

Wm. Cunningham

# NEW LIFE

## WITHOUT NOTES.

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W. G. E. CUNNINGHAM, D.D.,

Sunday-school Editor.

AND

R. M. MCINTOSH,

Professor of Vocal Music in Emory College, Oxford, Ga.

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*"I will sing a new song unto thee, O God!"*

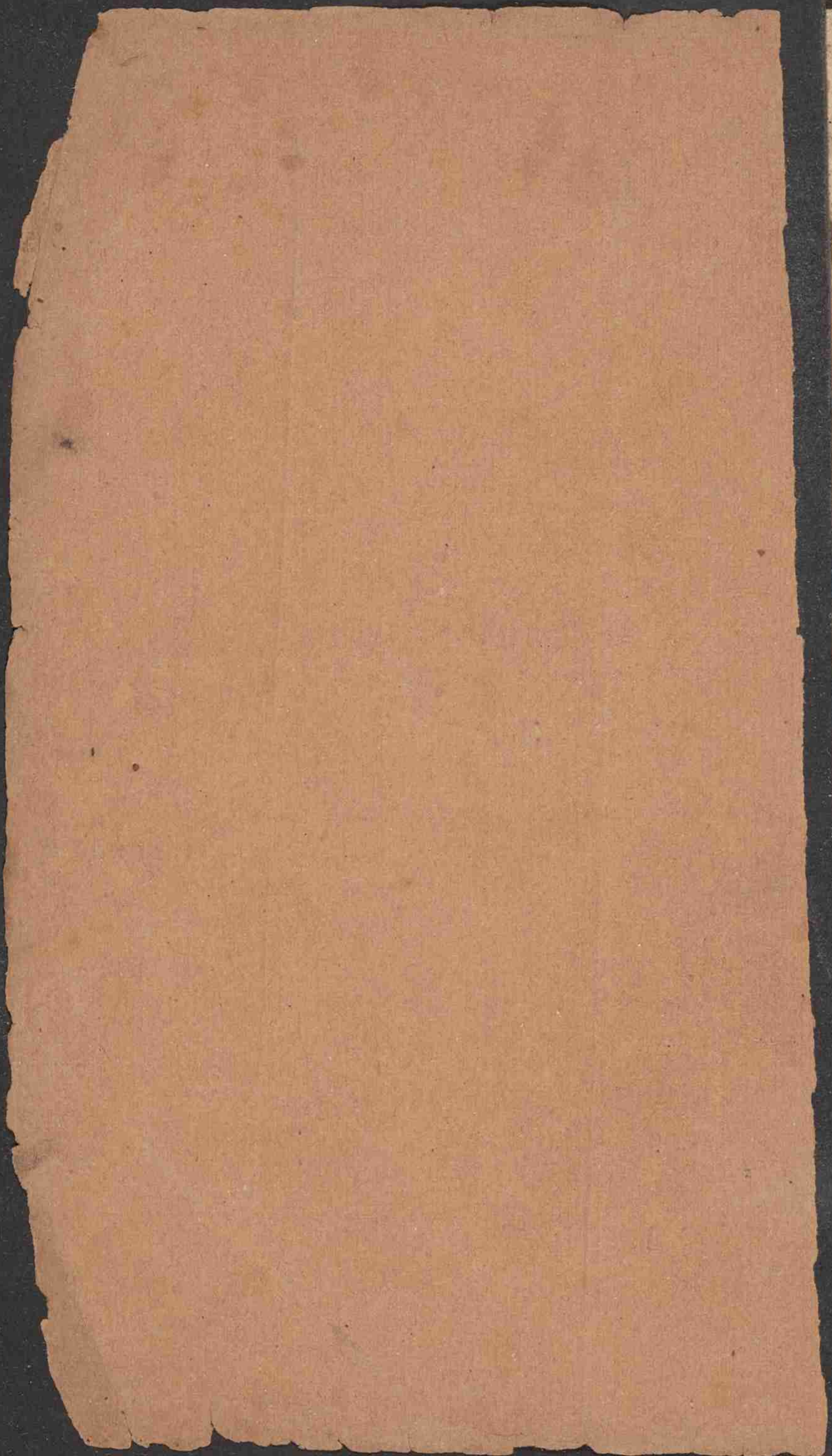
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NASHVILLE, TENN.

SOUTHERN METHODIST PUBLISHING HOUSE.

1886.







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Hymn  
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## PREFACE.

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IN addition to the two forms of notation in which "New Life" appears, we publish a "word edition," or "New Life Without Notes," in order to meet the wants of all our schools. "The Amaranth Without Notes" was very popular, and we therefore infer that such an edition of "New Life" is also desirable. It will not only be convenient for use in Sunday-schools, but also for prayer-meetings, revival and other social meetings of the Church.

Nashville, Tenn., April, 1879.

(3)



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51

## NOTE.

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THE numbers above the hymns correspond to those in "New Life." Thus No. 31, "Cross and Crown," is also 31 in "New Life" with Round Notes, "New Life" with Shaped Notes, as well as "New Life Without Notes."

(4)



# NEW LIFE

## WITHOUT NOTES.

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### 1

#### WORK FOR JESUS.

**H**EAR the voice of Jesus say,  
Loudly crying unto all,  
In my vineyard work to-day:  
Hearken to his call.

#### *Chorus.*

Work, then, for Jesus:  
He will own and bless your labors.  
Work, work for Jesus:  
Work, work to-day.

2 Why, he asks, through all the day,  
Stand ye idle, nothing do?  
Enter in without delay:  
I have work for you.

3 Work and serve me with delight;  
Full reward to you I'll give,  
At the gath'ring shades of night,  
Wages you'll receive.



4 Through the long and toilsome day,  
 'Neath a blazing, burning sun,  
 Bear the heat, pursue your way,  
 Till your task is done.

## 2

## LINGER NO LONGER.

COME, needy sinners, Jesus is waiting,  
 Waiting to give you peace within;  
 Hasten to the Saviour, trust in his mercy,  
 Taste all the joys of pardoned sin.

*Chorus.*

Linger no longer: come now to Jesus:  
 Low at his footstool humbly bow.  
 O linger no longer: come now to Jesus.  
 Jesus will save you—save just now.

2 Come, come to Jesus: angels are waiting,  
 Waiting to bear the news above;  
 Sinners are coming, wand'ers returning,  
 Seeking again a Father's love.

3 Come, come to Jesus: dear friends are  
 waiting,  
 Waiting to greet you in their throng;  
 Happy in Jesus, sharing their rapture,  
 Singing with them the new, new song.

4 Come, come to Jesus: all things are ready,  
 Ready for your return to-day;  
 Time fast is fleeting, judgment is hast'ning,  
 Come find salvation while you may.



## 3

## NO OTHER ONE BUT JESUS.

NO other one but Jesus,  
No other one, no other one.

No other one but Jesus:

No other one but him.

He is my Prophet, Priest, and King,

My Shepherd, and my Guide;

My ev'ry Help in time of need—

The Lamb that bled and died.

2 No other one but Jesus,

No other one, no other one.

No other one but Jesus:

No other one but him.

He came to earth from yonder throne,

With life and love for all;

He died, a ransom on the tree,

To save me from the fall.

3 No other one but Jesus,

No other one, no other one.

No other one but Jesus:

No other one but him.

He pleads my sins before my God;

He intercedes for me—

The holy, Godlike Son of heaven

Forever mine shall be.

4 No other one but Jesus,

No other one, no other one.

No other one but Jesus:

No other one but him.



The sting of death he takes away;  
 He leads the Christian home  
 To everlasting joy and peace,  
 Where sin can never come.

## 4

## SUMMER LAND.

**B**EYOND this land of parting, losing,  
 and leaving,  
 Far beyond the losses darkening this,  
 And far beyond the taking and the bereav-  
 ing,  
 Lies the summer land of bliss.

*Refrain.*

Land beyond, so fair and bright!  
 Land beyond, where is no night!  
 Summer land, God is its light,  
 O happy summer land of bliss!

2 Beyond this land of toiling, sowing, and  
 reaping,  
 Far beyond the shadows darkening this,  
 And far beyond the sighing, moaning, and  
 weeping,  
 Lies the summer land of bliss.

3 Beyond this land of sinning, fainting, and  
 falling,  
 Far beyond the doubtings darkening this,  
 And far beyond the griefs and dangers be-  
 falling,  
 Lies the summer land of bliss.



4 Beyond this land of waiting, seeking, and  
sighing,  
Far beyond the sorrows darkening this,  
And far beyond the pain, and sickness, and  
dying,  
Lies the summer land of bliss.

## 5

## WONDERFUL GRACE.

"TIS grace! 'tis grace! 'tis wonderful  
grace!

This great salvation brings:  
The soul delivered of its load,  
In sweetest rapture sings.

*Chorus.*

'Tis grace! 'tis grace! wonderful, wonder-  
ful grace!

'Tis grace! 'tis grace! flowing still freely  
for me.

2 'Tis grace! 'tis grace! 'tis wonderful  
grace!

Which saves the soul from sin;  
The power of rising evil slays,  
And reigns supreme within.

3 'Tis grace! 'tis grace! 'tis wonderful  
grace!

Its streams are full and free;  
Are flowing now for all the race;  
They even flow to me.



4 'Tis grace! 'tis grace! 'tis wonderful  
grace!

Which bears the soul above;  
The light which gleams from Jesus' face  
Is rapture, peace, and love.

## 6

## CLOSE TO THEE.

**T**HOU my everlasting portion,  
More than friend or life to me,  
All along my pilgrim journey,  
Saviour, let me walk with thee.

*Refrain.*

Close to thee, close to thee,  
Close to thee, close to thee,  
All along my pilgrim journey,  
Saviour, let me walk with thee.

2 Not for ease or worldly pleasure,  
Nor for fame my prayer shall be,  
Gladly will I toil and suffer,  
Only let me walk with thee.

*Refrain.*

Close to thee, close to thee,  
Close to thee, close to thee,  
Gladly will I toil and suffer,  
Only let me walk with thee.

3 Lead me through the vale of shadows,  
Lead me o'er life's fitful sea;  
Then the gate of life eternal  
May I enter, Lord, with thee.



*Refrain.*

Close to thee, close to thee,  
Close to thee, close to thee,  
Then the gate of life eternal  
May I enter, Lord, with thee.

## 7

## SHALL WE GLADLY MEET?

SHALL we gladly meet, shall we gladly  
meet,

On the bright and the happy shore?  
Shall we see and greet, shall we see and  
greet,

Loving friends that have gone before?

*Refrain.*

Yes, we all shall meet, yes, we all shall meet,  
If the Lord we love,  
Who is throned above.

There we all, there we all shall meet.

2 Shall we joyful stand, shall we joyful  
stand,

And the throne of the Lamb surround?  
With a harp in hand, with a harp in hand,  
And with light and with glory crowned?

3 Shall we rest in heaven, shall we rest in  
heaven,

When the toil and the task are done?  
Will a crown be given, will a crown be  
given,

When the race we have fully run?



## 8

## REVIVE THY WORK.

REVIVE thy work, O Lord!  
 Thy mighty arm make bare;  
 Speak with the voice that wakes the dead,  
 And make the people hear.

*Refrain.*

Revive thy work, O Lord!  
 Revive thy work, O Lord!  
 The glory shall be all thine own,  
 The blessing, Lord, be ours.

2 Revive thy work, O Lord!  
 Disturb this sleep of death:  
 Quicken the smold'ring embers now  
 By thy almighty breath.

3 Revive thy work, O Lord!  
 Exalt thy precious name;  
 And, by the Holy Ghost, our love  
 For thee and thine inflame.

4 Revive thy work, O Lord!  
 And give refreshing showers.  
 The glory shall be all thine own:  
 The blessing, Lord, be ours.

## 9

## COME TO THE FOUNTAIN.

O SINNER, with guilt and with sorrow  
 oppressed,  
 With fears and with doubts and with terrors  
 distressed,



Fly, fly to the Saviour, and wash in his blood,  
Be purged from thy stains in the soul-cleans-  
ing flood.

*Chorus.*

Come to the Fountain, come to the Fountain,  
Come to the Fountain, and wash away your  
sins.

2 A fountain for sin has been opened for  
thee:

It flows a deep current, abundant and free;  
O come to this fountain and wash in this  
flood:

'T was opened by Christ when he poured  
out his blood.

3 Exposed to the justice and anger of God,  
Escape for thy life from the stroke of his  
rod;

For refuge and safety, O hasten and flee,  
And come unto Jesus, who suffered for thee.

4 He's willing and waiting thy soul to re-  
ceive;

Go, fall at his feet, on the Saviour believe;  
A stream of salvation is flowing for thee.  
O wash in this fountain, now open and free.

10

SHOWERS OF BLESSINGS.

LORD, I hear of showers of blessings  
Thou art scatt'ring full and free,



Showers the thirsty land refreshing:  
 Let some droppings fall on me.

*Refrain.*

Even me, even me,  
 Let some droppings fall on me;  
 Even me, even me,  
 Let some droppings fall on me.

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

3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour:  
 Let me live and cling to thee;  
 Fain I'm longing for thy favor:  
 Whilst thou 'rt calling, call for me.

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

11

I HAVE A SWEET HOPE.

I HAVE a sweet hope that in heaven  
 Above  
 The Saviour is waiting for me;  
 That, ransomed and saved by his mercy and  
 love,  
 My Friend and my Portion he'll be.



*Chorus.*

Jesus, dear Jesus will welcome me,  
Welcome me, welcome me,  
Jesus, dear Jesus will welcome me  
Home to the beautiful land.

2 In midst of the troubles and sorrows I  
bear,

By faith I repose on his breast:  
I know he will make my afflictions his care,  
And bring me at last to his rest.

3 He's gone to prepare for his people a  
place—

A mansion of glory on high;  
And when I shall finish my journey and  
race,

He'll give me a home in the sky.

4 I know when this body of flesh shall de-  
cay,

My Strength and my Portion he'll be:  
In death he will be my sweet Comfort and  
Stay:

The Saviour is waiting for me.

## 12

## THE MUSTARD-SEED.

L IKEN the kingdom to the springing,  
Springing of smallest seeds we know;  
Soon in the branches birds are singing,  
So shall the heavenly kingdom grow



*Chorus.*

Wide o'er the mead fling thou the seed!  
 Sunshine of heaven shall be given.  
 Seed of the kingdom freely sow.

2 Say not too humble seems thy planting.  
 Trust in the story Jesus told.

Dews of his grace our Lord is granting:  
 Soon it shall yield an hundred-fold.

3 O the rejoicing when, at even,  
 Thy labor ended, safe at home,  
 High in the branches, up in heaven,  
 Singing, "O Lord, thy kingdom come!"

## 13

## THE STRANGER AT THE DOOR.

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

*Chorus.*

O let the dear Saviour come in,  
 He'll cleanse the heart from sin;  
 O keep him no more out at the door,  
 But let the dear Saviour come in.

2 O lovely attitude! He stands  
 With melting heart and loaded hands;  
 O matchless kindness! and he shows  
 This matchless kindness to his foes.



3 But will he prove a Friend indeed?  
 He will—the very Friend you need;  
 The Friend of sinners? Yes, 't is he,  
 With garments dyed on Calvary.

4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine:  
 Turn out his enemy and thine—  
 That soul-destroying monster, Sin—  
 And let the heavenly Stranger in.

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

## 14

## FREE WATERS.

THERE'S a fountain free, 't is for you  
 and me:

Let us haste, O haste to its brink;  
 'T is the fount of love from the Source above,  
 And he bids us all freely drink.

*Chorus.*

Will you come to the fountain free?  
 Will you come? 't is for you and me;  
 Thirsty soul, hear the welcome call:  
 'T is a fountain opened for all.

2 There's a living stream, with a crystal  
 gleam:  
 From the throne of life now it flows;



While the waters roll let the weary soul  
Hear the call that forth freely goes.

3 There's a living well and its waters swell,  
And eternal life they can give;  
And we joyful sing, ever spring, O spring,  
As we haste to drink and to live.

4 There's a rock that's cleft and no soul is  
left  
That may not its pure waters share;  
That's for you and me, and its stream I see:  
Let us hasten joyfully there.

## 15

## BY AND BY.

IT may be far, it may be near,  
There is a hope, there is a fear,  
But in the future waiting I  
Shall Jesus see, yes, by and by.

*Chorus.*

By and by, yes, by and by,  
By and by, yes, by and by,  
But in a future waiting I  
Shall Jesus see, yes, by and by.

2 Impatient soul, and murm'ring heart,  
Your murm'ring cease, and bear your  
part  
Of pain and labor on life's road,  
For soon 't will lead thee to thy God.



3 Yes, "by and by" will soon be now,  
And God shall wipe each tear-stained  
brow;  
The Lamb shall feed them from the throne,  
'To living fountains lead his own.

4 O verdant fields! O shining shore!  
The Lamb of God spreads wide the door:  
Ah, golden city, surely I  
Shall see thy glories "by and by."

## 16

## TO THAT CITY WILL YOU GO?

WHERE the jasper walls are beaming,  
Where the pearly portals are glowing,  
Where the golden street is gleaming,  
Where the crystal waters are flowing—

*Chorus.*

Down beside that wondrous river,  
Where the trees of healing grow,  
We shall meet and live forever.  
To that city will you go?

2 Open are the shining portals;  
Shut by day or night are they never:  
With the glorified immortals,  
Will you dwell with them forever?

3 In that many-mansioned dwelling,  
Jesus one for you is preparing;



Where hosannas glad are swelling,  
Will you come, their joy sweetly sharing?

4 Joyfully into the keeping  
Of our loving Lord are we going:  
No more sorrow, pain, nor weeping—  
No more waves of woe o'er us flowing.

5 There shall be no days declining,  
Though no sun nor moon light the heaven:  
From amidst the throne is shining  
Glory, from the Lord freely given.

## 17

## McANALLY.

A M I a soldier of the cross,  
A foll'wer of the Lamb?  
And shall I fear to own his cause,  
Or blush to speak his name?  
Must I be carried to the skies  
On flowery beds of ease,  
While others fought to win the prize,  
And sailed through bloody seas?

2 Are there no foes for me to face?  
Must I not stem the flood?  
Is this vile world a friend to grace,  
To help me on to God?  
Sure I must fight if I would reign;  
Increase my courage, Lord;  
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
Supported by thy word.



3 Thy saints in all this glorious war  
 Shall conquer, though they die;  
 They see the triumph from afar:  
 By faith they bring it nigh.  
 When that illustrious day shall rise,  
 And all thy armies shine,  
 In robes of vict'ry through the skies,  
 The glory shall be thine.

## 18

## COME UNTO ME.

**H**ARK! the gentle voice of Jesus calleth  
 Tenderly upon your ear;  
 Sweet his cry of love and pity calleth:  
 Turn and listen, stay and hear.

*Chorus.*

Ye that labor and are heavy laden,  
 Lean upon your dear Lord's breast,  
 Ye that labor and are heavy laden,  
 Come, and I will give you rest.

2 Take his yoke; for he is meek and lowly  
 Bear his burden: of him learn.  
 He who calleth is the Master, holy:  
 He will teach, if you will learn.

3 Then, his loving, tender voice obeying,  
 Bear his yoke: his burden take.  
 Find the yoke, his hand is on you laying,  
 Light and easy for his sake.



## 19

## BE NOT AFRAID.

FEAR not the gloom of the midnight,  
Dread not the storm of the sea.

'Tis I who am coming to save thee.

'Tis I! art thou trusting in me?

*Chorus.*

Trusting in thee, yes, trusting in thee,  
I'll doubt thee no more, my Redeemer.  
Yes, trusting in thee, yes, trusting in thee,  
I'll ever be trusting in thee.

2 Fear not the heat of the furnace:

The Master is speaking to thee;

'Tis I who am cooling the footsteps.

'Tis I! art thou trusting in me?

3 Heed not the wrath of the tempter:

My presence thy shelter shall be;

'Tis I who am keeping thy spirit.

'Tis I! art thou trusting in me?

4 Fear not the chill of the valley,

For death but a shadow shall be;

My rod and my staff shall support thee.

'Tis I! keep on trusting in me.

## 20

## BEYOND THE SUNSET.

BEYOND the sunset's radiant glow  
There is a brighter world, I know.



Where golden glories ever shine,  
Beyond the thought of day's decline.

*Chorus.*

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

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

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

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

21

THE HOME OF THE BLEST.

O WHEN shall I dwell in a mansion all  
bright,  
And Jesus, my Saviour, behold?  
Or walk by his side, like an angel of light,  
In a city all garnished with gold?



*Chorus.*

Home of the blest! Home of the blest!  
 When wilt thou ever be mine?  
 Home of the blest! Home of the blest!  
 Soon shalt thou ever be mine.

2 No pearl from the ocean or gold from the  
 mine

Can pardon or purity buy:  
 I'll trust in the blood of a Saviour divine,  
 And cling to the cross till I die.

3 But while I'm a stranger, away from my  
 home,

I'll toil in the vineyard and pray:  
 I'll carry the cross, while I think of the  
 crown,  
 And watch for the break of the day.

## 22

## THE SHINING PORTALS.

WHEN we pass the shining portals  
 Where life's beauteous river flows,  
 We shall fear the blast no longer,  
 That on earth so madly blows.

*Chorus.*

No more sickness, no more sorrow,  
 No more parting e'er shall be,  
 When we pass the shining portals  
 That shall open o'er the sea.



2 When we pass the shining portals  
Shutting yonder city in,  
We shall never know temptation,  
We shall never yield to sin.

3 When we pass the shining portals  
Where the fields in beauty lie,  
We shall join the blessed dwellers,  
And shall never, never die.

4 When we pass the shining portals  
(And the passing soon may come),  
We shall join the angel chorus,  
In our everlasting home.

## 23

## VANDERBILT.

COME, thou almighty King,  
Help us thy name to sing,  
Help us to praise!  
Father all-glorious,  
O'er all victorious,  
Come and reign over us,  
Ancient of Days!  
Ancient of Days!

2 Come, thou incarnate Word,  
Gird on thy mighty sword:  
Our prayer attend:  
Come and thy people bless,  
And give thy word success:  
Spirit of holiness,  
On us descend,  
On us descend.



3 Come, holy Comforter,  
Thy sacred witness bear  
In this glad hour;  
Thou, who almighty art,  
Now rule in ev'ry heart,  
And ne'er from us depart,  
Spirit of power,  
Spirit of power.

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

## 24

## FOLLOW THOU ME.

**I**F I, like Galilee fishers,  
Were mending my nets by the main,  
And Jesus, coming, should call me,  
He never should call in vain.

*Chorus.*

Then follow the summons of Jesus,  
Wherever, however it falls;  
For high up the pathway he sees us,  
And "Follow thou me!" he calls



2 If I were dwelling in pleasure,  
Or sitting in places of gain,  
And Jesus, passing, should call me,  
He never should call in vain.

3 If I were sinking in sadness,  
Or dreading the cross and the pain,  
And Jesus tenderly called me,  
He never should call in vain.

## 25

## I WILL GO TO JESUS.

LADEN with a heavy burden,  
To my Saviour I will go,  
Casting all my care upon him,  
He will bear my load, I know.

*Refrain.*

I will go with all my guilt to Jesus,  
Wretched, poor, and helpless though I be,  
I will go and wash my spirit in the fountain:  
His blood shall set me free.

2 Jesus is the burden-bearer;  
All my sins on him were laid;  
Dying on the cross accursed,  
He a full atonement made.

3 At the feet of Jesus falling,  
Rent with anguish, pain, and grief,  
Of my crimes with tears repenting,  
He will give me sweet relief.



4 By his grace and mercy pardoned,  
 All my sins and guilt forgiven,  
 I will thank, and bless, and praise him,  
 For the joyful hope of heaven.

## 26

## THERE IS A FOUNTAIN.

**T**HERE is a fountain filled with blood,  
 filled with blood, filled with blood,  
 There is a fountain filled with blood, drawn  
 from Immanuel's veins;  
 And sinners plunged beneath that flood, be-  
 neath that flood, beneath that flood,  
 And sinners plunged beneath that flood, lose  
 all their guilty stains.

*Refrain.*

O Jesus receive me:  
 No more will I grieve thee:  
 Thou, precious Redeemer,  
 O save me at the cross!

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

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



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

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

## 27

## HOMEWARD BOUND.

OUT on an ocean all boundless we ride:  
 We're homeward bound, homeward  
 bound.

Tossed on the waves of a restless tide,  
 We're homeward bound, homeward bound.  
 Far from the safe, quiet harbor we rode,  
 Seeking our Father's celestial abode—  
 Promise of which on us each he bestowed:  
 We're homeward bound, homeward bound

2 Wildly the storm sweeps on as it roars,  
 We're homeward bound, homeward bound  
 Look! yonder lie the bright, heavenly  
 shores:

We're homeward bound, homeward bound  
 Steady, O pilot! stand firm at the wheel!  
 Steady! we soon shall outweather the gale.  
 O how we fly 'neath the loud-creaking sail,  
 We're homeward bound, homeward bound



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

## 28

## JESUS OF NAZARETH.

WHAT means this eager, anxious throng,  
 Which moves with busy haste along—  
 These wondrous gatherings day by day?  
 What means this strange commotion, say?  
 In accents hushed, the throng reply:  
 "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

2 Who is this Jesus? Why should he  
 The city move so mightily?  
 A passing stranger, has he skill  
 To move the multitude at will?  
 Again the stirring notes reply:  
 "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

3 Ho! all ye heavy-laden, come!  
 Here's pardon, comfort, rest, and home.  
 Ye wanderers from a Father's face,  
 Return, accept his proffered grace.  
 Ye tempted, there's a refuge nigh:  
 "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."



4 But if you still this call refuse,  
And all his wondrous love abuse,  
Soon will he sadly from you turn,  
Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn—  
“Too late! too late!” will be the cry:  
“Jesus of Nazareth HAS PASSED BY.”

## 29

## BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.

SOWING in the morning—sowing seeds  
of kindness:

Sowing in the noontide and the dewy eve:  
Waiting for the harvest and the time of  
reaping,  
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the  
sheaves.

*Refrain.*

Bringing in the golden sheaves,  
Bringing in the golden sheaves.  
Waiting for the harvest and the time of  
reaping,  
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the  
sheaves.

2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the  
shadows;  
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chill-  
ing breeze:  
By and by the harvest and the labors ended,  
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the  
sheaves.



3 Go, then, even weeping, sowing for the  
 Master,  
 Though the loss sustained our spirit often  
 grieves:  
 When our weeping's over, He will bid us  
 welcome:  
 We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the  
 sheaves.

## 30

## SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

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

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



## 31

## CROSS AND CROWN.

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

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

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

## 32

## DO SOMETHING FOR JESUS TO-DAY.

**D**O something for Jesus to-day:  
 Remember what he did for you!  
 Let ev'ry believer now say,  
 Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?

*Refrain.*

Do something for Jesus to-day,  
 Do something for Jesus to-day.  
 Do something to-day, do something to-day,  
 Do something for Jesus to-day.



- 2 Do something for Jesus to-day:  
Bring some one to bow at his feet!  
O why should'st thou longer delay?  
All work for the Master is sweet.
- 3 Do something for Jesus to-day:  
The moments, how swiftly they roll!  
Now rescue the lost ones who say  
That no man doth care for their soul
- 4 Do something for Jesus to-day:  
Go speak to that perishing one  
Whom Satan hath long led astray:  
To-morrow the soul may be gone.

## 33

## GO FORWARD!

WE are marching, marching on  
To the heavenly shore.  
Wait not till the daylight's gone:  
It may come no more.

*Chorus.*

Forward go! forward go  
To the land of rest!  
There's a home in heaven we know,  
For the pure and blest.

- 2 Who would linger, linger here,  
'Mid the fading flowers,  
When the angels whisper near  
Of immortal bowers?



3 Storms are beating, beating loud.  
 Never look behind!  
 Though the heart with grief is bowed  
 Comfort you will find.

4 Let us onward, onward press  
 Toward the silvery strand;  
 And our labors God will bless  
 In the radiant land

## 34

## KEEP ME NEAR THEE.

HEAVENLY Father, keep me near thee!  
 Let me never go astray!  
 When temptations fierce assail me,  
 Help me to resist, I pray!  
 Guide me, with thy word and Spirit,  
 In the good and righteous way;  
 Through the Saviour's blood and merit,  
 Purge my stains of guilt away!

*Chorus.*

Guide me, with thy word and Spirit,  
 In the good and righteous way;  
 Through the Saviour's blood and merit,  
 Purge my stains of guilt away!  
 Through the Saviour's blood and merit  
 Purge my stains of guilt away!

2 I am feeble, frail, unstable,  
 Vile, corrupt, unclean within:



Thou art mighty, strong, and able  
To deliver me from sin.  
Hear, O Lord, my supplication!  
Listen to my earnest cry!  
Grant me mercy and salvation,  
Lest I perish, faint, or die!

*Chorus.*

Hear, O Lord, my supplication!  
Listen to my earnest cry!  
Grant me mercy and salvation,  
Lest I perish, faint, and die!  
Grant me mercy and salvation,  
Lest I perish, faint, and die!

3 When my days are dark and dreary  
With afflictions, toil, and grief—  
When I'm lonely, sad, and weary,  
Give me succor and relief!  
With thy powerful arm uphold me;  
Lead me in thy perfect way;  
Till with rapture I behold thee  
In the realms of endless day!

*Chorus.*

With thy powerful arm uphold me;  
Lead me in thy perfect way;  
Till with rapture I behold thee  
In the realms of endless day!  
Till with rapture I behold thee  
In the realms of endless day!



## 35

## SING PRAISES TO JESUS.

COME, let us all unite  
To sing the Saviour's praise;  
From early dawn till night,  
Our grateful voices raise.

*Chorus.*

Let us thank him for our life to-day—  
For health, and strength, and love;  
For hopes that cheer us on our way,  
And lift our thoughts above.

2 Come, children, gather near,  
Around the mercy-seat.  
Let happy hearts appear,  
To sing his praises sweet.

3 The sunlit mountain crest,  
The smiling vale below,  
In joyful beauty drest,  
Their Maker's wisdom show.

4 When Nature beams so bright,  
We, too, should thankful be;  
And all, this day, unite  
In songs of melody.

## 36

## TAKE MY SINS AWAY.

A FEW more years shall roll—  
A few more seasons come;



And we shall be with those who rest,  
Asleep within the tomb.

*Chorus.*

Then, O my Lord, prepare  
My soul for that great day!  
O wash me in thy precious blood,  
And take my sins away!

2 A few more storms shall beat  
On this wild, rocky shore;  
And we shall be where tempests cease,  
And surges swell no more.

3 A few more struggles here—  
A few more partings o'er;  
A few more toils, a few more tears,  
And we shall weep no more.

4 A few more Sabbaths here  
Shall cheer us on our way,  
And we shall reach the endless rest—  
Th' eternal Sabbath-day.

FOOTSTEPS OF JESUS.

SWEETLY, Lord, have we heard thee  
calling,  
Come, follow me!  
And we see where thy foot-prints falling,  
Lead us to thee.



*Chorus.*

Foot-prints of Jesus, that make the path-  
way glow;  
We will follow the steps of Jesus, where'er  
they go.

2 Though they lead o'er the cold, dark  
mountains,  
Seeking his sheep;  
Or along by Siloam's fountains,  
Helping the weak.

3 If they lead through the temple holy,  
Preaching the word;  
Or in homes of the poor and lowly,  
Serving the Lord.

4 By and by, through the shining portals,  
Turning our feet,  
We shall walk, with the glad immortals,  
Heaven's golden streets.

5 Then at last when on high he sees us,  
Our journey done,  
We will rest where the steps of Jesus  
Lead at his throne.

## 38

## DO WE LIVE FOR JESUS?

DO we live alone for Jesus,  
Who suffered on the tree?  
Do we love to work for Jesus,  
Who died for you and me?



*Chorus.*

Blessed Jesus! blessed Jesus!  
Give us grace to live and work for thee!

2 Do we feed the starving sinner,  
Who craves the bread of life?  
Do we give the cup of water,  
And hush the din of strife?

3 Do we clothe the needy orphan,  
Who braves the winter's snow?  
Do we shield the weary pilgrim,  
And soothe the tear of woe?

4 Do we pour on troubled waters  
The oil of gentle peace?  
Do we whisper of the Saviour,  
Who bids all sorrows cease?

5 If so, then we work for Jesus,  
Who suffered on the tree;  
And we live alone for Jesus,  
Who died for you and me.

## 39

## WHO SHALL BE ABLE TO STAND?

WHEN the trump of God shall sound,  
And the nations gather round,  
And the Judge shall sit upon his royal throne,  
Who will hear the welcome word  
From the lips of Christ the Lord,  
"Enter in, good and faithful, with my own?"



*Chorus.*

Who shall be able then to stand?  
 Who shall be able then to stand?  
 All who trust in Christ the Lord,  
 And obey his holy word:  
 These shall be able then to stand.

2 When the deluge swept the world,  
 And to death its millions hurled,  
 And the waters covered over all the land;  
 Those who trusted in the Lord,  
 And obeyed his holy word,  
 These were all that were able then to stand

3 When the cities of the plain  
 Were enveloped in the flame,  
 And destruction swept the multitudes away;  
 There was just a little band,  
 Who were able then to stand  
 In that great and that awful judgment-day.

4 When the day of wrath is come,  
 And the day of mercy gone,  
 And to judgment they are called from ev'ry  
 land;  
 Sinner, how is it with thee?  
 Christian, how then shall it be?  
 Shall we all there be able then to stand?

## 40

## AT THE BEAUTIFUL GATE.

I THINK I should mourn o'er my sorrow  
 ful fate,  
 If sorrow in heaven can be.



If no one should be at the beautiful gate,  
There waiting and watching for me.

*Chorus.*

Yes, waiting and watching for me.  
Yes, waiting and watching for me;  
May many of those at the beautiful gate  
Be waiting and watching for me.

2 How sadly I'd feel in the heavenly state,  
If sadness in heaven can be,  
If no one should be at the beautiful gate,  
Conducted to glory by me.

3 O Lord, I beseech thee for wisdom and  
grace,  
In winning lost souls unto thee,  
That many may be in that beautiful place,  
A crown of rejoicing to me.

41

THOUGH IN DARKNESS.

**D**O not faint when tribulation  
Darkens like a cloud thy sky-  
When the storms of desolation  
On thee beat and o'er thee fly.

*Chorus.*

Though in darkness, God will never  
Cease to love, or thee forsake:  
In thy sorrow he will ever  
Be thy stay, for Jesus' sake.



2 Should thy way be rough and dreary,  
With a gloomy shade o'ercast,  
Should thy feet be sore and weary,  
Thou shalt reach thy home at last

3 Onward press, amid thy sadness,  
Till thy toils and cares are o'er:  
All thy grief shall turn to gladness  
On the fair celestial shore.

## 42

## THE GOLDEN CITY.

SAY, have you read in the story olden,  
Of the city fair that waits?  
Jasper the walls, and the streets are golden,  
And of purest pearl the gates.

*Chorus.*

There we shall dwell with the Lord forever,  
Going out no more:  
There shall we go when we cross the river—  
Over on the other shore.

2 Say, have you heard of the river flowing,  
Clear as crystal is its tide?  
Forth from the throne are its waters going:  
Shall we roam that stream beside?

3 Say, have you read in that wondrous  
story,  
How no moon nor sun need they?  
For it is lighted with God's own glory:  
Shall we see that endless day?



4 Say, if we keep all the dear Lord's teaching,  
 May we gladly enter in?  
 Joyful the gates ever open, reaching,  
 Of that city without sin.

## 43

## JUST BEYOND.

HEAR you ever angels singing,  
 As around the throne they shine?  
 Yes, I often hear them chanting,  
 Chanting hymns of love divine.

*Chorus.*

Heaven's plains are just before us,  
 Just beyond the shores of time;  
 Soon we'll join the mighty chorus,  
 In that brighter, better clime.

2 Hear you ever, in your slumbers,  
 Songs from those who've gone before?  
 O how often do I hear them  
 Singing on the other shore!

3 Do you ever feel like going  
 To that land so bright and fair?  
 O how often would I gladly  
 Go and join the loved ones there!

4 Let us cherish, now and ever,  
 Glowing hopes of joys to come;  
 And, when earthly ties we sever,  
 Meet in heaven, our happy home.



## 44

## ONE DROP OF THE BLOOD.

ONE drop of the blood,  
One drop of the blood,  
He shed upon Calvary's brow,  
Will cleanse me within,  
Will free me from sin,  
And make me e'en whiter than snow.

*Chorus.*

Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow;  
One drop of the blood from Calvary's brow  
Will cleanse me within, and free me from sin,  
And make my soul e'en whiter than snow

2 One drop of the blood,  
One drop of the blood,  
He gave as a ransom for me,  
Will cleanse ev'ry stain,  
Remove ev'ry pain  
Which now in thy spirit may be.

3 One drop of the blood,  
One drop of the blood,  
O sprinkle it now in thy love!  
O save me to-day,  
And save me for aye,  
And fit me for heaven above!

## 45

## KNOCKING AT THE DOOR.

WHO at my door is standing—  
Patiently drawing near—



Entrance within demanding?  
Whose is the voice I hear?

*Chorus*

Sweetly the tones are falling:  
"Open the door for me!  
If thou wilt heed my calling,  
I will abide with thee."

2 Lonely without he's staying:  
Lonely within am I.  
While I am still delaying,  
Will he not pass me by?

3 All through the dark hours dreary,  
Knocking again is he.  
Jesus, art thou not weary,  
Waiting so long for me?

4 Door of my heart, I hasten!  
Thee will I open wide.  
Though he rebuke and chasten,  
He shall with me abide.

46

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

I LOVE to tell the story  
Of unseen things above,  
Of Jesus and his glory—  
Of Jesus and his love.  
I love to tell the story,  
Because I know it's true;  
It satisfies my longings  
As nothing else would do.



*Chorus.*

I love to tell the story:  
'T will be my theme in glory  
To tell the old, old story  
Of Jesus and his love

2 I love to tell the story:  
More wonderful it seems  
Than all the golden fancies  
Of all our golden dreams.  
I love to tell the story—  
It did so much for me;  
And that is just the reason  
I tell it now to thee.

3 I love to tell the story:  
For those who know it best  
Seem hungering and thirsting  
To hear it like the rest.  
And when, in scenes of glory,  
I sing the new, new song,  
'T will be—the old, old story  
That I have loved so long.

## 47

## GATHERING HOME.

UP to the bountiful Giver of life--  
Gathering home! gathering home!  
Up to the dwelling where cometh no strife,  
The dear ones are gathering home.



*Chorus.*

Gathering home! gathering home!  
 Never to sorrow more, never to roam:  
 Gathering home! gathering home!  
 God's children are gathering home.

2 Up to the city where falleth no night—  
 Gathering home! gathering home!  
 Up where the Saviour's own face is the light,  
 The dear ones are gathering home.

3 Up to the beautiful mansions above—  
 Gathering home! gathering home!  
 Safe in the arms of his infinite love,  
 The dear ones are gathering home.

## 48

## WORK!

WORK, for the night is coming;  
 Work through the morning hours;  
 Work, while the dew is sparkling,  
 Work 'mid springing flowers;  
 Work when the day grows brighter;  
 Work in the glowing sun;  
 Work, for the night is coming  
 When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,  
 Work through the sunny noon;  
 Fill brightest hours with labor;  
 Rest comes sure and soon.



Give ev'ry flying minute  
 Something to keep in store;  
 Work, for the night is coming  
 When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,  
 Under the sunset skies;  
 While their bright tints are glowing,  
 Work, for daylight flies;  
 Work till the last beam fadeth—  
 Fadeth to shine no more;  
 Work while the night is dark'ning,  
 When man's work is o'er.

## 49

## JESUS, HELP THE PILGRIM

JESUS, help the pilgrim aged,  
 Going to the promised land:  
 Let thy presence cheer his spirit,  
 As he journeys, staff in hand.

*Chorus.*

Jesus, help us! Jesus, lead us!  
 Let thy love and grace uphold:  
 We the flock and thou the Shepherd,  
 Guide us to the upper fold!

2 Jesus, help the pilgrim valiant,  
 As he presses bravely on;  
 Not by might, but heav'nly guidance  
 Life eternal must be won.



3 Jesus, help the pilgrim youthful—  
 Help him still to watch and pray;  
 Lest, beguiled by earthly pleasures,  
 He may leave the narrow way.

4 Jesus, help the pilgrim children  
 On their journey here below:  
 In the path that leads to glory,  
 Teach their little feet to go.

## 50

## WE'LL PRAISE HIM FOREVER.

**I**N the Sunday-school army our names are enrolled,  
 And we follow our Leader all steadfast and bold;  
 On the Sunday-school banner his name you may see;  
 It is Jesus, our Saviour, who loved you and me.

*Chorus.*

We'll praise him forever,  
 We'll praise him forever,  
 We'll praise him forever,  
 Who loved you and me.

2 We are young, but his wisdom shall guide us  
 aright;  
 We are weak, but his strength is our courage and  
 might;  
 When we follow his standard the darkness will flee,  
 And our watchword is always, "He loved you and  
 me."

3 In our childhood we come; if no ripe sheaves be  
 ours,  
 We will garland his pathway with blossoms and  
 flowers;



We will go forth at morning his gleaners to be:  
He will welcome us smiling, who loves you and me.

4 When the vict'ry is won, and the conflict is o'er,  
We will close round our Leader on Canaan's bright  
shore;

Then we'll sing on, exulting his glory to see,  
For we'll dwell with him ever who loves you and  
me.

## 51

## WATCH AND PRAY.

**W**ATCH, for the hour is coming  
When the Master shall come again:  
With a shining band from the heav'nly land,  
He shall come evermore to reign.

*Chorus.*

Then may we all be ready  
For that great and glorious day:  
Yes, may we all be ready  
For that great and glorious day.  
Since that day is known unto God alone,  
Let us always watch and pray.

2 Glorious shall be his coming;  
But there's none knows the day nor  
hour—

No, not angels bright in that world of light—  
When the Lord shall descend with power

3 Quickly the hour is coming  
When again from the far-off land

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He shall come and call for his servants all;  
And before him we all must stand.

4 "Watch, for the hour is coming,"  
Is the charge he has left for all;  
Still your vigils keep, nor be found asleep  
When he sends forth the solemn call.

## 52

## REVIVE US.

ALL glory and praise be to Jesus our  
Lord,  
So plenteous in grace, and so true to his  
word.

*Refrain.*

Hallelujah! thine the glory,  
Hallelujah! Amen.  
Hallelujah! thine the glory,  
Revive us again.

2 To us he hath given the gift from above—  
The earnest of heaven, the spirit of love.

3 Ye all may receive, who on Jesus do call,  
The gift of his Spirit—'t is proffered to all.

4 The peace and the power, ye sinners, embrace,  
And look for the shower—the spirit of  
grace.



## 53

## OPEN THE DOOR.

OPEN the door for the children;  
Tenderly gather them in—  
In from the highways and hedges—  
In from the places of sin.  
Some are so young and so helpless,  
Some are so hungry and cold;  
Open the door for the children;  
Gather them into the fold.

*Refrain.*

Gather them in,  
Gather them in from the places of sin;  
Gather them in,  
Gather them into the fold.

2 Open the door for the children.  
See! they are coming in throngs,  
Bid them sit down to the banquet;  
Teach them your beautiful songs.  
Open the door for the children;  
Pray you that grace may be given  
Pray you the Father to bless them:  
"Such is the kingdom of heaven."

3 Open the door for the children;  
Take the dear lambs by the hand:



Point them to truth and to goodness;  
 Send them to Canaan's land.  
 Some are so young and so helpless,  
 Some are so hungry and cold;  
 Open the door for the children;  
 Gather them into the fold

## 54

## A HOME WITH JESUS.

**I** LONG for a home with my Saviour,  
 Who died on the cross for me;  
 To dwell in his kingdom forever—  
 Forever with Jesus to be.  
 To reign with the Saviour in glory,  
 When all of my wanderings cease;  
 He has gone to prepare me a mansion—  
 A home and a kingdom of peace.

*Chorus.*

A home, happy home,  
 From cares and sorrows set free;  
 A home in the kingdom of glory,  
 Forever with Jesus to be.

2 We have but a glimpse of that mansion  
 While pilgrims we walk below:  
 That homewhere the dear ones shall gather—  
 That kingdom where Christians shall go.  
 But sweet is the stream ever flowing—  
 The fountain of joy over there;  
 Blessèd Saviour, each day, O prepare me  
 That rest and that mansion to share!



Here hearts once united are severed;  
Here partings and tears obtain;  
But all who are true to the Saviour,  
Shall meet on that heavenly plain.  
O sweet is this glorious prospect,  
That we from all pain shall be free,  
And the hope of a blest resurrection,  
Forever with Jesus to be!

## 55

## WORTHY IS THE LAMB.

HARK! the voice of countless thousands  
singing:

"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain!"  
All the mighty hosts of heaven joining:  
"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain!"

*Chorus.*

Hear the heavenly chorus ringing  
Round the throne forever singing,  
Worthy is the Lamb, worthy is the Lamb,  
Worthy is the Lamb that was slain!

2 Who will join to chant the wondrous  
story?

"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain!"  
Who will join the choirs of highest glory?  
"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain!"

3 Let each heart be filled with emulation:  
"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain!"  
Let them chant the notes of full salvation  
"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain!"



- 4 Life or death, eternal, everlasting:  
 "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain!"  
 Honor, glory, riches, power, and blessing:  
 "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain!"

## 56

## PRESSING ON.

ONLY a season brief—  
 Only a day of gloom;  
 Only a transient joy and grief—  
 Only the shroud and tomb.

2 Then to the land above—  
 Then to the house on high:  
 Then to a home of light and love,  
 Where we shall never die.

3 On to the mansions blest—  
 On to the heavenly home;  
 On to the sweet, eternal rest—  
 On to the life to come.

4 There we shall happy be;  
 There each shall wear a crown;  
 There we from sorrow shall be free;  
 There lay our burdens down.

## 57

## LORD, I AM COMING.

SAVIOUR, thou hast bid me come,  
 Come to thee, come to thee:  
 From my sins, Lord, set me free!  
 Smile on me! smile on me!



*Refrain.*

Lord, I am coming,  
 Lord, I am coming,  
 Lord, I am coming;  
 To thee I'm coming now.

- 2 Loving Shepherd of the sheep,  
 Save a lamb, save a lamb:  
 Take me, Jesus, as I am:  
 For to save Jesus came.
- 3 Saviour, give me strength to come  
 At thy call, at thy call:  
 Lord, before thy cross I fall:  
 Be my life! be my all!

## 58

## WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?

O DO not let the word depart,  
 And close thine eyes against the light  
 Poor sinner, harden not thine heart:  
 Thou would'st be saved! why not to-night?

*Refrain.*

Why not to-night? why not to night?  
 Thou would'st be saved! why not to-night?

- 2 To-morrow's sun may never rise,  
 To bless thy long-deluded sight;  
 This is the time, O then be wise:  
 Thou would'st be saved! why not to-night?



3 Our God in pity lingers still,  
 And wilt thou thus his love requite?  
 Renounce at once thy stubborn will:  
 Thou would'st be saved! why not to-night?

4 Our blessed Lord refuses none  
 Who would to him their soul unite:  
 Believe in him: the work is done:  
 Thou would'st be saved! why not to-night?

## 59

## SHALL WE MEET?

SHALL we meet beyond the river,  
 Where the surges cease to roll,  
 Where in all the bright forever,  
 Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul?

*Refrain.*

Yes, we'll meet, yes, we'll meet,  
 Where the surges cease to roll;  
 Yes, we'll meet beyond the river,  
 Where the surges cease to roll.

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

3 Shall we meet with many a loved one,  
 Torn on earth from our embrace?  
 Shall we listen to their voices,  
 And behold them face to face?



4 Shall we meet with Christ, our Saviour,  
When he comes to claim his own?  
Shall we hear him bid us welcome,  
And sit down upon his throne?

## 60

## JESUS PAID IT ALL.

I HEAR the Saviour say,  
Thy strength, indeed, is small;  
Child of weakness, watch and pray:  
Find in me thine all in all.

*Chorus.*

Jesus paid it all!  
All to him I owe.  
Sin had left a crimson stain:  
He washed me white as snow.

2 For nothing good have I  
Whereby thy grace to claim.  
I'll wash my garment white  
In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.

3 When from my dying bed  
My ransomed soul shall rise,  
Then "Jesus paid it all!"  
Shall rend the vaulted skies.

4 And when before the throne  
I stand in him complete,  
I'll lay my trophies down—  
All down at Jesus' feet.



## WALKING THE SEA.

THERE 'S a light on the dark and surging  
deep

That shines when the loud winds roar;  
And the form of the Friend who does not  
sleep

Comes on from the other shore,

Walking the sea to you and to me;  
Keeping the light of us, e'er to be friend  
Ever in sight of us, succor to lend,  
Walking the sea, walking the sea.

2 There 's a light in the depths of surging  
life

That shineth forevermore;  
And the Friend who would stay all sin and  
strife

Is here from the other shore,

Walking life's sea to you and to me;  
Walking so carefully, seeking to find,  
Ever so prayerfully, earnest and kind,  
Walking the sea, walking the sea.

3 There 's a light in the depths of Christian  
hearts

That gleams on the crown before;  
And the Saviour, whose love a bliss im-  
parts,  
Attends to the other shore,



Walking life's sea with you and with me;  
Keeping in reach of us, watching for all,  
Caring for each of us, lest we should fall,  
Walking the sea, walking the sea.

## 62

## HAPPY BAND.

WE, a little infant band,  
Seek a fair and happy land;  
We are marching on our way;  
Christ, our Captain, we obey.

*Chorus.*

Happy band! happy band!  
Christ our Leader, Guide will be  
Till we reach the heavenly land  
And his glory see.

2 He's a Shepherd, kind and good;  
He'll supply his lambs with food;  
When exposed to hunger, cold,  
He will bring them to his fold.

3 Tender babes are his delight;  
Dear and precious in his sight;  
Let the little ones, he cried,  
Come to me, nor be denied.

4 Blessed Jesus, in thy love,  
Guide us to the heaven above;  
Guard, protect our little band;  
Lead us to that happy land.



## 63

## JESUS IS MINE!

**F**ADE, fade each earthly joy:  
Jesus is mine!

Break, ev'ry tender tie:

Jesus is mine!

Dark is this wilderness;

Earth has no resting-place;

Jesus alone can bless:

Jesus is mine!

2 Tempt not my soul away:

Jesus is mine!

Here would I ever stay:

Jesus is mine!

Perishing things of clay,

Born but for one brief day,

Pass from my soul away:

Jesus is mine!

3 Farewell, ye dreams of night:

Jesus is mine!

Lost in this dawning light:

Jesus is mine!

All that my soul has tried,

Left but an aching void.

Jesus has satisfied:

Jesus is mine!

4 Farewell, mortality:

Jesus is mine!

Welcome, eternity:

Jesus is mine!



Welcome, O loved and blest,  
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest,  
Welcome, my Saviour's breast:  
Jesus is mine!

## 64

## BEAUTIFUL CHRISTMAS.

O'ER the hills and adown the snowy  
dells,  
As the echoes ring of the Christmas bells,  
Angel songs in our hearts resound again,  
Singing peace on earth and good-will to  
men!

*Chorus.*

Bring pine and fir-tree, weave the garlands  
bright;  
Gladden the temple of the King to-night!  
Christmas is here!  
Fill it with cheer!  
Make it glorious with joy and light!

2 Bring good-will to the suffering and sad;  
Speak the tender word that shall make them  
glad;  
Tell them how o'er the hills of Bethlehem  
When the angels sang 't was good news for  
them.

3 Peace on earth! bid all strife and tumult  
cease;  
For this night again gives the Lord his  
peace,



While our hands shall his temple beautify;  
Carol, glory be unto God most high.

4 So, glad hearts, on this happy Christmas  
night

Bring your gifts of love: make his altar  
bright,

Sing glad songs that shall sweetly sound as  
when

Angels sang of peace and good-will to men.

## 65

PRAISE HIM, AND MAGNIFY HIM  
FOREVER.

(CHANT.)

O ALL ye works of the Lord, bless ye  
the Lord; praise him, and magnify  
him forever.

O ye angels of the Lord, bless ye the Lord;  
praise him, and magnify him forever.

2 O ye heavens, bless ye the Lord; etc.

O ye mountains and hills, bless ye the Lord;  
etc.

3 O ye children of men, bless ye the Lord;  
etc.

O let Israel bless the Lord; etc.

4 O ye servants of the Lord, bless ye the  
Lord; etc.

O ye holy and humble men of heart, bless  
ye the Lord; etc.



5 Glory be to the Father, and to the Son,  
and to the Holy Ghost.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever  
shall be, world without end. Amen,  
Amen.

## 66

## HE LEADETH ME.

HE leadeth me! O blessed thought!  
O words with heavenly comfort fraught!  
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,  
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me!

*Chorus.*

He leadeth me, leadeth me!

He leadeth me!

By his own hand he leadeth me!

2 Sometimes, 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,  
Sometimes, where Eden's bowers bloom,  
By waters still or troubled sea—  
Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me!

3 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,  
Nor ever murmur or repine:  
Content, whatever lot I see,  
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me!

4 And when my task on earth is done,  
When by thy grace the vict'ry's won,  
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,  
Since God through Jordan leadeth me!



## 67

## FREE GRACE.

COME, sinners, to the gospel feast;  
 Let ev'ry soul be Jesus' guest;  
 Ye need not one be left behind,  
 For God hath bidden all mankind.

*Chorus.*

There is free grace and never-dying love,  
 There is free grace and never-dying love.  
 There is free grace and never-dying love,  
 Reigning in the New Jerusalem.

2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;  
 The invitation is to all;  
 Come, all the world! come, sinner, thou,  
 All things in Christ are ready now.

3 My message as from God receive;  
 Ye all may come to Christ and live;  
 O let his love your hearts constrain,  
 Nor suffer him to die in vain.

4 See him set forth before your eyes,  
 That precious bleeding Sacrifice;  
 His offered benefits embrace,  
 And freely now be saved by grace.

## 68

## BETHANY.

NEARER, my God, to thee,  
 Nearer to thee:



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

2 Though like a wanderer,  
The sun gone down,  
Darkness be over me,  
My rest a stone:  
Yet in my dreams I'd be  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee.

3 There let the way appear  
Steps unto heaven;  
All that thou sendeth me  
In mercy given;  
Angels to beckon me  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee.

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



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

## 69

## MY SAVIOUR PITIED ME.

I TURNED my heart from ways of sin,  
And to the Saviour came;  
I bowed me humbly at his feet,  
O'erwhelmed with guilt and shame.

*Refrain.*

My Saviour pitied me;  
He heard my fervent prayer;  
He blessed me with his saving grace,  
And with his mercy there.

2 I clasped his wounded, bleeding feet;  
I sank in his embrace;  
I looked, and smiles of pardoning peace  
Were lighting up his face.



3 Amazing love! that Christ should save  
A soul so vile as mine.  
Dear Jesus, seal me with thy grace  
And keep me ever thine.

## 70

## BEAUTIFUL HEAVEN.

O WOULD to me were only given  
A tongue inspired to tell  
The beauties of yon peaceful heaven,  
Where saints immortal dwell!  
O would that I could here portray  
The raptures all complete  
Of those who see their Father's face  
And worship at his feet!

*Chorus.*

In that bright, beautiful heaven, bright,  
beautiful heaven,  
Home where the pilgrim forever shall  
rest,  
Bright, beautiful heaven.

2 There hope's sweet flowers eternal  
bloom,  
While seasons come and go,  
Untouched by sorrow's chilling winds,  
That blight us here below.  
There limpid waters, bright and clear,  
Flow o'er the golden sands,  
While thrilling music strikes the ear  
From harps in angels' hands.



3 And all, whose hopes are centered there,  
 Shall rise o'er grief and pain;  
 For in that land no earthly care  
 Shall vex our souls again.  
 But with that bright, angelic throng,  
 And friends who've gone before,  
 We'll praise the Lord around the throne  
 In heaven forevermore.

## 71

## SHALL WE GATHER?

SHALL we gather at the river,  
 Where bright angel-feet have trod,  
 With its crystal tide forever  
 Flowing by the throne of God?

*Chorus.*

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

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

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



4 Soon we'll reach the shining river;  
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;  
Soon our happy hearts will quiver  
With the melody of peace.

## 72

## THE SAVIOUR IS CALLING

O THE Saviour is calling to-day,  
And mercy is pleading with me:  
Shall I turn Christ, the Saviour, away,  
When his love is so rich and so free?

*Chorus.*

No; I'll answer his calling to-day:  
I will bow at his feet, and will say,  
Blessed Jesus, to thee now I pray,  
Take, O take all my sins away!

2 O the Saviour is calling to-day,  
And waiting to bless even me:  
Shall I say to him thus, "Go thy way!  
When his love is so rich and so free?

3 Blessed Saviour, I seek thee to-day,  
To speak words of peace unto me:  
Keep, O keep me from sin, Lord, I pray;  
For thy love is so rich and so free.

## 73

## OLIVE'S BROW.

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



'Tis midnight in the garden now:  
The suff'ring Saviour prays alone.

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

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

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

## 74

## LET US PASS OVER THE RIVER.

WHEN our work is ended, we shall  
sweetly rest,  
'Mid the sainted spirits, on our Saviour's  
breast.

All our trials over, we shall gladly sing,  
Grave, where is thy vict'ry? Death, where  
is thy sting?

*Chorus.*

Though the dark waves roll high, we will  
be undismayed:

'Let us pass over the river and rest under  
the shade.'



2 Earth hath many sorrows, but they cannot last,  
And our greatest troubles quickly will be past;  
If we look to Jesus, he will give us strength;  
By his grace we shall be conquerors at length.

3 When the storm is over, sweet will be the calm;  
After life's long battle, bright the victor's palm;  
And the cross of anguish, which now weighs us down,  
We'll exchange in heaven for a shining crown.

## 75

## ALLEN.

As when the weary traveler gains  
The height of some commanding hill,  
His heart revives if, o'er the plains,  
He sees his home, though distant still.

2 Thus, when the Christian pilgrim views  
By faith his mansion in the skies,  
The sight his fainting strength renews,  
And wings his speed to reach the prize.

3 The thought of home his spirit cheers:  
No more he grieves for troubles past,  
Nor any future trial fears  
So he may safe arrive at last.



4 Jesus, on thee our hopes we stay  
 To lead us on to thine abode,  
 Assured our home will make amends  
 For all our toil while on the road.

## 76

## IS IT FAR?

**I**S it far to the land of rest,  
 Where the weary feet shall never, never  
 roam?  
 To the mansion of the pure and the blest,  
 Where we all shall meet at home?

*Chorus.*

Is it far? is it far?  
 Will you tell me, brother pilgrim, is it far  
 To that mansion of the blest, where the weary  
 are at rest?  
 O say, brother pilgrim, is it far?

2 Is it far to that peaceful shore,  
 Where the aching heart shall sorrow not  
 again?  
 Where the friends who meet shall part never  
 more,  
 But with Christ forever reign?

3 Is it far to the plains of light,  
 To that city with its jasper walls aglow?  
 Where the glory of the Lord is the light?  
 To that home, say, will you go?



4 It is nearer than e'er before;  
And our path is growing brighter day by  
day:

O we soon shall reach that heavenly shore,  
If we faint not by the way!

## 77

## THE GATE AJAR.

**T**HERE is a gate that stands ajar,  
And through its portals gleaming,  
A radiance from the cross afar,  
The Saviour's love revealing.

*Refrain.*

O depth of mercy! can it be  
That gate was left ajar for me?

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

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

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



## SABBATH CHIMES.

**T**RIPPING lightly, tripping o'er the verdant lawn,  
 Gladly haste we on our way,  
 To the music of the chiming bells, each morn,  
 Of the precious Sabbath-day.  
 Songs of gladness we will sing,  
 With voices tuned in harmony;  
 Songs of love in honor of our Saviour, King,  
 Happy children we.

*Chorus.*

Chime, chime on,  
 Merry, merry Sabbath bells, chime on;  
 Chime, chime on,  
 Merry, merry Sabbath bells.

2 'Tis a happy greeting that awaits us where  
 Teachers true, we love so dear,  
 With a kindly int'rest in our soul's welfare,  
 Speak to us in words of cheer.  
 O 'tis love that fills each heart,  
 And leads our feet unto the place  
 Where the faithful Christian meets us to impart  
 Messages of grace.

8 Hasten, children, hasten, while the bells  
 chime on,  
 Calling you to Sunday-school;



Listen to the story of a Saviour born:  
Learn to keep the golden rule.  
Learn there, too, that Jesus died  
From endless woe thy soul to save;  
To the rugged cross was nailed and crucified;  
Triumphed o'er the grave.

## 79

## THE GLORY LAND.

THERE'S a land of love shining far  
above  
In the endless glory of day,  
And I long to know all the good who go  
To that radiant land far away.

*Refrain.*

O the glories there are so bright and fair,  
Here no longer would I roam.  
How my spirit sighs for the cloudless skies  
Of that happy, heavenly home!

2 O I love to sing of the hearts that cling  
To the light of that golden shore,  
Starry crowns they'll wear and its glories  
share  
With the happy ones gone before.

3 And I love to dream of the crystal gleam  
Resting on the bright river there,  
Of the white-robed throng, and the glad new  
song,  
And the fadeless flowers so fair.



4 There shall be no night! O the blessed  
light  
That illumines the heavenly shore!  
No more sorrow there, and no cross to bear:  
All is joy and peace evermore.

## 80

## ANDREW.

THINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;  
But there's a nobler rest above;  
'To that our lab'ring souls aspire  
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

2 No more fatigue, no more distress;  
Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place;  
No sighs shall mingle with the songs  
Which warble from immortal tongues.

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

4 O long-expected day, begin;  
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin;  
Fain would we leave this weary road,  
And sleep in death to rest with God.

## 81

## THE KINGDOM COMING.

FROM all the dark places of earth's hea-  
then races  
O see how the thick shadows fly!



The voice of salvation awakes ev'ry nation:  
Come over and help us, they cry.

*Chorus.*

The kingdom is coming: O tell ye the story:  
God's banner exalted shall be!  
The earth shall be full of his knowledge  
and glory  
As waters that cover the sea!

2 The sunlight is glancing o'er armies advancing  
To conquer the kingdom of sin;  
Our Lord shall possess them, his presence  
shall bless them,  
His beauty shall enter therein.

3 With shouting and singing, and jubilant  
ringing,  
Their arms of rebellion cast down;  
At last ev'ry nation the Lord of salvation  
Their King and Redeemer shall crown.

82

JUST AS I AM.

JUST as I am—without one plea,  
But that thy blood was shed for me,  
And that thou bid'st me come to thee—  
O Lamb of God, I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not  
To rid my soul of one dark blot,



To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,  
O Lamb of God, I come!

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

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
Yea, all I need in thee to find,  
O Lamb of God, I come!

## 83

## DID YOU THINK TO PRAY?

**E**RE you left your room this morning,  
Did you think to pray?  
In the name of Christ, our Saviour,  
Did you sue for loving favor,  
As a shield to-day?

*Chorus.*

O how praying rests the weary!  
Prayer will change the night to day;  
So, when seems life dark and dreary,  
Do n't forget to pray.

2 When you met with great temptation,  
Did you think to pray?  
By his dying love and merit  
Did you claim the Holy Spirit  
As your guide and stay?



3 When your heart was filled with anger,  
Did you think to pray?  
Did you plead for grace, my brother  
That you might forgive another  
Who had crossed your way?

4 When sore trials came upon you,  
Did you think to pray?  
When your soul was bowed in sorrow,  
Balm of Gilead did you borrow  
At the gates of day?

## 84

## JESUS WILL FORGIVE.

COME, ye sinners, come to-day:  
Jesus will forgive you freely  
All your sins he'll wash away:  
Jesus will forgive you freely.

*Refrain.*

O come to-day!  
Why longer stay away?  
He will not say you nay:  
Jesus will forgive you freely.

2 Come unto the mercy-seat:  
Jesus will forgive you freely:  
Humbly falling at his feet,  
Jesus will forgive you freely.

3 Lay your treasures up above:  
Jesus will forgive you freely.  
Trust the riches of his love:  
Jesus will forgive you freely.



4 Earnestly a blessing seek:  
 Jesus will forgive you freely.  
 Trembling sinner, faint and weak,  
 Jesus will forgive you freely.

5 He is able all to save:  
 Jesus will forgive you freely.  
 For your love his blood he gave:  
 Jesus will forgive you freely.

6 Then, ye sinners, come to-day:  
 Jesus will forgive you freely.  
 All your sins he'll wash away:  
 Jesus will forgive you freely.

## 85

## WHEN WE GET HOME.

WHEN we get home to that beautiful  
 land,  
 With its beautiful city of gold;  
 When we've passed over the river of death,  
 And are safe in the heavenly fold;  
 Wearisome toil, tribulation, and care,  
 That burden our spirits to-day,  
 Like as a dream or a shadow shall pass,  
 Shall pass, unreturning, away.

*Chorus.*

When we get home how sweet 't will be!  
 When we get home how sweet 't will be!



2 When we get home from our wanderings  
here,  
To that clime where they wander no more;  
When, with the loved ones who've passed  
in to rest,  
We shall stand with our harps on the  
shore;  
Sorrow and strife, and our proneness to err,  
The pain and the sickness we bear,  
Like as a dream or a shadow shall pass,  
And ne'er shall they trouble us there.

3 When we get home, and our troubles are  
o'er,  
And our journey is ended below;  
When we are free from each cumbering  
weight,  
And the sins that doth hinder us so;  
Tears that we shed in our sorrowful hours,  
The fears and the doubts that molest,  
Like as a dream or a shadow shall pass,  
And reach not the home of the blest.

## 86

## THE CITY ABOVE.

THERE is a city built above,  
With mansions of delight,  
Its walls are jasper, and the streets  
Are paved with jewels bright.

*Refrain.*

"A city which hath foundations,  
Whose builder and maker is God!



Which shineth afar, like a beautiful star,  
By saints and angels trod."

2 No chilling breath may find its way  
Within those portals fair;  
No sound of mourning ever falls  
Upon the fragrant air.

3 O let us seek that joyful home!  
Why should we linger here?  
I long to clasp in love's embrace  
My sainted ones so dear!

4 There nevermore shall partings be,  
And God shall wipe away  
The scalding tears that o'er my cheek  
Unbidden fall to-day.

## 87

## HOLY NIGHT!

**H**OLY night! peaceful night!  
All is dark, save the light  
Yonder where they sweet vigil keep  
O'er the Babe who, in silent sleep,  
Rests in heavenly peace,  
Rests in heavenly peace.

2 Holy night! peaceful night!  
Only for shepherds' sight  
Came blest visions of angel throngs,  
With their loud hallelujah songs,  
Saying, Jesus is come,  
Saying, Jesus is come.



3 Holy night! peaceful night!  
Child of heaven! O how bright  
Thou didst smile on us when thou wast  
born!  
Blest, indeed, was that happy morn:  
Full of heavenly joy,  
Full of heavenly joy.

## 88

## TELL IT AGAIN.

INTO the tent where a gypsy boy lay,  
Dying alone, at the close of the day,  
News of salvation we carried. Said he,  
“Nobody ever has told it to me.”

*Refrain.*

Tell it again! tell it again!  
Salvation's story repeat o'er and o'er,  
Till none can say of the children of men,  
“Nobody ever has told me before!”

2 “Did he so love me—a poor little boy?  
Send unto me the good tidings of joy?  
Need I not perish? My hand will he hold?  
Nobody ever the story has told!”

3 Bending, we caught the last words of his  
breath,  
Just as he entered the valley of death:  
“God sent his Son!—whosoever?” said he;  
“Then I am sure that he sent him for me”



4 Smiling, he said, as his last sigh was spent,  
 "I am so glad that for me he was sent!"  
 Whispered, while low sank the sun in the  
 west,  
 "Lord, I believe! tell it now to the rest!"

## 89

## COME TO JESUS.

COME to Jesus, come to Jesus,  
 Come to Jesus just now;  
 Just now come to Jesus,  
 Come to Jesus just now.

- 2 He will save you, etc.
- 3 He is able, etc.
- 4 He is willing, etc.
- 5 He is waiting, etc.
- 6 He will hear you, etc.
- 7 He will cleanse you, etc.
- 8 He'll renew you, etc.
- 9 He'll forgive you, etc.
- 10 If you trust him, etc.
- 11 He will save you, etc.



## 90

## THE SHEPHERD.

I WAS a wandering sheep;  
I did not love the fold;  
I did not love my Shepherd's voice;  
I would not be controlled.  
I was a wayward child;  
I did not love my home;  
I did not love my Father's voice;  
I loved afar to roam.

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

3 Jesus my Shepherd is:  
'Twas he that loved my soul;  
'Twas he that washed me in his blood,  
'Twas he that made me whole;  
'Twas he that sought the lost—  
That found the wandering sheep;  
'Twas he that brought me to the fold;  
'Tis he that still doth keep.

## 91

## UNDER HIS WING.

I IN God I have found a retreat  
Where I can securely abide;



No refuge nor rest so complete;  
And here I intend to reside.

*Chorus.*

O what comfort it brings,  
As my soul sweetly sings:  
I am safe from all danger  
While under his wings.

2 I dread not the terror by night;  
No arrow can harm me by day;  
His shadow shall cover me quite;  
My fears he has driven away.

3 The pestilence walking about  
When darkness has settled abroad,  
Can never compel me to doubt  
The presence and power of God.

4 The wasting destruction at noon,  
No fearful foreboding can bring;  
With Jesus my soul doth commune:  
His perfect salvation I sing.

5 A thousand may fall at my side,  
And ten thousand at my right-hand;  
Above me his wings are spread wide,  
Beneath them in safety I stand.

92

BE SAVED!

SINNER, how thy heart is troubled;  
God is coming very near;



Do not hide thy deep emotion;  
Do not check the falling tear.

*Chorus.*

O be saved! his grace is free  
O be saved! he died for thee.  
O be saved! he died for thee.

2 Jesus now is bending o'er thee—  
Jesus lowly, meek, and mild;  
To the Friend who died to save thee,  
Canst thou not be reconciled?

3 Art thou waiting till the morrow?  
Thou may'st never see its light.  
Come at once; accept his mercy;  
He is waiting: come to-night.

4 With a lowly, contrite spirit,  
Kneeling at the Saviour's feet,  
Thou canst feel this very moment,  
Pardon—precious, pure, and sweet.

5 Let the angels bear the tidings  
Upward to the courts of heaven;  
Let them sing, with holy rapture,  
O'er another soul forgiven.

93

THE OPEN DOOR.

THE mistakes of my life have been many,  
But the sins of my heart have been  
more;



And I scarcely can see for my weeping,  
But I'll knock at the open door.

*Chorus.*

I know I am sinful and unworthy,  
And now I feel it more and more,  
But Jesus invites me to come in—  
I will enter the open door.

2 I am lowest of those who would love him;  
I am weakest of those who would pray;  
But I come to him as he has bidden,  
And I know he'll not say me nay.

3 My mistakes his free grace now will cover,  
And my sins he will wash all away;  
And the feet that now stumble and falter,  
Soon may enter the gate of day.

4 The mistakes of my life have been many,  
And my spirit is weary with sin;  
Though I scarcely can see for my weeping,  
Yet the Saviour will let me in.

94

THE CROSS.

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

*Refrain.*

If the cross we meekly bear,  
Then a crown we shall wear



When we dwell on that radiant shore.  
 O how sweetly there we'll sing  
 Hallelujah to our King,  
 And praise him forevermore!

2 There everlasting spring abides,  
 And never-with'ring flowers:  
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
 This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood  
 Stand dressed in living green;  
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
 While Jordan rolled between.

4 Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
 And view the landscape o'er,  
 Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood  
 Should fright us from the shore.

## 95

## THE LAND OF BEULAH.

MY latest sun is sinking fast;  
 My race is nearly run;  
 My strongest trials now are past;  
 My triumph is begun.

*Refrain.*

O come, angel band, come, and around me  
 stand!

O bear me away on your snowy wings  
 To my immortal home!

O bear me away on your snowy wings  
 To my immortal home!



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

3 I've almost gained my heavenly home;  
My spirit loudly sings;  
The holy ones, behold, they come!  
I hear the noise of wings.

4 O bear my longing heart to Him  
Who bled and died for me,  
Whose blood now cleanses from all sin,  
And gives me victory!

## 96

## WHAT A FRIEND!

WHAT a friend we have in Jesus  
All our sins and griefs to bear!  
What a privilege to carry  
Ev'ry thing to God in prayer!  
O what peace we often forfeit—  
O what needless pain we bear—  
All because we do not carry  
Ev'ry thing to God in prayer!

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



JESUS knows our ev'ry weakness:  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy-laden,  
Cumbered with a load of care?  
Precious Saviour, still our refuge:  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
Do our friends despise, forsake us?  
Take it to the Lord in prayer;  
In his arms he'll take and shield us:  
We shall find a solace there.

## 97

## JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

JESUS, lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly,  
While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high.  
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life be past;  
Safe into the haven guide,  
O receive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:  
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,  
Still support 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;  
 More than all in thee I find;  
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.  
 Just and holy is thy name;  
 I am all unrighteousness:  
 False, and full of sin, I am;  
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,  
 Grace to cover all my sin:  
 Let the healing streams abound,  
 Make and keep me pure within:  
 Thou of life the fountain art;  
 Freely let me take of thee:  
 Spring thou up within my heart,  
 Rise to all eternity!

## MY GOD, MY LIFE.

**M**Y God, my life, my love,  
 To thee, to thee I call;  
 I cannot live if thou remove;  
 For thou art all in all.

2 To thee, and thee alone,  
 The angels owe their bliss:  
 They sit around thy gracious throne,  
 And dwell where Jesus is.

3 Not all the harps above  
 Can make a heavenly place,



If God his residence remove,  
Or but conceal his face.

4 Nor earth, nor all the sky,  
Can one delight afford:  
No, not one drop of real joy,  
Without thy presence, Lord.

## 99

## FREELY GIVE.

**W**HENE'ER the heart is sad and drear,  
Give, O freely give!  
T will bring the sunshine bright and clear:  
Give, O freely give!

*Chorus.*

We'll give, yes, freely give,  
We'll give, yes, freely give,  
We'll give, yes, freely give,  
We'll give as God hath given.

2 No selfish heart can enter there:  
Give, O freely give!  
Then with the poor thy blessing share:  
Give, O freely give!

3 'Tis Jesus speaks! O hear his voice:  
Give, O freely give!  
He bids not one, but all rejoice:  
Give, O freely give!

1 He tells us of the widow's mite:  
Give, O freely give!  
In gen'rous souls the saints delight:  
Give, O freely give!



5 On peaceful shore or stormy deep,  
 Give, O freely give!  
 In heaven a sweet reward thou'lt reap:  
 Give, O freely give!

## 100

## O HOW I LOVE JESUS!

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

*Refrain.*

O how I love Jesus!  
 O how I love Jesus!  
 O how I love Jesus,  
 Because he first loved me!

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

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

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



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

## 101

## WHEN HE SHALL APPEAR.

N O one can tell when the Saviour shall  
 come,  
 Whether in day, or in night's solemn gloom;  
 But this we know, and it bringeth sweet  
 cheer,  
 "We shall be like him" "when he shall ap-  
 pear!"

*Refrain.*

When he shall appear, when he shall appear,  
 We shall be like him when he shall appear!

2 O blessed hope that hath lifted the weak,  
 And thrilled with rapture the thirsty who  
 seek  
 Joy at the Fountain that flows ever clear!  
 "We shall be like him" "when he shall ap-  
 pear!"

3 Even to me this sweet promise is given,  
 That I may shine in the glory of heaven:  
 Life's heavy burdens I'll cheerfully bear;  
 "We shall be like him" "when he shall ap-  
 pear!"



4 O let us strive, then, to work with a will  
 Soon he will come and his promise fulfill.  
 Ever be ready his summons to hear:  
 "We shall be like him" "when he shall ap-  
 pear!"

## 102

## TRUSTING, LORD, IN THEE.

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

*Refrain.*

I am trusting, Lord, in thee;  
 Dear Lamb of Calvary;  
 Humbly at thy cross I bow;  
 Save me, Jesus, save me now.

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

3 Here I give my all to thee:  
 Friends, and time, and earthly store;  
 Soul and body thine to be—  
 Wholly thine—forevermore.

4 Jesus comes! he fills my soul!  
 Perfected in love I am;  
 I am ev'ry whit made whole;  
 Glory, glory to the Lamb!



## 103

## SWEET REST.

COME unto me, all ye weary and worn;  
All ye that labor and all that mourn;  
All who have laid their sweet treasures  
away

Far from the light of day;  
Bring me your burdens, ye fainting and  
weak:

I alone promise the rest ye seek:  
Come, all ye stricken, by sorrow oppressed,  
And I will give you sweet rest!

*Refrain.*

Sowing or reaping,  
Smiling or weeping,  
Whate'er the labor assigned you may be,  
Jesus will give you sweet rest!

Rest! rest!  
Jesus will give you sweet rest!

2 Easy my yoke, and my burden is light;  
I am the Way in the darksome night;  
Follow me, trusting wherever I lead,  
Giving you all ye need;  
And if thy pathway seem rugged and drear,  
Follow, still follow the voice you hear,  
Leading you safely, with all who are blest,  
To the sweet haven of rest!

3 Listen! O listen! 'tis Jesus to-day  
Calls you from sorrows of earth away.



All, all are bidden to seek the bright goal—  
 Rest for the weary soul!  
 Come, and drink now of the River of Life;  
 Cast off the burdens of sin and strife;  
 Follow wherever his footstep hath prest,  
 Finding sweet comfort and rest!

## 104

## THE FLOWING FOUNTAIN.

**W**ILL you drink the flowing fountain?  
 Will you bid your friends draw near  
 Where the sparkling, crystal waters  
 Ever rise so bright and clear?

*Refrain.*

O come to the fountain, come to the fountain,  
 Come to the fountain, the fountain free.  
 'Tis now overflowing, now overflowing,  
 Now overflowing for you and me.

2 Lead the wounded and the sorrowing,  
 All the suff'ring and the poor,  
 To the fount of healing waters,  
 Bringing joy forevermore!

3 Little children, Jesus calls you.  
 Will you hear his loving voice?  
 Meet him at the flowing fountain:  
 Let your happy hearts rejoice!

4 He is waiting now to bless you.  
 Meekly falling at his feet,



Drink, O drink the cup he gives you,  
Full of joy and comfort sweet

## 105

## HERMON.

HOW happy every child of grace,  
Who knows his sins forgiven!  
This earth, he cries, is not my place:  
I seek my place in heaven.  
A country far from mortal sight—  
Yet O by faith I see  
The land of rest, the saints' delight,  
The heaven prepared for me.

2 A stranger in the world below,  
I calmly sojourn here;  
Nor can its happiness or woe  
Provoke my hope or fear.  
Its evils in a moment end,  
Its joys as soon are past;  
But O the bliss to which I tend  
Eternally shall last!

## 106

## THE OLD SHIP OF ZION.

SEE, the gospel ship is sailing,  
Bound for Canaan's peaceful shore;  
O glory! hallelujah!  
All who would set out for glory,  
Come and welcome, rich and poor!  
O glory! hallelujah!



*Refrain.*

'Tis the old ship of Zion! hallelujah! hallelujah!

'Tis the old ship of Zion! hallelujah!

2 Thousands she has safely landed  
Far beyond this earthly shore:  
O glory! hallelujah!

Thousands now are sailing thither,  
Yet there's room for thousands more.  
O glory! hallelujah!

3 Sails well filled with heav'nly breezes,  
Swiftly glides the ship along:  
O glory! hallelujah!  
All her company rejoicing,  
"Glory!" bursts from ev'ry tongue.  
O glory! hallelujah!

4 Come on board this noble vessel!  
Sail with us o'er life's rough sea:  
O glory! hallelujah!  
And with us you shall be happy,  
Happy through eternity!  
O glory! hallelujah!

## 107

## MESSIAH.

**A** PPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,  
Where Jesus answers prayer;  
There humbly fall before his feet,  
For none can perish there.



2 Thy promise is my only plea  
With this I venture nigh;  
Thou call'st the burdened soul to thee,  
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,  
By Satan sorely pressed,  
By wars without, and fears within,  
I come to thee for rest.

4 "Poor tempest-tossed soul, be still!  
My promised grace receive:"  
'Tis Jesus speaks. I must, I will.  
I can, I do believe.

## 108

## HEAR HIM CALLING.

**A**RE you staying, safely staying,  
In the tender Shepherd's peaceful  
folds?

No; I'm straying, sadly straying,  
On the lonely mountains, dark and cold

*Refrain.*

On your ear his loving tones are falling,  
For he seeks you wheresoe'er you roam.  
Hear him calling, sweetly calling,  
As he bids his wand'ring sheep come home

2 Are you hearing, gladly hearing,  
How he bids his folded flock rejoice?  
No; I'm fearing, sadly fearing,  
I have followed far the stranger's voice.



3 Are you roaming, longer roaming,  
 In the cold, dark night of doubt and sin?  
 No; I'm coming, quickly coming;  
 Open Door, make haste to let me in!

## 109

## VIRGINIA.

WHEN musing sorrow weeps the past,  
 And mourns the present pain,  
 'Tis sweet to think of peace at last,  
 And feel that death is gain.

2 'Tis not that murm'ring thoughts arise,  
 And dread a Father's will;  
 'Tis not that meek submission flies,  
 And would not suffer still.

3 It is that heaven-born faith surveys  
 The path that leads to light,  
 And longs her eagle plumes to raise,  
 And lose herself in sight.

4 O let me wing my hallowed flight  
 From earth-born woe and care,  
 And soar above these clouds of night,  
 My Saviour's bliss to share!

## 110

## SWEET SABBATH OF REST.

WE would praise thee and bless thee,  
 our Father,  
 For the Sabbath of rest thou hast given;



'Tis the emblem of rapture immortal,  
'Tis the foretaste of pleasure in heaven.

*Refrain.*

Sweet Sabbath of rest! sweet Sabbath of  
rest!

Sweet, sweet rest!  
We would laud thee and thank thee, our  
Father,  
For the gift of this Sabbath of rest.

2 When the work with its labors has ended,  
How we greet the sweet Sabbath of  
rest;  
And we hail, with delight and with gladness,  
The return of this season so blest.

3 From the world and its burdens, our Fa-  
ther,  
On the Sabbath of rest we are free;  
Then we soar on the wings of devotion  
And enjoy sweet communion with thee

111

IN THE HAPPY EDEN.

I N the happy Eden, in the land above,  
Souls departed call us to that home of  
love.

There the flowers are blooming in eternal  
spring;  
There the ransomed spirits hallelujahs sing



*Refrain.*

At the gate of Eden, in that paradise,  
Loving ones shall greet us, when to heaven  
we rise.

2 There the blessed angels evermore do cry,  
Holy, holy, holy is the Lord most high!  
There the saints in glory in the song unite,  
Praise the Lamb with gladness, rest not day  
and night.

3 On the Tree immortal fruits ambrosial  
grow;  
From the living Fountain streams refresh-  
ing flow;  
There no sorrows enter; tears are shed no  
more;  
Pain and death are strangers on that heav-  
enly shore.

## 112

## ONE BY ONE.

THEY'RE gathering homeward from  
ev'ry land

One by one, one by one;  
As, weary, their feet touch the shining  
strand:

Yes, one by one.  
Their brows are inclosed in a golden crown;  
Their travel-stained garments are all laid  
down,



And, clothed in white raiment, they rest in  
the mead  
Where Jesus doth love his saints to lead.

*Chorus.*

Gathering home, gathering home,  
Crossing the river one by one;  
Gathering home, gathering home:  
Yes, one by one.

2 Ere resting they passed through the toil  
and strife

One by one, one by one;  
Through waters of death ere they enter life;  
Yes, one by one.

To come are the floods of the river still,  
While wending their way to the heavenly  
hill.

To others the waves o'erflow fiercely and  
wild,  
But rest will be given the undefiled.

3 And we, too, shall come to the river side  
One by one, one by one;

We're nearer its waters each eventide:  
Yes, one by one.

We hear the great roar of death's chilly  
stream,

Ever and anon through life's fev'rish dream,  
But Jesus will point out the bright, silv'ry  
strand,

And lead us through storms to peaceful land.



## 113

## HOW SWEET THE NAME!

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

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

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
And calms the troubled breast;

'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary, rest.

3 Jesus, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,  
My Prophet, Priest, and King;

My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,  
Accept the praise I bring.

4 Weak is the effort of my heart,  
And cold my warmest thought;

But when I see thee as thou art,  
I'll praise thee as I ought.

5 Till then I would thy love proclaim  
With every fleeting breath;

And may the music of thy name  
Refresh my soul in death!

## 114

## STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

WHEN marshaled on the nightly plain,  
The glitt'ring host bestud the sky,

One star alone of all the train

Can fix the sinner's wand'ring eye.



Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,  
From every host, from every gem:  
But one alone the Saviour speaks,  
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

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

3 It was my guide, my light, my all;  
It bade my dark foreboding cease:  
And, through the storm and danger's thrall,  
It led me to the port of peace.  
Now, safely moored, my perils o'er,  
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,  
Forever and forevermore,  
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem.

## 115

## WHY WILL YE DIE?

SINNERS, turn. Why will ye die?  
God, your Maker, asks you why.  
God, who did your being give,  
Made you with himself to live:  
He the fatal cause demands,  
Asks the work of his own hands:



Why, ye thankless creatures, why  
Will ye cross his love, and die?

2 Sinners, turn. Why will ye die?  
God, your Saviour, asks you why.  
God, who did your souls retrieve,  
Died himself that ye might live;  
Will ye let him die in vain?  
Crucify your Lord again?  
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why  
Will ye slight his grace, and die?

3 Sinners, turn. Why will ye die?  
God, the Spirit, asks you why.  
He, who all your lives hath strove,  
Woodyou to embrace his love:  
Will ye not his grace receive?  
Will ye still refuse to live?  
Why, ye long-sought sinners, why  
Will ye grieve your God, and die?

## 116

## MY CROSS.

JESUS, I my cross have taken,  
All to leave and follow thee:  
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,  
Thou, from hence, my all shall be.  
Perish, every fond ambition,  
All I've sought, or hoped, or known:  
Yet how rich is my condition,  
God and heaven are still my own!



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

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure:  
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain:  
In thy service pain is pleasure—  
With thy favor, loss is gain.  
I have called thee Abba, Father—  
I have set my heart on thee:  
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,  
All must work for good to me.

## 117

## GALILEE.

**E**ACH cooing dove and sighing bough,  
That makes the eve so blest to me,  
Has something far diviner now:  
It bears me back to Galilee.

*Chorus.*

O Galilee, sweet Galilee,  
Where Jesus loved so much to be;  
O Galilee, blest Galilee,  
Come sing thy song again to me.



2 Each flow'ry glen and mossy dell,  
Where happy birds in song agree,  
Through sunny morn the praises tell  
Of sights and sounds in Galilee.

3 And when I read the thrilling love  
Of Him who walked upon the sea,  
I long, O how I long once more  
To follow Him in Galilee!

## 118

## NINETY-FIFTH.

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

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

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

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



## 119

## GLAD TIDINGS.

THERE are angels hov'ring round,  
There are angels hov'ring round,  
There are angels, angels hov'ring round.

2 They will carry tidings home,  
They will carry tidings home,  
They will carry, carry tidings home,

3 To the new Jerusalem,  
To the new Jerusalem,  
To the new, the new Jerusalem.

4 Wand'ring children turning home,  
Wand'ring children turning home,  
Wand'ring children, children turning home

5 And the angels sing for joy,  
And the angels sing for joy,  
And the angels, angels sing for joy.

## 120

## LET THEM COME.

OI love to think how Jesus,  
When he walked on earth below,  
Used to bless the little children,  
For he loved them, loved them so.

*Chorus.*

Unto me, unto me,  
Of the little ones, saith he:  
For the blessed heavenly kingdom  
Of such as they shall be.



2 Little children, now from Jesus  
 Will you his dear blessing seek?  
 From his home on high he sees us:  
 Hear him kindly to us speak.

3 Just as close his arms will hold you,  
 Just as kind his blessing fall,  
 Just as warm his love enfold you,  
 Just as sweetly doth he call.

## 121

## DO GOOD!

**T**HERE are lonely hearts to cherish  
 While the days are going by;  
 There are weary souls who perish  
 While the days are going by;  
 If a smile we can renew,  
 As our journey we pursue,  
 O the good we all may do  
 While the days are going by,  
 While the days are going by,  
 While the days are going by,  
 O the good we all may do  
 While the days are going by!

2 There's no time for idle scorning  
 While the days are going by;  
 Let your face be like the morning  
 While the days are going by;  
 O the world is full of sighs,  
 Full of sad and weeping eyes—  
 Help your fallen brother rise



While the days are going by,  
While the days are going by,  
While the days are going by,  
O the good we all may do  
While the days are going by!

3 All the loving links that bind  
While the days are going by,  
One by one we leave behind us,  
While the days are going by;  
But the seed of good we sow,  
Both in shade and shine will grow,  
And will keep our hearts aglow  
While the days are going by,  
While the days are going by,  
While the days are going by,  
O the good we all may do  
While the days are going by!

## 122

## SOW THE SEED.

SOW in the morn thy seed;  
At eve hold not thy hand;  
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,  
Broadcast it o'er the land.

2 The good, the fruitful ground,  
Expect not here nor there;  
O'er hill, o'er dale, by plots, 'tis found;  
Go forth, then, everywhere.

3 Thou know'st not which shall thrive,  
The late or early sown;



Grace keeps the precious germ alive,  
When and wherever strown.

4 Thou canst not toil in vain:  
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,  
Shall foster and mature the grain  
For garnerers in the sky.

5 Thence, when the final end,  
The day of God is come,  
The angel reapers shall descend,  
And heaven sing, "Harvest home!"

## 123

## ANGELIC SONGS.

**H**ARK! hark! my soul, angelic songs  
are swelling  
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-  
beat shore;  
How sweet the truth those blessed strains  
are telling,  
Of that new life when sin shall be no  
more.

*Chorus.*

Angels of Jesus! angels of light!  
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

2 Onward we go, for still we hear them  
singing,  
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you  
come;"



And through the dark, its echoes sweetly  
ringing,

The music of the gospel leads us home.

3 Far, far away, like bells at evening peal-  
ing,

The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and  
sea;

And laden souls by thousands meekly kneel-  
ing,

Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to  
thee.

4 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches  
keeping,

Sing us sweet fragments of the songs  
above;

7 ll morning's joy shall end the night of  
weeping,

And life's long shadows break in cloudless  
love.

## 124

## REDEEMING LOVE.

TEN thousand golden harps above,  
With sweet, melodious sound,  
Extol and praise redeeming love,  
And spread the notes around.

*Chorus.*

O may I join the happy throng  
Of ransomed souls above,  
And sing the everlasting song  
Of Jesus and his love!



2 There saints with rapture loud proclaim  
The glories of the Lamb—  
With angels join to bless his name,  
And laud the great I AM.

3 "Worthy is he that died," they cry,  
"And washed us in his blood,  
To be enthroned, exalted high,  
And glorified with God."

4 Triumphant, lofty hymns of praise,  
With joyful voice they sing,  
Exulting, loud hosannas raise,  
In honor of their King.

## 125

## HAPPY PILGRIMS.

TO the heavenly Jerusalem  
They are singing, as they go;  
And the King thereof shall welcome them,  
For he loves, he loves them so.

*Chorus.*

Through the open, pearly portals  
Sounds the wondrous, new-made song,  
And the anthems of immortals  
Greet the happy pilgrim throng.

2 In the heavenly Jerusalem,  
No more night their souls shall know;  
There the Lord's dear face shall shine on  
them,  
For he loves, he loves them so.



3 In the heavenly Jerusalem  
All their tears shall cease to flow;  
No more sorrow, pain, nor death for them  
For he loves, he loves them so.

4 To that heavenly Jerusalem  
With the pilgrims will you go?  
Singing songs of endless praise with them,  
For he loves, he loves them so.

## 126

## THE MERCY-SEAT.

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

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

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

4 There, there on eagles' wings we soar,  
And sin and sense seem all no more;  
Ere heaven comes down our souls to greet.  
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.



## 127

## ABIDE WITH US.

SUN of my soul, thou Saviour dear,  
It is not night if thou be near;  
O may no earth-born cloud arise  
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

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

3 Watch by the sick, enrich the poor,  
With blessings from thy boundless store;  
Be every mourner's sleep to-night  
Like infant slumbers, pure and light.

4 Come near and bless us when we wake,  
Ere through the world our way we take,  
Till in the ocean of thy love  
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

## 128

## THE GOSPEL.

THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord;  
In every star thy wisdom shines;  
But when our eyes behold thy word,  
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,  
And night and day, thy power confess;  
But the blest volume thou hast writ  
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.



3 Sun, moon, and stars, convey thy praise  
Round the whole earth, and never stand;  
So when thy truth began its race,  
It touched and glanced on every land.

4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,  
Till through the world thy truth has run;  
Till Christ has all the nations blessed  
That see the light or feel the sun.

## 129

## PRAISE THE LORD!

PRAISE the Lord! praise the Lord!  
Happy children now in the temple  
sing,

Praise the Lord! praise the Lord!  
Hosanna to the Lord our King.  
O praise him for the flowers that grow,  
O praise him for the stars that move;  
Praise the Lord here below,  
And praise him in his courts above.

2 Love the Lord! love the Lord!  
Happy children, give him your youth's  
bright days;

Love the Lord! love the Lord!  
He ever loveth you, he says.  
O love him, for he loves us so;  
O love him for his wondrous love;  
Love the Lord here below,  
And love him in his courts above.



3 Serve the Lord! serve the Lord!  
 Happy children, serve him with songs of  
 joy;  
 Serve the Lord! serve the Lord!  
 And let his work your hands employ.  
 O serve him, whatsoe'er ye do;  
 O serve him, wheresoe'er ye move;  
 Serve the Lord here below,  
 And serve him in his courts above.

## 130

## THE SURE FOUNDATION.

**T**HERE stands a Rock on shores of time,  
 That rears to heaven its head sublime;  
 That Rock is cleft, and they are blest  
 Who find within this cleft a rest.

*Chorus.*

Some build their hopes on the ever-drifting  
 sand;  
 Some on their fame, or their treasure, or  
 their land;  
 Mine's on a Rock that forever will stand—  
 Jesus, the "Rock of Ages."

2 That Rock's a cross, its arms outspread,  
 Celestial glory bathes its head;  
 To its firm base my all I bring,  
 And to the Cross of Ages cling.

3 That Rock's a tower, whose lofty height,  
 Illumed with heaven's unclouded light,  
 Opes wide its gate beneath the dome,  
 Where saints find rest with Christ at home.



## 131

## DEAR JESUS.

TO Jesus, to Jesus, how precious and dear  
Are souls in their childhood and youth;  
O seek him thus early! to Jesus draw near  
And follow his light and his truth!

*Refrain.*

Dear Jesus, dear Jesus,  
Assist us, weak children, to seek thee;  
O let us not stray! reveal the true way,  
And help us to find thee to-day.

2 He calls you, he calls you, invites you to  
come.

O haste to the Saviour to-day!  
Fly, fly to his bosom, for yet there is room:  
To seek him no longer delay.

3 You'll find him, you'll find him, when,  
with the whole heart,  
You search for the good and right way;  
Then turn unto Jesus, from evil depart;  
Your Lord and your Master obey.

## 132

## THE WORD OF GOD.

BEHOLD the morning sun  
Begins his glorious way;  
His beams through all the nations run,  
And life and light convey.



2 But where the gospel comes  
It spreads diviner light,  
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,  
And gives the blind their sight.

3 How perfect is thy word!  
And all thy judgments just:  
Forever sure thy promise, Lord,  
And men securely trust.

4 My gracious God, how plain  
Are thy directions given!  
O may I never read in vain,  
But find the path to heaven!

## 133

## MY SHEPHERD.

THE Lord my Shepherd is:  
I shall be well supplied.  
Since he is mine and I am his,  
What can I want beside?

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

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

4 While he affords his aid,  
I cannot yield to fear;



Though I should walk through death's dark  
shade,  
My Shepherd's with me there.

## 134

## HE KNOWS.

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

2 He knows we are but dust,  
Scattered with every breath;  
His anger, like a rising wind,  
Can send us swift to death.

3 Our days are like the grass,  
Or like the morning flower:  
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,  
It withers in an hour.

4 But thy compassions, Lord,  
To endless years endure;  
And children's children ever find  
Thy word of promise sure.

## 135

## SEEKING.

WHAT saith Jehovah, the Holy One on  
high?  
Searcher of hearts and of spirits am I.



Lord, we would serve thee with willing heart  
and mind:

Teach us, O teach us the way thy grace to  
find.

*Refrain.*

If thou wilt seek him, he will be found of  
thee:

If thou forsake him, O where wilt thou  
be!

Know thou the Lord, for thy Father's God  
is he;

If thou wilt seek him, he will be found of  
thee.

2 What saith Jehovah, the Holy One above?  
Them that love me, saith the Lord, will I  
love.

Hear him his own precious word of promise  
speak:

Early shall they find me, early they that  
seek.

3 What saith Jehovah, the sweetly solemn  
sound?

Seek ye the Lord, while yet he may be  
found.

Call ye upon him, while yet he draweth  
near;

Open our hearts, Lord, thy loving call to  
hear.



## 136

## HOW GOES THE BATTLE?

HOW goes the battle? O watchman tell!  
Look from yon heights, where the  
pilgrims dwell!

Are they walking humbly where Jesus trod,  
And faithfully keeping the truths of God?  
Traveler, behold the pilgrim band!  
See! they are bound for the glory-land!  
Pressing on to the kingdom, where Christ  
has gone,  
They in his strength will conquer when the  
victory is won.

*Chorus.*

In Jesus' strength they conquer,  
In Jesus' strength they conquer,  
In Jesus' strength they conquer when the  
victory is won,  
When the victory is won,  
When the victory is won.

2 How goes the battle? O watchman tell!  
Look, look again where the pilgrims dwell!  
From the thorny highway of woe and sin,  
Do they lead the erring wand'ers in?  
Traveler, behold the pilgrim band!  
See! they are gath'ring from ev'ry land!  
Trusting in their Redeemer, they journey  
on,  
Till in his strength they conquer and the  
victory is won.



3 How goes the battle? has love grown cold?

Has faith been bartered for worthless gold?  
Do their lamps gleam bright o'er the dark-  
ened plain?

Are they trusting still in the Saviour's name?  
Traveler, behold the pilgrim band!  
See! they are nearing the heav'nly strand!  
Some fall out by the way, but the host press  
on:

In Jesus strength we conquer when the  
victory is won

## 137

## WATCH!

WHEN the cry shall be made at the  
midnight

"Go ye out, for the Bridegroom is near!"  
Will you rise with your lamps trimmed and  
burning?

Will you joyfully bid him draw near?

*Refrain.*

We will watch, ever watch,  
Till the Bridegroom shall come in his power;  
Jesus saith we must watch,  
For we know not the day nor the hour.

2 Till he comes now he bids us be ready.

Can you say to the Bridegroom, I am?

Will you enter the door that is open,

To the dear marriage-feast of the Lamb?



- 3 O how sad if our oil is all wasted,  
Though we hasten our lamps to renew,  
If we find that the Bridegroom has entered,  
Left without, then, O what shall we do?
- 4 O when rises the glorious summons,  
"Meet the Bridegroom and join in the  
song!"  
May we all, with our lamps brightly burn-  
ing,  
Enter in with the worshiping throng!

## 138

## JOY TO THE WORLD.

JOY to the world, the Lord is come!  
Let earth receive her King!  
Let every heart prepare him room,  
And heaven and nature sing.

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

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

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



## 139

## HIS GOODNESS

**L**ET every tongue thy goodness speak,  
 Thou sovereign Lord of all:  
 Thy strengthening hands uphold the weak,  
 And raise the poor that fall

2 When sorrows bow the spirit down,  
 When virtue lies distressed,  
 Beneath the proud oppressor's frown  
 Thou givest the mourner rest

3 Thou knowest the pains thy servants feel;  
 Thou hearest thy children's cry;  
 And their best wishes to fulfill,  
 Thy grace is ever nigh.

4 My lips shall dwell upon thy praise,  
 And spread thy fame abroad:  
 Let all the sons of Adam raise  
 The honors of their God.

## 140

## REST.

**L**ORD, I believe a rest remains  
 To all thy people known;  
 A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,  
 And thou art loved alone;

2 A rest where all our souls' desire  
 Is fixed on things above;  
 Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,  
 Cast out by perfect love.



3 O that I now the rest might know,  
Believe, and enter in!  
Now, Saviour, now the power bestow,  
And let me cease from sin!

4 Remove this hardness from my heart,  
This unbelief remove;  
To me the rest of faith impart—  
The Sabbath of thy love.

## 141

## THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER.

O SOMETIMES the shadows are deep,  
And rough seems the path to the goal;  
And sorrows, how often they sweep,  
Like tempests, down over the soul.

*Chorus.*

O then to the Rock let me fly, let me fly,  
To the Rock that is higher than I:  
O then to the Rock let me fly, let me fly,  
To the Rock that is higher than I.

2 O sometimes how long seems the day,  
And sometimes how heavy my feet;  
But, toiling in life's dusty way,  
The Rock's blessed shadow how sweet!

3 O near to the Rock let me keep,  
Or blessings or sorrows prevail,  
Or climbing the mountain-way steep,  
Or walking the shadowy vale.



## 142

## SOLACE

O THOU who driest the mourner's tear,  
 How dark this world would be  
 If, when deceived and wounded here,  
 We could not fly to thee!

2 When joy no longer soothes nor cheers,  
 And e'en the hope that threw  
 A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,  
 Is dimmed and vanished too.

3 O who could bear life's stormy doom,  
 Did not thy wing of love  
 Come brightly wafting through the gloom,  
 Our peace-branch from above!

4 Then sorrow, touched by thee, grows  
 bright  
 With more than rapture's ray;  
 As darkness shows us worlds of light  
 We never saw by day.

## 143

## THE RIGHTEOUS.

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

2 So fades a summer cloud away;  
 So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;



So gently shuts the eye of day;  
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,  
Light from its load the spirit flies;  
While heaven and earth combine to say,  
"How blest the righteous when he dies!"

4 A holy quiet reigns around,  
A calm which life nor death destroys,  
And naught disturbs that peace profound  
Which the unfettered soul enjoys.

## 144

## WHY MOURN?

WHY do we mourn departing friends,  
Or shake at death's alarms?  
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends  
To call them to his arms.

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

3 Thence he arose, ascending high,  
And showed our feet the way:  
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly  
At the great rising day.

4 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,  
And bid our kindred rise:  
Awake, ye nations under ground!  
Ye saints, ascend the skies!



## 145

## JOY IN HEAVEN.

THERE is joy in heaven to-day.  
There is joy to-day  
O'er the Lamb that is found again,  
Far away from pastures green,  
Wandering all alone  
On the desolate, barren plain

*Refrain.*

Glory to the Lord of hosts,  
Shout the morning stars on high,  
Praise him ever, ye angels of light!  
He has heard the distant cry  
Of the lamb to-day,  
And he bears it rejoicing home.

2 When a soul has gone astray  
From the narrow way,  
And there seemeth no joy nor rest,  
Jesus still is ever near,  
Hearing night and day  
All the cries of the sin-oppressed!

3 Sinner, bow with gratitude,  
And, with heart subdued,  
Plead his mercy and pardon free.  
He will see the falling tear,  
Hear the fervent prayer,  
And will tenderly welcome thee.



## 146

## GRATITUDE.

COME, thou Fount of every blessing,  
Tune my heart to sing thy grace:  
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,  
Call for songs of loudest praise.  
Teach me some melodious sonnet,  
Sung by flaming tongues above:  
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it—  
Mount of thy redeeming love.

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

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

## 147

## WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

WATCHMAN, tell us of the night,  
What its signs of promise are.



Trav'ler, o'er yon mountain's height,  
See that glory-beaming star.  
Watchman, does its beauteous ray  
Aught of hope or joy foretell?  
Trav'ler, yes; it brings the day—  
Promised day of Israel.

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

3 Watchman, tell us of the night,  
For the morning seems to dawn.  
Trav'ler, darkness takes its flight;  
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.  
Watchman, let thy wand'rings cease;  
Hie thee to thy quiet home.  
Trav'ler, lo! the Prince of peace,  
Lo! the Son of God is come.

## 148

## LITTLE WORKERS.

WE are workers, earnest workers  
For Christ our Redeemer,  
And we love him, ever love him  
Who called us his own.



*Refrain.*

Like the flowers adorning  
The freshness of morning,  
'Tis our mission to brighten  
And whisper of heaven.

2 We will gather, we will gather  
When Sabbath bells call us  
To the altar, precious altar  
Where Jesus will bless.

3 O 'tis joyful, yes, 'tis joyful  
To work for our Saviour;  
We'll be jewels, shining jewels  
When he calls us home.

## 149

## DELIGHT IN CHRIST.

HOW tedious and tasteless the hours  
When Jesus no longer I see!  
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet  
flowers,

Have all lost their sweetness to me.  
The midsummer sun shines but dim;  
The fields strive in vain to look gay;  
But when I am happy in him,  
December's as pleasant as May

2 His name yields the richest perfume;  
And sweeter than music his voice;  
His presence disperses my gloom,  
And makes all within me rejoice.



I should, were he always thus nigh,  
 Have nothing to wish or to fear;  
 No mortal so happy as I:  
 My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding his face,  
 My all to his pleasure resigned,  
 No changes of season or place  
 Would make any change in my mind.  
 While blessed with a sense of his love,  
 A palace a toy would appear;  
 And prisons would palaces prove,  
 If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,  
 If thou art my sun and my song,  
 Say why do I languish and pine?  
 And why are my winters so long?  
 O drive these dark clouds from my sky!  
 Thy soul-cheering presence restore!  
 Or take me to thee up on high,  
 Where winter and clouds are no more!

## 150

## LORD OF ALL.

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

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race—  
 A remnant weak and small—



Hail him, who saves you by his grace,  
And crown him Lord of all!

3 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget  
The wormwood and the gall:  
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,  
And crown him Lord of all!

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

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

## 151

## I'M PRAYING FOR YOU.

I HAVE a Saviour—he's pleading in glo-  
ry—

So precious, though earthly enjoyments  
be few;

And now he is watching in tenderness o'er  
me;

But O that my Saviour was your Saviour  
too!

*Refrain.*

For you I am praying,  
For you I am praying,  
For you I am praying:  
I'm praying for you.



2 I have a Father: to me he has given  
 A hope for eternity, precious and true;  
 And soon will my spirit be with him in  
 heaven;  
 But O that he'd let me bring you with  
 me too!

3 When he has found you, tell others the  
 story,  
 How Jesus extended his mercy to you;  
 Then point them away to the regions of  
 glory,  
 And pray that your Saviour may bring  
 them there too.

## 152

## WHO WOULD LIVE ALWAY?

I WOULD not live alway: I ask not to  
 stay  
 Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the  
 way;  
 The few lurid mornings that dawn on us  
 here  
 Are enough for life's woes, full enough for  
 its cheer.

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



3 Who, who would live alway, away from  
his God—

Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,  
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the  
bright plains,  
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?

4 Where the saints of all ages in harmony  
meet

Their Saviour and brethren, transported to  
greet;

While the anthems of rapture unceasingly  
roll,

And the smile of the Lord is the feast of  
the soul?

## 153

## ASLEEP IN JESUS.

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

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

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



4 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee  
 Thy kindred and their graves may be;  
 But thine is still a blessed sleep  
 From which none ever wakes to weep.

## 154

## PEACEFUL DEATH.

**W**HY should we start and fear to die?  
 What timorous worms we mortals are!  
 Death is the gate to endless joy,  
 And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, the dying strife  
 Fright our approaching souls away;  
 And we shrink back again to life,  
 Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 O if my Lord would come and meet,  
 My soul would stretch her wings in haste  
 Fly fearless through death's iron gate,  
 Nor feel the terrors as she passed!

4 Jesus can make a dying bed  
 Feel soft as downy pillows are;  
 While on his breast I lean my head,  
 And breathe my life out sweetly there.

## 155

## THE PORTALS OF LIGHT.

**I** KNOW not the time of his coming:  
 The hour of the day is not known;



But I know that if I am then ready,  
I'll not walk the dark valley alone.

*Refrain.*

I know not, I know not,  
I know not the day nor the year:  
I know not, I know not,  
Yet sometime his step I shall hear.

2 I know not what duties await me,  
What work he requires me to do;  
But with heart and with hands ever ready,  
I shall strive to be willing and true.

3 I know not; but whether the summons  
Shall come in the day or the night,  
I have faith—with the plea, thou hast called  
me—  
I shall enter the "portals of light."

156

ASHAMED OF JESUS.

JESUS, and shall it ever be  
A mortal man ashamed of thee!  
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,  
Whose glories shine through endless day

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far  
Let evening blush to own a star;  
He sheds the beams of light divine  
O'er this benighted soul of mine.



3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon  
 Let midnight be ashamed of noon:  
 'Tis midnight with my soul till he,  
 Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee!

4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend  
 On whom my hopes of heaven depend!  
 No; when I blush, be this my shame,  
 That I no more revere his name.

## 157

## JOY.

JOY is a fruit that will not grow  
 In nature's barren soil:  
 All we can boast, till Christ we know,  
 Is vanity and toil.

2 But where the Lord has planted grace,  
 And made his glories known,  
 There fruits of heavenly joy and peace  
 Are found—and there alone.

3 A bleeding Saviour seen by faith—  
 A sense of pard'ning love—  
 A hope that triumphs over death—  
 Give joy like those above.

4 To take a glimpse within the veil—  
 To know that God is mine—  
 Are springs of joy that never fail:  
 Unspeakable, divine!



## 158

## ROCK OF AGES.

ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee:  
Let the water and the blood,  
From thy wounded side which flowed,  
Be of sin the double cure:  
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,  
Could my zeal no languor know,  
These for sin could not atone:  
Thou must save, and thou alone:  
In my hand no price I bring;  
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my eyes shall close in death,  
When I soar to worlds unknown,  
And behold thee on thy throne,  
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee.

## 159

## I LONG TO BEHOLD HIM.

I LONG to behold him arrayed  
With glory and light from above  
The King in his beauty displayed—  
His beauty of holiest love:  
I languish and sigh to be there,  
Where Jesus hath fixed his abode:  
O when shall we meet in the air,  
And fly to the mountain of God?



2 With him I on Zion shall stand,  
 For Jesus hath spoken the word;  
 The breadth of Immanuel's land  
 Survey by the light of the Lord;  
 But when on thy bosom reclined,  
 Thy face I am strengthened to see,  
 My fullness of rapture I find,  
 My heaven of heavens, in thee.

## 160

## PRECIOUS PROMISES.

**H**OW firm a foundation, ye saints of the  
 Lord,  
 Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!  
 What more can he say than to you he hath  
 said—

To you who for refuge to Jesus have fled?

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

3 “E'en down to old age, all my people shall  
 prove  
 My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;  
 And then when gray hairs shall their tem-  
 ples adorn,  
 Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be  
 borne.



4 "The soul that on Jesus still leans for repose,  
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;  
That soul, though all hell should endeavor  
to shake,  
I'll never, no never, no never forsake!"

## 161

## GRACE.

GRACE is a plant, where'er it grows,  
Of pure and heavenly root;  
But fairest in the youngest shows,  
And yields the sweetest fruit.

2 Ye careless ones, O hear betimes  
The voice of sovereign love!  
Your youth is stained with many crimes,  
But mercy reigns above.

3 For you the public prayer is made:  
O join the public prayer!  
For you the secret tear is shed:  
O shed yourself a tear!

4 We pray that you may early prove  
The Spirit's power to teach:  
You cannot be too young to love  
That Jesus whom we preach.

## 162

## THE CONFLICT

MY soul, be on thy guard,  
Ten thousand foes arise;



The hosts of sin are pressing hard  
To draw thee from the skies.

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

3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,  
Nor lay thine armor down;  
Thy arduous work will not be done  
Till thou obtain thy crown.

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

## 163

## WHOSOEVER WILL.

WHOSOEVER will may truly come  
Whosoever will, whosoever will,  
Whosoever will may truly come,  
And drink life's water freely.  
He that is athirst, O let him come,  
Whosoever will, whosoever will,  
He that is athirst, O let him come,  
And drink life's water freely.

*Chorus.*

The Spirit and the Bride say, Come,  
Freely come, freely come;  
The Spirit and the Bride say, Come,  
And drink of life's water freely.



2 He that is an hunger, let him come,  
Whosoever will, whosoever will,  
He that is an hunger, let him come,  
And eat and live forever.

Whosoever eateth of the bread,  
Whosoever will, whosoever will,  
Whosoever eateth of the bread  
Of life shall hunger never.

3 'Tis the blessed Saviour's words I hear  
Whosoever will, whosoever will,  
'Tis the blessed Saviour's words I hear,  
To ev'ry tribe and nation.

Whosoever will may truly come,  
Whosoever will, whosoever will,  
Whosoever will may truly come,  
And share this great salvation.

## 164

## GONE TO HEAVEN.

WHY lament the Christian dying?  
Why indulge in tears or gloom?  
Calmly on the Lord relying,  
He can greet the opening tomb.

*Refrain.*

We'll meet again, by and by;  
We'll meet again, by and by;  
In the realms of endless glory  
We shall meet, yes, by and by.

2 Scenes seraphic, high and glorious,  
Now forbid his longer stay:



See him rise, o'er death victorious!  
Angels beckon him away.

3 Hark! the golden harps are ringing!  
Sounds unearthly fill his ear:  
Millions now in heaven singing,  
Greet his joyful entrance there.

## 165

## ANNIVERSARY HYMN.

PRAISE to the Saviour! praise to his  
name!  
With tuneful lips his honors proclaim:  
With grateful hearts spread widely his fame,  
Thankfully blessing him.

*Chorus.*

Happy, happy are our hearts to day,  
For the Lord has brought us on our way  
May he to us his grace still display,  
And bring us safely home!

2 Praise to the Saviour! now let us sing  
Glad songs and hymns to Jesus our King;  
And let our voices joyfully ring  
With echoes to his name.

3 Praise to the Saviour! let us obey,  
And serve, and follow him in the way;  
He's present here, he's with us to-day:  
Hosannas let us raise!



## 166

## YARBROUGH.

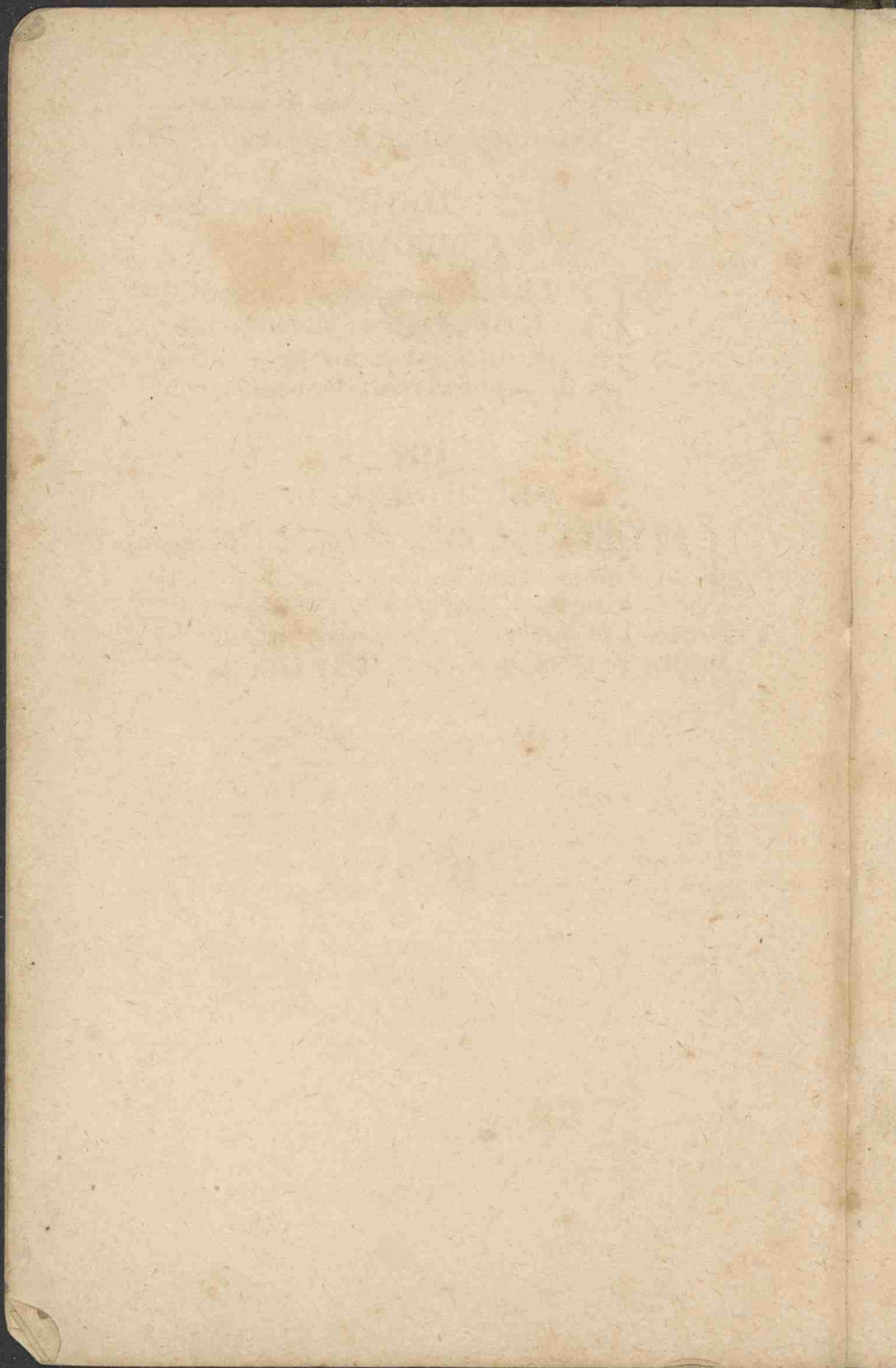
ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,  
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee.

## 167

## OLD HUNDRED.

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







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