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THE STANDARD

CHURCH HYMNAL

COMPILED AND EDITED BY

C. C. CLINE

COMPILER OF POPULAR HYMNS, THE STANDARD SUNDAY-SCHOOL HYMNAL, ETC

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STAN

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PREFACE.

The preface to this compilation has been embodied in its name. To provide for the Churches of Christ a book of hymns and music fairly entitled to be called standard, is the object to which the compiler has addressed himself. To present it in the best form for lasting service, has been the effort of the publishers. That it may prove worthy of the name, and of the favor of all who cherish purity and fervor in Christian worship, is our earnest prayer.

Our acknowledgments are due for valuable assistance rendered the compiler, to Isaac Errett, Prof. J. W. McGarvey, J. W. Monser, G. S. Judd, Dr. M. C. Ramsey, J. W. McGarvey, Jr., Perry Stevenson, James Vernon, J. N. Boyd, P. H. Duncan, Misses Janie Vandervort and E. Maude Cline, and Prof. W. S. Sterling, of the College of Music, Cincinnati, Ohio. Also for the use of valuable copyrights to James McGranahan, Frank M. Davis, Wm. J. Kirkpatrick, J. H. Fillmore, The Biglow & Main Co., The John Church Co., Hunt and Eaton, Oliver Ditson & Co., J. J. Hood, E. C. Avis, E. S. Lorenz, T. C. O'Kane, Chas. H. Gabriel, George C. Stebbins, D B. Towner, W. A. Ogden, R. M. McIntosh, Will L. Thompson, E. A. Hoffman, Jno. R. Sweney, J. H. Tenney, E. E. Hasty, and others.

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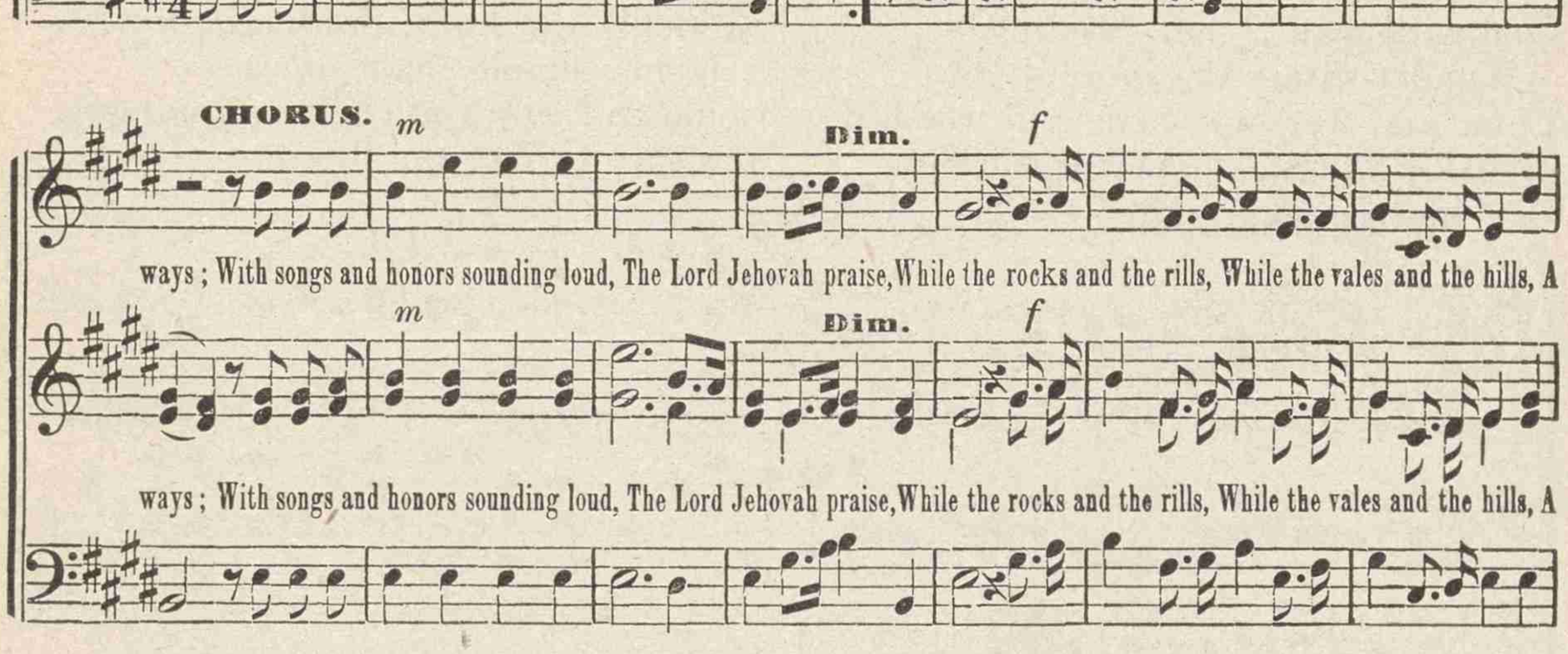
THE STANDARD CHURCH HYMNAL

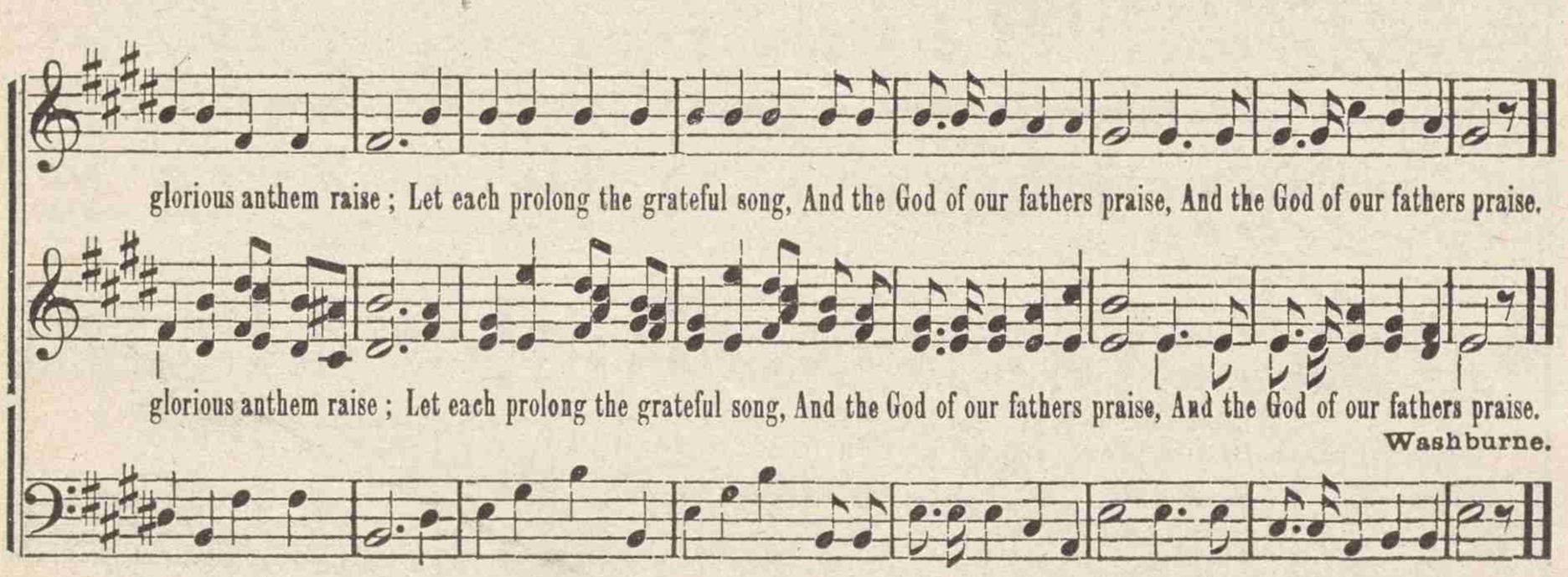
OPENING HYMNS.

"I will sing with the spirit and I will sing with the understanding also."
1 Cor. 14:15. "Let all the people praise Thee." Ps. 67:3.

REJOICE AND SING.

GEORGE JAS. WEBB, 1844.





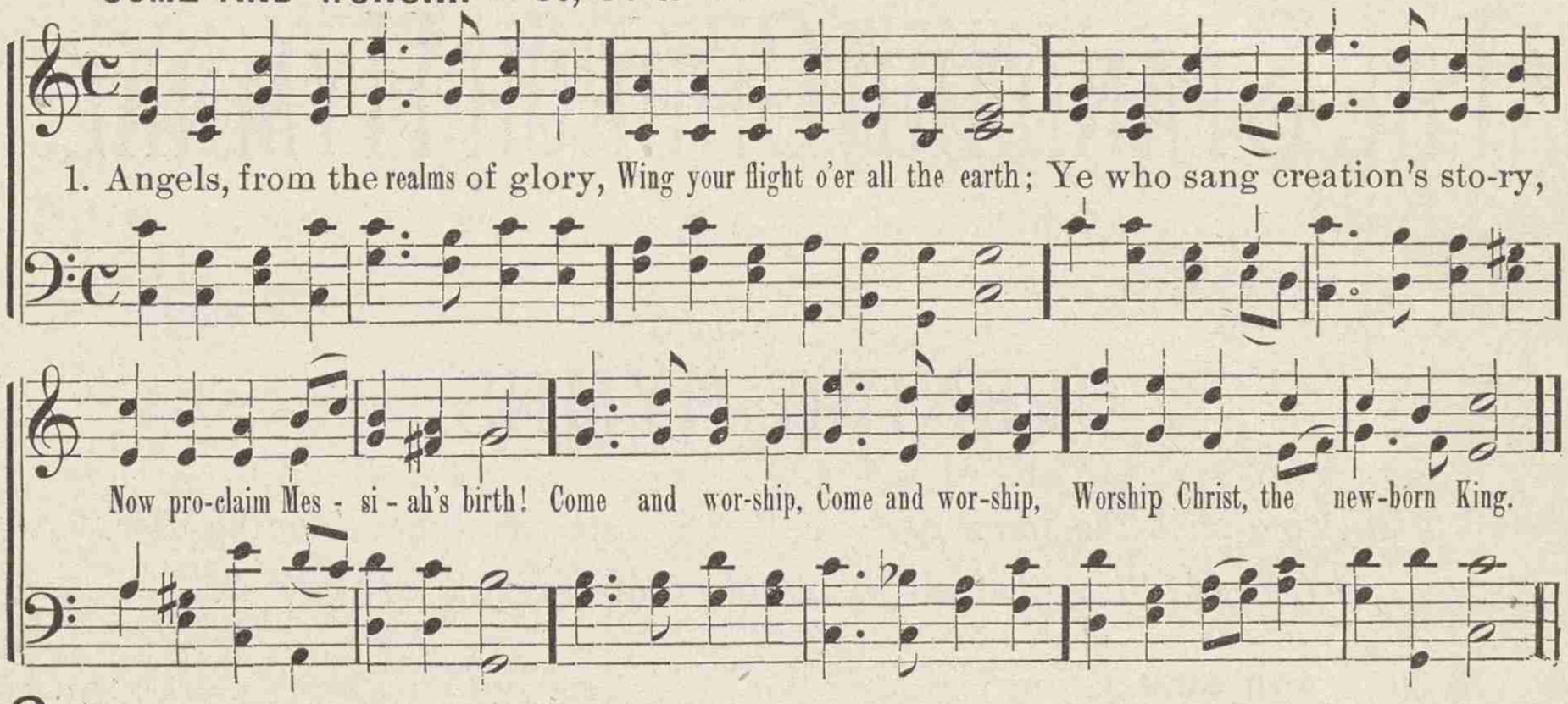
Washburne.

OPENING HYMNS.

"Let the angels of God worship him."

COME AND WORSHIP. 8s, 7s & 4s.

HENRY SMART.



2

J. Montgomery, 1819.

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

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

3 Sages, leave your contemplations;
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of nations,
Ye have seen His natal star:
Come and worship, come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

4 Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In his temple shall appear:
Come and worship, come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

PRAISE THE LORD.

WILL HILL.

PORTUGUESE HYMN.

"Let us now go even unto Bethlehem."

MARCANTONIO SIMAS, 1790.

4

Tr. E. Caswall.

2 True Son of the Father,
He comes from the skies;
To be born of a Virgin
He doth not despise. To Bethlehem, etc.

3 Hark, hark, to the angels!
All singing in heaven,
"To God in the highest
All glory be given!" To Bethlehem, etc.

4 To Thee, then, O Jesus,
This day of Thy birth,
Be glory and honor
Through heaven and earth;
True Godhead Incarnate!
Omnipotent Word!
O come, let us hasten
To worship the Lord!

HEAR OUR PRAYER.

DARWALL. H. M. *"Was crowned with glory and honor."* JOHN DARWALL.

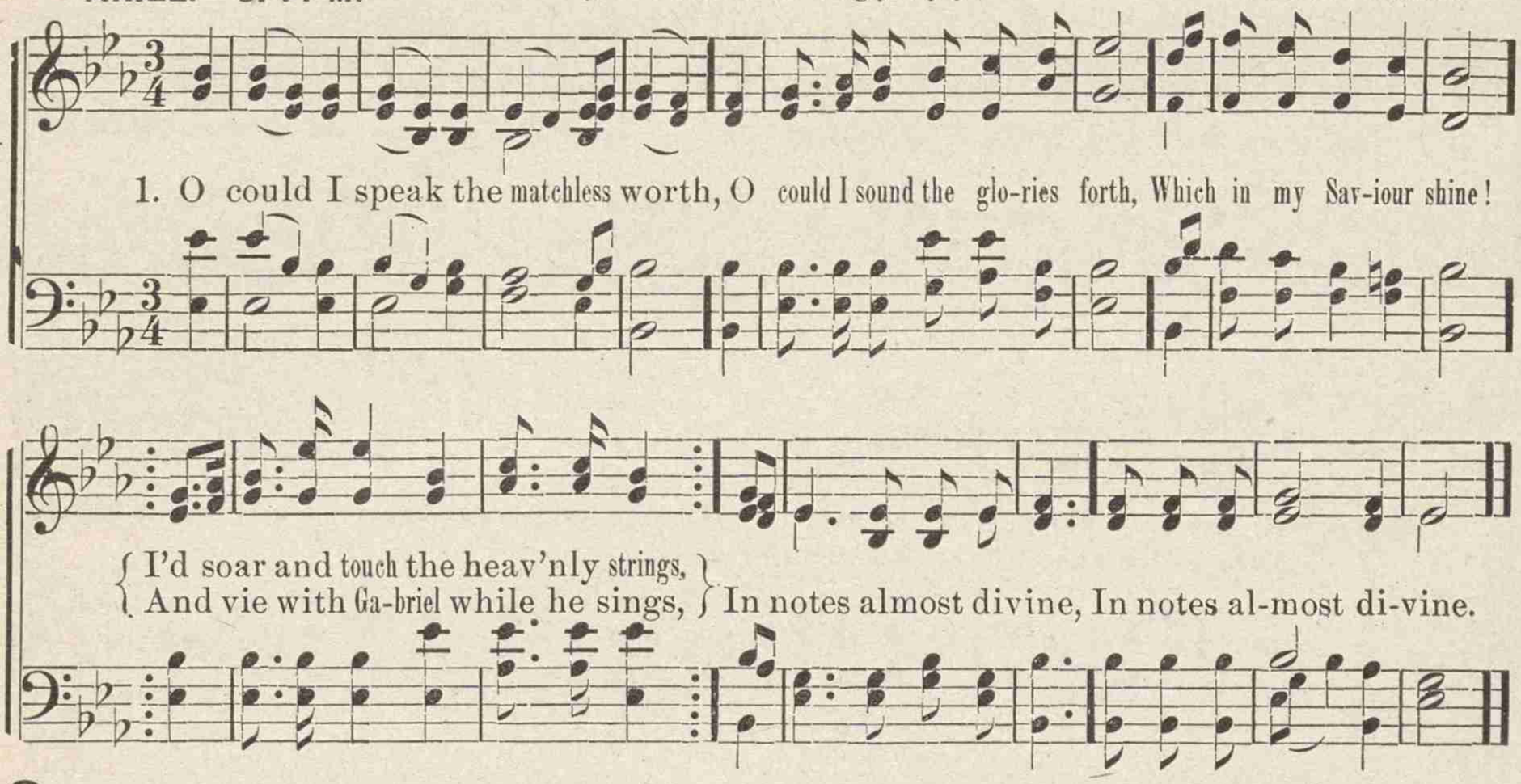
6 Samuel Stennett.

2 He left his starry crown,
And laid his robes aside;
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died:
What he endured, O who can tell,
To save our souls from death and hell?

3 From the dark grave he rose,
The mansion of the dead,
And thence his mighty foes
In glorious triumph led;
Up through the sky the Conqueror rode,
And reigns on high, the Son of God.

THE LORD IS NIGH.

ARIEL. C. P. M. *"My servants shall sing for joy."* LOWELL MASON.



8 S. Medley.

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

2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin, and wrath divine;
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heav'nly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the character he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.

4 Soon the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face;
Then with my Savior, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

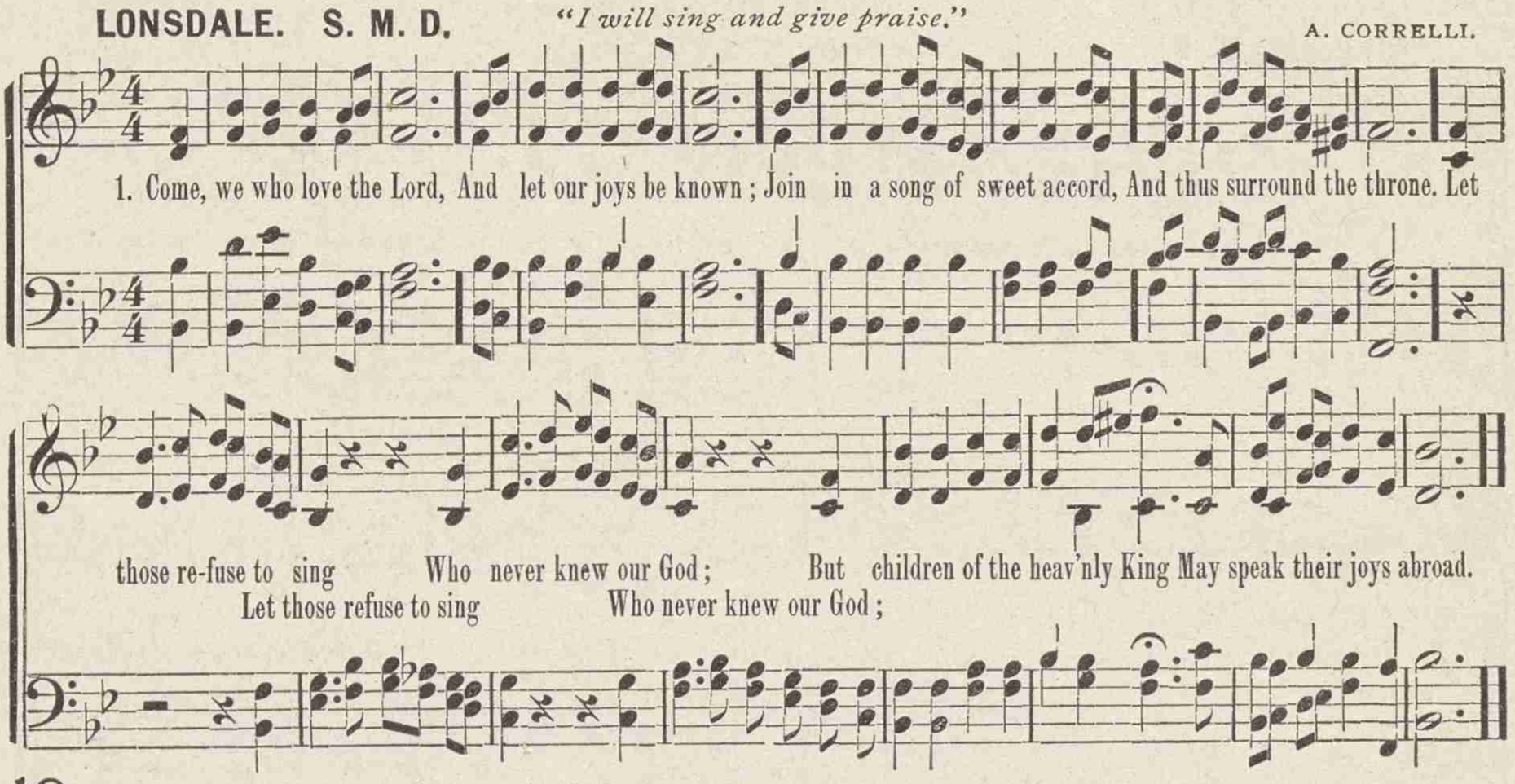
HEAVENLY KING. 7s. D. *"Did not our hearts burn within us?"* L. MASON, 1832.

9 John Cennick, 1742.

1 Children of the heavenly King,
As we journey let us sing;
Sing our Savior's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.
We are trav'ling home to God,
In the way our fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

2 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of our land;
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us undismayed go on.
Lord! obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

LONSDALE. S. M. D. *"I will sing and give praise."* A. CORRELLI.



10 Isaac Watts.

1 Come, we who love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song of sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.
Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

2 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.
Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

TURNER. C. M. *"To whom be glory forever."* MAXIM.

Spirited.

11 Anne Steele, 1760.

2 His love, what mortal thought can reach,
What mortal tongue display?
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

3 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee,
May every heart with rapture say,
"The Savior died for me."

HENRY. C. M. *"Enter his courts with praise."* SYLVANUS B. POND, 1835.

12

Martin Madan (?) 1760.

1 Come, let us all unite to praise
The Savior of mankind;
Our thankful hearts in solemn lays
Be with our voices joined.

2 O Lord! we can not silent be;
By love we are constrained
To offer our best thanks to thee,
Our Savior and our Friend.

3 Let every tongue thy goodness show,
And spread abroad thy fame;
Let every heart with praise o'erflow,
And bless thy sacred name.

4 Worship and honor, thanks and love,
Be to our Jesus given,
By men below, by hosts above,
By all in earth and heaven.

13

Anne Steele, 1760.

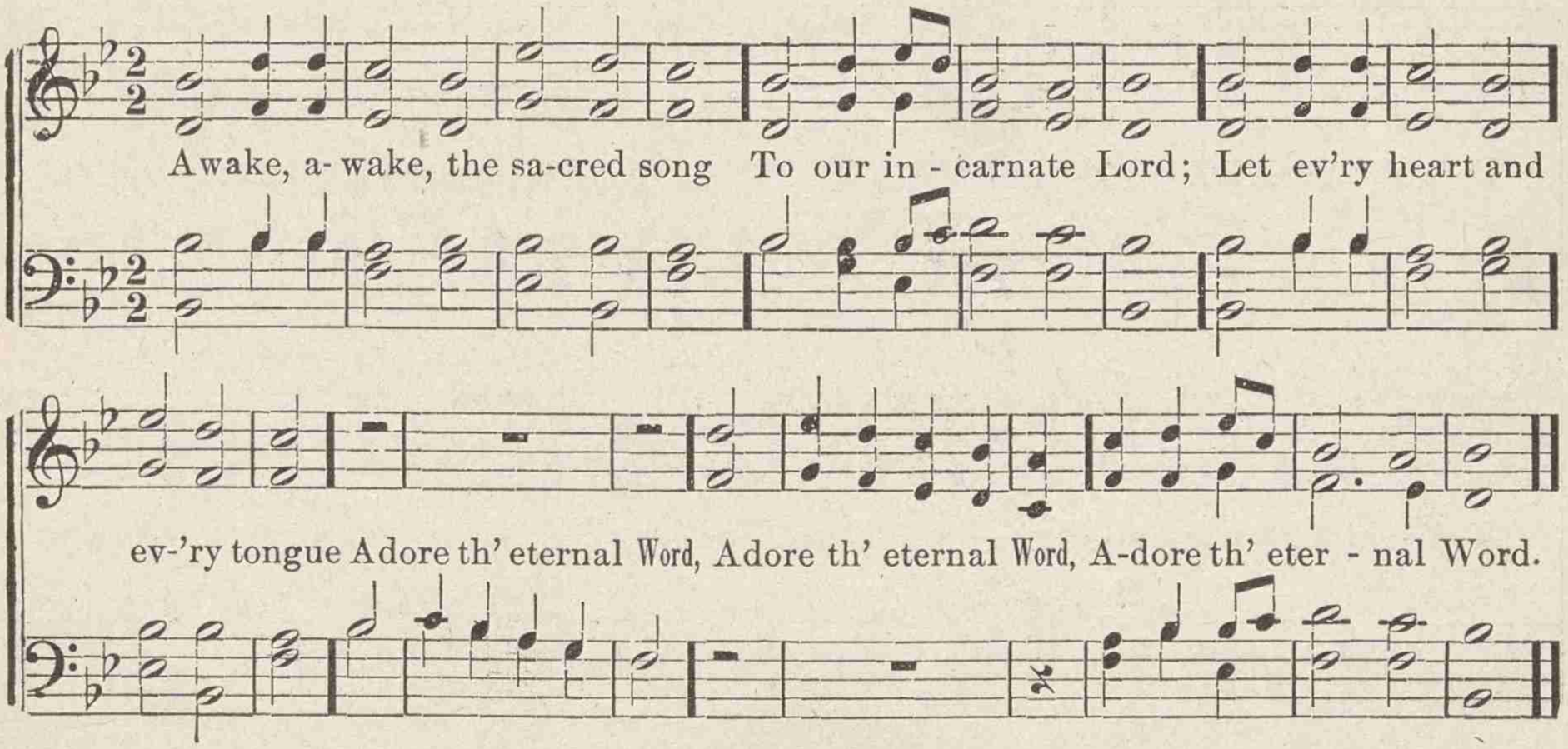
1 Awake, awake, the sacred song,
To our incarnate Lord;
Let every heart and every tongue
Adore th' eternal Word.

2 That awful Word, that sovereign Power,
By whom the worlds were made;
Oh, happy morn—illustrious hour—
Was once in flesh arrayed.

3 To dwell with misery here below,
The Savior left the skies,
And sunk to wretchedness and woe,
That worthless man might rise.

4 Adoring angels tuned their songs,
To hail the joyful day;
With rapture, then, let human tongues
Their grateful worship pay.

CAMBRIDGE. C. M. *"Oh, that men would praise the Lord."* JOHN RANDALL, 1790.



OLD HUNDRED. L. M. *"Serve the Lord with gladness."* L. BOURGEOIS.

14

Isaac Watts.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We are his people, we his care—
Our souls, and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name?

4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heav'ns our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is thy command!
Vast as eternity thy love!
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move!

15

John Needham.

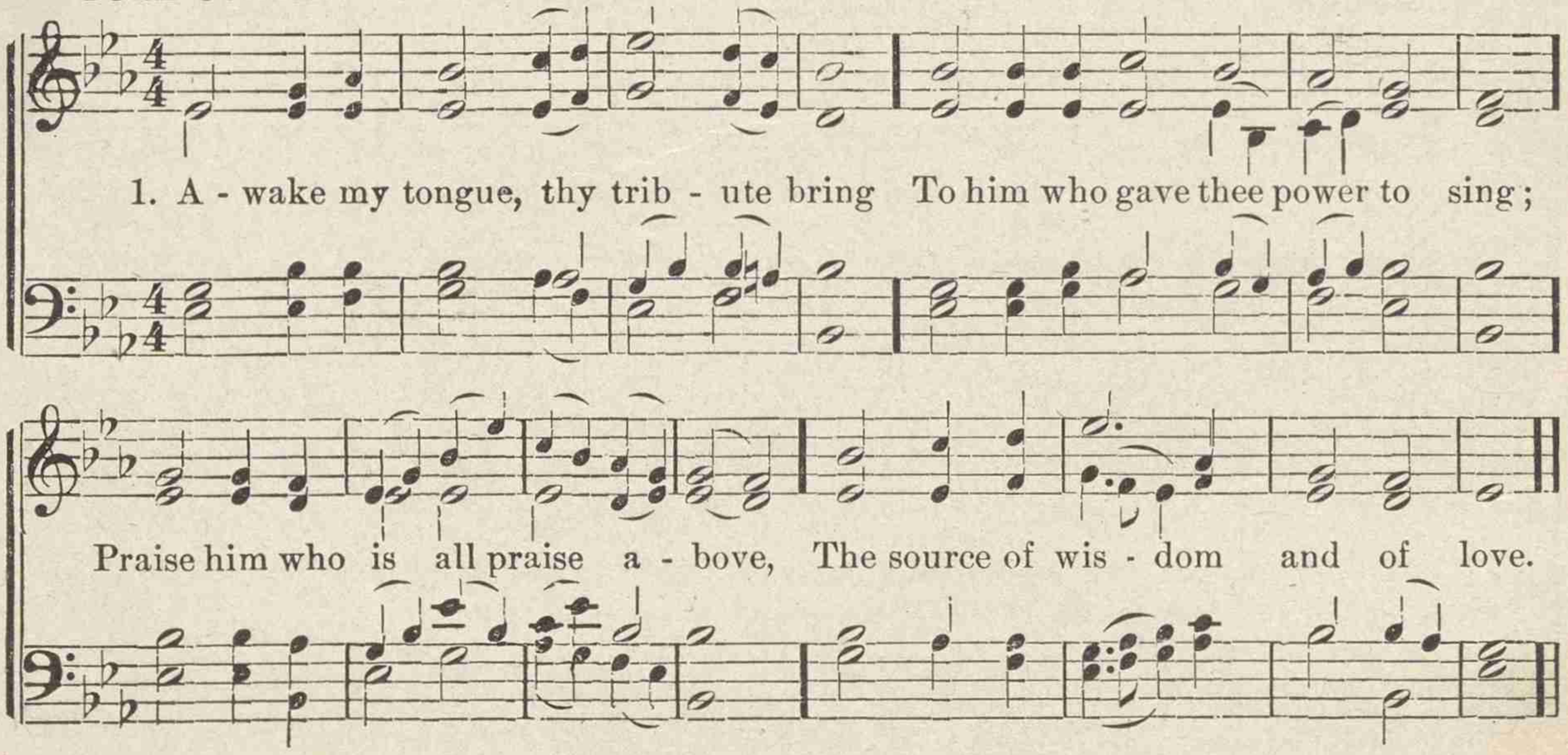
1 Awake, my tongue, thy tribute bring
To him who gave thee power to sing;
Praise him who is all praise above,
The source of wisdom and of love.

2 How vast his knowledge! how profound!
A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd;
The stars he numbers, and their names
He gives to all those heavenly flames.

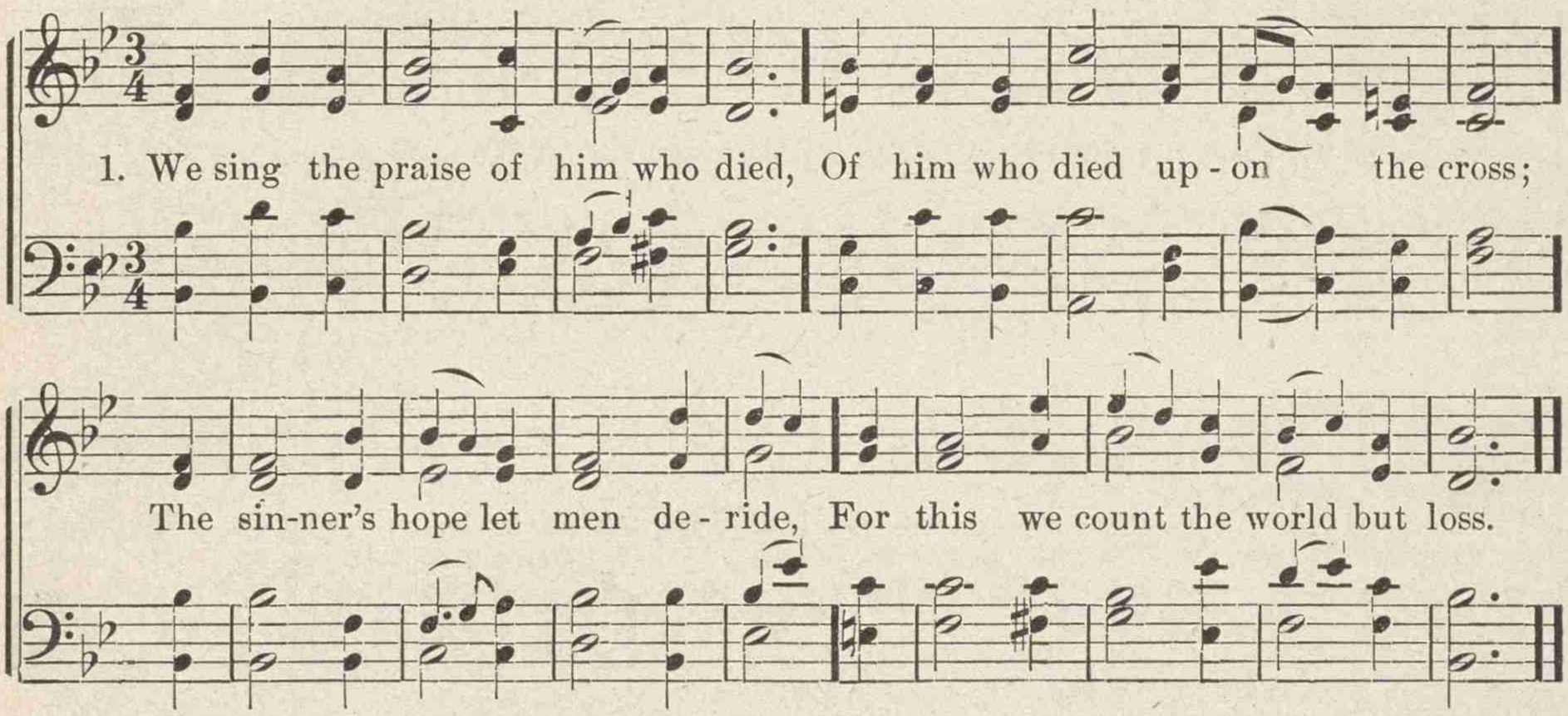
3 Thro' each bright world above, behold
Ten thousand thousand charms unfold;
Earth, air, and mighty seas combine
To speak his wisdom all divine.

4 But in redemption, O what grace!
Its wonders, O what thought can trace!
Here wisdom shines forever bright;
Praise him, my soul, with sweet delight.

DUKE STREET. L. M. *"And come before his presence with a song."* JOHN HATTON.



GERMANY. L. M. *"To him be glory and dominion."* LUDWIG VON BEETHOVEN.



16

Thomas Kelly.

2 Inscribed upon the cross we see,
In shining letters, "God is Love;"
He bears our sins upon the tree,
He brings us mercy from above.

3 The cross! it takes our guilt away;
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.

4 It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight;
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light:

5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angels' theme in heaven above.

17

James Montgomery. 1771-1854.

1 Come, let us sing the song of songs,
The saints in heaven began the strain,
The homage which to Christ belongs:
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"

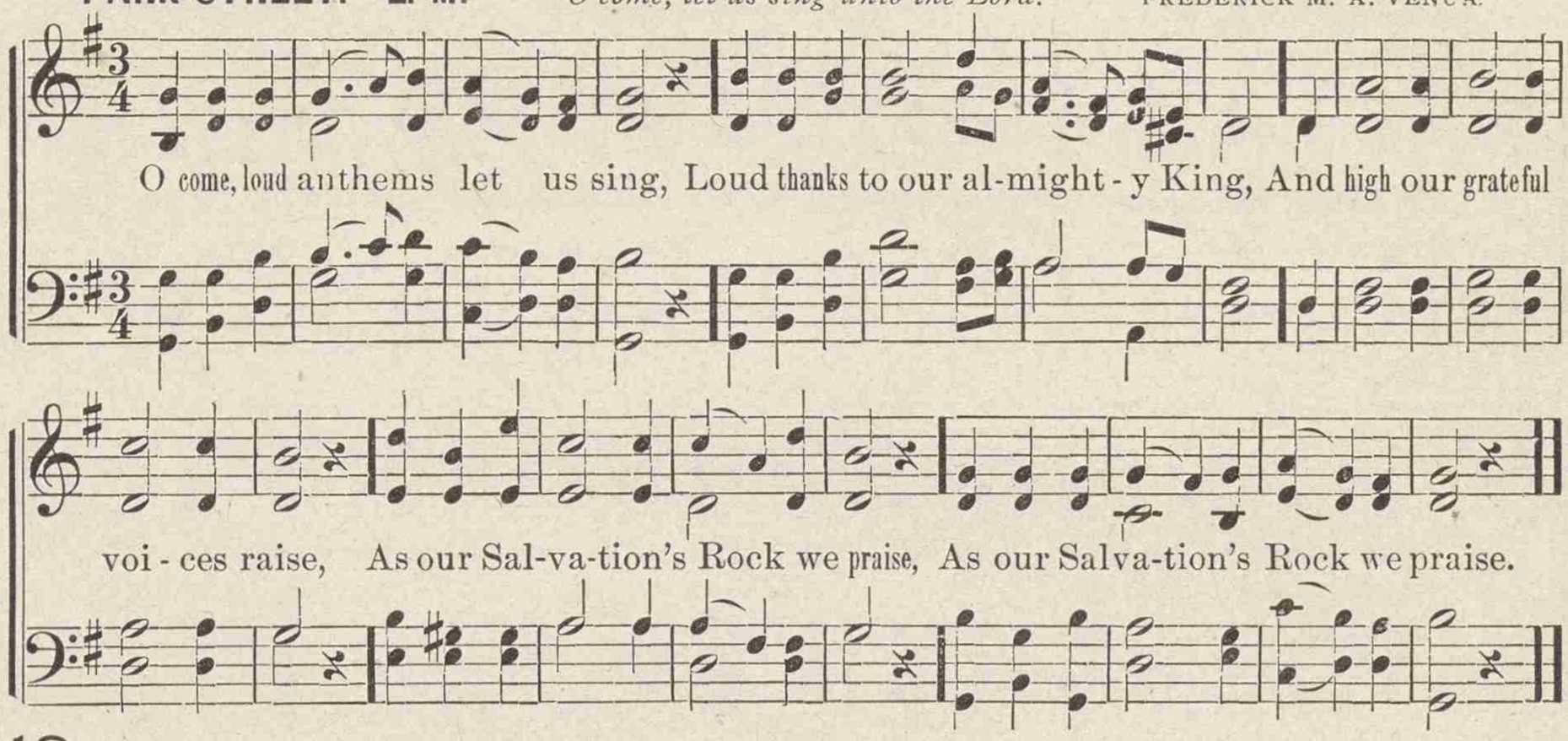
2 Slain to redeem us by his blood,
To cleanse from every sinful stain,
And make us kings and priests to God,
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"

3 To him, enthroned by filial right,
All power in heaven and earth proclaim,
Honor and majesty and might;
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"

4 Long as we live, and when we die,
And while in heaven with him we reign;
This song, our song of songs shall be:
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"

ANVERN. L. M. *"Worthy the Lamb."* DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792–1872.

PARK STREET. L. M. *"O come, let us sing unto the Lord."* FREDERICK M. A. VENUA.



18 Nahum Tate.

1 O come, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our Almighty King,
And high our grateful voices raise,
As our Salvation's Rock we praise.

2 Into his presence let us haste
To thank him for his favors past;
To him address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to his Name belongs.

3 For God the Lord, enthroned in state,
Is with unrivall'd glory great;
The depths of earth are in his hand,
Her secret wealth at his command.

4 O let us to his courts repair,
And bow with adoration there;
Low on our knees with reverence fall,
And on the Lord our Maker call.

MENDON. L. M. *"Enter his gates with thanksgiving."* GERMAN.

19 Isaac Watts, 1719

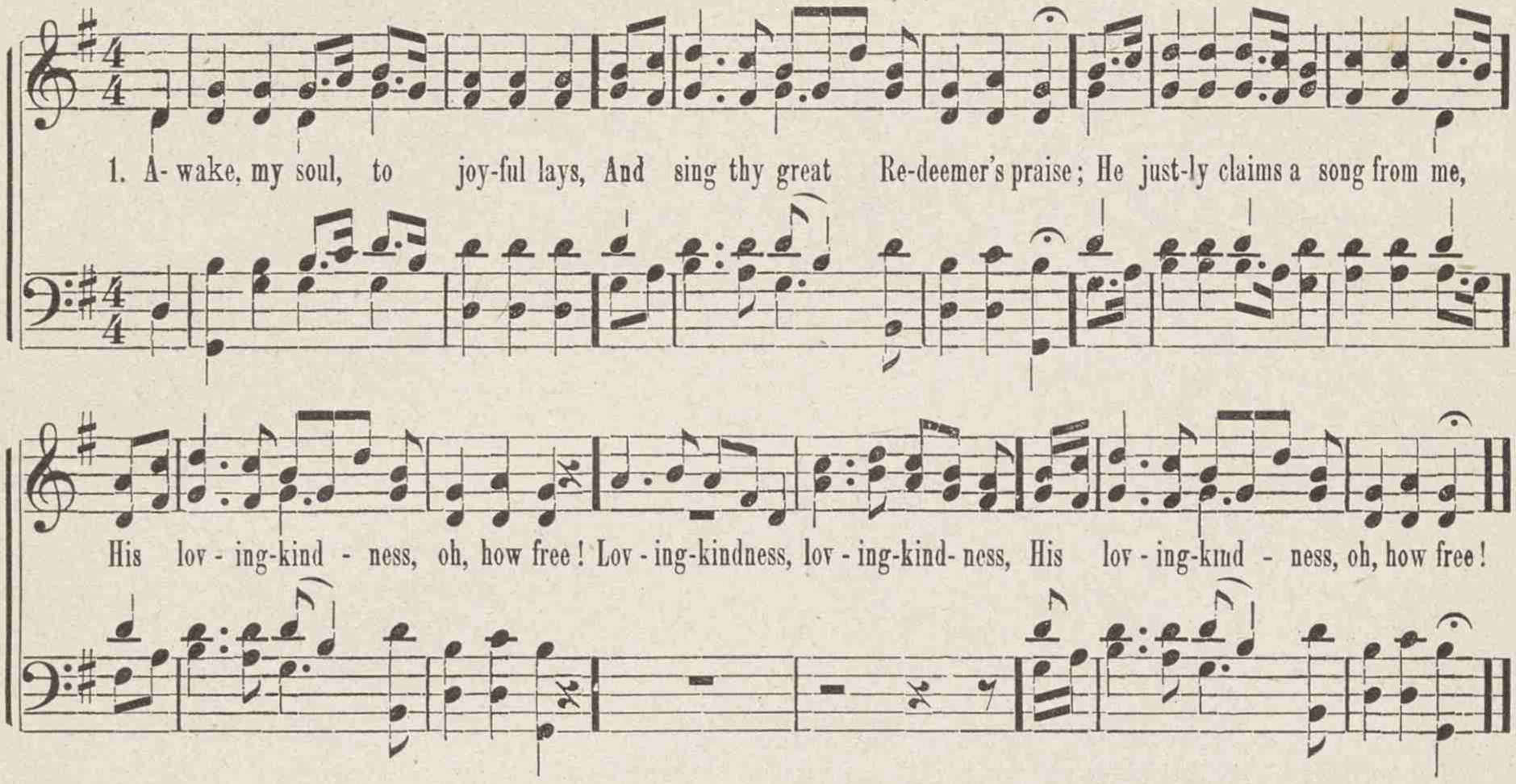
2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace!
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3 God is our sun, he makes our day;
God is our shield, he guards our way
From all the assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without and foes within.

4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too;
He gives us all things and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

5 O God, our King, whose sovereign sway
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
And devils at thy presence flee;
Blest is the man that trusts in thee!

LOVING-KINDNESS. L. M. *"Praise the Lord, O my soul."* ENGLISH MELODY.



20

Samuel Medley, 1787.

1 Awake, my soul, to joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me!
His loving kindness, O how free!

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

3 I often feel my sinful heart,
Prone from my Savior to depart;
But though I oft have him forgot,
His loving kindness changes not.

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

WARD. L. M. *"Serve the Lord with gladness."* Arr. by LOWELL MASON, 1830.

21

John Fawcett, 1782.

2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
And fix our hearts and hopes above;
With food divine may we be fed,
And satisfied with living bread.

3 To us thy sacred word apply,
With sovereign power and energy;
And may we, in thy faith and fear,
Reduce to practice what we hear.

4 Father, in us thy Son reveal;
Teach us to know and do thy will;
Thy saving power and love display,
And guide us to the realms of day.

22

Isaac Watts.

1 Sweet is the work, my God, my King!
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

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

3 My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine;
How deep thy counsels! how divine!

CORONATION. C. M. *"He is Lord of lords and King of Kings."* O. HOLDEN, 1792.

23

E. Perronet.

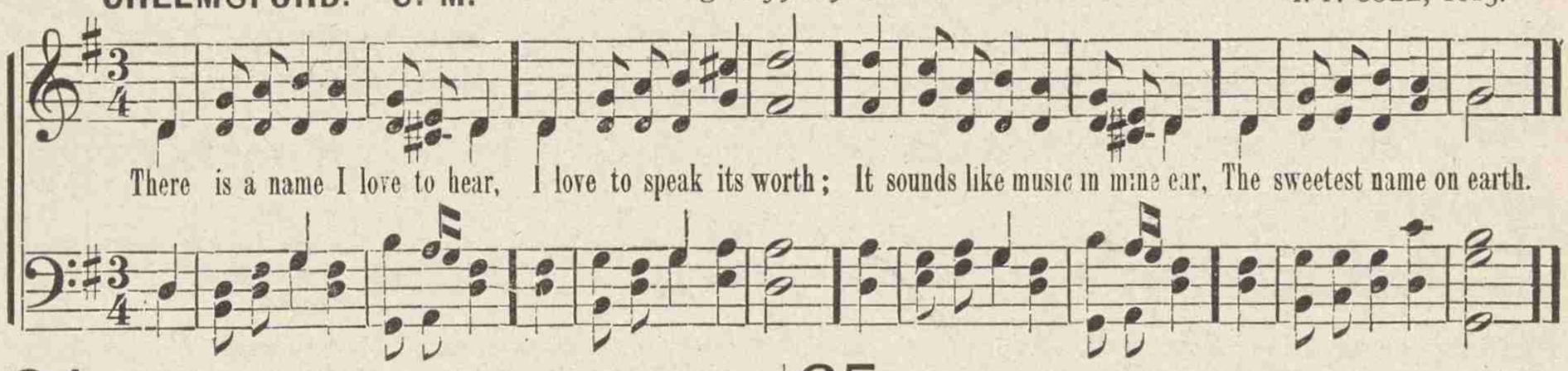
2 Crown him, you martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 You 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.

4 You Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

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

CHELMSFORD. C. M. *"I will glorify thy name."* I. P. COLE, 1813.



24

Frederick Whitfield.

2 It tells me of a Savior's love,
Who died to set me free;
It tells me of his precious blood,
The sinner's perfect plea.

3 Jesus, the name I love so well,
The name I love to hear!
No saint on earth its worth can tell,
No heart conceive how dear.

4 This name shall shed its fragrance still
Along this thorny road,
Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill
That leads me up to God.

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

25

J. Montgomery.

1 O thou, my light, my life, my joy,
My glory and my all!
Unsent by thee, no good can come,
Nor evil can befall.

2 Such are thy schemes of providence,
And methods of thy grace,
That I may safely trust in thee
Through all this wilderness.

3 'Tis thine outstretched and powerful arm
Upholds me in the way;
And thy rich bounty well supplies
The wants of every day.

4 For such compassion, O my God,
Ten thousand thanks are due;
For such compassion I esteem
Ten thousand thanks too few.

MONTGOMERY. C. M. *"My spirit hath rejoiced in God my Savior."* SAMUEL HOWARD, 1762.

26

C. Wesley.

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

3 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
And sets the prisoner free:
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

4 He speaks; and, listening to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

5 Hear him, ye deaf! his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ!
Ye blind, behold your Savior come!
And leap, ye lame, for joy!

DODDRIDGE. C. M. *"The sun of Righteousness hath arisen."* W. H. W. 1878.

27

John Morrison, 1781.

2 For thou our burden hast removed;
The oppressor's reign is broke;
Thy fiery conflict with the foe
Has burst his cruel yoke.

3 To us the promised Child is born;
To us the Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
And all the hosts of heaven.

4 His Name shall be the Prince of Peace,
For evermore adored;
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The mighty God and Lord.

5 His power increasing still shall spread,
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.

GIVE. C. M. *"Worthy the Lamb."* J. GRIGG.

28

Isaac Watts.

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

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

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

5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb!

LANESBORO. C. M. *"Remember thy Creator."* WM. DIXON.

29 Isaac Watts.

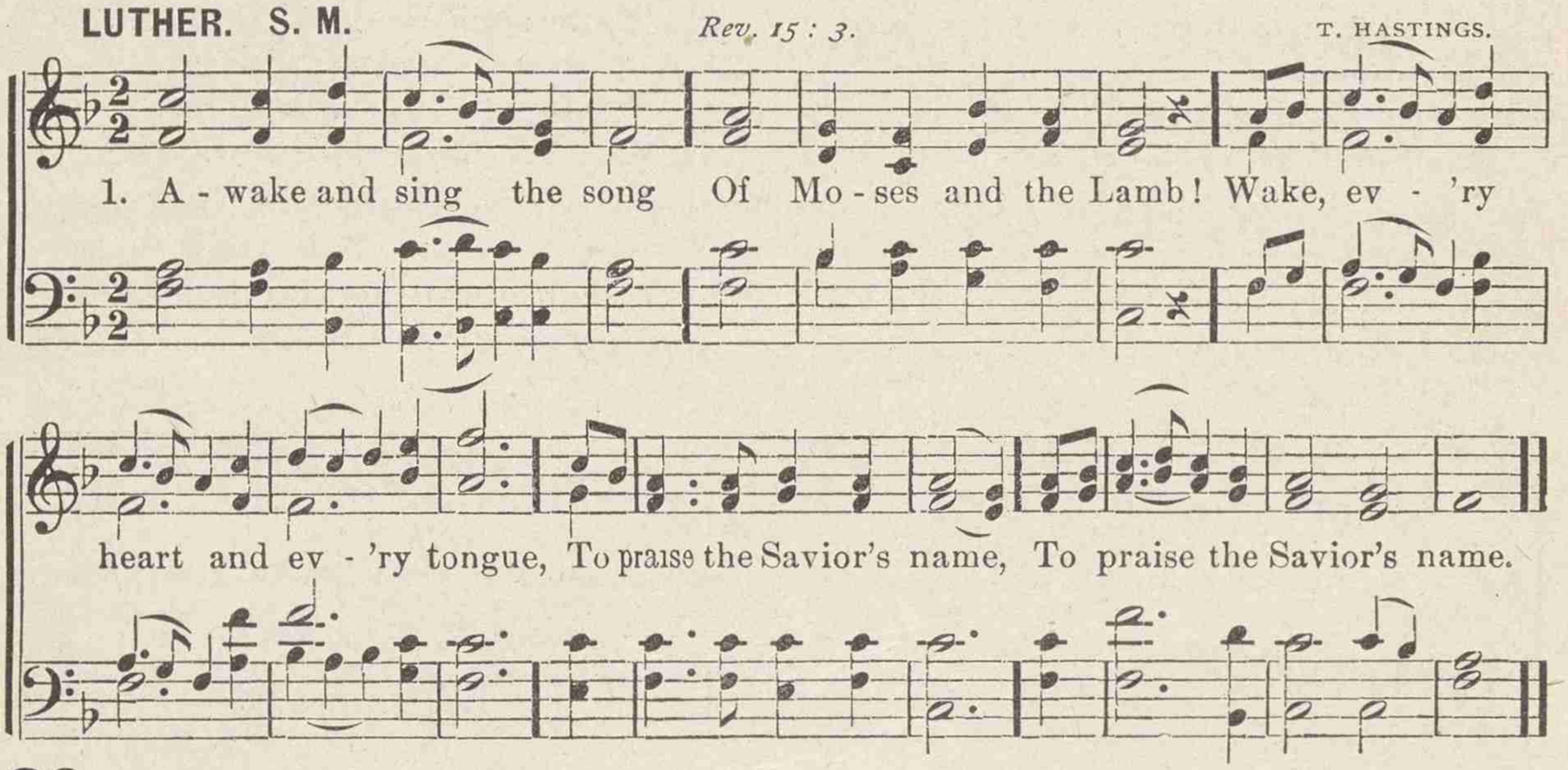
1. Early, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away,
Without thy cheering grace.

2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand;
And they must drink, or die.

3 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice
As thy forgiving love.

4 Thus, till my last, expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

LUTHER. S. M. *Rev. 15 : 3.* T. HASTINGS.



30 W. Hammond.

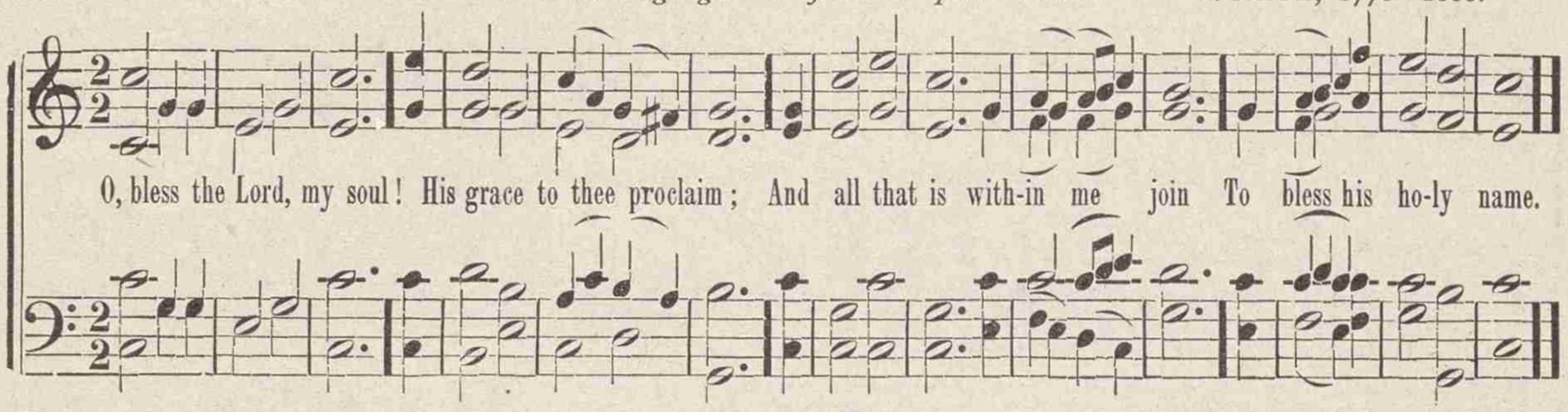
1. Awake and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb!
Wake, ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue,
To praise the Savior's name.

2 Sing of his dying love!
Sing of his rising power!
Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore!

3 Sing on your heavenly way,
You ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ, the glorious King.

4 Soon shall you hear him say,
"You blessed children, come;"
Soon will he call you hence away,
And take his pilgrims home.

SILVER STREET. S. M. *"Let the congregation of saints praise him."* I. SMITH, 1770—1800.



31 James Montgomery, 1825.

2 O, bless the Lord, my soul!
His mercies bear in mind;
Forget not all his benefits:
The Lord to thee is kind.

3 He will not always chide;
He will with patience wait:
His wrath is ever slow to rise,
And ready to abate.

4 He pardons all thy sins,
Prolongs thy feeble breath;
He healeth thy infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.

5 Then bless his holy name,
Whose grace hath made thee whole;
Whose loving kindness crowns thy days,
O, bless the Lord, my soul!

32 Isaac Watts, 1719.

1 Come, sound his praise abroad
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

2 He form'd the deeps unknown,
He gave the seas their bound;
The wat'ry worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne;
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are his work, and not our own:
He formed us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

LEIGHTON. S. M. *"Sing unto Him."* H. W. GREATOREX, 1849.

33 James Montgomery, 1825.

1 Stand up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice!
Stand up, and bless the Lord, your God,
With heart, and soul, and voice.

2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear his holy name,
And laud and magnify?

3 Oh, for the living flame
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!

4 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours;
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed,
With all our ransomed powers.

34 M. E. Servoss.

1 Lift up the Gates of Praise,
That we may enter in,
And o'er salvation's walls proclaim
That Christ redeems from sin.

2 God's works reveal his might,
His majesty and grace;
But not the tender Father's love
That saves a dying race.

3 Then let the voice of praise
To heavenly courts ascend,
Till with the songs the angels sing
Our hallelujahs blend.

4 To him that hath redeemed
Our souls from sin's dark maze;
The Hope and Savior of mankind,
Be everlasting praise.

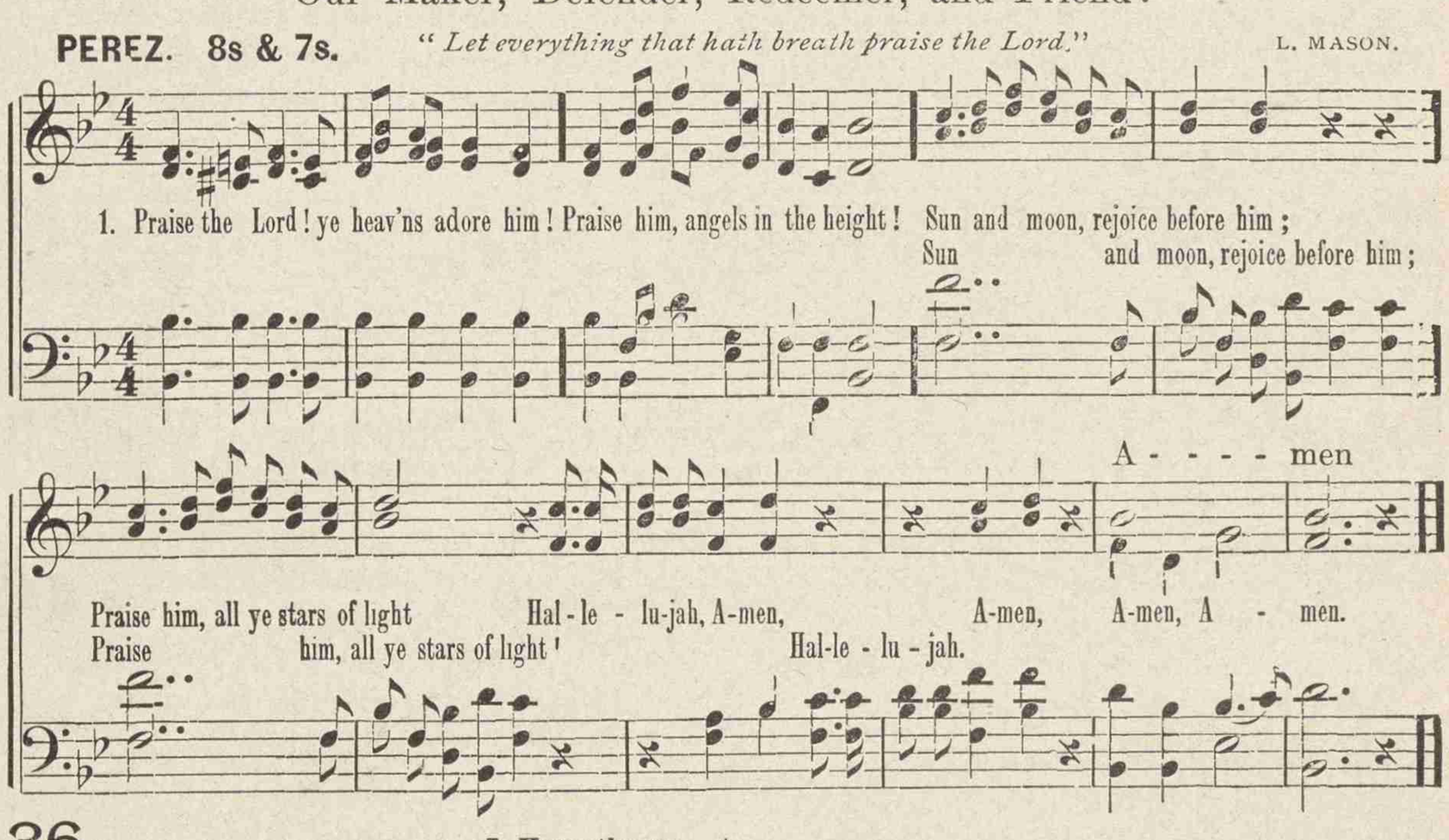
LYONS. 10s & 11s. *"I will magnify thee, O God, my King."* F. J. HAYDN, 1732-1809.

35 Sir Robert Grant, 1830.

2 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distills in the dew and the rain.

3 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail:
Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!

PEREZ. 8s & 7s. *"Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord."* L. MASON.



36 J. Kempthorne.

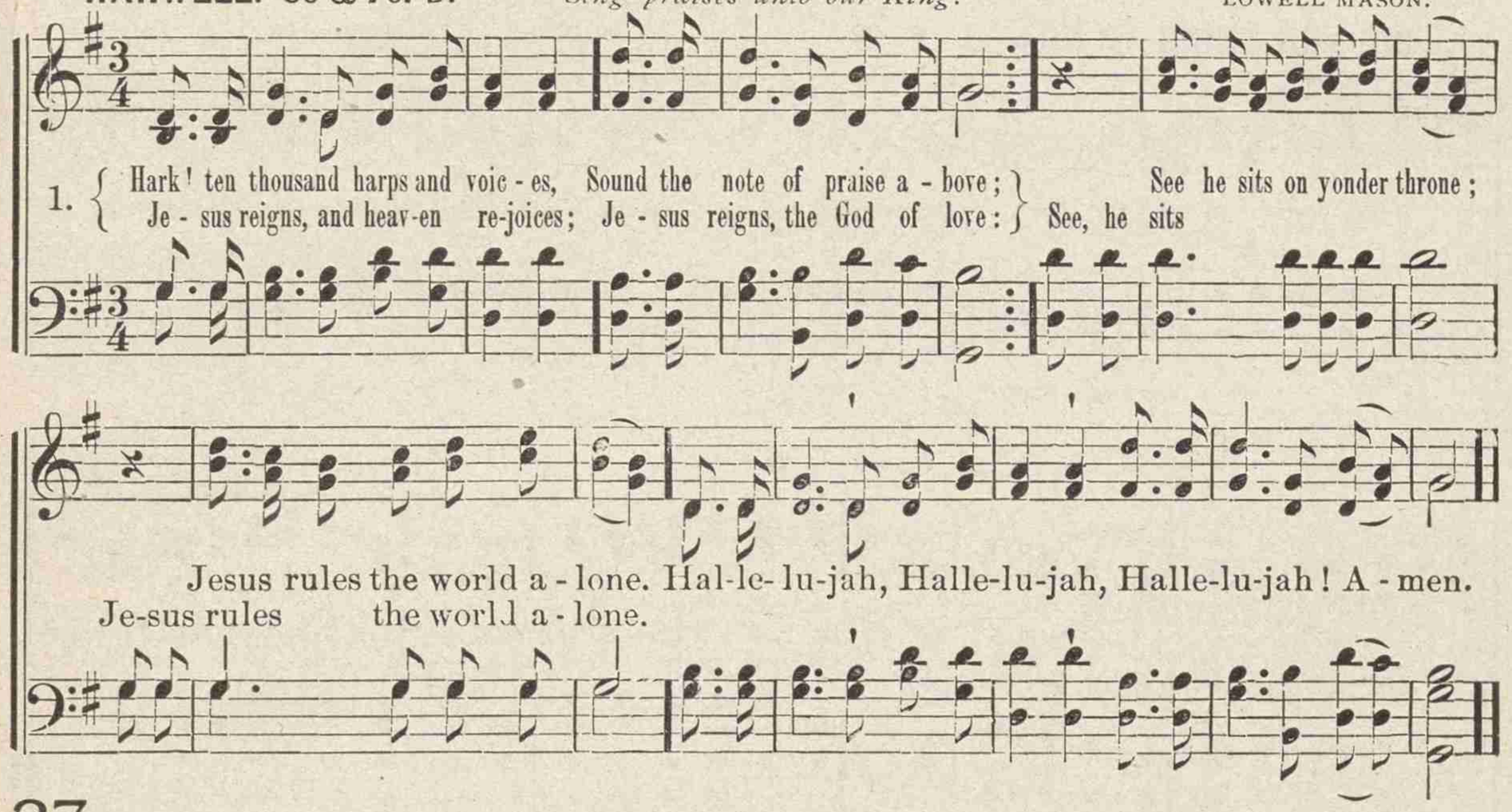
1 Praise the Lord, ye heav'ns adore him!
Praise him, angels in the height!
Sun and moon, rejoice before him;
Praise him, all ye stars of light!

2 Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken;
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed;
Laws which never shall be broken,
For their guidance he hath made.

3 Praise the Lord! for he is glorious,
Never shall his promise fail;
God hath made his saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail.

4 Praise the God of our salvation!
Hosts on high his power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify his name!

HARWELL. 8s & 7s. D. *"Sing praises unto our King."* LOWELL MASON.



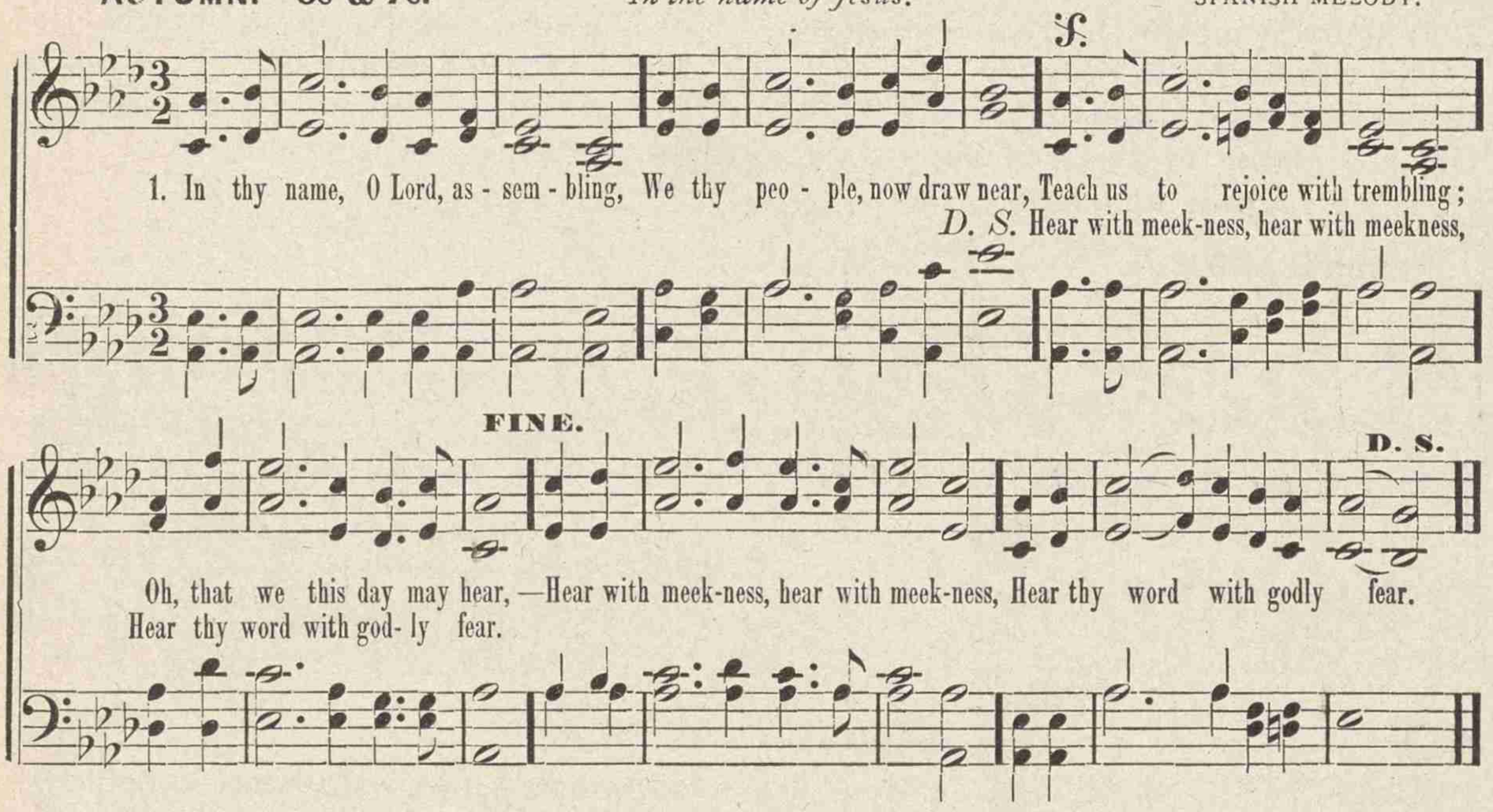
37

Thomas Kelly.

2 King of glory, reign for ever—
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing from thy love shall sever
Those whom thou hast made thine own;—
Happy objects of thy grace,
Destined to behold thy face.

3 Savior, hasten Thine appearing;
Bring, oh, bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away;—
Then with golden harps we'll sing,—
"Glory, glory to our King!"

AUTUMN. 8s & 7s. *"In the name of Jesus."* SPANISH MELODY.



38

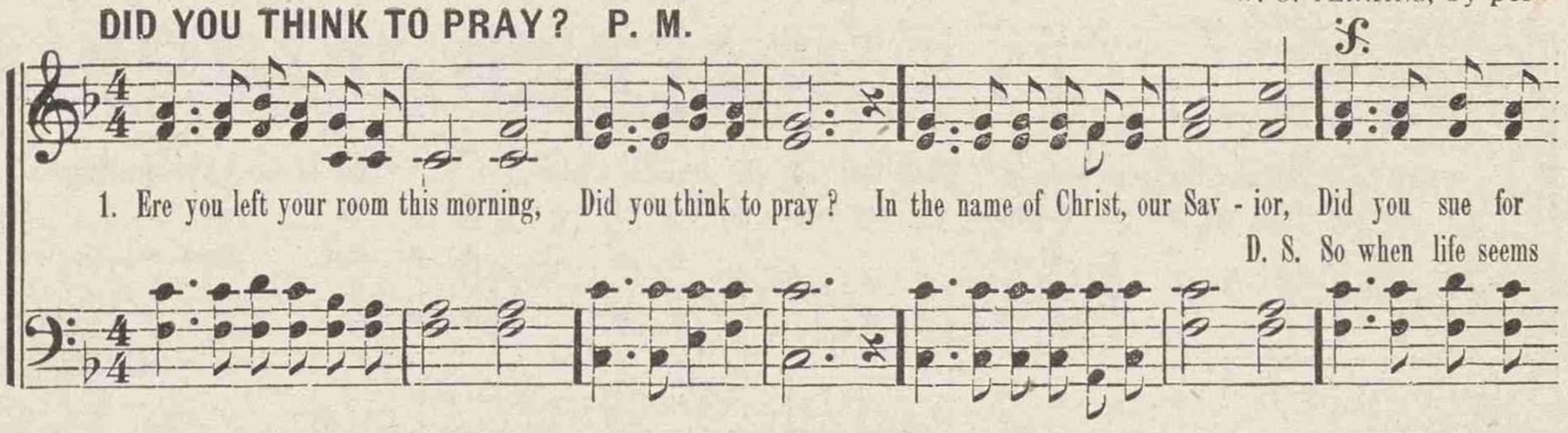
Thomas Kelly.

2 While our days on earth are lengthened,
May we give them, Lord, to thee;
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,
We would run, nor weary be,
Till thy glory,
Without clouds, in heaven we see.

3 There in worship, purer, sweeter,
All thy people shall adore,
Tasting of enjoyment greater
Than they could conceive before;
Full enjoyment—
Holy bliss for evermore.

"*Pray without ceasing.*"

DID YOU THINK TO PRAY? P. M. W. O. PERKINS, by per.



39

Mrs. M. A. Kidder.

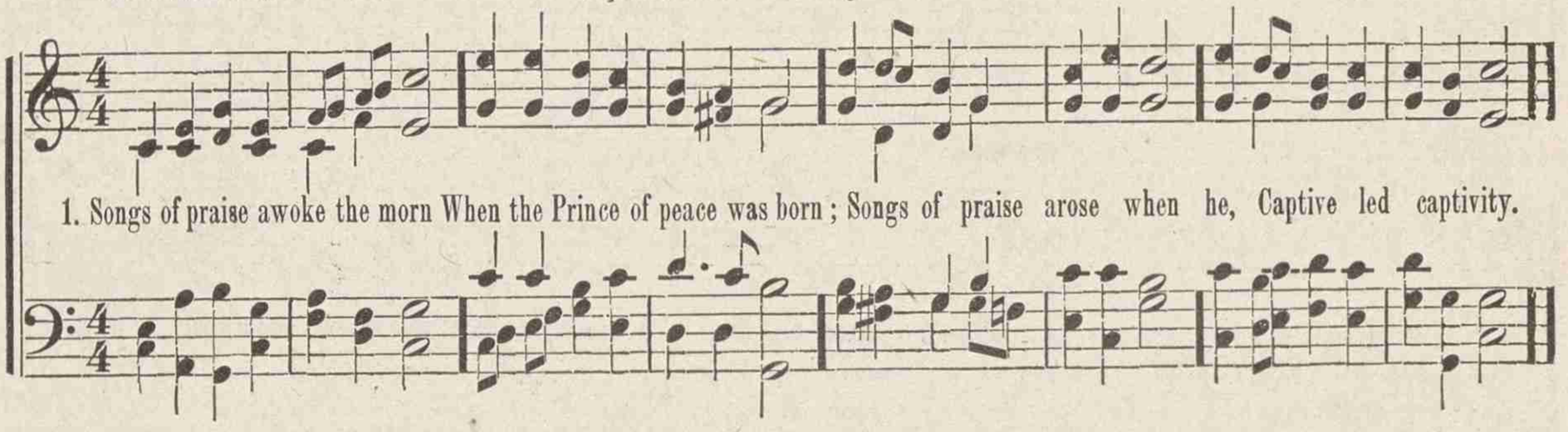
1 Ere you left your room this morning,
Did you think to pray?
In the name of Christ, our Savior,
Did you sue for loving favor,
As a shield to-day?—Cho.

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?—Cho.

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?—Cho.

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?—Cho.

MONKLAND. 7s. "*O praise the Lord of Heaven.*" JOHN B. WILKES.



40

J. Montgomery.

1 Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of peace was born;
Songs of praise arose when he,
Captive led captivity.

2 Heaven and earth must pass away—
Songs of praise shall crown the day;
God will make new heavens and earth—
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

3 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice,
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

4 Borne upon the latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

"Men ought always to pray and not to faint."

MOMENTS OF PRAYER. P. M.

FRANK M. DAVIS, by per

41 Frank M. Davis.

2 Oh, how sweet are the moments of prayer
When the soul is o'er burdened with griefs,
On the Savior to cast all our care,
And receive there the sweetest relief.

3 Oh, how sweet are the moments of prayer
To the soul that is tempted to stray,
Gaining strength to withstand ev'ry snare
That would lead from the heavenly way.

BALERMA. C. M.

"A new heart will I give you." R. SIMPSON.

42 Wm. Cowper.

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

3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Confiding, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within!

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine,
Perfect and right, and pure and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine!

5 Thy Spirit, gracious Lord, impart;
Direct me from above;
May thy dear name be near my heart—
That dear, best name is Love.

MORNING AND EVENING HYMNS.

"From the rising of the sun until the going down of the same, the Lord's name is to be praised." Ps. 113: 3.

ERRETT'S MORNING HYMN. L. M. STEPHEN STORACE.

50 Isaac Errett.

2 Redeemed from weariness, I rise,
To greet the light with cheerful eyes;
And with the birds on joyful wing,
My soul would rise, and gaily sing.

3 I thank thee, Lord, for all thy care,
For all the blessings that I share—
Life, reason, health, and home, and friends,
And every gift thy goodness sends.

4 O let me never, never cease
To cherish trust and thankfulness;
From thee, thou Maker of my frame,
Each undeserved blessing came.

5 As numberless as stars of heaven
Are the rich bounties thou hast given,
As fresh as dews, and sweet as flowers,
The love that smiles on all my hours.

6 O let me to thine altar, bring
A pure and grateful offering;
And let my thanks, as incense rise
In Christ a pleasing sacrifice.

51 J. Keble.

1 God of the morning, at whose voice,
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies!

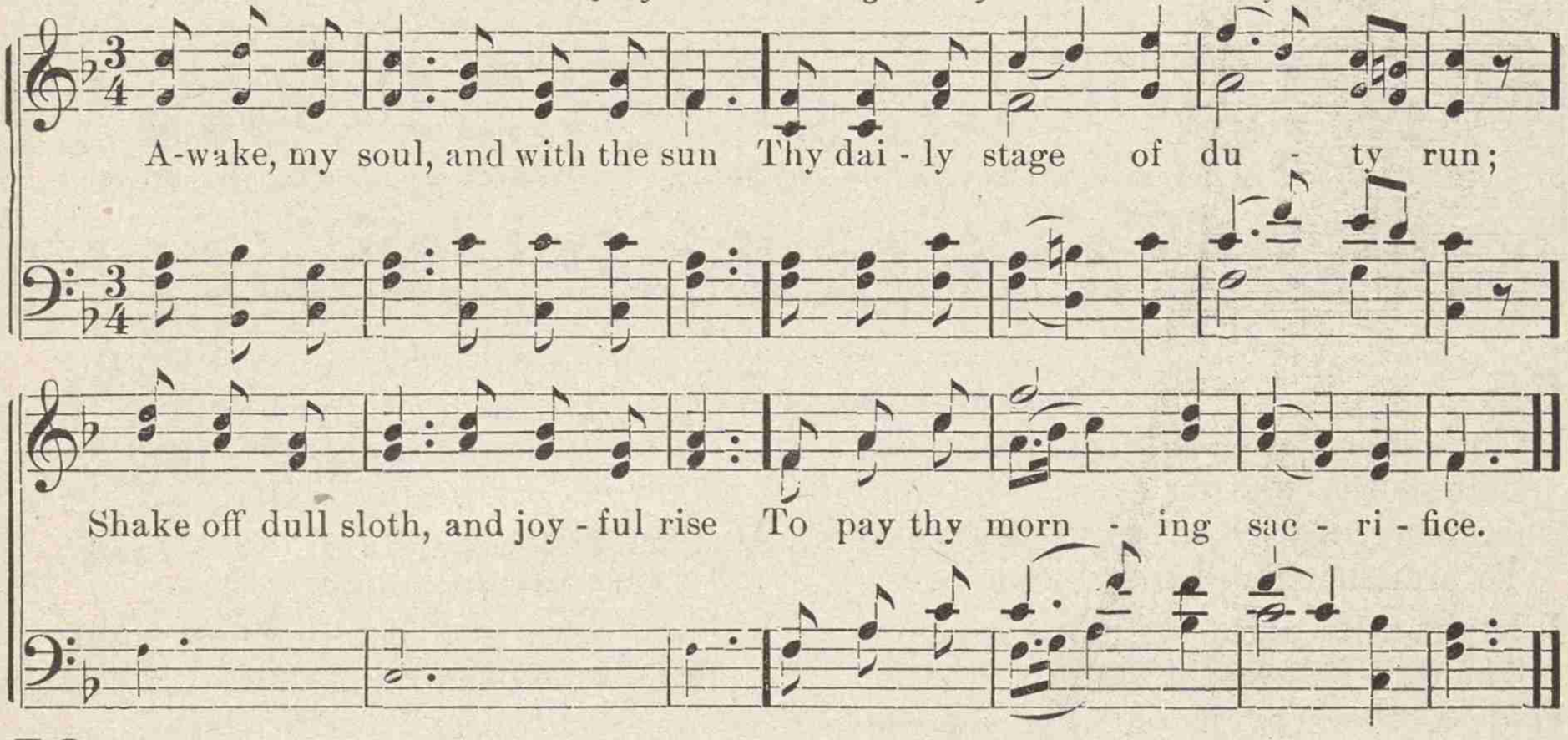
2 Oh, like the sun may I fulfill
The appointed duties of the day,
With ready mind, and active will,
March on and keep my heavenly way.

3 New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove:
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

4 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

5 Only, O Lord, in thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above,
And keep us this, and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

LOWRY. L. M. *"I myself will awake right early."* J. E. SWEETSER.



52

Thomas Ken, 1697.

1 Awake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Glory to thee who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me whilst I slept!
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake!

3 Lord, I my vows to thee renew;
Disperse my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

4 Direct, control, suggest this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

UXBRIDGE. L. M. *"The Lord preserveth me."* L. MASON.

53

Samuel F. Smith.

1 Arise, my soul, with rapture rise,
And, filled with love and fear, adore
The awful Sovereign of the skies,
Whose mercy lends me one day more.

2 And may this day, indulgent Power,
Not idly pass, nor fruitless be;
But may each swiftly-flying hour
Still nearer bring my soul to thee.

3 And will he deign to lend an ear,
When I, poor sinful mortal, pray?
Yes, boundless goodness! he will hear,
Nor cast the meanest wretch away.

4 Then let me serve thee all my days,
And may my zeal with years increase:
For pleasant, Lord, are all thy ways,
And all thy paths are paths of peace.

54

Charles Wesley, 1749.

1 Forth in thy name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labor to pursue;
Thee, only thee, resolved to know
In all I think, or speak, or do.

2 The task thy wisdom hath assigned
O let me cheerfully fulfill;
In all my works thy presence find,
And prove thy good and perfect will.

3 Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes my inmost substance see,
And labor on at thy command,
And offer all my works to thee.

4 Give me to bear thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray;
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to thy glorious day.

DUNDEE. C. M.

"This God is our God forever and ever."

GUILLAUME FRANC.

55

Isaac Watts, 1709.

1 Once more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To him that rules the skies.

2 Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound,
Wide as the heavens on which he sits
To turn the seasons round.

3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame;
My tongue shall speak his praise;
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.

4 Great God, let all my hours be thine,
While I enjoy the light;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a pleasant night.

56

Isaac Watts, 1719.

1 Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high:
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye.

2 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

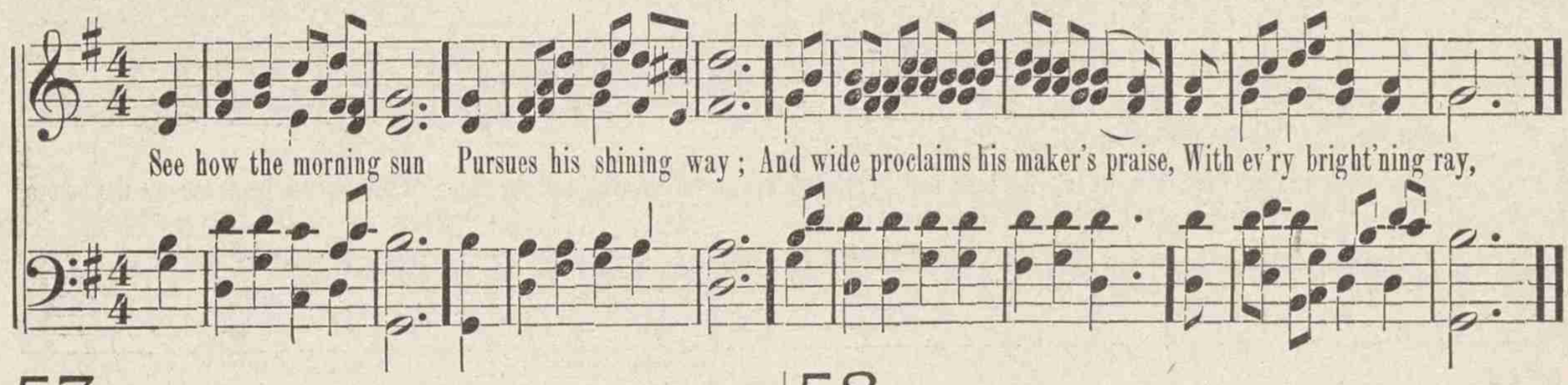
3 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thine holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

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

SHIRLAND. S. M.

"His compassions fail not."

S. STANLEY.



57

T. Scott.

1 See how the morning sun
Pursues his shining way;
And wide proclaims his Maker's praise,
With ev'ry bright'ning ray.

2 Thus would my rising soul
Its heavenly Parent sing,
And to its great Original
The humble tribute bring.

3 Serene I laid me down,
Beneath his guardian care;
I slept, and I awoke, and found
My kind Preserver near.

4 My life I would anew
Devote, O Lord, to thee;
And in thy service I would spend
A long eternity.

58

J. Montgomery.

1 Come at the morning hour,
Come, let us kneel and pray;
Pray'r is the Christian pilgrim's staff
To walk with God all day.

2 At noon beneath the Rock
Of ages, rest and pray;
Sweet is that shelter from the sun
In weary heat of day.

3 At evening, in thy home,
Around its altar, pray;
And finding there the house of God,
With heaven then close the day.

4 When midnight veils our eyes,
Oh, it is sweet to say,
I sleep, but my heart waketh, Lord!
With thee to watch and pray.

TALLIS' EVENING HYMN. L. M.

"Under his wings shalt thou trust."

TALLIS.

59

Bishop Ken, 1789.

1 Glory to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light:
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thine own almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill which I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgment-day.

4 O let my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep, which shall me more vigorous make,
To serve my God when I awake.

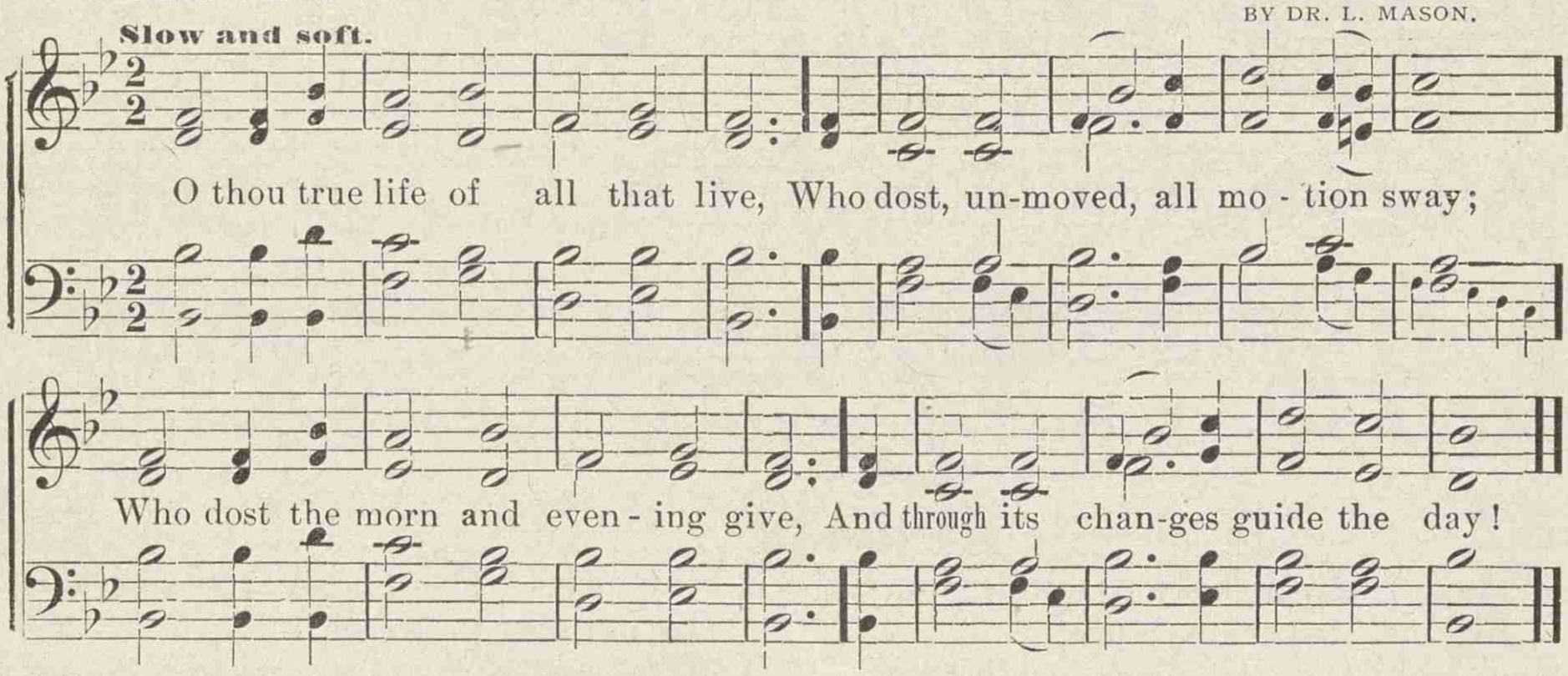
5 Be thou my guardian while I sleep,
Thy watchful station near me keep;
My heart with love celestial fill,
And guard me from the approach of ill.

6 Lord, let my soul forever share,
The bliss of thy paternal care:
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,
To see thy face, and sing thy love!

WARD. L. M.

"Darkness and light to thee are both alike.

ARR. FROM A SCOTCH AIR, BY DR. L. MASON.



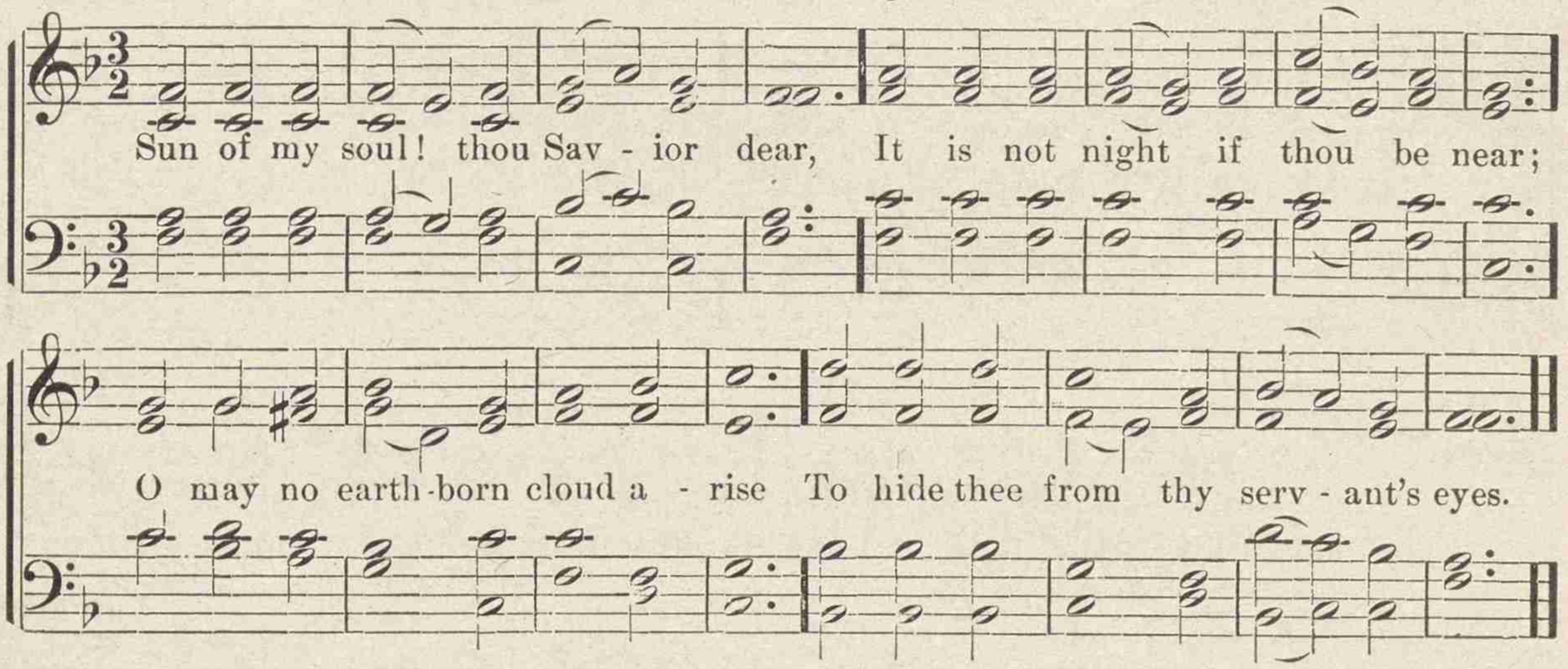
60

Edward Caswall.

2 Thy light upon our evening pour,
So may our souls no sunset see;
But death to us an open door
To an eternal morning be.

3 Thee in the hymns of morn we praise,
To thee our voice at eve we raise;
O, grant us, with thy saints on high,
Thee through all time to glorify!

HURSLEY. L. M. *"Thy sun shall no more go down."* PETER RITTER.



61

J. Keble.

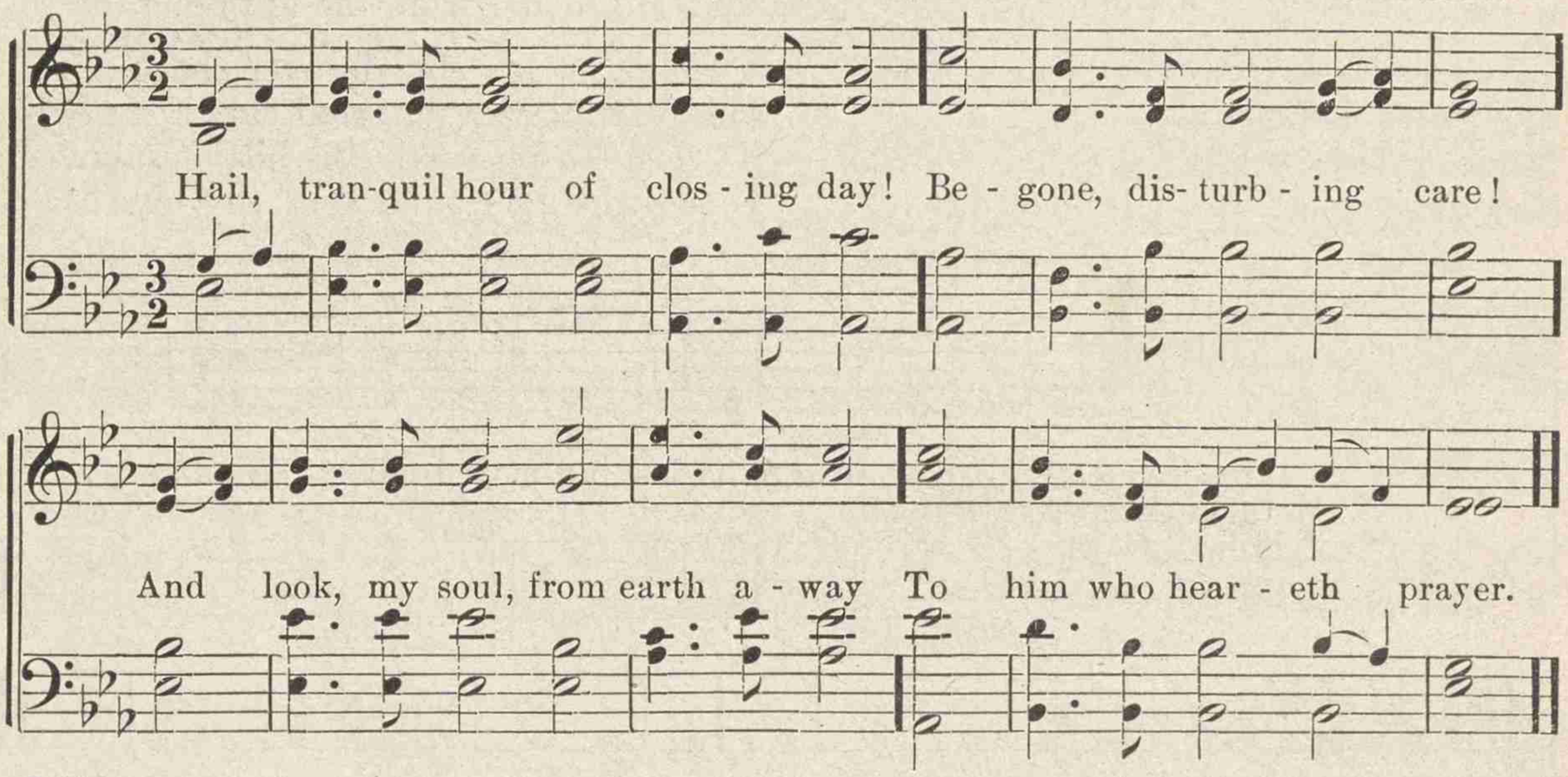
1 Sun of my soul, thou Savior, dear,
It is not night if thou be near;
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes!

2 When soft the dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought—how sweet to rest
Forever on my Savior's breast!

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

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

SOUTHPORT. C. M. *"I will lay me down in peace."* G. KINGSLEY.



62

L. Bacon.

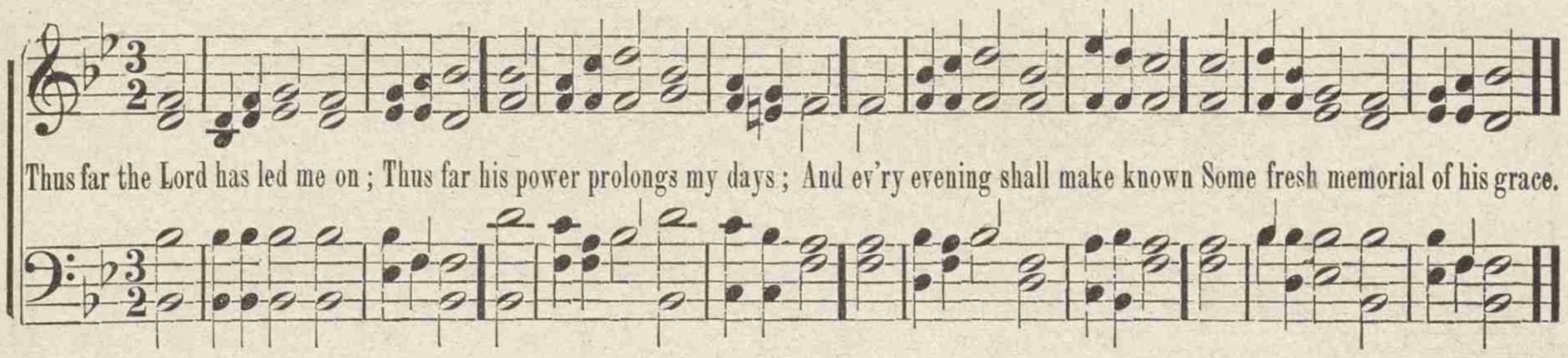
1 Hail, tranquil hour of closing day!
Begone, disturbing care!
And look, my soul, from earth away
To him who heareth prayer.

2 How sweet the tear of penitence,
Before his throne of grace,
While to the contrite spirit's sense,
He shows his smiling face.

3 How sweet, through long-remembered years,
His mercies to recall,
And pressed with wants, and griefs, and fears,
To trust his love for all.

4 How sweet to look in thoughtful hope,
Beyond this fading sky,
And hear him call his children up
To his fair home on high.

HEBRON. L. M. *"Thou, Lord, only, makest me dwell in safety."* L. MASON.



63

Isaac Watts.

1 Thus far the Lord has led me on;
  Thus far his power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
  Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
  And I, perhaps, am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past,
  And gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep;
  Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
  Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Thus, when the night of death shall come,
  My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to break my tomb,
  With sweet salvation in the sound.

HARMONY GROVE. L. M. *"I will lay me down in peace."* H. K. OLIVER.

64

Isaac Watts.

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

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

ZEPHYR. L. M. *"The Lord is my Light."* WM. B. BRADBURY, 1843.

65

A. Steele.

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

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

EVENING. S. M.

"The Lord is thy keeper." STEPHEN JENKS.

66 J. Leland.

1 The day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear;
Oh, may we all remember well
The night of death draws near!

2 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

3 And when we early rise,
And view the unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

4 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
Oh, may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love!

SHAWMUT. S. M.

"I tell of thy truth in the night season." DR. MASON, 1833.

67 John Mason Neale, 1818-1866.

2 We have not reached that land,
That happy land, as yet,
Where holy angels round thee stand,
Whose sun can never set.

3 Our sun is sinking now,
Our day is almost o'er;
O Sun of Righteousness, do thou
Shine on us evermore!

LABAN. S. M.

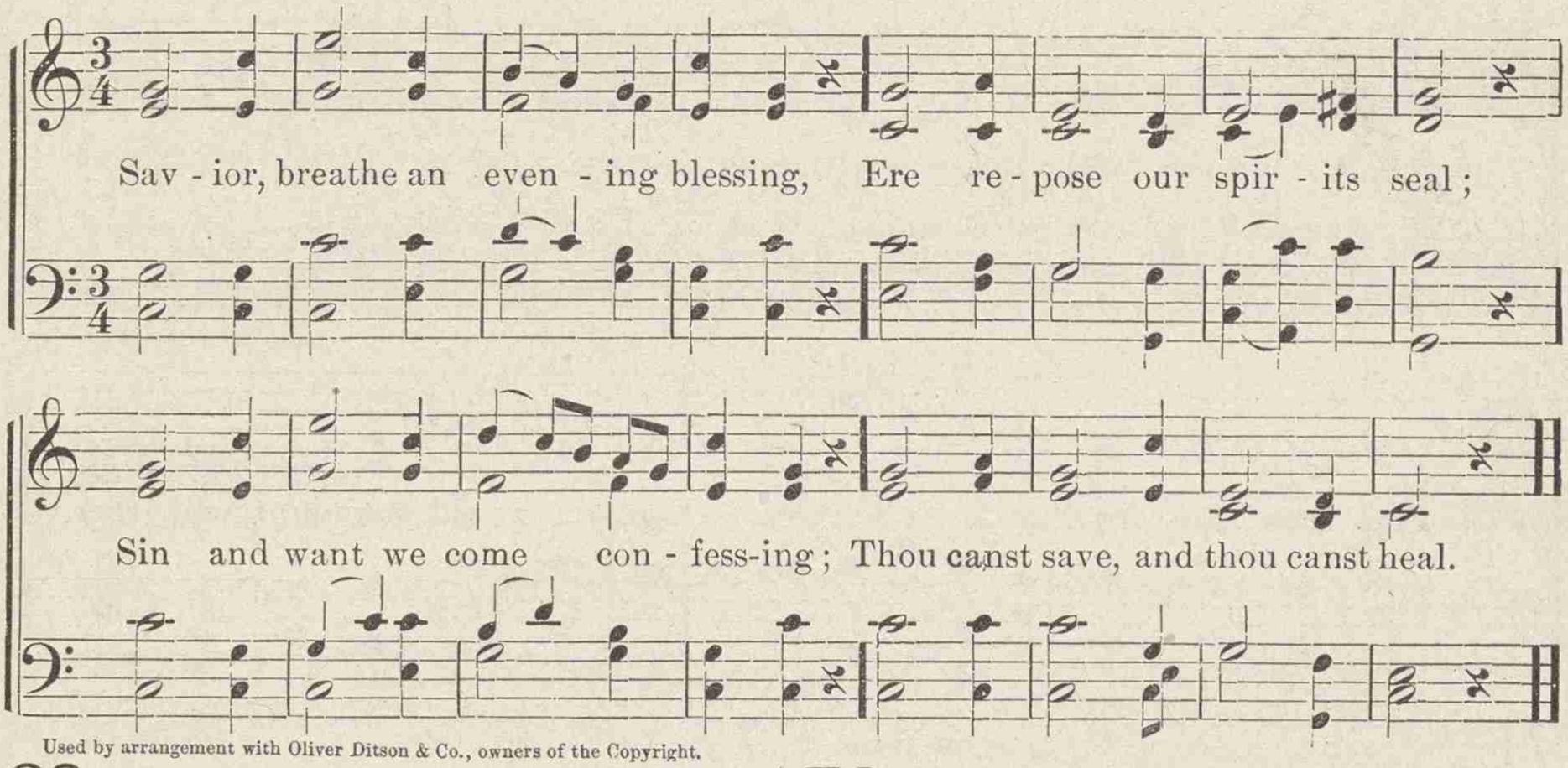
"I will lay me down in peace and take my rest." LOWELL MASON.

68 Unknown.

2 My mind, in perfect peace,
My Father's care shall keep;
I yield to gentle slumber now,
For thou canst never sleep.

3 How blessed, Lord, are they,
On thee securely stayed!
Nor shall they be in life alarmed,
Nor be in death dismayed.

RATHBUN. 8s & 7s. *"The Lord is thy keeper."* I. CONKEY.



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69

J. Edmeston.

1 Savior, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.

2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow near us fly,
Angel guards from thee surround us,
We are safe if thou art nigh.

3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness can not hide from thee;
Thou art he who, never weary,
Watcheth where thy people be.

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

70

Edward Henry Bickersteth.

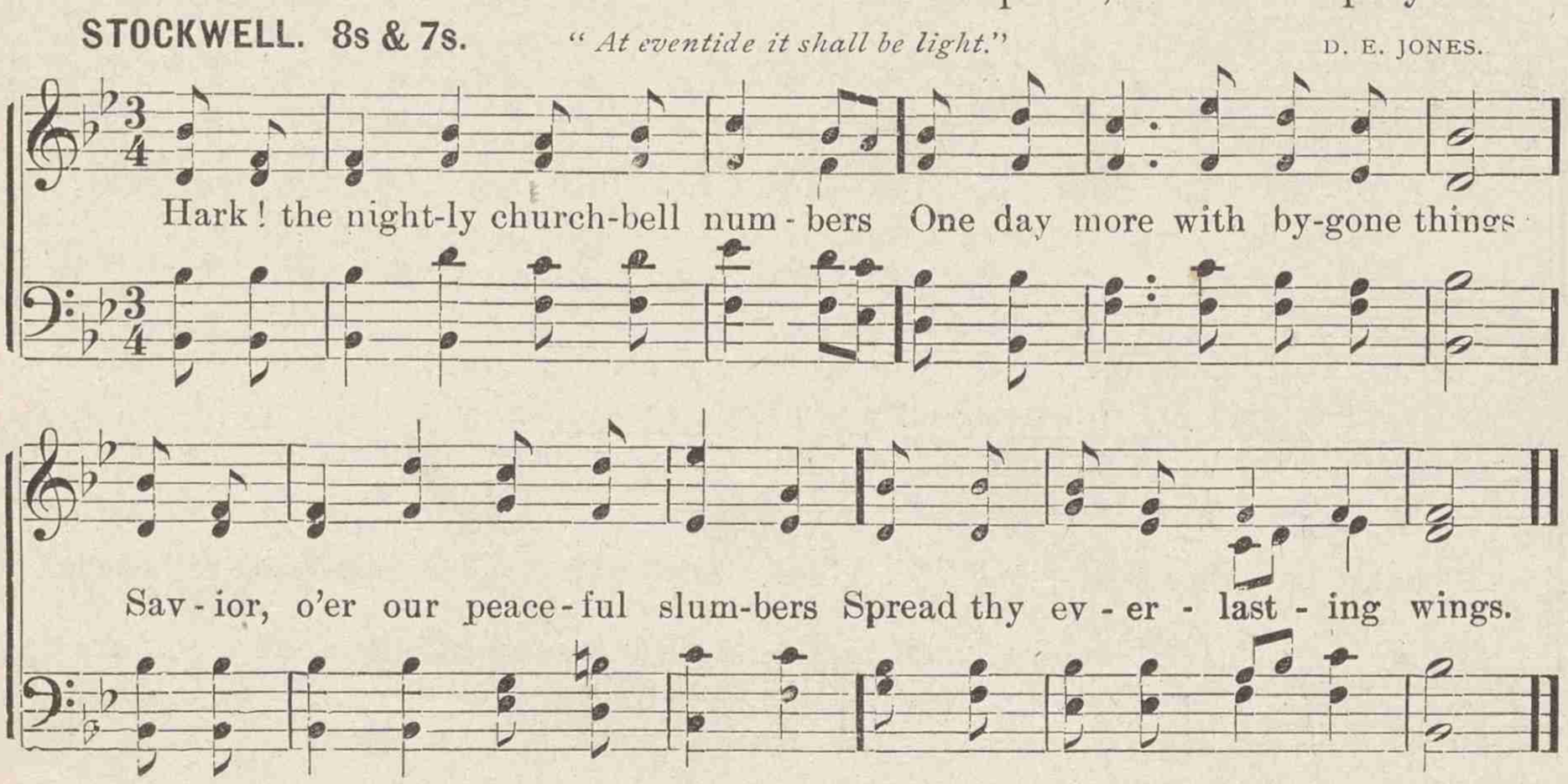
1 Hark, the nightly church-bell numbers
One day more with by-gone things;
Savior, o'er our peaceful slumbers
Spread thy everlasting wings.

2 One day less of sin and sadness,
One day nearer heaven and home;
Travellers to light and gladness,
Onward, stage by stage, we roam.

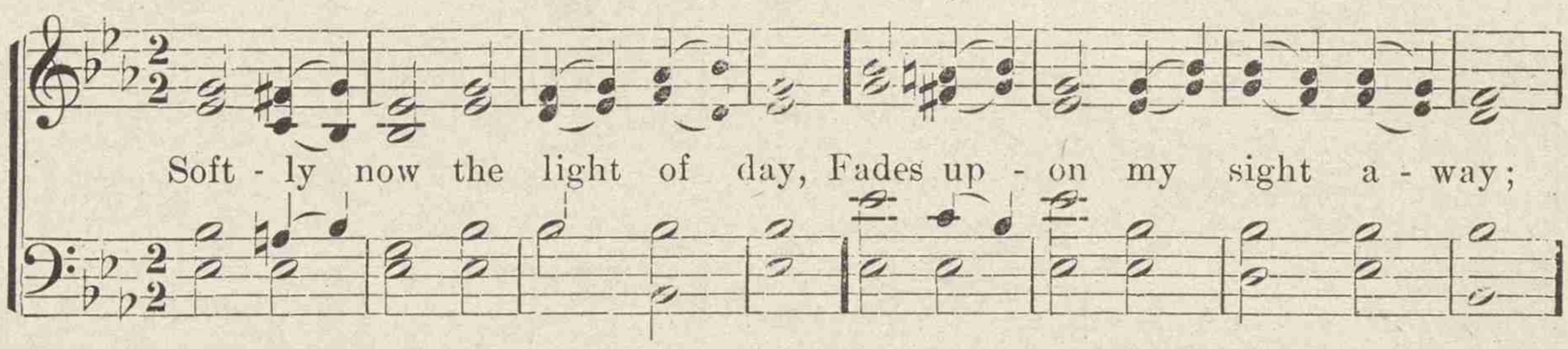
3 One day less of toil and labor,
One day nearer rest and thee;
Child and parent, friend and neighbor,
Lift your voice and bend your knee.

4 Blessed Savior, hover o'er us,
Sleeping, waking, be thou near;
Pilgrims, there is joy before us,
Rest in peace, and rise in prayer.

STOCKWELL. 8s & 7s. *"At eventide it shall be light."* D. E. JONES.



HOLLEY. 7s. *"I will meditate upon thee in the night watches."* GEO. HEWS.



71

G. W. Doane.

1 Softly now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, I would commune with thee.

2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

3 Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall for ever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee.

4 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity;
Then from thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

72

J. Montgomery.

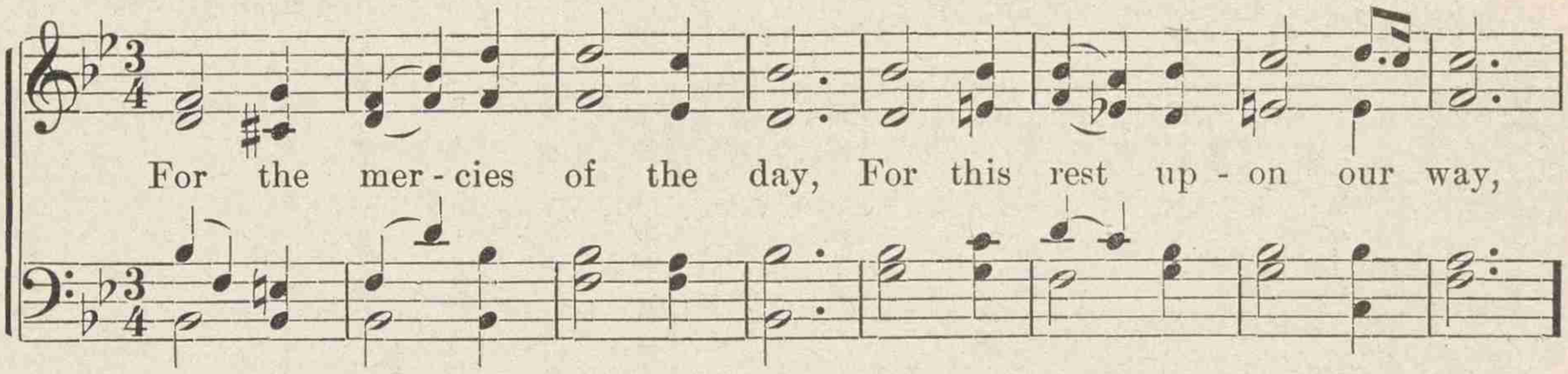
1 For the mercies of the day,
For this rest upon our way,
Thanks to thee alone be given,
Lord of earth and King of heaven!

2 Cold our services have been,
Mingled every prayer with sin:
But thou canst and wilt forgive;
By thy grace alone we live.

3 While this thorny path we tread,
May thy love our footsteps lead;
When our journey here is past,
May we rest with thee at last.

4 Let these earthly Sabbaths prove
Foretastes of our joys above;
While their steps thy children bend
To the rest which knows no end.

MERCY. 7s. *"Now is our salvation nearer."* ARR. BY EDWIN P. PARKER.



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THE LAST BEAM. *"With my soul have I desired thee in the night."* T. V. WEISENTHAL.

73

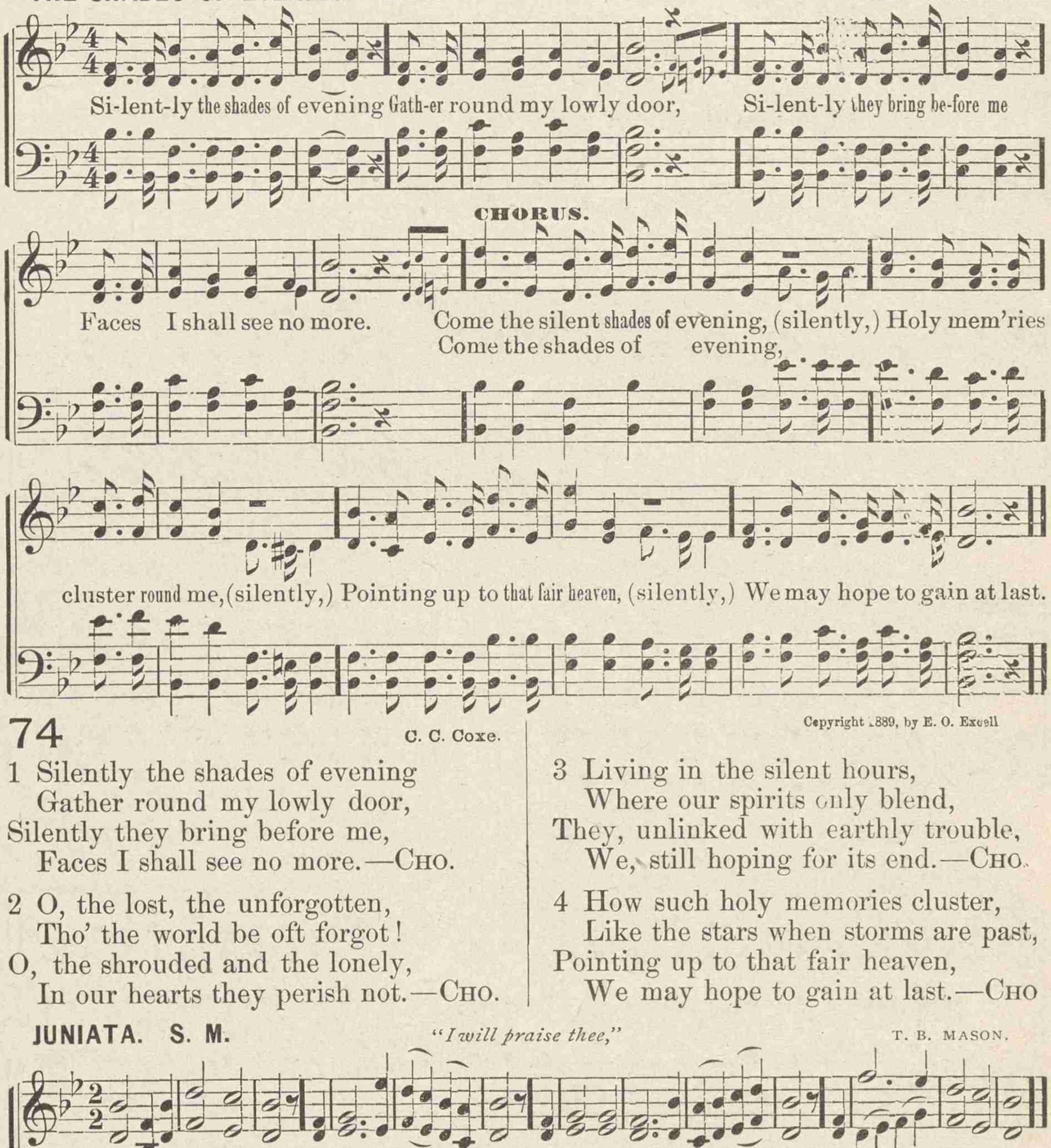
Selina Huntington.

1 Fading, still fading, the last beam is shining;
Father in heaven! the day is declining;
Safety and innocence flee with the light,
Temptation and danger walk forth with the night;
From the fall of the shade till the morning bells chime,
Shield us from danger, keep us from crime.

2 Father in heaven! O hear when we call;
Hear, for Christ's sake, who is Savior of all;
Feeble and fainting, we trust in Thy might,
In doubting and darkness Thy love be our light;
Let us sleep on Thy breast while the night taper burns,
Wake in Thy arms when morning returns. Amen.

THE SHADES OF EVENING. 8s & 7s.

CAREY BOGGESS.



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74 C. C. Coxe.

1 Silently the shades of evening
Gather round my lowly door,
Silently they bring before me,
Faces I shall see no more.—Cho.

2 O, the lost, the unforgotten,
Tho' the world be oft forgot!
O, the shrouded and the lonely,
In our hearts they perish not.—Cho.

3 Living in the silent hours,
Where our spirits only blend,
They, unlinked with earthly trouble,
We, still hoping for its end.—Cho.

4 How such holy memories cluster,
Like the stars when storms are past,
Pointing up to that fair heaven,
We may hope to gain at last.—Cho

JUNIATA. S. M.

"I will praise thee,"

T. B. MASON.

75 Doddridge.

1 The swift declining day,
How fast its moments fly!
While evening's broad and gloomy shade
Gains on the western sky.

2 Ye mortals, mark its pace,
And use the hours of light;
And know, its Maker can command
At once eternal night.

3 Give glory to the Lord,
Who rules the whirling sphere;
Submissive at his footstool bow,
And seek salvation there.

4 Then shall new lustre break
Through death's impending gloom,
And lead you to unchanging light,
In your celestial home.

WE LAY US CALMLY DOWN TO SLEEP.

AIR, SCHUMANN'S "TRAUMEREI."

76

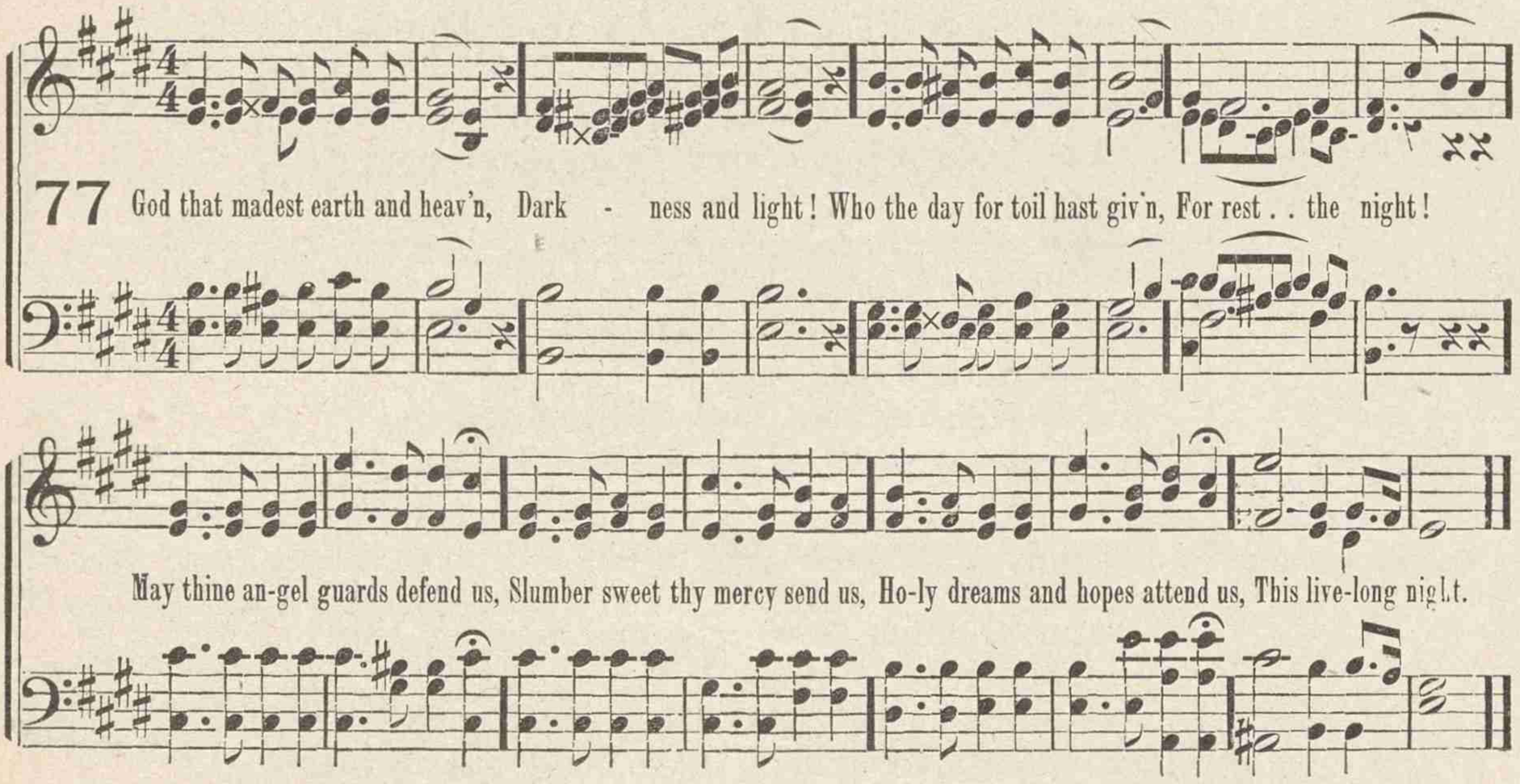
1 We lay us calmly down to sleep,
When friendly night is come, and leave
To God the rest;
Whether we wake to smile or weep,
Or wake no more on Time's fair shore,
He knoweth best.

2 As sinks the sun in western skies,
When day is done, and twilight dim
Comes silent on;
So fades the world's most luring prize,
On eyes that close in deep repose,
Till wakes the dawn.

3 Why vex our souls with wearing care?
Why shun the grave, for aching head
So cool and low?
Have we found life so passing fair,
So grand to be, so sweet that we
Should dread to go?

4 Some other hand the task can take,
If so it seemeth best, the task
By us begun;
No work for which we need to wake,
In joy or grief, for life so brief,
Beneath the sun.

EVENING BENEDICTION.



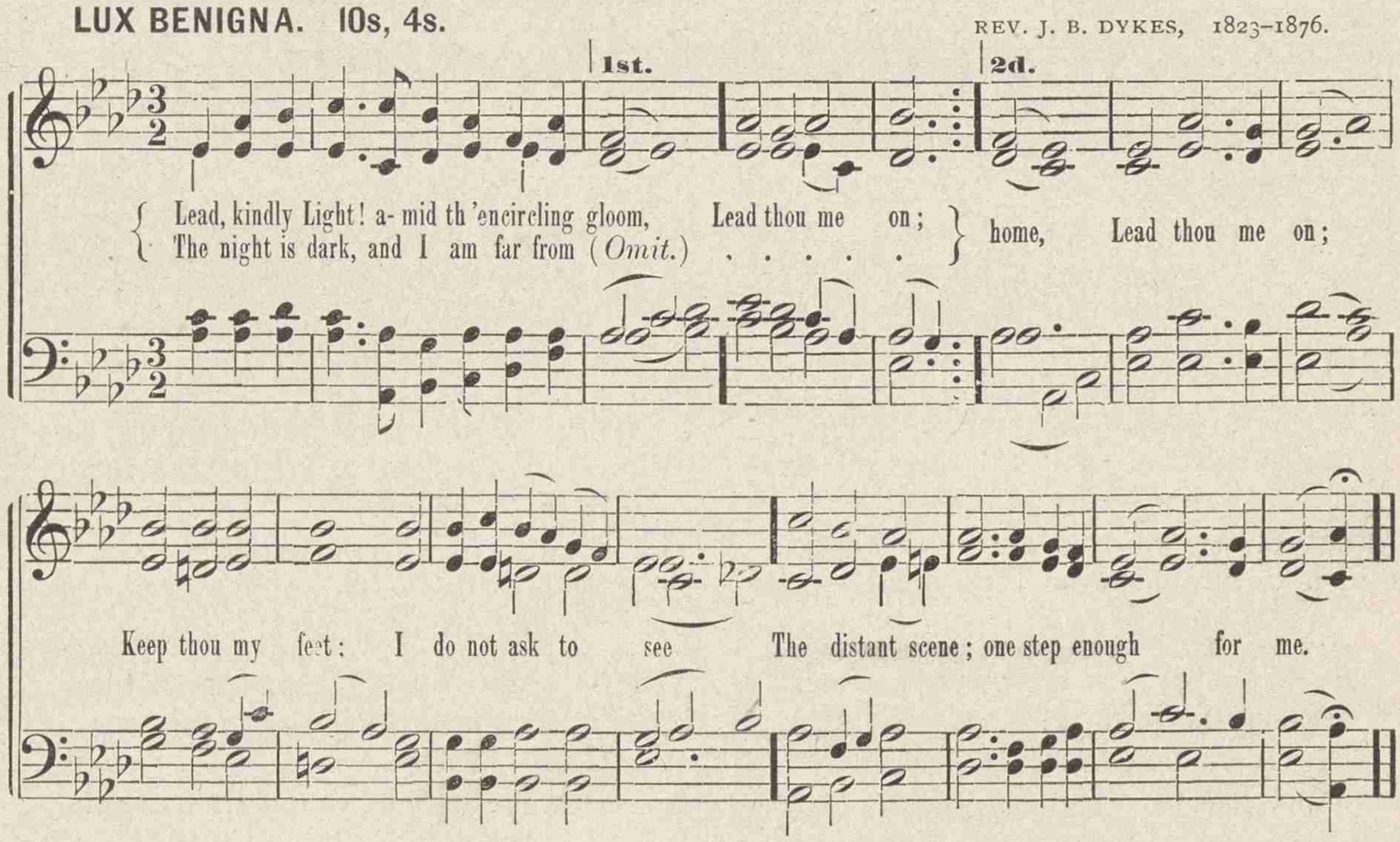
PRAYER AND PRAISE.

"It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord and to sing praises unto Thy name, O Most High. Ps. 92 : 1.

"He led them all the night through with the light of fire."

LUX BENIGNA. 10s, 4s.

REV. J. B. DYKES, 1823–1876.



80

J. H. Newman, 1833.

1 Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on;
The night is dark and I am far from home;
Lead thou me on;
Keep thou my feet: I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead thou me on:
I loved the garish day, and spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years.

3 So long thy power has blessed me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile!

CHRIST, OUR ALL. 8s & 4s. *"I am the way, the truth and the life."* E. MAUDE CLINE.

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81 J. Ross Macduff.

1 Jesus, my Savior, look on me,
For I am weary and oppressed·
I come to cast my soul on thee,
Thou art my REST.

2 Look down on me for I am weak;
I feel the toilsome journey's length;
Thine aid omnipotent I seek;
Thou art my STRENGTH.

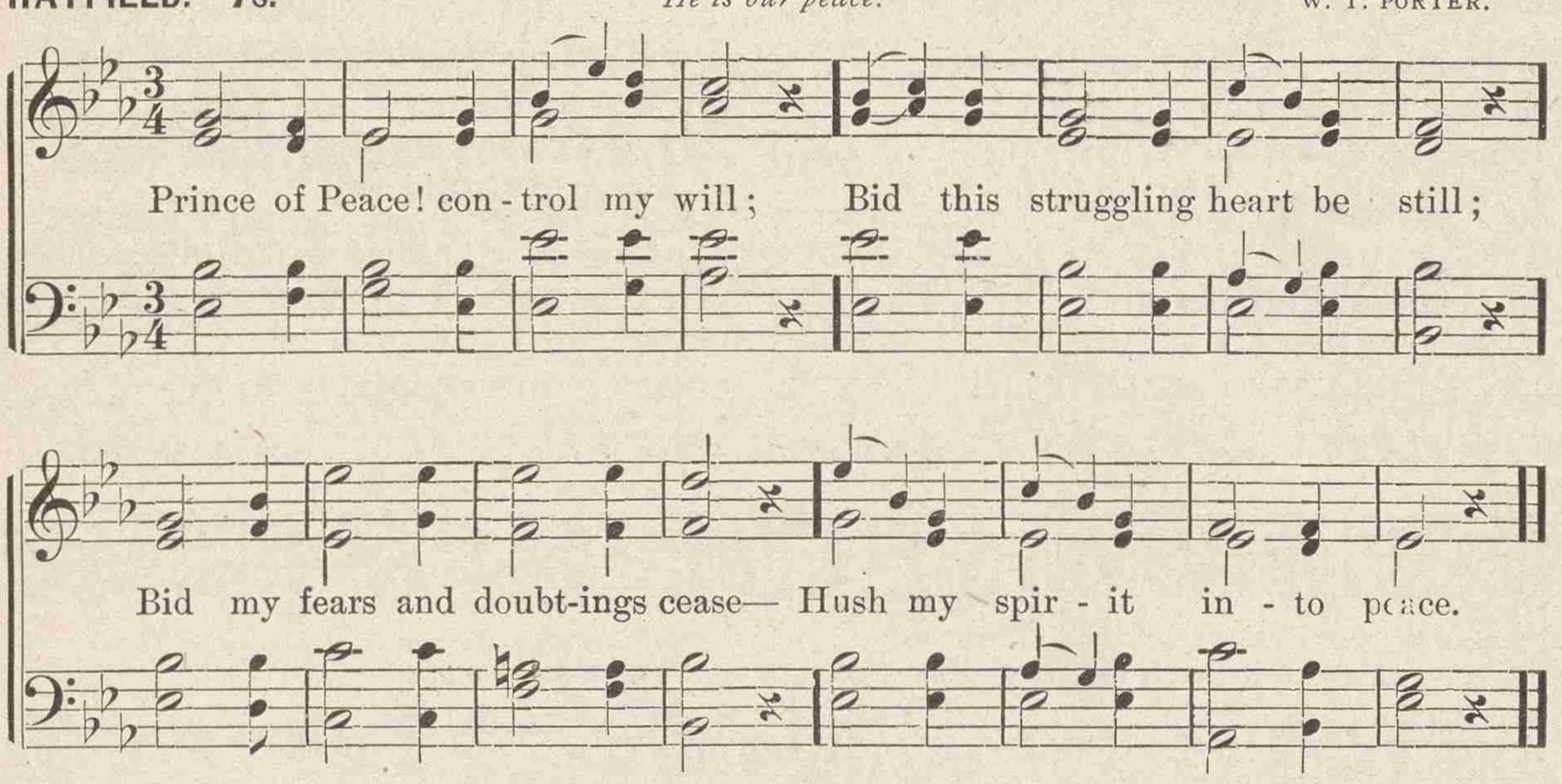
3 I am bewildered on my way;
Dark and tempestuous is the night;
Oh! shed thou forth some cheering ray;
Thou art my LIGHT.

4 I hear the storms around me rise,
But when I dread the impending shock,
My spirit to her refuge flies;
Thou art my ROCK.

5 Standing alone on Jordan's brink,
In that tremendous, final strife,
Thou wilt not suffer me to sink;
Thou art my LIFE.

6 Thou wilt my every want supply,
E'en to the end, whate'er befall;
Through life in death, eternally,
Thou art MY ALL.

HATFIELD. 7s. *"He is our peace."* W. T. PORTER.



82 Mary A. S. Barber.

1 Prince of Peace, control my will,
Bid this struggling heart be still;
Bid my fears and doubtings cease—
Hush my spirit into peace.

2 Thou hast bought me with thy blood,
Open'd wide the gate of God;
Peace I ask—but peace must be.
Lord, in being one with thee.

3 May thy will, not mine, be done;
May thy will and mine be one:
Chase these doubtings from my heart:
Now thy perfect peace impart.

4 Savior, at thy feet I fall;
Thou my Life, my God, my All;
Let thy happy servant be
One for evermore with thee.

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

SEYMOUR. 7s. *"Whom have I in heaven but thee."* C. M. VON WEBER.

83 Unknown.

1 Savior, teach me, day by day,
Love's sweet lesson to obey;
Sweeter lesson can not be,
Loving him who first lov'd me.

2 With a childlike heart of love,
At thy bidding may I move;
Prompt to serve and follow thee,
Loving him who first lov'd me.

3 Teach me all thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in thy grace;
Learning how to love from thee,
Loving him who first lov'd me.

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

84 John Ryland.

1 Sovereign Ruler of the skies,
Ever gracious, ever wise,
All my times are in thy hand,
All events at thy command.

2 Times of sickness, times of health,
Times of penury and wealth—
All must come, and last, and end,
As shall please my heavenly Friend.

3 Oh, thou gracious, wise and just!
In thy hands my life I trust.
Have I somewhat dearer still?
I resign it to thy will.

4 Thee at all times will I bless;
Having thee, I all possess;
How can I bereaved be,
Since I can not part with thee?

WEBER. 7s. *"We love him because he first loved us."* C. M. VON WEBER.

HENDON. 7s. *"Thy face we seek."* C. H. A. MALAN.

85 W. Hammond.

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

3 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee; here we stay;
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.

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

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

EXCELSIOR. 6s, 5s. D. *"Blessed are the pure in heart."* PHILIP PHILLIPS.

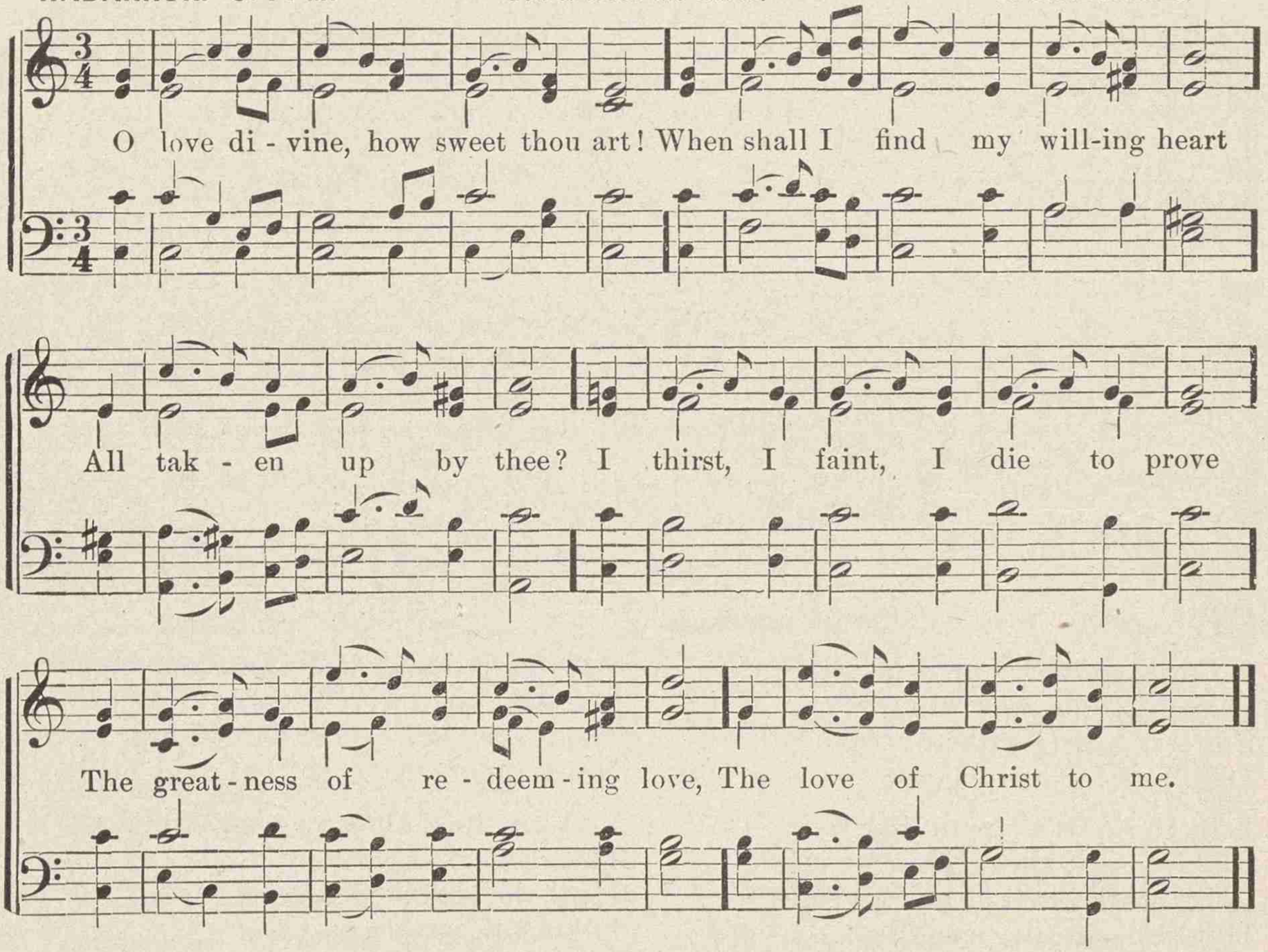
86 Unknown.

2 Calmer yet and calmer
Trial bear and pain;
Surer yet and surer
Peace at last to gain;
Suffering still, and doing,
To his will resigned,
And to God subduing
Heart, and will, and mind.

3 Higher yet and higher,
Out of clouds and night,
Nearer yet and nearer
Rising to the light.
Oft these earnest longings
Swell within my breast;
Yet their inner meaning
Ne'er can be expressed.

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

HABAKKUK. C. P. M. *"God so loved the world."* EDWARD HODGES.



87 Charles Wesley.

2 Stronger his love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable;
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They can not reach the mystery,
The length, the breadth, the height.

3 God only knows the love of God;
Oh, that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine;
Be mine this better part.

4 Oh, that I could forever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice;
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

5 Oh, that I could, with favored John,
Recline my weary head upon
The dear Redeemer's breast!
From care, and sin, and sorrow free,
Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
My everlasting rest.

88 Charles Wesley.

1 But can it be that I should prove
Forever faithful to thy love,
From sin forever cease?
I thank thee for the blessed hope;
It lifts my drooping spirits up;
It gives me back my peace.

2 In thee, O Lord, I put my trust,
Mighty, and merciful, and just;
Thy sacred word is passed;
And I, who dare thy word believe,
Without committing sin shall live,
Shall live to God at last.

3 I rest in thine almighty power;
The name of Jesus is my tower;
That hides my life above:
Thou canst, thou wilt, my helper be;
My confidence is all in thee,
The faithful God of love.

4 Wherefore, in never-ceasing prayer,
My soul to thy continual care
I faithfully commend;
Assured that thou through life wilt save,
And show thyself beyond the grave
My everlasting Friend.

FAITHFUL GUIDE. 7s. D. *"I will guide thee with mine eye."* MARCUS MORRIS WELLS.

89

M. M. Wells.

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

3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wond'ring if our names were there;
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading naught but Jesus' blood,
Whisper softly, wanderer come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home!

TELEMANN'S CHANT. 7s. *"Col. 3: 16."* TELEMANN

90

J. Montgomery.

1 Songs of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When he spake, and it was done.

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose, when he,
Captive led captivity.

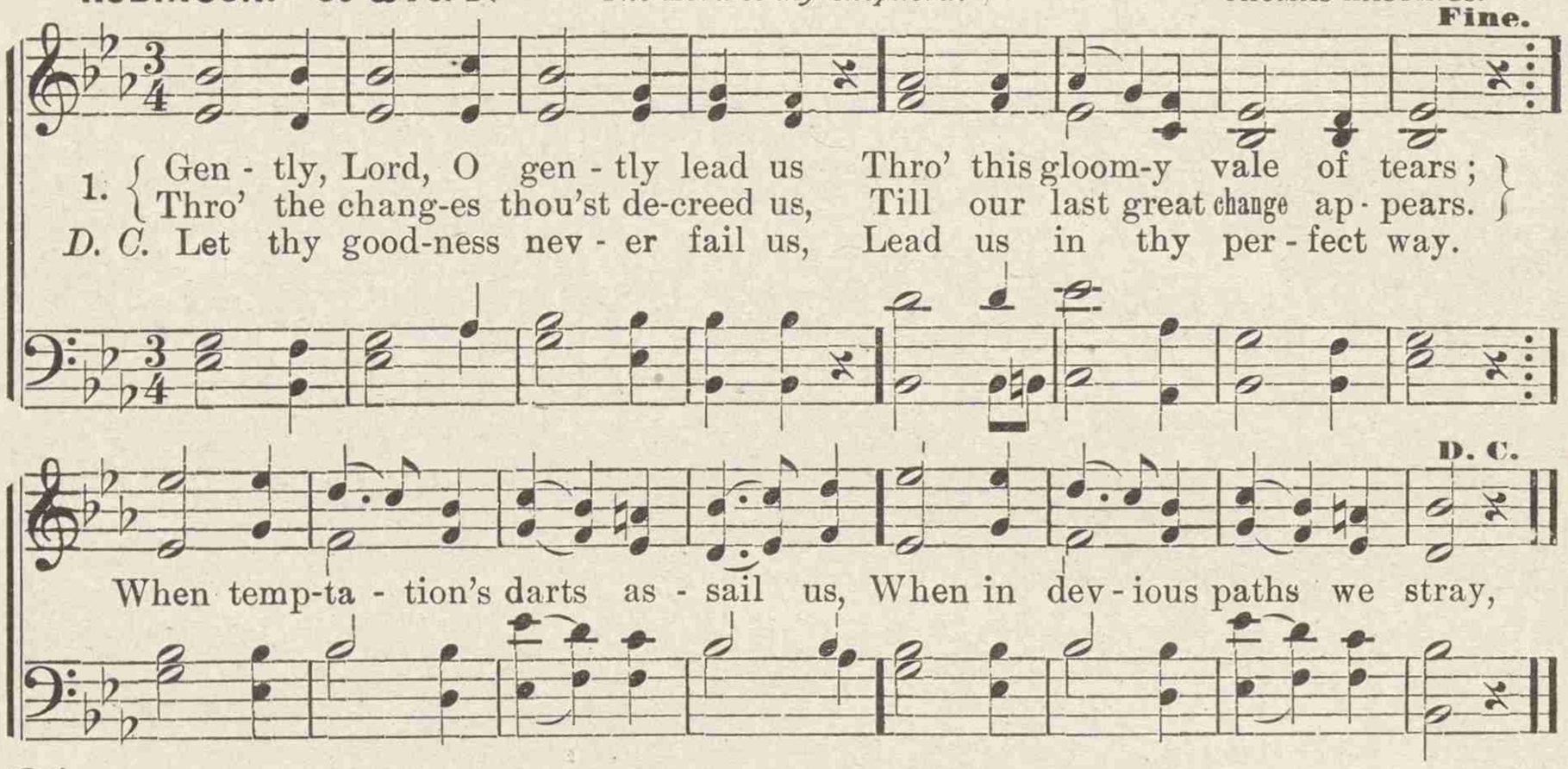
3 Heaven and earth must pass away—
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new heavens and earth—
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4 And shall man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No; the church delights to raise
Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.

5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amid eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

ROBINSON. 8s & 7s. D. *"The Lord is my Shepherd."* THOMAS HASTINGS.



91

Thomas Hastings.

2 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear.
Let thy promise to be near us
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
May thy presence sweetly cheer us,
Till our conflicts all shall cease.

3 When this mortal life is ended,
Bid us in thine arms to rest,
Till, by angel bands attended,
We awake among the blest.
Then, oh, crown us with thy blessing,
Through the triumphs of thy grace;
Then shall praises, never ceasing,
Echo through thy dwelling-place.

RATHBUN. 8s & 7s. *"God forbid that I should glory."* I. CONKEY.

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92

J. Bowring.

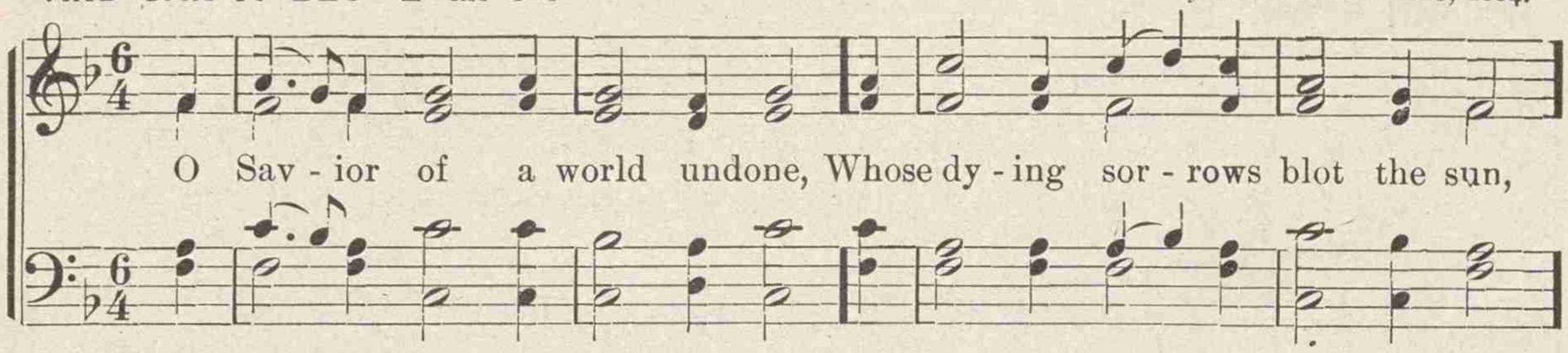
2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me:
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

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

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

5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

AND CAN IT BE? L. M. 61. *"For me."—Phil. 2 : 5, 8."* JEREMIAH INGALLS, 1804.



93 Withington.

2 For me did he who reigns above,
The object of paternal love,
Consent a servant's form to bear,
That I a kingly crown might wear?
Is his deep loss my boundless gain,
And comes my victory from his pain?

3 Oh, let me own the deep decree
That wounded him and rescued me!
His death, his cross, his funeral sleep,
Instruct repentance how to weep;
He poured for me the vital flood;
My tears shall mingle with his blood.

WILMOT. 8s, 7s, or 7s. *"O praise the Lord of heaven."* C. M. VON WEBER, 1786–1826.

94 John Fawcett, 1782.

1 Praise to thee, thou great Creator;
Praise be thine from every tongue;
Join, my soul, with every creature,
Join the universal song.

2 Father, source of all compassion,
Free, unbounded grace is thine;
Hail the God of our salvation;
Praise him for his love divine.

3 For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,
Sound his praise through earth and heaven,
Sound Jehovah's praise on high.

4 Joyfully on earth adore him,
Till in heaven our song we raise;
There, enraptured, fall before him,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

"Come before his presence with a song."

SICILIAN HYMN. 8s, 7s, 4s.

SICILIAN MELODY.

95

J. Montgomery.

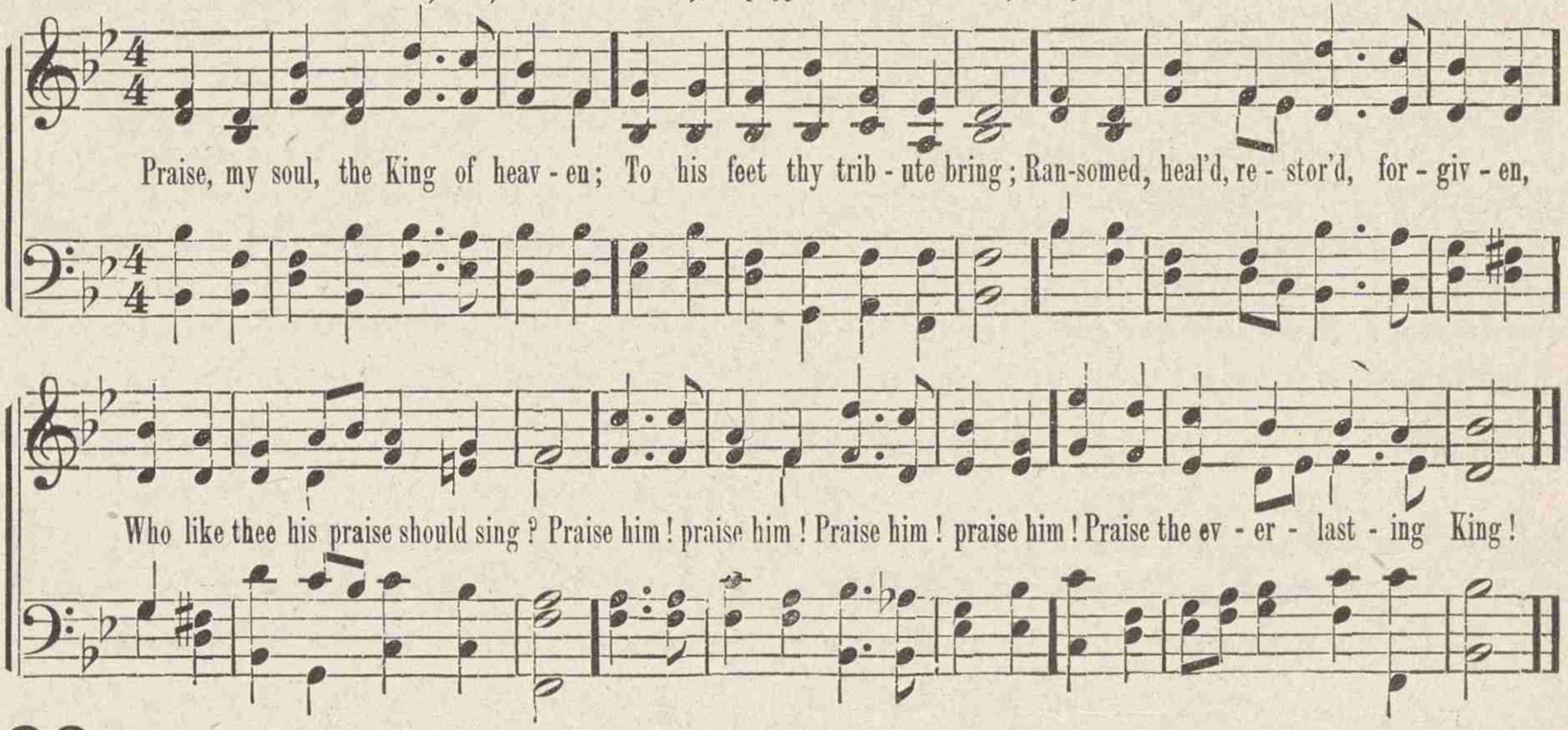
2 God in Christ reveals his presence,
Thron'd upon the mercy-seat;
Saints, rejoice! and sinners, tremble!
Each prepare his God to meet!
Lowly, lowly,
Bow adoring at his feet.

3 Hail him here with songs of praises,
Him with pray'rs of faith surround;
Hearken to his glorious gospel,
While the preacher's lips expound;
Blessed, blessed,
They who know the joyful sound.

REGENT SQUARE. 8s, 7s, 4s.

"Oh, be joyful in the Lord, all ye lands."

HENRY SMART.



96

H. F. Lyte.

1 Praise, my soul, the King of heaven;
To his feet thy tribute bring;
Ransom'd, heal'd, restor'd, forgiven,
Who like thee his praise should sing?
Praise him! praise him!
Praise the everlasting King!

2 Praise him for his grace and favor
To our fathers in distress;
Praise him, still the same forever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless;
Praise him! praise him!
Glorious in his faithfulness!

3 Father-like he tends and spares us;
Well our feeble frame he knows;
In his hands he gently bears us—
Rescues us from all our foes;
Praise him! praise him!
Widely as his mercy flows!

4 While we hear the wondrous story
Of the Savior's cross and shame,
Sing we, "everlasting glory
Be to God and to the Lamb!"
Saints and angels,
Give ye glory to his name.

SEGUR. 8s, 7s, 4s. *Ex. 14 : 19.* J. P. HOLBROOK, by per.

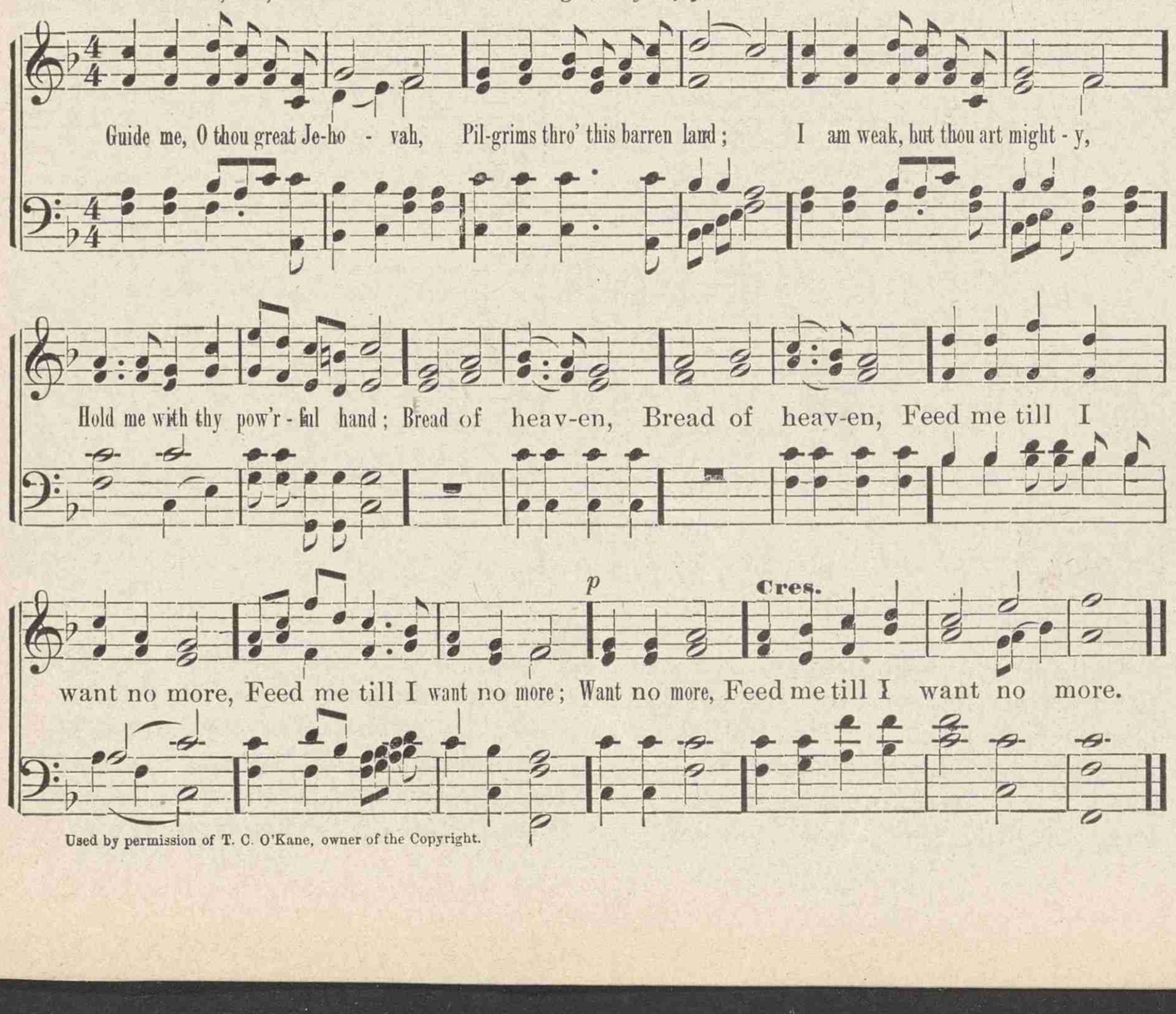
97

W. Williams.

2 Open thou the crystal fountain
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my Strength and Shield.

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

GUIDE ME. 8s, 7s, 4s. *"Thou art the guide of my youth."* T. C. O'KANE.



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HIDING IN THEE. IIs.

E. MAUDE CLINE.

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98

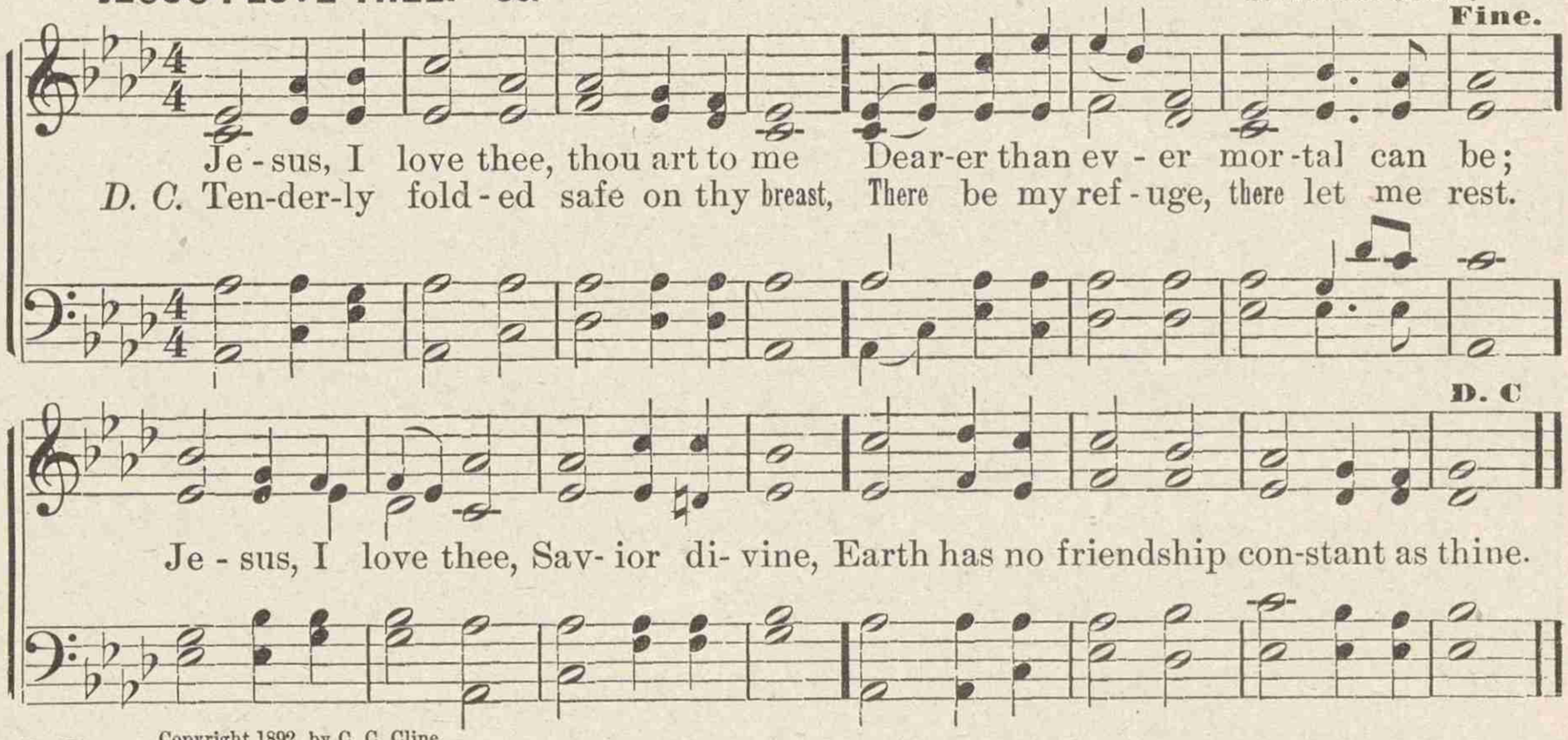
W. O Cushing.

2 In the calm of the noontide, in sorrow's lone hour,
In times when temptation casts o'er me its power;
In the tempests of life, on its wide, heaving sea,
Thou blest "Rock of Ages," I'm hiding in thee.

3 How oft in the conflict, when pressed by the foe,
I have fled to my Refuge and breathed out my woe!
How often when trials, like sea-billows roll,
Have I hidden in thee, O thou Rock of my soul!

JESUS I LOVE THEE. 9s.

E. MAUDE CLINE.



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99

Ella Dale.

2 Full of compassion, loving and mild,
Thou art my father, I am thy child;
Thou wilt forgive me when I am wrong,
Thou art my comfort, thou art my song;
Blessed Redeemer, precious to me,
Draw me still closer, closer to thee.

3 Jesus, I love thee, reign in my heart;
Oh, may thy spirit never depart:
Jesus, I love thee, yes, thou art mine,
Living or dying, still I am thine;
Jesus, I love thee, thou art to me
Dearer than ever mortal can be.

OVIO. 8s, 7s. *"Lovest thou me?"* DR. LOWELL MASON, 1792—1872.

100 Madame J. M. B. Guyon, 1648-1717.

1 I would love thee, God and Father,
My Redeemer and my King;
I would love thee; for, without thee,
Life is but a bitter thing.

2 I would love thee; every blessing
Flows to me from out thy throne:
I would love thee; he who loves thee
Never feels himself alone.

3 I would love thee; look upon me;
Ever guide me with thine eye;
I would love thee; if not nourished
By thy love, my soul would die.

4 I would love thee; I have vowed it;
On thy love my heart is set;
While I love thee, I will never
My Redeemer's blood forget.

EVERETT. 8s, 7s, 4s. *"I am the bright and morning star."* DR. A. B. EVERETT, 1853.

101 Mrs. J. C. B. Simpson.

1 Star of peace, to wand'rers weary,
Bright the beams that smile on me;
Cheer the pilot's vision dreary,
Far, far at sea.

2 Star of hope, gleam on the billow,
Bless the soul that sighs for thee;
Bless the sailor's lonely pillow,
Far, far at sea.

3 Star of faith, when winds are mocking
All his toil, he flies to thee,
Save him on the billows rocking,
Far, far at sea.

4 Star divine, oh, safely guide him,
Bring the wand'rer home to thee;
Sore temptations long have tried him
Far, far at sea.

DORRNANCE. 8s, 7s. *"When they saw the star they rejoiced."* I. B. WOODBURY.

102 Anon.

1 Jesus calls us, o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild, restless sea;
Day by day his sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, Christian, follow me!

2 Jesus calls us, from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store;
From each idol that would keep us,—
Saying, Christian, love me more!

3 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still he calls, in cares and pleasures—
Christian, love me more than these!

4 Jesus calls us! by thy mercies,
Savior, may we hear thy call;
Give our hearts to thy obedience,
Serve and love thee best of all!

NICÆA. 11s, 12s, & 10s. *"Holy, holy, holy."* JOHN B. DYKES.

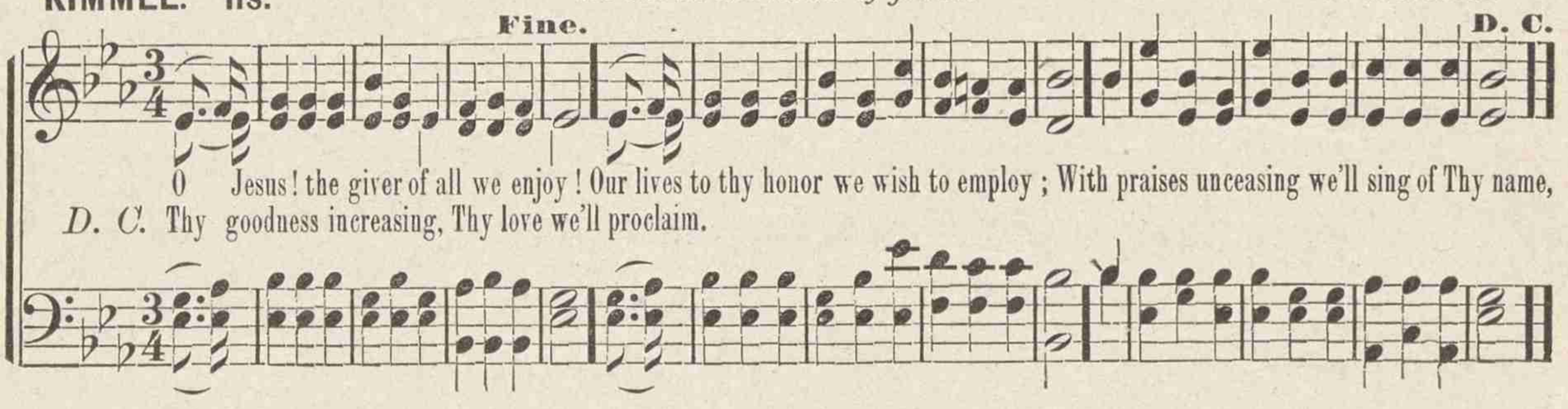
103 Heber—*alt.*

2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore thee!
Casting their golden crowns around the crystal sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before thee,
Who wast and art, and ever more shall be.

3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide thee,
Though the eye of sinful man thy glory can not see;
Only thou art holy, there is none beside thee;
Fearful in praises, working wondrously.

4 Holy, holy, holy! All thy works shall praise thee,
From the heights of heaven to depths of deepest sea;
Holy, holy, holy! Lord, God Almighty!
Thou art the Father of Eternity.

KIMMEL. 11s. *"Do all in the name of Jesus."* W. T. MOORE.



104 Unknown.

2 The wonderful name of our Jesus we'll sing,
And publish the fame of our Captain and King;
With sweet exultation his goodness we prove;
His name is salvation—his nature is love.

3 And when to the regions of glory we rise,
And join the bright legions that shout through the skies,
We'll tell the glad story of Jesus' kind grace,
And give him the glory, and honor, and praise.

LAST HOPE. 7s. *Psalm 23.* ARR. FROM L. M. GOTTSCHALK, 18[illegible].

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105

J. Merrick.

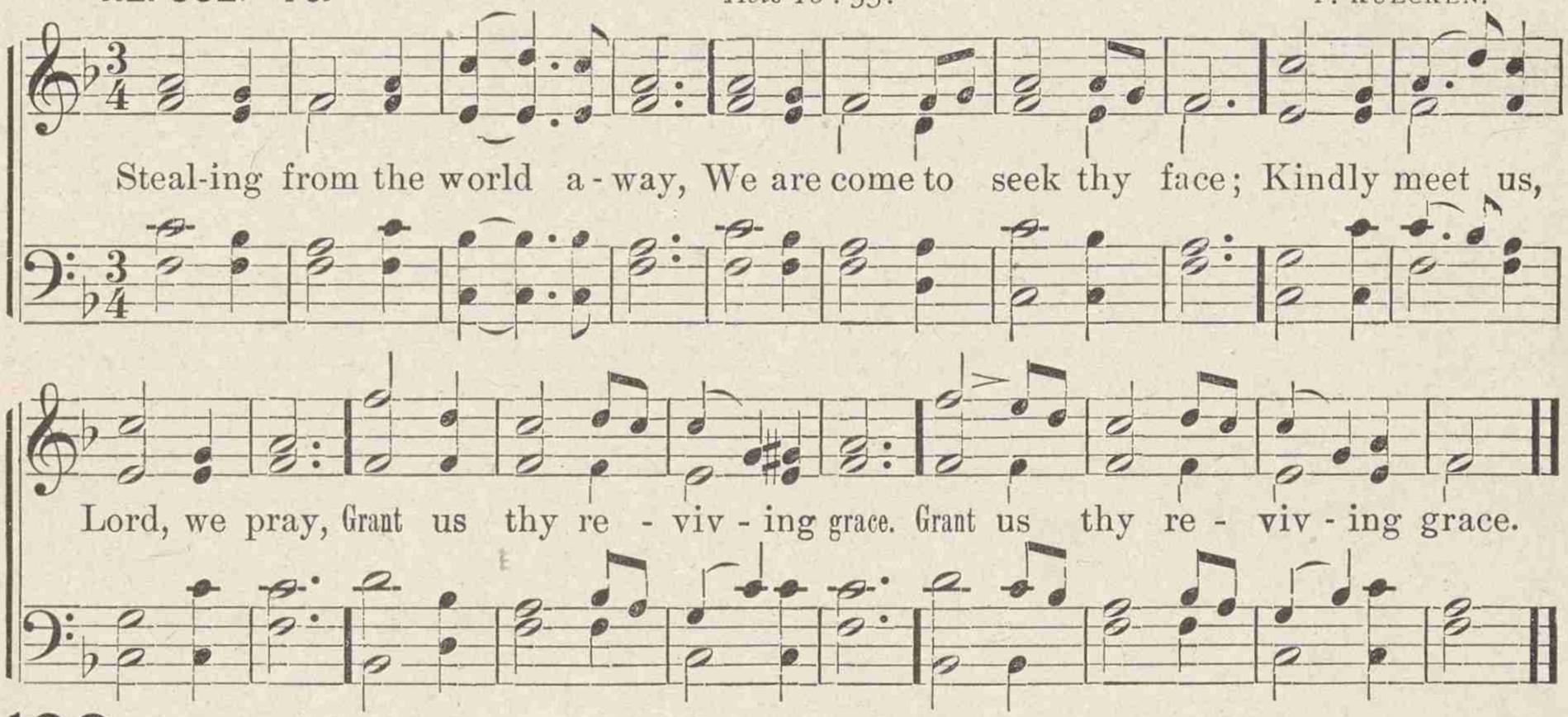
1 To thy pastures fair and large,
Heavenly Shepherd, lead thy charge,
And my couch, with tenderest care,
'Mid the springing grass prepare.

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

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

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

REPOSE. 7s. *Acts 10 : 33.* F. KUECKEN.



106

Ray Palmer.

1 Stealing from the world away,
We are come to seek thy face;
Kindly meet us, Lord, we pray,
Grant us thy reviving grace.

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

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

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

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

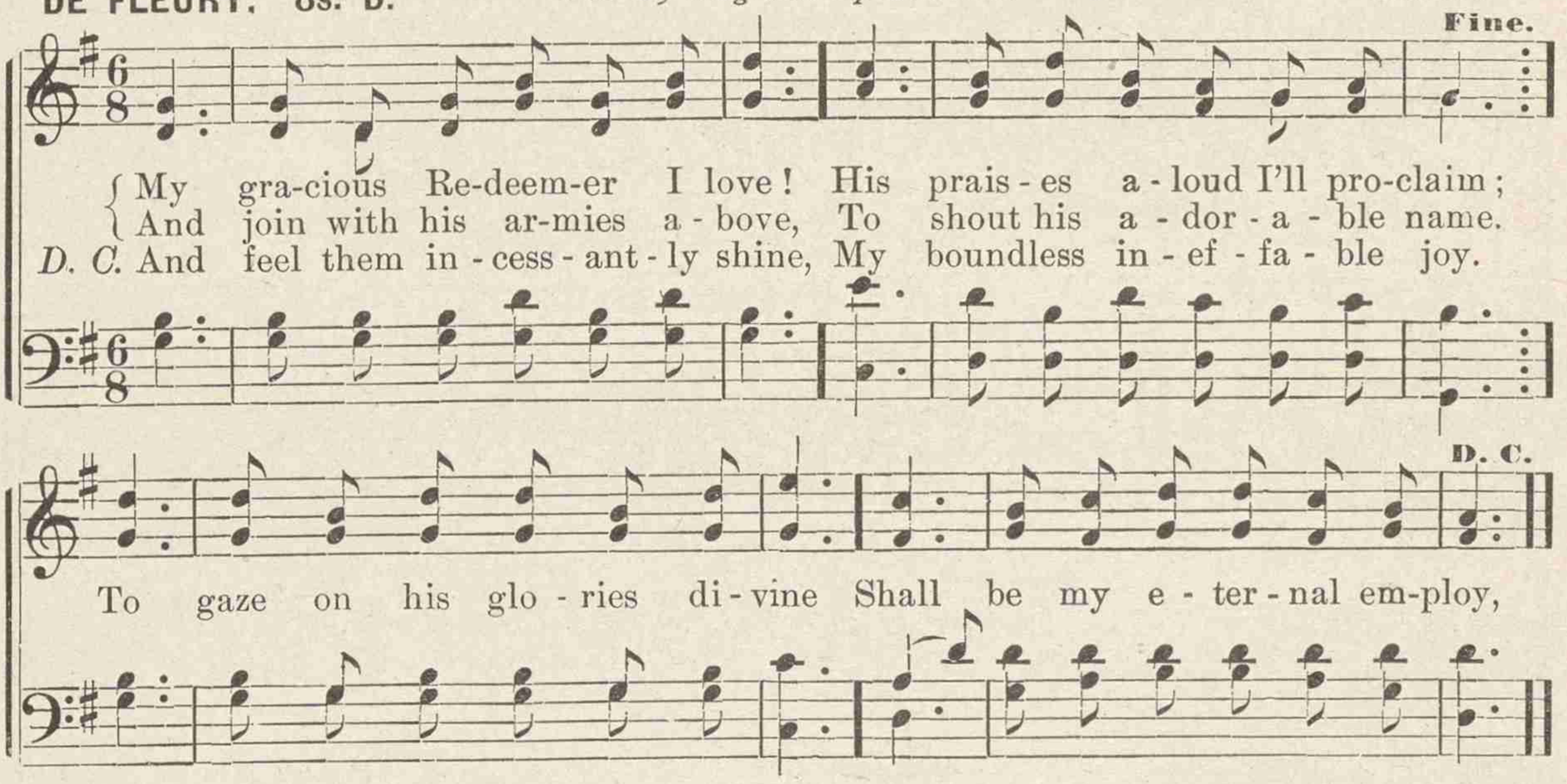
SMART. 8s. D. *"O Lord, thou art become exceeding glorious."* JAS. H. FILLMORE.

107 Maxwell.

2 In him all the fullness of God
Forever transcendently shines;
Though once like a mortal he stood,
To finish his gracious designs.
Though once he was nail'd to the cross,
Vile rebels like me to set free,
His glory sustained no loss,
Eternal his kingdom shall be.

3 O sinners! believe and adore
This Savior, so rich to redeem;
No creature can ever explore
The treasures of goodness in him.
Come, all you who see yourselves lost,
And feel yourselves burden'ed with sin,
Draw near, while with terror you're toss'd;
Obey, and your peace shall begin.

DE FLEURY. 8s. D. *"With my song will I praise him."* GERMAN.



108 B. Francis.

1 My gracious Redeemer I love!
His praises aloud I'll proclaim,
And join with the armies above,
To shout his adorable name.
To gaze on his glories divine
Shall be my eternal employ,
And feel them incessantly shine,
My boundless, ineffable joy.

2 Earth's palaces, scepters, and crowns,
Their pride with disdain I survey;
Their pomps are but shadows and sounds,
And pass in a moment away.
The crown that my Savior bestows
Yon permanent sun shall outshine;
My joy everlastingly flows—
My God, my Redeemer, is mine.

MY BELOVED. IIs & 8s. *"My soul fleeth unto the Lord."* FREEMAN LEWIS, 1813.

109

Jos. Swain, 1792.

2 Where dost thou at noon-tide resort with thy sheep,
To feed in the pastures of love?
And why in the valley of death should I weep,
Or alone in the wilderness rove?

3 Oh, why should I wander an alien from thee,
Or cry in the desert for bread?
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.

4 His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow,
To water the gardens of grace;
From which their salvation the Gentiles shall know,
And bask in the smiles of his face.

5 He looks, and ten thousands of angels rejoice,
And myriads wait for his word;
He speaks, and eternity, fill'd with his voice,
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.

ERRETT. P. M. *"As the hart panteth for the water brook."* J. P. POWELL.

110

Unknown.

2 As still to the star of its worship, though clouded,
The needle points faithfully o'er the dim sea,
So, dark as I roam thro' this wintry world shrouded,
The hope of my spirit turns trembling to thee—
My God! trembling to thee—true, fond, trembling to thee.

SESSIONS. L. M. *"He shall reign for ever and ever."* L. O. EMERSON, 1847.

111

Ralph Wardlaw.

1 King Jesus, reign for evermore,
Unrivaled in thy courts above,
While we, with all thy saints, adore
The wonders of redeeming love.

2 No other Lord but thee we'll know,
No other power but thine confess;
We'll spread thine honors while below,
And heav'n shall hear us shout thy grace.

3 We'll sing along the heav'nly road
That leads us to thy blest abode;
Till, with the vast unnumber'd throng,
We join in heaven's triumphant song.

4 Till with pure hands and voices sweet,
We cast our crowns at Jesus' feet,
And sing of everlasting love
In everlasting strains above.

UPTON. L. M. *"I will sing and give praise."* FROM MASON'S HARP.

112

James Montgomery.

1 Servants of God, in joyful lays,
Sing ye the Lord Jehovah's praise;
His glorious name let all adore,
From age to age, for evermore.

2 Who is like God? so great, so high,
He bows himself to view the sky;
And yet, with condescending grace,
Looks down upon the human race.

3 He hears the uncomplaining moan
Of those who sit and weep alone;
He lifts the mourner from the dust;
In him the poor may safely trust.

4 Oh, then, aloud, in joyful lays,
Sing to the Lord Jehovah's praise;
His saving name let all adore,
From age to age, for evermore.

WELLS. L. M. *"I flee unto thee to hide me."* I. HOLDROYD

113

Charles Wesley.

1 Whither, Oh, whither should I fly
But to my loving Father's breast?
Secure within thine arms to lie,
And safe beneath thy wings to rest.

2 In all my ways thy hand I own,
Thy ruling providence I see;
Assist me still my course to run,
And still direct my paths to thee.

3 I have no skill the snare to shun;
But thou, O God, my wisdom art!
I ever into ruin run;
But thou art greater than my heart.

4 Foolish, and impotent, and blind,
Lead me a way I have not known;
Bring me where I my heav'n may find—
The heav'n of loving thee alone!

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

"They shall see the glory of the Lord."

MILLER. L. M. C. P. E. BACH, ARR. BY DR. MILLER.

114 Isaac Watts.

1 Eternal Power, whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of our God,
Infinite lengths beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds!

2 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?
We would adore our Maker too;
From sin and dust to thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High.

3 Earth, from afar, hath heard thy fame,
And worms have learned to lisp thy name;
But oh! the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.

4 God is in heaven, and men below:
Be short our tunes; our words be few:
A solemn reverence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

DUKE STREET. L. M. *"These men see the works of the Lord."* J. HATTON.

115 S. S. Cutting, 1835.

1 God of the world! thy glories shine,
Through earth and heaven with rays divine;
Thy smile gives beauty to the flower,
Thine anger to the tempest power.

2 God of our lives! the throbbing heart
Doth at thy beck its action start;
Throbs on, obedient to thy will,
Or ceases at thy fatal chill.

3 God of eternal life! thy love
Doth every stain of sin remove;
The cross, the cross,—its hallowed light
Shall drive from earth her cheerless night.

4 God of all goodness! to the skies
Our hearts in grateful anthems rise;
And to thy service shall be given
The rest of life, the whole of heaven.

PILESGROVE. L. M. *"The grace of the Lord be with you."* NAHUM MITCHELL.

116

J. F. Oberlin, 1820.
Tr. Mrs. Daniel Wilson, 1830.

1 O Lord, thy heavenly grace impart,
And fix my frail, inconstant heart;
Henceforth my chief desire shall be,
To dedicate myself to thee.

2 Whate'er pursuits my time employ,
One thought shall fill my soul with joy;
That silent, secret thought shall be,
That all my hopes are fixed on thee.

3 Thy glorious eye pervadeth space;
Thy presence, Lord, fills every place;
And, wheresoe'er my lot may be,
Still shall my spirit cleave to thee.

4 Renouncing every worldly thing,
And safe beneath thy spreading wing,
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be,
That all I want I find in thee.

RUSSIAN HYMN. L. M. *"O send out thy light and truth."* THEODORE LWOFF.

117

Wm. Shrubsole.

1 Arm of the Lord, awake! awake!
Put on thy strength, the nations shake,
And let the world, adoring, see
The works of mercy wrought by thee.

2 Say to the heathen, from thy throne,
"I am Jehovah—God alone!"
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

3 No more let human blood be spilt—
Vain sacrifice for human guilt!
But to each conscience be applied
The blood that flow'd from Jesus' side.

4 Almighty God, thy grace proclaim
In every land, of every name!
Let adverse powers before thee fall,
And crown the Savior Lord of all.

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

GILGAL. L. M. *"Follow me."* ENGLISH TUNE.

118 Isaac Watts, 1707.

1 My dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.

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

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

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

119 Oliver Wendell Holmes, 1809.

1 Lord of all being, throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Center and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near!

2 Sun of our life, thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

3 Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are thine!

4 Grant us thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for thee,
Till all thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame!

SHIRLEY. L. M. *"I am the light of the world."* REV. J. B. DYKES, 1823-1876.

120 O. Heginbotham.

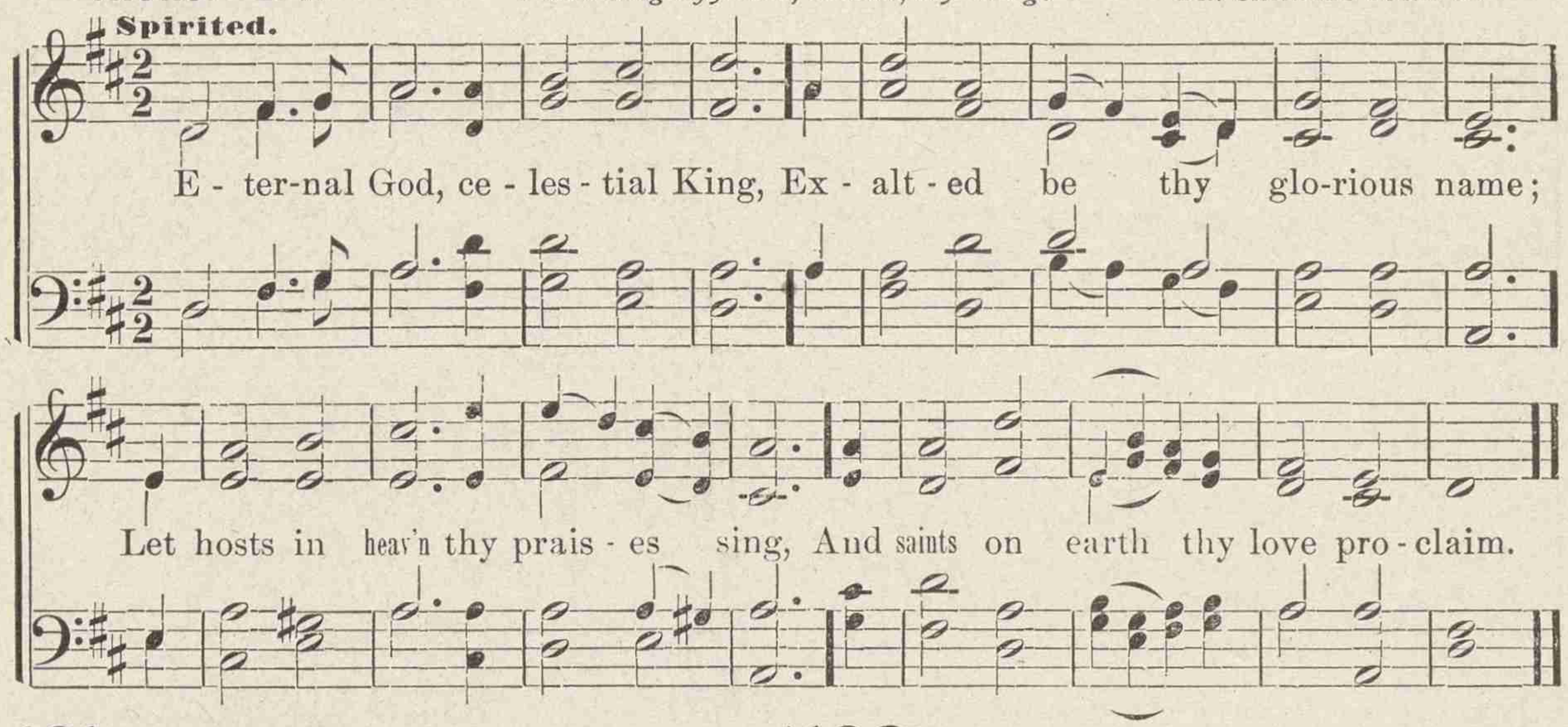
1 Now let my soul, eternal King,
To thee its grateful tribute bring;
My knee with humble homage bow,
My tongue perform its solemn vow.

2 All nature sings thy boundless love,
In worlds below and worlds above;
But in thy blessed word I trace
Diviner wonders of thy grace.

3 Here Jesus bids my sorrows cease,
And gives my laboring conscience peace;
Here lifts my grateful passions high,
And points to mansions in the sky.

4 For love like this, oh, let my song,
Through endless years, thy praise prolong;
Let distant climes thy name adore,
Till time and nature are no more.

TRURO. L. M. *"I will magnify thee, O God, my King."* DR. CHARLES BURNEY.



121

Wm. Wrangham.

1 Eternal God, celestial King,
Exalted be thy glorious name;
Let hosts in heaven thy praises sing,
And saints on earth thy love proclaim.

2 My heart is fixed on thee, my God;
I rest my hope on thee alone;
I'll spread thy sacred truths abroad,
To all mankind thy love make known.

3 Awake, my tongue; awake, my lyre;
With morning's earliest dawn arise;
To songs of joy my soul inspire,
And swell your music to the skies.

4 With those who in thy grace abound,
To thee I'll raise my thankful voice,
Till every land, the earth around,
Shall hear, and in thy name rejoice.

122

Isaac Watts, 1719.

1 Bless, O my soul, the living God;
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad:
Let all the powers within me join
In work and worship so divine.

2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace:
His favors claim thy highest praise;
Let not the wonders he hath wrought
Be lost in silence, and forgot.

3 'Tis he, my soul, that sent his Son
To die for crimes which thou hast done;
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

4 Let every land his power confess;
Let all the earth adore his grace;
My heart and tongue with rapture join,
In work and worship so divine.

WINCHESTER. L. M. *"Praise the Lord, O my soul."* DR. CROFT.

ARLINGTON. C. M. *"He is precious."* DR. THOS. ARNE, 1710–1778.

123

J. Newton.

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

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

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

5 Till then I would thy love proclaim,
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name,
Refresh my soul in death.

124

James Montgomery, 1819.

1 Lord, teach us how to pray aright,
With reverence and with fear;
Though dust and ashes in thy sight,
We may, we must draw near.

2 God of all grace, we come to thee,
With broken, contrite hearts,
Give, what thine eye delights to see,
Truth in the inward parts:

3 Patience, to watch, and wait, and weep,
Though mercy long delay;
Courage, our fainting souls to keep,
And trust thee though thou slay.

4 Give these, and then—thy will be done—
Thus strengthened with all might,
We by thy Spirit and thy Son,
Shall pray, and pray aright.

MARLOW. C. M. *Mark 13: 33.* ARR. BY LOWELL MASON, 1832.

125

James Montgomery, 1819.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech,
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

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

5 Oh, thou, by whom we come to God,—
The Life, the Truth, the Way!
The path of prayer thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray.

126

T. Hastings.

1 The Savior bids thee watch and pray
Through life's momentous hour;
And grants the Spirit's quickening ray
To those who seek his power.

2 The Savior bids thee watch and pray,
Maintain a warrior's strife;
Oh, Christian! hear his voice to-day:
Obedience is thy life.

3 The Savior bids thee watch and pray,
For soon the hour will come
That calls thee from the earth away
To thy eternal home.

4 The Savior bids thee watch and pray,
Oh, hearken to his voice,
And follow where he leads the way,
To heaven's eternal joys.

ROCKBRIDGE. L. M. *"I am the light of the world."* AARON CHAPIN, 1822.

127

Isaac Watts, 1709.

1 Buried in shadows of the night,
We lie till Christ restores the light;
Till he descends to heal the blind,
And chase the darkness of the mind.

2 Our guilty souls are drowned in tears,
Till his atoning blood appears;
Then we awake from deep distress,
And sing the Lord our righteousness.

3 Jesus beholds where Satan reigns,
And binds his slaves in heavy chains;
He sets the prisoners free, and breaks
The iron bondage from our necks.

4 Poor, helpless worms in thee possess
Grace, wisdom, power, and righteousness;
Thou art our mighty all, and we
Give our whole selves, O Lord, to thee.

WELLS. L. M. *"The Lord is my portion."* E. HOLDROYD.

128

Josiah Hopkins.

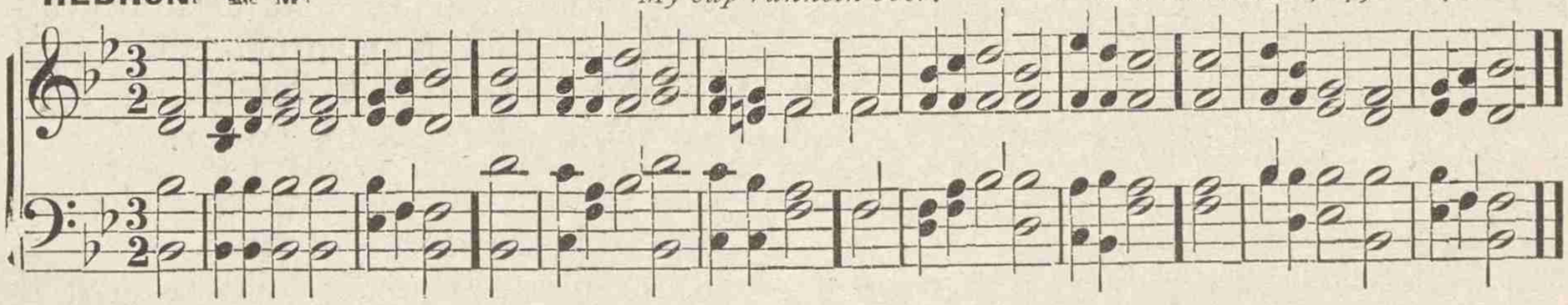
1 Let thoughtless thousands choose the road
That leads the soul away from God;
This happiness, blest Lord, be mine,
To live and die entirely thine.

2 On Christ, by faith, my soul would live,
From him my life, my all receive;
To him devote my fleeting hours,
Serve him alone with all my powers.

3 Christ is my everlasting all;
To him I look, on him I call;
He will my every want supply
In time and through eternity.

4 Soon will the Lord, my Life, appear;
Soon shall I end my trials here;
Leave sin and sorrow, death and pain;
To live is Christ, to die is gain.

HEBRON. L. M. *"My cup runneth over."* LOWELL MASON, 1792—1872.



129

A. R. Wolfe.

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

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

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

4 Dear Savior, when, before thy bar,
All tribes and tongues assembled are,
Among thy chosen may I be
At thy right hand—complete in thee.

MANOAH. C. M. *The Lord's Prayer.* FROM HAYDN.

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130 Adoniram Judson.

2 Give us this day our daily bread;
And as we those forgive
Who sin against us, so may we
Forgiving grace receive.

3 Into temptation lead us not;
From evil set us free;
And thine the kingdom, thine the power,
And glory, ever be.

DUNLAP'S CREEK. C. M. *"The Lord is my portion."* WESTERN MELODY.

131 Isaac Watts.

2 What empty things are all the skies,
And this inferior clod!
There's nothing here deserves my joys,
There's nothing like my God.

3 In vain the bright, the burning sun
Scatters his feeble light;
'Tis thy sweet beams create my noon,
If thou withdraw, 'tis night.

"The heavens declare thy glory, Lord."

AZMON. C. M. CARL GOTTHELF GLASER, 1828.

132 Isaac Watts, 1705.

2 Thy hand, how wide it spread the sky!
How glorious to behold!
Tinged with a blue of heavenly dye,
And starred with sparkling gold.

3 Infinite strength and equal skill
Shine through the worlds abroad;
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder—God.

4 But the sweet beauties of thy grace
Our softer passions move;
Pity divine, in Jesus' face,
We see, adore, and love.

133 John Thompson, 1810.

1 Jehovah, God, thy gracious power
On every hand we see;
Oh, may the blessings of each hour
Lead all our thoughts to thee.

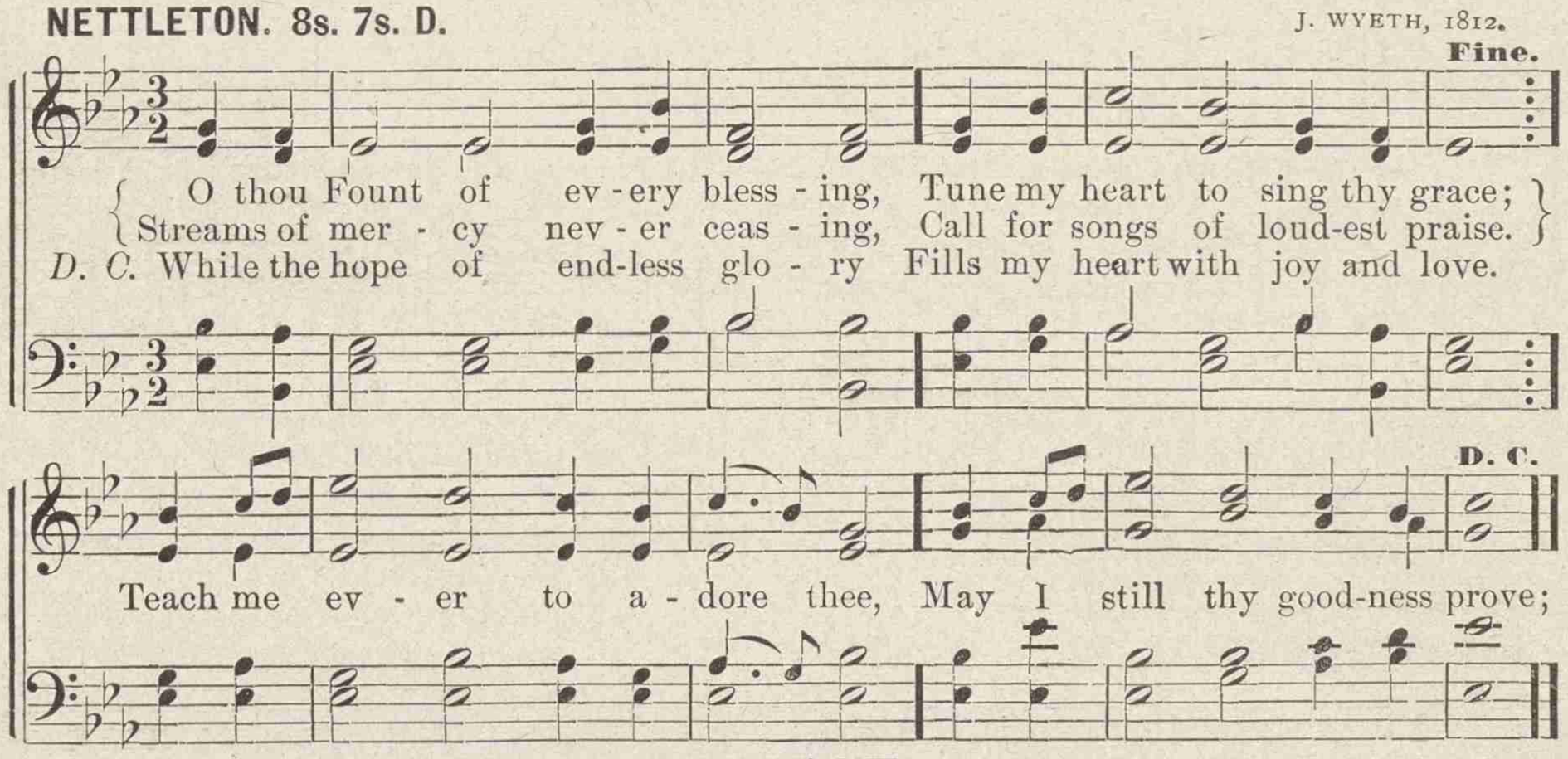
2 Thy power is in the ocean deeps,
And reaches to the skies;
Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,
Thy goodness never dies.

3 In all the varying scenes of time,
On thee our hopes depend;
In every age, in every clime,
Our Father and our Friend.

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

"Thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations."

NETTLETON. 8s. 7s. D. J. WYETH, 1812.



134

R. Robinson.

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

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind me closer still to thee.
Never let me wander from thee,
Never leave thee, whom I love;
By thy Word and Spirit guide me,
Till I reach thy courts above.

135

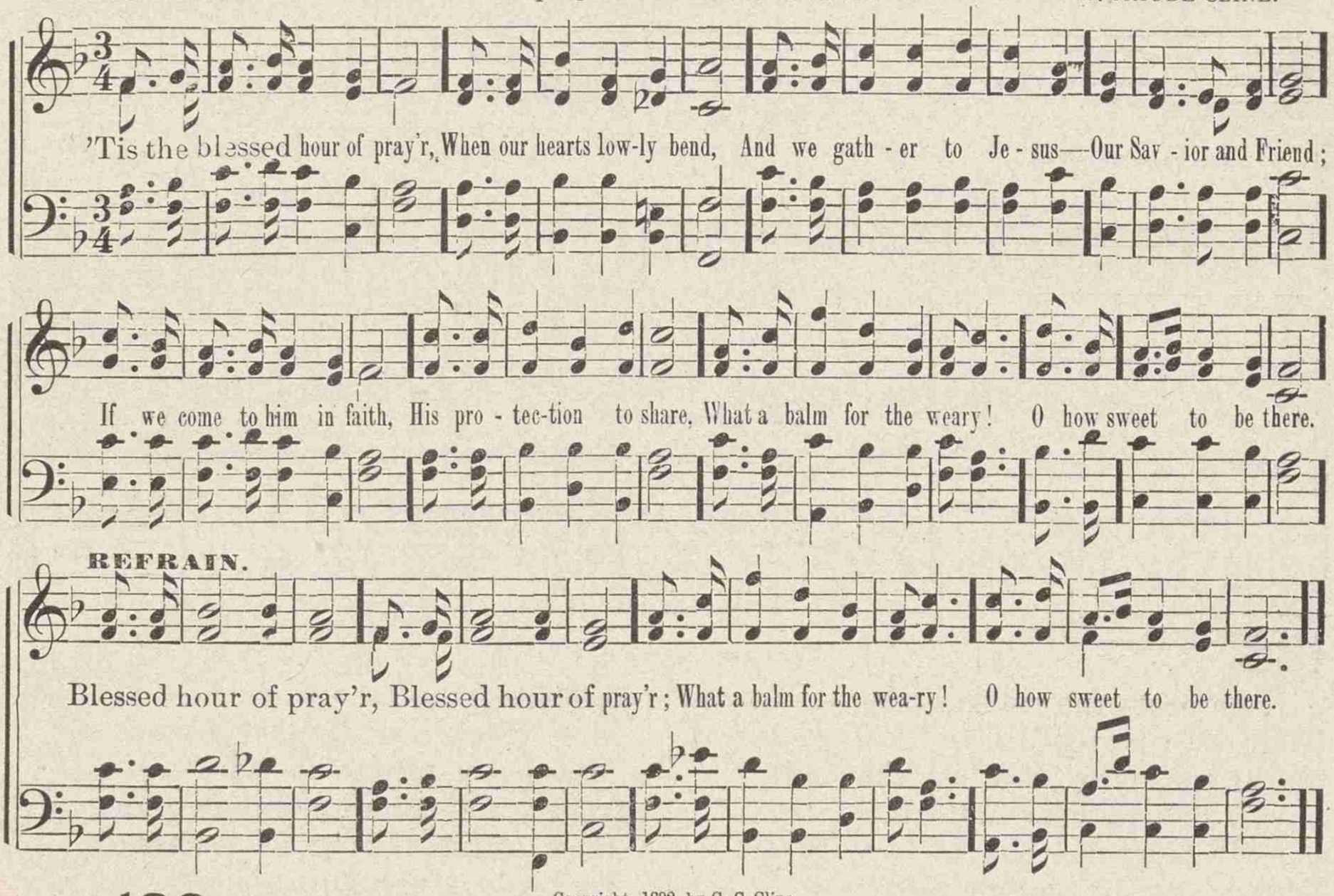
Charles Wesley, 1745.

1 Hail, thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free:
From our sins and fears release us;
Let us find our rest in thee.
Israel's strength and consolation;
Hope of all the saints thou art;
Long desired of every nation,
Joy of every waiting heart.

2 Born thy people to deliver,
Born a child,—and yet a King,—
Born to reign in us forever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.
By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

EBENEZER. 8s. 7s. D. *"He shall be called Jesus."*

BLESSED HOUR. *"Where prayer was wont to be made."* E. MAUDE CLINE.



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136 Fannie J. Crosby.

2 'Tis the blessed hour of prayer, when the Savior draws near,
With a tender compassion his children to hear;
When he tells us we may cast at his feet every care, What a balm, etc.

3 'Tis the blessed hour of prayer, when the tempted and tried
To the Savior who loves them their sorrow confide;
With a sympathizing heart he removes every care; What a balm, etc.

4 At the blessed hour of prayer, trusting him we believe
That the blessing we're needing we'll surely receive,
In the fullness of this trust we shall lose every care; What a balm, etc.

PETERBORUGH. C. M. *"God is our refuge."* RALPH HARRISON, 1786.

137 Thomas Raffles.

2 I have no argument beside,
I urge no other plea—
And 'tis enough—the Savior died,
The Savior died for me.

3 When storms of fierce temptation beat,
And furious foes assail,
My refuge is the mercy-seat,
My hope within the veil.

4 And when thy awful voice commands
This body to decay,
And life, in its last ling'ring sands,
Is ebbing fast away—

5 Then, though it be in accents weak,
My voice shall call on thee,
And ask for strength in death to speak,
"My Savior died for me."

MORE LIKE JESUS. 7s. D.

"For we shall be like him."

E. MAUDE CLINE.

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138

Unknown.

2 If he hears the raven's cry,
If his ever watchful eye
Marks the sparrows when they fall,
Surely he will hear my call.
He will teach me how to live,
All my sinful thoughts forgive,
  Pure in heart I still would be—
  Let my Savior dwell in me.

3 More like Jesus when I pray,
More like Jesus day by day,
May I rest me by his side,
Where the tranquil waters glide.
Born again, thro' grace renewed,
By his love my will subdued.
  Rich in faith I still would be—
  Let my Savior dwell in me.

VARINA. C. M. D.

"He spake as never man spake."

GEO. F. ROOT.

139

Horatius Bonar, 1857.

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

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
  "I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto me; thy morn shall rise,
  And all thy day be bright."
  I looked to Jesus, and I found,
  In him my Star, my Sun;
And, in that light of life, I'll walk
  Till traveling days are done.

WARWICK. C. M. *"Of him, and through him, and to him are all things."* SAMUEL STANLEY.

140

Isaac Watts.

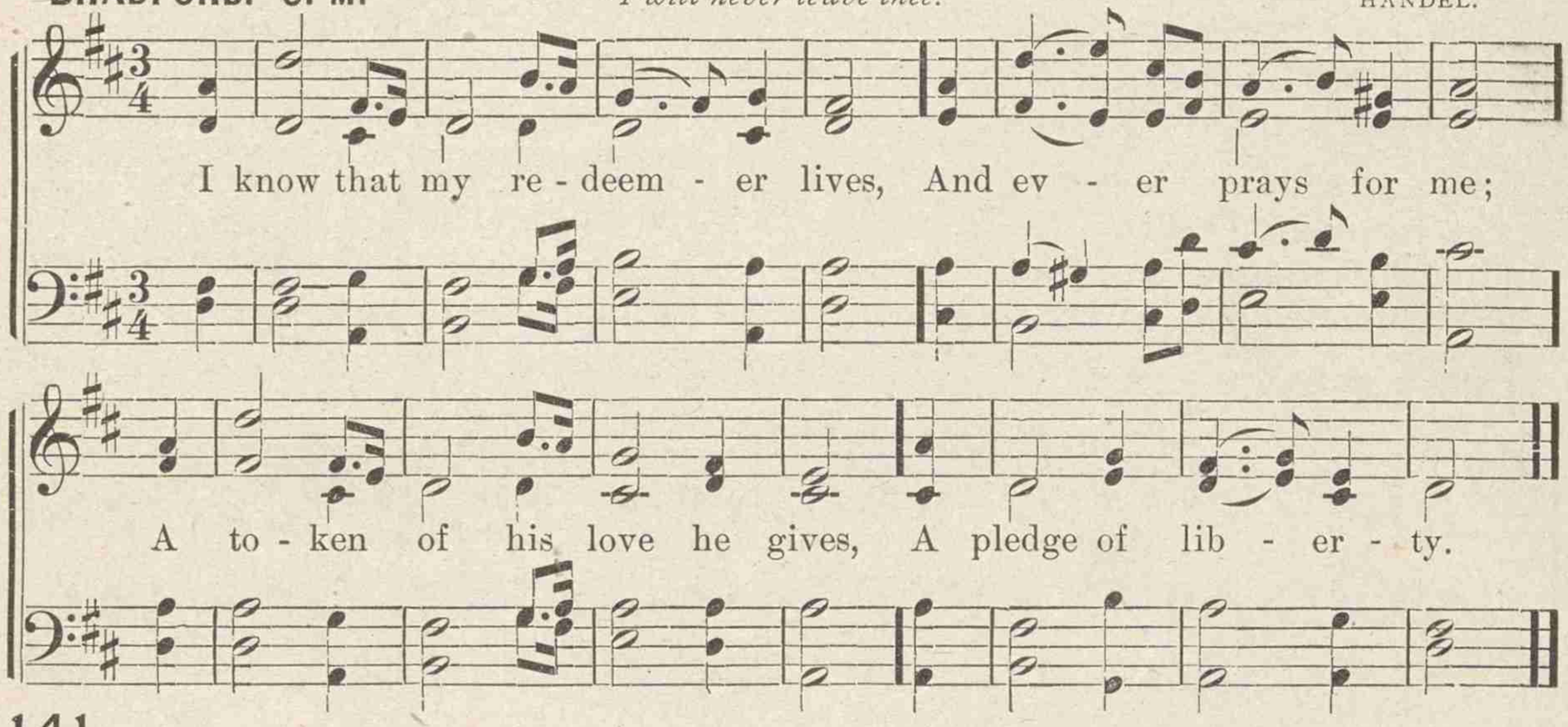
1 My God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights;
The glory of my brightest days,
The comfort of my nights!

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

3 The op'ning heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows his mercy mine,
And whispers I am his.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
And run with joy the shining way,
To meet my dearest Lord.

BRADFORD. C. M. *"I will never leave thee."* HANDEL.



141

Charles Wesley.

1 I know that my Redeemer lives,
And ever prays for me;
A token of his love he gives,
A pledge of liberty.

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

3 He wills that I should holy be;
Shall I withstand his will?
The counsel of his grace in me
He surely shall fulfill.

4 Jesus, I hang upon thy word;
I steadfastly believe
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,
And to thyself receive.

WOODSTOCK. C. M. *"Great are thy tender mercies, O Lord."* D. DUTTON.

142

Anne Steele.

1 My Father, to thy mercy-seat
My soul for shelter flies;
'Tis here I find a safe retreat
When storms and tempests rise.

2 My cheerful hope can never die,
If thou, my God, art near;
Thy grace can raise my comforts high,
And banish every fear.

3 My great Protector, and my Lord;
Thy constant aid impart;
Oh, let thy kind, thy gracious word
Sustain my trembling heart.

4 Oh, never let my soul remove
From this divine retreat;
Still let me trust thy power and love;
And dwell beneath thy feet.

HEBER. C. M. *"As we went to prayer."* GEO. KINGSLEY.

143

Mrs. P. H. Brown.

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

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

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

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

HOLY CROSS. C. M. *"Thou shalt call his name Jesus."* FROM MENDELSSOHN.

144

P. Doddridge.

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

2 Yes!—thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
Jewels, to thee, are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish,
In thee doth richly meet;
Not to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

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

GENEVA. C. M. *"Yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken."* J. COLE.

145

J. Addison.

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

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

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

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

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

6 Through all eternity, to thee
A joyful song I'll raise:
For, oh, eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise!

HELP ME, JESUS. 8s & 7s. D. *"Ask and ye shall receive."* GERMAN AIR.

146

P. Hammond.

2 Thou who once was throned in glory,
Suffered death on Calvary,
Oh! how wonderful the story—
Thou didst bleed and die for me!
Yes, that I might be forgiven,
Thou did'st leave thy home on high;
And, that I might sing in heaven,
On the cruel cross did'st die.

3 Now my heart is filled with gladness,
Since my hope I stay on thee;
Thou wilt drive away all sadness,
All my sins are pardoned free.
I shall join the heavenly chorus,
Singing praise to Jesus' love;
Trusting him, he'll go before us,
He will bring us home above.

BALERMA. C. M.

"Let us draw near."

R. SIMPSON.

147 John Newton.

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

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

4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, sheltered near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, "Thou hast died."

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

ORTONVILLE. C. M.

"I will sing and give praise."

DR. T. HASTINGS.

148 Tate and Brady.

1 O God, my heart is fully bent
To magnify thy name;
My tongue, with cheerful songs of praise,
Shall celebrate thy fame.

2 To all the list'ning tribes, O Lord,
Thy wonders I will tell;
And to those nations sing thy praise
That round about us dwell;

3 Because thy mercy's boundless height
The highest heaven transcends;
And far beyond th' aspiring clouds
Thy faithful truth extends.

4 Be thou, O God, exalted high
Above the starry frame;
And let the world, with one consent,
Confess thy glorious name!

DOWNS. C. M.

"Praise the Lord, O my soul."

LOWELL MASON.

149 Thomas Gibbons.

1 Thy goodness, Lord, our souls confess;
Thy goodness we adore;
A spring whose waters never fail,
A sea without a shore.

2 Sun, moon, and stars thy love attest
In every golden ray;
Love draws the curtains of the night,
And love brings back the day.

3 Thy bounty every season crowns
With all the bliss it yields,
With joyful clusters loads the vines,
With strengthening grain the fields:

4 But chiefly thy compassion, Lord,
Is in the gospel seen;
There, like a sun, thy mercy shines,
Without a cloud between.

DUNDEE. C. M. *"Great is the Lord and greatly to be praised."* ANDRO HART'S "PSALTER," 1615.

150

Frederick Wm. Faber, 1849.

2 How dread are thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord,
By prostrate spirits day and night,
Incessantly adored.

3 Oh, how I fear thee, living God,
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears.

4 Yet I may love thee, too, O Lord,
Almighty as thou art,
For thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of this poor heart.

5 No earthly father loves like thee,
No mother, half so mild,
Bears and forbears as thou hast done
With me, thy sinful child.

6 Father of Jesus, love's reward,
What rapture will it be,
Prostrate before thy throne to lie,
And gaze and gaze on thee.

151

Philip Doddridge.

1 O God of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed,
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led!

2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before thy throne of grace:
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.

3 Through each succeeding path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

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

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

MEAR. C. M. *"Thou hast been our refuge."* BARNARD'S PSALMS, 1752.

152

Isaac Watts, 1719.

1 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home,—

2 Beneath the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defense is sure.

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

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

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

6 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while life shall last,
And our eternal home.

DENFIELD. C. M. *The Mercy Seat.* C. G. GLASER, 1784–1829.

153 A. Steele.

1 Dear Father, to thy mercy-seat
My soul for shelter flies:
'Tis here I find a safe retreat
When storms and tempests rise.

2 My cheerful hope can never die,
If thou, my God, art near;
Thy grace can raise my comforts high,
And banish every fear.

3 My great Protector, and my Lord!
Thy constant aid impart;
Oh! let thy kind, thy gracious word
Sustain my trembling heart.

4 Oh! never let my soul remove
From this divine retreat;
Still let me trust thy power and love,
And dwell beneath thy feet.

NAOMI. C. M. *Humble devotion.* LOWELL MASON.

154 Unknown.

1 Father, I know thy ways are just,
Although to me unknown;
Oh, grant me grace thy love to trust,
And cry, "Thy will be done!"

2 If thou shouldst hedge with thorns my path,
Should wealth and friends be gone,
Still, with a firm and lively faith,
I'll cry, "Thy will be done!"

3 Although thy steps I can not trace,
Thy sov'reign right I'll own;
And, as instructed by thy grace,
I'll cry, "Thy will be done!"

155 A. Steele.

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

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

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

HARVEY'S CHANT. C. M. *"Thy will be done."* WM. B. BRADBURY.

CADDO. C. M. *"Remember me."* W. B. BRADBURY.

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156

T. Haweis.

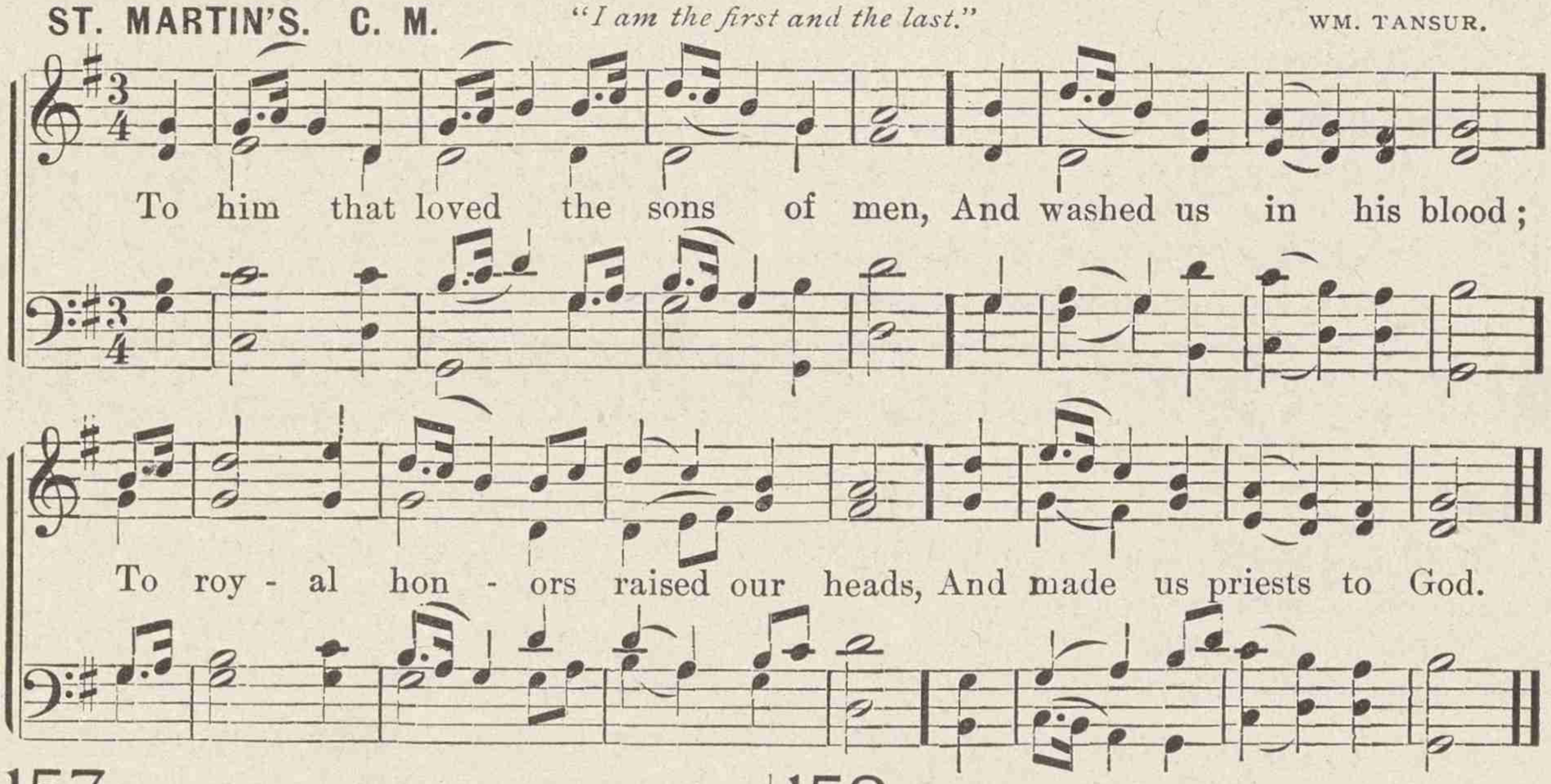
1 O thou, from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my soul to thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
O Lord, remember me!

2 When on my aching, burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
Thy pardon grant, new peace impart;
Thus, Lord, remember me!

3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I can not flee,
Oh, let my strength be as my day—
Dear Lord, remember me!

4 When in the solemn hour of death
I wait thy just decree:
Be this the prayer of my last breath:
Now, Lord, remember me!

ST. MARTIN'S. C. M. *"I am the first and the last."* WM. TANSUR.



157

Unknown.

1 To him who loved the sons of men,
And washed us in his blood,
To royal honors raised our heads,
And made us priests to God:

2 To him let every tongue be praise,
And every heart be love;
All grateful honors paid on earth,
And nobler songs above.

3 Behold, on flying clouds he comes!
His saints shall bless the day;
While they that pierced him sadly mourn
In anguish and dismay.

4 Thou art the First, and Thou the Last;
Time centers all in Thee;
Almighty Lord, who wast, and art,
And evermore shall be!

158

Isaac Watts.

1 Lord, all I am is known to thee;
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, or to flee
The notice of thine eye.

2 Thy all-observing eye surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
The secrets of my breast.

3 My thoughts lie open to thee, Lord,
Before they're formed within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
Thou knowest all I mean.

4 Oh, let thine arms surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sov'reign love.

CHIMES. C. M. *"I am with you alway."* LOWELL MASON.

159 Unknown.

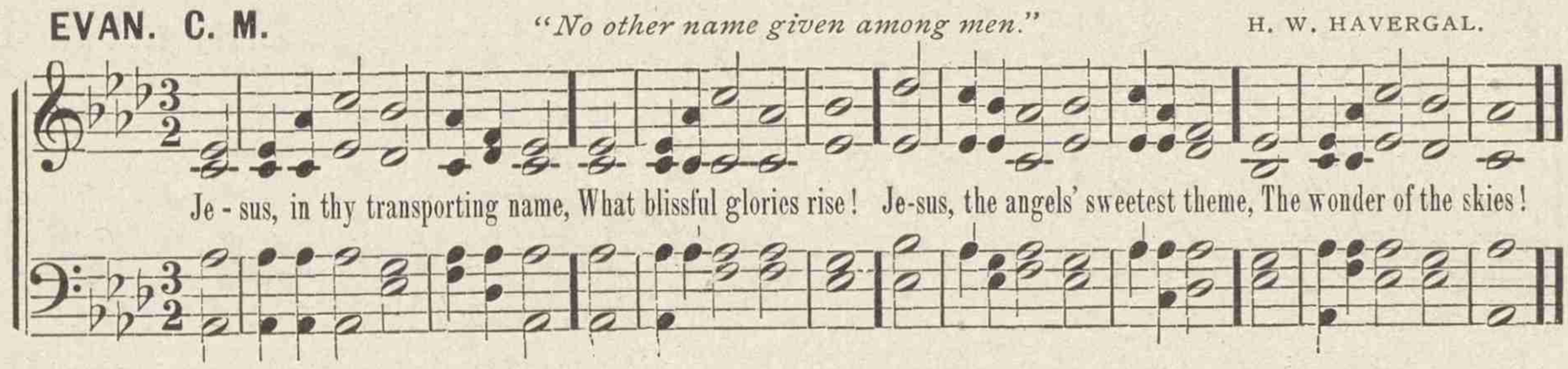
1 Our souls are in the Savior's hand,
  And he will keep them still;
And you and I shall surely stand
  With him on Zion's hill.

2 Him eye to eye we there shall see,
  Our face like his shall shine;
Oh, what a glorious company,
  When saints and angels join!

3 Oh, what a joyful meeting there,
  In robes of white array!
Palms in our hands we all shall bear,
  And crowns that ne'er decay!

4 When we've been there ten thousand years,
  Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise
  Than when we first begun!

EVAN. C. M. *"No other name given among men."* H. W. HAVERGAL.



160 Anne Steele.

2 Well might the skies with wonder view
  A love so strange as thine!
No thought of angels ever knew
  Compassion so divine!

3 Jesus, and didst thou leave the sky
  To bear our sins and woes?
And didst thou bleed, and groan, and die,
  For vile rebellious foes?

4 Victorious Love! can language tell,
  The wonders of thy pow'r,
Which conquered all the force of hell
  In that tremendous hour!

5 What glad return can I impart
  For favors so divine?
Oh, take this heart, this worthless heart,
  And make it only thine!

ASHLAND. C. M. *"The ever present God."* A. C. HOPKINS.

161 M. C. Kurfees.

2 Here may obedient spirits find
  The blessings of thy love—
The streams that thro' the desert wind,
  The manna from above.

3 Awhile beside the fount we stay
  And eat this bread of thine;
Then go, rejoicing, on our way,
  Renewed with strength divine.

LISBON. S. M. *"Let him take up his cross daily."* DANIEL READ, 1785.

162

Henry W. Baker, 1852.

1 Oh! what, if we are Christ's,
Is earthly shame or loss?
Bright shall the crown of glory be,
When we have borne the cross.

2 Keen was the trial once,
Bitter the cup of woe,
When martyred saints, baptized in blood,
Christ's sufferings shared below.

3 Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above,
Where, on the bosom of their God,
They rest in perfect love.

4 Lord, may that grace be ours,
Like them, in faith, to bear
All that of sorrow, grief, or pain
May be our portion here.

SHIRLAND. S. M. *"My times are in thy hand."* SAMUEL STANLEY, 1767–1822.

163

William F. Lloyd, 1835.

1 My times are in thy hand!
My God, I wish them there;
My life, my soul, my all, I leave
Entirely to thy care.

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

3 My times are in thy hand;
Why should I doubt or fear?
My Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

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

BOYLSTON. S. M. *"Blessed are they that hunger."* DR. L. MASON.

164

Unknown.

2 Thy word invites us nigh,
Or we should starve indeed:
For we no money have to buy,
Nor righteousness to plead.

3 The food our spirits want
Thy hand alone can give:
Oh, hear the prayer of faith, and grant
That we may eat and live.

SELVIN. S. M. *"We walk by faith and not by sight."* ARR. BY LOWELL MASON.

165

Augustus M. Toplady.

1 If, on a quiet sea,
Toward heaven we calmly sail,
With grateful hearts, O God, to thee,
We'll own the favoring gale.

2 But should the surges rise,
And rest delay to come,
Blest be the tempest, kind the storm,
Which drives us nearer home.

3 Soon shall our doubts and fears
All yield to thy control;
Thy tender mercies shall illume
The midnight of the soul.

4 Teach us, in every state,
To make thy will our own;
And when the joys of sense depart,
To live by faith alone.

LUTHER. S. M. *Phillipians 2: 10, 11.* THOS. HASTINGS.

166

C. Wesley.

1 Oh, thou whom we adore!
To bless our earth again,
Assume thine own almighty power,
And o'er the nations reign.

2 The world's Desire and Hope,
All power to thee is given;
Now set the last great empire up,
Eternal Lord of heaven!

3 A gracious Savior, thou
Wilt all thy creatures bless;
And every knee to thee shall bow,
And every tongue confess.

4 According to thy word,
Now be thy grace revealed;
And with the knowledge of the Lord,
Let all the earth be filled.

FERGUSON. S. M. *"Behold what love!"* GEO. KINGSLEY.

167

Isaac Watts.

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

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

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

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

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

168

C. Wesley.

1 Thou very present Aid
In suffering and distress,
The mind which still on thee is stayed,
Is kept in perfect peace.

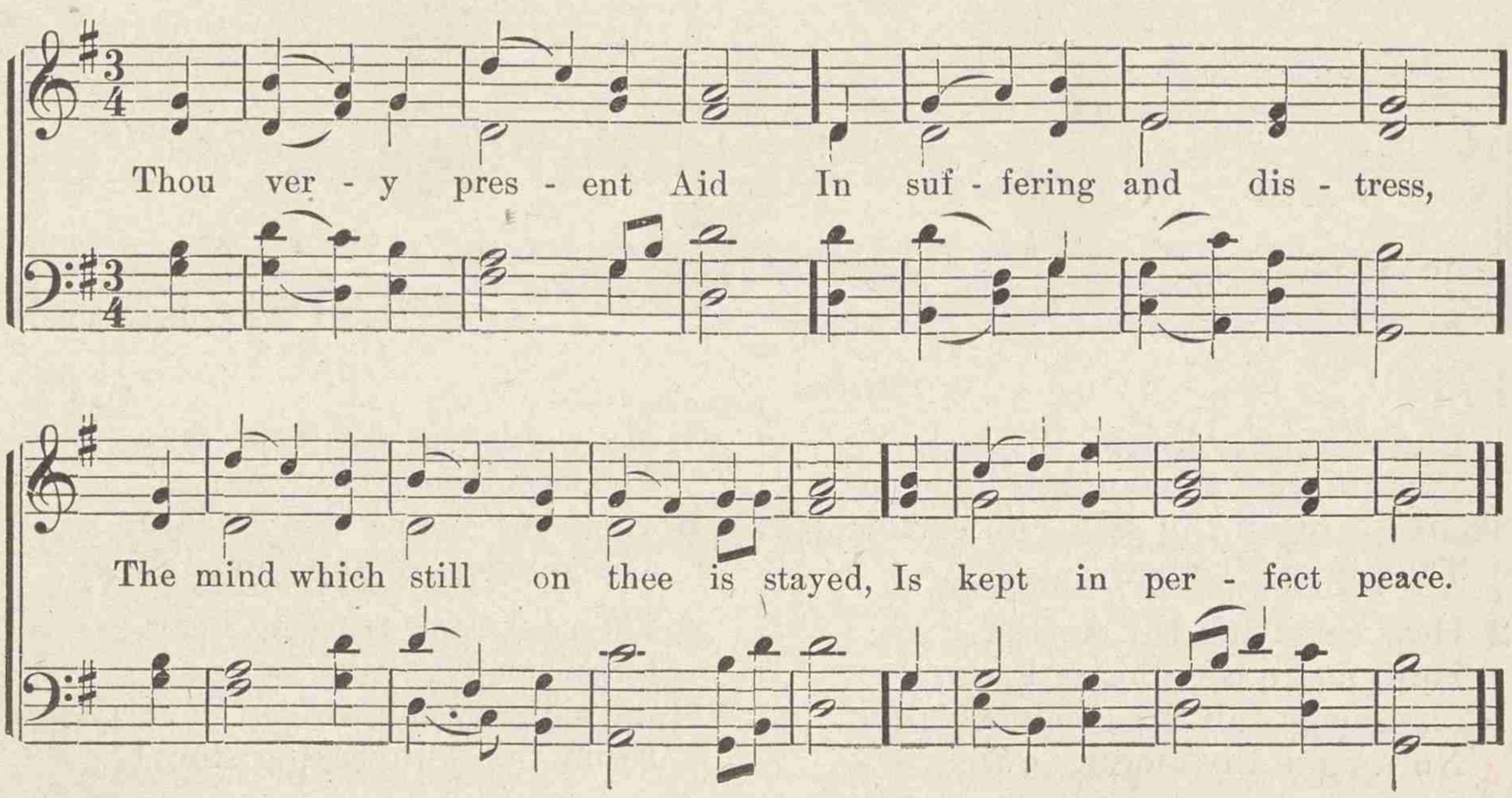
2 The soul by faith reclined
On the Redeemer's breast,
'Mid raging storms, exults to find
An everlasting rest.

3 Sorrow and fear are gone.
Whene'er thy face appears;
It stills the sighing orphan's moan,
And dries the widow's tears.

4 Jesus, to whom I fly,
Doth all my wishes fill;
What though created streams are dry?
I have the fountain still.

5 Stripped of each earthly friend,
I find them all in One,
And peace and joy which never end,
And heaven, in Christ, alone.

THATCHER. S. M. *"I will give you rest."* G. F. HANDEL.



PRAYER AND PRAISE.

ST. THOMAS. S. M. *"O praise the Lord of Heaven."* G. F. HANDEL.

Spirited.

169 Isaac Watts, 1719.

1 My soul, repeat his praise,
  Whose mercies are so great,
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
  So ready to abate.

2 God will not always chide;
  And when his strokes are felt,
His strokes are fewer than our crimes
  And lighter than our guilt.

3 High as the heavens are raised
  Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
  Our highest thoughts exceed.

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

WATCHMAN. S. M. *"The Lord is King."* LEACH.

170 Isaac Watts.

1 The Lord Jehovah reigns!
  Let all the nations fear;
Let sinners tremble at his throne,
  And saints be humble there.

2 Jesus, the Savior, reigns;
  Let earth adore its Lord;
Bright cherubs his attendants wait,
  Swift to fulfill his word.

3 In Zion stands his throne;
  His honors are divine;
His church shall make his wonders known,
  For there his glories shine.

4 How holy is his name!
  How fearful is his praise!
Justice, and truth, and judgment join
  In all the works of grace.

KENTUCKY. S. M. *"There is a friend."* AARON CHAPIN, 1822.

171 W. T. Moore.

1 Blest Savior, Friend divine!
  Thou source of boundless love!
The hope of all thy saints on earth,
  The joy of all above!

2 How can I tell thy worth?
  How make thy glories known?
No language can thy goodness speak,
  No tongue thy mercies own!

3 My words can not express
  The sweetness of thy name!
Nor can my feeble lips declare
  The wonders of thy fame!

4 Then take my trusting heart;
  I can not give thee more;
Make rich my soul's deep poverty
  From thine unwasting store!

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

GERAR. S. M. *"In whom we live."* LOWELL MASON.

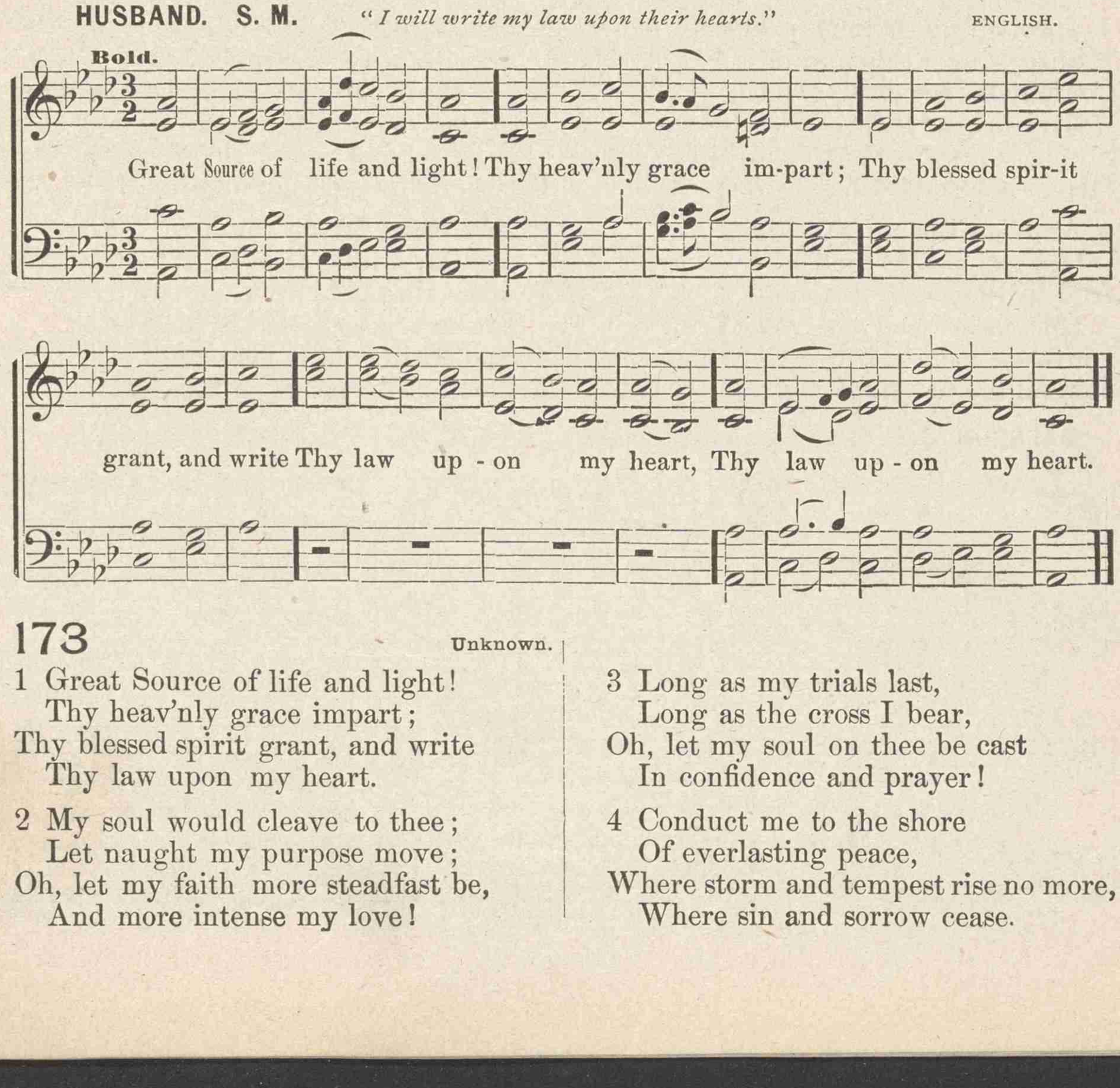
172

Unknown.

2 The comforts he affords
Are neither few nor small;
He is the source of fresh delights,
My portion and my all.

3 He fills my heart with joy,
My lips attunes for praise;
And to his glory I'll devote
The remnant of my days.

HUSBAND. S. M. *"I will write my law upon their hearts."* ENGLISH.



173

Unknown.

1 Great Source of life and light!
Thy heav'nly grace impart;
Thy blessed spirit grant, and write
Thy law upon my heart.

2 My soul would cleave to thee;
Let naught my purpose move;
Oh, let my faith more steadfast be,
And more intense my love!

3 Long as my trials last,
Long as the cross I bear,
Oh, let my soul on thee be cast
In confidence and prayer!

4 Conduct me to the shore
Of everlasting peace,
Where storm and tempest rise no more,
Where sin and sorrow cease.

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

HADDAM. H. M. *"The Lord God reigneth."* L. MASON.

174

Isaac Watts.

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

3 Thro' all his ancient works
Surprising wisdom shines,
Confounds the powers of hell,
And breaks their cursed designs;
Strong is his arm, and shall fulfill
His great decrees, his sov'reign will.

4 And can this mighty king
Of glory condescend?
And will he write his name,
'My father and my friend?'
I love his name! I love his word!
Join all my powers to praise the Lord.

175

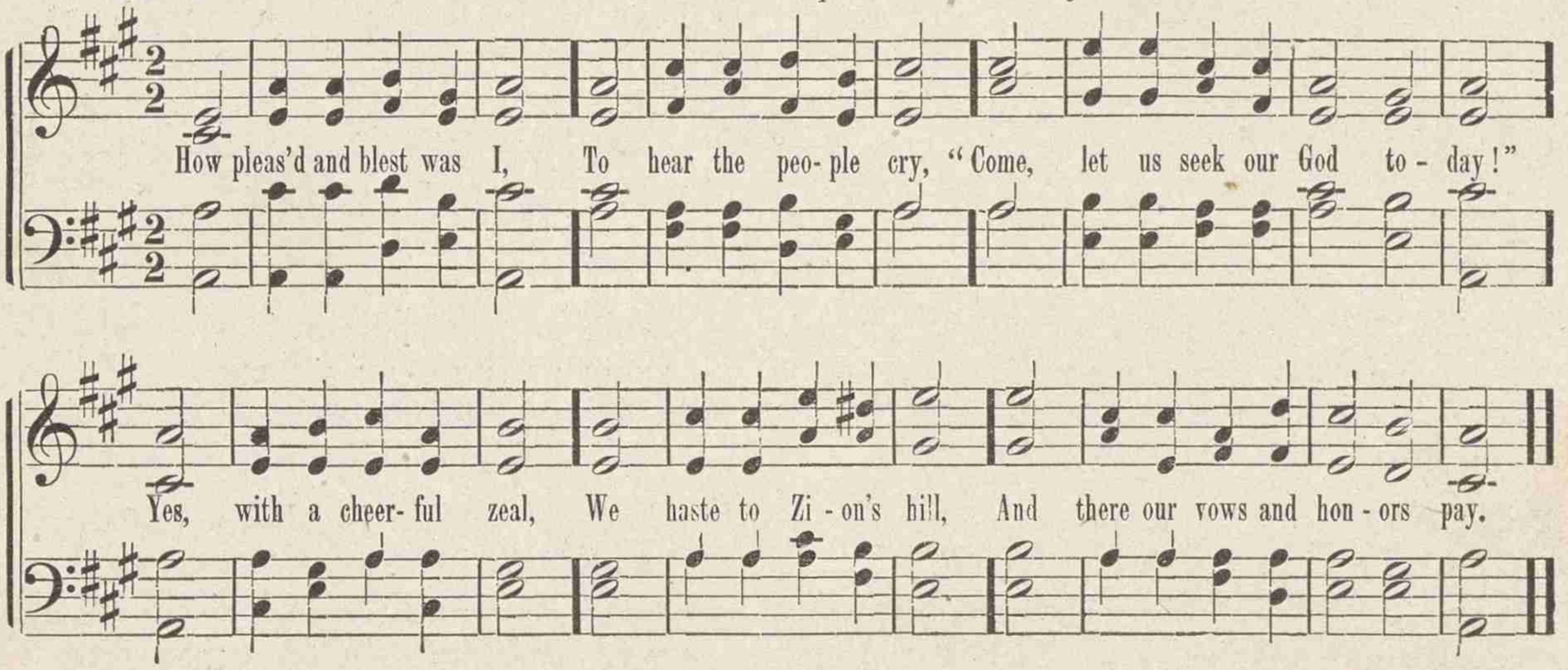
Isaac Watts.

1 How pleased and blest was I,
To hear the people cry,
"Come, let us seek our God to-day!"
Yes, with a cheerful zeal,
We haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honors pay.

2 Zion! thrice happy place,
Adorn'd with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee round;
In thee our tribes appear,
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

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

DALSTON. S. P. M. *"I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of God."* A. WILLIAMS.



NEW HAVEN. 6s & 4s. *"Looking to Jesus."* THOS. HASTINGS, 1833.

176

Ray Palmer, 1830.

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart;
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
Oh! may my love to thee,
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire!

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

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

177

Wm. Baxter.

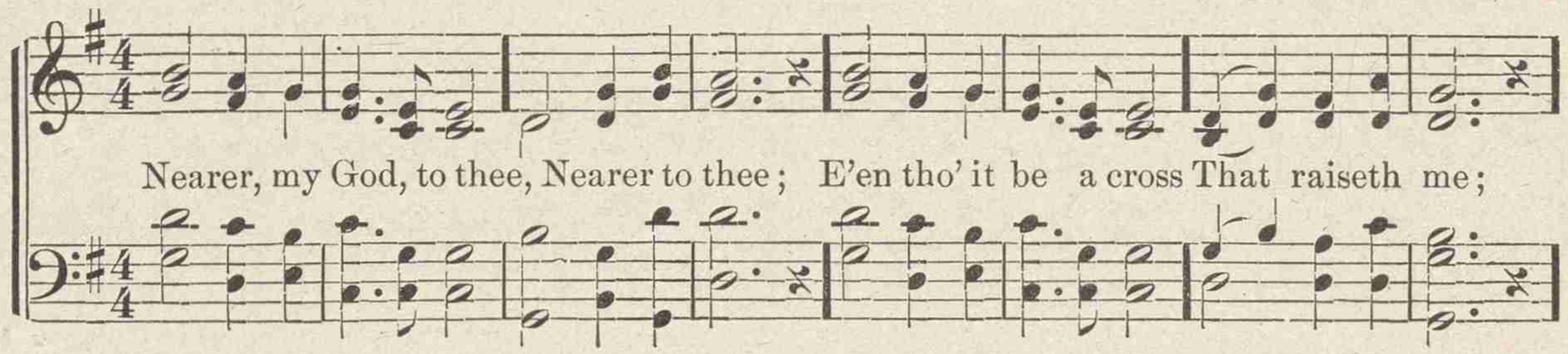
1 Whene'er I think of thee,
Oh, sacred Calvary,
Love fills my breast.
Flow, then, the joyous tears;
Flee, all my guilty fears;
Savior, thy cross appears,
And I find rest.

2 When from thy bleeding side
I see the crimson tide
Streaming for me,
Faith in thy flowing blood,
Oh, spotless Lamb of God,
Points from this dark abode,
Upward to thee.

3 When death's unsparing dart
Pierces my fainting heart,
Sweetly I'll sing:
Grave! thou no terror hast;
All fearful gloom is past;
Victor through Christ at last,
Death has no sting!

OLIVET. 6s & 4s. *"If I be lifted up."* LOWELL MASON, 1831.

BETHANY. 6s & 4s. *Genesis 28: 10-22.* L. MASON.



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178 Mrs. Sarah F. Adams, 1841.

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

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

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

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

MORE LOVE. 6s & 4s. D. *"Lovest thou me?"* T. E. PERKINS, by per.

179 E. P. Prentiss.

2 Once earthly joy I craved—
Sought peace and rest;
Now thee alone I seek:
Give what is best.
This all my prayer shall be—
More love, O Christ, to thee;
More love to thee!

3 Then shall my latest breath
Whisper thy praise;
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise—
This still its prayer shall be;
More love, O Christ, to thee!
More love to thee!

"Blessed are they that do."

SOMETHING FOR THEE. 6s & 4s. Arr. by C. C. CLINE.

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180 S. D. Phelps, 1862.

1 Savior, thy dying love
Thou gavest me,
Nor should I aught withhold,
Dear Lord, from thee;
In love my soul would bow,
My heart fulfill its vow,
Some offering bring thee now,
Something for thee.

2 Give me a faithful heart—
Likeness to thee—
That each departing day
Henceforth may see
Some work of love begun,
Some deed of kindness done,
Some wanderer sought and won,
Something for thee.

3 All that I am and have—
Thy gifts so free—
In joy, in grief, through life,
Dear Lord, for thee!
And when thy face I see,
My ransomed soul shall be,
Through all eternity,
Something for thee.

"Thy will, O Lord, be done."

WORTH. 6s & 4s. Peculiar. ANON.

181 Anna W. Hall.

1 Father, oh, hear me now!
Father divine!
Thou, only thou canst see
The heart's deep agony;
Help me to say to thee,
"Thy will, not mine!"

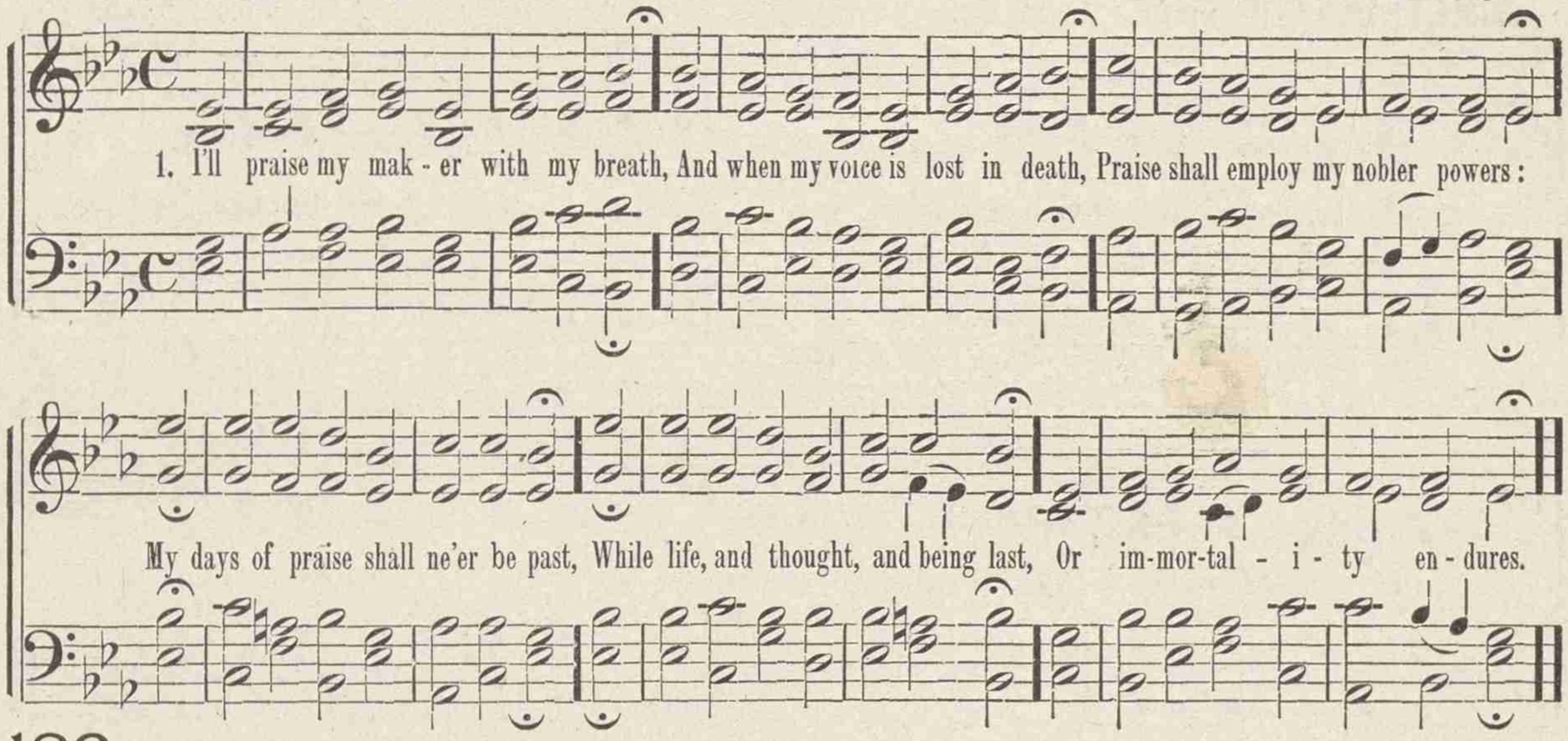
2 O God, be thou my stay
In this dark hour;
Kindly each sorrow hear,
Hush every troubled fear,
Thee let me still revere,
Still own thy power.

3 In thee alone I trust,
Thou Holy One!
Humbly to thee I pray
That, through each troubled day
Of life, I still may say,
"Thy will be done!"

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

"As long as I have any being, I will sing praises unto my God."

CAMPBELL. P. M. FROM DAY'S PSALTER, 1563.

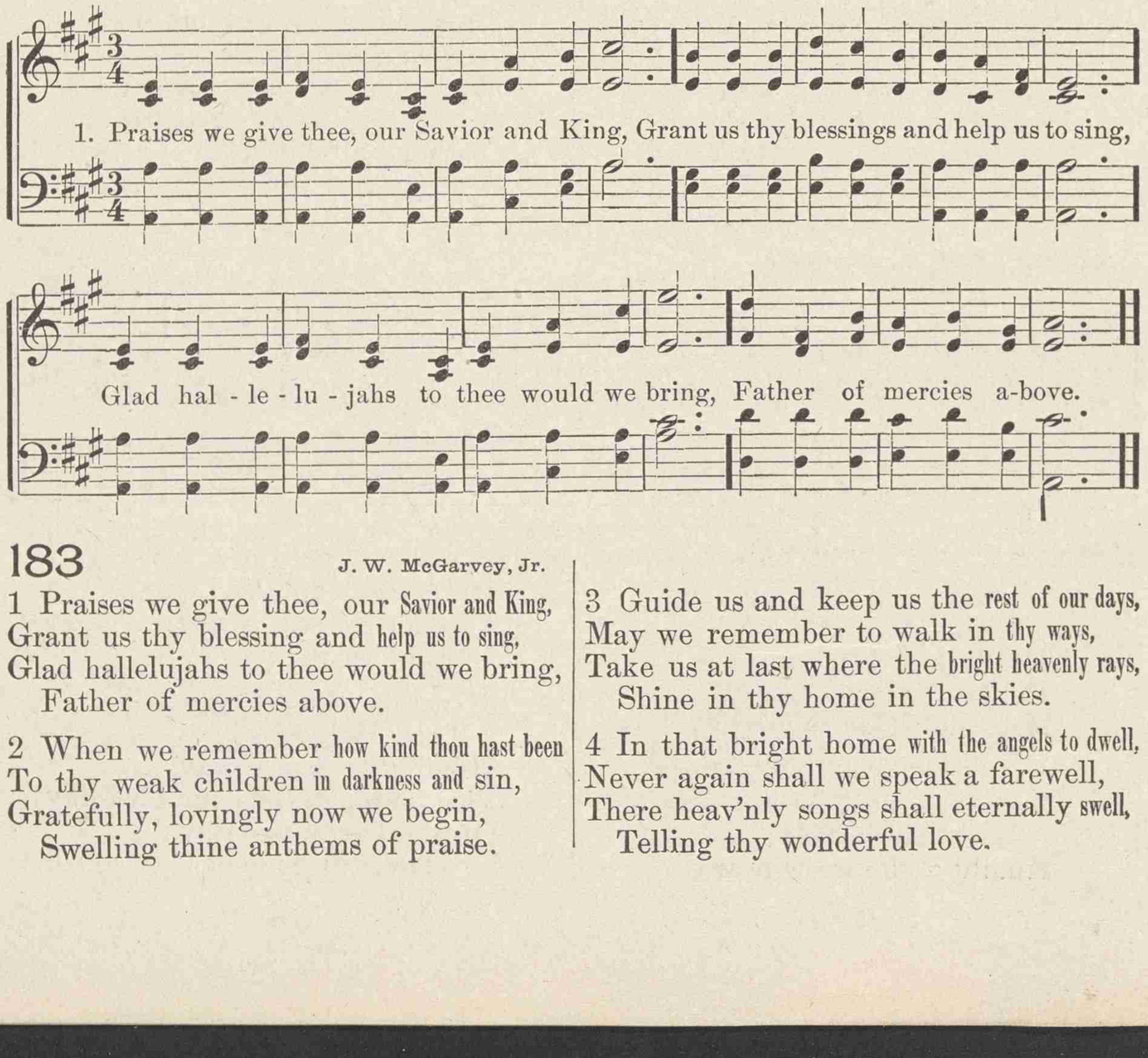


182 Isaac Watts.

1 I'll praise my maker with my breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God: he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, and all their train;
He saves th' oppressed, he feeds the poor;
His truth for ever stands secure,
And none shall find his promise vain.

PRAISE. P. M. *"How excellent is thy name."* J. W. M'GARVEY, JR.



183 J. W. McGarvey, Jr.

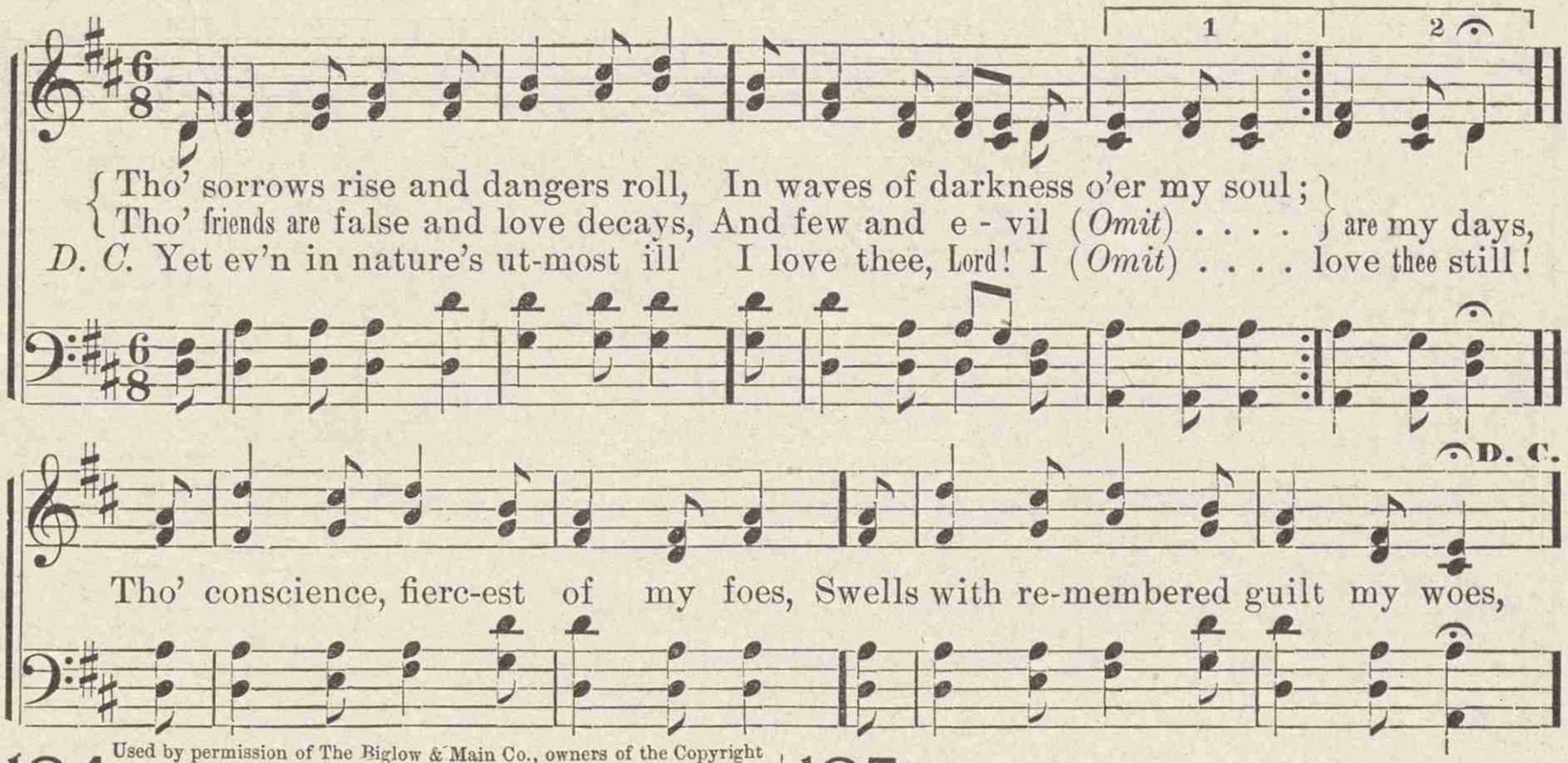
1 Praises we give thee, our Savior and King,
Grant us thy blessing and help us to sing,
Glad hallelujahs to thee would we bring,
Father of mercies above.

2 When we remember how kind thou hast been
To thy weak children in darkness and sin,
Gratefully, lovingly now we begin,
Swelling thine anthems of praise.

3 Guide us and keep us the rest of our days,
May we remember to walk in thy ways,
Take us at last where the bright heavenly rays,
Shine in thy home in the skies.

4 In that bright home with the angels to dwell,
Never again shall we speak a farewell,
There heav'nly songs shall eternally swell,
Telling thy wonderful love.

SWEET HOUR. L. M. D. *"I love thee, Lord."* WILLIAM BATCHELDER BRADBURY.



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184

Anon.

1 Tho' sorrows rise and dangers roll,
In waves of darkness o'er my soul;
Tho' friends are false and love decays,
And few and evil are my days,
Tho' conscience, fiercest of my foes,
Swells with remembered guilt my woes,
Yet e'en in nature's utmost ill
I love thee, Lord! I love thee still!

2 Though Sinai's curse, in thunder dread,
Peals o'er my unprotected head,
And memory points, with busy pain,
To grace and mercy given in vain;
Till nature, shrinking in the strife,
Would fly to hell to 'scape from life;
Though every thought has power to kill,
I love thee, Lord! I love thee still!

3 Oh, by the pangs thyself hast borne,
The ruffian's blow, the tyrant's scorn,
By Sinai's curse, whose dreadful doom
Was buried in thy guiltless tomb;
By these my pangs, whose healings smart,
Thy grace hath planted in my heart—
I know, I feel thy bounteous will,
Thou lov'st me, Lord! thou lov'st me still!

185

W. W. Walford, 1846.

1 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,
The joy I feel, the bliss I share
Of those whose anxious spirits burn
With strong desires for thy return!
With such I hasten to the place
Where God, my Savior, shows his face,
And gladly take my station there,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

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

DEVOTION. L. M. D. ARR. BY M. C. RAMSEY.

THE FATHER'S CARE. P. M.

"Not a sparrow falls."

ARR. FROM W. TAUBERT.

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186

P. H. Duncan.

1 Oh! the peace of soul,
While the surges roll!
Naught can harm the Father's child,
Though the storms are raging wild.
Gently on, the Shepherd's leading,
Tenderly the lambs, he's feeding;
Round them careful watch he'll keep,
Knoweth he his sheep.

2 Close thy weary eyes,
Fear not angry skies,
Mighty, he on sea and land
Holds the storm-cloud in his hand;
Close by thee the Father's standing,
All the universe commanding;
He'll protect from tempest wild,
Trust him, weary child.

3 Rest, beloved, rest
On thy Father's breast;
He will give thee peaceful sleep,
Constant vigils he will keep;
Naught of care thy thoughts infesting,
Naught thy sweet repose molesting,
Round thee, careful watch he'll keep,
Sleep, beloved, sleep!

4 Soon the happy morn,
Newly will be born;
Soon the clouds will take their flight,
Soon the skies will lend their light;
See! good cheer the day is bringing,
Lift thy heart with gladness singing;
Hoping, trusting, banish fears,
Daylight now appears!

FATHER OF MERCIES. P. M.

"Come unto me."

FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

THE VALE OF PRAYER. L. M. *"Come unto me."* E. A. HOFFMAN, by per.

188

Maria Wheeler.

1 O, quiet vale of pray'r, sweet pray'r,
The fragrance of God's peace is there;
Its holy paths, o'er shining sod,
Are watered by the hand of God.

2 Lone weary hearts oppressed with grief,
Can wander there and find relief,
Or, for the toil of life prepare,
Within that sacred vale of prayer.

3 Oh, quiet vale of prayer,
I've found a treasure on thy hallowed ground;
The precious seal of trusting love
In God, who rules the spheres above.

4 And though my falt'ring feet may stray
From truth, to error's troubled way,
Forgiving love will meet me there,
Within that quiet vale of prayer.

189

Mrs. E. Codner.

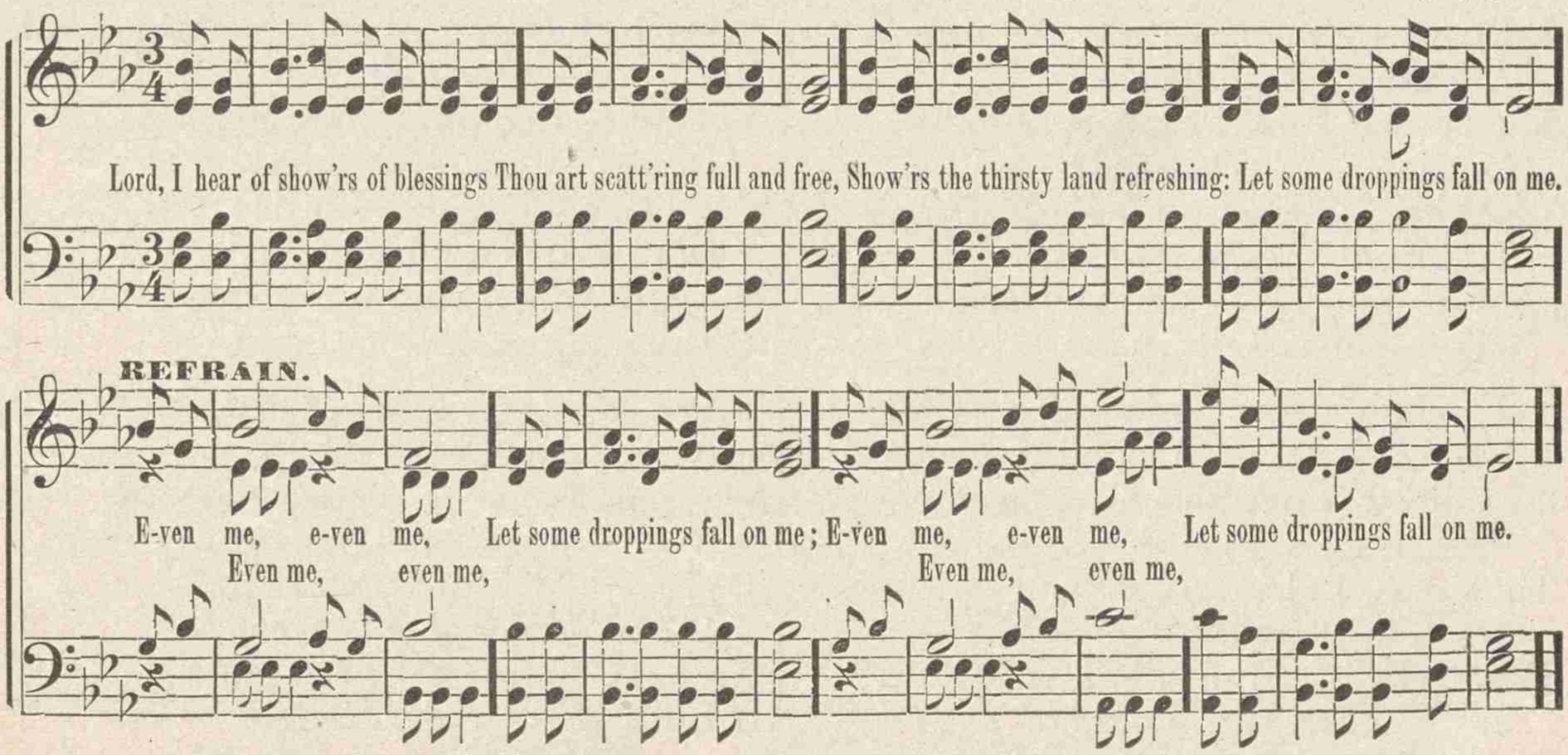
1 Lord, I hear of show'rs of blessing
Thou art scatt'ring full and free,
Showers the thirsty land refreshing:
Let some droppings fall on me.

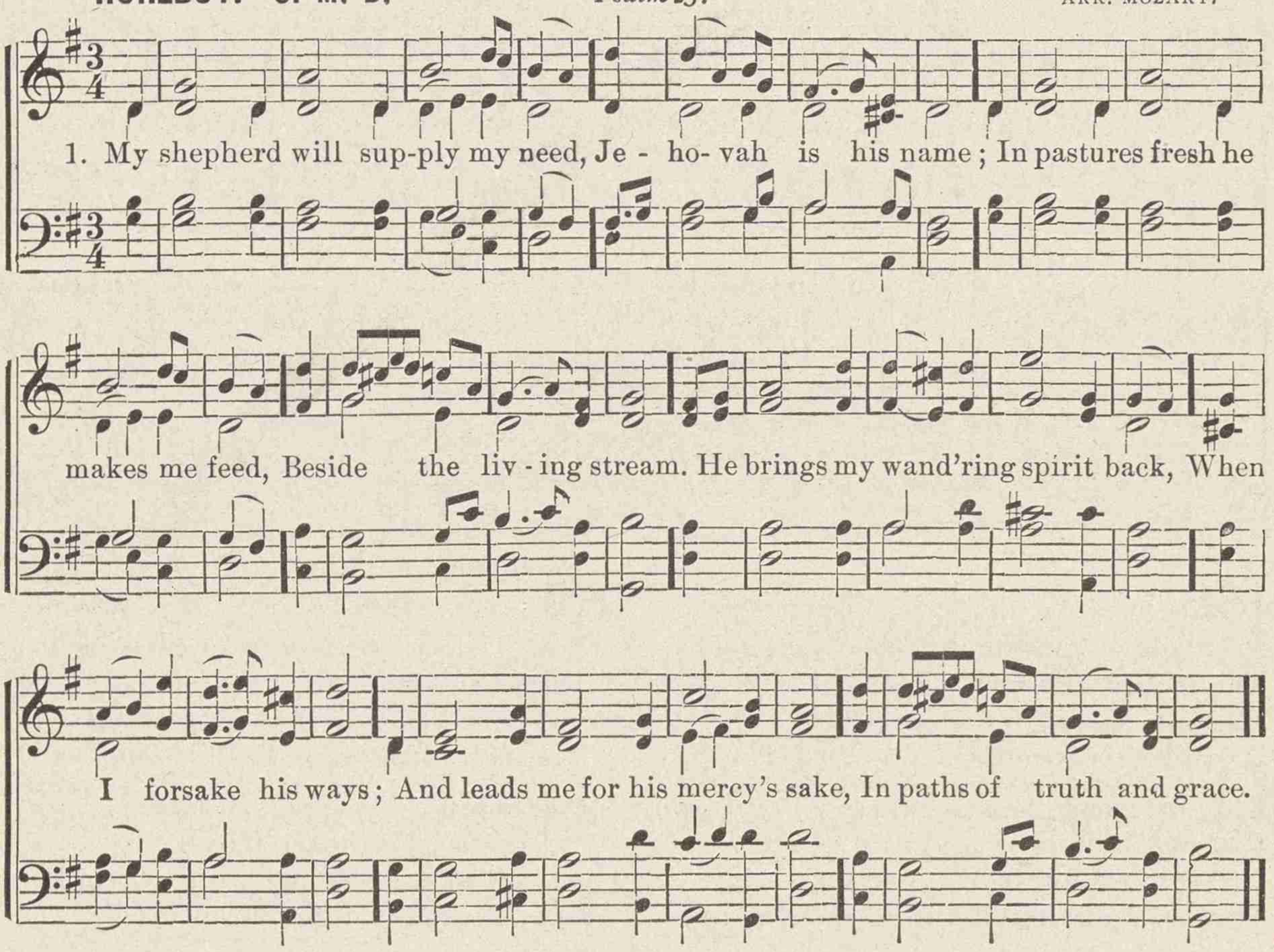
2 Pass me not, O God my father,
Sinful tho' my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me; but, the rather,
Let thy mercy light on me.

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

EVEN ME. 8s & 7s. *"In his season shall be showers of blessing."* R. M. M'INTOSH, by per.





190

Heginbotham.

1 Father of mercies, God of love,
My Father and my God,
I'll sing the honors of thy name,
And spread thy praise abroad.
In every period of my life
Thy thoughts of love appear;
Thy mercies gild each transient scene,
And crown each passing year.

2 In all thy mercies, may my soul
A Father's bounty see;
Nor let the gifts thy grace bestows
Estrange my heart from thee.
Teach me, in times of deep distress,
To own thy hand, O God,
And in submissive silence learn
The lessons of thy rod.

3 Through every period of my life,
Each bright, each clouded scene,
Give me a meek and humble mind,
Still equal and serene.
Then may I close my eyes in death,
Redeemed from anxious fear;
For death itself, my God, is life,
If thou art with me there.

191

Isaac Watts.

1 My Shepherd will supply my need,
Jehovah is his name;
In pastures fresh he makes me feed,
Beside the living stream.
He brings my wandering spirit back,
When I forsake his ways;
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
In paths of truth and grace.

2 When I walk through the shades of death
Thy presence is my stay;
A word of thy supporting breath
Drives all my fears away.
Thy hand, in sight of all my foes,
Doth still my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
Thine oil anoints my head.

3 The sure provisions of my God
Attend me all my days;
Oh, may thy house be mine abode,
And all my works be praise:
There would I find a settled rest,
While others go and come,—
No more a stranger, or a guest,
But like a child at home.

PRAYER AND PRAISE

ALIDA. 7s. *"The Lord is my Shepherd."* T. F. SEWARD.

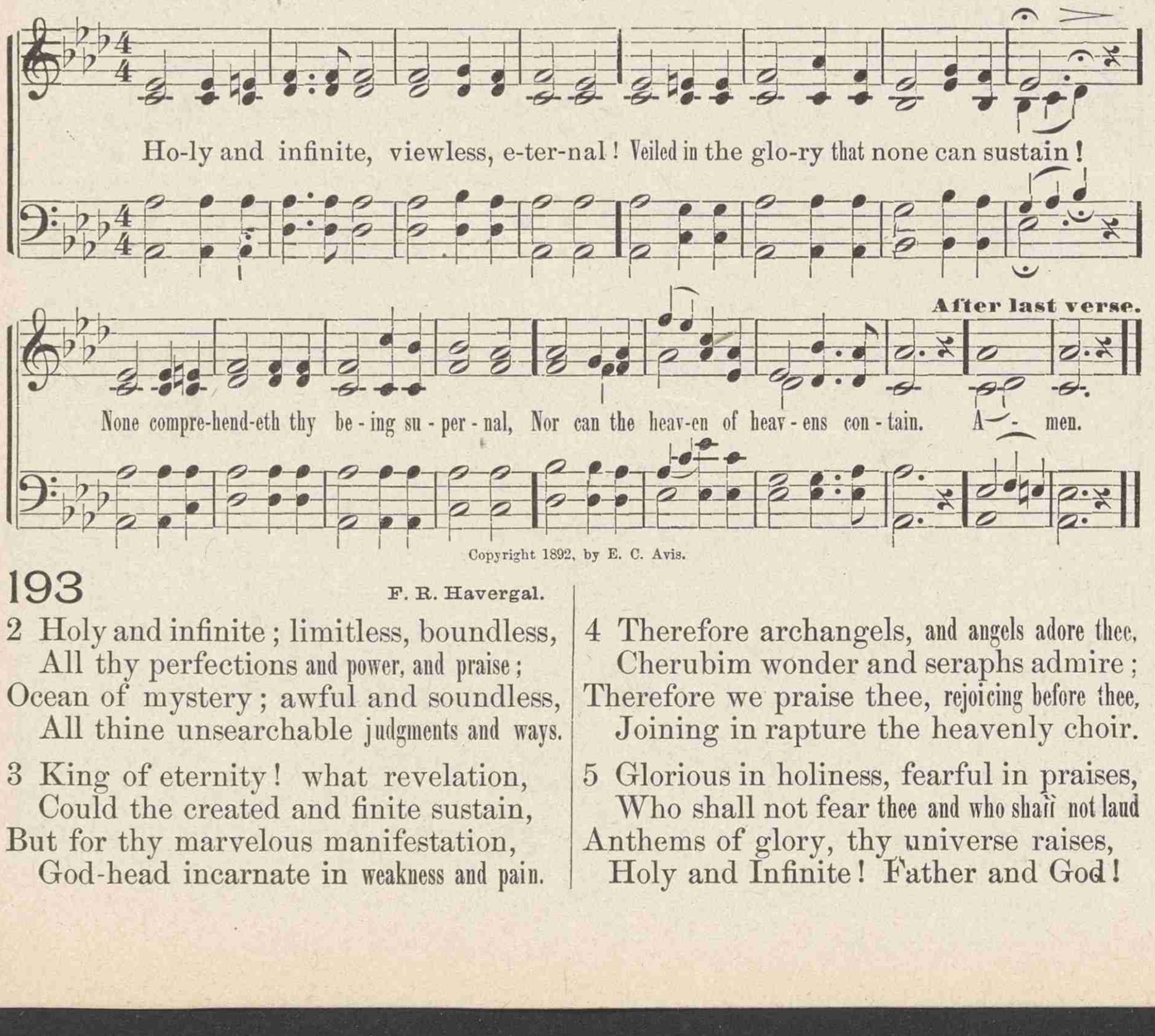
In a smooth, gliding style.

192 Unknown.

2 By that pure and silent stream,
Sheltered from the scorching beam;
Shepherd, Savior, Guardian, Guide,
Keep me ever near thy side.

3 Grant, O Lord, that we may be
Ever glad to follow thee;
And with thankful hearts rejoice
When we hear thy gracious voice.

THE INFINITY OF GOD. P. M. *Ps. 139 : 6.* E. C. AVIS.



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193 F. R. Havergal.

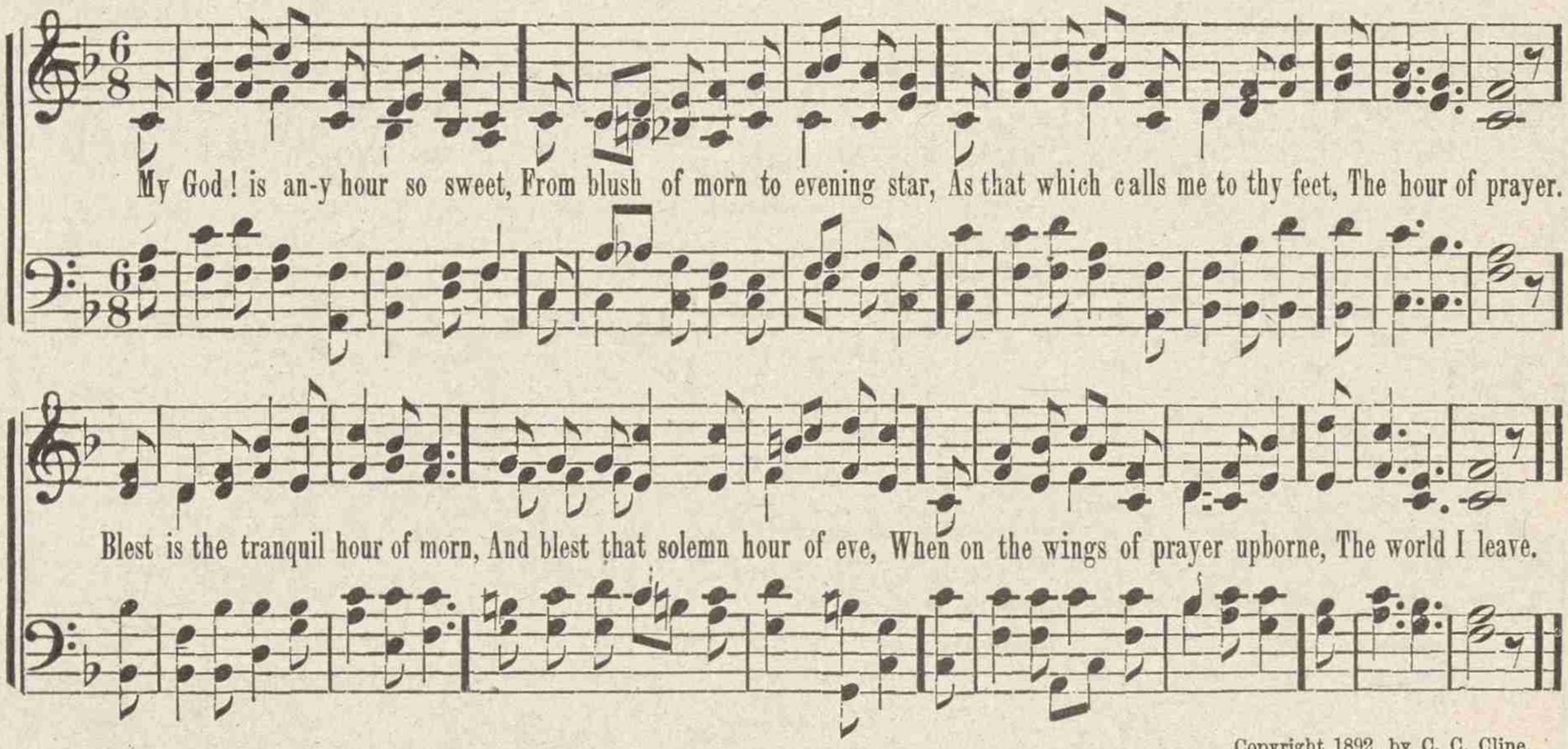
2 Holy and infinite; limitless, boundless,
All thy perfections and power, and praise;
Ocean of mystery; awful and soundless,
All thine unsearchable judgments and ways.

3 King of eternity! what revelation,
Could the created and finite sustain,
But for thy marvelous manifestation,
God-head incarnate in weakness and pain.

4 Therefore archangels, and angels adore thee,
Cherubim wonder and seraphs admire;
Therefore we praise thee, rejoicing before thee,
Joining in rapture the heavenly choir.

5 Glorious in holiness, fearful in praises,
Who shall not fear thee and who shall not laud
Anthems of glory, thy universe raises,
Holy and Infinite! Father and God!

THE HOUR OF PRAYER. P. M. *"Enter into thy closet."* E. MAUDE CLINE.



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194 Charlotte Elliott.

2 For then a dayspring shines on me,
Brighter than moon's ethereal glow;
And richer dews descend from thee
Than earth can know.
Then is my strength by thee renewed;
Then are my sins by thee forgiven,
Then dost thou cheer my solitude
With hopes of heaven.

3 No words can tell what sweet relief
Here for my every want I find;
What strength for warfare, balm for grief
What peace of mind!
Lord! till I reach yon blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to thee.

WHAT A FRIEND, 8s & 7s. D. *"Cast all your care upon him."* C. C. CONVERSE.

195 Anon.

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

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

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

GUIDE. 7s, 61.

Psalm. 131.

M. M. WELLS.

196

J. Newton.

1 Quiet, Lord, my froward heart,
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art,
Make me as a little child:
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases thee.

2 What thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to thy wisdom leave:
'Tis enough that thou wilt care;
Why should I the burden bear?

3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone;—
Let me thus with thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

197

L. H. Nevin.

1 Savior, happy would I be,
If I could but trust in thee;
Trust thy wisdom me to guide;
Trust thy goodness to provide;
Trust thy saving love and power;
Trust thee every day and hour:—

2 Trust thee as the only light
In the darkest hour of night;
Trust in sickness, trust in health;
Trust in poverty and wealth;
Trust in joy and trust in grief;
Trust thy promise for relief:—

3 Trust thy blood to cleanse my soul;
Trust thy grace to make me whole;
Trust thee living, dying, too;
Trust thee all my journey through;
Trust thee till my feet shall be
Planted on the crystal sea.

HULLAH. 7s, 61.

L. MASON.

THE LORD'S DAY.

"I was in the Spirit on the Lord's Day." Rev. 1: 10. "For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand." Ps. 84: 10.

LISCHER. H. M. *"Day of rest."* F. SCHNEIDER.

200

Thomas Hayward, 1806.

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

2 To spend one sacred day
Where God and saints abide,
Affords diviner joy
Than thousand days beside:
I love it more, where God resorts,
To keep the door, than shine in courts.

3 Now may the King descend
And fill his throne with grace;
The scepter, Lord, extend,
While saints address thy face;
Let sinners feel thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

201

Thos. Cotterill.

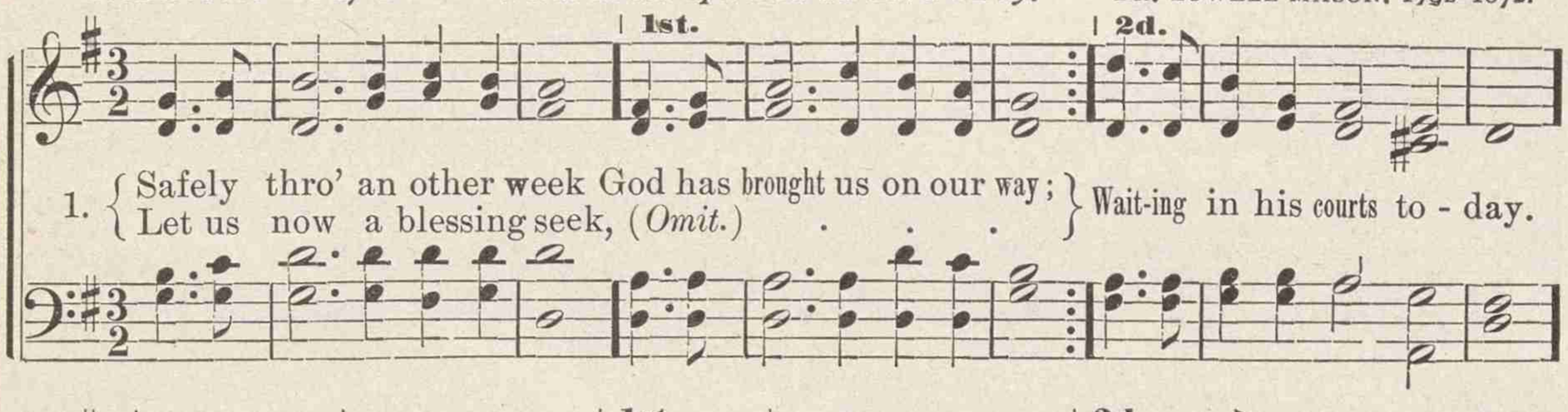
1 Awake, ye saints, awake,
And hail the sacred day;
In loftiest songs of praise
Your joyful homage pay;
Come bless the day that God has blest,
The type of heav'n's eternal rest.

2 On this auspicious morn
The Lord of life arose,
And burst the bars of death,
And vanquish'd all our foes;
And now he pleads our cause above,
And reaps the fruit of all his love.

3 All hail, triumphant Lord!
Heav'n with hosannas rings;
All earth, in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings;
Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
Through endless years to live and reign.

THE LORD'S DAY.

SABBATH. 7s, D. *"I was in the Spirit on the Lord's Day."* DR. LOWELL MASON, 1792–1872.



202 John Newton. 1779.

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

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

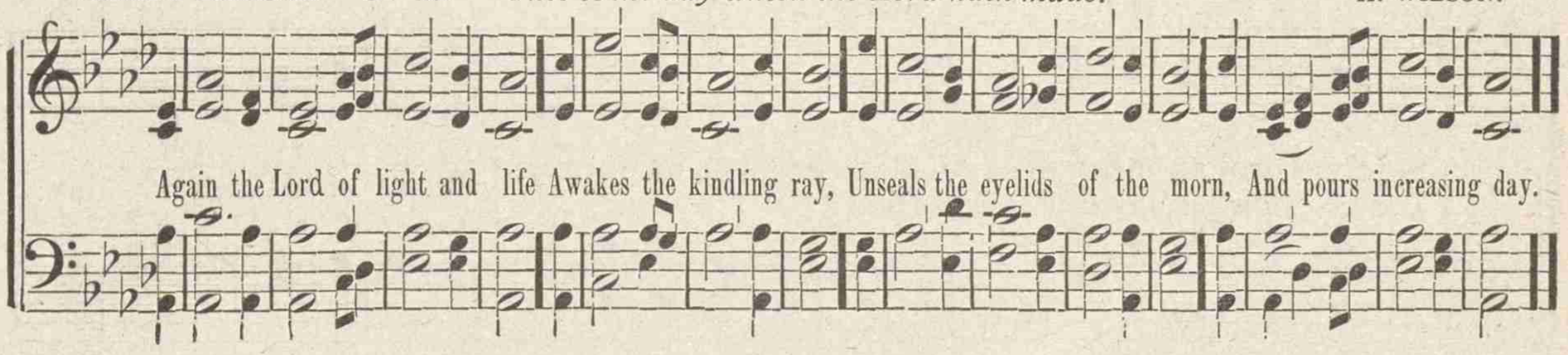
DAY OF REST. 7s, D. *"On the first day of the week."* J. W. M'GARVEY, JR.

203 Sir H. W. Baker.

2 Day of God, that blessed day,
At thy dawn the grave gave way
To the power of him within,
Who had, sinless, bled for sin.
Then the Sun of righteousness
Rose, a darkened world to bless,
Bringing up from mortal night
Immortality and light.

3 Day of glory, day of power,
Sacred be thine every hour;
Emblem, earnest, of the rest
That remaineth for the blest.
Oh, that fervent love to-day
May in every heart have sway,
Teaching us to praise aright
God, the source of life and light!

MARTYRDOM. C. M. *"This is the day which the Lord hath made."* H. WILSON.



204

Anna L. Barbauld.

1 Again the Lord of light and life
Awakes the kindling ray,
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.

2 Oh, what a night was that which wrapt
The heathen world in gloom!
Oh, what a Sun which rose this day
Triumphant from the tomb!

3 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

4 Ten thousand differ'nt lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
To nations yet unborn.

BROWN. C. M. *"The first day of the week."* WM. B. BRADBURY, 1840.

205

Unknown.

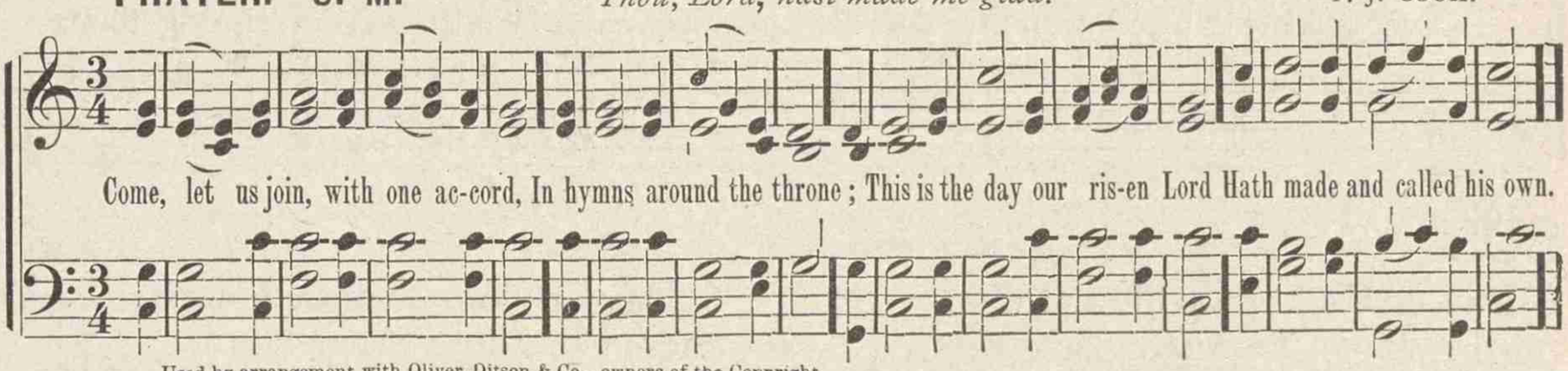
1 This is the day the first ripe sheaf
Before the Lord was waved,
And Christ, first-fruits of them that slept,
Was from the dead received.

2 He rose for them for whom he died,
That like to him, they may
Rise when he comes, in glory great,
That ne'er shall fade away.

3 This is the day the Spirit came
With us on earth to stay—
A Comforter, to fill our hearts
With joys that ne'er decay.

4 This day the Church of Christ began,
Formed, by his wondrous grace;
This day the saints in concord meet,
To join in prayer and praise.

PRAYER. C. M. *"Thou, Lord, hast made me glad."* T. J. COOK.



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206

Charles Wesley.

2 This is the day which God hath blest,
The brightest of the seven,
Type of the everlasting rest
The saints enjoy in heaven.

3 Then let us in his name sing on,
And hasten on that day
When our Redeemer shall come down,
And shadows pass away.

THE LORD'S DAY.

PETERBORO. C. M. *Psalm. 118.* RALPH HARRISON.

207 Isaac Watts.

2 To-day he rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints his triumph spread,
And all his wonders tell.

3 Hosanna to the anointed King,
To David's only Son;
Help us, O Lord; descend, and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes, in God his Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

5 Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise;
The highest heavens, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

MARLOW. C. M. *"The Lord is in this place."* LOWELL MASON.

208 Harriet Auber, 1829.

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

2 Spirit of grace, oh, deign to dwell
Within thy church below!
Make her in holiness excel,
With pure devotion glow.

3 Let peace within her walls be found;
Let all her sons unite,
To spread with grateful zeal around
Her clear and shining light.

4 Great God, we hail the sacred day
Which thou hast called thine own;
With joy the summons we obey
To worship at thy throne.

LISBON. S. M. *"There remaineth a rest."* DANIEL READ.

209 Isaac Watts.

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

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

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

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

THE LORD'S HOUSE.

"I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the House of the Lord." Ps. 122 : 1. "Lord, I love the habitation of Thy House, and the place where Thine honor dwelleth." Ps. 26 : 8.

"The Lord is in his holy temple."

CADDO. C. M.

Allegretto.

WILLIAM BATCHELDER BRADBURY.

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215 Isaac Watts.

2 There the great Monarch of the skies
His saving power displays,
And light breaks in upon our eyes
With kind and quickening rays.

3 There, mighty God, thy words declare
The secrets of thy will;
And still we seek thy mercy there,
And sing thy praises still.

BARBY. C. M. *"How amiable are thy dwellings."* W. TANSUR.

216 J. Newton.

1 Again our earthly cares we leave,
And to thy courts repair;
Again with joyful feet we come
To meet our Savior here.

2 Within these walls let holy peace,
And love and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

3 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humble mind, bestow;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow.

4 May we in faith receive thy word,
In faith present our prayers,
And in the presence of our Lord
Unbosom all our cares.

THE LORD'S HOUSE.

GERMANY. L. M. *"How amiable are thy dwellings."* BEETHOVEN.

217 Isaac Watts.

1 How pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints
To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.

2 My soul would rest in thine abode,
My panting heart cries out for God;
My God, my King, why should I be
So far from all my joys and thee?

3 Blest are the souls who find a place
Within the temple of thy grace;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

4 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate;
God is their strength, and through the road
They lean upon their Helper, God.

RETREAT. L. M. *"Under the shadow of thy wings."* THOS. HASTINGS.

218 H. Stowell.

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 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed;
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering souls no mercy-seat?

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

THE LORD'S HOUSE.

ST. THOMAS. S. M. *"Lift upon me the light of thy countenance."* HANDEL.

219 S. Stennett.

1 How charming is the place
Where my Redeemer, God,
Unvails the beauty of his face,
And sheds his love abroad!

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

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

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

BLESSED TEMPLE. 12s. *"I will dwell in the house of the Lord."* HAR. BY T. E. PERKINS.

220 Unknown.

2 You may boast of the sweetness of day's early dawn,
Of the sky's softening graces when day is just gone;
But there is no other season or time can compare
With the hour of devotion, the season of prayer.

3 You may value the friendships of youth and of age,
And select for your comrades the noble and sage;
But the friends that most cheer me on life's rugged road
Are the friends of my Master, the children of God.

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s. *"Who shall dwell in thy holy hill."* IGNACE PLEYEL, 1757–1831.

221 James Montgomery, 1825.

1 To thy temple I repair;
Lord, I love to worship there,
When within the veil I meet
Christ before the mercy-seat.

2 While thy glorious praise is sung,
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue,
That my joyful soul may bless
Thee, the Lord my Righteousness.

3 While the prayers of saints ascend
God of love, to mine attend;
Hear me, for thy Spirit pleads;
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

4 While I hearken to thy law,
Fill my soul with humble awe,
Till thy gospel brings to me
Life and immortality.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

"For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do shew the Lord's death till he come." 1 Cor. 11: 26.

ROCK OF AGES. 7s. 61. *"This is that Rock."* THOS. HASTINGS.

225

Augustus M. Toplady.

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

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

226

T. Hastings.

1 Savior of our ruined race,
Fountain of redeeming grace,
Let us now thy fulness see,
While we here converse with thee;
Hearken to our ardent prayer,—
Let us all thy blessing share.

2 While we thus, with glad accord,
Meet around thy table, Lord,
Bid us feast with joy divine,
On the appointed bread and wine:
Emblems may they truly prove,
Of our Savior's bleeding love.

3 Weak, unworthy, sinful, vile,
Yet we seek thy heavenly smile:
Canst thou all our sins forgive?
Dost thou bid us look and live?
Lord, we wonder and adore!
Oh, for grace to love thee more!

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

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

227

E. H. Bickersteth.

1 "Till he come:" Oh, let the words
Linger on the trembling chords;
Let the little while between
In their golden light be seen;
Let us think how heaven and home
Lie beyond that—"Till he come."

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

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

CHALLEN. 8s & 7s. Peculiar. *"Jesus wept."* JAMES CHALLEN.

228

Edward Denny.

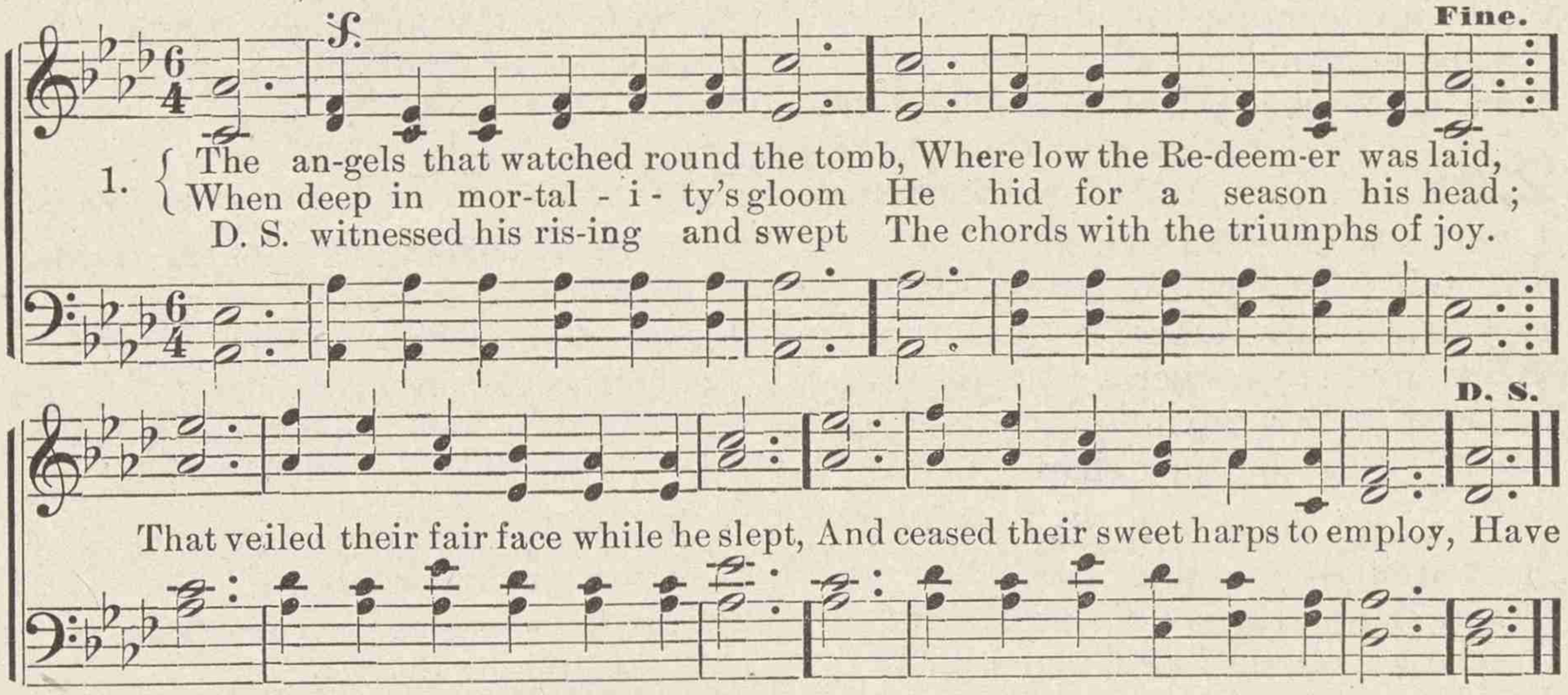
1 Jesus wept: those tears are over,
  But his heart is still the same;
Kinsman, Friend, and Elder Brother,
  Is his everlasting name.
Savior, who can love like thee,
Gracious One of Bethany?

2 When the pangs of trial seize us,
  When the waves of sorrow roll,
I will lay my head on Jesus—
  Pillow of the troubled soul.
Truly, none can feel like thee,
Weeping One of Bethany.

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

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

CLARINGTON. 8s, D. *"Tell his disciples that he is risen."* ANON.



229

Wm. B. Collyer.

2 You saints, who once languished below,
  But long since have entered your rest,
I pant to be glorified too,
  To lean on Immanuel's breast.
The grave in which Jesus was laid
  Has buried my guilt and my fears;
And while I contemplate its shade,
  The light of his presence appears.

3 Oh, sweet is the season of rest,
  When life's weary journey is done!
The blush that spreads over its west,
  The last lingering ray of its sun!
Though dreary the empire of night,
  I soon shall emerge from its gloom,
And see immortality's light
  Arise on the shades of the tomb.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

LIND. 8s & 7s. *"I am the Bread of Life."* W. B. BRADBURY.

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230

Edward Denney.

1 While in sweet communion feeding
On this earthly bread and wine,
Savior, may we see thee bleeding
On the cross, to make us thine.

2 Though unseen, now be thou near us;
With the still small voice of love,
Whispering words of peace to cheer us,
Every doubt and fear remove.

3 Bring before us all the story
Of thy life and death of woe;
And, with hopes of endless glory,
Wean our hearts from all below.

231

J. Allen.

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

2 Here we feel our sins forgiven,
While upon the Lamb we gaze;
And our thoughts are all of heaven,
And our lips o'erflow with praise.

3 Still in ceaseless contemplation,
Fix our hearts and eyes on thee,
Till we taste thy full salvation,
And, unveiled, thy glories see.

DORRNANCE. 8s & 7s. *"Worthy is the Lamb."* I. B. WOODBURY.

232

R. Park.

1 Jesus spreads his banner o'er us,
Cheers our famished souls with food;
He the banquet spreads before us,
Of his mystic flesh and blood.

2 Precious banquet, bread of heaven;
Wine of gladness, flowing free;
May we taste it, kindly given
In remembrance, Lord, of thee!

3 In thy trial and rejection;
In thy sufferings on the tree;
In thy glorious resurrection;
May we, Lord, remember thee!

233

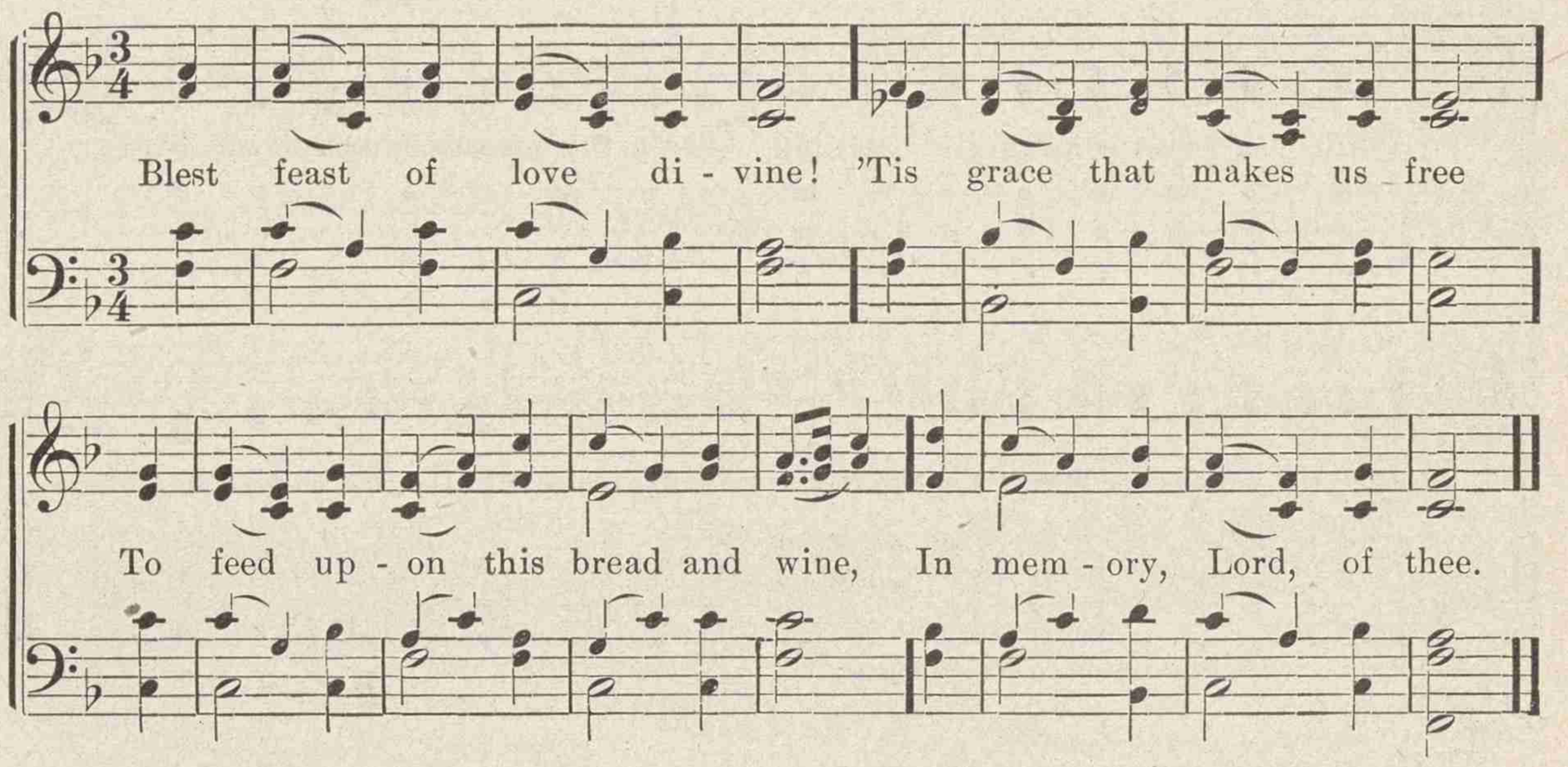
John Rowe.

1 From the table now retiring,
Which for us the Lord hath spread,
May our souls, refreshment finding,
Grow in all things like our Head.

2 His example by beholding,
May our lives his image bear;
Him our Lord and Master calling,
His commands may we revere.

3 Love to God and man displaying,
Walking steadfast in his way,
Joy attend us in believing,
Peace from God, through endless day.

DENNIS. S. M. *"Come, for all things are now ready."* H. G. NAGELI, 1768—1836.



234

Sir Edward Denny, 1839.

1 Blest feast of love divine!
'Tis grace that makes us free
To feed upon this bread and wine,
In memory, Lord, of thee.

2 That blood which flowed for sin,
In symbol here we see,
And feel the blessed pledge within
That we are loved by thee.

3 Oh, if this glimpse of love
Be so divinely sweet,
What will it be, O Lord, above,
Thy gladdening smile to meet?

235

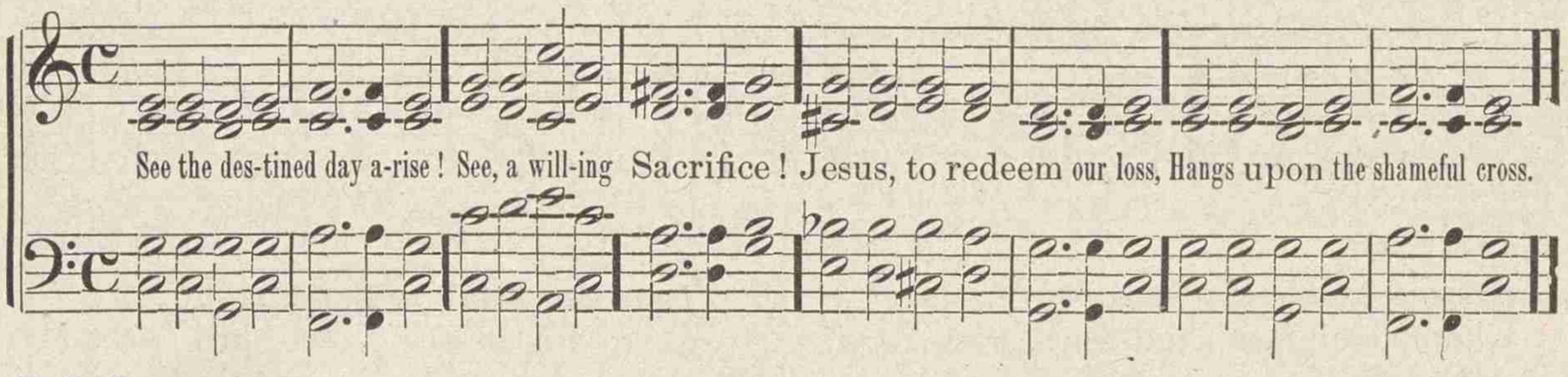
Isaac Watts, 1707.

1 Jesus invites his saints
To meet around his board;
Here pardoned rebels sit, and hold
Communion with their Lord.

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

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

HOLYROOD. 7s. *"The greatest of these is love."* R. REDHEAD.



236

Bishop Mant.

2 Jesus, who but thou hast borne
Lifted on that tree of scorn,
Every pang and bitter throe,
Finishing thy life of woe?

3 Who but thou had dared to drain,
Steeped in gall, the cup of pain;
And with tender body bear
Thorns, and nails, and piercing spear?

4 Thence the cleansing water flowed,
Mingled from thy side with blood;
Sign to all attesting eyes
Of the finished Sacrifice.

5 Holy Jesus, grant us grace
In that Sacrifice to place
All our trust for life renewed,
Pardoned sin, and promised good.

JAMESON. 6s, 5s, & 7s. *"On the night in which he was betrayed."* L. H. JAMESON.

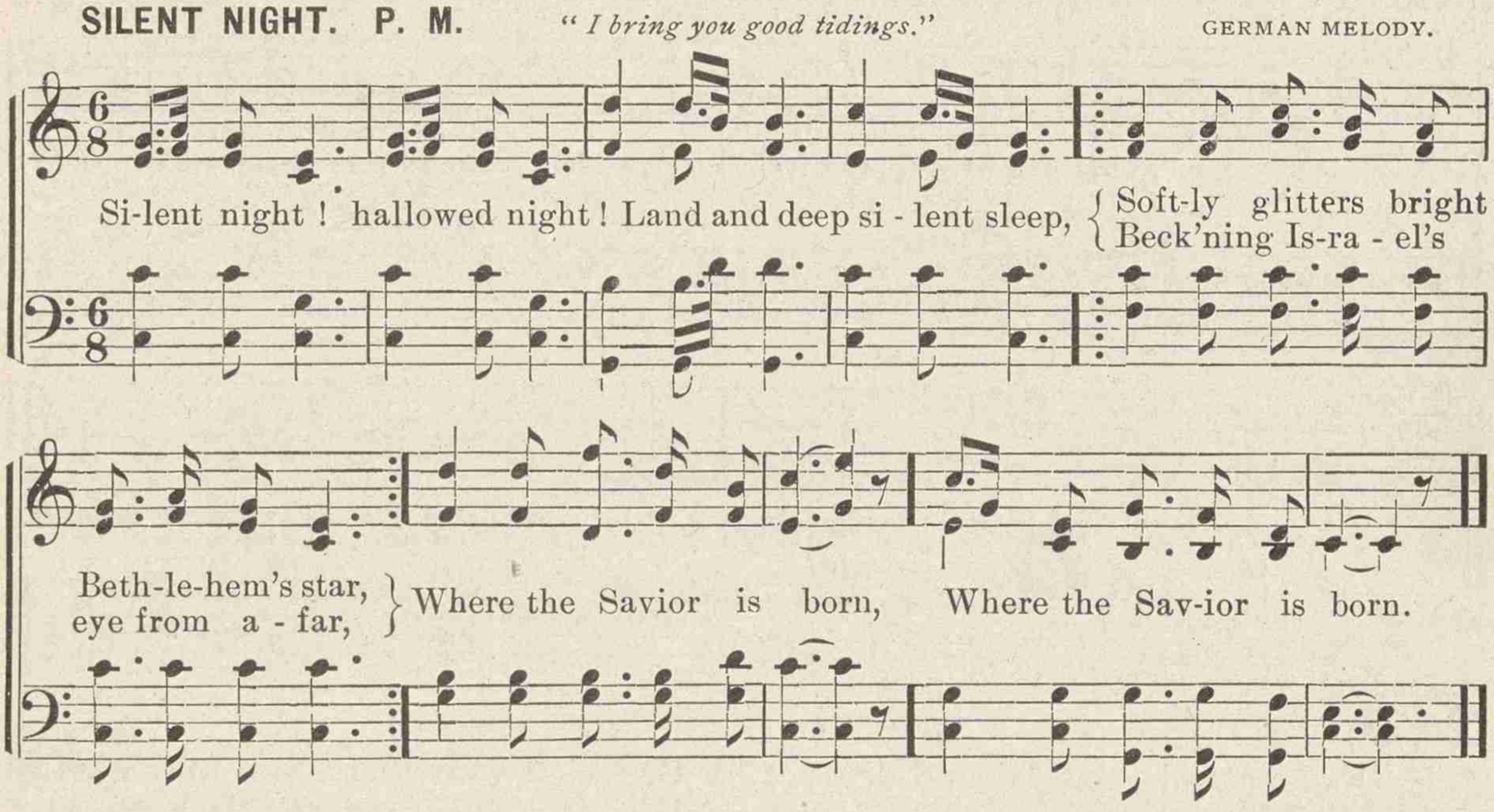
237

L. H. Jameson.

2 Smitten for offenses
Which were not his own,
He, for our transgressions,
Had to weep alone;
No friend with words to comfort,
Nor hand to help was there,
When the meek and lowly
Humbly bowed in prayer.

3 Abba, Father, Father!
If indeed it may,
Let this cup of anguish
Pass from me, I pray.
Yet, if it must be suffered,
By me, Thine only Son,
Abba, Father, Father!
Let thy will be done.

SILENT NIGHT. P. M. *"I bring you good tidings."* GERMAN MELODY.



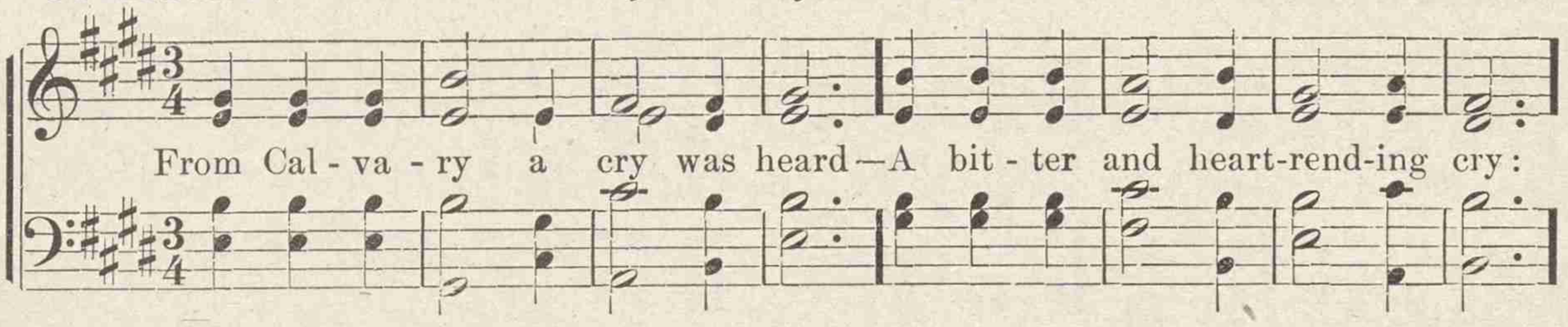
238

Unknown.

2 Silent night! hallowed night!
On the plain wakes the strain,
Sung by heavenly harbingers bright,
Fraught with tidings of boundless delight;
Christ the Savior has come.

3 Silent night! hallowed night!
Earth awake, silence break,
High your anthems of melody raise,
Heaven and earth in full chorus of praise;
Peace forever shall reign.

SUBMISSION. L. M. *"Why hast thou forsaken me!"* FROM ST. ALBAN'S TUNE BOOK.



239

J. W. Cunningham.

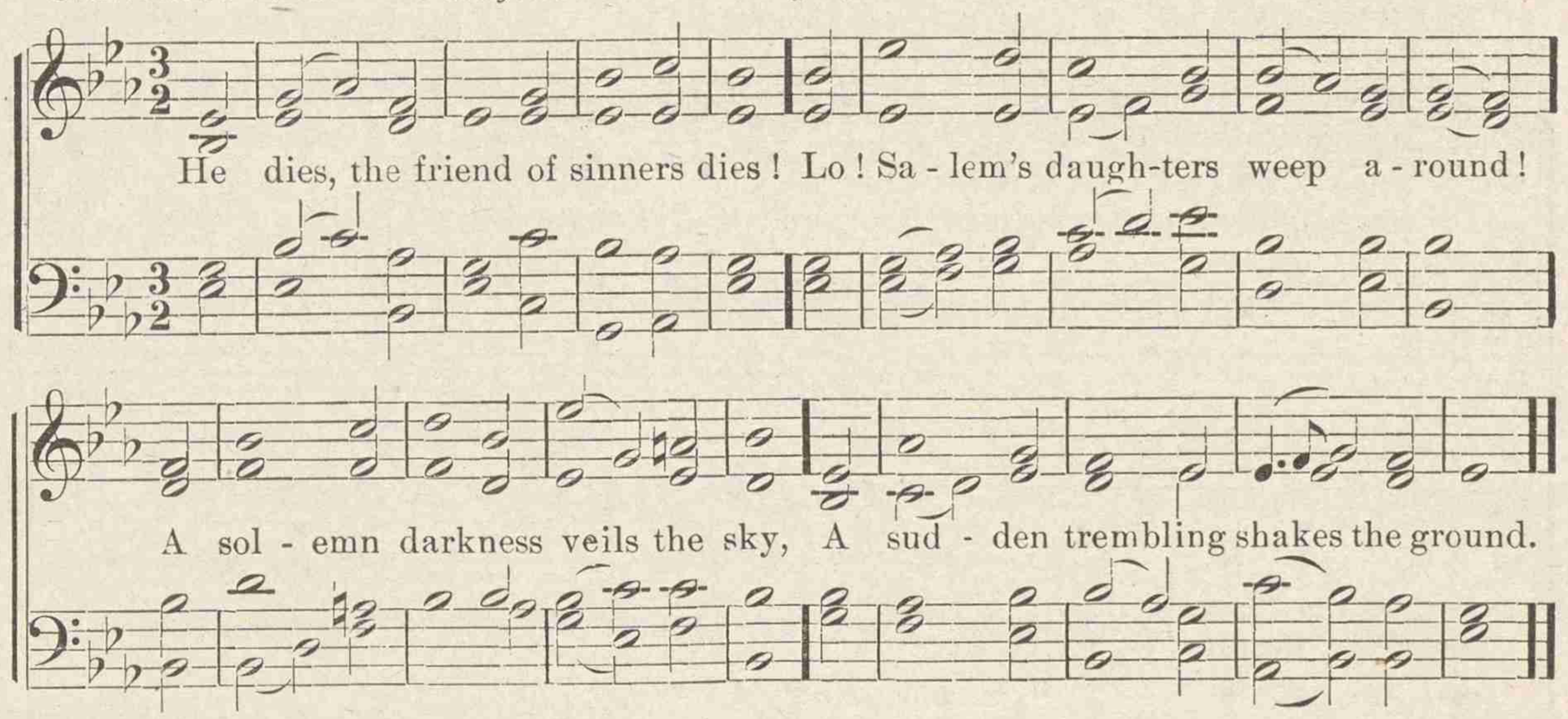
2 A horror of great darkness fell
On thee, thou spotless, holy one!
And all the swarming hosts of hell
Conspired to tempt God's only Son.

3 The scourge, the thorns, the deep disgrace,
These thou could'st bear, nor once repine;
But when Jehovah veiled his face,
Unutterable pangs were thine.

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

5 Lord, on thy cross I fix mine eye;
If e'er I lose its strong control,
Oh, let that dying, piercing cry,
Melt and reclaim my wandering soul.

CALVARY. L. M. *"God forbid that I should glory save in the Cross."* E. MILLER.



240

Isaac Watts.

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

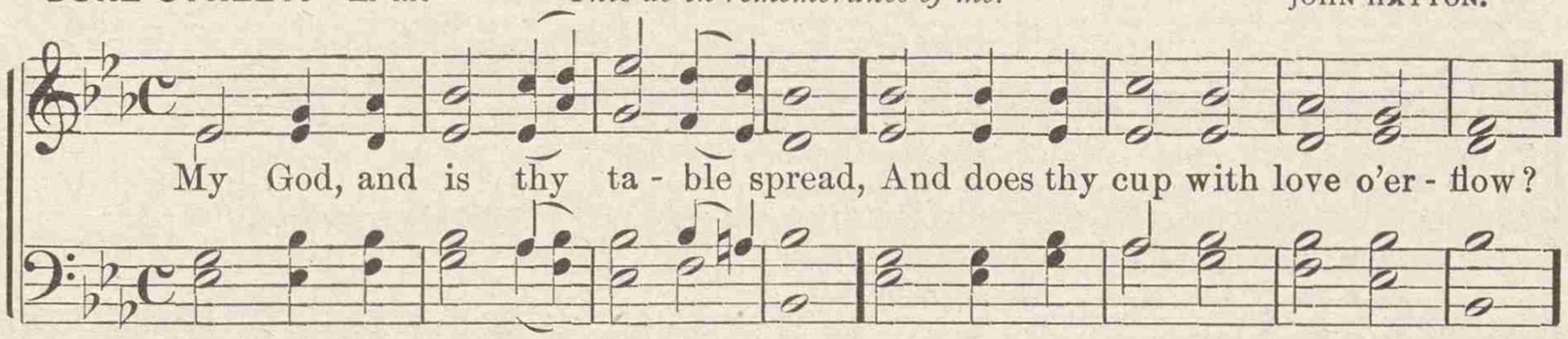
3 The rising Lord forsakes the tomb!
(The tomb in vain forbids his rise!)
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies!

4 Break off your tears, you saints, and tell
How high our great deliv'rer reigns;
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the monster Death in chains.

5 Say, "Live for ever, wond'rous King!
Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Then ask the monster, "Where's thy sting?
And where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?"

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

DUKE STREET. L. M. *"This do in remembrance of me."* JOHN HATTON.



241 Philip Doddridge.

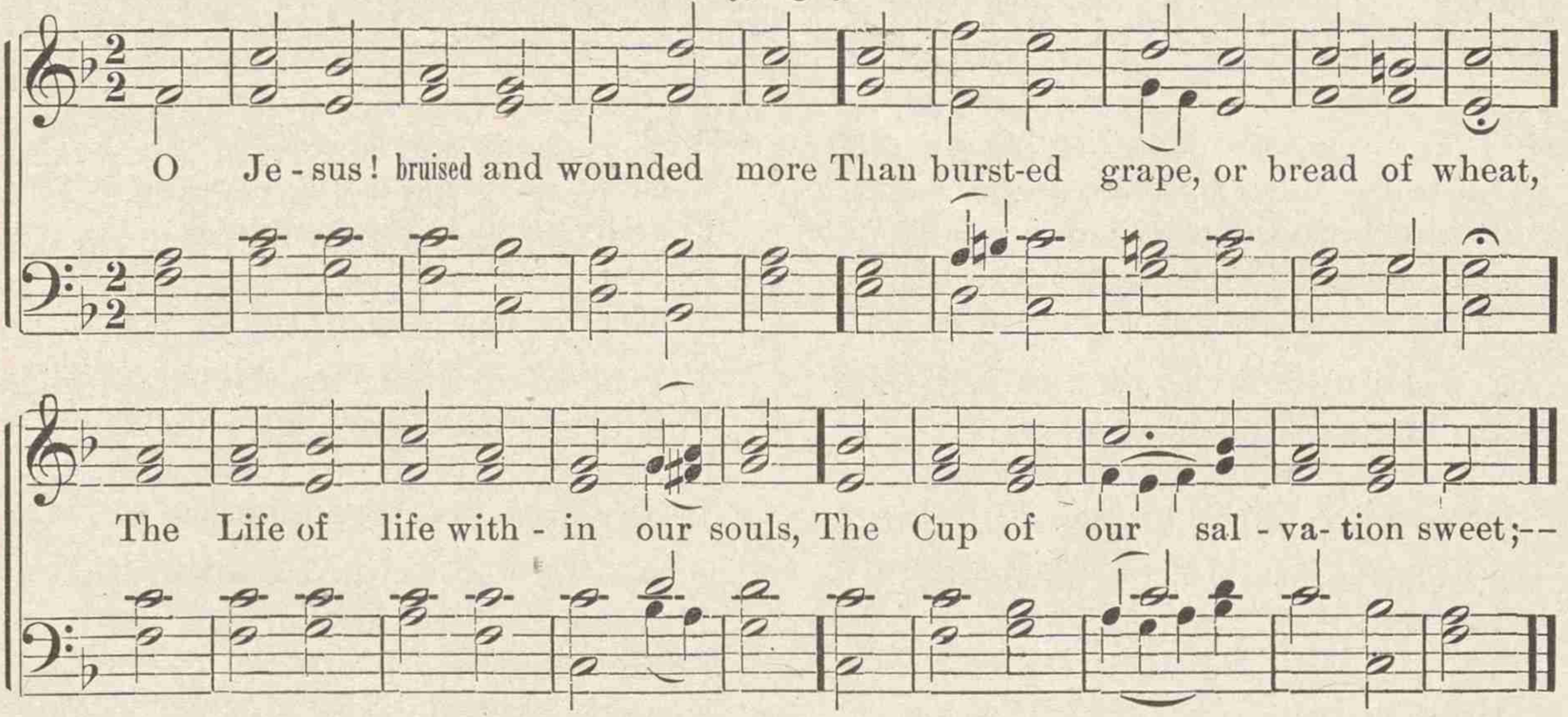
2 Hail! sacred feast, which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of his flesh and blood:
Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food.

3 Oh, let thy table honored be,
And furnished well with joyful guests;
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its holy pledges tastes.

4 Drawn by thy quickening grace, O Lord,
In countless numbers let them come;
And gather from their Father's board
The bread that lives beyond the tomb.

5 Nor let thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run;
Till with this bread all men be blest,
Who see the light or feel the sun.

NAZARETH. L. M. *"Crucifying afresh."* WEBBE.



242 C. F. Alexander.

1 O Jesus, bruised and wounded more
Than bursted grape, or bread of wheat,
The Life of life within our souls,
The Cup of our salvation sweet;—

2 We come to show thy dying hour,
Thy streaming vein, thy broken flesh;
And still the blood is warm to save,
And still the fragrant wounds are fresh.

3 O Heart! that, with a double tide
Of blood and water, maketh pure;
O Flesh! once offered on the cross,
The gift that makes our pardon sure;—

4 Let never more our sinful souls
The anguish of thy cross renew;
Nor forge again the cruel nails,
That pierced thy victim body through.

MARTYN. 7s, D. *"Where have you laid him?"* S. B. MARSH, 1834.

243

John Newton.

2 Jesus, who is always near,
Though too often unperceived,
Came her drooping heart to cheer,
Kindly asking why she grieved.
Though at first she knew him not,
When he called her by her name,
She her heavy grief forgot;
For she found him still the same.

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

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s. *"Wounded for our transgressions."* IGNACE PLEYEL.

244

Anon.

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

2 Feed me, Savior, with this bread,
Broken in thy body's stead;
Cheer my spirit with this wine,
Streaming like that blood of thine.

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

245

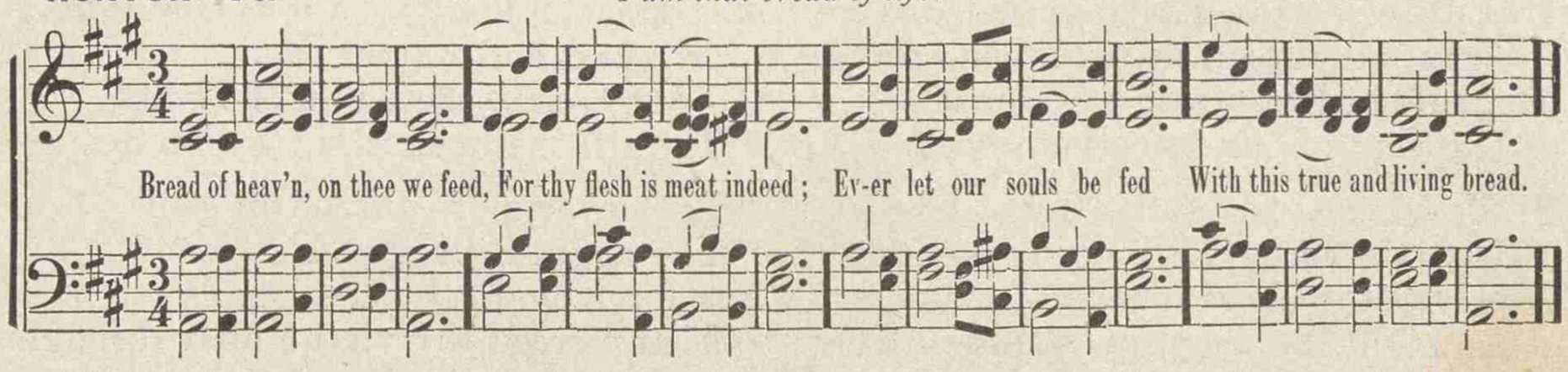
Josiah Conder, 1824.

1 Bread of heaven, on thee we feed,
For thy flesh is meat indeed:
Ever let our souls be fed
With this true and living bread.

2 Vine of heaven, thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice:
Lord, thy wounds our healing give,
To thy cross we look and live.

3 Day by day, with strength supplied
Through the life of him who died,
Lord of life, oh, let us be
Rooted, grafted, built in thee!

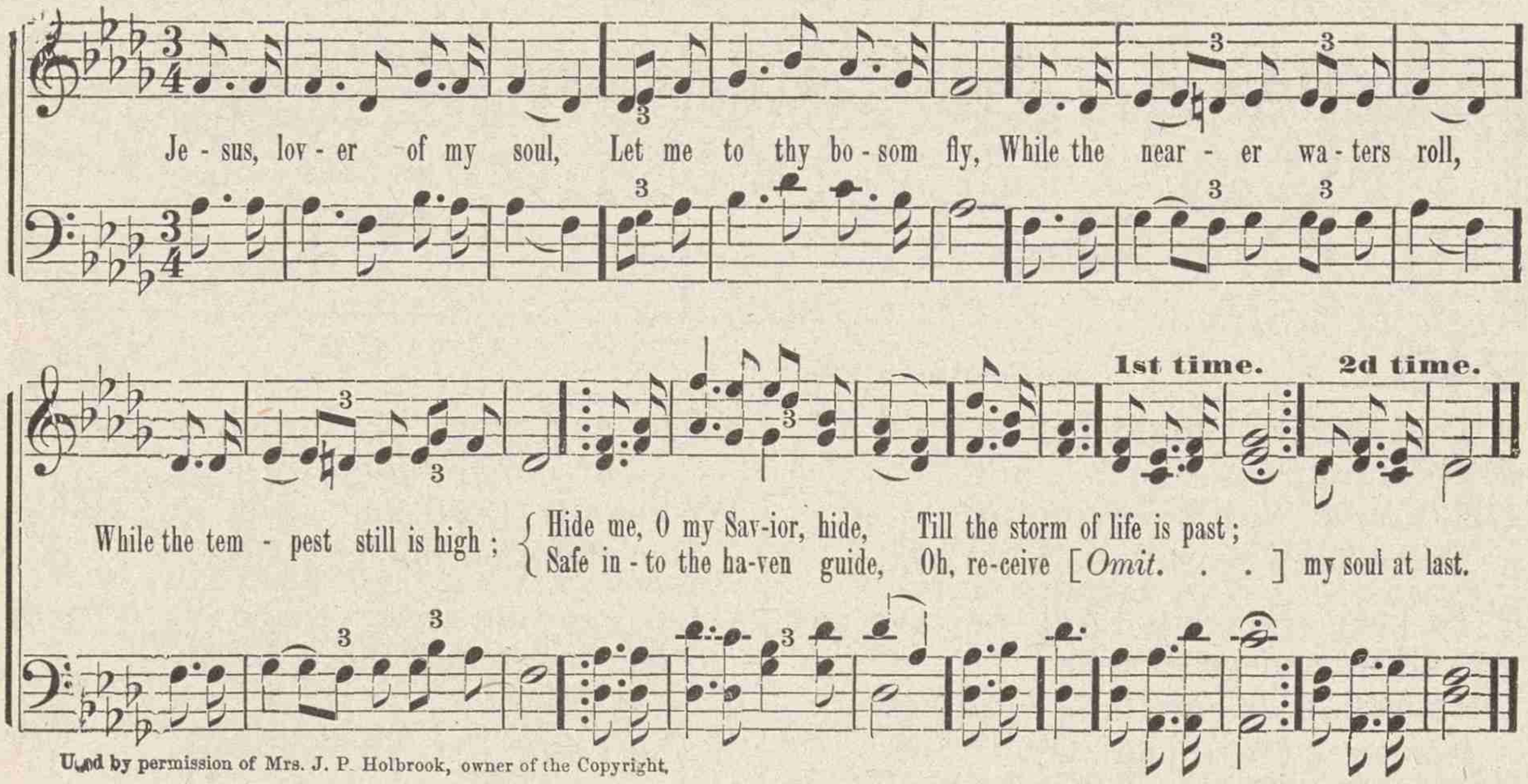
HORTON. 7s. *"I am that bread of life."* X. SCHNYDER.



REFUGE. 7s, D.

"Lord, help, or I perish."

J. P. HOLBROOK.



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246

Charles Wesley.

1 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 Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last.

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

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

247

Sir Robert Grant, 1815.

1 Savior, when in dust, to thee
Low we bow on bended knee;
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes;
Oh, by all thy pains and woe
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from thy throne on high,
Savior, help me, or I die!

2 By thy helpless infant years,
By thy life of want and tears,
By thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness;
By the dread mysterious hour
Of the insulting tempter's power,
Turn, oh, turn a favoring eye;
Savior, help me, or I die!

3 By thine hour of dire despair;
By thine agony of prayer;
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn;
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice;
Listen to our humble cry,—
Savior, help me, or I die!

4 By thy deep expiring groan;
By the sad sepulchral stone;
By the vault, whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God;
Oh, from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty, re-ascending Lord!
Listen, listen to the cry,—
Savior, help me, or I die!

ARLINGTON. C. M. *"He took bread."* THOS. A. ARNE, 1744.

248

Joseph Hart, d. 1768.

1 That dreadful night before his death,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Did, almost with his dying breath,
This solemn feast ordain.

2 To keep the feast, Lord, we have met,
And to remember thee;
Help each redeemed one to repeat—
For me he died, for me.

3 Thy suff'rings, Lord, each sacred sign
To our remembrance brings;
We eat the bread and drink the wine,
But think on nobler things.

4 Oh, tune our tongues, and set in frame
Each heart that pants for thee,
To sing, Hosanna to the Lamb,
The Lamb that died for me.

SILOAM. C. M. *"Became obedient unto death."* I. B. WOODBURY.

249

Anne Steele, 1760.

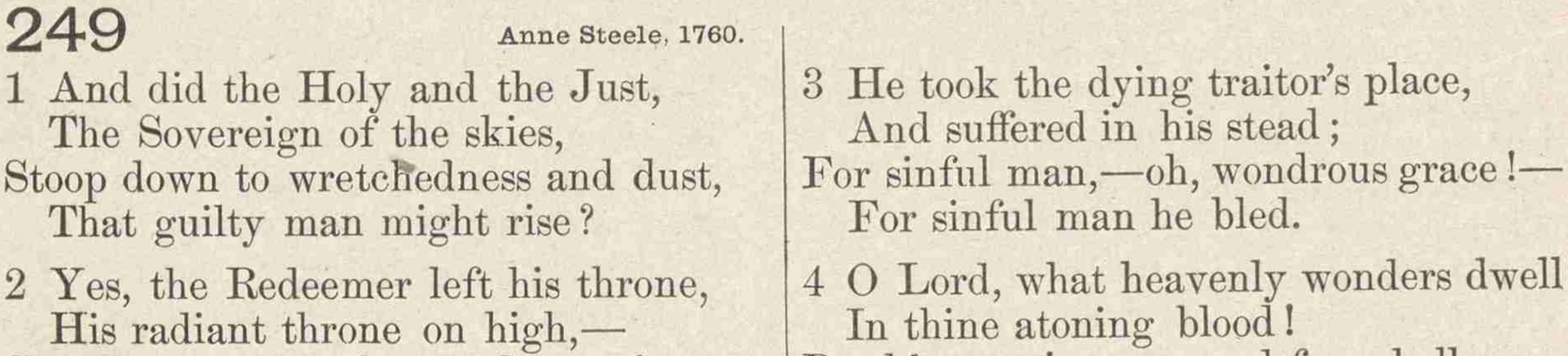
1 And did the Holy and the Just,
The Sovereign of the skies,
Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,
That guilty man might rise?

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

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

4 O Lord, what heavenly wonders dwell
In thine atoning blood!
By this are sinners saved from hell,
And rebels brought to God.

NAOMI. C. M. *"This do in memory of me."* DR. LOWELL MASON, 1792—1872.



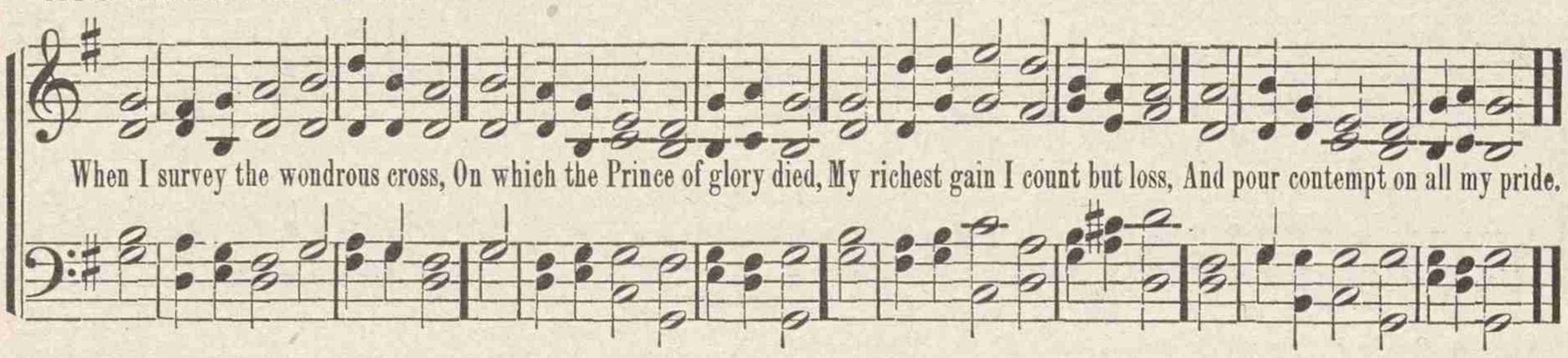
250

Unknown.

1 In memory of the Savior's love
We keep the sacred feast,
Where every humble, contrite heart
Is made a welcome guest.

2 Under his banner thus we sing
The wonders of his love,
And thus anticipate by faith
The heav'nly feast above.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M. *"The wondrous cross."* L. MASON.



251

Isaac Watts.

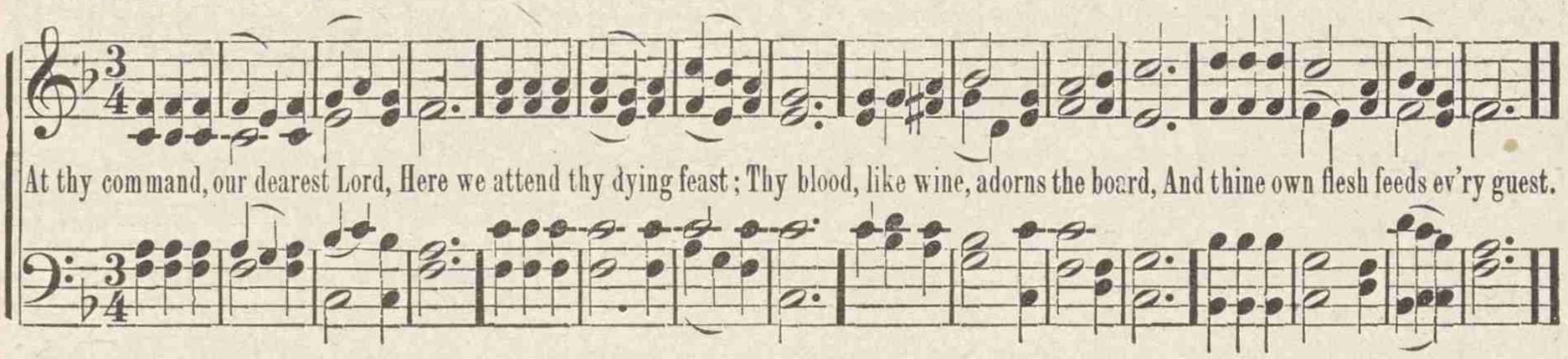
1 When I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

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

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

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

HURSLEY. L. M. *"Do this in memory of me."* ARR. BY W. H. MONK.



252

Isaac Watts.

1 At thy command, our dearest Lord,
Here we attend thy dying feast;
Thy blood, like wine, adorns the board,
And thine own flesh feeds every guest.

2 Our faith adores thy bleeding love,
And trusts for life in One that died;
We hope for heavenly crowns above
From a Redeemer crucified.

3 Let the vain world pronounce it shame,
And fling their scandals on the cause;
We come to boast our Savior's name,
And make our triumphs in his cross.

4 With joy we tell the scoffing age,
He that was dead has left his tomb;
He lives above their utmost rage,
And we are waiting till he come.

HAMBURG. L. M. *"The power of God."* LOWELL MASON.

253

Isaac Watts.

1 Oh, the sweet wonders of that cross
Where my Redeemer loved and died!
Her noblest life my spirit draws
From his dear wounds, and bleeding side.

2 I would for ever speak his name
In sounds to mortal ears unknown;
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at his Father's throne.

OLIVE'S BROW. L. M. *"'Tis finished."* W. B. BRADBURY.

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254 W. B. Tappan.

1 'Tis midnight; and on Olive's brow
The star is dimmed that lately shone:
'Tis midnight; in the garden, now
The suffering Savior prays alone.

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

3 'Tis midnight; and for other's 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 Savior's woe.

"'TIS FINISHED." L. M. *"Thy will be done."* R. M. M'INTOSCH.

255 S. Stennett.

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

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

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

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

WINDHAM. L. M. *"As oft as ye do it."* DANIEL READ, 1785.

256 Isaac Watts.

2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and blessed, and brake;
What love through all his actions ran!
What wondrous words of grace he spake!

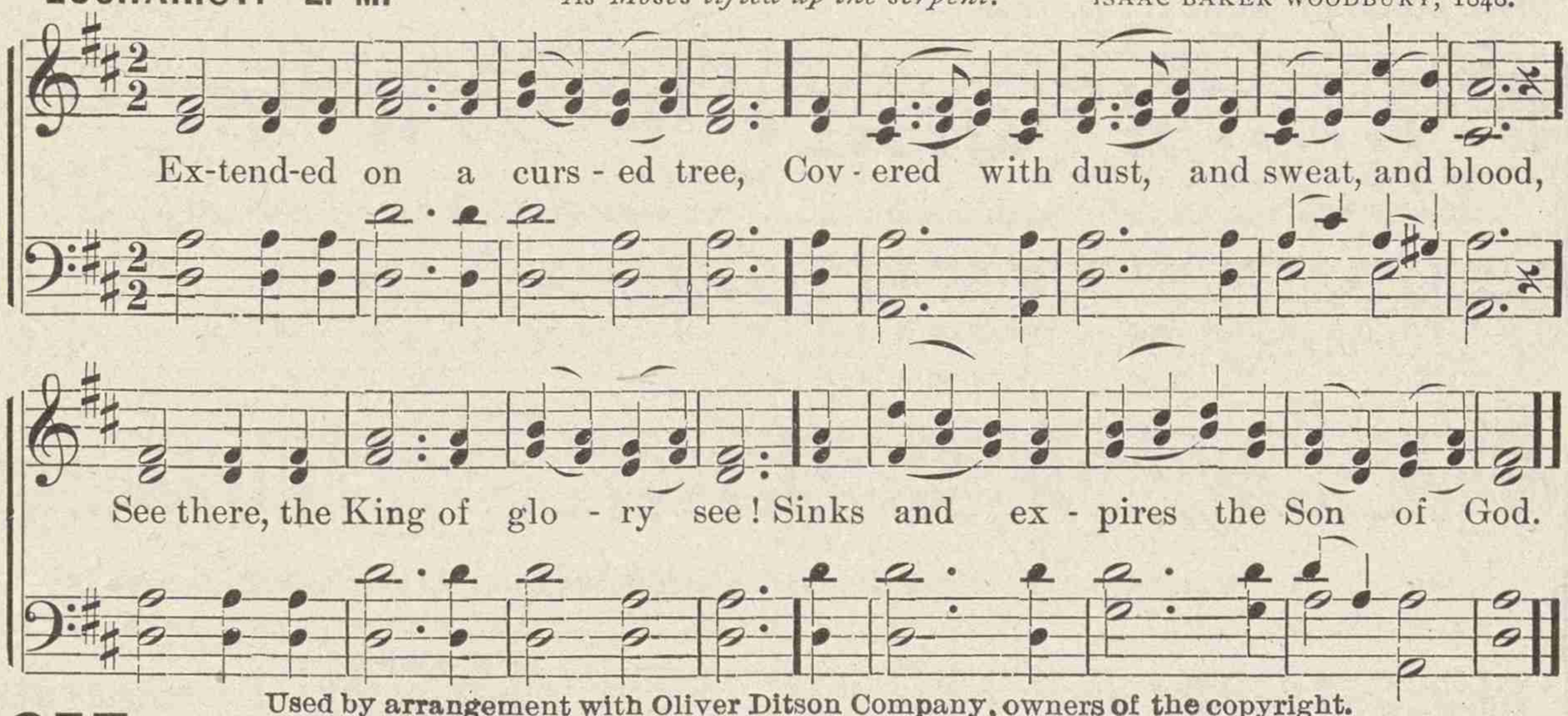
3 "This is my body, broke for sin;
Receive and eat the living food:"
Then took the cup, and blessed the wine;
"'Tis the new covenant, in my blood."

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

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

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

EUCHARIST. L. M. *"As Moses lifted up the serpent."* ISAAC BAKER WOODBURY, 1848.



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257 Paul Gerhardt. Tr. by J. Wesley.

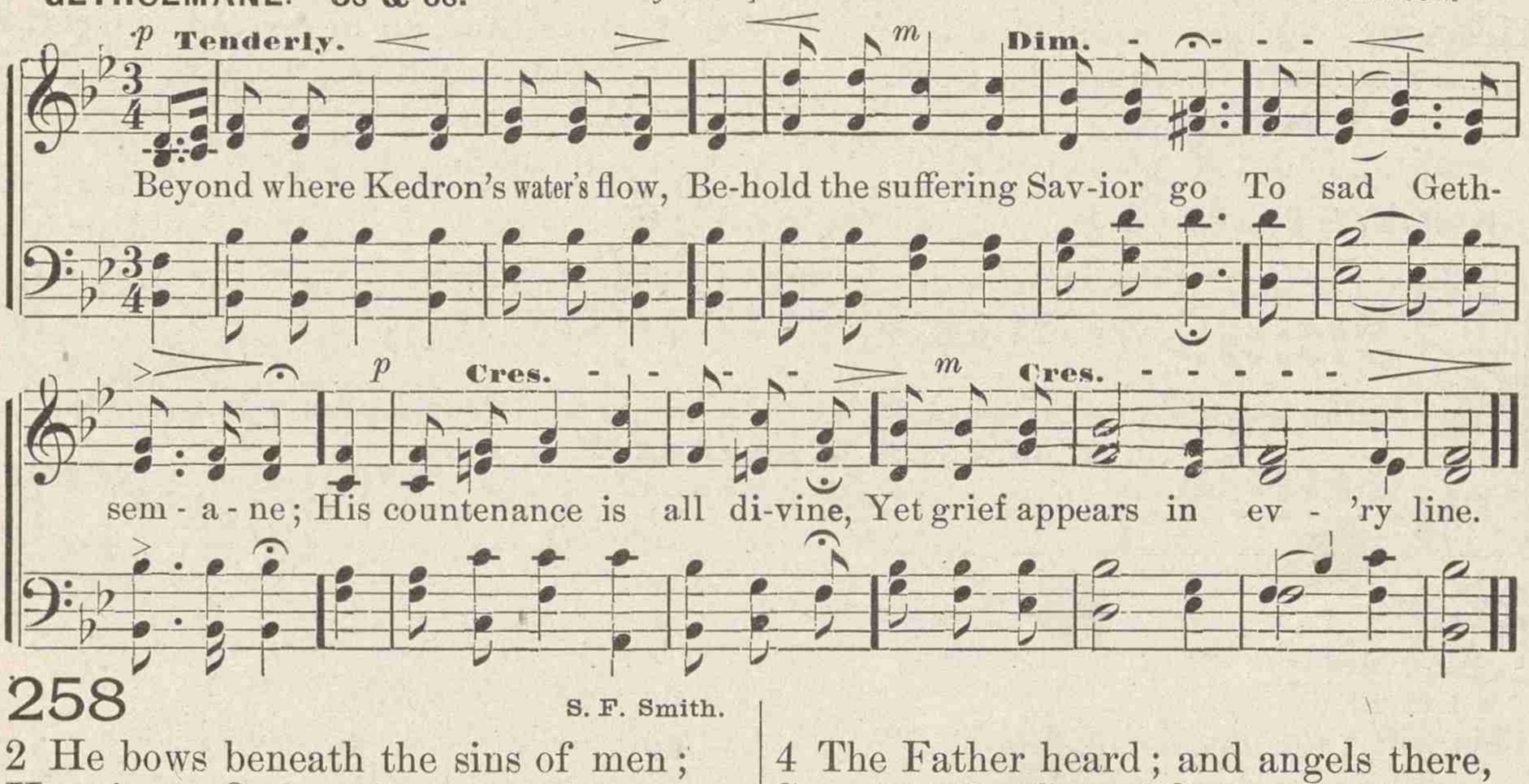
2 I, I alone have done the deed;
'Tis I thy sacred flesh have torn;
My sins, have caused thee, Lord, to bleed,
Pointed the nail, and fixed the thorn.

3 For me the burden to sustain
Too great, on thee, my Lord, was laid;
To heal me, thou hast borne my pain;
To bless me, thou a curse wast made.

4 My Savior, how shall I proclaim,
How pay the mighty debt I owe?
Let all I have and all I am,
Ceaseless, to all, thy glory show.

5 Still let thy groans, thy tears, thy sighs;
O'erflow my eyes, and heave my breast,
Till, loosed from flesh and earth, I rise,
And ever in thy bosom rest.

GETHSEMANE. 8s & 6s. *"If it be possible."* L. MASON.



258 S. F. Smith.

2 He bows beneath the sins of men;
He cries to God, and cries again,
In sad Gethsemane;
He lifts his mournful eyes above,
'My Father, can this cup remove.'

3 With gentle resignation still,
He yielded to his Father's will,
In sad Gethsemane;
Behold me here, thine only Son;
And, Father, 'let thy will be done.'

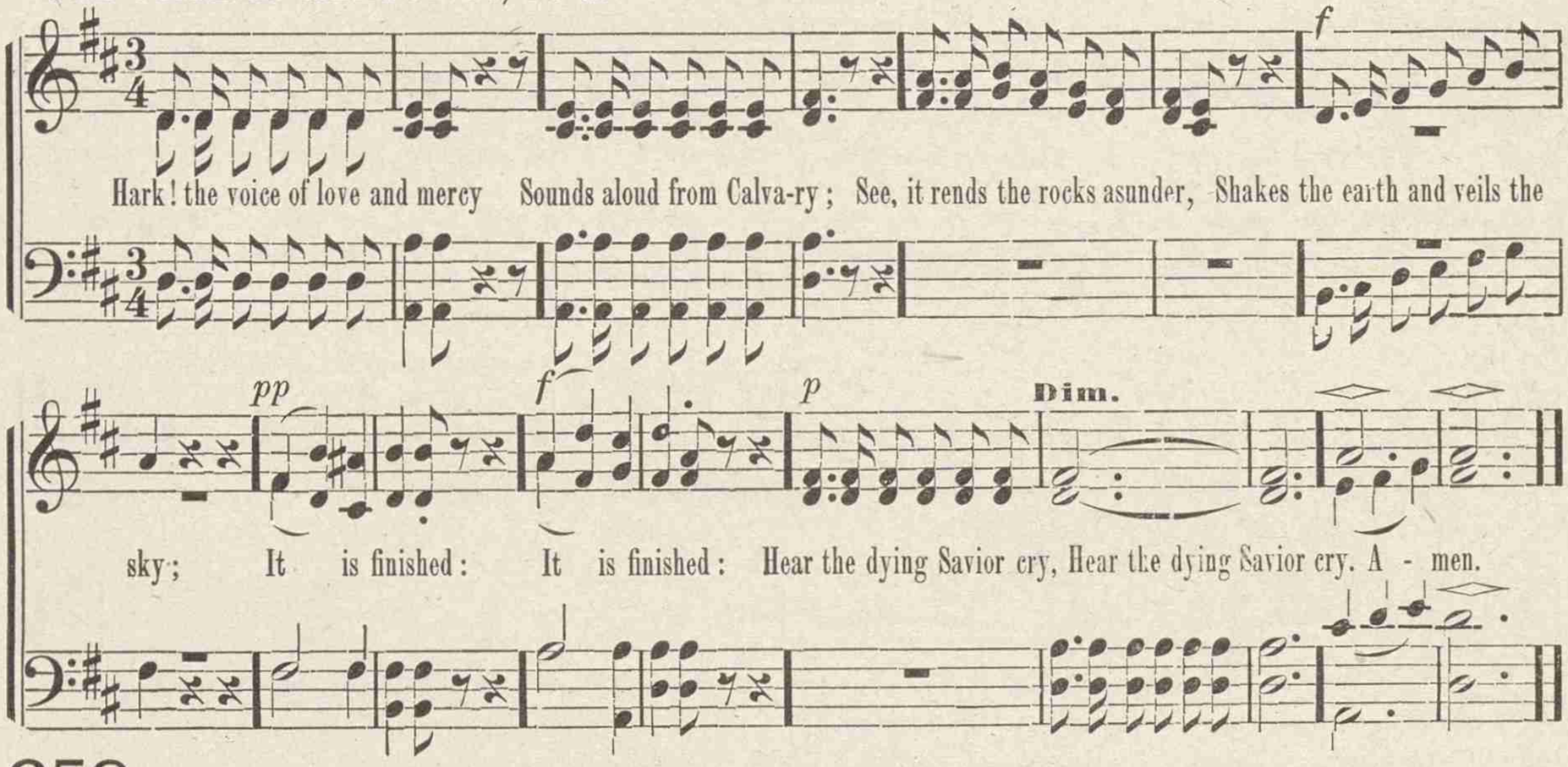
4 The Father heard; and angels there,
Sustain'd the Son of God in pray'r,
In sad Gethsemane;
He drank the dreadful cup of pain,
Then rose to life and joy again.

5 When storms of sorrow round us sweep,
And scenes of anguish make us weep,
To sad Gethsemane
We'll look, and see the Savior there,
And humbly bow, like him, in prayer.

"It is finished."

THE VOICE OF MERCY. 8s, 7s & 4s.

UNKNOWN.



259 Jonathan Evans, 1787.

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

2 "It is finished!" oh, what pleasure
Do the precious words afford!
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord.
"It is finished!"
Saints the dying words record.

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

4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;
Strike them to Emmanuel's Name;
All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join the triumph to proclaim,
Allelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

HARVEY'S CHANT. C. M.

"In remembrance of me."

WM. B. BRADBURY.

260 James Montgomery.

1 According to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember thee.

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember thee.

3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember thee?

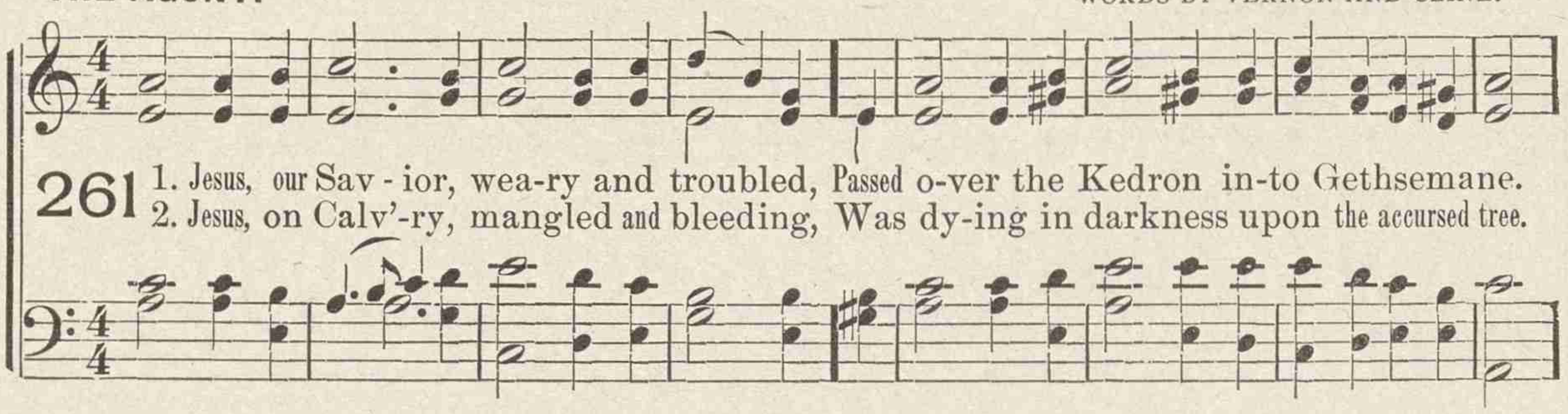
4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice!
I must remember thee:—

5 Remember thee, and all thy pains
And all thy love to me;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
Then, Lord, remember me!

THE AGONY.

ADAPTED BY C. C. CLINE.
WORDS BY VERNON AND CLINE.



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262

Unknown.

1 Dark was the night, and cold the ground
On which the Lord was laid;
His sweat like drops of blood ran down;
In agony he pray'd,—

2 "Father, remove this bitter cup,
If such thy sacred will;
If not, content to drink it up,
Thy pleasure I fulfill."

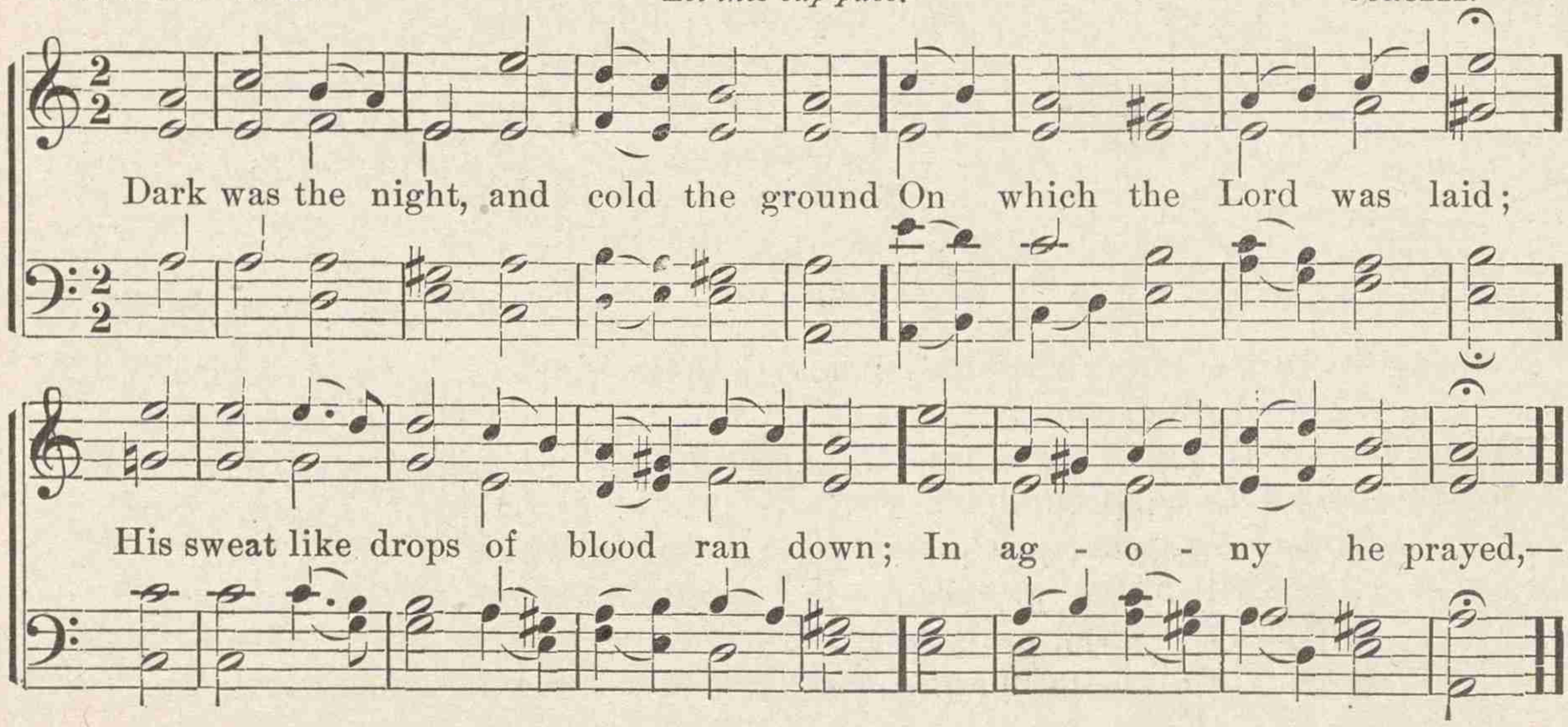
3 Go to the garden, sinner; see
Those precious drops that flow;
The heavy load he bore for thee;
For thee he lies so low.

4 Then learn of him the cross to bear;
Thy Father's will obey;
And, when temptations press thee near,
Awake to watch and pray.

WALSAL. C. M.

"Let this cup pass."

PURCELL.



THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

"Giveth his life for his sheep."

J. E. SPILMAN.

263

J. Montgomery.

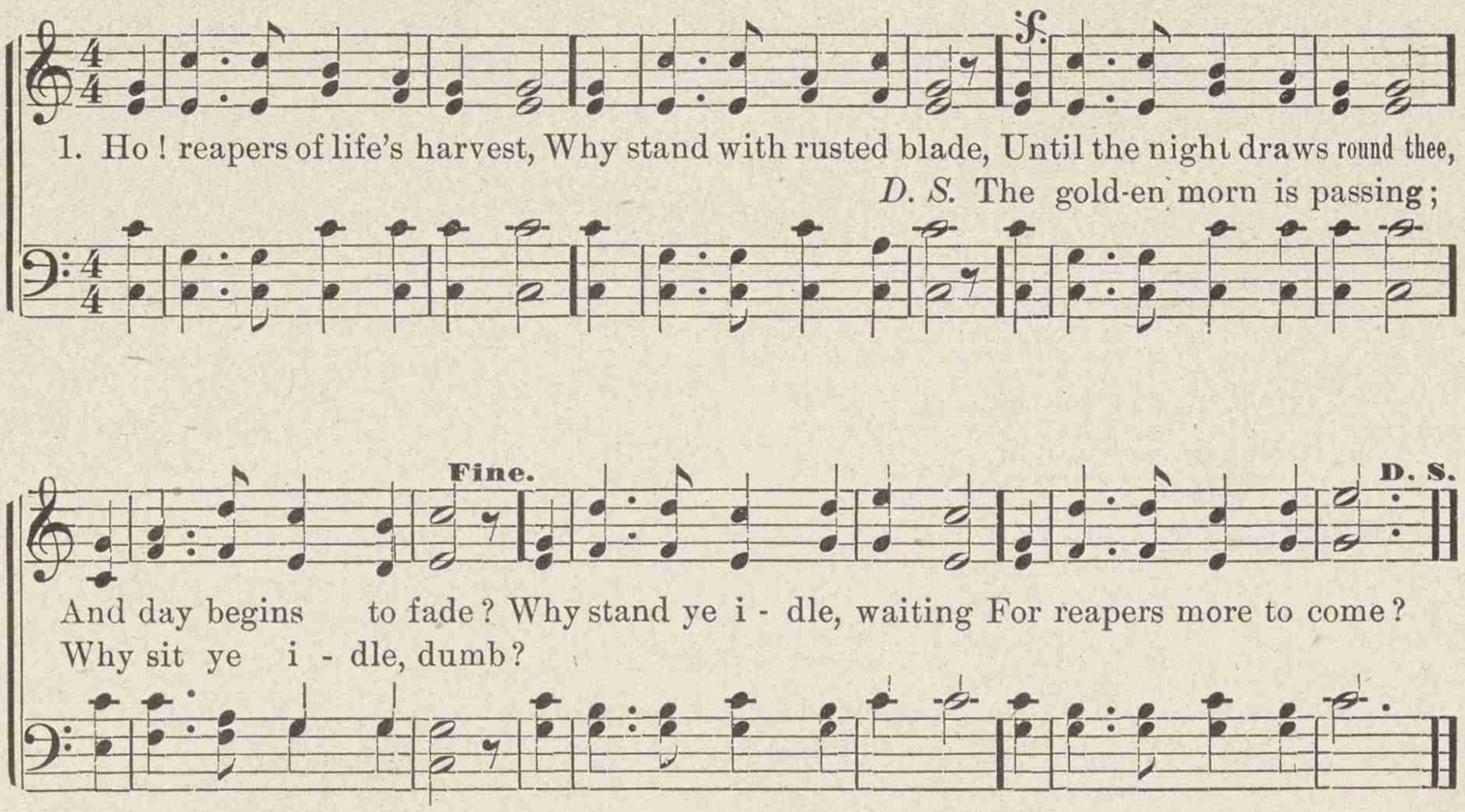
1 The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know;
I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppress'd.
Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray,
Since thou art my guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay;
No harm can befall me,—my Comforter near.

2 In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasur'd my cup runneth o'er;
With perfume and oil thou anointest my head;
Oh, what shall I ask of thy providence more?
Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God!
Still follow my steps till I meet thee above;
I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod,
Through the land of their sojourn, thy kingdom of love.

EXHORTATION AND ADMONITION.

Teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns, and spiritual son
singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord. Col. 3 : 16.

GARFIELD. 7s & 6s. *" Why stand you here idle?"* I. B. WOODBURY.



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265

I. B. Woodbury.

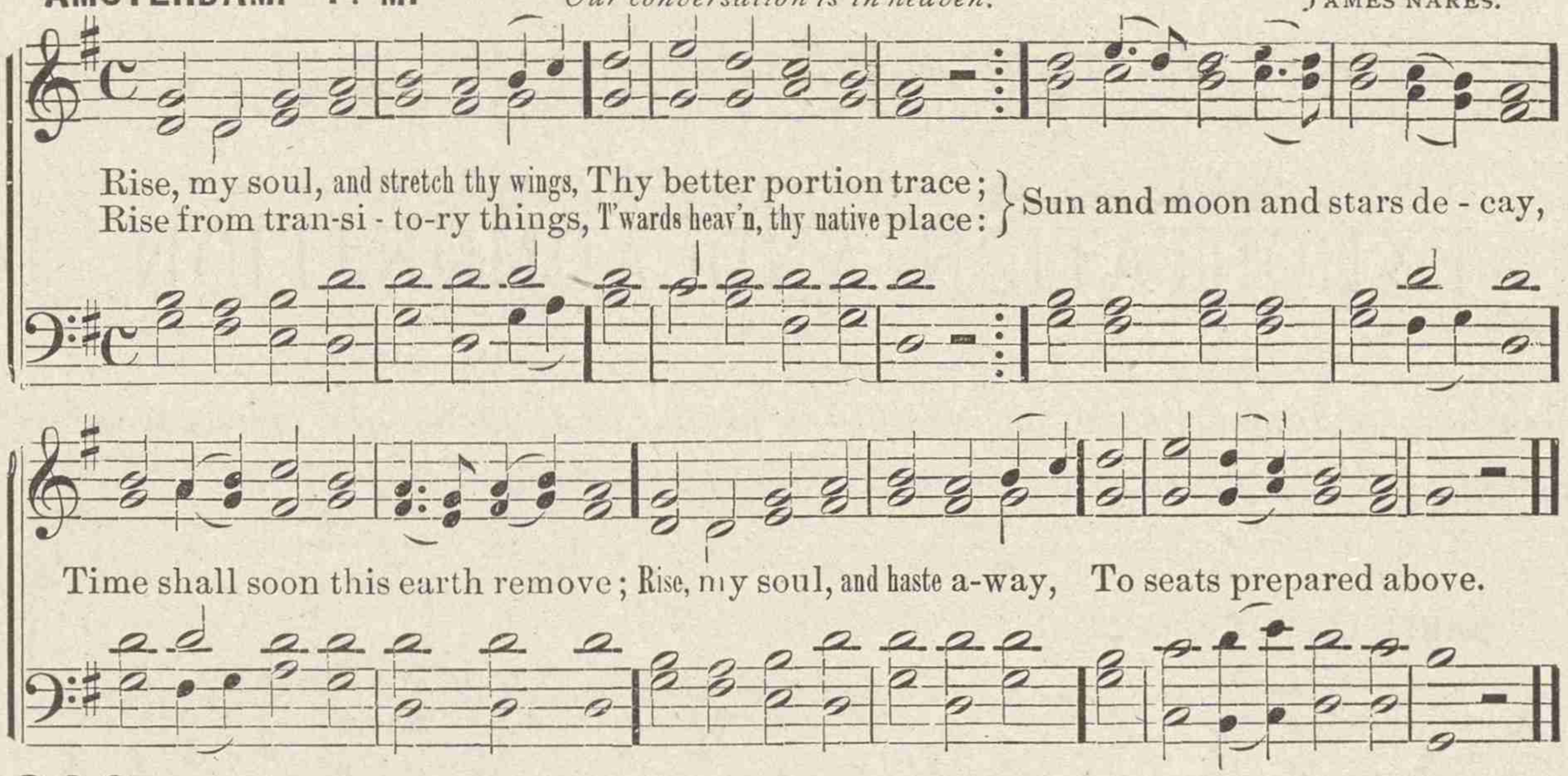
1 Ho! reapers of life's harvest,
Why stand with rusted blade,
Until the night draws round thee,
And day begins to fade?
Why stand ye idle, waiting
For reapers more to come?
The golden morn is passing:
Why sit ye idle, dumb?

2 Thrust in your sharpened sickle,
And gather in the grain:
The night is fast approaching,
And soon will come again.
The Master calls for reapers,
And shall he call in vain?
Shall sheaves lie there ungathered,
And waste upon the plain?

3 Come down from hill and mountain
In morning's ruddy glow,
Nor wait until the dial
Points to the noon below;
And come with stronger sinew,
Nor faint in heat or cold,
And pause not till the evening
Draws round its wealth of gold.

4 Mount up the heights of wisdom,
And crush each error low;
Keep back no word of knowledge
That human hearts should know.
Be faithful to thy mission,
In service of the Lord,
And then a golden chaplet
Shall be thy just reward.

AMSTERDAM. P. M. *"Our conversation is in heaven."* JAMES NARES.



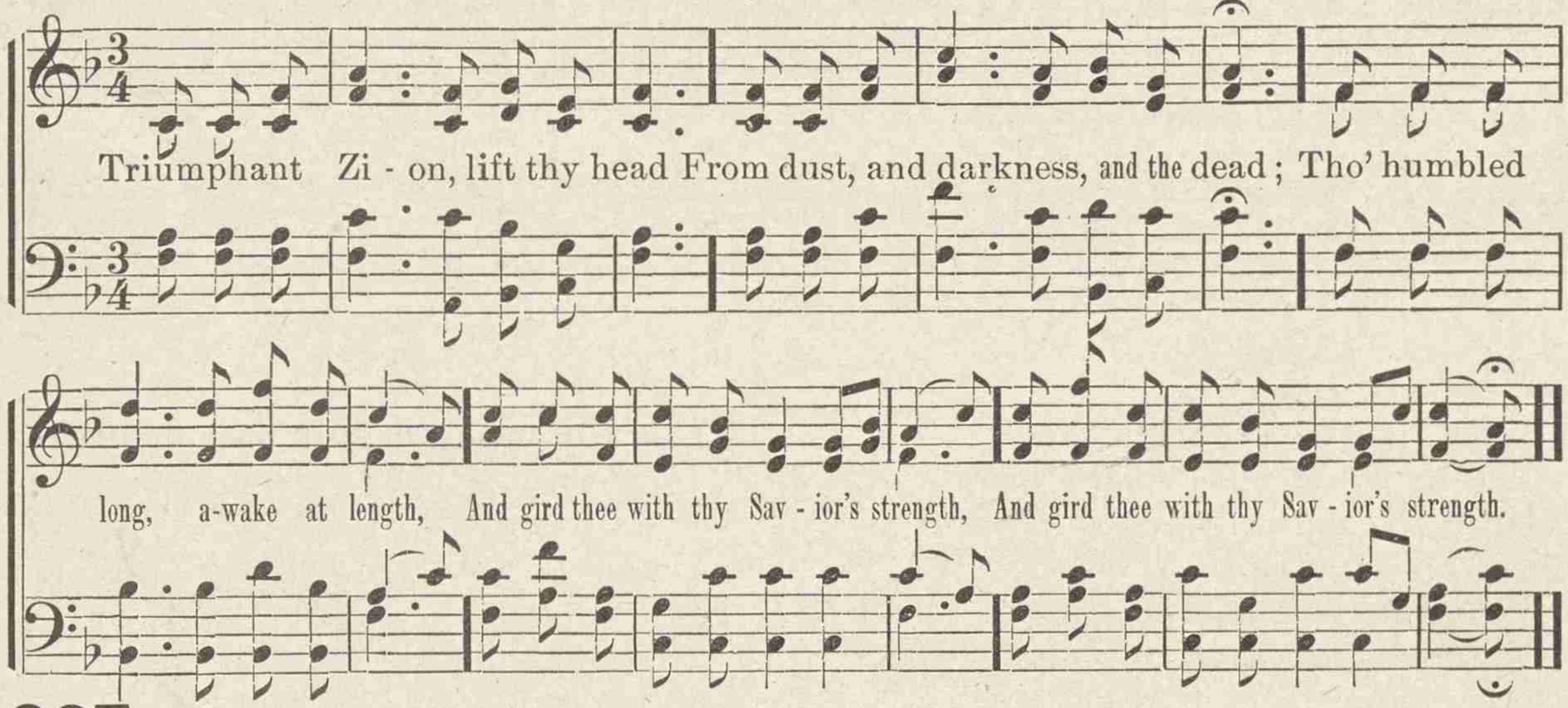
266

R. Seagrave.

1 Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
Towards heaven, thy native place:
Sun and moon and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away,
To seats prepared above.

2 Cease, my soul, oh, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon thy Savior will return,
To take thee to the skies:
There is everlasting peace,
Rest, enduring rest, in heaven;
There will sorrow ever cease,
And crowns of joy be given.

ANVERN. L. M. *"Triumphant Zion."* LOWELL MASON, ARR.



267

P. Doddridge.

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

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

3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallowed walls with dread;
No more shall hell's insulting host
Their victory and thy sorrows boast.

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

EXHORTATION AND ADMONITION.

SESSIONS. L. M. *"Sell that thou hast."* L. O. EMERSON.

268 T. Gibbons.

1 When Jesus dwelt in mortal clay,
What were his works from day to day,
But miracles of power and grace,
That spread salvation through our race?

2 Teach us, O Lord, to keep in view
Thy pattern, and thy steps pursue;
Let alms bestowed, let kindness done,
Be witnessed by each rolling sun.

3 That man may last, but never lives,
Who much receives, but nothing gives;
Whom none can love, whom none can thank,
Creation's blot, creation's blank!

4 But he who marks, from day to day,
In generous acts his radiant way,
Treads the same path his Savior trod,
The path to glory and to God.

MANOAH. C. M. *"He that giveth to the poor."* F. J. HAYDN, 1732-1809.

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269 T. Cotterill.

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

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

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

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

AVON. C. M. *"The poor ye have with you."* HUGH WILSON, 1768.

270 W. Cutter.

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

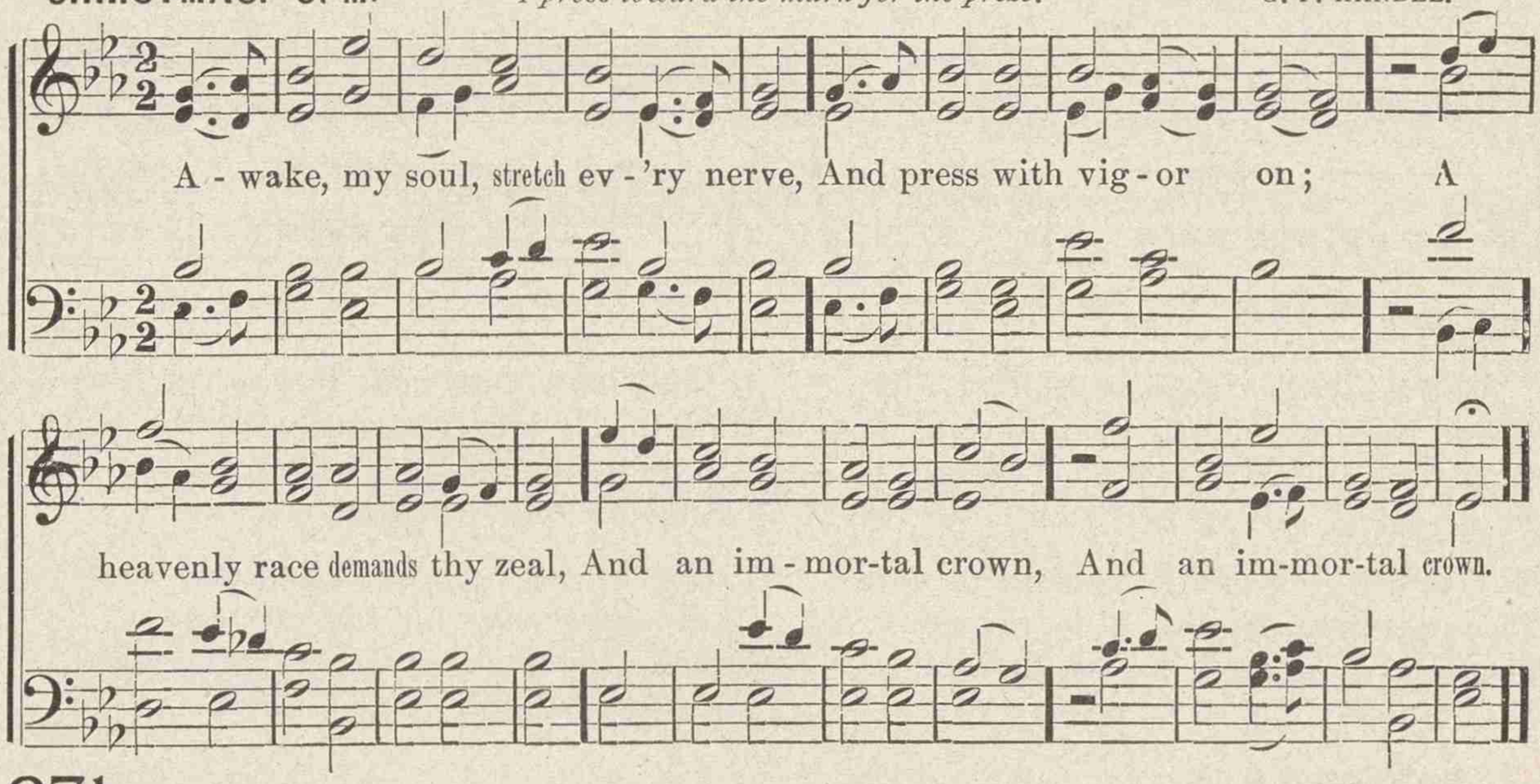
2 So let the Savior be adored,
And not the poor despised;
Give to the hungry from your board,
But all, give all to Christ.

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

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

EXHORTATION AND ADMONITION.

CHRISTMAS. C. M. *"I press toward the mark for the prize."* G. F. HANDEL.



271 P. Doddridge.

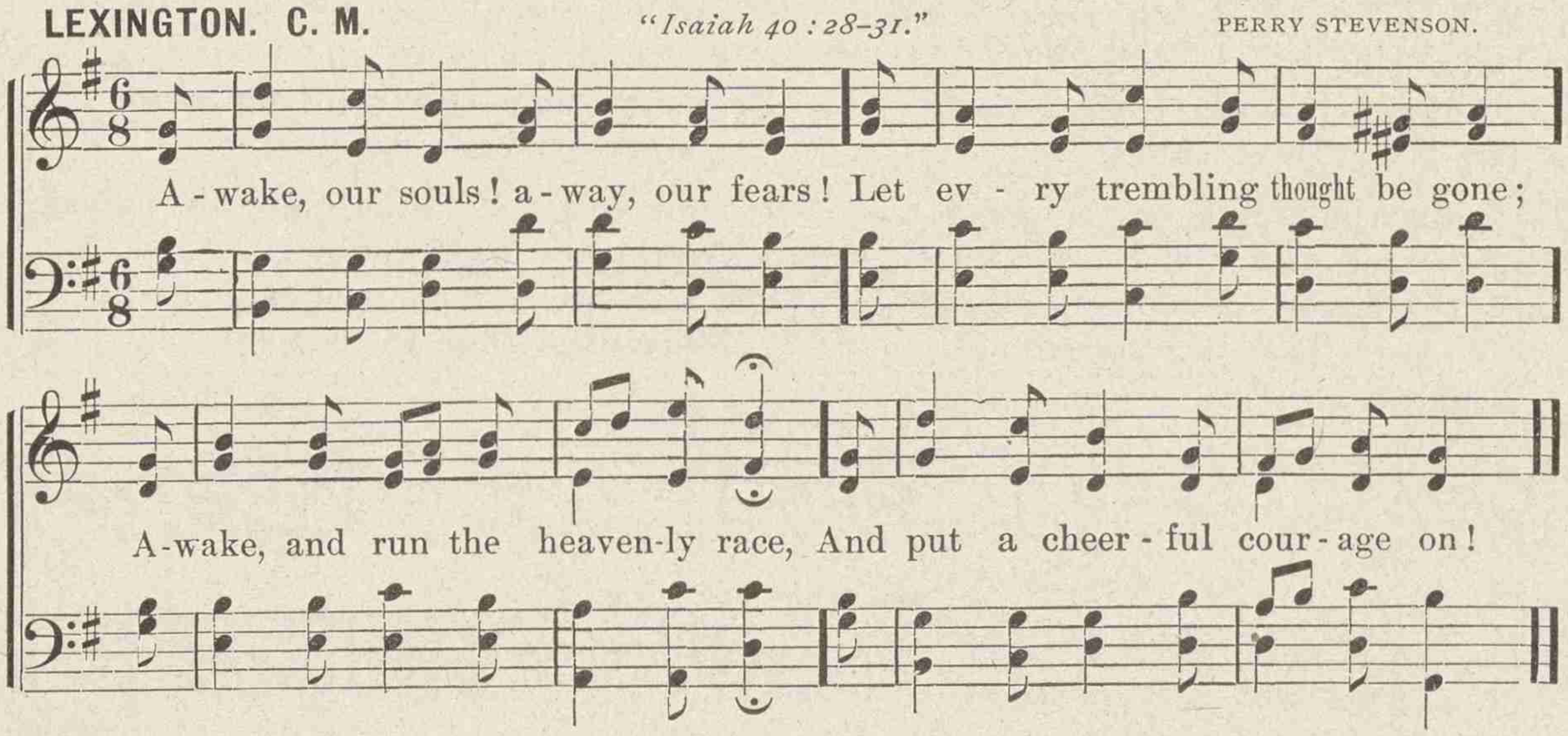
1 Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

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

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high,
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

4 Then wake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal.
And an immortal crown.

LEXINGTON. C. M. *"Isaiah 40 : 28-31."* PERRY STEVENSON.



272 Isaac Watts.

2 True, 'tis a straight and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of every saint—

3 The mighty God, whose matchless power
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

4 From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply;
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amid the heavenly load!

MT. PISGAH. C. M. *"Fight the good fight of faith."* J. C. LOWRY, 1820.

273 Isaac Watts.

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

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

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

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

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

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thine armies shine
In robes of vict'ry through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

274 Isaac Watts.

1 Let every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice:

2 Ho! all you hungry, starving souls,
Who feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive, with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind;

3 Eternal wisdom has prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

4 Ho! you that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die,
Here may you quench your raging thirst
From springs that never dry.

5 Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

6 Great God the treasures of thy love
Are everlasting mines;
Deep as our helpless mis'ries are,
And boundless as our sins.

MARLOW. C. M. *"Seeing that we are encompassed about."* J. CHETHAM, 1718.

275 Anne Steele.

1 Ye wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast;
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store
For every humble guest.

2 See, Jesus stands with open arms;
He calls, he bids you come.
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms;
But see, there yet is room—

3 Room in the Savior's bleeding heart:
There love and pity meet,
Nor will he bid the soul depart
That trembles at his feet.

4 And yet ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come.
Ye longing souls, the grace adore;
Approach—there yet is room.

MAITLAND. C. M. *"Take up thy cross."* G. N. ALLEN.

276

T. Shepherd.

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

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

3 Upon the crystal pavement, down
At Jesus' pierced feet,
Joyful I'll cast my golden crown,
And his dear name repeat.

4 Oh, precious cross! oh, glorious crown!
Oh, resurrection day!
Ye angels, from the stars come down
And bear my soul away.

MEAR. C. M. *"Faith without works is dead."* AARON WILLIAMS.

277

W. H. Balhurst.

1 Oh, for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe;
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe.

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

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

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

MELODY. C. M. *"Enoch walked with God."* I. P. COLE

278

W. Cowper.

2 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

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

LEANDER. C. M. D. *"To him that overcometh."* ANON.

279

Unknown.

2 Oh, take the pattern he has given,
And love your enemies;
And learn the only way to heaven
Through self-denial lies;
Remember, you must watch and pray
While journeying on the road,
Lest you should fall out by the way,
And wound the cause of God.

3 Go on, rejoicing night and day:
Your crown is yet before;
Defy the trials of the way,
The storm will soon be o'er.
Soon we shall reach the promis'd land,
With all the ransomed race,
And join with all the glorious band,
To sing redeeming grace.

HARVEST TIME. 8s, & 7s. *"The laborer is worthy of his hire."* C. S. CABLE.

280

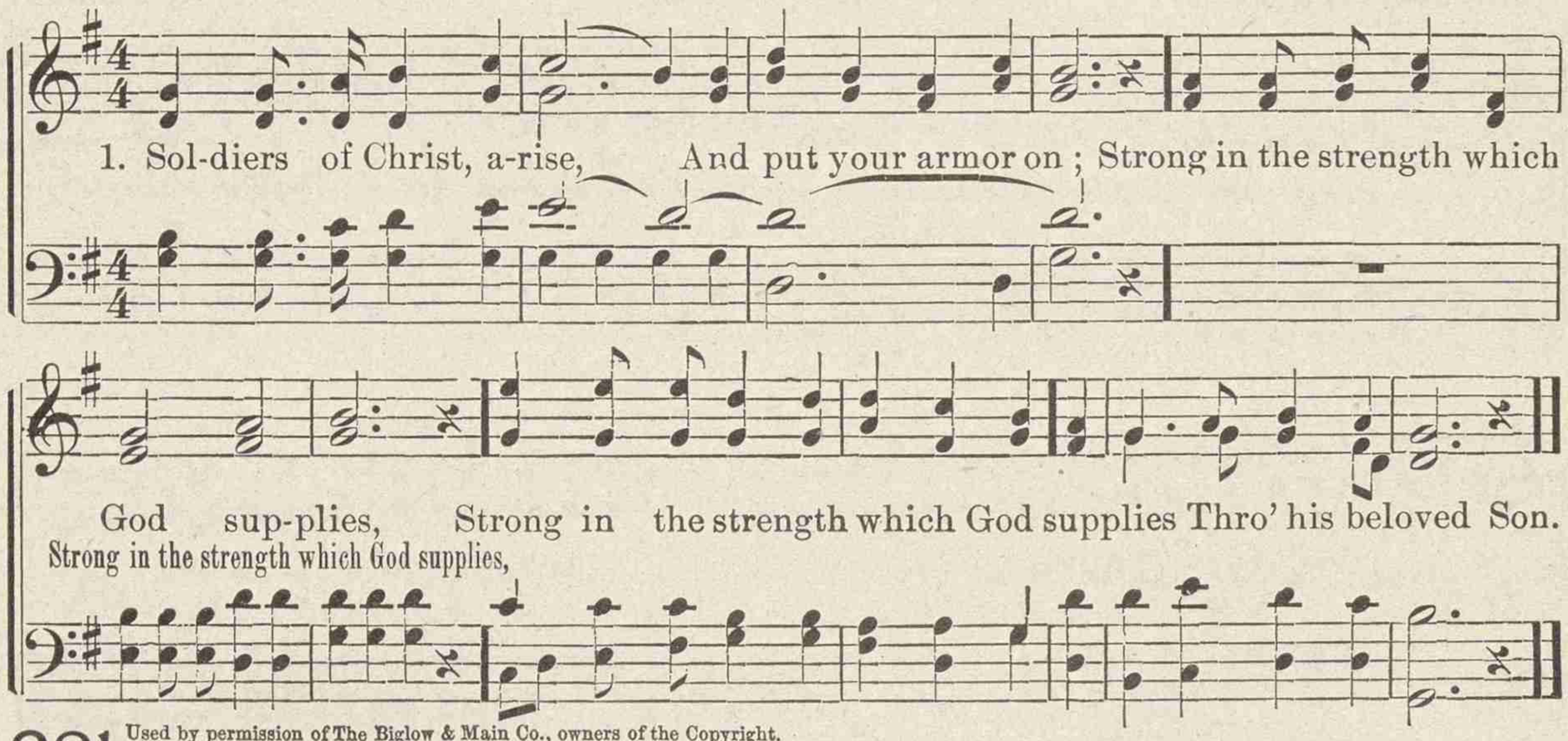
Dr. Thomas Hastings.

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

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

EXHORTATION AND ADMONITION.

KIRKWOOD. S. M. *"Strong in the Lord."* W. B. BRADBURY.



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281 C. Wesley.

2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in his mighty power;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than con-quer-or.

3 Stand, then, in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

4 Leave no unguarded place,
No weakness of the soul;
Take every virtue, every grace,
And fortify the whole.

5 That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
You may o'ercome through Christ alone.
And stand entire at last.

WILLIMANTIC. S. M. *"Seek first the kingdom of heaven."* S. J. V.

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282 Charles Wesley, 1762.

1 A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky:—

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

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

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

283 Philip Doddridge.

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

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

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

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

EXHORTATION AND ADMONITION.

LABAN. S. M. *"Take heed unto thyself."* DR. LOWELL MASON, 1792–1872.

284 George Heath, 1781.

1 My soul, be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

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

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
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,
To his divine abode.

BOYLSTON. S. M. *"In the morning sow thy seed."* DR. LOWELL MASON, 1792–1872.

285 James Montgomery, 1836.

1 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 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist and dry
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

3 Thence, when the glorious end,
The day of God, shall come,
The angel reapers shall descend,
And heaven cry, "Harvest Home!"

286 Lydia H. Sigourney, 1841.

1 Laborers of Christ, arise,
And gird you for the toil;
The dew of promise from the skies
Already cheers the soil.

2 Go where the sick recline,
Where mourning hearts deplore;
And, where the sons of sorrow pine,
Dispense your hallowed lore.

3 Urge, with a tender zeal,
The erring child along,
Where peaceful congregations kneel,
And pious teachers throng.

AHIRA. S. M. *"He went about doing good."* H. W. GREATOREX, 1811–1858.

EXHORTATION AND ADMONITION.

WESLEY. S. M. *"Be strong in the Lord."* PERRY STEVENSON.

287

Thomas Kelly.

1 Arise, ye saints, arise!
The Lord our leader is:
The foe before his banner flies,
And vic-to-ry is his.

2 We soon shall see the day
When all our toils shall cease;
When we shall cast our arms away,
And dwell in endless peace.

3 This hope supports us here;
It makes our burdens light;
'Twill serve our drooping hearts to cheer,
Till faith shall end in sight.

4 Till, of the prize possessed,
We hear of war no more;
And ever with our leader rest,
On yonder peaceful shore.

BADEA. S. M. *"Watch and pray."* GERMAN MELODY.

288

Philip Doddridge.

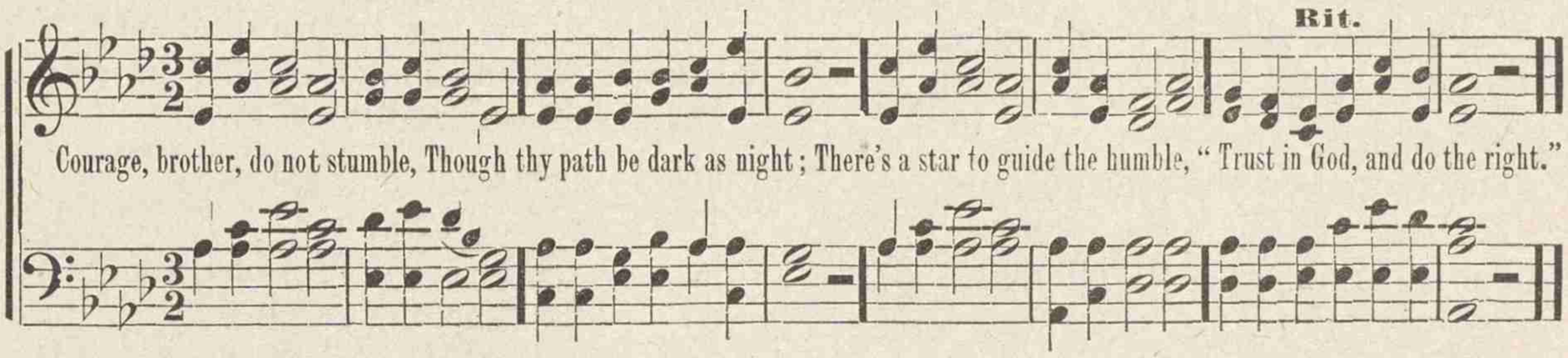
1 Ye servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait;
With joy obey his heavenly word,
And watch before his gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in the might
Of his most holy name.

3 Watch! 'Tis the Lord's command,
And while we speak he's near;
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

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

DO THE RIGHT. 8s & 7s. *"Trust in the Lord and do good."* PHILIP PHILLIPS, by per.



289

P. Phillips.

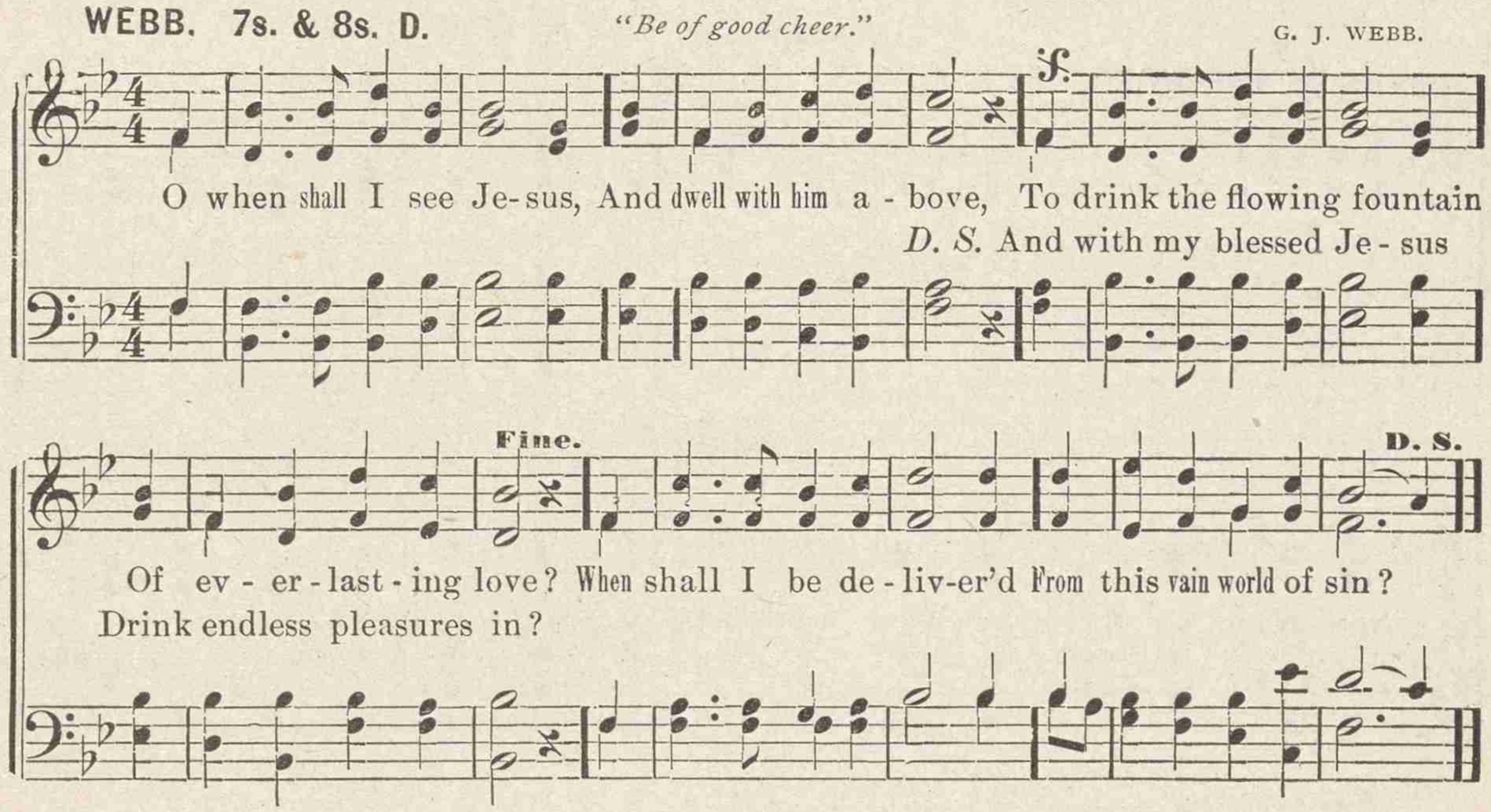
2 Let the road be rough and dreary,
And its end far out of sight,
Foot it bravely! strong or weary,
"Trust in God, and do the right."

3 Perish policy and cunning!
Perish all that fears the light!
Whether losing, whether winning,
"Trust in God, and do the right."

4 Trust no party, sect, or faction;
Trust no leaders in the fight;
But in every word and action,
"Trust in God, and do the right."

5 Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight;
Cease from man, and look above thee,
"Trust in God, and do the right."

EXHORTATION AND ADMONITION.



290

John Leland.

1 Oh, when shall I see Jesus,
And dwell with him above,
To drink the flowing fountain
Of everlasting love?
When shall I be deliver'd
From this vain world of sin?
And with my blessed Jesus
Drink endless pleasures in?

2 But now I am a soldier,
My Captain's gone before;
He's given me my orders,
And tells me not to fear.
And if I hold out faithful,
A crown of life he'll give;
And all his valiant soldiers
Eternal life shall have.

3 Through grace I am determin'd
To conquer, though I die;
And then away to Jesus
On wings of love I'll fly.
Farewell to sin and sorrow—
I bid them both adieu;
And you, my friends, prove faithful,
And still your way pursue.

4 Oh, do not be discourag'd,
For Jesus is your Friend;
And if you long for knowledge,
On him you may depend;
Neither will he upbraid you,
Though often you request;
He'll give you grace to conquer,
And take you home to rest.

291

G. Duffield.

1 Stand up,—stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss;
From vict'ry unto vict'ry
His army shall he lead,
Till every foe is vanquish'd,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up,—stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this his glorious day;
"Ye that are men, now serve him,"
Against unnumber'd foes;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up,—stand up for Jesus,
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you—
Ye dare not trust your own;
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto pray'r,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up,—stand up for Jesus
The strife will not be long;
This day, the noise of battle;
The next, the victor's song.
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally!

EXHORTATION AND ADMONITION.

"Be strong in the Lord."

DOERS OF THE WORD. 8s & 7s, D. MISS JANIE VANDERVORT.

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292

El. Nathan.

1 Once more we come God's word to hear,
The word so pure and holy;
Now grant us, Lord, a list'ning ear,
A spirit meek and lowly;
For if we hear, and heed it not,
We hear for condemnation;
For, "doers of the word," we're taught,
Are heirs of Christ's salvation.

2 The life of God is in his word;
And whosoe'er believeth,
The record there of Christ the Lord
Eternal life receiveth;
But if we hear, believing not,
We hear for condemnation;
For, "doers of the word," we're taught,
Are heirs of Christ's salvation.

3 The word of God by faith received
Begins a new creation,
And he who hath in Christ believed
Hath hope of full salvation.
But if we hear and DO it not,
We hear for condemnation;
For, "doers of the word," we're taught,
Are heirs of Christ's salvation.

4 So let us not forgetful be,
But ever, always heeding,
That others in our lives may see
Our Father's gracious pleading.
For if we hear and live it not
We hear for condemnation;
For, "doers of the word," we're taught,
Are heirs of Christ's salvation.

BREAST THE WAVE. 10s & 11s. *"It is I, be not afraid."* G. F. ROOT.

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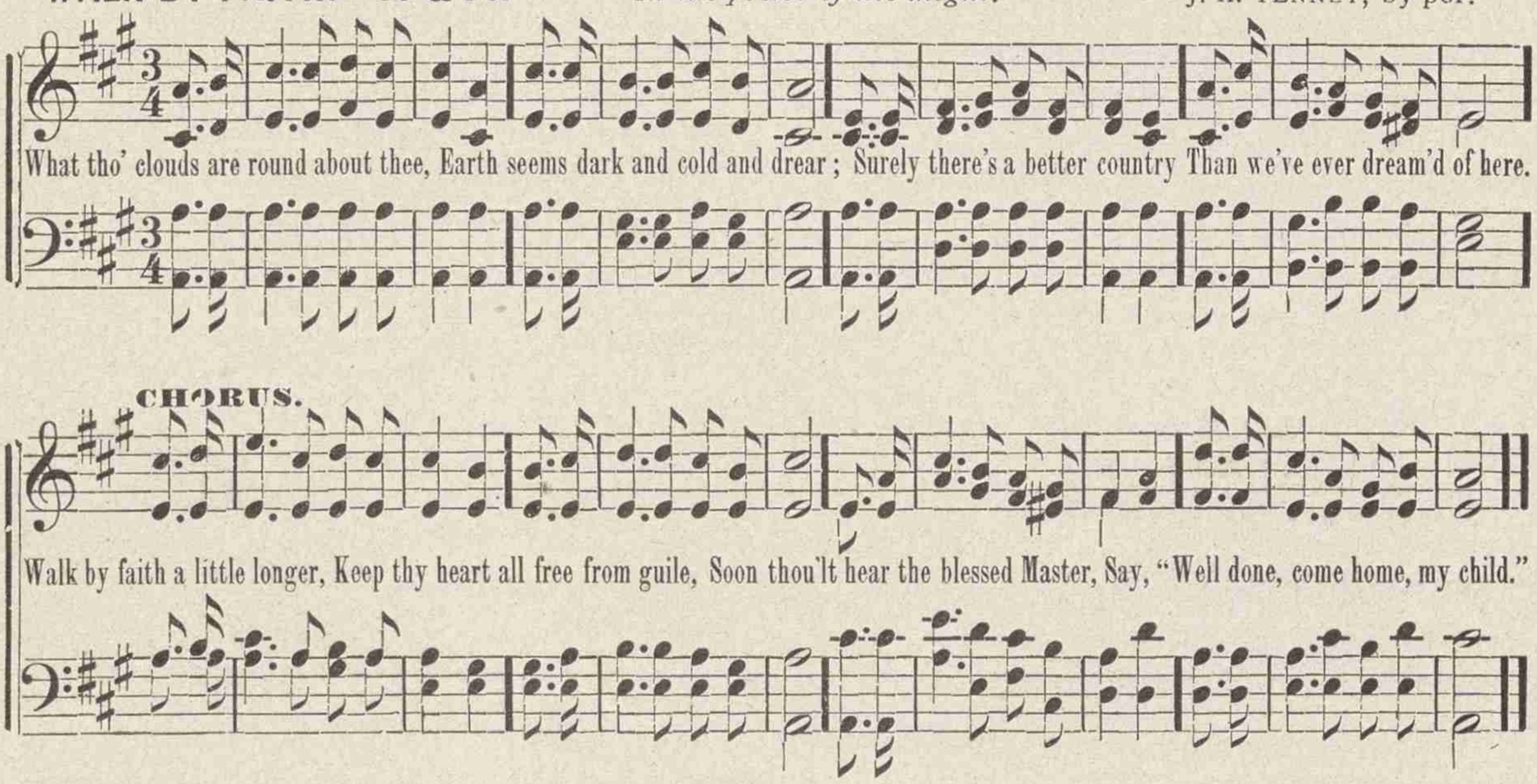
293

Joseph Stammers, 1830.

2 Stand the storm, Christian, Jesus is o'er thee;
Fear not the tempest, heav'n is before thee;
Go where thy duty calls; fear may assail thee;
God is thy strength and shield, he will not fail thee.

3 Seek the light, Christian, heav'nward 'twill take thee,
Tho' clouds may gather, 'twill not forsake thee;
Walk where its shining leads, with courage steady,
For to supply thy needs, his strength is ready.

WALK BY FAITH. 8s & 7s. *"In the power of his might."* J. H. TENNEY, by per.



294

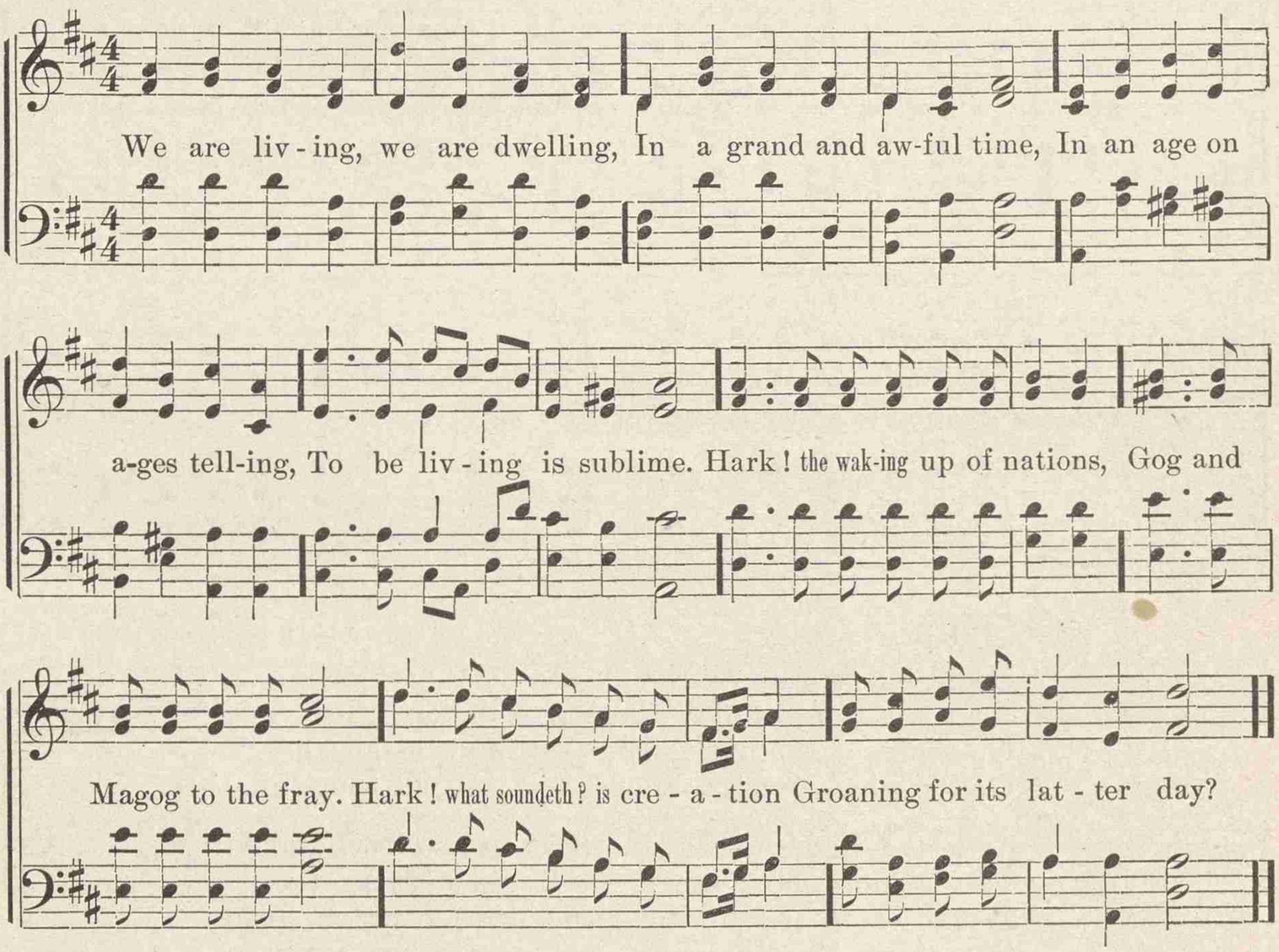
T. F. W.

2 Where no clouds shall dim the vision;
All is light, and warmth, and love;
There's a home for all the homeless,
In our "Father's house" above.

3 What tho' none are left to love thee,
No one thou canst call thine own;
He has said, "I am with thee alway;"
Fear not, thou art not alone.

EXHORTATION AND ADMONITION.

LATTER DAY. 8s & 7s. D. *"The Divine protection."* J. ZUNDEL.



295 C. C. Coxe.

1 We are living, we are dwelling,
In a grand and awful time,
In an age on ages telling,
To be living is sublime.
Hark! the waking up of nations,
Gog and Magog to the fray.
Hark! what soundeth? is creation
Groaning for its latter day?

2 Will ye play, then, will ye dally,
With your music and your wine?
Up! it is Jehovah's rally!
God's own arm hath need of thine.
Hark! the onset! will you fold your
Faith-clad arms in lazy lock?
Up, oh, up, thou drowsy soldier!
Worlds are charging to the shock!

3 Worlds are charging—heaven beholding,
Thou hast but an hour to fight;
Now the blazoned cross unfolding,
On—right onward, for the right!
On! let all the soul within you
For the truth's sake go abroad!
Strike! let every nerve and sinew
Tell on ages—tell for God!

296 J. Montgomery.

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

2 From the sword, at noonday wasting,
From the noisome pestilence,
In the depth of midnight, blasting,
God shall be thy sure defense:
Fear not thou the deadly quiver,
When a thousand feel the blow;
Mercy shall thy soul deliver,
Though ten thousand be laid low.

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

MISSIONARY.

" Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."

Mark. 16 : 15.

MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 6s, D. *" Go teach all nations."* LOWELL MASON.

300

R. Heber.

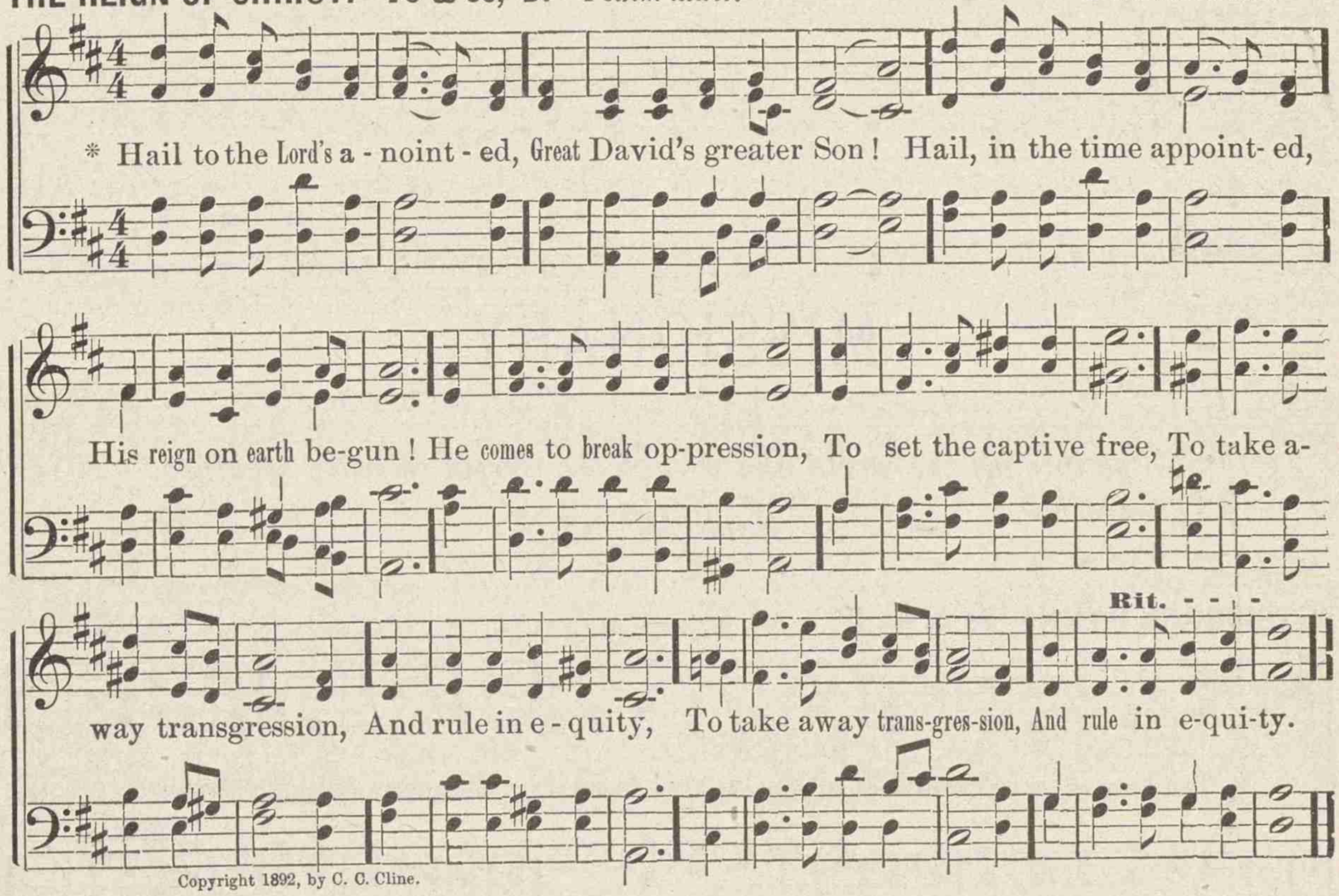
1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains,
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

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

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high—
Shall we, to man benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learn'd Messiah's name.

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

THE REIGN OF CHRIST. 7s & 6s, D. *Psalm lxxii.* E. MAUDE CLINE.



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301 James Montgomery, 1822.

1 Hail to the Lord's anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He comes with succor speedy
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemn'd and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

3 Arabia's desert ranger,
To him shall bow the knee,
The Ethiopian stranger,
His glory come to see.
With offerings of devotion
Ships from the isles shall meet,
To pour the wealth of ocean
In tribute at his feet.

4 Kings shall fall down before him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore him,
His praise, all people sing;
For he shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion
Or dove's light wing can soar.

5 For him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end;
The mountain dews shall nourish,
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish
And shake like Lebanon.

6 O'er every foe victorious,
He on his throne shall rest;
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all blest;
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand forever;
That name to us is Love.

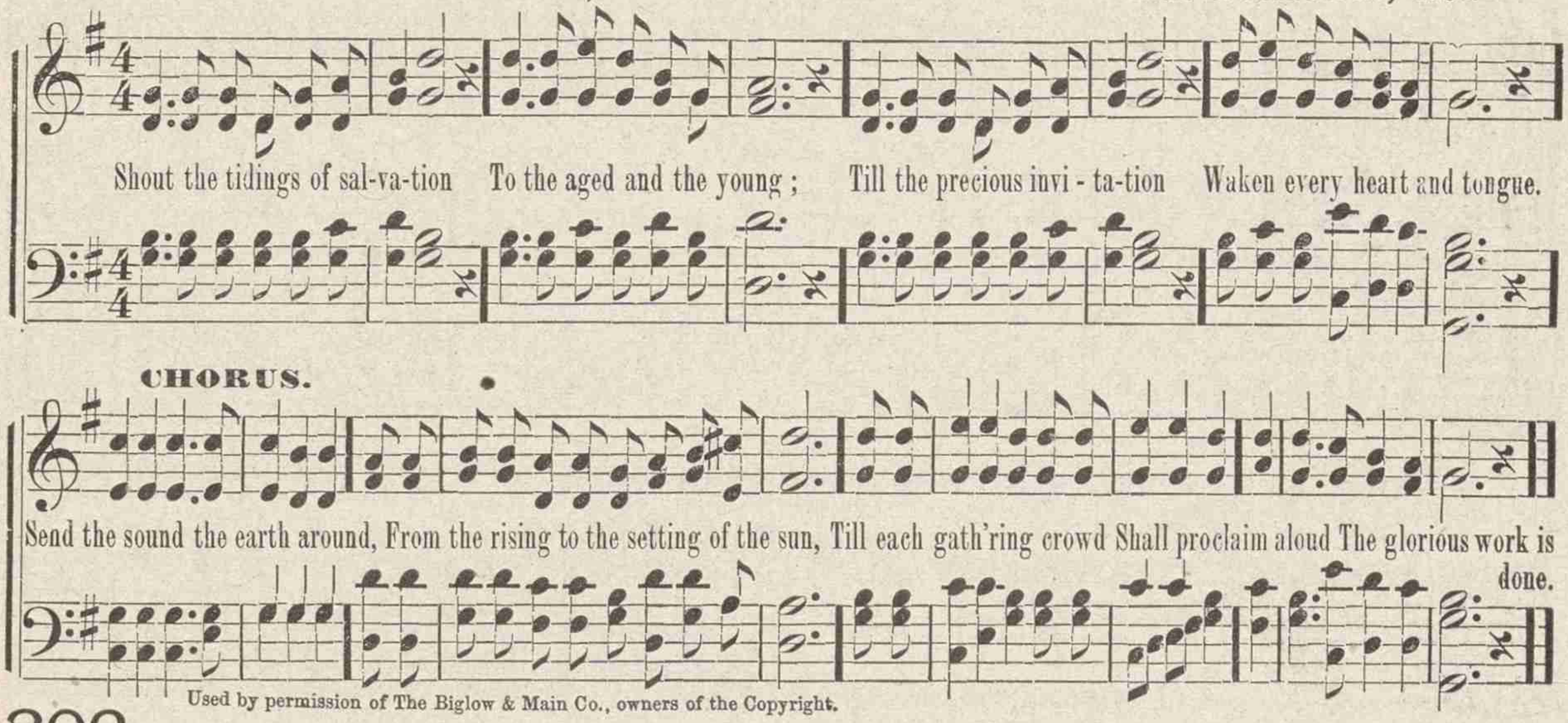
* The memories associated with his noble hymn are precious. It was repeated by the poet at the close of a missionary meeting in 1822, where Adam Clarke, who presided, begged the manuscript, and put it, with the Psalm of which it is a rendering, in his Commentary.

MISSIONARY.

"I bring you good tidings of great joy."

SHOUT THE TIDINGS. 8s & 7s, with Chorus.

WM. B. BRADBURY, 1860.



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302 Unknown.

1 Shout the tidings of salvation
To the aged and the young;
Till the precious invitation
Waken every heart and tongue.

2 Shout the tidings of salvation
O'er the prairies of the West,
Till each gath'ring congregation
With the gospel sound is blest.

3 Shout the tidings of salvation,
Mingling with the ocean's roar,
Till the ships of every nation
Bear the news from shore to shore.

4 Shout the tidings of salvation
O'er the islands of the sea,
Till, in humble adoration,
All to Christ shall bow the knee.

ELLESDIE. 8s & 7s, D.

"And take up the cross."

J. C. W. A. MOZART.

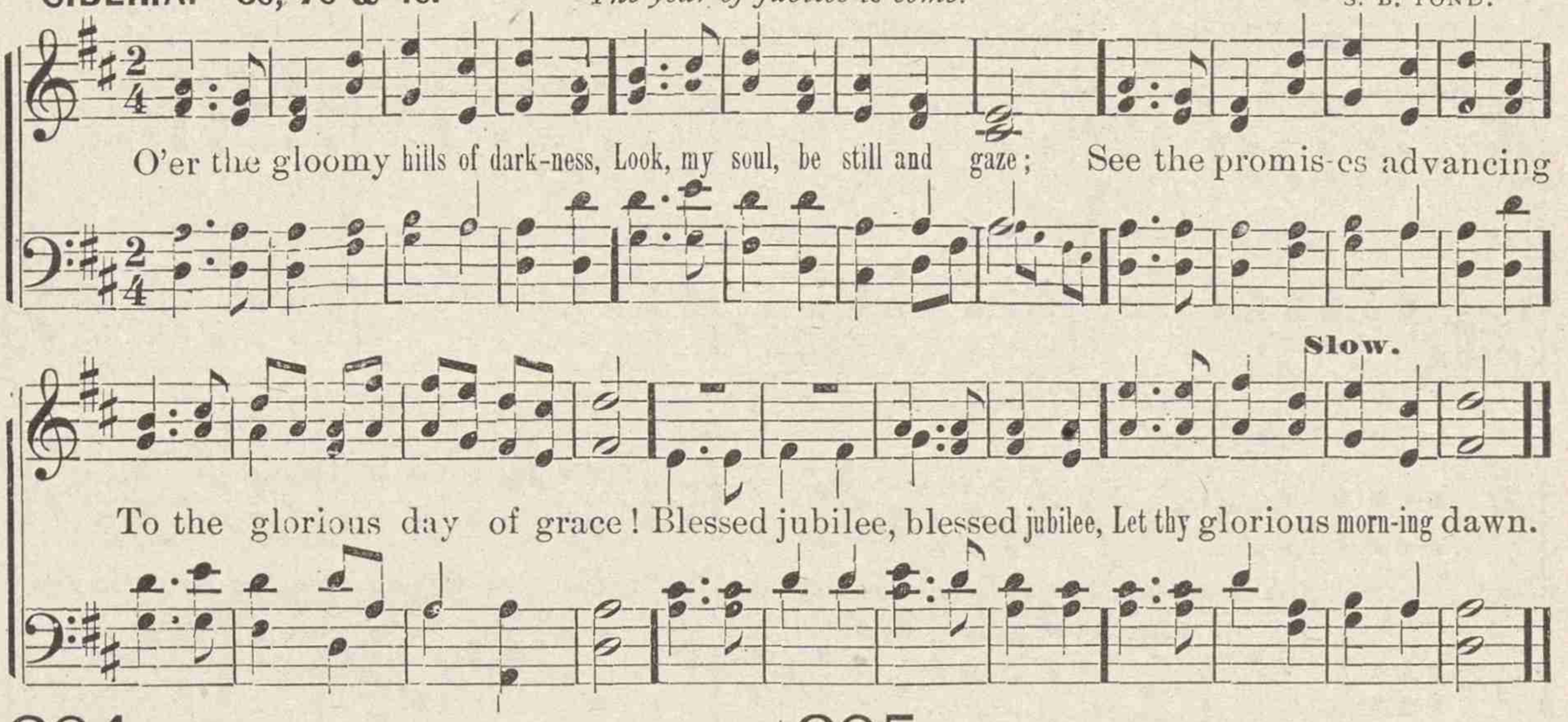
303 P. F. Lyte.

2 Let the world despise and leave me,
It has left my Savior, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not like them, untrue.
Whilst thy graces shall adorn me,
God of wisdom, love, and might—
Foes may hate, and friends may scorn me,
Show thy face, and all is bright.

3 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer,
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall cease thy earthly mission;
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise

MISSIONARY.

SIBERIA. 8s, 7s & 4s. *"The year of jubilee is come."* S. B. POND.



304

William Williams, 1772.

2 Let the dark, benighted pagan,
Let the rude barbarian see
That divine and glorious conquest
Once obtained on Calvary:
Let the gospel,
Loud resound from pole to pole.

3 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;
Now, from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night:
Let redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

4 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel;
Win and conquer,—never cease;
May thy lasting, wide dominions
Multiply and still increase:
Sway thy scepter,
Savior, all the world around.

305

[FIRST VERSE BELOW.] Thomas Kelly.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end:
Great deliverance
Zion's King will surely send.

4 Peace and joy shall now attend thee;
All thy warfare now is past;
God thy Savior will defend thee;
Victory is thine at last:
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

ZION. 8s, 7s & 4s. *"Zion shall be redeemed."* THOMAS HASTINGS.

SHIP OF ZION. P. M.

"The Macedonian cry."

ARR. BY R. M. M'INTOSH.

306

Mrs. M. B. C. Slade.

2 There's a moan from the desert, full of pain,
There's a sigh over Afric's sunny plain,
In the old ship of Zion, the strong help of Zion,
Bear good news of Zion o'er the main!
"Come over and help us!" is the cry;
Come over and help us, or we die;
Across the wide waters, hear Afric's dark daughters!
Oh, ship of salvation, thither fly.

3 There's a groan from the Ganges where they fall,
At the feet of the idols in their thrall;
In the old ship of Zion, the strong help of Zion,
The good news of Zion, bear them all!
"Come over and help us!" is the cry;
Come over and help us, or we die;
I see idols falling, and India calling;
Oh, Ship of Salvation, thither fly.

MISSIONARY.

DORT. 6s & 4s. *"Go into all the world."* LOWELL MASON.

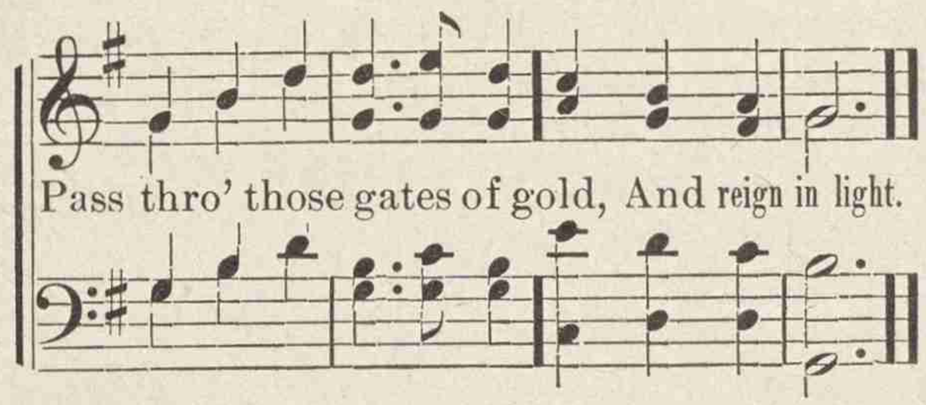
307 Thomas Kelly.

1 Sound, sound the truth abroad;
Bear ye the word of God
Through the wide world;
Tell what our Lord has done,
Tell how the day is won,
Tell from his lofty throne
Satan is hurled.

2 Far over sea and land,
Go, at your Lord's command;
Bear ye his name—
Bear it to every shore,
Regions unknown explore,
Enter at every door:
Silence is shame.

3 Speed on the wings of love—
Jesus, who reigns above,
Bids us to fly—
They, who his message bear,
Should neither doubt nor fear;
He will their Friend appear;
He will be nigh.

ITALIAN HYMN. 6s & 4s. *"He shall reign forever."* F. GIARDINI.



308 M. Bridges.

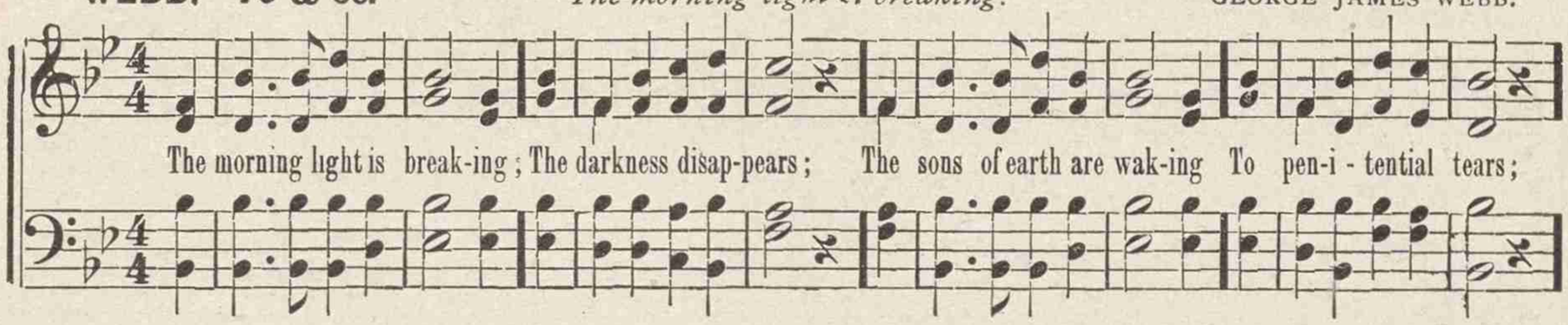
1 Rise, glorious Leader, rise
Into thy native skies—
Assume thy right;
And where, in many a fold,
The clouds are backward rolled,
Pass through those gates of gold,
And reign in light.

2 Victor o'er death and hell,
Cherubic legions swell
Thy radiant train;
Praises all heaven inspire;
Each angel sweeps his lyre,
And waves his wings of fire,
Thou Lamb once slain!

3 Enter, incarnate God:
No feet but thine have trod
The serpent down.
Blow the full trumpet—blow!
Wider your portals throw!
Savior, triumphant go,
And take thy crown!

MISSIONARY.

WEBB. 7s & 6s. *"The morning light is breaking."* GEORGE JAMES WEBB.

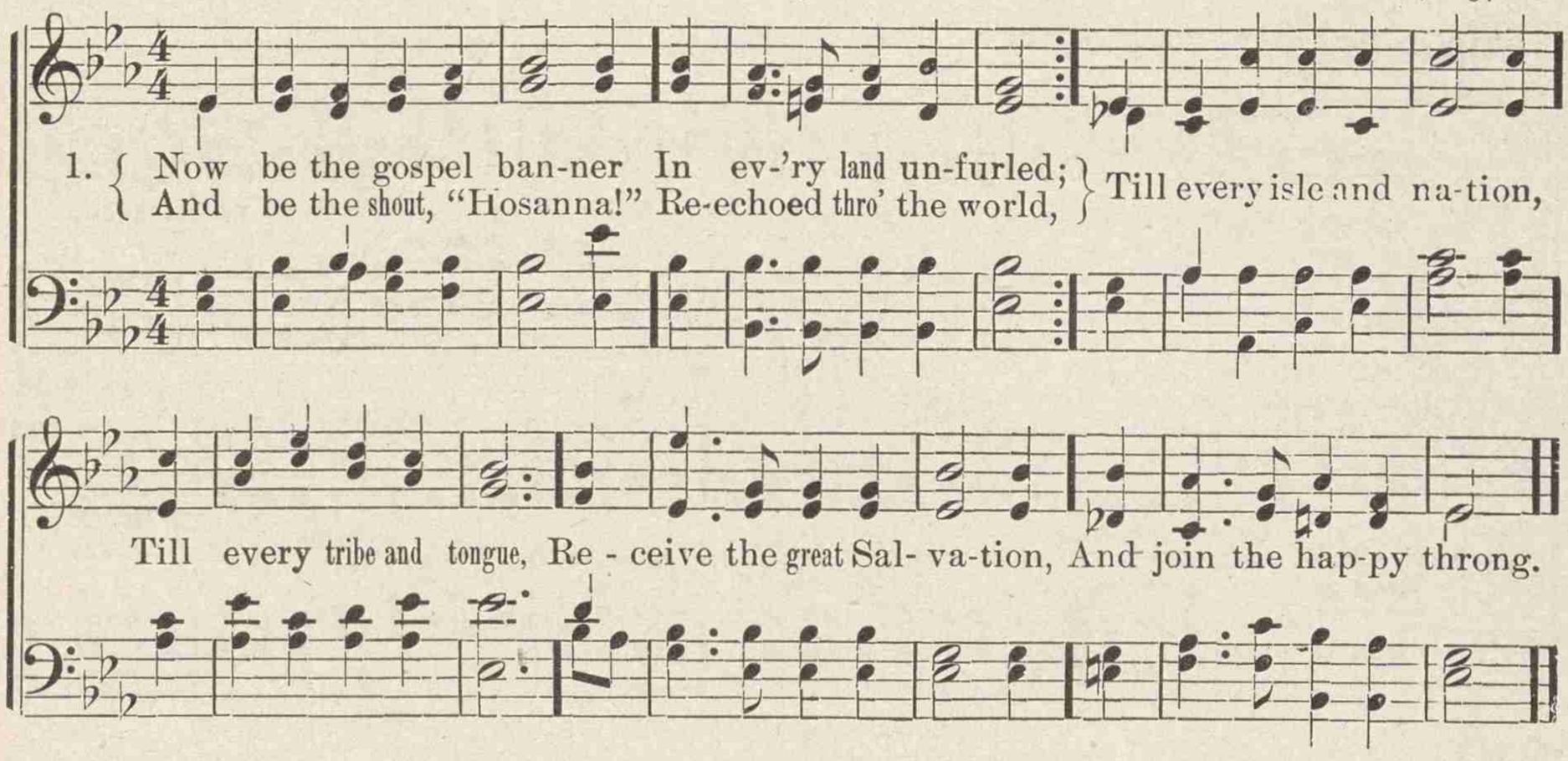


309 Samuel F. Smith.

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

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

JUDSON. 7s & 6s. D. *"All the world for Christ."* E. L. WHITE, 1834.



310 Thomas Hastings.

2 What tho' the embattled legions
Of earth and hell combine,
His pow'r throughout their regions
Shall soon resplendent shine.
Ride on, O Lord, victorious,
Immanuel, Prince of Peace!
Thy triumph shall be glorious,
Thine empire still increase.

3 Yes, thou shalt reign forever,
O Jesus, King of kings!
Thy light, thy love, thy favor,
Each ransom'd captive sings;
The isles for thee are waiting,
The deserts learn thy praise;
The hills and valleys greeting,
The song responsive raise.

MY MISSION FIELD. P. M. *"The Lord alone did lead him."* E. S. LORENZ.

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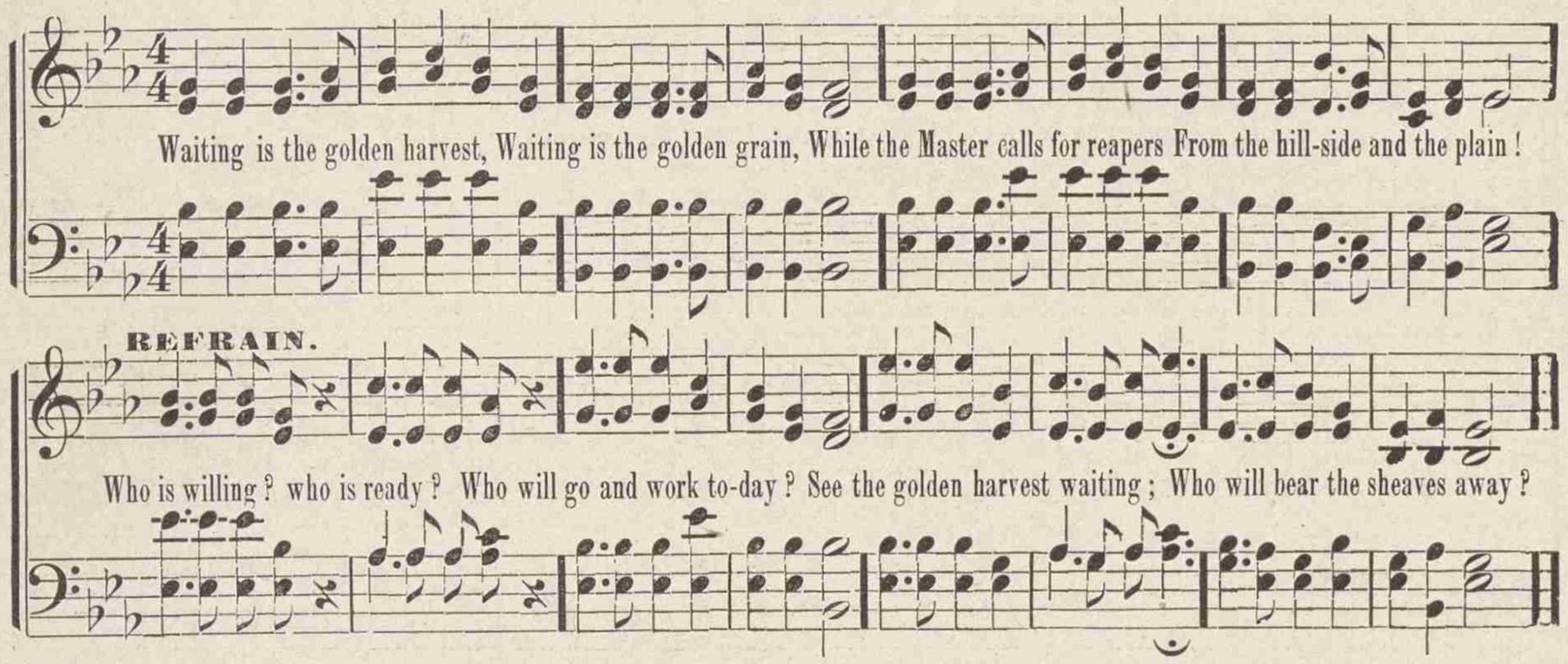
311

W. O. Cushing.

2 I would walk in the path where it leadeth unto day,
Though lonely the path might be;
I would take my staff and follow all the way,
'Tis the way my Lord leadeth me.—Cho.

3 I would toil in the field where he calleth me to go,
Though barren the soil might be;
Though the way be hard, 'tis sweet enough to know,
'Tis the way my Lord leadeth me.—Cho.

WHO IS READY? 8s & 7s. *"Go work to-day."* W. WARREN BENTLEY, by per.



312

Annie Cummings.

1 Waiting is the golden harvest,
Waiting is the golden grain,
While the Master calls for reapers
From the hillside and the plain.—Ref.

2 Truly is the harvest plenteous,
But the laborers are few;
Pray ye that the Lord of harvest
Send forth workmen tried and true.—Ref.

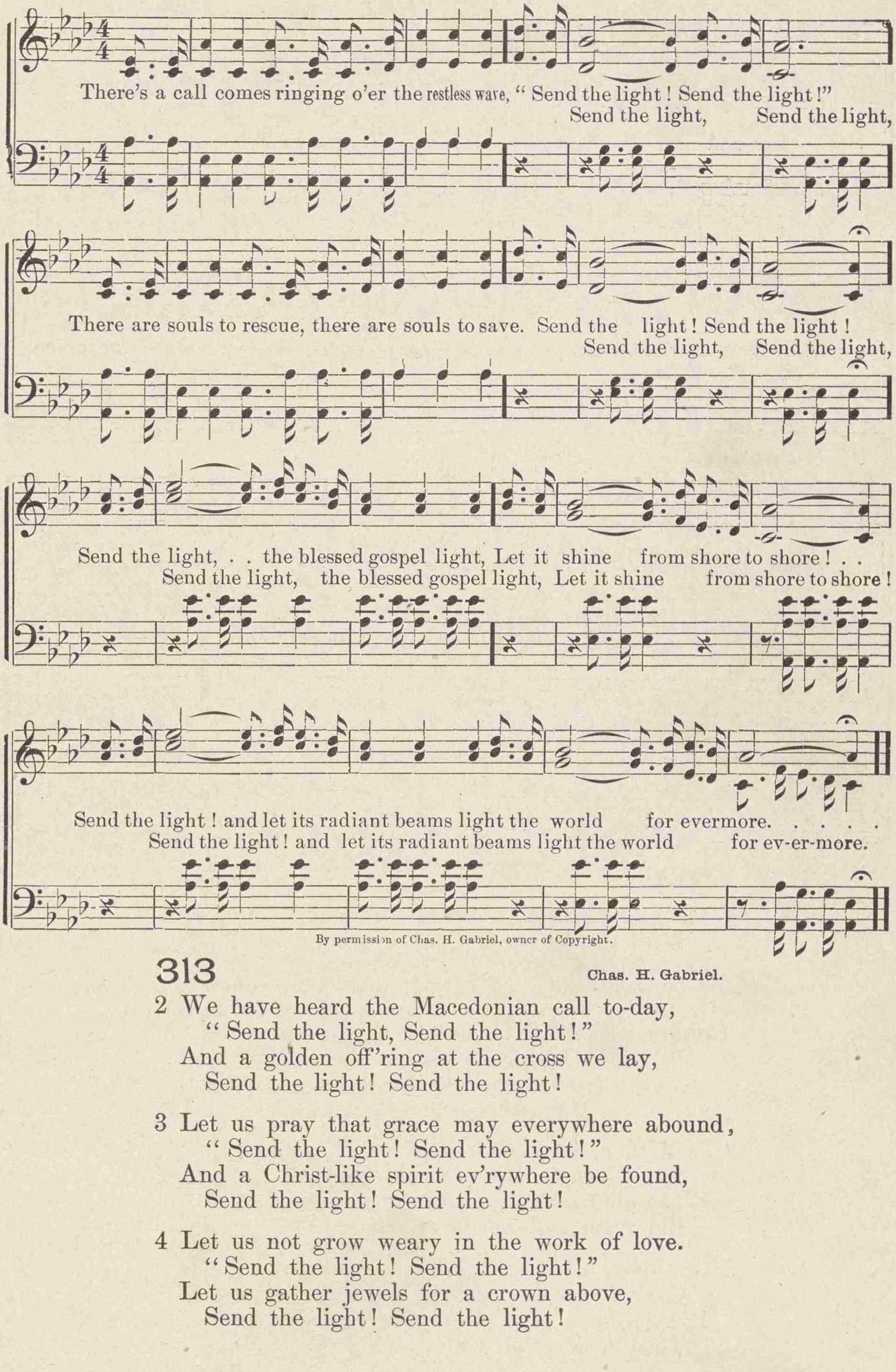
3 Will the master hold us guiltless,
If the work be left undone?
If for lack of labor perish,
Precious souls we might have won?—Ref.

4 Haste, oh, hasten, willing workers,
Swiftly speed the hours away;
Hearken to the Master's warning,
"Work ye, while 'tis called to-day!"—Ref.

SEND THE LIGHT. P. M.

"Go into all the world."

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



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313

Chas. H. Gabriel.

2 We have heard the Macedonian call to-day,
"Send the light, Send the light!"
And a golden off'ring at the cross we lay,
Send the light! Send the light!

3 Let us pray that grace may everywhere abound,
"Send the light! Send the light!"
And a Christ-like spirit ev'rywhere be found,
Send the light! Send the light!

4 Let us not grow weary in the work of love.
"Send the light! Send the light!"
Let us gather jewels for a crown above,
Send the light! Send the light!

"The harvest is great."

THE CALL FOR REAPERS. 8s & 7s.

J. B. O. CLEMM.

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314

J. O. Thompson.

1 Far and near the fields are teeming,
With the waves of ripened grain;
Far and near their gold is gleaming,
O'er the sunny slope and plain.

CHORUS.—Lord of Harvest, send forth reapers!
Hear us, Lord, to thee we cry;
Send them now the sheaves to gather,
Ere the harvest time pass by.

2 Send them forth with morn's first beaming,
Send them in the noontide glare;
When the sun's last rays are gleaming,
Bid them gather everywhere.—CHO.

3 Oh, thou, whom thy Lord is sending,
Gather now the sheaves of gold,
Heavenward, then, at evening wending,
Thou shalt come with joy untold.—CHO.

THE GLAD EVANGEL. 12s & 11s. *"Every knee shall bow."* FRANK M. DAVIS.

By permission.

315

Mr. C. L. Shacklock.

2 For a world in darkness light is ever shining
From the Fount of Mercy, Fount of tenderness;
Tell the wondrous story, Christ, the King of glory,
Lives and reigns forever, Sun of Righteousness.
Sun of Righteousness, Sun of Righteousness,
Lives and reigns forever, Sun of Righteousness.
Tell the wondrous story, Christ, the King of glory,
Lives and reigns forever, Sun of Righteousness.

3 Feed the famished nations with the food of angels,
With the heav'nly Manna, Christ will freely give;
He will save the dying, all their need supplying,
Bid them look to Jesus, bid them look and live.
Bid them look and live, bid them look and live,
Bid them look to Jesus, bid them look and live.
He will save the dying, all their need supplying,
Bid them look to Jesus, bid them look and live.

MISSIONARY.

BROOKLYN. H. M. *"Put on the whole armor of God."* J. ZUNDEL.

316

P. Doddridge.

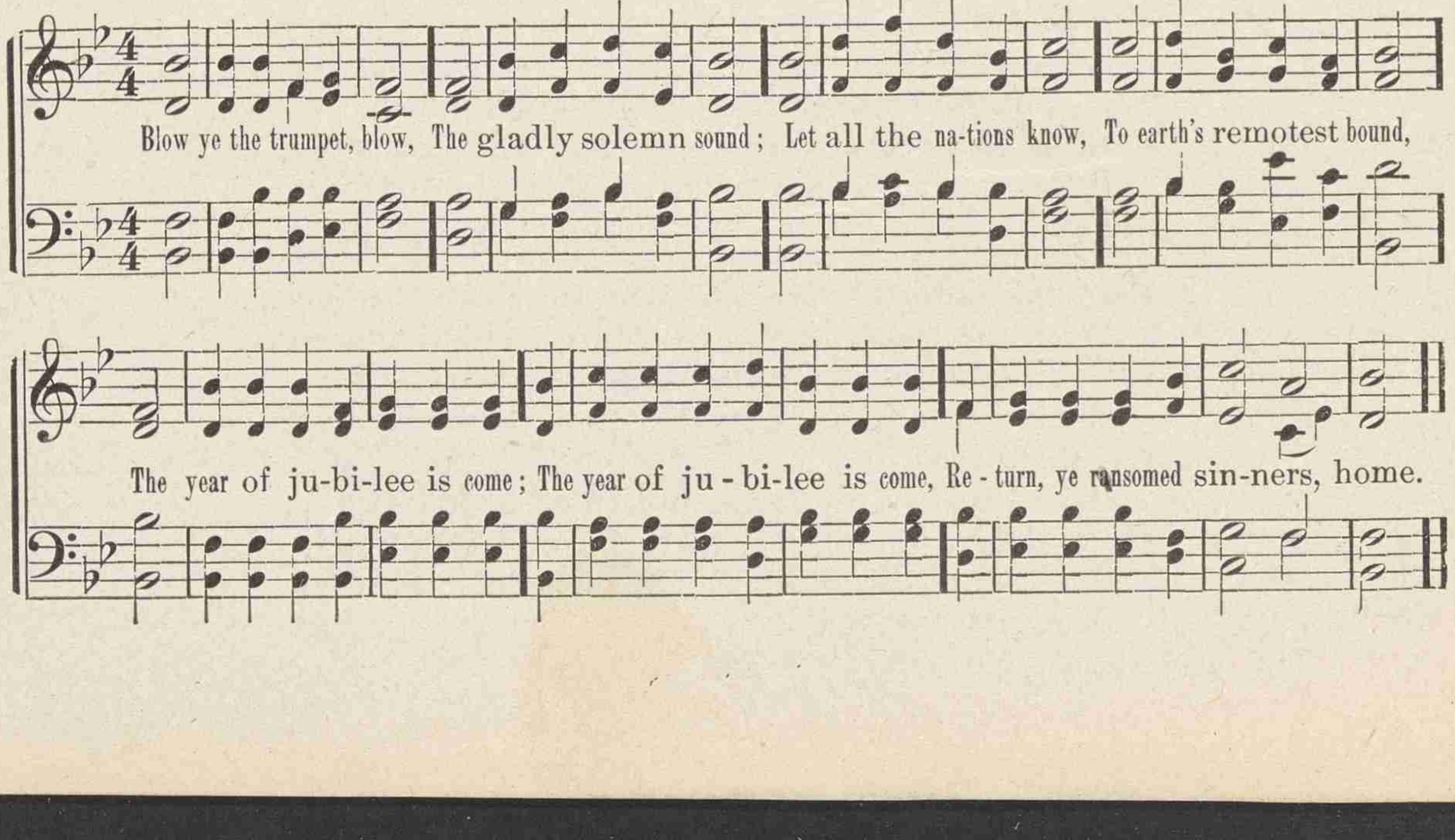
1 Gird on thy conqu'ring sword, Ascend thy shining car;
And march, almighty Lord, To wage thy holy war:
Before his wheels, In glad surprise, | ||: Ye valleys rise, And sink ye hills. :||

2 Fair truth, and smiling love, And injured righteousness,
Under thy banners move, And seek from thee redress:
Thou in their cause Shalt prosperous ride, | ||: And far and wide Dispense thy laws. :||

3 Before thine awful face Millions of foes shall fall,
The captives of thy grace,—The grace that conquers all:
The world shall know, Great King of kings, | ||: What wondrous things Thine arm can do. :||

4 Here to my waiting soul Bend thy triumphant way;
Here every fear control, And all thy power display:
My heart, thy throne, Blest Jesus, see, | ||: Bows low to thee,— To thee alone. :||

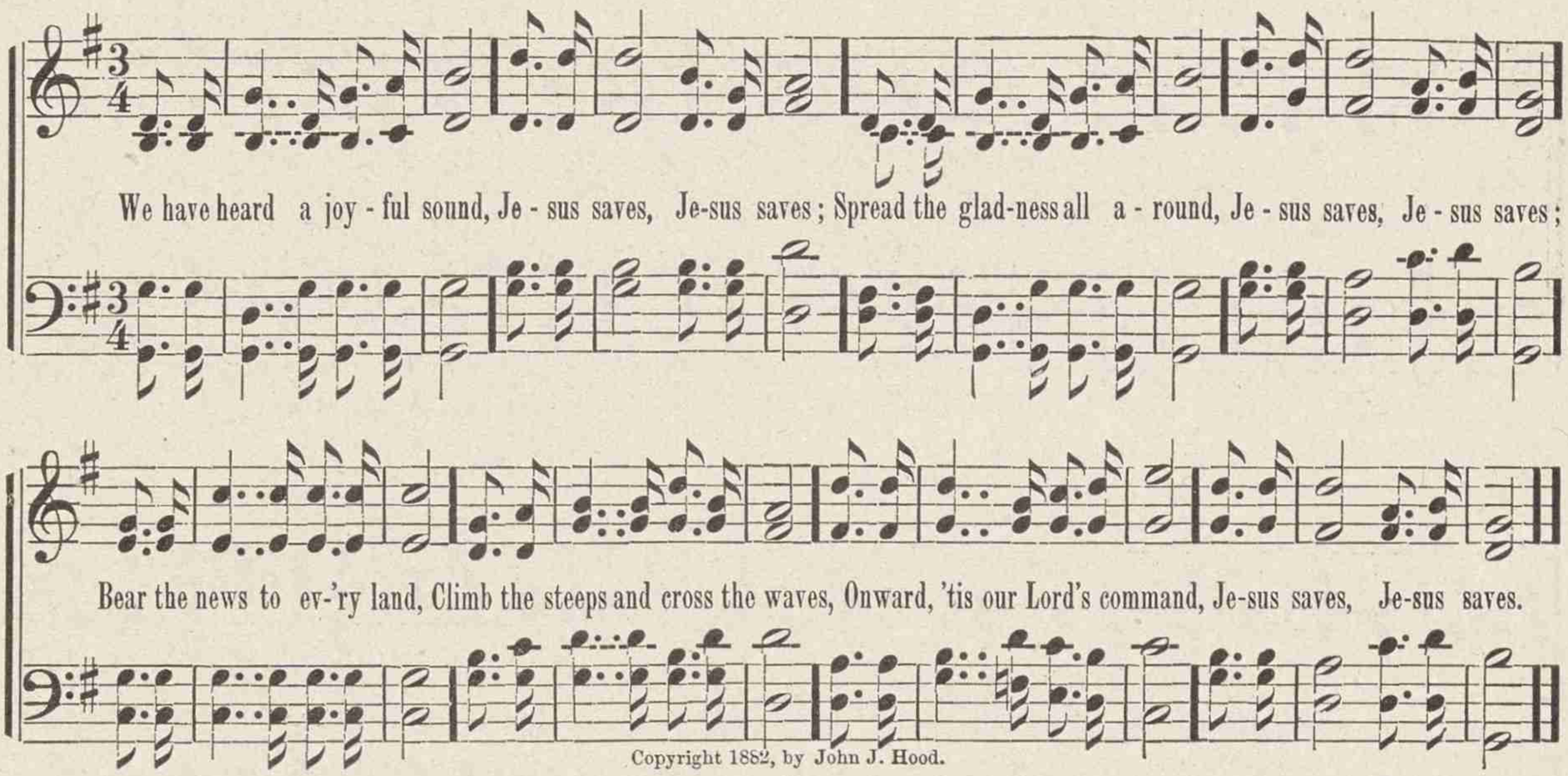
LENOX. H. M. *"The year of jubilee."* LEWIS EDSON, 1748—1820.



JESUS SAVES. P. M.

"He is able to save."

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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317

Priscilla J. Owens.

1 We have heard a joyful sound,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves;
Spread the gladness all around,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves;
Bear the news to ev'ry land,
Climb the steeps and cross the waves,
Onward, 'tis our Lord's command,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves.

2 Waft it on the rolling tide,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves;
Tell to sinners, far and wide,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves;
Sing, ye islands of the sea,
Echo back, ye ocean caves,
Earth shall keep her jubilee,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves.

3 Sing above the battle's strife,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves;
By his death and endless life,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves;
Sing it softly thro' the gloom,
When the heart for mercy craves,
Sing in triumph o'er the tomb,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves.

4 Give the winds a mighty voice,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves;
Let the nations now rejoice,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves;
Shout salvation full and free,
Highest hill and deepest caves,
This our song of victory,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves.

318

Charles Wesley, 1750.

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

2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by his blood
Through all the lands proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pardoning grace:
Ye happy souls, draw near;
Behold your Savior's face:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home

4 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mourning souls, be glad:
The year of Jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

CHURCH RALLYING SONG. P. M. *"Fight the good fight."*

JNO. R. SWEENEY.

1. Awake! a-wake! the Mas-ter now is call-ing us, A-rise! a-rise! and trusting in his word, Go
forth, go forth! proclaim the year of ju - bi - lee, And take the cross, the bless-ed cross, of Christ our Lord.

CHORUS.

On, on, swell the chorus; On, on, the morning star is shining o'er us; On, on, while be-
On, on, on, swell the chorus, On, on, on, On, on, on,
fore us Our might-y, mighty Sav-ior leads the way:
while before leads the way, { Glor-y, glor-y, hear the ev - er - last-ing throng / Shout ho-san-na, while we bold-ly march a-long: }

Faith - ful soldiers here be-low, On - ly Je-sus will we know, Shout-ing "free sal - va - tion," o'er the world we go.

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319

Fanny J. Crosby.

1 Awake! awake! the Master now is calling us,
Arise! arise! and trusting in his word,
Go forth! go forth! proclaim the year of jubilee,
And take the cross, the blessed cross, of Christ our Lord.—CHO.

2 A cry for light from dying ones in heathen lands;
It comes, it comes across the ocean's foam;
Then haste, oh, haste to spread the words of truth abroad,
Forgetting not the starving poor at home, dear home.—CHO.

3 Oh, church of God, extend thy kind maternal arms
To save the lost on mountains dark and cold,
Reach out thy hand with loving smile to rescue them,
And bring them to the shelter of the Savior's fold.—CHO.

4 Look up! look up! the promised day is drawing near,
When all shall hail, shall hail the Savior King,
When peace and joy shall fold their wings in every clime,
And "Glory, hallelujah," o'er the earth shall ring.—CHO.

THE BATTLE HYMN. 8s. *"He shall reign forever."* JOHN WHITAKER.

320

Ray Palmer.

1 Eternal Father, thou hast said,
That Christ all glory shall obtain;
That he who once a suff'rer bled
Shall o'er the world a conqu'ror reign.

2 We wait thy triumph, Savior King;
Long ages have prepared thy way;
Now all abroad thy banner fling,
Set time's great battle in array.

3 Thy hosts are mustered to the field;
"The Cross! the Cross!" the battle call,
The old grim tow'rs of darkness yield:
And soon shall totter to their fall.

4 On mountain tops the watch-fires glow,
Where scattered wide the watchmen stand:
Voice echoes voice, and onward flow
The joyous shouts from land to land.

5 Oh, fill thy Church with faith and pow'r,
Bid her long night of weeping cease;
To groaning nations haste the hour
Of life and freedom, light and peace.

6 Come, Spirit, make thy wonders known,
Fulfill the Father's high decree;
Then earth, the might of hell o'erthrown,
Shall keep her last great jubilee.

MISSIONARY.

"I have meat to eat that you know not of."

I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY. 7s & 6s. WILLIAM G. FISCHER, by per.

321 Catharine Hankey.

1 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 'tis true;
It satisfies my longings,
As nothing else can do.

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;
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the story;
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own holy word.

4 I love to tell the story;
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the new, new song,
'Twill be the old, old story
That I have loved so long.

MISSIONARY.

TELL IT OUT. P. M. *"Preach the gospel to every creature."* ARR. BY C. C. CLINE.

Copyright 1892, by C. C. Cline.

322

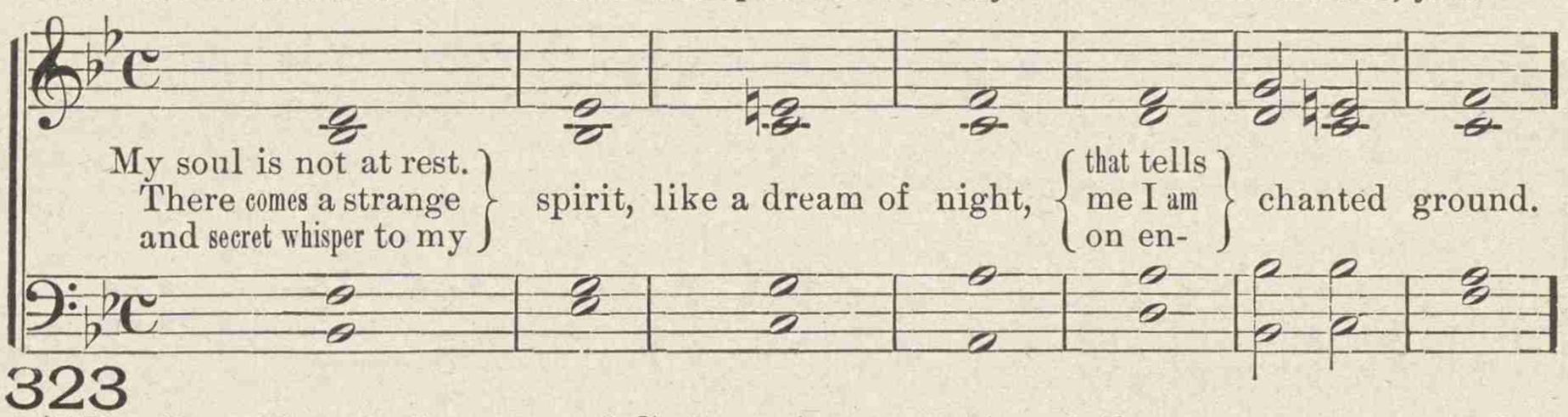
Frances R. Havergal.

2 Tell it out among the nations that the Savior reigns;
Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out among the heathen, bid them break their chains;
Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out among the weeping ones that Jesus lives,
Tell it out among the weary ones what rest he gives,
Tell it out among the sinners that he came to save,
Tell it out! Tell it out!

3 Tell it out among the people, Jesus reigns above;
Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out among the nations that his reign is love;
Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out among the highways and the lanes at home,
Let it ring across the mountains and the ocean's foam,
That the weary, heavy-laden, need no longer roam;
Tell it out! Tell it out!

THE MISSIONARY CALL.

"Even Christ pleased not himself." EDWARD HOWE, JUN.



323

2 Why live I here? the vows of God are | on me; | and I may not stop to play with shadows or pluck earthly | flowers, | till I my work have done, and | rendered up ac- | count.

3 And I will | go! | I may no longer doubt to give up friends and idol | hopes, | and every tie that binds my heart to | thee, my | country.

4 Henceforth then, it matters not, if storm or sunshine be my | earthly lot, | bitter or sweet my | cup: | I only pray: "God make me holy, and my spirit nerve for the stern | hour of | strife!"

5 And when one for whom Satan has struggled as he hath for | me, | has gained at last that blessed | shore, | Oh! how this heart will glow with | gratitude and | love.

SALVATION TO OUR GOD.

"Preach the gospel to every creature."

W. A OGDEN.

CHORUS.

324 "Salvation! Sal-va-tion!" The armies of the ransomed sing, "Salvation!" is their bat-tle cry, As on they march to vic-to-ry; "Sal-va-tion, Sal-va-tion, be un-to our God!" 1. In his name advance, With his ar-my go;

2. Men, your station take, Fight for Christ your Lord;

Fine. Base Solo. Obligato.

1. In the name of Christ advancing, See his army onward go;
2. Ye who're men, now take your station, In the army of the Lord;

Un-til Je-sus Christ Tri-umphs o'er the foe. Forward,
In his ar-mor make Bat-tle for his word.

Un-til Je-sus Christ has triumphed, Over ev-'ry foe.
With his roy-al pro-clam-a-tion, Preach the saving word.

D. C.

men of God, Where the Savior trod! With his flag unfurled, Go throughout the world.

By permission.

SHOUT FOR THE KING!

E. S. HOSMER.

325

Rev. W. H. G. Temple.

2 Shout for the King, for 'tis he who has freed us,
From slavery's yoke and from sin's galling chain;
His mercy has found us, his love has decreed us
A place of high honor in royalty's train.

3 Shout for the King! and his subjects defending
From all who would scorn his beneficent laws,
We'll bare our right arm for his glory unending,
And fight for the truth of our sovereign's pure cause.

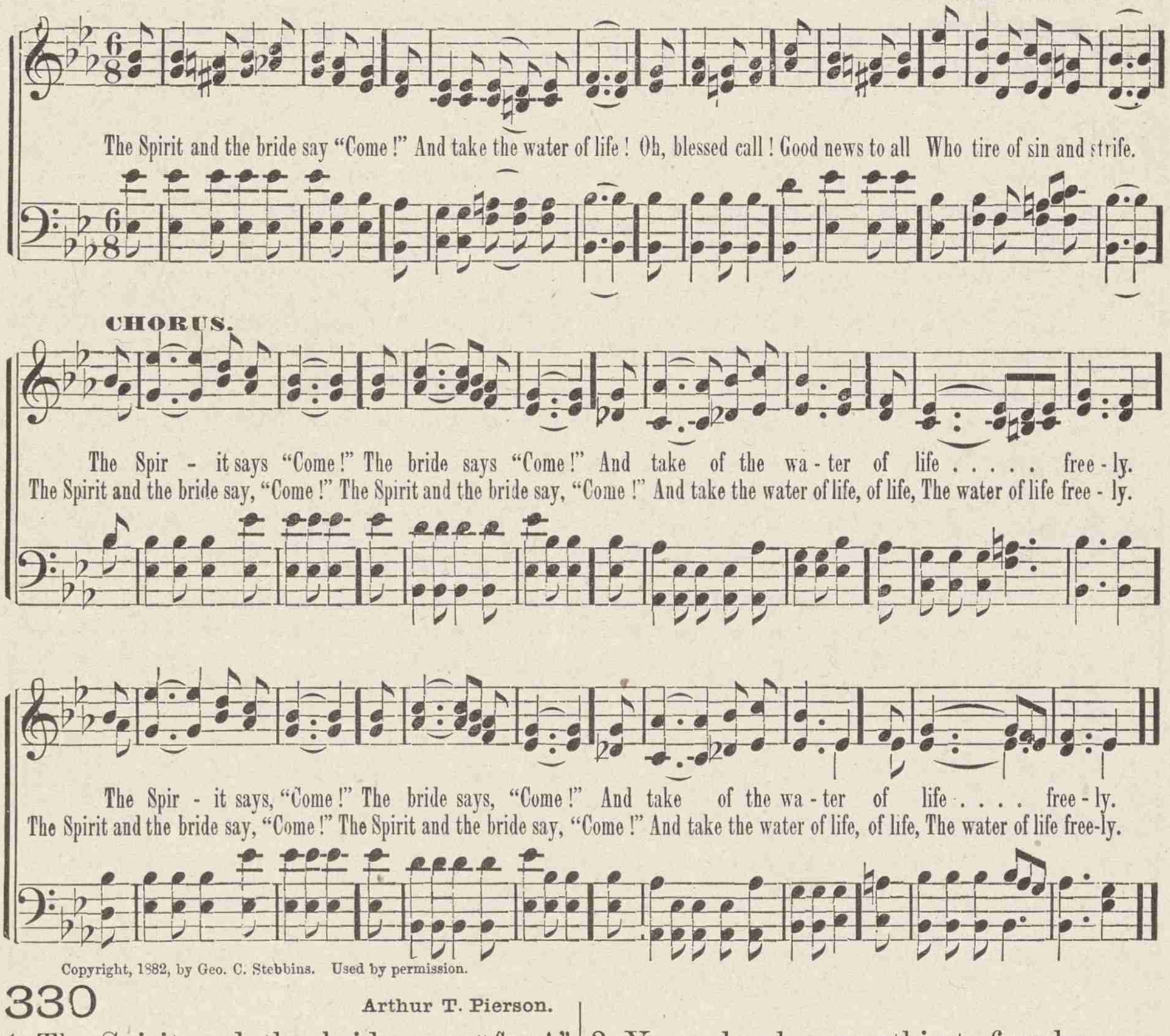
4 Shout for the King! soon the fray will be over,
And they who are loyal shall win great renown;
For victory's sure, and each soul shall discover
A mansion, a title, a robe and a crown.

INVITATION.

The Spirit and the Bride say COME. And let him that heareth say COME. And let him that is athirst COME. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely. Rev. 22 : 17.

THE GOSPEL CALL. P. M.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.



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330 Arthur T. Pierson.

1 The Spirit and the bride say, "Come!"
And take of the water of life!
Oh, blessed call! good news to all
Who are tired of sin and strife.

2 Let ev'ry one who hears, say, "Come!"
And joyful witness give;
I heard the sound, the stream I found,
I drank, and now I live!

3 Ye souls who are athirst, forsake
Your broken cisterns first;
Then come, partake, one draught will slake
Your soul's consuming thirst.

4 Yea, whosoever will, may come,
Your longings Christ can fill;
The stream is free to you and me,
And whosoever will.

INVITATION.

"There shall be a fountain for sin and uncleanness."

COME TO THE FOUNTAIN.

I. BALTZELL, by per.

331 I. Baltzell.

1 Oh, come to-day to the fountain,
That flows for you and for me;
Oh, come and drink of its waters,
They flow ever full and free.

2 Oh, sinner, burdened with sorrow,
How sweet the message to thee;
Oh, come to-day to the fountain,
That flows ever full and free.

3 Oh, sinner, look unto Jesus,
Who conquered death and the grave;
He bids you come to the fountain,
Its waters have power to save.

4 Why will you wander in darkness,
Why to the world will you cling?
Oh, come and plunge in the fountain,
And you shall be free from sin.

FOUNTAIN. C. M.

"In that day shall be opened a fountain."

AMERICAN MELODY.

332 Wm. Cowper.

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

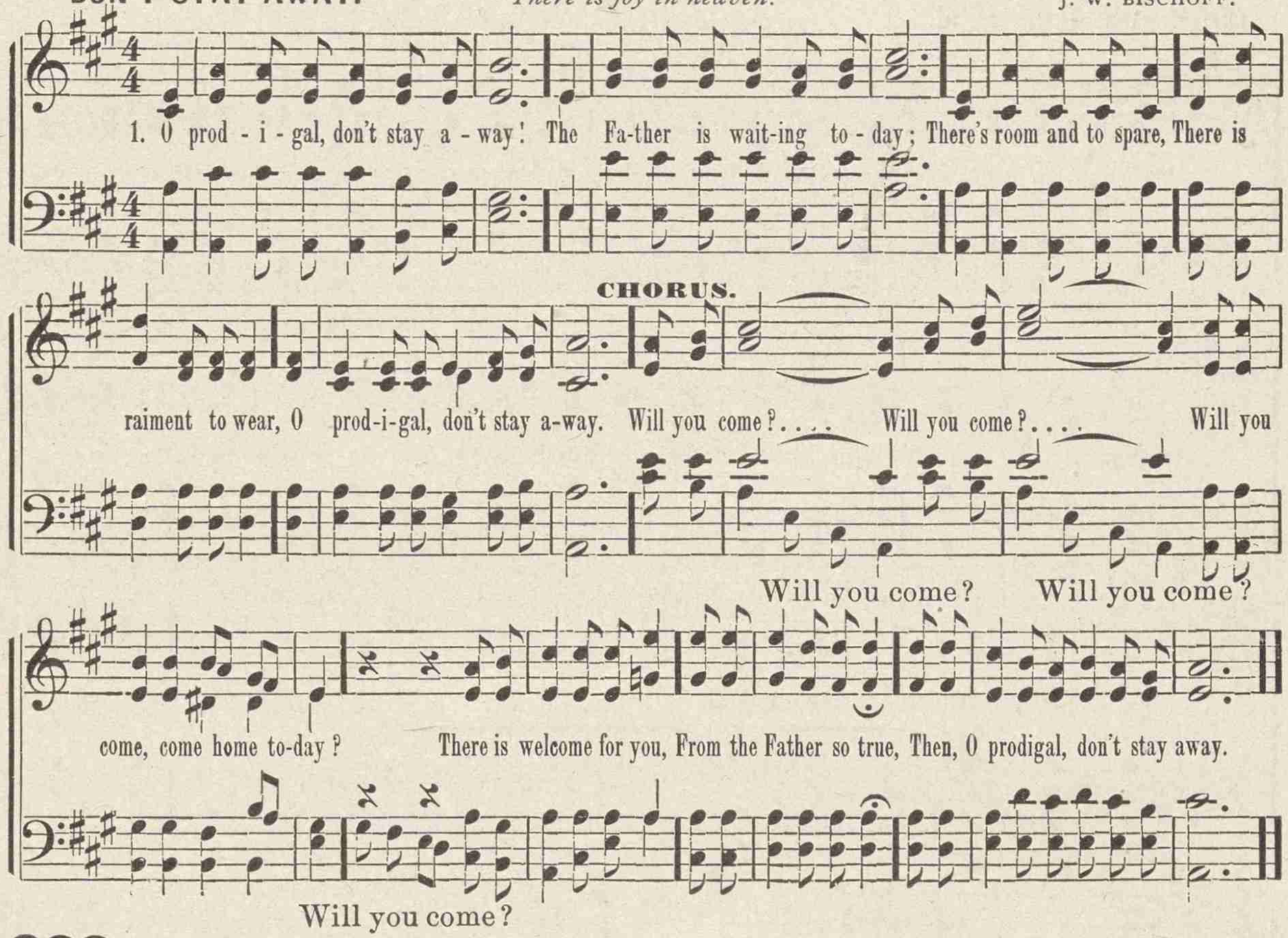
2 O Lamb of God! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.

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

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

INVITATION.

DON'T STAY AWAY. *"There is joy in heaven."* J. W. BISCHOFF.



333 J. E. Rankin.

1 O prodigal, don't stay away!
The Father is waiting to-day;
There's room and to spare, there is raiment to wear,
O prodigal, don't stay away.

2 O prodigal brother, come home!
Why longer in wretchedness roam?
You're lonely and lost, you're driven and tossed,
O prodigal brother, come home.

3 O prodigal, what will you do?
Love's table is waiting for you;
Forgiveness so sweet, sure, your coming will greet,
O prodigal, what will you do?

4 O prodigal brother, arise!
For pardon, look up to the skies;
No longer then stray from thy Father away,
O prodigal brother, arise.

GRUBBS. C. M. *"Blessed are they that do."* PERRY STEVENSON.

334 Joseph Hart.

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

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

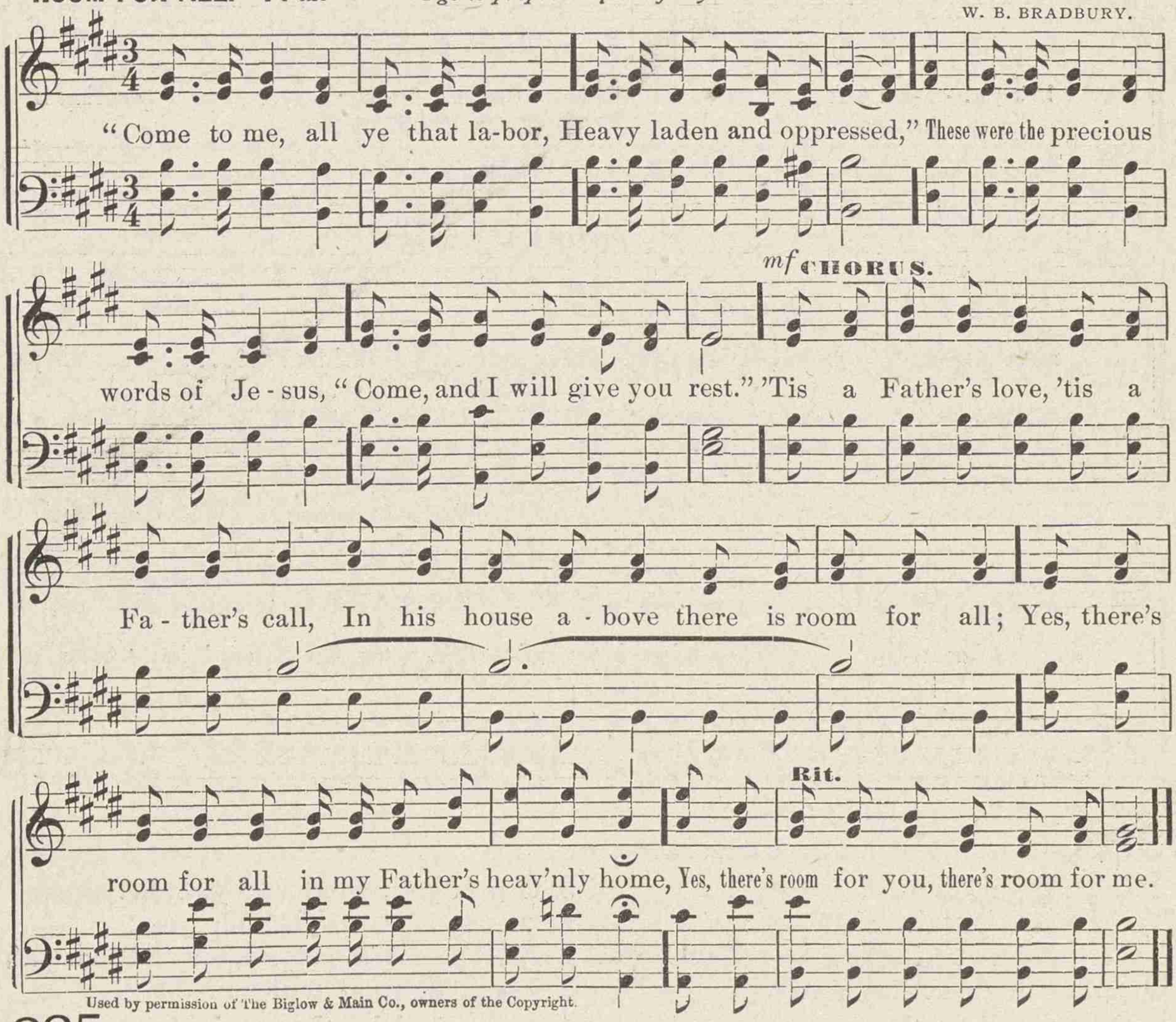
3 Death enters, and there's no defense;
His time there's none can tell;
He'll in a moment call thee hence,
To heaven, or down to hell.

4 Thy flesh, perhaps thy greatest care,
Shall into dust consume;
But, ah! destruction stops not there;
Sin kills beyond the tomb.

INVITATION.

ROOM FOR ALL. P. M. *"I go to prepare a place for you."*

W. B. BRADBURY.



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335 Unknown.

1 "Come to me, all ye that labor,
Heavy laden and oppressed;"
These were the precious words of Jesus,
"Come, and I will give you rest."—CHO.

2 "Take my easy yoke upon you,
Leave the wrong and choose the right;
Come, learn of me, the meek and lowly,
You shall find my burden light.—CHO.

3 Lord, we come to plead thy promise;
We, by sin and guilt oppressed,
Would take thy easy yoke upon us;
Grant us, Lord, on thee to rest.—CHO.

4 Guard us by thy kind protection,
Purify our every heart;
Oh, teach us, Lord, and make us humble,
Meek, and lowly, as thou art.—CHO.

ALMOST PERSUADED. P. M.

P. P. Bliss.

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336

1 "Almost persuaded" now to believe;
"Almost persuaded" Christ to receive.
Seems now some soul to say,
"Go, Spirit, go thy way,
Some more convenient day
On thee I'll call."

2 "Almost persuaded," come, come to-day;
"Almost persuaded," turn not away.
Jesus invites you here,
Angels are lingering near;
Prayers rise from hearts so dear:
O wanderer, come!

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

INVITATION.

KIMMEL. IIs. *"All things ready."* W. T. MOORE.

337

Josiah Hopkins, 1830.

2 How vain the delusion, that while you delay,
Your hearts may grow better by staying away!
Come wretched, come starving, come just as you be
While streams of salvation are flowing so free.

3 And now Christ is ready your souls to receive;
Oh! how can you question, if you will believe?
If sin is your burden, why will you not come?
'Tis you he bids welcome; he bids you come home.

4 Why will you be starving, and feeding on air?
There's mercy in Jesus, enough and to spare;
If still you are doubting, make trial and see,
And prove that his mercy is boundless and free.

338

Thomas Hastings, 1831.

1 Delay not, delay not; O sinner! draw near,
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
No price is demanded, the Savior is here,
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

2 Delay not, delay not; why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus, thy God?
A fountain is opened,—how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in his pardoning blood?

3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner! to come,
For mercy still lingers and calls thee to-day;
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb,—
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.

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

INVITATION.

HARTEL. L. M. *"My spirit will not always strive."* DR. L. MASON.

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339 G. Tersteegen, 1739. Tr. by Jane Borthwick, 1853.

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

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

3 God calling yet! and shall I give
No heed, but still in bondage live?
I wait, but he does not forsake;
He calls me still! my heart, awake!

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

FOREST. L. M. *"Come, for all things are now ready."* AARON CHAPIN.

340 C. Wesley.

1 Come, sinners, to the gospel feast;
Let every soul be Jesus' guest,
You need not one be left behind,
For God has bidden all mankind.

2 Come, all you souls by sin oppressed,
You weary wanderers after rest;
You poor and maimed, and halt and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

3 The message, as from God, receive–
You all may come to Christ and live;
Oh, let his love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer him to call in vain.

4 This is the time—no more delay;
The Savior calls you all to-day:
Oh, may his call effectual prove!
Accept the offers of his love!

WINDHAM. L. M. *"The broad and narrow way."* DANIEL READ.

341 Isaac Watts.

1 Broad is the road that leads to death;
And thousands walk together there;
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveler.

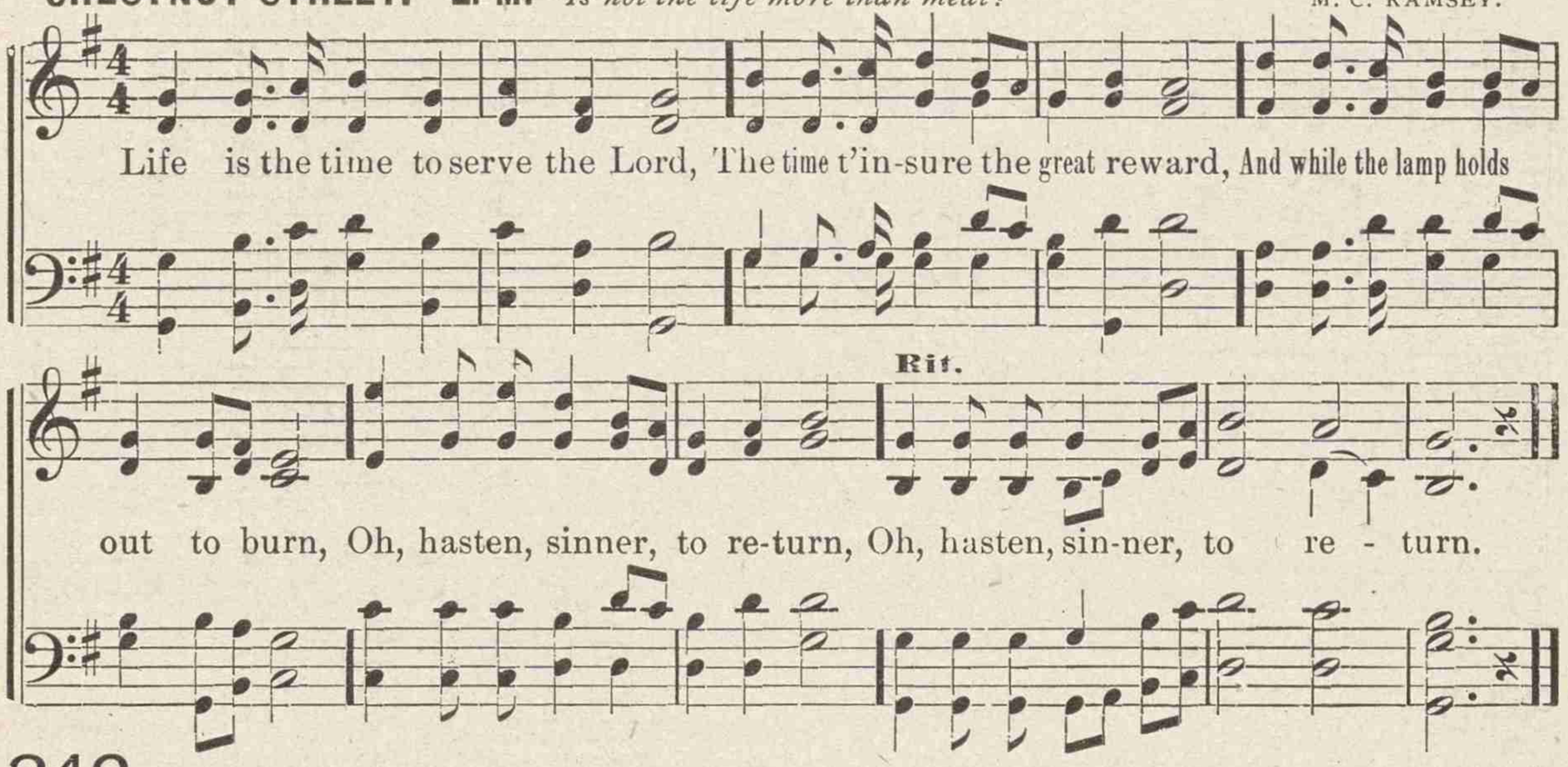
2 "Deny thyself, and take thy cross,"
Is the Redeemer's great command;
Nature must co ınt her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heavenly land.

3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteemed almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.

4 Lord, let my hopes be not in vain,
Create my heart entirely new;
This, hypocrites could ne'er attain;
This, false apostates never knew.

INVITATION.

CHESTNUT STREET. L. M. *"Is not the life more than meat?"* M. C. RAMSEY.



342 Isaac Watts.

2 Life is the hour that God has given
To 'scape from hell, and fly to heaven;
The day of grace, when mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.

3 The living know that they must die,
Beneath the clods their dust must lie;
Then have no share in all that's done
Beneath the circle of the sun.

4 Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands, with all your might pursue;
Since no device nor work is found,
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.

5 There are no acts of pardon passed
In the cold grave to which we haste;
Oh, may we all receive thy grace,
And see with joy thy smiling face!

BERA. L. M. *"Except ye repent."* JNO. E. GOULD.

343 R. S. Cook.

1 Burden'd with guilt, wouldst thou be blest?
Trust not the world; it gives no rest;
I bring relief to hearts oppressed:
O weary sinner, come, oh, come!

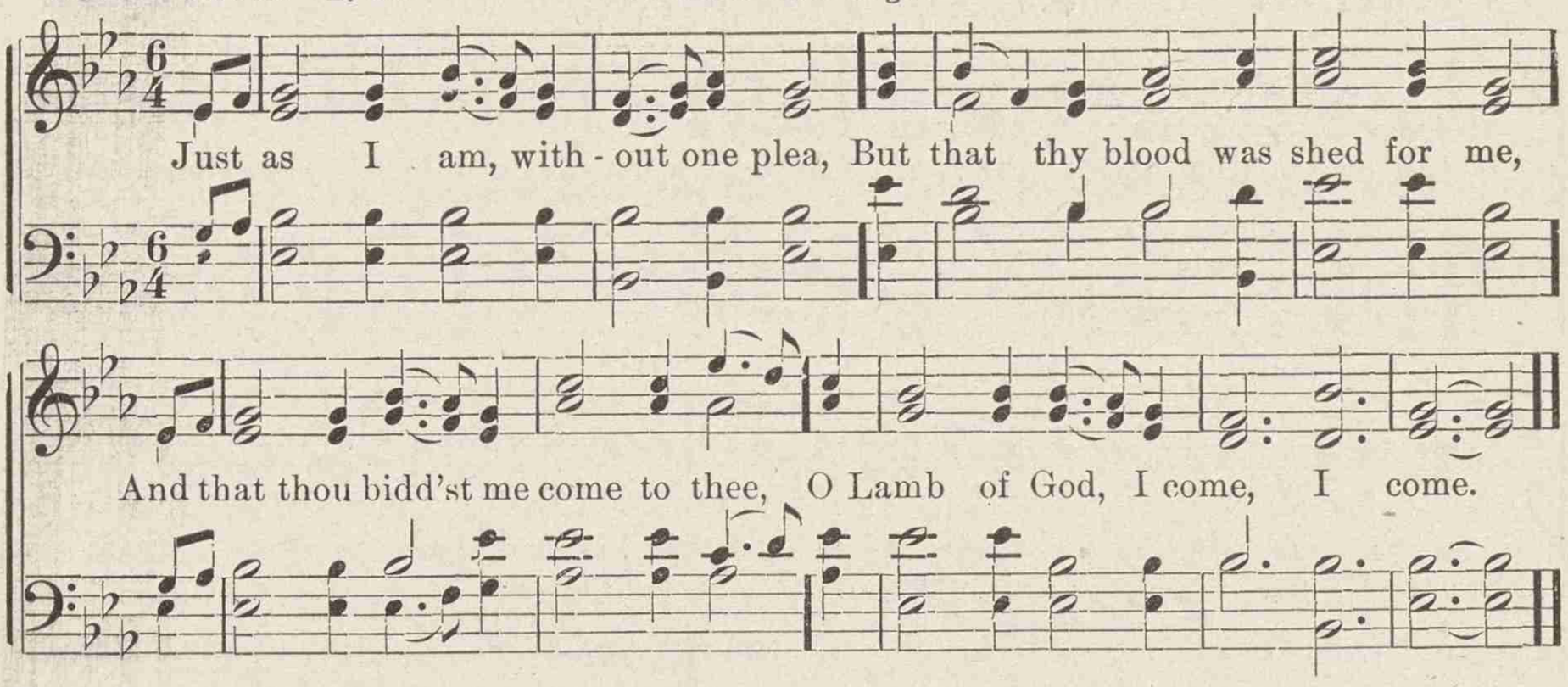
2 Come, leave thy burden at the cross;
Count all thy gains but empty dross;
My grace repays all earthly loss,
O needy sinner, come, oh, come!

3 Come, hither bring thy boding fears,
Thine aching heart, thy bursting tears;
'Tis mercy's voice salutes thine ears;
O trembling sinner, come, oh, come!

4 "The Spirit and the bride say, Come;"
Rejoicing saints re-echo, Come!
Who faints, who thirsts, who will, may come;
Thy Savior bids thee come, oh, come!

INVITATION.

WOODWORTH. L. M. *"To whom shall we go?"* WM. B. BRADBURY.



344

Charlotte Elliott.

1 Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come, 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, I come.

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

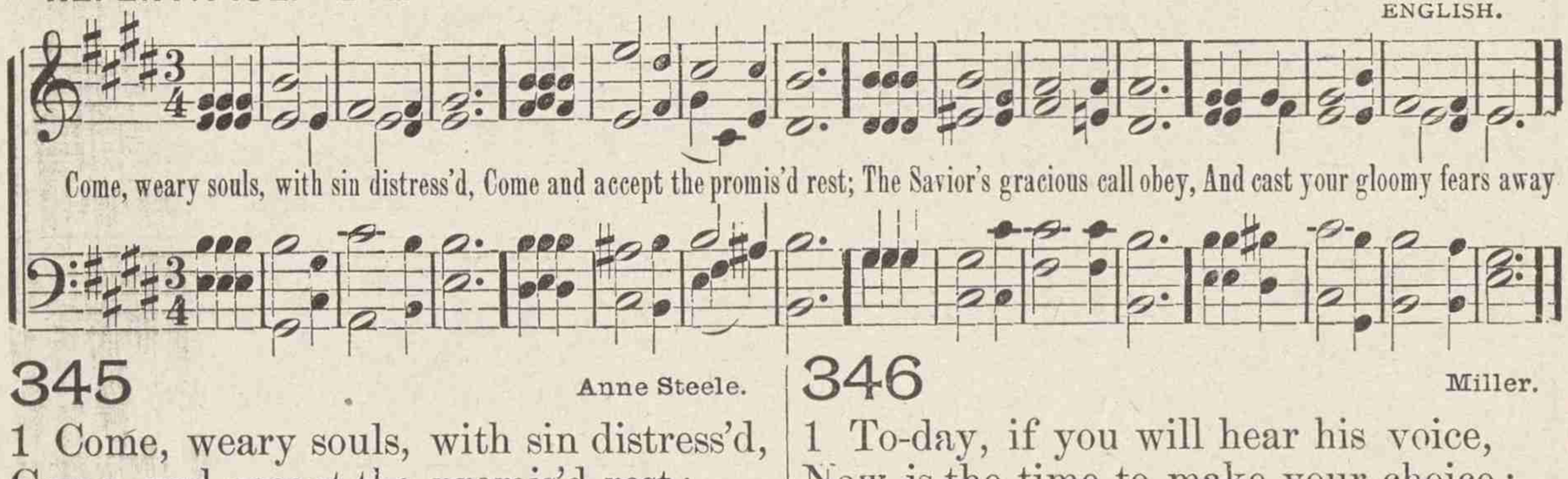
4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,—
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find—
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because thy promise I believe—
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

6 Just as I am, thy love unknown,
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

REPENTANCE.

L. M. *"Now is the accepted time."* ENGLISH.



345

Anne Steele.

1 Come, weary souls, with sin distress'd,
Come, and accept the promis'd rest;
The Savior's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.

2 Oppress'd with guilt, a heavy load,
Oh, come and bow before your God!
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.

3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes;
Pardon, and life, and endless peace,
How rich the gift, how free the grace!

346

Miller.

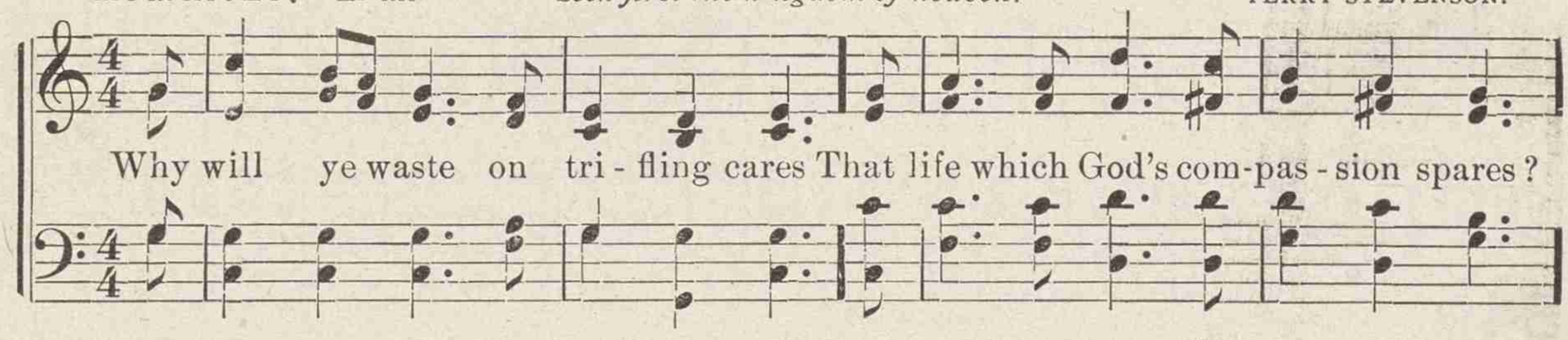
1 To-day, if you will hear his voice,
Now is the time to make your choice;
Say, will you to Mount Zion go?
Say, will you come to Christ or no?

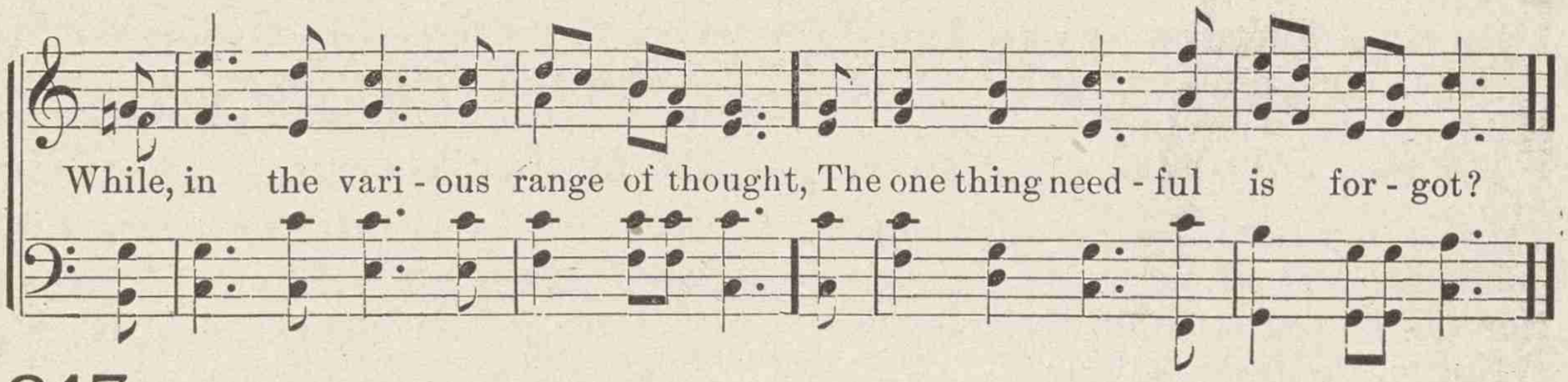
2 Say, will you be forever blest,
And with this glorious Jesus rest?
Will you be saved from guilt and pain?
Will you with Christ forever reign?

3 Make now your choice, and halt no more;
He now is waiting for the poor;
Say, now, poor souls, what will you do?
Say, will you come to Christ or no?

INVITATION.

McGARVEY. L. M. *"Seek first the kingdom of heaven."* PERRY STEVENSON.





347 Philip Doddridge.

1 Why will ye waste on trifling cares
That life which God's compassion spares?
While, in the various range of thought,
The one thing needful is forgot?

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

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

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

VAIL. C. M. *"Jesus died for me."* S. J. VAIL.

348 Isaac Watts.

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

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God's own Son was crucified
For man the creature's sin.—Cho.

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

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

INVITATION.

AZMON. C. M. *"Did not confess him lest—."* C. G. GLASER.

349 Isaac Watts.

1 I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
Nor to defend his cause;
Maintain the honor of his word,
The glory of his cross.

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

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

4 Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint for me a place.

DOWNS. C. M. *"Jesus died for me."* LOWELL MASON.

350 W. H. Bathurst, d. 1877.

1 Great God, when I approach thy throne,
And all thy glory see;
This is my stay, and this alone,
That Jesus died for me.

2 How can a soul condemned to die,
Escape the just decree?
Helpless and full of sin am I,
But Jesus died for me.

3 Burdened with sin's oppressive chain,
Oh, how can I get free?
No peace can all my efforts gain,
But Jesus died for me.

4 And, Lord, when I behold thy face,
This must be all my plea;
Save me by thy almighty grace,
For Jesus died for me.

BROWN. C. M. *"All things are now ready."* WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, 1044.

351 Philip Doddridge.

1 The King of heav'n his table spreads;
And dainties crown the board;
Not paradise, with all its joys,
Could such delights afford.

2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endless life are giv'n,
Through the rich blood that Jesus shed,
To raise our souls to heav'n.

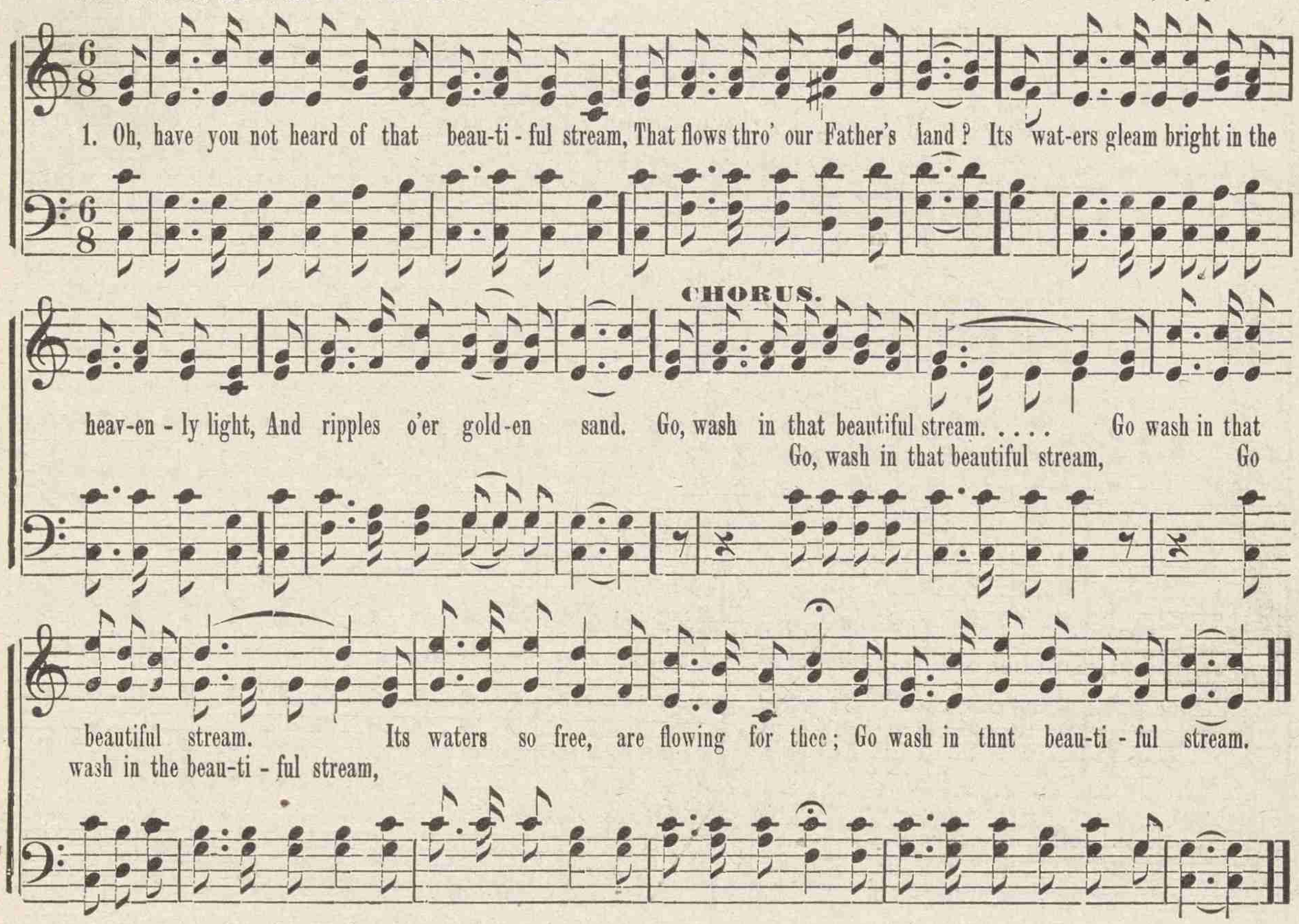
3 You hungry poor, that long have stray'd
In sin's dark mazes, come;
Come from your most obscure retreat,
And grace shall find you room.

4 All things are ready; come away,
Nor weak excuses frame;
Crowd to your places at the feast,
And bless the Founder's name.

INVITATION.

"A fountain opened for sin."

GO WASH IN THE STREAM. P. M. I. BALTZELL, by per.



352 R. Torry, Jr.

2 Its fountains are deep, and its waters are pure,
And sweet to the weary soul;
It flows from the throne of Jehovah alone,
Oh, come where its bright waters roll!

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

NETTLETON. 8s & 7s, D. *"Let him that is athirst come."* JOHN WYETH, 1812

353 Jonathan Allen, 1831.

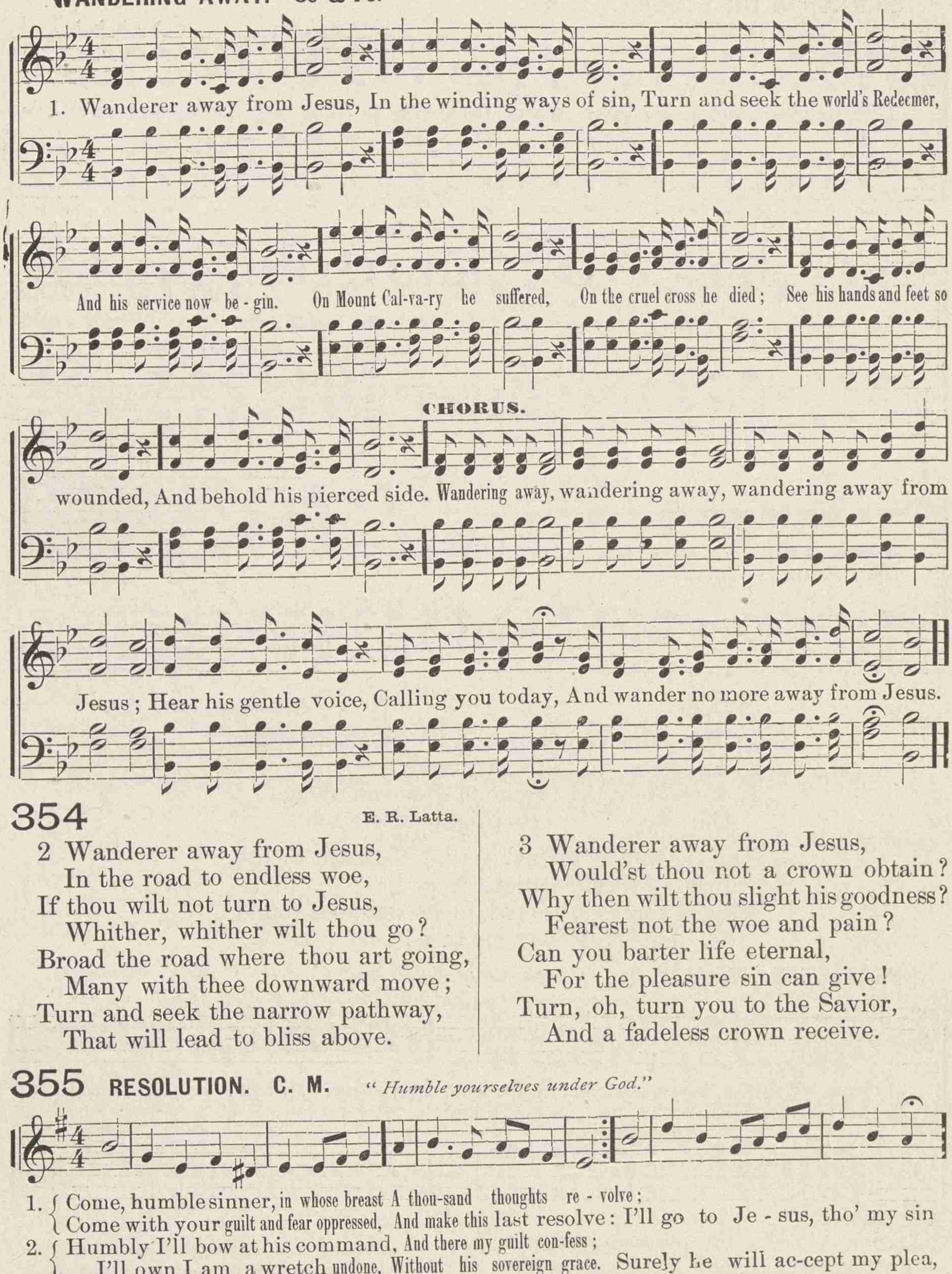
2 Hear the heralds of the gospel
News from Zion's King proclaim:
"Pardon to each rebel sinner;
Free forgiveness in his name:"
How important!
"Free forgiveness in his name."

3 Who hath our report believed?
Who received the joyful word?
Who embraced the news of pardon
Offered to you by the Lord?
Can you slight it,
Offered to you by the Lord?

"Then said Jesus, Will ye also go away?"

WANDERING AWAY. 8s & 7s.

KNOWLES SHAW.



354

E. R. Latta.

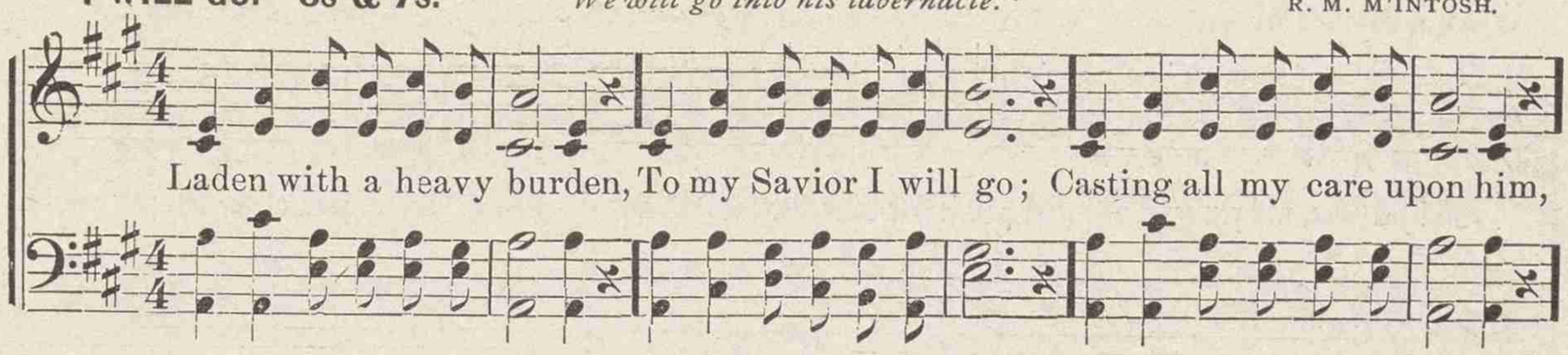
2 Wanderer away from Jesus,
In the road to endless woe,
If thou wilt not turn to Jesus,
Whither, whither wilt thou go?
Broad the road where thou art going,
Many with thee downward move;
Turn and seek the narrow pathway,
That will lead to bliss above.

3 Wanderer away from Jesus,
Would'st thou not a crown obtain?
Why then wilt thou slight his goodness?
Fearest not the woe and pain?
Can you barter life eternal,
For the pleasure sin can give!
Turn, oh, turn you to the Savior,
And a fadeless crown receive.

355 RESOLUTION. C. M.

"Humble yourselves under God."

I WILL GO. 8s & 7s. *"We will go into his tabernacle."* R. M. M'INTOSH.



356 J. H. Martin.

1 Laden with a heavy burden,
To my Savior I will go;
Casting all my care upon him,
He will bear my load, I know.—Cho.

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

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.—Cho.

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.—Cho.

COME TO JESUS. *"My spirit will not always strive."* J. FAWCETT.

357

2 He is calling, he is calling,
He is calling, just now.

3 He is waiting, he is waiting,
He is waiting, just now.

4 He is pleading, he is pleading,
He is pleading, just now.

5 Oh, believe him, oh, believe him,
Oh, believe him, just now.

6 Oh, receive him, oh, receive him,
Oh, receive him, just now.

7 Oh, confess him, oh, confess him,
Oh, confess him, just now.

INVITATION.

WILL YOU COME? *"And I will give you rest."* JNO. R. SWENEY.

REFRAIN.

358 Fanny J. Crosby.

2 Will you come, will you come? there's mercy for you,
Balm for your aching breast;
Only come as you are, and believe on his name,
Jesus will give you rest.

3 Will you come, will you come, you have nothing to pay;
Jesus, who loves you best,
By his death on the Cross purchas'd life for your soul,
Jesus will give you rest.

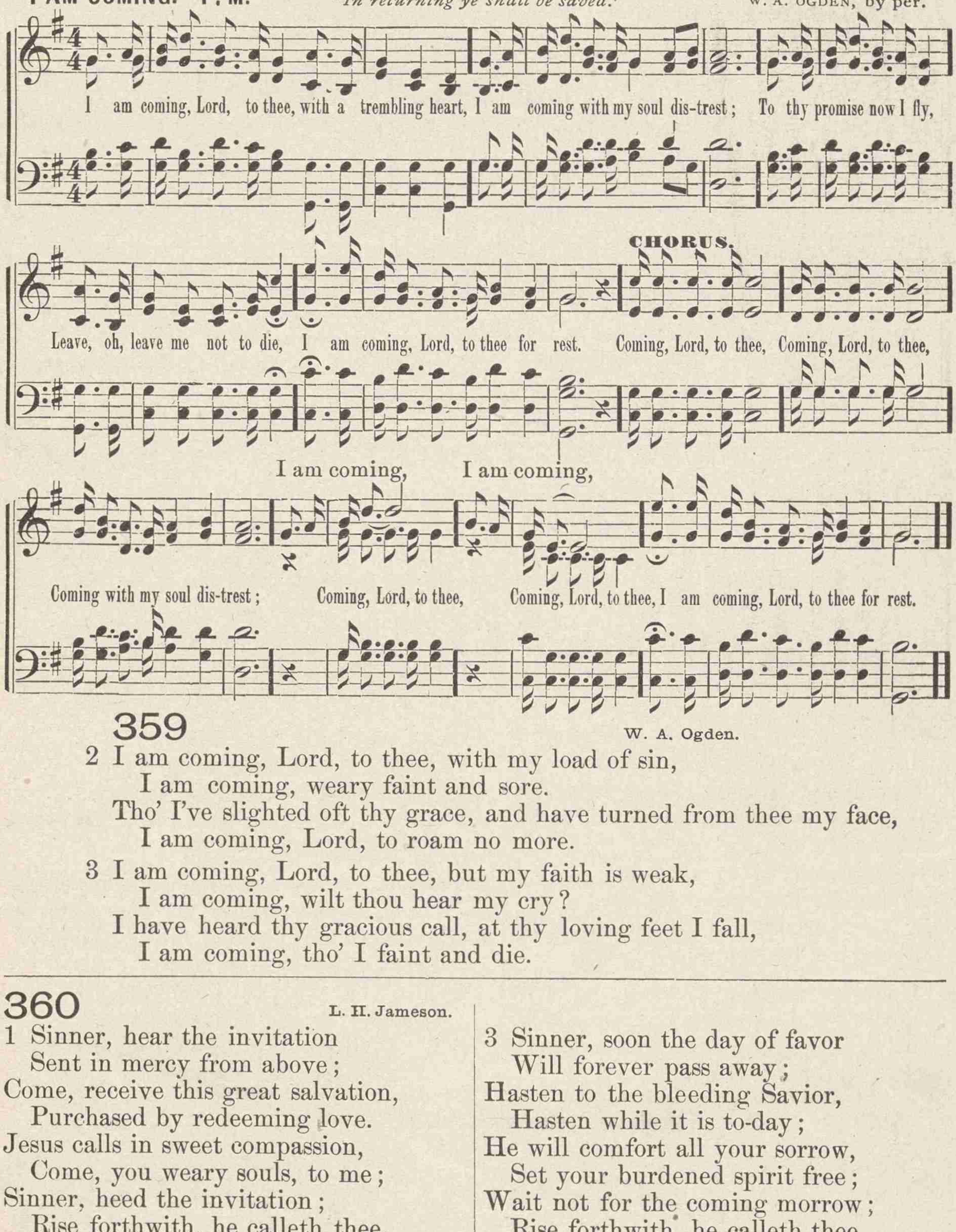
4 Will you come, will you come? how he pleads with you now!
Fly to his loving breast,
And whatever your sin or your sorrow may be,
Jesus will give you rest.

BAVARIA. 8s & 7s. D. *"Take heed, therefore, how ye hear."* GERMAN.

I AM COMING. P. M.

"In returning ye shall be saved."

W. A. OGDEN, by per.



359

W. A. Ogden.

2 I am coming, Lord, to thee, with my load of sin,
I am coming, weary faint and sore.
Tho' I've slighted oft thy grace, and have turned from thee my face,
I am coming, Lord, to roam no more.

3 I am coming, Lord, to thee, but my faith is weak,
I am coming, wilt thou hear my cry?
I have heard thy gracious call, at thy loving feet I fall,
I am coming, tho' I faint and die.

360

L. H. Jameson.

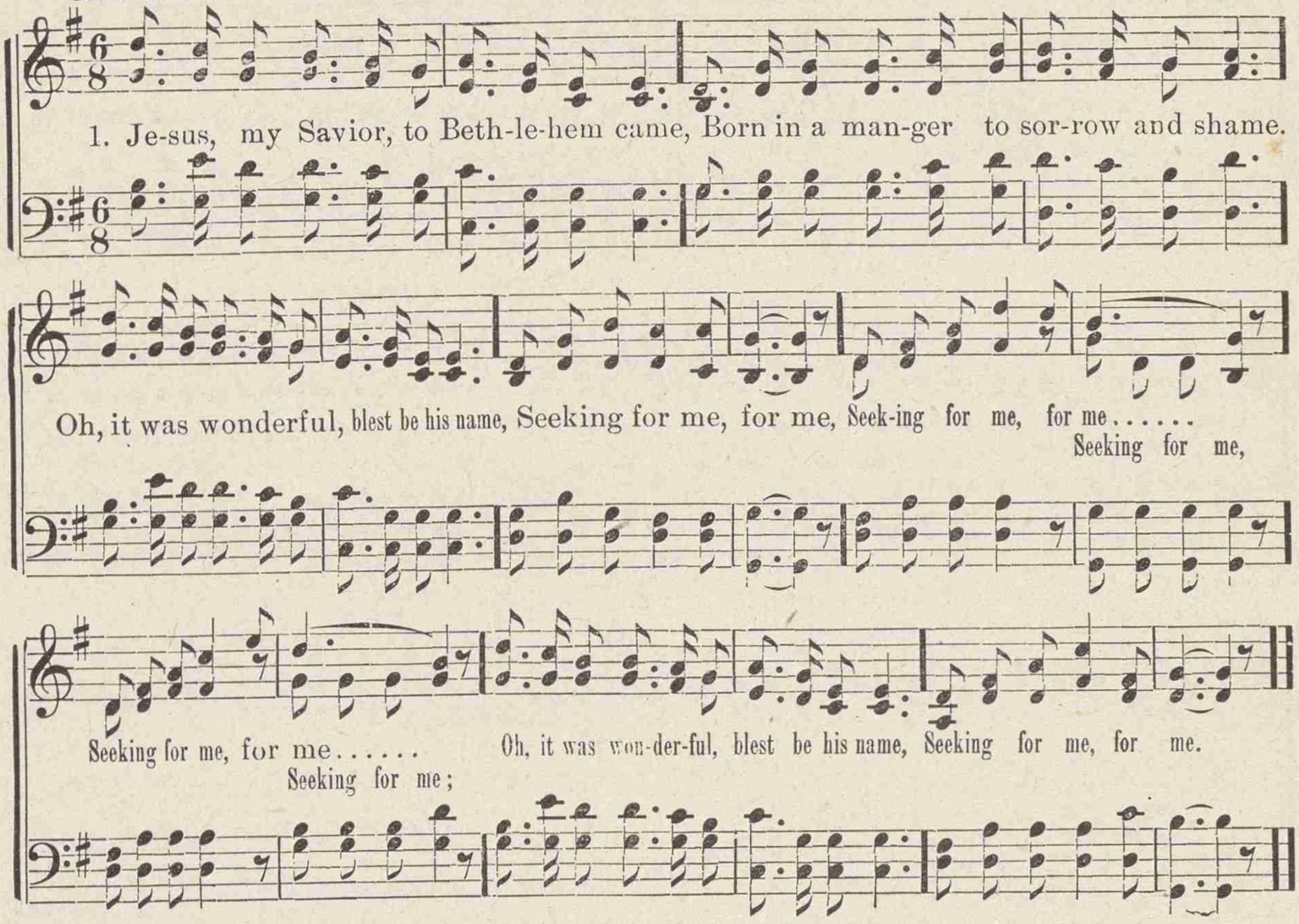
1 Sinner, hear the invitation
Sent in mercy from above;
Come, receive this great salvation,
Purchased by redeeming love.
Jesus calls in sweet compassion,
Come, you weary souls, to me;
Sinner, heed the invitation;
Rise forthwith, he calleth thee.

2 On the cursed cross-tree bleeding,
Hear the stricken Lamb of God
For transgressors interceding,
While they shed his precious blood.
Hear that dying intercession,
Offered on the bloody tree;
He will pardon your transgression;
Rise forthwith, he calleth thee.

3 Sinner, soon the day of favor
Will forever pass away;
Hasten to the bleeding Savior,
Hasten while it is to-day;
He will comfort all your sorrow,
Set your burdened spirit free;
Wait not for the coming morrow;
Rise forthwith, he calleth thee.

4 Come, the Savior will receive you;
Come, with all your wants and wounds;
He is ready to relieve you;
Come, his favor still abounds.
Hear the gospel invitation:
"Come, ye weary souls, to me!"
Jesus offers full salvation;
Rise forthwith, he calleth thee.

SEEKING FOR ME. P. M. *"I seek and save the lost."* EMERSON E. HASTY.



361 E. E. Hasty.

2 Jesus, my Savior, on Calvary's tree
Paid the great debt, and my soul he set free;
Oh, it was wonderful, how could it be?
Dying for me, for me,
Dying for me, dying for me;
Dying for me, dying for me;
Oh, it was wonderful, how could it be?
Dying for me, for me.

3 Jesus, my Savior, the same as of old,
While I did wander afar from the fold,
Gently and long he hath plead with my soul,
Calling for me, for me,
Calling for me, calling for me,
Calling for me, calling for me;
Gently and long he hath plead with my soul,
Calling for me, for me.

4 Jesus, my Savior, shall come from on high;
Sweet is the promise, as weary years fly;
Oh, I shall see him descending the sky,
Coming for me, for me,
Coming for me, coming for me,
Coming for me, coming for me;
Oh, I shall see him descending the sky,
Coming for me, for me.

SINNER! COME. 3s & 6s. *"The feast is ready."* I. B. WOODBURY.

362 S. F. Smith.

2 Sinner! come, while there's room--
While the feast is waiting;
While the Lord, by his word,
Kindly is inviting.

3 Sinner! come, ere thy doom
Shall be sealed forever;
Now return, grieve and mourn,
Flee to Christ, the Savior.

INVITATION.

OUT OF CHRIST. *"Without hope and without God."* WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Copyright 1885, by W. J. Kirkpatrick.

363 H. L. Elair.

2 Still out of Christ, and the moments so precious,
Night is approaching, oh, what will you do?
Still out of Christ, yet there's room at the fountain,
Free are its waters, and flowing for you.

3 Still out of Christ, yet for you there is mercy,
If you are willing to turn from your sins;
Yonder he stands, at the door of salvation,
Waiting to pardon and welcome you in.

4 Still out of Christ, and the love he has promis'd,
Are you not longing that love to repay:
Haste, where the star of your faith is directing,
Haste, and this moment repent and obey.

AMOY. 6s & 4s. *"Now is the day of grace."* LOWELL MASON.

364 S. F. Smith

3 To-day the Savior calls:
For refuge fly—
The storm of vengeance falls,
And death is nigh.

4 The Savior calls to-day:
Yield to his power;
Oh, grieve him not away!
'Tis mercy's hour.

INVITATION.

WILL YOU GO? P. M. *"To whom shall we go?"* DR. A. B. EVERETT.

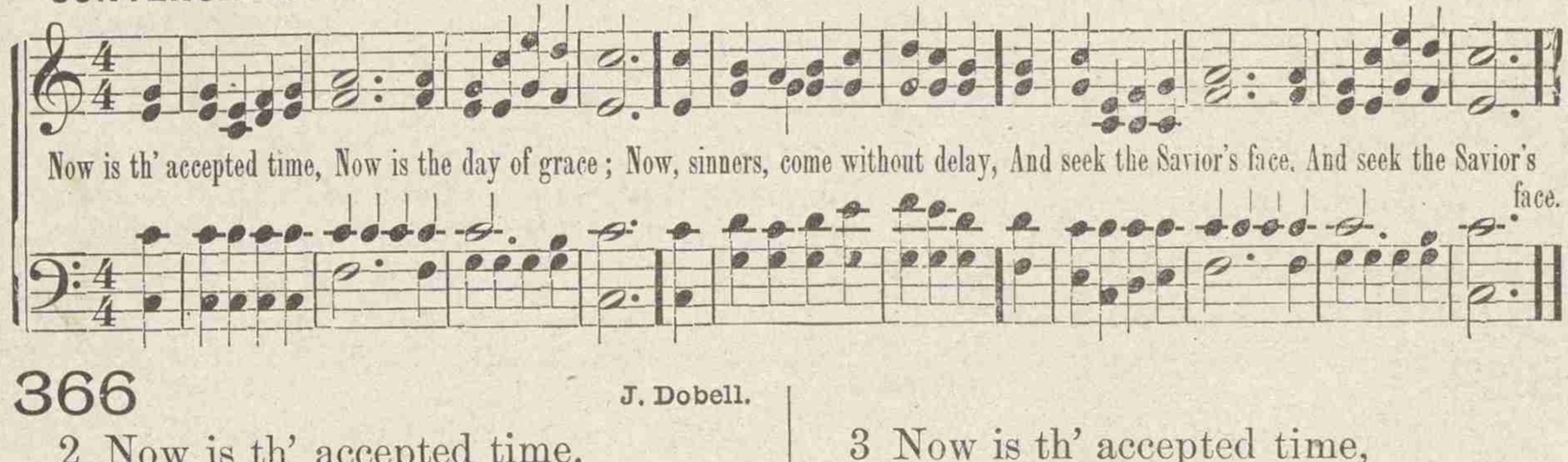
365 Mrs. M. B. C. Slade.

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

CONVERSE. S. M. *"For the time is at hand."* ARR. FROM A. GERSBACH.



366 J. Dobell.

2 Now is th' accepted time,
The Savior calls to-day;
To-morrow it may be too late—
Then why should you delay?

3 Now is th' accepted time,
The gospel bids you come;
And every promise in his word
Declares there yet is room.

INVITATION.

WELCOME VOICE. P. M. *"My sheep hear my voice."* L. HARTSOUGH.

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367 Louis Hartsough, 1868.

1 I hear thy welcome voice,
That calls me, Lord, to thee,
For cleansing in thy precious blood,
That flowed on Calvary.

2 Though coming weak and vile,
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all, and pure.

3 'Till Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope and peace and trust,
For earth and heaven above.

4 All hail! atoning blood!
All hail! redeeming grace!
All hail! the gift of Christ, our Lord,
Our Strength and Righteousness.

SAW YE MY SAVIOR? P. M. *"He was crucified for us."* AMERICAN SPIRITUAL.

368 Unknown.

2 He was extended, he was extended,
Painfully nailed to the cross;
Here he bowed his head and died;
Thus my Lord was crucified,
To atone for a world that was lost.

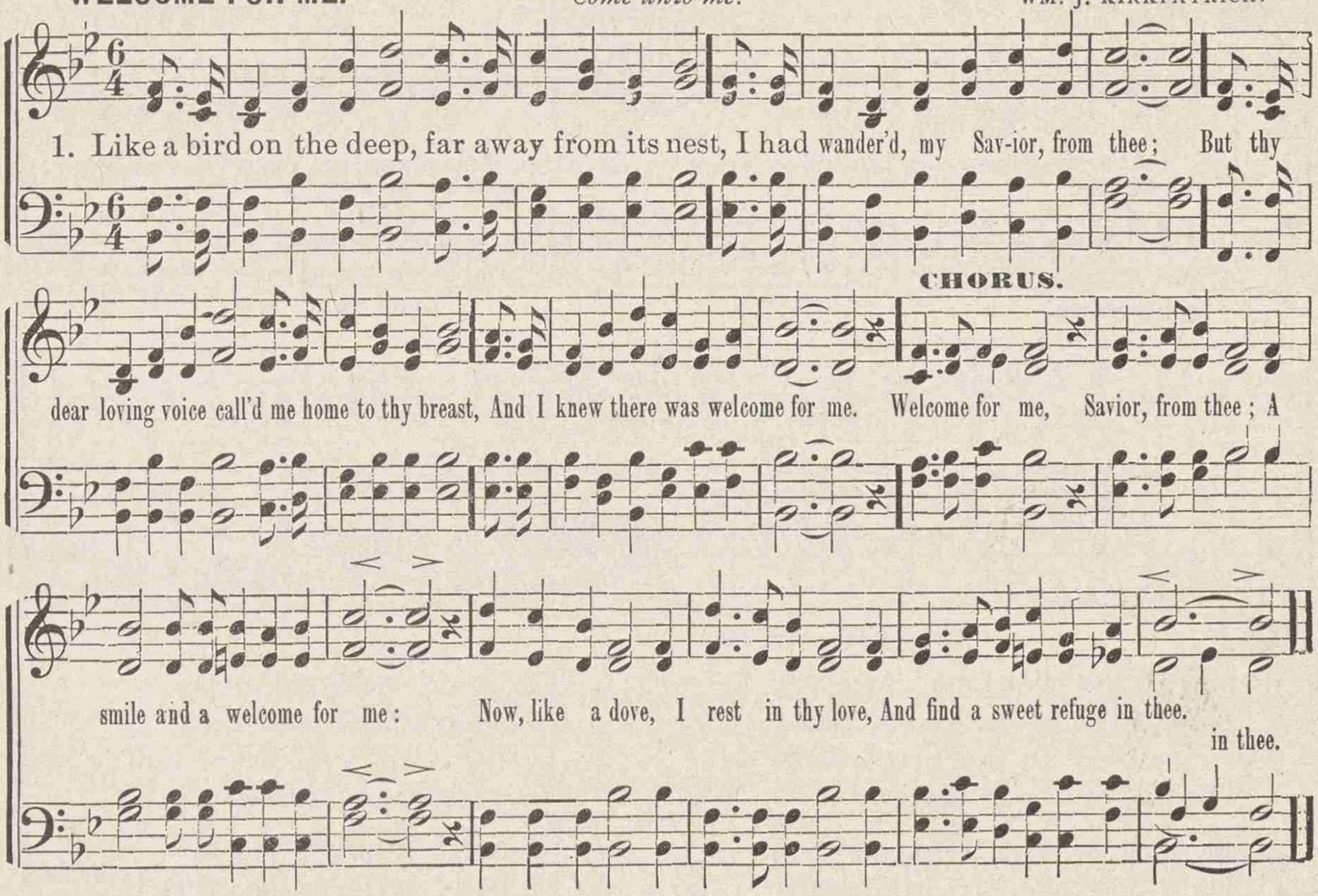
3 Hail, mighty Savior! hail, mighty Savior!
Prince, and Author of peace!
Oh! he burst the bars of death,
And, triumphant from the earth,
He ascended to mansions of bliss.

4 There interceding, there interceding,
Pleading that sinners may live;
Crying, "Father, I have died;
Oh, behold my hands and side!
Oh, forgive them! I pray thee, forgive!"

5 "I will forgive them, I will forgive them
When they believe and obey;
Let them now return to Thee,
And be reconciled to Me,
And the Bride will receive them to-day."

INVITATION.

WELCOME FOR ME. *"Come unto me."* WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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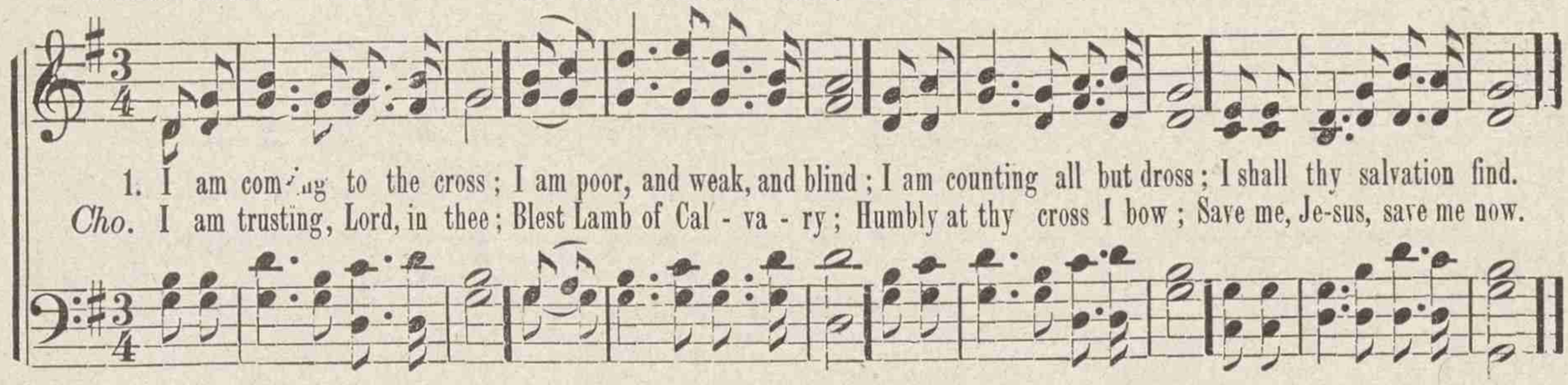
369

Fanny J. Crosby.

2 I am safe in the ark; I have folded my wings
On the bosom of mercy divine;
I am fill'd with the light of thy presence so bright,
And the joy that will ever be mine.

3 I am safe in the ark, and I dread not the storm
Though around me the surges may roll;
I will look to the skies, where the day never dies,
I will sing of the joy in my soul.

TRUSTING. 7s. *"He that cometh to God, must believe."* W. G. FISCHER, by per.



370

Wm. McDonald.

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

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

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

5 Jesus comes! he fills my soul!
Perfected in love I am!
I am every whit made whole;
Glory! glory to the Lamb!

INVITATION.

GREENVILLE. 8s, 7s & 4s. *"I will give you rest."* JEAN JAQUES ROUSSEAU.

371 A. Reed.

1 Hear, O sinner, mercy hails you,
Now with sweetest voice she calls;
Bids you haste to seek the Savior
Ere the hand of justice falls;
Trust in Jesus;
'Tis the voice of mercy calls.

2 Haste, O sinner, to the Savior—
Seek his mercy while you may;
Soon the day of grace is over;
Soon your life will pass away!
Haste to Jesus;
You must perish if you stay.

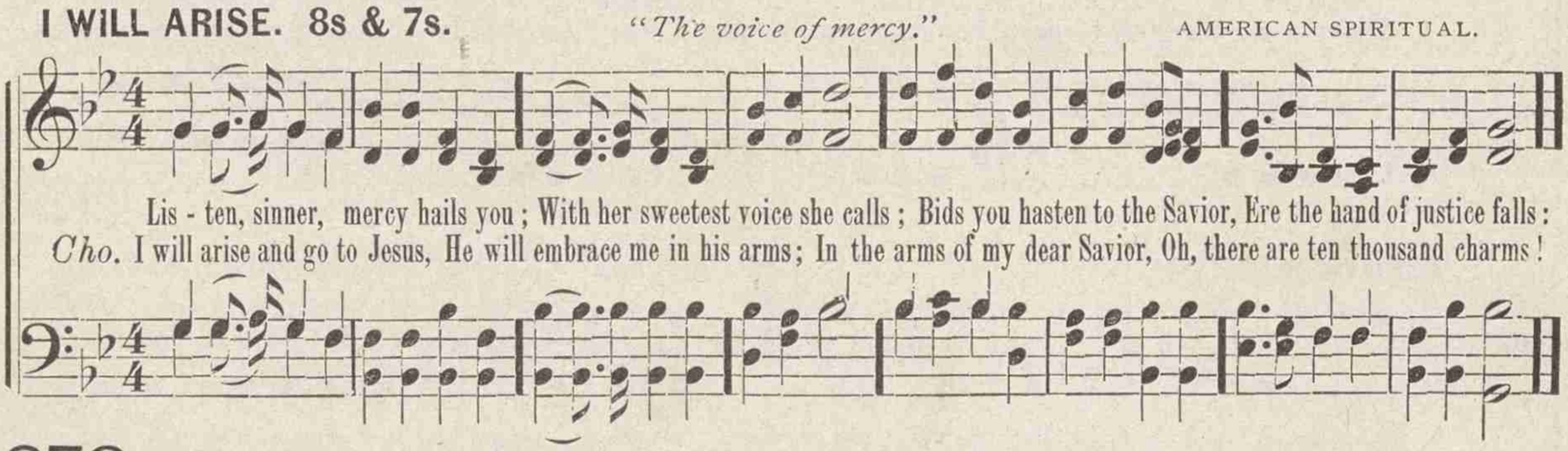
COME, YE SINNERS. 8s & 7s. *"And follow me."* JEREMIAH INGALLS, 1830.

372 John Fawcett.

2 Hear the blest Redeemer call you;
Listen to his heavenly voice;
Dread no ills that can befall you,
While you make his way your choice,

3 Plainly here his footsteps tracing,
Follow him without delay,
Gladly his command embracing;
Lo! your Captain leads the way.

I WILL ARISE. 8s & 7s. *"The voice of mercy."* AMERICAN SPIRITUAL.



373 Andrew Reed, 1817.

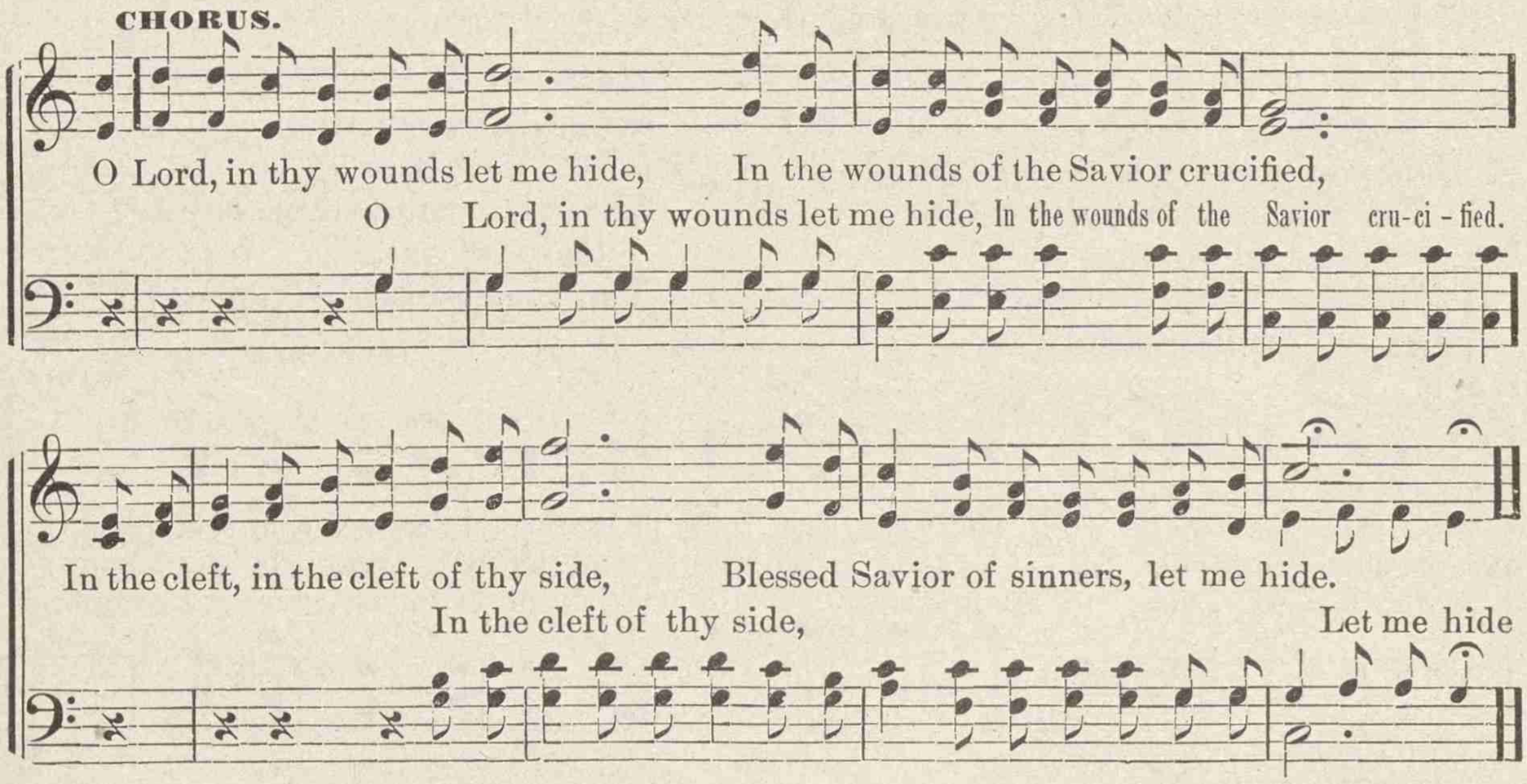
2 See! the storm of vengeance gathering
O'er the path you dare to tread,
Hark! the awful thunders rolling
Loud and louder o'er your head.

3 Haste, oh! hasten to the Savior;
Sue his mercy while you may;
Soon the day of grace is over;
Soon your life will pass away.

LET ME HIDE. 8s.

"In the cleft of the rock."

E. A. HOFFMAN.



374 E. A. Hoffman.

2 When thirsting for fullness of love,
And deeper communion with thee,
I haste to the cleft of thy side,
Where blessing is waiting for me.

3 When nearing the shadowy vale,
The darkness enshrouding my sight,
I'll hide me in peace in thy wounds,
Till bathed in yon heavenly light.

WHOSOEVER WILL. 8s & 7s.

T. C. O'KANE, by per.

"The Spirit and the bride say come."

INVITATION.

TENDERLY CALLING. 7s & 6s. *"I am the good Shepherd."* W. A. OGDEN, by per.

375 W. A. Ogden.

2 Jesus, the loving Shepherd,
Gave his dear life for thee,
Tenderly now he's calling,
Wanderer, come to me;
Haste, for without is danger,
Come, cries the Shepherd blest,
Enter the fold of safety,
Enter the place of rest.

3 Lingering is but folly,
Wolves are abroad to-day,
Seeking the sheep who're straying,
Seeking the lambs to slay;
Jesus, the loving Shepherd,
Calleth thee now to come,
Into the fold of safety,
Where there is rest and room.

---

376 L. H. Jameson.

1 Sinners, come to Christ, the Savior;
Now his gracious call obey;
Come: this is the day of favor;
Mercy calls us: do not delay.—Cho.

2 Time, on lightning pinions flying,
Sweeps the sons of earth away;
Every moment men are dying:
Sinner, why do you delay?—Cho.

3 Hear the gospel invitation
Ringing in your ears to-day,
Offering pardon and salvation:
Sinner, come, without delay.—Cho.

4 By the Savior's earthly pleading,
Be persuaded to obey;
By his heavenly interceding,
Be constrained, do not delay.—Cho.

"And washed us from our sins in his own blood."

THE CLEANSING WAVE. 8s & 6s.

MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP. BY PER.

377

Mrs. Phœbe Palmer.

1 Oh, now I see the crimson wave,
The fountain deep and wide;
Jesus, my Lord, mighty to save,
Points to his wounded side.

CHORUS.—The cleansing stream I see! I see!
I plunge, and oh, it cleanseth me.
Oh, praise the Lord, it cleanseth me,
Yes, cleanseth me, even me.

2 I rise to walk in heaven's own light,
Above the world and sin,
With heart made pure, and garments white,
And Christ enthroned within.—CHO.

3 Amazing grace! 'tis heaven below
To have the blood applied;
And Jesus, only him to know,
My Jesus crucified.—CHO.

JESUS DIED. 6s.

"Lamb slain from the foundation of the world."

J. T. GRAPE.

378

G. S. Judd.

1 O Lamb of Calvary,
Thou art the sinner's friend;
My soul is stayed on thee,
Oh, keep me to the end.

CHORUS.—Jesus died for me,
All to him I owe;
Lord, I give myself to thee,
'Tis all that I can do.

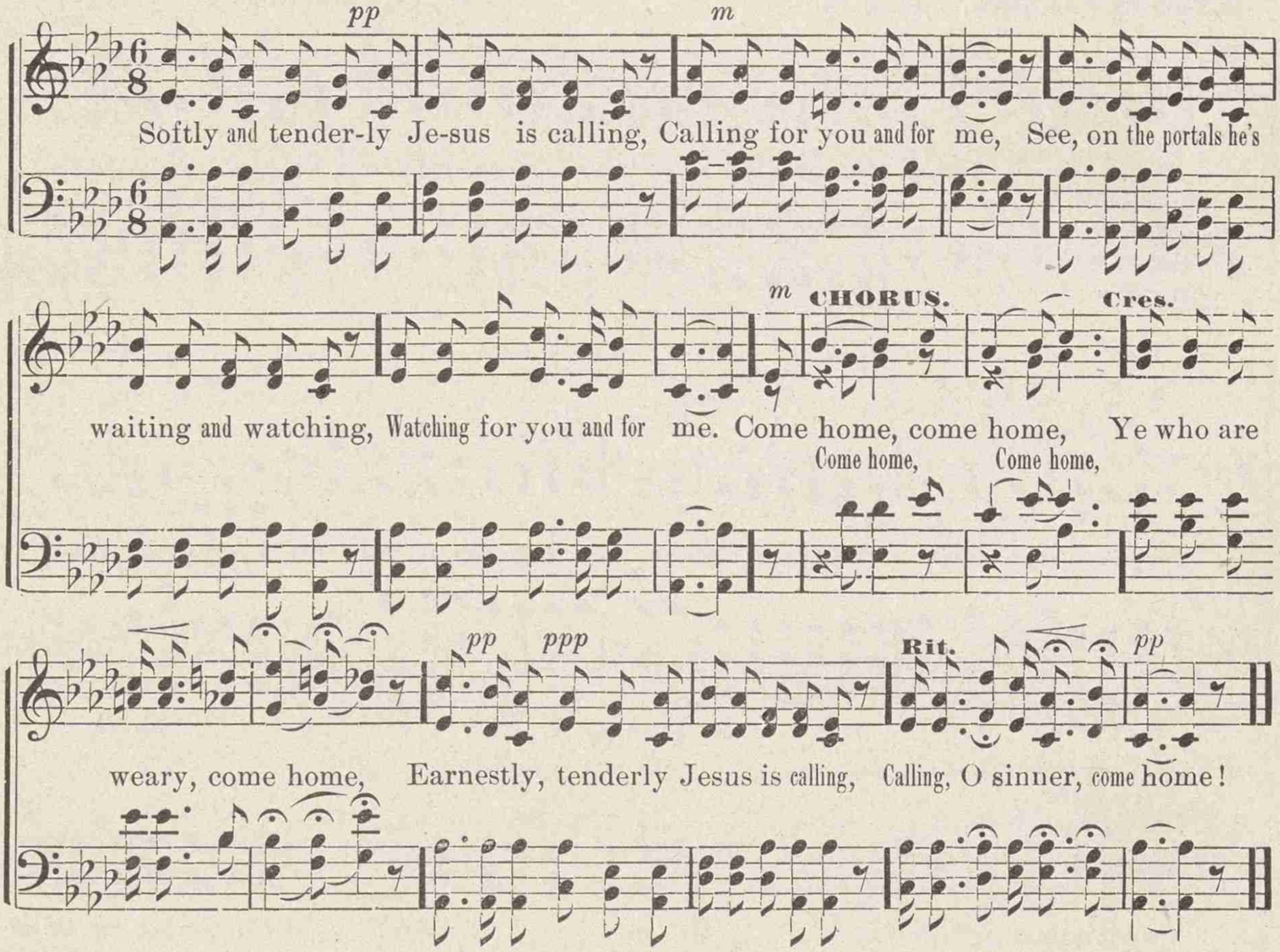
2 And is there room for me?
Have I a home above?
Will God forgiving be.
And save me by his love?—CHO.

3 Jesus, we'll see thy face
In that bright home above;
Saved by redeeming grace,
We'll sing redeeming love.—CHO.

INVITATION.

"The Good Shepherd giveth his life for the sheep."

FOR YOU AND FOR ME. P. M. WILL L. THOMPSON, by per.



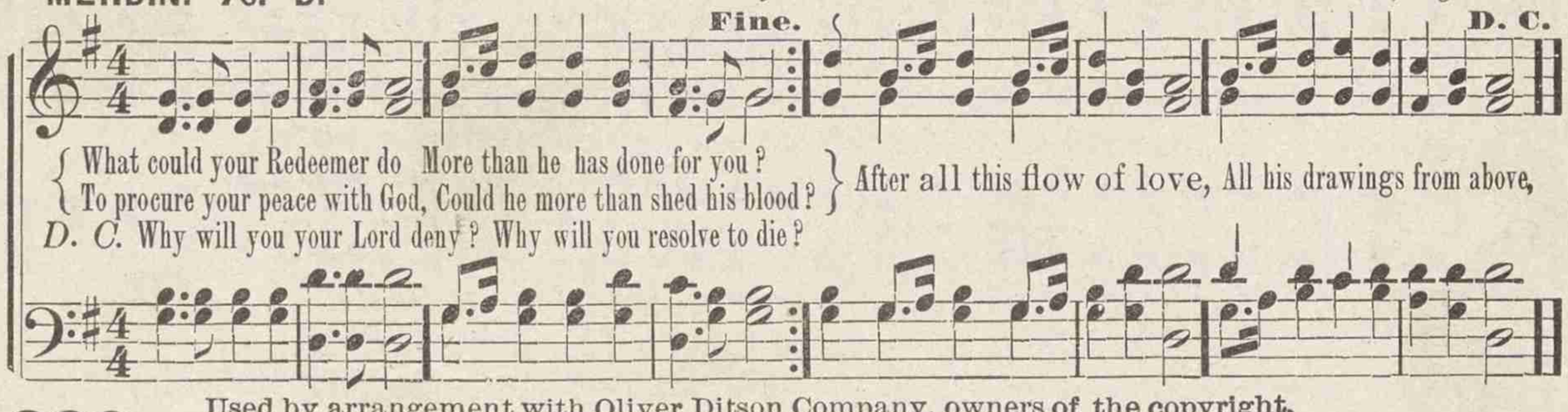
379 W. L. Thomson.

2 Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading,
Pleading for you and for me?
Why should we linger and heed not his mercies,
Mercies for you and for me?

3 Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing,
Passing from you and from me;
Shadows are gathering, death beds are coming,
Coming for you and for me.

4 Oh! for the wonderful love he has promised,
Promised for you and for me;
Tho' we have sinned he has mercy and pardon,
Pardon for you and for me.

MERDIN. 7s. D. *"'Tis finished."* LOWELL MASON, 1832.



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380 Charles Wesley.

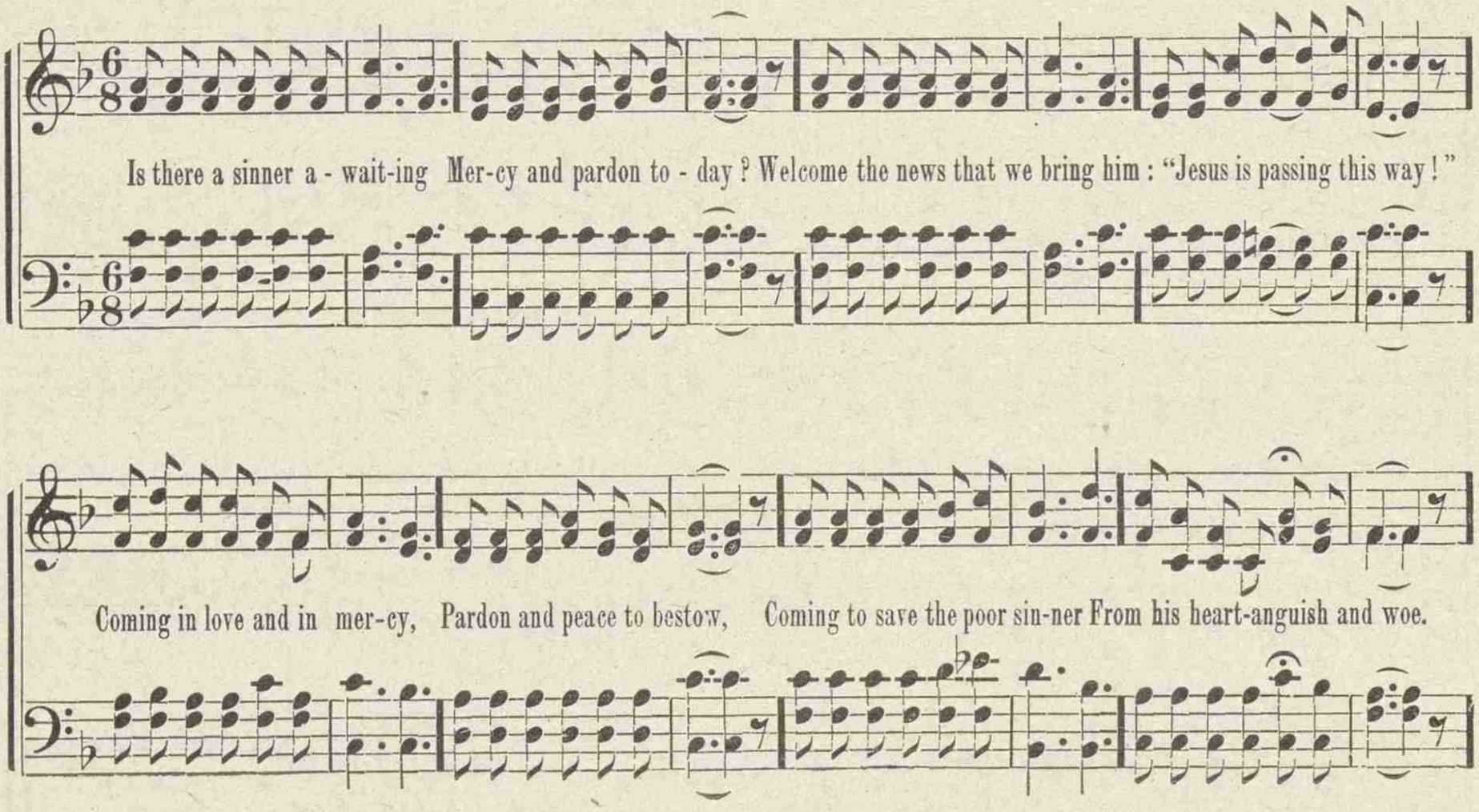
2 Turn, he cries, O sinner, turn!
By his life your God hath sworn
He would have you turn and live,
He would all the world receive.
If your death were his delight,
Would he thus to life invite?
Would he ask, beseech, and cry,
Why will you resolve to die?

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

INVITATION.

"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

JESUS IS PASSING. 8s & 7s. J. H. TENNEY. BY PER.



381 E. A. Hoffmann.

2 Brother, the Master is waiting,
Waiting to freely forgive;
Why not this moment accept him,
Trust in his grace and live?
He is so tender and precious,
He is so near you to-day;
Open your heart to receive him,
While he is passing this way.

3 Yes, he is coming to bless you,
While in contrition you bow;
Coming from sin to redeem you,
Ready to save you now;
Can you refuse the salvation
Jesus is offering here?
Open your heart to admit him,
While he is coming so near.

INVITATION.

"We have an Advocate with the Father."

FOR YOU I AM PRAYING. P. M.

E. MAUDE CLINE.

Copyright 1892, by C. C. Cline.

382

S. O'Maley Cluff.

1 I have a Savior, he's pleading in glory,
A dear loving Savior, tho' earth's friends be few;
And now he is watching in tenderness o'er me,
And oh, that my Savior were your Savior, too.

CHORUS.—For you I am praying—praying for you;
Oh, come to the Savior, he's pleading with you.

2 I have a Father, to me he has given
A hope for eternity, blessed and true;
And soon will he call me to meet him in heaven,
But oh, that he'd let me bring you with me, too!—CHO.

3 I have a robe: 'tis resplendent in whiteness,
Awaiting in glory my wondering view;
Oh, when I receive it, all shining in brightness,
Dear friend, could I see you receiving one too!—CHO.

4 I have a peace—it is calm as a river—
A peace that the friends of this world never knew;
My Savior alone is its Author and Giver,
And, oh, could I know it was given to you!—CHO.

5 When Jesus has found you, tell others the story,
That my loving Savior is your Savior, too;
Then pray that your Savior may bring them to glory,
And prayer will be answered—'twas answered for you!—CHO.

INVITATION.

"And the Spirit and Bride say, Come."

THY SAVIOR IS CALLING. P. M.

D. S. JOHNSTON.

383 D. S. Johnston.

2 Too long you have you followed your own evil way,
Till weary and tired of sin;
He shows you a refuge of hope to-day,
You'll find it only in him.—Cho.

3 Your loved ones are pleading and praying for you,
In tears they have agonized long;
The angels are waiting to tell you the news,
And all will join in the song.—Cho.

ONLY TRUST HIM. P. M.

"And let him that is athirst, come."

J. H. STOCKTON.

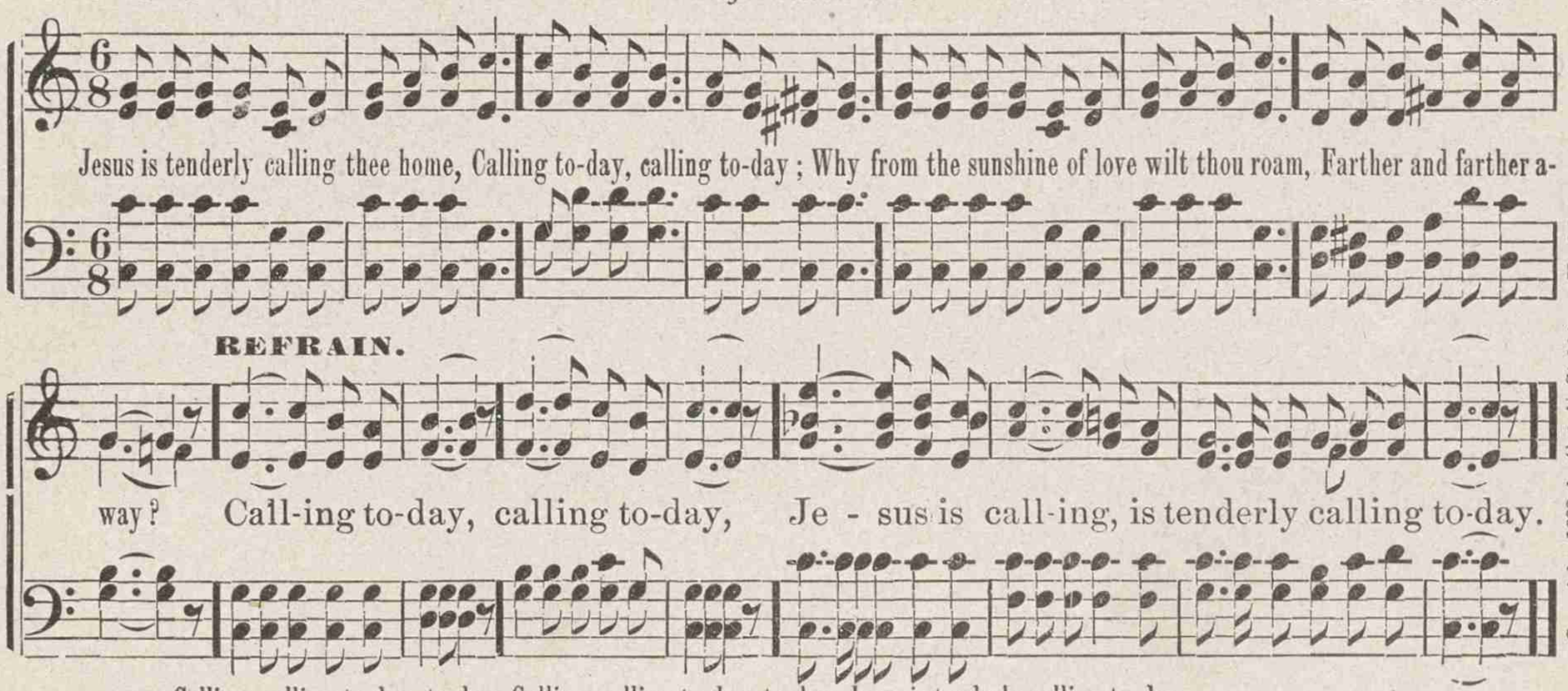
384 J. H. Stockton.

3 Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way,
That leads you into rest;
Believe in him without delay,
And you are fully blest.—Cho.

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

INVITATION.

JESUS IS CALLING. P. M. *"How often would I."* GEO. C. STEBBINS.



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385

Fanny J. Crosby.

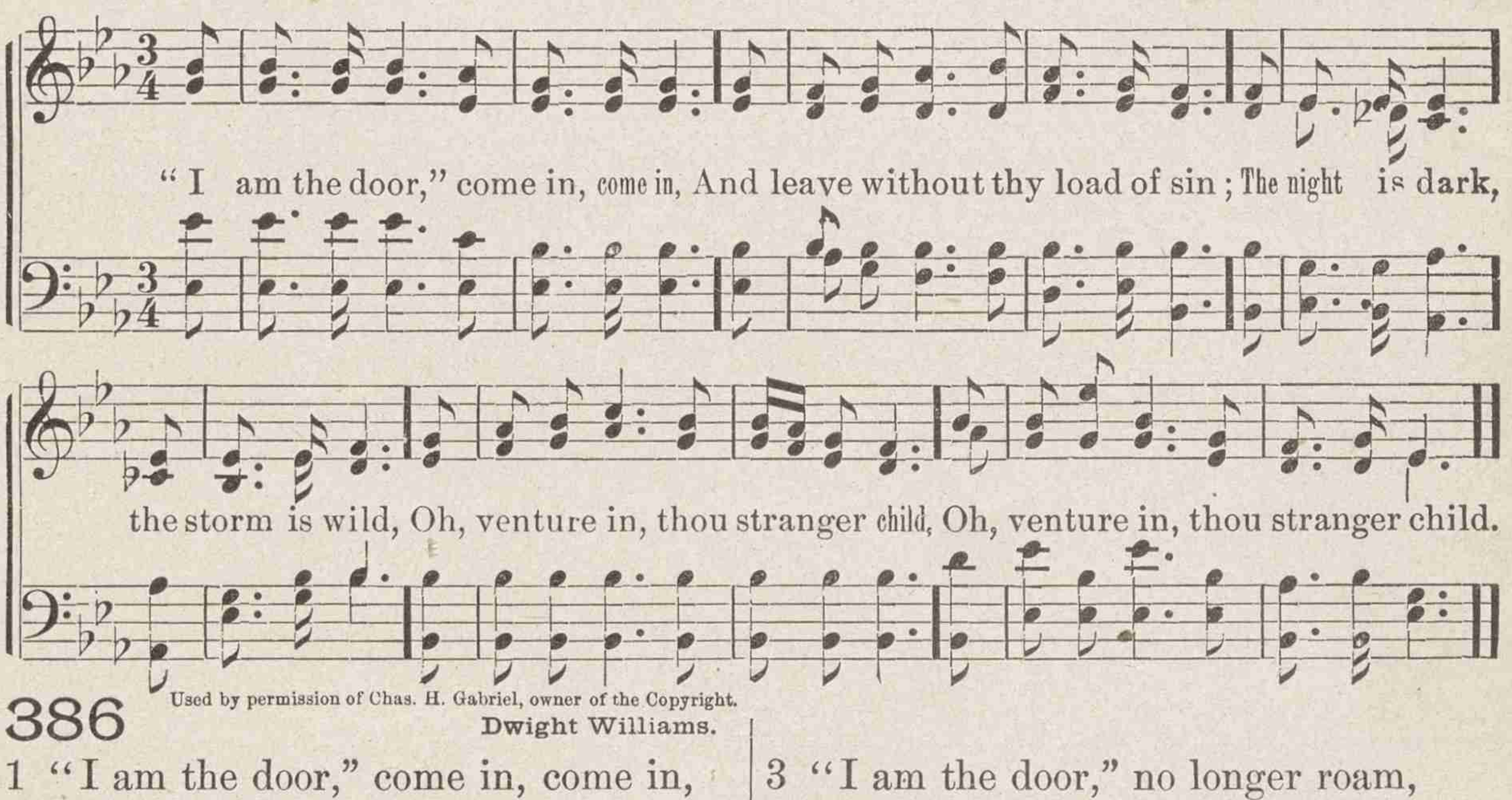
1 Jesus is tenderly calling thee home—
Calling to-day, calling to-day;
Why from the sunshine of love wilt thou roam,
Farther and farther away?

2 Jesus is calling the weary to rest—
Calling to-day, calling to-day;
Bring him thy burden and thou shalt be blest;
He will not turn thee away.

3 Jesus is waiting, oh, come to him now—
Waiting to-day, waiting to-day;
Come with thy sins, at his feet lowly bow,
Come, and no longer delay.

4 Jesus is pleading, oh, list to his voice—
Hear him to-day, hear him to day;
They who believe on his name shall rejoice;
Quickly arise and obey.

I AM THE DOOR. L. M. ARR. BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



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386

Dwight Williams.

1 "I am the door," come in, come in,
And leave without thy load of sin;
The night is dark, the storm is wild,
Oh, venture in, thou stranger child.

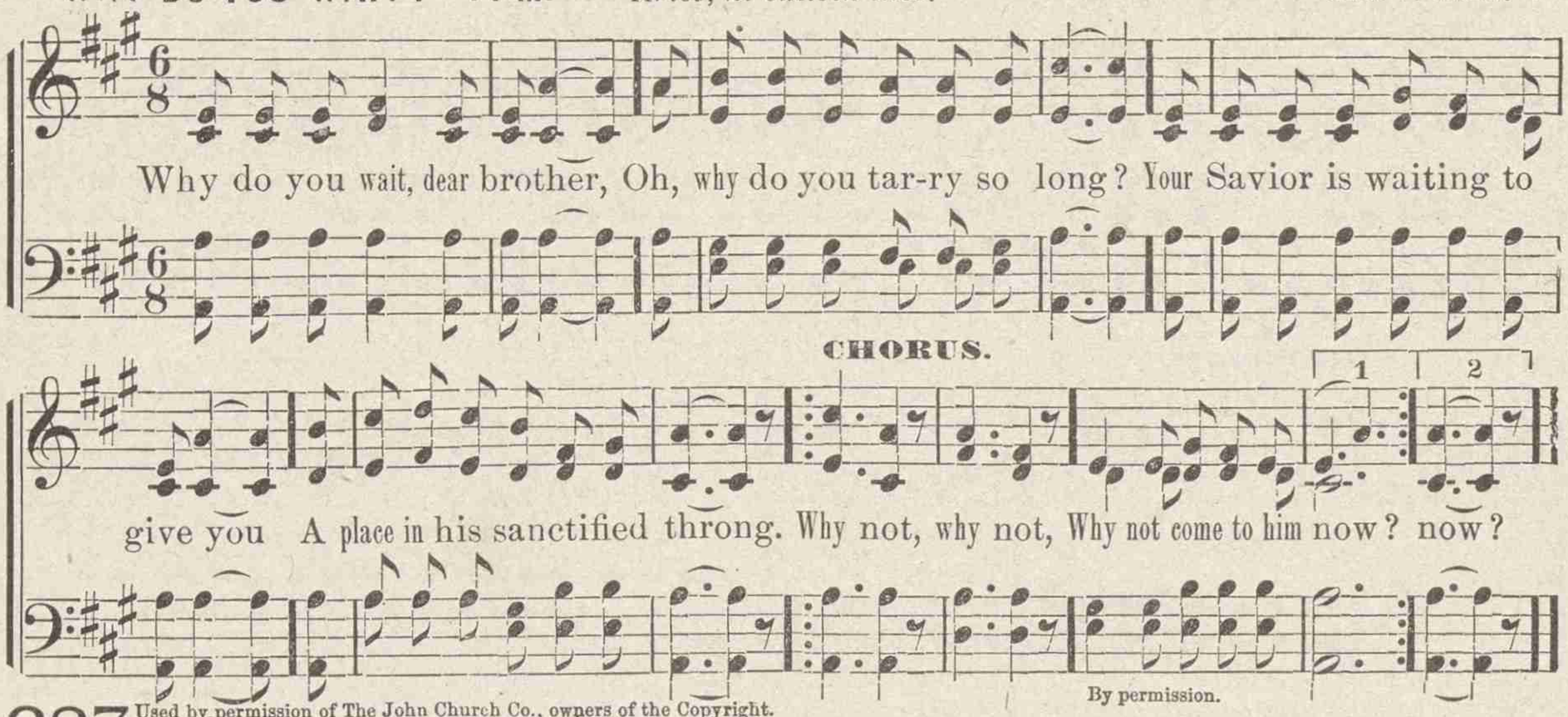
2 "I am the door," come, gently knock,
And enter now the Shepherd's flock,
Come in from darkness and from cold;
And seek thy Father's precious fold.

3 "I am the door," no longer roam,
Here are thy treasures, here thy home;
I purchased them for thee and thine,
And paid the price in blood divine.

4 "I am the door," my Father waits
To make thee heir of rich estates;
Come, dwell with him and dwell with me,
And thou my Father's child shall be.

INVITATION.

WHY DO YOU WAIT? P. M. *"Arise, he calleth thee."* GEO. F. ROOT.



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387 G. F. Root.

1 Why do you wait, dear brother,
Oh, why do you tarry so long?
Your Savior is waiting to give you
A place in his sanctified throng.

2 What do you hope, dear brother,
To gain by a further delay?
There's no one to save you but Jesus,
There's no other way but his way.

3 Do you not feel, dear brother,
His Spirit now striving within?
Oh, why not accept his salvation,
And throw off thy burden of sin?

4 Why do you wait, dear brother,
The harvest is passing away;
Your Savior is longing to bless you,
There's danger and death in delay.

SINNER, GO. 6s & 7s. *"I will arise and go to my Father."* SCOTCH AIR.

388 Rev. C. B. Davidson.

1 Sinner, go; will you go
To the highlands of heaven?
Where the storms never blow,
And the long summer's given;
Where the bright blooming flow'rs
Are their odors emitting;
And the leaves of the bow'rs
In the breezes are flitting.

2 Where the rich, golden fruit
Is in bright cluster pending,
And the deep-laden boughs
Of life's fair tree are bending;
And where life's crystal stream
Is unceasingly flowing,
And the verdure is green,
And eternally growing.

3 Where the saints, robed in white—
Cleansed in life's flowing fountain—
Shining beauteous and bright,
They inhabit the mountain;
Where no sin, nor dismay,
Neither trouble nor sorrow,
Will be felt for a day,
Nor be feared for the morrow.

4 He's prepared thee a home—
Sinner, canst thou believe it?
And invites thee to come—
Sinner, wilt thou receive it?
Oh, come, sinner, come,
For the tide is receding,
And the Savior will soon,
And forever, cease pleading.

INVITATION.

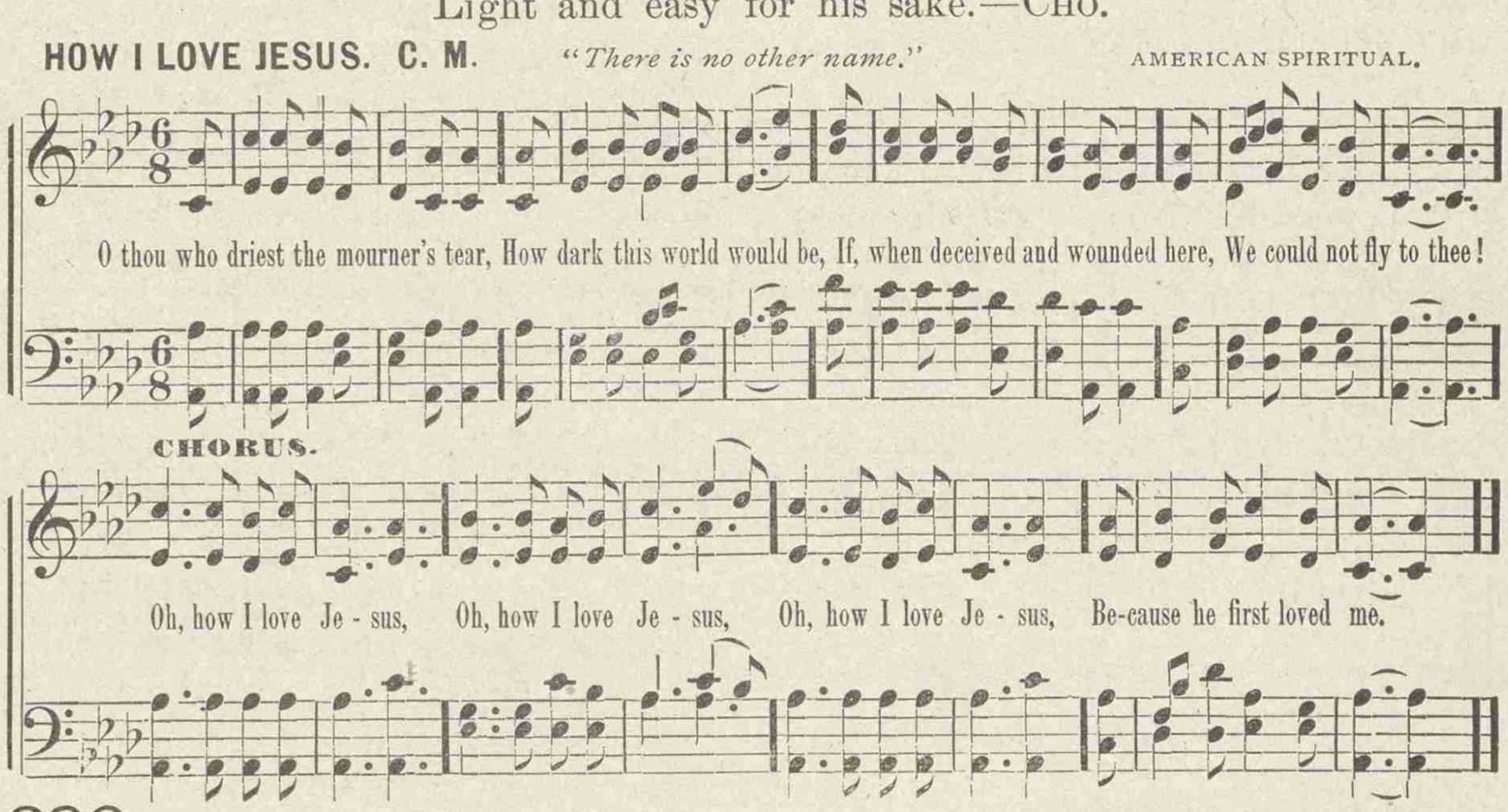
COME UNTO ME. P. M. *Matt. 11 : 28-50.* DR. A. B. EVERETT.

389 Mrs. M. B. C. Slade.

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

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.—CHO.

HOW I LOVE JESUS. C. M. *"There is no other name."* AMERICAN SPIRITUAL.



390 Thomas Moore.

1 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 But thou wilt heal the broken heart
Which like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

3 When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And e'en the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
Is dimmed and vanished too—

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

INVITATION.

HASTINGS. P. M.

"Heb. 3 : 13-15."

E. MAUDE CLINE.

391 Dr. Thomas Hastings.

1 Child of sin and sorrow!
Filled with dismay,
Wait not for to-morrow,
Yield thee to-day:
Heaven bids thee come,
While yet there's room;
Child of sin and sorrow!
Hear and obey.

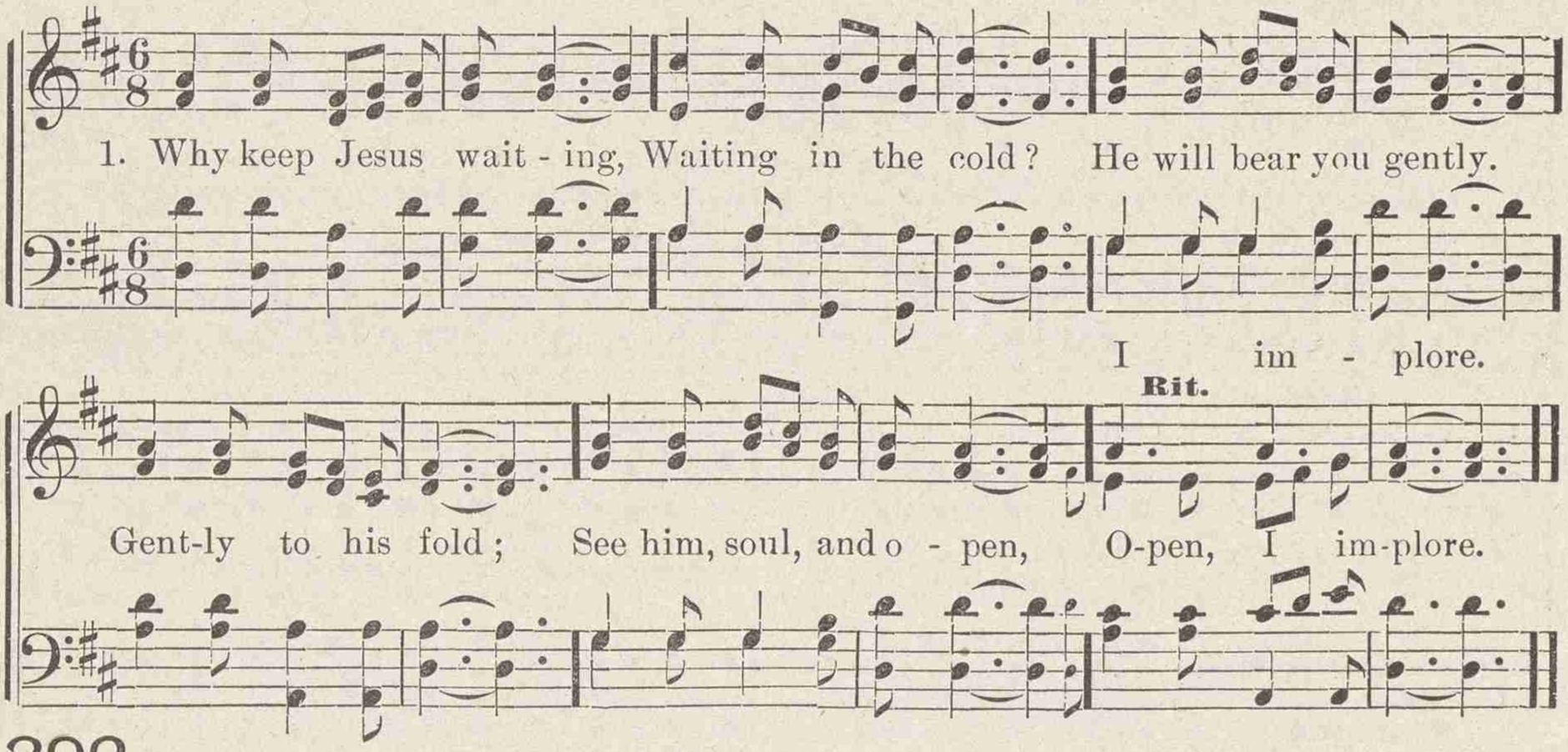
2 Child of sin and sorrow,
Why wilt thou die?
Come while thou canst borrow
Help from on high:
Grieve not that love
Which from above,
Child of sin and sorrow,
Would bring thee nigh.

3 Child of sin and sorrow,
Thy moments glide,
Like flitting arrow,
Or the rushing tide;
Ere time is o'er,
Heaven's grace implore;
Child of sin and sorrow,
In Christ confide.

WHY KEEP JESUS WAITING?

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock."

C. C. CLINE.



392 C. C. Cline.

2 Why keep Jesus waiting,
Waiting at the door?
Oft he knocketh softly,
Softly, o'er and o'er;
Hear him, soul, and open,
I im-plore.

3 Why keep Jesus pleading,
Pleading at the door?
He would be your Savior,
Ever, evermore;
Love him, soul, and open,
I im-plore.

4 Why keep Jesus waiting—
Knocking at the door?
Soon he'll cease his pleading,
Yes, for evermore:
Come, poor soul, OBEY him,
I im-plore.

INVITATION.

RETURN. C. M. *Luke 15: 18.* DR. HASTINGS.

393 T. Hastings.

1 Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
Thy Father calls for thee:
No longer now an exile roam
In guilt and misery.

2 Return, O wanderer, to thy home;
Thy Savior calls for thee:
"The Spirit and the Bride say, Come;"
Oh, now for refuge flee!

3 Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
'Tis madness to delay:
There are no pardons in the tomb;
And brief is mercy's day!

4 Bow to the scepter of his word,
Renouncing every sin;
Submit to him, your sovereign Lord,
And learn his will divine.

394 W. B. Collyer.

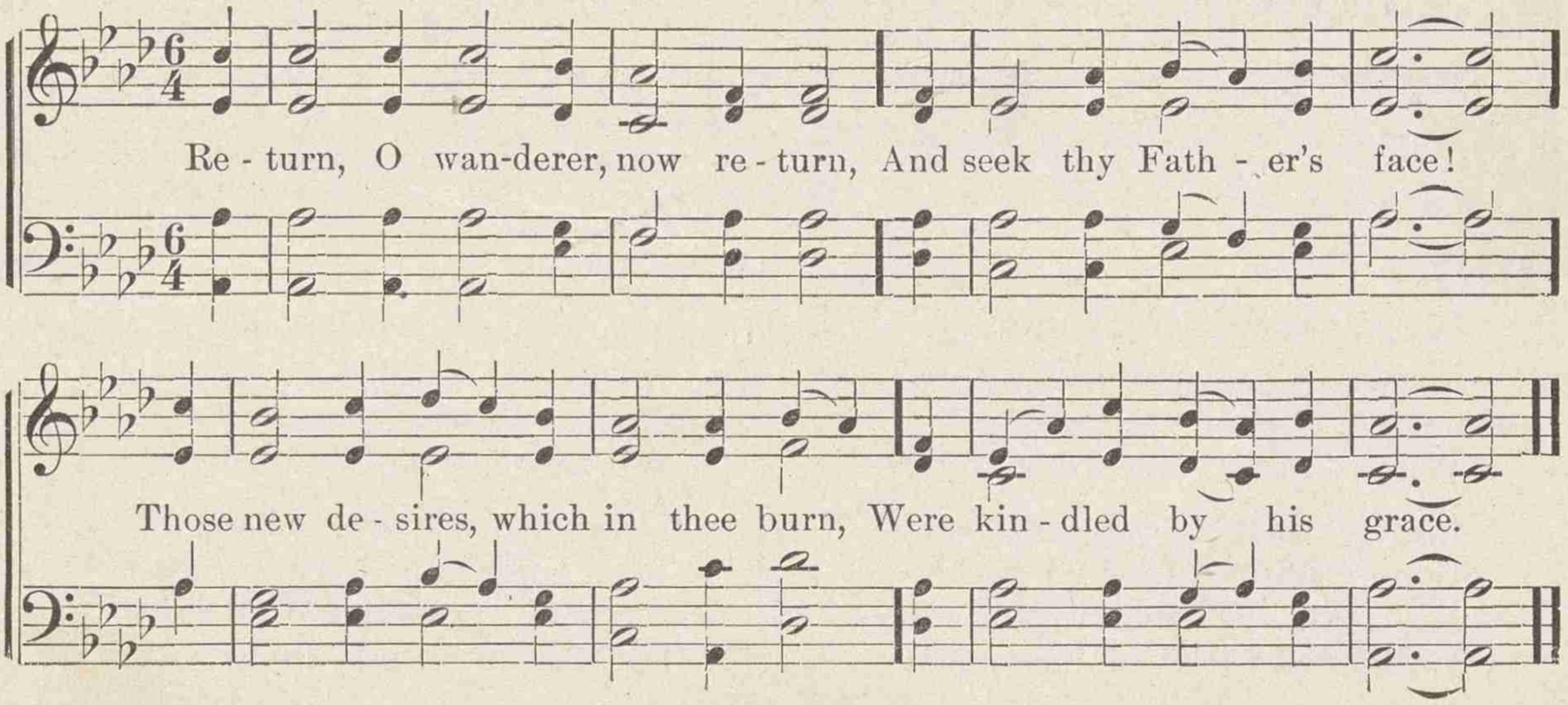
1 Return, O wanderer, now return,
And seek thy Father's face!
Those new desires, which in thee burn,
Were kindled by his grace.

2 Return, O wanderer, now return!
He hears thy humble sigh;
He sees thy softened spirit mourn,
When no one else is nigh.

3 Return, O wanderer, now return!
Thy Savior bids thee live:
Go to his bleeding feet, and learn
How freely he'll forgive.

4 Return, O wanderer, now return,
And wipe the falling tear!
Thy Father calls—no longer mourn:
His love invites thee near.

HELENA. C. M. *Isa. 55: 7.* W. B. BRADBURY.



INVITATION.

CHESTERFIELD. C. M. *"The Savior calls."* THOMAS HAWEIS, 1792.

395 Anne Steele.

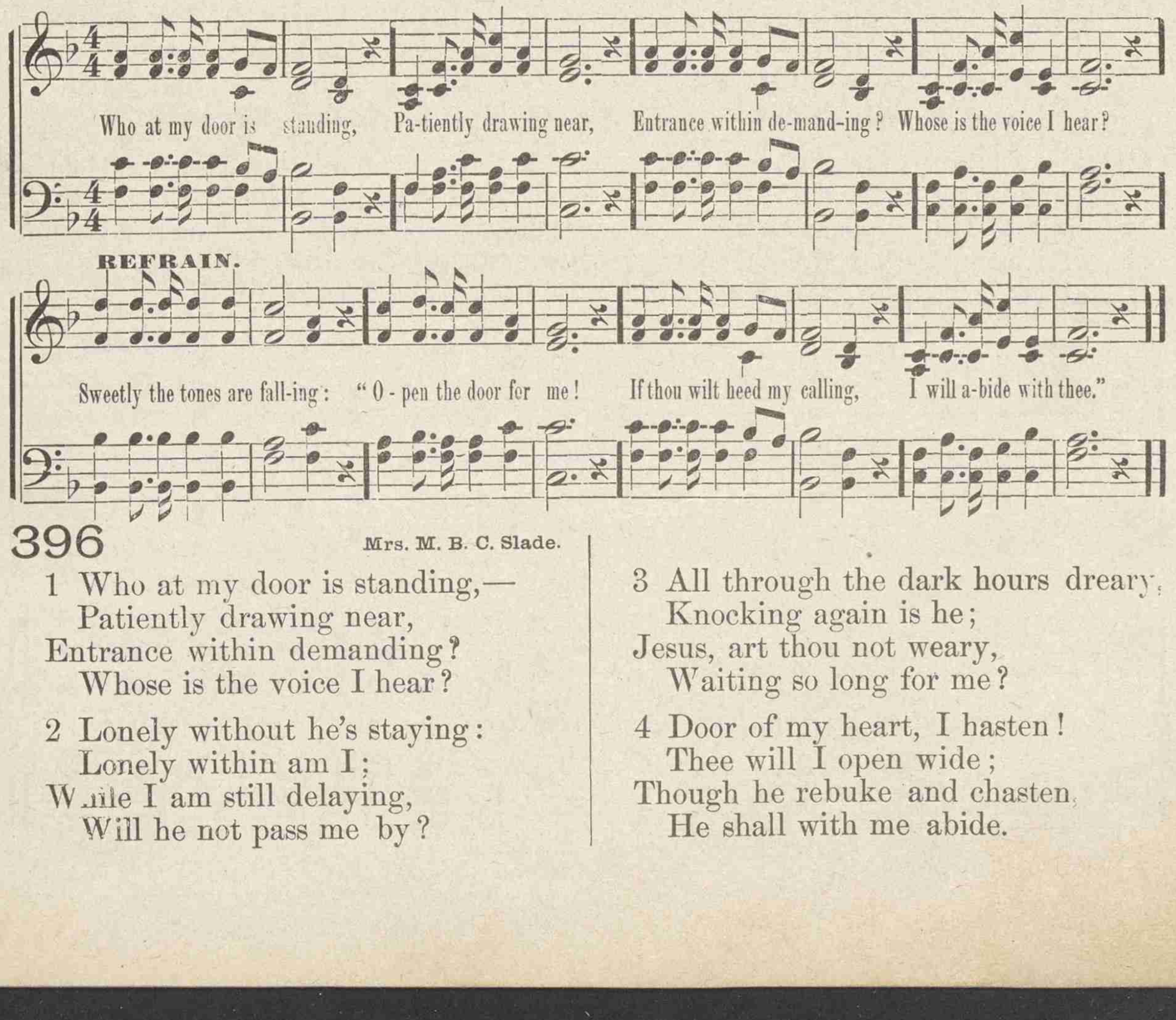
1 The Savior calls;—let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound;
Ye doubting souls! dismiss your fear,
Hope smiles reviving round.

2 For every thirsty, longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow,
And life, and health, and bliss impart,
To banish mortal woe.

3 Ye sinners! come; 'tis mercy's voice:
The gracious call obey;
Mercy invites to heavenly joys,—
And can you yet delay?

4 Dear Savior! draw reluctant hearts;
To thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss thy love imparts,
And drink and never die.

AT THE DOOR. *"Behold! I stand at the door."* DR. A. B. EVERETT.



396 Mrs. M. B. C. Slade.

1 Who at my door is standing,—
Patiently drawing near,
Entrance within demanding?
Whose is the voice I hear?

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.

COMING NOW. 7s & 6s. *"Now is the accepted time."* FRED A. FILLMORE.

CHORUS.

By permission

397

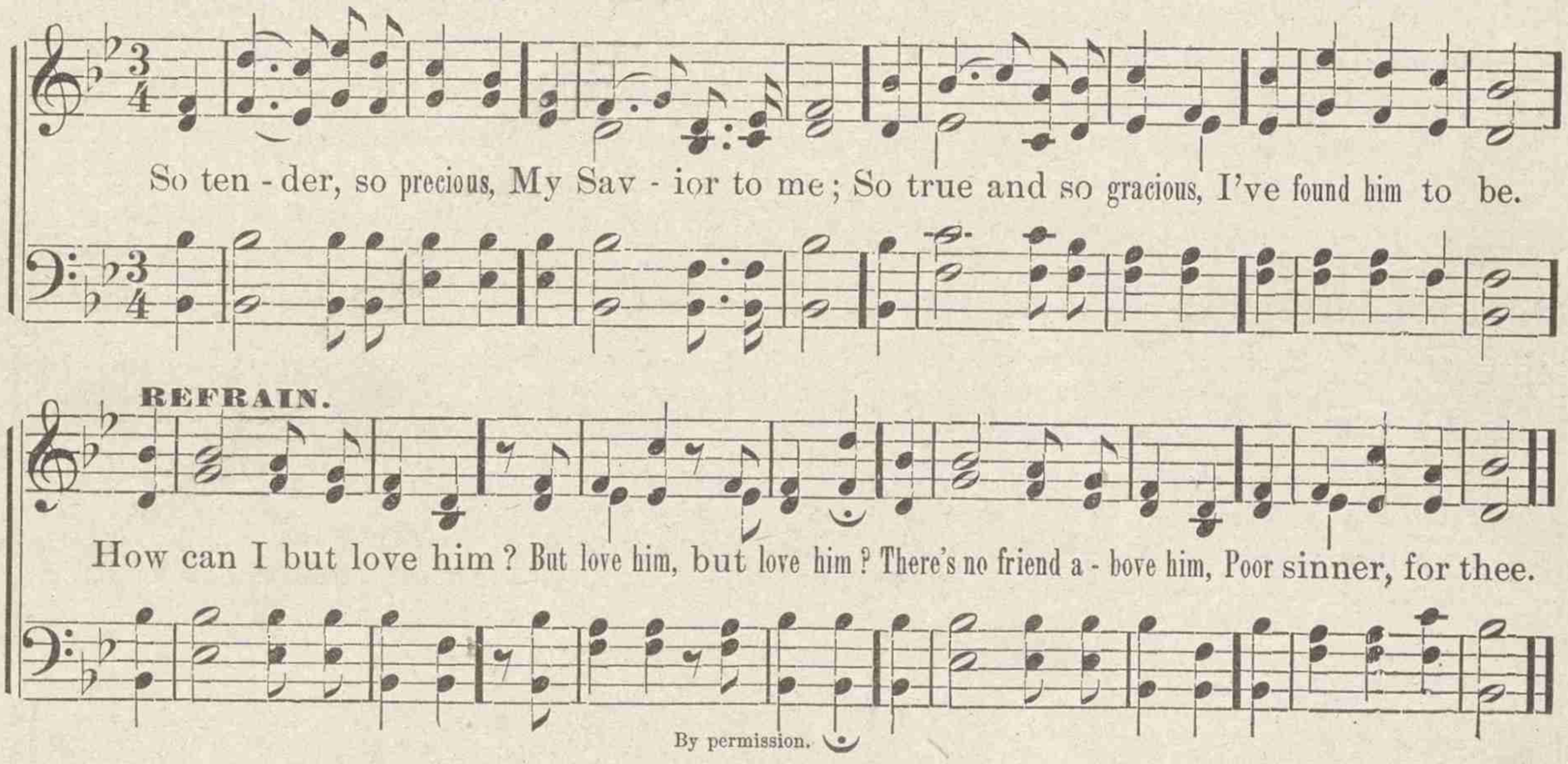
Robert Moffett.

2 Jesus, make me true to thee,
Pure, and meek, and lowly,
While I walk the narrow way
To the city holy.—CHO.

3 Jesus, fill my heart with peace,
Flowing like a river;
Day by day my joy increase,
Till the glad forever.—CHO.

"He is precious."

HOW CAN I BUT LOVE HIM? 6s & 5s. E. S. LORENZ.



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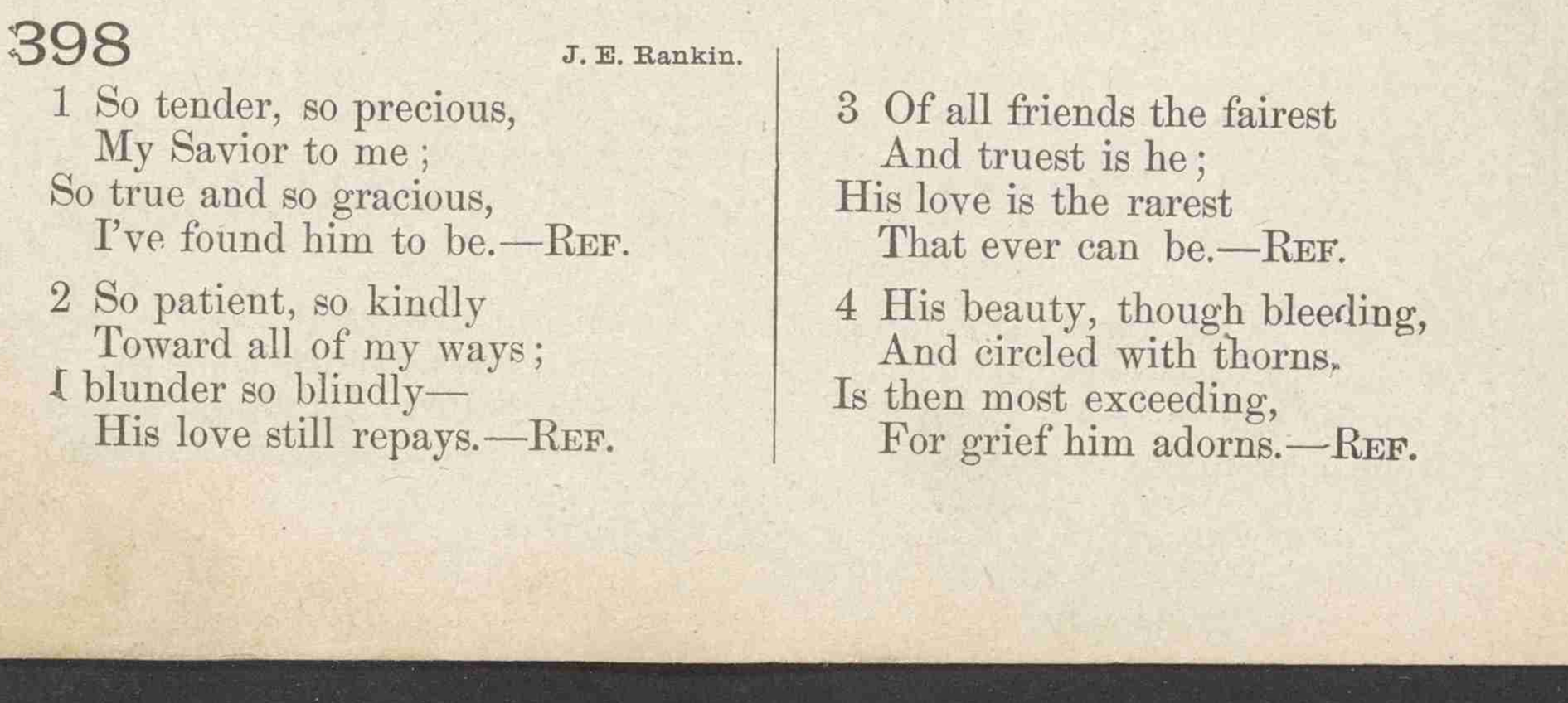

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398

J. E. Rankin.

1 So tender, so precious,
My Savior to me;
So true and so gracious,
I've found him to be.—REF.

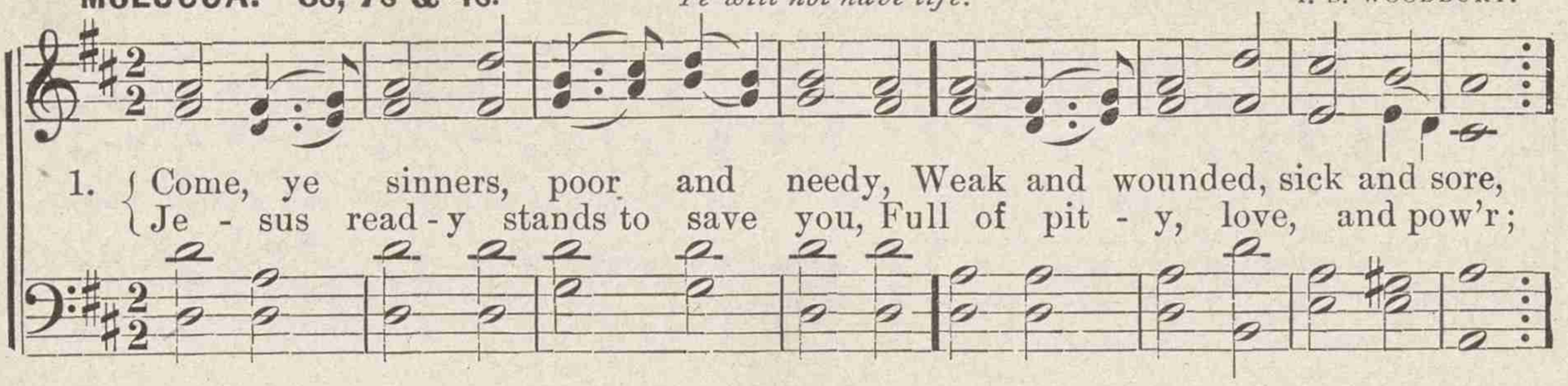
2 So patient, so kindly
Toward all of my ways;
I blunder so blindly—
His love still repays.—REF.

3 Of all friends the fairest
And truest is he;
His love is the rarest
That ever can be.—REF.

4 His beauty, though bleeding,
And circled with thorns,
Is then most exceeding,
For grief him adorns.—REF.

INVITATION.

MOLUCCA. 8s, 7s & 4s. *"Ye will not have life."* I. B. WOODBURY.



399 Charles Wesley.

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

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

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

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

CHRIST IS PRECIOUS. 8s & 7s. *"I am with you alway."* J. H. FILLMORE.

CHORUS.

By permission.

400 Eliza Sherman.

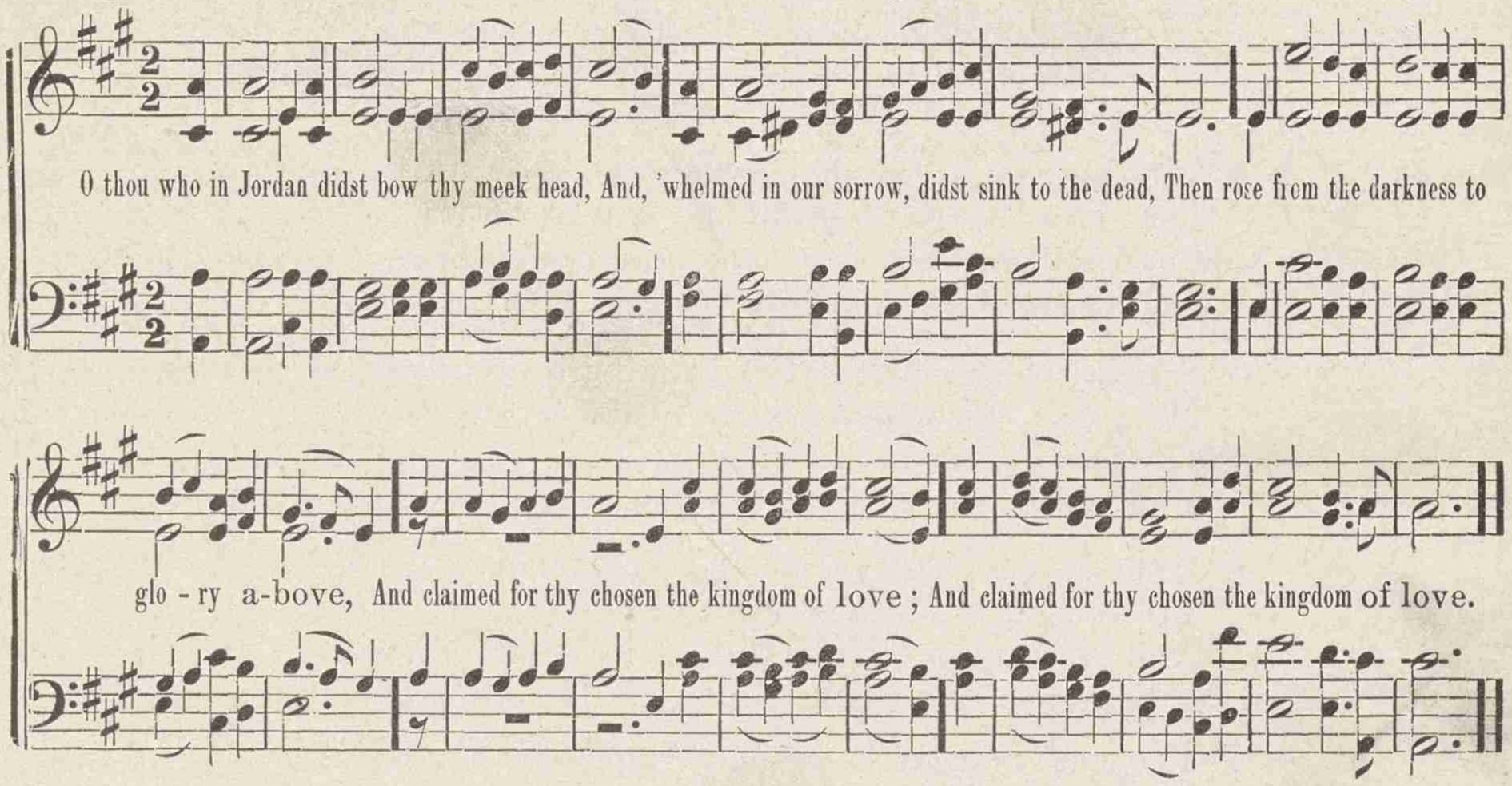
2 But we can not know the fullness
Of the Savior's wondrous love,
Till we see and know his glory,
In the heavenly home above.—Cho.

3 Come and taste the love of Jesus,
At his feet thy burdens lay;
Trust him with thy grief and sorrow,
Bear this joyful song away.—Cho

BAPTISMAL HYMNS.

"And Jesus, when he was baptized, went up straightway out of the water."—Matt. 3 : 16.

PORTUGUESE HYMN. IIs. *"He that believeth and is baptized."* MARCANTONIO SIMAS, 1790.



402

Geo. W. Bethune, 1857.

1 Oh, thou who in Jordan didst bow thy meek head,
And, 'whelmed in our sorrow, didst sink to the dead,
Then rose from the darkness to glory above,
And claimed for thy chosen the kingdom of love.

2 Thy footsteps we follow, to bow in the tide,
And are buried with thee in the death thou hast died;
Then wake in thy likeness to walk in the way
That brightens and brightens to shadowless day.

3 O Jesus, our Savior, O Jesus, our Lord,
By the life of thy passion, the grace of thy word,
Accept us, redeem us, dwell ever within,
To keep, by thy Spirit, our spirits from sin;

4 Till, crowned with thy glory, and waving the palm,
Our garments all white from the blood of the Lamb,
We join the bright millions of saints gone before,
And bless thee, and wonder, and praise evermore.

FOUNDATION. IIs.

"I will never leave thee."

UNKNOWN.

1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in his excellent word! What more can he say than to you he has said,
D. S. You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

403

George Keith.

2 In every condition—in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea—
As your days may demand, so your succor shall be.

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

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

5 When through fiery trials your pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be your supply;
The flame shall not hurt you; I only design
Your dross to consume, and your gold to refine.

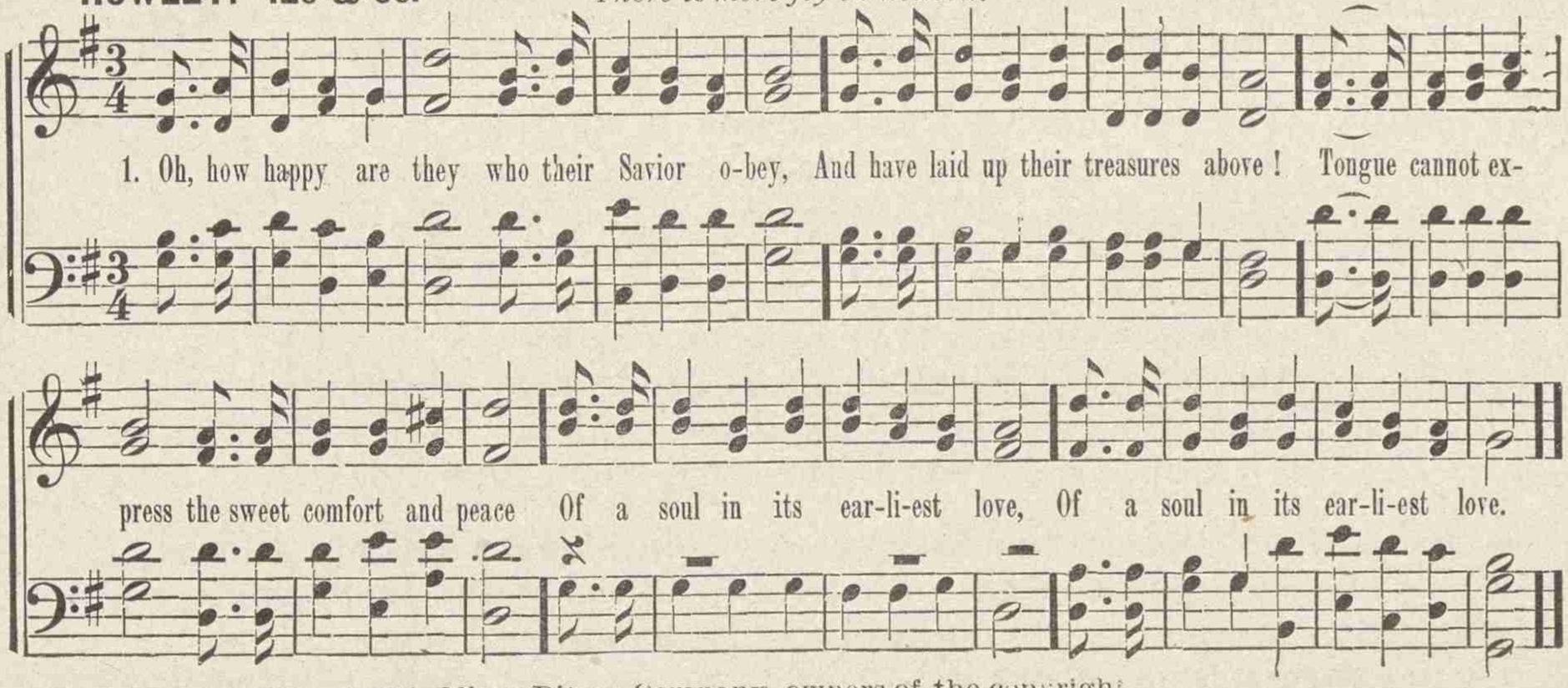
6 E'en down to old age all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

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

ROWLEY. 12s & 9s.

"There is more joy in heaven."

W. ARNOLD.
ARR. BY LOWELL MASON.



1. Oh, how happy are they who their Savior o-bey, And have laid up their treasures above! Tongue cannot ex-
press the sweet comfort and peace Of a soul in its ear-li-est love, Of a soul in its ear-li-est love.

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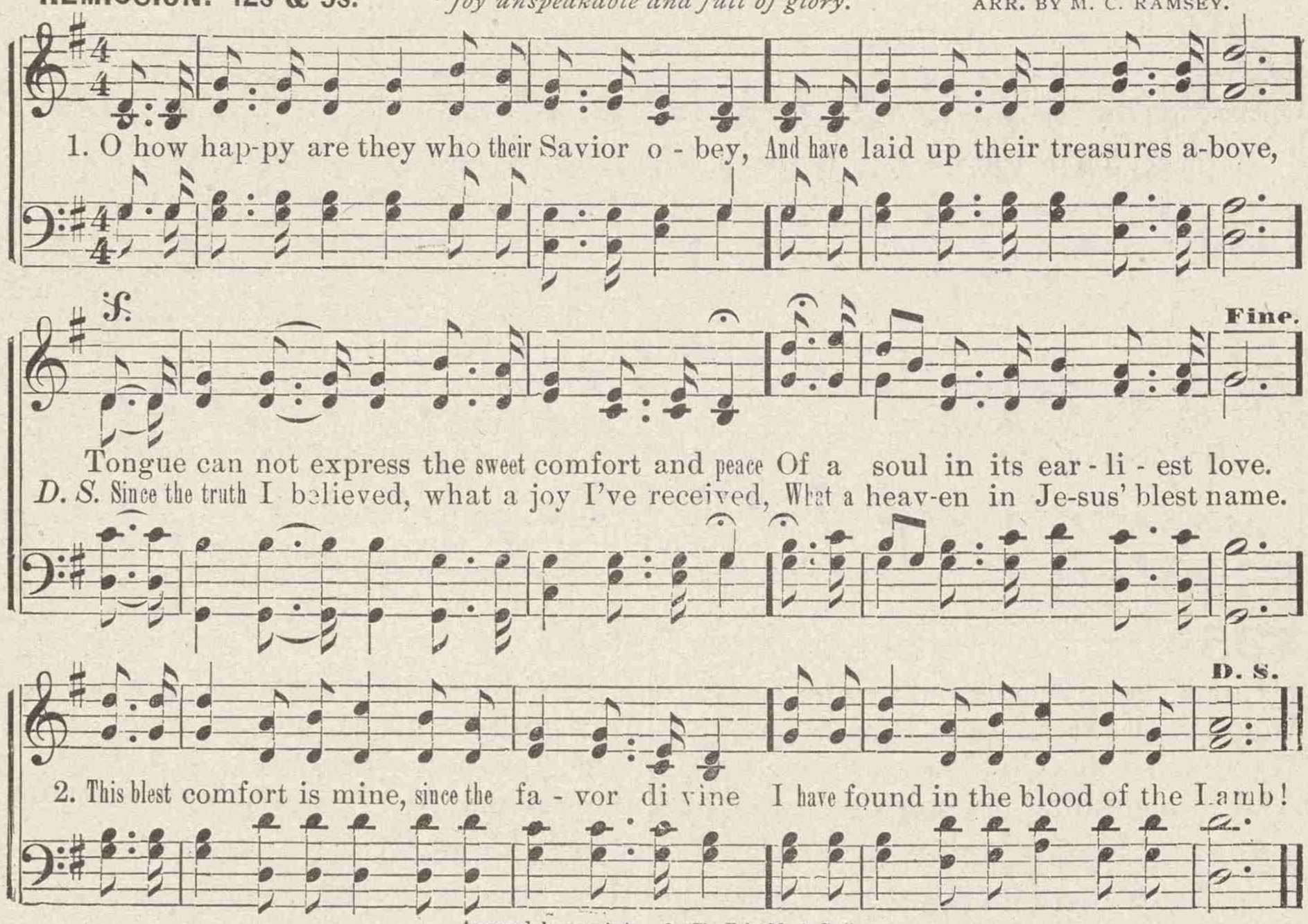
REMISSION. 12s & 9s. *"Joy unspeakable and full of glory."* ARR. BY M. C. RAMSEY.



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404

Charles Wesley.

3 'Tis a heaven below my Redeemer to know;
And the angels can do nothing more
Than to fall at his feet, and the story repeat,
And the lover of sinners adore!

4 Jesus all the day long is my joy and my song;
Oh, that all to this refuge may fly!
He has lov'd me, I cried, he has suffered and died
To redeem such a rebel as I!

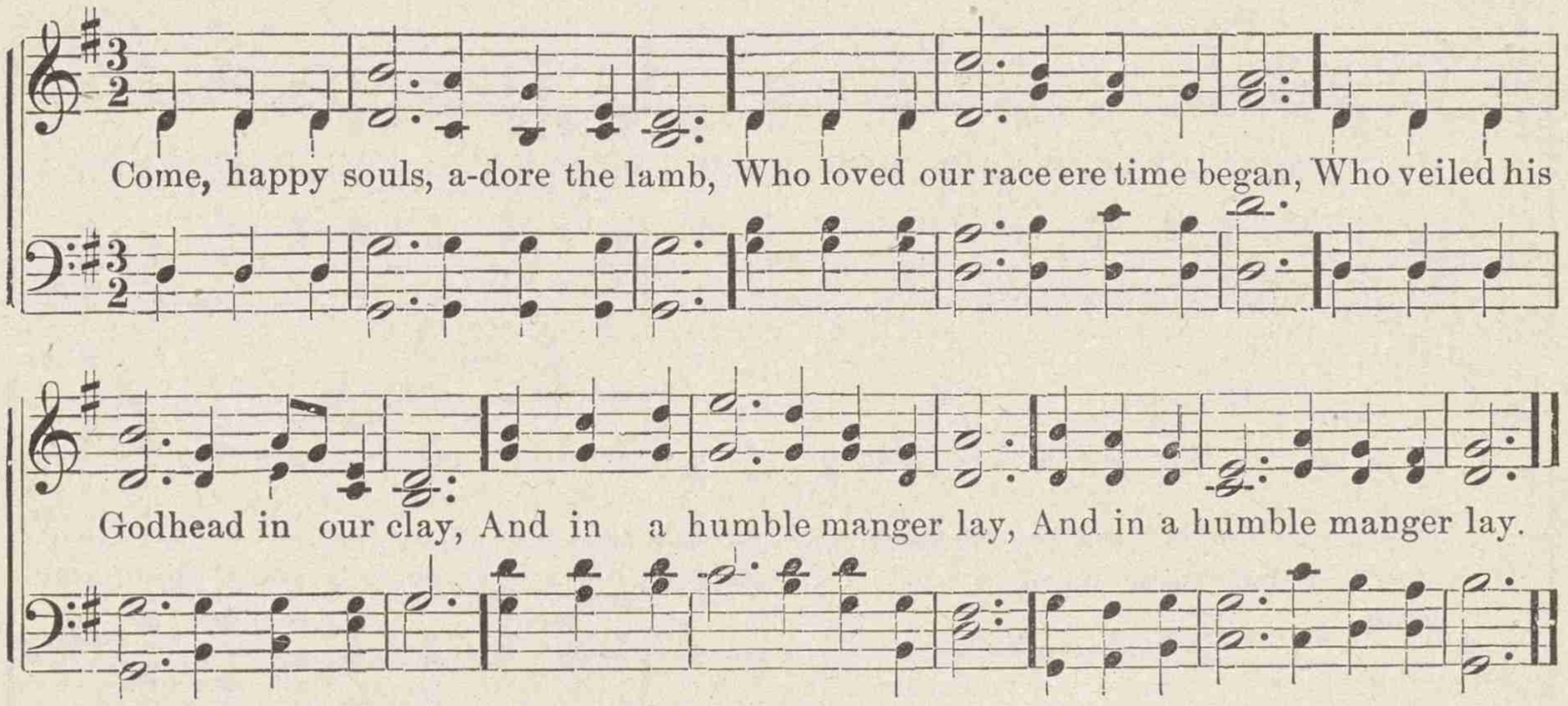
5 On the wings of his love I'm carried above
All my sin, and temptation, and pain;
Oh, why should I grieve, while on him I believe?
Oh, why should I sorrow again?

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

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

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

TAPPAN. L. M. *"This is my beloved son."* GEO. KINGSLEY.



405

Thomas Baldwin, 1819.

1 Come, happy souls, adore the Lamb,
Who loved our race ere time began,
Who veiled his Godhead in our clay,
And in a humble manger lay.

2 To Jordan's stream the spirit led,
To mark the path his saints should tread;
With joy they trace the sacred way,
To see the place where Jesus lay.

3 Immersed by John in Jordan's wave,
The Savior left his watery grave;
Heaven owned the deed, approved the way,
And blessed the place where Jesus lay.

4 Come, all who love his precious name;
Come, tread his steps, and learn of him;
Happy beyond expression they
Who find the place where Jesus lay.

406

S. F. Smith, 1850.

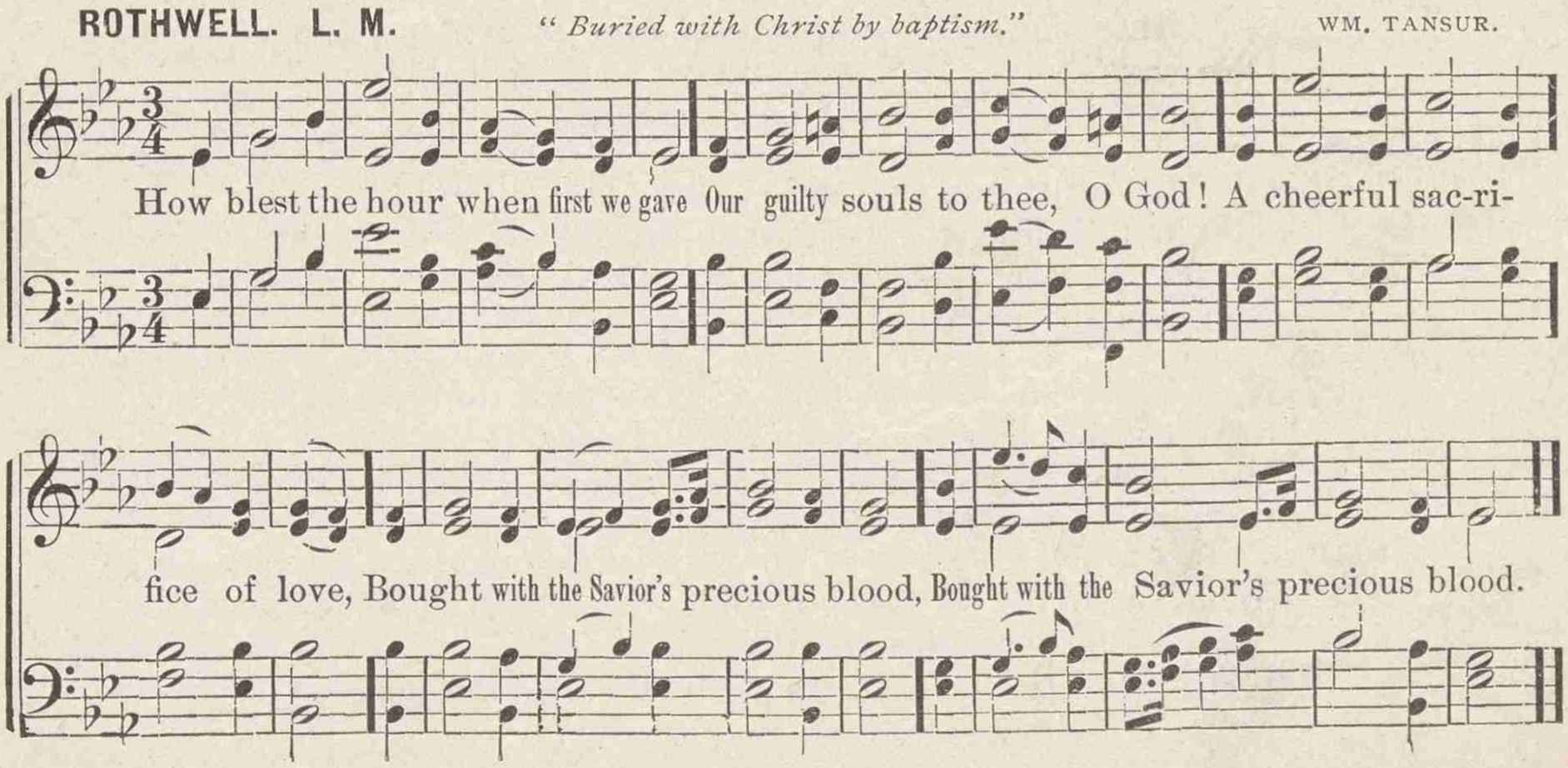
1 How blest the hour when first we gave
Our guilty souls to thee, O God!
A cheerful sacrifice of love,
Bought with the Savior's precious blood.

2 How blest the vow we here record!
How blest the grace we now receive!
Buried in baptism with our Lord,
New lives of holiness to live.

3 How blest the solemn rite that seals
Our death to sin, our guilt forgiven!
How blest the emblem that reveals
God reconciled, and peace with heaven!

4 Thus through the emblematic grave
The glorious, suffering Savior trod;
Thou art our pattern, through the wave
We follow thee, blest Son of God.

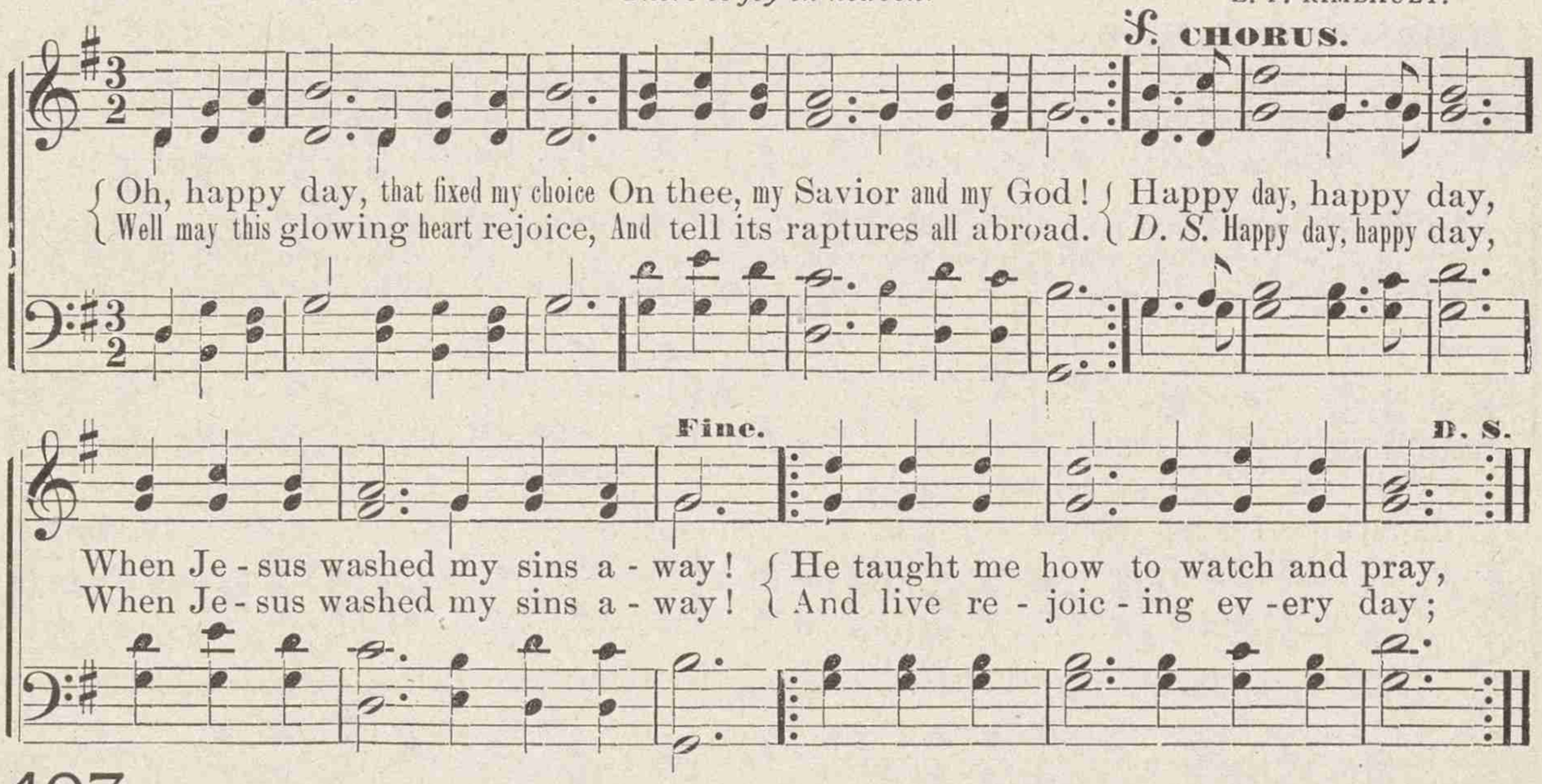
ROTHWELL. L. M. *"Buried with Christ by baptism."* WM. TANSUR.



HAPPY DAY. L. M.

"There is joy in heaven."

E. F. RIMBAULT.



407

Philip Doddridge.

1 Oh, happy day, that fixed my choice
On thee, my Savior and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.—Cho.

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

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

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

DUKE STREET. L. M.

"And abode upon Him."

J. HATTON, 1790.

408

Adoniram Judson, 1788-1850.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, Guest divine,
On these baptismal waters shine,
And teach our hearts, in highest strain,
To praise the Lamb, for sinners slain.

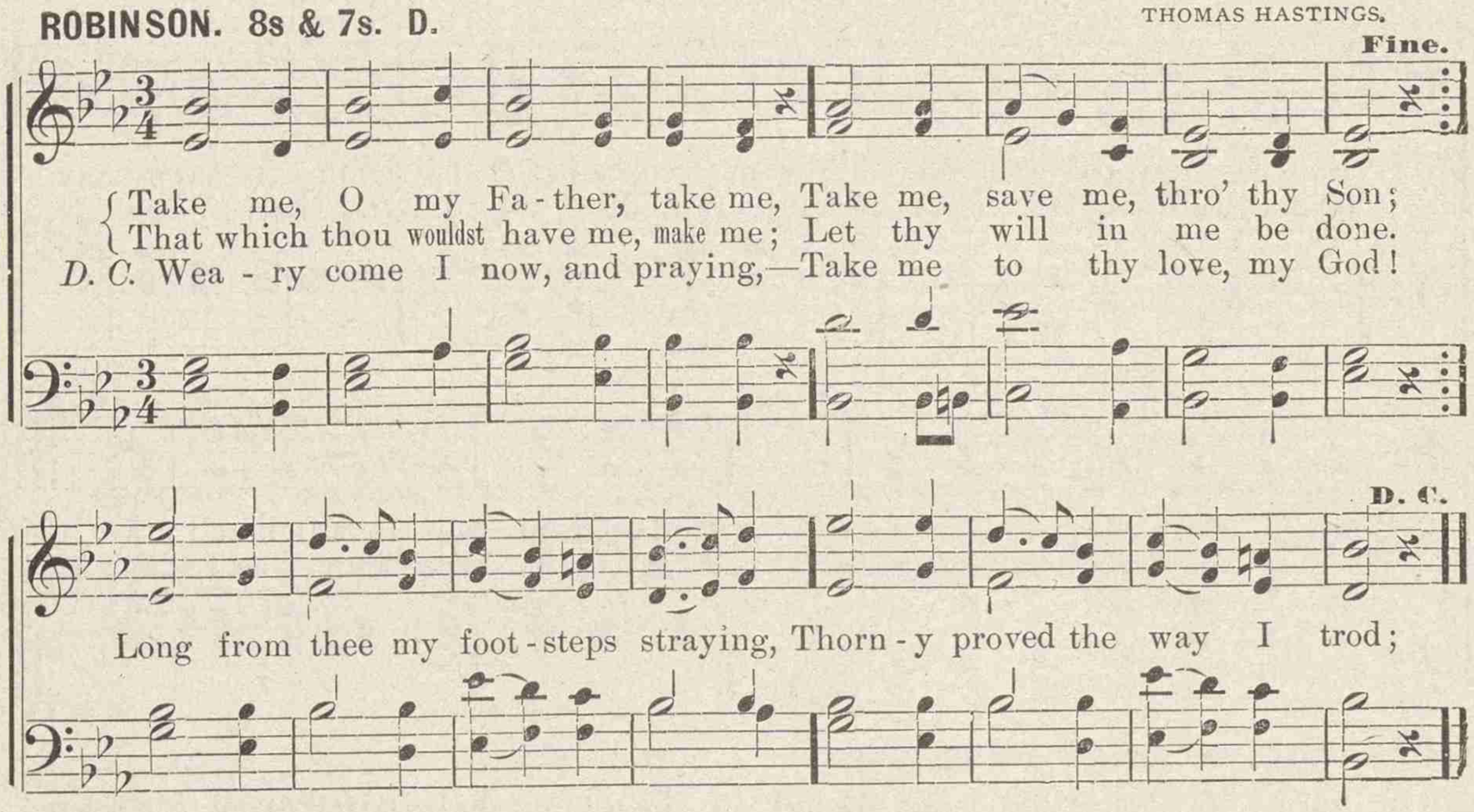
2 We love thy name, we love thy laws,
And joyfully embrace thy cause;
We love thy cross, the shame, the pain,
O Lamb of God, for sinners slain.

3 We sink beneath thy mystic flood,
Oh, bathe us in thy cleansing blood;
We die to sin, and seek a grave,
With thee, beneath the yielding wave.

4 And as we rise, with thee to live
Oh, let the Holy Spirit give
The sealing unction from above,
The breath of life, the fire of love.

"Arise and be baptized, calling on the name of the Lord."

ROBINSON. 8s & 7s. D. THOMAS HASTINGS.



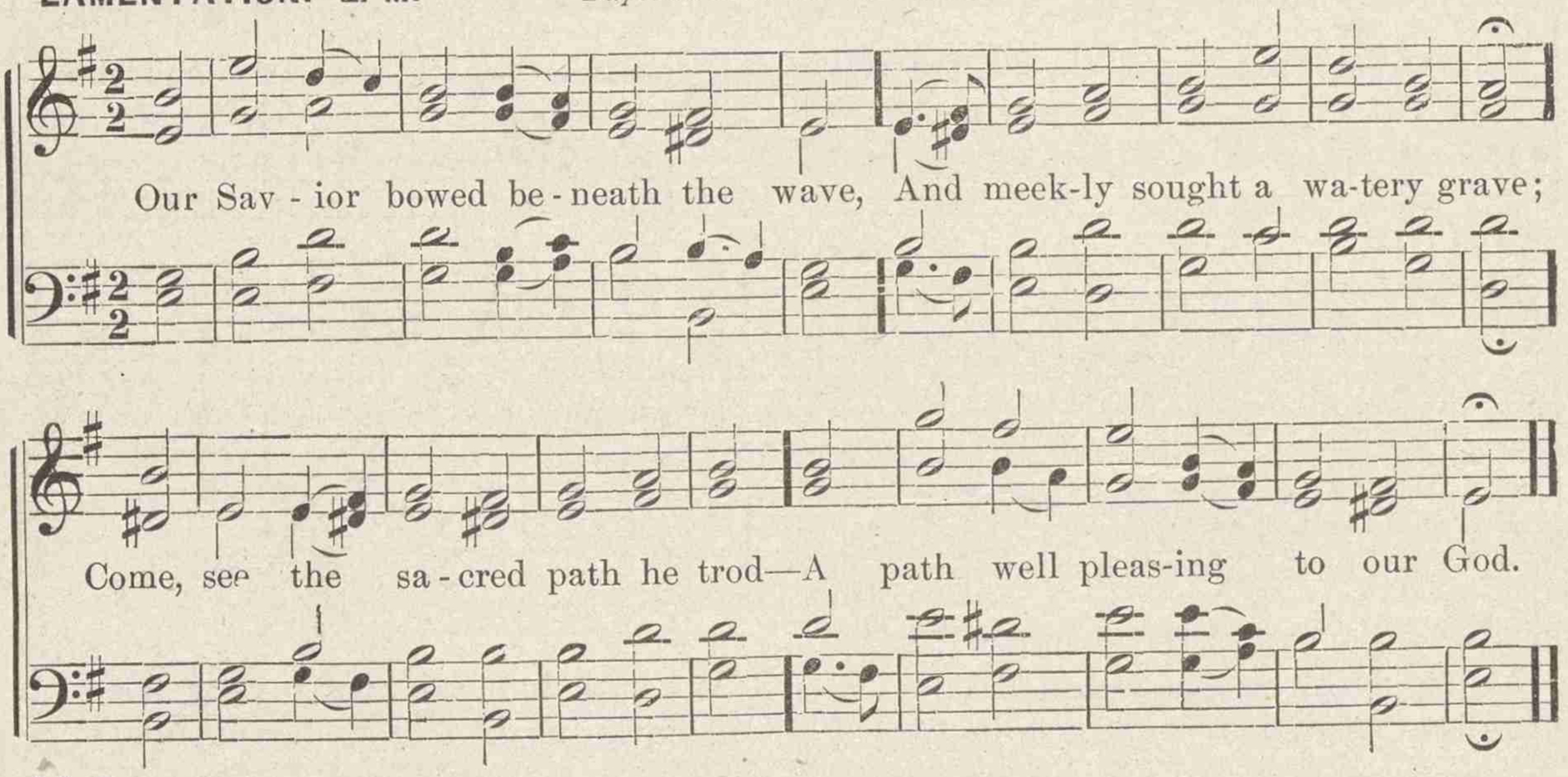
409

Ray Palmer.

2 Fruitless years with grief recalling,
Humbly I confess my sin;
At thy feet, O Father, falling,
To thy household take me in.
Freely now to thee I proffer
This relenting heart of mine;
Freely, life and soul I offer,
Gift unworthy love like thine.

3 Once the world's Redeemer, dying,
Bore our sins upon the tree;
On that sacrifice relying,
Now I look in hope to thee.
Father, take me! all forgiving,
Fold me to thy loving breast;
In thy love forever living,
I must be forever blest.

LAMENTATION. L. M. *"Baptism doth also now save."* J. CAMPBELL.



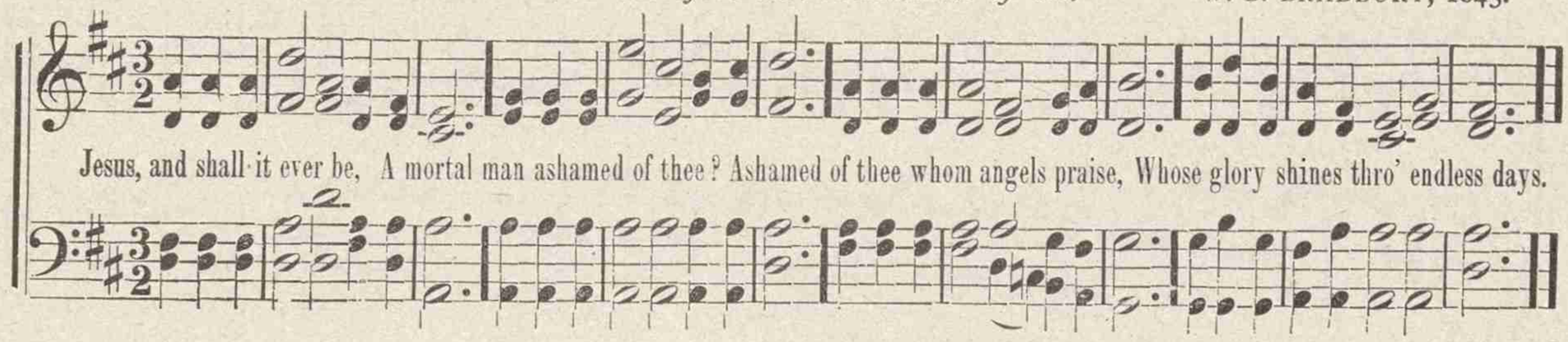
410

Adoniram Judson, 1788-1850.

2 His voice we hear, his footsteps trace,
And hither come to seek his face,
To do his will, to feel his love,
And join our songs with songs above.

3 Hosanna to the Lamb divine!
Let endless glories round him shine;
High o'er the heavens forever reign,
O Lamb of God, for sinners slain.

REST. L. M. *"Whosoever therefore will be ashamed of me."* W. B. BRADBURY, 1843.



411

Joseph Grigg, 1723.

1 Jesus, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glory shines through endless days?

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

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

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

5 Ashamed of Jesus! Yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I'll boast a Savior slain;
And oh, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

BALERMA. C. M. *"Of him will I be ashamed?"* R. SIMPSON.

412

"Eng. Bap. Coll."

1 'Tis God the Father we adore
In this baptismal sign;
'Tis he whose voice, on Jordan's shore,
Proclaim'd the Son divine.

2 The Father owned him; let our breath
In answ'ring praise ascend,
As in the image of his death
We own our heavenly Friend.

3 We see the consecrated grave
Along the path he trod;
Receive us in the hallowed wave,
Thou holy Son of God!

4 Let earth and heav'n our zeal record,
And future witness bear
That we to Zion's mighty Lord
Our full allegiance swear.

413

Unknown.

1 Ashamed of Christ! our souls disdain
The mean, ungen'rous thought;
Shall we disown that Friend whose blood
To man salvation brought?

2 With the glad news of love and peace,
From heav'n to earth he came;
For us endur'd the painful cross,
For us despis'd the shame.

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

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

SILOAM. C. M. *"Buried with Christ."* I. B. WOODBURY.

414 Benjamin Beddome, 1787.

1 Buried beneath the yielding wave,
The great Redeemer lies;
Faith views him in the watery grave,
And thence beholds him rise.

2 Thus it becomes his saints to-day,
Their ardent zeal t' express,
And, in the Lord's appointed way,
Fulfill all righteousness.

3 With joy we in his footsteps tread,
And would his cause maintain;
Like him be numbered with the dead,
And with him rise and reign.

4 Now we, dear Jesus, would to thee
Our grateful voices raise;
Washed in the fountain of thy Blood,
Our lives shall be thy praise.

MAITLAND. C. M. *"Arise, to walk in a new life."* GEORGE N. ALLEN. 1812–1877.

415 S. F. Smith, 1832.

1 Meekly in Jordan's holy stream
The great Redeemer bowed;
Bright was the glory's sacred beam
That hushed the wondering crowd.

2 Thus God descended to approve
The deed that Christ had done;
Thus came the emblematic Dove,
And hovered o'er the Son.

3 So, blessed Spirit, come to-day
To our baptismal scene;
Let thoughts of earth be far away,
And every mind serene.

4 This day we give to holy joy;
This day to heaven belongs;
Raised to new life, we will employ
In melody our tongues.

MANOAH. C. M. *"Crying, Abba, Father."* HAYDN.

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416 Philip Doddridge.

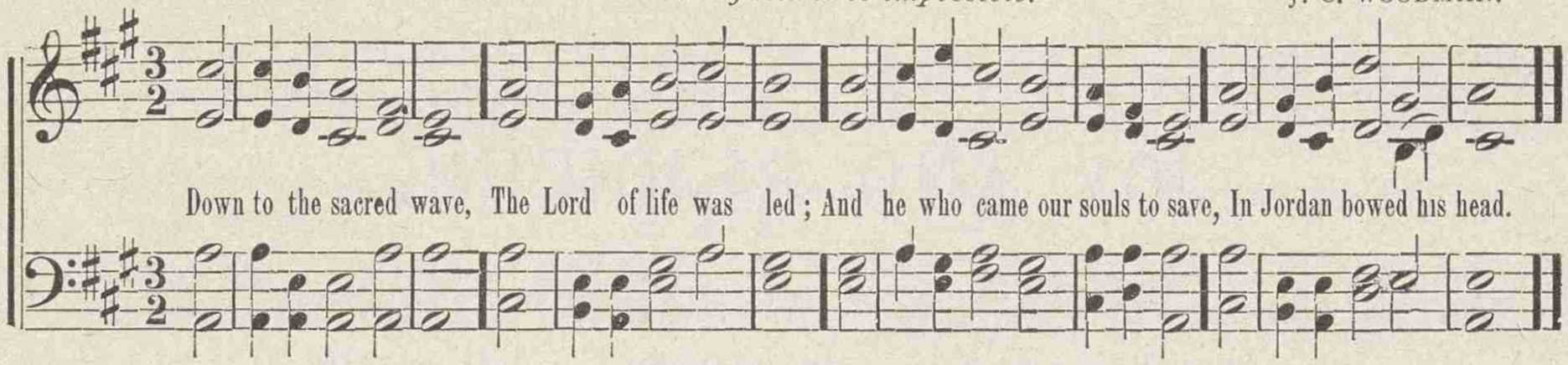
1 My God, the covenant of thy love
Abides for ever sure;
And in its matchless grace I feel
My happiness secure.

2 Since thou, the everlasting God,
My Father art become,
Jesus, my Guardian and my Friend,
And heaven my final home,—

3 I welcome all thy sovereign will,
For all that will is love;
And when I know not what thou dost,
I wait the light above.

4 Thy covenant in the darkest gloom
Shall heavenly rays impart,
Which, when my eyelids close in death,
Shall warm my chilling heart.

STATE STREET. S. M. *"Without faith it is impossible."* J. C. WOODMAN.



417

S. F. Smith, 1843.

1 Down to the sacred wave
The Lord of life was led;
And he who came our souls to save
In Jordan bowed his head.

2 He taught the solemn way;
He fixed the holy rite;
He bade his ransomed ones obey,
And keep the path of light.

3 Blest Savior, we will tread
In thy appointed way;
Let glory o'er these scenes be shed,
And smile on us to-day.

418

S. F. Smith, 1843.

1 With willing hearts we tread
The path the Savior trod;
We love th' example of our head,
The glorious Lamb of God.

2 On thee, on thee alone
Our hope and faith rely,
O thou who didst for sin atone,
Who didst for sinners die.

3 We trust thy sacrifice;
To thy dear cross we flee;
Oh, may we die to sin, and rise
To life and bliss in thee.

ADOPTION. 7s & 6s. *"Suffer it to be so now."* REV. L. HARTSOUGH.

419

James G. Deck, 1845.

1 Around thy grave, Lord Jesus,
Thy wat'ry grave we stand,
With hearts all full of praises,
To keep thy blest command:
By faith our souls rejoicing,
To trace thy path of love,
Through death's dark angry billows,
Up to the throne above.

2 Lord Jesus, we remember
The travail of thy soul,
When, in thy love's deep pity,
The waves did o'er thee roll:
Baptized in death's cold waters,
For us thy blood was shed;
For us the Lord of glory
Was numbered with the dead.

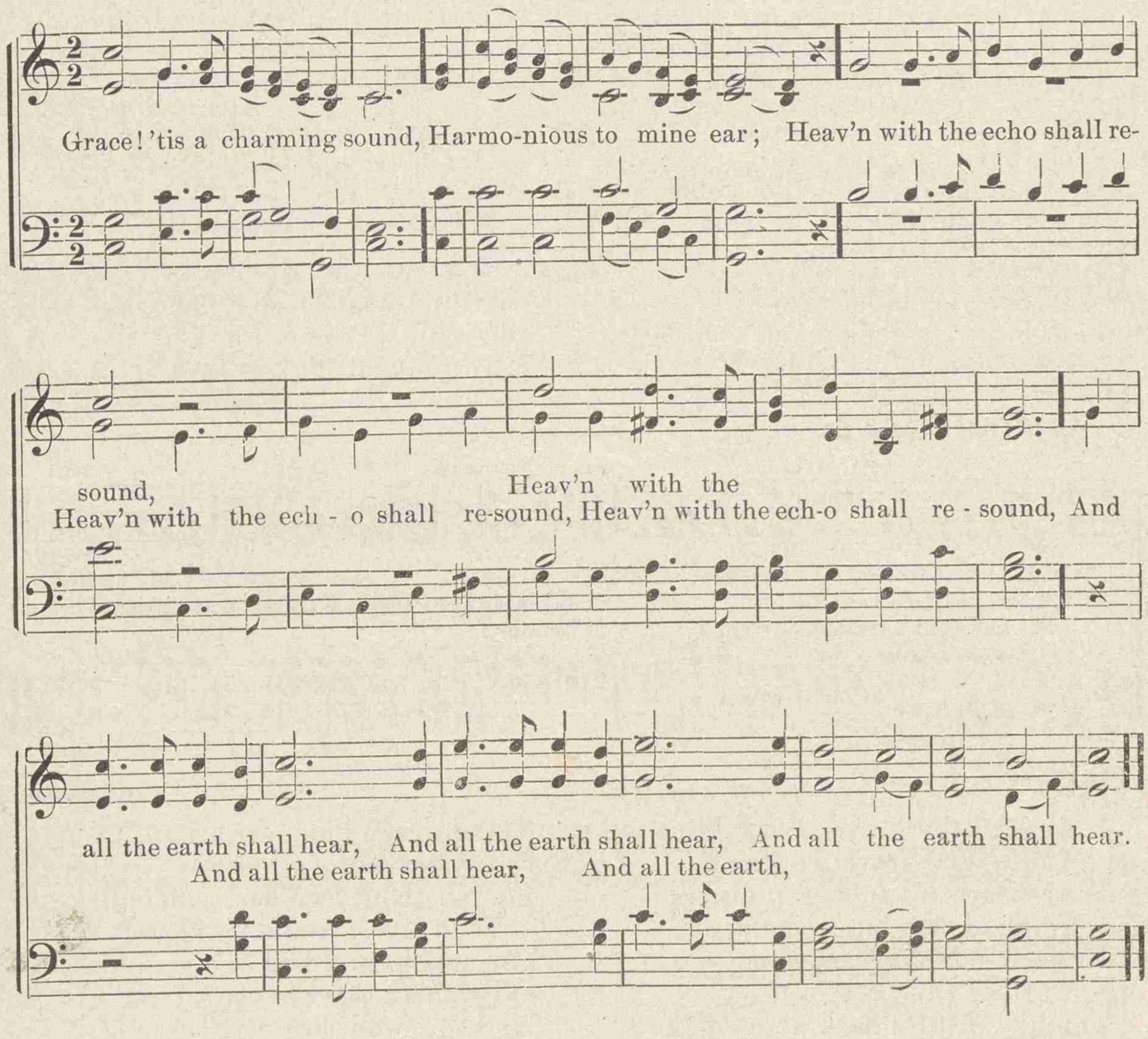
3 Lord, now thou art arisen,
Thy travail is all o'er,
For sin thou once hast suffered,
Thou livest to die no more;
Sin, death, and hell are vanquished,
By thee, thy Church's Head;
And lo! we share thy triumphs,
Thou first-born from the dead.

4 Into thy death baptized,
We own with thee we died;
With thee, our life, are risen,
And in thee glorified;
From sin, the world, and Satan,
We're ransomed by thy blood,
And now would walk as strangers
Alive with thee to God.

JOY AND REJOICING.

"My soul shall be joyful in the Lord: it shall rejoice in its salvation." Ps. 35: 9.
"And he went on his way rejoicing." Acts. 8: 39.

CRANBROOK, S. M. *"Rejoice evermore."* THOMAS CLARK.



422 P. Doddridge.

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

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

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

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

JOY AND REJOICING.

ANTIOCH. C. M.

"Glad tidings of great joy."

G. F. HANDEL AND L. MASON.

423

Isaac Watts.

1 Joy to the world, the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heav'n and nature sing.

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

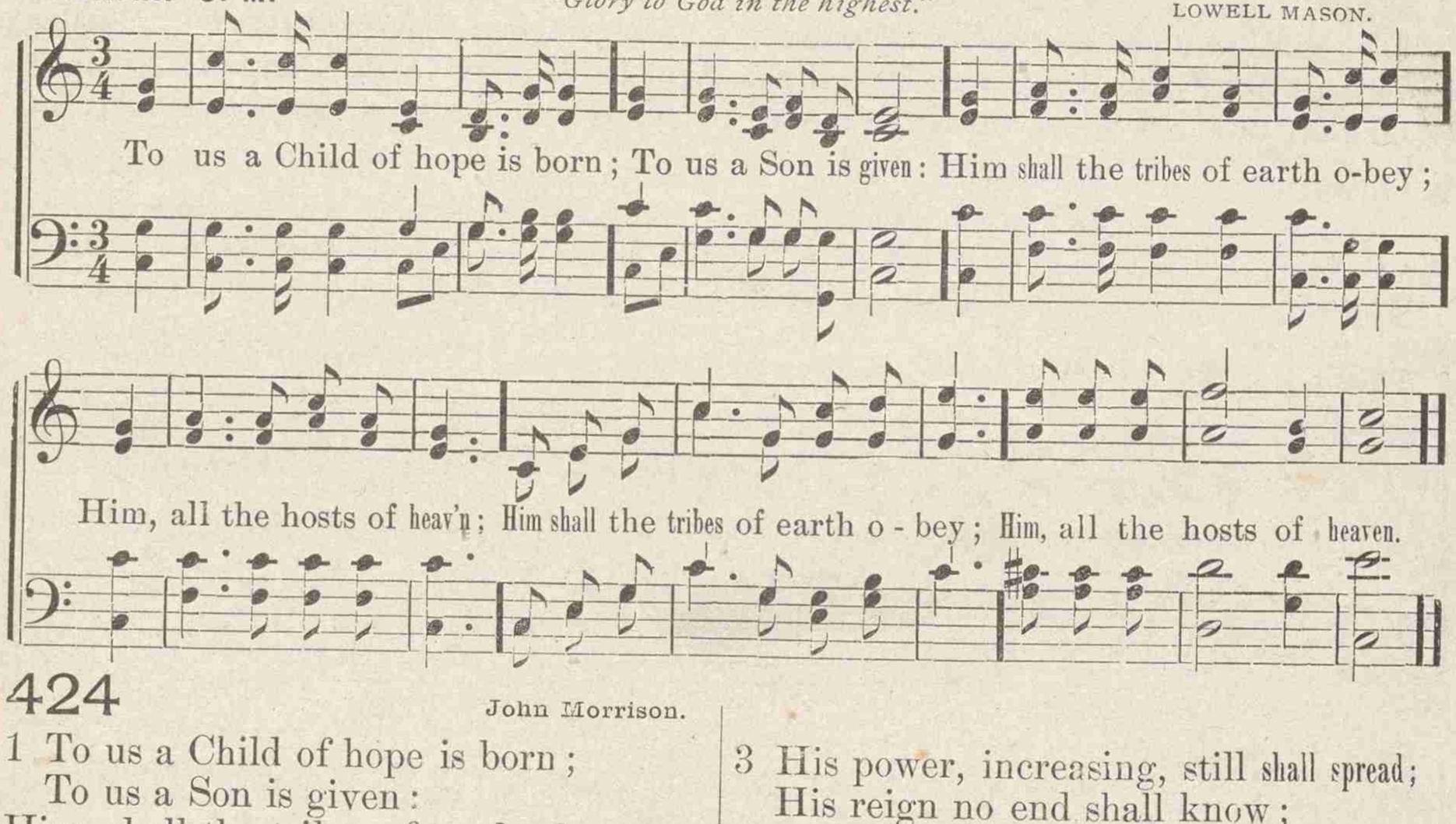
3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow,
Far as the curse is found.

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

ZERAH. C. M.

"Glory to God in the highest."

LOWELL MASON.



424

John Morrison.

1 To us a Child of hope is born;
To us a Son is given:
Him, shall the tribes of earth obey;
Him, all the hosts of heaven.

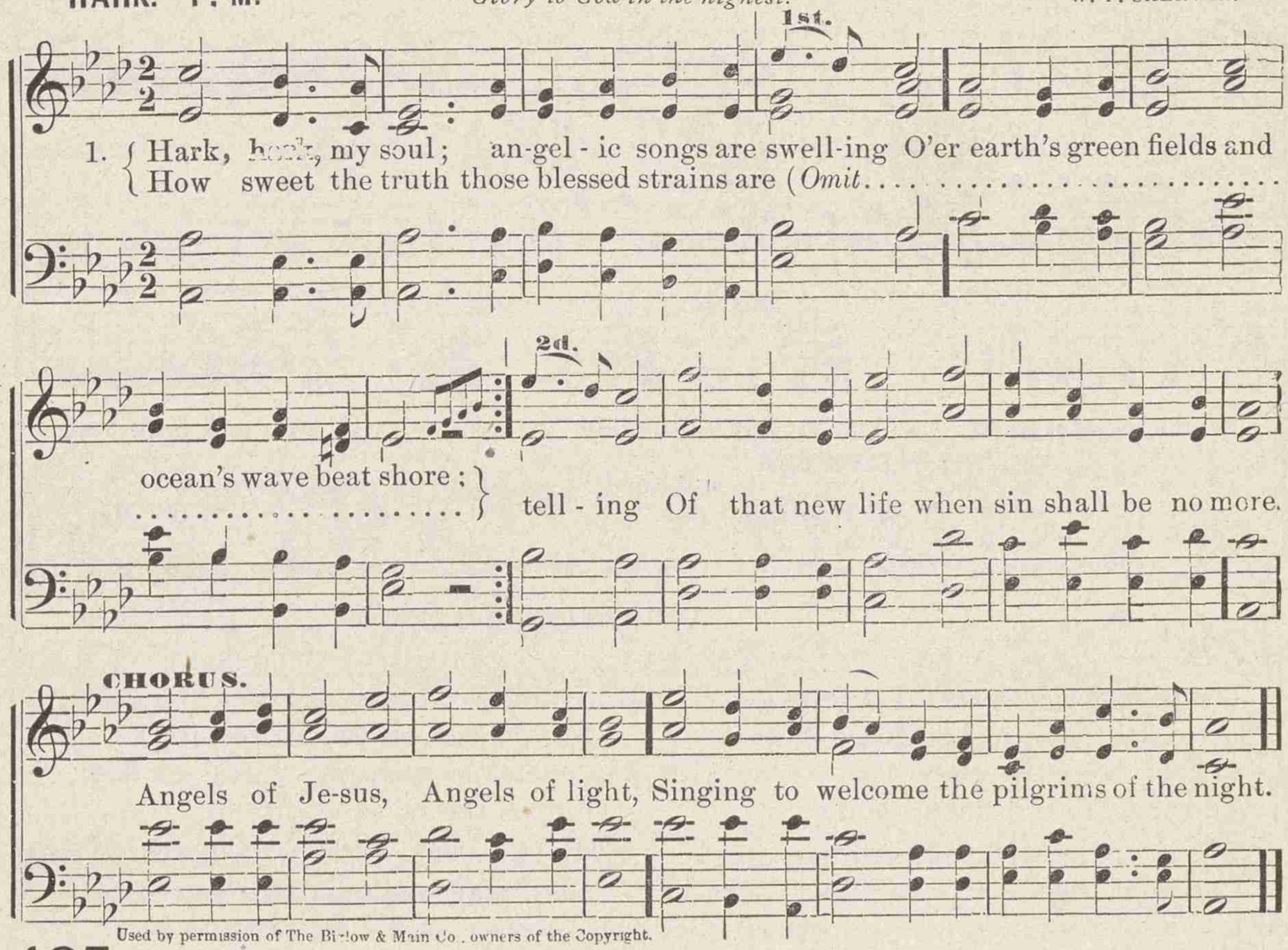
2 His name shall be the Prince of peace,
For evermore adored,
The Wonderful, the Counselor,
The great and mighty Lord!

3 His power, increasing, still shall spread;
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.

4 To us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
The Wonderful, the Counselor,
The mighty Lord of heaven!

JOY AND REJOICING.

HARK. P. M. *"Glory to God in the highest."* W. F. SHERWIN.



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425 Faber.

1 Hark, 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.

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 pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to thee.

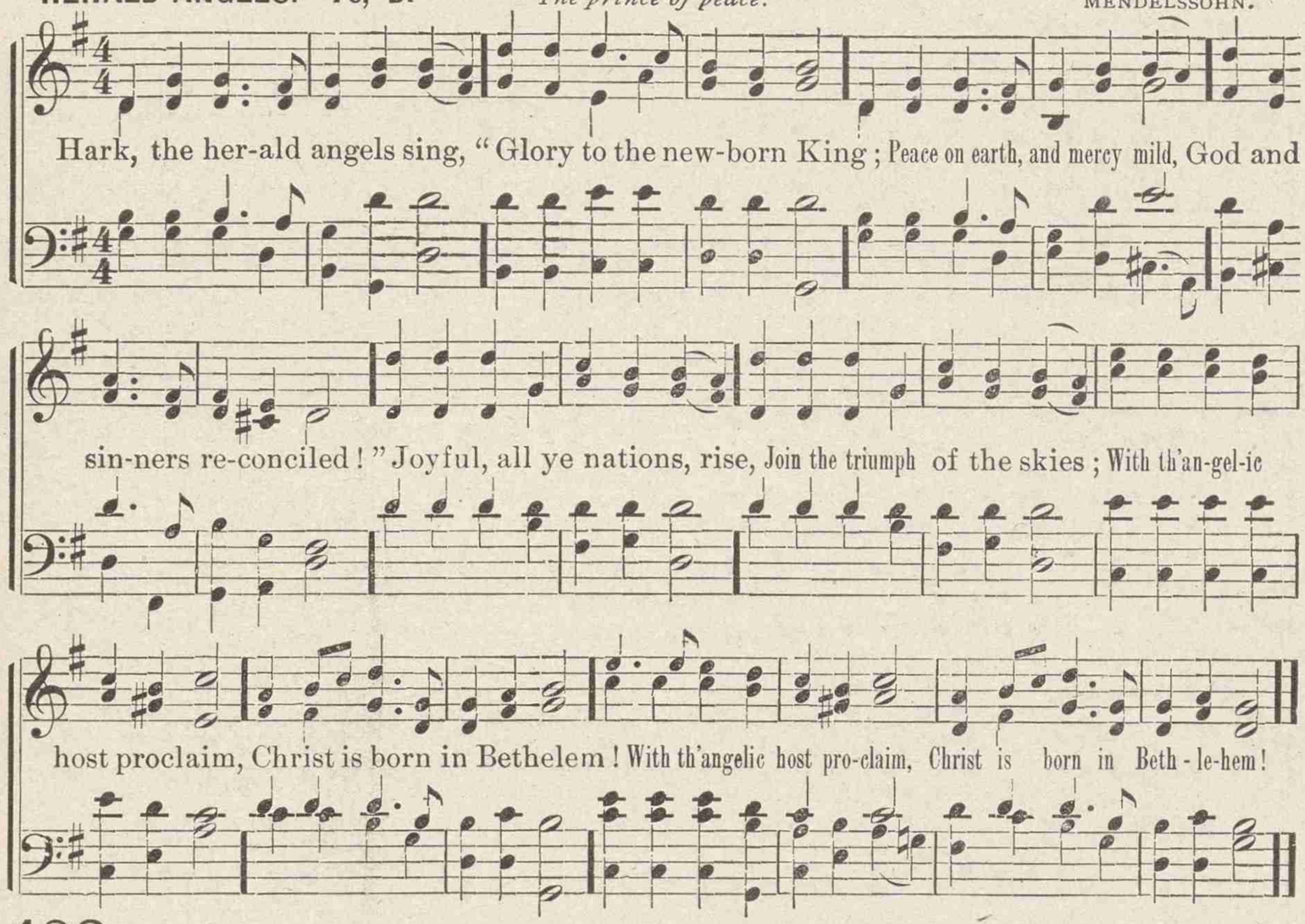
4 Angels, sing on, your faithful watches keeping
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.

ANGEL'S SONG. P. M. *"Peace on earth, and good will to men."* JOHN BACHUS DYKES.

HERALD ANGELS. 7s, D.

"The prince of peace."

MENDELSSOHN.



426

Charles Wesley.

2 Christ, by highest heaven adored;
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of the Virgin's womb:
Vailed in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail the incarnate Deity,
Pleased as man with men to dwell;
Jesus, our Immanuel!

3 Hail, the heaven-born Prince of peace!
Hail! the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings.
Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die:
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

ANGELS' SONG. (Concluded.)

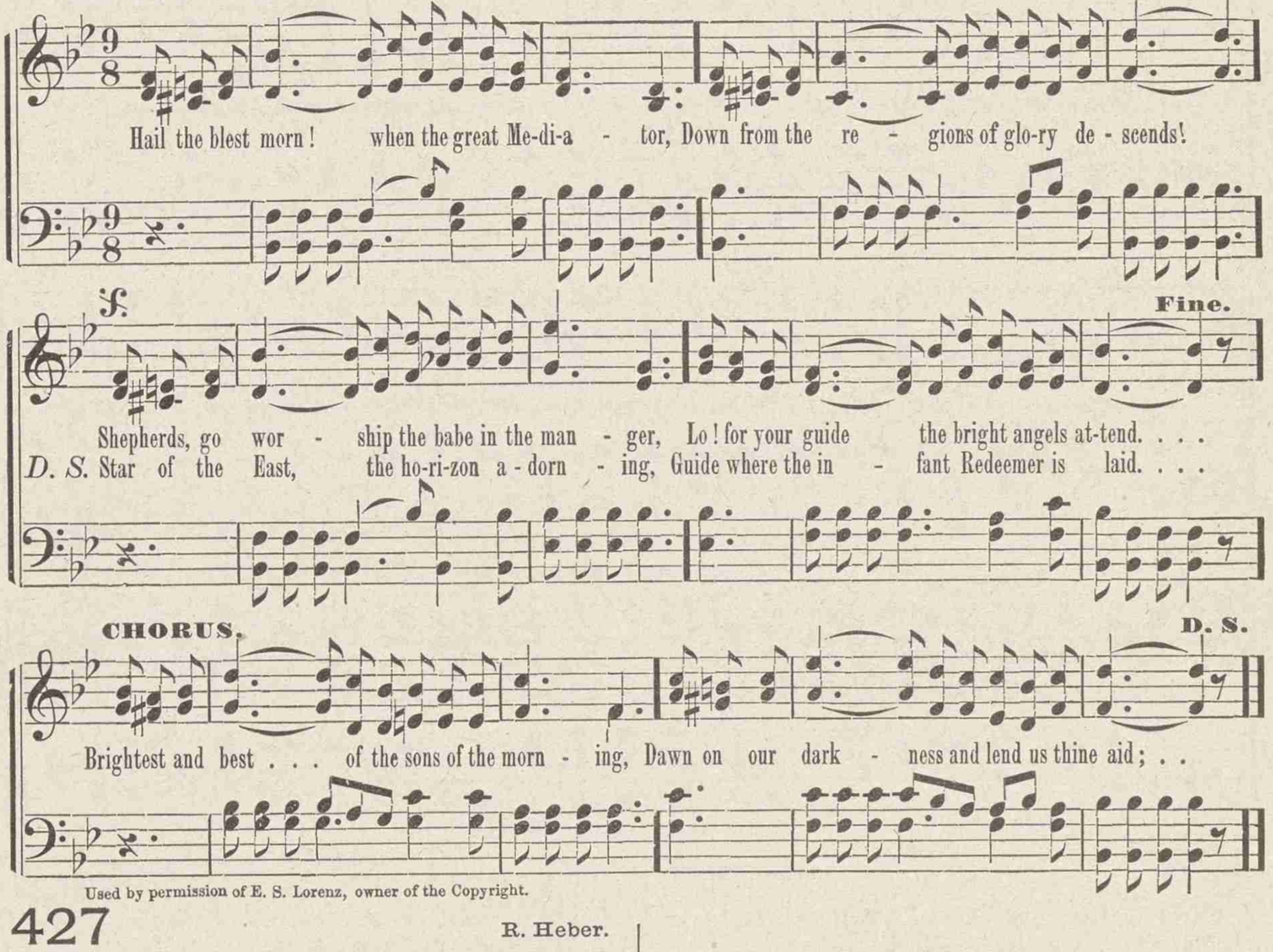
CHORUS.

JOY AND REJOICING.

"Thine eyes shall see the King.""

BRIGHTEST AND BEST. 11s & 10s.

E. S. LORENZ.



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427

R. Heber.

1 Hail the blest morn! when the great Mediator,
Down from the regions of glory descends!
Shepherds, go worship the babe in the manger,
Lo! for your guide the bright angels attend.

2 Cold on his cradle the dewdrops are shining,
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him, in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, the Savior of all.

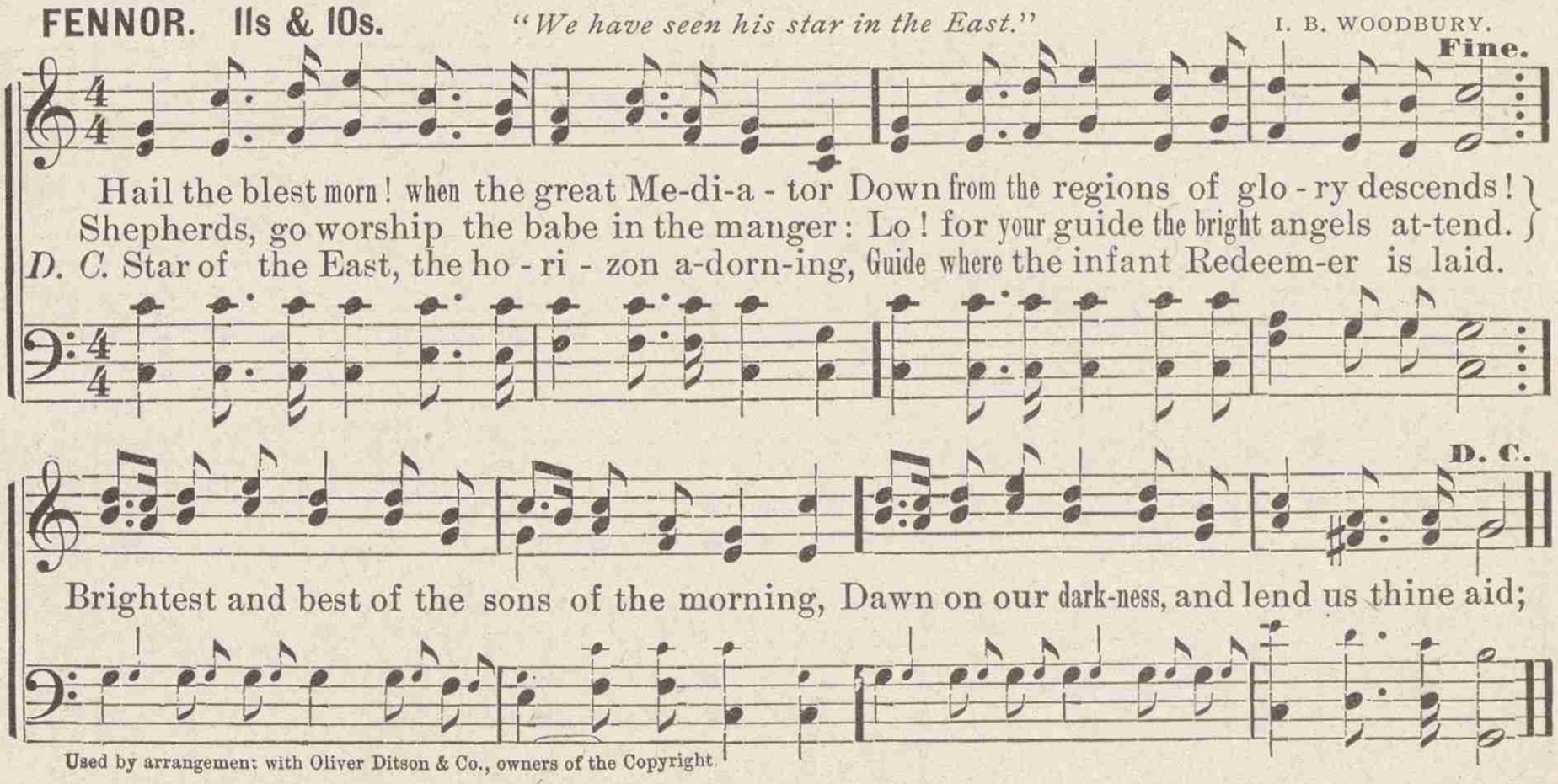
3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Eden and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gold we his favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

FENNOR. 11s & 10s.

"We have seen his star in the East."

I. B. WOODBURY.



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JOY AND REJOICING.

EUREKA. 11s & 10s. *"The Sun of Righteousness has arisen."* A. D. FILLMORE.

428 Thomas Hastings.

2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
Long by the prophets of Israel foretold!
Hail to the millions from bondage returning,
Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.

3 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
Hail to the rising of Bethlehem's star!
Earth's gloomy regions with beauty adorning,
Nations adore thee, and kings from afar.

4 Lo! in the desert rich flowers are springing,
Streams ever copious are gliding along;
Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are ringing,
Wastes rise in verdure and mingle in song.

5 See the dead risen from land and from ocean,
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
Fall'n are the engines of war and commotion,
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

HEBER. C. M. *"Ye shall find rest."* GEO. KINGSLEY, 1834.

429 Anne Steele.

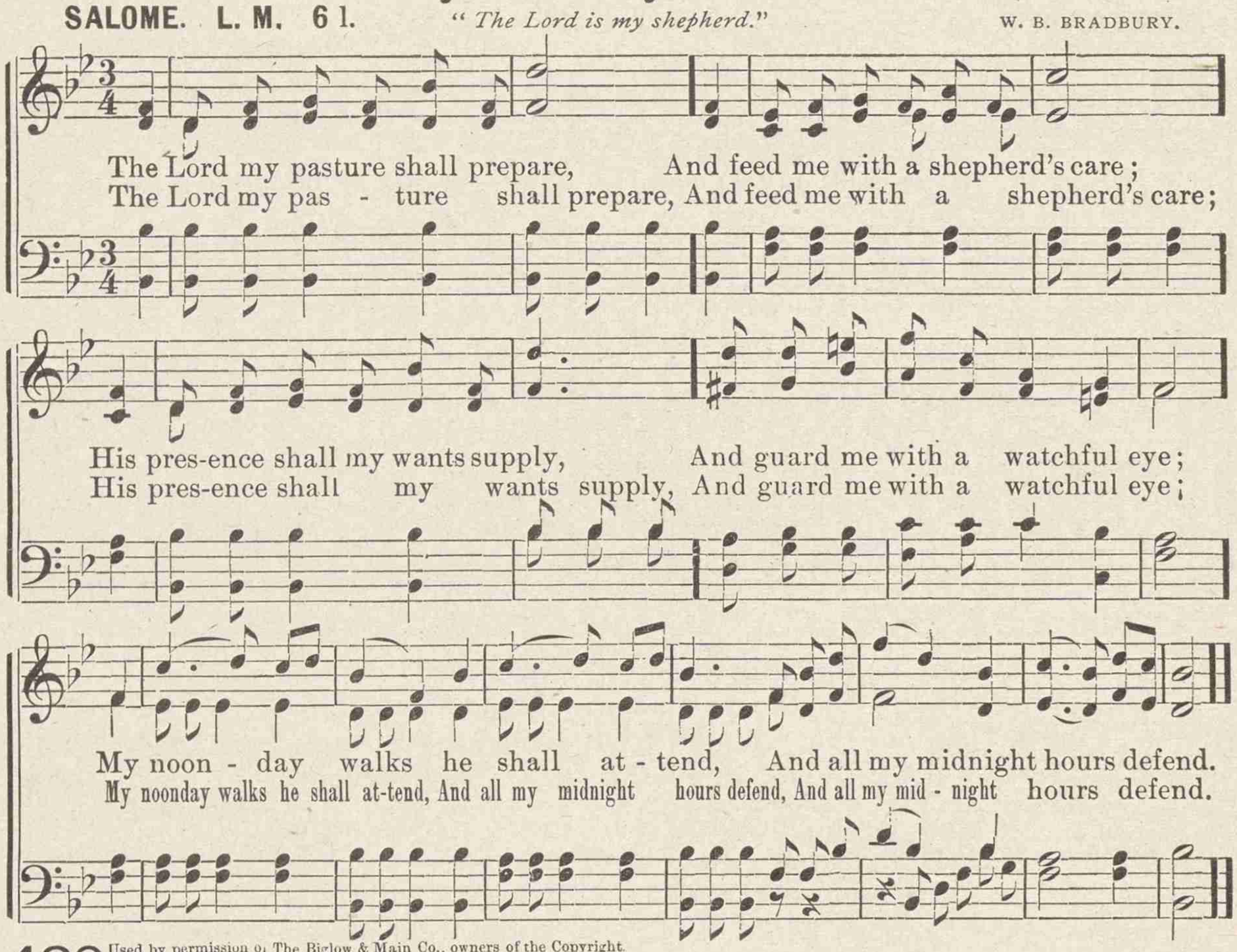
1 The Savior, oh, what endless charms,
Dwell in that blissful sound,
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads delight around.

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

3 The mighty Former of the skies
Descends to our abode,
While angels view with wondering eyes,
And hail th' incarnate God.

4 How rich the depths of love divine,
Of bliss, a boundless store,
Dear Savior, let me call thee mine;
I can not wish for more.

SALOME. L. M. 6 l. *"The Lord is my shepherd."* W. B. BRADBURY.



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430 Joseph Addison.

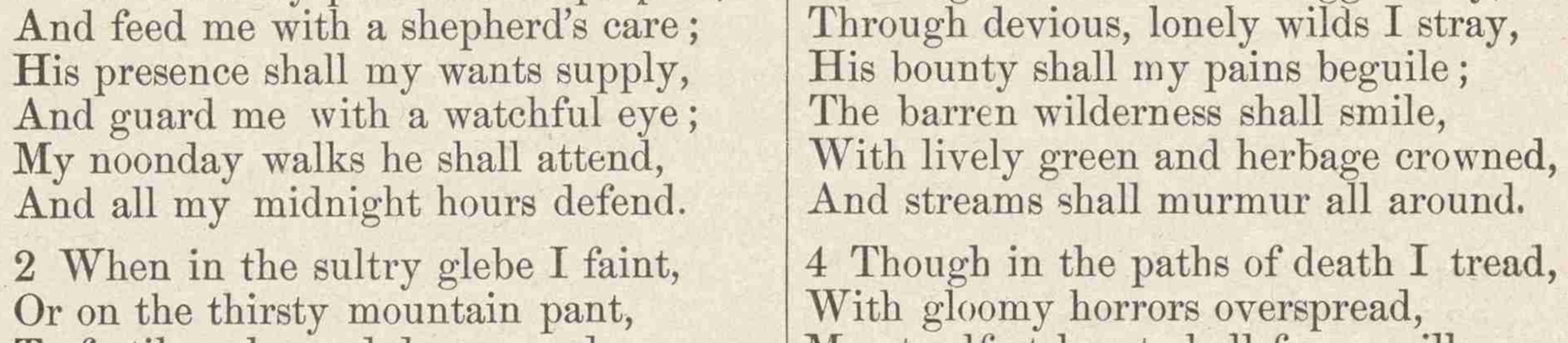
1 The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noonday walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
His bounty shall my pains beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With lively green and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still,
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dismal shade.

ORTONVILLE. C. M. *"By grace are ye saved."* DR. T. HASTINGS.



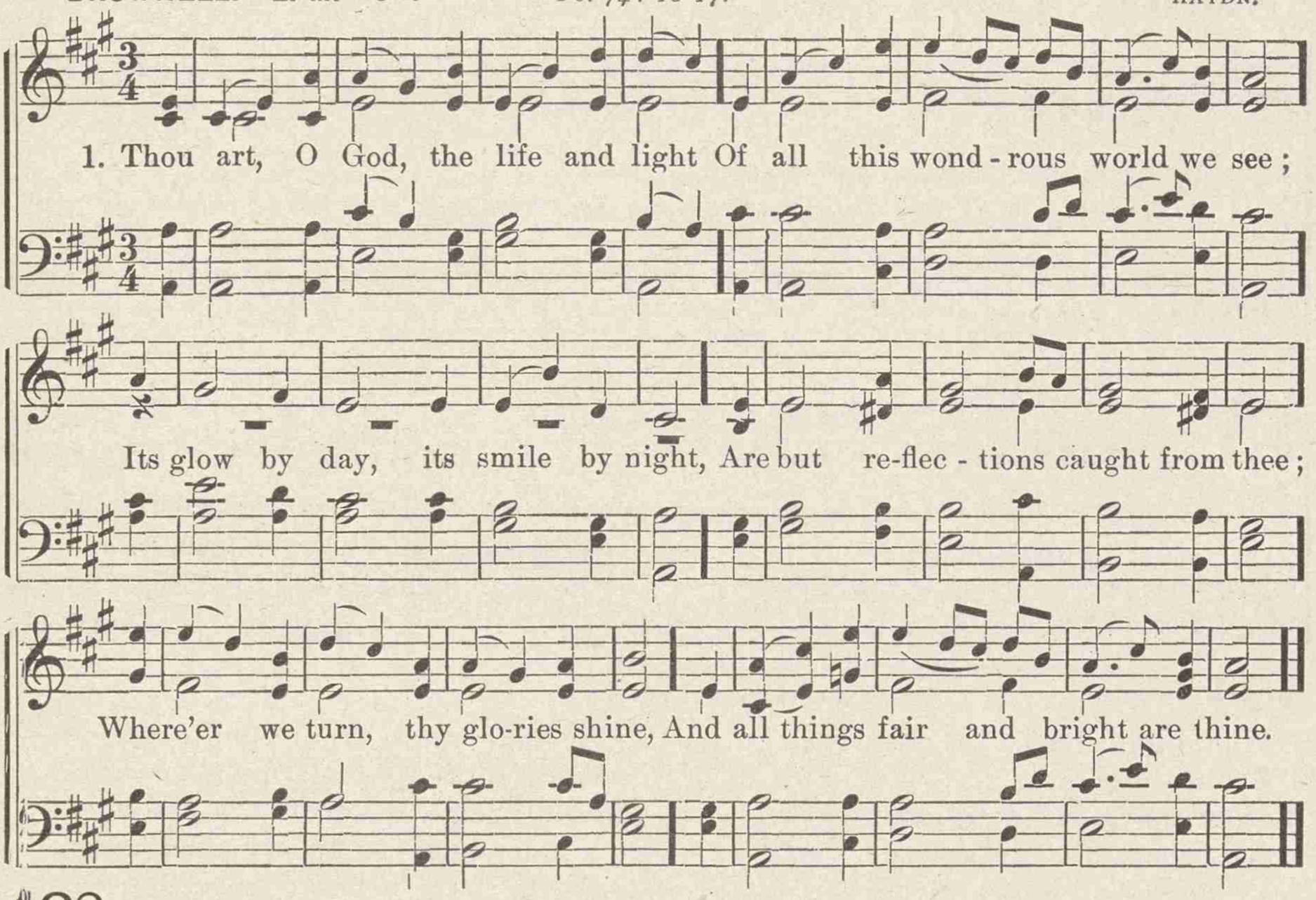
431 John Newton, 1779.

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

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

JOY AND REJOICING.

BROWNELL. L. M. 6 l. *"Ps. 74 : 16-17."* HAYDN.



432 Thomas Moore.

2 When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through opening vistas into heaven,—
Those hues that mark the sun's decline,
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.

3 When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes,—
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.

4 When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower that summer wreathes
Is born beneath thy kindling eye:
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

GIVE. C. M. *"I am the light of the world."* JOSEPH GRIGG.

433 Bernard of Clairvaux, 1153.
Tr. by E. Caswall, 1849.

1 O Jesus, King most wonderful,
Thou Conqueror renowned,
Thou sweetness most ineffable,
In whom all joys are found!

2 When once thou visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine,
Then earthly vanities depart,
Then kindles love divine.

3 O Jesus, Light of all below,
Thou Fount of living fire,
Surpassing all the joys we know,
And all we can desire.

4 Jesus, may all confess thy name,
Thy wondrous love adore;
And, seeking thee, themselves inflame
To seek thee more and more.

MINNEHAHA. 7s. D. *"He shall reign forever."* W. B. BRADBURY.

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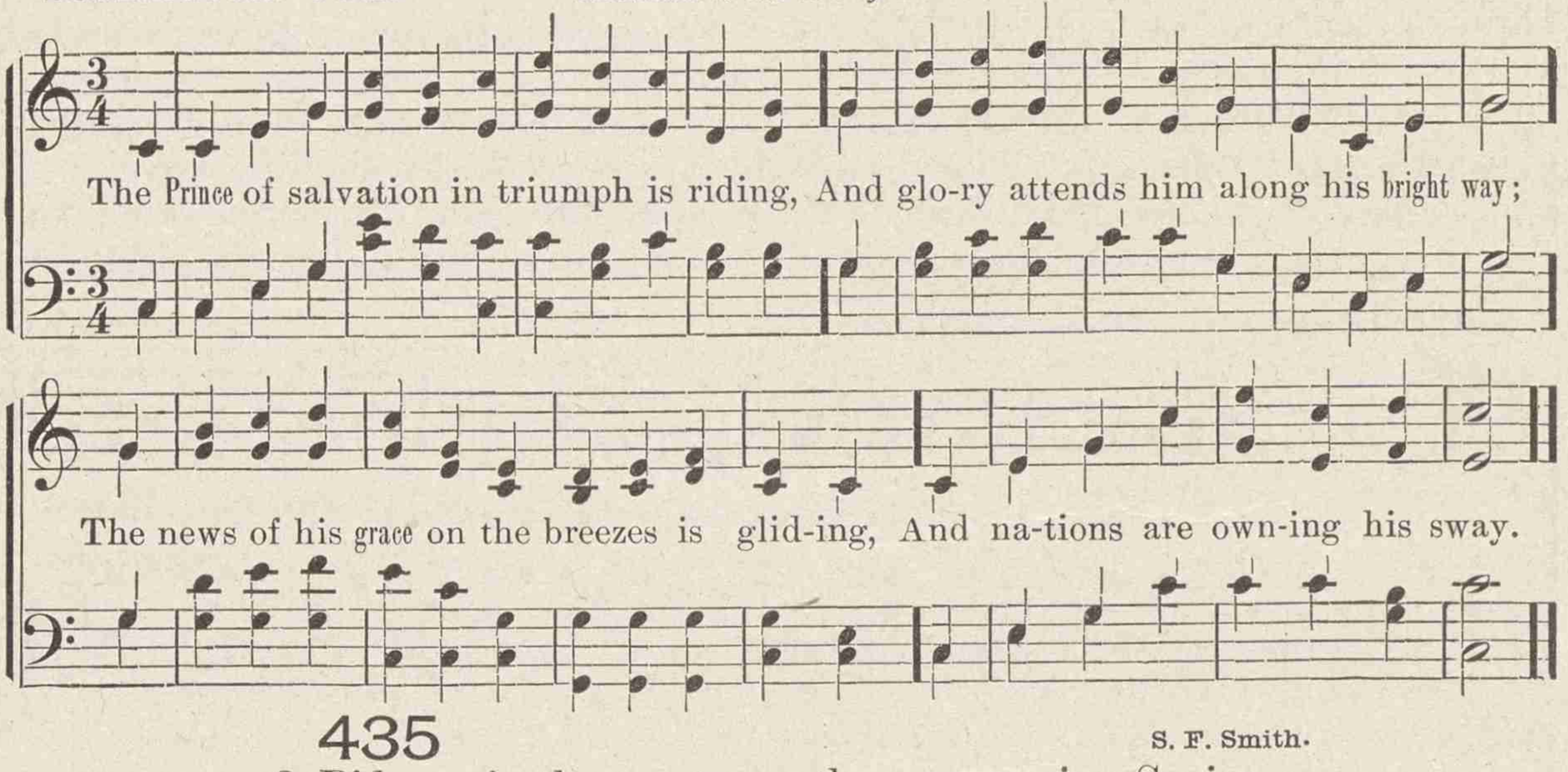
434

James Montgomery.

2 Hallelujah, hark, the sound,
From the depths unto the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies,
See Jehovah's banner furled,
Sheathed his sword; he speaks—'tis done,
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of his Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole,
With supreme, unbounded sway;
He shall reign when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away.
Then the end: beneath his rod
Man's last enemy shall fall:
Hallelujah, Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all.

BURLINGTON. P. M. *"Hosanna to the Son of David."* L. MASON.



435

S. F. Smith.

2 Ride on in thy greatness, thou conquering Savior,
Let thousands of thousands submit to thy reign,
Acknowledge thy goodness, entreat for thy favor,
And follow thy glorious train.

3 Then loud shall ascend from each sanctified nation
The voice of thanksgiving, the chorus of praise;
And heav'n shall re-echo the song of salvation,
In rich and melodious lays.

JOY AND REJOICING.

PALMER. H. M.

"Rejoice with joy unspeakable."

M. R. PALMER.

With energy.

436

Isaac Watts.

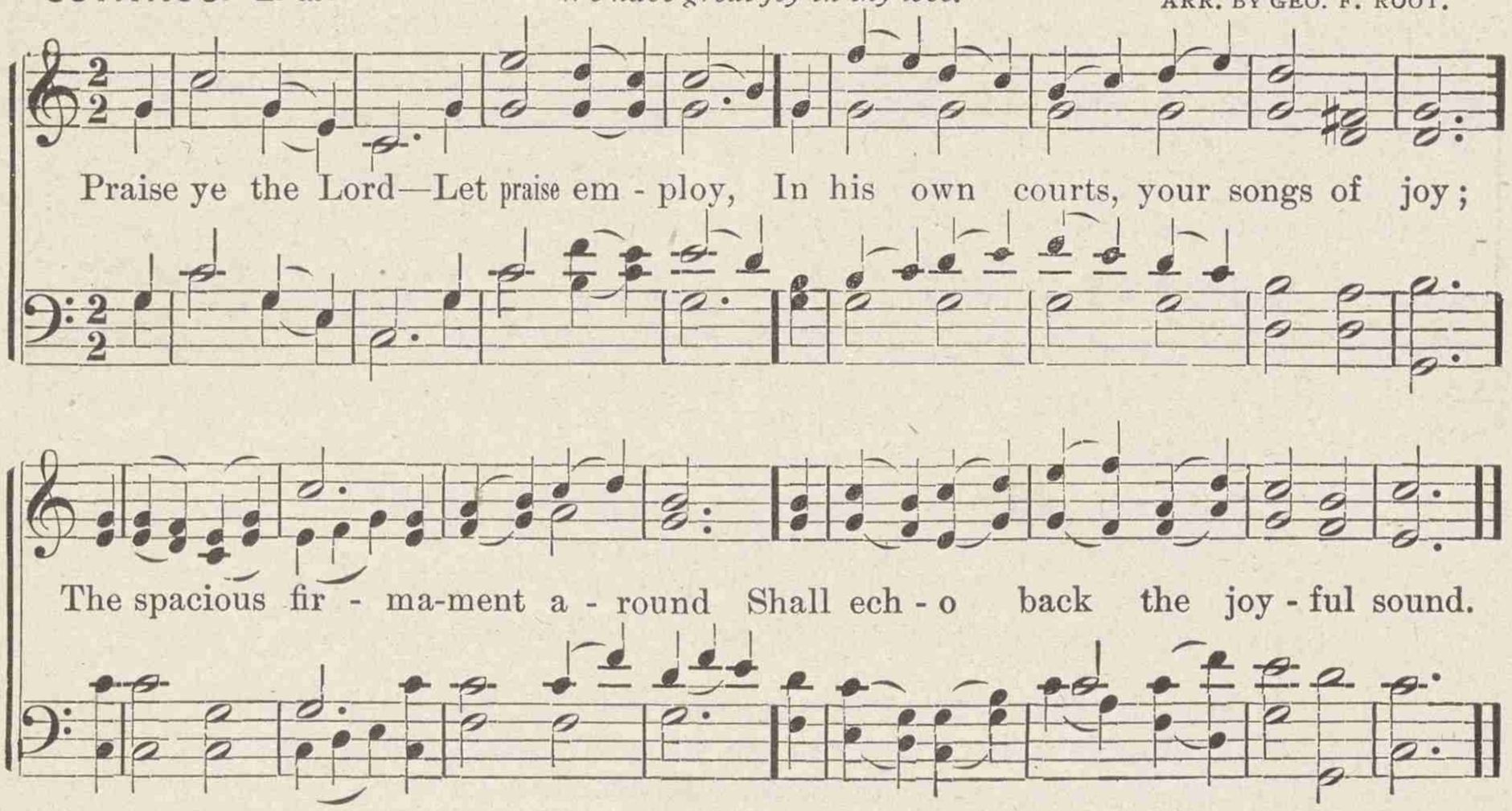
2 Let them adore the Lord,
And praise his holy name,
By whose almighty word,
They all from nothing came;
And all shall last,
||: From changes free, :||
His firm decree
Stands ever fast.

3 His chosen saints to grace,
He sets them up on high;
And favors Israel's race,
Who still to him are nigh:
Oh, therefore raise
||: Your grateful voice, :||
And still rejoice
The Lord to praise.

OCTAVIUS. L. M.

"We have great joy in thy love."

BEETHOVEN.
ARR. BY GEO. F. ROOT.



437

Anne Steele.

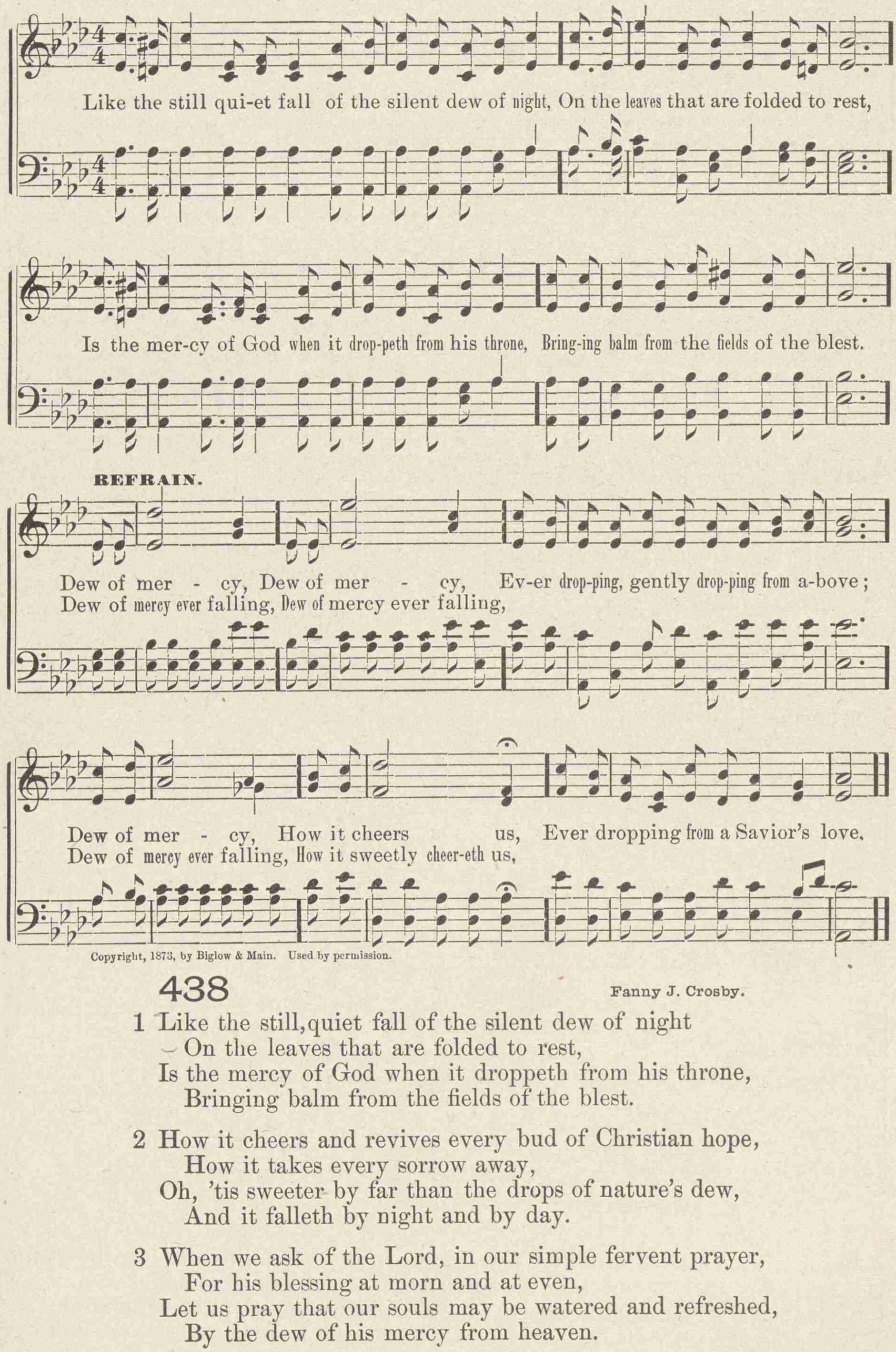
2 Recount his works in strains divine,
His wondrous works—how bright they shine,
Praise him for all his mighty deeds,
Whose greatness all your praise exceeds.

3 Let all, whom life and breath inspire,
Attend, and join the blissful choir;
But chiefly ye, who know his word,
Adore, and love, and praise the Lord

DEW OF MERCY. P. M.

"God give thee of the dew of heaven."

W. H. DOANE.



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438

Fanny J. Crosby.

1 Like the still, quiet fall of the silent dew of night
On the leaves that are folded to rest,
Is the mercy of God when it droppeth from his throne,
Bringing balm from the fields of the blest.

2 How it cheers and revives every bud of Christian hope,
How it takes every sorrow away,
Oh, 'tis sweeter by far than the drops of nature's dew,
And it falleth by night and by day.

3 When we ask of the Lord, in our simple fervent prayer,
For his blessing at morn and at even,
Let us pray that our souls may be watered and refreshed,
By the dew of his mercy from heaven.

HE LEADETH ME. L. M. D.

"He leadeth me in the paths."

WM. B. BRADBURY.

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439

J. H. Gilmore.

1 He leadeth me: oh, blessed thought!
Oh, words with heavenly comfort fraught!
Whate'r I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

2 Sometimes, 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes, where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea—
Still, 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

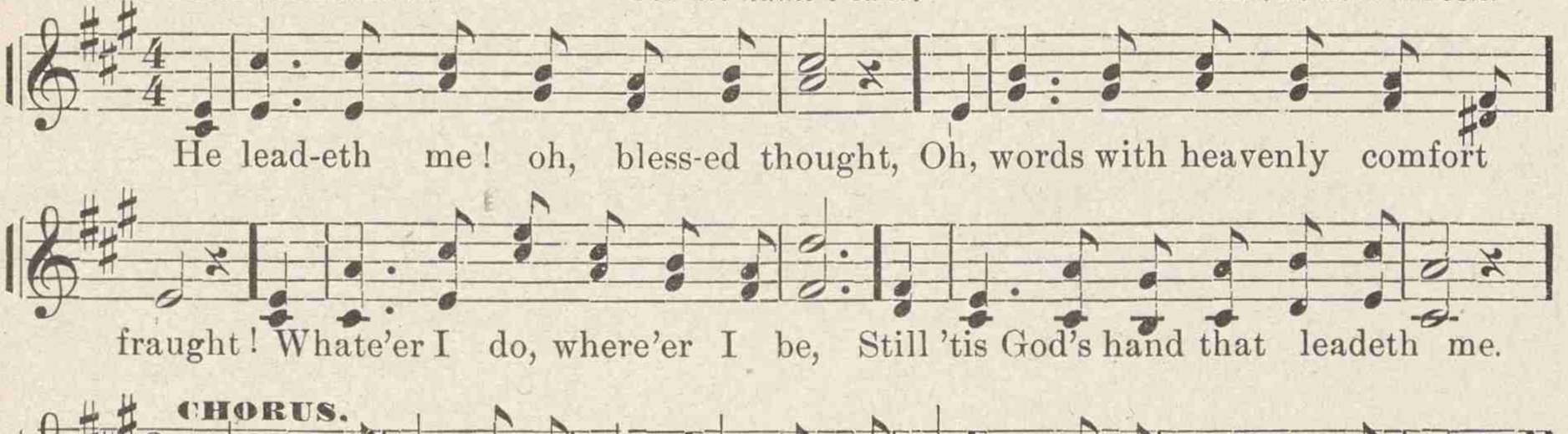
3 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine
Nor ever murmur or repine;
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

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

THE LORD LEADETH.

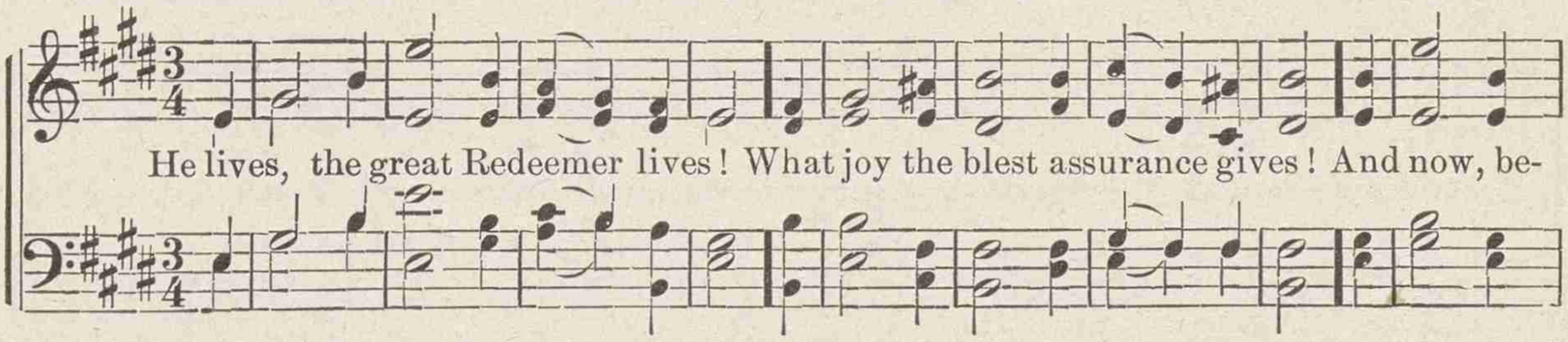
"For his name's sake."

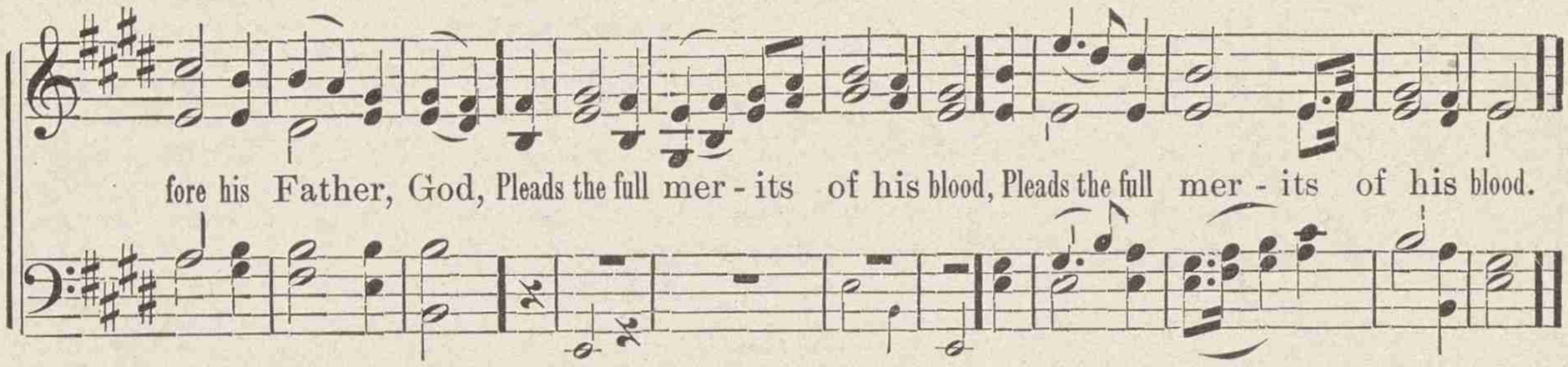
MRS. R. M. M'INTOSH.



JOY AND REJOICING.

ROTHWELL. L. M. *"We have an advocate with the Father."* WM. TANSUR.





440

Anne Steele.

1 He lives, the Great Redeemer lives!
What joy the blest assurance gives,
And now, before his Father, God,
Pleads the full merits of his blood.

2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice armed with frowns appears;
But in the Savior's lovely face
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.

3 In every dark, distressful hour,
When sin and Satan join their power,
Let this dear hope repel the dart,
That Jesus bears us on his heart.

4 Great Advocate, almighty Friend,
On him our humble hopes depend;
Our cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.

441

Isaac Watts.

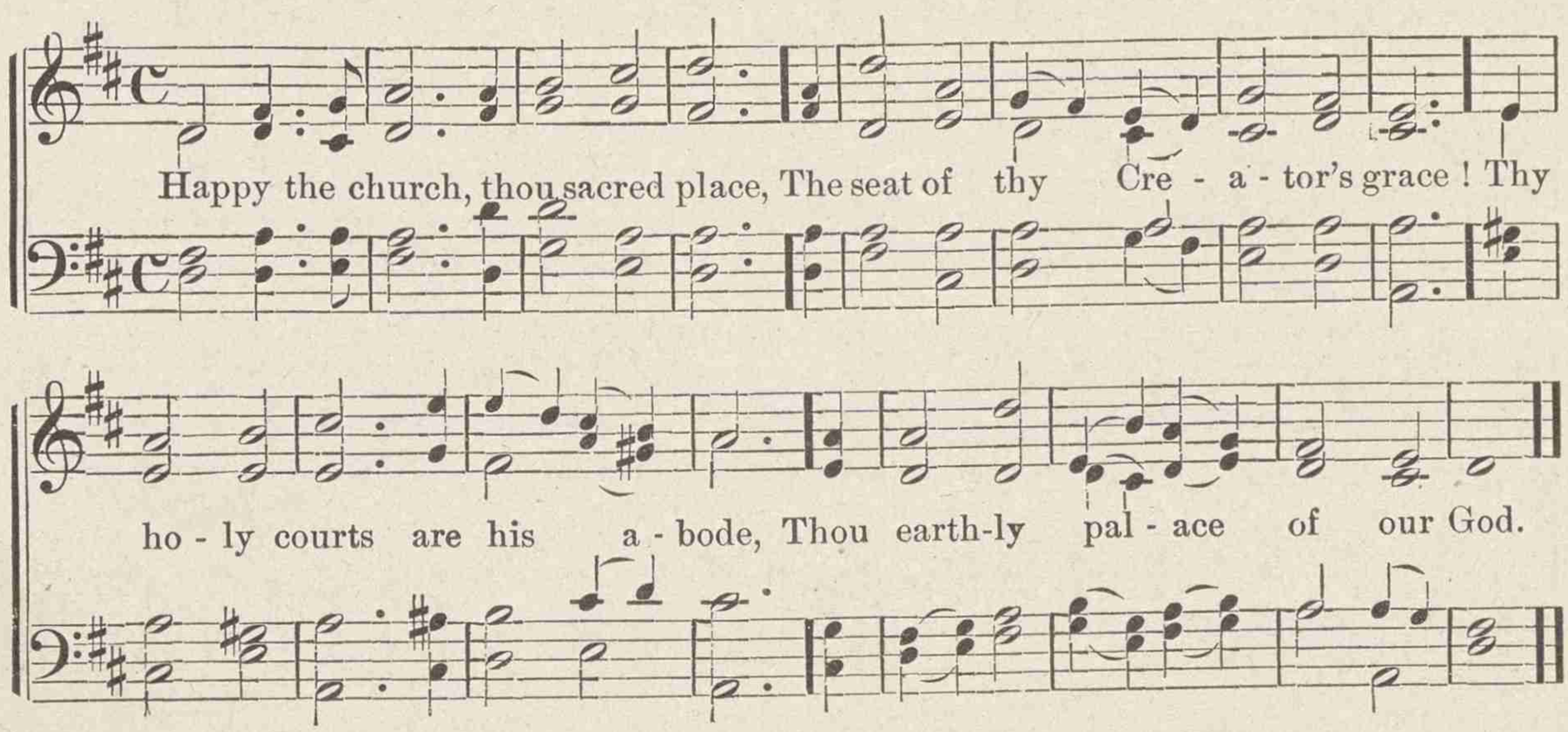
1 Happy the church, thou sacred place,
The seat of thy Creator's grace,
Thy holy courts are his abode,
Thou earthly palace of our God,

2 Thy walls are strength, and at thy gates
A guard of heav'nly warriors waits;
Nor shall thy deep foundations move,
Fix'd on his counsels and his love.

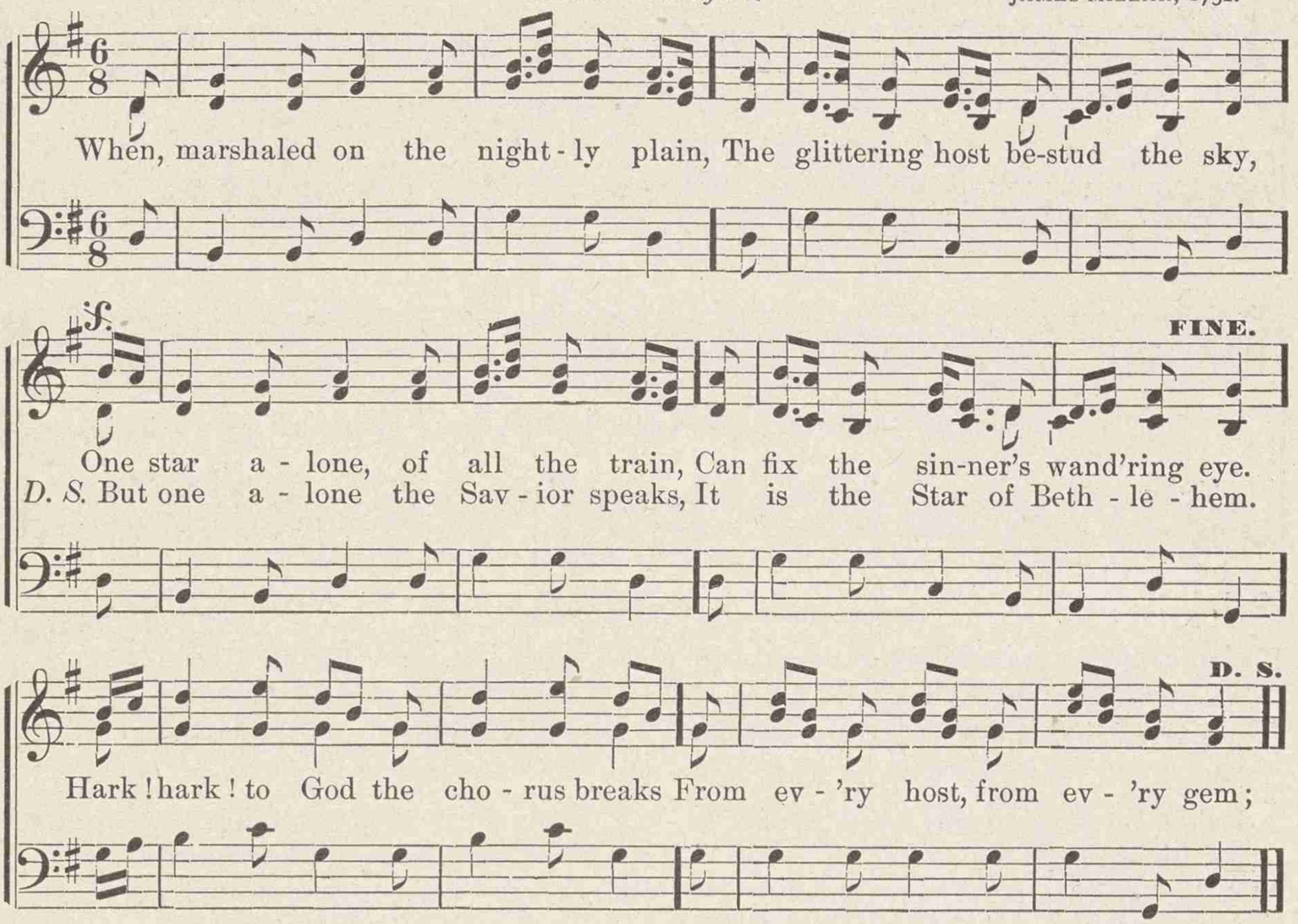
3 Thy foes in vain designs engage;
Against his throne in vain they rage,
Like rising waves, with angry roar,
That dash and die upon the shore.

4 God is our shield, and God our sun;
Swift as the fleeting moments run,
On us he sheds new beams of grace,
And we reflect his brightest praise.

TRURO. L. M. *"Blessed is the people, O Lord, that can rejoice in thee."* DR. CHAS. BURNEY.



AYRSHIRE. L. M. D. *"The star went before."* JAMES MILLAR, 1752.



442 H. K. White.

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

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

3 It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings 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,
For ever and for evermore,
The Star, the Star of Bethlehem.

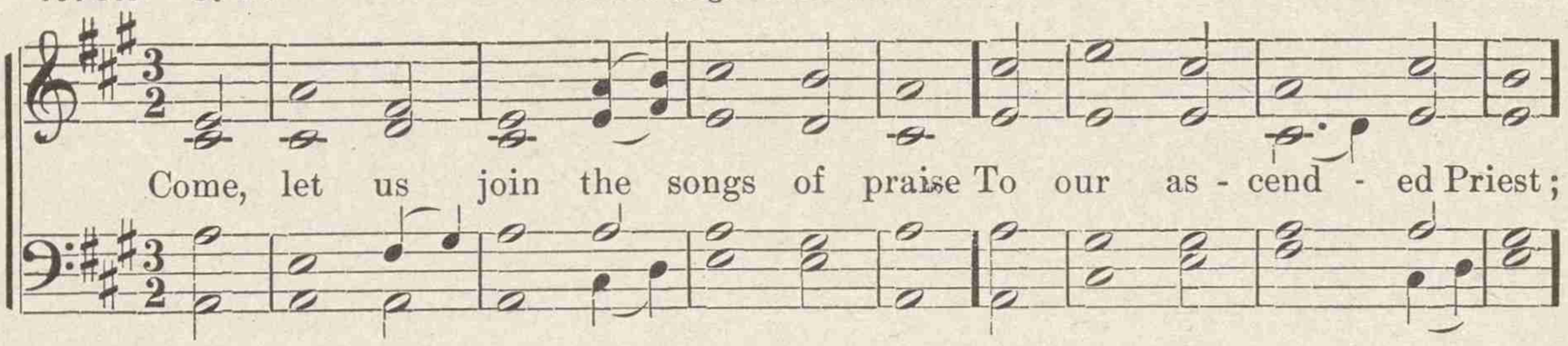
443 Charles Wesley.

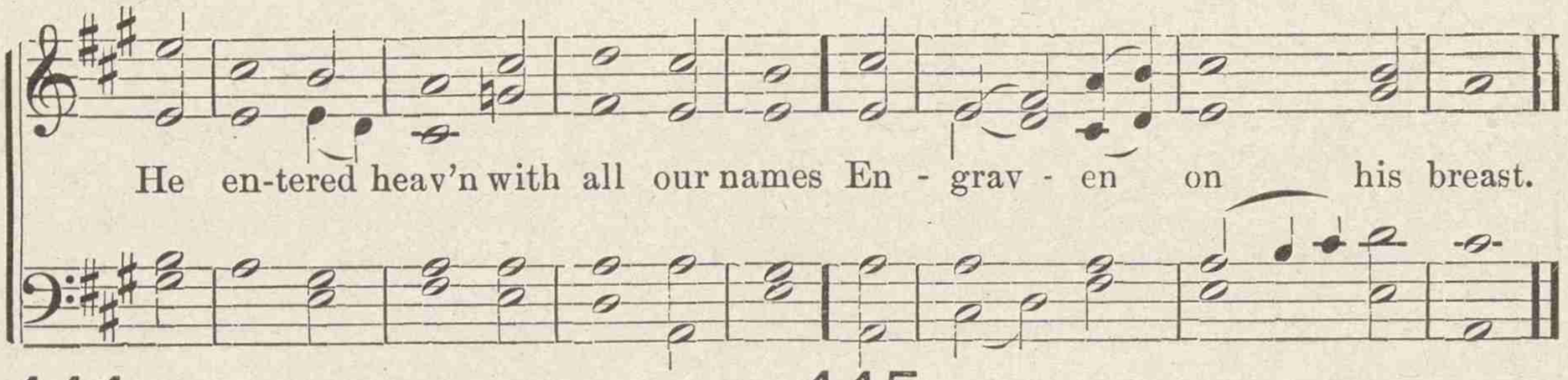
1 Our Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky.
There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors! give way."

2 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the ethereal scene:
He claims these mansions as his right;
Receive the King of glory in.
Who is this King of glory—who?
The Lord who all our foes o'ercame;
Who sin, and death, and hell o'erthrew;
And Jesus is the conqueror's name.

3 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:—
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
Ye everlasting doors, give way."
Who is this king of glory—who?
The Lord of boundless power possessed;
The King of saints and angels, too,
God over all, for ever blessed.

AVON. C. M. *"Such a High Priest became us."* HUGH WILSON.





444

Alexander Pirie, 1818.

1 Come, let us join in songs of praise
To our ascended Priest;
He entered heaven with all our names
Engraven on his breast.

2 Below he washed our guilt away,
By his atoning blood;
Now he appears before the throne,
And pleads our cause with God.

3 Clothed with our nature still, he knows
The weakness of our frame,
And how to shield us from the foes
Which he himself o'ercame.

4 Oh! may we ne'er forget his grace,
Nor blush to wear his name;
Still may our hearts hold fast his faith,
Our mouths his praise proclaim.

445

Isaac Watts, 1709.

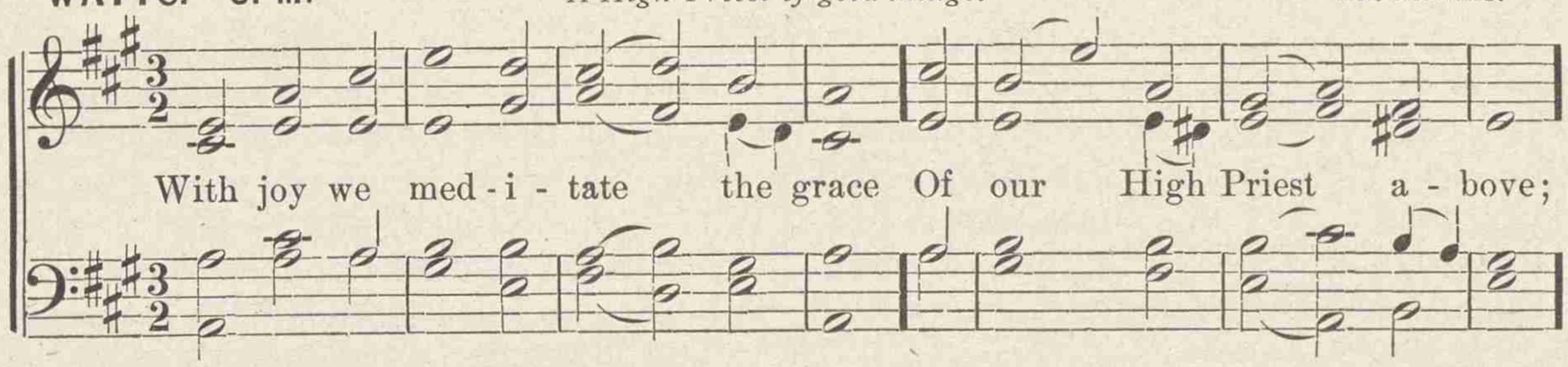
1 With joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above:
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.

2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.

3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Poured out his cries and tears;
And, in his measure, feels afresh
What every member bears.

4 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In the distressing hour.

WATTS. C. M. *"A High Priest of good things."* DR. HAWEIS.



BEULAH LAND. 8s & 7s. D. *"The glorious gospel."* ARR. BY W. B. BRADBURY.

446

J. Newton.

2 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows thy thirst to assuage?—
Grace, which, like the Lord, the Giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near,
Thus deriving from their banner,
Light by night, and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which he gives them when they pray.

REGENT SQUARE. 8s & 7s. *"In the city of David there is born."* H. SMART.

447

J. Cawood.

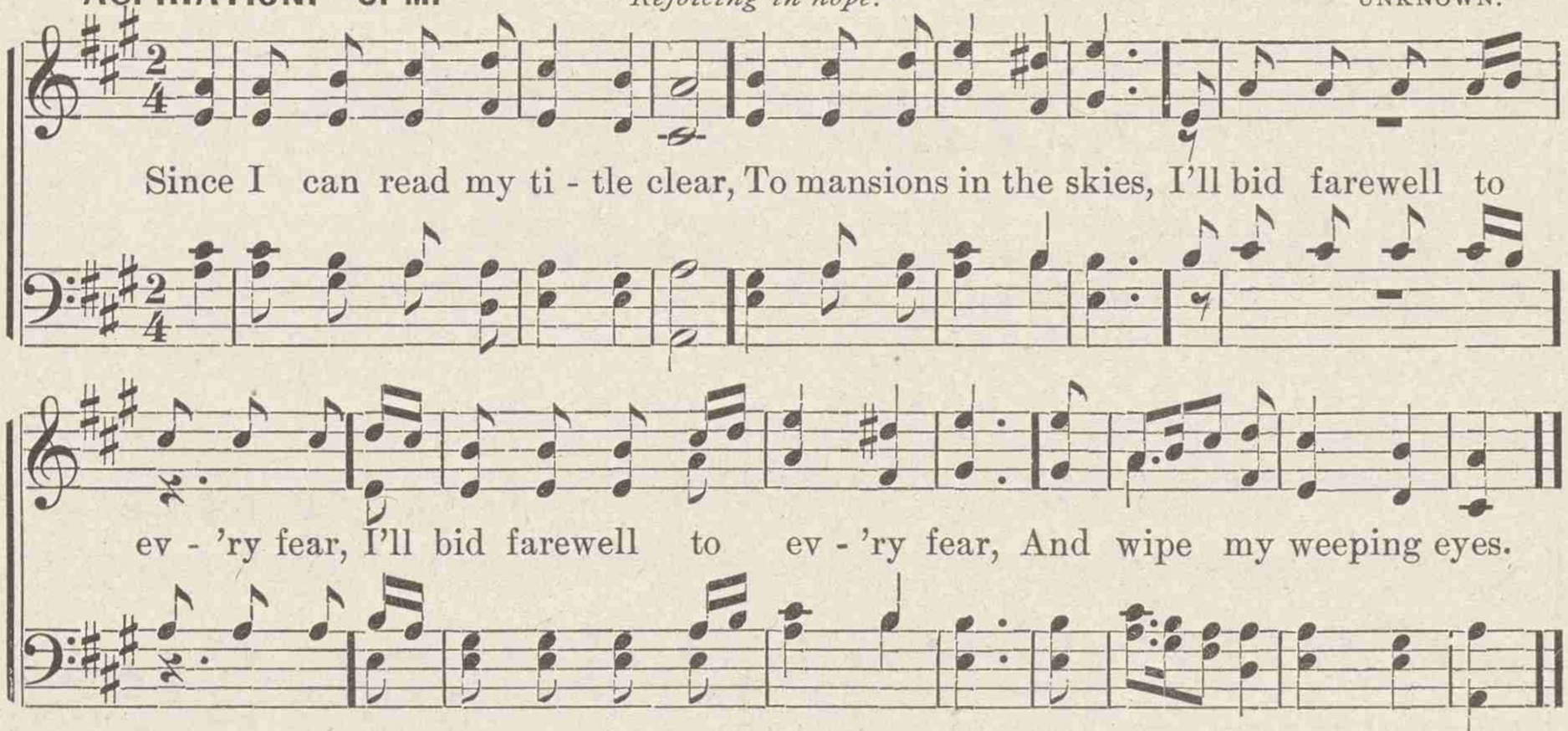
2 Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy;—
"Glory in the highest, glory;
Glory be to God most high!"

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

4 Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth his glory sing:
Glad, receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

5 Hasten, mortals, to adore him,
Learn his name and taste his joy;
Till in heaven you sing before him,—
"Glory be to God most high!"

ASPIRATION. C. M. *"Rejoicing in hope."* UNKNOWN.



448

Isaac Watts.

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

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

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

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

VARINA. C. M. D. *"The land of joy."* GEO. F. ROOT.

449

Isaac Watts.

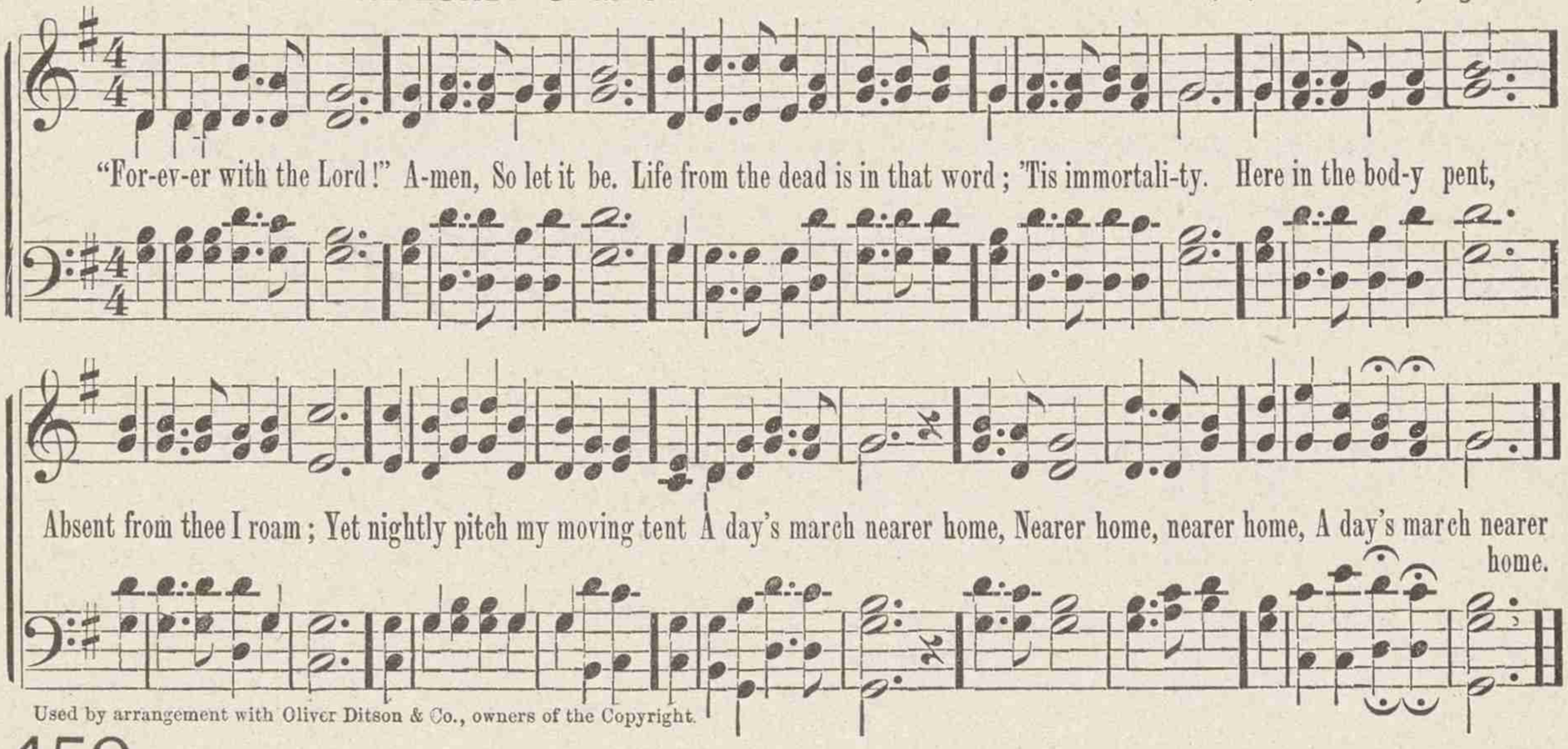
2 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shivering, on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

3 Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes;
Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.

"For we shall see him."

FOREVER WITH THE LORD. S. M. P.

I. B. WOODBURY, 1852.



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450 James Montgomery.

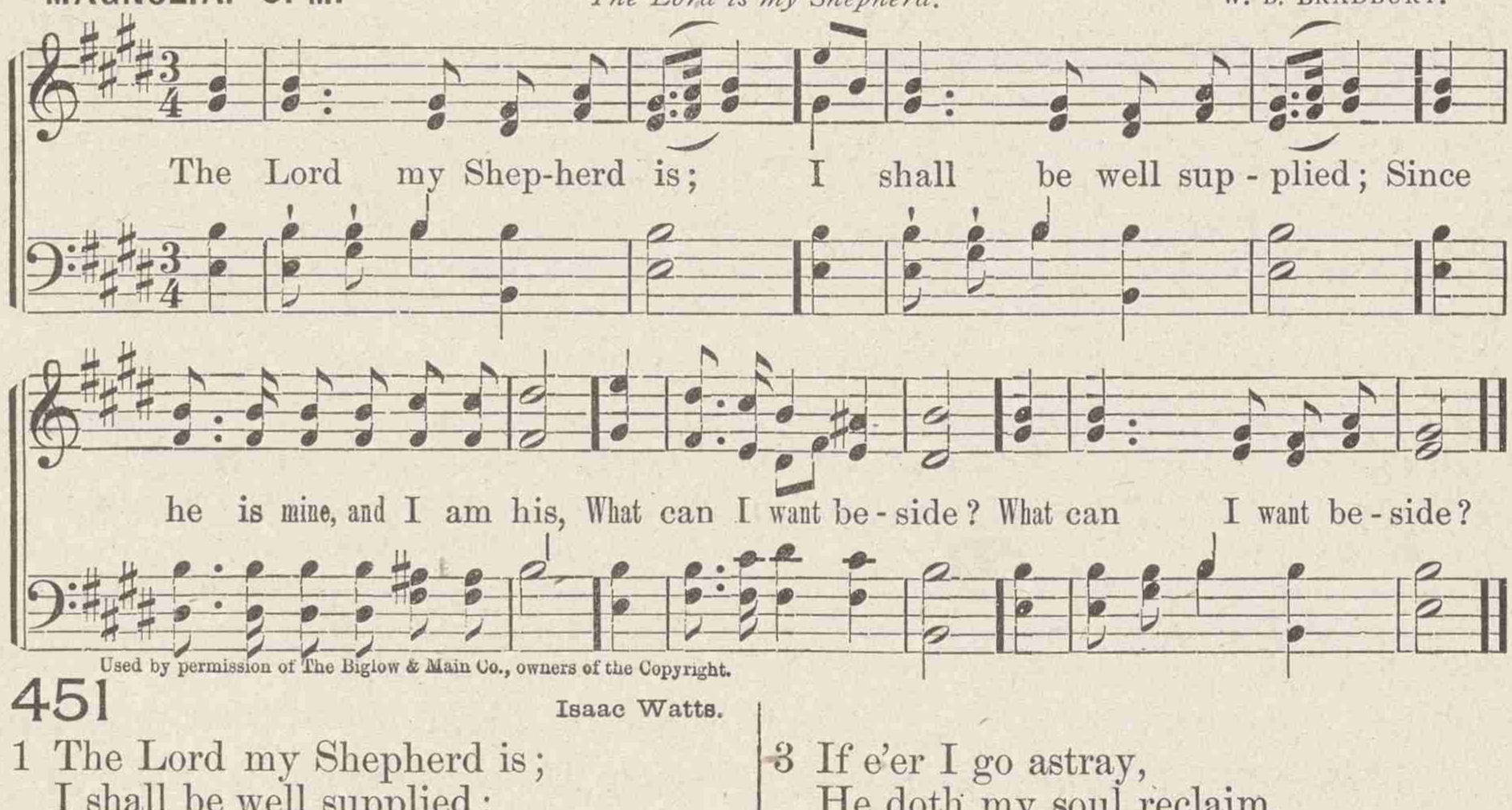
2 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times, to faith's aspiring eye
Thy golden gates appear,
Ah! then my spirit pants
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above, Home above, etc.

3 Yet doubts still intervene,
And all my comfort flies;
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.
Anon the clouds depart,
The winds and waters cease;
While sweetly o'er my gladdened heart
Expands the bow of peace, Bow of peace, etc.

MAGNOLIA. S. M.

"The Lord is my Shepherd."

W. B. BRADBURY.



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451 Isaac Watts.

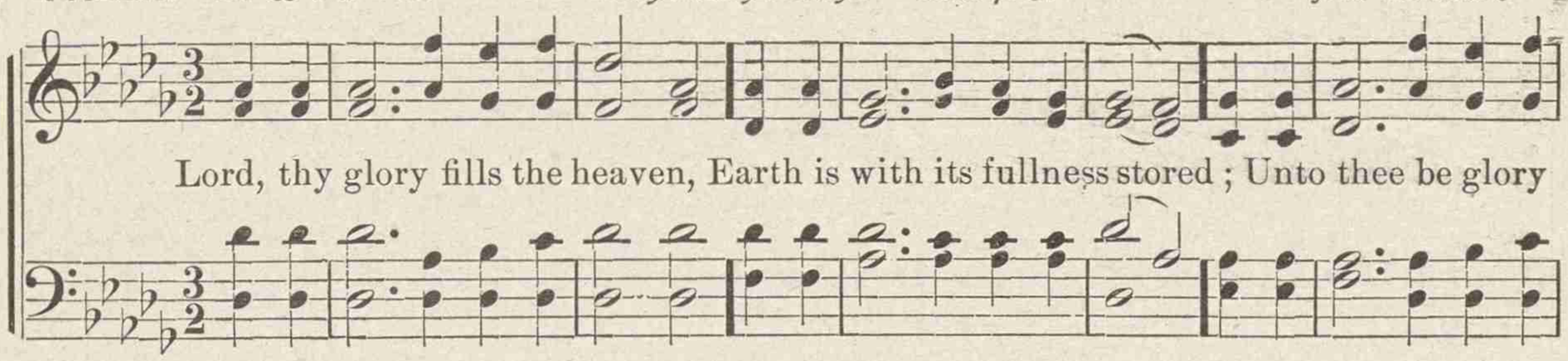
1 The Lord my Shepherd is;
I shall be well supplied;
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside?

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 can not yield to fear;
Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.

FABEN. 8s & 7s. D. *"Holy! Holy! Holy!"—Rev. 4: 8.* J. H. WILLCOX.



452 Mant.

1 Lord, thy glory fills the heaven;
Earth is with its fullness stored;
Unto thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Heaven is still with anthems ringing;
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
Holy, holy, holy singing,
Lord of hosts, thou Lord most high.

2 Ever thus in God's high praises,
Brethren, let our tongues unite,
While our thoughts his greatness raises,
And our love his gifts excite:
With his seraph train before him,
With his holy church below,
Thus unite we to adore him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow.

3 Lord, thy glory fills the heaven;
Earth is with its fullness stored;
Unto thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Thus thy glorious name confessing,
We adopt the angels' cry,
Holy, holy, holy, blessing
Thee, the Lord our God most high.

453 F. S. Key.

1 Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise thee
For the bliss thy love bestows;
For the pardoning grace that saves me,
And the peace that from it flows:
Help, O God, my weak endeavor;
This dull soul to rapture raise;
Thou must light the flame, or never
Can my love be warmed to praise.

2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,
Wretched wanderer, far astray;
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
From the paths of death away;
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stained cross appear.

3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express:
Low before thy footstool kneeling,
Deign thy suppliant's prayer to bless;
Let thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise;
And, since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth thy praise.

JESUS IS MINE. P. M. *"The Lord is my shepherd."* E. MAUDE CLINE.

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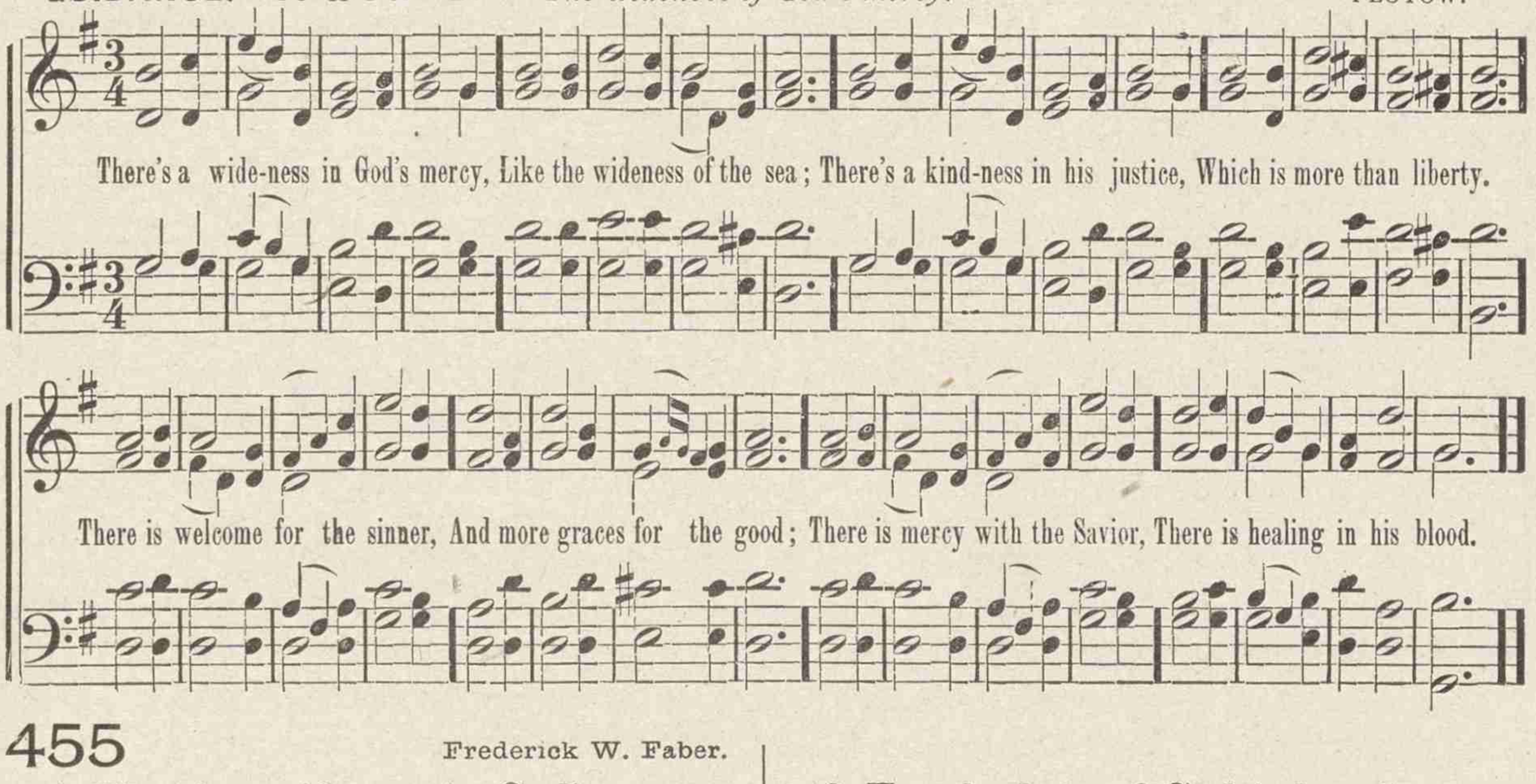
454

Henry Hope.

3 When earth shall pass away,
Jesus is mine.
In the great judgment day,
Jesus is mine.
Oh, what a glorious thing,
Then to behold my king,—
On tuneful harp to sing,
Jesus is mine.

4 Father, thy name I bless,
Jesus is mine;
Thine was the sovereign grace,
Praise shall be thine.
Spirit of holiness,
Sealing the Father's grace,
Thou mad'st my soul embrace
Jesus is mine.

GUIDANCE. 8s & 7s. D. *"The wideness of God's mercy."* FLOTOW.



455

Frederick W. Faber.

1 There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea:
There's a kindness in his justice,
Which is more than liberty.
There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Savior;
There is healing in his blood.

2 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.
If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at his word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

COMFORT AND CONSOLATION.

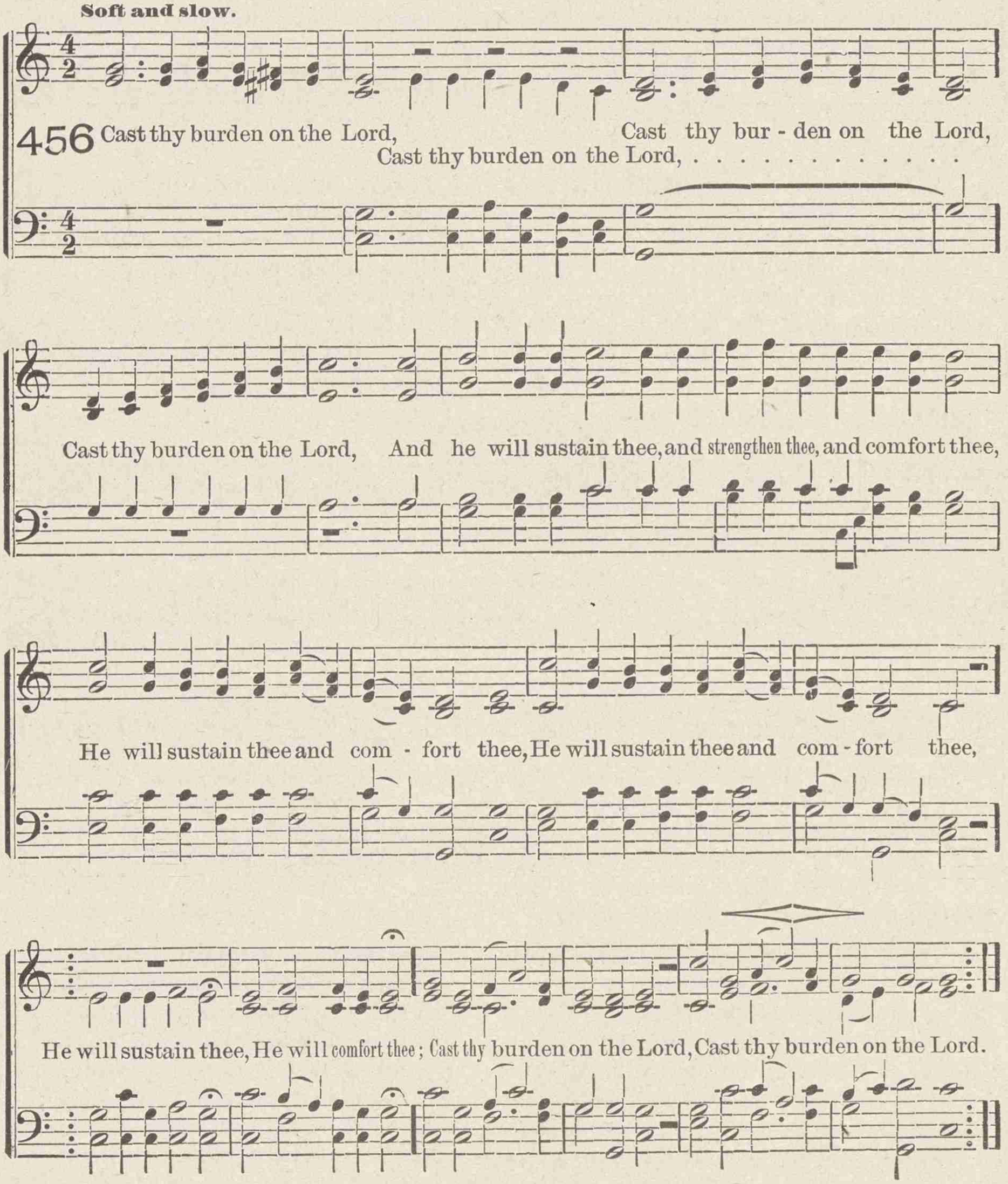
"Wherefore comfort one another with these words." 1 Thess. 4 : 18.

"Blessed are they that mourn for they shall be comforted." Matt. 5 : 4.

CAST THY BURDEN ON THE LORD.

W. B. BRADBURY, 1849.

Soft and slow.



HE KNOWS BEST. 10s.

"Thy will be done."

E. A. HOFFMAN.

457

H. B. Hartzler.

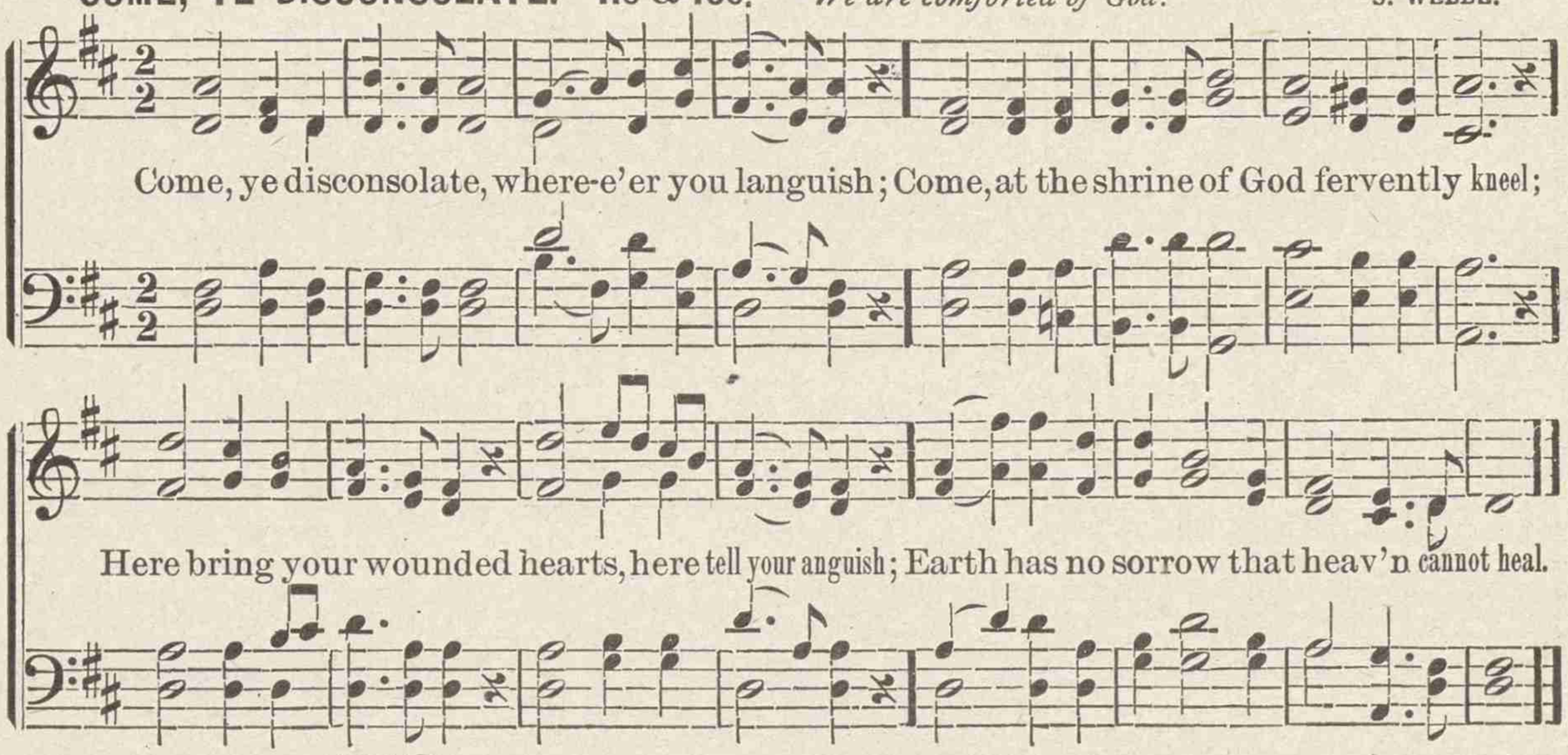
1 Let Jesus lead thee; surely he knows best
Which way is safest for thy eager soul;
Walk where he leads and trust him for the rest,
And he will bring thee to the highest goal.—CHO.

2 Let Jesus help thee; surely he knows best
What is thy strength, and what thy toil and need;
Do what thou canst, and leave to him the rest,
And he will make thy trust thy noblest deed.—CHO.

3 Let Jesus teach thee; surely he knows best
What lessons thou dost need to make thee wise;
Receive what he makes plain and leave the rest,
Till thou shalt see him with immortal eyes.—CHO.

4 Let Jesus keep thee; surely he knows best
What hidden dangers lie along thy way;
Go, watch and fight and pray, and leave the rest
To him who is thy everlasting stay.—CHO.

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE. IIs & IOs. *"We are comforted of God."* S. WEBBE.

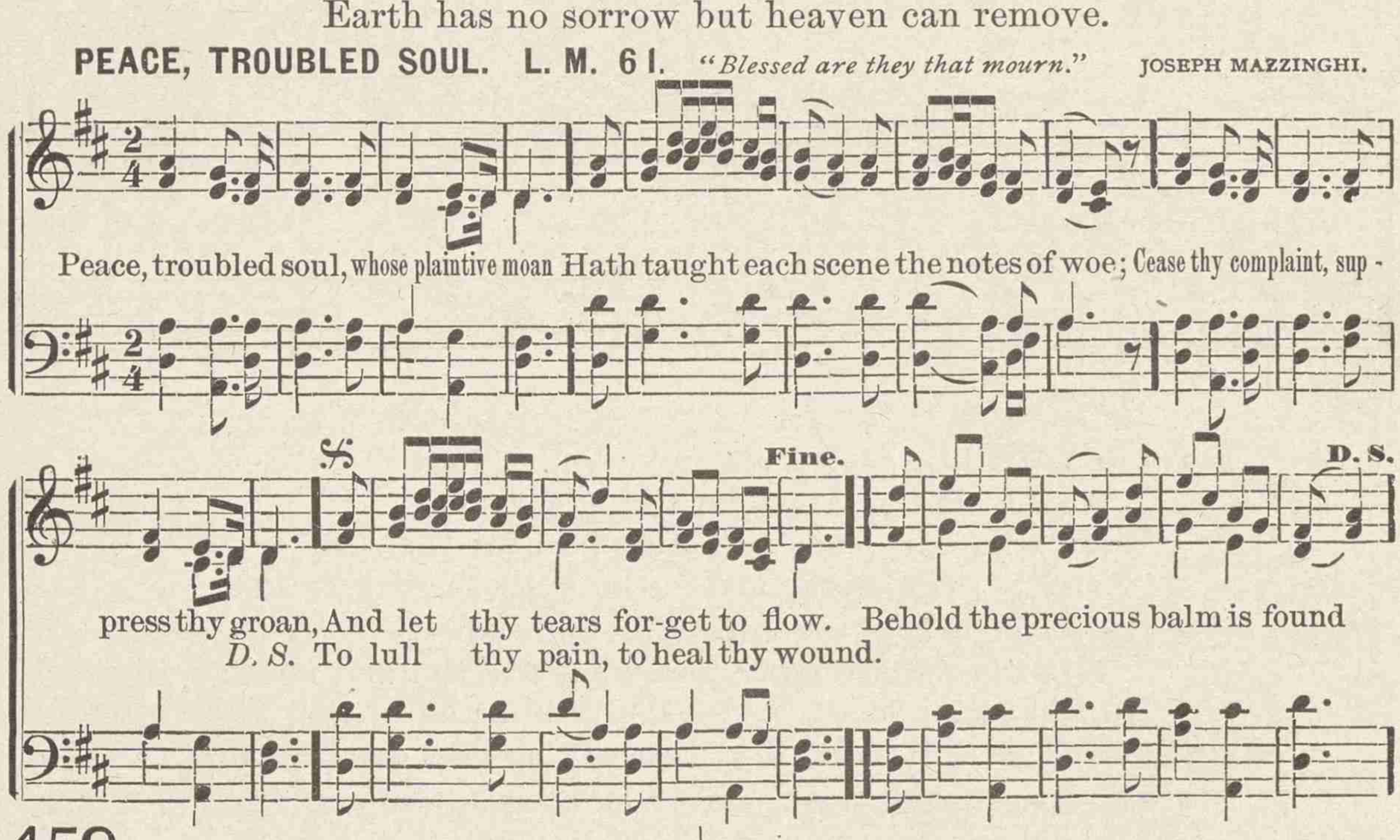


458 Thomas Moore.

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

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

PEACE, TROUBLED SOUL. L. M. 61. *"Blessed are they that mourn."* JOSEPH MAZZINGHI.



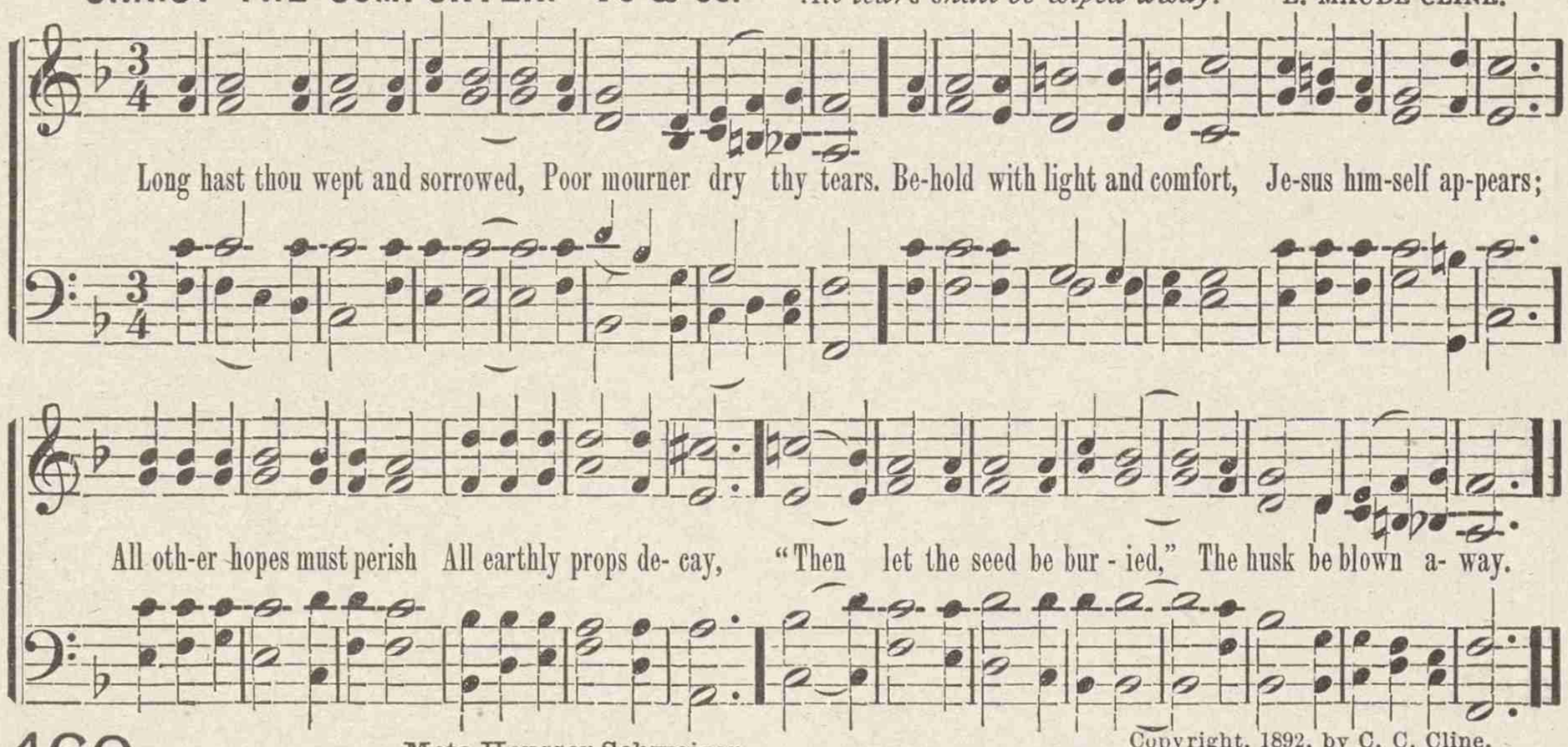
459 Walter Shirley.

1 Peace, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan
Hath taught each scene the notes of woe;
Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan,
And let thy tears forget to flow.
Behold! the precious balm is found
To lull thy pain, to heal thy wound.

2 Come, freely come, by sin oppressed,
On Jesus cast thy weighty load;
In him thy refuge find, thy rest,
Safe in the mercy of thy God.
Thy God's thy Saviour—glorious word!
O hear, believe and bless the Lord.

CHRIST THE COMFORTER. 7s & 6s. *"All tears shall be wiped away."*

E. MAUDE CLINE.



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460

Meta Heusser Schweizer,
Tr. by Jane Borthwick.

2 The seed before it flourish,
Must low in darkness lie,
And love, to live forever,
Must for a season die.
But those like thee, bereaved
Within earth's darkened home,
Are rich in many a promise
And pledge of joys to come.

3 The harvest day is wasting,
The rest from toil and pain,
When those who sleep in Jesus
Shall come with him again.
"Trust in my mercy ever,
My people," saith the Lord,
Hold fast in deepest sorrow
That soul-sustaining word.

4 And, more than all the treasures
That morning shall restore,
Himself, himself, shall meet thee,
Thy portion evermore!
Then rest sad heart in patience,
With this petition still,
"Lord, all these vacant places
With thine own fulness fill."

OUR GETHSEMANE. L. M. *"Father, if it be possible."*

E. MAUDE CLINE.

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461

M. Betham Edwards.

1 Like him whilst friends and lovers slept,
Have we not all heart-broken crept,
Into the shadows once and wept,
Gethsemane.

2 We knew not how the day had run,
We only knew that hope was gone,
And fain no more would greet the sun,
Gethsemane.

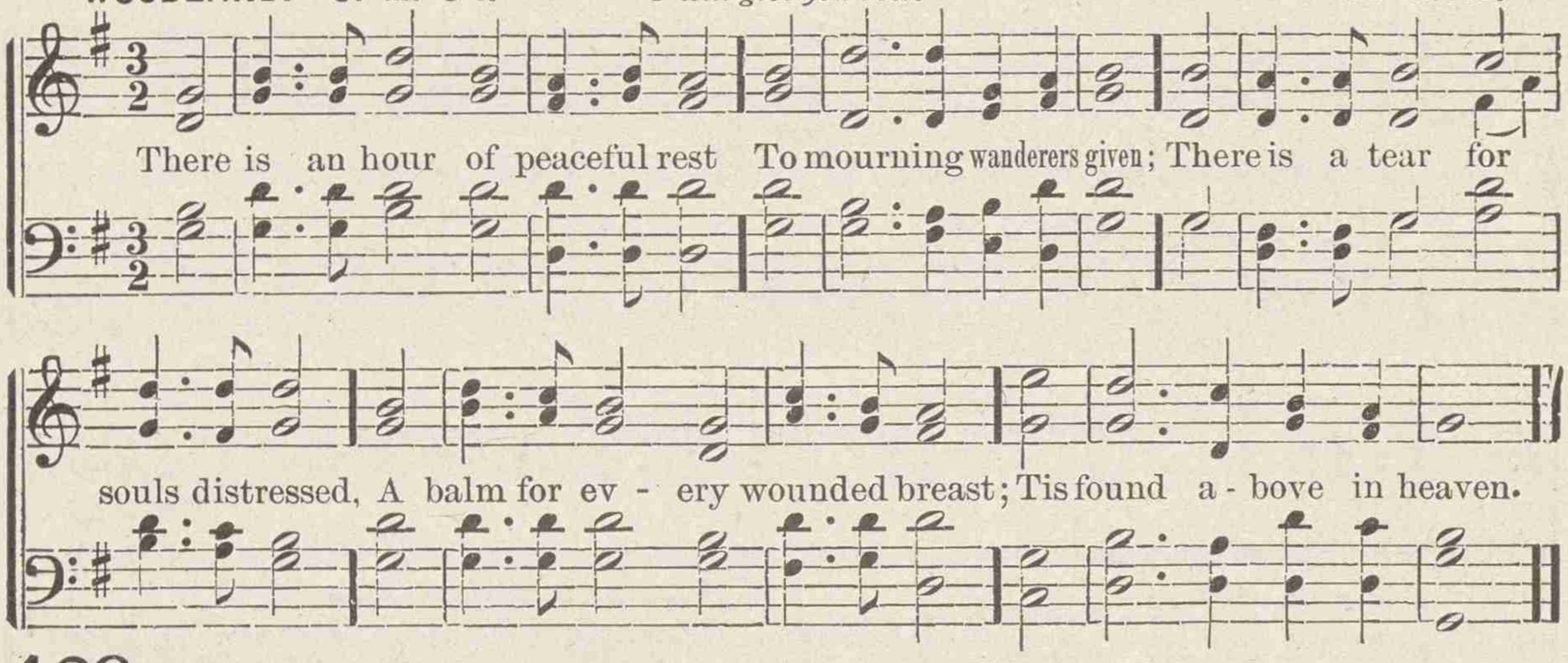
3 We were alone. The world was still,
The breath of heaven seemed cold and chill,
We beat our breasts and wept our fill,
Gethsemane.

4 Prone on the ground our limbs were spread,
We wished it were our dying bed,
Since hope and joy and faith had fled,
Gethsemane.

5 But late there broke a little light
Into the darkness of the night
And we were taught to pray aright,
Gethsemane.

6 Then Christ himself said, standing near,
"O fellow-mourners! have no fear,
I weep with thee, and God is here."
Gethsemane.

WOODLAND. C. M. 5 l. *"I will give you rest."* N. D. GOULD.



462 W. B. Tappan.

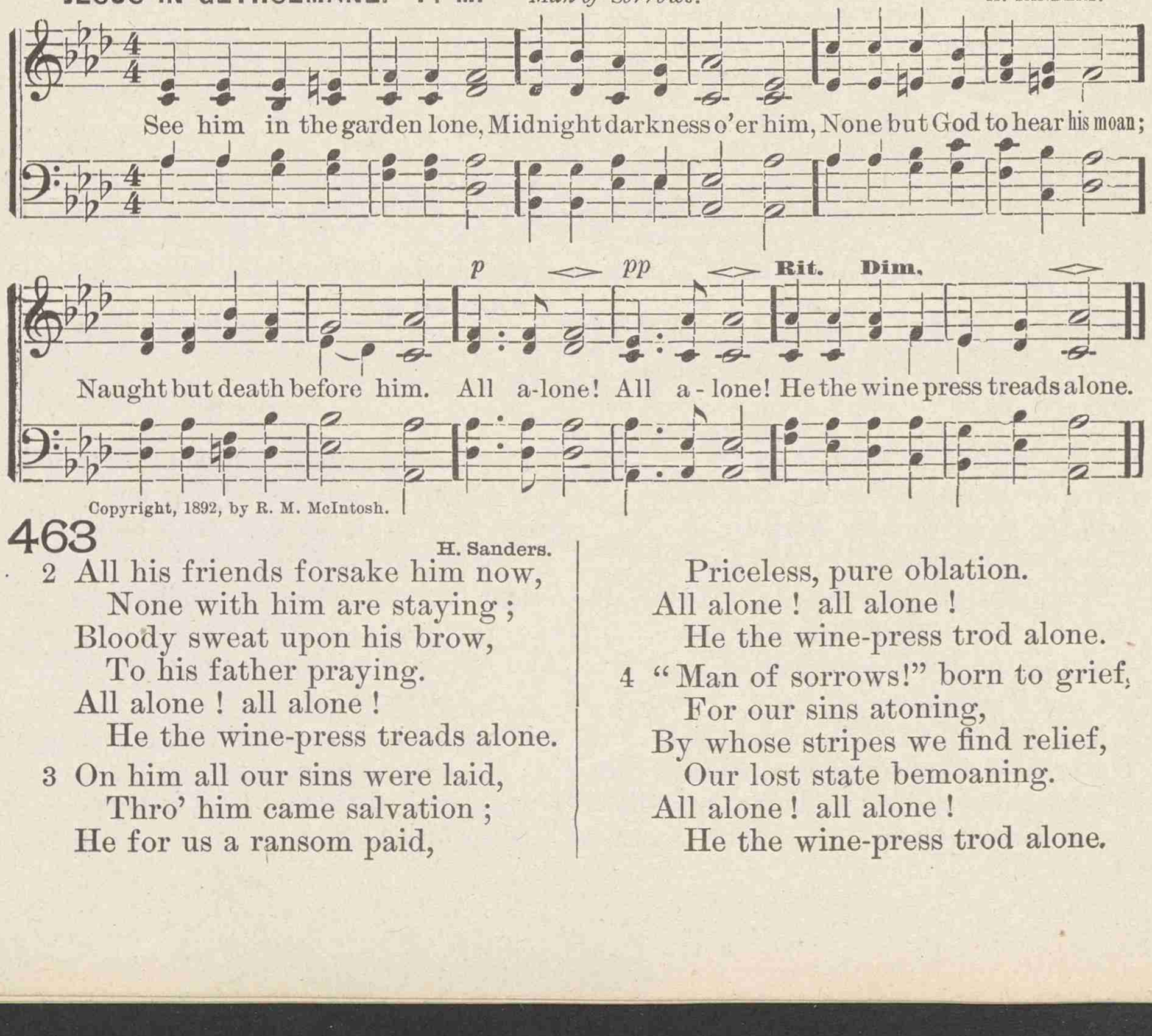
1 There is an hour of peaceful rest
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a tear for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast;
'Tis found above in heaven.

2 There is a home for weary souls,
By sins and sorrows driven,
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear—but heaven.

3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
The heart with anguish riven;
It views the tempest passing by,
Sees evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

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

JESUS IN GETHSEMANE. P. M. *"Man of Sorrows."* H. SANDERS.



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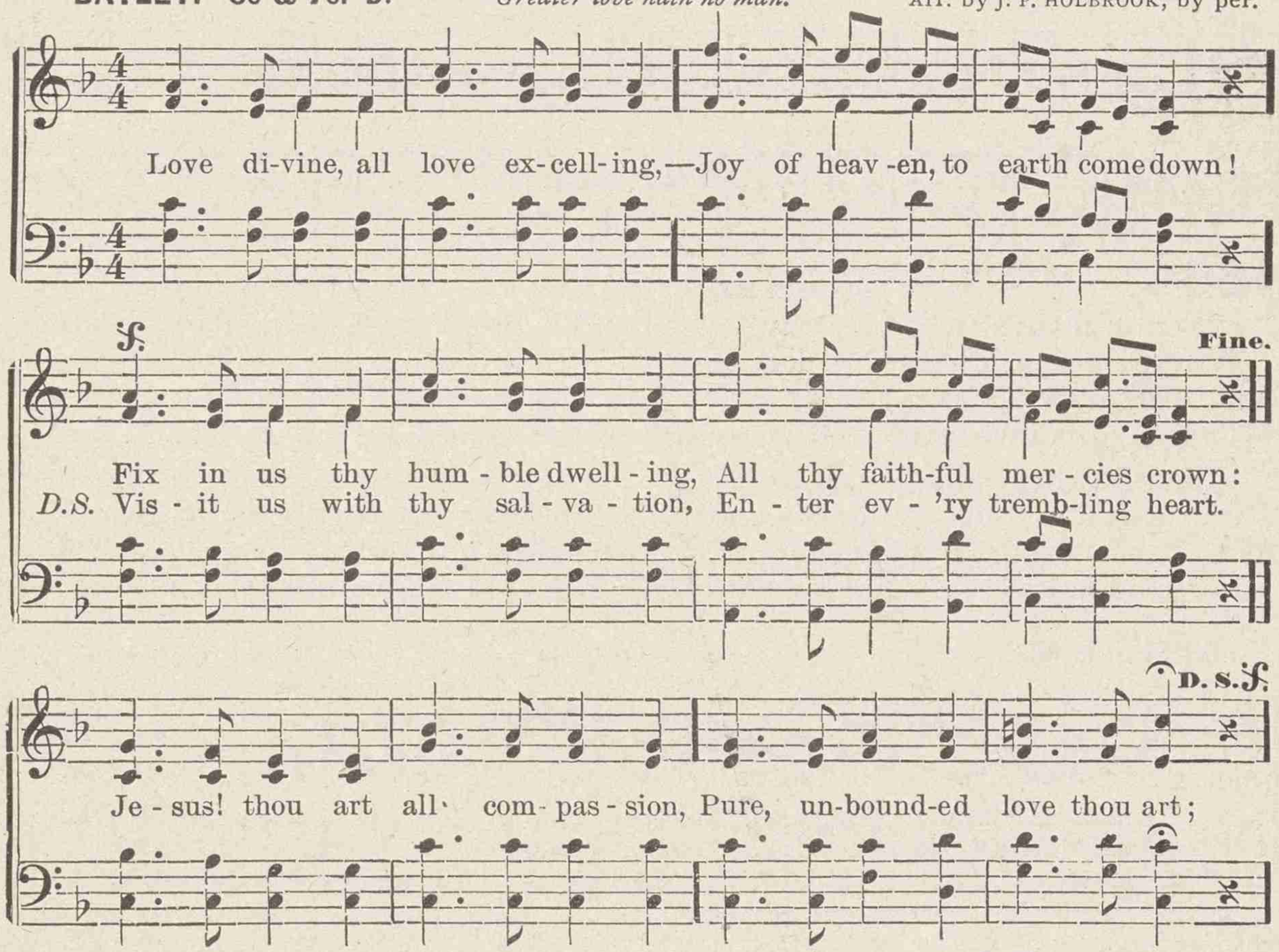
463 H. Sanders.

2 All his friends forsake him now,
None with him are staying;
Bloody sweat upon his brow,
To his father praying.
All alone! all alone!
He the wine-press treads alone.

3 On him all our sins were laid,
Thro' him came salvation;
He for us a ransom paid,
Priceless, pure oblation.
All alone! all alone!
He the wine-press trod alone.

4 "Man of sorrows!" born to grief,
For our sins atoning,
By whose stripes we find relief,
Our lost state bemoaning.
All alone! all alone!
He the wine-press trod alone.

BAYLEY. 8s & 7s. D. *"Greater love hath no man."* Arr. by J. P. HOLBROOK, by per.



464

Phil. 1: 6. C. Wesley.

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

2 Breathe, oh, breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast,
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find thy promised rest:
Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive,
Speedily return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave.

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

465

John 15: 4. Spitta.

1 All is dying; hearts are breaking
Which to ours were closely bound;
And the lips have ceased from speaking
Which once uttered such sweet sound;
And the arms are powerless lying,
Which were our support and stay;
And the eyes are dim and dying,
Which once watched us night and day.

2 Everything we love and cherish
Hastens onward to the grave;
Earthly joys and pleasures perish,
And whate'er the world e'er gave.
All is fading, all is fleeing;
Earthly flames must cease to glow,
Earthly beings cease from being,
Earthly blossoms cease to blow.

3 Yet unchanged while all decayeth,
Jesus stands upon the dust;
Lean on me alone, he sayeth;
Hope and love, and firmly trust,
Oh, abide, abide with Jesus,
Who himself forever lives,
Who from death eternal frees us,
Yea, who life eternal gives.

HAMBURG. L. M. *"Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth."* LOWELL MASON.

466

Charlotte Elliott.

1 I cannot always trace the way
Where thou, Almighty One, dost move;
But I can always, always say,
That God is love, that God is love.

2 When fear her chilling mantle flings
O'er earth, my soul to heaven above,
As to her native home, upsprings,
For God is love, for God is love.

3 When mystery clouds my darkened path,
I'll check my dread, my doubts reprove;
In this my soul sweet comfort hath,
That God is love, that God is love.

4 Yes, God is love;—a thought like this,
Can every gloomy thought remove,
And turn all tears, all woes, to bliss,
For God is love, for God is love.

ORIEL. L. M. *"Blessed are the dead."* WM. B. BRADBURY.

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467

J. Montgomery.

1 There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found;
They softly lie, and sweetly sleep,
Low in the ground.

2 The storm that racks the wint'ry sky
No more disturbs their deep repose
Than Summer evening's latest sigh,
That shuts the rose.

3 Thou trav'ler in this vale of tears
To realms of everlasting light,
Through time's dark wilderness of years
Pursue thy flight.

4 Whate'er thy lot—whate'er thou be—
Confess thy folly—kiss the rod;
And in thy chast'ning sorrows see
The hand of God.

WARD. L. M. *"God is my refuge."* LOWELL MASON.

468

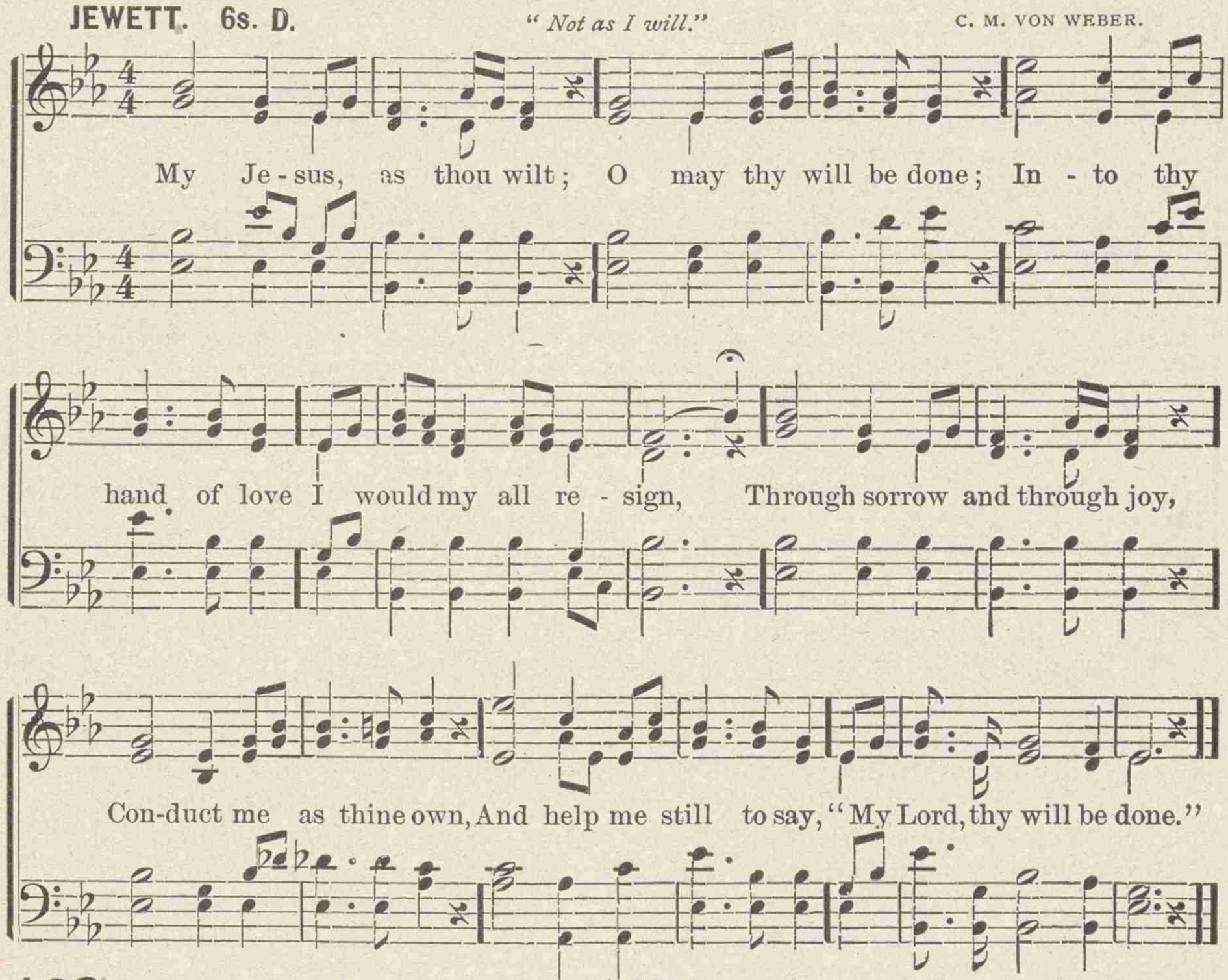
Isaac Watts, 1719.

1 God is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.

2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there;
Convulsions shake the solid world;—
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3 There is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God;
Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode:—

4 That sacred stream, thy holy word,—
That all our raging fear controls:
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.



469 Benjamin Schmolke, Tr. by Miss J. Borthwick.

1 My Jesus, as thou wilt:
O may thy will be mine;
Into thy hand of love
I would my all resign.
Through sorrow or through joy,
Conduct me as thine own,
And help me still to say,
"My Lord, thy will be done."

2 My Jesus, as thou wilt:
Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear.
Since thou on earth hast wept
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with thee,
My Lord, thy will be done.

3 My Jesus, as thou wilt:
All shall be well for me;
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust with thee.
Straight to my home above,
I travel calmly on,
And sing in life or death,
"My Lord, thy will be done."

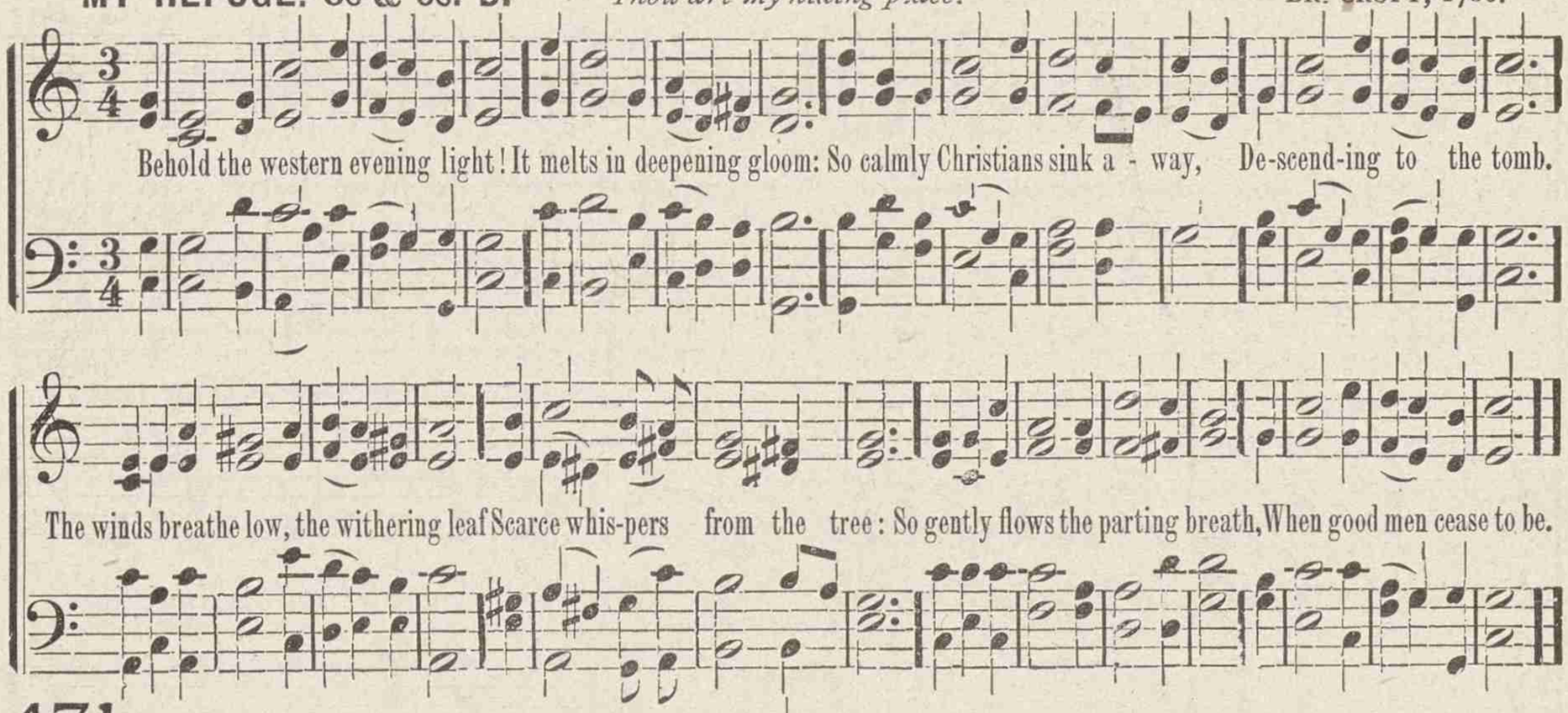
470 Horatius Bonar.

1 Thy way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me by thine own hand;
Choose out the path for me.
I dare not choose my lot;
I would not if I might;
Choose thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.

2 The kingdom that I seek
Is thine; so let the way
That leads to it be thine,
Else I must surely stray.
Take thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to thee may seem;
Choose thou my good and ill.

3 Choose thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.
Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom, and my all.

MY REFUGE. 8s & 6s. D. *"Thou art my hiding place."* DR. CROFT, 1700.

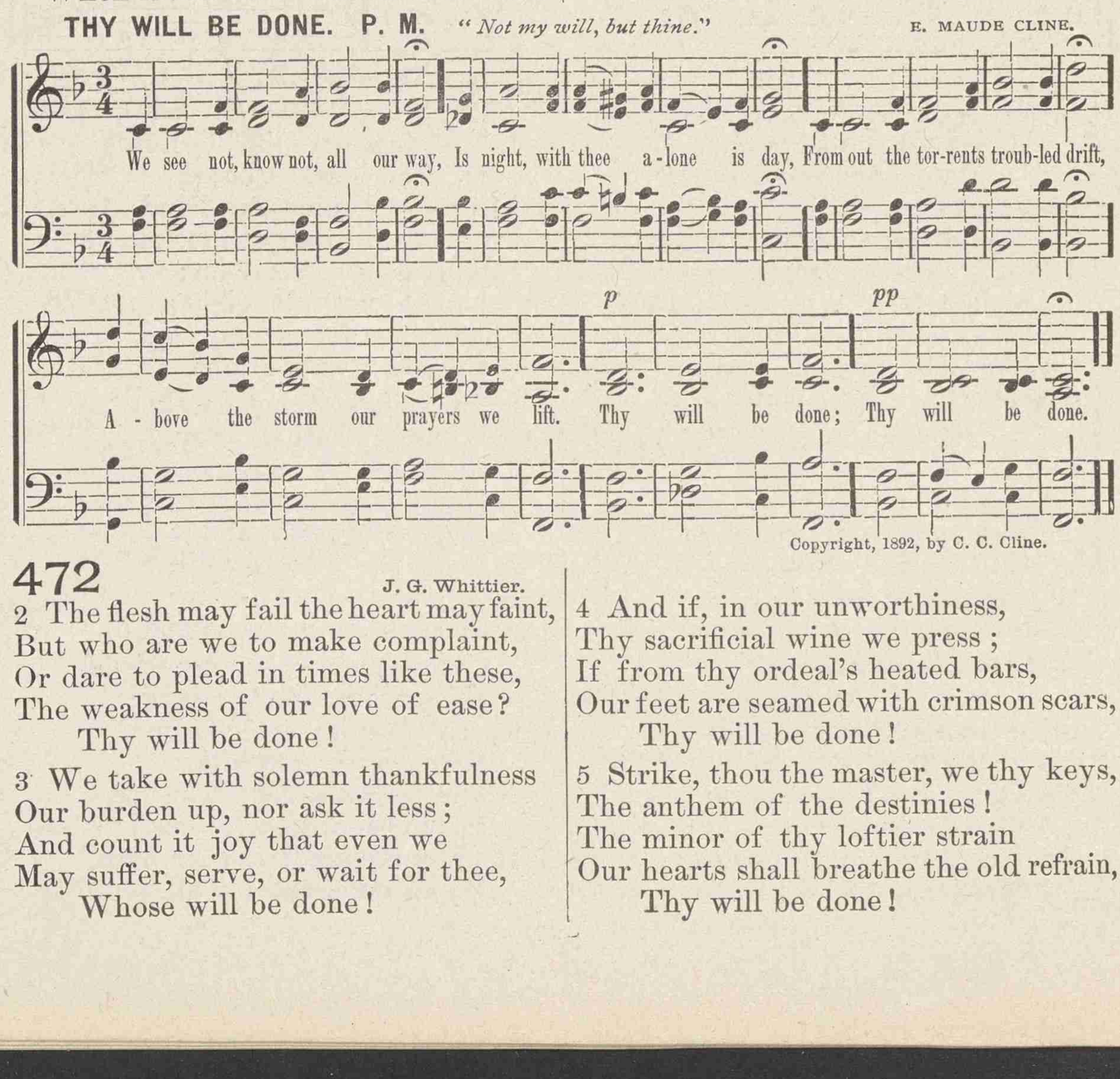


471 W. B. O. Peabody.

2 How beautiful on all the hills
The crimson light is shed!
'Tis like the peace the Christian gives
To mourners round his bed.
How mildly on the wandering cloud
The sunset beam is cast!
'Tis like the memory left behind
When loved ones breathe their last.

3 And now above the dews of night
The rising star appears:
So faith springs in the heart of those
Whose eyes are bathed in tears.
But soon the morning's happier light
Its glory shall restore,
And eyelids that are sealed in death
Shall wake to close no more.

THY WILL BE DONE. P. M. *"Not my will, but thine."* E. MAUDE CLINE.



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472 J. G. Whittier.

2 The flesh may fail the heart may faint,
But who are we to make complaint,
Or dare to plead in times like these,
The weakness of our love of ease?
Thy will be done!

3 We take with solemn thankfulness
Our burden up, nor ask it less;
And count it joy that even we
May suffer, serve, or wait for thee,
Whose will be done!

4 And if, in our unworthiness,
Thy sacrificial wine we press;
If from thy ordeal's heated bars,
Our feet are seamed with crimson scars,
Thy will be done!

5 Strike, thou the master, we thy keys,
The anthem of the destinies!
The minor of thy loftier strain
Our hearts shall breathe the old refrain,
Thy will be done!

IN THE ARMS OF JESUS. P. M.

"They that sleep in Jesus."

W. H. DOANE, by per.

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473

Fanny J. Crosby.

2 Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe from corroding care,
Safe from the world's temptations,
Sin cannot harm me there.
Free from the blight of sorrow,
Free from my doubts and fears;
Only a few more trials,
Only a few more tears!—CHO.

3 Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,
Jesus has died for me;
Firm on the Rock of Ages
Ever my trust shall be.
Here let me wait with patience,
Wait till the night is o'er;
Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore.—CHO.

BE NOT AFRAID. P. M.

"It is I, be not afraid."

W. B. BRADBURY.

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474

Hannah E. Bradbury.

1 Brother, on the troubled deep,
When the wild winds round you sweep,
And the waves in madness leap,
Listen, 'tis the voice that said—
"It is I, be not afraid."

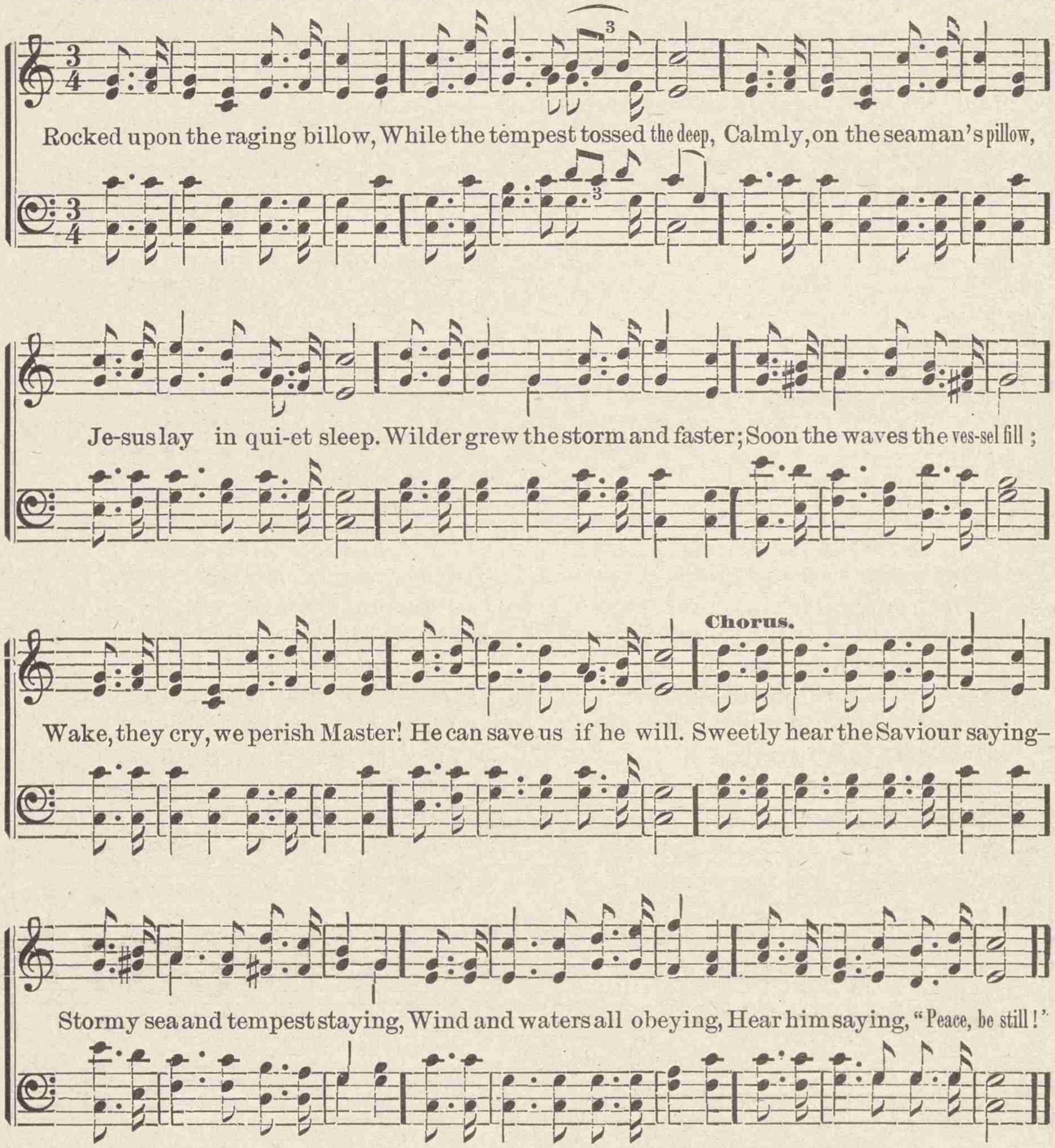
2 When the storm has died away,
And the sun with cheering ray,
Now illumes your prosperous way,
Trust, oh, trust in him who said—
"It is I, be not afraid."

3 Brother, far away from home,
Restless as the wave's light foam
When temptations round you come,
Pray for strength to him who said—
"It is I, be not afraid."

4 Brother, when death draweth near,
And your spirit shrinks in fear
From its portals damp and drear,
Trust your soul to him who said—
"It is I, be not afraid."

THE RAGING BILLOW. 8s & 7s. D. *"Peace be still."*

R. M. MCINTOSH.



475

Mrs. M. B. C. Slade.

1 Rocked upon the raging billow,
While the tempest tossed the deep,
Calmly, on the seaman's pillow,
Jesus lay in quiet sleep.
Wilder grew the storm and faster;
Soon the waves the vessel fill;
Wake, they cry, we perish, Master!
He can save us if he will.—CHO.

2 Frightened, faithless, trembling, tearful,
Jesus kindly to them saith,
Why, oh, why are ye so fearful?
How is it ye have no faith?
Lord, we perish, they are crying;
Save us, Lord, they pray, until,
Calm as softest zephyrs sighing,
Wind and sea obey his will.—CHO.

3 When with sorrows o'er us breaking,
Or with sin's wild tempest tossed,
If we cry, the Master seeking,
Save us, Lord, or we are lost!
Neither wind nor sea shall harm us;
All obey the heavenly will;
If we trust him he will calm us;
Peace divine our souls shall fill.—CHO.

MURMUR NOT. L. M. *"It is good that a man hope and quietly wait."* WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

476

W. H. Bellamy.

1 O troubled heart there is a home,
Beyond the reach of toil and care;
A home where changes never come;
Who would not fain be resting there?

2 Yet when bow'd down beneath the load
By heaven allowed, thine earthly lot;
Look up! thoul't reach that blest abode,
Wait, meekly wait, and murmur not.

3 If in thy path some thorns are found,
O, think who bore them on his brow;
If grief thy sorrowing heart has found,
It reached a holier than thou.

4 Toil on, nor deem, tho' sore it be,
One sigh unheard, one prayer forgot,
The day of rest will dawn for thee;
Wait, meekly wait, and murmur not.

WALLACE. L. M. *"Henceforth they rest from their labors."* B. F. BAKER.

477

W. H. Bathurst, 1831.

1 How sweet the hour of closing day,
When all is peaceful and serene,
And when the sun, with cloudless ray,
Sheds mellow luster o'er the scene!

2 Such is the Christian's parting hour:
So peacefully he sinks to rest,
When faith, endued from heaven with power,
Sustains and cheers his languid breast.

3 A beam from heaven is sent to cheer
The pilgrim on his gloomy road;
And angels are attending near,
To bear him to their bright abode.

4 Who would not wish to die like those
Whom God's own Spirit deigns to bless?
To sink into that soft repose,
Then wake to perfect happiness?

HABAKKUK. C. P. M. *"I will rejoice in the Lord."* DR. EDWARD HODGES, 1843.

478

H. U. Onderdonk.

1 Although the vine its fruit deny,
The budding fig-tree droop and die,
No oil the olive yield;
Yet will I trust me in my God,
Yea, bend rejoicing to his rod,
And by his grace be healed.

2 Though fields, in verdure once array'd,
By whirlwinds desolate be laid,
Or parch'd by scorching beam;
Still in the Lord shall be my trust,
My joy; for, though his frown is just,
His mercy is supreme.

3 Though from the folds the flock decay,
Though herds lie famish'd o'er the lea,
And round the empty stall;
My soul above the wreck shall rise,
Its better joys are in the skies;
There God is all in all.

4 In God my strength, howe'er distrest,
I yet will hope, and calmly rest,
Nay, triumph in his love:
My lingering soul, my tardy feet,
Free as the hind he makes, and fleet,
To speed my course above.

HOLYROOD. 7s. *"Surely he hath borne our griefs."* R. REDHEAD.

479

Dean Milman.

2 Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
Thou hast shed the human tear;
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear.

3 Thou hast bowed the dying head,
Thou the blood of life hast shed,
Thou hast filled a mortal bier;
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear.

4 When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin,
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear.

5 Thou the shame, the grief, hast known,
Though the sins were not thine own;
Thou hast deigned their load to bear,
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear.

THE LORD WILL PROVIDE. 10s & 11s. *"Jehovah Jireh."*

HAYDN.

480

Jno. Newton.

2 We may, like the ships, by tempest be tossed
On perilous deeps but can not be lost;
Though Satan enrages the wind and the tide,
The promise engages, The Lord will provide.

3 No strength of our own, or goodness, we claim;
But since we have known the Saviour's great name,
In this, our strong tower, for safety we hide—
The Lord is our power—The Lord will provide.

4 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
The word of his grace shall comfort us through;
Not fearing or doubting, with Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting, The Lord will provide.

HENLEY. 11s. & 10s

"You shall find rest."

LOWELL MASON.

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481

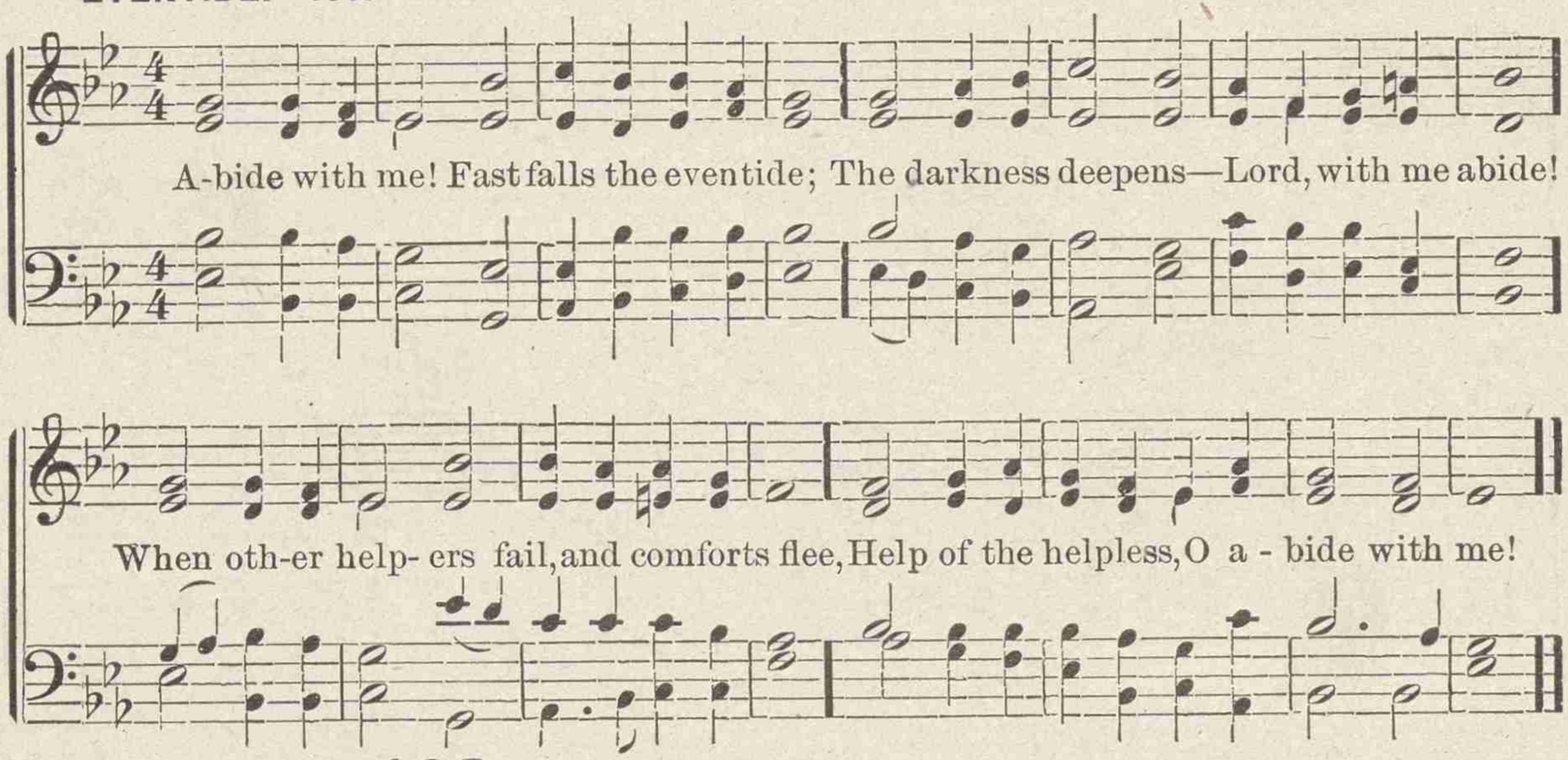
Unknown.

2 Ye who have mourn'd when the Spring flow'rs were taken;
When the ripe fruit fell richly to the ground;
When the lov'd slept, in brighter homes to waken,
Where their pale brows with spirit-wreaths are crown'd.

3 Large are the mansions in your Father's dwelling
Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim·
Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling,
Soft are the tones which raise the heav'nly hymn.

4 There, like an Eden, blossoming in gladness,
Bloom the fair flow'rs the earth too rudely pressed;
Come unto me, all ye who droop in sadness,
Come unto me, and I will give you rest.

EVENTIDE. 10s. *"I will never leave thee."* W. H. MONK. 1861.



482

H. F. Lyte, 1847.

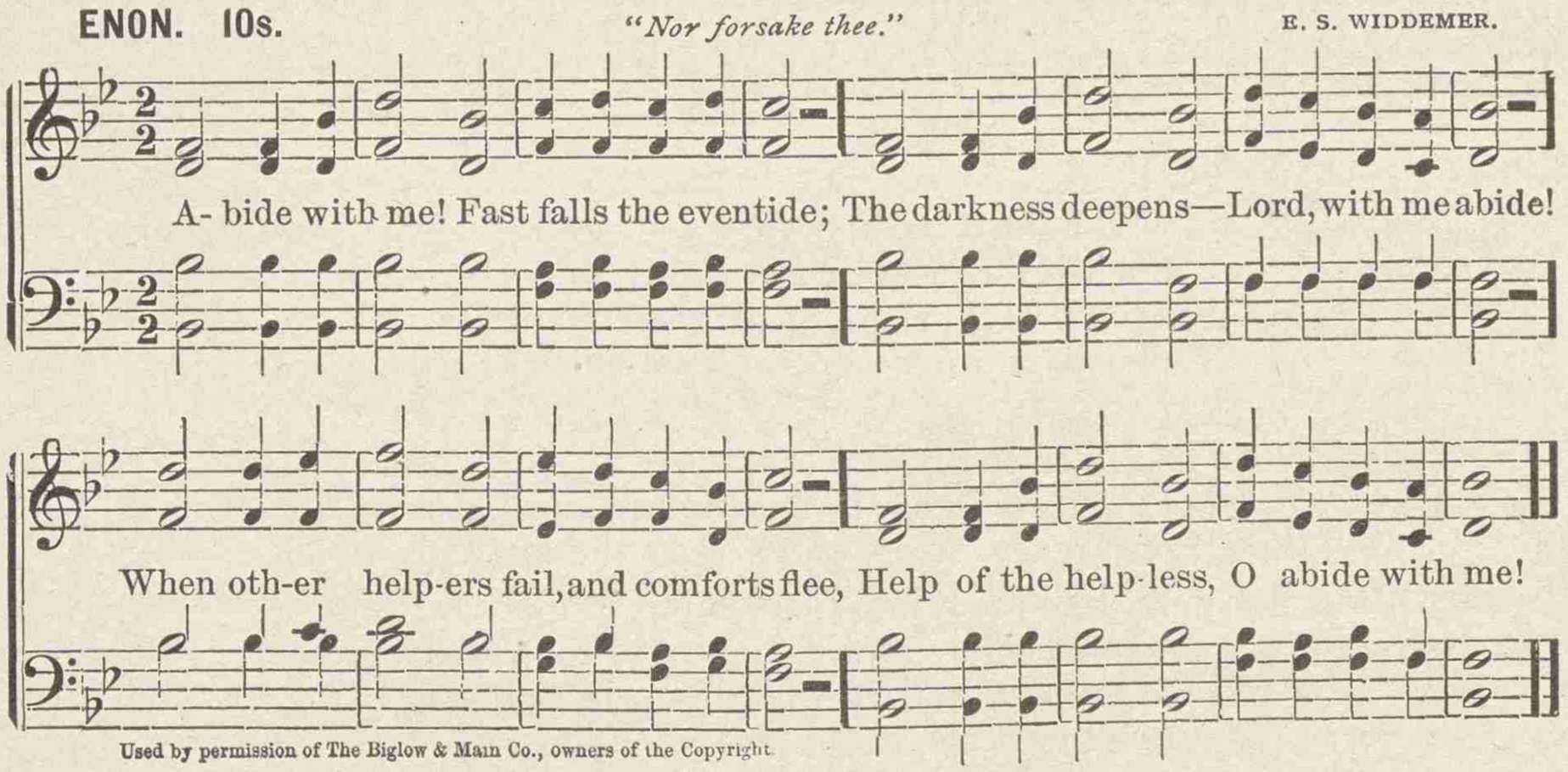
1 Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens—Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

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

3 Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word,
But as thou dwell'st with thy disciples, Lord,
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,—
Come, not to sojourn, but abide with me!

4 Come not in terrors, as the King of Kings!
But kind and good with healing in thy wings:
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea.
Come, "Friend of sinners," and abide with me!

ENON. 10s. *"Nor forsake thee."* E. S. WIDDEMER.



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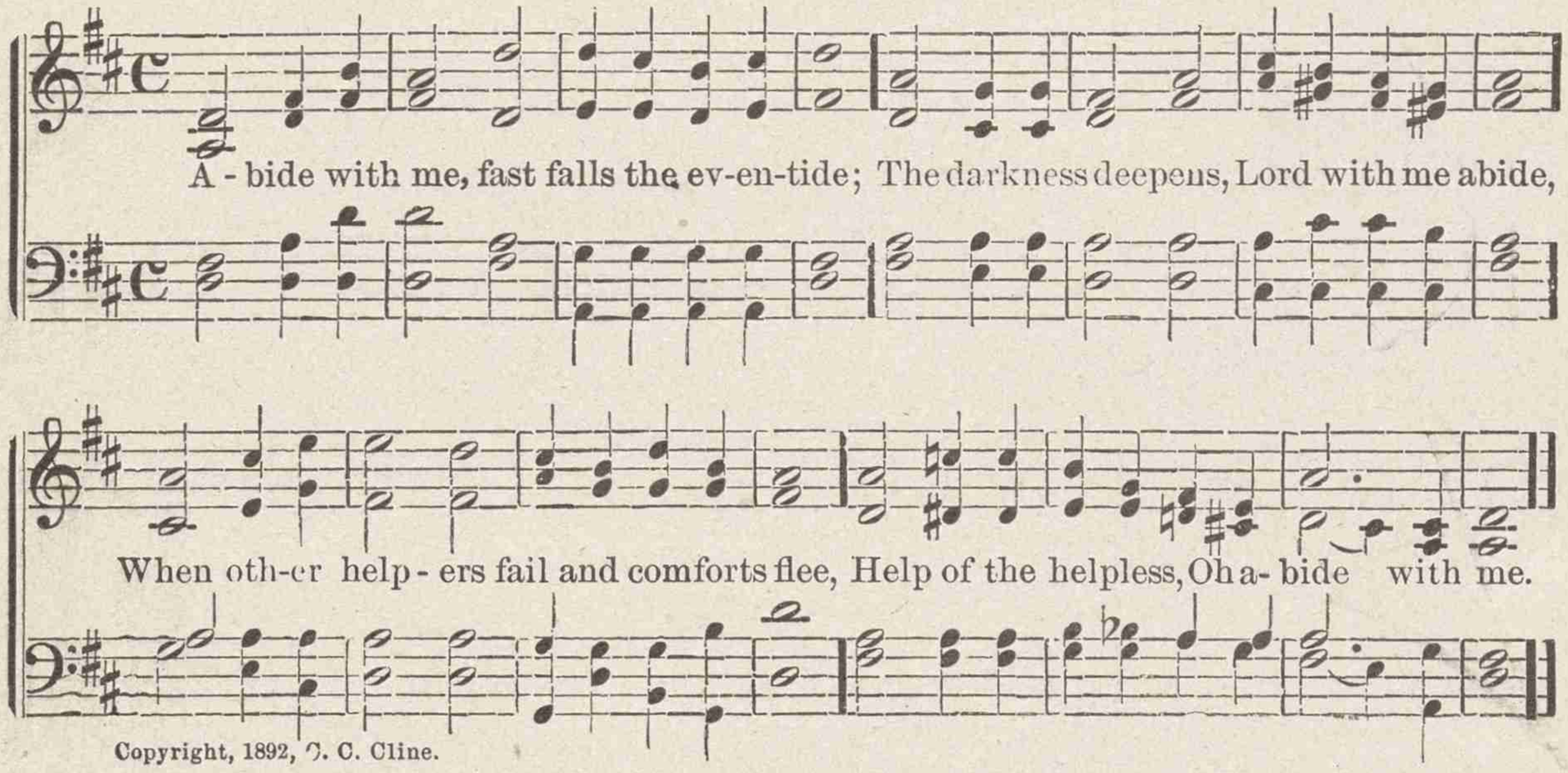
ABIDE WITH ME. 10s.

"I will come again."

L. A. BIDEZ, 1890.



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

6 I need thy presence every passing hour;
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who, like thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

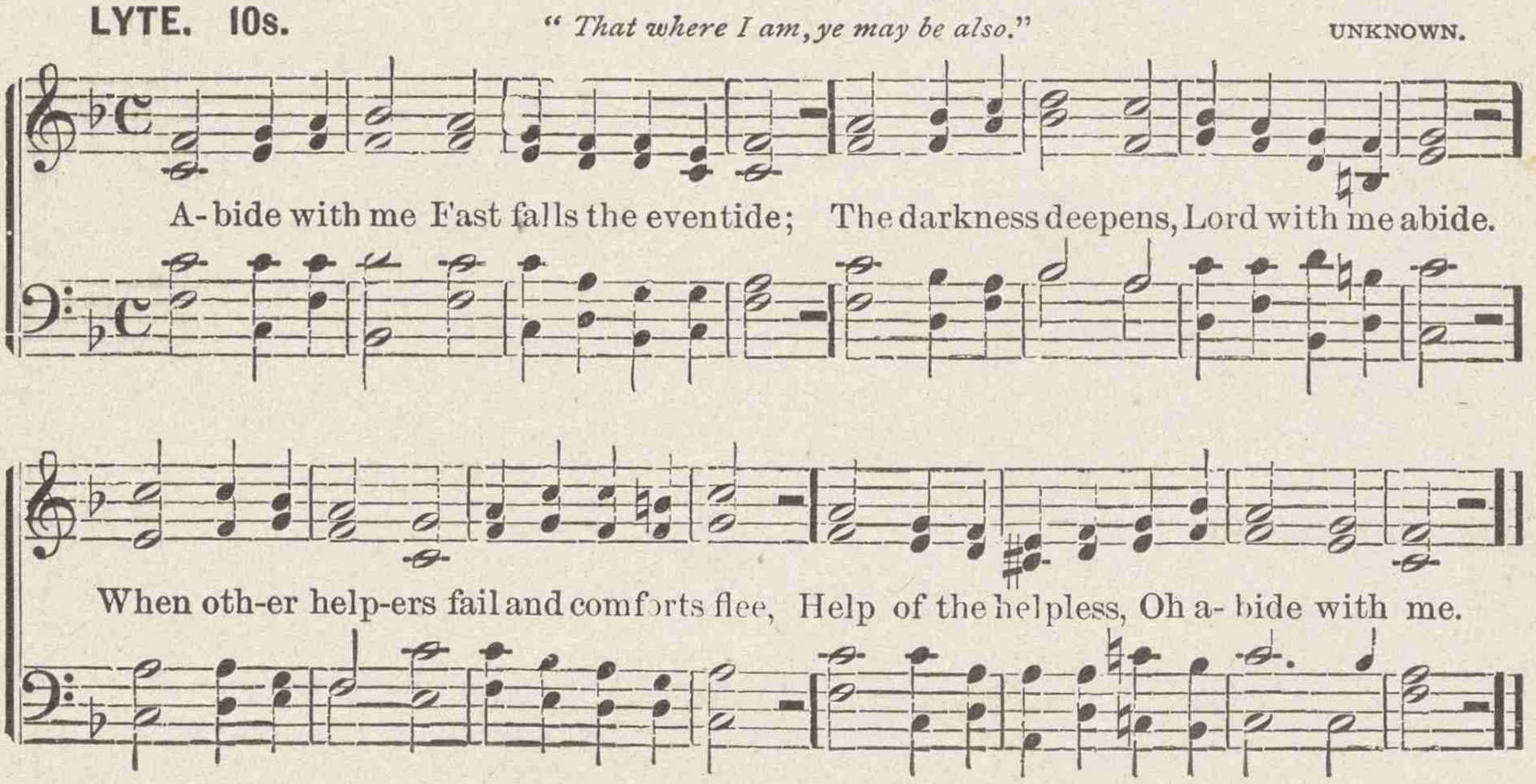
7 I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

8 Hold thou thy Cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

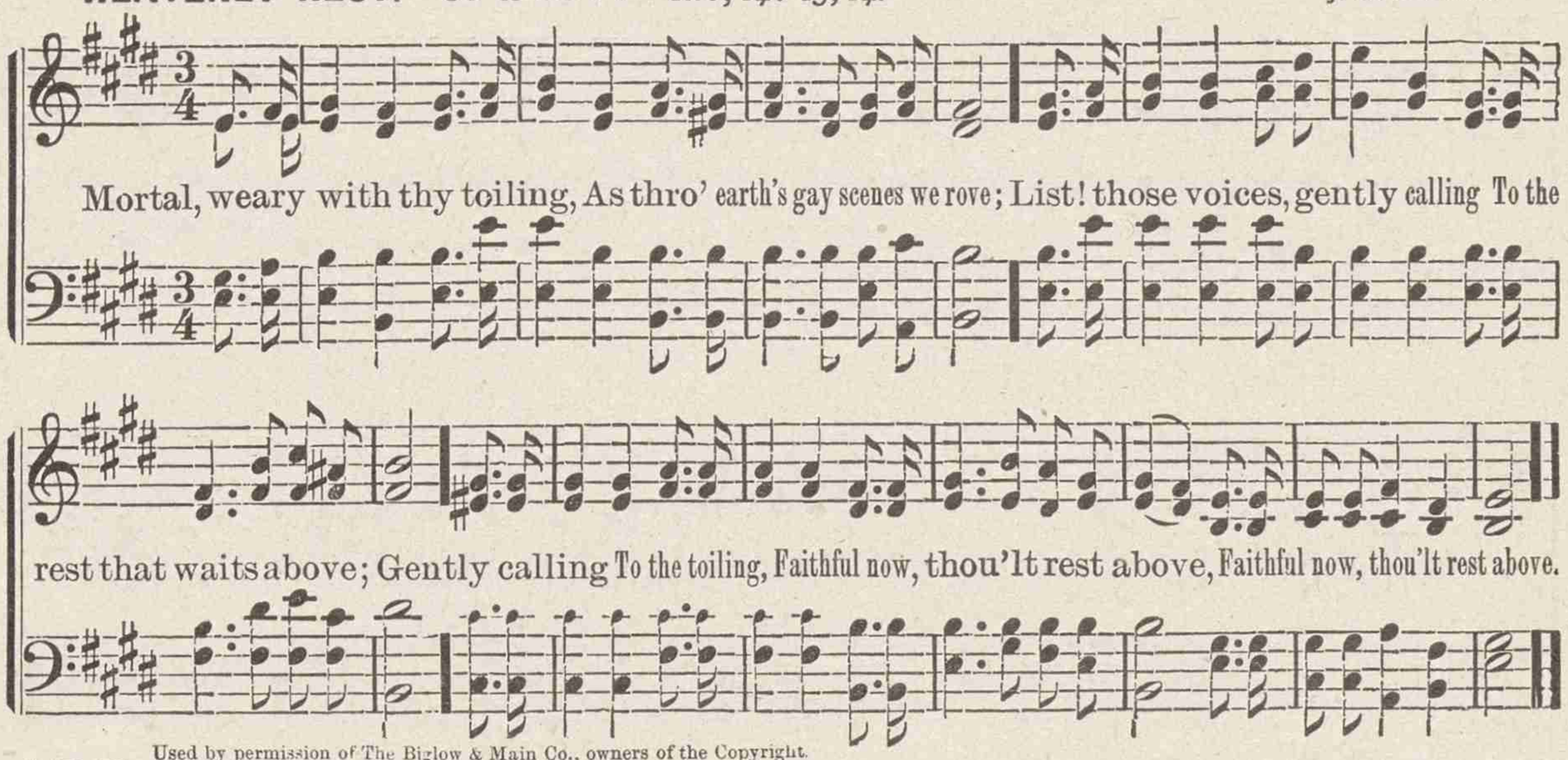
LYTE. 10s.

"That where I am, ye may be also."

UNKNOWN.



HEAVENLY REST. 8s & 7s P. *Rev, 14: 13, 14.* J. M. PELTON.



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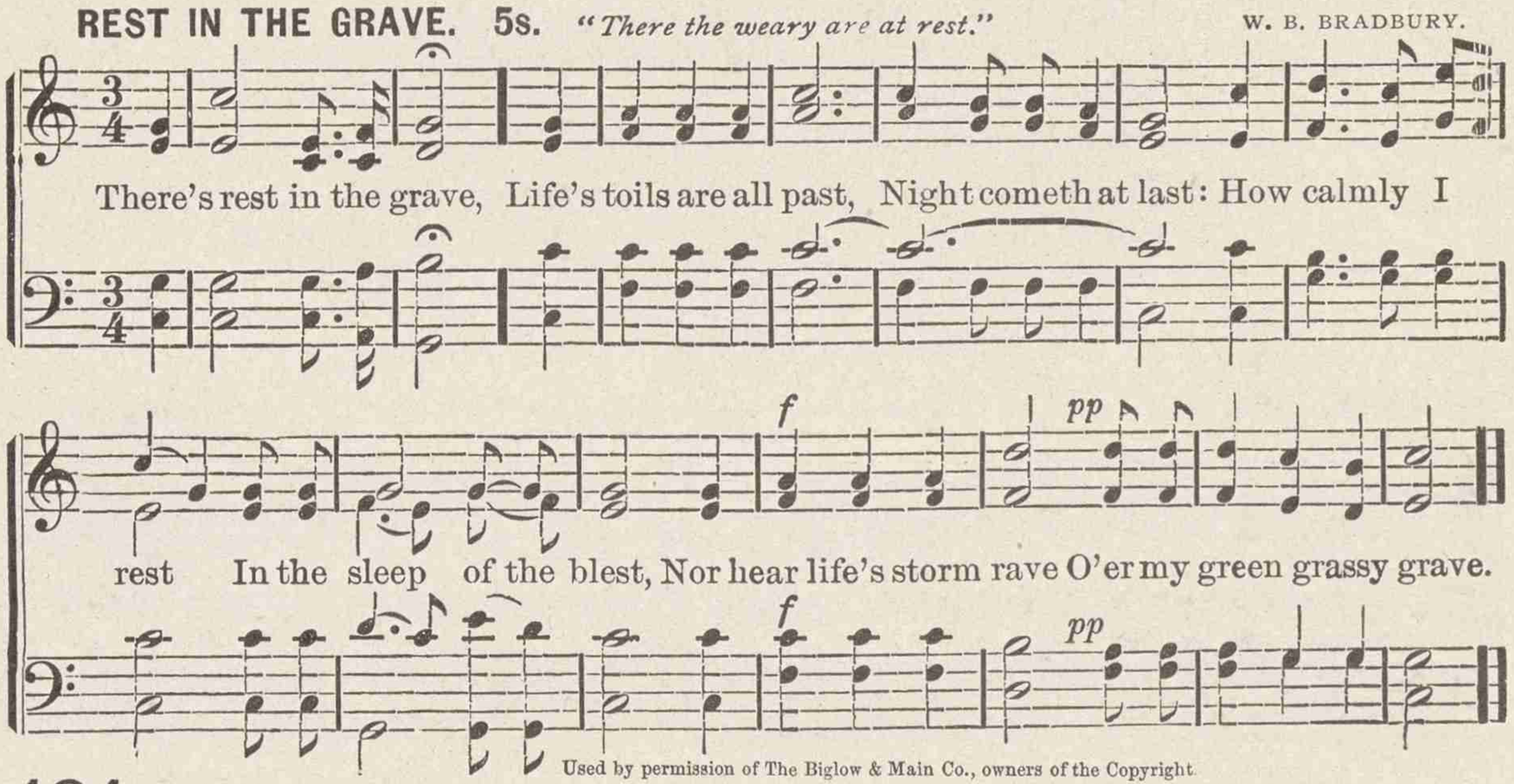
483 J. M. Pelton.

2 Loved ones long lost, gone before thee
To the regions of the blest,
Smiling now, are whispering o'er thee;
Soon thou'lt find thy looked for rest:
Whispering o'er thee,
Gone before thee!
Bravely toil, in heaven thou'lt rest.

3 Loved ones, yes we hope to meet you
After life's last work is o'er;
Hope in peace and joy to greet you,
Where peace reigns for evermore:
Hope to greet you,
Joyful meet you,
And in heaven, rest evermore.

REST IN THE GRAVE. 5s. *"There the weary are at rest."* W. B. BRADBURY.



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484 Charles Beacher.

2 No rest in the grave—
Heaven's dawn purples fast,
Morn's splendors are cast
Like shafts thro' the gloom
Of the dark, silent tomb;
Heaven's fair bowers wave—
No rest in the grave?

3 Arise from the grave!
Heaven's bright burning throng
Come rushing along;
They gird me about,
And triumphant shout,
As myriad palms wave,
"Ascend from the grave."

OVER THE STARS THERE IS REST. P. M.

FRANZ ABT.

485

T. T. Barker.

1 Over the stars there is rest!
Over the stars there is rest!
Suffer, in patience confiding,
Life with its trial and chiding;
There peace eternal, abiding,
Makes the delight of the blest.
Dark though to-day be with sorrow,
Hope gilds more brightly the morrow,
Over the stars there is rest!

2 Over the stars there is rest!
Over the stars there is rest!
Bear up, life's ills resigning;
There, where the sun is still shining;
Comes neither grief nor repining,—
There are relieved the opprest.
Onward with courage reviving,
Ever still patiently striving,
Over the stars there is rest!

FREDERICK. IIs. *"I am in a strait betwixt two."* GEORGE KINGSLEY, 1834.

486

William Augustus Muhlenberg, 1823.

1 I would not live always; 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 always; no—welcome the tomb;
Since Jesus has 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 always, away from his God,—
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where rivers of pleasure flow bright o'er the plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?

4 There saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

MOUNT VERNON. 8s. & 7s. *"The Lord gave."* LOWELL MASON.

487

S. F. Smith.

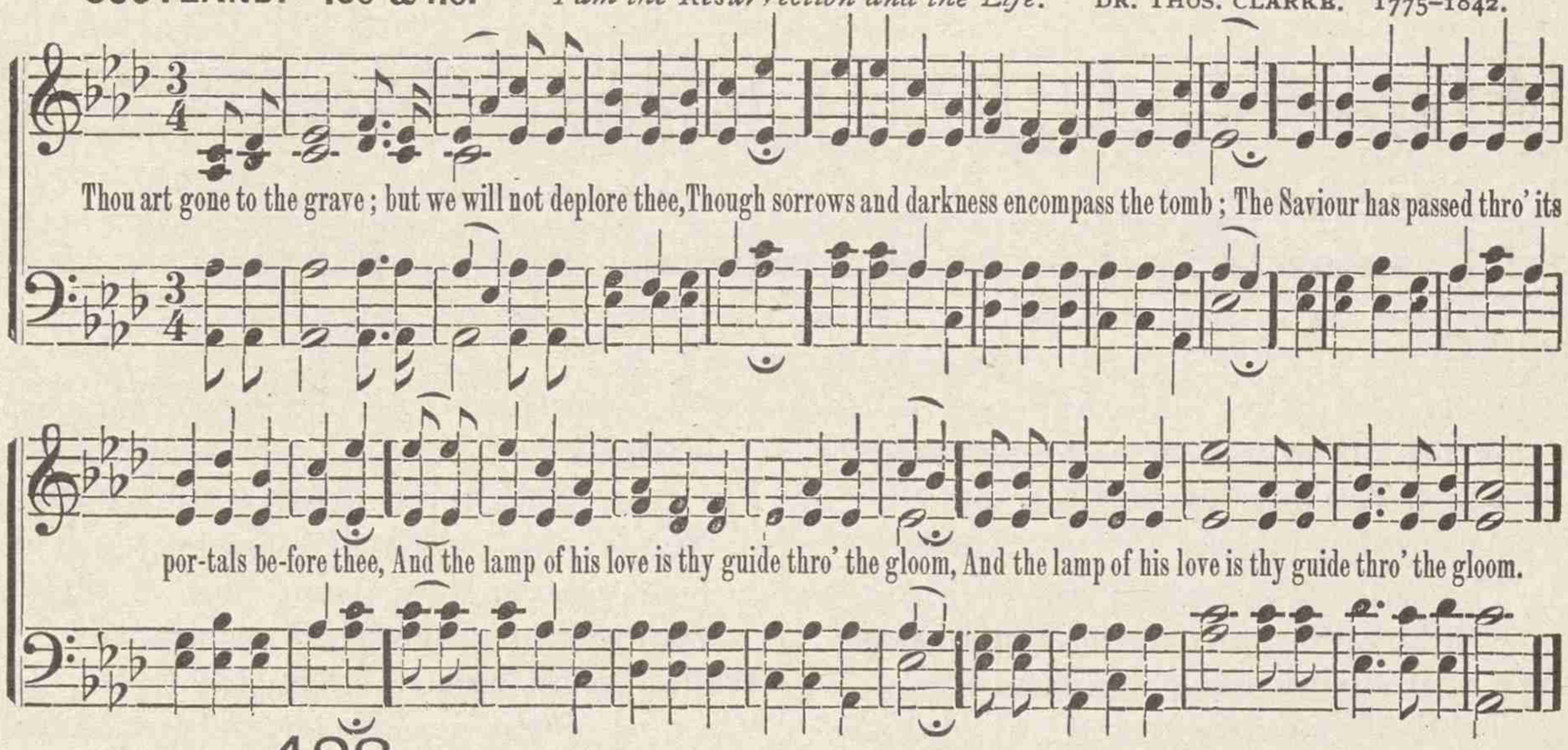
1 Sister, thou wast mild and lovely,
Gentle as the summer breeze,
Pleasant as the air of evening,
When it floats among the trees.

2 Peaceful be thy silent slumber—
Peaceful in the grave so low.
Thou no more wilt join our number;
Thou no more our songs shalt know.

3 Dearest sister, thou hast left us;
Here thy loss we deeply feel;
But 'tis God that hath bereft us;
He can all our sorrows heal.

4 Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life is fled;
Then in heav'n with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed.

SCOTLAND. 13s & 11s. *"I am the Resurrection and the Life."* DR. THOS. CLARKE. 1775–1842.



488

Reginald Heber, 1812.

1 Thou art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb;
The Saviour has passed through its portals before thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom.

2 Thou art gone to the grave; we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may hope, since the Saviour hath died.

3 Thou art gone to the grave; and, its mansion forsaking,
Perchance thy weak spirit in doubt lingered long;
But the sunshine of heaven beamed bright on thy waking,
And the sound thou didst hear was the seraphim's song.

4 Thou art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore thee,
Since God was thy Ransom, thy Guardian, thy Guide;
He gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore thee;
And death has no sting, since the Saviour hath died.

CHRISTIAN'S SLEEP. L. M. *"Many of them that sleep in the dust."* W. B. BRADBURY.

489

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Unknown.

1 Dear is the spot where Christians sleep,
And sweet the strain which angels pour;
O, why should we in anguish weep?
They are not lost—but gone before.

2 Secure from every mortal care,
By sin and sorrow vexed no more,
Eternal happiness they share
Who are not lost, but gone before.

3 To Zion's peaceful courts above
In faith triumphant may we soar,
Embracing, in the arms of love,
The friends not lost, but gone before.

4 To Jordan's bank whene'er we come,
And hear the swelling waters roar,
Jesus! convey us safely home,
To friends not lost, but gone before.

ZEPHYR. L. M. *"He giveth his beloved sleep."* W. B. BRADBURY, 1843.

490

Isaac Watts,

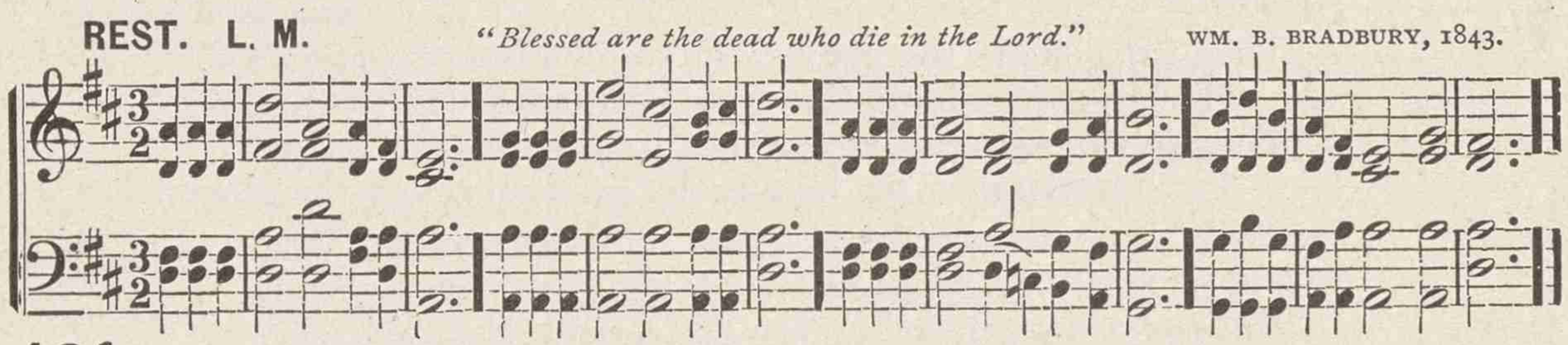
1 Why should we start, and fear to die?
What timorous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

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

3 Oh, would my Lord his servant meet,
My soul would stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

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

REST. L. M. *"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."* WM. B. BRADBURY, 1843.



491

Mrs. G. W. Mackay.

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

2 Asleep in Jesus! oh how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing,
That death has lost its venomed sting.

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

4 Asleep in Jesus! oh for me
May such a blissful refuge be,
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

FEDERAL STREET. L. M. *"Suffer little children to come unto me."* H. K. OLIVER.

492

A. Steele.

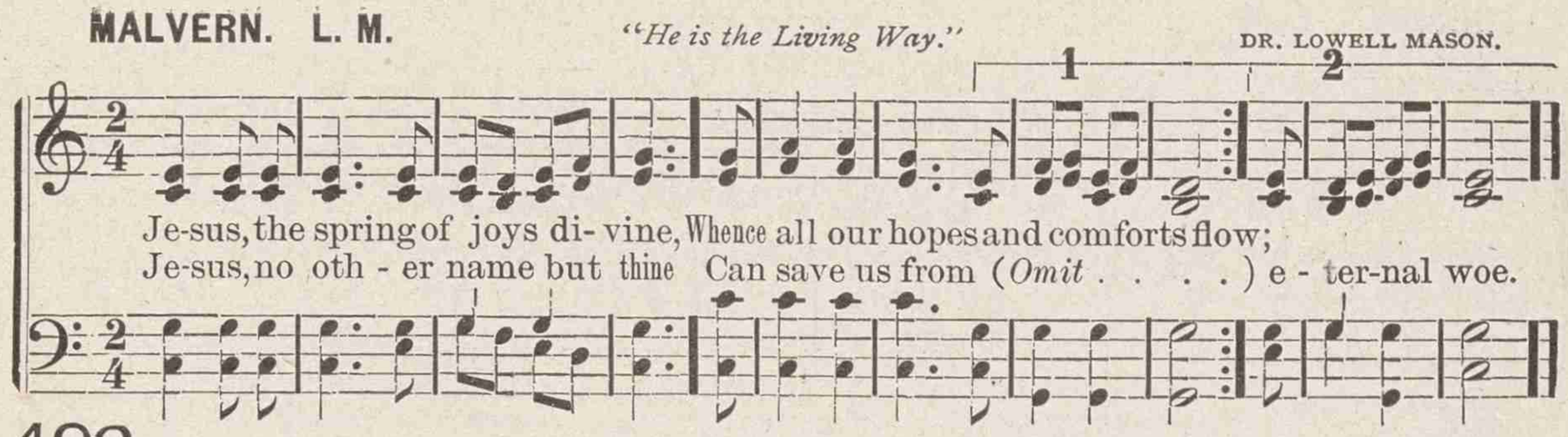
1 So fades the lovely, blooming flower,
Frail, smiling solace of an hour!
So soon our transient comforts fly,
And pleasure only blooms to die.

2 Is there no kind, no lenient art,
To heal the anguish of the heart?
Spirit of grace! be ever nigh,
Thy comforts are not made to die.

3 Thy powerful aid supports the soul,
And nature owns thy kind control;
While we peruse the sacred page,
Our fiercest griefs resign their rage.

4 Then gentle patience smiles on pain,
And dying hope revives again;
Hope wipes the tear from sorrow's eye,
And faith points upward to the sky.

MALVERN. L. M. *"He is the Living Way."* DR. LOWELL MASON.



493

Anne Steele.

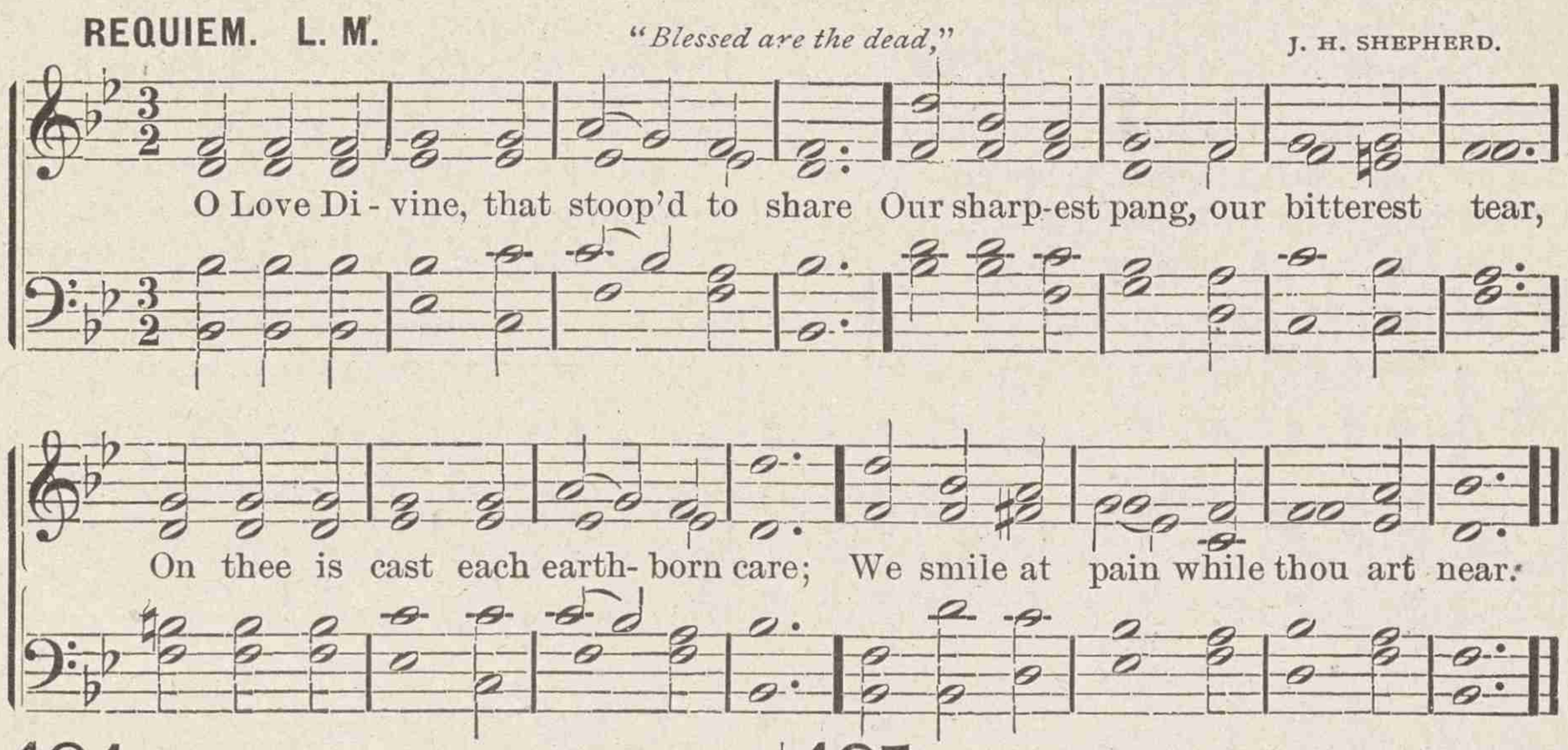
1 Jesus, the spring of joys divine,
Whence all our hopes and comforts flow;
Jesus, no other name but thine
Can save us from eternal woe.

2 In vain would boasting reason find
Thy way to happiness and God;
Her weak directions leave the mind
Bewilder'd in a dubious road.

3 No other name will heav'n approve;
Thou art the true, the living way,
Ordain'd by everlasting love,
To the bright realms of endless day.

4 Here let our constant feet abide,
Nor from the heav'nly path depart;
O let thy spirit, gracious Guide!
Direct our steps and cheer our heart.

REQUIEM. L. M. *"Blessed are the dead,"* J. H. SHEPHERD.



494

O. W. Holmes.

1 O Love Divine, that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On thee is cast each earth-born care;
We smile at pain while thou art near.

2 Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, thou art near!

3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us, thou art near!

4 On thee we cast our burdening woe,
O love divine, for ever dear,
Content to suffer while we know,
Living and dying, thou art near!

495

Unknown.

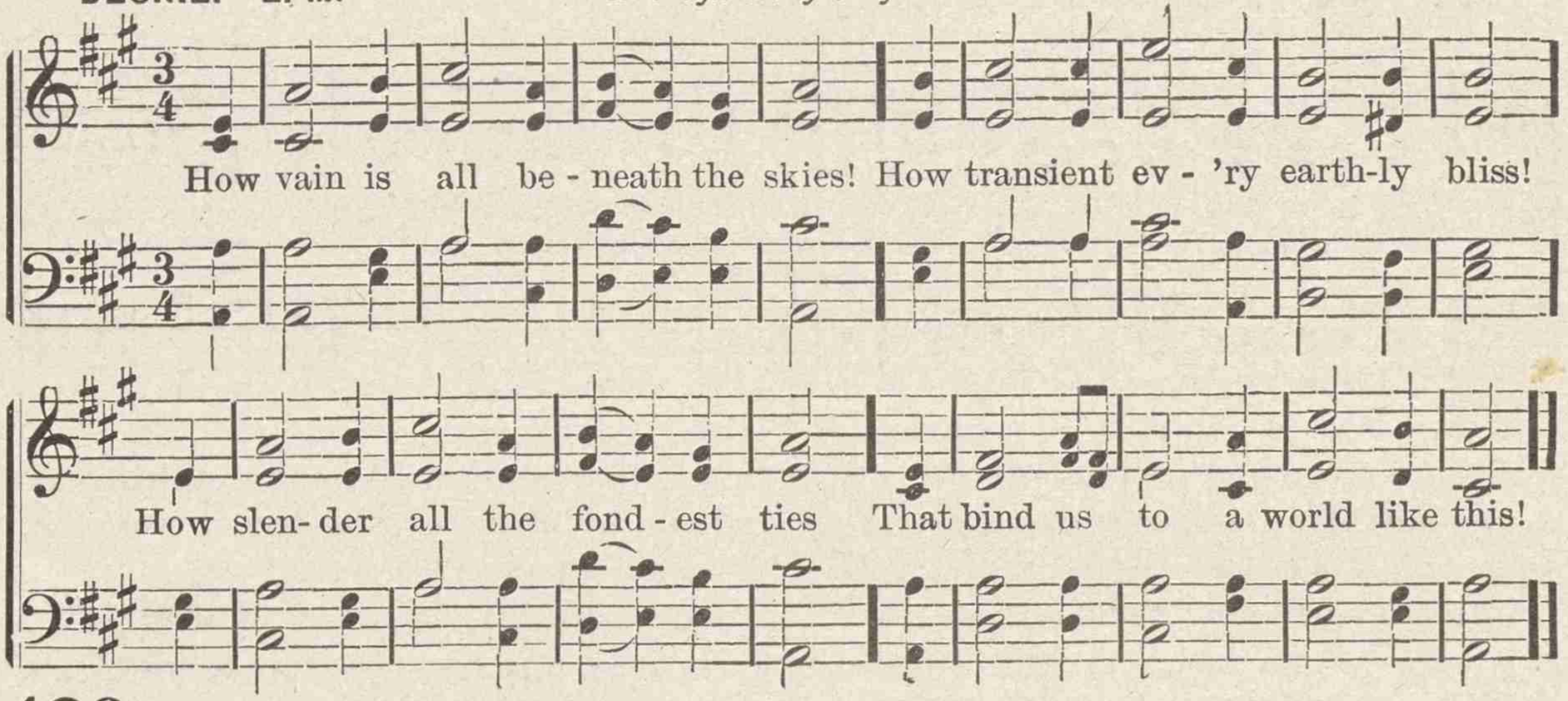
1 Gently, my Saviour, let me down,
To slumber in the arms of death;
I rest my soul on thee alone,
E'en till my last, expiring breath.

2 Soon will the storm of life be o'er,
And I shall enter endless rest;
There I shall live to sin no more,
And bless thy name, for ever blest.

3 Bid me possess sweet peace within;
Let childlike patience keep my heart,
Then shall I feel my heaven begin,
Before my spirit hence depart.

4 Oh, speed thy chariot, God of love,
And take me from this world of woe;
I long to reach those joys above,
And bid farewell to all below.

DESIRE. L. M. *"As the flower of the field."* I. B. WOODBURY.



496

D. E. Ford.

1 How vain is all beneath the skies!
How transient every earthly bliss!
How slender all the fondest ties
That bind us to a world like this!

2 The evening cloud, the morning dew,
The with'ring grass, the fading flow'r,
Of earthly hopes are emblems true—
The glory of a passing hour.

3 But though earth's fairest blossoms die,
And all beneath the skies is vain,
There is a brighter world on high,
Beyond the reach of care and pain.

4 Then let the hope of joys to come
Dispel our cares and chase our fears;
If God be ours, we're trav'ling home,
Though passing through a vale of tears.

IN THE VALLEY. P. M. *"They seek a country."* REV. ROBERT LOWRY.

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497

Mrs. Annie S. Hawks.

1 A few more prayers, a few more tears,
It wont be long, it wont be long,
A few more months, a few more years,
Will hush my song, this earthly song;
And then I shall sleep in the valley.

2 A little pain, a little joy,
And, less or more, it matters not;
Some mingling yet with earth's alloy,
And then forgot, ah! soon forgot
While I sleep, calmly sleep in the valley.

3 A little gathering of the loved,
Whose patient hearts were always true;
Some tears to mingle with the sod,
A very few, a very few
When they lay me to rest in the valley.

4 But Jesus' love his precious love,
Will be my stay, my only stay;
And radiance, gleaming from above,
Will light the way, the lonely way,
When my soul passes thro' the dark valley.

LAST HOPE. 7s. *"Be of good comfort."* Arr. from GOTTSCHALK.

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498 George Rawson.

1 In the dark and cloudy day,
When earth's riches flee away,
And the last hope will not stay,
Saviour, comfort me!

2 Thou, who wast so sorely tried,
In the darkness crucified,
Bid me in thy love confide;
Saviour, comfort me!

3 Comfort me; I am cast down,
'Tis my heavenly Father's frown;
I deserve it all, I own:
Saviour, comfort me!

4 So it shall be good for me
Much afflicted now to be,
If thou wilt but tenderly,
Saviour, comfort me!

499 William Hammond

1 Cast thy burden on the Lord,
Only lean upon his word;
Thou wilt soon have cause to bless
His unchanging faithfulness.

2 He sustains thee by his hand,
He enables thee to stand;
Those, whom Jesus once hath loved,
From his grace are never moved.

3 Heaven and earth may pass away,
God's free grace shall not decay;
He hath promised to fulfill
All the pleasure of his will.

4 Jesus, guardian of thy flock,
Be thyself our constant rock;
Make us by thy powerful hand,
Firm as Zion's mountain stand.

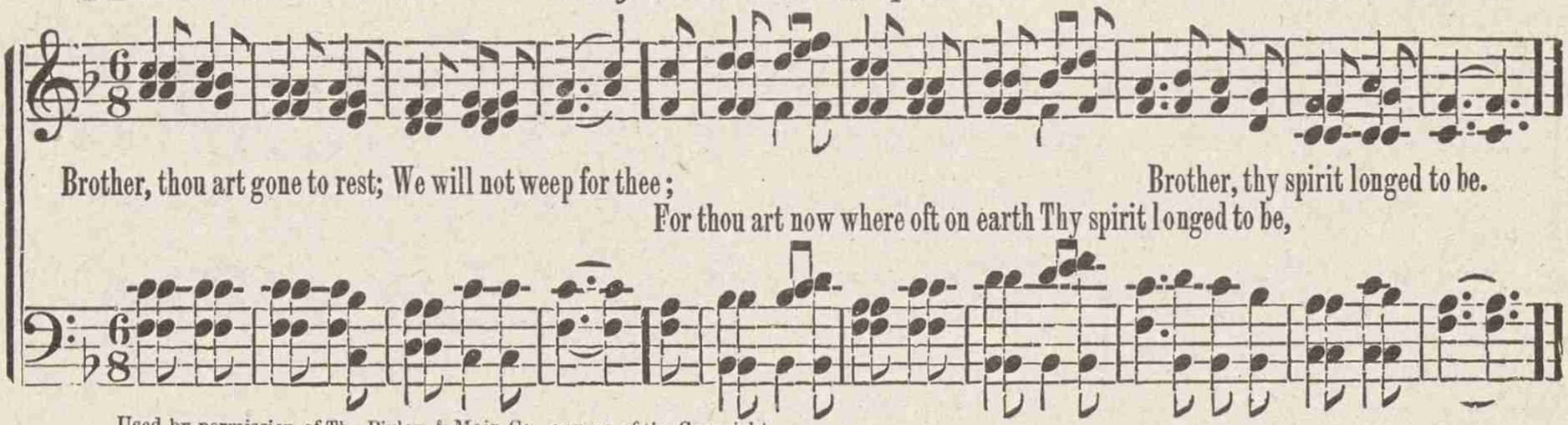
PATIENCE. 8s & 5s. *"Let us not be weary in well doing."* W. T. MOORE.

500 W. T. Moore.

2 Patiently enduring, ever
Let thy spirit be
Bound, by links that can not sever,
To humanity.
Labor, wait! thy master labored
Till his task was done,
Count not lost thy fleeting moments—
Life hath but begun.

3 Labor, wait! though midnight shadows
Gather round thee here,
And the storm above thee lowering
Fill thy heart with fear—
Wait in hope! the morning dawneth
When the night is gone,
And a peaceful rest awaits thee
When thy work is done.

BELLEVILLE. P. M. *"Henceforth there is laid up a crown."* W. B. BRADBURY.



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501 Unknown.

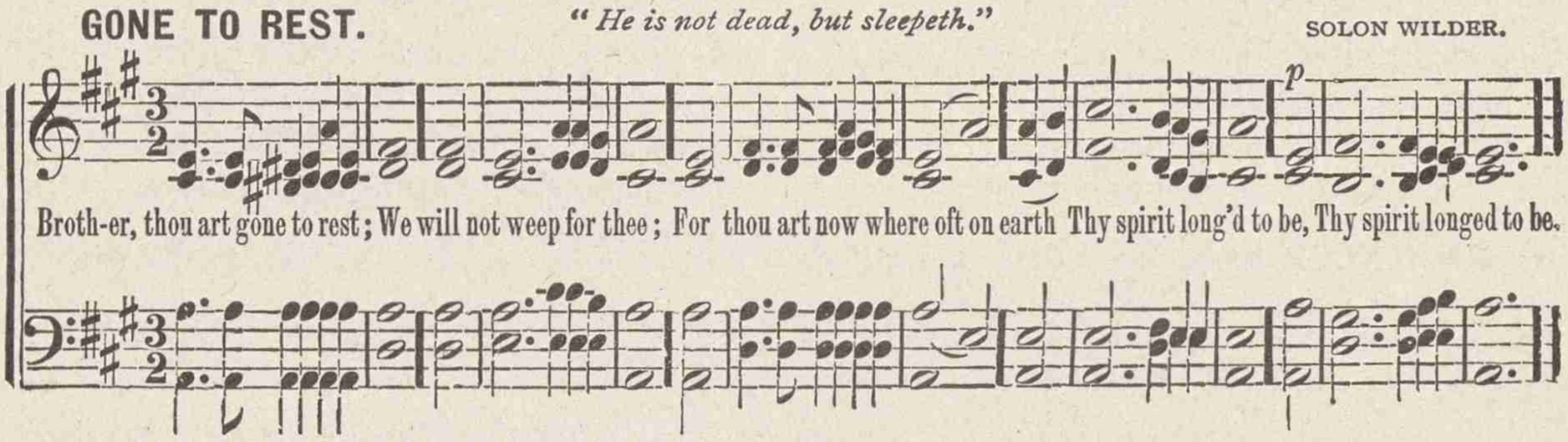
2 Brother, thou art gone to rest;
Thine is an early tomb;
But Jesus summoned thee away;
Thy Saviour called thee home,
Brother, thy Saviour called thee home.

3 Brother, thou art gone to rest;
Thy toils and cares are o'er;
And sorrow, pain, and suffering, now
Shall ne'er distress thee more,
Brother, shall ne'er distress thee more.

4 Brother, thou art gone to rest;
Thy sins are all forgiven;
And saints in light have welcomed thee
To share the joys of heaven,
Brother, to share the joys of heaven.

5 Brother, thou art gone to rest;
And this shall be our prayer—
That, when we reach our journey's end,
Thy glory we may share,
Brother, thy glory we may share.

GONE TO REST. *"He is not dead, but sleepeth."* SOLON WILDER.



DORNANCE. 8s. & 7s. *"I have kept the faith."* I. B. WOODBURY.

502 Unknown.

2 Here, where oft thy lip hath taught us
Of the Lamb who died to save,—
Where thy guiding hand hath brought us
To the deep, baptismal wave,—

3 Pale and cold we see thee lying
In God's temple, once so dear,
And the mourners' bitter sighing
Falls unheeded on thine ear.

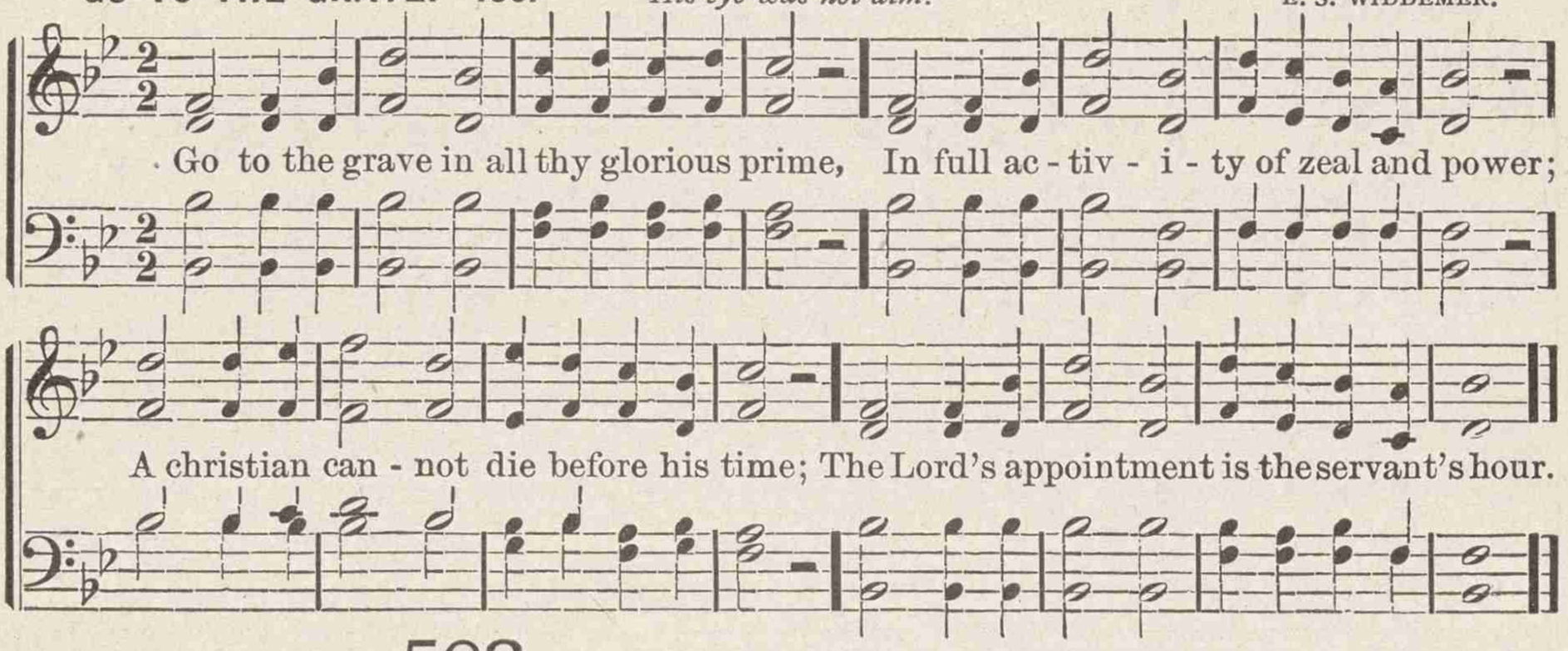
4 All thy love and zeal, to lead us
Where immortal fountains flow,
And on living bread to feed us,
In our fond remembrance glow.

5 May the conquering faith that cheered thee
When thy foot on Jordan pressed,
Guide our spirits while we leave thee
In the tomb that Jesus blessed.

GO TO THE GRAVE. 10s.

"His eye was not dim."

E. S. WIDDEMER.



503

J. Montgomery.

2 Go to the grave: at noon from labor cease;
Rest on thy sheaves; the harvest-task is done;
Come from the heat of battle, and in peace,
Soldier, go home; with thee the fight is won.

3 Go to the grave; for thee thy Saviour lay
In death's embrace, ere he arose on high;
And all the ransomed, by that narrow way,
Pass to eternal life beyond the sky.

4 Go to the grave—no; take thy seat above;
Be thy pure spirit present with the Lord,
Where thou for faith and hope hast perfect love,
And open vision for the written word.

SLEEP THY LAST SLEEP.

"They that sleep in Jesus."

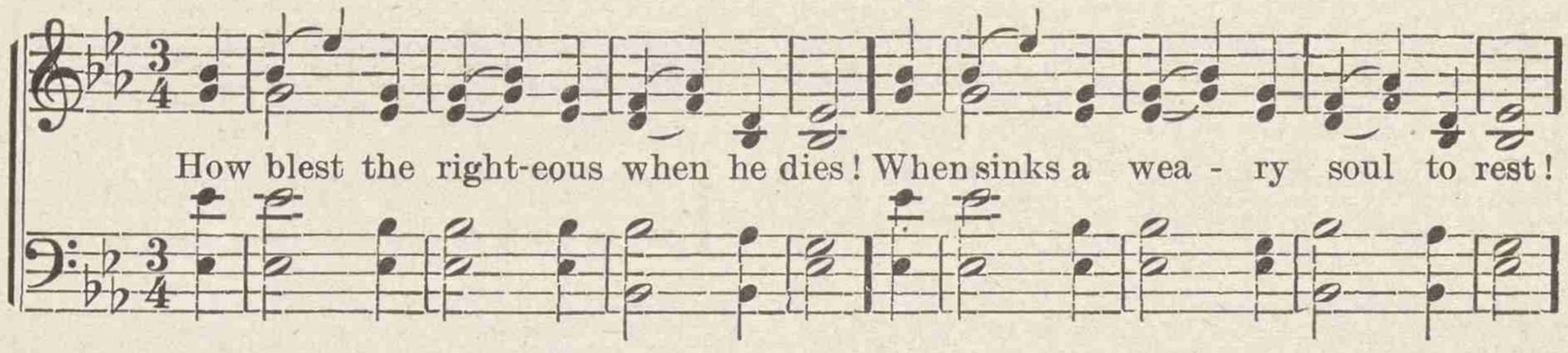
J. BARNBY.

504

2 Life's dream is past,
All its sin and sadness,
Brightly at last,
Dawns a day of gladness:
Under thy sod,
Earth, receive our treasure,
To rest in God,
Waiting all his pleasure.

3 Though we may mourn,
Those in life the dearest,
They shall return,
Christ, when thou appearest!
Soon shall thy voice
Comfort those now weeping,
Bidding rejoice
All in Jesus sleeping. **Amen.**

GRATITUDE. L. M. *"The end of that man is peace."* A. BOST.



505

Mrs. A. L. Barbauld, 1773.

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

2 So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

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

4 Life's labor 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!

DIRGE. L. M. *"Christ the first fruits."* HANDEL.

506

Isaac Watts, 1734.

1 Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb;
Take this new treasure to thy trust;
And give these sacred relics room,
To slumber in the silent dust.

2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,
Invades thy bounds; no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose.

3 So Jesus slept; God's dying Son
Passed thro' the grave, and blest the bed;
Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade.

4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn;
Attend, O earth, his sovereign word;
Restore thy trust; a glorious form
Shall then arise to meet the Lord.

PRAYER. C. M. *"He shall enter into peace."* T. J. COOK.

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507

Mrs. A. L. Barbauld, 1773.

1 Not for the dead in Christ we weep;
Their sorrows now are o'er;
The sea is calm, the tempest past,
On that eternal shore.

2 Their peace is seal'd, their rest is sure,
Within that better home;
A while we weep and linger here,
Then follow to the tomb.

3 And though no vision'd dream of bliss
Nor trance of rapture show
Where, on the bosom of their God,
They rest from human woe;

4 Jesus, our shadowy path illume,
And teach the chasten'd mind
To welcome all that's left of good,
To all that's lost resign'd.

PHILLIPS. C. M. *"Remember now thy Creator."* I. B. WOODBURY, 1842.

508

Anne Steele.

1 When blooming youth is snatch'd away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay
Which pity must demand.

2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
O may this truth, impressed
With awful pow'r, "I, too, must die,"
Sink deep in every breast.

3 Let this vain world engage no more;
Behold the opening tomb;
It bids us seize the present hour;
To-morrow death may come.

4 O let us fly, to Jesus fly,
Whose pow'rful arm can save;
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.

DUNDEE. C. M. *"Thy footsteps are unknown."* C. FRANC, 1520–1570.

509

Wm. Cowper, 1779.

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

2 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
With blessing on your head.

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

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

COME UNTO ME.

"Come unto me, and I will give you rest."—Matt. xi: 28.

J. BARNBY.

510

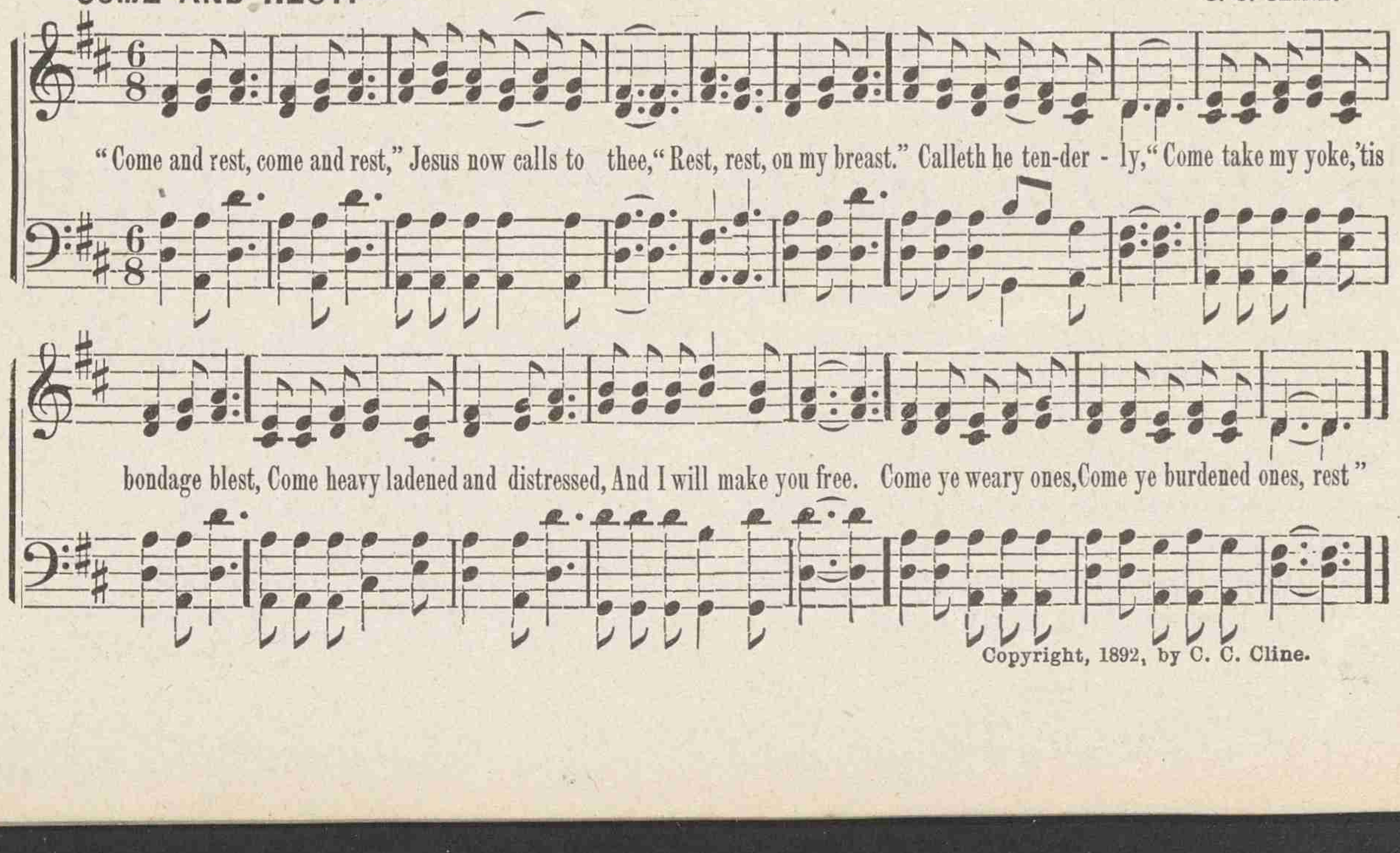
P. H. Duncan.

2 Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Comes his dear voice to thee,
Now, now, hear him now,
Calling so lovingly.
Fear not the storms of life that blow,
Nor the wild waves that break and flow,
Into his arms now flee,
He, his loving ones, he, his trusting ones, keeps.

3 Come to-day, come to-day,
Rest in the Saviour's love,
Always with him stay—
Dwelling with him in love.
Weary ones come without delay,
Never again from him to stray,
And his great mercy prove,
Here so peacefully, here so sweetly, to rest!

COME AND REST.

C. C. CLINE.



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SLEEP ON. P. M. *"If he sleep, he doeth well."* G. S. JUDD.

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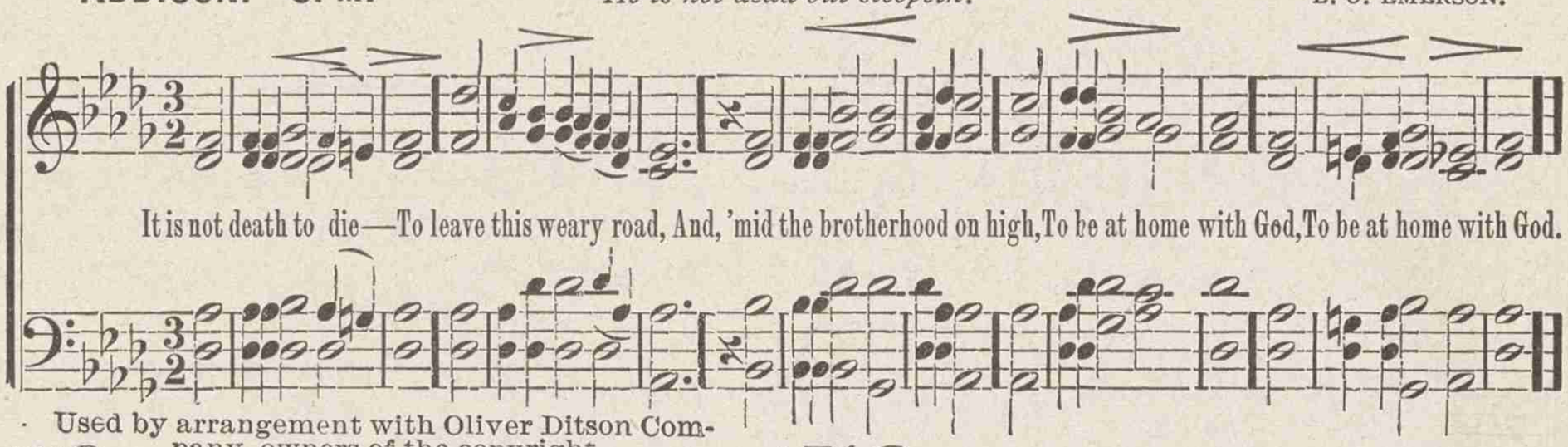
511 G. S. Judd.

2 While we still linger,
Where she has trod,
Faith points her finger to God,
Safe in his love,
Here or above,
So while we weep,
Sleep on, sleep on.

3 We wait her greeting
Among the blest,
Oh, happy meeting and best.
No shadows creep,
No more to weep,
So let her sleep,
Sleep on, sleep on.

ADDISON. S. M. *"He is not dead but sleepeth."* L. O. EMERSON.



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512 Dr. Malan.

1 It is not death to die—
To leave this weary road,
And, 'mid the brotherhood on high,
To be at home with God.

2 It is not death to close
The eye long dimm'd by tears,
And wake, in glorious repose
To spend eternal years.

3 It is not death to bear
The wrench that sets us free
From dungeon chain, to breathe the air
Of boundless liberty.

4 It is not death to fling
Aside this earthly dust,
And rise, on strong exulting wing,
To live among the just.

5 Jesus, thou Prince of life!
Thy chosen cannot die;
Like thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with thee on high.

513 Horatius Bonar.

1 Rest for the toiling hand,
Rest for the anxious brow,
Rest for the weary, way-sore feet,
Rest from all labor now.

2 Rest for the fevered brain,
Rest for the throbbing eye;
Through these parched lips of thine no more
Shall pass the moan or sigh.

3 Soon shall the trump of God
Give out the welcome sound,
That shakes thy silent chamber-walls,
And breaks the turf-sealed ground.

4 Ye dwellers in the dust,
Awake, come forth and sing!
Sharp has your frost of winter been,
But bright shall be your spring.

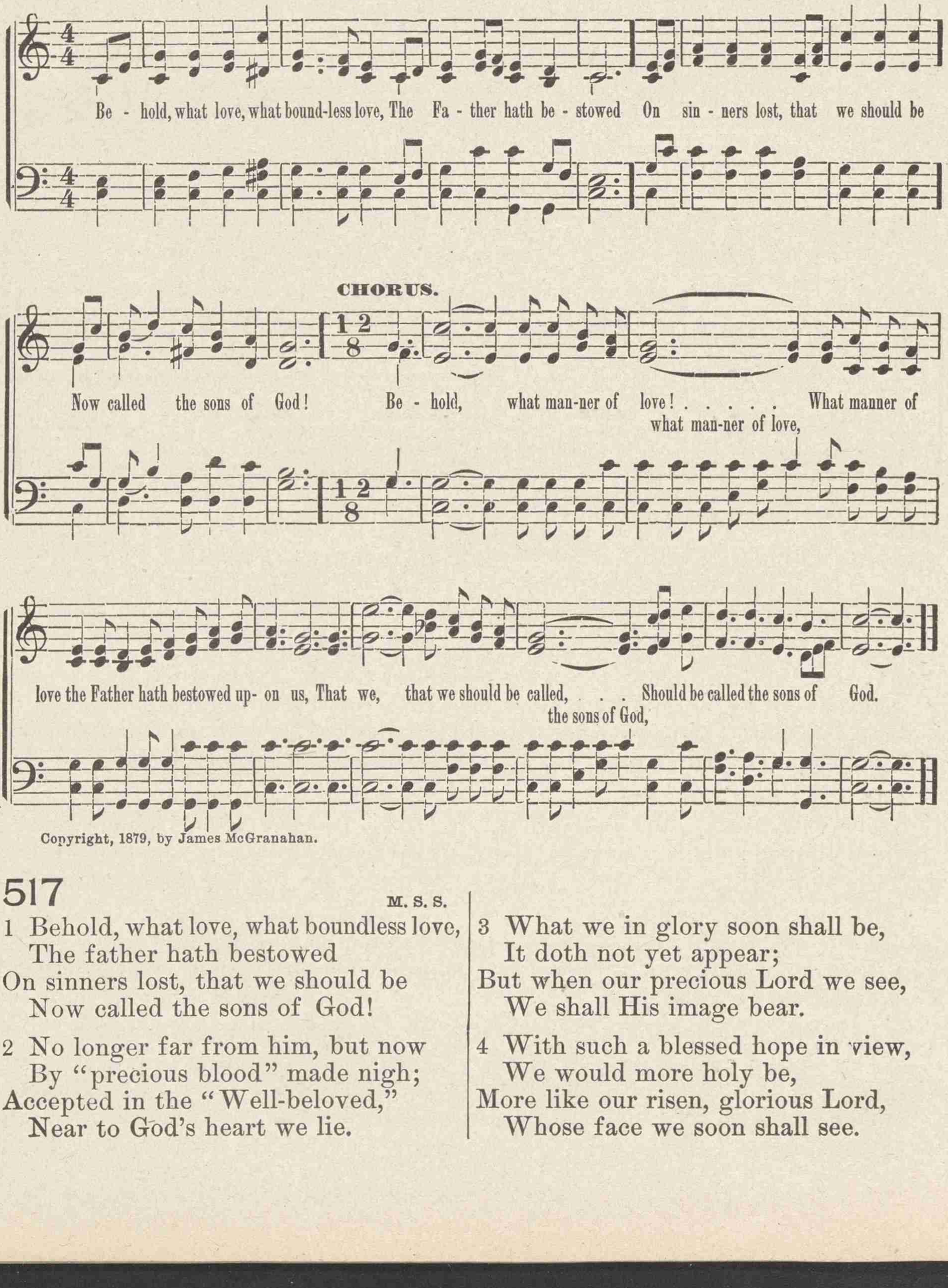
5 'Twas sown in weakness here,
'Twill then be raised in power:
That which was sown an earthly seed,
Shall rise a heavenly flower.

CHRISTIAN UNION.

"Holy Father, keep through thine own name those whom thou hast given me, that they may be ONE as WE ARE." Jno. 17 : 11.

BEHOLD, WHAT LOVE! 8s & 6s.

JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



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517

M. S. S.

1 Behold, what love, what boundless love,
The father hath bestowed
On sinners lost, that we should be
Now called the sons of God!

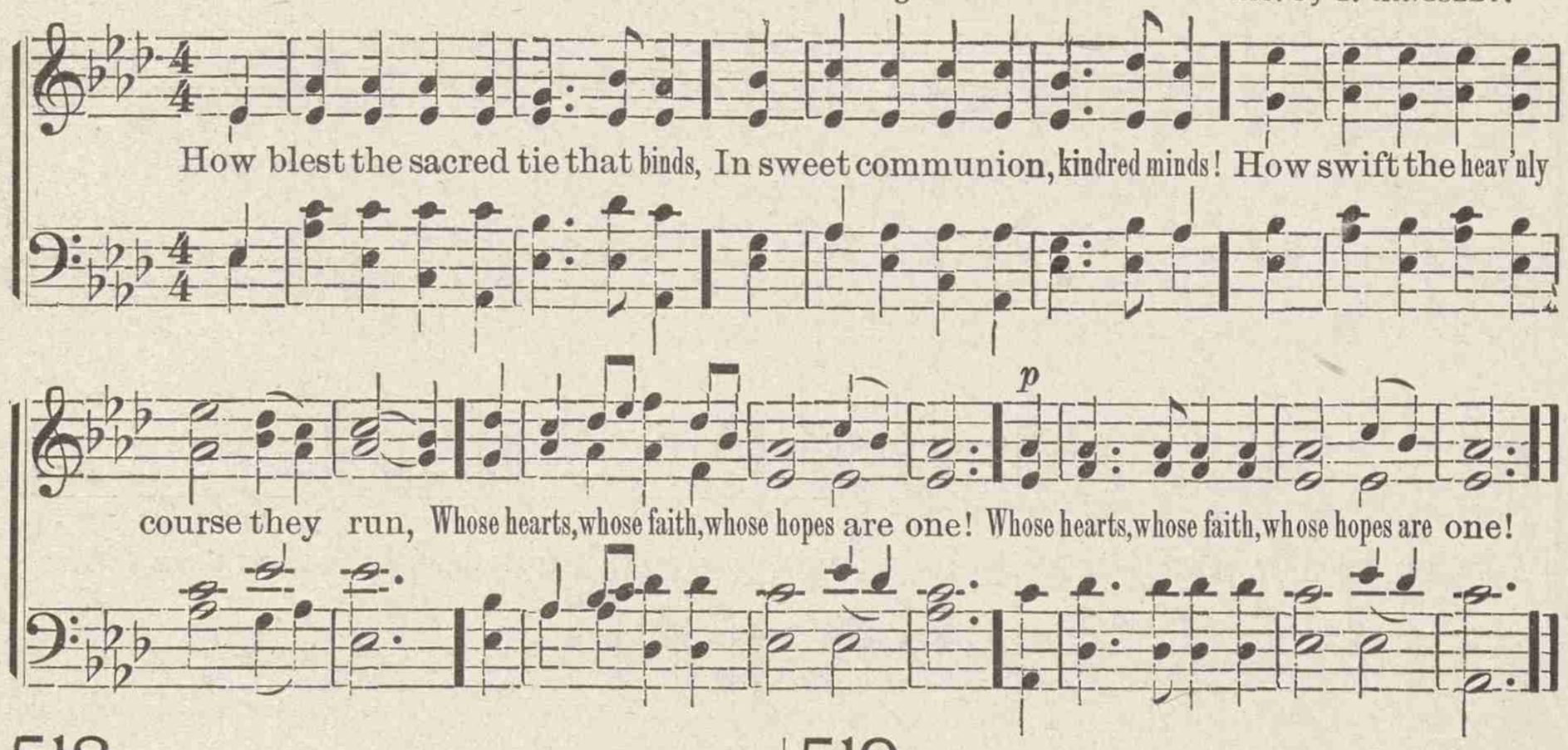
2 No longer far from him, but now
By "precious blood" made nigh;
Accepted in the "Well-beloved,"
Near to God's heart we lie.

3 What we in glory soon shall be,
It doth not yet appear;
But when our precious Lord we see,
We shall His image bear.

4 With such a blessed hope in view,
We would more holy be,
More like our risen, glorious Lord,
Whose face we soon shall see.

CHRISTIAN UNION.

ST. LOUIS. L. M. *"Mind the same things."* Arr. by G. KINGSLEY.



518

A. L. Barbauld.

1 How blest the sacred tie that binds,
In sweet communion, kindred minds!
How swift the heav'nly course they run,
Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are one!

2 To each the soul of each how dear!
What tender love, what holy fear!
How doth the generous flame within
Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin!

3 Their streaming eyes together flow
For human guilt and mortal woe;
Their ardent pray'rs together rise
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.

4 Nor shall the glowing flame expire,
When dimly burns frail nature's fire;
Then shall they meet in realms above,
A heav'n of joy, a heav'n of love.

519

John Dobell.

1 How pleasing to behold and see
The friends of Jesus all agree
To sit around the sacred board
As members of one common Lord.

2 Here we behold the dawn of bliss;
Here we behold the Saviour's grace;
Here we behold His precious blood,
Which sweetly pleads for us with God.

3 While here we sit, we would implore
That love may spread from shore to shore
Till all the saints, like us, combine
To praise the Lord in songs divine.

4 To all we freely give our hand,
Who love the Lord in every land;
For all are one in Christ our head,
To whom be endless honors paid.

MOSCOW. L. M. *"Love one another."* THEODORE LWOFF.

CHRISTIAN UNION.

AULD LANG SYNE. C. M. D. *"One family in heaven and earth are named."*

520 C. Wesley.

2 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.
E'en now to their eternal home
Some happy spirits fly;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon expect to die.

3 Ev'n now, by faith, we join our hands
With those that went before,
And greet the ransomed, blessed bands
Upon the eternal shore.
Lord Jesus, be our constant guide:
And, when the word is given,
Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

EVAN. C. M. *"Bear one another's burdens."* W. H. HAVERGAL.

521 J. Swain.

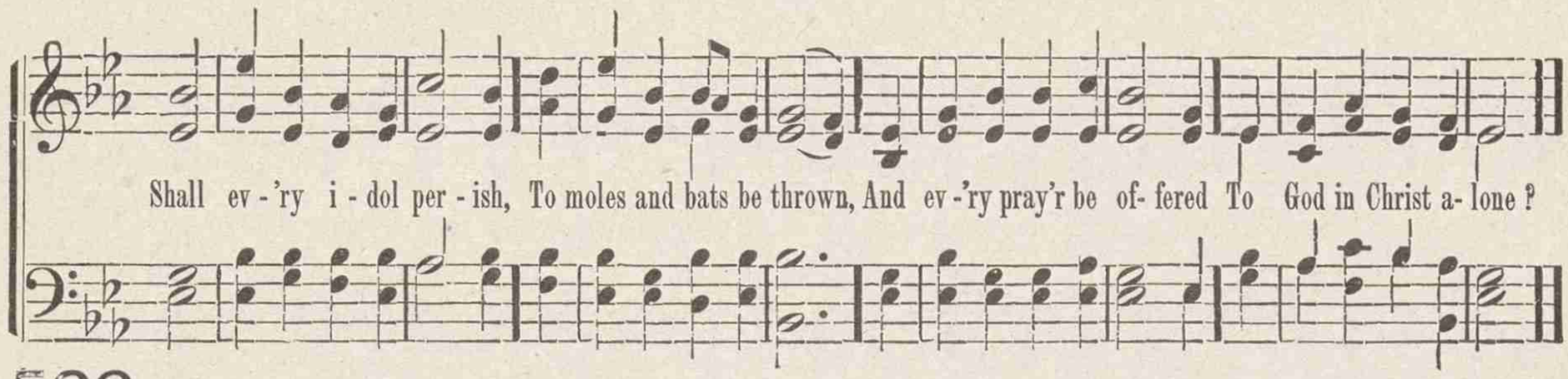
2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart;

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

4 When love in one delightful stream
Through every bosom flows,
When union sweet and dear esteem
In every action glows.

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

MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 6s. D. *"Let there be no division among you."* LOWELL MASON.



522

J. Borthwick.

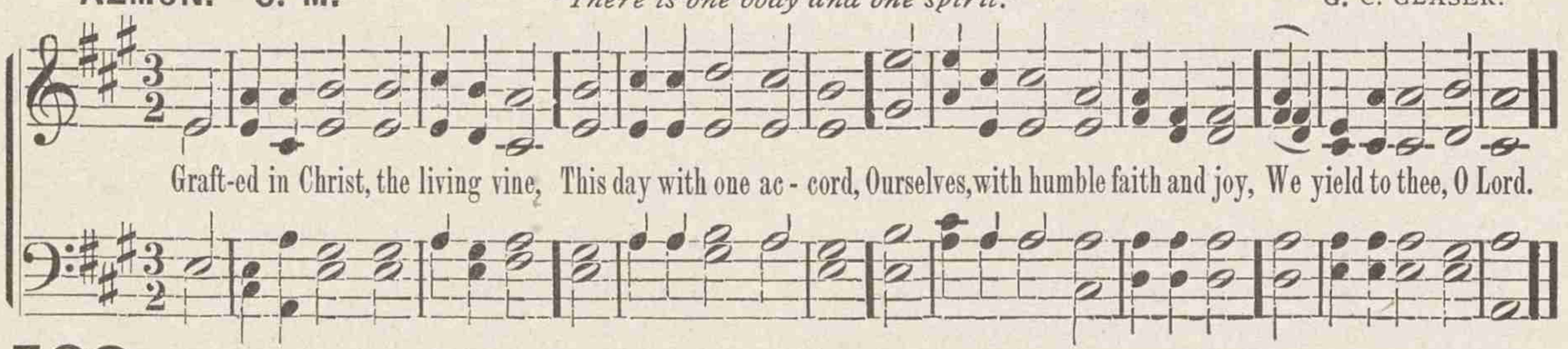
1 And is the time approaching,
By prophets long foretold,
When all shall dwell together,
One shepherd and one fold?
Shall every idol perish,
To moles and bats be thrown,
And every prayer be offered
To God in Christ alone?

2 Shall Jew and Gentile, meeting
From many a distant shore,
Around one altar kneeling,
One common Lord adore?
Shall all that now divides us
Remove and pass away,
Like shadows of the morning
Before the blaze of day?

3 Shall all that now unites us
More sweet and lasting prove,
A closer bond of union,
In a blest land of love?
Shall war be learned no longer,
Shall strife and tumult cease,
All earth his blessed kingdom,
The Lord and Prince of Peace?

4 O long-expected dawning,
Come with thy cheering ray!
When shall the morning brighten,
The shadows flee away?
O sweet anticipation!
It cheers the watchers on,
To pray, and hope, and labor,
Till the dark night be gone.

AZMON. C. M. *"There is one body and one spirit."* G. C. GLASER.



523

S. F. Smith.

1 Grafted in Christ, the living vine,
This day with one accord,
Ourselves, with humble faith and joy,
We yield to Thee, O Lord.

2 Join'd in one body may we be;
One inward life partake;
One be our heart; one heav'nly hope
In every bosom wake.

3 In pray'r, in effort, tears, and toils,
One wisdom be our guide;
Taught by one Spirit from above,
In Thee may we abide.

4 Then, when among the saints in light
Our joyful spirits shine,
Shall anthems of immortal praise
O Lamb of God, be Thine.

CHRISTIAN UNION.

GERAR. S. M. *"Are we not brethren?"* LOWELL MASON.

524 Philip Doddridge.

2 To thee we still would cleave
With ever-growing zeal;
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,
Oh, let them ne'er prevail.

3 Thy Spirit shall unite
Our souls to thee, our Head;
Shall form us to thy image bright,
And teach thy paths to tread.

4 Death may our souls divide
From these abodes of clay;
But love shall keep us near thy side,
Through all the gloomy way.

5 Since Christ and we are one,
Why should we doubt or fear?
If he in heaven hath fixed his throne
He'll fix his members there.

BADEA. S. M. *"Mark those who cause divisions among you."* GERMAN.

525 I. Watts.

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

3 Thus when on Aaron's head
They poured the rich perfume,
The oil through all his raiment spread,
And pleasure filled the room.

4 Thus on the heavenly hills
The saints are blest above,
Where joy, like morning dew, distills,
And all the air is love.

526 Benj. Beddome.

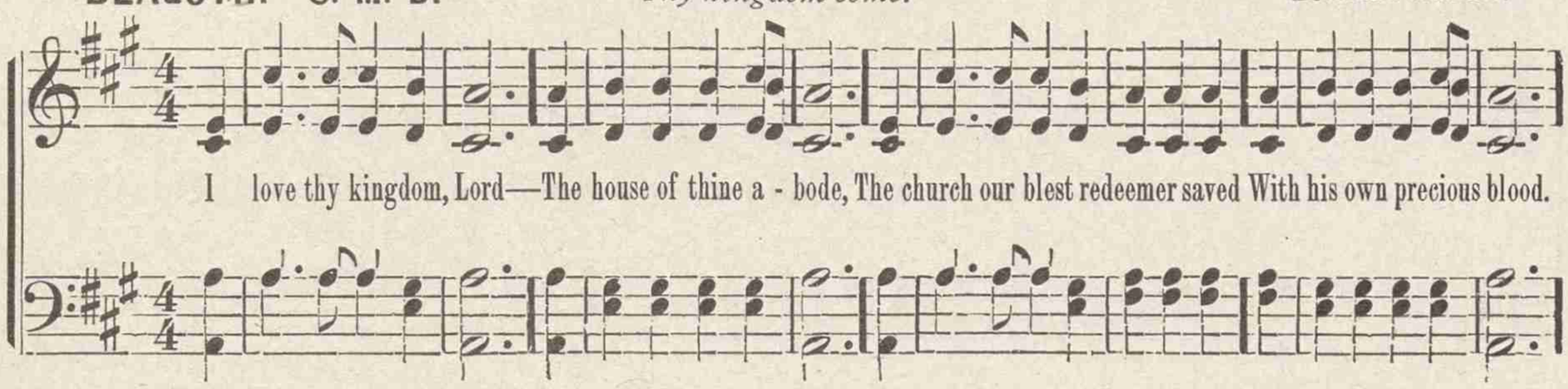
1 Let party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their Head.

2 Among the saints on earth
Let mutual love be found;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crowned.

3 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above,
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
And every heart is love.

CHRISTIAN UNION.

BEALOTH. S. M. D. *"Thy kingdom come."* LOWELL MASON.



527 Timothy Dwight.

2 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.
Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows
Her hymns of love and praise.

3 Jesus, thou friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King!
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliver'nce bring.
Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

DENNIS. S. M. *"Walk in love."* HANS GEORGE NAGELI, 1773–1836.

528 John Fawcett, 1772.

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

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

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

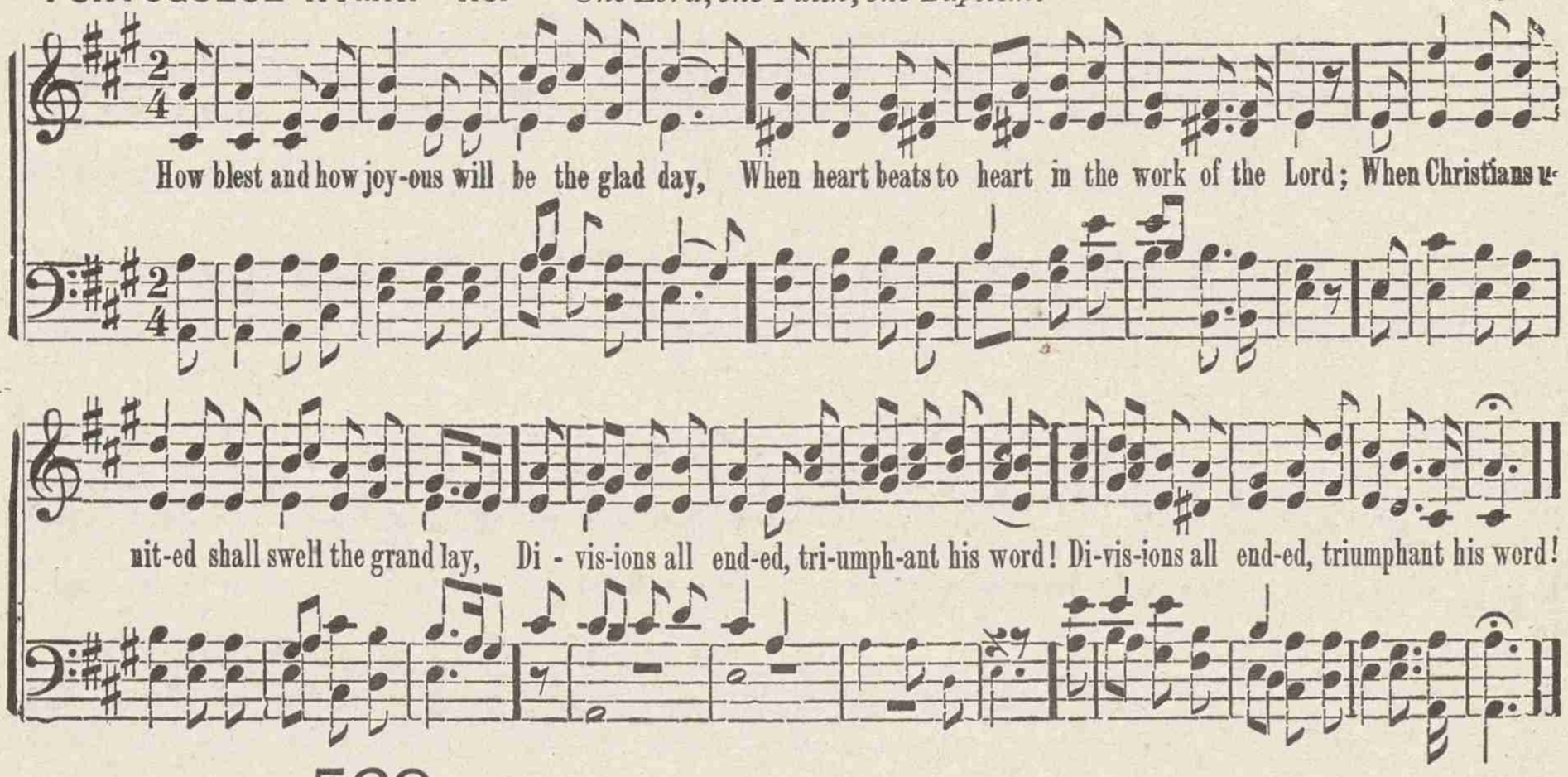
4 Though often called to part
Amid these scenes of pain,
Yet we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

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

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

CHRISTIAN UNION.

PORTUGUESE HYMN. IIs. *"One Lord, one Faith, one Baptism."* MARCANTONIO SIMAS, 1790.



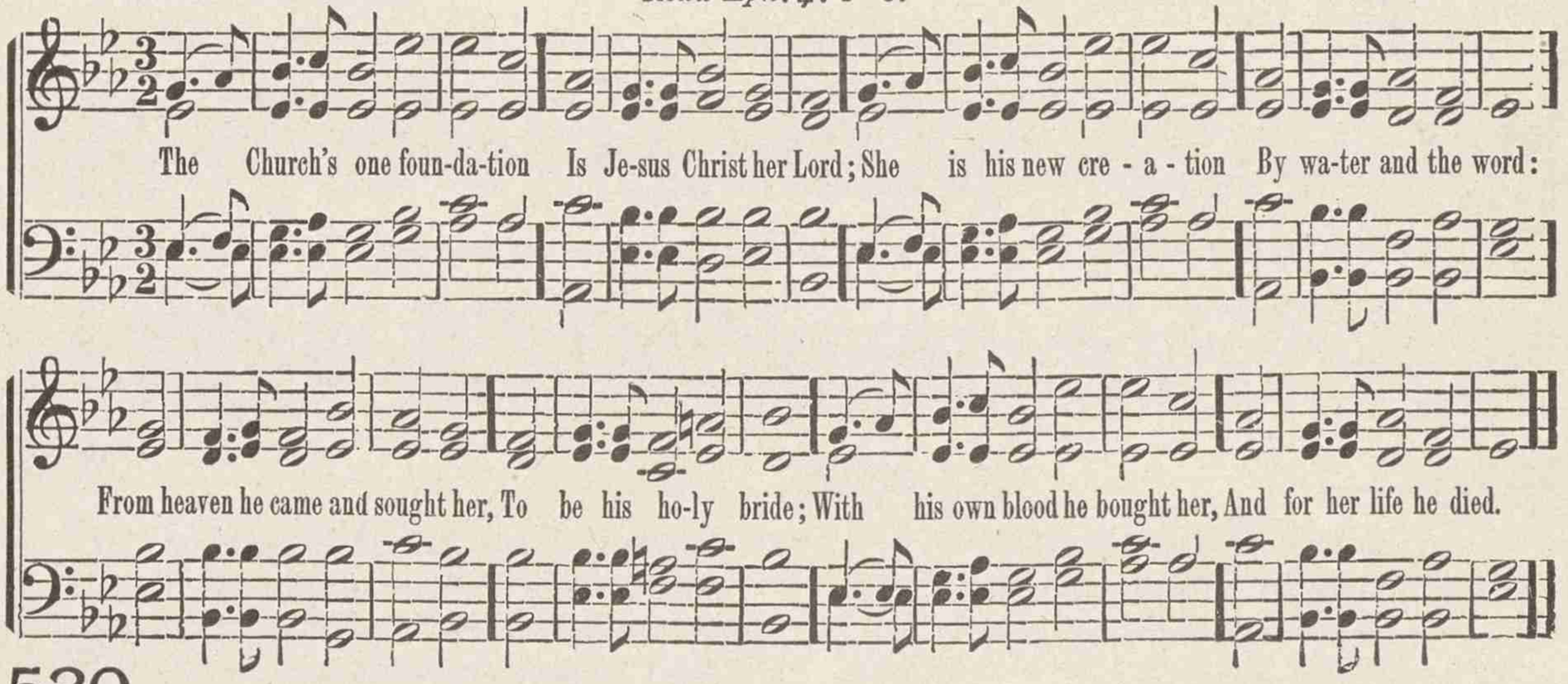
529

M. C. Kurfees.

2 The pray'r of our Saviour impels us, move on,
Its words are still sounding the call of our King;
And Paul, in devotion, doth echo the song,
"I beg you, my brethren, to speak the same thing."

3 Be faithful and true till the warfare is o'er,
Till factions are foiled and the vict'ry is won;
And millions of voices shall blend on the shore,
To welcome us enter our Father's glad home.

TULLY. 7s. & 6s. *Read Eph. 4: 1—6.* L. MASON.



530

S. J. Stone.

2 Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth;
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one faith, one birth;
One holy name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

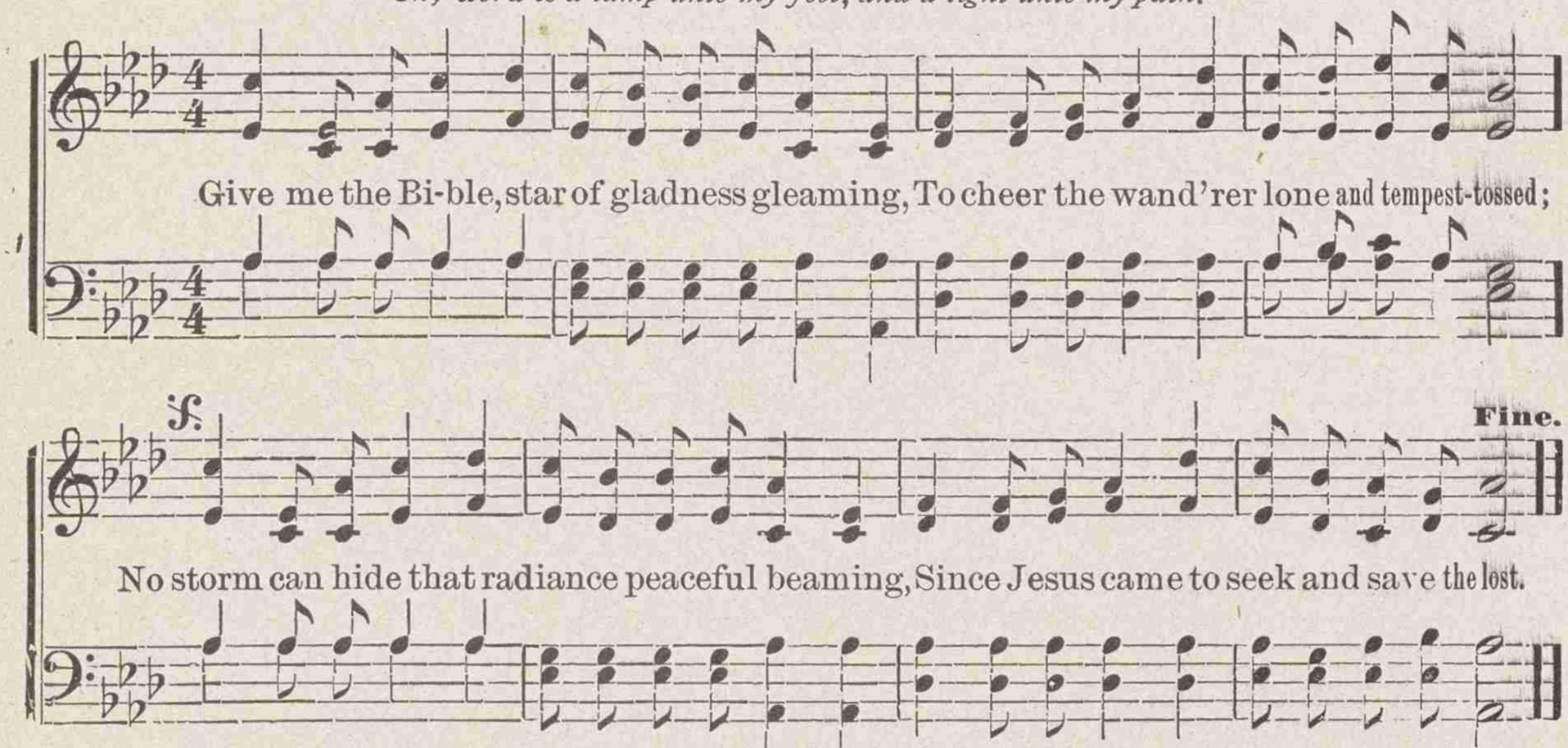
3 Mid toil and tribulation
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great church victorious
Shall be the church at rest.

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

"In God I will praise His Word." Ps. 56 : 4. "My tongue shall speak of Thy Word, for all Thy commandments are righteousness." Ps. 119 : 172.

GIVE ME THE BIBLE. 11s & 10s. E. S. LORENZ.

"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."



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535

P. J. Owens.

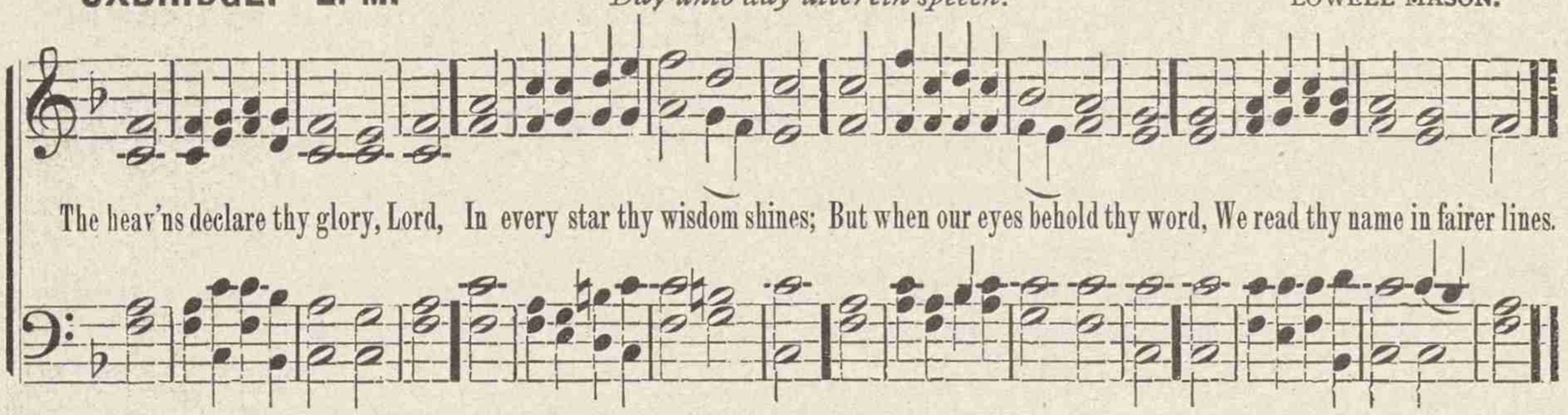
1 Give me the Bible, star of gladness gleaming,
To cheer the wand'rer lone and tempest-tossed;
No storm can hide that radiance peaceful beaming,
Since Jesus came to seek and save the lost.—CHO.

2 Give me the Bible, when my heart is broken,
When sin and grief have filled my soul with fear;
Give me the precious words by Jesus spoken,
Hold up faith's lamp to show my Saviour near.—CHO.

3 Give me the Bible, all my steps enlighten,
Teach me the danger of these realms below;
That lamp of safety, o'er the gloom shall brighten,
That light alone, the path of peace can show.—CHO.

4 Give me the Bible, lamp of life immortal,
Hold up that splendor by the open grave;
Show me the light from heaven's shining portal,
Show me the glory gilding Jordan's wave.—CHO

UXBRIDGE. L. M. *"Day unto day uttereth speech."* LOWELL MASON.



536

Isaac Watts.

1 The heav'ns 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 nights and days, thy pow'r 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 touch'd and glanced on every land.

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

5 Great Sun of righteousness! arise;
Bless the dark world with heav'nly light:
Thy Gospel makes the simple wise;
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

6 Thy noblest wonders here we view
In souls renew'd and sins forgiv'n;
Lord! cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heav'n.

WILLINGTON. L. M. *"Exceeding great and precious promises."* WILLIAMS.

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537

Thomas Kelly.

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

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

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

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

538

Bowring.

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

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

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

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

NASHVILLE. L. P. M. *"The law of the Lord is perfect."* Arr. from DAYE'S PSALTER, 1562.

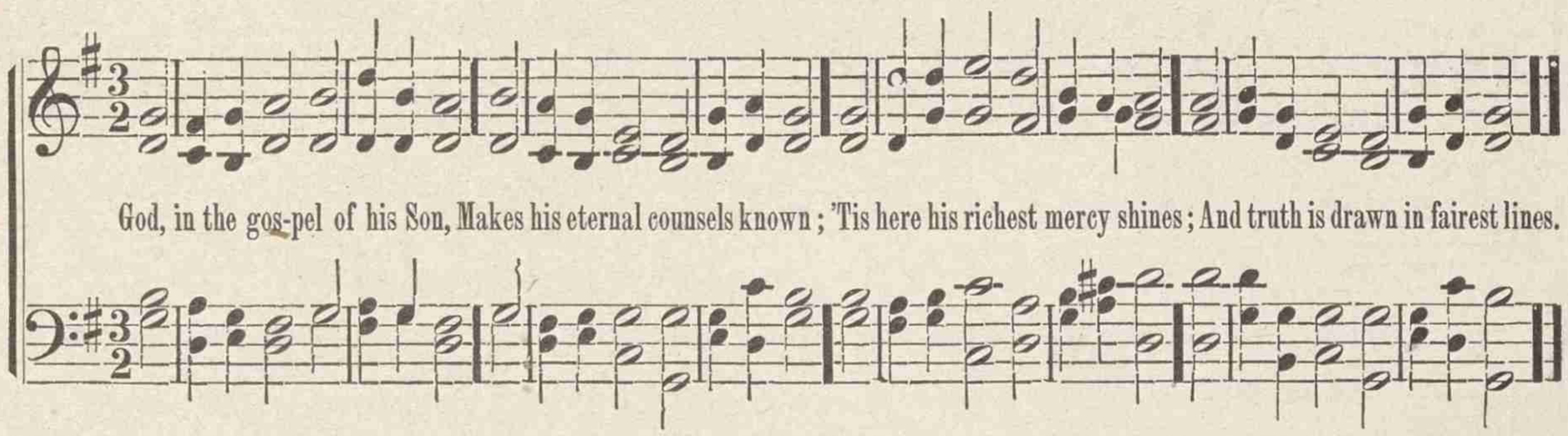
539

Isaac Watts, 1719.

2 Thy threatenings wake my slumbering eyes,
And warn me where my danger lies;
But 'tis thy blessed gospel, Lord,
That makes my guilty conscience clean,
Converts my soul, subdues my sin,
And gives a free but large reward.

3 Who knows the errors of his thoughts?
My God, forgive my secret faults,
And from presumptuous sin restrain;
Accept my poor attempts of praise,
That I have read thy book of grace,
And book of nature, not in vain.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M. *"I am not ashamed of the Gospel."* LOWELL MASON.



540

Benj. Beddome.

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

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

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

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

ST. MARTIN'S. C. M. *"Open thou mine eyes."* W. TANSUR.

541

Isaac Watts.

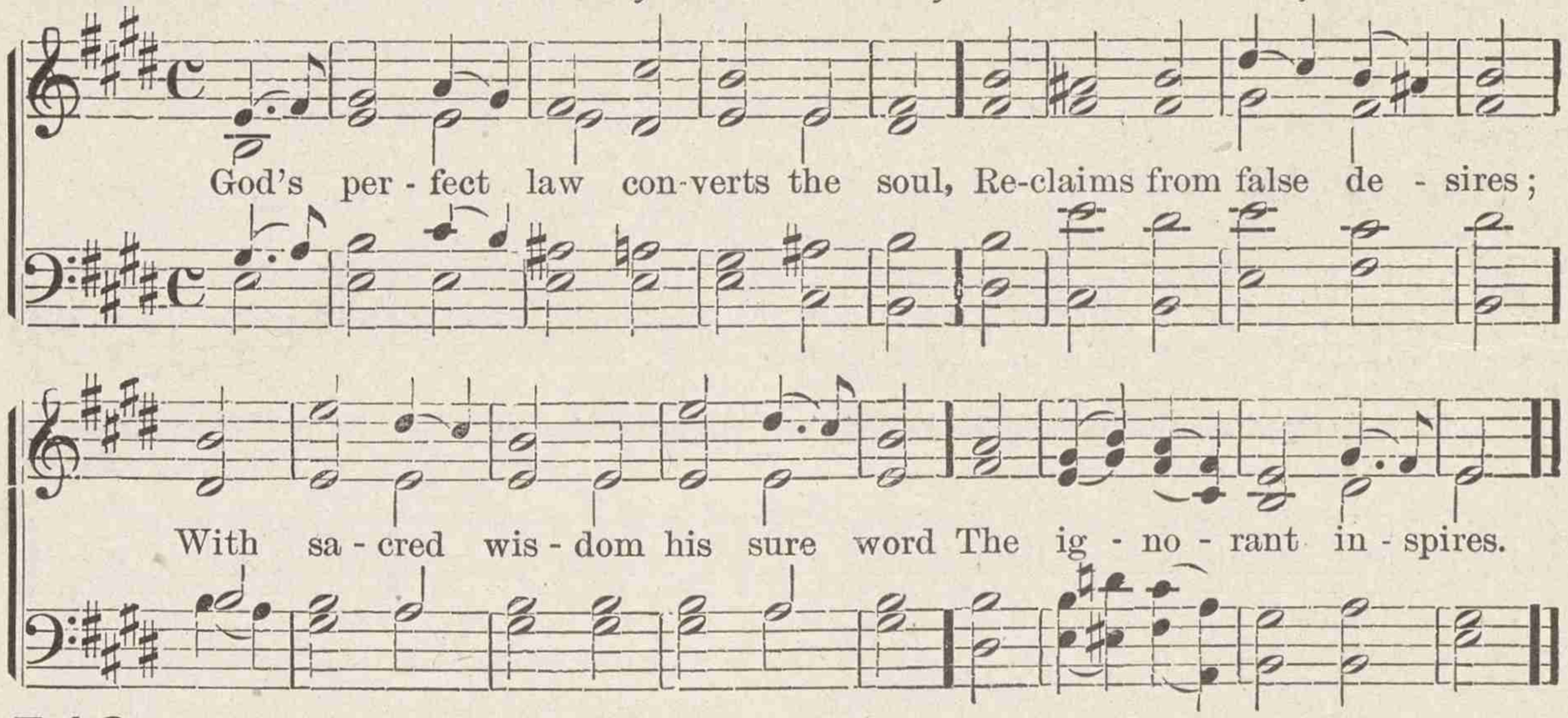
2 The stars that in their courses roll,
Have much instruction given;
But thy good word informs my soul
How I may soar to heaven.

3 The fields provide me food, and show
The goodness of the Lord;
But fruits of life and glory grow
In thy most holy word.

4 Here are my choicest treasures hid,
Here my best comfort lies;
Here my desires are satisfied,
And here my hopes arise.

5 Then let me love my Bible more,
And take a fresh delight,
By day to read these wonders o'er,
And meditate by night.

COWPER. C. M. *"The law of the Lord is an undefiled law."* J. F. BURROWES.



542

Isaac Watts.

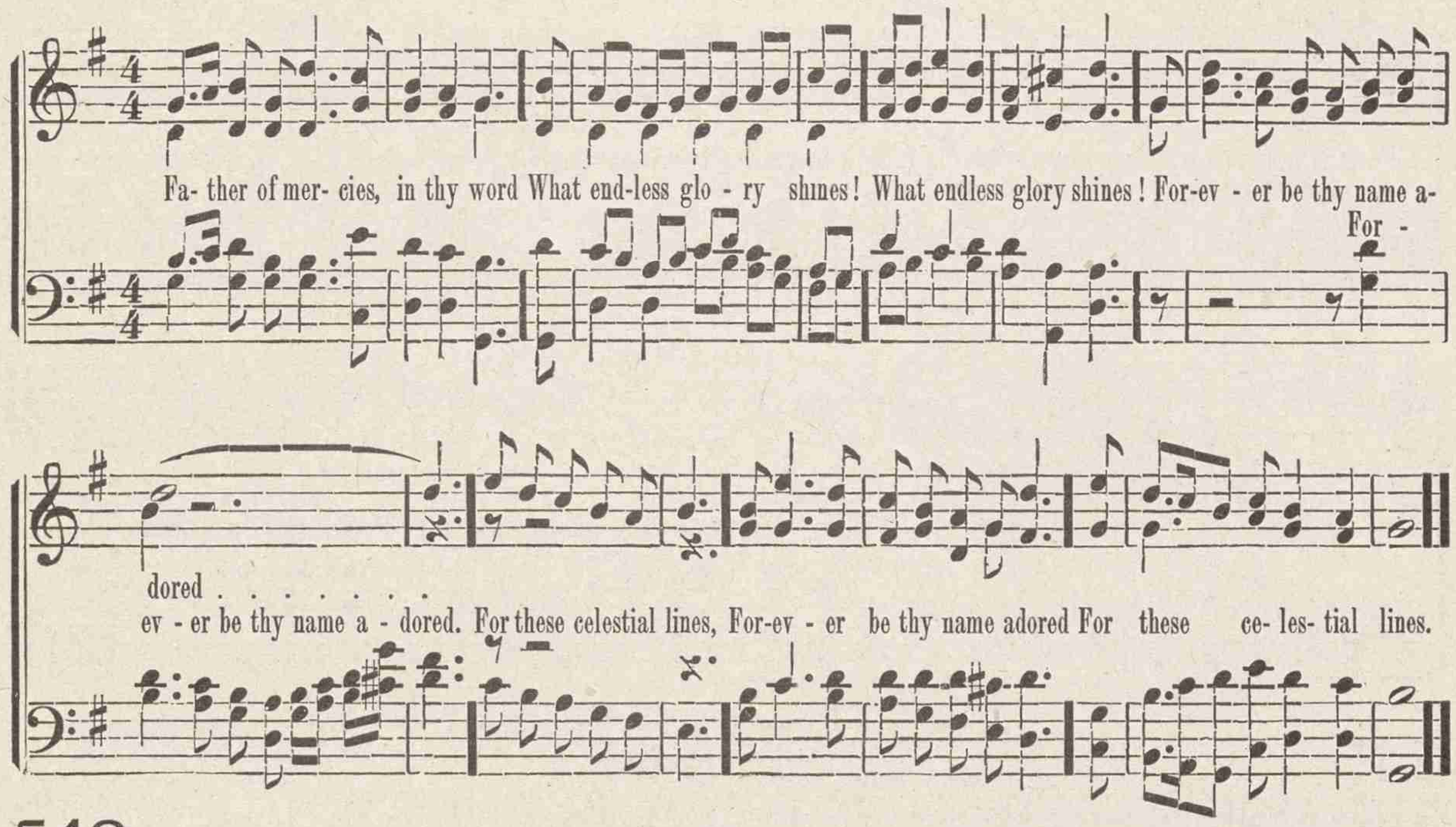
2 The statutes of the Lord are just,
And bring sincere delight;
His pure commands, in search of truth,
Assist the feeblest sight.

3 His perfect worship here is fix'd,
On sure foundations laid;
His equal laws are in the scales
Of truth and justice weigh'd;

4 Of more esteem than golden mines,
Or gold refined with skill;
More sweet than honey, or the drops
That from the comb distill.

5 My trusty counselors they are,
And friendly warning give;
Divine rewards attend on those
Who by thy precepts live.

DUNCAN. C. M. *"The word of God is quick and powerful."* ENGLISH.



543

Anne Steele.

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

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

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

5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou forever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

ALETTA. 7s. *"All Scripture given by inspiration."* W. B. BRADBURY.

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544

John Burton.

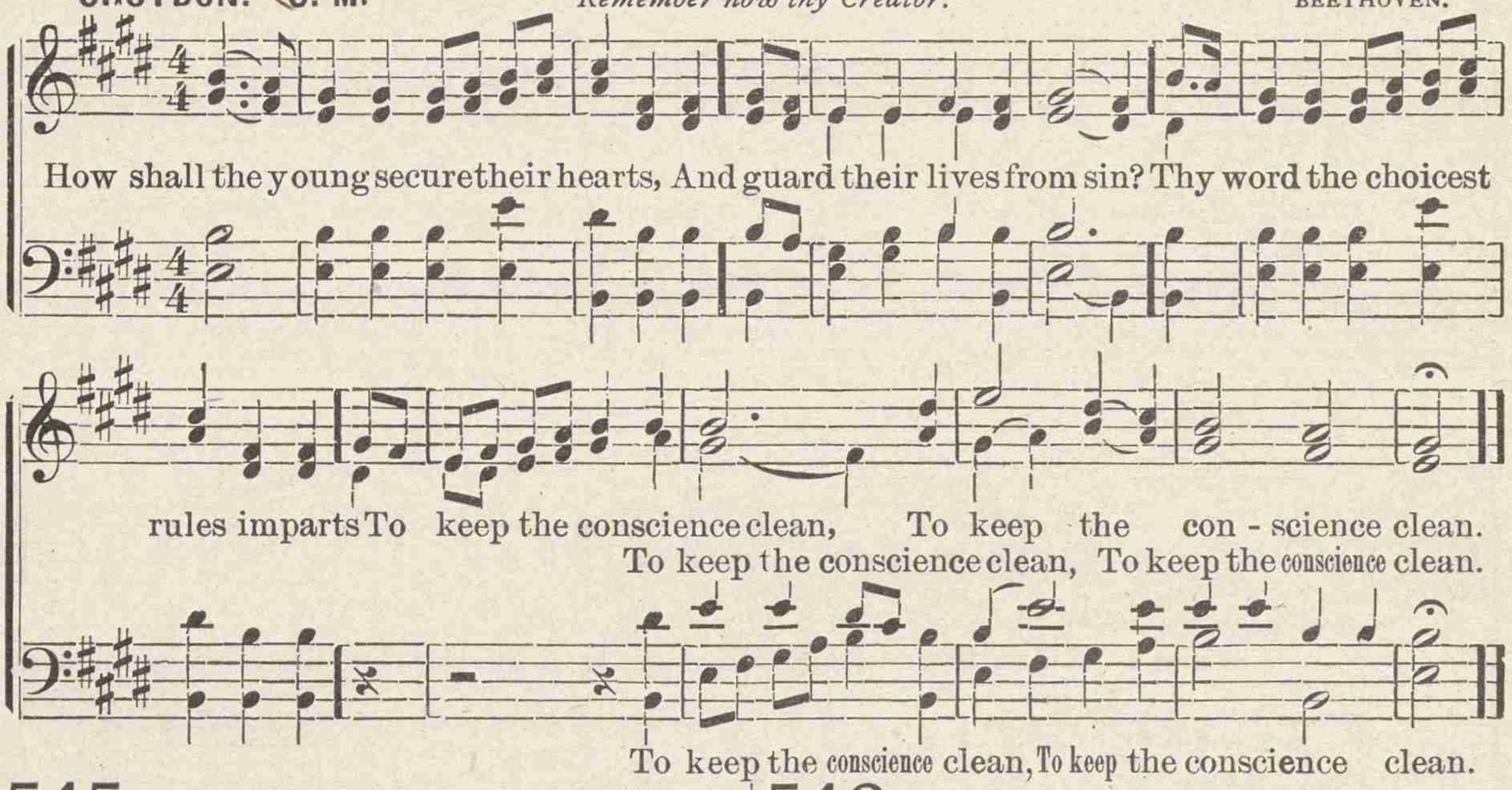
1 Holy Bible, book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine:
Mine to tell me whence I came;
Mine to teach me what I am.

2 Mine to chide me when I rove;
Mine to show a Saviour's love:
Mine thou art to guide and guard;
Mine to punish or reward;

3 Mine to comfort in distress,
Suffering in this wilderness;
Mine to show, by living faith,
Man can triumph over death;

4 Mine to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom:
Oh, thou holy book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine.

CROYDON. C. M. *"Remember now thy Creator."* BEETHOVEN.



545

Isaac Watts, 1719.

1 How shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts
To keep the conscience clean.

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

3 Thy precepts make me truly wise;
I hate the sinner's road;
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, my God!

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

546

John Fawcett, 1782.

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

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

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

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

DEVIZES. C. M. *"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet."* ISRAEL TUCKER, 1800.

MILLIGAN. C. M. *"My words shall not pass away."* PERRY STEVENSON.

547 Wm. Cowper.

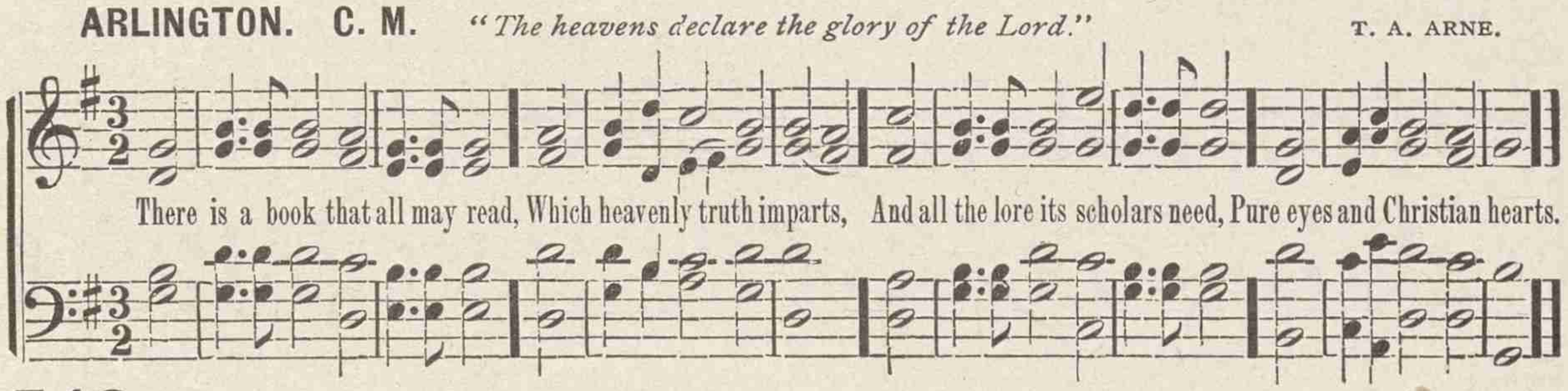
1 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun;
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none.

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

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

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

ARLINGTON. C. M. *"The heavens declare the glory of the Lord."* T. A. ARNE.



548 J. Keble.

2 The works of God above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book, to show
How God himself is found.

3 The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed, great and small
In peace and order move.

4 The dew of heaven is like thy grace,
It steals in silence down;
But where it lights, the favored place
By richest fruits is known.

5 Thou, who hast given me eyes to see,
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out thee,
And read thee everywhere.

MEAR. C. M. *"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet."* AMERICAN TUNE, 1740.

549 Isaac Watts.

1 Thy word is to my feet a lamp,
The way of truth to show;
A watch-light, to point out the path
In which I ought to go.

2 Let still my sacrifice of praise
With thee acceptance find;
And in thy righteous judgments, Lord,
Instruct my willing mind.

3 Thy testimonies I have made
My heritage and choice;
For they, when other comforts fail,
My drooping heart rejoice.

4 My heart with early zeal began
Thy statutes to obey;
And, till my course of life is done,
Shall keep thine upright way.

BEAUTITUDE. C. M. *"It giveth understanding."* J. B. DYKES.

550

Isaac Watts.

1 Lord, I have made thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage;
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.

2 I'll read the histories of thy love,
And keep thy laws in sight,
While through thy promises I rove,
With ever fresh delight.

3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise;
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.

4 The best relief that mourners have,
It makes our sorrows blest;—
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

DUNDEE. C. M. *"The law of the Lord is perfect."* SCOTTISH.

551

C. Wesley.

1 Thy law is perfect, Lord of light;
Thy testimonies sure;
The statutes of thy realm are right,
And thy commandments pure.

2 Let these, O God, my soul convert,
And make thy servant wise;
Let those be gladness to my ears—
The dayspring to mine eyes.

3 By these may I be warned betimes;
Who knows the guile within?
Lord, save me from presumptuous crimes;
Cleanse me from secret sin.

4 So may the words my lips express—
The thoughts that throng my mind—
O Lord, my strength and righteousness,
With thee acceptance find.

MEMPHIS. C. M. *"Thy law do I love."* I. P. COLE, 1813.

552

Isaac Watts, 1719.

1 O how I love thy holy law!
'Tis daily my delight;
And thence my meditations draw
Divine advice by night.

2 My waking eyes prevent the day
To meditate thy word;
My soul with longing melts away
To hear thy gospel, Lord.

3 Thy heavenly words my heart engage,
And well employ my tongue,
And in my weary pilgrimage
Yield me a heavenly song.

4 When nature sinks, and spirits droop,
Thy promises of grace
Are pillars to support my hope,
And there I write thy praise.

MIGHTY LOVE. C. M. D. *"The greatest of these is Love."* WM. COLE.

553

G. W. Treadway.

1 What wondrous mighty work is this,
Unfolded by our Lord?
It gives our souls a taste of bliss
To read his Holy Word.
'Twas born in heav'n's immortal bow'rs,
In God's high courts above;
It gives us strength in lonely hours,
And is the work of love.

2 We have receiv'd by this bright theme
A hope of lasting life,
Beyond the shore of death's dark stream,
Beyond this world of strife.
'Tis far beyond the stars and sun,
That blissful heav'n above:
There we can dwell when time is done,
By serving God in love.

3 Thus from that realm of grace divine
Did Jesus come to die;
As God is love, let it combine
To aid us home on high.
O'er all our race may it prevail,
As it prevails above;
And they at death will not bewail,
For they have lived in love.

4 'Tis love unites God's church on earth,
As it unites in heav'n;
Then may we live to own his worth,
And love the law he's given.
Let ev'ry breast maintain its joy,
Till Jesus, from above,
Calls us where pain will ne'er annoy,
Where all is peace and love.

SHIRLAND. S. M. *"Thy word have I hid in my heart."* SAMUEL STANLEY, 1805.

554

Isaac Watts, 1719.

1 Behold! the morning sun
Begins his glorious way;
His beams thro' all the nations run,
And life and light convey.

2 But, where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light;
It calls dead sinners from the 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!
Oh! may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven.

ORDINATION AND DEDICATION.

"And when they had ORDAINED them elders in every church," etc. Acts 14: 23.

"Behold I build an house to the name of the Lord, my God, to DEDICATE it to Him. 2 Chron. 2: 4.

IMPORTUNITY. C. M. ENGLISH.

559

Thomas Morell.

1 Go, and the Saviour's grace proclaim,
Ye messengers of God;
Go, publish, through Immanuel's name,
Salvation bought with blood.

2 What though your arduous task may lie
Through regions dark as death;
What though, your faith and zeal to try,
Perils beset your path:

3 He who has call'd you to the war
Will recompense your pains;
Before Messiah's conqu'ring car
Mountains shall sink to plains.

4 Shrink not, though earth and hell oppose,
But plead your Master's cause;
Nor doubt that e'en your mighty foes
Shall bow before his cross.

560

J. Montgomery.

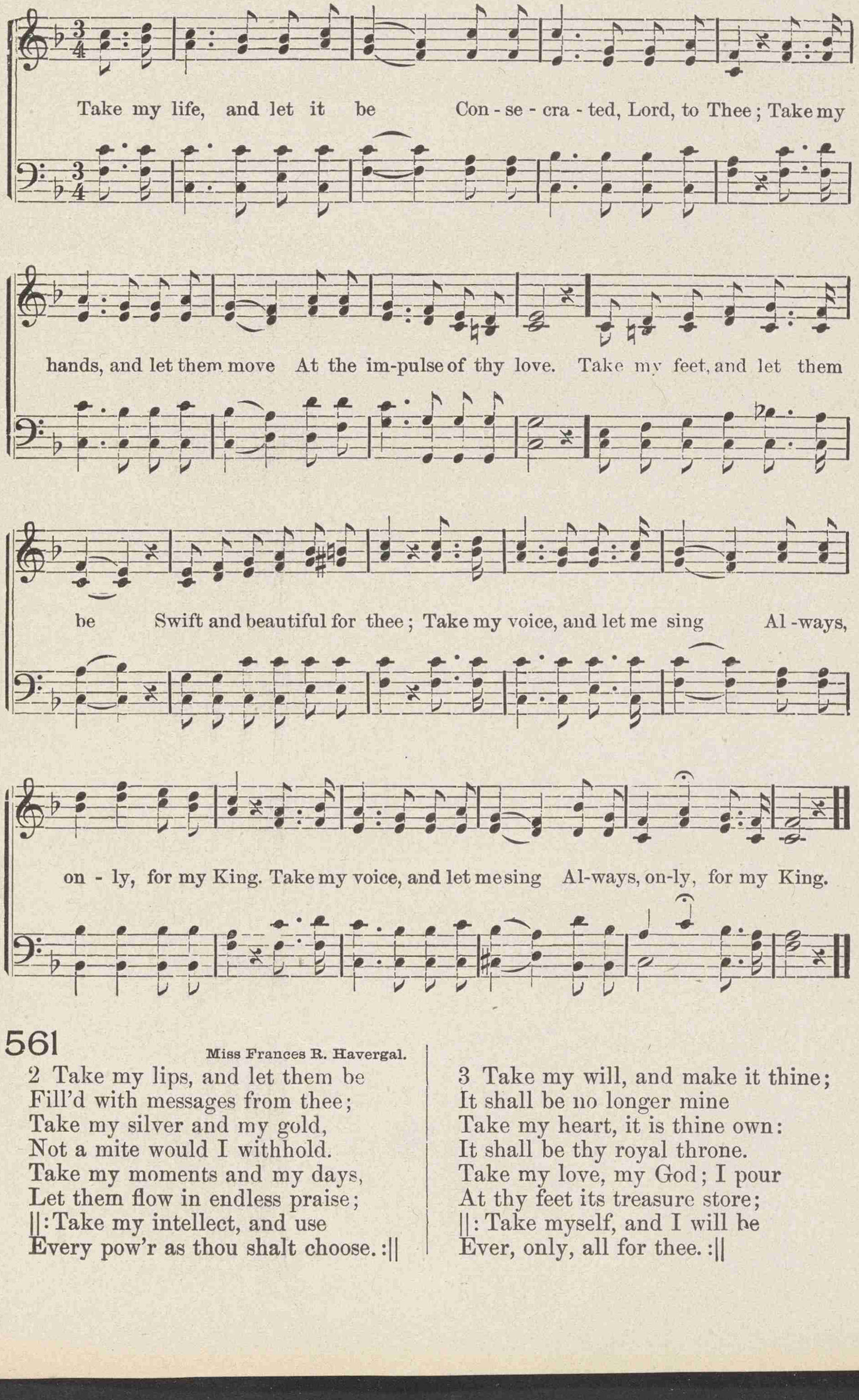
1 With joy we own thy servant, Lord,
Thy minister below,
Ordain'd to spread thy truth abroad,
That all thy name may know.

2 O may he now, and ever, keep
His eye intent on thee!
Do thou, great Shepherd of the sheep,
His bright example be.

3 With plenteous grace his heart prepare
To execute thy will;
And give him patience, love, and care,
And faithfulness and skill.

4 As show'rs refresh the thirsty plain,
So let his labors prove;
By him extend thy righteous reign—
The reign of truth and love.

CONSECRATION. 7s. D. *"The Lord God sanctify you wholly."* M. LINDSAY.



561 Miss Frances R. Havergal.

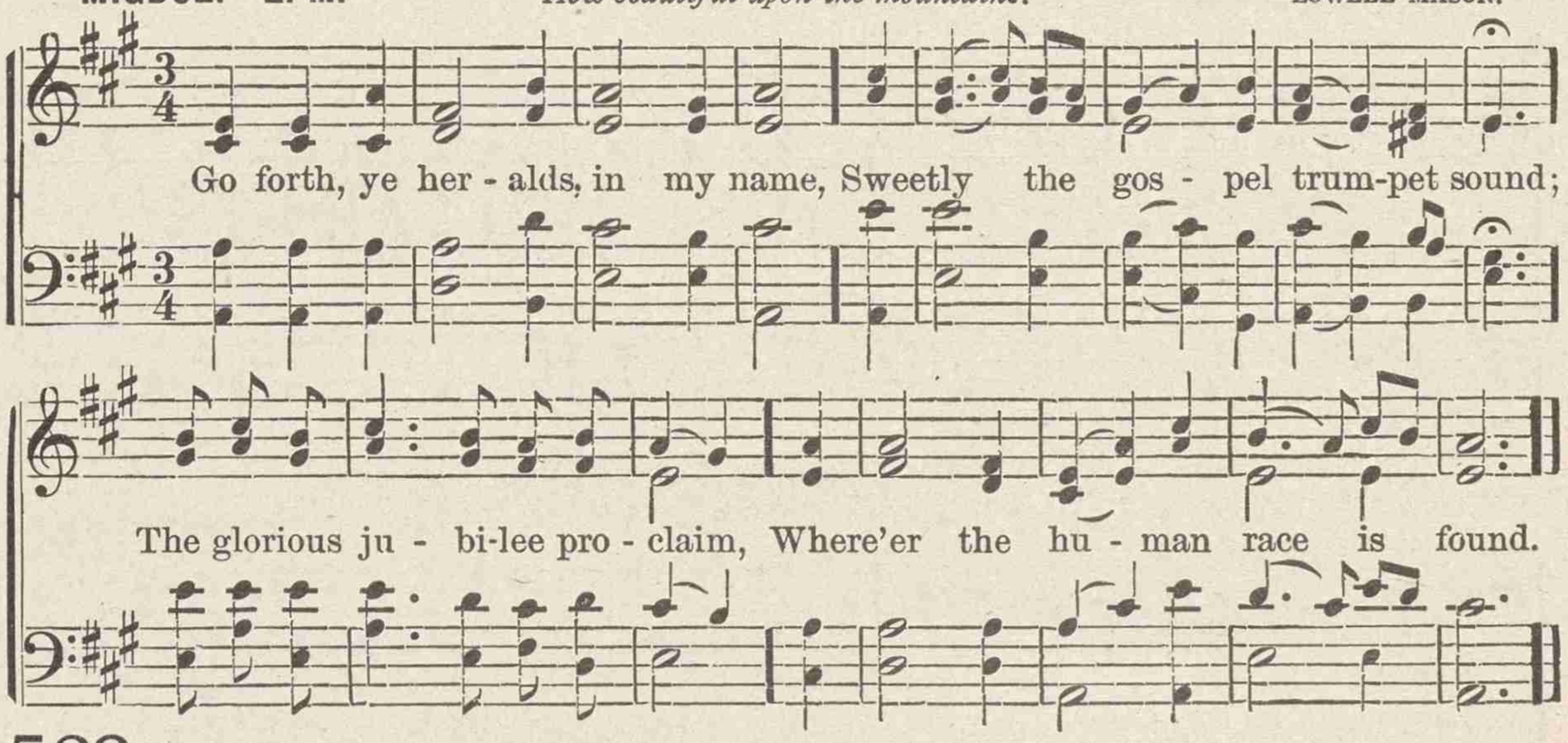
2 Take my lips, and let them be
Fill'd with messages from thee;
Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold.
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in endless praise;
||: Take my intellect, and use
Every pow'r as thou shalt choose. :||

3 Take my will, and make it thine;
It shall be no longer mine
Take my heart, it is thine own:
It shall be thy royal throne.
Take my love, my God; I pour
At thy feet its treasure store;
||: Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for thee. :||

MIGDOL. L. M.

'How beautiful upon the mountains.

LOWELL MASON.



562

John Logan.

1 Go forth, ye heralds, in my name,
Sweetly the gospel trumpet sound;
The glorious jubilee proclaim,
Where'er the human race is found.

2 The joyful news to all impart,
And teach them where salvation lies;
With care bind up the broken heart,
And wipe the tears from weeping eyes.

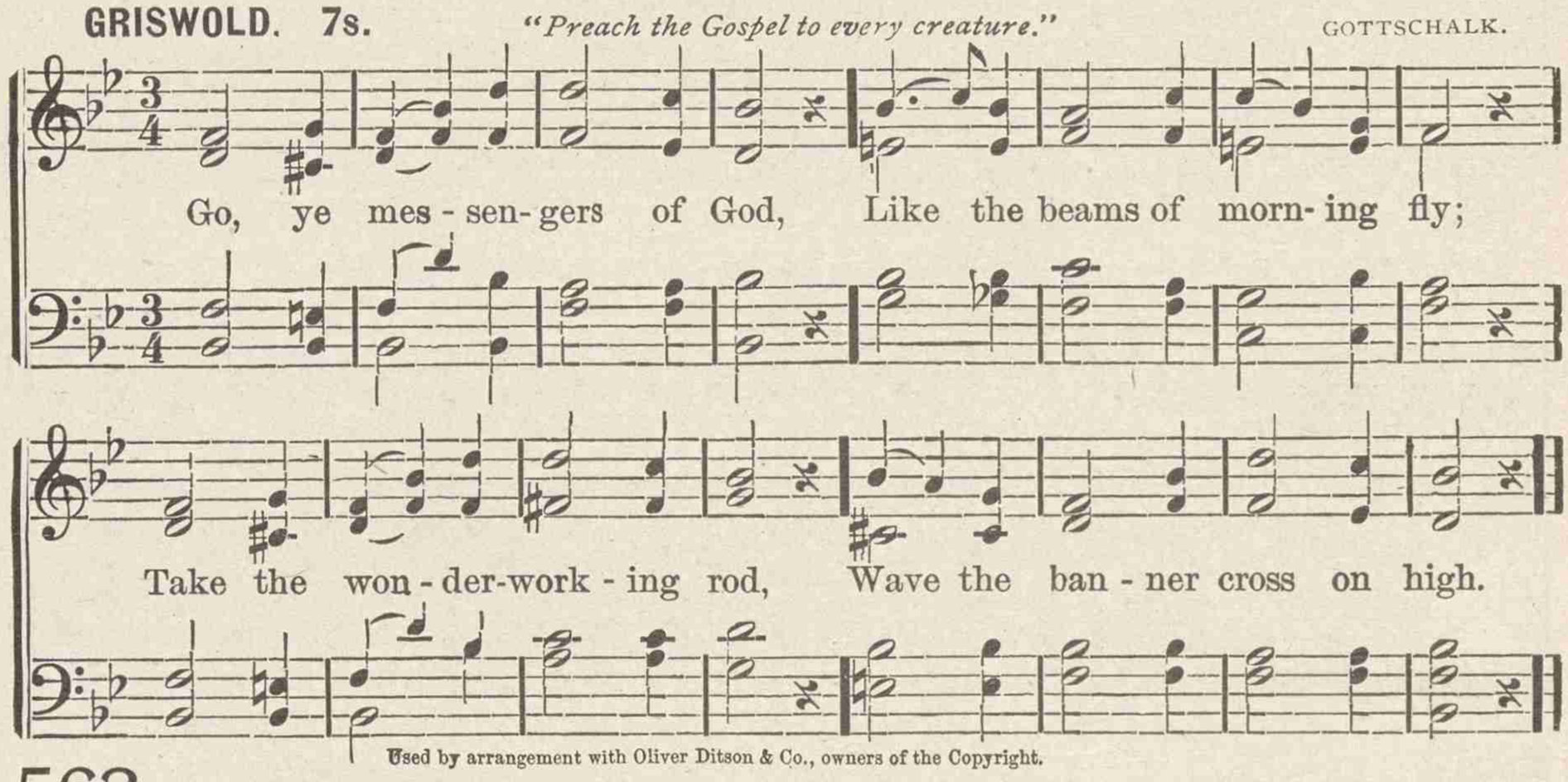
3 Be wise as serpents, where you go,
But harmless as the peaceful dove;
And let your heaven-taught conduct show
Ye are commissioned from above.

4 Freely from me ye have received,
Freely, in love, to others give;
Thus shall your doctrine be believed,
And, by your labors, sinners live.

GRISWOLD. 7s.

"Preach the Gospel to every creature."

GOTTSCHALK.



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563

Unknown.

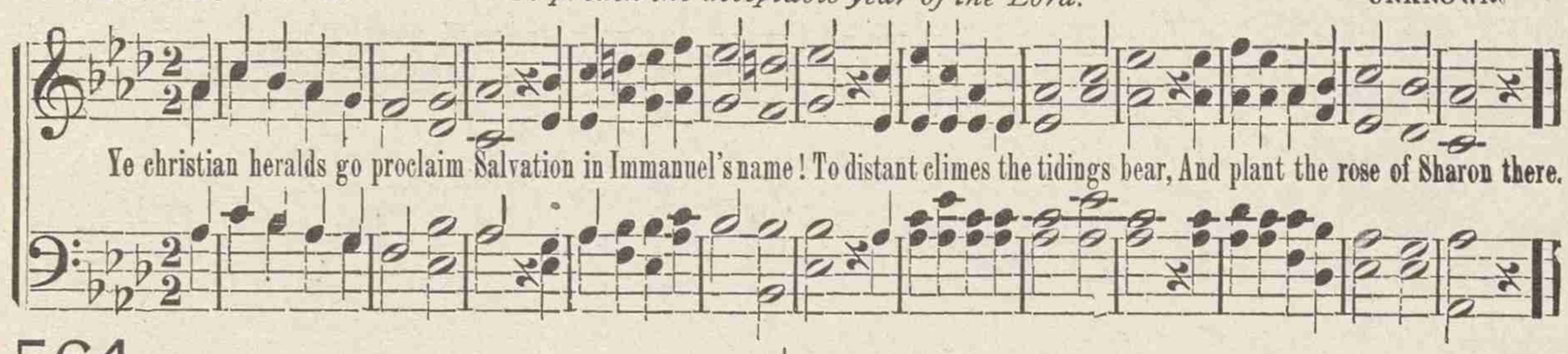
1 Go, ye messengers of God,
Like the beams of morning fly;
Take the wonder-working rod,
Wave the banner cross on high.

2 Go to many a tropic isle,
In the bosom of the deep,
Where the skies for ever smile,
And th' oppressed for ever weep.

3 O'er the pagan's night of care,
Pour the living light of heaven;
Chase away his wild despair;
Bid him hope to be forgiven.

4 Where the golden gates of day
Open on the palmy East,
High the bleeding cross display;
Spread the Gospel's richest feast.

HERALD. L. M. *"To preach the acceptable year of the Lord."* UNKNOWN.



564

Unknown.

2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire;
With holy zeal your hearts inspire;
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And calm the savage breast to peace.

3 And when our labors all are o'er,
Then shall we meet to part no more;
Meet with the blood-bought throng to fall,
And crown our Jesus Lord of all.

FATHER OF MERCIES. L. M. *"Unto every one of us is given grace."* ENGLISH.

565

B. Beddome, 1795.

1 Father of mercies, bow thine ear,
Attentive to our earnest prayer;
We plead for those who plead for thee;
Successful pleaders may they be.

2 How great their work, how vast their charge!
Do Thou their anxious souls enlarge:
Their best acquirements are our gain;
We share the blessings they obtain.

3 Clothe, then, with energy divine
Their words, and let those words be thine;
To them thy sacred truth reveal,
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.

4 Teach them to sow the precious seed,
Teach them thy chosen flock to feed;
Teach them immortal souls to gain—
Souls that will well reward their pain.

5 Let thronging multitudes around
Hear from their lips the joyful sound;
In humble strains thy grace implore,
And feel thy new-creating power.

6 Let sinners break their massy chains,
Distressèd souls forget their pains;
Let light through distant realms be spread,
And Sion rear her drooping head.

MENDON. L. M. *"To proclaim the unsearchable riches of Christ."* GERMAN.

566

A. Balfour.

1 Go, messenger of peace and love,
To people plunged in shades of night,
Like angels sent from fields above,
Be thine to shed celestial light.

2 Go to the hungry—food impart;
To paths of peace the wand'rer guide,
And lead the thirsty, panting heart,
Where streams of living water glide.

3 Oh, faint not in the day of toil,
When harvest waits the reaper's hand;
Go, gather in the glorious spoil,
And joyous in his presence stand.

4 Thy love a rich reward shall find
From him who sits enthroned on high;
For they who turn the erring mind
Shall shine like stars above the sky.

FEDERAL STREET. L. M. *"I have hallowed this house."* H. K. OLIVER, 1800.

567

P. Doddridge.

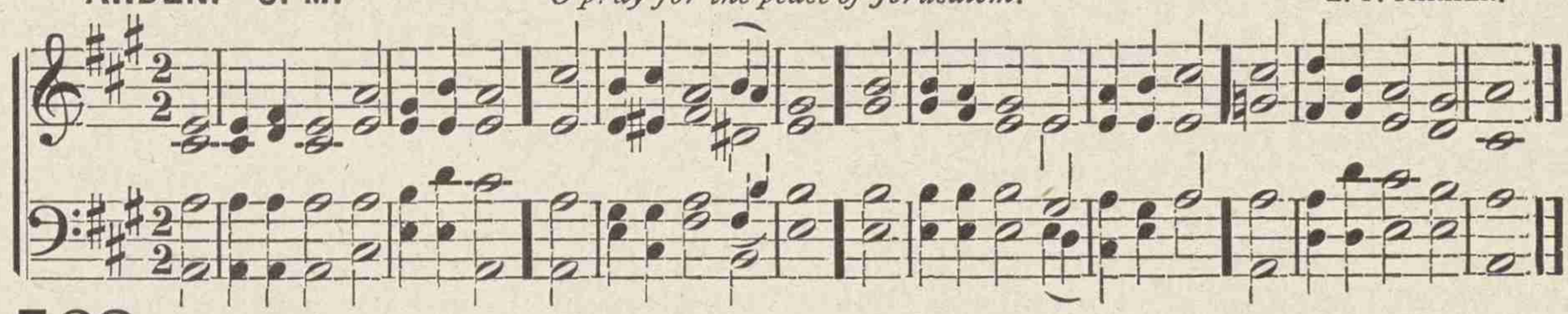
1 And will the great eternal God
On earth establish his abode?
And will he from his radiant throne
Accept our temples for his own?

2 These walls we to thy honor raise;
Long may they echo with thy praise,
And thou, descending, fill the place
With choicest tokens of thy grace.

3 Here let the great Redeemer reign
With all the graces of his train,
While power divine his word attends
To conquer foes and cheer his friends.

4 And in the great decisive day
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear
That crowds were born for glory here.

ARDEN. C. M. *"O pray for the peace of Jerusalem."* E. P. PARKER.



568

W. C. Bryant.

1 O thou, whose own vast temple stands
Built over earth and sea,
Accept the walls that human hands
Have rais'd to worship thee.

2 Lord, from thine inmost glory send,
Within these courts to bide,
The peace that dwelleth, without end,
Serenely by thy side.

3 May erring minds that worship here
Be taught the better way;
And they who mourn, and they who fear,
Be strengthen'd as they pray.

4 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And pure devotion rise,
While round these hallow'd walls the storm
Of earth-born passion dies.

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s. *"Go into his courts with praise."* I. PLEYEL.

569

J. Montgomery.

1 Lord of hosts, to thee we raise
Here a house of pray'r and praise;
Thou thy people's hearts prepare
Here to meet for praise and pray'r.

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

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

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

DEDICATION.

HEBRON. L. M. *"God dwelleth not in temples made with hands."* DR. LOWELL MASON, 1792–1872.

570 Willis.

1 The perfect world, by Adam trod,
Was the first temple, built of God;
His fiat laid the corner-stone,
And heaved its pillars one by one.

2 He hung its starry roof on high—
The broad, illimitable sky;
He spread its pavement, green and bright,
And curtained it with morning light.

3 The mountains in their places stood,
The sea—the sky—and "all was good."
And when its first pure praises rang,
The "morning stars together sang."

4 Lord, 'tis not ours to make the sea,
And earth, and sky, a house for thee;
But in thy sight our offering stands—
An humbler temple, "made with hands."

571 Unknown.

1 Oh, bow thine ear, Eternal One!
On thee our heart adoring calls;
To thee the followers of thy Son
Have raised, and now devote these walls.

2 Here let thy holy days be kept;
And be this place to worship given,
Like that bright spot where Jacob slept,
The house of God, the gate of heaven.

3 Here may thine honor dwell; and here,
As incense, let thy children's prayer,
From contrite hearts and lips sincere,
Rise on the still and holy air.

4 Here be thy praise devoutly sung;
Here let thy truth beam forth to save,
As when, of old, thy Spirit hung,
On wings of light, o'er Jordan's wave.

WARWICK. C. M. *"May thine eyes be opened toward this house."* STANLEY.

572 Miss Mary O ——, 1841.

1 God of the universe! to thee
This sacred house we rear,
And now, with songs and bended knee,
Invoke thy presence here.

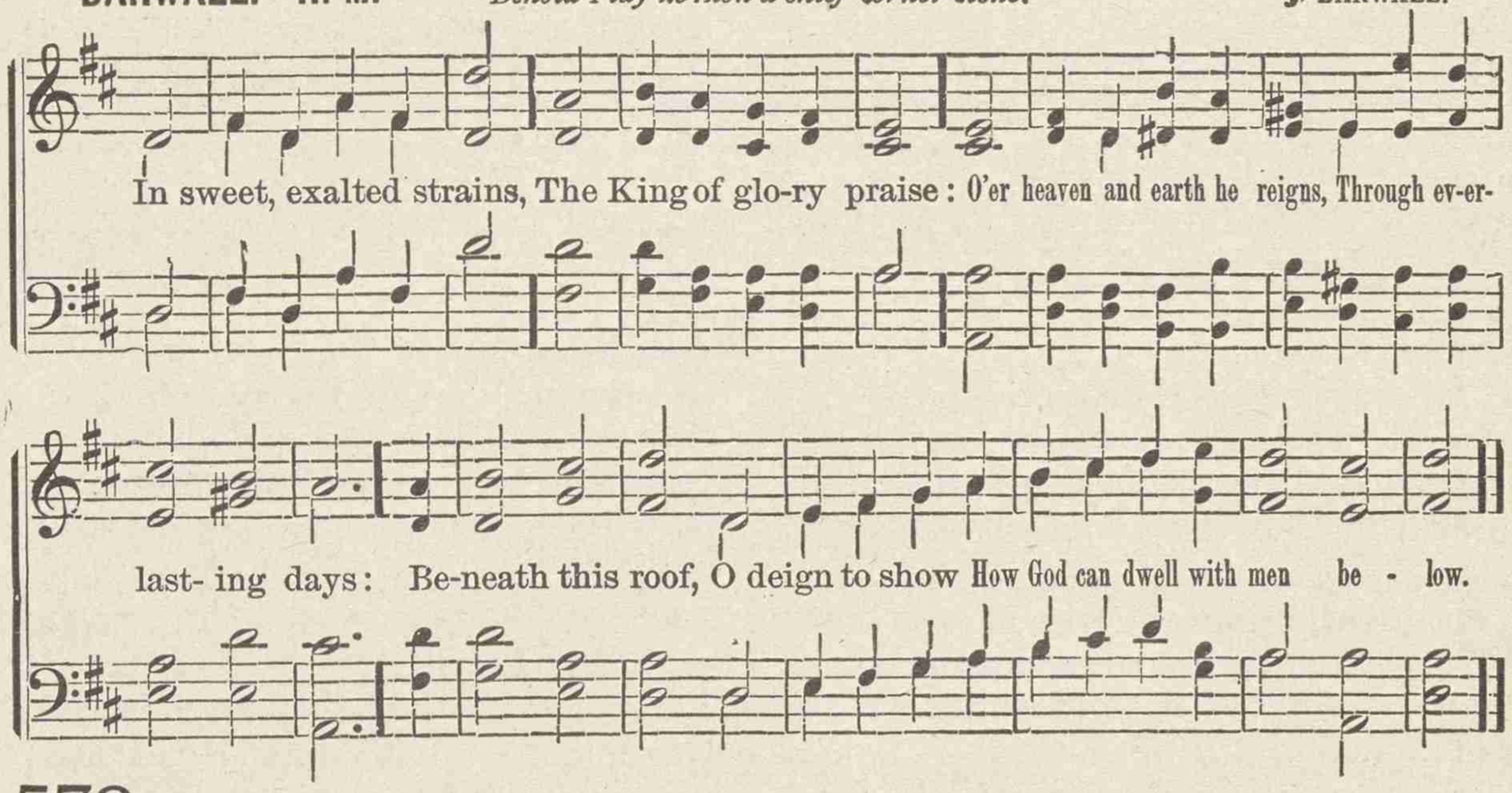
2 Long may this echoing dome resound
The praises of thy name,
These hallowed walls to all around
The Triune God proclaim.

3 Here let thy love, thy presence dwell;
Thy glory here make known;
Thy people's home, oh! come and fill,
And seal it as thine own.

4 And, when the last long Sabbath morn
Upon the just shall rise,
May all who own thee here be borne
To mansions in the skies.

DEDICATION.

DARWALL. H. M. *"Behold I lay in Zion a chief corner-stone."* J. DARWALL.



573 Benj. Francis.

1 In sweet, exalted strains,
The King of glory praise:
O'er heaven and earth he reigns,
Through everlasting days:
Beneath this roof, O deign to show
How God can dwell with men below.

2 Here may thine ears attend
Our interceding cries,
And grateful praise ascend,
All fragrant, to the skies;
Here may thy word melodious sound,
And spread the joys of heaven around.

3 Here may th' attentive throng
Imbibe thy truth and love;
And converts join the song
Of seraphim above;
And willing crowds surround thy board,
With sacred joy and sweet accord.

4 Here may our unborn sons
And daughters sound thy praise,
And shine like polished stones
Through long-succeeding days;
Here, Lord, display thy saving power,
While temples stand and men adore.

BALERMA. C. M. *"They shall prosper that love thee."* B. SIMPSON.

574 Unknown.

1 Within thy house, O Lord, our God,
In glory now appear;
Make this a place of thine abode,
And shed thy blessings here.

2 When we thy mercy-seat surround,
Thy Spirit, Lord, impart;
And let thy gospel's joyful sound,
With pow'r, reach every heart.

3 Here let the blind their sight obtain;
Here give the mourners rest;
Let Jesus here triumphant reign,
Enthron'd in every breast.

4 Here let the voice of sacred joy
And humble pray'r arise,
Till higher strains our tongues employ
In realms beyond the skies.

ANNIVERSARY HYMNS.

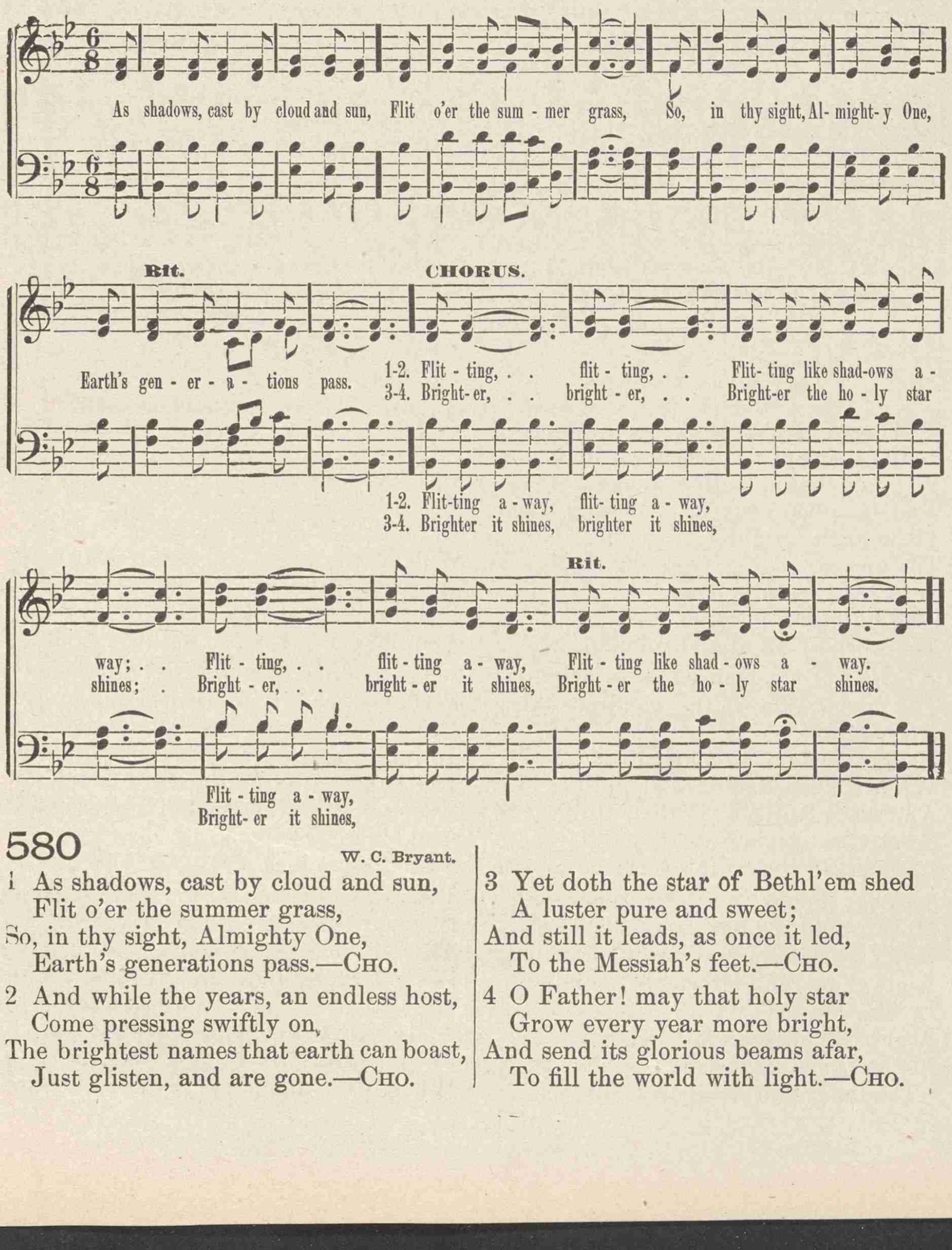
THANKSGIVING, NATIONAL, CHRISTMAS, NEW YEAR.

"Thou crownest the year with thy goodness." Ps. 65: 11.

"We spend our years as a tale that is told." Ps. 90: 9.

"Righteousness exalteth a nation." Ps. 14: 34.

FLITTING AWAY. C. M. *"Jesus abides ever."* C. C. CLINE.



580

W. C. Bryant.

1 As shadows, cast by cloud and sun,
Flit o'er the summer grass,
So, in thy sight, Almighty One,
Earth's generations pass.—CHO.

2 And while the years, an endless host,
Come pressing swiftly on,
The brightest names that earth can boast,
Just glisten, and are gone.—CHO.

3 Yet doth the star of Bethl'em shed
A luster pure and sweet;
And still it leads, as once it led,
To the Messiah's feet.—CHO.

4 O Father! may that holy star
Grow every year more bright,
And send its glorious beams afar,
To fill the world with light.—CHO.

CREATION. L. M. D. *"We behold thy glory."* F. J. HAYDN.

581

J. Addison.

1 The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim:
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display;
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale;
And nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What though in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball,—
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found,—
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine,—
"The hand that made us is divine."

582

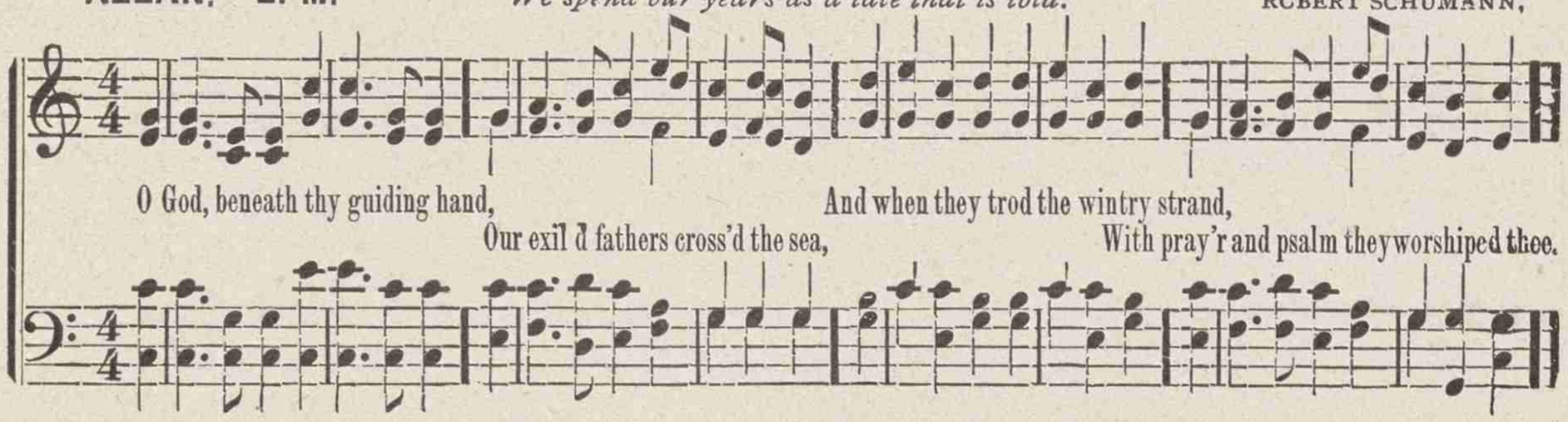
P. Doddridge.

1 Eternal Source of every joy,
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
To hail thee, sovereign of the year!
Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports and guides the whole,
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness when to vail the skies.

2 The flowery spring at thy command,
Perfumes the air, adorns the land;
The summer rays with vigor shine,
To raise the corn, to cheer the vine.
Thy hand, in autumn, richly pours,
Through all our coasts redundant stores:
And winters, softened by thy care,
No more the face of horror wear.

3 Seasons and months, and weeks and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
And be the grateful homage paid,
With morning light and evening shade.
Here in thy house let incense rise,
And circling Sabbaths bless our eyes,
Till to those lofty heights we soar,
Where days and years revolve no more.

ALLAN. L. M. *"We spend our years as a tale that is told."* ROBERT SCHUMANN.



583

L. Bacon.

1 O God, beneath thy guiding hand,
Our exiled fathers crossed the sea,
And when they trod the wintry strand,
With prayer and psalm they worshiped thee.

2 Thou heardst, well pleased, the song, the prayer—
Thy blessing came; and still its power
Shall onward through all ages bear
The memory of that holy hour.

3 What change! through pathless wilds no more
The fierce and naked savage roams:
Sweet praise, along the cultured shore,
Breaks from ten thousand happy homes.

4 Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God
Came with those exiles o'er the waves,
And where their pilgrim feet have trod,
The God they trusted guards their graves.

5 And here thy name, O God of love,
Their children's children shall adore,
Till these eternal hills remove,
And spring adorns the earth no more.

584

P. Doddridge.

1 Great God, we sing that mighty hand
By which supported still we stand;
The opening year thy mercy shows;
Let mercy crown it till it close.

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.

3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.

4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Be thou our joy, and thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

5 When death shall interrupt our songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our Helper, God, in whom we trust,
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

585

P. Doddridge.

1 Our Helper, God, we bless thy name,
Whose love forever is the same;
The tokens of thy gracious care
Open, and crown, and close the year.

2 Amid ten thousand snares we stand,
Supported by thy guardian hand;
And see, when we review our ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.

3 Thus far thine arm has led me on;
Thus far we make thy mercy known;
And while we tread this desert land,
New mercies shall new songs demand.

4 Our grateful souls, on Jordan's shore,
Shall raise one sacred pillar more;
Then bear in thy bright courts above,
Inscriptions of immortal love.

UXBRIDGE. L. M. *"What is man."* LOWELL MASON.

THANKSGIVING HYMN. 10s. D. "*In every thing give thanks.*"

QUISQUAM.

Allegro moderato.

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586

George D. Emerson.

2 Thanks for the gift of his only dear Son!
Thanks for his goodness life's journey to run!
Thanks for the summers and winters between!
Thanks for the autumn and spring evergreen!
Thanks for the air, and for winds, and for sky!
Thanks for the sun, and for stars upon high!
Thanks for the moon and for day and for night!
Thank him for dew, and for rain, and for light.

3 Praise his great name! let the nations adore;
Redeemer and Saviour, God evermore;
Enthroned with the angels, blessed above;
Praise him, O earth for his wonderful love!
Praise him ye smallest and greatest of all!
Praise him, ye kindred that rise from the fall!
Praise him, ye children of weakness and death!
Praise him! O, praise him, all ye that have breath!

THANKSGIVING ANTHEM.

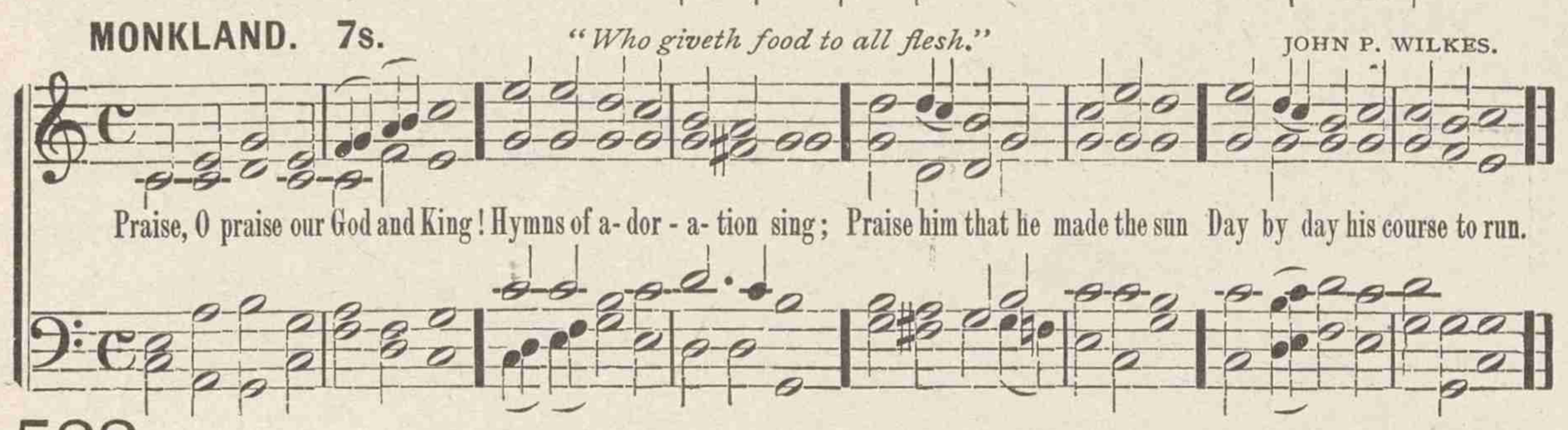
"*Psalm* 117."

LOWELL MASON.

MONKLAND. 7s.

"*Who giveth food to all flesh.*"

JOHN P. WILKES.



588

Sir H. W. Baker, 1861.

1 Praise, O praise our God and King!
Hymns of adoration sing;
Praise him that he made the sun
Day by day his course to run.

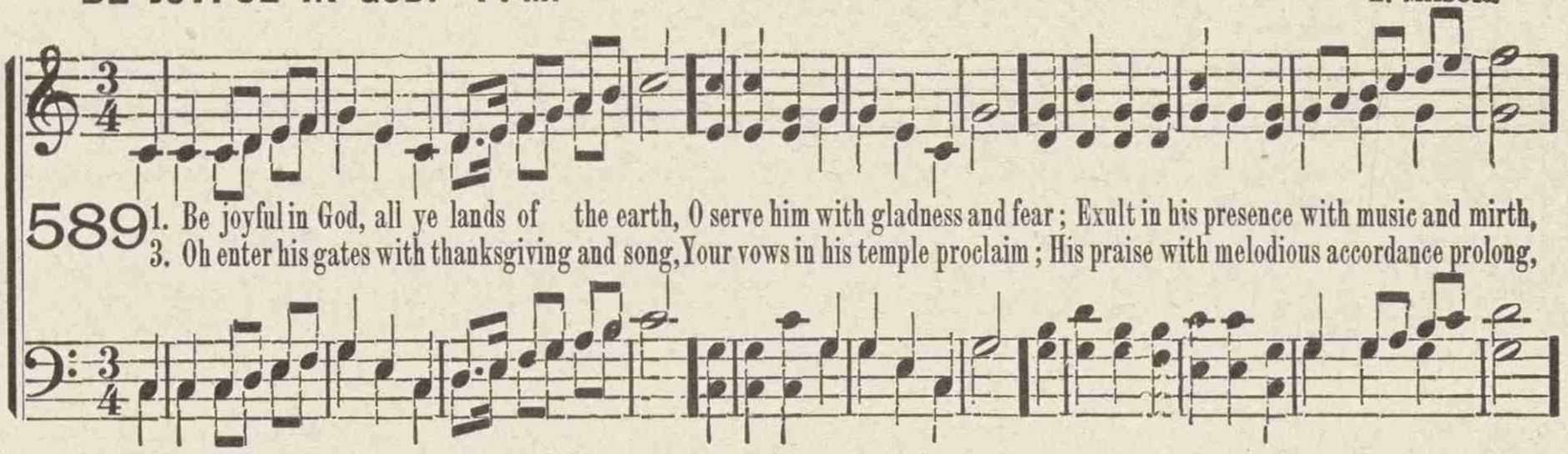
2 And the silver moon by night,
Shining with her gentle light;
Praise him that he gave the rain
To mature the swelling grain.

3 And hath bid the fruitful field
Crops of precious increase yield;
Praise him for our harvest store,
He hath filled the garner floor.

4 And for richer food than this,
Pledge of everlasting bliss;
Glory to our bounteous King!
Glory let creation sing!

BE JOYFUL IN GOD. P. M.

L. MASON.



HATFIELD. 7s.

"I will sing praises."

W. T. PORTER.

590

Nathan Strong, 1799.

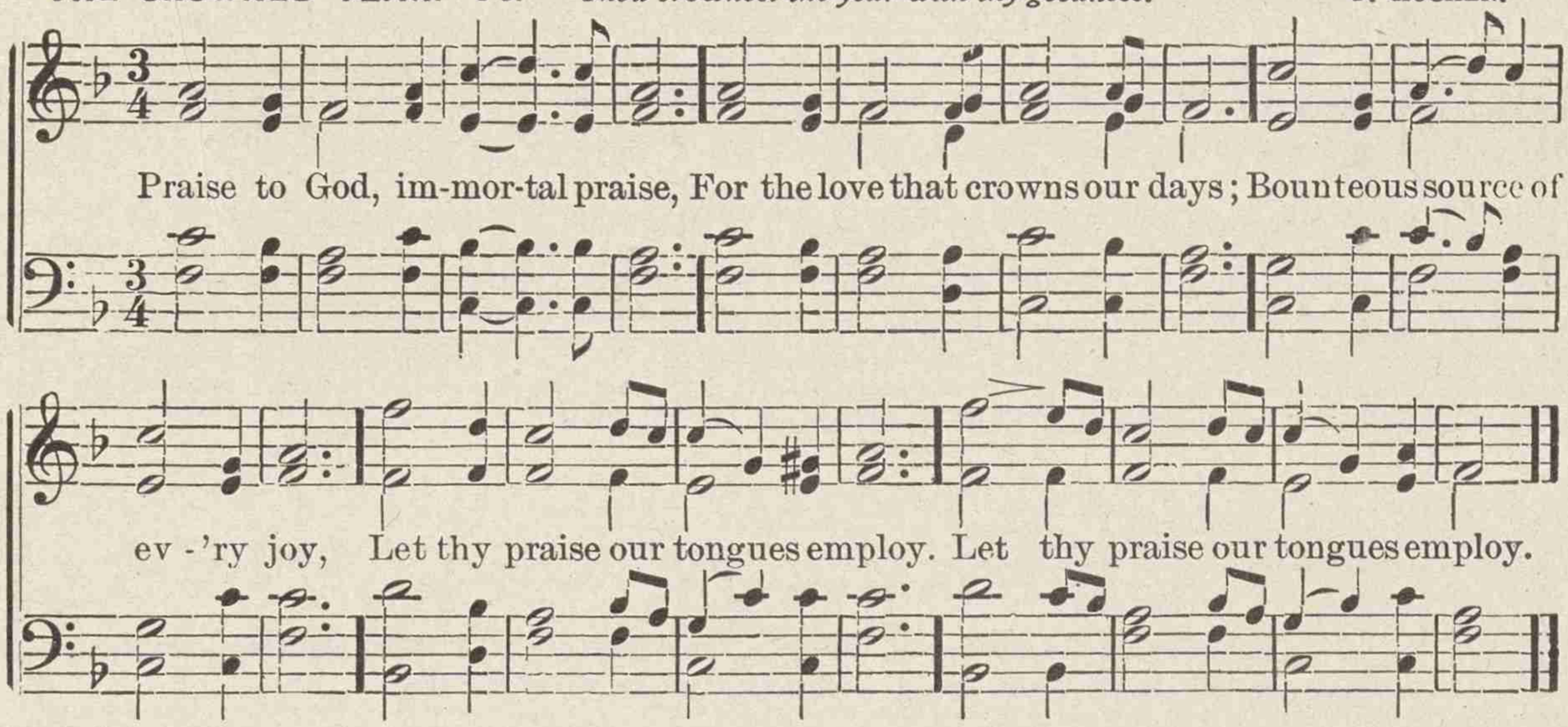
1 Swell the anthem, raise the song;
Praises to our God belong;
Saints and angels, join to sing
Praises to the heavenly King.

2 Blessings from his liberal hand
Flow around this happy land;
Kept by him, no foes annoy;
Peace and freedom we enjoy.

3 Here, beneath a virtuous sway
May we cheerfully obey;
Never feel oppression's rod;
Ever own and worship God.

4 Hark! the voice of nature sings
Praises to the King of kings;
Let us join the choral song,
And the grateful notes prolong.

THE CROWNED YEAR. 7s. *"Thou crownest the year with thy goodness."* F. KUCKEN.



591

Mrs. Barbauld, 1825.

1 Praise to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ.

2 Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain;
Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse.

3 All that spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal autumn pours
From her rich, o'erflowing stores,—

4 Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise;
And when every blessing's flown,
Love thee for thyself alone.

HARVEST HOME. 7s. D. *"The Harvest is great."* UNKNOWN.

3 For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take his harvest home:
From his field shall in that day
All offences purge away;
Give his angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast,
But the fruitful ears to store
In his garner evermore.

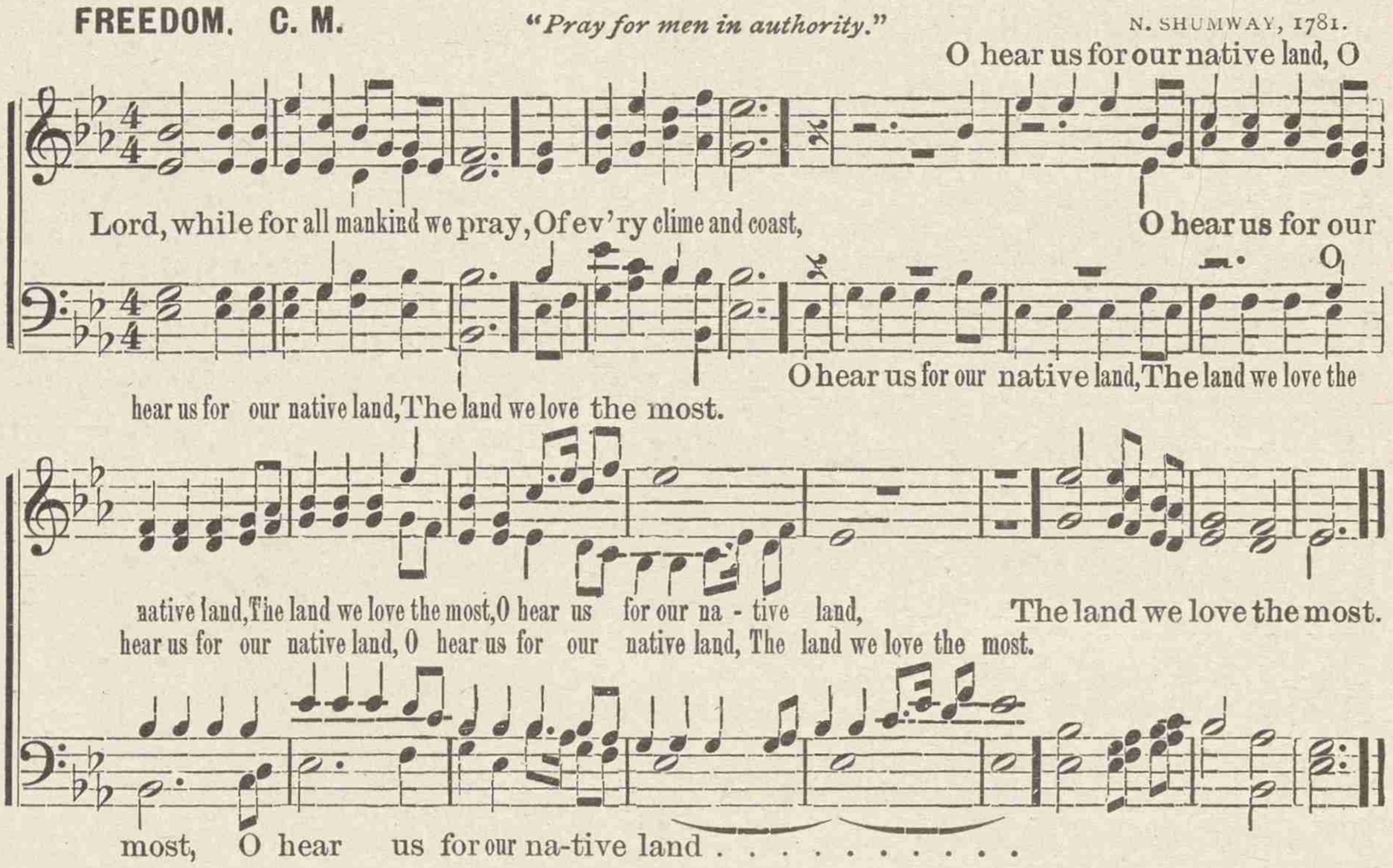
592

Unknown.

2 All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto his praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown:
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
Lord of harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

4 Even so, Lord, quickly come
To thy final Harvest-home:
Gather thou thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There for ever purified,
In thy presence to abide:
Come with all thine angels, come,
Raise the glorious Harvest-home.

FREEDOM. C. M. *"Pray for men in authority."* N. SHUMWAY, 1781.



593 John Reynell Wreford, 1837.

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

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

4 Lord of the nations, thus to thee
  Our country we commend;
Be thou her refuge and her trust,
  Her everlasting friend.

594 John H. Gurney, 1851.

2 When dangers, like a stormy sea,
  Beset our country round,
To thee we looked, to thee we cried,
  And help in thee was found.

3 With one consent we meekly bow
  Beneath thy chastening hand,
And, pouring forth confession meet,
  Mourn with our mourning land.

4 With pitying eye behold our need,
  As thus we lift our prayer;
Correct us with thy judgments, Lord,
  Then let thy mercy spare.

CHESTERFIELD. C. M. *"In God we trust."* THOMAS HAWEIS, 1792.

595 Unknown.

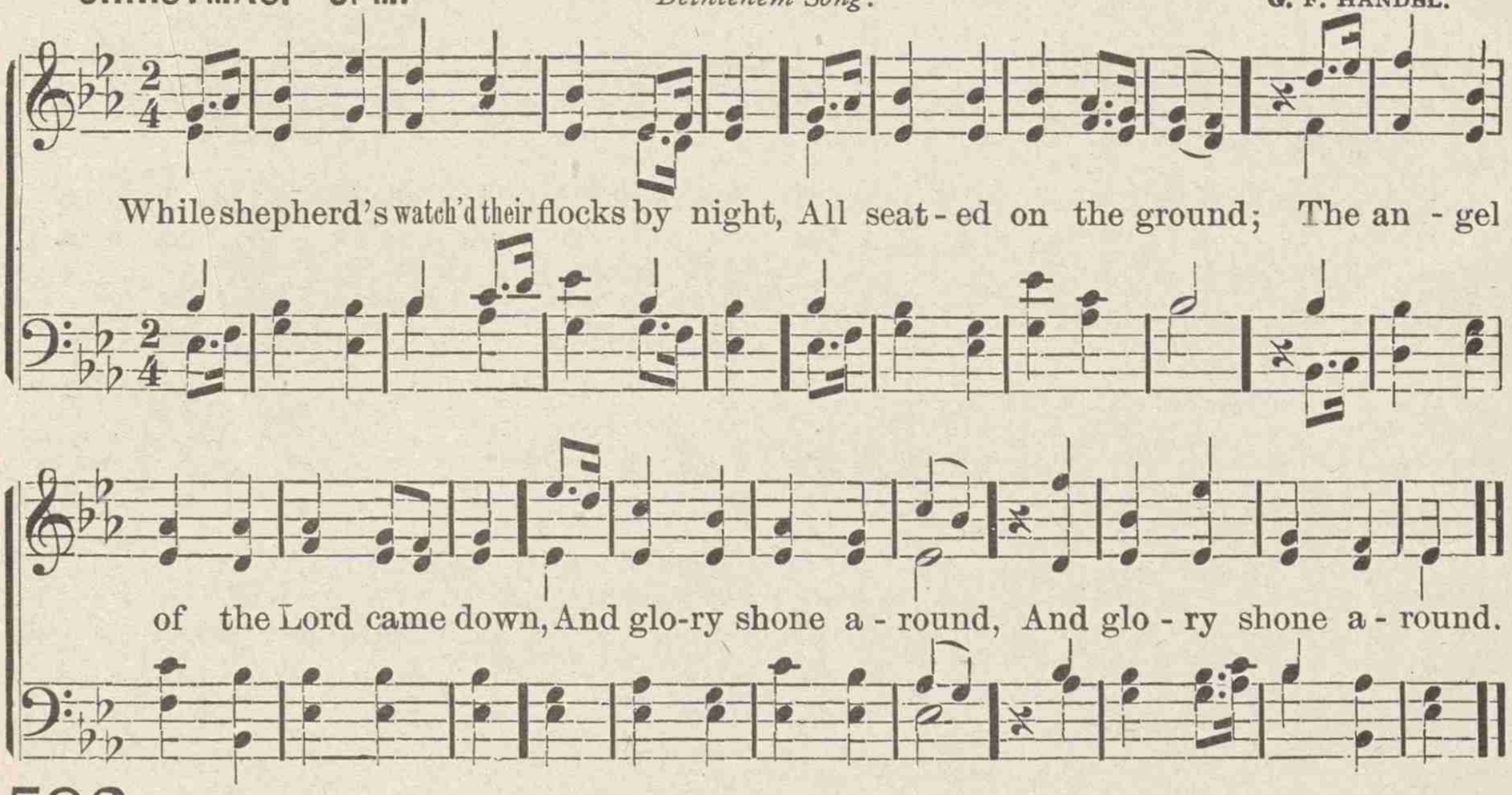
1 Our Father, through the coming year
  We know not what shall be;
But we would leave without a fear
  Its ordering all to thee.

2 It may be we shall toil in vain
  For what the world holds fair;
And all the good we thought to gain,
  Deceive and prove but care.

3 It may be it shall darkly blend
  Our love with anxious fears,
And snatch away the valued friend,
  The tried of many years.

4 But calmly, Lord, on thee we rest;
  No fears our trust shall move;
Thou knowest what for each is best,
  And thou art perfect Love.

CHRISTMAS. C. M. *"Bethlehem Song."* G. F. HANDEL.



596

Tate—Brady.

1 While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground;
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

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

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

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

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

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

SOUTHPORT. C. M. *"Mine arm shall strengthen thee."* GEORGE KINGSLEY.

597

John Newton, 1779.

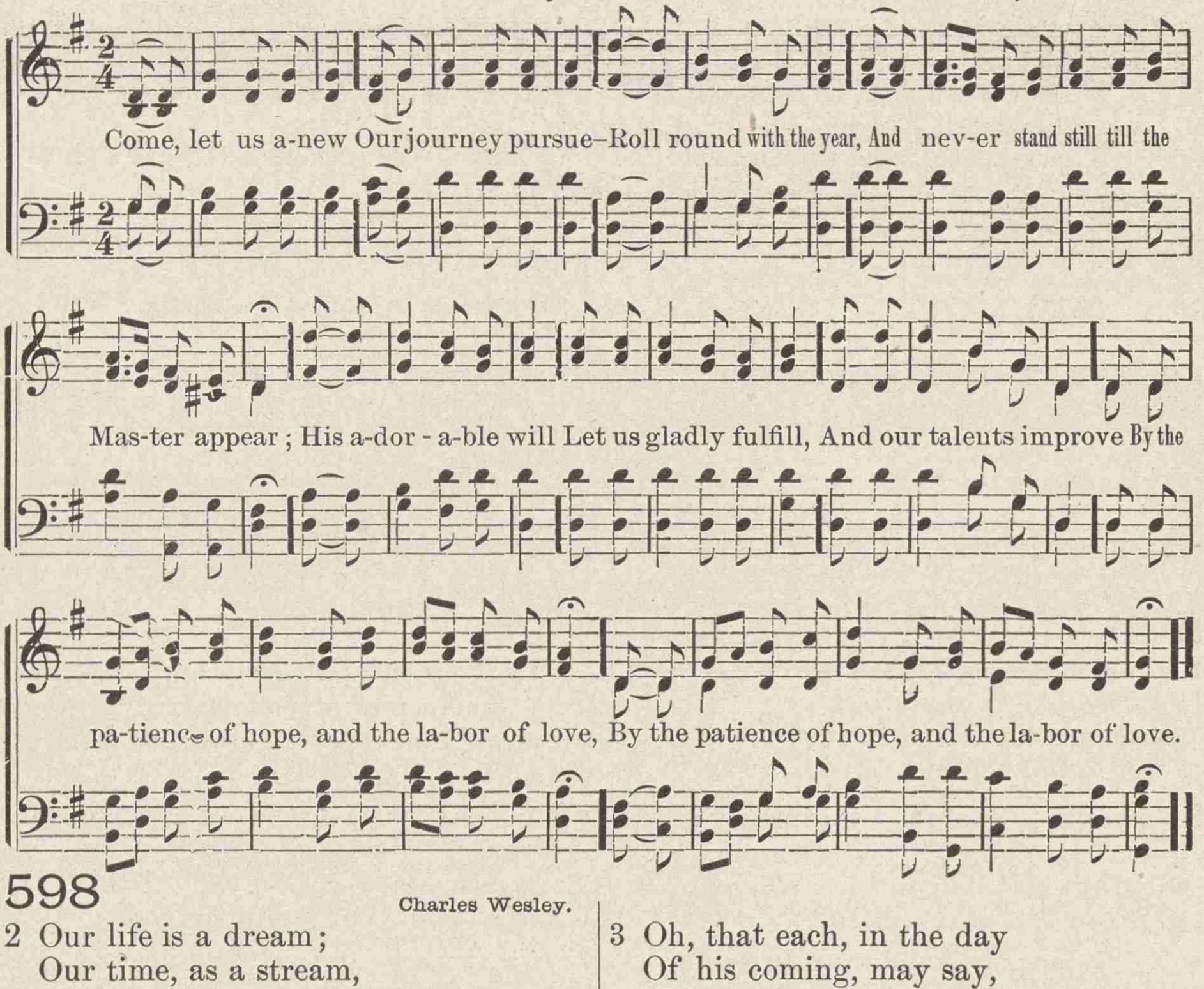
1 Now, gracious Lord, thine arm reveal
And make thy glory known;
Now let us all thy presence feel,
And soften hearts of stone.

2 From all the guilt of former sin
May mercy set us free;
And let the year we now begin,
Begin and end with thee.

3 And may thy Truth sent from above
Cause saints to love thee more
And sinners now may learn to love,
Who never loved before.

4 And when before thee we appear,
In our eternal home,
May growing numbers worship here,
And praise thee in our room.

NEW YEAR'S HYMN. P. M. *"Hold fast till I come."* JAMES LUCAS.



598

Charles Wesley.

2 Our life is a dream;
Our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay,
The arrow is flown;
The moment is gone,
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's near.

3 Oh, that each, in the day
Of his coming, may say,
"I have fought my way through;
I have finished the work thou didst give me to do!"
Oh, that each from his Lord
May receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done;
Enter into my joy and sit down on my throne!"

BENEVENTO. 7s. D. *"We spend our years as a tale that is told."* S. WEBBE. 1740—1816.

GLORY.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Full Chorus. *ff*

Semi-Chorus, or Duet.

Fannie J. Crosby.

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600

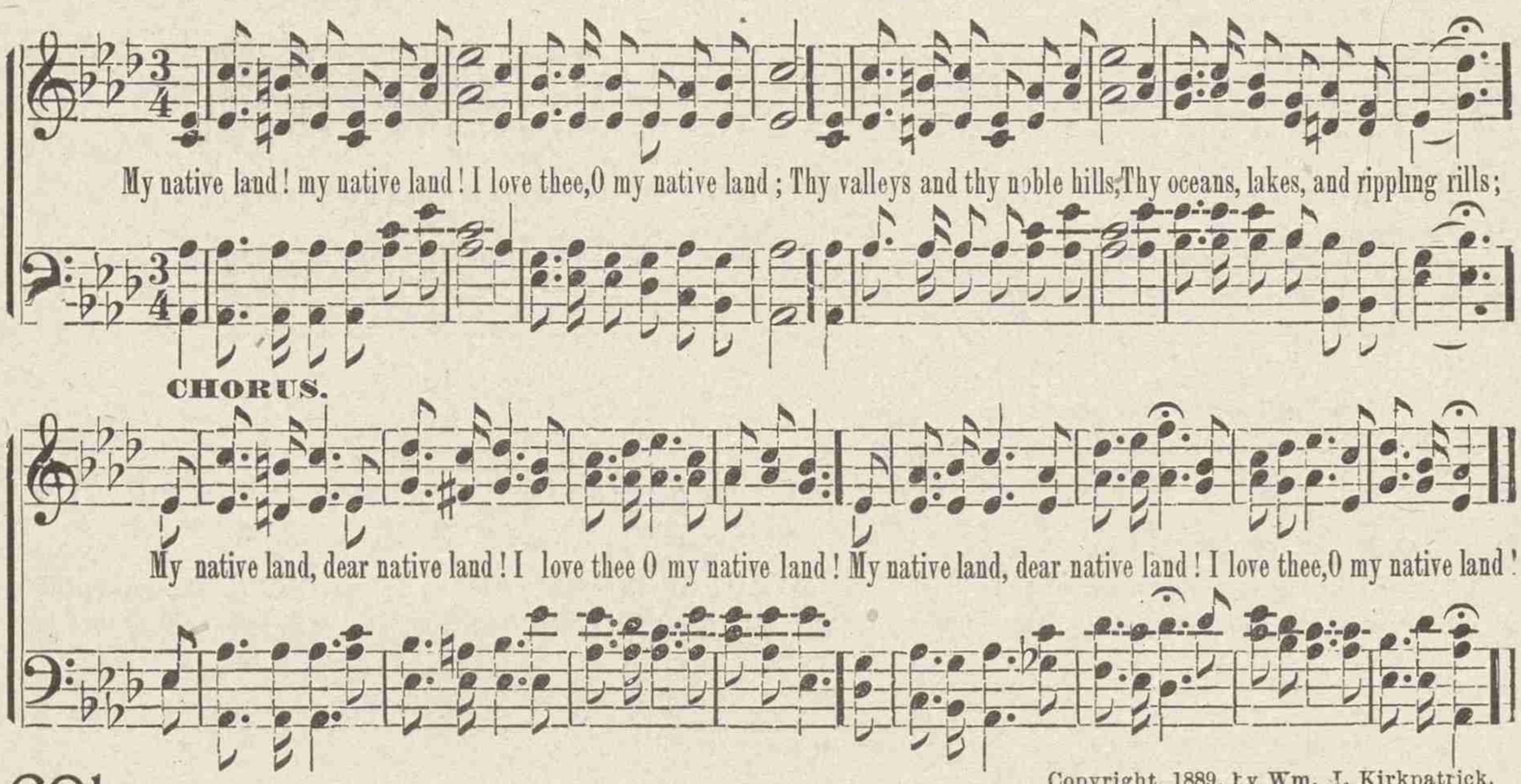
John Newton, 1779.

1 While with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Nevermore to meet us here:
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,—
But how little none can know.

2 As the wingéd arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind,
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise,
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live,
With eternity in view;
Bless thy word to young and old;
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above.

MY NATIVE LAND. 8s. *"Oh give thanks unto the Lord."* WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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601 E. H. Stokes, D. D.

1 My native land! my native land!
I love thee, O my native land;
Thy valleys and thy noble hills,
Thy oceans, lakes, and rippling rills;

2 My native land, home of the free,
I love thy songs of liberty;
Thy brilliant banners, floating high,
Whose starry folds embrace the sky.

3 My native land, in proud delight,
I cherish thee, where right is might,
A land redeemed by patriot blood,
And guarded by the patriot's God.

4 My native land! Religion rules,
The Bible and the common schools,
Here knowledge is a potent rod,
And all are free to worship God.

OLIVET. 6s & 4s. *"Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord."* DR. L. MASON.

602 Unknown.

2 May just and righteous laws
Uphold the public cause,
And bless our land.
Home of the brave and free,
The land of liberty,
We pray that over thee
May rest God's hand.

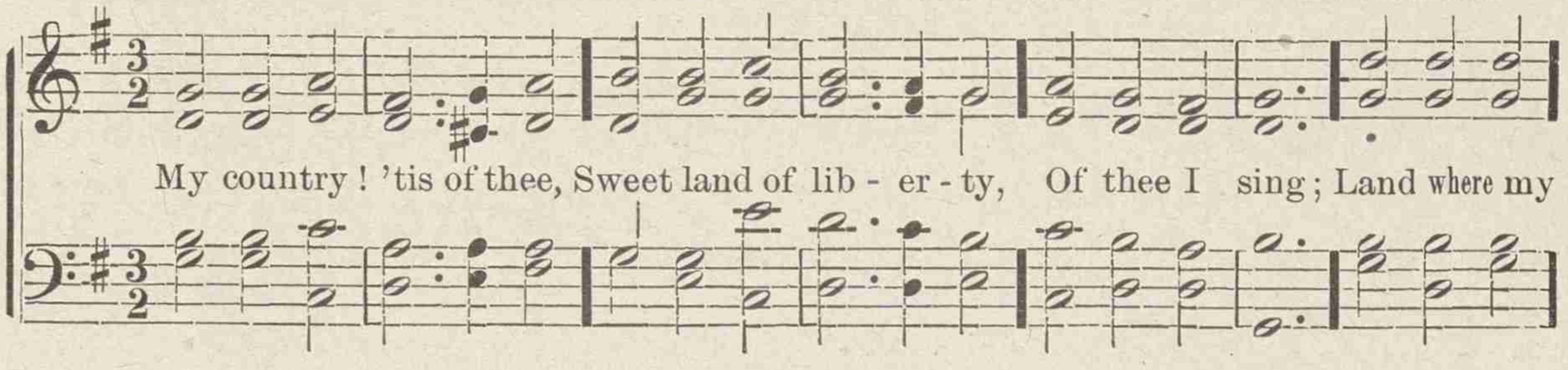
3 And not this land alone;
But be thy mercies known
From shore to shore.
Lord, make the nations see
That men should brothers be,
And form one family,
The wide world o'er!

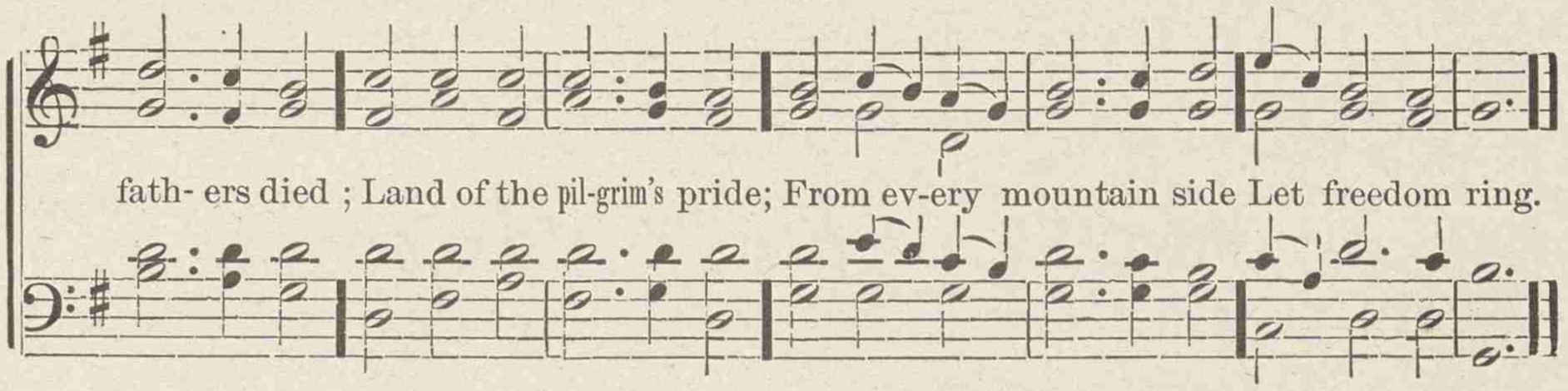
603 John S. Dwight, 1844.

1 God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand
Thro' storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of winds and wave,
Do thou our country save
By thy great might.

2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God, above the skies;
On him we wait;
Thou who art ever nigh
Guarding with watchful eye,
To thee aloud we cry,
God save the State!

AMERICA. 6s. & 4s. *"Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord."* HENRY CAREY





604

S. F. Smith.

1 My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died;
Land of the pilgrims' pride;
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

2 My native country! thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God! to thee,
Author of liberty!
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

RIGHINI. 6s. & 4s. *"The earth is the Lord's."* VINCENZO RIGHINI.

605

J. Montgomery.

2 Yes, bless his holy name,
And purest thanks proclaim
Through all the earth;
To glory in your lot
Is duty—but be not
God's benefits forgot,
Amidst your mirth.

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

OUR COUNTRY. 9s & 8s. *"The truth shall make you free."* PHILIP PHILLIPS, by per.

606

Fanny Crosby.

1 Our country unrivaled in beauty
And splendor that cannot be told,
How lovely thy hills and thy woodlands,
Arrayed in a sunlight of gold.
The eagle, proud king of the mountain,
Is soaring, majestic and free;
Thy rivers and lakes in their grandeur,
Roll on to the arms of the sea.

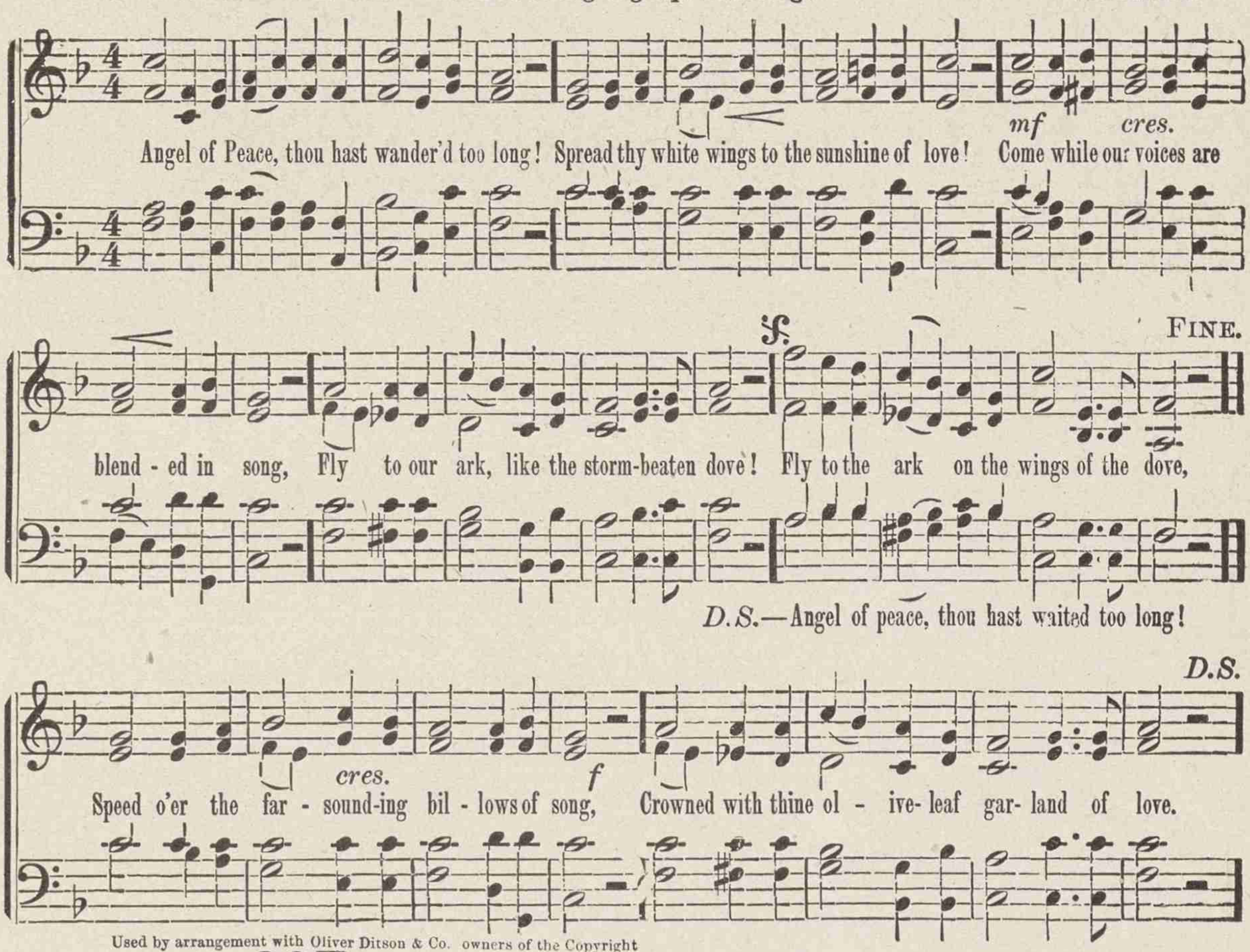
2 Our country, the birth-place of freedom,
The land where our forefathers trod,
And sang in the aisles of the forest
Their hymn of thanksgiving to God;
Their bark they had moored in the harbor,
No more on the ocean to roam;
And there in the wilds of New England,
They founded a country and home.

3 Our country, the past, and its glory,
Still honor the names of the dead;
The statesman that crowned thee with laurel,
The heroes and vetérans that bled.
Mount Vernon, where Washington slumbers,
The soul of thy freedom for years,
A willow droops tenderly o'er him,
Go hallow his grave with thy tears.

4 Our country with ardent devotion,
In God may thy children abide;
In him be the strength of our nation,
His laws and his counsel its guide.
Our banner, that time-honored banner,
That floats o'er the ocean's bright foam,
God keep them unsullied forever,
Our standard, our union, our home.

ANGEL OF PEACE. 10s. *"I saw a strong angel proclaiming."*

M. KELLER.



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607

Dr. O. W. Holmes.

1 Angel of Peace, thou hast wandered too long!
Spread thy white wings to the sunshine of love,
Come while our voices are blended in song,
Fly to our ark, like the storm-beaten dove!
Fly to our ark on the wings of the dove,
Speed o'er the far-sounding billows of song,
Crowned with thine olive-leaf garland of love,
Angel of Peace, thou hast waited too long!

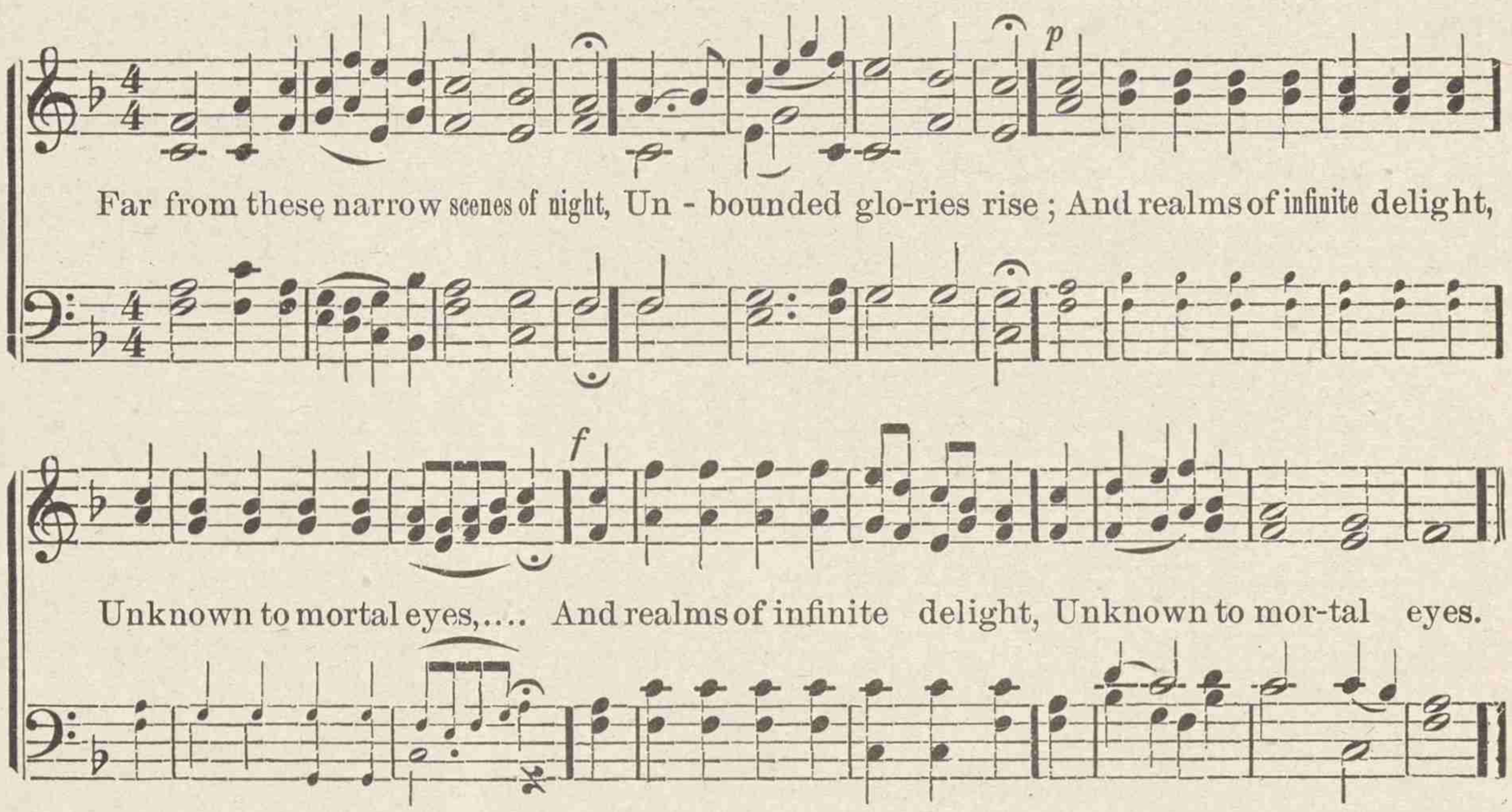
2 Brothers we meet at this altar of thine,
Mingling the gifts we have gathered for thee,
Sweet with the odors of myrtle and pine,
Breeze of the prairie and breath of the sea;
Meadow and mountain and forest and sea!
Sweet is the fragrance of myrtle and pine,
Sweeter the incense we offer to thee,
Brothers once more round this altar of thine!

3 Angels of Bethlehem, answer the strain!
Hark! a new birth-song is filling the sky!
Loud as the storm-wind that tumbles the main,
Bid the full chorus of earth make reply;
Let the loud tempest of voices reply,
Roll its long surge like the earth-shaking main!
Swell the vast song till it mounts to the sky!
Angels of Bethlehem, echo the strain!

THE LIFE BEYOND.

Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him. 1 Cor. 2: 9.

DOMINION. C. M. *"Eye hath not seen."* T. HARRISON.



612

Anne Steele.

1 Far from these narrow scenes of night,
Unbounded glories rise;
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

2 Celestial land! could our weak eyes
But half thy charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more.

3 There pain and sickness never come,
And grief no place obtains;
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And endless pleasure reigns!

4 No cloud these blissful regions know,
For ever bright and fair!
For sin, the source of ev'ry woe,
Can never enter there.

5 There no alternate night is known,
Nor sun's faint sickly ray;
But glory from the sacred throne
Spreads everlasting day.

613

Isaac Watts.

1 Lo! what a glorious sight appears,
To our believing eyes!
The earth and seas are passed away,
And the old rolling skies.

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

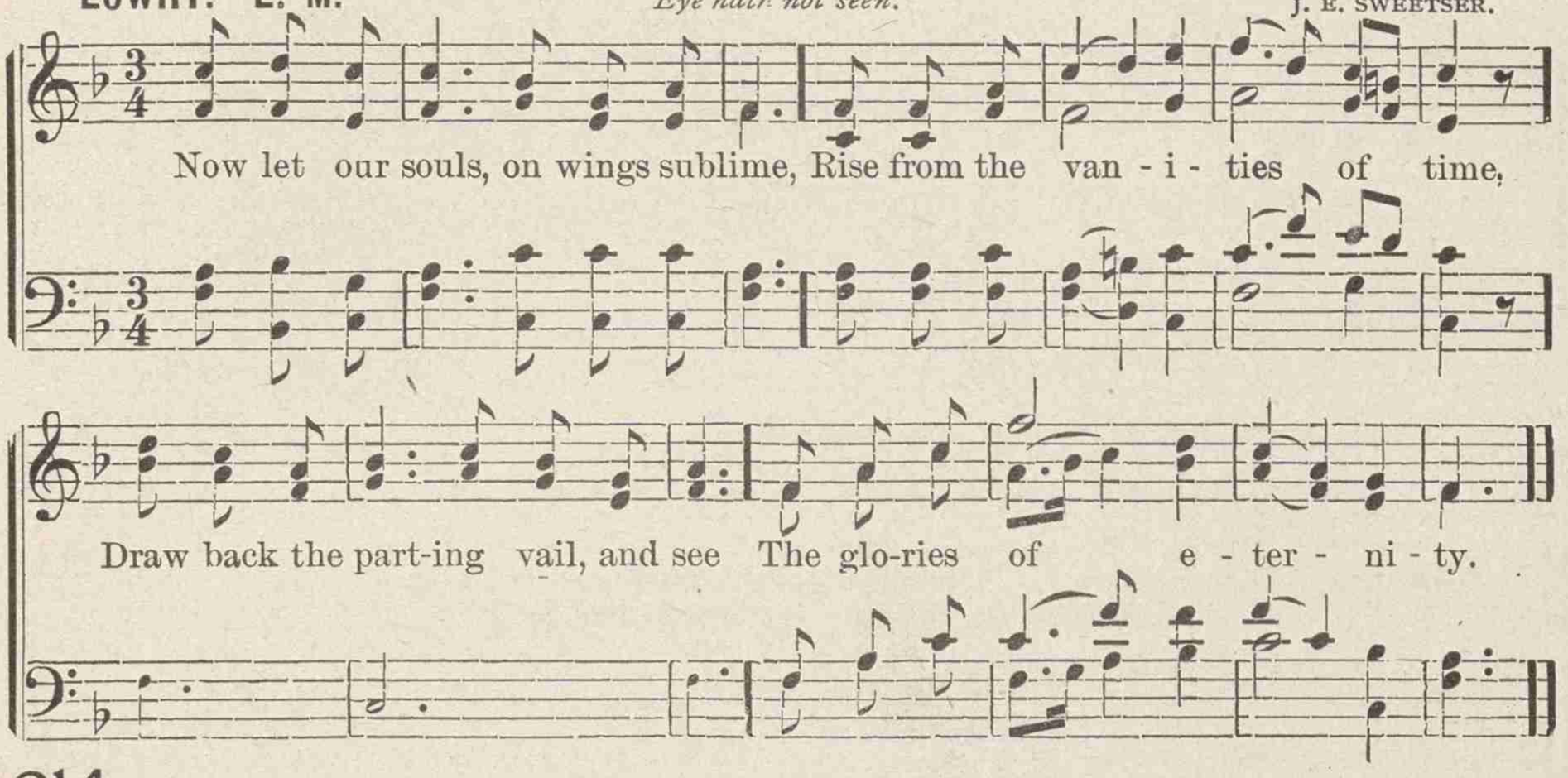
3 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing,—
"Mortals! behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King:—

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

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

THE LIFE BEYOND.

LOWRY. L. M. *"Eye hath not seen."* J. E. SWEETSER.



614 T. Gibbons.

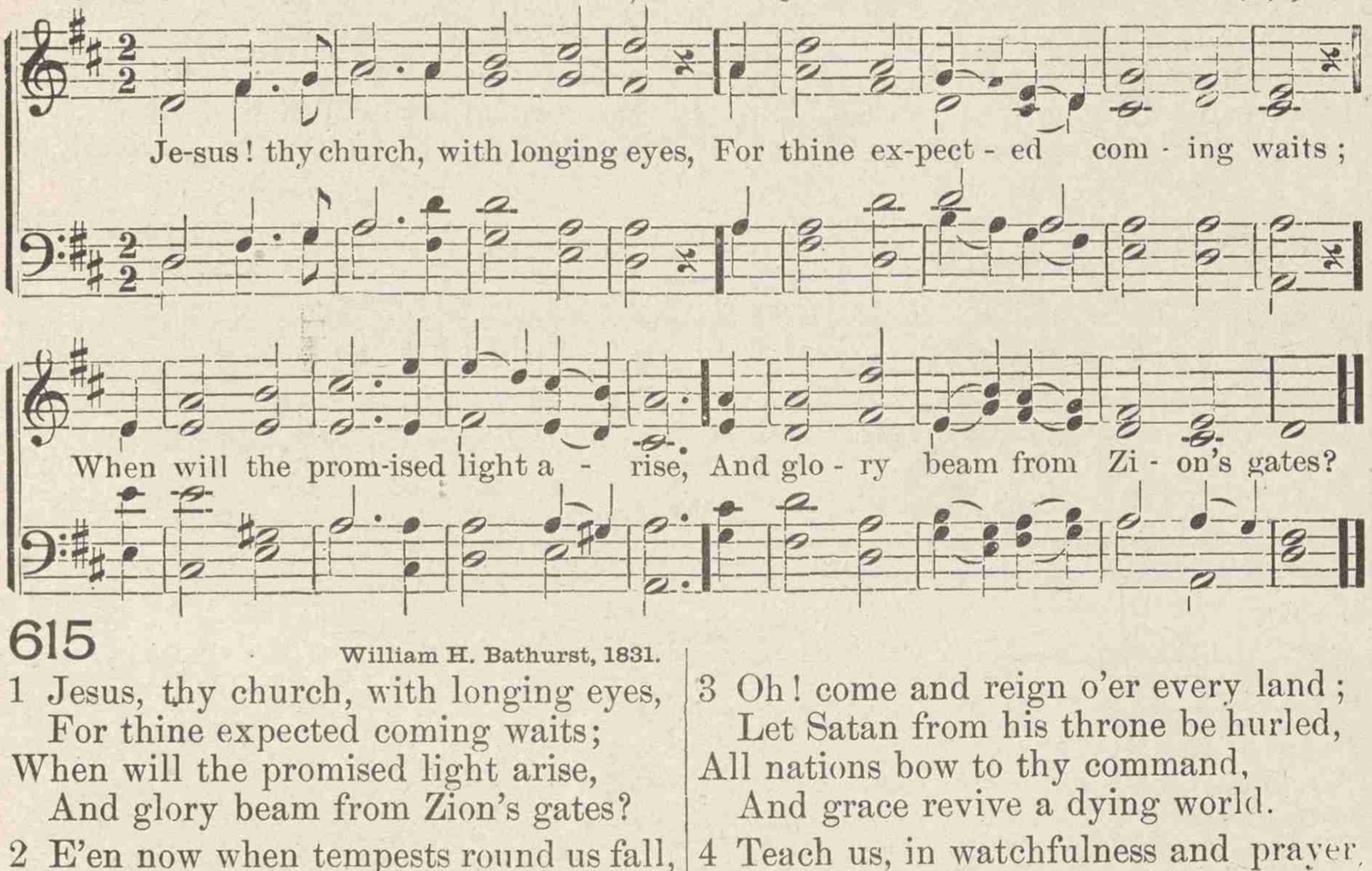
1 Now let our souls, on wings sublime,
Rise from the vanities of time,
Draw back the parting vail, and see
The glories of eternity.

2 Born by a new celestial birth,
Why should we grovel here on earth?
Why grasp at transitory toys,
So near to heaven's eternal joys?

3 Should aught beguile us on the road,
When we are walking back to God?
For strangers into life we come,
And dying is but going home.

4 To dwell with God—to feel his love,
Is the full heaven enjoyed above;
And the sweet expectation now
Is the young dawn of heaven below.

TRURO. L. M. *"Even so, come Lord Jesus."* CHARLES BURNEY, 1769.



615 William H. Bathurst, 1831.

1 Jesus, thy church, with longing eyes,
For thine expected coming waits;
When will the promised light arise,
And glory beam from Zion's gates?

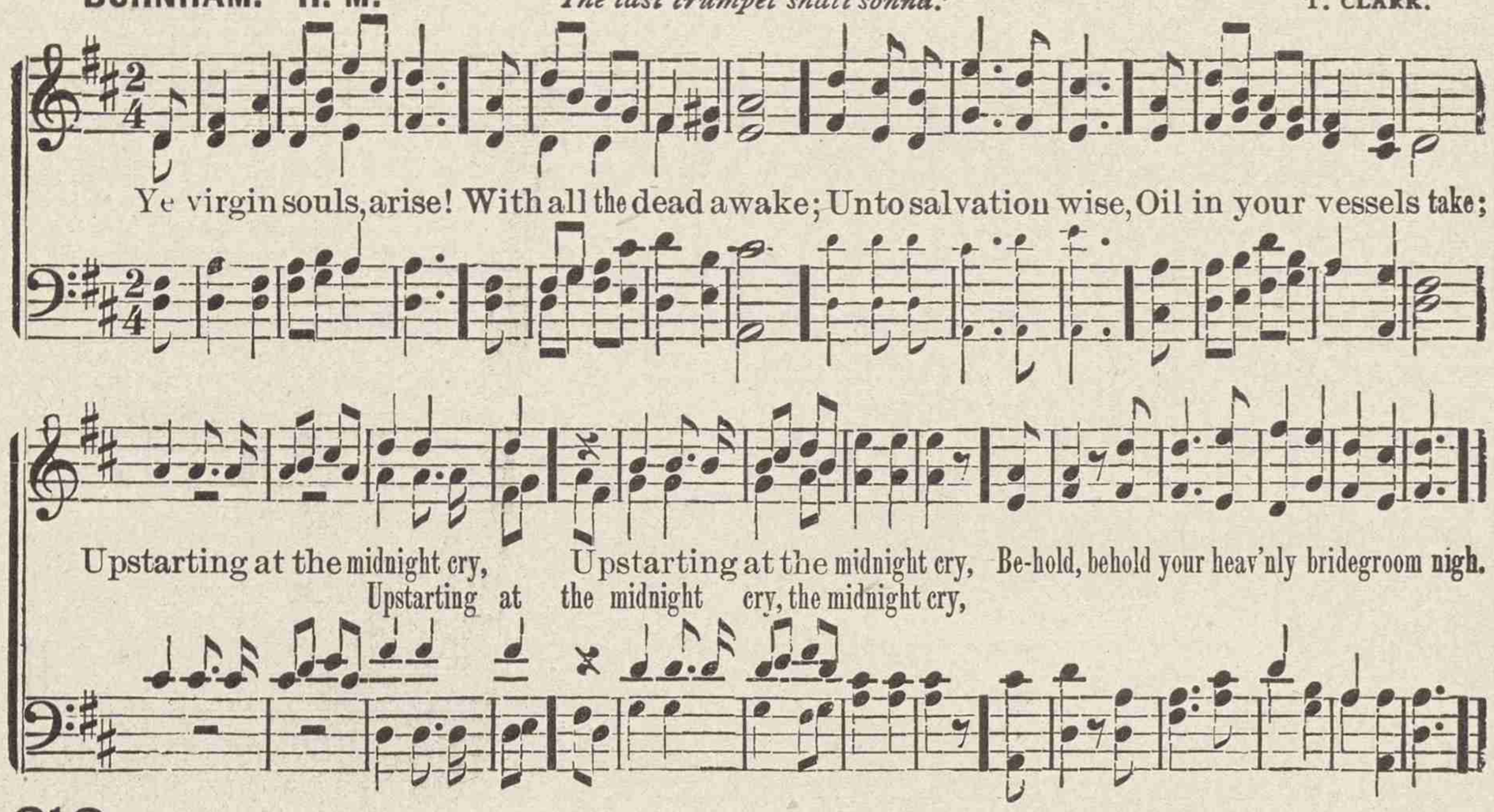
2 E'en now when tempests round us fall,
And wintry clouds o'ercast the sky,
Thy words with pleasure we recall,
And deem that our redemption's nigh.

3 Oh! come and reign o'er every land;
Let Satan from his throne be hurled,
All nations bow to thy command,
And grace revive a dying world.

4 Teach us, in watchfulness and prayer,
To wait for the appointed hour;
And fit us by thy grace to share,
The triumphs of thy conquering pow'r.

THE LIFE BEYOND.

BURNHAM. H. M. *"The last trumpet shall sonnd."* T. CLARK.



616

C. Wesley.

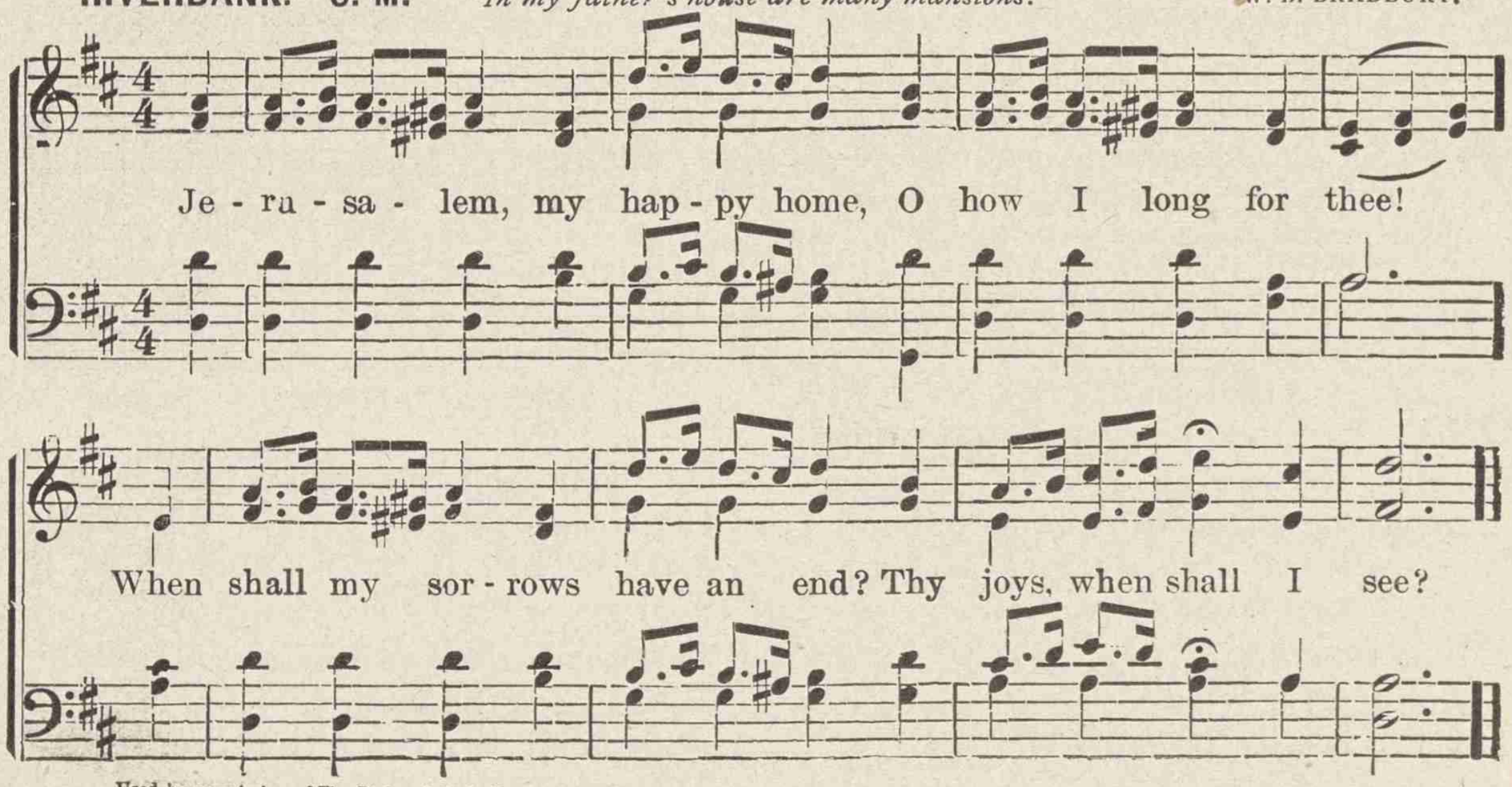
1 Ye virgin souls, arise!
With all the dead awake;
Unto salvation wise,
Oil in your vessels take:
Upstarting at the midnight cry,
Behold, your heavenly bridegroom nigh.

2 He comes, he comes, to call
The nations to his bar,
And take to glory all
Who meet for glory are:
Make ready for your free reward,
Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.

3 Go meet him in the sky,
Your everlasting Friend;
Your Head to glorify,
With all his saints ascend:
Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace
To see, without a veil, his face.

4 Then let us wait to hear
The trumpet's welcome sound:
To see our Lord appear,
May we be watching found,
Enrobed in righteousness divine,
In which the Bride shall ever shine.

RIVERBANK. C. M. *"In my father's house are many mansions."* W. B. BRADBURY.



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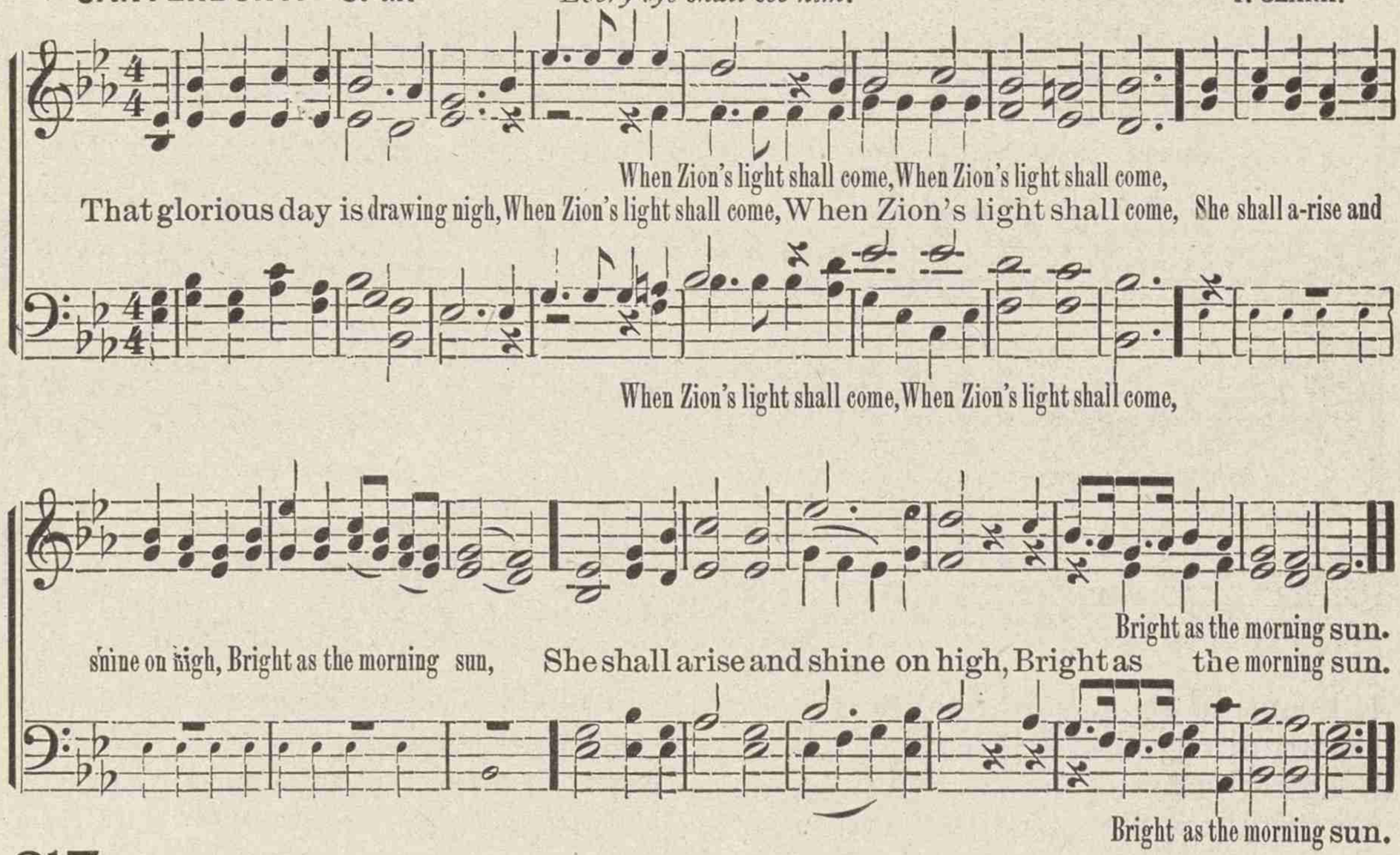
THE LIFE BEYOND.

CANTERBURY. C. M. *"Every eye shall see him."* T. CLARK.



617

Unknown.

1 That glorious day is drawing nigh,
When Zion's light shall come,
She shall arise and shine on high,
Bright as the morning sun.

2 The north and south their sons resign,
And earth's foundations bend,
A bride adorned, Jerusalem
All glorious shall descend.

3 The king who wears the splendid crown,
The azure flaming bow,
The holy city shall bring down,
To bless his church below,

4 When Zion's bleeding, conquering king
Shall sin and death destroy,
The morning stars shall join to sing,
And Zion shout for joy.

5 The holy, bright, angelic band,
Who sing on harps of gold,
In glorious order then shall stand,
Fair Salem to behold.

6 Descending with sweet, melting strains,
Jehovah they adore;
Such shouts through earth's extended plains
Were never heard before.

7 Let Satan rage and boast no more,
Nor think his reign is long:
Though saints are feeble, frail, and poor,
Their great Redeemer's strong.

8 He is their shield and hiding-place,
A covert from the storm,
A fountain in the wilderness,
And their eternal home.

(First verse in music, Riverbank, on the opposite page.)

618

Unknown.

2 Thy walls are all of precious stones,
Most glorious to behold!
Thy gates are richly set with pearl,
Thy streets are paved with gold.

3 Thy gardens and thy pleasant greens
My study long have been;
Such sparkling gems by human sight
Have never yet been seen.

4 If heaven be thus glorious, Lord,
Why should I stay from thence?
What folly 'tis that I should dread
To die and go from hence!

5 Reach down, reach down thine arms of grace,
And cause me to ascend
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths never end.

BEAUTIFUL ZION. 8s.

"Ye are come unto Mount Zion."

WM. B. BRADBURY.

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619

George Gill.

1 Beautiful Zion, built above—
Beautiful city that I love;
Beautiful gates of pearly white;
Beautiful temple—God its light;
He who was slain on Calvary
Opens those pearly gates to me.

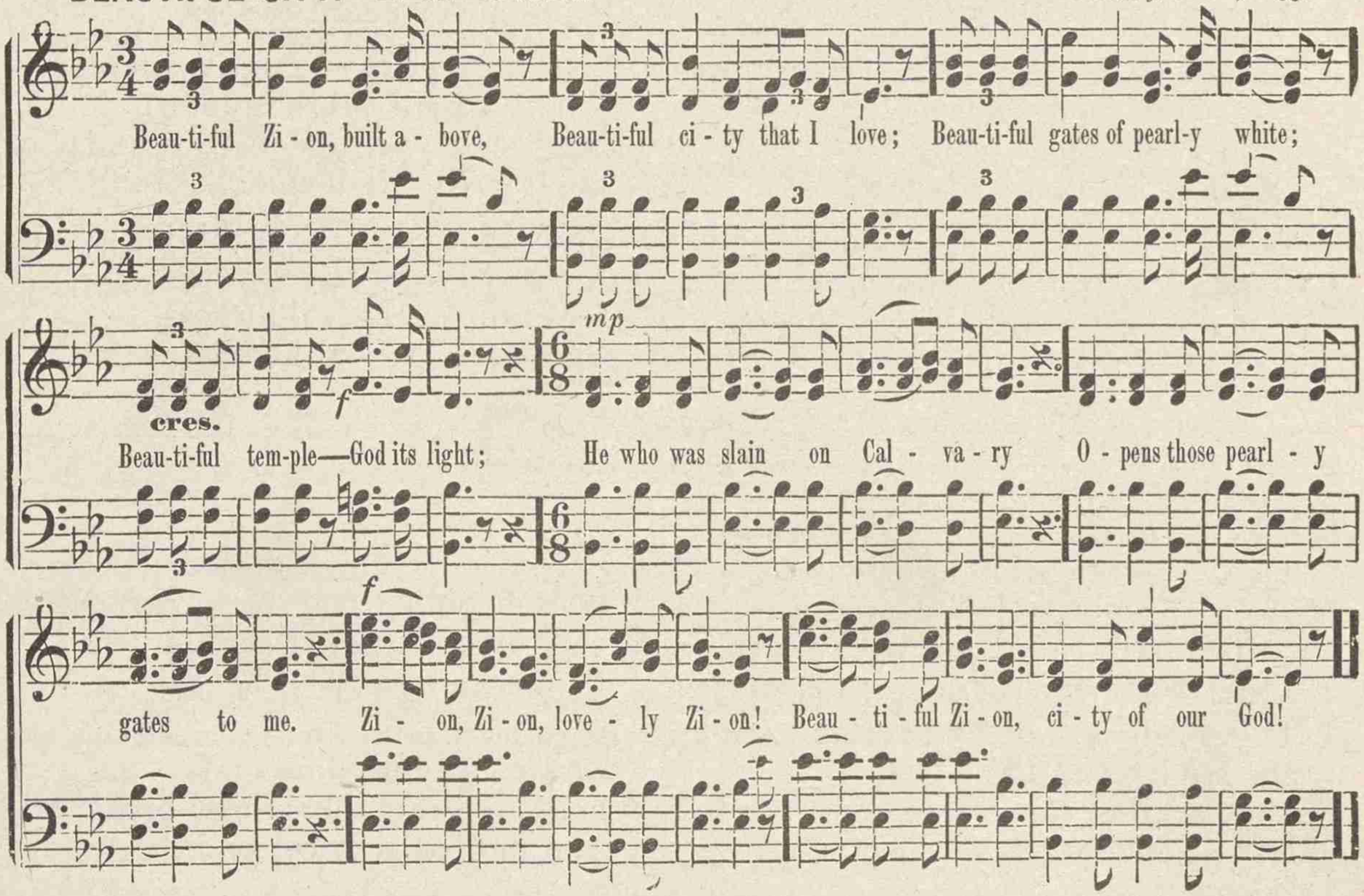
2 Beautiful heaven, where all is light;
Beautiful angels, clothed in white;
Beautiful strains that never tire,
Beautiful harps thro' all the choir;
There shall I join the chorus sweet,
Worshiping at the Saviour's feet.

3 Beautiful crowns on every brow;
Beautiful palms the conquerors show,
Beautiful robes the ransomed wear,
Beautiful all who enter there!
Thither I press with eager feet,
There shall my rest be long and sweet.

4 Beautiful throne for Christ our King,
Beautiful songs the angels sing,
Beautiful rest—all wand'rings cease,
Beautiful home of perfect peace;
There shall my eyes the Saviour see:
Haste to this heavenly home with me.

BEAUTIFUL CITY. L. M. 6 lines.

THOS. J. COOK, 1853.



HOME, SWEET HOME. IIs. *"I go to prepare a place for you."* H. R. BISHOP, 1823.

620 David Denham.

1 Mid scenes of confusion and creature complaints,
How sweet to my soul is communion with saints;
To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home!

2 Sweet bonds, that unite all the children of peace;
And thrice blessed Jesus, whose love can not cease;
Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold thee in glory at home.

3 While here in the valley of conflict I stray,
O give me submission and strength as my day;
In all my afflictions to thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

4 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauty to shine,
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine;
And in thy dear image arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise thee at home.

621 Unknown.

1 An alien from God, and a stranger to grace,
I wandered through earth, its gay pleasures to trace;
In the pathway of sin I continued to roam,
Unmindful, alas! that it led me from home.

2 The pleasures of earth I have seen fade away,
They bloom for a season, but soon they decay;
But pleasures more lasting in Jesus are given—
Salvation on earth, and a mansion in heaven.

3 Farewell, vain amusements—my follies, adieu—
While Jesus, and heaven, and glory I view;
I feast on the pleasures that flow from his throne,
The fore-taste of heaven, sweet heaven, my home.

4 The days of my exile are passing away,
The time is approaching when Jesus will say,
"Well done, faithful servant, sit down on my throne,
And dwell in my presence for ever at home.

THE LIFE BEYOND.

BEAUTIFUL VALLEY. 8s & 6s. *"A rest to the people of God."* WM. F. SHERWIN.

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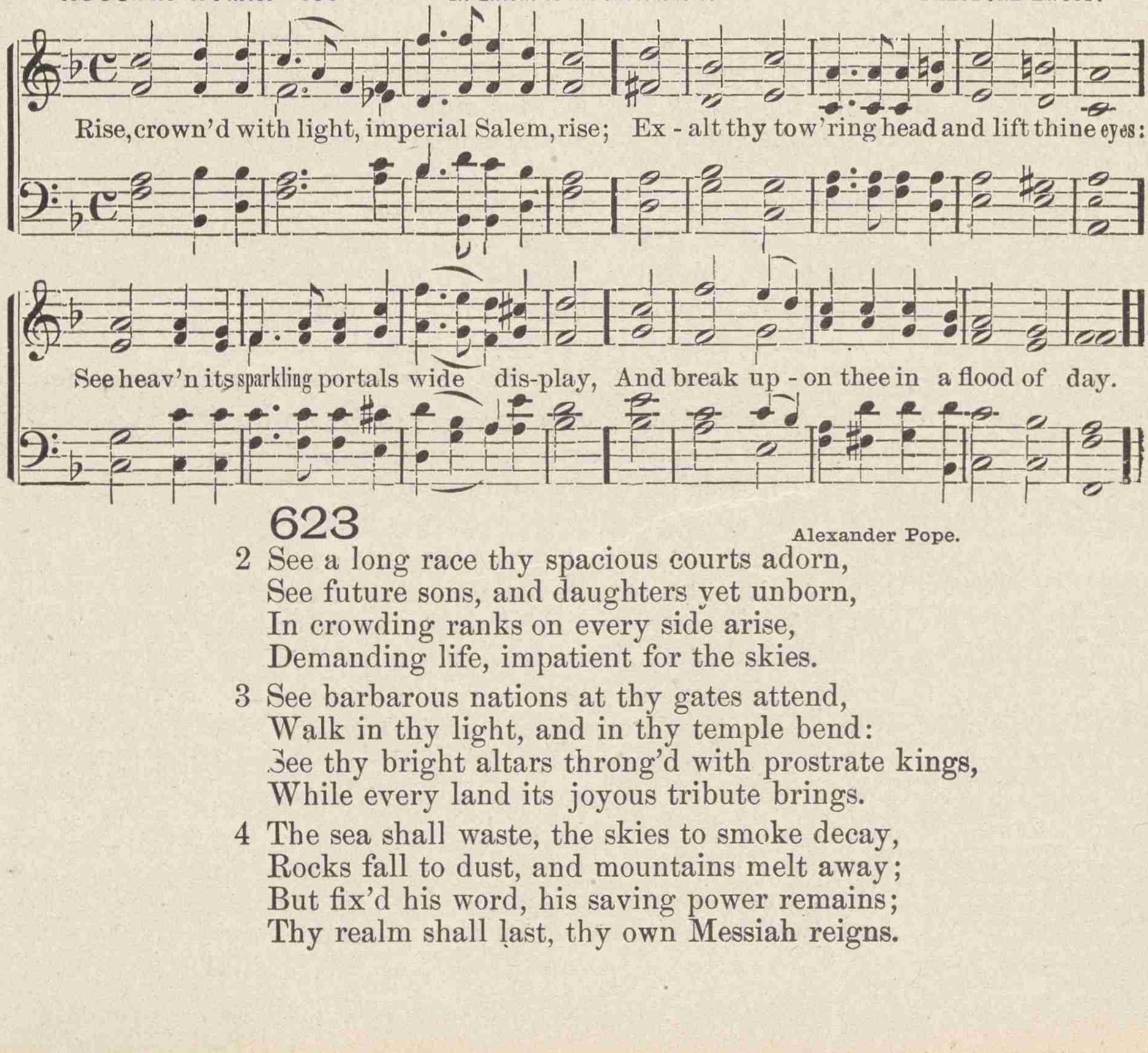
622 W. O. Cushing.

2 Over the heart of the mourner
Shineth thy golden day,
Wafting the songs of the angels
Down from the far away.

3 There is the home of my Saviour;
There, with the blood-wash'd throng,
Over the highlands of glory
Rolleth the great new song.

RUSSIAN HYMN. 10s. *"In Salem is his tabernacle."* THEODORE LWOFF.



623 Alexander Pope.

2 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn,
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies.

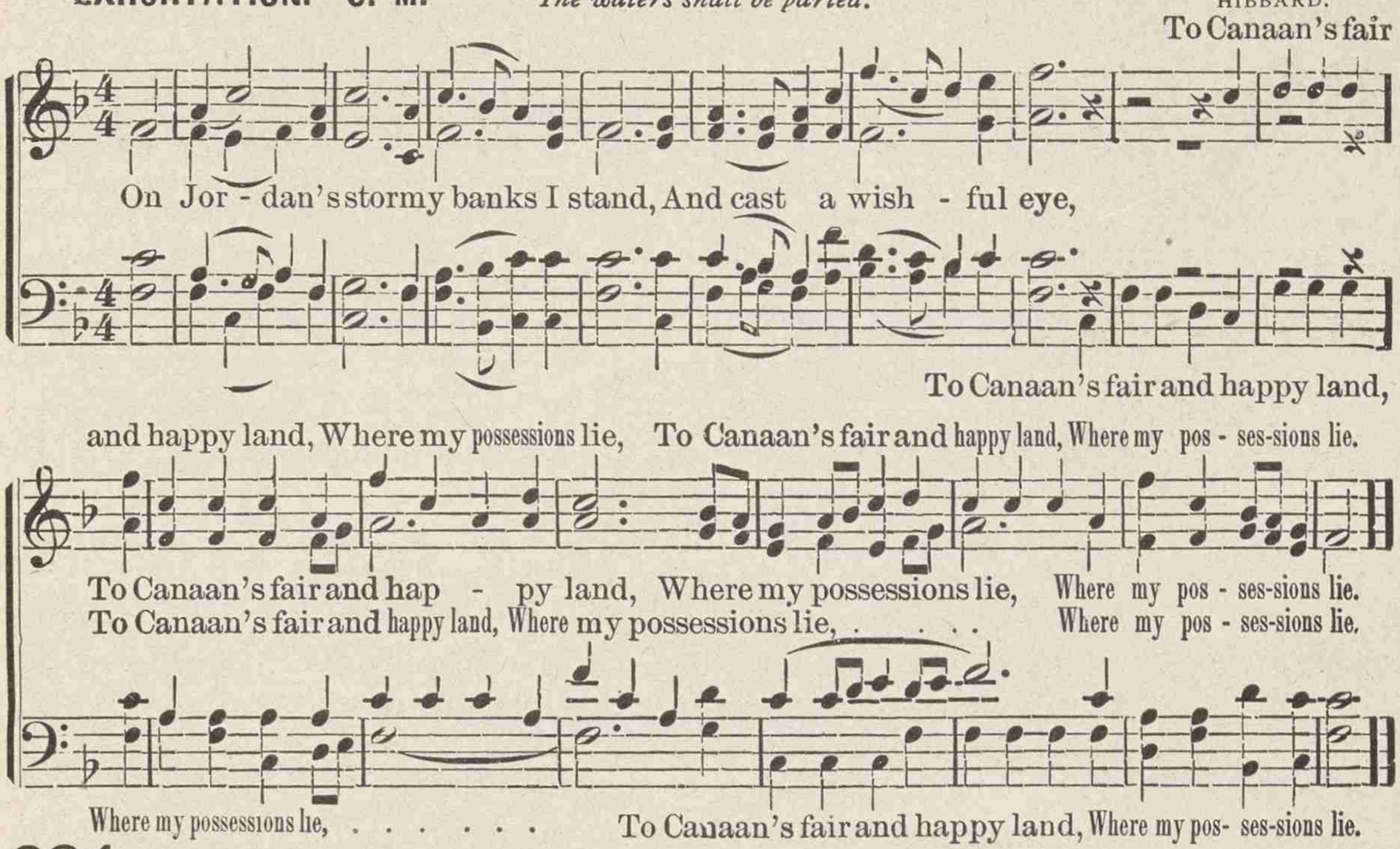
3 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend:
See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
While every land its joyous tribute brings.

4 The sea shall waste, the skies to smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fix'd his word, his saving power remains;
Thy realm shall last, thy own Messiah reigns.

THE LIFE BEYOND.

EXHORTATION. C. M. *"The waters shall be parted."*

HIBBARD.



624

Samuel Stennett.

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

2 O the transporting, rapturous scene
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields array'd in living green,
And rivers of delight!

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

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

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

6 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

HOUSTON. C. M.

REV. C. H. DUNBAR, Arr.

THE LIFE BEYOND.

KIMMEL. 12s. *"My soul is weary of my life."* W. T. MOORE.

625

W. T. Moore.

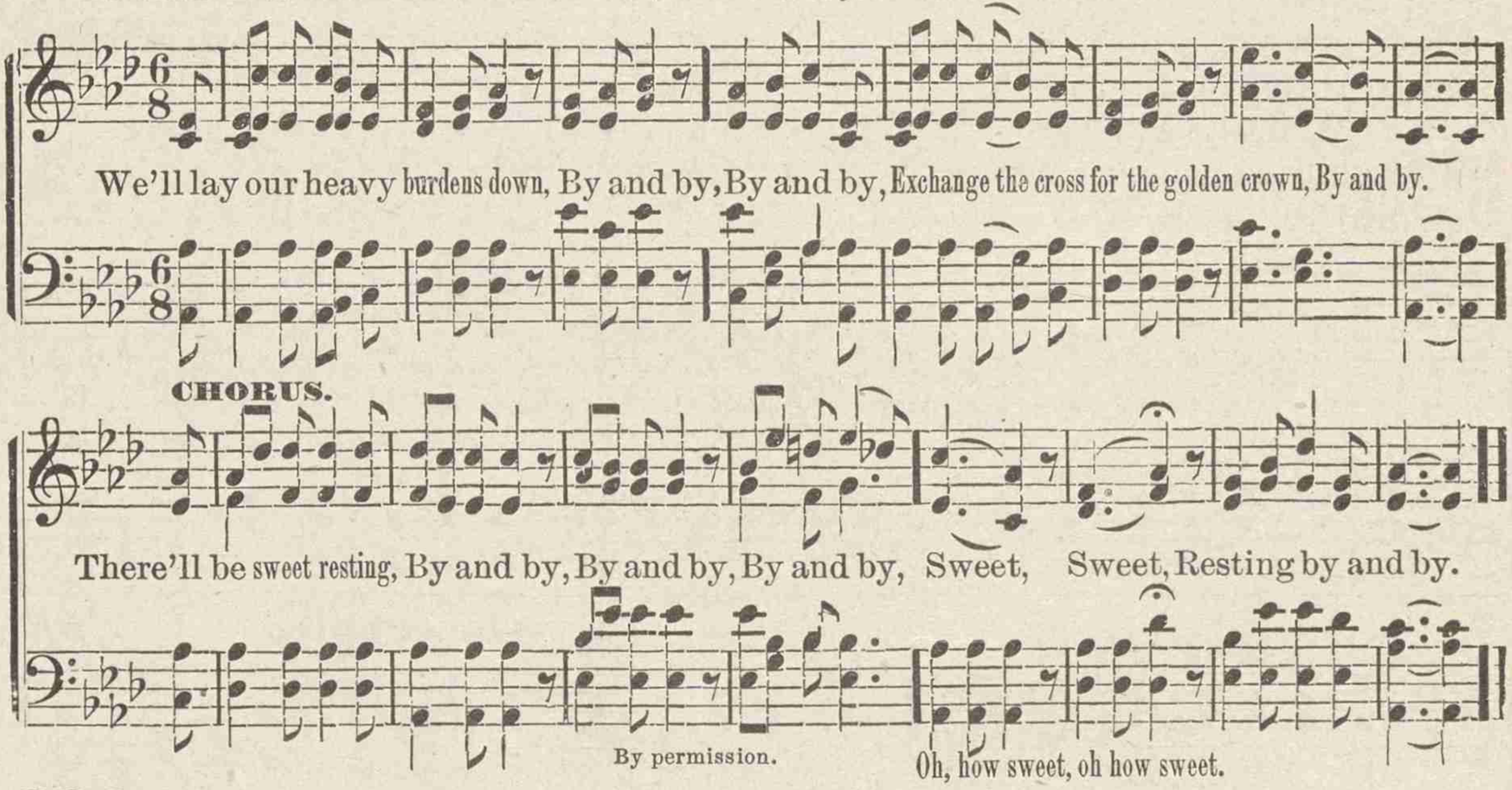
1 I am weary of straying; oh, fain would I rest
In that far distant land of the pure and the blest;
Where sin can no longer her blandishment spread,
And tears and temptations forever are fled.

2 I am weary of hoping, where hope is untrue,
As fair but as fleeting as morning's bright dew;
I long for the land whose blest promise alone
Is as changeless and sure as eternity's throne.

3 I am weary of sighing o'er sorrows of earth,
O'er joy's glowing visions that fade at their birth,
O'er pangs of the loved, which we can not assuage,
O'er the blightings of youth, and the weakness of age.

4 I am weary of loving what passes away—
The sweetest and dearest, alas! may not stay;
I long for that land where those partings are o'er,
And death and the tomb can divide hearts no more.

BY AND BY. P. M. *"Ye shall find rest unto your souls."* T. C. O'KANE.



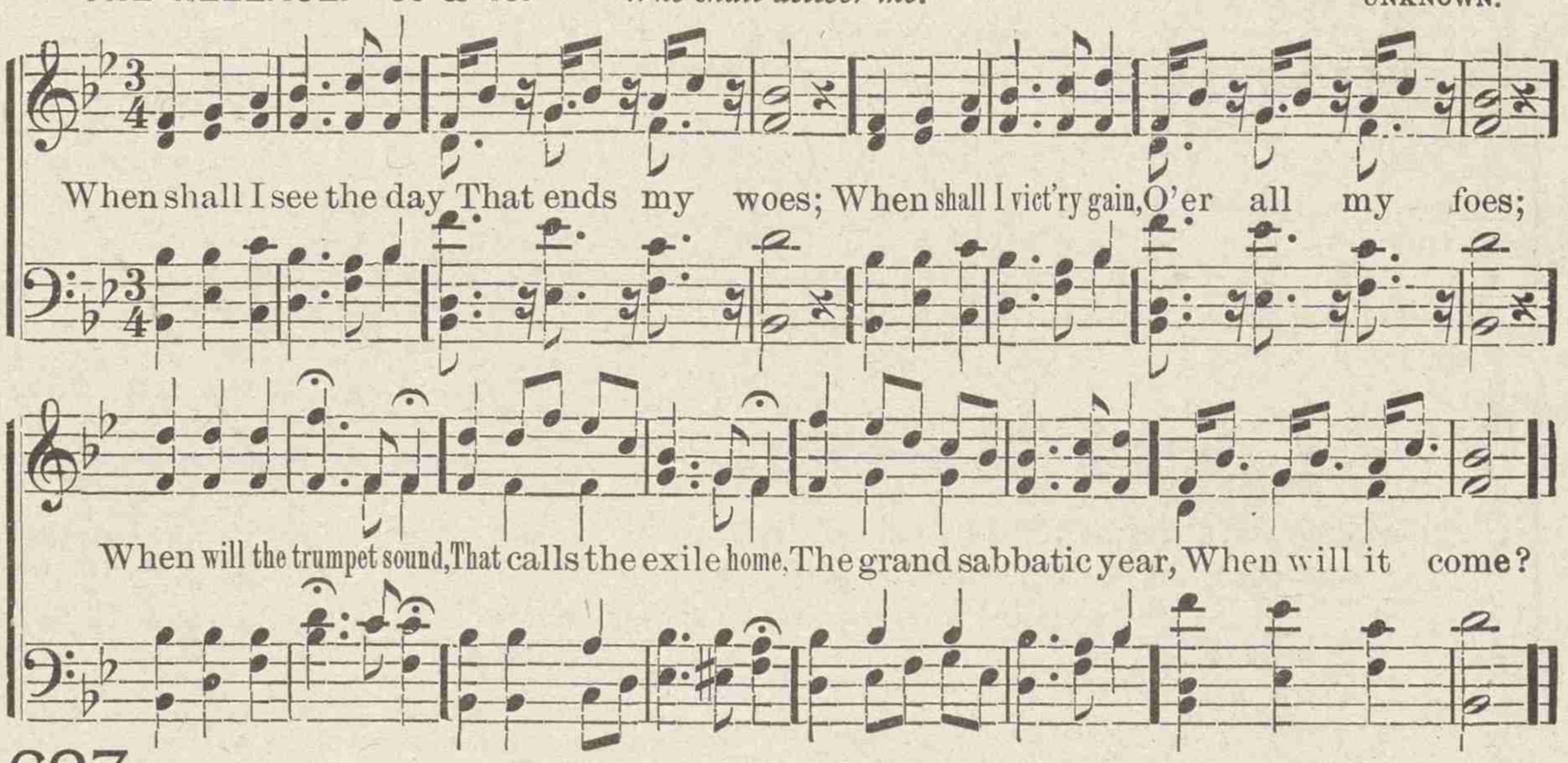
626

E. A. Hoffman.

2 We'll sing with all the ransom'd there,
By and by,
And swell our praise on the balmy air,
By and by.

3 We'll be with Jesus where he is,
By and by,
A home more brightly fair than this,
By and by.

THE RELEASE. 6s & 4s. *"Who shall deliver me."* UNKNOWN.



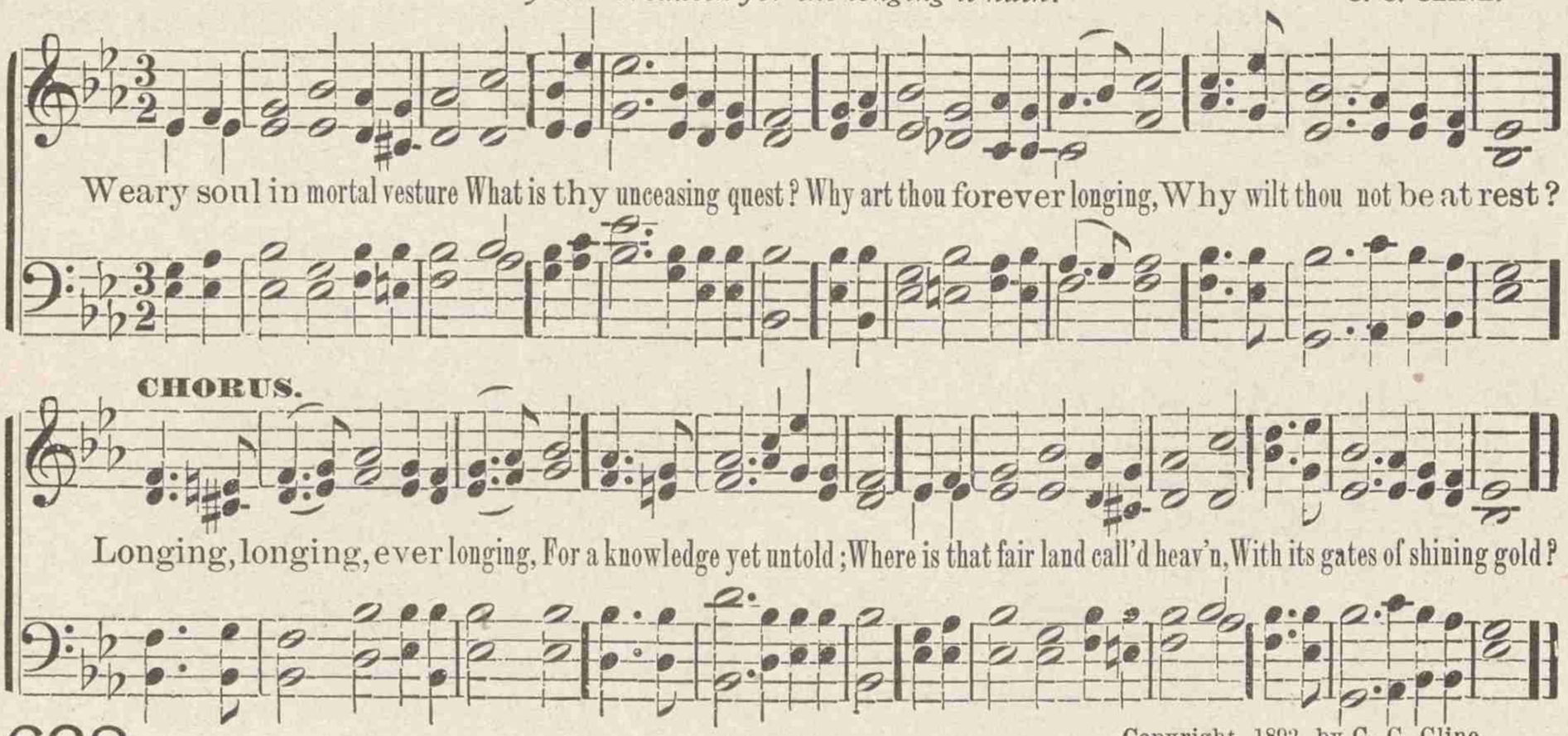
627

Unknown.

2 A crown of glory bright
By faith I see,
In yonder realms of light
Prepared for me.
O may I faithful prove,
And keep the prize in view;
And thro' the storms of life
My way pursue.

3 Jesus, be thou my guide,
My steps attend;
O keep me near thy side.
Be thou my Friend;
Be thou my shield and sun,
My Saviour and my guard;
And when my work is done,
My great reward.

LONGING. 8s & 7s. *"My soul breaketh for the longing it hath."* C. C. CLINE.



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628

Ida M. Grant.

2 Askest thou, my anxious spirit
Where is thy eternal home?
Where are built the many mansions
Where shalt thou forever roam?

3 Searchest thou the silent heavens,
For an answer to thy prayer?
Asking where abides the Saviour
And the joys that thou shalt share?

4 Where doth rise the wall of Jasper.
Rising by the stream of life
Where is built the unseen city,
Knowing neither sin nor strife?

5 Patient, still, my captive spirit,
Question not; thou need'st but wait:
Patient, till thy wings unsheathing
Bear thee thro' the golden gate.

THE LIFE BEYOND.

YE WINGED WINDS. P. M. *"There the weary be at rest."* ARR. BY C. C. CLINE.

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629 Charles Mackay.

1 Tell me, ye winged winds,
That round my pathway roar,
Do ye not know some spot
Where mortals weep no more?
Some lone and pleasant dell,
Some valley in the West,
Where, free from toil and pain,
The weary soul may rest?
The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity as it answered, "No!"

2 Tell me thou mighty deep,
Whose billows round me play,
Know'st thou some favored spot,
Some island far away,
Where weary man may find
The bliss for which he sighs,—
Where sorrow never lives,
And friendship never dies?
The loud waves, rolling in perpetual flow,
Stopped for a while, and sighed to answer, "No."

3 And thou serenest moon,
That with such lovely face,
Dost look upon the earth,
Asleep in night's embrace;
Tell me, in all thy round
Hast thou not seen some spot
Where miserable man
May find a happier lot?
Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in woe,
And a voice, sweet but sad, responded, "No."

4 Tell me, my secret soul,
O, tell me, Hope and Faith,
Is there no resting-place
From sorrow, sin, and death?
Is there no happy spot
Where mortals may be blessed
Where grief may find a balm,
And weariness a rest?
Faith, Hope, and Love, best boons to mortals given,
Waved their bright wings, and whispered, "yes, in heaven."

SOME SWEET DAY. P. M. *"David longed to go forth."*

D. B. TOWNER.

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630

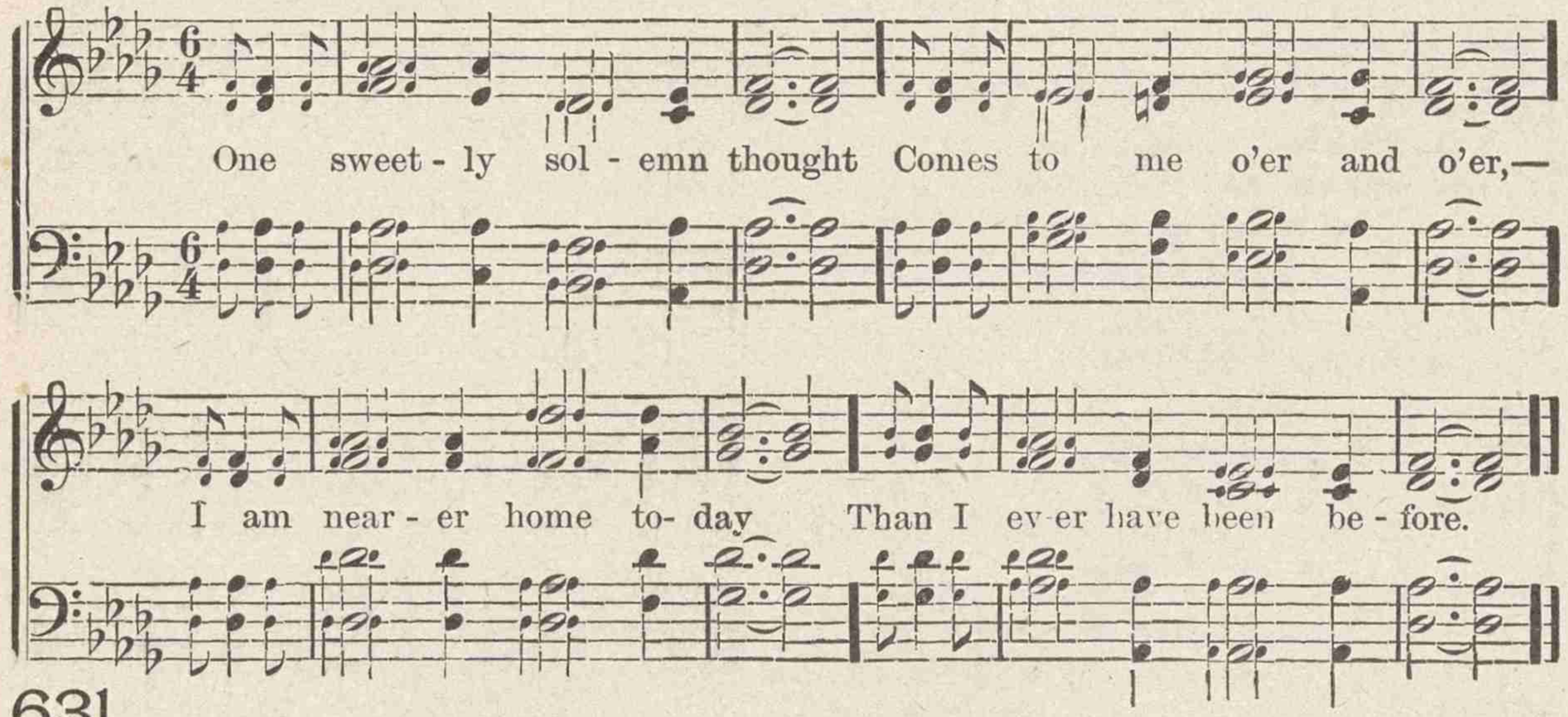
Arthur W. French.

2 We shall pass inside the gate,
Some sweet day, some sweet day;
Peace and plenty for us wait,
Some sweet day, some sweet day;
We shall hear the wondrous strain,
Glory to the Lamb that's slain,
Christ was dead, but lives again,
Some sweet day, some sweet day.

3 We shall meet our loved and own,
Some sweet day, some sweet day;
Gath'ring round the great white throne,
Some sweet day, some sweet day;
By the tree of life so fair,
Joy and rapture ev'rywhere,
O the bliss of over there!
Some sweet day, some sweet day.

CARY. C. (Irregular.) *"Man goeth to his long home."*

EBEN TOURJEE, arr. by L. FRANKLIN SNOW.



631

From Phœbe Cary.

2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne;
Nearer the crystal sea;

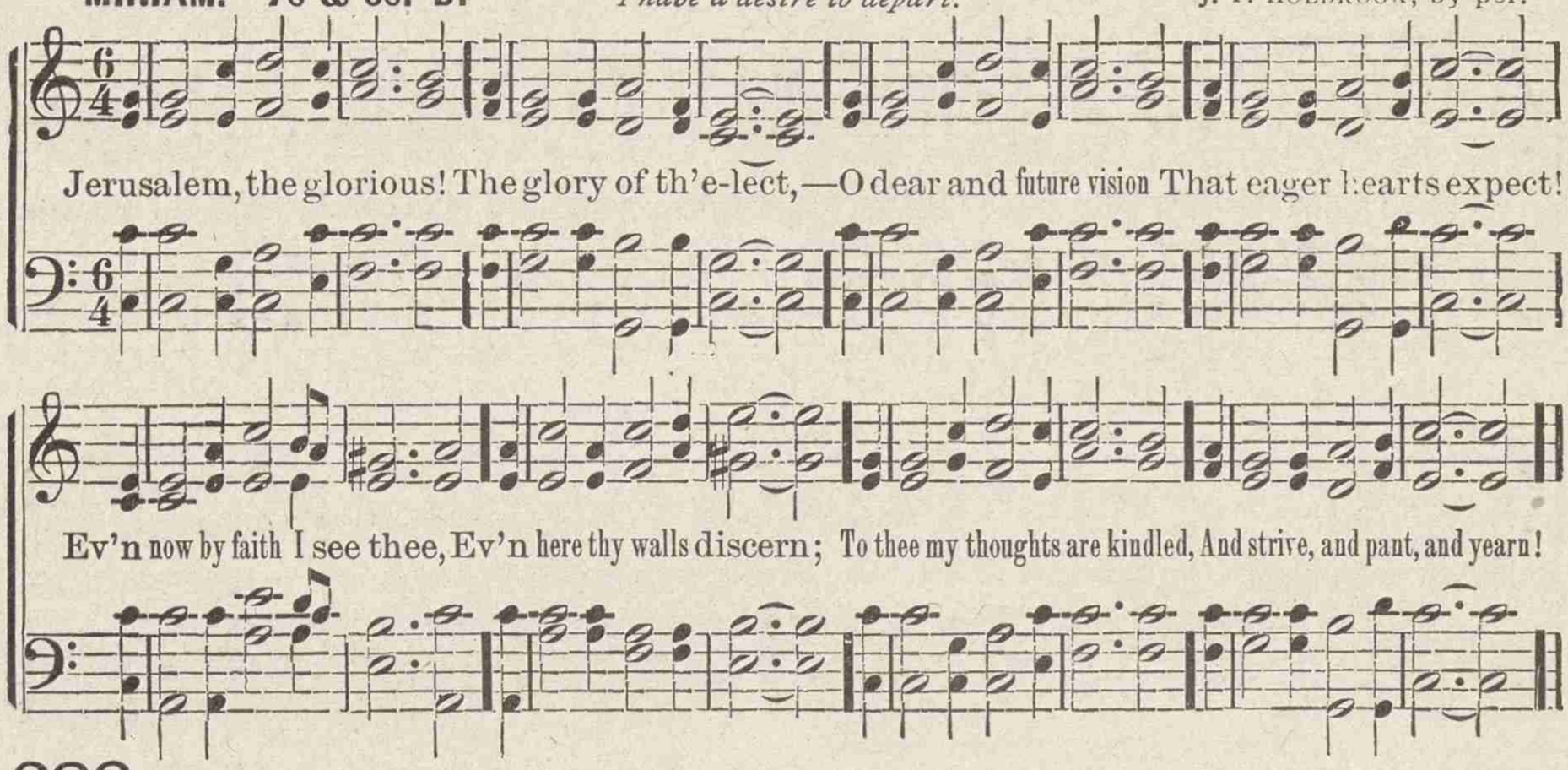
3 Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross;
Nearer gaining the crown.

4 Father, perfect my trust!
Strengthen the might of my faith;
Let me feel as I would when I stand
On the rock of the shore of death:

5 Feel as I would when my feet
Are slipping over the brink:
For it may be, I'm nearer home—
Nearer now than I think!

THE LIFE BEYOND.

MIRIAM. 7s & 6s. D. *"I have a desire to depart."* J. P. HOLBROOK, by per.

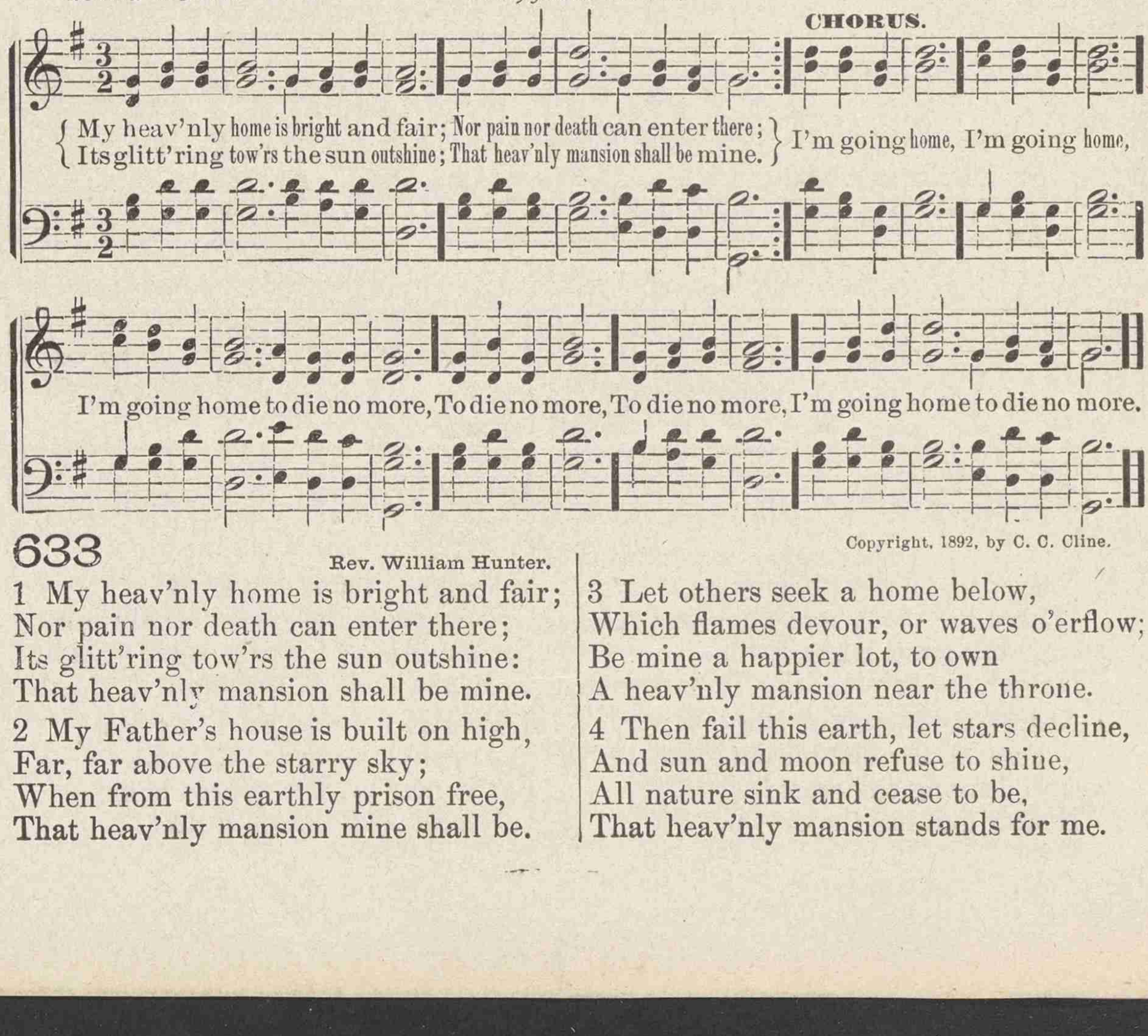


632 J. M. Neale.

2 The Cross is all thy splendor,
The Crucified, thy praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise;—
Jerusalem! exulting
On that securest shore,
I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee,
And love thee evermore!

3 O sweet and blessed Country!
Shall I e'er see thy face?
O sweet and blessed Country!
Shall I e'er win thy grace?
Exult, O dust and ashes!
The Lord shall be thy part;
His only, his for ever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art!

GOING HOME. L. M. *"In my father's house."* ARR. BY C. C. CLINE.



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633 Rev. William Hunter.

1 My heav'nly home is bright and fair;
Nor pain nor death can enter there;
Its glitt'ring tow'rs the sun outshine:
That heav'nly mansion shall be mine.

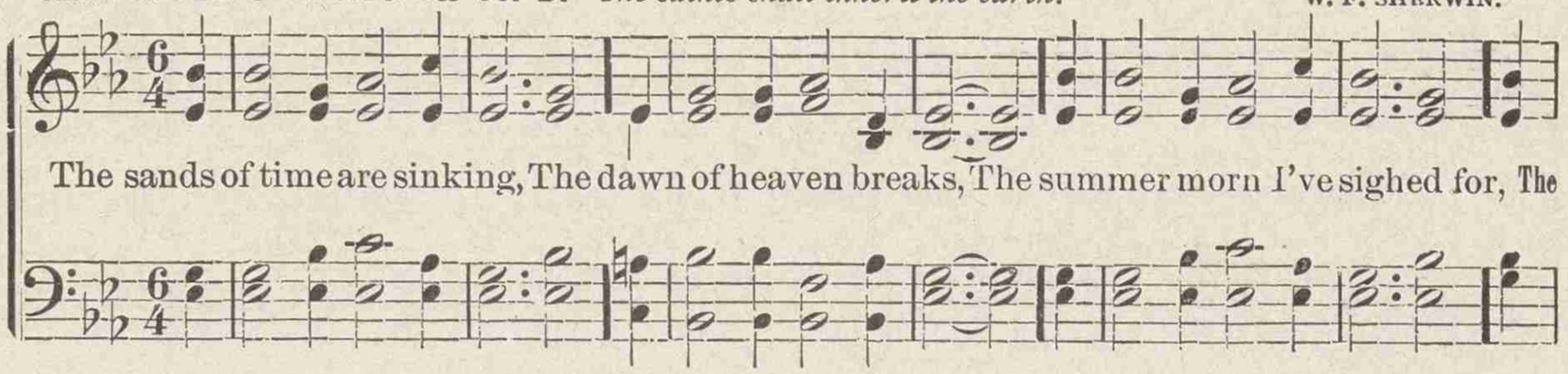
2 My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heav'nly mansion mine shall be.

3 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow;
Be mine a happier lot, to own
A heav'nly mansion near the throne.

4 Then fail this earth, let stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine,
All nature sink and cease to be,
That heav'nly mansion stands for me.

THE LIFE BEYOND.

IMMANUEL'S LAND.7s& 6s. D. *"The saints shall inherit the earth."* W. F. SHERWIN.



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634 Mrs. Cousin.

1 The sands of time are sinking,
The dawn of heaven breaks,
The summer morn I've sighed for,
The fair sweet morn awakes:
Dark, dark hath been the midnight,
But day-spring is at hand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

2 Oh, Christ, he is the fountain,
The deep sweet well of love;
The streams of earth I've tasted,
More deep I'll drink above,
There to an ocean fullness
His mercy doth expand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

3 With mercy and with judgment,
My web of time he wove,
And aye the dews of sorrow
Were lustered with his love.
I'll bless the hand that guided,
I'll bless the heart that planned,
When throned where glory dwelleth,
In Immanuel's land.

635 Mrs. Cousin.

1 Oh, I am my Beloved's,
And my Beloved's mine;
He brings a poor vile sinner
Into his "house of wine."
I stand upon his merit;
I know no other stand,
Not e'en where glory dwelleth,
In Immanuel's land.

2 I've wrestled on towards heaven,
'Gainst storm, and wind, and tide,
Now, like a weary trav'ler
That leaneth on his guide,
Amid the shades of evening,
While sinks life's lingering sand,
I hail the glory dawning
From Immanuel's land.

3 The bride eyes not her garment,
But her dear bridegroom's face;
I will not gaze at glory,
But on my King of Grace—
Not at the crown he giveth,
But on his pierced hand;—
The Lamb is all the glory
Of Immaunel's land.

THE LIFE BEYOND.

GUIDANCE. 8s & 7s. D. *"Isa. 33: 17."*

F. VON FLOTOW,
Har. by H. P. MAIN.

636 German.

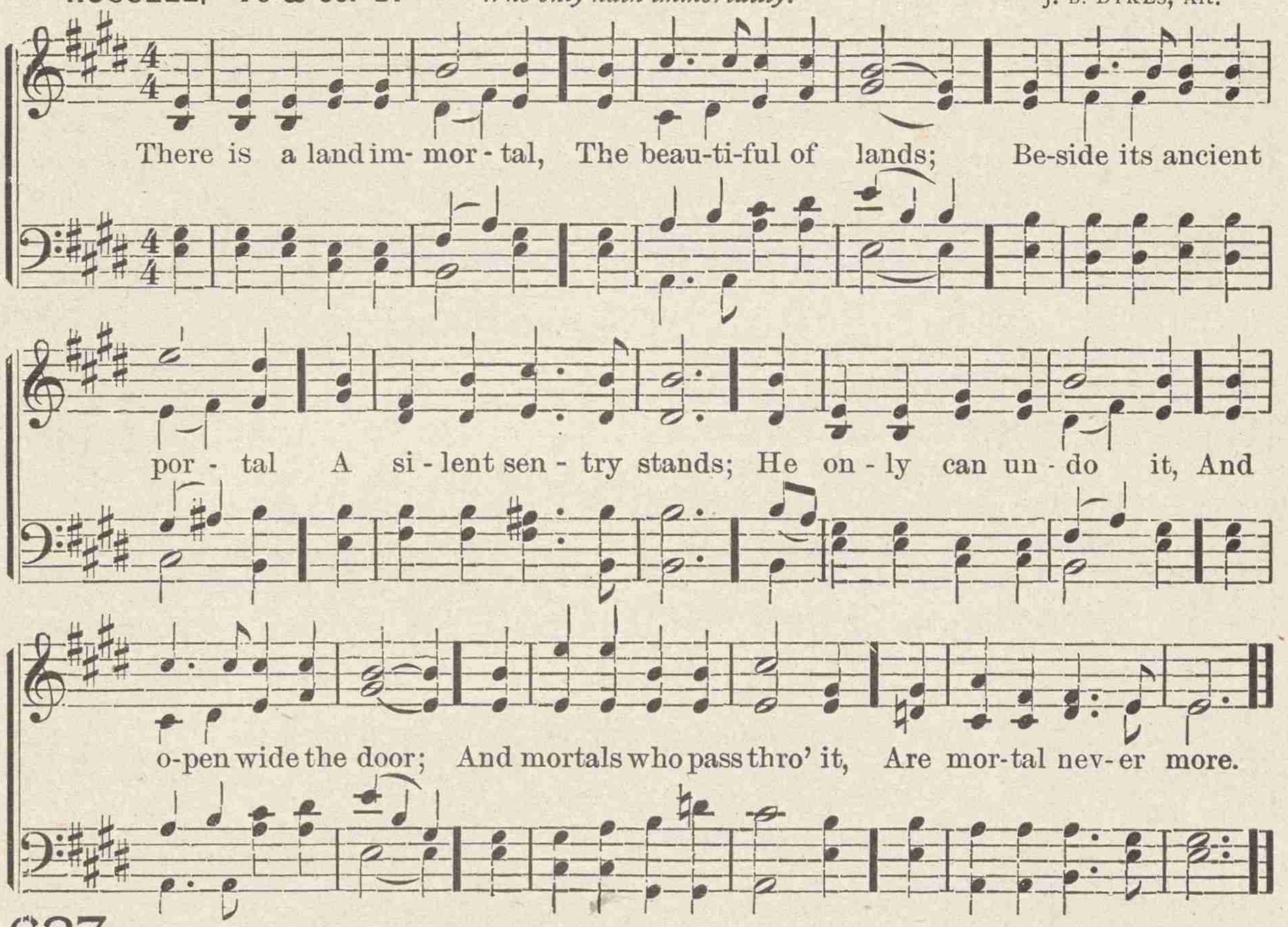
1 Time, thou speedest on but slowly,
Hours, how tardy is your pace!
Ere with him, the high and holy,
I hold converse face to face.
Here is naught but care and mourning;
Comes a joy, it will not stay;
Fairly shines the sun at dawning,
Night will soon o'ercloud the day.

2 Onward, then! not long I wander
Ere my Saviour comes for me,
And with him abiding yonder,
All his glory I shall see.
Oh! the music and the singing
Of the host redeemed by love!
Oh! the hallelujahs ringing
Through the halls of light above!

FATHERLAND. 6s & 4s. *"Ye are strangers and pilgrims."*

THE LIFE BEYOND.

RUSSELL. 7s & 6s. D. *"Who only hath immortality."* J. B. DYKES, Alt.



637

MacKellar.

2 Though dark and drear the passage
That leadeth to the gate,
Yet grace comes with the message,
To souls that watch and wait;
And at the time appointed
A messenger comes down,
And leads the Lord's anointed
From cross to glory's crown.

3 Their sighs are lost in singing,
They're blessed in their tears;
They journey heavenward winging,
They leave on earth their fears:
Death like an angel seemeth;
"We welcome thee," they cry;
Their face with glory beameth—
'Tis life for them to die!

FATHERLAND.—Concluded.

638

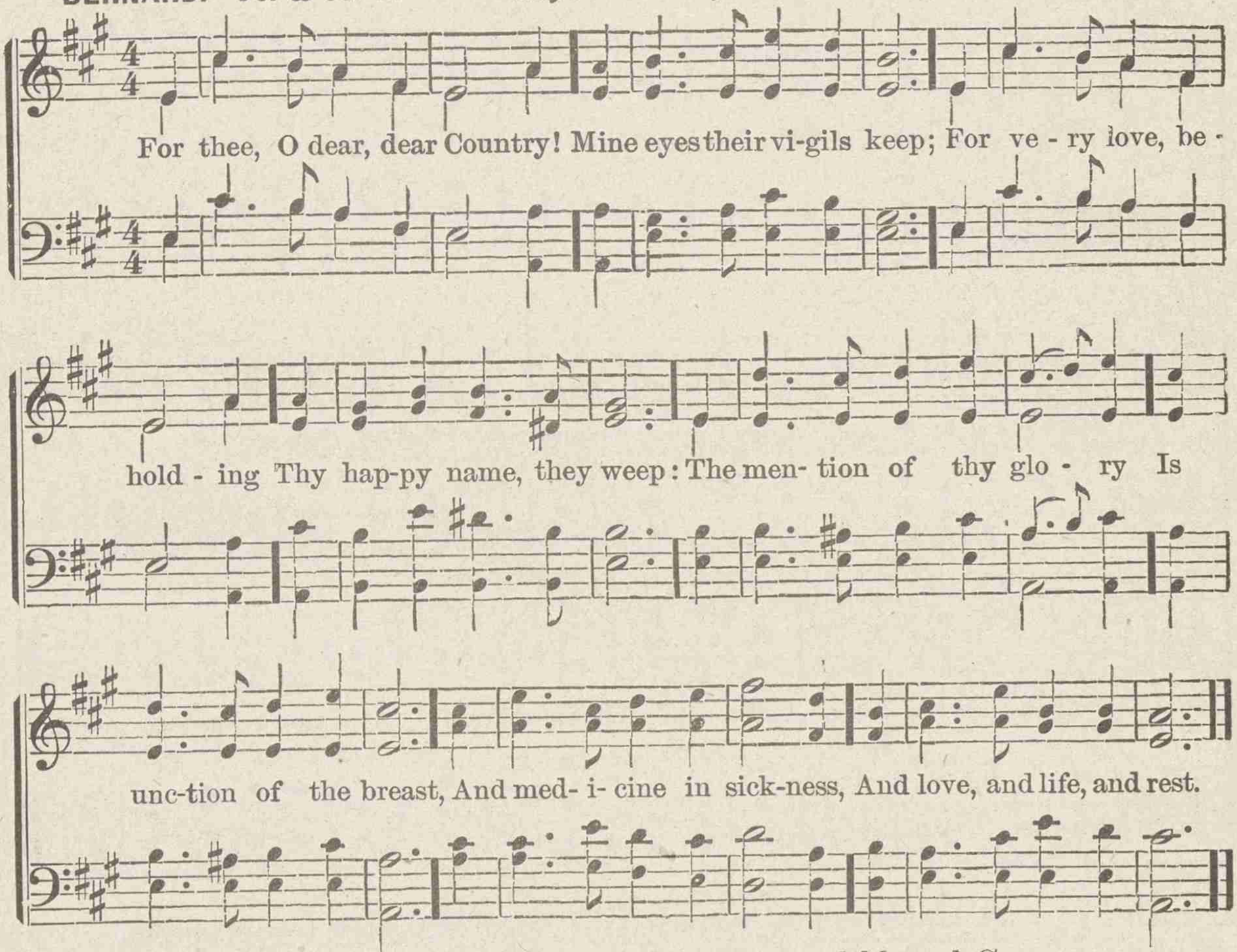
T. R. Taylor.

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

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

THE LIFE BEYOND.

BERNARD. 7s. & 6s. D. *"They seek a country."* J. P. HOLBROOK, by per.



639 Neale, Tr.

1 For thee, O dear, dear Country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep:
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.

2 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away!
Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

3 With jasper glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emeralds blaze;
Thy sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays;
Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced;
The saints build up its fabric,
The corner-stone is Christ.

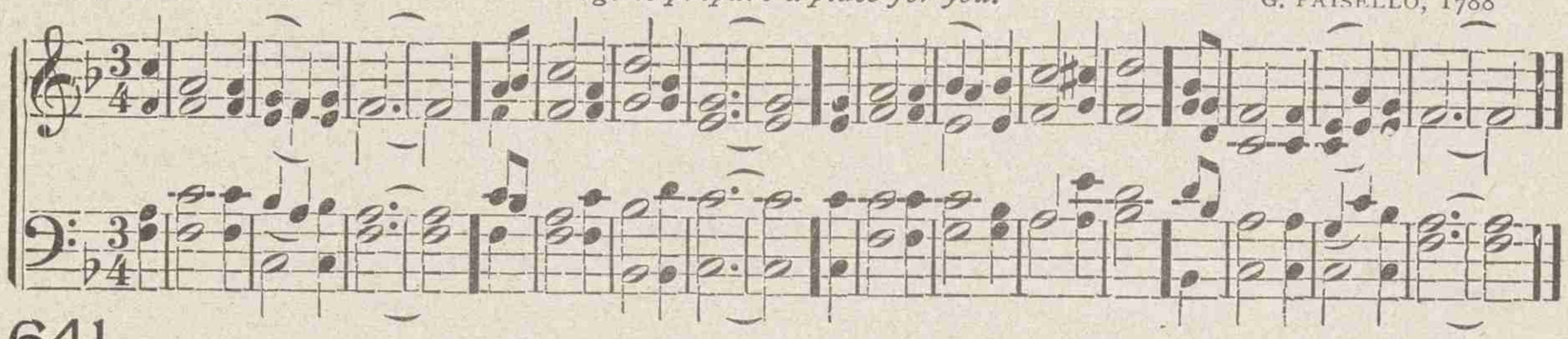
4 O sweet and blessed Country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed Country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us,
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

640 Bonar.

1 No seas again shall sever,
No desert intervene;
No deep sad-flowing river
Shall roll its tide between:
Love and unsevered union
Of soul with those we love,
Nearness and glad communion,
Shall be our joy above.

2 No dread of wasting sickness,
No thought of ache or pain,
No fretting hours of weakness,
Shall mar our peace again:
No death our homes o'ershading
Shall e'er our harps unstring;
For all is life unfading
In presence of our King!

VIGIL. S. M. *"I go to prepare a place for you."* G. PAISELLO, 1788



641

H. Bennett.

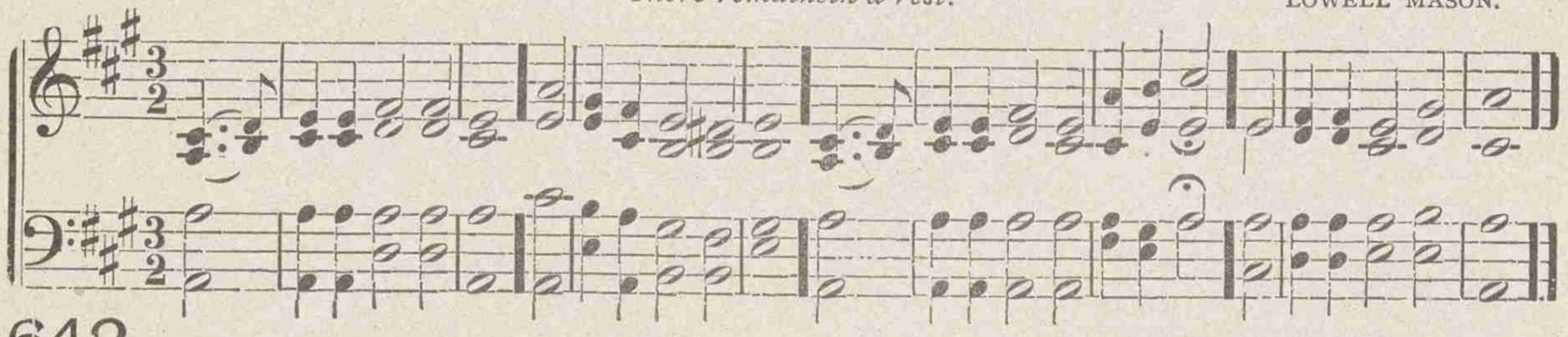
1 I have a home above,
From sin and sorrow free;
A mansion which eternal love
Designed and formed for me.

2 My Father's gracious hand
Has built this sweet abode;
From everlasting it was planned—
My dwelling-place with God.

3 My Saviour's precious blood
Has made my title sure;
He passed thro' death's dark raging flood
To make my rest secure.

4 The Comforter has come,
The earnest has been given;
He leads me onward to the home
Reserved for me in heaven.

HAVERHILL. S. M. *"There remaineth a rest."* LOWELL MASON.



642

Ray Palmer.

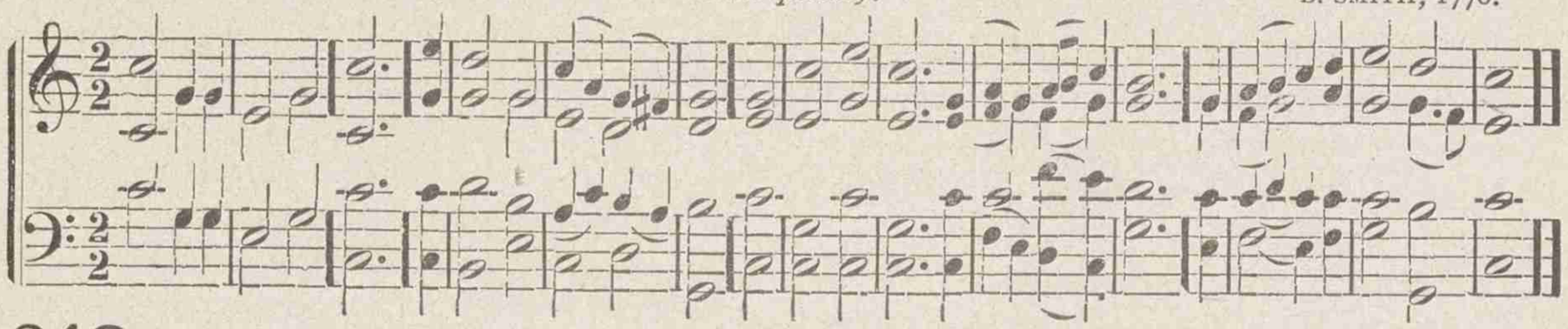
1 And is there, Lord, a rest
For weary souls designed,
Where not a care shall stir the breast,
Or sorrow entrance find?

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

3 For ever blessed they,
Whose joyful feet shall stand,
While endless ages waste away,
Amid that glorious land!

4 My soul would thither tend,
While toilsome years are given;
Then let me, gracious God, ascend
To sweet repose in heaven!

SILVER STREET. S. M. *"Come quickly."* L. SMITH, 1770.



643

Horatius Bonar, 1857.

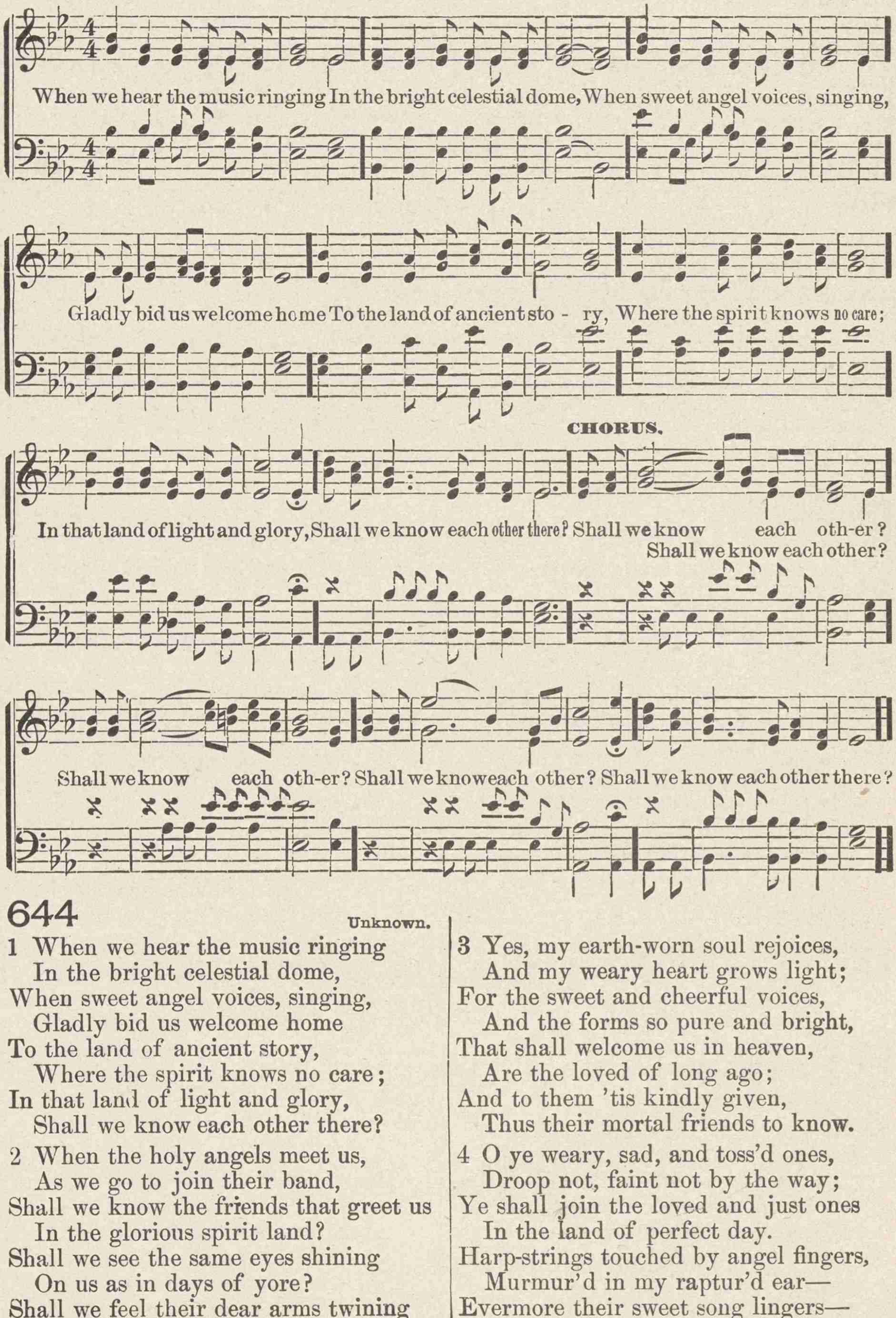
1 Come, Lord, and tarry not!
Bring the long-looked-for day;
O why these years of waiting here,
These ages of delay?

2 Come, for thy saints still wait;
Daily ascends their sigh;
The Spirit and the Bride say, Come!
Dost thou not hear the cry?

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

4 Come, and begin thy reign
Of everlasting peace;
Come, take the kingdom to thyself,
Great King of righteousness!

SHALL WE KNOW? 8s & 7s. D. *"Then shall I know."* ROBERT LOWRY, 1864.



644

Unknown.

1 When we hear the music ringing
In the bright celestial dome,
When sweet angel voices, singing,
Gladly bid us welcome home
To the land of ancient story,
Where the spirit knows no care;
In that land of light and glory,
Shall we know each other there?

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

3 Yes, my earth-worn soul rejoices,
And my weary heart grows light;
For the sweet and cheerful voices,
And the forms so pure and bright,
That shall welcome us in heaven,
Are the loved of long ago;
And to them 'tis kindly given,
Thus their mortal friends to know.

4 O ye weary, sad, and toss'd ones,
Droop not, faint not by the way;
Ye shall join the loved and just ones
In the land of perfect day.
Harp-strings touched by angel fingers,
Murmur'd in my raptur'd ear—
Evermore their sweet song lingers—
We shall know each other there.

THE LIFE BEYOND.

WE SHALL KNOW. 8s & 7s. D. *"Even as also I am known."* J. H. ANDERSON.

645

Annie Herbert.

1 When the mists have roll'd in splendor
From the summit of the hills,
And the sunshine, warm and tender,
Falls in kisses on the rills,
We may read love's shining letter
In the rain-bow of the spray;
We shall know each other better
When the mists have clear'd away.

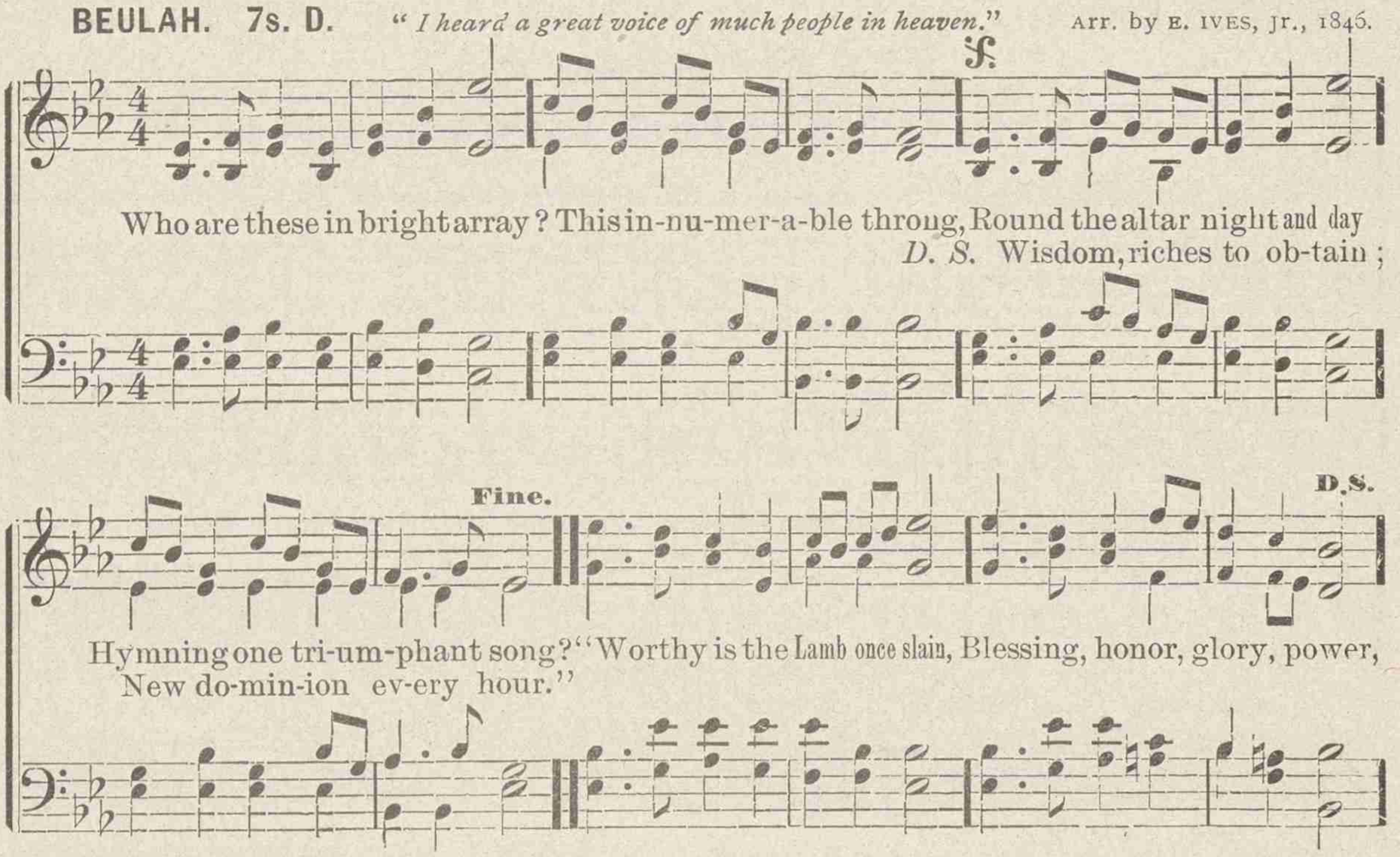
2 If we err in human blindness,
And forget that we are dust;
If we miss the law of kindness
When we struggle to be just,
Snowy wings of love shall cover
All the faults that hide away,
When the weary watch is over,
And the mists have clear'd away.

3 When the mists have ris'n above us,
As our Father knows his own,
Face to face with those that love us,
We shall know as we are known;
Lo! beyond the orient meadows
Floats the golden fringe of day;
Heart to heart, we bide the shadows
Till the mists have clear'd away.

4 When the silv'ry mists have veil'd us
From the faces of our own,
Oft we think their love has fail'd us,
And we tread our path alone;
We should love them well and truly,
We should trust them day by day;
Neither hate nor love unduly,
If the mists were clear'd away.

THE LIFE BEYOND.

BEULAH. 7s. D. *"I heard a great voice of much people in heaven."* Arr. by E. IVES, Jr., 1846.



646 James Montgomery, 1819.

1 Who are these in bright array,
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar night and day,
Hymning one triumphant song?
Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
Blessing, honor, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches to obtain;
New dominion every hour.

2 These through fiery trials trod;
These from great afflictions came;
Now, before the throne of God,
Sealed with his almighty name,
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor-palms in every hand,
Through their great Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them the Lamb, amidst the throne,
Shall to living fountains lead:
Joy and gladness banish sighs;
Perfect love dispels all fears;
And forever from their eyes
God shall wipe away their tears.

FOREST. L. M. *"God is a consuming fire."* A. CHAPIN.

647 Thomas de Celano, 1230.
Tr. by Sir Walter Scott, 1805.

2 When, shriveling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll,
And louder yet, and yet more dread,
Resounds the trump that wakes the dead?

3 O on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

THE LIFE BEYOND.

MARLOW. C. M. *"Certainty of Judgment."* JOHN CHETHAM, 1718.

648

Isaac Watts, 1707.

1 That awful day will surely come,
Th' appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before the Judge
And pass the solemn test.

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

3 Oh, wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my dreadful station where
I must not taste his love!

4 Oh, tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands;
Show me some promise in thy book
Where my salvation stands.

649

Charles Wesley.

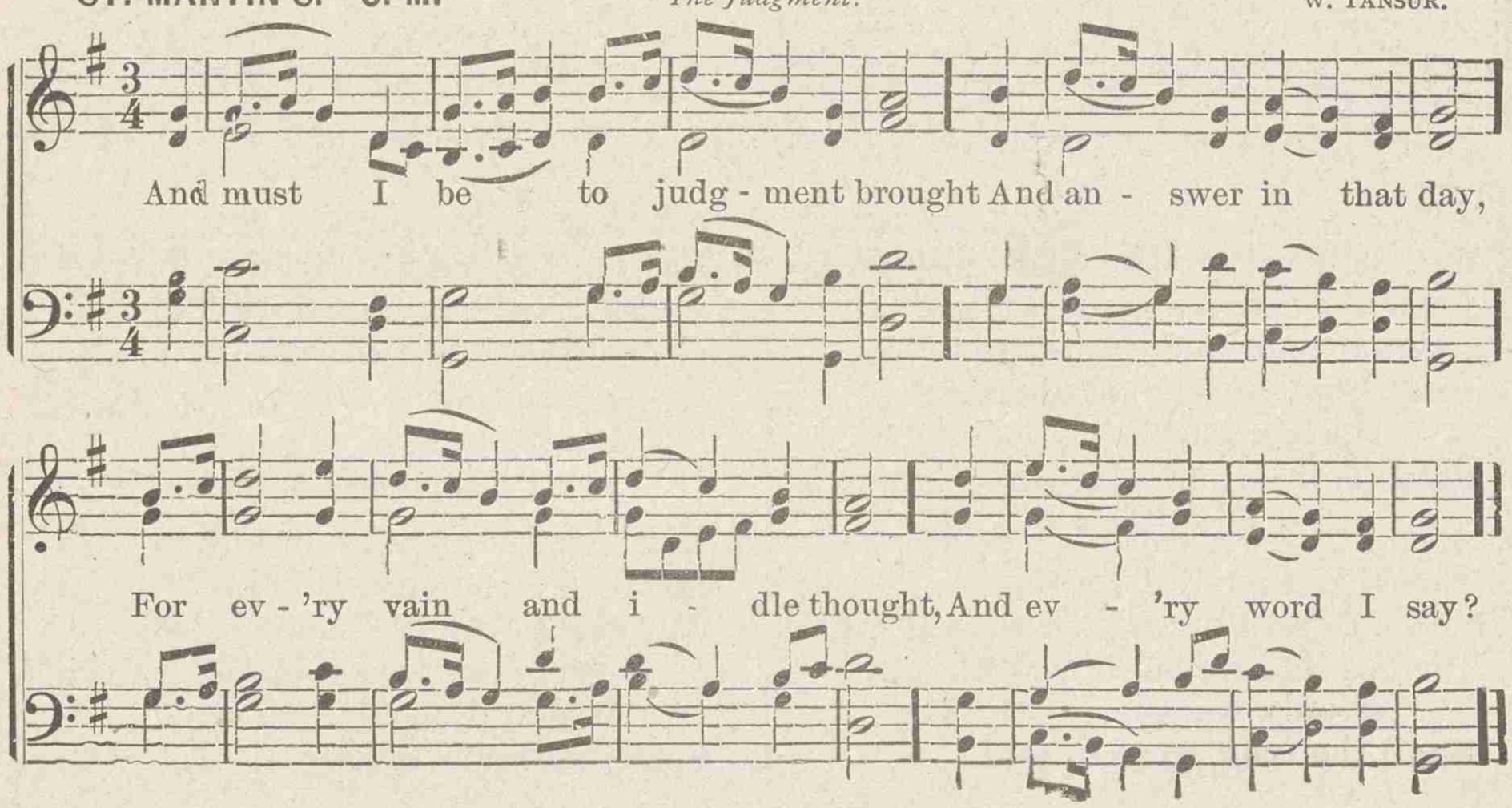
1 And must I be to judgment brought
And answer in that day,
For every vain and idle thought,
And every word I say?

2 Yes, every secret of my heart
Shall shortly be made known,
And I receive my just desert
For all that I have done.

3 How careful then I ought to live!
With what religious fear,
Who such a strict account must give
For my behavior here.

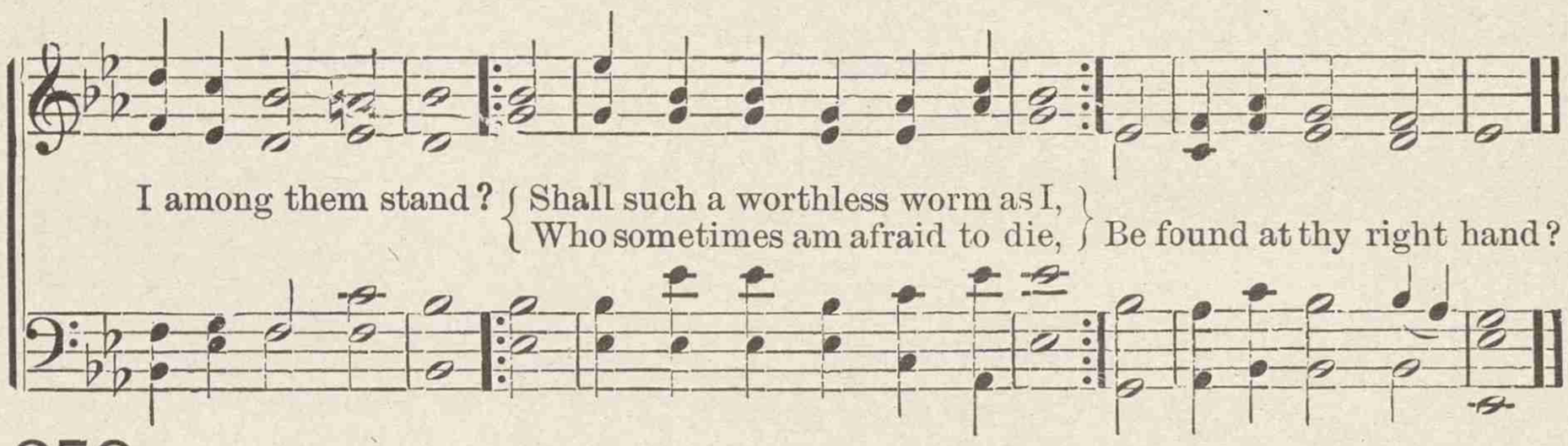
4 Thou awful Judge of quick and dead,
The watchful power bestow;
So shall I to my ways take heed
To all I speak or do.

ST. MARTIN'S. C. M. *"The Judgment."* W. TANSUR.



THE LIFE BEYOND.

MERIBAH. C. P. M. *"That we may find mercy."* DR. L. MASON.



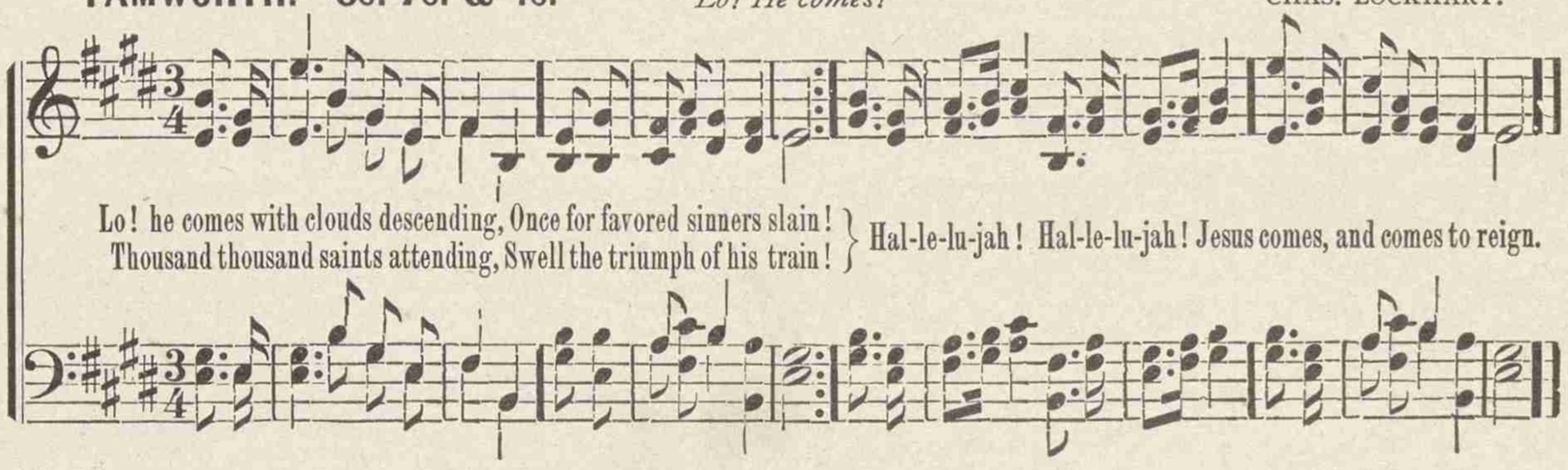
650

Countess of Huntington.

2 I love to meet thy people now,
Before thy feet with them to bow,
Though vilest of them all;
But—can I bear the piercing thought?—
What if my name should be left out
When thou for them shalt call?

3 And when the final trump shall sound,
Among the saints let me be found,
To bow before thy face;
Then in triumphant strains I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With praise of sovereign grace.

TAMWORTH. 8s. 7s. & 4s. *"Lo! He comes!"* CHAS. LOCKHART.



651

Charles Wesley.

1 Lo! he comes with clouds descending,
Once for favored sinners slain!
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train!
Hallelujah,
Jesus comes, and comes to reign.

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

3 Lo! the last long separation,
As the cleaving crowds divide,
And one dread adjudication
Sends each soul to either side!
Lord of mercy,
How shall I that day abide?

4 Yea, Amen! let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne!
Saviour, take the power and glory;
Make thy righteous sentence known!
Men and angels
Kneel and bow to thee alone!

THE CHARIOT. 12s. *"He maketh the clouds his chariot."* WILLIAMS.

652

Henry Hart Milman.

2 The glory, the glory, around him are pour'd!
Mighty hosts of the angels that wait on the Lord;
And the glorified saints and the martyrs are there,
And there all who the palm-wreaths of victory wear.

3 The trumpet, the trumpet, the dead have all heard:
Lo, the depths of the stone-cover'd charnel are stirr'd!
From the sea, from the earth, from the south, from the north,
All the vast generations of men are come forth.

4 The judgment, the judgment, the thrones are all set,
Where the Lamb and the white-vested elders are met!
There all flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
And the doom of eternity hangs on his word.

5 O mercy, O mercy, look down from above,
Great Creator, on us, thy poor children, with love!
When beneath to their darkness the wicked are driven,
May our justified souls find a welcome in heaven.

THE RESURRECTION. 6s & 5s. *"The dead in Christ shall rise first."* THOMAS BISSELL, 1844.

653

Unknown.

1 The last lovely morning,
All blooming and fair,
Is fast onward fleeting,
And soon will appear!

2 And when that bright morning
In splendor shall dawn,
Our tears will be ended,
Our sorrows all gone.

3 The graves will be open'd,
The dead will arise;
And, with the Redeemer,
Mount up to the skies.

4 The saints then immortal
In glory shall reign!
The Bride with the Bridegroom
Forever remain.

THE LIFE BEYOND.

SHALL WE MEET. P. M. *"They shall behold the land."* W. A. OGDEN.

654

W. A. Ogden.

1 Shall we meet in the land of the blest?
Shall we dwell with the Father on high?
Shall we meet with the ransomed of earth now at rest,
There to rest in the sweet by and by?

2 Shall we join in the song of the Lamb,
When we meet on that beautiful shore?
Shall our hearts touch the chord, and our hands wave the palm,
To the praise of the Lord evermore?

3 Shall we meet with the friends gone before,
Who have followed their Saviour below?
In the mansions of rest shall we dwell evermore,
When from earth and its cares we shall go?

CLOSING HYMNS.

"And when they had sung a hymn they went out." Matt. 26: 30.

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." Luke 2: 14.

"Blessed be the name of the Lord from this time forth and forevermore." Ps. 111: 2.

PARTING HYMN. 10s. E. J. HOPKINS.

660 John Ellerton.

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

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

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

WE'LL MEET AGAIN. 8s & 6s. *"Go ye out to meet the bridegroom."*

T. C. O'KANE.

661 T. C. O'Kane.

2 "We'll meet again," the true heart speaks,
When dearest ones depart;
And in the pleasing prospect seeks
Balm for the bleeding heart.

3 In heaven's serene and endless rest,
Secure from care and pain,
There, in the mansions of the blest,
We'll surely meet again.

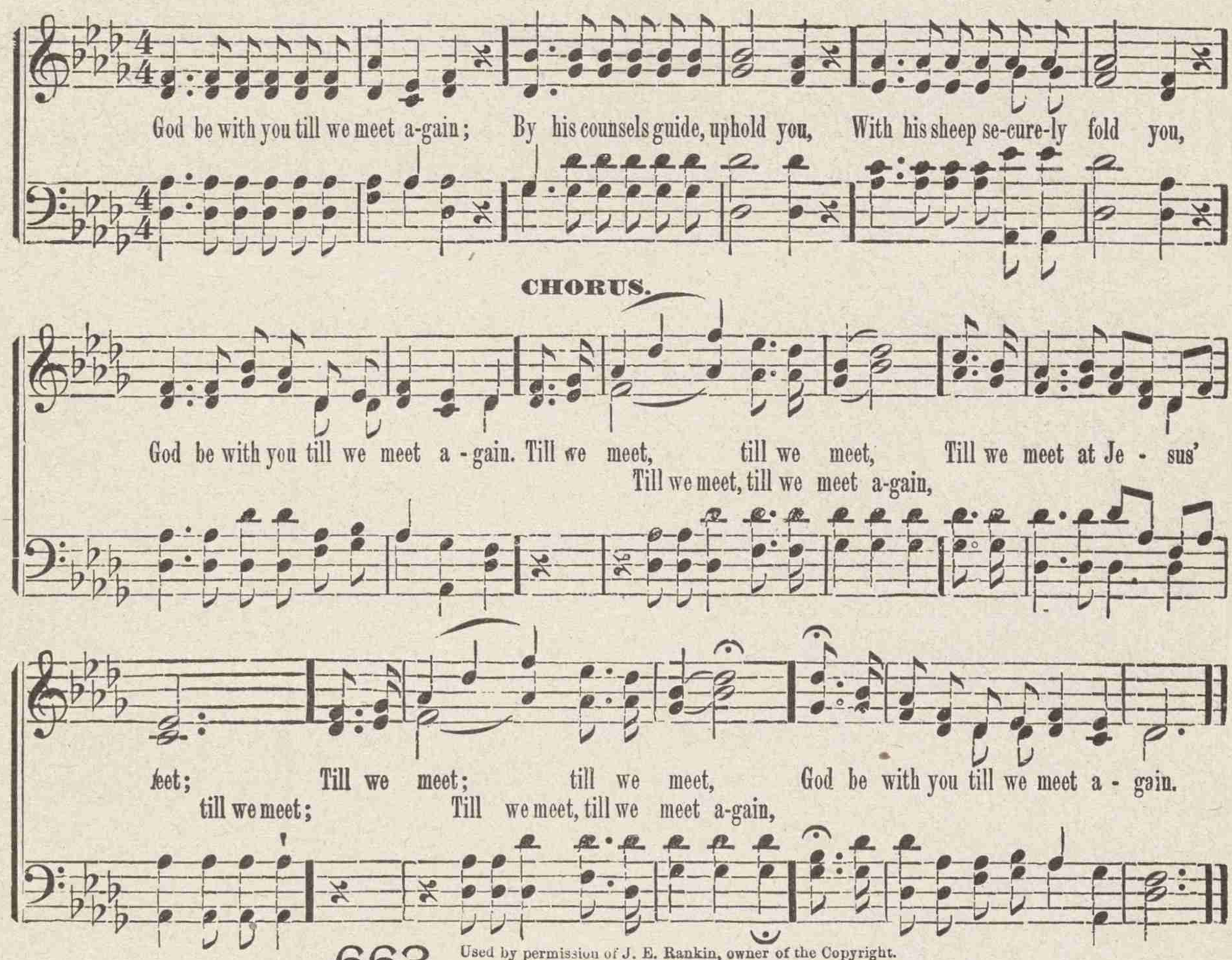
UNITY. 6s & 5s. *"In clouds to meet the Lord."*

DR. L. MASON.

GOD BE WITH YOU. P. M.

"The grace of our Lord."

W. G. TOMER.



663

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J. E. Rankin.

2 God be with you till we meet again,
'Neath his wings securely hide you;
Daily manna still divide you,
God be with you till we meet again.

3 God be with you till we meet again,
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put his arms unfailing round you,
God be with you till we meet again.

4 God be with you till we meet again,
Keep love's banner floating o'er you;
Smite death's threatening wave before you,
God be with you till we meet again.

First verse in music, Unity, on the opposite page.

Alaric A. Watts.

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

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

DOXOLOGY. L. M.

SAMUEL STANLEY.

664 Praise God, ye heavenly hosts a - bove! Praise him all creatures of his love!
Praise God, ye heavenly hosts a - bove! Praise him, all creatures of his love!

Praise him, all creatures of his love! Praise him each morn, Praise him each morn,
Praise him each morn, Praise him each

Praise him each morn- ing noon, and night; Praise him each morn, Praise him each morn,
morn, Praise him each morning, noon and night;

Praise him each morn-ing, noon and night, Praise him with ho - ly, sweet de-
Praise him with ho - ly, sweet de-

light! Praise him with ho - ly, sweet de-light! Praise him with ho ly sweet de-light!

DOXOLOGY. L. M. Concluded.

Chorus, ad lib.

Hal-le-lu - jah, hal- le-lu - jah, hal-le - lu-jah, A-men, A-men, Hal-le - lu - jah,
Hal - le - lu - jah,

Duet. **Tutti.**

Hal-le-lu - jah, hal-le-lu - jah, hal-le - lu - jah, hal-le-lu - jah, Hal-le-lu - jah, hal-le -

Rit.

lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, A - men, A - men, Hal-le-lu-jah, Amen, Hal-le - lu-jah, Amen.

FATHER IN HEAVEN. IIs.

MARCANTONIO SIMAS.

665 Our Fa-ther in heav-en, we hal-low thy name! May thy kingdom ho - ly on earth be the same! Oh, give to us dai - ly our
For-give our transgressions, and teach us to know That humble compassion that pardons each foe; Keep us from temptation, from

por-tion of bread; It is from thy bounty that all must be fed, It is from thy boun- ty that all must be fed.
weakness and sin, And thine be the glo-ry for- ev - er—A - men, And thine be the glo - ry for - ev - er— A - men.

S. J. Hale.

GOD OF SABAOTH.

ENGLISH.

666 Ho - ly! ho - ly! ho-ly! Lord God of Sab-a-oth, Heav'n and earth are full, full of thy glo-ry; Heav'n and earth are full, are full of thy glo-ry; Glo-ry be to thee, Glo-ry be to thee, Glo-ry be to thee, Glo-ry be to thee, to thee, O Lord most high. Glo-ry be to thee, Glo-ry be to thee, to thee,

SANCTUS.

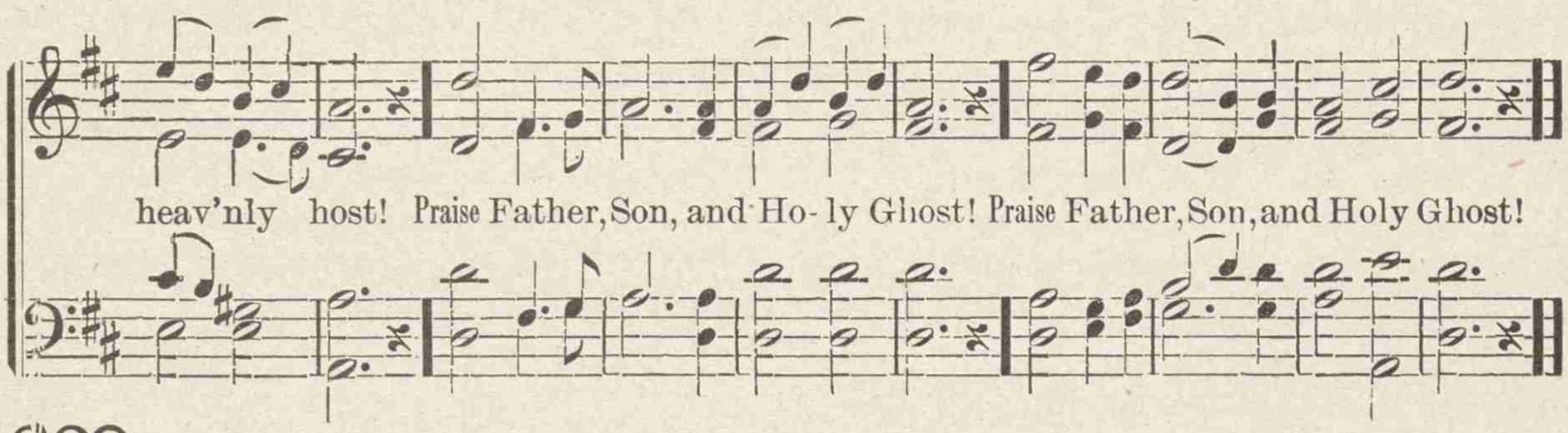
Largo. *mp* *p* *mf* *mf*

667 Ho-ly! ho-ly! ho-ly! Lord God Al-might- y, Heav'n and earth are full of thy glo - ry: Glo - ry be to thee, Glo - ry be to thee, Glo- ry be to thee, O God most high, O God most high.

f

LONG. L. M.

J. P. HOLBROOK, by per.



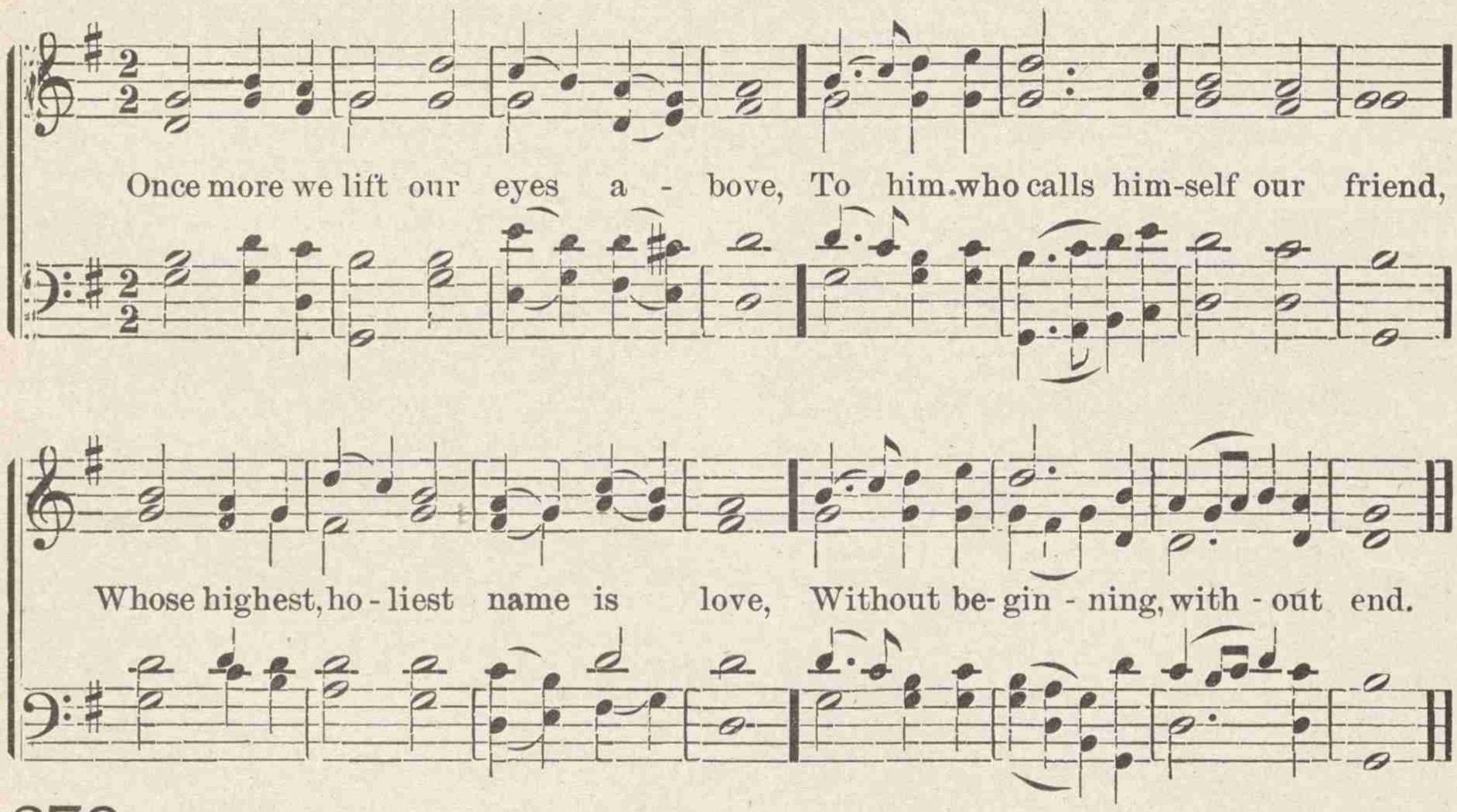
669

Eternal Father, throned above,
Thou fountain of redeeming love!
Eternal Word! who left thy throne
For man's rebellion to atone;

Eternal Spirit, who dost give
That grace whereby our spirits live:
Thou God of our salvation, be
Eternal praises paid to thee!

VERNON'S CLOSING HYMN. L. M.

NAOMI.



670

James Vernon.

2 The worlds are His, the stars and seas,
He made them and He keeps them all;
Yet ne'er forgets in care of these
The raven's cry, or sparrow's fall.

3 More than to bird or world or star,
To us are love and mercy given;
As he beholds us where we are,
May we behold his face in heaven.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

L. BOURGEOIS.

671

I. Watts.

Praise God, ye heavenly hosts above!
Praise him, all creatures of his love!
Praise him each morning, noon, and night!
Praise him with holy, sweet delight!

672

John Newton.

The peace which God alone reveals,
And by his word of grace imparts,
Which only the believer feels,
Direct, and keep, and cheer our hearts.

673

H. K. White.

1 Come, Christian brethren, ere we part,
Join every voice and every heart;
One solemn hymn to God we raise,
One final song of grateful praise.

2 Christians, we here may meet no more;
But there is yet a happier shore;
And there, released from toil and pain,
Dear brethren, we shall meet again.

674

Breviary

1 O thou pure light of souls that love.
True joy of every human breast,
Sower of life's immortal seed,
Our Saviour and Redeemer blest!

2 Be thou our guide, be thou our goal;
Be thou our pathway to the skies;
Our joy when sorrow fills the soul;
In death our everlasting prize.

UXBRIDGE. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.

675

I. Watts.

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

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

676

Reginald Hebor.

1 Lord, now we part in thy blest name,
In which we here together came;
Grant us our few remaining days
To work thy will and spread thy praise.

2 Teach us, in life and death, to bless
Thee, Lord, our strength and righteousness,
And grant us all to meet above,
Where we shall better sing thy love.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

L. MASON.

677

J. Montgomery.

1 Almighty Father, bless the word,
Which thro' thy grace, we now have heard;
O may the precious seed take root,
Spring up, and bear abundant fruit.

2 We praise thee for the means of grace,
Thus in thy courts to seek thy face:
Grant, Lord, that we who worship here
May all, at last, in heaven appear.

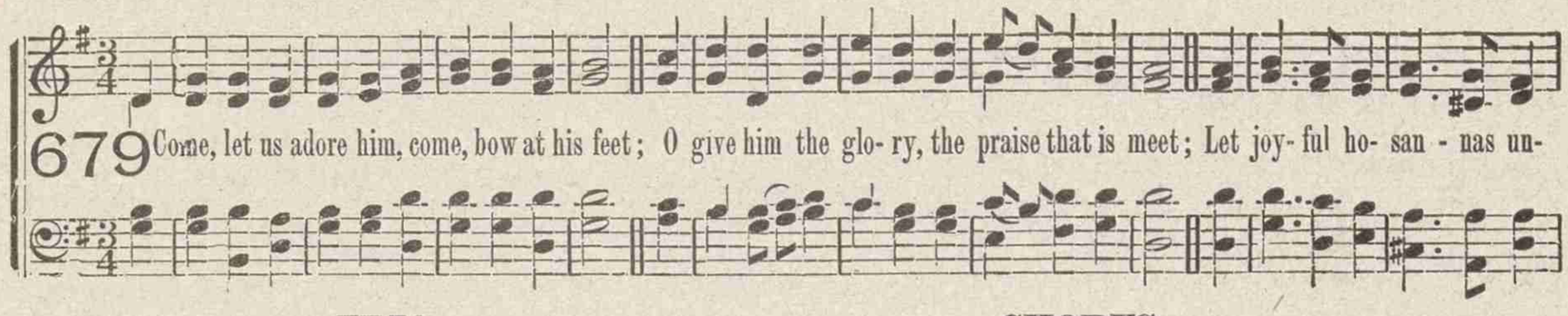
678

J. Hart.

1 Dismiss us with thy blessing, Lord,
Help us to feed upon thy word;
All that has been amiss forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

2 Though we are guilty, thou art good;
Wash all our souls in Jesus' blood;
Give every fettered will release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

ADORATION. IIs.



HEBRON. L. M. LOWELL MASON.

680 I. Watts.

1 To God, the great, the ever-blest,
Let songs of honor be address'd!
His mercy firm forever stands;
Give him the thanks his love demands.

2 Who knows the wonder of his ways?
Who can make known his boundless praise?
Blest are the souls that fear him still,
And learn submission to his will.

BALERMA. C. M. R. SIMPSON.

681 J. Ellerton.

1 The Lord be with us as we bend
His blessing to receive;
His gift of peace upon us send,
Before his courts we leave.

2 The Lord be with us as we walk
Along our homeward road;
In silent thought, or friendly talk,
Our hearts be still with God.

3 The Lord be with us till the night
Shall close the day of rest;
Be he of every heart the Light,
Of every home the Guest.

682 R. Heber.

1 O God, by whom the seed is given,
By whom the harvest blessed;
Whose word, like manna showered from heaven,
Is planted in our breast,—

2 Preserve it from the passing foe
And plunderers of the air,
The sultry sun's intenser heat,
And thorns of worldly care.

3 Though buried deep, or thinly sown,
Do thou thy grace supply;
The hope in earthly furrows strown,
Shall ripen in the sky.

DUNDEE. C. M.

SILVER STREET. S. M.

I. SMITH.

683

E. T. Fitch.

1 Lord, at this closing hour,
Establish every heart
Upon thy word of truth and power,
To keep us when we part.

2 Peace to our brethren give;
Fill all our hearts with love;
In faith and patience may we live
And seek our rest above.

684

Tate and Brady.

1 To bless thy chosen race,
In mercy, Lord, incline;
And cause the brightness of thy face
On all thy saints to shine.

2 That so thy wondrous way
May through the world be known,
While distant lands their homage pay,
And thy salvation own.

BOYLSTON. S. M.

L. MASON.

685

C. Q. Wright.

Let men their songs employ,
Angels their music raise,
And earth and heaven unite their joy
To sound our Father's praise.

686

Isaac Watts.

1 Thy name, almighty Lord,
Shall sound through distant lands;
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word;
Thy truth forever stands.

2 Far be thine honor spread,
And long thy praise endure,
Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be exchanged no more.

687

Isaac Watts.

1 To God the only wise,
Who keeps us by his word,
Be glory now and evermore,
Through Jesus Christ, our Lord.

2 Hosanna to the Word,
Who from the Father came!
Ascribe salvation to the Lord,
And ever bless his name.

3 The grace of Christ our Lord,
The Father's boundless love,
The Spirit's blest communion, too,
Be with us from above.

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

G. F. HANDEL.

688

J. Hart.

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

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

3 Still on thy holy word
Help us to feed, and grow,
Still to go on to know the Lord,
And practice what we know.

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

GREENVILLE. 8s, 7s & 4s.

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

689

G. Burder.

1 Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
O refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness.

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

SICILIAN HYMN. 8s & 7s.

SICILIAN.

690

E. Smythe.

1 Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing;
Bid us now depart in peace;
Still on heavenly manna feeding,
Let our faith and love increase.

2 Fill each breast with consolation:
Up to thee our hearts we raise;
When we reach our blissful station,
Then we'll give thee nobler praise.

691

Unknown.

1 Praise the God of all creation;
Praise the Father's boundless love;
Praise the Lamb, our expiation—
Priest and King, enthroned above;

2 Praise the Author of salvation—
Him by whom our spirits live;
Undivided adoration
To the one Jehovah give.

RATHBUN. 8s & 7s.

I. CONKEY.

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692

Unknown.

1 Worship, honor, glory, blessing,
Be to him who reigns above;
Young and old, thy name confessing,
Saviour, let us share thy love.

2 As the saints in heaven adore thee,
We would bow before thy throne;
As thine angels bow before thee,
So on earth thy will be done.

693

John Newton.

1 May the grace of Christ, our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above.

2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth can not afford.

MONKLAND. 7s.

J. P. WILKES

694 Unknown.

1 Shepherd of thy little flock,
Lead me to the shad'wing rock,
Where the richest pasture grows,
Where the living water flows.

2 By that pure and silent stream,
Sheltered from the scorching beam,
Shepherd, Saviour, Guardian, Guide,
Keep me ever near thy side.

HOLYROOD. 7s.

R. REDHEAD.

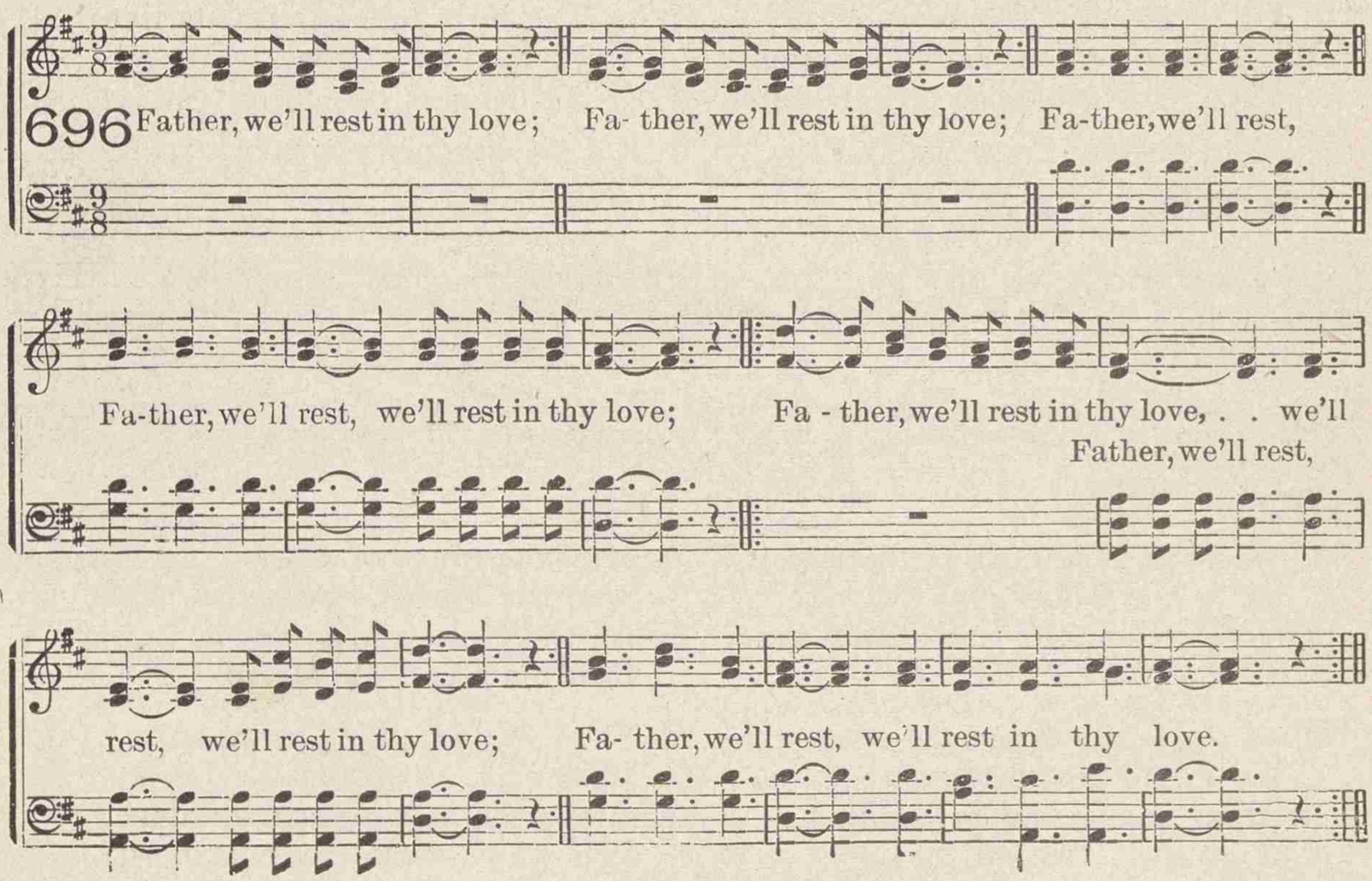
695 John Newton.

2 Jesus, hear our humble prayer;
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep,
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.

3 In thy strength may we be strong;
Sweeten every cross and pain;
Give us, if thou wilt, ere long
Here to meet in peace again.

FATHER, WE'LL REST.

R. M. MCINTOSH.



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