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THIRD EDITION—REVISED AND ENLARGED.

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H. S. BOSWORTH, PUBLISHER,

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Hymn C

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860,

BY A. S. HAYDEN,

in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of Ohio.

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PREFACE.

"GIVE us the *gems.*" Well, we think you have them here.

These compositions should be performed with taste and feeling. There are few *directive* terms placed over them; the style of performance should be taken from the spirit of the piece. If a singer has not perception to discern this, he can never bring it forth to the delighted ear.

As it regards emphasis, *study the passage.* The finest sentiment is often utterly lost for want of attending to this. Even musical time gives way often for the benefit of a sentiment of grand feeling and significance.

We have sought to give the heart-hymns. The Christian heart hath many things in it—faith, hope, love, penitence, piety, benevolence, and compassion. THE HYMNIST, we hope, will express them in

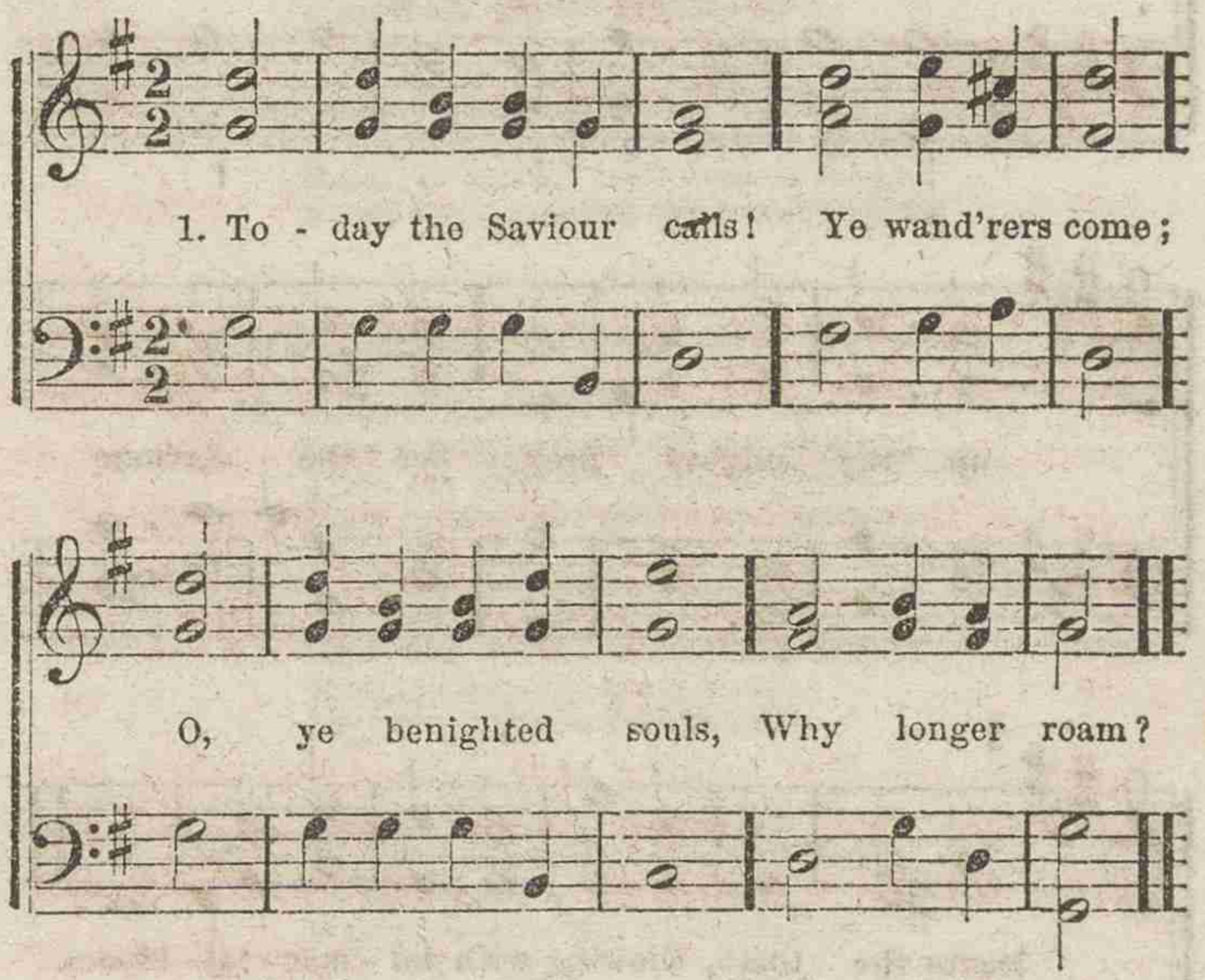
1. The place of Christian Worship.
2. In Sunday Schools.
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A. S. H.

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THE HYMNIST.

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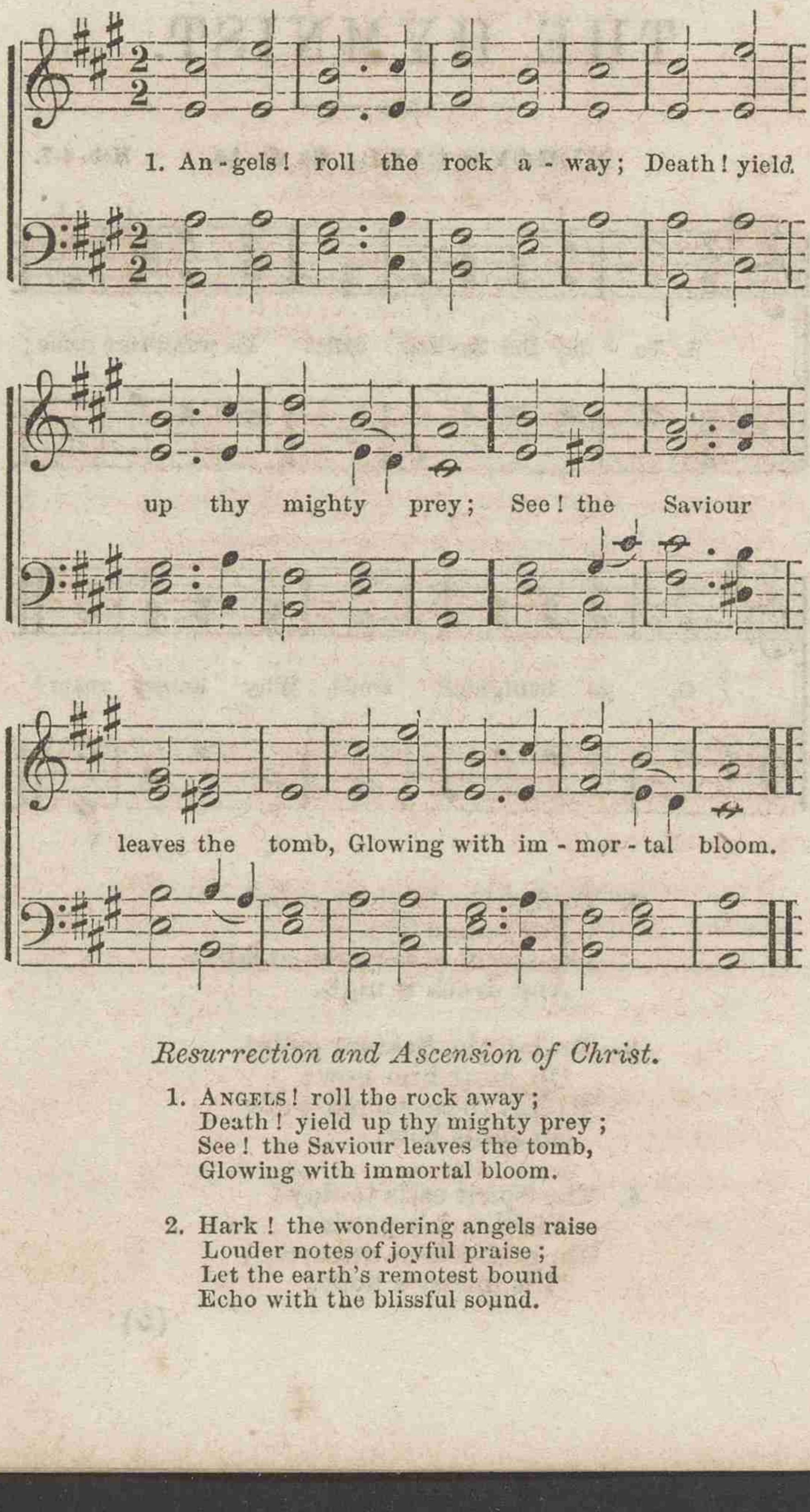


2. To-day the Saviour calls!
For refuge fly;
The storm of vengeance falls;
And death is nigh.

3. To-day the Saviour calls!
Oh, hear him now;
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

4. The Spirit calls to-day!
Yield to his pow'r:
Oh, grieve him not away;
'T is mercy's hour.

GERMAN HYMN. 7s. Single. Pleyel.



Resurrection and Ascension of Christ.

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

2. Hark! the wondering angels raise
Louder notes of joyful praise;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Echo with the blissful sound.

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

4. Heaven unfolds its portals wide,
See the Conqueror through them ride!
King of glory! mount thy throne—
Boundless empire is thine own.

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

The House of Prayer and Praise.

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

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

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

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

Evening Contemplation.

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

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

MY SHEPHERD. Spiritual Songs.

1. The Lord is my Shep - herd, he

makes me re - pose Where the pas - tures in

beau - ty are grow - ing; He leads me a-

far from the world and its woes, Where in

MY SHEPHERD.—Concluded.



Psalm xxiii.

1. The Lord is my shepherd, he makes me repose
Where the pastures in beauty are growing;
He leads me afar from the world and its woes,
Where in peace the still waters are flowing.

2. He strengthens my spirit, he shows me the path,
Where the arms of his love shall enfold me;
And when I walk through the dark valley of death,
His rod and his staff will uphold me!

Return to the Fold.

1. Oh! tell me, thou life and delight of my soul,
Where the flock of thy pasture are feeding;
I seek thy protection, I need thy control,
I would go where my Shepherd is leading.

2. Oh! tell me the place where thy flock are at rest,
Where the noontide will find them reposing;
The tempest now rages, my soul is distressed,
And the pathway of peace I am losing.

3. Oh! why should I stray with the flocks of thy foes,
In the desert where now they are roving,
Where hunger and thirst, where affliction and woes,
And temptations their ruin are proving.

4. Ah! when shall my woes and my wanderings cease,
And the follies that fill me with weeping?
Oh! Shepherd of Israel, restore me that peace
Thou dost give to the flock thou art keeping.

5. A voice from the Shepherd now bids me return,
By the way where his foot-prints are lying;
No longer to wander, no longer to mourn,
Oh! fair one, now homeward be flying.

T. Hastings.

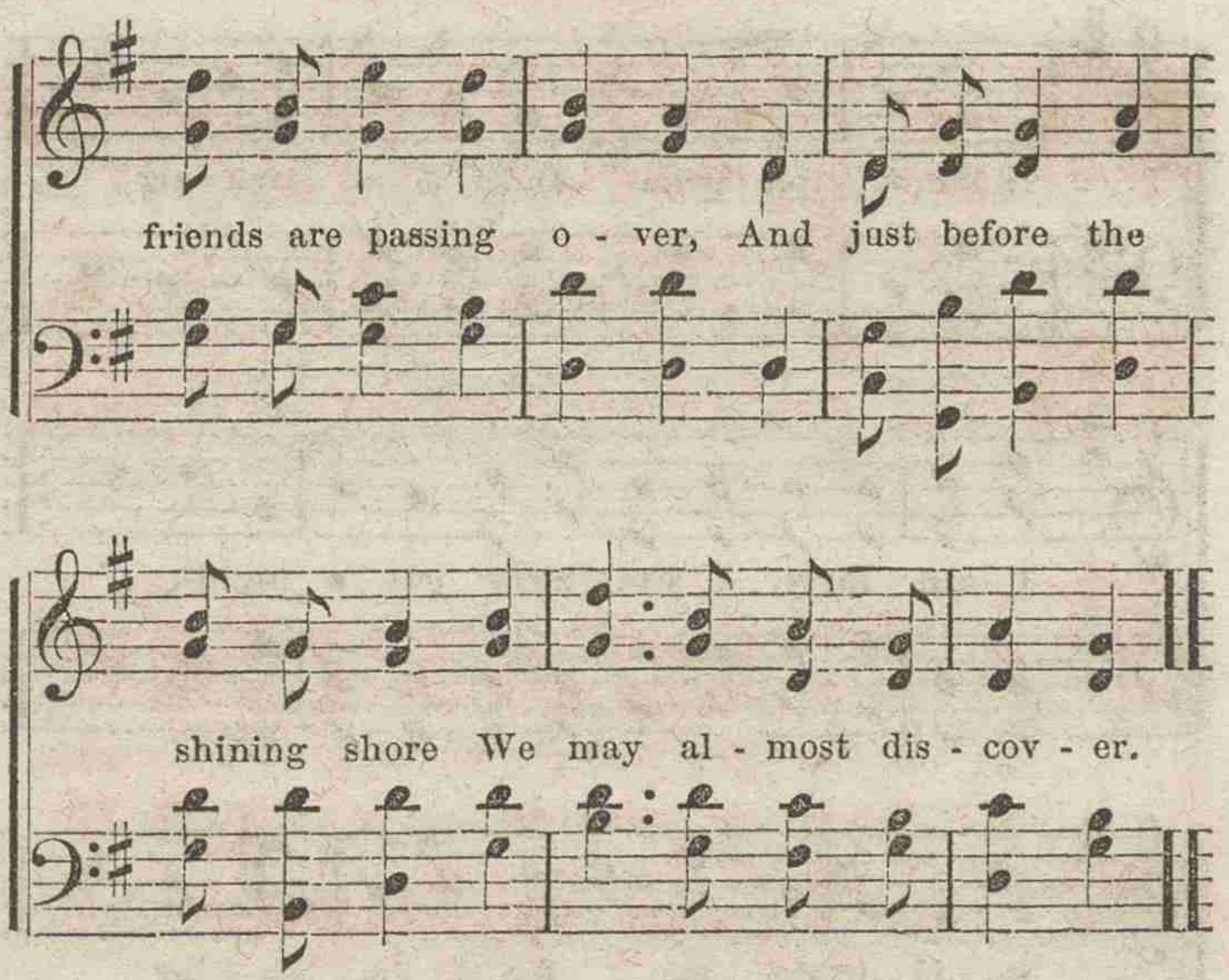
G. F. Root. **THE SHINING SHORE.** By permission.

1. My days are glid - ing swift - ly by, And I, a pil - grim stranger, Would not de - tain them as they fly! Those hours of toil and dan - ger,

CHORUS.

For oh! we stand on Jor - dan's strand, Our

THE SHINING SHORE.—Concluded.

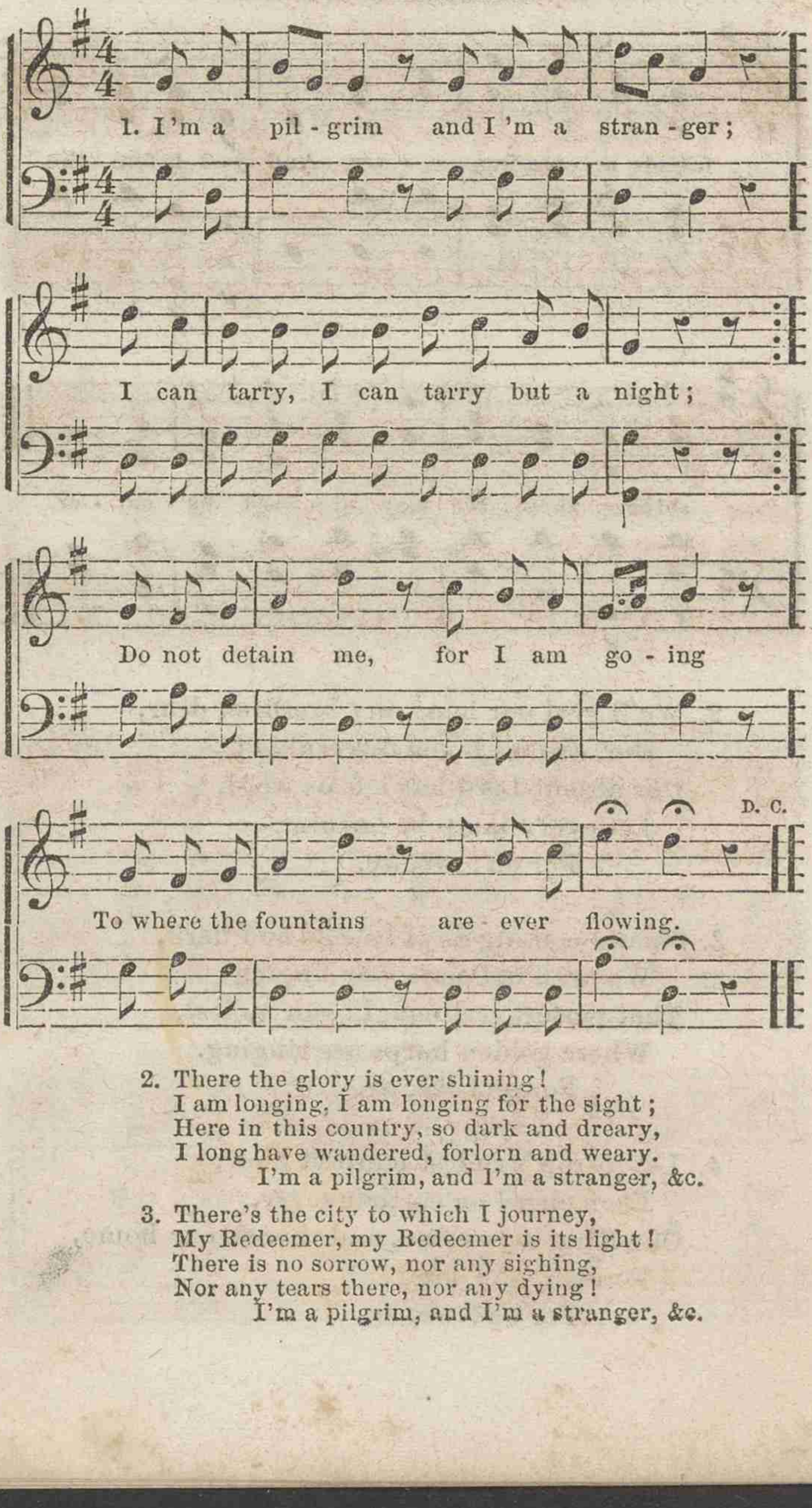


2. We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our distant home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning—
For oh! we, &c.

3. Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest naught can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.
For oh! we, &c.

4. Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each chord on earth to sever,
Our King says come, and there's our home,
Forever, oh! forever!
For oh! we, &c.

THE PILGRIM.

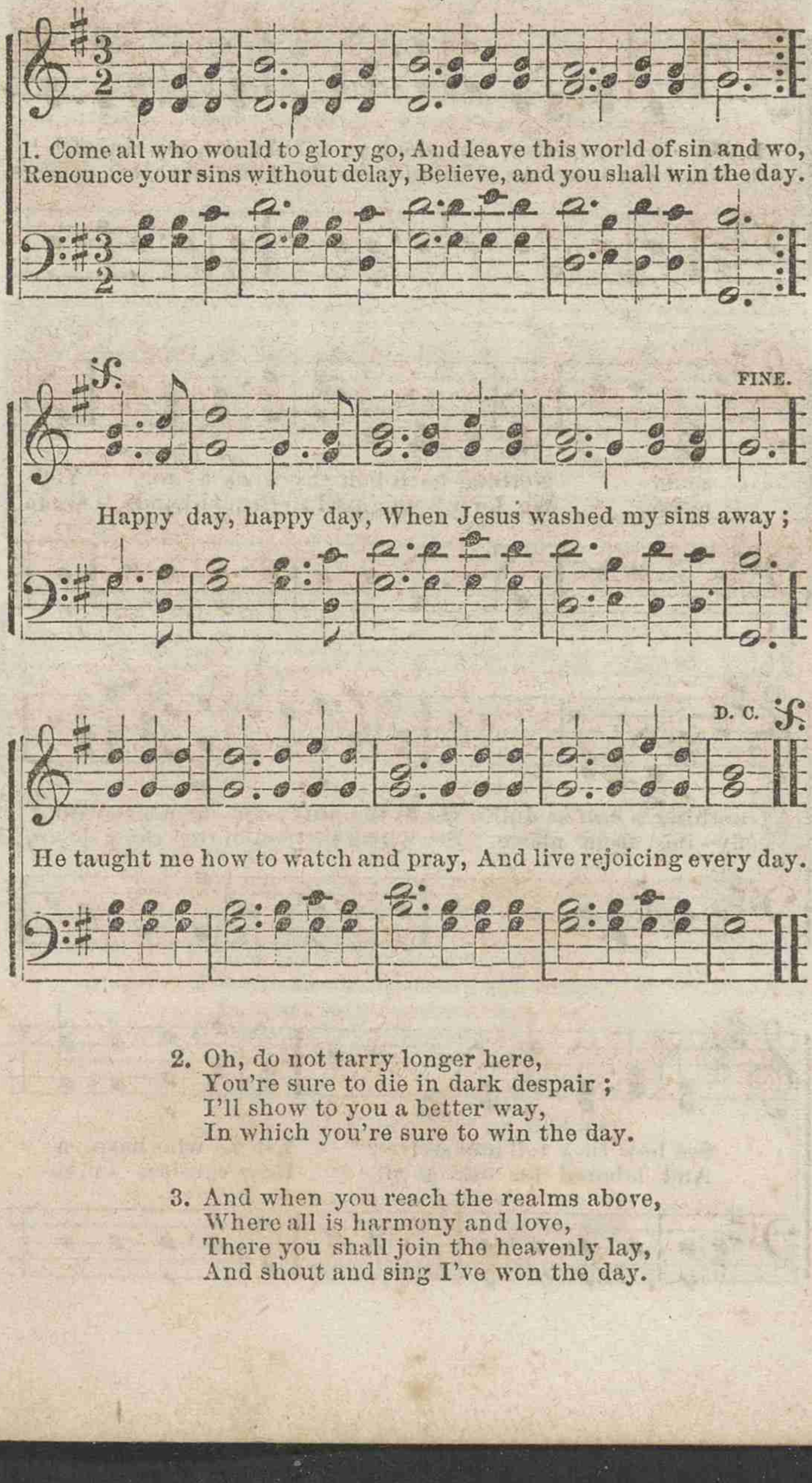


2. There the glory is ever shining!
I am longing, I am longing for the sight;
Here in this country, so dark and dreary,
I long have wandered, forlorn and weary.
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger, &c.

3. There's the city to which I journey,
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is its light!
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
Nor any tears there, nor any dying!
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger, &c.

HAPPY DAY. L. M.

May be sung to any hymn of L. M.



1. Come all who would to glory go, And leave this world of sin and wo,
Renounce your sins without delay, Believe, and you shall win the day.

Happy day, happy day, When Jesus washed my sins away;

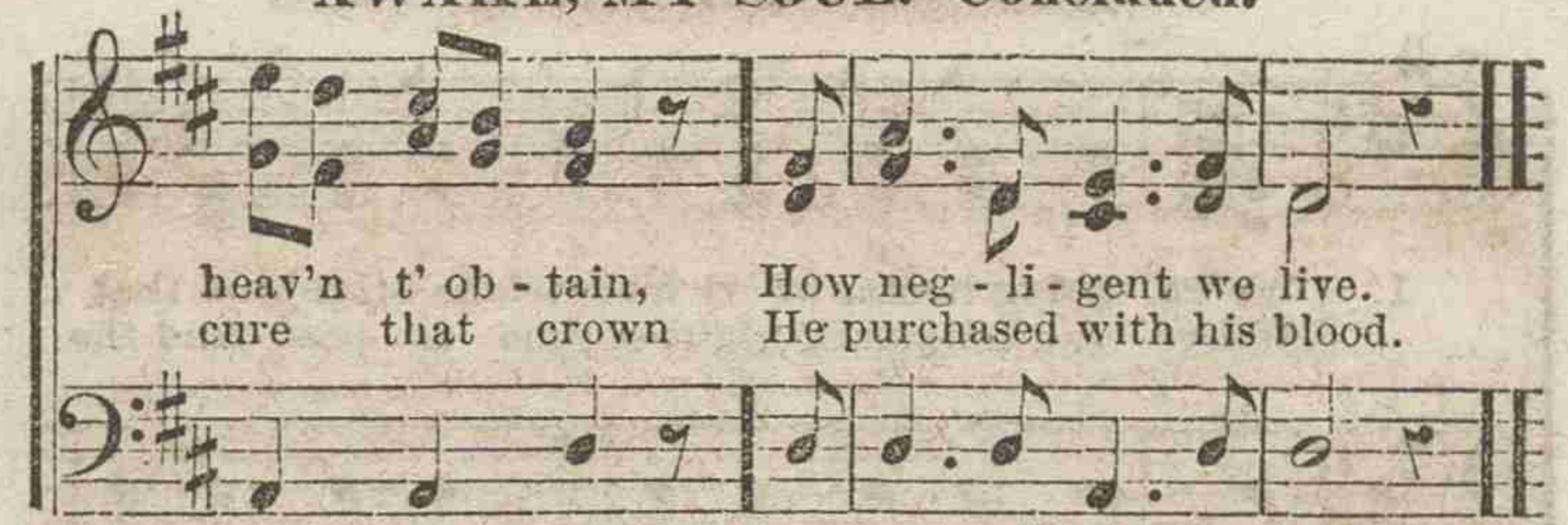
He taught me how to watch and pray, And live rejoicing every day.

2. Oh, do not tarry longer here,
You're sure to die in dark despair;
I'll show to you a better way,
In which you're sure to win the day.

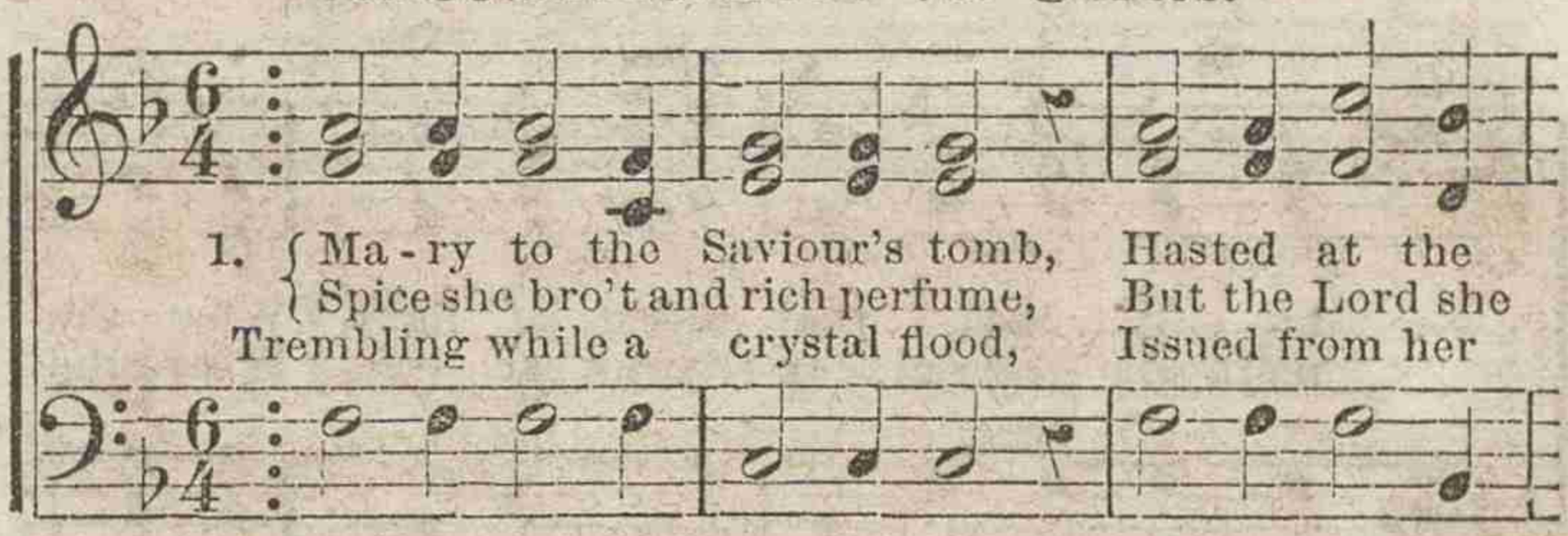
3. And when you reach the realms above,
Where all is harmony and love,
There you shall join the heavenly lay,
And shout and sing I've won the day.

AWAKE, MY SOUL. C. M. D.

AWAKE, MY SOUL.—Concluded.



RESURRECTION. 7s. 8 lines.





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.

3. He who came to comfort her,
When she thought her all was lost,
Will for your relief appear,
Though you now are tempest tost.
On his arm your burden cast;
On his love your thoughts employ;
Weeping for a while may last,
But the morning brings the joy.

BEAUTIFUL WORLD.

1. { We're going home, we've had visions bright Of that
   { Where the long dark night of time is past And the

ho - ly land, that world of light, } Where the
morn of e - ter - ni - ty dawns at last; } Where the

wea - ry saint no more shall roam, But
brow with spark - ling gems is crowned, And the

dwell in a hap - py, peace - ful home: }
waves of bliss are flow - ing round. }

BEAUTIFUL WORLD.—Concluded.





1. We're going home, we've had visions bright
Of that holy land, that world of light,
Where the long, dark night of time is past,
And the morn of eternity dawns at last;
Where the weary saint no more shall roam,
But dwell in a happy, peaceful home:
Where the brow with sparkling gems is crowned,
And the waves of bliss are flowing round.
O, that beautiful world! O, that beautiful world!

2. We're going home, we soon shall be
Where the sky is clear, and all are free;
Where the victor's song floats o'er the plains,
And the seraph's anthems blend with its strains;
Where the sun rolls down its brilliant flood,
And beams on a world that is fair and good;
Where stars, once dimmed at nature's doom,
Will ever shine o'er the new earth bloom.
O, that beautiful world! O, that beautiful world!

3. 'Mid the ransomed throng, 'mid the seas of bliss,
'Mid the holy city's gorgeousness;
'Mid the verdant plains, 'mid angels' cheer,
'Mid the saints that round the throne appear;
Where the conqueror's song as it sounds afar,
Is wafted on the ambrosial air;
Through endless years we then shall prove,
The worth of a Saviour's matchless love.
O, that beautiful world! O, that beautiful world!

JOYFULLY, JOYFULLY. 10s.

1. Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly, on - ward I move,
   An - gel - ic chor - is - ters, sing as I come—
2. Friends fondly cherished, have passed on be - fore,
   Sing - ing to cheer me through death's chilling gloom,

Bound to the land of bright spir - its a - bove.
Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly haste to thy home.
Wait - ing, they watch me ap - proach-ing the shore.
Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly, haste to your home.

Soon with my pil - grim - age end - ed be - low,
Sounds of sweet mel – o - dy fall on my ear,

Home to the pres - ence of God I shall go;
Harps of the bless - ed, your voi - ces I hear,

JOYFULLY, JOYFULLY.—Concluded.



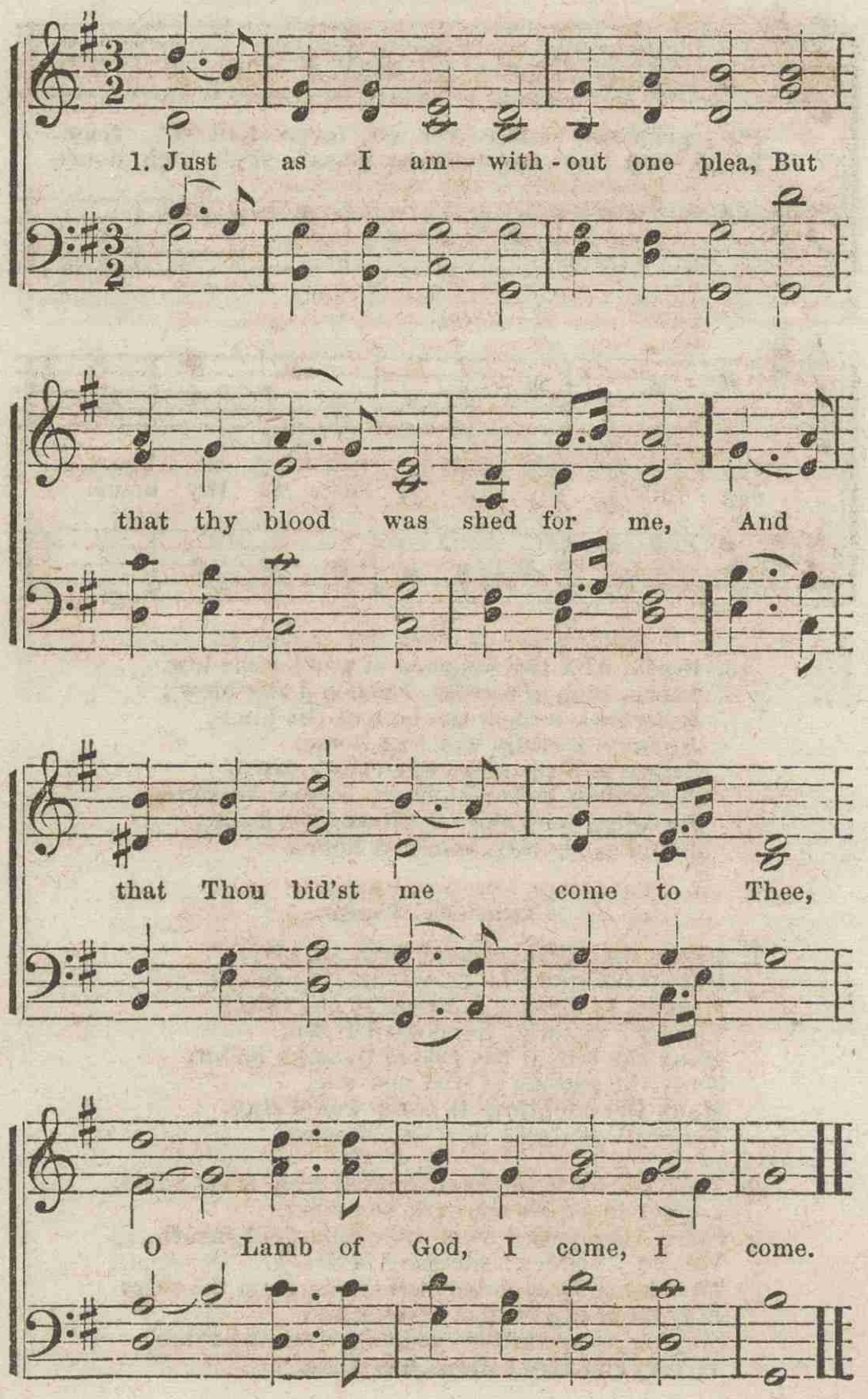
3. Death, with thy weapons of war lay me low,
Strike, king of terrors, I fear not thy blow;
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb,
Joyfully, joyfully will I go home.
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death shall be banished, his scepter be gone,
Joyfully, then, shall I witness his doom;
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

Christian Victor.

1. Happy the spirit released from its clay,
Happy the soul that goes bounding away;
Singing, as upward it hastes to the skies,
Victory! victory! homeward I rise.
Many the toils it has passed through below,
Many the seasons of trial and woe,
Many the doubtings it never would sing,
Victory! victory! now on the wing.

2. How can we wish them recalled from their home,
Longer in sorrowing exile to roam?
Safely they passed from their troubles beneath,
Victory! victory! shouting in death.
Thus let them slumber, till Christ from the skies
Bids them in glorified body arise;
Singing as upward they spring from the tomb,
Victory! victory! Jesus has come.

RILDA. L. M.


1. Just as I am— with - out 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, I come.

L. M.

1. 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, I come!

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

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

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

5. Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because thy promise I believe—
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

6. Just as I am—thy love unknown,
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

L. M.

1. Why will ye waste on trifling cares
That life which God's compassion spares,
While in the various range of thought,
The one thing needful is forgot?

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

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

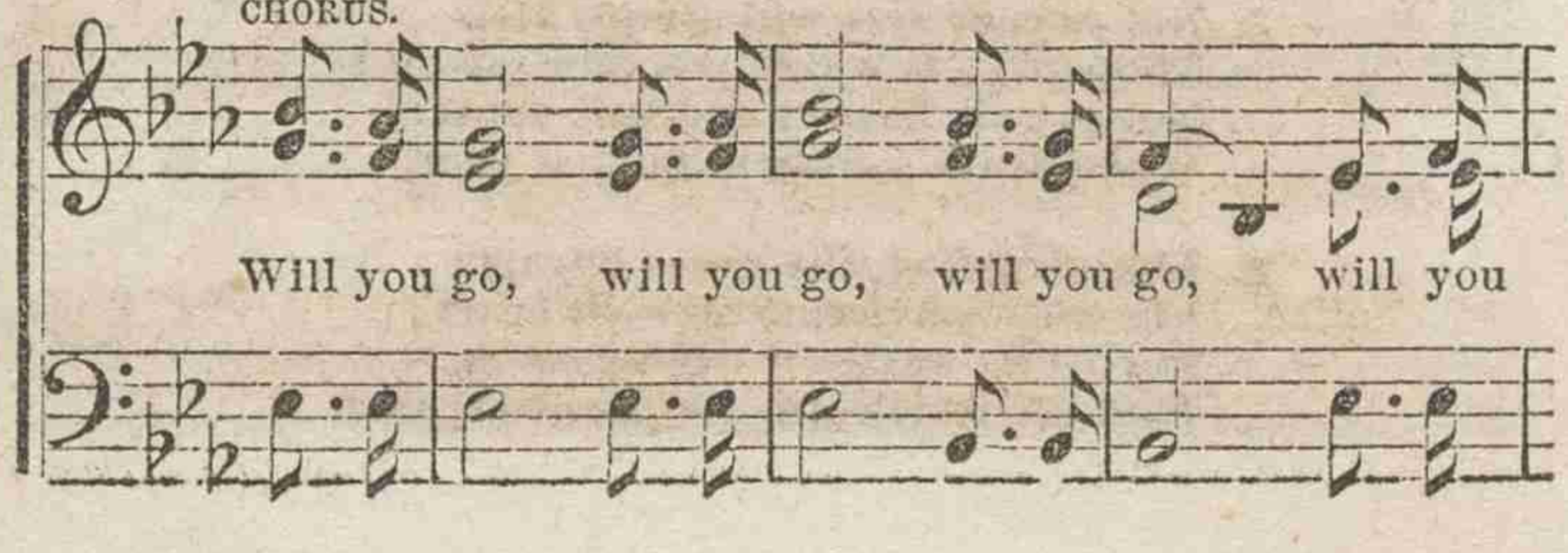
4. Almighty God, thy grace impart;
Fix deep conviction on each heart;
Nor let us waste on trifling cares,
That life which thy compassion spares.

THE EDEN ABOVE. P. M.

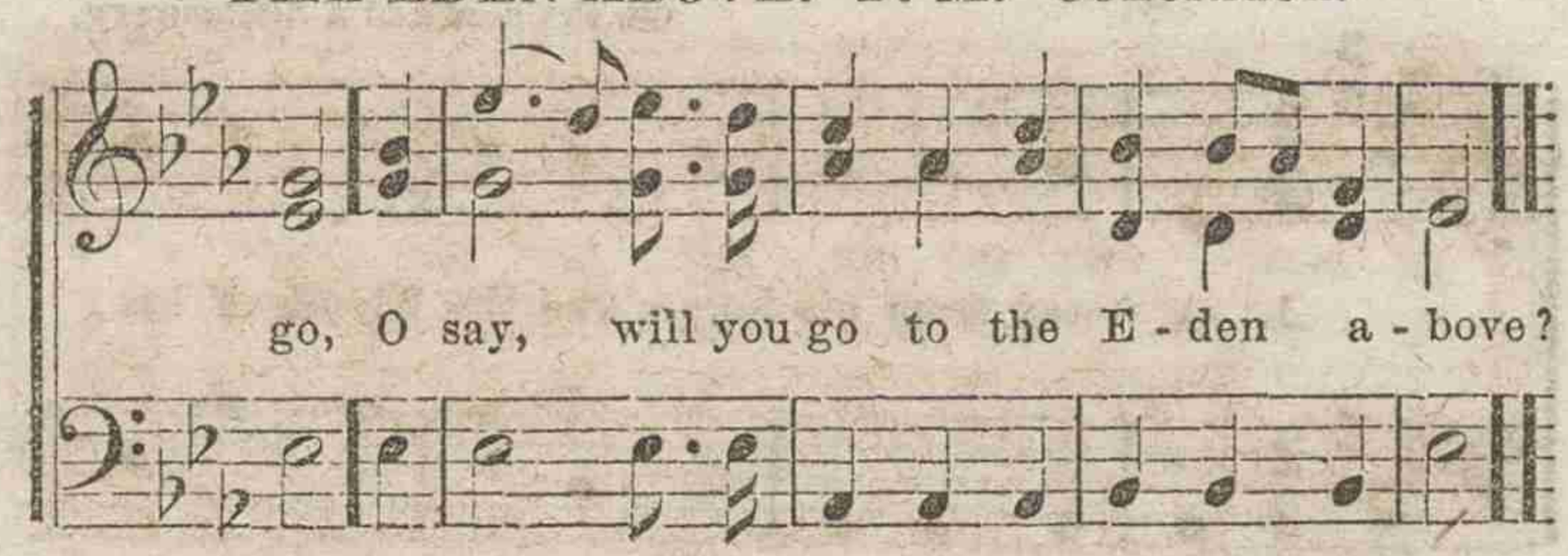
Rev. J. W. Dadmun.



CHORUS.



THE EDEN ABOVE. P. M.—Concluded.



1. We are bound for the land of the pure and the holy,
The home of the happy, the kingdom of love,
Ye wanderers from God in the broad road of folly,
O say, will you go to the Eden above?
Will you go, will you go,
O say, will you go to the Eden above?

2. In that blessed land, neither sighing nor anguish
Can breathe in the fields where the glorified rove;
Ye heart-burdened ones who in misery languish,
O say, will you go to the Eden above?
Will you go, will you go,
O say, will you go to the Eden above?

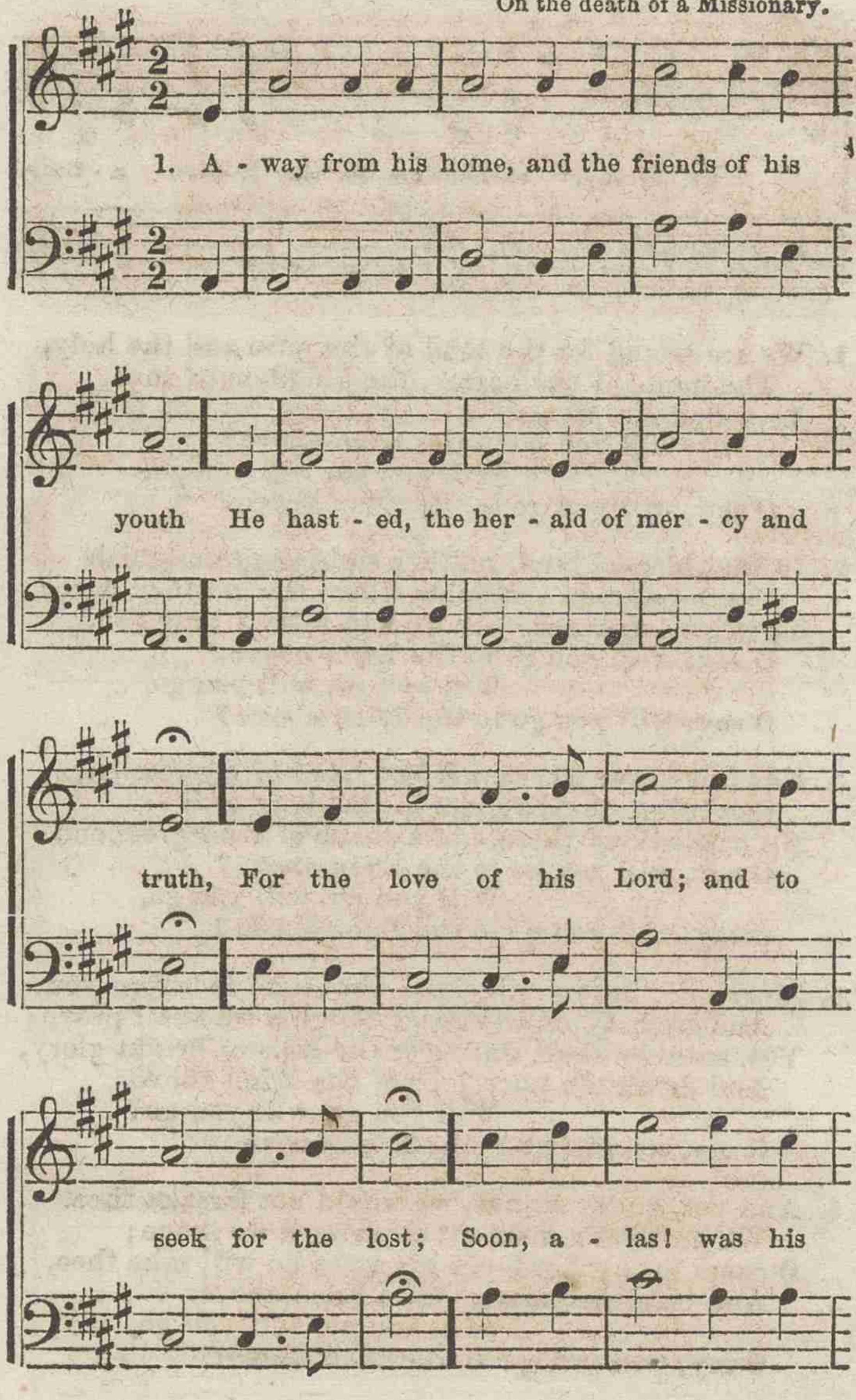
3. Nor fraud, nor deceit, nor the hand of oppression,
Can injure the dwellers in that holy grove;
No wickedness there, not a shade of transgression;
O say, will you go to the Eden above?
Will you go, will you go,
O say, will you go to the Eden above?

4. March on, happy pilgrims! that land is before you,
And soon its ten thousand delights we shall prove;
Yes, soon we shall walk o'er the hills of bright glory,
And drink the pure joys of the Eden above.
Will you go, will you go?
O yes, we will go to the Eden above.

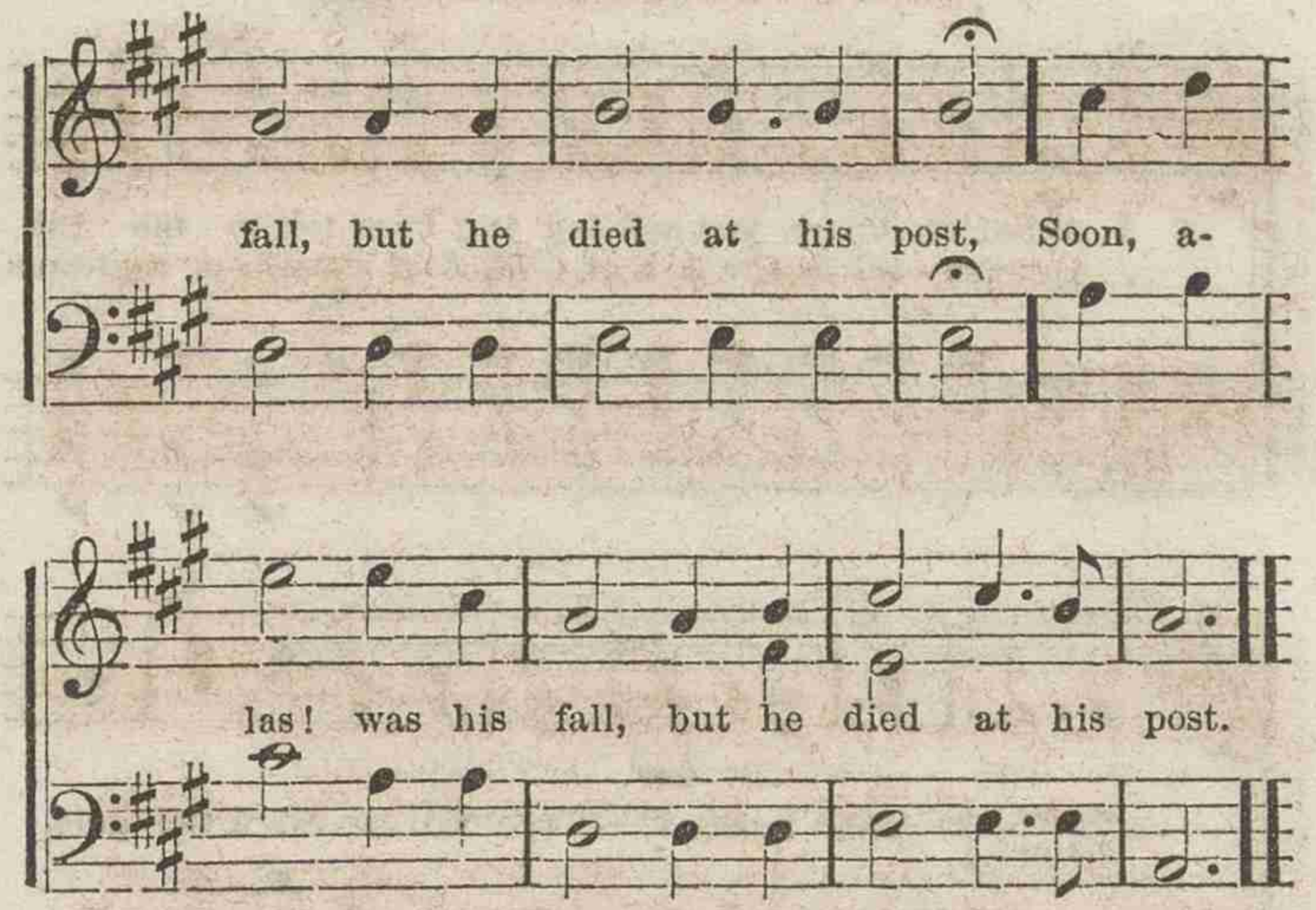
5 And yet, guilty sinner, we would not forsake thee,
We halt yet a moment as onward we move;
O come to thy Lord—in his arms he will take thee,
And bear thee along to the Eden above.
Will you go, will you go,
O say, will you go to the Eden above?

HE DIED AT HIS POST.

On the death of a Missionary.



HE DIED AT HIS POST.—Concluded.



1. Away from his home and the friends of his youth,
   He hasted, the herald of mercy and truth,
   For the love of his Lord, and to seek for the lost;
   Soon, alas! was his fall, but he died at his post.

2. The stranger's eye wept, that, in life's brightest bloom,
   One gifted so highly should sink to the tomb;
   For in ardor he led in the van of the host,
   And he fell like a soldier—he died at his post.

3. He wept not himself that his warfare was done,
   The battle was fought, and the victory won;
   But he whispered to those whom his heart clung to most,
   "Tell my brethren, for me, that I died at my post."

4. He asked not a stone to be sculptured in verse,
   He asked not that fame should his merits rehearse;
   But he asked as a boon, when he gave up the ghost,
   That his brethren might know that he died at his post.

5. Victorious he fell—for he rose as he fell,
   With Jesus, his Master, in glory to dwell: [coast,
   He has passed o'er the stream, and has reached the bright
   For he fell like a martyr—he died at his post.

6. And can we the words of his exit forget?
   O no! they are fresh in our memory yet;
   An example so brilliant shall never be lost,
   We will fall in the work—we will die at our post.

THE GOSPEL SHIP. C. M.

1. What vessel are you sail-ing in? Pray tell to me the
Our ves - sel is the Ark of God, And Christ our captain's

Chorus.

same,
name. } Then hoist ev' - ry sail to catch the gale,

The storms will soon be o'er; The night be-gins to

wear a - way, We soon shall reach the

THE GOSPEL SHIP.—Concluded.



2. And what's the port you're sailing for?
Pray tell to me straightway;
The New Jerusalem's the port,
The realms of endless day.
Then hoist ev'ry sail, etc.

3. But are you not afraid some storm
Your bark will overwhelm?
How can we fear, when Christ is near,
And always at the helm.
Then hoist ev'ry sail, etc.

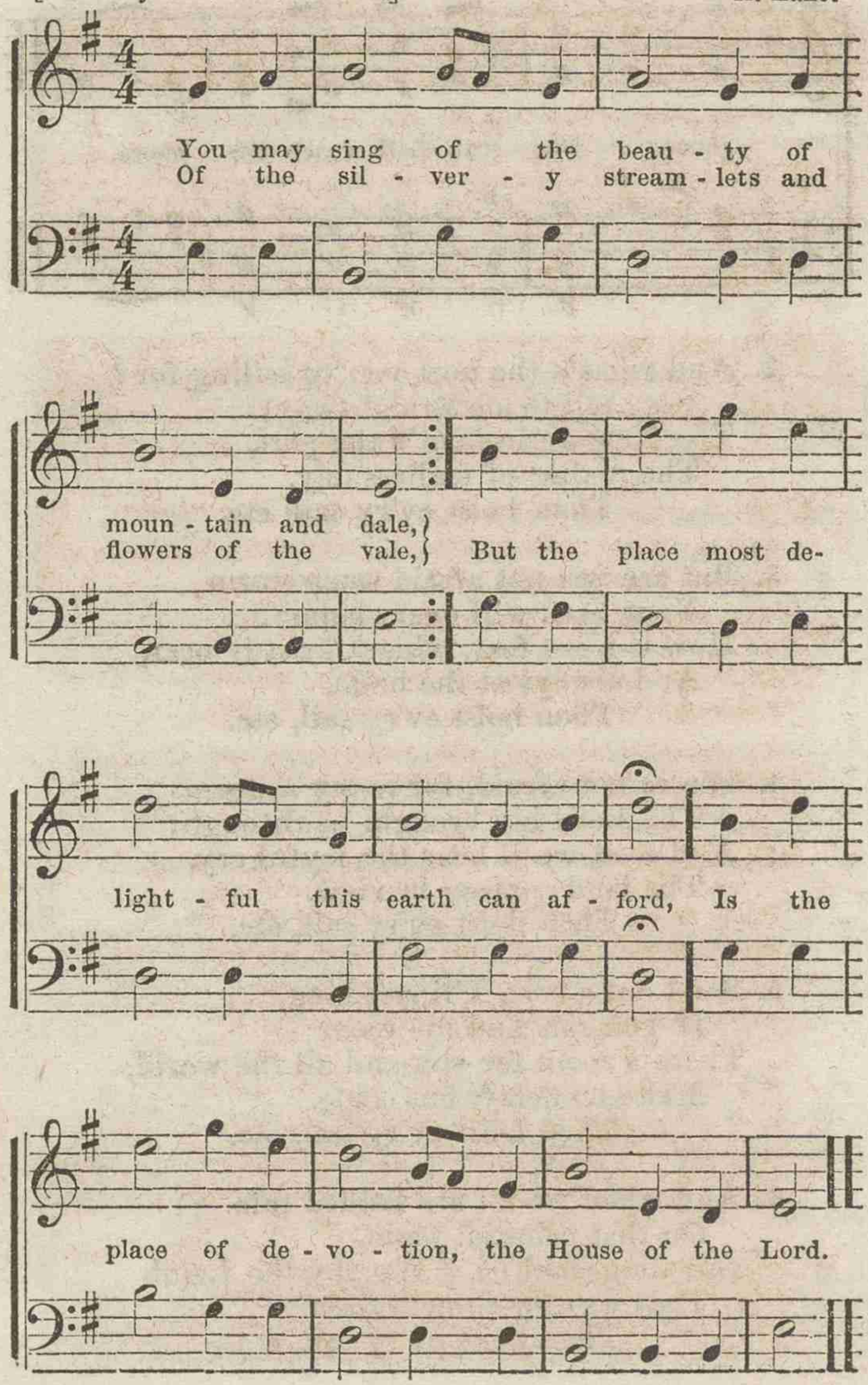
4. We're not afraid, for many a storm
The Lord has brought us through;
And soon we'll hear the joyful cry,
The land appears in view.
Then hoist ev'ry sail, etc.

5. Send out a boat, I'll go along,
If you can find me room;
There's room for you and all the world,
Make no delay, but come.
Then hoist ev'ry sail, etc.

6. And when we all are landed safe
On that celestial plain,
Our song shall be, "Worthy the Lamb
That was for sinners slain."
Then hoist ev'ry sail, etc.

THE HOUSE OF THE LORD.

[Words by Rev. Wm. Hunter.] A. Lane.



The House of the Lord.

1. You may sing of the beauty of mountain and dale,
Of the silvery streamlets and flowers of the vale;
But the place most delightful this earth can afford,
Is the place of devotion, the House of the Lord.

2. You may boast of the sweetness of day's early dawn,
Of the sky's softening graces when day is just gone;
But there 's no other season or time can compare,
With the hour of devotion, the season of prayer.

3. You may value the friendships of youth and of age,
And select for your comrades the noble and sage;
But the friends that most cheer me on life's rugged road,
Are the friends of my Master, the children of God.

4. You may talk of your prospects, of fame, or of wealth,
And the hopes that oft flatter the favorites of health;
But the hope of bright glory, of heavenly bliss,—
Take away every other, and give me but this.

5. Ever hail, blessed temple, abode of my Lord!
I will turn to thee often, to hear from his Word;
I will walk to thy altar with those that I love,
And rejoice in the prospects revealed from above.

"To the upright there ariseth light in darkness."

1. When mercy looked down on the ills of our race,
She wept when she saw that no angel of grace
Took part in our sufferings, to give us relief,
And hope from above came to pity our grief.

2. A few sunlight seasons on earth there are given,
To give us a taste of the blessings of heaven,
Sure dull are the feelings and palsied the heart,
That beats no response to the bliss they impart.

3. Like the joys of our childhood when hope gilds the sight
And paints all before us unfadingly bright,
Like the dreams of the blest, full of visions divine,
Such blessings, O Jesus, such blessings are thine.

CARMAN. 6s & 7s.

1. There's a re - gion a - bove, Free from
And a man - sion of love, For each

sin and temp - ta . tion;
heir of sal - va - tion;
} Then dis - miss all thy

fears, Weary pil - grim of sorrow; Tho' thy

CARMAN.—Concluded.



The Region Above.

1. There's a region above,
Free from sin and temptation,
And a mansion of love,
For each heir of salvation.
Then dismiss all thy fears,
Weary pilgrim of sorrow,
Tho' thy sun set in tears,
'Twill rise brighter to-morrow.

2. There our toils will be done,
And free grace be our story,
God himself be our Sun,
And our unsetting glory.
In that world of delight,
Spring shall never be ended,
Nor shall shadows nor night,
With its brightness be blended.

3. There shall friends no more part,
Nor shall farewells be spoken,
There'll be balm for the heart,
That with anguish was broken.
From affliction set free,
And from God ne'er to sever,
We his glory shall see,
And enjoy him forever.

BEHOLD THE LAMB OF GOD.



1. Behold! behold the Lamb of God!
On the cross, on the cross!
He sheds for you his precious blood,
On the cross, on the cross!
Oh! hear his all-important cry,
"Eli, lama, sabachthani;"
Draw near and see your Saviour die,
On the cross, on the cross!

2. Behold his arms extended wide,
On the cross, on the cross!
Behold his bleeding hands and side,
On the cross, on the cross!
The sun withholds his rays of light,
The heavens are clothed in shades of night,
While Jesus doth with demons fight,
On the cross, on the cross!

3. Come, sinners, see him lifted up,
On the cross, on the cross!
For you he drinks the bitter cup,
On the cross, on the cross!
The rocks do rend, the mountains quake,
While Jesus doth atonement make,
While Jesus suffers for our sake,
On the cross, on the cross!

4. And now the mighty deed is done,
On the cross, on the cross!
The battle's fought, the victory's won,
On the cross, on the cross!
To heaven he turns his languid eyes,
"'Tis finished," now the Conqueror cries,
Then bows his sacred head and dies,
On the cross, on the cross!

5. Where'er I go I'll tell the story,
Of the cross, of the cross!
Of nothing else my soul shall glory,
Save the cross, save the cross!
Yea, this my constant theme shall be,
Through time and in eternity,
That Jesus tasted death for me,
On the cross, on the cross!

6. Let every mourner rise and cling,
To the cross, to the cross!
Let every Christian come and sing,
Round the cross, round the cross!
There let the preacher take his stand,
And, with the Bible in his hand,
Declare the triumphs through the land,
Of the cross, of the cross!

FOUNTAIN OF LIFE.



Fountain of Life.

1. All you that are weary and sad—come!
And you that are cheerful and glad—come!
In robes of humilty clad—come!
The Saviour invites you to-day.
Let youth in its freshness and bloom—come!
Let man in the pride of his noon—come!
Let age on the verge of the tomb—come!
Let none in his pride stay away.

2. Let the halt, and the maimed, and the blind—come!
Let all who are freely inclined—come!
With an humble and peaceable mind—come!
Away from the waters of strife.
The Spirit and Bride freely say—Come!
And let him that heareth it, say—Come!
And let him that thirsteth to-day—come!
And drink of the fountain of life.

Redeeming Love.

May be sung to "Hopewell," page 61.

1. Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross we spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing
From the sinner's dying Friend.

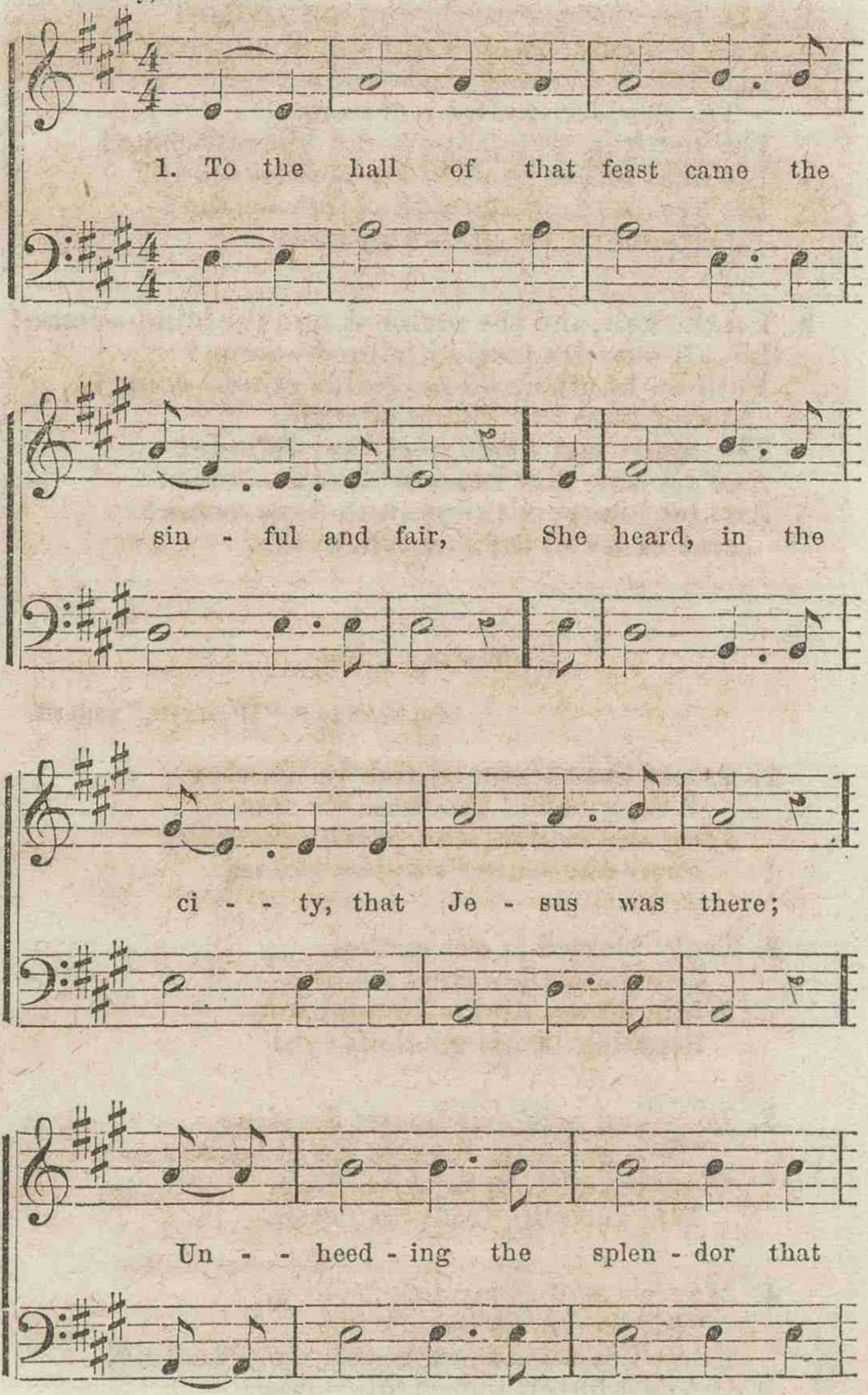
2. Truly blessed is our station,
Low before his cross we lie;
While we see divine compassion
Beaming in his gracious eye!

3. Love and grief our hearts dividing
With our tears his feet we 'll bathe;
Constant still, in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

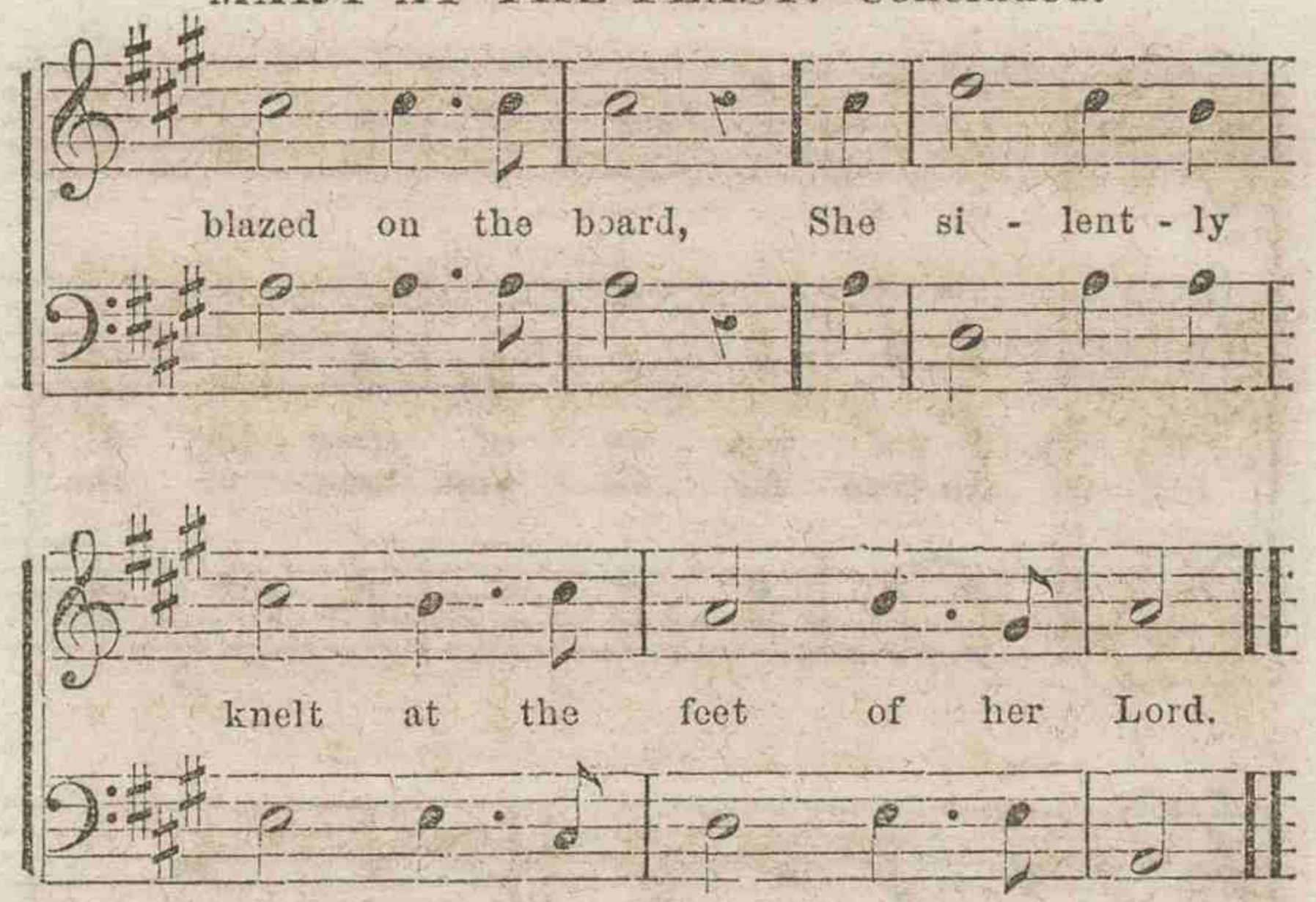
4. May we still enjoy this feeling,
Still to our Redeemer go;
Prove his wounds each day more healing,
And himself more truly know.

MARY AT THE FEAST.

Tenderly, not too slow.



MARY AT THE FEAST.—Concluded.



Mercy in the Feast.

1. To the hall of that feast came the sinful and fair,
   She heard, in the city, that Jesus was there;
   Unheeding the splendor that blazed on the board,
   She silently knelt at the feet of her Lord!

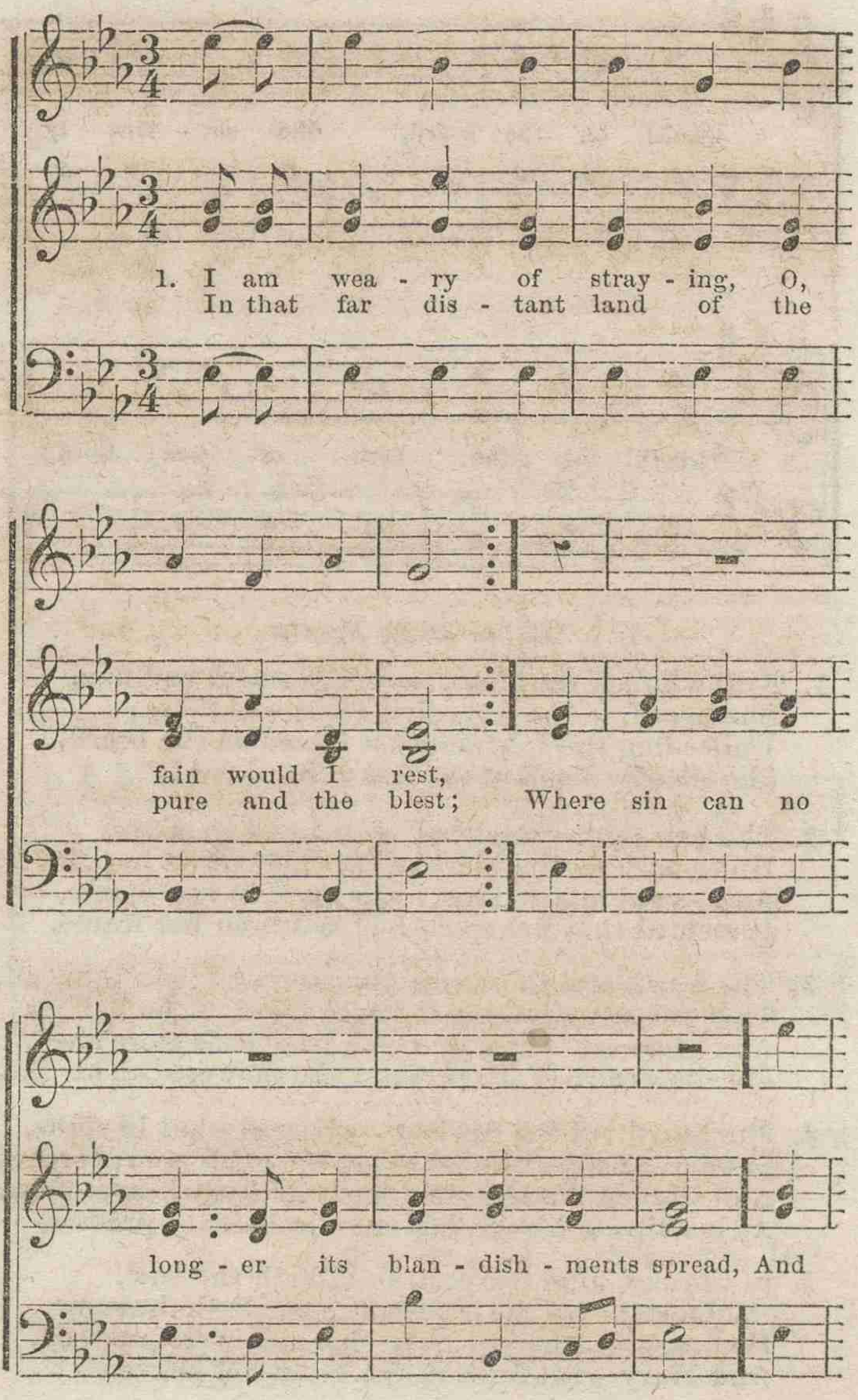
2. The hair on her forehead, so sad and so meek,
   Hung dark on the blushes, that glowed on her cheek;
   And so sad and so lovely she knelt in her shame,
   It seemed that her spirit had fled from her frame.

3. The frown and the murmur went round thro' them all,
   That one so unhallowed should tread in the hall;
   And some said the poor would be objects more meet,
   For the wealth of the perfume she showered on his feet.

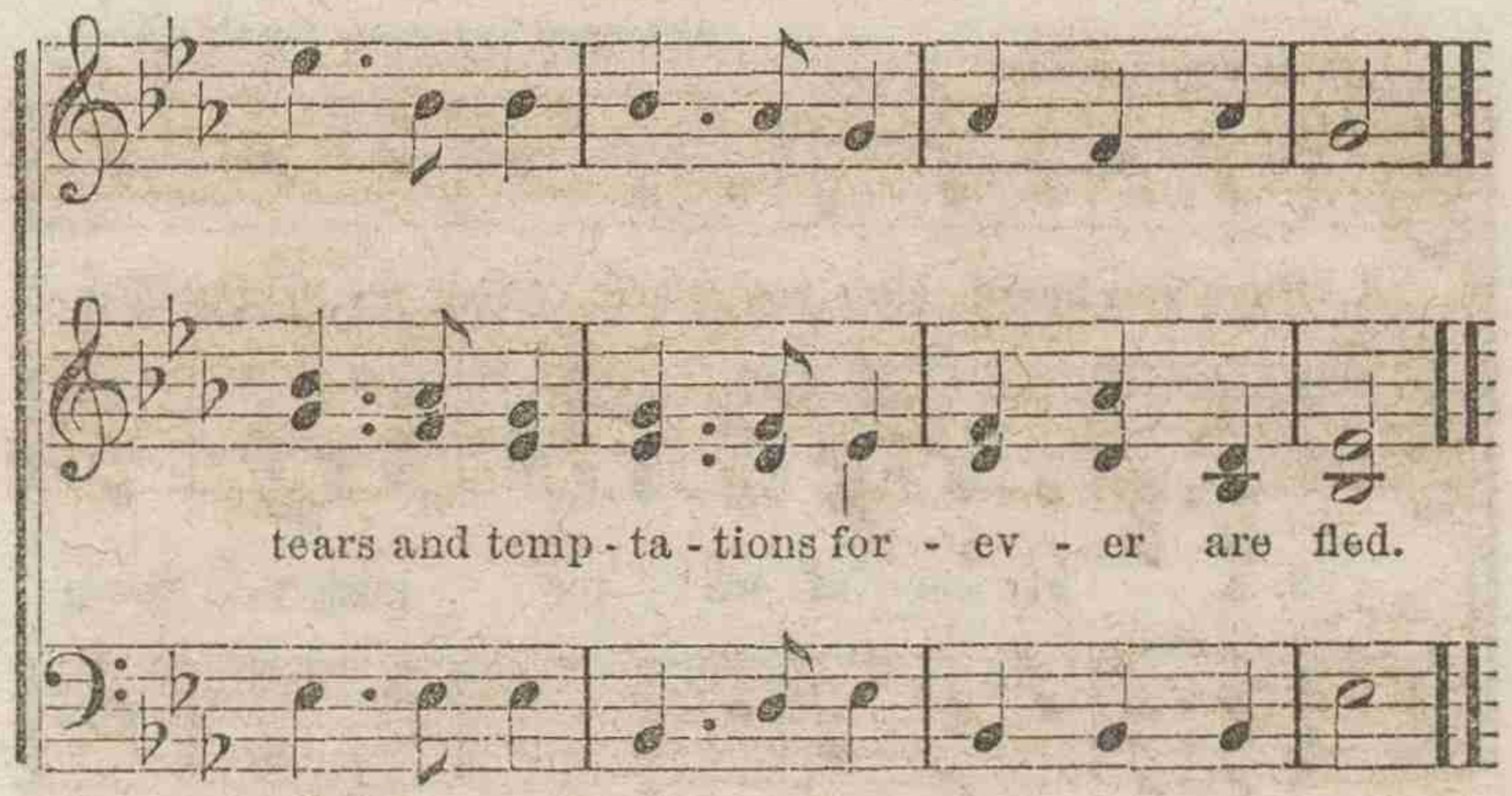
4. She heard but her Saviour,—she spoke but in sighs,
   She dared not look up to the heaven of his eyes; [breast,
   And the hot tears gushed forth at each heave of her
   As her lips to his sandals she throbbingly pressed.

5. In the sky, after tempest, as shineth the bow,
   In the glance of the sunbeam, as melteth the snow,
   He looked on the lost one,—her sins were forgiven,
   And Mary went forth in the beauty of heaven!

I AM WEARY OF STRAYING.



I AM WEARY OF STRAYING.—Concluded.



I am weary of Straying.

1. I AM weary of straying, O, fain would I rest,
In that far-distant land of the pure and the blest;
Where sin can no longer its blandishments spread,
And tears and temptations forever are fled.

2. I am weary of hoping where hope is untrue,
As fair, but as fleeting, as morning's bright dew;
I long for that land whose blest promise alone,
Is changeless and sure as eternity's throne.

3. I am weary of loving what passes away,
The sweetest and dearest, alas! may not stay;
I long for that land where these partings are o'er,
And death and the tomb will divide hearts no more.

4. I am weary of sighing o'er sorrows of earth,
O'er joy's glowing visions that fade at their birth;
O'er the pangs of the loved, that we can not assuage,
O'er the blightings of youth, and the weakness of age.

5. I am weary, my Saviour, of grieving thy love;
O, when shall I rest in thy presence above!
I am weary, but, O, let me never repine,
Since thy word, and thy love, and thy promise are mine.

THE SUN-BRIGHT CLIME.

Arranged expressly for this work.

With strong feeling:

1. Have you heard, have you heard, of that sun-bright clime,
2. A riv - er of wa - ter gushes there
un - dimmed by sor-row, un - hurt by time,
'Mid flow - ers of beau-ty strangely fair;
Where age hath no power o'er the fade - less frame,
And a thou - sand wings are hovering o'er

THE SUN-BRIGHT CLIME.—Concluded.

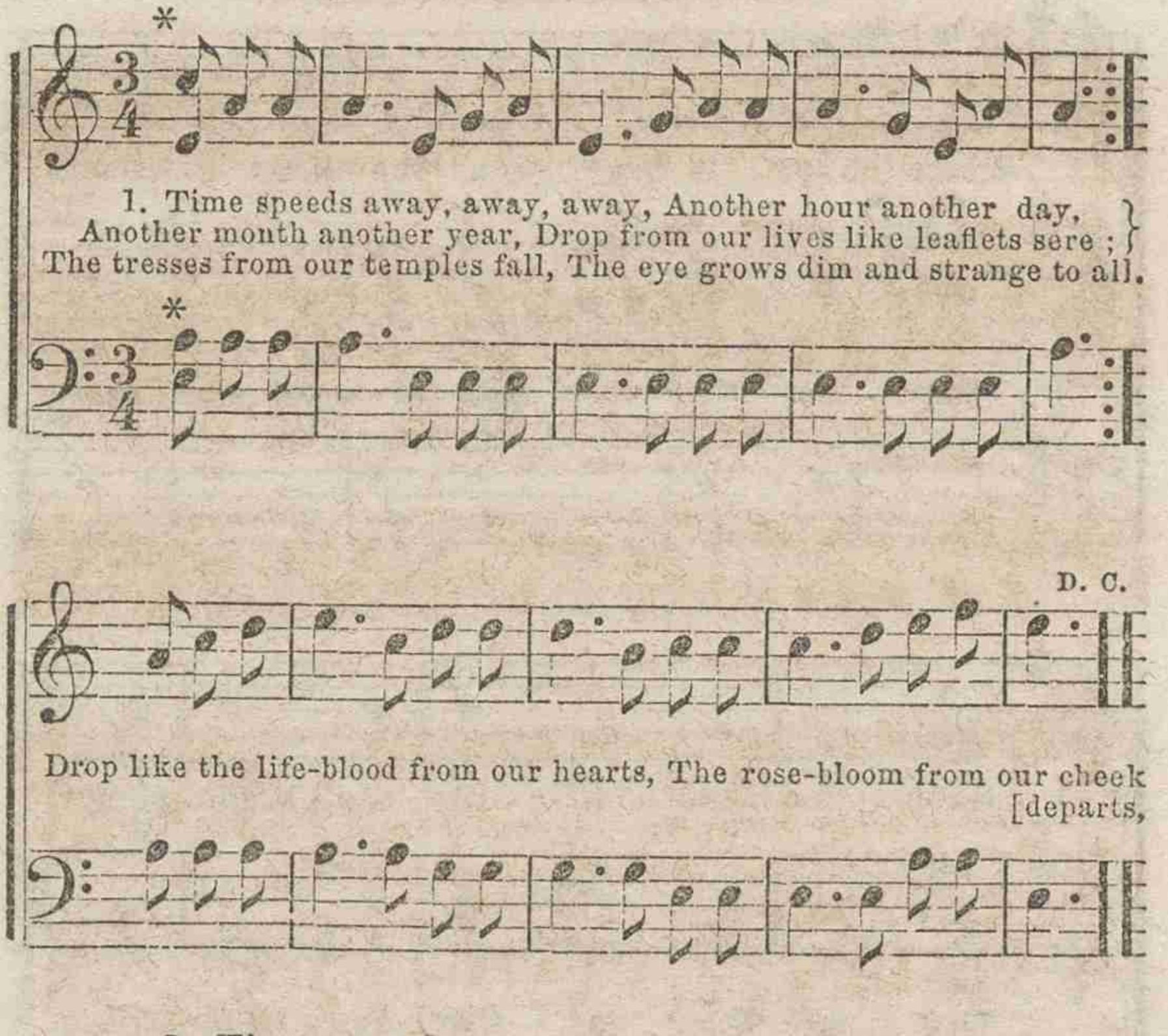


3. Millions of forms, all clothed in white,
In garments of beauty, clear and bright,
There dwell in their own immortal bowers,
'Mid fadeless hues of countless flowers,
That bloom in that sun-bright clime.

4. Ear hath not heard, and eye hath not seen,
Their swelling songs, and their changeless sheen;
Their ensigns are waving, their banners unfurl,
O'er jasper walls and gates of pearl,
That are fixed in that sun-bright clime.

5. But far, far away is that sinless clime,
Undimmed by sorrow, unhurt by time;
Where, amid all things bright and fair, is given,
The home of the just, and its name is Heaven,—
The name of that sun-bright clime.

TIME SPEEDS AWAY.



2. Time speeds away, away, away,
Like torrent in a stormy day ;
He undermines the stately tower,
Uproots the tree and snaps the flower,
And sweeps from our distracted breast,
The friends that loved, the friends that blessed,
And leaves us weeping on the shore,
To which they can return no more.

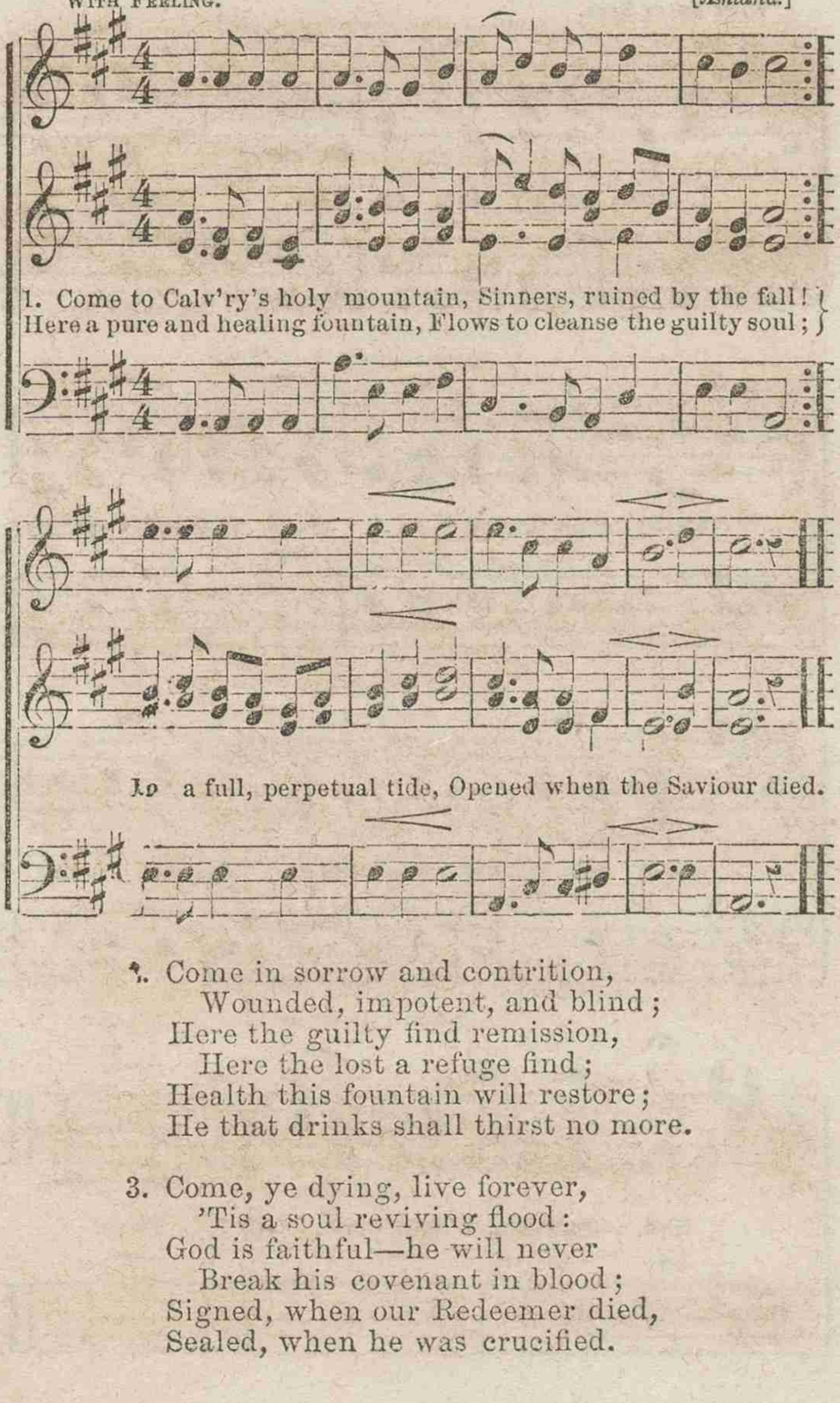
3. Time speeds away, away, away,
No eagle through the sky of day,
No wind along the hills can flee,
So swiftly or so smooth as he ;
Like fiery steed, from stage to stage,
He bears us on from youth to age,
Then plunges in the fearful sea
Of fathomless eternity.

---

* Sing the upper note in the Air, and the lower in the Base, when repeating.

CALVARY. 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7. R.

WITH FEELING. [*Ashland.*]



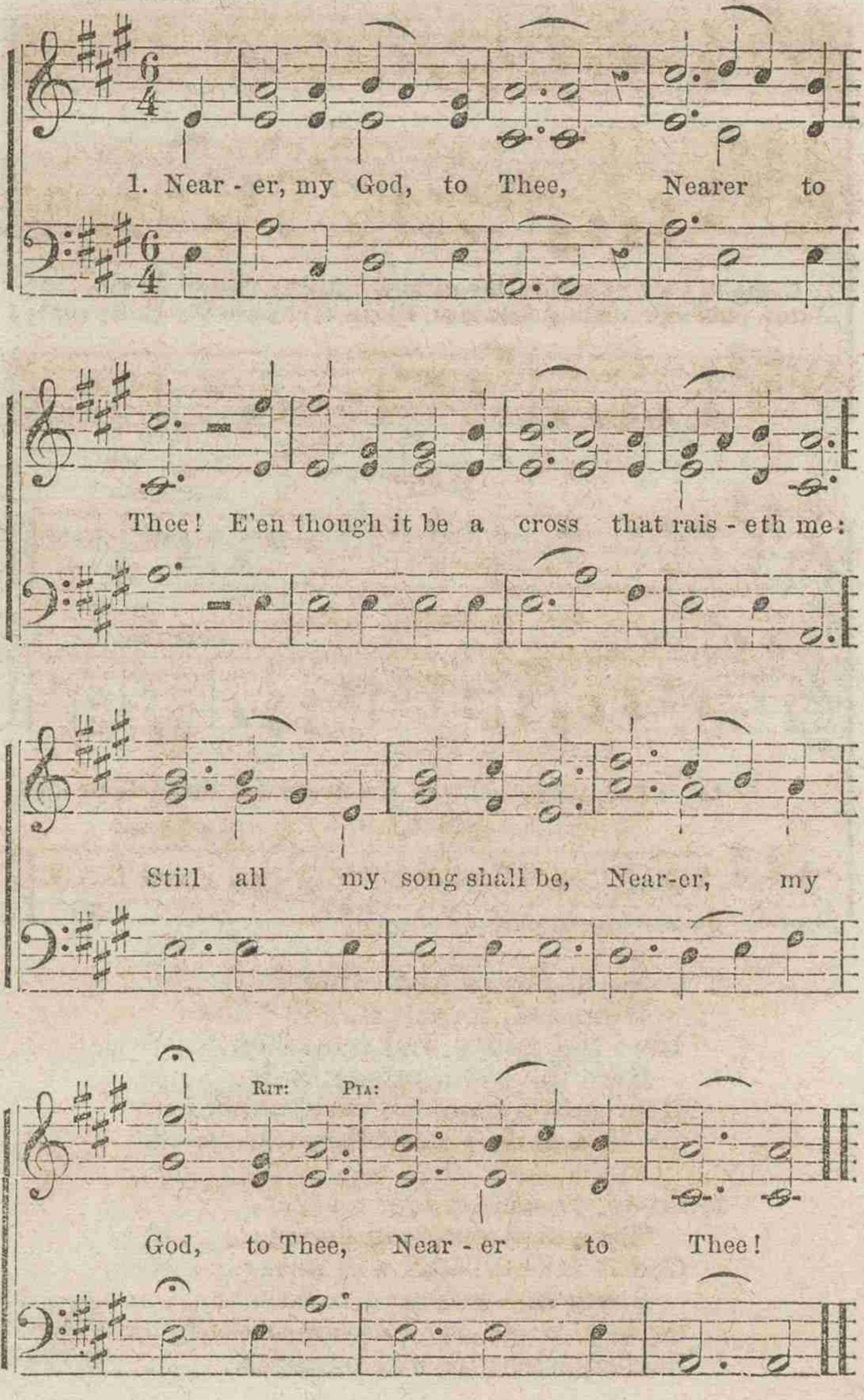
1. Come to Calv'ry's holy mountain, Sinners, ruined by the fall!
Here a pure and healing fountain, Flows to cleanse the guilty soul;
Lo a full, perpetual tide, Opened when the Saviour died.

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

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

NEARER TO THEE. H.

WITH EXACT TIME.



Nearer to Thee.

1. 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 the wanderer
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,—
Nearer to Thee!

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

4. Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
A Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,—
Nearer to Thee!

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

THERE'S MUSIC IN THE UPPER HEAVEN. C. M. D.

CON SPIRITO: [LOUISVILLE.]



1. There's music in the upper heaven—The choral notes that swell,





Are sweeter, full - er, richer far, Than human lips can tell;





When rings the gush of golden harps, And heavenly lutes are swept,

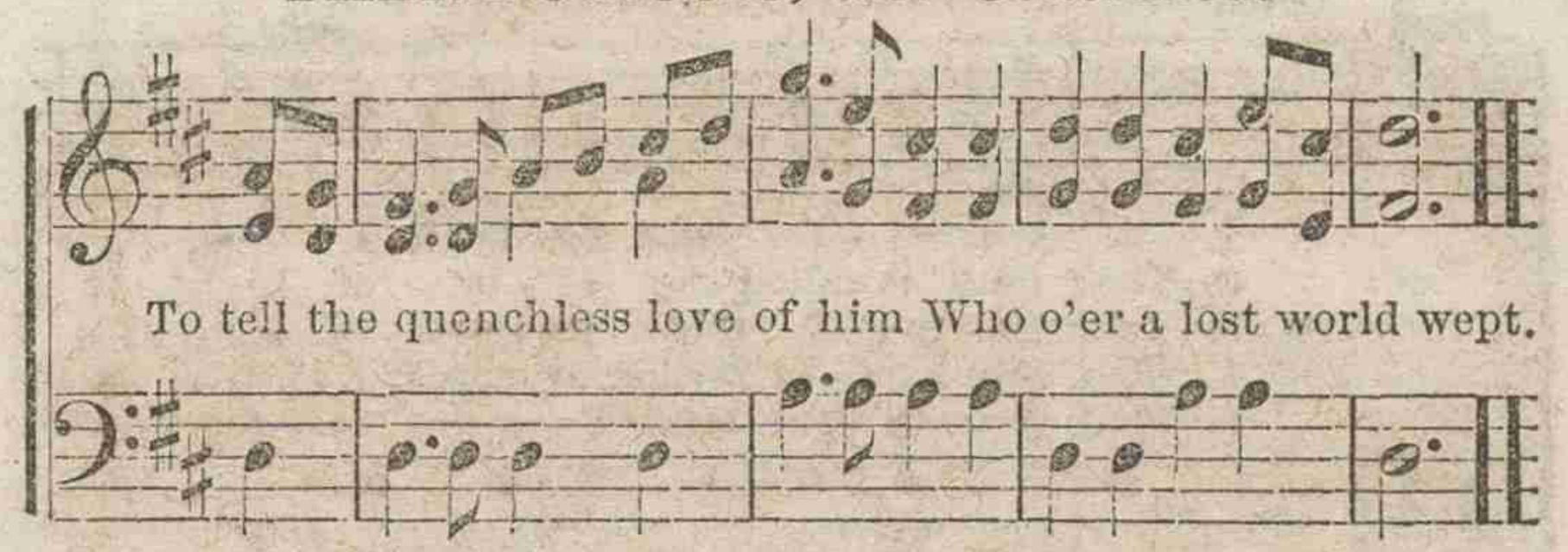




To tell the quenchless love of Him Who o'er a lost world wept;



THERE'S MUSIC, etc.—Concluded.



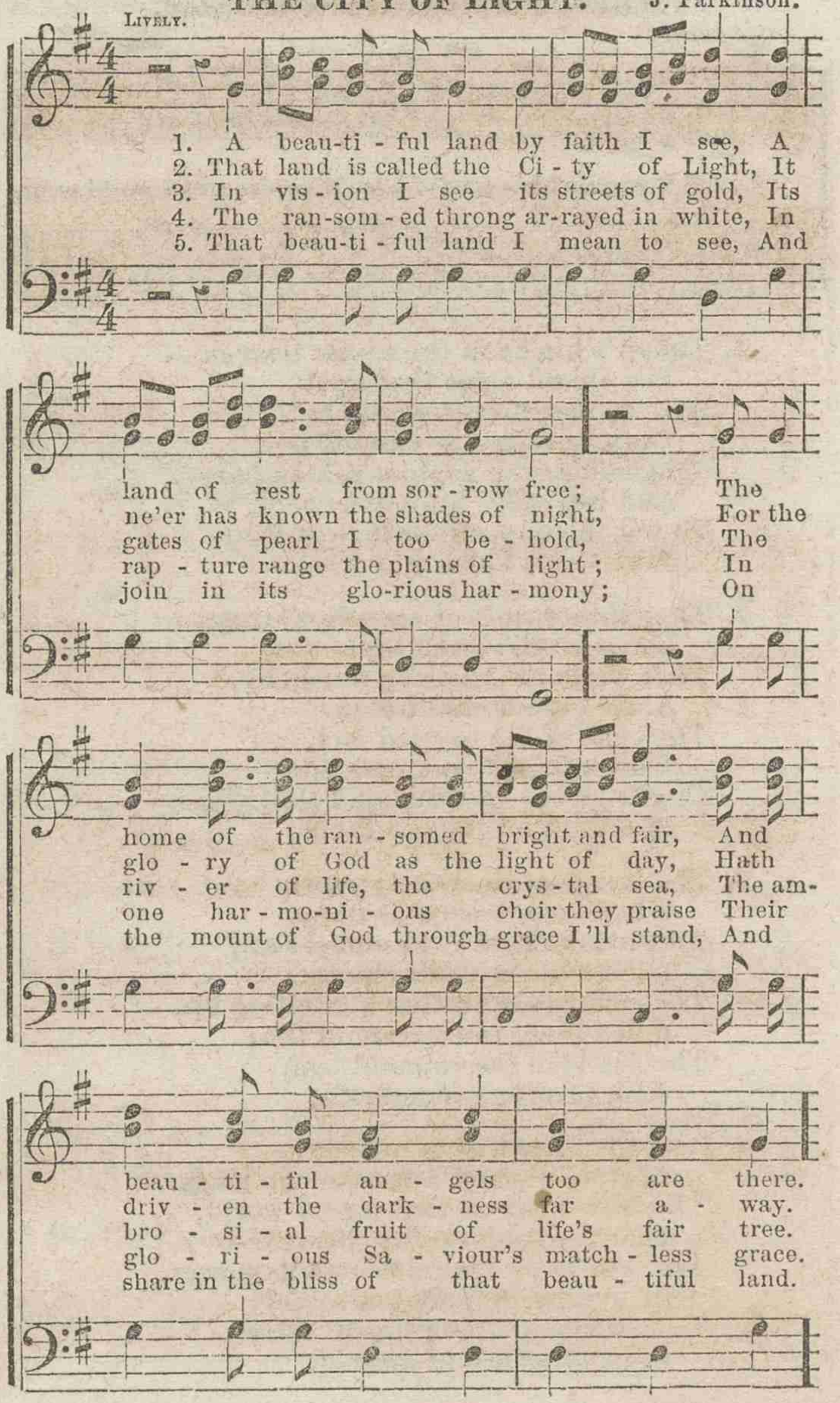
1. THERE 's music in the upper heaven —
   The choral notes that swell,
Are sweeter, fuller, richer far,
   Than human lips can tell;
When rings the gush of golden harps,
   And heavenly lutes are swept,
To tell the quenchless love of Him
   Who o'er a lost world wept.

2. The gliding rush of countless wings,
   Borne on the swelling breeze,
That wafts the rustling music by,
   Amid embowered trees;
The echo of the myriad feet,
   That fall on pavements fair;
Of glittering, dazzling gold that gleam
   In untold brightness there.

3. The music of the pearly gates,
   When back by angels flung,
Admitting there a ransomed soul,
   Their sinless bands among:
The silvery sound that 's swelling up,
   When flows the stream of life;
The rustle of the emerald leaf,
   With healing virtues rife:

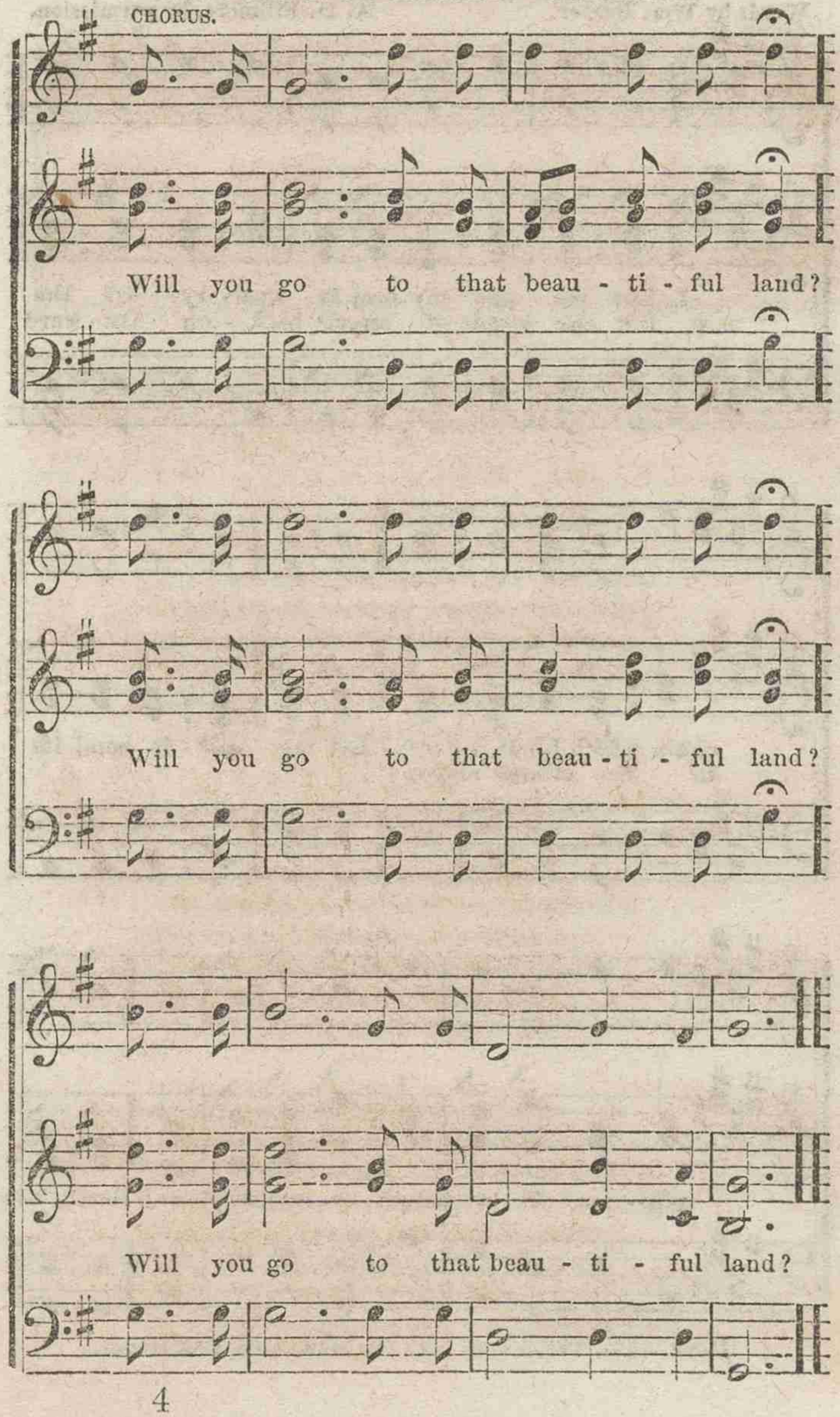
4. And then the tide of melody,
   That swells and bursts, when rings
The New Song in that far-off world,
   That thrilling rapture brings:—
But, awed, we may not note its power,
   Its depths we may not sound;
Unfathomed, fathomless, it rolls
   In glorious might around.

THE CITY OF LIGHT. J. Parkinson.



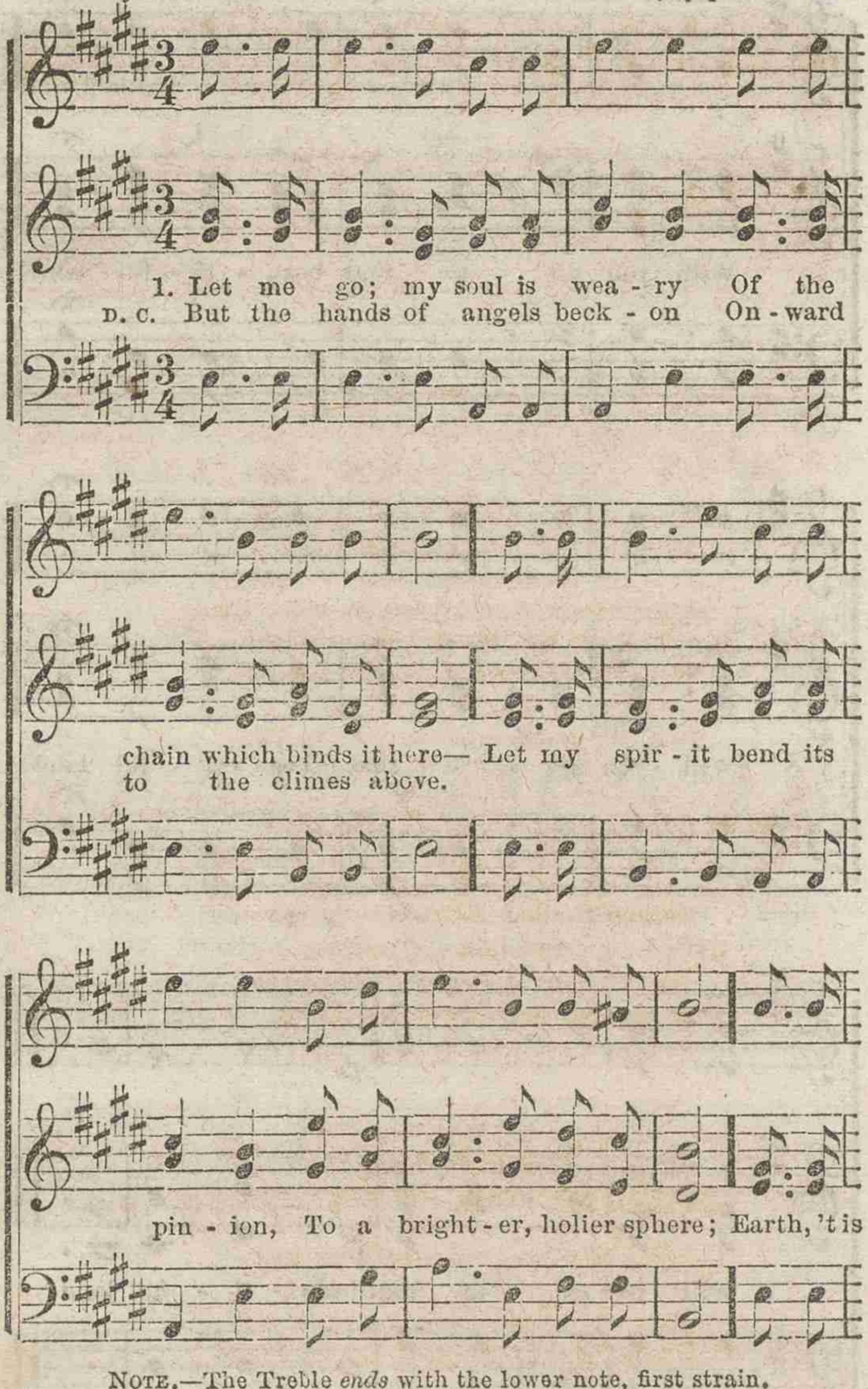
THE CITY OF LIGHT.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



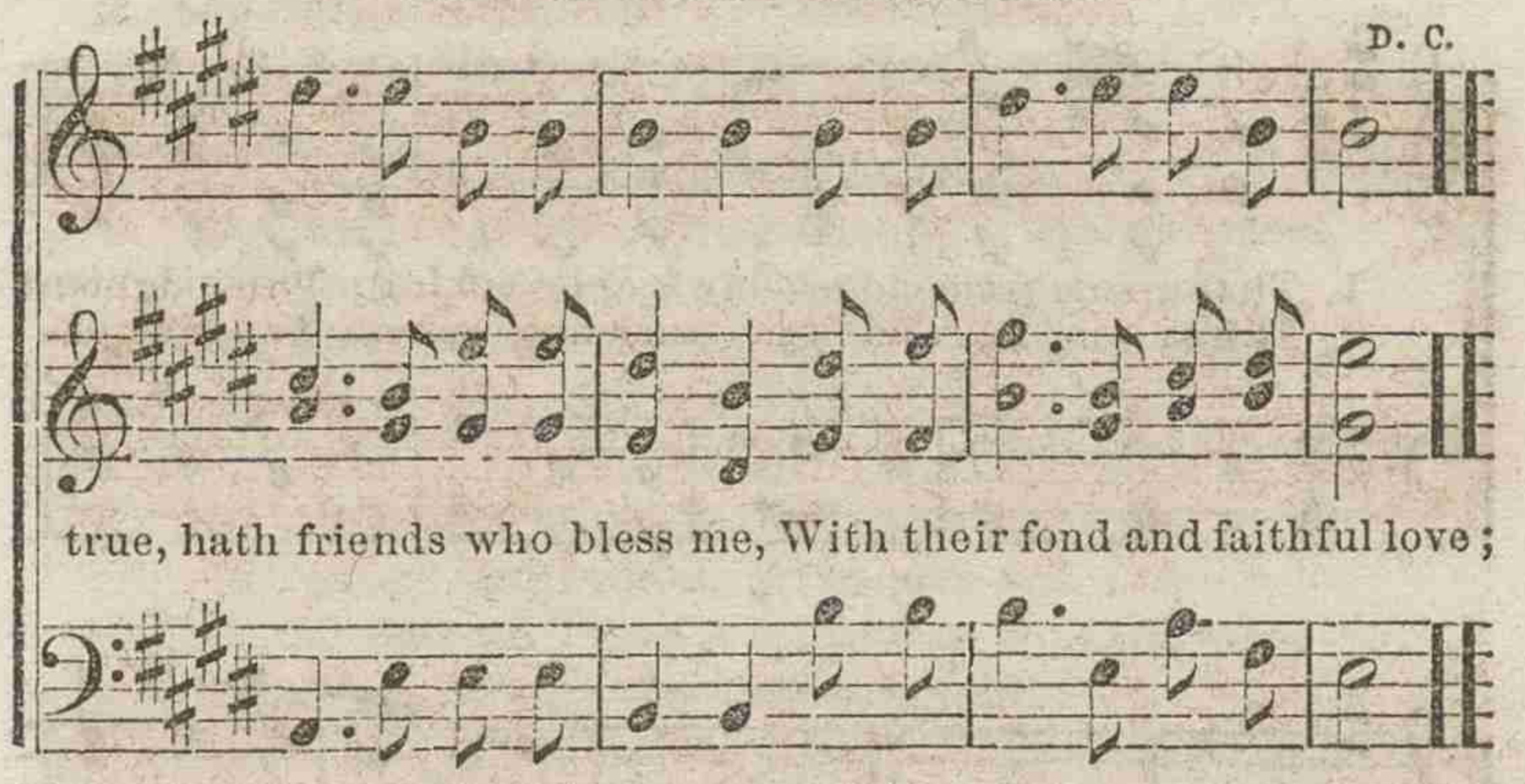
LET ME GO. 8s & 7s.

Words by Wm. Baxter. A. D. Fillmore, by permission.



NOTE.—The Treble *ends* with the lower note, first strain.

LET ME GO.—Concluded.

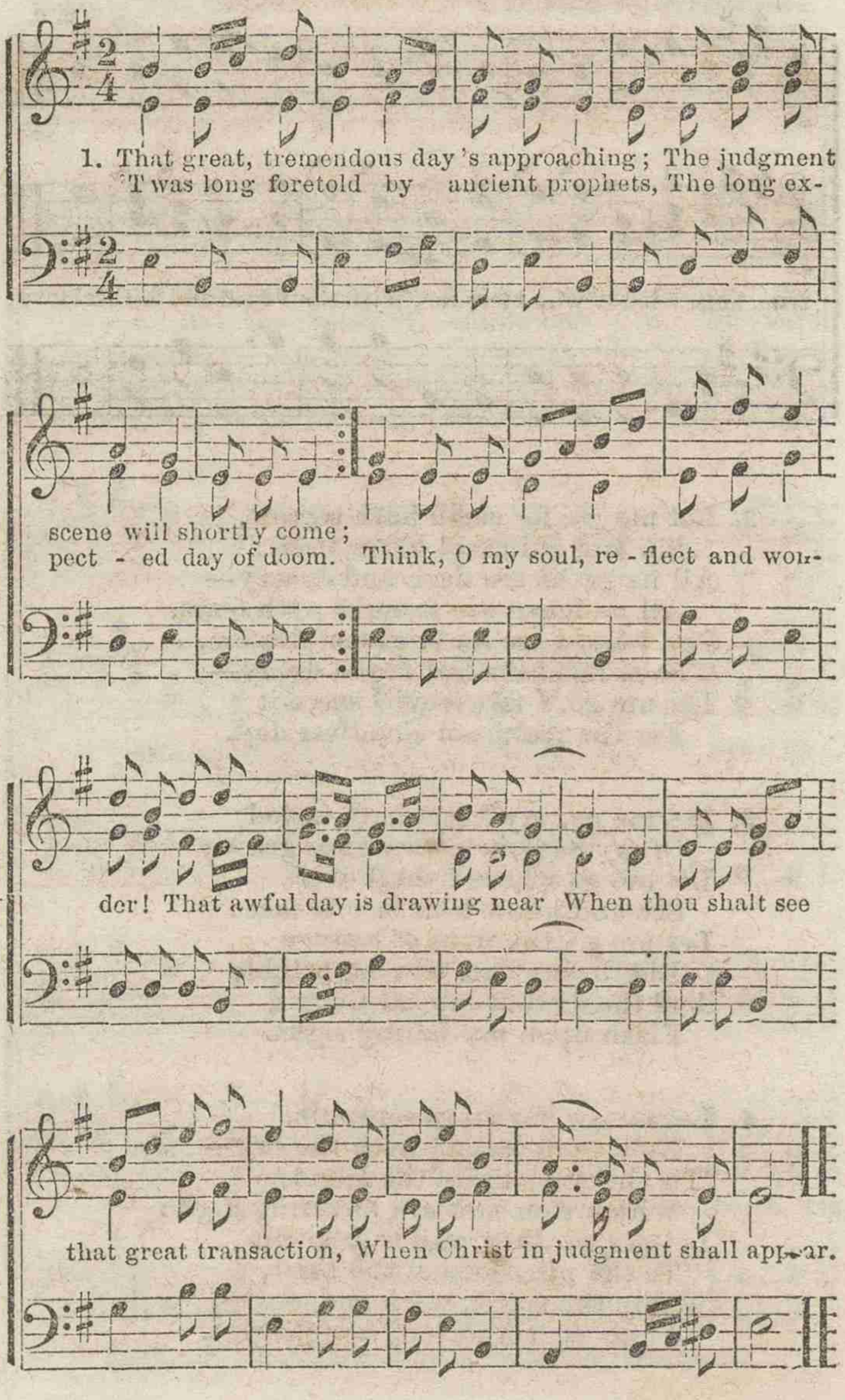


2. Let me go, for earth hath sorrow,
Sin and pain and bitter tears;
All its paths are dark and dreary—
All its hopes are fraught with fears,
Short-lived are its brightest flowers,
Soon its cherished hopes decay—
Let me go, I fain would leave it
For the realms of cloudless day.

3. Let me go, my heart hath tasted
Of my Saviour's wondrous grace;
Let me go where I shall ever
See and know him face to face:
Let me go, the trees of heaven
Rise before me, waving bright,
And the distant crystal waters,
Flash upon my failing sight.

4. Let me go, for songs seraphic,
Now seem calling from the sky—
'Tis the welcome of the angels,
Which e'en now are hovering nigh:
Let me go, they wait to bear me
To the mansions of the blest,
Where the spirit, worn and weary,
Finds at last its long-sought rest.

JUDGMENT HYMN.



2. See nature stand all in amazement,
To hear the last loud trumpet sound;
Arise, ye dead, and come to judgment,
Ye nations of the world around!
Loud thunder rumbling through the concave,
Bright, forked lightnings part the skies;
The heavens are shaking, th' earth is quaking,
The gloomy sight attracts mine eyes.

3. The orbit lamps, all vailed in sackcloth,
No more their shining courses run;
The wheels of Time, stopped in a moment,—
Eternal things are now begun!
Huge, massy rocks, and tow'ring mountains,
Over their tumbling bases roar;
The raging ocean, all in commotion,
Is dashing round her 'frighted shore.

4. Green, turfy graveyards, and tombs of marble,
Give up their dead, both small and great;
See the whole world, both saint and sinner,
Are coming to the judgment-seat!
See Jesus, on the throne of justice,
Come hast'ning down the parted skies,
With countless armies of shining angels,—
To meet him all the saints arise!

5. Bright shining streams from his awful presence;
His face ten thousand suns outshines;
Behold him coming in power and glory,—
To meet him all his saints combine.
"Go forth, ye heralds, with speed like lightning;
Call in my saints from distant lands,
Those that my blood has washed and ransomed,
Whose names in Life's fair book do stand."

6. O come, ye blessed of my Father,
The purchase of my dying love,
Receive the crowns of life and glory,
Which are laid up for you above!
For you, dear souls, who have continued
With me, in my temptations bore,
I have provided for you a kingdom,
To reign with me forevermore.

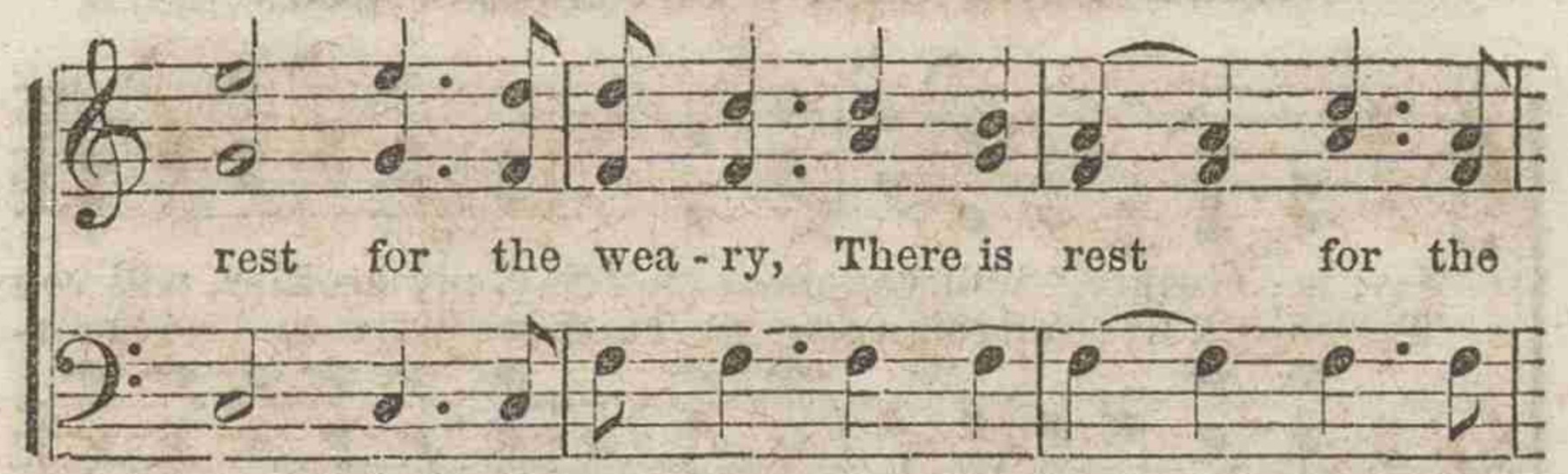
REST FOR THE WEARY.

With Spirit.





REST FOR THE WEARY.—Concluded.





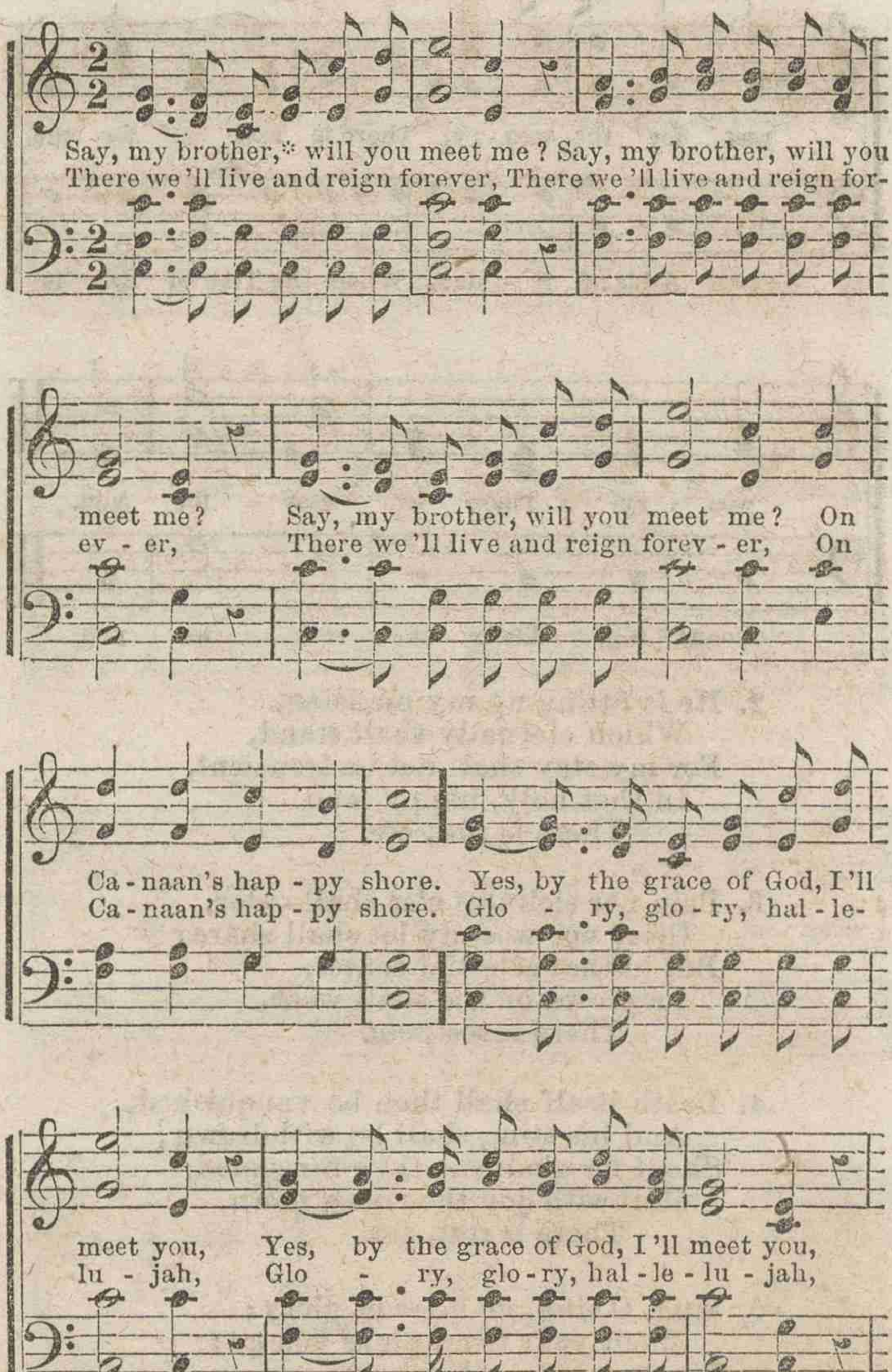
2. He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand,
For my stay shall not be transient,
In that holy, happy land.
There is rest, etc.

3. Pain nor sickness e'er shall enter,
Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
But in that celestial center,
I a crown of life shall wear.
There is rest, etc.

4. Death itself shall then be vanquished,
And his sting shall be withdrawn;
Shout for gladness, O ye ransomed,
Hail with joy the rising morn.
There is rest, etc.

5. Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory;
Shout your triumph as you go;
Zion's gates shall open for you;
You shall find an entrance through.
There is rest, etc.

BROTHER, WILL YOU MEET ME?

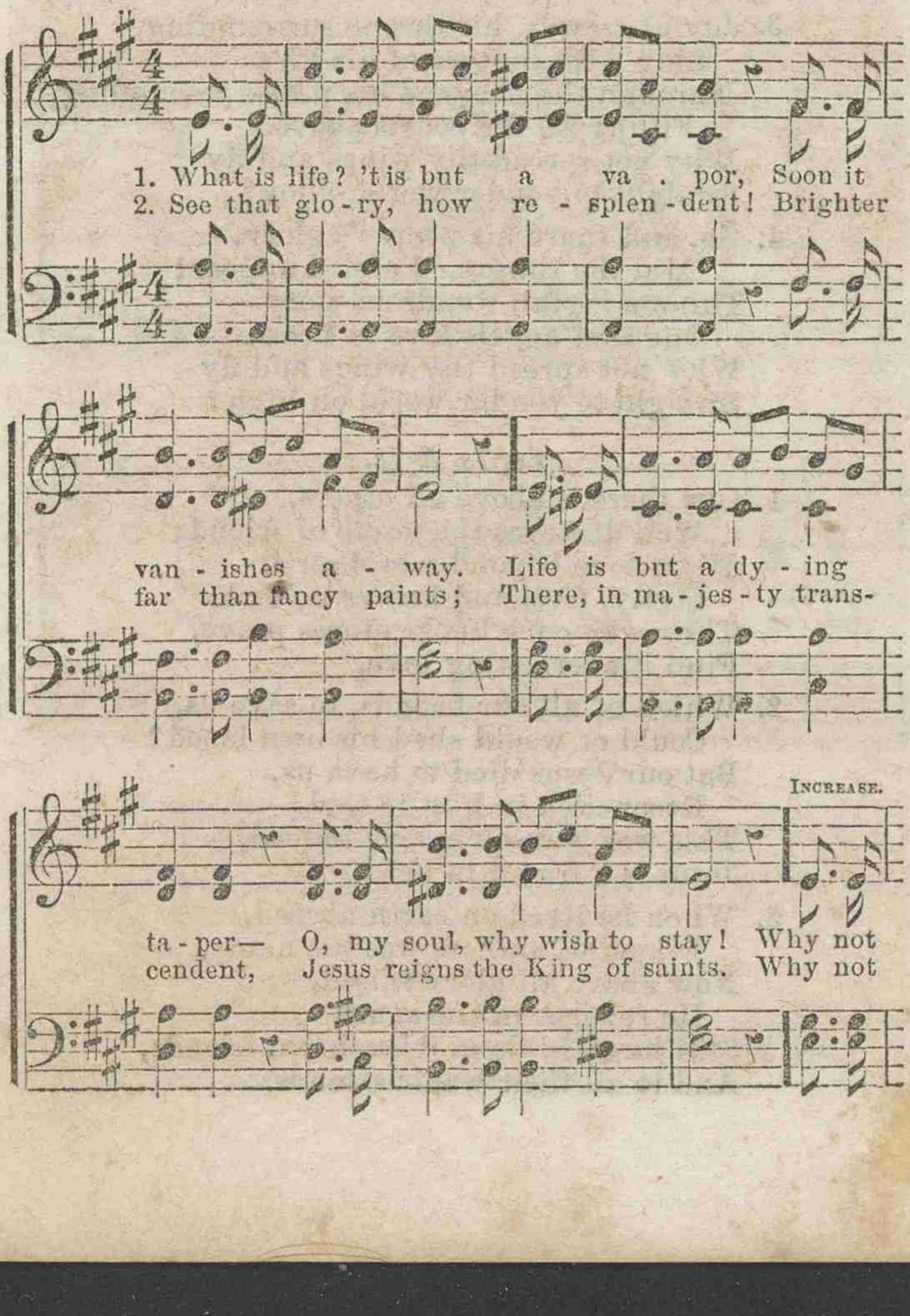


* The words Children, Teacher, Pastor, etc., may be substituted.

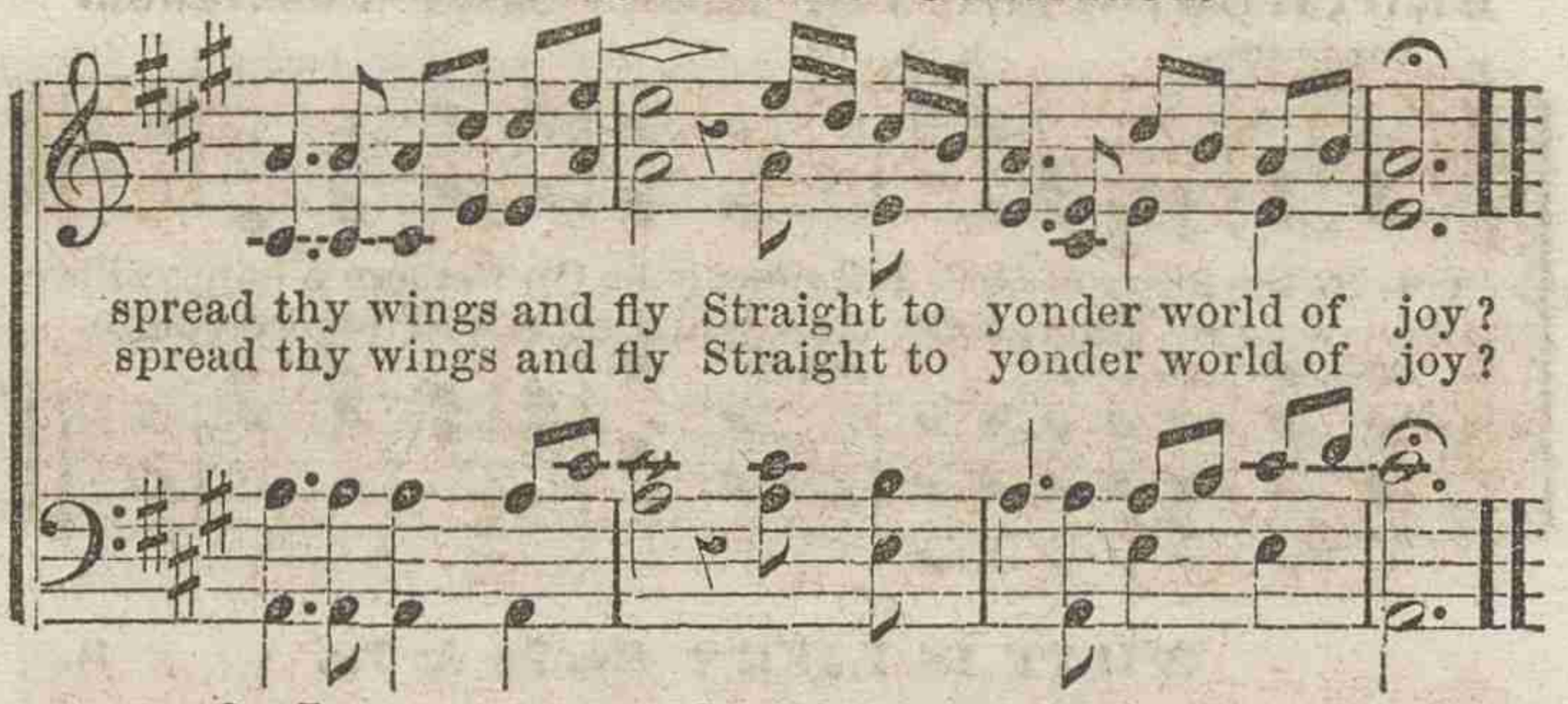
BROTHER, WILL YOU MEET ME?—Concluded.



WHAT IS LIFE? 8s, 7s & 7s. K.



WHAT IS LIFE?—Concluded.



3. Joyful crowds, his throne surrounding,
Sing with rapture of his love;
Through the heavens his praise resounding,
Filling all the courts above.
Why not spread thy wings and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy?

4. Go, and share his people's glory,
'Mid the ransomed crowd appear!
Thine a joyful, wondrous story—
One that angels love to hear.
Why not spread thy wings and fly
Straight to yonder world on high?

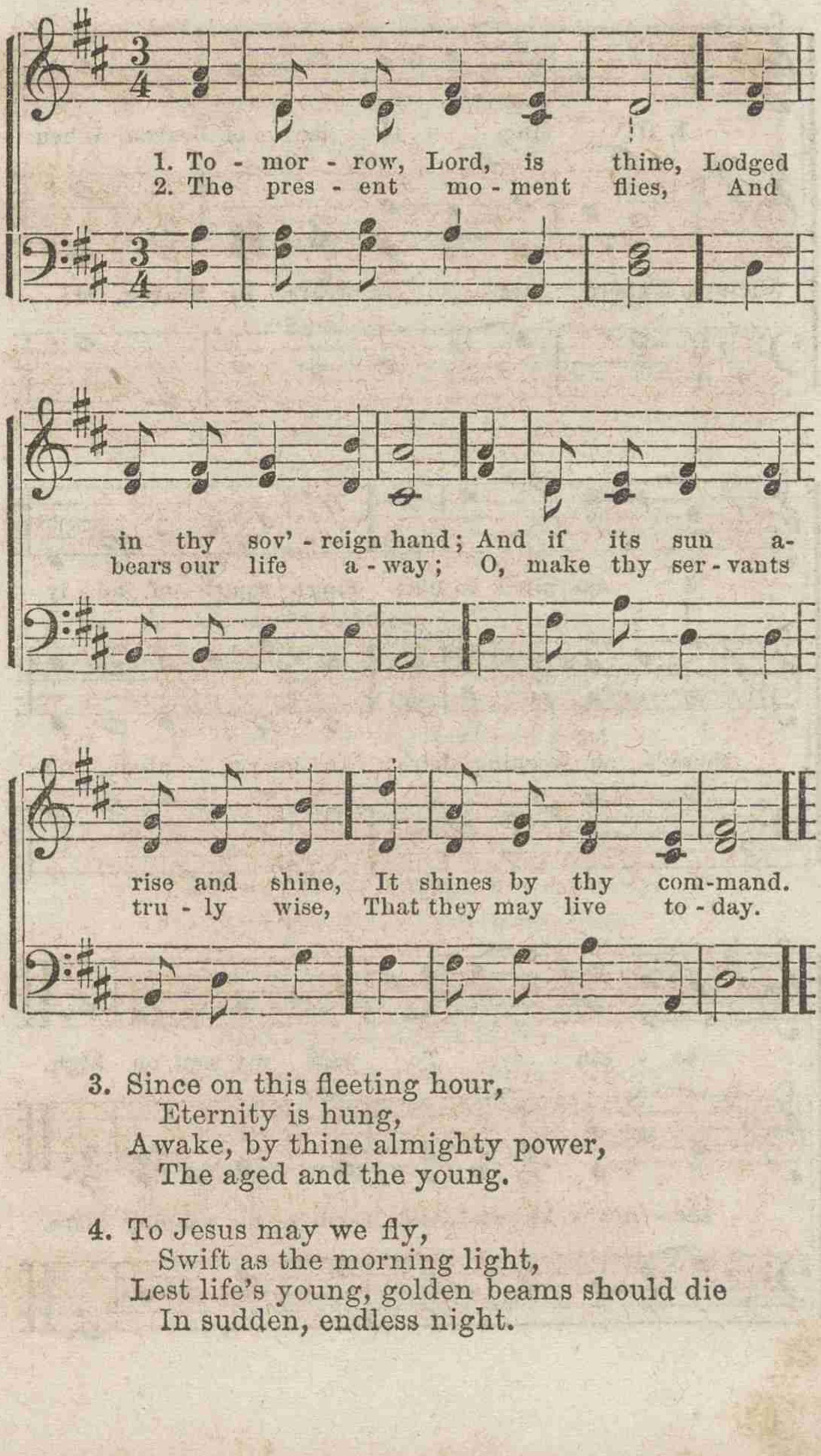
8s, 7s, & 7s.

1. 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;
They who once his kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love.

2. Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would shed his own blood?
But our Jesus died to have us,
Reconciled in him to God;
This was boundless love indeed,
Jesus is a friend in need.

3. When he lived on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was his name,
Now above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same.
Still he calls them "brethren, friends,"
And to all their wants attends.

PALFREY. S. M. W. Williams.



3. Since on this fleeting hour,
Eternity is hung,
Awake, by thine almighty power,
The aged and the young.

4. To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young, golden beams should die
In sudden, endless night.

BALTIMORE. S. M.

1. O! sing to me of heaven, When

CHORUS. There are no tears in heaven, O!

I am called to die; Sing songs of ho - ly

there 's no weeping there; In heaven alone, no

ec - sta - sy, To waft my soul on high.

sor - row 's known! And there 's no weeping there.

1. O! SING to me of heaven,
When I am called to die;
Sing songs of holy ecstasy,
To waft my soul on high.

CHORUS.

There are no tears in heaven,
O! there 's no weeping there;
In heaven alone, no sorrow 's known!
And there 's no weeping there.

2. When cold and sluggish drops
Roll off my marble brow,
Break forth in strains of joyfulness—
Let heaven begin below.

3. When the last moment comes,
Then watch my dying face,
And catch the last seraphic gleam
Which o'er my features pass.

4. Then to my raptured ears
Let one sweet song be given—
Let music charm me last on earth,
And greet me first in heaven.

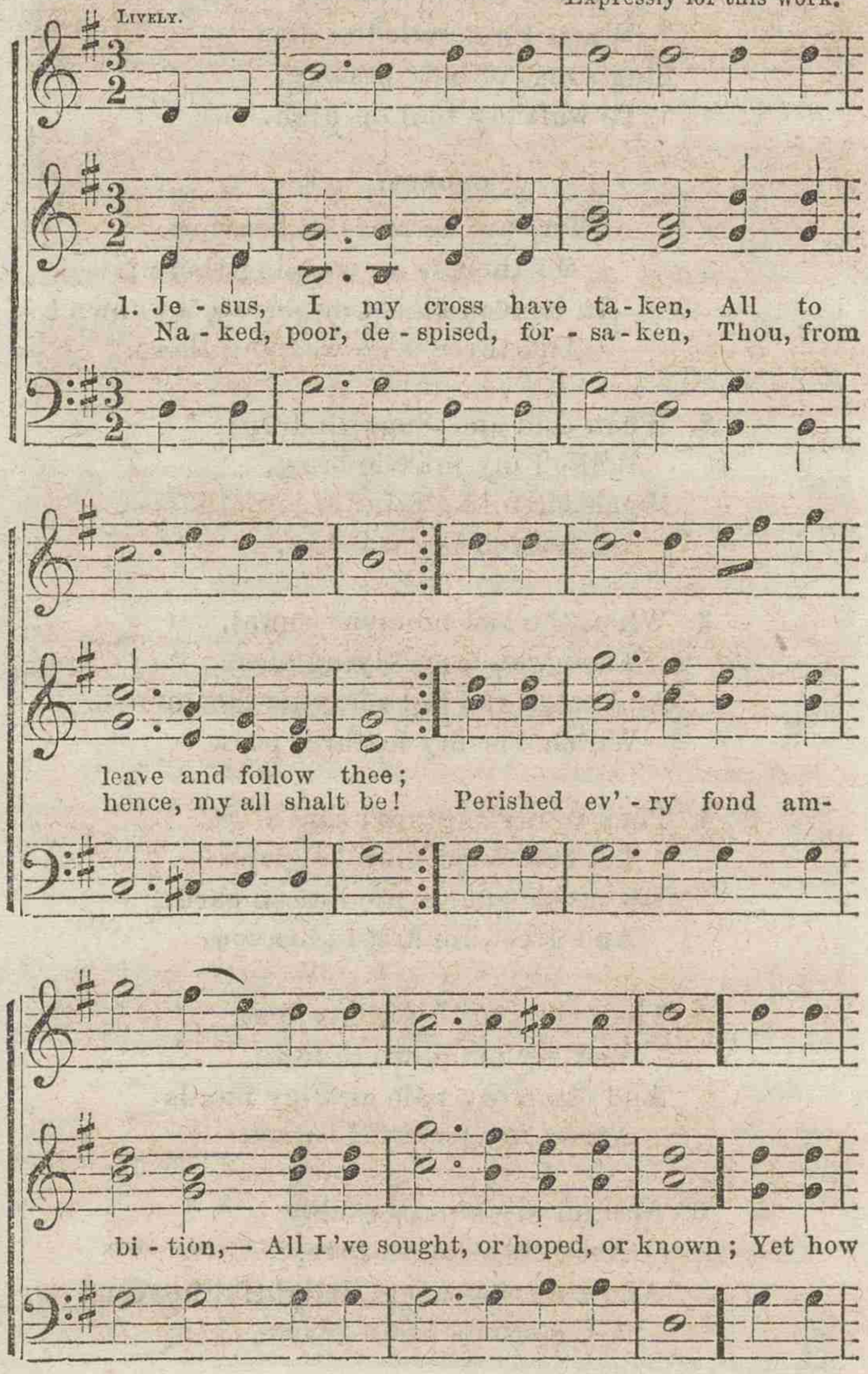
5. Then close my sightless eyes,
And lay me down to rest;
And clasp my pale and icy hands
Across my peaceful breast.

6. Around my senseless clay
Assemble those I love,
And sing of heaven, delightful heaven!
My glorious home above.

HOPEWELL. 8s & 7s.

May be sung to the hymn, "*Glorious things of Thee are spoken.*"

Expressly for this work.



HOPEWELL.—Concluded.

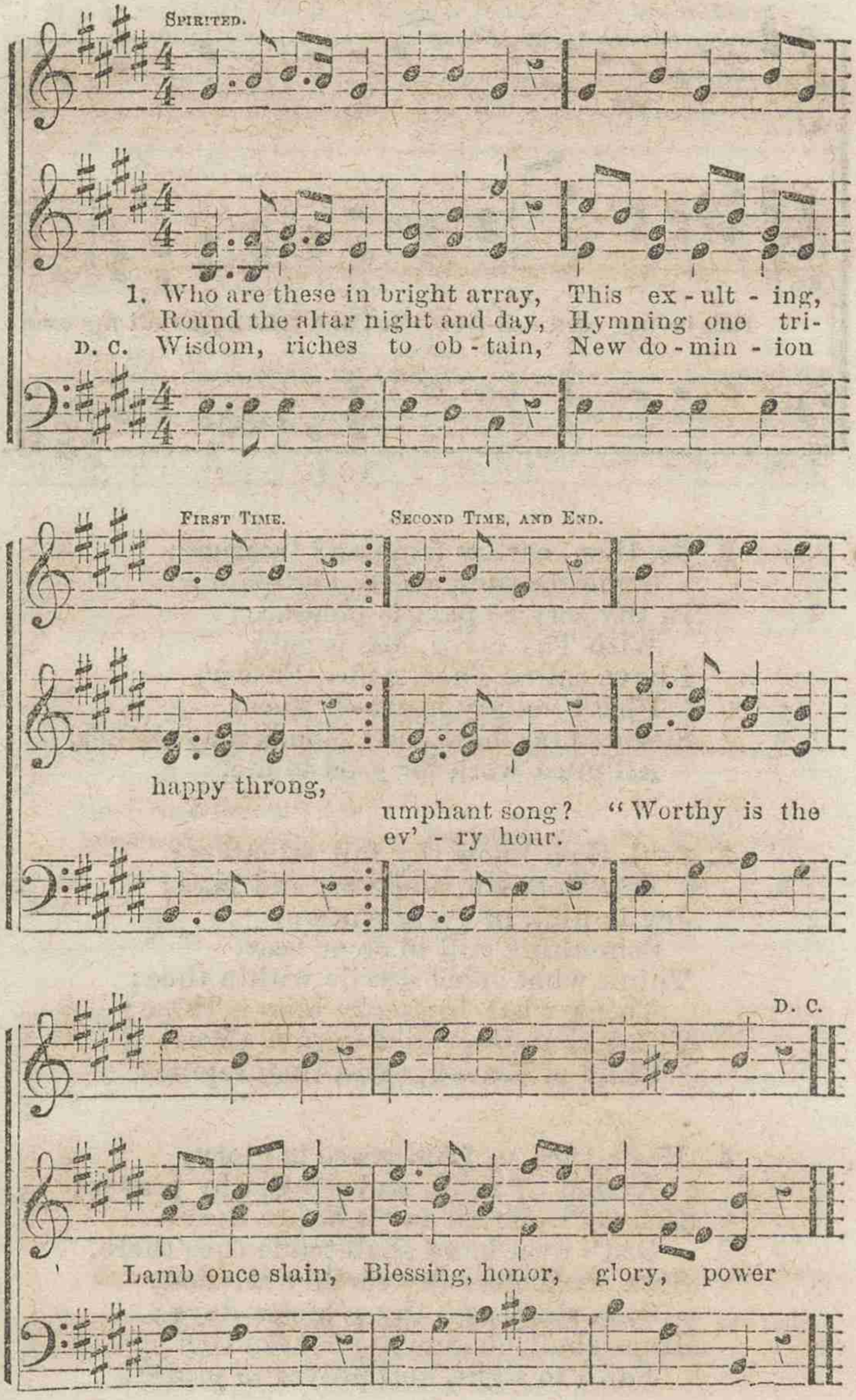


2. Go, then, earthy fame and treasure;
Come disaster, scorn, and pain;
In thy service pain is pleasure;
With Thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called Thee, Abba, Father,
I have set my heart on Thee;
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

3. Soul, then know thy full salvation;
Rise from sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find, in every station,
Something still to do or bear.
Think what spirit dwells within thee;
Think what heavenly bliss is thine;
Think that Jesus died to save thee—
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

4. Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day 's before thee—
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise!

IVES. 7s. Double.



2. These through fiery trials trod;
These from great afflictions came;
Now, before the throne of God,
Sealed with his almighty name:
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor palms in every hand;
Through their great Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

3. Hunger, thirst, disease, unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them the Lamb, amid the throne,
Shall to living fountains lead;
Joy and gladness banish sighs;
Perfect love dispels all fears;
And forever from their eyes
God shall wipe away their tears.

---

1. From the cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What melodious sounds we hear,
Bursting on the 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 pierced body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid;
Bow the knee, embrace the Son;
Come and welcome, sinner, come,

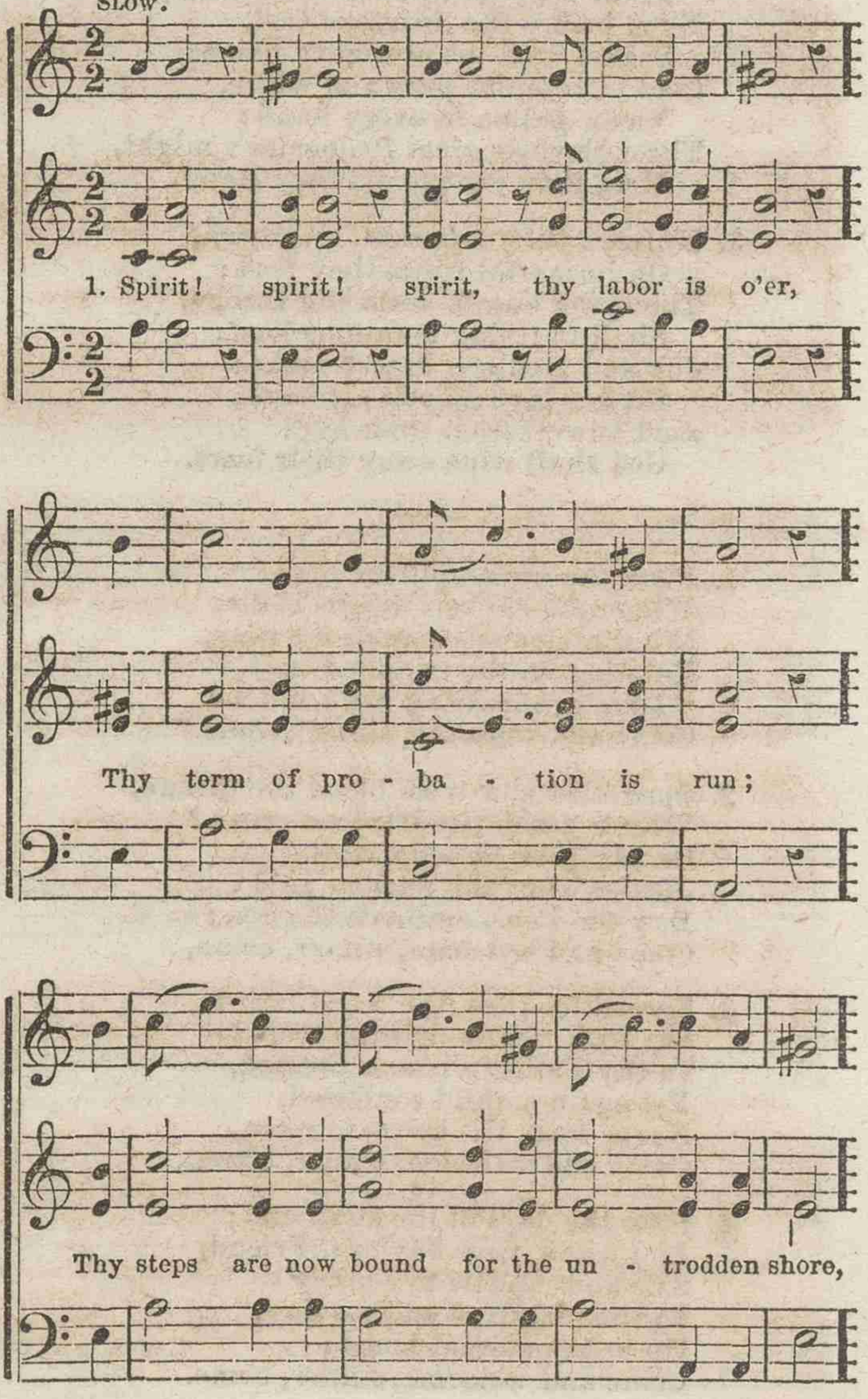
3. Spread for thee, the festal board
See with richest dainties stored;
To thy Father's bosom pressed,
Yet again a child confessed,
Never from His house to roam,
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

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.

THE CHRISTIAN'S REQUIEM.

Rev. W. F. Farrington.

SLOW.



THE CHRISTIAN'S REQUIEM.—Concluded.



1. Spirit! thy labor is o'er,
Thy term of probation is run;
Thy steps are now bound for the untrodden shore,
And the race of immortals begun.

2. Spirit! look not on the strife,
Or the pleasures of earth with regret;
Nor pause on the threshold of immortal life,
To mourn for the day that is set.

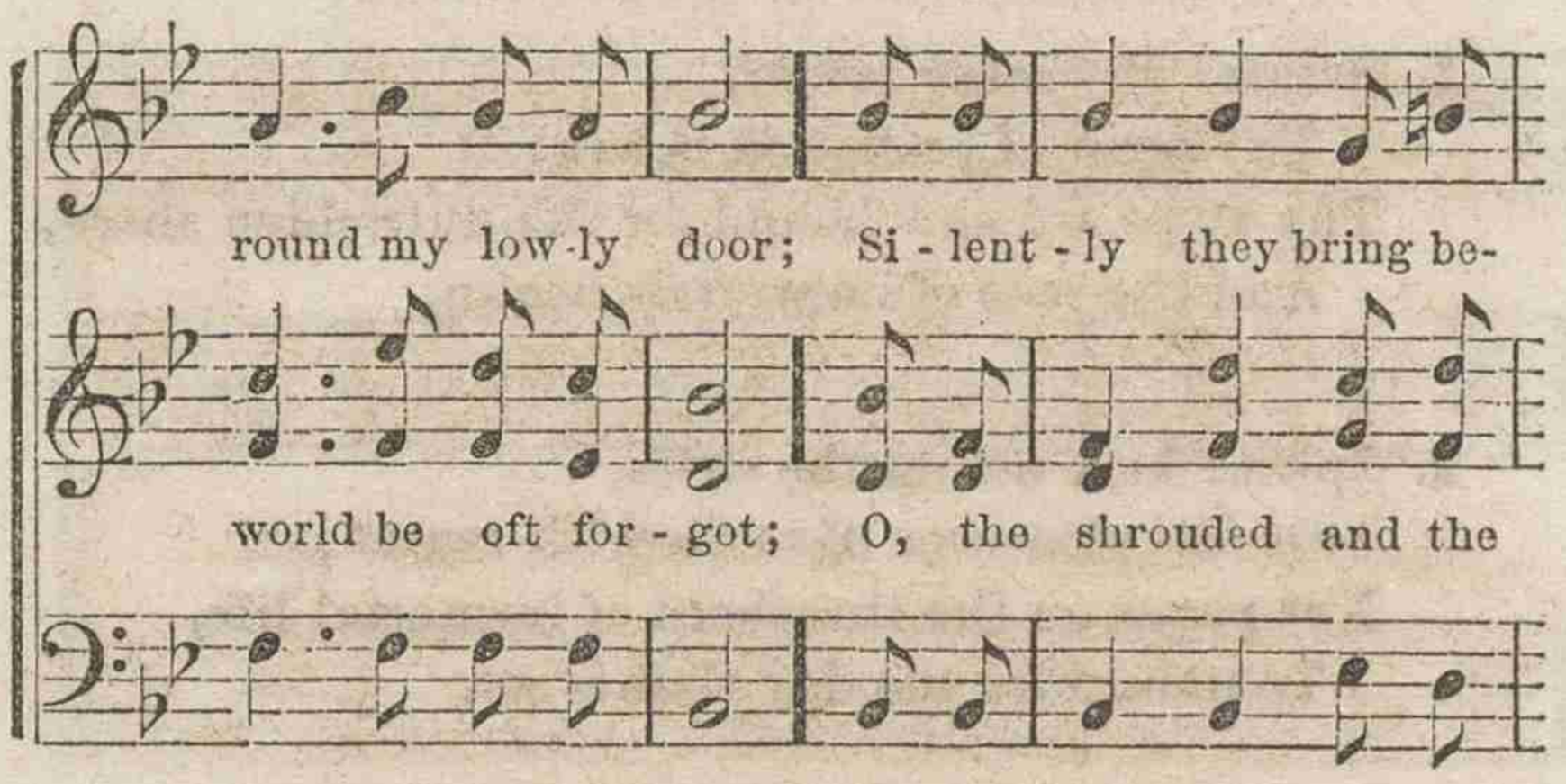
3. Spirit! no fetters can bind,
No wicked have power to molest;
There the weary, like thee,—there the mourners shall find,
A heaven, a mansion of rest!

Note.—These beautiful lines are touchingly associated with the death of the immortal Mozart. The last three weeks of his life he spent molding to its utmost finish his last, best piece, his "Requiem." "Sing it," said the feeble master of melody to his daughter, "sing it to the hymn of your sainted mother." She obeyed;—and as the sounds of the instrument sank away, his wrapt and joyful spirit fled, and a passionless smile lay on the features of the great German Composer.

STOCKWELL. 8s & 7s. D. E. Jones.

SLOWLY, GENTLY.







8s & 7s.

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

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

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

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

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

8s & 7s.

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

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

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

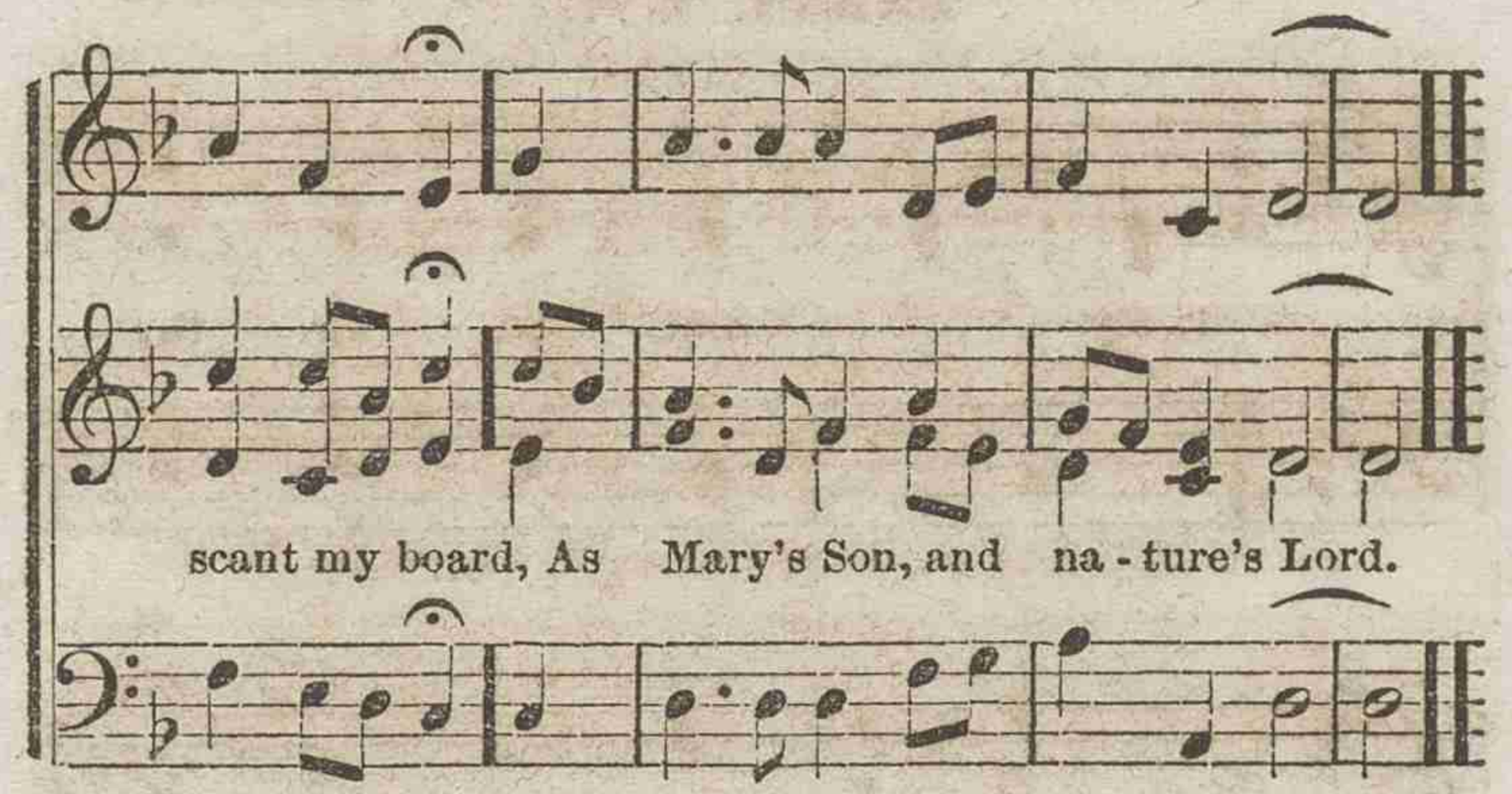
4. Should swift Death this night o'ertake us,
And command us to the tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in bright, eternal bloom.

AS MUCH HAVE I OF EARTHLY GOOD.

H.

1. As much have I of earthly good, As e'er my Master had, I di - et on as dainty food, And am as rich - ly clad, Though plain my garb, and

AS MUCH HAVE I, etc.—Continued.



Imitation of Christ.

1. As much have I of earthly good
As e'er my Master had,
I diet on as dainty food,
And am as richly clad;
Though plain my garb and scant my board,
As Mary's Son and nature's Lord.

2. The manger was his infant bed,
His home the mountain cave,
He had not where to lay his head,
He borrowed e'en his grave;
Earth yielded him no resting spot,
Her Maker, but she knew him not!

3. As much the world's good-will I share,
Its favors and applause,
As he whose blessed name I bear,
Hated without a cause;
Despised, rejected, mocked by pride,
Betrayed, forsaken, crucified.

4. Why should I court my Master's foe?
Why should I fear its frown?
Why should I seek for rest below?
Or sigh for brief renown?
A pilgrim to a better land,
An heir of joy at God's right hand.

LABAN. S. M.


1. My soul, be on thy
guard, Ten thou - sand foes a - rise;
The hosts of sin are press - ing
hard, To draw thee from the skies.

Tune.—"Laban."

1. My soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise,
The hosts of sin are pressing hard,
To draw thee from the skies.

2. 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 lay thine armor down;
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

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

S. M.

1. Another day is past,
The hours forever fled;
And time is bearing me away,
To mingle with the dead.

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

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

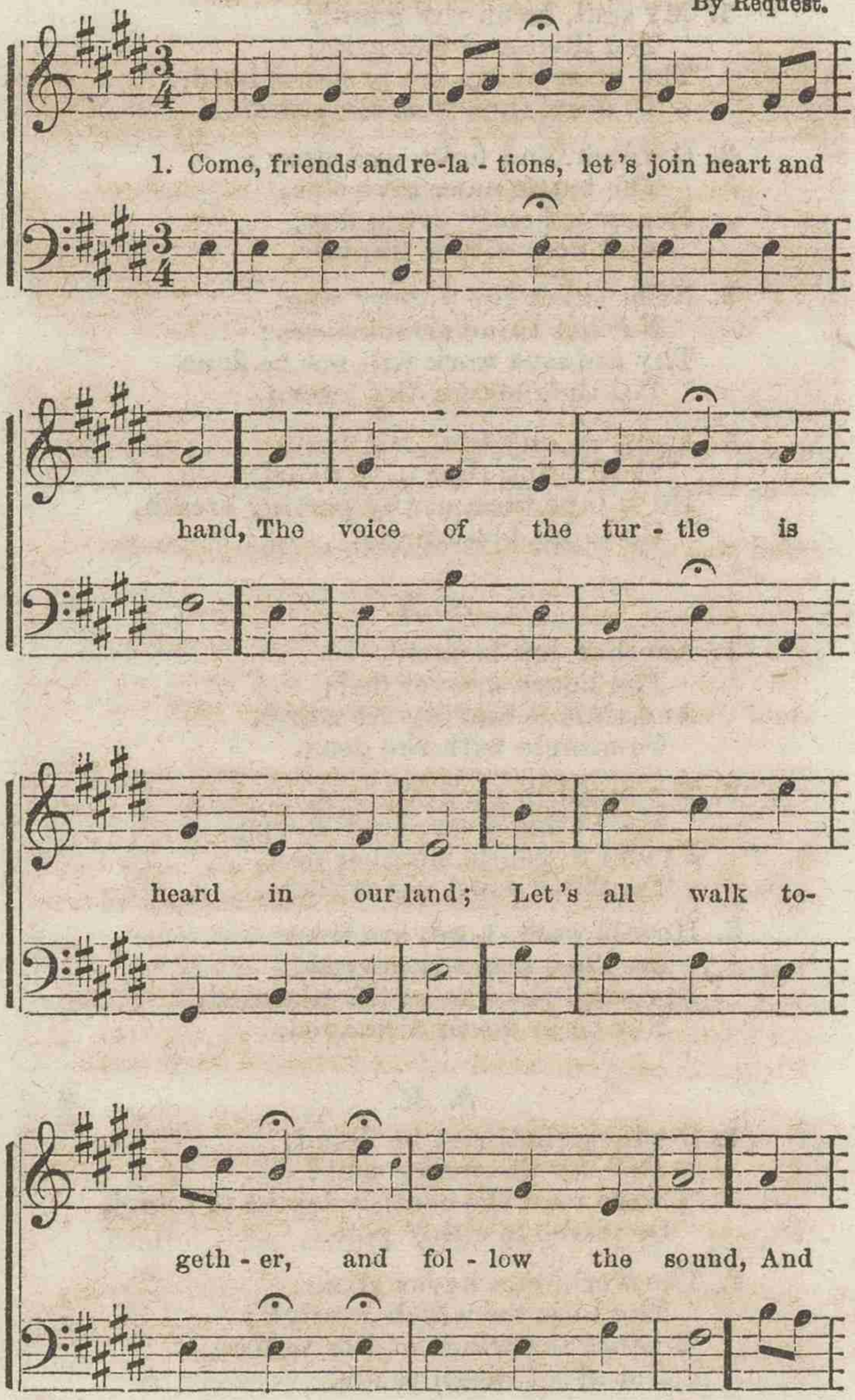
S. M.

1. O where shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
'T were vain the ocean's depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

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

REDEMPTION. 11s.

By Request.



REDEMPTION. 11s.—Concluded.



Redemption.

1. Come, friends and relations, let's join heart and hand,
The voice of the turtle is heard in our land;
Let 's all walk together and follow the sound,
And march to the place where redemption is found.

2. The place is not hidden, it is not concealed,
All mortals may know it, for now 't is revealed;
The place is in Jesus, to Jesus we 'll go,
And there find redemption from sorrow and wo.

3. And you, my dear brethren, who love our dear Lord,
Who have witness for pardon, through faith in his word,
Let patience attend you, though tried you may be,
In Christ you 've redemption, 't is purchased and free.

4. We read of commotions and signs in the skies,
The sun and the moon shall be clothed in disguise,
And when you shall see all these tokens appear,
Then lift up your heads, your redemption is near.

5. O then the archangel the trumpet shall sound,
And wake all the saints that sleep under the ground;
The sound of that trumpet will bid you arise,
To meet your redemption with joy and surprise.

6. Redeemed from all sorrow, redeemed from distress,
The fruits of redemption no tongue can express;
Redemption was purchased by Jesus' free love,
We 'll sing of redemption in heaven above.

RETREAT. L. M. Hastings.

VERY GENTLY.

1. From ev' - ry storm-y wind that blows,
From ev' - ry swell - ing tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure re - treat,
'T is found be - neath the mer - cy - seat.

AD. LIB. RITARD.

The Mercy-Seat.

1. From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat,
'T is found beneath the mercy-seat.

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

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

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

5. O, let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,
This throbbing heart forget to beat,
If I forget the mercy-seat.

Hope of the Resurrection.

1. And must this body die?
This mortal frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie moldering in the clay?

2. God, my Redeemer, lives,
And often, from the skies,
Looks down, and watches all my dust,
Till He shall bid it rise.

3. Arrayed in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every shape, and every face,
Look heavenly and divine.

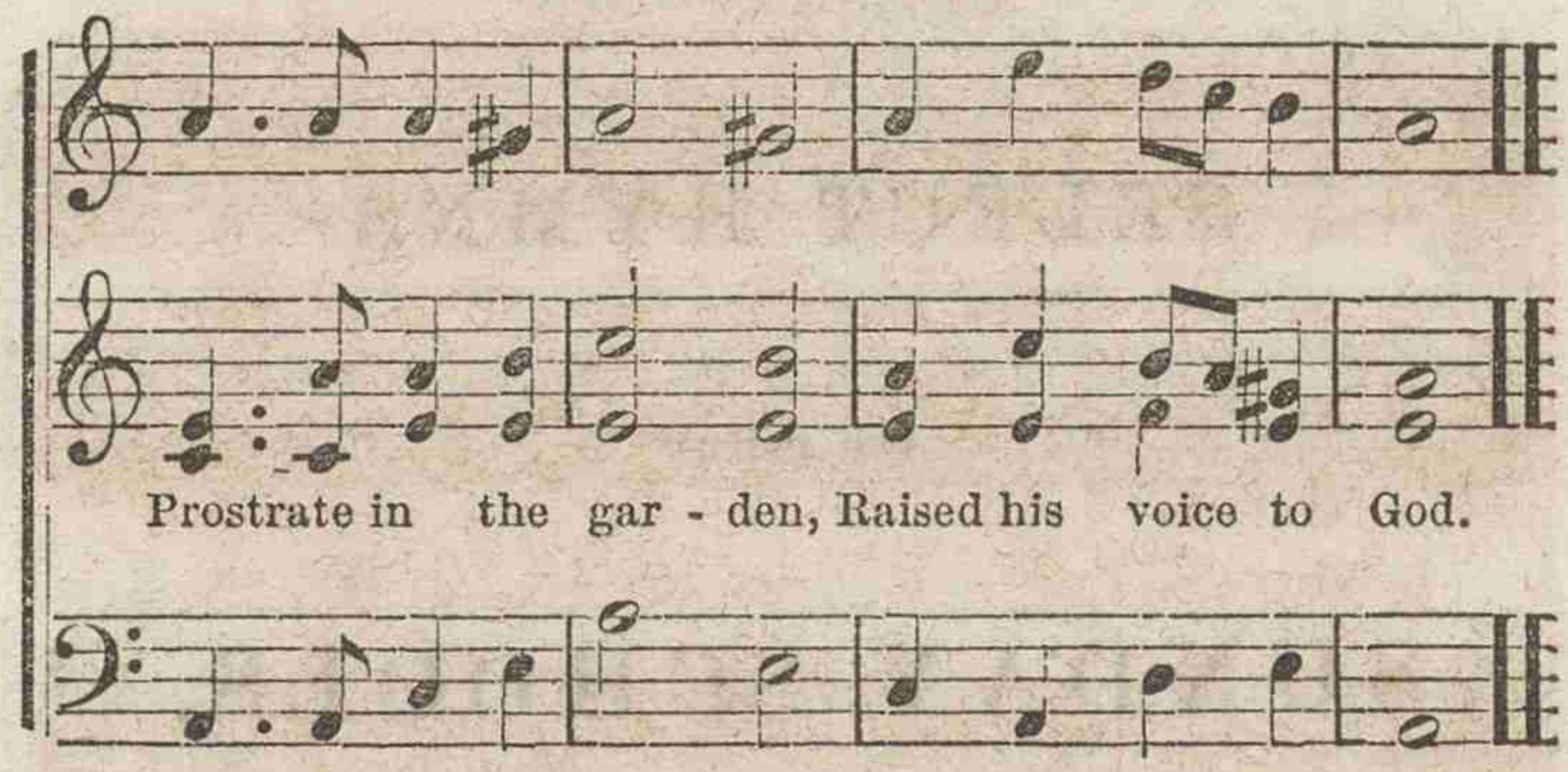
4. These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love;
We would adore His grace below,
And sing His power above.

THE AGONY.

Poetry and Music by L. H. Jamieson.

DISTINCT EXPRESSION.

THE AGONY.—Concluded.



1. Night with ebon pinion,
   Brooded o'er the vale;
All around was silent,
   Save the night-wind's wail;
When Christ, the man of sorrows,
   In sweat, and tears, and blood,
Prostrate in the garden,
   Raised his voice to God.

2. Smitten for offenses
   Which were not his own,
He for our transgressions,
   Had to weep alone;
No friend with words of comfort
   Nor hand of help was there,
When the meek and lowly,
   Bowed himself in prayer.

3. Abba, Father! Father!
   If, indeed, it may,
Let this cup of anguish,
   Pass from me away!
Yet if it must be suffered,
   By me, thine only Son,
Abba, Father! Father!
   Let thy will be done.

SELECT HYMNS

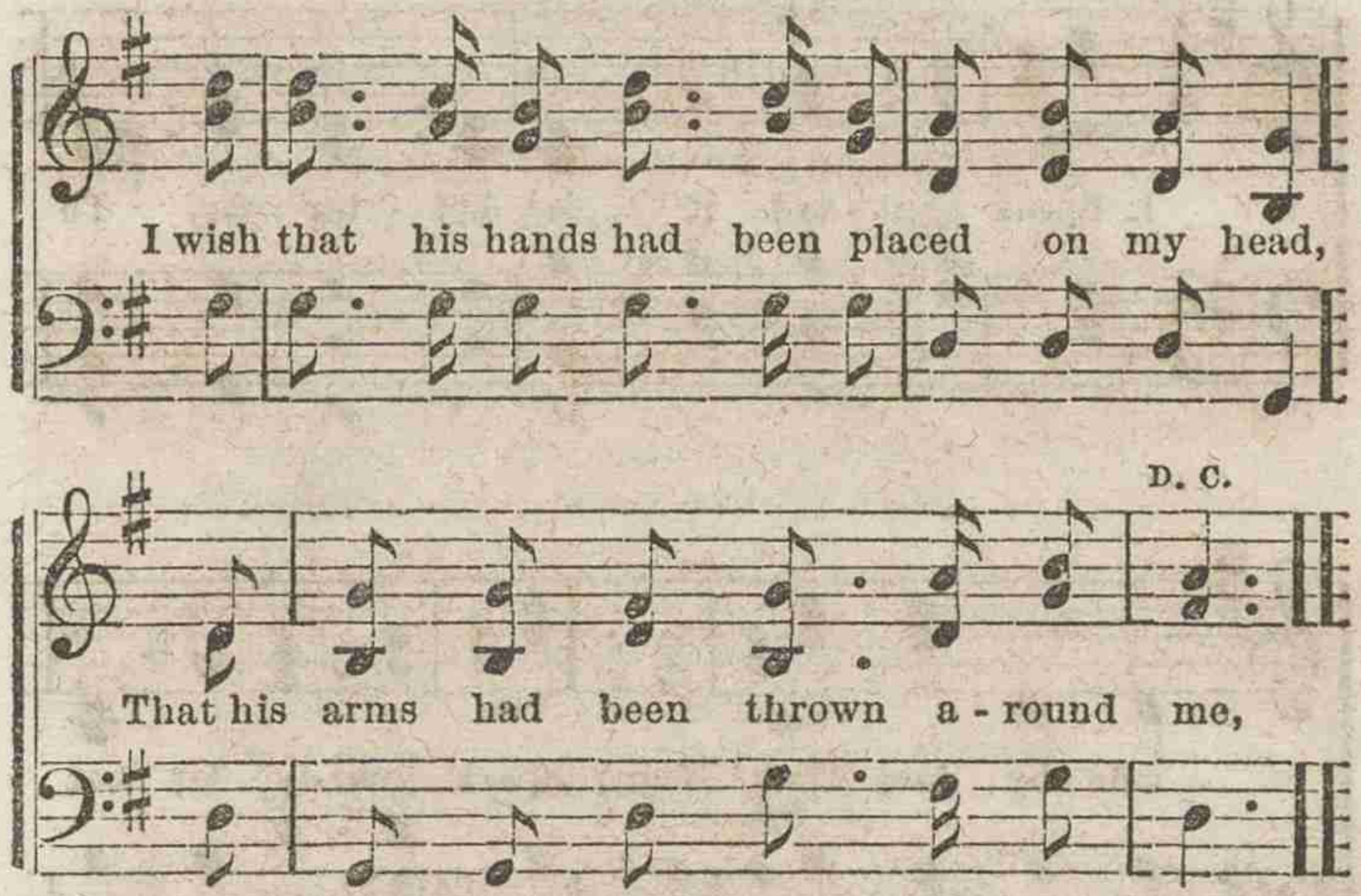
FOR USE IN

SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

"SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME."



"SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME."—Concluded.

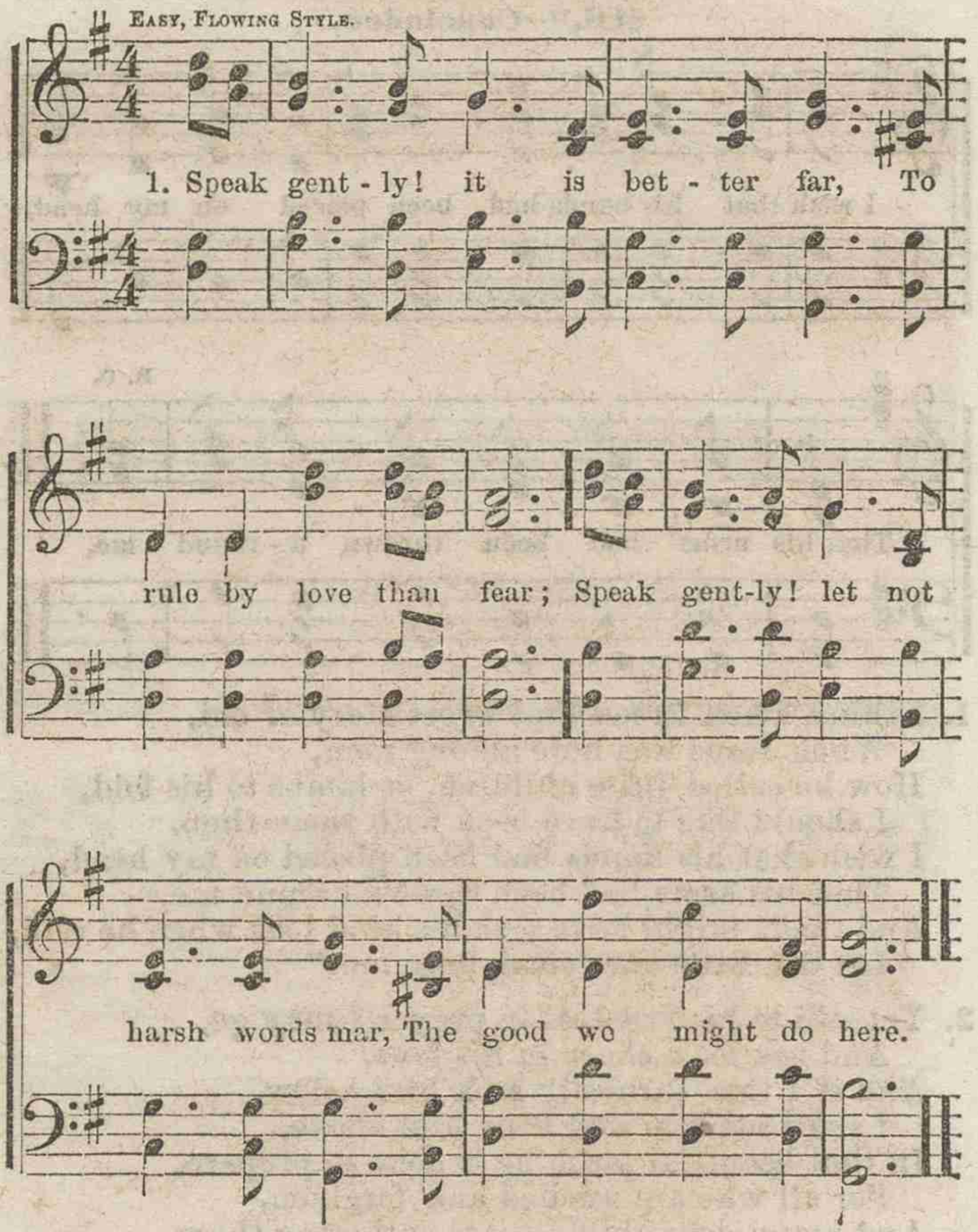


1. I think when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How he called little children, as lambs to his fold,
I should like to have been with them then.
I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,
That his arms had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen his kind look when he said,
"Let the little ones come unto me."

2. 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,
In that beautiful place he is 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.

3. But thousands and thousands who wander and fall,
Never heard of that heavenly home;
I should like them to know there is room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come;
I long for the joy of that glorious time
The sweetest, and brightest, and best,
When the dear little children of every clime
Shall crowd to his arms and be blessed.

SPEAK GENTLY.



1. Speak gently! it is better far,
To rule by love than fear;
Speak gently! let not harsh words mar,
The good we might do here.

2. Speak gently! love doth whisper low,
The vows that true hearts bind;
And gently friendship's accents flow—
Affection's voice is kind.

3. Speak gently to the little child,
Its love be sure to gain;
Teach it in accents soft and mild—
It may not long remain.

4. Speak gently to the young, for they
Will have enough to bear;
Pass through this life as best they may,
'T is full of anxious care.

5. Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the care-worn heart;
The sands of life are nearly run,
Let such in peace depart.

6. Speak gently, kindly to the poor,
Let no harsh tone be heard;
They have enough they must endure,
Without one unkind word.

7. Speak gently to the erring—know
They may have toiled in vain;
Perhaps unkindness made them so;
O win them back again.

8. Speak gently! He who gave his life
To bend man's stubborn will,
When elements were in fierce strife,
Said to them, "Peace, be still!"

9. Speak gently! 't is a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy which it may bring,
Eternity may tell.

Hope in the Promise.

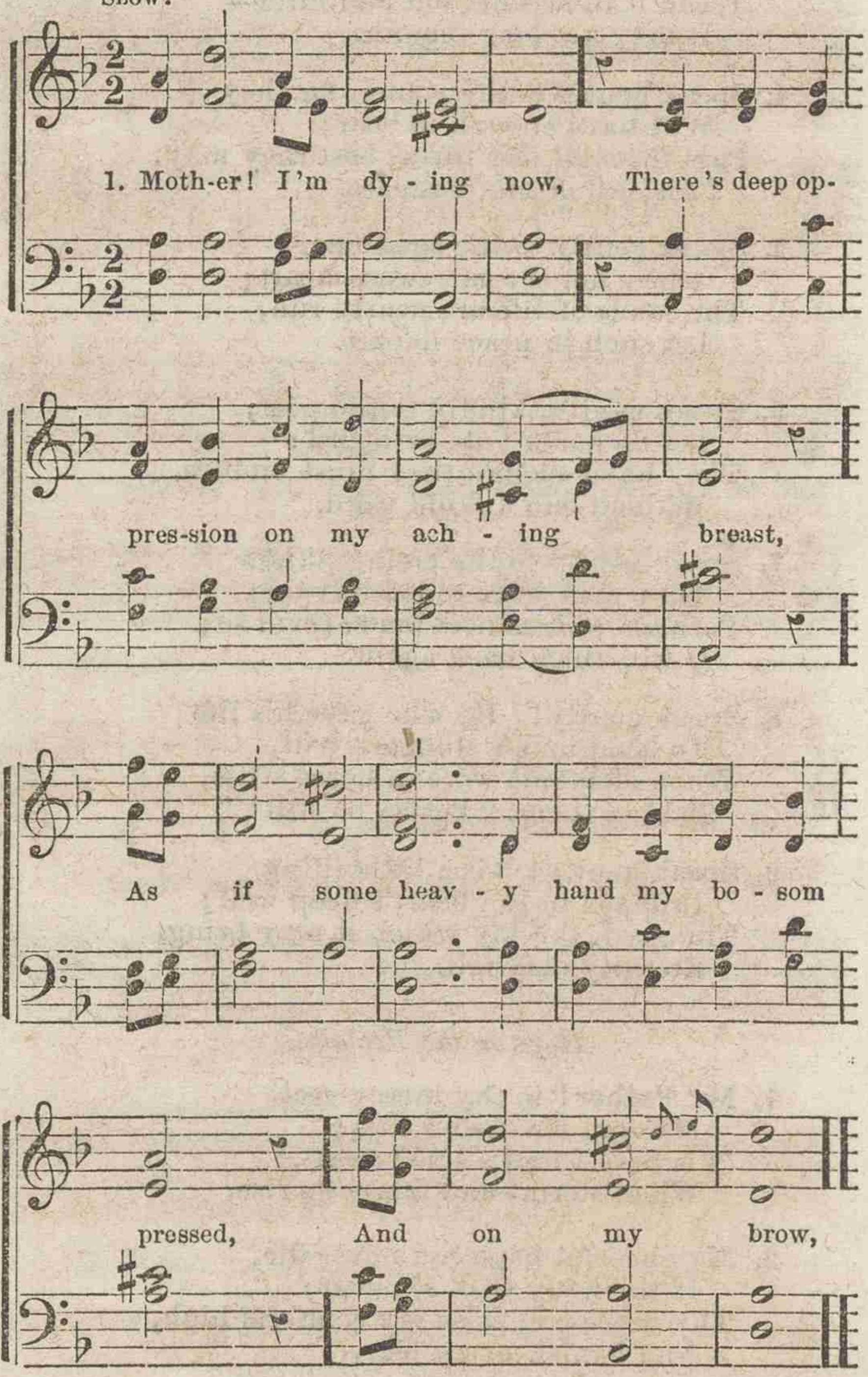
1. My Father! to thy mercy-seat,
My soul for shelter flies;
'T is here I find a safe retreat,
When storms and tempests rise.

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

THE DYING BOY. 6, 8, 4.

Rev. W. F. Farrington.

SLOW.



The Dying Boy.

1. Mother! I'm dying now!
There 's deep oppression on my aching breast,
As if some heavy hand my bosom pressed,
And on my brow,

2. I feel the cold sweat stand;
My lips grow dry and tremulous, my breath
Comes feebly up—O tell me, is this death?
Mother, your hand—

3. Here; lay it on my wrist,
And place the other thus beneath my head,
And say, sweet mother, say, when I am dead,
Shall I be missed?

4. O, at the time of prayer,
When you look round and see my vacant seat,
You will not wait then for my coming feet—
You 'll miss me there.

5. Never, beside your knee,
Shall I, again, kneel down at night to pray,
Nor with the morning wake, and sing the lay
You taught to me.

6. I must be happy there—
From pain and death you say I shall be free—
That sickness never enters there, and we
Shall meet again!

7. Sister, the young rose-tree
That all the spring has been my pleasant care,
Just putting forth its leaves so green and fair,
I give to thee.

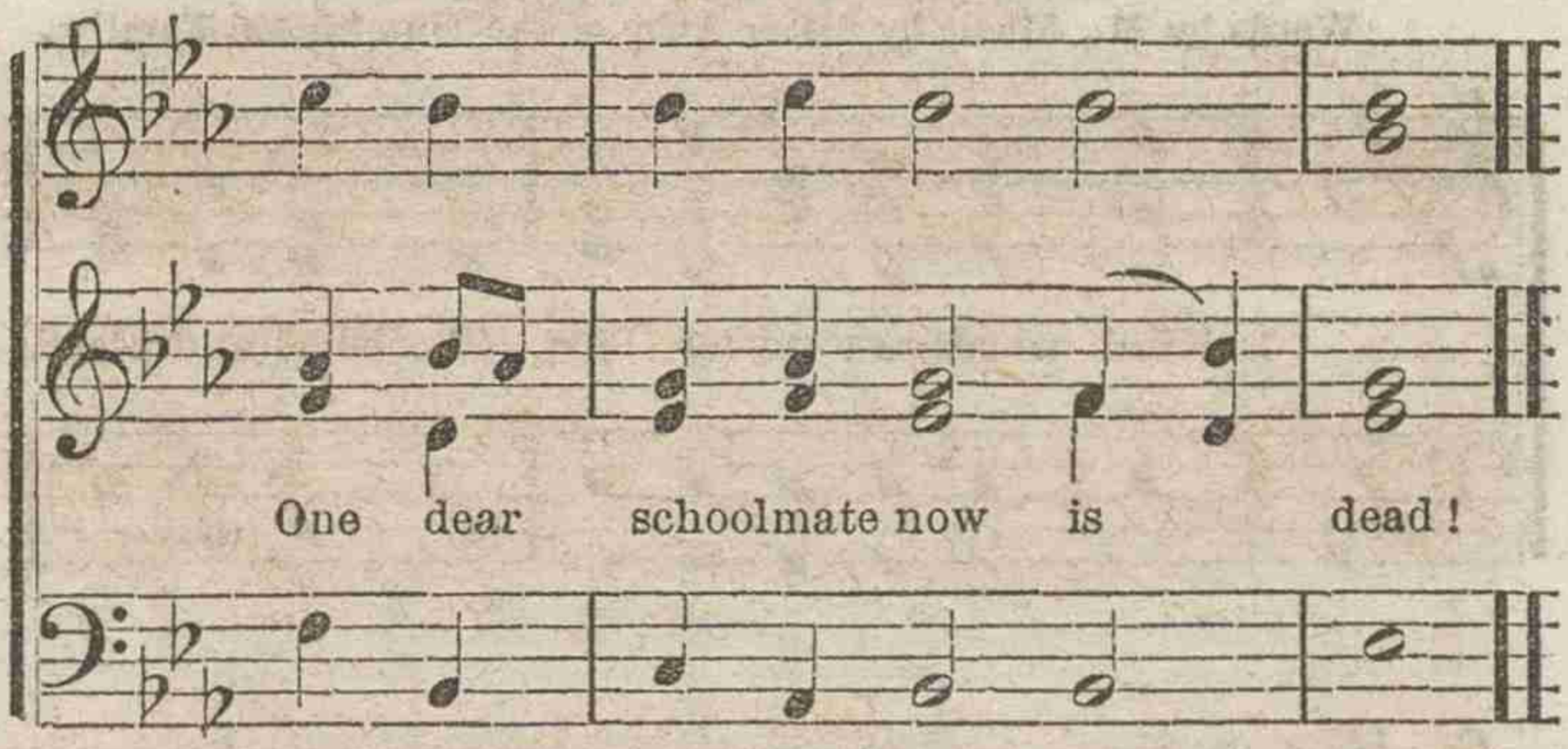
8. And when its roses bloom,
I shall be gone away, my short life done!
But will you not bestow a single one
Upon my tomb?

9. Now, mother, sing the tune
You sung last night—I 'm weary and must sleep—
Who was it called my name? nay, do not weep,
You 'll all come soon.

FERN DELL. 8s & 7s.

GENTLY. A Funeral Hymn.

FERN DELL. 8s & 7s.—Concluded.



1. One sweet flower has drooped and faded,
   One sweet infant voice has fled;
   One fair brow the grave has shaded,
   One dear schoolmate now is dead!

2. But we feel no thought of sadness,
   For our friend is happy now;
   She has knelt in heartfelt gladness,
   Where the blessed angels bow.

3. She has gone to heaven before us,
   But she turns and waves her hand,
   Pointing to the glories o'er us,
   In that happy spirit-land.

---

1. Cease, ye mourners, cease to languish
   O'er the graves of those you love;
   Pain, and death, and night, and anguish,
   Enter not the world above!

2. While our silent steps are straying
   Lonely through night's deepening shade;
   Glory's brightest beams are playing,
   Round the happy Christian's head.

3. Light and peace at once deriving,
   From the hand of God, most high;
   In his glorious presence living,
   They shall never, never die.

KIND WORDS CAN NEVER DIE.

Words by M., Music by Sister Abby of the Hutchinson Family.



KIND WORDS CAN NEVER DIE.—Concluded.

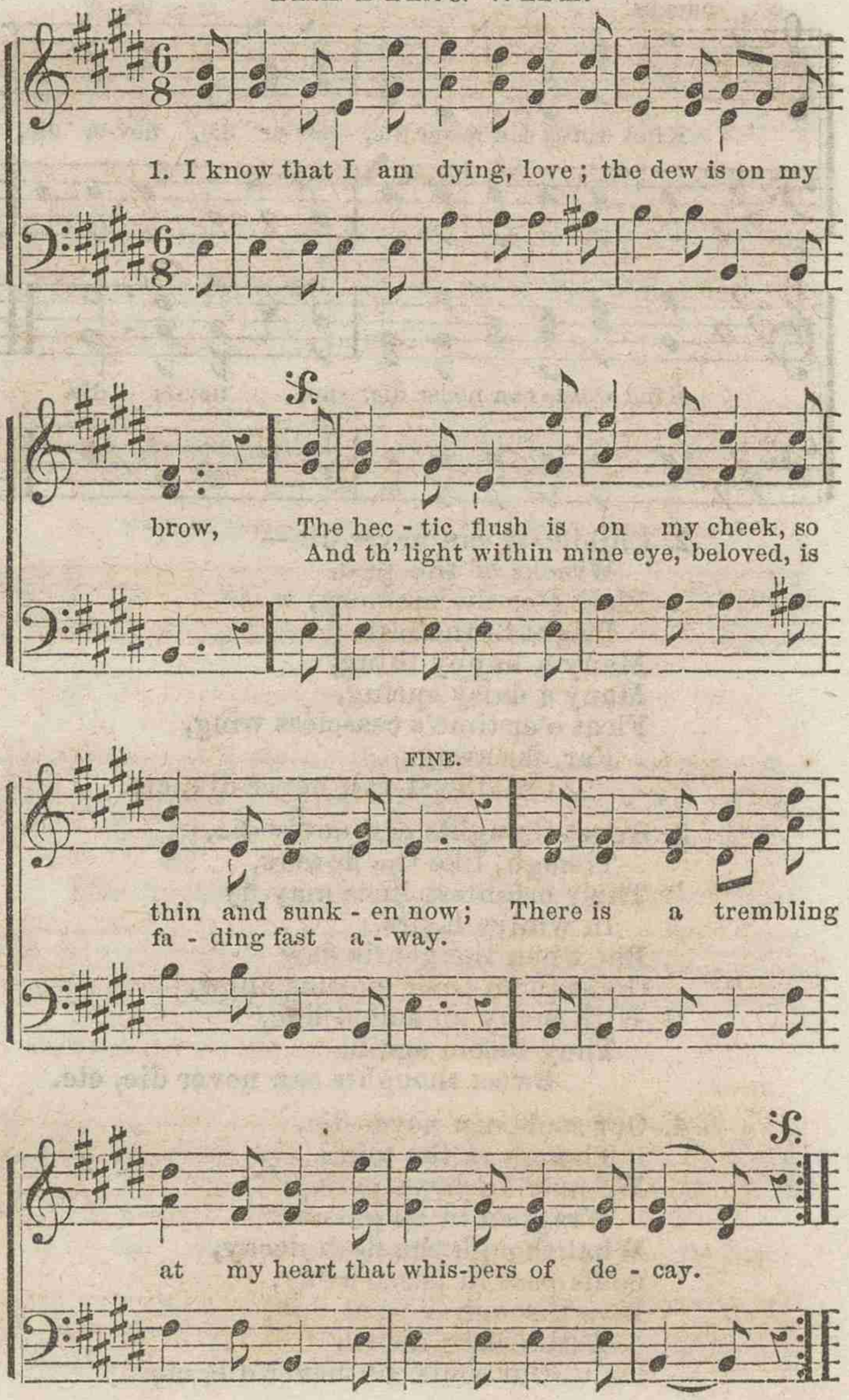


2. Childhood can never die—
Wrecks of the past
Float o'er the memory,
Bright to the last.
Many a happy thing,
Many a daisy spring,
Float o'er time's ceaseless wing,
Far, far away.
Childhood can never die, etc.

3. Sweet thoughts can never die,
Though, like the flowers,
Their brightest hues may fly
In wintry hours.
But when the gentle dew
Gives them their charms anew,
With many an added hue,
They bloom again.
Sweet thoughts can never die, etc.

4. Our souls can never die,
Though in the tomb
We may all have to lie,
Wrapped in its gloom.
What though the flesh decay,
Souls pass in peace away,
Live through eternal day,
With Christ above.
Our souls can never die, etc.

THE DYING WIFE.



2. The hand which thou art clasping, love, will soon be cold and chill,
The heart so faintly throbbing now, forever more be still,
And in one lingering long farewell, will die away the tone,
Of this faint voice that long hath loved to echo back thine own.

3. I mind me of the day, beloved, when gentle ones and fair,
Were twining orange buds among the tresses of my hair,
When in my snowy robe I stood, all blushing by thy side,
With quivering lip, but love-lit eye, a hopeful, loving bride.

4. And now long years have rolled away, but ever kind and true,
Thy love hath been the sweetest thing that e'er fond woman knew;
But death is drawing near me, love, and life hath well-nigh flown,
Our hearts must now be parted, love, and one must throb alone.

5. But thick and fast thy burning tears are falling on my cheek,
They tell me of the deathless love thy white lips can not speak;
Weep not, my own, a few brief years, and on a happier shore,
The hearts that love the same sweet trust, shall meet to part no more.

6. But sometimes wilt thou steal away, to where the willows wave,
And think of her whose faithful heart lies in that lonely grave
But ah! the throes of death, beloved, within my bosom swell,
'Tis sweet to die upon thy breast; farewell, my own, farewell.

O, WE LOVE TO COME.

Words by Miss Sarah Hamilton, Music by Prof. T. Wood.



O, WE LOVE TO COME.—Concluded.



1. O, we love to come to our Sabbath home,
   And learn of our teachers dear,
Who point us, with love, to our home above,
   And the crown that awaits us there.

2. O, we love to come to our Sabbath home,
   When the six days toil is o'er,
And read and sing of our heavenly King,
   And learn to love Him more.

3. O, we love to come to our Sabbath home,
   But we would not come alone;
We would each bring in, from the depths of sin,
   Some wretched, wandering one;

4. Whose feet now stray in the broad, broad way,
   Who know not of God or heaven;
And would bid them taste of the blessed feast,
   Which our Father's love hath given.

5. Then toil we on till the race is won,
   And the pearly gates unfold,
And we find our rest on the Saviour's breast,
   At home in the city of gold.

SWEETLY SINGING.

Music by Rev. Robert Lowry.



Sweetly Singing.

1. I KNOW 't is Jesus loves my soul,
And makes the wounded sinner whole;
My nature is by sin defiled,
Yet Jesus loves a little child.

CHORUS.

Sweetly, sweetly, sweetly singing,
Let us praise him, praise him, praise him, bringing,
Happy voices, voices, voices ringing,
Like the songs of angels around the throne.

2. How kind is Jesus, O how good!
'T was for my soul he shed his blood;
For children's sake he was reviled,
For Jesus loves a little child.
Sweetly singing, etc.

3. When I offend by thought or tongue,
Omit the right, or do the wrong
If I repent, he 's reconciled,
For Jesus loves a little child.
Sweetly singing, etc.

4. To me may Jesus now impart,
Although so young, a gracious heart;
Alas, I 'm oft by sin defiled,
Yet Jesus loves a little child.
Sweetly singing, etc.

Object of our Creation.

1. WHY have we lips, if not to sing
The praises of our heavenly King?
Why have we hearts, if not to love
Our Father and our Friend above?

2. Why have we souls, if not to know
The God from whom our mercies flow?
Sure this can never be our lot,
Like senseless brutes to know him not.

GRATITUDE.


1. Thank God for the Bi-ble! 't is there that we find Tho
story of Christ and his love; How he came down to earth from his
End.
beautiful home In the mansions of glory a - bove.
Thanks to him we will bring, Praise to him we will sing,

Gratitude for the Bible.

1. THANK God for the Bible! 't is there that we find
The story of Christ and his love;
How he came down to earth from his beautiful home
In the mansions of glory above.

CHORUS.

Thanks to him we will bring,
Praise to him we will sing,
For he came down to earth from his beautiful home
In the mansions of glory above.

2. While he lived on the earth, to the sick and the blind,
And to mourners his blessing was given;
And he said, "Let the little ones come unto me,
For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Jesus calls us to come,
He 's prepared us a home,
For he said, "Let the little ones come unto me,
For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

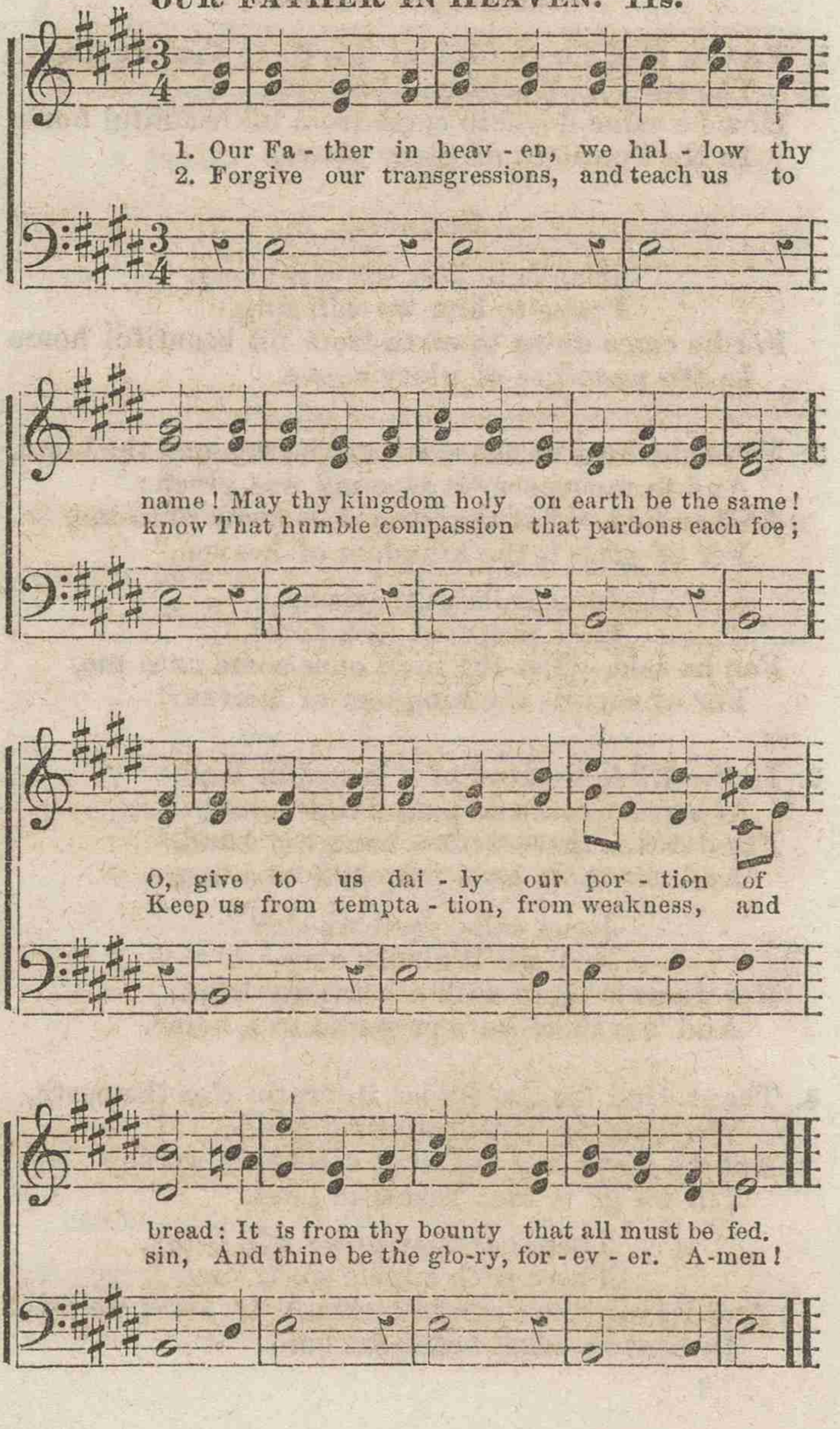
3. In the Bible we read of a beautiful land,
Where sorrow and pain never come;
For Jesus is there with a heavenly band,
And 't is there he 's prepared us a home.

Jesus calls, shall we stay?
No! we 'll gladly obey,
For Jesus is there with a heavenly band,
And 't is there he 's prepared us a home.

4. Thank God for the Bible! its truths o'er the earth,
We'll scatter with bountiful hand;
But we never can tell what a Bible is worth,
Till we go to that beautiful land.

There our thanks we will bring,
There with angels we 'll sing,
And its worth we can tell when with Jesus we dwell
In heaven—that beautiful land.

OUR FATHER IN HEAVEN. 11s.



2. Forgive our transgressions, and teach us to know
That humble compassion that pardons each foe;
Keep us from temptation, from weakness, and sin,
And thine be the glory forever. Amen.

11s.

1. "Do this," and remember the blood that was shed,
Ere Calvary's Victim to slaughter was led:
When, sad and forsaken, the garden alone
Gave ear to his sorrow, and echoed his moan.

2. Remember the conflict with insult and scorn,
The robe of derision, the chaplet of thorn;
The sin-cleansing fountain that streamed from his side,
When "Father, forgive them," he uttered and died.

3. Remember that victor o'er death and the grave;
He liveth forever, his people to save;
O take, with thanksgiving, this pledge of his love,
The foretaste of rapture eternal, above.

11s.

1. O send forth the Bible, more precious than gold,
Let no one presume the blest gift to withhold;
It speaks to all nations in language so plain,
That he who will read it, true wisdom may gain.

2. It points us to heaven where the righteous will go;
It warns us to shun the dark regions of woe;
It shows us the evil and danger of sin,
And opens a fountain of cleansing within.

3. It tells us of One who is mighty to save,
Who died on the cross and arose from the grave;
Who dwelleth on high, in that holy abode,
Interceding for man with a pardoning God.

4. O, who would neglect such a volume as this,
That warns us of danger, invites us to bliss?
Send forth the blest Bible, earth's regions around,
Wherever the footsteps of man may be found.

SOVEREIGN GRACE. 7s.

1. Sove - reign grace has power a - lone,
2. When the Lord was crú - ci . fied,
To subdue a heart of stone, And the mo-ment
Two transgressors with him died; One with vile, bias-
grace is felt, Then the hard - est heart will melt.
pheming tongue, Scoffed at Je - sus as he hung!

1. SOVEREIGN grace has power alone,
To subdue a heart of stone,
And the moment grace is felt,
Then the hardest heart will melt.

2. When the Lord was crucified,
Two transgressors with him died;
One with vile, blaspheming tongue,
Scoffed at Jesus as he hung.

3. Thus he spent his wicked breath,
In the very jaws of death;
Perished, as too many do,
With the Saviour in his view.

4. But the other, touched by grace,
Saw the danger of his case,
Faith received to own the Lord
Whom the scribes and priests abhorred.

5. "Lord," he prayed, "remember me,
When in glory thou shalt be."
"Soon with me," the Lord replies,
"Thou shalt rest in Paradise."

Portion with the People of God.

1. 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.

WILLIE AND I.

S. B. BALL.

1. We love to go to Sabbath school, Willie and I,
2. Our teacher we do dear-ly love, Willie and I,
3. Our father, mother too, we love, Willie and I,
4. We ought to love the Saviour most, Willie and I,

Willie and I; And be the weath-er foul or fair
Willie and I; She comes and takes us by the hand,
Willie and I; While many boys and girls there are
Willie and I; For if we love and serve him best

We purpose to be always there, To list-en to the
And points us to the better land, And tries to make us
Whose parents for them do not care, We of the good things
In his own bosom we shall rest, And be in heaven for-

open - ing prayer, Willie and I, Willie and I.
un - der - stand, Willie and I, Willie and I.
rich - ly share, Willie and I, Willie and I.
ev - er blest, Willie and I, Willie and I.

FAR AT SEA.

1. Star of peace, to wand'rers wea - ry
2. Star of hope, gleam o'er the bil - low;

3. Star of faith, when winds are mock - ing
4. Star Di - vine, O safe - ly guide him,

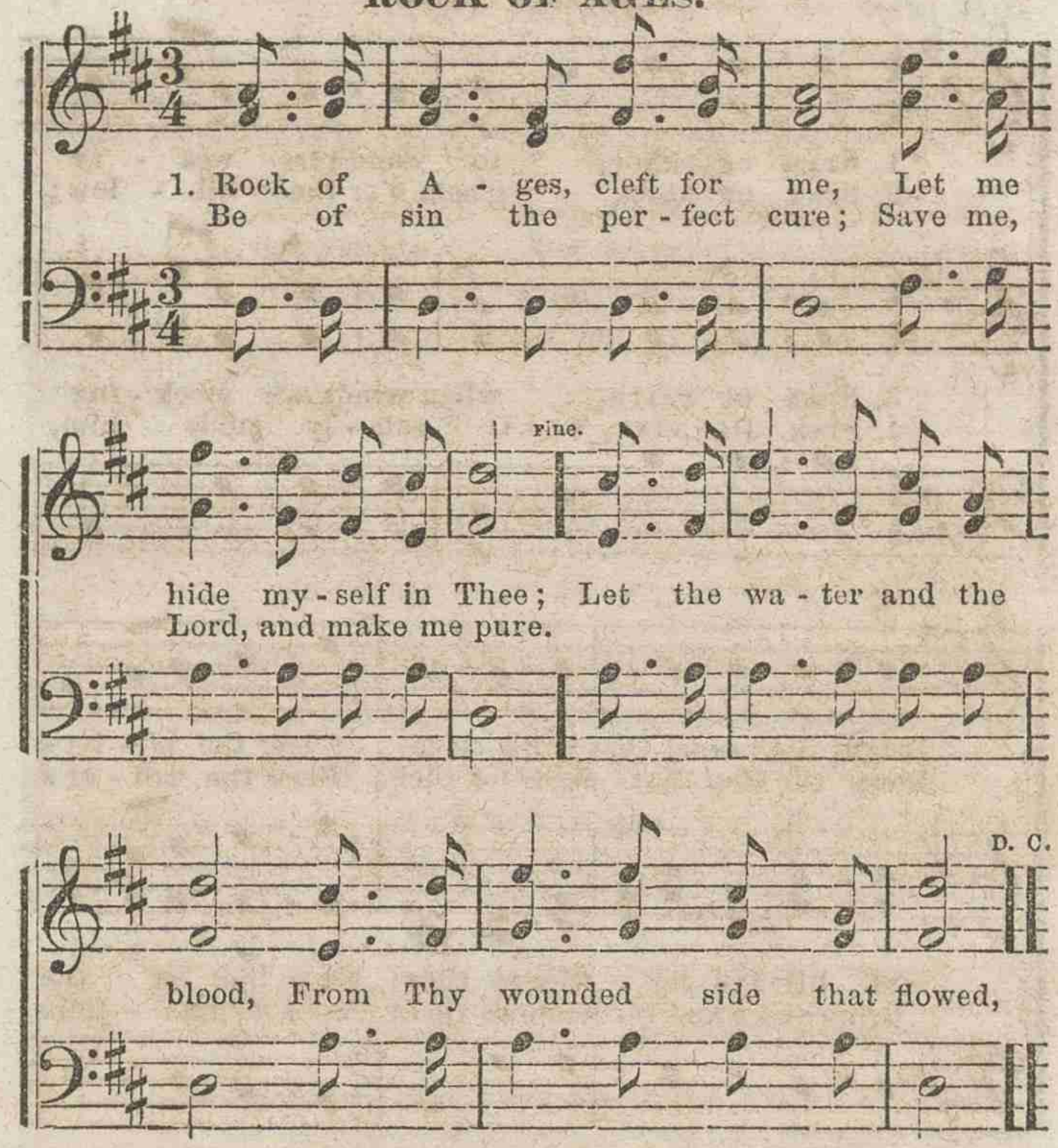
Bright the beams that smile on me; Cheer the pi - lot's
Bless the soul that sighs for thee; Bless the sail - or's

All his toil, he flies to thee; Save him on the
Bring the wand'rer home to thee; Sore tempta - tions

vis - ion drea - ry, Far, far at sea.
lone-ly pil - low, Far, far at sea.

bil - lows rock - ing, Far, far at sea.
long have tried him, Far, far at sea.

ROCK OF AGES.

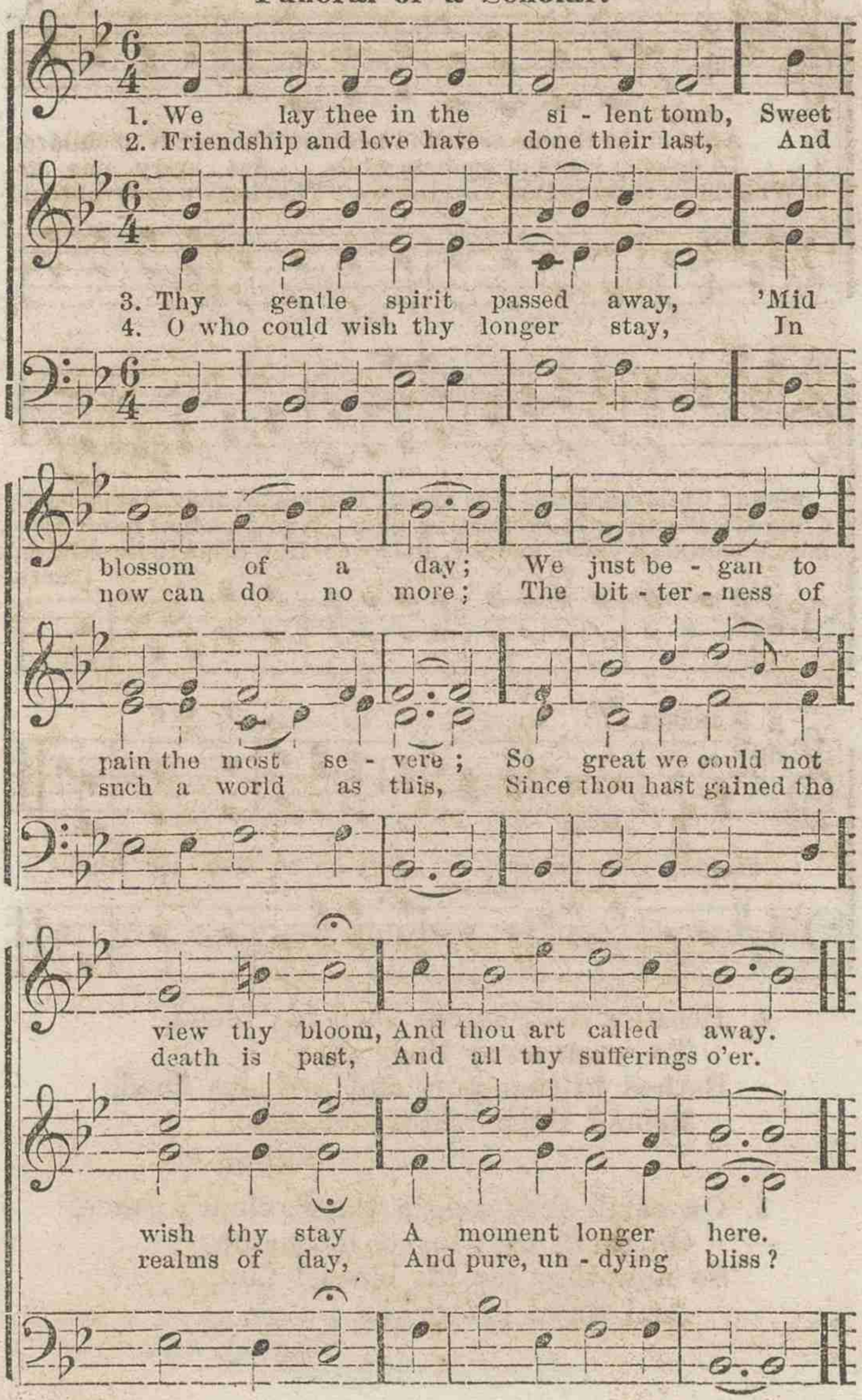


2. Should my tears forever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
This for sin could not atone:
Thou must save, and Thou alone.
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

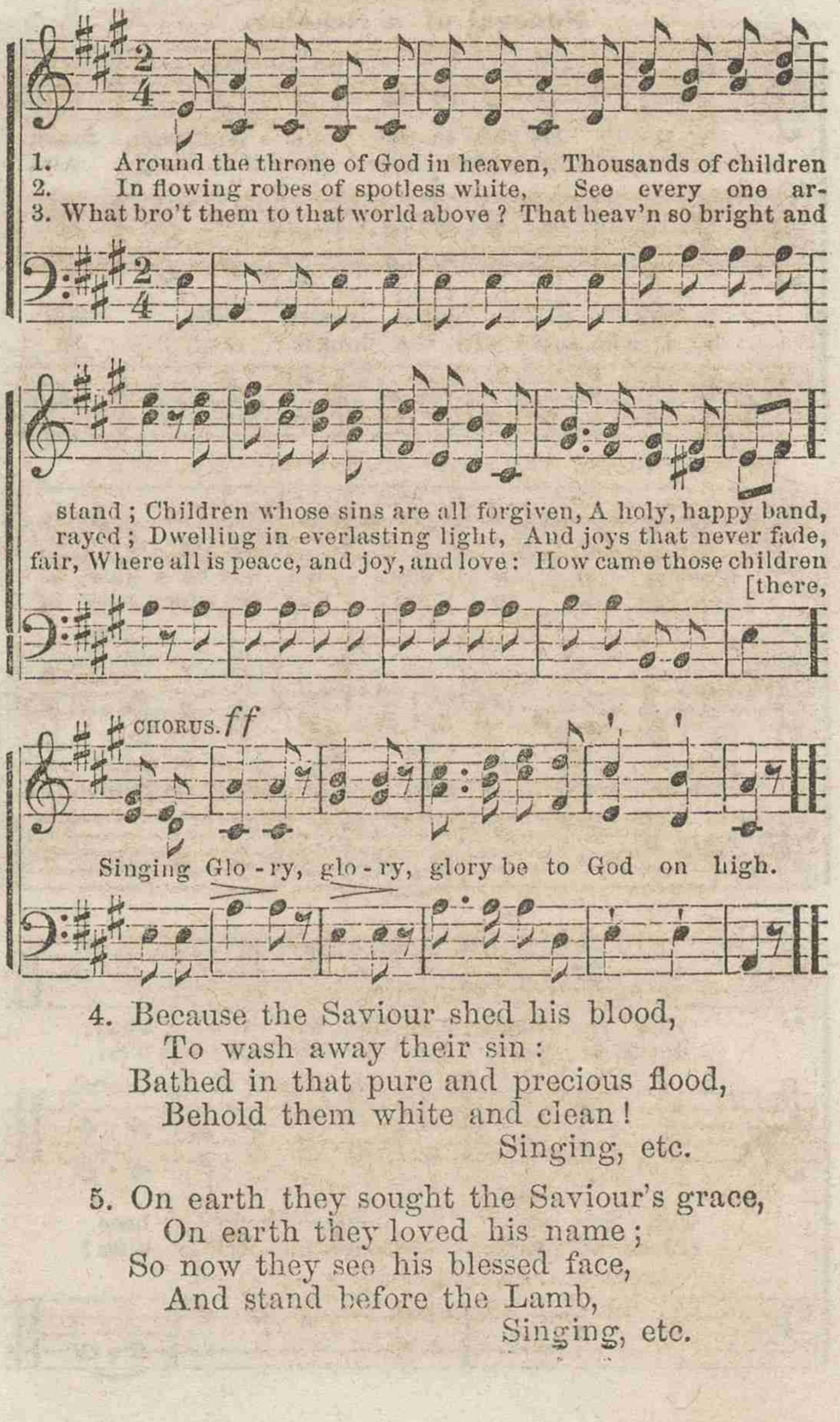
3. While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

"WE LAY THEE IN THE SILENT TOMB." C. M.

Funeral of a Scholar.



CHILDREN IN HEAVEN. C. M.



1. Around the throne of God in heaven, Thousands of children
2. In flowing robes of spotless white, See every one ar-
3. What bro't them to that world above? That heav'n so bright and

stand; Children whose sins are all forgiven, A holy, happy band,
rayed; Dwelling in everlasting light, And joys that never fade,
fair, Where all is peace, and joy, and love: How came those children [there,

Singing Glo-ry, glo-ry, glory be to God on high.

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, 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, etc.

Praise of Children acceptable. C. M.

1. Children of old hosannas sung
To praise the Saviour's name;
We too would join our infant song
To celebrate his fame.
Singing glory, glory, glory be to God on high.

2. Chief priests and scribes were sore displeased
That children thus should sing;
But Jesus owned their early praise,
And we our praises bring.
Singing glory, etc.

3. We bless the Lord for all his gifts,
For life, and food, and friends;
We bless him for the word of life,
The choicest gift he sends.
Singing glory, etc.

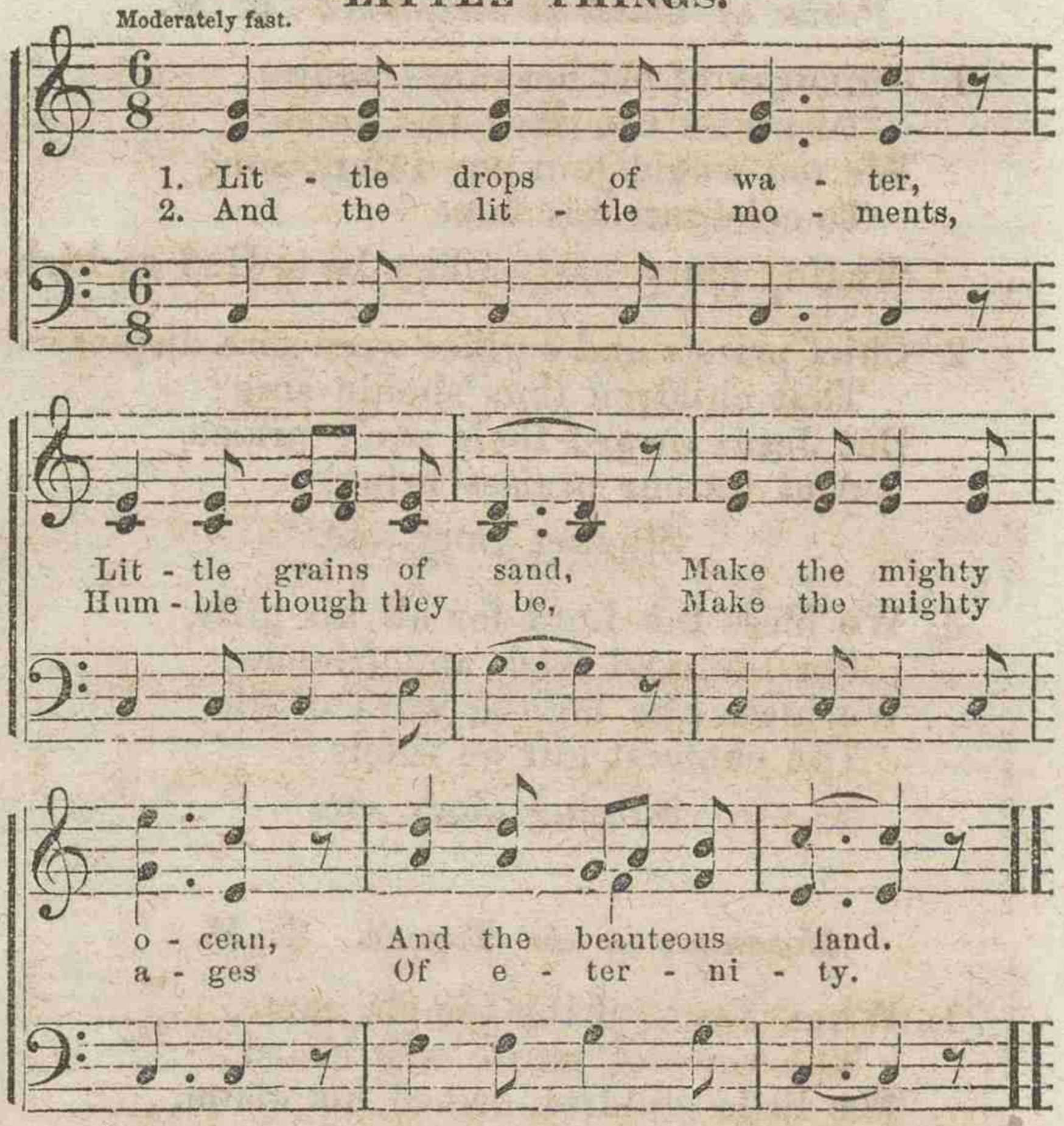
Hosannas in the Temple. C. M.

1. When Jesus to the temple came,
The voice of praise was heard:
The little children owned his claim,
And in his train appeared.
Singing glory, glory, glory be to God on high.

2. Hosannas made the temple ring,
For many tongues agreed;
Hosanna to the heavenly King!
To David's promised Seed.
Singing glory, etc.

3. O let those scenes be now renewed,
Where children lisp thy praise!
Thou art as gracious and as good
As in the former days.
Singing glory, etc.

LITTLE THINGS.



3. So our little errors
Lead the soul away
From the paths of virtue,
Oft in sin to stray.

4. Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
Like the heaven above.

5. Little seeds of mercy
Sown by youthful hands,
Grow to bless the nations
Far in heathen lands.

Jesus on Earth. C. M.

1. When Jesus walked the earth we tread,
Proclaiming peace and truth,
His fondest gaze fell on the face
Of innocence and youth.

2. The little ones among the throng
That often round him pressed,
With all a parent's love he took
And smiled upon, and blessed.

3. Ye by-gone days of olden time,
Your scenes have passed away;
We see no Saviour, as ye saw,
And yet he's here to-day.

4. 'T is this which prompts the teacher on,
His blessed work to do,
Insures him here bright jewels won,
And future glory too.

Youth devoted to God. C. M.

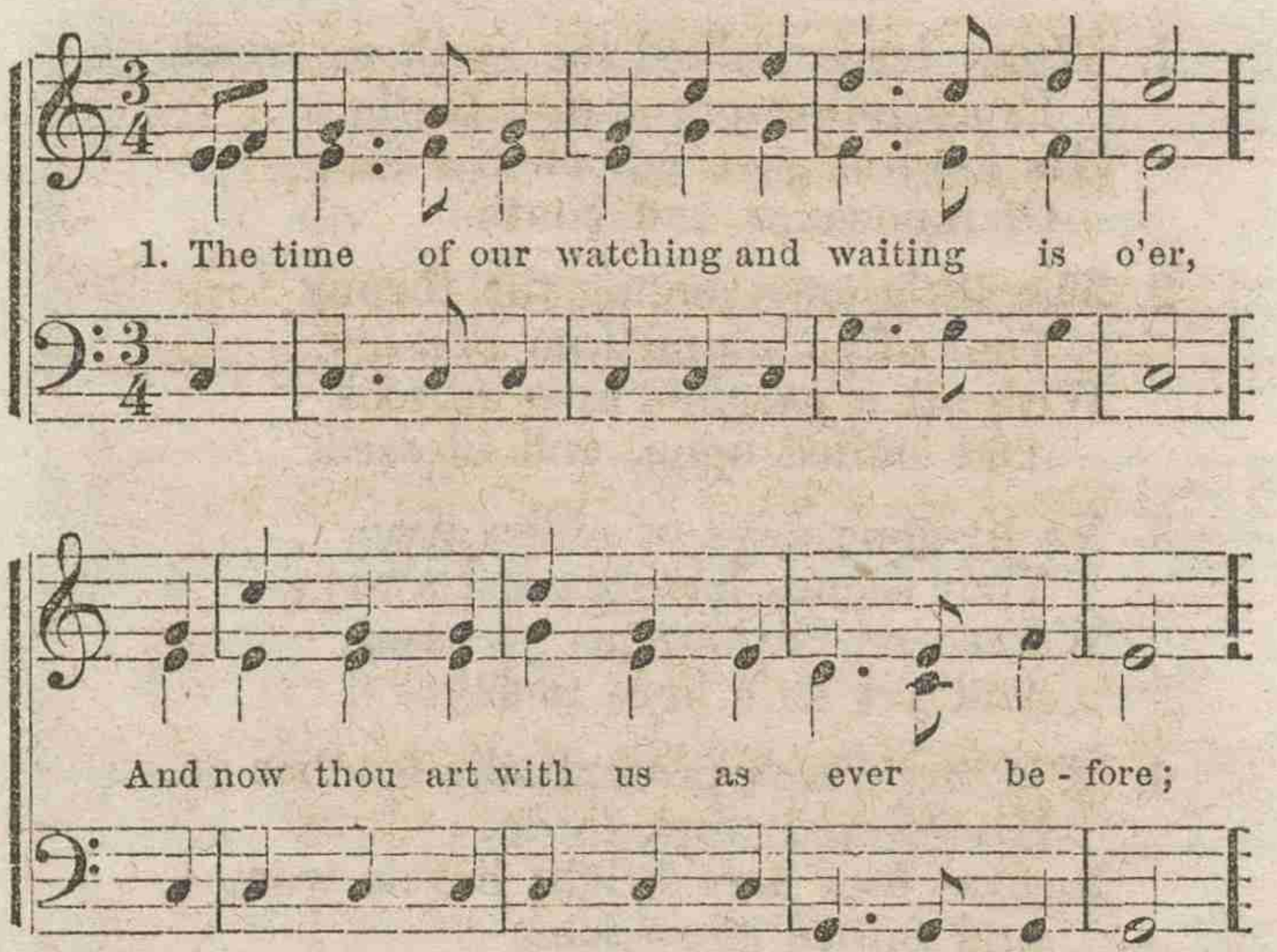
1. Happy the child whose tender years
Receive instruction well;
Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
The road that leads to hell.

2. 'T will save us from a thousand snares
To seek religion young;
Grace will preserve our following years,
And make our virtue strong.

3. To thee, Almighty God, to thee
Our childhood we resign;
'T will please us to look back and see
That our whole lives were thine.

4. Let the sweet work of prayer and praise
Employ our youngest breath;
Thus we 're prepared for longer days,
Or fit for early death.

THE WELCOME.


1. The time of our watching and waiting is o'er,
And now thou art with us as ever be - fore;
Now warm hearts may meet thee, And glad voices greet thee,
RITARD.
So happy are we thou art with us once more.

2. The hand that has led us while thou wast away
Has guided thee ever along on thy way.
Now light hearts may meet thee,
And glad voices greet thee,
So happy are we thou art with us to-day.

3. A welcome we bid thee—a hearty good cheer,
Thy words of instruction we're ready to hear,
Our conduct shall prove thee,
How fondly we love thee,
So happy are we thus to meet with thee here.

Delights of Heaven. 8s.

1. We speak of the realms of the blest,
That country so bright and so fair,
And oft are its glories confessed,
But what must it be to be there?

2. We speak of its pathways of gold,
Of its walls decked with jewels so rare,
Of its wonders and pleasures untold,
But what must it be to be there?

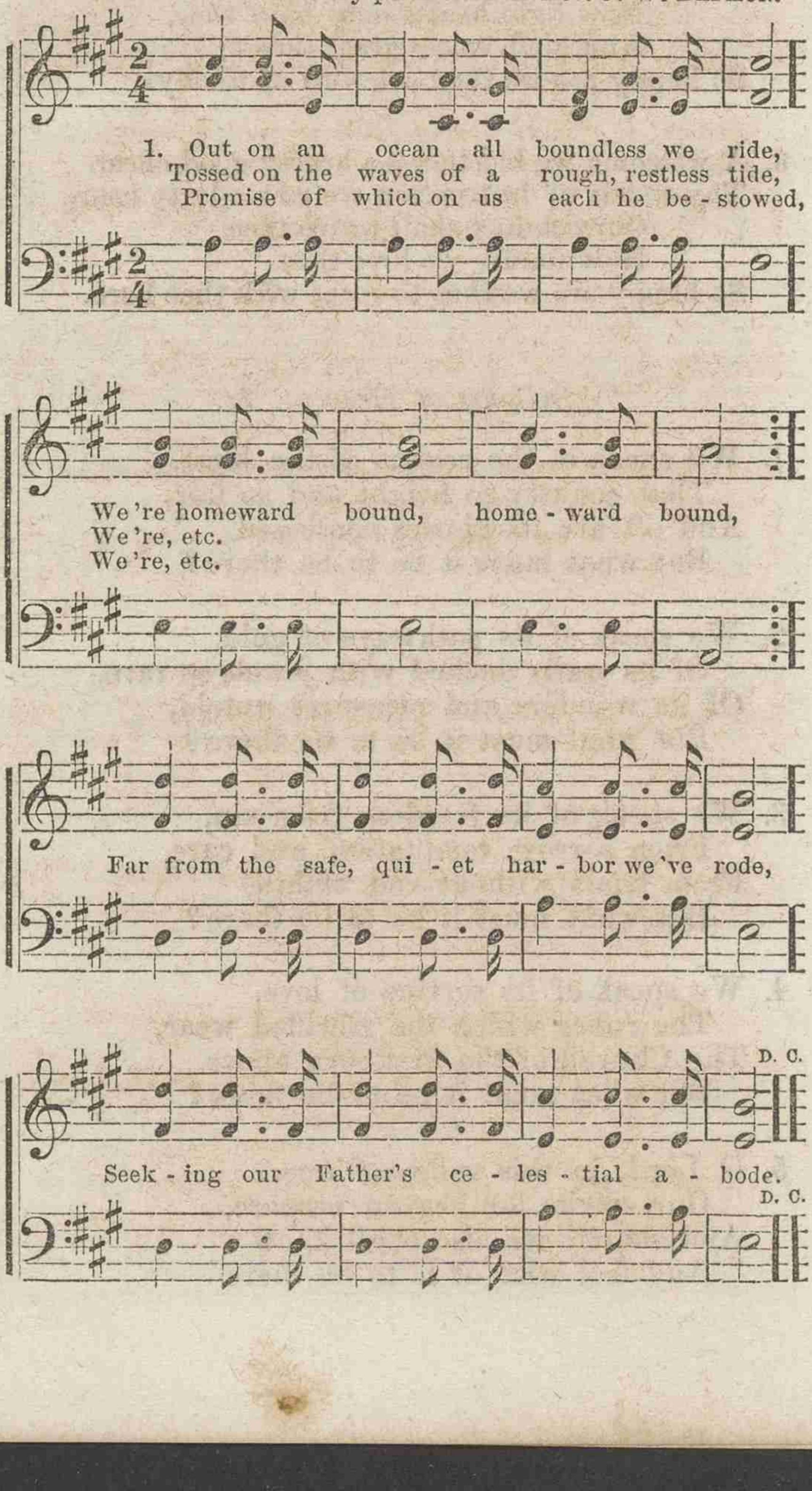
3. We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials without and within,
But what must it be to be there?

4. We speak of its service of love,
The robes which the glorified wear,
The Church of the first-born above,
But what must it be to be there?

5. O Lord, in this valley of woe,
Our spirits for heaven prepare,
And shortly we also shall know
And feel what it is to be there.

HOMEWARD BOUND. 10s and 4s.

By permission of Rev. J. W. DADMUN.



10s & 4s.

2. Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars,
We're homeward bound.
Look! yonder lie the bright heavenly shores,
We're homeward bound.
Steady, O pilot! stand firm at the wheel,
Steady! we soon shall outweather the gale,
O, how we fly 'neath the loud-creaking sail,
We're homeward bound.

3. Into the harbor of heaven now we glide,
We're home at last.
Softly we drift on its bright silver tide,
We're home at last.
Glory to God! all our dangers are o'er,
We stand secure on the glorified shore,
Glory to God! we will shout evermore,
We're home at last.

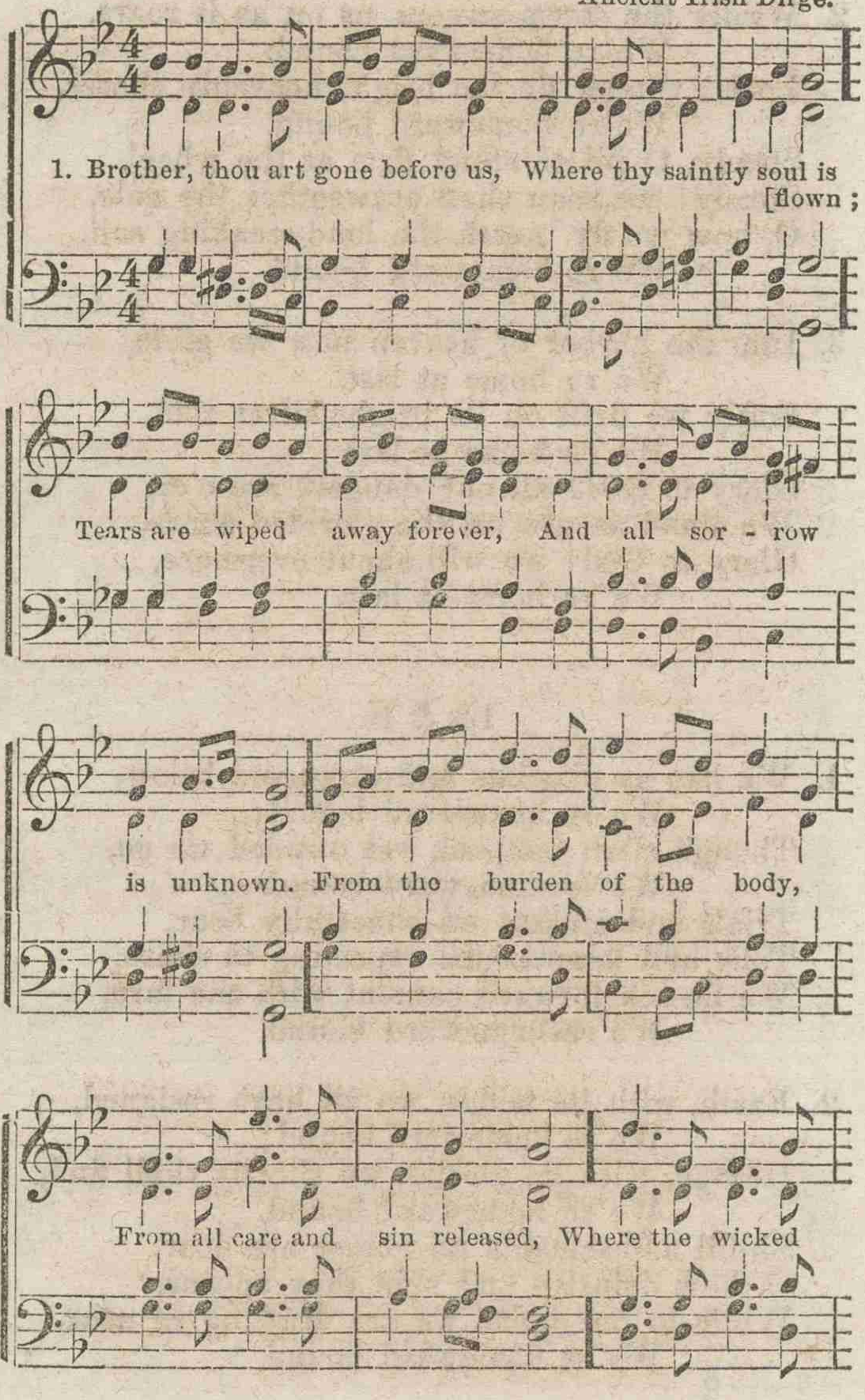
10s & 4s.

1. We live as pilgrims and strangers below,
We're homeward bound;
Though often tempted, yet onward we go,
We're homeward bound.
Trials and crosses we cheerfully bear,
Toils and temptations expecting to share,
We hasten forward content with the fare,
We're homeward bound.

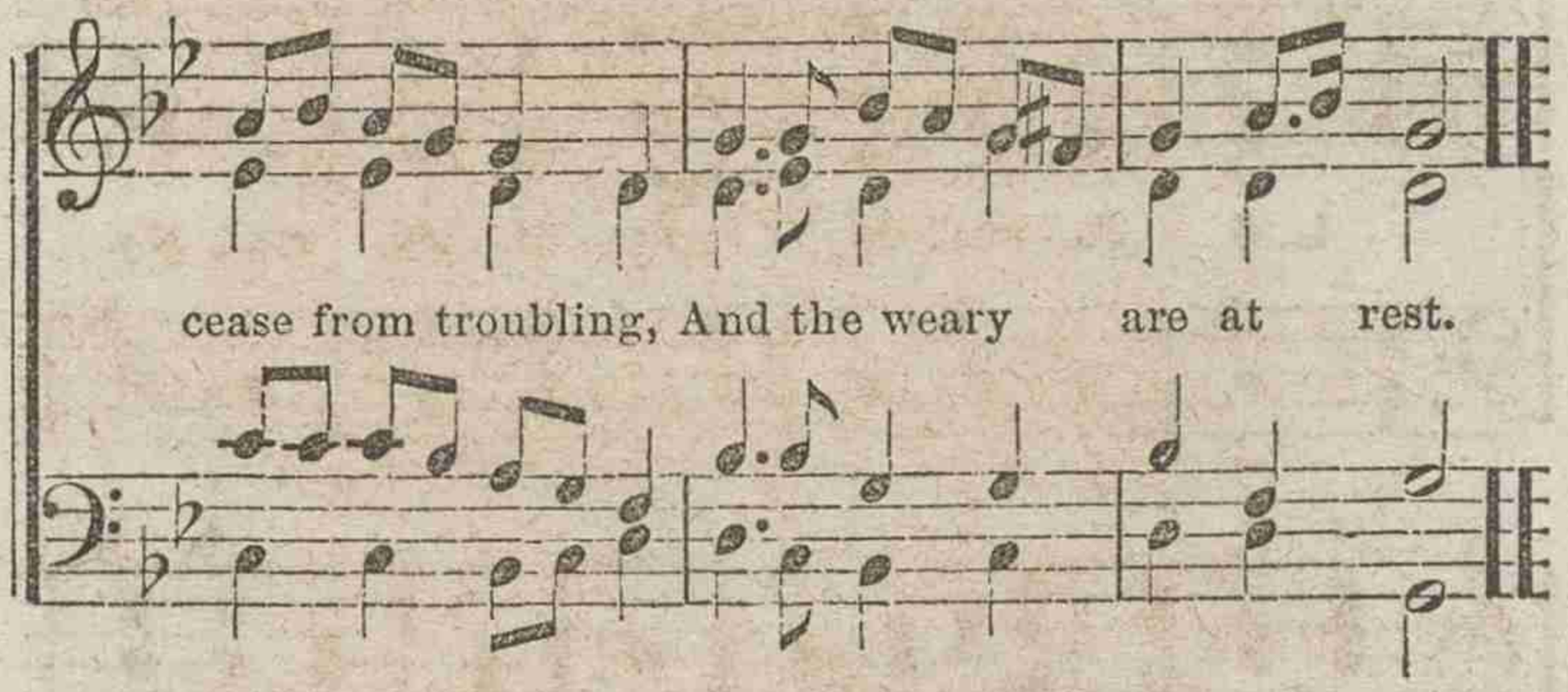
2. Earth, with its trifles, we all have resigned,
We're homeward bound;
Heaven, with its glories, we shortly shall find,
We're homeward bound.
Sinful amusements no longer are dear,
O, how delusive and vain they appear,
While to our home we are drawing so near,
We're homeward bound.

MOYLE. 8s and 7s.

Ancient Irish Dirge.



MOYLE—Continued.



2. O'er the toilsome way thou 'st traveled,
And endured the heavy load;
Christ has brought thy footsteps languid,
Safely to His blest abode.
Thou art resting now like Laz'rus,
On thy heavenly Father's breast,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

3. Sin no more can taint thy spirit,
Nor can doubt thy faith assail,
Thou thy welcome hast received,
Now thy strength shall never fail.
But thy spirit's now in glory,
Free among the faithful blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

4. When the Lord shall send his summons,
Unto us who're left behind,
May we, by the world untainted,
Gracious welcome with thee find.
Each like thee, in peace departing,
To the kingdom of the blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

CONSECRATION HYMN. 8s.



2. Thy love I can never deserve,
That bids me be happy in thee;
My God and my King I will serve,
Whose favor is heaven to me.

3. How can I thy goodness repay,
By nature so weak and defiled?
Myself I have given away,
O lead to thy glory thy child.

4. And art thou my Father above?
Will Jesus abide in my heart?
O bind me so fast with thy love,
That I never from thee shall depart.

Who shall Sing if not the Children? 8s & 7s.

1. Who shall sing if not the children?
Did not Jesus die for them?
May they not, with other jewels,
Sparkle in his diadem?
Why, unless the song of heaven
They begin to practice here,
Why to them were voices given,—
Bird-like voices, sweet and clear?

2. There's a choir of infant songsters,
White-robed, round the Saviour's throne;
Angels cease, and waiting, listen!
O! 'tis sweeter than their own!
Faith can hear the rapturous choral,
When her ear is upward turned;
Is not this the same, perfected,
Which upon the earth they learned?

3. Jesus, when on earth sojourning,
Loved them with a wondrous love;
And will he, to heaven returning,
Faithless to his blessing prove?
O! they can not sing too early;
Fathers, stand not in their way!
Birds do sing while day is breaking—
Tell me, then, why should not they?

The Frailty of Life. S. M.

1. The lilies of the field,
That quickly fade away,
May well to us a lesson yield,
For we are frail as they.

2. Just like an early rose,
I've seen an infant bloom;
But death, perhaps, before it blows,
Will lay it in the tomb.

3. Then let us think on death,
Though we are young and gay;
For God, who gave our life and breath,
Can take them both away.

Thanksgiving Hymn. 7s & 6s.

1. 'T is praise and adoration,
Dear Jesus, that we bring,
A grateful heart's thanksgiving,
To thee, our heavenly King.

2. Our many sins forgiving,
Accept our youthful lays;
O! tune our hearts and voices,
Aright to sing thy praise.

3. Thy watchful care has led us
Through many a dangerous way;
'T is thy kind hand has fed us
On each returning day.

4. In every earthly pleasure,
We would thy goodness see;
For every earthly treasure,
We render thanks to thee.

S. M.

"Her ways are pleasantness."

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

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

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

The Children's Hymn. C. M.

1. SING to the Lord the children's hymn,
   His gentle love declare,
Who bends amid the cherubim
   To hear the children's prayer.

2. He at a mother's breast was fed,
   Though God's own Son was he;
He learned the first small words he said
   At a meek mother's knee.

3. So from the stars his face will turn
   On us with glances mild;
The angels of his presence yearn
   To bless the little child.

4. Sing to the Lord the children's hymn,
   His gentle love declare,
Who bends amid the cherubim
   To hear the children's prayer.

Praise to the Saviour. C. M.

1. 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. Jesus is worthy to receive
   Honor and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
   Be, Lord, forever thine.

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

The good Shepherd. S. M.

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

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

3. While he affords his aid
I can not yield to fear;
Though I should walk through death's dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.

4. Amid surrounding foes,
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

5. The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my following days;
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

Consolation at the Mercy-seat.

1. Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,
Come, at the mercy-seat fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;
Earth hath no sorrow that Heaven can not heal.

2. Joy of the comfortless, light of the straying,
Hope when all others die, fadeless and pure;
Here speaks the Comforter, in mercy saying—
"Earth hath no sorrow that Heaven can not cure."

C. M.

"Suffer little Children to come."

1. YOUNG children once to Jesus came,
His blessing to entreat;
And I may humbly do the same,
Before his mercy-seat.

2. For when their feeble hands were spread,
And bent each infant knee,
"Forbid them not," the Saviour said,
And so he says of me.

3. Well pleased that little flock to see,
The Saviour kindly smiled;
O, then, he will not frown on me,
Because I am a child.

4. Then while this favor to implore,
My little hands are spread,
Do thou thy sacred blessings pour,
Lord Jesus, on my head.

8s & 7s.

"Feed my Lambs."

1. "FEED my lambs!"—how condescending;
How compassionate the grace
Of the Saviour, just ascending,
Thus to bless our infant race!
Richest treasure, dearest token,
From his stores of love to give;
Kept from age to age unbroken,
Till its bounty we receive.

2. Who, without that word of blessing,
Could our dark estate have told?
Sin and woe our souls distressing,
Lost and wand'ring from his fold.
"Feed my lambs!" ye pastors, hear it;
Feed the flock of his own hand;
O, for him, for us revere it;
Keep the Shepherd's last command.

The Jubilee. C. M.

1. What heavenly music do I hear,
Salvation sounding free!
Ye souls in bondage, lend an ear—
This is the Jubilee.

2. The Gospel sounds a sweet release
To all in misery,
And bids them welcome home to peace—
This is the Jubilee.

3. Jesus is on the mercy-seat,
Before him bend the knee;
Let heaven and earth his praise repeat—
This is the Jubilee.

4. Sinners, be wise, return and come;
Unto the Saviour flee;
The Saviour bids you welcome home—
This is the Jubilee.

5. Come, ye redeemed, your tribute bring,
With songs of harmony;
While on the road to Canaan sing—
This is the Jubilee.

Invitation to Praise. C. M.

1. Come, let us join the hosts above,
Now in our youthful days;
Remember our Creator's love,
And lisp our Father's praise.

2. His majesty will not despise
The day of feeble things;
Grateful the songs of children rise,
And please the King of kings.

Book of Grace.

TUNE—"Far at Sea."

1. BOOK of grace, and book of glory!
Gift of God to age and youth;
Wondrous is thy sacred story,
Bright, bright with truth.

2. Book of love! in accents tender,
Speaking unto such as we;
May it lead us, Lord, to render
All, all to thee.

3. Book of hope! the spirit sighing,
Consolation finds in thee;
As it hears the Saviour crying—
"Come, come to me."

4. Book of life! when we reposing,
Bid farewell to friends we love,
Give us for the life then closing,
Life, life above.

C. M.

"Lead us not into temptation."
MATT. VI: 13.

1. WHILE in the slippery paths of youth,
I run secure and free,
O let thy blessed word of truth,
My guide and counsel be.

2. If near the tempter's wily snare
In heedlessness I tread;
O be thy kind, protecting care,
To save me overspread.

3. Thus o'er my life let mercy move,
And guide my feet the way
That leads me to thy throne above,—
To everlasting day.

H.

Exhortation to Prayer. L. M.

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

2. Prayer makes the darkened cloud 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 your 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,
Your cheerful songs would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me!"

No tears in Heaven. C. M.

1. What if our bark, o'er life's rough wave,
By adverse winds be driven,
And howling tempests round us rave,—
There are no tears in heaven.

2. What though affliction be our lot,
Our heart with anguish riven;
Still, let it never be forgot,—
There are no tears in heaven.

3. The mourner, sad, who, drowned in grief,
Hath long in sorrow striven,
Shall find, at last, a sweet relief,—
Tears wiped away in heaven.

4. Thou, God, our joy and rest shalt be,
And sorrow far be driven;
And sin and death forever flee,—
There are no tears in heaven.

5. There, from the blooming tree of life,
The healing fruit is given;
There, there shall cease the painful strife,—
There are no tears in heaven.

The Supplication. C. M.

1. Behold thy waiting servant, Lord,
Devoted to thy fear,
Remember and confirm thy word,
For all my hopes are there.

2. Hast thou not sent salvation down,
And promised quickening grace?
Doth not my heart address thy throne?
And yet thy love delays.

3. Mine eyes for thy salvation fail;
O bear thy servant up;
Nor let the scoffing lips prevail,
Which dare reproach my hope.

4. Didst thou not raise my faith, O Lord,—
Then let thy truth appear;
Saints shall rejoice in my reward,
And trust as well as fear.

The Eternal Sabbath. L. M.

1. Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our longing souls aspire
With cheerful hope and strong desire.

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

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

4. Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our longing souls aspire
With cheerful hope and strong desire.

Ever with the Lord. S. M.

1. "Forever with the Lord,"
Amen, so let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word,
'T is immortality.

2. Here in the body pent,
Absent from him I roam,
And 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 aspiring eye,
Thy golden gates appear!

4. Ah, then my spirit faints,
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

5. Yet doubts still intervene,
And all my comfort flies;
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.

6. Anon the clouds depart,
The winds and waters cease;
While sweetly o'er my gladdened heart
Expands the bow of peace.

Consolation in Affliction. 8s.

1. O WHY this disconsolate frame!
Though earthly enjoyments decay,
My Jesus is ever the same—
My Sun in the gloomiest day.

2. Though molten awhile in the fire,
'Tis only the gold to refine;
And be this my simple desire,
Though suffering, not to repine.

3. O what are the pleasures to me
Which earth in its fullness can boast;
Delusive, its vanities flee—
A flash of enjoyment at most.

4. And if my Redeemer could part,
For me, with his throne in the skies,
O why is so dear to my heart
What he in his wisdom denies?

5. Then let the rude tempest assail,
Let blasts of adversity blow,
The heavens, though distant, I hail,
Beyond this rough ocean of woe.

6. When safe on that beautiful strand,
I'd smile on the billows that foam;
Kind angels to hail me to land,
And Jesus to welcome me home.

The Example of Christ. L. M.

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

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

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

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

Christ's Ascension. 7s.

1. Hail the day which saw him rise,
Ravished from his people's eyes!
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Reascends his native heaven.

2. There the glorious triumph waits:—
"Lift your heads, eternal gates!
Wide unfold the radiant scene,
Take the King of glory in."

3. See,—high heaven its Lord receives;
Yet he loves the friends he leaves:
Though returning o his throne,
Still he calls his saints his own.

4. Still for us he intercedes,
His prevailing death he pleads,
Near himself prepares our place,
Great Forerunner of our race.

5. What though parted from our sight,
Far above yon starry hight;
Thither our affections rise,
Following him beyond the skies.

Christ an Example in Suffering. 7s.

1. Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye who feel the tempter's power,
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with him one bitter hour;
Turn not from his griefs away,
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

2. Follow to the judgment hall,
View the Lord of life arraigned;
O, the wormwood and the gall,
O, the pangs his soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss,
Learn of him to bear the cross.

3. Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at his feet,
Mark that miracle of time,—
God's own sacrifice complete:
"It is finished,"—hear him cry,
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4. Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid his lifeless clay;
All is solitude and gloom,—
Who hath taken him away?
Christ hath risen—he meets our eyes,
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

Vital Union to Christ. S. M.

1. Dear Saviour! we are thine
By everlasting bonds;
Our names, our hearts, we would resign
Our souls are in thy hands.

2. To thee we still would cleave,
With ever-growing zeal;
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,
O! let them ne'er prevail.

3. Thy Spirit shall unite
Our souls to thee, our Head;
Shall form us to thine image bright,
That we thy paths may tread.

4. Death may our souls divide
From these abodes of clay;
But love shall keep us near thy side
Through all the gloomy way.

5. Since Christ and we are one,
Why should we doubt or fear?
If he in heaven hath fixed his throne,
He 'll fix his members there.

Prayer Meeting. 7s.

1. If 't is sweet to mingle where
Christians meet for social prayer;
If 't is sweet with them to raise
Songs of holy joy and praise—
Passing sweet that state must be,
Where they meet eternally.

2. Saviour, may these meetings prove
Antepasts to that above;
While we worship in this place,
May we go from grace to grace,
Till we each, in his degree,
Fit for endless glory be.

Penitence. L. M.

1. HAVE mercy on me, O my God,
In loving-kindness hear my prayer,
Withdraw the terror of thy rod;
Lord, in thy tender mercy spare.

2. A perfect heart in me create,
Renew my soul in innocence;
Cast not the suppliant from thy gate,
Nor take thy Holy Spirit hence.

3. Thy consolations, as of old,
Now to my troubled mind restore;
By thy free Spirit's might uphold,
And guide my steps to fall no more.

4. The broken heart in sacrifice
Alone may thine acceptance meet:
My heart, O God, do not despise,
Broken and contrite at thy feet.

Trust in the Lord. C. M.

1. WHEN grief and anguish press me down,
And hope and comfort flee,
I cling, O Father, to thy throne,
And stay my heart on thee.

2. When clouds of dark temptation rise,
And pour their wrath on me,
To thee for aid I turn my eyes,
And fix my trust on thee.

3. When death invades my peaceful home,
The sundered ties shall be
A closer bond, in time to come,
To bind my heart to thee.

Christian Watchfulness. S. M.

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

2. To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,—
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.

S. M.

"And when they had sung a hymn they went out."
MATT. XXVI: 30.

1. A PARTING hymn we sing,
Around thy table, Lord,
Again our grateful tribute bring,
Our solemn vows record.

2. Here have we seen thy face,
And felt thy presence here,
So may the savor of thy grace
In word and life appear.

3. The purchase of thy blood—
By sin no longer led—
The path our dear Redeemer trod
May we rejoicing tread.

4. In self-forgetting love
Be Christian union shown,
Until we join the Church above,
And know as we are known.

Precious Promises. C. M.

1. Jesus, thou dear, transporting name,
Thy love how full, how free!
Thy precious promises I claim,
And thus they comfort me:—

2. "When to the pure baptismal stream
With penitence you flee,
My covenant promise I will keep,—
There will I meet with thee.

3. "When at the sacramental board
The bread and wine you see,
Think how my blood for you was poured,—
Take, and remember me.

4. "And when the tempter shall assail,
To draw your soul from me,
Resist the foe, thou shalt prevail,—
In prayer remember me.

5. "Should sorrow rise within thy soul,
Tempestuous as the sea,
My promise will its rage control,—
Cast all your care on me!

6. "Whene'er a season thou would'st spend,
From earthly troubles free;
You ne'er shall want a faithful friend,—
That Friend you'll find in me."

H.

Longing for rest. 8s.

1. To Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone,
O bear me, ye cherubim, up,
And waft me away to his throne.

2. My Saviour, whom absent I love,
Whom not having seen, I adore,
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and power.

3. Dissolve thou these bonds that detain
My soul from her portion in thee;
O, strike off this adamant chain,
And make me eternally free.

4. O then shall the vail be removed,
And round me thy brightness be poured,
I shall meet him whom absent I loved,
Whom, not having seen, I adored.

Evening Worship in the Family. C. M.

1. O, LORD! another day has flown,
And we, a grateful band,
Are met once more before thy throne,
To bless thy fostering hand.

2. And wilt thou bend a listening ear
To praises low as ours?
Thou wilt!—for thou dost love to hear
The song which meekness pours.

3. And, Jesus! thou thy smiles wilt deign,
As we before thee pray;
For thou didst bless the infant train,
And are we less than they?

4. Thy heavenly grace to each impart;
All evil far remove;
And shed abroad in every heart
Thine everlasting love.

Promise of Divine Strength. L. M.

DEUT. XXXIII: 25.

1. AFFLICTED saint, to Christ draw near;
Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear;
His faithful word declares to thee
That, as thy days, thy strength shall be.

2. Let not thy heart despond, and say,
How shall I stand the trying day?
He has engaged, by firm decree,
That, as thy days, thy strength shall be.

3. Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong;
And, if the conflict should be long,
Thy Lord will make the tempter flee;
For, as thy days, thy strength shall be.

4. Should persecution rage and flame,
Still trust in thy Redeemer's name;
In fiery trials thou shalt see
That, as thy days, thy strength shall be.

5. When called to bear the weighty cross,
Or sore affliction, pain, or loss,
Or deep distress, or poverty,
Still, as thy days, thy strength shall be.

6. When ghastly death appears in view,
Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue;
He comes to set thy spirit free;
Then, as thy days, thy strength shall be.

A Home in Heaven. 9. 10. 9. 10.

1. A HOME in heaven! what a joyful thought!
As the poor man toils in his weary lot;
His heart oppressed, and with anguish driven
From his home below to a home in heaven.

2. A home in heaven! as the sufferer lies
On his bed of pain, and uplifts his eyes
To that bright home, what a joy is given,
With the blessed thought of a home in heaven.

3. A home in heaven! when our pleasures fade,
And our wealth and fame in the dust are laid,
And our strength decays, and our health is riven,
We are happy still with our home in heaven.

4. A home in heaven! when the sinner mourns,
And with contrite heart to the Saviour turns,
O! then what bliss in that heart forgiven,
Does the hope inspire of a home in heaven!

5. A home in heaven! when our friends are fled
To the cheerless gloom of the moldering dead;
We wait in hope of the promise given,
We will meet again in our home in heaven.

Something New. C. M.

1. SINCE man by sin has lost his God,
He seeks creation through,
And vainly hopes for solid bliss,
In trying something new.

2. The new possessed, like fading flowers,
Soon loses its gay hue,
The bauble now no longer charms,
The soul wants something new.

3. And could we call all Europe ours,
With India and Peru,
The mind would feel an aching void,
And still want something new.

4. But when we feel the Saviour's power,
All good in him we view,
The soul forsakes its vain pursuit,
Nor seeks for something new.

5. The joy a dear Redeemer brings,
Will bear a strict review;
Nor need we ever change again,
For Christ is always new.

The Living Waters. C. M.

1. At Jacob's well a Stranger sought
His drooping frame to cheer;
Samaria's daughter little thought
That Jacob's God was near.

2. This had she known, her fainting mind
For richer draughts had sighed;
Nor had Messiah, ever kind,
Those richer draughts denied!

3. The Man who came on earth to die,
How few appear to know!
The Friend of sinners, passing by,
Is still esteemed a foe.

4. The sinner must the Stranger know,
Or soon his loss deplore;
Behold the living waters flow!
Come, drink and thirst no more.

The Lord's Day. S .M.

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

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

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

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

Security of the Christian. L. M.

1. How happy that immortal mind
Who rests beneath Jehovah's wings!
Who sweet employment there can find,
Without the help of earthly things.

2. The world may round me rage and fight,
And lay in dust their highest throne,
But nothing can that soul affright
Who lives for God, and him alone.

3. When such do lay their bodies by,
And from their annual labors cease,
They 'll find a band of angels nigh
To waft their souls to realms of peace.

4. They 'll wing their way to mansions fair,
Where Christ the Lord in glory reigns,
Meet hosts of shining spirits there,
Beyond the reach of mortal pains.

5. O, may I realize and know
My span of time, how swift it flies!
I soon must quit this house below,
To praise my Lord above the skies.

Marriage Hymn. C. M.

1. Since Jesus freely did appear
To grace a marriage feast.
O Lord, we ask thy presence here,
To make a wedding-guest.

2. Upon the bridal pair look down,
Who now have plighted hands,
Their union with thy favor crown,
And bless the nuptial bands.

3. With gifts of grace their hearts endow,
Of all rich dowries best,
Their substance bless, and peace bestow,
To sweeten all the rest.

4. In purest love their souls unite,
That they, with Christian care,
May make domestic burdens light,
By taking mutual share.

5. And when that solemn hour shall come,
And life's short space be o'er,
May they in triumph reach that home
Where they shall part no more.

A Penitent pleading for Pardon. L. M.

1. Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live:
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

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

3. My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace:
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.

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

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

"*Light in Darkness.*" C. M.

1. O thou who driest the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be
If, pierced by sins and sorrows here,
We could not fly to thee.

2. The friends who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes, are flown;
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.

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

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

A Psalm for the Lord's Day. L. M.

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

2. Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal cares 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. But 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 hear, and see, and know
All I desired or wished below:
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

Confidence in God.

1. LIFE'S threatening ills we need not fear,
Though darkness reigns, and all is drear,
Our pitying Saviour, ever near,
Our cry will hear.

2. Though all our earthly hopes should blight,
Our stars go down in blackest night,
We need not fear, or take affright,—
Our Lord is light!

3. When tempests rolled across the deep,
And pilots failed their course to keep,
The Lord was there, composed to sleep,
Yet not asleep!

4. He, waking, heard their suppliant cry,
Rebuked the tempest with his eye,
And hushed to rest the raging sky,—
He 's ever nigh!

H.

"Blessed is he whosoever shall not be offended in me."

MATT. XI: 6.

1. OFFENDED in Jesus! behold in his face,
All meekness and loveliness dwell,
No mortal was ever adorned with such grace,
His virtues all language excel.

2. Offended in Jesus! what word hath he spoke
That offers offense to our ear?
No uttered remonstrance did ever provoke,
The crowds that pressed on him to hear.

3. Offended in Jesus! O who but the Lord
E'er died to redeem us from sin?
He stilleth fierce tempests with naught but his word,
And tempests more furious within.

4. Offended in Jesus! our sorrows and grief,
Our Lord will assuage with his love,
And all who approach him for any relief,
His ready compassion will prove.

5. Offended in Jesus! O what but his power
Can rescue the saints from the grave?
In the darkness and doubt of our being's last hour,
He 'll be near us in mercy to save.

H.

Hope for the Heathen. 7s & 6s.

1. THE voice of ancient prophets
Foretold a brighter day,
When o'er the world the Gospel,
Should wing its glorious way.
Behold that day of glory
Is dawning on our race,
Let nations hear the story,
And welcome pardoning grace.

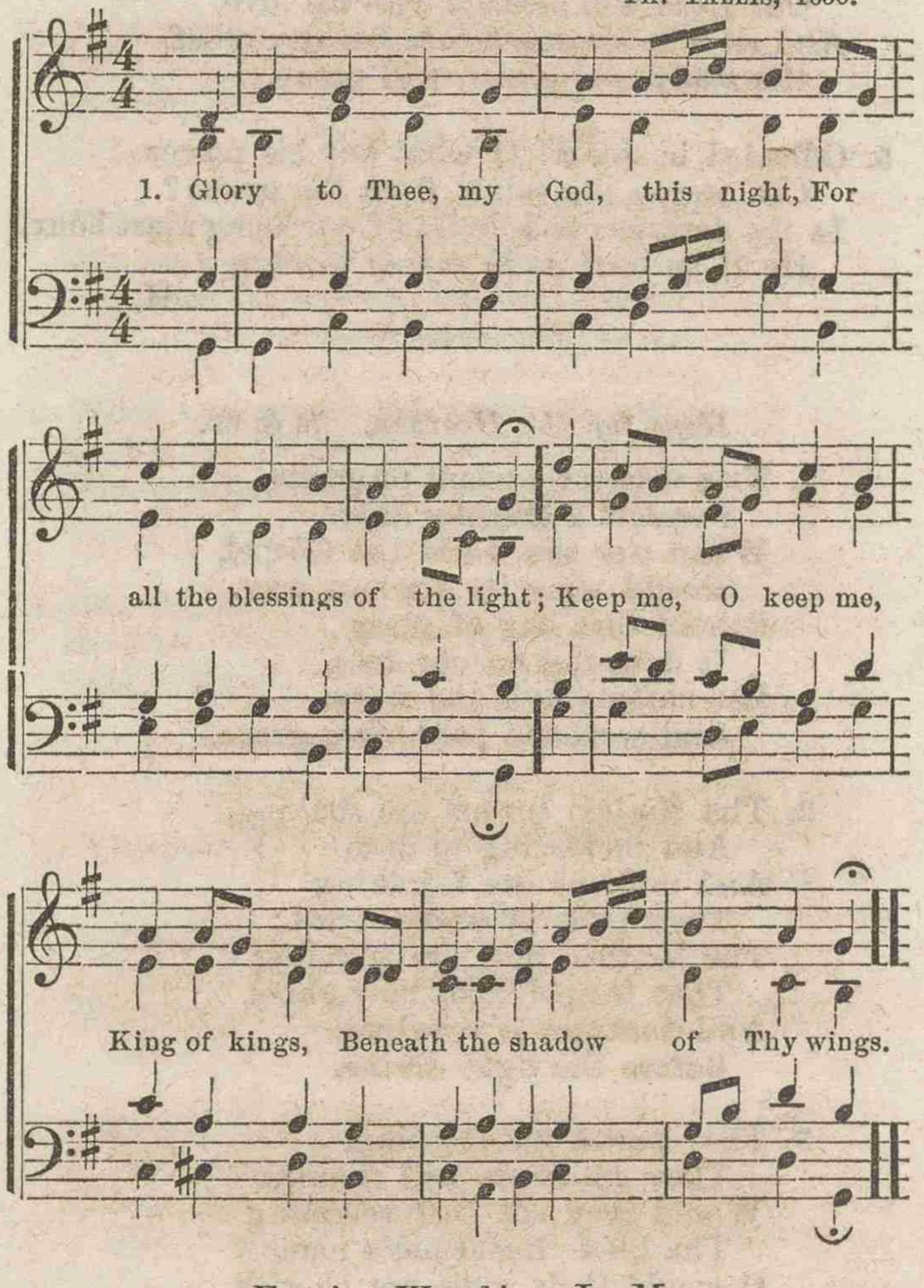
2. The Moslem towers are shaking,
And moldering to dust,
And millions are forsaking
Their gods of useless trust;
The heathen now are pleading
That Gospel light may shine,
And darkness is receding,
Before the light divine.

3. They perish unrepenting,
They die in sin and shame,
Would they not hear relenting
The blest Redeemer's name?
O would their souls not cherish
The love that saves our race?
O let the lost not perish
Without redeeming grace.

H.

TALLIS' EVENING HYMN. L. M.

TH. TALLIS, 1650.



Evening Worship. L. M.

2. Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ills which I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
My soul, this night, at peace may be.

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

4. Be Thou my guardian while I sleep,
Thy watchful station near me keep;
My heart with love celestial fill,
And guard me from th' approach of ill.

5. Lord, let my soul forever share
The bliss of Thy paternal care;
'T is heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,
To see Thy face, and sing Thy love.

The Pilgrim. H. M.

1. A pilgrim here I am,
This world is not my home;
No city here I claim,
I'm seeking one to come.
I'm traveling on to Canaan's land,
To join the glorious martyr band.

2. A title high I claim,
Greater than nobles wear;
For *Christian* is my name,
His crown I hope to wear—
A starry crown, above the skies,
When Christians all in Christ arise.

3. Seraphic legions crowd
The road to Paradise;
They sing their anthems loud,
To see the ransomed pass.
Pilgrims are honored in the skies,
Though men the narrow way despise.

4. From Abra'am to the Lord,
Illustrious names appear,
Recorded in the word,
As strangers, pilgrims here.
This humble, pure, believing host
Are not in God's remembrance lost.

H.

HOME, SWEET HOME. 11s.

1st. 2nd.

1. 'Mid scenes of confusion and creature complaints,
How sweet to my soul is communion with saints!

To find at the banquet of mercy there 's room,

And feel in the presence of Jesus at home.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Pre-

HOME, SWEET HOME—Concluded.



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

3. I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
Which hinders my joy and communion with Thee,
Though now my temptations like billows may foam,
All, all will be peace when I 'm with Thee at home.

4. While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
O give me submission and strength as my day;
In all my afflictions to Thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

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

6. 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.

MERIBAH. C. P. M.

1. When Thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come, To
2. I love to meet among them now, Be-
call Thy ransomed people home, Shall I among them stand?
fore Thy gracious feet to bow, The vilest of them all;
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die, Be found at Thy right hand?
But, can I bear the piercing thought,
What if my name should be left out, When Thou for them shalt [call.

3. O Lord, prevent it by Thy grace,
Be Thou my soul's sure hiding-place,
In this, th' accepted day,
Thy pardoning voice, O let me hear,
To calm my unbelieving ear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.

Tune—Sweet Home. 11s.

1. An alien from God, and a stranger to grace,
I wandered through earth, its gay pleasures to trace;
In the pathway of sin I continued to roam,
Unmindful, alas! that it led me from home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
O, Saviour, direct me to heaven, my home.

2. The pleasures of earth I have seen fade away,
They bloom for a season, but soon they decay;
But pleasures more lasting in Jesus are giv'n,
Salvation on earth, and a mansion in heaven.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
The saints in those mansions are ever at home.

3. Allure me no longer, ye false, glowing charms,
The Saviour invites me, I 'll go to his arms;
At the banquet of mercy I know there is room,
O there may I feast with his children at home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
O, Jesus, conduct me to heaven, my home.

4. Farewell, vain amusements! my follies, adieu!
While Jesus, and heaven, and glory, I view;
I feast on the pleasures that flow from his throne,
The foretaste of heaven, sweet heaven, my home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
O, when shall I share the fruition of home.

5. The days of my exile are passing away,
The time is approaching when Jesus will say,
"Well done, faithful servant, sit down on my throne,
And dwell in my presence forever at home."
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
O, there shall I rest with the Saviour at home.

The Chorister's Key.

LONG METERS.

L. M. No. 1. OLD HUNDRED.



Before Jehovah's awful throne, Ye nations bow, with sacred joy.

L. M. No. 2. WINDHAM.



Life is the time to serve the Lord, The time t' insure the great reward.

L. M. No. 3. WELLS.



Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy name, give thanks [and sing.

L. M. No. 4. RETREAT.



From every stormy wind that blows, From ev'ry swelling tide of woes.

L. M. No. 5. OLIVET.



When I sur - vey the wond - rous cross.

L. M. No. 6. ROCKINGHAM.



O that my load of sin were gone, O that I could at last submit.

L. M. No. 7. NORRIS.



I know that my Redeemer lives—What joy the blest assurance gives.

L. M. No. 8. UXBRIDGE.



O happy day that fixed my choice, On thee, my Saviour and my God.

L. M. No. 9. HEBRON.



Come, sinners, to the Gospel feast; Let every soul be Jesus' guest.

L. M. No. 10. DUKE STREET.



Lord, when thou didst as - cend on high.

COMMON METERS.

C. M. No. 1. CORONATION.



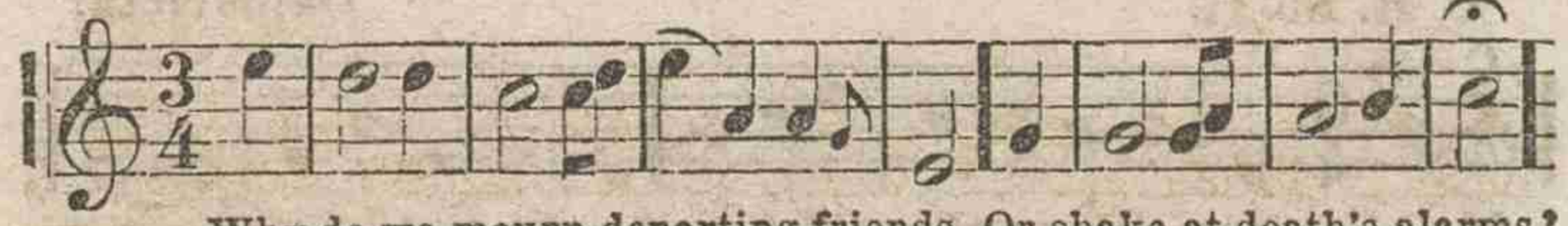
All hail, the power of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall.

C. M. No. 2. ARLINGTON.



Walk in the light, so shalt thou know That fellowship of love.

C. M. No. 3. CHINA.



Why do we mourn departing friends, Or shake at death's alarms?

C. M. No. 4. MEAR.



A - las! and did my Saviour bleed, And did my Sov'reign die.

C. M. No. 5. ST. MARTIN'S.



Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A follower of the Lamb?

C. M. No. 6. BALERMA.



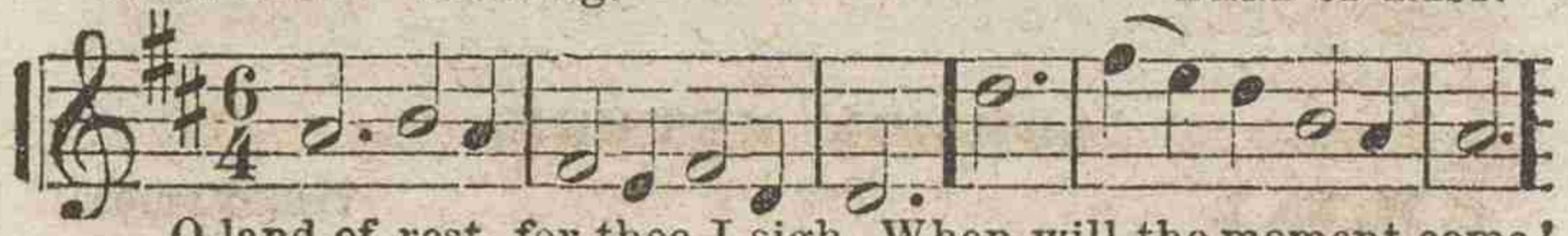
Come, let us use the grace divine, And all, with one accord.

C. M. No. 7. Soft. SILOAM.



By cool Siloam's shady rill, How fair the lily grows.

C. M. No. 8. Flowing. LAND OF REST.



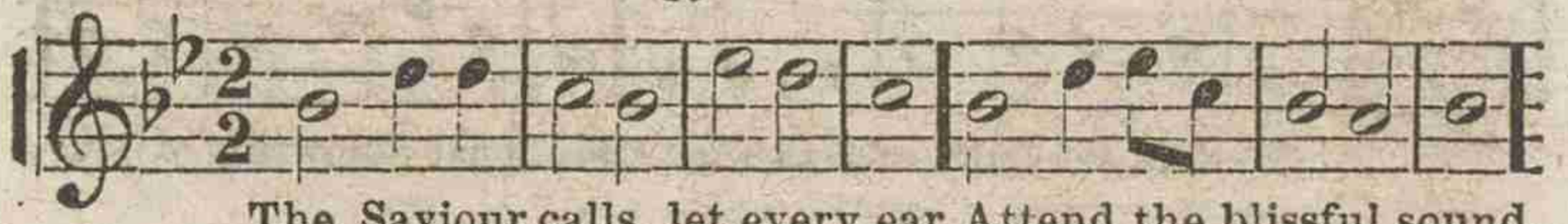
O land of rest, for thee I sigh, When will the moment come!

C. M. No. 9. Sprightly. ANTIOCH.



Joy to the world, the Lord is come; Let earth receive her King.

C. M. No. 10. With energy. CAMBRIDGE.



The Saviour calls, let every ear Attend the blissful sound.

C. M. No. 11. ORTONVILLE.



O for a closer walk with God, A calm and heavenly frame.

C. M. No. 12. EXHORTATION.



In mercy, Lord, remember me, Through all the hours of night.

SHORT METERS.

S. M. No. 1. BOYLSTON.



And can I yet de - lay My lit - tle all to give?

S. M. No. 2. LABAN.



My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thousand foes arise.

S. M. No. 3. SHAWMUT.



Did Christ o'er sinners weep, And shall our cheeks be dry?

S. M. No. 4. SHIRLAND.



And are we yet a - live, And see each oth - er's face?

S. M. No. 5. CONCORD.



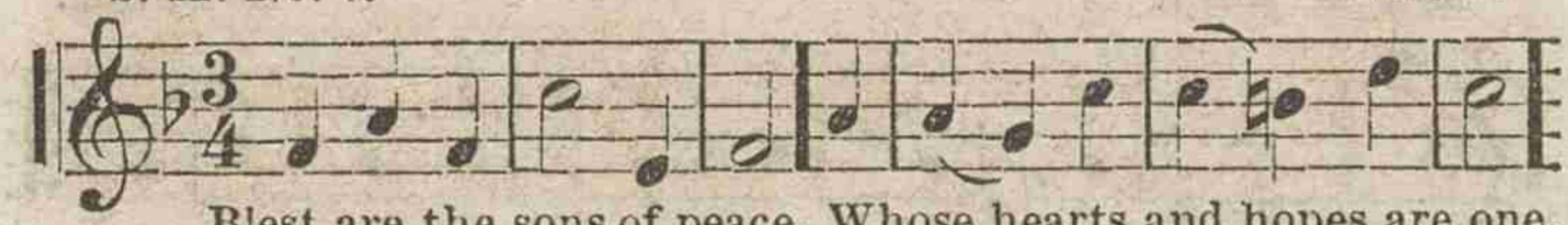
Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known.

S. M. No. 6. ST. THOMAS.



Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love.

S. M. No. 7. GERAR.



Blest are the sons of peace, Whose hearts and hopes are one.

S. M. No. 8. SILVER STREET.



Come, sound his praise a - broad, etc.

VARIOUS METERS.

H. M. No. 1. LENOX.



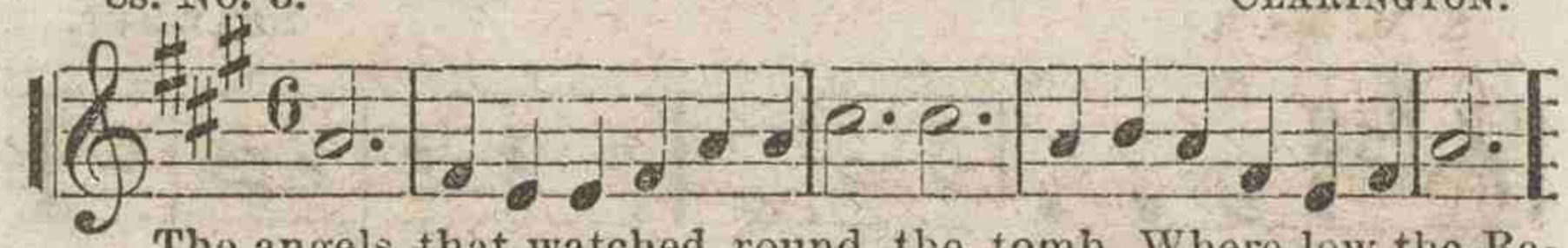
Blow ye the trumpet, blow, The gladly solemn sound.

7s & 6s. No. 2. WEBBE.



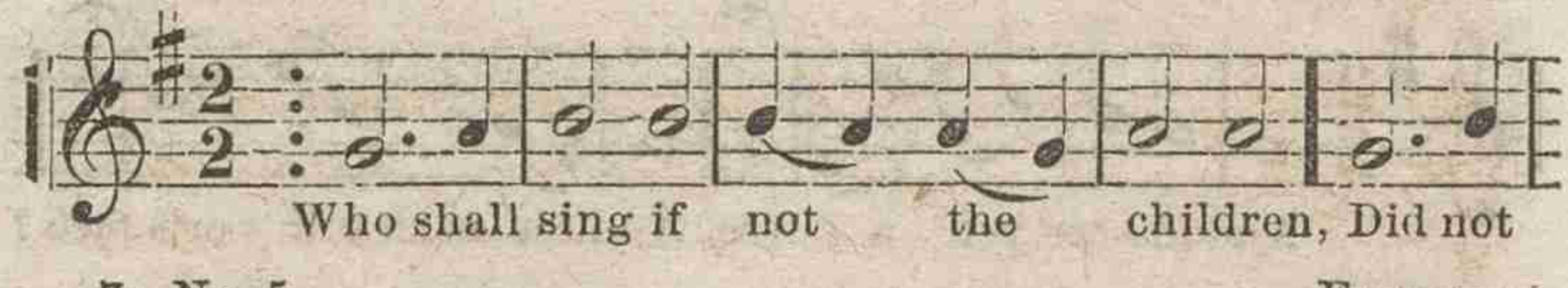
O when shall I see Jesus, And reign with him above.

8s. No. 3. CLARINGTON.



The angels that watched round the tomb, Where low the Re-
[deemer was laid.

8s & 7s. No. 4. SHIELDS.



Who shall sing if not the children, Did not

7s. No. 5. ELTHAM.



Hail the day that sees him rise, Ravished from our wishful eyes.

H. M. No. 6. LISCHER.



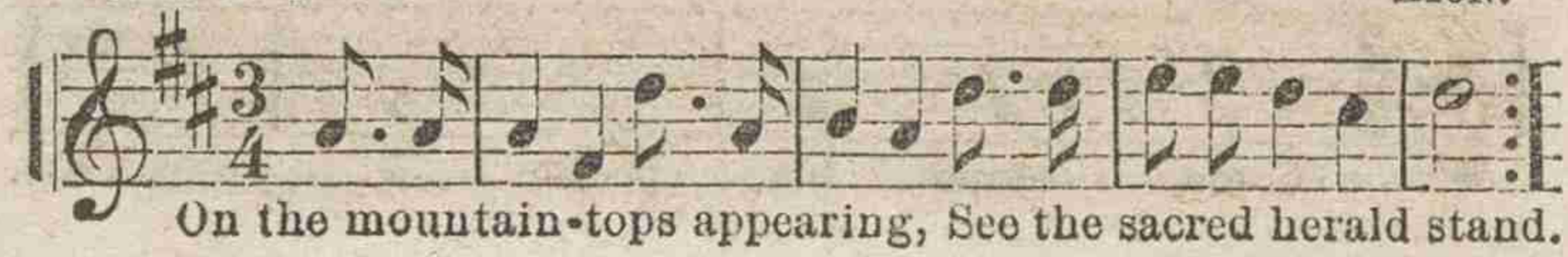
Wel - come, de - light - ful morn, etc.

8s & 7s. No. 7. HARWELL.



Jesus, I my cross have taken, All to leave and follow thee.

8s & 7s. No. 8. ZION.



On the mountain-tops appearing, See the sacred herald stand.

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