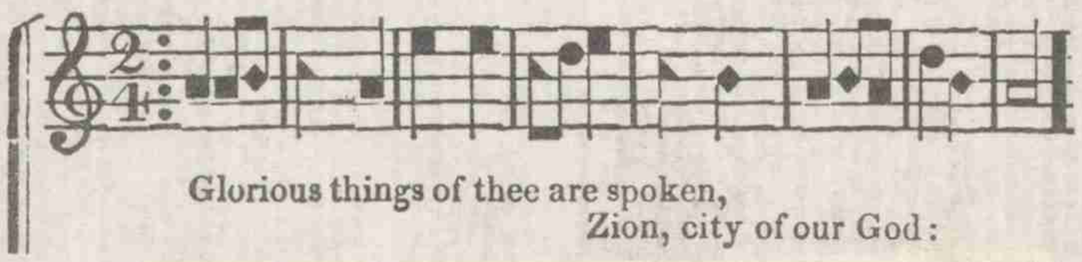
Christian Hymnary



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The Christian Hymnary

A SELECTION OF

HYMNS AND TUNES FOR CHRISTIAN WORSHIP

REVISED AND IMPROVED EDITION

"With psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts unto God."

Col. iii. 16.

FIFTH THOUSAND.

CHRISTIAN PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION

DAYTON, OHIO

1909
Chri A

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PREFACE

NEARLY eighteen years ago, the first edition of *The Christian Hymnary* was published, containing some features not before found in any book prepared for the use of our people. It was received with favor, passing through several editions. Suggestions of changes in the book were made, as a result of use, and the Board of Trustees of the Christian Publishing Association, several months ago, appointed the undersigned a Committee to revise and improve the Hymnary.

After several meetings, it was decided last January to make a thorough revision, necessitating new plates for the entire book, reducing the number of hymns more than one-fifth, increasing the number of Responsive Readings, and seeking to make the book, containing 445 pages, of greater service to the churches.

In reducing the number of hymns, care has been exercised to retain the best, while the same aim has been kept in view in the exclusion of tunes. A few hymns have been added, most of which have been written by our own ministers, while a few tunes have been introduced, composed by Prof. Alfred M. Wilber, Rev. C. V. Strickland, and Prof. C. H. Gabriel, to whom grateful acknowledgment is hereby expressed.

The music typography is larger and clearer than in the first edition, which must be a delight to the eye, while an entire hymn, as far as practicable, has been printed within the staff of each tune, a feature which is worthy of special attention.

The Responsive Readings, divided into thirty-five selections of convenient length, would seem to be sufficient to serve their purpose in all congregations which include responsive reading in their order of service.

The Committee feels confident that the mechanical part of the work is the very best, and that this edition of the Hymnary is such as will meet the needs of all our churches, to whose patronage the work is heartily commended.

The Committee sends forth the book with the earnest desire that it may be generally used, and may prove an efficient help in the service of the Lord's House.

O. W. WHITELOCK, *Chairman,*
C. V. STRICKLAND,
MRS. GEORGE WORLEY,
W. W. STALEY,
LUEMMA HESS,
W. G. SARGENT,
A. H. MORRILL,
Committee.

September 1, 1909.

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THE CHRISTIAN HYMNARY

I Nicæa. Peculiar. *Holy, Holy, Holy is the Lord*

REGINALD HEBER, (1783—1806) Rev. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1861



2 Germany L. M.

A Nobler Rest

PHILIP DODDRIDGE

BEETHOVEN



1. Thine earthly Sab-baths, Lord, we love; But there's a no - bler rest a - bove;
2. No more fa- tigue, no more dis- tress, Nor sin, nor death shall reach the place;
3. No rude a - larms of rag - ing foes; No cares to break the long re - pose;
4. O long- ex - pect - ed day, be - gin; Dawn on these realms of woe and sin;





To that our long-ing souls as - pire With ear - nest hope and strong de-sire.
No groans to min- gle with the songs Which war-ble from im-mor-tal tongues.
No midnight shade, no cloud-ed sun, But sa - cred, high, e - ter - nal noon.
Fain would we leave this wea-ry road, And sleep in death, to rest with God. A-MEN.



3

Rejoicing in the Sabbath

1 My opening eyes with rapture see
The dawn of thy returning day;
My thoughts, O God, ascend to thee;
While thus my early vows I pay.

2 I yield my heart to thee alone,
Nor would receive another guest;
Eternal King, erect thy throne,
And reign sole Monarch in my breast.

3 O, bid this trifling world retire,
And drive each carnal thought away,
Nor let me feel one vain desire,
One sinful thought, through all the day.

4 Then, to thy courts when I repair,
My soul shall rise on joyful wing,
The wonders of thy love declare,
And join the strains which angels sing.

HUTTON

4 Curtis L. M. *The Lord will give Grace and Glory*

ISAAC WATTS From "Jubilant Voices." L. V. WHEELER



1. Great God, at-tend, while Zi - on sings The joy that from thy pres- ence springs:
2. Might I en - joy the mean- est place With - in thy house, O God of grace,
3. God is our sun—he makes our day; God is our shield—he guards our way
4. All needful grace will God be- stow, And crown that grace with glo - ry, too;





To spend one day with thee on earth Ex-ceeds a thou - sand days of mirth.
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of pow'r, Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.
From all th' assaults of hell and sin, From foes with - out and foes with- in.
He gives us all things, and withholds No good from pure and up - right souls. A-MEN.



5 *Public Worship*

1 Oh come! loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our Almighty King;
For we our voices high should raise,
When our Salvation's Rock we praise.

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

3 Oh, let us to his courts repair,
And bow with adoration there;
With joy and fear, devoutly all
Before the Lord, our Maker, fall!

TATE and BRADY

6 Migdol. L. M. *How Amiable are Thy Tabernacles*

ISAAC WATTS, 1719 — LOWELL MASON, 1840



1. How pleasant, how di-vine-ly fair, O Lord of hosts, thy dwell-ings are!
2. Blest are the souls who find a place With-in the tem-ple of thy grace;
3. Blest are the men whose hearts are set To find the way to Zi-on's gate;
4. Cheerful they walk with growing strength, Till all shall meet in heaven at length;





With long de-sires my spirit faints To meet th' assem-blies of thy saints.
There they behold thy gentler rays, And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.
God is their strength; and thro' the road They lean upon their Help-er, God.
Till all be-fore thy face appear, And join in no-bler wor-ship there. A-MEN.



7 *Supplication.*

1 Great God, the followers of thy Son,
We bow before thy mercy-seat,
To worship thee, the Holy One,
And pour our wishes at thy feet.

2 O, grant thy blessing here to-day;
O, give thy people joy and peace;
The tokens of thy love display,
And favor that shall never cease.

3 We seek the truth which Jesus brought;
His path of light we long to tread;
Here be his holy doctrines taught,
And here their purest influence shed.

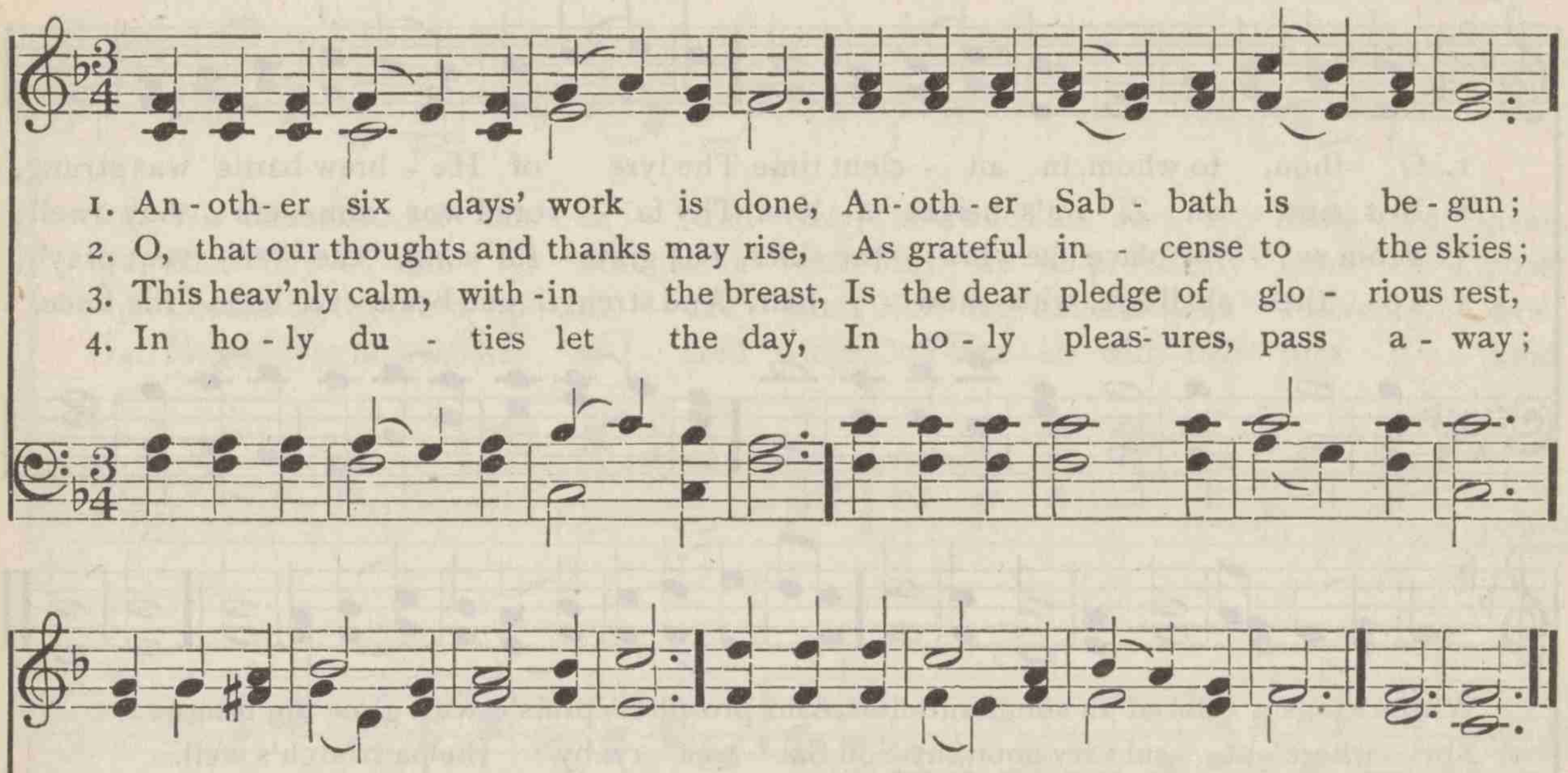
4 May faith, and hope, and love abound;
Our sins and errors be forgiven;
And we, from day to day, be found
Children of God and heirs of heaven.

HENRY WARE, Jr.

8 Thursley. L. M.

The Sabbath

STENNET German



9

Surely the Lord is in This Place

1 Lo, God is here! let us adore,
And humbly bow before his face;
Let all within us feel his power,
Let all within us seek his grace.

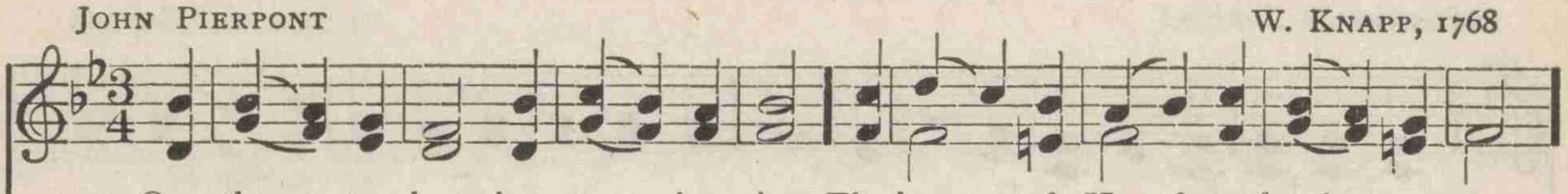
2 Lo, God is here! him, day and night,
United choirs of angels sing:
To him, enthroned above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest praises bring.

3 Being of beings, may our praise
Thy courts with grateful incense fill;
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sovereign will.

G. TERSTEEGEN. Tr. JOHN WESLEY, 1739.

10 All Saints. L. M. *Every Place a Temple*

JOHN PIERPONT — W. KNAPP, 1768



1. O thou, to whom, in an - cient time The lyre of He - brew bards was strung,
2. Not now on Zi - on's height a - lone Thy fa - vored wor - ship - ers may dwell;
3. From ev - 'ry place be - low the skies, The grate - ful song, the fer - vent pray'r,
4. To thee shall age, with snow - y hair, And strength, and beau - ty, bend the knee,



Whom kings a - dored in songs sub-lime, And pro-phets prais'd with glow-ing tongue.
Nor where at sul - try noon, thy Son Sat wea - ry, by the pa-triarch's well.
The in - cense of the heart,—may rise To Heaven, and find ac-cept-ance there.
And child - hood lisp, with reverent air, Its prais -es and its pray'rs to thee. A - MEN.



11

The Hour of Prayer.

1 Blest hour! when mortal man retires,
To hold communion with his God,
To send to heaven his warm desires,
And listen to the sacred word.

2 Blest hour! for, where the Lord resorts,
Foretastes of future bliss are given;
And mortals find his earthly courts
The house of God, the gate of Heaven!

3 Hail, peaceful hour! supremely blest,
Amid the hours of worldly care,
The hour that yields the spirit rest,
That sacred hour, the hour of prayer.

4 And, when my hours of prayer are past,
And this frail tenement decays,
Then may I spend, in heaven, at last,
A never-ending hour of praise.

THOMAS RAFFLES, 1828

12 Bera L. M.

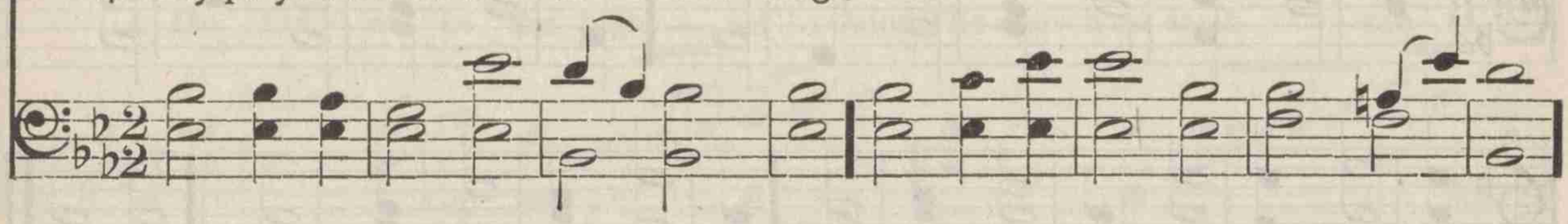
The Day of Rest

Mrs. GILMAN

JOHN E. GOULD, 1846



1. We bless thee for this sa - cred day, Thou who hast ev - 'ry bless - ing given,
2. Rich day of ho - ly, thoughtful rest, May we im-prove thy calm re - pose,
3. Lord, may thy truth up - on the heart Now fall and dwell as heavenly dew,
4. May prayer now lift her sa - cred wings, Con-tent - ed with that aim a - lone





Which sends the dreams of earth a - way, And yields a glimpse of ope - ning heaven.
And, in God's ser - vice tru - ly blest, For - get the world, its joys, its woes.
And flowers of grace in fresh - ness start Where once the weeds of er - ror grew.
Which bears her to the King of kings, And rests her at his sheltering throne. A-MEN.



13

The Sacrifice of the Heart

1 When, as returns this solemn day,
Man comes to meet his Maker, God,
What rites, what honors shall he pay?
How spread his sovereign name abroad?

2 From marble domes and gilded spires
Shall curling clouds of incense rise,
And gems, and gold, and garlands deck
The costly pomp of sacrifice?

3 Vain, sinful man! creation's Lord
Thy golden offerings well may spare,
But give thy heart, and thou shalt find
Here dwells a God who heareth prayer.

Mrs. BARBAULD

14 Mear C. M. *How Lovely is Zion*

ISAAC WATTS, 1719 — Welsh Air. AARON WILLIAMS, 1760

1. How did my heart re - joice to hear My friends de - vout - ly say—
2. I love her gates, I love the road; The church a - dorned with grace,
3. Peace be with - in this sa - cred place, And joy a con - stant guest!
4. My soul shall pray for Zi - on still, While life or breath re - mains;

"In Zi - on let us all ap - pear, And keep the sol - emn day."
Stands like a pal - ace built for God, To show his mild - er face.
With ho - ly gifts and heav'n - ly grace Be her at - tend - ants blest!
There my best friends, my kin - dred, dwell, There God, my Sav - iour, reigns. A - MEN.

15 Downs C. M. *What Shall I Render unto the Lord*

ISAAC WATTS — LOWELL MASON

1. What shall I ren - der to my God For all his kind - ness shown?
2. A - mong the saints that fill thy house My off - 'rings shall be paid;
3. How hap - py all thy ser - vants are! How great thy grace to me!
4. Here in thy courts I leave my vow, And thy rich grace re - cord;

My feet shall vis - it thine a - bode, My songs ad - dress thy throne.
There shall my zeal per - form the vows My soul in an - guish made.
My life, which thou hast made thy care, Lord, I de - vote to thee.
Wit - ness, ye saints, who hear me now, If I for - sake the Lord. A - MEN.

16 Day of Rest. C. M.

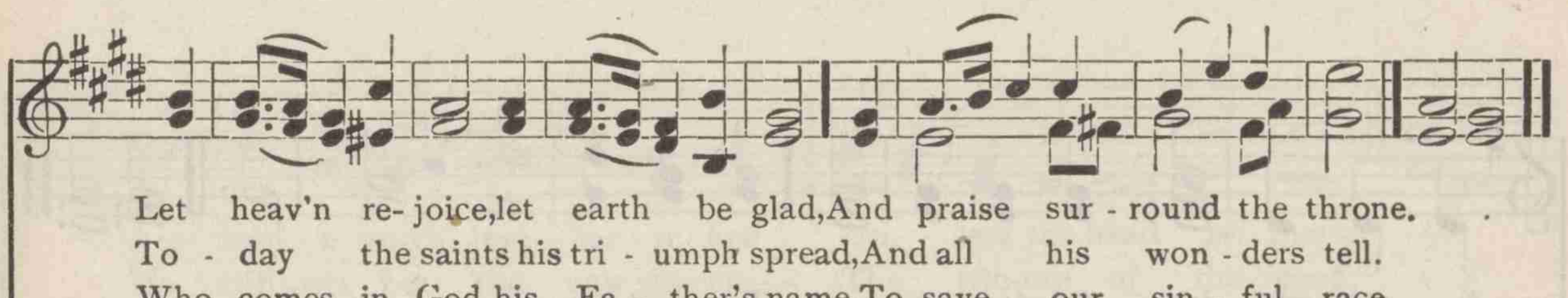
This is the Day Which the Lord Hath Made

ISAAC WATTS L. V. WHEELER

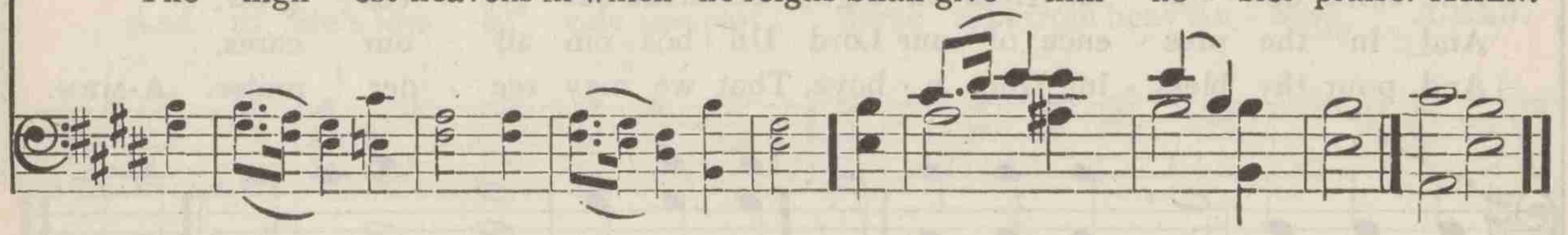


1. This is the day the Lord hath made; He calls the hours his own;
2. To-day he rose and left the dead, And Sa-tan's em-pire fell;
3. Blest be the Lord who comes to men With mes-sa-ges of grace,
4. Ho-san-na in the high-est strains The church on earth can raise:





Let heav'n re-joice, let earth be glad, And praise sur-round the throne.
To-day the saints his tri-umph spread, And all his won-ders tell.
Who comes, in God his Fa-ther's name To save our sin-ful race.
The high-est heavens in which he reigns Shall give him no-bler praise. AMEN.



17

Joy of Worship

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

2 Spirit of grace, O, deign to dwell
Within thy church below;
Make her in holiness excel,
With pure devotion glow.

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

HENRY F. LYTE

18 Avondale C. M. *A Blessing Sought*

Anon. S. K. WHITING

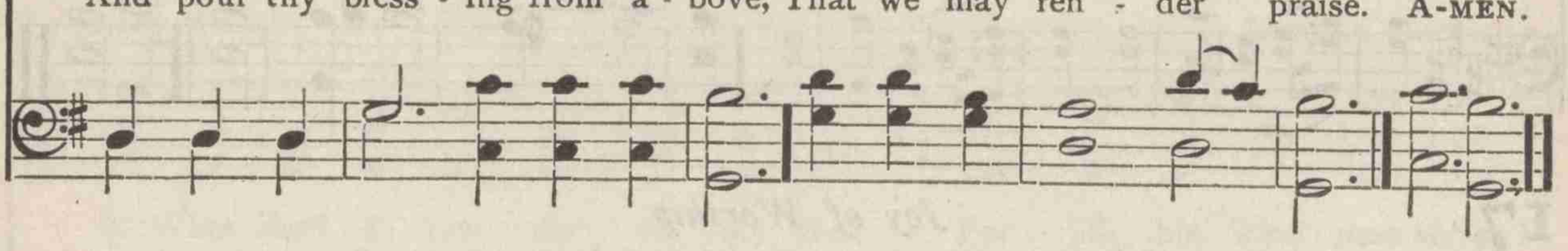


1. A - gain our earth - ly cares we leave, And to thy courts re - pair;
2. The feel - ing heart, the melt - ing eye, The hum - ble mind, be - stow;
3. May we in faith re - ceive thy word, In faith pre - sent our prayers,
4. Show us some to - ken of thy love, Our faint - ing hope to raise;





A - gain, with joy - ful feet, we come To meet our Sav - iour here.
And shine up - on us from on high, To make our gra - ces grow.
And in the pres - ence of our Lord Un - bos - om all our cares.
And pour thy bless - ing from a - bove, That we may ren - der praise. A-MEN.



19 *Early Will I Seek Thee*

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

2 I've seen thy glory and thy power
Through all thy temple shine;
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine.

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

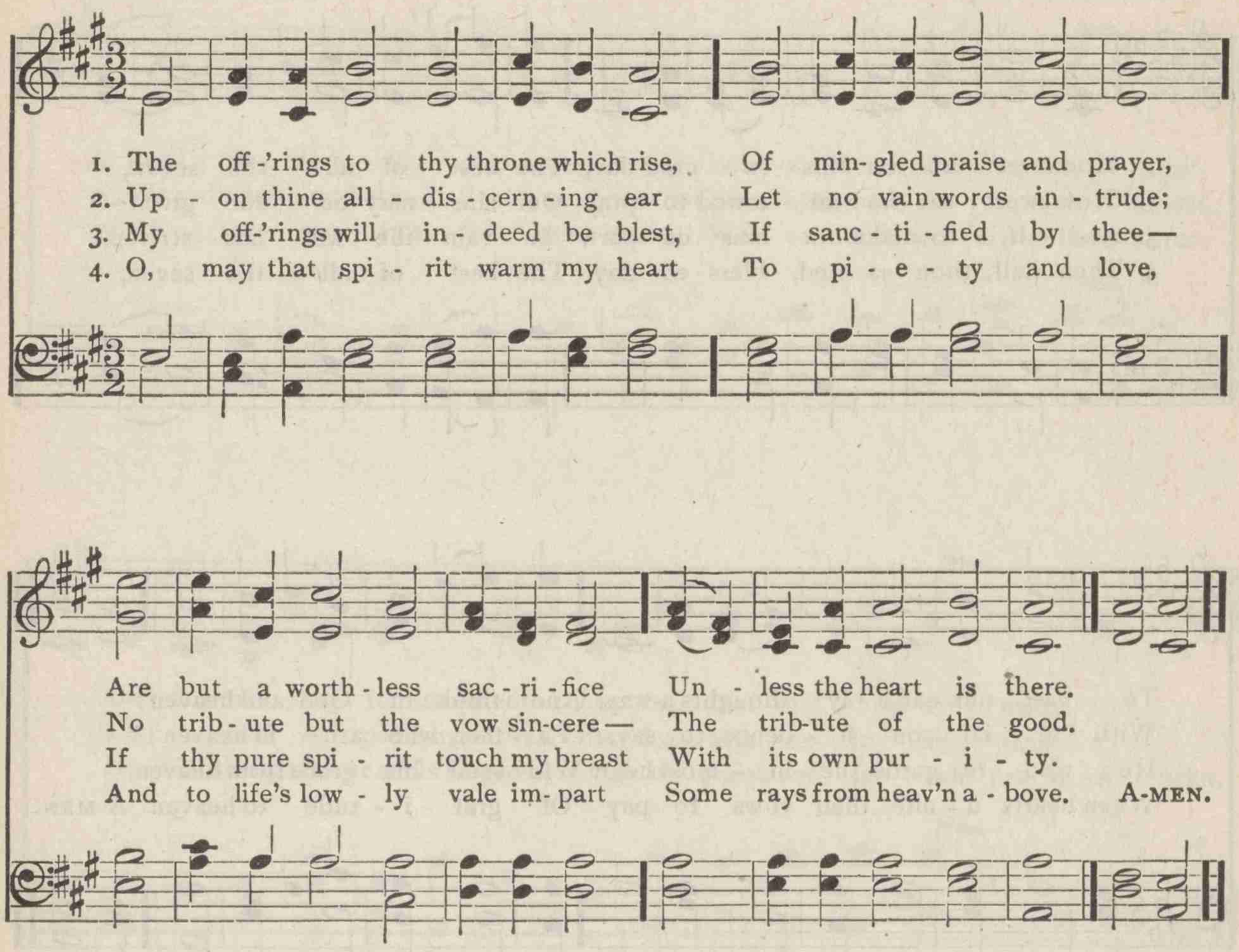
4 Thus, till my last expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King,
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my heart to sing.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719

20 Azmon C. M.

Pure Worship

Sir JOHN BOWRING — GLASER. Arr. by D. L. MASON



21 *Languid Devotion Lamented*

1 Frequent the day of God returns
To shed its quickening beams;
And yet, how slow devotion burns!
How languid are its flames!

2 Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,
And fit us to ascend
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
And Sabbaths never end;—

3 Where we shall breathe in heavenly air,
With heavenly lustre shine,
Before the throne of God appear,
And feast on love divine.

4 There shall we join, and never tire,
To sing immortal lays,
And, with the bright, seraphic choir,
Sound forth Immanuel's praise.

BROWN

22 Belmont C. M. *Love of Sabbath Service*

MRS. FOLLEN — SAMUEL WEBBE



1. How sweet, up - on this sa - cred day, The best of all the seven,
2. How sweet to be al - lowed to pray Our sins may be for - given—
3. And if, to make our sins de - part, In vain the will has striven,
4. Then hail, thou sa-cred, bless - ed day, The best of all the seven,





To cast our earth - ly thoughts a-way, And think of God and heaven!
With fil - ial con - fi - dence to say, "Fa - ther, who art in heaven!"
He who re - gards the in - most heart Will send his grace from heaven.
When hearts u - nite, their vows to pay Of grat - i - tude to heaven. A-MEN.



23 *God Present in the Sanctuary*

1 My soul, how lovely is the place
To which thy God resorts!
'Tis heaven to see his smiling face,
Though in his earthly courts.

2 There the great monarch of the skies
His saving power displays,
And light breaks in upon our eyes,
With kind and quickening rays.

3 With his rich gifts, the heavenly Dove
Descends and fills the place,
While Christ reveals his wondrous love,
And sheds abroad his grace.

ISAAC WATTS

24 Nuremburg. 7s. *Engagedness in Devotion*

JOHN TAYLOR — Arr. by Dr. MASON



1. Lord, be - fore thy pres - ence come, Bow we down with ho - ly fear:
2. Wan -d'ring thoughts and lan - guid pow'rs Come not where de - vo - tion kneels;
3. At the por - tals of thine house, We re - sign our earth - born cares:





Call our err - ing foot-steps home, Let us feel that thou art near.
Let the soul ex - pand her stores, Glow -ing with the joy she feels.
No - bler thoughts our souls en-gross, Songs of praise and fer - vent pray'rs. A - MEN.



25 *Did Not Our Heart Burn within Us?*

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

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

3 While thy word is heard with awe,
While we tremble at thy law,
Let thy gospel's wondrous love
Every doubt and fear remove.

4 From thy house when we return,
Let our hearts within us burn;
That at evening we may say,—
"We have walked with God today."

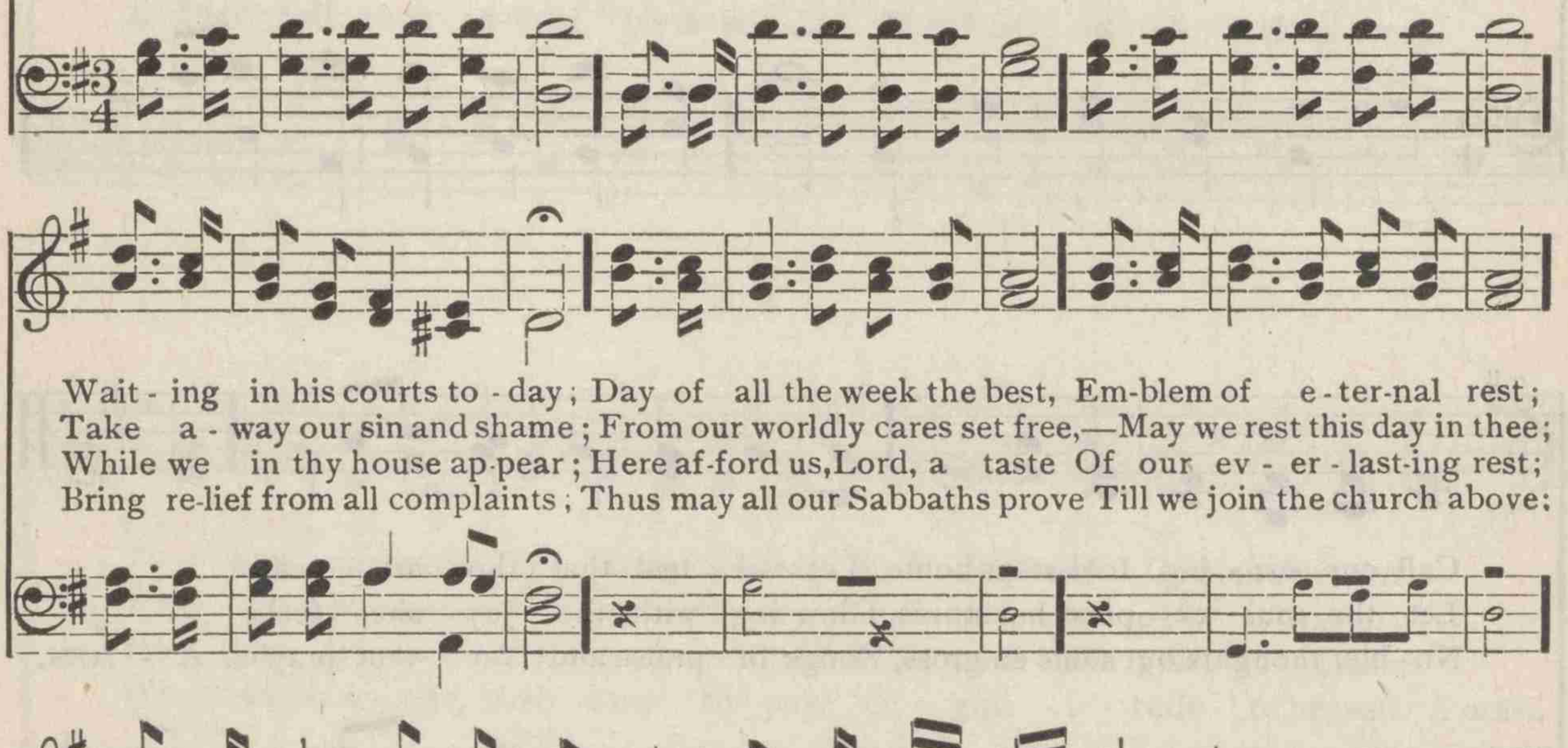
JAMES MONTGOMERY

26 Sabbath 7s. D. *The Sabbath of Rest*

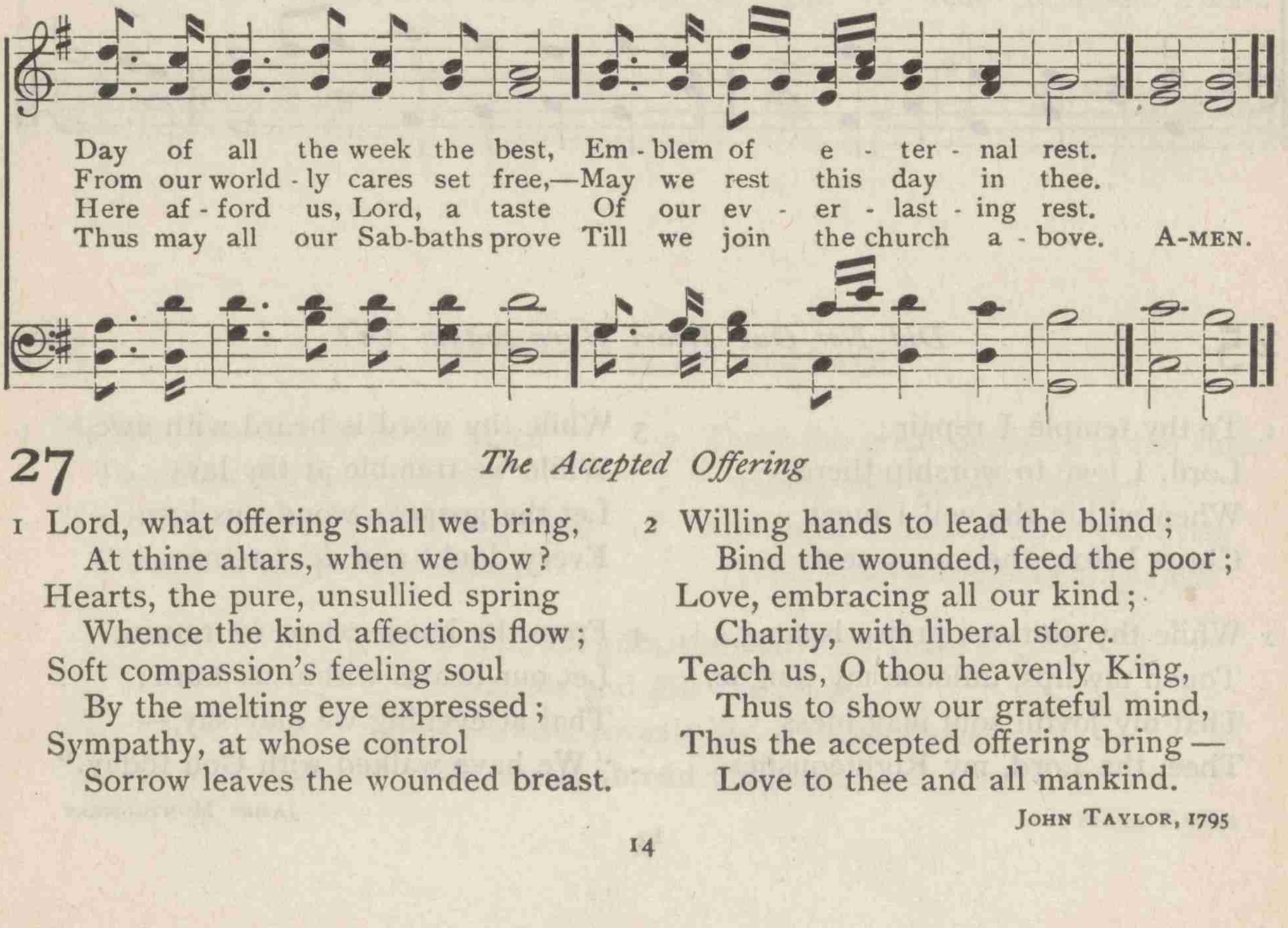
JOHN NEWTON, 1779 — LOWELL MASON, 1824



1. Safe - ly thro' an-oth - er week, God has bro't us on our way; Let us now a blessing seek,
2. While we seek supplies of grace, Thro' the dear Redeemer's name, Show thy reconcil-ing face—
3. Here we come thy name to praise, Let us feel thy presence near; May thy glo-ry meet our eyes,
4. May thy gos-pel's joyful sound Conquer sinners, comfort saints, Make the fruits of grace abound,



Wait - ing in his courts to - day; Day of all the week the best, Em-blem of e - ter-nal rest;
Take a - way our sin and shame; From our worldly cares set free,—May we rest this day in thee;
While we in thy house ap-pear; Here af-ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last-ing rest;
Bring re-lief from all complaints; Thus may all our Sabbaths prove Till we join the church above;



Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest.
From our world - ly cares set free,—May we rest this day in thee.
Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing rest.
Thus may all our Sab-baths prove Till we join the church a - bove. A-MEN.

27 *The Accepted Offering*

1 Lord, what offering shall we bring,
At thine altars, when we bow?
Hearts, the pure, unsullied spring
Whence the kind affections flow;
Soft compassion's feeling soul
By the melting eye expressed;
Sympathy, at whose control
Sorrow leaves the wounded breast.

2 Willing hands to lead the blind;
Bind the wounded, feed the poor;
Love, embracing all our kind;
Charity, with liberal store.
Teach us, O thou heavenly King,
Thus to show our grateful mind,
Thus the accepted offering bring—
Love to thee and all mankind.

JOHN TAYLOR, 1795

28 Mendelssohn 7s. D. *The Courts of the Lord*

HENRY F. LYTE, 1834 MENDELSSOHN

1. Pleas - ant are thy courts a - bove In the land of light and love;
2. Hap - py birds that sing and fly Round thy al - tars, O Most High;
3. Hap - py souls, their prais - es flow, E - ven in this vale of woe;

Pleas-ant are thy courts below In this land of sin and woe. Oh, my spir - it longs and faints
Hap-pier souls that find a rest In a heav'nly Father's breast; Like the wand'ring dove that found
Wa-ters in the deserts rise, Manna feeds them from the skies; On they go from strength to strength,

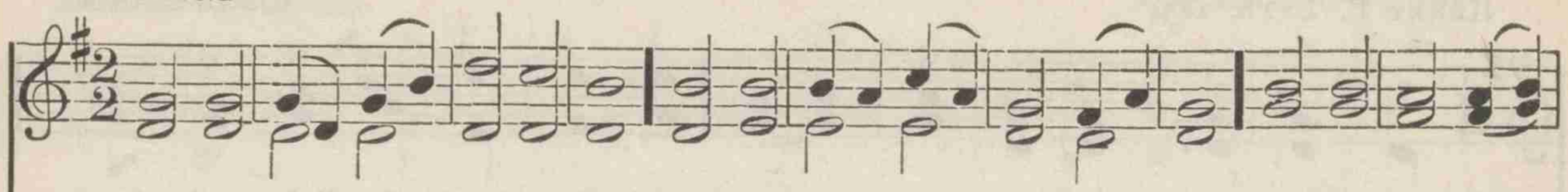
For the converse of thy saints, For the brightness of thy face, For the ful-ness of thy grace;
No re - pose on earth a - round, They can to their ark re - pair, And en - joy it ev - er there;
Till they reach thy throne at length, At thy feet ador-ing fall, Who hast led them safe thro' all;

For the brightness of thy face, For the ful-ness of thy grace.
They can to their ark re - pair, And en - joy it ev - er there.
At thy feet a - dor - ing fall, Who hast led them safe through all. A - MEN.

29 Bendon 7s.

For a General Blessing

HAMMOND



1. Lord, we come be - fore thee now, At thy feet we hum-bly bow; Oh, do not our
2. Lord, on thee our souls de-pend; In com-pas - sion now de - scend; Fill our hearts with
3. Com-fort those who weep and mourn; Let the time of joy re - turn; Those that are cast
4. Grant that all may seek and find Thee, a gra - cious God and kind; Heal the sick, the





suit dis - dain! Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain? Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?
thy rich grace, Tune our lips to sing thy praise, Tune our lips to sing thy praise.
down lift up; Make them strong in faith and hope, Make them strong in faith and hope.
cap - tive free; Let us all re - joice in thee, Let us all re - joice in thee. A-MEN.



30

Feast of Love

1 Come, and let us sweetly join
God to praise in hymns divine;
Give we all, with one accord,
Glory to our common Lord.

2 Hands and hearts and voices raise;
Sing as in the ancient days;
Taste e'en now the joys above,
Find the heaven of mutual love.

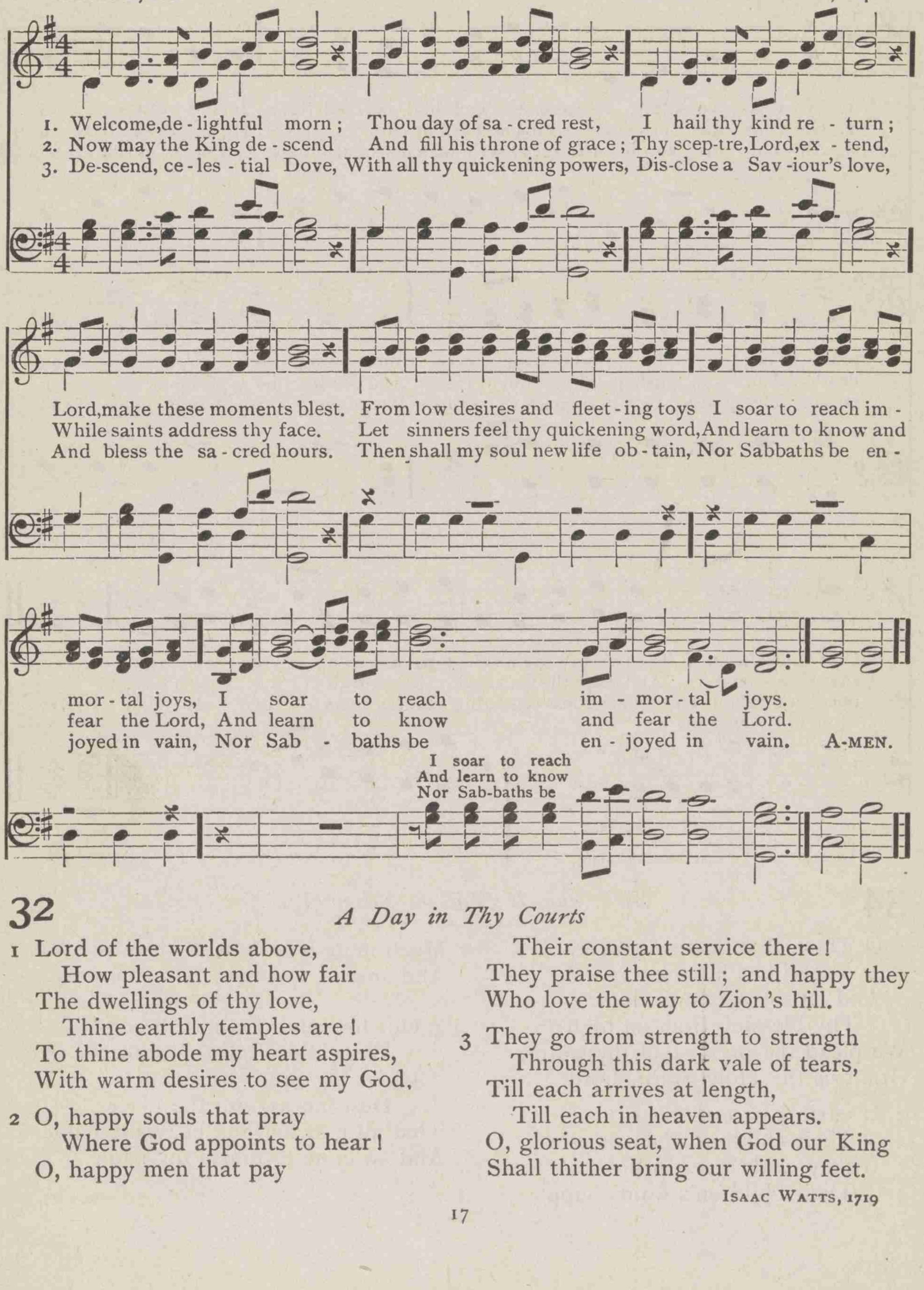
3 Jesus, we thy promise claim,
We are met in thy great name;
In the midst do thou appear,
Manifest thy presence here.

4 Make us all in thee complete,
Make us all for glory meet,—
Meet to appear before thy sight,
Partners of the saints in light.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1741

31 Liscber H. M. *Sabbath Morning*

HAYWARD, 1806 FRIEDRICH SCHNEIDER, 1840



32 *A Day in Thy Courts*

1 Lord of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thine earthly temples are!
To thine abode my heart aspires,
With warm desires to see my God.

2 O, happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O, happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still; and happy they
Who love the way to Zion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears.
O, glorious seat, when God our King
Shall thither bring our willing feet.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719

33 Wayne H. M. *The Day that God Hath Blessed*

L. M. GORDON, 1880



34 *Ask, and It Shall be Given You*

1 O Thou, that hearest prayer,
Attend our humble cry,—
And let thy servants share
Thy blessing from on high:
We plead the promise of thy word;
Grant us thy Holy Spirit, Lord.

2 If earthly parents hear
Their children when they cry,
If they, with love sincere,
Their children's wants supply,
Much more wilt thou thy love display,
And answer when thy children pray.

3 Our heavenly Father, thou;
We, children of thy grace:
O, let thy Spirit now
Descend and fill the place,
That all may feel the heavenly flame,
And all unite to praise thy name.

BURTON

35 Sprague S. M.

Enjoyment in Worship

Spirit of the Psalms

A. N. JOHNSON, by per.



1. Sweet is the work, O Lord, Thy glo - rious name to sing;
2. Sweet, at the dawn - ing hour, Thy bound - less love to tell;
3. Sweet, on this day of rest, To join, in heart and voice,
4. To songs of praise and joy Be ev - 'ry Sab - bath giv'n,





To praise and pray, to hear thy word, And grate - ful off - 'rings bring.
And, when the night-wind shuts the flow'r, Still on the theme to dwell.
With those who love and serve thee best, And in thy name re - joice.
That such may be our blest em-ploy, E - ter - nal - ly in heav'n. A - MEN.



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36

Even Thine Altars, O Lord of Hosts

1 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 courts.

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

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

STENNETT

37 Lisbon S. M.

The Sabbath Welcomed

ISAAC WATTS, 1709 — DANIEL READ, 1885



1. Wel - come, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise,—
2. The King him - self comes near, And feasts his saints to - day;
3. One day a - mid the place Where Christ, my Lord, hath been,
4. My will - ing soul would stay In such a frame as this,





Wel - come to this re - viv - ing breast And these re - joic - ing eyes.
Here may we sit and see him here, And love, and praise, and pray.
Is sweet - er than ten thou-sand days Of pleas- ure and of sin.
And sit and sing her - self a - way To ev - er - last - ing bliss. A - MEN.



38

Praising God for Mercies

1 O bless the Lord, my soul!
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favors are divine.

2 O bless the Lord, my soul!
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

3 'Tis he forgives thy sins;
'Tis he relieves thy pain;
'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.

4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransomed from the grave;
He that redeemed my soul from hell,
Hath sovereign power to save.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719

39 Badea S. M.

Break Forth into Joy

ISAAC WATTS, 1719 — German Melody



1. Raise your tri - um - phant songs To an im - mor - tal tune;
2. Sing how E - ter - nal Love, His chief be - lov - ed chose,
3. Now, sin - ners, dry your tears, Let hope - less sor - row cease;
4. Lord, we o - bey thy call; We lay an hum - ble claim





Let the wide earth re - sound the deeds Ce - les - tial grace has done.
And bade him raise our wretch-ed race From their a - byss of woes.
Bow to the scep - tre of his love, And take the of - fered peace.
To the sal - va - tion thou hast brought, And love and praise thy name. A - MEN.



40

Heavenly Joy on Earth

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

2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from the place;
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less.

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

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

ISAAC WATTS, 1709

41 Estella L. M.

God's Glory

THOMAS BLACKLOCK, 1754 — From MENDELSSOHN



1. Come, O my soul! in sa-cred lays, At - tempt thy great Cre- a- tor's praise;
2. Enthroned a - midst the ra-diant spheres, He glo - ry like a gar-ment wears;
3. In all our Ma - ker's grand designs, Om - nip - o-tence with wisdom shines;
4. Raised on de - vo - tion's loft - y wing, Do thou, my soul, his glo - ries sing;





But, oh, what tongue can speak his fame! What mortal verse can reach the theme!
To form a robe of light di - vine, Ten thousand suns a-round him shine.
His works, through all this wondrous frame, Bear the great impress of his name.
And let his praise em- ploy thy tongue, Till listening worlds ap-plaud the song. A - MEN.



42

Bless the Lord, O My Soul

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

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

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

ISAAC WATTS, 1719

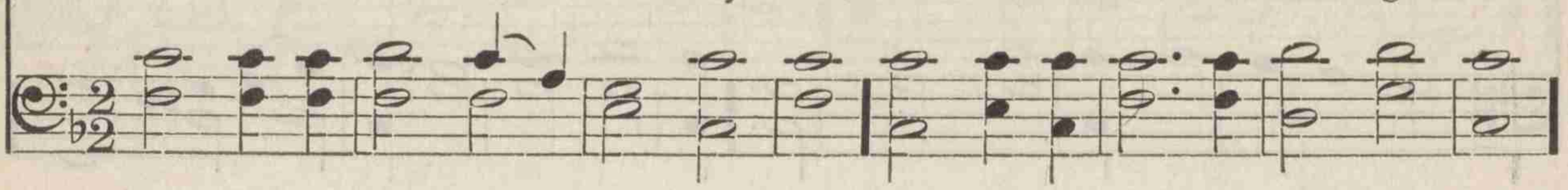
43 Federal Street L. M.

Be Thou Exalted, O God

ISAAC WATTS — H. K. OLIVER, 1832



1. My God, in whom are all the springs Of bound-less love and grace un-known,
2. My heart is fixed; my song shall raise Im - mor-tal hon - ors to thy name;
3. High o'er the earth his mer - cy reigns, And reach-es to the ut - most sky;
4. Be thou ex - alt - ed, O my God, A - bove the heavens where an-gels dwell,





Hide me be-neath thy spread -ing wings Till the dark cloud is o - ver-blown.
A - wake, my tongue, to sound his praise—My tongue, the glory of my frame.
His truth to end-less years re - mains, When lower worlds dissolve and die.
Thy power on earth be known a - broad, And land to land thy won -ders tell. A -MEN.



44 *Joy in Service*

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

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

3 And 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.

4 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

45 Westfield L. M.

God's Grace

ISAAC WATTS — D. A. WINSLOW



1. Now to the Lord a no - ble song! A - wake, my soul; a - wake, my tongue;
2. See where it shines in Je - sus' face, The brightest im - age of his grace;
3. Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charm - ing theme; My tho'ts re - joice at Je - sus' name!
4. Oh, may I reach the hap - py place, Where he un - veils his love - ly face!





Ho - san - na to th' E - ter - nal Name, And all his boundless love pro - claim.
God, in the per - son of his Son, Has all his mightiest work out - done.
Ye an - gels dwell up - on the sound; Ye heav'ns re - flect it to the ground!
Where all his beauties you be - hold; And sing his name to harps of gold. A - MEN.



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46

A Joyful Song

1 Sing to the Lord a joyful song;
  Lift up your hearts, your voices raise:
To us his gracious gifts belong,
  To him our songs of love and praise.

2 For life and love, for rest and food,
  For daily help and nightly care,
Sing to the Lord, for he is good,
  And praise his name, for it is fair:—

3 For strength to those who on him wait,
  His truth to prove, his will to do,
Praise ye our God, for he is great,
  Trust in his name, for it is true;—

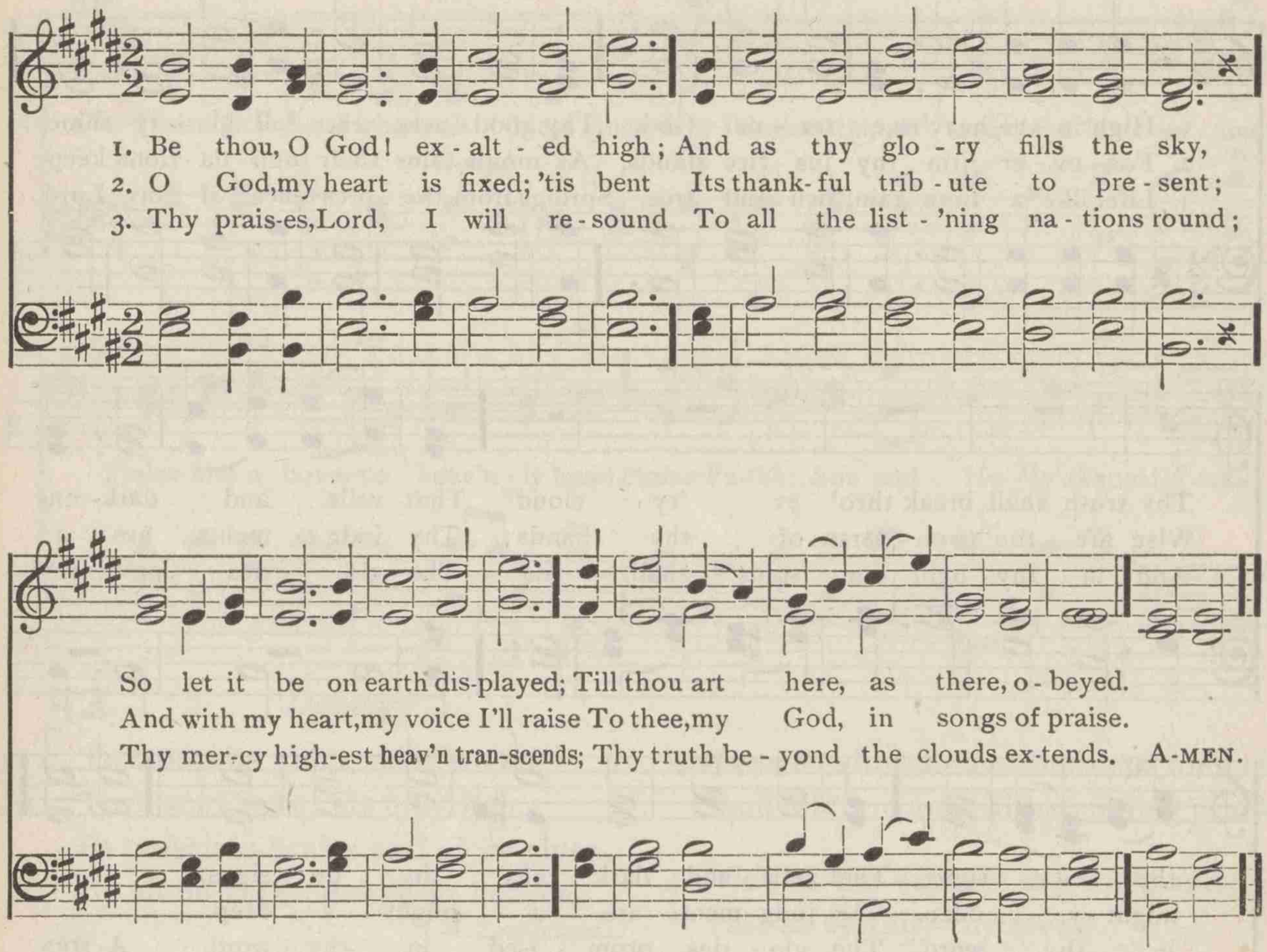
4 For life below, with all its bliss,
  And for that life, more pure and high,
That inner life, which over this
  Shall ever shine, and never die.

J. S. B. MONSELL

47 Curtis L. M.

Be Thou Exalted, O God

Anon. Fr. "Jubilant Voices." L. V. WHEELER



48

The Lord of Life

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

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

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

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

O. W. HOLMES, 1860

49 Egmont L. M.

Providence

ISAAC WATTS, 1719

L. O. EMERSON



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50

Universal Praise

1 Ye nations round the earth, rejoice
Before the Lord, your sovereign King;
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice;
With all your tongues his glory sing.

2 The Lord is God; 'tis he alone
Doth life, and breath, and being give;
We are his work, and not our own —
The sheep that on his pastures live.

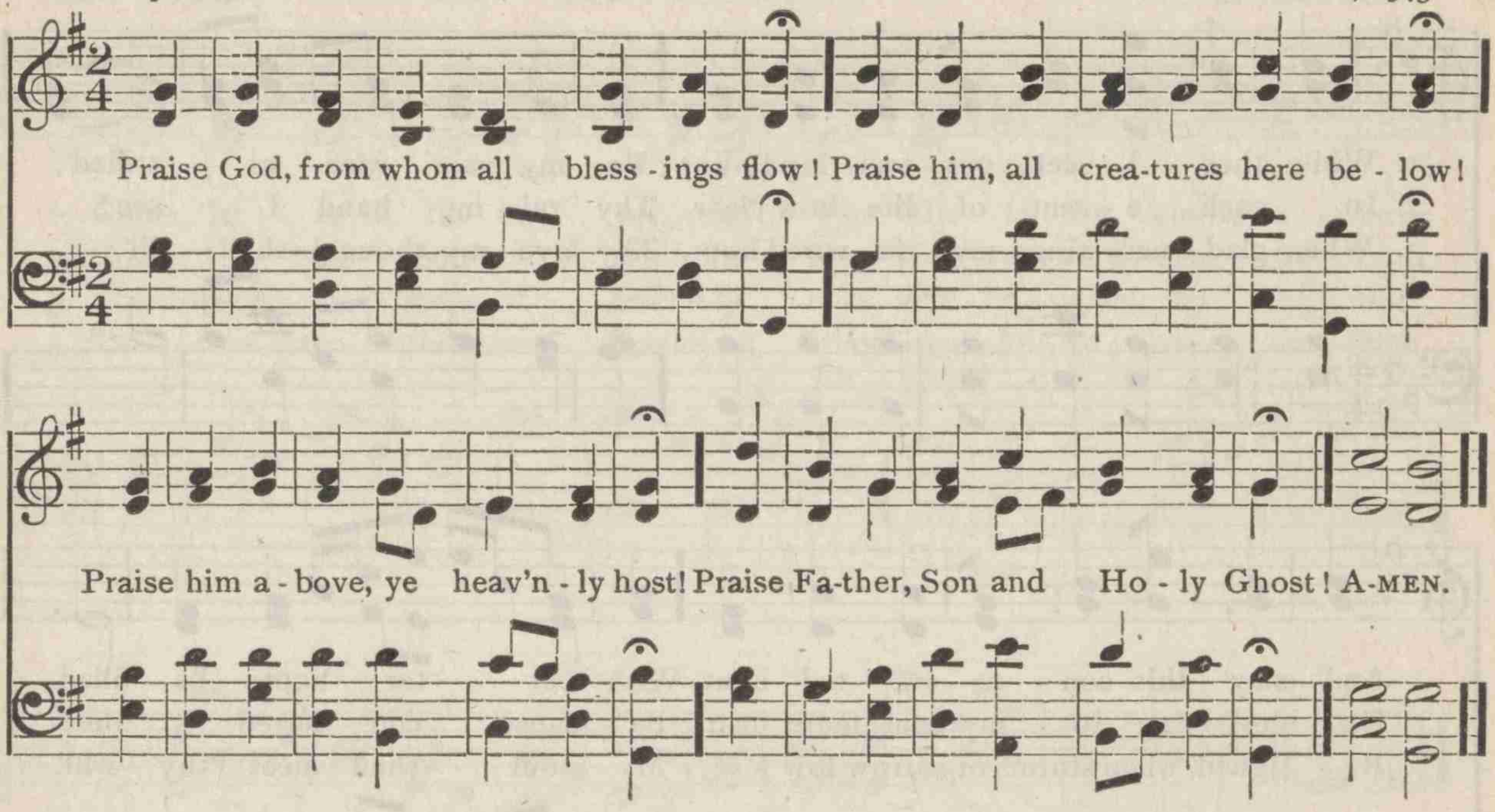
3 Enter his gates with songs of joy,
With praises to his courts repair,
And make it your divine employ
To pay your thanks and honors there.

4 The Lord is good; the Lord is kind;
Great is his grace, his mercy sure;
And all the race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719

51 Old Hundred L. M.

Bishop THOMAS KEN — G. FRANC, 1543



52 *Doxology*

To God, the great, eternal One,
To Jesus Christ, his only Son,
Be ceaseless praise and glory given,
By all on earth and all in heaven.

N. SUMMERBELL

53 *Serve the Lord with Gladness*

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

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And, when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We'll crowd thy gates, with thankful songs,
High as the heaven 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. Alt. J. WESLEY, 1741

54 *Universal Praise*

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

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

ISAAC WATTS, 1719

55 Brattle Street C. M. D.

Mrs. H. M. WILLIAMS — IGNAC PLEYEL, 1791. Arr. by NAHUM MITCHELL, 1812

1. While thee I seek, pro - tect - ing Power! Be my vain wish - es stilled;
2. In each e - vent of life how clear Thy rul - ing hand I see!
3. When glad - ness wings my fa - vored hour, Thy love my thoughts shall fill;

And may this con - se - cra - ted hour With bet - ter hopes be filled.
Each bless - ing to my soul more dear Be - cause con - ferred by thee.
Re - signed, when storms of sorrow low - er, My soul shall meet thy will.

Thy love the pow'r of thought bestowed; To thee my thot's would soar.
In ev - 'ry joy that crowns my days, In ev - 'ry pain I bear,
My lift - ed eye, with - out a tear, The gath - 'ring storm shall see;

Thy mer - cy o'er my life has flow'd; That mer - cy I a - dore.
My heart shall find de-light in praise, Or seek re - lief in prayer.
My stead-fast heart shall know no fear; That heart will rest on thee. A - MEN.

56 Warwick C. M.

Access to God by a Mediator

ISAAC WATTS — S. STANLEY

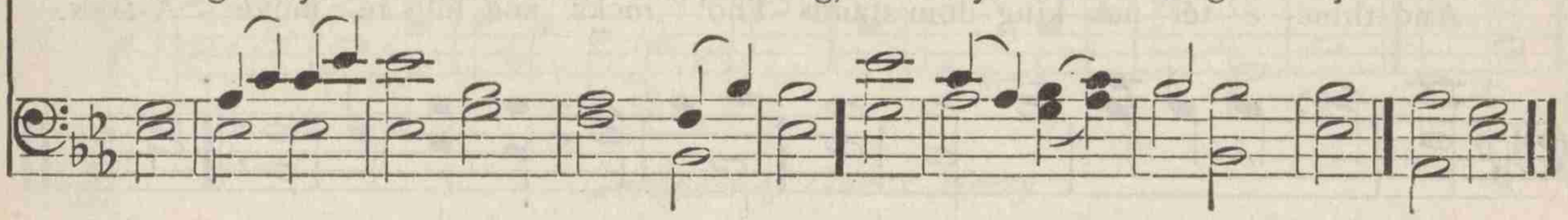


1. Come, let us lift our joy - ful eyes Up to the courts a - bove,
2. Come, let us bow be - fore his feet, And ven - ture near the Lord;
3. The peace - ful gates of heav'n-ly bliss Are o - pened by the Son;
4. To thee, ten thou - sand thanks we bring, Great Ad - vo - cate on high,





And smile to see our Fa - ther there Up - on a throne of love.
No fie - ry cher - ub guards his seat, Nor dou - ble - flam-ing sword.
High let us raise our notes of praise, And reach th' al - mighty throne.
And glo - ry to th' e - ter - nal King, Who lays his an-ger by. A-MEN.



57

Devotion

1 We bow before thy mercy-seat,
O Lord, our Heavenly King,
The wonders of thy grace repeat,
And grateful tributes bring.

2 Grant us thy Holy Spirit, Lord,
Our souls with love inspire,
And may instruction from thy word
Increase each pure desire.

3 Where'er thy servants worship thee,
From east to farthest west,
Upon the land, or on the sea,
May all in thee be blessed.

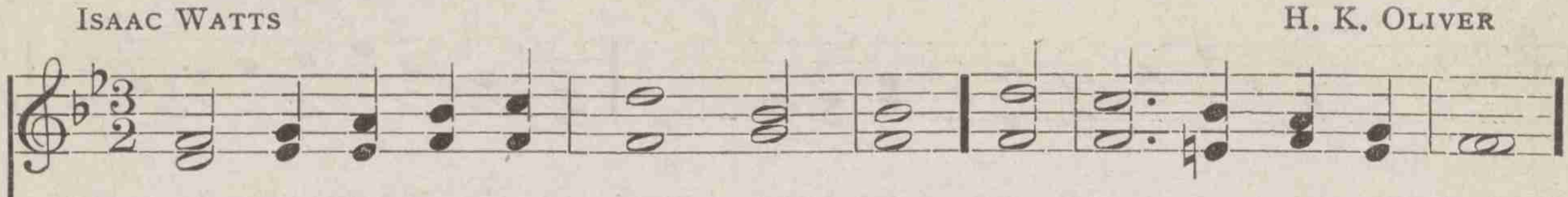
4 Remember those by whom the light
Of life and truth divine
Has not been seen,—dispel their night,—
On them in glory shine.

B. S. BATCHELOR

58 Merton C. M.

I Will Praise Thy Name Forever and Ever

ISAAC WATTS — H. K. OLIVER



1. Long as I live I'll bless thy name, My King, my God of love;
2. Great is the Lord, his pow'r un - known; O, let his praise be great;
3. Fa - thers to sons shall teach thy name, And chil - dren learn thy ways,
4. The world is gov-erned by thy hand; Thy saints are ruled by love;





My work and joy shall be the same In the bright world a - bove.
I'll sing the hon - ors of thy throne, Thy works of grace re - peat.
A - ges to come thy truth pro - claim, And na - tions sound thy praise.
And thine e - ter - nal king - dom stands Tho' rocks and hills re - move. A-MEN.



59 *One Thing Have I Desired of the Lord*

1 The Lord of glory is my light,
And my salvation too:
God is my strength, nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.

2 One privilege my heart desires—
O, grant me an abode
Among the churches of thy saints,
The temples of my God.

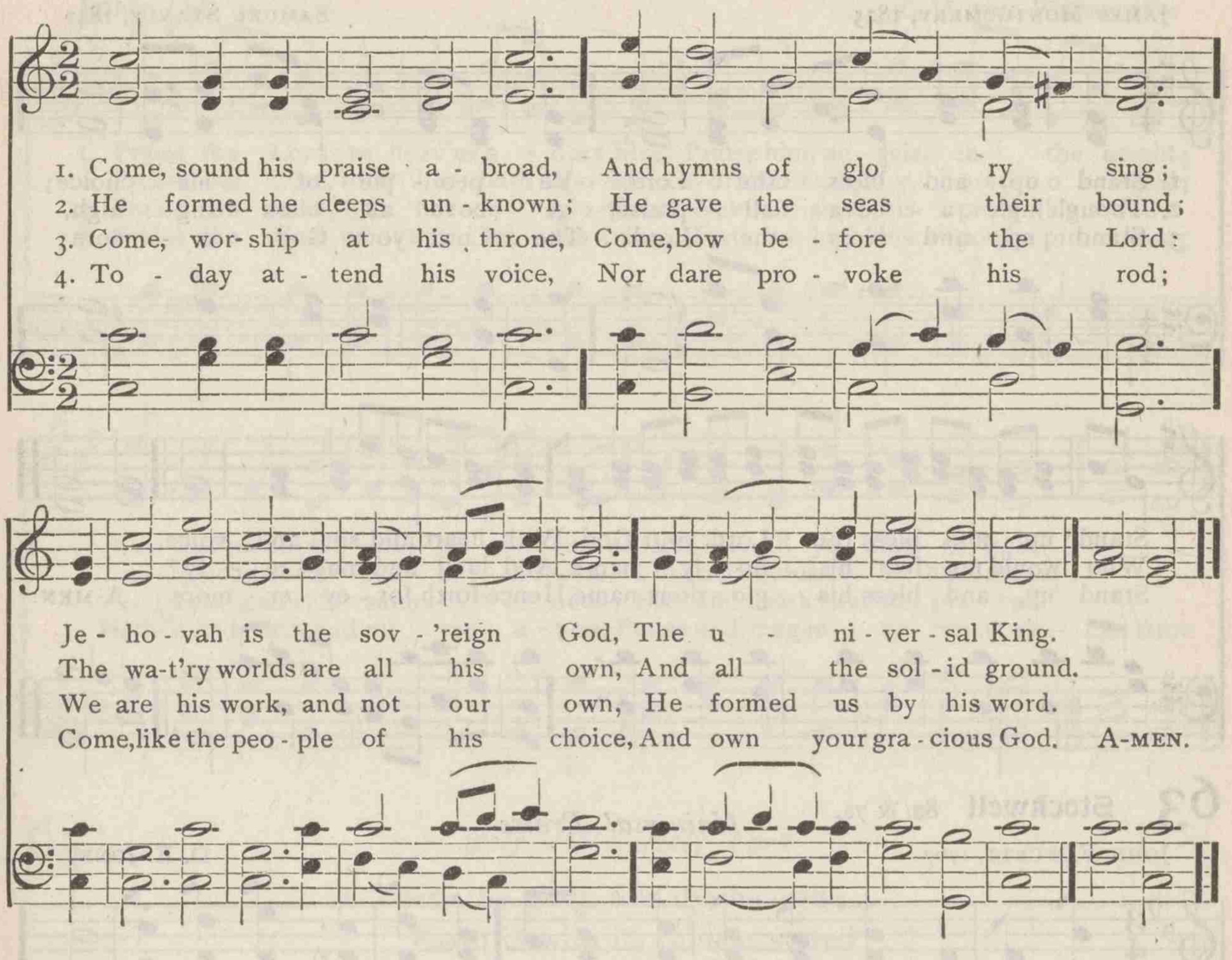
3 There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy beauty still;
Shall hear thy messages of love,
And there inquire thy will.

4 When troubles rise and storms appear,
There may his children hide:
God has a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.

ISAAC WATTS

60 Silver Street S. M.

Call to Worship



1. Come, sound his praise a - broad, And hymns of glo ry sing;
2. He formed the deeps un - known; He gave the seas their bound;
3. Come, wor-ship at his throne, Come, bow be - fore the Lord:
4. To - day at - tend his voice, Nor dare pro - voke his rod;

Je - ho - vah is the sov - 'reign God, The u - ni - ver - sal King.
The wa-t'ry worlds are all his own, And all the sol - id ground.
We are his work, and not our own, He formed us by his word.
Come, like the peo - ple of his choice, And own your gra - cious God. A-MEN.

61

Goodness of God's Mercy

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

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

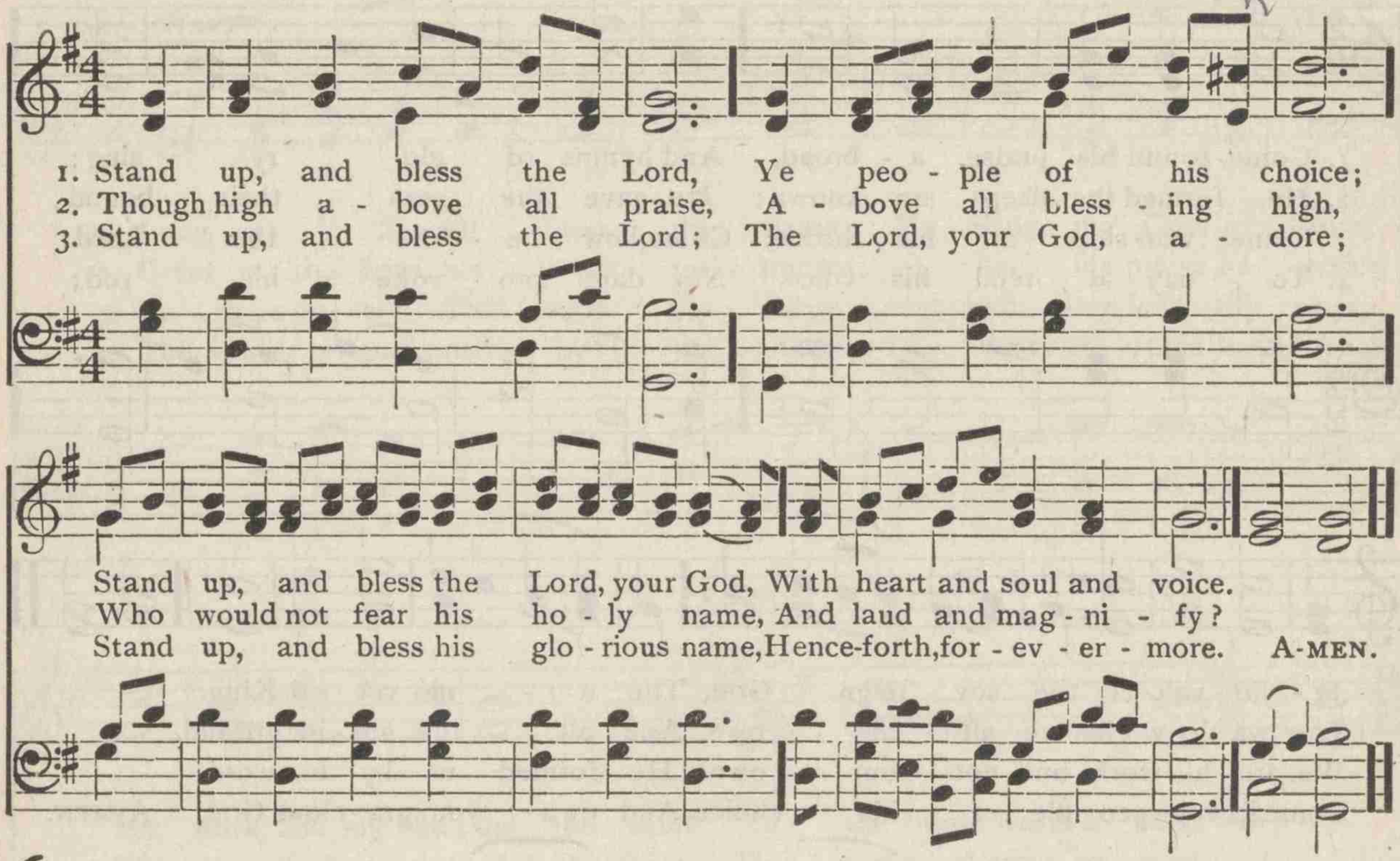
3 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719

62 Shirland S. M.

Praise

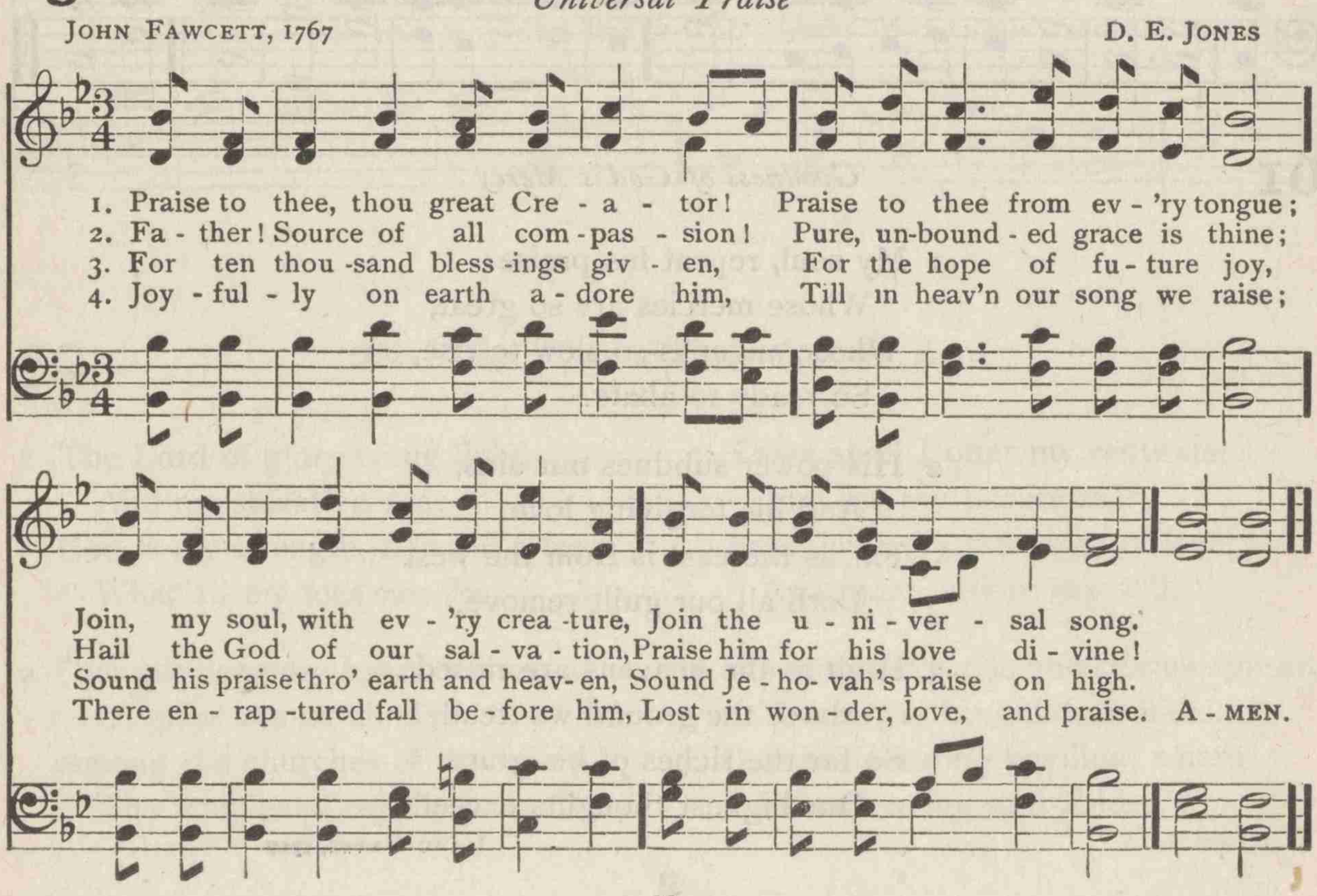
JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1825 — SAMUEL STANLY, 1840



63 Stockwell 8s. & 7s.

Universal Praise

JOHN FAWCETT, 1767 — D. E. JONES



64 Wilmot 8s. & 7s.

Praise the Lord

Dublin Col. C. M. von Weber, 1820



65

Holy, Holy, Holy Lord

1 Lord, thy glory fills the heaven;
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord.

2 Heaven is still with anthems singing;
Earth takes up the angel's cry,
Holy, holy, holy, singing,
Lord of hosts, thou Lord most high.

3 Ever thus in God's high praises,
Brethren, let our tongues unite,
While our thoughts his greatness raises,
And our love his gifts excite.

4 Thus thy glorious name confessing,
We adopt the angels' cry:
Holy, holy, holy, blessing
Thee, the Lord our God most high.

Richard Mant

66 Seymour 7s.

Praise the Lord

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1822 — C. M. VON WEBER. Arr. by H. W. GREATOREX, 1849



67

Lowly Praise

1 Lord, in heaven, thy dwelling-place,
Hear the praises of our race,
And, while hearing, let thy grace
Dews of sweet forgiveness pour;

2 While we know, benignant King,
That the praises which we bring
Are a worthless offering
Till thy blessing makes it more.

3 More of truth and more of might,
More of love and more of light,
More of reason and of right,
From thy pardoning grace be given.

4 It can make the humblest song
Sweet, acceptable, and strong
As the strains the angels' throng
Pour around the throne of heaven.

Sir JOHN BOWRING

68 Italy 6s. & 4s.

Invocation

CHARLES WESLEY, 1757 — FELICE GIARDINI, 1760



69

Supplication

1 Word, whose creative thrill
Wakes in all nature still
Life, light, and bloom!
Come with resistless ray,
Chase all our clouds away,
And with thy heavenly day
All souls illume!

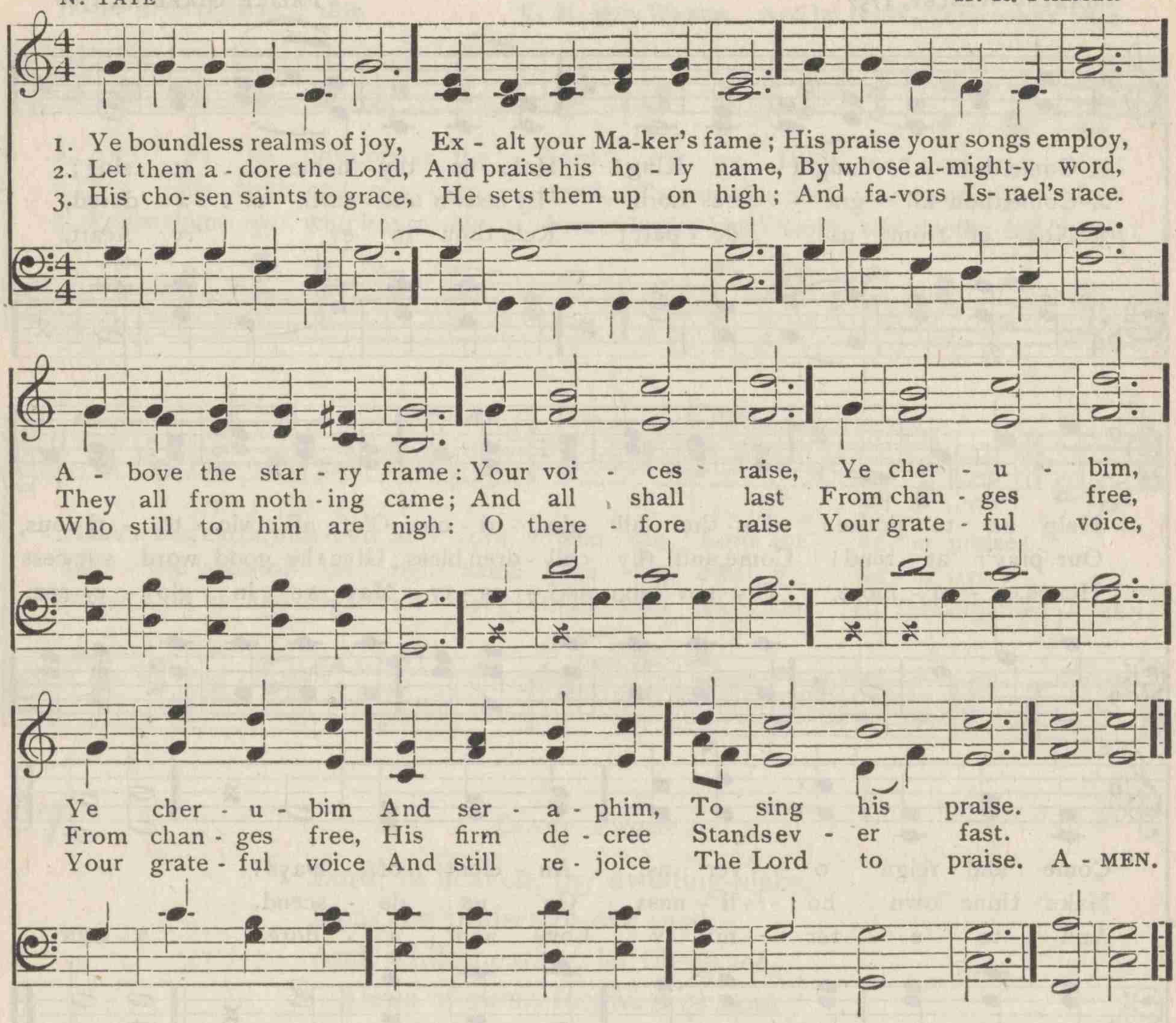
2 Spirit, in whom we live!
Thou who dost yearn to give
All hearts thy rest!
When earthly joys take flight,
Cheer thou the earthly night,
And in the morning light
Still be our guest!

3 And when th' eternal morn,
From death's deep night shades born,
Our eyes shall see,
Father, thy word, thy breath,
Thy Christ who conquereth
Sorrow and sin and death,
Our trust shall be!

CHARLES T. BROOKS, 1873

70 St. Catherine's H. M. 3d P. M.

N. TATE H. R. PALMER



71 *God's Wondrous Love*

1 O for a shout of joy
High as the theme we sing!
To this divine employ
Your hearts and voices bring;
Sound, sound through all the earth abroad
The love, th' eternal love, of God.

2 Unnumbered myriads stand
Of seraphs bright and fair;
Or bow at his right hand,
And pay their homage there,
But strive in vain, with loudest chord,
To sound the wondrous love of God.

3 Yet sinners saved by grace,
In songs of lower key,
In every age and place,
Have sung the mystery,—
Have told in strains of sweet accord,
Thy love, thy sovereign love, O Lord.

4 Though earth and hell assail,
And doubts and fears arise,
The weakest shall prevail,
And grasp the heavenly prize,
And through an endless age record
The love, th' unchanging love, of God.

YOUNG

72 Park Street L. M.

I Will Sing Aloud in the Morning

THOMAS KEN — F. M. A. VENUA. Arr. by LOWELL MASON



73

Morning Prayer for Direction

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

2 O, like the sun may I fulfil
Th' appointed duties of the day;
With ready mind and active will
March on, and keep my heavenly way.

3 Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlightening our beclouded eyes,
Thy threatenings just, thy promise sure;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.

4 Give me thy counsel for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliss;
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold, compared with this.

ISAAC WATTS, 1700

74 Hebron L. M.

Evening Hymn

ISAAC WATTS, 1709 — LOWELL MASON, 1830



1. Thus far the Lord has led me on; Thus far his pow'r pro-longs my days;
2. Much of my time has run to waste, And I, per-haps, am near my home,
3. I lay my bod-y down to sleep; Peace is the pil-low for my head;
4. Thus, when the night of death shall come, My flesh shall rest be-neath the ground,





And ev-'ry eve-ning shall make known Some fresh me-mo-rial of his grace.
But he for-gives my fol-lies past, And gives me strength for days to come.
While well-ap-point-ed an-gels keep Their watchful sta-tions round my bed.
And wait thy voice to break my tomb, With sweet sal-va-tion in the sound. A-MEN.



75 *The Close of the Sabbath*

1 Sweet is light of Sabbath eve,
And soft the sunbeams lingering there;
For these blest hours the world I leave,
Wafted on wings of faith and prayer.

2 The time how lovely and how still!
Peace shines and smiles on all below;
The plain, the stream, the wood, the hill,
All fair with evening's setting glow.

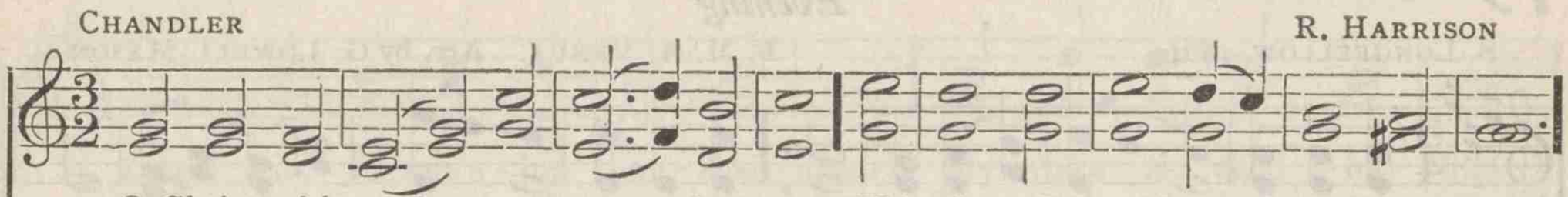
3 Season of rest—the tranquil soul
Feels the sweet calm, and melts in love;
And, while these sacred moments roll,
Faith sees a smiling heaven above.

4 Nor will our days of toil be long;
Our pilgrimage will soon be trod;
And we shall join the ceaseless song,
The endless Sabbath of our God.

JAMES EDMESTON

76 Warrington L. M.

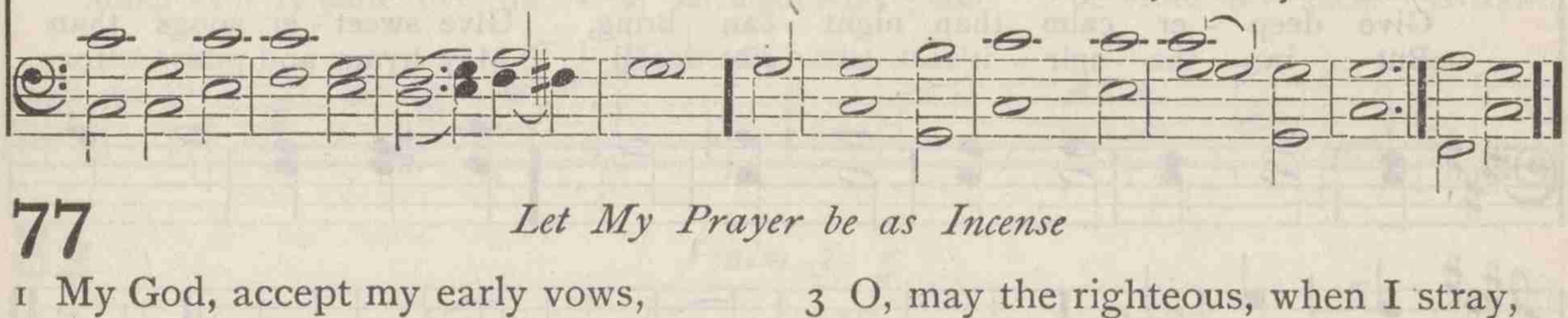
CHANDLER R. HARRISON



1. O Christ, with each re - turn - ing morn, Thine im-age to our heart be borne:
2. May grace each i - dle thought con-trol, And sanc - ti - fy our way -ward soul;
3. Our dai - ly course, O Je - sus, bless; Make plain the way of ho - li - ness;



And may we ev - er clear - ly see Our Friend and Sav-iour, Lord, in Thee.
May guile de-part, and mal - ice cease, And all with - in be joy and peace.
From sud-den falls our feet de - fend, And cheer at last our jour - ney's end. A-MEN.



77 *Let My Prayer be as Incense*

1 My God, accept my early vows,
Like morning incense in thy house;
And let my nightly worship rise
Sweet as the evening sacrifice.

2 Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord,
From every rash and heedless word,
Nor let my feet incline to tread
The guilty path where sinners lead.

3 O, may the righteous, when I stray,
Smite and reprove my wandering way,
Their gentle words, like ointment shed,
Shall never bruise, but cheer my head.

4 When I behold them pressed with grief,
I'll cry to Heaven for their relief,
And by my warm petitions prove
How much I prize their faithful love.

ISAAC WATTS

78 *Close of Worship*

1 Ere to the world again we go,
Its pleasures, cares, and idle show,
Thy grace, once more, O God, we crave,
From folly and from sin to save.

2 May the great truths we here have heard,
The lessons of thy holy word—
Dwell in our inmost bosoms deep,
And all our souls from error keep.

3 Oh! may the influence of this day
Long as our memory with us stay,
And as a constant guardian prove,
To guide us to our home above.

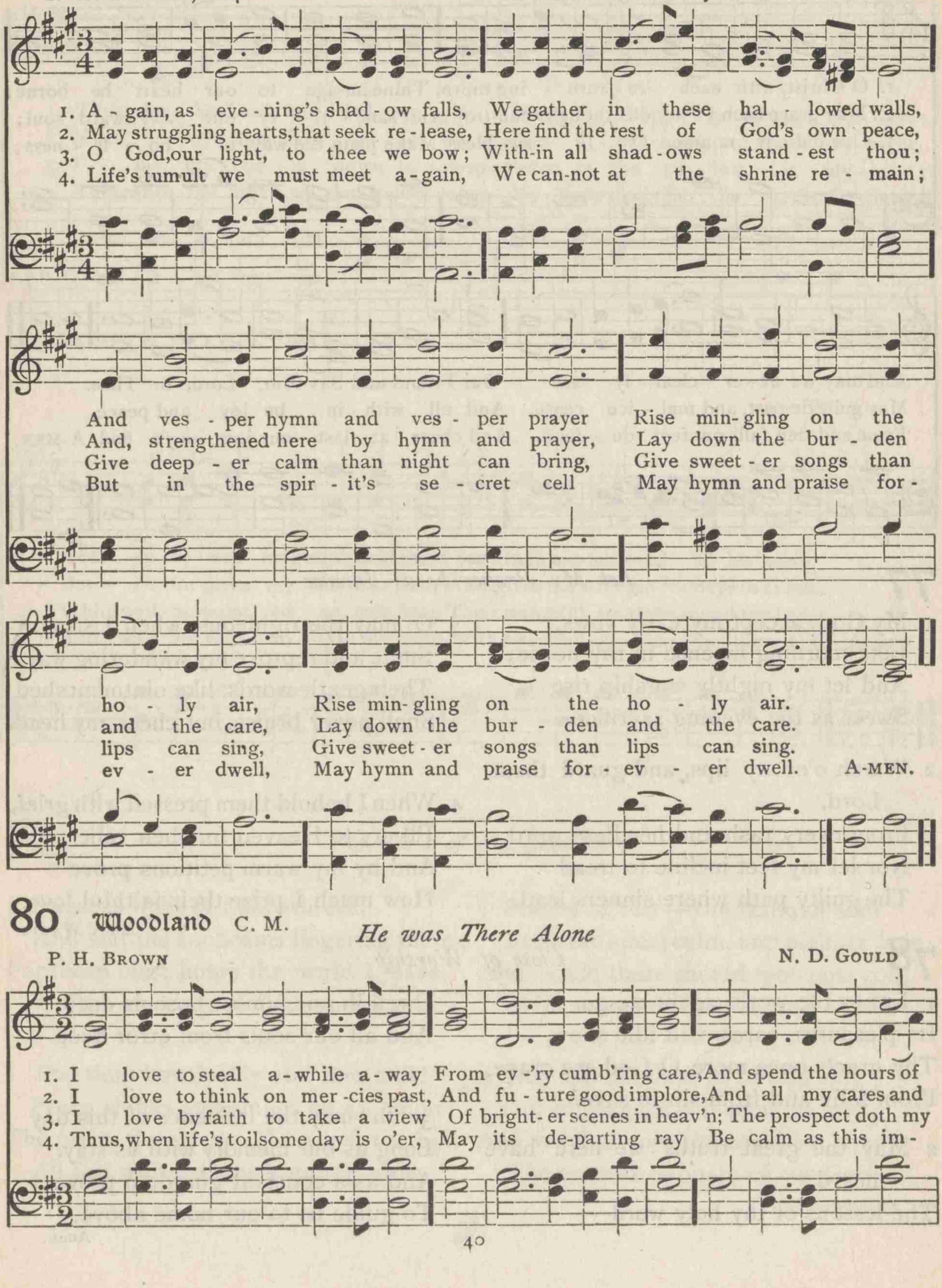
Anon.

79 Park Street L. M.

Evening

S. LONGFELLOW, 1864

F. M. A. VENUA. Arr. by G. LOWELL MASON



80 Woodland C. M.

He was There Alone

P. H. BROWN

N. D. GOULD

81 Peterborough C. M. *Morning*

ISAAC WATTS — RALPH HARRISON, 1786



82

Psalm 3 : 5

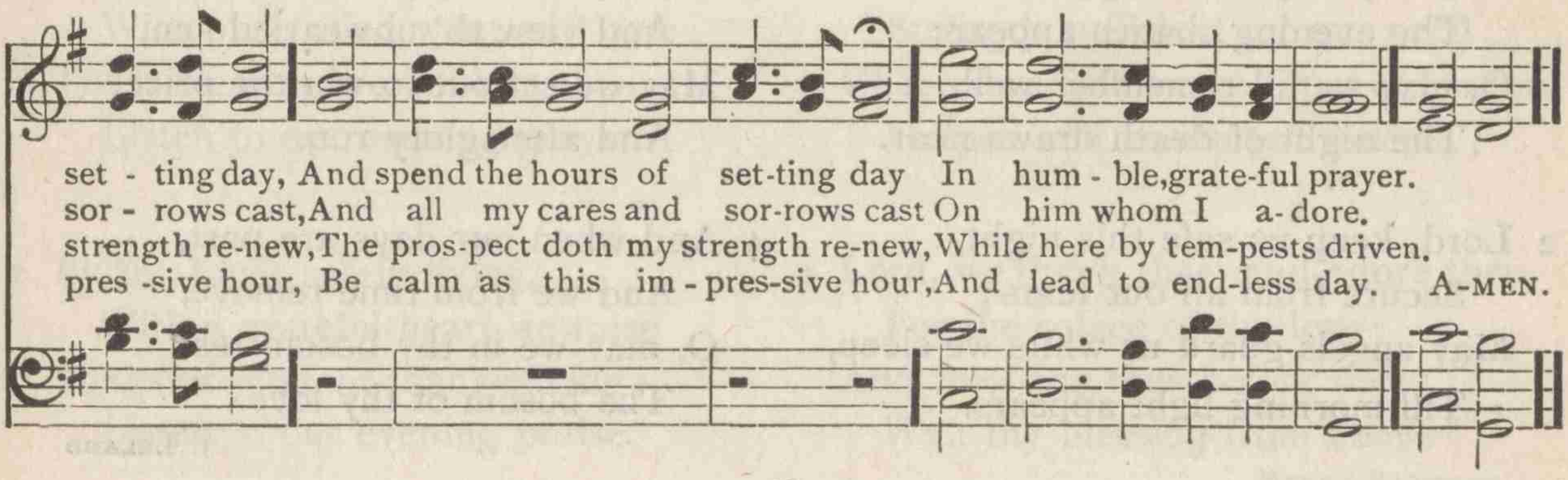
1 Once more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To him that rules the skies.

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

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

ISAAC WATTS

Woodland (*Concluded*)

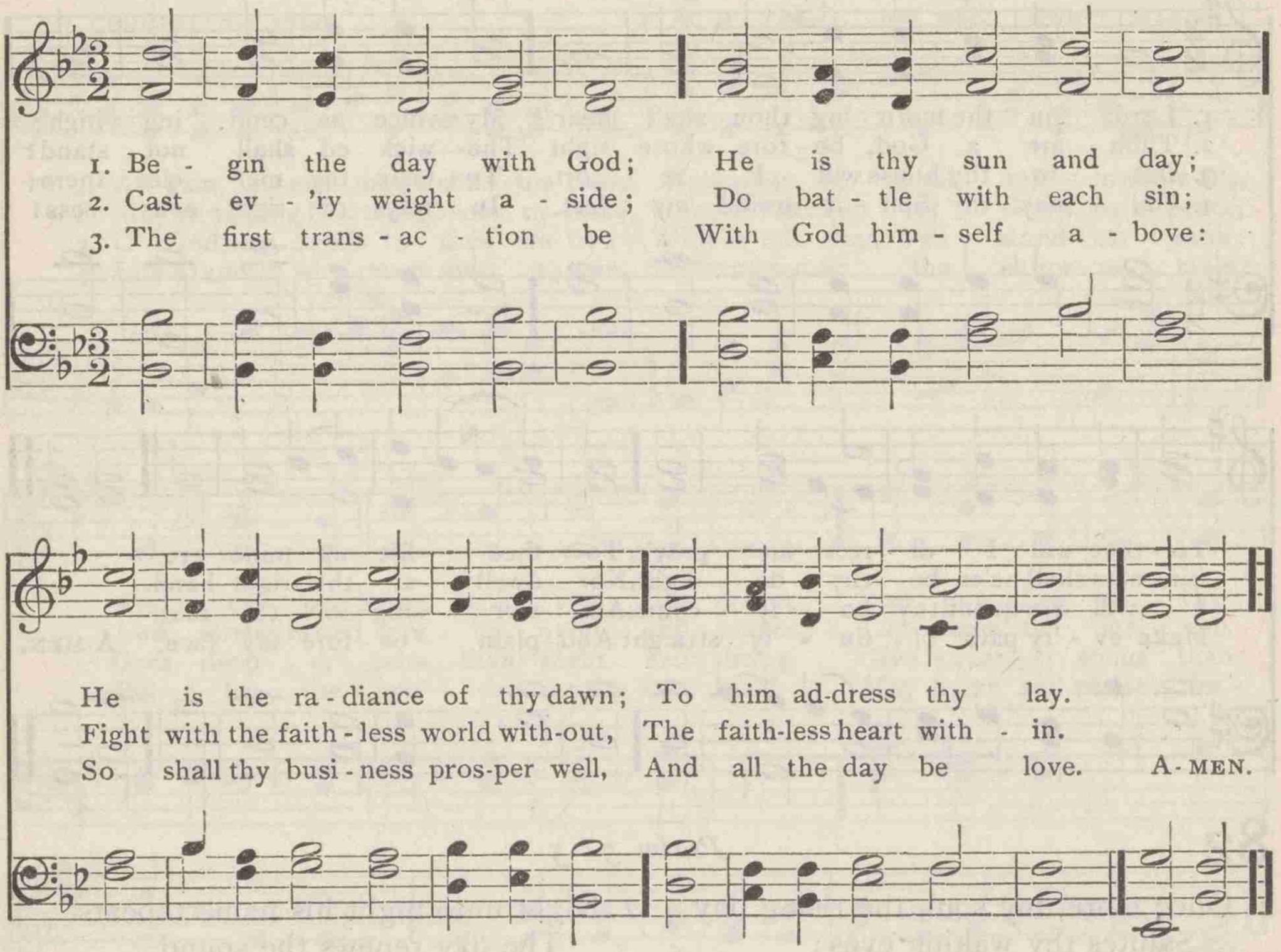


83 State Street S. M.

Begin with God

HORATIUS BONAR

J. C. WOODMAN, 1844



84

Evening Reflections

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

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

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

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

J. LELAND

85 Stockwell 8s & 7s.

The Darkness Hideth not from Thee

EDMESTON D. E. JONES



1. Sav - iour, breathe an eve -ning bless - ing, Ere re - pose our spir - its seal:
2. Though de -struc - tion walk a- round us, Though the ar - row near us fly,
3. Though the night be dark and drear - y, Dark -ness can - not hide from thee;
4. Should swift death this night o'er- take us, And our couch be -come our tomb,





Sin and want we come con- fess - ing, Thou canst save and thou canst heal.
An - gel guards from thee sur-round us; We are safe if thou art nigh.
Thou art He who, nev - er wea - ry, Watch-eth where thy peo - ple be;
May the morn in heav'n a -wake us, Clad in light and death-less bloom. A - MEN.



86

Blessing Sought

1 Gracious Saviour, thus before thee,
With our varied want and care;
For a blessing we implore thee,
Listen to our evening prayer.

2 By thy favor safely living,
With a grateful heart we raise
Songs of jubilant thanksgiving;
Listen to our evening praise.

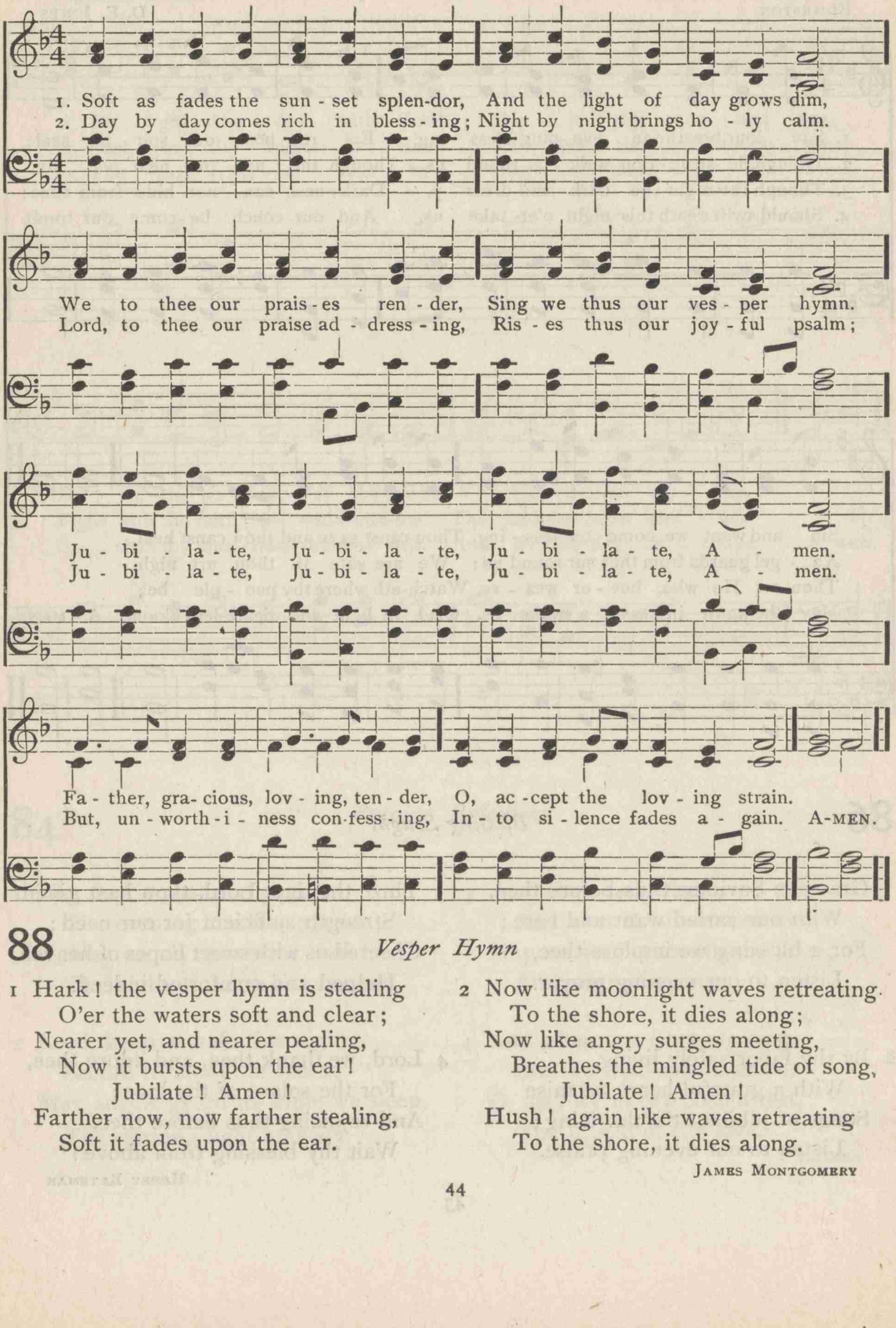
3 Thro' the day, Lord, thou hast given
Strength sufficient for our need;
Cheered us with sweet hopes of heaven,
Helped and comforted indeed.

4 Lord, we thank thee, and adore thee,
For the solace of thy love;
And rejoicing thus before thee,
Wait thy blessing from above!

HENRY BATEMAN

87 Vesper Hymn

S. LONGFELLOW — Russian Air. Arr. by A. M. WILBER



88 *Vesper Hymn*

1 Hark! the vesper hymn is stealing
O'er the waters soft and clear;
Nearer yet, and nearer pealing,
Now it bursts upon the ear!
Jubilate! Amen!
Farther now, now farther stealing,
Soft it fades upon the ear.

2 Now like moonlight waves retreating
To the shore, it dies along;
Now like angry surges meeting,
Breathes the mingled tide of song,
Jubilate! Amen!
Hush! again like waves retreating
To the shore, it dies along.

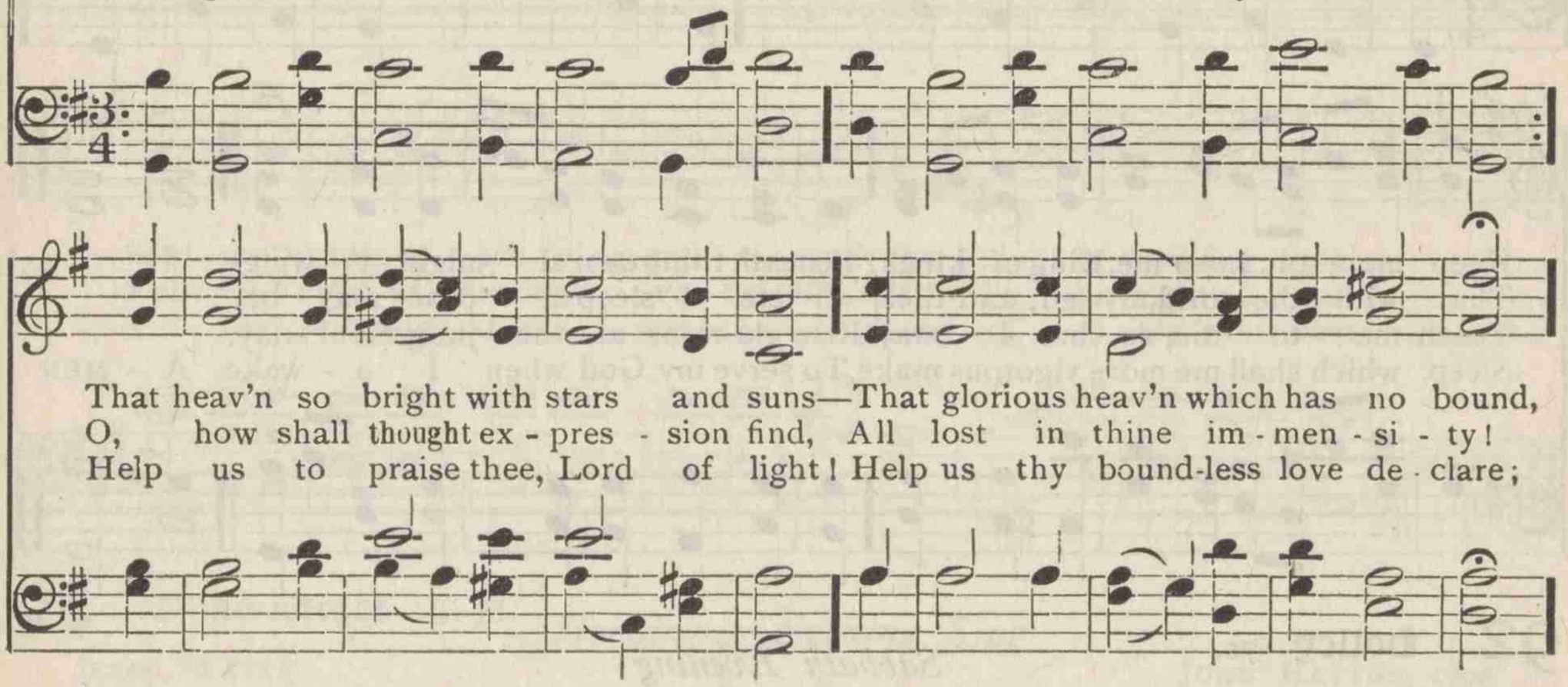
JAMES MONTGOMERY

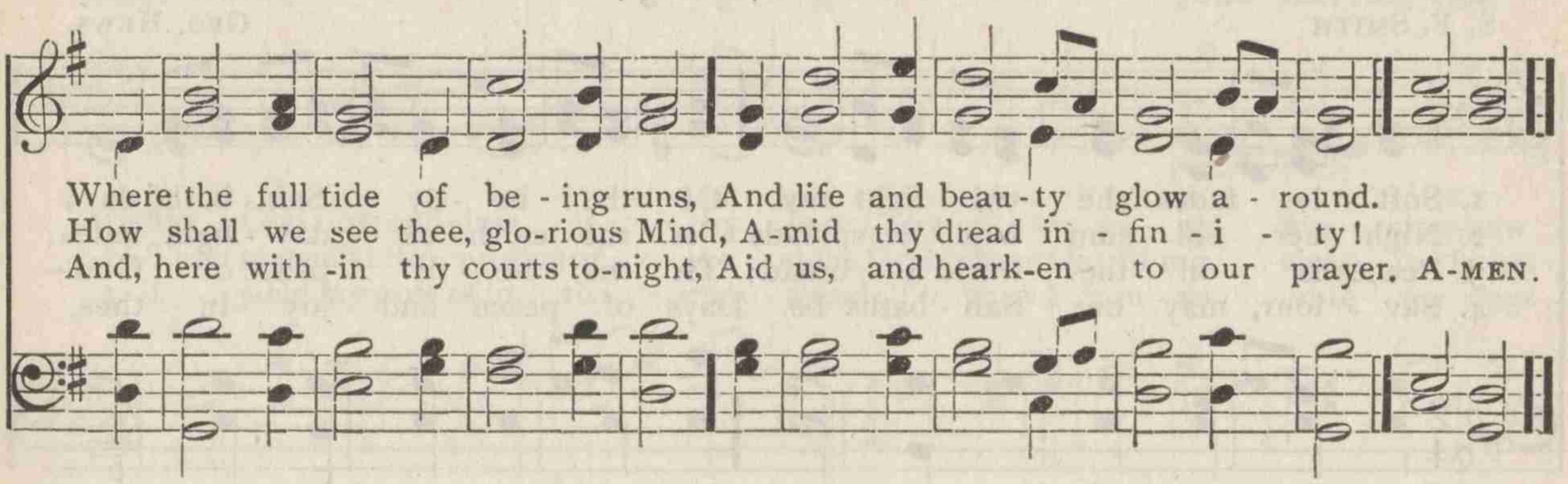
89 Salisbury L. M. D.

Evening Worship

Sir JOHN BOWRING — Arr. from HAYDN, by Dr. MASON







90

Evening Hymn

1 O Holy Father! 'mid the calm
And stillness of this evening hour,
We would lift up our solemn psalm,
To praise thy goodness and thy power:
For over us, and over all,
Thy tender mercies still extend,
Nor vainly shall thy children call
On thee, our Father and our Friend!

2 Kept by thy goodness through the day,
Thanksgiving to thy name we pour!
Night o'er us, with its stars,— we pray
Thy love, to guard us evermore!
In grief, console; in gladness, bless;
In darkness, guide; in sickness, cheer;
Till, perfected in righteousness,
Before thy throne our souls appear!

W. H. BURLEIGH.

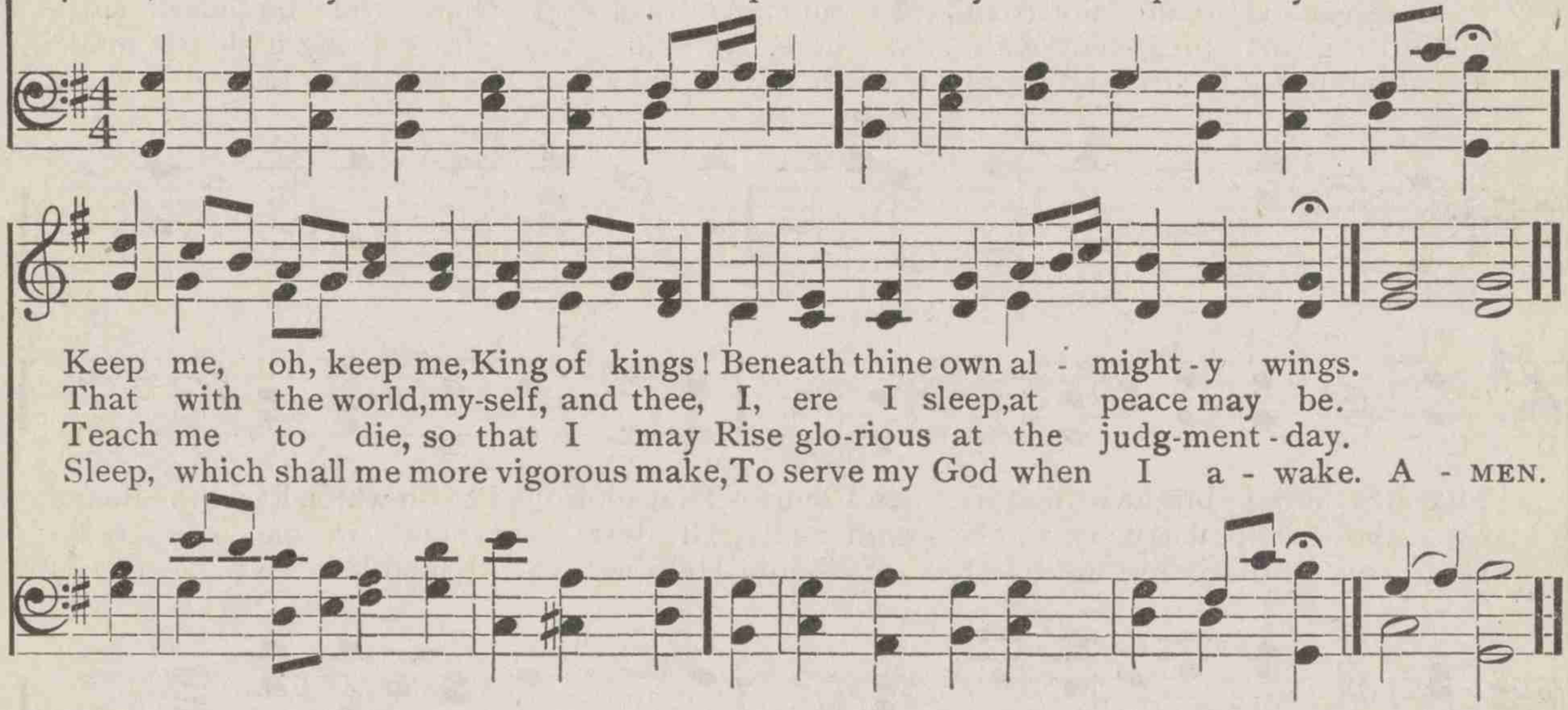
91 Evening Hymn L. M.

Evening Song

THOS. KEN — TALLIS



1. Glo - ry to thee, my God, this night, For all the bless - ings of the light;
2. For - give me, Lord, for thy dear Son, The ill which I this day have done;
3. Teach me to live, that I may dread The grave as lit - tle as my bed;
4. Oh, let my soul on thee re - pose And may sweet sleep mine eye - lids close!

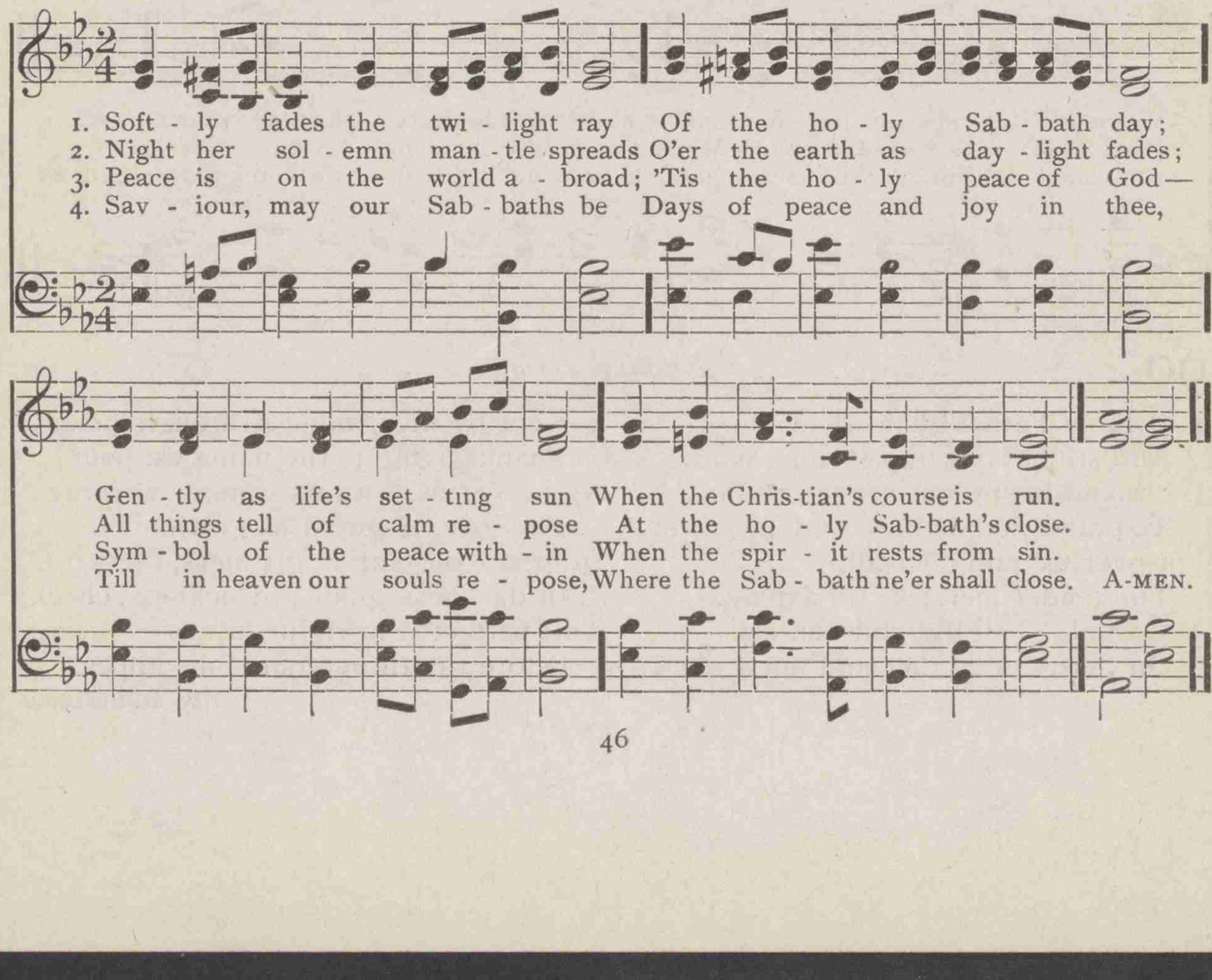


Keep me, oh, keep me, King of kings! Beneath thine own al - might - y wings.
That with the world, my-self, and thee, I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
Teach me to die, so that I may Rise glo-rious at the judg-ment - day.
Sleep, which shall me more vigorous make, To serve my God when I a - wake. A - MEN.

92 Holley 7s.

Sabbath Evening

S. F. SMITH — GEO. HEWS



1. Soft - ly fades the twi - light ray Of the ho - ly Sab - bath day;
2. Night her sol - emn man - tle spreads O'er the earth as day - light fades;
3. Peace is on the world a - broad; 'Tis the ho - ly peace of God—
4. Sav - iour, may our Sab - baths be Days of peace and joy in thee,

Gen - tly as life's set - ting sun When the Chris-tian's course is run.
All things tell of calm re - pose At the ho - ly Sab-bath's close.
Sym - bol of the peace with - in When the spir - it rests from sin.
Till in heaven our souls re - pose, Where the Sab - bath ne'er shall close. A-MEN.

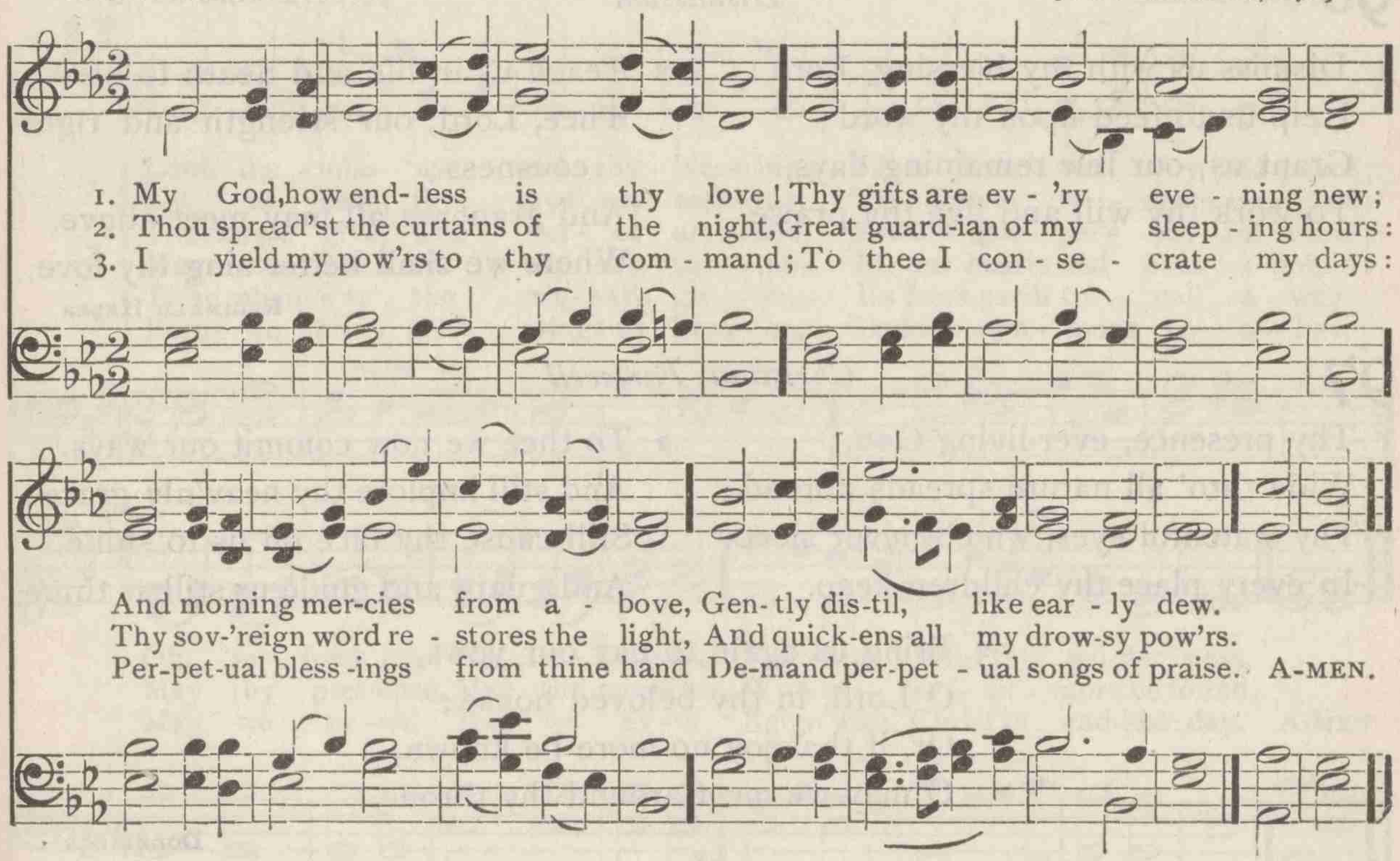
93 Wimborne 8s. & 7s. *Tarry, Saviour, at Evening*

Mrs. C. S. SMITH — Arr. fr. WHITAKER



94 Duke Street L. M. *Morning or Evening Song*

ISAAC WATTS — JOHN HATTON, 1709



95 Old Hundred L. M. *Closing Hymn*

ISAAC WATTS, 1709 GUILLAUME FRANC, 1543



1. Come, dear - est Lord, de - scend and dwell By faith and love in ev - 'ry breast;
2. Come, fill our hearts with in - ward strength, Make our ex - pand - ing souls pos - sess
3. Now to the God whose power can do More than our tho'ts and wish - es know,



Then shall we know, and taste, and feel The joys that can - not be ex - pressed.
And learn the height, and breadth, and length Of thine im - meas - ur - a - ble grace.
Be ev - er - last - ing hon - ors done By all the church, thro' Christ, his Son. A - MEN.



96 *Dismission*

1 Dismiss us with thy blessing, Lord!
Help us to feed upon thy word;
Grant us, our few remaining days,
To work thy will and live thy praise.

2 Teach us in life and death to bless
Thee, Lord, our strength and right-
eousness;
And grant we all may meet above,
Where we shall better sing thy love.

REGINALD HEBER

97 *Christian Farewell*

1 Thy presence, ever-living God,
Wide thro' all nature spreads abroad;
Thy watchful eyes, which never sleep,
In every place thy children keep.

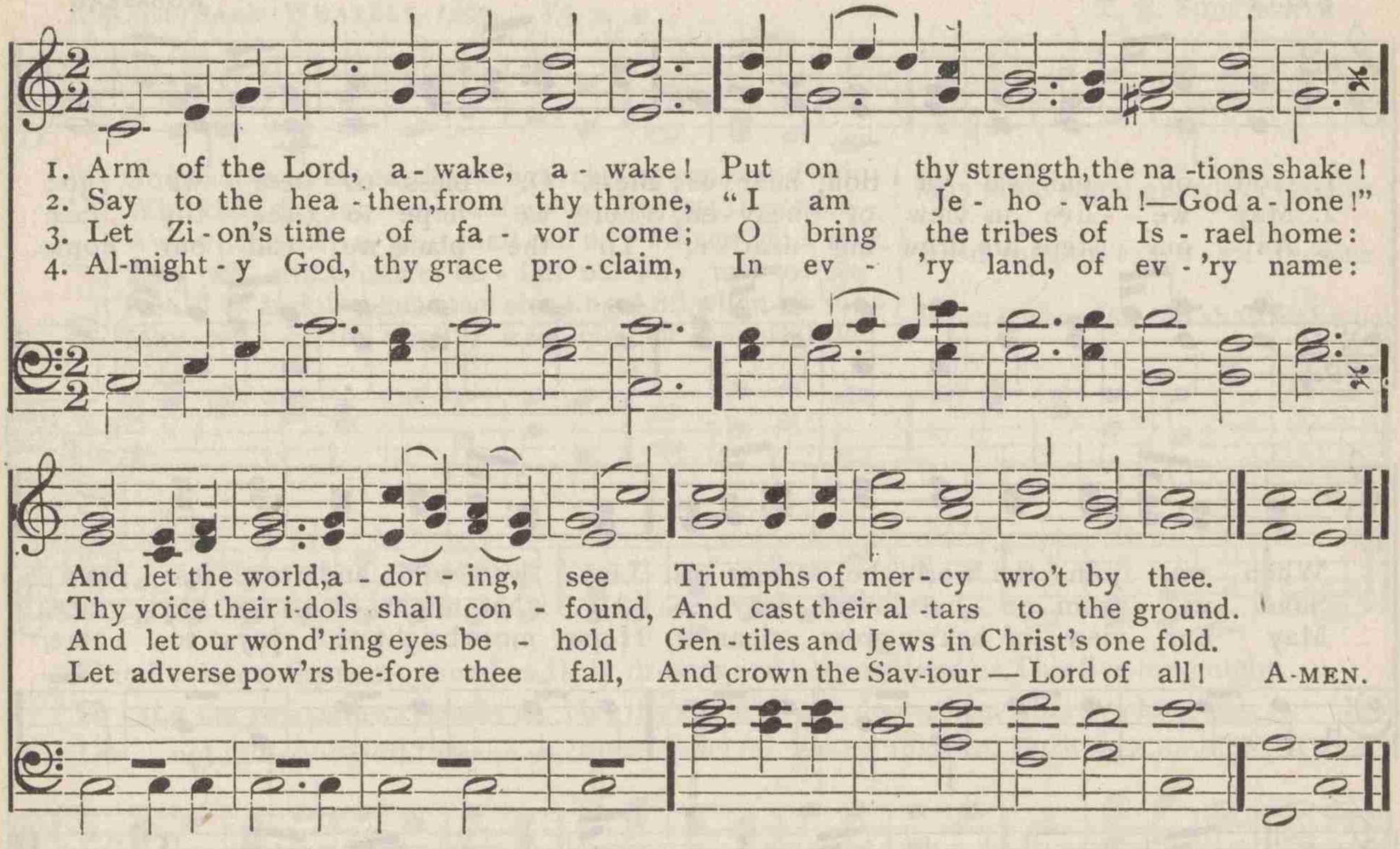
2 To thee we now commit our ways,
And still implore thy heav'nly grace;
Still cause thy face on us to shine,
And guard and guide us still as thine.

3 Bring us again to pay our vows,
O Lord, in thy belovèd house;
Or, if that joy no more be known,
O may we meet around thy throne.

DODDRIDGE

98 Arley L. M.

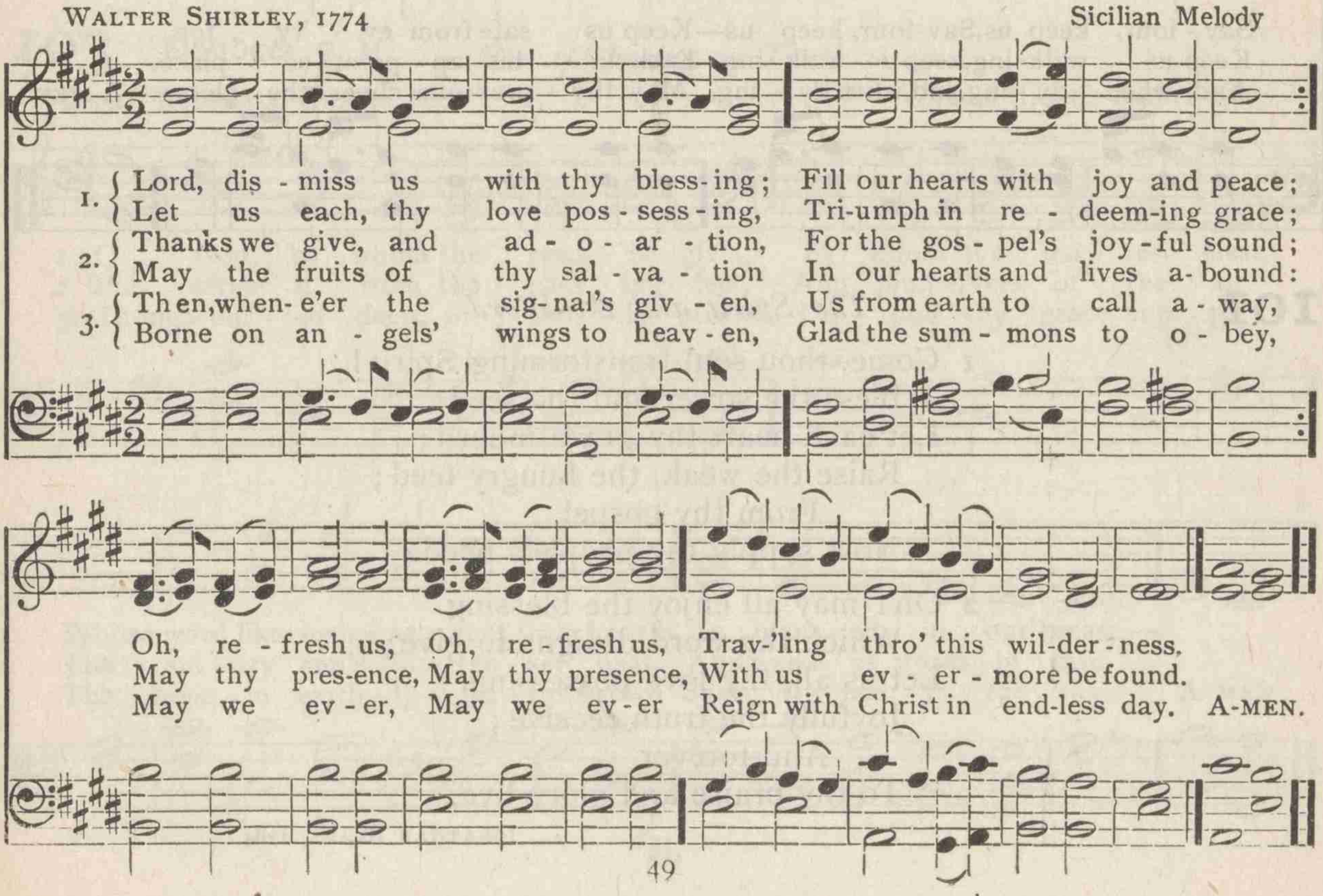
WM. SHRUBSOLE



99 Sicily 8s. 7s. & 4s.

Dismission

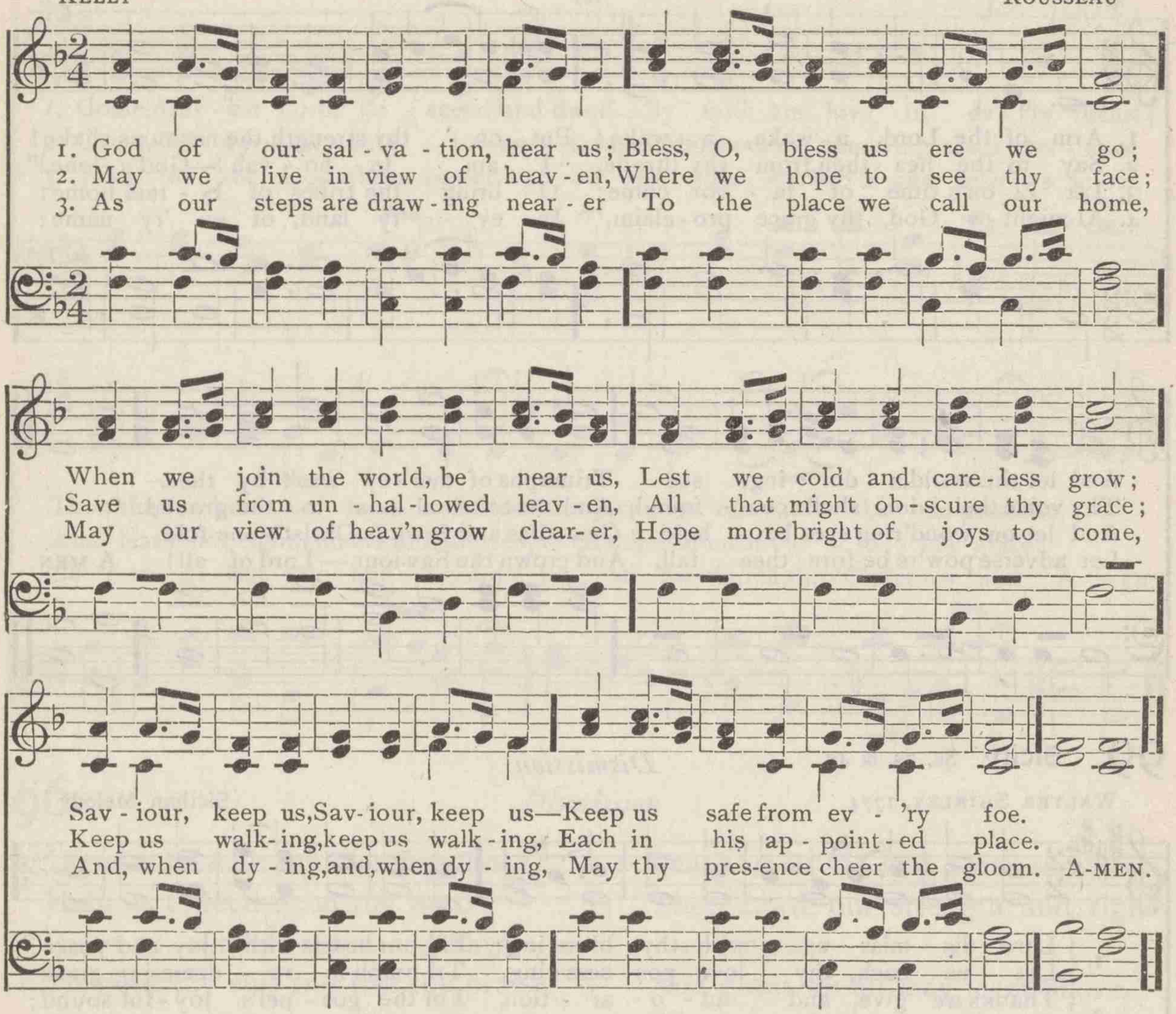
WALTER SHIRLEY, 1774 — Sicilian Melody



100 Greenville 8s. 7s. & 4s.

The Close of Worship

KELLY ROUSSEAU



101

The Spirit and the Word

1 Come, thou soul-transforming Spirit!
Bless the sower and the seed;
Let each heart thy grace inherit;
Raise the weak, the hungry feed;
From thy gospel,
Now supply thy people's need.

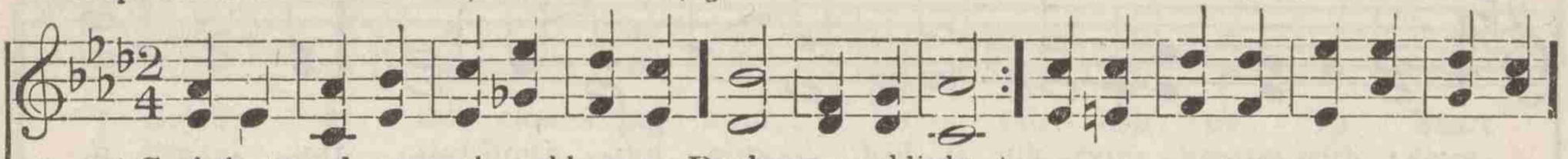
2 Oh! may all enjoy the blessing
Which thy word designs to give;
Let us all, thy love possessing,
Joyfully the truth receive;
And forever
To thy praise and glory live.

JONATHAN EVANS, 1784

102 Southgate 8s. & 4s. *Evening*

Bishop REGINALD HEBER, 1827. V. 1
Abp. RICHARD WHATELY, 1860. Vs. 2, 3

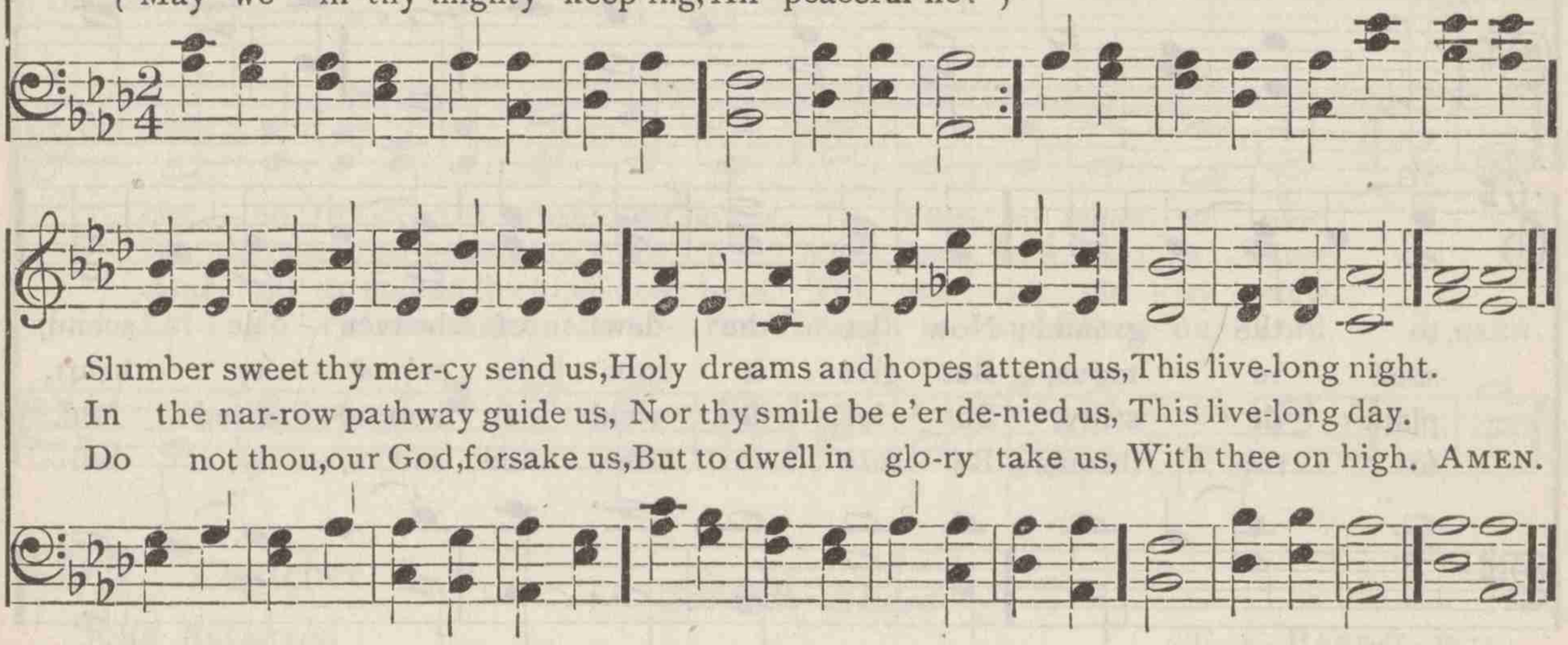
T. B. SOUTHGATE



1. God, that mad-est earth and heaven, Darkness and light;
Who the day for toil hast giv-en, For rest the night—
May thine angel-guards defend us,

2. And when morn a-gain shall call us To run life's way,
May we still, whate'er be-fall us, Thy will o-bey:
From the pow'r of e-vil hide us,

3. Guard us wak-ing, guard us sleeping, And, when we die,
May we in thy mighty keep-ing, All peaceful lie:
When the heav'nly call shall wake us,

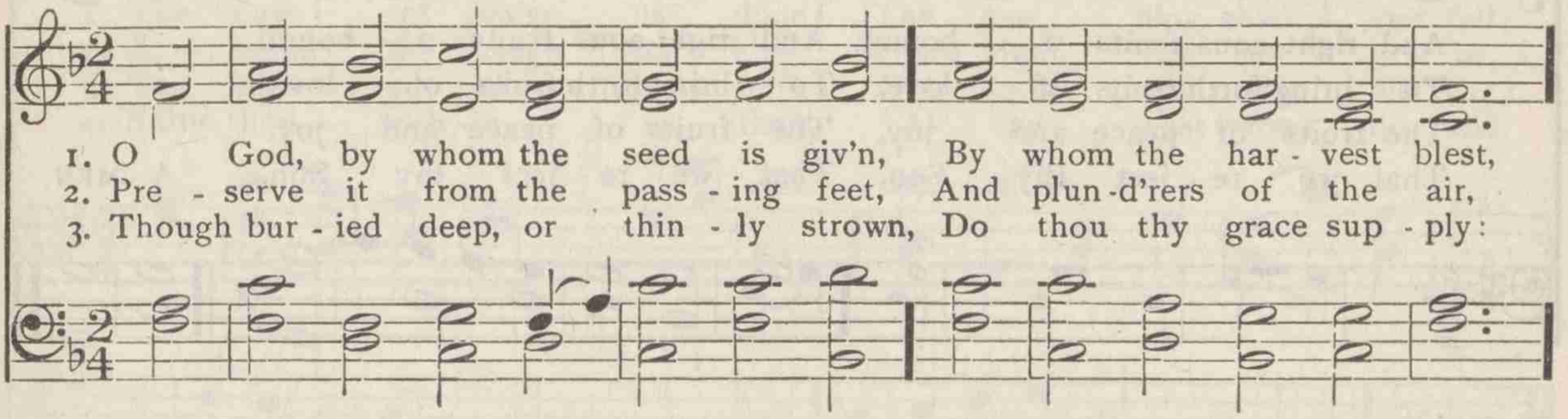


Slumber sweet thy mer-cy send us, Holy dreams and hopes attend us, This live-long night.
In the nar-row pathway guide us, Nor thy smile be e'er de-nied us, This live-long day.
Do not thou, our God, forsake us, But to dwell in glo-ry take us, With thee on high. AMEN.

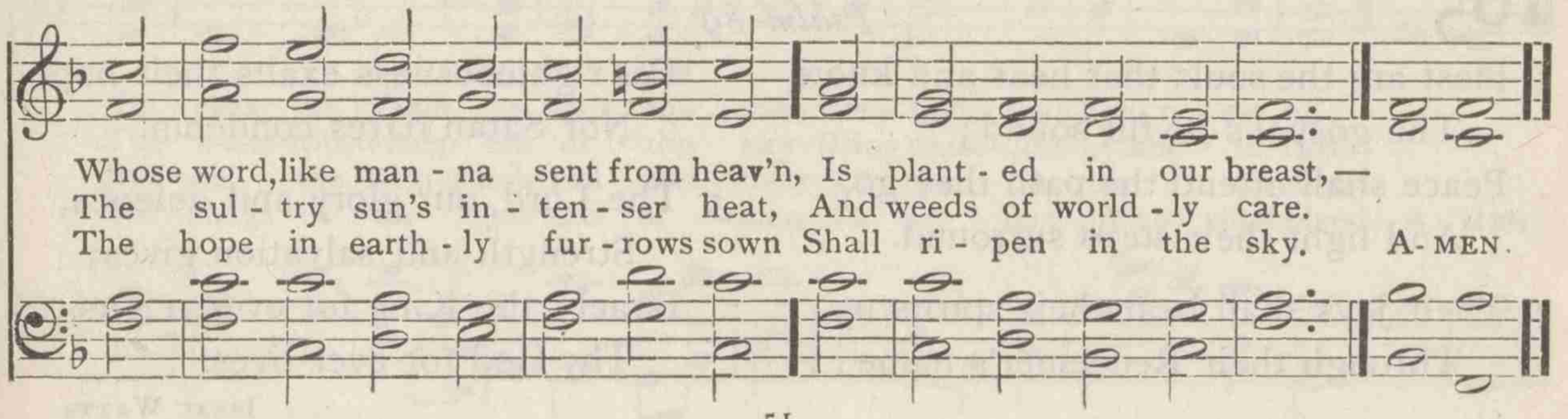
103 Dundee C. M. *For a Blessing on Truth*

Bishop REGINALD HEBER, 1827

ANDRE HART'S Psalter, 1615



1. O God, by whom the seed is giv'n, By whom the har-vest blest,
2. Pre-serve it from the pass-ing feet, And plun-d'rers of the air,
3. Though bur-ied deep, or thin-ly strown, Do thou thy grace sup-ply:



Whose word, like man-na sent from heav'n, Is plant-ed in our breast,—
The sul-try sun's in-ten-ser heat, And weeds of world-ly care.
The hope in earth-ly fur-rows sown Shall ri-pen in the sky. A-MEN.

104 Devizes C. M.

Precious Seed

JOHN CAWOOD — ISAAC TUCKER, 1800



105

Psalm 89

1 Blest are the souls that hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound;
Peace shall attend the path they go,
And light their steps surround.

2 Their joys shall bear their spirits up
Through their Redeemer's name;
His righteousness exalts their hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.

3 The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives;
Israel! thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

ISAAC WATTS

106 Olney S. M.

Closing Hours

E. T. FITCH — LOWELL MASON, 1832

1. Lord, at this clos - ing hour, Es - tab - lish ev - 'ry heart
2. Peace to our breth - ren give; Fill all our hearts with love;
3. Through chang - es, bright or drear, We would thy will pur - sue;
4. To God, the on - ly wise, In ev - 'ry age a - dored,

Up - on thy word of truth and power, To keep us when we part.
In faith and patience may we live And seek our rest a - bove.
And toil to spread thy king-dom here, Till we its glo - ry view.
Let glo - ry from the church a - rise Through Je - sus Christ our Lord. A - MEN.

107 Thatcher S. M.

Sabbath Ended

JOHN ELLERTON — G. F. HANDEL, 1732

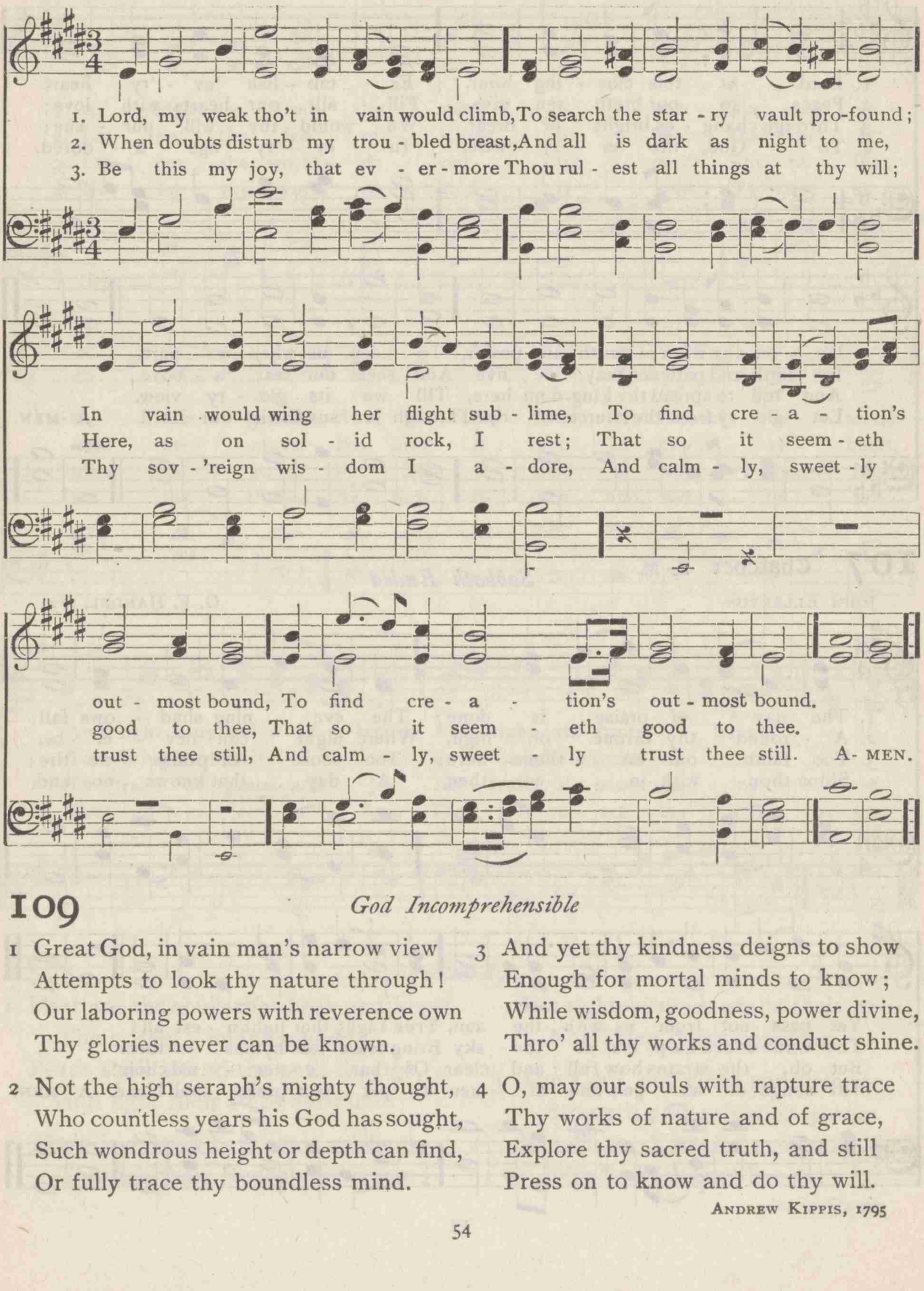
1. The day of praise is done; The eve - ning shad - ows fall;
2. A - round thy throne on high, Where night can nev - er be,
3. Too faint our an - thems here; Too soon of praise we tire;
4. Shine thou with - in us, then, A day that knows no end,

Yet pass not from us with the sun, True Light that light'n - est all!
The white-robed harp - ers of the sky Bring cease - less hymns to thee.
But oh, the strains how full and clear Of that e - ter - nal choir!
Till songs of an - gels and of men In per - fect praise shall blend. A - MEN.

108 Rothwell L. M.

Divine Sovereignty

RAY PALMER, 1858 — Arr. by L. MASON



109

God Incomprehensible

1 Great God, in vain man's narrow view
Attempts to look thy nature through!
Our laboring powers with reverence own
Thy glories never can be known.

2 Not the high seraph's mighty thought,
Who countless years his God has sought,
Such wondrous height or depth can find,
Or fully trace thy boundless mind.

3 And yet thy kindness deigns to show
Enough for mortal minds to know;
While wisdom, goodness, power divine,
Thro' all thy works and conduct shine.

4 O, may our souls with rapture trace
Thy works of nature and of grace,
Explore thy sacred truth, and still
Press on to know and do thy will.

ANDREW KIPPIS, 1795

110 Keene L. M.

NEEDHAM



1. A - wake, my tongue, thy trib - ute bring, To him who gave thee pow'r to sing:
2. How vast his know - ledge! how pro - found! A depth where all our tho'ts are drowned!
3. But in re - demp - tion, oh, what grace, Its won-ders, oh, what tho't can trace!

Praise him, who is all praise a - bove, The source of wis-dom and of love.
The stars he num-bers, and their names He gives to all their heav'n-ly flames.
Here wis-dom shines for-ev - er bright, Praise him, my soul, with sweet de - light. A-MEN.

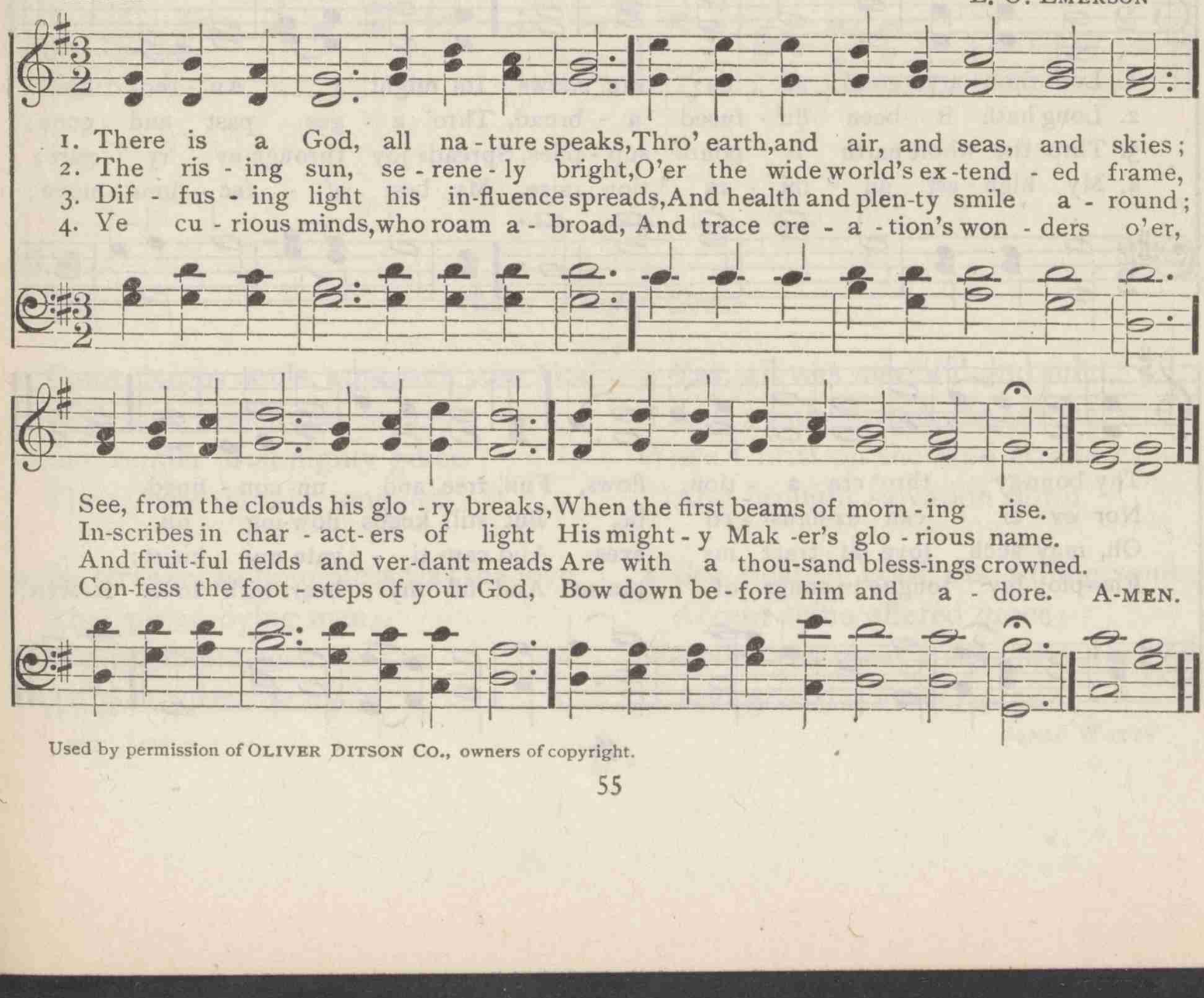
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111 Lydian L. M.

The Sun Knoweth His Going Down

STEELE

L. O. EMERSON



1. There is a God, all na - ture speaks, Thro' earth, and air, and seas, and skies;
2. The ris - ing sun, se - rene - ly bright, O'er the wide world's ex - tend - ed frame,
3. Dif - fus - ing light his in-fluence spreads, And health and plen-ty smile a - round;
4. Ye cu - rious minds, who roam a - broad, And trace cre - a - tion's won - ders o'er,

See, from the clouds his glo - ry breaks, When the first beams of morn - ing rise.
In-scribes in char - act - ers of light His might - y Mak - er's glo - rious name.
And fruit-ful fields and ver-dant meads Are with a thou-sand bless-ings crowned.
Con-fess the foot - steps of your God, Bow down be - fore him and a - dore. A-MEN.

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112 Bartholomew 10s. *Heaven Not Afar Off*

JONES VERY BOURGEOIS

1. Fa- ther, thy won-ders do not sing- ly stand, Nor far remov'd where feet have seldom stray'd;
2. In find-ing thee are all things round us found; In los-ing thee are all things lost be-side;
3. O - pen our eyes, that we that world may see, O -pen our ears that we thy voice may hear,

A -round us ev - er lies th'enchanted land, In marvels rich to thine own sons dis-play'd.
Ears have we, but in vain sweet voices sound, And to our eyes the vis-ion is de - nied.
And in the spir - it- land may ev-er be, And feel thy presence with us al- ways near. A-MEN.

113 Dedham C. M. *Universal Goodness of God*

SIMON BROWNE GARDINER, 1820

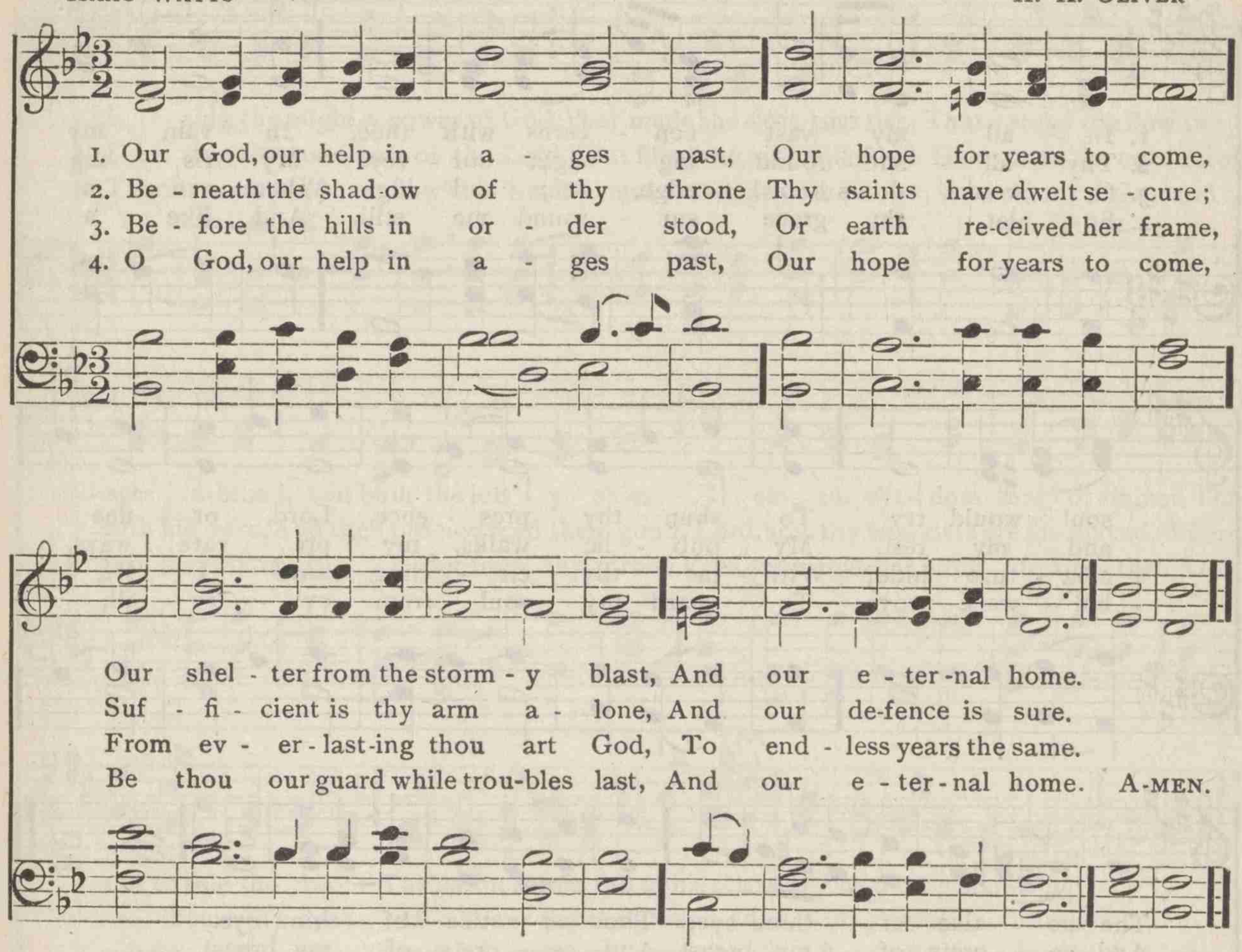
1. Lord, thou art good; all na - ture shows Its might - y Au - thor kind:
2. Long hath it been dif - fused a - broad, Thro' a - ges past and gone;
3. Thro' the whole earth it pours sup - plies, Spreads joy through ev - 'ry part;
4. My high - est ad - mi - ra - tion raise, My best af - fec - tions move;

Thy boun-ty thro' cre - a - tion flows, Full, free, and un- con - fined.
Nor ev - er can ex-haust - ed be, But still keeps flow-ing on.
Oh, may such love at - tract my eyes, And cap- ti - vate my heart;
Em -ploy my tongue in songs of praise And fill my heart with love. A-MEN.

114 Merton C. M.

Lord, Thou Hast Been Our Dwelling-Place

ISAAC WATTS — H. K. OLIVER



115 *God's Loving Grace*

1 Come, happy souls, approach your God
With new, melodious songs;
Come, render to almighty grace
The tribute of your tongues.

2 So strange, so boundless was the love
That pitied dying men,
The Father sent his only son
To give them life again.

3 Yes, all was merciful and mild,
And wrath forsook the throne,
When Christ on the kind errand came,
And brought salvation down.

4 See, dearest Lord, our willing souls
Accept thine offered grace;
We bless the great Redeemer's love,
And give the Father praise.

ISAAC WATTS

116 Swanwick C. M.

Whither Shall I Go from Thy Spirit

ISAAC WATTS



LUCAS

117

Presence of God

1 Great God, thy penetrating eye
  Pervades my inmost powers;
With awe profound my wandering soul
  Falls prostrate, and adores.

2 To be encompassed round with God,
  The holy and the just,
Armed with omnipotence to save
  Or crumble me to dust.

3 O, how tremendous is the thought!
  Deep may it be impressed;
And may thy Spirit firmly grave
  This truth within my breast.

4 Begirt with thee, my fearless soul
  The gloomy vale shall tread;
And thou wilt bind th' immortal crown
  Of glory on my head.

SCOTT

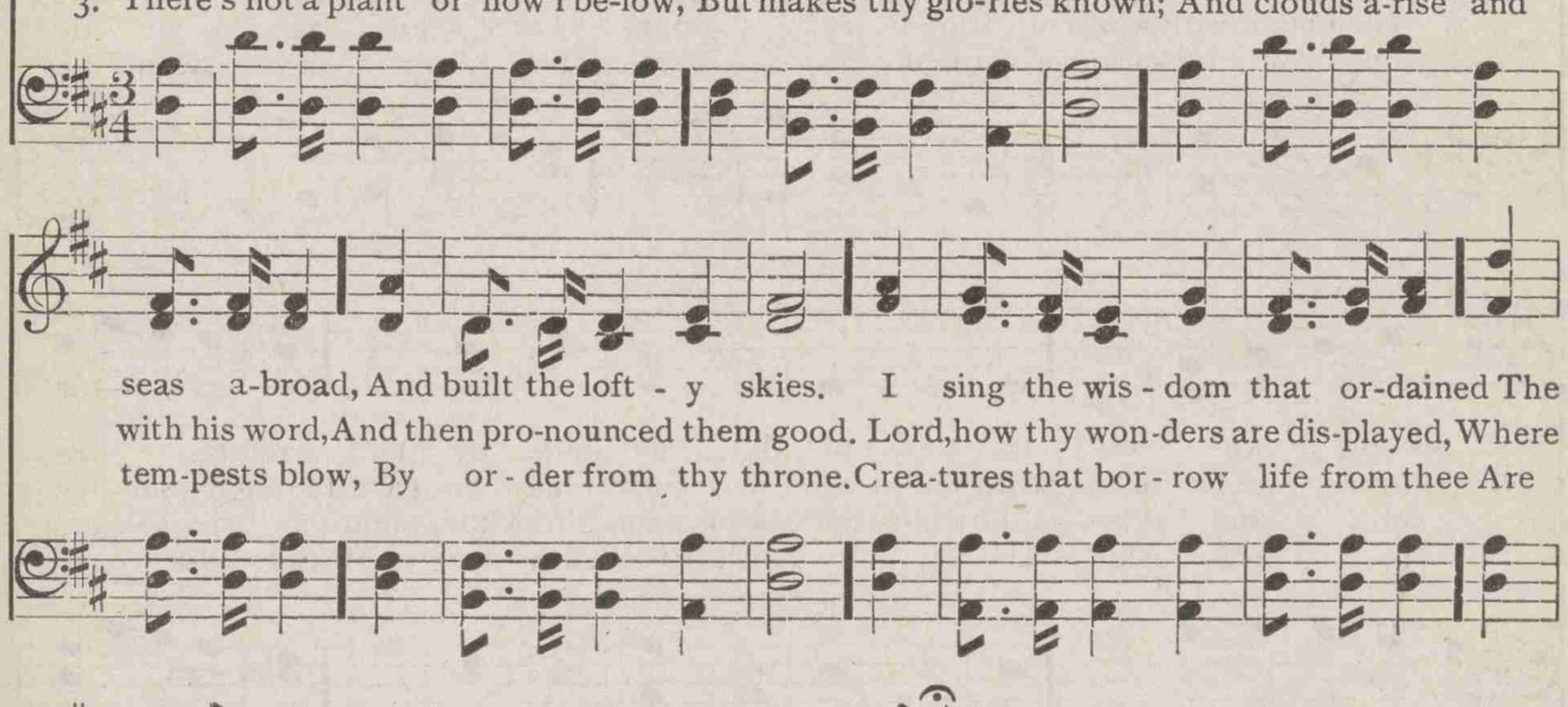
118 Varina C. M. D.

Mighty in Power

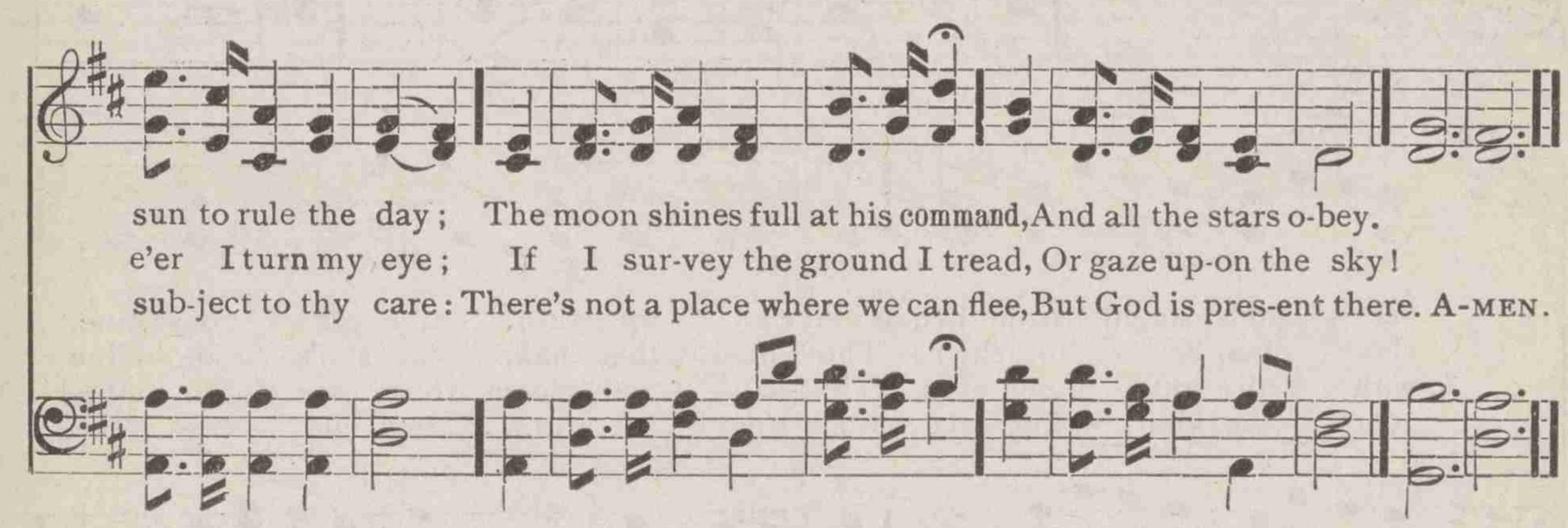
ISAAC WATTS — JOHANN C. H. RINK. Arr. by GEO. F. ROOT, 1849



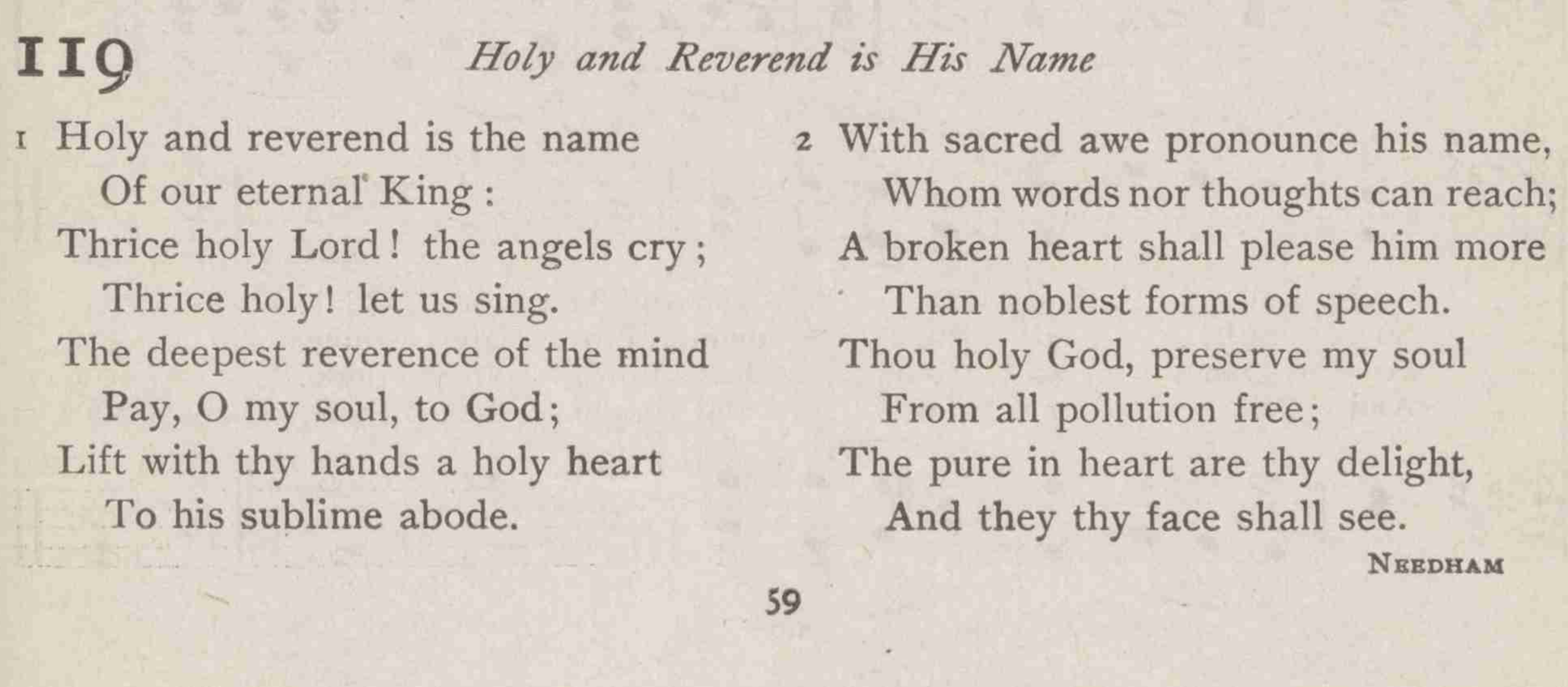
1. I sing the might-y power of God, That made the moun-tains rise; That spread the flow-ing
2. I sing the good-ness of the Lord, That filled the earth with food: He formed the crea-tures
3. There's not a plant or flow'r be-low, But makes thy glo-ries known; And clouds a-rise and



seas a-broad, And built the loft - y skies. I sing the wis - dom that or-dained The
with his word, And then pro-nounced them good. Lord, how thy won-ders are dis-played, Where
tem-pests blow, By or - der from thy throne. Crea-tures that bor - row life from thee Are



sun to rule the day; The moon shines full at his command, And all the stars o-bey.
e'er I turn my eye; If I sur-vey the ground I tread, Or gaze up-on the sky!
sub-ject to thy care: There's not a place where we can flee, But God is pres-ent there. A-MEN.



119 *Holy and Reverend is His Name*

1 Holy and reverend is the name
Of our eternal King:
Thrice holy Lord! the angels cry;
Thrice holy! let us sing.
The deepest reverence of the mind
Pay, O my soul, to God;
Lift with thy hands a holy heart
To his sublime abode.

2 With sacred awe pronounce his name,
Whom words nor thoughts can reach;
A broken heart shall please him more
Than noblest forms of speech.
Thou holy God, preserve my soul
From all pollution free;
The pure in heart are thy delight,
And they thy face shall see.

NEEDHAM

120 Creation L. M. 61.

God the Light and Life of All

THOMAS MOORE, 1816 — HADYN'S "Creation"

1. Thou art, O God! the life and light Of all this won-drous world we see! Its glow by day, its smile by night, Are but re-
2. When day, with fare-well beam, de-lays A-mong the op-'ning clouds of e'en, And we can al-most think we gaze Through gold-en
3. When night, with wings of star-ry gloom O'er-shad-ows all the earth and skies,—Like some dark, beau-teous bird, whose plume Is spark-ling
4. When youth-ful spring a-round us breathes, Thy spir-it warms her fra-grant sigh; And ev-'ry flow'r the sum-mer wreathes Is born be-

flec-tions caught from thee. Wher-e'er we turn, thy glo-ries shine,
vis-tas in-to heav'n,—Those hues, that make the sun's de-cline
with un-num-bered eyes,—That sa-cred gloom, those fires di-vine,
neath thy kind-ling eye: Wher-e'er we turn, thy glo-ries shine,

And all things fair and bright are thine.
So soft, so ra-diant, Lord, are thine.
So grand, so count-less, Lord, are thine.
And all things fair and bright are thine. A-MEN.

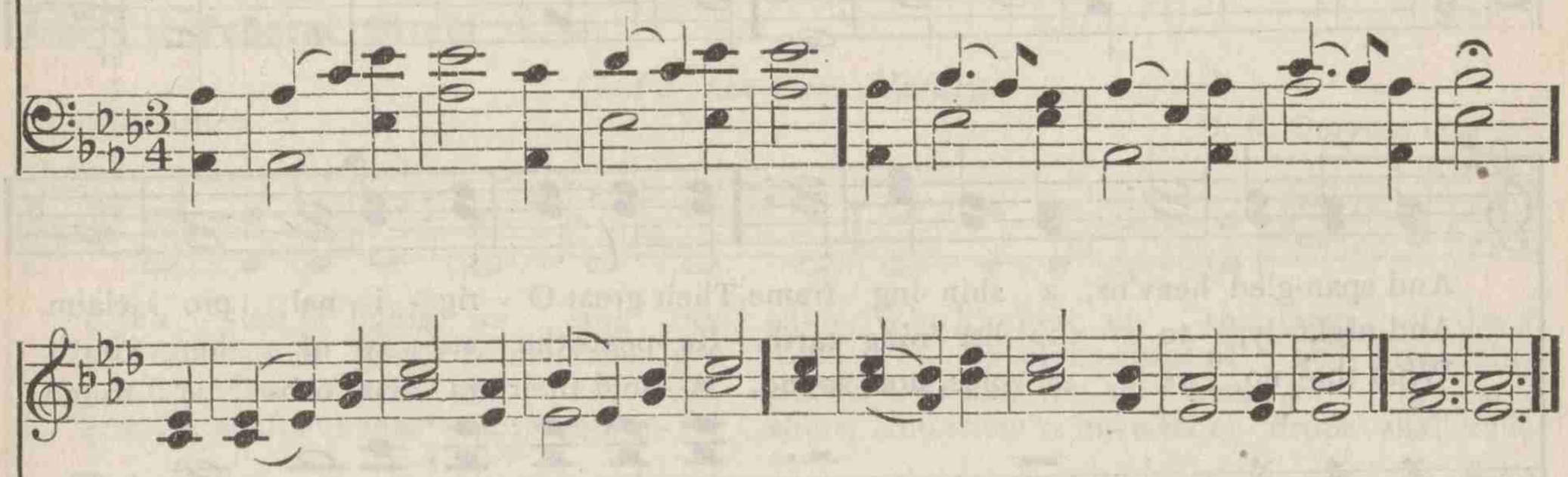
121 Louvan L. M.

Not That We Loved God, But He Us

Anon. V. C. TAYLOR



1. Ere earth's foun-da-tions yet were laid, Or heav'n's fair roof was spread a - broad,
2. Thy lov - ing coun-sel gave to me True life in Christ, thy on - ly Son.
3. O love, that, long ere time be - gan, This pre - cious name of child be-stowed,
4. Could I but hon - or thee a - right, No - ble and sweet my song should be,



Ere man a liv - ing soul was made, Love stirred within the heart of God.
Whom thou hast made my way to thee, From whom all grace flows ev-er down.
That o - pened heav'n on earth to man, And called us sin - ners, "sons of God!"
That earth and heav'n should learn thy might, And what my God hath done for me. A-MEN.



122 *God is Everywhere*

1 Father and friend, thy light, thy love,
Beaming through all thy works, we see;
Thy glory gilds the heavens above,
And all the earth is full of thee.

2 Thy voice we hear, thy presence feel,
While thou too pure for mortal sight,
Involved in clouds, invisible,
Reignest the Lord of life and light.

3 We know not in what hallowed part
Of the wide heavens thy throne may be;
But this we know, that where thou art
Strength, wisdom, goodness, dwell with thee.

4 Thy children shall not faint nor fear,
Sustained by this delightful thought,
Since thou, their God, art everywhere,
They cannot be where thou art not.

Sir JOHN BOWRING

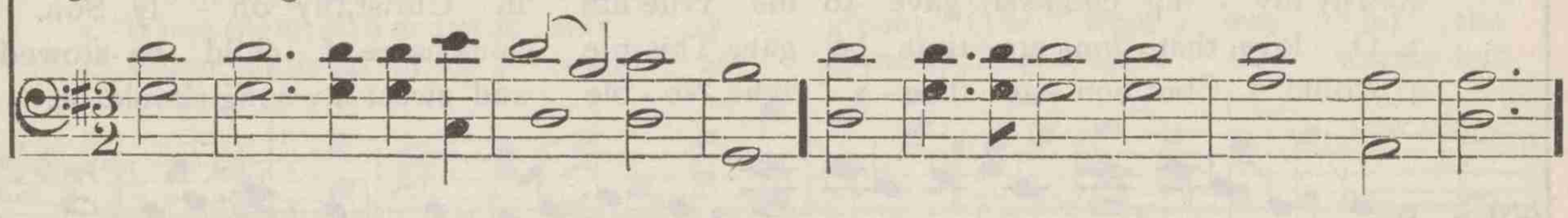
123 Byfield L. M. D.

Creation's Witness

ADDISON L. O. EMERSON



1. The spa - cious fir-ma - ment on high, With all the blue e - the - real sky,
2. Soon as the evening shades pre - vail, The moon takes up the won - drous tale,
3. What though in sol-emn si - lence, all Move round this dark ter - res - trial ball?



And span-gled heav'ns, a shin -ing frame, Their great O - rig - i - nal pro - claim,
And night- ly, to the list -'ning earth, Re -peats the sto - ry of her birth.
What tho' no re - al voice, nor sound, A - mid their ra - diant orbs be found.

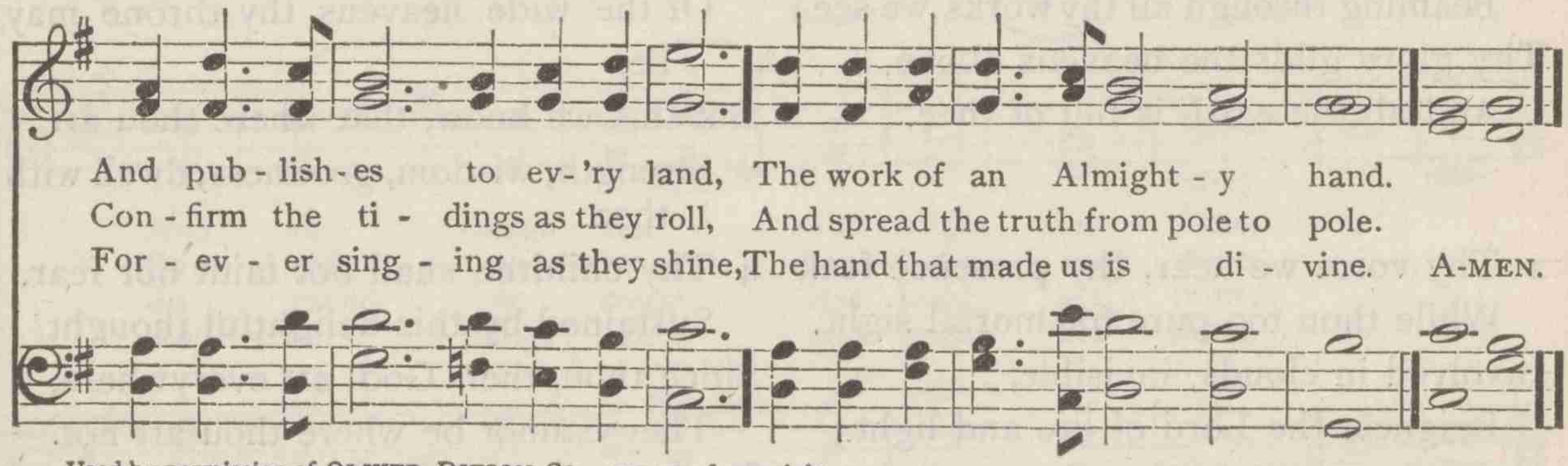




Th' unwea-ried sun, from day to day, Does his Cre - a - tor's pow'r dis -play,
While all the stars that round her burn, And all the plan - ets in their turn,
In rea-son's ear they all re-joice, And ut - ter forth a glo -rious voice;



And pub - lish - es to ev- 'ry land, The work of an Almight - y hand.
Con - firm the ti - dings as they roll, And spread the truth from pole to pole.
For - ev - er sing - ing as they shine, The hand that made us is di - vine. A-MEN.



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124 (Byfield) L. M. *Prèsence and Love of God*

1 God reigns on earth; he reigns above;
His realm embraces every shore;
He reigns in righteousness and love,
Almighty King for evermore.
With swelling heart, I look on high;
And every light that blazes there,
Each constellation of the sky,
His wisdom and his love declare.

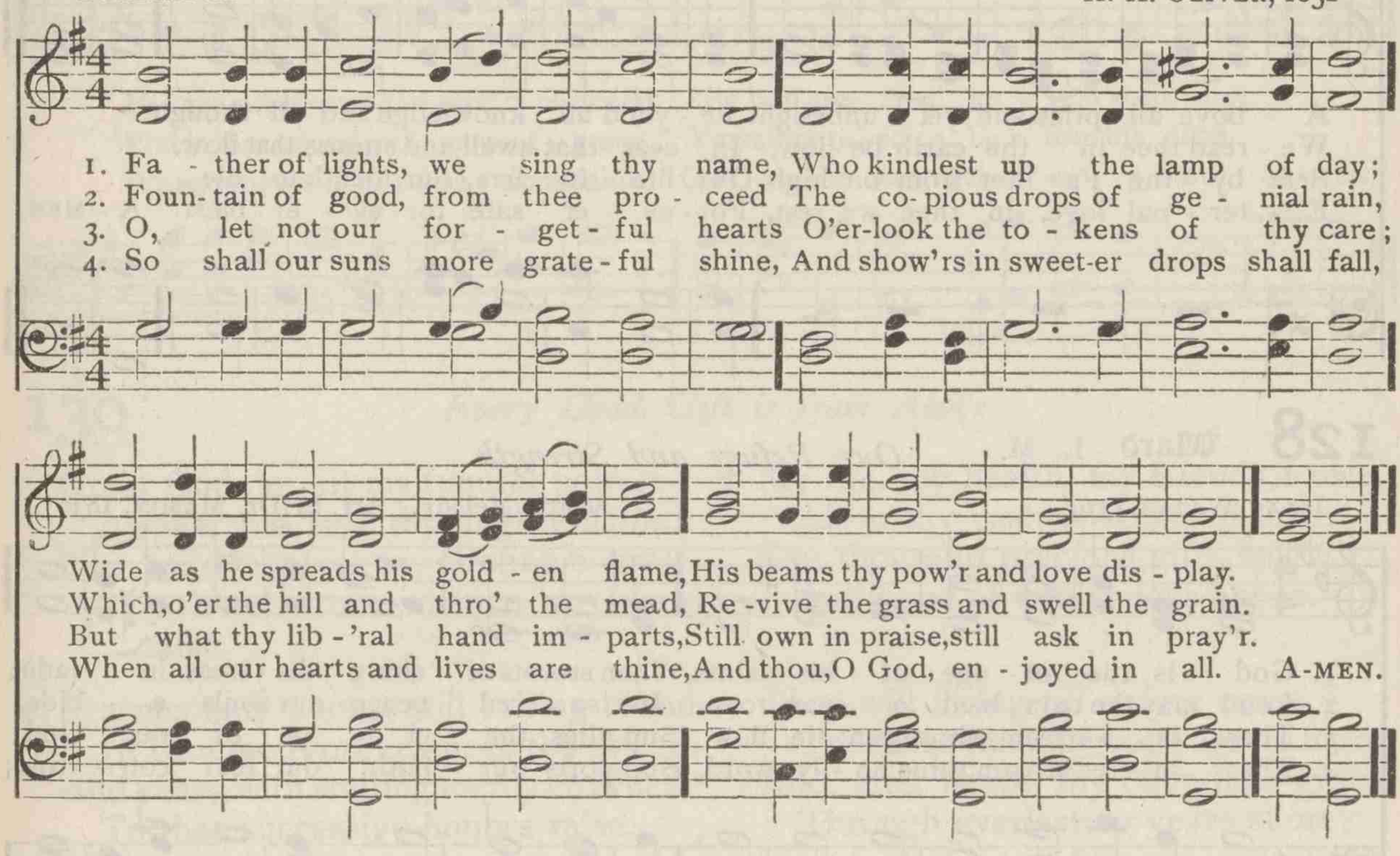
2 There's not a leaf in yonder bower,
Or gem that sparkles in the sea,
Or blade of grass, or tender flower,
But has a voice of love for me,—
A voice that speaks of God—my trust
When danger or when death is near:
He lifts the righteous from the dust;
He wipes away the scalding tear.

WARREN HATHAWAY

125 Federal Street L. M.

God's Love in Nature

DODDRIDGE — H. K. OLIVER, 1832



126 *God Through All and in You All*

1 God of the earth, the sky, the sea;
Of all above and all below,—
Creation lives and moves in thee;
Thy present life through all doth flow.

2 Thy love is in the sunshine's glow,
Thy life is in the quickening air;
When lightnings flash and storm-winds blow,
There is thy power; thy law is there.

3 We feel thy calm at evening's hour,
Thy grandeur in the march of night,
And when the morning breaks in pow'r,
We hear thy word, "Let there be light."

4 But higher far, and far more clear,
Thee in man's spirit we behold;
Thine image and thyself are there,—
Th' indwelling God, proclaimed of old.

S. LONGFELLOW

127 Ashford L. M. *Behold, What Manner of Love*

HORATIUS BONAR — CH. ZEUNER

1. O love of God, how strong and true! E - ter - nal and yet ev - er new,
2. O wide-em - bra - cing, wondrous love, We read thee in the sky a - bove,
3. We read thee best in him who came To bear for us the cross of shame;
4. O love of God, our shield and stay, Thro' all the per - ils of our way;

A - bove all price, and yet unbought, Be - yond all knowledge and all thought.
We read thee in the earth be - low, In seas that swell and streams that flow.
Sent by the Fa - ther from on high, Our life to live, our death to die.
E - ter - nal love, in thee we rest, For - ev - er safe, for - ev - er blest. A - MEN.

128 Ward L. M. *Our Refuge and Strength*

ISAAC WATTS, 1719 — Scotch Melody. Arr. by Dr. MASON, 1830

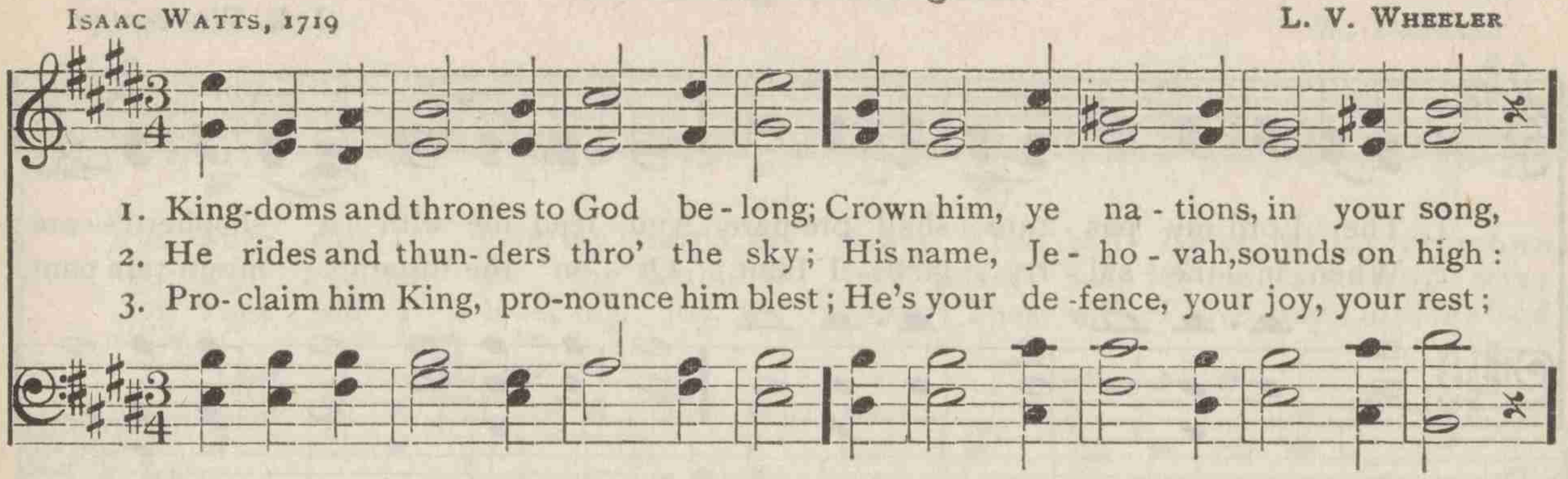
1. God is the ref - uge of his saints, When storms of sharp dis - tress in - vade;
2. Loud may the trou - bled o - cean roar; In sa - cred peace our souls a - bide,
3. There is a stream, whose gen - tle flow Sup-plies the ci - ty of our God;
4. That sa - cred stream, thine ho - ly word, Sup-ports our faith, our fear con - trols;

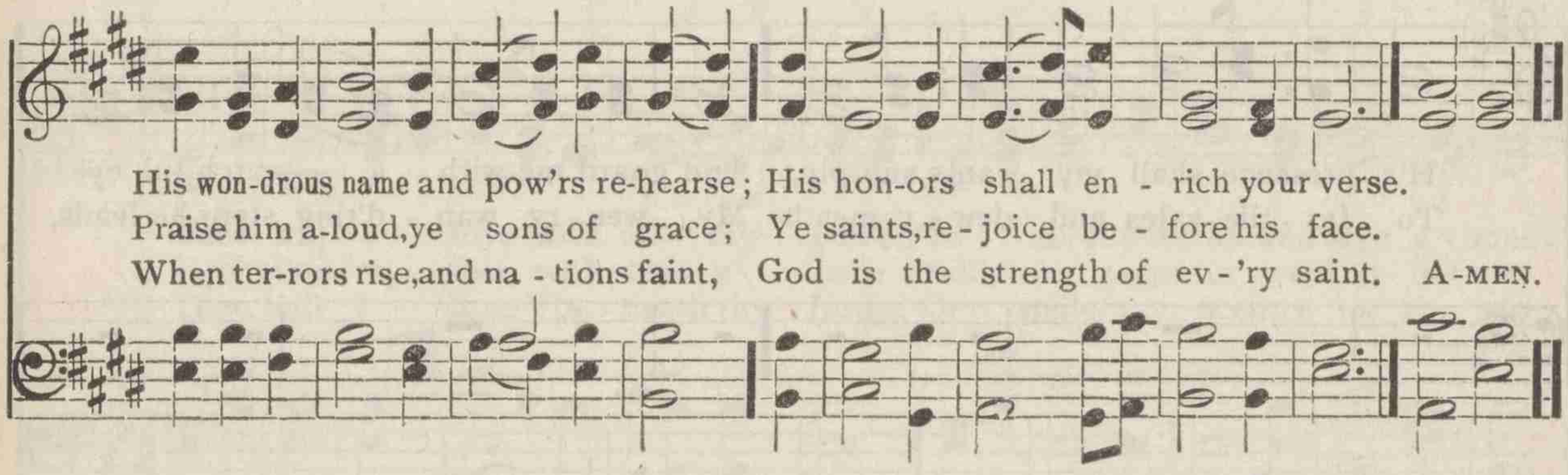
Ere we can of - fer our complaints, Be-hold him pres - ent with his aid.
While ev - 'ry na - tion, ev - 'ry shore, Trembles, and dreads the swell-ing tide
Life, love, and joy, still glid - ing thro', And wa - t'ring our di - vine a - bode.
Sweet peace, thy prom-is - es af - ford, And give new strength to faint - ing souls. A - MEN.

129 Marion L. M.

The Lord is King

ISAAC WATTS, 1719 — L. V. WHEELER





130

Every Good Gift is from Above

1 Great God, let all my tuneful powers
Awake, and sing thy mighty name:
Thy hand revolves my circling hours—
Thy hand, from whence my being came.

2 Seasons and moons, still rolling round
In beauteous order, speak thy praise;
And years, with smiling mercy crowned;
To thee successive honors raise.

3 My life, my health, my friends I owe,
All to thy vast, unbounded love;
Ten thousand precious gifts below,
And hope of nobler joys above.

4 Thus will I sing till nature cease,
Till sense and language are no more;
And, after death, thy boundless grace
Through everlasting years adore.

OTTIWELL HEGINBOTHAM, 1768–1794

131

Perfections

1 The Lord! how wondrous are his ways!
How firm his truth! how large his grace!
He takes his mercy for his throne,
And thence he makes his glories known.

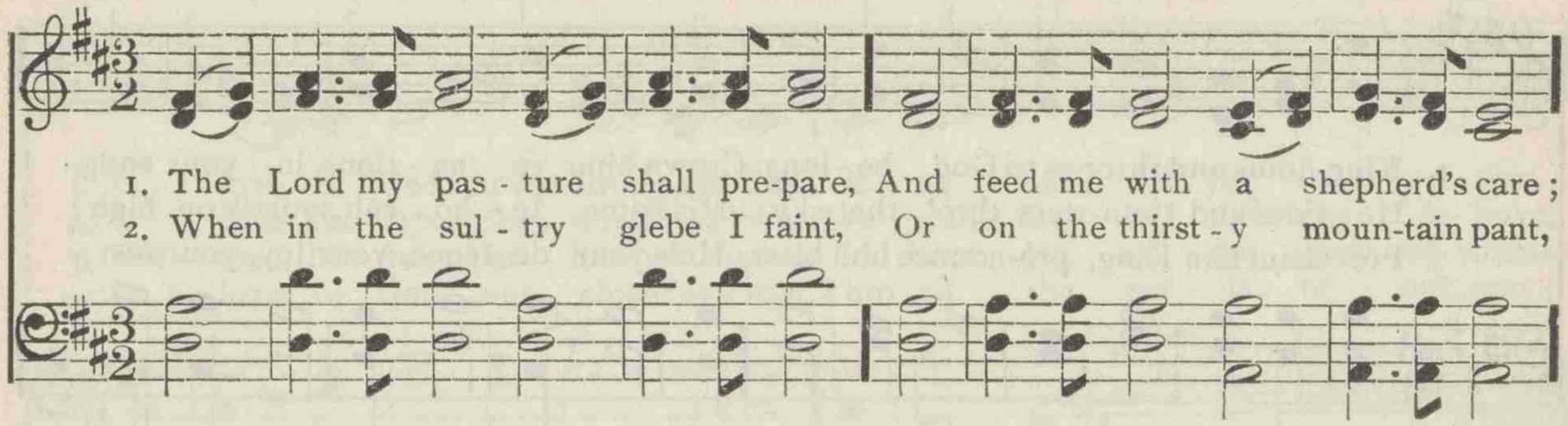
2 Not half so high his power hath spread
The starry heavens above our head,
As his rich love exceeds our praise,
Exceeds the highest hopes we raise.

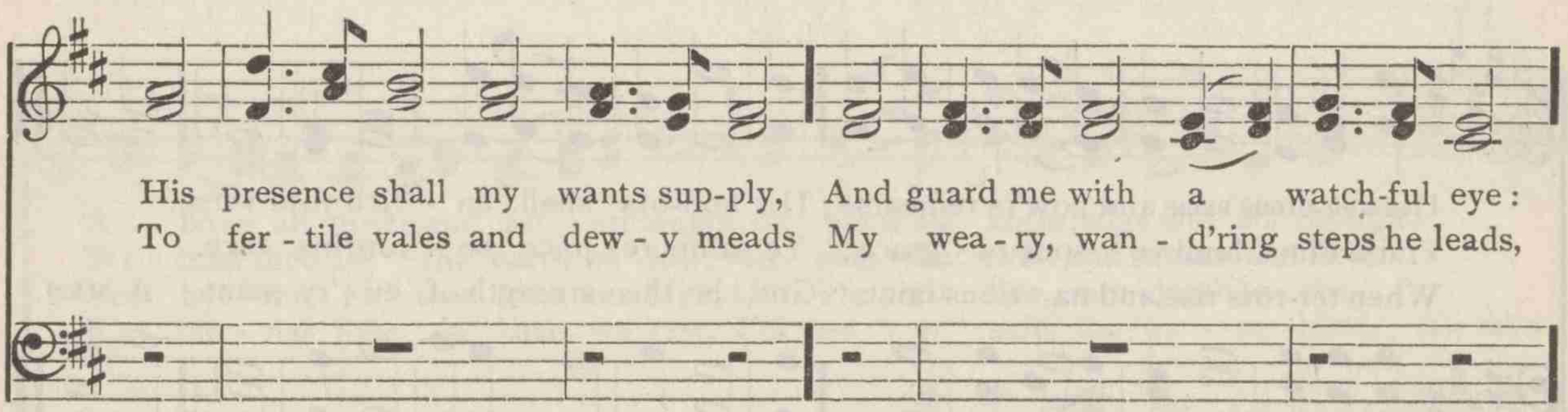
3 Not half so far has nature placed
The rising morning from the west,
As his forgiving grace removes
The daily guilt of those he loves.

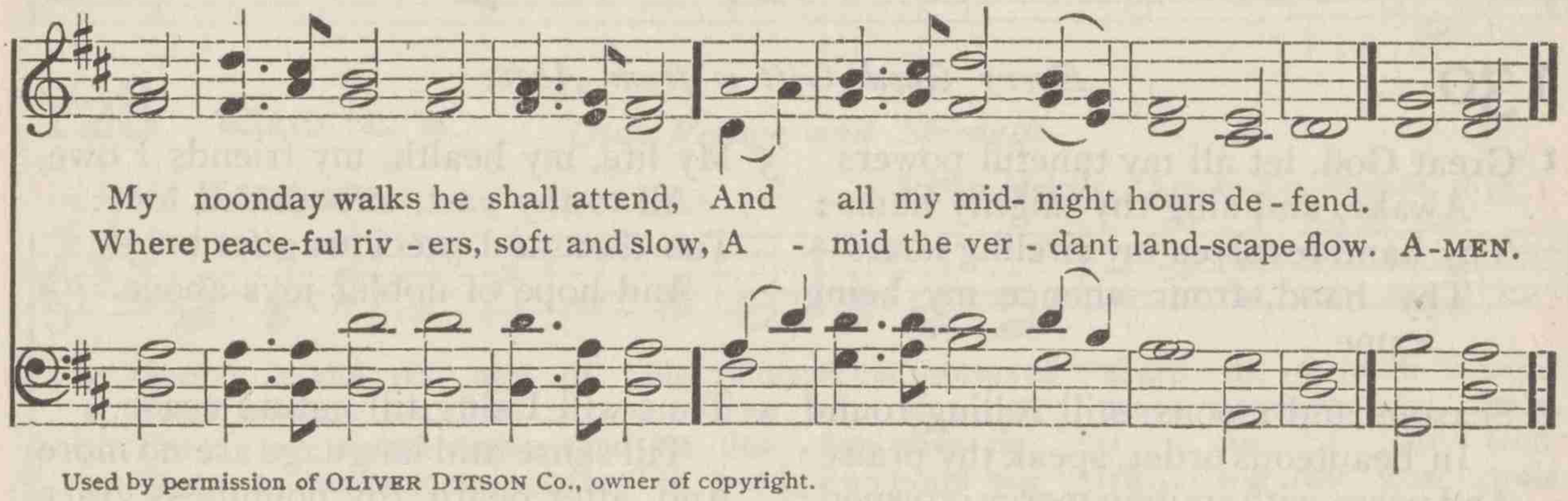
ISAAC WATTS, 1719

132 Good Shepherd L. M. 61.

I. B. WOODBURY







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3 Though in the verdant paths I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still:
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

4 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy presence shall my pains beguile,
Thy barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

ADDISON

133 Yoakley L. M. 61. *My Strength, My Tower*

JOHN WESLEY — W. YOAKLEY



134 *His Mercy Endureth Forever*

(Omit First Score)

1 Give to our God immortal praise;
Mercy and truth are all his ways;
Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat his mercies in your song.

2 He built the earth, he spread the sky,
And fixed the starry lights on high:
Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat his mercies in your song.

3 He sent his Son with power to save
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave;
Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat his mercies in your song.

4 Thro' this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heavenly seat:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.

ISAAC WATTS

135 Fullness 8s. & 7s.

Fullness of Love

Arr. by S. J. VAIL



2 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.
But we make his love too narrow
By false limits of our own;
And we magnify his strictness
With a zeal he will not own.— REF.

3 Pining souls! come nearer Jesus;
Come, but come not doubting thus,
Come with faith that trusts more freely
His great tenderness for us.
If our love were but more simple
We should take him at his word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord. — REF.

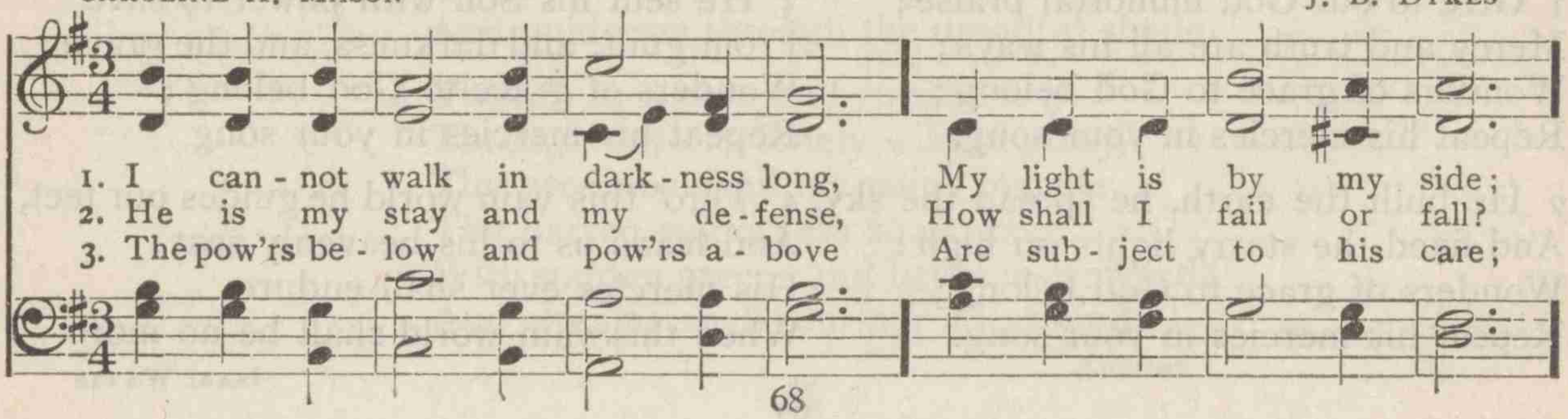
FREDERICK W. FABER

136 St. Agnes C. M.

The Guide of Life

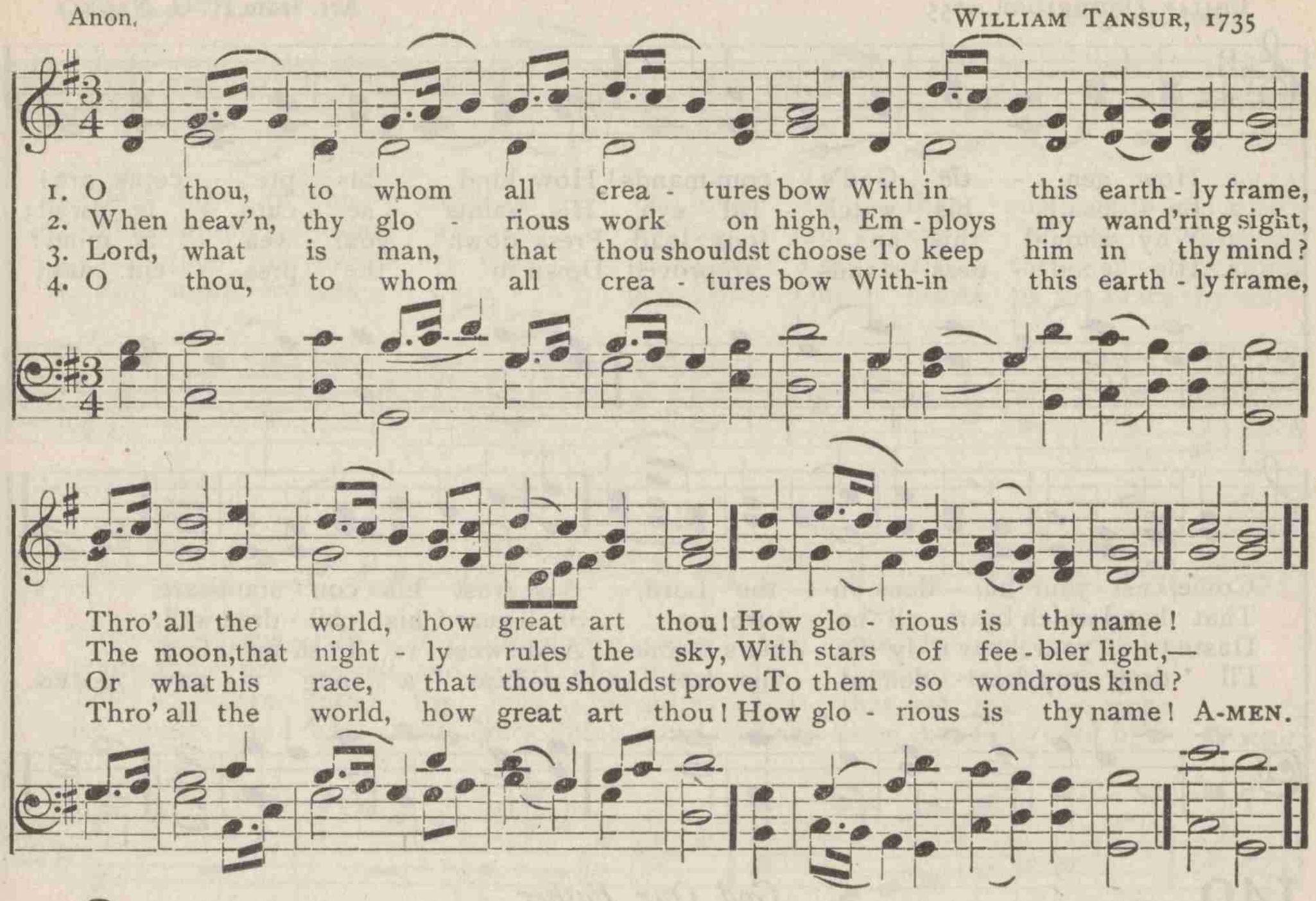
CAROLINE A. MASON

J. B. DYKES



137 St. Martin's C. M. *God's Condescension*

Anon. WILLIAM TANSUR, 1735



138 *Divine Goodness in Affliction*

1 Great Ruler of all nature's frame!
We own thy power divine;
We hear thy breath in every storm,
For all the winds are thine.

2 Wide as they sweep their sounding way
They work thy sovereign will;
And, awed by thy majestic voice,
Confusion shall be still.

3 Thy mercy tempers every blast
To them that seek thy face,
And mingles with the tempest's roar
The whispers of thy grace.

4 Those gentle whispers let me hear,
Till all the tumult cease;
And gales of Paradise shall lull
My weary soul to peace.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1755

St. Agnes (*Concluded*)



139 Dennis S. M.

He Careth for You

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1755 — Arr. from H. G. NAGELI



140

God Our Father

1 My Father,—cheering name,—
Oh! may I call thee mine?
Give me the humble hope to claim
A portion so divine.

2 This can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly:
What real harm can reach my soul,
Beneath my Father's eye?

3 Whate'er thy will denies,
I calmly would resign;
For thou art just and good and wise;
Oh bend my will to thine!

4 Whate'er thy will ordains,
Oh give me strength to bear;
Still let me know a Father reigns,
And trust a Father's care!

ANNE STEELE

141 Badea S. M.

The Lord is My Shepherd

ISAAC WATTS, 1719 — German



142 St. John's C. M.

The Fullness of God

CHARLES WESLEY — English Melody



143

Nature's Worship

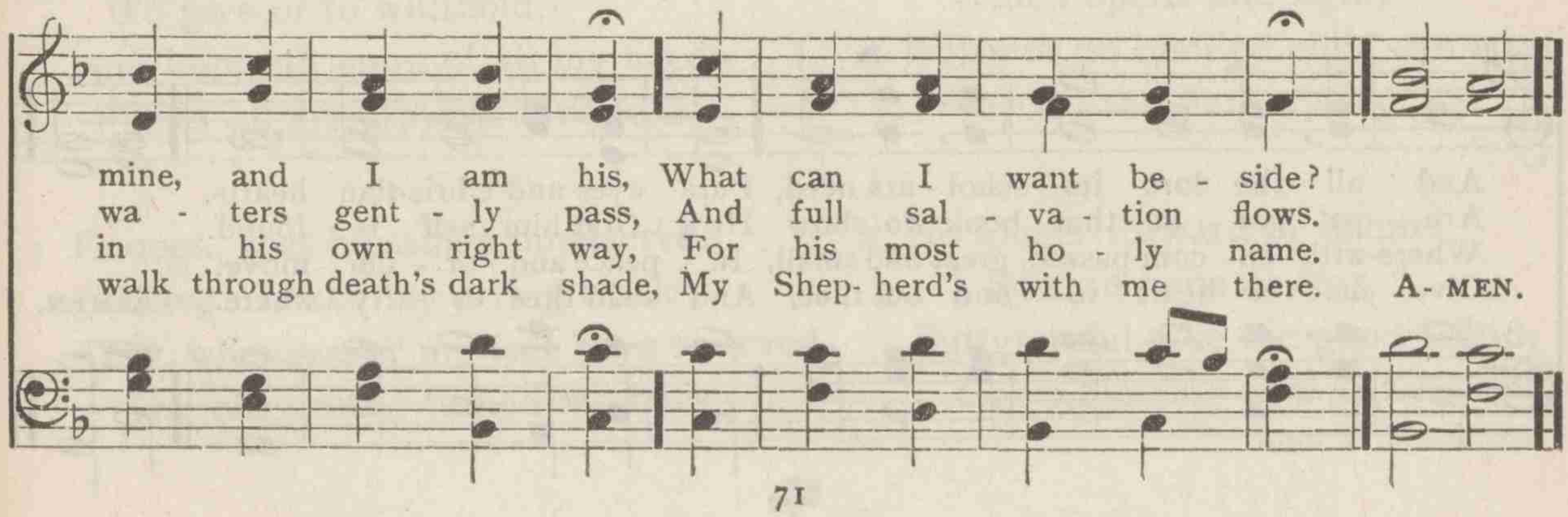
1 The harp at Nature's advent strung
Has never ceased to play;
The song the stars of morning sung
Has never died away.

2 And prayer is made, and praise is given
By all things near and far;
The ocean looketh up to heaven
And mirrors every star;

3 So Nature keeps the reverent frame
With which her years began;
And all her signs and voices shame
The prayerless heart of man.

J. G. WHITTIER

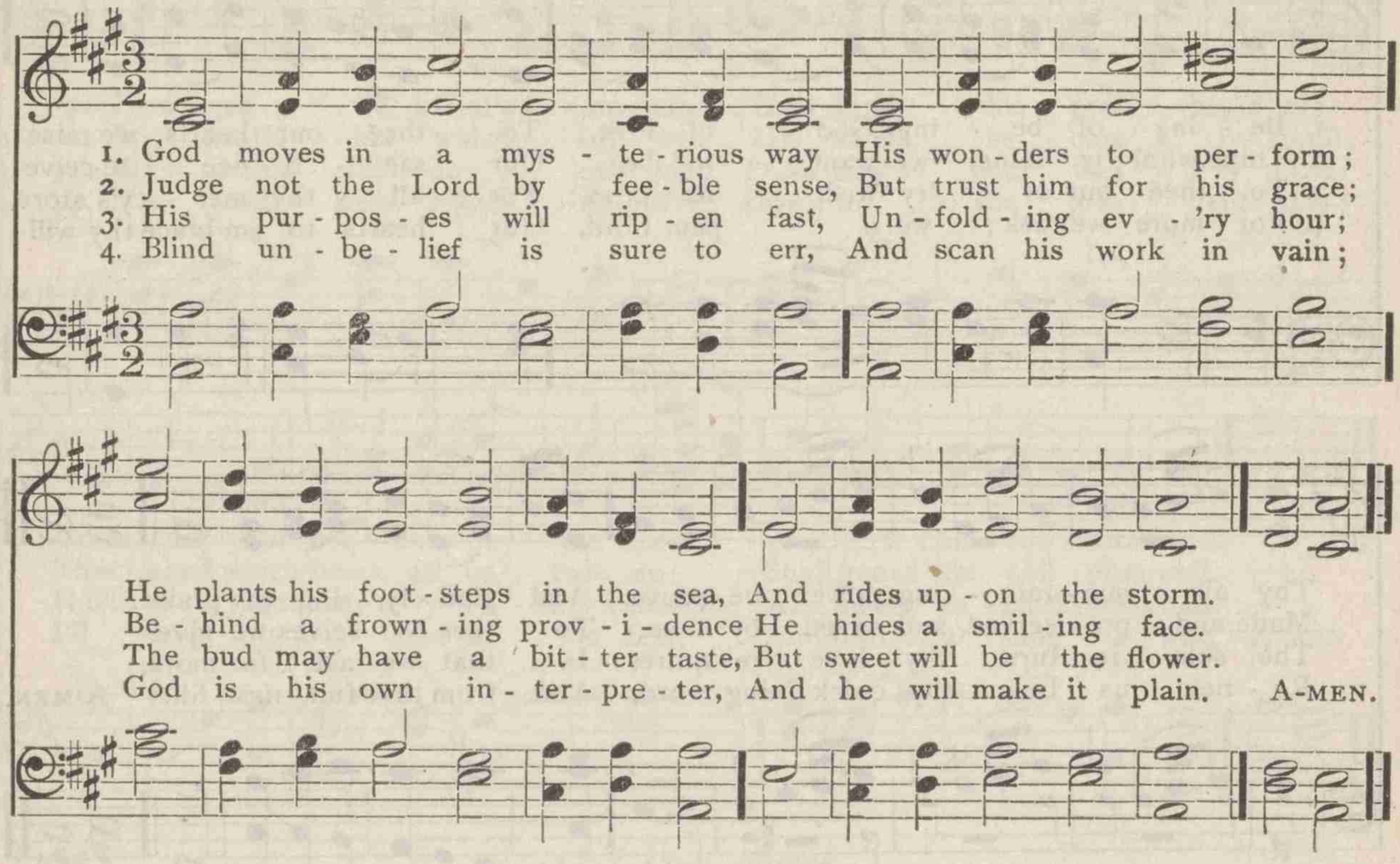
Badea (*Concluded*)



144 Ydolem C. M.

Thy Judgments are a Great Deep

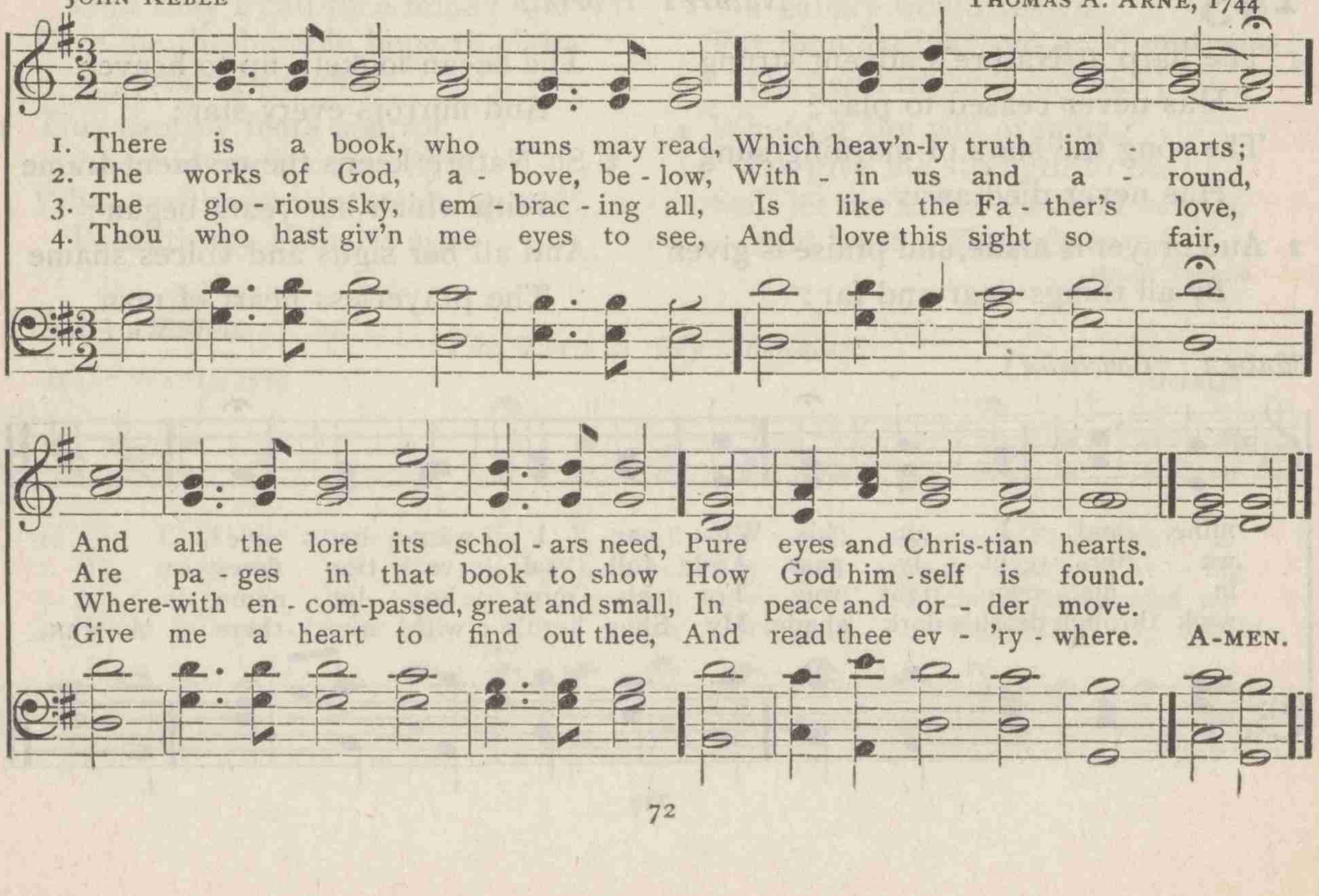
WILLIAM COWPER, 1779 — CH. ZEUNER. Fr. "Ancient Lyre," by per.



145 Arlington C. M.

The Book of Nature

JOHN KEBLE — THOMAS A. ARNE, 1744



146 St. Martin's C. M.

Who Can Be Compared with the Lord

ISAAC WATTS — WILLIAM TANSUR, 1735



1. With rev - 'rence let the saints ap - pear, And bow be - fore the Lord;
2. Great God, how high thy glo - ries rise! How bright thine ar - mies shine!
3. Thy words the rag - ing winds con - trol, And move the boist'rous deep;
4. Jus - tice and judg - ment are thy throne, Yet won - drous is thy grace;





His high com- mands with rev - 'rence hear, And trem - ble at his word.
Where is the power with thee that vies, Or truth com-pared to thine?
Thou mak'st the sleep - ing bil - lows roll, The roll - ing bil - lows sleep.
While truth and mer - cy, joined in one, In - vite us near thy face. A-MEN.



147

All as God Wills

1 All as God wills! who wisely heeds
To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told.

2 Enough, that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track;
That, wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,
Thy chastening turned me back;

3 That death seems but a covered way
Which opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight.

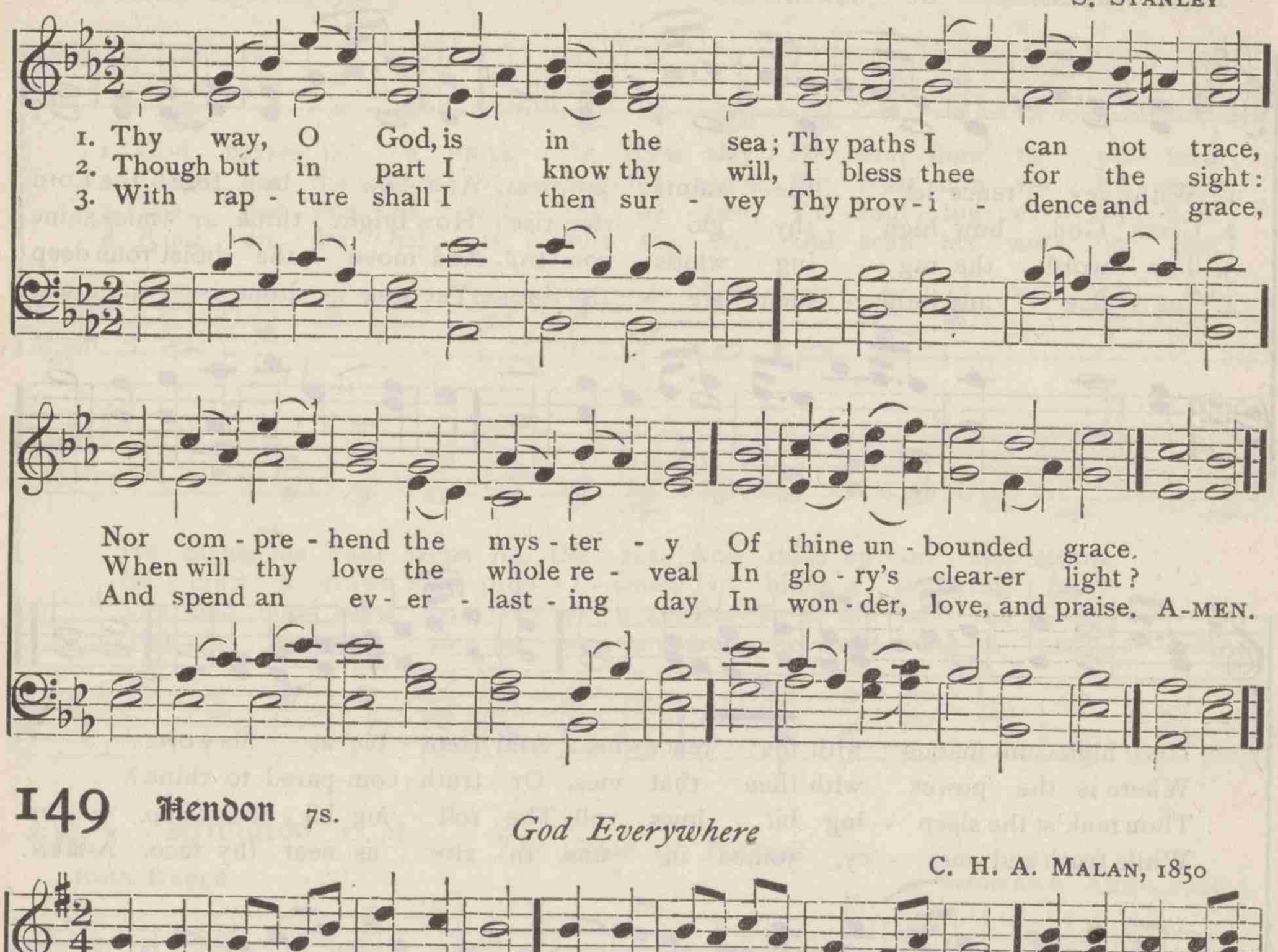
4 No longer forward or behind
I look, in hope or fear,
But grateful take the good I find,
God's blessing now and here.

JOHN G. WHITTIER

148 Warwick C. M.

Now We See through a Glass Darkly

J. FAWCET — S. STANLEY



149 Hendon 7s.

God Everywhere

C. H. A. MALAN, 1850



150 Spanish Hymn 7s. 6l. *Oh, Give Thanks*

CONDER — Spanish Melody

1. O, give thanks to him who made Morn - ing light and eve - ning shade!
D.C. *Quick - en - er of wea - ried pow'rs, Guard of our un - con - scious hours!*
2. O, give thanks to na - ture's King, Who made ev - 'ry breath - ing thing!
D.C. *O, how close the ties that bind Spir - its to th' E - ter - nal Mind!*
3. O, give thanks with heart and lip, For we are his work - man - ship,
D.C. *Falls un - no - ticed; but who can Speak the Fa - ther's love to man!*

Source and giv - er of all good; Night - ly sleep and dai - ly food!
His our warm and sen - tient frame; His the mind's im - mor - tal flame;
And all crea - tures are his care; Not a bird that cleaves the air A - MEN.

151 Chester 8s. & 7s. *God is Love*

Sir JOHN BOWRING — I. B. WOODBURY, 1850

1. God is love; his mer - cy bright - ens All the path in which we rove;
2. Chance and change are bu - sy ev - er; Man de - cays, and a - ges move;
3. E'en the hour that dark - est seem - eth Will his change - less good - ness prove;
4. He with earth - ly cares en - twin - eth Hope and com - fort from a - bove;

Bliss he wakes, and woe he light - ens; God is wis-dom, God is love.
But his mer - cy wan - eth nev - er, God is wis-dom, God is love.
From the gloom his bright-ness streameth; God is wis-dom, God is love.
Ev - 'ry-where his glo - ry shin - eth; God is wis-dom, God is love. A-MEN.

152 Geneva C. M. *God's Care*

JOSEPH ADDISON — JOHN COLE



153 *The Love of God*

1 Come, ye that know and fear the Lord,
And raise your souls above;
Let every heart and voice accord,
To sing that "God is love."

2 His precious truth his word declares,
And all his mercies prove;
Jesus, the gift of gifts appears,
To show that "God is love."

3 Behold his patience, bearing long
With those who from him rove;
'Till mighty grace their hearts subdues
To teach them – "God is love."

4 Oh, may we all while here below,
This best of blessings prove;
Till warmer hearts, in brighter worlds,
Shall shout that "God is love."

GEORGE BURDER, 1784

154 He Leadeth Me L. M.

He Leadeth Me

J. H. GILMORE, 1859 W. B. BRADBURY

1. He lead - eth me, oh, bless - ed tho't ! Oh, words with heav'nly com-fort fraught.
2. Some-times,'mid scenes of deep - est gloom,Sometimes where E-den's bow - ers bloom,
3. Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur nor re - pine;
4. And when my task on earth is done, When by thy grace the vic - t'ry's won,

What-e'er I do, wher - e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead - eth me.
By wa - ters still, o'er trou - bled sea, Still 'tis his hand that lead - eth me.
Con - tent, what-ev - er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead - eth me.
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God through Jor- dan lead - eth me.

REFRAIN

He lead - eth me! he lead - eth me! By his own hand he lead-eth me;
His faith-ful fol-l'wer I would be, For by his hand he lead-eth me. A-MEN.

155 Joy Land H. M. *His Mercy Endureth Forever*

ISAAC WATTS — Dr. M. J. M.



156 *The Living God*

1 The Lord Jehovah lives,
And blessèd be my Rock!
Though earth her bosom heaves
And mountains feel the shock,
Though oceans rage and torrents roar,
He is the same for evermore.

2 The Lord Jehovah lives,
The dying sinner's Friend;
How freely he forgives
The follies that offend!
He wipes the penitential tear,
Bids faith and hope the spirit cheer.

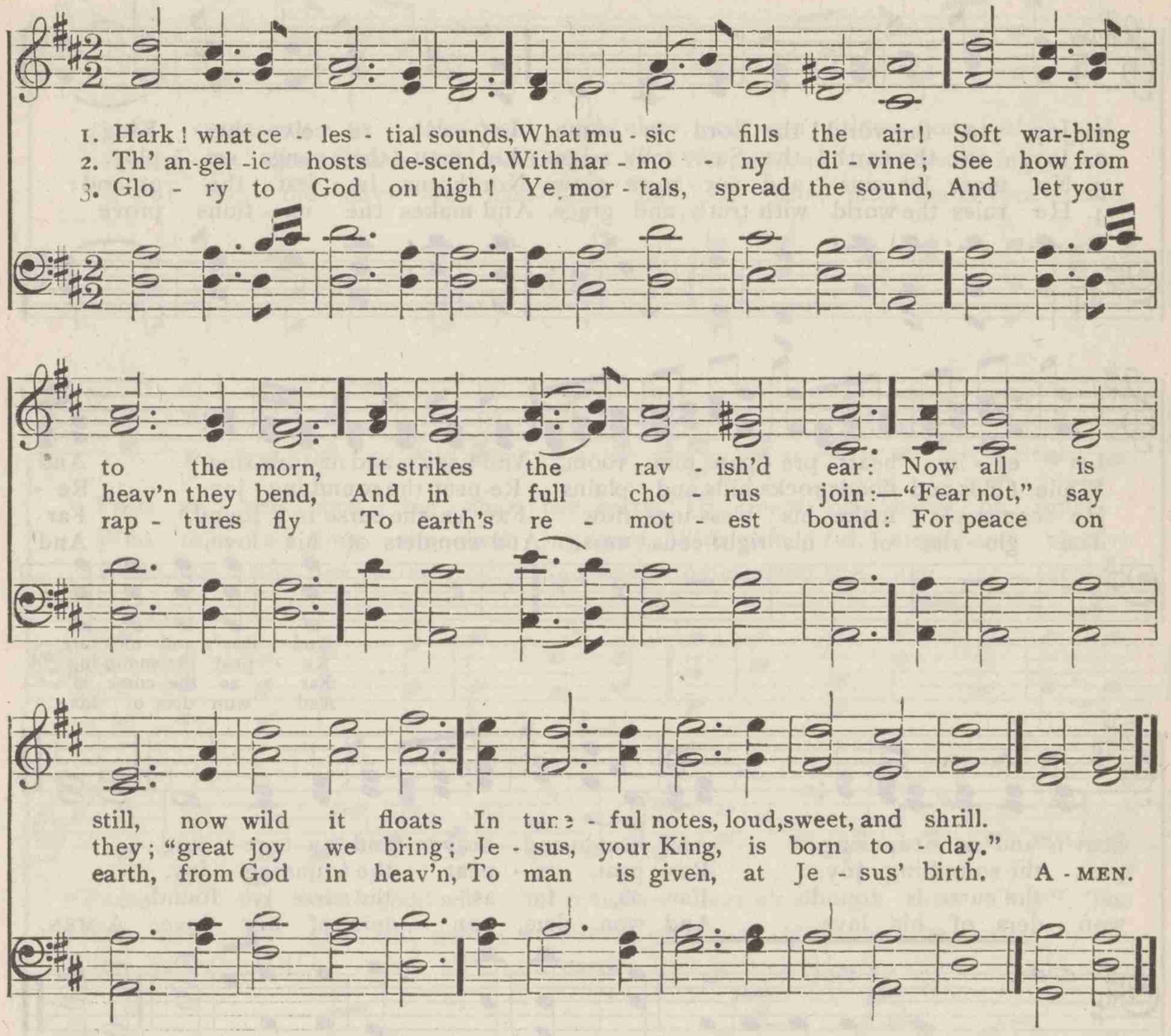
3 The Lord Jehovah lives
To hear and answer prayer;
Whoe'er in him believes
And trusts his guardian care,
A Father's tender love shall know,
Whence living streams of comfort flow.

THOMAS HASTINGS

157 Asaph H. M.

Fear Not

WILLIAMS — From "Jubilant Voices." L. V. WHEELER



158 *Good Tidings of Great Joy*

1 Hark! hark! the notes of joy
Roll o'er the heavenly plains,
And seraphs find employ
For their sublimest strains.
Some new delight in heaven is known,
Loud sound the harps around the throne.

2 Hark! hark! the sound draws nigh;
The joyful hosts descend;
Jesus forsakes the sky;
To earth his footsteps bend:
He comes to bless our fallen race;
He comes with messages of grace.

3 Strike, strike the harps again
To great Immanuel's name;
Arise, ye sons of men,
And all his grace proclaim:
Angels and men, wake every string;
'Tis Christ the Saviour's praise we sing.

A. REED

159 Antioch C. M.

The Mission of Christ

ISAAC WATTS, 1719 — From G. F. HANDEL. Arr. by LOWELL MASON, 1836



160

The Birth-song of Christ

1 Calm on the listening ear of night
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains.

2 Celestial choirs from courts above
Shed sacred glories there;
And angels with their sparkling lyres
Make music on the air.

3 The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply;
And greet from all their holy heights
The Dayspring from on high.

4 "Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring;
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's eternal King."

E. H. SEARS

161 Carol C. M. D.

Christmas Carol

E H. SEARS — RICHARD STORRS WILLIS

1. It came up - on the mid - night clear, That glo - rious song of old,
2. And ye, be - neath life's crush - ing load Whose forms are bend - ing low,
3. For lo, the days are hast-'ning on By pro - phet bards fore - told,

From an - gels bend - ing near the earth, To touch their harps of gold;
Who toil a - long the climb - ing way, With pain - ful steps and slow,—
When, with the ev - er - cir - cling years, Comes round the age of gold;

"Peace to the earth, good-will to men, From heav'n's all - gra - cious King:" The
Look now; for glad and gold - en hours Come swift - ly on the wing; Oh,
When peace shall o - ver all the earth Its an - cient splen - dors fling, And

earth in sol - emn still - ness lay, To hear the an - gels sing.
rest be - side the wea - ry road, And hear the an - gels sing!
the whole world send back the song Which now the an - gels sing. A-MEN.

162 Christmas C. M.

The Watch of the Shepherds

TATE HANDEL



163

Star of Bethlehem

1 As shadows, cast by cloud and sun,
Flit o'er the summer grass,
Lo, in thy sight, Almighty One!
Earth's generation's pass.

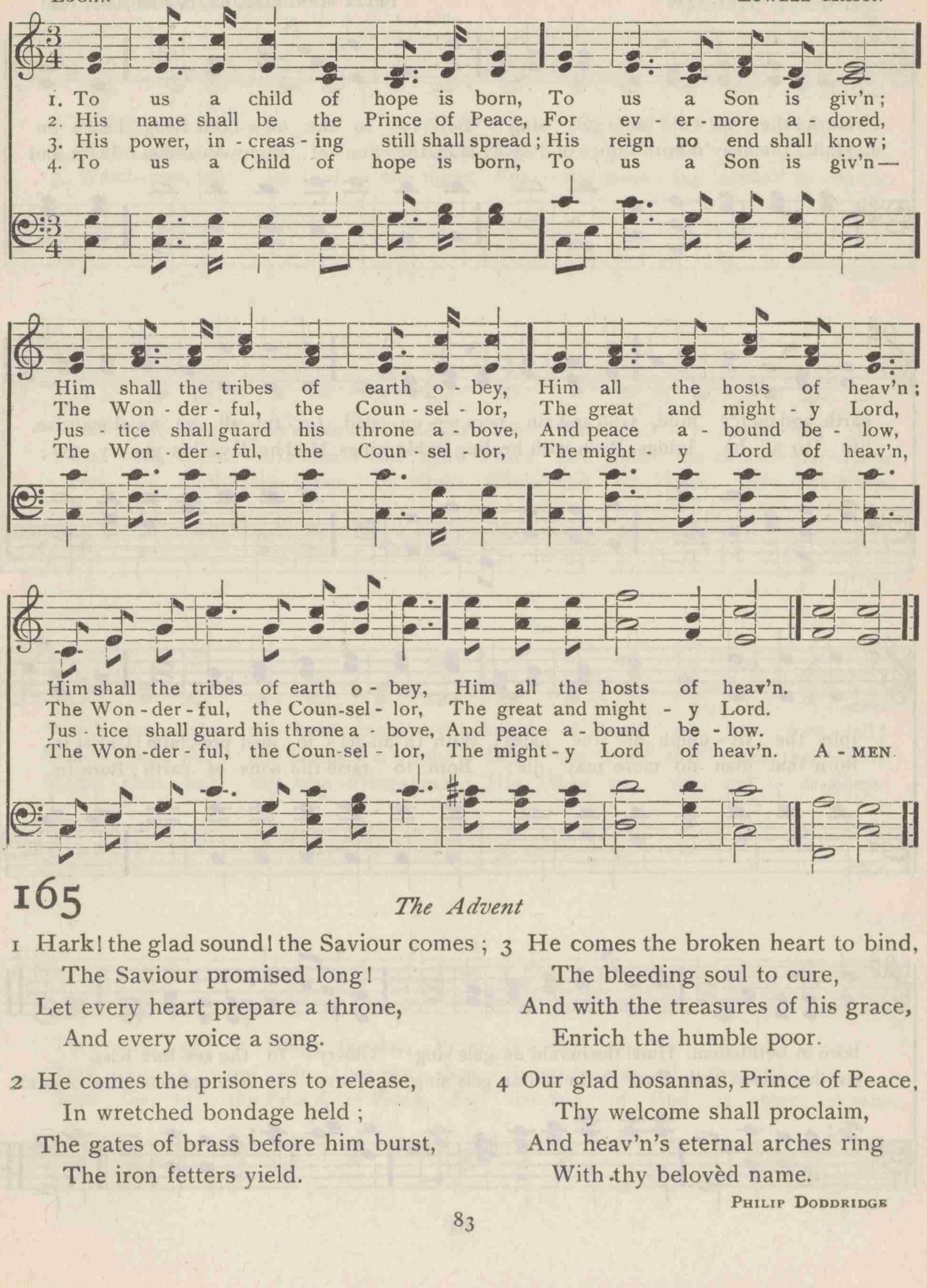
2 Yet doth the star of Bethlehem shed
A lustre pure and sweet;
And still it leads, as once it led,
To the Messiah's feet.

3 O Father, may that holy Star
Grow every year more bright,
And send its glorious beams afar,
To fill the world with light.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

164 Zerah C. M. 61. *Unto Us a Child is Born*

LOGAN LOWELL MASON



165 *The Advent*

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

2 He comes the prisoners to release,
In wretched 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 heav'n's eternal arches ring
With thy belovèd name.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE

166 Herald Angels 7s. D.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1739 — FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY, 1846

1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing Glo - ry to the new-born King: Peace on
2. Hail, the heav'n-born Prince of Peace! Hail, the Sun of Right-eous-ness! Light and

earth, and mercy mild, God and sin - ners rec- on -ciled. Joy- ful, all ye na -tions rise,
life to all he brings, Ris'n with healing in his wings. Mild he lays his glo - ry by;

Join the tri - umph of the skies; With th'an-gel - ic host pro-claim: Christ is
Born that man no more may die; Born to raise the sons of earth; Born to

born in Bethlehem. Hark! the herald an-gels sing Glo-ry to the new-born King.
give them second birth. Hark! the herald an-gels sing Glo-ry to the new-born King. A-MEN.

167 Watchman, Tell Us 7s. D.

Sir JOHN BOWRING, 1823 LOWELL MASON, 1830

1. Watch-man, tell us of the night, What its signs of prom - ise are;
2. Watch-man, tell us of the night; High - er yet that star as - cends.
3. Watch-man, tell us of the night, For the morn - ing seems to dawn.

Trav - 'ler, o'er yon moun - tain's height See that glo - ry - beam - ing star?
Trav - 'ler, bless - ed - ness and light, Peace and truth its course por - tends.
Trav - 'ler, dark - ness takes its flight, Doubt and ter - ror are with-drawn.

Watch - man, does its beau - teous ray Aught of hope or joy fore - tell?
Watch - man, will its beams a - lone Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Watch - man, let thy wan - d'rings cease; Hie thee to thy qui - et home!

Trav - 'ler, yes; it brings the day, Prom - is'd day of Is - ra - el.
Trav - 'ler, a - ges are its own; See, it bursts o'er all the earth!
Trav - 'ler, lo! the Prince of Peace, Lo! the Son of God is come! A-MEN.

168 Harwell 8s. & 7s. *The Song of the Angels*

JOHN CAWOOD — LOWELL MASON, 1840

FINE

1. Hark! what mean those ho - ly voi - ces, Sweet - ly sound - ing thro' the skies?
   Lo th' an - gel - ic host re - joi - ces; Heav'n-ly hal - le - lu - jahs rise.

D.C. *Glo - ry in the high - est, glo - ry Glo - ry be to God most high!*

2. Peace on earth, good-will from heav - en, Reach - ing far as man is found;
   Souls re-deemed, and sins for - giv - en! Loud our gold - en harps shall sound.

D.C. *O, re - ceive, whom God ap - point - ed For our Pro - phet, Priest and King.*

D.C.

Hear them tell the won-drous sto-ry; Hear them chant in hymns of joy, —
Christ is born, the great A-noint-ed; Heav'n and earth his prais-es sing; A-MEN.

169 Eltham 7s. D. *The Christ of God*

HORATIUS BONAR — LOWELL MASON

1. He has come! the Christ of God Left for us his glad a - bode;
   Stoop - ing from his throne of bliss, To this dark - some wil - der - ness.
2. He the might - y King has come! Mak - ing this poor earth his home;
   Come to bear our sin's sad load; Son of Da - vid, Son of God!
3. Un - to us a child is born! Ne'er has earth be - held a morn,
   A - mong all the morns of time, Half so glo - rious in its prime.

He has come! the Prince of Peace; Come to bid our sor-rows cease:
He has come, whose name of grace Speaks de - liv - 'rance to our race;
Un - to us a Son is given! He has come from God's own heaven,

170 Rockingham L. M. *Holy, Harmless*

A. C. Coxe — Dr. L. Mason

1. How beau-teous were the marks di - vine, That in thy meek-ness used to shine;
2. Oh! who like thee—so calm, so bright, So pure, so made to live in light?
3. Oh! who like thee so hum - bly bore The scorn, the scoffs of men, be - fore?
4. Oh! in thy light be mine to go, Il - lum-ing all my way of woe;

That lit thy lone - ly path-way, trod In won-drous love, O Son of God!
Oh! who like thee did ev - er go So pa-tient thro' a world of woe?
So meek, for-giv - ing, god-like, high, So glo-rious in hu - mil - i - ty!
And give me ev - er on the road To trace thy foot - steps, Son of God! A-MEN.

171 *I Will Give You Rest*

1 How sweetly flowed the gospel's sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and reverence filled the place!

2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

3 "Come, wanderers, to my Father's home;
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest."
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come:
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.

Sir John Bowring, 1828

Eltham (*Concluded*)

Come to scat - ter with his light All the shad-ows of our night.
Left for us his high a - bode; Son of Ma - ry, Son of God!
Bring - ing with him from a - bove Ho - ly peace and ho - ly love. A-MEN.

172 Passion Chorale 7s. & 6s. D.

At the Cross

J. W. ALEXANDER — Arr. fr. BACH

1. O sa - cred Head, now wound - ed, With grief and shame weighed down,
2. What lan-guage shall I bor - row, To praise thee, heavenly Friend;
3. For - bid that I should leave thee; O Je - sus, leave not me;
4. Be near when I am dy - ing, Oh! show thy cross to me!

Now scorn-ful - ly sur - round - ed, With thorns, thine on - ly crown;
For this, thy dy - ing sor - row, Thy pit - y with - out end?
By faith I would re - ceive thee; Thy blood can make me free:
And for my suc - cor fly - ing, Come, Lord, to set me free:

O sa - cred Head, what glo - ry, What bliss, till now was thine!
Lord, make me thine for - ev - er, Nor let me faith - less prove:
When strength and com - fort lan - guish, And I must hence de - part,
These eyes new faith re - ceiv - ing, From Je - sus shall not move;

Yet, tho' de - spised and go - ry, I joy to call thee mine.
Oh! let me nev - er, nev - er, A - buse such dy - ing love.
Re - lease me then from an - guish, By thine own wounded heart.
For he who dies be - liev - ing, Dies safe-ly—thro' thy love. A-MEN.

173 Olive's Brow L. M.

It is Finished

STENNETT

W. B. BRADBURY, 1853

1. 'Tis fin-ished! so the Sav - iour cried, And meek-ly bowed his head, and died.
2. 'Tis fin-ished! all that heav'n fore - told By prophets in the days of old;
3. 'Tis fin-ished! Son of God, thy pow'r Hath triumphed in this aw - ful hour;
4. 'Tis fin-ished! let the joy - ful sound Be heard thro' all the na - tions round;

'Tis finished; yes, the race is run, The bat-tle fought, the vic-t'ry won.
And truths are opened to our view That kings and prophets nev -er knew.
And yet our eyes with sor-row see That life to us was death to thee.
'Tis finished! let the tri - umph rise, And swell the chorus of the skies. A-MEN.

174 Drostane L. M.

Christ's Entry into Jerusalem

MILMAN

J. B. DYKES

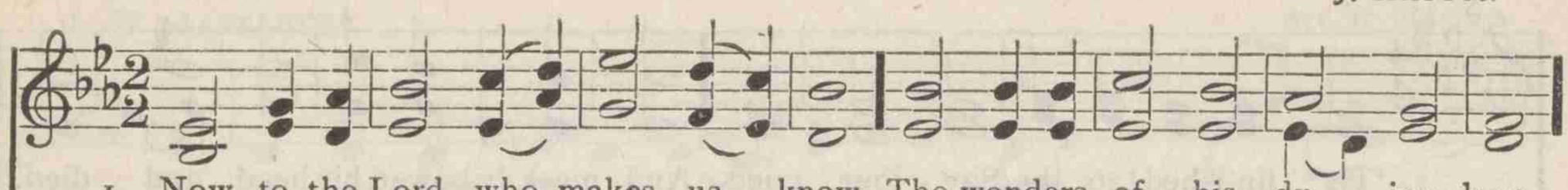
1. Ride on, ride on in maj - es -ty; Hark! all the tribes Ho - san - na cry;
2. Ride on, ride on in maj - es -ty; In low - ly pomp ride on to die;
3. Ride on, ride on in maj - es -ty; Thy last and fierc - est strife is nigh;
4. Ride on, ride on in maj - es -ty; In low - ly pomp ride on to die.

Thy hum-ble beast pur -sues his road, With palms and scattered garments strowed.
O Christ, thy tri-umphs now be - gin O'er cap - tive death and conquered sin.
The Fa-ther, on his sap-phire throne, Ex - pects his own a - nointed Son.
Bow thy meek head to mor - tal pain; Then take, O Christ, thy pow'r and reign. AMEN.

175 Duke Street L. M.

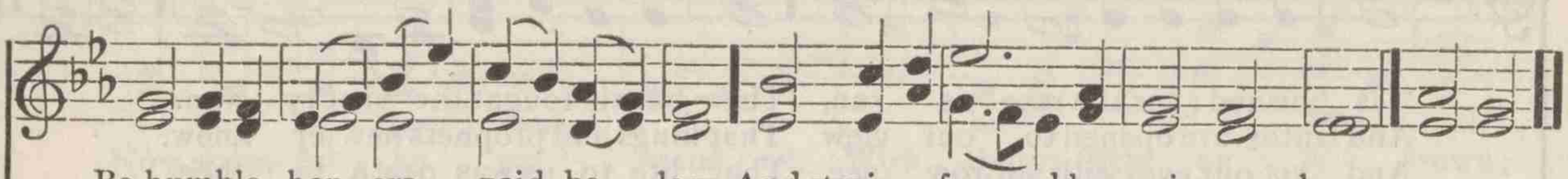
ISAAC WATTS

J. HATTON



1. Now to the Lord, who makes us know The wonders of his dy - ing love,
2. 'Twas he who cleansed our foul - est sins, And washed us in his pre - cious blood;
3. To Je - sus, our a - ton - ing Priest, To Je - sus, our e - ter - nal King,
4. Be - hold! on fly - ing clouds he comes, And ev -'ry eye shall see him move;
5. The un- be - live - ing world shall wail, While we re-joice to see the day;





Be humble hon- ors paid be - low, And strains of no - bler praise a - bove.
'Tis he who makes us priests and kings, And brings us reb - els near to God.
Be ev-er - last - ing power con-fessed! Let ev-'ry tongue his glo - ry sing.
Though with our sins we pierced him once, He now dis-plays his pard'ning love.
Come, Lord! nor let thy prom - ise fail, Nor let thy char - iot long de - lay. A- MEN.



176 *"King, Creator, Lord!"*

1 O Christ, our King, Creator, Lord!
Saviour of all who trust thy word!
To them who seek thee ever near,
Now to our praises bend thine ear.

2 In thy dear Cross a grace is found,—
It flows from every streaming wound,—
Whose power our inbred sin controls,
Breaks the firm bond, and frees our souls.

3 When thou didst hang upon the tree,
The quaking earth acknowledged thee;
When thou didst there yield up thy breath,
The world grew dark as shades of death.

4 Now in the Father's glory high,
Great Conqueror! never more to die,
Us by thy mighty power defend,
And reign through ages without end.

RAY PALMER

177 Avison Easter Hymn

1. Lift your glad voi- ces in tri-umph on high, ... For Je - sus hath ris- en and
2. Glo - ry to God in full an-thems of joy; . . . . The be - ing he gave us death

man can- not die: Vain were the ter- rors that gath-ered a-round him, And short the do-
can - not de-stroy. Sad were the life we must part with to-mor-row, If tears were our

min - ion of death and the grave; He burst from the fet-ters that gath-ered a-round him, Re-
birth-right, and death were our end; But Je - sus hath cheered the dark valley of sor-row, And

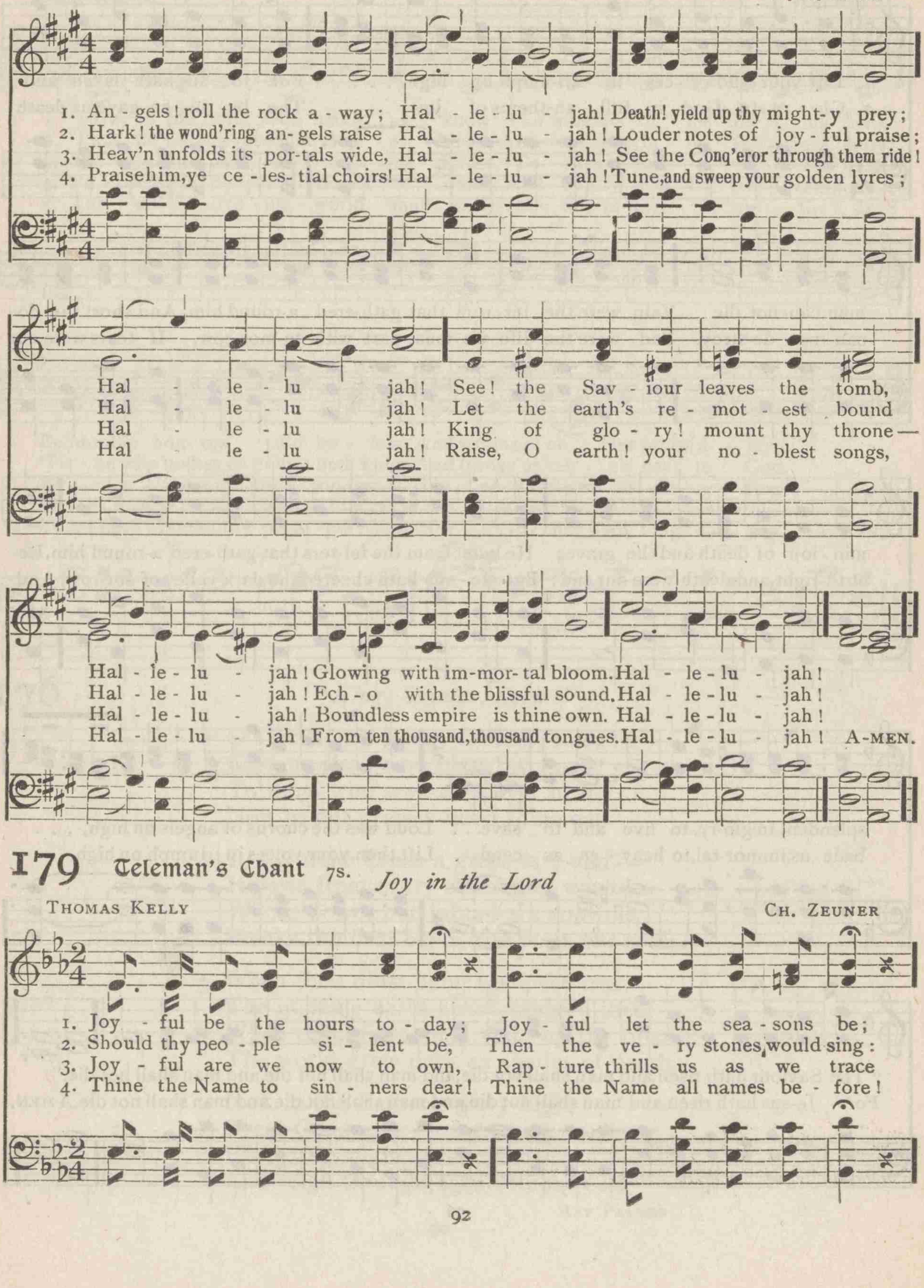
splendent in glo-ry, to live and to save. . . Loud was the chorus of angels on high, . . .
bade us, immor-tal, to heav - en as - cend. . Lift, then, your voices in triumph on high, . .

"The Saviour hath risen, and man shall not die, and man shall not die, and man shall not die."
For Je-sus hath risen, and man shall not die, and man shall not die, and man shall not die. AMEN.

178 Ascension P. M.

T. SCOTT

W. H. MONK



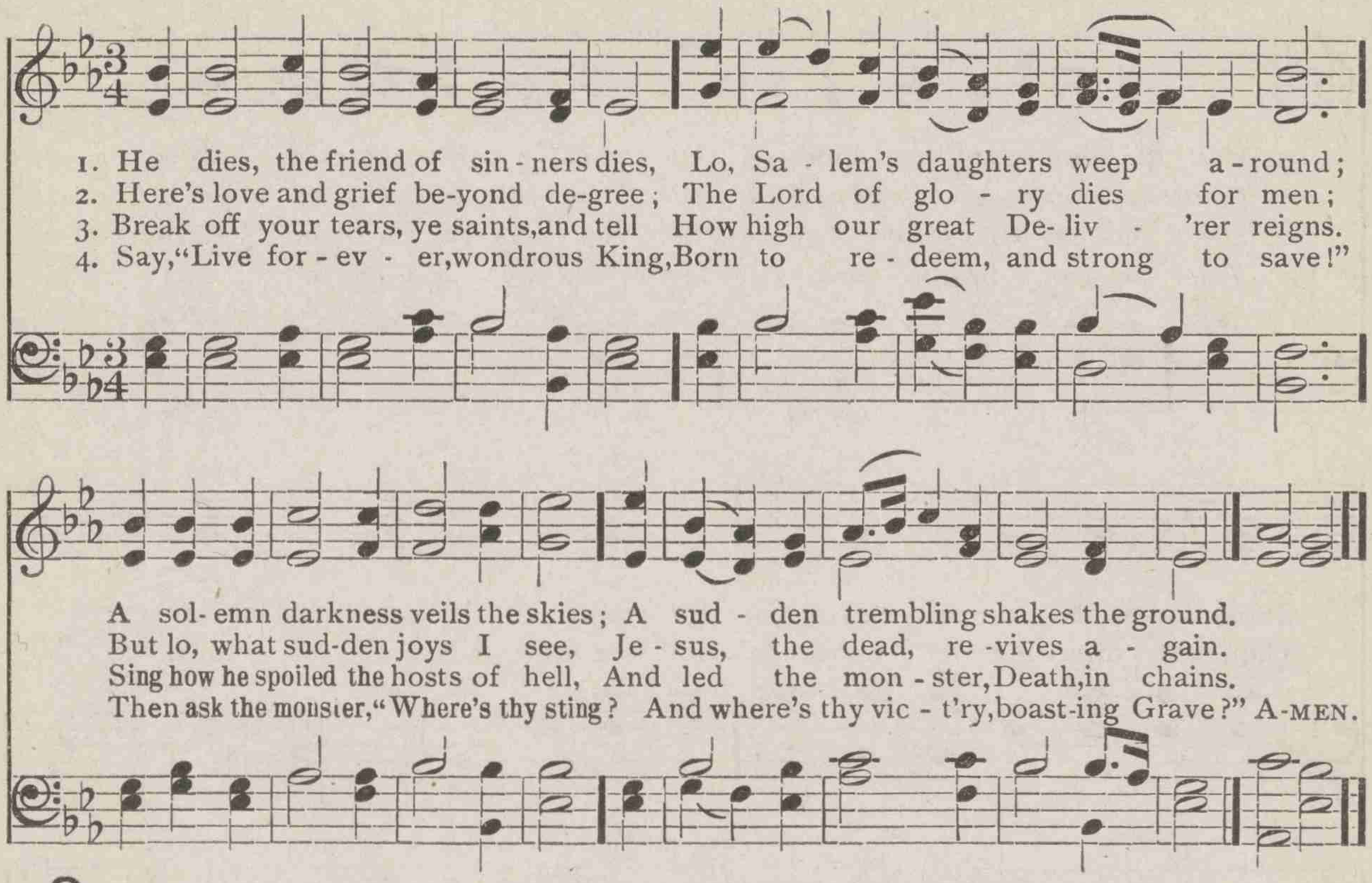
179 Teleman's Chant 7s. *Joy in the Lord*

THOMAS KELLY

CH. ZEUNER

180 Luton L. M. *Christ Dying, Rising, and Reigning*

ISAAC WATTS



181 *The King of Glory*

1 Our Lord is risen from the dead;
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
Ye everlasting doors, give way.

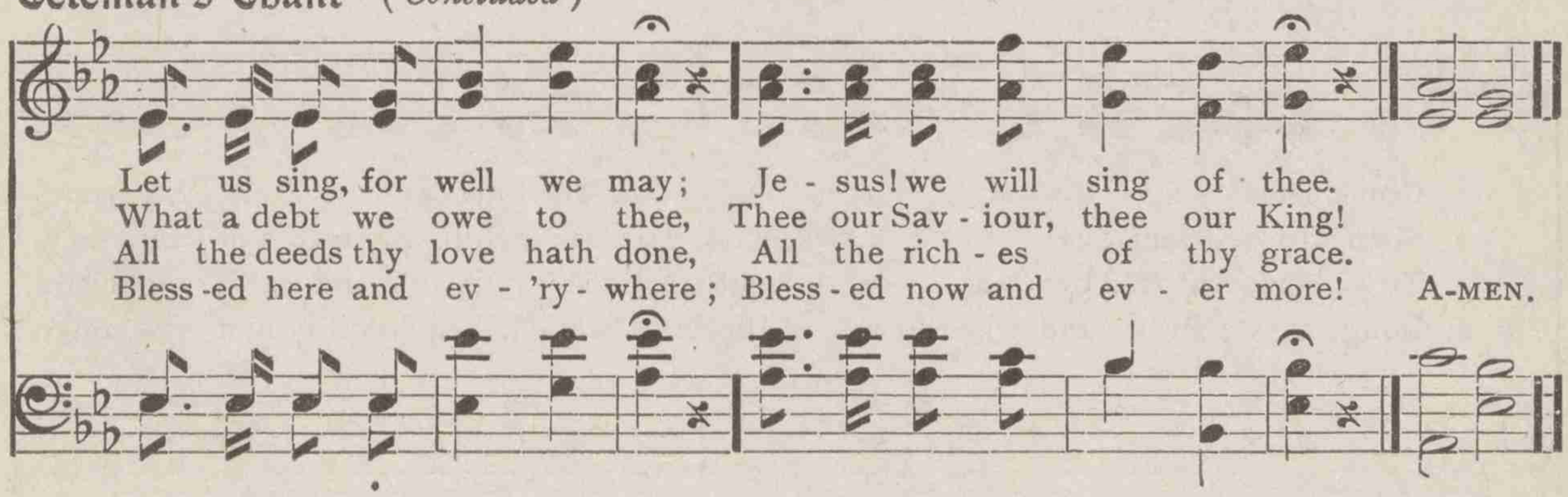
2 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold th' ethereal scene:
He claims these mansions as his right,
Receive the King of glory in.

3 Who is the King of glory — who?
The Lord, who all our foes o'ercame;
Who sin, and death, and hell o'erthrew;
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.

4 Lo, his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
Ye everlasting doors, give way.

CHARLES WESLEY

Teleman's Chant (*Concluded*)

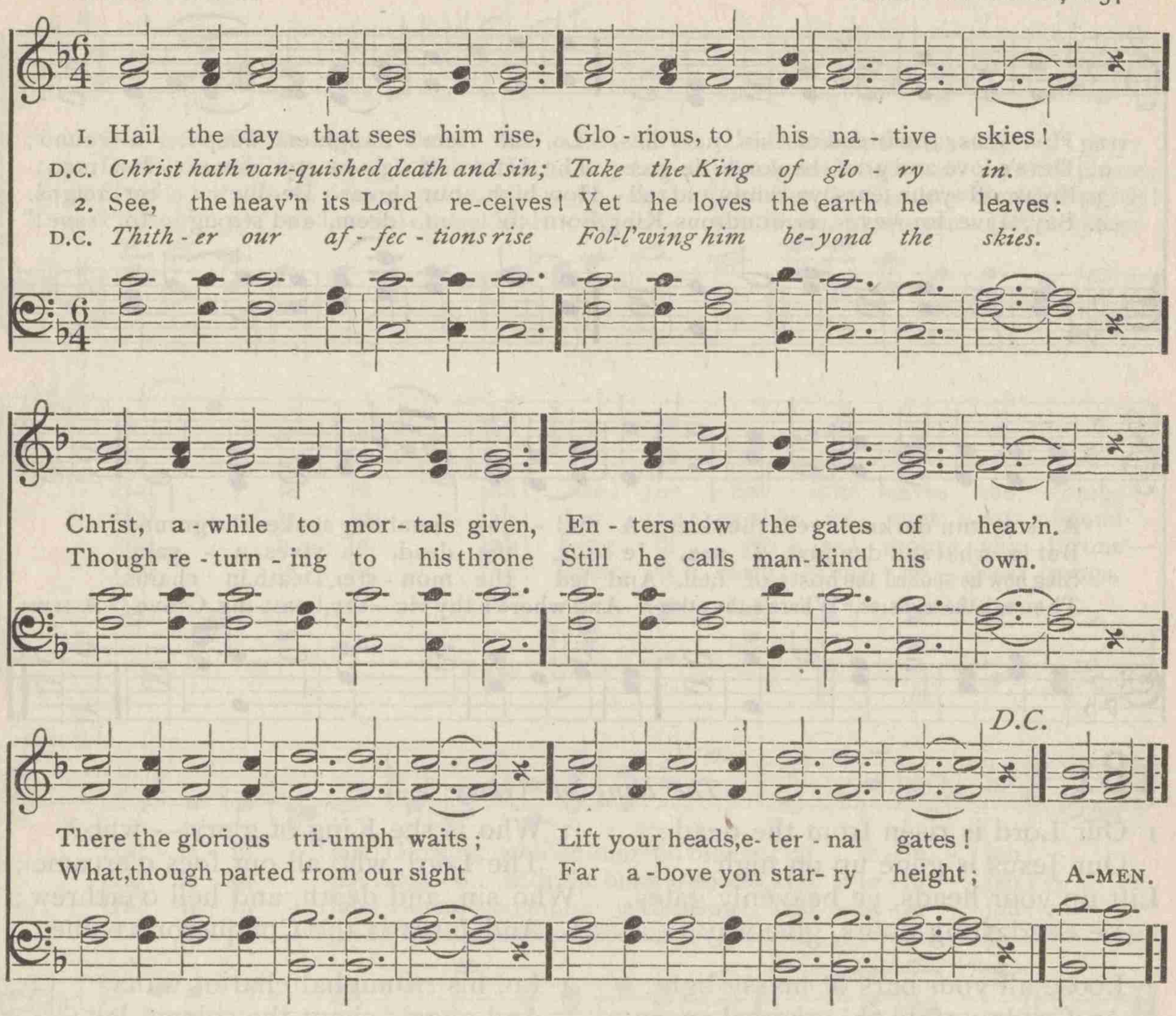


182 Martyn 7s. D.

The Lord's Day

CHARLES WESLEY

SIMEON B. MARSH, 1834

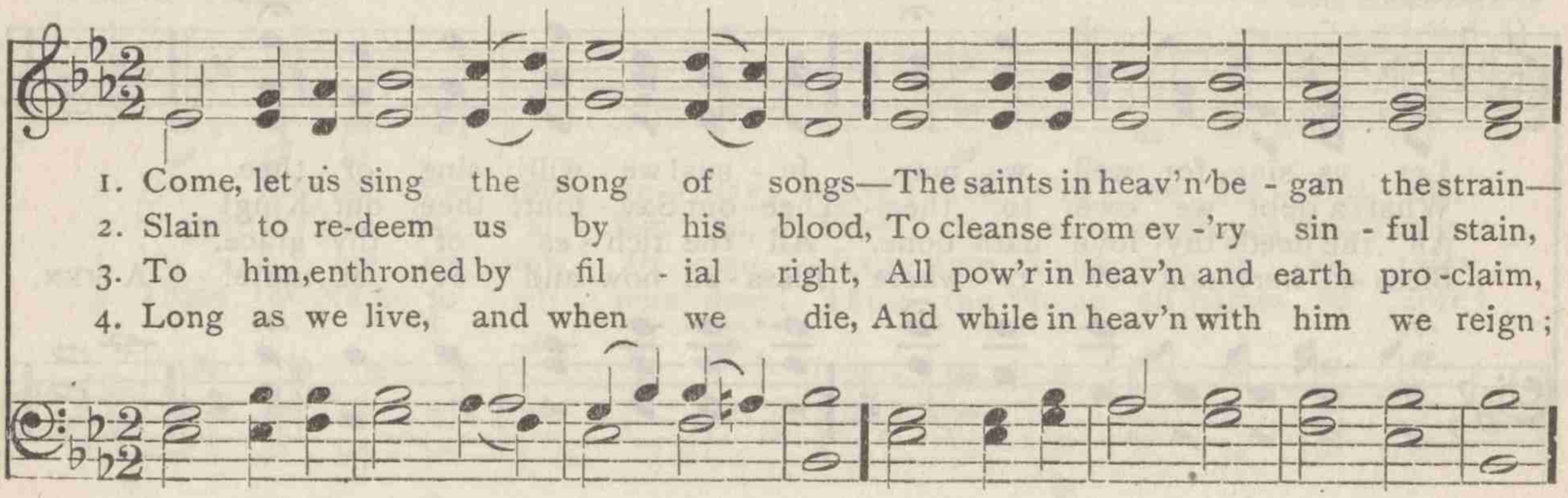


183 Duke Street L. M.

The Song of Songs

JAMES MONTGOMERY

J. HATTON



184 Farland 8s. 7s. & 4s.

King of Kings

THOMAS KELLY — T. HASTINGS

1. Look, ye saints, the sight is glo-rious; See the Man of Sor - rows now:
2. Crown the Sav - iour, an - gels, crown him; Rich the tro - phies Je - sus brings;
3. Sin - ners in de - ri - sion crown'd him, Mock - ing thus the Sav - iour's claim;
4. Hark; those bursts of ac - cla - ma-tion! Hark, those loud tri - um - phant chords!

From the fight re-turned vic - to-rious, Ev - 'ry knee to him shall bow:
In the seat of pow'r en- throne him, While the vault of heav - en rings:
Saints and an - gels! crowd a - round him, Own his ti - tle, praise his name:
Je - sus takes the high - est sta-tion; Oh, what joy the sight af - fords;

Crown him, crown him! Crown him, crown him! Crowns become the vic - tor's brow.
Crown him, crown him! Crown him, crown him! Crown the Saviour "King of kings."
Crown him, crown him! Crown him, crown him! Spread a-broad the vic - tor's fame.
Crown him, crown him! Crown him, crown him! "King of kings and Lord of lords." A-MEN.

Duke Street (*Concluded*)

The homage which to Christ be - longs: "Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"
And make us kings and priests to God: "Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"
Hon- or, and maj - es - ty, and might: "Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"
This song, our song of songs shall be: "Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!" A-MEN.

185 Easter Hymn 7s. *The Lord is Risen*

J. WORGAN

1. Christ, the Lord, is ris'n to - day, Al - - le - lu - ia!
2. Love's re - deem-ing work is done, Al - - le - lu - ia!
3. Vain the stone, the watch, the seal, Al - - le - lu - ia!
4. Lives a - gain our glo - rious King; Al - - le - lu - ia!

Sons of men, and an - gels say; Al - - le - lu - ia!
Fought the fight, the bat - tle won; Al - - le - lu - ia!
Christ hath burst the gates of hell; Al - - le - lu - ia!
"Where, O Death, is now thy sting?" Al - - le - lu - ia!

Raise your joys and tri-umphs high! Al - - le - lu - ia!
Lo, our Sun's e - clipse is o'er; Al - - le - lu - ia!
Death in vain for - bids his rise; Al - - le - lu - ia!
Once he died our souls to save; Al - - le - lu - ia!

Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth, re - ply! Al - - - le - lu - ia!
Lo, he sets in blood no more. Al - - - le - lu - ia!
Christ has o-pened Par - a - dise. Al - - - le - lu - ia!
"Where's thy vic-t'ry, boast-ing grave?" Al - - - le - lu - ia! A-MEN.

Easter Hymn (*Concluded*)

5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like him, like him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies!

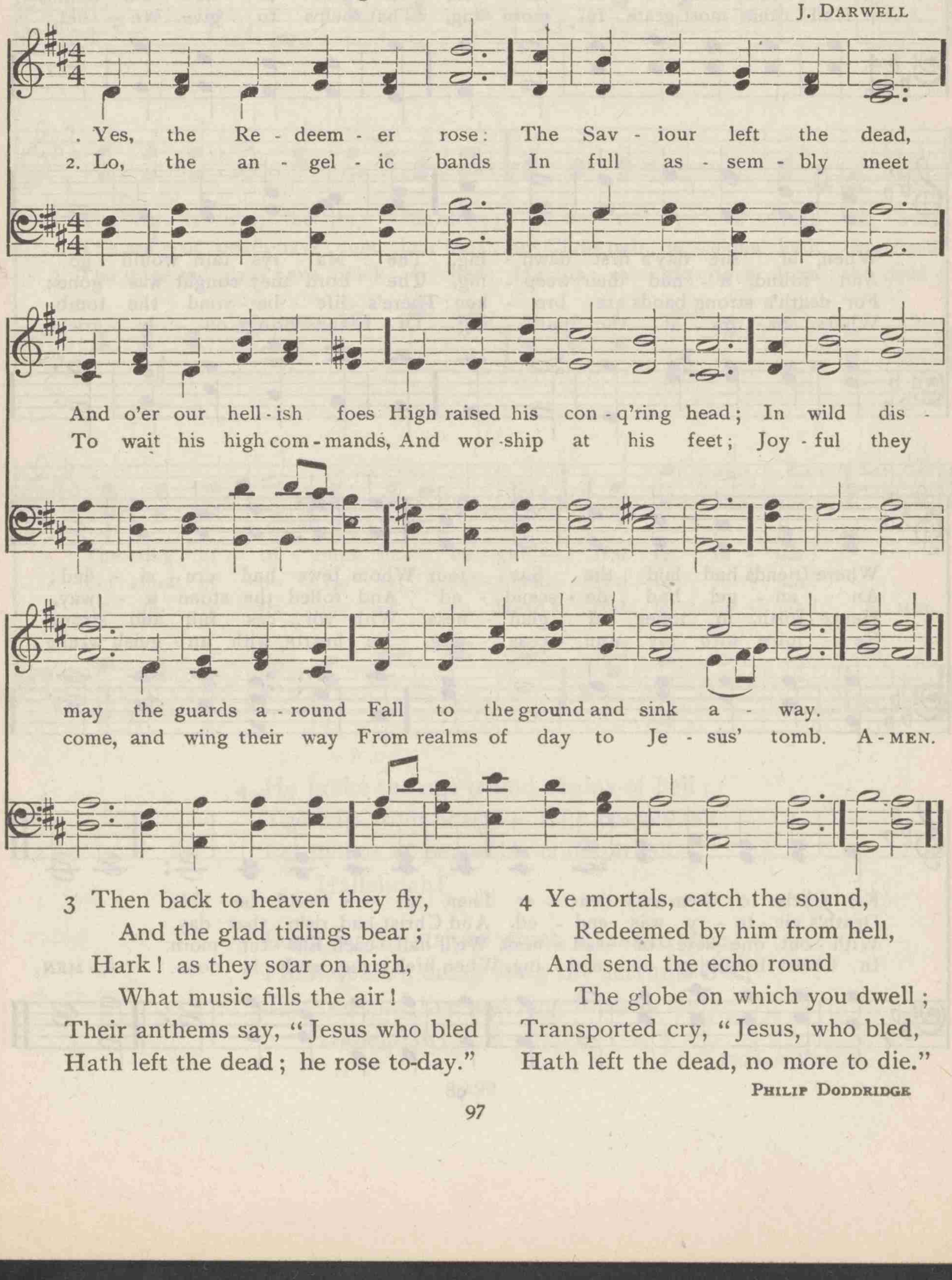
6 Christ, the Lord, is risen today!
Sons of men and angels say:
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply!
Raise your joys and triumphs high!

CHARLES WESLEY, 1739

186 Darwell H. M.

Angels Said He was Alive

J. DARWELL



3 Then back to heaven they fly,
And the glad tidings bear;
Hark! as they soar on high,
What music fills the air!
Their anthems say, "Jesus who bled
Hath left the dead; he rose to-day."

4 Ye mortals, catch the sound,
Redeemed by him from hell,
And send the echo round
The globe on which you dwell;
Transported cry, "Jesus, who bled,
Hath left the dead, no more to die."

PHILIP DODDRIDGE

187 Aurelia 7s. 6s. D.

Easter Morn

Rev. D. E. MILLARD

S. S. WESLEY

1. On this loved Eas - ter morn - ing, We think of long a - go,
2. They went, rich spi - ces tak - ing, To Jo - seph's new - made tomb,
3. We know, since he is ris - en, The grave is not our home,
4. Hail then most grate - ful morn - ing, That helps to give re - lief,

When, at the day's first dawn - ing, The Ma - rys fain would go
And found, a - mid their weep - ing, The Lord they sought was gone;
For death's strong bands are bro - ken; There's life be - yond the tomb.
When sor - row at the part - ing Of friends, brings on - ly grief;

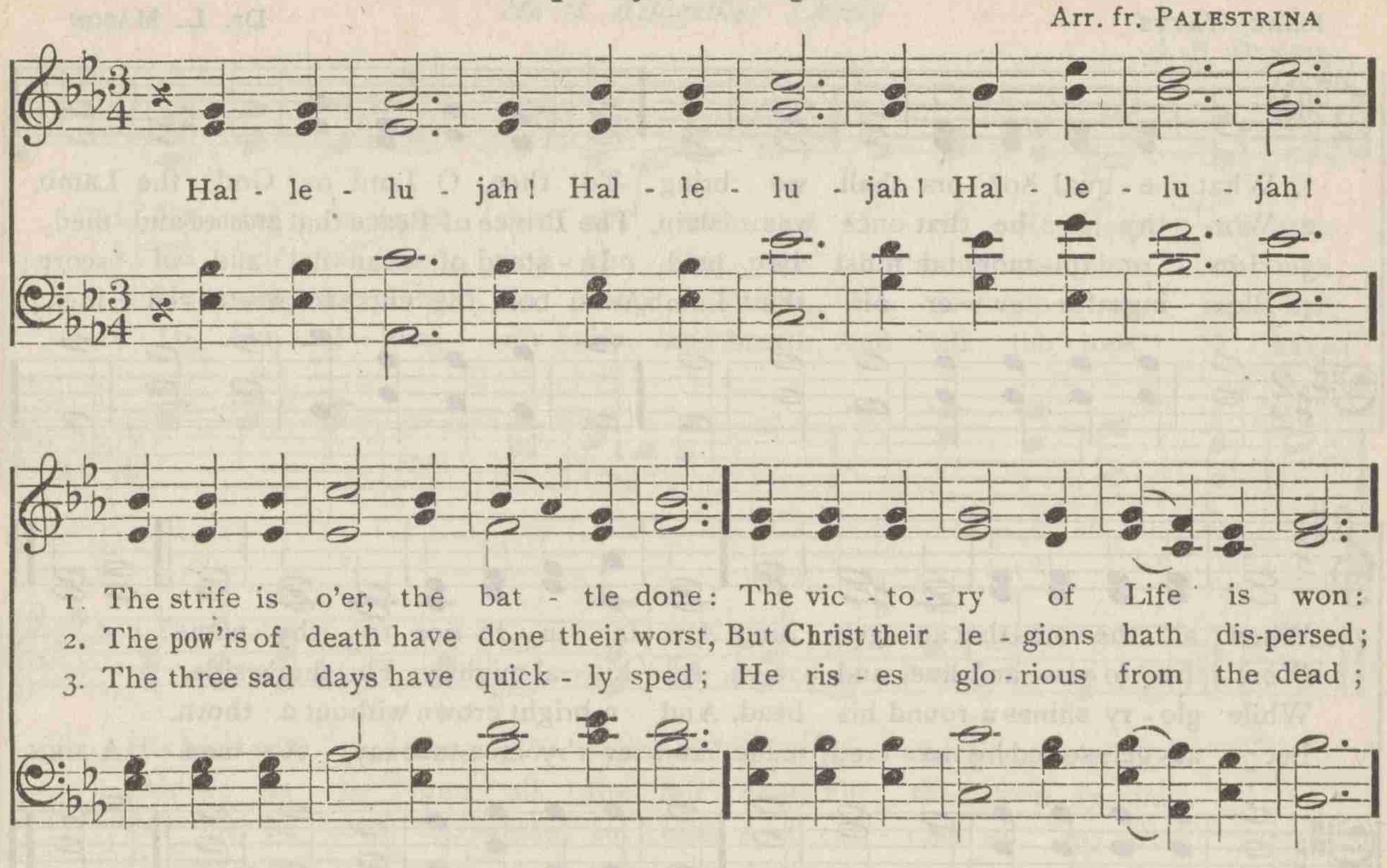
Where friends had laid the Sav - iour Whom Jews had cru - ci - fied;
An an - gel had de - scend - ed And rolled the stone a - way,
Hence - forth, in tones of glad - ness, With voi - ces full and strong,
Re - joice with joy un - ceas - ing, Ye hearts with an - guish wrung;

For Christ to them was dear - er Than all the world be - side.
Death's vic - to - ry was end - ed, And Christ had ris'n that day.
With - out one note of sad - ness, We'll hail each Eas - ter morn.
In Christ there's joy un - end - ing, When life's true work is done. A - MEN.

188 Victoria P. M.

Captivity Led Captive

Arr. fr. PALESTRINA



4 He brake the age-bound chains of hell;
The bars from heaven's high portals fell;
Let hymns of praise his triumph tell!
Hallelujah!

5 Lord, by the stripes which wounded thee,
From death's dread sting thy servants free,
That we may live and sing to thee,
Hallelujah!

FRANCIS POTT, tr.

189 Ashwell L. M.

ISAAC WATTS — Dr. L. MASON



1. What e - qual hon - ors shall we bring To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,
2. Wor - thy is he that once was slain, The Prince of Peace that groaned and died,
3. Hon - or im - mor - tal must be paid In - stead of scan - dal and of scorn;
4. Bless - ings for ev - er on the Lamb, Who bore the curse for wretch - ed men;





When all the notes that an - gels sing Are far in - fe - rior to thy name?
Wor - thy to rise, and live, and reign, At his al-might-y Fa - ther's side.
While glo - ry shines a-round his head, And a bright crown without a thorn.
Let an - gels sound his sa - cred name, And ev - 'ry crea-ture say, A - men. A-MEN.



190 *Abide with Us*

1 Abide with us; the evening shades
Begin already to prevail;
And, as the lingering twilight fades,
Dark clouds along the horizon sail.

2 Abide with us; and still unfold
Thy sacred, thy prophetic lore;
What wondrous things of Jesus told!
Stranger, we thirst, we pant for more.

3 Abide with us; our hearts are cold;
We thought that Israel he'd restore;
But sweet the truths thy lips have told,
And, stranger, we complain no more.

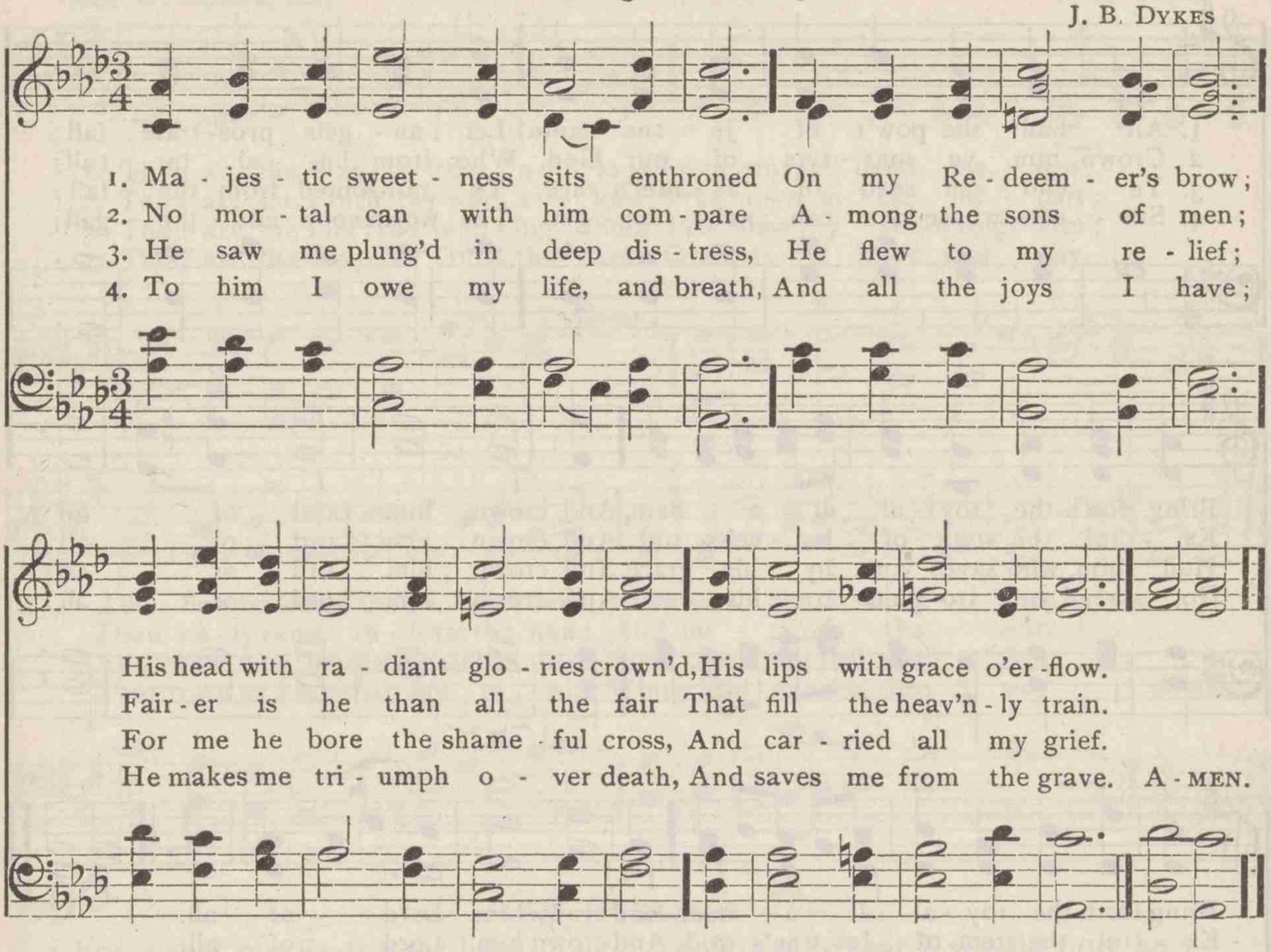
4 Abide with us: amazed they cry,
As, suddenly, while breaking bread,
Their own lost Jesus meets their eye,
With radiant glory on his head.

RAFFLES

191 Beatitudo C. M.

He is Altogether Lovely

J. B. DYKES



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

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

JOSEPH STENNETT, d. 1713

192 *The Precious Name*

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

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

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

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

JOHN NEWTON

193 Coronation C. M. *The Glorification of Christ*

O. HOLDEN





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

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

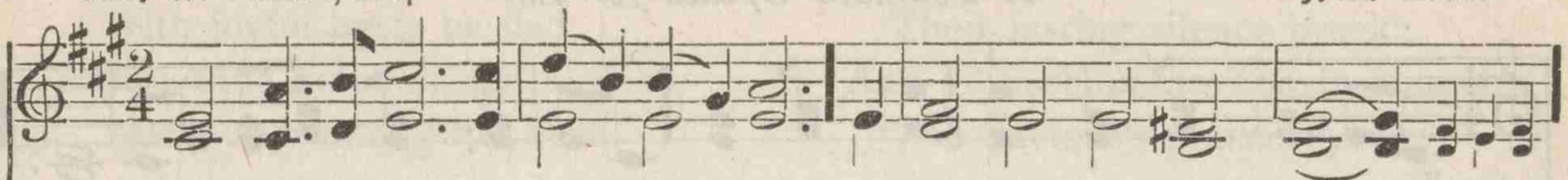
194 Doxology (Sessions)

L. O. EMERSON



195 Hymn C. M. *The Way, the Truth, and the Life*

GEO. W. DOANE, 1824 J. E. GOULD



1. Thou art the Way; to thee a - lone From sin and death we flee;
2. Thou art the Truth; thy word a - lone True wis-dom can im - part;
3. Thou art the Life; the rend - ing tomb Proclaims thy con-q'ring arm;
4. Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life; Grant us to know that way,



And he who would the Fa - ther seek, Must seek him, Lord, by thee.
Thou on - ly canst in - form the mind, And pu - ri - fy the heart.
And those who put their trust in thee Nor death nor hell shall harm.
That truth to keep, that life to win, Which lead to end -less day. A-MEN.



196 *I Have Prayed for Thee*

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

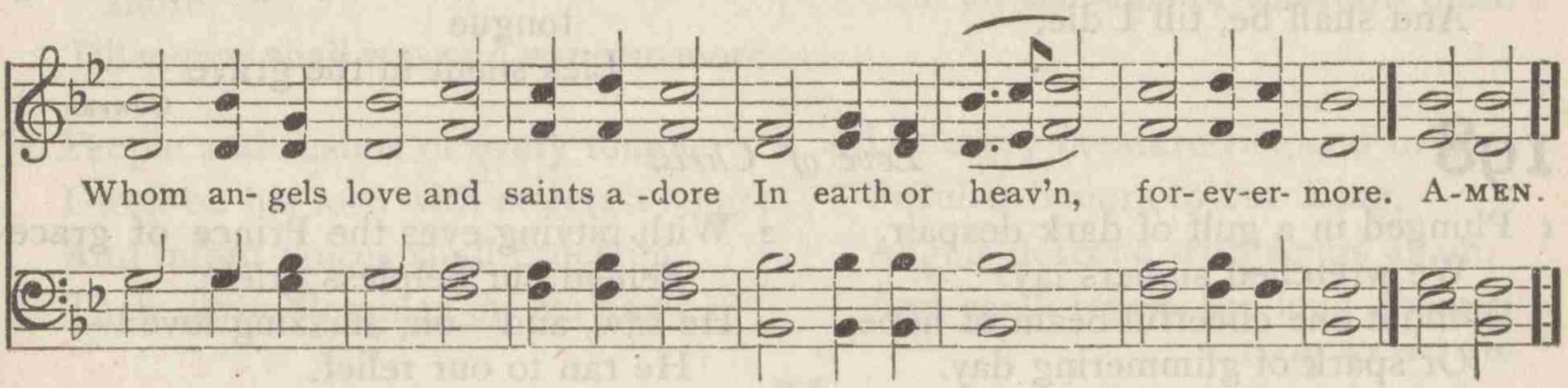
3 I find him lifting up my head;
He brings salvation near:
His presence makes me free indeed,
And he will soon appear.

3 He wills that I should holy be:
What can withstand his will?
The counsel of his grace in me
He surely shall fulfil.

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

CHARLES WESLEY

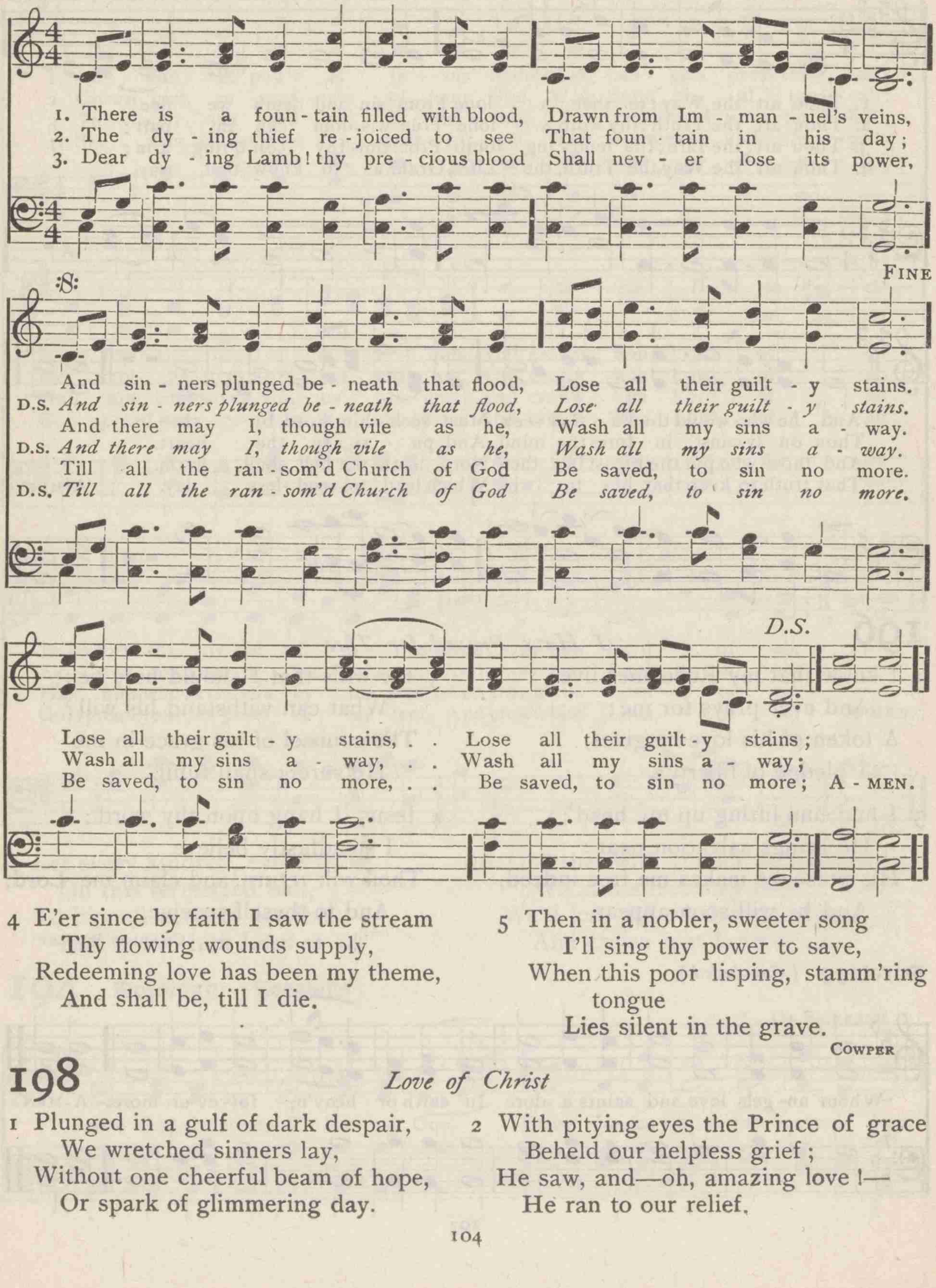
Doxology (*Concluded*)



Whom an- gels love and saints a -dore In earth or heav'n, for- ev-er- more. A-MEN.

197 Cleansing Fountain C. M.

A Fountain Opened for Sin



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

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

COWPER

198 *Love of Christ*

1 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 ran to our relief.

Love of Christ (*Concluded*)

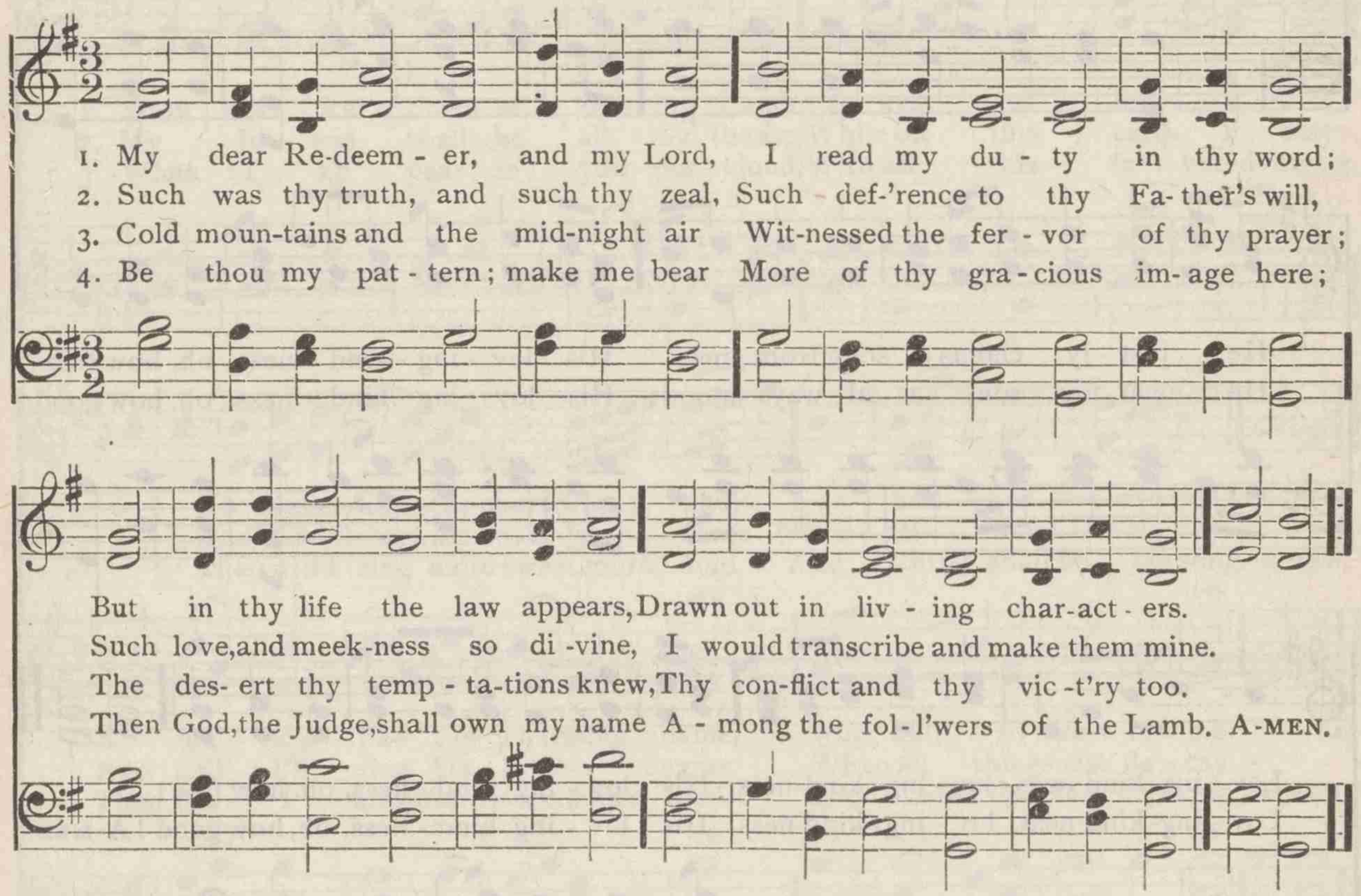
3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he fled,
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

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

WATTS

199 Rockingham L. M. *The Divine Example*

ISAAC WATTS — Dr. L. MASON



200 *Kingdom of Christ*

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

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

3 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.

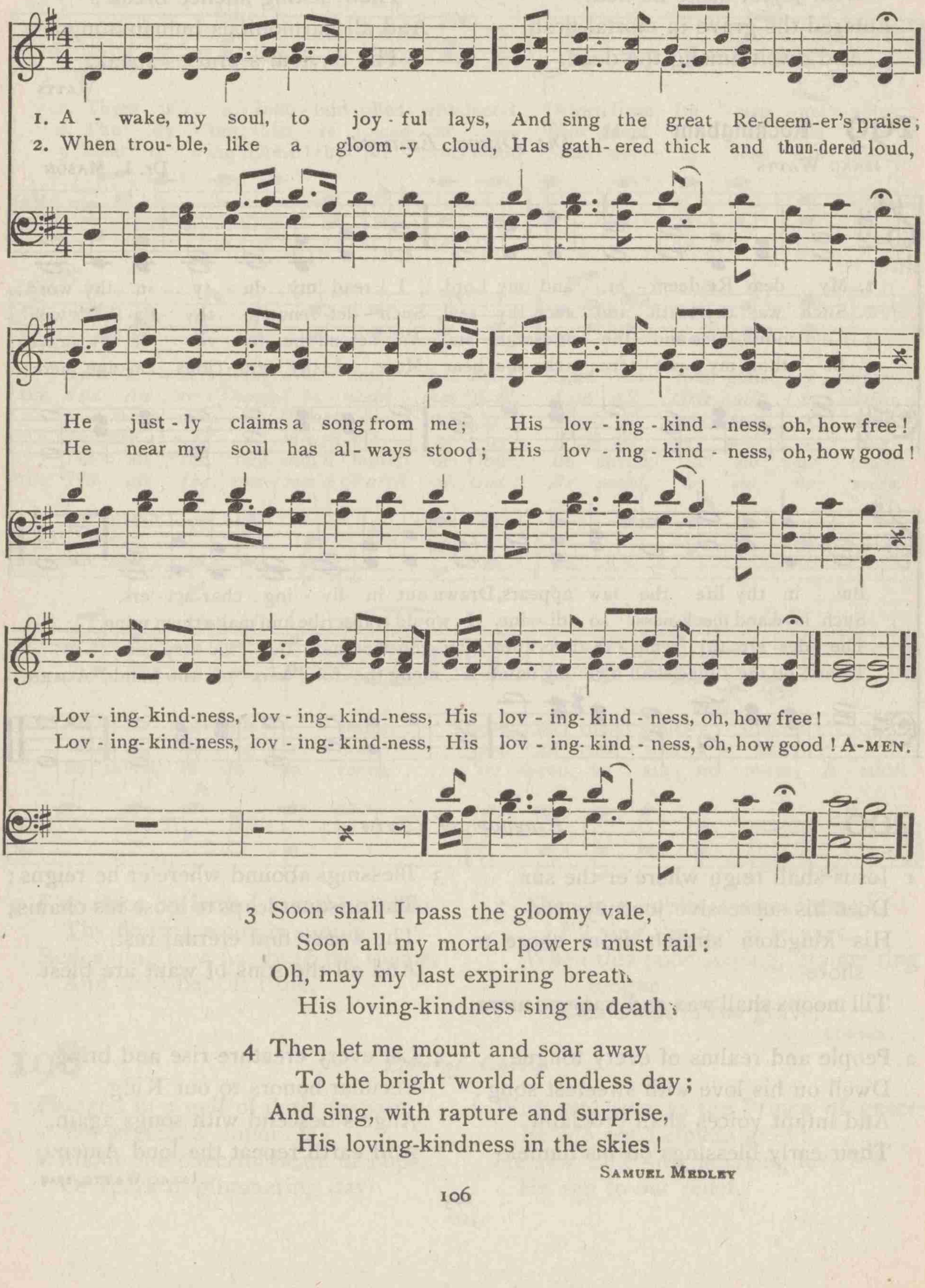
4 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King,
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719

201 Loving-Kindness L. M.

The Loving-Kindness of the Lord

Western Melody



3 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!

4 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

202 St. Leon C. M.

Sweet Name

JOHN CENNICK, 1743

From "Sabbath Harmony," by per. L. O. EMERSON

SOPRANO SOLO



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203

Salvation by Christ

1 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

204 Refuge 7s.

Christ, Our All

CHARLES WESLEY, 1740 — JOS. P. HOLBROOK

CHOIR

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo-som fly, While the bil - lows near me
2. Oth - er refuge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on thee; Leave, oh, leave me not a -
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in thee I find; Raise the fall - en, cheer the
4. Plenteous grace with thee is found—Grace to cover all my sin; Let the heal-ing streams a -

CONGREGATION

roll, While the tem - pest still is high; Hide me, oh, my Sav - iour, hide, Till the
lone, Still sup - port and com-fort me: All my trust on thee is stayed, All my
faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind: Just and ho - ly is thy name, I am
bound, Make me, keep me, pure with - in. Thou of life the Fountain art, Free - ly

storm of life is past; Safe in - to the ha-ven guide, Oh, re-ceive my soul at last.
help from thee I bring; Cover my de-fenceless head With the shadow of thy wing.
all unrighteousness; Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
let me take of thee; Spring thou up within my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty. A-MEN.

204 Martyn 7s. D. (*Second Tune*)

SIMEON B. MARSH, 1834

1. { Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly, }
   { While the bil - lows near me roll, While the tem - pest still is high; }

D.C. *Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.*

205 Lenox H. M.

The Interceding Saviour

JONATHAN EDSON, 1782

1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise; Shake off thy guilt - y fears; The bleed-ing Sac - ri - fice
2. He ev - er lives a - bove, For me to in - ter - cede, His all - re-deem-ing love,
3. The Fa - ther hears him pray, His dear A - noint - ed One; He can-not turn a - way

In my be-half ap-pears:
His precious blood to plead;
The pres-ence of his Son:

Be - fore the throne my Saviour stands, My
His blood a - toned for all our race, And
His Spir - it an - swers to the blood, And

Be - fore the throne my Sav - iour stands, My name is writ - ten
His blood a - toned for all our race, And sprin-kles now the
His Spir - it an - swers to the blood, And tells me I am

name is writ - ten on his hands, My name is writ - ten on his hands.
sprin - kles now the throne of grace, And sprin - kles now the throne of grace.
tells me I am born of God, And tells me I am born of God. A-MEN.

on his hands, My name is writ - - ten on his hands.
throne of grace, And sprin - - kles now the throne of grace.
born of God, And tells me I am born of God.

Martyn (*Concluded*)

D.C.

Hide me, oh, my Sav - iour, hide, . Till the storm of life is past; . A-MEN.

206 Curtis L. M.

Behold, I Stand at the Door

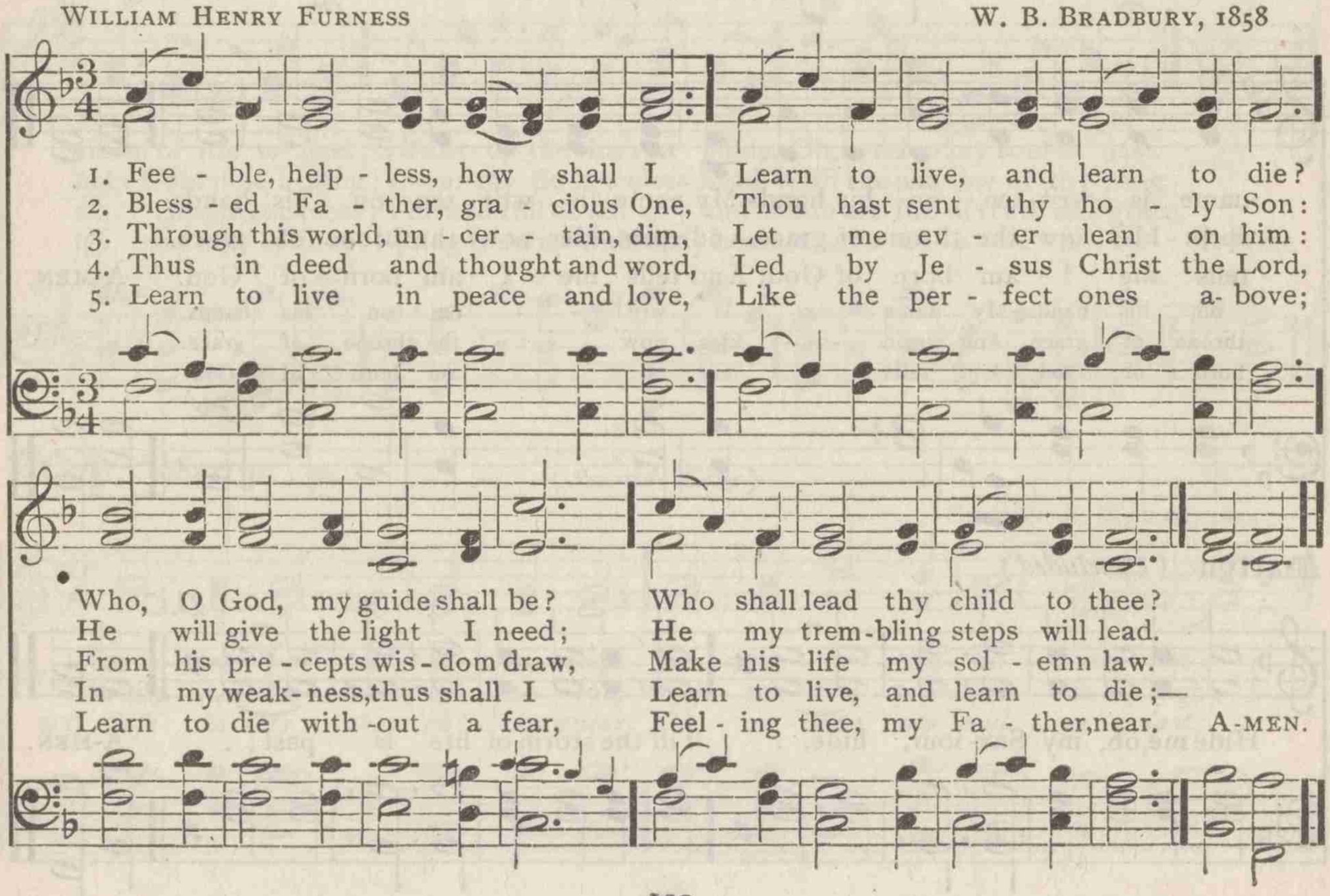
GRIGG — From "Jubilant Voices." L. V. WHEELER



207 Aletta 7s.

Jesus Our Leader

WILLIAM HENRY FURNESS — W. B. BRADBURY, 1858



208 Middleton 8s. & 7s. D. *Prayer for Light*

TOPLADY — Arr. by J. ZUNDEL



209 *He Careth for Me*

1 Yes, for me, for me he careth
With a brother's tender care;
Yes, with me, with me he shareth
Every burden, every fear.
Yes, in me abroad he sheddeth
Joys unearthly, love and light;
And to cover me he spreadeth
His love-brooding wing of might.

2 Yes, in me, in me he dwelleth;
I in him, and he in me;
And my empty soul he filleth,
Here and through eternity.
Thus I wait for his returning,
Singing all the way to heaven;
Such the joyful song of morning,
Such the tranquil song of even.

HORATIUS BONAR

210 *Christ the True Friend*

1 One there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's—
Costly, free, and knows no end.
Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in him to God.

2 When he lived on earth abasèd,
Friend of Sinners was his name;
Now, above all glory raisèd,
He rejoices in the same.
O for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above.

NEWTON

211 Toplady 7s. 6l.

Rock of Ages

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY, 1776 — Dr. THOMAS HASTINGS, 1830

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee!
2. Could my zeal no res - pite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
3. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my eye - lids close in death,

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy ri - ven side which flow'd,
All for sin could not a - tone, Thou must save, and thou a - lone;
When I soar to worlds un-known, See thee on thy judg - ment throne,

f

Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.
Noth - ing in my hand I bring; Sim - ply to thy cross I cling.
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee. A - MEN.

212 Gorton S. M.

Salvation by Grace

PHILIP DODDRIDGE — Arr. fr. BEETHOVEN

1. Grace! 'tis a charm - ing sound, Har - mo - nious to the ear:
2. Grace first con - trived a way To save re - bel - lious man;
3. Grace taught my rov - ing feet To tread the heav'n - ly road;
4. Grace all the work shall crown, Through ev - er - last - ing days;

213 My Jesus, I Love Thee 6s. & 5s. D.

London Hymn Book — A. J. Gordon

1. My Je - sus, I love thee, I know thou art mine; For thee all the
2. I love thee, be - cause thou hast first lov - ed me, And pur - chased my
3. I will love thee in life, I will love thee in death, And praise thee as
4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light, I'll ev - er a -

fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my
par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love thee for wear - ing the
long as thou lend - est me breath; And say when the death - dew lies
dore thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing

Sav - iour art thou, If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
thorns on thy brow; If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
cold on my brow; If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
crown on my brow, If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now. A-MEN.

Gorton (*Concluded*)

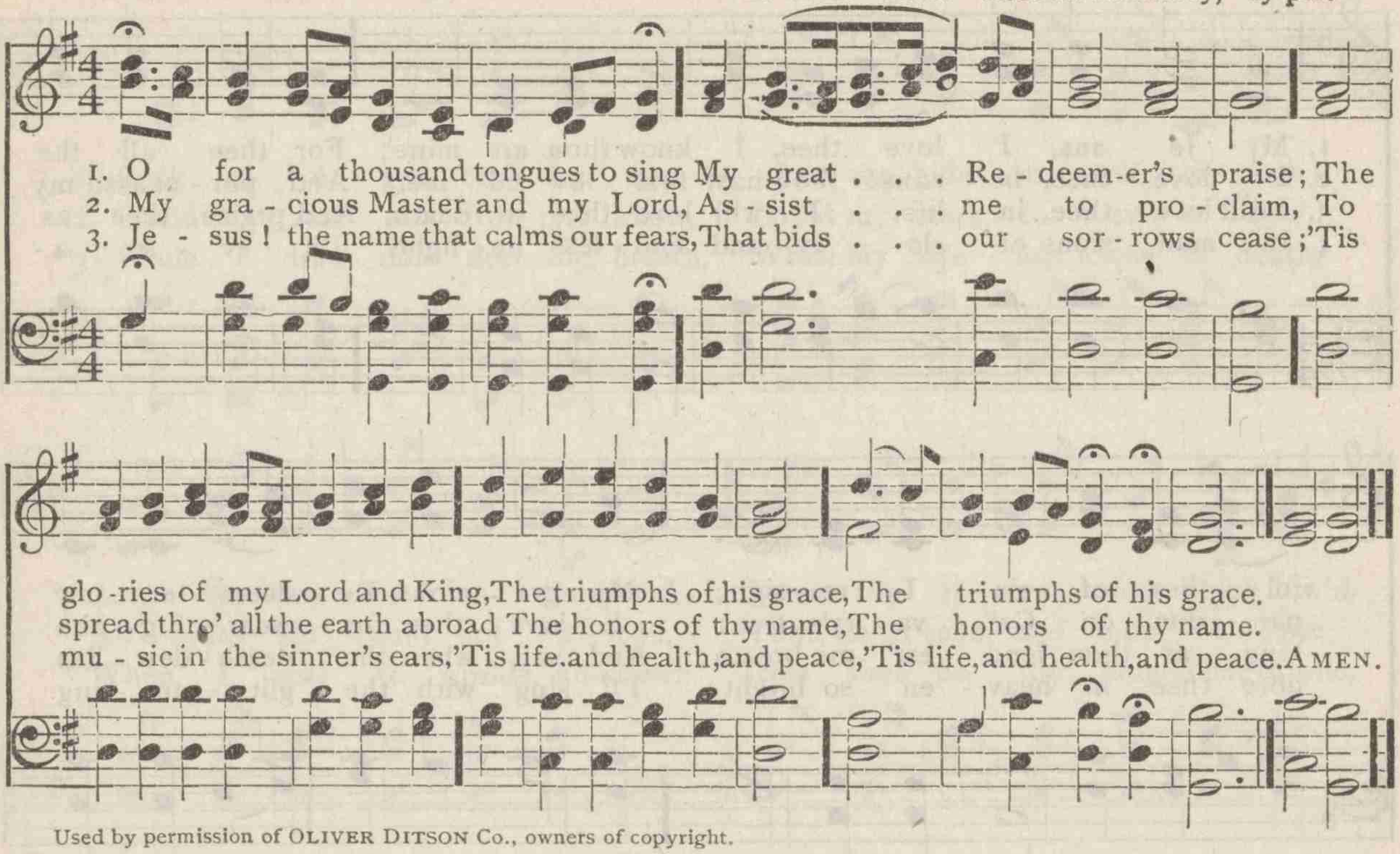
Heav'n with the ech - o shall re - sound, And all the earth shall hear.
And all the steps that grace dis - play, Which drew the won-drous plan.
And new sup - plies each hour I meet, While press-ing on to God.
It lays in heav'n the top - most stone, And well de - serves our praise. A-MEN.

214 Boner C. M.

Praise to the Saviour

CHARLES WESLEY

L. O. E. From "Sabbath Harmony," by per.



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215 *Praising Christ for His Grace*

1 My Saviour, my almighty Friend;
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end:
The numbers of thy grace?

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

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

4 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The victories of my King!
My soul redeemed from sin and hell,
Shall thy salvation sing.

ISAAC WATTS

216 *The Unsearchable Riches of Christ*

1 To our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the sacred song;
O, may his love—immortal flame—
Tune every heart and tongue.

2 His love what mortal tho't can reach?
What mortal tongue display?
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

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

4 O, may the sweet, the blissful theme
Fill every heart and tongue,
Till strangers love thy charming name,
And join the sacred song.

ANNE STEELE

217 Devizes C. M. *Worthy is the Lamb*

ISAAC WATTS, 1709 — ISAAC TUCKER, 1800



218 *Christ Precious*

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

2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My Transport and my Trust;
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish,
In thee doth richly meet;
Nor to mine eyes is life so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

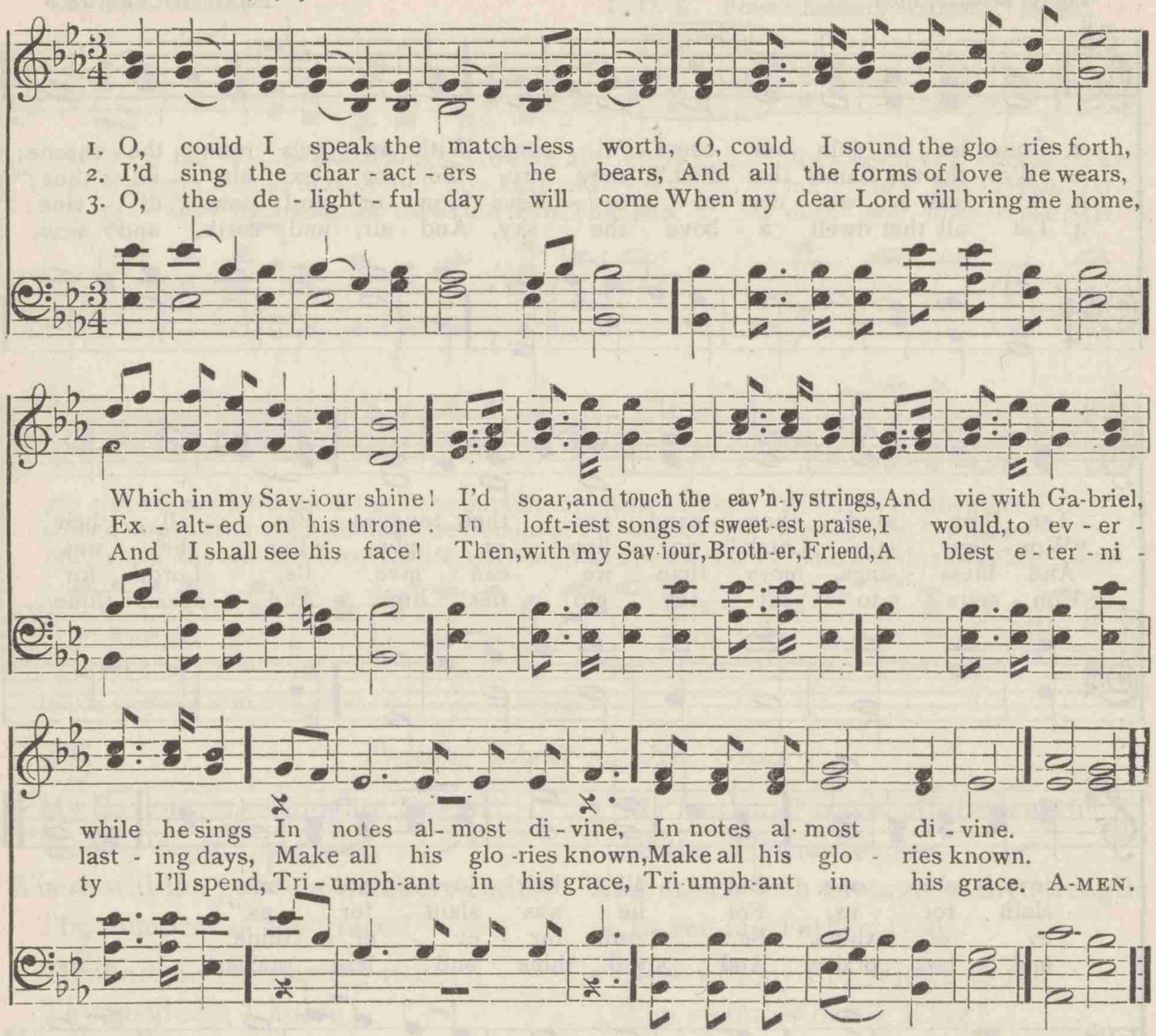
4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1740

219 Ariel C. P. M.

Excellency of Christ

SAMUEL MEDLEY, 1789 — LOWELL MASON



220

The Saviour's Mission

1 O, let your mingling voices rise
In grateful rapture to the skies,
And hail a Saviour's birth:
Let songs of joy the day proclaim
When Jesus all-triumphant came
To bless the sons of earth!

2 He came to bid the weary rest,
To heal the sinner's wounded breast,
To bind the broken heart;
To spread the light of truth around,
And to the world's remotest bound
The heavenly gift impart.

3 He came our trembling souls to save
From sin, from sorrow, and the grave,
And chase our fears away;
Victorious o'er death and time,
To lead us to a happier clime,
Where reigns eternal day.

JANE ELIZABETH ROSCOE

221 Myers H. M.

Response to the New Song

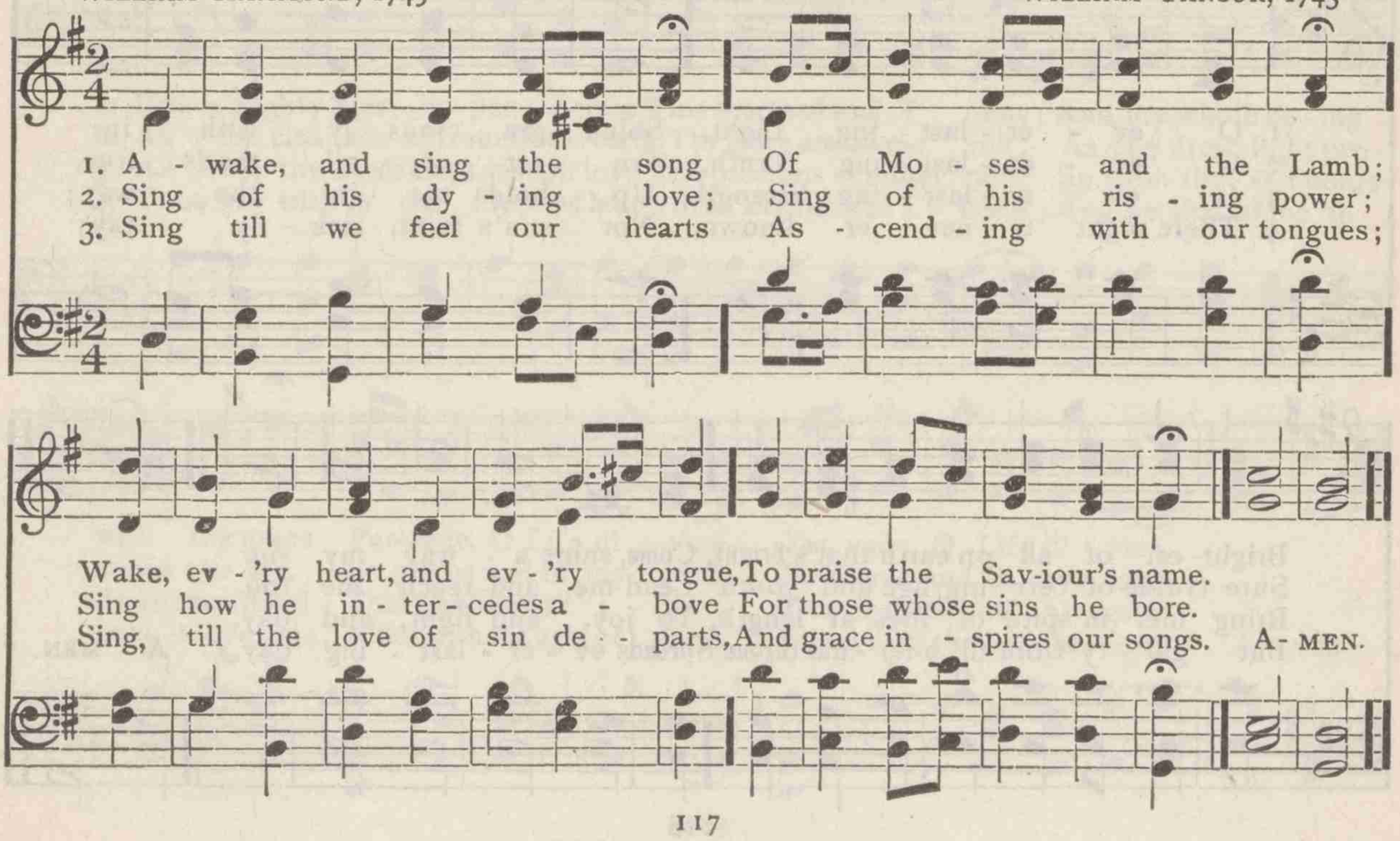
JAMES J. CUMMINS, 1846 — GEO. M. MONROE



222 St. Thomas S. M.

The Song of Moses and the Lamb

WILLIAM HAMMOND, 1745 — WILLIAM TANSUR, 1743



223 Gratitude L. M.

Christ-like

ANNE STEELE — T. HASTINGS



1. Make us, by thy trans- form- ing grace, Dear Sav - iour, dai - ly more like thee!
2. Oh, how be - nev - o - lent and kind! How mild! how rea - dy to for - give!
3. To do his heav'n-ly Fa - ther's will Was his em - ploy-ment and de - light;
4. But ah! how blind, how weak we are! How frail! how apt to turn a - side!



Thy fair ex - am - ple may we trace, To teach us what we ought to be!
Be this the tem - per of our minds, And these the rules by which we live.
Hu - mil - i - ty and ho - ly zeal Shone thro' his life di-vine - ly bright.
Lord, we de - pend up - on thy care, And ask thy Spir - it for our guide. A - MEN.



224 Sprague S. M.

Christ is All

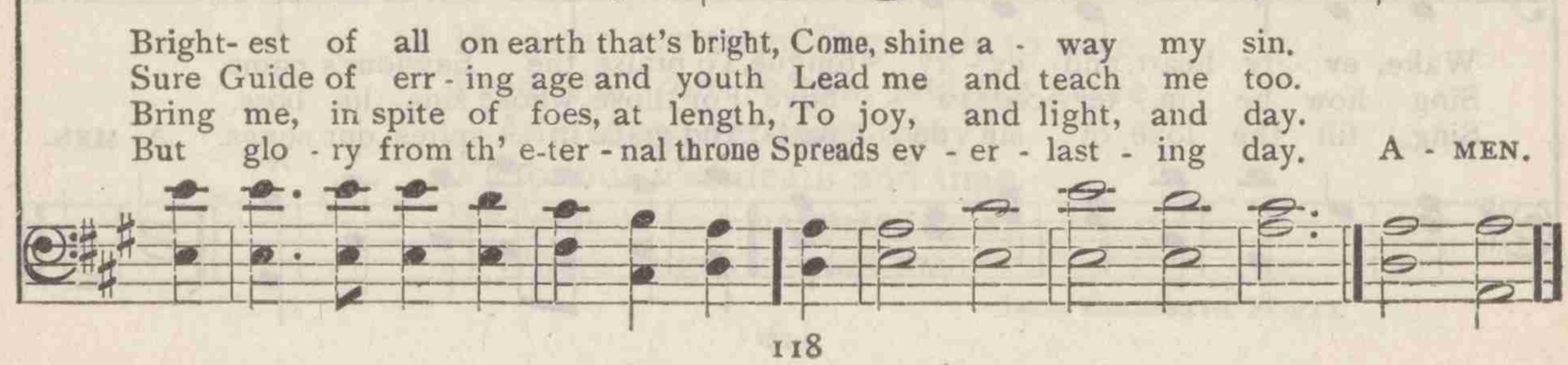
ANNE STEELE — A. N. JOHNSON, by per.



1. O ev - er - last - ing Light, Shine gra - cious - ly with - in;
2. O ev - er - last - ing Truth, Tru - est of all that's true,
3. O ev - er - last - ing Strength, Up - hold me in the way;
4. There night is nev - er known, Nor sun's faint, sick - ly ray;



Bright- est of all on earth that's bright, Come, shine a - way my sin.
Sure Guide of err - ing age and youth Lead me and teach me too.
Bring me, in spite of foes, at length, To joy, and light, and day.
But glo - ry from th' e-ter - nal throne Spreads ev - er - last - ing day. A - MEN.



225 Pax Dei 10s. *Guidance into Truth*

THEODORE PARKER — J. B. DYKES

1. O thou great Friend to all the sons of men, Who once appeared in humblest guise be - low,
2. We look to thee: thy Spirit gives the light Which guides the nations, groping on their way,
3. Yes: thou art still the Life: thou art the Way The holiest know,—Light, Life, and Way of heaven;

Sin to re-buke, to break the captive's chain, And call thy brethren forth from want and woe!
Stumb-ling and fall-ing in dis-as-trous night, Yet hop-ing ev-er for the per - fect day.
And they who dear-est hope, and deepest pray, Toil by the light, life, way, which thou hast giv'n. A-MEN.

226 Ortonville C. M. *Quicken Me, O Lord*

HORATIUS BONAR, 1857 — THOMAS HASTINGS, 1837

1. Come, mighty Spir - it, pen - e-trate This heart and soul of mine; And my whole be - ing
2. As the clear air surrounds the earth, Thy grace around me roll; As the fresh light per -
3. As from the clouds drops down in love The precious summer rain, So from thy - self pours
4. Thus life with-in our life-less hearts Shall make its glad a - bode; And we shall shine in

with thy grace Per-vade, O Life di - vine, Per-vade, O Life di - vine.
vades the air, So pierce and fill my soul, So pierce and fill my soul.
down the flood That freshens all a - gain, That freshens all a - gain.
beau-teous light, Filled with the light of God, Filled with the light of God. A - MEN.

227 Mendon L. M.

He Will Guide You into All Truth

SIMON BROWNE Arr. by Dr. L. MASON



1. Come, gracious Spi - rit, heav'n-ly Dove, With light and com - fort from a - bove;
2. To us the light of truth dis - play, And make us know and choose thy way;
3. Lead us to ho - li - ness—the road Which we must take to dwell with God;
4. Lead us to God—our fi - nal rest, To be with him for - ev - er blest;



Be thou our guardian, thou our guide! O'er ev-'ry thought and step pre-side.
Plant ho-ly fear in ev - 'ry heart, That we from God may ne'er de - part.
Lead us to Christ, the liv - ing way, Nor let us from his pas - tures stray.
Lead us to heav'n, its bliss to share—Fulness of joy for - ev - er there. A-MEN.



228 *He Dwelleth with You*

1 Sure, the blest Comforter is nigh;
'Tis he sustains my fainting heart;
Else would my hope forever die,
And every cheering ray depart.

2 Whene'er to call the Saviour mine,
With ardent wish my heart aspires,
Can it be less than power divine
That animates these strong desires?

3 And when my cheerful hope can say,
I love my God and taste his grace,
Lord, is it not thy blissful ray
Which brings this dawn of sacred peace?

4 Let thy kind Spirit in my heart
Forever dwell, O God of love,
And light and heavenly peace impart—
Sweet earnest of the joys above.

ANNE STEELE

229 Wimborne L. M.

It is the Spirit That Quickeneth

GEORGE BURDETT J. WHITAKER



1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, calm my mind, And fit me to ap - proach my God;
2. Hast thou im - part-ed to my soul A liv - ing spark of ho - ly fire?
3. A bright-er faith and hope im - part, And let me now my Sav - iour see;





Remove each vain, each worldly thought, And lead me to thy blest a - bode.
O, kindle now the sa - cred flame, And make me burn with pure de - sire.
O, soothe and cheer my burdened heart, And bid my spir - it rest in thee. AMEN.



230 *He Shall Teach You All Things*

1 Come, blessèd Spirit, Source of light,
Whose pow'r and grace are unconfined,
Dispel the gloomy shades of night,
The thicker darkness of the mind.

2 To mine illumined eyes display
The glorious truth thy work reveals;
Cause me to run the heavenly way;
The book unfold, unloose the seals.

3 Thine inward teachings make me know
The mysteries of redeeming love,
The emptiness of things below,
The excellence of things above.

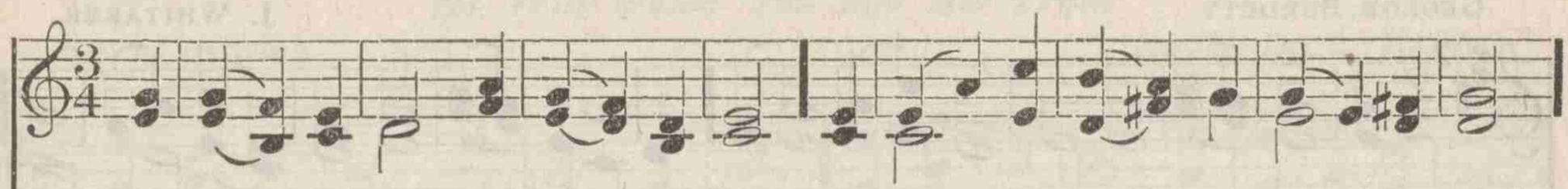
4 While thro' this dubious maze I stray,
Spread, like the sun, thy beams abroad,
To show the dangers of thy way,
And guide my feeble steps to God.

BEDDOME

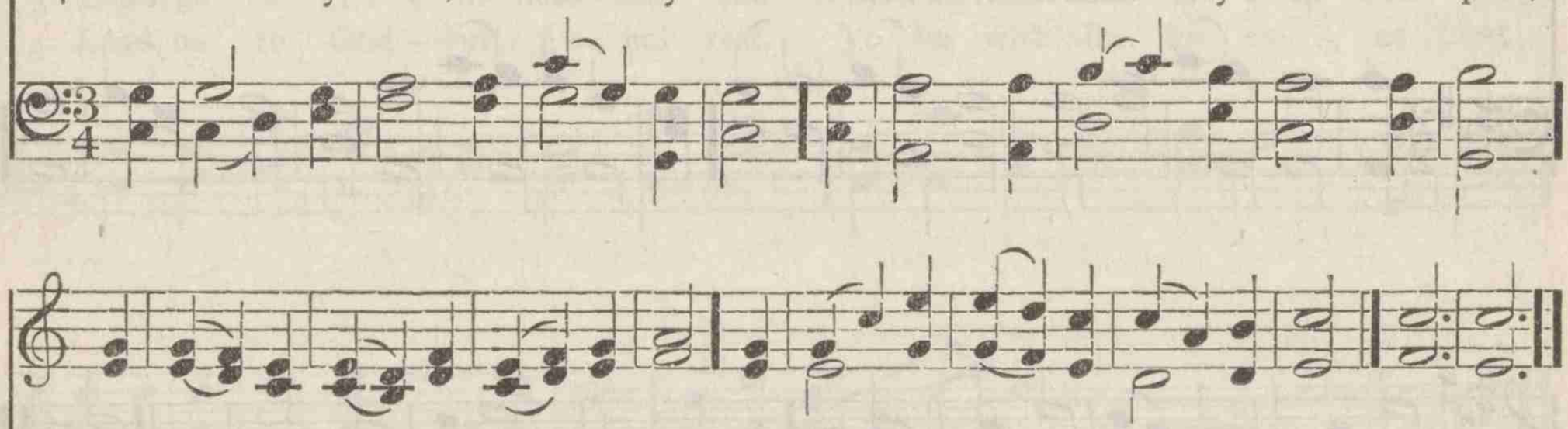
231 Ashford L. M.

Creator Spirit

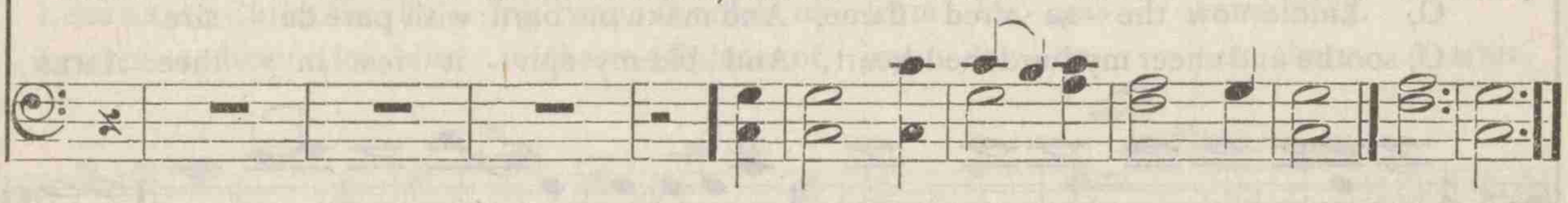
JOHN DRYDEN — CH. ZEUNER



1. O Source of un - cre - a - ted light, By whom the worlds were raised from night,
2. Plenteous in grace, de - scend from high, Rich in thy match - less en - er - gy;
3. Cleanse and re - fine our earth - ly parts, In - flame and sanc - ti - fy our hearts,
4. Thrice ho - ly Fount, thrice ho - ly Fire! Our hearts with heav'n - ly love in - spire;



Come, vis - it ev - 'ry pi - ous mind; Come, pour thy joys on hu - man kind.
From sin and sor - row set us free, And make us tem - ples wor - thy thee.
Our frail-ties help, our vice con- trol, Sub-mit the sens - es to the soul.
Make us e - ter - nal truths re-ceive; Aid us to live as we be-lieve. A - MEN.



232

Power of the Holy Spirit

1 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.

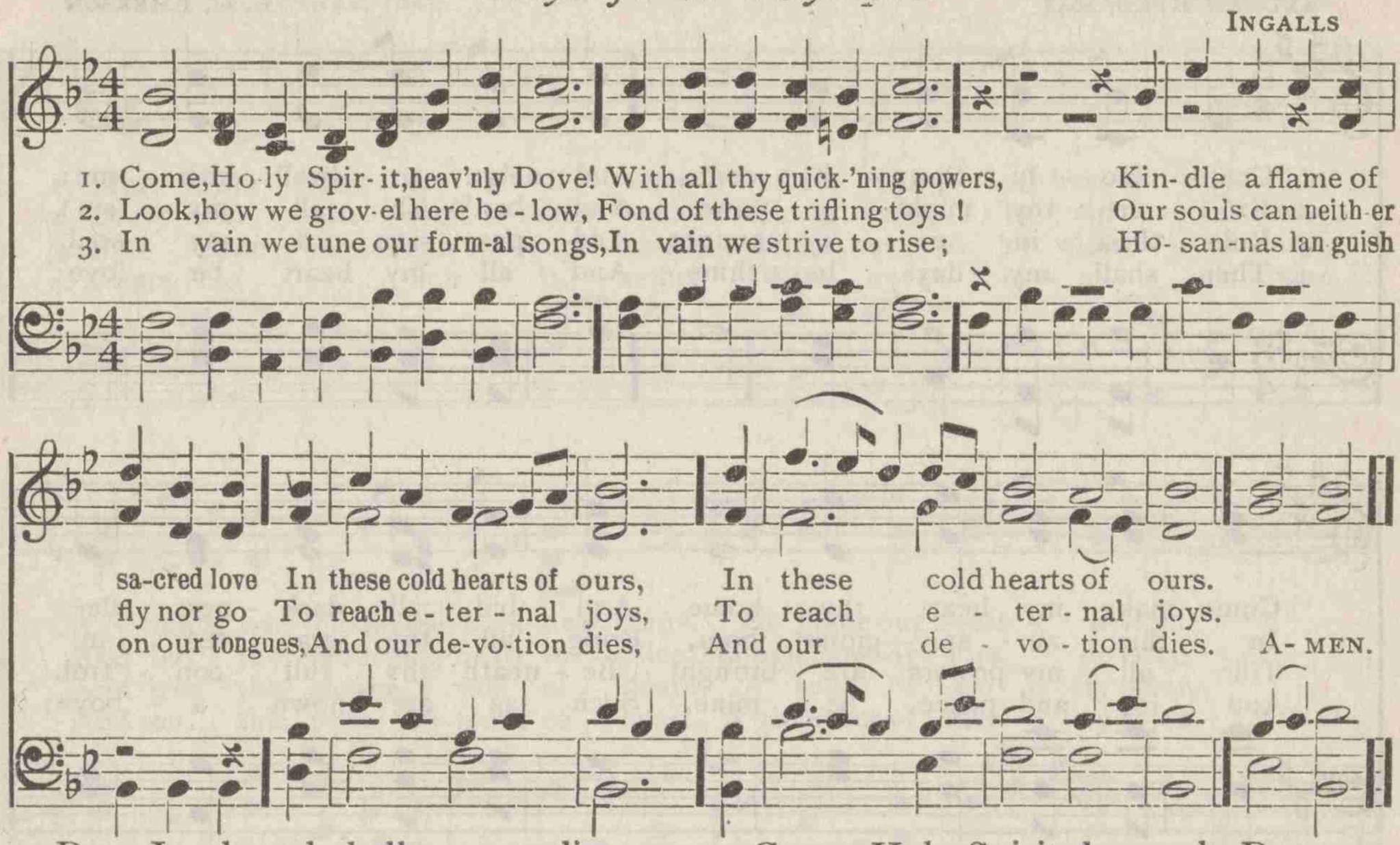
3 The troubled conscience knows thy voice;
Thy cheering words awake our joys;
Thy words allay the stormy wind,
And calm the surges of the mind.

ISAAC WATTS

233 Northfield C. M.

Prayer for the Holy Spirit

INGALLS



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

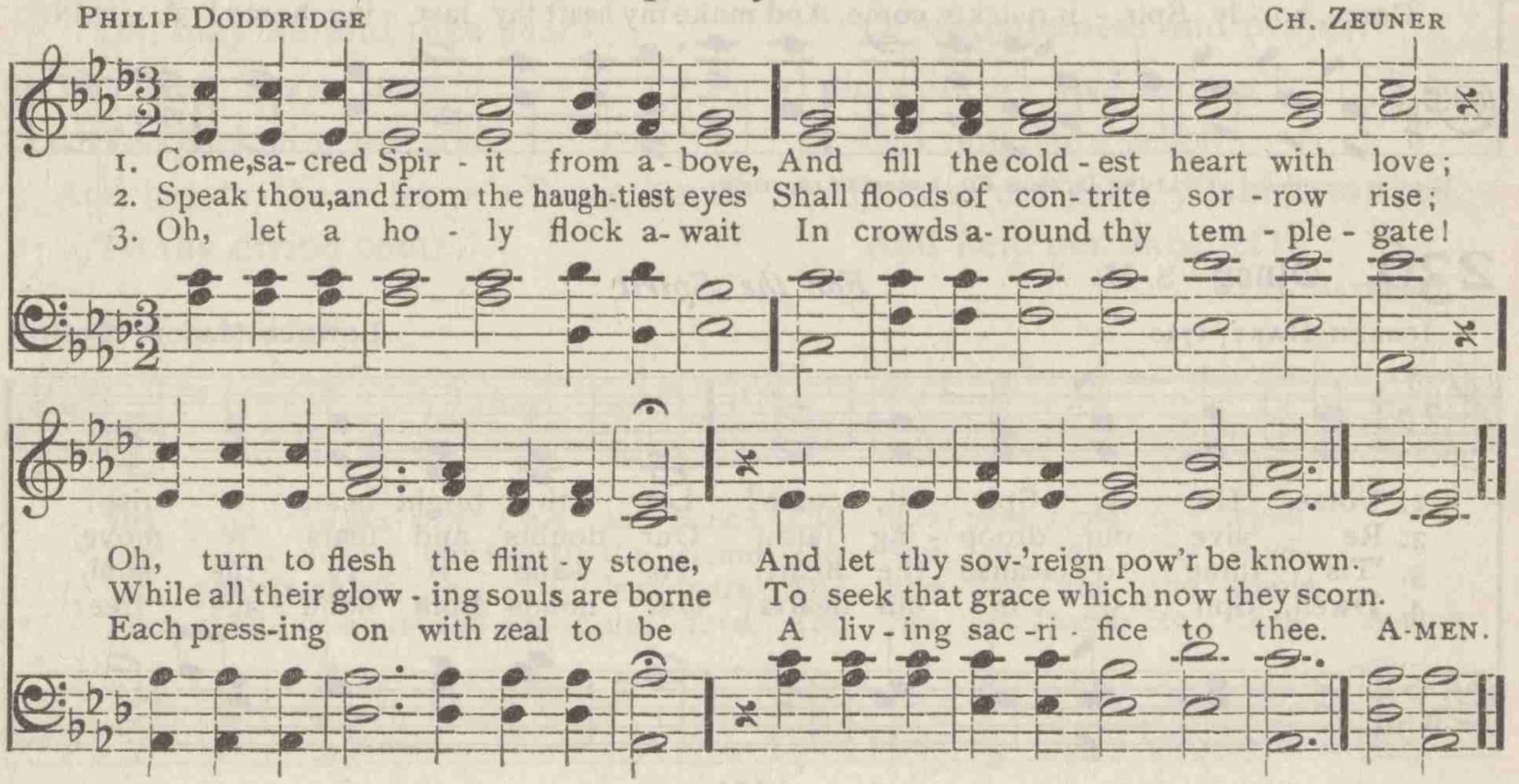
5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709

234 Missionary Chant L. M.

Spirit of Grace

PHILIP DODDRIDGE CH. ZEUNER



235 Kellogg H. M. *Come, Holy Spirit*

ANDREW REED, 1842 — L. O. EMERSON

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come, And deign to dwell with me;
2. Ex - ert thy might - y power, And ban - ish all my sin;
3. Rule thou in ev - 'ry thought And pas - sion of my soul,
4. Then shall my days be thine, And all my heart be love;

Come, make my heart thy home, And bid all dark - ness flee.
In this au - spi - cious hour, Bring all thy gra - ces in.
Till all my powers are brought Be - neath thy full con - trol.
And joy and peace be mine, Such as are known a - bove;

Come, sa - cred Guest, oh, quickly come, And make my heart thy last - ing home!
Come, strong De-liv-'rer, quickly come, And make my heart thy last - ing home!
Come, peaceful Conqu'ror, quickly come, And make my heart thy last - ing home!
Come, ho - ly Spir - it, quickly come, And make my heart thy last - ing home! A - MEN.

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236 Olney S. M. *For the Spirit*

JOSEPH HART, 1750 — LOWELL MASON, 1832

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come! Let thy bright beam a - rise;
2. Re - vive our droop - ing faith, Our doubts and fears re - move,
3. 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart, To sanc - ti - fy the soul,
4. Dwell, Spir - it! in our hearts; Our minds from bond - age free;

237 Thatcher S. M.

Divine Comforter

LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY, 1824 — G. F. HANDEL, 1732



238

The Light

1 Lord, bid thy light arise
On all thy people here,
And when we raise our longing eyes,
Oh, may we find thee near!

2 Thy Holy Spirit send,
To quicken every soul;
And hearts, the most rebellious, bend
To thy divine control.

3 Let all that own thy name
Thy sacred image bear,
And light in every heart the flame
Of watchfulness and prayer.

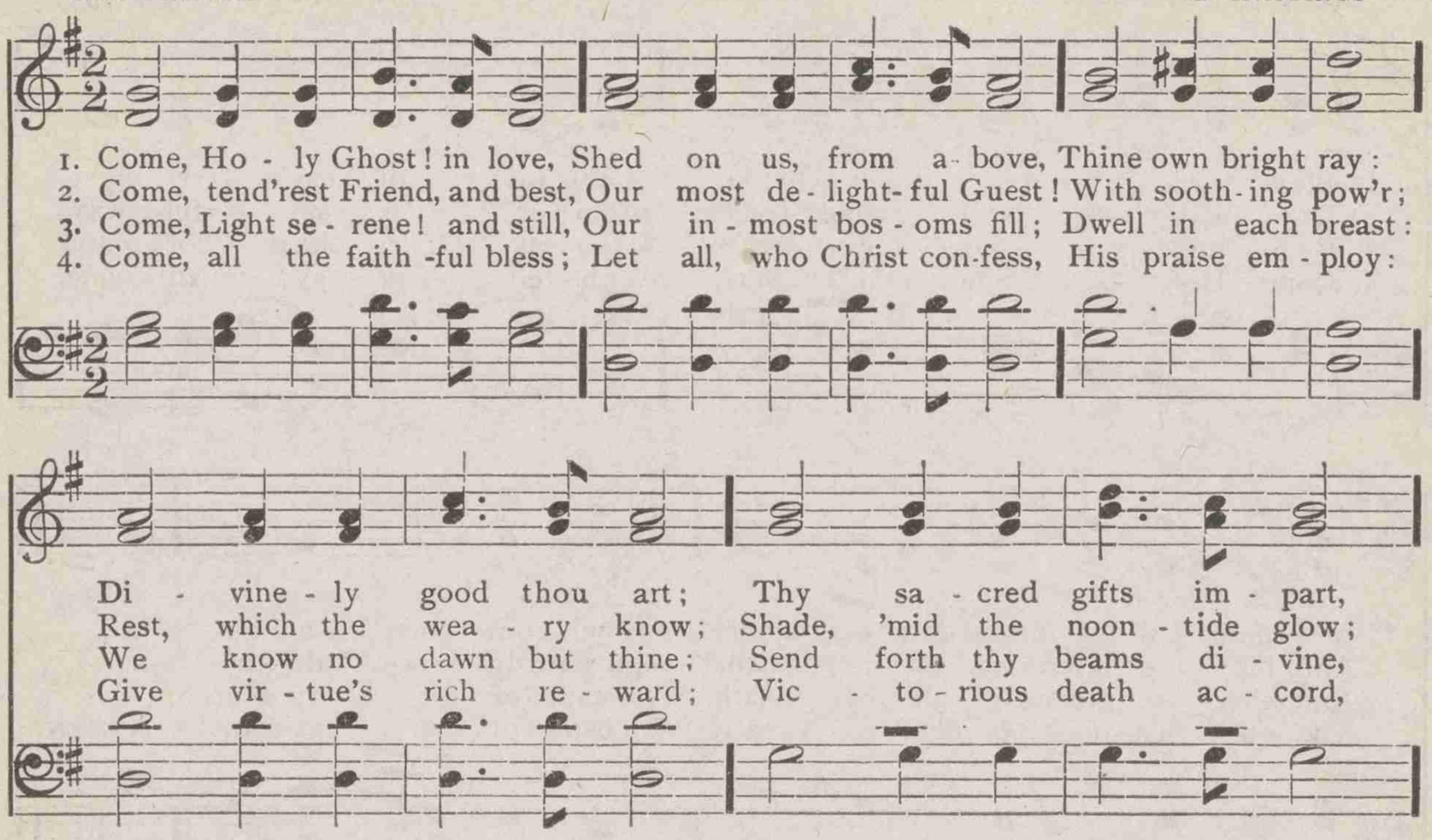
4 Since in thy love we see
Our only sure relief,
Ah, raise our earthly minds to thee,
And help our unbelief!

W. H. BATHURST

Olney (*Concluded*)

239 New Haven 6s. & 4s. *Oh, Come To-day*

RAY PALMER — T. HASTINGS



240 *Let There Be Light*

1 Thou, whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight!
Hear us, we humbly pray;
And, where the gospel day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light.

2 Thou, who didst come to bring,
On thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight!
Health to the sick in mind,
Light to the inly blind,
Oh, now to all mankind
Let there be light!

3 Descend thou from above,
Spirit of truth and love,—
Speed on thy flight!
Move o'er the waters' face,
Spirit of hope and grace,
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light!

JOHN MARRIOTT, 1813

241 Seymour 7s.

The Spirit Helpeth

ANDREW REED, 1841 — Arr. by H. W. GREATOREX, 1849



1. Ho - ly Spir - it, Light di - vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine;
2. Ho - ly Spir - it, Pow'r di - vine, Cleanse this guilt - y heart of mine;
3. Ho - ly Spir - it, Joy di - vine, Cheer this sad-dened heart of mine;
4. Ho - ly Spir - it, All di - vine, Dwell with - in this heart of mine;



Chase the shades of night a - way; Turn the dark - ness in - to day.
Long has sin, with-out con - trol, Held do - min - ion o'er my soul.
Bid my man - y woes de - part; Heal my wound - ed, bleed-ing heart.
Cast down ev - 'ry i - dol throne; Reign su - preme, and reign a - lone. A-MEN.



242 *The Things of Christ*

1 Holy spirit! gently come,
Raise us from our fallen state;
Fix thy everlasting home
In the hearts thou didst create.

2 Now thy quickening influence bring,
On our spirits sweetly move;
Open every mouth to sing
Jesus' everlasting love.

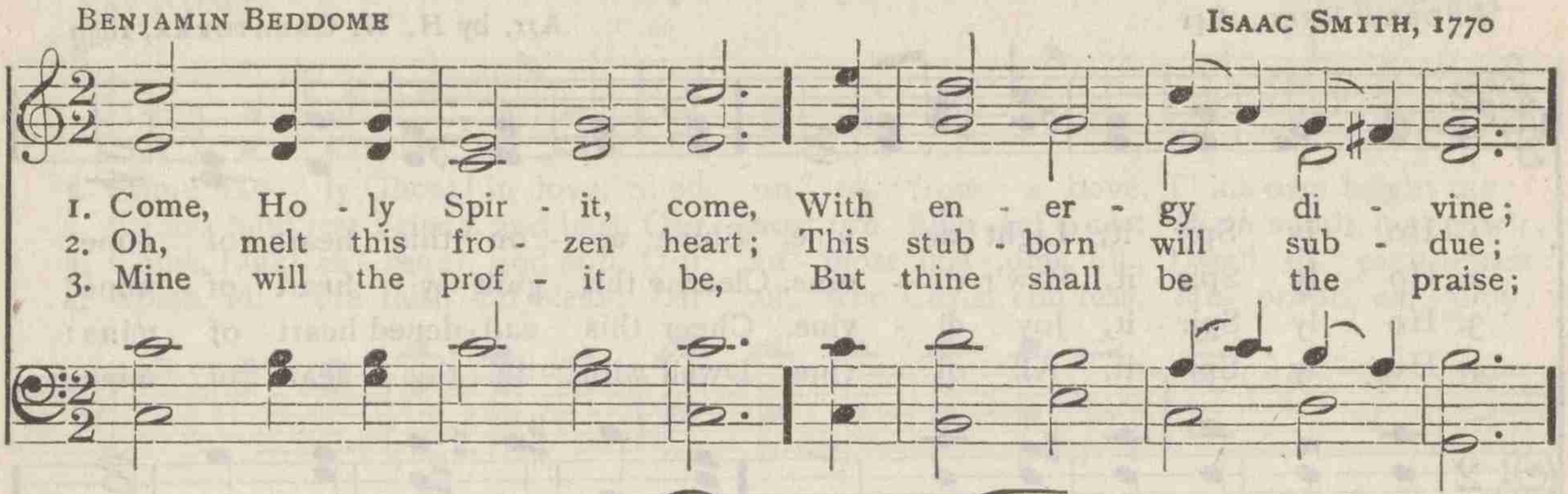
3 Take the things of Christ and show
What our Lord for us hath done;
May we God the Father know
Through his well-belovèd Son.

WILLIAM HAMMOND

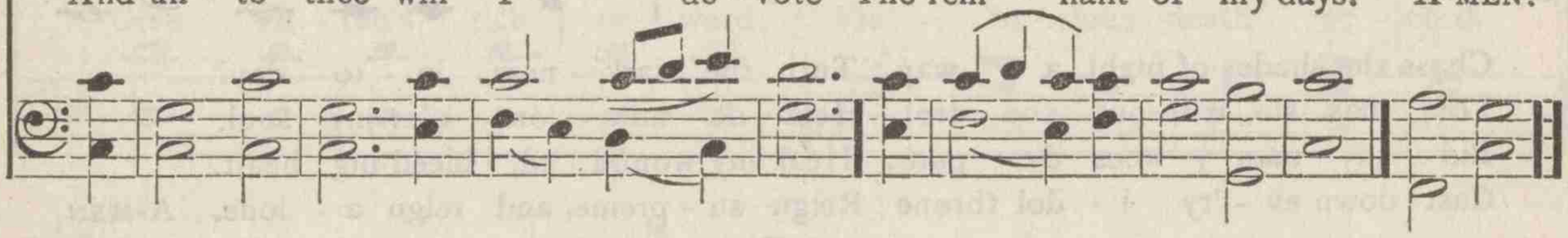
243 Silver Street S. M. *The Heart Melted*

BENJAMIN BEDDOME — ISAAC SMITH, 1770

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come, With en - er - gy di - vine;
2. Oh, melt this fro - zen heart; This stub - born will sub - due;
3. Mine will the prof - it be, But thine shall be the praise;



And on this poor be - night - ed soul, With beams of mer - cy shine.
Each e - vil pas - sion o - ver - come, And form me all a - new.
And un - to thee will I de - vote The rem - nant of my days. A-MEN.



244 Horton 7s. *He Will Guide You*

JOHN STOCKER, 1776 — Arr. by Dr. L. MASON

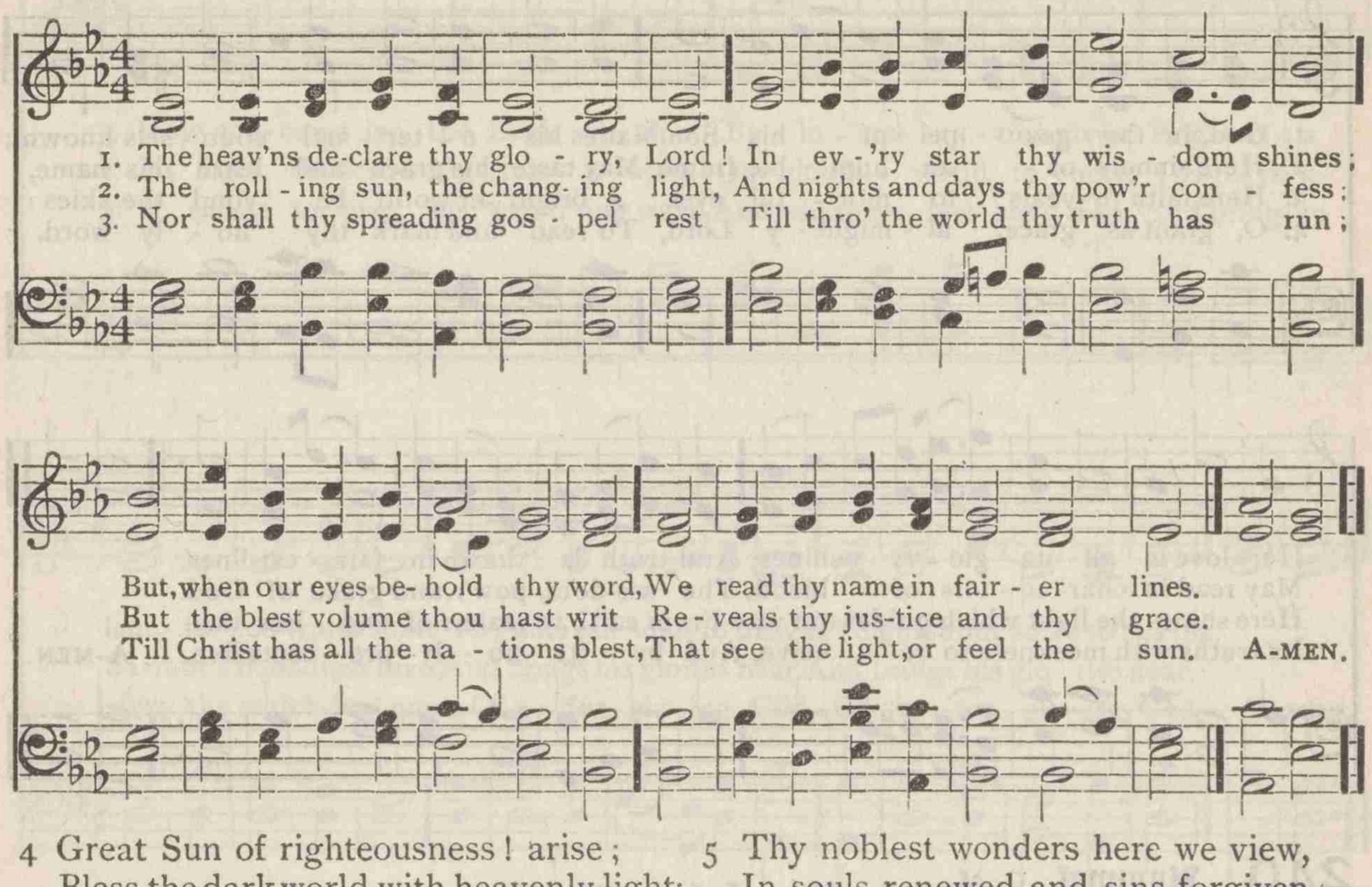
1. Gra - cious Spir - it, Love di - vine, Let thy light with - in me shine;
2. Speak thy par-d'ning grace to me, Set the bur - dened sin - ner free;
3. Life and peace to me im - part; Seal sal - va - tion on my heart;
4. Let me nev - er from thee stray; Keep me in the nar - row way;



All my guilt-y fears re - move; Fill me with thy heav'n-ly love.
Lead me to the Lamb of God; Wash me in his pre-cious blood.
Dwell thy-self with - in my breast, Ear - nest of im - mor - tal rest.
Fill my soul with joy di - vine; Keep me, Lord, for-ev - er thine. A - MEN.

245 Urbridge L. M. *The Works and Word of God*

LOWELL MASON



4 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.

5 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

246 *Excellency of the Gospel*

1 Let everlasting glories crown
Thy head, my Saviour and my Lord;
Thy hands have brought salvation down,
And stored the blessings in thy word.

2 In vain the trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon;
With long despair the spirit breaks,
Till we apply to Christ alone.

3 How well thy blessed truths agree!
How wise and holy thy commands!
Thy promises, how firm they be!
How firm our hope, our comfort stands.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709

247 *O, How I Love Thy Law*

1 I love the sacred Book of God;
No other can its place supply;
It points me to the saints' abode,
And lifts my joyful thoughts on high.

2 Blest Book, in thee my eyes discern
The image of my absent Lord;
From thine instructive page I learn
The joys his presence will afford.

3 But while I'm hear, thou shalt supply
His place, and tell me of his love;
I'll read with faith's discerning eye,
And thus partake of joys above.

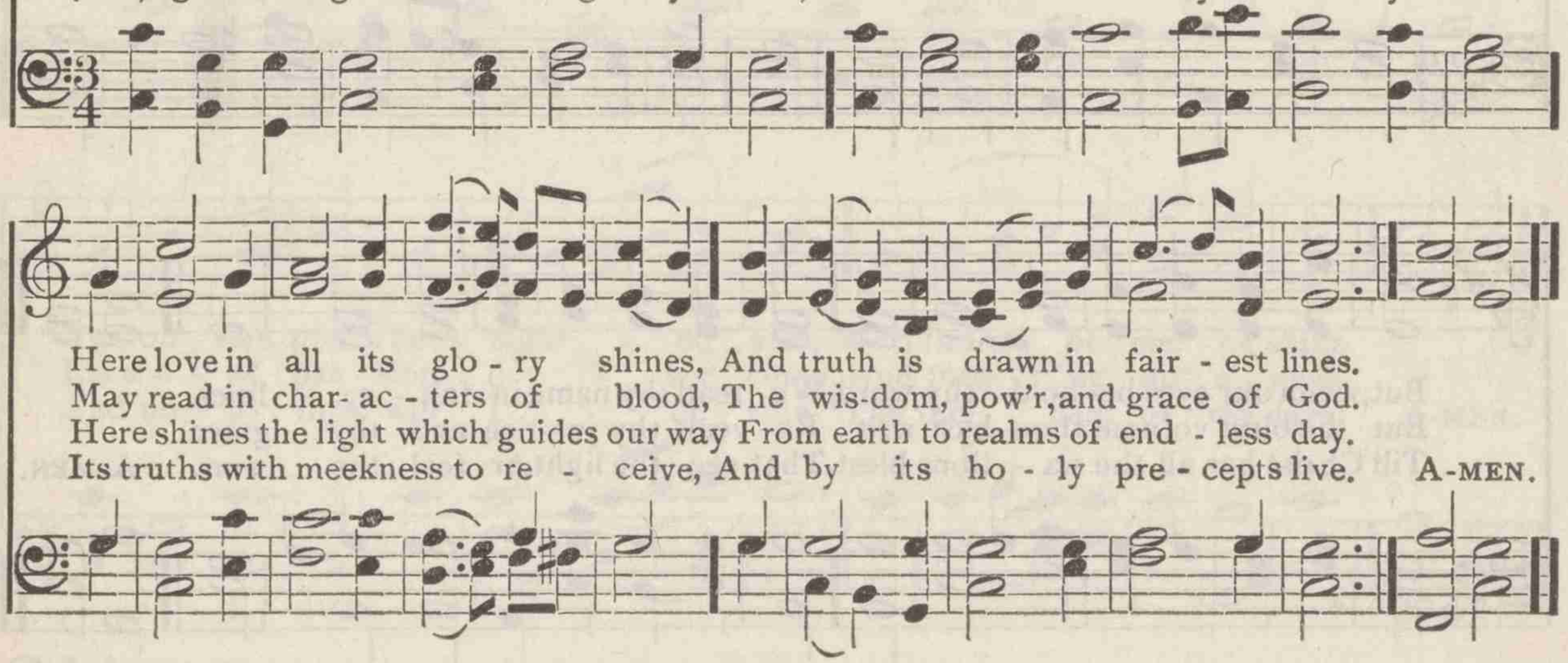
KELLY

248 Warrington L. M. *The Gospel Revelation*

BENJAMIN BEDDOME, 1787 — R. HARRISON



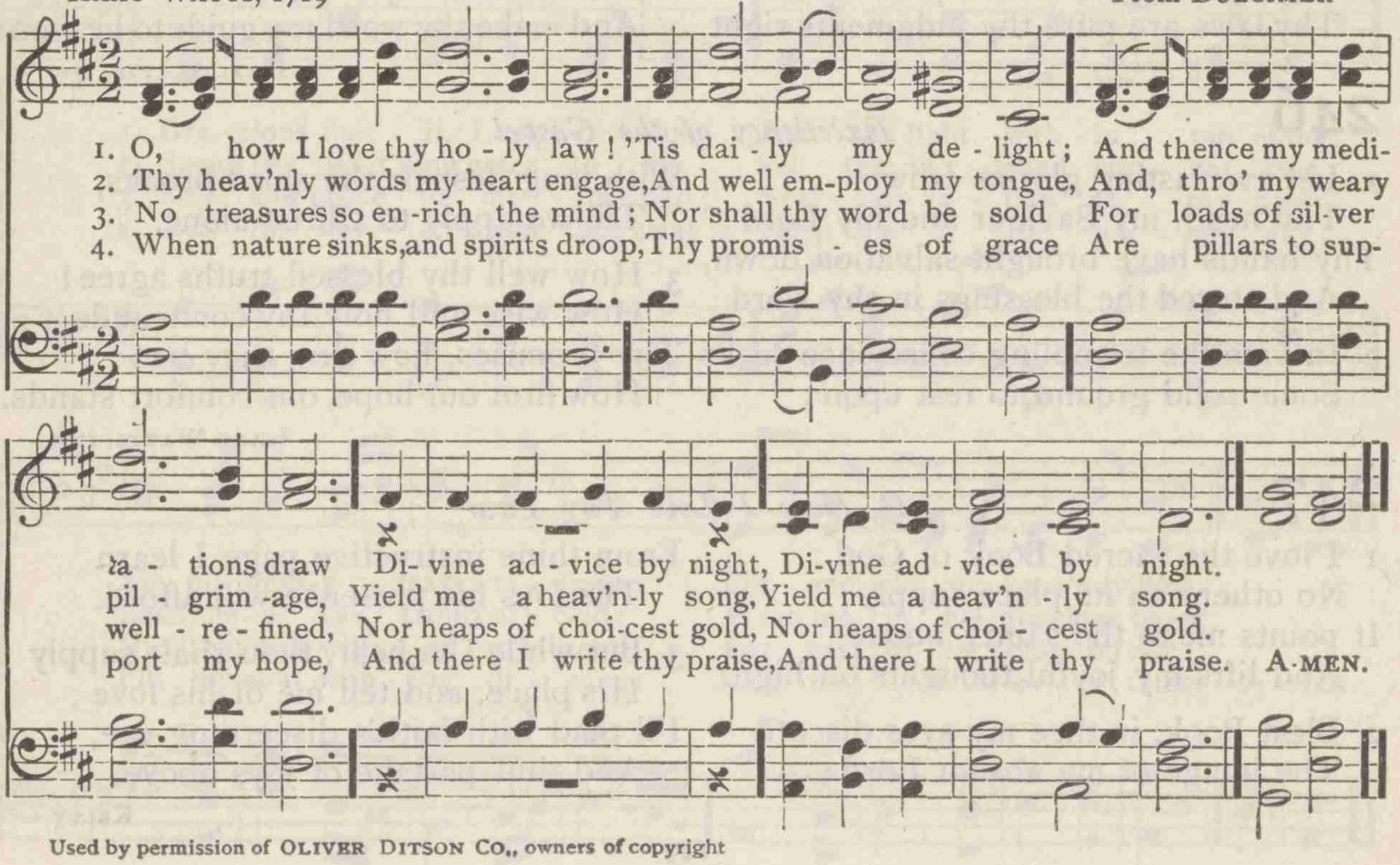
1. God, in the gos - pel of his Son, Makes his e - ter - nal coun - sels known;
2. Here sinners of an hum - ble frame May taste his grace and learn his name,
3. Here faith re -veals to mor - tal eyes A bright -er world be - yond the skies;
4. O, grant us grace, al - might - y Lord, To read and mark thy ho - ly word,



Here love in all its glo - ry shines, And truth is drawn in fair - est lines.
May read in char- ac - ters of blood, The wis-dom, pow'r, and grace of God.
Here shines the light which guides our way From earth to realms of end - less day.
Its truths with meekness to re - ceive, And by its ho - ly pre - cepts live. A-MEN.

249 Hummel C. M. *O, How I Love Thy Law*

ISAAC WATTS, 1719 — From DULCIMER



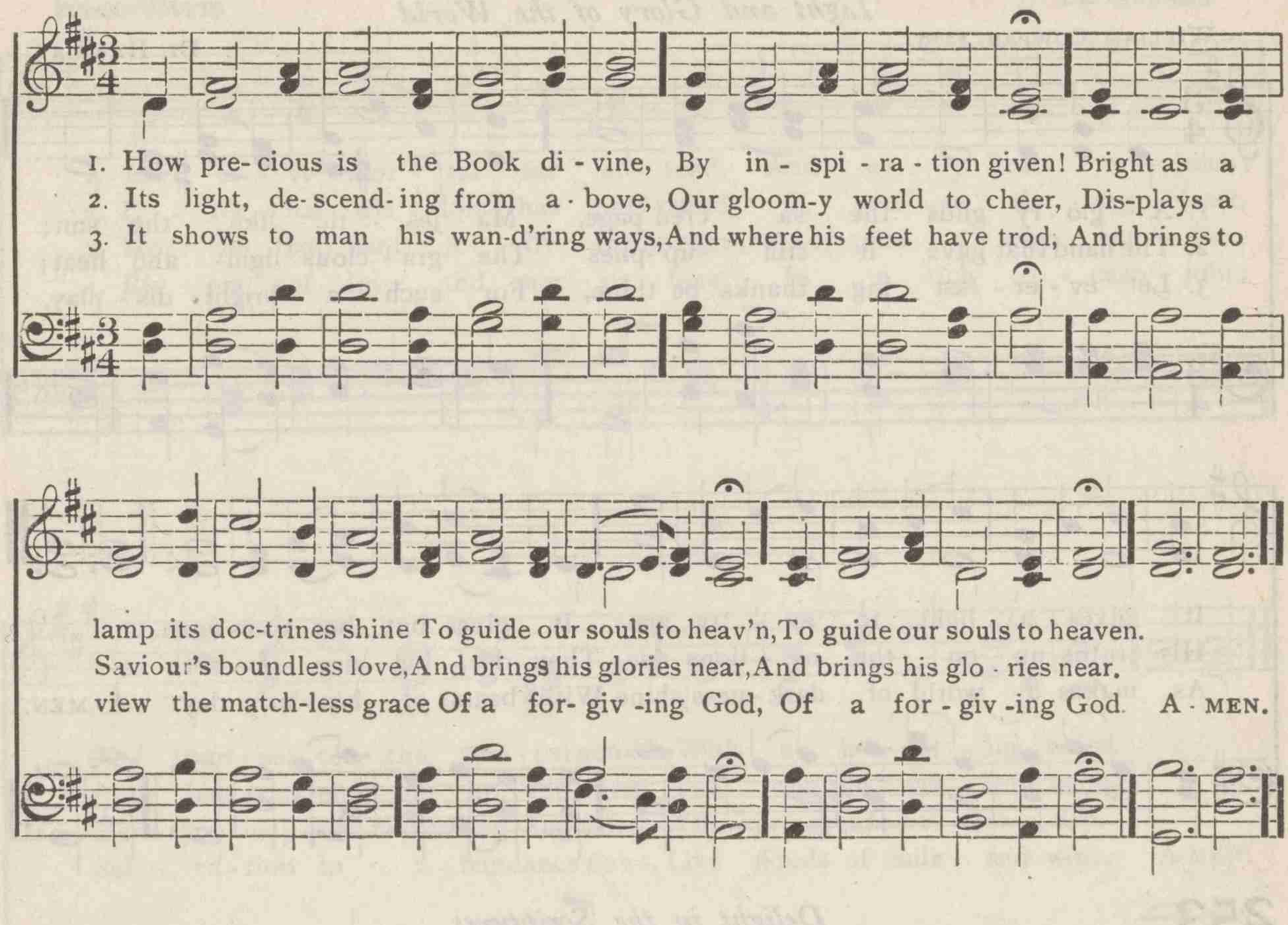
1. O, how I love thy ho - ly law! 'Tis dai - ly my de - light; And thence my medi-
2. Thy heav'nly words my heart engage, And well em-ploy my tongue, And, thro' my weary
3. No treasures so en -rich the mind; Nor shall thy word be sold For loads of sil-ver
4. When nature sinks, and spirits droop, Thy promis - es of grace Are pillars to sup-

ta - tions draw Di- vine ad - vice by night, Di-vine ad - vice by night.
pil - grim -age, Yield me a heav'n-ly song, Yield me a heav'n - ly song.
well - re - fined, Nor heaps of choi-cest gold, Nor heaps of choi - cest gold.
port my hope, And there I write thy praise, And there I write thy praise. A-MEN.

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250 Tampico C. M.

The Bible a Light



4 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

5 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

251

Comfort from the Bible

1 Lord, I have made thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage;
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.

2 I'll read the histories of thy love,
And keep thy laws in sight,
While through the promises I rove
With ever fresh delight.

3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise,
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.

4 The best relief that mourners have,
It makes our sorrows blest,
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

ISAAC WATTS

252 Chesterfield C. M.

Light and Glory of the World

WILLIAM COWPER, 1779 — Dr. HAWEIS



1. A glo - ry gilds the sa - cred page, Ma - jes - tic like the sun;
2. The hand that gave it still sup -plies The gra - cious light and heat;
3. Let ev - er - last - ing thanks be thine, For such a bright dis - play,



It gives a light to ev - 'ry age; It gives, but bor - rows none.
His truths up - on the na - tions rise, They rise, but nev - er set.
As makes a world of dark - ness shine With beams of heav'n-ly day. A- MEN.



253

Delight in the Scriptures

1 Father of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines!
Forever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines.

2 'Tis here the tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast;
Here purer sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.

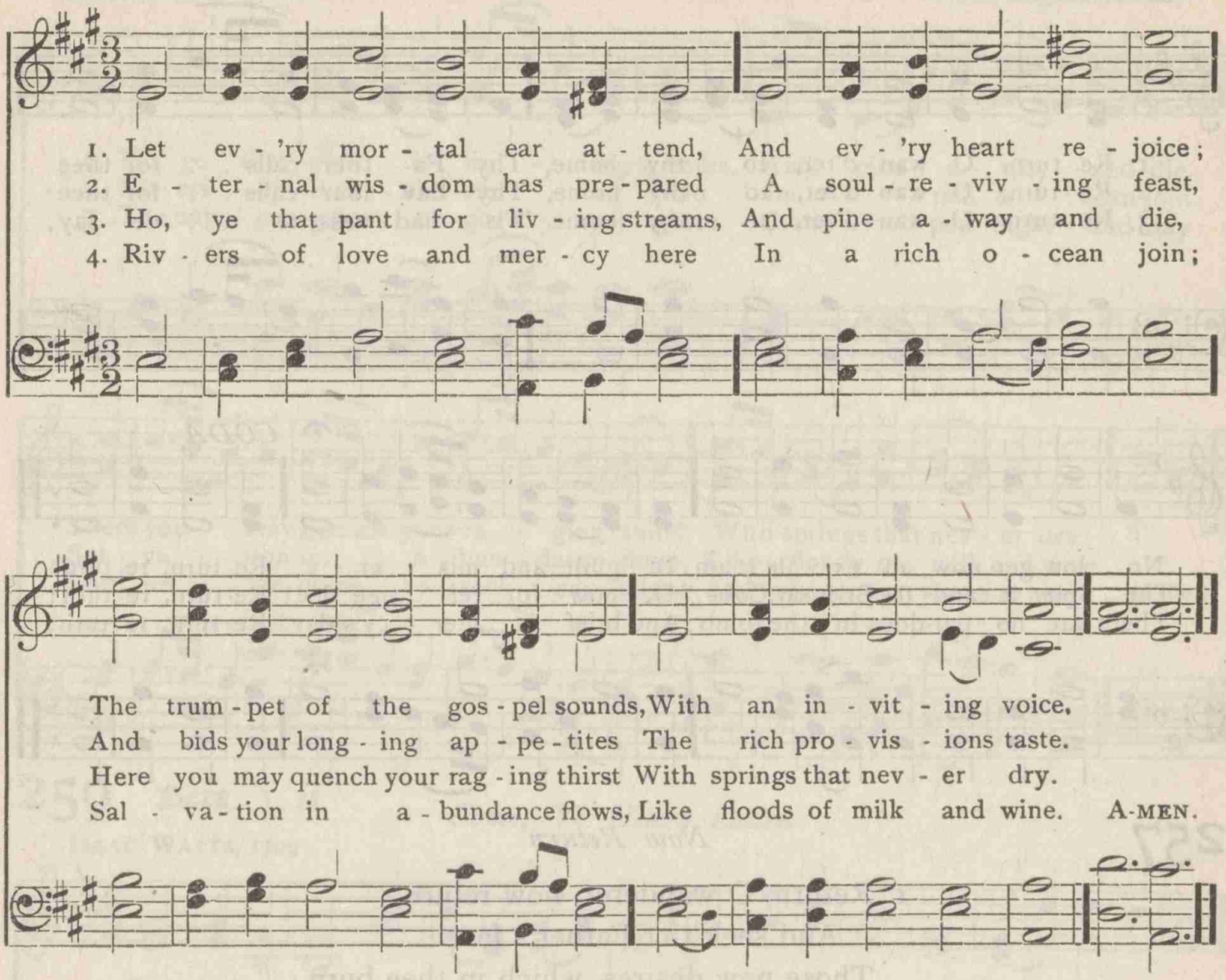
3 Here my Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

4 Oh, may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light!

ANNE STEELE

254 Ydolem C. M. *Ho, Every One that Thirsteth*

ISAAC WATTS — CH. ZEUNER



255 *The Saviour's Invitation*

1 The Saviour calls; let every ear
Attend the heav'nly sound;
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear;
Hope smiles reviving round.

2 For every thirsty, longing heart
Here streams of bounty flow,
And life, and health, and bliss impart,
To banish mortal woe.

3 Ye sinners, come—'tis mercy's voice;
That gracious voice obey;
'Tis Jesus calls to heavenly joys:
And can you yet delay?

4 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts;
To thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss thy love imparts,
And drink, and never die.

ANNE STEELE

256 Return C. M.

Return to Thy Home

WILLIAM HASTINGS

T. HASTINGS



1. Re-turn, O wan-d'rer, to thy home, Thy Fa-ther calls . . for thee
2. Re-turn, O wan-d'rer, to thy home, Thy Sav-iour calls . . for thee
3. Re-turn, O wan-d'rer, to thy home, 'Tis mad-ness to . . de-lay,

No lon-ger now an ex-ile roam In guilt and mis-er-y. Re-turn, re-turn!
"The Spir-it and the Bride say, Come," O, now for ref-uge flee! Re-turn, re-turn!
There are no par-dons in the tomb, And brief is mer-cy's day! Re-turn, re-turn!

257

Now Return

1 Return, O wanderer, now return,
And seek thy Father's face!
Those new desires, which in thee burn,
Were kindled by his grace.

2 Return, O wanderer, now return!
He hears thy humble sigh;
He sees thy softened spirit mourn,
When no one else is nigh.

3 Return, O wanderer, now return,
Thy Saviour bids thee live:
Go to his bleeding feet, and learn
How freely he'll forgive.

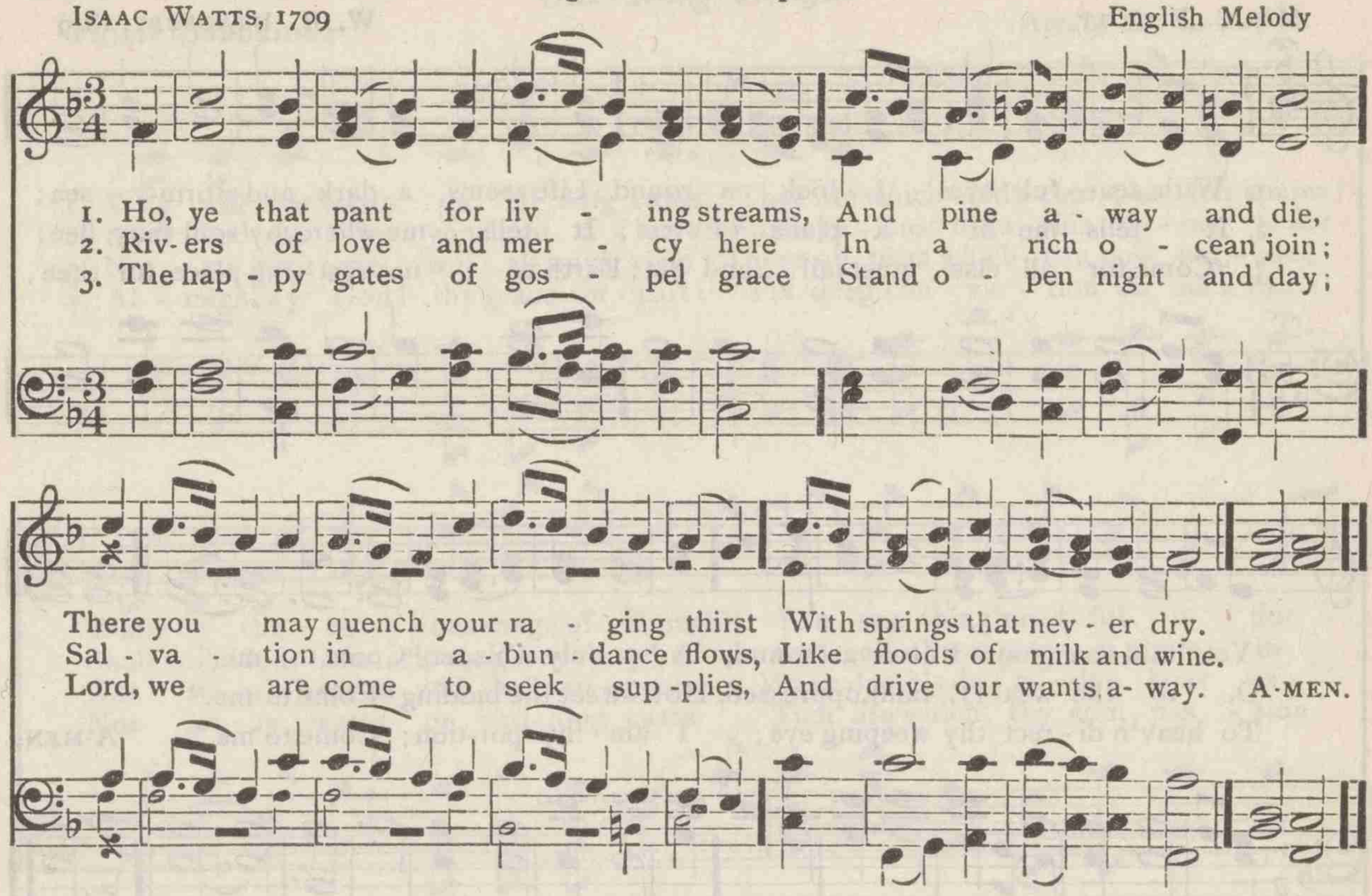
4 Return, O wanderer, now return,
And wipe the falling tear!
Thy Father calls — no longer mourn:
His love invites thee near.

WM. B. COLLYER, 1812

258 St. John's C. M.

Spiritual Banquet

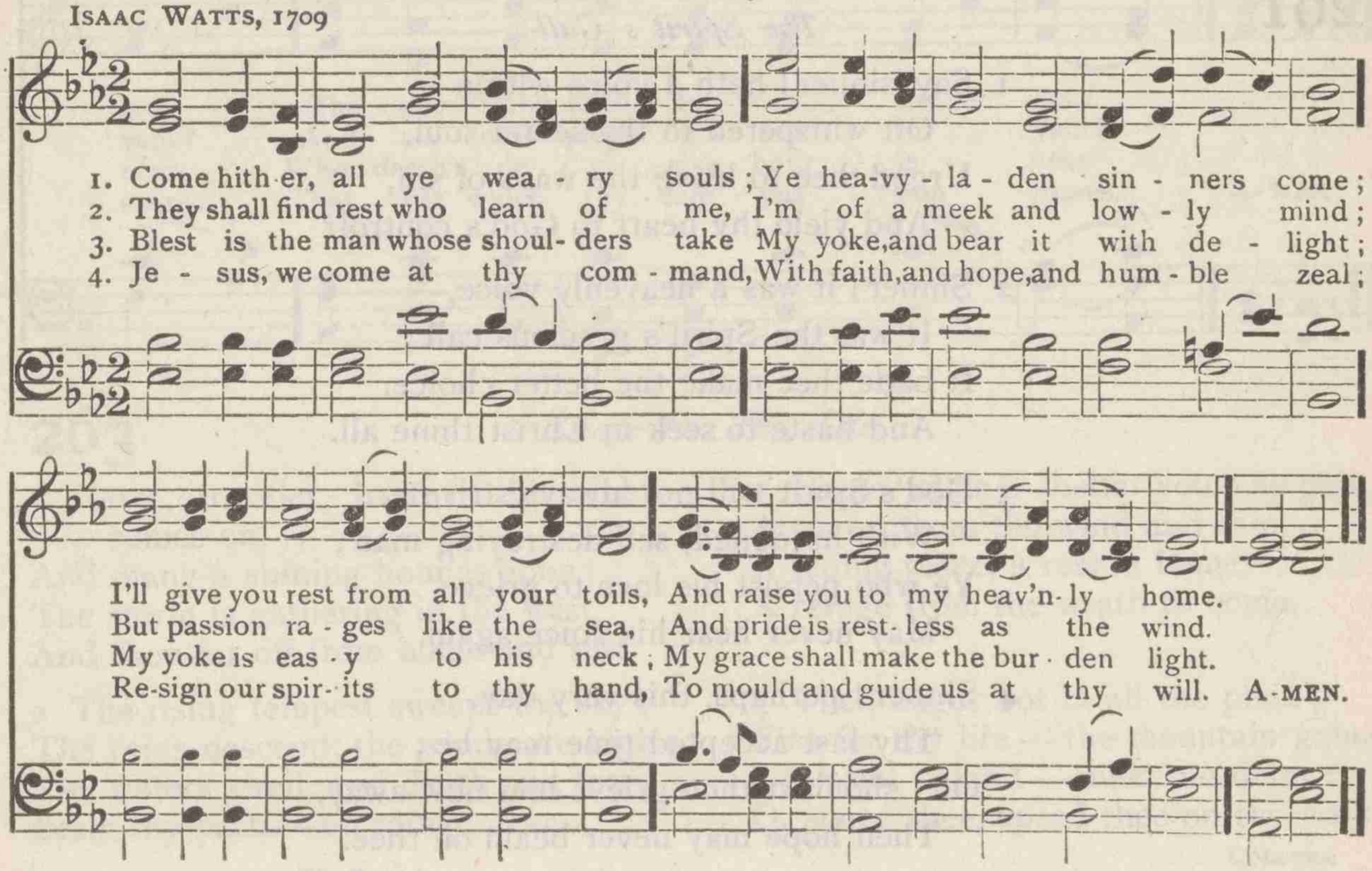
ISAAC WATTS, 1709 — English Melody



259 Bera L. M.

Come, Ye Heavy-Laden

ISAAC WATTS, 1709



260 Woodworth L. M. *Come with Me*

Mrs. C. ELLIOTT — W. B. BRADBURY, 1849



1. With tear-ful eyes I look a-round; Life seems a dark and storm-y sea;
2. It tells me of a place of rest; It tells me where my soul may flee;
3. "Come, for all else must fail and die; Earth is no rest-ing-place for thee;





Yet 'mid the gloom I hear a sound, A heav'nly whisper, "Come to me."
O, to the wea-ry, faint, oppressed, How sweet the bidding "Come to me."
To heav'n di-rect thy weeping eye; I am thy por-tion; Come to me." A-MEN.



261 *The Spirit's Call*

1 Say, sinner! hath a voice within
Oft whispered to thy secret soul,
Urged thee to leave the ways of sin,
And yield thy heart to God's control?

2 Sinner! it was a heavenly voice,—
It was the Spirit's gracious call;
It bade thee make the better choice,
And haste to seek in Christ thine all.

3 God's Spirit will not always strive
With hardened, self-destroying man;
Ye who persist his love to grieve,
May never hear his voice again.

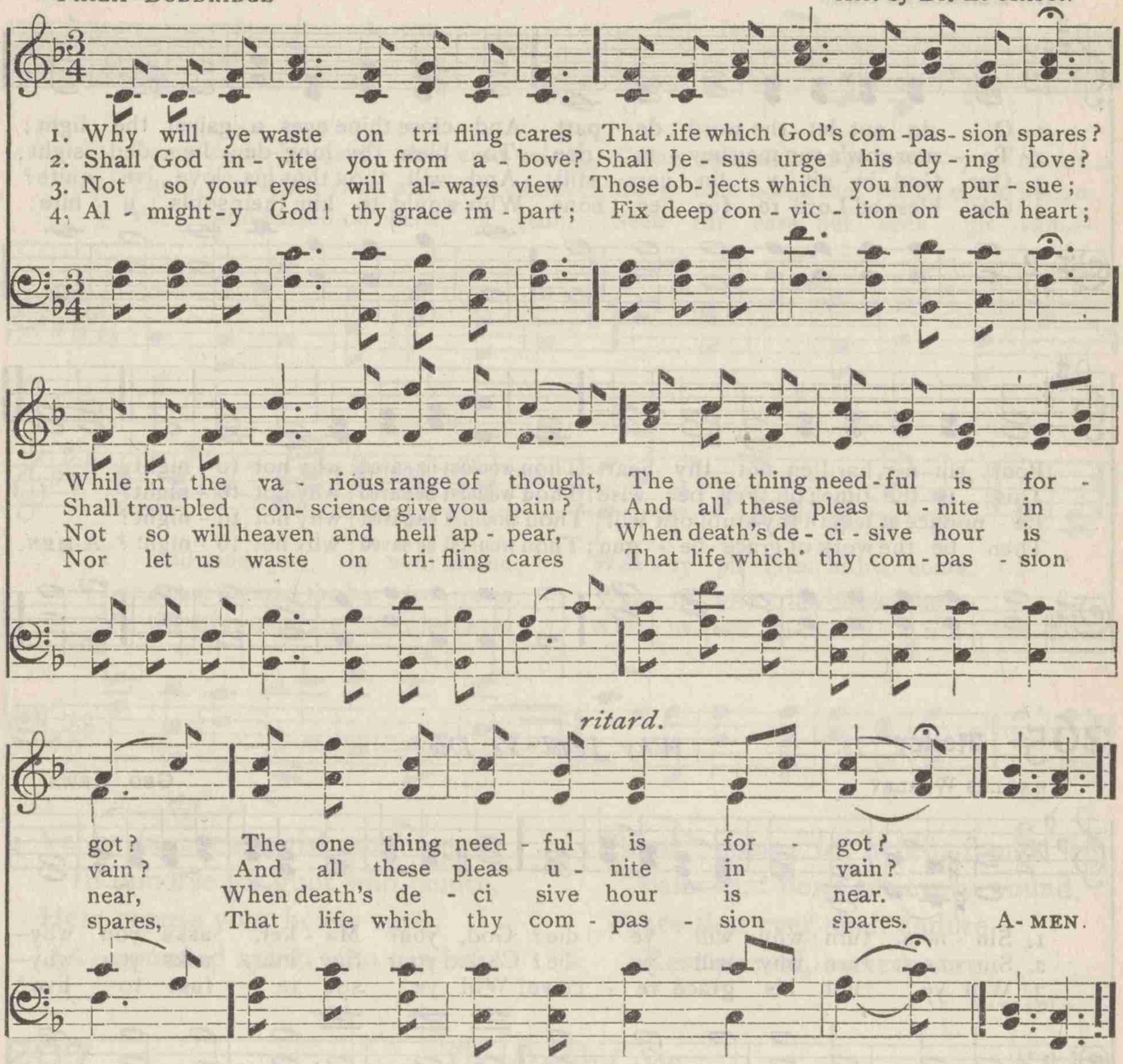
4 Sinner! perhaps, this very day,
Thy last accepted time may be;
Oh! shouldst thou grieve him now away,
Then hope may never beam on thee.

ANN B. HYDE

262 Anvern L. M.

One Thing Needful

PHILIP DODDRIDGE — Arr. by Dr. L. MASON



263

Escape for Thy Life

1 Haste, traveler, haste; the night
comes on,
And many a shining hour is gone;
The storm is gathering in the west,
And thou far off from home and rest.

2 The rising tempest sweeps the sky;
The rains descend, the winds are high;
The waters swell, and death and fear
Beset thy path — no refuge near.

3 Haste, while a shelter you may gain,
A covert from the wind and rain,
A hiding-place, a rest, a home,
A refuge from the wrath to come.

4 Then linger not in all the plain,
Flee for thy life — the mountain gain;
Look not behind — make no delay:
O, speed thee, speed thee on thy way.

COLLYER

264 Ashwell L. M. *Why Not To-Night*

MRS. ELIZABETH REED — LOWELL MASON



1. O, do not let the word de - part, And close thine eyes a - gainst the light;
2. To - mor-row's sun may nev - er rise To bless thy long-de - lu - ded sight;
3. Our God in pit - y lin - gers still; And wilt thou thus his love re - quite?
4. Our bless-ed Lord re - fus - es none Who would to him their souls u - nite;





Poor sin-ner, hard-en not thy heart: Thou wouldst be saved; why not to - night?
This is the time; oh, then be wise! Thou wouldst be saved; why not to - night?
Re - nounce at length thy stubborn will; Thou wouldst be saved; why not to - night?
Then be the work of grace be - gun; Thou wouldst be saved; why not to - night? A-MEN.

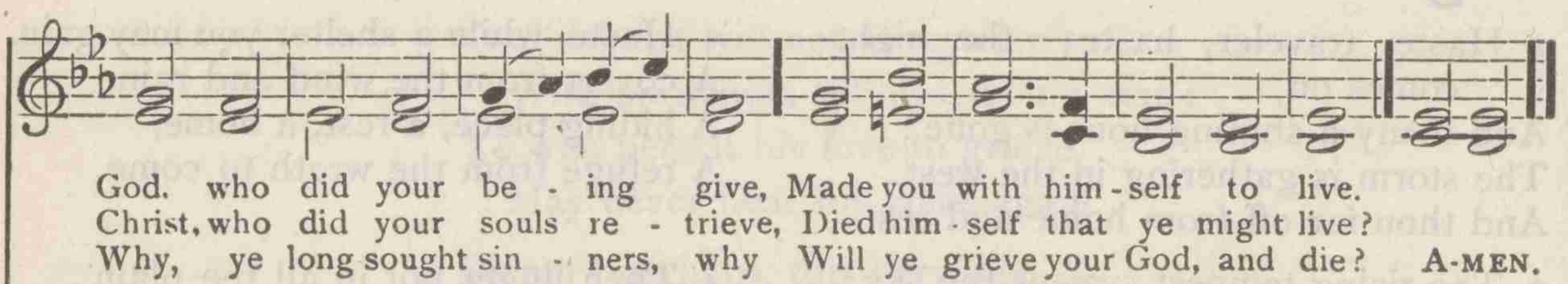


265 Holley 7s. *Why Will Ye Die*

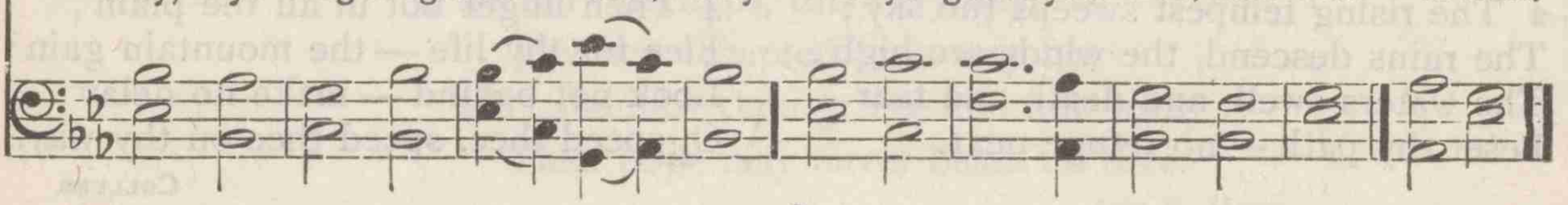
CHARLES WESLEY — GEO. HEWS



1. Sin - ners, turn: why will ye die? God, your Ma - ker, asks you why—
2. Sin - ners, turn: why will ye die? Christ, your Sav - iour, asks you why—
3. Will ye not his grace re - ceive? Will ye still re - fuse to live?

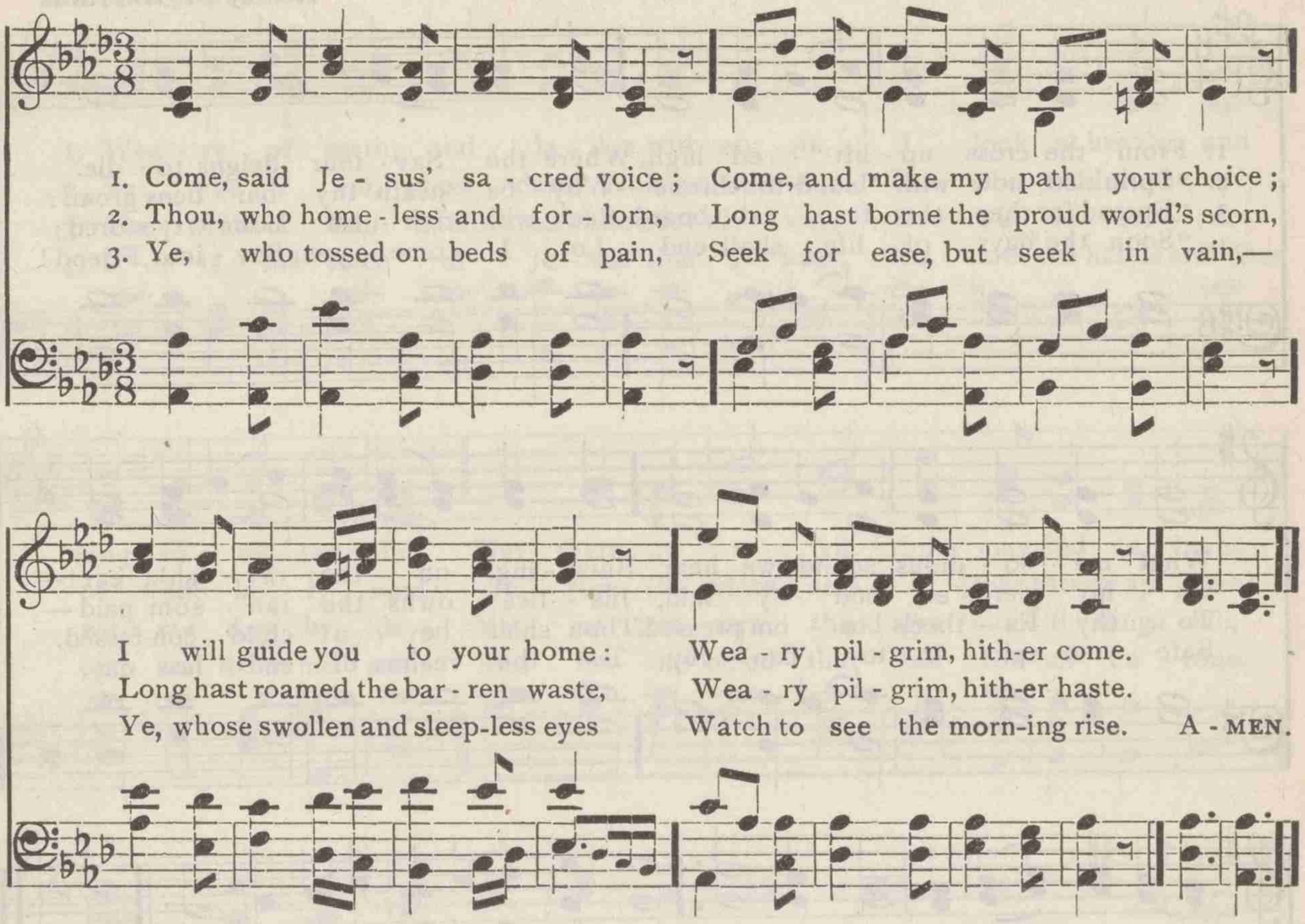


God, who did your be - ing give, Made you with him-self to live.
Christ, who did your souls re - trieve, Died him-self that ye might live?
Why, ye long sought sin - ners, why Will ye grieve your God, and die? A-MEN.



266 Horton 7s. *Come unto Me*

Arr. by Dr. L. MASON



4 Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn,
Here repose your heavy care :
(A) wounded spirit, who can bear ?

5 Sinner, come ; for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound,
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

BARBAULD

267 *The Prodigal Son*

1 Brother, hast thou wandered far
From thy Father's happy home,
With thyself and God at war ?
Turn thee, brother, homeward come.

2 Hast thou wasted all the powers
God for noble uses gave?
Squandered life's most noble hours ?
Turn thee, brother, God can save.

3 Is a mighty famine now
In thy heart and in thy soul ?
Discontent upon thy brow ?
Turn thee, God will make thee whole.

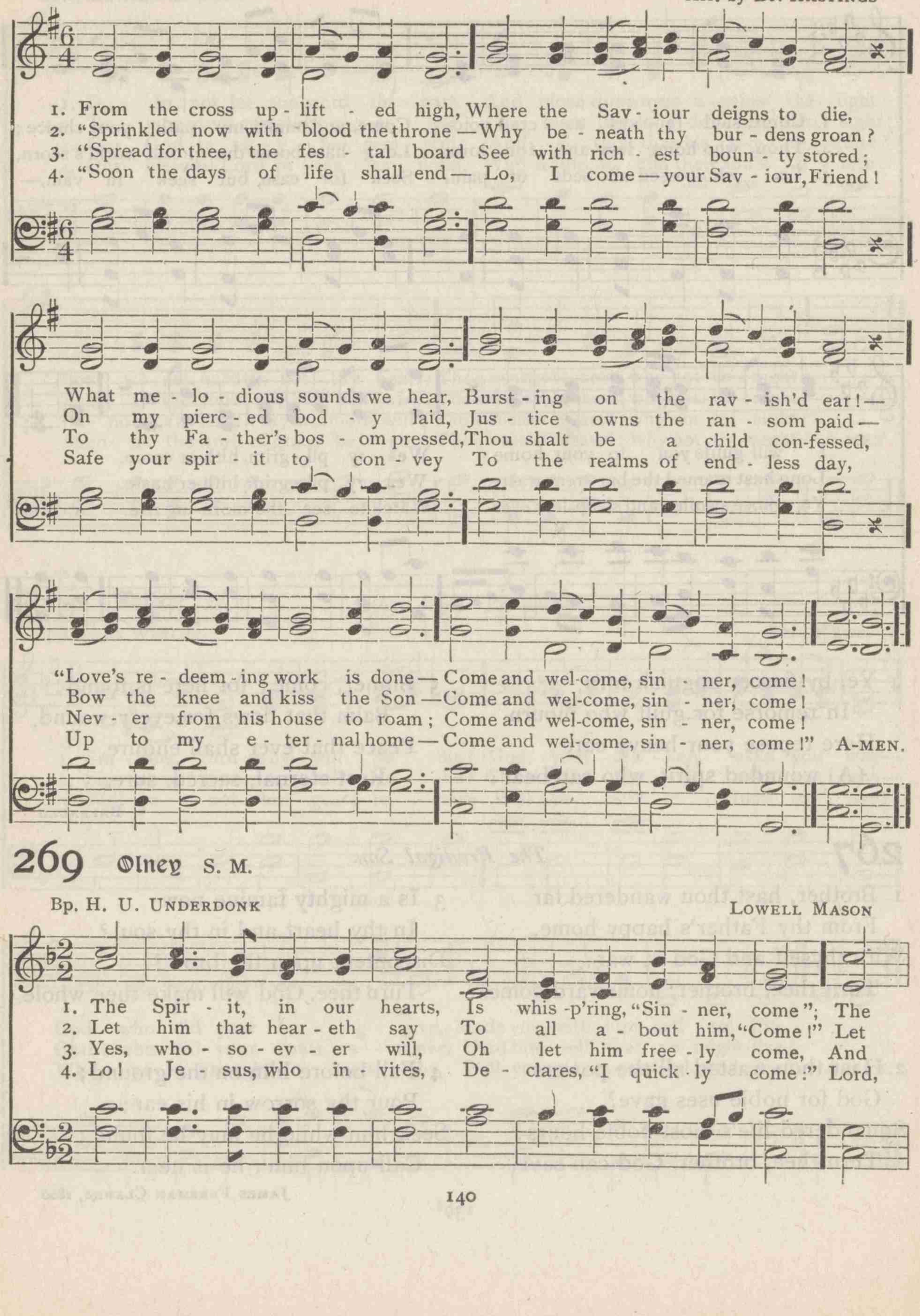
4 Fall before him on the ground ;
Pour thy sorrow in his ear ;
Seek him while he may be found ;
Call upon him ; he is near.

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE, 1860

268 Balle 7s. 6l.

T. HAWEIS

Arr. by Dr. HASTINGS



269 Olney S. M.

Bp. H. U. UNDERDONK

LOWELL MASON

270 Langran 10s.

The Voice of Jesus

SAMUEL J. STONE

J. LANGRAN

1. Wea - ry of earth, and la - den with my sin, I look at heav'n and long to en - ter in, But there no e - vil thing may find a home:
2. So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand In the pure glo - ry of that ho - ly land? Be - fore the white - ness of that throne ap - pear?
3. The while I fain would tread the heav'nly way, E - vil is ev - er with me day by day; Yet on mine ears the gra - cious ti - dings fall,
4. It is the voice of Je - sus that I hear, His are the hands stretched out to draw me near, And his the blood that can for all a - tone,

And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come."
Yet there are hands stretched out to draw me near.
"Re - pent, con - fess, thou shalt be loosed from all."
And set me fault - less there be - fore the throne. A - MEN.

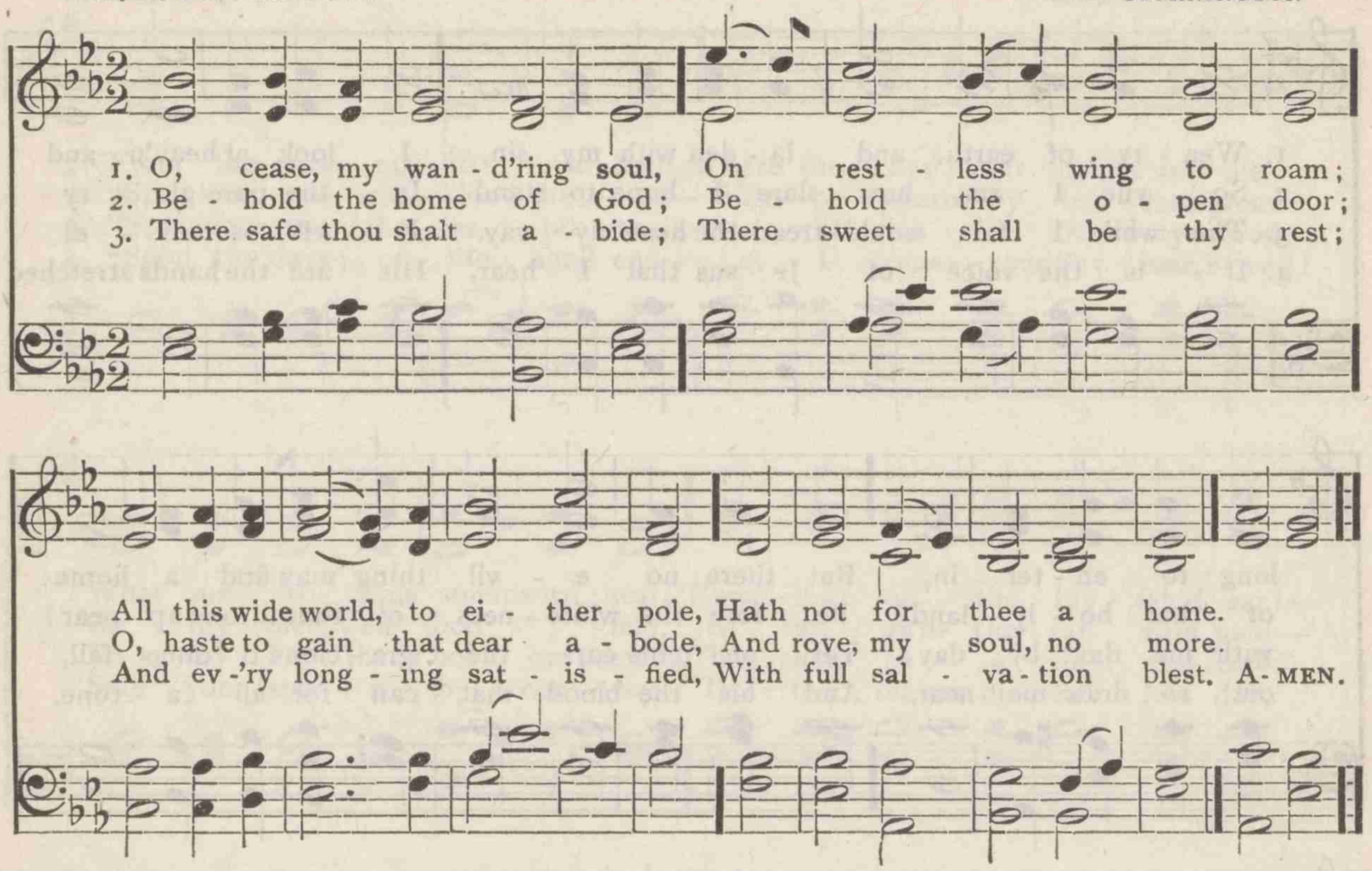
Olney (*Concluded*)

bride, the church of Christ, pro - claims To all his chil - dren "Come!"
him that thirsts for right - eous - ness, To Christ, the foun - tain, come!
free - ly drink the stream of life; 'Tis Je - sus bids him come.
e - ven so! we wait thine hour; O blest Re - deem - er, come! A - MEN.

271 Mornington S. M.

The Open Door

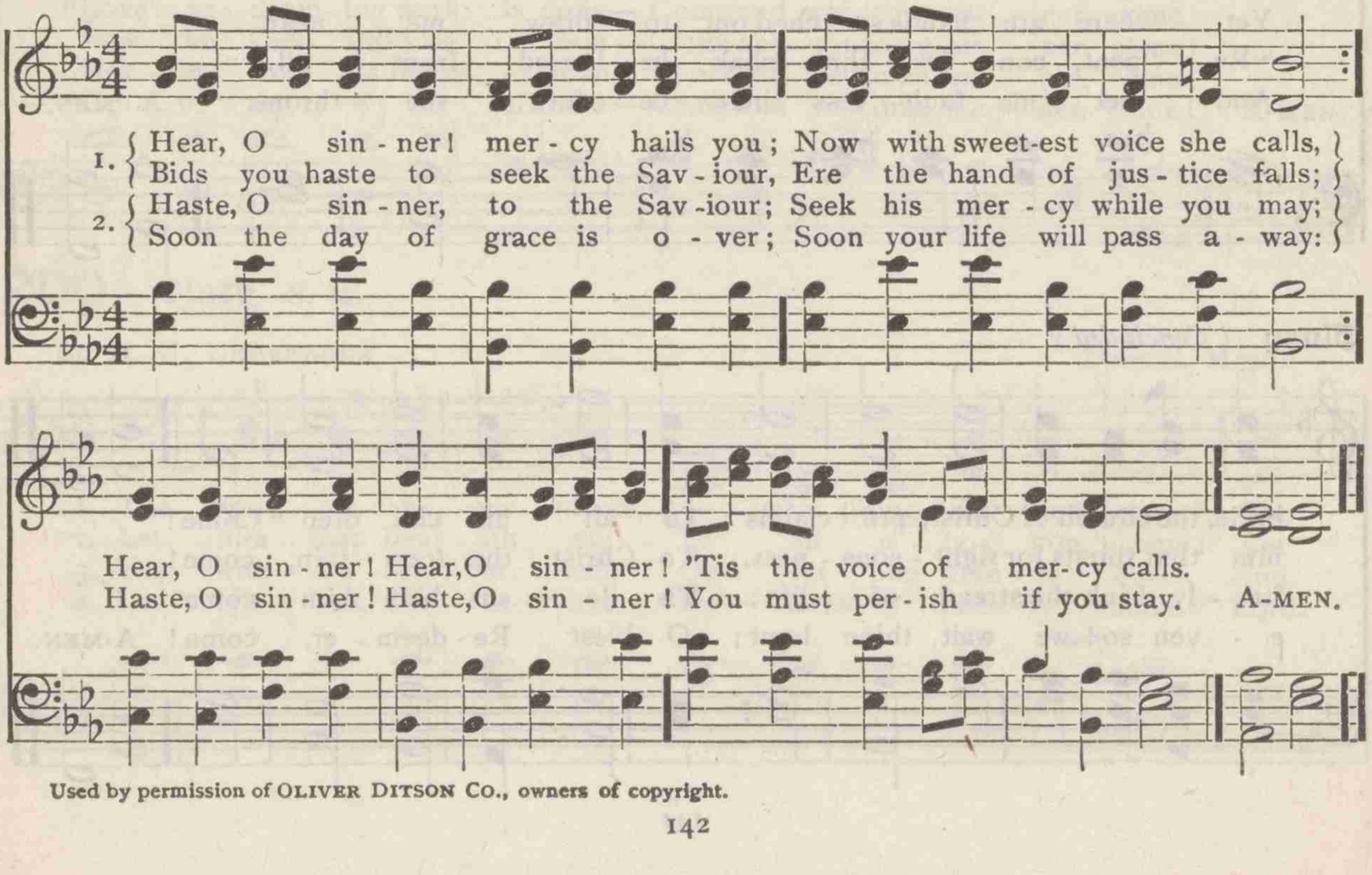
WM. A. MECKLENBURG — MORNINGTON



272 Pleading 8s. 7s. & 4.

The Call of Mercy

REED — S. K. WHITING

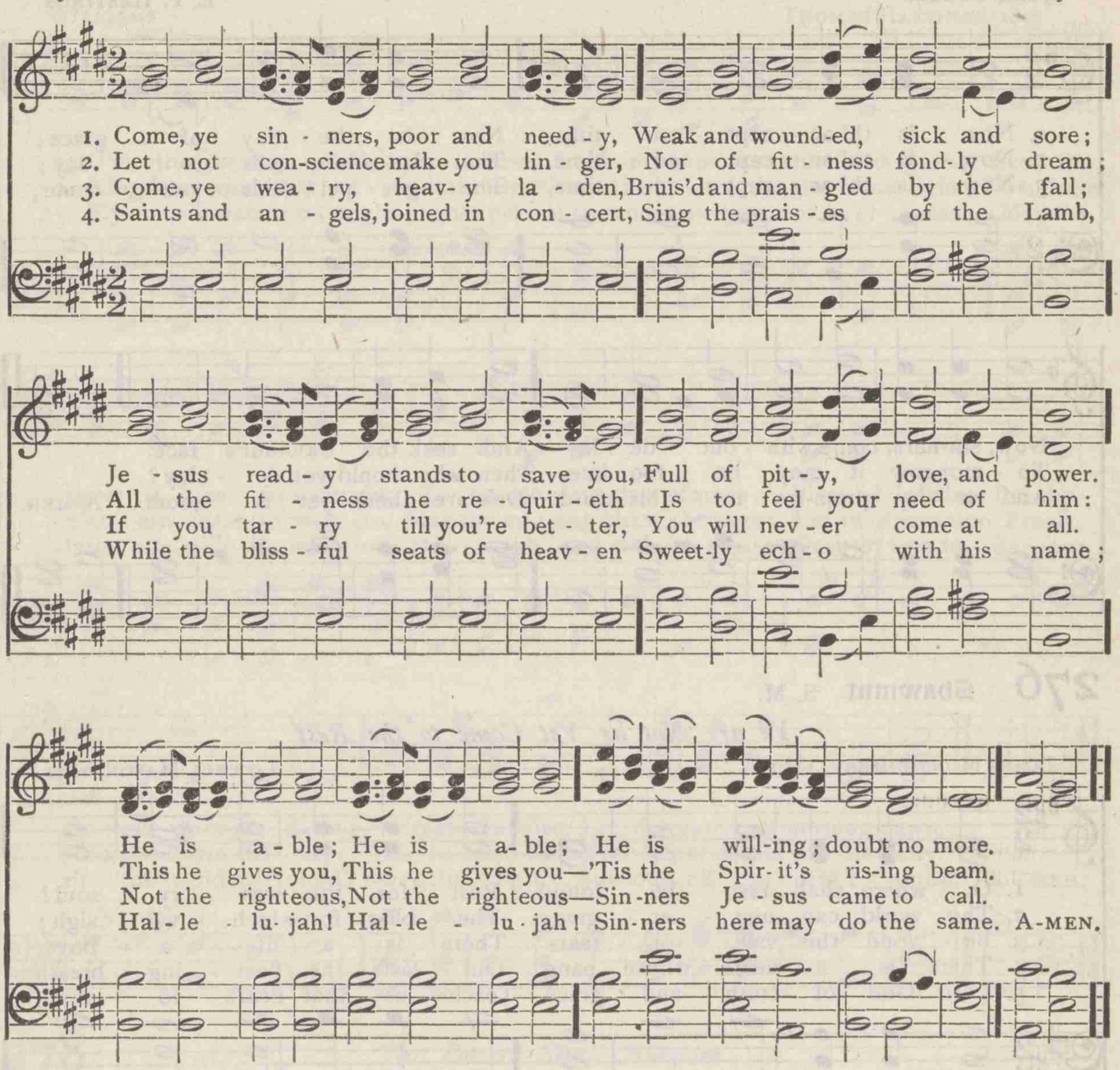


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273 Sicily 8s. & 7s. *Ho, Every One that Thirsteth*

J. HART

Sicilian Melody



274 *Calls of the Spirit*

1 Sinners, will you slight the message
Sent in mercy from above?
Every sentence, O, how tender!
Every line how full of love!
Heavenly accents,
Full of strength, and peace, and love.

2 Tempted souls, they bring you succor;
Fearful hearts, they quell your fears;
And with deepest consolation,
Chase away the falling tears;
Tender Heralds,
Blessèd he their word who hears.

3 Holy Angels, hovering round us,
Waiting spirits, speed your way,
Hasten to the court of heaven,
Tidings bear without delay:
Ransomed sinners
Glad the message will obey.

J. ALLEN

275 Detroit S. M.

The Accepted Time

JOHN DOBELL — E. P. HASTINGS

1. Now is th' ac - cept - ed time, Now is the day of grace;
2. Now is th' ac - cept - ed time, The Sav - iour calls to - day;
3. Now is th' ac - cept - ed time, The gos - pel bids you come;

Now, sin-ners, come with - out de - lay And seek the Sav-iour's face.
To - mor-row it may be too late, Then why should you de - lay?
And ev - 'ry prom-ise in his word De-clares there yet is room. A-MEN.

276 Shawmut S. M.

Ye are Not as Yet Come to the Rest

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1819 — LOWELL MASON, 1832

1. O, where shall rest be found— Rest for the wea - ry soul?
2. The world can nev - er give The bliss for which we sigh;
3. Be - yond this vale of tears There is a life a - bove,
4. There is a death whose pang Out - lasts the fleet - ing breath:
5. Lord God of truth and grace, Teach us that death to shun,

'Twere vain the o - cean depths to sound, Or pierce to ei - ther pole.
'Tis not the whole of life to live, Nor all of death to die.
Un - meas-ured by the flight of years, And all that life is love.
O, what e - ter - nal hor - rors hang A - round the sec - ond death!
Lest we be ban-ished from thy face, And ev - er-more un - done. A-MEN.

277 Zion 8s. 7s. & 4s.

The Light of the Glorious Gospel

WILLIAMS — THOMAS HASTINGS, 1830



278

The Desert Shall Blossom

1 See, from Zion's sacred mountain
Streams of living water flow;
God has opened there a fountain
That supplies the world below;
They are blessèd
Who its sovereign virtues know.

2 Through ten thousand channels flowing
Streams of mercy find their way,
Life, and health, and joy bestowing,
Waking beauty from decay;
O ye nations,
Hail the long-expected day.

3 Gladdened by the flowing treasure,
All-enriching as it goes,
Lo, the desert smiles with pleasure,
Buds and blossoms as the rose;
Every object
Sings for joy where'er it flows.

THOMAS KELLY

279 Gosben 11s.

Delay Not

T. HASTINGS

Arr. by T. HASTINGS

1. De - lay not, de - lay not, O sin - ner! draw near, The wa - ters of life are now flow - ing for thee; No price is de - mand - ed, the
2. De - lay not, de - lay not, why lon - ger a - buse The love and com - pas - sion of Je - sus our Lord? A foun - tain is o - pened—how
3. De - lay not, de - lay not, O sin - ner, to come! For mer - cy still lin - gers, and calls thee to - day; Her voice is not heard in the

Sav - iour is here, Re - demp-tion is pur- chased, sal - va - tion is free.
canst thou re - fuse To wash and be cleans'd in his par - don-ing blood?
vale of the tomb; Her mes - sage, un - heed - ed, will soon pass a - way. A-MEN.

280 Benley 11s. & 10s.

Come unto Me

CATHERINE H. WATERMAN

LOWELL MASON

1. Come un - to me when shadows dark-ly gath-er, When the sad heart is wea-ry and distress'd,
2. Ye who have mourn'd when the spring flow'rs were taken, When the ripe fruit fell rich - ly to the ground,
3. Large are the mansions in thy Father's dwelling, Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim;
4. There, like an E-den blossoming in gladness, Bloom the fair flow'rs the earth too rudely press'd:

281 Webb 7s. 6s. D. *Success of the Gospel*

S. F. SMITH G. J. WEBB

1. The morn-ing light is break -ing; The darkness dis- ap-pears; The sons of earth are wak-ing
2. Rich dews of grace come o'er us, In many a gen-tle show'r, And brighter scenes be-fore us
3. See hea- then na-tions bend-ing Be- fore the God we love, And thousand hearts ascending
4. Blest riv - er of sal - va - tion! Pur-sue thine on-ward way; Flow thou to ev -'ry na - tion,



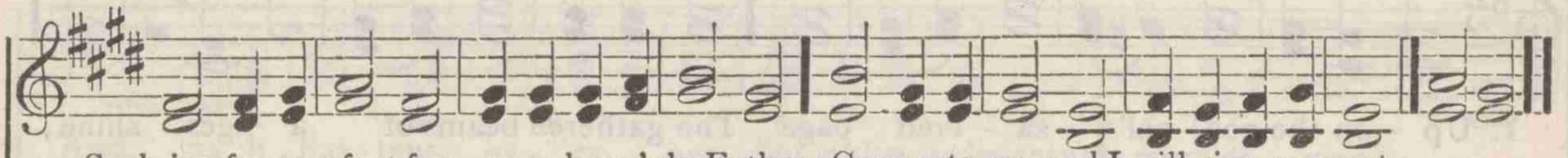
To pen - i - ten- tial tears; Each breeze that sweeps the o-cean Brings tidings from a - far,
Are op- 'ning ev - 'ry hour; Each cry to heav-en go - ing, A - bun-dant answers brings,
In grat - i - tude a - bove; While sin-ners, now confess - ing, The gos- pel call o - bey,
Nor in thy richness stay:— Stay not till all the low - ly Tri-umphant reach their home;



Of na - tions in com - mo - tion, Pre - pared for Zi - on's war.
And heav'n - ly gales are blow - ing, With peace up - on their wings.
And seek the Sav - iour's bless - ing,— A na - tion in a day.
Stay not till all the ho - ly Pro - claim "The Lord is come." A-MEN.



Henley (*Concluded*)



Seek-ing for comfort from your heav'nly Father; Come unto me, and I will give you rest.
When the lov'd slept, in brighter homes to waken, Where their pale brows with spirit-wreaths are crowned.
Sweet are the harps in ho ly music swelling, Soft are the tones which raise the heav'nly hymn.
Come un- to me, all ye who droop in sadness, Come unto me, and I will give you rest. AMEN.



282 Lenox H. M.

The Jubilee

CHARLES WESLEY, 1755 — JONATHAN EDSON, 1782



283 Hamburg L. M.

Progress of Truth

Sir JOHN BOWRING — Gregorian

284 Missionary Hymn 7s. & 6s. D.

Psalm 72

JAMES MONTGOMERY — LOWELL MASON

1. Hail to the Lord's A-noint - ed, Great Da-vid's greater Son! Hail in the time ap-
2. He comes with succor speed - y, To those who suf-fer wrong; To help the poor and
3. He shall come down,like showers Up - on the fruit-ful earth, And love,and joy, like
4. For him shall prayer unceas - ing And dai - ly vows as - cend; His kingdom still in -

point - ed, His reign on earth be - gun! He comes to break op - pres - sion, To
need - y, And bid the weak be strong; To give them songs for sigh - ing, Their
flow - ers, Spring in his path to birth: Be - fore him on the moun-tains, Shall
creas ing,— A king-dom with-out end: The tide of time shall nev - er His

set the cap-tive free, To take a-way transgression,And rule in eq - ui - ty.
dark-ness turn to light,Whose souls condemned and dy-ing,Were precious in his sight.
peace,the her-ald, go; And righteousness in fountains,From hill to val-ley flow.
cov - e - nant re - move; His name shall stand forever,—That name to us is—Love. A-MEN.

Hamburg (*Concluded*)

And, as it has - tens, ev - 'ry age But makes its bright ness more di - vine.
Whence sagest teach-ers may be taught,And Wisdom's self become more wise.
Ex - panding with th'ex -pand-ing soul, Its waters shall o'er - flow the world,—
Pours out its floods of light and joy, And sweeps each ling'ring mist a - way. A-MEN.

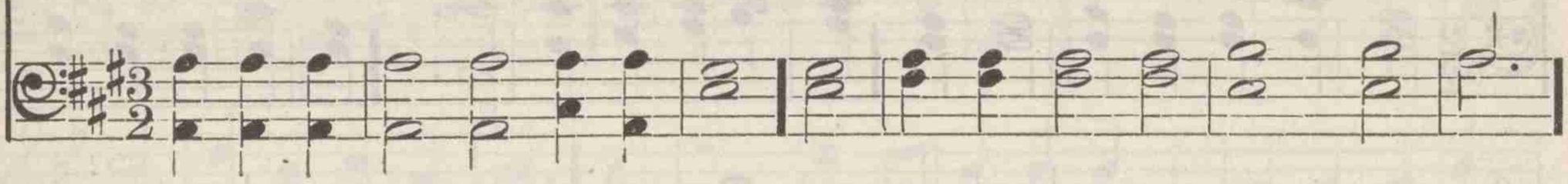
285 Ware L. M.

Commune with Your Heart

PHILIP DODDRIDGE — GEORGE KINGSLEY, 1838



1 Re - turn, my rov - ing heart, re - turn, And life's vain shad-ows chase no more;
2. O thou great God, whose pierc-ing eye Dis - tinct-ly marks each deep re - treat,
3. Thro' all the wind-ings of my heart, My search let heav'n-ly wis - dom guide,
4. Then let the vis - its of thy love My in - most soul be made to share,





Seek out some sol - i - tude to mourn, And thy for - sak-en God im - plore.
In these se - ques-tered hours draw nigh, And let me here thy pres - ence meet.
And still its ra - diant beams im-part Till all be known and pu - ri - fied.
Till ev - 'ry grace com-bine to prove That God has fixed his dwell - ing there. A - MEN.



286 *The Stubborn Heart*

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

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

3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
O Lord, an adamant would melt:
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing moves this heart of mine.

4 But power divine can do the deed;
And, Lord, that power I greatly need;
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
And melt and change this heart of mine.

JOSEPH HART, 1762

287 Imlab L. M.

Consecration to God

PHILIP DODDRIDGE — Arr. fr. T.



1. My gra-cious Lord, I own thy right To ev-'ry ser-vice I can pay,
2. What is my be-ing but for thee— Its sure sup-port, its no-blest end?
3. Thy work my hoar-y age shall bless, When youth-ful vig-or is no more.





And call it my su-preme de-light To hear thy dic-tates and o-bey.
'Tis my de-light thy face to see, And serve the cause of such a Friend.
And my last hour of earth con-fess Thy sav-ing love, thy glo-rious pow'r. A-MEN.



288

Be Merciful

1 With broken heart and contrite sigh,
A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry:
Thy pardoning grace is rich and free;
O God, be merciful to me!

2 I smite upon my troubled breast,
With deep and conscious guilt oppressed,
Christ and his cross my only plea:
O God, be merciful to me!

3 Far off I stand with tearful eyes,
Nor dare uplift them to the skies;
But thou dost all my anguish see:
O God, be merciful to me!

4 And when redeemed from sin and hell,
With all the ransomed throng I dwell,
My raptured song shall ever be,
God hath been merciful to me!

CORNELIUS ELVIN

289 Woodworth L. M. *Just as I Am*

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT — W. B. BRADBURY, 1849



1. Just as I am, with-out one plea; But that thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, though toss'd a-bout With man-y a con-flict, man-y a doubt,
3. Just as I am—thou wilt re-ceive, Wilt wel-come, par-don, cleanse, re-lieve;
4. Just as I am—thy love un-known Hath bro-ken ev-'ry bar-rier down;





And that thou bid'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Fight-ings with-in, and fears with-out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Be-cause thy prom-ise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Now, to be thine, yea, thine a-lone, O Lamb of God, I come! I come! A-MEN.



290 *Psalm 51*

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

2 My crimes, though great, do not 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 offences pain mine eyes.

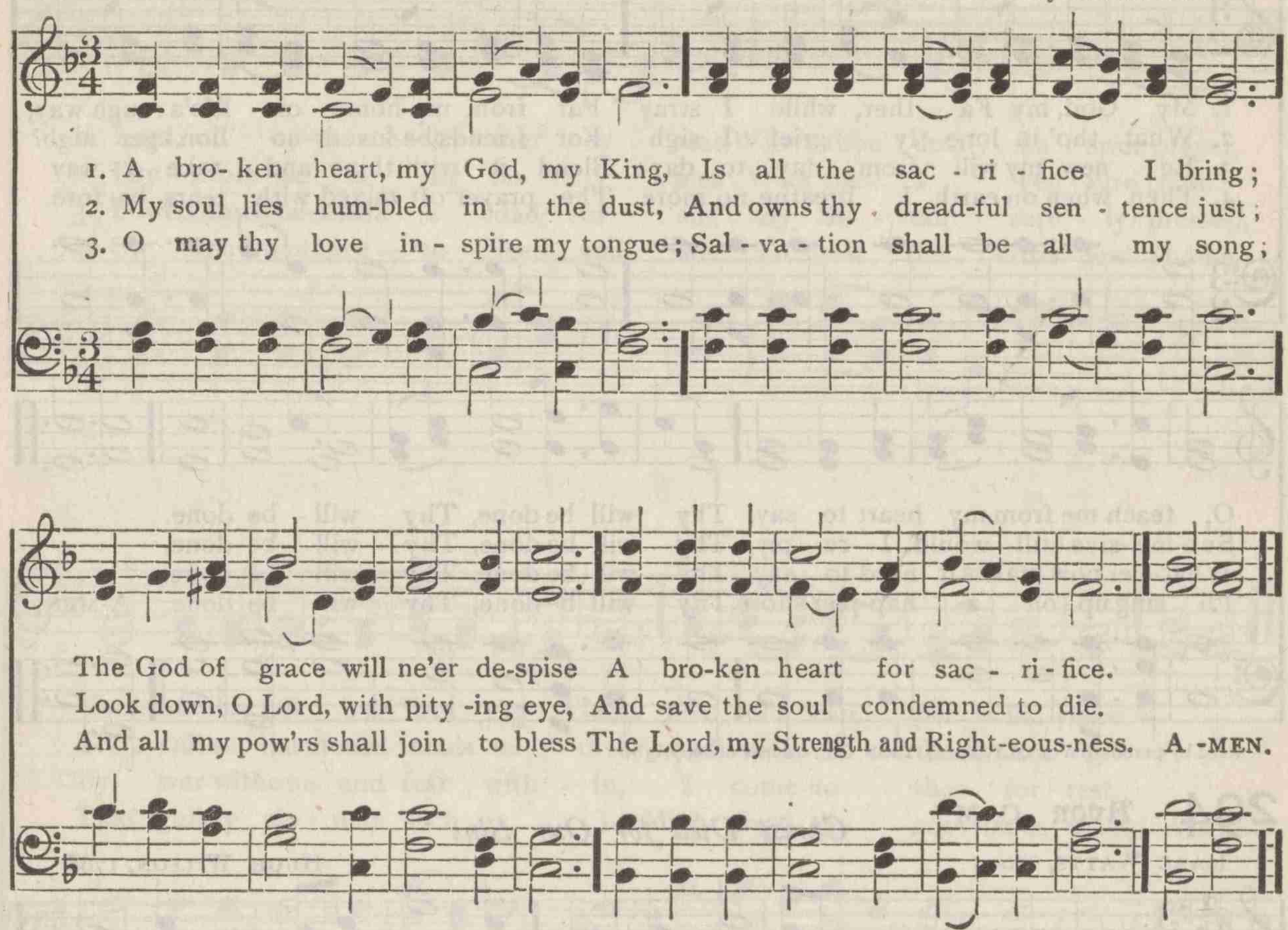
4 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719

291 Hursley L. M.

A Broken and a Contrite Heart

ISAAC WATTS — Arr. by W. H. MONK



292

1 God calling yet; shall I not hear?
Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
And life's swift-passing years all fly,
And still my soul in slumbers lie?

2 God calling yet; and shall he knock,
And I my heart the closer lock?
He still is waiting to receive;
And shall I dare his Spirit grieve?

3 God calling yet; I cannot stay:
My heart I yield without delay.
Vain world, farewell; from thee I part:
The voice of God hath reached my heart.

BORTHWICK, tr.

293 Constancy L. M.

Thy Will Be Done

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1834 — L. O. EMERSON

1. My God, my Fa - ther, while I stray Far from my home on life's rough way,
2. What tho' in lone - ly grief I sigh For friends be-loved no lon - ger nigh?
3. Re - new my will from day to day; Blend it with thine and take a - way
4. Then, when on earth I breathe no more The prayer oft mixed with tears be-fore,

O, teach me from my heart to say, Thy will be done, Thy will be done.
Sub-mis-sive still would I re - ply, Thy will be done, Thy will be done.
What-e'er now makes it hard to say, Thy will be done, Thy will be done.
I'll sing up - on a hap-pier shore, Thy will be done, Thy will be done. A-MEN.

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294 Avon C. M.

Christ Died for Our Sins

ISAAC WATTS, 1709 — HUGH WILSON, 1768

1. A - las, and did my Sav - iour bleed, And did my Sov - 'reign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I had done He groaned up - on the tree?
3. Thus might I hide my blush - ing face, While his dear cross ap - pears,
4. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe;

Would he de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y, grace un-known! And love be - yond de-gree!
Dis - solve my heart in thank - ful - ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
Here, Lord, I give my - self a- way—'Tis all that I can do. A-MEN.

295 Corfu C. M.

The Promises are Yea and Amen

NEWTON



1. Lord, I ap-proach thy mer - cy - seat, Where thou dost an - swer prayer,
2. Thy prom-ise is my on - ly plea, With this I ven - ture nigh;
3. Bowed down be-neath a load of sin, By Sa - tan sore - ly pressed,
4. O, wondrous love — to bleed and die, To bear the cross and shame,





There humbly fall be - fore thy feet, For none can per - ish there.
Thou call-est bur-dened souls to thee, And such, O Lord, am I.
By war without, and fear with - in, I come to thee for rest.
That guilt-y sin - ners such as I Might plead thy gra - cious name! A-MEN.



296

The Full Purpose

1 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 Thro' 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 duty, 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 Saviour calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be,—
Hinder me not,—Come! welcome death,
I'll gladly go with thee.

J. RYLAND

297 Integer Vitæ 8s. & 6s. *I Cling to Thee*

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1834 — FRIEDRICH FERDINAND FLEMMING



1. O Ho-ly Fa-ther! Friend un - seen! Since on thine arm thou bidst me lean,
2. What tho' the world de - ceit - ful prove, And earthly friends and joys re - move;
3. If e'er I seem to tread a - lone Life's wea-ry waste, with thorns o'er - grown,
4. If faith and hope are of - ten tried, I'll ask not, need not, aught be - side;



Help me thro'-out life's changing scene By faith to cling to thee!
With pa-tient, un - com-plain - ing love, Still would I cling to thee!
Thy voice of love, in gen - tlest tone, Still whispers, "Cling to me."
So safe, so calm, so sat - is - fied, The soul that clings to thee. A-MEN.



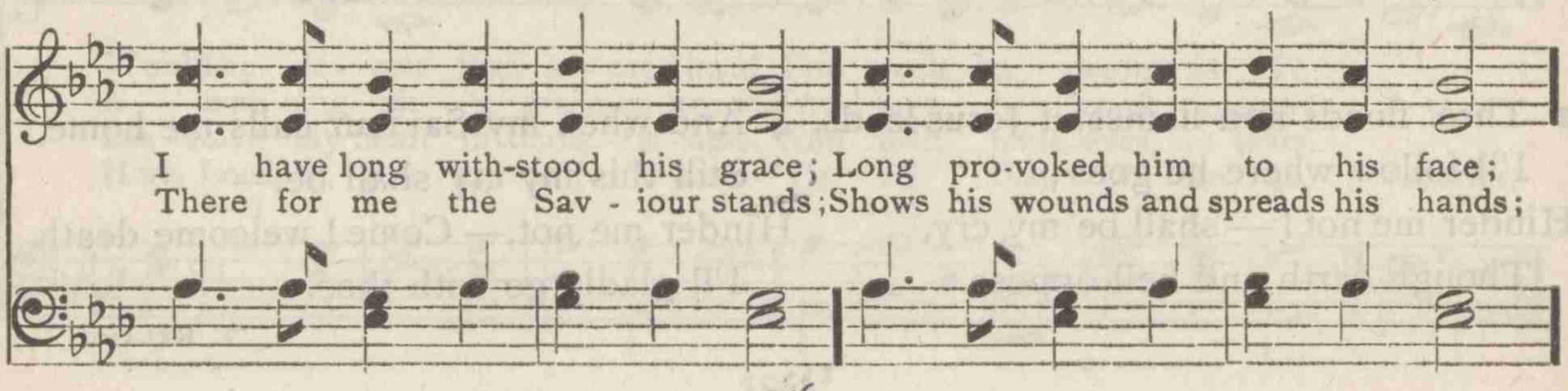
298 Spanish Hymn 7s.

My Repentings are Kindled

C. WESLEY — Spanish Melody



1. { Depths of mer - cy!—can there be Mer - cy still re - served for me?
   { Can my God his wrath for - bear? Me, the chief of sin - ners, spare?
2. { Kin - dled his re - lent - ings are; Me he now de - lights to spare;
   { Cries, How shall I give thee up?— Lets the lift - ed thun - der drop.



I have long with-stood his grace; Long pro-voked him to his face;
There for me the Sav - iour stands; Shows his wounds and spreads his hands;

299 Varina C. M. 61. *Become as Little Children*

ANNA L. WARING — J. C. H. RINK. Arr. by GEO. F. ROOT, 1849

1. Fa - ther, I know that all my life Is por-tion'd out for me;
2. I ask thee for a thoughtful love, Through constant watch - ing wise,
3. I would not have the rest-less will That hur - ries to and fro,
4. Wher - ev - er in the world I am, In what - so - e'er es - tate,

The chan - ges that will sure - ly come I do not fear to see:
To meet the glad with joy - ful smiles, And wipe the weep - ing eyes;
That seeks for some great thing to do, Or se - cret thing to know;
I - have a fel - low - ship with hearts To keep and cul - ti - vate—

I ask thee for a pres - ent mind In - tent on pleas - ing thee.
A heart at leis - ure from it - self, To soothe and sym - pa - thize.
I would be treat - ed as a child, And guid - ed where I go.
A work of low - ly love to do For Him on whom I wait. A - MEN.

Spanish Hymn (*Concluded*)

Would not heark - en to - his calls; Griev'd him by a thou-sand falls.
God is love! I know, I feel: Je - sus weeps, and loves me still. A - MEN.

300 Pilgrim 8s. & 7s.

Take Up Thy Cross

HENRY F. LYTE, 1833 — Arr.f r. MOZART

1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave and fol - low thee;
2. Let the world des-pise and leave me: They have left my Sav - iour too;

Nak - ed, poor, des-pised, for - sak - en, Thou from hence my all shalt be;
D.S. *Yet how rich is my con - di - tion! God and heav'n are still my own.*
Hu - man hearts and looks de - ceive me; Thou art not, like them, un - true;
D.S. *Foes may hate, and friends may scorn me; Show thy face and all is bright.*

FINE

Per - ish ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
And, while thou shalt smile up - on me, God of wis - dom, love, and might, A-MEN.

D.C.

301 Thatcher S. M.

Joy over the Returning Prodigal

G. F. HANDEL, 1732

1. Hark! through the courts of heav'n An - gel - ic voi - ces sound:
2. God of un - fail - ing grace, Send down thy Spir - it now;
3. In coun - tries far from home, On earth - ly husks who feed,
4. Then, at each soul's re - turn, The heav'n - ly harp shall sound—

302 Toplady 7s. 6l.

Conversion

RAY PALMER, 1863 — Dr. THOMAS HASTINGS

1. Je - sus, Lamb of God, for me, Thou, the Lord of life, didst die;
2. Nev - er bow'd a mar - tyr's head Weighed with e - qual sor - row down,
3. All my soul, by love sub - dued, Melts in deep con - tri - tion there;
4. While with bro - ken heart I kneel, Sinks the in - ward storm to rest,

Whith - er, whith - er but to thee, Can a trem - bling sin - ner fly!
Nev - er blood so rich was shed, Nev - er king wore such a crown:
By thy might - y grace re - newed, New - born hope for - bids de - spair;
Life, im - mor - tal life, I feel Kin - dled in my throb - bing breast!

Death's dark wa - ters o'er me roll, Save, oh, save my sink - ing soul.
To thy cross and sac - ri - fice Faith now lifts her tear - ful eyes.
Lord! thou canst my guilt for - give, Thou hast bid me look and live.
Thine, for - ev - er thine, I am; Glo - ry to the bleed - ing Lamb! A - MEN.

Thatcher (*Concluded*)

He that was dead now lives a - gain; He that was lost is found.
O, raise the low - ly soul to hope, And make the loft - y bow.
Back to their Fa - ther's house, O Lord, Their wand'ring foot - steps lead.
He that was dead now lives a - gain; He that was lost is found. A - MEN.

303 Dykeman S. M.

Weeping for Sin

BENJAMIN BEDDOME

1. Did Christ o'er sin - ners weep, And shall our cheeks be dry?
2. The Son of God in tears The won - d'ring an - gels see:
3. He wept that we might weep; Each sin de - mands a tear;

Let floods of pen - i - ten - tial grief Burst forth from ev - 'ry eye.
Be thou as - ton - ished, O my soul; He shed those tears for thee.
In heav'n a - lone no sin is found, And there's no weep - ing there. A - MEN.

304 St. Thomas S. M.

The New Life

STEPHEN G. BULFINCH

WILLIAM TANSUR, 1743

1. How glo - rious is the hour When first our souls a - wake,
2. A - mid re - pent - ant tears, We feel sweet peace with - in;
3. Born of thy Spir - it, Lord, Thy Spir - it may we share!

And thro' thy Spir - it's quick - 'ning power Of the new life par-take!
We know the God of mer - cy hears, And par - dons ev - 'ry sin.
Deep in our hearts in - scribe thy word, And place thine im - age there. A - MEN.

305 Woodside C. M.

Create in Me a Clean Heart

CHARLES WESLEY — L. O. EMERSON

1. O for a heart to praise my God! A heart from sin set free,
2. O for a low-ly, con-trite heart, Be-liev-ing, true, and clean,
3. Thy na-ture, gra-cious Lord, im-part; Come quick-ly from a-bove;

A heart that's sprin-kled with the blood So free-ly shed for me.
Which nei-ther life nor death can part From him that dwells with-in!
Write thy new name up-on my heart—Thy new, best name of Love. A-MEN.

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306 Hummel C. M.

The New Convert

JOHN NEWTON — CHARLES ZEUNER, 1832

1. Sweet was the time when first I felt The Sav-iour's pard-'ning blood
2. Soon as the morn the light re-vealed, His prais-es tuned my tongue;
3. In prayer my soul drew near the Lord, And saw his glo-ry shine;

Ap-plied to cleanse my soul from guilt, And bring me home to God.
And when the eve-ning shade pre-vailed His love was all my song.
And when I read his ho-ly word, I called each prom-ise mine. A-MEN.

307 Athens C. M. D.

Ye Shall Find Rest to Your Souls

HORATIUS BONAR — Arr. fr. GIARDINI

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to me, and rest;
2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold, I free - ly give
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's light·

Lay down, my wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast:"
The liv - ing wa - ter: thirst - y one, Stoop down, and drink, and live."
Look un - to me; thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright."

I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry, and worn, and sad;
I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream—
I looked to Je - sus, and I found In him my star, my sun;

I found in him a rest - ing-place, And he has made me glad.
My thirst was quenched, my soul re - vived, And now I live in him.
And in that light of life I'll walk Till all my jour - ney's done. A - MEN.

308 (Athens)

Power of Faith

1 Faith adds new charms to earthly bliss,
And saves us from its snares;
It yields support in all our toils,
And softens all our cares.
The wounded conscience knows its power,
The healing balm to give;
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.

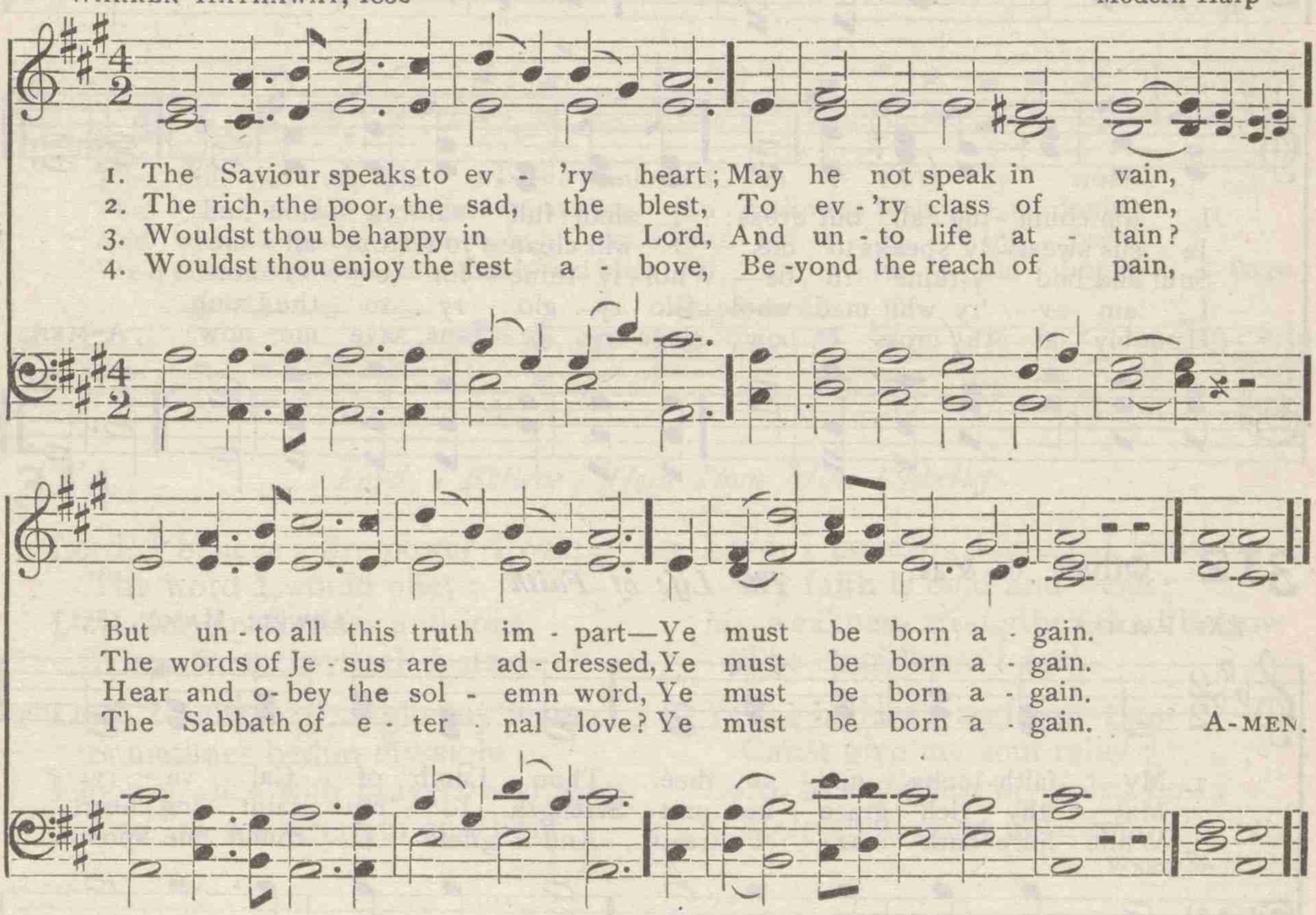
2 Wide it unveils the heavenly world,
Where endless pleasures reign;
It bids us seek our portion there,
Nor bids us seek in vain.
There, still unshaken, would we rest,
Till this frail body dies,
And then, on faith's triumphant wing,
To endless glory rise.

TURNER

309 Hymn C. M.

Ye Must be Born Again

WARREN HATHAWAY, 1862 — Modern Harp



310

Faith without Works is Dead

1 As body when the soul has fled,
As barren trees decayed and dead,
Is faith — a hopeless, lifeless thing,
If not of righteous deeds the spring.

2 One cup of healing oil and wine,
One tear-drop shed on mercy's shrine,
Is thrice more grateful, Lord, to thee,
Than lifted eye or bended knee.

3 In true and heaven-born faith, we trace
The source of every Christian grace;
Within the pious heart it plays—
A living fount of joy and praise.

4 Kind deeds of peace and love betray
Where'er the stream has found its way;
But where these spring not rich and fair,
The stream has never wandered there

W. H. DRUMMOND

311 I Am Trusting 7s.

WM. MCDONALD — WM. G. FISHER, by per.



1. I am com - ing to the cross; I'm poor, and weak, and blind;
2. Long my heart has sighed for thee; Long has e - vil reigned with - in;
3. Here I give my all to thee! Friends, and time, and earth - ly store,
4. Je - sus comes! he fills my soul; Per - fect - ed in love I am;

CHO. I am trust - ing, Lord, in thee; Dear Lamb of Cal - va - ry;





I am count - ing all but dross; I shall full sal - va - tion find.
Je - sus sweet - ly speaks to me, I will cleanse you from all sin.
Soul and bod - y thine to be— Whol - ly thine— for - ev - er more.
I am ev - 'ry whit made whole; Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb.
Hum-bly at thy cross I bow; Save me, Je - sus, save me now. A - MEN.



312 Olivet 6s. & 4s.

The Life of Faith

RAY PALMER — LOWELL MASON, 1831



1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
2. May thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart,
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread,



Sav - iour di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
My zeal in - spire; As thou hast died for me, O, may my
Be thou my Guide: Bid dark-ness turn to day, Wipe sor - row's

313 Heber C. M.

BATHURST — GEORGE KINGSLEY

1. O for a faith that will not shrink, Tho' pressed by ev - 'ry foe,
2. A faith that shines more bright and clear When tem-pests rage with - out;
3. A faith that keeps the nar - row way Till life's last hour is fled,
4. Lord, give us such a faith as this, And then what - e'er may come,

That will not trem - ble on the brink Of an - y earth - ly woe.
That when in dan - ger knows no fear, In dark-ness feels no doubt; —
And with a pure and heav'n-ly ray Lights up a dy - ing bed!
We'll taste, e'en here, the hal-lowed bliss Of an e - ter - nal home. A-MEN.

314 *Lord, I Believe; Help Thou Mine Unbelief*

1 Lord, I believe: thy power I own;
Thy word I would obey;
I wander comfortless and lone,
When from thy truth I stray.

2 Lord, I believe; but gloomy fears
Sometimes bedim my sight,
I look to thee with prayers and tears,
And cry for strength and light.

3 Lord, I believe; but oft, I know,
My faith is cold and weak;
My weakness strengthen, and bestow
The confidence I seek.

4 Yes, I believe; and only thou
Canst give my soul relief;
Lord, to thy truth my spirit bow;
Help thou mine unbelief.

WREFORD

Olivet (*Concluded*)

guilt a - way, Oh, let me from this day Be whol - ly thine!
love to thee Pure, warm, and change-less be — A liv - ing fire.
tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From thee a - side. A-MEN.

315 - Henry C. M.

They Shall be as Mount Zion

ISAAC WATTS

S. B. POND



316

All Things Work Together for Good

1 I worship thee, sweet will of God,
And all thy ways adore;
And every day I live, I long
To love thee more and more.

2 Man's weakness, waiting upon God,
Its end can never miss;
For man on earth no work can do
More angel-like than this.

3 He always wins who sides with God;
To him no chance is lost;
God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.

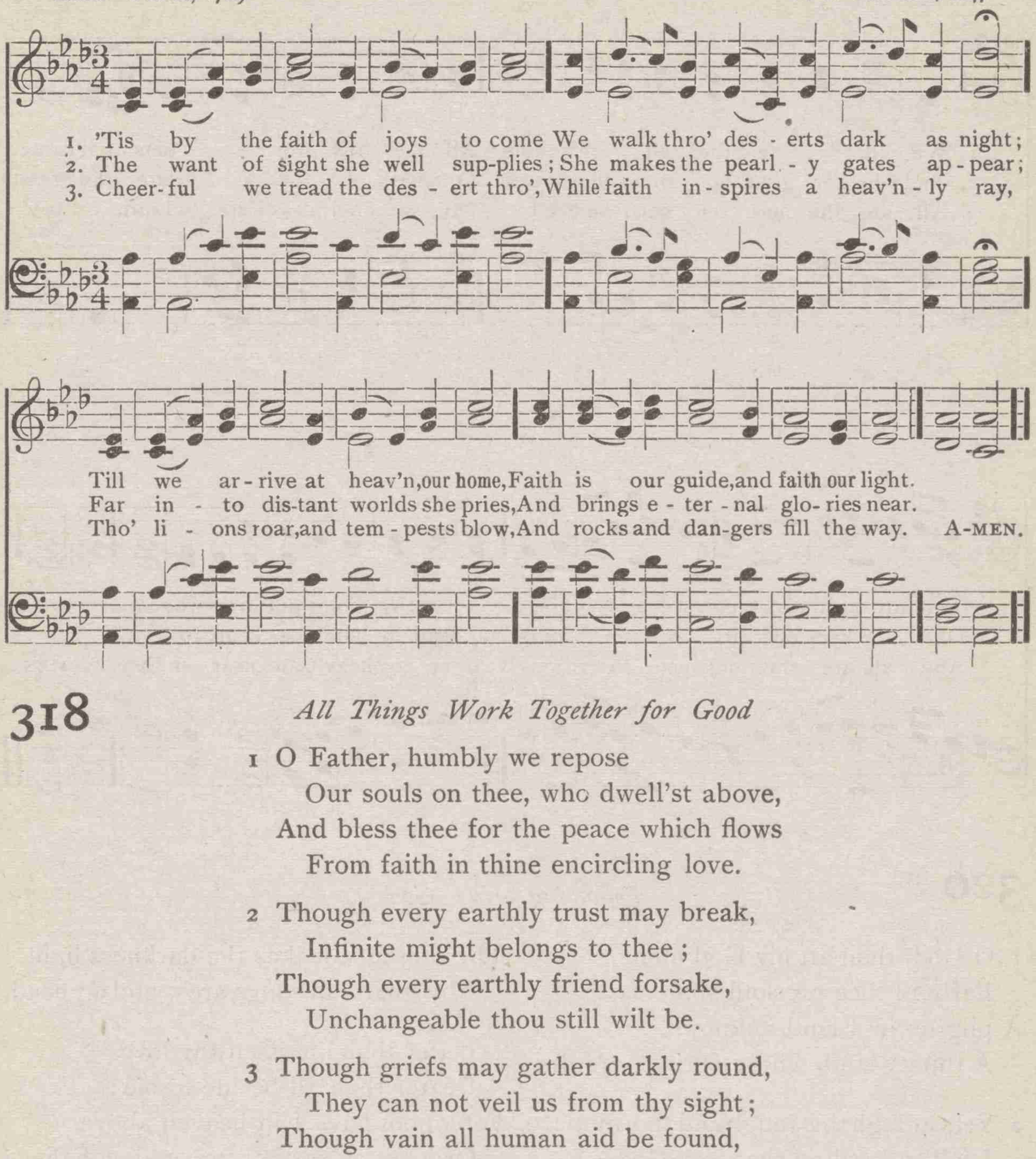
4 When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison-walls to be;
I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to thee.

F. W. FABER

317 Louvan L. M.

For We Walk by Faith

ISAAC WATTS, 1709 — V. C. TAYLOR, 1847



318

All Things Work Together for Good

1 O Father, humbly we repose
Our souls on thee, who dwell'st above,
And bless thee for the peace which flows
From faith in thine encircling love.

2 Though every earthly trust may break,
Infinite might belongs to thee;
Though every earthly friend forsake,
Unchangeable thou still wilt be.

3 Though griefs may gather darkly round,
They can not veil us from thy sight;
Though vain all human aid be found,
Thou every grief canst turn to light.

4 All things thy wise designs fulfil,
In earth beneath and heaven above;
And good breaks out from every ill,
Through faith in thine encircling love.

GASKELL

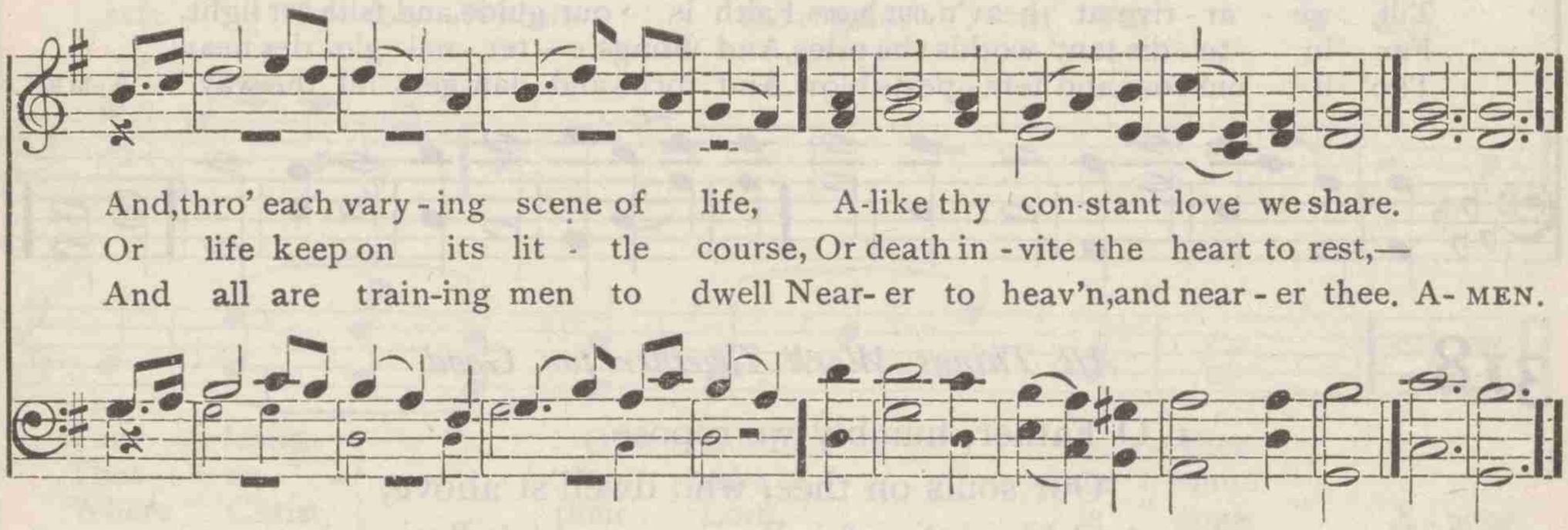
319 Seasons L. M. *All Things Work for Good*

GEORGE DYER — IGNACE PLEYEL



1. We all, O Fa - ther! all are thine: All feel thy prov - i - den - tial care;
2. And whether grief op - press the heart, Or wheth - er joy e - late the breast,
3. All are the mes - sen - gers, and all Thy sa - cred pleas - ure, Lord, o - bey;





And, thro' each vary - ing scene of life, A-like thy con-stant love we share.
Or life keep on its lit - tle course, Or death in - vite the heart to rest,—
And all are train-ing men to dwell Near- er to heav'n, and near - er thee. A- MEN.

320 *Following After God*

1 O God, thou art my God alone;
Early to thee my soul shall cry,
A pilgrim in a land unknown,
A thirsty land, whose springs are dry.

2 Yet, through this rough and thorny maze,
I follow hard on thee, my God;
Thine hand unseen upholds my ways;
I lean upon thy staff and rod.

3 Thee, in the watches of the night,
When I remember on my bed,
Thy presence makes the darkness light,
Thy guardian wings are round my head.

4 Better than life itself thy love,
Dearer than all beside to me;
For whom have I in heaven above,
Or what on earth, compared with thee?

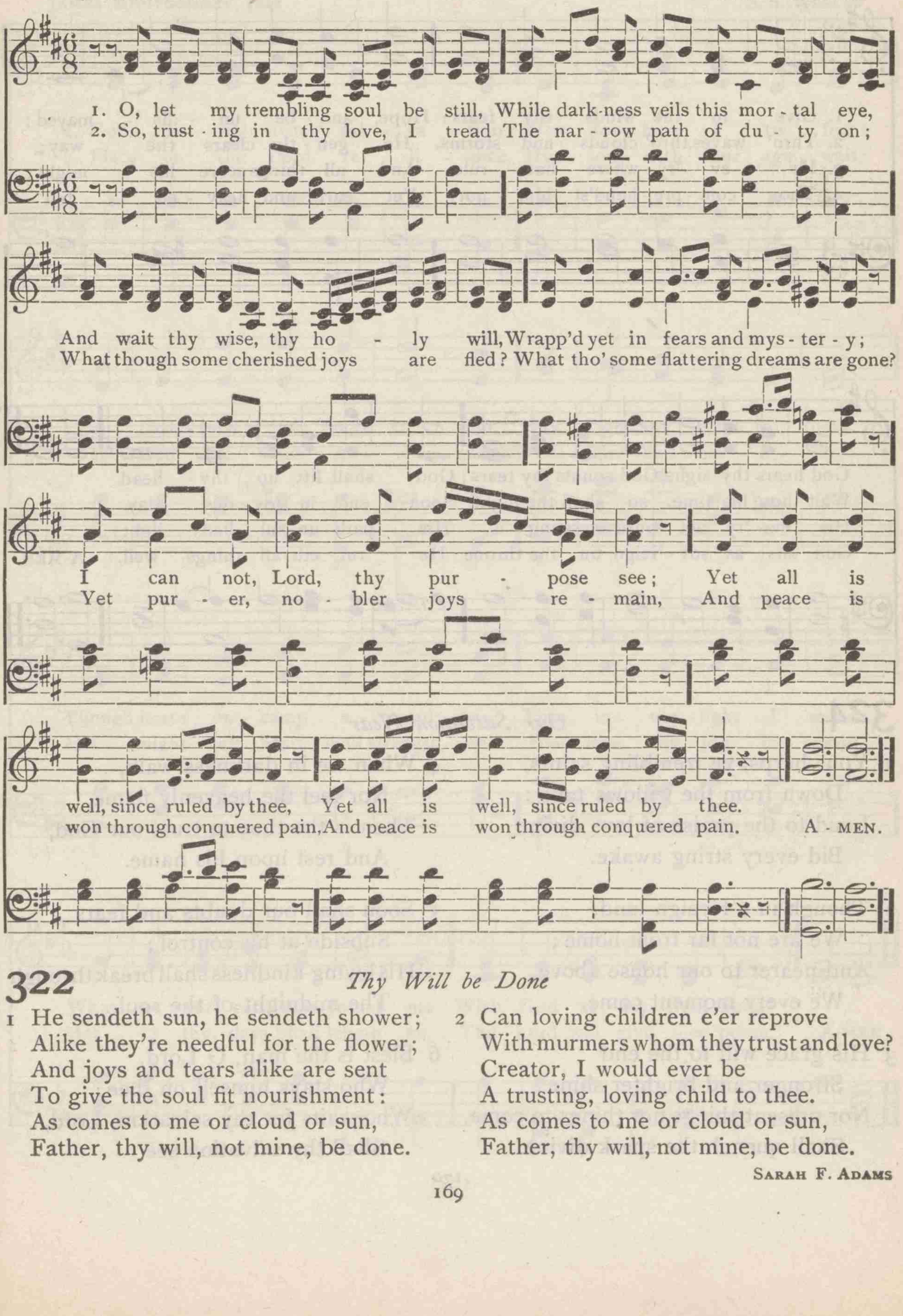
5 Praise with my heart, my mind, my voice,
For all thy mercy, I will give;
My soul shall still in God rejoice;
My tongue shall bless thee while I live.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1822

321 Advocate L. M. 6l.

He Doeth All Things Well

Sir John Bowring — Arr. fr. Mozart



322 *Thy Will be Done*

1 He sendeth sun, he sendeth shower;
Alike they're needful for the flower;
And joys and tears alike are sent
To give the soul fit nourishment:
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father, thy will, not mine, be done.

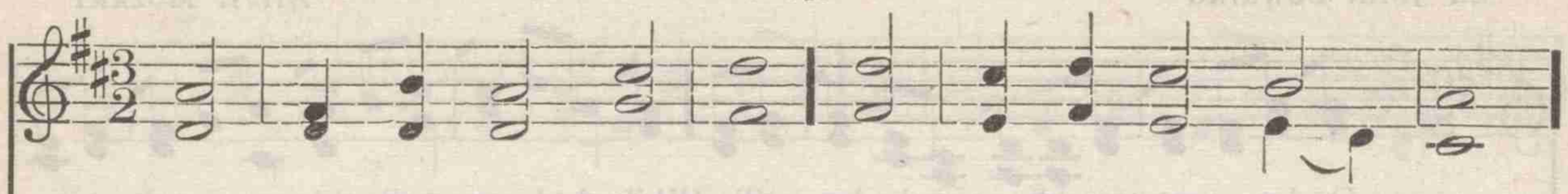
2 Can loving children e'er reprove
With murmers whom they trust and love?
Creator, I would ever be
A trusting, loving child to thee.
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father, thy will, not mine, be done.

Sarah F. Adams

323 Dover S. M.

Wait Thou His Time

PAUL GERHARDT, 1666. Tr. JOHN WESLEY, 1739 — Arr. by T. HASTINGS



1. Give to the winds thy fears; Hope, and be un - dis - mayed;
2. Thro' waves, thro' clouds and storms, He gen - tly clears the way;
3. He ev - 'ry - where hath rule, And all things serve his might;
4. Thou com - pre - hend'st him not; Yet earth and heav - en tell





God hears thy sighs, God counts thy tears; God shall lift up thy head.
Wait thou his time, so shall the night Soon end in joy - ous day.
His ev - 'ry act pure bless-ing is, His path un - sul - lied light.
God sits as sov - 'reign on the throne He rul - eth all things well. A-MEN.

324 *Our Salvation Near*

1 Your harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take:
Loud to the praise of love divine
Bid every string awake.

2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

3 His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.

4 When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame,
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon his name.

5 Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at his control;
His loving-kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.

6 Blest is the man, O Lord,
Who stays himself on thee;
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,
Shall thy salvation see.

325 Aurelia 7s. & 6s. D.

God is My Salvation

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1822 — S. S. WESLEY

1. God is my strong sal - va - tion: What foe have I to fear?
2. Place on the Lord re - li - ance, My soul with cour - age wait;

In dark - ness and temp - ta - tion, My Light, my help is near.
His truth be thine af - fi - ance, When faint and des - o - late.

Though hosts en - camp a - round me, Firm in the fight I stand:
His might thy heart shall strength - en, His love thy joy in - crease,

What ter - ror can con - found me With God at my right hand?
Mer - cy thy days shall length - en, The Lord will give thee peace. A-MEN

326 Rosefield 7s.

Filial Trust

JOHN NEWTON — Dr. MALAN



327 Theodora 7s.

Who Shall Dwell in Thy Holy Hill

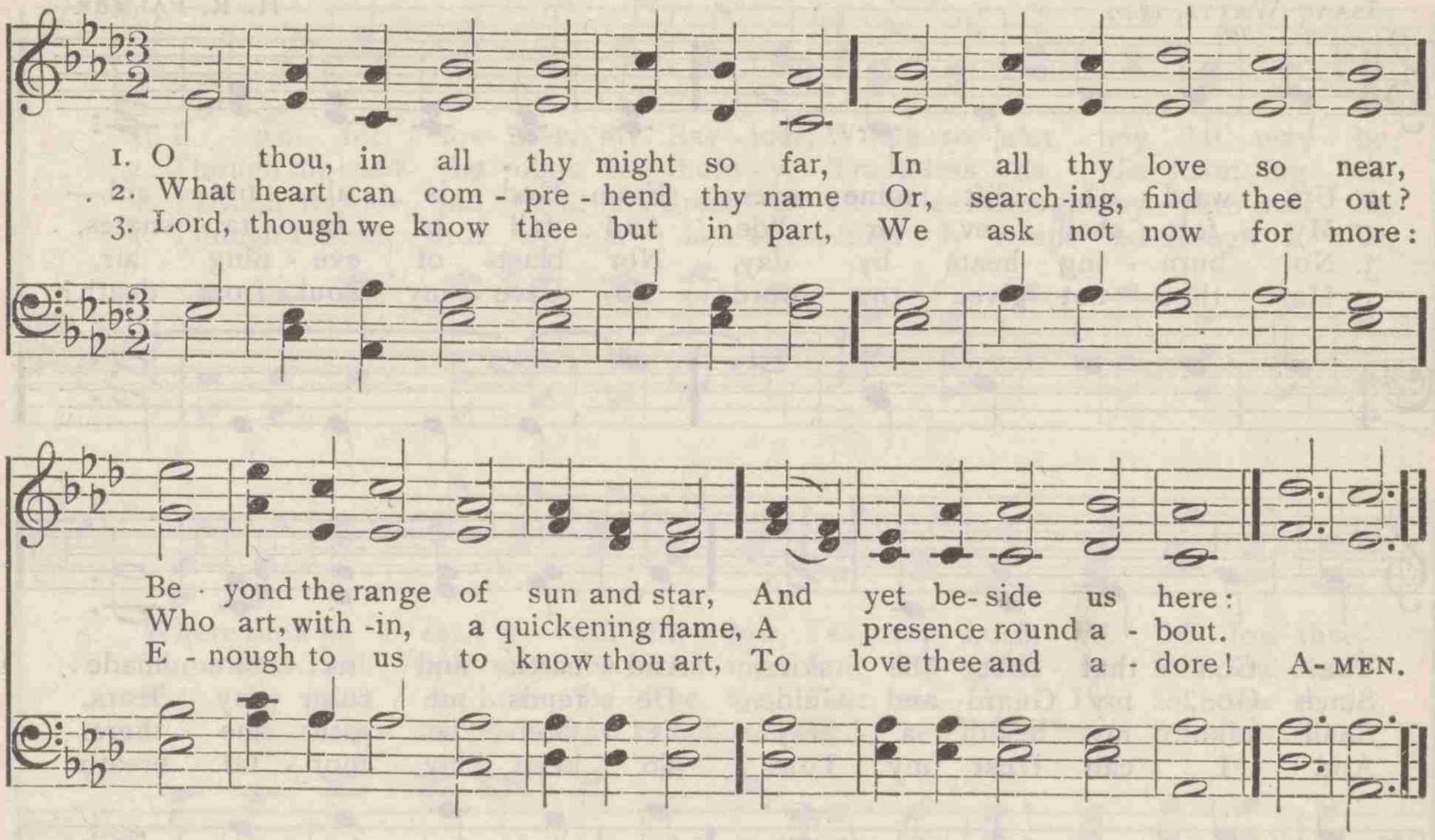
HENRY F. LYTE, 1834 — Arr. fr. HANDEL



328 Azmon C. M.

Trust in God

FREDERICK L. HOSMER, 1876 — GLASER. Arr. by Dr. L. MASON



329

Delight in God

1 O Lord! I would delight in thee,
And on thy care depend;
To thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my only Friend!

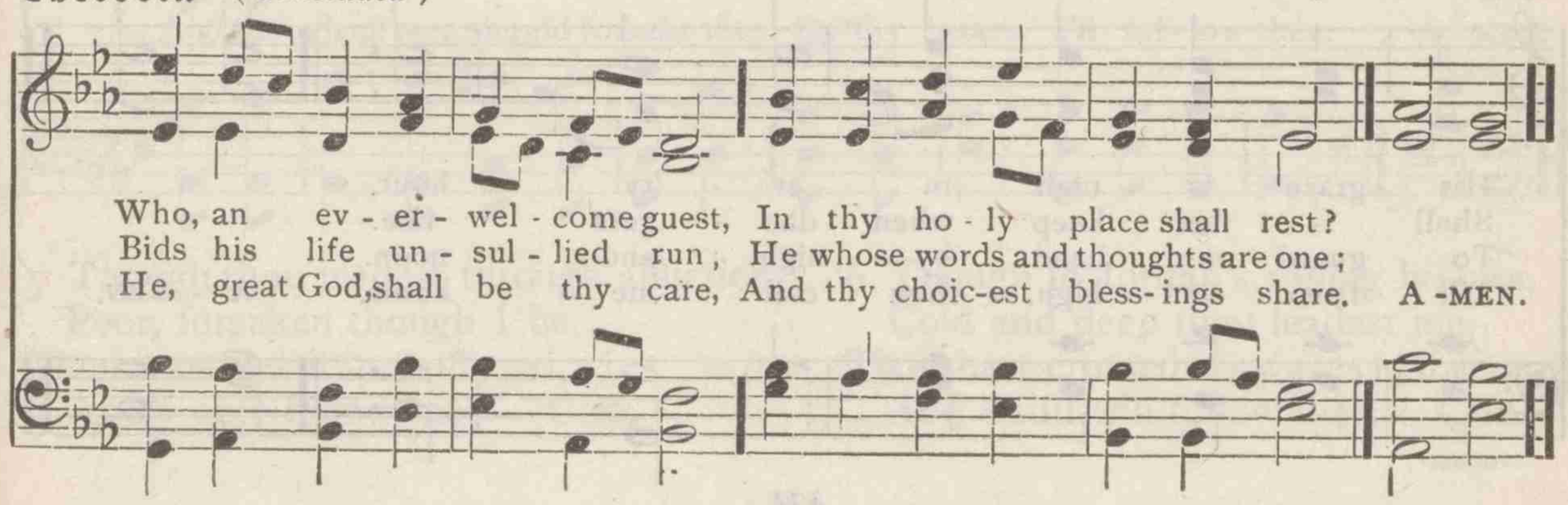
2 When all created streams are dried,
Thy fullness is the same;
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in thy name.

3 Oh! that I had a stronger faith,
To look within the veil,
To credit what my Saviour saith,
Whose word can never fail.

4 O Lord! I cast my care on thee;
I triumph and adore;
Henceforth my great concern shall be,
To love and praise thee more.

JOHN RYLAND, 1787

Theodora (*Concluded*)



330 St. Catherine's H. M. 3d P. M.

God Our Preserver

ISAAC WATTS, 1719 H. R. PALMER

1. Up - ward I lift mine eyes; From God is all my aid,—
2. My feet shall nev - er slide, And fall in fa - tal snares, -
3. No burn - ing heats by day, Nor blasts of eve - ning air,
4. Hast thou not given thy word To save my soul from death?

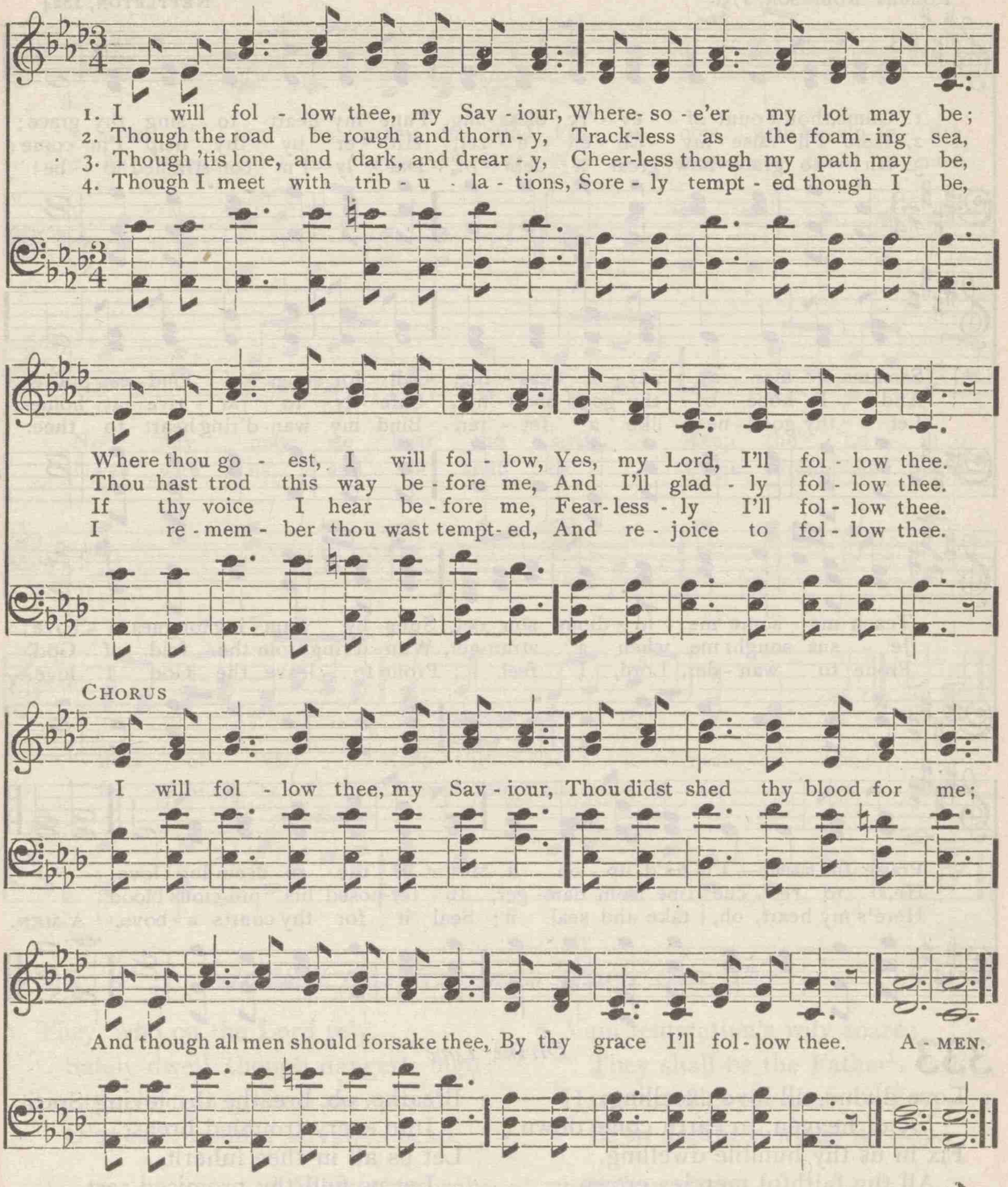
The God that built the skies, And earth and na - ture made:
Since God, my Guard and Guide, De - fends me from my fears.
Shall take my health a - way If God be with me there.
And I can trust my Lord To keep my mor - tal breath:

God is the tower to which I fly, To which I fly:
Those wake - ful eyes, that nev - er sleep, That nev - er sleep,
Thou art my sun and thou my shade, And thou my shade,
I'll go and come, nor fear to die, Nor fear to die,

His grace is nigh in ev - 'ry hour.
Shall Is - rael keep when dan - gers rise.
To guard my head by night and noon.
Till from on high, thou call me home. A - MEN.

331 I Will Follow Thee 8s. & 7s.

Arr. by A. M. WILBER



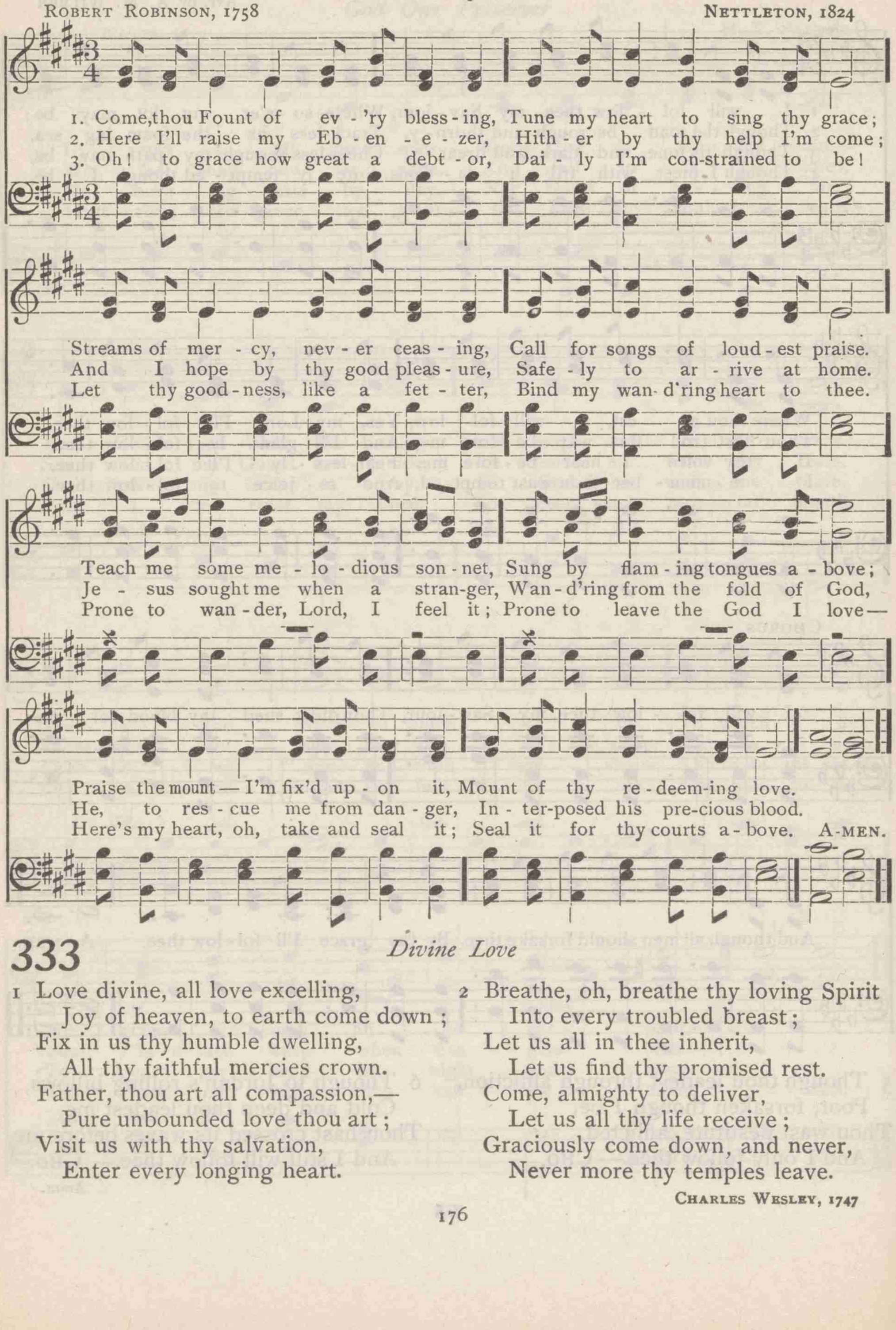
5 Though thou leadest through affliction,
Poor, forsaken though I be,
Thou wast destitute, afflicted,
And I only follow thee.— CHO.

6 Though to Jordan's rolling billows,
Cold and deep thou leadest me,
Thou hast crossed its waves before me,
And I still will follow thee.— CHO.

Anon.

332 Nettleton 8s. & 7s. D. *Memorial of Praise*

ROBERT ROBINSON, 1758 — NETTLETON, 1824



333 *Divine Love*

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

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

CHARLES WESLEY, 1747

334 Willis 7s.

Following Christ

CHARLES WESLEY, 1740 — R. STORRS WILLIS



335

He Shall Give His Angels Charge Over Thee

1 They, who on the Lord rely,
Safely dwell, though danger's nigh;
Lo, his sheltering wings are spread
O'er each faithful servant's head.

2 Vain temptation's wily snare;
They shall be the Father's care;
Harmless flies the shaft by day,
Or in darkness wings its way.

3 When they wake, or when they sleep,
Angel guards their vigils keep;
Death and danger may be near,
Faith and love can never fear.

Spirit of the Psalms

336 Brownell L. M. 61. *Thy Boundless Love*

JOHN WESLEY, tr. HAYDN

1. Je - sus, thy bound - less love to me No tho't can reach, no
2. Oh, grant that noth - ing in my soul May dwell, but thy pure
3. O Love! how cheer - ing is thy ray! All pain be - fore thy

tongue de - clare; Oh, knit my thank - ful heart to thee, And reign with-
love a - lone: Oh, may thy love pos - sess me whole,—My joy, my
pres - ence flies; Care, an - guish, sor - row, melt a - way, Wher - e'er thy

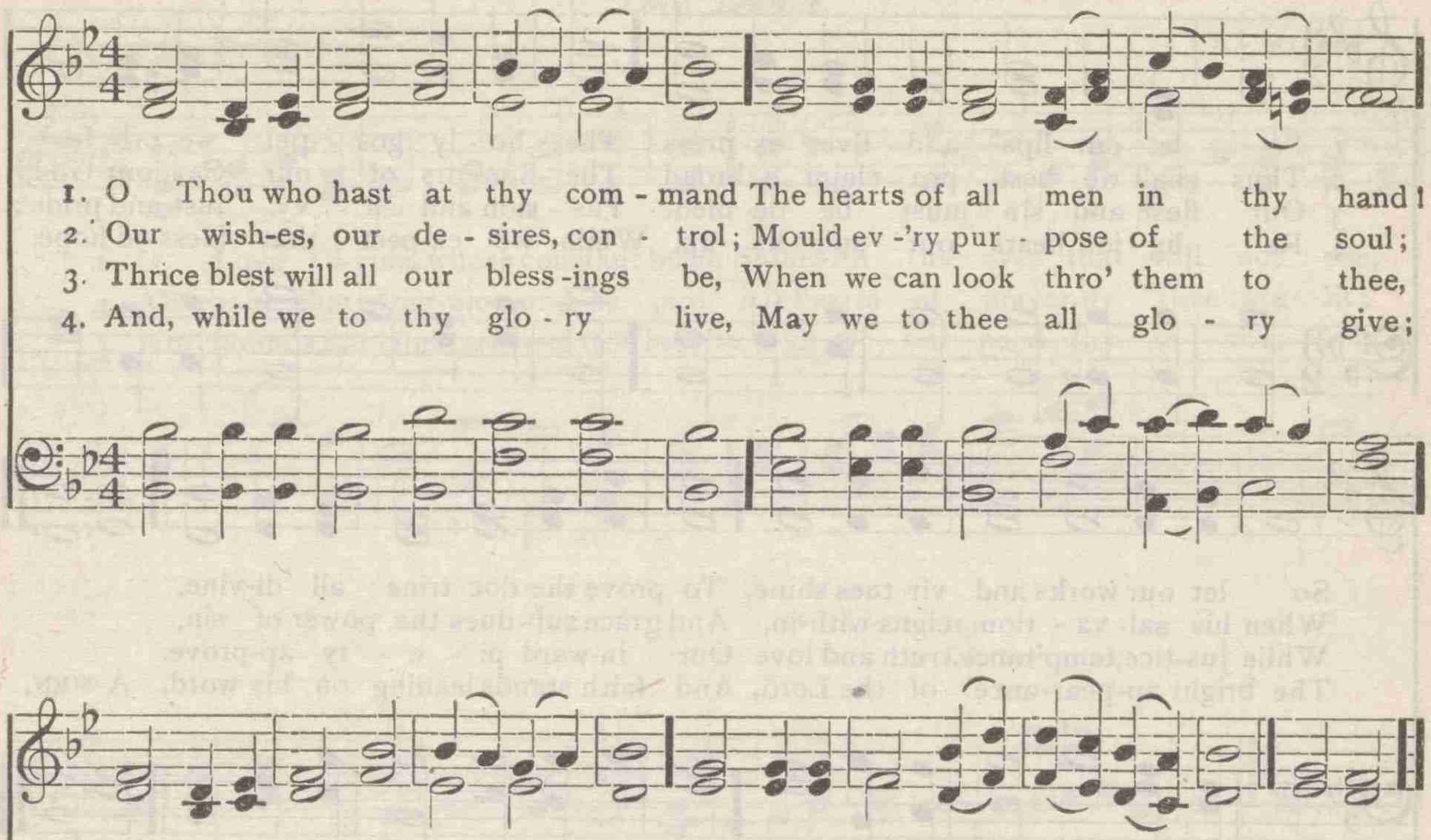
out a ri - val there; Thine whol - ly, Thine a - lone I am;
treas - ure, and my crown: Strange flames far from my heart re - move
heal - ing beams a - rise: O Je - sus! noth - ing may I see,

Be thou a - lone my con - stant flame.
My ev - 'ry act, word, thought, be love.
Noth - ing de - sire, or seek but thee! A - MEN.

337 Ernan L. M.

Living to God

MRS. JOSEPH COTTERILL, 1808 — Dr. LOWELL MASON



338

A Prayer for Faith

1 I ask not wealth, but power to take
And use the things I have aright;
Not years, but wisdom that shall make
My life a profit and delight.

2 I ask not that for me the plan
Of good and ill be set aside,
But that the common lot of man
Be nobly borne and glorified.

3 I know I may not always keep
My steps in places green and sweet,
Nor find the pathway of the deep
A path of safety to my feet;

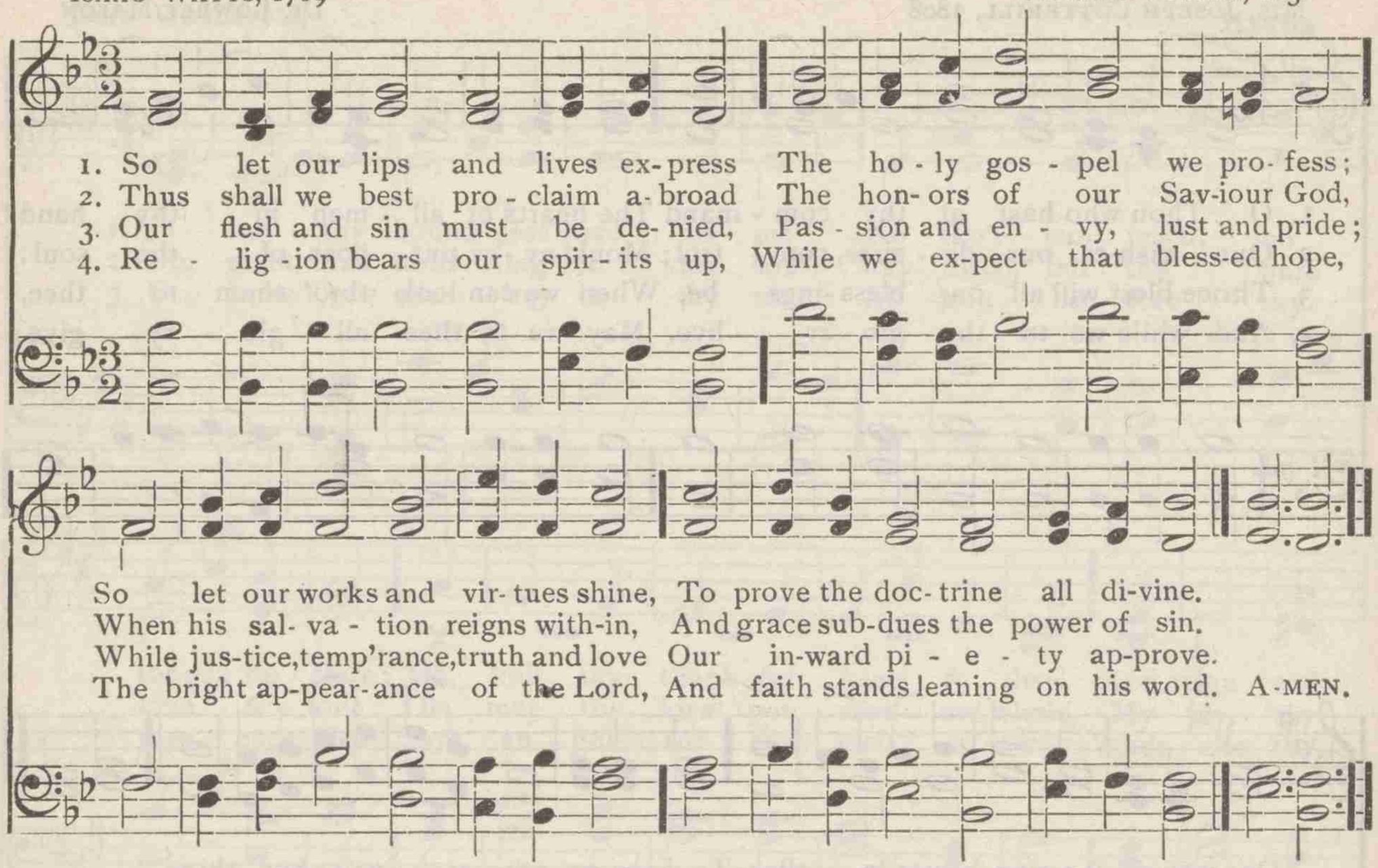
4 But pray that, when the tempest's breath
Shall fiercely sweep my way about,
I make not shipwreck of my faith
In the unfathomed sea of doubt.

PHŒBE CARY

339 Hebron L. M.

Practical Religion

ISAAC WATTS, 1709 — LOWELL MASON, 1830



340

Christian Fellowship

1 How blest the sacred tie that binds,
In union sweet, according minds!
How swift the heavenly course they run,
Whose hearts and faith and hopes are one.

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

3 In glad accord they seek the place
Where God reveals his gracious face:
How high, how strong, their raptures swell,
There's none but kindred souls can tell.

4 Nor shall the flowing flame expire
When droops at length frail nature's fire;
For they shall meet in realms above,—
A heaven of joy, because of love.

ANNA L. BARBAULD

341

Who Shall Dwell in Thy Holy Hill

1 Who shall ascend the heavenly place,
Great God, and dwell before thy face?
The man who minds religion now,—
And humbly walks with God below.

2 Whose hands are pure, whose heart is clean,
Whose lips still speak the things they mean;
No slanders dwell upon his tongue;
He hates to do his neighbor wrong.

3 He loves his enemies and prays
For those who curse him to his face,
And does to all men still the same
That he would hope or wish from them.

4 Yet when his holiest works are done,
His soul depends on grace alone:
This is the man thy face shall see,
And dwell forever, Lord, with Thee.

ISAAC WATTS

342 Rockingham (Old) L. M.

Love Divine

JOHN G. WHITTIER — E. MILLER



1. O Love Di-vine, whose constant beam Shines on the eyes that will not see,
2. All souls that strug-gle and as - pire, All hearts of prayer, by thee are lit;
3. Nor bounds, nor clime, nor creed thou know'st: Wide as our need thy fa - vors fall;





And waits to bless us while we dream, Thou leav'st us when we turn from thee!
And, dim or clear, thy tongues of fire On dusk - y tribes and cen - t'ries sit.
The white wings of the Ho - ly Ghost Stoop, unseen, o'er the heads of all. A - MEN.



343 *Who art Thou that Judgest*

1 All-seeing God, 'tis thine to know
The springs whence wrong opinions flow;
To judge from principles within,
When frailty errs, and when we sin.

2 Who among men, great Lord of all,
Thy servant at the bar shall call?
Judge him, for modes of faith, thy foe,
And doom him to the realms of woe?

3 Who with another's eye can read?
Or worship by another's creed?
Trusting thy grace, we form our own,
And bow to thy commands alone.

4 If wrong, correct; accept if right;
While, faithful, we improve our light,
Condemning none, but zealous still
To learn and follow all thy will.

SCOTT

344 Stonefield L. M.

Forgive, and Ye Shall be Forgiven

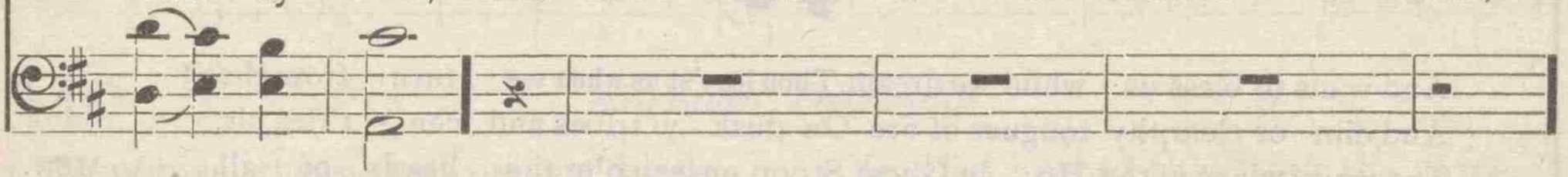
Mrs. LIVERMORE — SAMUEL STANLEY, 1820



1. What pre - cept, Je - sus, is like thine— For - give, as ye would
2. O, not the harsh and scorn - ful word The vic - t'ry o - ver
3. But from our spir - its there must flow A love that will the
4. 'Twas heaven that formed the ho - ly plan To win the wan - d'rer



be for - given: In this we see the pow'r di - vine
sin can gain, Not the dark pris - on, or the sword,
wrong out - weigh; Our lips must on - ly bless - ings know,
back by love; Thus let us save our broth - er man,





Which shall trans - form our earth to heaven.
The shac - kle, or the wea - ry chain.
And wrath and sin shall die a - way.
And im - i tate our God a - bove. A - MEN.



345 *Jesus Our Joy*

1 Jesus, thou Joy of loving hearts,
Thou Fount of Life, thou Light of men!
From the best bliss that earth imparts,
We turn unfilled to thee again.

2 Our restless spirits yearn for thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
Glad, when thy gracious smile we see;
Blest, when our faith can hold thee fast.

3 O Jesus, ever with us stay;
Make all our moments calm and bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away,
Shed o'er the world thy holy light.

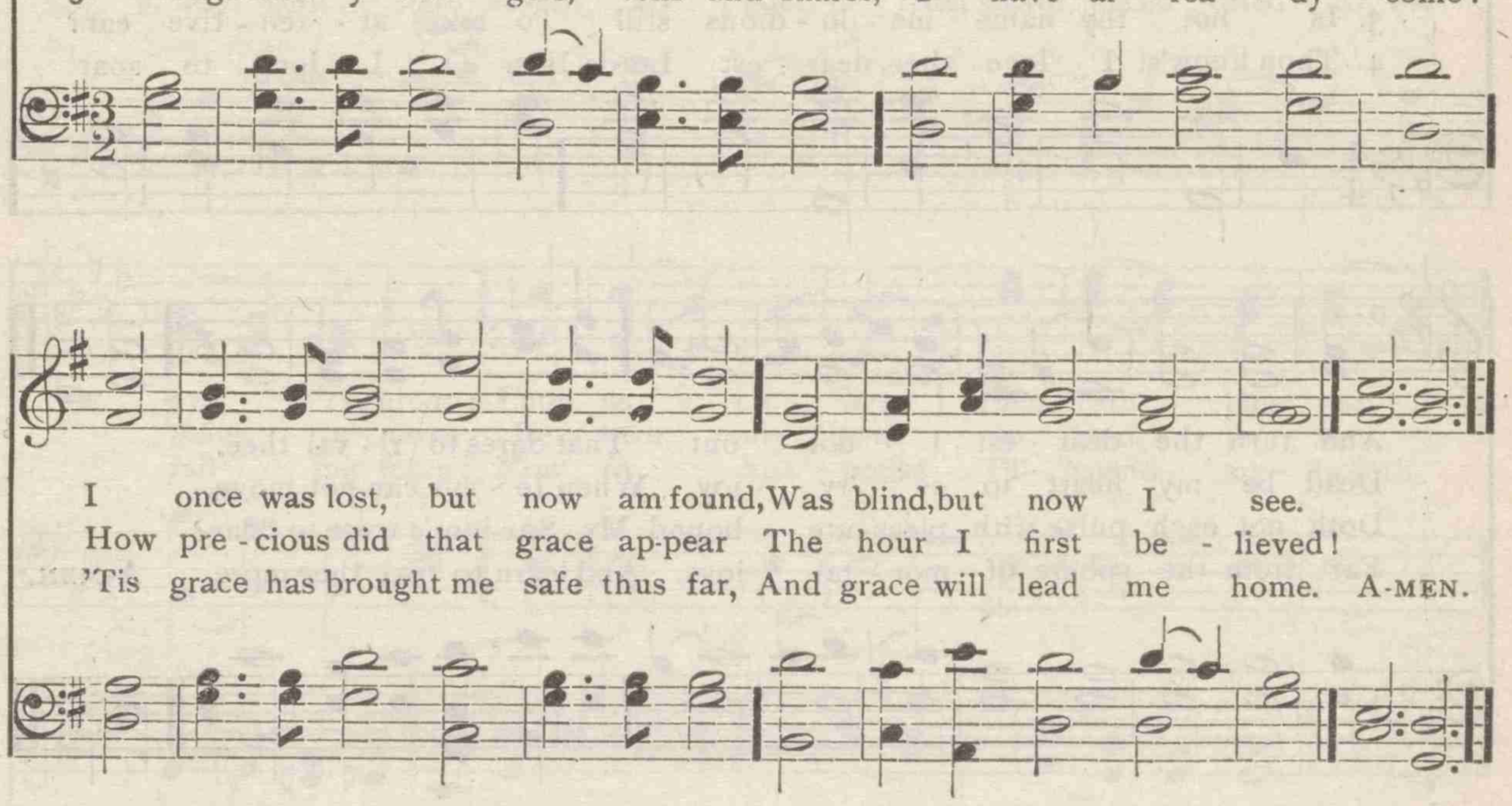
Tr. RAY PALMER, 1858

346 Arlington C. M.

THOMAS A. ARNE, 1744



1. A - maz - ing grace! how sweet the sound That saved a wretch like me!
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re - lieved;
3. Through man - y dan - gers, toils and snares, I have al - rea - dy come:



I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.
How pre - cious did that grace ap-pear The hour I first be - lieved!
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home. A-MEN.

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

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

J. NEWTON

347 *Charity Thinketh no Evil*

1 Think gently of the erring one,
And let us not forget,
However darkly stained by sin,
He is our brother yet.

2 Heir of the same inheritance,
Child of the self-same God,
He hath but stumbled in that path
We have in weakness trod.

3 Speak gently to the erring one:
Thou yet mayst lead him back,
With holy words and tones of love,
From misery's thorny track.

4 Forget not thou hast often sinned,
And sinful yet mayst be:
Deal gently with the erring one,
As God hath dealt with thee.

Miss FLETCHER

348 Hummel C. M.

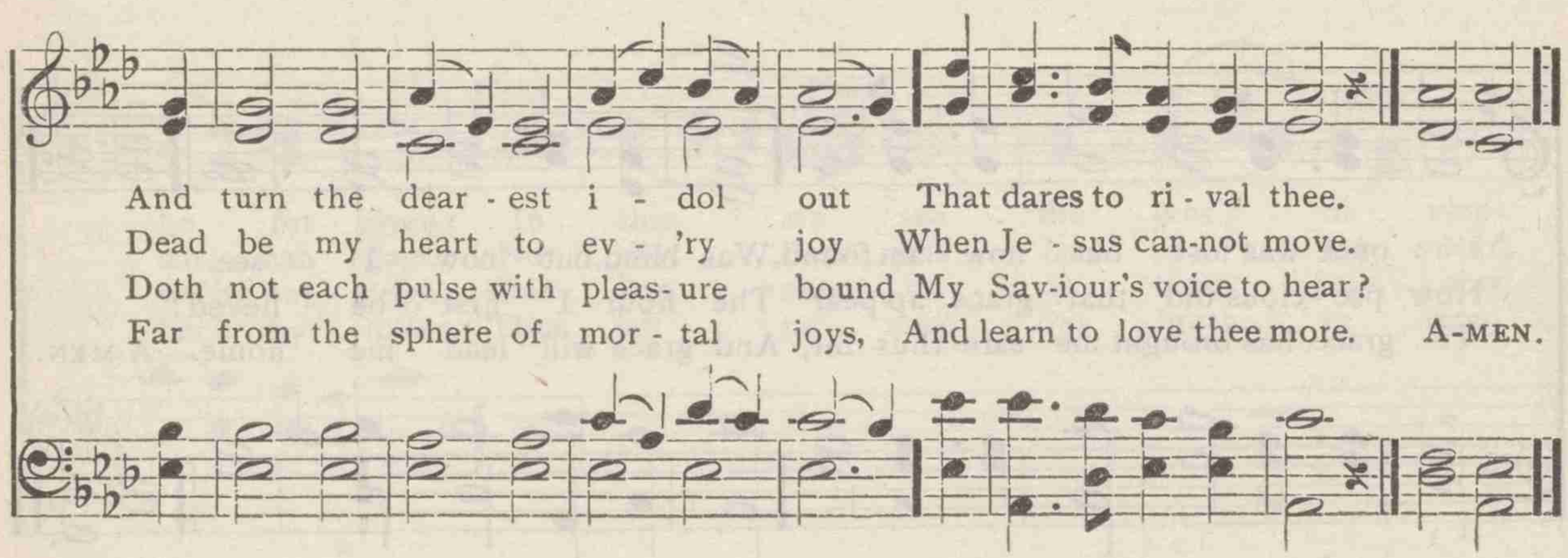
Thou Knowest That I Love Thee

PHILIP DODDRIDGE — CHARLES ZEUNER, 1832



1. Do not I love thee, O my Lord? Be - hold my heart, and see;
2. Do not I love thee from my soul? Then let me noth - ing love
3. Is not thy name me - lo - dious still To mine at - ten - tive ear?
4. Thou know'st I love thee, dear - est Lord; But, O, I long to soar





And turn the dear - est i - dol out That dares to ri - val thee.
Dead be my heart to ev - 'ry joy When Je - sus can-not move.
Doth not each pulse with pleas- ure bound My Sav-iour's voice to hear?
Far from the sphere of mor - tal joys, And learn to love thee more. A-MEN.

349 *Speak Gently*

1 Speak gently—it is better far
To rule by love than fear;
Speak gently— let no harsh word mar
The good we may do here.

2 Speak gently to the young, for they
Will have enough to bear;
Pass through this life as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care.

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

4 Speak gently—'tis a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy that it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.

BATES

350 *Longing After God*

1 I ask not now for gold to gild
An aching, weary frame;
The yearning of the mind is stilled,—
I ask not now for fame.

2 But, bowed in lowliness of mind,
I make my wishes known;
I only ask a will resigned,
O Father, to thine own.

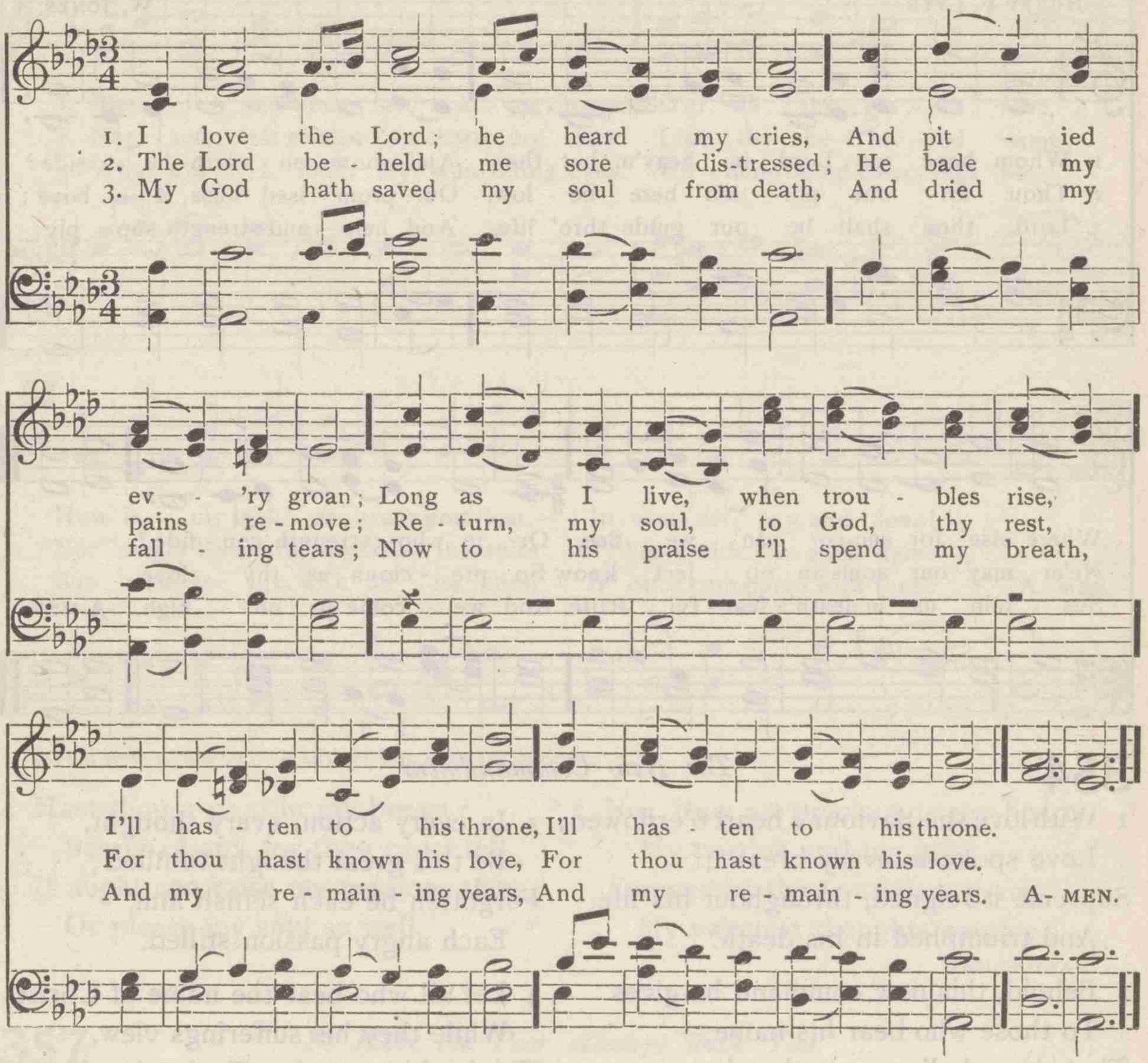
3 And now my spirit sighs for home,
And longs for light to see,
And, like a weary child, would come,
O Father, unto thee.

JOHN G. WHITTIER

351 Swanwick C. M.

Acknowledgment of God's Goodness

ISAAC WATTS — LUCAS



352

The Law of Sympathy

1 All nature feels attractive power,
A strong, embracing force;
The drops that sparkle in the shower,
The planets in their course.

2 In this fine, sympathetic chain
All creatures bear a part;
Their every pleasure, every pain,
Linked to a feeling heart

3 More perfect bond, the Christian plan
Attaches soul to soul;
Our neighbor is the suffering man,
Though at the farthest pole.

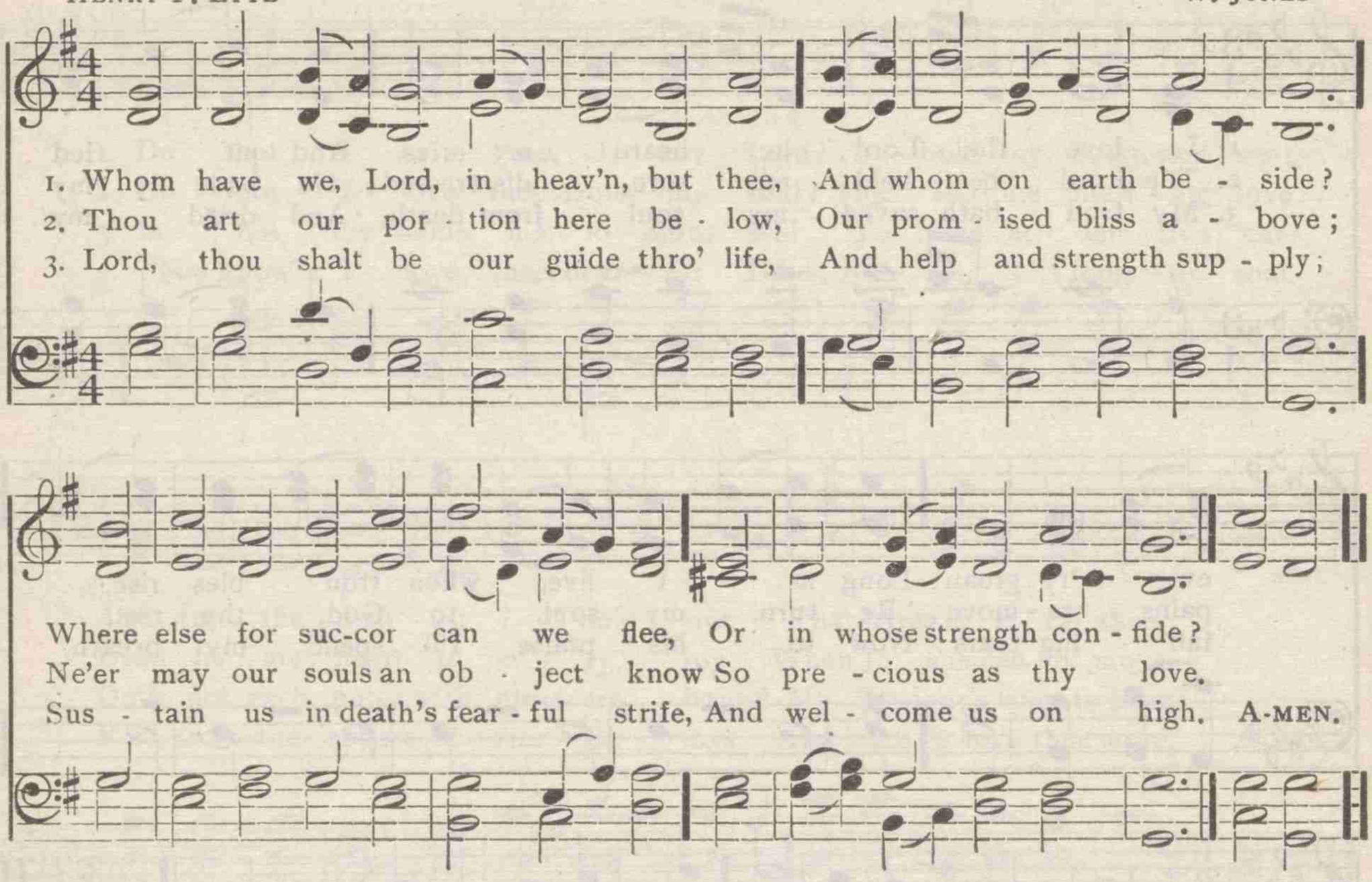
4 To earth below, from heaven above,
The faith in Christ professed
More clear reveals that God is love,
And whom he loves is blest.

DRENNAN

353 Stephens C. M.

Whom Have We, Lord, in Heaven but Thee

HENRY F. LYTE W. JONES



354 *The New Commandment*

1 With love the Saviour's heart o'erflowed;
Love spoke in every breath;
Supreme it reigned, throughout his life,
And triumphed in his death.

2 Behold, this new command he gives
To those who bear his name,—
That they shall one another love,
As he hath lovèd them.

3 In every action, every thought,
Be this great thought fulfilled;
Forgotten be each selfish aim,
Each angry passion stilled.

4 Let all who bear the name of Christ,
While they his sufferings view,
Think of his words, "Each other love,
As I have lovèd you."

Anon.

355 *The Bond of Love*

1 Beneath the shadow of the cross,
As earthly hopes remove,
His new commandment Jesus gives,—
His blessèd word of love.

2 O bond of union, strong and deep;
O bond of perfect peace!
Not e'en the lifted cross can harm
If we but hold to this.

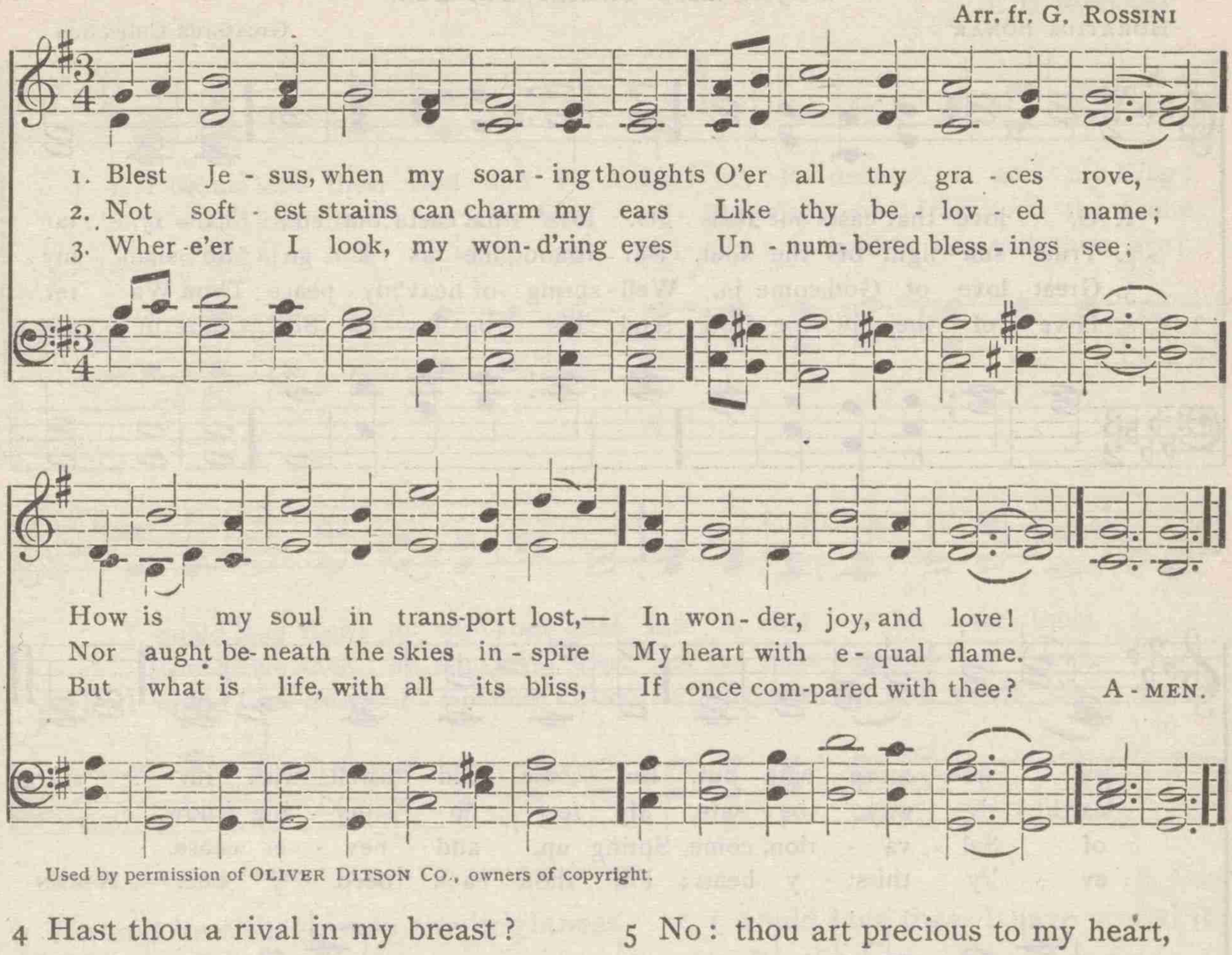
3 Then, Jesus, be thy Spirit ours;
And swift our feet shall move
To deeds of pure self-sacrifice,
And the sweet tasks of love.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW

356 Manoah C. M.

The Beloved Name

Arr. fr. G. ROSSINI



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4 Hast thou a rival in my breast?
Search, Lord, for thou canst tell,
If aught can raise my passions thus,
Or please my soul so well.

5 No: thou art precious to my heart,
My portion and my joy:
Forever let thy boundless grace
My sweetest thoughts employ.

HEGINBOTHAM

357

Ye Have the Poor Always with You

1 Lord, lead the way the Saviour went,
By lane and cell obscure,
And let our treasures still be spent,
Like his, upon the poor.

2 Like him, through scenes of deep distress,
Who bore the world's sad weight,
We, in their gloomy loneliness,
Would seek the desolate.

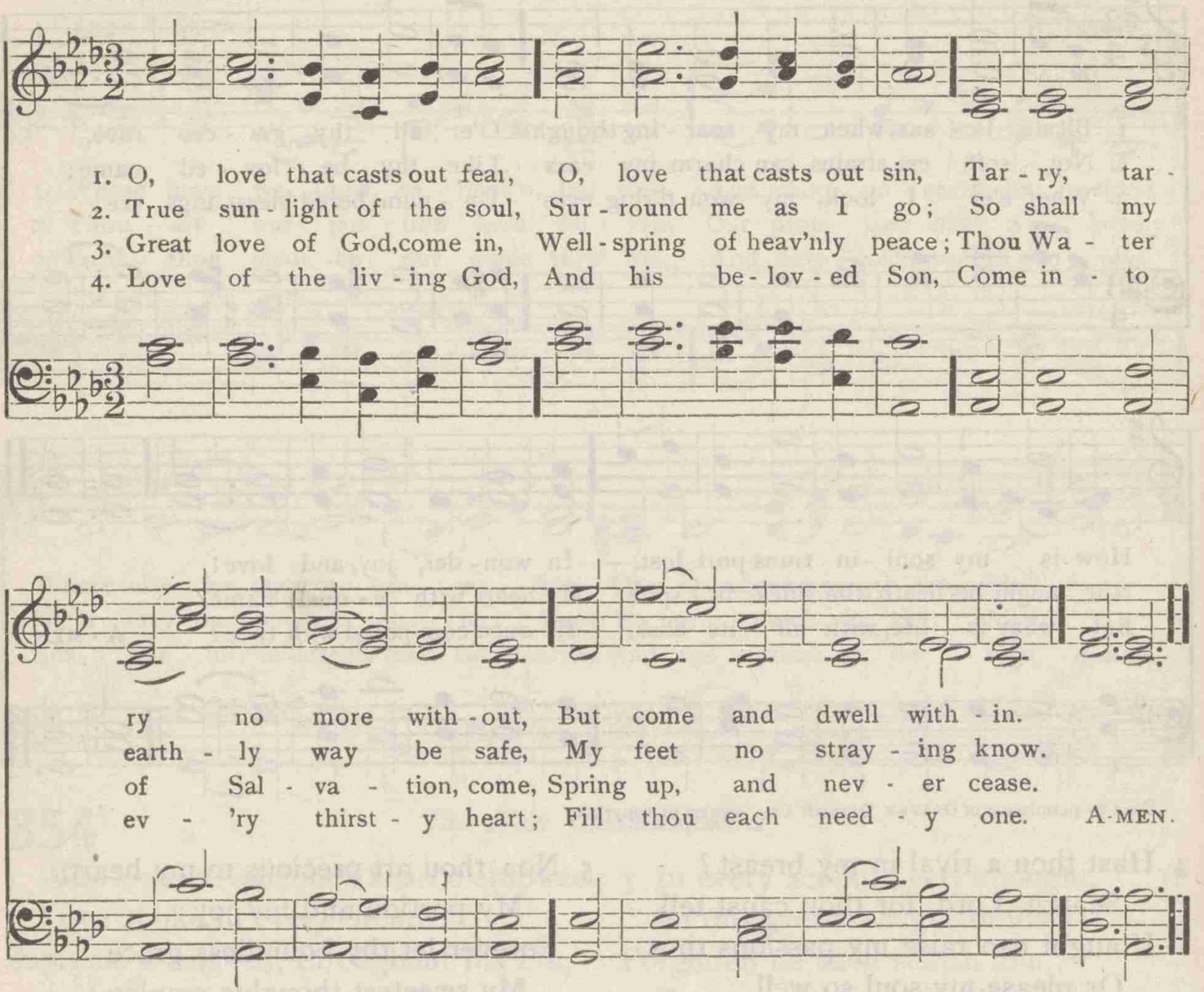
3 For thou hast placed us side by side
In this wide world of ill;
And, that thy followers may be tried,
The poor are with us still.

4 Small are the offerings we can make;
Yet thou hast taught us, Lord,
If given for the Saviour's sake,
They lose not their reward.

CROSSWELL

358 Leighton S. M. *Perfect Love Casteth Out Fear*

HORATIUS BONAR — Greatorex Collection



359 *How Good to Dwell in Unity*

1 Blest are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one;
Whose kind desires to serve and please
Through all their actions run.

2 Blest is the pious house
Where zeal and friendship meet;
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.

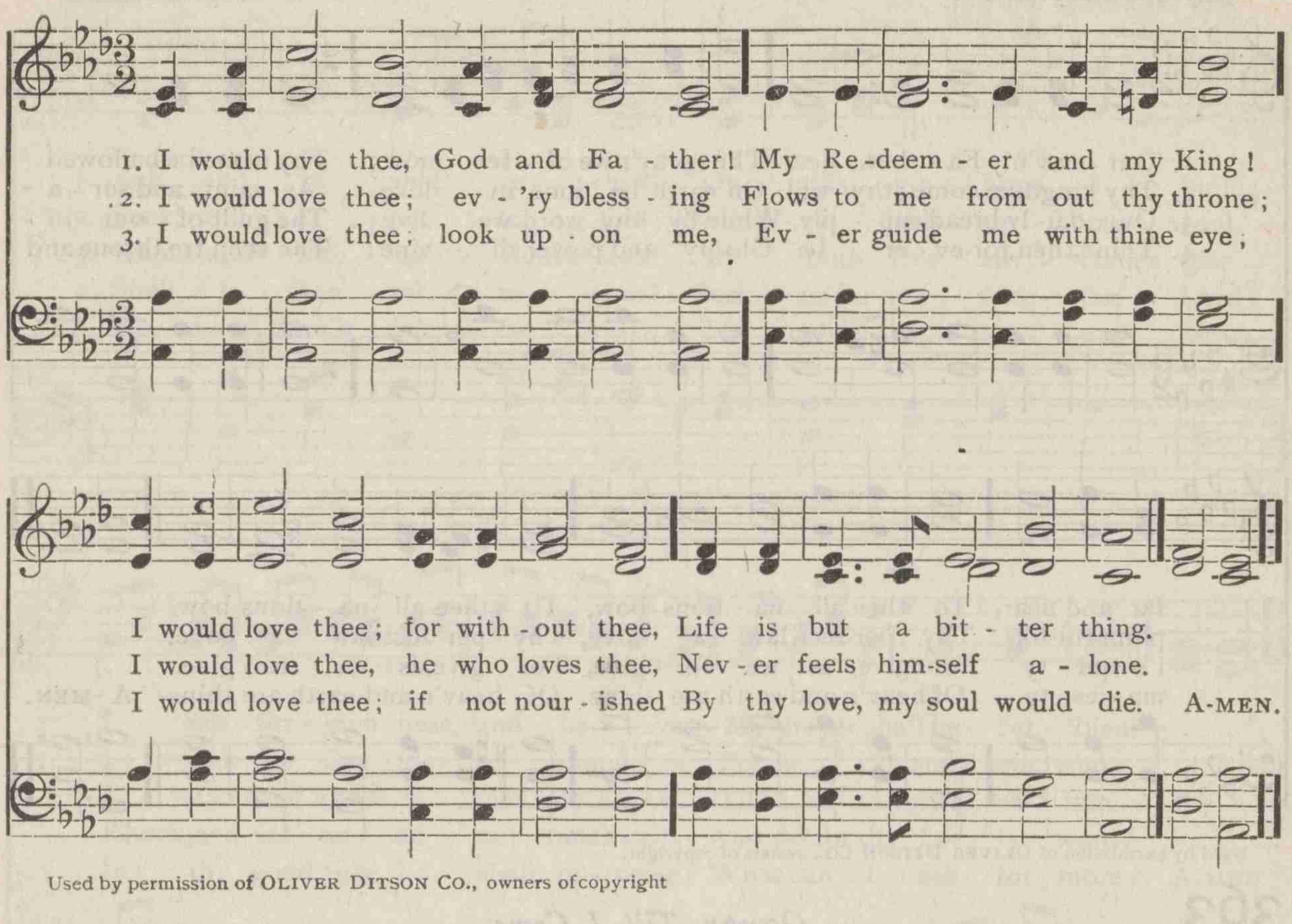
3 From those celestial springs
Such streams of comfort flow,
As no increase of riches brings,
No honors can bestow.

4 Thus, on the heavenly hills,
The saints are blest above,
Where joy like morning dew distils,
And all the air is love.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719

360 Redeemer 8s. & 7s.

L. O. EMERSON



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4 I would love thee; may thy brightness
Dazzle my rejoicing eyes;
I would love thee; may thy goodness
Watch from heaven o'er all I prize.

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

Anon.

361 *Work While It is Day*

1 All around us, fair with flowers,
Fields of beauty sleeping lie;
All around us clarion voices
Call to duty stern and high.

2 Following every voice of mercy
With a trusting, loving heart,
Let us in life's earnest labor
Still be sure to do our part.

3 Now, to-day, and not tomorrow,—
Let us work with all our might,
Lest the wretched faint and perish
In the coming stormy night,—

4 Now, to-day, and not to-morrow,—
Lest, before to-morrow's sun,
We too, mournfully departing,
Shall have left our work undone.

Book of Hymns

362 Addison S. M.

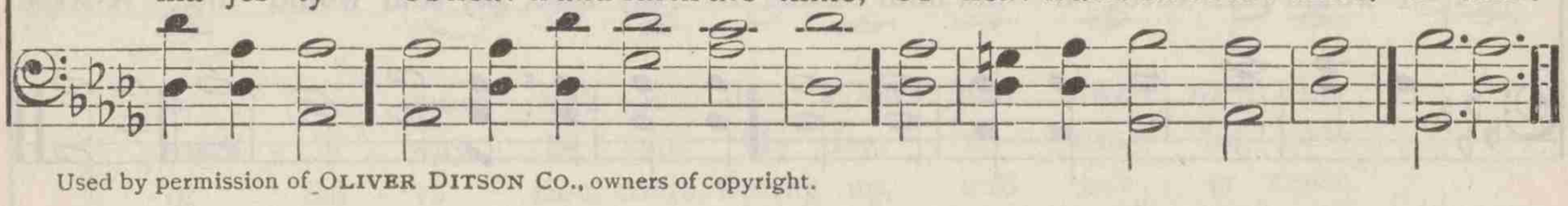
JAMES MONTGOMERY — L. O. EMERSON



1. Our heav'nly Fa - ther, hear The pray'r we of - fer now; Thy name be hallowed
2. Thy kingdom come; thy will On earth be done in love, As saints and ser - a -
3. Our dai- ly bread sup - ply, While by thy word we live; The guilt of our in -
4. Thine, then, for-ev - er be Glo -ry and power di - vine; The scep-tre, throne and



far and near, To thee all na - tions bow, To thee all na - tions bow.
phim ful-fill Thy per-fect law a - bove, Thy per- fect law a - bove.
i - qui - ty For -give, as we for - give, For - give, as we for- give.
ma -jes - ty Of heav'n and earth are thine, Of heav'n and earth are thine. A -MEN.



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363 *Occupy Till I Come*

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

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill:
Oh, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

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

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

CHARLES WESLEY, 1757

364 *I Will Write It in Their Hearts*

1 That blessèd law of thine,
Father, to me impart;
The Spirit's law of life divine,
O, write it in my heart.

2 Implant it deep within,
Whence it may ne'er remove —
The law of liberty from sin,
The perfect law of love.

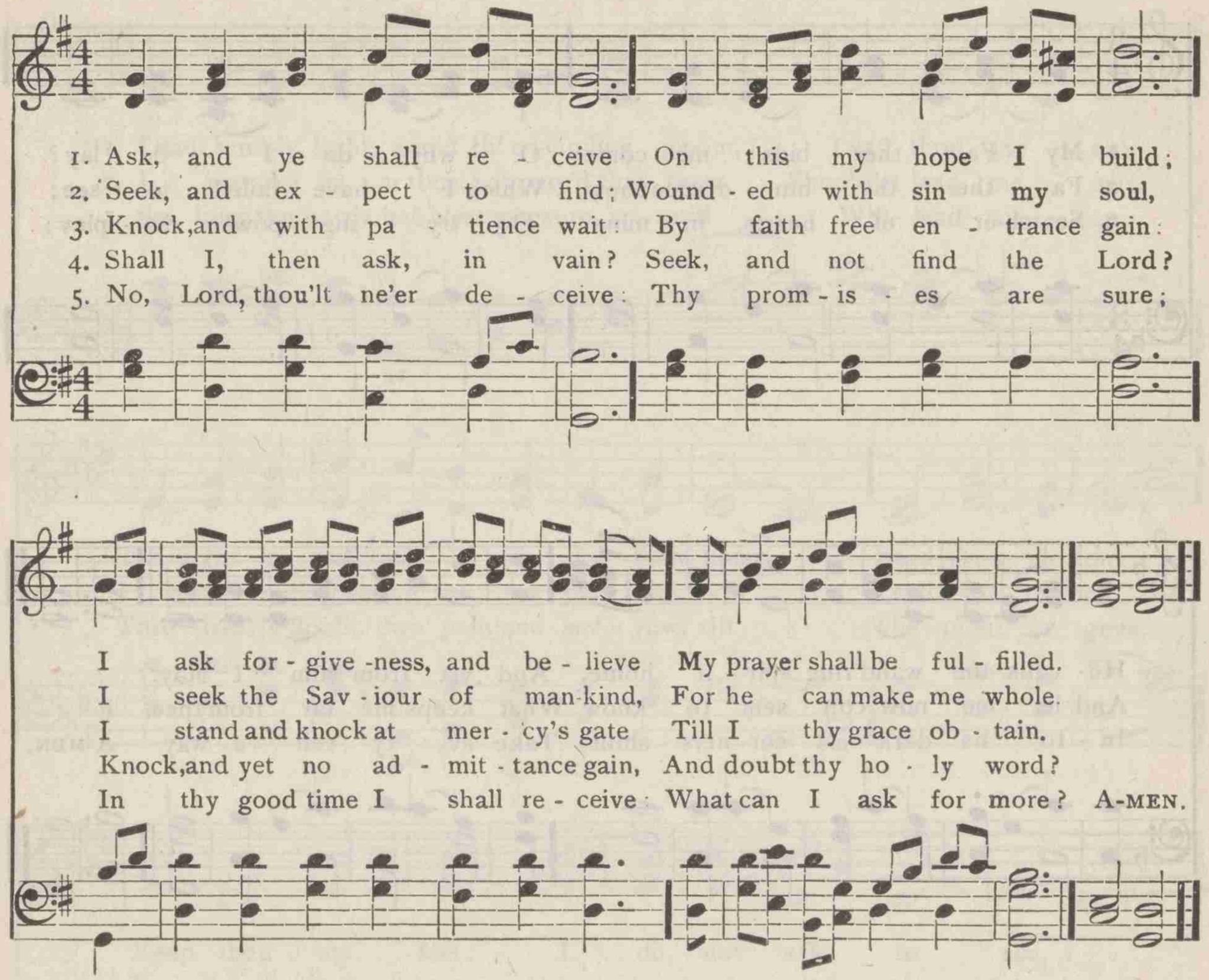
3 Thy nature be my law,
Thy spotless sanctity,
And sweetly every moment draw
My happy soul to thee.

CHARLES WESLEY

365 Shirland S. M.

Ask and Ye Shall Receive

Anon. SAMUEL STANLEY, 1840



366

Spiritual Wants

1 My God, my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my prayer.

2 Give me on thee to wait,
Till I can all things do—
On thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

3 I want a godly fear,
A quick-discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And bids the tempter fly;

4 A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
Forever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

CHARLES WESLEY

367 Dennis S. M.

Desire to Find God

Anon. NAGELI



368

Lead Me in Thy Truth, and Teach Me

1 I ask a perfect creed:
O that to me were given
The teaching that leads none astray,
The scholarship of heaven!

2 The one, whole truth I seek,
In this sad age of strife —
The truth of Him who is the Truth,
And in whose truth is life,—

3 Truth which contains true rest,
Which is the grave of doubt,
Which ends uncertainty and gloom,
And casts the falsehood out.

4 O True One, give me truth,
And let it quench in me
The thirst of this long-craving heart,
And set my spirit free.

HORATIUS BONAR

369 Lux Benigna P. M.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, 1853 — JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1861

1. Lead, kind-ly light, a-mid th' en-circling gloom, Lead thou me on;
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd that thou Should'st lead me on;
3. So long thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still Will lead me on

The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead thou me on.
I loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead thou me on.
Thro' drear-y doubt, thro' pain and sor - row, till The night is gone.

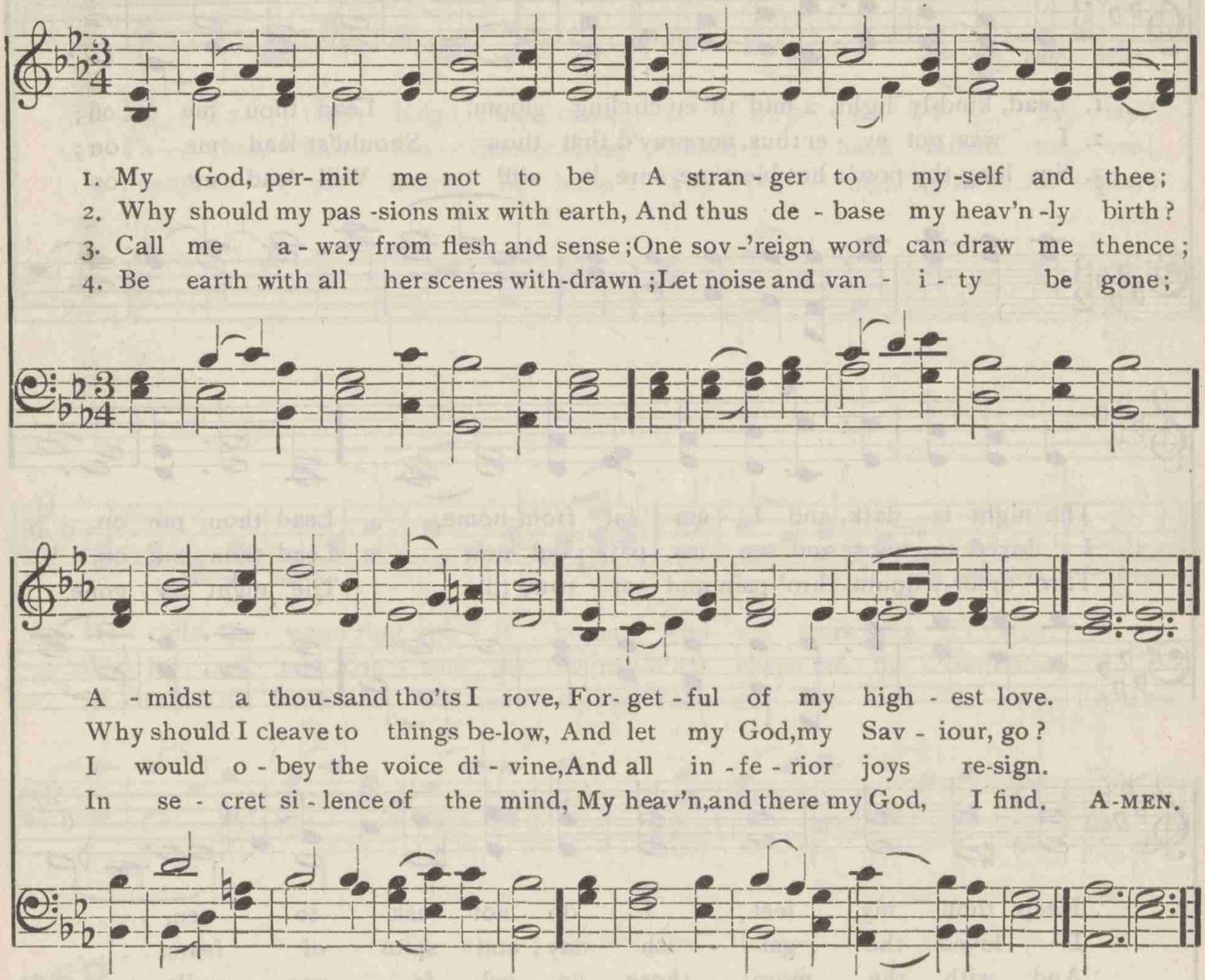
Keep thou my feet, I do not ask to see. . . . .
I loved the gar - ish day; and spite of fears, ...
And with the morn, those an - gel fa - ces smile, ...

The dis - tant scene, one step e - nough for me.
Pride ruled my will; re - mem - ber not past years.
Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while. A - MEN.

370 Rockingham (Old) L. M.

With My Soul Have I Desired Thee

ISAAC WATTS E. MILLER



371 *The Highway of Holiness*

1 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,
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
Come hither, soul; I am the way.

4 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.

JOHN CENNICK, 1743

372 Retreat L. M.

The Mercy-Seat

HUGH STOWELL, 1832 — THOS. HASTINGS



1. From ev - 'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev - 'ry swell-ing tide of woes,
2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The oil of glad-ness on our heads,—
3. There is a scene where spir - its blend, Where friend holds fel - low-ship with friend;
4. There, there, on ea - gle wings we soar, And sense and sin mo-lest no more,



There is a calm, a sure re-treat: 'Tis found be-neath the mer - cy - seat.
A place, than all be - sides, more sweet; It is the blood-bought mer - cy - seat.
Tho' sun-dered far, by faith they meet A - round one com-mon mer - cy - seat.
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, And glo - ry crowns the mer - cy - seat. A-MEN.

373 *This is the Gate of Heaven*

1 How sweet to leave the world awhile,
And seek the presence of our Lord!
Dear Saviour, on thy people smile,
And come according to thy word.

2 From busy scenes we now retreat,
That we may here converse with thee:
Ah, Lord, behold us at thy feet —
Let this the gate of heaven be.

3 Chief of ten thousand, now appear,
That we by faith may see thy face;
O, speak, that we thy voice may hear,
And let thy presence fill this place.

THOMAS KELLY

374 *To be Made Perfect in Divine Love*

1 O that my heart was right with thee,
And loved thee with a perfect love!
O that my Lord would dwell in me,
And never from his seat remove!

2 Father, I dwell in mournful night,
Till thou dost in my heart appear:
Arise, propitious Sun, and light
An everlasting morning there.

3 O, let my prayer acceptance find,
And bring the mighty blessing down;
Eyesight impart, for I am blind,
And seal me thine adopted Son!

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY, 1759

375 Bera L. M.

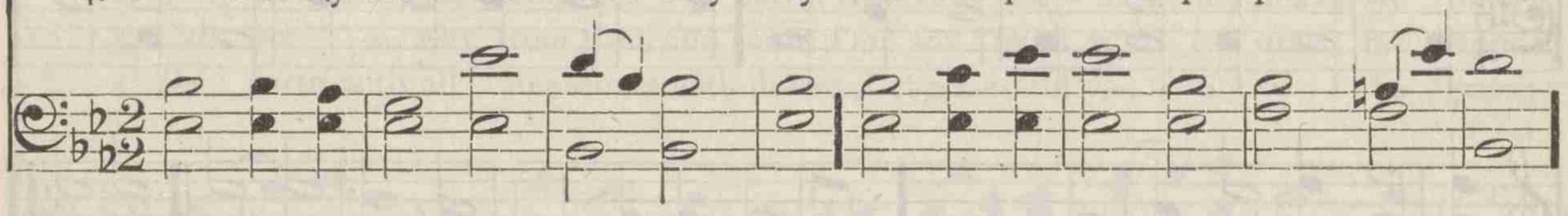
Watchfulness

Exeter Collection

JOHN F. GOULD, 1846

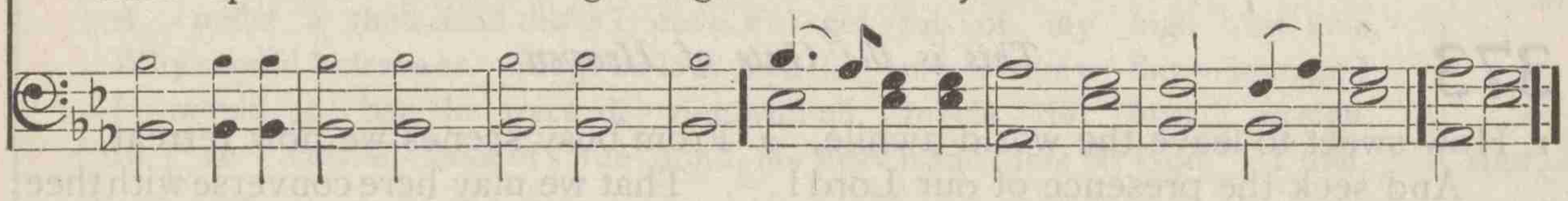


1. Great God, my Fa - ther and my Friend, On whom I cast my con - stant care,
2. En - due me with a ho - ly fear; The frail - ty of my heart re - veal;
3. O that to thee my con - stant mind May with a stead - y flame as - pire;
4. O that my watch - ful soul may fly The first perceived ap - proach of sin,





On whom for all things I de - pend, To thee I raise my hum-ble prayer.
Sin and its snares are al - ways near—Thee may I al - ways near-er feel.
Pride in its ear - liest mo - tions find, And check the rise of wrong de - sire!
Look up to thee when dan - ger's nigh, And feel thy fear con - trol with - in! AMEN.



376

The Hour of Prayer

1 My God, is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to thy feet,
The calm and holy hour of prayer?

2 Blest is the tranquil break of morn,
And blest the hush of solemn eve,
When on the wings of prayer up-borne,
This fair, but transient, world I leave.

3 Then is my strength by thee renewed;
Then are my sins by thee forgiven;
Then dost thou cheer my solitude,
With clear and beauteous hopes of heav'n.

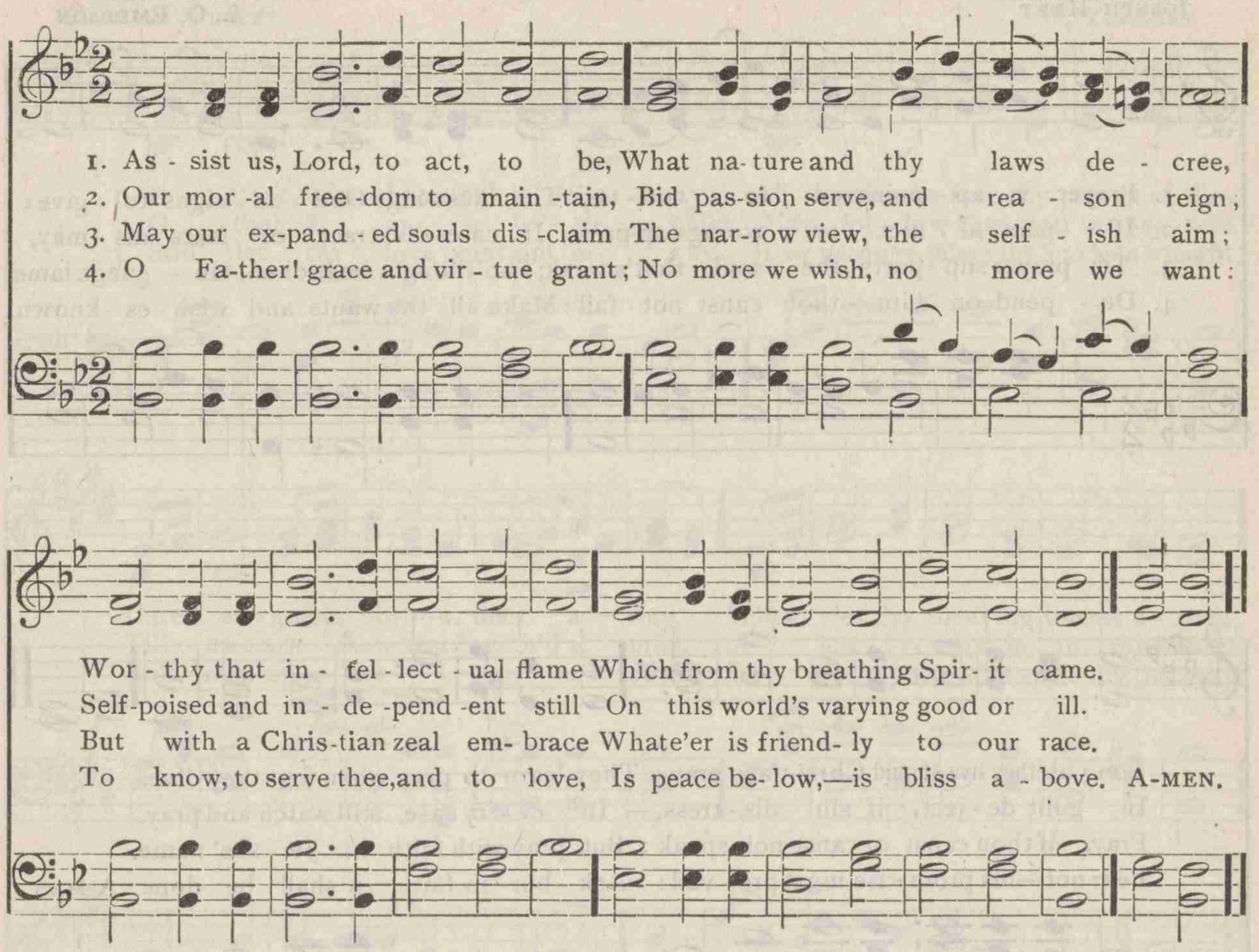
4 No words can tell what sweet relief,
There for my every want, I find;
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
What deep and cheerful peace of mind!

5 Lord, till I reach the blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be,
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In faithful filial prayer to thee!

C. ELLIOTT

377 Welton L. M.

HENRY MOORE Rev. C. MALAN



378 *Search Me, O God, and Know My Heart*

1 O thou to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart—it pants for thee:
O, burst these bonds, and set it free.

2 Wash out its stains; refine its dross;
Nail my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought; let all within
Be clean as thou, my Lord, art clean.

3 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
O God, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

4 If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day,
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

JOHN WESLEY

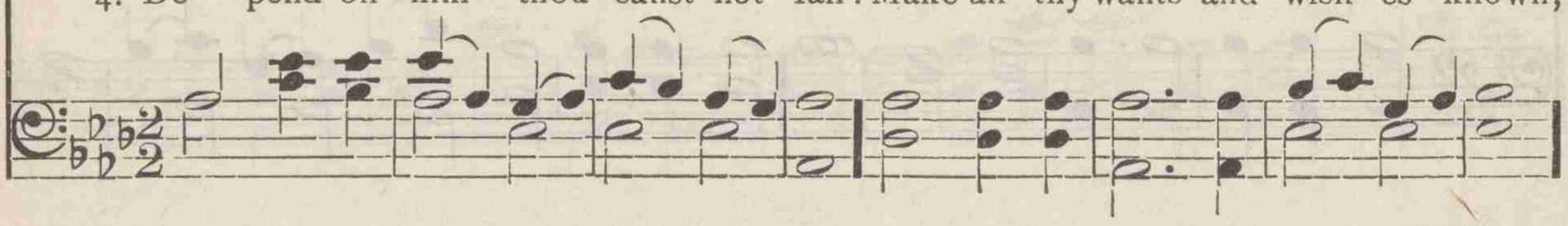
379 Keene L. M. *Prayer the Life of the Soul*

JOSEPH HART

L. O. EMERSON

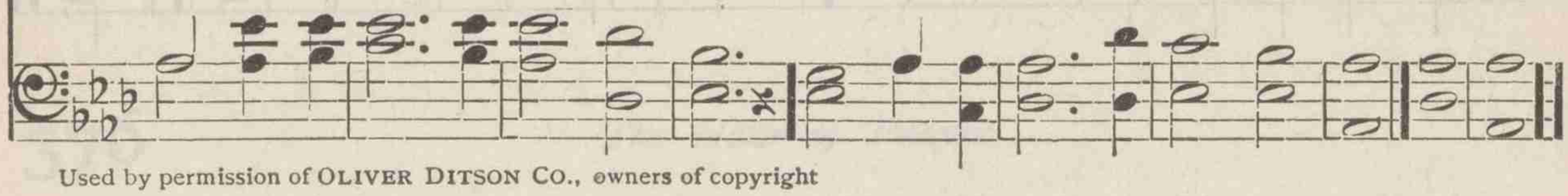


1. Prayer is ap - point -ed to con - vey The bless-ings God de - signs to give:
2. If pain af - flict or wrongs op-press, If cares dis -tract or fears dis - may,
3. 'Tis prayer sup - ports the soul that's weak; Tho' thought be broken, lan - guage lame,
4. De - pend on him— thou canst not fail: Make all thy wants and wish - es known;





Long as they live should Chris-tians pray; They learn to pray when first they live.
If guilt de - ject, if sin dis - tress,— In ev - 'ry case, still watch and pray.
Pray, if thou canst or canst not speak; But pray with faith in Je - sus' name.
Fear not—his prom - ise must pre - vail: Ask but in faith, it shall be done. A-MEN.



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380 *O Visit Me with Thy Salvation*

1 Far from my thoughts, vain world! begone,
Let my religious hours alone:
Fain would mine eyes my Saviour see,
I wait a visit, Lord! from thee.

2 O, warm my heart with holy fire,
And kindle there a pure desire;
Come, my dear Jesus, from above,
And fill my soul with heavenly love.

3 Blest Saviour, what delicious fare!
How sweet thine entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.

4 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine!
In thee thy Father's glories shine,
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest One
That eyes have seen, or angels known!

ISAAC WATTS, 1709

381 Yoakley L. M. 61.

Desire for Union with God

CHARLES WESLEY — W. YOAKLEY



1. O Love, how cheer-ing is the ray! All pain be-fore thy pres-ence flies;
2. O that I, as a lit - tle child, May fol - low thee, and nev-er rest
3. Still let thy love point out my way; How wondrous things thy love hath wrought!



Care, an - guish, sor-row, melt a - way, Wher - e'er thy heal-ing beams a - rise;
Till sweet-ly thou hast breath'd a mild, A low - ly mind in - to my breast;
Still lead me, lest I go a - stray; Di - rect my word, in-spire my thought;



O Fa-ther, nothing may I see, And nought de - sire or seek but thee.
Nor ev - er may we part - ed be, Till I be-come as one with thee.
And if I fall, soon may I hear Thy voice, and know that Love is near. A-MEN.



382 *God Our Guide*

1 Leader of Israel's host, and guide
Of all who seek the land above;
Beneath thy shadow we abide,
The cloud of thy protecting love,—
Our strength thy grace, our rule thy word,
Our end the glory of the Lord.

2 By thine unerring spirit led,
We shall not in the desert stray,
We shall not full direction need,
Nor miss our providential way;
As far from danger as from fear,
While love, Almighty love, is near.

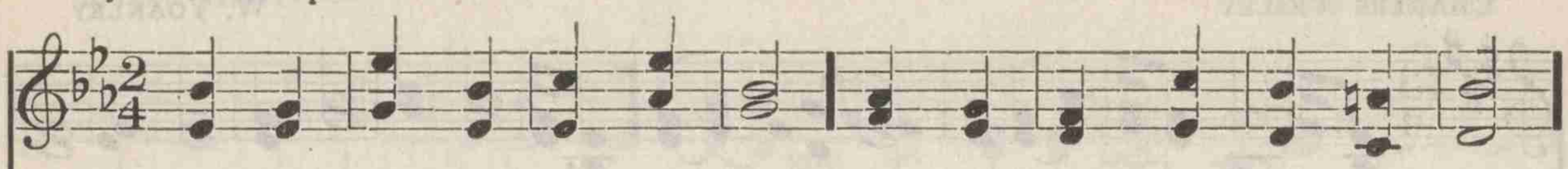
Wesleyan

383 Downs 7s.

Life More Abundantly

Hymns of the Spirit

L. T. Downs



1. Life of all that lives be - low! Let thy spir - it in us flow;
2. O for full - er life we pine! Let us more re - ceive of thine;
3. Live we now in thee; be fed Dai - ly with the liv - ing bread;
4. While we feel the vi - tal blood, While thy full and quick-'ning flood





Let us all thy life re - ceive, From thee, in thee, ev - er live.
Still for more on thee we call, Thou who fill - est all in all!
In - to thee our spir - its grow; In - to us thy spir - it flow;
Thro' life's ev - 'ry chan- nel rolls, Soul of all be - liev - ing souls. A-MEN.



384

The Light of Life

1 Light of life, seraphic fire,
Love divine, thyself impart;
Every fainting soul inspire;
Enter every drooping heart:

2 Every mournful spirit cheer;
Scatter all our doubt and gloom;
Father, in thy grace appear,
To thy human temples come!

3 Come, in this accepted hour,
Bring thy heavenly kingdom in;
Fill us with thy glorious power,
Rooting out the seeds of sin;

4 Nothing more can we require,
We can rest in nothing less;
Be thou all our hearts' desire,
All our joy and all our peace.

CHARLES WESLEY

385 Aletta 7s.

Seeking God

FRANK P. APPLETON — WM. B. BRADBURY



1. Thirst-ing for a liv - ing spring, Seek - ing for a high - er home,
2. Glo - rious hopes our spir - its fill, When we feel that thou art near;
3. Life's hard con - flict we would win, Read the mean - ing of life's frown;
4. Make us beau - ti - ful with - in By thy spir - it's ho - ly light;



Rest - ing where our souls must cling, Trust-ing, hop - ing, Lord, we come.
Fa - ther, then our fears are still, Then the soul's bright end is clear.
Change the thorn-bound wreath of sin For the spir - it's star - ry crown.
Guard us when our faith is dim, Fa - ther of all love and might. A-MEN.



386

Life in God

1 Father, we look up to thee;
Let us in thy love agree;
Thou who art the God of peace,
Bid contention ever cease.

2 Make us of one heart and mind,
Self-forgetful, true, and kind;
Strong; yet meek in thought and word,
Like thy Son, our blessèd Lord!

3 Let us for each other care,
Each the other's burden bear;
Ready, when reviled, to bless;
Studious of the law of peace.

4 Free from anger, free from pride,
Let us thus in thee abide;
All the depths of love express,—
All the heights of holiness.

CHARLES WESLEY

387 Gottschalk 7s.

Following Christ

CHARLES WESLEY, 1740 — Arr. by E. P. PARKER



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388 *Let This Mind be in You Which was in Christ*

1 Father of eternal grace,
Glorify thyself in me:
Meekly beaming in my face
May the world thine image see.

2 Humble, holy, all resigned
To thy will — thy will be done:
Give me, Lord, the perfect mind
Of thy well-belovèd Son.

3 Counting gain and glory loss,
May I tread the path he trod —
Die with Jesus on the cross,
Rise with him to thee, my God.

JAMES MONTGOMERY

389 *Matt. 7 : 7*

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

2 Lord! I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There, thy sovereign right maintain,
And, without a rival, reign.

3 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer;
Be my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

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

JOHN NEWTON

390 Rosefield 7s, 6l.

The Soul's Cry for God

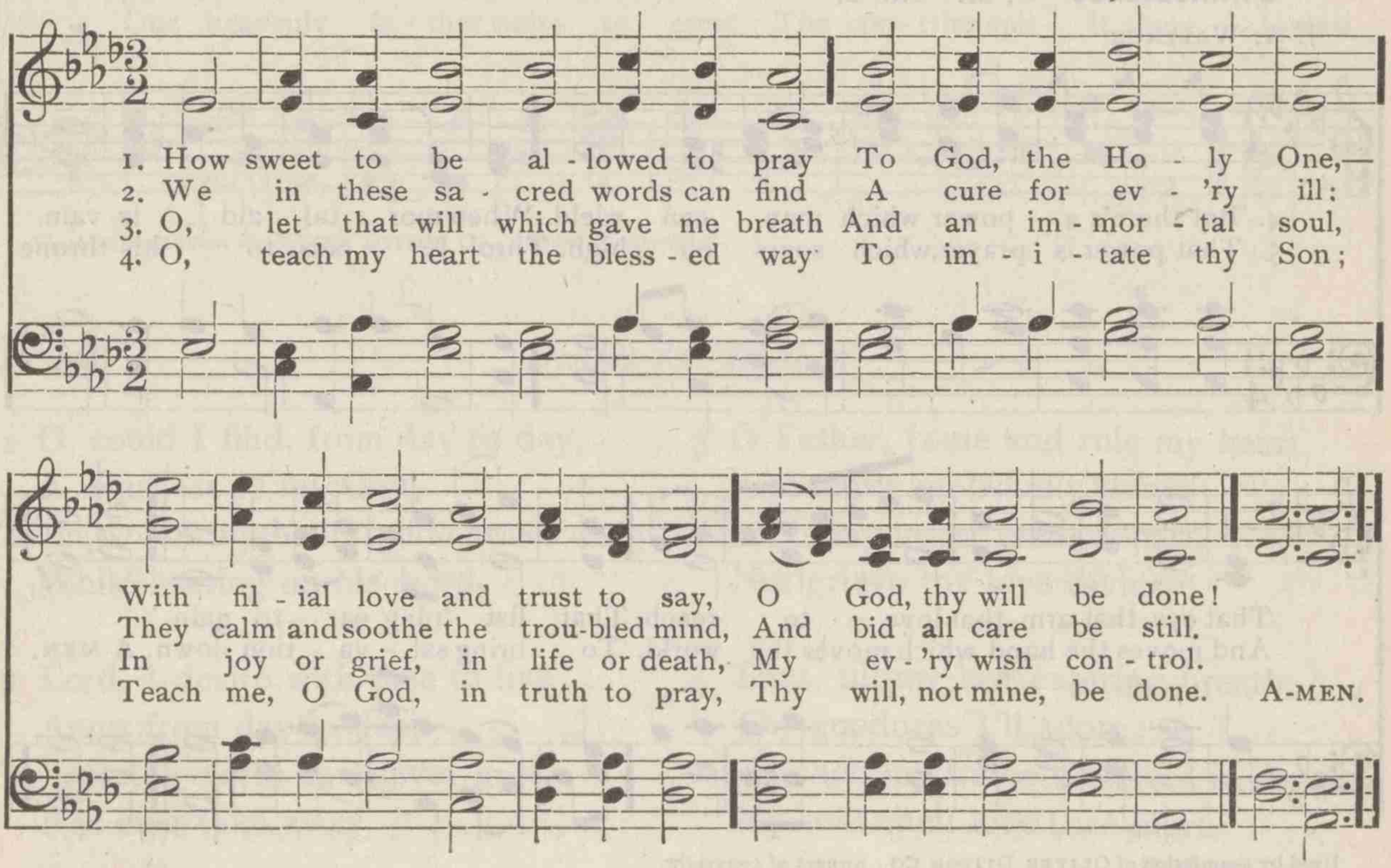
JAMES MONTGOMERY



391 Azmon C. M.

Thy Will be Done

MRS. FOLLEN — GLASER. Arr. by Dr. L. MASON



392 Omniscience C. M. No. 1.

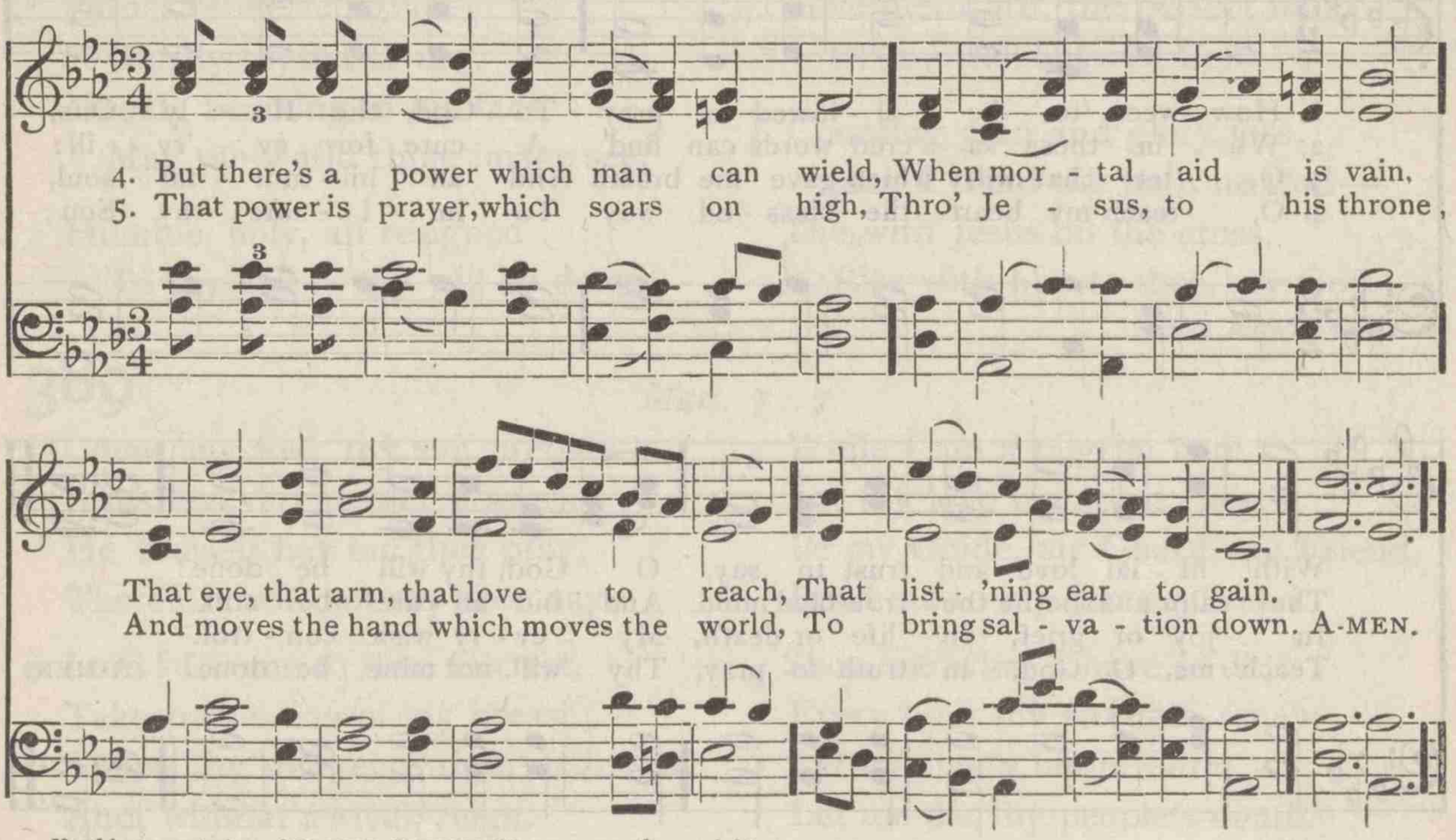
J. A. WALLACE E.



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Omniscience C. M. No. 2.

J. A. WALLACE E.



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393 Manoah C. M.

A Call to Prayer

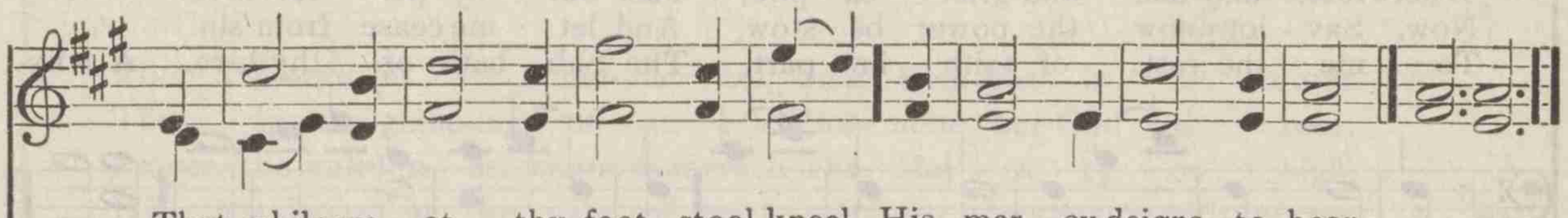
CONDER

Greatorex Collection



1. Come, let us pray: 'tis sweet to feel That God him-self is near,
2. Come, let us pray: the burn-ing brow, The heart op-pressed with care,
3. Come, let us pray: the mer-cy-seat In-vites the fer-vent pray'r;





That, while we at thy foot-stool kneel, His mer-cy deigns to hear.
And all the woes that throng us now, Will be re-lieved by pray'r.
Our heavenly fa-ther waits to greet The con-trite spir-it there. A-MEN.



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394

Desires for Holiness

1 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 O Father, come and rule my heart,
And make me wholly thine,
That I may never more 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.

B. CLEVELAND

395 Geer C. M.

There Remaineth a Rest

CHARLES WESLEY

Greatorex Coll.



1. Lord, I be-lieve a rest re-mains To all thy peo - ple known;
2. A rest where all our soul's de - sire Is fixed on things a-bove;
3. O, that I now that rest might know, Be-lieve, and en ter in!
4. Re - move all hard - ness from my heart; All un - be - lief re-move;



A rest where pure en-joy - ment reigns And thou art loved a-lone:—
Where fear, and sin, and grief ex - pire, Cast out by per - fect love.
Now, Sav - iour, now the power be - stow, And let me cease from sin.
To me the rest of faith im - part, The Sab - bath of thy love. A-MEN.



396 *Divine Help*

1 O gracious God, in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid;
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
Though trembling and afraid.

2 Increase my faith, increase my hope,
When foes and fears prevail;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.

3 Oh keep me in thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee;
And let me never, never stray
From happiness and thee.

ANNE STEELE, 1760

397 *Invoking God's Aid*

1 Father in heaven, to thee my heart
Would lift itself in prayer;
Drive from my soul each earthly thought
And show thy presence there.

2 Oh, help me break the galling chains
This world has round me thrown,
Each passion of my heart subdue,
Each darling sin disown!

3 O Father, kindle in my breast
A never-dying flame
Of holy love, of grateful trust
In thine almighty name.

WILLIAM HENRY FURNESS, 1822

398 Elton C. M.

Prayer

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1810

V. C. TAYLOR. Fr. "The Chime," by per.



1. Prayer is the soul's sin - cere de - sire, Ut - tered or un - ex - pressed;
2. Prayer is the bur - den of a sigh, The fall - ing of a tear,
3. Prayer is the sim - plest form of speech That in - fant lips can try;
4. Prayer is the Chris - tian's vi - tal breath, The Chris-tian's na - tive air:





The mo-tion of a hid- den fire, That trem-bles in the breast.
The up-ward glanc-ing of an eye, When none but God is near.
Prayer, the sub-lim - est strains that reach The Maj - es - ty on high.
His watch-word at the gate of death — He en - ters heav'n with prayer. A - MEN.



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399

Desiring Holiness

1 Try us, O God, and search the ground
Of every sinful heart;
Whate'er of sin in us is found,
O, bid it all depart.

2 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.

3 Help us to build each other up,
Our heart and life improve;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

4 Up into thee, our living Head,
Let us in all things grow,
Till thou hast made us free indeed,
And spotless here below.

CHARLES WESLEY

400 Beatitudo C. M. *Prayer for Wisdom*

JAMES MONTGOMERY J. B. DYKES



1. Al - might-y God, in hum - ble prayer To thee our souls we lift;
2. We ask not gold - en streams of wealth A - long our path to flow;
3. We ask not hon - ors, which an hour May bring and take a - way;
4. We ask for wis - dom; Lord, im - part The knowledge how to live;





Do thou our wait - ing minds pre-pare For thy most need - ful gift.
We ask not un - de - cay - ing health, Nor length of years be - low;—
We ask not pleas - ure, pomp, and pow'r, Lest we should go a - stray;—
A wise and un - der - stand - ing heart To all be - fore thee give. A-MEN.



401 *O For a Closer Walk*

1 O for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,—
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

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

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

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

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, 1772

402 Chesterfield C. M.

Make Haste to Help Me

Anon. T. HAWEIS



1. Great God, let not thy grace de - lay To meet me with thy love;
2. We long to meet our God to - day, And taste his grace di - vine,
3. O, how I pant, great God, to see Thy face, and taste thy love;
4. O God, in - spire each heart and tongue To learn thy pre - cious name;





Drive in - ter - pos - ing clouds a - way, And make my guilt re- move.
That ev - 'ry soul with joy may say, My Lord, my God, I'm thine.
O, speak, and bring me near to thee, And all my doubts re- move.
Re - deem - ing love shall be my song, While I thy love pro-claim. A - MEN.



403 *Prayer for Grace in Trial*

1 Father of all our mercies, thou
In whom we move and live,
Hear us in heaven, thy dwelling, now,
And answer and forgive.

2 When, harassed by ten thousand foes,
Our helplessness we feel,
Oh give the weary soul repose,
The wounded spirit heal!

3 When dire temptations gather round,
And threaten or allure,
By storm or calm, in thee be found,
A refuge strong and sure.

4 When age advances, may we grow
In faith and hope and love,
And walk in holiness below
To holiness above!

JAMES MONTGOMERY

404 Devizes C. M.

Have Mercy on Me

ANNE STEELE — ISAAC TUCKER, 1800



405

Prayer for Submission

1 One prayer I have—all prayers in one,
When I am wholly thine—
Thy will, my God, thy will be done,
And let that will be mine.

2 May I remember that to thee
Whate'er I have I owe;
And back in gratitude from me
May all thy bounties flow.

3 Thy gifts are only then enjoyed
When used as talents lent;
Those talents only well employed
When in thy service spent.

4 And though thy wisdom takes away,
Shall I arraign thy will?
No, let me bless thy name, and say,
The Lord is gracious still.

JAMES MONTGOMERY

406 Contrast 8s D.

JOHN NEWTON — LEWIS EDSON

1. How te-dious and taste-less the hours, When Je-sus no lon-ger I see!
2. His name yields the rich-est per-fume, And sweet-er than mu-sic his voice;
3. Dear Lord, if in-deed I am thine, If thou art my sun and my song,

Sweet pros-pects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs, Have lost all their sweet-ness to me;
His pres-ence dis-pers-es my gloom, And makes all with-in me re-joice;
Say, why do I lan-guish and pine? And why are my win-ters so long?

The mid-sum-mer sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay;
I should, were he al-ways thus nigh, Have noth-ing to wish or to fear;
O drive these dark clouds from my sky! Thy soul-cheer-ing pres-ence re-store;

But when I am hap-py in him, De-cem-ber's as pleas-ant as May.
No mor-tal so hap-py as I,— My sum-mer would last all the year.
Or take me to thee up on high, Where win-ter and clouds are no more. A-MEN.

407 Ware L. M.

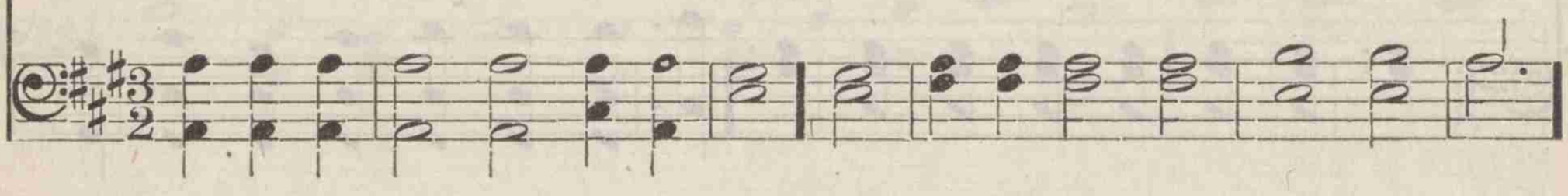
Walking with God

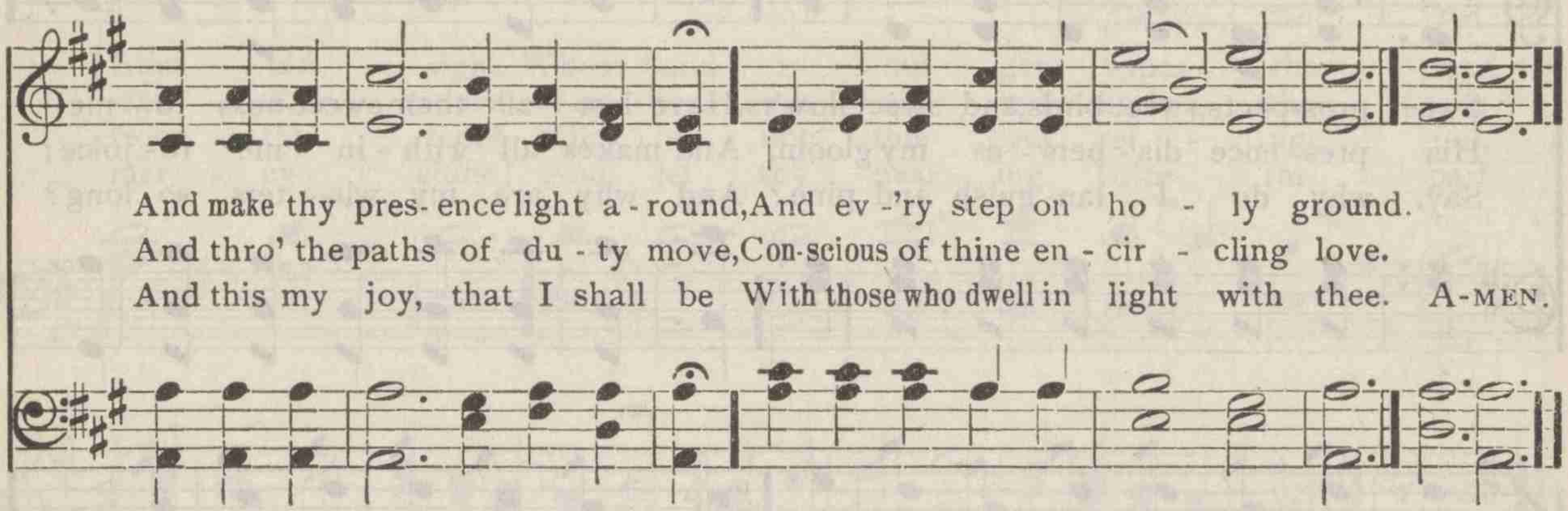
WILLIAM GASKELL

GEORGE KINGSLEY, 1838



1. Thro' all this life's e - vent-ful road, Fain would I walk with thee, my God,
2. Each bless-ing would I trace to thee, In ev - 'ry grief thy mer - cy see,
3. And when the an - gel Death stands by, Be this my strength, that thou art nigh;





And make thy pres- ence light a - round, And ev -'ry step on ho - ly ground.
And thro' the paths of du - ty move, Con-scious of thine en - cir - cling love.
And this my joy, that I shall be With those who dwell in light with thee. A-MEN.



408 *Did Not Our Hearts Burn within Us*

1 Hath not thy heart within thee burned
At evening's calm and holy hour,
As if its inmost depths discerned
The presence of a loftier power?

2 As they, who once with Jesus trod,
With kindling breast his accents heard,
But knew not that the Son of God
Was uttering every burning word,—

3 Father of Jesus, thus thy voice
Speaks to our hearts in tones divine;
Our spirits tremble and rejoice,
But know not that the voice is thine.

4 Still be thy hallowed accents near;
To doubt and passion whisper peace;
Direct us on our journey here,
And bid, in heaven, our wanderings cease.

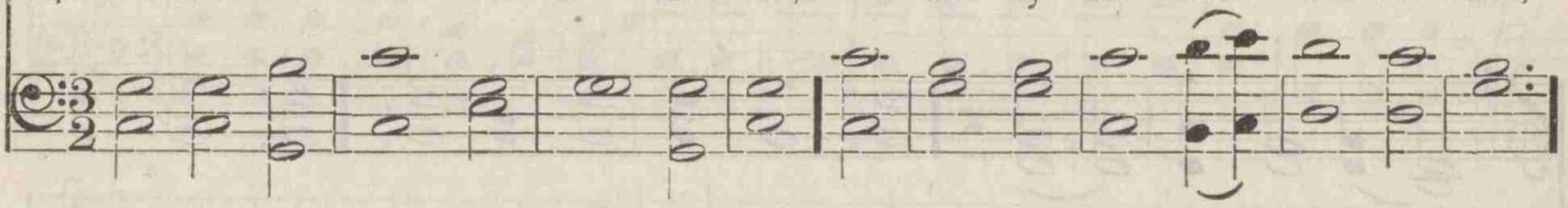
BULFINCH

409 Warrington L. M. *The Hidden Life*

Anon.



1. O that I could for - ev - er dwell, De - light - ed at the Sav - iour's feet,
2. This is the hid - den life I prize— A life of pen - i - ten - tial love;
3. When all I am I clear - ly see, And free - ly own with deep - est shame;
4. Thus would I live till na - ture fail, And all my for - mer sins for - sake,





Be - hold the form I love so well, And all his ten - der words re - peat!
When most my fol-lies I de - spise, And raise my high - est tho'ts a- bove;
When the Redeemer's love to me Kin - dles with - in a death-less flame.
Then rise to God within the veil, And of e - ter - nal joy par-take. A-MEN.



410 *Lo, I Am with You Alway*

1 There's not a hope with comfort fraught,
Triumphant over death and time,
But Jesus mingles in the thought,
Forerunner of our course sublime.

2 I see him in the daily round
Of social duty, mild and meek;
With him I tread the hallowed ground,
Communion with my God to seek.

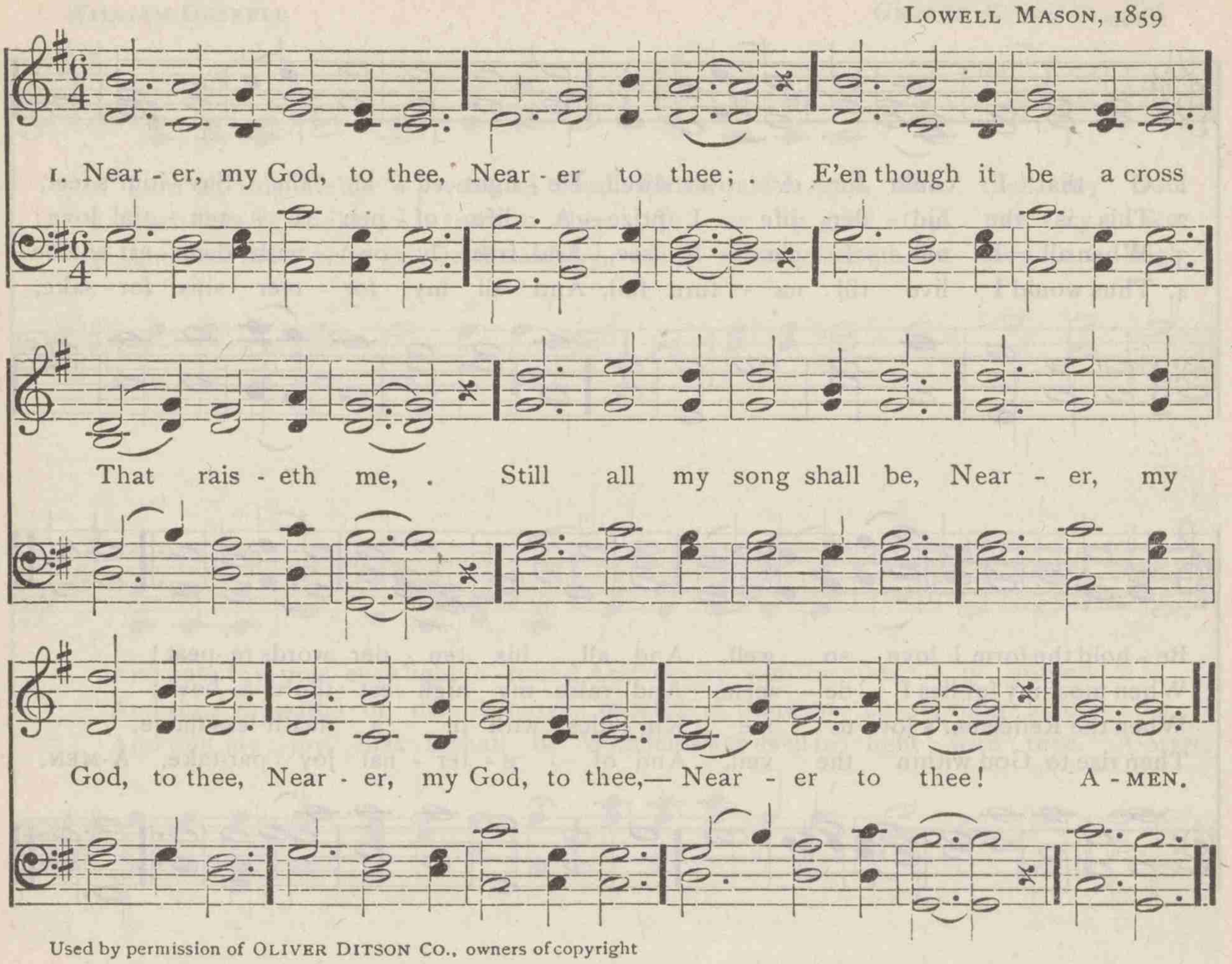
3 I meet him at the lowly tomb;
I weep where Jesus wept before;
And there above the grave's dark gloom,
I see him rise and weep no more.

TAYLOR

411 Bethany 6s. & 4s.

Nearer to God

LOWELL MASON, 1859



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

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

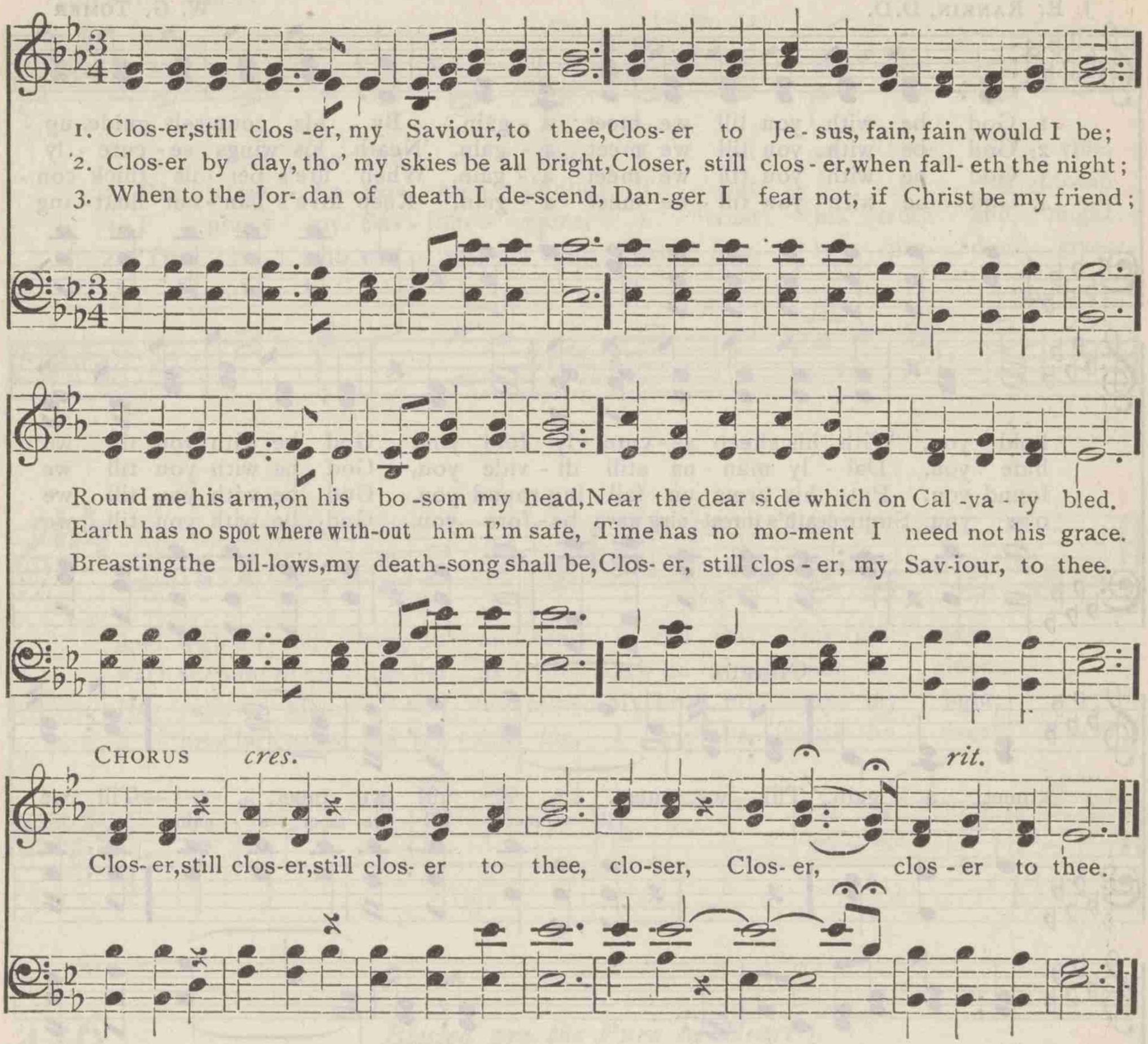
4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,—
Nearer to thee.

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

Mrs. SARAH FLOWER ADAMS, 1841

412 Closer, Still Closer 11s.

L. R. C. W. A. OGDEN, by per.



413 (Bethany) *Closer with God*

1 Saviour, I follow on,
Guided by thee,
Seeing not yet the hand
That leadeth me;
Hushed be my heart and still,
Fear I no further ill,
Only to meet thy will
My will shall be.

2 Riven the rock for me,
Thirst to relieve;
Manna from heaven falls
Fresh every eve;
Never a want severe
Causeth my eye a tear,
But thou dost whisper near,
"Only believe!"

3 Saviour! I long to walk
Closer with thee;
Led by thy guiding hand
Ever to be;
Constantly near thy side,
Quickened and purified,
Living for him who died
Freely for me.

CHARLES S. ROBINSON, 1862

414 God be with You P. M.

The Grace of Our Lord Jesus Christ be with You

J. E. RANKIN, D.D. W. G. TOMER

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By his coun-sels guide, up - hold you, With his sheep se - cure - ly fold you, God be with you till we
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath his wings se - cure - ly hide you, Dai - ly man - na still di - vide you, God be with you till we
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's per - ils thick con - found you, Put his arms un - fail - ing round you, God be with you till we
4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's ban - ner float - ing o'er you, Smite death's threat-'ning wave be - fore you, God be with you till we

CHORUS

meet a - gain. Till we meet, . . . till we meet, Till we meet, till we meet a - gain,

meet at Je - sus' feet, Till we meet, . . . till we meet, Till we meet, till we meet,

meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain. A-MEN.
meet a - gain,

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415 Mornington S. M.

Christ Crucified

HORATIUS BONAR — Lord MORNINGTON



1. I bless the Cru - ci - fied, I rest on love di - vine,
2. His cross dis - pels each doubt; I bur - y in his tomb
3. I praise my Sav - iour's name, I trust his truth and might;
4. 'Tis he who sav - eth me, And free - ly par - don gives:





And, with un - falt - 'ring lip and heart, I call this Sav - iour mine.
Each thought of un - be - lief and fear, Each lin - g'ring shade of gloom.
He calls me his, I call him mine, My Lord, my joy, my light.
I love be - cause he lov - eth me, I live be - cause he lives. A-MEN.

416

Blessed are the Pure in Heart

1 Blest are the pure in heart,
For they shall see their God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs;
Their soul is Christ's abode.

2 The Lord, who left the heavens,
Our life and peace to bring,
To dwell in lowliness with men,
Their pattern and their King,—

3 He to the lowly soul
Doth still himself impart,
And for his dwelling, and his throne,
Chooseth the pure in heart.

4 Lord, we thy presence seek;
May ours this blessing be;
O give the pure and lowly heart,—
A temple meet for thee.

JOHN KEBLE

417 Redemption L. M.

ISAAC WATTS — Arr. fr. CHERUBINI, by L. O. EMERSON



1. When I sur-vey the won - drous cross, On which the Prince of glo - ry died,
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my Lord;
3. See! from his head, his hands, his feet, Sor-row and love flow min - gled down!
4. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were an of - f'ring far too small;



My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to his blood.
Did e'er such love and sor - row meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
Love so a - maz-ing, so di - vine, De-mands my soul, my life, my all. A - MEN.

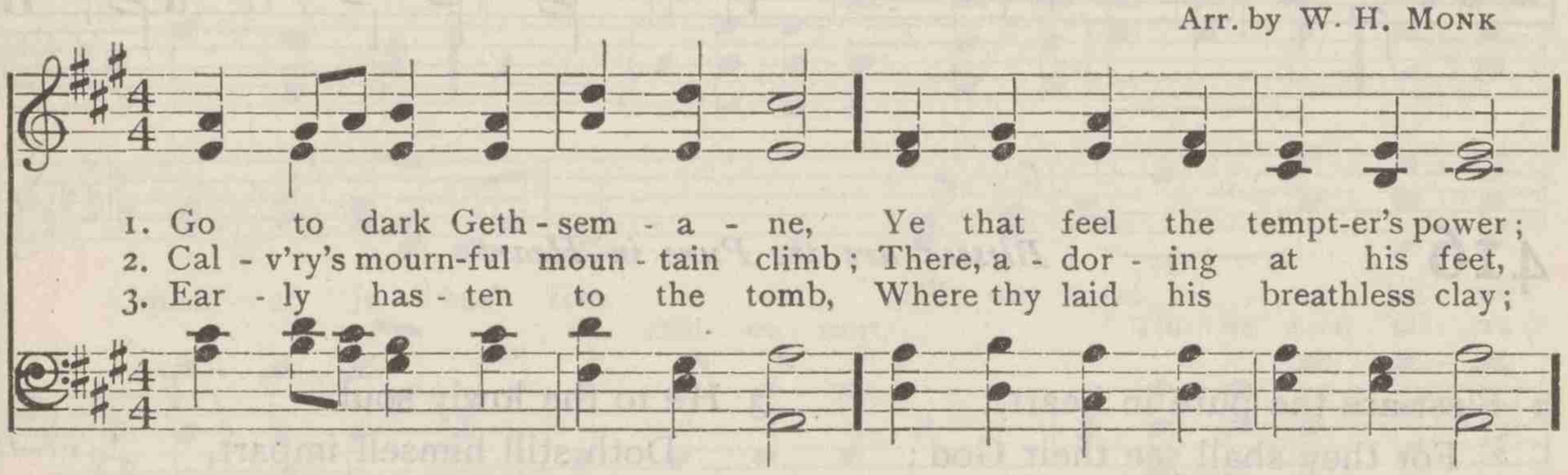


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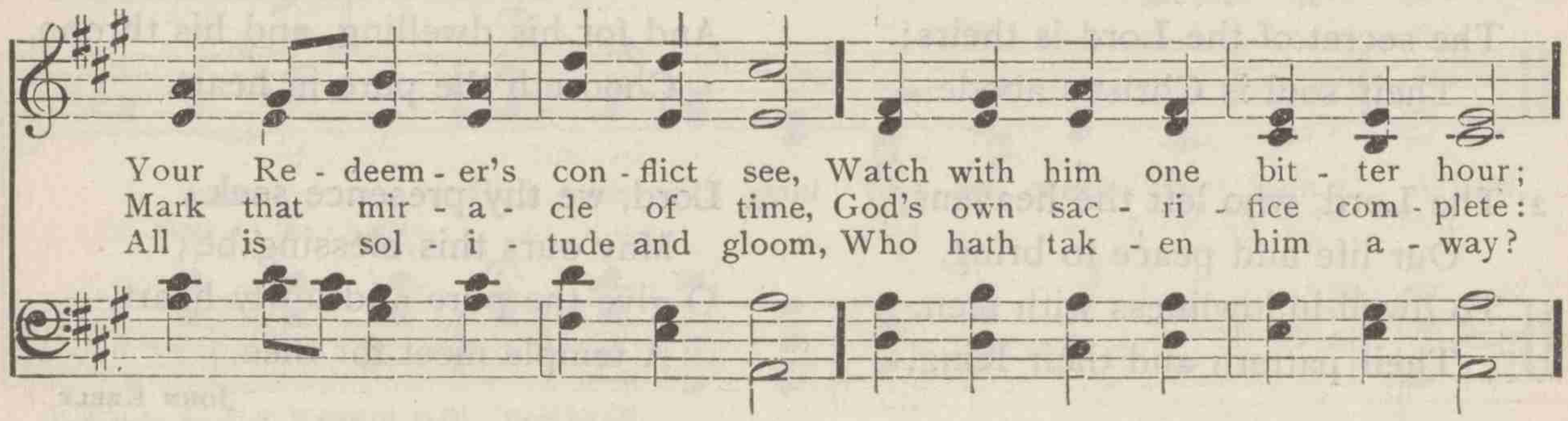
418 Dix 7s. 61.

Gethsemane

Arr. by W. H. MONK



1. Go to dark Geth - sem - a - ne, Ye that feel the tempt-er's power;
2. Cal - v'ry's mourn-ful moun - tain climb; There, a - dor - ing at his feet,
3. Ear - ly has - ten to the tomb, Where thy laid his breathless clay;



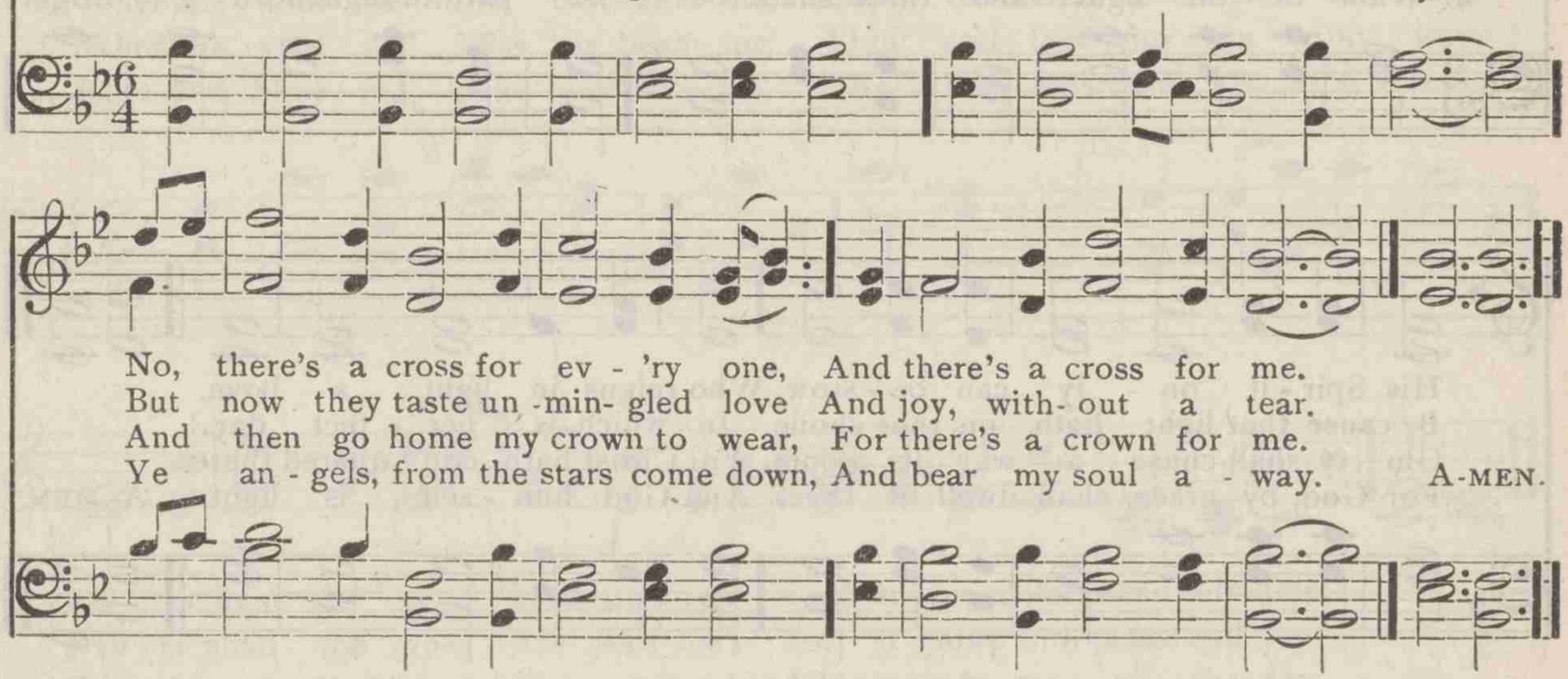
Your Re - deem - er's con - flict see, Watch with him one bit - ter hour;
Mark that mir - a - cle of time, God's own sac - ri - fice com - plete:
All is sol - i - tude and gloom, Who hath tak - en him a - way?

419 Maitland C. M.

Cross and Crown

G. N. ALLEN — AARON CHAPIN





420 *I Will Love What God Will Speak*

1 Speak with us, Lord; thyself reveal,
While here on earth we rove;
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel
The kindlings of thy love.

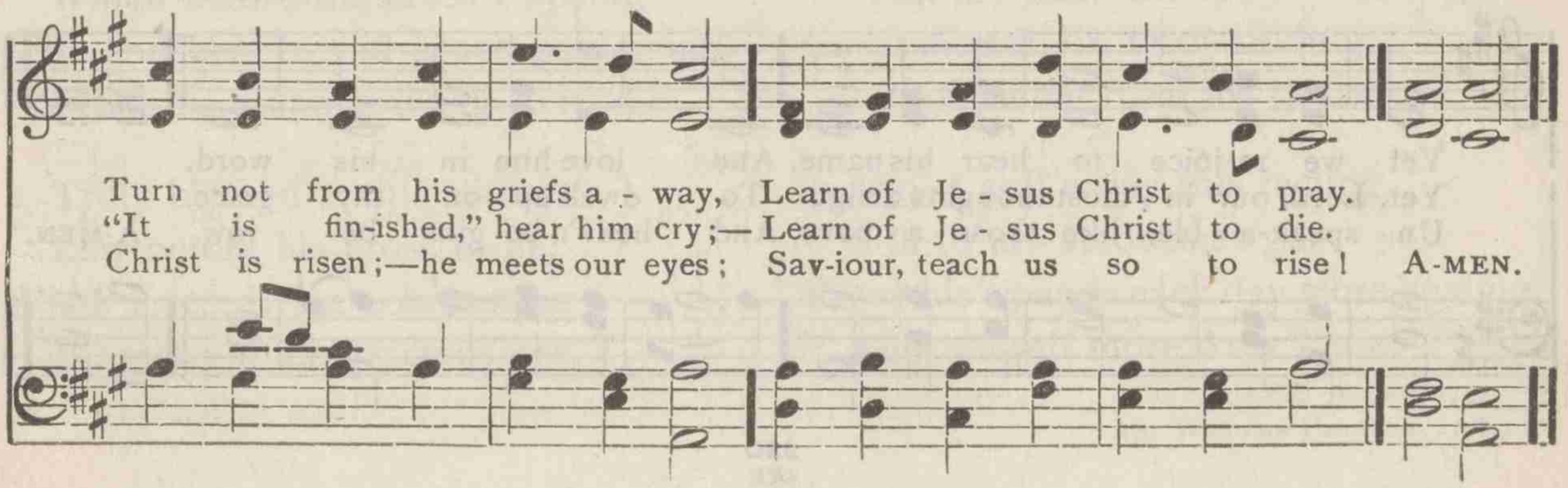
2 With thee conversing, we forget
All toil, and time, and care;
Labor is rest, and pain is sweet,
If thou art present there.

3 Here then, my God, be pleased to stay,
And bid my heart rejoice;
My bounding heart shall own thy sway,
And echo to thy voice.

4 Thou callest me to seek thy face;
Thy face, O God, I seek,
Attend the whispers of thy grace
And hear thee only speak.

CHARLES WESLEY

Dix (*Concluded*)



421 Marlow C. M

Walk in the Light

BERNARD BARTON

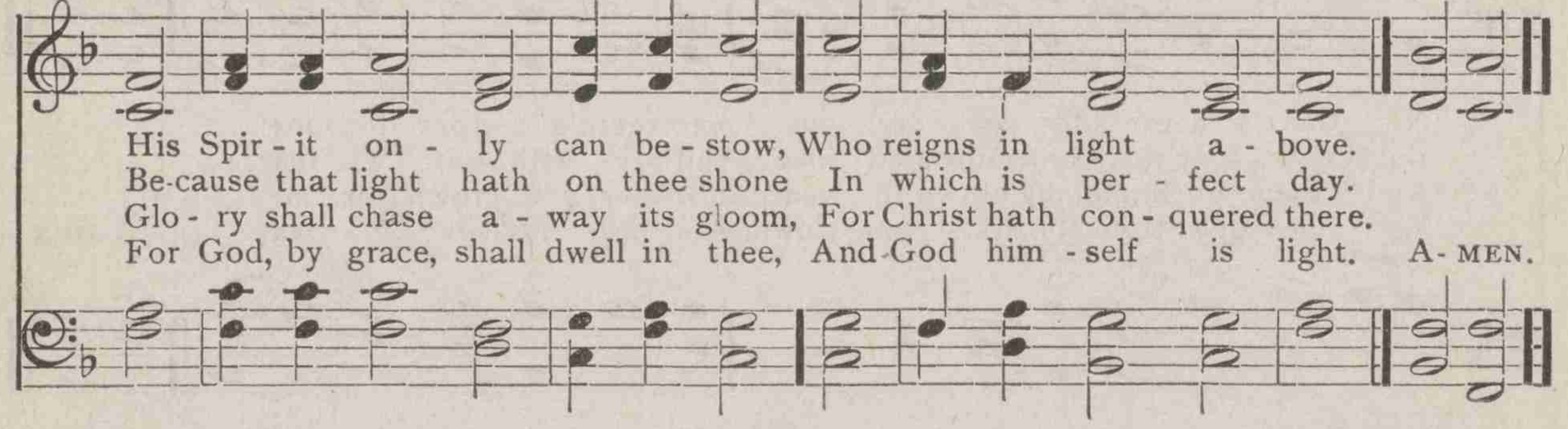
English Melody. Arr. by Dr. L. MASON, 1832



1. Walk in the light! so shalt thou know That fel - low - ship of love
2. Walk in the light! and thou shalt own Thy dark-ness passed a - way;
3. Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb No fear - ful shade shall wear;
4. Walk in the light! and thine shall be A path, though thorn - y, bright;



His Spir - it on - ly can be - stow, Who reigns in light a - bove.
Be-cause that light hath on thee shone In which is per - fect day.
Glo - ry shall chase a - way its gloom, For Christ hath con - quered there.
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee, And God him - self is light. A - MEN.



422 Dover S. M.

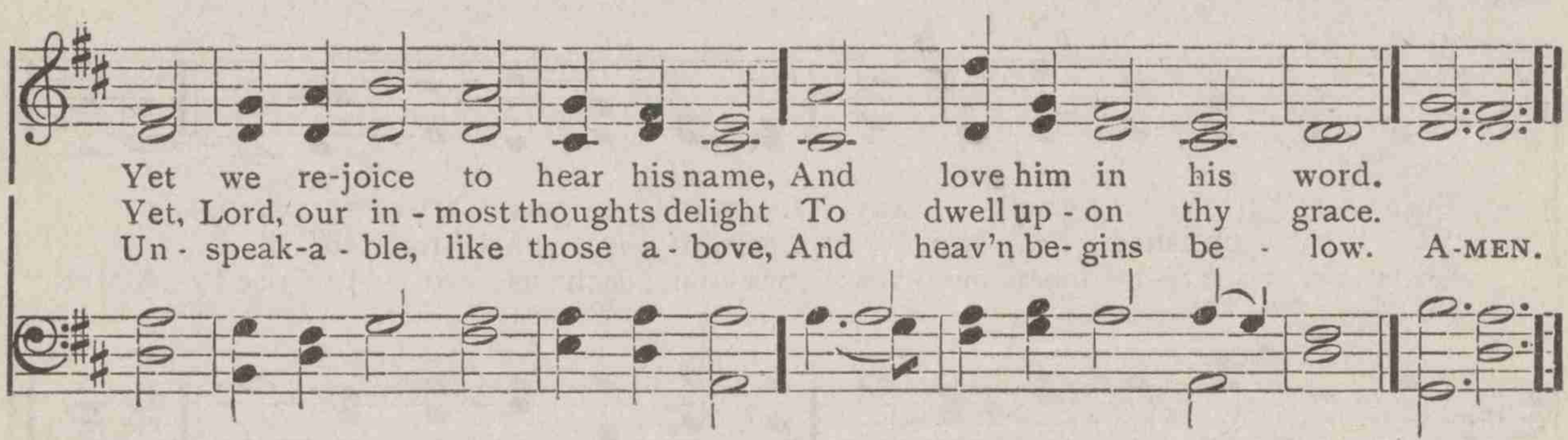
Whom, Having Not Seen, Ye Love

ISAAC WATTS, 1709

Arr. by T. HASTINGS



1. Not with our mor - tal eyes Have we be - held the Lord;
2. On earth we want the sight Of our Re - deem - er's face;
3. And when we taste thy love, Our joys di - vine - ly glow



Yet we re-joice to hear his name, And love him in his word.
Yet, Lord, our in - most thoughts delight To dwell up - on thy grace.
Un - speak-a - ble, like those a - bove, And heav'n be - gins be - low. A - MEN.

423 Rathbun 8s. & 7s.

In the Cross of Christ I Glory

Sir JOHN BOWRING, 1825 ITHAMAR CONKEY, 1851



1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow - r'ing o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de - ceive, and fears an - noy,
3. When the sun of bliss is beam- ing Light and love up - on my way,
4. Bane and bless - ing, pain and pleas-ure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;





All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath-ers round its head sub-lime.
Nev - er shall the cross for- sake me; Lo, it glows with peace and joy.
From the cross the ra - diance streaming Adds more lus-tre to the day.
Peace is there, that knows no meas-ure, Joys that through all time a - bide. A-MEN.



424 *Before the Cross*

1 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 blessèd 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.

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

JAMES ALLEN, 1757
Alt. WALTER SHIRLEY, 1776

425 Autumn 8s. & 7s. D. *Psalm of Life*

LONGFELLOW — Arr. by GEO. F. ROOT.

1. Tell me not in mourn-ful num - bers "Life is but an emp - ty dream,"
2. Not en - joy - ment,and not sor - row Is our des - tined end or way;
3. Footprints,that per-haps an - oth - er Sail - ing o'er life's sol - emn main—

For the soul is dead that slum - bers, And things are not what they seem.
But to act, that each to - mor - row Finds us far - ther than to - day.
A for - lorn and shipwrecked broth - er, See - ing, shall take heart a - gain.

Life is real! and life is earn - est, And the grave is not its goal;
Lives of great men all re - mind us We can make our lives sub - lime,
Let us then be up and do - ing, With a heart for an - y fate;

Dust thou art, to dust re-turn - est, Was not spo - ken of the soul.
And, de - part - ing,leave be-hind us Foot-prints on the sands of time:
Still a - chiev - ing, still pur - su - ing,Learn to la - bor, and to wait. A-MEN.

426 (Autumn) 8s. & 7s. D.

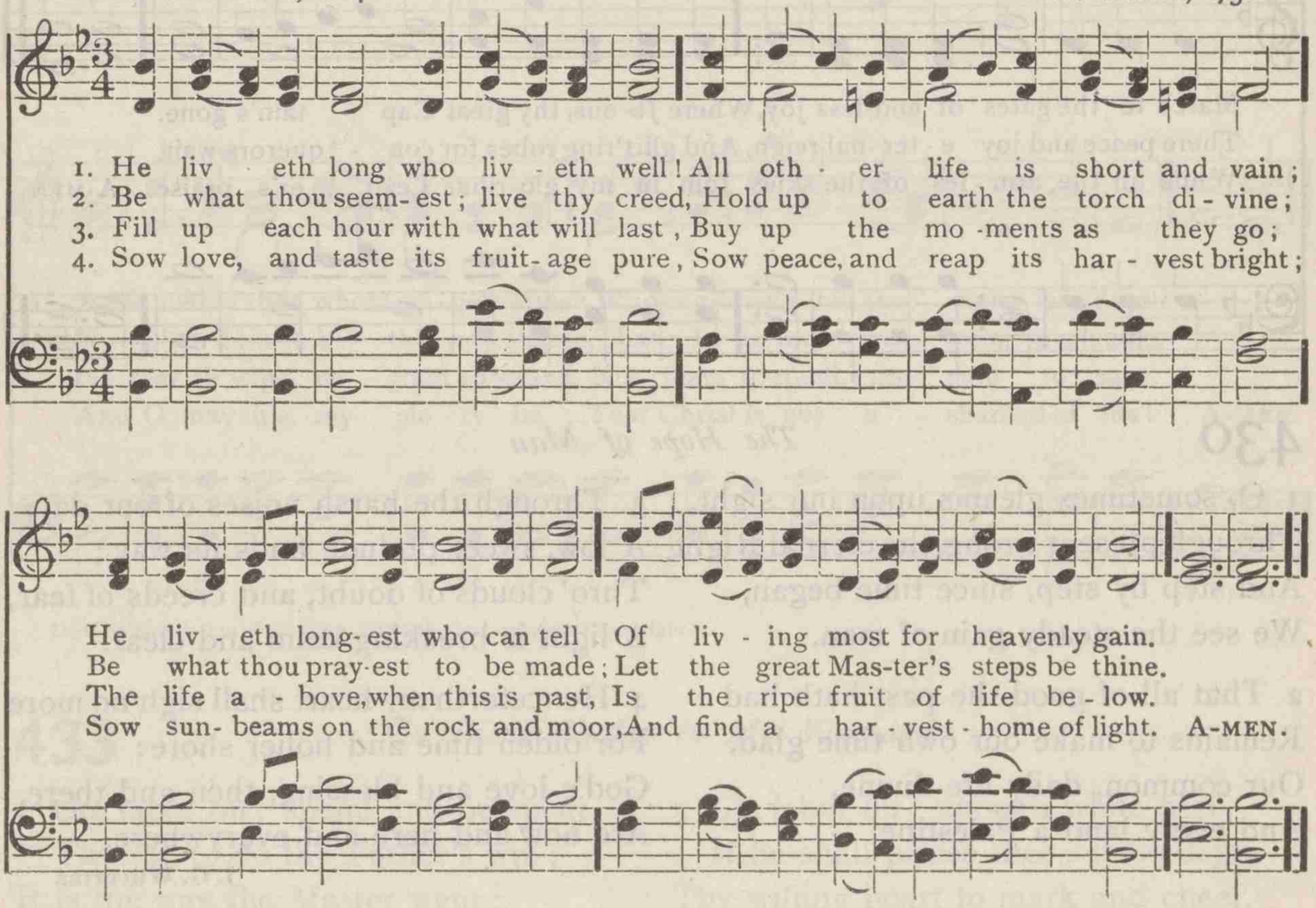
1 Know, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find, in every station,
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee:
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think that Jesus died to win thee:
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

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

427 All Saints L. M.

He Liveth Long Who Liveth Well

HORATIUS BONAR, 1864 W. KNAPP, 1738



428

The Harvest Call

1 Abide not in the realm of dreams,
O man, however fair it seems;
But with clear eye the present scan,
And hear the call of God and man.

2 Think not in sleep to fold thy hands,
Forgetful of thy Lord's commands;
From duty's claims no life is free,—
Behold to-day hath need of thee!

3 The present hour allots thy task:
For present strength and patience ask,
And trust his love whose sure supplies
Meet all thy needs as they arise.

WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH

429 Ames L. M.

Captain of Our Salvation

ISAAC WATTS, 1709

Dr. L. MASON



1. Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears, And gird the gos - pel ar - mor on;
2. Then let my soul march bold - ly on, Press for - ward to the heav'n - ly gate;
3. There shall I wear a star - ry crown, And tri - umph in al - might - y grace;



March to the gates of end-less joy, Where Je- sus, thy great Cap - tain's gone.
There peace and joy e - ter - nal reign, And glitt'ring robes for con - querors wait.
While all the arm - ies of the skies Join in my glo-rious Lead - er's praise. A-MEN.



430

The Hope of Man

1 O, sometimes gleams upon our sight,
Through present wrong, the eternal Right,
And step by step, since time began,
We see the steady gain of man.

2 That all of good the past hath had
Remains to make our own time glad,
Our common, daily life divine,
And every land a Palestine.

3 Through the harsh noises of our day,
A low, sweet prelude finds its way;
Thro' clouds of doubt, and creeds of fear,
A light is breaking calm and clear.

4 Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more
For olden time and holier shore;
God's love and blessing, then and there,
Are now and here and everywhere.

J. G. WHITTIER

431

Press on

1 Press on, press on! ye sons of light,
Untiring in your holy fight,
Still treading each temptation down,
And battling for a brighter crown.

2 Press on, press on! through toil and woe,
With calm resolve, to triumph go;
And make each dark and threatening ill
Yield but a higher glory still.

3 Press on, press on! still look in faith
To him who conquereth sin and death,
Then shall ye hear his word, "Well done!"
True to the last, press on, press on!

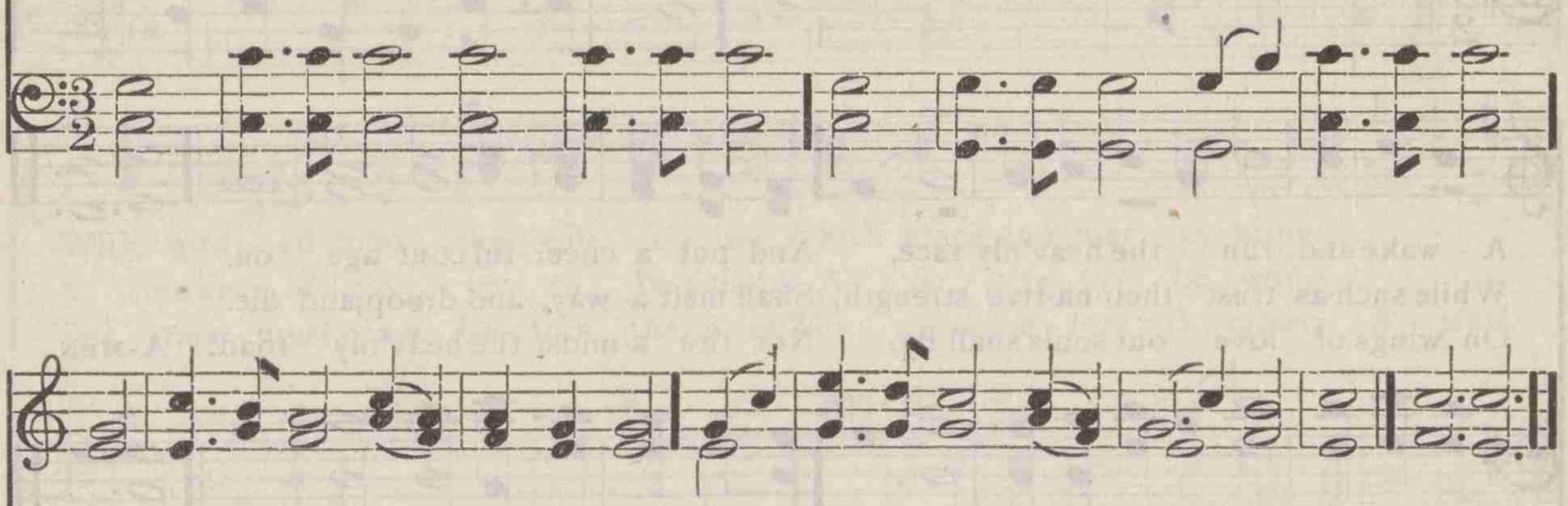
WILLIAM GASKELL

432 Constancy L. M.

J. GRIGG L. O. EMERSON



1. Je - sus! and shall it ev - er be, A mor - tal man a - shamed of thee?
2. A - shamed of Je - sus! that dear Friend On whom my hopes of heav'n de- pend!
3. A - shamed of Je - sus! yes, I may, When I've no guilt to wash a - way;
4. Till then—nor is my boast -ing vain— Till then I boast a Sav-iour slain!



A-shamed of thee whom an- gels praise, Whose glories shine thro' end - less days?
No; when I blush, be this my shame, That I no more re - vere his name.
No tear to wipe, no good to crave, No fears to quell, no soul to save.
And O may this, my glo - ry be, That Christ is not a - shamed of me! A-MEN.



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433 *Go Work To-day in My Vineyard*

1 Go, labor on; spend and be spent,
Thy joy to do thy Father's will;
It is the way the Master went;
Should not the servant tread it still?

2 Go, labor on; 'tis not for nought;
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain:
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
The Master praises,—what are men?

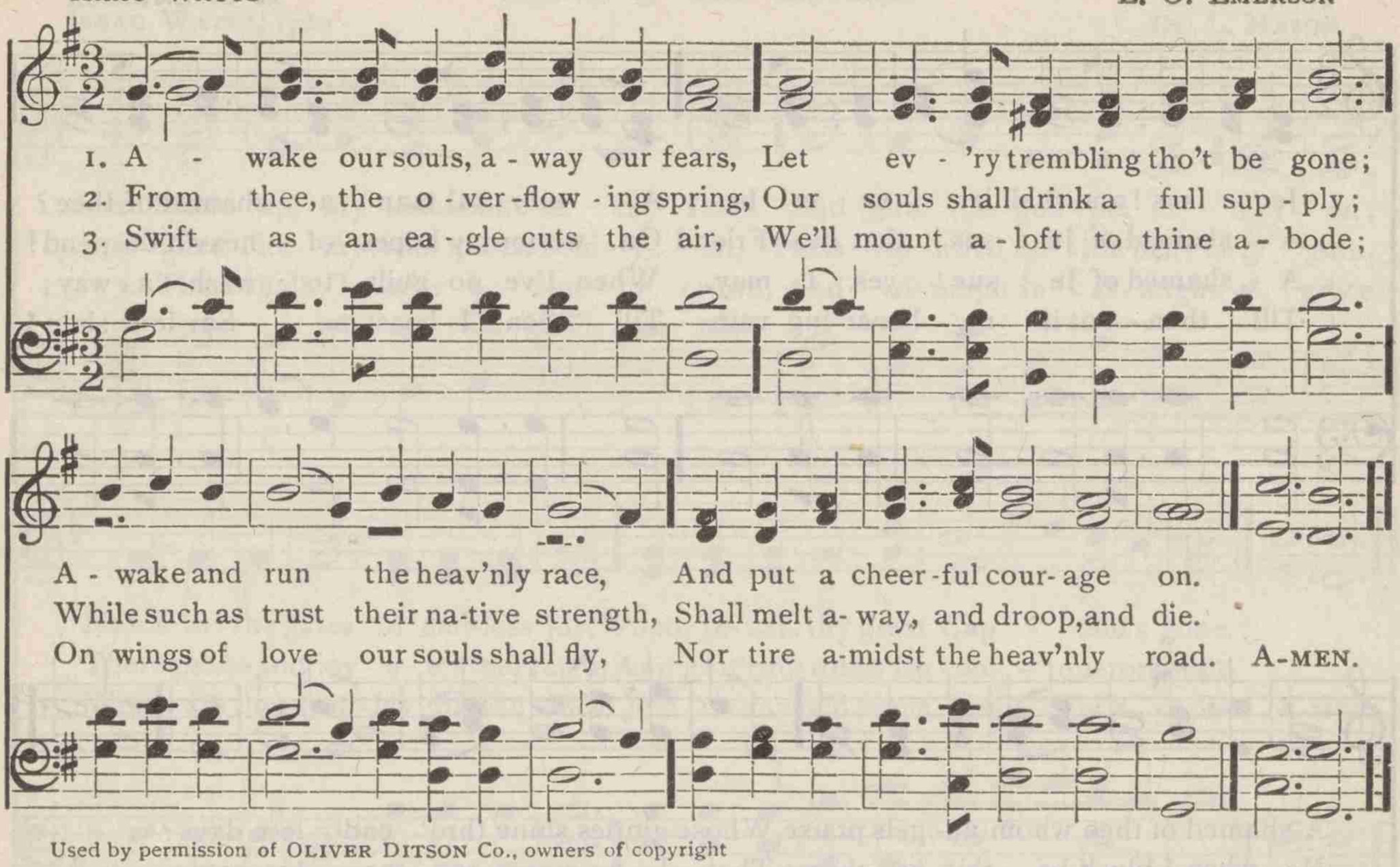
3 Go, labor on; enough while here,
If he shall praise thee: if he deign
Thy willing heart to mark and cheer,
No toil for him shall be in vain.

4 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil, comes rest; for exile, home:
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal, Behold, I come!

HORATIUS BONAR

434 Ethel L. M.

ISAAC WATTS — L. O. EMERSON



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435 *Why Stand Ye All the Day Idle*

1 The God of glory walks his round,
From day to day, from year to year,
And warns us each with awful sound,
No longer stand ye idle here.

2 O, if the griefs ye would assuage,
That wait on life's declining year;
Secure a blessing for your age,
And work your master's business here!

3 And ye, whose locks of scanty gray
Foretell your latest travail near,
How swiftly fades your worthless day;
And stand ye yet so idle here?

4 O thou, by all thy works adored,
To whom the sinner's soul is dear,
Recall us to thy vineyard, Lord,
And grant us grace to please thee here.

Bishop REGINALD HEBER

436 *The Christian Soldier*

1 The Christian warrior,—see him stand
In the whole armor of his God!
The Spirit's sword is in his hand,
His feet are with the gospel shod;

2 In panoply of truth complete,
Salvation's helmet on his head,
With righteousness, a breastplate meet,
And faith's broad shield before him spread:

3 With this omnipotence he moves,
From this the alien armies flee;
Till more than conqueror he proves,
Through God who gives him victory.

JAMES MONTGOMERY

437 Cheritb C. M. *The Cross before the Crown*

T. B. ONDERDONK — Arr. fr. LUDWIG SPOHR



438 *Working with God*

1 Workman of God, O lose not heart,
But learn what God is like!
And, in the darkest battle-field,
Thou shalt know where to strike.

2 O, blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field, when he
Is most invisible!

3 And best is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye.

4 For right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win;
To doubt it is disloyalty;
To falter is to sin.

FREDERICK W. FABER 1849

439 *As the Hart Panteth after the Water-brooks*

1 As pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.

2 For thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
O, when shall I behold thy face,
Thou Majesty divine?

3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Trust God, and he'll employ
His aid for thee, and change these sighs
To thankful hymns of joy.

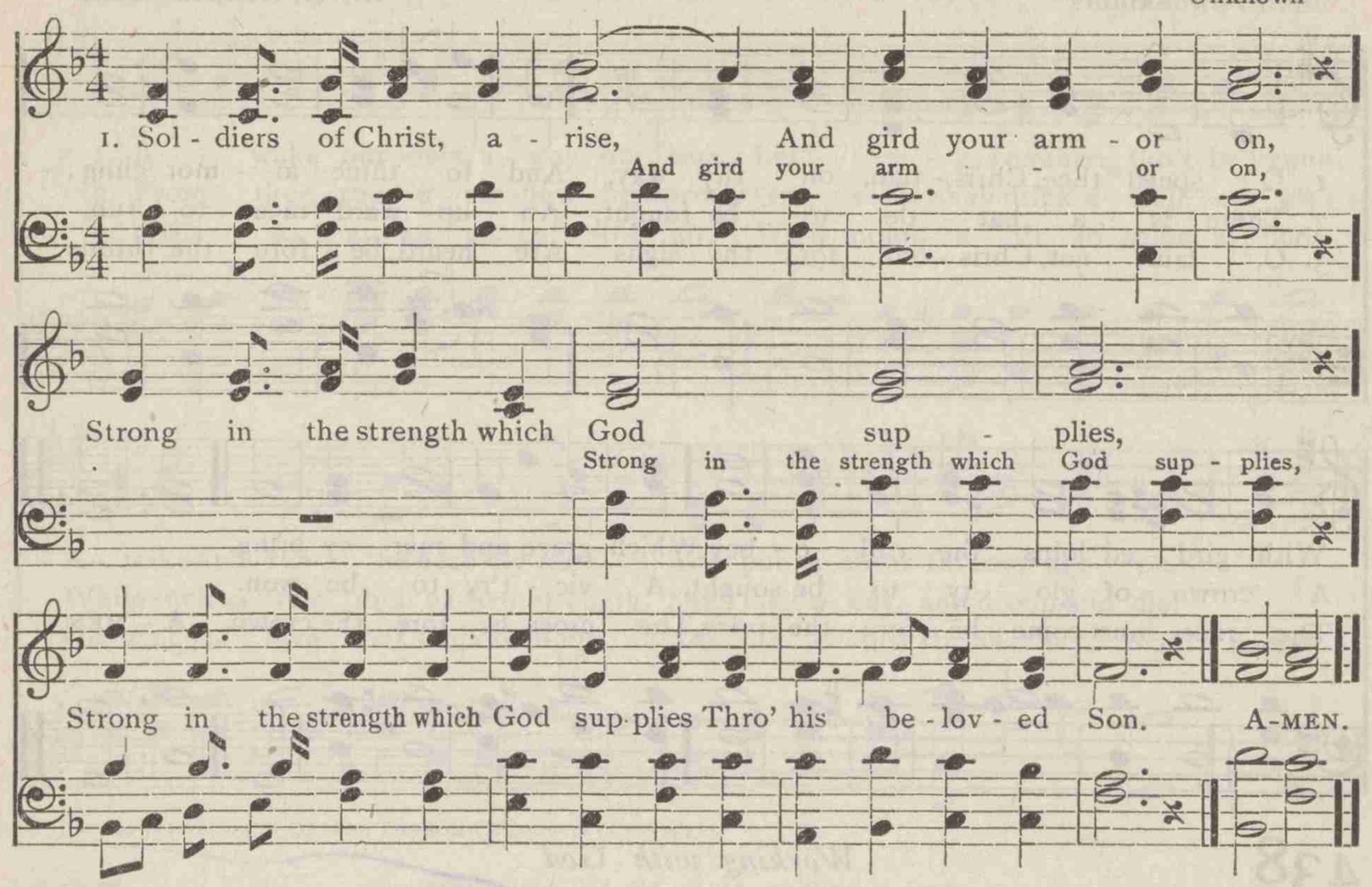
4 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of Him who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal Spring.

H. F. LYTE

440 Kirkwood S. M.

Put On the Whole Armor of God

Unknown



2 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in his mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand then in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God; —

4 That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

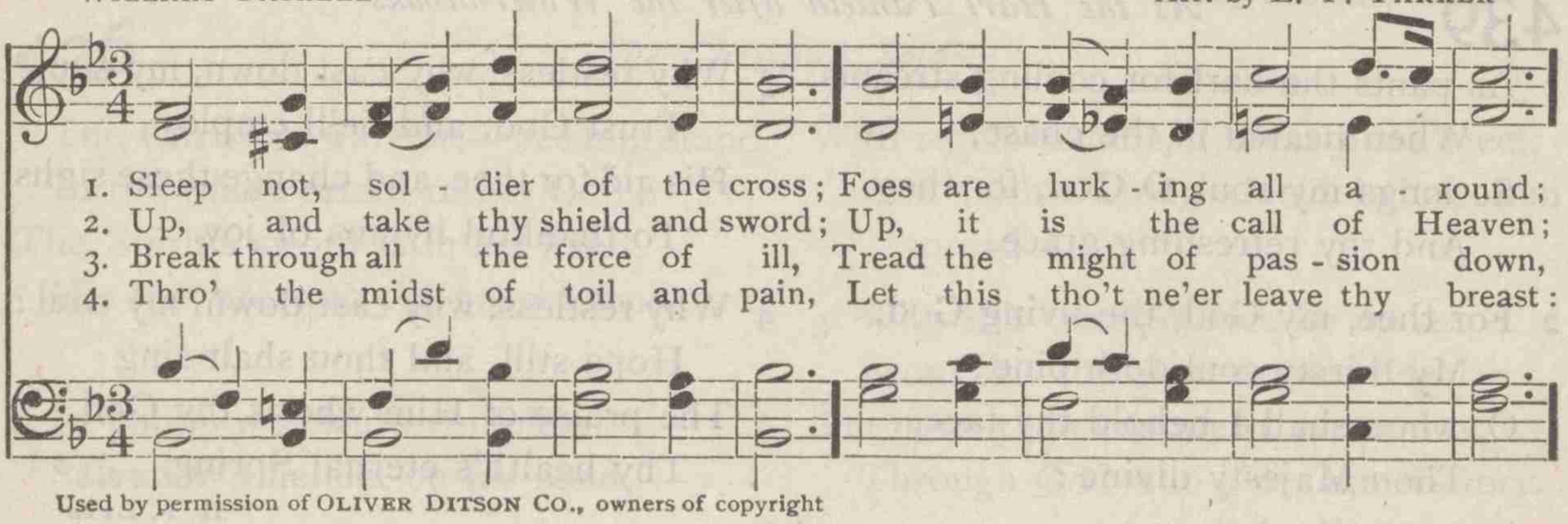
CHARLES WESLEY, 1745

441 Gottschalk 7s.

Let Us Not Sleep

WILLIAM GASKELL

Arr. by E. P. PARKER



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442 Belmont C M. *Not Ashamed of the Gospel*

ISAAC WATTS, 1709 — S. WEBBE

1. I'm not a-shamed to own my Lord, Or to de-fend his cause;
2. Je-sus, my Lord!—I know his name— His name is all my trust;
3. Firm as his throne his prom-ise stands, And he can well se-cure
4. Then will he own my worth-less name Be-fore his Fa-ther's face,

Main-tain the hon-or of his word, The glo-ry of his cross.
Nor will he put my soul to shame, Nor let my hope be lost.
What I've com-mit-ted to his hands, Till the de-ci-sive hour.
And in the New Je-ru-sa-lem Ap-point my soul a place. A-MEN.

443 *The Christian Soldier*

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

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

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

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

ISAAC WATTS, 1733

Gottschalk (*Continued*)

Look not here to find re-pose, This is but thy bat-tle ground.
Shrink not, faith-less, from thy Lord; No-bly strive as he hath striven.
Strug-gle on-ward, up-ward still, To the conqu'ring Sav-iour's crown.
Ev-'ry tri-umph thou dost gain Makes more sweet thy coming rest. A-MEN.

444 Messiah 7s. D.

J. SWAIN — Arranged by GEO. KINGSLEY

1. Breth - ren, while we so - journ here, Fight we must, but should not fear;
2. In the way a thou - sand snares Lie, to take us un - a - wares;
3. But of all the foes we meet, None so oft mis - lead our feet,

Foes we have, but we've a Friend, One that loves us to the end.
Sa - tan, with ma - li - cious art, Watch - es each un - guard - ed part:
None be - tray us in - to sin Like the foes that dwell with - in;

For - ward, then, with cour - age go, Long we shall not dwell be - low:
But, from Sa - tan's mal - ice free, Saints shall soon vic - to - rious be;
Yet let noth - ing spoil our peace, Christ shall al - so con - quer these;

Soon the joy - ful news will come, "Child, your Fa - ther calls—come home!" A - MEN.

445 Seymour 7s. *Heavenly Journey*

Arr. from WEBER

1. Chil - dren of the heav'n - ly King, As we jour - ney, sweet - ly sing;
2. We are trav - 'lling home to God, In the way the fa - thers trod;
3. Shout, ye lit - tle flock, and blest; You on Je - sus' throne shall rest;

Sing your Sav-iour's wor - thy praise, Glo- rious in his works and ways.
They are hap - py now, and we Soon their hap - pi - ness shall see.
There your seat is now pre -pared, There your king - dom and re - ward. A - MEN.

4 Lift your eyes, ye sons of light;
Zion's city is in sight;
There our endless home shall be,
There our Lord we soon shall see.

5 Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee!

JOHN CENNICK, 1742

446 Wimborne 8s, 7s. *Upward, Onward*

H. BONAR

Arr. from WHITAKER

1. Like the ea - gle, up - ward, on - ward, Let my soul in faith be borne:
2. Where the cross, God's love re - veal - ing, Sets the fet - tered spir - it free,
3. O, may I no lon - ger, dream - ing, I - dly waste my gold - en day,

Calm - ly gaz - ing, sky - ward, sun-ward, Let my eye unshrinking turn!
Where it sheds its won - drous healing, There, my soul, thy rest shall be.
But, each pre - cious hour re - deem-ing, Up - ward, on - ward, press my way! A-MEN.

447 Work Song P. M.

The Night Cometh

ANNA L. WALKER — LOWELL MASON

1. Work, for the night is com - ing; Work through the morn - ing hours;
2. Work, for the night is com - ing; Work through the sun - ny noon;
3. Work, for the night is com - ing, Un - der the sun - set skies;

Work, while the dew is spark - ling; Work 'mid spring-ing flow'rs;
Fill bright - est hours with la - bor, Rest comes sure and soon.
While their bright tints are glow - ing, Work, for day - light flies.

Work, when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow - ing sun:
Give ev - 'ry fly - ing min - ute Some - thing to keep in store;
Work till the last beam fad - eth, Fad - eth to shine no more;

Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.
Work, for the night is com - ing, When man works no more.
Work, while the night is dark - 'ning, When man's work is o'er. A-MEN.

448 St. Gertrude 6s, & 5s, D.

Onward, Christian Soldiers

S. BARING-GOULD A. S. SULLIVAN

1. On - ward Chris-tian sol - diers, March-ing as to war; With the cross of Je - sus,
2. Like a might- y arm - y, Moves the Church of God, Broth-ers, we are tread - ing
3. Crowns and thrones may per-ish, King-doms rise and wane, But the Church of Je - sus
4. On - ward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our hap - py throng; Blend with us your voi - ces

Go - ing on be - fore; Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe;
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we,
Con - stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that Church pre - vail;
In the tri- umph-song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or, Un - to Christ the King;

CHORUS

For-ward in - to bat - tle, See, his ban - ners go. On - ward, Chris-tian sol - diers,
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
We have Christ's own promise, And that can - not fail.
This, thro' count-less a - ges, Men and an - gels sing.

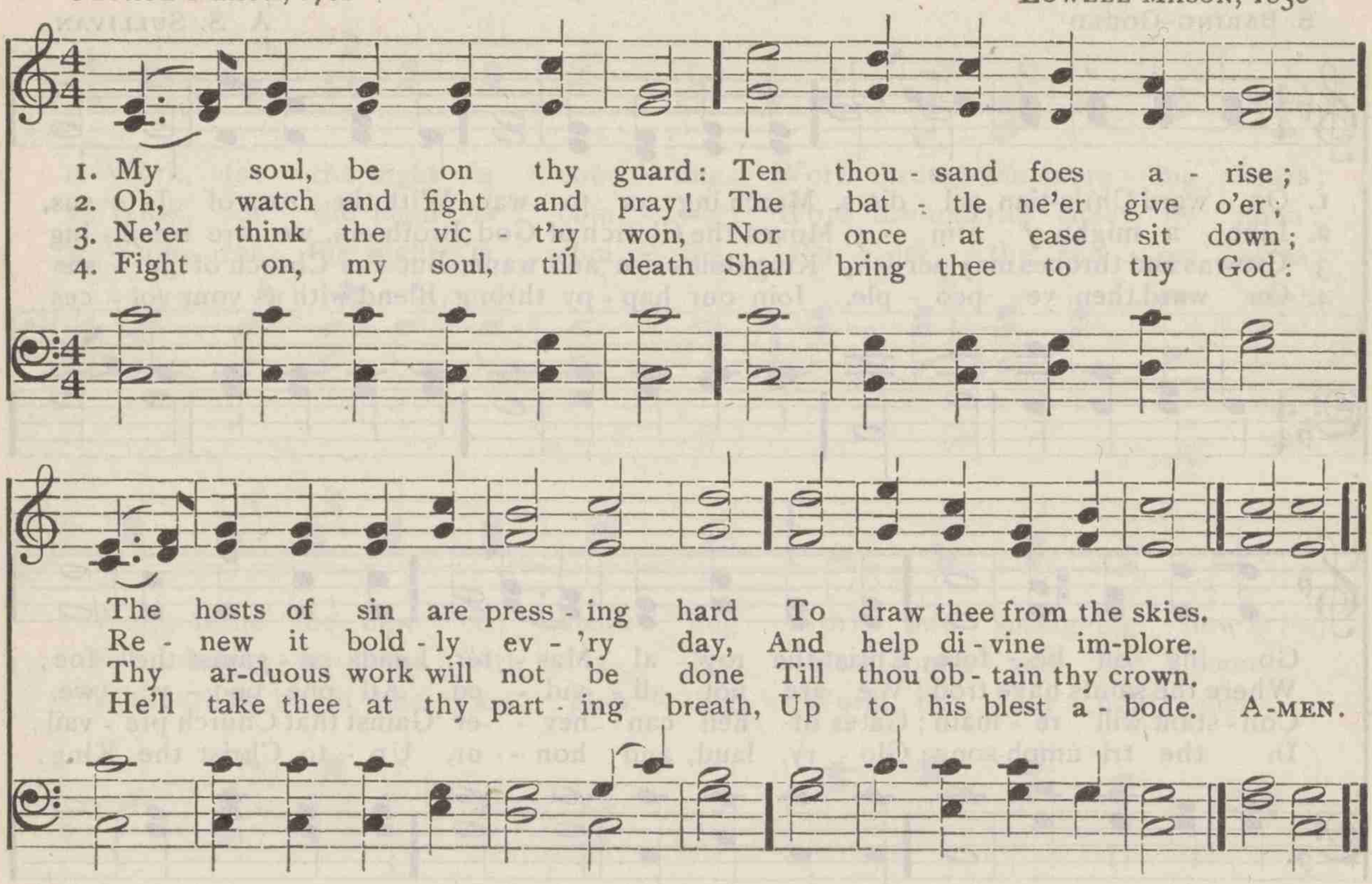
March-ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore. A-MEN.

war, With the cross of Je - sus,

449 Laban S. M.

Watch and Pray

GEORGE HEATH, 1781 — LOWELL MASON, 1830



450 *Not as One that Beateth the Air*

1 My soul, weigh not thy life
Against thy heavenly crown,
Nor suffer Satan's deadliest strife
To beat thy courage down.

2 With prayer and crying strong,
Hold on the fearful fight;
And let the breaking day prolong
The wrestling of the night.

3 The battle soon will yield,
If thou thy part fulfil;
For, strong as is the hostile shield,
Thy sword is stronger still.

4 Thine armor is divine,
Thy feet with victory shod,
And on thy head shall quickly shine
The diadem of God.

L. SWAIN

451 *In the Morning Sow Thy Seed*

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

2 Beside all waters sow,
The highway furrows stock,
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
Scatter it on the rock.

3 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, the moist and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

4 Then, when the glorious end,
The day of God shall come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And heaven sing, "Harvest home!"

452 All Saints New C. M. D.

Bishop REGINALD HEBER — HENRY S. CUTLER

1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain;
2. The mar-tyr first, whose ea-gle eye Could pierce be-yond the grave,
3. A glo-rious band, the chos-en few On whom the Spir-it came,
4. A no-ble arm-y, men and boys, The ma-tron and the maid,

His blood-red ban-ner streams a-far! Who fol-lows in his train?
Who saw his Mas-ter in the sky, And called on him to save:
Twelve val-iant saints, their hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame:
A-round the Sav-iour's throne re-joice, In robes of light ar-rayed:

Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri-umph-ant o-ver pain,
Like him, with par-don on his tongue In midst of mor-tal pain,
They met the ty-rant's brand-ished steel, The li-on's gor-y mane;
They climbed the steep as-cent of heav'n Thro' per-il, toil, and pain:

Who pa-tient bears his cross be-low, He fol-lows in his train.
He prayed for them that did the wrong: Who fol-lows in his train?
They bowed their necks the death to feel: Who fol-lows in their train?
O God, to us may grace be given To fol-low in their train. A-MEN.

453 Christmas C. M.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE — HANDEL

1. A - wake, my soul! stretch ev-'ry nerve, And press with vigor on: A heav'n-ly
2. A cloud of wit-ness - es a - round Hold thee in full sur - vey: For - get the
3. 'Tis God's all - an - i - mat-ing voice, That calls thee from on high; 'Tis his own
4. That prize with peerless glo-ries bright, Which shall new lustre boast, When victor's

race de-mands thy zeal, A bright im-mor-tal crown, A bright im-mor-tal crown.
steps al -rea-dy trod, And on-ward urge thy way, And on-ward urge thy way.
hand pre-sents the prize To thine as - pir-ing eye,— To thine as - pir-ing eye,—
wreaths and monarch's gems Shall blend in common dust, Shall blend in common dust. A- MEN.

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

The Pilgrim's Prayer

WILLIAM WILLIAMS, 1773 — THOMAS HASTINGS, 1830

1. Guide me, O thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil -grim thro' this bar - ren land; I am
2. O - pen now the crys -tal foun - tain, Whence the healing wa - ters flow: Let the
3. When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anxious fears sub - side: Cleave the

weak, but thou art might- y, Hold me with thy pow'rful hand. Bread of heaven, Feed me
fier - y, cloud -y pil - lar Lead me all my journey through. Strong De-liv-'rer! Be thou
flood, and stay the wa - ters, Land me safe on Ca-naan's side. Song of prais- es I will

455 Bonar S. M. D.

HORATIUS BONAR, 1857 J. P. HOLBROOK

1. I was a wand'ring sheep, I did not love the fold: I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
2. The Shepherd sought his sheep, The Father sought his child; He followed me o'er vale and hill,
3. Je - sus my Shepherd is, 'Twas he that loved my soul. 'Twas he that wash'd me in his blood,
4. No more a wand'ring sheep, I love to be con-trolled, I love my tender Shepherd's voice,

I would not be con-trolled; I was a way-ward child, I did not love my home,
O'er des-erts waste and wild; He found me nigh to death, Famished, and faint, and lone;
'Twas he that made me whole: 'Twas he that sought the lost, That found the wand'ring sheep,
I love the peaceful fold: No more a way-ward child, I seek no more to roam,

I did not love my Shep-herd's voice, I loved a-far to roam.
He bound me with the bands of love, He saved the wand'ring one.
'Twas he that brought me to the fold—'Twas he that still doth keep.
I love my heav'n-ly Fa-ther's voice—I love, I love his home. A-MEN.

Zion (*Concluded*)

till I want no more, Bread of hea-ven, Feed me till I want no more.
still my strength and shield, Strong Deliv'rer! Be thou still my strength and shield.
ev-er give to thee, Songs of prais-es I will ev-er give to thee. A-MEN.

456 Mendebras 7s. & 6s. D.

Go Forward, Christian Soldier

LAURENCE TUTTIETT, 1854 — Dr. L. MASON

1. Go for - ward, Chris-tian sol - dier, Be - neath his ban - ner true:
The Lord him - self, thy Lead - er, Shall all thy foes sub - due;

2. Go for - ward, Chris-tian sol - dier, Nor dream of peace -ful rest,
Till Sa - tan's host is van -quished And heav'n is all pos - sest;

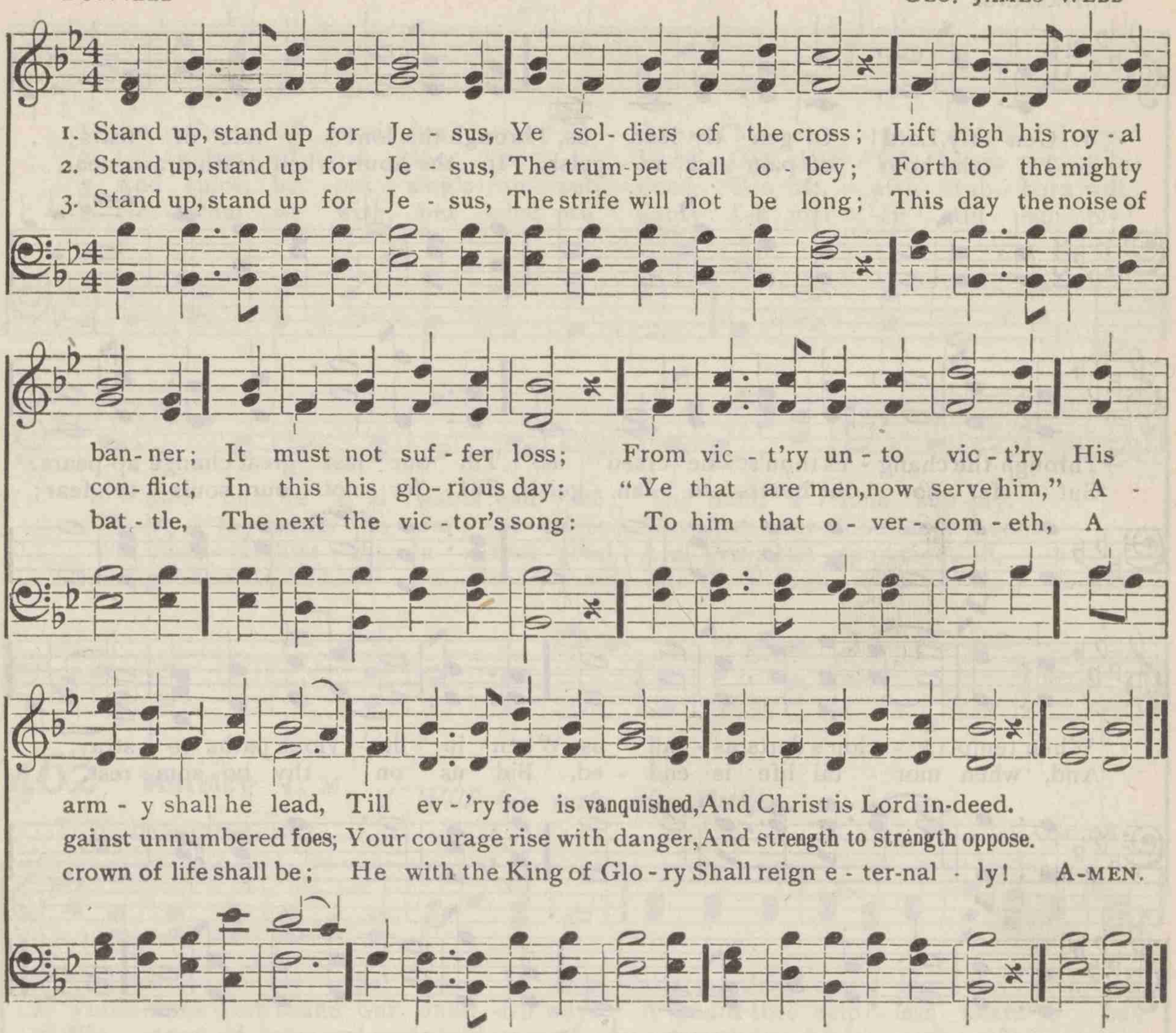
3. Go for - ward, Chris-tian sol - dier, Fear not the gath -'ring night:
The Lord hath been thy shel - ter, The Lord will be thy light.

His love fore - tells thy tri - als, He knows thine hour - ly need;
Till God him - self shall call thee To lay thine arm - or by,
When morn his face re - veal - eth, Thy dan - gers all are past;

He can, with bread of hea - ven, Thy faint - ing spir - it feed.
And wear, in end - less glo - ry, The crown of vic - to - ry.
Oh, pray that faith and vir - tue May keep thee to the last! A-MEN.

457 Webb 7s. 6s. *Having Done All, to Stand*

DUFFIELD GEO. JAMES WEBB



458 *Captain of Our Salvation*

1 O, when shall I see Jesus,
And reign with him above;
And from that flowing fountain
Drink everlasting love?
When shall I be delivered
From this vain world of sin,
And with my blessèd Jesus
Drink endless pleasures in?

2 But now I am a soldier,
My Captain's gone before;
He's given me my orders,
And bid me not give o'er.
If I continue faithful,
A righteous crown he'll give,
And all his valiant soldiers
Eternal life shall have.

3 Thro' grace I am determined
To conquer though I die,
And then away to Jesus,
On wings of love I'll fly,
Farewell to sin and sorrow,
I bid you all adieu;
And O, my friends, prove faithful,
And on your way pursue.

Anon.

459 Autumn 8s. & 7s. D.

T. HASTINGS



460 *Strength in Temptation*

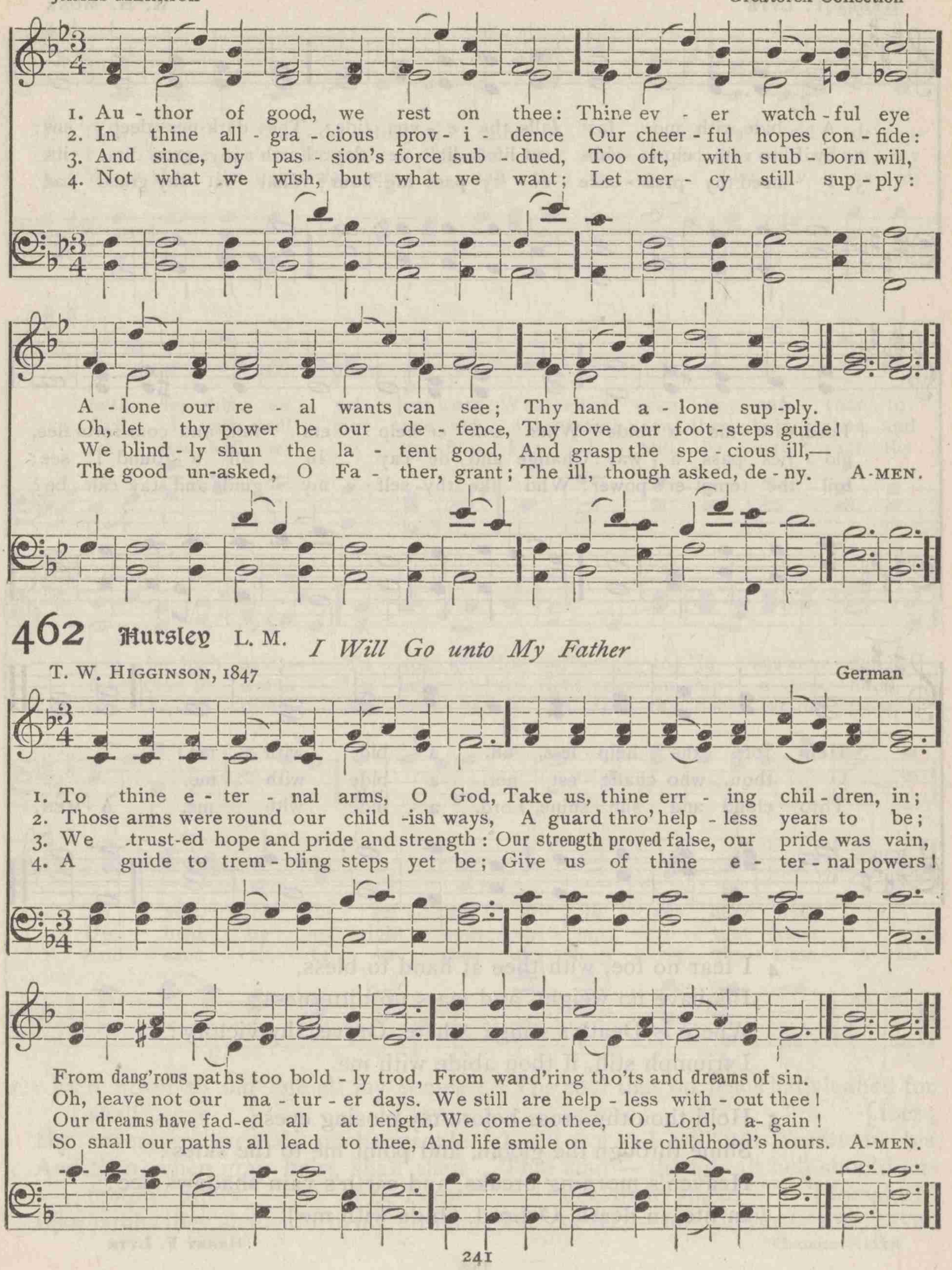
1 Holy Father, thou hast taught me
I should live to thee alone; [me
Year by year, thy hand hath brought
On through dangers oft unknown.
When I wandered, thou hast found me;
When I doubted, sent me light;
Still thine arm has been around me,
And my paths were in thy sight.

2 I would trust in thy protecting,
Wholly rest upon thine arm,
Follow wholly thy directing,
Thou mine only guard from harm:
Keep me from mine own undoing,
Help me turn to thee when tried;
Still my footsteps, Father, viewing,
Keep me ever at thy side.

NEALE

461 Geer C. M. *He Knoweth What Ye Have Need Of*

JAMES MERRICK — Greatorex Collection



462 Hursley L. M. *I Will Go unto My Father*

T. W. HIGGINSON, 1847 — German

463 Eventide 10s. *Evening of the Day*

HENRY F. LYTE W. H. MONK



4 I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless,
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness:
Where is Death's sting? where, Grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

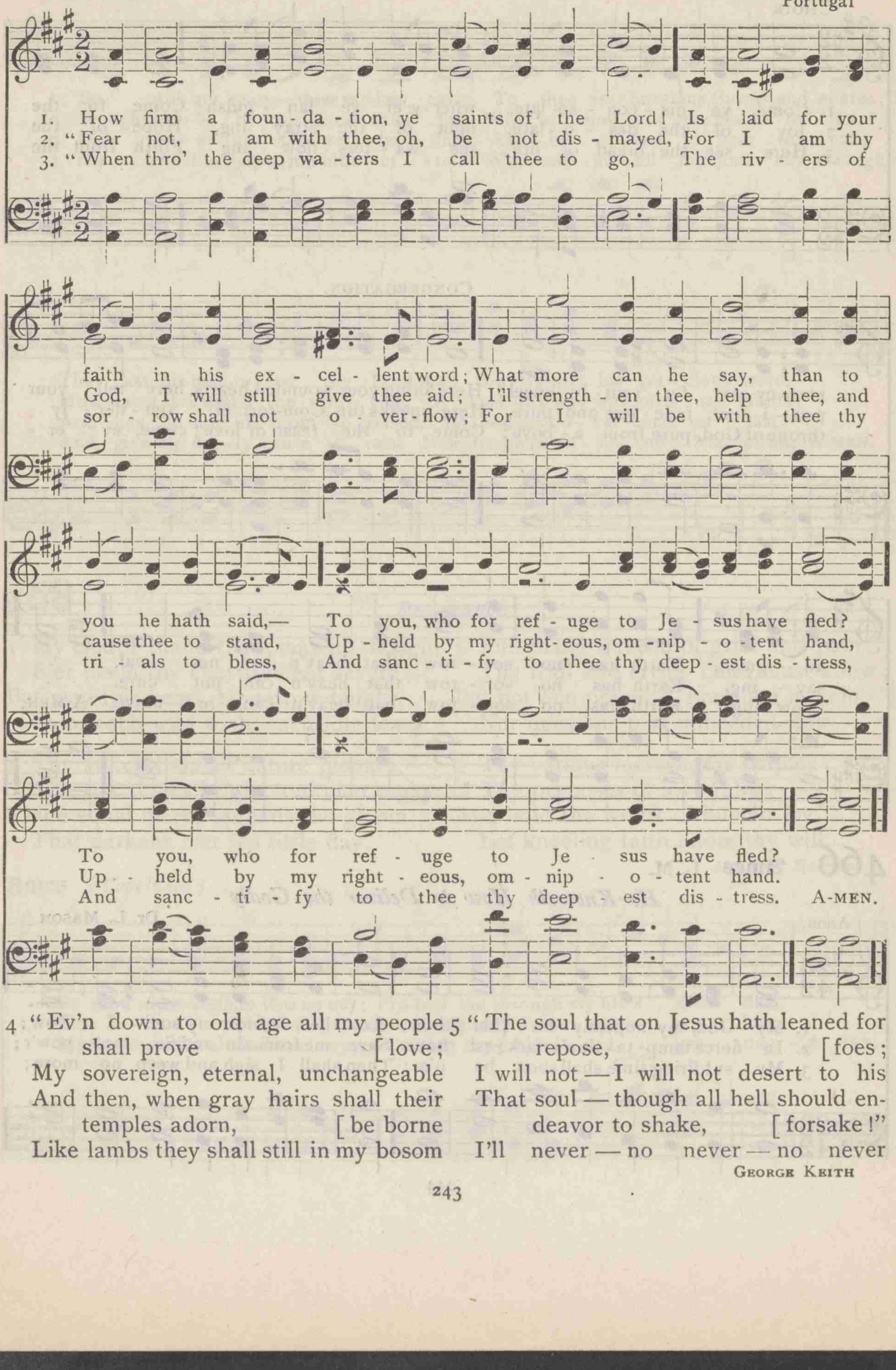
5 Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee:
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

HENRY F. LYTE

464 Portuguese Hymn 11s.

Exceeding Great and Precious Promise

Portugal



4 "Ev'n down to old age all my people shall prove [love;
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable
And then, when gray hairs shall their temples adorn, [be borne
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom

5 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose, [foes;
I will not — I will not desert to his
That soul — though all hell should endeavor to shake, [forsake!"
I'll never — no never — no never

GEORGE KEITH

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

THOMAS MOORE — SAMUEL WEBBE, 1800

CHOIR

1. Come, ye dis - con - so- late, wher - e'er ye lan - guish; Come to the
2. Joy of the des - o - late, light of the stray - ing, Hope of the
3. Here see the bread of life; see wa - ters flow - ing Forth from the

CONGREGATION.

mer - cy-seat, fer - vent - ly kneel; Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your
pen - i - tent, fade - less and pure, Here speaks the Com-fort- er, ten - der - ly
throne of God, pure from a - bove; Come to the feast of love; come, ev - er -

an - guish, Earth has no sor - row that heav'n can not heal.
say - ing, Earth has no sor - row that heav'n can not cure.
know - ing Earth has no sor - row but heav'n can re - move. A-MEN.

466 Ames L. M.

He Knoweth How to Deliver the Godly

Anon. — Dr. L. MASON

1. My God, my hope, my Fa - ther thou; To thee, lo, now my soul I bow;
2. In fierce temp- ta - tion's dark -est hour, Save me from sin and Sa - tan's pow'r;
3. My suf-f'ring time shall soon be o'er; Then shall I sigh and weep no more;

467 Naples L. M. *My Grace is Sufficient for Thee*

JOHN NEWTON — L. V. WHEELER



1. Be still, my heart:—these anx-ious cares To thee are bur-dens, thorns, and snares;
2. Brought safe-ly by his hand thus far, Why wilt thou now give place to fear?
3. Did ev-er trou-ble yet be-fall, And he re-fuse to hear thy call?
4. He who has helped me hith-er-to Will help me all my jour-ney through,



They cast dis-hon-or on thy Lord, And con-tra-dict his gra-cious word.
How canst thou want if he pro-vide, Or lose thy way with such a Guide?
And has he not his prom-ise passed, That thou shalt o-ver-come at last?
And give me dai-ly cause to raise New tro-phies to his end-less praise. A-MEN.



468

Resignation

1 My God, I thank thee; may no thought
E'er deem thy chastisement severe;
But may this heart, by sorrow taught,
Calm each wild wish, each idle fear.

2 Thy mercy bids all nature bloom;
The sun shines bright, and man is gay;
Thine equal mercy spreads the gloom
That darkens o'er his little day.

3 Full many a throb of grief and pain
Thy frail and erring child must know;
But not one prayer is breathed in vain,
Nor does one tear unheeded flow.

4 Thy various messengers employ;
Thy purposes of love fulfil;
And 'mid the wreck of human joy,
Let kneeling faith adore thy will.

ANDREWS NORTON

Ames (*Concluded*)



Be thou my strength, be thou my way; Pro-tect me through my life's short day.
Tear ev-'ry i-dol from thy throne, And reign, my Father, reign a-lone.
My ransomed soul shall soar away, To sing thy praise in end-less day. A-MEN.

469 Jewett 6s.

JANE BORTHWICK — Arr. fr. WEBER

1. My Je - sus, as thou wilt! O, may thy will be mine; In - to thy hand of love
2. My Je - sus, as thou wilt! Tho' seen thro' many a tear, Let not my star of hope
3. My Je - sus, as thou wilt! All shall be well for me; Each changing fu-ture scene

I would my all re - sign; Thro' sor - row or thro' joy, Con - duct me
Grow dim or dis - ap - pear; Since thou on earth hast wept, And sor - rowed
I glad-ly trust with thee. Straight to my home a - bove I trav - el

as thine own, And help me still to say, My Lord, thy will be done!
oft a-lone, If I must weep with thee, My Lord, thy will be done!
calm - ly on, And sing, in life or death, My Lord, thy will be done! A-MEN.

470 (Jewett)

1 Thy will, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me by thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.
I dare not choose my lot:
I would not if I might;
Choose thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.

2 The kingdom that I seek
Is thine; so let the way
That leads to it be truly thine,
Else I must surely stray.
Take thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to thee may seem;
Choose thou my good and ill.

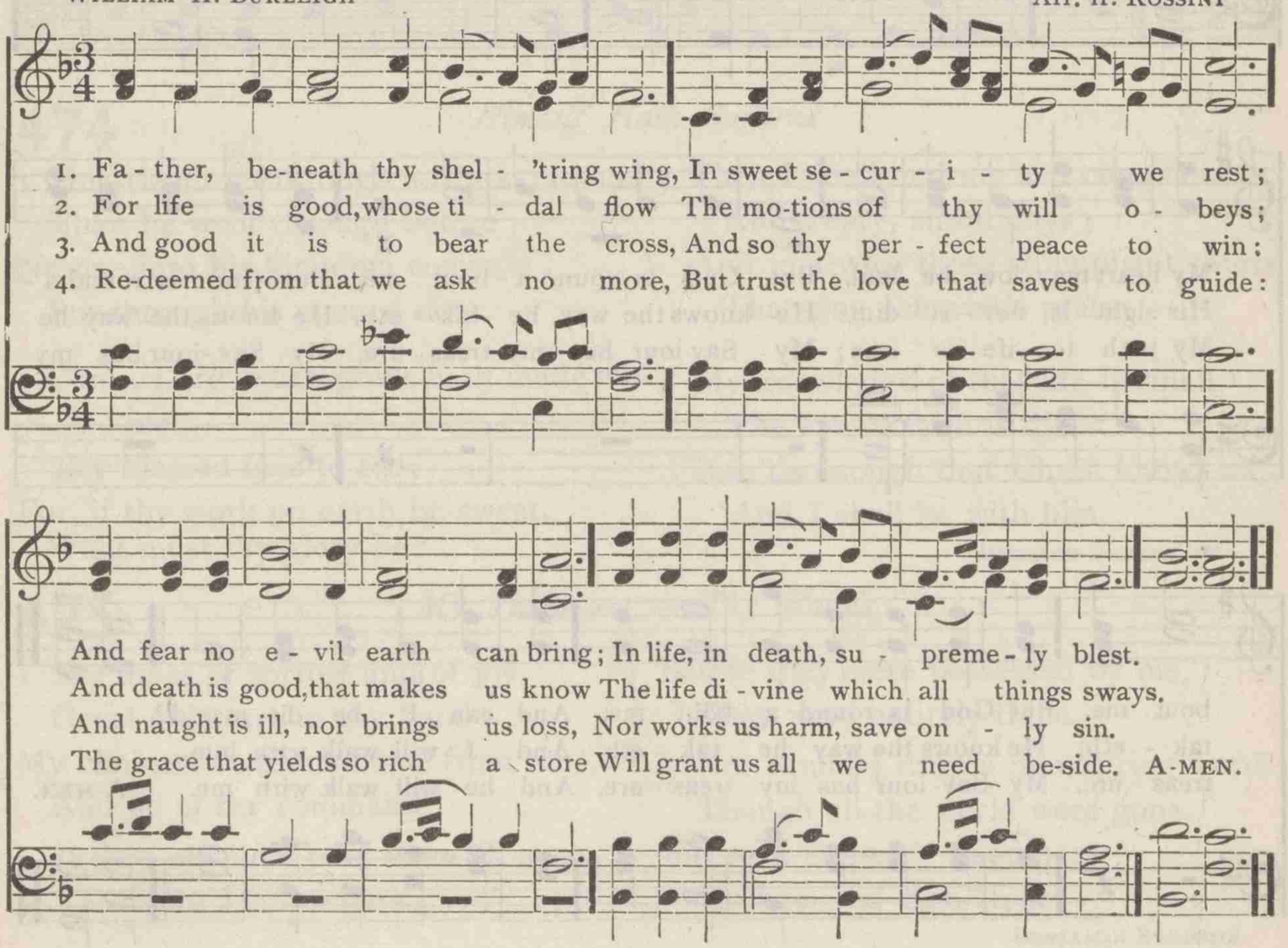
3 Choose thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.
Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be thou my Guide, my Strength,
My Wisdom and my All.

HORATIUS BONAR

471 Linwood L. M.

Under His Wings Shalt Thou Trust

WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH — Arr. fr. ROSSINI



472 Yarmouth 7s. & 6s.

ANNA L. WARING — Dr. L. MASON

1. In heav'n-ly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear, And safe is such con-
2. Wher - ev - er he may guide me, No want shall turn me back; My Shep-herd is be-
3. Green pas-tures are be - fore me, Which yet I have not seen; Bright skies will soon be

fid - ing, For noth - ing chang - es here; The storm may roar with - out me,
side me, And noth - ing can I lack: His wis - dom ev - er wak - eth,
o'er me, Where dark - est clouds have been: My hope I can - not meas - ure;

My heart may low be laid, But God is round a - bout me, But God is round a -
His sight is nev - er dim: He knows the way he tak - eth, He knows the way he
My path to life is free; My Sav-iour has my treas - ure, My Sav - iour has my

bout me, But God is round a - bout me, And can I be dis- may'd?
tak - eth, He knows the way he tak - eth, And I will walk with him.
treas - ure, My Sav - iour has my treas - ure, And he will walk with me. A-MEN.

473 Naomi C. M.

Submission

N. Day — H. G. Nägeli, 1832. Arr. by Dr. Mason, 1836



474 *Himself Hath Suffered*

1 Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than he went through before;
No one into his kingdom comes
But through his opened door.

2 Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
Thy blessèd face to see;
For, if thy work on earth be sweet,
What must thy glory be?

3 Then I shall end my sad complaints;
And weary, sinful days;
And join with those triumphant saints
That sing Jehovah's praise.

4 My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim:
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with him.

Richard Baxter, 1681

475 *My Times are in Thy Hands*

1 My times of sorrow and of joy,
Great God, are in thy hand;
My choicest comforts come from thee,
And go at thy command.

2 If thou shouldst take them all away,
Yet would I not repine;
Before they were possessed by me,
They were entirely thine.

3 Nor would I drop a murmuring word
Though all the world were gone,
But seek enduring happiness
In thee, and thee alone.

Benjamin Beddome

476 Mt. Vernon 8s. & 7s. *Thy Will be Done*

T. HASTINGS — LOWELL MASON

1. Je - sus, while our hearts are bleed- ing, O'er the spoils that death hath won,
2. Tho' cast down, we're not for - sak - en; Tho' af - flict - ed, not a - lone;
3. Tho' to - day we're filled with mourn-ing, Mer - cy still is on the throne;
4. By thy hands the boon was giv - en, Thou hast tak - en but thine own:

We would at this sol - emn meet - ing Calm - ly say—thy will be done.
Thou didst give, and thou hast tak - en; Bless - ed Lord, thy will be done.
With thy smiles of love re - turn - ing, We can sing—thy will be done.
Lord of earth, and God of heav - en, Ev - er-more,—thy will be done. A-MEN.

477 Wolley 7s. *Rest in God*

HENRY F. LYTE, 1834 — GEO. HEWS

1. O, how safe, how hap - py he, Lord of hosts, who dwells with thee!
2. How to him should e - vil come Who has found in thee a home?
3. Hark! the voice of love di - vine: "Fear not, trem - bler,—thou art mine!
4. "Call on me in want and woe. I will keep thee here be-low;

Shel-tered 'neath al - might-y wings, Guard - ed by the King of kings.
In the ref - uge of thy breast, Give me, Lord, e - ter - nal rest!
Fear not! I am at thy side, Strong to suf - fer, sure to guide.
And, thy day of con - flict past, Bear thee to my - self at last." A-MEN.

478 Hymn C. M.

Affliction Worketh Glory

Anon. J. E. GOULD



1. In trou-ble and in grief, O God, Thy smile hath cheer'd my way;
2. The hours of pain have yield - ed good Which prosp'rous days re - fused;
3. The oak strikes deeper as its boughs By fu- rious blasts are driven;
4. All - gra-cious Lord, whate'er my lot In oth - er times may be,

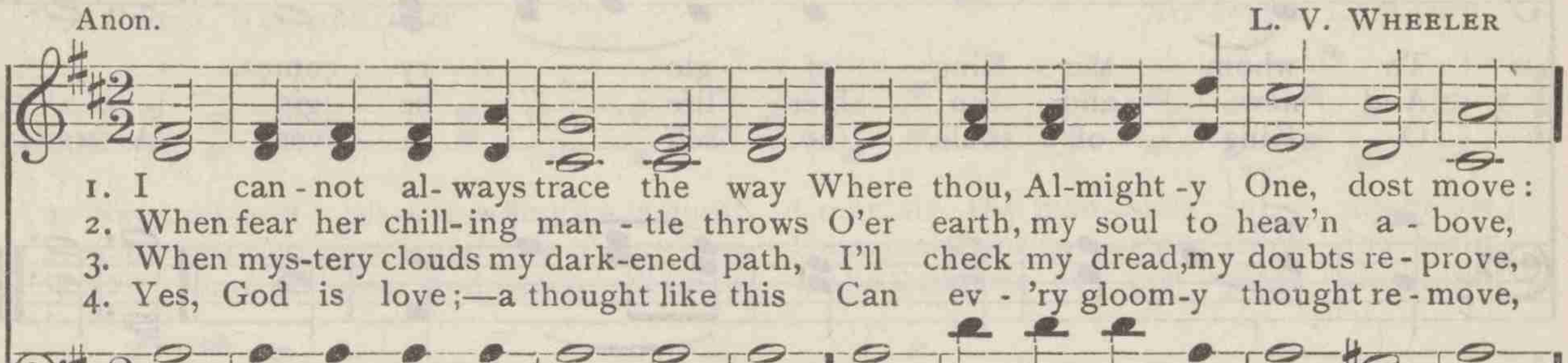


And joy hath bud-ded from each thorn That round my foot - steps lay.
As herbs, tho' scent-less when en - tire, Spread fra - grance when they're bruised,
So life's tempestuous storms the more Have fixed my heart in heaven.
I'll wel-come still the heav-iest grief That brings me near to thee. A-MEN.



479 Naples L. M.

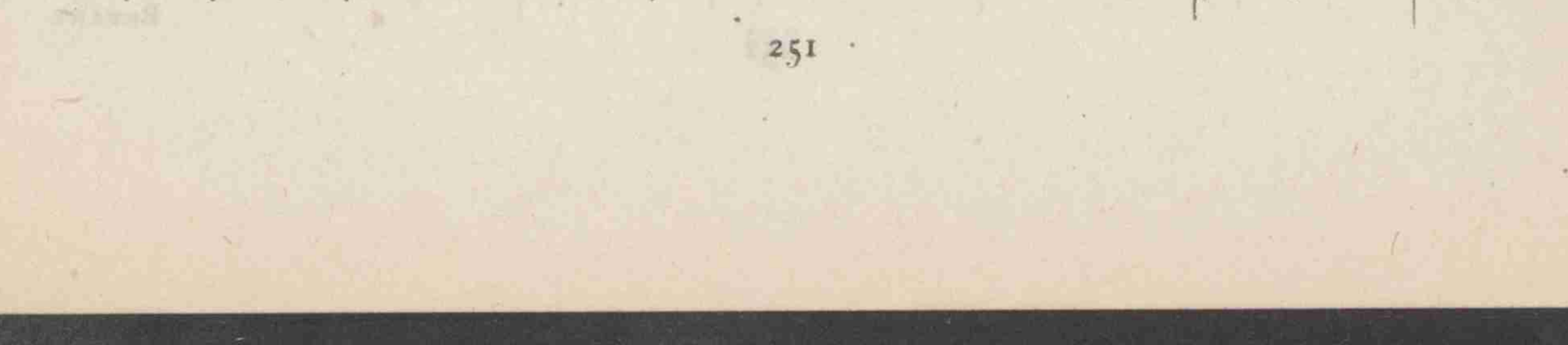
Anon. L. V. WHEELER



1. I can - not al- ways trace the way Where thou, Al-might - y One, dost move:
2. When fear her chill- ing man - tle throws O'er earth, my soul to heav'n a - bove,
3. When mys-tery clouds my dark-ened path, I'll check my dread, my doubts re - prove,
4. Yes, God is love;—a thought like this Can ev - 'ry gloom-y thought re - move,



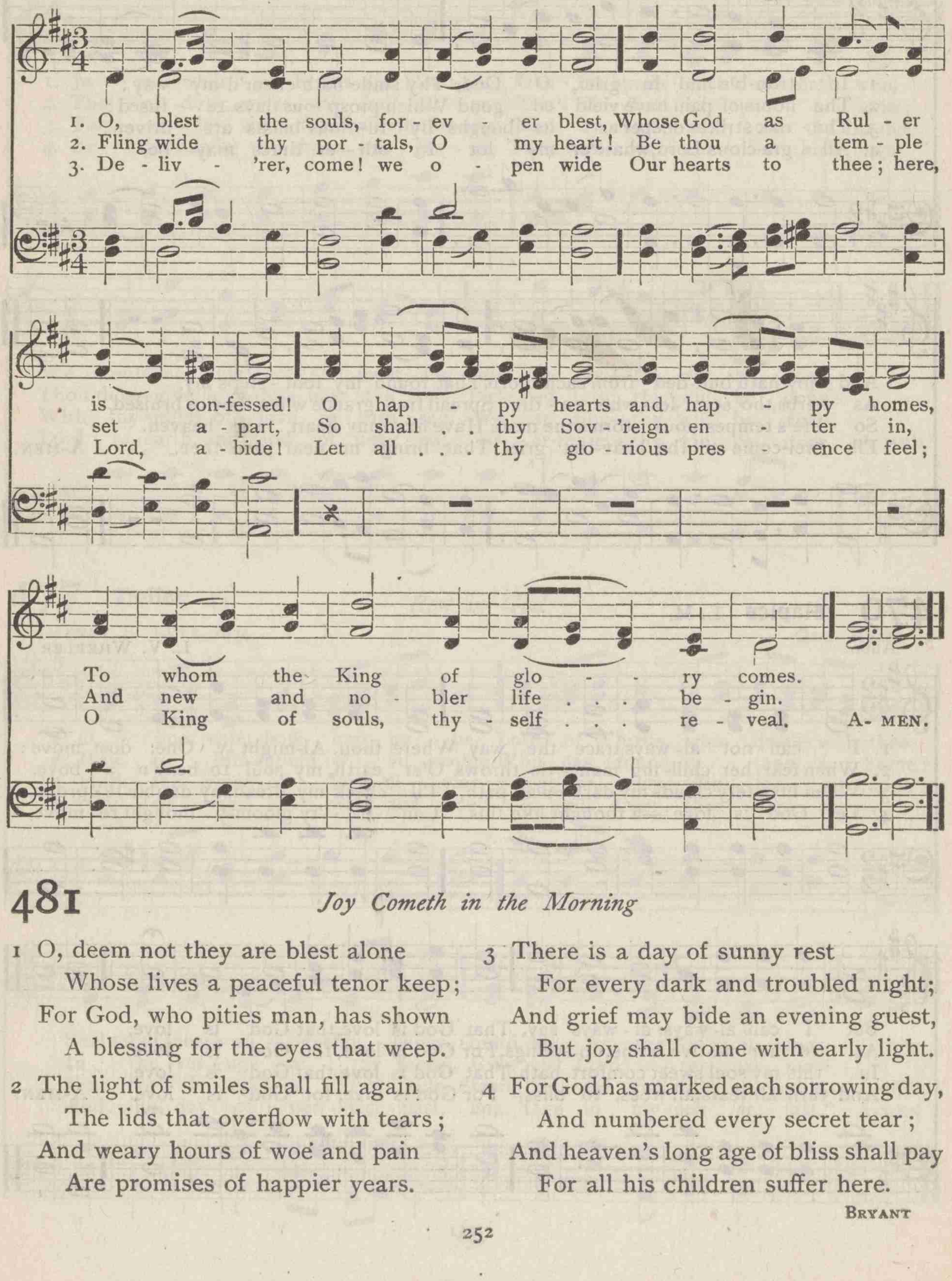
But I can al- ways, al - ways say, That God is love, that God is love.
As to her na-tive home, up-springs, For God is love, for God is love.
In this my soul sweet comfort hath, That God is love, that God is love.
And turn all tears, all woes, to bliss, For God is love, for God is love. A-MEN.



480 Stonefield L. M.

Lift up Your Heads, Ye Gates

From the German — SAMUEL STANLEY, 1820



481 *Joy Cometh in the Morning*

1 O, deem not they are blest alone
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep;
For God, who pities man, has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

2 The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears;
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years.

3 There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night;
And grief may bide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.

4 For God has marked each sorrowing day,
And numbered every secret tear;
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here.

BRYANT

482 Ferguson S. M.

Behold, What Manner of Love

ISAAC WATTS, 1709 — GEO. KINGSLEY

1. Be - hold, what won- drous grace The Fa - ther has be- stowed On sin - ners
2. Nor doth it yet ap- pear How great we must be made; But when we
3. If in my Fa - ther's love I share a fil - ial part, Send down thy
4. We would no lon - ger lie, Like slaves, be - neath the throne: My faith shall

of a mor - tal race, To call them sons of God.
see our Sav - iour here, We shall be like our Head.
Spir - it, like a dove, To rest up - on my heart.
Ab - ba, Fa - ther, cry, And thou the kin - dred own. A - MEN.

483 Mendon L. M.

A Good Conscience

OTTIWELL HEGINBOTHAM — Arr. by Dr. L. MASON

1. Sweet peace of con-science, heav'n - ly guest, Come, fix thy man - sion in my breast;
2. Come, smil - ing hope and joy sin - cere, Come, make your con - stant dwell - ing here;
3. O God of hope and peace di - vine! Make thou these se - cret pleas - ures mine;

Dis-pel my doubts, my fears con-trol, And heal the an - guish of my soul.
Still let your pres-ence cheer my heart, Nor sin com - pel you to de - part.
For-give my sins, my fears re-move, And fill my heart with joy and love. A - MEN.

484 St. Agnes C. M.

Peace as a River

Anon. J. B DYKES



1. Give me a heart of calm re - pose A - mid the world's loud roar,
2. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, hush my heart With gen - tle - ness di - vine;
3. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, breathe that peace Which flows from par - doned sin;





A life that like a riv - er flows, A - long a peace - ful shore.
In - dwell-ing peace thou canst im - part; O, make the bless - ing mine.
Then shall my soul her con - flict cease, And find a heav'n with - in. A - MEN.



485 *Begotten Us unto a Lively Hope*

1 How happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven!
This earth, he cries, is not my place;
I seek my home in heaven;—

2 A country far from mortal sight,
Yet, O, by faith I see
The land of rest, the saints' delight,
The heaven prepared for me.

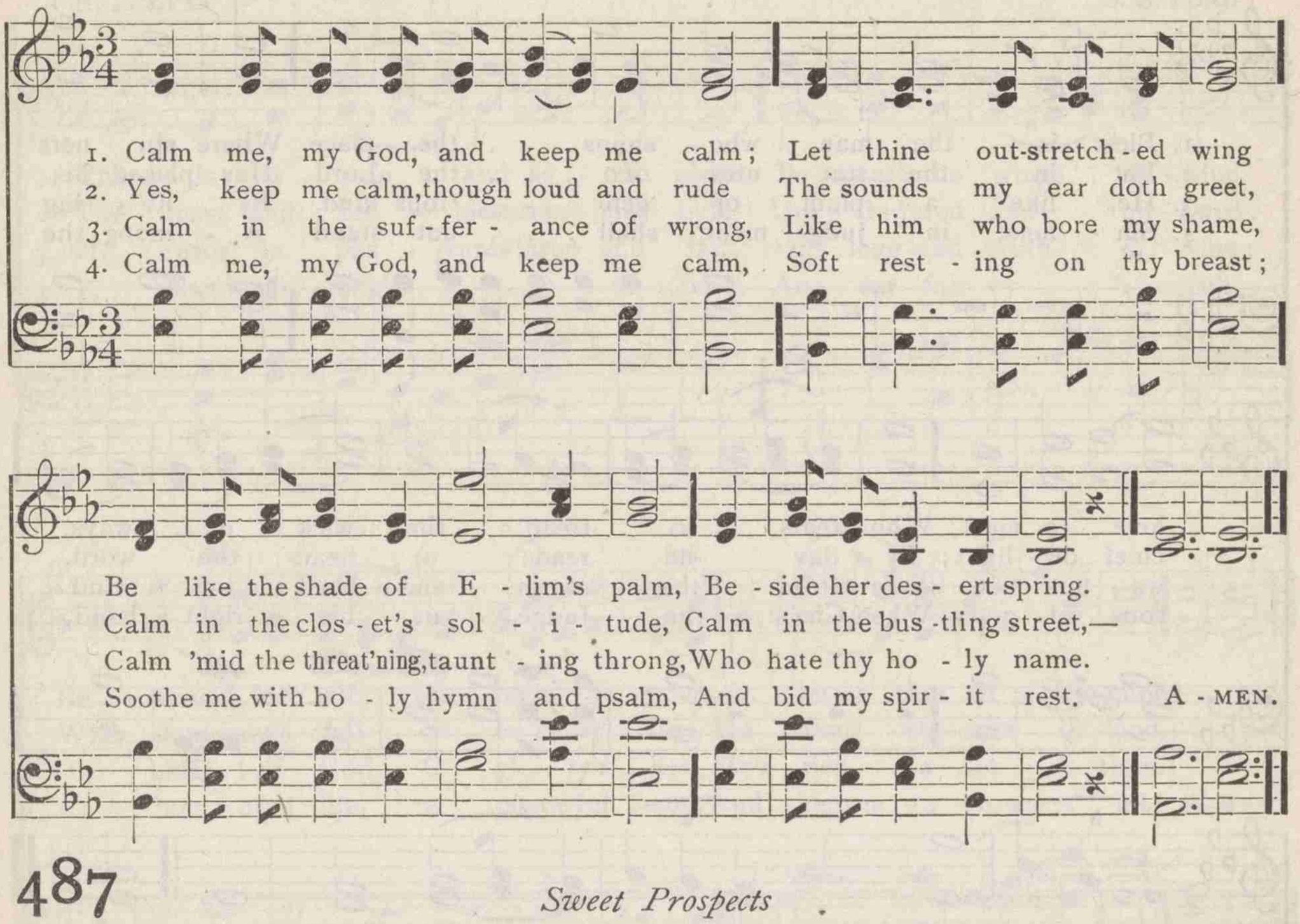
3 We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ concealed,
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels filled.

4 On him with rapture then I'll gaze,
Who bought the bliss for me,
And shout and wonder at his grace
Through all eternity.

CHARLES WESLEY

486 Elizabethtown C. M. *The Inner Calm*

HORATIUS BONAR — GEO. KINGSLEY



487 *Sweet Prospects*

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

4 Sweet to rejoice in lively hope,
That, when my change shall come,
Angels will hover round my bed,
And waft my spirit home.

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY

488 *All My Springs are in Thee*

1 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 thou appear,
My dawning is begun;
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows his love 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.

ISAAC WATTS

489 Geneva C. M.

The Godly Man Blessed

ISAAC WATTS — JOHN COLE



490

We are Saved by Hope

1 The world may change from old to new,
From new to old again;
Yet hope and heaven forever true,
Within man's heart remain.

2 Hope leads the child to plant the flower,
The man to sow the seed,
Nor leaves fulfilment to her hour,
But prompts again to deed.

3 And ere upon the old man's dust
The grass is seen to wave,
We look through falling tears, to trust
Hope's sunshine on the grave.

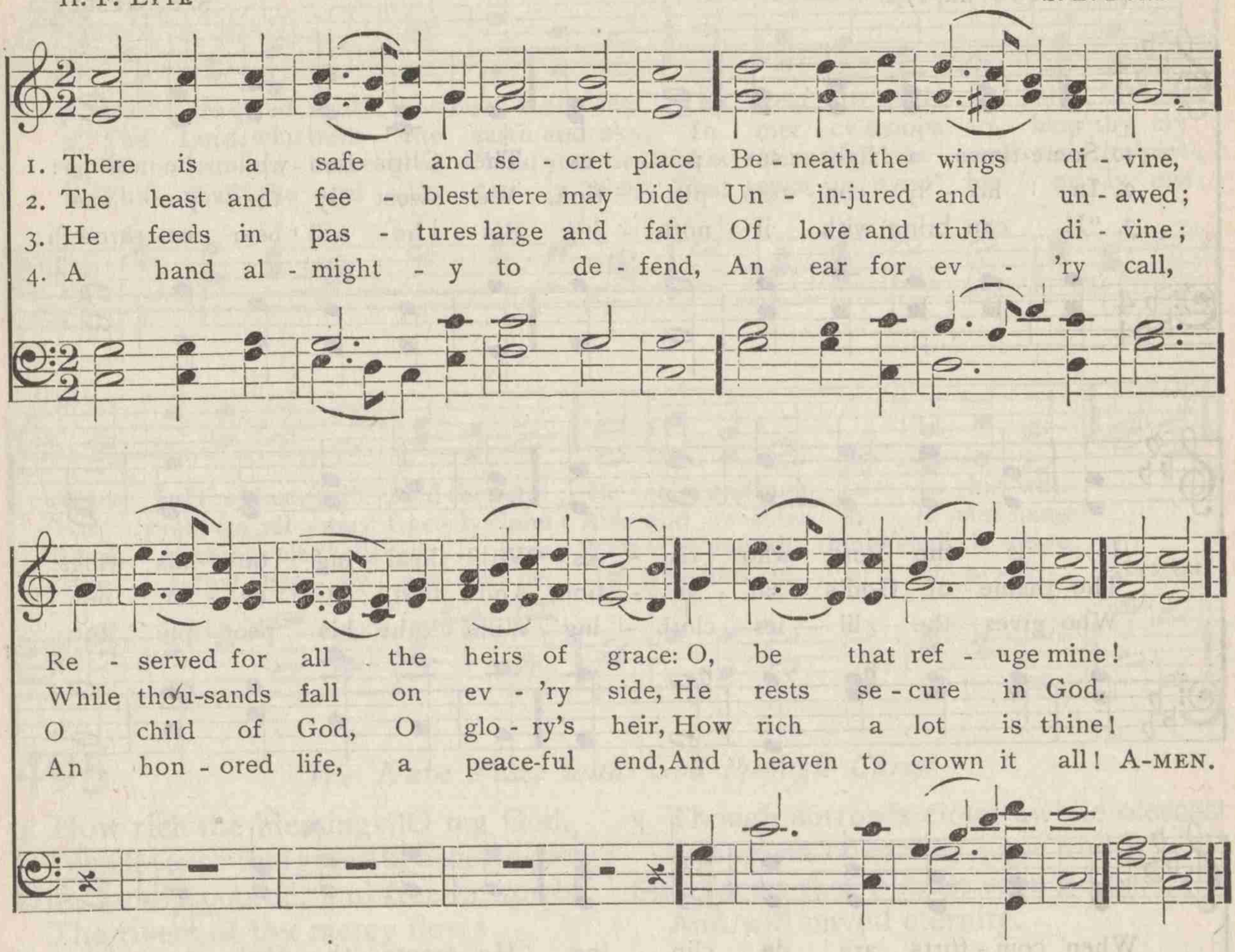
4 O, no! it is no flattering lure,
No fancy weak or fond,
When hope would bid us rest secure,
In better life beyond.

MRS. SARAH FLOWER ADAMS

491 Henry C. M.

The Secret Place of the Most High

H. F. Lyte — S. B. Pond



492 *Peace as a River*

1 We bless thee for thy peace, O God,
Deep as the soundless sea,
Which falls like sunshine on the road
Of those who trust in thee.

2 We ask not, Father, for repose
Which comes from outward rest,
If we may have, through all life's woes,
Thy peace within our breast.

3 That peace which suffers and is strong,
Trusts where it cannot see,
Deems not the trial way too long,
But leaves the end with thee;—

4 That peace which flows serene and deep,—
A river in the soul,
Whose banks a living verdure keep,
God's sunshine o'er the whole;—

5 Such, Father, give our hearts such peace,
Whate'er the outward be,
Till all life's discipline shall cease,
And we go home to thee.

Anon.

493 Aurelia 7s, & 6s. D.

Joy and Peace in Believing

WILLIAM COWPER, 1776 — S. S. WESLEY

1. Some-times a light sur - pris - es The Chris - tian while he sings:
2. In ho - ly con - tem - pla - tion, We sweet - ly then pur - sue
3. "It can bring with it noth - ing But he will bear us through;

It is the Lord who ris - es With heal - ing on his wings.
The theme of God's sal - va - tion, And find it ev - er new:
Who gives the lil - ies cloth - ing Will clothe his peo - ple too;

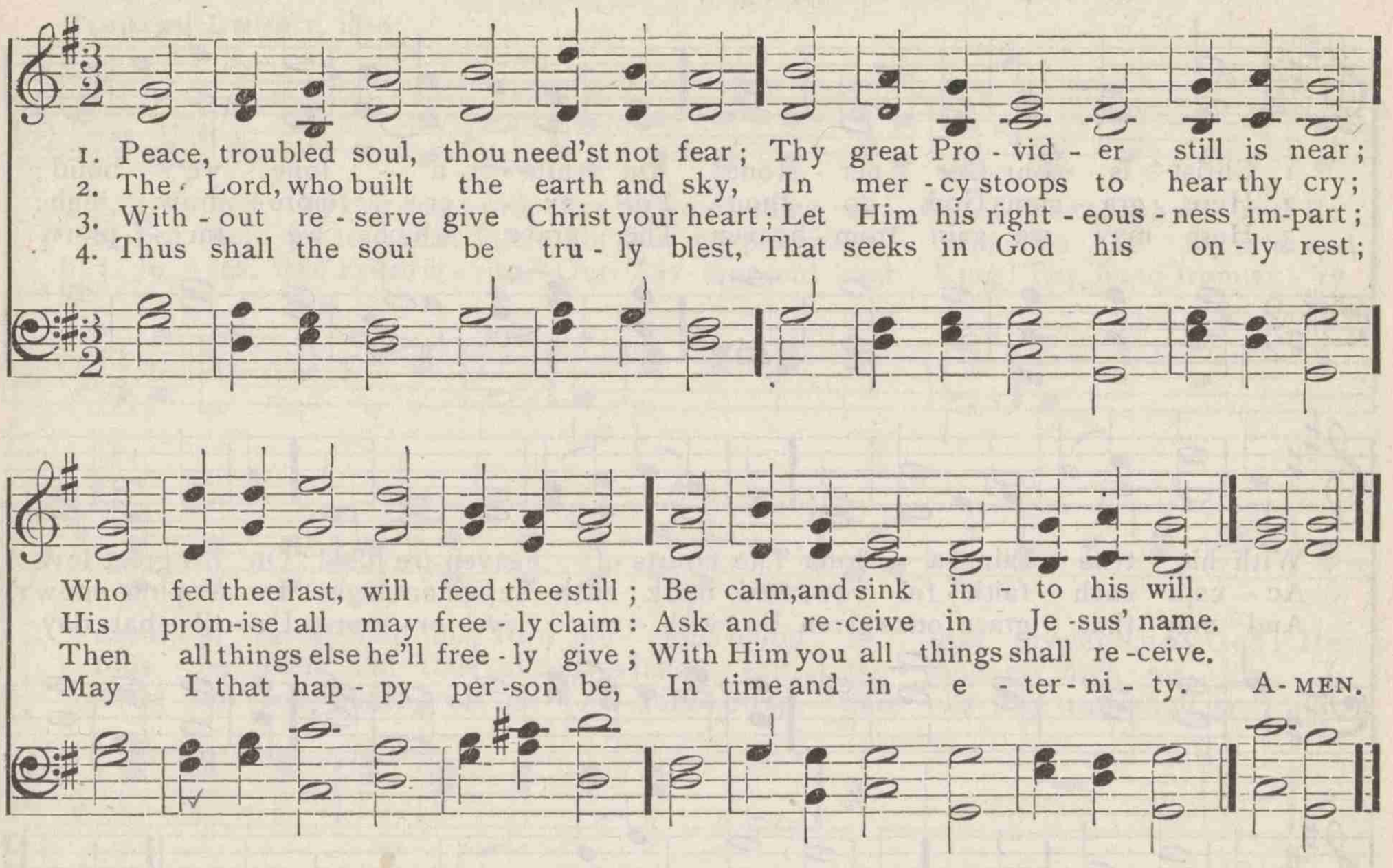
When com - forts are de - clin - ing, He grants the soul a - gain
Set free from pres - ent sor - row, We cheer - ful - ly can say,
And God the same a - bid - ing, His praise shall tune my voice:

A sea - son of clear shin - ing To cheer it af - ter rain.
"Let the un - known to - mor - row Bring with it what it may!
For while in him con - fid - ing, I can - not but re - joice." A-MEN.

494 Rockingham L. M.

He Careth for You

Anon. Dr. L. MASON



495

We Have Peace with God through Christ

1 How rich the blessings, O my God,
Which teach this greatful heart to glow?
How kindly poured, and free bestowed,
The rivers of thy mercy flow!

2 How calmly rolls the sea of life!
Secure in thy immortal trust,
The soul has hushed her secret strife,
Nor longer shudders at the dust.

3 Though sorrow's cloud awhile o'ercast
The dawn of earthly hope and joy,
She knows that it must soon be past,
And will unveil eternity.

4 Then virtue's humble toil and prayer
Shall stand acknowledged at thy throne,
Triumphant over earthly care,
And the blest record thou wilt own.

JANE ROSCOE

496

Hymn of Trust

1 O Love divine, that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On thee we cast each earth-born care;
We smile at pain while thou art near.

2 Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near.

3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us, Thou art near.

4 On thee we fling our burdening woe,
O love divine, forever dear,
Content to suffer, while we know,
Living and dying, thou art near.

O. W. HOLMES

497 Warsaw H. M.

Christ is Our Corner-stone

From the Latin. Tr. JOHN CHANDLER, 1837 — T. CLARK

1. Christ is our Cor - ner - stone; On him a - lone we build;
2. Here, gra - cious God, do thou For ev - er - more draw nigh;
3. Here may we gain from heaven The grace which we im - plore,

With his true saints a - lone The courts of heaven are filled: On his great love
Ac - cept each faith - ful vow, And mark each sup-pliant sigh: In co-pious show'r,
And may that grace once given Be with us ev - er - more, Un - til that day

our hopes we place, Of pres- ent grace and joys a - bove.
on all who pray, Each ho - ly day thy bless - ing pour.
when all the blest To end - less rest are called a - way. A-MEN.

498 Tamworth 8s, 7s, & 4s.

Our Everlasting Defense

THOMAS KELLY, 1806 — LOCKHART

1. { Zi - on stands with hills sur- round- ed, Zi - on, kept by Power di - vine; }
   { All her foes shall be con - found -ed, Though the world in arms com - bine; }
2. { Ev - 'ry hu - man tie may per - ish, Friend to friend un - faith - ful prove, }
   { Moth-ers cease their own to cher - ish, Heav'n and earth at last re - move; }
3. { In the fur - nace God may prove thee, Thence to bring thee forth more bright, }
   { But can nev - er cease to love thee; Thou art pre-cious in his sight; }

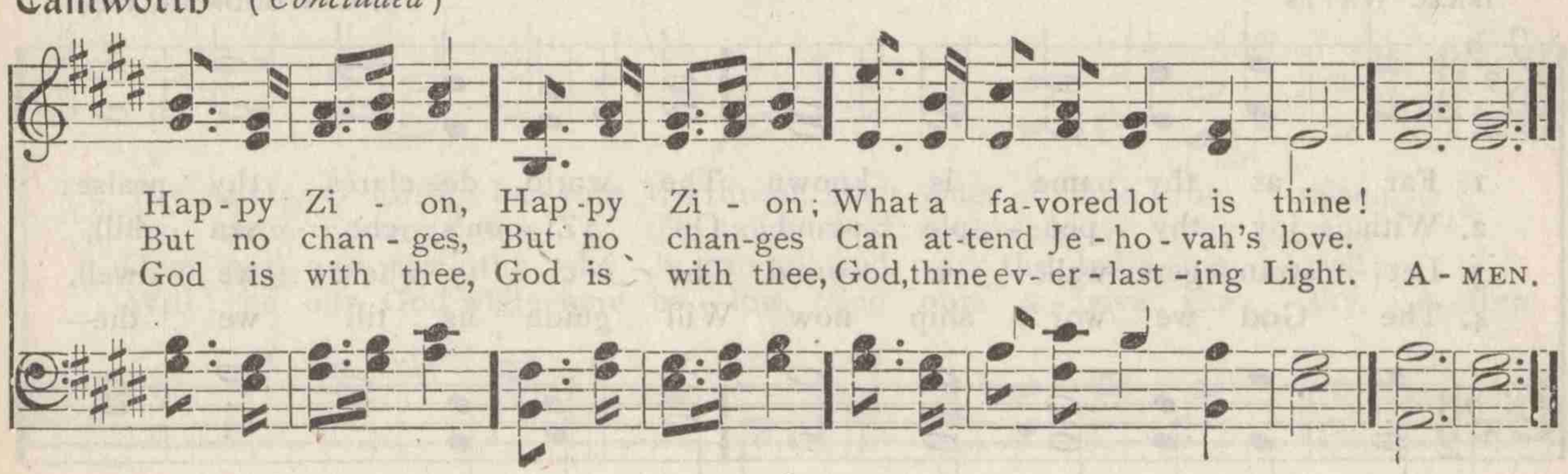
499 Bealoth S. M. D.

I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord

TIMOTHY DWIGHT, 1800



Tamworth (*Concluded*)



500 St. Thomas S. M.

How Beautiful upon the Mountains

A. WILLIAMS



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 Saviour and their God.

ISAAC WATTS

501 State Street S. M.

Psalm 48

ISAAC WATTS

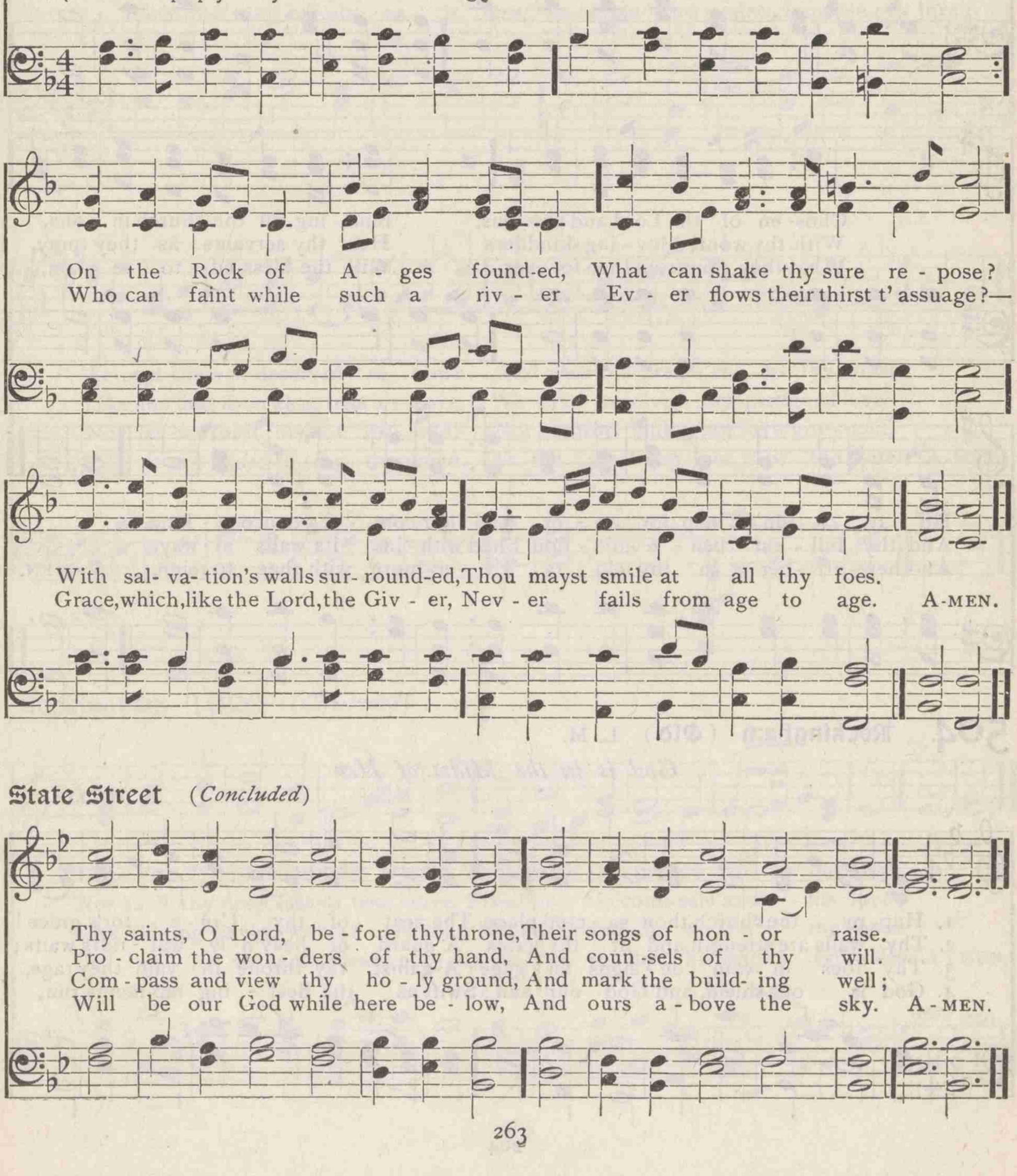
J. C. WOODMAN, 1844

502 Austria 8s. & 7s, D. *The City of God*

JOHN NEWTON, 1779 — F. J. HAYDN



1. Glo - rious things of thee are spo - ken, Zi - on, cit - y of our God:
   He, whose word can - not be bro - ken, Formed thee for his own a - bode.
2. See! the streams of liv - ing wa - ters, Spring - ing from e - ter - nal love,
   Well sup - ply thy sons and daugh - ters, And all fear of want re - move.



On the Rock of A - ges found-ed, What can shake thy sure re - pose?
Who can faint while such a riv - er Ev - er flows their thirst t' assuage?—
With sal- va- tion's walls sur- round-ed, Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.
Grace, which, like the Lord, the Giv - er, Nev - er fails from age to age. A-MEN.

State Street (*Concluded*)

Thy saints, O Lord, be - fore thy throne, Their songs of hon - or raise.
Pro - claim the won - ders of thy hand, And coun - sels of thy will.
Com - pass and view thy ho - ly ground, And mark the build- ing well;
Will be our God while here be - low, And ours a - bove the sky. A - MEN.

503 Harwell 8s. 7s. D.

Christ the Foundation

JOHN M. NEALE, tr. LOWELL MASON

1. Christ is made the sure foun - da - tion, Christ the head and cor - ner - stone,
2. To this tem - ple where we call thee, Come, O Lord of hosts, to - day:
3. Here vouchsafe to all thy ser - vants What they ask of thee to gain,

Chos- en of the Lord and precious,
With thy wonted lov - ing -kindness
What they gain from thee for ever

Bind - ing all the church in one,
Hear thy servants as they pray,
With the bless-ed to re - tain,

Ho - ly Zi - on's help for ev - er, And her con - fi - dence a - lone.
And thy full - est ben - e - dic - tion Shed with - in its walls al - way.
And here- aft - er in thy glo - ry Ev - er- more with thee to reign. A - MEN.

504 Rockingham (Old) L. M.

God is in the Midst of Her

E. MILLER

1. Hap- py the church, thou sa - cred place, The seat of thy Cre - a - tor's grace!
2. Thy walls are strength, and at thy gates A guard of heav'n - ly war - riors waits;
3. Thy foes in vain de - signs en - gage; A-gainst thy throne in vain they rage,
4. God is our shield, and God our sun; Swift as the fleet - ing mo-ments run,

505 Marion L. M.

The Day of Espousals

ISAAC WATTS, 1719 — L. V. WHEELER

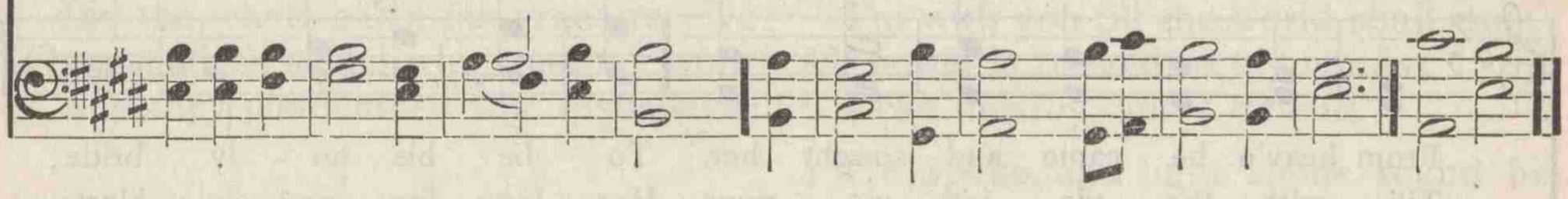


1. Je - sus, thou ev - er - last - ing King! Ac - cept the trib - ute that we bring;
2. Let ev - 'ry act of wor - ship be, Like our es - pou - sals, Lord! to thee;
3. The glad-ness of that hap - py day—Our hearts would wish it long to stay;
4. Each fol-l'wing minute, as it flies, In-crease thy praise, improve our joys;





Ac-cept the well-deserved re - nown, And wear our prais - es as thy crown.
Like the dear hour, when, from a - bove, We first received thy pledge of love.
Nor let our faith forsake its hold, Nor comfort sink, nor love grow cold.
Till we are raised to sing thy name, At the great sup - per of the Lamb. A-MEN.



Rockingham (Old) (*Concluded*)



Thine ho - ly courts are his a-bode, Thou earth - ly pal-ace of our God.
Nor shall thy deep foun-da-tions move, Fixed on his coun-sels and his love;
Like ris- ing waves, with an - gry roar, That dash and die up - on the shore.
On us he sheds new beams of grace, And we re - flect his bright - est praise. A - MEN.



506 Aurelia 6s. & 7s. D.

The Church is Christ's

SAMUEL J. STONE, Arr. S. S. WESLEY

1. The Church's one foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ her Lord,
2. 'Mid toil and trib - u - la - tion, And tu - mult of her war,
3. Yet she on earth hath un - ion With God the Ho - ly One,

She is his new cre - a - tion, By wa - ter and the word:
She waits the con - sum - ma - tion Of peace for ev - er - more;
And mys - tic sweet com - mun - ion With those whose rest is won;

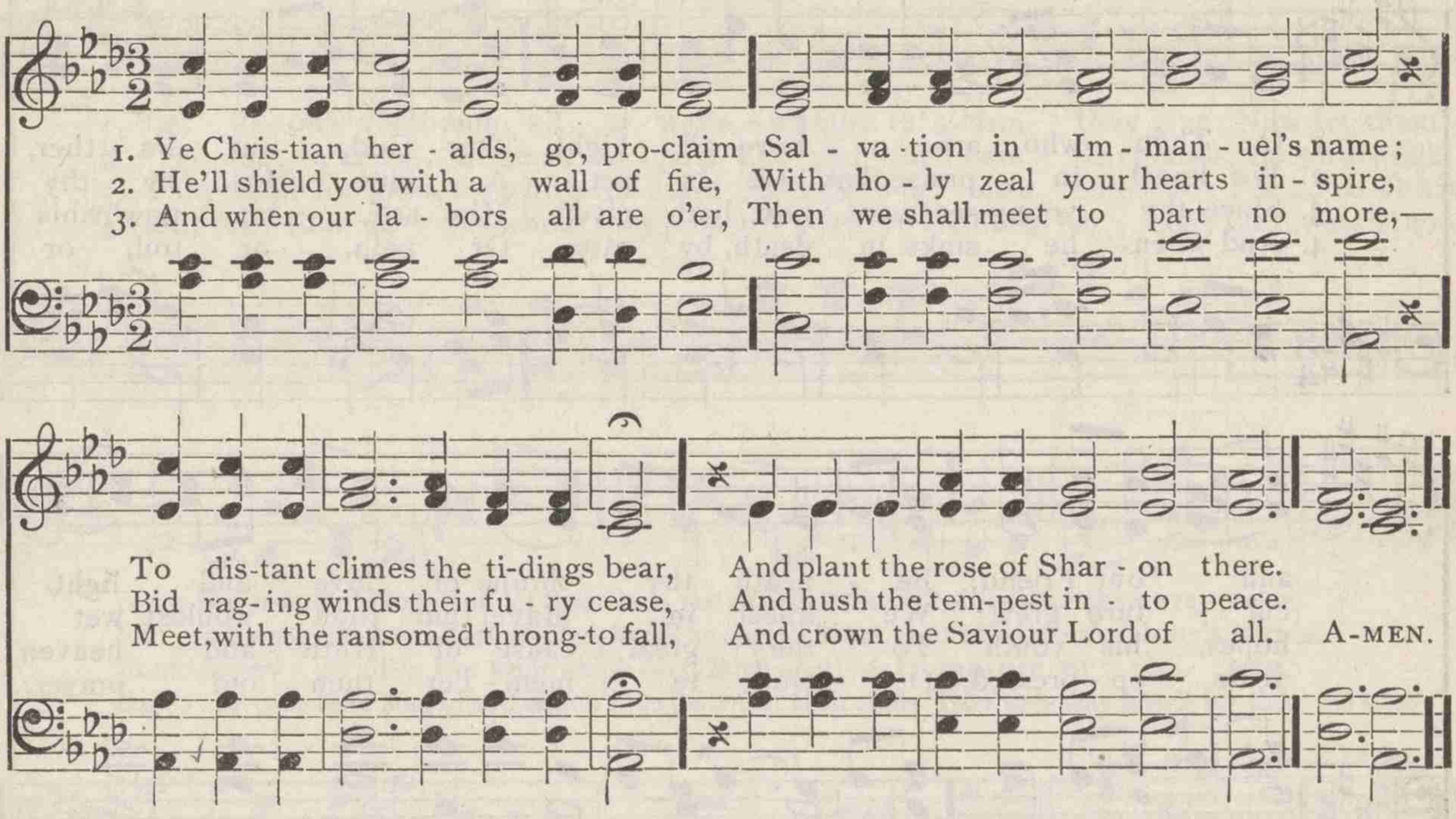
From heav'n he came and sought her, To be his ho - ly bride;
Till with the vis - ion glo - rious Her long - ing eyes are blest,
Oh, hap - py ones and ho - ly! Lord, give us grace that we

With his own blood he bought her, And for her life he died.
And the great Church vic - to - rious Shall be the Church at rest.
Like them, the meek and low - ly, On high may dwell with thee. A-MEN.

507 Missionary Chant L. M.

I Will Publish the Name of the Lord

Mrs. VOKE, 1816 CHARLES ZEUNER, 1832



508 *Go Into All the World and Preach*

1 Go, preach my gospel, saith the Lord;
Bid the whole earth my grace receive;
They shall be saved who trust my word,
And they condemned who disbelieve:

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 spoke, 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 Lord.

ISAAC WATTS

509 *Receive Him in the Lord with Gladness*

1 We bid thee welcome in the name
Of Jesus, our exalted Head;
Come as a servant: so he came,
And we receive thee in his stead.

2 Come as a watchman: take thy stand
Upon the tower amid the sky,
And when the sword comes on the land,
Call us to fight, or warn to fly.

3 Come as a teacher, sent from God,
Charged his whole counsel to declare;
Lift o'er our ranks the prophet's rod,
While we uphold thy hands with prayer.

4 Come as a messenger of peace,
Filled with the Spirit, fired with love;
Live to behold our large increase,
And die to meet us all above.

JAMES MONTGOMERY

510 Croyland L. M.

The Same Commit Thou to Faithful Men

Anon. Arr. fr. NEUKOMM

1. O Thou who art a - bove all hight, Our God, our Fa - ther,
2. We kneel in praise, that here is set A vine that by thy
3. Since thy young ser - vant now hath given Him - self, his pow'rs, his
4. And when he sinks in death, by care, Or pain, or toil, or

and our Friend, Be - neath thy throne of love and light,
cul - ture grew; We kneel in prayer that thou wouldst wet
hopes, his youth To the great cause of truth and heaven,
years op - pressed, O God, re - mem - ber then our prayer,

Let thy a - dor - ing chil - dren bend.
Its op - 'ning leaves with heav'n - ly dew.
Be thou his Guide, O God of truth.
And take his spir - it to thy rest. A - MEN.

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511 Arlington C. M.

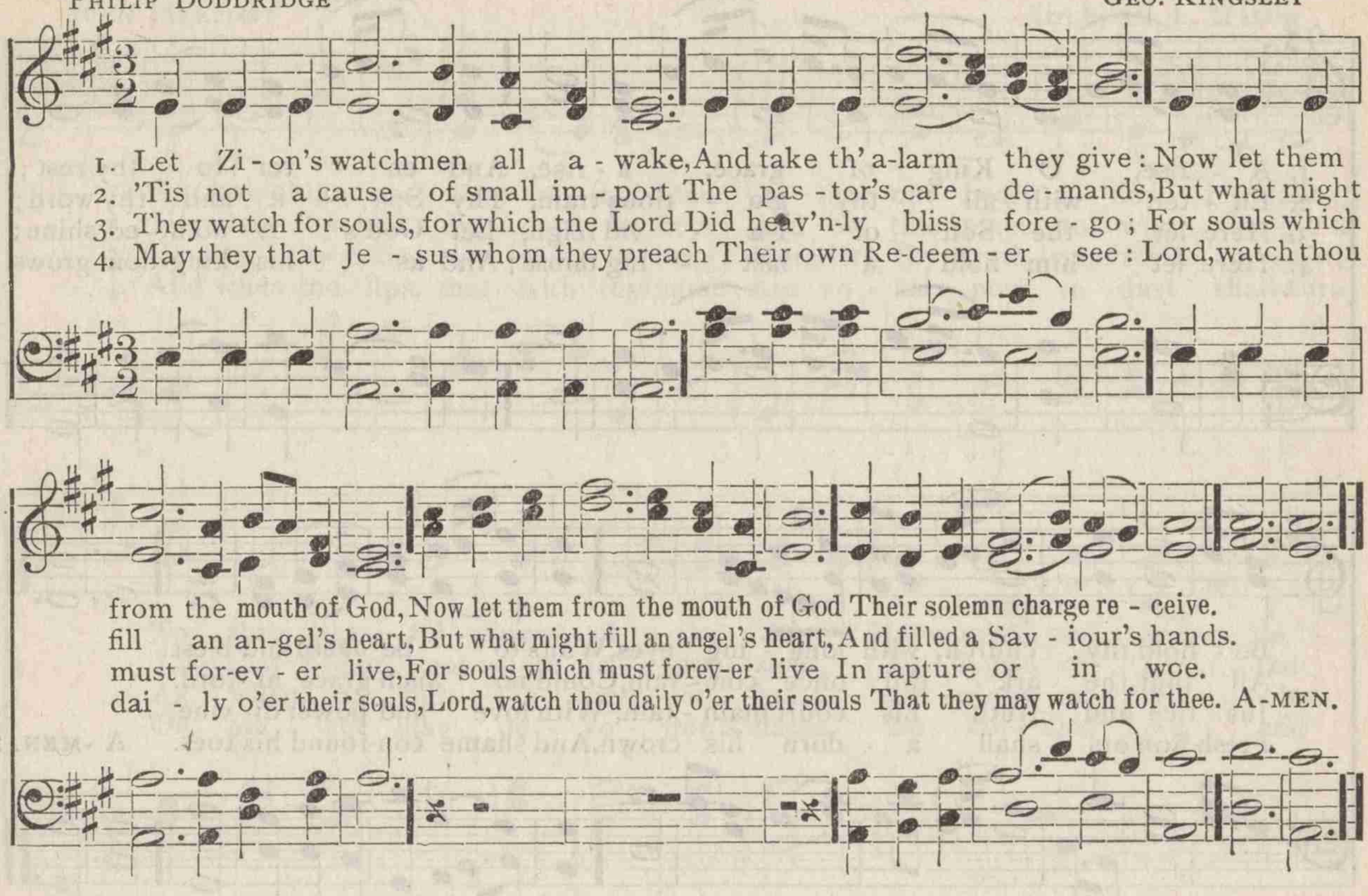
Ordination

WILLIAM NEWELL T. A. ARNE

1. O Fa - ther of the liv - ing Christ, Fount of the liv - ing Word,
2. A - mid this min - gled mys - ter - y Of good and ill at strife,
3. This way to - geth - er may they tread, That truth with joy re - ceive,
4. One may they be in faith and hope, As one in works of love,

512 Tappan C. M. *They Watch for Your Souls*

PHILIP DODDRIDGE — GEO. KINGSLEY



513 *Dedication*

1 O thou, whose own vast temple stands
Built over earth and sea,
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised to worship thee.

2 Lord, from thine inmost glory send,
Within these courts to bide,
The peace that dwelleth, without end,
Serenely by thy side.

3 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And pure devotion rise,
While round these hallowed walls the storm
Of earth-born passion dies.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

Arlington (*Concluded*)



514 St. Martin's C. M.

Removal of the Ark

ISAAC WATTS — WILLIAM TANSUR, 1735



1. A - rise, O King of grace, a - rise, And en - ter to thy rest;
2. En - ter, with all thy glo - rious train, Thy Spir - it and thy word;
3. Here let the Son of Da - vid reign, Let God's A - noint- ed shine;
4. Here let him hold a last - ing throne; And as his king-dom grows,



Be - hold, thy church, with long - ing eyes, Waits to be owned and blest.
All that the ark did once con - tain, Could no such grace af -ford.
Jus - tice and truth his court main - tain, With love and power di- vine.
Fresh hon-ors shall a - dorn his crown, And shame con-found his foes. A -MEN.



515 Migdol L. M.

Invocation

ROBERT COLLYER, 1873 — Dr. L. MASON



1. Un - to thy tem - ple, Lord, we come With thank-ful hearts to wor - ship thee;
2. The com-mon home of rich and poor, Of bond and free, and great and small;
3. May thy whole truth be spo - ken here; Thy gos - pel light for - ev - er shine;



And pray that this may be our home Un - til we touch e - ter - ni - ty:—
Large as thy love for ev - er - more, And warm and bright and good to all.
Thy per-fect love cast out all fear, And hu - man life be - come di - vine. A- MEN.



516 Rothwell L. M.

Dedication

JOHN PIERPONT — Arr. by Dr. L. MASON



517

Dedication

1 Lord, in thy presence we appear,
With willing hands and hearts sincere
To consecrate beneath the skies,
An altar for thy sacrifice.

2 The universe is thine, O God,
Eternity thy vast abode;
Then what is man that he should be
The builder of a house for thee?

3 But though thy temple is all space,
The heaven of heavens thy dwelling-place,
Yet wilt thou deign, Almighty God,
To make this building thine abode.

4 Here, where thy waiting children meet
Fix thou, O Lord, thy mercy-seat;
And in this temple we have raised,
O let thy gracious name be praised.

Rev. P. ROBERTS

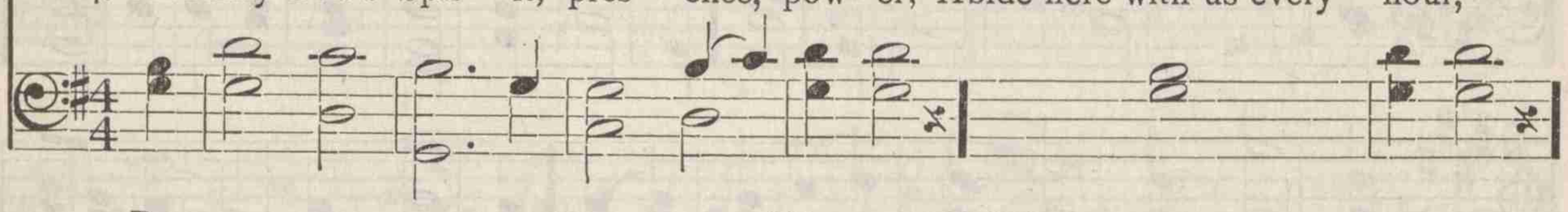
518 Finesville 9s. & 5.

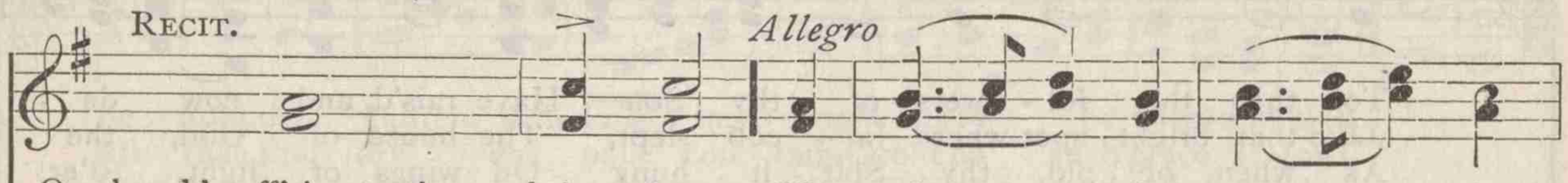
(Written for the dedication of the Finesville Christian church)

N. & J. J. SUMMERBELL — W. G. TOMER



1. To thee, O God, the great Cre - a - tor, Great Architect of worlds of splendor,
2. We ded - i - cate this house, for wor - ship, To thee, eternal God, the Fa- ther,
3. We ded - i - cate un - to the ser - vice Of Christ, the Son of God, our Je-sus,
4. And may God's Spir - it, pres - ence, pow - er, Abide here with us every hour,





Our humble off'ring to thee bring - ing, We glad - ly come . . be -
Unequaled God, the mighty Mak - er, Whom an - gels call . . . their
The Word of God, the Lamb, De-liv - 'rer, The hope . . of sin - ners,
And fill the house with that same glo - ry Which first . . in - spir'd the



fore thee sing - ing, Thy prais - es sing - ing.
great Cre - a - tor, And man's Cre - a - tor.
their Re - deem - er, The world's Re - deem - er.
gos - pel sto - ry, The fire - tongue sto - ry. A - men! A - men!



5 We dedicate this house to union
Of all God's saints in blest communion;
To truth, its faithful promulgation,
With power in its ministration
For man's salvation.

6 Here may the truth ne'er be perverted,
May sinners come and be converted,
And see at last the Saviour standing
At God's right hand, "Come home" commanding,
Welcome commanding.

519 Park Street L. M.

Dedication

Rev. B. F. CLAYTON — F. M. A. VENUA. Arr. by LOWELL MASON



520

Admission of Members

1 Believing souls, of Christ beloved,
Who have yourselves to him resigned,
Your faith and practice both approved,
A hearty welcome here shall find.

2 Now saved from sin and Satan's wiles,
Though by a scorning world abhorred,
Now share with us the Saviour's smiles,
Come in, ye ransomed of the Lord.

3 In fellowship we join our hands,
And you an invitation give;
Unite with us in sacred bands;
The pledges of our love receive.

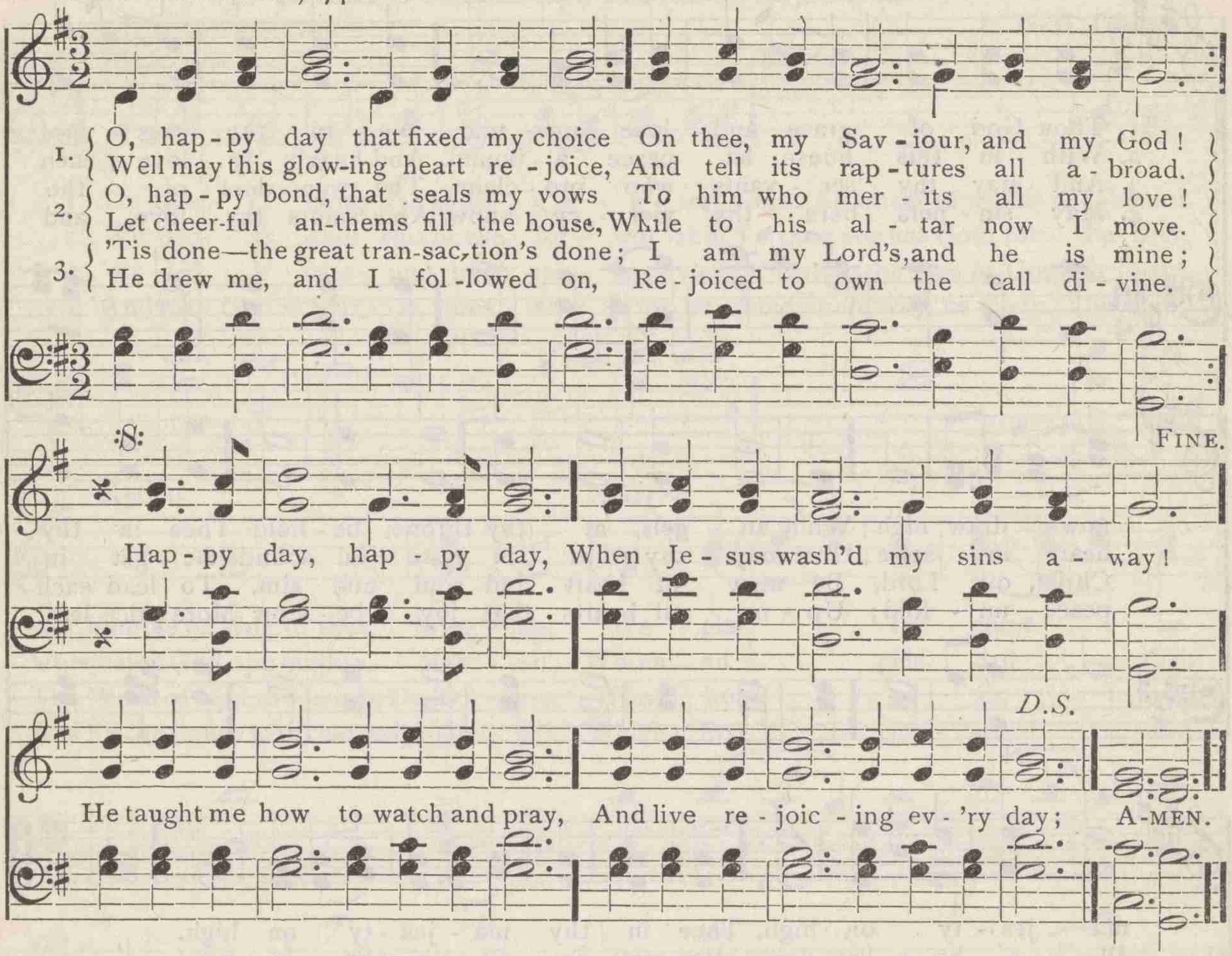
4 Do thou, who art the church's Head,
This union with thy blessing crown;
And still, O Lord, revive the dead,
Till thousands more thy name shall own.

BENJAMIN BEDDOME

521 Happy Day L. M.

Rejoicing in Entire Consecration

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1740



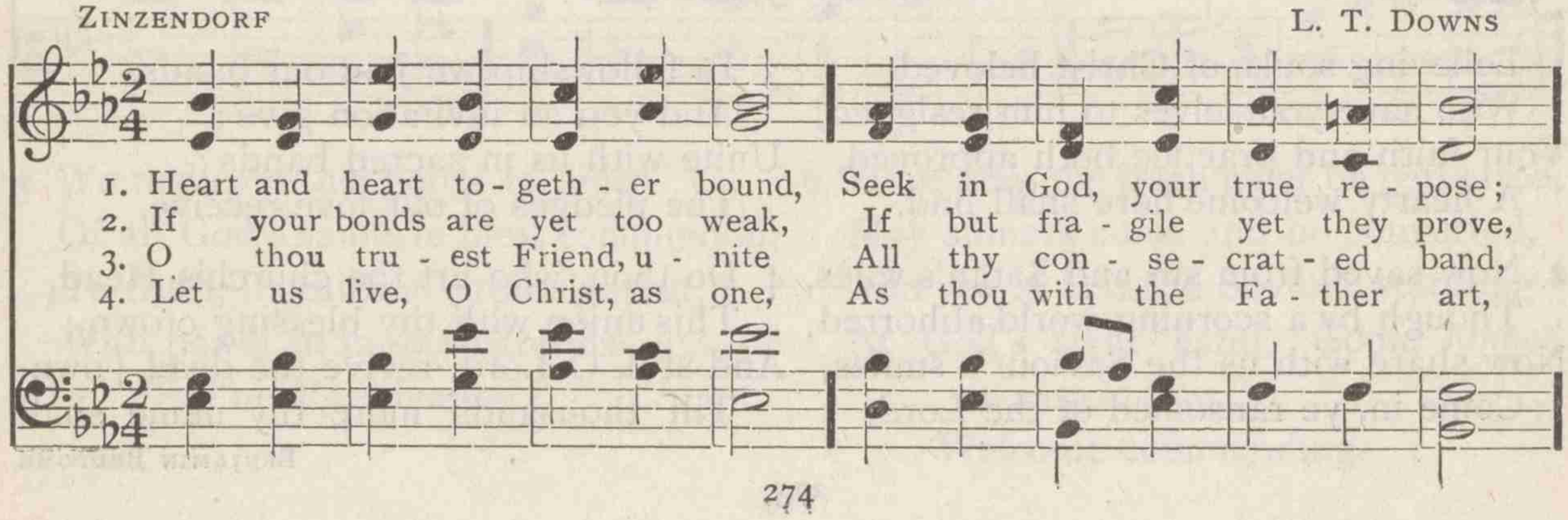
4 Now rest—my long divided heart—
Fixed on this blissful center, rest—
Here have I found a nobler part,
Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.
Happy day, etc.

5 High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till, in life's latest hour, I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.
Happy day, etc.

522 Downs 7s.

One in Christ

ZINZENDORF L. T. DOWNS



523 Warsaw H. M.

The Great King

BENJAMIN FRANCIS

T. CLARKE

1. Great King of glo - ry, come, And with thy fa - vor crown
2. Here may thine ears at - tend Our in - ter - ced - ing cries,
3. Here may the lis - t'ning throng Im - bibe thy truth and love;

This tem - ple as thy home, This peo - ple as thine own: Be-neath this
And grate-ful praise as - cend, All fra - grant, to the skies: Here may the
Here Chris- tians join the song Of ser - a - phim a - bove; Till all who

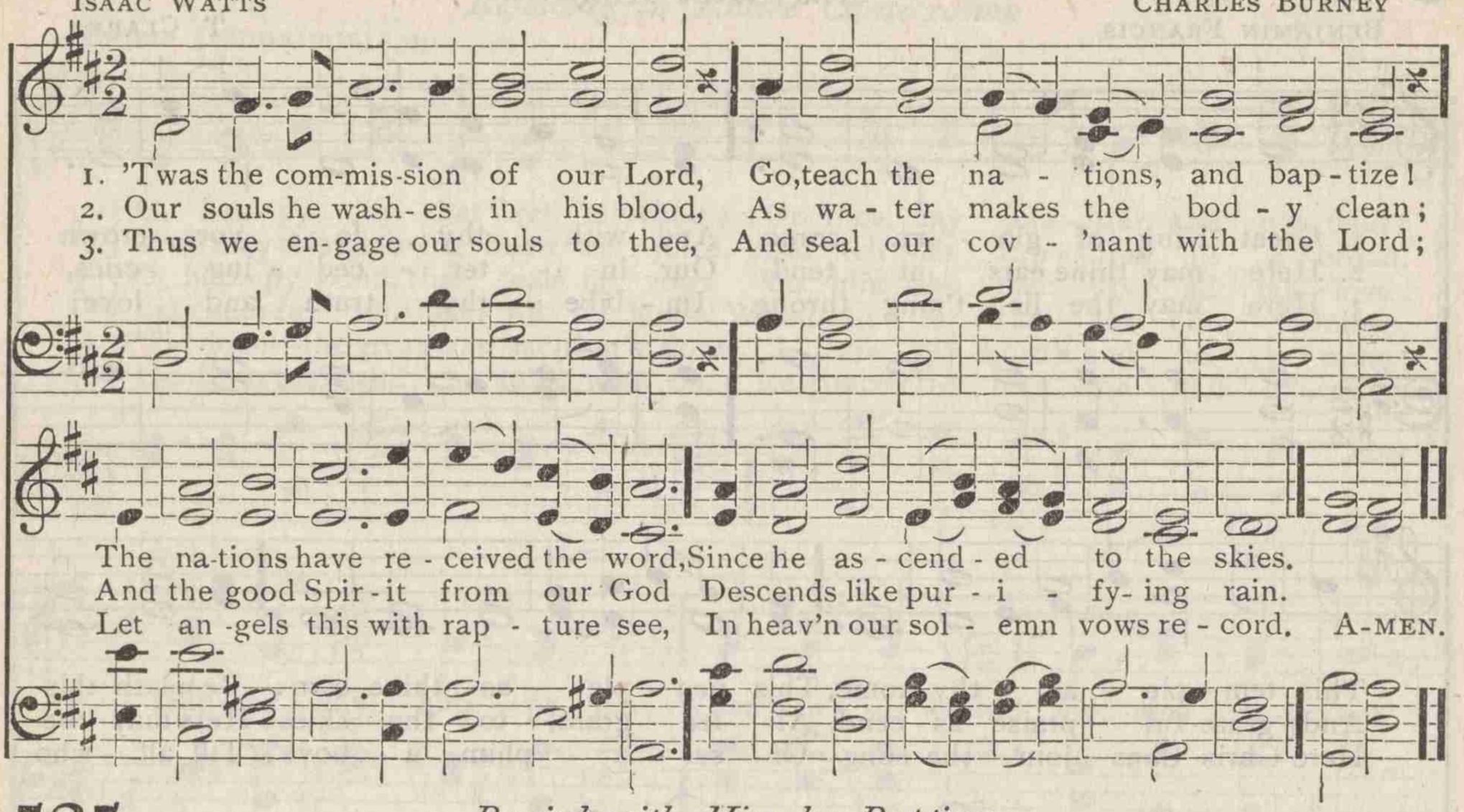
roof, oh, deign to show How God can dwell with men be - low.
world me - lo -dious sound, And spread ce - les - tial joys a - round.
hum - bly seek thy face, Re - joice in thine a - bound- ing grace. A-MEN.

Downs (*Concluded*)

In your love the price be found Of your Sav-iour's love and woes.
Help from his good Spir - it seek Who makes strong the chains of love.
That their hearts be set a - right To ful - fil thy last com - mand.
That thro' all the world be none Of thy mem-bers left a - part. A- MEN.

524 Truro L. M. *Teach All Nations, Baptizing Them*

ISAAC WATTS — CHARLES BURNEY



525 *Buried with Him by Baptism*

1 Come, Holy Spirit, Dove divine,
On these baptismal waters shine,
And teach our hearts, in highest strain,
To praise the Lamb, for sinners slain.

2 We sink beneath the mystic flood;
O, bathe us in thy cleansing blood;
We die to sin, and seek a grave,
With thee, beneath the yielding wave.

3 And as we rise with thee to live,
O, let the Holy Spirit give
The sealing unction from above,
The breath of life, the fire of love.

JUDSON

526 Redemption L. M.

Arr. fr. CHERUBINI, by L. O. EMERSON

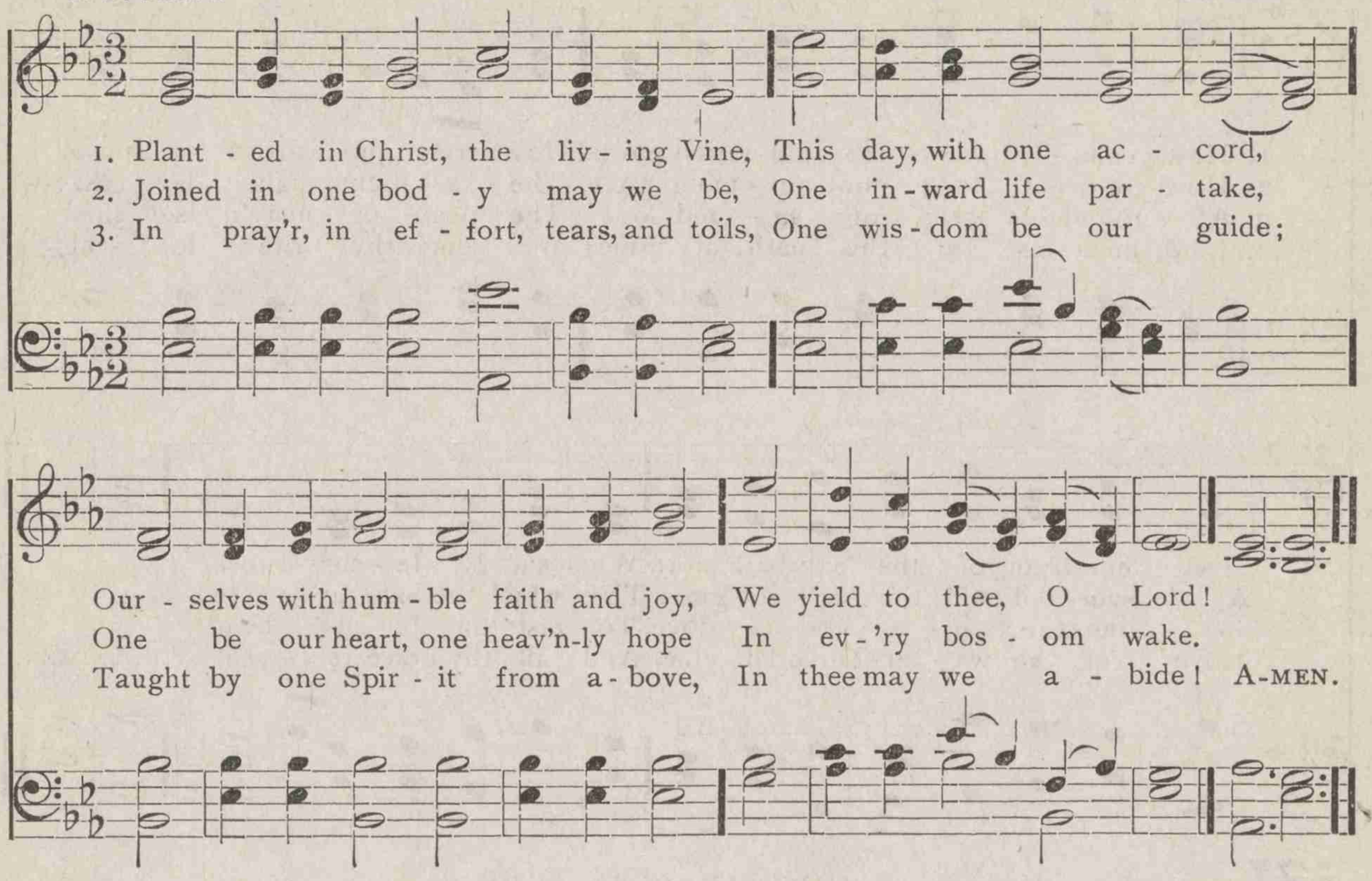


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527 Mount Auburn C. M.

Christian Fellowship

S. F. SMITH — KINGSLEY



528

1 Witness, ye men and angels, now;
Before the Lord we speak;
To him we make our solemn vow,
A vow we dare not break:—

2 That, long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield;
Nor from his cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field.

3 We trust not in our native strength,
But on his grace rely,
That, with returning wants, the Lord
Will all our need supply.

4 O, guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in thy ways,
And, while we turn our vows to prayers,
Turn thou our prayers to praise.

BENJAMIN BEDDOME

529 *Fellowship of Heaven and Earth*

1 Happy the souls to Jesus joined,
And saved by grace alone:
Walking in all his ways, they find
Their heaven on earth begun.

2 The church triumphant in thy love,
Their mighty joys we know:
They sing the lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.

3 Thee in thy glorious realm they praise
And bow before thy throne:
We in the kingdom of thy grace:
The kingdoms are but one.

CHARLES WESLEY

530 St. Peter C. M.

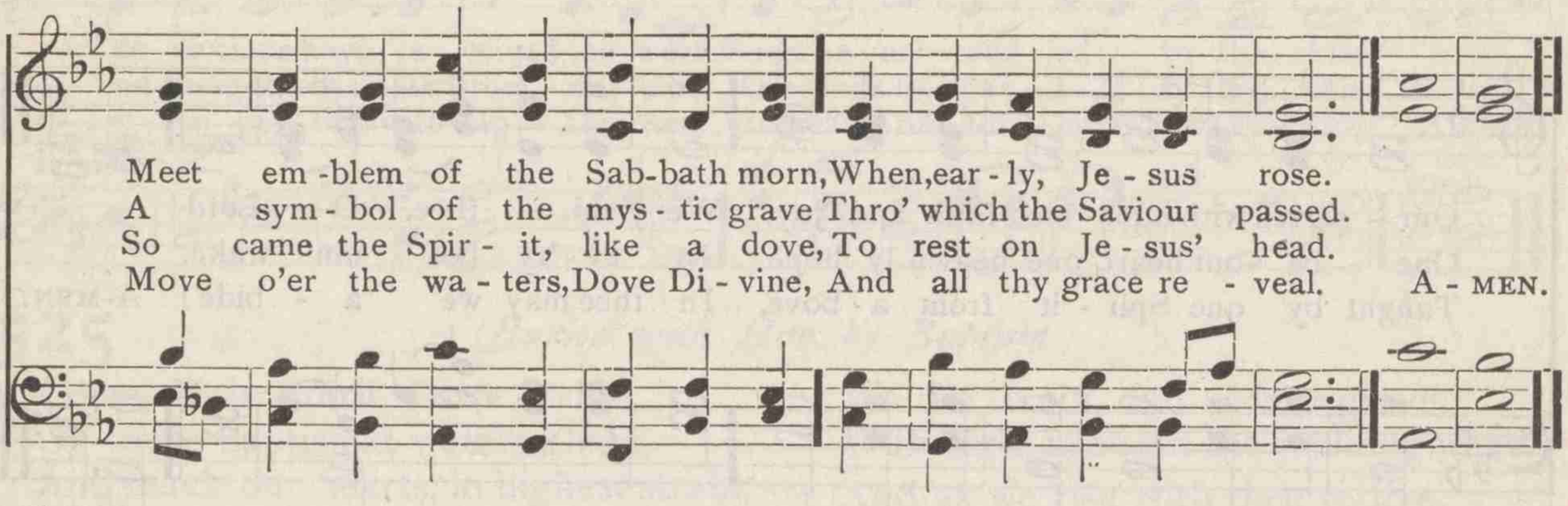
Baptism of Christ

S. F. SMITH — ALEXANDER R. REINAGLE



1. How calm - ly wakes the hal - lowed morn! How tran - quil earth's re - pose! —
2. How fair, a - long the rip - pling wave, The ra - diant light is cast! —
3. A - round this scene of sa - cred love The peace of heav'n is shed:
4. Lord, meet us in this path of thine; We come thy rite to seal;





Meet em - blem of the Sab-bath morn, When, ear - ly, Je - sus rose.
A sym - bol of the mys - tic grave Thro' which the Saviour passed.
So came the Spir - it, like a dove, To rest on Je - sus' head.
Move o'er the wa - ters, Dove Di - vine, And all thy grace re - veal. A - MEN.

531

Fulfil All Righteousness

1 Buried beneath the yielding wave
The great 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,
Fulfil 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.

BENJAMIN BEDDOME, 1818

532

Baptism of Jesus

1 "I come," the great Redeemer cries,
"To do thy will, O Lord!"
At Jordan's flood, behold! he seals
The sure prophetic word.

2 "Thus it becomes us to fulfil
All righteousness," he said;
He spake obedient, and beneath
The yielding wave was laid.

3 Hark! a glad voice; the Father speaks,
From heaven's exalted height;
"This is my Son, my well-beloved!
My joy, my chief delight."

4 Jesus, the Saviour, well-beloved!
His name we will profess,
Like him, desirous to fulfil
Each law of righteousness.

5 No more we'll count ourselves our own,
But his in bonds of love;
O may such bonds forever draw
Our souls to things above.

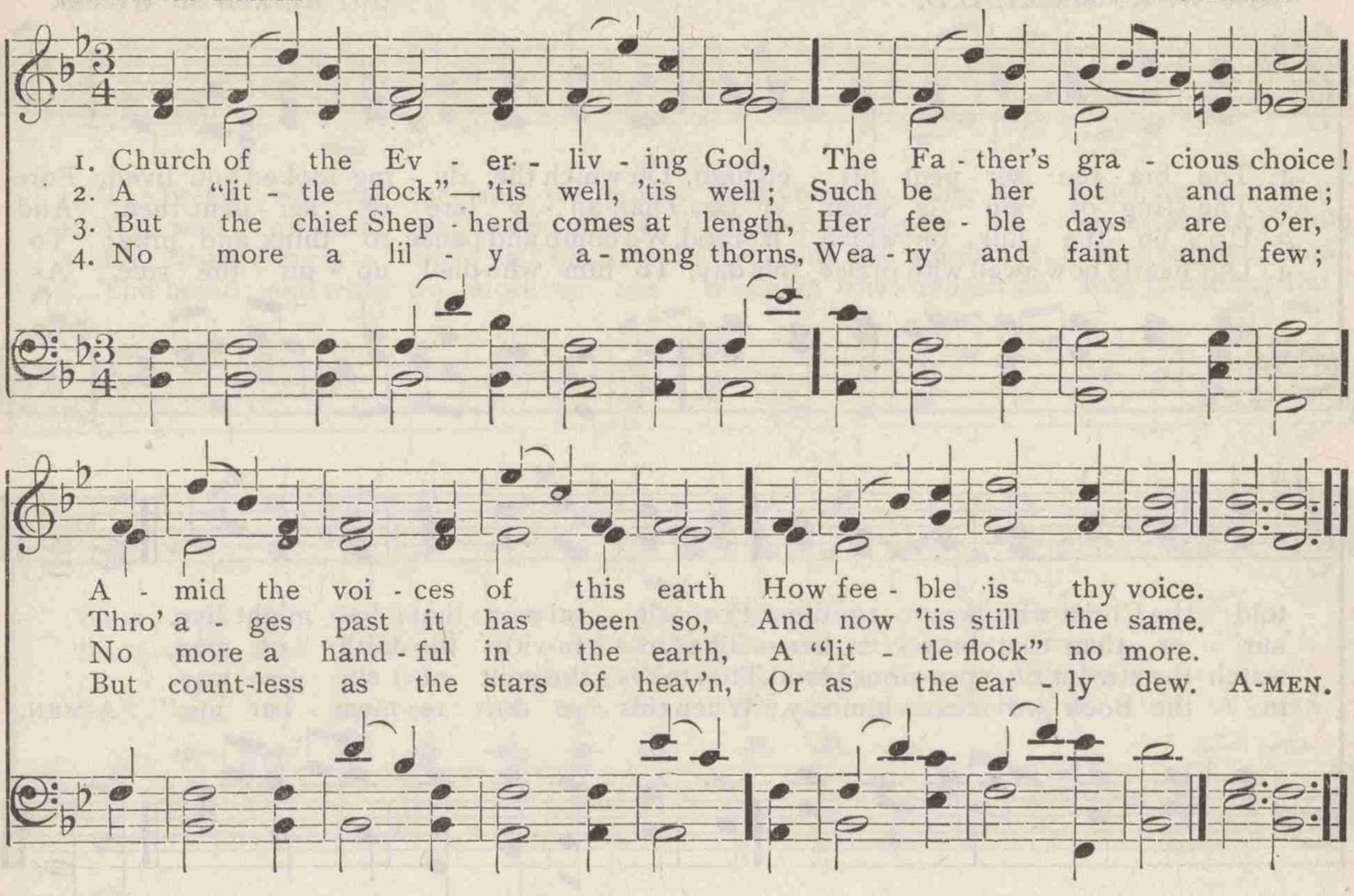
Salsbury Collection

533 Geer C. M.

The Little Flock

HORATIUS BONAR

Greatorex Collection

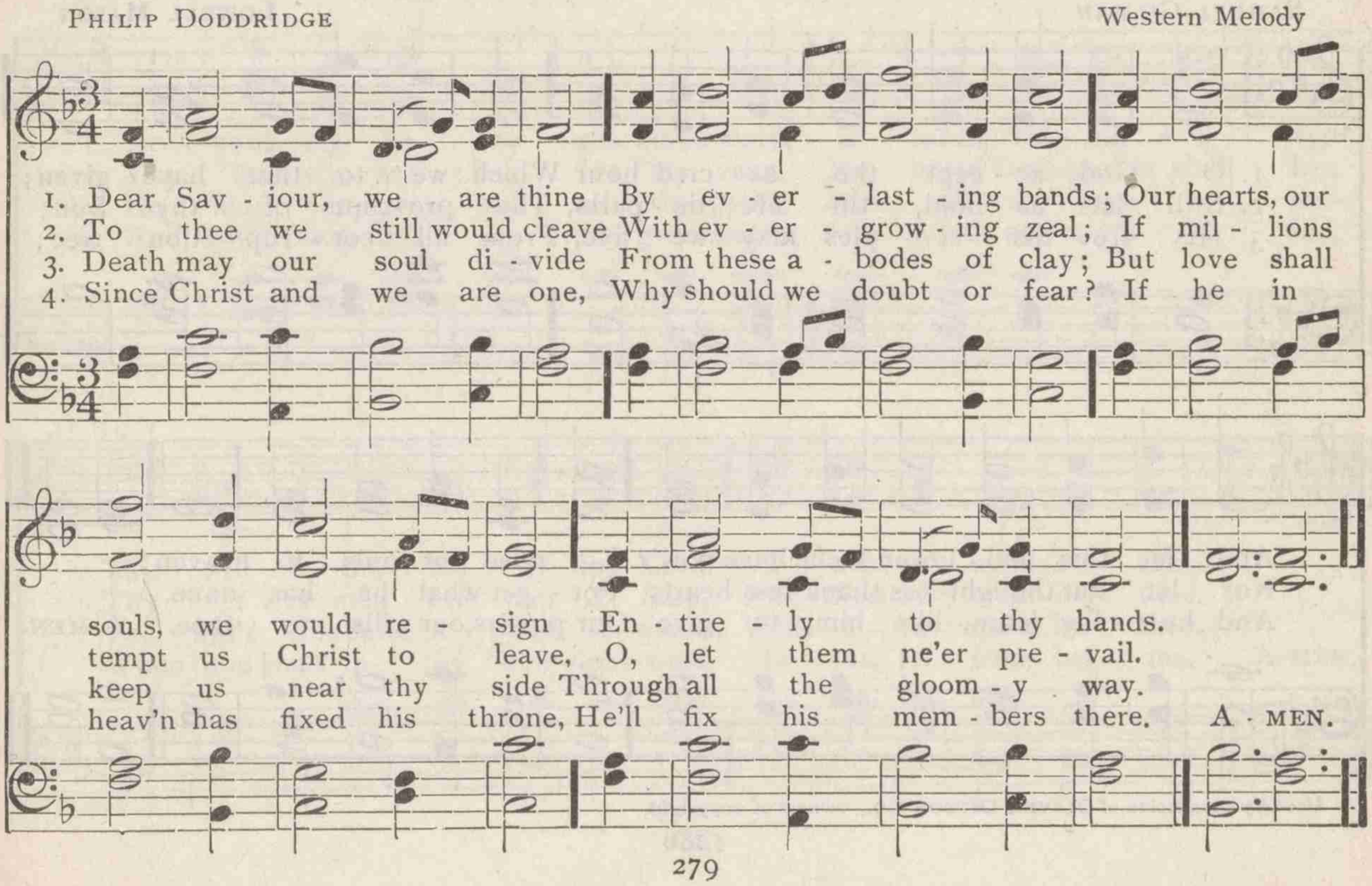


534 Golden Hill S. M.

Gave Themselves to the Lord and to Us

PHILIP DODDRIDGE

Western Melody



535 Virginia L. M.

Communion

Rev. W. W. Staley, D.D. — Alfred M. Wilber

1. The bra - zen ser - pent lift - ed high, On which the dy - ing looked and lived, Fore-told the Christ who was to die, For sin - ful man that he might live.
2. The sting of sin is keen - er far Than an - y bite of ser - pent then, And sur - er than that braz - en bar — The cross in-vites the faith of men.
3. Up - on the hill on which it stood, We climb and pause to think and pray; To watch the stream of pre-cious blood, That takes the guilt of sin a - way.
4. Our hearts now swell with praise this day, To him who died up - on the tree, As in the Book we hear him say, "When this ye do, re - mem - ber me." A-men.

536 Downs C. M.

Close of Communion

Samuel Gilman — Lowell Mason

1. O God, ac - cept the sa - cred hour Which we to thee have given;
2. Still let us hold, till life de - parts, The pre-cepts of thy Son;
3. His true dis - ci - ples may we live, From all cor - rup - tion free;

And let this hal - lowed scene have pow'r To raise our souls to heaven;
Nor let our thought-less, thank-less hearts For - get what he has done.
And hum - bly learn, like him, to give Our pow'rs, our wills to thee. A-men.

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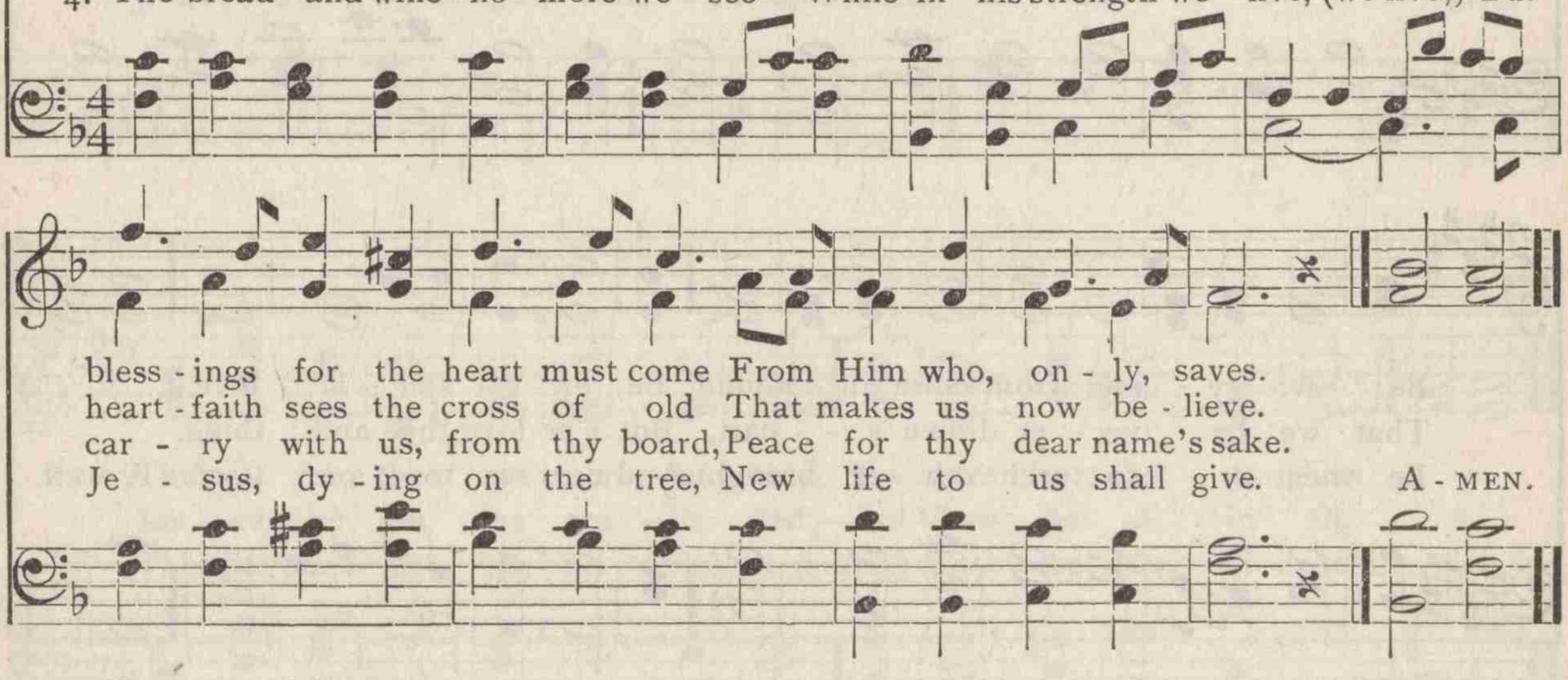
537 Suffolk C. M.

Communion Hymn

Rev. W. W. STALEY, D.D. — Prof. ALFRED M. WILBER



1. The bread we break, the wine we pour, Our voice in song we raise;(we raise;) But
2. We wait in faith, with thankful soul, These em-blems to re - ceive;(receive;) While
3. So, feast - ing at thy ta - ble, Lord, Our sins we would for - sake;(forsake;) And
4. The bread and wine no more we see While in his strength we live; (we live;) But

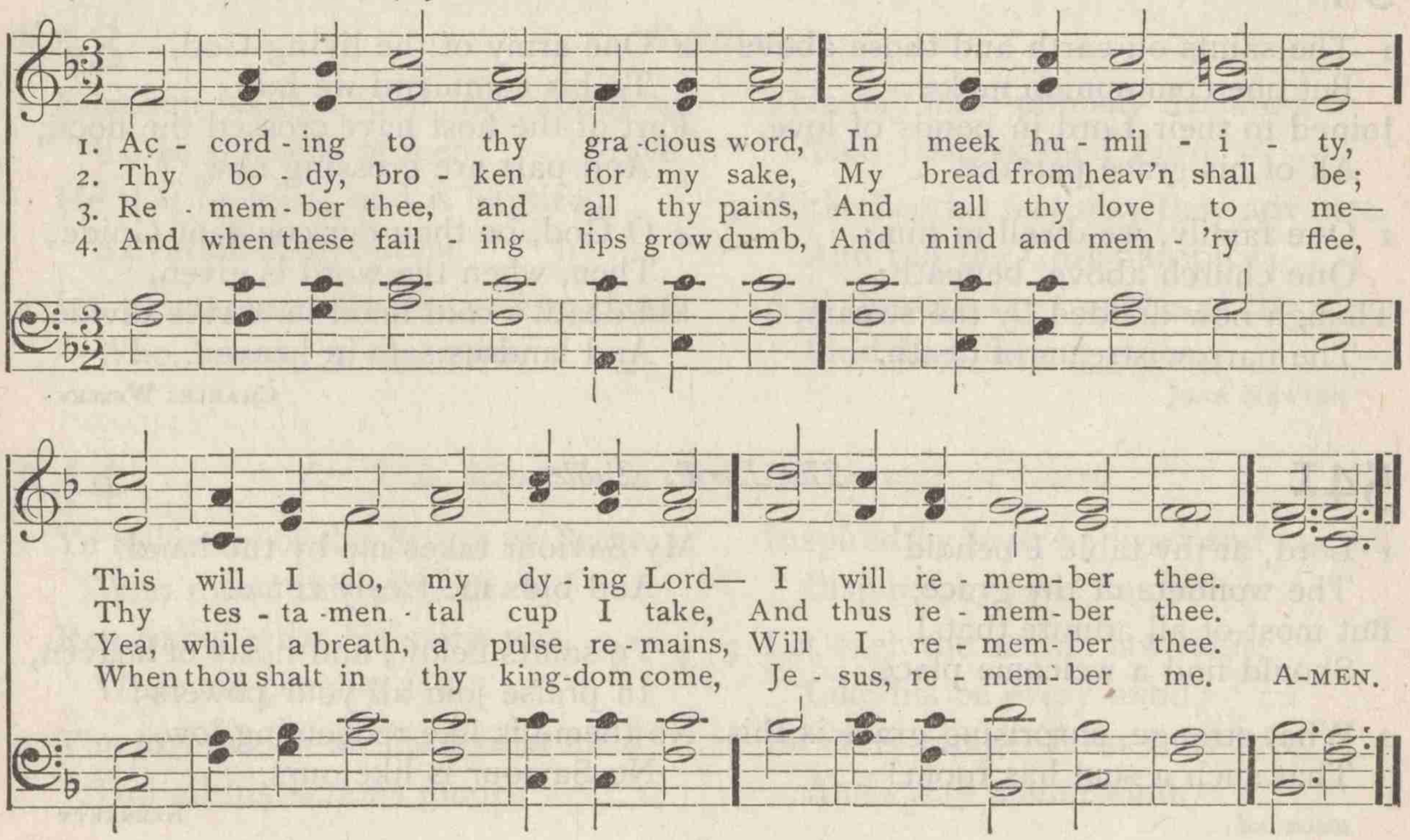


bless - ings for the heart must come From Him who, on - ly, saves.
heart - faith sees the cross of old That makes us now be - lieve.
car - ry with us, from thy board, Peace for thy dear name's sake.
Je - sus, dy - ing on the tree, New life to us shall give. A - MEN.

538 Communion C. M.

In Remembrance

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1725 — S. HILL



1. Ac - cord - ing to thy gra - cious word, In meek hu - mil - i - ty,
2. Thy bo - dy, bro - ken for my sake, My bread from heav'n shall be;
3. Re - mem - ber thee, and all thy pains, And all thy love to me—
4. And when these fail - ing lips grow dumb, And mind and mem - 'ry flee,

This will I do, my dy - ing Lord— I will re - mem - ber thee.
Thy tes - ta - men - tal cup I take, And thus re - mem - ber thee.
Yea, while a breath, a pulse re - mains, Will I re - mem - ber thee.
When thou shalt in thy king - dom come, Je - sus, re - mem - ber me. A - MEN.

539 Haven C. M. *The Presence of Jesus*

A. A. LIVERMORE — THOMAS HASTINGS



540 *The Family in Heaven and Earth*

1 The saints on earth and those above
But one communion make;
Joined to their Lord in bonds of love,
All of his grace partake.

2 One family, we dwell in him;
One church above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

2 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

4 O God, be thou our constant Guide;
Then, when the word is given,
Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

CHARLES WESLEY

541 *The Lord's Table*

1 Lord, at thy table I behold
The wonders of thy grace,
But most of all admire that I
Should find a welcome place.

2 What strange, surprising grace is this,
That such a soul has room!
My Saviour takes me by the hand,
And bids me freely come.

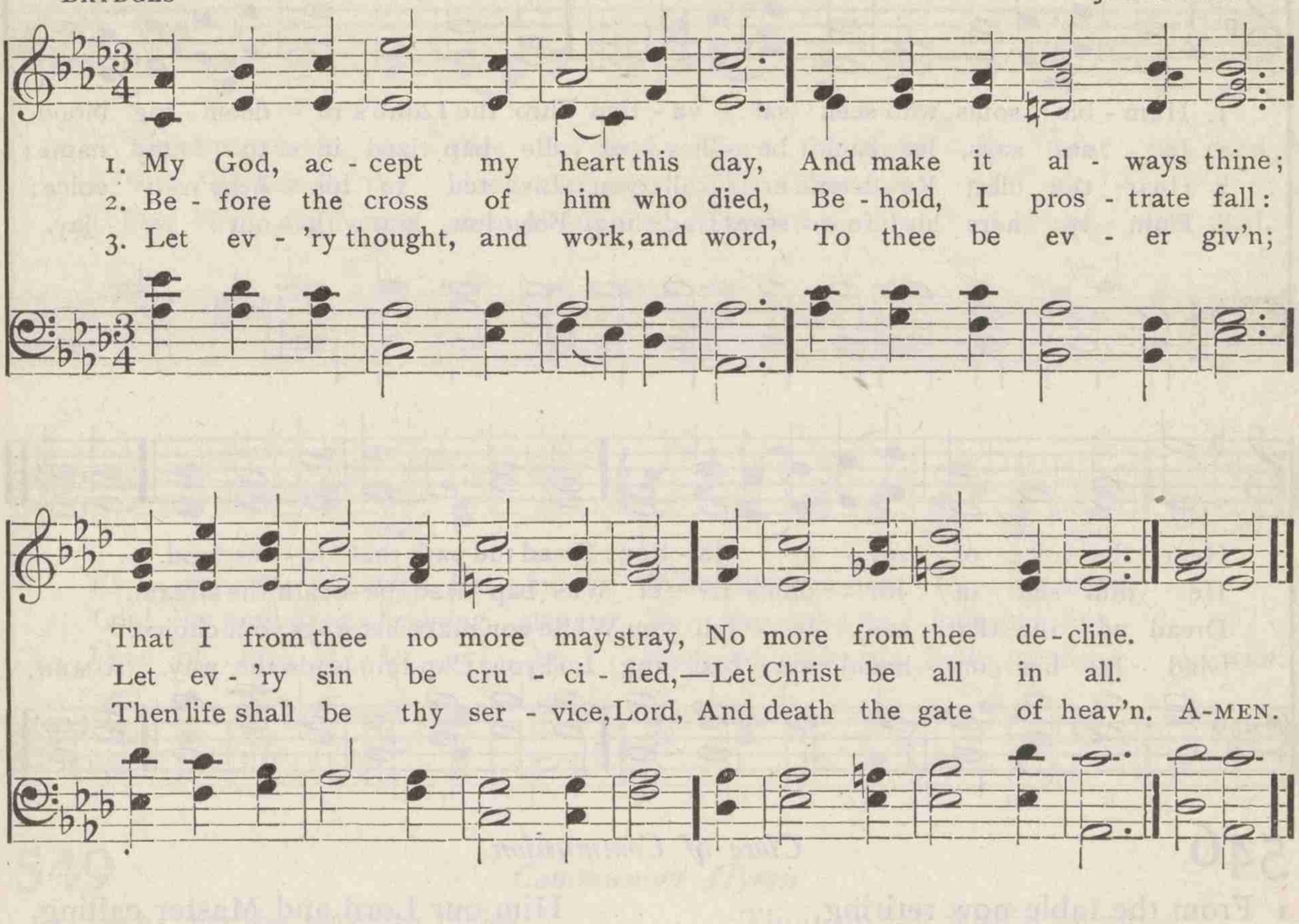
3 Ye saints below, and hosts of heaven,
In praise join all your powers:
No theme is like redeeming love,
No Saviour is like ours.

STENNETT

542 Beatitudo C. M.

Renewed in the Spirit of Your Mind

BRYDGES J. B. DYKES



543 *Baptism*

1 Proclaim, saith Christ, my wondrous grace,
To all the sons of men;
He that believes, and is baptized,
Salvation shall obtain.

2 Let plenteous grace descend on those,
Who, hoping in thy word,
This day have publicly declared,
That Jesus is their Lord.

3 With cheerful feet may they advance,
And run the Christian race;
And through the troubles of the way,
Find all-sufficient grace.

JOHN NEWTON

544 *Let This Mind be in You Which was in Christ*

1 Ye followers of the Prince of Peace,
Who round this table draw,
Remember what his spirit was,
What his peculiar law.

2 The love which all his bosom filled
Did all his actions guide;
Inspired by love, he lived and taught;
Inspired by love, he died.

3 Let each the sacred law fulfil;
Like his be every mind;
Be every temper formed by love,
And every action kind.

BEDDOME

545 Wilmot 8s. & 7s.

Following Christ

Anon. WEBER



546

Close of Communion

1 From the table now retiring,
Which for us the Lord hath spread,
May our souls, refreshment finding,
Grow in all things like our Head!

2 His example by beholding,
May our lives his image bear;
Him our Lord and Master calling,
His commands may we revere.

3 Love to God and man displaying,
Walking steadfast in his way,
Joy attend us in believing,
Peace from God thro' endless day.

JOHN ROWE

547 Haydn S. M.

Baptism of Jesus

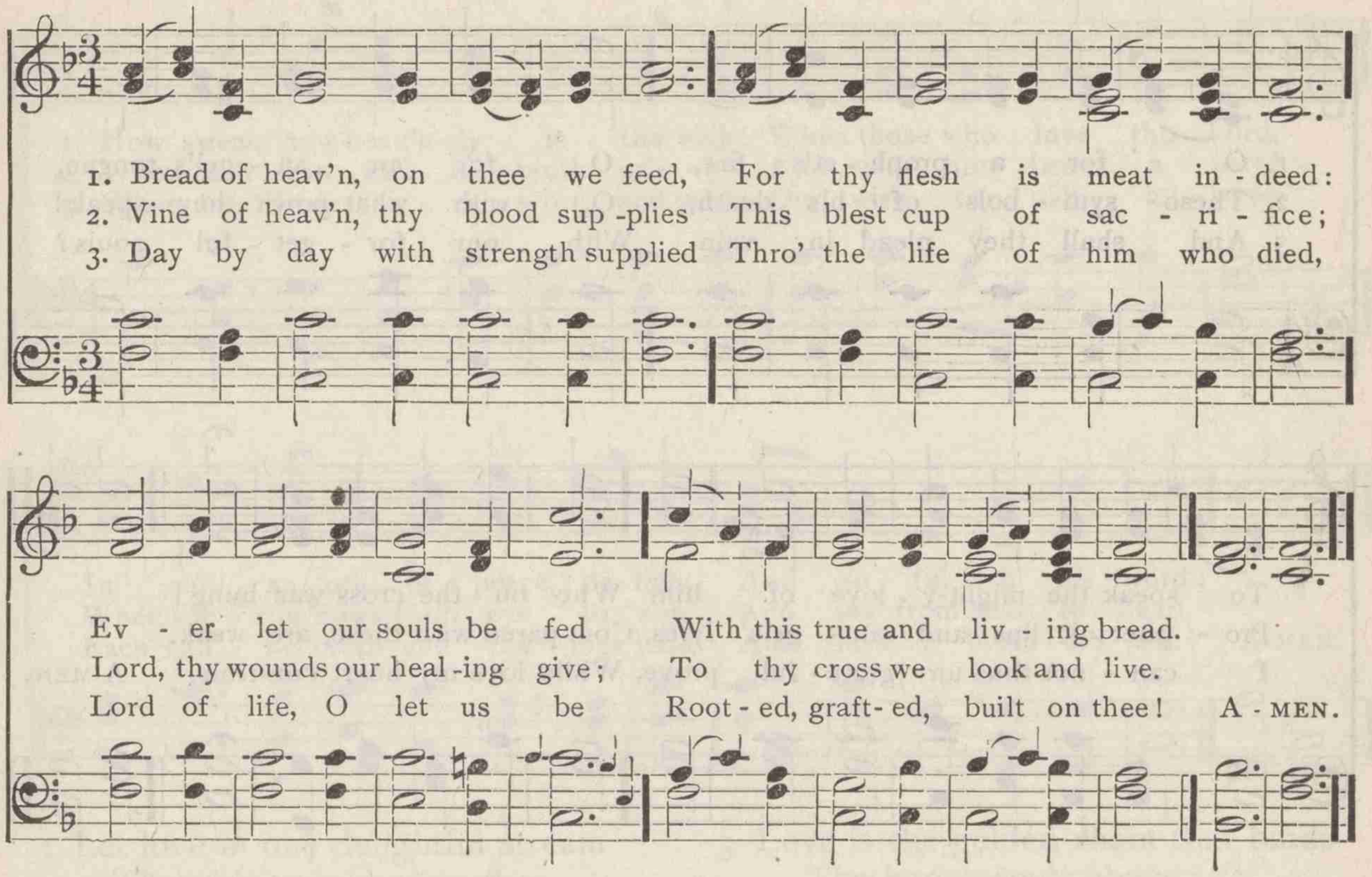
Anon. Arr. fr. HAYDN



548 Aletta 7s.

I am the Living Bread

JOSIAH CONDER — WM. B. BRADBURY



549

Communion Hymn

1 Jesus, we thy promise claim:
We are met in thy dear name;
In the midst do thou appear;
Manifest thy presence here.

Sanctify us, Lord, and bless;
Breathe thy spirit, give thy peace;
Thou thyself within us move:
Make our feast a feast of love.

3 Give to us thy humble mind,
Patient, fearless, just, and kind;
Meek and lowly let us be,—
Full of goodness, full of thee.

Wesleyan

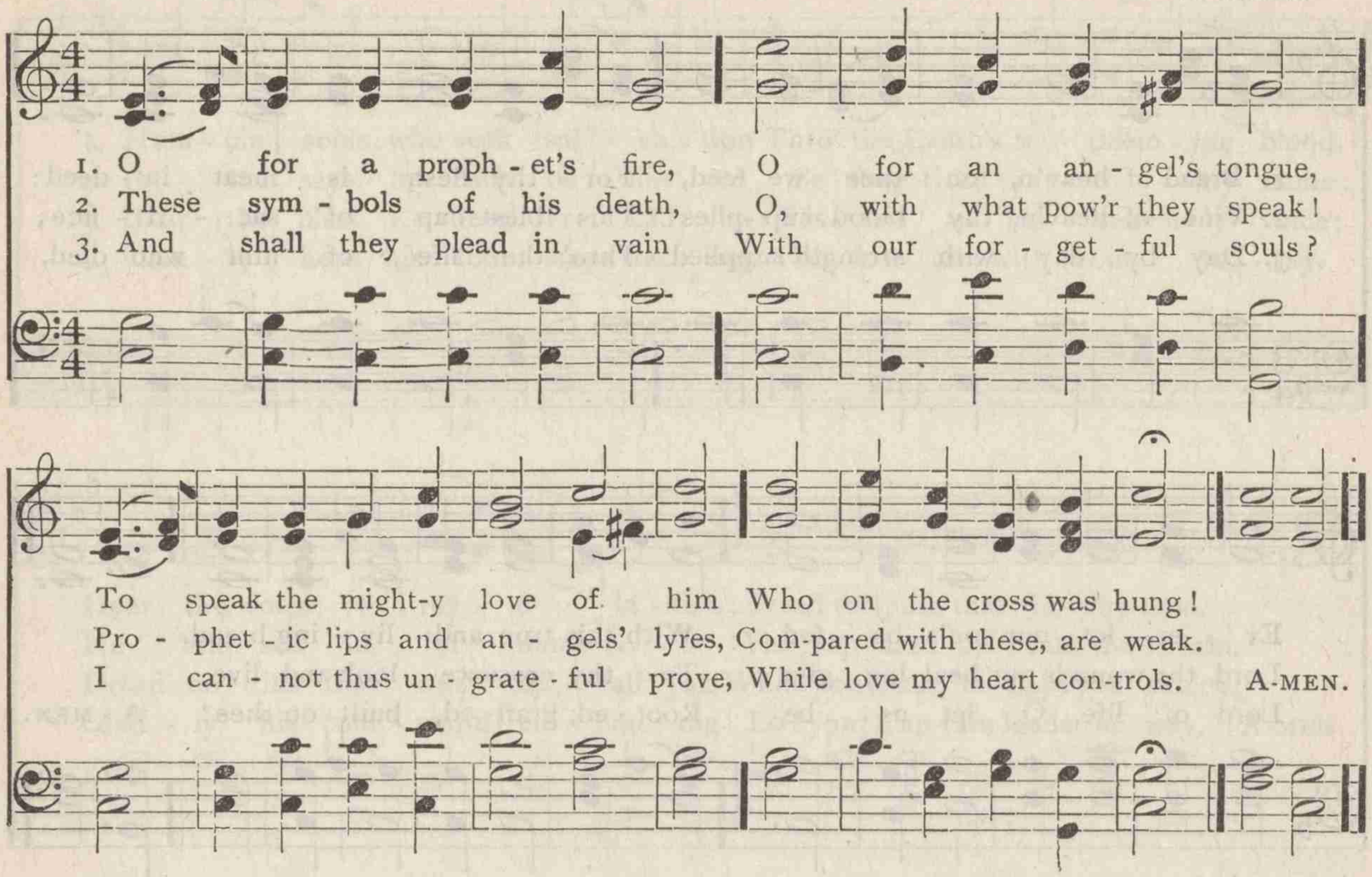
Haydn (*Concluded*)



550 Laban S. M.

A Communion Hymn

W. H. FURNESS — L. MASON



551

Delight in the Communion

1 O, what delight is this,
Which now in Christ we know,—
An earnest of our glorious bliss,
Our heaven begun below.

2 When he the table spreads,
How royal is the cheer!
With rapture we lift up our heads,
And own that God is here.

3 The Lamb for sinners slain,
Who died to die no more,
Let all the ransomed sons of men,
With all his hosts, adore.

4 Let earth and heaven be joined,
His glories to display,
And hymn the Saviour of mankind
In one eternal day.

CHARLES WESLEY

552

For Ye are All One in Christ Jesus

1 Let party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free
Are one in Christ, their Head.

2 Among the saints on earth
Let mutual love be found—
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crowned.

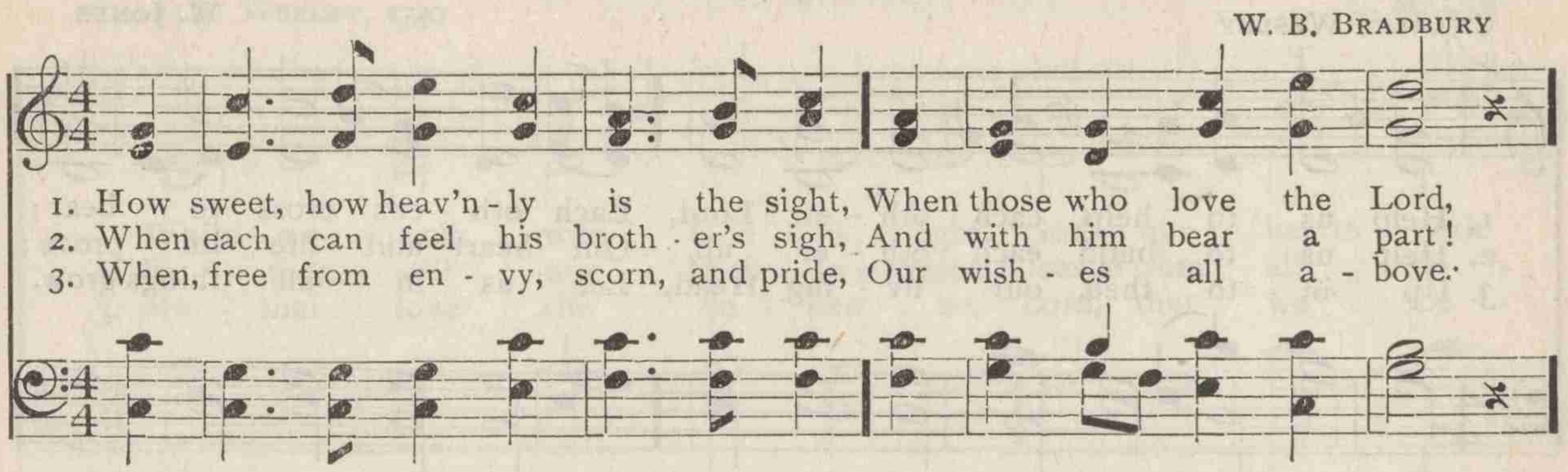
3 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above,
Where springs of purest pleasure rise,
And every heart is love.

BENJAMIN BEDDOME, 1818

553 Brown C. M.

Love as Brethren

W. B. BRADBURY





4 Let love in one delightful stream
Through every bosom flow,
And union sweet and dear esteem
In every action glow.

5 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven who finds
His bosom glow with love.

CHARLES SWAIN

554 *The Universal Bond of Love*

1 The glorious universe around,
The heavens with all their train,
Sun, moon, and stars, are firmly bound,
In one mysterious chain.

2 In one fraternal bond of love,
One fellowship of mind,
The saints below and saints above
Their bliss and glory find.

3 Here, in their house of pilgrimage,
Thy statutes are their song;
There, through one bright, eternal age,
Thy praises they prolong.

HORATIUS BONAR

555 *Of One Heart and of One Soul*

1 Blest be the dear, uniting love
That will not let us part;
Our bodies may far-off remove,
We still are one in heart.

2 Joined in one Spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go:
We still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And show his praise below.

3 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
The same in mind and heart,
Not joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death, can part.

CHARLES WESLEY

556 Stephens C. M.

Desiring Holiness

CHARLES WESLEY — W. JONES



557

Being Knit Together in Love

1 Our souls, by love together knit,
Cemented, joined in one,
One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice,
'Tis heaven on earth begun.

2 The little cloud increases still;
The heavens are big with rain;
We haste to catch the teeming shower,
And all its moisture drain.

3 A rill, a stream, a torrent flows,
But pour a mighty flood;
O, sweep the nations, shake the earth,
Till all proclaim thee Lord.

4 And when thou mak'st thy jewels up,
And sett'st thy starry crown,
When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,
Proclaim us, Lord, thine own.

MILLER

558 Boylston S. M.

Ye are All One in Christ Jesus

JOSEPH FAWCETT — LOWELL MASON, 1832



559 Bendon 7s.

Love as Brethren

CHARLES WESLEY, 1740 — C. MALAN

1. While we walk with God in light, God our hearts doth still u - nite; Sweet - ly each with each com - bined, In the bonds of du - ty joined,
2. Fa - ther, still our faith in - crease; Cleanse from all un - right - eous - ness: Thee th' un - ho - ly can - not see; Make, oh, make us meet for thee!
3. Mu - tual love the to - ken be, Lord, that we be - long to thee: On - ly love to us be given; Lord, we ask no oth - er heav'n. A-MEN.

Boylston (*Concluded*)

The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.
And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.
And per - fect love and friend - ship reign Through all e - ter - ni - ty. A-MEN.

560 Mendebras 7s. & 6s.

One Fold and One Shepherd

JANE BORTHWICK, 1863 — Arr. Dr. L. MASON

1. Now is the time ap - proach - ing, By pro - phets long fore - told,
   When all shall dwell to - geth - er, One shep - herd and one fold.
2. Let all that now di - vides us Re - move and pass a - way,
   Like shad - ows of the morn - ing Be - fore the blaze of day.

Now Jew and Gen - tile meet - ing From ma - ny a dis - tant shore
Let all that now u - nites us More sweet and last - ing prove,

A - round one al - tar kneel - ing, One com - mon Lord a - dore.
A clos - er bond of un - ion, In a blest land of love. A-MEN.

561 Leighton S. M.

Thy Kingdom Come

JOHN JOHNS, 1837 — Greatorex Collection

1. Come, king - dom of our God, Sweet reign of light and love;
2. O - ver our spir - its first Ex - tend thy heal - ing reign;
3. Come, king - dom of our God, And make the broad earth thine;
4. Soon may all tribes be blest With fruits from life's glad tree;

562 Revive Thy Work S. M.

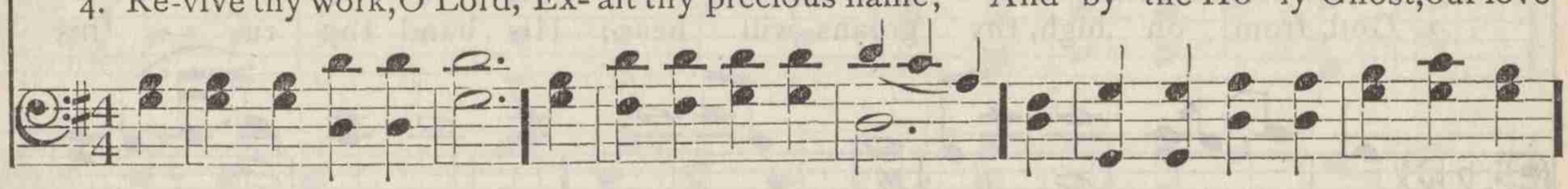
Rev. J. C. RYLE

JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.



1. Re-vive thy work, O Lord, Thy mighty arm make bare;
2. Re-vive thy work, O Lord, Disturb this sleep of death;
3. Re-vive thy work, O Lord, Cre-ate soul-thirst for thee;
4. Re-vive thy work, O Lord, Ex-alt thy precious name;

Speak with the voice that wakes the dead,
Quicken the smold'ring em-bers now
And hung'ring for the bread of life,
And by the Ho-ly Ghost, our love



CHORUS



Re - vive, . . O Lord, . . And

And make thy peo - ple hear.
By thine Al- might - y breath.
Oh, may our spir - its be.
For thee and thine in - flame.

Re-vive thy work, revive thy work, And give re-fresh -ing



Re - vive, O Lord,

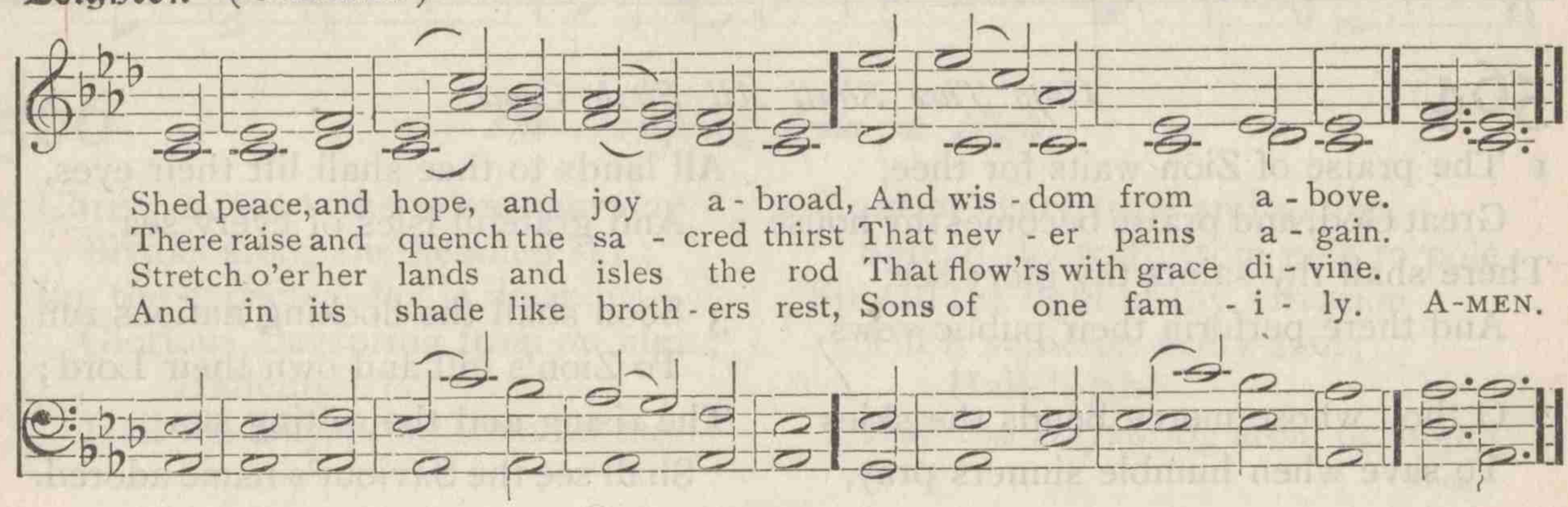
Re - vive thy work, re - vive thy work, And give, and give re -



show'rs; The glo - ry shall be all thine own, The blessing shall be ours. A- MEN.

fresh-ing show'rs.

Leighton (*Concluded*)

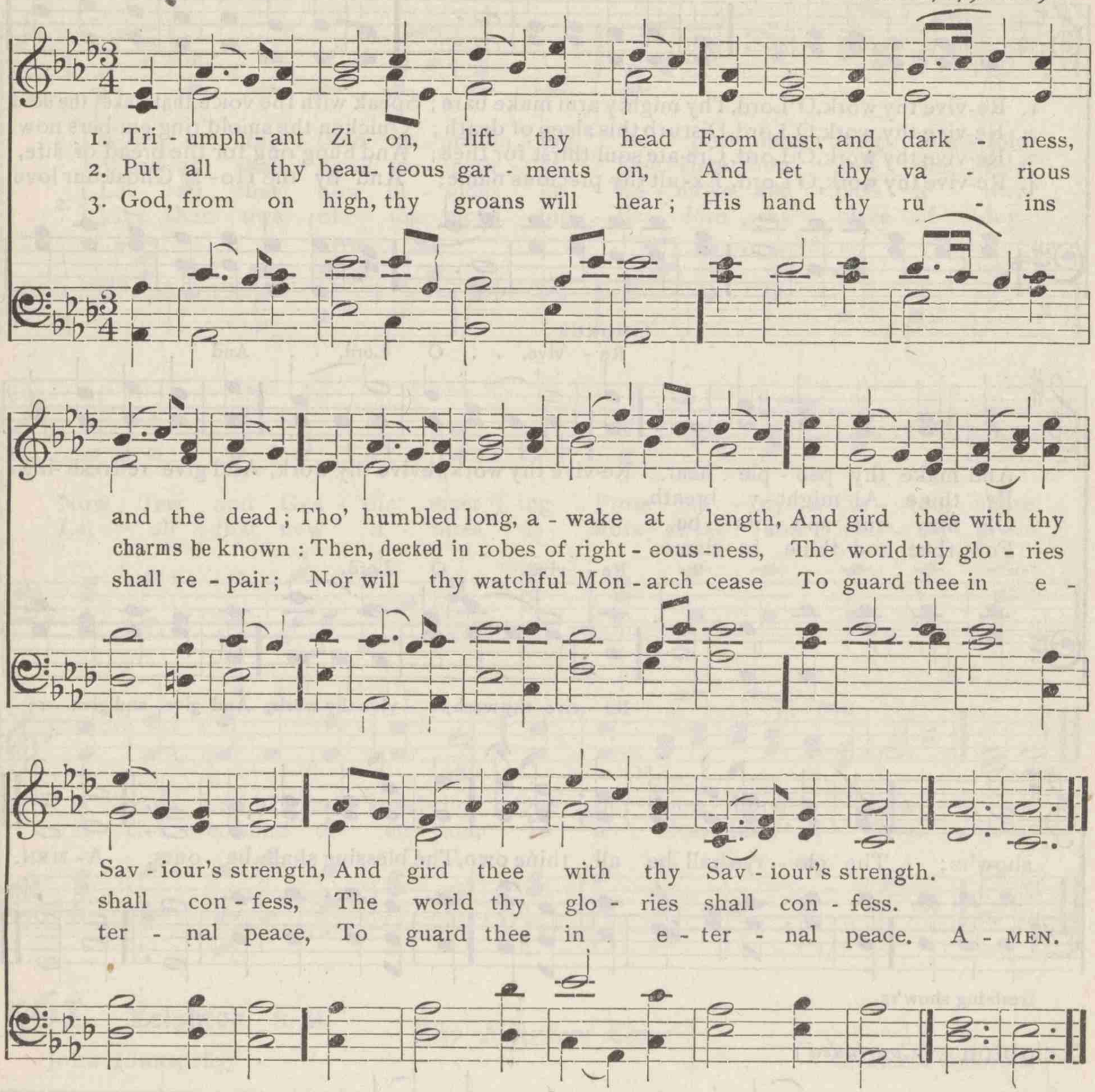


Shed peace, and hope, and joy a - broad, And wis - dom from a - bove.
There raise and quench the sa - cred thirst That nev - er pains a - gain.
Stretch o'er her lands and isles the rod That flow'rs with grace di - vine.
And in its shade like broth - ers rest, Sons of one fam - i - ly. A-MEN.

563 St. Gabriel L. M.

Awake! Put on Thy Strength, O Zion

PHILIP DODDRIDGE — HAYDN, 1792–1809



564 *Unto Thee Shall All Flesh Come*

1 The praise of Zion waits for thee,
Great God, and praise becomes thy house;
There shall thy saints thy glory see,
And there perform their public vows.

2 O thou whose mercy bends the skies
To save when humble sinners pray,
All lands to thee shall lift their eyes,
And grateful isles of every sea.

3 Soon shall the flocking nations run
To Zion's hill and own their Lord;
The rising and the setting sun
Shall see the Saviour's name adored.

ISAAC WATTS

565 Zion 8s. 7s. & 4s.

THOMAS KELLY — Dr. HASTINGS



566 *The Dayspring from on High*

1 Christian, see! the orient morning
Breaks along the heathen sky;
Lo, the expected day is dawning—
Glorious Dayspring from on high;
Hallelujah!
Hail the Dayspring from on high!

2 Lord of every tribe and nation,
Spread thy truth from pole to pole;
Spread the light of thy salvation
Till it shine on every soul;
Hallelujah!
Hail the Dayspring from on high!

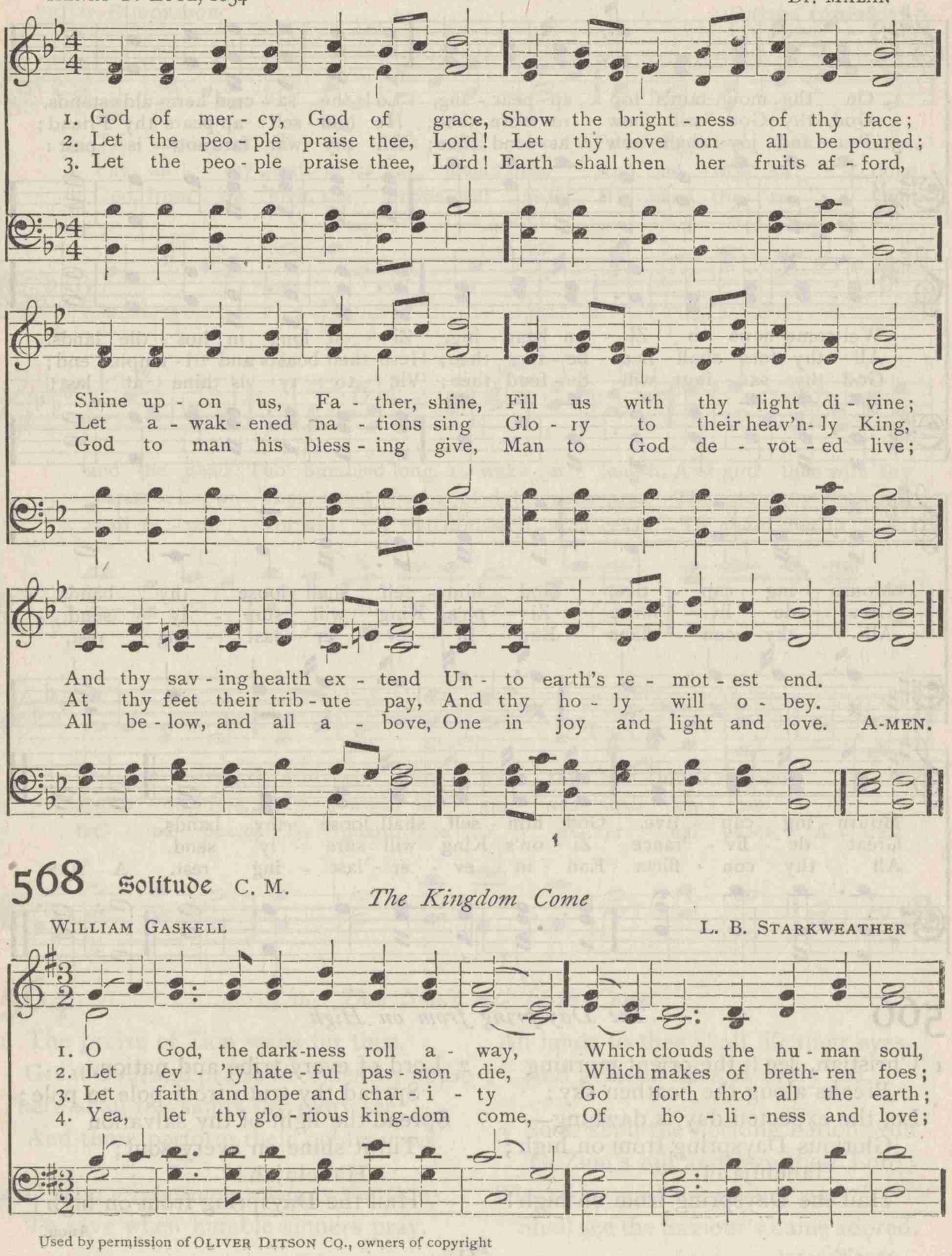
Anon.

567 Rosefield 7s. 61.

Thy Kingdom Come

HENRY F. LYTE, 1834 — Dr. MALAN

1. God of mer - cy, God of grace, Show the bright - ness of thy face;
2. Let the peo - ple praise thee, Lord! Let thy love on all be poured;
3. Let the peo - ple praise thee, Lord! Earth shall then her fruits af - ford,



Shine up - on us, Fa - ther, shine, Fill us with thy light di - vine;
Let a - wak - ened na - tions sing Glo - ry to their heav'n- ly King,
God to man his bless - ing give, Man to God de - vot - ed live;

And thy sav - ing health ex - tend Un - to earth's re - mot - est end.
At thy feet their trib - ute pay, And thy ho - ly will o - bey.
All be - low, and all a - bove, One in joy and light and love. A-MEN.

568 Solitude C. M.

The Kingdom Come

WILLIAM GASKELL — L. B. STARKWEATHER

1. O God, the dark-ness roll a - way, Which clouds the hu - man soul,
2. Let ev - 'ry hate - ful pas - sion die, Which makes of breth- ren foes;
3. Let faith and hope and char - i - ty Go forth thro' all the earth;
4. Yea, let thy glo - rious king-dom come, Of ho - li - ness and love;

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569 Call to Victory 7s. & 5s.

Anon. L. O. EMERSON

1. Saints, for whom the Sav-iour bled, In your Captain's footsteps tread: Fol-low Je-sus,
2. Chris-tian sol-dier, on with me! Soon your en-e-mies must flee; Your re-ward be-
3. By the ran-som which he gave, By his tri-umph o'er the grave, Trust his might-y

and be led On to vic-to-ry! See your foe-men take the ground; While the sig-nal
fore you see Sparkling from on high! Bold-ly take the glo-rious field; You may fall—but
pow'r to save; Firm and faithful be; And when death's dark hour is nigh, When the tear-drop

trum-pets sound, Hear his ac-cents pour a-round, Cheer-ing mel-o-dy.
must not yield; You shall write up-on your shield, Vic-t'ry, though you die!
dims the eye, You shall in the part-ing sigh, Grasp the vic-to-ry. A-MEN.

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Solitude (*Concluded*)

And let the bright, the per-fect day Speed on-ward to its goal.
And war no lon-ger raise its cry, To mar the world's re-pose.
And man, in heav'n-ly bear-ing, be True to his heav'n-ly birth.
And make this world a por-tal meet For thy bright courts a-bove. A-MEN.

570 Nettleton 8s. & 7s. D.

Prayer for a Revival

JOHN NEWTON — A. NETTLETON, 1824

1. Sav - iour, vis - it thy plan - ta - tion! Grant us, Lord, a gra - cious rain:
   All will come to des - o - la - tion, Un - less thou re - turn a - gain.
2. Once, ⊙ Lord, thy gar - den flour-ished; Ev - 'ry part looked gay and green;
   Then thy word our spir - its nour - ished: Hap - py sea - sons we have seen.
3. Let our mu - tual love be fer - vent: Make us prev - a - lent in prayer;
   Let each one es-teem'd thy ser - vant Shun the world's be - witch - ing snare.

Keep no lon - ger at a dis - tance, Shine up - on us from on high,
But a drought has since suc - ceed - ed, And a sad de - cline we see:
Break the temp - ter's fa - tal pow - er, Turn the sto - ny heart to flesh,

Lest, for want of thine as - sis - tance, Ev - 'ry plant should droop and die.
Lord, thy help is great - ly need - ed: Help can on - ly come from thee.
And be - gin from this good hour To re - vive thy work a - fresh. A-MEN.

571 Elton C. M.

More Laborers

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW — V. C. TAYLOR. Fr. "The Chime," by per.

1. O still in ac - cents sweet and strong Sounds forth the an - cient word,
2. We hear the call; in dreams no more In self - ish ease we lie,
3. Where proph - ets' word, and mar - tyrs' blood, And pray'rs of saints were sown,
4. O thou whose call our hearts has stirr'd! To do thy will we come,

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572 Bethany 6s. & 4s. *This World for Christ*

FRANCIS B. WHEELER, D. D. LOWELL MASON, 1859



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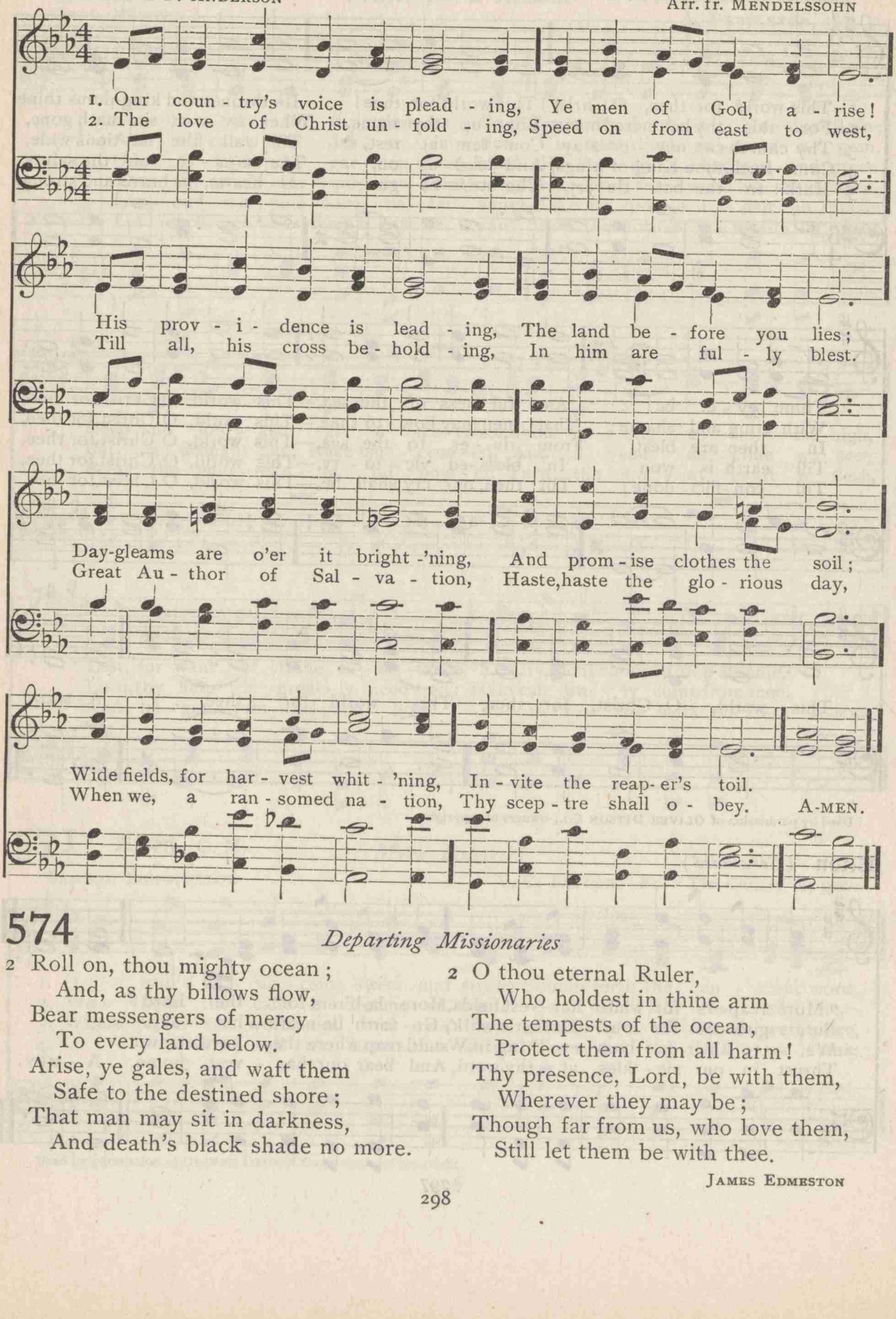
Elton (*Concluded*)

573 Munich 7s. & 6s. D.

Home Missions

Mrs. MARIA F. ANDERSON

Arr. fr. MENDELSSOHN



574

Departing Missionaries

2 Roll on, thou mighty ocean;
And, as thy billows flow,
Bear messengers of mercy
To every land below.
Arise, ye gales, and waft them
Safe to the destined shore;
That man may sit in darkness,
And death's black shade no more.

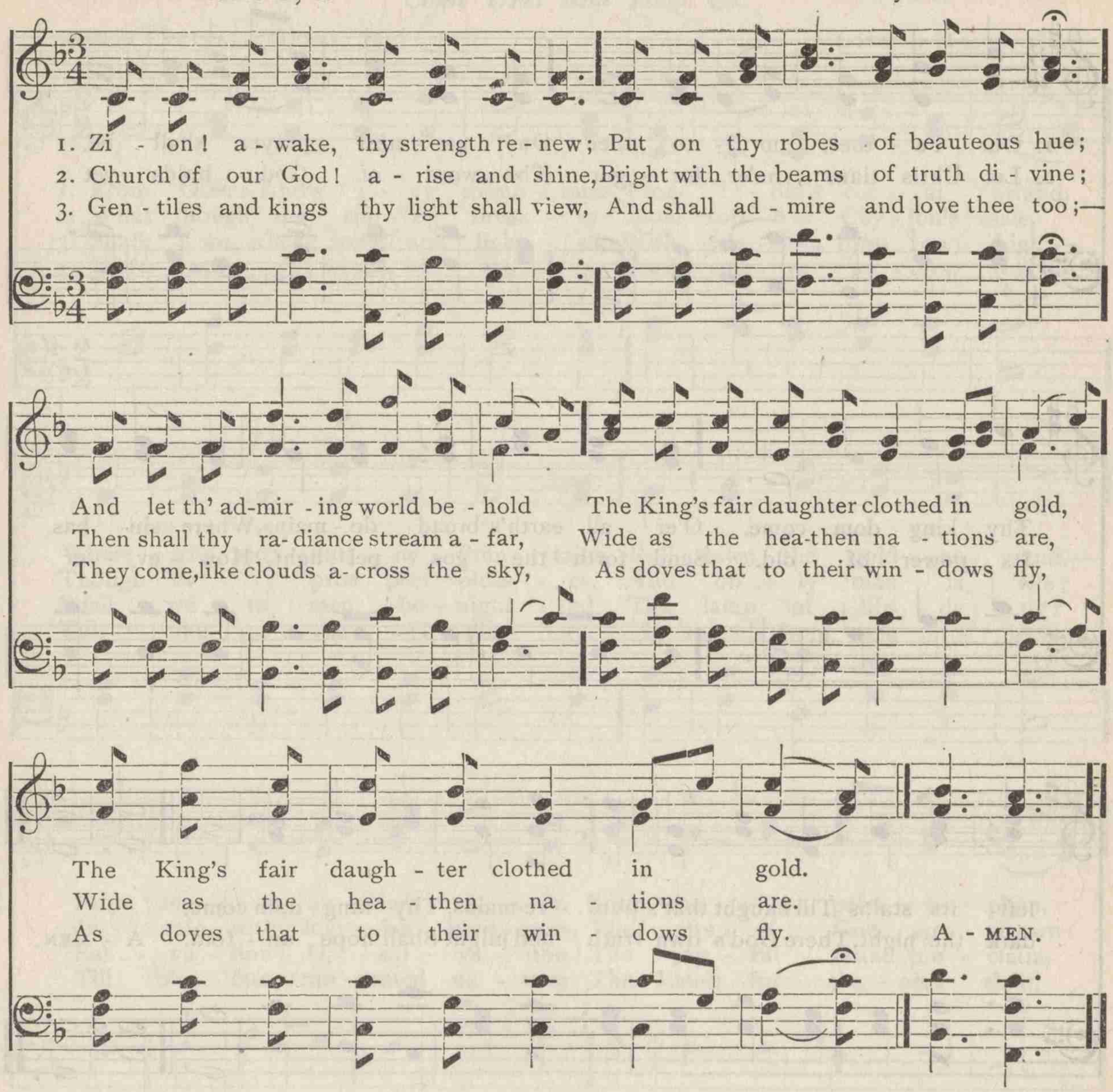
2 O thou eternal Ruler,
Who holdest in thine arm
The tempests of the ocean,
Protect them from all harm!
Thy presence, Lord, be with them,
Wherever they may be;
Though far from us, who love them,
Still let them be with thee.

JAMES EDMESTON

575 Anvern L. M.

Zion's Glory

WILLIAM SHRUBSOLE, tr. Arr. by Dr. L. MASON



576

Psalm 72

1 Great God! whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey;
Now give the kingdom to thy Son;
Extend his power, exalt his throne.

2 As rain on meadows newly mown,
So shall he send his influence down;
His grace, on fainting souls, distills
Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.

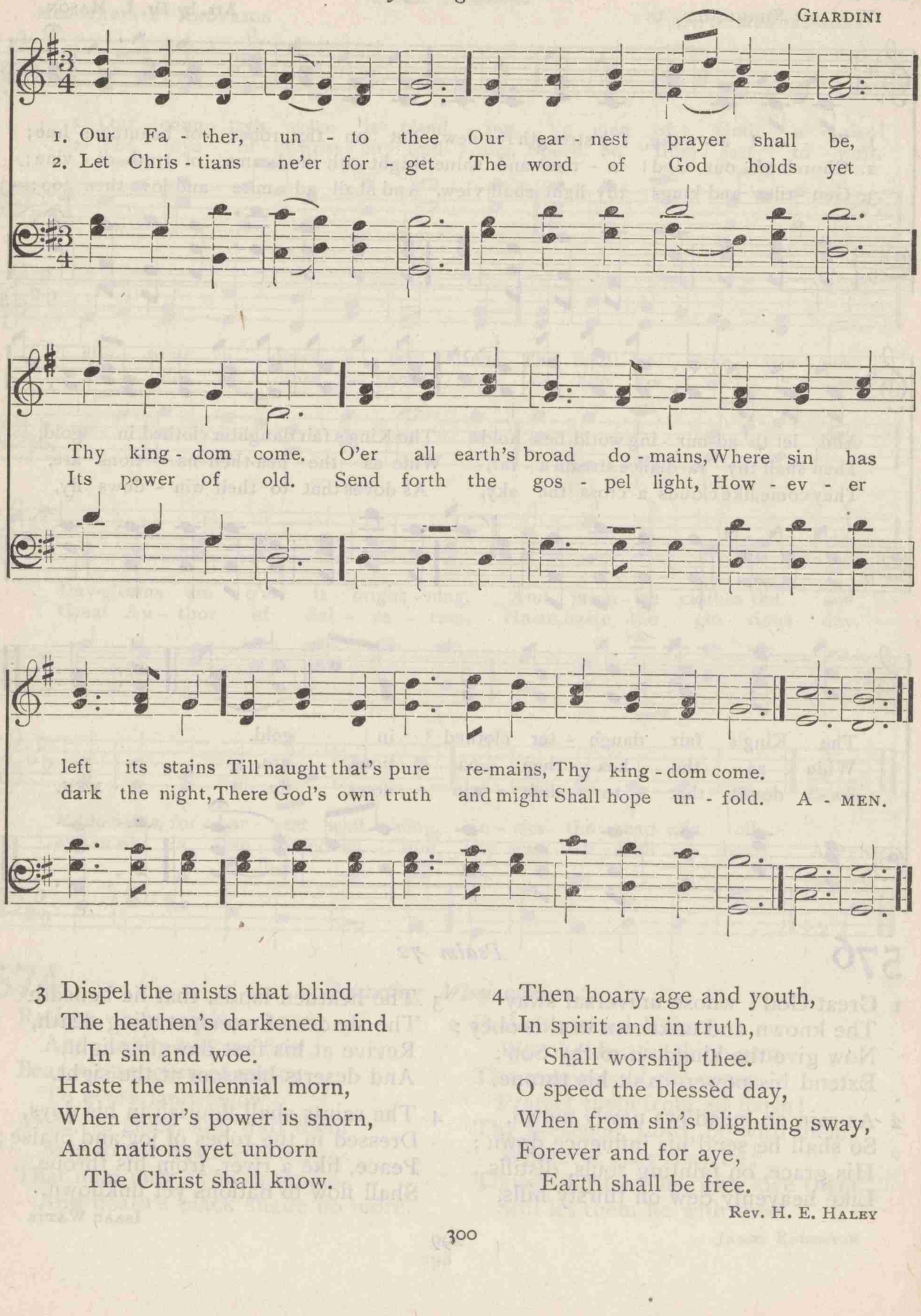
3 The heathen lands, that lie beneath
The shades of overspreading death,
Revive at his first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.

4 The saints shall flourish in his days,
Dressed in the robes of joy and praise;
Peace, like a river, from his throne,
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

ISAAC WATTS

577 Italy 6s. & 4s. *Thy Kingdom Come*

GIARDINI



3 Dispel the mists that blind
The heathen's darkened mind
In sin and woe.
Haste the millennial morn,
When error's power is shorn,
And nations yet unborn
The Christ shall know.

4 Then hoary age and youth,
In spirit and in truth,
Shall worship thee.
O speed the blessèd day,
When from sin's blighting sway,
Forever and for aye,
Earth shall be free.

Rev. H. E. HALEY

578 Missionary Hymn 7s. & 6s. [Iambic]

Come Over and Help Us

Bishop Reginald Heber, 1819 — Lowell Mason, 1824

1. From Green-land's i - cy moun - tains, From In - dia's cor - al strand,
2. What though the spi - cy breez - es Blow soft o'er Cey - lon's isle,
3. Shall we, whose souls are light - ed With wis - dom from on high,—
4. Waft, waft, ye winds, his sto - ry, And you, ye wa - ters, roll,

Where Af - ric's sun - ny foun - tains Roll down the gold - en sand,—
Though ev - 'ry pros - pect pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile;
Shall we to men be - night - ed The lamp of life de - ny?
Till, like a sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole;

From ma - ny an an - cient riv - er, From ma - ny a palm - y plain,
In vain, with lav - ish kind - ness, The gifts of God are strown:
Sal - va - tion! O, sal - va - tion! The joy - ful sound pro - claim,
Till o'er our ran - somed na - ture The Lamb, for sin - ners slain,

They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.
The hea - then in his blind - ness, Bows down to wood and stone.
Till earth's re - mot - est na - tion Has learned Mes - si - ah's name.
The might - y King and Sav - iour, In bliss re - turns to reign. A-MEN.

579 Mendebras 7s. & 6s. D.

J. S. B. MONSELL — Dr. L. MASON

1. Lord of the liv - ing har - vest, That whit - ens o'er the plain,
2. As la - b'rers in thy vine - yard Send us out, Christ, to be

Where an - gels soon shall gath - er Their sheaves of gold - en grain,
Con - tent to bear the bur - den Of wea - ry days for thee.

Ac - cept these hands to la - bor, These hearts to trust and love,
We ask no oth - er wa - ges When thou shalt call us home,

And deign with them to has - ten Thy king - dom from a - bove.
But to have shared the trav - ail Which makes thy king - dom come. A-MEN.

580 (Mendebras)

1 Oh, that the Lord's salvation
Were out of Zion come,
To heal his ancient nation,
To lead his outcasts home!
How long the holy city
Shall heathen feet profane?
Return, O Lord, in pity,
Rebuild her walls again.

2 Let fall thy rod of terror,
Thy saving grace impart;
Roll back the vail of error,
Release the fettered heart;
Let Israel, home returning,
Their lost Messiah see;
Give oil of joy for mourning,
And bind thy Church to thee.

HENRY F. LYTE, 1834

581 Hamden 8s. 7s. & 4s.

The Missionary's Farewell

S. F. SMITH — LOWELL MASON



582 Porto Rico's Call

Rev. J. PRESSLEY BARRETT, D.D. CHAS. H. GABRIEL



1. Down in Por - to Ri - co Heath - en dark - ness reigns; Souls of men are
2. Down in Por - to Ri - co Souls die day by day; Tho' the Lord com-
3. Per - ish - ing in dark - ness — Lis - ten to their call: "Oh, bring us your



cry - ing — Cry - ing for the light! Sloth - ful stew - ards sleep - ing —
mands, Go! Oh, how few o - bey! Ease and pleas - ure snar - ing,
Sav - iour! Come, tell us of him; For we are so wea - ry,

Will not hear the call, Oh, so few are heed - ing, And 'tis al - most night!
Gath'ring pleasures vain— Who their loss can meas - ure In the fi - nal day?
Per - ish - ing in sin," Who can save the dy - ing? No one—none but him!

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Porto Rico's Call *(Continued)*

CHORUS

Raise the flag of Je - sus On Por - to Ri - co's shore, And tell to dy - ing

sin - ners His blood saves ev - er - more! See the flag of Je - sus Wave

o'er the is - land broad, And the saved, all sing - ing Prais - es to our God!

583 Olivet 6s. & 4s.

Go Ye into the World

Anon. LOWELL MASON, 1831



584

Speed On Thy Word

1 Lord of all power and might,
Father of love and light,
Speed on thy word:
O, let the gospel sound
All the wide world around,
Wherever man is found!
God speed his word.

2 Onward shall be our course,
Despite of fraud or force;
God is before:
His word ere long shall run,
Free as the noon-day sun;
His purpose must be done:
God bless his word.

HUGH STOWELL, 1854

585 All Saints L. M.

Wilt Thou not Revive Us Again

JAMES MONTGOMERY — W. KNAPP, 1768



1. O Spir - it of the liv - ing God, In all thy plen - i - tude of grace,
2. Give tongues of fire and hearts of love To preach the rec - on - cil - ing word;
3. Be dark - ness, at thy com - ing, light; Con- fu - sion or - der in thy path;
4. Bap - tize the na - tions; far and nigh The tri - umphs of the cross re- cord:



Wher- e'er the foot of man hath trod, De - scend on our be - night -ed race.
Give pow'r and unc-tion from a-bove, Where'er the joy - ful sound is heard.
Souls with - out strength inspire with might; Bid mer - cy tri-umph o - ver wrath.
The name of Je- sus glo - ri - fy, Till ev - 'ry kin- dred call him Lord. A - MEN.



586

Home Missions

1 Look from thy sphere of endless day,
O God of mercy and of might!
In pity look on those who stray,
Benighted in this land of light.

2 Send forth thy heralds, Lord, to call
The thoughtless young, the hardened old,
A scattered, homeless flock, till all
Be gathered to thy peaceful fold.

3 Send them thy mighty word to speak,
Till faith shall dawn, and doubt depart,
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,
And bind and heal the broken heart.

4 Then all these wastes, a dreary scene,
That makes us sadden as we gaze,
Shall grow with living waters green,
And lift to heaven the voice of praise.

WILLIAM C. BRYANT

587

City Mission

1 Go messengers of peace and love,
To people plunged in shades of night;
Like angels sent from fields above,
Be thine to shed celestial light.

2 Go to the hungry—food impart;
To paths of peace the wanderer guide;
And lead the thirsty, panting heart
Where streams of living waters glide.

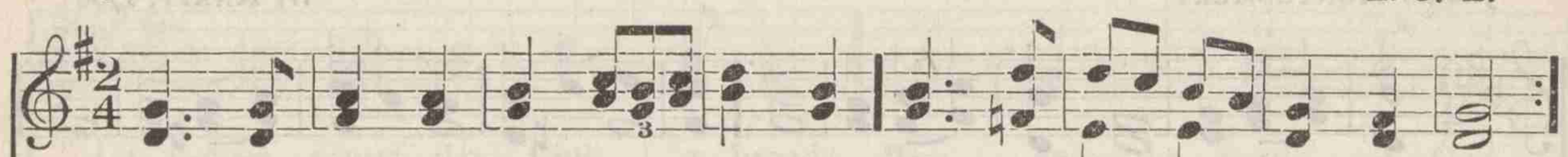
3 Thy love a rich reward shall find
From him who sits enthroned on high;
For they who turn the erring mind
Shall shine like stars above the sky.

BALFOUR

588 Mariner's Song 8s. & 7s. D.

He Stills the Waves

G. W. BETHUNE L. O. E.



1. { Tossed up - on life's rag - ing bil - low, Sweet it is, O Lord, to know,
   { Thou didst press a sai - lor's pil - low, And canst feel a sai - lor's woe.
2. { And tho' loud the wind is howl - ing, Fierce tho' flash the light-nings red,
   { Dark - ly tho' the storm - clouds scowl - ing O'er the sai - lor's anx - ious head.
3. { Thus my heart the hope will cher - ish, While to thee I lift mine eye,
   { Thou wilt save me ere I per - ish, Thou wilt hear the sai - lor's cry.



Nev - er slum-b'ring, nev - er sleep - ing, Tho' the night be dark and drear,
Thou canst calm the rag - ing o - cean, All its noise and tu - mult still,
And though mast and sail be riv - en, Life's short voy - age soon be o'er;

Thou the faith-ful watch art keep - ing,— All, all's well, thy con-stant cheer.
Hush the tem-pest's wild com - mo - tion, At the bid - ding of thy will.
Safe - ly moored in heav'n's wide ha - ven, Storm and tem- pest vex no more. A - MEN.

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589 *Quit You Like Men; be Strong*

1 We are living, we are dwelling
In a grand and awful time,
In an age of ages telling:
To be living is sublime.
Hark! the onset! will ye fold your
Faith-clad arms in lazy lock?
Up! O, up! thou drowsy soldier;
Worlds are charging to the shock.

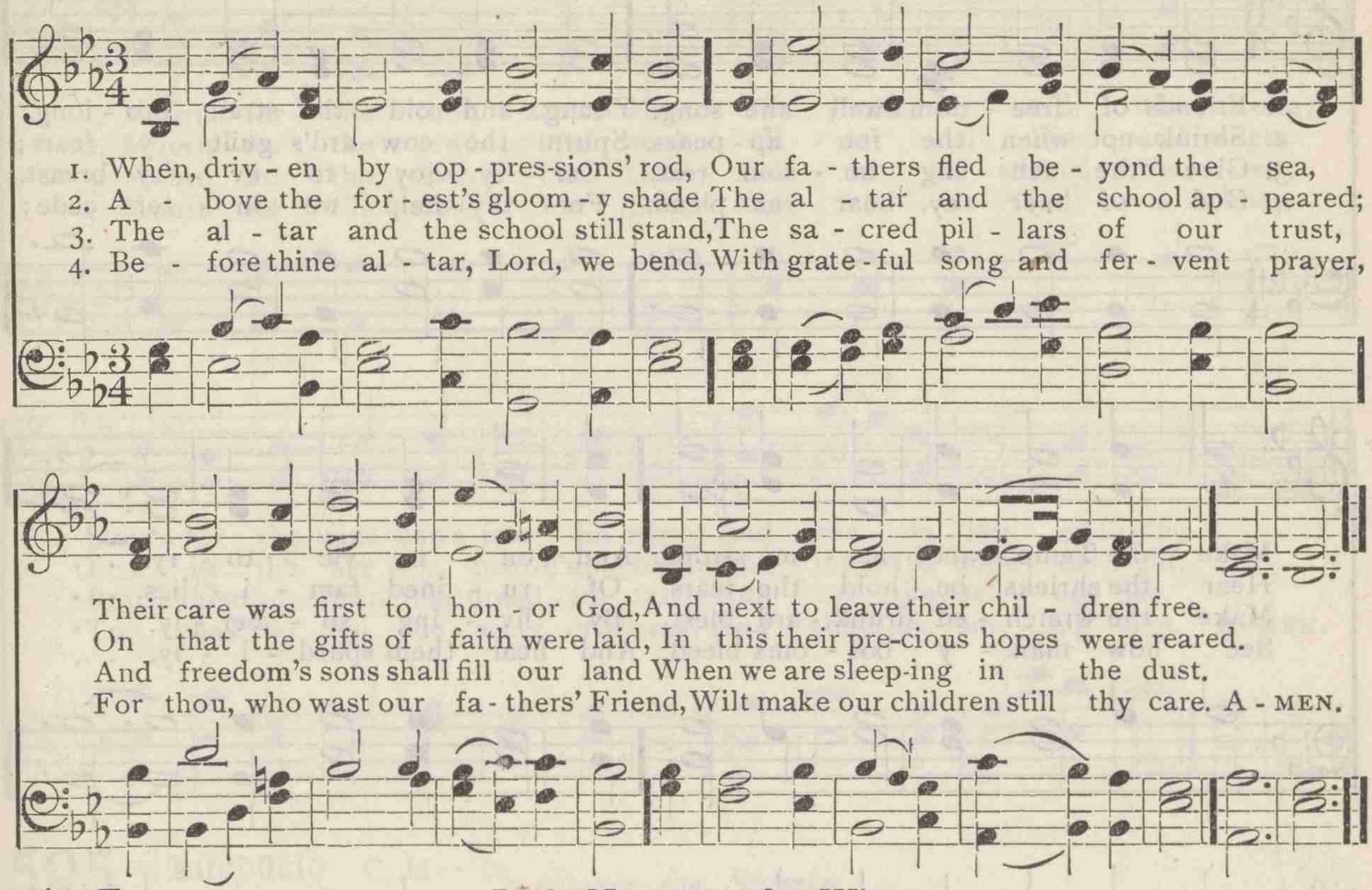
2 Worlds are charging, heaven beholding;
Thou hast but an hour to fight;
Now, the blazoned cross unfolding,
On! right onward for the right.
On! let all the soul within you
For the truth's sake go abroad:
Strike! let every nerve and sinew
Tell on ages — tell for God.

COXE

590 Rockingham (Old) L. M.

Their Sacrifices Shall be Accepted

LUNT E. MILLER



591

Look Not upon the Wine

1 Slavery and death the cup contains;
Dash to the earth the poisoned bowl;
Softer than silk are iron chains,
Compared with those that chafe the soul.

2 Hosannas, Lord, to thee we sing,
Whose power the giant fiend obeys;
What countless thousands tribute bring
For happier homes and brighter days!

3 Thou wilt not break the bruisèd reed,
Nor leave the broken heart unbound:
The wife regains a husband freed,
The orphan clasps a father found.

4 Spare, Lord, the thoughtless, guide the blind,
Till man no more shall deem it just
To live by forging chains to bind
His weaker brother in the dust.

Hymns of the Spirit

592 (Mariner's Song)

All for Christ

1 With my substance I will honor
My Redeemer and my Lord;
Were ten thousand worlds my manor,
All were nothing to his word.
While the heralds of salvation
His abounding grace proclaim,
Let his friends, of every station,
Gladly join to spread his fame.

2 Be his kingdom now promoted;
Let the earth her Monarch know;
Be my all to him devoted;
To my Lord my all I owe.
Praise the Saviour, all ye nations;
Praise him, all ye hosts above;
Shout, with joyful acclamations,
His divine, victorious love.

FRANCIS

593 Caledonia P. M.

Friends of Freedom

Anon.

1. Friends of free - dom swell the song, Young and old the strain pro - long,
2. Shrink not when the foe ap - pears, Spurn the cow - ard's guilt - y fears;
3. Give the ach - ing bo - som rest, Car - ry joy to ev - 'ry breast,
4. God of mer - cy, hear us plead, For thy help we in - ter - cede;

Make the Temp -'rance ar - my strong, And on to vic - to - ry. . .
Hear the shrieks, be - hold the tears Of ru - ined fam - i - lies. . .
Make the wretch - ed drunk - ard blest, By liv - ing so - ber - ly. . .
See how man - y bos - oms bleed, And heal them speed - i - ly. . .

Lift your ban - ners, let them wave, On - ward march a world to save!
Raise the cry in ev - 'ry spot— "Touch not, taste not, han - dle not."
Raise the glo - rious watch-word high, "Touch not, taste not, till you die,"
Haste, oh, haste the hap - py day, When be- neath its gen - tle ray,

Who would fill a drunk- ard's grave, And bear his in - fa - my.
Who would be a drunk - en sot— The worst of mis - er - ies.
Let the ech - o reach the sky, And the earth keep ju - bi - lee.
Tem -p'rance all the world shall sway, And reign tri - um - phant-ly. A-MEN.

594 Greenwood S. M.

Wine is a Mocker

S. C. Brace

Root and Sweetser's Collection

1. Mourn for the thou - sands slain, The youth - ful and the strong;
2. Mourn for the ru - ined soul— E - ter - nal life and light
3. Mourn for the lost, but call, Call to the strong, the free;
4. Mourn for the lost, but pray, Pray to our God a - bove

Mourn for the wine-cup's fear - ful reign, And the de - lud - ed throng.
Lost by the fier - y, mad-d'ning bowl, And turned to hope - less night.
Rouse them to shun that dread - ful fall; And to the ref - uge flee.
To break the fell de - stroy - er's sway, And show his sav - ing love. A-men.

595 Litchfield C. M.

Prayer for Seamen

Pheobe H. Brown

Dr. L. Mason

1. We come, O Lord, be - fore thy throne, And, with u - nit - ed pleas,
2. O, may the Ho - ly Spir - it bow The sai - lor's heart to thee,
3. Then may a Sav-iour's dy - ing love Pour peace in - to his breast,

We meet and pray for those who roam Far off up - on the seas.
Till tears of deep re - pent-ance flow Like rain-drops in the sea.
And waft him to the port a - bove Of ev - er - last-ing rest. A - men.

596 God Speed the Right 8s. & 4s.

W. E. HICKSON

From the German



1. Now to heav'n our pray'rs as-cend-ing, God speed the right; In a no-ble
2. Be that pray'r a-gain re-peat-ed, God speed the right; Ne'er de-spair-ing,
3. Pa-tient, firm and per-se-ver-ing, God speed the right; Ne'er th' e-vent nor
4. Still our on-ward course pur-su-ing, God speed the right; Ev-'ry foe at



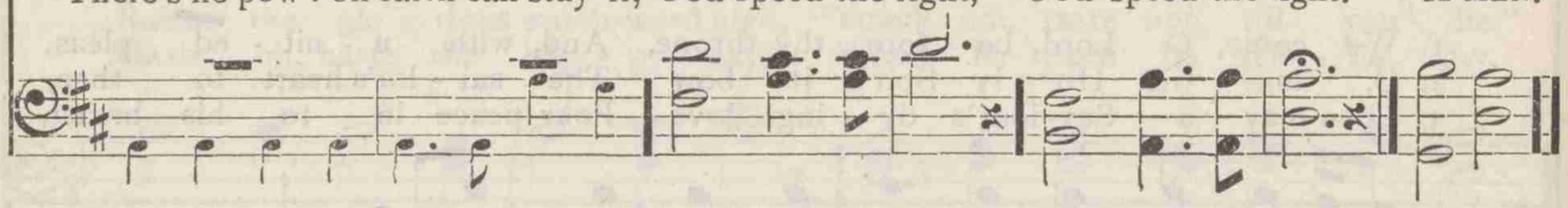
DUET.



cause con-tend-ing, God speed the right; Be our zeal in heav'n re-cord-ed,
though de-feat-ed, God speed the right; Like the good and great in sto-ry,
dan-ger fear-ing, God speed the right; Pains, nor toils, nor tri-als heed-ing,
length sub-du-ing, God speed the right; Truth our cause, what-e'er de-lay it,



With suc-cess on earth reward-ed, God speed the right, God speed the right.
If we fail, we fail with glo-ry, God speed the right, God speed the right.
And in heav'n's own time succeeding, God speed the right, God speed the right.
There's no pow'r on earth can stay it, God speed the right, God speed the right. A-MEN.



597 Canonbury L. M. *The Sword of the Lord*

O. W. HOLMES

ROBERT SCHUMANN



1. O Lord of Hosts, al-might-y King, Be-hold the sac-ri-fice we bring;
2. Wake in our breasts the liv-ing fires, The ho-ly faith that warm'd our sires;
3. Be thou a pil-lared flame to show The mid-night snare, the si-lent foe;
4. God of all na-tions, sov-'reign Lord, In thy dread name we draw the sword,
5. From trea-son's rent, from mur-der's stain, Guard thou its folds till peace shall reign —



598 Wesley 8s. & 7s. D.

The Opening of the Prison

PIERPONT JOHN ZUNDEL

1. Lord, in mer - cy thou hast spo - ken; A - ges wit - ness as they roll;
2. So thy mer - cy's an - gel, bend - ing, Heard a friend - less pris - 'ner's call,

Bleed - ing hearts and spir - its bro - ken, Touch'd by thee, O God, are whole.
D.S. *Com - fort for the poor pro - vid - ed, And the mourn-er's sor - rows bore.*
And thro' night's cold vault de - scend - ing, Loosed from chains thy ser - vant Paul.
D.S. *The for - sa - ken and the friend-less Deign to vis - it, e'en by us.*

FINE.

By thy pity - ing spir - it guid - ed, Je - sus sought the suf - f'rer's door;
Fa - ther, as thy love is end - less, Work - ing by thy ser - vants thus, A-MEN.

D.S.

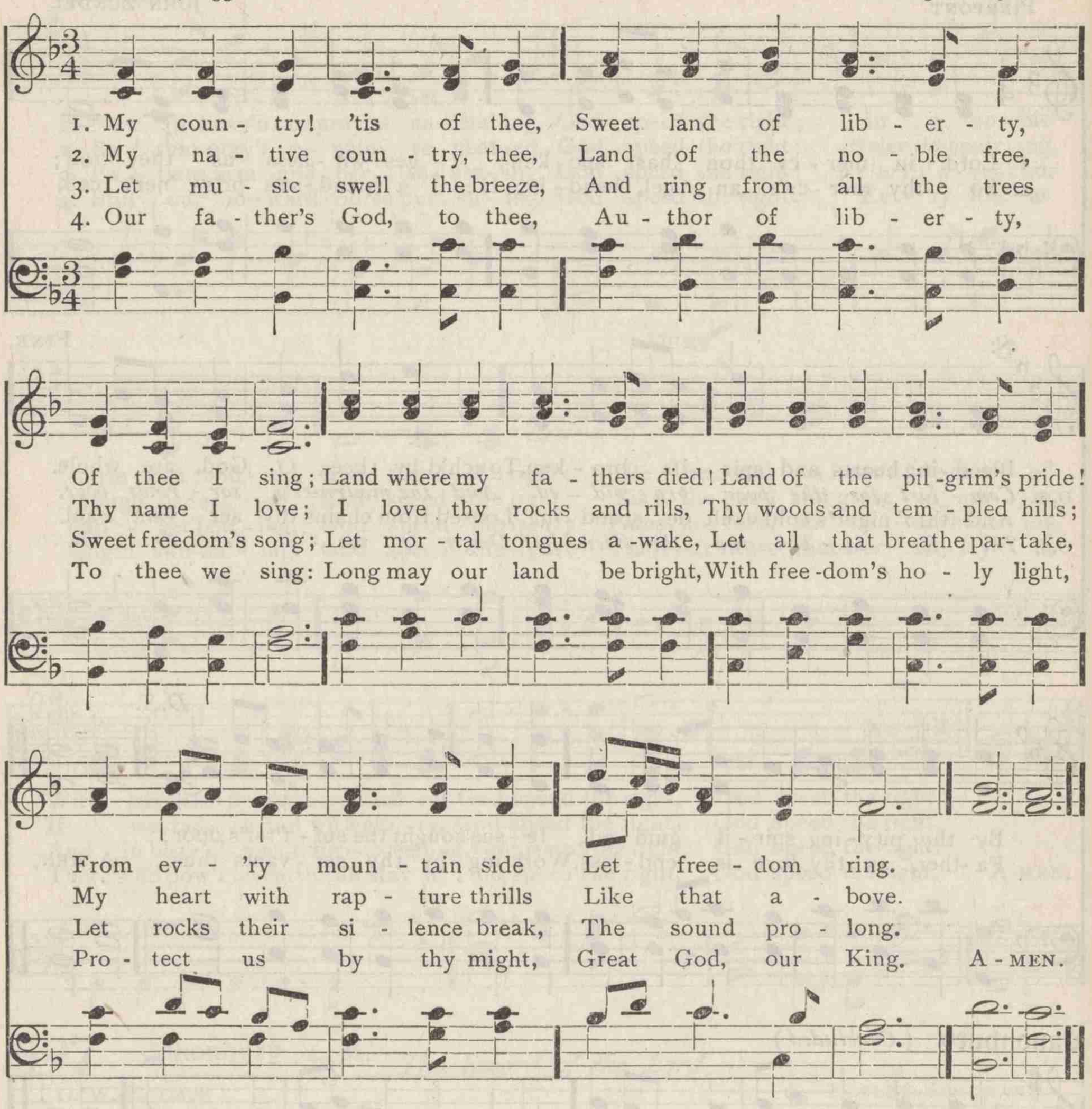
Canonbury (*Concluded*)

To ev - 'ry arm thy strength im - part, Thy spir - it shed thro' ev - 'ry heart.
Thy hand hath made our na - tion free; To die for her is serv - ing thee.
And when the bat - tle thun - ders loud, Still guide us in the mov - ing cloud.
We lift the star - ry flag on high That fills with light our storm - y sky.
Till fort and field, till shore and sea, Join our loud an - them, Praise to thee. A-MEN.

599 America 6s. & 4s.

National Hymn

S. F. Smith, 1833 — English Hymn



600

Our Native Land

1 God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night:
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do thou our country save
By thy great might!

2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God, above the skies;
On him we wait:
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To thee aloud we cry,
God save the State!

John S. Dwight, 1844

601 Stephens C. M. *Prayer for Our Country*

JOHN REYNELL WREFORD, 1837 W. JONES



1. Lord, while for all man - kind we pray, Of ev - 'ry clime and coast,
2. Oh! guard our shore from ev - 'ry foe, With peace our bor - ders bless,
3. U - nite us in the sa - cred love Of knowl - edge, truth and thee;
4. Lord of the na - tions! thus to thee Our coun - try we com - mend;





Oh! hear us for our na - tive land,—The land we love the most.
With prosp'rous times our cit - ies crown, Our fields with plen - teous-ness.
And let our hills and val - leys shout The songs of lib - er - ty.
Be thou her ref - uge and her trust, Her ev - er - last - ing friend. A-MEN.



602 (America) *God Save the King*

1 God save our gracious king,
Long live our noble king,
God save the king;
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the king.

2 Through every changing scene,
O Lord, preserve our king;
Long may he reign;
His heart inspire and move
With wisdom from above;
And in the nation's love
His throne maintain.

3 Thy choicest gifts in store
On him be pleased to pour,
Long may he reign;
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice
God save the king;

Canadian National Anthem

603 For Thee, O Dear, Dear Country

ALFRED M. WILBER



2 O one, O only mansion!
O Paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy;
The Lamb is all thy splendor,
The Crucified thy praise,
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise.

3 With jasper glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emeralds blaze.
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays;
Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced;
The saints build up its fabric,
And the corner-stone is Christ.

NEALE, 12th Centurv

604 Browne C. M. D.

FELICIA D. HEMANS, 1828

1. The break - ing waves dashed high On a stern and rock - bound coast,
2. Not as the con-qu'ror comes, They, the true- heart - ed, came,
3. A - midst the storm they sang; And the stars heard, and the sea!
4. What sought they thus a - far? Bright jew - els of the mine?

And the woods a - gainst a storm - y sky Their gi - ant branch - es tossed;
Not with the roll of stir - ring drums, And the trump that sings of fame:
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang To the an - them of the free.
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war? They sought a faith's pure shrine!

And the heav - y night hung dark, The hills and wa - ters o'er,
Not as the fly - ing come, In si - lence and in fear;
The o - cean ea - gle soared From his nest by the white wave's foam,
Ay, call it ho - ly ground, The soil where first they trod!

When a band of ex- iles moored their bark On the wild New Eng- land shore.
They shook the depths of the des - ert's gloom, With their hymns of loft - y cheer.
And the rock - ing pines of the for - est roared, This was their wel- come home!
They have left unstained, what here they found; Free - dom to wor - ship God. A-MEN.

605 Let Every Heart Rejoice [For Thanksgiving]

Anon. GEO. J. WEBB

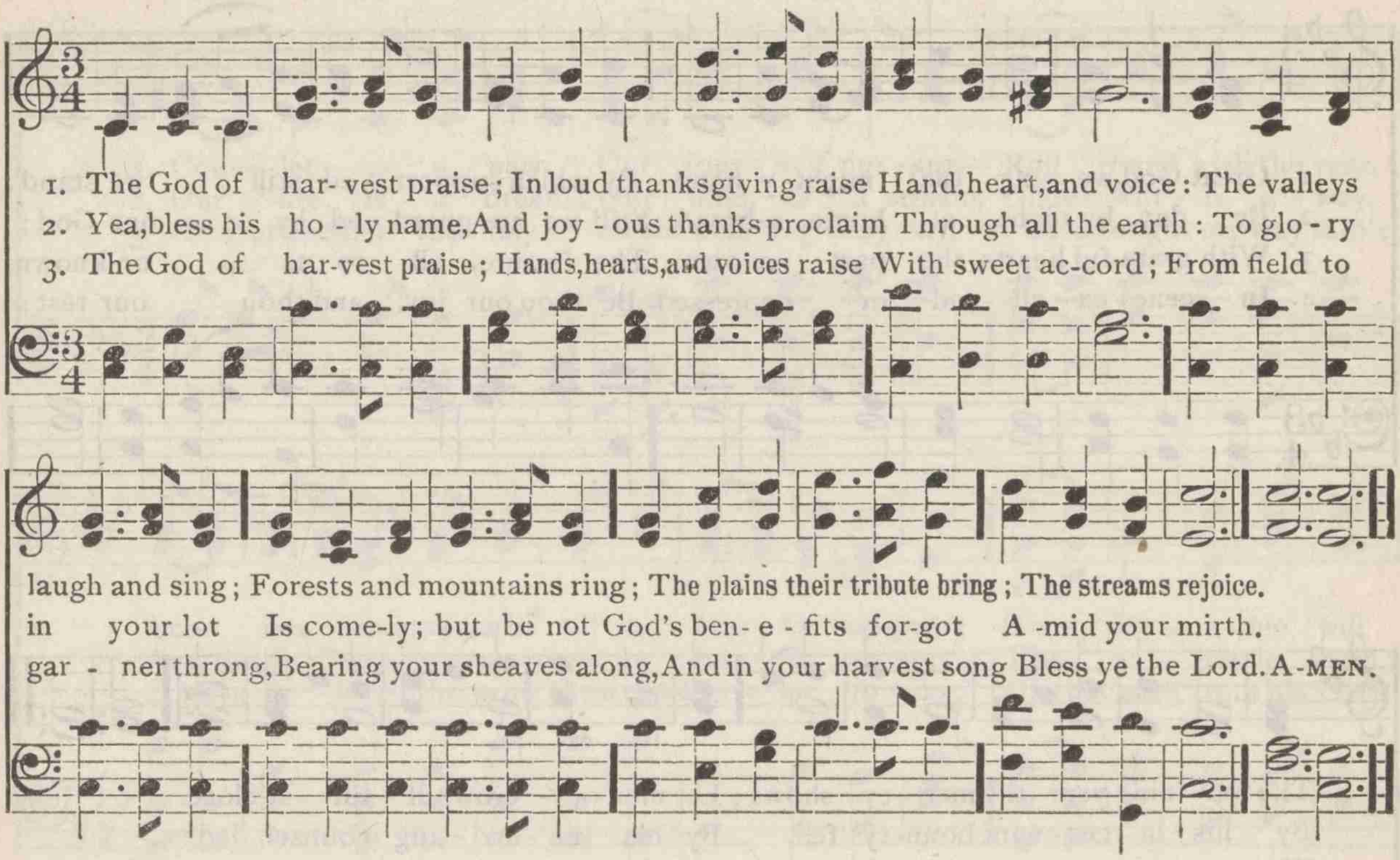
1. Let ev - 'ry heart re - joice and sing; Let cho - ral an- thems rise!
   Ye rev-'rend men and chil - dren, bring To God your sac - ri - fice.
2. He bids the sun to rise and set; In heav'n his power is known;
   And earth, sub-dued to him, shall yet Bow low be - fore his throne.

For he is good, the Lord is good, And kind are all his ways, With songs and hon- ors sound-ing loud, The Lord Je - ho-vah praise, While the rocks and the rills, While the vales and the hills, A glo - rious an - them raise, Let each pro-long the grate - ful song, And the God of our fa - thers praise, And the God of our fa - thers praise. A-MEN.

606 Dort 6s. & 4s.

Thanksgiving

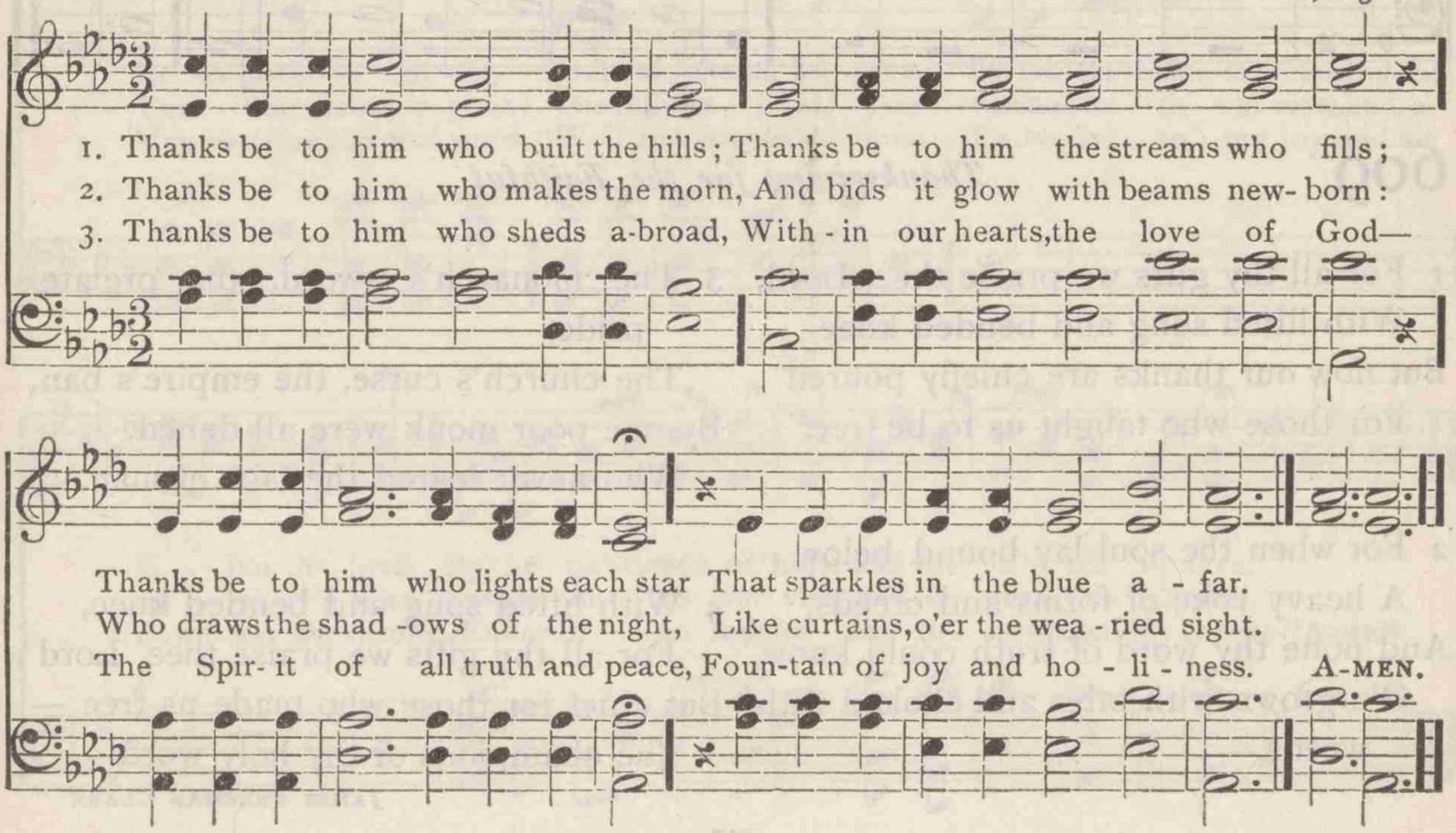
JAMES MONTGOMERY — LOWELL MASON



607 Missionary Chant L. M.

Thanksgiving

HORATIUS BONAR — CHARLES ZEUNER, 1832



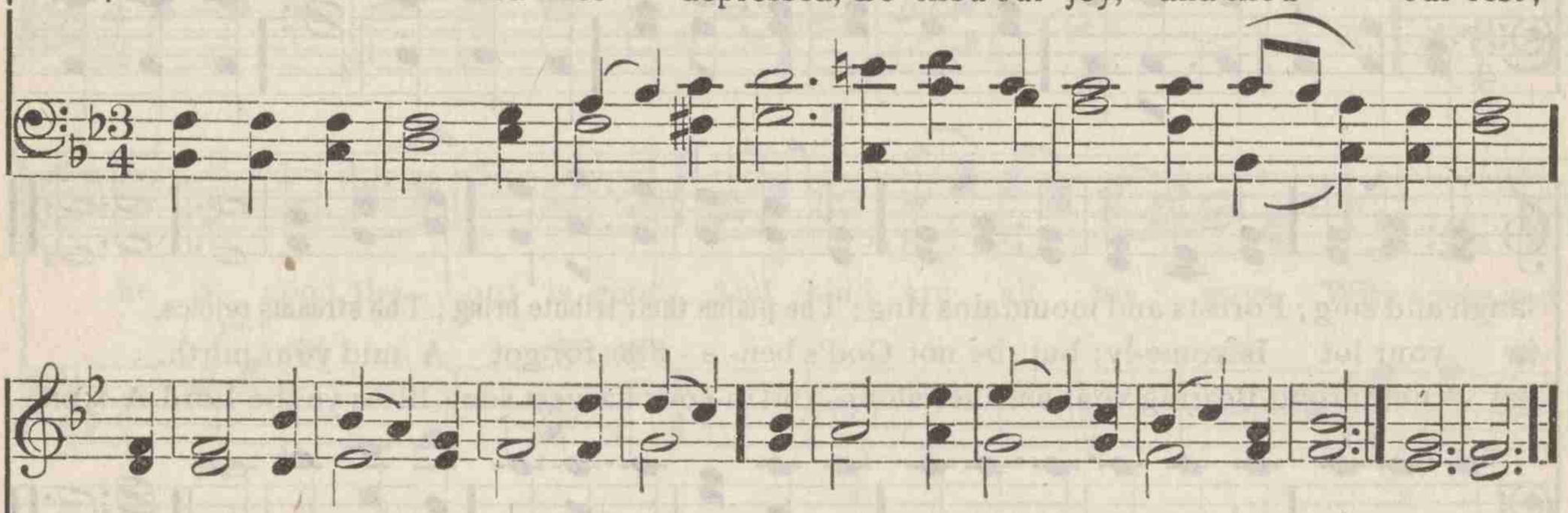
608 Germany L. M.

I Continue unto This Day

PHILIP DODDRIDGE — BEETHOVEN



1. Great God, we sing that might-y hand By which support - ed still we stand;
2. By day, by night, at home, a-broad, Still we are guard - ed by our God;
3. With grate-ful hearts the past we own: The fu-ture, all to us un-known,
4. In scenes ex - alt - ed or depressed, Be thou our joy, and thou our rest;



The op -'ning year thy mer - cy shows; Let mer - cy crown it till it close.
By his in - ces - sant boun - ty fed, By his un - err - ing counsel led.
We to thy guar-dian care com - mit, And, peaceful, leave be - fore thy feet.
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise, A-dored through all our changing days. A-MEN.



609 *Thanksgiving for the Faithful*

1 For all thy gifts we praise thee, Lord,
With lifted song and bended knee;
But now our thanks are chiefly poured
For those who taught us to be free.

2 For when the soul lay bound below
A heavy yoke of forms and creeds,
And none thy word of truth could know,
O'ergrown with tares and choked with weeds,—

3 The monarch's sword, the prelate's pride,
The church's curse, the empire's ban,
By one poor monk were all defied,
Who never feared the face of man.

4 With lifted song and bended knee,
For all thy gifts we praise thee, Lord;
But chief for those who made us free —
The champions of thy holy word.

JAMES FREEMAN CLARK

610 Lucas 5s. & 12s.

Come, Let Us Anew

CHARLES WESLEY, 1750 — JAMES LUCAS. Arr. by S. J. VAIL

1. Come let us a - new Our jour - ney pur - sue— Roll round with the year,
2. Our life is a dream; Our time, as a stream, Glides swift - ly a - way,
3. Oh that each, in the day Of his com -ing may say, "I have fought my way thro';

And nev - er stand still till the Mas - ter ap-pear; His a - dor - a - ble will
And the fu - gi - tive mo-ment re - fus - es to stay: The ar - row is flown;
I have fin - ished the work thou didst give me to do;" Oh that each from his Lord

Let us glad - ly ful - fil, And our tal-ents im -prove By the pa-tience of hope and the
The mo - ment is gone; The mil-len - i - al year Rushes on to our view, and e -
May re-ceive the glad word, "Well and faithful-ly done; En-ter in - to my joy and sit

la - bor of love, By the pa -tience of hope and the la - bor of love.
ter - ni -ty's near, Rushes on to our view, and e - ter - ni - ty's near.
down on my throne, En-ter in - to my joy and sit down on my throne." A-MEN.

611 Benevento 7s. D.

New Year

JOHN NEWTON — SAMUEL WEBBE

1. While, with cease-less course, the sun Hast-ed thro' the for-mer year,
2. As the wing-ed ar-row flies Speed-i-ly the mark to find:
3. Thanks for mer-cies past re-ceive; Par-don of our sins re-new;

Ma-ny souls their race have run, Nev-er-more to meet us here;
As the light-ning from the skies Darts, and leaves no trace be-hind,—
Teach us hence-forth how to live, With e-ter-ni-ty in view:

Fixed in an e-ter-nal state, They have done with all be-low;
Swift-ly thus our fleet-ing days Bear us down life's rap-id stream;
Bless thy word to old and young; Fill us with a Sav-iour's love;

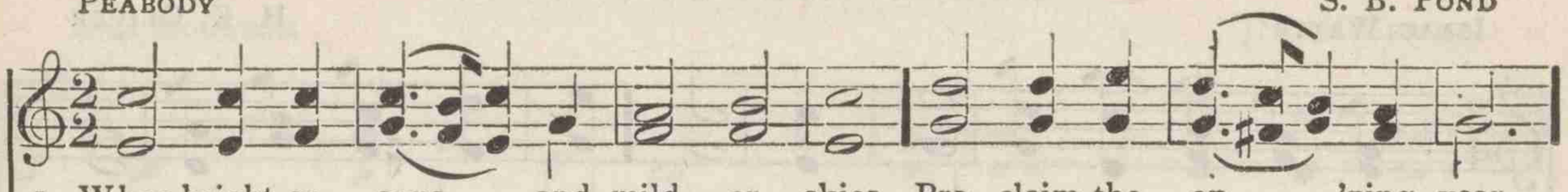
We a lit-tle lon-ger wait; But how lit-tle none can know.
Up-ward, Lord, our spir-its raise, All be-low is but a dream.
When our life's short race is run, May we dwell with thee a-bove. A-MEN.

612 Henry C. M.

Lo, the Winter is Past

PEABODY

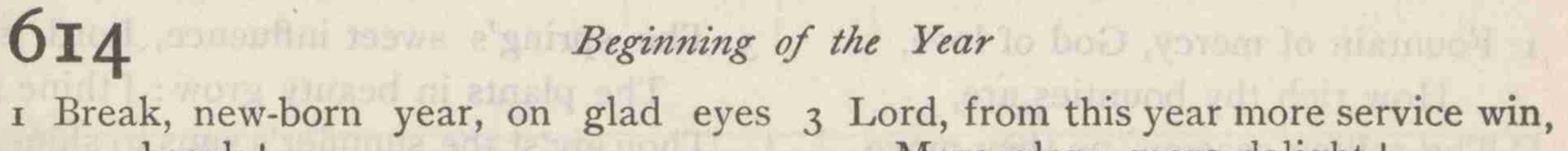
S. B. POND



1. When bright-er suns and mild - er skies Pro - claim the op - 'ning year,
2. Earth and her thou - sand voi - ces give Their thou-sand notes of praise;
3. Thus, like the morn - ing, calm and clear That saw the Sav - iour rise,
4. No win - ter there; no shades of night Ob - scure those man - sions blest,



What va - rious sounds of joy a - rise! What pros - pects bright ap- pear!
And all that by his mer - cy live To God their of - f'ring raise.
The spring of heav'n's e - ter - nal year Shall dawn on earth and skies.
Where, in the hap - py fields of light, The wea - ry are at rest. A-MEN.



613

The Close of the Year

1 O God, to thee our hearts would pay
Their gratitude sincere,
Whose love hath kept us, night and day
Throughout another year.

2 Of every breath and every power
Thou wast the gracious Source;
From thee came every happy hour
Which smiled along its course.

3 For joy and grief alike we pay
Our thanks to thee above,
And only pray to grow each day
More worthy of thy love.

WILLIAM GASKELL

614

Beginning of the Year

1 Break, new-born year, on glad eyes break!
Melodious voices move!
On, rolling Time! thou canst not make
The Father cease to love.

2 Our hearts in tears may oft run o'er;
But Lord, thy smile still beams;
Our sins are swelling evermore;
But pardoning grace still streams.

3 Lord, from this year more service win,
More glory, more delight!
O make its hours less sad with sin,
Its days with thee more bright!

4 O golden then the hours must be!
The year must needs be sweet;
Yes, Lord, with happy melody
Thine opening grace we greet.

T. H. GILL

615 Merton C. M.

He Fleeth Also as a Shadow

ISAAC WATTS — H. K. OLIVER



1. Thee we a - dore, e - ter - nal Name! And hum - bly own to thee
2. The year rolls round, and steals a - way The breath that first it gave;
3. Our wast - ing lives grow short - er still, As months and days in- crease;
4. Wak - en, O Lord, our drow - sy sense To walk this dan-g'rous road;



How fee - ble is our mor - tal frame, What dy - ing worms are we!
What- e'er we do, wher - e're we be, We're trav - 'ling to the grave.
And ev - 'ry beat - ing pulse we tell Leaves but the num - ber less.
And if our souls are hur - ried hence, May they be found with God. A-MEN.



616

Seed-time and Harvest

1 Fountain of mercy, God of love,
How rich thy bounties are,
The rolling seasons, as they move,
Proclaim thy constant care.

2 When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hides the grain,
Thy goodness marks its secret birth,
And sends the early rain.

3 The spring's sweet influence, Lord is thine;
The plants in beauty grow;
Thou giv'st the summer's suns to shine,
The mild, refreshing dew.

4 We own and bless thy gracious sway;
Thy hand all nature hails;
Seed-time nor harvest, night nor day,
Summer nor winter fails.

ANNA FLOWERDEW, 1812

617 Bernard 7s. & 6s. D.

As a Shock of Corn in Its Season

T. C. MOULTON J. P. HOLBROOK

1. Full - hand - ed, glow - ing au - tumn God's lov - ing - kind - ness crowns;
2. In th' good man's face so shin - eth The glo - ry of the Lord;

O'er all the earth his good - ness In fruit - ful - ness a - bounds.
So in his heart a - bound - eth The fruit - age of the world:

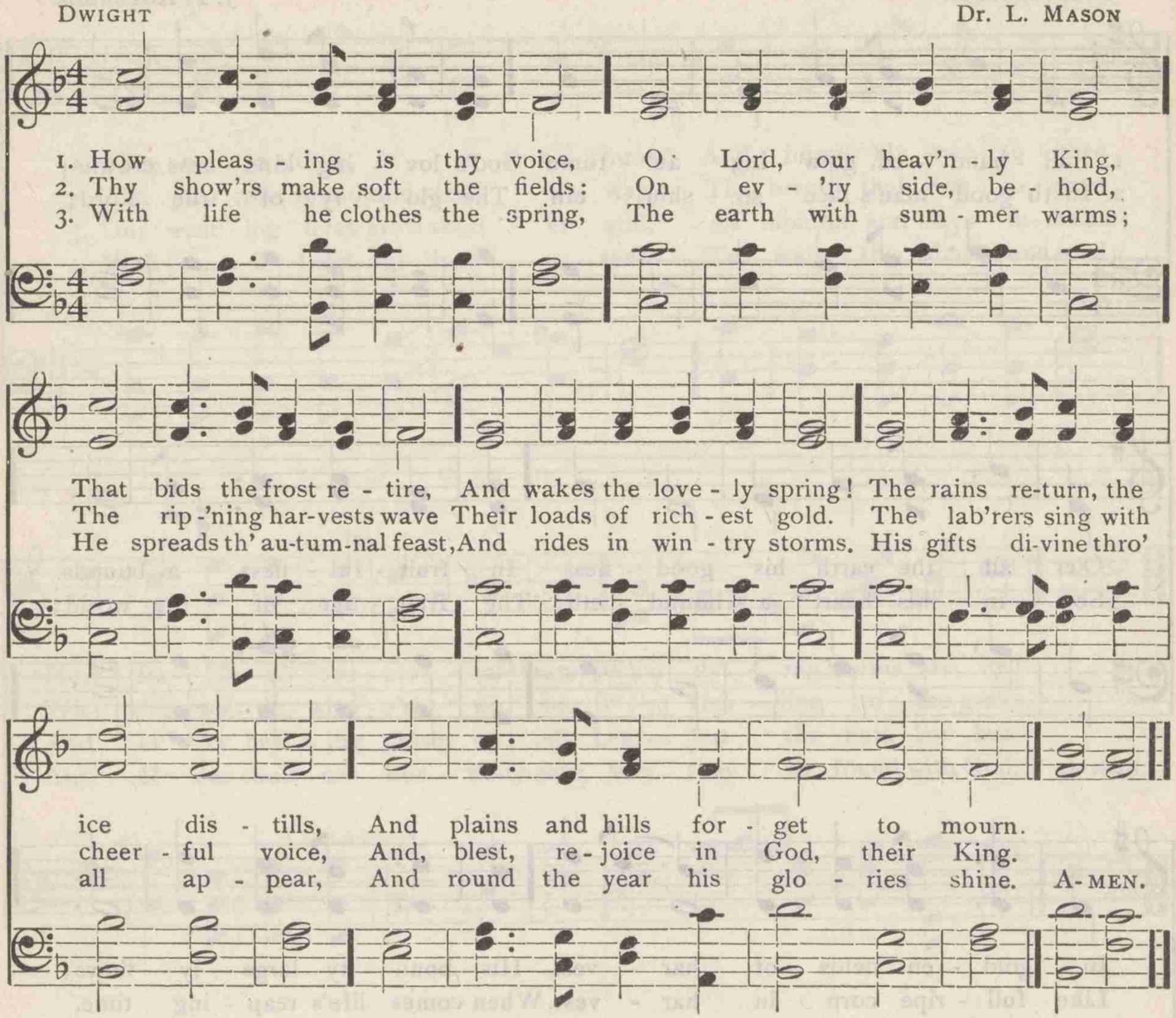
In gold - en fields of har - vest His boun - ty large - ly flows;
Like full - ripe corn in har - vest, When comes life's reap - ing time,

O'er paint - ed woods his glo - ry In gor - geous ra - diance glows.
He shall be safe - ly gar - nered In heav - en's pur - er clime. A-MEN.

618 Zebulon H. M.

Thou Visitest the Earth and Waterest It

DWIGHT Dr. L. MASON



619

Thou Hast Made Summer

1 Lord of the worlds below,
  On earth thy glories shine;
The changing seasons show
  Thy skill and power divine.
The rolling years are full of thee;
In all we see a God appears.

2 They came, in robes of light,
  The Summer's flaming days;
The sun, thine image bright,
  Thy majesty displays;
And oft thy voice in thunder rolls;
But still our souls in thee rejoice.

Anon.

620 Sweet Home 11s. & 5s. *Sweet Home*

D. DENHAM — Sir HENRY ROWLAND BISHOP

1. 'Mid scenes of con-fu-sion and creature complaints, How sweet to my soul is com-
2. Sweet bonds that u-nite all the chil-dren of peace, And their pre-cious Je-sus whose
3. I sigh from this bod-y, of sin to be free, Which hin-ders my joy and com-
4. I long, dear-est Lord, in thy beau-ties to shine; No more as an ex-ile in

mun-ion with saints; To find at the ban-quet of mer-cy there's room,
love can-not cease; Tho' oft from thy pres-ence in sad-ness I roam,
mun-ion with thee; Tho' now my temp-ta-tions like bil-lows may foam,
sor-row to pine; But in thy dear im-age a-rise from the tomb;

REFRAIN

And feel in the pres-ence of Je-sus at home. Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
I long to be-hold thee in glo-ry my home.
All, all will be peace, when I'm with thee at home.
With glo-ri-fied mil-lions to praise thee at home.

Pre-pare me, dear Sav-iour, for glo-ry, my home. A-MEN.

621 Ernan L. M.

The Altar at Home

T. Scott — Dr. Lowell Mason



622 *Suffer Little Children to Come unto Me*

1 Jesus, thou Shepherd of the sheep,
Thy little flock in safety keep;
These lambs within thine arms now take,
Nor let them e'er thy fold forsake.

2 Secure them from the scorching beam,
And lead them to the living stream;
In verdant pastures let them lie,
And watch them with a shepherd's eye.

3 Lord, bring thy sheep that wander yet;
And let their number be complete;
Then let the flock from earth remove,
And reach the heavenly fold above,

Anon.

623 *Early Piety*

1 Hark! 'tis your heavenly Father's call,
How soft the charming accents fall;
"Ask and receive, my son," he cries,
With loving heart and melting eyes.

2 Lord, I accept thine offered grace,
I come to seek my Father's face,
Nor will he turn his ear away
Who taught my heart and lips to pray.

3 One thing I ask, and wilt thou hear,
And grant my soul a gift so dear?
Wisdom, descending from above,
The sweetest token of thy love;

4 Wisdom betimes to know the Lord,
To fear his name and keep his word;
To lead my feet in paths of truth,
And guide and guard my wandering youth.

5 Then shouldst thou grant a length of days,
My life shall still proclaim thy praise;
Or early death my soul convey
To realms of everlasting day.

Ottiwell Heginbotham, 1799

624 Siloam C. M.

Early Religion

REGINALD HEBER — I. B. WOODBURY



1. By cool Si - lo - am's sha - dy rill How sweet the lil - y grows!
2. Lo! such the child whose ear - ly feet The paths of peace have trod;
3. By cool Si - lo - am's sha - dy rill The lil - y must de - cay;
4. O thou who giv - est life and breath, We seek thy grace a - lone,



How sweet the breath be - neath the hill Of Shar-on's dew - y rose!
Whose se - cret heart, with in -fluence sweet, Is up - ward drawn to God.
The rose that blooms be - neath the hill Must short -ly fade a - way.
In child-hood, man-hood, age, and death, To keep us still thine own. A - MEN.



625 *Happy is the Man That Findeth Wisdom*

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

2 Wisdom hath treasures greater far
Than east and west unfold,
And her rewards more precious are
Than all the gain of gold.

3 She guides the young with innocence
In pleasure's paths to tread;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

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

Scotch Paraphrases

626 *Early Piety*

1 When we devote our youth to God,
'Tis pleasing in his eyes;
A flower, when offered in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice.

2 'Tis easier work if we begin
To fear the Lord betimes;
For sinners who grow old in sin
Are hardened in their crimes.

3 It saves us from a thousand snares
To mind religion young;
Grace will preserve succeeding years
And make our virtues strong.

4 To thee, almighty God, to thee
May we our hearts resign;
'Twill please us to look back and see
That our whole lives were thine.

ISAAC WATTS

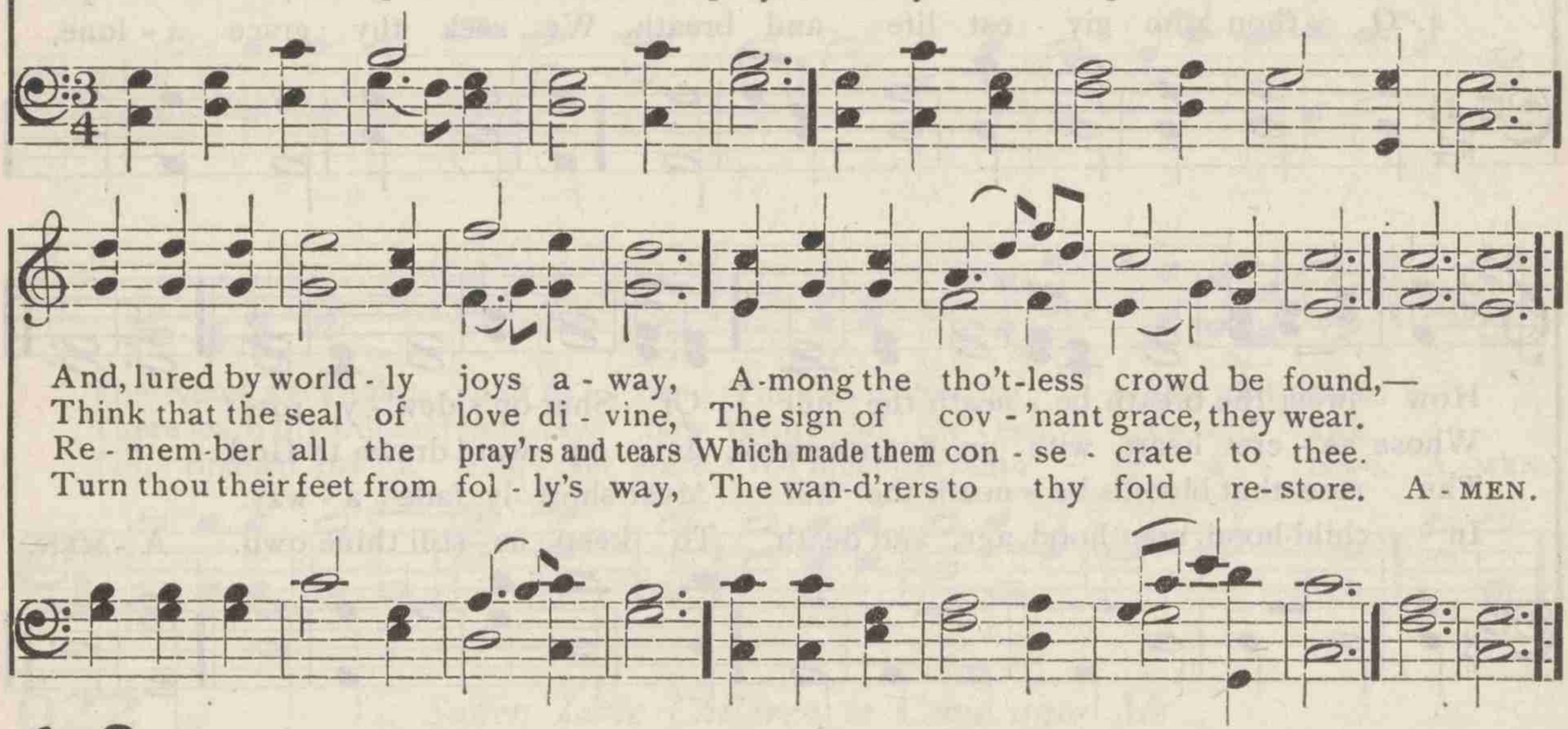
627 Mendon L. M.

They are Thine

Mrs. A. B Hyde — Arr. by Dr. L. Mason



1. Dear Sav-iour, if these lambs should stray From thy se - cure in - clo-sure's bound,
2. Re - mem-ber still that they are thine, That thy dear, sa - cred name they bear;
3. In all their err - ing, sin - ful years, O, let them ne'er for - got - ten be;
4. And when these lips no more can pray, These eyes can weep for them no more,

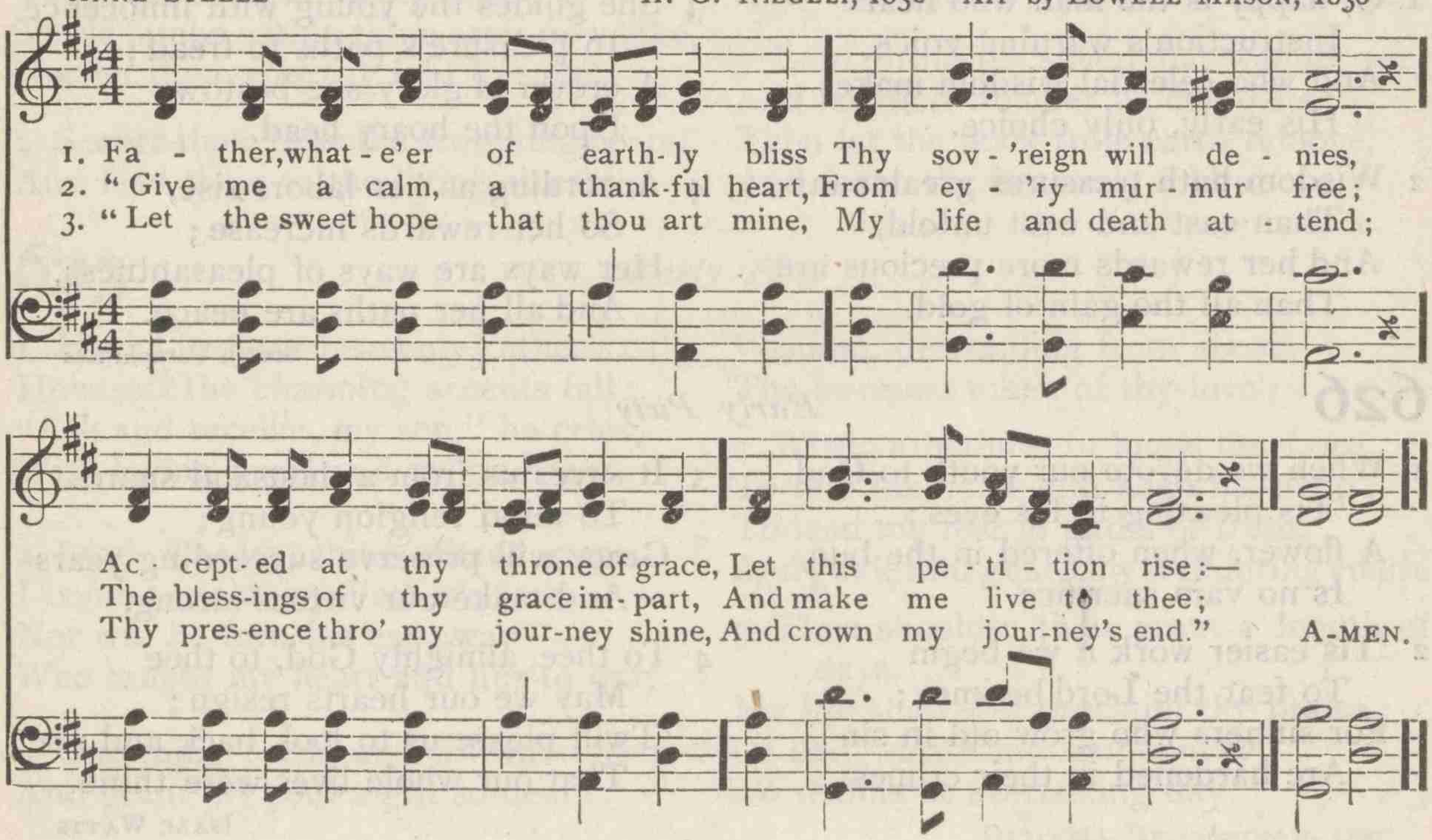


And, lured by world - ly joys a - way, A-mong the tho't-less crowd be found,—
Think that the seal of love di - vine, The sign of cov - 'nant grace, they wear.
Re - mem-ber all the pray'rs and tears Which made them con - se - crate to thee.
Turn thou their feet from fol - ly's way, The wan-d'rers to thy fold re-store. A - MEN.

628 Naomi C. M.

The One Petition

Anne Steele — H. G. Nægeli, 1832 Arr by Lowell Mason, 1836

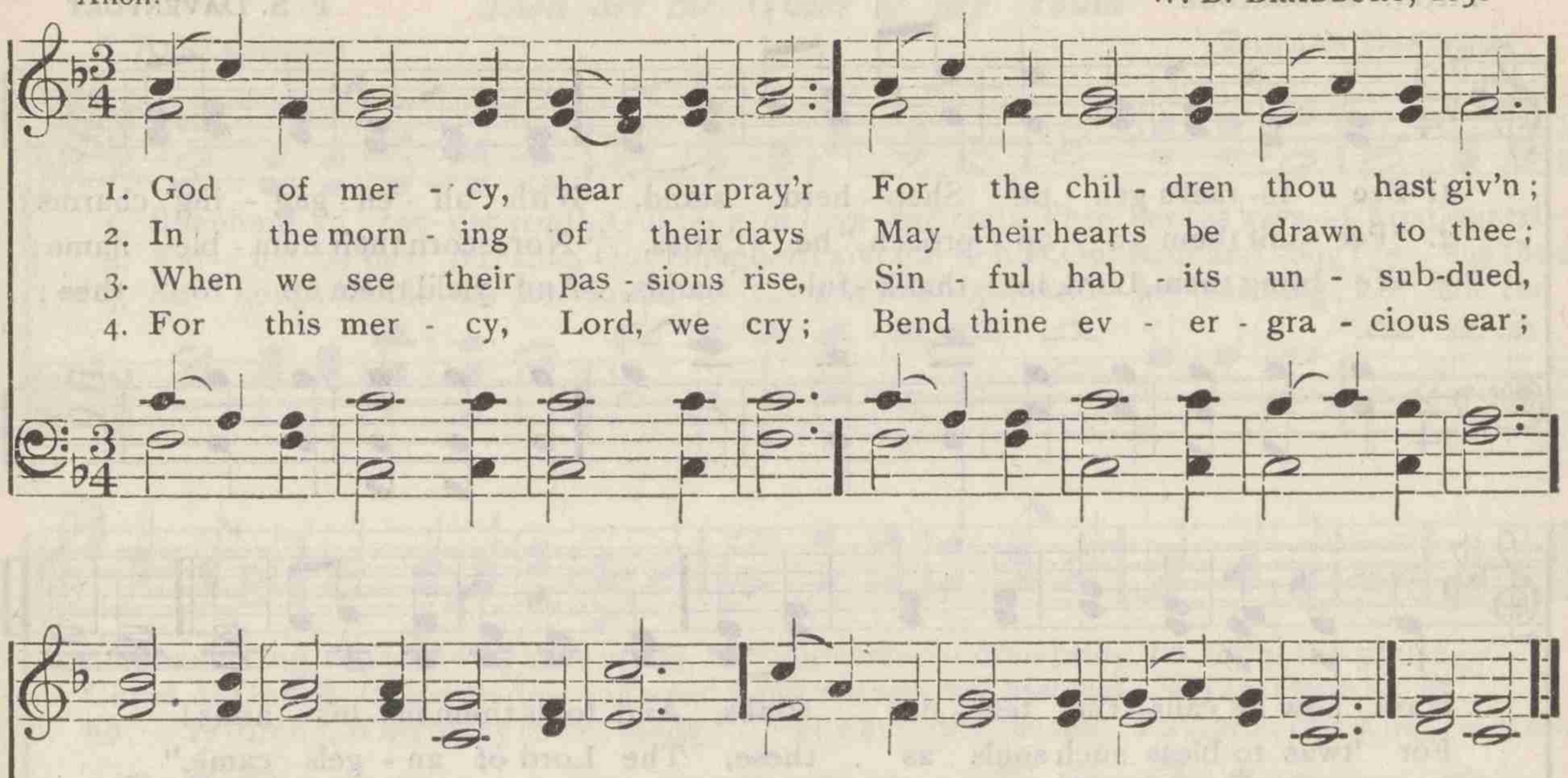


1. Fa - ther, what - e'er of earth-ly bliss Thy sov - 'reign will de - nies,
2. "Give me a calm, a thank-ful heart, From ev - 'ry mur - mur free;
3. "Let the sweet hope that thou art mine, My life and death at - tend;

Ac - cept-ed at thy throne of grace, Let this pe - ti - tion rise:—
The bless-ings of thy grace im-part, And make me live to thee;
Thy pres-ence thro' my jour-ney shine, And crown my jour-ney's end." A-MEN.

629 Aletta 7s. *He Shall Save the Children*

Anon. W. B. BRADBURY, 1858



630 *Them Also I Must Bring*

1 See the kind Shepherd, Jesus, stands,
And calls his sheep by name,
Gathers the feeble in his arms,
And feeds each tender lamb.

2 He leads them to the gentle stream
Where living water flows,
And guides them to the verdant fields
Where sweetest herbage grows.

3 The weakest lamb amid the flock
Shall be its Shepherd's care;
While folded in our Saviour's arms,
We're safe from every snare.

Anon.

631 Goodwin C. M.

Christ Receiving Children

PHILIP DODDRIDGE — F. S. DAVENPORT



1. See Is- rael's gen - tle Shep - herd stand, With all - en - gag - ing charms;
2. "Per - mit them to ap - proach," he cries, "Nor scorn their hum - ble name;
3. We bring them, Lord, in thank - ful hands, And yield them up to thee;



Hark! how he calls the ten - der lambs, And folds them in his arms!'
For 'twas to bless such souls as these, The Lord of an - gels came."
Joy - ful, that we our-selves are thine,—Thine let our off - spring be. A- MEN.



632 *Remember Now Thy Creator*

1 Remember thy Creator now,
In these thy youthful days;
He will accept thine earliest vow,
And listen to thy praise.

2 Remember thy Creator now,
And seek him while he's near;
For evil days will come, when thou
Shalt find no comfort here.

3 Remember thy Creator now,
His willing servant be:
Then, when thy head in death shall bow,
He will remember thee.

4 Almighty God, our hearts incline
Thy heavenly voice to hear;
Let all our future days be thine,
Devoted to thy fear.

Anon.

633 *Cast Me Not Off in the Time of Old Age*

1 My God, my everlasting hope,
I live upon thy truth;
Thy hands have held my childhood up,
And strengthened all my youth.

2 Still has my life new wonders seen
Repeated every year;
Behold, my days that yet remain—
I trust them to thy care.

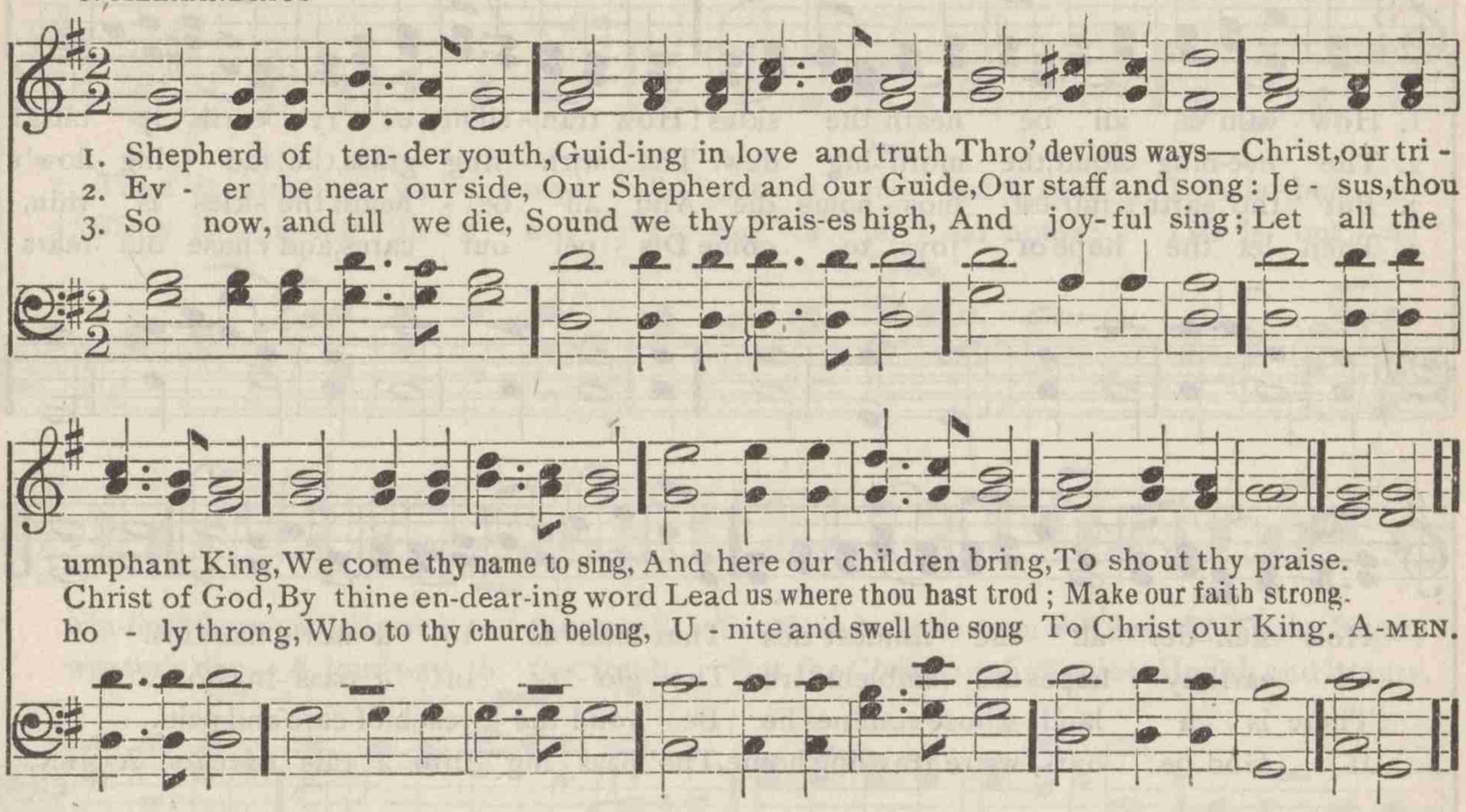
3 Cast me not off when strength declines,
When hoary hairs arise:
And round me let thy glory shine
Whene'er thy servant dies.

ISAAC WATTS

634 New Haven 6s. & 4s.

Thou art the Guide of My Youth

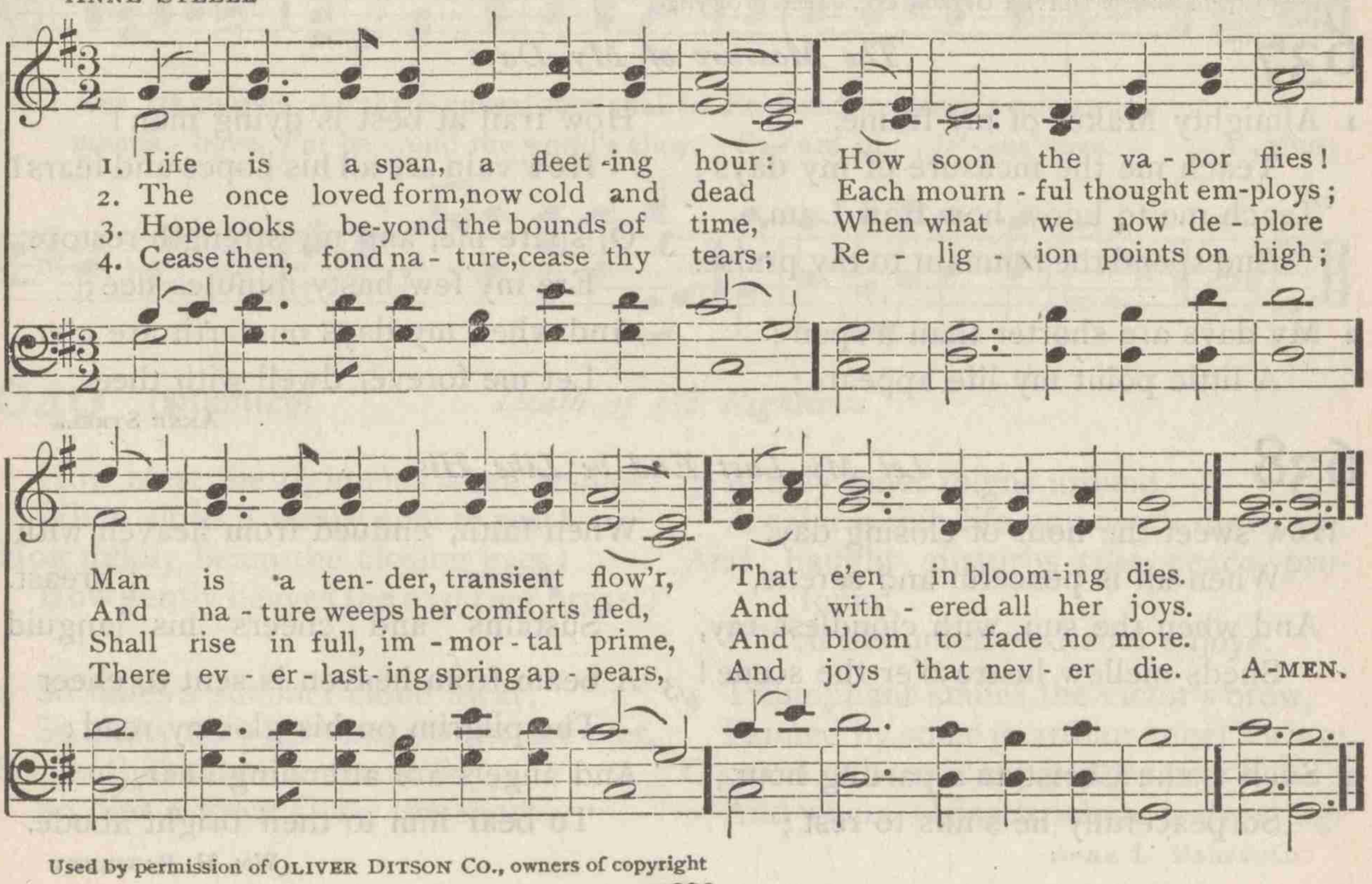
C. ALEXANDRIUS — THOMAS HASTINGS



635 Solitude C. M.

Thou Hast Made My Days as a Hand-breadth

ANNE STEELE — L. B. STARKWEATHER



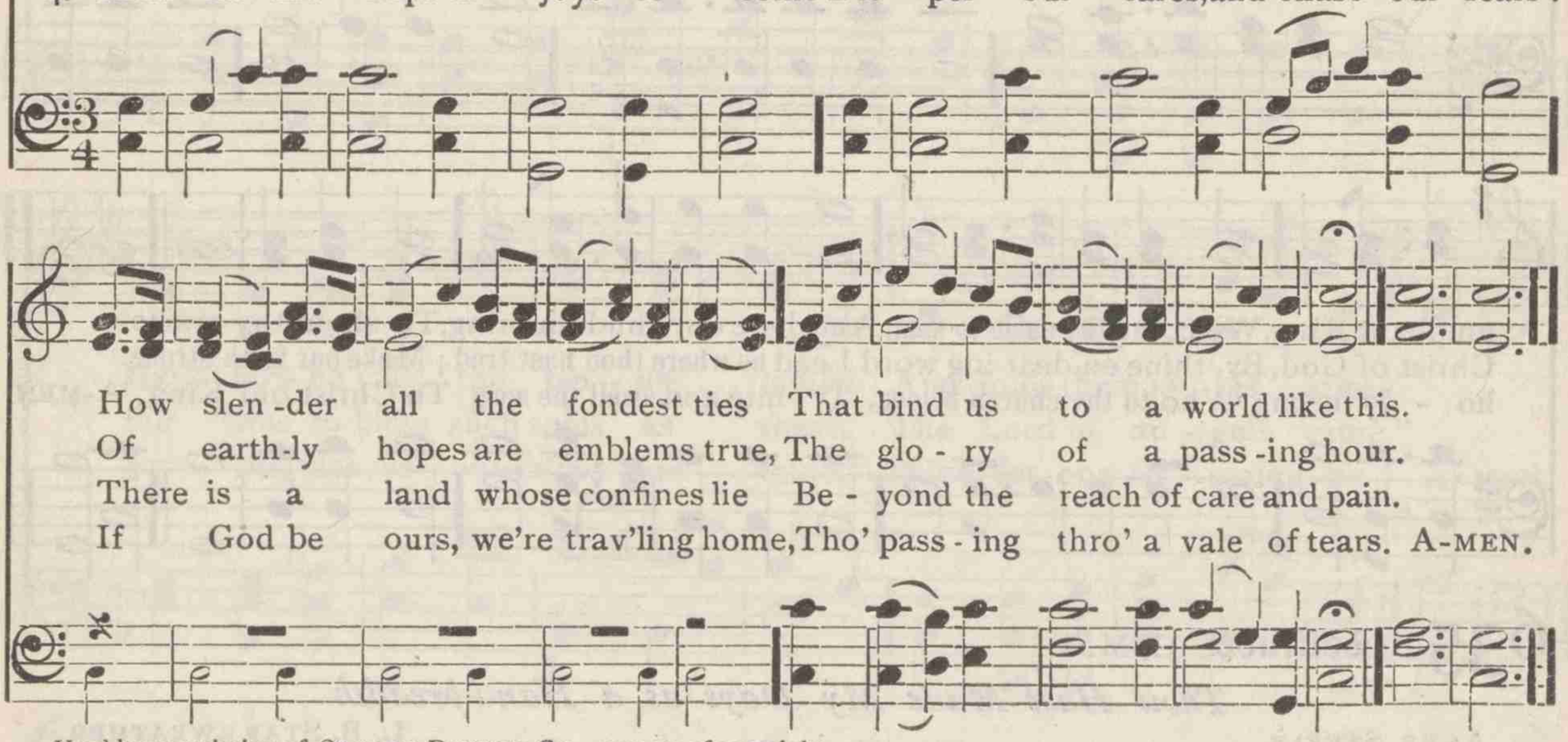
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636 Plumley L. M. *Heaven Alone Unfading*

DAVID E. FORD L. O. EMERSON



1. How vain is all be - neath the skies! How tran - sient ev - 'ry earth - ly bliss!
2. The eve-ning cloud, the morn -ing dew, The with - 'ring grass, the fad - ing flow'r
3. But tho' earth's fair-est blos - soms die And all be - neath the skies is vain,
4. Then let the hope of joys to come Dis - pel our cares, and chase our fears:



How slen -der all the fondest ties That bind us to a world like this.
Of earth-ly hopes are emblems true, The glo - ry of a pass -ing hour.
There is a land whose confines lie Be - yond the reach of care and pain.
If God be ours, we're trav'ling home, Tho' pass - ing thro' a vale of tears. A-MEN.

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637 *The Measure of My Days*

1 Almighty Maker of my frame,
Teach me the measure of my days;
Teach me to know how frail I am,
And spend the remnant to thy praise.

2 My days are shorter than a span;
A little point my life appears;
How frail at best is dying man!
How vain are all his hopes and fears!

3 O, spare me, and my strength restore,
Ere my few hasty minutes flee;
And when my days on earth are o'er,
Let me forever dwell with thee.

ANNE STEELE

638 *Let My Last End be Like His*

How sweet the hour of closing day,
When all is peaceful and serene,
And when the sun, with cloudless ray,
Sheds mellow lustre o'er the scene!

2 Such is the Christian's parting hour;
So peacefully he sinks to rest;
When faith, endued from heaven with power
Sustains and cheers his languid [breast.

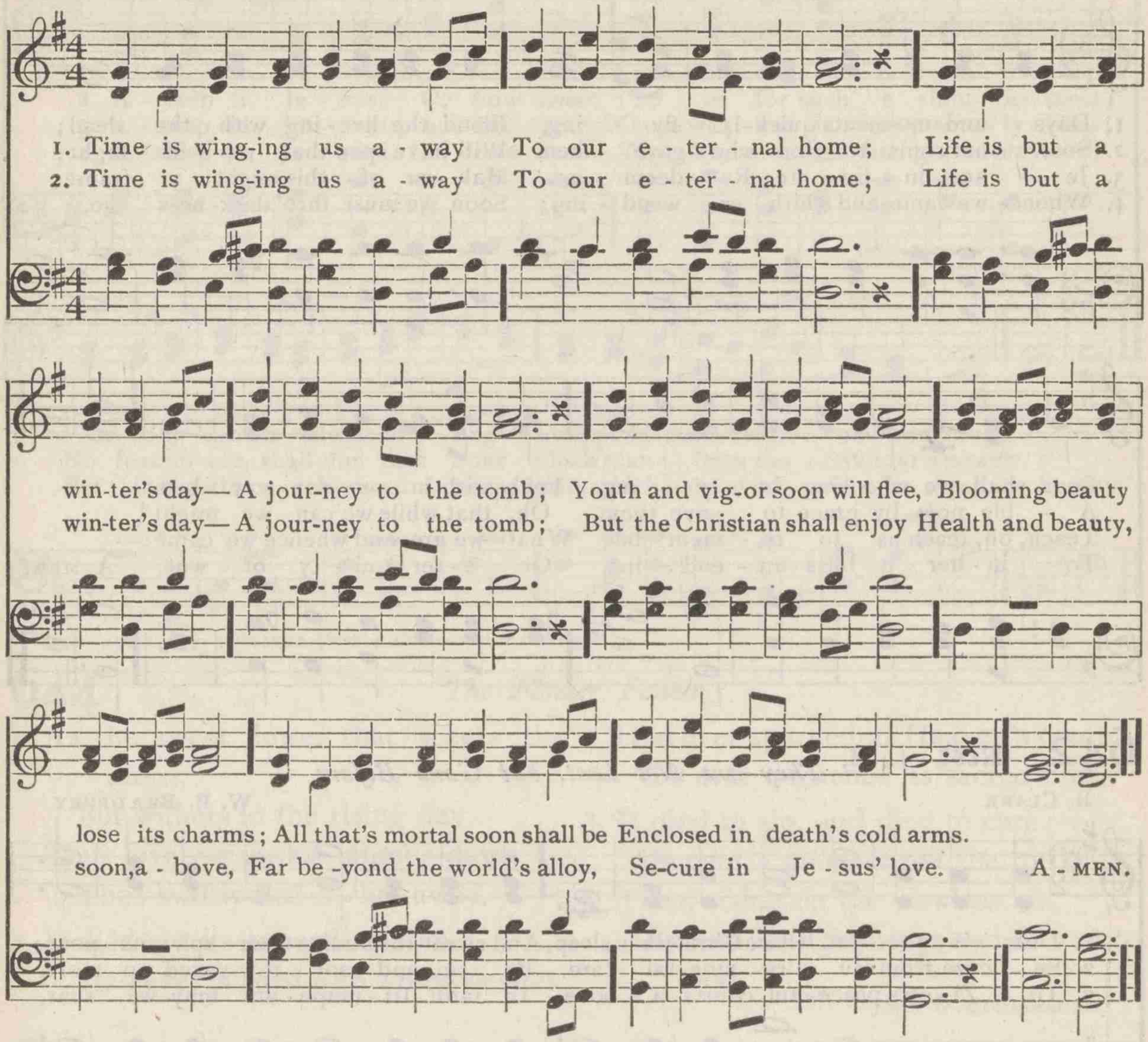
3 A beam from heaven is sent to cheer
The pilgrim on his gloomy road;
And angels are attending near,
To bear him to their bright abode.

WM. H. BATHURST

639 Amsterdam 7s. & 6s. (Trochaic)

We All Do Fade as a Leaf

J. BURTON — JAMES NARES, 1760



640 (Plumley)

Death of the Righteous

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

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

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

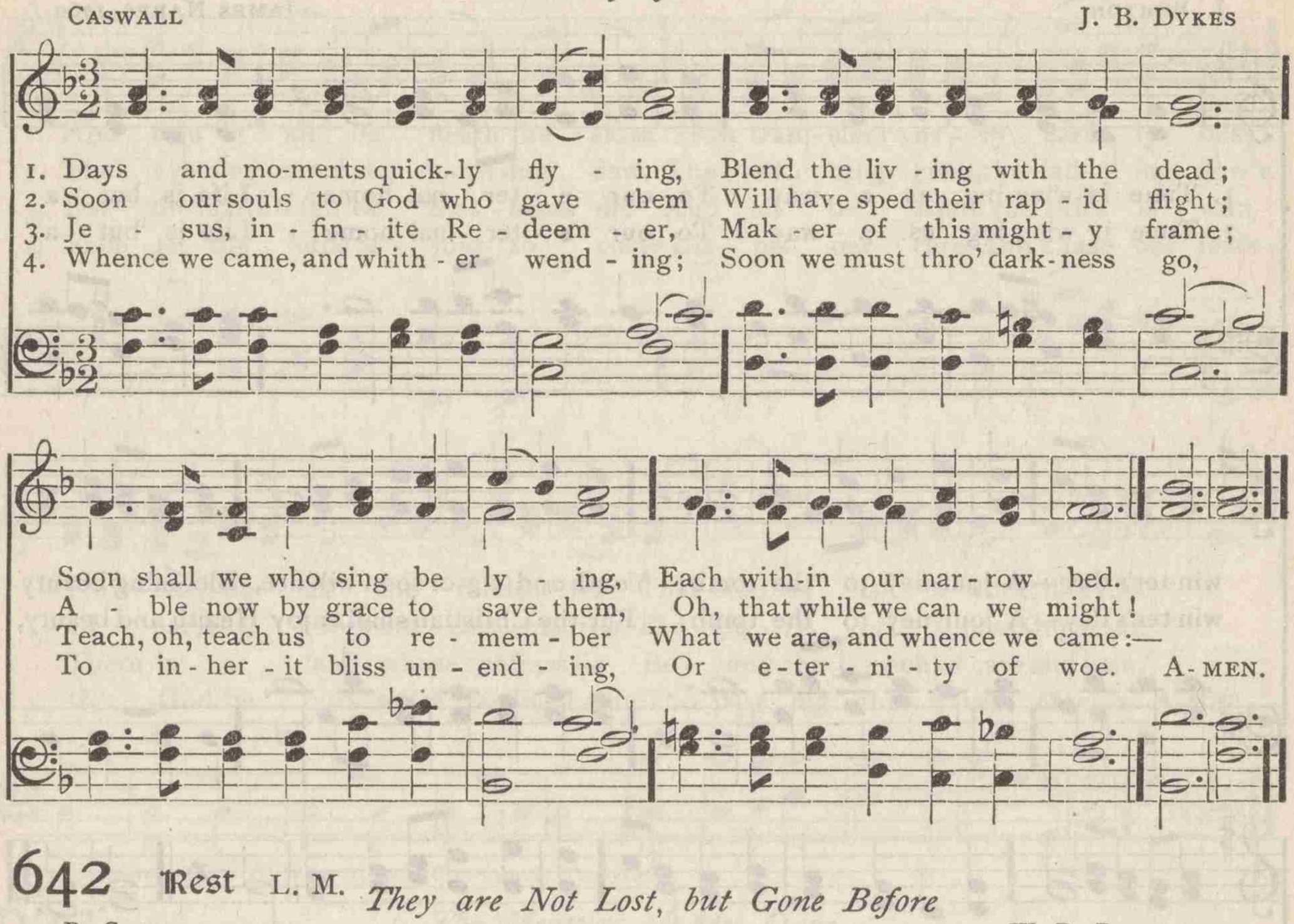
4 Triumphant smiles the victor's brow,
Fanned by some guardian angel's wing;
O grave, where is thy victory now?
And where, O death, where is thy sting?

ANNA L. BARBAULD

641 St. Sylvester 8s. & 7s.

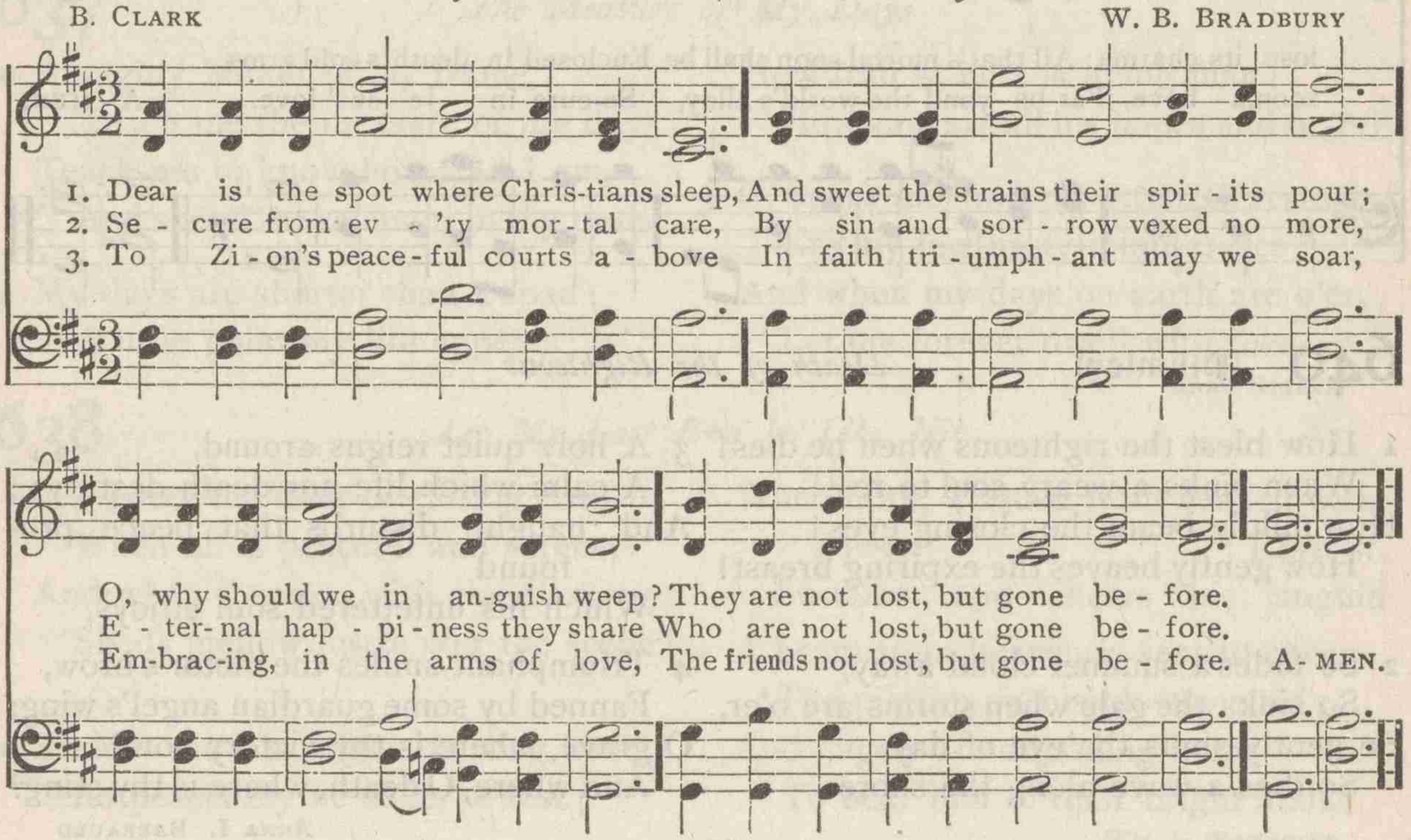
Last Day of the Year

CASWALL J. B. DYKES



642 Rest L. M. *They are Not Lost, but Gone Before*

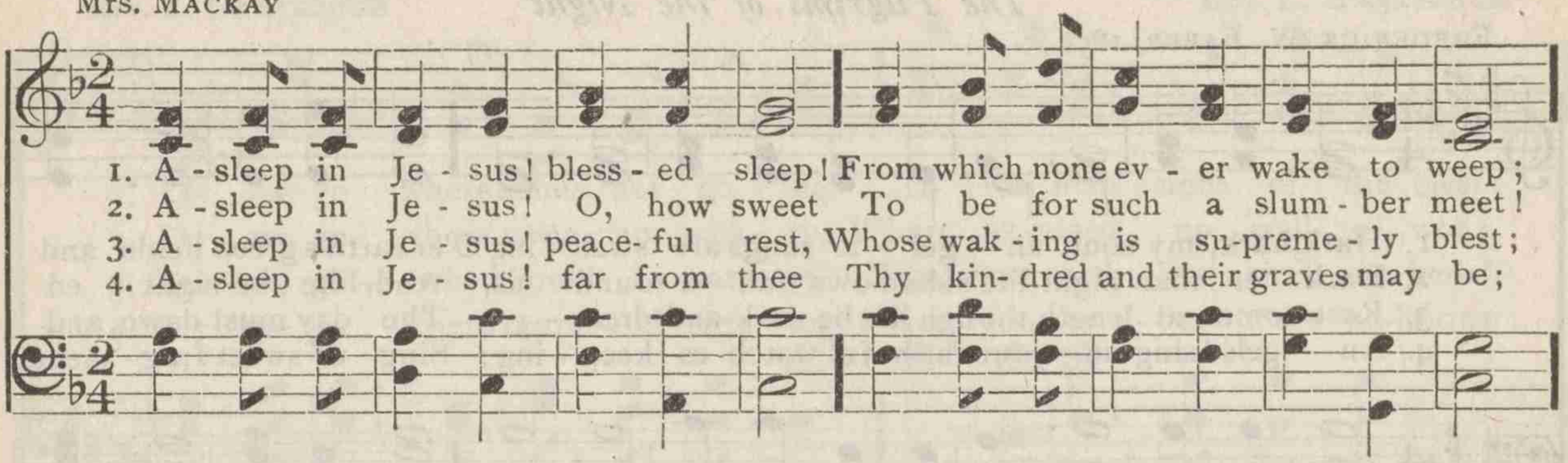
B. CLARK W. B. BRADBURY



643 Avereen L. M.

Them Which Sleep in Jesus

Mrs. MACKAY





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644

The Flower Fadeth

1 As the sweet flower that scents the morn,
But withers in the rising day,
Thus lovely was this infant's dawn,
Thus swiftly fled its life away.

2 It died ere its expanding soul
Had ever burned with wrong desires,
Had ever spurned at Heaven's control,
Or ever quenched its sacred fires.

3 It died to sin, and died to care;
But for a moment felt the rod;
Then, rising on the viewless air,
Spread its light wings and soared to God.

JOHN W. CUNNINGHAM

645

To Die is Gain

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

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

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

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

ISAAC WATTS

646 Vox Angelica P. M.

The Pilgrims of the Night

FREDERICK W. FABER, 1854



647 Let Me Go 8s. & 7s. D.

Rev. L. HARTSOUGH

Rev. L. HARTSOUGH

1. Let me go where saints are go - ing, To the man - sions of the blest;
2. Let me go where none are wea - ry, Where is raised no wail of woe;
3. Let me go — why should I tar - ry? What has earth to bind me here?
4. Let me go where tears and sigh - ing Are for - ev - er more un-known;

Let me go where my Re-deem - er Has pre-pared his peo - ple's rest.
Let me go and bathe my spir - it In the rap - ture an - gels know.
What but cares and toils, and sor - rows? What but death and pain and fear?
Where the joy - ous songs of glo - ry Call me to a hap - pier home.

I would gain the realms of bright-ness, Where they dwell for - ev - er - more;
Let me go, for bliss e - ter - nal Lures my soul a - way, a - way,
Let me go, for hope's most cher-ished, Blast - ed 'round me of - ten lie;
Let me go, — I'd cease this dy - ing, I would gain life's fair - er plains;

I would join the friends that wait me, O - ver on the oth - er shore.
And the vic - tor's song tri - um-phant Thrills my heart — I can - not stay.
O, I've gath -ered brightest flow - ers, But to see them fade and die.
Let me join the my - riad harp - ers, Let me chant their rap-t'rous strains. A - MEN.

648 Frederick IIS.

W. A. MUHLENBERG, 1823 — GEO. KINGSLEY

1. I would not live al - way: I ask not to stay Where storm af - ter storm ris - es dark o'er the way; The few lur -id morn-ings that dawn on us here
2. I would not live al - way: no, wel - come the tomb; Since Je - sus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom: There sweet be my rest till he bid me a - rise
3. Who, who would live al - way: a - way from his God, A - way from yon hea - ven, that bliss-ful a - bode, Where the riv -ers of pleas -ure flow o'er the bright plains,
4. Where the saints of all a - ges in har - mo - ny meet, Their Sav - iour and breth-ren trans- port-ed to greet; While the anthems of rap -ture un - ceas-ing- ly roll,

Are e - nough for life's woes—full e - nough for its cheer.
To hail him in tri - umph de - scend - ing the skies.
And the glo - ry of noon - tide e - ter - nal - ly reigns;
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul? A-MEN.

649 Addison S. M. *One Sweetly, Solemn Thought*

PHŒBE CAREY — L. O. EMERSON

1. One sweetly sol - emn tho't Comes to me o'er and o'er: Near-er my part- ing
2. Near - er my Fa-ther's house, Where many man- sions be; Near-er the throne where
3. Near - er that hid -den stream, Winding thro' shades of night, Roll-ing its cold, dark
4. Je - sus, to Thee I cling: Strengthen my arm of faith; Stay near me while my

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650 Burton 8s. & 7.

Rev. E. P. PARKER, D.D. Rev. E. P. PARKER, D.D.

1. Blest are they in Christ de-part - ed, Saith the Word, O bro - ken heart - ed!
2. Hard their war - fare, great their bur - den, But the splen- did goal and guer- don
3. No more fears, nor doubts, nor cry - ing, No more sin, nor pain, nor dy - ing,
4. Lord, on us thy mer - cy light - en, With thy love our sor - rows bright-en;

Thro' death's dark mys - te - rious por - tal They have en - tered
They have reached; and now, vic - to - rious, Wear the crowns and
No more tears on an - y fa - ces, In those ho - ly,
Make our hope of heav'n grow clear - er, Heav'n it - self be -

life - im - mor - tal, Round them shines e - ter - nal day.
gar - lands glo - rious Which shall nev - er fade a - way.
heav'n - ly pla - ces Where love reigns for - ev - er more.
comes the dear - er, For the lov'd ones gone be - fore. A-MEN.

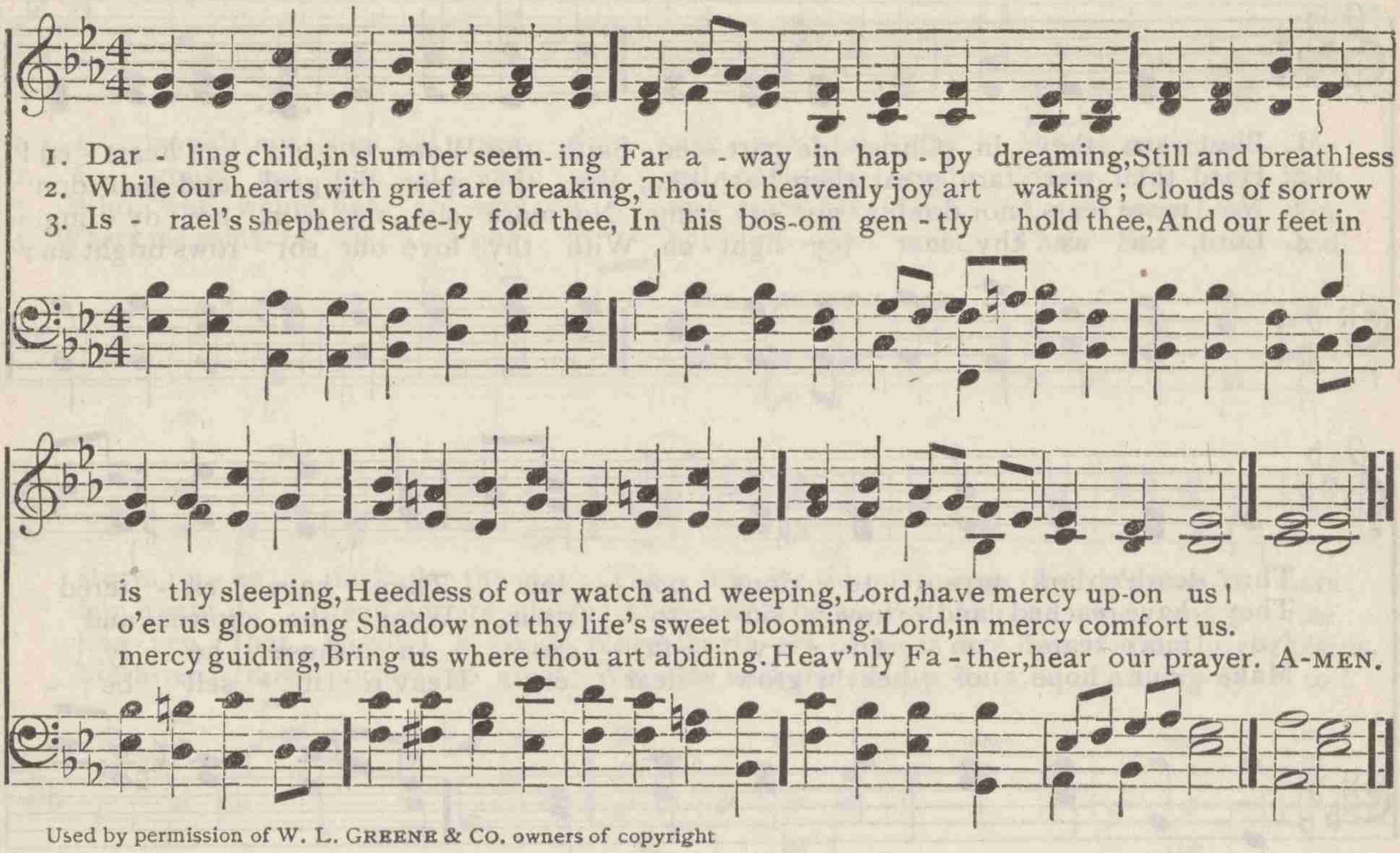
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Addison (*Concluded*)

hour am I Than e'er I was be - fore; Than e'er I was be - fore; —
Je - sus reigns; Near-er the crys - tal sea; Near - er the crys - tal sea; —
waves between Me and the world of light, Me and the world of light.
way-worn feet Press throu' the stream of death, Press thro' the stream of death. A-MEN.

651 Emilia 8s. & 7.

Rev. E. P. PARKER D.D. JOHN W. TUFTS

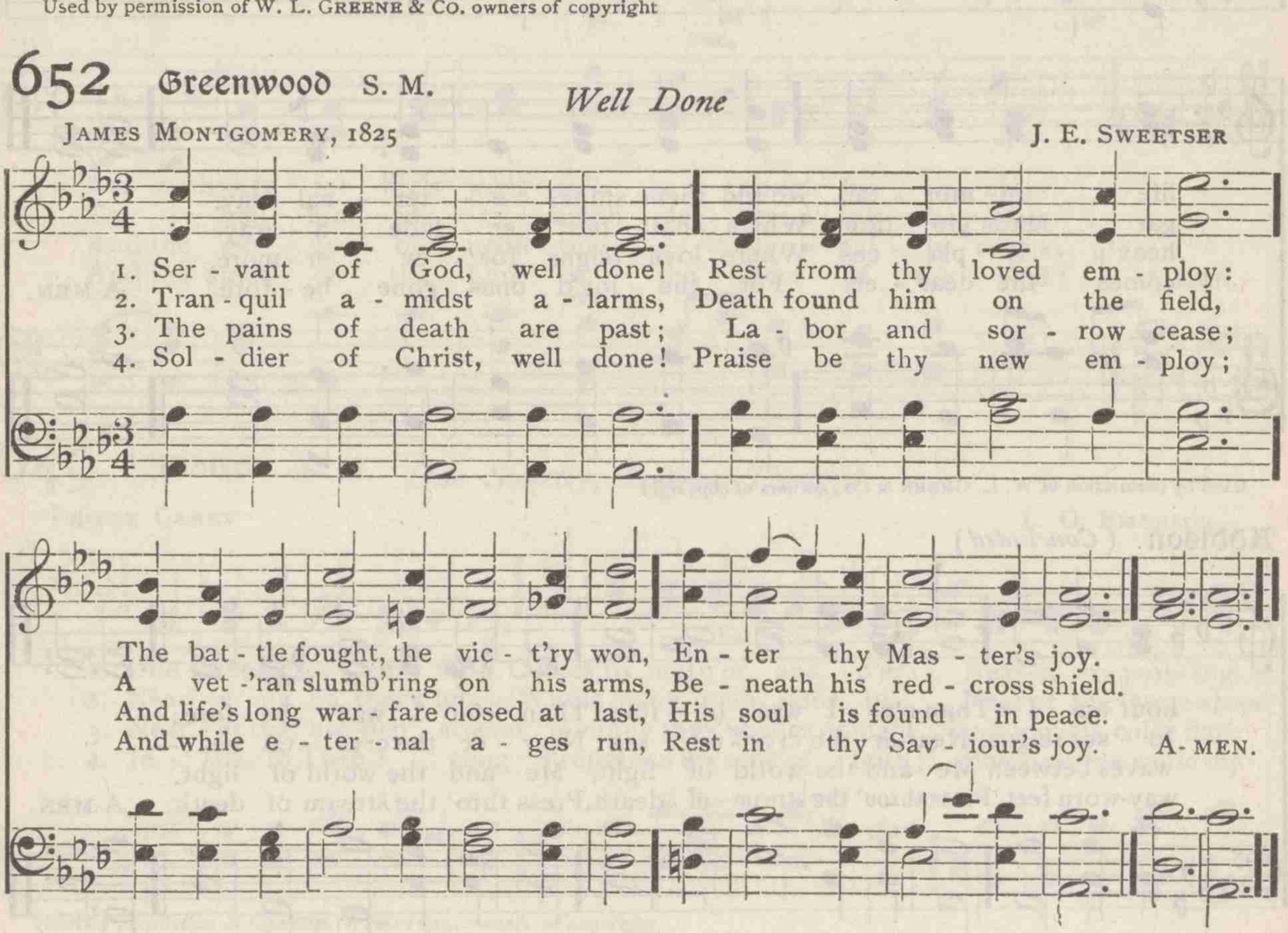


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652 Greenwood S. M.

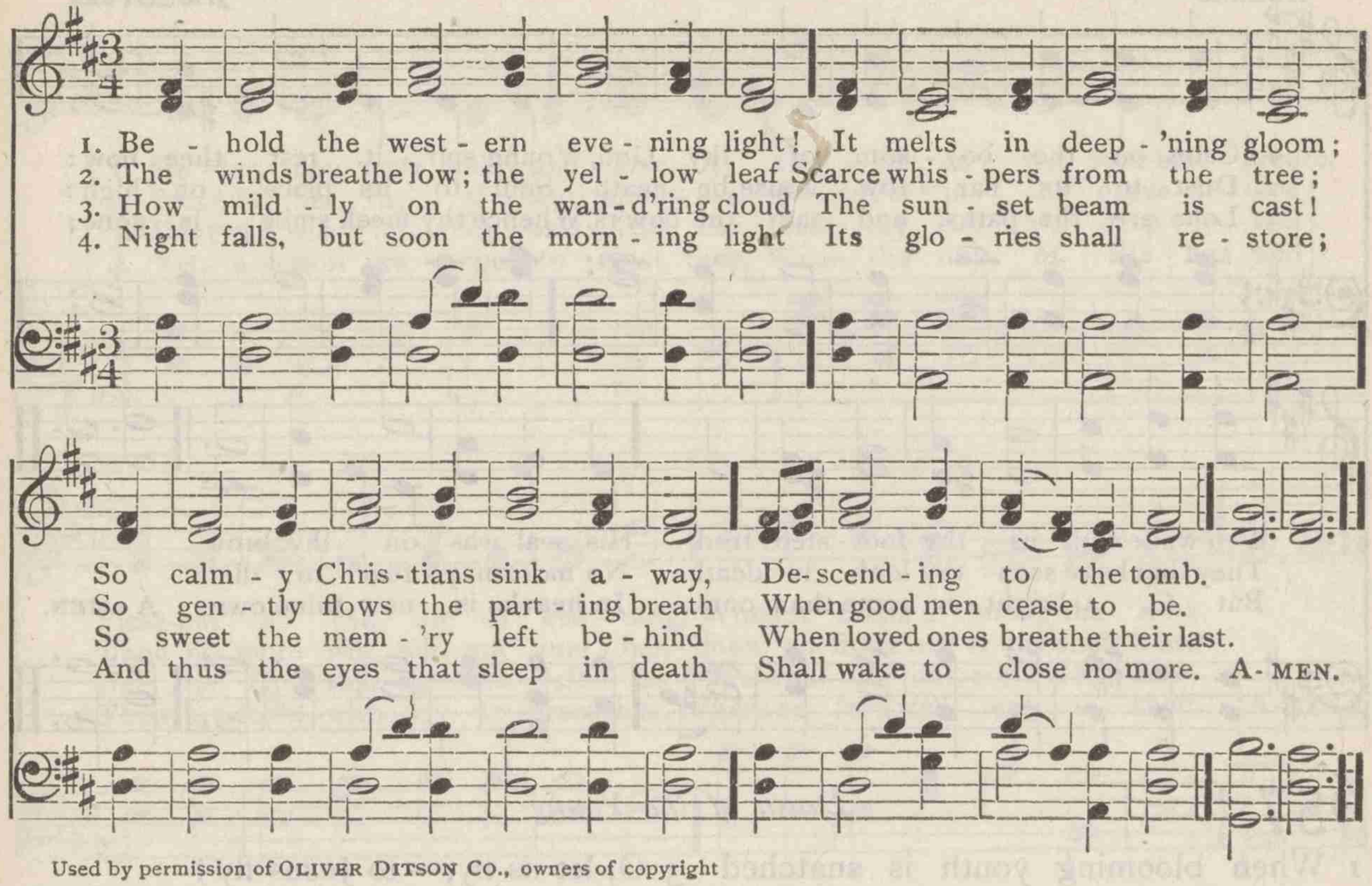
Well Done

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1825 J. E. SWEETSER



653 Phillips C. M.

WM. P. O. PEABODY — I. B. WOODBURY



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654 *Sorrow Not, Even as Others*

1 Dear as thou wast, and justly dear,
We will not weep for thee: [tear:
One thought shall check the starting
It is, that thou art free.

2 And thus shall faith's consoling power
The tears of love restrain:
O, who that saw thy parting hour,
Could wish thee back again?

2 Triumphant in thy closing eye
The hope of glory shone;
Joy breathed in thine expiring sigh,
To think the fight was won.

4 Gently the passing spirit fled,
Sustained by grace divine;
O, may such grace on me be shed,
And make my end like thine!

DALE

655 *Number Our Days*

1 Beneath our feet and o'er our head
Is equal warning given;
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
Above us is the heaven.

2 Death rides on every passing breeze,
And lurks in every flower;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour.

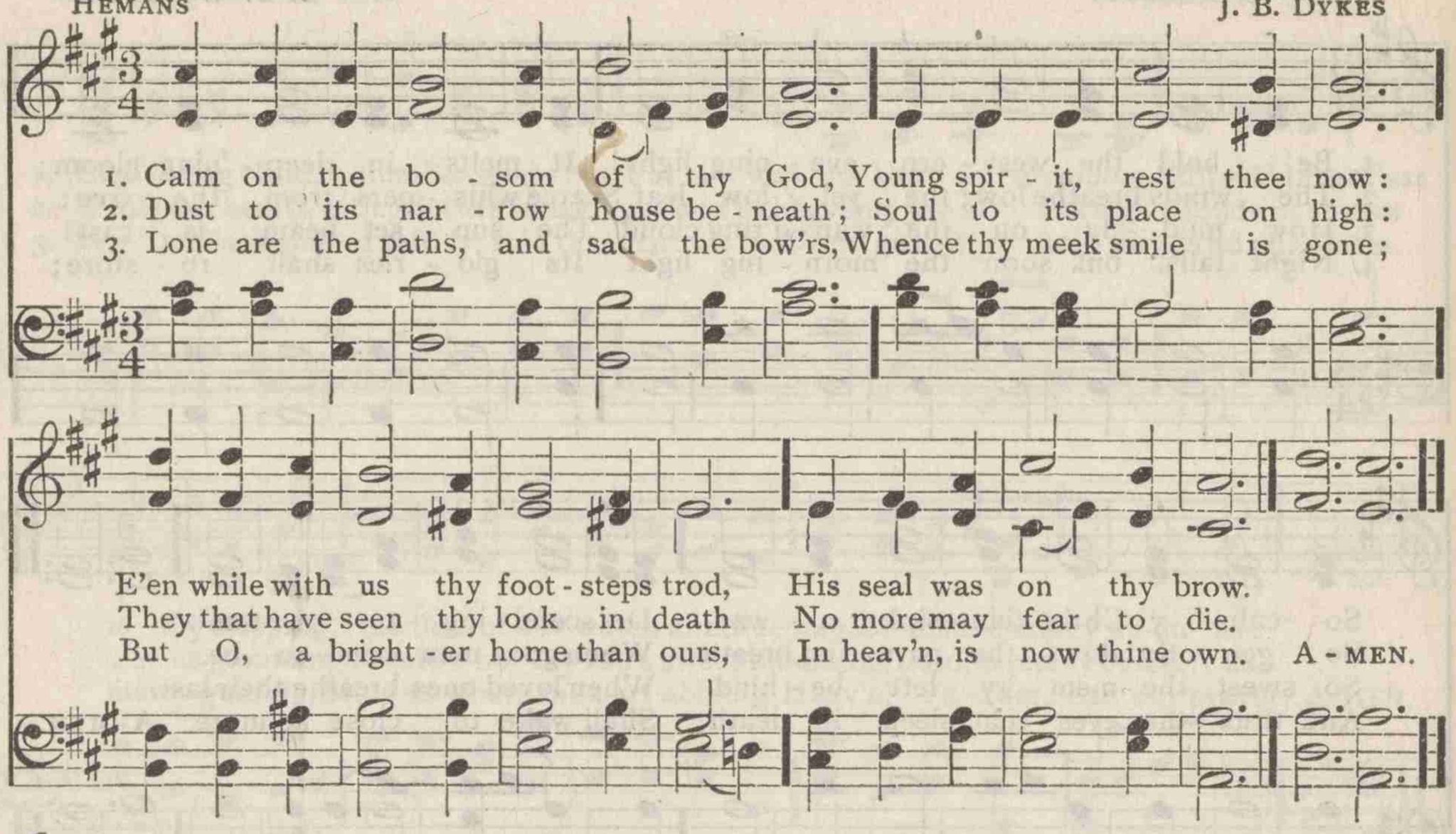
3 Turn, mortal turn! thy soul apply
To truths divinely given;
The dead, who underneath thee lie,
Shall live for hell or heaven!

REGINALD HEBER

656 St. Agnes C. M.

Death of the Young

HEMANS — J. B. DYKES



657

Death of the Young

1 When blooming youth is snatched away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay
Which pity must demand.

2 Let this vain world engage no more:
Behold the opening tomb:
It bids us seize the present hour:
Tomorrow death may come.

3 O, let us fly,—to Jesus fly!
Whose powerful arm can save;
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.

4 Great God, thy sovereign grace impart,
With cleansing, healing power;
This only can prepare the heart
For death's surprising hour.

ANNE STEELE

658 Golden Hill S. M.

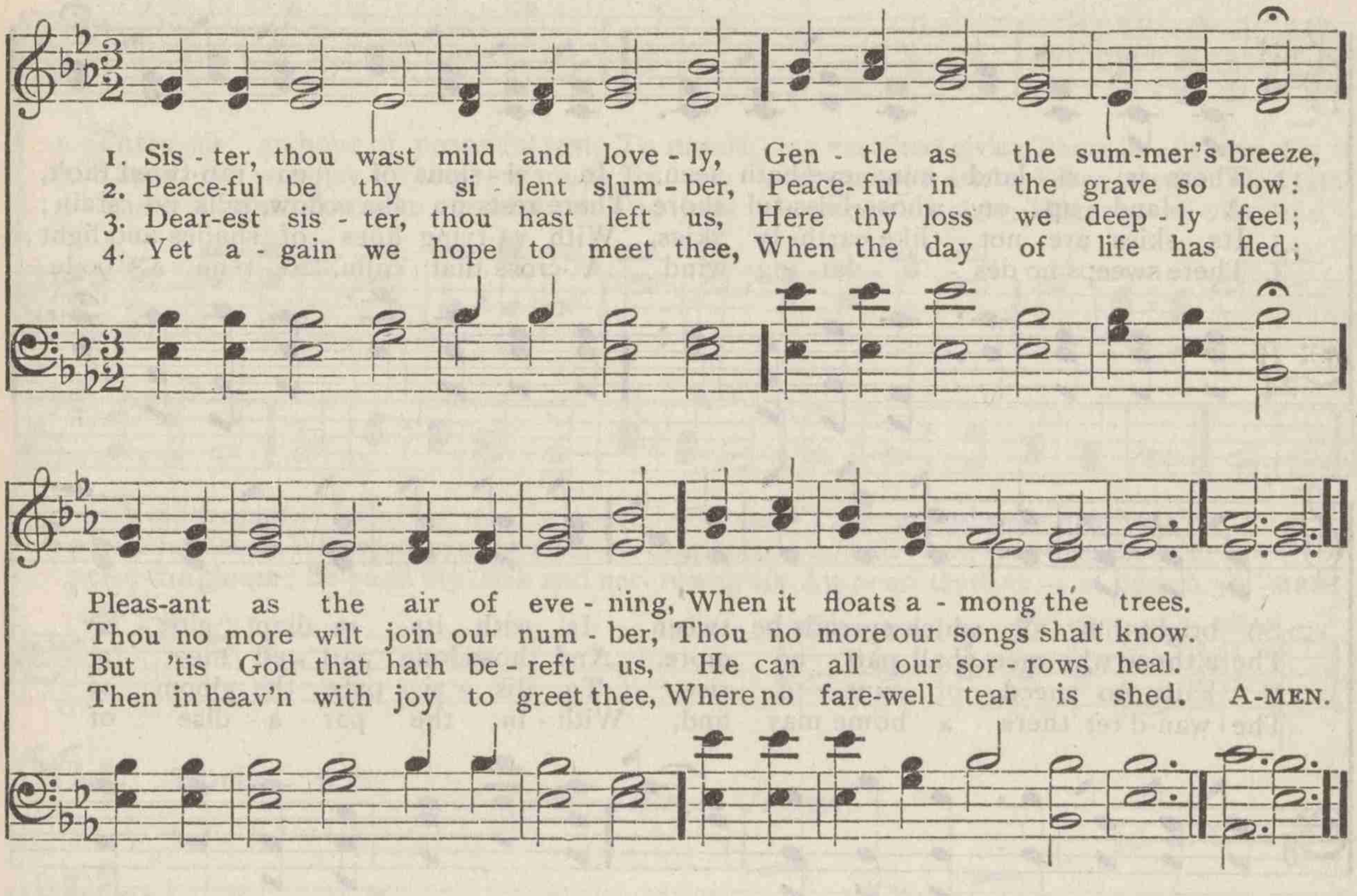
Is It Well with the Child

Anon. — Western Melody



659 Chester 8s. & 7s. *On the Death of a Sister*

S. F. SMITH — I. B. WOODBURY



660 *Homewards*

1 Dropping down the troubled river,
To the tranquil, tranquil shore,
Where the sweet light shineth ever,
And the sun goes down no more.

2 Dropping down the winding river,
To the wide and welcome sea,
Where no tempest wrecketh ever,
Where the sky is fair and free.

3 Dropping down the eddying river,
With a helmsman true and tried—
Even Him who, to deliver
Precious souls from death, hath died,

4 Dropping down the rapid river,
To the dear and deathless land,
Where the living live forever
At the Father's own right hand.

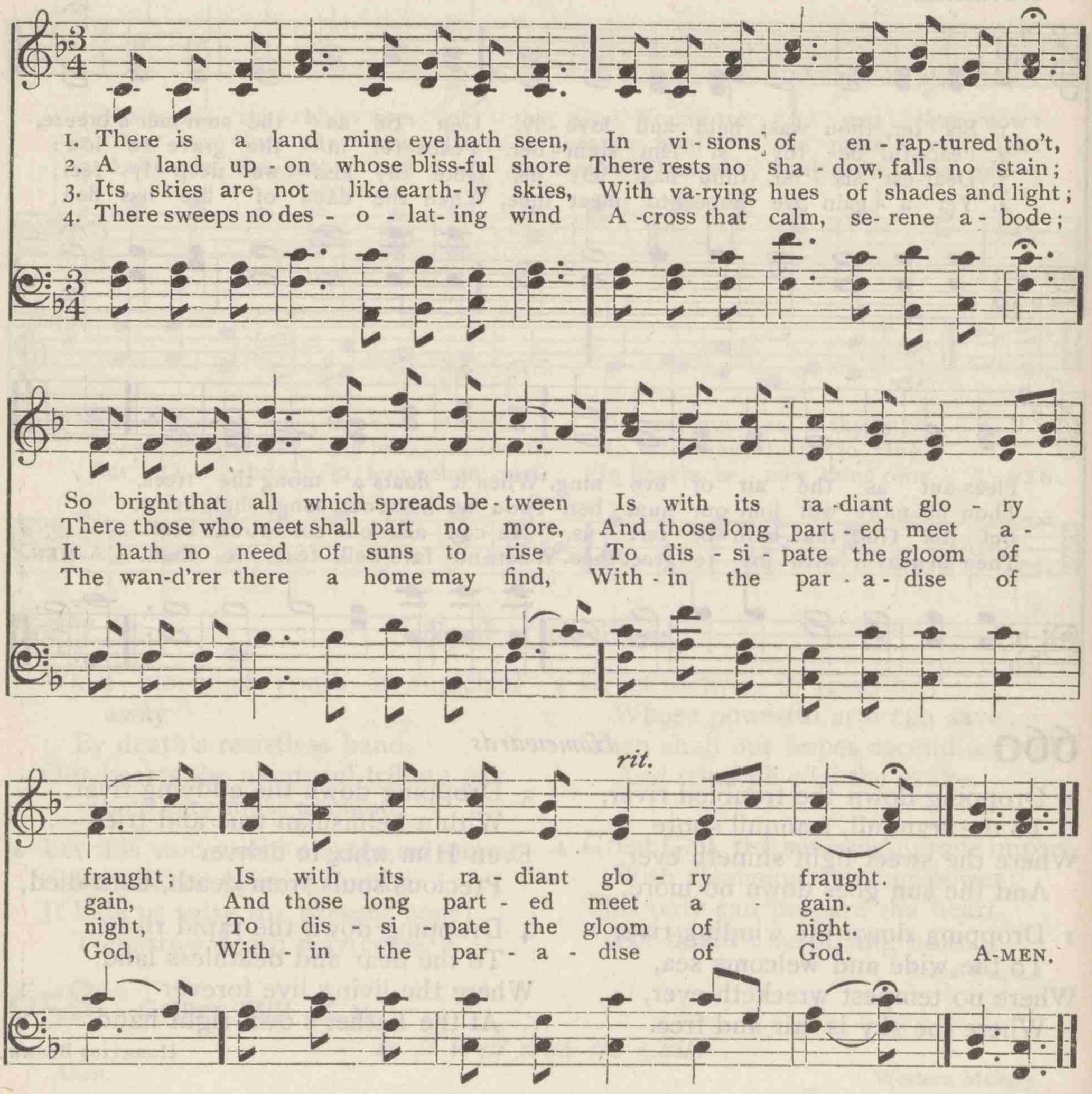
HORATIUS BONAR

Golden Hill (*Concluded*)



661 Anvern L. M. *Vision of Heaven*

G. Robins, Jr. Arr. by Dr. L. Mason



662 *The Future World*

1 There is a glorious world on high,
Resplendent with eternal day;
Faith views the blissful prospect nigh,
While God's own word reveals the way.

2 There shall the servants of the Lord,
With never-fading lustre, shine,
Surprising honor, vast reward,
Conferred on man by love divine!

3 On wings of faith and strong desire,
Oh, may our spirits daily rise,
And reach at last the shining choir
In the bright mansions of the skies.

Anne Steele

663 Woodland C. M.

Prospect of Heaven

W. B. TAPPAN — N. D. GOULD

1. There is an hour of peace-ful rest, To mourn - ing wan-d'rers giv'n ; There is a tear for
2. There is a home for wea - ry souls, By sin and sor -row driv'n ; When tossed on life's tem-
3. There fra-grant flow'rs im-mor-tal bloom, And joys su-preme are giv'n ; There rays di-vine dis -

souls dis-tressed, A balm for ev - 'ry wound-ed breast ; 'Tis found a-bove — in heav'n.
pest-uous shoals, Where storms a-rise and o -cean rolls, And all is drear — but heav'n.
perse the gloom ; Be-yond the dark and nar- row tomb Ap-pears the dawn — of heav'n. A -MEN.

664 Adrian S. M.

The Bliss of Heaven

FRANCIS M. KNOLLIS — J. E. GOULD

1. There is no night in heav'n ; In that blest world a - bove
2. There is no grief in heav'n ; For life is one glad day,
3. There is no sin in heav'n ; Be - hold that bless - ed throng !
4. There is no death in heav'n ; But, when the Chris - tian dies,

Work nev - er can bring wea - ri - ness, For work it - self is love.
And tears are of those for-mer things Which all have passed a - way.
All ho - ly is their spot-less robe, All ho - ly is their song.
The an - gels wait his part - ed soul, And waft it to the skies ! A- MEN.

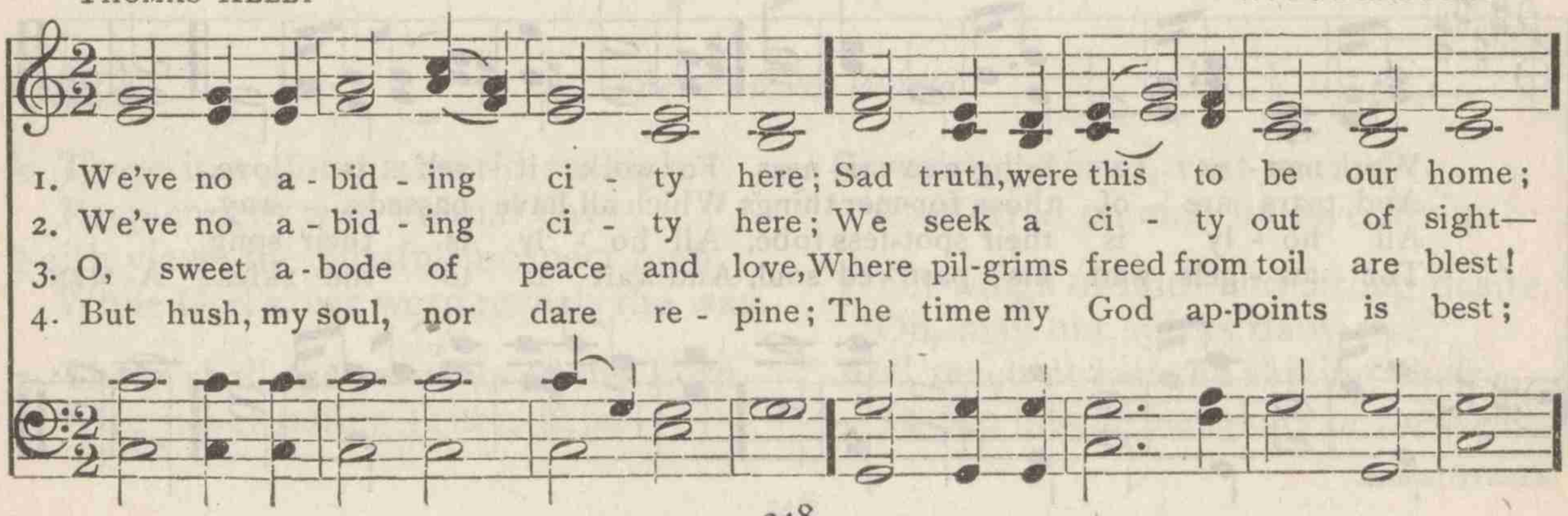
665 Meribah C. P. M. *The Day Shall Try Them*

SELINA, Countess of Huntington, 1772 — LOWELL MASON, 1839



666 Zephyr L. M. *Here Have We No Continuing City*

THOMAS KELLY — W. B. BRADBURY



667 Ewing 7s. & 6s. D. [Iambic.]

Jerusalem the Golden

BERNARD of Clugny, 1150. Tr. J. M. NEALE, 1851 Bp. ALEXANDER EWING, 1861

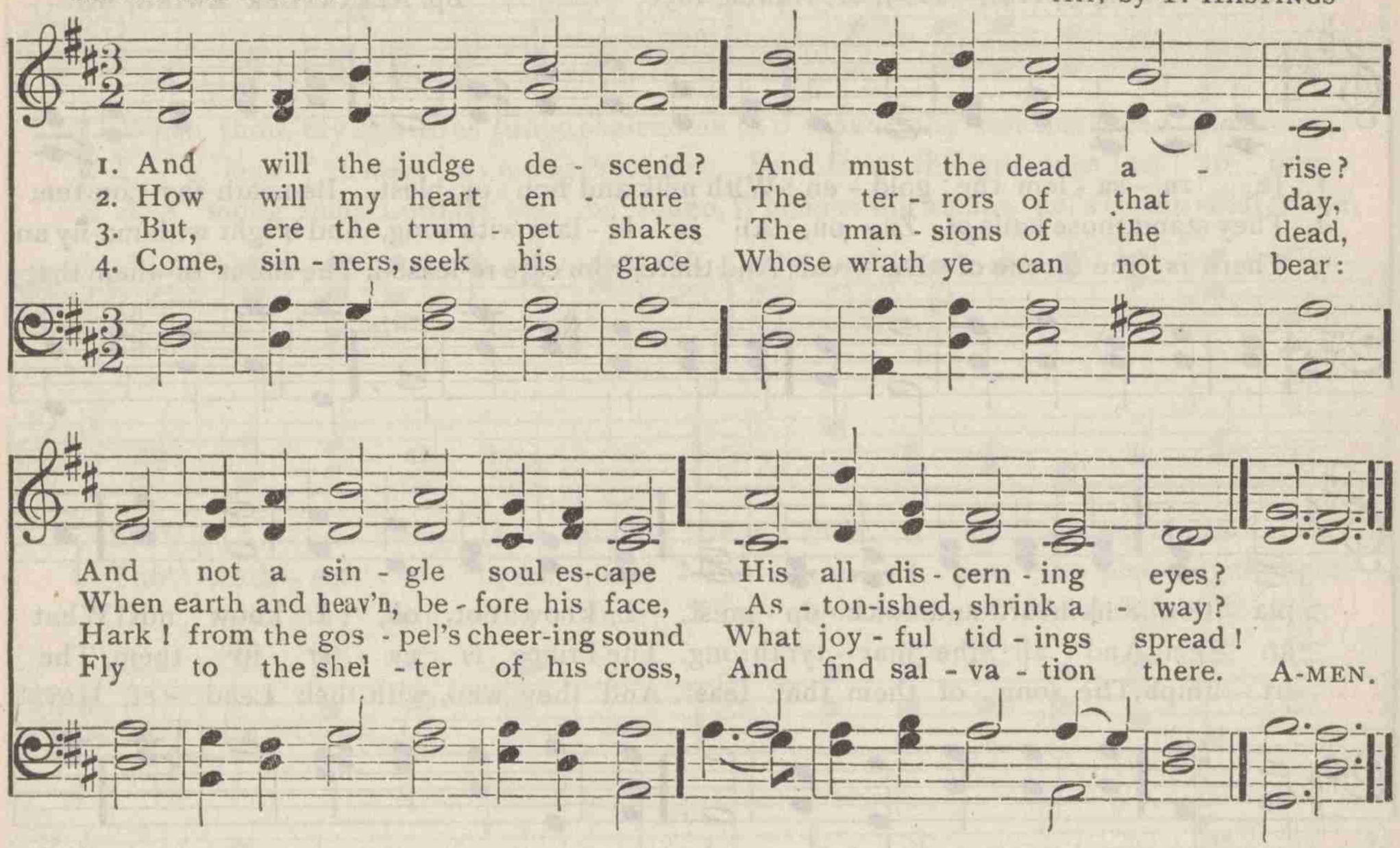


Zephyr (*Concluded*)

668 Dover S. M.

Knowing the Terror of the Lord, We Persuade Men

PHILIP DODDRIDGE — Arr. by T. HASTINGS



669

Come, Lord Jesus

1 Come, Lord, and tarry not!
Bring the long-looked-for day;
Oh, why these years of waiting here,
These ages of delay?

2 Come, for thy saints still wait;
Daily ascends their sigh;
The Spirit and the Bride say, Come!
Dost thou not hear the cry?

3 Come, and make all things new,
Build up this ruined earth,
Restore our faded paradise,—
Creation's second birth.

4 Come, and begin thy reign
Of everlasting peace;
Come, take the kingdom to thyself,
Great King of Righteousness!

HORATIUS BONAR

670 Lisbon S. M.

Thought of Heaven

Rev. L. HARTSOUGH — DANIEL READ, 1785



671 Varina C. M. D.

The Promised Land

ISAAC WATTS, 1709 JOHANN C. H. RINK. Arr. by GEO. F. ROOT, 1849

1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor- tal reign; In - fi - nite day ex -
2. Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood Stand dressed in liv-ing green; So to the Jews old
3. Oh, could we make our doubts remove, Those gloomy doubts that rise, And see the Ca - naan

cludes the night, And pleas-ures ban - ish pain. There ev - er-last - ing spring abides, And
Ca - naan stood, While Jor - dan rolled be- tween. But tim'rous mor-tals start and shrink To
that we love, With un - be-cloud-ed eyes; Could we but climb where Moses stood, And

nev - er-with'ring flow'rs: Death, like a narrow sea, divides This heav'nly land from ours.
cross this narrow sea; And lin-ger shiv'ring on the brink, And fear to launch away.
veiw the landscape o'er, Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood Should fright us from the shore. A-MEN.

Lisbon (*Concluded*)

Where many a friend is gath-ered safe From fear, and toil, and care.
Where rapt'rous songs of tri-umph rise, In end-less, joy - ous strains.
The harps—the songs for - ev - er ours—The walks—the gold - en streets.
Oh, how my rap - tured spir - it longs To be for - ev - er there. A - MEN.

672 Forever with the Lord S. M. D.

So Shall We Ever be with the Lord

JAMES MONTGOMERY I. B. WOODBURY



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4 My Father's house on high —
Home of my soul! how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye
Thy golden gates appear!
Yet clouds still intervene,
And all my comfort flies;
Like Noah's dove I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.

5 Anon the clouds depart,
The winds and waters cease;
While sweetly o'er my gladdened heart
Expands the bow of peace.
And then I feel that he,—
Remembered or forgot,—
The Lord is never far from me,
Though I preceive him not.

JAMES MONTGOMERY

673 Sweet Rest 7s. & 6s.

Sweet Rest

Anon. W. B. BRADBURY

1. Come, brethren, don't grow weary, But let us jour-ney on; The moments will not tar - ry—
2. Loved ones have gone before us, They beck-on us a - way; O'er aerial plains they're soaring,
3. Our Captain's gone be-fore us, He kind- ly calls us home To yon- der world of glo - ry,
4. And Je - sus will be with us, E'en to our jour-ney's end, In ev - 'ry sore af- flic - tion

This life will soon be gone; The pass-ing scenes all tell us That death will surely come;
Blest in e - ter -nal day: But we are in the ar - my, And dare not leave our post;
And sweet-ly bids us come. The world, the flesh, and Sa - tan Will strive to hedge our way,
His pres-ent help to lend. He nev- er will grow wea -ry, Though often we re- quest;

REFRAIN

These bod-ies soon will moul-der In the dark and si - lent tomb. There is sweet rest in heav'n,
We'll fight un - til we con- quer The foe's most mighty host.
But we'll o'ercome these powers, And hour- ly watch and pray.
He'll give us grace to con- quer, And take us home to rest.

Repeat pp

There is sweet rest in heav'n, There is sweet rest, there is sweet rest, There is sweet rest in heav'n. A-MEN.

674 Manoah C. M. *Eye Hath Not Seen*

ISAAC WATTS — Arr. fr. ROSSINI



675 *What is Your Life*

1 How short and hasty is our life!
How vast our souls affairs!
Yet senseless mortals vainly strive
To lavish out their years.

2 Our days run thoughtlessly along,
Without a moment's stay;
Just like a story, or a song,
We pass our lives away.

3 God from on high invites us home,
But we march heedlees on,
And, ever hastening to the tomb,
Stoop downward as we run.

4 Draw us, O God, with sovereign grace,
And lift our thoughts on high,
That we may end this mortal race,
And see salvation nigh.

676 Iowa 8s.

Anon. — D. FILMORE



677 Zerah C. M. 61.

Prospect of Heaven

SAMUEL STENNETT — LOWELL MASON

1. On Jor - dan's storm - y banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye,
2. Oh! the trans- port - ing, rap-t'rous scene, That ris - es in my sight;
3. No chill - ing winds nor pois-'nous breath Can reach that health-ful shore;
4. When shall I reach that hap - py place, And be for - ev - er blest?

To Ca - naan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie;
Sweet fields ar -rayed in liv - ing green, And riv - ers of de - light.
Sick - ness and sor - row, pain and death Are felt and feared no more.
When shall I see my Fa - ther's face, And in his bos - om rest?

To Ca- naan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie.
Sweet fields ar- rayed in liv - ing green, And riv - ers of de - light.
Sick - ness and sor - row, pain and death Are felt and feared no more.
When shall I see my Fa- ther's face, And in his bos - om rest? A-MEN.

Iowa (*Concluded*)

glories confessed, But what must it be to be there? But what must it be to be there?
out and within, But what must it be to be there? But what must it be to be there?
first-born above; But what must it be to be there? But what must it be to be there?
al-so shall know, And feel, what it is to be there. And feel, what it is to be there. A-MEN.

678 Home C. M. D.

F. B. P. tr. 1616

Home

L. V. WHEELER

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, Name ev - er dear to me;
2. There hap - pier bow'rs than E - den's bloom, Nor sin nor sor - row know;
3. A - pos - tles, mar - tyrs, pro - phets there, A - round my Sav - iour stand;

When shall my la - bors have an end, In joy, and peace, in thee?
Blest seats! thro' rude and storm - y scenes, I on - ward press to you.
And soon my friends in Christ be - low, Will join the glo - rious band.

Oh, when, thou ci - ty of my God, Shall I thy courts as - cend,
Why should I shrink at pain or woe? Or feel at death dis - may?
Je - ru - sa - lem! my hap - py home! My soul still pants for thee;

Where ev - er-more the an - gels sing, Where Sab - baths have no end?
I've Ca-naan's good-ly land in view, And realms of end - less day.
Then shall my la - bors have an end, When I thy joys shall see. A-MEN.

679 Home of the Soul 12s. & 8s.

Home of the Soul

MRS. ELLEN H. GATES — PHILIP PHILLIPS, by per.

1. I will sing you a song of that beau - ti - ful land, The far a - way home of the soul, Where no storms ev - er beat on the glit - ter - ing strand,
2. Oh, that home of the soul, in my vis - ions and dreams, Its bright jas - per walls I can see, Till I fan - cy but thin - ly the veil in - ter - venes
3. There the great trees of life in their beau - ty do grow, And the riv - er of life flow-eth by, For no death ev - er en - ters the ci - ty, you know,
4. That un-change - a - ble home is for you and for me, Where Je - sus of Naz - a- reth stands; The King of all king - doms for - ev - er is he,
5. Oh, how sweet it will be in that beau - ti - ful land, So free from all sor - row and pain! With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands,

While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll.
Be - tween the fair ci - ty and me, Be - tween the fair ci - ty and me.
And noth - ing that mak - eth a lie, And noth - ing that mak - eth a lie.
And he hold - eth our crowns in his hands, And he hold - eth our crowns in his hands.
To meet one an - oth - er a - gain, To meet one an - oth - er a - gain.

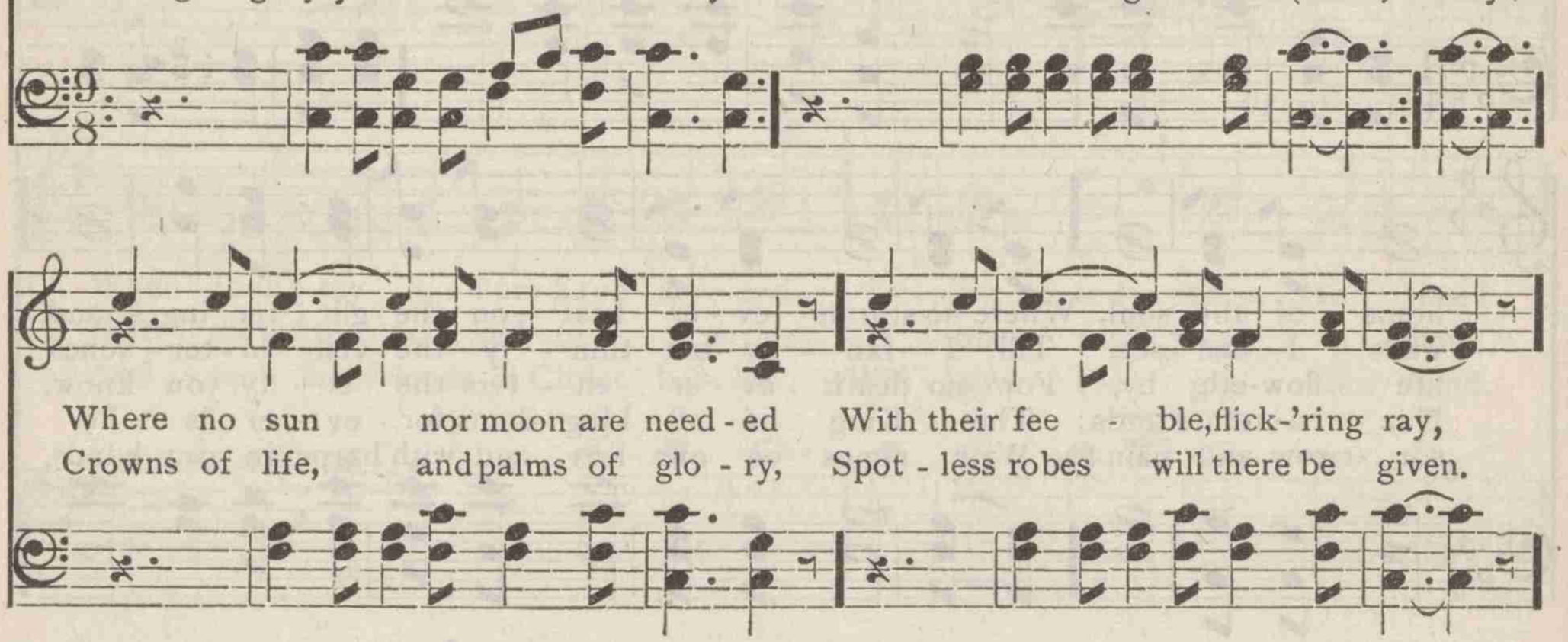
Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand, While the years of eterni-ty roll.
Till I fan - cy but thin - ly the veil intervenes Be - tween the fair ci - ty and me.
For no death ev-er en - ters the ci - ty, you know, And noth-ing that maketh a lie.
The King of all kingdoms for-ev-er is he. And he hold-eth our crowns in his hands.
With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands, To meet one an-oth-er a - gain. A - MEN.

680 Glorious City 8s. & 7s. D.

Anon. W. A. OGDEN, by per.



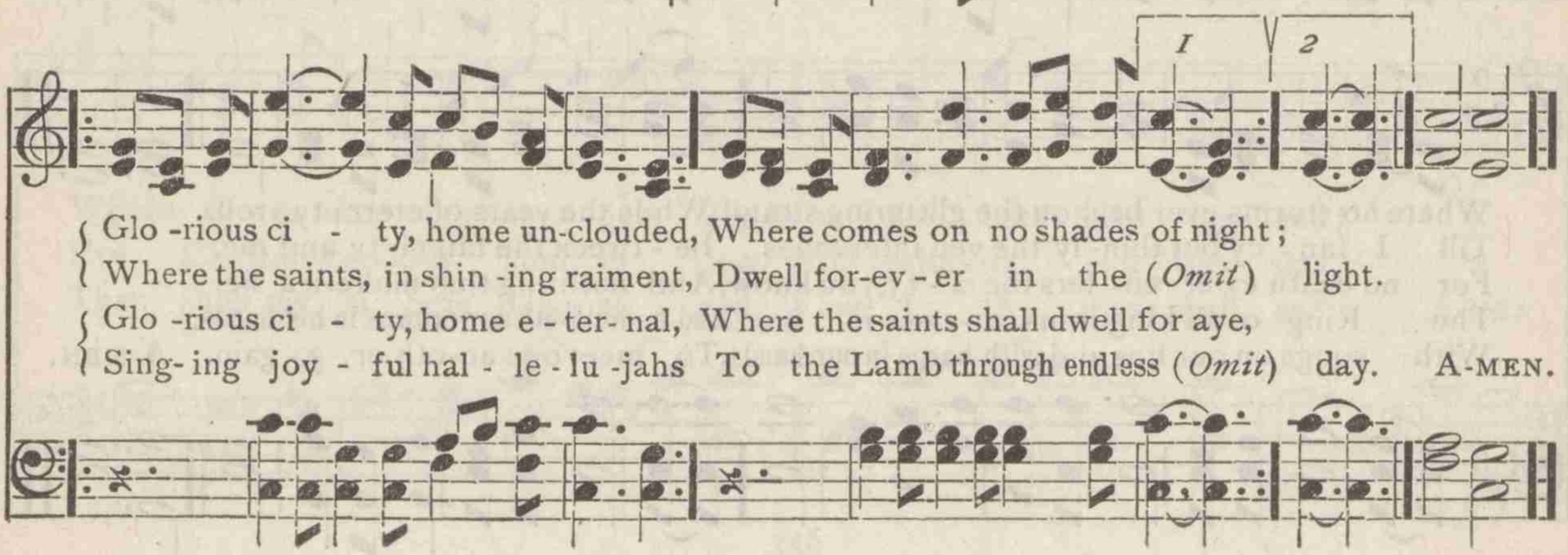
1. Glo - rious ci - ty, home un-cloud -ed, Where comes on no shade of night;
   Where the saints, in shin - ing rai -ment, Dwell for- ev - er in the (*Omit*) light;
2. Glo - rious ci - ty, home e - ter - nal, Where the saints shall dwell for aye,
   Sing - ing joy - ful hal - le - lu - jahs To the Lamb through endless (*Omit*) day;



Where no sun nor moon are need - ed With their fee - ble, flick-'ring ray,
Crowns of life, and palms of glo - ry, Spot - less robes will there be given.



But the Lamb of God ex - alt - ed Fills all heav'n with end - less day.
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! 'Tis the saints' e - ter - nal heav'n!



Glo - rious ci - ty, home un-clouded, Where comes on no shades of night;
Where the saints, in shin - ing raiment, Dwell for-ev - er in the (*Omit*) light.
Glo - rious ci - ty, home e - ter - nal, Where the saints shall dwell for aye,
Sing - ing joy - ful hal - le - lu - jahs To the Lamb through endless (*Omit*) day. A-MEN.



681 Mendebras 7s. & 6s. D.

A City

JOHN M. NEALE, tr. Dr. L. MASON

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, the glo - rious! The glo - ry of th' e-lect,—
2. The Cross is all thy splen - dor, The Cru - ci - fied, thy praise;
3. O sweet and bless-ed Coun - try; Shall I e'er see thy face?

O dear and fu - ture vi - sion That ea - ger hearts ex - pect!
His laud and ben - e - dic - tion Thy ran-somed peo - ple raise;—
O sweet and bless-ed Coun - try! Shall I e'er win thy grace?

Ev'n now by faith I see thee, Ev'n here thy walls dis - cern;
Je - ru - sa - lem! ex - ult - ing On that se - cur - est shore,
Ex - ult! O dust and ash - es! The Lord shall be thy part;

To thee my tho'ts are kin-dled, And strive, and pant, and yearn!
I hope thee,wish thee, sing thee, And love thee ev - er - more!
His on - ly, his for ev - er, Thou shalt be, and thou art! A-MEN.

682 Is My Name Written There? 7s. & 6s.

Mrs. M. A. KIDDER — FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

1. Lord, I care not for rich - es, Nei - ther sil - ver nor gold, I would
2. Lord, my sins they are ma - ny Like the sands of the sea, But thy
3. Oh, that beau - ti - ful ci - ty, With its man - sions of light, With its

make sure of heav - en, I would en - ter the fold; In the book of thy
blood, O my Sav - iour, Is suf - fi - cient for me; For thy prom - ise is
glo - ri - fied be - ings In pure gar - ments of white; Where no e - vil thing

king - dom, With its pa - ges so fair, Tell me, Je - sus, my Sav - iour,
writ - ten In bright let - ters that glow, Tho' your sins be as scar - let,
com - eth To de - spoil what is fair, Where the an - gels are watch - ing,

ad lib.

CHORUS

Is my name writ - ten there? Is my name writ - ten there? Is my name writ - ten
I will make them like snow.
Is my name writ - ten there?

683 World of Light P. M.

O. SNOW

O. SNOW, by per.

1. There is a beau - ti - ful world, Where saints and an - gels sing, A world where
2. There is a beau - ti - ful world, Where sor - row nev - er comes; A world where
3. There is a beau - ti - ful world, Un - seen to mor - tal sight, And dark-ness
4. There is a beau - ti - ful world Of har - mo - ny and love; Oh! may we

CHORUS

peace and pleas-ure reign, And heav'n-ly prais - es ring. We'll be there, we'll be there,
tears shall nev - er fall, In sigh - ing for our home.
nev - er en - ters there, That home is fair and bright.
safe - ly en - ter there, And dwell with God a - bove.

Palms of vic - t'ry, Crowns of glo-ry, we shall wear In that beau-ti-ful world on high. A-MEN.

Is My Name Written There? (*Concluded*)

there? In the book of thy king-dom, Is my name writ - ten there? A - MEN.

684 While the Days are Going By 8s. & 7s.

Anon. JNO. R. SWENEY

1. There are lone - ly hearts to cher- ish, While the days are go - ing by;
2. There's no time for i - dle scorn-ing, While the days are go - ing by;
3. All the lov - ing links that bind us, While the days are go - ing by;

There are wea - ry souls who per - ish, While the days are go - ing by.
Let our face be like the morn-ing, While the days are go - ing by.
One by one we leave be - hind us, While the days are go - ing by.

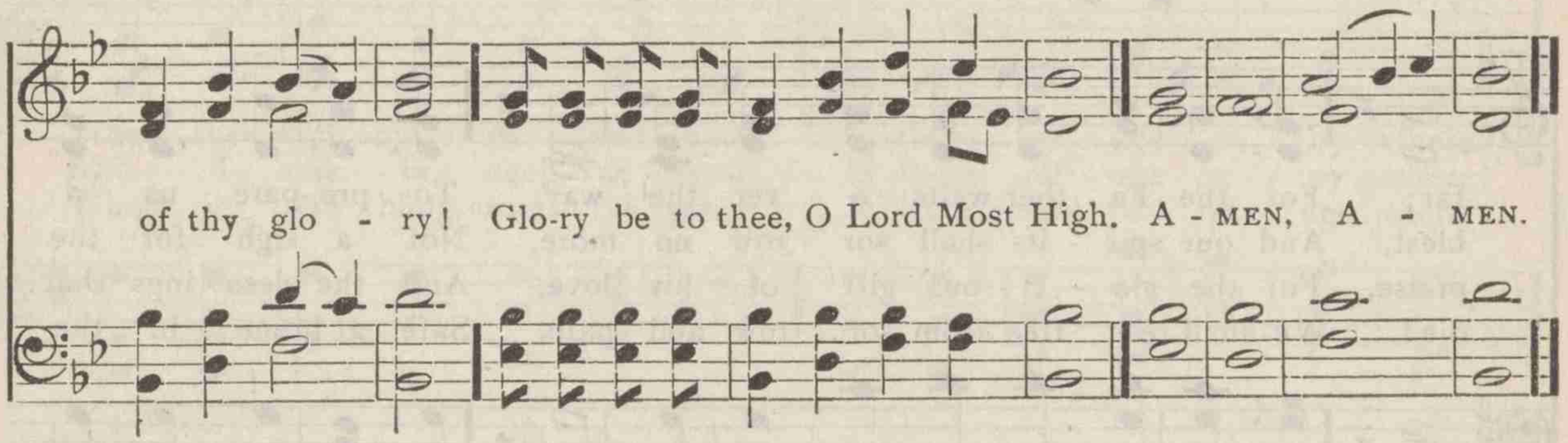
If a smile we can re - new, As our jour - ney we pur - sue,
Oh, the world is full of sighs, Full of sad and weep - ing eyes;
But the seeds of good we sow, Both in shade and shine will grow,

Oh, the good that we may do, While the days are go - ing by.
Help your fall - en broth - ers rise, While the days are go - ing by.
And will keep our hearts a - glow, While the days are go - ing by.

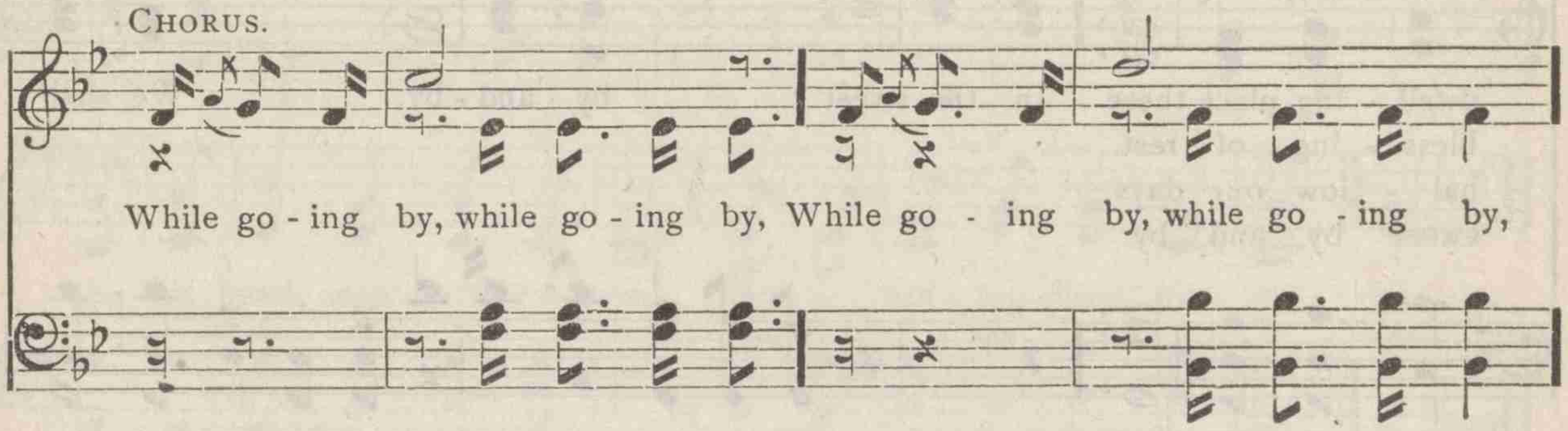
685 Trisagion Chorus (Response)

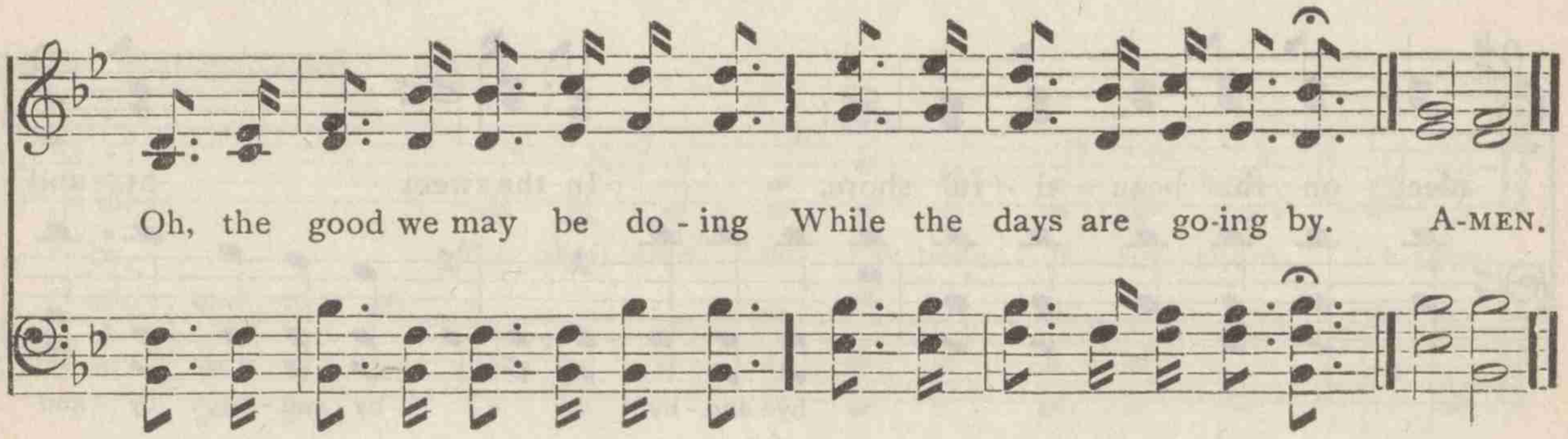
R. Taylor





While the Days are Going By (*Concluded*)





686 Sweet By=and=By

S. Fillmore Bennett — Jos. P. Webster, by per.

1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can see it a -
2. We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore The me - lo - di - ous songs of the
3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer our trib - ute of
4. We shall meet, we shall sing, we shall reign In the land where the saved nev - er

far; For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way, To pre - pare us a
blest, And our spir - its shall sor - row no more, Not a sigh for the
praise, For the glo - ri - ous gift of his love, And the bless - ings that
die! We shall rest free from sor - row and pain, Safe at home in the

Chorus

dwell - ing - place there. In the sweet by - and - by, We shall
bless - ing of rest.
hal - low our days.
sweet by - and - by.

In the sweet by - and - by,

meet on that beau - ti - ful shore, In the sweet by - and -

by - and - by, by - and - by, by - and

687 Our Hiding=Place 7s.

Rev. H. O. HOFFMAN — W. A. OGDEN, by per.

1. Where for ref - uge shall I fly When the storm is draw - ing nigh?
2. When the thun - ders, mut-t'ring deep, O'er my soul their ter - rors creep,
3. Oh, the ref - uge where I rest, Oh, the calm - ness of my breast,

When the light -nings flash and flare, Is there ref - uge a - ny - where?
And I sink in deep de - spair, Is there ref - uge a - ny - where?
When in trem - bling, tear - ful pray'r I have found a ref - uge there.

CHORUS

Yes, his heart, once cleft for me, Is a hid - ing - place for thee;

Yes, his heart, once cleft for me, Is a hid - ing-place for me. A-MEN.

Sweet By=and=By (*Concluded*)

by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore. A-MEN.

by, by - and - by,

688 Vesper 8s. & 7s. *We Seek a City to Come*

HORATIUS BONAR — Arr. fr. FLOTOW



1. This is not my place of rest - ing: Mine's a ci - ty yet to come;
2. In it all is light and glo - ry; O'er it shines a night- less day:
3. There the Lamb, our Shepherd, leads us By the streams of life a - long,
4. Soon we pass this des -ert drear - y, Soon we bid fare - well to pain;



On - ward to it I am hast - ing — On to my e - ter - nal home.
Ev - 'ry trace of sin's sad sto - ry, All the curse, hath passed a -way.
On the fresh - est pas- tures feed us, Turns our sigh- ing in - to song.
Nev - er more are sad and wea - ry, Nev - er, nev - er sin a - gain. A- MEN.

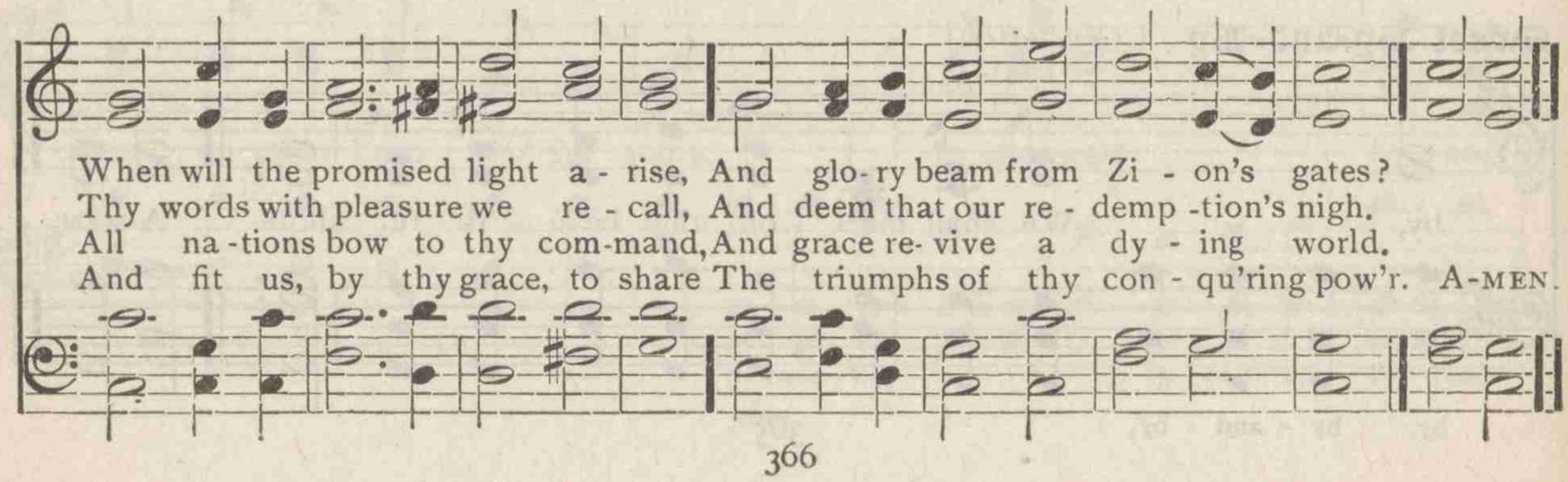


689 Zephyr L. M. *Christ's Coming*

WM. H. BATHURST — W. B. BRADBURY, 1844



1. Je - sus! thy church, with long - ing eyes, For thine ex - pect - ed com - ing waits;
2. Ev'n now, when tem - pests round us fall, And win - try clouds o'er-cast the sky,
3. Oh, come and reign o'er ev - 'ry land; Let Sa - tan from his throne be hurled;
4. Teach us, in watch - ful - ness and pray'r, To wait for the ap-point - ed hour;



When will the promised light a - rise, And glo - ry beam from Zi - on's gates?
Thy words with pleasure we re - call, And deem that our re - demp -tion's nigh.
All na - tions bow to thy com-mand, And grace re- vive a dy - ing world.
And fit us, by thy grace, to share The triumphs of thy con - qu'ring pow'r. A-MEN.

690 Beautiful Stream P. M.

Anon. A. HULL, by per.

1. O, have you not heard of that beau-ti-ful stream That flows thro' our Fa-ther's land?
2. Its foun-tains are deep and its wa-ters are pure; And sweet to the wea-ry soul;
3. This beau-ti-ful stream is the Riv-er of Life! It flows for all na-tions free!
4. O, will you not drink of this beau-ti-ful stream, And dwell on its peace-ful shore?

Its wa-ters gleam bright in the heav-en-ly light, And rip-ple o'er gold-en sand.
It flows from the throne of Je-ho-vah a-lone! O, come where its bright waves roll.
A balm for each wound in its wa-ter is found; O, sin-ner, it flows for thee!
The Spir-it says, Come, all ye wea-ry ones, home, And wan-der in sin no more.

REFRAIN

O, seek that beau-ti-ful stream, . . Seek now that beau-ti-ful stream; . .
O, seek, seek now;

Its wa-ters, so free, are flow-ing for thee, O, seek that beau-it-ful stream. A-MEN.

691

The Way of the Cross

LAVERNE BROWN

C. V. STRICKLAND

1. We will al - ways sing for Je - sus, He's our Lead - er, bless - ed Guide;
2. Tho' the way be some-times drear - y, We are nev - er all a - lone;
3. He will give us strength and pa-tience, For he trod the way be - fore;
4. Help us, Lord, to ev - er serve thee, Thou hast done so much for us;

He will bring us home to glo - ry, Je - sus, Sav - iour, cru - ci - fied.
Je - sus will be ev - er near us, Un - til we have reached our home.
And he knows how long the jour - ney From the earth to heav - en's door.
Help us all to be more earn - est. And in thee to put our trust.

CHORUS

Where he leads me I will fol - low, Where he guides me I will stay;
Where he leads Where he guides

Where he leads me I will fol - low, All a - long the pil-grim way. A-MEN.
Where he leads

692 Jesus, Plead for Me

Words arr. by MARY A. STRICKLAND — C. V. STRICKLAND

1. When by sin and guilt o'er-tak - en, Sinks my heart of all for - sak - en,
2. When no lip my cause is plead - ing, And my soul lies pierced and bleeding,
3. When the way is rough and drear - y, And my feet are worn and wea - ry,
4. Till I pass thro' hea-ven's por - tal, Reach the joys which are im-mor - tal,

Still my soul looks up to thee, Je - sus, wilt thou plead for me?

REFRAIN

Plead for me, plead for me, Je-sus, Mas - ter, plead for me;

Plead for me, plead for me, Je - sus, Mas-ter, plead for me;

Still my soul looks up to thee, Je - sus wilt thou plead for me? A-MEN.

for me?

693 How Can I Keep from Singing? 8s. & 7s.

Anon. Rev. R. Lowry, by per.

1. My life flows on in end - less song; A - bove earth's lam - en - ta - tion,
2. What tho' my joys and com-forts die? The Lord my Sav - iour liv - eth;
3. I lift my eyes; the cloud grows thin, I see the blue a - bove it;

I catch the sweet, tho' far - off hymn, That hails a new cre - a - tion;
What tho' the dark - ness gath - ers round? Songs in the night he giv - eth;
And day by day this path - way smooths Since first I learned to love it;

Thro' all the tu - mult and the strife, I hear the mu - sic ring - ing;
No storm can shake my in - most calm, While to that ref - uge cling - ing;
The peace of Christ makes fresh my heart, A foun - tain ev - er spring - ing;

It finds an ech - o in my soul—How can I keep from sing-ing?
Since Christ is Lord of heav'n and earth How can I keep from sing-ing?
All things are mine since I am his— How can I keep from sing-ing? A-MEN.

694 What a Friend We Have in Jesus

There is a Friend That Sticketh Closer Than a Brother

HORATIUS BONAR CHARLES C. CONVERSE

1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear;
2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there trou - ble a - ny-where?
3. Are we weak and hea - vy la - den, Cum-bered with a load of care?

What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry thing to God in pray'r.
We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
Pre - cious Sav - iour, still our ref - uge,— Take it to the Lord in pray'r.

Oh, what peace we oft - en for - feit, Oh, what need - less pain we bear—
Can we find a Friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sor - rows share?
Do thy friends de - spise, for - sake thee? Take it to the Lord in pray'r;

All be-cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry thing to God in pray'r.
Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak-ness, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
In his arms he'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol - ace there. A-MEN.

695 Jesus Only 8s. & 7s.

Jesus Only

Anon. H. P. PIERCE, by per.

1. "Je - sus on - ly," is the mot - to Now en - grav - en on my shield;
2. "Je - sus on - ly," when I'm doubt-ful, Can my fee - ble faith make strong;
3. "Je - sus on - ly," with thanks-giv - ing All my care on him I roll,
4. "Je - sus on - ly," let his prais - es Sound to earth's re - mot - est shore,

Where he leads me I will fol - low, Fight - ing brave - ly on the field;
On - ly he can wise - ly coun - sel, Make me right where I've been wrong.
With his peace, past un - der - stand - ing, He now "gar - ri - sons" my soul.
Souls from sin and shame he rais - es, Saves them by his might - y pow'r.

Weak and tempted, weak and tempt-ed, Tho' his strength I'll nev - er yield
He's my Sav - iour, He's my Sav - iour, Prais - es loud to him be - long.
Blest Re-deem - er! Blest Redeem - er! Glad I yield to his con - trol.
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Love and trust him ev - er - more. A - MEN.

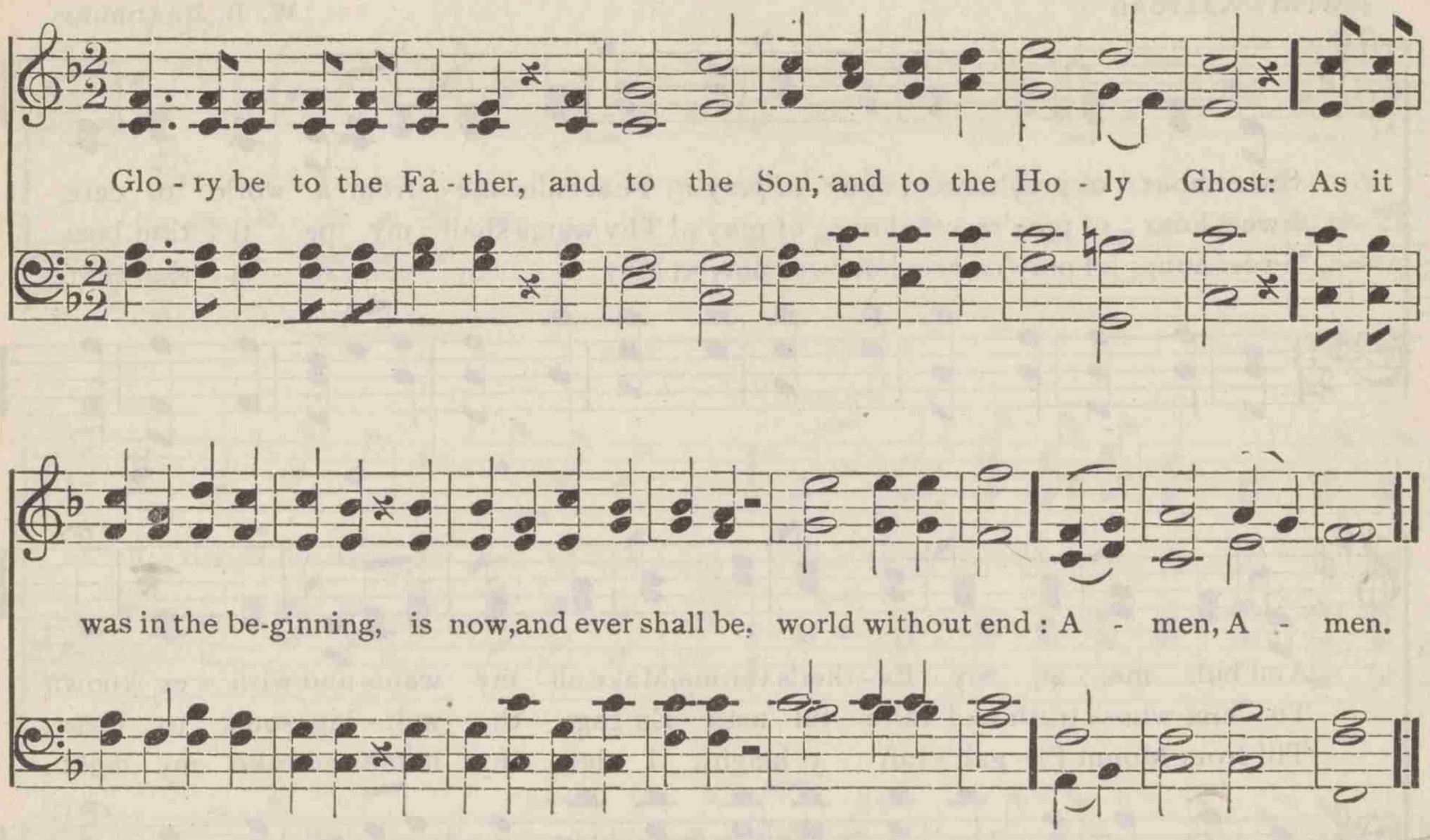
696 Revive Us Again 11s.

W. P. MACKAY, 1863 English Melody

1. We praise thee, O God! for the Son of thy love, For Je - sus who died, and is
2. We praise thee, O God! for thy spir - it of light, Who has shown us the Sav - iour, and
3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who hath borne all our sins, and
4. Re - vive us a - gain: fill each heart with thy love! May our souls be re - kin - dled with

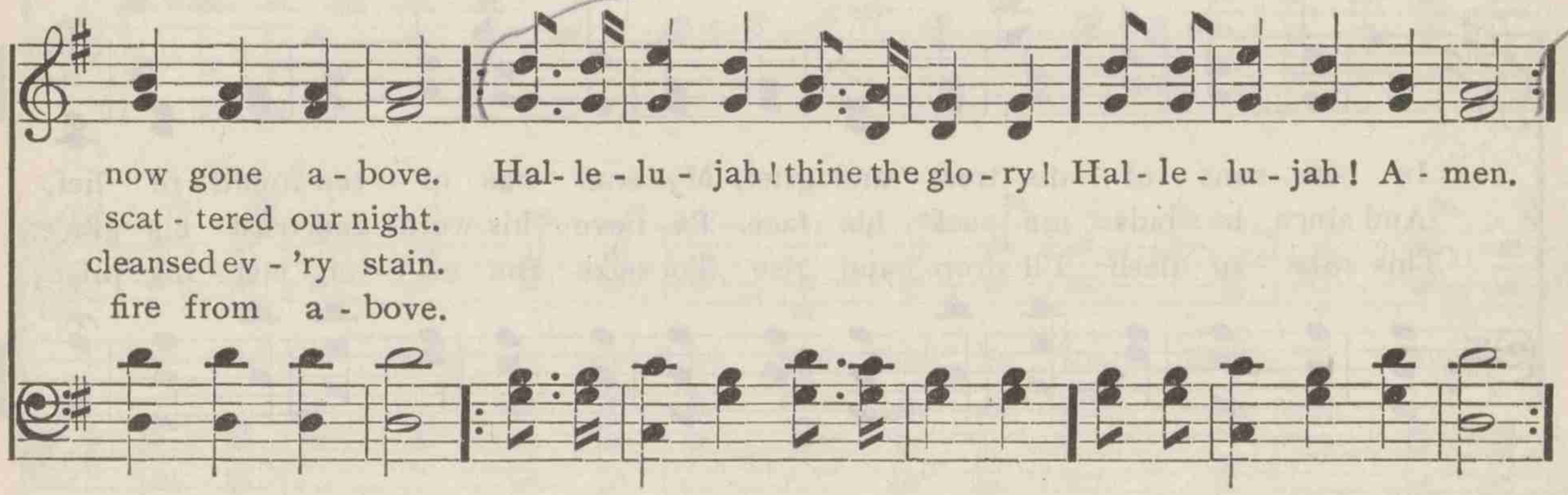
697 Gloria Patri Irr.

H. W. GREATOREX



Revive Us Again (*Concluded*)

CHORUS



698 Sweet Hour of Prayer

W. W. WALFORD — W. B. BRADBURY

1. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r! That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r! Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear,
3. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r! May I thy con - so - la - tion share;

And bids me, at my Fa - ther's throne, Make all my wants and wish - es known
To him whose truth and faith - ful - ness En-gage the wait - ing souls to bless;
Till from Mount Pis- gah's loft - y height, I view my home, and take my flight:

In sea - sons of dis - tress and grief, My soul has of - ten found re - lief,
And since he bids me seek his face, Be - lieve his word and trust his grace,
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise To seize the ev - er - last - ing prize;

And oft es-caped the tempt-er's snare, By thy re - turn, sweet hour of pray'r.
I'll cast on him my ev - 'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.
And shout, while passing thro' the air, Fare-well, fare - well, sweet hour of pray'r. A - MEN.

699 The Lord Will Comfort Zion

L. V. WHEELER

DUET

The Lord will comfort Zi - on, he will com- fort her waste places, And make her like

CHORUS

E - den, Like the gar - den of the Lord; The Lord will com-fort Zi - on, he will

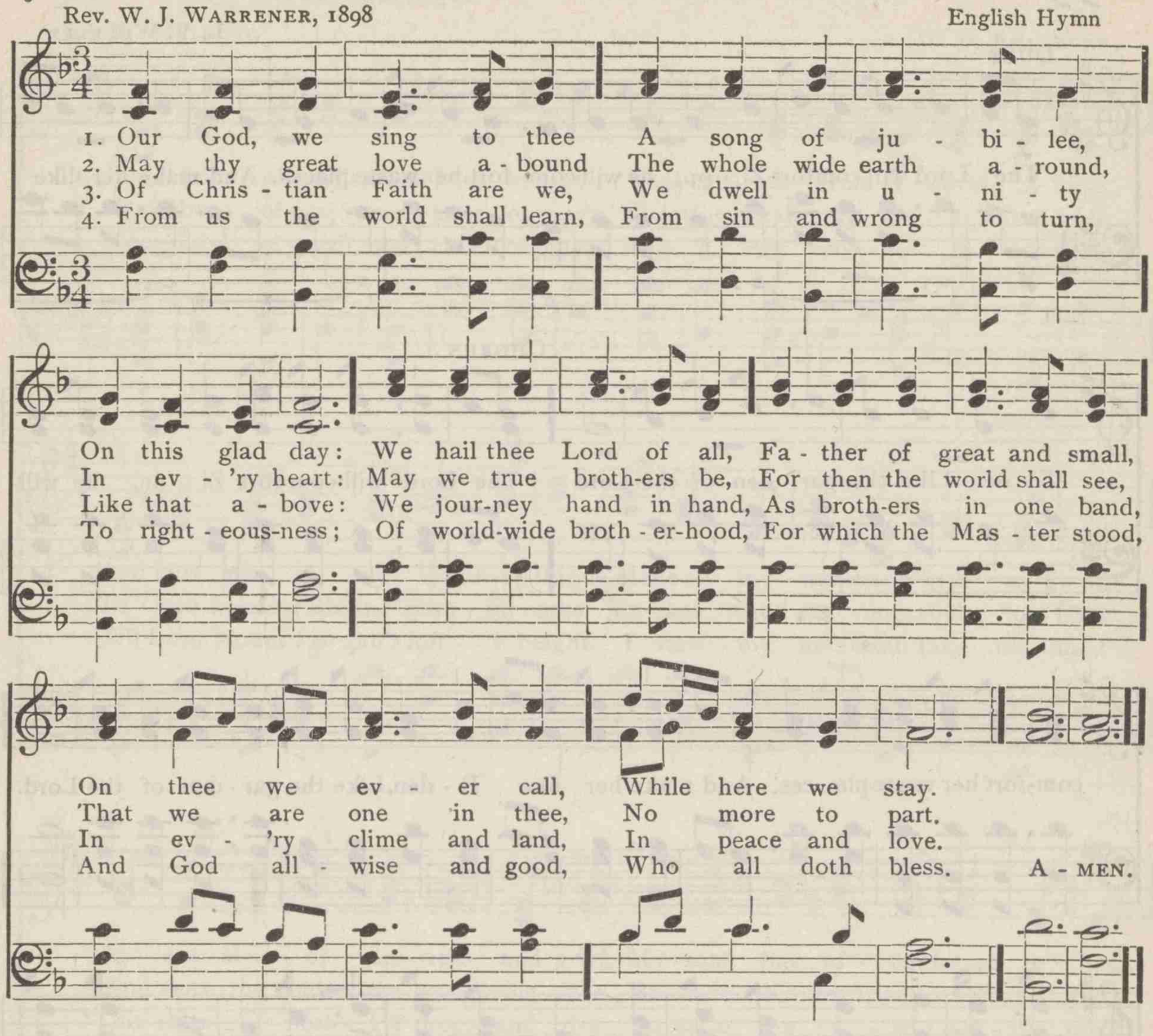
com-fort her waste pla - ces, And make her like E - den, Like the gar - den of the Lord.

Joy and glad - ness, joy and glad - ness shall be found there - in, joy and

glad-ness, joy and glad-ness shall be found there- in, shall be found there-in. A- MEN.

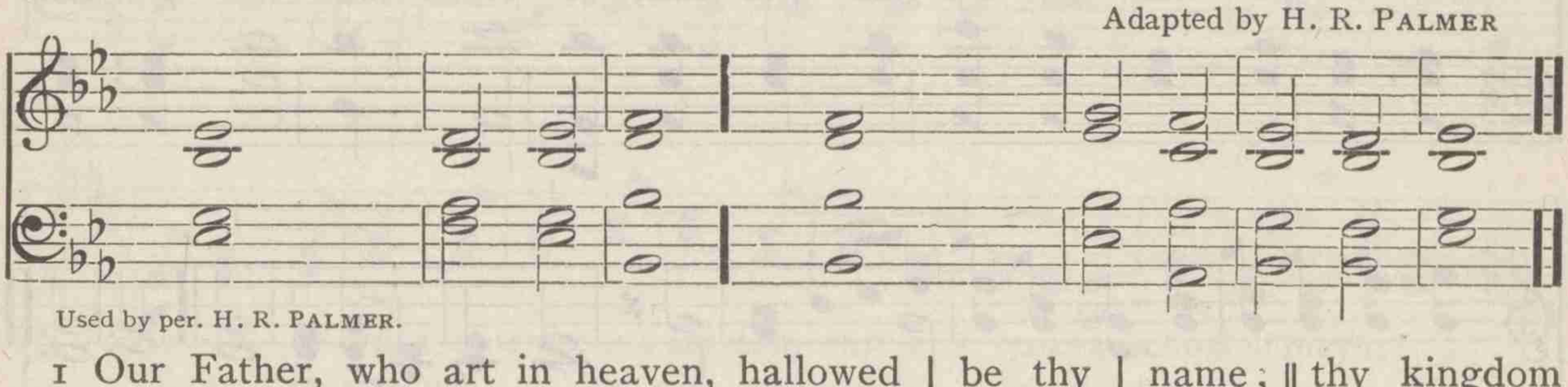
700 America 6s. & 4s.

Rev. W. J. WARRENER, 1898 — English Hymn



701 The Lord's Prayer

Adapted by H. R. PALMER



Used by per. H. R. PALMER.

1 Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed | be thy | name; ‖ thy kingdom come, thy will be done on | earth, as it | is in | heaven;

2 Give us this day our | daily | bread; ‖ And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive | them that | trespass a- | gainst us.

3 And lead us not into temptation, but deliver | us from | evil; ‖ For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for | ever and | ever. A- | men.

702 Gloria in Excelsis

PART I

Ancient English



1 Glory be to | God on | high, ‖ and on earth | peace, good -| will · · towards | men.
2 We praise thee, we bless thee, we | worship | thee, ‖ we glorify thee, we give thanks to | thee for | thy great | glory.

PART II



3 O Lord, God, | heavenly | King, ‖ God the | Father | Al- — | mighty!
4 O Lord, the only begotten Son, | Jesus | Christ; ‖ O Lord God, Lamb of | God, Son | of the | Father.

PART III



5 That takest away the | sins · · of the | world, ‖ have mercy | upon | us.
6 Thou that takest away the | sins · · of the | world, ‖ have mercy | upon | us.
7 Thou that takest away the | sins · · of the | world, ‖ re- | ceive our | prayer.
8 Thou that sittest at the right hand of | God the | Father, ‖ have mercy | upon | us.|

Return to Part I

9 For thou | only · · art | holy: ‖ thou | only | art the | Lord:
10 Thou only, O Christ, with the | Holy | Ghost, ‖ art most high in the | glory · · of | God the | Father. ‖ A- | men.

703 Laetatus Sum

JOHN RANDALL



Psalm 122

1 I was glad when they said | unto | me, ‖ Let us go unto the house—| of the | Lord.

2 Our feet are standing with- | in thy | gates, ‖ O — | — Je- | rusa- | lem;

3 Jerusalem that art builded | as a | city ‖ That | is com- | pact to- | gether:

4 Whither the tribes go up, even the | tribes · · of the | Lord, ‖ For a testimony unto Israel, to give thanks unto the | name — | of the | Lord.

5 For there are set | thrones for | judgment, ‖ The thrones of the | house of | Da- —| vid.

6 Pray for the peace of Je- | rusa-lem: ‖ They shall | prosper · · that | love —| thee.

7 Peace be with- | in thy | walls, ‖ And prosperity with- | in thy | pala- | ces.

8 For my brethren and com | panions'| sakes, ‖ I will now say, | Peace — | be with-in thee.

*9 For the sake of the house of the | Lord our | God ‖ I will | seek — | thy—| good.

704 Dominus Regit Me

LOWELL MASON



Psalm 23

1 The Lord is my Shepherd; I ‖ shall not | want; ‖ he maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the | still— | waters.

2 He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his | name's— | sake. ‖ Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy | staff they | comfort me.

3 Thou preparest a table before me, in the presence of mine enemies; thou anointest my head with oil; my | cup · · runneth | over. ‖ Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the | Lord for | ever. ‖ A- | men.

705 Jubilate Deo

JOHN ROBINSON



Psalm 100

1 Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, | all ye | lands. ‖ Serve the Lord with gladness; come before his | presence | with — | singing.

2 Know ye that the Lord | he is | God : ‖ It is he that hath made us, and we are his : we are his people, | and the | sheep · · of his | pasture.

3 Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his | courts with | praise : ‖ Give thanks unto him, and | bless — | his — | name.

4 For the Lord is good ; his mercy en- | dureth for- | ever, ‖ And his truth unto | all — gener- | ations.

706 Thy Will be Done

L. MASON



1 "Thy will be | done!" ‖ In devious way the hurrying stream of | life may | run ; ‖ Yet still our grateful hearts shall say, | "Thy will be | done!"

2 "Thy will be | done!" ‖ If o'er us shine a gladdening and a | prosperous | sun, ‖ This prayer will make it more divine — | "Thy will be | done!"

3 "Thy will be | done!" ‖ Though shrouded o'er our | path with | gloom, ‖ One comfort — one is ours, — to breathe, while we adore, | "Thy will be | done!"

Sir JOHN BOWRING

707

J. H. TENNY

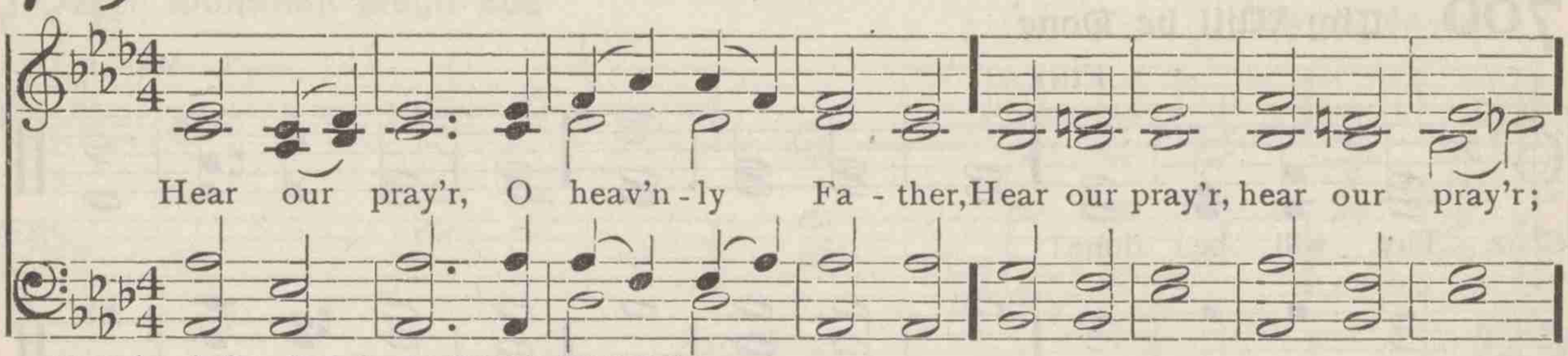


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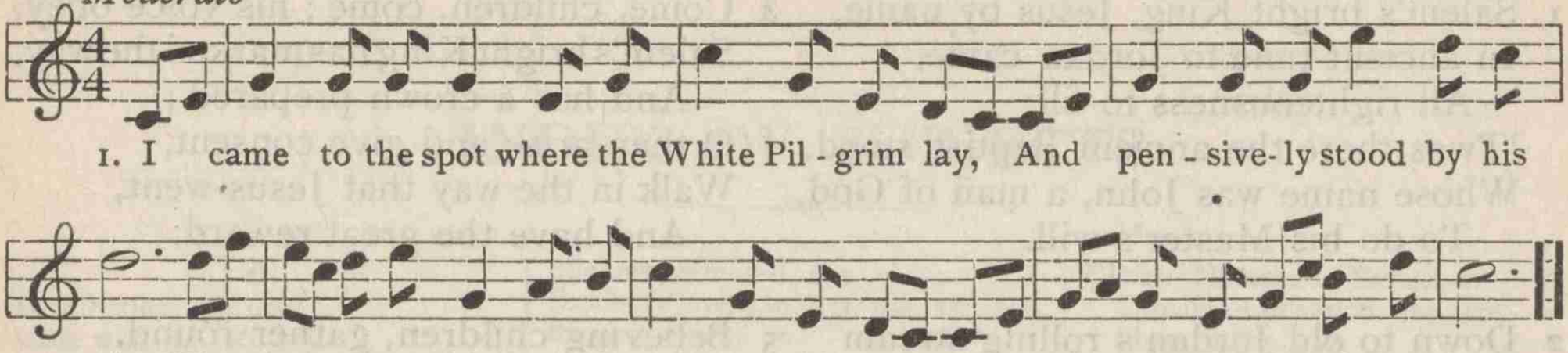
Dr. M. J. MUNGER



From Am. Anthem Book, by per. OLIVER DITSON CO.

711 The White Pilgrim

Moderato Rev. JOHN ELLIS



2 "The tempest may howl, and the loud thunders roll —
And gathering clouds may arise —
Yet calm are my feelings, at rest is my soul,
The tears are all wiped from my eyes.

3 "I wandered an exile and stranger below,
To publish salvation abroad;
The trump of the gospel endeavored to blow,
Inviting poor sinners to God.

4 "But when among strangers and far from home —
No kindred or relative nigh —
I met the contagion and sank in the tomb,
My spirit ascending on high.

5 "Go tell my companions and children most dear,
To weep not for Joseph, though gone;
The same hand that led me through scenes dark and drear
Has kindly conducted me home."

Rev. JOHN ELLIS

NOTE. Joseph Thomas, called the "White Pilgrim" because of his garb, was one of the pioneers of the Christian denomination, born in North Carolina, March 7, 1791. He began preaching when only 17 years old, laboring most of his ministry as an itinerant. He was striken with smallpox at Johnsonburg, N. J., where he died April 9, 1835.

712 *Dedication Hymn*

1 O thou, who reign'st enthroned in light,
Whom heavenly hosts obey;
Creation owns thy boundless might;
Thou rul'st with potent sway.

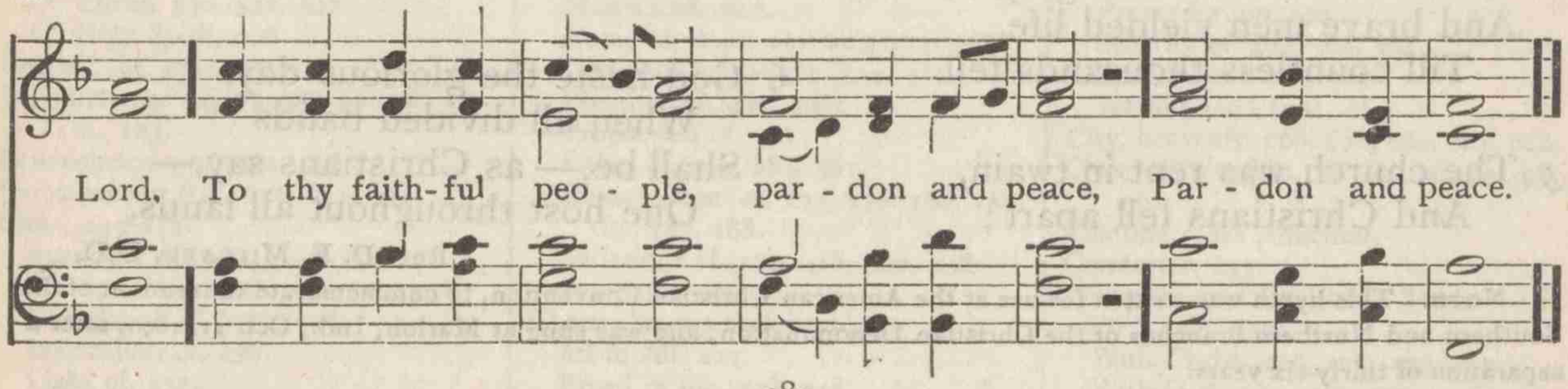
2 This house we dedicate to thee;
Here shall thy praise be sung;
Here may thy saints in unity
Employ the tuneful tongue.

3 Here may thy sacred word be taught,
Our only rule obeyed;
Here by almighty power wrought,
Be wondrous grace displayed.

4 Humbled beneath thy wondrous power
We at thy footstool fall;
Thine be this consecrated hour;
Thine be our lives, our all.

Rev. DAVID MILLARD

710 (*Concluded*)



713 Christ's Baptism

1 Salem's bright King, Jesus by name,
In ancient time to Jordan came,
All righteousness to fill;
'Twas there the ancient Baptist stood,
Whose name was John, a man of God,
To do his Master's will.

2 Down to old Jordan's rolling stream
The Baptist led the holy Lamb,
And there did him baptize;
Jehovah saw his darling Son,
And was well pleased with what he'd done,
And owned him from the skies.

3 "This is my Son," Jehovah cries;
On him to rest the Spirit flies,
"O children, hear ye him;"
Hark! 'tis his voice; behold, he cries,
"Repent, believe, and be baptized,
And wash away your sins."

4 Come, children, come; his voice obey;
Salem's bright King has marked the way,
And has a crown prepared;
O then arise and give consent,
Walk in the way that Jesus went,
And have the great reward.

5 Believing children, gather round,
And let your joyful songs abound,
With cheerful hearts arise;
See, here is water, here is room.
A loving Saviour calling, "Come,
O children, be baptized."

6 Behold! his servant waiting stands,
With willing heart and ready hands,
To wait upon the bride;
Ye candidates, your hearts prepare,
And let us join in solemn prayer,
Down by the water side.

CLEMENT PHINNEY.

714 Reunion Hymn

1 Anon the wild winds blew,
At length the dread storm came,
The Union rent in two —
Brought sorrow, grief and shame.

CHORUS.

Rejoice, the storm is o'er,
And peace and love now reign.
We'll work as ne'er before,
We'll rally now again.

2 War's fierce and dreadful strife
Burst forth with savage yell,
And brave men yielded life,
Till countless thousands fell.

3 The church was rent in twain,
And Christians fell apart;
The very thought brings pain
To each true brother's heart.

4 Swift time has flown since then,
Our sep'rate paths we've trod,
The Nation's one again,
And we are one for God.

5 Let all the wide world o'er
Know we are one in love,
And never, never more
Will strive as we have strove.

6 God haste the glorious day,
When all divided bands
Shall be,— as Christians say,—
One host throughout all lands.

Rev. D. E. MILLARD, D.D.

NOTE. This hymn was written for use at the American Christian Convention, to commemorate the reunion of the Southern and Northern branches of the Christian Denomination, and was sung at Marion, Ind., Oct. 11, 1890, after a separation of thirty-six years.

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How firm a foundation, ye saints of ...*Keith*	464
How gentle God's commands ...*Doddridge*	139

		HYMN
How glorious is the hour	*Bulfinch*	304
How happy every child of	*C. Wesley*	485
How pleasant, how divinely fair	*Watts*	6
How pleasing is thy voice	*Dwight*	618
How precious is the Book divine	*Fawcett*	250
How rich the blessing, O my God	*Roscoe*	495
How shall we praise thee, Lord	*Bowring*	89
How short and hasty is our life	*Watts*	675
How sweet, how heavenly is the	*Swain*	553
How sweetly flowed the gospel's	*Bowring*	171
How sweet the hour of closing day		638
How sweet the name of Jesus	*Newton*	192
How sweet to be allowed to pray	*Follen*	391
How sweet to leave the world	*Kelly*	373
How sweet upon this sacred	*Mrs. Follen*	22
How tedious and tasteless the	*Newton*	406
How vain is all beneath the skies	*Ford*	636
Ho, ye that pant for living streams	*Watts*	258
Humble souls, who seek salvation		545

I.

I am coming to the cross	*McDonald*	311
I ask a perfect creed	*Bonar*	368
I ask not now for gold to	*Whittier*	350
I ask not wealth but power to take	*Cary*	338
I bless the crucified	*Bonar*	415
I can not always trace the way		479
I can not walk in darkness	*Mason*	136
"I come," the great	*Salisbury Coll.*	532
I heard the voice of Jesus say	*Bonar*	307
I know that my Redeemer	*C. Wesley*	196
I love the Lord, he heard my	*Watts*	351
I love the Sacred Book of God	*Kelly*	247
I love thy kingdom, Lord	*Dwight*	499
I love to steal awhile away	*Brown*	80
I love to think of heaven	*Hartsough*	670
I'm not ashamed to own my Lord	*Watts*	442
In all my Lord's appointed	*Ryland*	296
In all my vast concerns with thee	*Watts*	116
In heavenly love abiding	*Waring*	472
In the cross of Christ I glory	*Bowring*	423
In trouble and in grief, O Lord		478
I sing the mighty power of God	*Watts*	118
It came upon the midnight clear	*Sears*	161
I was a wandering sheep	*Bonar*	455
I will follow thee, my Saviour		331
I will sing you a song of that	*Gates*	679
I worship thee, sweet will of God	*Faber*	316
I would love thee, God and Father		360
I would not live alway	*Muhlenberg*	648

J.

Jerusalem, my happy home		678
Jerusalem, the glorious	*Neale*, tr.	681
Jerusalem, the golden	*Neale*, tr.	667
Jesus, and shall it ever be	*Grigg*	432
Jesus! I love thy charming	*Doddridge*	218
Jesus, I my cross have taken	*Lyte*	300
Jesus, Lamb of God, for me	*Palmer*	302
Jesus, lover of my soul	*C. Wesley*	204
Jesus, my all, to heaven	*Cenwick*	371
Jesus only, is the motto		695
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun	*Watts*	200
Jesus, thou everlasting King	*Watts*	505
Jesus, thou joy of loving hearts	*Palmer*	345
Jesus, thou Shepherd of the sheep		622
Jesus, thy boundless love to	*J. Wesley*	336
Jesus! thy church, with longing	*Bathurst*	689
Jesus, we thy promise claim	*Wesleyan*	549
Jesus, while our hearts are bleeding		476
Joyful be the hours to-day	*Kelly*	179
Joy to the world, the Lord is	*Watts*	159
Just as I am, without one plea	*Elliott*	289

K.

Kingdoms and thrones to God	*Watts*	129
Know, my soul, thy full salvation	*Lyte*	426

L.

Leader of Israel's host and	*Wesleyan*	382
Lead, kindly light, amid th'	*Newman*	369
Let everlasting glories crown	*Watts*	246
Let every heart rejoice and sing		605
Let every mortal ear attend	*Watts*	254
Let me go where saints are	*Hartsough*	647
Let party names no more	*Beddome*	552
Let Zion's watchmen all awake	*Doddridge*	512
Life is a span, a fleeting hour		635
Life of all that lives	*Hymns of the Spirit*	383
Lift your glad voices in triumph on		177
Light of life, seraphic fire	*C. Wesley*	384
Light of those whose dreary	*Toplady*	208
Like the eagle, upward, onward	*Bonar*	446
Lo, God is here! let us adore	*Wesley*	9

		HYMN
Long as I live I'll bless thy name	*Watts*	58
Look from thy sphere of endless	*Bryant*	586
Look ye saints, the sight is	*Kelly*	184
Lord, at this closing hour	*Fitch*	106
Lord, at thy table, I behold	*Stennett*	541
Lord, before thy presence come	*Taylor*	24
Lord, bid thy light arise	*Bathurst*	238
Lord, dismiss us with thy	*Shirley*	99
Lord, I approach thy mercy-seat	*Newton*	295
Lord, I believe a rest	*C. Wesley*	395
Lord, I believe; thy power I own	*Wreford*	314
Lord, I care not for riches	*Kidder*	682
Lord, I have made thy word my	*Watts*	251
Lord, in heaven, thy dwelling	*Bowring*	67
Lord, in mercy thou hast	*Pierpont*	598
Lord, in the morning thou shalt	*Watts*	81
Lord, in thy presence we appear	*Roberts*	517
Lord, lead the way the Saviour	*Crosswell*	357
Lord, my weak thought in vain	*Palmer*	108
Lord of all being, throned afar	*Holmes*	48
Lord of all power and might	*Stowell*	584
Lord of our supreme desire	*C. Wesley*	334
Lord of the living harvest	*Monsell*	579
Lord of the worlds above	*Watts*	32
Lord of the worlds below	*Anon.*	619
Lord, thou art good; all nature	*Brown*	113
Lord, thy glory fills the heaven	*Mant*	65
Lord, we come before thee now		29
Lord, what offering shall we bring	*Taylor*	27
Lord, while for all mankind we	*Wreford*	601
Love divine, all love excelling	*C. Wesley*	333

M.

Majestic sweetness sits	*Stennett*	191
Make us by thy transforming grace	*Steele*	223
May those who have thy name confessed		526
'Mid scenes of confusion, and	*Denham*	620
Mourn for the thousands slain	*Brace*	594
Must Jesus bear the cross alone	*Allen*	419
My Country, 'tis of thee	*Smith*	599
My dear Reedeemer and my Lord	*Watts*	199
My faith looks up to thee	*Palmer*	312
My Father bids me come		367
My Father, cheering name	*Steele*	140
My God, accept my early vows	*Watts*	77
My God, accept my heart	*Brydges*	542
My God, how endless is thy love	*Watts*	94
My God, in whom are all the	*Watts*	43
My God, is any hour so sweet	*Elliott*	376
My God, I thank thee; may no	*Norton*	468
My God, my everlasting hope	*Watts*	633
My God, my Father, while	*Elliott*	293
My God, my hope, my Father, thou		466
My God, my strength, my hope	*C. Wesley*	366
My God, permit me not to be	*Watts*	370
My God, the spring of all my joys	*Watts*	488
My gracious Lord, I own thy	*Doddridge*	287
My Jesus, as thou wilt	*Borthwick*	469
My Jesus, I love	*London Hymn Book*	213
My life flows on in endless song		693
My opening eyes with rapture see	*Hutton*	3
My Saviour, my almighty Friend	*Watts*	215
My soul, be on thy guard	*Heath*	449
My soul, how lovely is the place	*Watts*	23
My soul, repeat his praise	*Watts*	61
My soul, weigh not thy life	*Swain*	450
My times of sorrow and of joy	*Beddome*	475

N.

Nearer, my God to thee	*Adams*	411
Nor eye hath seen, nor ear hath	*Watts*	674
Not with our mortal eyes	*Watts*	422
Now is th' accepted time	*Dobell*	275
Now is the time approaching	*Borthwick*	560
Now to heaven our prayer	*Hickson*	596
Now to the Lord a noble song	*Watts*	45
Now to the Lord who makes us	*Watts*	175

O.

O, bless the Lord, my soul	*Watts*	38
O, blest the souls, for	*Fr. the German*	480
O bow thine ear, Eternal One	*Pierpont*	516
O cease, my wandering	*Mecklenburg*	271
O Christ, our King, Creator	*Palmer*	176
O Christ, with each returning	*Chandler*	76
O come, loud anthems	*Tate & Brady*	5
O could I find from day to	*Cleveland*	394
O could I speak the matchless	*Medley*	219
O deem not they are blest	*Bryant*	481
O do not let the word depart	*Mrs. Reed*	264
O'er the gloomy hills of	*Williams*	277
O everlasting Light	*Steele*	224
O Father, humbly we repose	*Gaskell*	318
O Father of the living Christ	*Newell*	511

		HYMN
O for a closer walk with God	*Cowper*	401
O for a faith that will not	*Bathurst*	313
O for a glance of heavenly day	*Hart*	283
O for a heart to praise my	*C. Wesley*	305
O for a prophet's fire	*Furness*	550
O for a shout of joy	*Young*	71
O for a thousand tongues to	*C. Wesley*	214
Oh give thanks to him who	*Conder*	150
O God, accept the sacred hour	*Gilman*	536
O God, by whom the seed is	*Heber*	103
O God, the darkness roll away	*Gaskell*	568
O God, thou art my God	*Montgomery*	320
O God, to thee our hearts would	*Gaskell*	613
O gracious God, in whom I live	*Steele*	396
O happy day, that fixed my	*Doddridge*	521
O happy is the man	*Scotch Paraphrases*	625
O have you not heard of that beautiful		690
O Holy Father, Friend unseen	*Elliott*	297
O Holy Father, 'mid the calm	*Burleigh*	90
O how I love thy holy law	*Watts*	249
O how safe, how happy he	*Lyte*	477
O let my trembling soul be still	*Bowring*	321
O let your mingling voices rise	*Roscoe*	220
O Lord, I would delight in thee	*Ryland*	329
O Lord of hosts, almighty King	*Holmes*	597
O love divine, that stooped to	*Holmes*	496
O Lord divine, whose constant	*Whittier*	342
O Love, how cheering is the	*C. Wesley*	381
O love of God, how strong and	*Bonar*	127
O love that casts out fear	*Bonar*	358
Once more, my soul, the rising	*Watts*	82
One prayer I have, all prayers	*Montgomery*	405
One sweetly solemn thought	*Carey*	649
One there is above all others	*Newton*	210
On Jordan's stormy banks I	*Stennett*	677
On the mountain's top appearing	*Kelly*	565
On this loved Easter morning	*Millard*	187
Onward, Christian soldiers	*Baring-Gould*	448
O sacred Head, now wounded	*Alexander*	172
O sometimes gleams upon our	*Whittier*	430
O source of uncreated Light	*Dryden*	231
O speed thee, Christian, on thy way		437
O Spirit of the living God	*Montgomery*	585
O still in accents sweet	*S. Longfellow*	571
O teach me, Father, to submit	*Day*	473
O that I could forever dwell		409
O that my heart was right with	*Toplady*	374
O that the Lord's salvation	*Lyte*	580
O thou great Friend to all the	*Parker*	225
O thou in all thy might so far	*Hosmer*	328
O thou that hearest prayer	*Burton*	34
O thou to whom all creatures	*Doddridge*	137
O thou to whom in ancient	*Pierpont*	10
O thou to whose all-searching	*J. Wesley*	378
O thou who art above all height		510
O thou who hast at thy	*Cotterill*	337
O thou whose own vast temple	*Bryant*	513
O thou whose tender mercy	*Steele*	404
Our country's voice is pleading	*Anderson*	573
Our Father, unto thee	*Haley*	577
Our God, our help in ages past	*Watts*	114
Our God we sing to Thee	*Warrener*	700
Our heavenly Father, hear	*Montgomery*	362
Our Lord is risen from the	*C. Wesley*	181
Our souls, by love together knit	*Miller*	557
O what delight is this	*C. Wesley*	551
O when shall I see Jesus		458
O where shall rest be found	*Montgomery*	276

P.

Peace, troubled soul, thou needst not		494
Planted in Christ, the living Vine	*Smith*	527
Pleasant are thy courts above	*Lyte*	28
Plunged in a gulf of dark despair	*Watts*	198
Praise God, from whom all	*Ken*	51
Praise God, the great	*Summerbell*	194
Praise the Lord! ye heavens	*Dublin Coll.*	64
Praise to thee, thou great	*Fawcett*	63
Prayer is appointed to convey	*Hart*	379
Prayer is the soul's sincere	*Montgomery*	398
Press on, press on! ye sons of	*Gaskell*	431
Proclaim, saith Christ, my	*Newton*	543

Q.

Quiet, Lord, my froward heart	*Newton*	326

R.

Raise your triumphant songs	*Watts*	39
Remember thy Creator now		632
Return, my roving heart	*Doddridge*	285
Return, O wanderer, now	*W. B. Collyer*	257
Return, O wanderer, to thy	*W. Hastings*	256
Revive thy work, O Lord	*Ryle*	562

		HYMN
Ride on, ride on in majesty	*Milman*	174
Rock of ages, cleft for me	*Toplady*	211
Roll on, thou mighty ocean	*Edmeston*	574

S.

Safely through another week	*Newton*	26
Saints for whom the Saviour bled		569
Salvation! O the joyful sound	*Watts*	203
Saviour, breathe an evening	*Edmeston*	85
Saviour, I follow on	*Robinson*	413
Saviour, visit thy plantation	*Newton*	570
Say, sinner, hath a voice within	*Hyde*	261
See, from Zion's sacred mountain	*Kelly*	278
See Israel's gentle shepherd	*Doddridge*	631
See the kind Shepherd, Jesus	*Montgomery*	630
Servant of God, well done	*Montgomery*	652
Shall hymns of grateful love	*Cummins*	221
Shepherd of tender youth	*C. Alexandrinus*	634
Show pity, Lord! O Lord forgive	*Watts*	290
Sing to the Lord, a joyful song	*Monsell*	46
Sinners, turn, why will ye die	*C. Wesley*	265
Sinners, will you slight the	*Allen*	274
Sister, thou wast mild and	*Smith*	659
Slavery and death	*Hymns of the Spirit*	591
Sleep not, soldier of the cross	*Gaskell*	441
Soft as fades the sunset	*S. Longfellow*	87
Softly fades the twilight ray	*Smith*	92
Soldiers of Christ, arise	*C. Wesley*	440
So let our lips and lives express	*Watts*	339
Sometimes a light surprises	*Cowper*	493
Sound, sound the truth abroad	*Kelly*	583
Sow in the morn thy seed	*Montgomery*	451
Speak gently — it is better far	*Bates*	349
Speak with us, Lord, thyself	*C. Wesley*	420
Stand up and bless the	*Montgomery*	62
Stand up, my soul, shake off	*Watts*	429
Stand up, stand up for Jesus	*Duffield*	457
Sure the blest Comforter is nigh	*Steele*	228
Sweet is the day of sacred rest	*Watts*	44
Sweet is the light of Sabbath	*Edmeston*	75
Sweet is the work	*Spirit of the Psalms*	35
Sweet peace of conscience	*Heginbotham*	483
Sweet the moments, rich in	*Allen*	424
Sweet was the time when first I	*Newton*	306

T.

Tarry with me, O my Saviour	*Smith*	93
Tell me not in mournful	*Longfellow*	425
Thanks be to him who built the	*Bonar*	607
That blessed law of thine	*C. Wesley*	364
The brazen serpent lifted high	*Staley*	535
The bread we break, the wine	*Staley*	537
The breaking waves dashed	*Hemans*	604
The Christian warrior — see	*Montgomery*	436
The church's one foundation	*Stone*	506
The day is past and gone	*Blew*	84
The day of praise is done	*Ellerton*	107
Thee we adore, eternal name	*Watts*	615
Thee will I love, my strength	*J. Wesley*	133
The glorious universe around	*Bonar*	554
The God of glory walks his	*Heber*	435
The God of Harvest praise	*Montgomery*	606
The harp at Nature's advent	*Whittier*	143
The heavens declare thy glory	*Watts*	245
The Lord! how wondrous are	*Watts*	131
The Lord Jehovah lives	*Hastings*	156
The Lord my pasture shall	*Addison*	132
The Lord my shepherd is	*Watts*	141
The Lord of Glory is my light	*Watts*	59
The morning light is breaking	*Smith*	281
The offerings to thy throne	*Bowring*	20
The praise of Zion waits for thee	*Watts*	564
There are lonely hearts to cherish		684
There is a beautiful world	*Snow*	683
There is a book, who runs may	*Keble*	145
There is a fountain filled with blood		197
There is a glorious world on	*Steele*	662
There is a God, all nature speaks	*Steele*	111
There is a land mine eye	*Robins, Jr.*	661
There is a land of pure delight	*Watts*	671
There is an eye that never	*Wallace*	392
There is an hour of peaceful	*Tappan*	663
There is a safe and secret place	*Lyte*	491
There is no night in heaven	*Knolles*	664
There's a fullness in God's mercy	*Faber*	135
There's a land that is fairer	*Bennett*	686
There's not a hope with comfort	*Taylor*	410
The saints on earth and those	*C. Wesley*	540
The Saviour calls, let every ear	*Steele*	255
The Saviour speaks to every	*Hathaway*	309
The Son of God goes forth to war	*Heber*	452
The spacious firmament on	*Addison*	123
The spirit in our hearts	*Onderdonk*	269
The strife is o'er, the battle	*Pott*, tr.	188
The world may change from	*Adams*	490

		HYMN
They who on the	*Spirit of the Psalms*	335
They who seek a throne	*Meth. Coll.*	149
Thine earthly Sabbaths	*Doddridge*	2
Think gently of the erring one	*Fletcher*	347
Thirsting for a living spring	*Appleton*	385
This is not my place of resting	*Bonar*	688
This is the day the Lord hath	*Watts*	16
This world for thee, O Christ	*Wheeler*	572
Thou art, O God, the life and	*Moore*	120
Thou art the way; to thee alone	*Doane*	195
Thou dear Redeemer, dying	*Cenwick*	202
Thou God of grace and love	*Clayton*	519
Thou whose almighty word	*Marriott*	240
Through all this life's eventful	*Gaskell*	407
Thus far the Lord has led me on	*Watts*	74
Thy presence, ever-living God	*Doddridge*	97
Thy way, not mine, O Lord	*Bonar*	470
Thy way, O God, is in the sea	*Fawcett*	148
Time is winging us away	*Burton*	639
'Tis by the faith of joys to come	*Watts*	317
"'Tis finished!" so the Saviour	*Stennett*	173
To God, the great, eternal	*Summerbell*	52
To our Redeemer's glorious name	*Steele*	216
Tossed upon life's raging	*Bethune*	588
To thee, O God, the great	*Summerbell*	518
To thine eternal arms, O God	*Higginson*	462
To thy temple I repair	*Montgomery*	25
To us a child of hope is born	*Logan*	164
Triumphant Zion, lift thy head	*Doddridge*	563
Try us, O God, and search the	*C. Wesley*	399
'Twas the commission of our Lord	*Watts*	524

U.

Unshaken as the sacred hill	*Watts*	315
Unto thy temple, Lord, we come	*Collyer*	515
Upon the gospel's sacred page	*Bowring*	283
Upward I lift mine eyes	*Watts*	330

W.

Walk in the light, so shalt thou	*Barton*	421
Watchman, tell us of the night	*Bowring*	167
We all, O Father, all are thine	*Dyer*	319
We are living; we are dwelling	*Coxe*	589
Weary of earth, and laden with	*Stone*	270
We bid thee welcome in the	*Montgomery*	509
We bless thee for this sacred	*Mrs. Gilman*	12
We bless thee for thy peace, O God		492
We bow before thy mercy-seat	*Batchelor*	57
We come, O Lord, before thy	*Brown*	595
Welcome, delightful morn	*Hayward*	31
Welcome, sweet day of rest	*Watts*	37
We praise thee, O God, for the	*Mackey*	696
We speak of the realms of the blest		676
We've no abiding city here	*Kelly*	666
We will always sing for Jesus	*Strickland*	691
What a friend we have in Jesus	*Bonar*	694
What equal honors shall we bring	*Watts*	189
What precept, Jesus, is like	*Livermore*	344
What shall I render to my God	*Watts*	15
When all thy mercies, O my	*Addison*	152
When as returns this	*Mrs. Barbauld*	13
When blooming youth is snatched	*Steele*	657
When brighter suns and milder	*Peabody*	612
When by guilt and sin o'ertaken	*Strickland*	692
When driven by oppression's rod	*Lunt*	590
When I survey the wondrous cross	*Watts*	417
When languor and disease invade	*Toplady*	487
When thou, my righteous Judge	*Selina*	665
When we devote our youth to God	*Watts*	626
Where'er the Lord shall build	*Scott*	621
Where for refuge shall I fly	*Hoffman*	687
While shepherds watched their	*Tate*	162
While thee I seek	*Mrs. Williams*	55
While we walk with God in	*C. Wesley*	559
While, with ceaseless course	*Newton*	611
Whom have we, Lord, in heaven	*Lyte*	353
Who, O Lord, when life is o'er	*Lyte*	327
Who shall ascend the heavenly	*Watts*	341
Why should we start and fear to die	*Watts*	645
Why will ye waste on trifling	*Doddridge*	262
With broken heart and contrite	*Elvin*	288
With joy we hail the sacred day	*Lyte*	17
With love the Saviour's heart o'erflows		354
With my substance I will honor	*Francis*	592
With reverence let the saints	*Watts*	146
With tearful eyes I look	*Mrs. C. Elliott*	260
Witness, ye men and angels	*Beddome*	528
Word, whose creative thrill	*Brooks*	69
Work, for the night is coming	*Walker*	447
Workman of God, O lose not heart	*Faber*	438

	HYMN
Y.	
Ye boundless realms of joy .....*Tate*	70
Ye Christian heralds, go, proclaim ...*Voke*	507
Ye followers of the Prince of Peace.....	544
Ye nations round the earth .....*Watts*	50
Yes, for me, for me he careth .....*Bonar*	209
Yes, my native land, I love thee ...*Smith*	581
Yes, the Redeemer rose .....*Doddridge*	186
Your harps, ye trembling saints ..*Toplady*	324
Z.	
Zion! awake, thy strength renew . .*Shrubsole*	575
Zion stands with hills surrounded ....*Kelly*	498

	HYMN
CHANTS AND RESPONSES.	
Father, hear us.....	708
Glory be to God on high.....	702
Glory be to the Father.....	697
Grant, we beseech thee 707,	710
Hear our prayer, O heavenly Father.....	709
Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of hosts.....	685
I was glad when they said unto me.....	703
Make a joyful noise unto the Lord.....	705
Our Father who art in heaven.....	701
The Lord is my Shepherd.....	704
The Lord will comfort Zion.....	699
Thy will be done.....	706

100 Watts

RESPONSIVE READINGS

Selection 1

Praise for Jehovah's Mercies

Bless Jehovah, O my soul; And all that is within me, bless his holy name.
Bless Jehovah, O my soul; And forget not all his benefits.

Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; Who healeth all thy diseases;
Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; Who crowneth thee with lovingkindness and tender mercies.

Who satisfieth thy desire with good things, So that thy youth is renewed like the eagle.
Jehovah executeth righteous acts, And judgments for all that are oppressed.

He made known his ways unto Moses, His doings unto the children of Israel.
Jehovah is merciful and gracious, Slow to anger and abundant in loving-kindness.

He will not always chide; Neither will he keep his anger forever.
He hath not dealt with us after our sins, Nor rewarded us after our iniquities.

For as the heavens are high above the earth, So great is his lovingkindness toward them that fear him.
As far as the east is from the west, So far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

Like as a father pitieth his children, So Jehovah pitieth them that fear him.
For he knoweth our frame; He remembereth that we are dust.

As for man, his days are as grass; As a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.
For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; And the place thereof shall know it no more.

But the lovingkindness of Jehovah is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him,
And his righteousness unto children's children;

To such as keep his covenant, And to those that remember his precepts to do them.
Jehovah hath established his throne in the heavens; And his kingdom ruleth over all.

Bless Jehovah, ye his angels, That are mighty in strength, that fulfil his word,
Harkening unto the voice of his word.
Bless Jehovah, all ye his hosts, Ye ministers of his, that do his pleasure.
Bless Jehovah, all ye his works.
In all places of his dominion;
Bless Jehovah, O my soul.

Selection 2

Delight in God's House

How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Jehovah of hosts!
My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of Jehovah;
My heart and my flesh cry out unto the living God.
Yea, the sparrow hath found her a house, And the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young,
Even thine altars, O Jehovah of Hosts, My King and my God.
Blessed are they that dwell in thy house;
They will be still praising thee.
Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee;
In whose heart are the highways to Zion.
Passing through the valley of Weeping they make it a place of springs;
Yea, the early rain covereth it with blessings.
They go from strength to strength;
Every one of them appeareth before God in Zion.
O Jehovah God of hosts, hear my prayer;
Give ear, O God of Jacob.
Behold, O God our shield, And look upon the face of thine anointed.
For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand.
I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God,
Than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.
For Jehovah God is a sun and a shield;
Jehovah will give grace and glory;
No good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.
O Jehovah of hosts, Blessed is the man that trusteth in thee.
Blessed is the man whom thou choosest, and causest to approach unto thee,
That he may dwell in thy courts.
We shall be satisfied with the goodness of thy house,
Thy holy temple.
For Jehovah hath chosen Zion;
He hath desired it for his habitation.
This is my resting-place for ever;

Here will I dwell; for I have desired it.
I will abundantly bless her provision:
I will satisfy her poor with bread.
Her priests also will I clothe with salvation;
And her saints shall shout aloud for joy.

Selection 3

Praise to the Creator

Rejoice in Jehovah, O ye righteous.
Praise is comely for the upright.
Give thanks unto Jehovah with the harp;
Sing praises unto him with the psaltry of ten strings.
Sing unto him a new song; Play skilfully with a loud noise.
For the word of Jehovah is right;
And all his work is done in faithfulness.
He loveth righteousness and justice:
The earth is full of the lovingkindness of Jehovah.
By the word of Jehovah were the heavens made,
And all the host of them by the breath of his mouth.
He gathereth the waters of the sea together as a heap:
He layeth up the deeps in storehouses.
Let all the earth fear Jehovah:
Let all the inhabitants of the world stand in awe of him.
For he spake, and it was done;
He commanded, and it stood fast.
Jehovah bringeth the counsel of the nations to naught.
He maketh the thoughts of the peoples to be of no effect.
The counsel of Jehovah standeth fast for ever,
The thoughts of his heart to all generations.
Blessed be the nation whose God is Jehovah,
The people whom he hath chosen for his own inheritance.
Jehovah looketh from heaven;
He beholdeth all the sons of men;
From the place of his habitation he looketh forth
Upon all the inhabitants of the earth,
He that fashioneth the hearts of them all,
That considereth all their works.
Behold, the eye of Jehovah is upon them that fear him,
Upon them that hope in his lovingkindness;

To deliver their soul from death,
And to keep them alive in famine.
Our soul hath waited for Jehovah:
He is our help and our shield.
For our hearts shall rejoice in him,
Because we have trusted in his holy name.
Let thy lovingkindness, O Jehovah, be upon us,
According as we have hoped in thee.

Selection 4

Call to Praise Jehovah

O sing unto Jehovah a new song:
Sing unto Jehovah, all the earth.
Sing unto Jehovah, bless his name;
Show forth his salvation from day to day.
Declare his glory among the nations,
His marvelous works among all the peoples.
For great is Jehovah, and greatly to be praised:
He is to be feared above all gods.
For all the gods of the peoples are idols;
But Jehovah made the heavens.
Honor and majesty are before him;
Strength and beauty are in his sanctuary.
Ascribe unto Jehovah, ye kindreds of the peoples,
Ascribe unto Jehovah glory and strength.
Ascribe unto Jehovah the glory due unto his name;
Bring an offering and come into his courts.
O worship Jehovah in holy array:
Tremble before him, all the earth.
Say among the nations, Jehovah reigneth:
The world also is established that it can not be moved:
He will judge the peoples with equity.
Let the heavens be glad, and let the earth rejoice;
Let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof;
Let the field exult, and all that is therein;
Then shall all the trees of the wood sing for joy
Before Jehovah; for he cometh,
For he cometh to judge the earth:
He will judge the world with righteousness,

And the peoples with his truth.
O sing unto Jehovah a new song;
For he hath done marvelous things.
His right hand, and his holy arm, hath wrought salvation for him.
Jehovah hath made known his salvation:
His righteousness hath he openly showed in the sight of the nations.
He hath remembered his lovingkindness and his faithfulness toward the house of Israel:
All the ends of the earth have seen the salvation of our God.
Make a joyful noise unto Jehovah, all the earth:
Break forth and sing for joy, yea, sing praises.
Sing praises unto Jehovah with the harp;
With the harp and the voice of melody.
With trumpets and sound of cornet
Make a joyful noise before the King, Jehovah.
Let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof;
The world, and they that dwell therein;
Let the floods clap their hands;
Let the hills sing for joy together
Before Jehovah; for he cometh to judge the earth;
He will judge the world with righteousness,
And the peoples with equity.

Selection 5

Fearless Trust in God

Jehovah is my light and my salvation; Whom shall I fear?
Jehovah is the strength of my life; Of whom shall I be afraid?
When evil-doers came upon me to eat up my flesh,
Even mine adversaries and my foes, they stumbled and fell.
Though a host should encamp against me, My heart shall not fear:
Though war should rise against me,
Even then will I be confident.
One thing have I asked of Jehovah, that will I seek after;
That I may dwell in the house of Jehovah all the days of my life,
To behold the beauty of Jehovah,
And to inquire in his temple.
For in the day of trouble he will keep me secretly in his pavilion:
In the covert of his tabernacle will he hide me;
He will lift me up upon a rock.
And now shall my head be lifted up above mine enemies round about me;

And I will offer in his tabernacle sacrifices of joy ;
I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto Jehovah.
Hear, O Jehovah, when I cry with my voice :
Have mercy also upon me, and answer me.
When thou saidst, Seek ye my face; my heart said unto thee,
Thy face, Jehovah, will I seek.
Hide not thy face from me ;
Put not thy servant away in anger:
Thou hast been my help ; Cast me not off, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation.
When my father and my mother forsake me, Then Jehovah will take me up.
Teach me thy way, O Jehovah ;
And lead me in a plain path, Because of mine enemies.
Deliver me not over unto the will of mine adversaries :
For false witnesses are risen up against me,
And such as breathe out cruelty.
I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the goodness of Jehovah
In the land of the living.
Wait for Jehovah : Be strong, and let thy heart take courage ;
Yea, wait thou for Jehovah.

Selection 6

The Whole Creation Called to Praise Jehovah

Praise ye Jehovah. Praise ye Jehovah from the heavens ;
Praise him in the heights. Praise ye him, all his angels. Praise ye him, all his host.
Praise ye him, sun and moon :
Praise him, all ye stars of light.
Praise him, ye heavens of heavens,
And ye waters that are above the heavens.
Let them praise the name of Jehovah ;
For he commanded, and they were created.
He hath also established them for ever and ever :
He hath made a decree which shall not pass away.
Praise Jehovah from the earth,
Ye sea-monsters, and all deeps ;
Fire and hail, snow and vapor ;
Stormy wind, fulfilling his word ;

Mountains and all hills; Fruitful trees and all cedars;
Beasts and all cattle; Creeping things and flying birds;
Kings of the earth and all peoples;
Princes and all judges of the earth;
Both young men and virgins;
Old men and children:
Let them praise the name of Jehovah;
For his name alone is exalted;
His glory is above the earth and the heavens.
And he hath lifted up the horn of his people,
The praise of all his saints;
Even of the children of Israel, a people near unto him.
Praise ye Jehovah.
Sing unto Jehovah a new song,
And his praise in the assembly of his saints.
Let Israel rejoice in him that made him:
Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King.
For Jehovah taketh pleasure in his people:
He will beautify the meek with salvation.
Let the saints exult in glory:
Let them sing for joy upon their beds.
Let the high praises of God be in their mouth.
Praise ye Jehovah.
Praise God in his sanctuary:
Praise him in the firmament of his power.
Praise him for his mighty acts:
Praise him according to his excellent greatness.
Let every thing that hath breath praise Jehovah. Praise ye Jehovah.

Selection 7

The Security of Trust in Jehovah

Fret not thyself because of evil-doers,
Neither be thou envious against them that work unrighteousness.
For they shall soon be cut down like the grass,
And wither as the green herb.
Trust in Jehovah, and do good;
Dwell in the land and feed on his faithfulness.

Delight thyself also in Jehovah;
And he will give thee the desires of thy heart
Commit thy way unto Jehovah;
Trust also in him, and he will bring it to pass.
And he will make thy righteousness to go forth as the light,
And thy justice as the noonday.
Rest in Jehovah, and wait patiently for him:
Fret not thyself because of him who prospereth in his way,
Because of the man who bringeth wicked devices to pass.
Cease from anger, and forsake wrath:
Fret not thyself, it tendeth only to evil-doing.
For evil-doers shall be cut off;
But those that wait for Jehovah, they shall inherit the land.
For yet a little while, and the wicked shall not be:
Yea, thou shalt diligently consider his place, and he shall not be.
But the meek shall inherit the land,
And shall delight themselves in the abundance of peace.
Jehovah upholdeth the righteous.
Jehovah knoweth the days of the perfect; And their inheritance shall be for ever.
For such as are blessed of him shall inherit the land;
And they that are cursed of him shall be cut off.
Depart from evil and do good; And dwell for evermore.
For Jehovah loveth justice, and forsaketh not his saints; They are preserved for ever:
The righteous shall inherit the land,
And dwell therein for ever.
The mouth of the righteous talketh of wisdom,
And his tongue speaketh justice.
The law of his God is in his heart;
None of his steps shall slide.
Wait for Jehovah, and keep his way,
And he will exalt thee to inherit the land:
Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright;
For there is a happy end to the man of peace.
The salvation of the righteous is of Jehovah:
He is their stronghold in the time of trouble.
And Jehovah helpeth them, and rescueth them:
He rescueth them from the wicked, and saveth them,
Because they have taken refuge in him.

Selection 8

Praise for Jehovah's Deliverance

O give thanks unto Jehovah; for he is good;
For his lovingkindness endureth for ever.

Let the redeemed of Jehovah say so,
Whom he hath redeemed from the hand of the adversary,

And gathered out of the lands,
From the east and from the west,
From the north and from the south.

Oh that men would praise Jehovah for his lovingkindness,
And for his wonderful works to the children of men!

For he satisfieth the longing soul,
And the hungry soul he filleth with good.

For he hath broken the gates of brass,
And cut the bars of iron in sunder.

Fools because of their transgression,
And because of their iniquities, are afflicted.
Their soul abhorreth all manner of food;
And they draw near unto the gates of death.

Then they cry unto Jehovah in their trouble,
And he saveth them out of their distresses.

He sendeth his word, and healeth them,
And delivereth them from their destructions.

Oh that men would praise Jehovah for his lovingkindness,
And for his wonderful works to the children of men!

And let them offer the sacrifices of thanksgiving,
And declare his works with singing.

They that go down to the sea in ships,
That do business in great waters;
These see the works of Jehovah,
And his wonders in the deep.

For he commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind,
Which lifteth up the waves thereof.

They mount up to the heavens, they go down again to the depths:
Their soul melteth away because of trouble.

They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man,
And are at their wits' end.

Then they cry unto Jehovah in their trouble,
And he bringeth them out of their distresses.

He maketh the storm a calm,
So that the waves thereof are still.
Then are they glad because they are quiet;
So he bringeth them unto their desired haven.
Oh that men would praise Jehovah for his lovingkindness,
And for his wonderful works to the children of men!
Let them exalt him also in the assembly of the people,
And praise him in the seat of the elders.
Whoso is wise will give heed to these things;
And they will consider the lovingkindnesses of Jehovah.

Selection 9

The Godly Man

Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the wicked,
Nor standeth in the way of sinners,
Nor sitteth in the seat of scoffers:
But his delight is in the law of Jehovah;
And on his law doth he meditate day and night.
And he shall be like a tree planted by the streams of water,
That bringeth forth its fruit in its season,
Whose leaf also doth not wither;
And whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.
The wicked are not so, But are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.
Therefore the wicked shall not stand in the judgment,
Nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.
For Jehovah knoweth the way of the righteous;
But the way of the wicked shall perish.
Jehovah, who shall sojourn in thy tabernacle?
Who shall dwell in thy holy hill?
He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness,
And speaketh truth in his heart;
He that slandereth not with his tongue,
Nor doeth evil to his friend,
Nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbor;
In whose eyes a reprobate is despised,
But who honoreth them that fear Jehovah;
He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not;
He that putteth not out his money to interest,

Nor taketh reward against the innocent.
He that doeth these things shall never be moved.
Blessed is the man that feareth Jehovah,
That delighteth greatly in his commandments.
His seed shall be mighty upon earth:
The generation of the upright shall be blessed.
Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness:
He is gracious, and merciful, and righteous.
The righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance.
He shall not be afraid of evil tidings:
His heart is fixed, trusting in Jehovah.
His heart is established, he shall not be afraid,
Until he see his desire upon his adversaries.
His righteousness endureth for ever.

Selection 10

The Works and Word of God

The heavens declare the glory of God; And the firmament showeth his handiwork.
Day unto day uttereth speech, And night unto night showeth knowledge.
There is no speech nor language;
Their voice is not heard.
Their line is gone out through all the earth,
And their words to the end of the world.
In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun,
Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber,
And rejoiceth as a strong man to run his course.
His going forth is from the end of the heavens,
And his circuit unto the ends of it;
And there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.
The law of Jehovah is perfect, restoring the soul;
The testimony of Jehovah is sure, making wise the simple.
The precepts of Jehovah are right, rejoicing the heart:
The commandment of Jehovah is pure, enlightening the eyes.
The fear of Jehovah is clean, enduring for ever:
The ordinances of Jehovah are true, and righteous altogether.
More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold:

Sweeter also than honey and the droppings of the honeycomb.
Moreover by them is thy servant warned:
In keeping them there is great reward.
Who can discern his errors?
Clear thou me from hidden faults.
Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins;
Let them not have dominion over me:
Then shall I be upright, And I shall be clear from great transgression.
Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart Be acceptable in thy sight,
O Jehovah, my rock, and my redeemer.

Selection 11

The Law of God

Blessed are they that are perfect in the way,
Who walk in the law of Jehovah.
Blessed are they that keep his testimonies,
That seek him with the whole heart.
Thou hast commanded us thy precepts.
That we should observe them diligently.
Oh that my ways were established
To observe thy statutes!
Thy word have I laid up in my heart,
That I might not sin against thee.
I have rejoiced in the way of thy testimonies,
As much as in all riches.
I will meditate on thy precepts,
And have respect unto thy ways.
I will delight myself in thy statutes:
I will not forget thy word.
Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold Wondrous things out of thy law
Make me to understand the way of thy precepts:
So shall I meditate on thy wondrous works.
I cleave unto thy testimonies:
O Jehovah, put me not to shame.
I will run the way of thy commandments,
When thou shalt enlarge my heart.
Teach me, O Jehovah, the way of thy statutes;
And I shall keep it unto the end.

Give me understanding, and I shall keep thy law;
Yea, I will observe it with my whole heart.
Behold, I have longed after thy precepts:
Quicken me in thy righteousness.
I will delight myself in thy commandments,
Which I have loved.
Thy statutes have been my songs
In the house of my pilgrimage.
I will never forget thy precepts;
For with them thou hast quickened me.
Oh how love I thy law!
It is my meditation all the day.
I have not turned aside from thine ordinances;
For thou hast taught me.
How sweet are thy words unto my taste!
Yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth!
Thy word is a lamp unto my feet,
And light unto my path.
Thy testimonies have I taken as a heritage for ever:
For they are the rejoicing of my heart.
Thy testimonies are wonderful;
Therefore doth my soul keep them.
The opening of thy words giveth light;
It giveth understanding unto the simple.
Thy word is very pure;
Therefore thy servant loveth it.
Thy testimonies are righteous for ever:
Give me understanding and I shall live.
Consider how I love thy precepts:
Quicken me, O Jehovah, according to thy lovingkindness.
The sum of thy word is truth;
And every one of thy righteous ordinances endureth for ever.
Great peace have they that love thy law;
And they have no occasion of stumbling.
My soul hath observed thy testimonies;
And I love them exceedingly.
I have observed thy precepts and thy testimonies;
For all my ways are before thee.
I have longed for thy salvation, O Jehovah;
And thy law is my delight.

Selection 12

Praise for Prosperity

Praise ye Jehovah; For it is good to sing praises unto our God;
For it is pleasant, and praise is comely.
Great is our Lord, and mighty in power;
His understanding is infinite.
Jehovah upholdeth the meek:
He bringeth the wicked down to the ground.
Sing unto Jehovah with thanksgiving;
Sing praises upon the harp unto our God:
Who covereth the heavens with clouds,
Who prepareth rain for the earth,
Who maketh grass to grow upon the mountains.
He giveth to the beast his food,
And to the young ravens which cry.
He delighteth not in the strength of the horse:
He taketh no pleasure in the legs of a man.
Jehovah taketh pleasure in them that fear him,
In those that hope in his lovingkindness.
Praise Jehovah, O Jerusalem;
Praise thy God, O Zion.
For he hath strengthened the bars of thy gates;
He hath blessed thy children within thee.
He maketh peace in thy borders;
He filleth thee with the finest of the wheat.
He sendeth out his commandment upon earth;
His word runneth very swiftly.
He giveth snow like wool:
He scattereth the hoar-frost like ashes.
He casteth forth his ice like morsels:
Who can stand before his cold?
He sendeth out his word, and melteth them:
He causeth his winds to blow, and the waters flow.
He showeth his word unto Jacob,
His statutes and his ordinances unto Israel.
He hath not dealt so with any nation:
And as for his ordinances, they have not known them.
Praise ye Jehovah.

Selection 13

Jehovah and His People

I will lift up mine eyes unto the mountains: from whence shall my help come?

My help cometh from Jehovah, who made heaven and earth.

He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee will not slumber.

Behold, he that keepeth Israel will neither slumber nor sleep.

Jehovah is thy keeper: Jehovah is thy shade upon thy right hand.

The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.

Jehovah will keep thee from all evil; he will keep thy soul.

Jehovah will keep thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth and for evermore.

I was glad when they said unto me,
Let us go unto the house of Jehovah.

Our feet are standing within thy gates, O Jerusalem,

Jerusalem that art builded as a city that is compact together;

Whither the tribes go up, even the tribes of Jehovah, for an ordinance for Israel,

To give thanks unto the name of Jehovah.

For there are set thrones for judgment, the thrones of the house of David.

Pray for the peace of Jerusalem;

They shall prosper that love thee.

Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces.

For my brethren and companions' sakes, I will now say, Peace be within thee.

For the sake of the house of Jehovah our God I will seek thy good.

Unto thee do I lift up mine eyes, O thou that sittest in the heavens.

Behold, as the eyes of servants look unto the hand of their master, as the eyes of a maid unto the hand of her mistress;

So our eyes look unto Jehovah our God, until he have mercy upon us.

They that trust in Jehovah are as Mount Zion, which can not be moved, but abideth for ever.

As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so Jehovah is round about his people
From this time forth and for evermore.

Do good, O Jehovah unto those that are good, and to them that are upright in their hearts.

Peace be upon Israel.

Selection 14

Jehovah Our Refuge

God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.
Therefore will we not fear, though the earth do change, and though the mountains be shaken into the heart of the seas;
Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains tremble with the swelling thereof.
There is a river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High.
God is in the midst of her: she shall not be moved:
God will help her, and that right early.
The nations raged, the kingdoms were moved: he uttered his voice, the earth melted.
Jehovah of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge.
Come, behold the works of Jehovah,
What desolations he hath made in the earth.
He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth;
He breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder;
He burneth the chariots in the fire.
Be still, and know that I am God:
I will be exalted among the nations,
I will be exalted in the earth.
Jehovah of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge.
Oh clap your hands, all ye peoples;
Shout unto God with the voice of triumph.
For Jehovah Most High is terrible; he is a great King over all the earth.
He subdueth peoples under us, and nations under our feet.
He chooseth our inheritance for us,
The glory of Jacob whom he loved.
God is gone up with a shout, Jehovah with the sound of a trumpet.
Sing praises to God, sing praises;
Sing praises unto our King, sing praises.
For God is the King of all the earth;
Sing ye praises with understanding.
God reigneth over the nations;
God sitteth upon his holy throne.
The princes of the peoples are gathered together, to be the people of the God of Abraham:
For the shields of the earth belong unto God; he is greatly exalted.

Selection 15

Jehovah Our Trust and Shepherd

He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

I will say of Jehovah, He is my refuge and my fortress; my God in whom I trust.

For he will deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the deadly pestilence.

He will cover thee with his pinions, and under his wings shalt thou take refuge:

His truth is a shield and buckler.

Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night, nor for the arrow that flieth by day;

For the pestilence that walketh in darkness, nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

A thousand shall fall at thy side, And ten thousand at thy right hand;

But it shall not come nigh thee.

Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold, and see the reward of the wicked.

For thou, O Jehovah, art my refuge!

Thou hast made the Most High thy habitation;

There shall no evil befall thee,

Neither shall any plague come nigh thy tent.

For he will give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.

They shall bear thee up in their hands, Lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder:

The young lion and the serpent shalt thou trample under foot.

Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him:

I will set him on high, because he hath known my name.

He shall call upon me, and I will answer him;

I will be with him in trouble: I will deliver him, and honor him.

With long life will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation.

Jehovah is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside still waters.

He restoreth my soul: he guideth me in paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,

I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies;
Thou hast anointed my head with oil; My cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and lovingkindness shall follow me all the days of my life;
And I shall dwell in the house of Jehovah for ever.

Selection 16

Jehovah Our Portion and Deliverer

Preserve me, O God; for in thee do I take refuge.
O my soul, thou hast said unto Jehovah, Thou art my Lord: I have no good beyond thee.

As for the saints that are in the earth, they are the excellent in whom is all my delight.
Their sorrows shall be multiplied that give gifts for another god:

Their drink-offerings of blood will I not offer, nor take their names upon my lips.
Jehovah is the portion of mine inheritance and of my cup:

Thou maintainest my lot.
The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea I have a goodly heritage.

I will bless Jehovah, who hath given me counsel;
Yea, my heart instructeth me in the night seasons.

I have set Jehovah always before me:
Because he is at my right hand, I shall not be moved.

Therefore my heart is glad, and my glory rejoiceth: my flesh also shall dwell in safety.
For thou wilt not leave my soul to Sheol; Neither wilt thou suffer thy holy one to see corruption.

Thou wilt show me the path of life:
In thy presence is fulness of joy;
In thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore.

I love Jehovah, because he heareth my voice and my supplications.
Because he hath inclined his ear unto me, Therefore will I call upon him as long as I live.

The cords of death compassed me, and the pains of Sheol gat hold upon me:
I found trouble and sorrow.
Then called I upon the name of Jehovah:

O Jehovah, I beseech thee, deliver my soul.
Gracious is Jehovah, and righteous; Yea, our God is merciful.

Jehovah preserveth the simple:
I was brought low, and he saved me.
Return unto thy rest, O my soul;
For Jehovah hath dealt bountifully with thee.
What shall I render unto Jehovah for all his benefits toward me?
I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of Jehovah.
I will pay my vows unto Jehovah, yea in the presence of all his people.
Precious in the sight of Jehovah is the death of his saints.
I am thy servant, the son of thy handmaid; thou hast loosed my bonds.
I will offer to thee the sacrifice of thanksgiving, and will call upon the name of Jehovah.
I will pay my vows unto Jehovah, yea in the presence of all his people.
In the courts of Jehovah's house, in the midst of thee, O Jerusalem.
Praise ye Jehovah.

Selection 17

Jehovah the King of Glory

I will declare thy name unto my brethren: in the midst of the assembly will I praise thee.
Ye that fear Jehovah, praise him;
All ye seed of Jacob, glorify him;
And stand in awe of him, all ye the seed of Israel.
For he hath not despised nor abhorred the affliction of the afflicted;
Neither hath he hid his face from him; But when he cried unto him, he heard.
Of thee cometh my praise in the great assembly: I will pay my vows before them that fear him.
The meek shall eat and be satisfied; They shall praise Jehovah that seek after him:
Let your heart live for ever.
All the ends of the earth shall remember and turn unto Jehovah;
And all the kindreds of the nations shall worship before thee.
For the kingdom is Jehovah's; and he is the ruler over the nations.
The earth is Jehovah's and the fulness thereof; the world and they that dwell therein.
For he hath founded it upon the seas, And established it upon the floods.
Who shall ascend into the hill of Jehovah? and who shall stand in his holy place?
He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart;

Who hath not lifted up his soul unto falsehood, and hath not sworn deceitfully.

He shall receive a blessing from Jehovah, And righteousness from the God of his salvation.

This is the generation of them that seek after him, that seek thy face, even Jacob.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors;

And the King of glory will come in.

Who is the King of glory? Jehovah strong and mighty, Jehovah mighty in battle.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; yea, lift them up, ye everlasting doors:

And the King of glory will come in.

Who is the King of glory?

Jehovah of hosts, he is the King of glory.

Selection 18

Jehovah's Goodness

I will extol thee, my God, O King;

And I will bless thy name for ever and ever.

Every day will I bless thee, and I will praise thy name for ever and ever.

Great is Jehovah, and greatly to be praised; and his greatness is unsearchable.

One generation shall laud thy works to another, and shall declare thy mighty acts.

Of the glorious majesty of thine honor, and of thy wondrous works, will I meditate.

And men shall speak of the might of thy terrible acts; and I will declare thy greatness.

They shall utter the memory of thy great goodness,

And shall sing of thy righteousness.

Jehovah is gracious and merciful;

Slow to anger, and of great lovingkindness.

Jehovah is good to all; and his tender mercies are over all his works.

All thy works shall give thanks unto thee, O Jehovah;

And thy saints shall bless thee.

They shall speak of the glory of thy kingdom, and talk of thy power;

To make known to the sons of men his mighty acts,

And the glory of the majesty of his kingdom.
Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and thy dominion endureth throughout all generations.
Jehovah upholdeth all that fall,
And raiseth up all those that are bowed down.
The eyes of all wait for thee; and thou givest them their food in due season.
Thou openest thy hand, and satisfiest the desire of every living thing.
Jehovah is righteous in all his ways, and gracious in all his works.
Jehovah is nigh unto all them that call upon him,
To all that call upon him in truth.
He will fulfil the desire of them that fear him;
He also will hear their cry, and will save them.
Jehovah preserveth all them that love him; but all the wicked will he destroy.
My mouth shall speak the praise of Jehovah; and let all flesh bless his holy name for ever and ever.

Selection 19

Prayer for Guidance

Unto thee, O Jehovah, do I lift up my soul.
O my God, in thee have I trusted, let me not be put to shame;
Let not mine enemies triumph over me.
Yea, none that wait for thee shall be put to shame:
They shall be put to shame that deal treacherously without cause.
Show me thy ways, O Jehovah; teach me thy paths.
Guide me in thy truth, and teach me;
For thou art the God of my salvation:
For thee do I wait all the day.
Remember, O Jehovah, thy tender mercies and thy lovingkindnesses; for they have been ever of old.
Remember not the sins of my youth, nor my transgressions:
According to thy lovingkindness remember thou me, for thy goodness' sake, O Jehovah.
Good and upright is Jehovah;
Therefore will he instruct sinners in the way.
The meek will he guide in justice;
And the meek will he teach his way.

All the paths of Jehovah are lovingkindness and truth unto such as keep his covenant and his testimonies.
For thy name's sake, O Jehovah, pardon mine iniquity, for it is great.

What man is he that feareth Jehovah?
Him shall he instruct in the way that he shall choose.

His soul shall dwell at ease;
And his seed shall inherit the land.

The friendship of Jehovah is with them that fear him;
And he will show them his covenant.

Mine eyes are ever toward Jehovah;
For he will pluck my feet out of the net.

Turn thee unto me, and have mercy upon me; for I am desolate and afflicted.
The troubles of my heart are enlarged:
Oh bring thou me out of my distresses.

O keep my soul, and deliver me;
Let me not be put to shame, for I take refuge in thee.

Let integrity and uprightness preserve me, for I wait for thee.
Redeem Israel, O God, out of all his troubles.

Selection 20

Righteous Jehovah

I will sing of the lovingkindness of Jehovah for ever:
With my mouth will I make known thy faithfulness to all generations.

For I have said, Mercy shall be built up for ever;
Thy faithfulness wilt thou establish in the very heavens.

I have made a covenant with my chosen,
I have sworn unto David my servant:

Thy seed will I establish for ever,
And build up thy throne to all generations.

And the heavens shall praise thy wonders, O Jehovah;
Thy faithfulness also in the assembly of the holy ones.

For who in the skies can be compared unto Jehovah?
Who among the sons of the mighty is like unto Jehovah,

A God very terrible in the council of the holy ones,
And to be feared above all them that are round about him?

O Jehovah, God of hosts, who is a mighty one like unto thee, O Jehovah?
And thy faithfulness is round about thee.

Thou rulest the pride of the sea: when the waves thereof arise, thou stillest them.

The heavens are thine, the earth also is thine:

The world and the fulness thereof, thou hast founded them.

The north and the south, thou hast created them:

Tabor and Hermon rejoice in thy name.

Thou hast a mighty arm; strong is thy hand, and high is thy right hand.

Righteousness and justice are the foundation of thy throne:

Lovingkindness and truth go before thy face.

Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound:

They walk, O Jehovah, in the light of thy countenance.

In thy name do they rejoice all the day;

And in thy righteousness are they exalted.

For thou art the glory of their strength;

And in thy favor our horn shall be exalted.

For our shield belongeth unto Jehovah;

And our King to the holy One of Israel.

Blessed be Jehovah for ever more.

Selection 21

Prayer for Pardon

Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy lovingkindness:

According to the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.

Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.

For I know my transgressions;

And my sin is ever before me.

Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done that which is evil in thy sight;

That thou mayest be justified when thou speakest, and be clear when thou judgest.

Behold I was brought forth in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me.

Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts;

And in the hidden part thou wilt make me to know wisdom.

Purify me with hyssop, and I shall be clean:

Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.

Make me to hear joy and gladness, that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.

Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities.
Create in me a clean heart, O God;
And renew a right spirit within me.
Cast me not away from thy presence;
And take not thy holy Spirit from me.
Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation;
And uphold me with a willing spirit.
Then will I teach transgressors thy ways; and sinners shall be converted unto thee.
Deliver me from bloodguiltiness, O God, thou God of my salvation;
And my tongue shall sing aloud of thy righteousness.
O Lord, open thou my lips; and my mouth shall show forth thy praise.
For thou delightest not in sacrifice; else would I give it;
Thou hast no pleasure in burnt-offering.
The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.
Do good in thy good pleasure unto Zion: Build thou the walls of Jerusalem.
Then wilt thou delight in the sacrifices of righteousness,
In burnt-offering and whole burnt-offering: then will they offer bullocks upon thine altar.

Selection 22

Jehovah a Provider and Deliverer

I will bless Jehovah at all times:
His praise shall continually be in my mouth.
My soul shall make her boast in Jehovah;
The meek shall hear thereof and be glad.
Oh magnify Jehovah with me, and let us exalt his name together.
I sought Jehovah, and he answered me,
And delivered me from all my fears.
They looked unto him, and were radiant; and their faces shall never be confounded.
This poor man cried, and Jehovah heard him, and delivered him,
And saved him out of all his troubles.
The angel of Jehovah encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.
Oh taste and see that Jehovah is good:
Blessed is the man that taketh refuge in him.

Oh fear Jehovah, ye his saints; for there is no want to them that fear him.
The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger; but they that seek Jehovah shall not want any good thing.
Come, ye children, hearken unto me:
I will teach you the fear of Jehovah.
What man is he that desireth life, and loveth many days, that he may see good?
Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile.
Depart from evil, and do good; seek peace and pursue it.
The eyes of Jehovah are toward the righteous, and his ears are open unto their cry.
The face of Jehovah is against them that do evil,
To cut off the remembrance of them from the earth.
The righteous cried, and Jehovah heard and delivered them out of all their troubles.
Jehovah is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart,
And saveth such as are of a contrite spirit.
Many are the afflictions of the righteous; but Jehovah delivereth him out of them all.
He keepeth all his bones: not one of them shall be broken.
Evil shall slay the wicked; and they that hate the righteous shall be condemned.
Jehovah redeemeth the soul of his servants;
And none of them that take refuge in him shall be condemned.

Selection 23

Man's Mortality

Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations.
Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world,
Even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.
Thou turnest man to destruction,
And sayest, Return, ye children of men.
For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past,
And as a watch in the night.
Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as a sleep:
In the morning they are like grass which groweth up.

In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down, and withereth.

For we are consumed in thine anger,
And in thy wrath are we troubled.

Thou hast set our iniquities before thee, our secret sins in the light of thy countenance.

For all our days are passed away in thy wrath: we bring our years to an end as a sigh.

The days of our years are threescore years and ten,

Or even by reason of strength fourscore years;

Yet is their pride but labor and sorrow;

For it is soon gone, and we fly away.

Who knoweth the power of thine anger,
And thy wrath according to the fear that is due unto thee?

So teach us to number our days, that we may get us a heart of wisdom.

Return, O Jehovah; how long?

And let it repent thee concerning thy servants.

Oh satisfy us in the morning with thy lovingkindness,

That we may rejoice and be glad all our days.

Make us glad according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted us,

And the years wherein we have seen evil.

Let thy work appear unto thy servants,

And thy glory upon their children.

And let the favor of the Lord our God be upon us;

And establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish thou it.

Selection 24

Jehovah Hears and Forgives

Unto thee, O Jehovah, will I call:

My rock, be not thou deaf unto me:

Lest, if thou be silent unto me, I become like them that go down into the pit.

Hear the voice of my supplications,
When I cry unto thee,

When I lift up my hands toward thy holy oracle.

Blessed be Jehovah, because he hath heard the voice of my supplications.

Jehovah is my strength and my shield;

My heart hath trusted in him, and I am helped:

Therefore my heart greatly rejoiceth,
And with my song will I praise him.
Jehovah is their strength, and he is a stronghold of salvation to his anointed.
Save thy people, and bless thine inheritance; be their shepherd also, and bear them up for ever.
Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered.
Blessed is the man unto whom Jehovah imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile.
I acknowledge my sin unto thee, and mine iniquity did I not hide:
I said, I will confess my transgressions unto Jehovah; and thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin.
For this let every one that is godly pray unto thee in a time when thou mayest be found:
Surely when the great waters overflow they shall not reach unto him.
Thou art my hiding-place; thou wilt preserve me from trouble;
Thou wilt compass me about with songs of deliverance.
I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go:
I will counsel thee with my eye upon thee.
Many sorrows shall be to the wicked;
But he that trusteth in Jehovah, lovingkindness shall compass him about.
Be glad in Jehovah, and rejoice, ye righteous;
And shout for joy, all ye that are upright in heart.

Selection 25

A Sacrifice of Praise

I waited patiently for Jehovah;
And he inclined unto me, and heard my cry.
He brought me up also out of a horrible pit, out of the miry clay;
And he set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings.
And he hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God:
Many shall see it and fear, and shall trust in Jehovah.
Blessed is the man that maketh Jehovah his trust,
And respecteth not the proud, nor such as turn aside to lies.
Many, O Jehovah my God, are the wonderful works which thou has done,
And thy thoughts which are to us-ward:
They can not be set in order unto thee;
If I would declare and speak of them,
They are more than can be numbered.

Sacrifice and offering thou hast no delight in;
Mine ears hast thou opened:
Burnt-offering and sin-offering hast thou not required.
Then said I, Lo, I am come; in the roll of the book it is written of me:
I delight to do thy will, O my God;
Yea, thy law is within my heart.
I have proclaimed glad tidings of righteousness in the great assembly;
Lo, I will not refrain my lips, O Jehovah, thou knowest.
I have not hid thy righteousness within my heart;
I have declared thy faithfulness and thy salvation;
I have not concealed thy lovingkindness and thy truth from the great assembly.
Withhold not thou thy tender mercies from me, O Jehovah;
Let thy lovingkindness and thy truth continually preserve me.
For innumerable evils have compassed me about;
Mine iniquities have overtaken me, so that I am not able to look up;
They are more than the hairs of my head; and my heart faileth me.
Be pleased, O Jehovah, to deliver me;
Make haste to help me, O Jehovah.
Let them be put to shame and confounded together, that seek after my soul to destroy it:
Let them be turned backward and brought to dishonor that delight in my hurt.
Let them be desolate by reason of their shame that say unto me, Aha, Aha.
Let all those that seek thee rejoice and be glad in thee:
Let such as love thy salvation say continually, Jehovah be magnified.
But I am poor and needy; yet the Lord thinketh upon me:
Thou art my help and my deliverer;
Make no tarrying, O my God.

Selection 26

Thirsting for Jehovah

As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God.
My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God:
When shall I come and appear before God?
My tears have been my food day and night,
While they continually say unto me,
Where is thy God?
These things I remember, and pour out my soul within me,

How I went with the throng, and led them to the house of God,
With the voice of joy and praise, a multitude keeping holyday.
Why art thou cast down, O my soul?
And why art thou disquieted within me?
Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise him for the help of his countenance.
O my God, my soul is cast down within me:
Therefore do I remember thee from the land of Jordan, and the Hermons, from the hill Mizar.
Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy waterfalls:
All thy waves and thy billows are gone over me.
Yet Jehovah will command his lovingkindness in the day-time;
And in the night his song shall be with me, even a prayer unto the God of my life.
I will say unto God my rock, Why hast thou forgotten me?
Why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?
As with a sword in my bones, mine adversaries reproach me,
While they continually say unto me,
Where is thy God?
Why art thou cast down, O my soul?
And why art thou disquieted within me?
Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise him, who is the help of my countenance, and my God.
O God, thou art my God; earnestly will I seek thee:
My soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee, in a dry and weary land where no water is.
So have I looked upon thee in the sanctuary, to see thy power and thy glory.
Because thy lovingkindness is better than life, my lips shall praise thee.
So will I bless thee while I live:
I will lift up my hands in thy name.
For thou hast been my help, and in the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice.
My soul followeth hard after thee:
Thy right hand upholdeth me.

Selection 27

Jehovah Magnified

Oh come, let us sing unto Jehovah;
Let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation.
Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving;
Let us make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.

For Jehovah is a great God, and a great King above all gods.
In his hand are the deep places of the earth; the heights of the mountains are his also.
The sea is his, and he made it;
And his hands formed the dry land.
Oh come, let us worship and bow down;
Let us kneel before Jehovah our Maker;
For he is our God, and we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand.
Make a joyful noise unto Jehovah, all ye lands.
Serve Jehovah with gladness:
Come before his presence with singing.
Know ye that Jehovah, he is God:
It is he that hath made us, and we are his; we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.
Enter into his gates with thanksgiving,
And into his courts with praise:
Give thanks unto him, and bless his name.
For Jehovah is good; his lovingkindness endureth for ever,
And his faithfulness unto all generations.
Behold, bless ye Jehovah, all ye servants of Jehovah,
That by night stand in the house of Jehovah.
Lift up your hands to the sanctuary,
And bless Jehovah.
Jehovah bless thee out of Zion; even he that made heaven and earth.
Behold, how good and how pleasant it is
For brethren to dwell together in unity!
It is like the precious oil upon the head, that ran down upon the beard, even Aaron's beard;
That came down upon the skirt of his garments;
Like the dew of Hermon, that cometh down upon the mountains of Zion:
For there Jehovah commanded his blessing, even life for evermore.

Selection 28

The Reign of the Righteous King

Give the King thy judgments, O God,
And thy righteousness to the king's son.
He will judge thy people with righteousness, and thy poor with justice.
The mountains shall bring peace to the people,
And the hills, in righteousness.

He will judge the poor of the people,
He will save the children of the needy,
And will break in pieces the oppressor.
They shall fear thee while the sun endureth, and so long as the moon, throughout all generations.
He will come down like rain upon the mown grass, as showers that water the earth.
In his days shall the righteous flourish, and abundance of peace, till the moon be no more.
He shall have dominion also from sea to sea, and from the River unto the ends of the earth.
They that dwell in the wilderness shall bow before him;
And his enemies shall lick the dust.
The kings of Tarshish and of the isles shall render tribute:
The kings of Sheba and Seba shall offer gifts.
Yea, all kings shall fall down before him;
All nations shall serve him.
For he will deliver the needy when he crieth, and the poor that hath no helper.
He will have pity on the poor and needy, and the souls of the needy he will save.
He will redeem their soul from oppression and violence;
And precious will their blood be in his sight:
And they shall live; and to him shall be given of the gold of Sheba:
And men shall pray for him continually;
They shall bless him all the day long.
There shall be abundance of grain in the earth upon the top of the mountains;
The fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon:
And they of the city shall flourish like grass of the earth.
His name shall endure for ever;
His name shall be continued as long as the sun:
And men shall be blessed in him;
All nations shall call him happy.
Blessed be Jehovah God, the God of Israel,
Who only doeth wondrous things:
And blessed be his glorious name for ever;
And let the whole earth be filled with his glory. Amen and Amen.

Selection 29

Jehovah Praised

If thou, Jehovah, shouldest mark iniquities, O Lord, who could stand?
But there is forgiveness with thee, that thou mayest be feared.
I wait for Jehovah, my soul doth wait, and in his word do I hope.
My soul waiteth for the Lord, more than watchmen wait for the morning;
Yea, more than watchmen for the morning.
O Israel, hope in Jehovah; for with Jehovah there is lovingkindness,
And with him is plenteous redemption.
And he will redeem Israel from all his iniquities.
Praise ye Jehovah.
I will give thanks unto Jehovah with my whole heart, in the council of the upright, and in the congregation.
The works of Jehovah are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein.
His work is honor and majesty; and his righteousness endureth for ever.
He hath made his wonderful works to be remembered:
Jehovah is gracious and merciful.
He hath given food unto them that fear him:
He will ever be mindful of his covenant.
He hath showed his people the power of his works,
In giving them the heritage of the nations.
The works of his hands are truth and justice; all his precepts are sure.
They are established for ever and ever:
They are done in truth and uprightness.
He hath sent redemption unto his people;
He hath commanded his covenant for ever: holy and reverend is his name.
The fear of Jehovah is the beginning of wisdom;
A good understanding have all they that do his commandments:
His praise endureth for ever.
O praise Jehovah, all ye nations; laud him, all ye peoples.
For his lovingkindness is great toward us;
And the truth of Jehovah endureth for ever. Praise ye Jehovah.

Selection 30

Jehovah's Mighty Works

Make a joyful noise unto God, all the earth:
Sing forth the glory of his name: make his praise glorious.
Say unto God, How terrible are thy works! through the greatness of thy power shall thine enemies submit themselves unto thee.
All the earth shall worship thee, and shall sing unto thee; they shall sing to thy name.
Oh bless our God, ye peoples, and make the voice of his praise to be heard;
Who holdeth our soul in life, and suffereth not our feet to be moved.
Come, and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul.
I cried unto him with my mouth, and he was extolled with my tongue.
If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear;
But verily God hath heard; he hath attended to the voice of my prayer.
Blessed be God, who hath not turned away my prayer, nor his loving-kindness from me.
Blessed be the Lord, who daily beareth our burden, even the God who is our salvation.
God is unto us a God of deliverances;
And unto Jehovah the Lord belongeth escape from death.
Sing unto God, sing praises to his name: cast up a highway for him that rideth through the deserts;
His name is Jehovah; and exult ye before him.
A father of the fatherless, and a judge of the widows, is God in his holy habitation.
God be merciful unto us, and bless us,
And cause his face to shine upon us;
That thy way may be known upon earth, thy salvation among all nations.
Let the peoples praise thee, O God;
Let all the peoples praise thee.
Oh let the nations be glad and sing for joy;
For thou wilt judge the peoples with equity, and govern the nations upon earth.
Let the peoples praise thee, O God;
Let all the peoples praise thee.
The earth hath yielded its increase:
God, even our own God, will bless us.
God will bless us; and all the ends of the earth shall fear him.

Selection 31

Jehovah's Omnipresence

O Jehovah, thou hast searched me, and known me.

Thou knowest my downsitting and mine uprising;

Thou understandest my thoughts afar off.

Thou searchest out my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways.

For there is not a word in my tongue, but, lo, O Jehovah, thou knowest it altogether.

Thou hast beset me behind and before, and laid thy hand upon me.

Such knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is high, I can not attain unto it.

Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence?

If I ascend up into heaven thou art there: if I make my bed in Sheol, behold, thou art there.

If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea;

Even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me.

If I say, Surely the darkness shall overwhelm me, and the light about me shall be night;

Even the darkness hideth not from thee, but the night shineth as the day:

The darkness and the light are both alike to thee.

How precious also are thy thoughts unto me, O God! how great is the sum of them!

If I should count them, they are more in number than the sand:
When I awake, I am still with thee.

Search me, O God, and know my heart;

Try me, and know my thoughts; and see if there be any wicked way in me,
And lead me in the way everlasting.

Jehovah, I have called upon thee;

Make haste unto me: give ear unto my voice, when I call unto thee.

Let my prayer be set forth as incense before thee; the lifting up of my hands as the evening sacrifice.

Hear my prayer, O Jehovah; give ear to my supplications:

In thy faithfulness answer me, and in thy righteousness.

And enter not into judgment with thy servant; for in thy sight no man living is righteous.

I remember the days of old; I meditate on all thy doings;
I muse on the work of thy hands.
I spread forth my hands unto thee:
My soul thirsteth after thee, as a weary land.
Make haste to answer me, O Jehovah; my spirit faileth:
Hide not thy face from me, lest I become like them that go down into the pit.
Cause me to hear thy lovingkindness in the morning; for in thee do I trust;
Cause me to know the way wherein I should walk; for I lift up my soul unto thee.
Teach me to do thy will; for thou art my God:
Thy Spirit is good; lead me in the land of uprightness.

Selection 32

Confidence in Jehovah

Bow down thine ear, O Jehovah, and answer me;
For I am poor and needy.
Preserve my soul; for I am godly:
O thou my God, save thy servant that trusteth in thee.
Be merciful unto me, O Lord;
For unto thee do I cry all the day long.
Rejoice the soul of thy servant;
For unto thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul.
For thou, Lord, art good, and ready to forgive,
And abundant in lovingkindness unto all them that call upon thee.
Give ear, O Jehovah, unto my prayer;
And hearken unto the voice of my supplications.
In the day of my trouble I will call upon thee; for thou wilt answer me.
There is none like unto thee among the gods, O Lord;
Neither are there any works like unto thy works.
All nations whom thou hast made shall come and worship before thee, O Lord;
And they shall glorify thy name.
For thou art great, and doest wondrous things: thou art God alone.
Teach me thy way, O Jehovah; I will walk in thy truth:
Unite my heart to fear thy name.
I will praise thee, O Lord my God, with my whole heart;
And I will glorify thy name for evermore.

For great is thy lovingkindness toward me;
And thou hast delivered my soul from the lowest Sheol.
O God, the proud are risen up against me,
And a company of violent men have sought after my soul,
And have not set thee before them.
But thou, O Lord, art a God merciful and gracious,
Slow to anger, and abundant in lovingkindness and truth.
Oh turn unto me, and have mercy upon me;
Give thy strength unto thy servant,
And save the son of thy handmaid.
Show me a token for good, that they who hate me may see it, and be put to shame.
Because thou, Jehovah, hast helped me, and comforted me.

Selection 33

The Beatitudes

Blessed are the poor in spirit:
For theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
Blessed are they that mourn:
For they shall be comforted.
Blessed are the meek:
For they shall inherit the earth.
Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness:
For they shall be filled.
Blessed are the merciful:
For they shall obtain mercy.
Blessed are the pure in heart:
For they shall see God.
Blessed are the peacemakers:
For they shall be called sons of God.
Blessed are they that have been persecuted for righteousness' sake:
For theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
Blessed are ye when men shall reproach you, and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.
Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets that were before you.

Selection 34

The Ten Commandments

Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

Thou shalt not make unto thee a graven image, nor any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth:

Thou shalt not bow down thyself unto them, nor serve them;

For I Jehovah thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children, upon the third and upon the fourth generation of them that hate me,

And showing lovingkindness unto thousands of them that love me and keep my commandments.

Thou shalt not take the name of Jehovah thy God in vain;

For Jehovah will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy.

Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work; but the seventh day is a sabbath unto Jehovah thy God:

In it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates:

For in six days Jehovah made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day:

Wherefore Jehovah blessed the seventh day, and hallowed it.

Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which Jehovah thy God giveth thee.

Thou shalt not kill.

Thou shalt not commit adultery.

Thou shalt not steal.

Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.

Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbour's.

Jesus' Summary of the Law

And he said unto him, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind.

This is the great and first commandment.

And a second like unto it is this,

Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.

On these two commandments the whole law hangeth, and the prophets.

Selection 35

The Greatness of Love

If I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, but have not love,
I am become sounding brass, or a clanging cymbal.

And if I have the gift of prophecy, and know all mysteries, and all knowledge;
And if I have all faith, so as to remove mountains, but have not love, I am nothing.

And if I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and if I give my body to be burned, but have not love, it profiteth me nothing.
Love suffereth long, and is kind;

Love envieth not; love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up,
Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not its own,

Is not provoked, taketh not account of evil;
Rejoiceth not in unrighteousness,

But rejoiceth with the truth;
Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

Love never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall be done away;
Whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall be done away.

For we know in part, and we prophesy in part; but when that which is perfect is come, that which is in part shall be done away.
When I was a child I spake as a child, I felt as a child, I thought as a child:

Now that I am become a man, I have put away childish things.
For now we see in a mirror, darkly; but then face to face:

Now I know in part; but then shall I know fully even as also I was fully known.
But now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; and the greatest of these is love.

SUBJECTS OF READINGS

1. Praise for Jehovah's Mercies. (Ps. 103.)
2. Delight in God's House. (Ps. 65, 84, 132.)
3. Praise to the Creator. (Ps. 33.)
4. Call to Praise Jehovah. (Ps. 96, 98.)
5. Fearless Trust in God. (Ps. 27.)
6. The Whole Creation Called to Praise Jehovah. (Ps. 148, 149, 150.)
7. The Security of Trust in Jehovah. (Ps. 37.)
8. Praise for Jehovah's Deliverance. (Ps. 107.)
9. The Godly Man. (Ps. 1, 15, 112.)
10. The Works and Word of God. (Ps. 19.)
11. The Law of God. (Ps. 119.)
12. Praise for Prosperity. (Ps. 147.)
13. Jehovah and His People. (Ps. 121, 122, 123, 125.)
14. Jehovah Our Refuge. (Ps. 46, 47.)
15. Jehovah Our Trust and Shepherd. (Ps. 23, 91.)
16. Jehovah Our Portion and Deliverer. (Ps. 16, 116.)
17. Jehovah the King of Glory. (Ps. 22, 24.)
18. Jehovah's Goodness. (Ps. 145.)
19. Prayer for Guidance. (Ps. 25.)
20. Righteous Jehovah. (Ps. 89.)
21. Prayer for Pardon. (Ps. 51.)
22. Jehovah a Provider and Deliverer. (Ps. 34.)
23. Man's Mortality. (Ps. 90.)
24. Jehovah Hears and Forgives. (Ps. 28, 32.)
25. A Sacrifice of Praise. (Ps. 40.)
26. Thirsting for Jehovah. (Ps. 42, 63.)
27. Jehovah Magnified. (Ps. 95, 100, 133, 134.)
28. The Reign of the Righteous King. (Ps. 72.)
29. Jehovah Praised. (Ps. 111, 117, 130.)
30. Jehovah's Mighty Works. (Ps. 66, 67, 68.)
31. Jehovah's Omnipotence. (Ps. 139, 141, 143.)
32. Confidence in Jehovah. (Ps. 86.)
33. The Beatitudes. (Mat v: 3–12.)
34. The Ten Commandments. (Exodus 20: 3–17; Mat. 22: 37–40.)
35. The Greatness of Love. (1st Cor. 13.)

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