

BISHOP ROBERT WESTLY PEACH

COLLECTION OF CHURCH MUSIC

AND

HYMNOLOGY

ACQUIRED BY THE

AMERICAN ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY

1939

1815

MUSIC

1815

1815

1815

279

BAPTIST SONGS

WITH MUSIC.

SELECTED AND ARRANGED BY

A. B. CATES.



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PREFACE.

To embody in a small compass, and at moderate expense, the best and most popular old hymns, is the chief object of this collection.

Much care has been taken to restore, so far as possible, the original text of the hymns, and to give the names of the authors, with dates of composition.

That some assistance might be given in starting the tunes, the first line of each hymn is set to music; and, in most instances, the tunes are arranged with the hymns to which they are best adapted.

To what extent the purposes of this little book have been accomplished, a wise and discriminating public must decide. To its judgment we submit.

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BAPTIST SONGS.

1

Uxbridge. L. M.



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

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

3 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise;
Bless the dark world with heavenly light;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise;
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

4 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renewed and sins forgiven;
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

2

Ware. L. M.



COME, O my soul, in sacred lays
 Attempt thy great Creator's praise:
 But, O, what tongue can speak his fame?
 What verse can reach the lofty theme?

- 2 Enthroned amid the radiant spheres,
 He glory like a garment wears;
 To form a robe of light divine,
 Ten thousand suns around him shine
- 3 In all our Maker's grand designs,
 Almighty power, with wisdom, shines;
 His works, through all this wondrous
 Declare the glory of his name. [frame,
- 4 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
 Do thou, my soul, his glories sing;
 And let his praise employ thy tongue
 Till listening worlds shall join the song.

THOMAS BLACKLOCK, 1754.

3

Old Hundred. L. M.



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

- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we
He brought us to his fold again. [strayed,
- 3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 4 Wide as the world is thy command;
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

4

St. Thomas. S. M.



- My soul, repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great,
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.
- 2 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.
- 3 His power subdues our sins,
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west
Doth all our guilt remove.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

5

Mear. C. M.



God moves in a mysterious way
 His wonders to perform:
 He plants his footsteps in the sea,
 And rides upon the storm.

- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
 Of never-failing skill
 He treasures up his bright designs,
 And works his sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take:
 The clouds ye so much dread
 Are big with mercy, and shall break
 In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
 But trust him for his grace:
 Behind a frowning providence
 He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
 Unfolding every hour:
 The bud may have a bitter taste,
 But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
 And scan his work in vain:
 God is his own interpreter,
 And he will make it plain.

WM. COWPER, 1773.

6

Wilmot. Ss & 7s.



God is love; his mercy brightens
 All the path in which we rove;
 Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens;
 God is wisdom, God is love.

2 Chance and change are busy ever;
 Man decays, and ages move;
 But his mercy waneth never;
 God is wisdom, God is love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth,
 Will his changeless goodness prove;
 From the gloom his brightness streameth;
 God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth
 Hope and comfort from above:
 Everywhere his glory shineth;
 God is wisdom, God is love.

SIR JOHN BOWRING, 1825.

7

Silver Street. S. M.



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

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

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

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

8

Old Hundred. L. M.

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

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

3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring,
 In songs of praise, divinely sing:
 The great salvation loud proclaim,
 And shout for joy the Savior's name.

4 In every land begin the song,
 To every land the strains belong,
 In cheerful sounds your voices raise,
 And fill the world with sounding praise.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

9

Lanesboro'. C. M.

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

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

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

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

10

Azmon (Page 23). C. M.

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

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

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

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

CHRIST.

11

Star of Bethlehem. L. M.



WHEN marshaled on the nightly plain,
 The glittering host bestud the sky,
 One star alone, of all the train,
 Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

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

3 Once on the raging seas I rode; [dark;
 The storm was loud, the night was
 The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
 The wind that tossed my foundering
 bark.

4 Deep horror then my vitals froze;
 Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
 When suddenly a star arose,—
 It was the Star of Bethlehem!

5 It was my guide, my light, my all;
 It bade my dark forebodings cease;
 And, through the storm and danger's
 It led me to the port of peace. [thrall,

6 Now, safely moored, my perils o'er,
 I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
 Forever and forevermore,
 The Star, the Star of Bethlehem!

HENRY KIRKE WHITE, 1806.

12

St. Martin's. C. M.



HARK, the glad sound! the Savior comes,
The Savior promised long;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 He comes, the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And, with the treasures of his grace,
Enrich the humble poor.

4 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1755.

13

Harwell. 8s & 7s.



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

- 2 Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy:
"Glory in the highest, glory!
Glory be to God most high!
- 3 "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven,—
Loud our golden harps shall sound.
- 4 "Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth his praises sing;
Glad receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King!
- 5 "Hasten, mortals, to adore him;
Learn his name, and taste his joy:
Till in heaven you sing before him,
'Glory be to God most high!'"

JOHN CAWOOD, 1819.

14

Herald Angels. 7s.

HARK! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born king;
Peace on earth and mercy mild;
God and sinners reconciled."

- 2 Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumphs of the skies;
With the angelic hosts proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem!"

3 Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
 Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
 Light and life to all he brings,
 Risen with healing in his wings.

CHAS. WESLEY, 1739.

15

Rodman. 11s & 10s.



BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning!
 Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning, [aid;
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shin-
 ing, [stall:
 Low lies his head with the beasts of the
 Angels adore him in slumber reclining,
 Maker, and Monarch, and Savior of all!

3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
 Odors of Edom, and off'rings divine?
 Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the
 ocean, [mine?
 Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
 Vainly with gifts would his favor secure:
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor!

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morn-
 ing! [aid;
 Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

REGINALD HEBER, 1811.

16

Watchman. 7s D.



WATCHMAN, tell us of the night,
 What its signs of promise are.
 Traveler, o'er yon mountain's height
 See that glory-beaming star!
 Watchman, does its beauteous ray
 Aught of joy or hope foretell?
 Traveler, yes; it brings the day,
 Promised day of Israel.

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

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

SIR JOHN BOWRING, 1823.

17

Zerah. C. M.



To us a child of hope is born;
 To us a Son is given;
 Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
 Him all the hosts of heaven.

2 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
 Forevermore adored,
 The Wonderful, the Counselor,
 The great and mighty Lord!

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

JOHN MORRISON, d. 1798.

18

Antioch. C. M.



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

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

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

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

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

19

Ortonville. C. M.



MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned
 Upon the Savior's brow,
 His head with radiant glories crowned,
 His lips with grace o'erflow.

2 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
 He flew to my relief:
 For me he bore the shameful cross,
 And carried all my grief.

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

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

SAMUEL STENNETT, 1772.

20

Hamburg. L. M.



'Tis midnight; and on Olive's brow
 The star is dimmed that lately shone;
 'Tis midnight; in the garden, now,
 The suffering Savior prays alone.

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

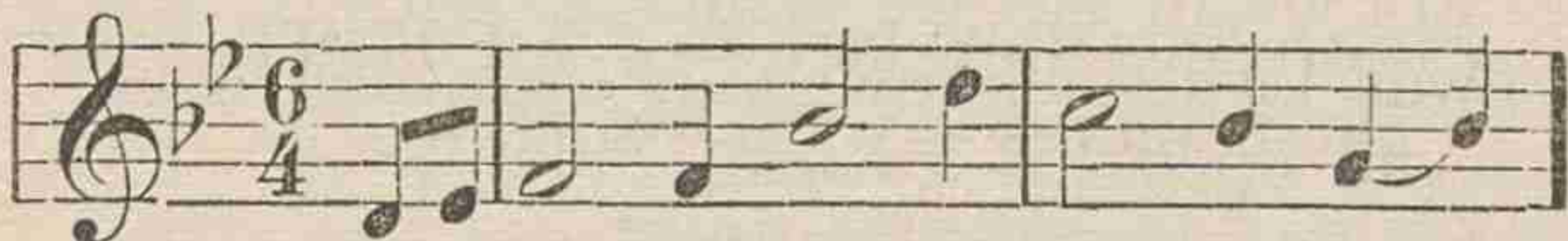
3 'Tis midnight; and for others' guilt
 The man of sorrows weeps in blood;
 Yet he that hath in anguish knelt
 Is not forsaken by his God.

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

WILLIAM B. TAPPAN, 1819.

21

Cross and Crown. C. M.



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

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

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

G. N. ALLEN, 1849, a.

22

Shawmut. S. M.



BEHOLD the amazing sight,
 The Savior lifted high;
 Behold the Son of God's delight
 Expire in agony.

2 For whom, for whom, my heart,
 Were all these sorrows borne?
 Why did he feel that painful smart,
 And meet that various scorn?

3 For us he hung and bled,
 For us in torture died;
 'Twas love that bowed his fainting head,
 And oped his gushing side.

4 In thee our hearts unite,
 Nor share thy griefs alone,
 But from thy cross pursue their flight
 To thy triumphant throne.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1755.

23

Mercy's Free. 8s & 3s.



By faith I see my Savior dying
 On the tree;
 To every nation he is crying,
 Look to me!
 He bids the guilty now draw near,
 Repent, believe, dismiss their fear.
 Hark! hark! what precious words I hear,
 Mercy's free!

- 2 Did Christ, when I was sin pursuing,
 Pity me?
 And did he snatch my soul from ruin?
 Can it be?
 O yes! he did salvation bring,
 He is my Prophet, Priest, and King,
 And now my happy soul can sing,
 Mercy's free.
- 3 Long as I live I'll still be crying,
 Mercy's free;
 And this shall be my theme when dying,
 Mercy's free.
 And when the vale of death I've passed,
 When lodged above the stormy blast,
 I'll sing while endless ages last,
 Mercy's free.

R. JUKES, 1842.

24

Crucifix. 7s & 6s.



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

2 What language shall I borrow
 To thank thee, dearest Friend,
 For this thy dying sorrow,
 Thy pity without end?
 Oh, make me thine forever;
 And, should I fainting be,
 Lord, let me never, never,
 Outlive my love to thee!

3 Be near when I am dying,
 Oh, show thy cross to me!
 And for my succor flying,
 Come, Lord, and set me free!
 These eyes, new faith receiving,
 From Jesus shall not move;
 For he who dies believing,
 Dies safely, through thy love.

BERNARD of Clairvaux, 1853.

25

Federal Street. L. M.



He dies!—the Friend of sinners dies;
 Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
 A solemn darkness veils the skies;
 A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
 For him who groaned beneath your load;
 He shed a thousand drops for you;
 A thousand drops of richer blood.

3 Here's love and grief beyond degree;
 The Lord of glory dies for man;
 But, lo! what sudden joys we see!
 Jesus, the dead, revives again.

4 The rising God forsakes the tomb;
 Up to his Father's courts he flies;
 Cherubic legions guard him home,
 And shout him welcome to the skies.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

26

Mear. C. M.



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

- 2 Thy body slain, sweet Jesus, thine,
And bathed in its own blood,
While all exposed to wrath divine,
The glorious suff'rer stood!
- 3 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!
- 4 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
For man the creature's sin.
- 5 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.
- 6 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

27

Laban. S. M.



"THE Lord is risen indeed:"
He lives to die no more:
He lives the sinner's cause to plead,
Whose curse and shame he bore.

2 "The Lord is risen indeed:"
 Attending angels hear,—
 Up to the courts of heaven, with speed,
 The joyful tidings bear.

3 Then wake your golden lyres,
 And strike each cheerful chord;
 Join, all ye bright, celestial choirs,
 To sing our risen Lord.

THOMAS KELLY, d. 1855.

28

Martyn. 7s D.



MARY, to the Savior's tomb,
 Hasted at the early dawn;
 Spice she brought, and sweet perfume,
 But the Lord she loved had gone:
 For awhile she lingering stood,
 Filled with sorrow and surprise,
 Trembling, while a crystal flood
 Issued from her weeping eyes.

2 But her sorrows quickly fled
 When she heard his welcome voice;
 Christ had risen from the dead;
 Now he bids her heart rejoice.
 What a change his word can make,
 Turning darkness into day!
 Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,
 He will wipe your tears away.

- 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 awhile may last,
 But the morning brings us joy.

JOHN NEWTON, d. 1807.

29

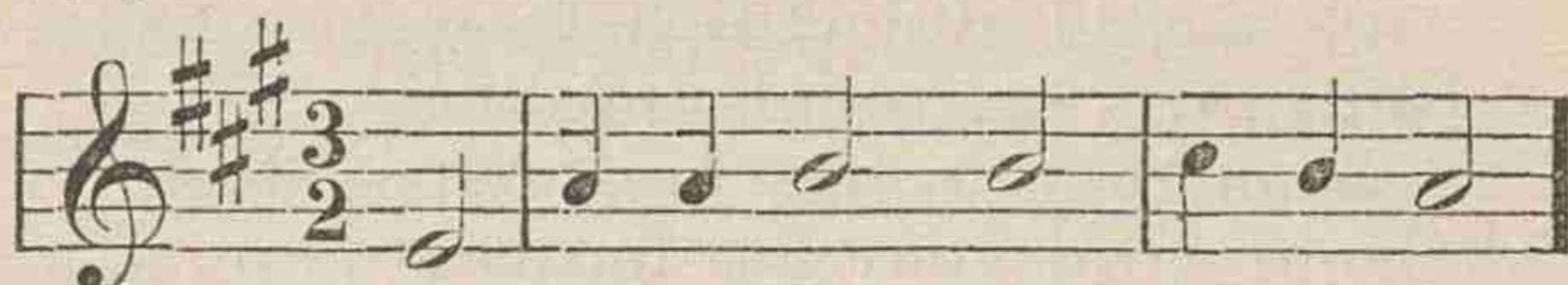
Duke Street. L. M.

- LORD, when thou didst ascend on high,
 Ten thousand angels filled the sky;
 Those heavenly guards around thee wait,
 Like chariots, that attend thy state.
- 2 Not Sinai's mountain could appear
 More glorious, when the Lord was there;
 While he pronounced his dreadful law,
 And struck the chosen tribes with awe.
- 3 How bright the triumph none can tell,
 When the rebellious powers of hell,
 That thousand souls had captive made,
 Were all in chains, like captives led.
- 4 Raised by his Father to the throne,
 He sent the promised Spirit down,
 With gifts and grace for rebel men,
 That God might dwell on earth again.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

30

Azmon. C. M.



THE head that once was crown'd with
 Is crown'd with glory now; [thorns
 A royal diadem adorns
 The mighty Victor's brow.

2 The joy of all who dwell above,
 The joy of all below,
 To whom he manifests his love,
 And grants his name to know.

3 To them the cross, with all its shame,
 With all its grace, is given;
 Their name an everlasting name,
 Their joy the joy of heaven.

4 To them the cross is life and health,
 Though shame and death to him,
 His people's hope, his people's wealth,
 Their everlasting theme.

THOMAS KELLY, 1820.

31

Ward. L. M.



HE lives! the great Redeemer lives!
 What joy the blest assurance gives!
 And now, before his Father, God,
 He pleads the merits of his blood.

- 2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice, armed with frowns, appears;
But in the Savior's lovely face
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.
- 3 Hence, then, ye dark, despairing thoughts;
Above our fears, above our faults,
His powerful intercessions rise;
And guilt recedes, and terror dies.
- 4 Great Advocate, almighty Friend,
On thee our humble hopes depend;
Our cause can never, never fail,
For thou dost plead, and must prevail.

ANNE STEELE, 1760.

32

Coronation. C. M.



- ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Sinners! whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

- 4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
 On this terrestrial ball,
 To him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 5 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng
 We at his feet may fall;
 We'll join the everlasting song,
 And crown him Lord of all.

EDWARD PERRONET, 1780, a.

33

Ariel. C. P. M.



- OH, COULD I speak the matchless worth,
 Oh, could I sound the glories forth
 Which in my Savior shine!
 I'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings,
 And vie with Gabriel while he sings
 In notes almost divine.
- 2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
 My ransom from the dreadful guilt
 Of sin, and wrath divine.
 I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
 In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
 My soul shall ever shine.
- 3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
 And all the forms of love he wears,
 Exalted on his throne:
 In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,

I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.

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

SAMUEL MEDLEY, 1789.

34

Warwick. C. M.



OH, FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.

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

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

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

CHARLES WESLEY, 1740.

35 **The Sweetest Name. 8s & 7s.**



THERE is no name so sweet on earth,
 No name so sweet in heaven,
 The name before his wondrous birth
 To Christ the Savior given.

CHO. We love to sing around our king,
 And hail him blessed Jesus;
 For there's no word ear ever heard
 So dear, so sweet as Jesus.

2 And when he hung upon the tree,
 They wrote this name above him,
 That all might see the reason we
 For evermore must love him.—Cho.

3 So now, upon his Father's throne,
 Almighty to release us
 From sin and pains, he ever reigns,
 The Prince and Savior, Jesus.—Cho.

4 O Jesus! by that matchless name,
 Thy grace shall fail us never;
 To-day, as yesterday the same,
 Thou art the same forever.—Cho.

GEORGE W. BETHUNE, 1858.

36 **Rathbun. 8s & 7s.**



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

- 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
 Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
 Never shall the cross forsake me;
 Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
- 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
 Light and love upon my way,
 From the cross the radiance streaming,
 Adds new luster to the day.
- 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
 By the cross are sanctified;
 Peace is there, that knows no measure,
 Joys that through all time abide.

SIR JOHN BOWRING, 1825.

37

Federal Street. L. M.



- WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
 On which the Prince of glory died,
 My richest gain I count but loss,
 And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
 Save in the death of Christ my God;
 All the vain things that charm me most,
 I sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all!

ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

38

Henry. C. M.



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

ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

39

Toplady. 7s 6 l.



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

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

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

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

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY, 1776.

40

Autumn. 8s & 7s. D.



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

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

3 Man may trouble and distress me;
 'T will but drive me to thy breast:
 Life with trials hard may press me;
 Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
 Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
 While thy love is left to me;
 Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me,
 Were that joy unmixed with thee.

HENRY F. LYTE, 1833.

41

Greenville. 8s & 7s.



SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend,
Life, and health, and peace possessing
From the sinner's dying Friend.

2 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his cross to lie,
While I see divine compassion
Beaming in his gracious eye.

3 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe,
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

JAMES ALLEN, 1757.

42

Hendon. 7s.



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

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

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

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

JAMES MERRICK, 1765.

43 Children of the Heavenly King. 7s.



CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As we journey, let us sing;
Sing our Savior's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

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

3 Oh ye banished seed, be glad!
Christ our advocate is made:
Us to save, our flesh assumes,
Brother to our souls becomes.

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

5 Lord, obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

JOHN CENNICK, 1742.

44

Mornington. S. M.



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

- 2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.
- 3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me, in his own right way,
For his most holy name.
- 4 In sight of all my 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 future days;
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

45

Loving Kindness. L. M.



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

- 2 He saw me ruined by the fall,
 Yet loved me, notwithstanding all;
 He saved me from my lost estate;
 His loving kindness, oh, how great!
- 3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
 Though earth and hell my way oppose,
 He safely leads my soul along;
 His loving kindness, oh, how strong!
- 4 I often feel my sinful heart
 Prone from my Savior to depart;
 But though I oft have him forgot,
 His loving kindness changes not.
- 5 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale;
 Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
 Oh, may my last, expiring breath
 His loving kindness sing in death.
- 6 Then let me mount and soar away
 To the bright world of endless day;
 And sing, with rapture and surprise,
 His loving kindness in the skies.

SAMUEL MEDLEY, 1787.

46

Peterboro'. C. M.



PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,
 We wretched sinners lay,
 Without one cheerful beam of hope,
 Or spark of glimmering day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of Grace
 Beheld our helpless grief;
 He saw, and—oh, amazing love!—
 He flew to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above,
 With joyful haste he fled,
 Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
 And dwelt among the dead.

4 Oh, for this love, let rocks and hills
 Their lasting silence break,
 And all harmonious human tongues
 The Savior's praises speak.

5 Angels, assist our mighty joys;
 Strike all your harps of gold;
 But when you raise your highest notes,
 His love can ne'er be told.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

47

Wimborne. L. M.



ETERNAL Spirit, we confess
 And sing the wonders of thy grace:
 Thy power conveys our blessings down
 From God the Father and the Son.

2 Enlightened by thy heavenly ray,
 Our shades and darkness turn to-day;
 Thine inward teachings make us know
 Our danger and our refuge too.

3 Thy power and glory work within,
 And break the chains of reigning sin;
 All our imperious lusts subdue,
 And form our wretched hearts anew.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

48

St. Martin's. C. M.



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

2 Look! how we grovel here below,
 Fond of these trifling toys!
 Our souls can neither fly nor go
 To reach eternal joys.

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

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

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

ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

49

Siloam. C. M.



SPIRIT divine, attend our prayer,
 And make this house thy home;
 Descend with all thy gracious power;
 Oh, come, Great Spirit, come!

2 Come as the light,—to us reveal
 Our sinfulness and woe;
 And lead us in the paths of life,
 Where all the righteous go.

3 Come as the fire, and purge our hearts,
 Like sacrificial flame;
 Let every soul an offering be
 To our Redeemer's name.

- 4 Come as the dove, and spread thy wings,
The wings of peaceful love;
And let the church on earth become
Blest as the church above.

ANDREW REED, 1841,

50

Mornington. S. M.



- COME, Holy Spirit! come;
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.
- 2 Convince us of our sin;
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
And to our wondering view reveal
The mercies of our God.
- 3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.
- 4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, come;
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
The Father, Son and thee.

JOSEPH HART, 1759,

THE TRINITY.

51

Italian Hymn. 6s & 4s.



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

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

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

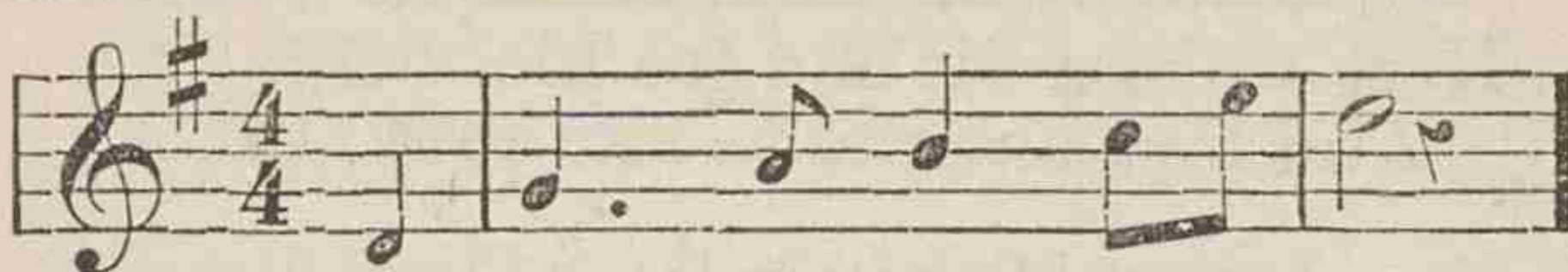
4 To Thee, great One in Three,
 The highest praises be,
 Hence, evermore.
 Thy sovereign majesty
 May we in glory see,
 And to eternity
 Love and adore.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1757.

THE SABBATH.

52

Lischer. H. M.



WELCOME, delightful morn,
 Sweet day of sacred rest,
 I hail thy kind return;
 Lord, make these moments blest.
 From low desires and fleeting toys,
 I soar to reach immortal joys.

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

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
 With all thy quickening powers;
 Disclose a Savior's love,
 And bless the sacred hours:
 Then shall my soul new life obtain,
 Nor Sabbaths be indulged in vain.

HAYWARD, 1806.

53

Lisbon. S. M.



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 God 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.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

54

Peterboro'. C. M.

WITH joy we hail the sacred day
Which God hath called his own;
With joy the summons we obey
To worship at his throne.

2 Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair!
Where willing votaries throng
To breathe the humble, fervent prayer,
And pour the choral song.

3 Spirit of Grace! oh, deign to dwell
Within thy church below;
Make her in holiness excel,
With pure devotion glow.

4 Let peace within her walls be found;
 Let all her sons unite
 To spread with grateful zeal around
 Her clear and shining light.

5 Great God! we hail the sacred day
 Which thou hast called thine own;
 With joy the summons we obey
 To worship at thy throne.

H. F. LYTE, 1834.

55

Brown. C. M.



How sweet upon this sacred day,
 The best of all the seven,
 To cast our earthly thoughts away,
 And think of God and heaven!

2 How sweet to be allowed to pray
 Our sins may be forgiven!
 With filial confidence to say,
 "Father, who art in heaven!"

3 How sweet the words of peace to hear
 From him to whom 'tis given
 To wake the penitential tear,
 And lead the way to heaven!

4 And if, to make our sins depart,
 In vain the will has striven,
 He who regards the inmost heart
 Will send his grace from heaven.

- 5 Then hail, thou sacred, blessed day,
 The best of all the seven,
 When hearts unite their vows to pay
 Of gratitude to heaven.

MRS. FOLLEN.

56

Warwick. C. M.



- THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
 He calls the hours his own;
 Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
 And praise surround the throne.
- 2 To-day he rose and left the dead,
 And Satan's empire fell;
 To-day the saints his triumphs spread,
 And all his wonders tell.
- 3 Hosanna to the anointed King!
 To David's holy Son!
 Help us, O Lord, descend and bring
 Salvation from thy throne.
- 4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
 With messages of grace,
 Who comes in God, his Father's name,
 To save our sinful race.
- 5 Hosanna! in the highest strains
 The church on earth can raise:
 The highest heavens, in which he reigns,
 Shall give him nobler praise.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

57

Sabbath. 7s.



SAFELY through another week,
 God has brought us on our way:
 Let us all a blessing seek,
 Waiting in his courts to-day;
 Day of all the week the best,
 Emblem of eternal rest.

2 While we seek supplies of grace,
 Through the dear Redeemer's name;
 Show thy reconciling face—
 Take away our sin and shame;
 From our worldly cares set free,
 May we rest this day in thee.

3 Here we come thy name to praise,
 Let us feel thy presence near:
 May thy glory meet our eyes,
 While we in thy house appear;
 Here afford us, Lord, a taste
 Of our everlasting rest.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound,
 Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
 Make the fruits of grace abound,
 Bring relief for all complaints:
 Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
 Till we rest in thee above.

JOHN NEWTON, 1779, a.

58

Henry. C. M.



COME, let us join with sweet accord
 In hymns around the throne!
 This is the day our rising Lord
 Hath made and called his own.

2 This is the day which God hath blest,
 The brightest of the seven,
 Type of that everlasting rest
 The saints enjoy in heaven.

3 Then let us in his name sing on,
 And hasten to that day
 When our Redeemer shall come down,
 And shadows pass away.

4 Not one, but all our days below,
 Let us in hymns employ;
 And in our Lord rejoicing, go
 To his eternal joy.

CHAS. WESLEY, d. 1788.

59

Mendon. L. M.



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

- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal care shall seize my breast;
Oh, may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.
- 3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels! how divine!
- 4 Then I shall share a glorious part
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.
- 5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

60

Thatcher. S. M.



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.

4 To songs of praise and joy
Be every Sabbath given,
That such may be our blest employ
Eternally in heaven.

H. F. LYTE, 1834, a.

61

Park Street. L. M.



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 dwell upon immortal tongues;—

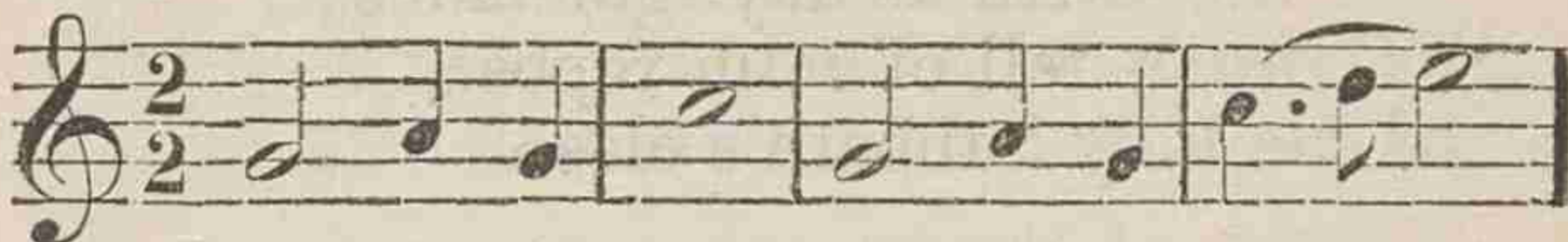
3 No rude alarms of raging foes;
No cares, to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun;
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

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

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, d. 1751.

62

Sessions. L. M.



ANOTHER six days' work is done,
 Another Sabbath is begun;
 Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
 Improve the day thy God hath blest.

- 2 Oh, that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
 As grateful incense, to the skies;
 And draw from heaven that sweet repose
 Which none but he that feels it knows!
- 3 This heavenly calm within the breast
 Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
 Which for the church of God remains;
 The end of cares, the end of pains.
- 4 In holy duties let the day,
 In holy pleasures, pass away;
 How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
 In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

JOSEPH STENNETT, 1734, a.

63

Holley. 7s.



SOFTLY fades the twilight ray
 Of the holy Sabbath day;
 Gently as life's setting sun,
 When the Christian's course is run.

- 2 Night her solemn mantle spreads
O'er the earth as daylight fades;
All things tell of calm repose,
At the holy Sabbath's close.
- 3 Peace is on the world abroad;
'Tis the holy peace of God,—
Symbol of the peace within
When the spirit rests from sin.
- 4 Still the Spirit lingers near,
Where the evening worshiper
Seeks communion with the skies,
Pressing onward to the prize.
- 5 Savior! may our Sabbaths be
Days of joy and peace in thee,
Till in heaven our souls repose,
Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

S. F. SMITH, 1840.

64

Webb. 7s & 6s.



O DAY of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright;
On thee, the high and lowly,
Bending before the throne,
Sing, Holy, holy, holy,
To the Great Three in One.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, B, 1807.

THE SCRIPTURES.

65

Hendon. 7s.



HOLY Bible! Book divine!
 Precious treasure, thou art mine!
 Mine to tell me whence I came,
 Mine to teach me what I am.

2 Mine to chide me when I rove,
 Mine to show a Savior's love,
 Mine to guide my willing feet,
 Mine to judge, condemn, acquit.

3 Mine to comfort in distress,
 If the Holy Spirit bless;
 Mine to show, by living faith,
 Man can triumph over death.

4 Mine to tell of joys to come,
 And the rebel sinner's doom.
 Oh! thou holy Book divine,
 Precious treasure, thou art mine!

JOHN BURTON, 1805.

66

Give. C. M.



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

- 2 O'er all the strait and narrow way
 Its radiant beams are cast;
 A light whose never weary ray
 Grows brightest at the last.
- 3 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
 In this dark vale of tears;
 Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
 And quells our rising fears.
- 4 This lamp, through all the tedious night
 Of life, shall guide our way,
 Till we behold the clearer light
 Of an eternal day.

JOHN FAWCETT, 1782.

67

(Same tune as above.)

- WHAT glory gilds the sacred page
 Majestic like the sun!
 It gives a light to every age—
 It gives, but borrows none.
- 2 The hand that gave it still supplies
 His gracious light and heat;
 His truths upon the nations rise—
 They rise, but never set.
- 3 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
 For such a bright display,
 As makes the world of darkness shine
 With beams of heavenly day.
- 4 My soul rejoices to pursue
 The paths of truth and love,
 Till glory breaks upon my view
 In brighter worlds above.

WM. COWPER, 1779.

MAN'S LOST CONDITION.

68

Windham. L. M.



BROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there;
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveler.

2 "Deny thyself and take thy cross,"
Is the Redeemer's great command:
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heavenly land.

3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteemed almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.

4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain,
Create my heart entirely new,—
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which false apostates never knew.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

69

Peterboro'. C. M.



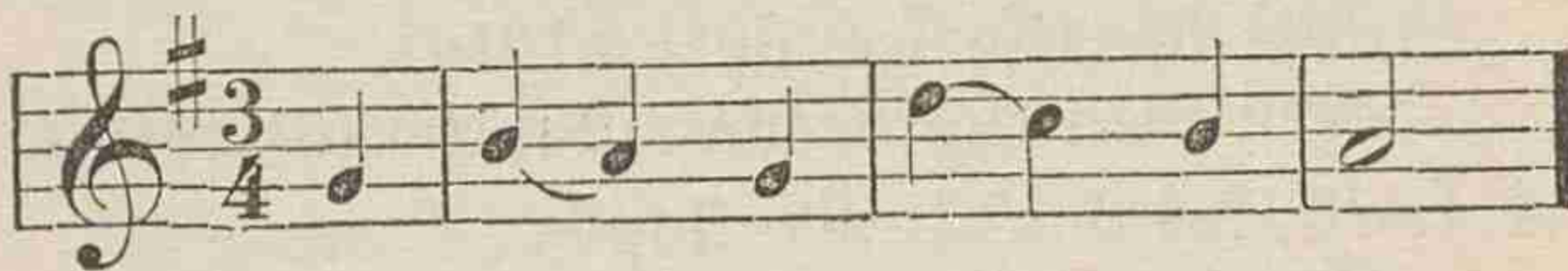
Not all the outward forms on earth,
Nor rites that God has given,
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,
Can raise a soul to heaven.

- 2 The sovereign will of God alone
Creates us heirs of grace,
Born in the image of his Son,
A new, peculiar race.
- 3 The Spirit, like some heavenly wind,
Breathes on the sons of flesh,
New-models all the carnal mind,
And forms the man afresh.
- 4 Our quickened souls awake and rise
From the long sleep of death;
On heavenly things we fix our eyes,
And praise employs our breath.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

70

Thatcher. S. M.



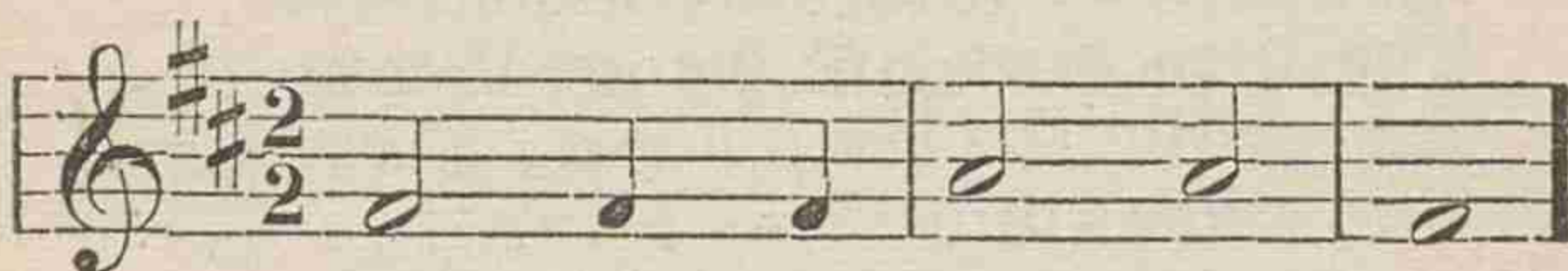
- Not all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.
- 2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away:
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.
- 3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,—
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

- 4 My soul looks back to see
 The burdens thou didst bear
 When hanging on the cursed tree,
 And hopes her guilt was there.
- 5 Believing, we rejoice
 To see the curse remove;
 We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
 And sing his bleeding love.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

71

Shawmut. S. M.



- O WHERE shall rest be found,
 Rest for the weary soul?
 'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,
 Or pierce to either pole.
- 2 The world can never give
 The bliss for which we sigh;
 'Tis not the whole of life to live
 Nor all of death to die.
- 3 Beyond this vale of tears
 There is a life above,
 Unmeasured by the flight of years;
 And all that life is love.
- 4 There is a death whose pang
 Outlasts the fleeting breath:—
 O, what eternal horrors hang
 Around "the second death!"

- 5 Lord God of truth and grace!
 Teach us that death to shun,
 Lest we be driven from thy face,
 And evermore undone.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1819.

72

Wells. L. M.



- LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
 The time to insure the great reward,
 And while the lamp holds out to burn,
 The vilest sinner may return!
- 2 Life is the hour that God has given
 To escape from hell and fly to heaven,
 The day of grace, and mortals may
 Secure the blessings of the day.
- 3 The living know that they must die,
 But all the dead forgotten lie;
 Their memory and their sense is gone,
 Alike unknowing and unknown.
- 4 Then what my thoughts design to do,
 My hands, with all your might pursue;
 Since no device nor work is found,
 Nor faith nor hope, beneath the ground.
- 5 There are no acts of pardon passed
 In the cold grave to which we haste;
 But darkness, death and long despair,
 Reign in eternal silence there.

ISAAC WATTS.

73

Ganges. C. P. M.



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

2 Amazed I stood, but could not tell
 Which way to shun the gates of hell,
 For death and hell drew near;
 I strove, indeed, but strove in vain:
 "The sinner must be born again"
 Still sounded in my ear.

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

4 But while I thus in anguish lay,
 Jesus of Naz'reth passed that way,
 And felt his pity move:
 The sinner, by his justice slain,
 Now by his grace is born again,
 And sings redeeming love.

SAMSON OCKUM, 1760, a.

THE ATONEMENT.

74

Peterboro'. C. M.



SALVATION! oh, the joyful sound!
 'Tis pleasure to our ears,
 A sovereign balm for every wound,
 A cordial for our fears.

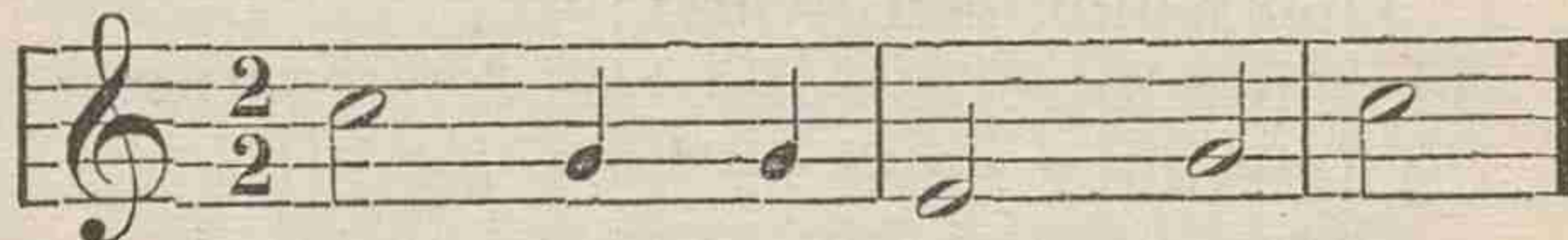
2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
 At hell's dark door we lay;
 But we arise, by grace divine,
 To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation! let the echo fly
 The spacious earth around,
 While all the armies of the sky
 Conspire to raise the sound.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

75

Silver Street. S. M.



GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
 Harmonious to the ear!
 Heaven with the echo shall resound,
 And all the earth shall hear.

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

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

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

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1740.

76

Fountain. C. M.



THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
 And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains.

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

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

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

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

WM. COWPER, 1779.

77

Lennox. H. M.



Blow ye the trumpet, blow,
 The gladly solemn sound;
 Let all the nations know,
 To earth's remotest bound,
 The year of jubilee is come;
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
 Hath full atonement made;
 Ye weary spirits, rest;
 Ye mourning souls, be glad:
 The year of jubilee is come;
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
 The all-atoning Lamb;
 Redemption by his blood,
 Through all the lands proclaim:
 The year of jubilee is come;
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

CHAS. WESLEY, 1750.

78

Amazing Grace. C. M.



- AMAZING grace! how sweet the sound!
 That saved a wretch like me!
 I once was lost, but now I'm found,
 Was blind, but now I see.
- 2 'T was grace that taught my heart to fear,
 And grace my fears relieved:
 How precious did that grace appear,
 The hour I first believed!
- 3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
 I have already come:
 'T is grace has brought me safe thus far,
 And grace will lead me home.
- 4 The Lord has promised good to me:
 His word my hope secures;
 He will my shield and portion be
 As long as life endures.
- 5 Yea, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
 And mortal life shall cease,
 I shall possess, within the veil,
 A life of joy and peace.
- 6 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
 The sun forbear to shine;
 But God, who called me here below,
 Will be forever mine.

JOHN NEWTON, 1779.

WARNING AND INVITATION.

79

Cross and Crown. C. M.



REPENT! the voice celestial cries;
 No longer dare delay;
 The soul that scorns the mandate dies,
 And meets a fiery day.

2 No more the sovereign eye of God
 O'erlooks the crimes of men;
 His heralds now are sent abroad
 To warn the world of sin.

3 Together in his presence bow,
 And all your guilt confess;
 Accept the offered Savior now,
 Nor trifle with his grace.

4 Bow, ere the awful trumpet sound,
 And call you to his bar;
 For mercy knows the appointed bound,
 And yields to justice there.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

80

To-Day. 6s & 4s.



TO-DAY the Savior calls:
 Ye wanderers, come!
 O, ye benighted souls,
 Why longer roam?

2 To-day the Savior calls :
O, listen now !
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

3 To-day the Savior calls ;
For refuge fly ;
The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh.

4 The Spirit calls to-day,
Yield to his power ;
O, grieve him not away ;
'Tis mercy's hour.

THOMAS HASTINGS, 1858.

81

Rockingham. L. M.



WHILE life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found, and peace is given ;
But soon, ah, soon, approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

2 While God invites, how blest the day !
How sweet the gospel's charming sound !
Come, sinners, haste, oh, haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave,
Before his bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.

- 4 In that lone land of deep despair,
 No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise,
 No God regard your bitter prayer,
 No Savior call you to the skies.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT, d. 1817.

82

Salvation. C. M.

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

- 2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
 Doth like a mountain rise;
 I know his courts I'll enter in,
 Whate'er before me lies.

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

- 4 I'll to the gracious King approach,
 Whose scepter pardon gives;
 I know he will command my touch,
 And then the suppliant lives.

- 5 He promises to hear my plea,
 He waits to hear my prayer;
 No sinner e'er was turned away,
 Or ever perished there.

EDMUND JONES, 1777.

83

Hendon. 7s.



SINNERS, turn, why will ye die?
 God, your Maker, asks you why;
 God, who did your being give,
 Made you with himself to live.

2 He the fatal cause demands,
 Asks the work of his own hands,
 Why, ye thankless creatures, why
 Will ye cross his love, and die?

3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
 God, your Savior, asks you why;
 God who did your souls retrieve,
 Died himself that ye might live;

4 Will ye let him die in vain?
 Crucify your Lord again?
 Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
 Will ye slight his grace, and die?

5 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
 God, the Spirit, asks you why;
 He, who all your lives hath strove,
 Wooed you to embrace his love:

6 Will ye not his grace receive?
 Will ye still refuse to live?
 Why, ye long-sought sinners, why
 Will ye grieve your God, and die?

CHARLES WESLEY, 1756.

84

Nettleton. 8s & 7s.



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

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

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

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

JOSEPH HART, 1759, a.

85

Osgood. 8s, 7s, & 4s.



HEAR, O sinner; Mercy hails you;
Now with sweetest voice she calls
Bids you haste to seek the Savior,
Ere the hand of justice falls:
Trust in Jesus;
'T is the voice of Mercy calls.

2 Haste, O sinner, to the Savior;
Seek his mercy while you may;
Soon the day of grace is over;
Soon your life will pass away:
Haste to Jesus;
You must perish if you stay.

ANDREW REED, d. 1862.

86

Pleyel's Hymn. 7s.



HASTEN, sinner, to be wise;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Wisdom if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.

2 Hasten mercy to implore;
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er,
Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Hasten, sinner, now return;
 Stay not for the morrow's sun,
 Lest thy lamp should cease to burn
 Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest;
 Stay not for the morrow's sun,
 Lest perdition thee arrest,
 Ere the morrow is begun.

THOMAS SCOTT, 1773.

87

Spanish Hymn. 7s D.



WHEN thy mortal life is fled,
 When the death-shades o'er thee spread,
 When is finished thy career,
 Sinner, where wilt thou appear?

2 When the world has passed away,
 When draws near the judgment day,
 When the awful trump shall sound,
 Say, oh, where wilt thou be found?

3 When the Judge descends in light,
 Clothed in majesty and might,
 When the wicked quail with fear,
 Where, oh, where wilt thou appear?

4 What shall soothe thy bursting heart,
 When the saints and thou must part?
 When the good with joy are crowned,
 Sinner, where wilt thou be found?

5 While the Holy Ghost is nigh,
Quickly to the Savior fly;
Then shall peace thy spirit cheer;
Then in heaven shalt thou appear.

S. F. SMITH, 1832.

88 Come, Ye Disconsolate. 11s & 10s.



COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish;
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently
Here bring your wounded hearts, here
tell your anguish;
Earth has no sorrow that heaven can
not heal.

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
Earth has no sorrow that heaven can
not cure.

3 Here see the bread of life; see waters
flowing
Forth from the throne of God, bound-
less in love;
Come to the feast of love; come, ever
knowing
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can
remove.

THOMAS MOORE, 1816.

89

Ava. 6s & 4s.



CHILD of sin and sorrow,
 Filled with dismay,
 Wait not for to-morrow,
 Yield thee to-day:
 Heaven bids thee come,
 While yet there's room.
 Child of sin and sorrow,
 Hear and obey.

2 Child of sin and sorrow,
 Why wilt thou die?
 Come while thou canst borrow
 Help from on high;
 Grieve not that love
 Which from above,
 Child of sin and sorrow,
 Would bring thee nigh.

3 Child of sin and sorrow,
 Thy moments glide
 Like the flitting arrow
 Or the rushing tide;
 Ere time is o'er,
 Heaven's grace implore;
 Child of sin and sorrow,
 In Christ confide

THOMAS HASTINGS, 1832.

90

Hinton. 11s.



DELAY not, delay not; O sinner, draw near;
 The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
 No price is demanded, the Savior is here;
 Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

2 Delay not, delay not; why longer abuse
 The love and compassion of Jesus, thy God?
 A fountain is opened; how canst thou refuse
 To wash and be cleansed in his pardoning
 blood?

3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner to come,
 For Mercy still lingers, and calls thee to-
 day;
 Her voice is not heard in the shades of the
 tomb;

Her message, unheeded, will soon pass
 away.

4 Delay not, delay not; the Spirit of Grace,
 Long grieved and resisted, may take his
 sad flight,

And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
 To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

5 Delay not, delay not; the hour is at hand;
 The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens
 shall fade,

The dead, small and great, in the judgment
 shall stand;

What helper, then, sinner, shall lend thee
 his aid?

THOMAS HASTINGS, d. 1872.

REPENTANCE UNTO LIFE.

91

Dennis. S. M.



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

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

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

BENJAMIN BEDDOME, 1818.

92

Aletta. 7s.



DEPTH of mercy! can there be
 Mercy still reserved for me?
 Can my God his wrath forbear?
 Me the chief of sinners spare?

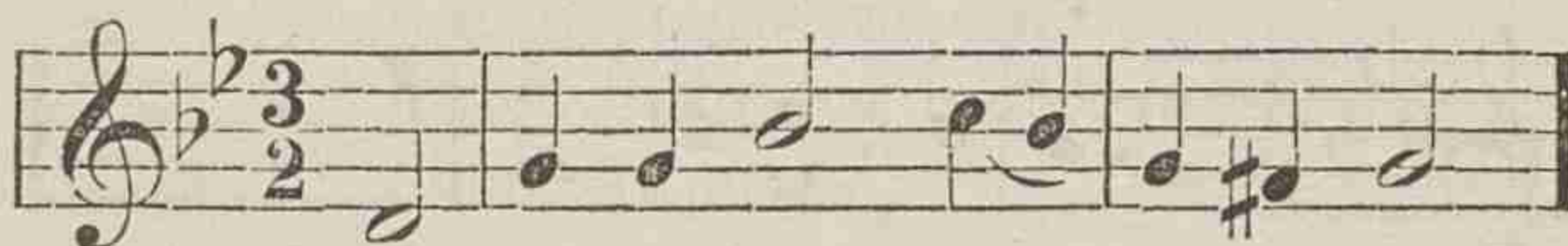
2 I have long withstood his grace;
 Long provoked him to his face;
 Would not hearken to his calls;
 Grieved him by a thousand falls.

- 3 Kindled his relentings are ;
Me he now delights to spare ;
Cries, How shall I give thee up ?
Lest the lifted thunder drop.
- 4 There for me the Savior stands ;
Shows his wounds, and spreads his hands.
God is love, I know, I feel ;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.
- 5 Now incline me to repent ;
Let me now my sins lament ;
Now my foul revolt deplore ;
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1740.

93

Supplication. L. M.



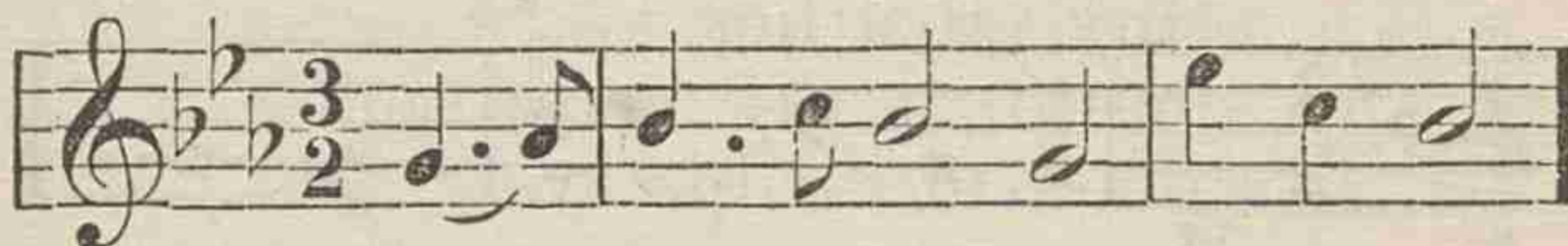
- SHOW pity, Lord ; O Lord, forgive ;
Let a repenting rebel live ;
Are not thy mercies large and free ?
May not a sinner trust in thee ?
- 2 My crimes are great, but can't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace :
Great God, thy nature hath no bound ;
So let thy pardoning love be found.
 - 3 Oh, wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean ;
Here, on my heart, the burden lies,
And past offenses pain mine eyes.

- 4 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.
- 5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
 I must pronounce thee just in death;
 And if my soul were sent to hell,
 Thy righteous law approves it well.
- 6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
 Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
 Would light on some sweet promise there,
 Some sure support against despair.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

94

Cowper. C. M.



- JESUS, thou art the sinner's friend;
 As such I look to thee;
 Now in the fullness of thy love,
 O Lord! remember me.
- 2 Remember thy pure word of grace,
 Remember Calvary;
 Remember all thy dying groans,
 And then remember me.
- 3 Thou wondrous Advocate with God!
 I yield myself to thee,
 While thou are sitting on thy throne,
 Dear Lord, remember me.

4 Lord! I am guilty, I am vile,
But thy salvation's free;
Then, in thine all-abounding grace,
Dear Lord, remember me.

5 And, when I close my eyes in death,
When creature-helps all flee,
Then, O my dear Redeemer-God,
I pray, remember me.

RICHARD BURNHAM, 1783.

95

Naomi. C. M.



PROSTRATE, dear Jesus! at thy feet
A guilty rebel lies,
And upwards to thy mercy-seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.

2 If tears of sorrow could suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping eyes
In ceaseless torrents flow.

3 But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt;
No tears but those which thou hast shed,
No blood but thou hast spilt.

4 Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord!
And all my sins forgive:
Justice will well approve the word
That bids the sinner live.

SAMUEL STENNETT, 1787.

96

Hamburg. L. M.



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

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

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

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

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

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

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1836.

97

Webb. 7s & 6s.



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

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

3 I long to be like Jesus,
 Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
 I long to be like Jesus,
 The Father's holy child;
 I long to be with Jesus
 Amid the heavenly throng,
 To sing with saints his praises,
 To learn the angels' song.

HORATIUS BONAR, 1857.

98

Woodland. C. M.



As on the cross the Savior hung,
 And wept, and bled, and died,
 He poured salvation on a wretch
 That languished at his side.

2 His crimes, with inward grief and shame,
 The penitent confessed,
 Then turned his dying eyes to Christ,
 And thus his prayer addressed:—

3 “Jesus, thou Son and Heir of heaven,
 Thou spotless Lamb of God,
 I see thee bathed in sweat and tears,
 And weltering in thy blood.

4 “Yet quickly, from these scenes of woe
 In triumph thou shalt rise,
 Burst through the gloomy shades of death,
 And shine above the skies.

5 “Amid the glories of that world,
 Dear Savior, think on me,
 And in the victories of thy death,
 Let me a sharer be.”

6 His prayer the dying Jesus hears,
 And instantly replies,
 “To-day thy ’parting soul shall be
 With me in Paradise.”

SAMUEL STENNETT, d. 1795.

PRAYER.

99

Manoah. C. M.



PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
 Uttered or unexpressed,
 The motion of a hidden fire
 That trembles in the breast.

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

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

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

5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
 Returning from his ways,
 While angels in their songs rejoice,
 And cry, "Behold, he prays."

6 O Thou, by whom we come to God,
 The Life, the Truth, the Way!
 The path of prayer thyself has trod:
 Lord, teach us how to pray!

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1819.

100

Laban. S. M.



OUR Father and our God,
 Who art in heaven above;
 Thy name be praised, by all adored,
 In sweetest strains of love.

2 Thy kingdom spread as leaven,
 And every heart control;
 Thy will be done in earth, as heaven,
 By every living soul.

3 Give us our daily bread,—
 Forgive, as we forgive;
 Oh, may we not in sin be led,
 But humbly with thee live.

4 Free us from every ill,—
 Our trembling soul's defend,
 For thine's the kingdom, power, and will
 For evermore. Amen.

J. M. D. CATES, 1867.

101

Silver Street. S. M.



ASK, and the Father bends,
 To hear thy suppliant cry;
 The fervent prayer to heaven ascends,
 And brings the blessing nigh.

2 Seek, and his word shall guide
 Thine erring feet aright,
 The darkness from the light divide,
 And give thee day for night.

3 Knock, and an entrance find
 Through Christ, the only door,
 And everlasting rest be thine,
 In heaven forevermore.

JAS. A. DELKE, 1867.

102 Sweet Hour. L. M. D.



SWEET hour of prayer! sweet hour of
 prayer!

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

2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of
 prayer!

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

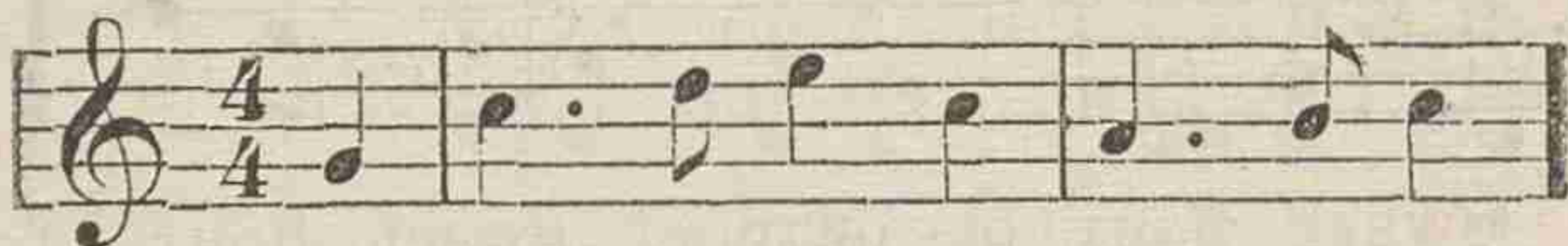
3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of
prayer!

May I thy consolation share;
Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home, and take my flight:
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.

W. W. WALFORD, 1846.

103

Brown. C. M.



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

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

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

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

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

JOHN NEWTON, d. 1807.

104

Retreat. L. M.



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

- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
 The oil of gladness on our heads,
 A place than all beside 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 time and sense molest no more;
 And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
 And glory crowns the mercy-seat.
- 5 Oh, 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.

HUGH STOWELL, 1831.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

105

Lovest Thou Me. 7s.



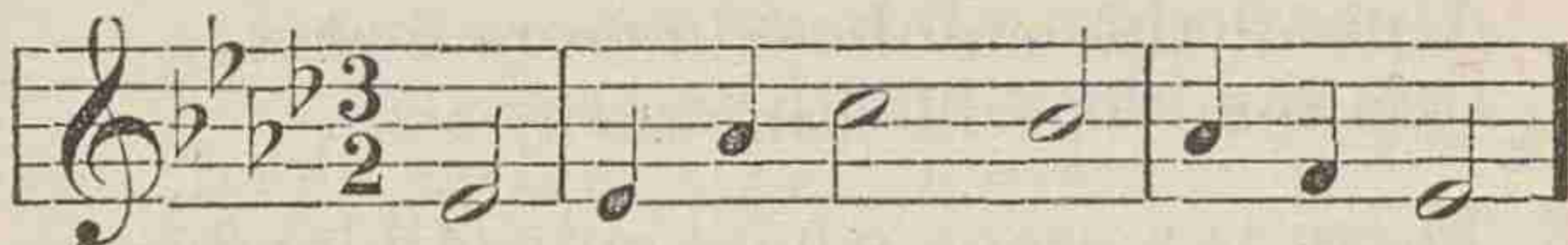
'Tis religion that can give
 Sweetest pleasures while we live;
 'Tis religion must supply
 Solid comfort when we die.

2 After death, its joys will be
 Lasting as eternity:
 Be the living God my Friend,
 Then my bliss shall never end.

MARY MASTERS.

106

Evan. C. M.



RELIGION is the chief concern
 Of mortals here below;
 May we its great importance learn,
 Its sovereign virtue know.

2 Religion should our thoughts engage
 Amid our youthful bloom;
 'Twill fit us for declining age,
 And for the solemn tomb.

3 Oh, may our hearts, by grace renewed,
 Be our Redeemer's throne;
 And be our stubborn wills subdued,
 His government to own.

JOHN FAWCETT, d. 1817.

107

Siloam. C. M.



By cool Siloam's shady rill
 How fair the lily grows!
 How sweet the breath beneath the hill,
 Of Sharon's dewy rose!

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

3 O Thou, who givest life and breath,
 We seek thy grace alone,
 In childhood, manhood, age and death,
 To keep us still thine own.

REGINALD HEBER, 1827.

108

Hebron. L. M.



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

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

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

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

5 Ashamed of Jesus! yes I may,
 When I've no guilt to wash away,
 No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
 No fears to quell, no soul to save.

6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
 Till then I boast a Savior slain;
 And O may this my glory be,
 That Christ is not ashamed of me.

JOSEPH GRIGG, 1705; alt. by Benj. Francis, 1787.

109

Rowley. 6s & 9s.



O how happy are they
 Who their Savior obey,
 And have laid up their treasure above!
 Tongue can never express
 The sweet comfort and peace
 Of a soul in its earliest love.

2 That sweet comfort was mine
When the favor divine
I had found in the blood of the Lamb.
When at first I believed,
What true joy I received!
What a heaven in Jesus' sweet name!

3 'Twas a heaven below
My Redeemer to know;
And the angels could do nothing more
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song:
Oh, that all his salvation might see!
"He hath loved me," I cried,
"He hath suffered and died
To redeem such a rebel as me."

5 On the wings of his love,
I was carried above
All sin, and temptation, and pain;
I could not believe
That I ever should grieve—
That I ever should suffer again.

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

CHARLES WESLEY, 1749.

110

Cross and Crown. C. M.



Do not I love thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart and see;
And turn each cursed idol out,
That dares to rival thee.

2 Do not I love thee from my soul?
Then let me nothing love,
Dead be my heart to every joy,
Which thou dost not approve.

3 Is not thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound,
My Savior's voice to hear?

4 Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock
I would disdain to feed?
Hast thou a foe before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead?

5 Would not my heart pour forth its blood
In honor of thy name,
And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp the immortal flame?

6 Thou knowest I love thee, dearest Lord;
But, oh, I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1755.

111

Brown. C. M.



- How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.
- 3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.
- 5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But, when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.
- 6 Till then, I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

JOHN NEWTON, 1779.

112

Arlington. C. M.



THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
 We love to hear of thee;
 No music like thy charming name,
 Nor half so sweet can be.

2 My Jesus shall be still my theme,
 While in the world I stay;
 I'll sing my Jesus' lovely name,
 When all things else decay.

3 When I appear in yonder cloud,
 With all the favored throng,
 Then will I sing more sweet, more loud,
 And Christ shall be my song.

JOHN CENNICK, 1745, a.

113

Oh, How I Love Jesus!



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

CHO. Oh, how I love Jesus!
 Oh, how I love Jesus!
 Oh, how I love Jesus,
 Because he first loved me.

How can I forget thee?
 How can I forget thee?
 How can I forget thee?
 Dear Lord, remember me.

- 2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
 My transport and my trust;
 Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
 And gold is sordid dust.—Cho.
- 3 All my capacious powers can wish,
 In thee doth richly meet;
 Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,
 Nor friendship half so sweet.—Cho.
- 4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
 And sheds its fragrance there;
 The noblest balm of all its wounds,
 The cordial of its care.—Cho.
- 5 I'll speak the honors of thy name
 With my last laboring breath;
 Then speechless clasp thee in mine arms
 The antidote of death.—Cho.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1755.

114

Heber. C. M.



JESUS! the very thought of thee
 With sweetness fills my breast;
 But sweeter far thy face to see,
 And in thy presence rest.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than thy blest name,
O Savior of mankind!

3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek!
To those who fall, how kind thou art,
How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah, this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but his loved ones know.

5 Jesus, our only joy be thou!
As thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus, be thou our glory now
And through eternity!

BERNARD of Clairvaux, 1153. Tr. by E. Caswall, 1849.

115 Salvation's Free. S. M.



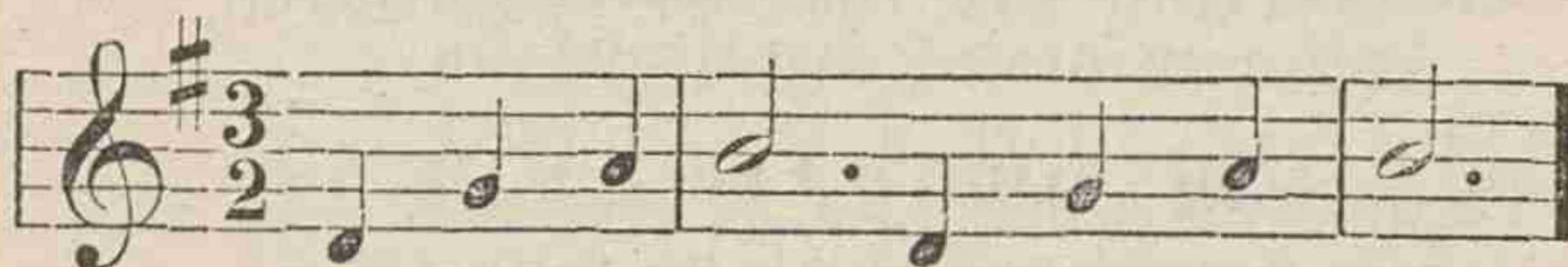
COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

CHO.—I'm glad salvation's free,
I'm glad salvation's free;
Salvation's free for you and me!
I'm glad salvation's free.

- 2 Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God;
But favorites of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.—*Cho.*
- 3 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.—*Cho.*
- 4 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's
ground
To fairer worlds on high.—*Cho.*

ISAAC WATTS, 1709..

116

Happy Day. Ss & 6s.

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

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

2 'Tis done! the great transaction's done!
 I am my Lord's, and he is mine:
 He drew me, and I followed on, [Chor.]
 Charmed to confess the voice divine.—

3 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
 Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
 Nor ever from thy Lord depart: [Chor.]
 With him, of every good possessed.—

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1755.

117

Balerna. C. M.



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

2 In darkest shades, if he appear,
 My dawning is begun;
 He is my soul's sweet morning-star,
 And he my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine
 With beams of sacred bliss,
 While Jesus shows his heart is mine,
 And whispers I am his.

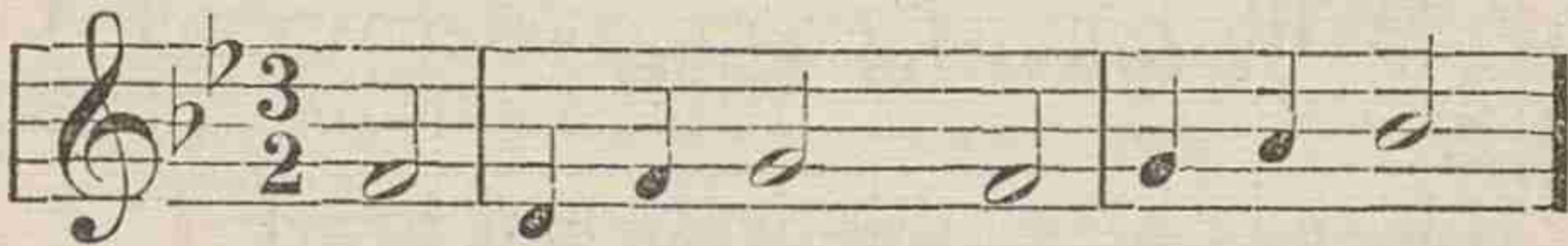
4 My soul would leave this heavy clay,
 At that transporting word,
 Run up with joy the shining way,
 To embrace my dearest Lord.

- 5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
 I'd break through every foe;
 The wings of love, and arms of faith
 Should bear me conqueror through.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

118

Hebron. L. M.



- JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone,
 He whom I fix my hopes upon;
 His track I see, and I'll pursue
 The narrow way till him I view.
- 2 The way the holy prophets went,
 The road that leads from banishment,
 The King's highway of holiness,
 I'll go, for all his paths are peace.
- 3 This is the way I long have sought,
 And mourned because I found it not:
 My grief a burden long has been,
 Because I was not saved from sin.
- 4 The more I strove against its power
 I felt its weight and guilt the more;
 Till late I heard my Savior say,
 "Come hither, soul, I AM THE WAY."
- 5 Lo! glad I come, and thou blest Lamb,
 Shalt take me to thee as I am;
 Nothing but sin have I to give,
 Nothing but love shall I receive.

6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
 What a dear Savior I have found!
 I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
 And say, "Behold the way to God."

JOHN CENNICK, 1743.

119

Ortonville. C. M.



How oft, alas! this wretched heart
 Has wandered from the Lord!
 How oft my roving thoughts depart,
 Forgetful of his word!

2 Yet sovereign Mercy calls, "Return!"
 Dear Lord! and may I come?
 My vile ingratitude I mourn;
 O, take the wanderer home.

3 And canst thou, wilt thou, yet forgive,
 And bid my crimes remove?
 And shall a pardoned rebel live
 To speak thy wondrous love?

4 Almighty Grace! thy healing power,
 How glorious, how divine!
 That can to life and bliss restore
 So vile a heart as mine.

5 Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,
 Dear Savior! I adore:
 O, keep me at thy sacred feet,
 And let me rove no more.

MRS. STEELE.

120 Penitence. 7s, 6s, & 8s.



JESUS, let thy pitying eye
 Call back a wandering sheep;
 False to thee, like Peter, I
 Would fain like Peter weep.
 Let me be by grace restored;
 On me be all long-suffering shown;
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.

2 Savior, Prince, enthroned above,
 Repentance to impart,
 Give me, through thy dying love,
 The humble, contrite heart:
 Give what I have long implored,
 A portion of thy grief unknown;
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.

3 For thine own compassion's sake,
 The gracious wonder show;
 Cast my sins behind thy back,
 And wash me white as snow:
 If thy bowels now are stirred,
 If now I do myself bemoan,
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.

CHARLES WESLEY.

121

Lovest thou Me. 7s.



HARK, my soul! it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Savior, hear his word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
"Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?"

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

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

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

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

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint,
Yet I love thee, and adore—
O! for grace to love thee more!

WM. COWPER, 1779.

122

Kentucky. S. M.



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!

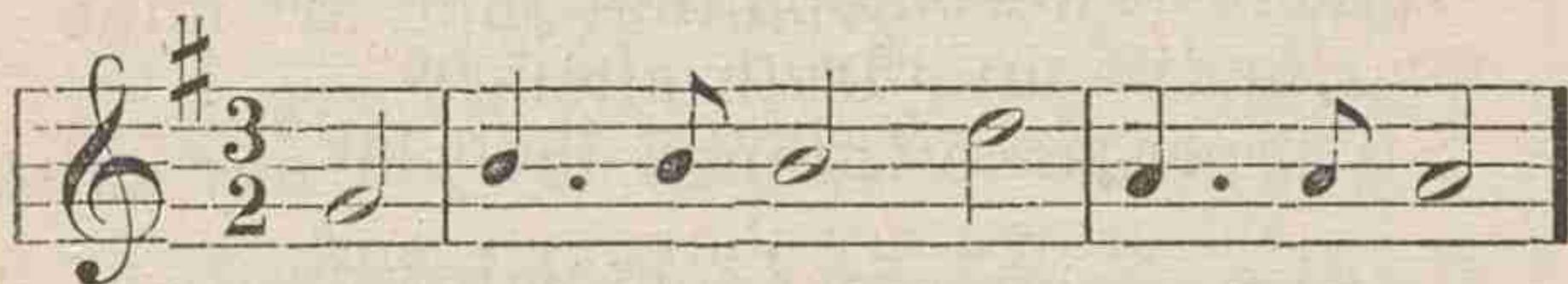
3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And oh, thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

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

CHAS. WESLEY, 1767.

123

Woodstock. C. M.



O COULD I find, from day to day,
A nearness to my God,
Then would my hours glide sweet away,
While leaning on his word.

- 2 Lord, I desire with thee to live
 Anew from day to day,
 In joys the world can never give,
 Nor ever take away.
- 3 Blest Jesus, come, and rule my heart,
 And make me wholly thine,
 That I may nevermore depart,
 Nor grieve thy love divine.
- 4 Thus, till my last, expiring breath,
 Thy goodness I'll adore;
 And when my frame dissolves in death,
 My soul shall love thee more.

BENJAMIN CLEAVLAND, 1790.

124

Naomi. C. M.



- FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
 Thy sovereign will denies,
 Accepted at thy throne of grace,
 Let this petition rise:—
- 2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
 From every murmur free;
 The blessings of thy grace impart,
 And make me live to thee.
- 3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
 My life and death attend;
 Thy presence through my journey shine,
 And crown my journey's end.

ANNE STEELE, d. 1778.

125

Balerna. C. M.



- O FOR a closer walk with God!
A calm and heavenly frame!
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I then enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

WILLIAM COWPER, d. 1800.

126

Duke Street. L. M.

So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Savior God,
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.
- 3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust, and pride;
While justice, temperance, truth, and love
Our inward piety approve.
- 4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

127

Ortonville. C. M.

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

- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within;
- 4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good—
A copy, Lord, of thine!

CHARLES WESLEY, 1742.

128

Christmas. C. M.



- AWAKE, my soul; stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis God's all animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye:—

- 4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new luster boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1755.

129

St. Martin's. C. M.



- O FOR a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe;—
- 2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God—
- 3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That, when in danger, knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt—
- 4 That bears, unmoved, the world's dread
Nor heeds its scornful smile; [frown,
That seas of trouble can not drown,
Nor Satan's arts beguile—
- 5 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Lights up the dying bed.

6 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
 And then, whate'er may come,
 We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
 Of an eternal home.

WM. H. BATHURST, 1831.

130

Olivet. 6s & 4s.



My faith looks up to thee,
 Thou Lamb of Calvary,
 Savior divine!
 Now hear me while I pray;
 Take all my guilt away;
 Oh, let me, from this day,
 Be wholly thine.

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

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

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

RAY PALMER, 1830.

131

Bethany. 6s & 4s.



- NEARER, my God, to thee,—
 Nearer to thee!
 E'en though it be a cross
 That raiseth me;
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee!
- 2 Though like a wanderer,
 The sun gone down,
 Darkness comes over me,
 My rest a stone,
 Yet in my dreams I'd be
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee!
- 3 There let my way appear
 Steps unto heaven;
 All that thou sendest me

In mercy given;
 Angels to beckon me
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee!

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

5 And when 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!

SARAH F. ADAMS, 1840.

132

Greenville. 8s & 7s, D.



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

2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
 Into every troubled breast;
 Let us all in thee inherit;
 Let us find the promised rest.
 Come, almighty to deliver,
 Let us all thy life receive;
 Suddenly return, and never,
 Never more thy temples leave.

3 Finish then thy new creation;
 Pure and spotless let us be;
 Let us see thy great salvation
 Perfectly restored in thee;
 Changed from glory into glory,
 Till in heaven we take our place,
 Till we cast our crowns before thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise!

CHARLES WESLEY, 1746.

133

Nettleton. 8s & 7s.



COME, thou Fount of every blessing,
 Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
 Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
 Call for songs of loudest praise.—Cho.

* CHO. I love Jesus, hallelujah,
 I love Jesus, yes, I do;
 I do love Jesus—he's my Savior;
 Jesus smiles, and loves me too.

* Chorus may be omitted.

- 2 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount,—oh, fix me on it,
Mount of God's unchanging love.—Cho.
- 3 Here I raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I'm come,
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.—Cho.
- 4 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed with precious blood.—Cho.
- 5 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee.—Cho.
- 6 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart; Lord, take and seal it;
Seal it from thy courts above.—Cho.

ROBERT ROBINSON, 1757.

134

Dennis. S. M.



BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love,
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

- 2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;

Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

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

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

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

JOHN FAWCETT, 1772.

135

Rockingham. L. M.



How blest the sacred tie that binds
In sweet communion kindred minds!
How swift the heavenly course they run,
Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes
are one.

2 To each, the soul of each how dear!
What tender love! what holy fear!
How doth the generous flame within
Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin!

- 3 Nor shall the glowing flame expire,
When dimly beams frail nature's fire;
Then shall they meet in realms above,
A heaven of joy, a heaven of love.

ANNA L. BARBAULD, 1773.

136

Evan. C. M.



- How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those that love the Lord,
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfill his word!
- 2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart!
- 3 When free from envy, scorn and pride,
Our wishes all above;
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love!
- 4 When love in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flows:
When union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action glows!
- 5 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven that finds
His bosom glow with love.

JOSEPH SWAIN, 1792.

137

Martyn. 7s. D.



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

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

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
 More than all in thee I find;
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Just and holy is thy name,
 I am all unrighteousness;
 False, and full of sin, I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1740.

138 Portuguese Hymn. 11s.



How firm a foundation, ye saints of the
Lord,

Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say than to you he hath
said,

You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

2 In every condition—in sickness, in health;
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth!
At home and abroad; on the land, on the
sea,— [strength ever be.

“As thy days may demand, shall thy

3 “Fear not; I am with thee; O be not
dismayed!

I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid:
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause
thee to stand,

Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

4 “When through the deep waters I call
thee to go,

The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5 “When through fiery trials thy pathway
shall lie.

My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply:
The flame shall not hurt thee: I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to
refine.

6 "E'en down to old age, all my people shall
prove

My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable, love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples
adorn, [borne.

Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be

7 "The soul that on Jesus still leans for re-
pose,

I will not, *I will* not, desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor
to shake,

I'll never, *no never*, NO NEVER, forsake."

GEORGE KEITH, 1787.

139 Oliphant. 8s, 7s, & 4s.



GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand;
Bread of heaven!

Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open now the crystal fountain
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong deliverer!

Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;

Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS, 1773.

140

I Do Believe. C. M.*



Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

Cho.—I do believe, I now believe,—
I can hold out no more;
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own thee Conqueror.

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?—*Cho.*

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?—*Cho.*

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.—*Cho.*

* Avon, on page 119, may be used, without chorus.

5 Thy saints in all this glorious war
 Shall conquer though they die;
 They see the triumph from afar,
 By faith they bring it nigh.—*Cho.*

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
 And all thy armies shine
 In robes of victory through the skies,
 The glory shall be thine.—*Cho.*

ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

141

Laban. S. M.



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

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

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
 Nor lay thine armor down;
 Thy work of faith will not be done
 Till thou obtain the crown.

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

GEORGE HEATH, b. 1781.

142

Webb. 7s & 6s.



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

2 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls or danger,
Be never wanting there.

3 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally!

GEORGE DUFFIELD, b. 1818.

143

Avon. C. M.



I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause;
Maintain the honor of his word,
The glory of his cross.

2 Jesus, my God! I know his name—
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

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

4 Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

144

State Street. S. M.



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

- 2 He bows his gracious ear;
 We never plead in vain;
 Then let us wait till he appear,
 And pray, and pray again.
- 3 Though unbelief suggest
 "Why should we longer wait?"
 He bids us never give him rest,
 But knock at Mercy's gate.
- 4 Jesus, the Lord, will hear
 His chosen when they cry;
 Yes, though he may awhile forbear,
 He'll help them from on high.
- 5 Then let us earnest cry,
 And never faint in prayer;
 He sees, he hears, and from on high
 Will make our cause his care.

JOHN NEWTON, 1779.

145

Give. C. M.



WHEN languor and disease invade
 This trembling house of clay,
 'Tis sweet to look beyond my pain,
 And long to fly away;—

- 2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
 The whispers of his love;
 Sweet to look upward, to the place
 Where Jesus pleads above;—

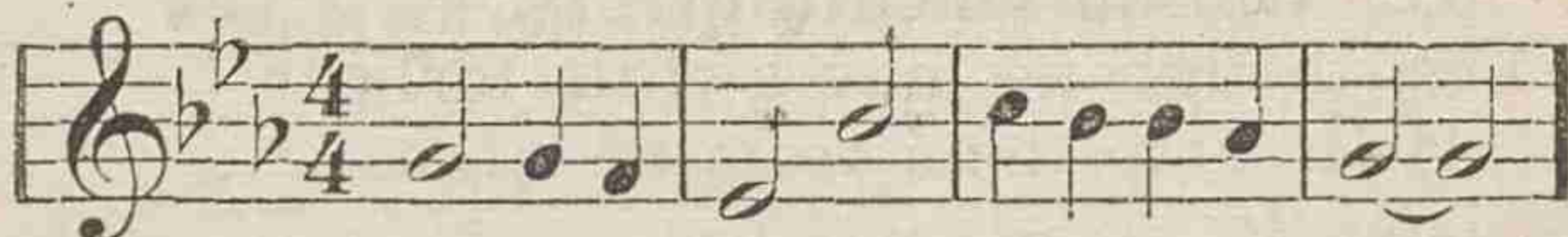
3 Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
 Whose love can never end;
 Sweet on his covenant of grace
 For all things to depend;—

4 Sweet, in the confidence of faith,
 To trust his firm decrees;
 Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
 And know no will but his.

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY, 1780.

146

Eventide. 10s.



ABIDE with me! Fast falls the eventide;
 The darkness deepens; Lord, with me a-
 bide!

When other helpers fail, and comforts
 flee,

Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
 Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass
 away;

Change and decay in all around I see;
 O thou who changest not, abide with me!

3 I need thy presence every passing hour;
 What but thy grace can foil the tempt-
 er's power?

Who like thyself my guide and stay can
 be?

Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide
 with me!

4 Hold thou thy cross before my closing
eyes;

Shine through the gloom, and point me to
the skies;

Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's
vain shadows flee!

In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

HENRY F. LYTE, 1847.

147 That will be Joyful. 8s, 6s, & 10s.



How pleasant thus to dwell below

In fellowship of love!

And, tho' we part, 'tis bliss to know

The good shall meet above.

CHO. Oh! that will be joyful! joyful! joyful!

Oh! that will be joyful!

To meet to part no more,

To meet to part no more,

On Canaan's happy shore;

'Tis there we'll meet at Jesus' feet,

Will meet to part no more.

2 Yes, happy thought! when we are free

From earthly grief and pain,

In heaven we shall each other see

And never part again.—CHO.

148

Unity. 6s & 5s.



WHEN shall we meet again?—
 Meet ne'er to sever?
 When will Peace wreathe her chain
 Round us forever?
 Our hearts will ne'er repose
 Safe from each blast that blows
 In this dark vale of woes,—
 Never,—no, never!

2 When shall love freely flow
 Pure as life's river?
 When shall sweet friendship glow
 Changeless forever?
 Where joys celestial thrill,
 Where bliss each heart shall fill,
 And fears of parting chill
 Never,—no, never!

3 Soon shall we meet again,—
 Meet ne'er to sever;
 Soon will Peace wreathe her chain
 Round us forever:
 Our hearts will then repose
 Secure from worldly woes;
 Our songs of praise shall close
 Never,—no, never!

ALARIC A. WATTS.

THE CHURCH.

149

St. Thomas. S. M.



- I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
 The house of thine abode,
 The Church our blest Redeemer saved
 With his own precious blood.
- 2 I love thy church, O God;
 Her walls before thee stand,
 Dear as the apple of thine eye,
 And graven on thine hand.
- 3 For her my tears shall fall;
 For her my prayers ascend;
 To her my cares and toils be given,
 Till toils and cares shall end.
- 4 Beyond my highest joy
 I prize her heavenly ways,
 Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
 Her hymns of love and praise.
- 5 Jesus, thou Friend divine,
 Our Savior and our King,
 Thy hand, from every snare and foe,
 Shall great deliverance bring.
- 6 Sure as thy truth shall last,
 To Zion shall be given
 The brightest glories earth can yield,
 And brighter bliss of heaven.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT, 1800.

150

Wilmot. 8s & 7s.



GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
 Zion, city of our God;
 He whose word cannot be broken
 Formed thee for his own abode.

- 2 On the Rock of Ages founded,
 What can shake thy sure repose?
 With salvation's walls surrounded,
 Thou mayest smile at all thy foes.
- 3 Lord, thy church is still thy dwelling,
 Still is precious in thy sight
 Judah's temple, far excelling,
 Beaming with the gospel's light.
- 4 Round each habitation hovering,
 See the cloud and fire appear,
 For a glory and a covering,
 Showing that the Lord is near.

JOHN NEWTON, 1779.

151

Zion. 8s, 7s, & 4s.



ZION stands with hills surrounded—
 Zion, kept by power divine;
 All her foes shall be confounded,
 Though the world in arms combine;
 Happy Zion,
 What a favored lot is thine!

- 2 Every human tie may perish ;
 Friend to friend unfaithful prove ;
 Mothers cease their own to cherish ;
 Heaven and earth at last remove ;
 But no changes
 Can attend Jehovah's love.
- 3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
 Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
 But can never cease to love thee,
 Thou art precious in his sight :
 God is with thee—
 God, thine everlasting light.

THOMAS KELLY, 1806.

152

(Same tune as the above.)

- On the mountain's top appearing,
 Lo! the sacred herald stands,
 Welcome news to Zion bearing,—
 Zion, long in hostile lands:
 Mourning captive,
 God himself will loose thy bands.
- 2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
 Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
 Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
 By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
 Cease thy mourning;
 Zion still is well beloved.
- 3 Enemies no more shall trouble,
 All thy wrongs shall be redress'd ;
 For thy shame thou shalt have double,
 In thy Maker's favor bless'd ;
 All thy conflicts
 End in everlasting rest.

THOMAS KELLY, 1804.

THE MINISTRY.

153

Uxbridge. L. M.



"Go, preach my gospel," saith the Lord;
 "Bid the whole earth my grace receive:
 He shall be saved that trusts my word,
 And he condemned who'll not believe.

2 "I'll make your great commission known;
 And ye shall prove my gospel true,
 By all the works that I have done,
 By all the wonders ye shall do.

3 "Teach all the nations my commands;
 I'm with you till the world shall end;
 All power is trusted in my hands;
 I can destroy, and I defend."

4 He spake, and light shone round his head;
 On a bright cloud to heaven he rode;
 They to the farthest nations spread
 The grace of their ascended God.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

154

Boylston. S. M.



YE messengers of Christ,
 His sovereign voice obey;
 Arise, and follow where he leads,
 And peace attend your way.

- 2 The Master, whom you serve,
Will needful strength bestow;
Depending on his promised aid,
With sacred courage go.
- 3 Mountains shall sink to plains,
And hell in vain oppose;
The cause is God's, and will prevail,
In spite of all his foes.

MRS. VOKE, 1806.

155

Henry. C. M.



- LET Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take th' alarm they give;
Now let them from the mouth of God
Their awful charge receive.
- 2 'Tis not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands,
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And filled a Savior's hands.
- 3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego,—
For souls, which must forever live,
In rapture or in woe.
- 4 May they that Jesus, whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer, see;
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1755.

156

St. Thomas. S. M.



- How beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill;
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!
- 2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are!—
"Zion, behold thy Savior King;
He reigns and triumphs here."
- 3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound!
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found.
- 4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.
- 5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.
- 6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Savior and their God.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

157

Forest. L. M.



FATHER of mercies, bow thine ear,
 Attentive to our earnest prayer;
 We plead for those who plead for thee,
 Successful pleaders may they be!

2 How great their work, how vast their
 charge!

Do thou their anxious souls enlarge;
 To them thy sacred truth reveal,
 Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.

3 Teach them to sow the precious seed;
 Teach them thy chosen flock to feed;
 Teach them immortal souls to gain—
 Souls that will well reward their pain.

4 Let thronging multitudes around
 Hear from their lips the joyful sound,
 In humble strains thy grace implore,
 And feel thy new-creating power.

BENJAMIN BEDDOME, 1787.

158

Wimborne. L. M.



SPIRIT of peace and holiness,
 This new-created union bless;
 Bind each to each in ties of love,
 And ratify our work above.

- 2 Savior, who carest for thy sheep,
The shepherd of thy people keep;
Guide him in every doubtful way,
Nor let his feet from duty stray.
- 3 Gird thou his heart with strength divine;
Let Christ through all his conduct shine;
Faithful in all things may he be—
Dead to the world, alive to thee.
- 4 O thou, whose love doth never fail,
Breathe on this dry and thirsty vale;
And may it, from this hour, appear
That thy reviving power is here.
- 5 Lord of the Sabbath, unto thee
Our spirits rise in harmony;
Accept our praise, our sins remove,
And fit us for thy courts above.

SAMUEL F. SMITH, b. 1808.

159

Sessions. L. M.



AND now the solemn deed is done;
The vow is pledged, the toil begun;
Seal thou, O God, the choice above,
And ratify the pledge of love.

- 2 The shepherd of thy people bless;
Gird him with thy own holiness;
In duty may his pleasure be,
His glory in his zeal for thee.

SAMUEL F. SMITH.

THE DEACONSHIP.

160

Dundee. C. M.



O JESUS, in this solemn hour,
Be with thy people here;
Let thine authority and power
To rule thy church appear.

2 Oh, may the choice which we have made
By thee be ratified;
Thy servants' fitness be displayed,
As they are further tried.

3 With faithfulness may they fulfill
The office in their hands,
And seek to know and do thy will
In all that will demands.

WM. B. COLLYER, d. 1854.

161

Downs. C. M.



VOUCHSAFE, O Lord, thy presence now,
Direct us in thy fear;
Before thy throne we humbly bow,
And offer fervent prayer.

2 Give us the men whom thou shalt choose,
Thy house on earth to guide;
Those who shall ne'er their power abuse,
Or rule with haughty pride.

3 Inspired with wisdom from above,
 And with discretion blest;
 Displaying meekness, temperance, love,
 Of every grace possessed.

4 These are the men we seek of thee,
 O God of righteousness;
 Such may our deacons ever be,
 With such thy people bless.

ANON.

162

Downs. C. M.



SAVIOR, the promised Spirit send,
 Thy servants now to bless;
 Thy gracious power and wisdom lend,
 With peace and righteousness.

2 These we have chosen, may they prove
 Blameless, in word and deed;
 O fill their souls with godly love,
 That they thy poor may feed.

3 May these thy shepherd's hands uphold,
 His needful wants supply;
 That of the bread of life, thy fold
 May eat and never die.

4 May faith in all their actions shine,
 And hope, their anchor bright,
 With charity like love divine,
 Make all their pathway light.

JAMES A. DELKE, 1867.

BAPTISM.

163

Boylston. C. M.



Down to the sacred wave
 The Lord of life was led:
 And he who came our souls to save
 In Jordan bowed his head.

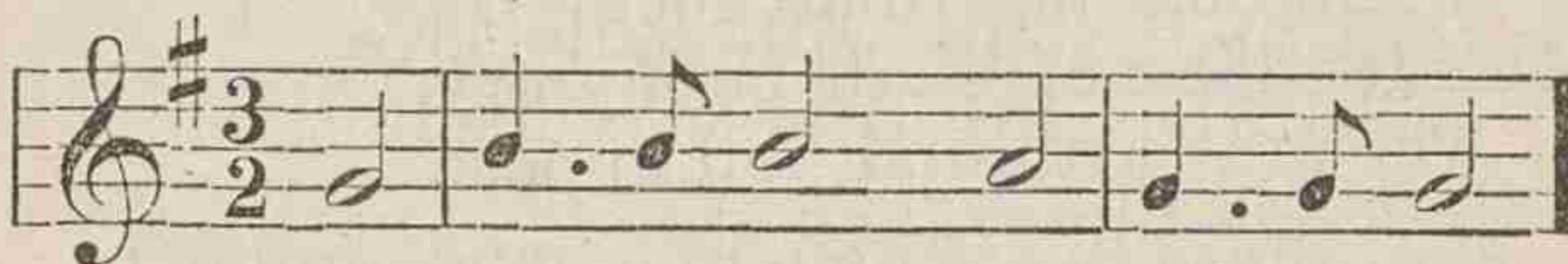
2 He taught the solemn way;
 He fixed the holy rite;
 He bade his ransomed ones obey,
 And keep the path of light.

3 Blest Savior! we will tread
 In thy appointed way;
 Let glory o'er these scenes be shed,
 And smile on us to-day.

SAMUEL F. SMITH, 1831.

164

Arlington. C. M.



BURIED beneath the yielding wave
 The dear Redeemer lies;
 Faith views him in the watery grave,
 And thence beholds him rise.

2 Thus do his willing saints, to-day
 Their ardent zeal express,
 And in the Lord's appointed way,
 Fulfill all righteousness.

- 3 With joy we in his footsteps tread,
And would his cause maintain;
Like him be numbered with the dead,
And with him rise and reign.
- 4 His presence oft revives our hearts,
And drives our fears away;
When he commands, and strength imparts,
We cheerfully obey.

BENJAMIN BEDDOME, 1787.

165

Azmon. C. M.



- In all my Lord's appointed ways
My journey I'll pursue;
Hinder me not, ye much loved saints,
For I must go with you.
- 2 Through floods and flames, if Jesus leads,
I'll follow where he goes;
Hinder me not, shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.
- 3 Through duties, and through trials too,
I'll go at his command;
Hinder me not, for I am bound
To my Immanuel's land.
- 4 And, when my Savior calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be,
Hinder me not! come, welcome, death,
I'll gladly go with thee.

JOHN RYLAND, 1773.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

166

Kentucky. S. M.



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

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

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

ISAAC WATTS, d. 1748.

167

Windham. L. M.



'T WAS on that dark, that doleful night,
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betrayed him to his foes,—

2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and blest, and
brake;

What love through all his action ran!
What wondrous words of grace he
spake!

- 3 "This is my body, broke for sin;
 Receive and eat the living food;"
 Then took the cup, and blessed the wine;
 "'Tis the new covenant in my blood."
- 4 "Do this," he cried, "till time shall end,
 In memory of your dying Friend;
 Meet at my table and record
 The love of your departed Lord."
- 5 Jesus, thy feast we celebrate;
 We show thy death, we sing thy name,
 Till thou return, and we shall eat
 The marriage supper of the Lamb.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

168

Avon. C. M.



- HERE at thy table, Lord, we meet,
 To feed on food divine:
 Thy body is the bread we eat,
 Thy precious blood, the wine.
- 2 He, who prepares this rich repast,
 Himself comes down and dies;
 And then invites us thus to feast
 Upon the sacrifice.
- 3 Sure there was never love so free,
 Dear Savior, so divine!
 Well thou mayest claim that heart of me,
 Which owes so much to thine.

SAMUEL STENNETT, 1787.

THE SANCTUARY.

169

Eltham.



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.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, d. 1854.

170

Hendon. 7s.



To thy temple I repair;
 Lord, I love to worship there,
 When within the veil I meet
 Christ upon the mercy-seat.

2 While thy glorious praise is sung,
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue,
That my joyful soul may bless
Christ the Lord, my Righteousness.

3 While the prayers of saints ascend,
God of love! to mine attend;
Hear me, for thy Spirit pleads;
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

4 From thy house when I return,
May my heart within me burn;
And at evening let me say,
I have walked with God to-day!

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1825.

171

Silver Street. S. M.



How charming is the place,
Where my Redeemer, God,
Unveils the beauties of his face,
And sheds his love abroad!

2 Not the fair palaces,
To which the great resort,
Are once to be compared with this,
Where Jesus holds his court.

3 Here, on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crowned,
Our joyful eyes behold him sit,
And smile on all around.

SAMUEL STENNETT, 1787.

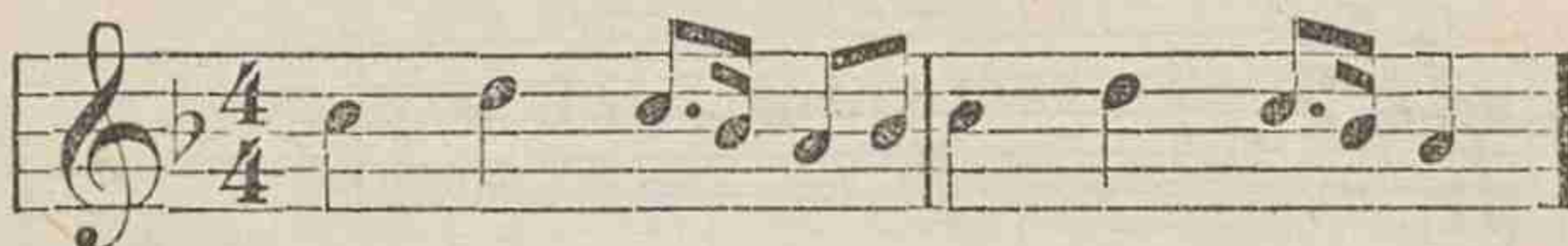
172 **Missionary Hymn. 7s & 6s.**

We bring no glittering treasures,
No gems from earth's deep mines;
We come with simple measures,
To chant thy love divine.
We all, thy favors sharing,
Our voice of thanks would raise;
Father, accept our offering,
Our song of grateful praise.

2 The dearest gift of Heaven,
Love's precious word of truth,
To sinners thou hast given,
To guide their steps in youth;
To tell the wondrous story,
The tale of Calvary;
To tell of homes in glory,
From sin and sorrow free.

3 Redeemer, grant thy blessing;
Oh, teach us how to pray!
That we, thy love possessing,
May tread life's devious way;
Till where the pure are dwelling
By grace we meet again,
And, sweeter numbers swelling,
Forever praise thy name.

173 Sicilian Hymn. 8s & 7s.



LORD! dismiss us with thy blessing,
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
 Let us each, thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace;
 Oh! refresh us,
 Traveling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give and adoration,
 For thy gospel's joyful sound;
 May the fruits of thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound;
 May thy presence
 With us, evermore, be found.

WALTER SHIRLEY, 1779.

174 Old Hundred. L. M.



DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord;
 Help us to feed upon thy word;
 All that has been amiss forgive,
 And let thy truth within us live.

2 Though we are guilty, thou art good;
 Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;
 Give every burdened soul release,
 And bid us all depart in peace.

JOSEPH HART, 1762.

MORNING AND EVENING WORSHIP.

175

Hebron. L. M.



THIS morning let my praise arise,
To him who all my need supplies;
To him who watch'd me through the night,
And brought me to the morning light.

- 2 May I, this day, through grace, pursue
The work assign'd for me to do;
And when my work on earth is done,
May angels bear my spirit home.

DANIEL.

176

Peterboro'. C. M.



ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To Him who rules the skies.

- 2 Night unto night his name repeats;
The day renews the sound,
Wide as the heavens on which he sits,
To turn the seasons round.
- 3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame;
My tongue shall speak his praise;
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.

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

ISAAC WATTS.

177 **Brattle Street. C. M., d.**



WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power!
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

- 2 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see;
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by thee.
- 3 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.
- 4 When gladness wings the favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill:
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.
- 5 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear,
That heart will rest on thee.

HELEN M. WILLIAMS, 1786.

178

Holley. 7s.



SOFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon our sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, we would commune with thee.

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

GEORGE W. DOANE, 1824.

179

Olmütz. S. M.



ANOTHER day is past,
The hours forever fled,
And time is bearing us away
To mingle with the dead.

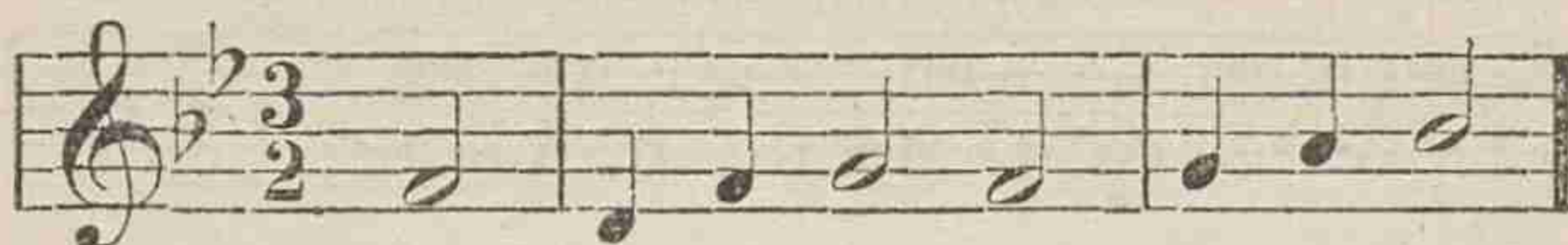
- 2 Our minds in perfect peace
Our Father's care shall keep;
We yield to gentle slumber now,
For thou canst never sleep.

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

CURTIS' COL.

180

Hebron. L. M.



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

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

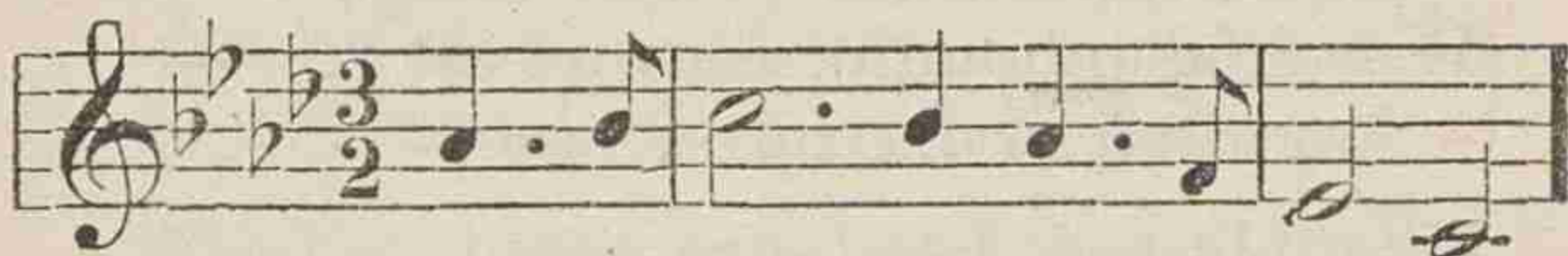
3 I lay my body down to sleep;
 Peace is the pillow for my head;
 While well-appointed angels keep
 Their watchful stations round my bed.

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

ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

181

Autumn. 8s & 7s, d.



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

- 2 Though the night be dark and dreary
Darkness can not hide from thee;
Thou art he who, never weary,
Watchest where thy people be.
- 3 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel guards from thee surround us;
We are safe if thou are nigh.
- 4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And command us to the tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

JAMES EDMESTON, 1820.

182

Hursley. L. M.



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

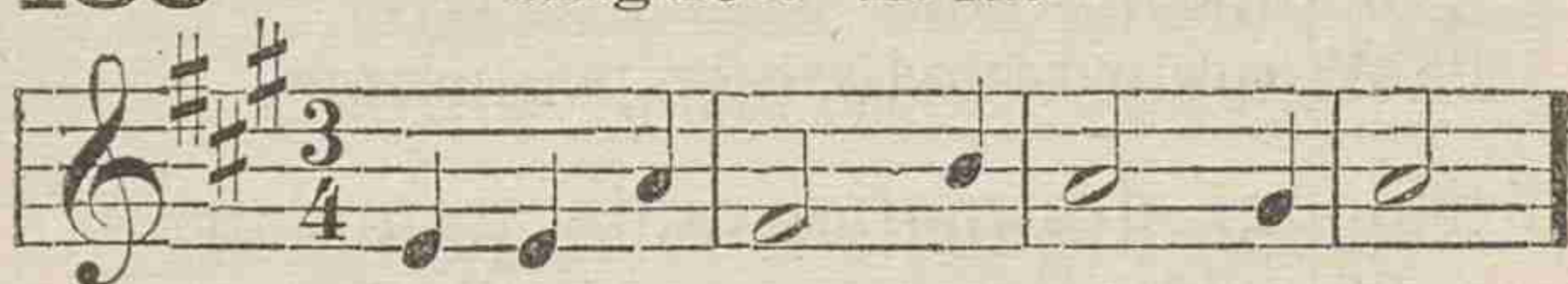
- 2 When soft the dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Savior's breast!
- 3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

JOHN KEBLE, 1827.

MISSIONS.

183

Migdol. L. M.



Soon may the last glad song arise
Through all the myriads of the skies,
That song of triumph which records
That all the earth is now the Lord's.

2 Let thrones and powers and kingdoms be
Obedient, mighty God, to thee;
And over land and stream and main
Wave thou the scepter of thy reign.

3 Oh, let that glorious anthem swell;
Let host to host the triumph tell,
That not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Savior reigns!

MRS. VOKE, 1806.

184

Mendon. L. M.



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

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

- 3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long Amen.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

185 Missionary Hymn. 7s & 6s



FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,—
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

- 2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;

In vain with lavish kindness
 The gifts of God are strown;
 The heathen in his blindness
 Bows down to wood and stone.

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

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

REGINALD HEBER, 1819.

186

Siberia. 8s, 7s & 4s.



O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
 Look, my soul, be still and gaze;
 See the promises advancing
 To a glorious day of grace:
 Blessed jubilee,
 Let thy glorious morning dawn.

2 Let the dark, benighted pagan,
 Let the rude barbarian see
 That divine and glorious conquest
 Once obtained on Calvary:
 Let the gospel
 Loud resound from pole to pole.

3 Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,
 Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;
 Now from eastern coast to western,
 May the morning chase the night:
 Let redemption,
 Freely purchased, win the day.

4 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel;
 Win and conquer,—never cease;
 May thy lasting, wide dominions
 Multiply and still increase:
 Sway thy scepter,
 Savior! all the world around.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS, 1772.

187

Webb. 7s & 6s.



THE morning light is breaking;
 The darkness disappears;
 The sons of earth are waking
 To penitential tears:

Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour:
Each cry to heaven going,
Abundant answer brings,
And heavenly gales are blowing,
With peace upon their wings.

3 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Savior's blessing,—
A nation in a day.

4 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

S. F. SMITH, 1843.

188

Siberia. 8s, 7s, & 4s.



YES, my native land, I love thee;
 All thy scenes, I love them well;
 Friends, connections, happy country,
 Can I bid you all farewell?
 Can I leave you,
 Far in heathen lands to dwell?

2 Home, thy joys are passing lovely,—
 Joys no stranger heart can tell;
 Happy home, indeed I love thee;
 Can I, can I say, "Farewell"?
 Can I leave thee,
 Far in heathen lands to dwell?

3 Yes, I hasten from you gladly,
 From the scenes I loved so well;
 Far away, ye billows, bear me;
 Lovely, native land, farewell!
 Pleased I leave thee,
 Far in heathen lands to dwell.

4 Bear me on, thou restless ocean;
 Let the winds my canvas swell;
 Heaves my heart with warm emotion,
 While I go far hence to dwell:
 Glad I bid thee,
 Native land, farewell, farewell!

S. F. SMITH, 1833.

CHRIST'S SECOND COMING.

189

Eltham. 7s, d.



HASTEN, Lord! the glorious time
 When, beneath Messiah's sway,
 Every nation, every clime,
 Shall the gospel call obey.

2 Mightiest kings his power shall own,
 Heathen tribes his name adore;
 Satan and his host, o'erthrown,
 Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

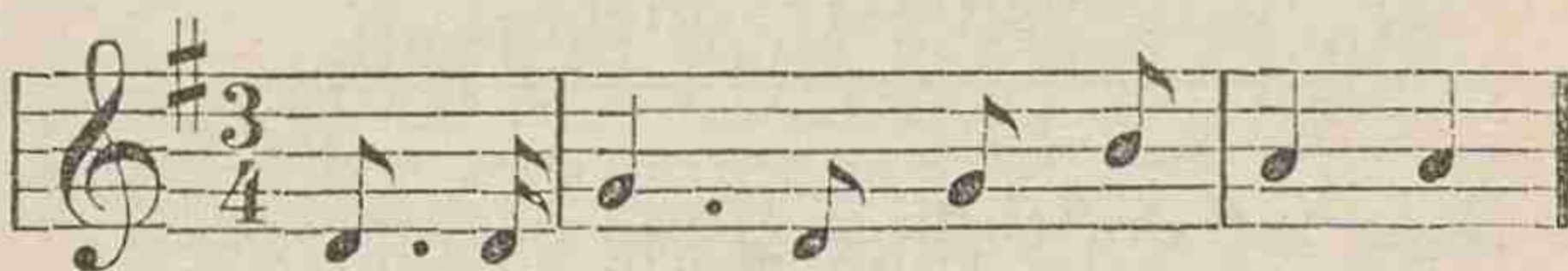
3 Then shall wars and tumults cease,
 Then be banished grief and pain;
 Righteousness and joy and peace
 Undisturbed shall ever reign.

4 Bless we, then, our gracious Lord;
 Ever praise his glorious name;
 All his mighty acts record;
 All his wondrous love proclaim.

HARRIET AUBER, 1829.

190

Harwell. 8s & 7s.



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

- 2 When the weary ones we love
 Enter on their rest above,
 Seems the earth so poor and vast,
 All our life-joy overcast?
 Hush! be every murmur dumb;
 It is only "till he come."
- 3 See the feast of love is spread;
 Drink the wine and break the bread,
 Sweet memorials, till the Lord
 Call us round the heavenly board;
 Some from earth, from glory some,
 Severed only "till he come."

EDWARD H. BICKERSTETH, 1866.

192

Webb. 7s & 6s.



WHEN shall the voice of singing
 Flow joyfully along?
 When hill and valley, ringing
 With one triumphant song,
 Proclaim the contest ended,
 And him, who once was slain,
 Again to earth descended,
 In righteousness to reign.

- 2 Then from the craggy mountains
 The sacred shout shall fly;
 And shady vales and fountains
 Shall echo the reply.

High tower and lowly dwelling,
 Shall send the chorus round,
 The hallelujah swelling
 In one eternal sound!

PRATT'S COL.

193

Rodman. 11s & 10s.



HAIL to the brightness of Zion's glad
 morning!
 Joy to the lands that in darkness have
 lain;
 Hushed be the accents of sorrow and
 mourning,
 Zion in triumph begins her mild reign.

2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad
 morning,
 Long by the prophets of Israel foretold;
 Hail to the millions from bondage return-
 ing,
 Gentiles and Jews the blest vision be-
 hold.

3 See from all lands—from the isles of the
 ocean,
 Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
 Fallen the engines of war and commotion,
 Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

ANON.

DEATH.

194

Meas. C. M.



HARK! from the tombs a doleful sound,
 Mine ears attend the cry:
 "Ye living men, come view the ground
 Where you must shortly lie.

- 2 "Princes, this clay must be your bed,
 In spite of all your towers;
 The tall, the wise, the reverend head
 Must lie as low as ours."
- 3 Great God! is this our certain doom?
 And are we still secure?
 Still walking downward to the tomb,
 And yet prepare no more!
- 4 Grant us the powers of quickening grace,
 To fit our souls to fly,
 Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
 We'll rise above the sky.

ISAAC WATTS.

195

Zephyr. L. M.



So FADES the lovely, blooming flower,
 Frail, smiling solace of an hour;
 So soon our transient comforts fly,
 And pleasure only blooms to die.

2 Is there no kind, no healing art,
To soothe the anguish of the heart?
Spirit of grace, be ever nigh;
Thy comforts are not made to die.

3 Then gentle patience smiles on pain,
And dying hope revives again;
Hope wipes the tear from sorrow's eye,
And faith points upward to the sky.

ANNE STEELE.

196. Mount Vernon. 8s & 7s.



SISTER, thou wast mild and lovely,
Gentle as the summer breeze,
Pleasant as the air of evening,
When it floats among the trees.

2 Peaceful be thy silent slumber—
Peaceful in the grave so low;
Thou no more wilt join our number;
Thou no more our songs shalt know.

3 Dearest sister, thou hast left us;
Here thy loss we deeply feel;
But 't is God that hath bereft us;
He can all our sorrows heal.

4 Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life is fled,
Then in heaven with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed.

S. F. SMITH.

197

China. C. M.



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

- 2 Are we not tending upward too,
 As fast as time can move?
 Nor would we wish the hours more slow,
 To keep us from our love.
- 3 Why should we tremble to convey
 Their bodies to the tomb?
 There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
 And left a long perfume.
- 4 The graves of all the saints he blessed,
 And softened every bed:
 Where should the dying members rest
 But with their dying Head?
- 5 Thence he arose, ascended high,
 And showed our feet the way;
 Up to the Lord our souls shall fly
 At the great rising day.
- 6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
 And bid our kindred rise;
 Awake, ye nations under ground;
 Ye saints, ascend the skies!

ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

198

Shawmut. S. M.



"SERVANT of God, well done;
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy."

2 The pains of death are past;
Labor and sorrow cease;
And, life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.

3 Soldier of Christ, well done;
Praise be thy new employ;
And, while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Savior's joy.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1825.

199

Rest. L. M.



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

2 Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That Death has lost his venom'd sting.

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

4 Asleep in Jesus! O, for me
May such a blissful refuge be:
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

MARGARET MACKAY, 1832.

200

Zephyr. L. M.



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

2 So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

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

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

ANNA L. BARBAULD, d. 1825.

201

Scotland. 12s.



THOU art gone to the grave; but we will
not deplore thee
Though sorrows and darkness encom-
pass the tomb;
The Savior has passed through its portals
before thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide
through the gloom.

2 Thou art gone to the grave; we no longer
behold thee,
Nor tread the rough paths of the world
by thy side;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread
to enfold thee,
And sinners may hope, since the Savior
hath died.

3 Thou art gone to the grave; but we will
not deplore thee,
Since God was thy Ransom, thy Guard-
ian, and Guide;
He gave thee, he took thee, and he will
restore thee;
And death has no sting, since the Savior
hath died.

REGINALD HEBER, d. 1826.

RESURRECTION AND JUDGMENT.

202

Balerna. C. M.



THAT awful day will surely come,
Th' appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.

2 Thou lovely Chief of all my joys,
Thou Sovereign of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the sound, "Depart!"

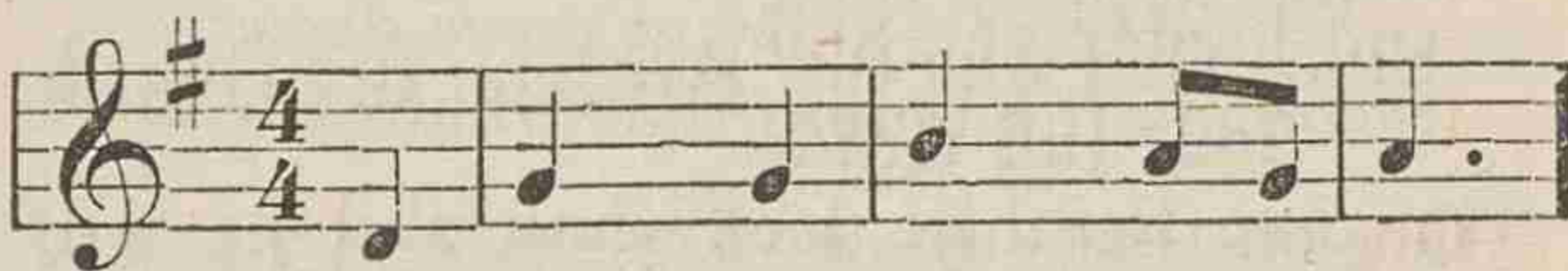
3 Jesus, I throw mine arms around
And hang upon thy breast;
Without a gracious smile from thee,
My spirit can not rest.

4 O, tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands!
Show me some promise in thy book,
Where my salvation stands!

ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

203

St. Thomas. S. M.



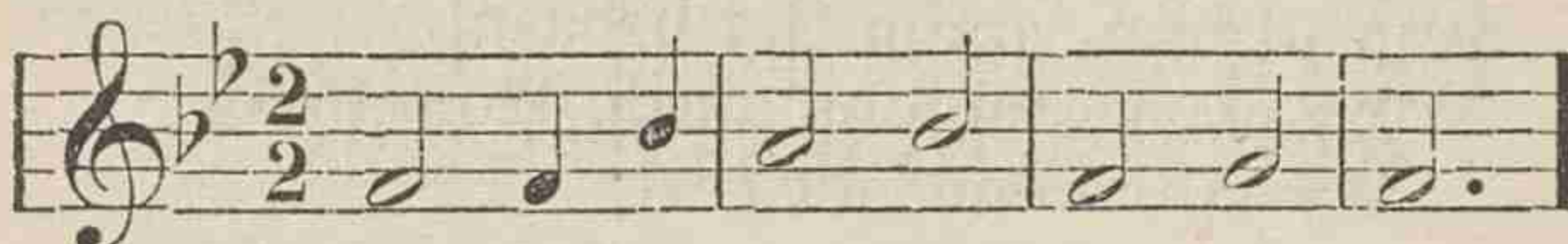
AND will the Judge descend?
And must the dead arise?
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?

- 2 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven, before his face,
Astonished, shrink away?
- 3 But, ere the trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark! from the gospel's cheering sound,
What joyful tidings spread!
- 4 Come, sinners, seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye can not bear;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1755.

204

Ward. L. M.



- THE day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away!
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?
- 2 When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll,
And louder yet, and yet more dread,
Resounds the trump that wakes the dead?
- 3 Oh, on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.
- Tr. from the Latin by SIR WALTER SCOTT, 1805.

205

Meribah. C. P. M.



WHEN thou, my righteous Judge! shalt come
 To take thy ransomed people home,
 Shall I among them stand?
 Shall such a worthless worm as I,
 Who sometimes am afraid to die,
 Be found at thy right hand?

2 I love to meet thy people now,
 Before thy feet with them to bow,
 Though vilest of them all;
 But—can I bear the piercing thought?—
 What if my name should be left out,
 When thou for them shalt call?

3 O Lord, prevent it by thy grace;
 Be thou my only hiding-place,
 In this the accepted day;
 Thy pardoning voice, oh, let me hear,
 To still my unbelieving fear,
 Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 Among thy saints let me be found,
 Whene'er the archangel's trump shall
 To see thy smiling face; [sound,
 Then loudest of the throng I'll sing,
 While heaven's resounding mansions ring
 With shouts of sovereign grace.

SELINA, Countess of Huntingdon, 1772, a.

HEAVEN.

206 Happy Land. 6s, 7s, & 4s.



THERE is a happy land,
 Far, far away,
 Where saints in glory stand,
 Bright, bright as day.
 Oh, how they sweetly sing,
 Worthy is our Savior King,
 Loud let his praises ring,
 Praise, praise for aye.

2 Come to that happy land,
 Come, come away;
 Why will ye doubting stand,
 Why still delay?
 Oh, we shall happy be,
 When from sin and sorrow free!
 Lord, we shall dwell with thee,
 Blest, blest for aye.

3 Bright, in that happy land,
 Beams every eye;
 Kept by a Father's hand
 Love can not die.
 Oh, then to glory run,
 Be a crown and kingdom won;
 And, bright above the sun,
 We reign for aye.

ANON.

207

Varina. C. M.



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

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

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

4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shivering, on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 O, could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbecclouded eyes ;

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

ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

209 Sweet By-and-by. 9s & 6.



THERE'S a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we can see it afar,
For the Father waits over the way,
To prepare us a dwelling place there.

CHO. In the sweet by-and-by, [etc.
We shall meet on that beautiful shore,

2 We shall sing on that beautiful shore,
The melodious songs of the blest,
And our spirit shall sorrow no more,
Not a sigh for the blessings of rest. CHO.—

3 To our bountiful Father above,
We will offer our tribute of praise,
For the glorious gift of his love, [CHO.—
And the blessings that hallow our days.
S. F. BENNETT.

210 Naumann. C. M.



THERE is an hour of hallowed peace
For those with cares oppressed,
When sighs and sorrowing tears shall
cease,
And all be hushed to rest.

2 'Tis then the soul is freed from fears
And doubts which here annoy;
Then they that oft have sown in tears
Shall reap again in joy.

3 There is a home of sweet repose,
Where storms assail no more;
The stream of endless pleasure flows
On that celestial shore.

4 There purity with love appears,
And bliss without alloy;
There they who oft have sown in tears
Shall reap again in joy.

WM. B. TAPPAN, d. 1849.

211

Pratt. 8s.



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 freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials without and within—
But what must it be to be there?

3 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?

4 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.

ELIZABETH MILLS, 1829.

212

Ives. 7s, d.



WHAT are these in bright array ?
 This innumerable throng,
 Round the altar, night and day,
 Tuning their triumphant song ?
 "Worthy is the Lamb, once slain,
 Blessing, honor, glory, power,
 Wisdom, riches, to obtain,
 New dominion, every hour."

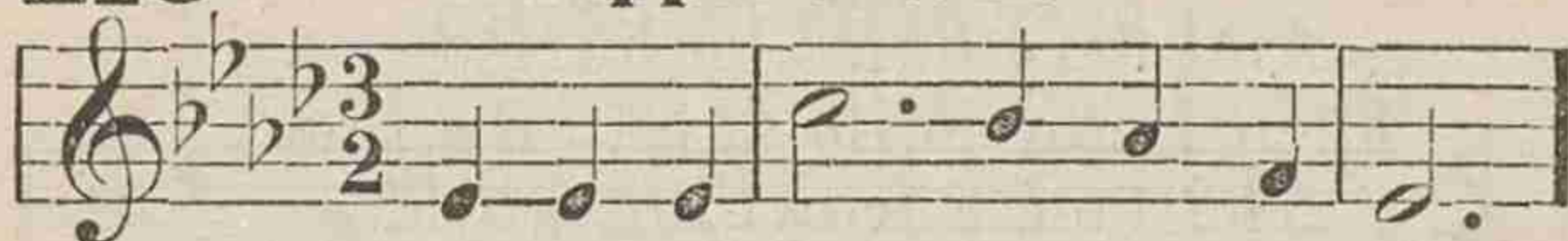
2 These through fiery trials trod ;
 These from great affliction came ;
 Now before the throne of God,
 Sealed with his eternal name ;
 Clad in raiment pure and white,
 Victor-palms in every hand,
 Through their great Redeemer's might,
 More than conquerors they stand.

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

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1819.

213

Tappan. C. M.



THERE is an hour of peaceful rest
 To mourning wanderers given;
 There is a joy for souls distressed,
 A balm for every wounded breast;
 'T is found alone in heaven.

- 2 There is a home for weary souls,
 By sin and sorrow driven,
 When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
 Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
 And all is drear but heaven.
- 3 There faith lifts up her cheerful eye,—
 To brighter prospects given—
 And views the tempest passing by,
 The evening shadows quickly fly,
 And all serene in heaven.
- 4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
 And joys supreme are given:
 There rays divine disperse the gloom;
 Beyond the confines of the tomb
 Appears the dawn of heaven.

WM. B. TAPPAN, 1829.

214

Brown.* C. M.



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

* Tune and chorus of No. 147 may be used.

216

Oak. 6s & 4s.



I'm but a stranger here,
 Heaven is my home;
 Earth is a desert drear,
 Heaven is my home:
 Danger and sorrow stand
 Round me on every hand;
 Heaven is my fatherland,—
 Heaven is my home.

2 What though the tempest rage,
 Heaven is my home;
 Short is my pilgrimage;
 Heaven is my home:
 Time's cold and wintry blast
 Soon will be overpast;
 I shall reach home at last,—
 Heaven is my home.

3 There, at my Savior's side,—
 Heaven is my home:
 I shall be glorified,—
 Heaven is my home:
 There are the good and blest,
 Those I loved most and best,
 And there I, too, shall rest;
 Heaven is my home.

THOMAS R. TAYLOR, d. 1835.

217

Joyfully. 10s.



JOYFULLY, joyfully onward I move,
Bound to the land of bright spirits above;
Angelic choristers sing as I come—
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home!

2 Soon with my pilgrimage ended below,
Home to that land of delight will I go;
Pilgrim and stranger no more shall I
 roam,
Joyfully, joyfully, resting at home.

3 Friends fondly cherished, who have passed
 on before,
Waiting, they watch me, approaching the
 shore,
Singing to cheer me through death's
 chilling gloom,
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home.

4 Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear;
Harps of the blessed, your voices I hear!
Rings with the harmony, heaven's high
 dome,
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home.

5 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.

WILLIAM HUNTER.

218

Lanesboro. C. M.



ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

- 2 Oh, the transporting, rapturous scene
That rises to my sight!—
Sweet fields, arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.
- 3 O'er all those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.
- 4 No chilling winds, nor poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.
- 5 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?
- 6 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

SAMUEL STENNETT, 1787.

219 No Sorrow There. S. M. d.



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

Cho.—There'll be no sorrow there,
There'll be no sorrow there;
In heaven above, where all is love,
There'll be no sorrow there.

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

3 When the last moment comes,
Oh, watch my dying face,
And catch the bright seraphic gleam,
Which o'er each feature plays.—Cho.

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.—Cho.

5 Then close my sightless eyes,
And lay me down to rest,
And clasp my pale and icy hands
Upon my lifeless breast.—Cho.

6 Then, round my senseless clay,
Assemble those I love,
And sing of heaven, delightful heaven,
My glorious home above.—Cho.

220 Jerusalem the Golden. 7s & 6s.



JERUSALEM the golden!

With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice opprest.
I know not, oh, I know not
What joys await us there,
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare.

2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng:
There is the throne of David,
And there, from toil released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast.

3 O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

BERNARD of Clugny, 1150. Tr. by J. M. Neale, 1851.

221

Brown. C. M.



JERUSALEM! my happy home!

Name ever dear to me!

When shall my labors have an end,

In joy, and peace, and thee?

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built

And pearly gates behold? [walls

Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,

And streets of shining gold?

3 O, when, thou city of my God,

Shall I thy courts ascend,

Where congregations ne'er break up,

And Sabbaths have no end?

4 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,

Nor sin nor sorrow know:

Blest seats, through rude and stormy scenes

I onward press to you.

5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there,

Around my Savior stand;

And soon my friends in Christ below

Will join the glorious band.

6 Jerusalem, my happy home!

My soul still pants for thee;

Then shall my labors have an end

When I thy joys shall see.

Tr. from Latin hymn of 8th century, in ECKINGTON
COLL., 1790.

222

Going Home. L. M.



My heavenly home is bright and fair;
 Nor pain nor death can enter there;
 Its glittering towers the sun outshine,
 That heavenly mansion shall be mine.

Cho.—I'm going home, I'm going home
 I'm going home to die no more,
 To die no more, to die no more,
 I'm going home to die no more.

2 My Father's house is built on high,
 Far, far above the starry sky;
 When from this earthly prison free,
 That heavenly mansion mine shall be.—Cho.

3 While here, a stranger far from home,
 Affliction's waves may round me foam;
 And, tho' like Lazarus, sick and poor,
 My heavenly mansion is secure.—Cho.

4 Let others seek a home below,
 Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow,
 Be mine a happier lot, to own
 A heavenly mansion near the throne.—Cho.

5 Then fail the earth, let stars decline,
 And sun and moon refuse to shine,
 All nature sink and cease to be,
 That heavenly mansion stands for me.—Cho.

WILLIAM HUNTER, 1813.

223

Woodbury. S. M., d.



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

- 2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.
- 3 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times, to faith's 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 clouds will intervene,
And all my prospect 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.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1825.

224 Rest for the Weary. Ss, 7s, & 5.



In the Christian's home in glory,
 There remains a land of rest,
 There my Savior's gone before me,
 To fulfill my soul's request.

CHO. There is rest for the weary,
 There is rest for the weary,
 There is rest for the weary,
 There is rest for you.
 On the other side of Jordan,
 In the sweet fields of Eden,
 Where the tree of life is blooming,
 There is rest for you.

- 2 He is fitting up my mansion,
 Which eternally shall stand,
 For my stay shall not be transient,
 In that holy, happy land.—Cho.
- 3 Pain or sickness ne'er shall enter,
 Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
 But in that celestial center,
 I a crown of life shall wear—Cho.
- 4 Death itself shall then be vanquished,
 And his sting shall be withdrawn;
 Shout for gladness, oh, ye ransomed,
 Hail with joy the rising morn!—Cho.
- 5 Sing, oh, sing, ye heirs of glory,
 Shout your triumph as you go;
 Zion's gate will open for you,
 You shall find an entrance through.—Cho.

SAMUEL Y. HARMER, 1856.

225

Land of Rest. 8s & 6s.



SWEET land of rest! for thee I sigh;
 When will the moment come,
 When I shall lay my armor by,
 And dwell with Christ at home?

CHO. We'll wait till Jesus comes,
 We'll wait till Jesus comes,
 We'll wait till Jesus comes,
 And we'll be gathered home.

2 No tranquil joys on earth I know
 No peaceful sheltering dome:
 This world's a wilderness of woe—
 This world is not my home.—Cho.

3 To Jesus Christ I sought for rest:
 He bade me cease to roam,
 But fly for succor to his breast,
 And he'd conduct me home.—Cho.

4 Weary of wandering round and round
 This vale of sin and gloom,
 I long to leave the unhallowed ground
 And dwell with Christ at home.—Cho.

MISCELLANEOUS.

226 Tune—**What a Friend.** 8s & 7s. d.—
Key F.

What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer.
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear—
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer.

- 2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a Friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
- 3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Savior, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

HORATIUS BONAR, b. 1808.

227 7s & 5s. P.

SOLDIERS of the cross, arise,
Lo, your Captain from the skies,
Holding forth the glittering prize,
Calls to victory!
Fear not, though the battle lower,

Firmly stand the trying hour,
Stand the tempter's utmost power,
Spurn his slavery.

- 2 Who the cause of Christ would yield?
Who would leave the battle-field?
Who would cast away his shield?
Let him basely go.
Who for Zion's King will stand?
Who will join the faithful band?
Let him come with heart and hand,
Let him face the foe.

- 3 By the mercies of our God,
By Immanuel's streaming blood,
When alone for us he stood,
Ne'er give up the strife;
Ever to the latest breath,
Hark to what your Captain saith,
"Be thou faithful unto death,
Take the crown of life."

ANON.

228 Tune—**Missionary Hymn.** 7s & 6s.
Page 140.

- O WHEN shall I see Jesus,
And reign with him above,
And drink the flowing fountain
Of everlasting love?
When shall I be delivered
From this vain world of sin,
And with my blessed Jesus
Drink endless pleasures in?
- 2 But now I am a soldier,
My captain's gone before,
He's given me my orders,
And tells me not to fear;

And if I hold out faithful,
A crown of life he'll give,
And all his valiant soldiers
Eternal life shall have.

3 And if you meet with troubles
And trials on the way,
Cast all your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray.
Gird on the heavenly armor!
Of faith, and hope, and love;
And when your conflict's ended,
You'll reign with him above.

4 O do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your friend,
And if you lack for knowledge,
He'll not refuse to lend;
Neither will he upbraid you,
Though oft-times you request,
He'll give you grace to conquer,
And take you home to rest.

ANON.

229 Tune—**De Fleury. 8s. d.** Key G.

How tedious and tasteless the hours,
When Jesus no longer I see;
Sweet prospects, sweet birds and sweet
flowers,
Have all lost their sweetness to me;
The midsummer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay;
But when I am happy in him,
December's as pleasant as May.

- 2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice;
I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear,
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.
- 3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resigned;
No changes of season or place,
Would make any change in my mind;
While blessed with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.
- 4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine,
And why are my winters so long?
O, drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me up to thee on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

JOHN NEWTON.

230

Tune—**Frederick.** 11s. Key F.

I WOULD not live alway: I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er
the way;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us
here

Are enough for life's woes, full enough
for its cheer.

2 I would not live alway, thus fettered by
sin,—

Temptation without and corruption within:
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled
with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with peni-
tent tears.

3 I would not live alway; no, welcome the
tomb;

Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not
its gloom;

There sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise
To hail him in triumph descending the
skies.

4 Who, who would live alway, away from
his God,

Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where rivers of pleasure flow o'er the
bright plains,

And the noontide of glory eternally reigns.

5 There saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Savior and brethren transported to
greet;

While the anthems of rapture unceasingly
roll,

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

231 Tune—**New Year's Hymn.** 5s & 11s.
Key G.

COME, let us anew
Our journey pursue,—
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear.
His adorable will
Let us gladly fulfill,
And our talents improve
By the patience of hope, and the labor of love.

2 Our life is a dream;
Our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.
The arrow is flown;
The moment is gone;
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's near.

3 Oh that each, in the day
Of his coming, may say,
"I have fought my way through;
I have finished the work thou didst give me to
Oh that each from his Lord [do."
May receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done;
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne."

CHARLES WESLEY.

232 Tune—**He Leadeth Me.** L. M. Key D

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

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

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

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

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

JOSEPH H. GILMORE, 1859.

233

C. M. P.

HAIL! sweetest, dearest tie that binds
 Our glowing hearts in one;
 Hail! sacred hope that tunes our minds
 To harmony divine.
 It is the hope, the blissful hope,
 Which Jesus' grace has given—
 The hope, when days and years are past,
 We all shall meet in heaven:
 We all shall meet in heaven at last,
 We all shall meet in heaven;
 The hope, when days and years are past,
 We all shall meet in heaven.

2 What though the northern wintry blast
Shall howl around our cot;
What though beneath an eastern sun
Be cast our distant lot;
Yet still we share the blissful hope,
Which Jesus' grace has given,
The hope, when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven.

3 No lingering look, no parting sigh
Our future meeting knows;
There friendship beams from every eye,
And love immortal grows.
O sacred hope! O blissful hope!
Which Jesus' grace has given,
The hope, when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven.

234 Tune—**Shepherd.** Ss, 7s & 4. Key E.

SAVIOR, like a shepherd lead us;
Much we need thy tenderest care;
In thy pleasant pastures feed us;
For our use thy folds prepare:
CHO.—Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

2 We are thine; do thou befriend us;
Be the guardian of our way;
Keep thy flock; from sin defend us;
Seek us when we go astray.
Blessed Jesus,
Hear the children when they pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
 Poor and sinful though we be!
 Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
 Grace to cleanse, and power to free:
 Blessed Jesus,
 We will early turn to thee.

4 Early let us seek thy favor;
 Early let us do thy will;
 Blessed Lord and only Savior,
 With thy love our bosoms fill:
 Blessed Jesus,
 Thou hast loved us, love us still.

DOROTHY ANN THRUPP, 1838.

235 Tune—**Pass me not.** 8s & 5s. Key A.

PASS me not, O gentle Savior,
 Hear my humble cry;
 While on others thou art smiling,
 Do not pass me by.

CHO. Savior, Savior, hear my humble cry,
 While on others thou art calling,
 Do not pass me by.

2 Let me at a throne of mercy
 Find a sweet relief;
 Kneeling there in deep contrition,
 Help my unbelief.—Cho.

3 Trusting only in thy merit,
 Would I seek thy face;
 Heal my wounded, broken spirit;
 Save me by thy grace.—Cho.

Thou, the spring of all my comfort,
 More than life to me,
 Whom have I on earth beside thee?
 Whom in heaven but thee?—*Cho.*

FANNY CROSBY VAN ALSTYNE, 1869.

236 Tune—**Even Me.** 8s, 7s, & 3s.

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

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

3 Pass me not, O tender Savior;
 Let me love and cling to thee;
 I am longing for thy favor;
 When thou comest, call for me,
 Even me.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit;
 Thou canst make the blind to see;
 Testify of Jesus' merit,
 Speak the word of power to me,
 Even me.

5 Have I long in sin been sleeping?
 Long been slighting, grieving thee?
 Has the world my heart been keeping?
 O, forgive and rescue me,
 Even me.

ELIZABETH CODNER, 1860.

237

Tune—**More Love. 6s & 4s.**

MORE love to thee, O Christ!
 More love to thee!
 Hear thou the prayer I make
 On bended knee;
 This is my earnest plea:
 More love, O Christ! to thee,
 More love to thee!

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

ELIZABETH P. PRENTISS, d. 1878.

238

Tune—**I Love to Tell the Story.**
7s & 6s. Key A.

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

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

2 I love to tell the story :
 'T is pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
 More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the story :
 For some have never heard
The message of salvation
 From God's own holy word.—*Cho.*

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

KATE HANKEY, 1865.

DOXOLOGIES.

- 1 Tune—**Old Hundred. L. M.** Page 2.
 PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow ;
 Praise him, all creatures here below ;
 Praise him above, ye heavenly host ;
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost

- 2 Tune—**Mear. C. M.** Page 4.
 LET God the Father, and the Son,
 And Spirit be adored,
 Where there are works to make him
 known,
 Or saints to love the Lord.

- 3 Tune—**Laban. S. M.** Page 20.
 To FATHER, Spirit, Son,
 Whom angel hosts adore,
 Give worship, honor, glory, power,
 Both now and evermore.

- 4 Tune—**Hendon. 7s.** Page 32.
 SING we to our God above,
 Praise eternal as his love :
 Praise him, all ye heavenly host—
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

- 5 Tune—**Zion. 8s, 7s, & 4s.** Page 124.
 GREAT Jehovah, we adore thee,
 God the Father, God the Son,
 God the Spirit, joined in glory
 On the same eternal throne :
 Endless praises
 To Jehovah, three in one.

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