DUPLEX HYMN-BOOK

12



Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God:

PRESENTED BY

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1st Ed., same year,
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and Public Prayer for
All Christians."

(1883)

Cf., same date, same place:
Brs. of Worship -- Ev. Lu.
Ch.
Ref. to Prec. meth.
References to Presb.
and Bapt. hymnals of
that day.

THE DUPLEX

HYMN AND TUNE BOOK,

OR

SELECTIONS FOR PRAISE,

FOR ALL CHRISTIANS.

WITH

MUSIC IN FULL, ON A NEW PLAN.

COMPILED AND ARRANGED BY

REV. A. SHOTWELL.

PRESBYTERIAN PUBLISHING CO.,

RICHMOND, VA.

1883.

1883
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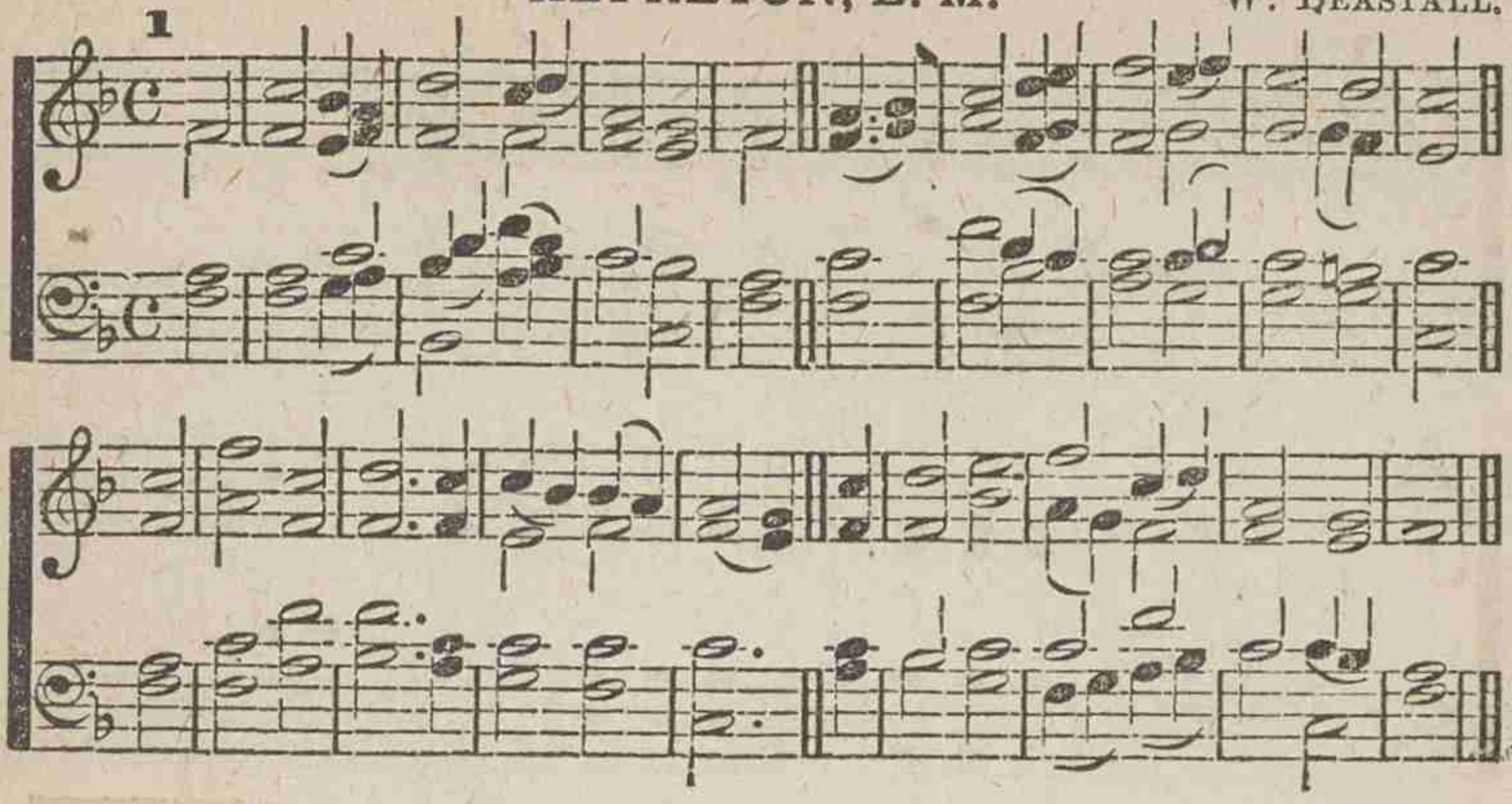
TUNES.

HYMNS.

3.



3. ALFRETON, L. M. W. BEASTALL.



SELECTIONS
FOR
PRAISE.

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1 Pres. 385; Meth. 595; Bap. —— S. M

Laban, 116; Kentucky, 115; Boyleston, 108.

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

2 From youth to hoary age,
My calling to fulfill,
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

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

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

4. AMES, L. M. DR. MASON.



2 Pres. 205; Meth. 425; Bap. 228. C. M

Avon, 53; Suffering Saviour, 94.

ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die?
Would He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

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

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

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

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

5. ANTIGUA, L. M. ENGLISH.



3 Pres. 119; Meth. 155; Bap. 271. C. M.

Coronation, 66.

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

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

3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

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

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

6. ANVERN, L. M. GERMAN.



4. Pres. 163; Meth. 654; Bap. 543. C. M.

Arlington, 50; Ortonville, 86; Balerma, 55.

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

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

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

4 The Lord has promised good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be
As long as life endures.

5 And when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

7. **ARNHEIM, L. M.** S. HOLYOKE, 1785.



6 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine;
But God, who called me here below,
Will be forever mine.

5 Pres. 396; Meth. 656; Bap. 703. **C. M.**

Christmas, 63; Fountain, 72; Ortonville, 86.

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.

8. AYRESHIRE, L. M. D. SCOTCH.



5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
With faith's discerning eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thine armies shine,
In robes of victory, through the skies,
The glory shall be Thine.

6 Pres. 132; Meth. ——; Bap. 335. **S. M.**

Dennis, 109; St. Thomas, 123; Dunbar, 112.

AND can'st thou, sinner, slight
The call of love divine?
Shall God with tenderness invite,
And gain no thought of thine?

2 Wilt thou not cease to grieve
The Spirit from thy breast,
Till He thy wretched soul shall leave,
With all thy sins oppressed?

3 To-day a pardoning God
Will hear the suppliant pray;
To-day a Saviour's cleansing blood
Will wash thy guilt away.

9. DUKE STREET, L. M. J. HATTON, 1790.



4 But grace so dearly bought,
If yet thou wilt despise,
Thy fearful doom, with vengeance fraught,
Will fill thee with surprise.

7 Pres. 229; Meth. 469; Bap. 411. H. M.

Lenox, 202; Lischer, 203.

ARISE, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears;
A bleeding sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my surety stands,
My name is written on His hands.

2 Five bleeding wounds He bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly speak for me;
Forgive him, oh! forgive, they cry,
Nor let that ransomed sinner die.

3 The Father hears Him pray,
His dear Anointed One;
He cannot turn away
The presence of His Son;

10. BEYOND THE SUNSET, L. M. W. O. PERKINS.

125





The Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

4 My God is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear,
He owns me for a child,
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

8 Pres. 530; Meth. ——; Bap. 853. **8, 6 & 5.**

Canaan, 181.

AROUND the throne of God in heaven
Thousands of children stand;
Children whose sins are all forgiven
A holy, happy band,
Singing, Glory, glory, glory be to God on high.

2 In flowing robes of spotless white
See every one arrayed;
Dwelling in everlasting light
And joys that never fade,
Singing, Glory, etc.

11. BEYOND THE SUNSET—Continued.



3 What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love?
How came those children there?
Singing, Glory, etc.

4 Because the Saviour shed His blood,
To wash away their sin;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean!
Singing, Glory, etc.

5 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved His name,
So now they see His blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb,
Singing, Glory, etc.

9 Pres. 650; M. ——; Bap. 948. L. M.

Rest, 33; Zephyr, 47.

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

12. DUANE STREET, L. M. D. G. COLES.



2 Asleep in Jesus! oh! how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet;
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost its venomed sting!

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blest:
No fear—no woe—shall dim that 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,
Waiting the summons from on high.

10 Pres. 199; Meth. ——; Bap. 322. **C. P. M.**

Ganges, 188; Ariel, 174.

AWAKED by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in bonds of guilt I found,
And knew not where to go;
Eternal truth did loud proclaim,
"The sinner must be born again,
Or sink to endless woe."



2 When to the law I trembling fled,
It poured its curses on my head,
I no relief could find;
This fearful truth increased my pain,
"The sinner must be born again,"
And whelmed my tortured mind.

3 Again did Sinai's thunders roll,
And guilt lay heavy on my soul,
A vast, oppressive load;
Alas, I read and saw it plain,
"The sinner must be born again,"
Or drink the wrath of God.

4 The saints I heard with rapture tell
How Jesus conquered death and hell,
And broke the fowler's snare;
Yet, when I found this truth remain,
"The sinner must be born again,"
I sunk in deep despair.

5 But while I thus in anguish lay,
The gracious Saviour passed this way,
And felt His pity move;
The sinner by His justice slain,
Now by His grace is born again,
And sings redeeming love.

14. EVENING HYMN, L. M. THOS. TALLIS, 1567.



11 Pres. 121; Meth. ——; Bap. 555. L. M.

Loving Kindness, 24; Hebron, 22.

AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise.
He justly claims a song from thee;
His loving-kindness, O! how free!

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

3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along;
His loving-kindness, O! how strong!

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

15. FEDERAL STREET, L. M. H. K. OLIVER.



12 Pres. 191; Meth. 349; Lap. 379. **L. M.**

Hamburg, 18; Rest, 33; Hebron, 22.

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

2 O lovely attitude! He stands
With melting heart and bleeding hands;
O matchless kindness! and He shows
This matchless kindness to His foes!

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

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

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



13 Pres. 100 Ps.; Meth. 59; Bap. 5. **L. M.**

Old Hundred, 29; Ware, 43; Uxbridge, 41.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and He destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed,
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 heavens our voices raise,
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

17. GRATITUDE, L. M. DR. HASTINGS.



14 L. M.

Beyond the Sunset, 10.

BEYOND the sunset's radiant glow,
There is a brighter world I know;
Where golden glories ever shine—
Beyond the thought of day's decline.

CHORUS.

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

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

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



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

15 Pres. 298; Meth. 908; Bap. 640. **S. M.**
Boyleston, 108; Dennis, 109; Golden Hill, 114.

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 When we asunder part
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

19. HAPPY DAY, L. M. ANON.



16 Pres. 596; Meth. 325; Bap. 365. **H. M.**

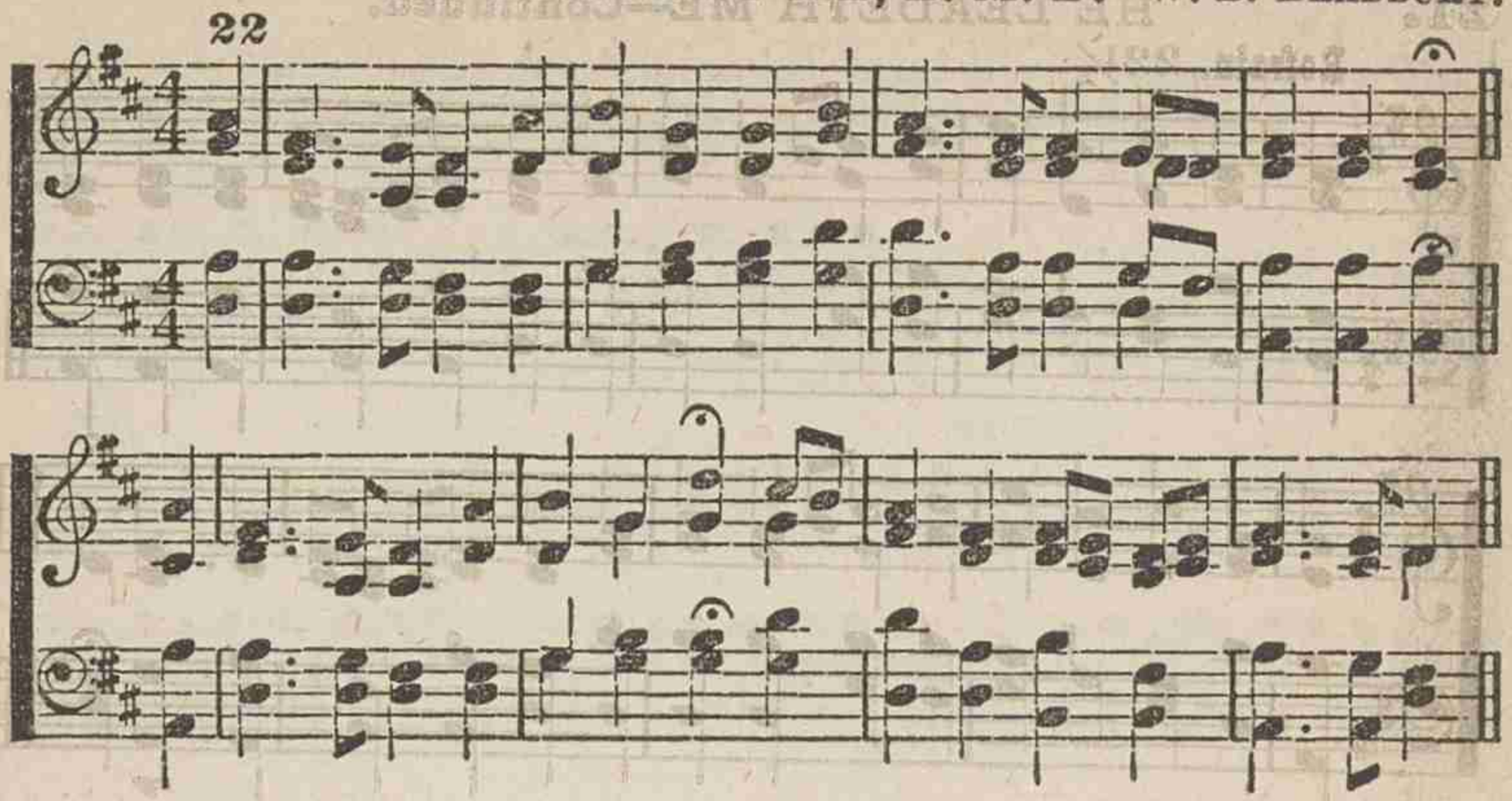
Lenox, 202; Haddam, 192.

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 Son of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in His blood
To all the world proclaim:
The year, etc.

3 Ye who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Come, take it back, unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love:
The year, etc.

4 The gospel trumpet sounds,
Let all the nations hear,
And earth's remotest bounds
Before the throne appear:
The year, etc.



17 Pres. 522; Meth. ——; Bap. 848. **C. M.**

Siloam, 92; Hermon, 74.

BY cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows;
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose.

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

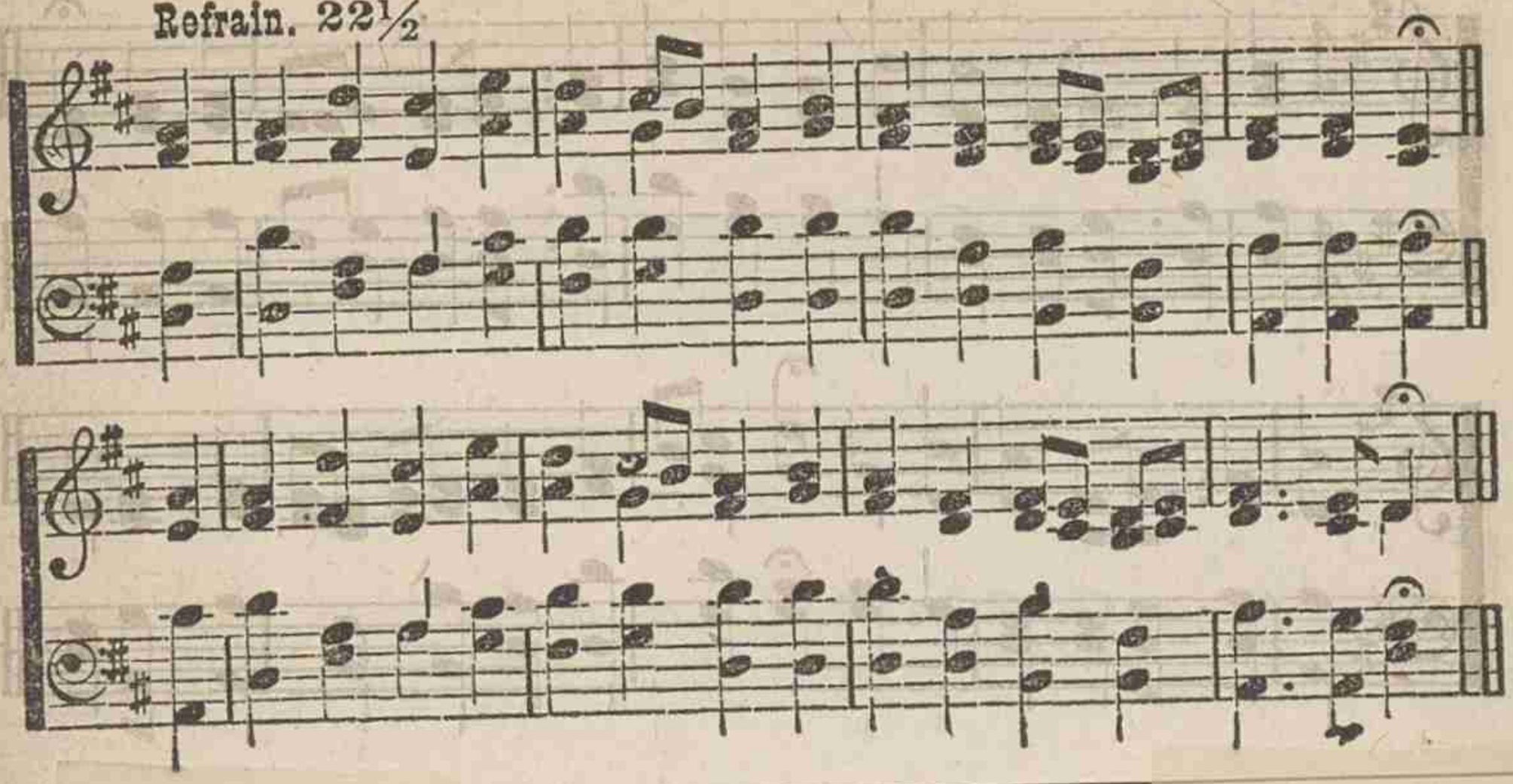
3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
May shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.

5 O Thou, whose infancy was found
With heavenly ray to shine,

21. HE LEADETH ME—Continued.

Refrain. 22½



Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,
Were all alike divine,

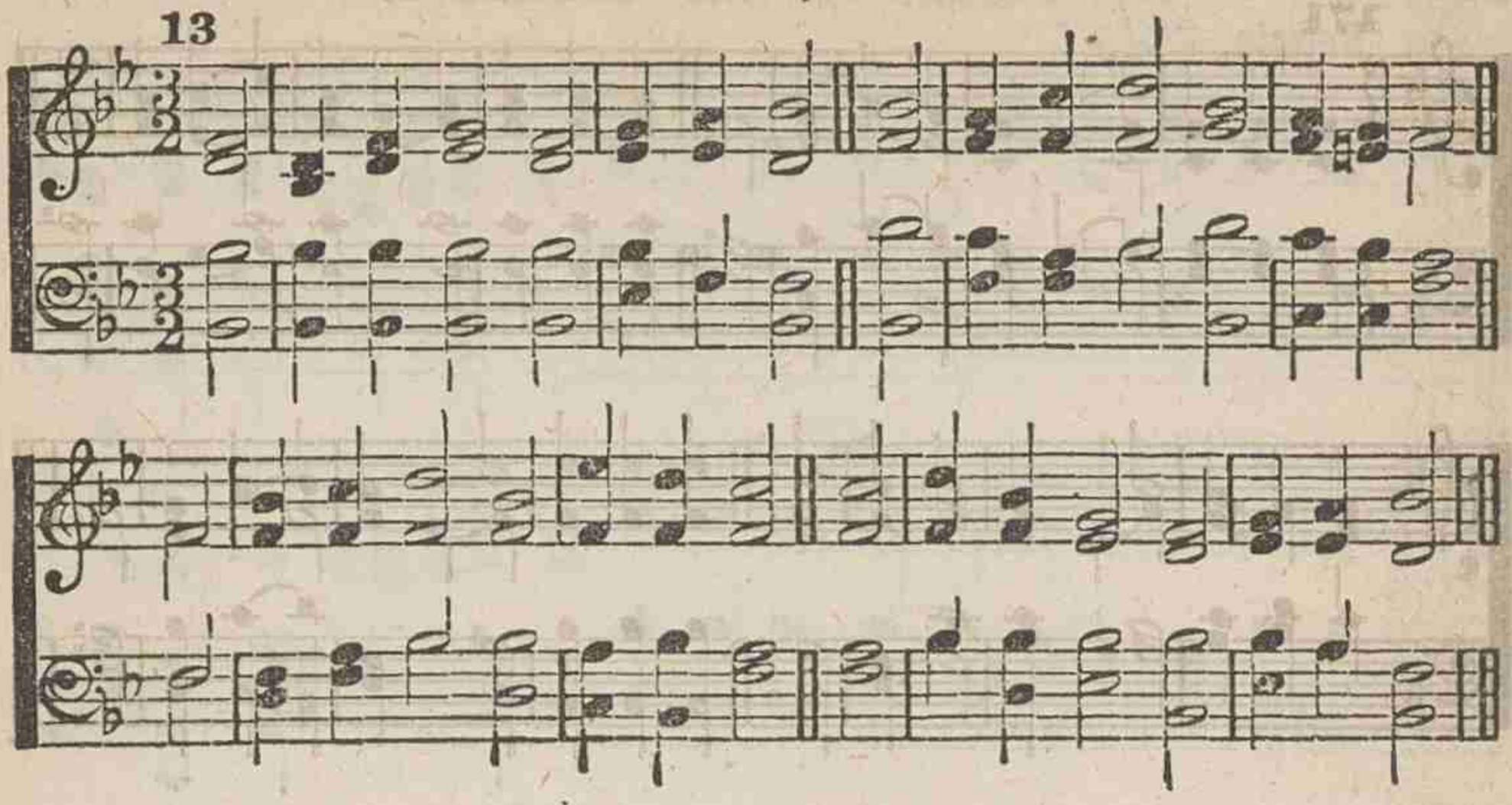
6 Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, and in death,
To keep us still Thy own.

18 Pres. 532; Meth. ——; Bap. ——. **8, 7 & 4.**

Zion, 170; Sicily, 167.

CHILDREN, hear the melting story
Of the Lamb that once was slain;
'Tis the Lord of Life and Glory;
Shall He plead with you in vain?
O, receive Him,
And salvation now obtain.

2 All your sins to Him confessing
Who is ready to forgive,
Seek the Saviour's richest blessing;
On His precious name believe;
He is waiting;
Will you not His grace receive?



19 Pres. 420; Meth. 561; Bap. ——. **7s.**

Pleyel's Hymn, 138; Eltham, 127; Martyn, 136.

CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways.

2 Ye are traveling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 O ye mourning souls be glad,
Christ our Advocate is made;
Us to save, our flesh assumes,
Brother to our soul becomes.

4 Shout, ye little flock and blest,
Soon you'll enter into rest;
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.

5 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son
Bids us undismayed go on.

23. HURSLEY, L. M. W. H. MONK.

171



6 Lord, submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

20 Pres. 44; Meth. ——; Bap. ——. **H. M.**

Haddam, 192; Lenox, 202.

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

2 Such was His zeal for God,
And such His love for you,
He freely undertook
What angels could not do;
His mighty deeds of love and grace
All words exceed and thoughts surpass.

3 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!

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

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

21 Pres. 137; Meth. 221; Bap. 299. **C. M.**
Arlington, 50; Balerma, 55; Stephens, 93.

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys,

25. LOVING KINDNESS—Continued.



Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.

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

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

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

22 Pres. 208; Meth. 334; Bap. —— C. M.

Balerma, 55; Salvation, 90.

COME, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve:



2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
High as a mountain rose;
I know His courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 "Prostrate I'll lie before His throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell Him I'm a wretch undone
Without His sovereign grace.

4 "I'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives;
Perhaps He may command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives.

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

6 "I can but perish if I go;
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die."

16



23 Pres. 107; Meth. 183; Bap. 280 **C.M.**

Azmon, 54; Marlow, 83; Warwick, 101.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs,
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

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

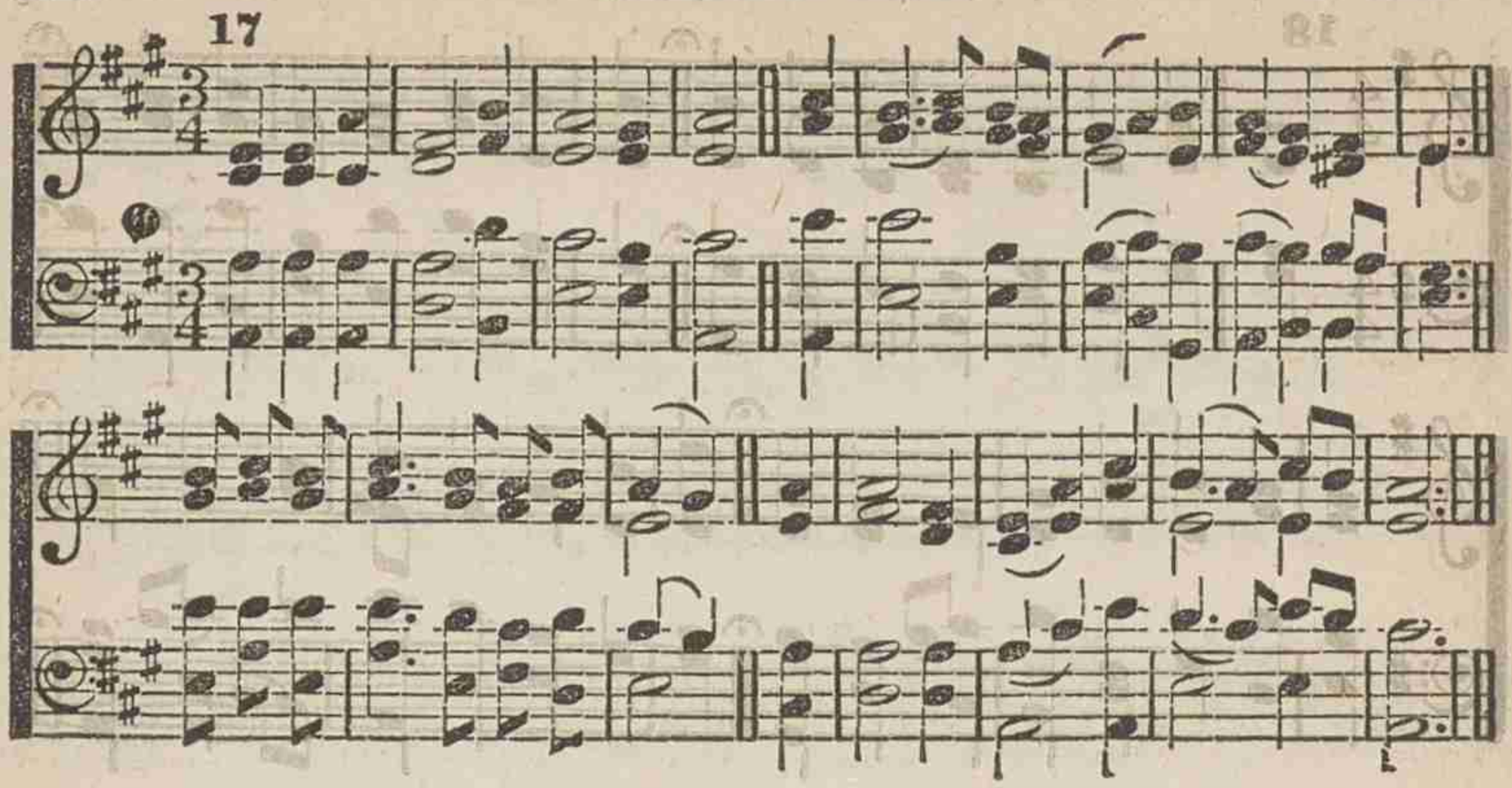
3 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
And speak Thine endless praise.

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

24 Pres. 375; Meth. ——; Bap. 590. **7s.**

Horton, 134; Holley, 129; Pleyel's Hymn, 138.

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



2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

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

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

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

25 Pres. 459; Meth. 8; Bap. 309. **6 & 4.**

Italian Hymn, 197; Olivet, 210; America, 171.

COME, Thou Almighty King,
Help us Thy name to sing.
Help us to praise;





29. **OLD HUNDRED, L. M.** W. FRANC, 1535



Father all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of days.

2 Jesus our Lord, arise,
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall;
Let Thine almighty aid,
Our sure defence be made;
Our souls on Thee be staid;
Lord, hear our call.

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

4 Come, Holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour.
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

30. OLIVE BROW, L. M. W. B. BRADBURY.



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

26 Pres. 117; Meth. 623; Bap. 596. **8 & 7.**

Fount, 156; Harwell, 160.

COME, Thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace,
Streams of mercy never ceasing
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—O fix me on it,—
Mount of God's unchanging love.

2 Here I 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 the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed with precious blood.

31. PENITENT, L. M. SOUTHERN AIR.



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

27 Pres. 41; Meth. 934; Bap. —— **8 & 7.**

Middleton, 164; Disciple, 154; Fount, 156

COME, Thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set Thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in Thee:
Israel's Strength and Consolation,
Hope of all the saints Thou art;
Dear Desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

2 Born Thy people to deliver;
Born a child, and yet a King;
Born to reign in us forever,
Now Thy precious kingdom bring;

PORTUGAL, L. M. T. THORLEY.



By Thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By Thine all-sufficient merit
Raise us to Thy glorious Throne.

28 Pres. 470; Meth. 621; Bap. 503. **S. M.**

Ain, 106; Kentucky, 115; St. Thomas, 123.

COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 The God that rules on high,
And thunders when He please,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And manages the seas;

3 This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love;
He shall send down His heavenly powers
To carry us above.

4 There shall we see His face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of His grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.

33. REST, L. M. W. B. BRADBURY.



5 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below ;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

6 The hill of Sion yields
A thousand sacred sweets
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

7 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry ;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

29 Pres. 177 ; Meth. 330 ; Bap. 370. **8, 7 & 4.**

Greenville, 158 ; Fount, 156 ; Hallelujah, 157.

COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore ;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and power :
He is able,
He is willing ; doubt no more.

34. RETREAT, L. M. DR. HASTINGS, 1822.



2 Ho! ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is, to feel your need of Him;
This He gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

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

5 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Maker prostrate lies;
On the bloody tree behold Him;
Hear Him cry before He dies:
"It is finished!"
Sinner, will not this suffice?

35. ROCKINGHAM, L. M. DR. MASON.



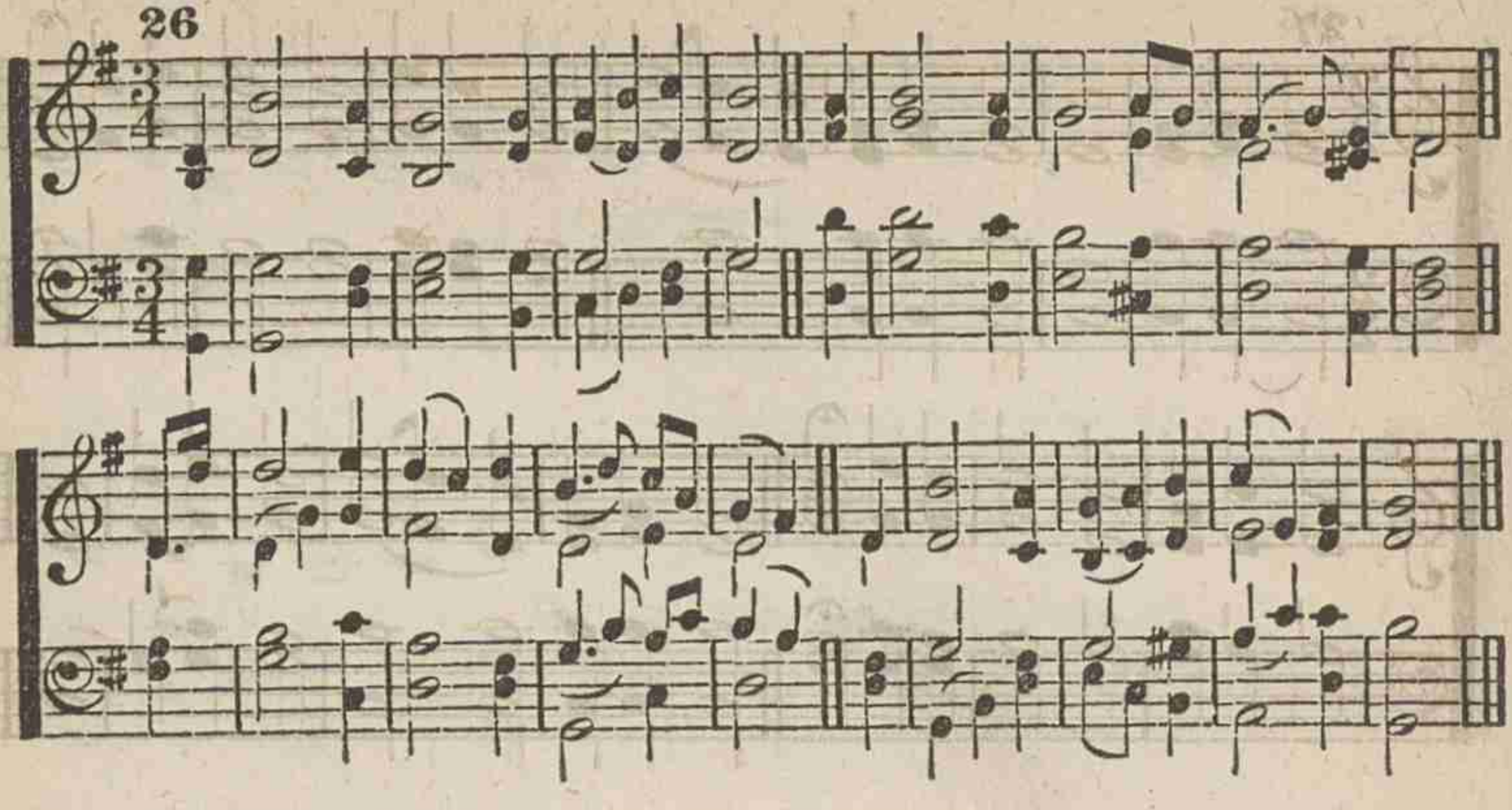
6 Lo! the incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merits of His blood;
Venture on Him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

7 Saints and angels, joined in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb,
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with His name;
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may sing the same.

30 Pres. 524; Meth. ——; Bap. ——. **L. M.**
Hebron, 22; Duke Street 9; Uxbridge, 41.

DEAR Saviour, if these lambs should stray
From Thy secure inclosure's bound,
And, lured by worldly joys away,
Among the thoughtless crowd be found,

2 Remember still that they are Thine,
That Thy dear, sacred name they bear;
Think that the seal of love divine,
The sign of covenant grace, they wear.



3 In all their erring, sinful years,
O let them ne'er forgotten be;
Remember all the prayers and tears
Which made them consecrate to Thee.

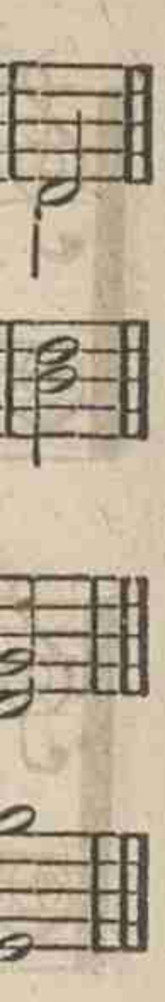
4 And when these lips no more can pray,
These eyes can weep for them no more,
Turn Thou their feet from folly's way,
The wanderers to Thy fold restore.

31 Pres. 192; Meth. ——; Bap. 340. **11s.**

Goshen, 190; Portuguese Hymn, 214.

DELAY not, delay not, O sinner, draw near;
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
No price is demanded, the Saviour 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?



37. SESSIONS, L. M. L. O. EMERSON.



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.

32 Pres. 211; Meth. 453; Bap. 357. **7s.**

Aletta, 125; Eshtemoa, 128; Depth of Mercy, 233.

DEPTH of mercy, can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Canst Thou still Thy wrath forbear,
And the chief of sinners spare?

2 We have long withstood Thy grace,
Long provoked Thee to Thy face,
Would not hear Thy gracious calls,
Grieved Thee by a thousand falls.

3 Jesus, answer from above,
Is not all Thy nature love?
Wilt thou not our crimes forget?
Lo, we fall before Thy feet.

4 Lord, incline us to repent,
Help us now our fall lament,





Deeply our revolt deplore,
Weep, believe and sin no more.

33 Pres. 86; Meth. 111; Bap. 653. **S. M.**

Aylesbury, 105; Boyleston, 108; Golden Hill, 114.

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

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

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

34 Pres. 316; Meth. ——; Bap. 620. **C. M.**

Naomi, 85; Elizabethtown, 70.

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

39. SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER—Continued.



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.

35 Pres. 695; Meth., ——; Bap. 974. **S. M.**

Dunbar, 112: Olmutz, 118.

"FOREVER with the Lord!"
Amen; so let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.

2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

3 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul how near,
At times, to faith's far-seeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear!

40. SHOEL, L. M. T. SHOEL.



4 "Forever with the Lord!"
Father, if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word,
Even here to me fulfil.

36 Pres. 625; Meth. 725; Bap. 937.

Translation, 238.

FRIEND after friend departs;
Who has not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end.
Were this frail world our final rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.

2 Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond the reign of death,
There surely is some blessed clime
Where life is not a breath,
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward and expire.

3 There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown;
A long eternity of love,
Formed for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that glorious sphere.



4 Thus star by star declines,
Till all are passed away,
As morning high and higher shines
To pure and perfect day;
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
But hide themselves in heaven's own light.

37 Pres. 475; Meth. ——; Bap. 584. **L. M.**

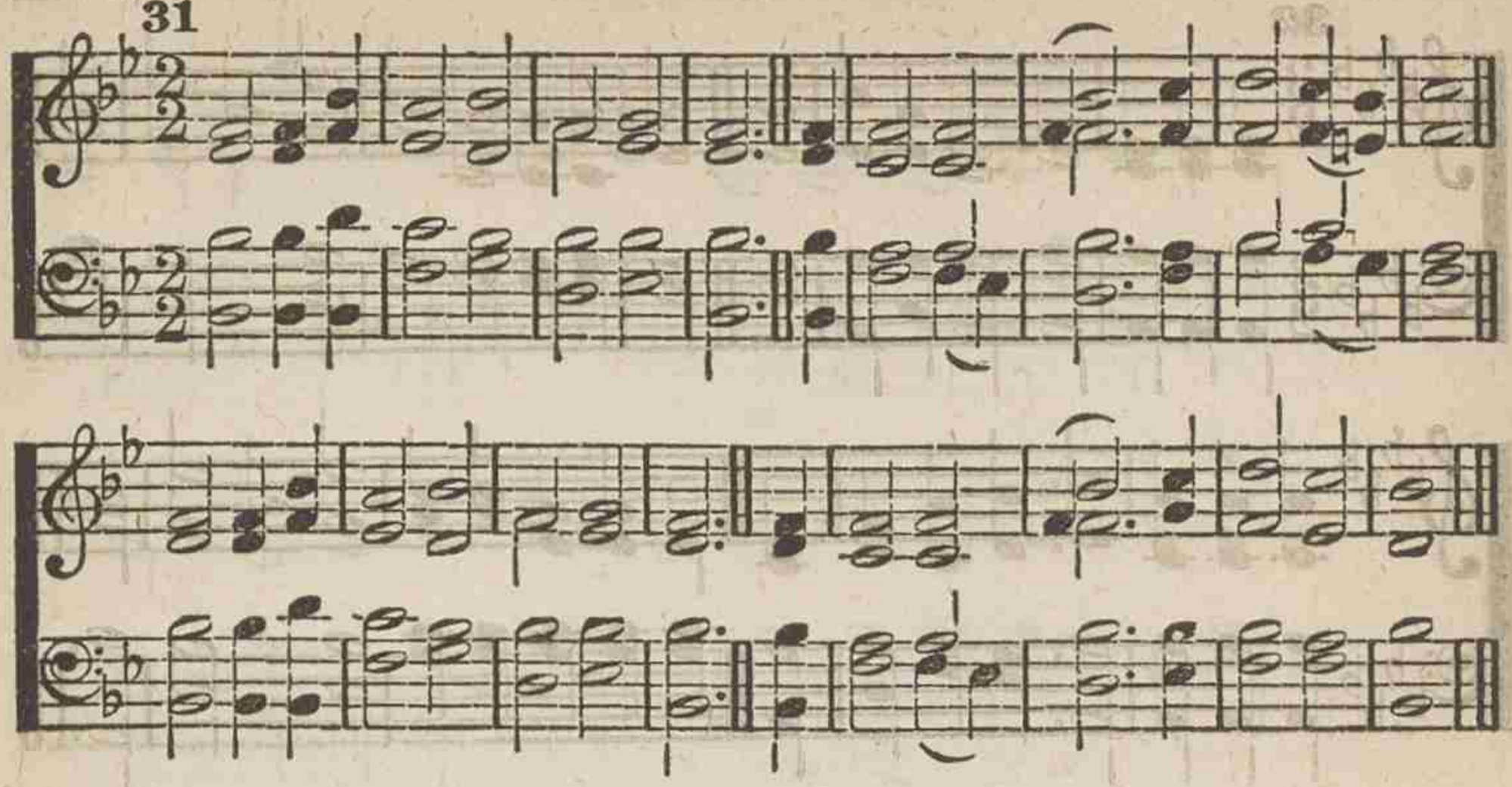
Retreat, 34; Rest, 33.

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

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

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

42. WARD, L. M. SCOTCH AIR.



4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed,
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy seat.

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

6 O let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget Thy mercy seat.

38 Pres. 603; Meth. 760; Bap. 881.

Missionary Hymn, 204.

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.

43. WARE, L. M. G. KINGSLEY.



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

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.



39 Pres. 545; Meth. ——; Bap. 389.

Eltham, 127; Spanish Hymn, 142.

FROM the cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What melodious sounds I hear,
Bursting on my ravished ear!
Love's redeeming work is done,
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

2 Sprinkled now with blood the throne,
Why beneath thy burdens groan?
On My piercèd body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid;
Bow the knee and kiss the Son,
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

3 Spread for thee the festal board,
See with richest dainties stored;
To thy Father's bosom pressed,
Thou shalt be a child confessed,
Never from His house to roam;
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

4 Soon the days of life shall end;
Lo! I come, your Saviour, Friend!



Safe your spirits to convey
To the realms of endless day,
Up to My eternal home;
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

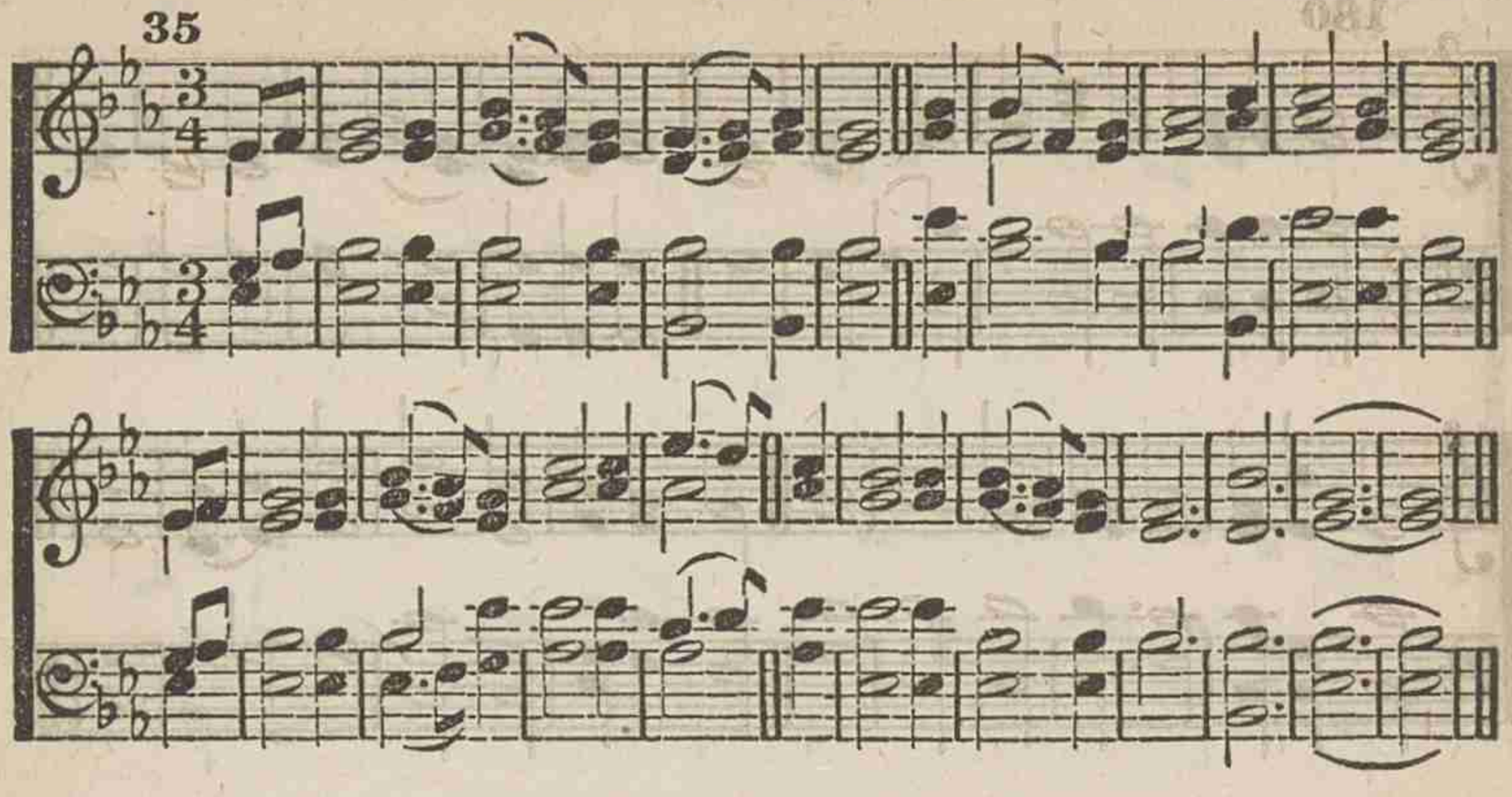
40 Pres. 318; Meth. ——; Bap. 592.

Greenville, 158; Fount, 156; Sicily, 167.

GENTLY, Lord, O! gently lead us,
Through this lonely vale of tears,
Through the changes Thou'st decreed us,
Till our last great change appears;
When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let Thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in Thy perfect way.

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;
And when mortal life is ended,
Bid us in Thine arms to rest,
Till, by angel bands attended,
We awake among the blest.

46. WOODWORTH, L. M. W. B. BRADBURY.



41 Pres. 30th Ps.; Meth. 644: Bap. ——. **S. M.**

Olmutz, 118; Laban, 116.

GIVE to the winds thy fears;
Hope on, be not dismayed;
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears;
God shall lift up thy head.

2 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou His time; the darkest night
Shall end in brightest day.

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

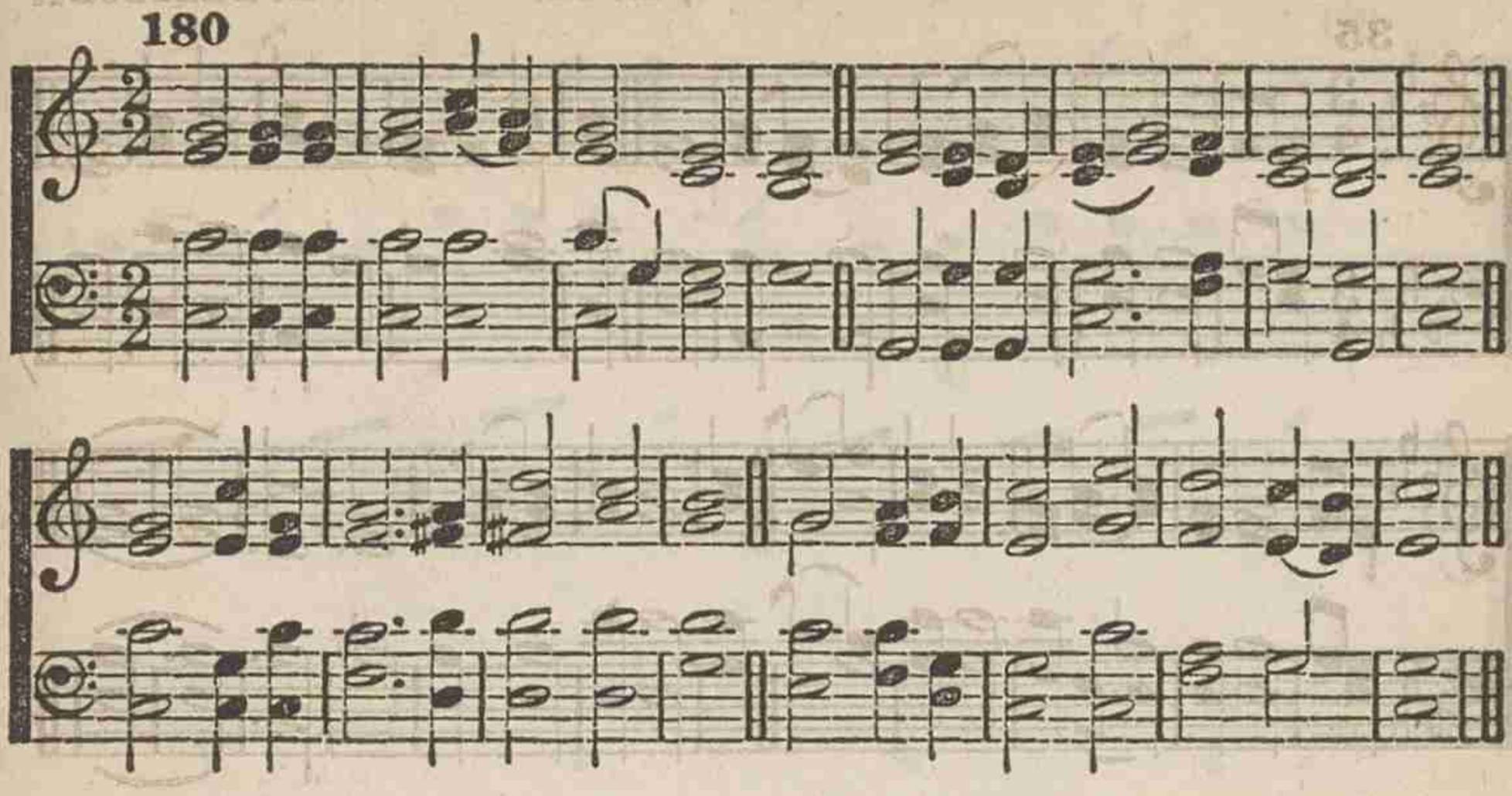
4 What though thou rulest not!
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell
Proclaim—God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.

42 Pres. 564; Meth. 239; Bap. 742. **8 & 7.**

Harwell, 160; Middleton, 164: Autumn, 150.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Sion, city of our God;
He whose words cannot be broken,
Formed thee for His own abode:

47. ZEPHYR, L. M. W. B. BRADBURY.



On the Rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayest smile at all thy foes.

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 their 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.

43 Pres. 161; Meth. 194; Bap. 536. **S. M.**

Cranbrook, 110; Ain, 106; Boyleston, 108.

GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to mine ear:

48. ANTIOCH, C. M. HANDEL.



Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

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

3 Grace first inscribed my name
In God's eternal book;
'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,
Who all my sorrows took.

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

5 Grace taught my soul to pray,
And made mine eyes o'erflow;
'Twas Grace that kept me to this day,
And will not let me go.

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



44 Pres. 57; Meth. 558; Bap. 694. **8, 7 & 4.**

Oliphant, 162; Harwell, 160; Greenville, 158.

GUIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
Hold me with Thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me, till I want no more.

2 Open now 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;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side.
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

50. **ARLINGTON, C. M.** T. A. ARNE.



45 Pres. 228; Meth. ——; Bap. 467 **8 & 7.**

Middleton, 164; Rathbun, 166; Autumn, 150.

HAIL! my ever blessed Jesus,
Only Thee I wish to sing;
To my soul Thy name is precious,
Thou my Prophet, Priest and King.

2 O! what mercy flows from heaven!
O! what joy and happiness!
Love I much? I'm much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.

3 Once with Adam's race in ruin,
Unconcerned, in sin I lay;
Swift destruction still pursuing,
Till my Saviour passed that way.

4 Witness all ye hosts of heaven,
My Redeemer's tenderness,
Love I much? I'm much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.

5 That blest moment I received Him
Filled my soul with joy and peace;
Love I much? I'm much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.



46 Pres. 82; Meth. 154; Bap. ——. **8 & 7.**

Fount, 156; Rathbun, 166; Greenville, 158.

HAIL, Thou once despisèd Jesus!
Hail, Thou Galilean King!
Thou didst suffer to release us;
Thou didst free salvation bring.

2 Hail, Thou agonizing Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame!
By Thy merits we find favor;
Life is given through Thy name.

3 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on Thee were laid;
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.

4 All Thy people are forgiven,
Through the virtue of Thy blood;
Opened is the gate of heaven;
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

47 Pres. 42; Meth. 473; Bap. 486, **7s.**

Aletta, 125; Eshtemoa, 128; Pleyel's Hymn, 138.

HARK, my soul, it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Saviour, hear His word;

52. ATHENS, C. M. F. GIARDINE, 1760.



Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee;
"Say, poor sinner, lovest thou Me?

2 "I delivered thee when bound,
And, when wounded, healed thy wound,
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

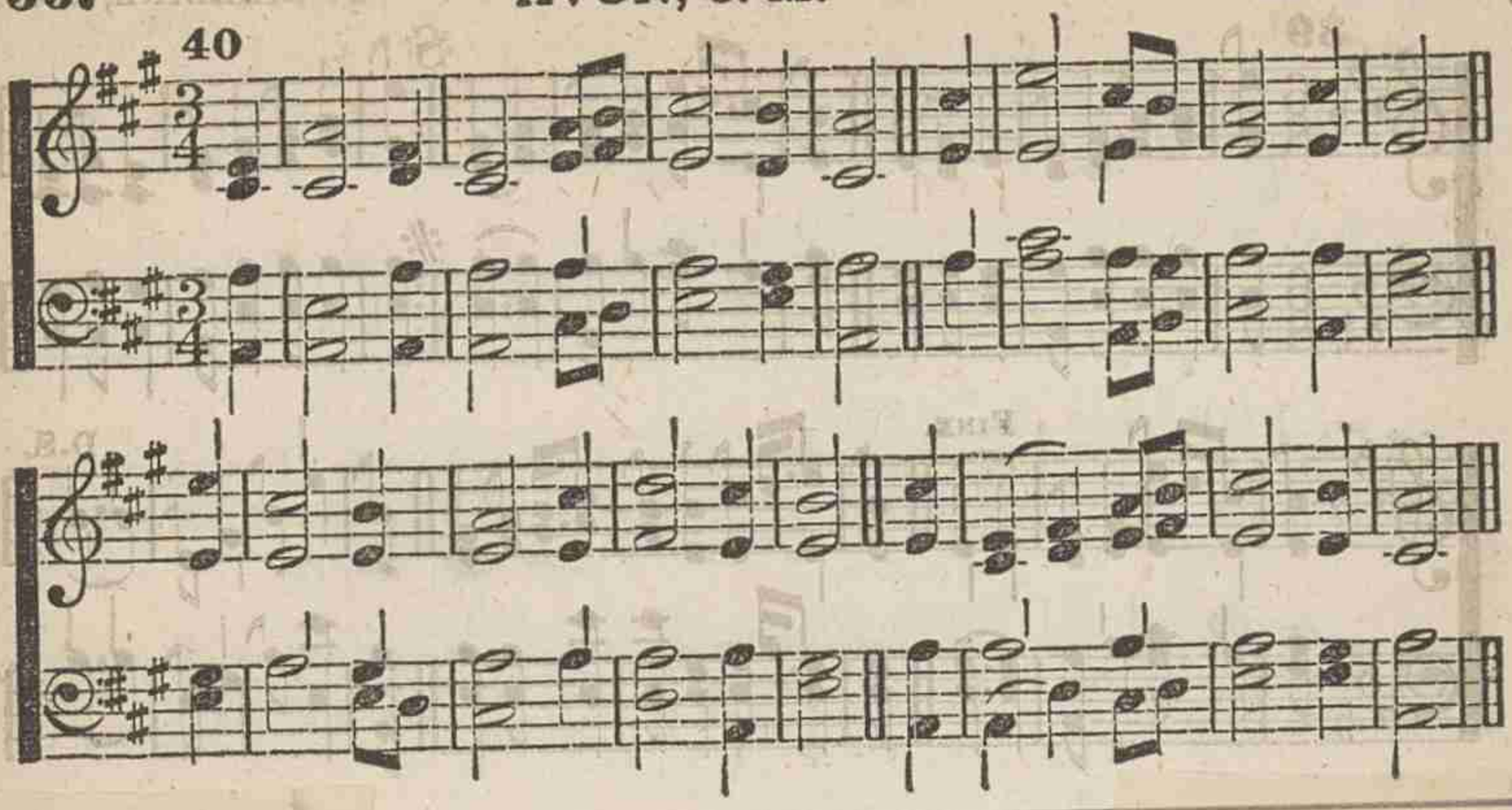
3 "Can a woman's tender care
Cease toward the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above;
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 "Thou shalt see My glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of My throne shalt be;
Say, poor sinner, lovest thou Me?"

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint,
Yet I love Thee, and adore;
O, for grace to love Thee more.

53. AVON, C. M. H. WILSON.



48 Pres. 610; Meth. ——; Bap. 280. **8 & 7.**

Harwell, 160; Autumn, 150; Fount, 156.

HARK! ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the note of praise above:
Jesus reigns, and heav'n rejoices,
Jesus reigns, the God of love;
See, He sits on yonder throne—
Jesus rules the world alone.

2 Saviour, hasten Thine appearing—
Bring, oh, bring the glorious day,
When the awful summons hearing,
Heav'n and earth shall pass away;
Then, with angel choirs, we'll sing
"Glory, glory to our King."

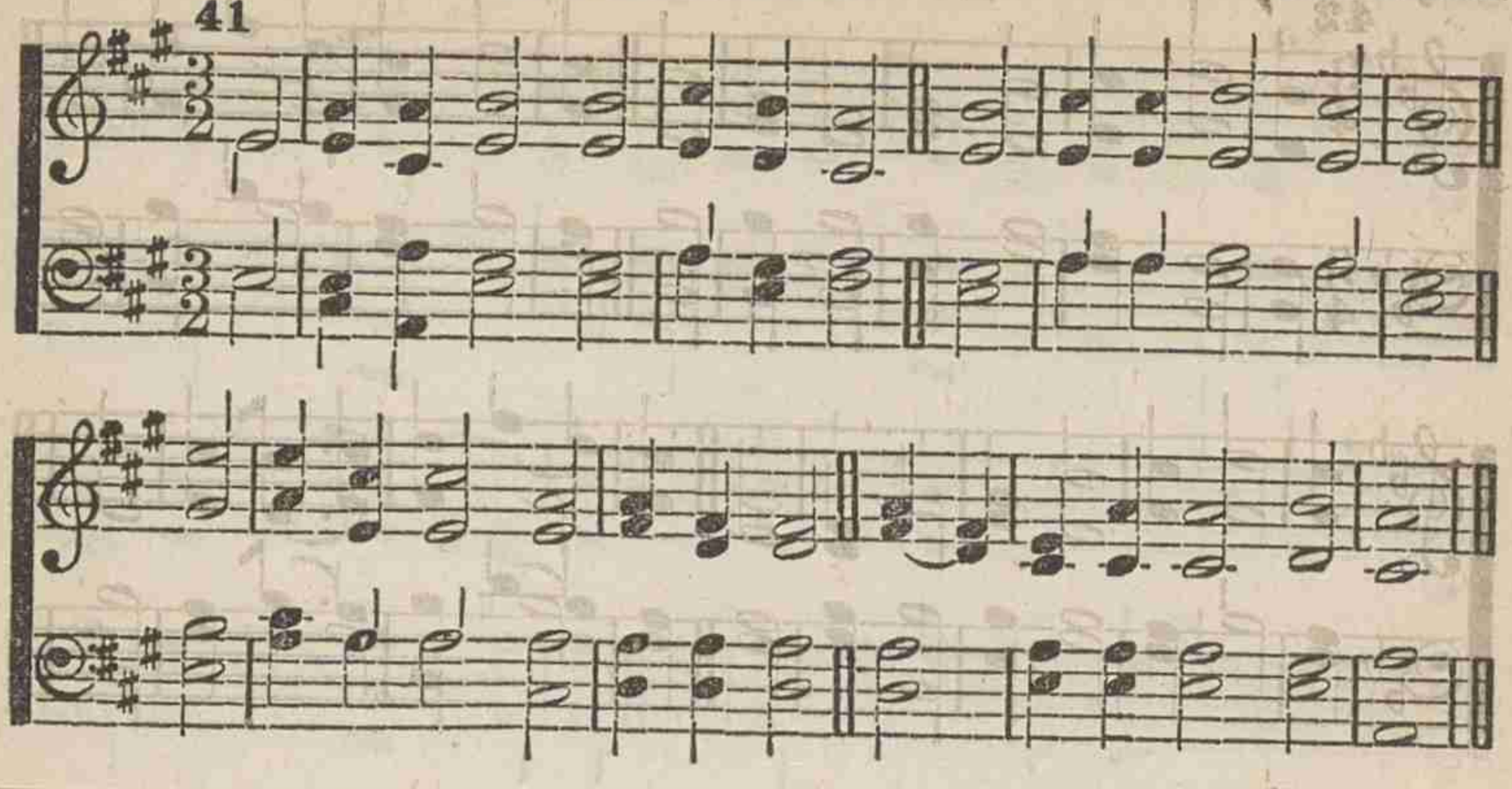
49 Pres. 91; Meth. ——, Bap. ——.

Wilmot, 145; Eltham, 127.

HARK! the herald angels say,
Christ the Lord is risen to-day;
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Let the glorious tidings fly.

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er,
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

54. AZMON, C. M. DR. MASON.



3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ has burst the gates of hell:
Death in vain forbids Him rise;
Christ has opened paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King;
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once He died, our souls to save;
Where's thy victory, boasting grave?

5 Hail! Thou dear, almighty Lord,
Hail! Thou great incarnate Word,
Hail! Thou suffering Son of God,
Take the trophies of thy blood.

50 Pres. 81; Meth. ——; Bap. 236. **8 & 7.**

Autumn 150; Rathbun, 166.

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 Saviour cry.

55. BALERMA, C. M. SCOTCH.



2 It is finished—O! what pleasure
Do these precious words afford!
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord:
It is finished!
Saints the dying words record.

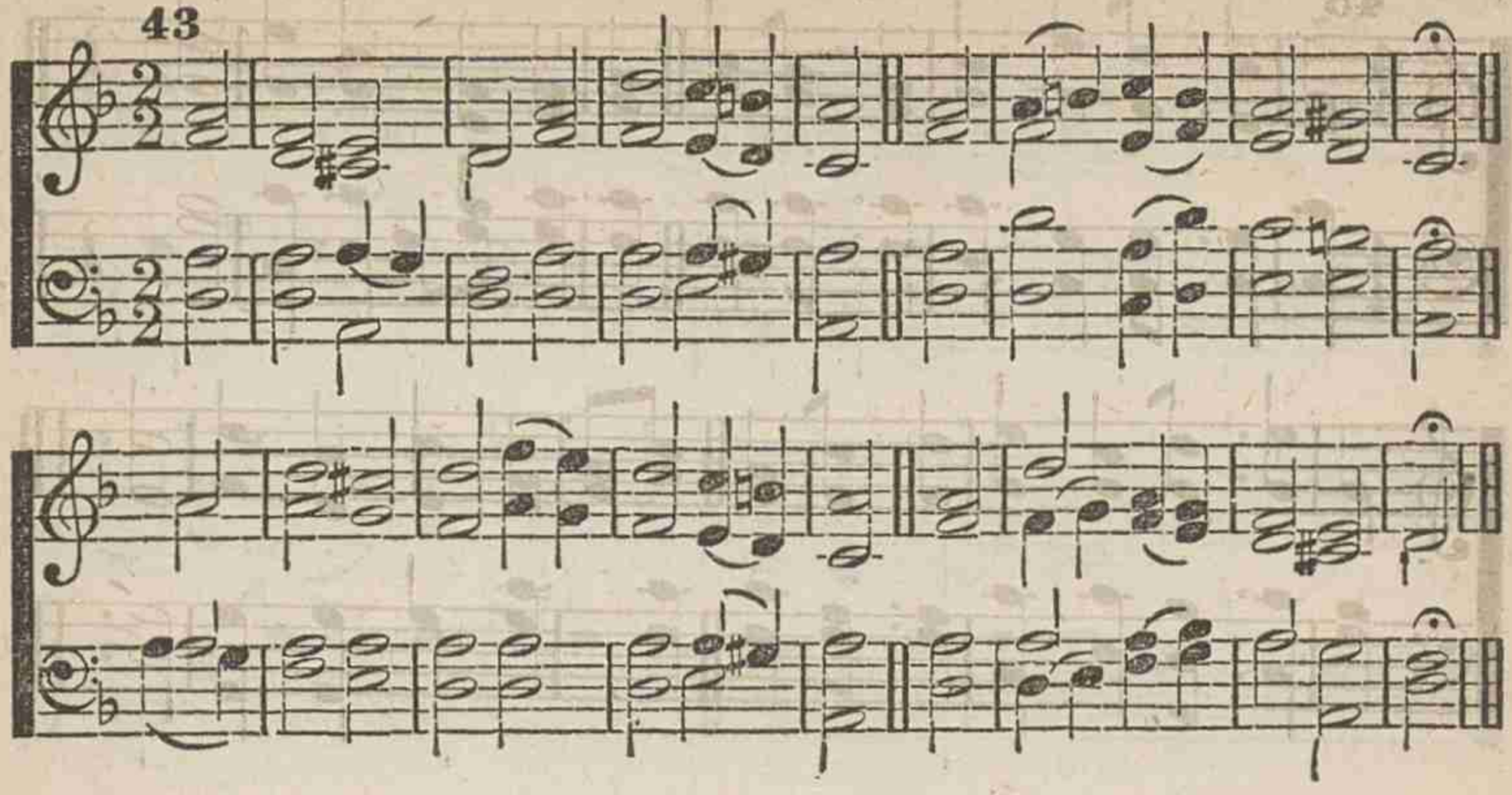
3 Finished—all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law;
Finished—all that God had promised;
Death and hell no more shall awe!
It is finished!
Saints, from hence your comfort draw.

4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All on earth and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name;
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

51 Pres. 74; Meth. ——; Bap. 186. **8 & 7.**
Bartimeus, 149; Disciple, 154; Dorrnance, 155.

HARK! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies!
Lo! the angelic host rejoices,
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

56. BANGOR, C. M. RAVENSCROFT.



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

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

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

52 Pres. 188; Meth. 360; Bap. 339. **L. M.**
Penitent, 31; Germany, 16; Hamburg, 18.

HASTEN, O sinner, to be wise,
And stay not for to-morrow's sun;
The longer wisdom you despise,
The harder is she to be won.

2 O! hasten mercy to implore,
And stay not for to-morrow's sun;
For fear thy season should be o'er,
Before this evening's course be run.

57. BROWN, C. M. W. B. BRADBURY.



3 Hasten, O sinner, to return,
And stay not for to-morrow's sun;
For fear thy lamp should fail to burn,
Before the needful work is done.

4 Hasten, O sinner, to be blest,
And stay not for to-morrow's sun;
For fear the curse should thee arrest,
Before the morrow is begun.

53 Pres. ——; Meth. ——; Bap. 693.

He Leadeth Me, 20.

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

REF.—He leadeth me! he leadeth me!
By His own hand He leadeth me;
His faithful follower I would be,
For by His hand He leadeth me.

2 Sometimes mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,—
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.



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

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

54 Pres. 694; Meth. ——; Bap. ——. **7s.**

Eltham, 127; Wilmot, 145.

HIGH, in yonder realms of light,
Dwell the raptured saints above;
Far beyond our feeble sight,
Happy in Immanuel's love:
Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
Once they knew, like us below,
Gloomy doubts, distressing fears,
Torturing pain and heavy woe.

2 Oft the big unbidden tear,
Stealing down the furrowed cheek,
Told, in eloquence sincere,
Tales of woe they could not speak.



But these days of weeping o'er,
Past this scene of toil and pain,
They shall feel distress no more,
Never, never weep again.

3 'Mid the chorus of the skies,
'Mid the angelic lyres above,
Hark! their songs melodious rise,
Songs of praise to Jesus' love.
Happy spirits, ye are fled,
Where no grief can entrance find;
Lulled to rest the aching head,
Soothed the anguish of the mind.

55 Pres. 632; Meth. 681; Bap. 329. **L. M.**

Hamburg, 18; Woodworth, 46; Rest, 33.

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.

60. CAMBRIDGE, C. M. J. RANDALL. **61.**



3 A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys;
Nothing disturbs that peace profound,
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

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

56 Pres. ——; Meth. ——; Bap. 72. **S. M.**

Lisbon, 117; Gerar, 113; Boyleston, 108.

HOW charming is the place
Where my Redeemer, God,
Unvails the beauty of His face,
And spreads 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.

61. **CHIMES, C. M.** DR. MASON.



4 Give me, O Lord, a place
Within Thy blest abode,
Among the children of Thy grace,
The servants of my God.

57 Pres. 235; Meth. 640; Bap. 679. **11s.**

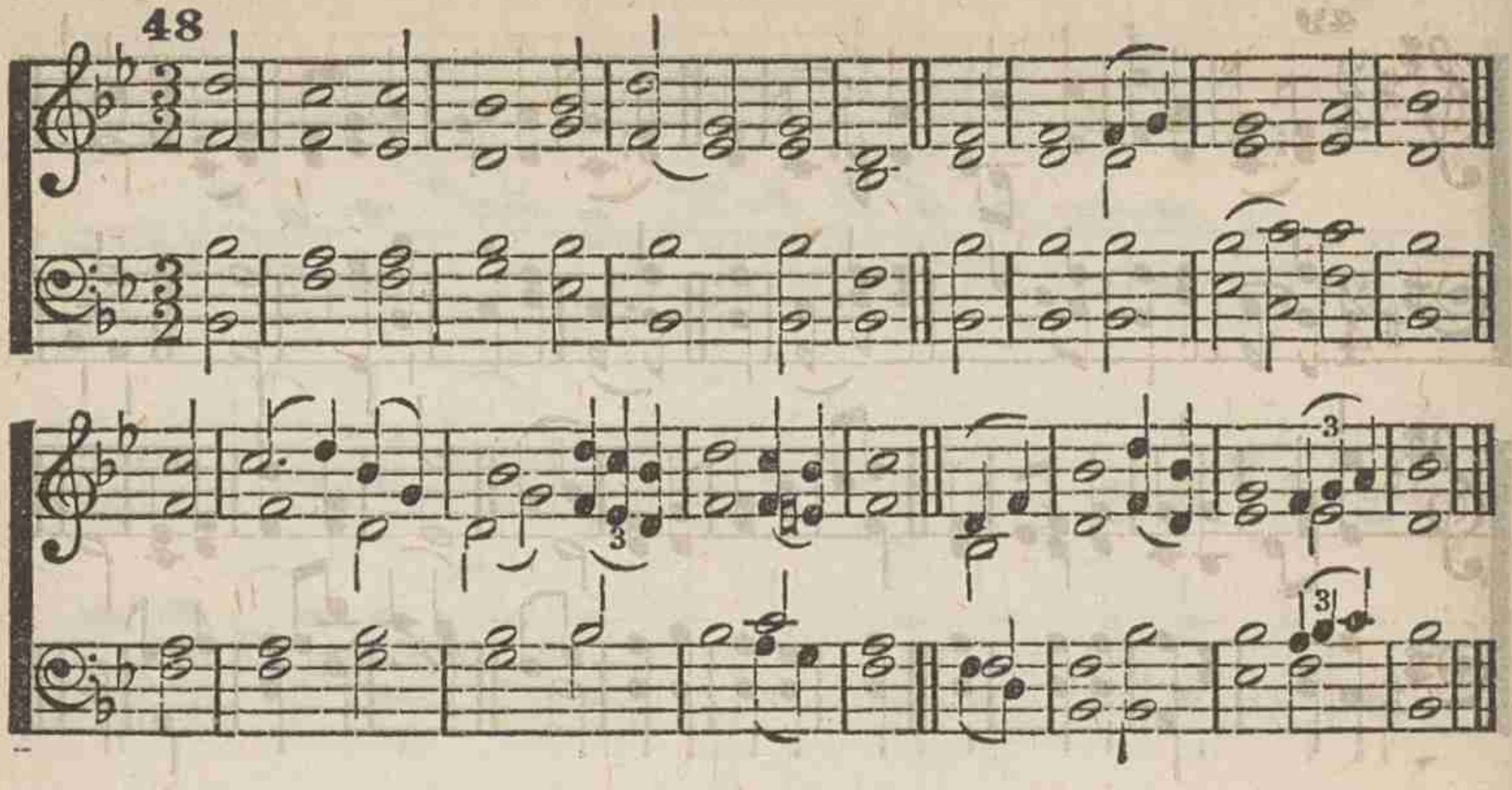
Protection, 216; Portuguese Hymn, 214.

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 hath said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

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 thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be.

3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;

62. CHINA, C. M. T. SWAN. 63.



For I will be with thee, thy troubles to
bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

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

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

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

63. CHRISTMAS, C. M. HANDEL, 1759.



58 Pres. 265; Meth. 483; Bap. 491. 6 & 9.

New Concord, 207.

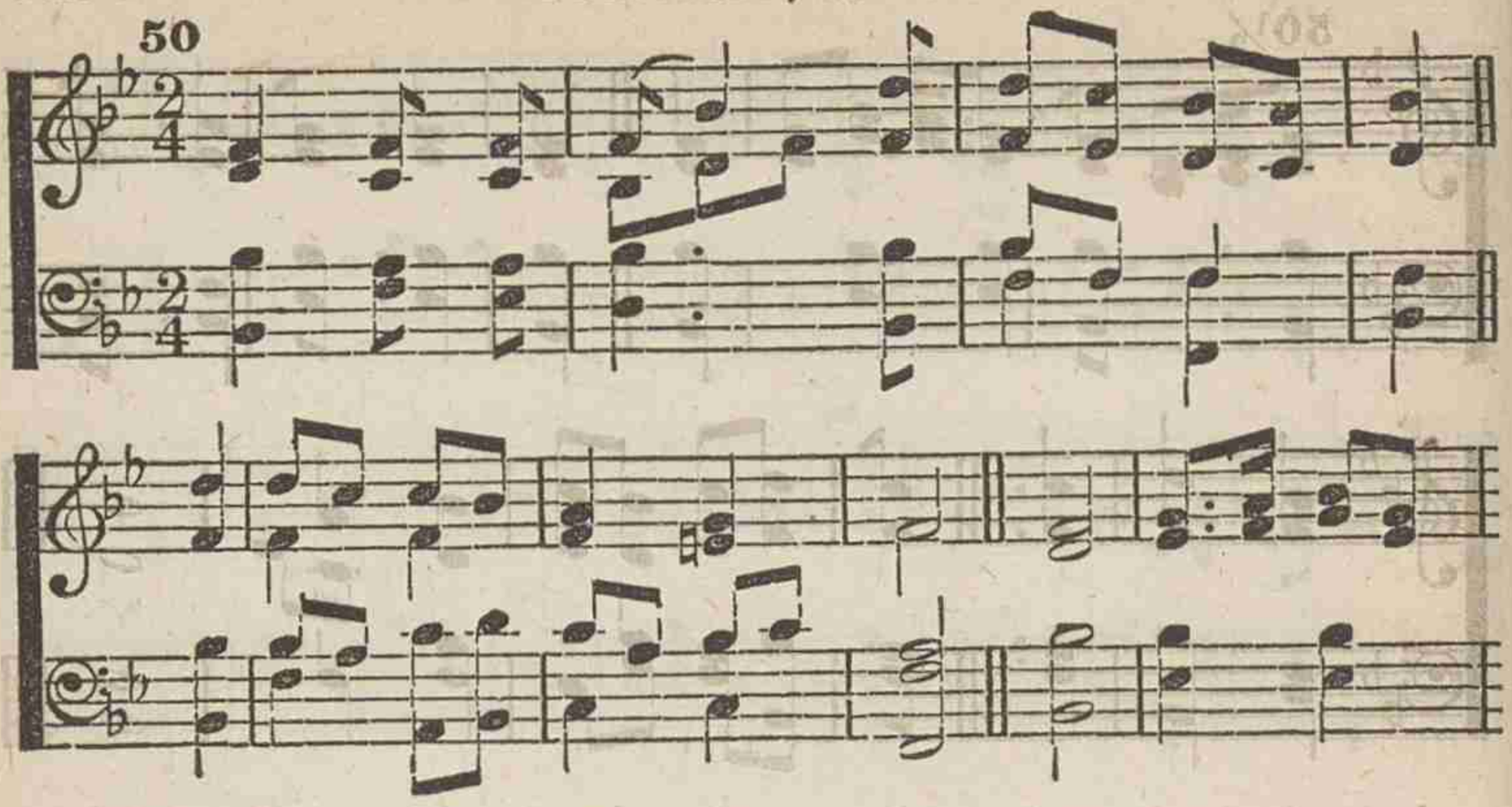
HOW happy are they
Who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasures above!
O what tongue can express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love?

2 'Twas heaven below
My Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more
Than to fall at His feet,
And the story repeat,
And the lover of sinners adore.

3 O the rapturous height
Of that holy delight
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
Of my Saviour possessed,
I was perfectly blest,
As if filled with the fullness of God.

4 Then all the day long,
Was my Jesus my song,
And redemption through faith in His name;

64. CONWAY, C. M. ENGLISH. 65.



O that all might believe,
And salvation receive,
And their song and their joy be the same.

59 Pres. 518; Meth. ——; Bap. —— **11s.**

Home, 194.

HOW loving is Jesus, who came from the sky,
In tenderest pity, for sinners to die;
His hands and His feet were nailed to the tree,
And all this He suffered for you and for me,
For you and for me,
Yes, all this He suffered for you and for me.

2 How precious is Jesus to all who believe;
And out of His fullness what grace they receive;
When weak He supports them, when erring He guides;
And everything needful He kindly provides.
For you and for me;
Yes, everything needful He kindly provides.



3 Oh! give then to Jesus your earliest days;
They only are blessed who walk in His ways;
In life and in death He will still be your friend,
For whom Jesus loveth He loves to the end.
Loves you and loves me;
Yes, whom Jesus loveth He loves to the end.

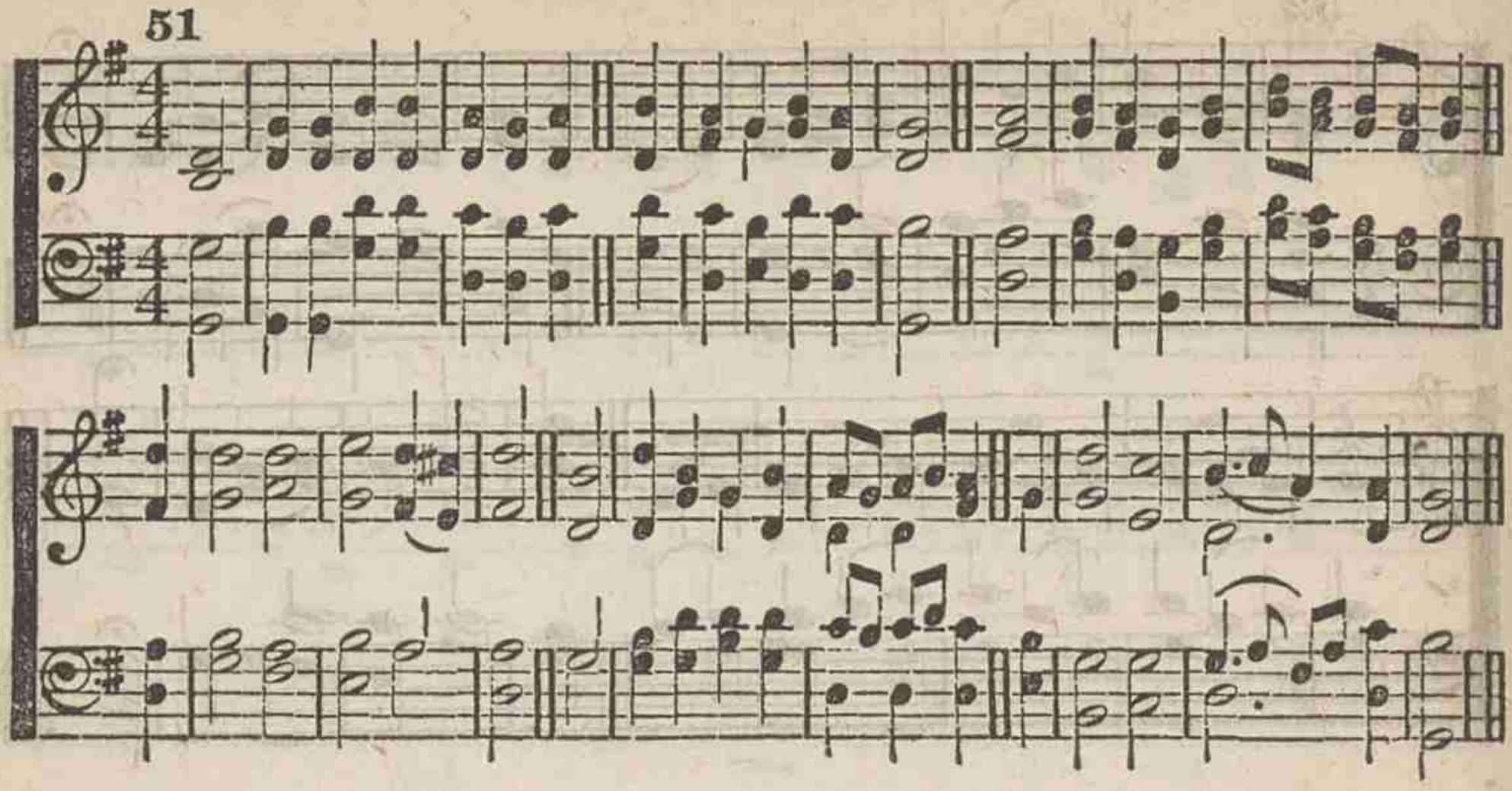
60 Pres. 119 Ps.; Meth. ——; Bap. 771. **C. M.**
Warwick, 101; Henry, 80; Hermon, 74.

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 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

3 'Tis, like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;

66. **CORONATION, C. M.** O. HOLDEN, 1793.



And through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

4 Thy Word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
That Holy Book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

61 Pres. 66; Meth. 104; Bap. 470. **L. M.**

Seasons, 36; Shael, 40; Ware, 43.

HOW sweetly flowed the gospel's sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When list'ning thousands gather'd round
And joy and rev'rence filled the place.

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

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

67. COVENTRY, C. M. ENGLISH.



62 Pres. 290; Meth. 196; Bap. 48.
Ortonville, 86; Marlow, 83; Manoah, 82.

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

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

3 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.

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

63 Pres. 289; Meth. 615; Bap. 510.
De Fleury, 185.

HOW tedious and tasteless the hours,
When Jesus no longer I see;

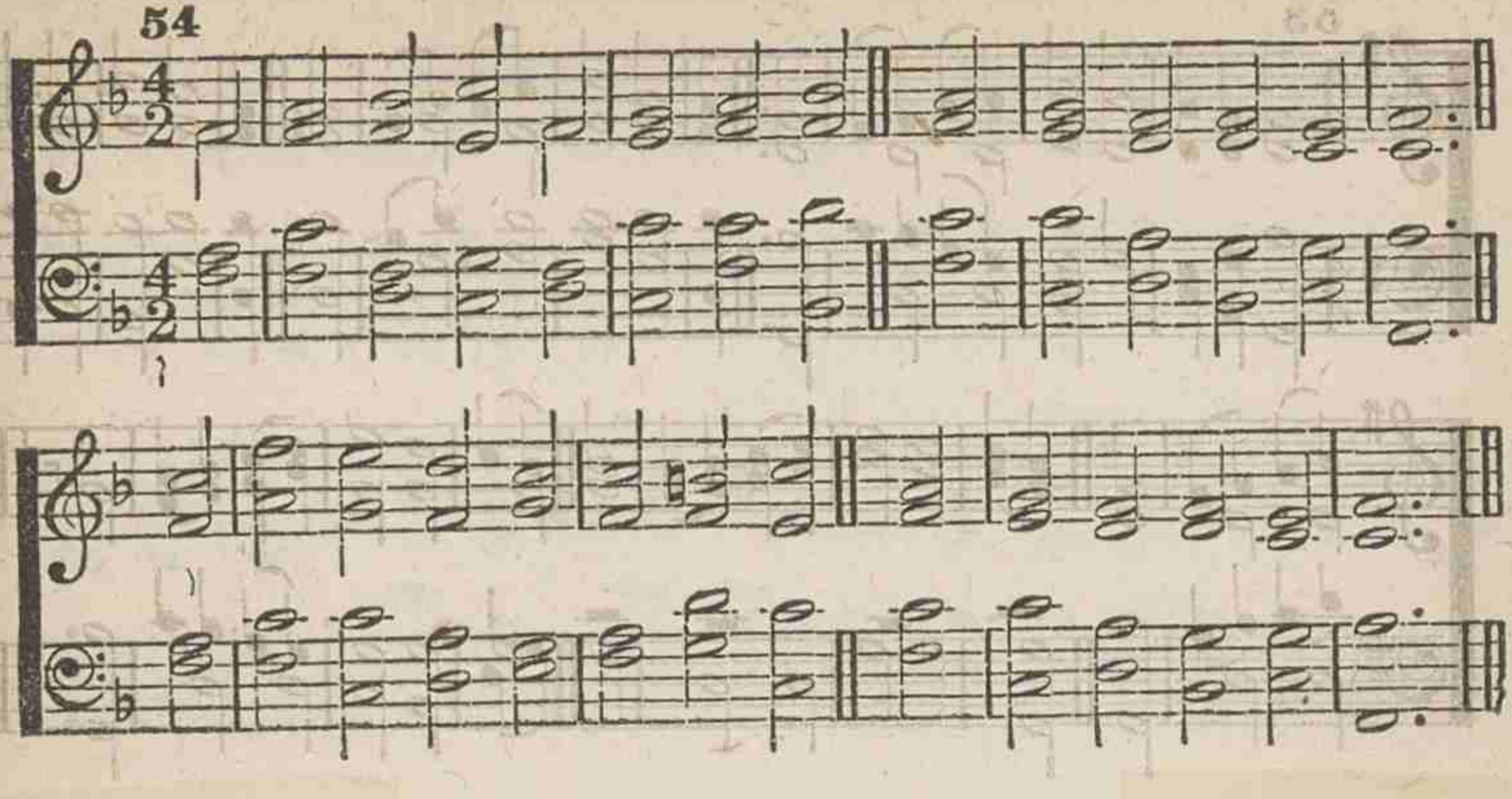


Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet
flowers,
Have lost all their sweetness to me;
The midsummer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay,
But when I am happy in Him,
December's as pleasant as May.

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

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

69. **DUNDEE (French), C. M.** SCOTCH.



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

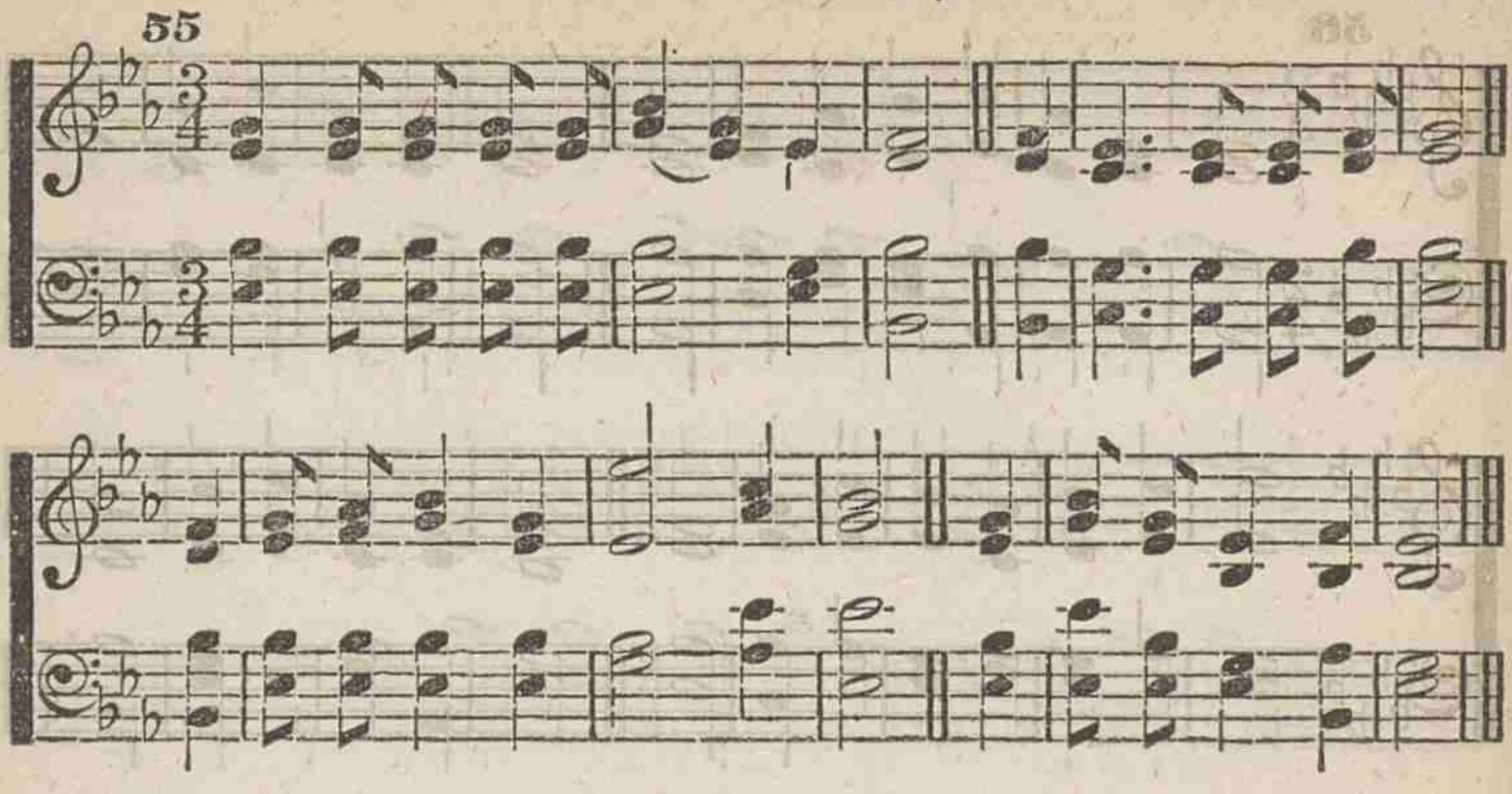
64

Trusting, 144; Horton, 134; Martyn, 136.

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

CHO.—I am trusting, Lord, in Thee,
Thou blest Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at Thy cross I bow,
Save me, Jesus, save me now.

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



3 Here I give my all to Thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store;
Soul and body, Thine to be;
Wholly thine for evermore.

CHORUS.

4 In Thy promises I trust,
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.

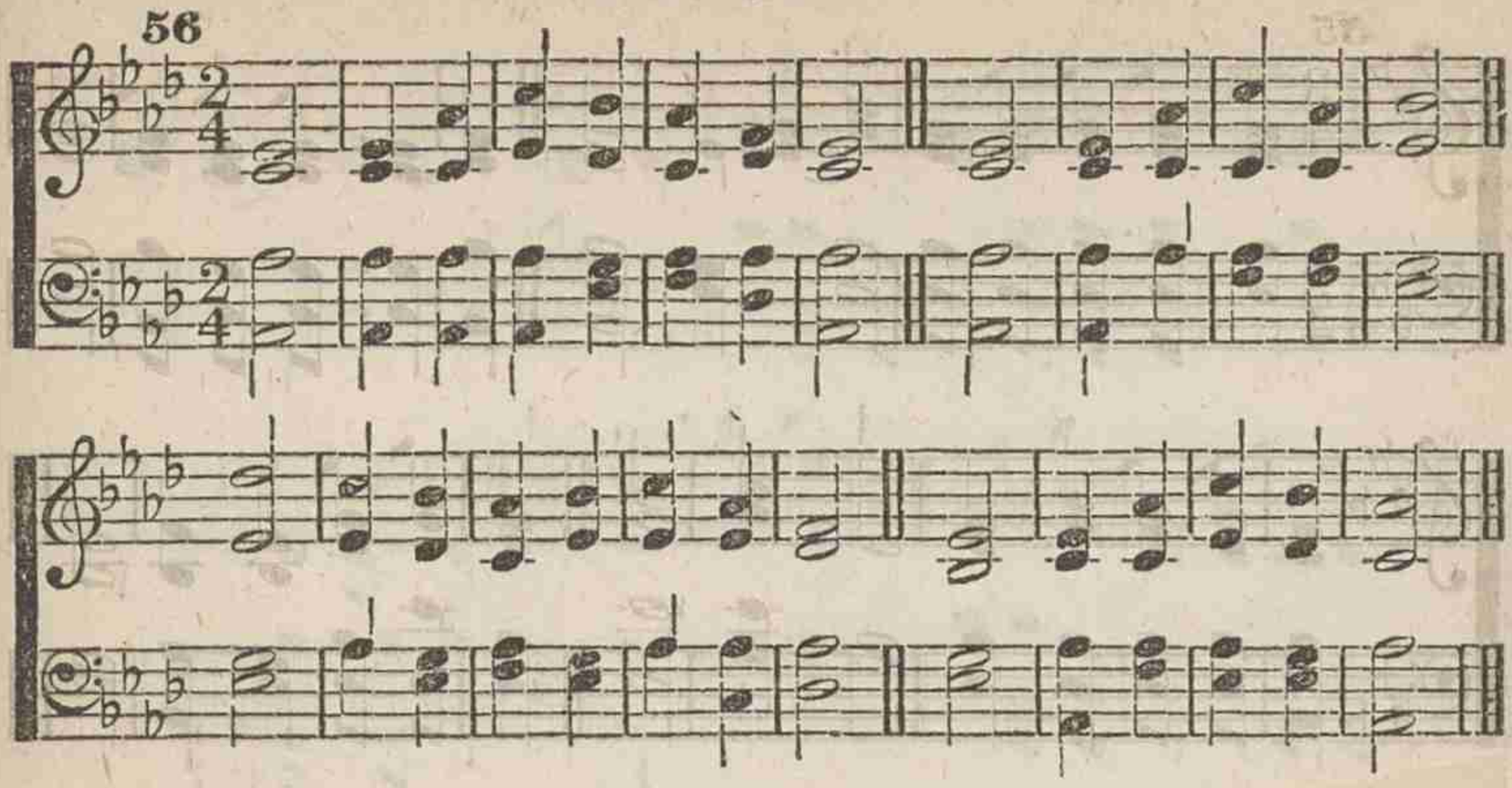
CHORUS.

65 Pres. 273; Meth. ——; Bap. 507. **C. M. D.**

Hillhurst, 76; Brattle Street, 58.

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast.
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad,
I found in Him a resting place,
And He has made me glad.

71. **EVAN, C. M.** W. H. HAVERGAL.



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.

4 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
My Father's house above
Has many mansions; I've a place
Prepared for you in love.
I trust in Jesus, in that house,
According to His word,
Redeemed by grace, my soul shall live
Forever with the Lord.

72. FOUNTAIN, C. M. DR. MASON.



66 Pres. 276: Meth ——; Bap. 435. **7 & 6.**

Coverdale, 184; Missionary Hymn, 204; Webb, 230.

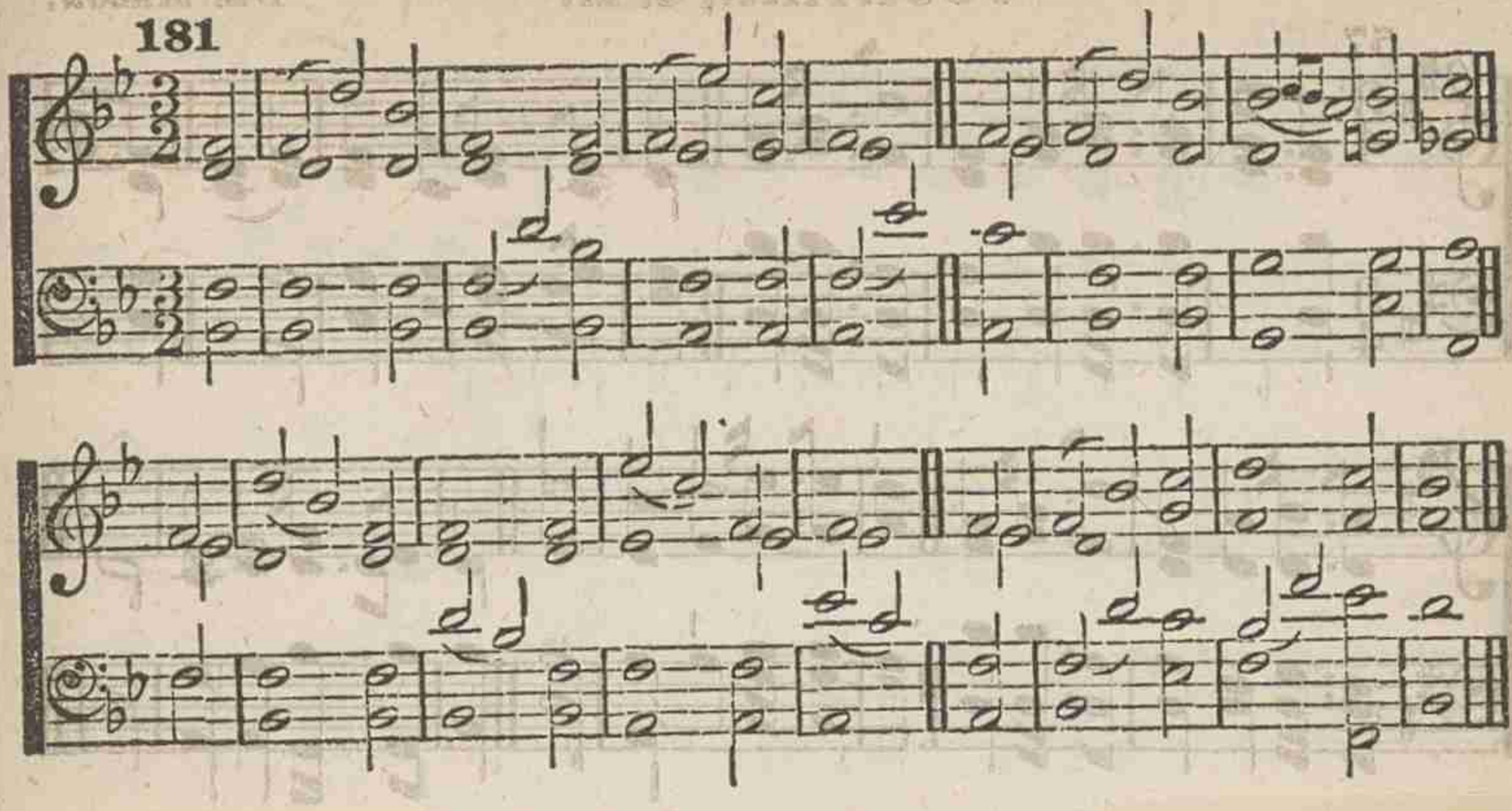
I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursed load;
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in His blood, most precious,
Till not a spot remains.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus—
All fullness dwells in Him;
He healeth my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem;
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrow shares.

3 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy Child;

73. GEER, C. M. W. H. GREATOREX.

181



I long to be with Jesus
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints His praises,
And learn the angels' song.

67 Pres. 138 Ps.; Meth. 887; Bap. 637. **S. M.**

Shirland, 121; Boyleston, 108.

I LOVE Thy Kingdom, Lord,
The house of Thine abode;
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With His own precious blood.

2 I love Thy church, O God!
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

74. HERMON, C. M. DR. MASON.

182



5 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Sion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

68 Pres. 419; Meth. ——; Bap. ——. P. M.

Pilgrim, 211.

I'M a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger;
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night;
Do not detain me, for I am going
To where the fountains are ever flowing.
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger,
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.

2 There the sunbeams are ever shining,
I am longing, I am longing for the sight,
Within a country, unknown and dreary,
I have been wandering, forlorn and weary.
I'm a pilgrim, etc.

3 Of that country to which I'm going,
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is the light;
There are no sorrows, nor any sighing,
Nor any sin there, nor any dying.
I'm a pilgrim, etc.

75. BETHANY, 6, 4 and 6s. DR. MASON.

127



69 Pres. 697; Meth. ——; Bap. 978. 6 & 4.

Oak, 209.

I'M but a stranger here,
Heav'n is my home;
Earth is a desert drear,
Heav'n is my home;
Dangers and sorrows stand
Round me on every hand,
Heav'n is my Father-land,
Heav'n is my home.

2 What though the tempest rage,
Heav'n is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heav'n is my home;
And time's wild wintry blast
Soon will be overpast,
I shall reach home at last—
Heav'n is my home.

3 Therefore I murmur not,
Heav'n is my home;
Whate'er my earthly lot,
Heav'n is my home;



And I shall surely stand
There at my Lord's right hand;
Heav'n is my Father-land—
Heav'n is my home.

4 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 love most and best;
There too I soon shall rest,
Heav'n is my home.

70 Pres. 355; Meth. ——; Bap. 115. **C. M.**

Woodland, 102; Christmas, 63.

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 God, I know his name,
His name is all my trust;
Nor will He put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

77. HILLHURST—Continued.





3 Firm as His throne His promise stands,
And He can well secure
What I've committed to His hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will He own my worthless name,
Before His Father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem,
Appoint my soul a place.

71 Pres. 123; Meth. ——; Bap. ——. **C. M.**

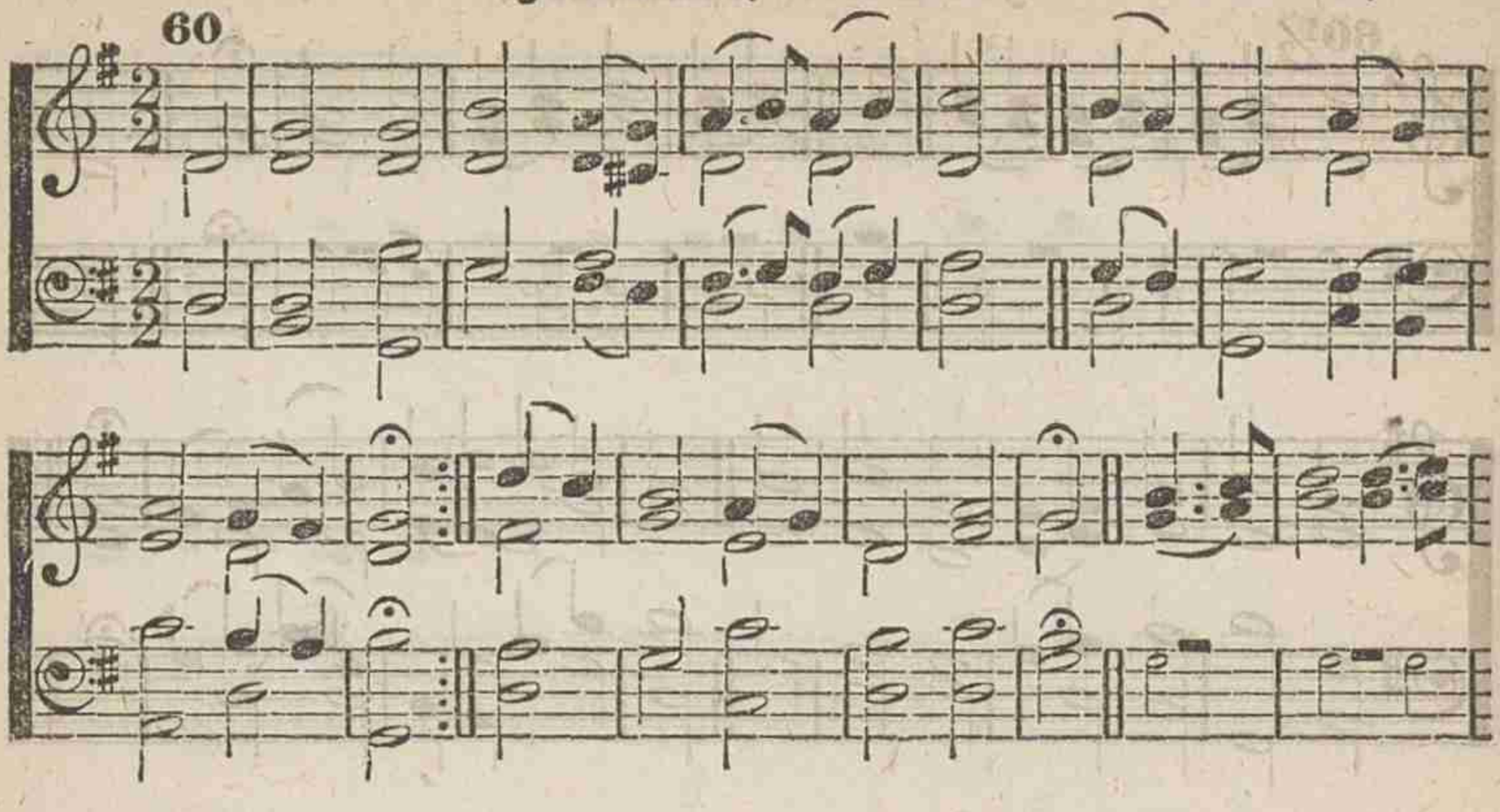
Azmon, 54; Chimes, 61; Arlington, 50.

IN every trouble, sharp and strong,
My soul to Jesus flies;
My anchor-hold is firm in Him,
When swelling billows rise.

2 His comforts bear my spirits up,
I trust a faithful God;
The sure foundation of my hope
Is in a Saviour's blood.

3 Loud hallelujahs sing, my soul,
To thy Redeemer's name;
In joy, in sorrow, life and death,
His love is still the same.

78. JORDAN, C. M. D. W. BILLINGS, 1781.



72 Pres. 204; Meth. ——; Bap. ——. **C. M.**

Avon, 53; Armenia, 51; Hermon, 74.

IN evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear;
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopped my wild career.

2 I saw one hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood;
Who fixed His languid eyes on me,
As near His cross I stood.

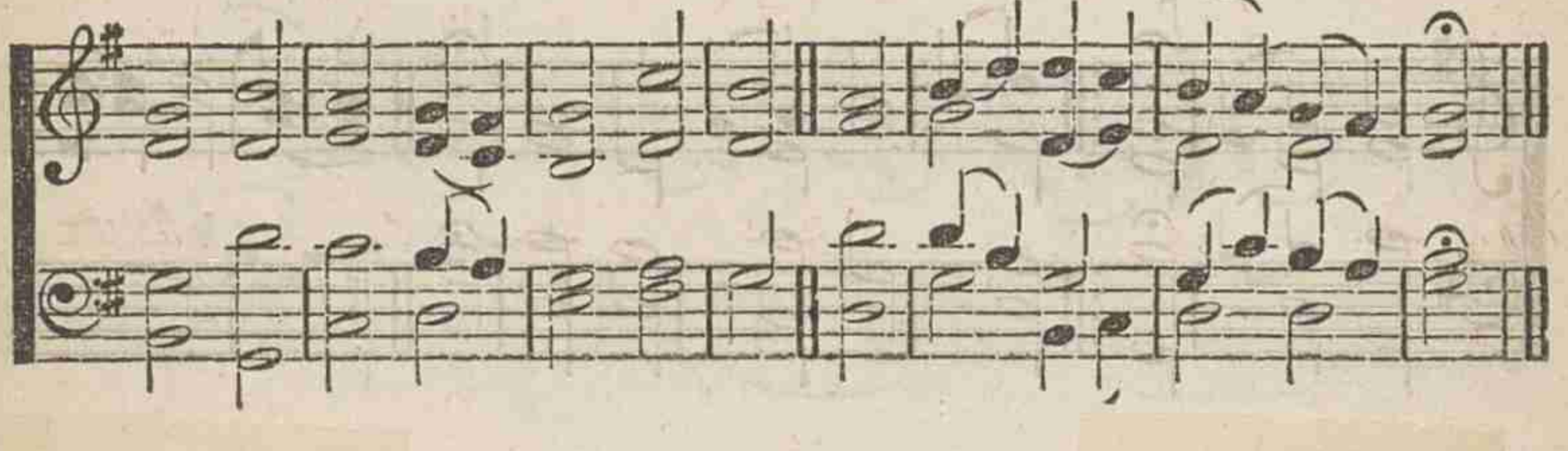
3 Sure, never, to my latest breath,
Can I forget that look;
It seemed to charge me with His death,
Though not a word He spoke.

4 My conscience felt and owned the guilt,
And plunged me in despair;
I saw my sins His blood had spilt,
And helped to nail Him there.

5 Alas! I knew not what I did,
But now my tears are vain;
Where shall my trembling soul be hid?
For I the Lord have slain.

79. JORDAN—Continued.





6 A second look He gave, which said,
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid;
I die that thou mayest live."

7 With pleasing grief and mournful joy.
My spirit is now filled;
That I should such a life destroy,
Yet live by Him I killed!

73 Pres. 255; Meth. ——; Bap. ——. **8, 7 & 5.**

Anticipation, 172.

IN the Christian's home in glory
There remains a land of rest;
There my Saviour's gone before me,
To fulfill my soul's request.
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for you;
On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
There is rest for you.

2 This is not my place of resting;
Mine's a city yet to come;

80. HENRY, C. M. S. B. POND.



Onward to it I am hasting,
On to my eternal home.
CHORUS.—There is rest, etc.

3 In it all is light and glory,
O'er it shines a nightless day;
Ev'ry trace of sin's sad story,
All the curse hath passed away.
CHORUS.—There is rest, etc.

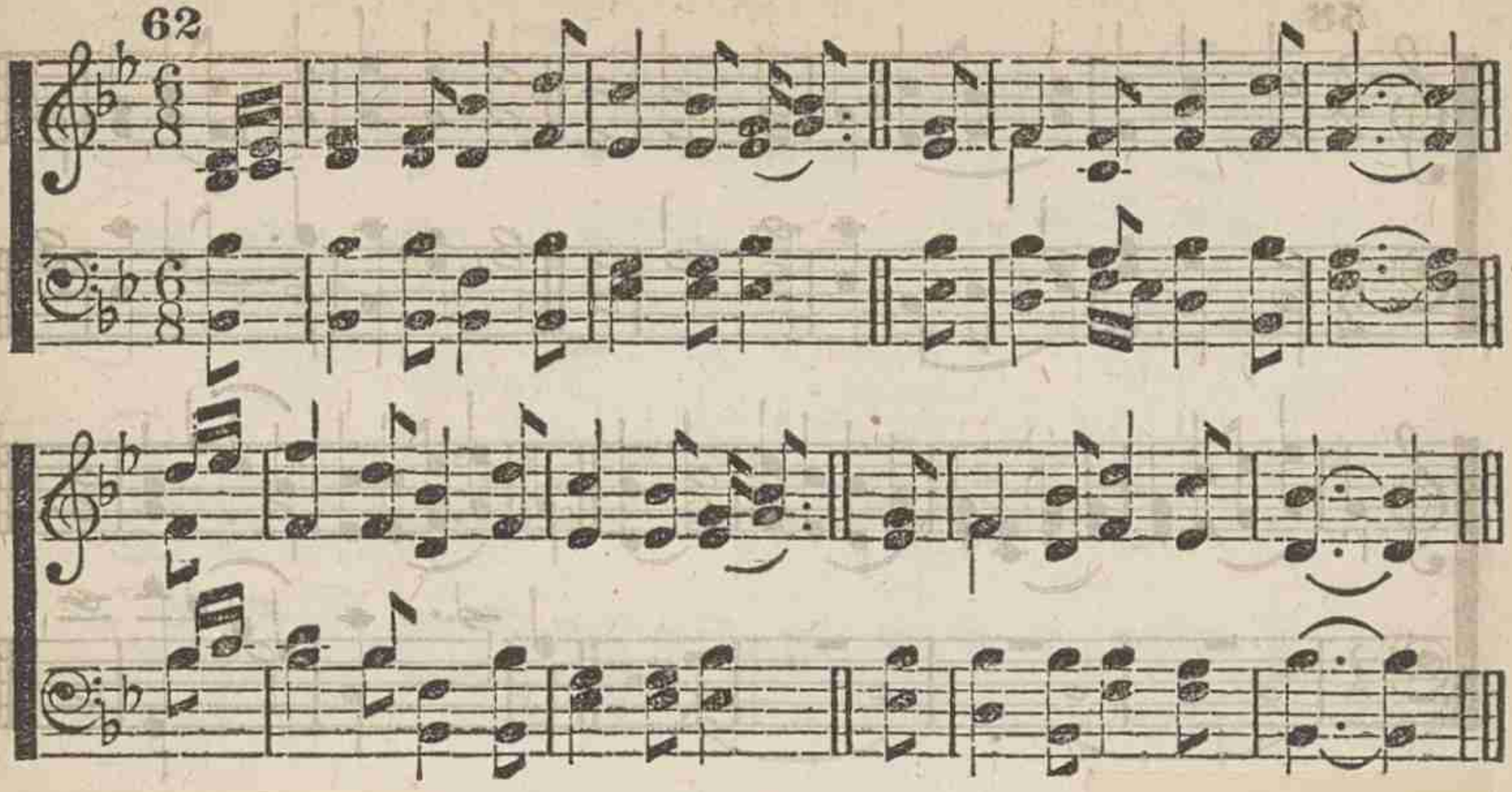
4 There the Lamb, our Shepherd, leads us
By the streams of life along,
On the freshest pastures feeds us,
Turns our sighing into song:
CHORUS.—There is rest, etc.

74 Pres. 21; Meth.—— C. M.

Zerah, 104; Coronation, 66.

I SING the almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad
And built the lofty skies.

2 I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at His command,
And all the stars obey.



3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food;
He formed the creatures with His word,
And then pronounced them good.

4 Lord, how Thy wonders are displayed,
Where'er I turn mine eye!
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky.

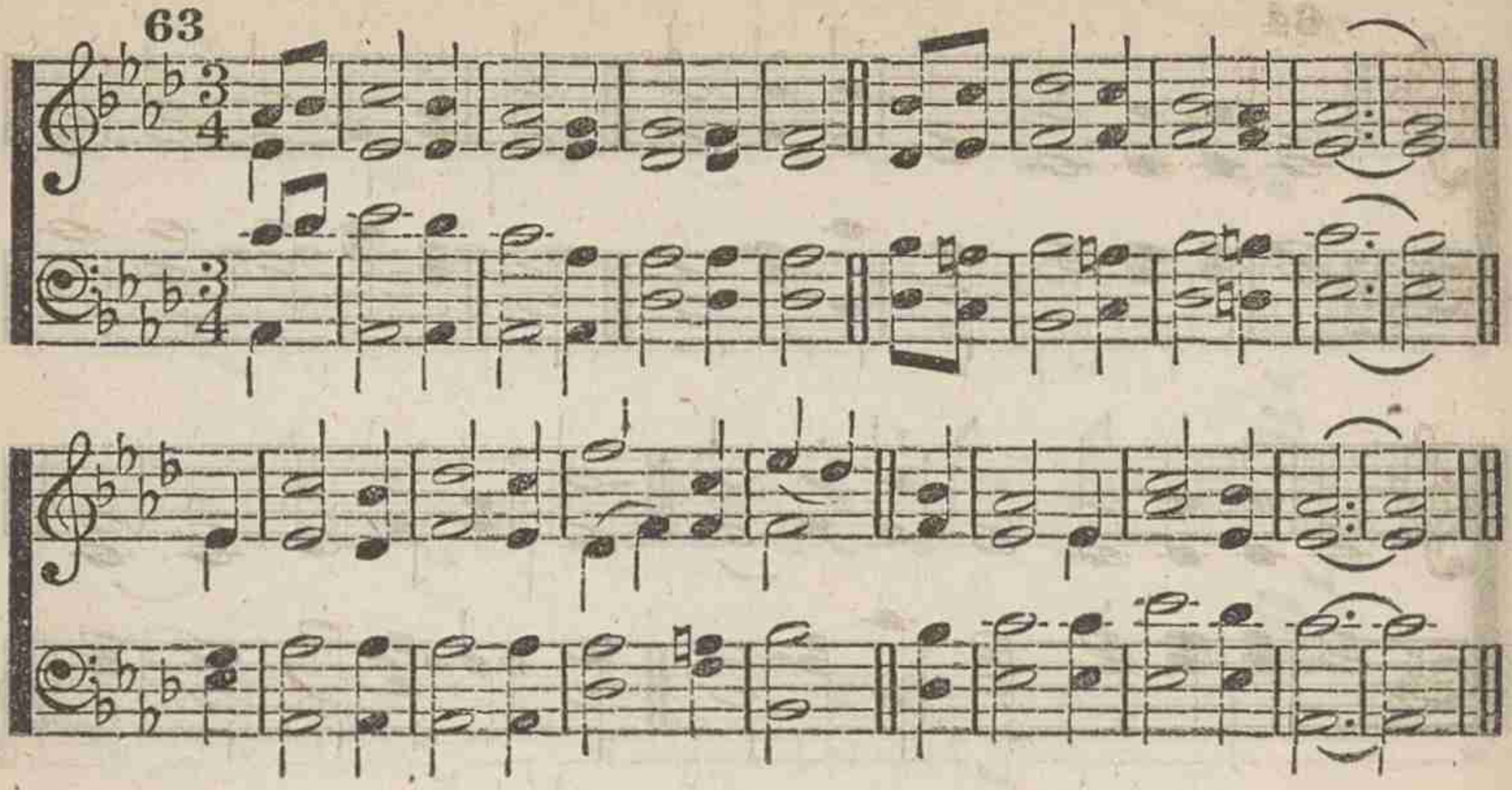
5 Creatures as numerous as they be,
Are subject to Thy care;
There's not a place where we can flee,
But God is present there.

75 Pres. 534; Meth. ——; Bap. ——. **11 & 8.**

Bunyan, 180.

I THINK, when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children as lambs to His fold,
I should like to have been with them then.

82. MANOAH, C. M. G. ROSSINI.



2 I wish that His hands had been placed
on my head,
That His arms had been thrown around
me,
And that I might have seen His kind look,
when He said,
"Let the little ones come unto Me."

3 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may
go,
And ask for a share in His love;
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above,—

4 In that beautiful place He has gone to
prepare,
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering
there,
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

76 Pres. 291; Meth. ——; Bap. 547. **S. M.**

Olmutz, 118; Ain, 106.

I WAS a wandering sheep;
I did not love the fold;
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controlled;



I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home,
I did not love my Father's voice,
I loved afar to roam.

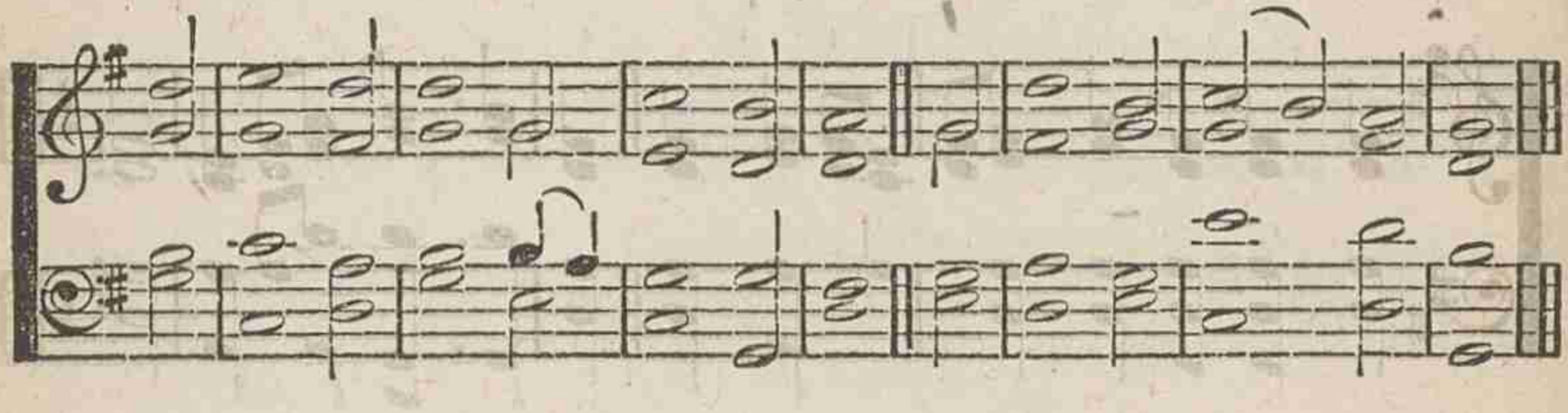
2 The Shepherd sought His sheep,
The Father sought His child;
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er desert, waste, and wild;
They found me nigh to death,
Famished, and faint, and lone;
They bound me with the bands of love,
They saved the wandering one.

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

4 No more a wandering sheep,
I love to be controlled;
I love my tender Shepherd's voice,
I love the peaceful fold;

65





No more a wayward child,
I seek no more to roam;
I love my heavenly Father's voice;
I love, I love His home.

77 Pres. 635; Meth. 708; Bap. 928. 11s.

Frederick, 187; Goshen, 190.

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

2 I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin;
Temptation without and corruption within;
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

132



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

78 Pres. 668; Meth. 705; Bap. 982. **C. M.**

Rhine, 89; Evan, 71; Elizabethtown, 70.

JERUSALEM, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me;
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee?

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3 O! when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?

86. ORTONVILLE, C. M. DR. HASTINGS.



4 Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

5 Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

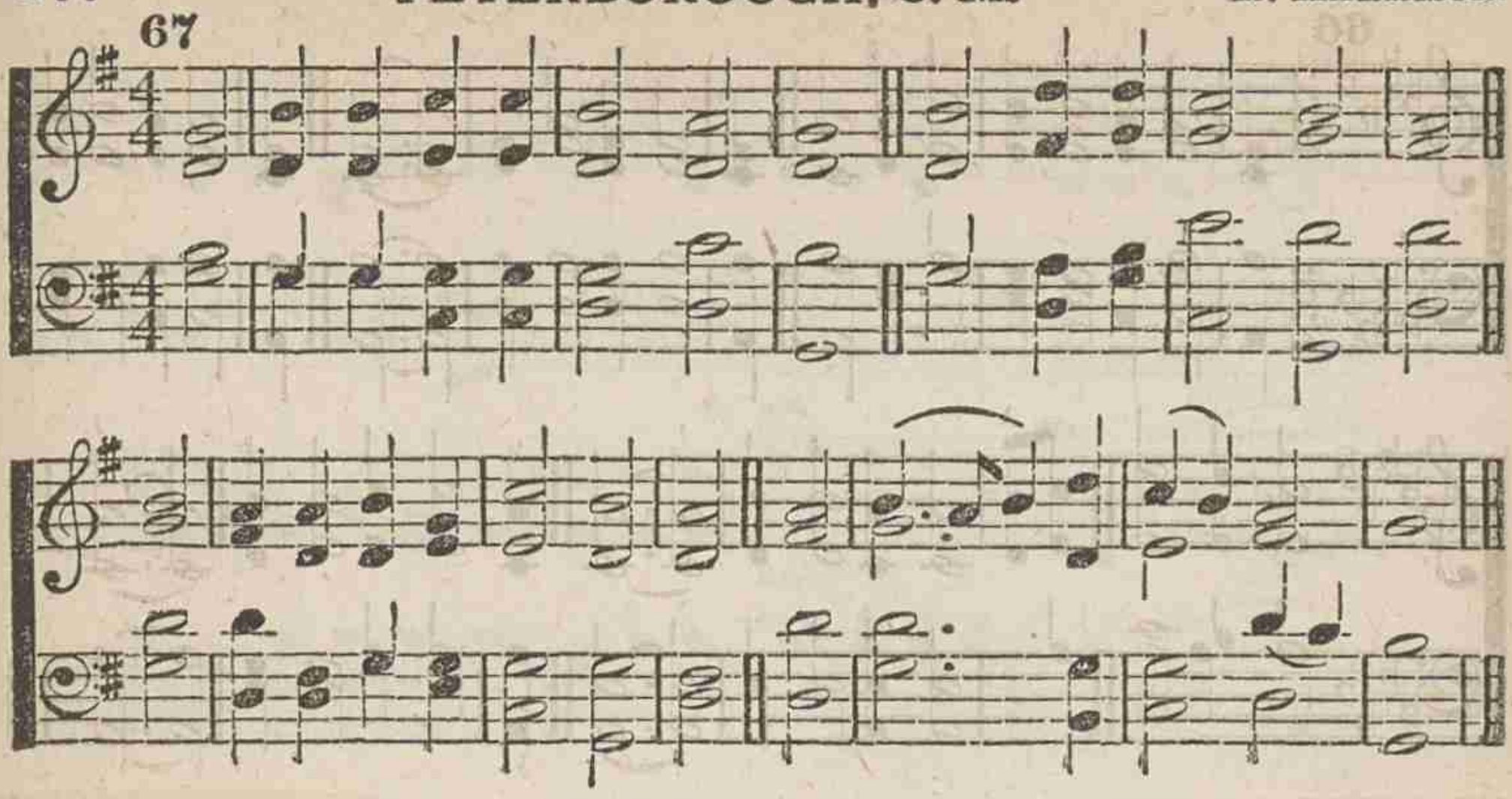
79 Pres. 356; Meth. 613; Bap. 716. **L. M.**
Federal Street, 15; Germany, 16; Gratitude, 17.

JESUS, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine 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.

87. PETERBOROUGH, C. M. R. HARRISON.



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 boast a Saviour slain:
And O may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

80 Pres. 207; Meth. ——; Bap. ——. **8 & 7.**
Dorrnance, 155; Rathbun, 166; Sicily, 167.

JESUS, full of all compassion,
Hear Thy humble suppliant's cry;
Let me know Thy great salvation;
See, I languish, faint, and die.

2 Guilty, but with heart relenting,
Overwhelmed with helpless grief,
Prostrate at Thy feet, repenting,
Send, Oh! send me quick relief.

88. PISGAH, C. M. WESTERN TUNE.



3 Whither should a wretch be flying,
But to Him who comfort gives?
Whither, from the dread of dying,
But to Him who ever lives?

4 While I view Thee, wounded, grieving,
Breathless, on the cursèd tree,
Fain, I'd feel my heart believing,
That Thou sufferedst thus for me.

5 Saved!—the deed shall spread new glory!
Through the shining realms above;
Angels sing the pleasing story,
All enraptured with Thy love!

81 Pres. 113; Meth. ——; Bap. 27. **8 & 7.**
Rathbun 166; Bartimeus, 149.

JESUS hail, enthroned in glory,
There forever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side.

2 There for sinners Thou art pleading,
There Thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.



3 Worship, honor, power and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive:
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.

82 Pres. 297; Meth. 197; Bap. 485. **C. M.**

Woodland, 102; Evan, 71; Manoah, 82.

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 joy, my hope, my trust;
Jewels, to Thee, are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

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

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



88 Pres. 346; Meth. 632; Bap. 564. **8 & 7.**
Disciple, 154; Bartimeus, 149; Autumn, 150.

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shalt be;
Let the world neglect and leave me;
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hopes have oft deceived me;
Thou art faithful, Thou art true.

2 Perish, earthly fame and treasure,
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain;
In Thy service, pain is pleasure;
With Thy favor, loss is gain:
O 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy bleeding love I see;
O 'tis not in joy to charm me,
When that love is hid from me.

84 Pres. 556; Meth. ——; Bap. 780. **S. M.**
Golden Hill, 114; Olmutz, 118; Boyleston, 108.

JESUS invites His saints
To meet around His board;
Here pardoned rebels sit, and hold
Communion with their Lord.



2 For food He gives His flesh ;
He bids us drink His blood ;
Amazing favor, matchless grace
Of our descending God.

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

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

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

85 Pres. 549 ; Meth. ——; Bap. ——. **L. M.**
Sessions, 37 ; Retreat, 34 ; Uxbridge, 41.

JESUS is gone above the skies,
Where our weak senses reach Him not ;
And carnal objects court our eyes,
To thrust our Saviour from our thought.

92. SILOAM, C. M. J. B. WOODBURY. 93

69



2 He knows what wandering hearts we have,
Apt to forget His glorious face ;
And to refresh our minds, He gave
These kind memorials of His grace.

3 The Lord of life this table spread,
With His own flesh and dying blood ;
We on the rich provision feed,
We taste the wine, and bless our God.

4 Let sinful sweets be all forgot,
And earth grow less in our esteem ;
Christ and His love fill every thought,
And faith and hope be fixed on Him.

5 While He is absent from our sight,
'Tis to prepare our souls a place ;
That we may dwell in heavenly light,
And live forever near His face.

86 Pres. 244 ; Meth. 433 ; Bap. 413. **7s.**
Martyn, 136 ; Eltham, 127 ; Everlasting Rest, 234.

JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high ;

93. STEPHENS, C. M. REV. W. JONES.

145



Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me;
All my trust on Thee is staid;
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
All in all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick and lead the blind:
Just and holy is Thy name;
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

87 7s.

Jesus Loves Me, 132.

JESUS loves me, this I know,
For the Bible tells me so;



Little ones to Him belong;
They are weak, but He is strong.

CHO.—Yes, Jesus loves me,
Yes, Jesus loves me,
Yes, Jesus loves me,
For the Bible tells me so.

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

CHO.—Yes, Jesus loves me, etc.

3 Jesus loves me, loves me still,
Though I'm very weak and ill;
From His shining throne on high
Comes to watch me where I lie.

CHO.—Yes, Jesus loves me, etc.

4 Jesus loves me; He will stay
Close beside me all the way:
If I love Him, when I die
He will take me home on high.

CHO.—Yes, Jesus loves me, etc.





88 Pres. 554; Meth. ——; Bap. 795. **7s.**

Eshtemoa, 128; Holley, 129; Pleyel's Hymn, 138.

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, Saviour, 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.

89 Pres. 324; Meth. ——; Bap. 604. **7s.**

Martyn, 136; Eltham, 127; Hendon, 130.

JESUS, merciful and mild,
Lead me as a helpless child;
On no other arm than Thine
Would my weary soul recline;
Thou art ready to forgive,
Thou canst bid the sinner live;
Guide the wanderer, day by day,
In the straight and narrow way.

96. SWANWICK, C. M. DR. J. LUCAS. 97



2 Thou canst fit me by Thy grace
For the heavenly dwelling place;
All Thy promises are sure,
Ever shall Thy love endure;
Then what more could I desire,
How to greater bliss aspire?
All I need, in Thee I see;
Thou art all in all to me.

90 Pres. 50; Meth. 428; Bap. 412. **L. M.**

Happy Day, 19; Duke Street, 9; Duane Street, 12.

JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon,
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till Him I view.

2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The King's highway of holiness;
I'll go, for all His paths are peace.

3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief and burden long have been,
Because I could not cease from sin.

97. **SWANWICK—Continued.**



4 The more I strove against its power,
I sinned and stumbled but the more,
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul, I am the way."

5 Lo! glad I come, and Thou blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to Thee as I am;
Nothing but sin I Thee can give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.

6 Then will I tell to sinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to Thy redeeming blood,
And say—"Behold the way to God!"

91 Pres. 214; Meth. ——; Bap. ——. **7s.**

Aletta, 125; Horton, 134; Eshtemoa, 128.

JESUS, save my dying soul,
Make the broken spirit whole;
Humble in the dust I lie,—
Saviour, leave me not to die.

2 Jesus, full of every grace,
Now reveal Thy smiling face;
Grant the joys of sins forgiv'n,
Foretaste of the bliss of heav'n.

98. ST. MARTIN, C. M. W. TANNER.



3 All my guilt to Thee is known,
Thou art righteous, Thou alone;
All my help is from Thy cross,
All beside I count but loss.

4 Lord, in Thee I now believe,
Wilt Thou, wilt Thou not forgive;
Helpless at Thy feet I lie,
Saviour, leave me not to die.

92 Pres. 72 Ps. 2d pt.; Meth. 441; Bap. 872. **L. M.**
Duke Street, 9; Ware, 43.

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

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

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

99. TAPPAN, C. M. W. KINGSLEY.



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

93

Tender Shepherd, 226.

JESUS! tender Shepherd, hear me!
Bless Thy little lamb to-night!
Through the darkness be Thou near me,
Watch my sleep till morning light.

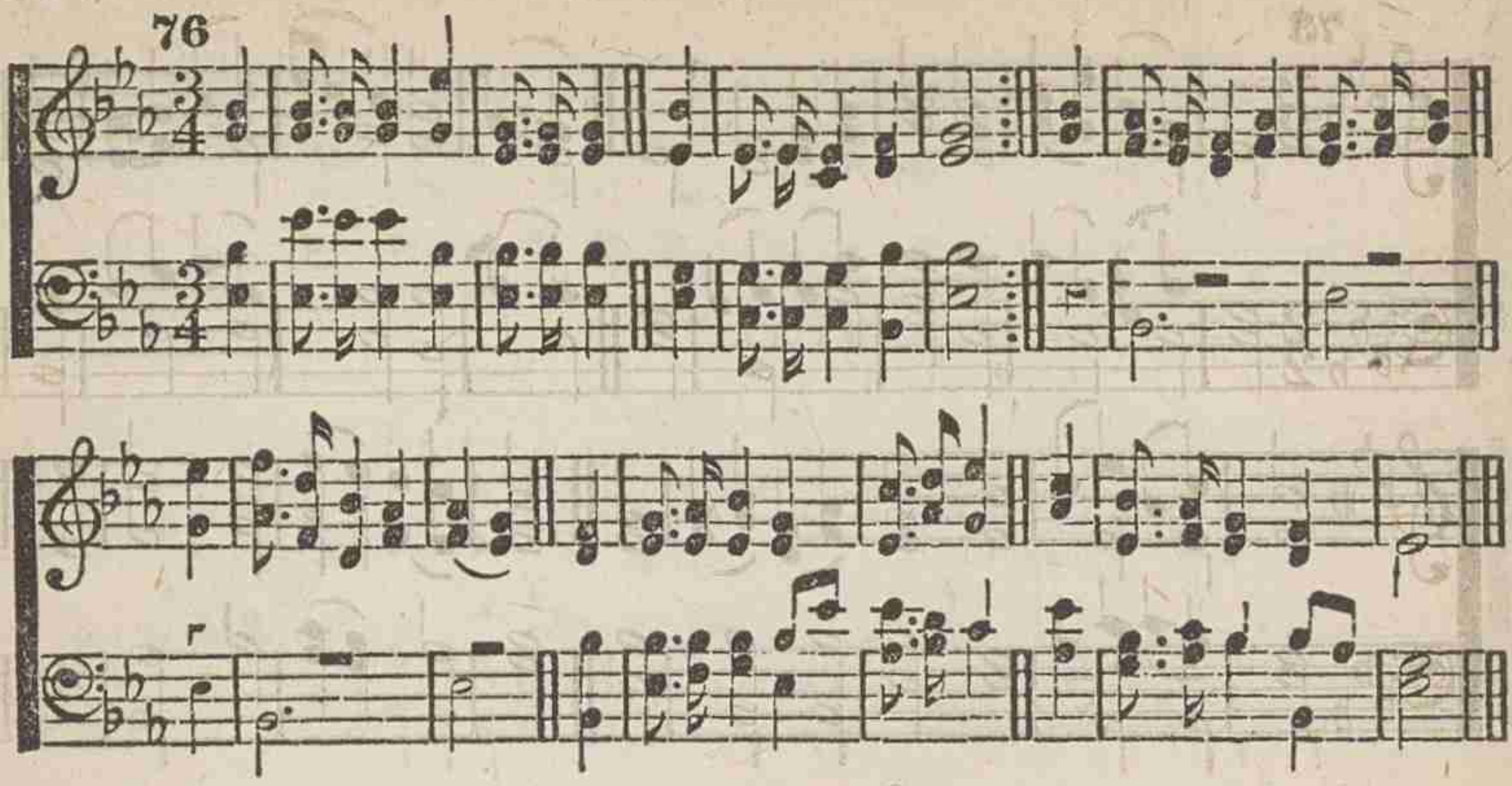
2 All this day Thy hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me,
Listen to my evening prayer.

3 Let my sins be all forgiven!
Bless the friends I love so well!
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell.

94 Pres. 256; Meth. 460; Bap. 434. **L. M.**

Mendon, 27; Hamburg, 18; Federal Street, 15.

JESUS, Thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.



2 When from the dust of earth I rise
To claim my mansion in the skies,
E'en then shall this be all my plea,
"Jesus hath lived and died for me."

3 Lord, I believe Thy precious blood,
Which at the mercy-seat of God
Forever doth for sinners plead,
For me, e'en for my soul, was shed.

4 Oh, let the dead now hear Thy voice,
Now bid thy banished ones rejoice;
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus, the Lord our Righteousness!

95 Pres. 371; Meth. ——; Bap. 588. **S. M.**
Watchman, 124; Shirland, 121; Olney, 119.

JESUS, who knows full well
The heart of every saint,
Invites us all our griefs to tell,
To pray and never faint.

2 He bows His gracious ear;
We never plead in vain;
Yet we must wait till He appear,
And pray, and pray again.

101. **WARWICK, C. M.** S. STANLEY.



3 Though unbelief suggest,
  Why should we longer wait?
He bids us never give Him rest,
  But be importunate.

4 Jesus, the Lord, will hear
  His chosen when they cry;
Yes, though He may a while forbear,
  He'll help them from on high.

5 His nature, truth and love
  Engage Him on their side;
When they are grieved, His mercies move,
  And can they be denied?

6 Then let us earnest be,
  And never faint in prayer;
He loves our importunity,
  And makes our cause His care.

96 Pres. 535; Meth. ——; Bap. ——.

Victory, 228.

JOYFULLY, joyfully, onward we move,
  Bound to the land of bright spirits above;
Angelic choristers sing as we come,
"Joyfully, joyfully haste to your home;"

102. WOODLAND, C. M. N. D. Gould.



Soon with our pilgrimage ended below,
Home to the land of bright spirits we go;
Pilgrims and strangers no more shall we
roam,
Joyfully, joyfully resting at home.

2 Friends, fondly cherished, have passed
on before,
Waiting, they watch us approaching the
shore;
Singing, to cheer us thro' death's chilling
gloom,
"Joyfully, joyfully haste to your home;"
Sounds of sweet melody fall on the ear,
Harps of the blessed your voices we hear;
Rings with the harmony heaven's high
dome,—
"Joyfully, joyfully haste to your home."

3 Death with his weapon may soon lay us
low,
Safe in our Saviour, we fear not the blow;
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb,
Joyfully, joyfully will we go home;
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death shall be conquered, his sceptre be
gone;

103. WOODSTOCK, C. M. D. DUTTON, JR.



Over the plains of blest Canaan we'll
roam,
Joyfully, joyfully, with Christ at home.

97 Pres. 98 Ps.; Meth. 99; Bap. 183. **C. M.**

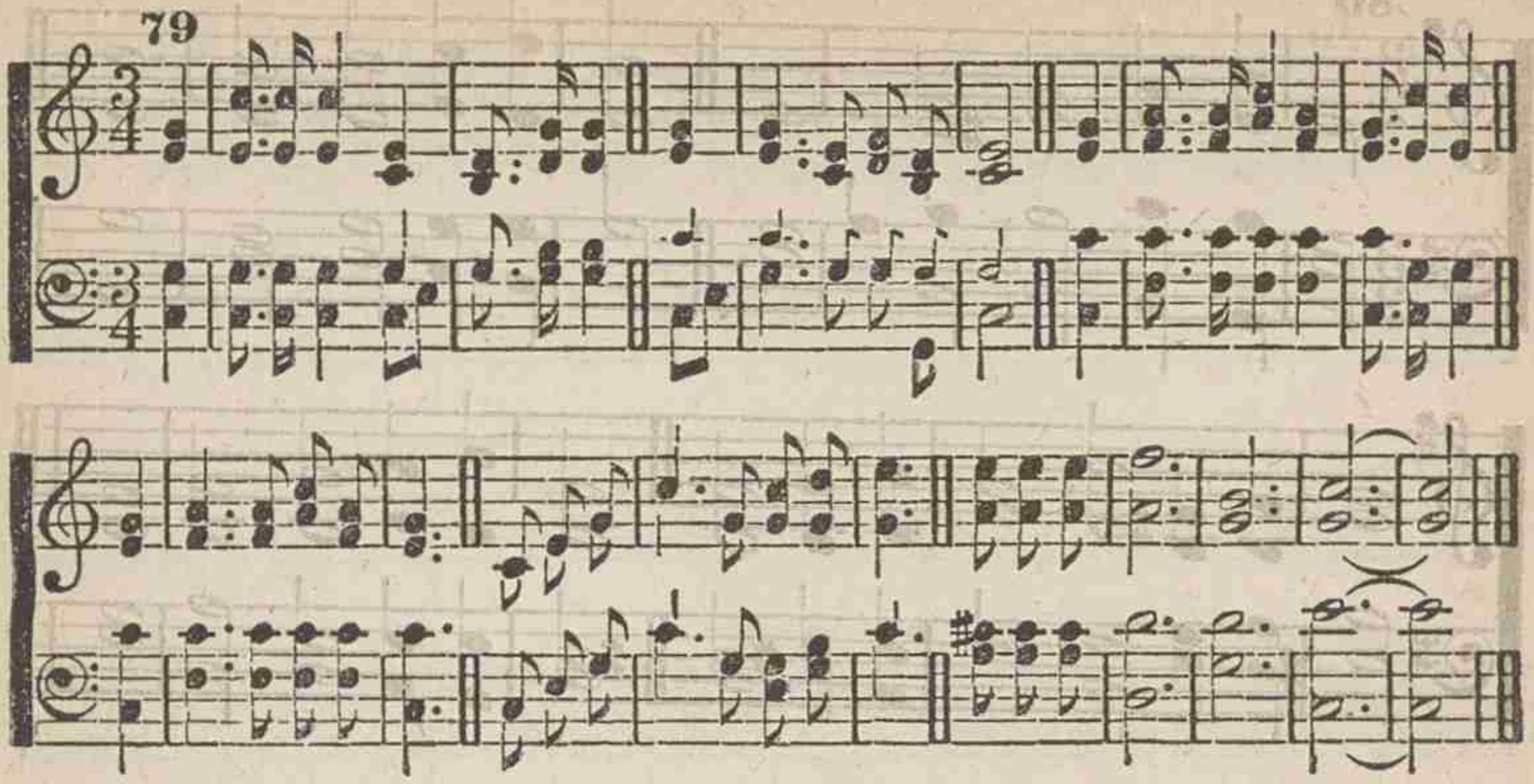
Antioch, 48; Balerma, 55; Azmon, 54.

JOY to the world, the Lord is come,
Let earth receive her king;
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

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

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

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



98 Pres. 218; Meth. 408; Bap. ——. **L. M.**

Woodworth, 46; Mendon, 27; Hamburg, 18.

JUST as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
O! Lamb of God, I come.

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

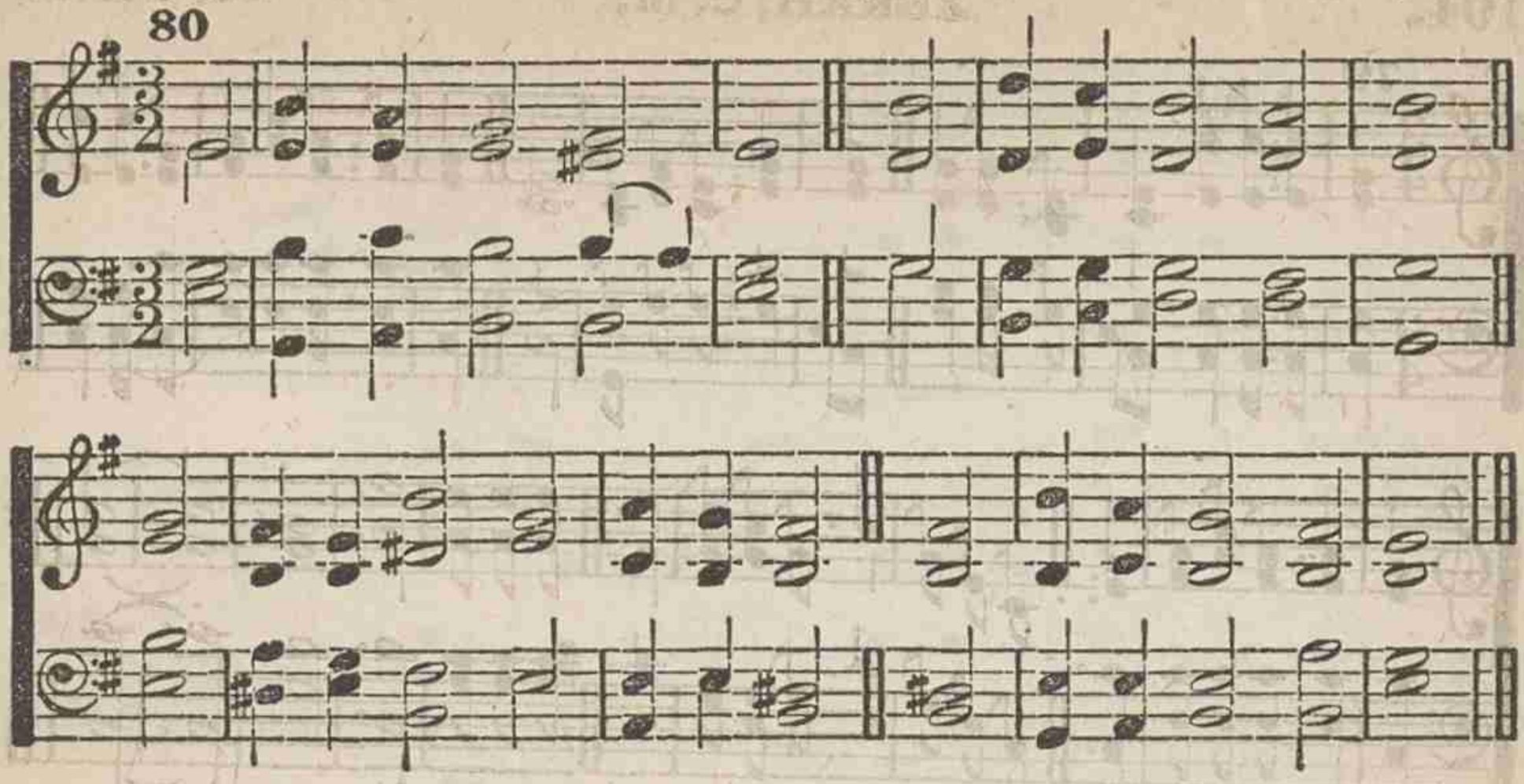
3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within and fears without,
O! Lamb of God, I come.

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

99 Pres. 621; Meth. ——; Bap. ——.

Ganges, 188; Kingwood, 201.

LO! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas, I stand,
Yet how insensible!



A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to yon heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.

2 O God, my inmost soul convert,
And deeply, on my thoughtless heart
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And save me ere it be too late;
Wake me to righteousness.

3 Before me place, in bright array,
The pomp of that tremendous day
When Thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at Thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom?

100 Pres. 486; Meth. 1050; Bap. 84. **8 & 7.**
Greenville, 158; Sicily, 167; Oliphant, 162.

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.

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

101 Pres. 544; Meth. 1010; Bap. 569. **L. M.**

Hamburg, 18; Migdol, 28; Happy Day, 19.

LORD, I am Thine, entirely Thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent Thine I would be,
And own Thy sovereign right in me.

2 Grant one poor sinner more a place
Among the children of Thy grace;
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.



3 Thine would I live, Thine would I die,
Be Thine through all eternity;
The vow is past beyond repeal;
Now will I set the solemn seal.

4 Here at the cross, where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God,
Thee, my new Master, now I call,
And consecrate to Thee my all.

102 Pres. 370; Meth. 937; Bap. 593. **7s.**

Horton, 134; Wilmot, 145; Eshtemoa, 128.

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

2 Dost Thou ask me who I am?
Ah! my Lord, Thou knowest my name,
Yet the question gives a plea
To support my suit with Thee.

3 Thou didst once a wretch behold,
In rebellion blindly bold,
Scorn Thy grace, Thy power defy;
That poor rebel, Lord, was I.

81





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

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

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

103 Pres. 587; Meth. ——; Bap. 822. **P. M.**

Even Me, 186.

LORD, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering, full and free;
Showers the thirsty land refreshing—
Let some droppings fall on me;
Even me, even me,
Let some droppings fall on me.

2 Pass me not, O God, our Father!
Sinful though my heart may be;



109. **DENNIS, S. M.** H. G. NAGELI.



Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let Thy mercy light on me.
Even me, etc.

3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour!
Let me live and cling to Thee;
Oh! I'm longing for Thy favor—
While Thou'rt calling, oh call me!
Even me, etc.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
Thou can'st make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak some words of power to me,
Even me, etc.

5 Pass me not! Thy lost one bringing,
Bind, O bind my heart to Thee;
While the streams of life are springing,
Blessing others—O bless me!
Even me, etc.

104 Pres. 477; Meth. 592; Bap. 78. **7s.**

Hendon, 130; Horton, 134; Eshtemoa, 128.

LORD, we come before Thee now,
At Thy feet we humbly bow;
O do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?



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 Send some message from Thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let Thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

4 Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return;
Those who 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.

105 Pres. 92; Meth. ——; Bap. 253. 7s.

Martyn, 136; Benevento, 126.

MARY to the Saviour's tomb
Hasten'd, at the early dawn;
Spice she brought, and sweet perfume,
But the Lord she loved had gone.

111. CRANBROOK—Continued.



For a while she lingering stood,
Filled with sorrow and surprise,
Trembling, while a crystal flood
Issued from her weeping eyes.

2 But 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!
Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,
He will wipe your tears away.

106 Pres. 194; Meth. ——; Bap. 211. **8 & 7.**

Bartimeus, 149; Dorrnance, 155.

"MERCY, O Thou Son of David,"
Thus blind Bartimeus prayed,—
"Others by Thy word are savèd,
Now to me afford Thine aid."

2 Many for his crying chid him,
But he calls the louder still,—
Till the gracious Saviour bid him
"Come, and ask me what you will."

112. **DUNBAR, S. M.** E. W. DUNBAR.





3 "Lord, remove this grievous blindness,
Let mine eyes behold the day!"
Straight he saw, and won by kindness,
Followed Jesus in the way.

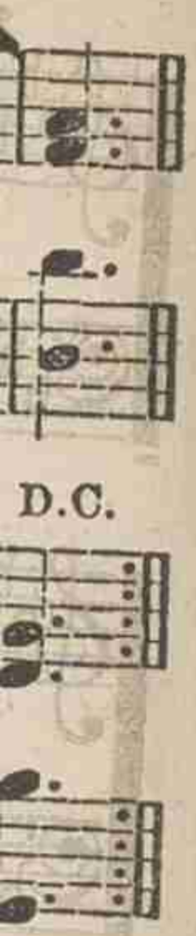
4 Oh, methinks I hear him praising,
Publishing to all around,
"Friends, is not my case amazing?
What a Saviour I have found!

5 "Oh that all the blind but knew Him,
And would be advised by me;
Surely they would hasten to Him,
He would cause them all to see."

107 Pres. 689; Meth. ——; Bap. ——. **11s.**

Home, Sweet Home, 194.

'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!
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home!



D.C.



113. **GERAR, S. M.** DR. MASON.



2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace;
And thrice blessed Jesus, whose love cannot cease;
Though oft from Thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold Thee, in glory, at home.
Home, home, etc.

3 Whate'er Thou deniest, O give me Thy grace,
The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of Thy face;
Inspire me with patience to wait at Thy throne,
And find even now a sweet foretaste of home.
Home, home, etc.

4 I long, dearest Lord, in Thy beauties 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.
Home, home, etc.



108 Pres. 388; Meth. ——; Bap. 562. **C. M.**

Maitland, 81; Elizabethtown, 70.

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 That 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.

109 Pres. 623; Meth. ——; Bap. 927. **8 & 7.**

Shining Shore, or Nelson, 223.

MY days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly—
Those hours of toil and danger:
For now we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over;
And just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.

2 Our absent King the watchword gave,
"Let every lamp be burning;"

115. KENTUCKY, S. M. A. CHAPIN.

86



We look afar, across the wave,
Our distant home discerning.
For now, etc.

3 Should coming days be dark and cold,
We will not yield to sorrow,
For hope will sing, with courage bold,
"There's glory on the morrow."
For now, etc.

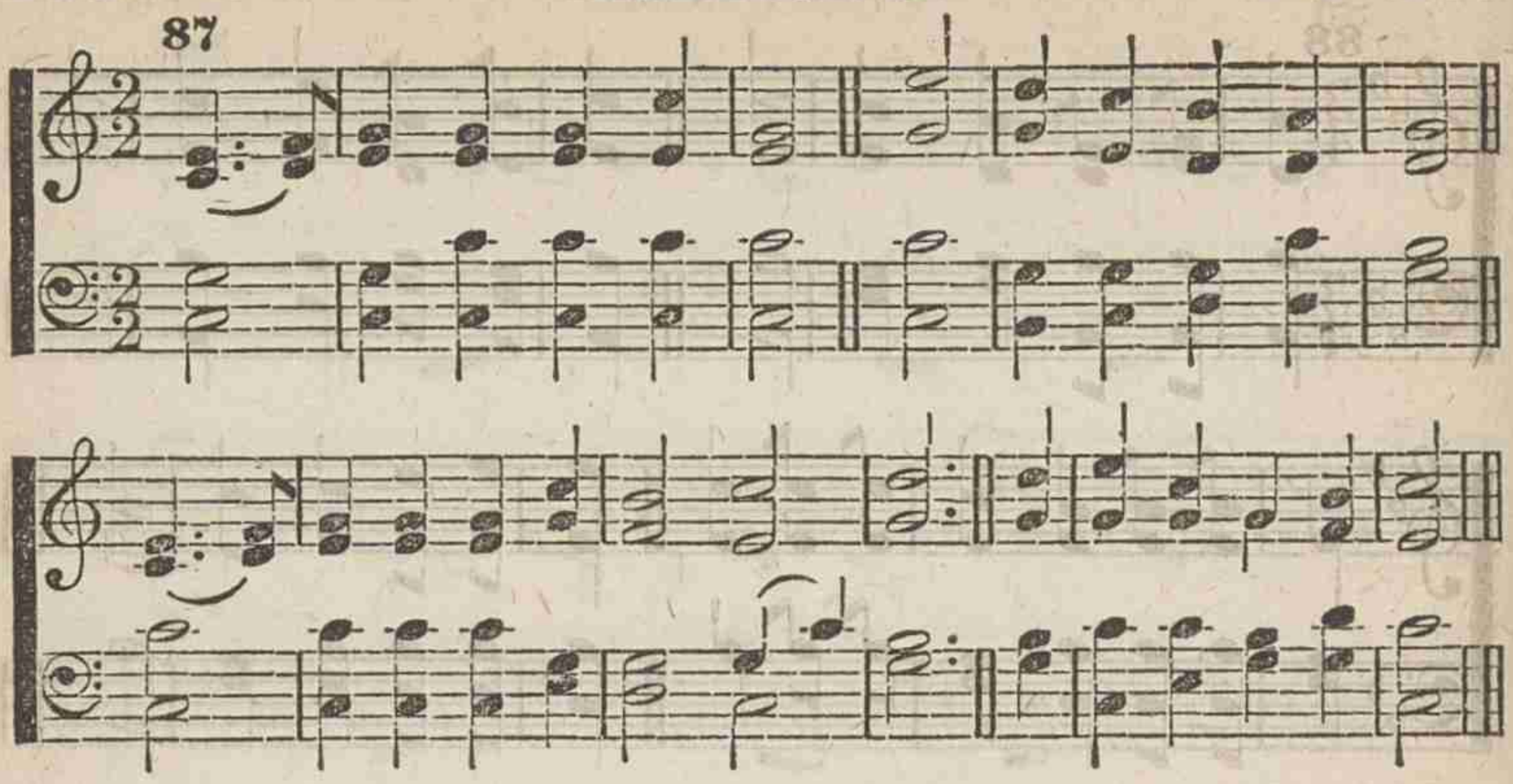
4 Let storms of woe in whirlwinds rise,
Each cord on earth to sever—
There—bright and joyous in the skies—
There—is our home forever.
For now, etc.

110 Pres. 274; Meth. ——; Bap. 601. 6 & 4.

Olivet, 210; America, 171.

MY faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away;
Oh let me, from this day,
Be wholly Thine.

116. LABAN, S. M. DR. MASON.



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 Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distress remove;
Oh, bear me safe above—
A ransomed soul.

117. LISBON, S. M. DANIEL READ.



111 Pres. 449; Meth. 973; Bap. 94. L. M.

Gratitude, 17; Duke Street, 9; Federal Street, 15.

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

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

3 I yield my powers to Thy command,
To Thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from Thy hand
Demand perpetual songs and praise.

112 Pres. 71 Ps., 2d pt.; Meth. 562; Bap. 558. C. M.

Athens, 52; Chimes, 61; Balerma, 55.

MY Saviour, my Almighty Friend,
When I begin Thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of Thy grace?



2 Thou art my everlasting trust;
Thy goodness I adore;
And since I knew thy graces first,
I speak Thy glories more.

3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road,
And march, with courage in Thy strength,
To see my Father, God.

4 When I am filled with sore distress
For some surprising sin,
I'll plead Thy perfect righteousness,
And mention none but Thine.

5 Awake, awake, my tuneful powers;
With this delightful song
I entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.

113 Pres. 384; Meth. ——; Bap. 704. **S. M.**

Laban, 116; Gerar, 113; St. Thomas, 123.

MY soul, be on Thy guard,
Ten thousands foes arise;
And hosts of sins are pressing hard,
To draw thee from the skies.

119. **OLNEY, S. M.** DR. MASON.



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

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor once at ease sit down;
Thy arduous work will not be done,
Till thou hast got the crown.

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

114 Pres. 103 Ps.; Meth. 361; Bap. 119. **S. M.**
Boyleston, 108; Dennis, 109; Silver Street, 122.

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 uor crimes,
And lighter than our guilt.

183



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.

115 Pres. 30; Meth. ——; Bap. 659. **S. M**

Dennis, 109; Olmutz, 118; Silver Street, 122.

MY times are in Thy hand;
O God, I wish them there;
My life, my friends, my soul 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?
A 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.

116 Pres. 320; Meth. ——; Bap. 600. **6 & 4.**

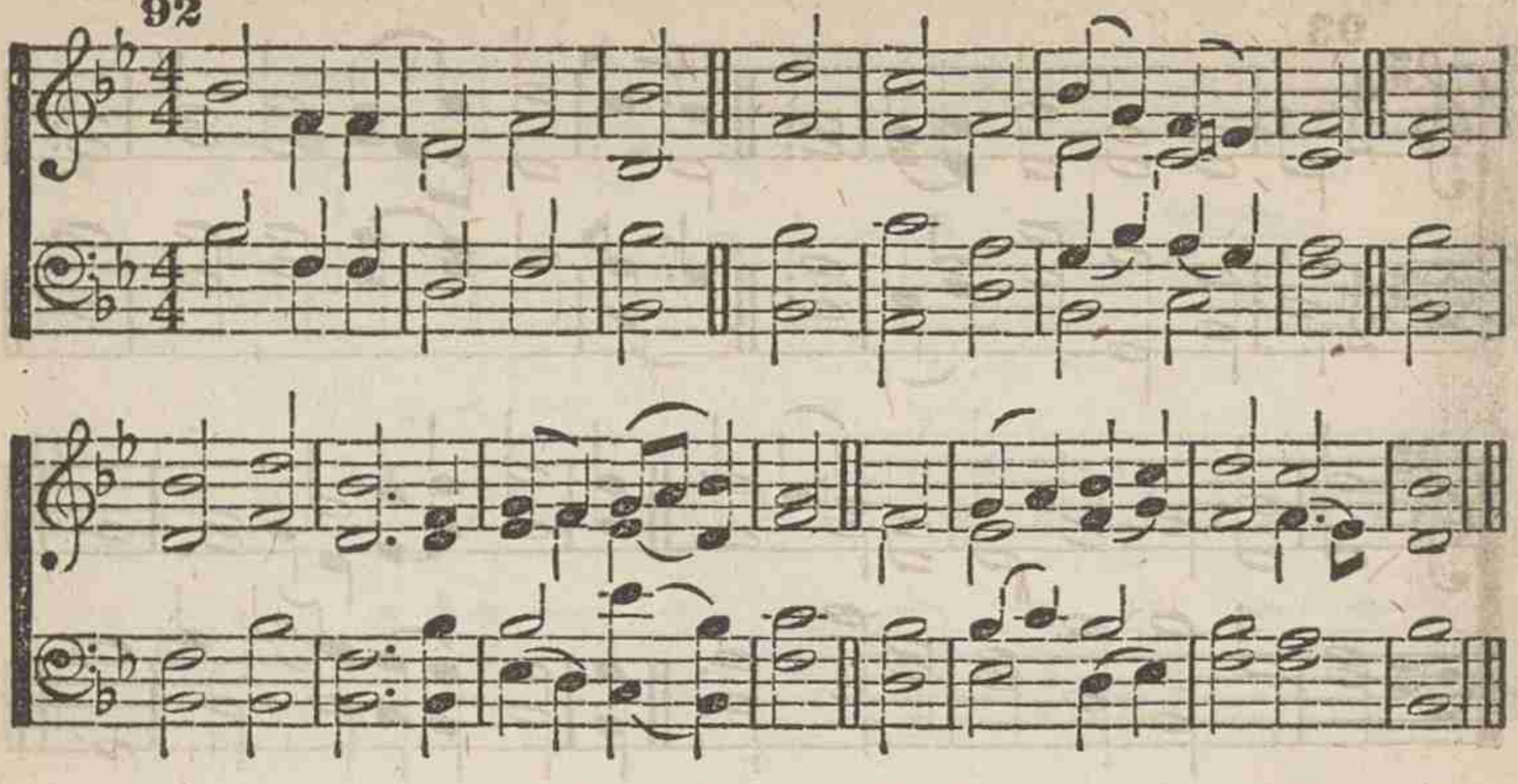
Bethany, 75.

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

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 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise:

92



So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

4 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.

117 Pres. 230, Meth. ——; Bap. 425. **L. M.**

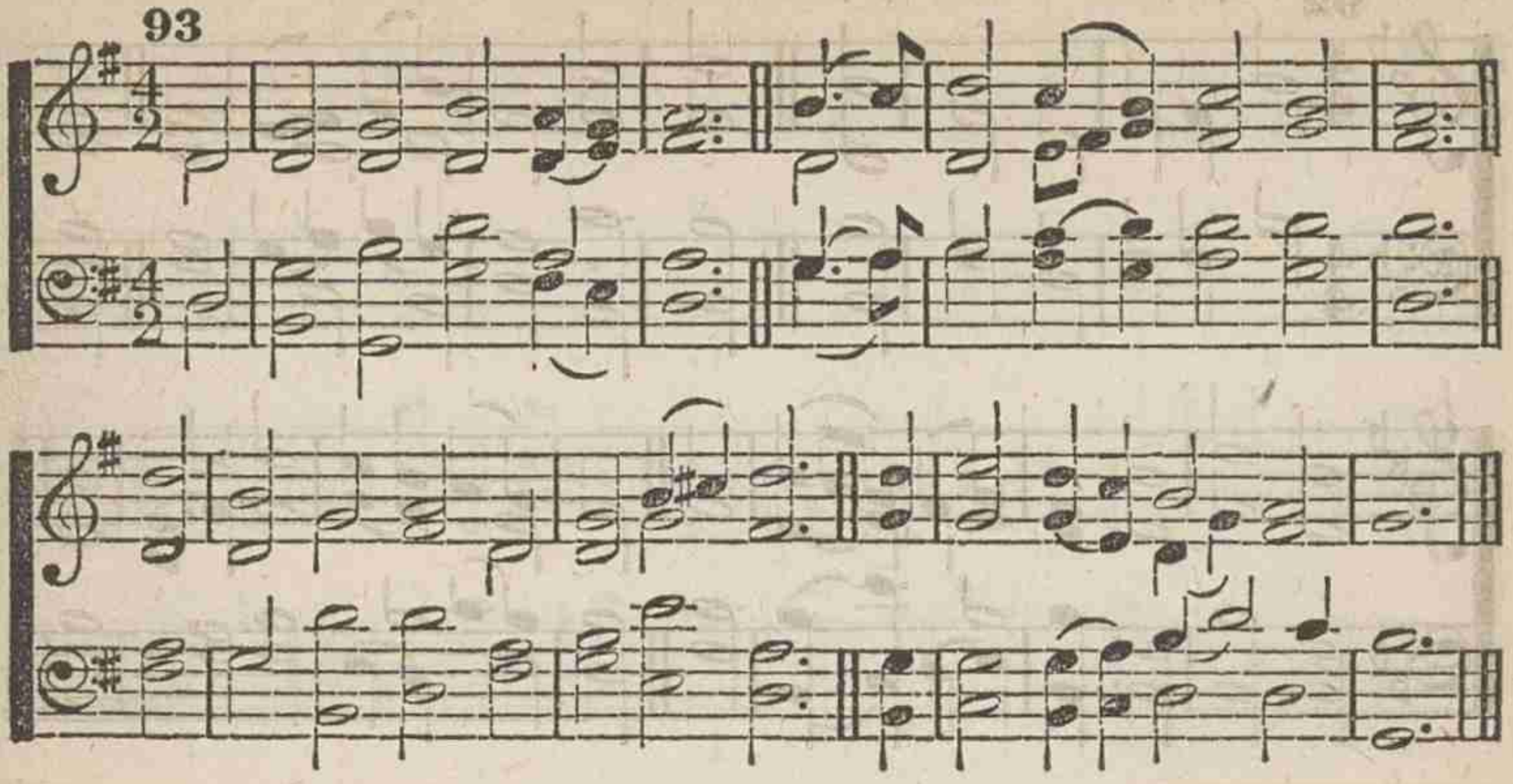
Wells, 44; Ward, 42; Ames, 4.

NO more, my God, I boast no more
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of Thy Son.

2 Now, for the love I bear His name,
What was my gain I count my loss;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to His cross.

123. ST. THOMAS, S. M. W. TANSUR.

93



3 Yes, and I must and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake!
O! may my soul be found in Him,
And of His righteousness partake.

4 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before Thy Throne;
But faith can answer Thy demands
By pleading what the Lord has done.

118

Jesus Paid It All, 200.

NOTHING, either great or small,
Remains for me to do;
Jesus died, and paid it all,—
Yes, all the debt I owe.

CHO.—Jesus paid it all,
All the debt I owe,
Jesus died and paid it all,
Yes, all the debt I owe.

2 When He from His lofty throne
Stoop'd down to do and die,
Everything was fully done;
"'Tis finished!" was His cry.
CHO.—Jesus paid it all, etc.



3 Weary, working, plodding one,
Oh, wherefore toil you so?
Cease your doing—all was done;
Yes, ages long ago.
CHO.—Jesus paid it all, etc.

4 Till to Jesus' work you cling,
Alone, by simple faith,
"Doing" is a deadly thing;
Your "doing" ends in death.
CHO.—Jesus paid it all, etc.

5 Cast your deadly "doing" down,
Down, all, at Jesus' feet;
Stand in Him, in Him alone,
All glorious and complete.
CHO.—Jesus paid it all, etc.

119 Pres. 164; Meth. 135; Bap. 791. **S. M.**
Gerar, 113; Golden Hill, 114; Shirland, 121.

NOT all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;

125. **ALETTA, 7s.** BY PERMISSION.

101



A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood, than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens Thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursèd tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing His bleeding love.

120 Pres. 607; Meth. ——; Bap. ——. **7 & 6.**

Webb, 230; Missionary Hymn, 204.

NOW be the Gospel banner
In every land unfurled;
And be the shout, hosanna!
Re-echoed through the world,
Till every isle and nation,
Till every tribe and tongue

126. BENEVENTO, 7 D. S. WEBBE.



Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng.

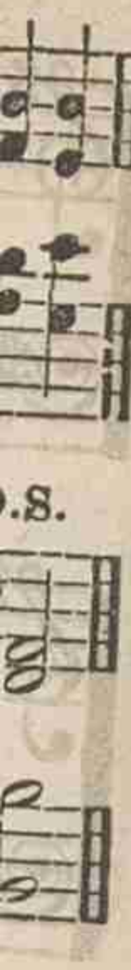
2 What though the embattled legions
Of earth and hell combine!
His arm, throughout their regions,
Shall soon resplendent shine;
Ride on, O Lord, victorious;
Immanuel, Prince of peace,
Thy triumph shall be glorious;
Thy empire still increase.

3 Yes, Thou shalt reign forever,
O Jesus, King of kings;
Thy light, Thy love, Thy favor,
Each ransomed captive sings:
The isles for Thee are waiting,
The deserts learn Thy praise;
The hills and valleys greeting,
The song responsive raise.

121 Pres. 154; Meth. ——; Bap. 541. 7s.

Pleyel's Hymn, 138; Wilmot, 145; Horton, 134.

NOW begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud, in Jesus' name;
Ye who His salvation prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.



127. **ELTHAM, 7s.** DR. MASON.



2 Ye who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears;
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancelled by redeeming love.

4 Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing slaves to death and sin,
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop and taste redeeming love.

5 When His Spirit leads us home,
When we to His glory come,
We shall all the fullness prove
Of our Lord's redeeming love.

122 Pres. 32 Ps., 3d pt.; Meth. 463; Bap. 501. **S. M.**
Shirland, 121; Olmutz, 118; Golden Hill, 114.

O BLESSED souls are they
Whose sins are covered o'er;
Divinely blest, to whom the Lord
Imputes their guilt no more.

128. ESHTEMOA, 7s. T. B. MASON.



2 They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care;
Their lips and lives, without deceit,
Shall prove their faith sincere.

3 While I concealed my guilt
I felt the painful wound,
Till I confessed my sins to Thee,
And ready pardon found.

4 Let sinners learn to pray,
Let saints keep near the throne;
Our help, in times of deep distress,
Is found in God alone.

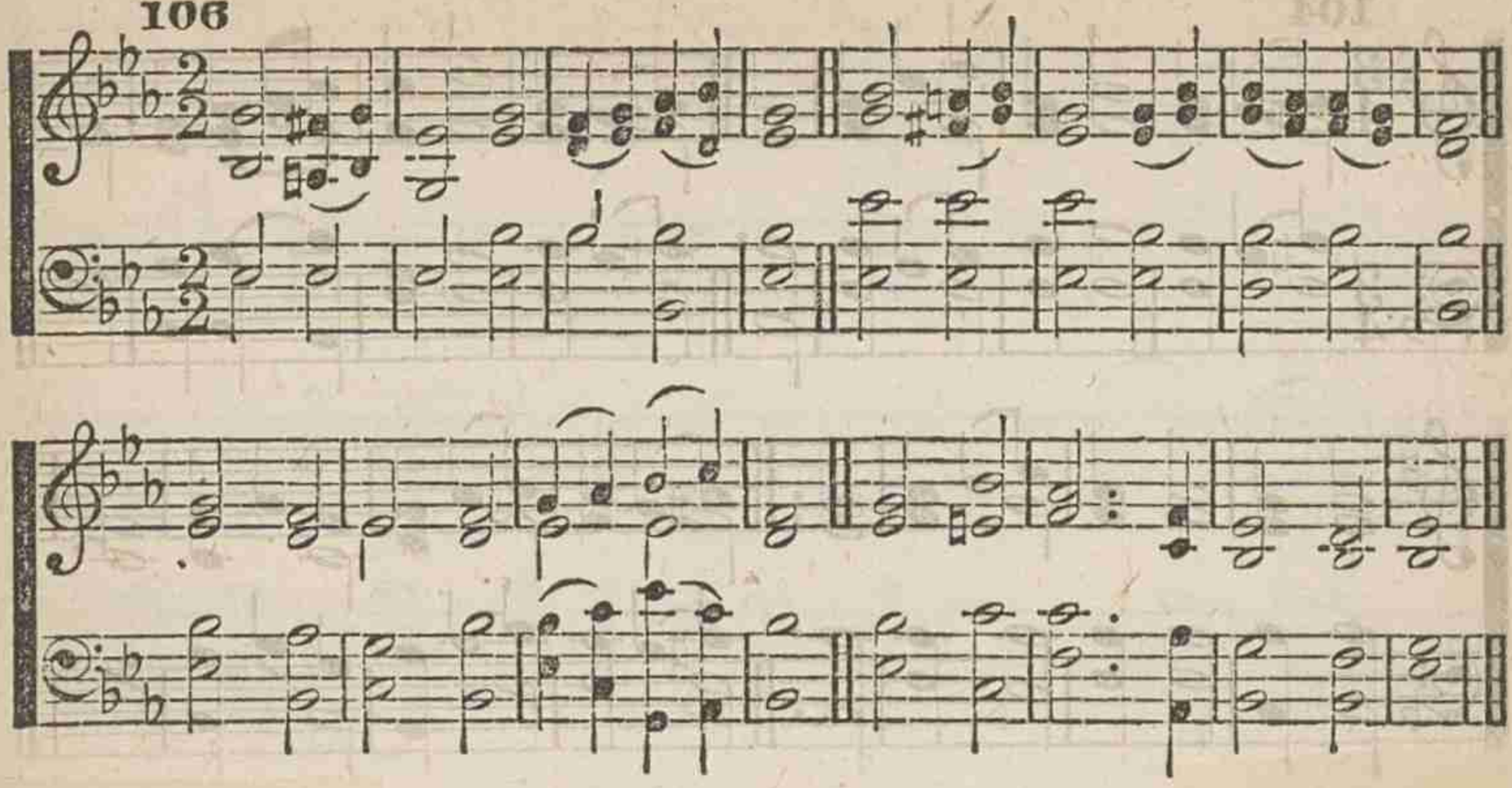
123 Pres. 361; Meth. ——; Bap. ——. **S. M.**

Kentucky, 115; Gerar, 113; Laban, 116.

O CEASE, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All the wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.

2 Behold the ark of God,
Behold the open door;
Hasten to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

106



3 There, safe thou shalt abide,
There, sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

124 Pres. 40; Meth. ——; Bap. 553. **C. P. M.**

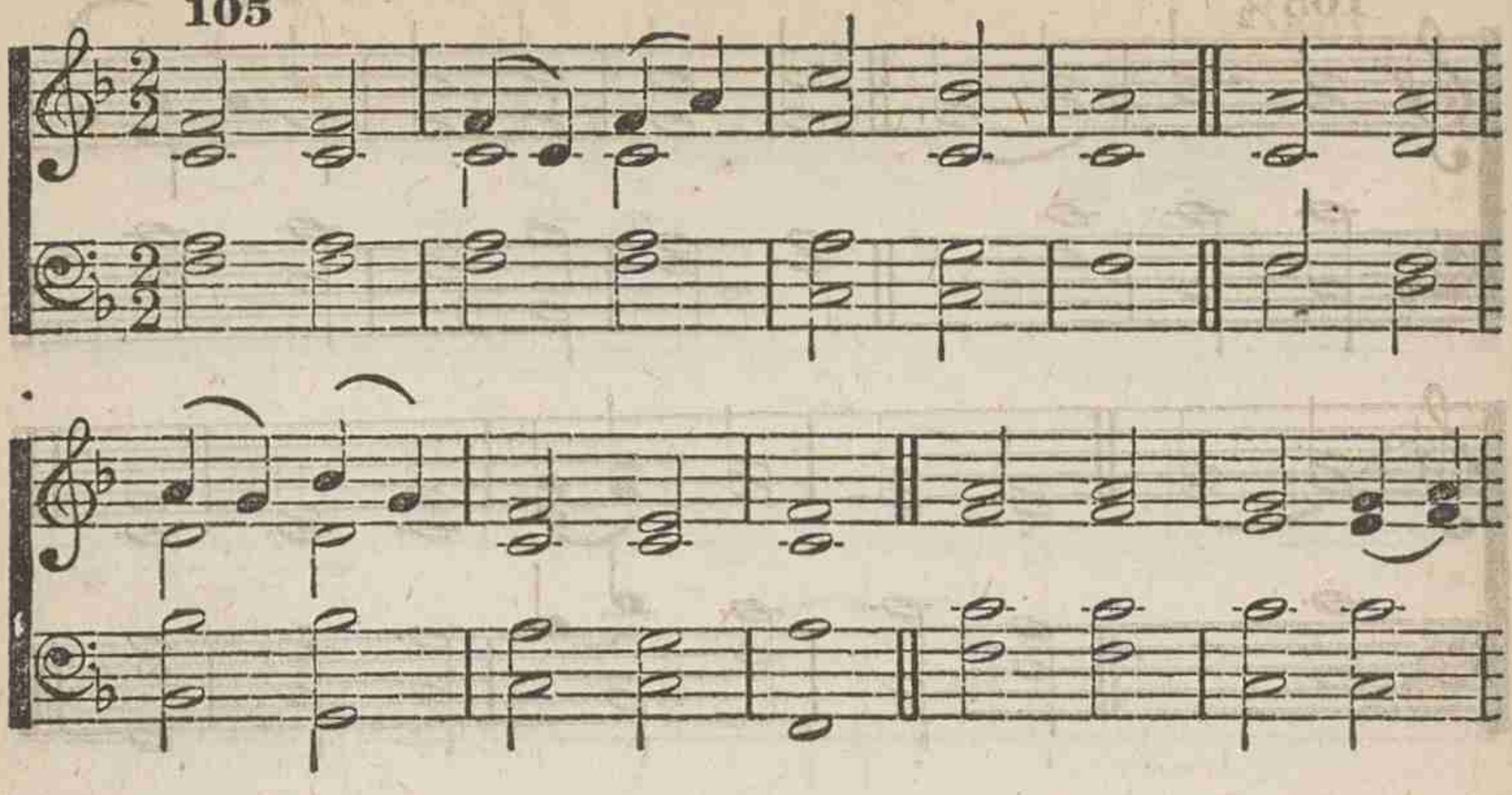
Ariel, 174; Meribah, 206.

O COULD I speak the matchless worth,
O, could I sound the glories forth
Which in my Saviour shine,
I'd soar and touch the heavenly 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, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters He bears,
And all the forms of love He wears,
Exalted on His throne;

105



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 call me home,
And I shall see His face;
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in His grace.

125 Pres. 412; Meth. ——; Bap. ——. **7 & 6**
Webb, 230; Missionary Hymn, 204; Coverdale, 184.

O FAINT and feeble-hearted,
Why thus cast down with fear?
Fresh aid shall be imparted;
Thy God, unseen, is near.

2 His eye can never slumber,
He marks thy cruel foes;
Observes their strength, their number,
And all thy weakness knows.

3 Though heavy clouds of sorrow
Make dark thy path to-day,
There may shine forth to-morrow,
Once more, a cheering ray.

131. **HENDON.—Continued.**



4 Though doubts and griefs assailing
Conceal heaven's fair abode;
Yet now faith's power, prevailing,
Should stay thy mind on God.

126 Pres. 317; Meth. 449; Bap. 624. **C. M.**
Balerma, 55; Evan, 71; Arlington, 50.

O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed,
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

132. JESUS LOVES ME, 7s. BY PERMISSION.

108



5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

6 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.

127 Pres. 202; Meth. 393; Bap. —— **L. M.**

Portugal, 32; Federal Street, 15; Zephyr, 47.

O FOR a glance of heavenly day,
To take this stubborn stone away,
And thaw, with beams of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

2 The rocks can rend; the earth can quake;
The sea can roar; the mountains shake;
Of feeling all things show some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

3 To hear the sorrows Thou hast felt,
Dear Lord, an adamant would melt;
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing move this heart of mine.

133. JESUS LOVES ME.—Continued.



4 Thy judgments, too, unmoved, I hear,
(Amazing thought!) which devils fear!
Goodness and wrath in vain combine
To stir this stupid heart of mine.

5 But power divine can do the deed,
And much to feel that power I need;
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
And move and melt this heart of mine.

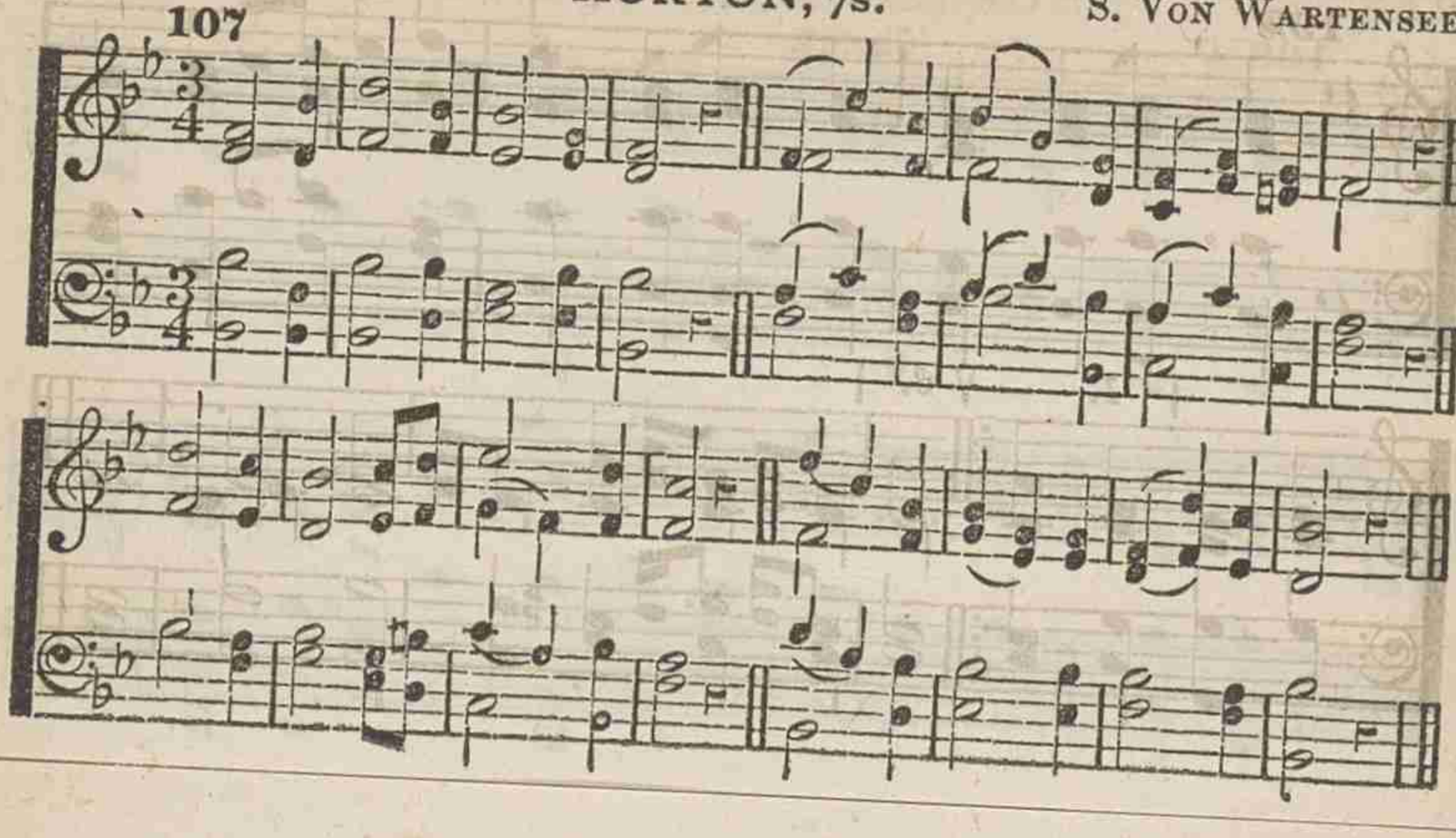
128 Pres. 313; Meth. 533; Bap. 623. **C. M.**

Avon, 53; Manoah, 82; Elizabethtown, 70.

O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that always feels Thy blood,
So freely shed for me:

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

3 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Holy, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine.



129 Pres. 306; Meth. 655; Bap. 522. **C. M.**

Armenia, 51; Arlington, 50; Warwick, 101.

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

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

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

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

5 Let us obey; we then shall know,
Shall feel our sins forgiven;
Anticipate our heaven below,
And own that love in heaven.

135. PROMISE, 8 8 8 and 7. REV. A. SHOTWELL.



130 Pres. 633; Meth. ——; Bap. 936. **S. M.**

Olmutz, 118; Shawmut, 120; Shirland, 121.

O FOR the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
O be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward!

2 Their bodies in the ground
In silent hope may lie,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound
Shall call them to the sky.

3 Their ransomed spirits soar,
On wings of faith and love,
To meet the Saviour they adore,
And reign with Him above.

4 With us their names shall live
Through long succeeding years,
Embalmed with all our hearts can give,
Our praises and our tears.

131 Pres. 354; Meth. 1011; Bap. 766. **L. M.**

Happy Day, 19.

O HAPPY day, that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

136. MARTYN, 7 D. S. B. MARSH.



Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away!
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day;
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away.

2 O happy bond that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.
Happy day, etc.

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.
Happy day, etc.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When called on angels' bread to feast?
Happy day, etc.

137. NUREMBURGH, 7s. J. RAHLE, 1664.

110



132 Pres. 157; Meth. ——; Bap. ——. **C. M.**

Balerma, 55; Henry, 80; Woodland, 102.

O HAPPY is the man who hears
Instruction's warning voice,
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice.

2 For she has treasures greater far
Than eastern climes unfold;
More precious are her bright rewards
Than gems or stores of gold.

3 Her right hand offers to the just
Immortal, happy days;
Her left, imperishable wealth
And heavenly crowns displays.

4 And, as her holy labors rise,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

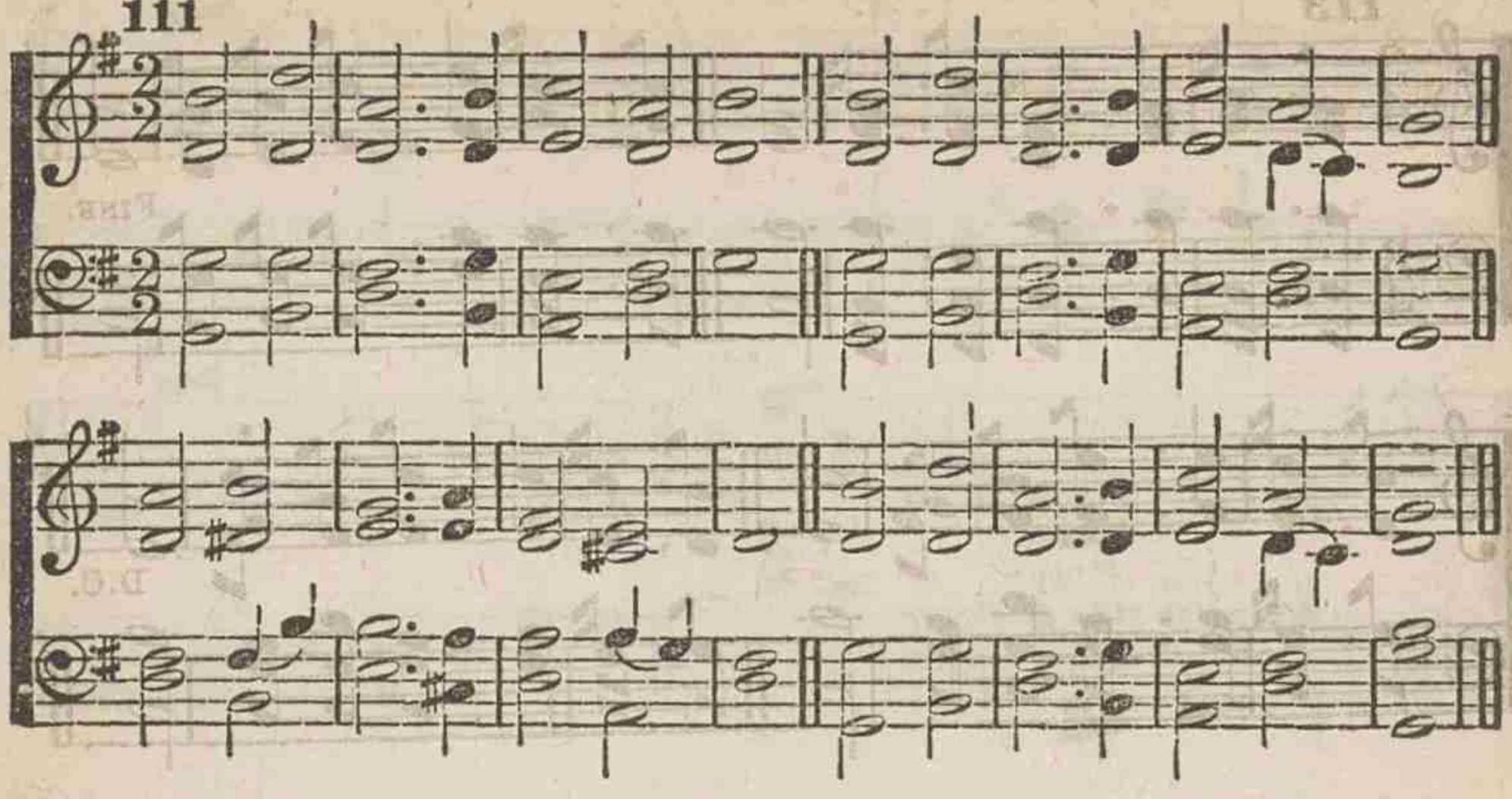
133 Pres. 311; Meth. 676; Bap. 328. **S. M.**

Kentucky, 115; Olmutz, 118; Laban, 116.

O WHERE shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

138. **PLEYEL'S HYMN, 7s.** J. PLEYEL.

111



2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh ;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years ;
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath ;
O what eternal horrors hang
Around "the second death!"

5 Lord God of truth and grace
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banished from Thy face
And evermore undone.

134 Pres. 48 ; Meth. ——; Bap. 796. **8 & 7.**
Dorrnance, 155 ; Disciple, 154 ; Middleton, 164.

ONE there is, above all others
Well deserves the name of friend ;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end.

139. ROCK OF AGES (Toplady), 7s. DR. HASTINGS.



2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood!
But this Saviour died to have us
Reconciled in Him to God.

3 When He lived on earth abasèd,
Friend of sinners was His name;
Now above all glory raisèd,
He rejoices in the same.

4 O! for grace our hearts to soften;
Teach us, Lord, at length to love:
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above.

135 Pres. 624; Meth. ——; Bap. 924. **S. M.**
Dunbar, 112; Olmutz, 118; Kentucky, 115.

ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er;
Nearer my parting hour am I
Than e'er I was before.

2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be;
Nearer the throne where Jesus reigns,—
Nearer the crystal sea;





3 Nearer my going home,
Laying my burden down,
Leaving my cross of heavy grief,
Wearing my starry crown;

4 Nearer that hidden stream,
Winding through shades of night,
Rolling its cold, dark waves between
Me and the world of light.

5 Jesus! to Thee I cling;
Strengthen my arm of faith;
Stay near me while my way-worn feet
Press through the stream of death.

136 Pres. 670; Meth. 707; Bap. 986. **C. M.**

Jordan, 78; Varina, 100; Christmas, 63.

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 arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.

141. **SABBATH.—Continued.**





3 There generous fruits, that never fail,
On trees immortal grow;
There rocks and hills, and brooks and vales,
With milk and honey flow.

4 On all those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son 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.

137 Pres. 89; Meth. ——; Bap. 225. **7 & 6.**
Webb, 230; Missionary Hymn, 204; Coverdale, 184.

O SACRED Head, once wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down:
How scornfully surrounded,
With thorns Thy only crown!
O sacred Head, what glory,
What bliss, till now, was thine;
Yet, though despised and gory,
I joy to call Thee mine.

142. SPANISH HYMN, 7s., 6 lines. SPANISH AIR.

158



2 How art Thou pale with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn;
How does that visage languish
That once was bright as morn!
What language shall I borrow
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
For this Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?

3 Oh! make me Thine forever;
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never
Outlive my love to Thee.
Be near when I am dying;
Oh! show Thy cross to me;
And, for my succor, flying,
Come, Lord, and set me free.

138 Pres. 119 Ps. 11th pt.; Meth. ——; Bap. 635. **C. M.**

Peterborough, 87; Hermon, 74; Arlington, 50.

O THAT the Lord would guide my ways
To keep His statutes still!
O! that my God would grant me grace
To know and do His will!





2 O ! send Thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart ;
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

3 My soul hath gone too far astray,
My feet too often slip ;
Yet, since I've not forgot Thy way,
Restore Thy wandering sheep.

4 Make me to walk in Thy commands,
'Tis a delightful road ;
Nor let my head, nor heart, nor hands
Offend against my God.

139 Pres. ——; Meth. ——; Bap. ——. **P. M**

Pass Me Not, 212.

PASS me not, O gentle Saviour,
Hear my humble cry ;
While on others Thou art smiling,
Do not pass me by.

CHO.—Saviour, Saviour, hear my humble cry !
While on others Thou art smiling,
Do not pass me by.

144. TRUSTING, 7s. W. G. FISHER. **145.**

166



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

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

140 Pres. 349 ; Meth. 884 ; Bap. 841. **7s.**

Martyn, 136 ; Eltham, 127.

PEOPLE of the living God,
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort nowhere found ;
Now to you my spirit turns,
Turns a fugitive unblest ;
Brethren, where your altar burns,
O ! receive me into rest.

2 Lonely, I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave ;
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave :



Mine the God whom you adore,
Your Redeemer shall be mine;
Earth can fill my soul no more;
Every idol I resign.

3 Tell me not of gain or loss,
Ease, enjoyment, pomp and power;
Welcome poverty and cross,
Shame, reproach, affliction's hour;
"Follow me;" I know Thy voice;
Jesus, Lord, Thy steps I see;
Now I take Thy yoke by choice;
Light Thy burden now to me.

141 Pres. 162; Meth. 188; Bap. 182. **C. M.**

Azmon, 54; Balerma, 55; Manoah, 82.

PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and, O amazing love,
He ran to our relief.

146. WATCHMAN, 7s. DR. MASON.



3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste He fled,
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 He spoiled the power of darkness thus,
And brake our iron chains;
Jesus has freed our captive souls
From everlasting pains.

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

142 Pres. 148 Ps. 4th pt.; Meth. —; Bap. 9. **8 & 7.**

Sicily, 167; Rathbun, 166.

PRAISE the Lord! ye heavens adore Him;
Praise Him, angels in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him;
Praise Him, all ye stars of light!
Hallelujah, Amen.

147. WATCHMAN.—Continued.

114 b



CHORUS TO 1ST. AND 2D. VERSES.



2 Praise the Lord—for He hath spoken ;
Worlds His mighty voice obeyed ;
Laws which never can be broken,
For their guidance He hath made.
Hallelujah, Amen.

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.
Hallelujah, Amen.

4 Praise the God of our salvation,
Hosts on high His power proclaim ;
Heaven, and earth, and all creation,
Praise and magnify His name !
Hallelujah, Amen.

143 Pres. 176 ; Meth. 351 ; B. ——. L. M.

Gratitude, 17 ; Anvern, 6 ; Zephyr, 47.

RETURN, O wanderer, return,
And seek an injured Father's face ;
Those warm desires that in thee burn
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

148. WATCHMAN.—Continued.

CHORUS TO 3d. VERSE.





2 Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek a Father's melting heart;
His pitying eyes thy grief discern,
His hand shall heal thine inward smart,

3 Return, O wanderer, return,
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live;
Go to His bleeding feet, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

4 Return, O wanderer, return,
And wipe away the falling tear;
'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn,"
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

144 Pres. 47; Meth. 134; Bap. 410. **7s.**

Rock of Ages (Toplady), 139.

ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure;
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfill the law's demands;

149. BARTIMEUS, 8s and 7s. DR. READ.



Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

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

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

145 Pres. 460: Meth. 315; Bap. 57. **7s.**

Sabbath, 140.

SAFELY, through another week,
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in His courts to-day;
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

150. **AUTUMN, 8s and 7s.** **SPANISH.**



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

4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief for all complaints:
Such let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

146 Pres. 422; Meth. 166; Bap. 538. **C. M.**

Arlington, 50; Balerma, 55; Henry, 80.

SALVATION! O the joyful sound;
'Tis pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

151. AUTUMN.—Continued.



2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

147 Pres. ——; Meth. 379; Bap. ——. **P. M.**

Kison, 193.

SAVIOUR, let Thy pitying eye
Call back Thy wand'ring sheep;
False to Thee, like Peter, I
Would fain like Peter weep.
Let me be by grace restored;
On me be all long suff'ring shown;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

2 Saviour, Prince, enthroned above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, through Thy dying love,
The humble, contrite heart:





Give what I have long implored,
A portion of Thy grief unknown:
Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

3 See me, Saviour, from above,
Nor suffer me to die!
Life, and happiness, and love
Drop from Thy gracious eye;
Speak the reconciling word,
And let Thy mercy melt me down;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

148 Pres. ——; Meth. ——; Bap. 805. **8 & 7.**

Fount, 156; Bartimeus, 149; Autumn, 150.

SAVIOUR, like a Shepherd lead us:
Much we need Thy tender care;
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use Thy fold prepare:
We are Thine; do thou befriend us,
Be the guardian of our way;
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray.

153. BEAUTIFUL RIVER.—Continued.



2 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free;
Early let us seek Thy favor,
Early help us do Thy will;
Holy Lord, our only Saviour!
With Thy grace our bosom fill.

149 Pres. 580; Meth. 941; Bap. 824. **8 & 7.**

Greenville, 158; Sicily, 167; Fount, 156.

SAVIOUR, visit Thy plantation,
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain;
All will come to desolation,
Unless Thou return again.
Lord, revive us;
All our help must come from Thee.

2 Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest, for want of Thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.
Lord, revive us;
All our help must come from Thee.

154. **DISCIPLE, 8 and 7s.** MOZART.

134



FINE. D.S.



3 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayers;
Let each one esteemed Thy servant
Shun the world's bewitching snares.
Lord, revive us:
All our help must come from Thee.

4 Break the tempter's fatal power;
Turn the stony heart to flesh;
And begin, from this good hour,
To revive Thy work afresh;
Lord, revive us:
All our help must come from Thee.

150 Pres. ——; Meth. ——; Bap. 914. **P. M.**

Beautiful River, 152.

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

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

155. DORRNANCE, 8 and 7s. J. B. WOODBURY.



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

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

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

151 Pres. 51 Ps.; Meth. 380; Bap. 351. **L. M.**
Penitent, 31; Hursley, 23; Olive Brow, 30.

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

2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass
The power and glory of Thy grace;
Great God, Thy nature hath no bound,
So let Thy pardoning love be found.

136

FINE.



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

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

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

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

152 P. M.

Bringing in the Sheaves, 178

SOWING in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness,
Sowing in the noon-tide and the dewy eve;

157. HALLELUJAH, 8, 7 and 4s.



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

Cho.—Bringing in the sheaves,
We shall come rejoicing, bring-
ing in the sheaves.

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

3 Go, then, ever weeping, sowing for the
Master,
Though the loss sustain'd our spirit often
grieves;
When our weeping's over, He will bid us
welcome;
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the
sheaves.—Cho.

158. GREENVILLE, 8 and 7s. J. J. ROSSEAU.

193



153 Pres. 189; Meth. 345; Bap. 329. **7s.**

Martyn, 136; Benevento, 126; Eltham, 127.

SINNERS, turn, why will ye die?
God your Maker asks you why;
God, who did your being give,
Made you with Himself to live,
He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of His own hands;
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross His love and die?

2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God your Saviour asks you why;
He who did your soul retrieve,
Died himself that ye might live,
Will ye let Him die in vain,
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye rebel sinners, why
Will ye slight His grace and die?

3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God the Spirit asks you why;
Many a time with you He strove;
Wooed you to embrace His love;

SEAU.

159. GREENVILLE.—Continued.

193½





Will ye not His grace receive ?
Will you still refuse to live ?
Why will ye forever die,
O ye guilty sinners, why ?

154 Pres. 394; Meth. ——; Bap. 714. **L. M.**
Rest, 33; Ward, 42; Uxbridge, 41.

STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armor on ;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where Jesus, thy great Captain's gone.

2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course,
But hell and sin are vanquished foes ;
Thy Jesus nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when He rose.

3 What though the prince of darkness rage,
And waste the fury of his spite ;
Eternal chains confine him down
To fiery deeps and endless night.

4 What though thy inward lusts rebel ;
'Tis but a struggling gasp for life ;
The weapons of victorious grace
Shall slay thy sins and end the strife.

160. HARWELL, 8 and 7s. DR. MASON.



5 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

6 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace;
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

155 Pres. 133; Meth. 224; Bap. 293. **L. M.**

Retreat, 34; Mendon, 27; Rockingham, 35.

STAY, Thou insulted Spirit, stay!
Though I have done Thee such despite,
Cast not the sinner quite away,
Nor take Thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all who e'er Thy grace received,
Ten thousand times Thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times Thy goodness grieved;

161. HARWELL.—Continued.



3 Yet O! the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High Priest;
Nor in Thy righteous anger swear,
I shall not see Thy people's rest.

4 If yet Thou canst my sins forgive,
E'en now, my Lord, relieve my woes;
Into thy rest of love receive,
And bless me with a calm repose.

5 E'en now my weary soul release,
And raise me by Thy gracious hand;
Guide me into Thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

156 Pres. 295; Meth. ——; Bap. 96. **L. M.**
Hursley, 23; Rest, 33; Sessions, 37.

SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near:
Oh! 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 Saviour's breast.

162. OLIPHANT, 8, 7 and 4s. GERMAN.

152





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

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

157 By Permission.

Sweet Hour of Prayer, 38.

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

2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless;

163. OLIPHANT.—Continued.



And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
May I thy consolation share,
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height
I view my home and take my flight;
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.

158 Pres. 92d Ps.; Meth. ——: Bap. 59. **L. M.**

Migdol 28; Antigua, 5; Anvern, 6.

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 my Lord,
And bless His works and bless His Word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep Thy counsels! how divine!

4 Then I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

159 Pres. 353; Meth 479; Bap. 488. **8 & 7.**

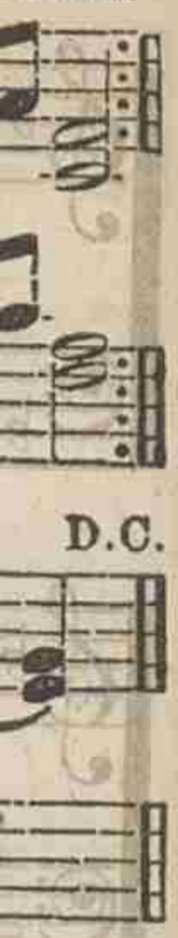
Otto, 165; Middleton, 164; Dorrnance, 155.

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend,
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.

2 Here I'll sit forever, viewing
Mercy flow in streams of blood;
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

HIELDS.

FINE.



D.C.

165. OTTO.



3 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before His cross to lie;
While I see divine compassion
Floating in His languid eye.

4 Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the cross I gaze;
Love I much? I'm much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.

5 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears His feet I bathe;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from His death.

160 Pres. 664; Meth. 719; Bap. 961. **C. M.**

Dundee, 69; Brown, 57; Bangor, 56.

THAT awful day will surely come,
The appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my 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 word, "Depart!"

166. **RATHBUN, 8 and 7s.** J. CONKEY.



3 O! wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste His love.

4 Jesus, I throw my arms around,
And hang upon Thy breast;
Without a gracious smile from Thee
My spirit cannot rest.

5 O! tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on Thy hands;
Show me some promise in Thy Book,
Where my salvation stands.

6 Give me one kind, assuring word,
To sink my fears again;
And cheerfully my soul shall wait
Her threescore years and ten.

161 Pres. 23d Ps. 3d pt.; Meth. ——; Bap. ——. **S. M.**
Olney, 119; St. Thomas, 123; Watchman, 124.

THE Lord my Shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied;
Since He is mine, and I am His,
What can I want beside?

ONKEY.

167. **SICILY, 8 and 7s.** SICILIAN AIR.



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

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

4 While He affords His aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Tho' I shall walk thro' death's dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.

5 Amid surrounding foes
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

6 The bounties of Thy love
Shall crown my following days;
Nor from Thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak Thy praise.

168. **WHAT A FRIEND.**



162 Pres. 1; Meth. 58; Bap. 148. **H. M.**

Lenox, 202; Lischer, 203.

THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
His throne is built on high;
The garments he assumes
Are light and majesty.
His glories shine with beams so bright,
No mortal eye can bear the sight.

2 The thunders of His hand
Keep the wide 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 Through 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 sovereign will.

4 And can this mighty King
Of glory condescend,

169. WORK SONG. BY PERMISSION.



And will He write His name,
My Father and my Friend?
I love His name, I love His word;
Join all my powers and praise the Lord.

163 Pres. 103d Ps. 3d pt.; Meth. 62; Bap. 126. **S. M.**
Boyleston, 108; Lisbon, 117; Shirland, 121.

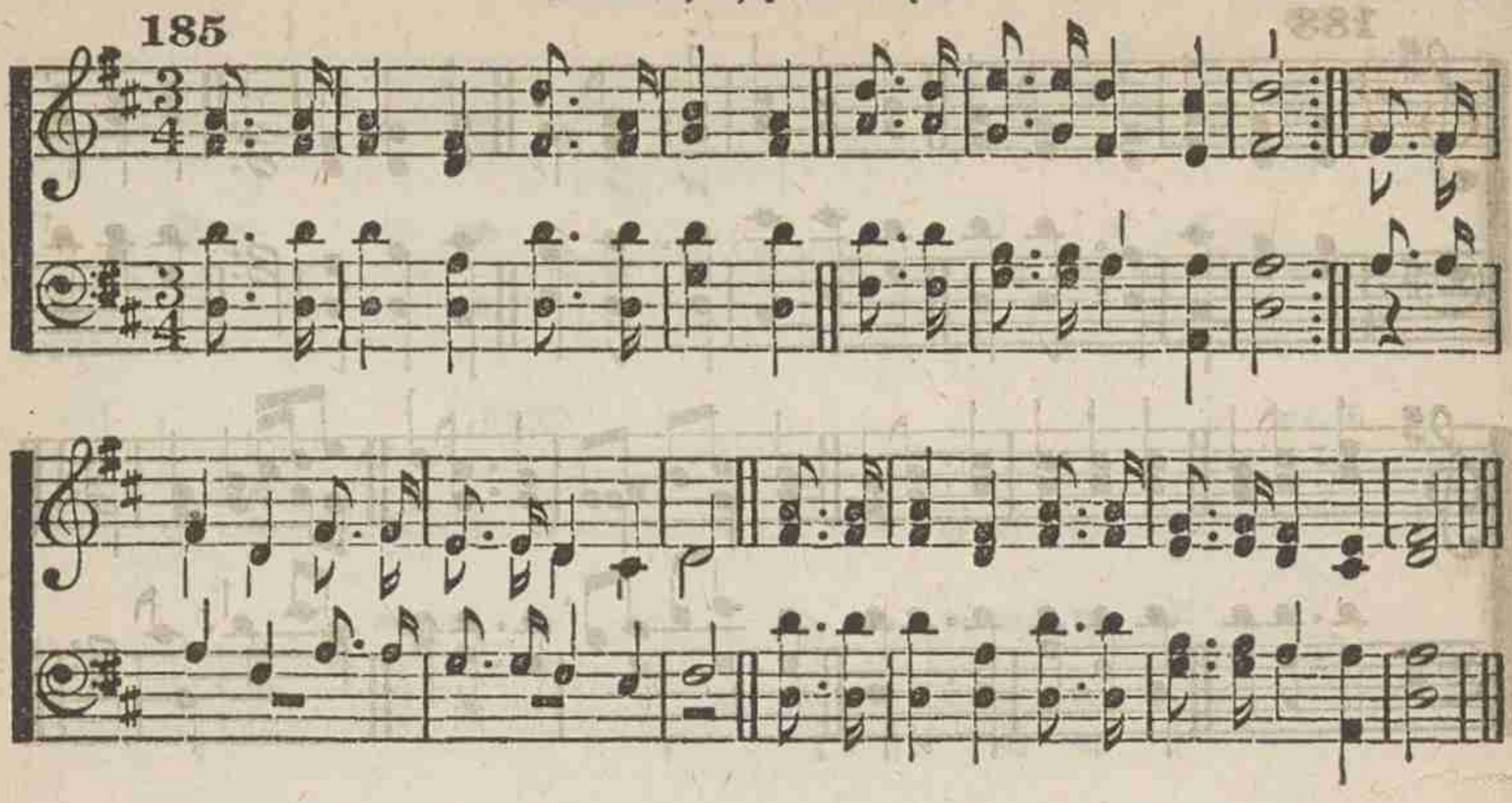
THE pity of the Lord,
To those that fear His name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

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

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

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

170. ZION, 8, 7 and 4s. DR. HASTINGS.



164 Pres. 165; Meth. 131; Bap. 410. **C. M.**

Fountain, 72; Christmas, 63; Evan, 71.

THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

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

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

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

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

171. AMERICA, 6 6 and 4s. H. CAREY.

188



165 Pres. 529; Meth ——; Bap. ——. **P. M.**

Happy Land, 196.

THERE is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day;
Oh, how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour king,
Loud let His praises ring,
Praise, praise for aye.

2 Come to that happy land,
Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand,
Why still delay?
Oh, we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with Thee,
Blest, blest for aye.

3 Bright in that happy land,
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.

172. ANTICIPATION, 8, 7 and 5s. REV. J. W. DADMON.





Oh! then to glory run,
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And bright above the sun,
We'll reign for aye.

166 Pres. 681; Meth. ——; Bap. 979. **C. M.**
Christmas, 63; Dundee, 69; Devizes, 68.

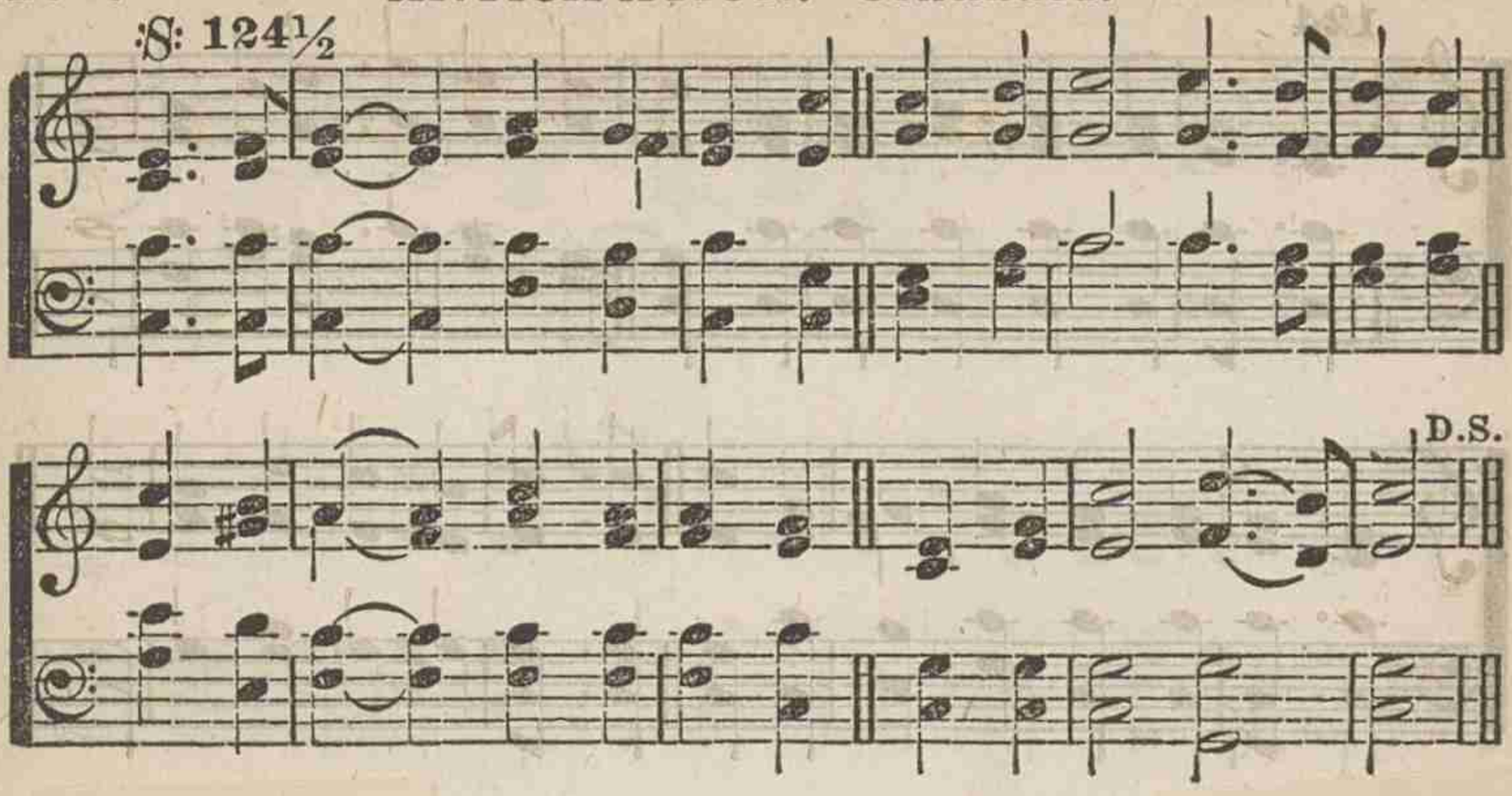
THERE is a house not made with hands,
Eternal and on high;
And here my spirit, waiting, stands,
Till God shall bid it fly.

2 Shortly this prison of my clay
Must be dissolved and fall;
Then, O my soul, with joy obey
Thy heavenly Father's call.

3 'Tis He, by His almighty grace,
That forms thee fit for heaven;
And, as an earnest of the place,
Has His own Spirit given.

4 We walk by faith of joys to come;
Faith lives upon His Word;
But while the body is our home,
We're absent from the Lord.

173. **ANTICIPATION.—Continued.**



5 'Tis pleasant to believe Thy grace,
But we had rather see;
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with Thee.

167 Pres. 685; Meth. 706; Bap. 966. **C. M.**
Varina, 100; Jordan, 78; Siloam, 92.

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

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

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

4 But timorous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shivering on the brink,
Afraid to launch away.

174. ARIEL, C. P. M. DR. MASON.





5 O! could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes;

6 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.

168 By Permission. **P. M.**

Sweet By-and-By, 224.

THERE'S a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we can see it afar;
For the Father waits over the way,
To prepare us a dwelling place there.

CHO.—In the sweet by-and-by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore,
In the sweet by-and by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

175. ARIEL.—Continued.





2 We shall sing, on that beautiful shore,
The melodious song of the blest,
And our spirits shall sorrow no more,
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.
In the sweet, etc.

3 To our bountiful Father above
We will offer our tribute of praise,
For the glorious gift of His love,
And the blessings that hallow our days!
In the sweet, etc.

4 We shall meet, we shall sing, we shall reign,
In the land where the saved never die!
We shall rest, free from sorrow and pain,
Safe at home, in the sweet by-and-by.
In the sweet, etc.

169 Pres. 696; Meth. ——; Bap. 976. **C. M.**

Woodland, 102.

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a joy for souls distrest,
A balm for every wounded breast,
'Tis found above—in heaven.

176. AMSTERDAM, 7, 6 and 7s. Dr. Jos. Narls.

172



2 There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow 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 her cheerful eye,
To brighter prospects given ;
And views the tempests passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

4 There, fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given ;
There, rays divine disperse the gloom—
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

170 Pres. 174; Meth. 340; Bap. 378. **C. M.**

*** Azmon, 54 ; Avon, 53 ; Evan, 71.**

THE Saviour calls, let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound ;
Ye doubting souls dismiss your fear,
Hope smiles reviving round.

177. AMSTERDAM.—Continued.



2 For every thirsty, longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow;
And life, and health, and bliss impart,
To banish mortal woe.

3 Here springs of sacred pleasure rise,
To ease your every pain;
Immortal fountain! full supplies!
Nor shall you thirst in vain.

4 Ye sinners come, 'tis mercy's voice;
The gracious call obey;
Mercy invites to heavenly joys,
And can you yet delay?

5 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts;
To Thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss Thy love imparts,
And drink and never die.

171 Pres. 43; Meth. ——; Bap. 179. **C. M.**

Woodstock, 103.

THE Saviour! O what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound!
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads sweet comfort round.

129



2 Here pardon, life, and joys divine,
In rich effusion flow,
For guilty rebels lost in sin,
And doomed to endless woe.

3 The almighty Former of the skies
Stooped to our vile abode;
While angels viewed with wondering eyes,
And hailed the incarnate God.

4 O! the rich depths of Love divine!
Of bliss a boundless store!
Dear Saviour, let me call Thee mine;
I cannot wish for more.

5 On Thee alone my hope relies;
Beneath Thy cross I fall;
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
My Saviour and my all!

172 Pres. 179; Meth. ——; Bap. ——. **S. M.**

Laban, 116; Boyleston, 108; Olney, 119.

THE Spirit, in our hearts,
Is whispering, "Sinner, come;"
The bride, the church of Christ, proclaims
To all His children, "Come!"

Chorus. 129½



2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him, "Come;"
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the Fountain, come!

3 Yes, whosoever will,
Oh, let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life;
'Tis Jesus bids him come

4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come;"
Lord, even so; we wait Thine hour;
Oh blest Redeemer, come!

173 Pres. 495; Meth. ——; Bap. 56. **L. M.**
Evening Hymn, 14; Federal Street, 15; Happy Day, 19.

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

2 In Thy blest kingdom we shall be
From every mortal trouble free;
No groans shall mingle with the songs,
Which warble from immortal tongues.

180. BUNYAN, 11 and 8s. ANON.

126



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

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

174 Pres. 118 Ps.; Meth. 321; Bap. 51. **C. M.**
Marlow, 83; Ortonville, 86; Henry, 80; Maitland, 81.

THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours His own;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

2 To-day He rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints His triumphs spread,
And all His wonders tell.

3 Hosanna to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son;
Help us, O Lord, descend and bring
Salvation from Thy throne.

131



4 Blest is 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.

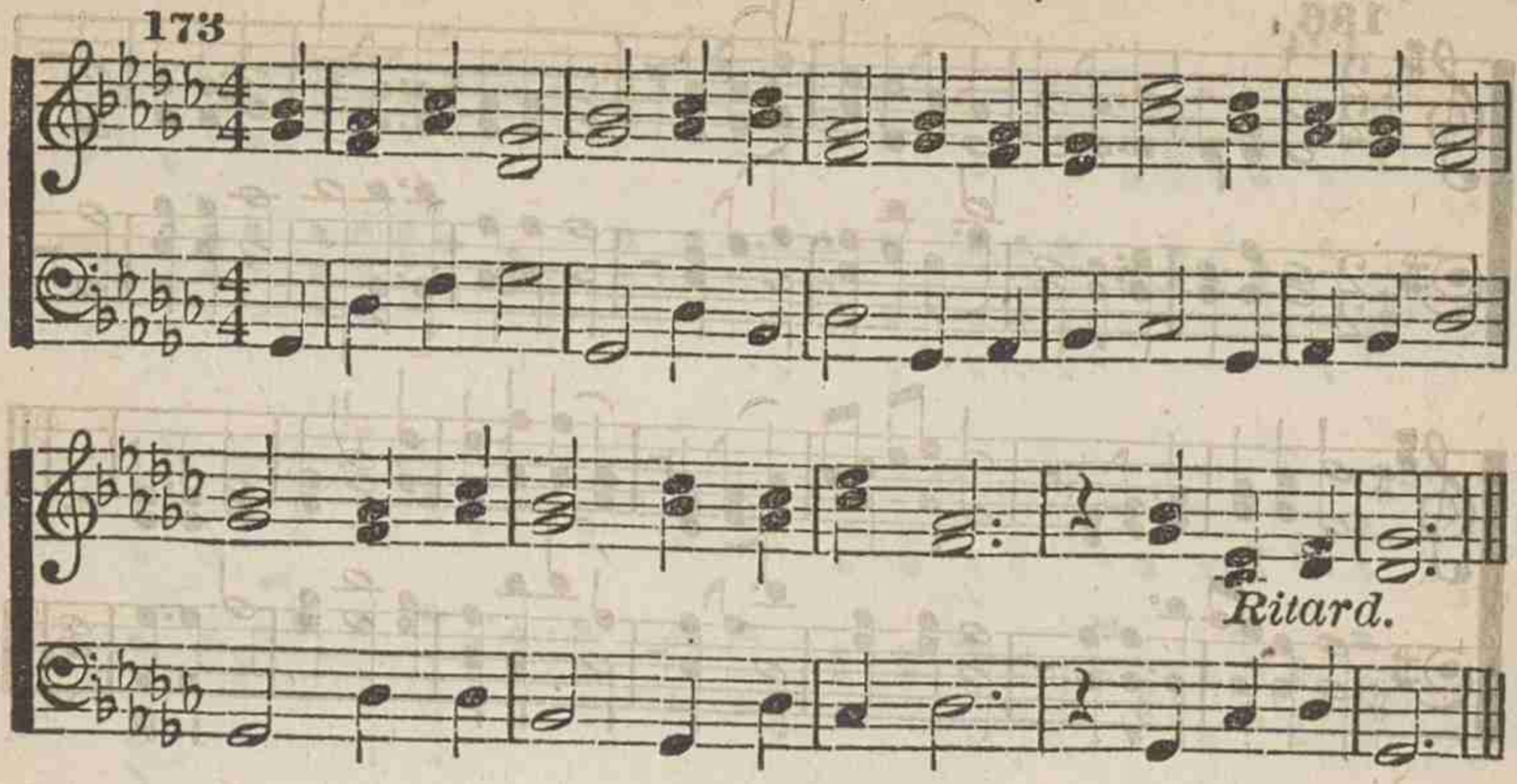
175 Pres. 23; Meth. 645; Bap. —— **11s.**

Frederick, 187.

THOUGH troubles assail, and dangers affright;
Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite;
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide;
The Scripture assures us, the Lord will provide.

2 The birds without barn or storehouse are fed;
From them let us learn to trust for our bread.

182. CHRIST MY ALL, 8 and 4s. REV. R. P. KERR.



His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 'tis written, the Lord will provide.

3 When Satan appears to stop up our path,
And fills us with fears, we triumph by faith;
He cannot take from us, though oft he has tried,
This heart-cheering promise, the Lord will provide.

4 No strength of our own, or goodness, we claim;
Yet 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.

5 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
This word of His grace shall comfort us through;

183. COME YE DISCONSOLATE, P. M. S. WEBBE.

186



No fearing or doubting, with Christ on
our side,
We hope to die shouting, the Lord will
provide.

176 Pres. 261; Meth. ——; Bap. 667. **L. M.**
Ware, 43; Rest, 33; Sessions, 37.

'TIS by the faith of joys to come
We walk through deserts dark as
night;
Till we arrive at heaven, our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

2 The want of sight she well supplies;
She makes the pearly gates appear;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heavenly ray,
Though lions roar and tempest blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

4 So Abram, by divine command,
Left his own house to walk with God;
His faith beheld the promised land,
And fired his zeal along the road.

184. COVERDALE, 7 and 6s. ANON.

116



177 Pres. 80; Meth. —— ; Bap. 237. **L. M.**

Windham, 45; Woodworth, 46; Uxbridge, 41.

'TIS finished! so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bowed His head and died;
'Tis finished—yes, the race is ruu,
The battle fought, the victory won.

2 'Tis finished—all that heaven decreed,
And all the ancient prophets said,
Is now fulfilled, as was assigned,
In Me, the Saviour of mankind.

3 'Tis finished—heaven is reconciled,
And all the powers of darkness spoiled;
Peace, love, and happiness again
Return and dwell with sinful men.

4 'Tis finished—let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round:
'Tis finished—let the echo fly
Through heaven and hell, through earth and sky.

185. DE FLEURY, 8s. DE FLEURY.

133



178 Pres. ——; Meth. ——; Bap. 216. **L. M.**

Windham, 45; Ward, 42; Uxbridge, 41.

'TIS midnight; and on Olive's brow
The star is dimmed that lately shone;
'Tis midnight; in the garden, now,
The suffering Saviour prays, alone.

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

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

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

186. EVEN ME, P. M. W. B. BRADBUR



179 Pres. 29; Meth. ——; Bap. 691. **S. M.**

Boyleston, 108; Olmutz, 118; Silver Street, 122.

THY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me, O God, by thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.

2 I dare not choose my lot,
I would not if I might;
Choose Thou for me, O Lord, my God,
So shall I walk aright.

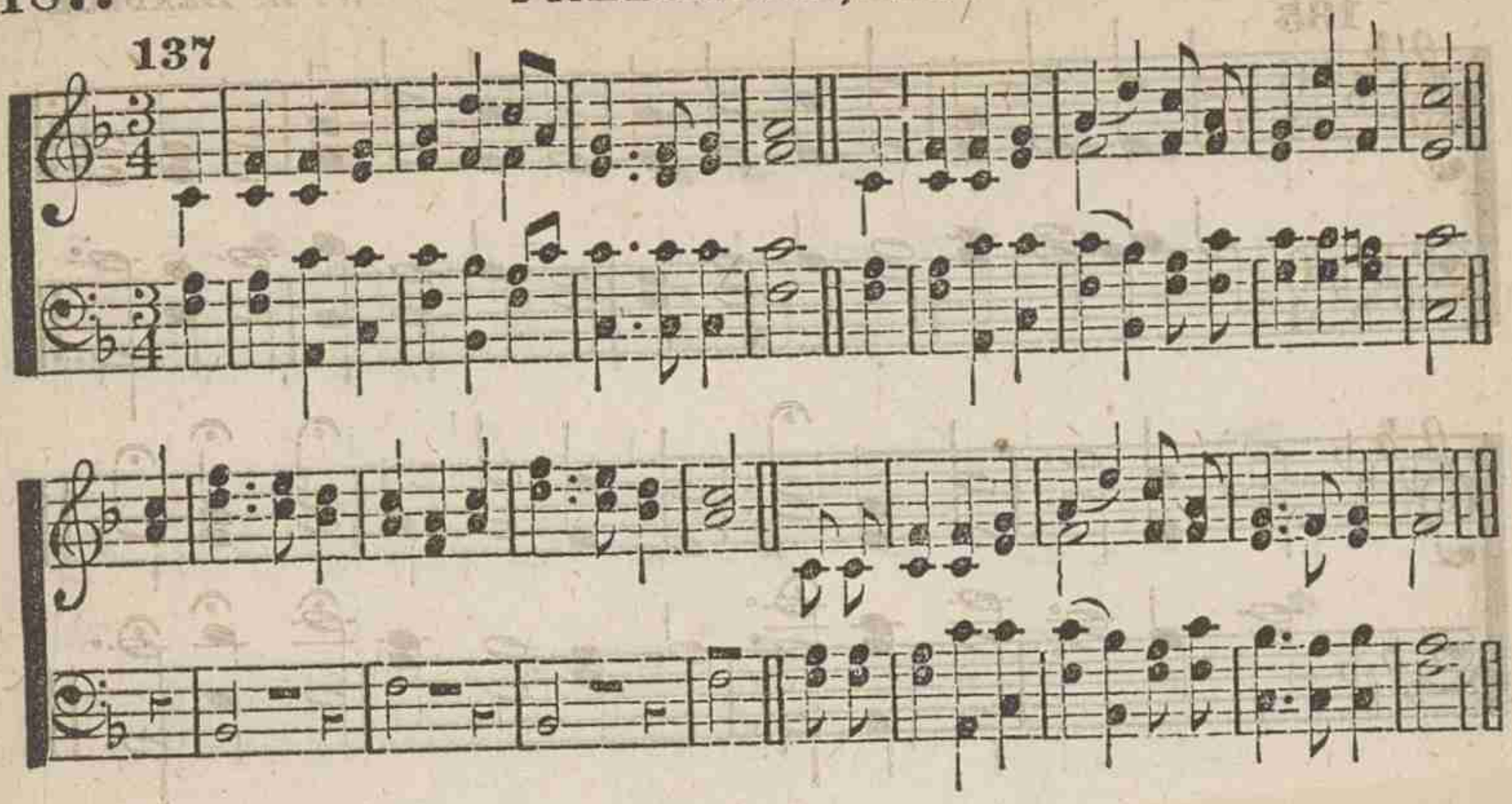
3 The kingdom that I seek
Is Thine; so let the way
That leads to it, O Lord, be Thine,
Else I must surely stray.

4 Take Thou my cup and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee, O Lord, may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill.

5 Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be Thou, O Lord, my guide, my strength.
My wisdom, and my all.

187. FREDERICK, IIs. G. KINGSLEY.

137



180 Pres. ——; Meth. ——; Bap. ——. **P. M.**

To-day, 227.

TO-DAY the Saviour calls!
Ye wanderers, come;
Oh, ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam?

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

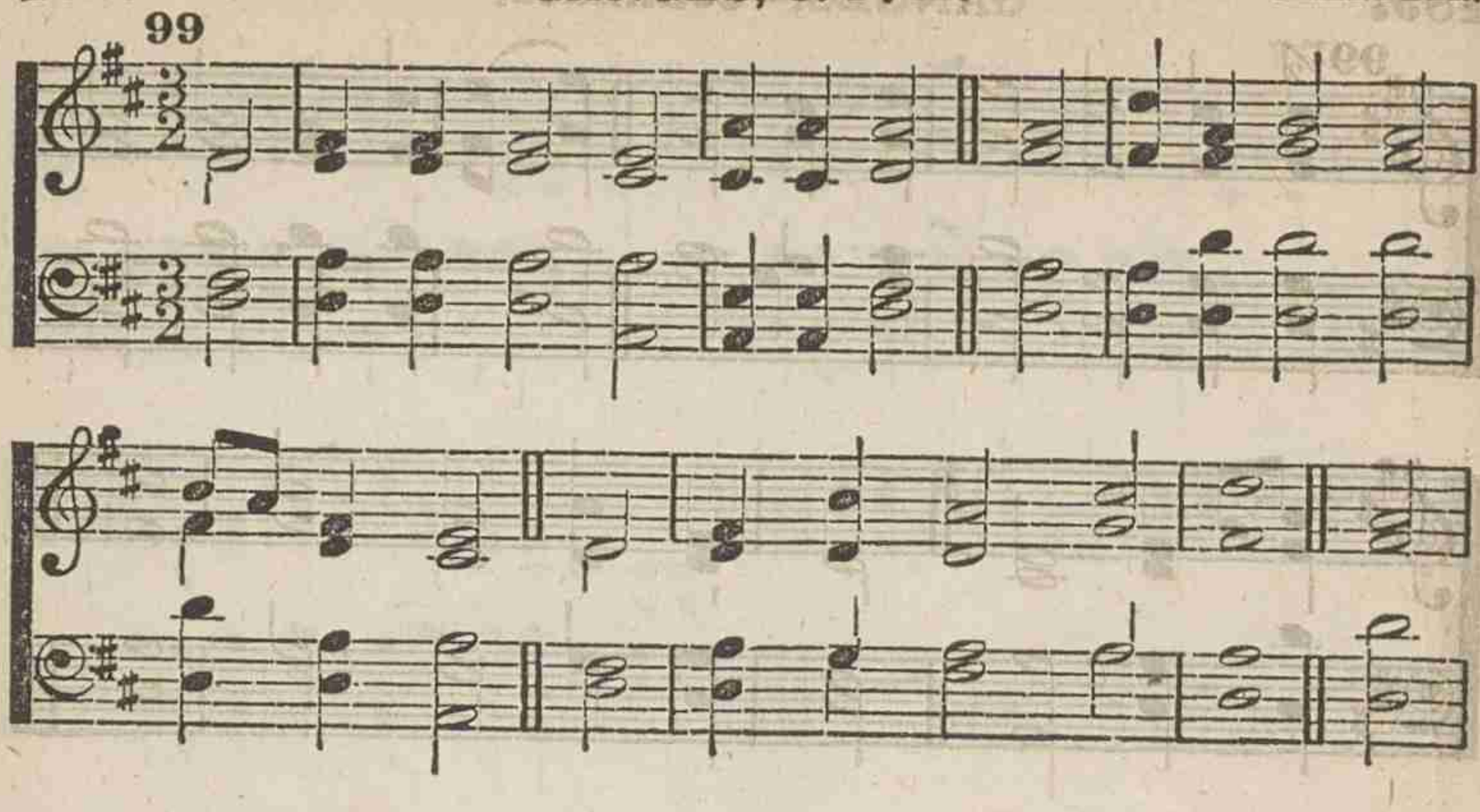
3 To-day the Saviour calls;
For refuge fly;
The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh.

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

181 Pres. 496; Meth. ——; Bap. 248. **S. M.**

Olney, 119; Shirland, 121; St. Thomas, 123.

TO-DAY the Saviour rose,
Our Jesus left the dead:
He conquered our malignant foes,
And Satan captive led.



2 He left His glorious throne,
To make our peace with God;
Blessings forever on His name,
He bought us with His blood.

3 For us His life He paid,
For us the law fulfilled;
On Him our load of guilt was laid;
We by His stripes are healed.

4 Ye saints adore His name,
Who hath such mercy shown;
Ye sinners, love the bleeding Lamb,
And make His praises known.

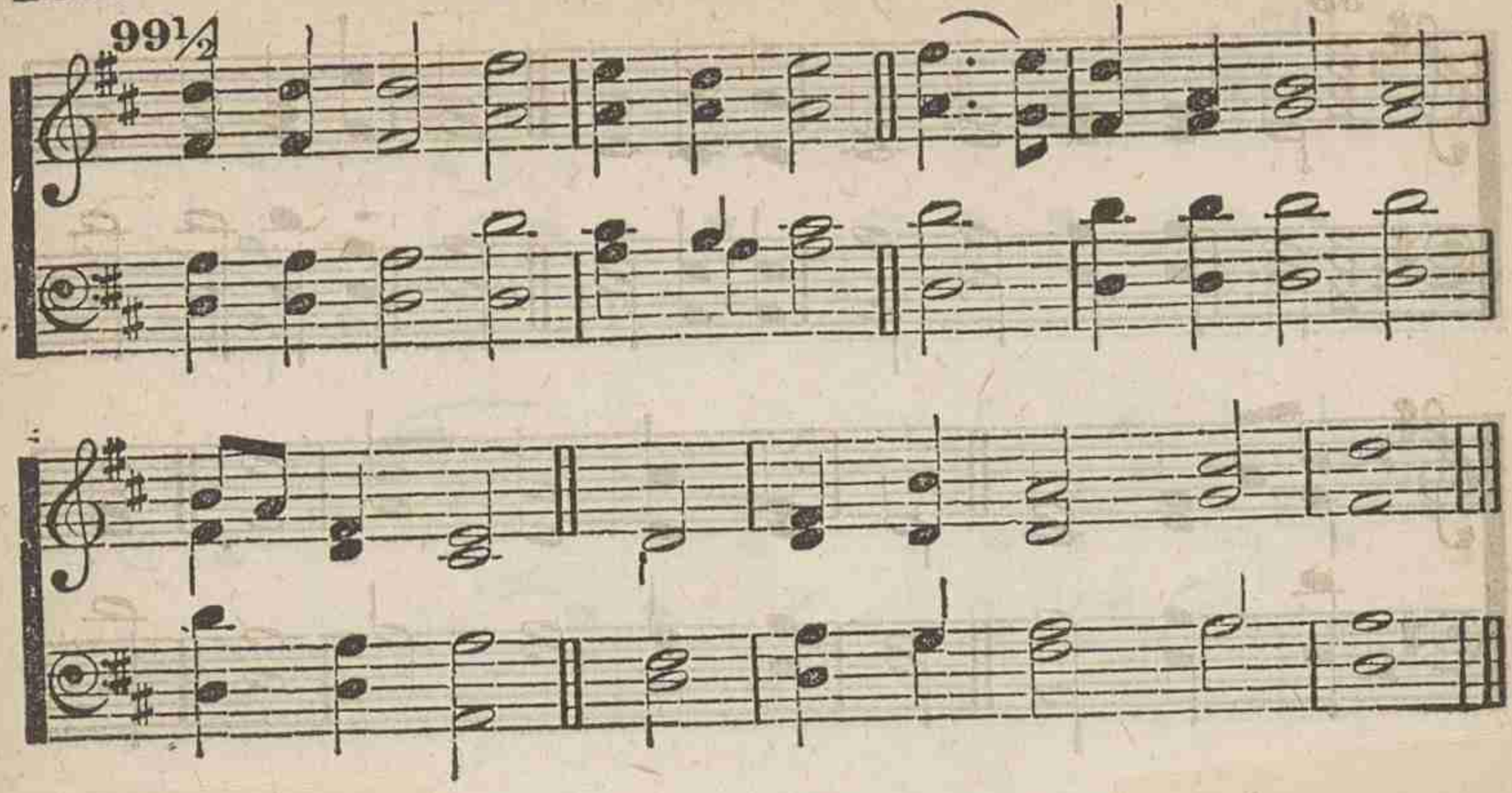
182 **7s**

Wilmot, 145; Pleyel's Hymn, 138; Nuremburgh, 137.

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.

189. GANGES.—Continued.



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.

183 Pres. 821; Meth. ——; Bap. ——. **L. M.**

Duane Street, 12; Gratitude, 17.

TRIUMPHANT Zion, lift Thy head
From dust and darkness, and the dead,
Though humbled long, awake at length,
And gird thee with thy Saviour'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.

190. GOSHEN, IIs. GERMAN.



4 God, from on high, Thy groans will hear;
His hand Thy ruin shall repair;
Nor will Thy watchful Monarch cease
To guard Thee in eternal peace.

184 Pres. 548; Meth. ——; Bap. ——. **L. M.**

Hamburg, 18; Woodworth, 46; Uxbridge, 41.

'TWAS on that dark, that doleful night,
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betrayed Him to His foes.

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 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."

191. GOSHEN.—Continued.



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.

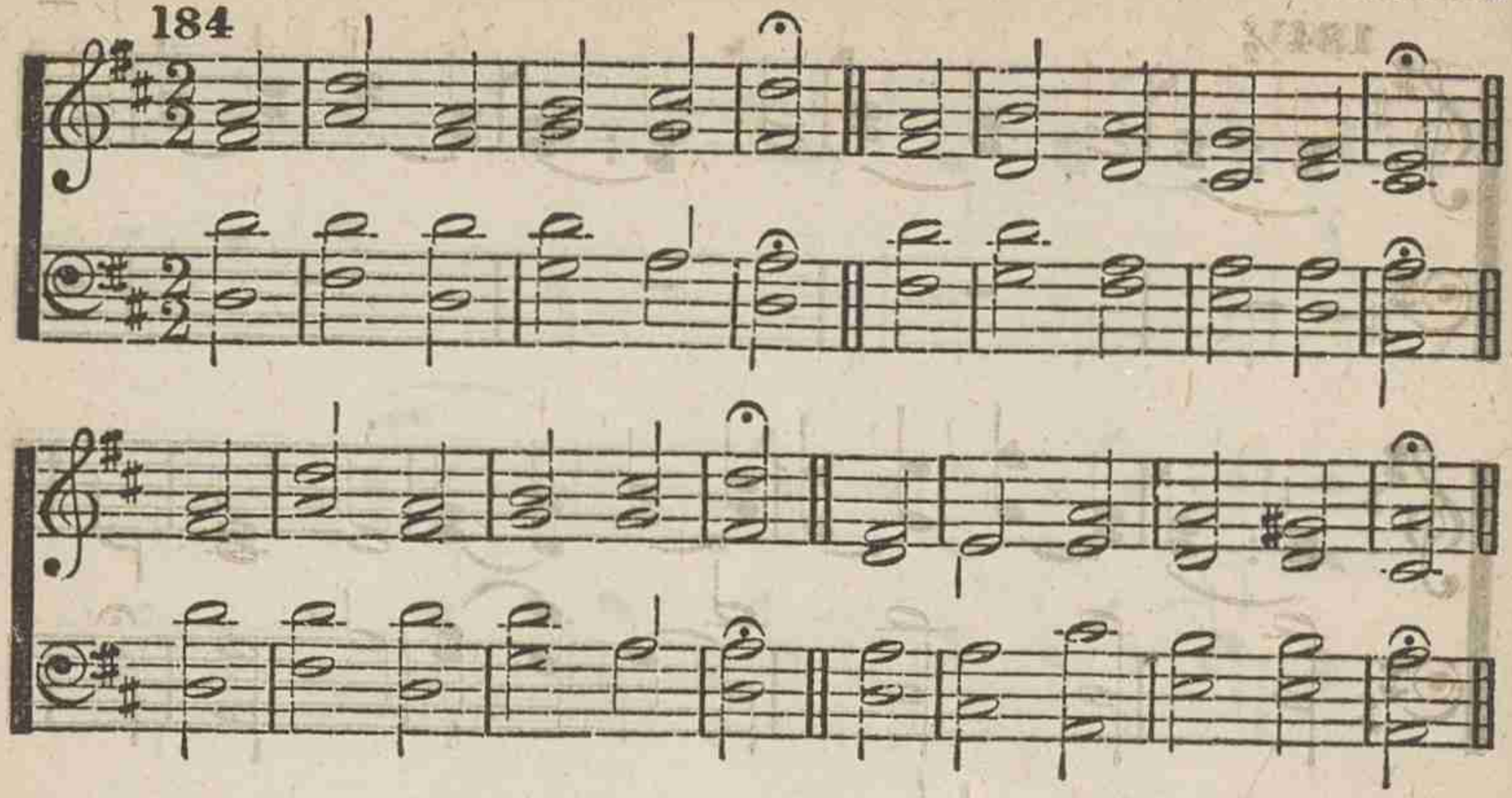
185 Pres. 606; Meth. 765; Bap. 989. **7s.**

Watchman Tell Us, 146.

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

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

184



3 Watchman—tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveler—darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman—let thy wanderings cease:
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Traveler—lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come.

186 Pres. ——; Meth. ——, Bap. ——.

None But Jesus, 208.

WEEPING will not save me—
Though my face were bathed in tears,
That could not allay my fears,
Could not wash the sins of years;
Weeping will not save me.

CHO.—Jesus wept and died for me;
Jesus suffered on the tree;
Jesus waits to make me free;
He alone can save me.

2 Working will not save me—
Purest deeds that I can do;
Honest thoughts and feelings too,
Cannot form my soul anew;
Working will not save me.—CHO.

193. HADDAM.—Continued.





3 Waiting will not save me—
Helpless, guilty, lost, I lie ;
In my ear is mercy's cry,
If I wait I can but die ;
Waiting will not save me.—Cho.

4 Faith in Christ will save me—
Let me trust Thy weeping Son ;
Trust the work that He has done ;
To His arms, Lord, let me run ;
Faith in Christ will save me.—Cho.

187 Pres. 499 ; Meth. 317 ; Bap. 47. **H. M.**

Lenox, 202 ; Lischer, 203.

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

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

194. HOME, SWEET HOME, IIs. ENGLISH.

178





3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless these sacred hours;
Then shall our souls new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be bestowed in vain.

188 Pres. 493; Meth. 313; Bap. 46. **S. M.**

Lisbon 117; Boyleston, 108; Olmutz, 118.

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 we may sit, and see Him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

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





189 Pres. 221; Meth. ——; Bap. ——. **8 & 7.**

Greenville, 158; Otto, 165.

WELCOME, welcome, dear Redeemer,
Welcome to this heart of mine;
Lord, I make a full surrender,
Ev'ry power and thought be Thine;
Thine entirely,
Through eternal ages Thine.

190 **8 & 7, D.**

What a Friend We Have in Jesus, 168.

WHAT a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear;
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer.
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear—
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer.

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

196. HAPPY LAND. HINDOSTAN.



Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share;
Jesus knows our every sorrow;
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge;
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do 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.

191 Pres. 108; Meth. 184; Bap. 274. **L. M.**
Seasons, 36; Rockingham, 35; Mendon, 27.

WHAT equal honors shall we bring
To Thee, O Lord, our God, the Lamb,
When all the notes that angels sing
Are far inferior to Thy name!

2 Worthy is He that once was slain,
The Prince of Peace, that groaned and died,
Worthy to rise, and live and reign,
At His almighty Father's side.



3 Blessings forever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched men:
Let angels sound His sacred name,
And every creature say--Amen.

192 Pres. 116 Ps.; Meth. ——; Bap. 102. **C. M.**

St. Martin, 98; Marlow, 83; Mear, 84.

WHAT shall I render to my God,
For all his kindness shown?
My feet shall visit Thine abode,
My songs address Thy throne.

2 Among the saints that fill Thy house
My offering shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.

3 How much is mercy Thy delight,
Thou ever blessed God!
How dear Thy servants in Thy sight!
How precious is their blood!

4 How happy all Thy servants are!
How great Thy grace to me!
My life, which Thou hast made Thy care,
Lord, I devote to Thee.



193 Pres. 17 Ps. ; Meth. 697 ; Bap. 614. **L. M.**

Migdol, 28 ; Portugal, 32 ; Retreat, 34.

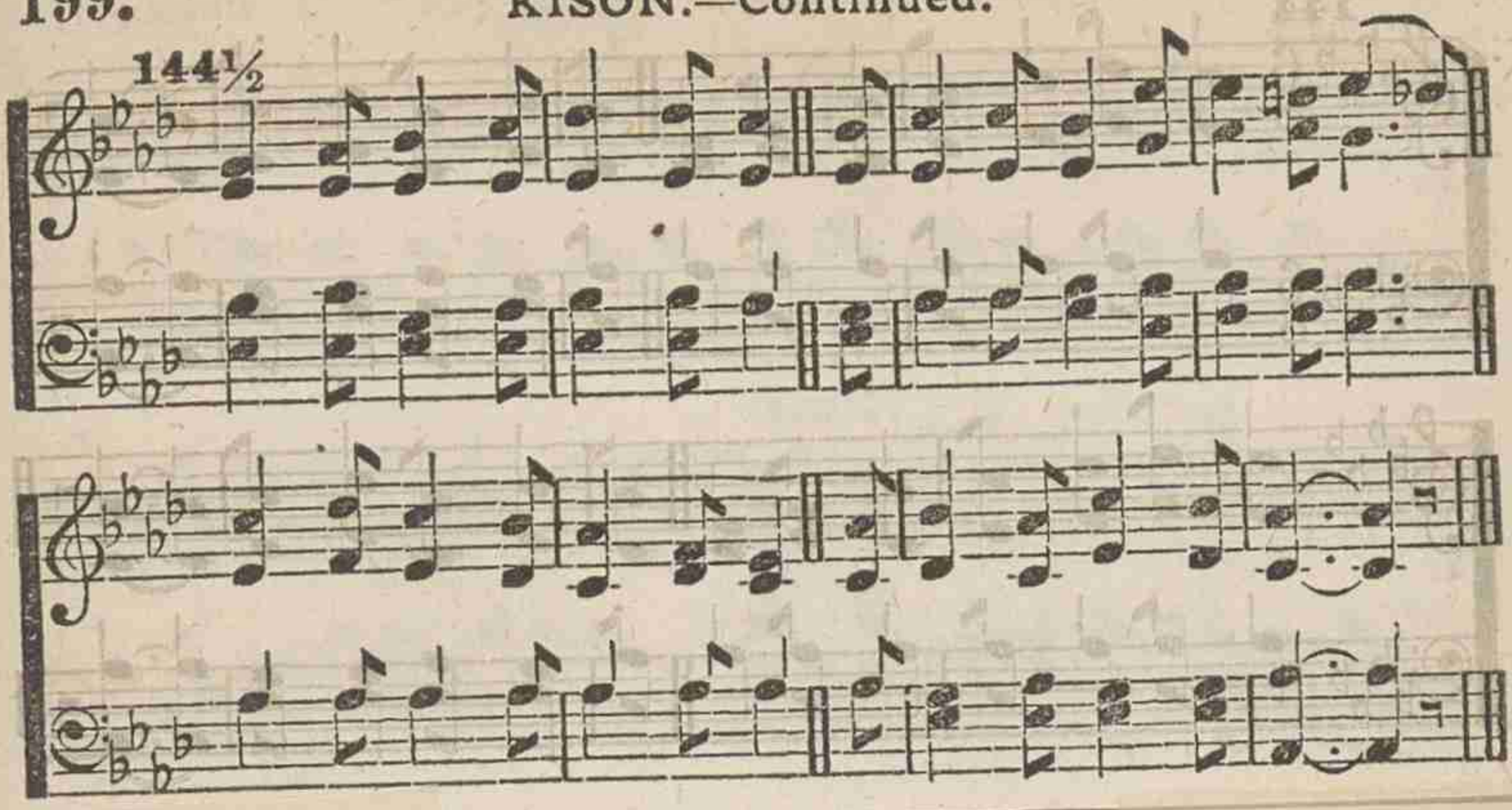
WHAT sinners value I resign;
Lord! 'tis enough that Thou art mine;
I shall behold Thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

2 This life's a dream—an empty show;
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere;
When shall I wake, and find me there?

3 Oh, glorious hour!—oh, blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains, with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise!

199. **KISON.**—Continued.



194 Pres. 369; Meth. ——; Bap. 585. **L. M.**

Duke Street, 9; Effingham, 13; Alfreton, 3.

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

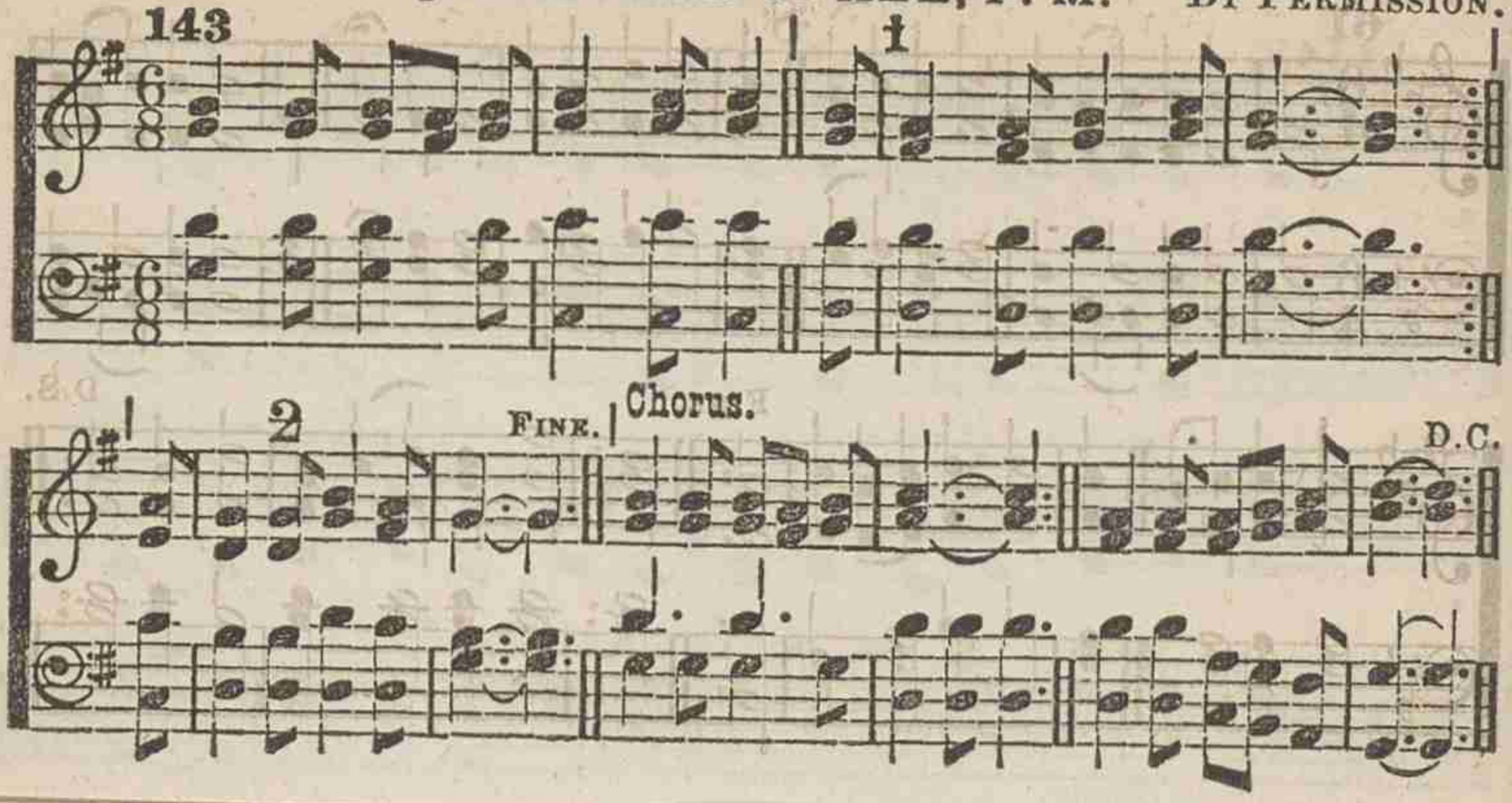
2 Prayer makes the darkened clouds withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

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

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

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

200. JESUS PAID IT ALL, P. M. BY PERMISSION.



195 Pres. 423; Meth., 1014; Bap. 115. **C. M.**

Siloam, 92; Varina, 100; Warwick, 101.

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.

201. KINGWOOD, C. P. M. ANON.



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

196 Pres. 672; Meth. 655; Bap. 988. **C. M.**

Brown, 57 ; Pisgah, 88.

WHEN 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 can 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.





197 Pres. 352; Meth. 126; Bap. 787. **L. M.**

Hamburg, 18; Duke Street, 9; Hebron, 22.

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

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



198 Pres. 127; Meth. 862; Bap. 544. **L. M.**

Duane Street, 12; Ayreshire, 8.

WHEN marshalled 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 Saviour speaks—
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

2 Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my 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!

199 Pres. 657; Meth. 391; Bap. 325. **C. M.**

Chimes, 61; Dundee, 69; Balerma, 55.

WHEN rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,

117





I see my Maker face to face,
O! how shall I appear?

2 If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought,

3 When Thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclosed,
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
O! how shall I appear?

4 Yet never shall my soul despair
Her pardon to procure,
Who knows Thine only Son has died,
To make her pardon sure.

200 Pres. 259; Meth. ——; Bap. 452. **L. M.**

Uxbridge, 41; Gratitude, 17.

WHEN sins and fears prevailing rise,
And fainting hope almost expires;
Jesus, to Thee I lift mine eyes,
To Thee I breathe my soul's desires.

205. MISSIONARY HYMN.—Continued.





2 Art Thou not mine, my living Lord?
And can my hope, my comfort die,
Fixed on Thy everlasting Word,
That Word which built the earth and sky?

3 If my immortal Saviour lives,
Then my immortal life is sure;
His Word a firm foundation gives;
Here let me build and rest secure.

4 Here let my faith unshaken dwell;
Immovable the promise stands;
Not all the powers of earth or hell
Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.

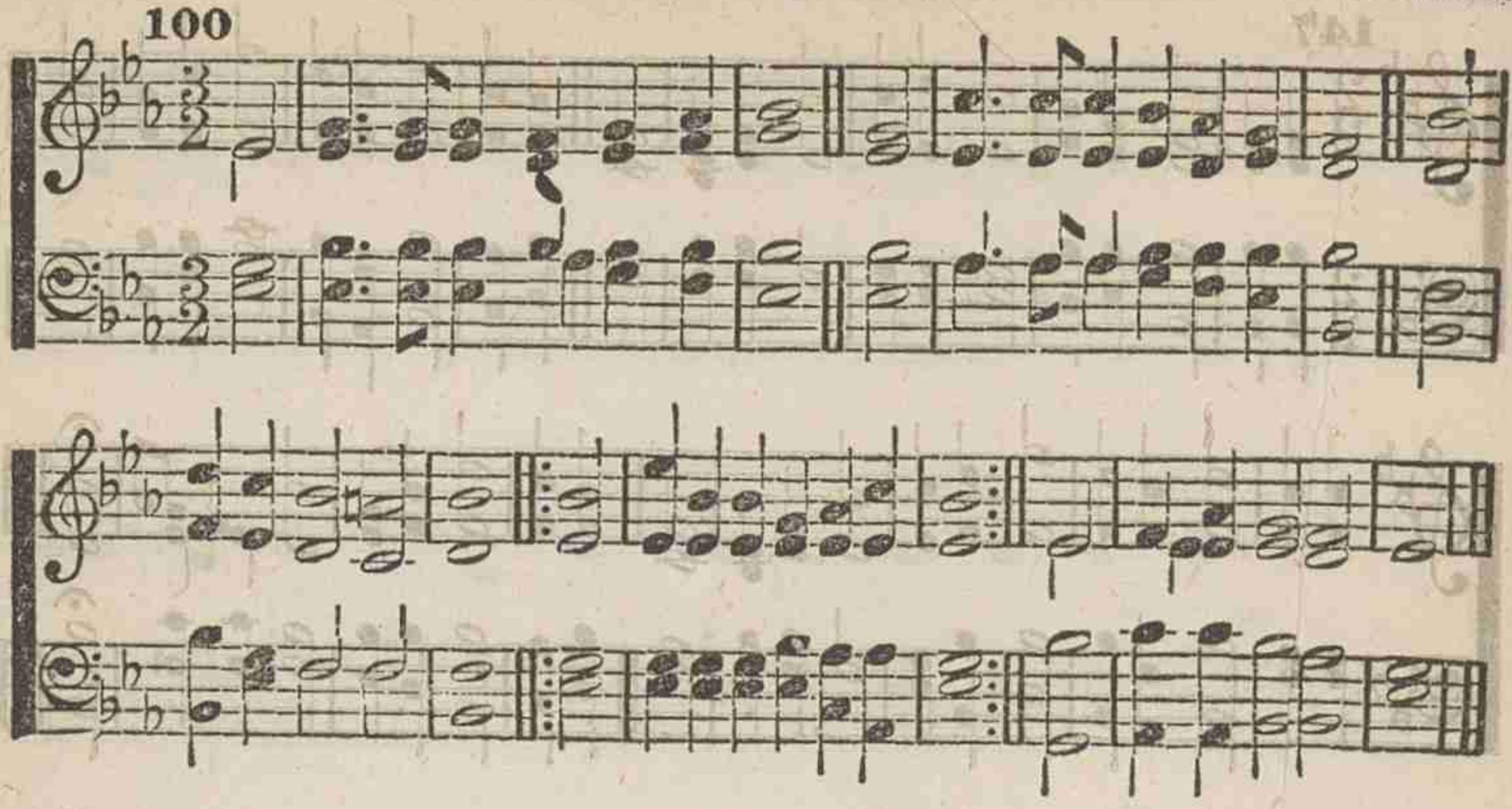
5 Here, O my soul, thy trust repose;
Since Jesus is forever mine,
Not death itself, that last of foes,
Shall break a union so divine.

201 Pres. 658; Meth. ——; Bap. 963. **C. P. M.**

Meribah, 206; Ganges, 188; Kingwood, 201.

WHEN Thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come
To take Thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?

206. MERIBAH, C. P. M. DR. MASON.



Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at Thy right hand?

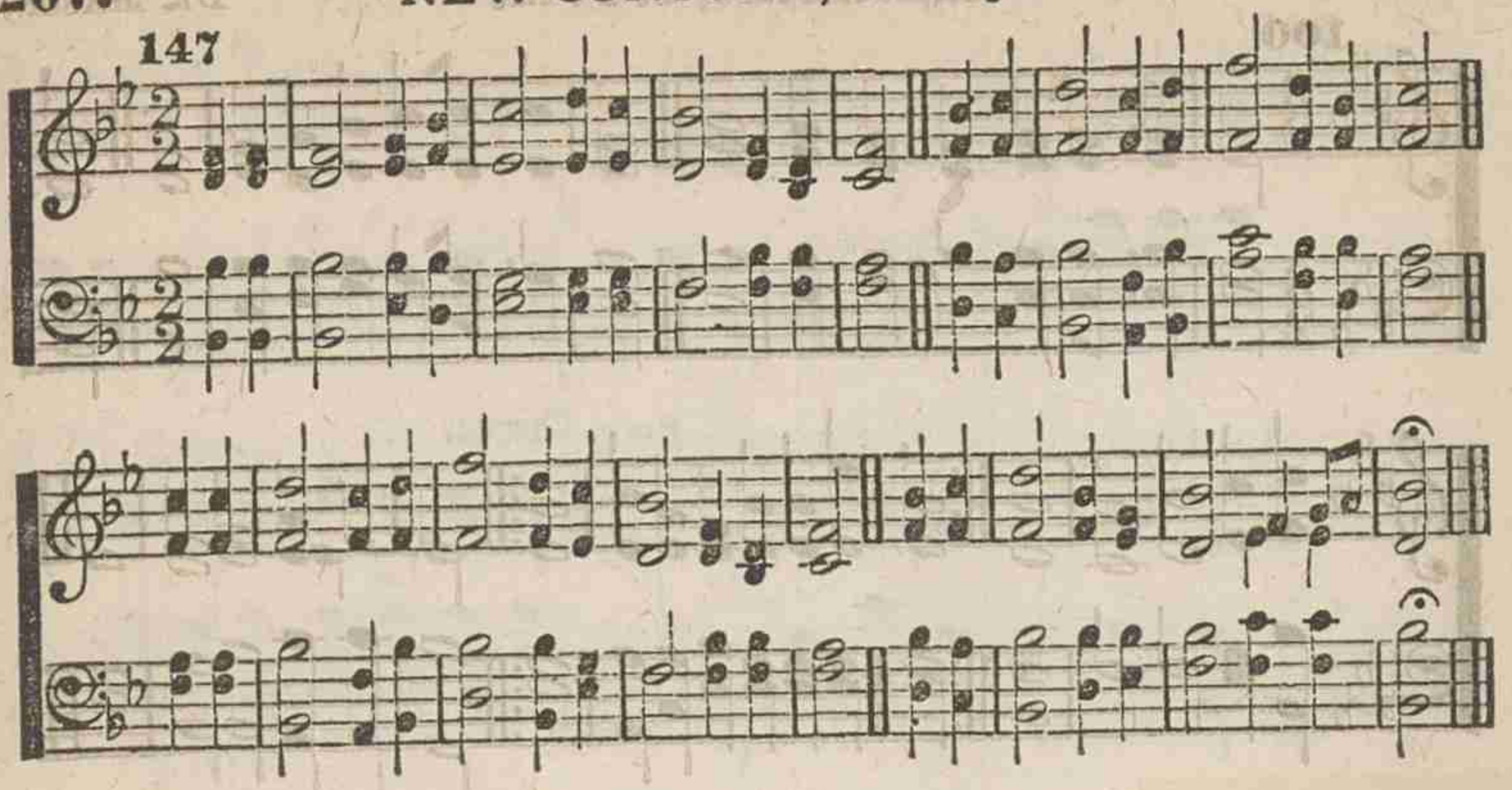
2 I love to meet among them now,
Before Thy gracious feet to bow,
Though vilest of them all;
But can I bear the piercing thought
What if my name should be left out,
When Thou for them shalt call?

3 Prevent, prevent it, by Thy grace;
Be Thou, dear Lord, my hiding-place,
In this the accepted day;
Thy pardoning voice, O let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 Let me among Thy saints be found,
Whene'er the archangel's trump shall sound,
To see Thy smiling face;
Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.

207. NEW CONCORD, 6 and 9s. ANON.

147



202 P. M.

Shall We Know Each Other? 220.

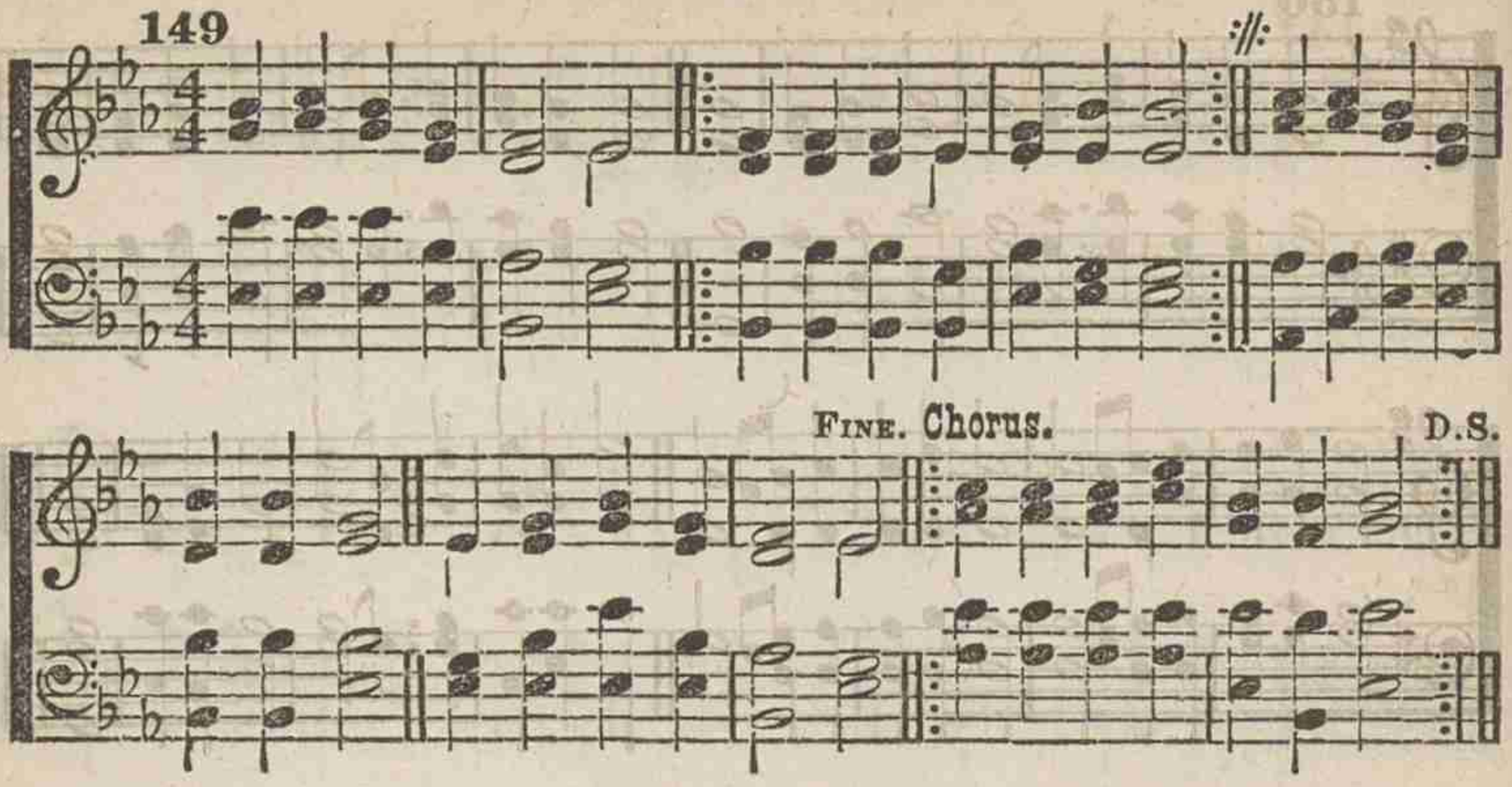
WHEN we hear the music ringing
Thro' the bright, celestial dome,
When sweet angel voices singing
Gladly bid us welcome home
To the land of ancient story,
Where the spirit knows no care—
In the land of light and glory,
Shall we know each other there?

CHO.—Shall we know each other?
Shall we know each other?
Shall we know each other?
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?

CHO.—Shall we know each other?

208. NONE BUT JESUS, P. M. By Permission.



3 Yes, my earth-worn soul rejoices,
And my weary heart grows light,
For the thrilling angel voices,
And the angel faces bright,
That shall welcome us in heaven,
Are the loved of long ago,
And to them is kindly given,
Thus, their mortal friends to know.

Cho.—Shall we know each other.

4 Oh! 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!
Harpings touched by angel fingers,
Murmured in my raptured ear,
Ever more that sweet song lingers:
"We shall know each other there."

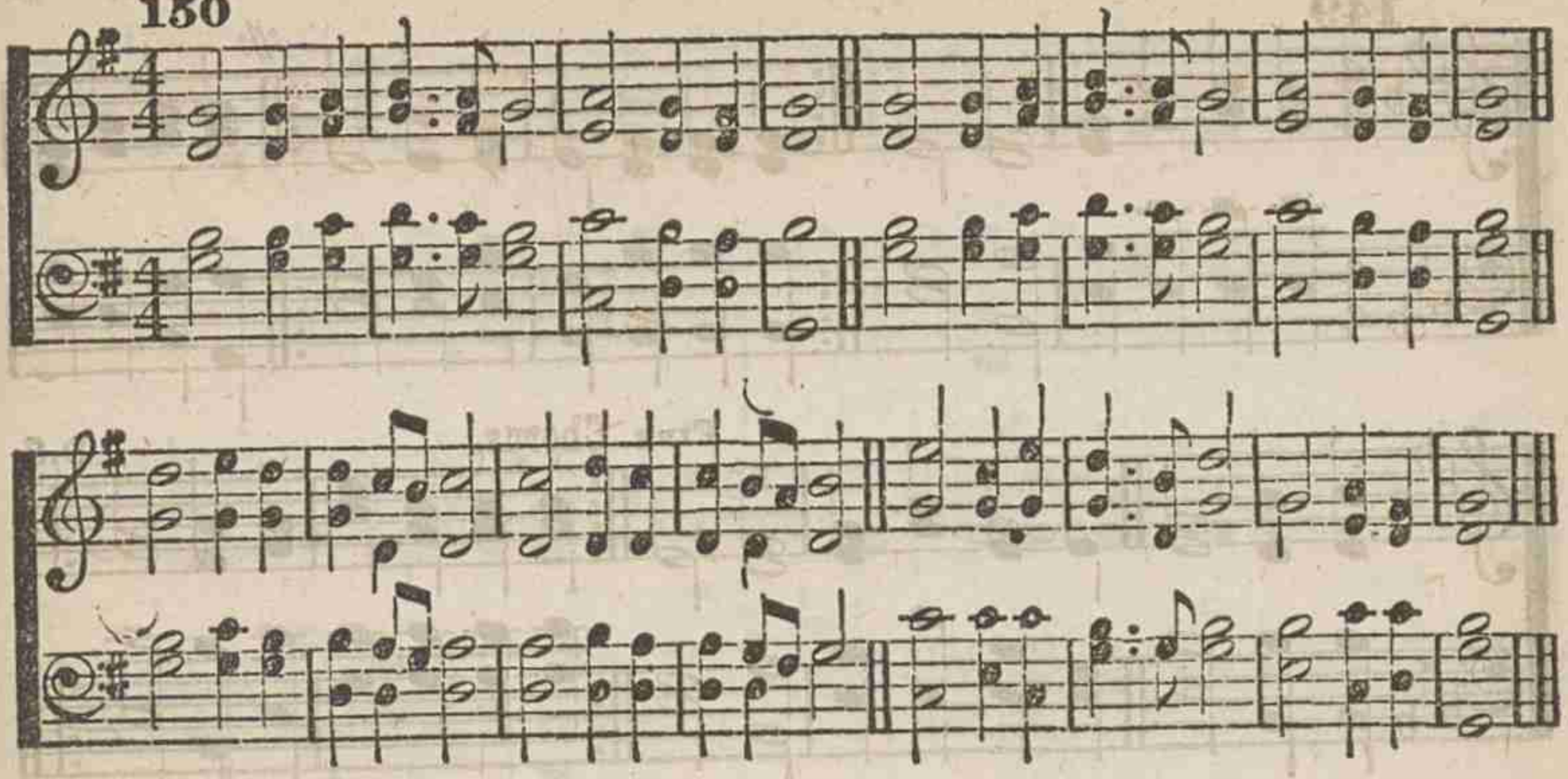
Cho.—We shall know each other?

203 Pres. 99 Meth. 932; Bap. ——. **L. M.**

Rockingham, 35; Woodworth, 46; Mendon, 27.

WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears,
The Advocate of saints appears.

209. OAK, 6, 4 and 6s. DR. MASON.



2 He who for men in mercy stood,
And poured on earth His precious blood,
Pursues in heaven His plan of grace,
The Saviour of the chosen race.

3 Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

4 Our fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains,
And still remembers, in the skies,
His tears, and agonies, and cries.

5 In every pang that rends the heart,
The Man of Sorrows had a part;
He sympathizes in our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

204 Pres. 24; Meth. 1009; Bap. 29. **C. M.**

Brattle Street, 58; Arlington, 50; Ortonville, 86.

WHILE Thee I seek, protecting Power!
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

210. OLIVET, 6, 6 and 4s. DR. MASON.

151



2 Thy love the power of thought bestowed;
To Thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
That mercy I adore.

3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see;
Each blessing to my soul most dear,
Because conferred by Thee.

4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer

5 When gladness wings the favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet Thy will.

6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see,
My steadfast heart shall know no fear:
That heart will rest on Thee.

211. PILGRIM, 10, 11 and 9s. ANON.



205 Pres.508; Meth. 807; Bap. 909. **7s.**

Benevento, 126.

WHILE with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here;
Fixed in their eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,
But how little none can know.

2 As the wingèd arrow flies,
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts and leaves no trace behind;
Swiftly thus our fleeing 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.

153



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.

206 Pres. ——; Meth. ——; Bap. ——. **8, 8, 8, 6.**

Primrose, 218; Scotch Air, 219; Promise, 135.

WHOSOEVER—Lord, 'tis spoken;
Word of Thine can ne'er be broken;
Sure I need no other token
Of my soul's security—

2 Cometh to Thee—Lord, I need Thee;
Hungry, come to Thee to feed me;
Now, I come! Thou hast received me;
All in all in Thee I find.

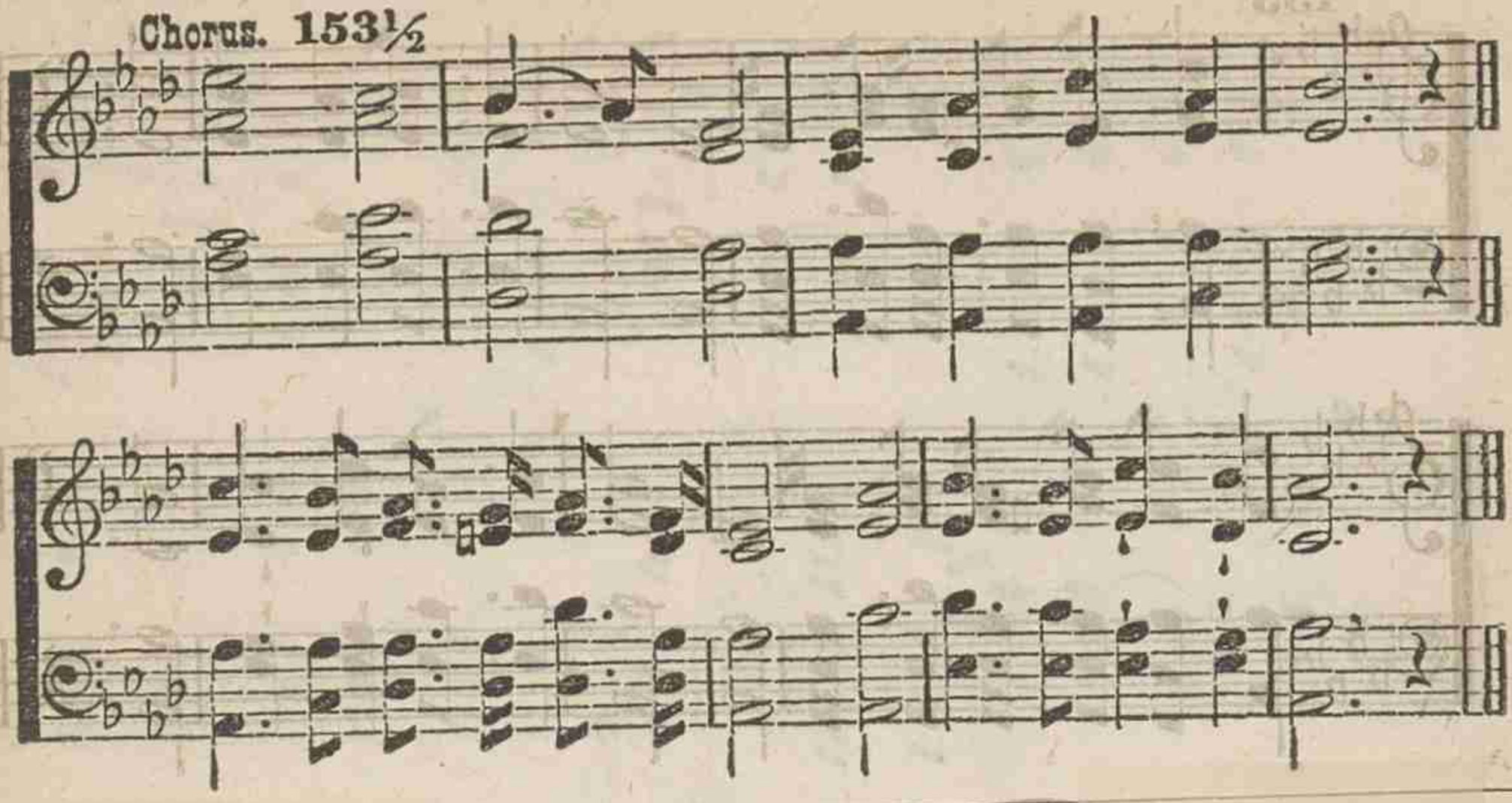
3 Nowise cast out—what a blessed
Word of comfort to the wretched!
Now I know my sins confessèd,
Part between us nevermore.

4 Hallelujah! saved forever!
Death nor hell—all foes together
Never me from Christ will sever;
He is Lord victorious.

DANE.

213. **PASS ME NOT.—Continued.**

Chorus. 153½



207 Pres. 630; Meth. 729; Bap. 940. **C. M.**

China, 62.

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

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

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

4 Thence He arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising day.

208 Pres. 314; Meth. ——; Bap. ——. **C. M.**

Balerma, 55; Cambridge, 60; Coronation, 66.

WHY should the children of a king
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend and bring
Some tokens of Thy grace.



2 Dost Thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven ?
When wilt Thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?

3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear Thy witness with my heart
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of His love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And Thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

209 Pres. 628; Meth. 679; Bap. 931. **L. M.**

Windham, 45; Uxbridge, 41; Old Hundred, 29.

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, and dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away;
Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

215. PORTUGUESE HYMN.—Continued.



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

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

210 Pres. 186; Meth. ——; Bap. 323. **L. M.**

Hebron, 22; Germany, 16; Gratitude, 17.

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 be urged 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.

216. PROTECTION, IIs. OLD AM. TUNE.



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

211 Pres. 138 Ps.; Meth. ——; Bap. 121. **L. M.**
Migdol, 28; Duane Street, 12; Hebron, 22.

WITH all my powers of heart and tongue
I'll praise my Maker in my song;
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song, and join the praise.

2 I'll sing Thy truth and mercy, Lord;
I'll sing the wonders of Thy word;
Not all the works and names below,
So much Thy power and glory show.

3 To God I cried when troubles rose;
He heard me and subdued my foes;
He did my rising fears control,
And strength diffused through all my soul.

4 The God of heaven maintains His state,
Frowns on the proud and scorns the great;
But from His throne descends to bless
The humble souls that trust His grace.



5 Amidst a thousand snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by Thy hand;
Thy words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

6 Grace will complete what grace begins,
To save from sorrows and from sins;
The work that wisdom undertakes
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

212 Pres. 193; Meth. ——; Bap. 377. **L. M.**

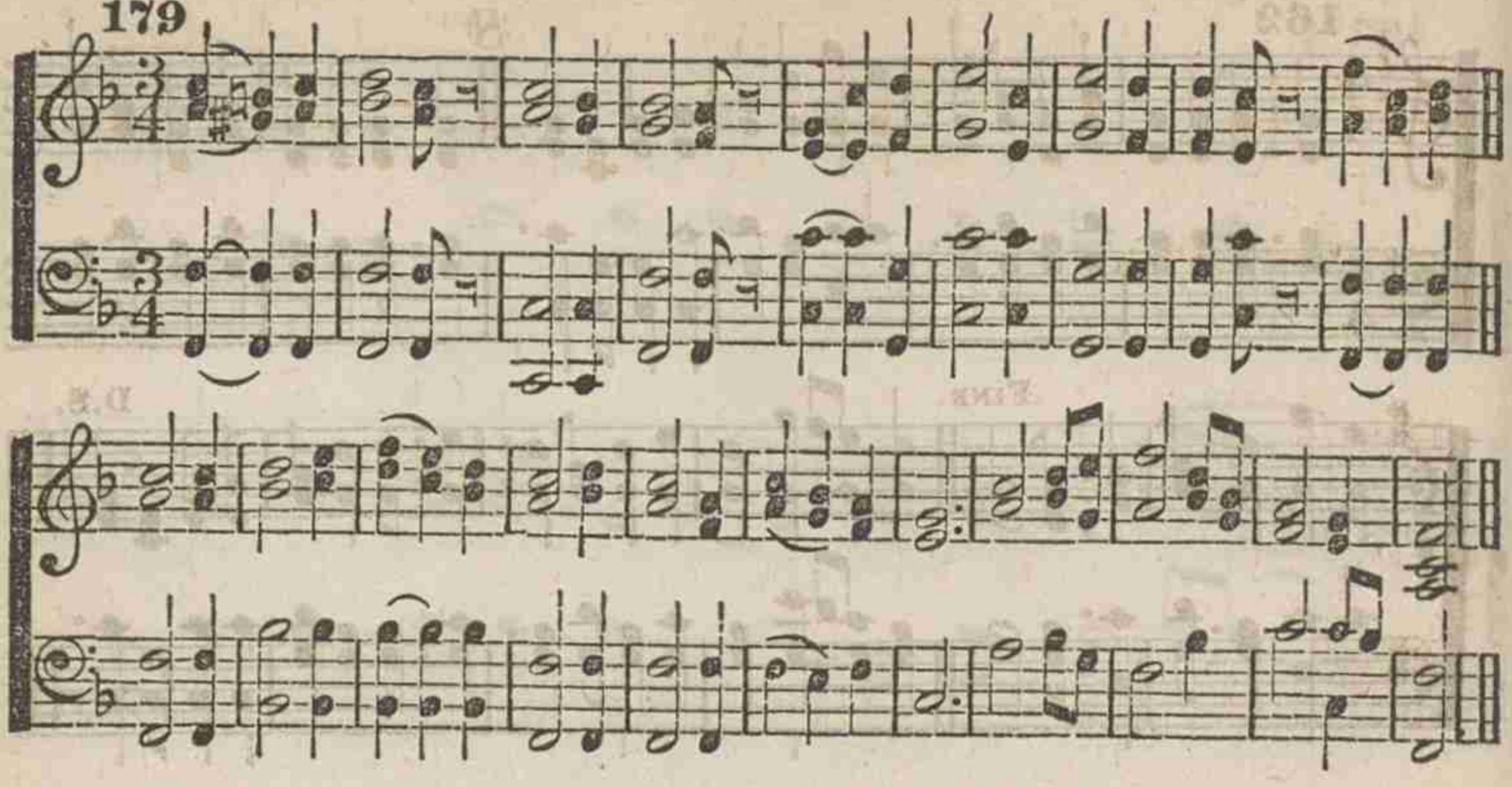
Come, 231; Rockingham, 35; Chant, 227; Rest, 33

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

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

218. PRIMROSE, 8, 8, 8 and 7s. MRS. B. R. L. AMIS.

179



3 Oh voice of mercy! voice of love!
In conflict, grief and | ago | ny,
Support me, cheer me from above!
And gently | whisper, | "Come to |
me!"

4 I come; all else must fail and die;
Earth has no resting | place for | me;
To Christ I lift my weeping eye,
Thou art my | hope: I | come to |
Thee.

213 Pres. ——; Meth. ——; Bap. 700. **7 & 6.**

Work Song, 231.

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

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

219. SCOTCH AIR, 8, 8, 8 and 7s.



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

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

214 Pres. 678; Meth. ——; Bap. ——. **8s.**

De Fleury, 185.

YE angels who stand round the throne,
And view my Immanuel's face,
In rapturous songs make Him known;
Tune, tune your soft harps to His praise.
He formed you the spirits you are,
So happy, so noble, so good;
While others sunk down in despair,
Confirmed by His power, ye stood.

167 a



2 Ye saints who stand nearer than they,
And cast your bright crowns at His feet,
His grace and His glory display,
And all His rich mercy repeat;
He snatched you from hell and the grave
He ransomed from death and despair;
For you He was mighty to save,
Almighty to bring you safe there.

3 O! when will the period appear
When I shall unite in your song?
I'm weary of lingering here,
And I to your Saviour belong;
I'm fettered and chained up in clay,
I struggle and pant to be free;
I long to be soaring away,
My God and my Saviour to see:

4 I want to put on my attire,
Washed white in the blood of the Lamb;
I want to be one of your choir,
And tune my sweet harp to His name.
I want—O! I want to be there,
Where sorrow and sin bid adieu,
Your joy and your friendship to share,
To wonder and worship with you.



215 Pres. 823 . Meth. ——; Bap. ——. **L. M.**

Anvern, 6; Ware, 43; Wells, 44.

YE Christian heralds! go, proclaim
Salvation through Immanuel's name;
To distant climes the tidings bear,
And plant the Rose of Sharon there.

2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire,
With flaming zeal your breast inspire,
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And hush the tempest into peace.

3 And when our labors are all o'er,
Then we shall meet to part no more—
Meet with the blood-bought throng, to fall,
And crown our Jesus—Lord of All!

216 Pres. 251; Meth. ——; Bap. 449. **C. M.**

St. Martin, 98; Marlow, 83; Mear, 84.

YE trembling souls, dismiss your fears,
Be mercy all your theme;
Mercy, which, like a river flows,
In one perpetual stream.

167 c Chorus.



2 Fear not the powers of earth and hell;
God will those powers restrain;
His arms shall all their rage repel,
And make their efforts vain.

3 Fear not the want of outward good;
For His He will provide;
Grant them supplies of daily food,
And give them heaven beside.

4 Fear not that He will e'er forsake,
Or leave His work undone;
He's faithful to His promises,
And faithful to His Son.

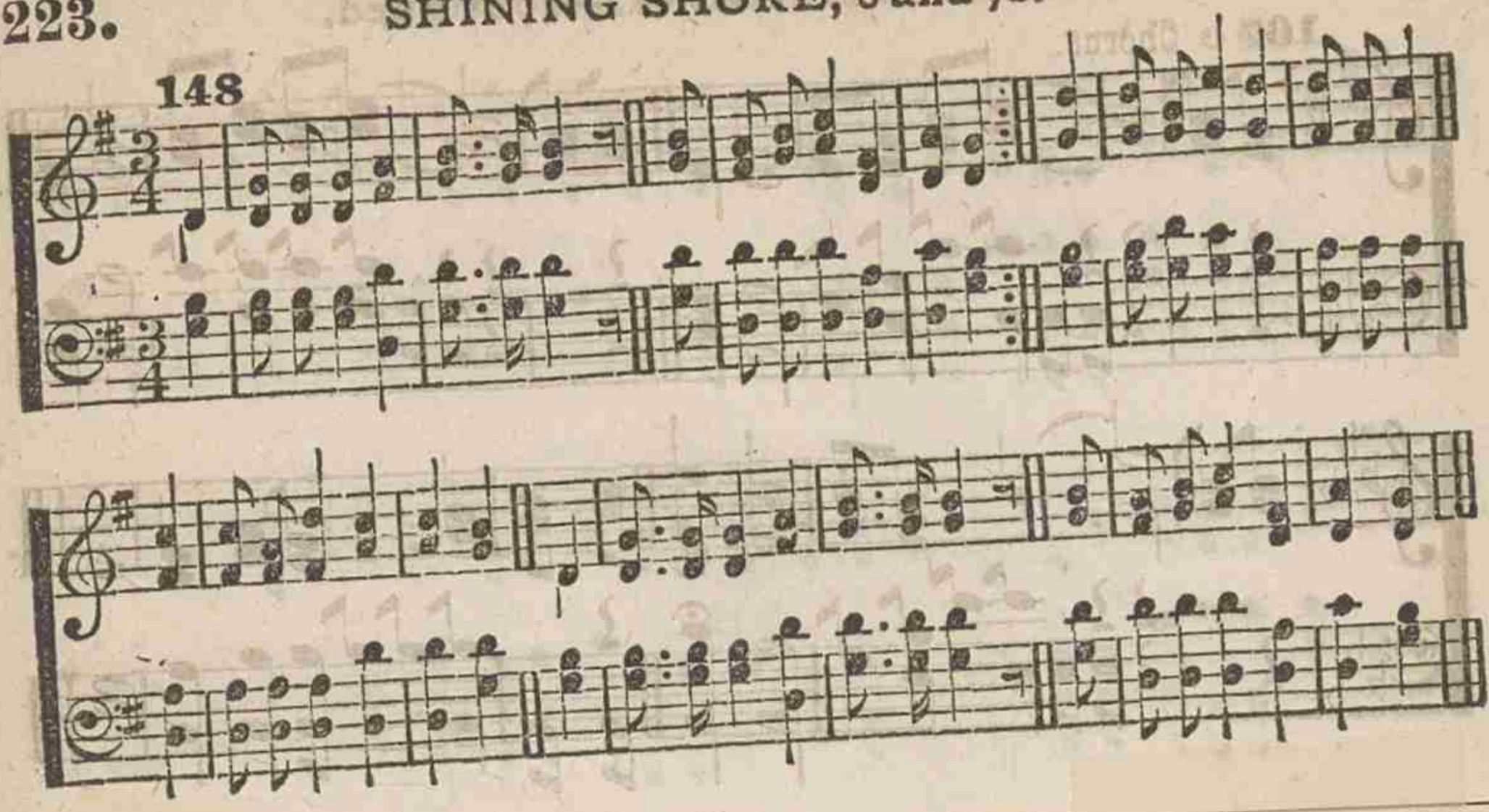
5 Fear not the terrors of the grave,
Or death's tremendous sting;
He will from endless wrath preserve,
To endless glory bring.

217 Pres. 173; Meth. 329; Bap. 367. **C. M**

Henry, 80; Arlington, 50; Armenia, 51.

YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast;
Where Mercy spreads her bounteous store,
For every humble guest.

223. SHINING SHORE, 8 and 7s.



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 Saviour's bleeding heart;
There love and pity meet;
Nor will He bid the soul depart
That trembles at His feet.

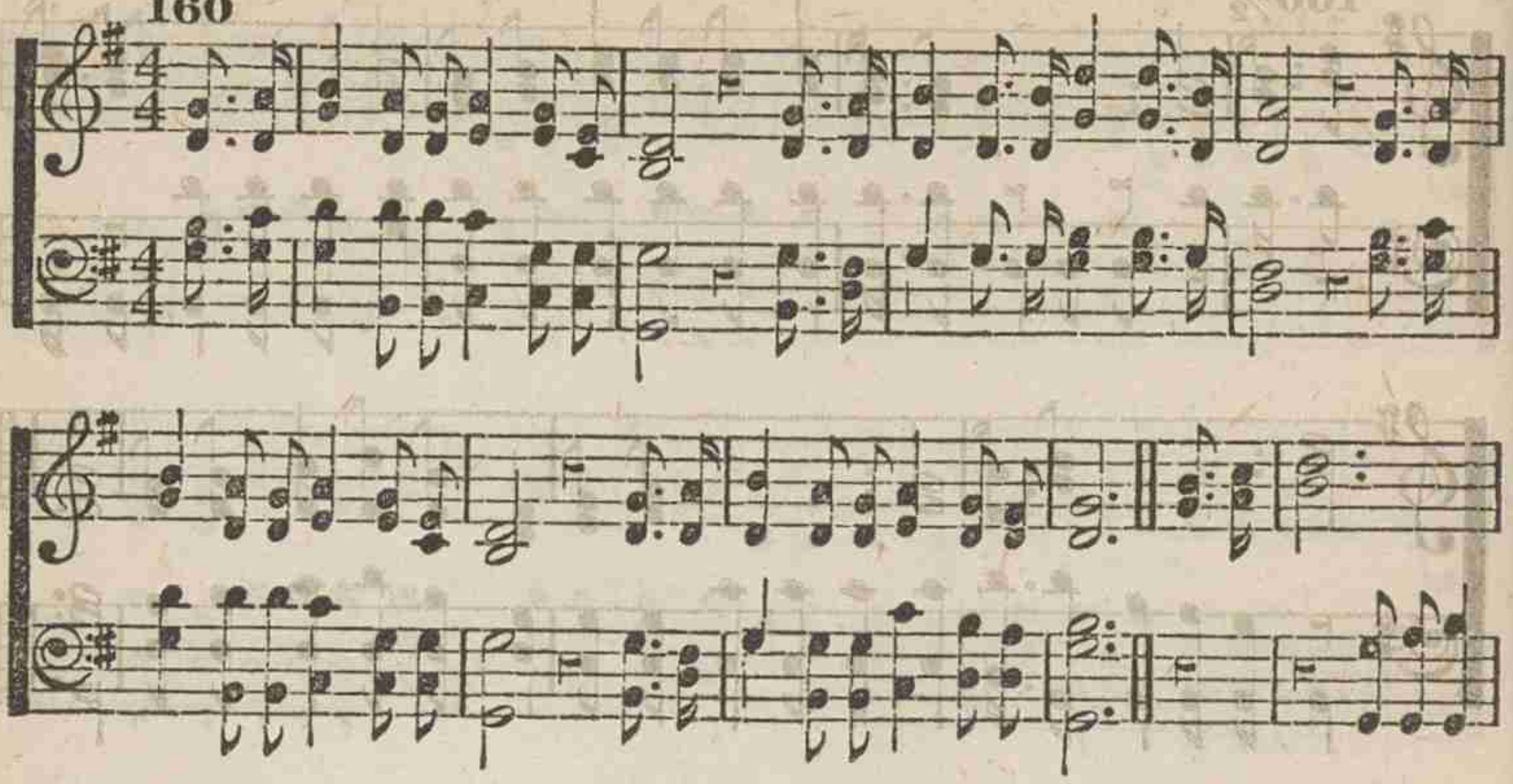
4 O! come, and with His children taste
The blessing of His love:
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.

5 There, with united heart and voice,
Before the eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In ecstacies unknown.

218 Pres. 252; Meth. ——; Bap. 663. **S. M.**

Golden Hill, 114; Silver Street, 122; Lisbon, 117.

YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take;
Loud, to the praise of love divine,
Bid every string awake.



2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home,
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

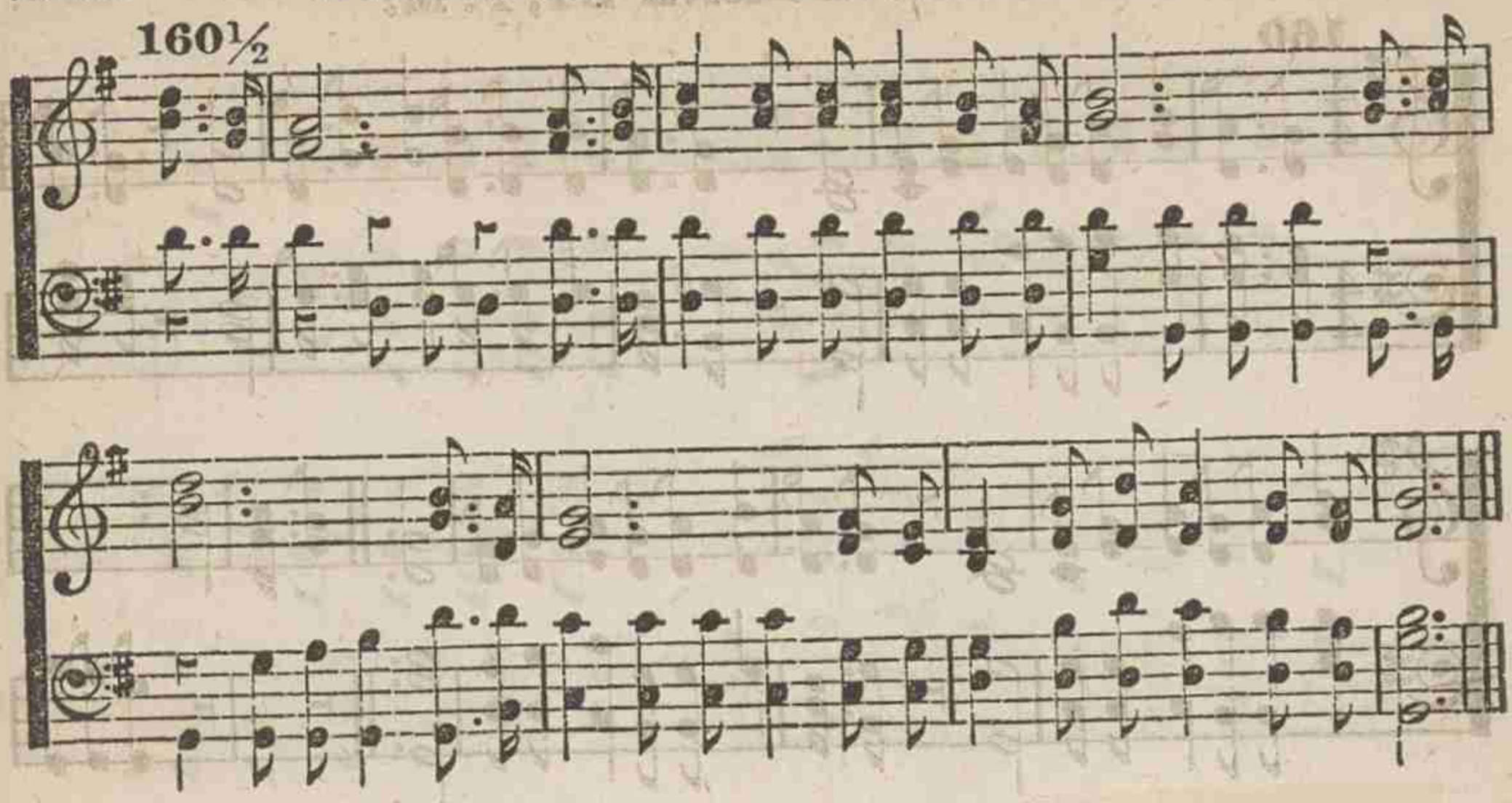
3 His grace will, to the end,
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the love divine.

4 When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame,
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon His name.

5 Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at His control;
His loving kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.

6 Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on Thee;
Who waits for Thy salvation, Lord,
Shall Thy salvation see.

225. SWEET BY AND BY.—Continued.



219 Pres. 559; Meth. ——; Bap. 748. **8 & 7.**

Zion, 170.

ZION stands with hills surrounded—
Zion, kept by power divine;
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine;
Happy Zion!
What a favorite lot is thine.

2 Every human tie may perish,
Friend to friend unfaithful prove,
Mothers cease their own to cherish,
Heaven and earth at last remove,
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
But can never cease to love thee;
Thou art precious in His sight;
God is with thee:—
God, thine everlasting light.

164





220 Pres. 777. **8, 8 & 4.**

Christ My All, 182.

JESUS, my Saviour! look on me,
For I am weary and opprest;
I come to cast myself on Thee:
Thou art my Rest.

2 Look down on me, for I am weak;
I feel the toilsome journey's length;
From Thee almighty aid I seek:
Thou art my Strength.

3 I am bewilder'd on my way;
Dark and tempestuous is the night;
Oh! send Thou forth some cheering ray:
Thou art my Light.

4 Standing alone on Jordan's brink,
In that tremendous latest strife,
Thou wilt not suffer me to sink:
Thou art my Life.

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

227. TO-DAY AND CHANT. By Permission.

165



CHANT.



221 By Rev. J. W. Shearer. 11s.

The Lord My Shepherd, 232.

THE Lord is my Shepherd, my wants are supplied,
With tender compassion my way He doth guide
To where the still water so peacefully flows,
And there in green pastures doth grant me repose.

2 My soul from its wanderings He doth reclaim,
And cleanse from pollution, through faith in His name;
He leadeth me on with the tenderest love,
Through righteousness' paths to His sheepfold above.

3 Yea, yea, though I walk through the valley of death,
I'll not be afraid, for my Saviour still saith,
I'll, I'll be thy portion; then fear not an ill,
For My rod and My staff shall comfort thee still.

161





4 A table of bounty and grace Thou hast given,
When fiercely my steps were by enemies driven ;
My head Thou'st anointed with oil from above ;
My cup runneth o'er with unmerited love.

5 Thy goodness and mercy are with me each day,
To strengthen my steps on my heavenly way ;
There, there, in the home of my Saviour, I'll rest
Forever at home, and eternally blest.

161½





DOXOLOGY.

L. M.

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

C. M.

LET God the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit be adored,
Where there are works to make Him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

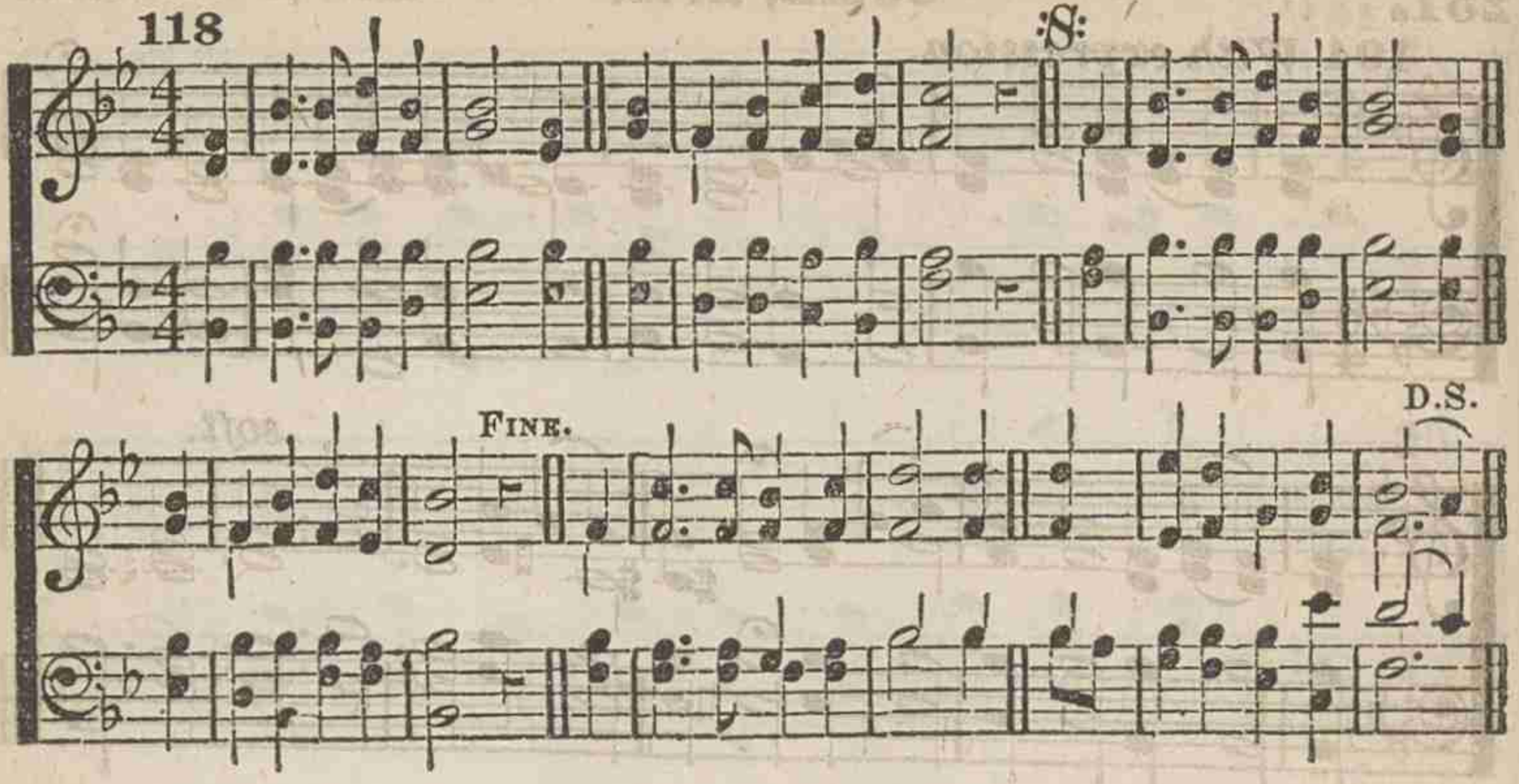
S. M.

GIVE to the Father praise,
Give glory to the Son,
And to the Spirit of His grace
Be equal honors done.

H. M.

To God the Father's throne,
Perpetual honors raise;
Glory to God the Son;
To God the Spirit praise;
With all our powers, eternal King,
Thy name we sing, while faith adores.

230. **WEBB, 7 and 6s.** G. J. WEBB.



L. C. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be praise amid the heavenly host,
And in the church below ;
From whom all creatures draw their breath,
By whom redemption blessed the earth,
From whom all comforts flow.

7s.

SING we to our God above,
Praise eternal as His love ;
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

231. COME, L. M. REV. A. SHOTWELL.

194 *With expression.*



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232. **THE LORD MY SHEPHERD.** PROF. B. F. ALLEN.



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