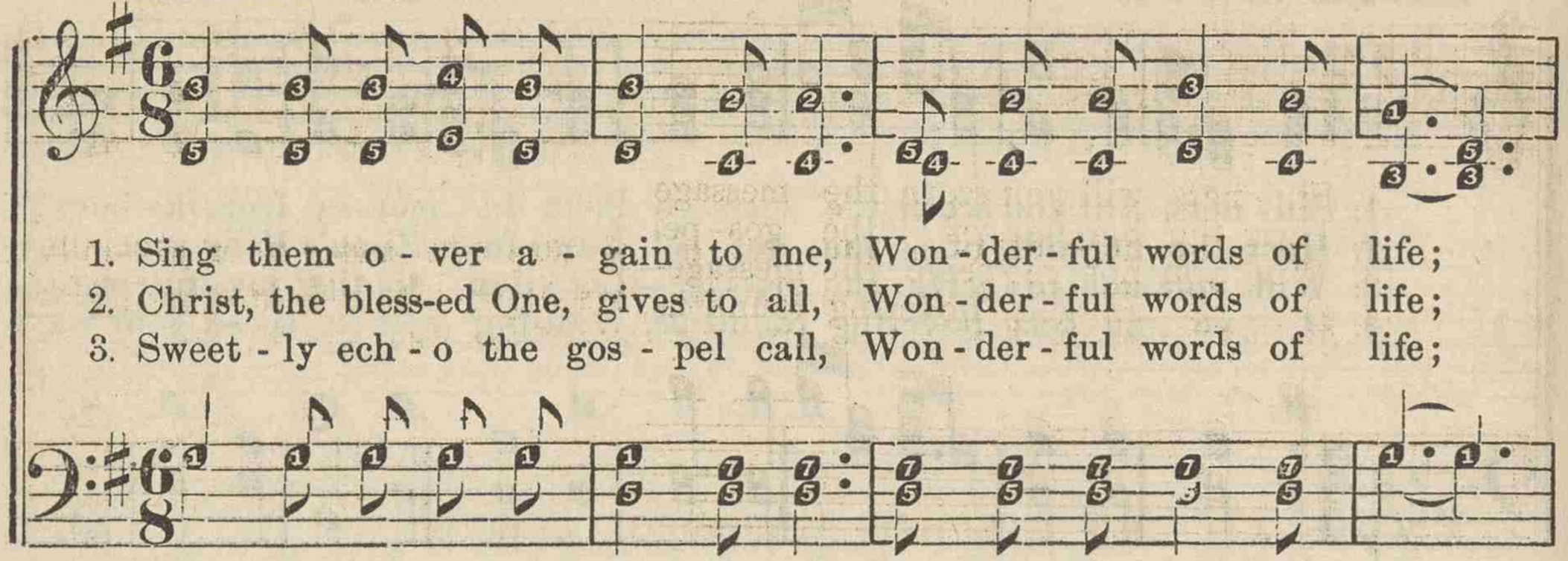


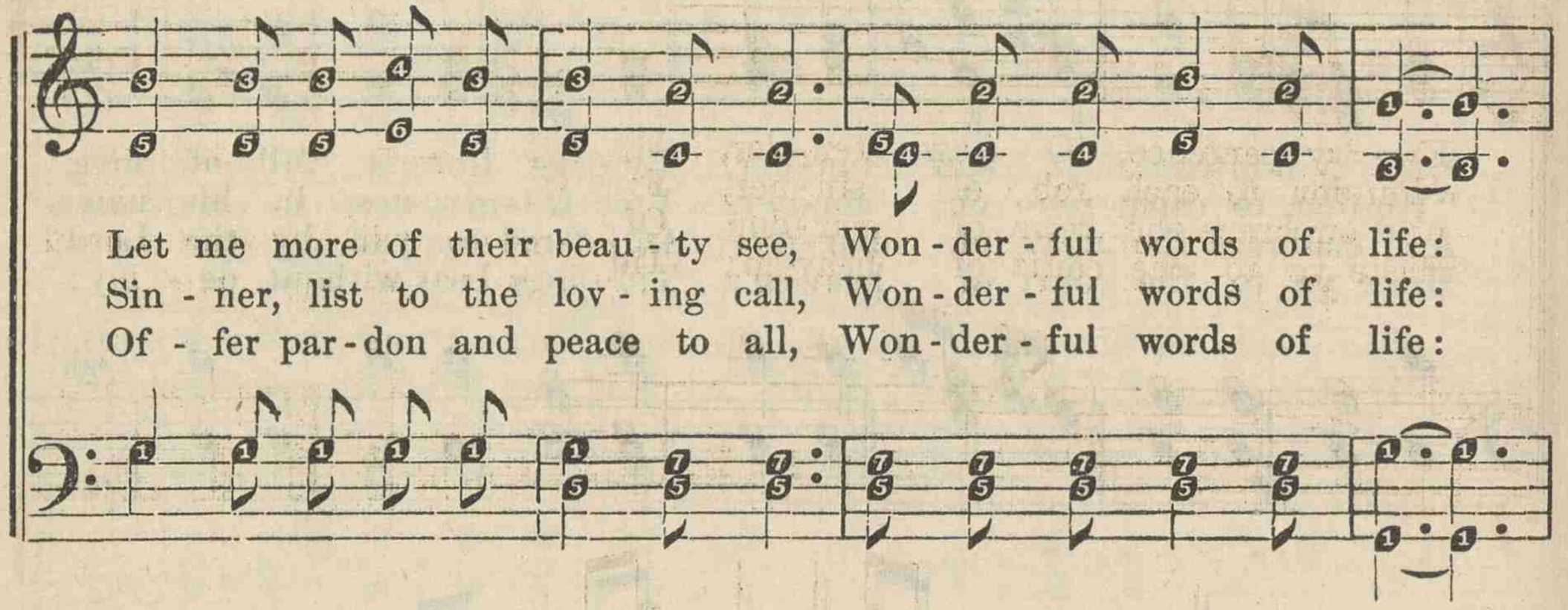
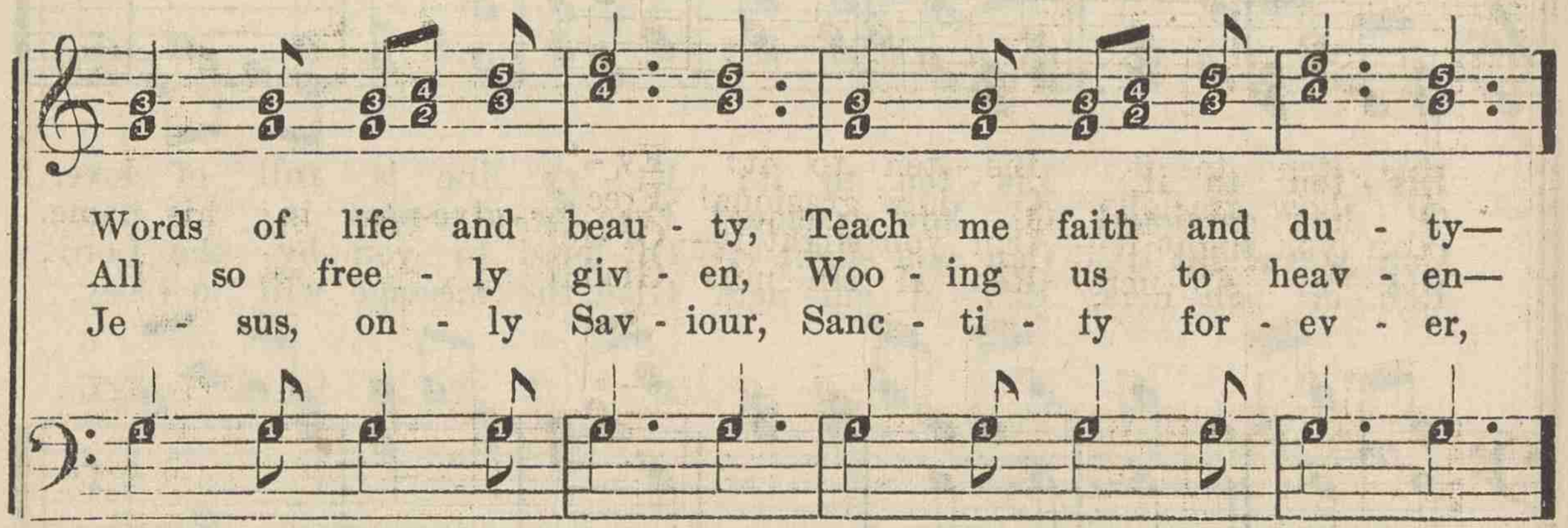
1. Sin - ners, will you scorn the message Sent in mer - cy from a - bove?
2. Hear the her-alds of the gos - pel News from Zi-on's King proclaim:
3. Will you not re - ceive the message—Lis - ten to the joy - ful word—
4. O ye an - gels, hovering round us, Wait-ing spir-its, speed your way;

Ev - 'ry sentence, O how ten - der, Ev - 'ry line is full of love.
"Par-don to each reb - el sin - ner, Free for - give-ness in his name.
And em-brace the news of par - don Of - fered to you by the Lord?
Haste ye to the court of heav-en; Tid - ings bear without de - lay:

Lis - ten to it, Lis - ten to it: Ev - 'ry line is full of love.
O how gracious! O how gracious! Free for - give-ness in his name.
Can you slight it— Can you slight it— Of - fered to you by the Lord?
Reb - el sin - ners, Reb - el sin - ners Glad the message will o - bey.

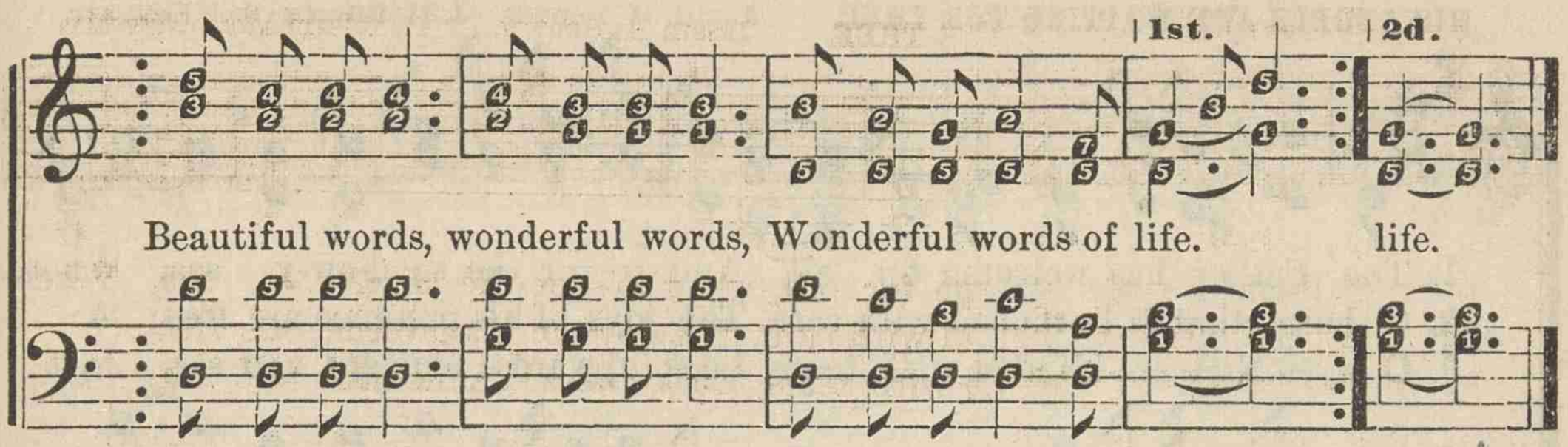
170 Sing them over again to me.

WONDERFUL WORDS OF LIFE. 8s & 6s. Words and Music by P. P. BLISS.

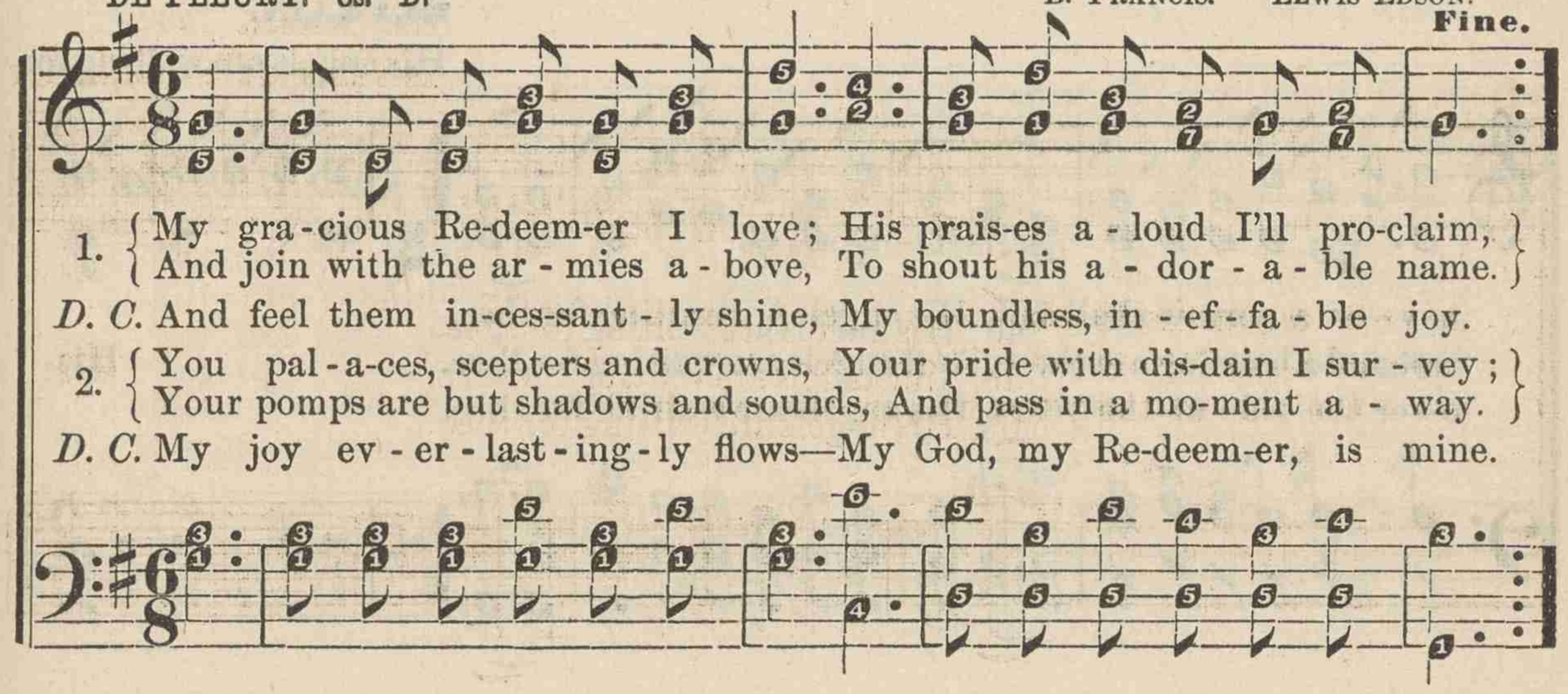
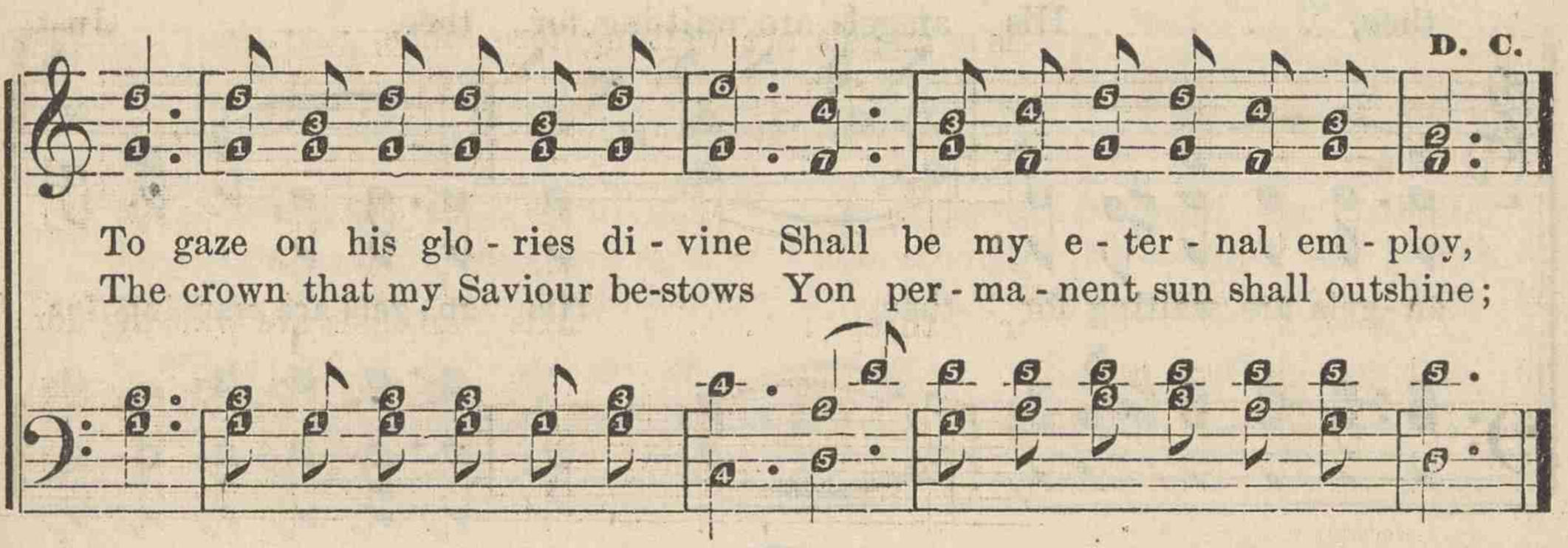




By permission of J. Church & Co.

Sing them over again to me. Concluded.

171 My gracious Redeemer I love.

DE FLEURY. 8s. D. B. FRANCIS. LEWIS EDSON.



172 The Father has welcome for all.

HIS ANGELS ARE WAITING FOR THEE. JESSIE H. BROWN. J. H. ROSECRANS. New arr.

1. The Father has welcome for all, And o-ver the shad-ow-y sea, Where
2. O heart that is burdened with care, The joys of his presence are free; A
3. O eyes that are blinded with tears, Look upward a moment and see, Just

REFRAIN.

His angels are waiting for

nev-er a sorrow shall fall, His angels are waiting for thee.
rest and a blessing are there, And angels are waiting for thee. His
o-ver the tide of the years, His angels are waiting for thee.

thee, . . . His an-gels are wait-ing for thee, . . . Just

an-gels are waiting for thee, . . . His an-gels are wait-ing for

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The Father has welcome for all. Concluded.

o - ver the shad-ow - y, shad-ow - y sea, His an-gels are wait-ing for thee.

thee, for thee, His an-gels are wait-ing for thee.

173 Guide me, O thou great Jehovah.

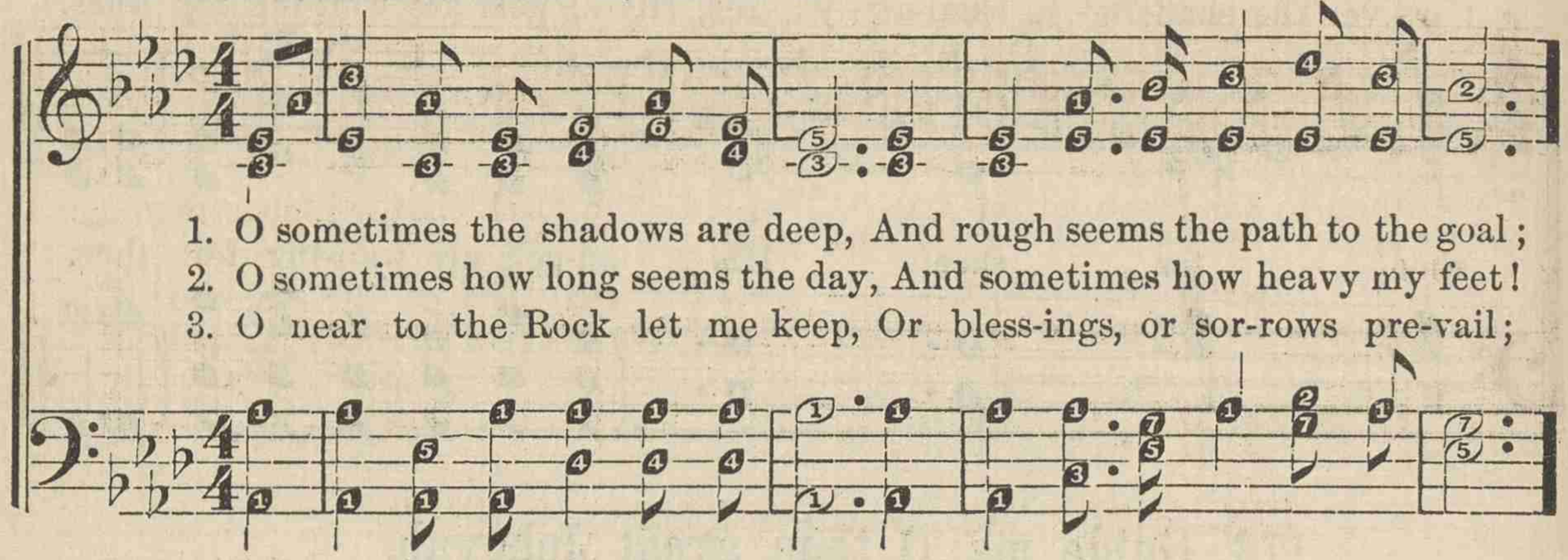
PERON. 8s, 7s & 4s. W. WILLIAMS. LOWELL MASON.

1. Guide me, O thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil-grim thro' this bar-ren land:
   I am weak, but thou art mighty: Hold me with thy powerful hand;
2. O - pen thou the crys - tal fount-ain Whence the healing waters flow;
   Let the fi - ery, cloudy pil - lar Lead me all my journey through;
3. When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anxious fears sub - side;
   Bear me through the swelling cur-rent, Land me safe on Ca-naan's side:

Bread of heaven, Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more.
Strong Deliverer, Strong Deliverer, Be thou still my strength and shield.
Songs of praises, Songs of praises I will ev - er give to thee.

174 O sometimes the shadows are deep.

THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER. 8s, with Chorus. E. JOHNSON. W. G. FISCHER.



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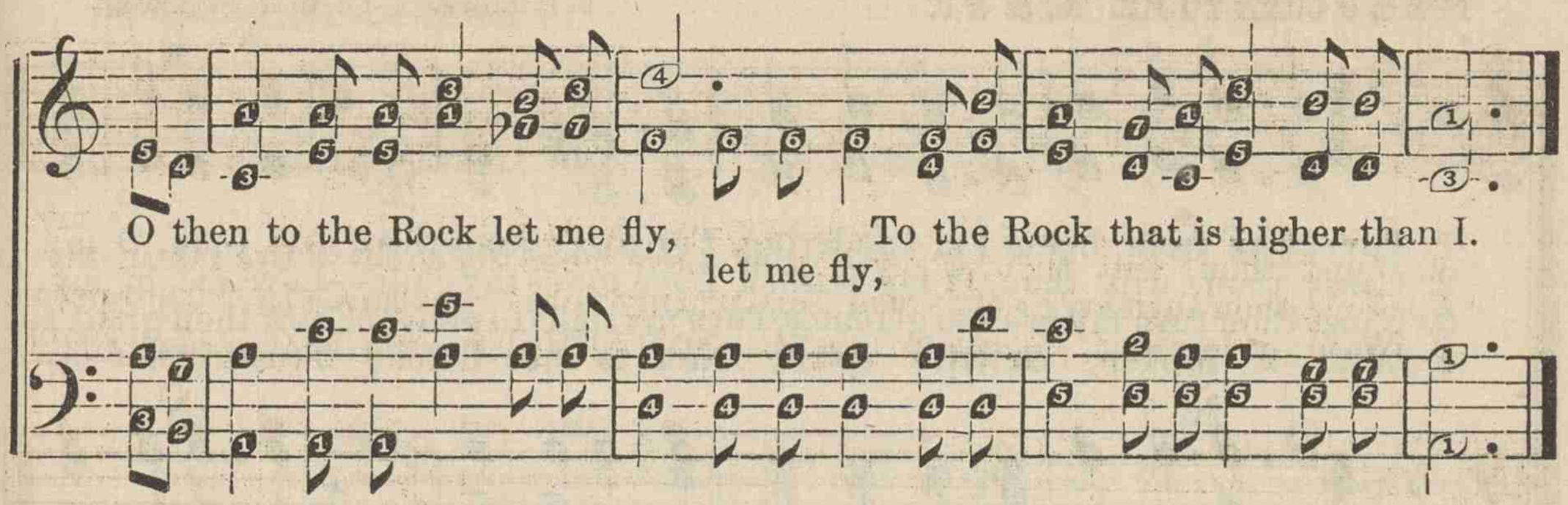
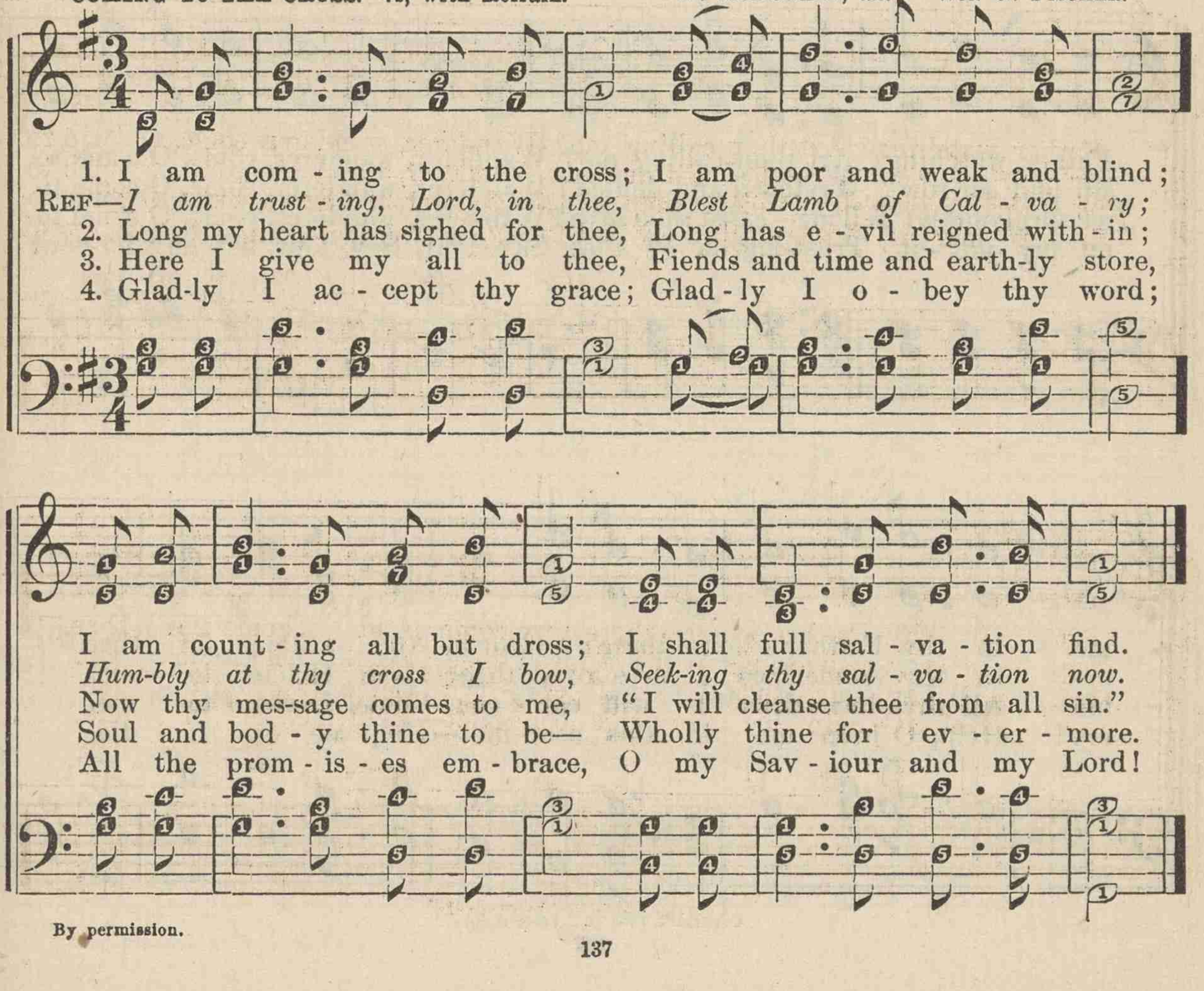
O sometimes the shadows. Concluded.

175 I am coming to the cross.

COMING TO THE CROSS. 7s, with Refrain. W. McDONALD, *alt.* WM. G. FISCHER.



By permission.

176 Far away from home I'm wandering.

COME, O COME TO ME. 8s, 5s & 9. J. S. LOWE. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. Far away from home I'm wandering, Far away from thee: Art thou, O my
2. Canst thou, wilt thou, O my Father, Love me as thy child—Love me in my
3. Canst thou turn my grief to gladness, Turn my sighs to praise? Canst thou grant me
4. With a broken, contrite spirit, Now to thee I flee; Trusting not up-

Father, watching? Art thou calling me? Wanderer, wanderer, come, O come to
sin and sor-row? Wretched and defiled? Wanderer, wanderer, come, O come to
free forgiveness? Tell me—canst thou save? Wanderer, wanderer, come, O come to
on my mer-it, Trust-ing on-ly thee. Sav-iour, Sav-iour, hear my fer-vent

me. In thy Fa-ther's house there's welcome, And a home for thee.
me. In thy wanderings I have loved thee: Haste, O haste to me.
me. All thy bur-dens I will car-ry: Come, O come to me.
cry! Help, O help me in this con-flict—Help me, or I die.

Copyright, 1882, in "Voice of Joy."

177 Jesus tells the welcome story.

HE WILL LEAD US THERE. D. R. LUCAS. J. H. F.

1. Je - sus tells the wel - come sto - ry Of a Fa - ther's care;
2. Je - sus teach - es by the spar - row, We should not de - spair;
3. Je - sus teach - es by the lil - y, Of a Fa - ther's care;

Tho' we can not see his glo - ry, He will lead us there.
D. S. *Thro' all clouds that round us gath - er, He will lead us there.*
Tho' the path to heaven be nar - row, He will lead us there.
Tho' we pass the shad-owed val - ley, He will lead us there.

CHORUS.

Tho' we can not see the Fa - ther, By his watchful, prov-i - den - tial care,

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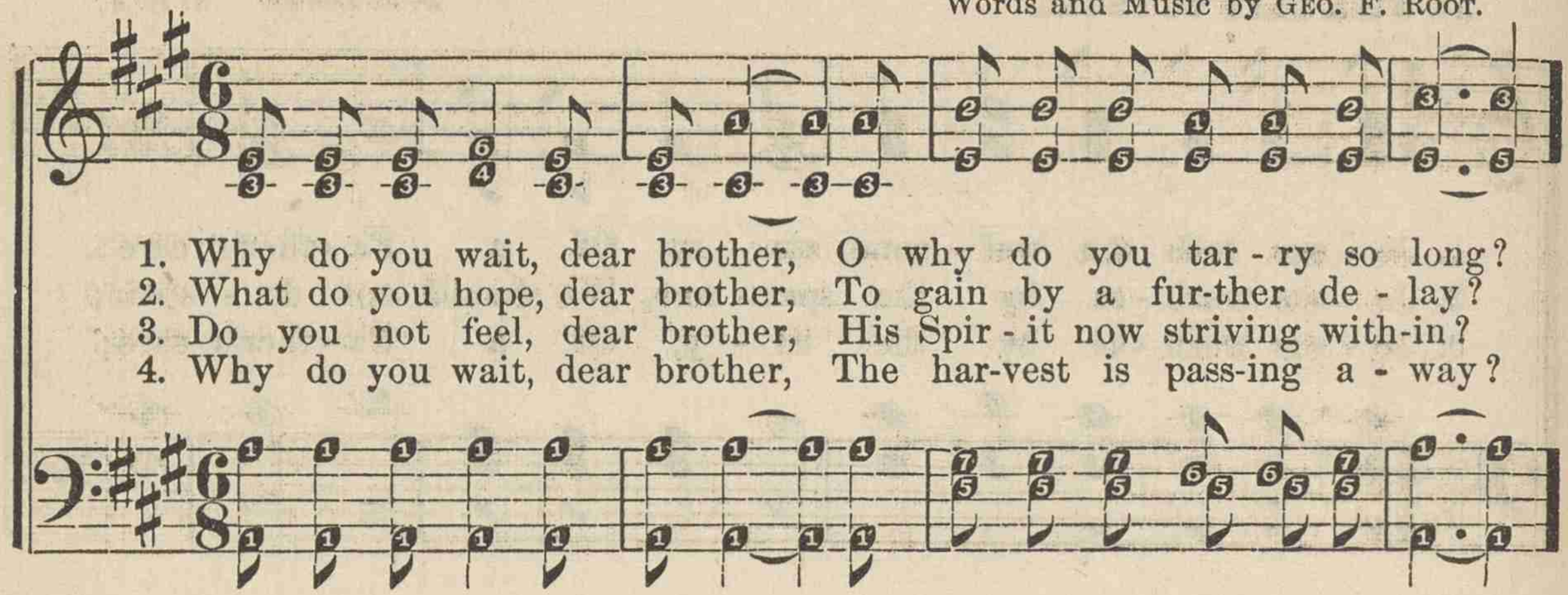
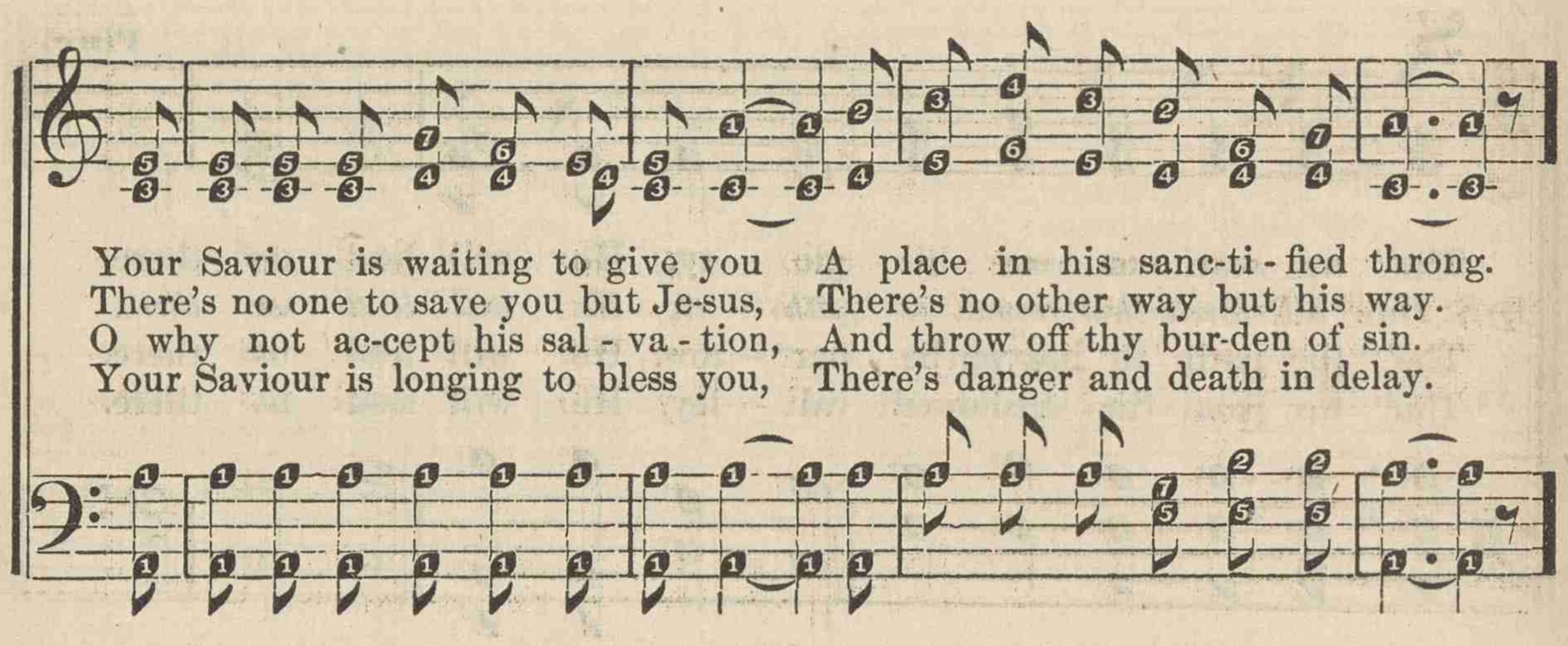
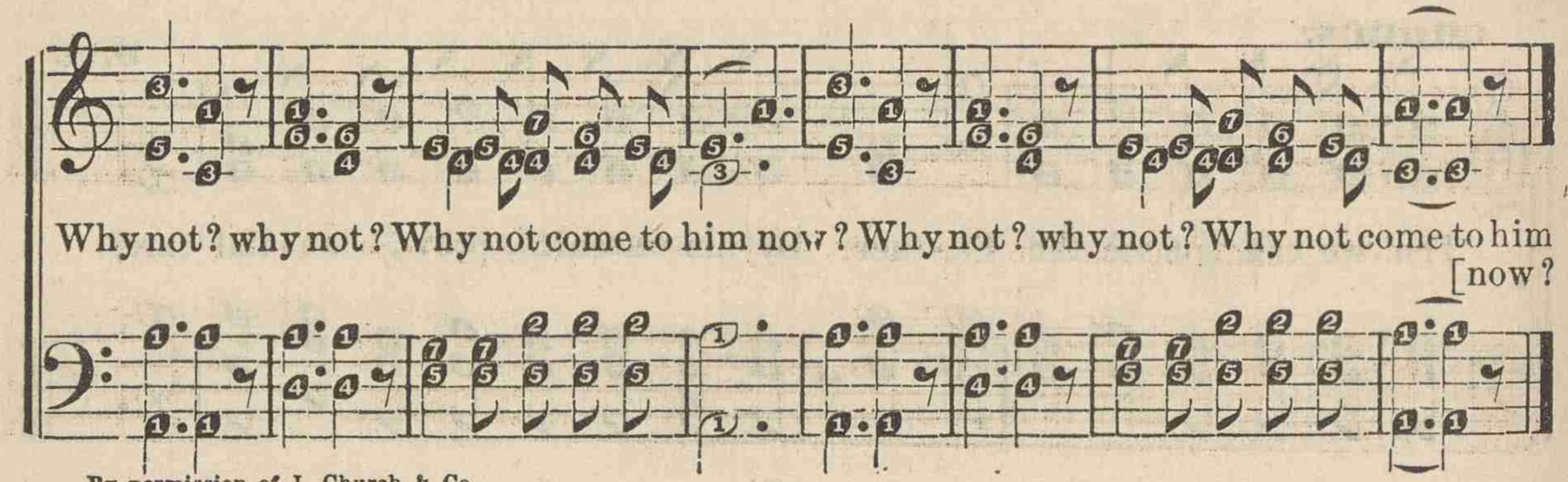
178 Why do you wait, dear brother?

Words and Music by GEO. F. ROOT.



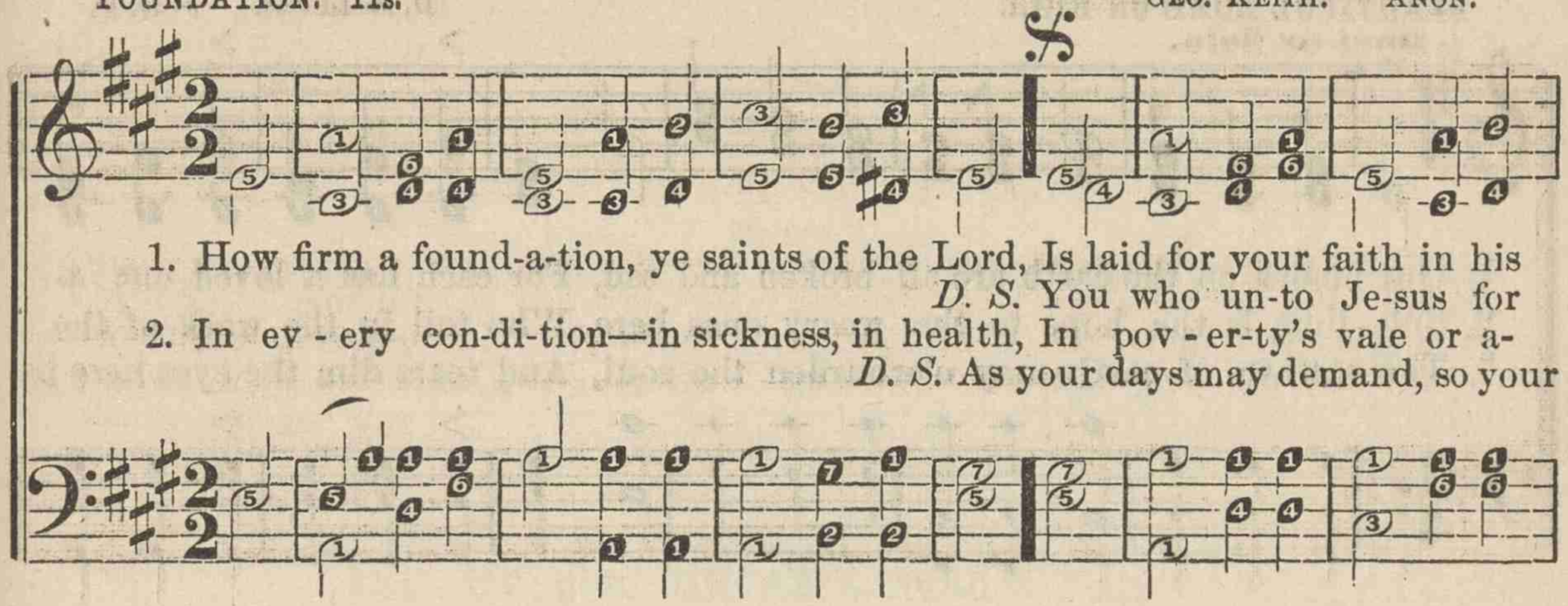


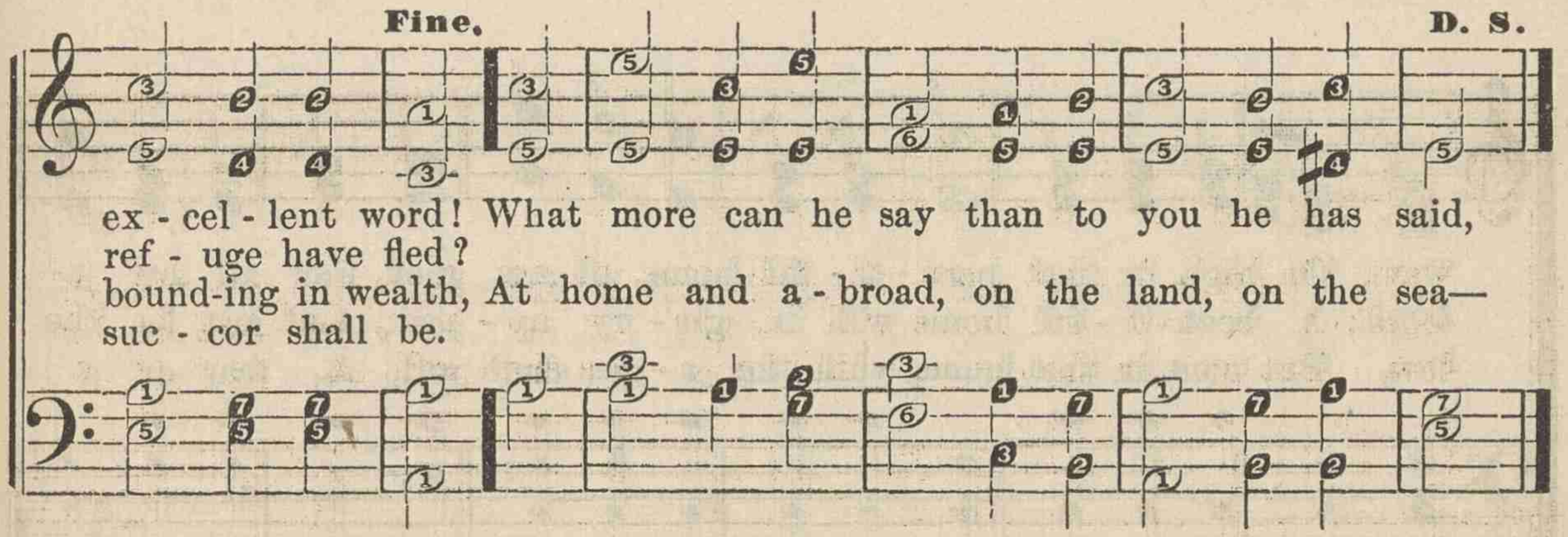


By permission of J. Church & Co.

179 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord.

FOUNDATION. 11s. GEO. KEITH. ANON.





3 Fear not: I am with you: O be not dismayed:
I, I am your God, and will still give you aid;
I'll strengthen you, help you, and cause you to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

4 When through the deep waters I cause you to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not you o'erflow;
For I will be with you, your troubles to bless,
And sanctify to you your deepest distress.

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

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

180 Our homes on the earth are all broken and sad.

BEAUTIFUL HOME ON HIGH. D. R. LUCAS. J. H. F.

Duet or Solo.

1. Our homes on the earth are all broken and sad, For each has a loved one a-
2. Sub-lime is the hope to the weary ones here, Who toil in the work of the
3. The sorrows of earth may o'erburden the soul, And tears dim the eyes here be-

way; On high, in that beau-ti-ful home, all are glad, For all are u-
Lord; A beau-ti-ful home will in glo-ry ap-pear, And rest be the
low, But none in that home, while the a-ges shall roll, A tear or a

CHORUS.

nit-ed for aye. Home, home, Home, home,
toil-er's re-ward. beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful home, beau-ti-ful,
sor-row shall know.

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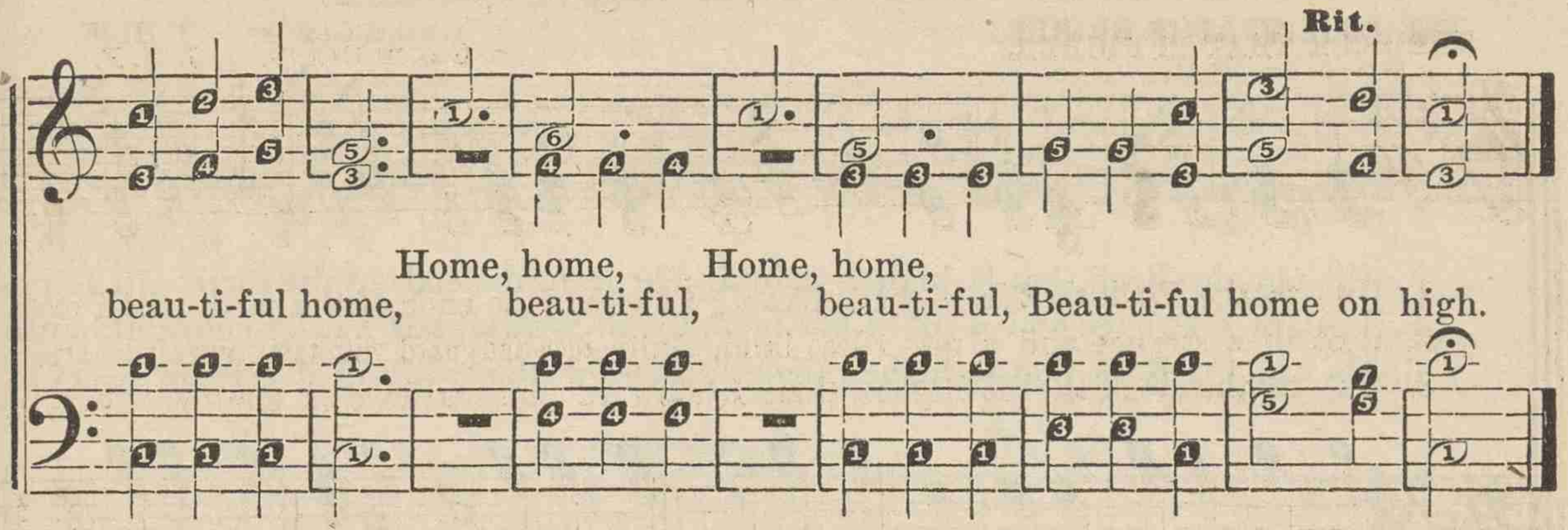
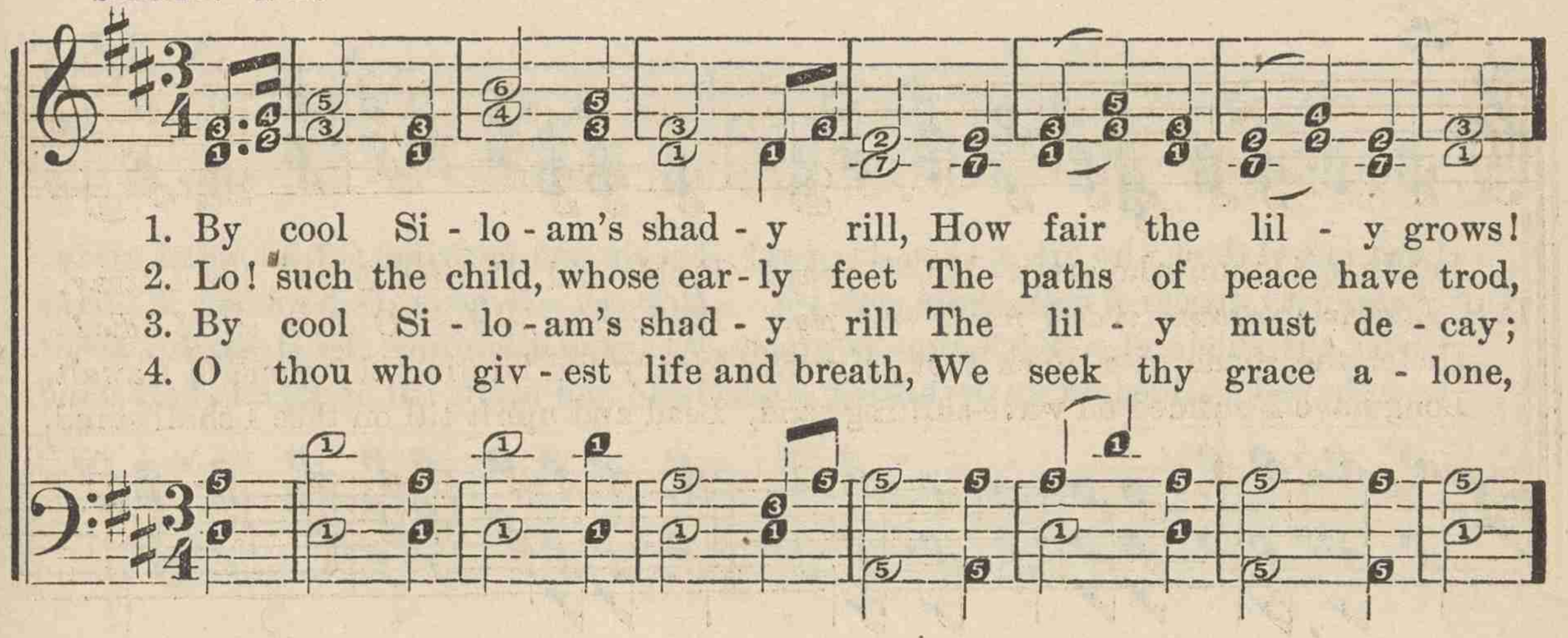
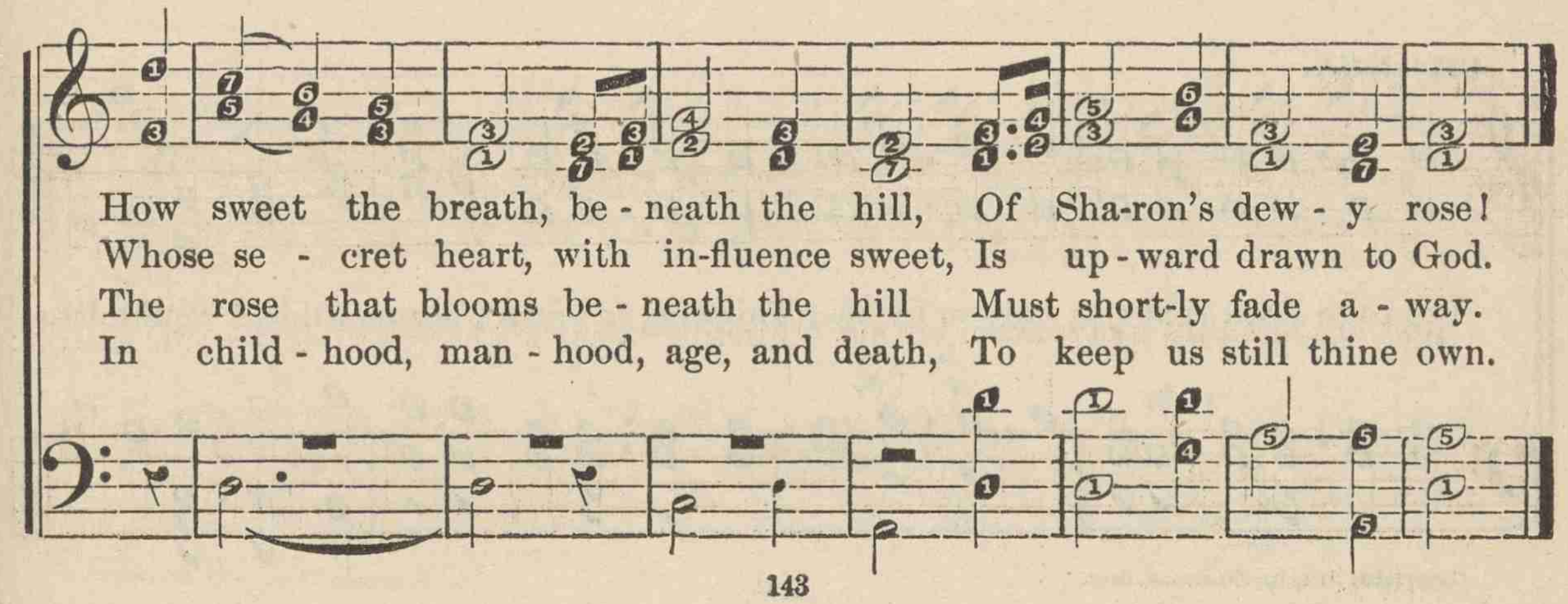
Our homes on the earth. Concluded.

181 By cool Siloam's shady rill.

SILOAM. C. M. I. B. WOODBURY.

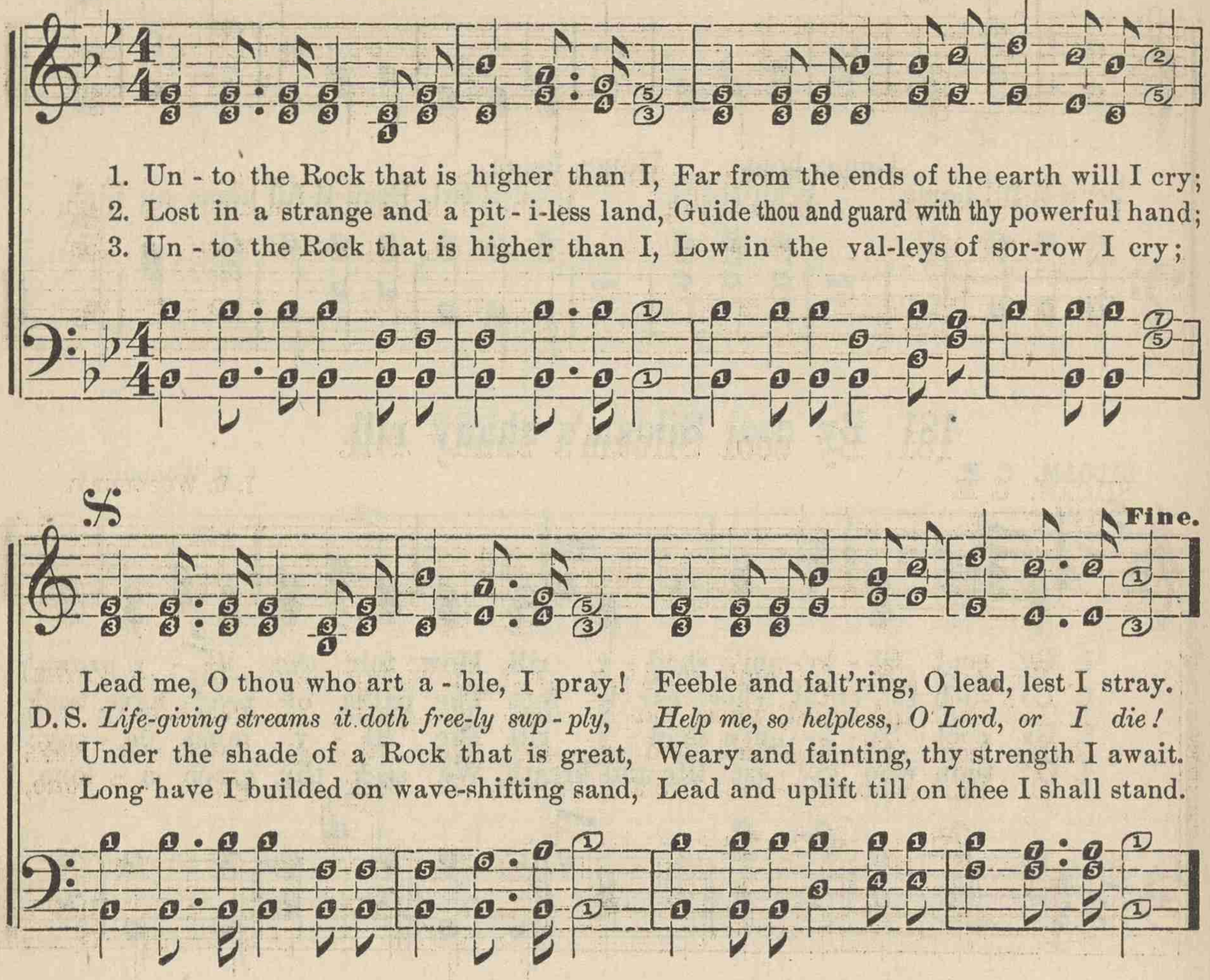




182 Unto the Rock that is higher than I.

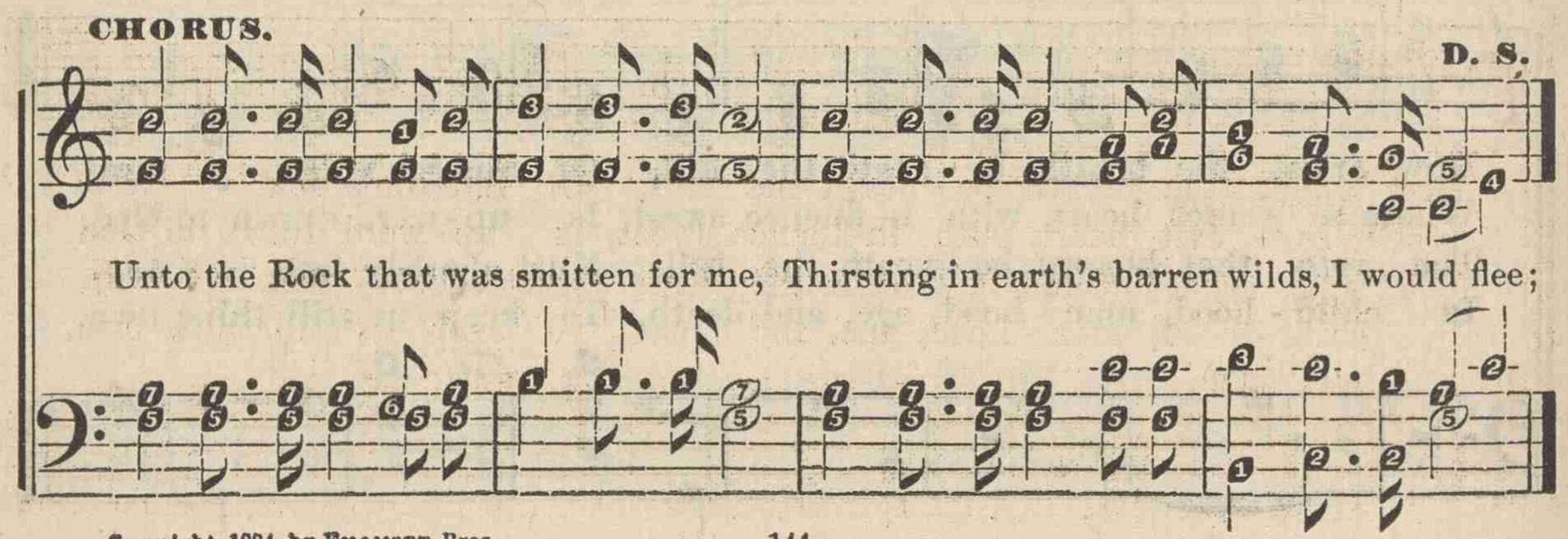
THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER.

GRACE GLENN. J. H. F.



1. Un - to the Rock that is higher than I, Far from the ends of the earth will I cry;
2. Lost in a strange and a pit - i-less land, Guide thou and guard with thy powerful hand;
3. Un - to the Rock that is higher than I, Low in the val-leys of sor-row I cry;

Lead me, O thou who art a - ble, I pray! Feeble and falt'ring, O lead, lest I stray.
D. S. *Life-giving streams it doth free-ly sup - ply,* *Help me, so helpless, O Lord, or I die!*
Under the shade of a Rock that is great, Weary and fainting, thy strength I await.
Long have I builded on wave-shifting sand, Lead and uplift till on thee I shall stand.



CHORUS.

Unto the Rock that was smitten for me, Thirsting in earth's barren wilds, I would flee;

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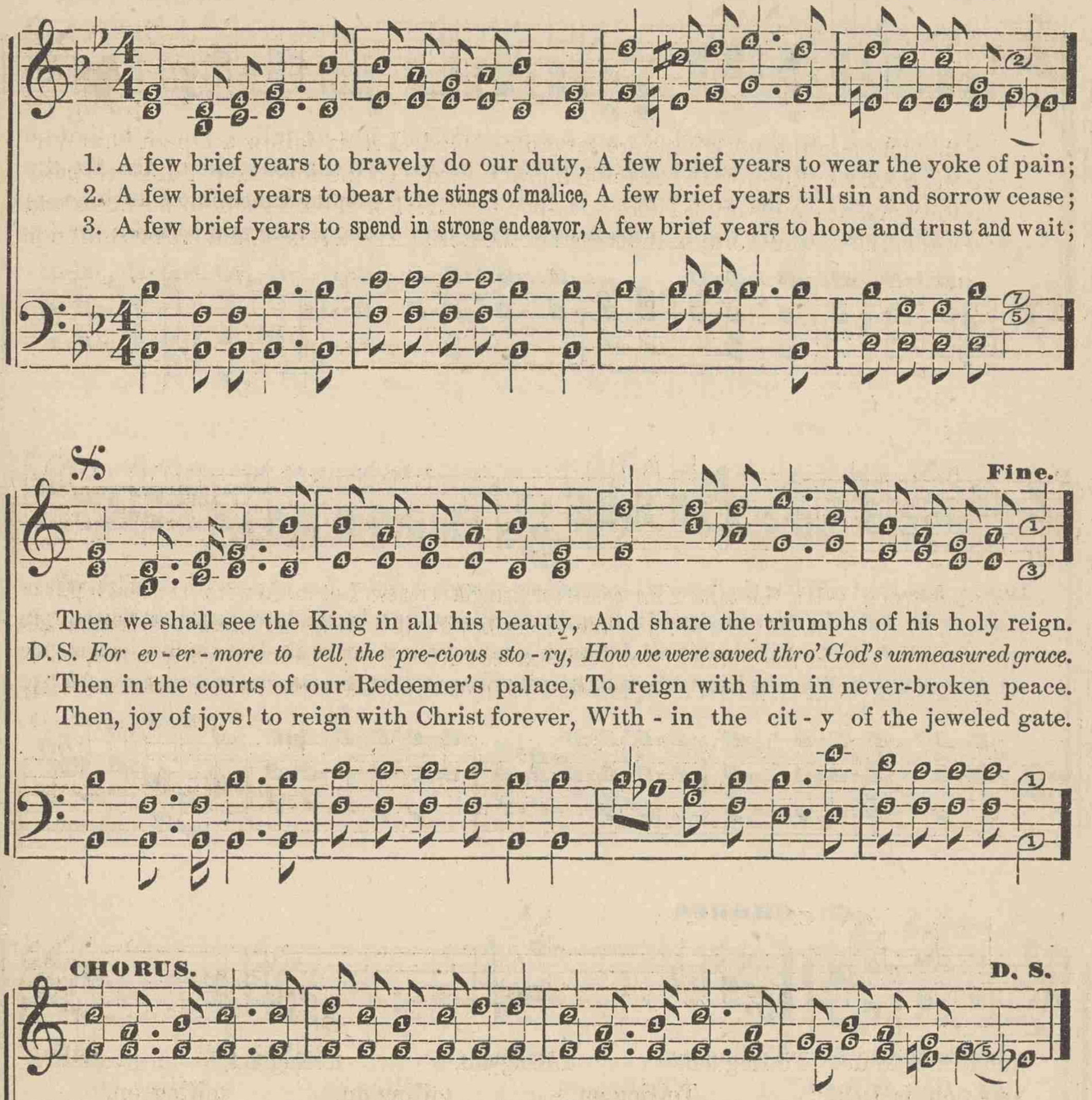
183 A few brief years to bravely do our duty.

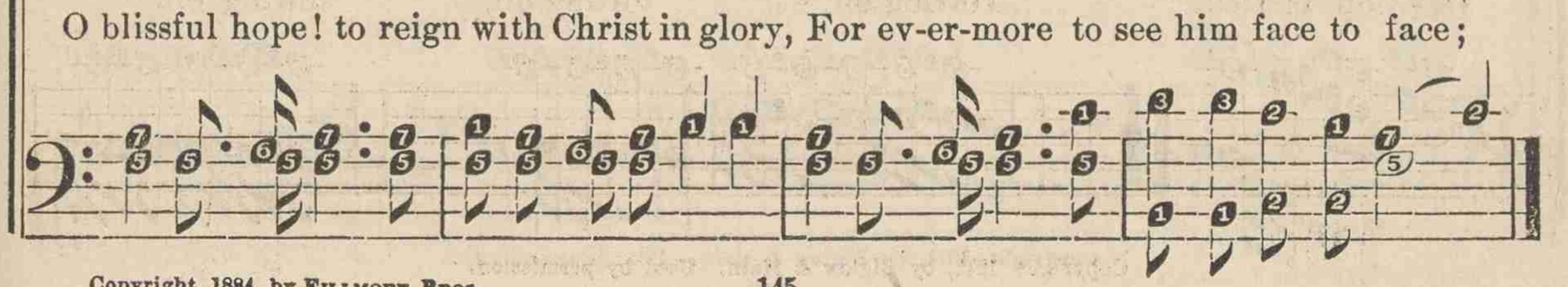
JESSIE H. BROWN. T. FRANK ALLEN.



1. A few brief years to bravely do our duty, A few brief years to wear the yoke of pain;
2. A few brief years to bear the stings of malice, A few brief years till sin and sorrow cease;
3. A few brief years to spend in strong endeavor, A few brief years to hope and trust and wait;

Then we shall see the King in all his beauty, And share the triumphs of his holy reign.
D. S. *For ev-er-more to tell the pre-cious sto-ry, How we were saved thro' God's unmeasured grace.*
Then in the courts of our Redeemer's palace, To reign with him in never-broken peace.
Then, joy of joys! to reign with Christ forever, With-in the cit-y of the jeweled gate.

CHORUS. **D. S.**

O blissful hope! to reign with Christ in glory, For ev-er-more to see him face to face;

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184 To the work! to the work!

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. To the work! to the work! We are servants of God; Let us follow the path that our
2. To the work! to the work! Let the hungry be fed; To the fountain of life let the
3. To the work! to the work! There is la-bor for all; For the kingdom of darkness and
4. To the work! to the work, in the strength of the Lord! And a robe and a crown shall our

Master has trod; With the balm of his counsel our strength to renew, Let us do with our might what our
weary be led: In the cross and its banner our glory shall be, While we herald the tidings, "Sal-
error shall fall, And the name of Jehovah exalted shall be, In the loud-swelling chorus, "Sal-
labor reward, When the home of the faithful our dwelling shall be, And we shout with the ransomed, "Sal-

CHORUS.

hands find to do. Toiling on, toiling on, toiling on, toiling
va - tion is free!" Toiling on, toiling on, toiling on,

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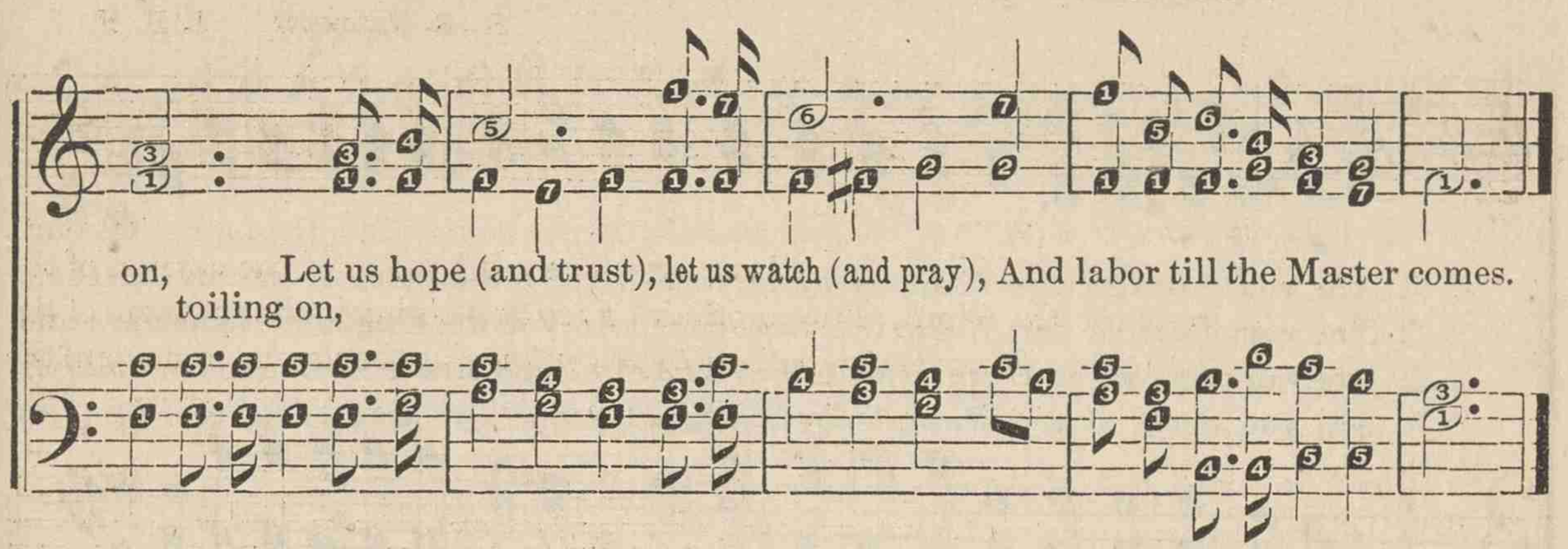
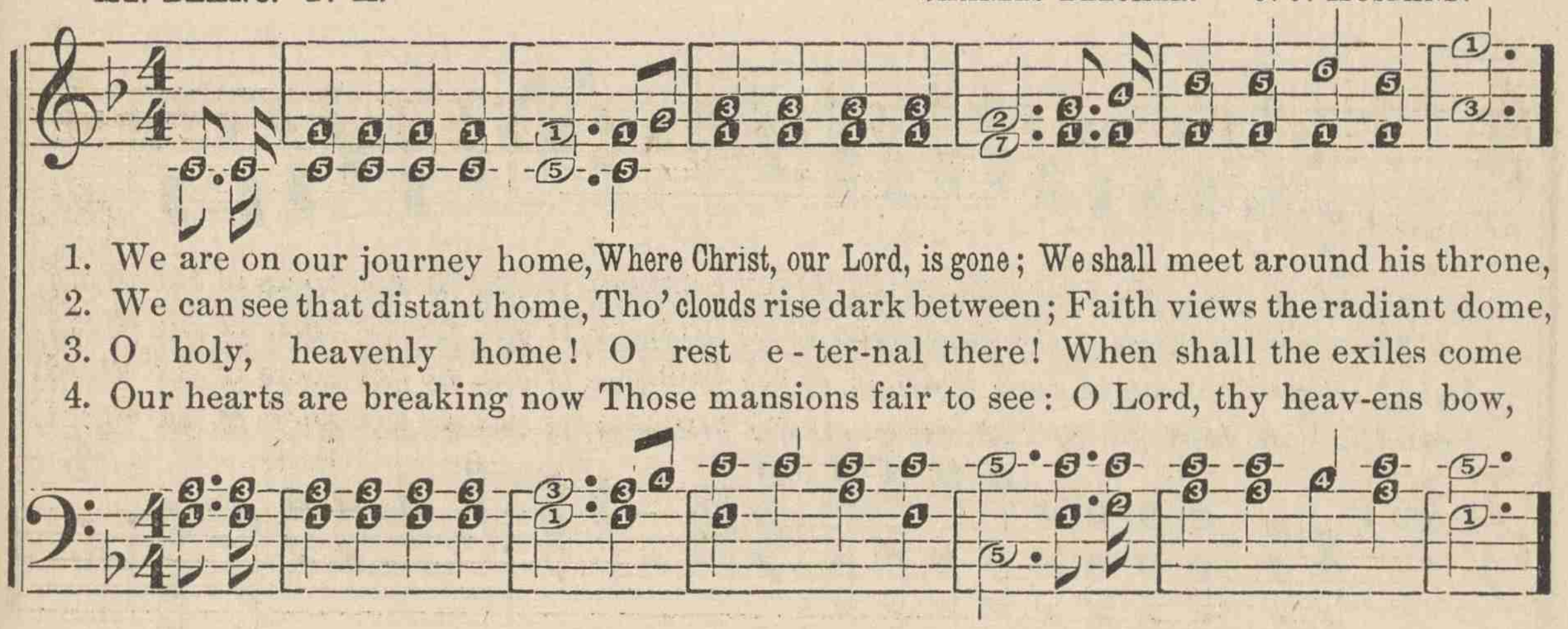
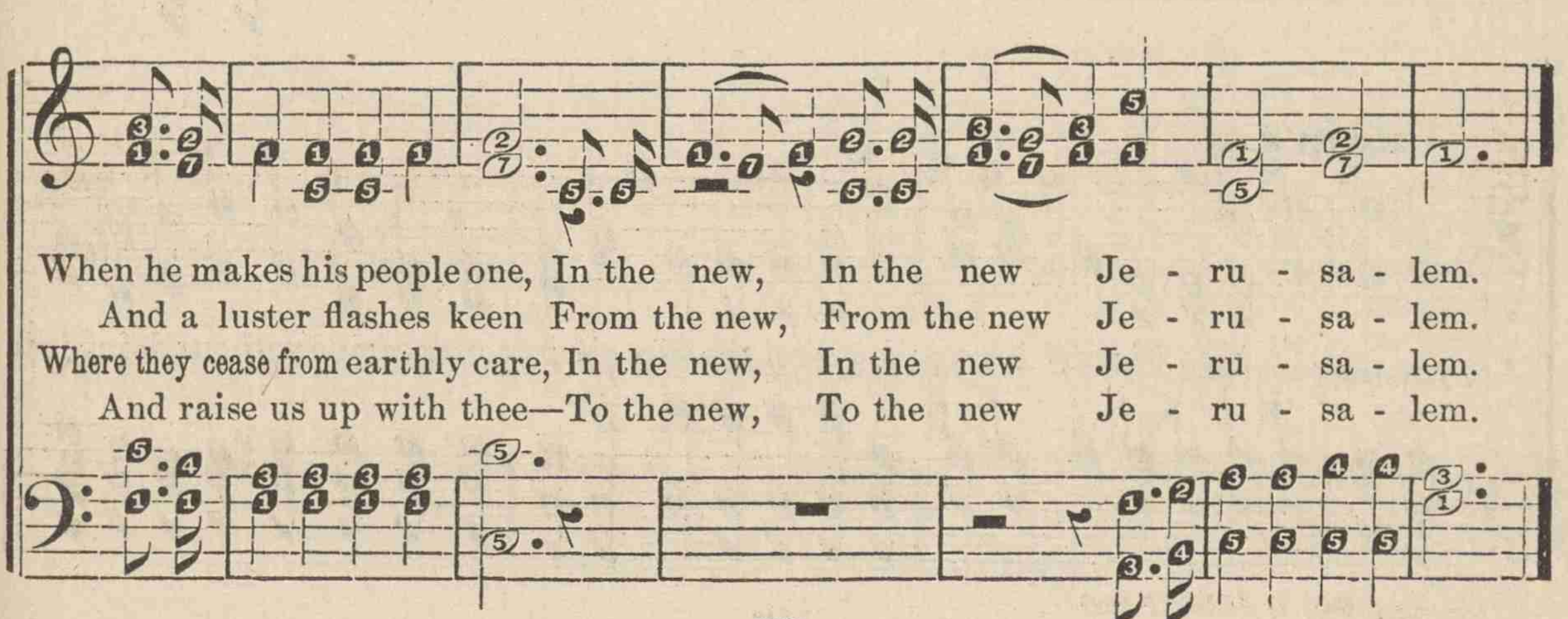
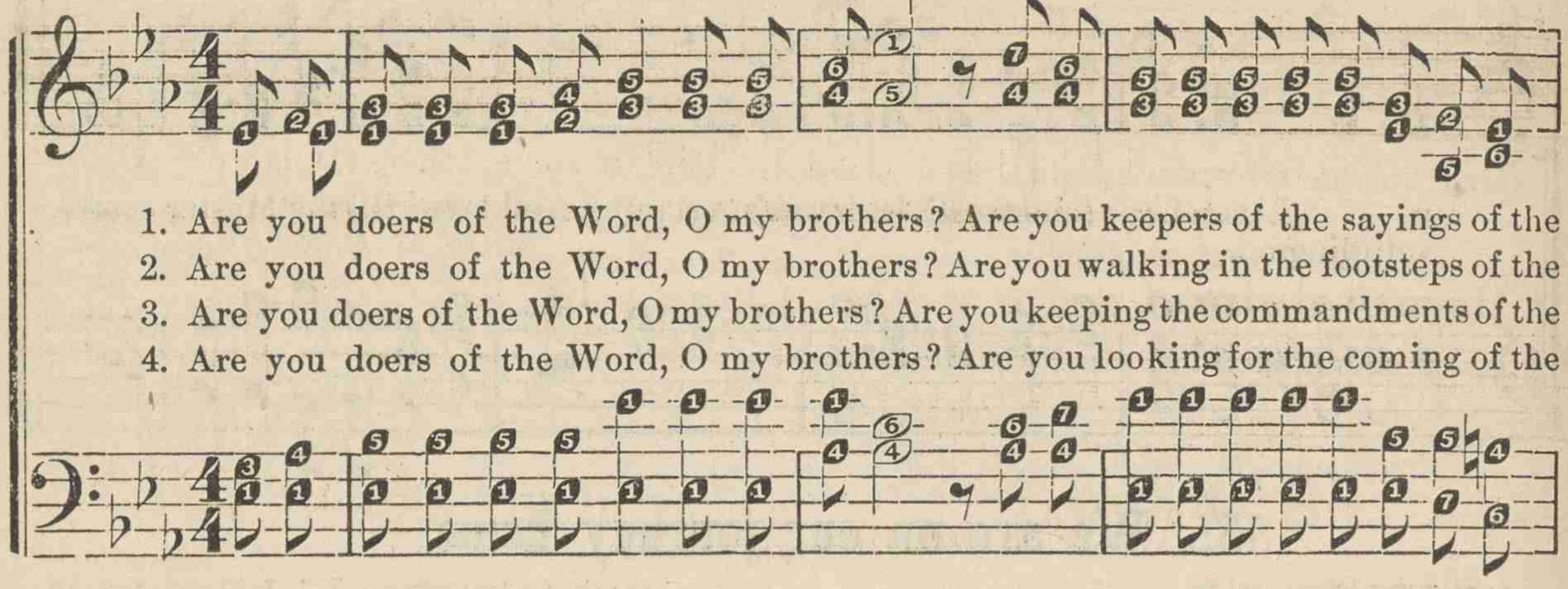
To the work! to the work! Concluded.

185 We are on our journey home.

MT. BLANC. P. M. CHARLES BEECHER. J. J. HUSBAND.

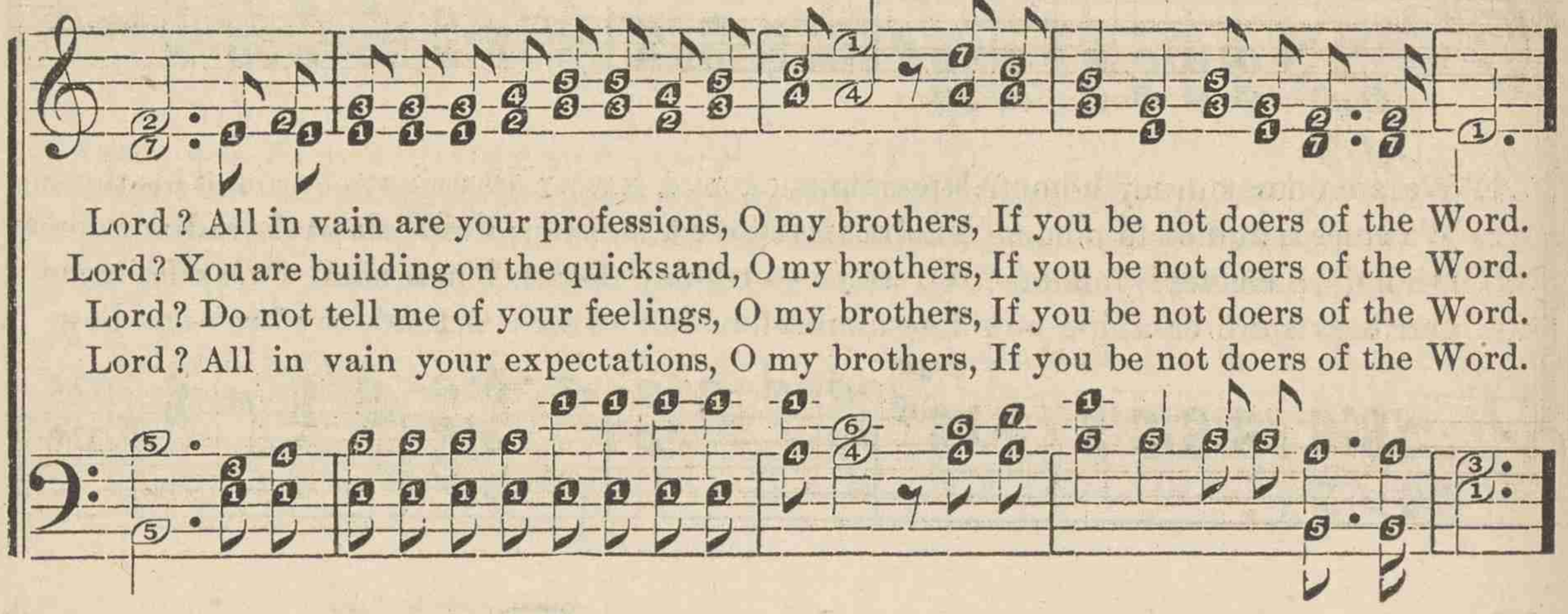


186 Are you doers of the Word?

H. R. TRICKETT. J. H. F.

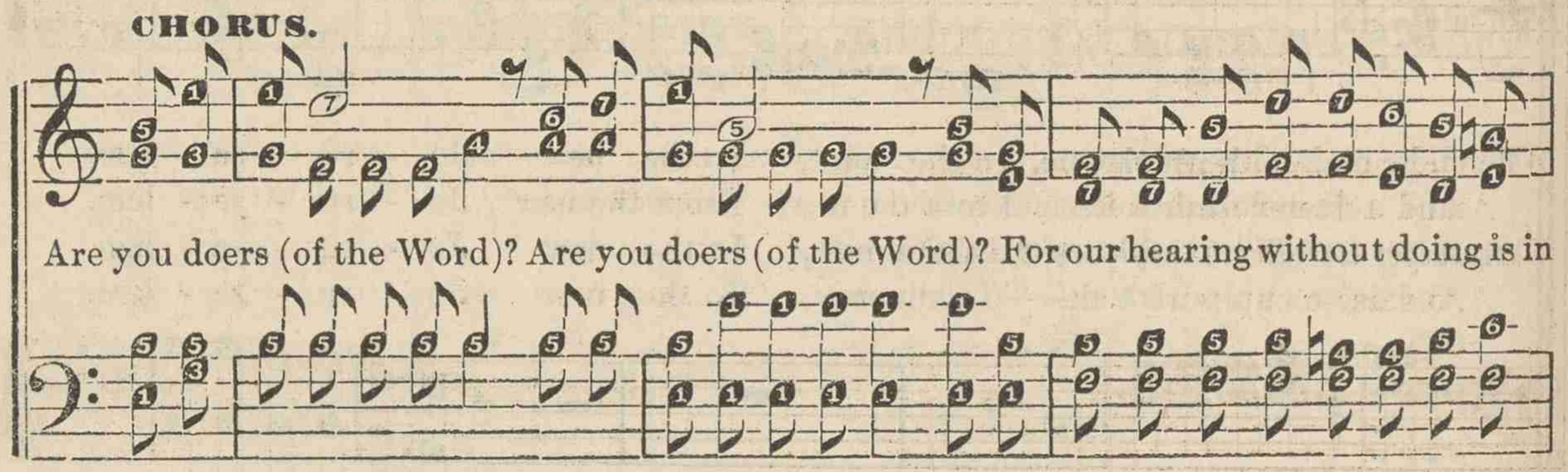


1. Are you doers of the Word, O my brothers? Are you keepers of the sayings of the
2. Are you doers of the Word, O my brothers? Are you walking in the footsteps of the
3. Are you doers of the Word, O my brothers? Are you keeping the commandments of the
4. Are you doers of the Word, O my brothers? Are you looking for the coming of the



Lord? All in vain are your professions, O my brothers, If you be not doers of the Word.
Lord? You are building on the quicksand, O my brothers, If you be not doers of the Word.
Lord? Do not tell me of your feelings, O my brothers, If you be not doers of the Word.
Lord? All in vain your expectations, O my brothers, If you be not doers of the Word.

CHORUS.



Are you doers (of the Word)? Are you doers (of the Word)? For our hearing without doing is in

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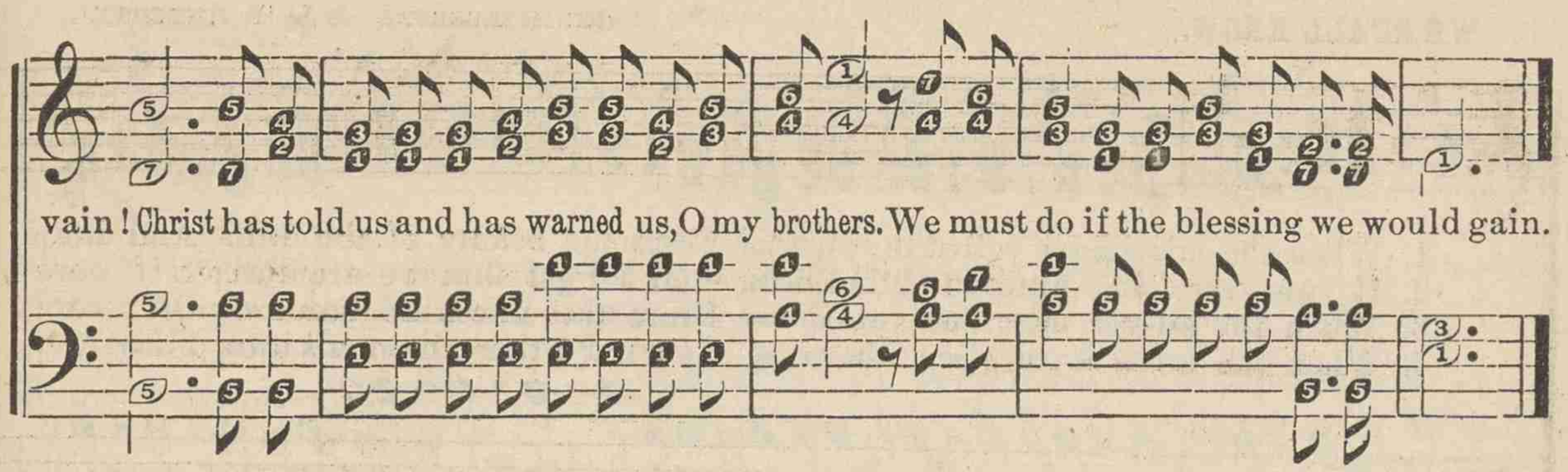
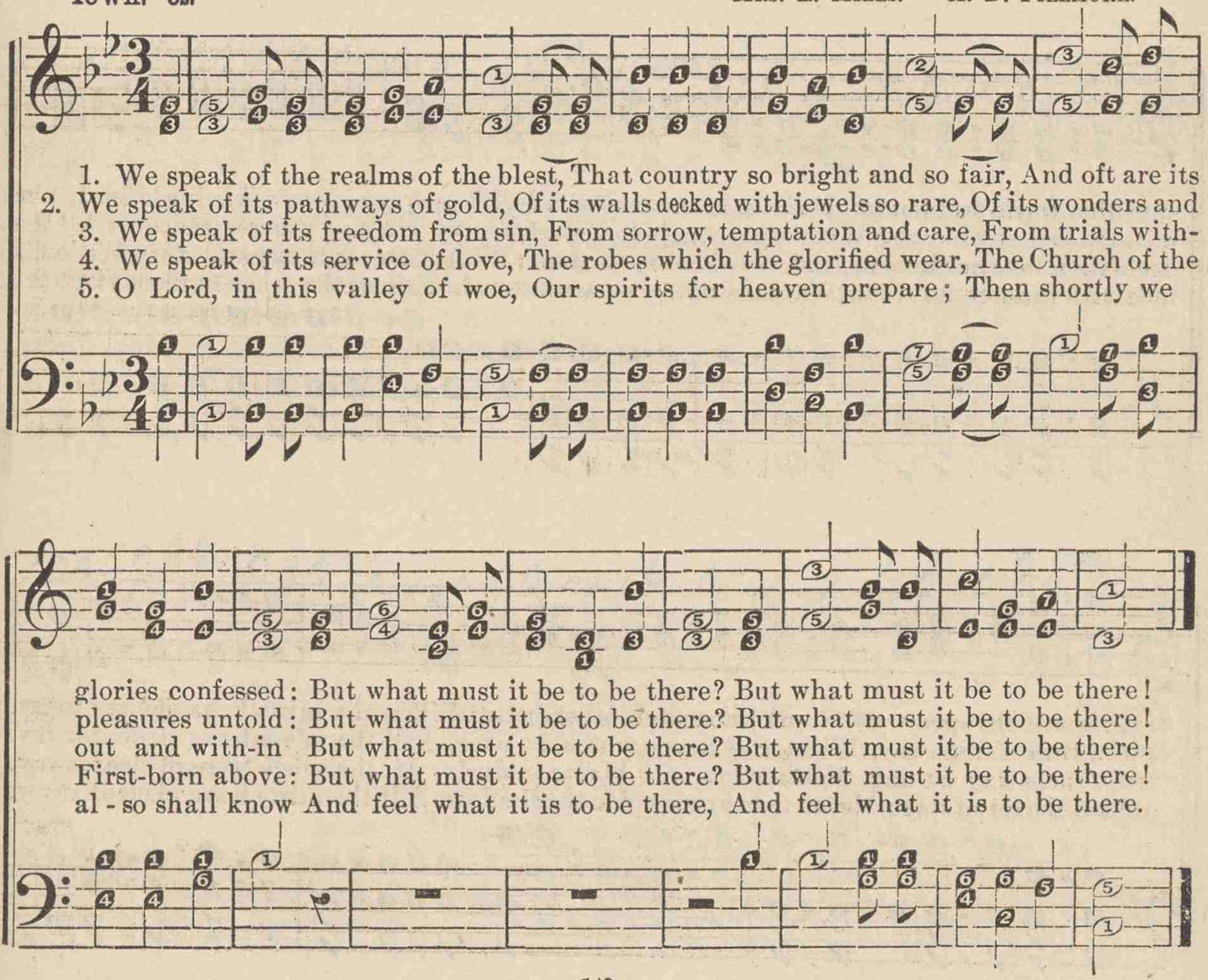
Are you doers of the Word? Concluded.



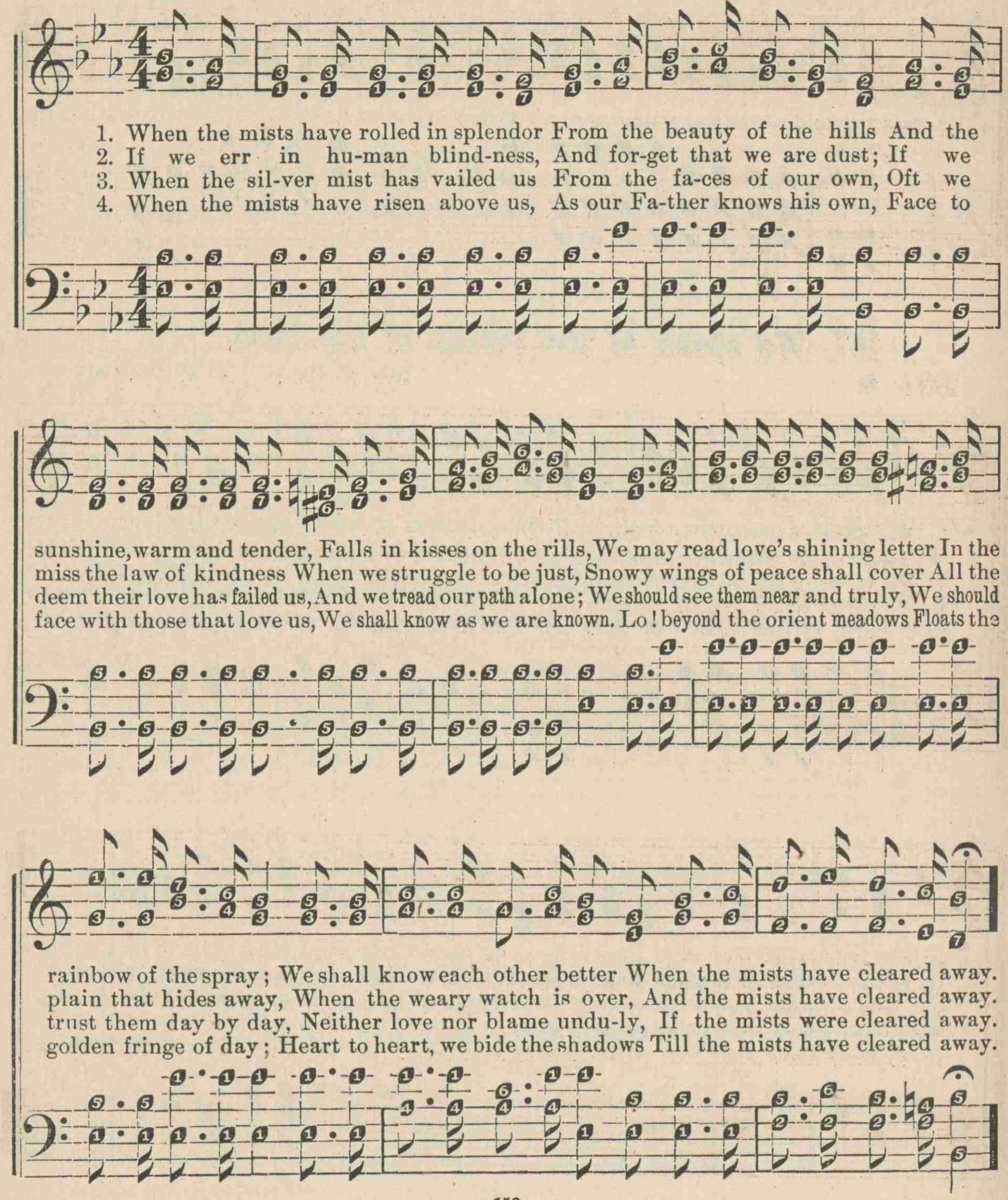
187 We speak of the realms of the blest.

IOWA. 8s. MRS. E. MILLS. A. D. FILLMORE.



188 When the mists have rolled in splendor.

WE SHALL KNOW. ANNIE HERBERT. J. H. ANDERSON.



1. When the mists have rolled in splendor From the beauty of the hills And the sunshine, warm and tender, Falls in kisses on the rills, We may read love's shining letter In the
2. If we err in hu-man blind-ness, And for-get that we are dust; If we miss the law of kindness When we struggle to be just, Snowy wings of peace shall cover All the
3. When the sil-ver mist has vailed us From the fa-ces of our own, Oft we deem their love has failed us, And we tread our path alone; We should see them near and truly, We should
4. When the mists have risen above us, As our Fa-ther knows his own, Face to face with those that love us, We shall know as we are known. Lo! beyond the orient meadows Floats the rainbow of the spray; We shall know each other better When the mists have cleared away.
plain that hides away, When the weary watch is over, And the mists have cleared away.
trust them day by day, Neither love nor blame undu-ly, If the mists were cleared away.
golden fringe of day; Heart to heart, we bide the shadows Till the mists have cleared away.

When the mists have rolled in splendor. Concluded.

REFRAIN.

We shall know as we are known, Nev-er - more to walk a - lone, In the
We shall know As we are known, Nevermore to walk alone,

dawn - ing of the morning, When the mists have cleared a-way; In the
In the dawning When the mists have cleared away;

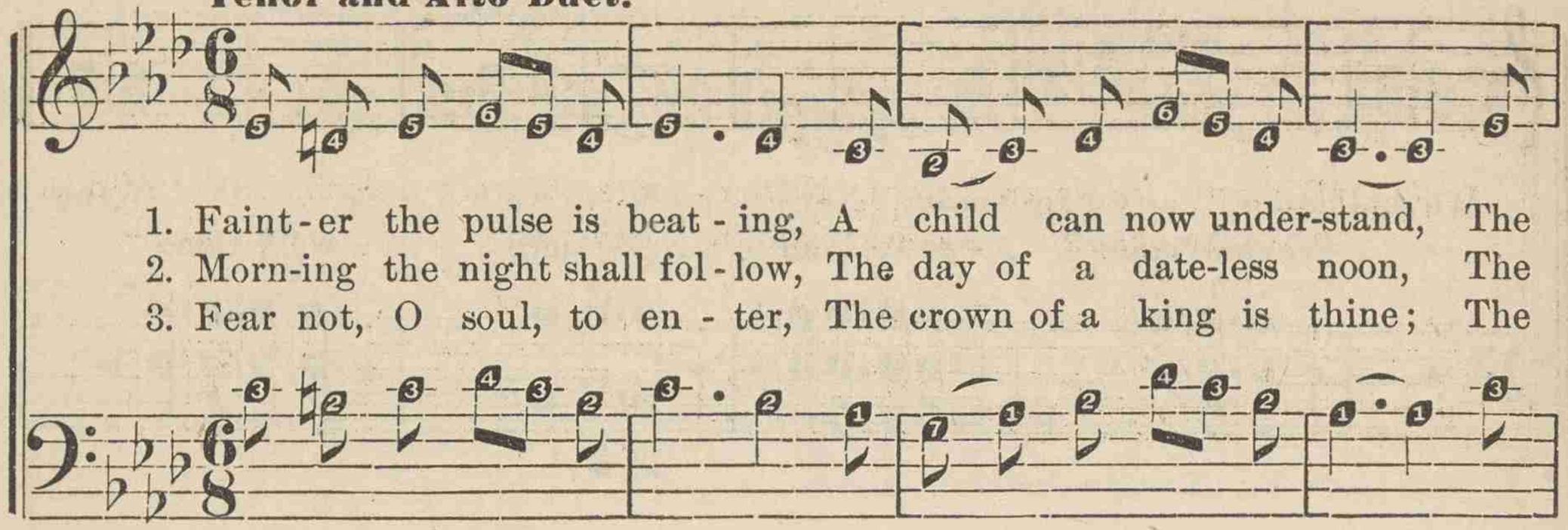
dawn ing of the morning, When the mists have cleared a - way.
In the dawning When the mists have cleared away.

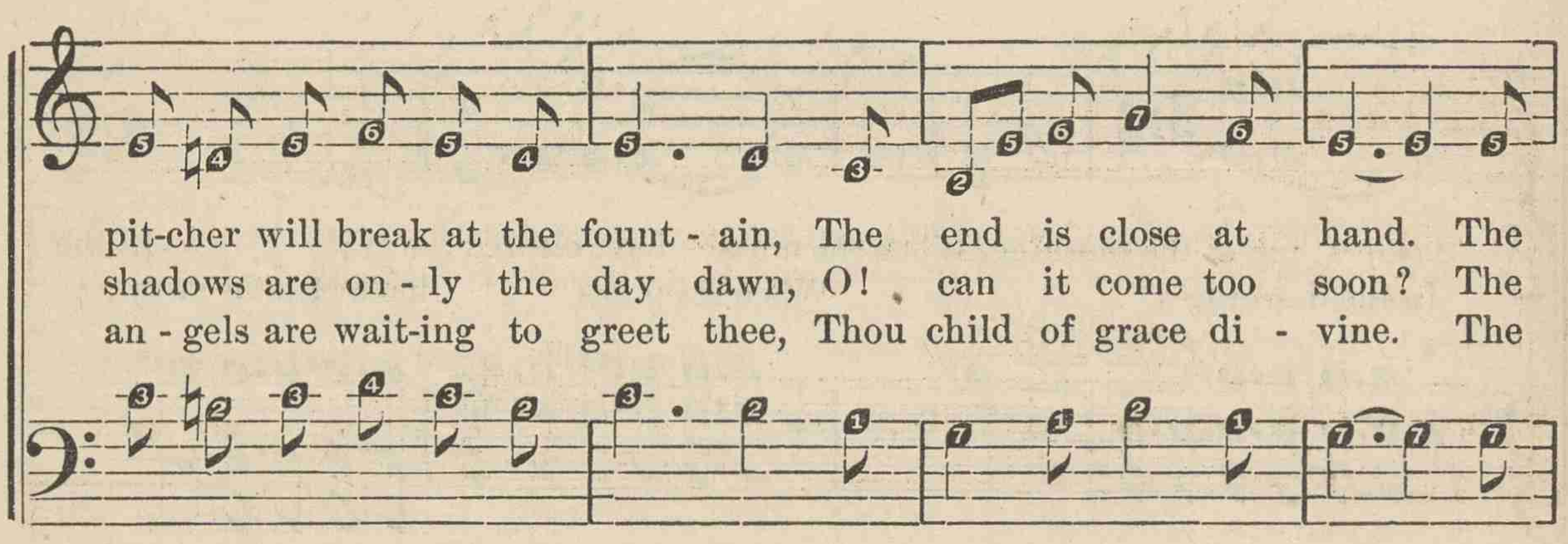
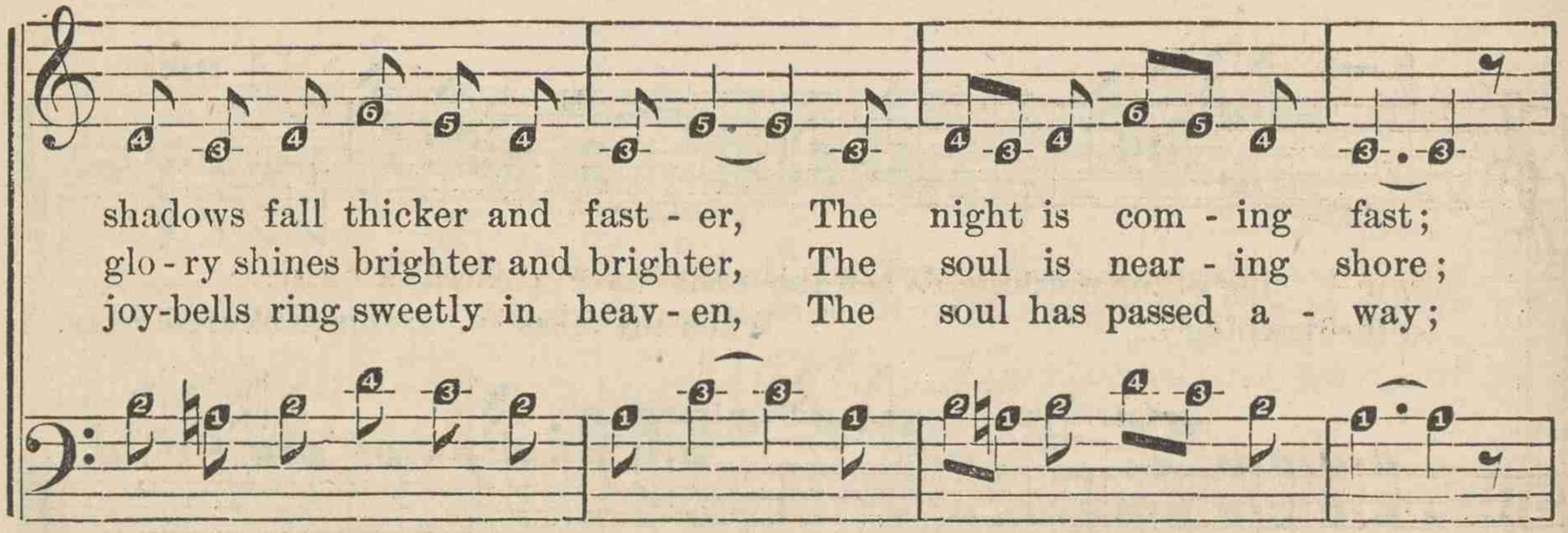
Rit.

189 Fainter the pulse is beating.

PASSING UNDER THE SHADOW. H. R. TRICKETT. J. H. F.

Tenor and Alto Duet.





This hymn was written at the bedside of a dying relative.

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Fainter the pulse is beating. Concluded.

Rit. - - - -

Pass - ing un - der the shad - ow, To be with God at last.
Pass - ing un - der the shad - ow, To live for ev - er - more.
Pass - ing un - der the shad - ow, From night to end - less day.

CHORUS.

Pass - ing un - der the shad - ow, Soon to be seen no more;

Rit. - - - -

Pass - ing un - der the shad - ow, To rest on the sun - lit shore.

190 Where life's crystal stream doth flow.

NO MORE GOOD-BYES. E. R. LATTA. J. H. F.

1. Where life's crystal stream doth flow, And the tree of life doth bloom, Where no chilling frost can fall, On flow'rs that sweetly bloom; Where the glory of the Lord Shines thro' all the cloudless skies,
2. There the good again shall meet, Who have clasped the parting hand; Fathers, mothers, children dear, Around the throne shall stand; There no tempest e'er shall blow, There no dismal cloud arise,
3. Where no signs of age are seen, And they never sorrow more, Where no sickness e'er can come, Where death has lost his power, Where they feel no weight of care, And no tears bedim the eyes;

D. S. *Midst the glory of the Lord, In that home beyond the skies,*

Fine. CHORUS.

There, as endless ages roll, Shall be no more good-byes. No more good-byes, . . .
Where the end-less a-ges roll, Shall be no more good-byes.
And in that e-ter-nal home Shall be no more good-byes.
All the good shall meet again, And speak no more good-byes. No more good-byes,

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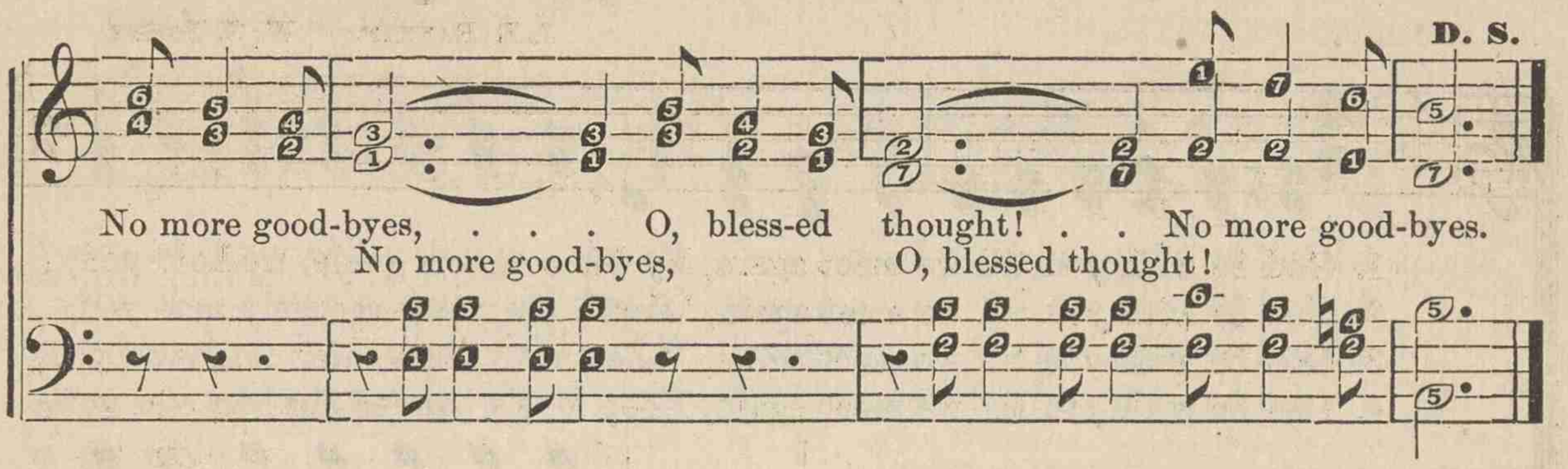
Where life's crystal stream doth flow. Concluded

191 Come unto me when shadows darkly gather.

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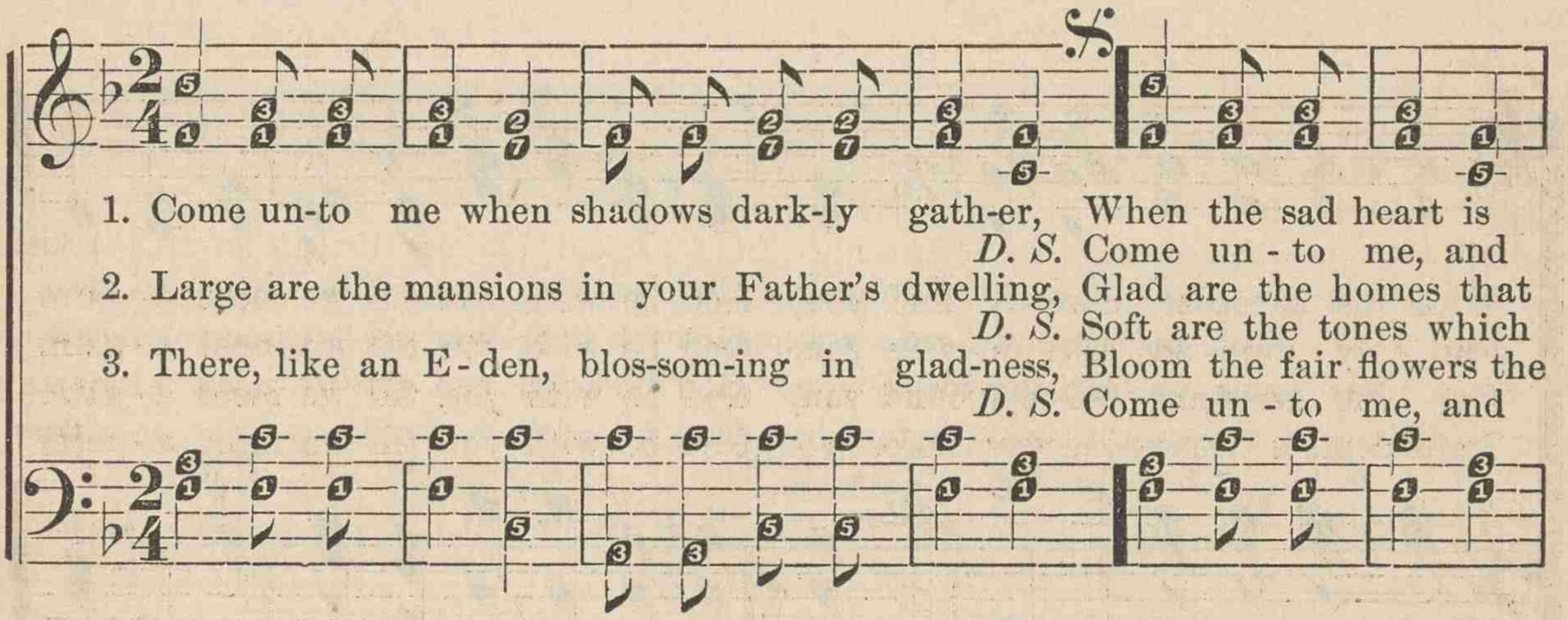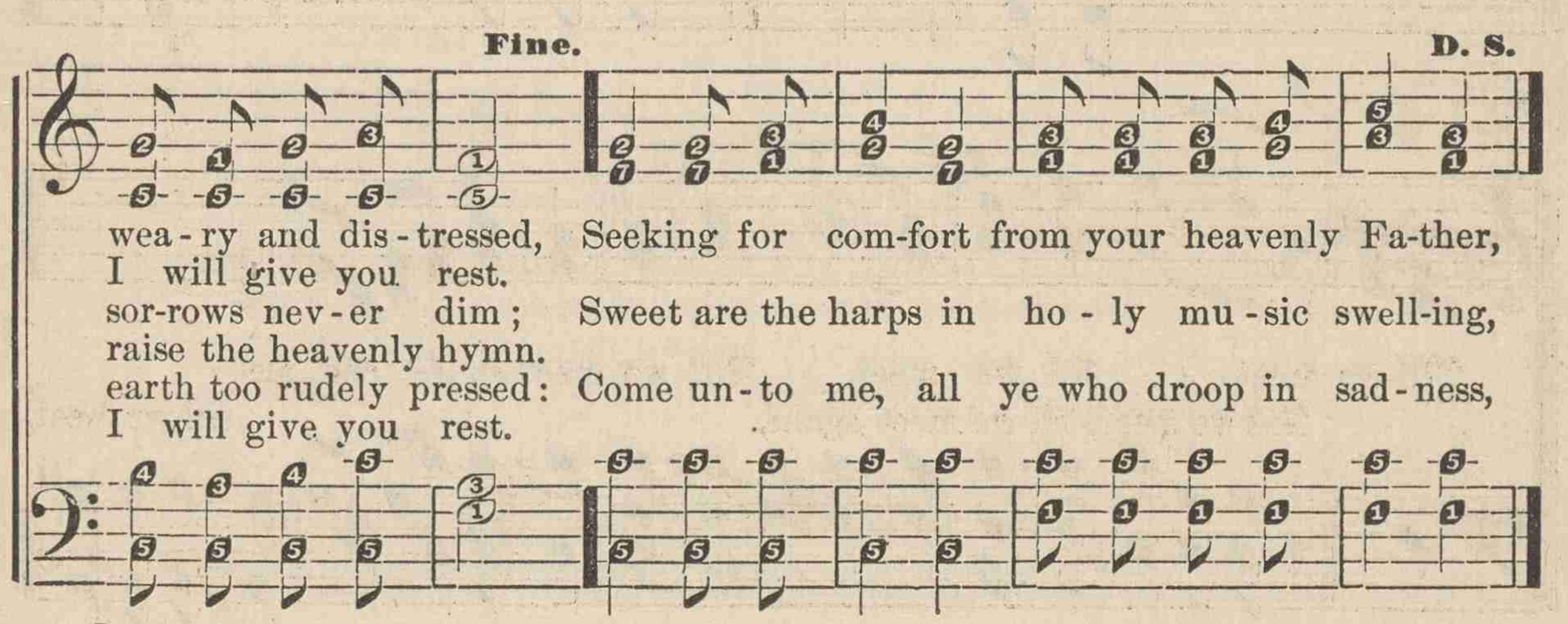

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192 God be with you till we meet again.

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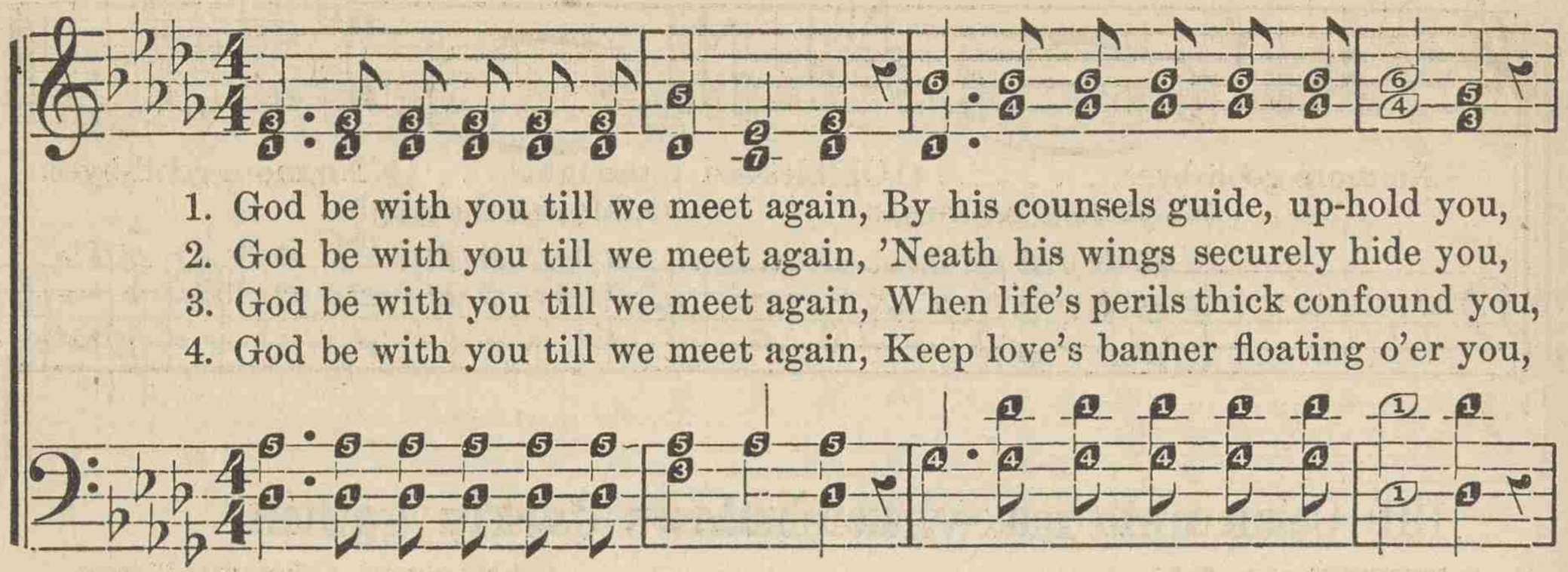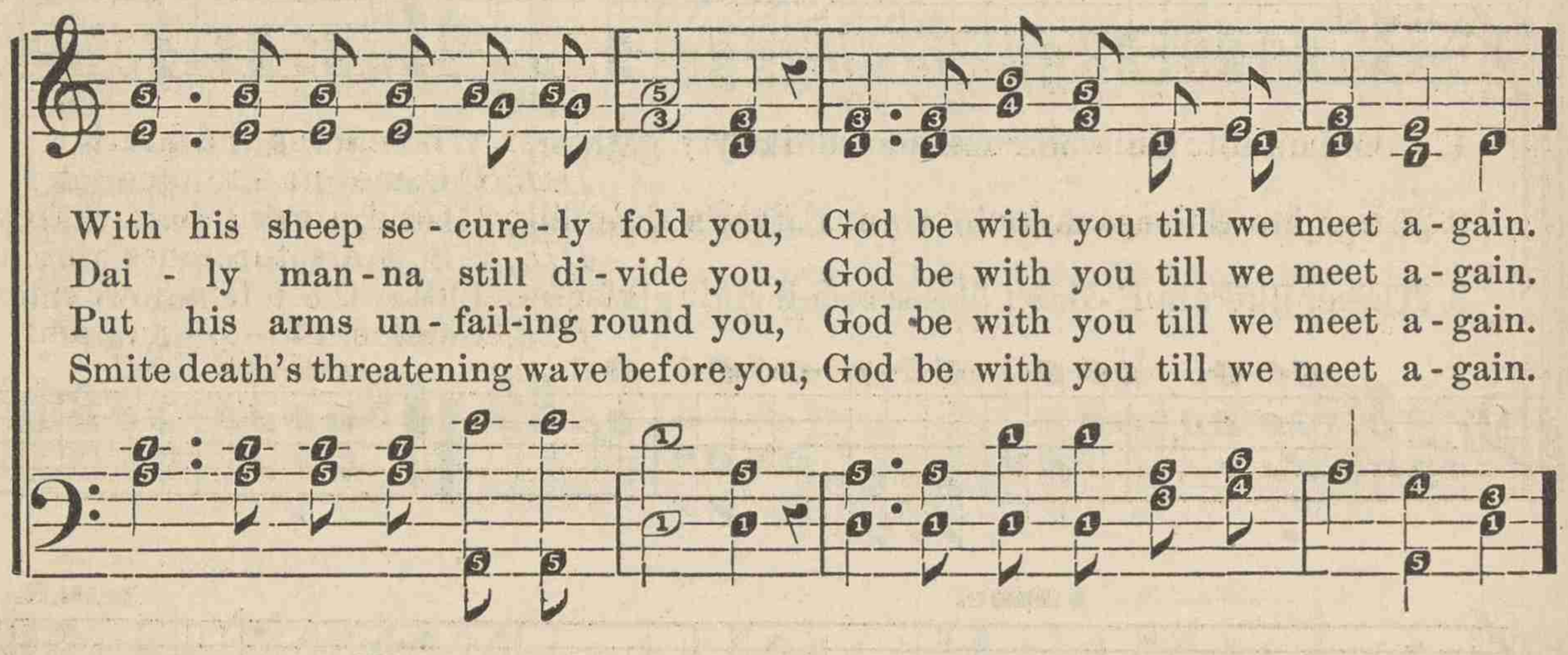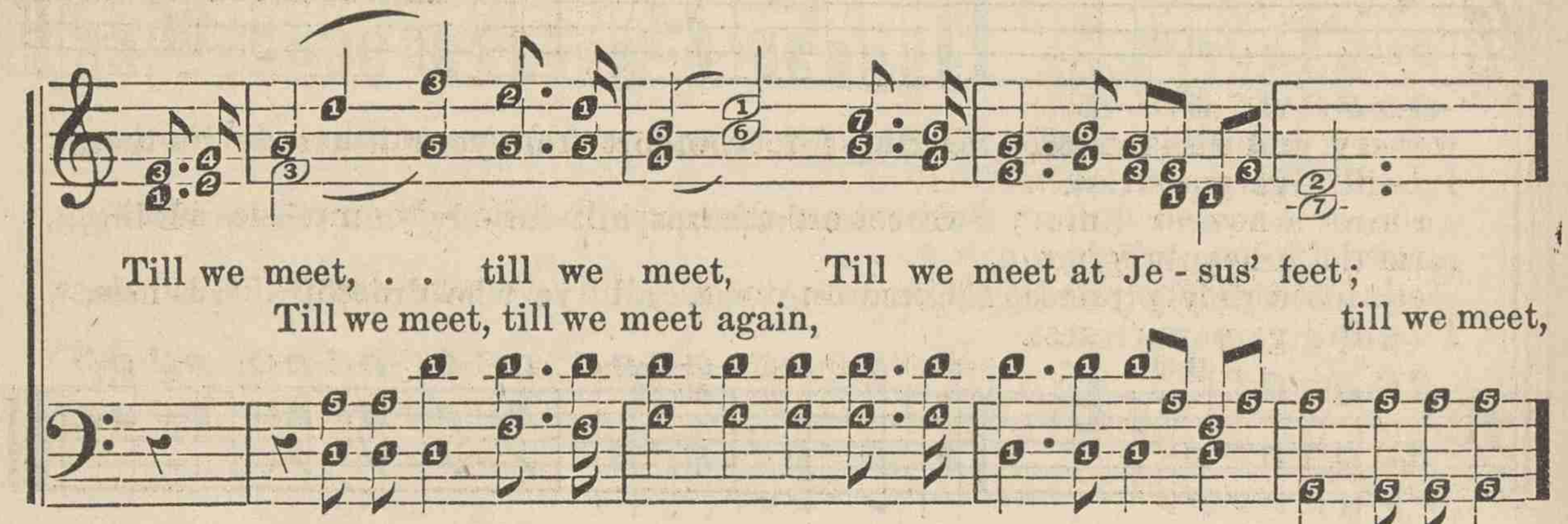
By per. J. E. RANKIN, Orange Valley, N. J.

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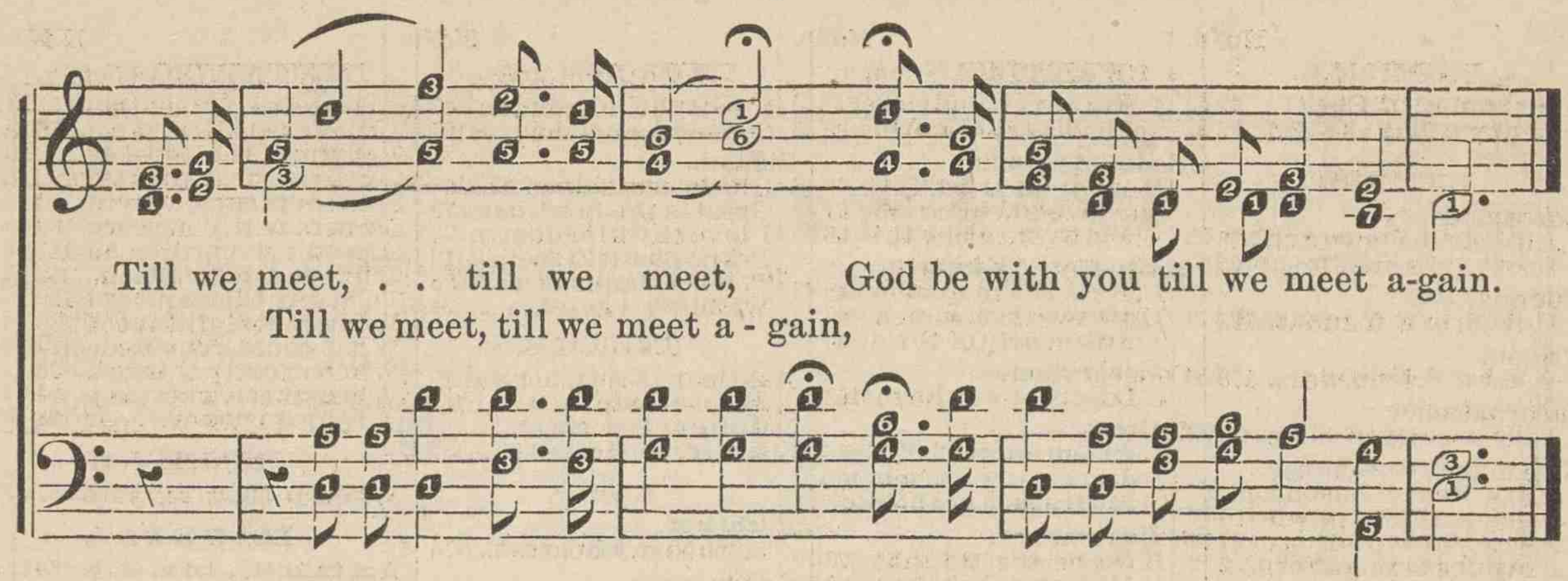
193 When shall we meet again?

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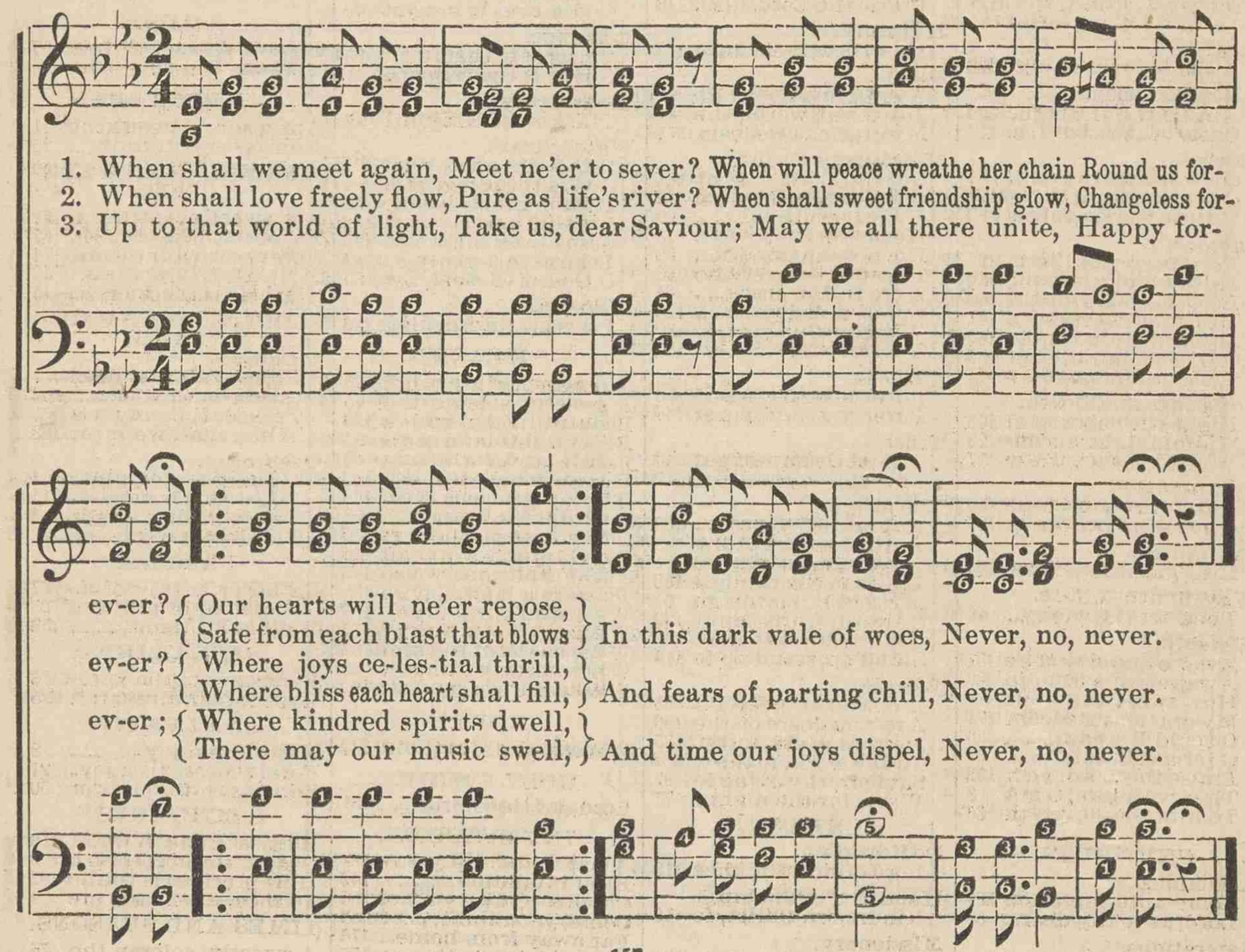

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