

P. F. August

DEVOTIONAL

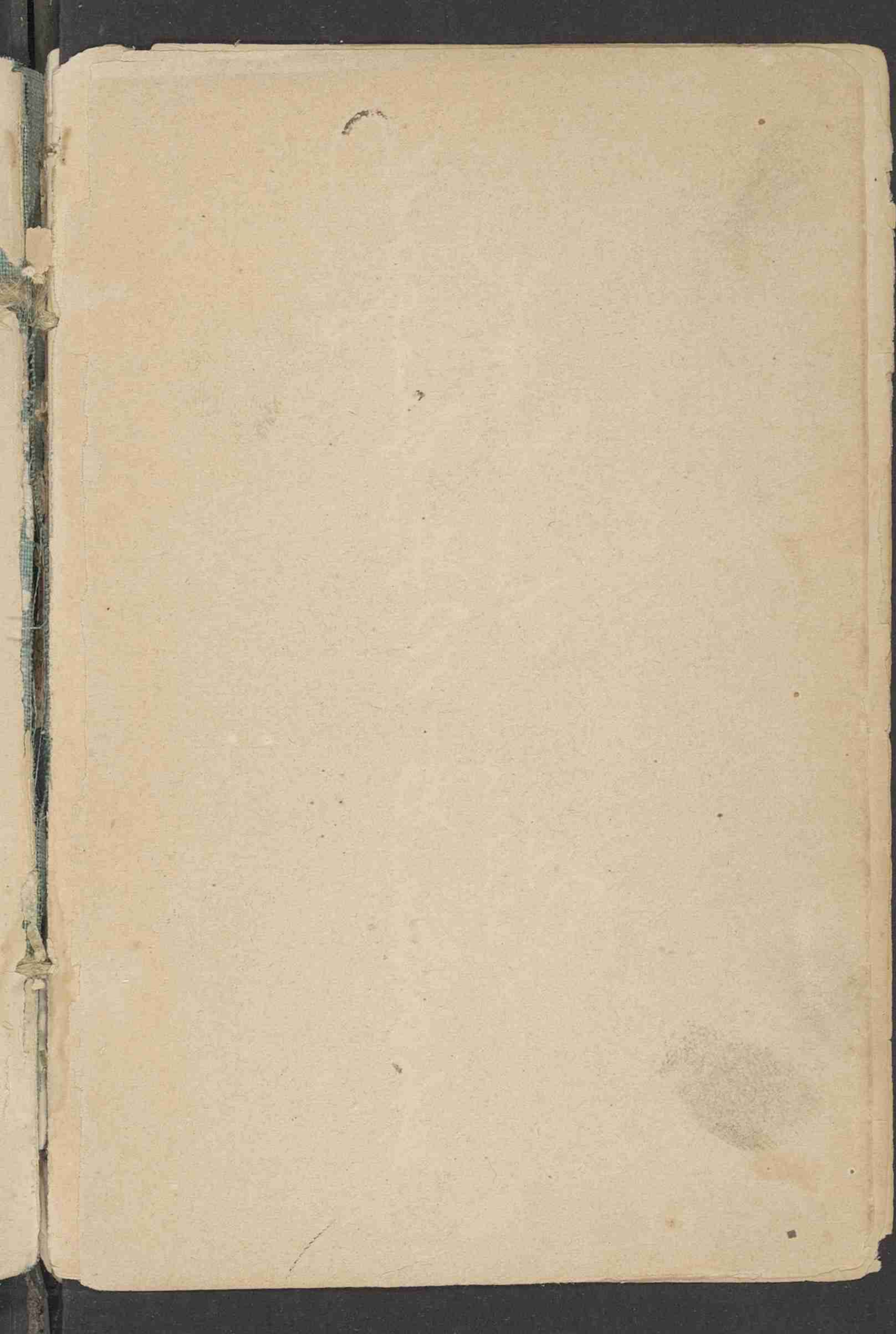
HYMNS.

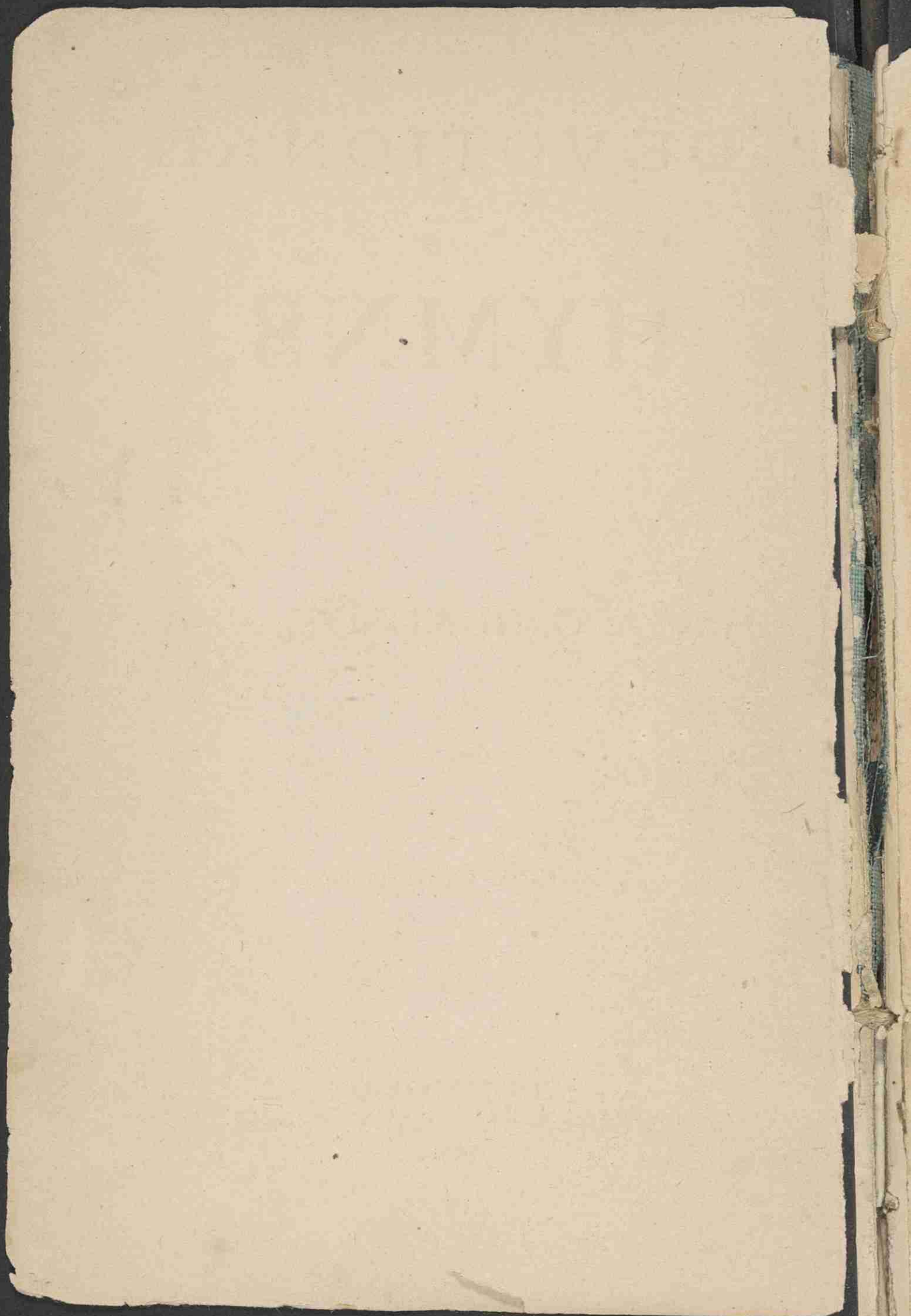
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therefore
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P. J. August

DEVOTIONAL

HYMNS,

COMPILED BY

Rev. A. C. BLEDSOE, A. M.,

—OF THE—

VIRGINIA CONFERENCE.



RICHMOND:
FERGUSON & RADY, Printers
1875.

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1875

DEVO

The design of this little collection is to gather into a cheap and available form, many of the best and most popular hymns, old and new, so that every member of our congregation can be supplied with the words, and join in the "Service of Song."

Some of these grand old chorus hymns which our fathers and mothers used to sing, and upon whose wings of fire their souls soared heavenward, which have been for a long time buried beneath the accumulated mass of modern hymnology, have been resurrected and brought to light in this little volume. Others have been selected from the vast store of Sunday School hymns, and are highly appropriate to be used in our church worship. If, by the use of this little book, our congregational singing shall be improved, and a single soul won to Christ by the power of Sacred Song, this will more than compensate

THE COMPILER.

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H Y M N S.

1

Music—AMARANTH, page 126.

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

CHORUS.—We will stand the storm,
We will anchor by and by, by and by.

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

CHO.

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

CHO.

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

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

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

3 What brought them to that world above?
 That heaven so bright and fair,
 Where all is peace, and joy, and love;—
 How came those Christians there?
 Singing, &c.

4 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
 On earth they loved his name;
 So now they see his blessed face,
 And stand before the Lamb,
 Singing, &c.

SHALL we gather at the river,
 Where bright angel feet have trod,
 With its crystal tide forever,
 Flowing by the throne of God?

CHORUS,—Yes we will gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river,
Gather with the saints at the river,
That flows by the throne of God.

2 On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever,
All the happy, golden day.
Yes we will gather, &c.

3 Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver.
And provide a robe and crown.
Yes we will gather, &c.

4 Soon we'll reach the shining river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver,
With the melody of peace.
Yes we will gather, &c.

4 *Music*—AMARANTH, page 24.

OUT on an ocean all boundless we ride,
We're homeward bound, homew'd bound;
Tossed on the waves of a rough restless tide,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
Far from the safe quiet harbour we've rode
Seeking our Father's celestial abode,
Promise of which on us each He bestowed;
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.

- 2 We'll tell the world as we journey along,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound ;
Try to persuade them to enter our throng,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound ;
Come trembling sinner, forlorn and oppressed,
Join in our number, Oh come and be blest ;
Journey with us to the mansions of rest,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
- 3 Into the harbour of heaven now we glide,
We're home at last, home at last ;
Softly we drift on its bright silver tide,
We're home at last, home at last ;
Glory to God ! all our dangers are o'er ;
We stand secure on the glorified shore ;
Glory to God ! we will shout evermore ;
We're home at last, home at last.

5

Music.—AMARANTH, page 79.

- JOY to the world, the Lord is come,
Let earth receive her King ;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the earth the Saviour reigns ;
Let men their songs employ ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground ;
He comes to make his blessings flow,
Far as the curse is found.

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

6

Music—AMARANTH, page. 66.

WHEN our work is ended, we shall sweetly
rest,
'Mid the sainted spirits, safe on Jesus' breast ;
All our trials over, we shall gladly sing,
Grave ! where is thy victory ? Death ! where
is thy sting ?

CHORUS.—Tho' the dark wave roll high, we
will be undismayed ;
Let us pass over the river and rest
under the shade of the trees.

2 Earth hath many sorrows, but they cannot last,
And our greatest troubles quickly will be past ;
If we look to Jesus, he will give us strength ;
By His grace we shall be conquerors at length.

CHO.—Tho' the dark waves, &c.

3 When the storm is over, sweet will be the
calm,
After life's long battle, bright the victor's
palm ;
And the cross of anguish, which now weighs
us down,
We'll exchange in Heaven for a shining
crown.

CHO.—Tho' the dark waves, &c.

7

Music—FRESH LAURELS, page 50.

JESUS the water of life will give,
Freely, freely, freely.
Jesus the water of life will give,
Freely to those that love him.
Come to that fountain, O drink and live,
Freely, freely, freely,
Come to that fountain, O drink and live,
Flowing for those that love him.

CHORUS.—The Spirit and the Bride say come,
Freely, freely, freely,
And he that is thirsty let him come,
And drink of the water of life.
The fountain of life is flowing,
Flowing, freely flowing,
The fountain of life is flowing,
Is flowing for you and for me.

2 Jesus has promised a home in heaven,
Freely, freely, freely,
Jesus has promised a home in heaven,
Freely to those who love him;
Treasures unfading will there be given,
Freely, freely, freely,
Treasures unfading will there be given,
Freely to those who love him.

CHO.—The Spirit and the Bride say come.

8

Music—FRESH LAURELS, page 54.

WATCH for the time is short,
Watch while 'tis called to-day,
Watch, lest the world prevail;
Watch, Christian, watch and pray.
Watch, for the flesh is weak,
Watch, for the foe is strong,
Watch, lest the bridegroom come,
Watch tho' He tarry long.

CHORUS.—O, watch, and pray, O watch in the
darkness and watch in the day,
Christians watch and pray.

2 Chase slumber from thine eyes,
Chase doubting from thy breast;
Thine is the promised prize
Of heaven's eternal rest;
Watch, christian, watch and pray,
Thy Saviour watched for thee,
Till from His brow they pour'd
Great drops of agony.

CHO.—O, watch and pray.

3 Take Jesus for thy trust;
Watch, watch forever more;
Watch for thou soon must sleep,
With thousands gone before,
Now, when thy sun is up,
Now, while 'tis called to-day,
Now is the accepted time;
Watch, christian watch and pray.

CHO.—O, watch and pray.

FADE, fade each earthly joy,
Jesus is mine ;
Break every tender tie,
Jesus is mine ;
Dark is the wilderness,
Earth has no resting place,
Jesus alone can bless,
Jesus is mine.

2 Tempt not my soul away,
Jesus is mine ;
Here would I ever stay,
Jesus is mine ;
Perishing things of clay,
Born but for one brief day,
Pass from my heart away,
Jesus is mine.

3 Farewell, ye dreams of night,
Jesus is mine,
Lost in this dawning light,
Jesus is mine,
All that my soul has tried,
Left but a dismal void,—
Jesus has satisfied,
Jesus is mine.

4 Farewell mortality, Jesus is mine ;
Welcome eternity, Jesus is mine ;
Welcome O loved and blest,
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest,
Welcome my Saviour's breast,
Jesus is mine.

10

Music—FRESH LAURELS, page 69.

ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er :
I'm nearer my home to-day
Than I have been before.

2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be ;
I'm nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the Jasper sea.

3 Nearer the bound of life
We lay our burdens down ;
And nearer the time to leave
The cross and wear the crown.

4 Father, perfect my trust ;
My feeble frame support ;
O keep me beneath thy care,
My trembling hope sustain.

11

Music—ORIOLA, page 121.

JOYFULLY, Joyfully, onward we move,
Bound to the land of bright spirits above,
Jesus, our Saviour, in mercy says come,
Joyfully joyfully, haste to your home.
Soon will our pilgrimage end here below,
Soon to the presence of God we shall go ;
Then if to Jesus our hearts have been given.
Joyfully, joyfully, rest we in heaven.

- 2 Thousands of Christians have passed on before,
Waiting, they watch us approaching the shore,
Singing to cheer us, while passing along,
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to your home.
Sounds of sweet music there ravish the ear,
Harps of the blessed, your strains we shall hear,
Filling with harmony heaven's high dome,
Joyfully, joyfully, Jesus, we come.
- 3 Death with his arms may soon lay us low,
Safe in our Saviour, we fear not the blow;
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb,
Joyfully, joyfully, will we go home.
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death shall be conquered, his sceptre be gone,
Over the plains of sweet Canaan we'll roam,
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

12

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

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

3 Therefore I murmur not,
Heav'n is my home;
Whate'er my earthly lot,
Heav'n is my home;
And I shall surely stand
There at my Lord's right hand;
Heav'n is my Father-land,—
Heav'n is my home.

4 There, at my Saviour's side,
Heav'n is my home;
I shall be glorified,
Heav'n is my home;
There are the good and blest:
Those I love most and best;
There too I soon shall rest,
Heav'n is my home.

O do not be discouraged
For Jesus is your Friend;
O, do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your Friend.

He will give you grace to conquer,
He will give you grace to conquer,
And keep you to the end.

CHORUS.—I am glad I'm in this army,
Yes, I'm glad I'm in this army,
Yes, I'm glad I'm in this army,
And I'll battle for the Lord,
He will give you grace to conquer,
He will give you grace to conquer,
And keep you to the end.

2 Fight on ye Christian soldiers,
The battle you shall win;
Fight on ye Christian soldiers,
The battle you shall win.
For the Saviour is your Captain,
For the Saviour is your Captain,
And he has vanquished sin.

CHO.—I am glad, &c.

3 And when the conflict's over,
Before him you shall stand;
And when the conflict's over,
Before him you shall stand.
You shall sing his praise forever,
You shall sing his praise forever,
In Canaan's happy land.

CHO.—I am glad, &c.

14

Music—ORIOLA, page 181

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

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

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

15

WE'RE traveling home to heaven above,
Will you go, will you go?
To sing the Saviour's dying love;
Will you go, will you go?

Millions have reached that blest abode,
Anointed kings and priests to God,
And millions more are on the road;
Will you go, will you go?

2 We're going to see the bleeding lamb,
Will you go, will you go?
In rapturous strains to praise his name,
Will you go, will you go?
The crown of life we then shall wear,
The conqueror's palm we then shall bear,
And all the joys of heaven we'll share,
Will you go, will you go?

3 The way to heaven is straight and plain,
Will you go, will you go?
Repent, believe, be born again,
Will you go, will you go?
The Saviour cries aloud to thee,
"Take up thy cross and follow me,
And thou shalt my salvation see;"
Will you go, will you go?

4 We're going to join the heavenly choir,
Will you go, will you go?
To raise our voice and tune the lyre,
Will you go, will you go?
There saints and angels gladly sing,
Hosanna to their God and King,
And make the heavenly arches ring,
Will you go, will you go?

16

Music—ORIOLA, page 185.

MY days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,
Those hours of toil and danger.

CHO.—For oh! we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over,
And just before the shining shore,
We may almost discover.

2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our distant home discerning,
Our absent Lord has left us word,
• Let every lamp be burning

CHO.—For oh! we stand, &c.

3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing,
That perfect rest naught can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.

CHO.—For oh! we stand, &c.

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each chord on earth to sever;
Our King says "come," and theres our home,
For ever, oh! for ever.

CHO.—For oh! we stand, &c.

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

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

Repeat Chorus.

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

CHO.—Beyond the sunset's radiant glow.

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

CHO.—Beyond the sunset's radiant glow.

4 Those golden portals ever shine,
 Beyond the reach of day's decline;
 And Jesus bids my soul prepare,
 To give a happy entrance there.

CHO.—Beyond the sunset's radiant glow.

18

Doddridge

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

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

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

CHO.—Happy day.

3 'Tis done:—the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine,
He drew and me I followed on—
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

CHO.—Happy day.

4 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.

CHO.—Happy day.

19

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

CHO.—I do believe, I now believe,
That Jesus died for me,
And through his blood, his precious
I shall from sin be free. [blood,

CHO.—I do believe.

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

CHO.—I do believe.

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

CHO.—I do believe.

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

CHO.—I do believe.

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

CHO.—I do believe.

20

- LO! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
Yet how insensible!
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to yon heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.
- 2 O God, my inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtless heart,
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And save me ere it be too late;
Wake me to righteousness.
- 3 Before me place in bright array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When 'Thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at Thy bar:
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom.
- 4 Be this my one great business here,
With holy trembling, holy fear,
To make my calling sure;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfill,
And suffer all Thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

5 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale to live,
And reign with thee above,
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

21

COME ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
Jesus ready stand to save you,
Full of pity, love and power.

CHO.—Turn to the Lord and seek salvation,
Sound the praise of his dear name;
Glory, honor and salvation,
Christ, the Lord, has come to reign.

2 Now ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify,
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh.

CHO.—Turn to the Lord, &c.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is, to feel your need of Him.

CHO.—Turn to the Lord, &c.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall,
If you tarry, till you're better,
You will never come at all.

CHO.—Turn to the Lord, &c.

22

IN the Christian's home in glory
There remains a land of rest,
There my Saviour's gone before me,
To fulfil my soul's request.

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

2 He is filling up my mission,
While eternity shall roll ;
For my stay shall not be transient,
In that holy, happy land.

CHO.—There is rest, &c.

3 This is not my place of resting,
Mine's a city yet to come ;
Onward to it I am hasting,
On to my eternal home.

CHO.—There is rest, &c.

4 Sing, O sing ye heirs of glory ;
Shout your triumph as you go,
Zion's gate will open for you,
You shall find an entrance through.

CHO.—There is rest, &c.

23

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

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

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

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

5 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

6 Just as I am, Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
And to be Thine, and Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

24

- NEARER my God to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer my God to Thee.
- 2 Though like a wanderer,
Daylight all gone,
Darkness be o'er me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer my God 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.
- 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.
- 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.

25

O! HOW I love Jesus,
 O, how I love Jesus,
 O, how I love Jesus,
 Because he first loved me!
 How can I forget Thee,
 How can I forget Thee,
 How can I forget Thee,
 Dear Lord remember me.

26

P. J. August

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
 All to leave and follow Thee;
 Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
 Thou from hence my All shall be.

CHO.—Waiting for the Spirit's sealing,
 Longing only thine to be;
 Here before thine altar kneeling,
 Jesus, Lord, I look to Thee.

2 Perish, every fond ambition,
 All I've sought, or hoped, or known,
 Yet how rich is my condition!
 God and heaven are still my own.

CHO.—Waiting, &c.

3 Let the world despise and leave me,
 They have left my Saviour too;
 Human hearts and looks deceive me
 Thou art not, like them, untrue.

CHO.—Waiting, &c.

4 And while Thou shalt smile upon me,
 God of wisdom, love and might,
 Foes may hate, and friends disown me,
 Show thy face and all is bright.

CHO—Waiting, &c.

27

UNITY.

WHEN shall we meet again?
 Meet ne'er to sever?

When will peace wreath her chain?
 Round us forever?

Our hearts will ne'er repose
 Safe from each blast that blows
 In this dark vale of woes,
 Never—no, never!

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

Up to that world of light,
 Take us dear Saviour;
 May we there all unite
 Happy forever!
 Where kindred spirits dwell,
 There may our music swell,
 And time our joys dispel—
 Never—no, never.

28

Music—HAPPY VOICES, page 189.

SHALL we meet beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll,
Where in all the bright forever,
Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul.

CHO.—Shall we meet, shall we meet,
Shall we meet beyond the river
Where the surges cease to roll.

2 Shall we meet in that blest harbor,
When our stormy voyage is o'er;
Shall we meet and cast the anchor,
By the fair celestial shore?

CHO.—Shall we meet, &c.

3 Where the music of the ransomed,
Rolls in harmony around,
And creation swells the chorus,
With its sweet melodious sound.

CHO.—Shall we meet, &c.

4 Shall we meet with many a loved one,
Torn on earth from our embrace,
Shall we listen to their voices,
And behold them face to face.

CHO.—Shall we meet, &c.

5 Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour,
When he comes to claim his own?
Shall we hear him bid us welcome,
And sit down upon his throne?

CHO.—Yes, we'll meet, &c.

29

Music—HAPPY VOICES, page 191.

SHALL we meet in heaven above,
Shall we meet, shall we meet,
Shall we meet in heaven above,
Meet in heaven above.

CHO.—Yes if we are justified,
By the Saviour's precious blood,
We shall meet in heaven above,
Meet in heaven above.

2 Shall we wear the snowy robe,
Shall we wear, shall we wear,
Shall we wear the snowy robe
Worn by saints above.

3 Shall we strike the golden harp,
Shall we strike, shall we strike,
Shall we strike the golden harp,
With the choir in heaven.

CHO.—Yes if we are justified.

4 Shall we wear the glorious crown,
Shall we wear, shall we wear,
Shall we wear a glorious crown,
On the throne in heaven.

CHO.—Yes if we are justified.

5 Shall we walk the golden street,
Shall we walk, shall we walk,
Shall we walk the golden street,
With the good in heaven.

CHO.—Yes if we are justified.

6 Shall we drink the flowing fount,
Shall we drink, shall we drink,
Shall we drink the flowing fount,
At God's throne in heaven.

CHO.—Yes if we are justified.

30

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

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

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

CHO.—I'm going home, &c.

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

CHO.—I'm going home, &c.

31

WORK, for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours ;
Work while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers ;
Work when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun ;
Work for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny morn ;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon ;
Give every flying minute,
Something to keep in store ;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies ;
While their bright tents are glowing,
Work for daylight flies ;
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more ;
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

32

I WILL sing you a song of that beautiful
land,
The far away home of the soul,

Where no storms ever beat on the glittering
strand,

While the years of eternity roll.

CHO.—We shall meet in that land, in that
beautiful land,

In that far away home of the soul ;

Where no storms ever beat on that glit-
tering strand,

While the years of eternity roll.

2 O, that home of the soul, in my visions and
dreams,

Its bright jasper walls I can see,

'Till I fancy but thinly the veil intervenes

Between that fair city and me.—CHO.

3 There the great tree of life in its beauty
doth grow,

And the river of life floweth by,

For no death ever enters that city you know,

And nothing that maketh a lie.—CHO.

4 That unchangeable home is for you and for
me,

Where Jesus of Nazareth stands ;

The King of all kingdoms forever is he,

And he hold'th our crowns in his hand.—CH.

5 O, How sweet it will be in that beautiful
land,

So free from all sorrow and pain !

With songs on our lips, and with harps in
our hands,

To meet one another again.—C HO.

33

HOW pleasant thus to dwell below,
 In fellowship of love;
 And though we part, 'tis bliss to know
 The good shall meet above.—*Repeat.*

CHO.—O, that will be joyful, joyful, joyful;
 O, that will be joyful,
 To meet to part no more.
 To meet to part no more,
 On Canaan's happy shore,
 And sing the everlasting song
 With those who've gone before.

2 Yes, happy thought, when we are free
 From earthly grief and pain,
 In heaven we shall each other see,
 And never part again.—CHO.

3 Then let us each, in strength divine.
 Still walk in wisdom's ways;
 That we, with those we love, may join,
 In never ending praise.—CHO.

34

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

CHO.—Yes, I will be a lover of the Lord,
 For I want to go to heaven when I die.

- 2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!—CHO.
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,
For man, the creature's sin.—CHO.
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While His dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.—CHO.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.—CHO.

35

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

CHO.—O, how I love Jesus,
Because he first loved me!
How can I forget Thee,
O, Lord, remember me.

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

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

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

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

36

COME, Thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mercy never ceasing
Call for songs of loudest praise.

Robt Robinson

CHO.—Blessed are the pure in spirit,
Children of the Holy One;
You shall wear a crown of glory,
When on earth your work is done.

- 2 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
 Sung by flaming tongues above;
 Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it,
 Mount of Thy redeeming love.—CHO.
- 3 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer,
 Hither by thy help, I'm come;
 And I hope by thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home.—CHO.
- 4 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God;
 He, to rescue me from danger,
 Interposed his precious blood.—CHO.
- 5 O! to grace how great a debtor,
 Daily I'm constrained to be;
 Let Thy goodness like a fetter,
 Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee.—CHO.
- 6 Prone to wander, Lord I feel it,
 Prone to leave the God I love;
 Here's my heart, O take and seal it,
 Seal it for Thy courts above.—CHO.

I WOULD not live alway: I ask not to
 stay
 Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the
 way;

The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here,
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its
cheer.

CHO.—Hallelujah! Hallelujah to the Lamb.
For he died on Mount Calvary,
To redeem us from sin.

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

CHO.—Hallelujah, &c.

3 Who, who would live alway, away from his
God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the
bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?

CHO.—Hallelujah, &c.

4 Where the saints of all ages in harmony
meet,
Their Saviour and brethren, transported to
greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly
roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the
soul?

CHO.—Hallelujah, &c.

HYMNS.

38

38

JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.

CHO.—Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

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

CHO.—Rock of Ages, &c.

3 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me!

CHO.—Rock of Ages, &c.

4 All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head,
With the shadow of Thy wing.

CHO.—Rock of Ages, &c.

39

Music—AMARANTH, page 30.

O! THINK of a home over there,
By the side of the river of light,
Where the saints all immortal and fair,

Are robed in their garments of white.

Over there, over there,
O, think of the home over there.

2 O, think of the friends over there,
Who before us the journey have trod,
Of the songs that they breathe on the air,
In their home in the palace of God.

Over there, over there,
O, think of the friends over there.

3 My Saviour is now over there,
There my kindred and friends are at rest;
Then away from my sorrow and care,
Let me fly to the land of the blest.

Over there, over there,
My Saviour is now over there.

4 I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see;
Many dear to my heart over there,
Are watching and waiting for me.

Over there, over there,
I'll soon be at home over there.

40

Hugh Stowell

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

- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
 The oil of gladness on our heads;
 A place than all besides more sweet,
 It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.
- 3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
 Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
 Though sundered far by faith they meet,
 Around one common mercy-seat.
- 4 There, there on eagle wings we soar,
 And sin and sense molest no more,
 And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
 While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

41

C. Wesley

ARISE, my soul, arise,
 Shake off thy guilty fears;
 The bleeding sacrifice,
 In my behalf appears.

CHO.—Jesus paid it all,
 All the debt I owe;
 Sin had left a crimson stain—
 He washed it white as snow.

- 2 He ever lives above,
 For me to intercede;
 His all redeeming love,
 His precious blood to plead.—CHO.
- 3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
 Received on Calvary;
 They pour effectual prayers,
 They strongly speak for me.—CHO.

4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear annointed One;
He cannot turn away,
The presence of his Son.—CHO.

5 My God is reconciled,
His pard'ning voice I hear,
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear.—CHO.

42

DELAY not, delay not, O sinner, draw near,
The waters of life are now flowing for
thee;

No price is demanded the Saviour is here,
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

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

3 Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of grace,
Long grieved and resisted may take its sad
flight,
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

43

GENTLY, Lord, O ! gently lead us,
Through this gloomy vale of tears ;
Through the changes that o'ertake us,
Till our last great change appears.

CHO.—O, refresh us with thy blessing,
O, refresh us with Thy grace ;
May Thy mercies, never ceasing,
Fit us for Thy dwelling place.

2 When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let Thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in Thy perfect way.—CHO.

3 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear.—CHO

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

44

HAIL, sweetest, dearest tie that binds
Our glowing hearts in one ;
Hail, sacred hope that tunes our minds,
To joys before unknown.

CHO.—It is the hope, the blissful hope,
Which Jesus' grace has given ;
The hope when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven.

2 What though the northern wintry blast,
May howl around your cot;
What though beneath an eastern sun,
Be cast our distant lot.—C.

3 From Burmah's shore, from Afric's strand;
From India's burning plain;
From Europe, from Columbia's land,
We hope to meet again.—C.

4 No lingering look, no parting sigh,
Our future meeting knows;
There friendship beams from every eye,
And love immortal glows.—CHO.

45

IN seasons of grief to my God I'll repair,
When my heart is o'erwhelm'd with sorrow and care,
From the ends of the earth unto Thee will
I cry—
Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I!
CHO—Higher than I, higher than I,
Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.

2. When Satan, the tempter, comes in like a flood,
To drive my poor soul from the fountain of Good,
I'll pray to the Lord who for sinners did die,
Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.
CHO—

3 And when I have finished my pilgrimage here,
Complete in Christ's righteousness I shall ap-
pear,

In the swellings of Jordan all dangers defy,
And look to the Rock that is higher than I.

CHO.

4 And when the last trumpet shall sound
through the skies,

And the dead from the dust of the earth
shall arise,

Transported I'll join with the ransom'd on
high,

To praise the great Rock that is higher than I.

CHO.

P. F. August

46

MID scenes of confusion and creature com-
plaints,

How sweet to my soul is communion with
saints;

To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,
And feel, in the presence of Jesus, at home.

CHO—Home, home, sweet, sweet home;

Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my
home.

2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of
peace,

And thrice precious Jesus, whose love cannot
cease;

Though oft from thy presence in sadness I
 roam,
 I long to behold Thee in glory at home.

CHO.

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

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

CHO.

5 I long, gracious Lord, in Thy presence to
 shine,
 No more as an exile in sorrow to pine;
 But in Thy blest image arise from the tomb,
 With glorified millions to praise Thee at
 home.—CHO.

47

Music—HAPPY VOICES, page 163.

MY home is in heaven, my rest is not here
 Then why should I murmur when trials
 appear?

Be hush'd my dark spirit, the worst that can
 come

But shortens my journey and hastens me
home.

CHO—Then the angels will come, with their
music will come,
With music, sweet music, to welcome me
home ;
In the bright gates of crystal the shining
ones will stand,
And sing me a welcome to their own
native land.

2 It is not for me to be seeking my bliss,
And building my hopes in a region like this ;
I look for a city which hands have not piled,
I pant for a country by sin undefiled—CHO.

3 The thorn and the thistle around me may
grow ;
I would not recline upon roses below ;
I ask not my portion, I seek not my rest
Till I find them forever on Jesus' own breast.
CHO.

4 Afflictions may damp me, but cannot destroy ;
One glimpse of his love turns them all into
joy !
And the bitterest tears, if He smile but on
them,
Like dew in the sunshine, turn diamond or
gem—CHO.

5 Let doubt, then, and danger my progress oppose,
 They only make heaven more sweet at the close;
 Come joy or come sorrow, whate'er may befall,
 One hour with my God will make up for it all—CHO.

6 A scrip on my back, and a staff in my hand,
 I march on, I haste, through an enemy's land.
 The road may be rough, but it cannot be long,
 And I'll smooth it with hope, and I'll cheer it with song—CHO.

48

COME, ye that love the Lord, *Watts*
 And let your songs be known;
 Join in a song with sweet accord,
 While ye surround his throne,
 CHO—O, sing to me of heaven,
 When I am called to die!
 Sing songs of holy ecstasy,
 To waft my soul on high.

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

3 Let those refuse to sing
 Who never knew our God;

But servants of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad—CHO.

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

49

SHED not a tear o'er your friend's early bier
When I am gone, when I am gone;
Smile when the slow tolling bell you shall
hear,

When I am gone, when I am gone;
Weep not for me when you stand round my
grave,

Think who has died his beloved to save;
Think of the crown all the ransom'd shall
have,

When I am gone, when I am gone.

- 2 Plant ye a tree which may wave over me,
When I am gone, when I am gone;
Sing ye a song when my grave ye shall see,
When I am gone, when I am gone.
Come at the close of a bright summer's day;
Come when the sun sheds his last lingering
ray;
Come and rejoice that I thus passed away,
When I am gone, when I am gone.

- 3 Plant ye a rose that may bloom o'er my bed,
When I am gone, when I am gone,
Breathe not a sigh for the blest early dead,
When I am gone, when I am gone.
Praise ye the Lord that I'm freed from all
care,
Serve ye the Lord that my bliss ye may share,
When I am gone, when I am gone.

50

- THE pearl that worldlings covet
Is not the pearl for me;
Its beauty fades as quickly
As sunshine on the sea;
But there's a pearl sought by the wise,
'Tis called the pearl of greatest price,
Though few its value see—
O, that's the pearl for me!
- 2 The crown that decks the monarch
Is not the crown for me;
It dazzles but a moment,
Its brightness soon will flee;
But there's a crown prepared above
For all who walk in humble love.
Forever bright 'twill be—
O, that's the crown for me!
- 3 The road that many travel
Is not the road for me;
It leads to death and sorrow,
In it I would not be.

But there's a road that leads to God,
 'Tis marked by Christ's most precious blood;
 The passage here is free—
 O, that's the road for me!

4 The hope that sinners cherish
 Is not the hope for me;
 Most surely will they perish
 Unless from sin made free.
 But there's a hope which trusts the Lord,
 And leads the soul to keep his word—
 And sinful passions flee;
 O, that's the hope for me.

51

THERE is a place where my hopes are
 stay'd;
 My heart and my treasure are there;
 Where verdure and blossoms never fade
 And fields are eternally fair.

CHO—That blissful place is my father-land,
 By faith its delights I explore;
 Come, favor my flight, angelic band
 And waft me in peace to the shore.

2 There is a place where the angels dwell,
 A pure and a peaceful abode;
 The joys of that place no tongue can tell,
 But there is the palace of God—CHO.

3 There is a place where my friends are gone,

Who suffered and worshipp'd with me ;
Exalted with Christ, high on his throne,
The King in his beauty they see—CHO.

- 4 There is a place where I hope to live,
When life and its labors are o'er ;
A place which the Lord to me will give,
And then I shall sorrow no more—CHO.

52

WHAT wondrous love is this,
O, my soul, O, my soul !
What wondrous love is this,
O, my soul !
What wondrous love is this
That caused the Lord of bliss
To send this precious peace
To my soul !

- 2 When I was sinking down,
Sinking down, sinking down ;
When I was sinking down,
Sinking down ;
When I was sinking down
Beneath God's righteous frown,
Christ laid aside his crown
For my soul.

- 3 Ye winged seraphs, fly ;
Bear the news, bear the news ;
Ye winged seraphs, fly ;
Bear the news ;

Ye winged seraphs, fly
Like comets through the sky,
Fill all eternity
With the news.

4 Ye friends of Zion's King,
Join his praise, join his praise;
Ye friends of Zion's King,
Join his praise.
Ye friends of Zion's King,
With hearts and voices sing,
And strike each tuneful string
In his praise.

5 To God and to the Lamb
I will sing, I will sing;
To God and to the Lamb
I will sing.
To God and to the Lamb,
Who is the great I Am,
While millions join the theme,
I will sing.

6 And when from death I'm free,
I'll sing on, I'll sing on;
And when from death I'm free,
I'll sing on.
And when from death I'm free,
I'll sing and joyful be,
And through eternity
I'll sing on.

53

WHILE wandering to and fro,
In this wide world of woe,
Where streams of sorrow flow,
Give me Jesus.

CHO—Give me Jesus, give me Jesus—
You may have all this world, give me
Jesus.

2 When tears o'erflow mine eye,
When pressed by grief I sigh,
Still this shall be my cry,
Give me Jesus.—CHO.

3 When to the mercy seat
I go, my Lord to meet,
My heart shall still repeat
Give me Jesus.—CHO.

4 And when my faith is tried,
In Him will I confide,
And all the storms outside—
Give me Jesus.—CHO.

5 Though strength and friends should fail,
And foes my soul assail,
Through Him I shall prevail—
Give me Jesus.—CHO.

6 And when my toils are o'er,
When nearing Jordan's shore,
I'll shout, as up I soar,
Give me Jesus.—CHO.

7 When at the Judgment seat,
I stand at Jesus' feet,
When worlds on worlds shall meet,
Give me Jesus.—CHO.

8 When heaven and earth shall flee,
When time shall cease to be,
Through all eternity
Give me Jesus.—CHO.

54

OUR bondage here shall end
By and by, by and by;
Our bondage here shall end
By and by.
From Egypt's yoke set free,
Hail the glorious jubilee,
And to Canaan we'll return
By and by, by and by;
And to Canaan we'll return
By and by.

2 Our Deliverer will come by and by,
And our sorrows have an end,
With our three-score years and ten,
And vast glory crown the day by and by.

3 Tho' our enemies are strong, we'll go on,
Tho' our hearts dissolve with fear,
Lo! Sinai's God is near,
While the fiery pillar moves, we'll go on.

- 4 And when to Jordan's flood we are come,
Jehovah rules the tide,
And the waters he'll divide,
And the ransomed host shall shout, we are
come.
- 5 There friends shall meet again who have
loved;
Our embraces shall be sweet
At the dear Redeemer's feet,
When we meet to part no more, who have
loved.
- 6 Then with all the happy throng we'll rejoice,
Shouting, "Glory to our King,"
Till the vaults of Heaven shall ring,
And through all eternity we'll rejoice.

55

Music—FRESH LAURELS, page 97.

- SWEET hour of prayer, sweet hour of
prayer,
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known,
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.
- 2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness

Engage the wailing soul to bliss,
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe His word and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

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

56

Music—FRESH LAURELS, page 125.

I AM waiting by the river,
And my heart has waited long,
Now I think I hear the chorus
Of the angel's welcome song;
Oh, I see the dawn is breaking
On the hill-tops of the blest,
"Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest."

- 2 Far away beyond the shadows
Of this weary vale of tears,
There the tide of bliss is sweeping,
Through the bright and changeless years.
O, I long to be with Jesus
In the mansions of the blest,
"Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest."

3 They are launching on the river
From the calm and quiet shore,
And they soon will bear my spirit
Where the weary sigh no more;
For the tide is swiftly flowing,
And I long to greet the blest,
"Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest."

57 *Music*—WINNOWER HYMNS, page 53.

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

C. Wesley

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

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

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

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
 Grace to pardon all my sin ;
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within.
 Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of Thee ;
 Spring Thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity—CHO.

58

Music—ROYAL DIADEM, page 35.

I NEED Thee every hour,
 Most gracious Lord ;
 No tender voice like 'Thine,'
 Can peace afford.

CHO—I need Thee, Oh ! I need Thee,
 Every hour I need Thee ;
 O, bless me now, my Saviour !
 I come to Thee.

2 I need Thee every hour,
 Stay Thou near by ;
 Temptations lose their pow'r
 When Thou art nigh—CHO.

3 I need Thee every hour,
In joy or pain ;
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain—CHO.

4 I need Thee every hour ;
Teach me Thy will ;
And Thy rich promises
In me fulfill—CHO.

5 I need Thee every hour,
Most Holy One ;
O, make me Thine indeed,
Thou blessed Son—CHO.

59 *Music*—WINNOWNED HYMNS, page 11.

THERE is a gate stands open wide,
And thro' its portals gleaming,
A radiance from the Crucified,
The Saviour's love revealing.

CHO.—Oh, depths of mercy ! can it be
That gate stands open wide for me ?
For me, for me ! stands open wide for me ?

2 That gate stands open wide for all
Who seek through it salvation ;
The rich, the poor, the great, the small,
Of every tribe and nation.—CHO.

3 Press onward, then, though foes may frown,
While mercy's gate stands open,
Accept the Cross, and win the crown,
Love's everlasting token.—CHO.

- 4 Beyond the river's brink we'll lay,
 The Cross that here is given,
 And bear the Crown of life away,
 And love Him more in heaven.

Forever blessed in heaven

60

Music—REVIVALIST HYMNS, page 556.

- I HAVE heard of a place over there,
 Where my Saviour forever doth reign;
 There will be no more death over there,
 Neither sorrow, nor sighing, nor pain.

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

- 2 There are angels that sing over there,
 How delightful there singing must be;
 There are crowns for the faithful to wear,
 And I trust there's a bright one for thee.

CHO.—In the sweet, &c.

- 3 I have friends that have gone over there,
 And I hope to rejoin them again;
Oh How blessed to meet over there,
 And with loved ones forever remain.

CHO.—In the sweet, &c.

- 4 There are mansions for all over there,
 For the poor and the homeless below;
 There is room for the world over there,
 And the Saviour invites all to go.

CHO.—In the sweet, &c.

5 We shall meet, we shall sing, we shall reign,
In the land where the saved never die!
We shall rest free from sorrow and pain,
Safe at home in the sweet by-and-by.

CHO.—In the sweet, &c.

61 *Music*—ROYAL DIADEM, page 10.

SHALL we meet in heaven, shall we meet
in heaven,
With the blest who have gone before?
Will a crown be given, will a crown be given,
When we stand on the other shore.

CHO.—We may all meet there, we may all
meet there,
If we love the Lord, and obey his word,
we may all meet there.

2 Will the angels bright, will the angels bright,
Bear us on to that happy home?
With the saints in light, with the saints in
light,
Shall we stand round the great white
throne.

CHO.—We may all, &c.

3 Yes, we all may meet, yes, we all may meet,
When this life and its toils are o'er,
And each other greet, and each other greet,
In a land where we'll part no more.

CHO.—We may all, &c.

62 *Music*—WINNOWER HYMNS, page 91.

I AM so glad that our Father in heaven,
Tells of His love in the Book he has
given ;

Wonderful things in the Bible I see,
This is the dearest, that Jesus loves me.

CHO.—I am so glad that Jesus loves me,
Jesus loves me, Jesus loves me,
I am so glad that Jesus loves me,
Jesus loves even me.

2 Though I forget Him and wander away,
Kindly he follows wherever I stray ;
Back to His dear loving arms would I flee,
When I remember that Jesus loves me.

CHO.—I am so glad, &c.

3 Oh! if there's only one song I can sing
When in His beauty I see the great King,
This shall my song in eternity be,
Oh, what a wonder that Jesus loves me.

CHO.—I am so glad, &c.

63

'TIS religion that can give,
In the light, in the light,
Sweetest pleasures while we live—
In the light of God.

CHO—Let us walk in the
Walk in the light,
Let us walk in the light,
In the light of God.

- 2 'Tis religion must supply—
 In the light, in the light;
 Solid comforts when we die,
 In the light of God—CHO.
- 3 After death its joys shall be—
 In the light, in the light,
 Lasting as eternity
 In the light of God—CHO.
- 4 Be the living God my Friend—
 In the light, in the light;
 Then my bliss shall never end
 In the light of God—CHO.

64

P. J. August
H. Williams

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

- 2 Open now the crystal fountain,
 Whence the healing waters flow;
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
 Lead me all my journey through;
 Strong Deliverer,
 Be Thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside;

Bear me through the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

65

Music—ROYAL DIADEM, page 130.

WE are coming, we are coming,
O, ye glad ones above;
You have only gone before us
To the dear land of love;
We are looking, we are longing
For the sweet fields of rest,
Where the silver waters murmur
Thro' the vales of the blest.

CHO—You are waiting, you are waiting;
We shall know your happy welcome
On the evergreen shore—
You are waiting, you are waiting,
We shall clasp your hands rejoicing
In the sweet evermore.

2 We are coming, we are coming,
And the time is not long;
Every moment brings us nearer
To your bright, happy throng;
Only just a little longer,
We shall then pass away,
Like the beams that fade so gently
On the blue arch of day—CHO.

3 We are coming, we are coming,
Jesus walks by our side;

Tho' we feel the spray of Jordan,
 We shall dread not the tide;
 With his loving arms around us,
 Tho' the waves darkly roll,
 We shall see the light of glory,
 In the home of the soul.—CHO.

66

Music—ROYAL DIADEM, page 58.

GLAD tidings! glad tidings! O wonderful
 love!

A message has come from our Father above;
 'Tis Jesus who brings it to young and to old,
 A message of mercy more precious than
 gold.

CHO.—Glad tidings, glad tidings,
 O wonderful, wonderful, wonderful love!
 Glad tidings, glad tidings,
 We hail the glad tidings of wonderful
 love.

2 He saith to the weary, O come unto me,
 The poor and the lowly his glory may see;
 He blesseth the meek with his soul cheering
 voice,
 He comforts the mourners and bids them
 rejoice.

CHO.—Glad tidings, &c.

3 How happy are they who believe in the
 Lord,
 And love the sweet counsel they find in
 his word ;
 Be ready to hear and be swift to obey,
 And follow his track in the bright shining
 way.

CHO.—Glad tidings, &c.

67.

Music—ROYAL DIADEM, page 70.

LIKE the still quiet fall of the silent dew of
 night,
 On the leaves that are folded to rest,
 Is the mercy of God when it droppeth from
 His throne,
 Bringing balm from the fields of the blest.

CHO—Dew of mercy, dew of mercy,
 Ever dropping, gently dropping from
 above,
 Dew of mercy, how it cheers us,
 Ever dropping from a Saviour's love !

2 How it cheers and revives every bud of
 Christian hope !
 How it takes every sorrow away !
 O, 'tis sweeter by far than the drops of Na-
 ture's dew,
 And it falleth by night and by day.

CHO—Dew of mercy, &c.

3 When we ask of the Lord, in our simple,
 fervent prayer,
 For his blessing at morn and at even,
 Let us pray that our souls may be watered
 and refreshed
 By the dew of His mercy from heaven.

CHO.

68

Music—ROYAL DIADEM, page 28.

O WORSHIP the Lord in the beauty of ho-
 liness—

Glory to the Father abounding in mercy!
 Be joyful all ye people, and magnify Je-
 hovah.

CHO—O glory hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah
 O come before. His presence and glorify
 His name.

2 O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness,
 Glory be to Jesus, our gracious Redeemer!
 We praise Him, for He loved us and bro't a
 great salvation—CHO.

3 O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness,
 Glory to the Spirit, the Holy Revealer!
 We praise Him with the Father and with
 the Son, our Saviour—CHO.

69

BEHOLD, behold the Lamb of God!
 On the cross, on the cross;
 For you He shed His precious blood,
 On the cross, on the cross.

O hear his all-important cry,
"Eloi Lama Sabactheni,"
Draw near and see your Saviour die
On the cross, on the cross.

2 Come, sinner, see Him lifted up,
On the cross, on the cross—
For you he drinks the bitter cup,
On the cross, on the cross.
The sun refused his rays to light,
The heavens are clothed in shades of night,
While Jesus doth with devils fight
On the cross, on the cross.

3 Behold his arms extended wide,
On the cross, on the cross ;
Behold his bleeding hands and side
On the cross, on the cross.
The rocks do rend, the mountains quake,
While Jesus doth atonement make,
While Jesus suffers for our sake
On the cross, on the cross.

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

- 5 Where'er I go I'll tell the story
Of the cross, of the cross;
Of nothing else my soul shall glory
Save the cross, save the cross.
Yea, this my constant theme shall be,
Through time and in eternity,
That Jesus tasted death for me
On the cross, on the cross.
- 6 Let every mourner rise and cling
To the cross, to the cross;
Let every christian come and sing
Round the cross, round the cross.
There let the preacher take his stand,
And with the Bible in his hand,
Proclaim the triumphs through the land
Of the cross, of the cross.

70 *Music*—WINNOWNED HYMNS, page 5.

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

CHO—Saviour, Saviour, hear my humble cry,
While on others Thou are smiling
Do not pass me by.

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

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

4 Thou, the spring of all my comfort,
 More than life to me;
 Whom have I on earth beside Thee?
 Whom in heaven but Thee?—CHO.

71 *Music—WINNOWNED HYMNS, page 52.*

MY latest sun is sinking fast,
 My race is nearly run;
 My strongest trials now are past,
 My triumph is begun.

CHO—O come, angel band,
 Come, and around me stand,
 O bear me away on your snowy wings
 To my immortal home.

2 I know I'm nearing the holy ranks
 Of friends and kindred dear,
 For I brush the dews on Jordan's banks,
 The crossing must be near—CHO.

3 I've almost gained my heavenly home,
 My spirit loudly sings;
 The holy ones, behold, they come!
 I hear the noise of wings—CHO.

4 O, bear my longing heart to Him,
 Who bled and died for me,
 Whose blood now cleanses from all sin,
 And gives me victory—CHO.

72

JESUS loves me! this I know,
For the Bible tells me so,
Little ones to him belong,
They are weak, but He is strong.

CHO—Yes, Jesus loves me,
Yes, Jesus loves me,
Yes, Jesus loves me,
The Bible tells me so.

2 Jesus loves me! He who died
Heaven's gate to open wide;
He will wash away my sin,
Let poor sinners all come in—CHO.

3 Jesus loves me, loves me still,
Though I'm very weak and ill;
From his shining throne on high,
Comes to take me when I die—CHO.

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

73

PARENTS and children there will part,
Will part to meet no more.

1ST CHO—O! there will be weeping
At the judgment seat of Christ.

2 Parents and children there will meet,
Will meet to part no more.

2D CHO—O! there will be shouting
At the judgment seat of Christ.

3 Wives and husbands—meet—part—

4 Brothers and sisters—meet—part—

5 Friends and neighbors—meet—part—

6 Pastors and people—meet—part—

7 Saints and angels—meet—

74

OUR fathers, our fathers will be there,
Our fathers, our fathers will be there,
Our fathers will be there,
If they're only faithful here,
And we'll all meet around God's bright
throne.

CHO—What a meeting, what a meeting that
will be;

What a meeting, what a meeting that
will be!

What a meeting that will be when our
Father's face we see,
And we'll all meet around God's bright
throne.

2 Our mothers will be there—

3 Our brothers will be there—

4 Our sisters will be there—

5 Our neighbors will be there—

6 Our children will be there—

7 And we all, and we all will be there—

75

COME to Jesus, come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus, just now,
Just now, come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus just now.

2 He will save you just now.

3 He is able just now.

4 He is willing just now.

5 He will hear you, just now.

6 He'll forgive you, just now.

7 He'll receive you, just now.

8 He will cleanse you, just now.

9 Jesus loves you, just now.

10 O believe him, just now.

11 Don't reject him, just now.

12 Only trust him, just now.

76

BEYOND the bounds of time and space,
We have a home in glory;
Look forward to that heavenly place,
We have a home in glory.

CHO.—O glory! O glory!
There's room enough in Paradise,
For all a home in glory.

- 2 Come on my partners in distress,
I have a home in glory,
My comrades through the wilderness,
I have a home in glory.—CHO.
- 3 Who suffer with our Master here,
Shall have a home in glory ;
And shall before his face appear,
And have a home in glory.—CHO.
- 4 Jesus my all to heaven is gone,
I have a home in glory,
He whom I fixed my hopes upon,
I have a home in glory.—CHO.
- 5 Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
We have a home in glory ;
And you and I ascend at last,
To be at home in glory.—CHO.

77

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

CHO.—I am bound for the promised land,
I am bound for the promised land ;
O! who will come and go with me?
I am bound for the promised land.

- 2 O, the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight !
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.—CHO.

5 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest.—CHO.

P. J. Flanagan

78

CHO.—I want to go, I want to go,
I want to go there too,
I want to go where Jesus is,
I want to go there too.

79

MY body, soul and spirit,
Jesus I give to thee;
A consecrated offering,
Thine ever more to be.

CHO.—My all is on the altar,
I'm waiting for the fire,
Waiting, waiting, waiting,
I'm waiting for the fire.

2 O Jesus, mighty Saviour,
I trust in Thy great Name;
I look for Thy salvation,
Thy promise now I claim.—CHO.

3 O let the fire descending
Just now upon my soul,
Consume my humble offering,
And cleanse and make me whole.—CHO.

4 I am Thine, O blessed Jesus,
Wash'd by Thy cleansing blood,
Now seal me by Thy Spirit
A sacrifice to God.—CHO.

80
MY days, my weeks, my months, my years,
Fly rapid as the whirling spheres,
Around the steady pole;
Time, like the tide, its motion keeps,
Till I must launch through boundless deeps,
Where endless ages roll.

2 The grave is near the cradle seen,
The moments swiftly pass between,
And whisper as they fly;
Unthinking man, remember this,
Though fond of sublunary bliss,
Thou soon must gasp and die.

- 3 My soul attend the solemn call,
Thine earthly tent must quickly fall,
And thou must take thy flight
Beyond the vast expansive blue,
To sing and love as angels do,
Or sing in endless night.

81

- O WHAT ship is this that comes in view,
Oh! glory hallelujah!
'Tis the old Ship of Zion,
Hallelujah.

- 2 Do you think she will be able to land us all
home!

Oh! glory hallelujah.
O yes she will be able,
Hallelujah.

- 3 She has landed many thousands and can land
as many more,
Oh! glory hallelujah!
She will land us safe in Canaan,
Hallelujah.

- 4 O who is the Captain and what is his name,
Oh! glory hallelujah!
King Jesus is her captain,
Hallelujah.

- 5 Come along, come along, let us all go on
board,
Oh! glory hallelujah!
Let us all go together,
Hallelujah.

- 6 A few more beating winds and rains,
Oh ! glory hallelujah !
And the voyage will be over,
Hallelujah.
- 7 We have some friends before us gone,
Oh ! glory hallelujah !
By and by we'll go and meet them,
Hallelujah.
- 8 We soon shall reach that happy shore,
Oh ! glory hallelujah !
Then we'll all sing together,
Hallelujah.
- 9 If you get there before I do,
Oh ! glory hallelujah !
Look out for me, I'm coming,
Hallelujah.
- 10 When we've been there ten thousand years,
Oh ! glory hallelujah !
We will still be singing,
Glory hallelujah.

82

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

- 2 Joy to the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure;
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot
cure.
- 3 Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from
above;
Come to the feast of love; come ever know-
ing—
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can re-
move.

83

- COME, O thou Traveler unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see;
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with Thee;
With Thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.
- 2 I need not tell thee who I am;
My sin and misery declare;
Thyself hast called me by my name,
Look on thy hands and read it there;
But who, I ask thee, who art thou?
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.
- 3 In vain thou strugglest to get free,
I never will unloose my hold:
Art thou the man that died for me?
The secret of thy love unfold:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

- 4 Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable name?
Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell;
To know it now resolved I am;
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.
- 5 What though my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long?
I rise superior to my pain:
When I am weak, then I am strong!
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-man prevail!

84

- BLEST be the tie that bind
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims, are one,
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

85

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

2 That sweet comfort was mine,
When the favor divine
I received through the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart first believed,
What a joy I received—
What a heaven in Jesus' name!

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

4 Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song:
O, that all his salvation might see;
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffer'd, and died,
To redeem even rebels like me.

5 O, the rapturous height
Of that holy delight,
Which I felt in the life-giving blood;

Of my Saviour possess'd,
I was perfectly blest,
As if fill'd with the fullness of God.

86

A. M. Toplady
ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the perfect cure,
Save me, Lord, and make me pure.

2 Should my tears forever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
This for sin could ne'er atone,
Thou must save, and thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.

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

87

C. Wesley
JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high:

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

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

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

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within;
Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity!

88

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

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

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

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blessed in Jesus live:
The year of jubilee has come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

5 Ye who have sold for naught
Your heritage above,
Receive it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

6 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace;
And, saved from earth, appear,
Before your Saviour's face:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

89

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

- 2 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.
- 3 If some poor wandering child of thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine—
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.
- 4 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infants' slumbers, pure and light.
- 5 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

90

HOW happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven!
This earth, he cries, is not my place,
I seek my place in heaven.

CHO.—Oh! heaven, sweet heaven,
Dear land of rest,
How I long to be there,
And its glories to share,
And to lean on my Saviour's breast.

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.—CHO.

3 A stranger in the world below,
I calmly sojourn here;
Nor can its happiness or woe
Provoke my hope or fear.—CHO.

4 Its evils in a moment end,
Its joys as soon are past!
But Oh! the bliss to which I tend
Eternally shall last.—CHO.

5 To that Jerusalem above
With singing I repair;
While in the flesh, my hope and love,
My heart and soul, are there.—CHO.

- 6 There my exalted Saviour stands
My merciful High Priest,
And still extends his wounded hands,
To take me to his breast.—CHO.

91

DAUGHTER of Zion awake from thy sadness!

Awake! for thy foes shall oppress thee
no more;

Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of
gladness,

Arise! for the night of my sorrow is o'er.

- 2 Strong were thy foes, but the arm that subdued them,
And scattered their legions, was mightier
far;

They fled like chaff from the scourge that
pursued them;

How vain were their steeds and their chariots of war!

- 3 Daughter of Zion, the power that hath saved
thee,

Extolled with the harp and the timbrel
should be:

Shout! for the foe is destroyed that enslaved
thee,

Th' oppressor is vanquished, and Zion is
free.

92

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

2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound—
So let thy pard'ning love be found.

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

4 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hopes still hov'ring round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there—
Some sure support against despair.

93

OF Him who did salvation bring,
I could forever think and sing;
Arise, ye needy, he'll relieve;
Arise, ye guilty, he'll forgive.

2 Ask but his grace, and lo! 'tis given;
Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven;
Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,
Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.

- 3 To shame our sins he blushed in blood,
He closed his eyes to show us God;
Let all the world fall down and know
That none but God such love can show.
- 4 'Tis thee I love, for thee alone
I shed my tears and make my moan!
Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I meet the object of my love.
- 5 Insatiate to this spring I fly;
I drink, and yet am ever dry;
Ah! who against thy charms is proof?
Ah! who that loves can love enough?

94

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angel's prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race—
A remnant weak and small—
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

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

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

Personnel

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

95

P. F. August

ONWARD speed thy conquering flight,
Angels onward speed!
Cast abroad thy radiant light,
Bid the shades recede;
Tread the idols in the dust,
Heathen fanes destroy;
Spread the gospel's love and trust,
Spread the gospel's joy.

2 Onward speed thy conquering flight;
Angels onward haste;
Quickly on each mountain height,
Be thy standard plac'd;
Let thy blissful tidings float
Far o'er vale and hill,
Till the sweetly-echoing note
Every bosom thrill.

3 Onward speed thy conquering flight,
Angels onward speed;
Morning bursts upon our sight,
Lo! the time decreed;
Now the Lord his Kingdom takes;
Thrones and empires fall;
Now the joyous song awakes,
"God is All in All."

96

NO night shall be in heaven—no gathering
gloom

Shall o'er that glorious landscape ever come ;
No tears shall fall in sadness o'er those flowers
That breathe their fragrance' through celes-
tial bowers ;

No night shall be in heaven.

2 No night shall be in heaven—no dreadful
hour

Of mental darkness, of the tempter's power ;
Across these no envious cloud shall roll
To dim the sunlight of the raptured soul.

No night shall be in heaven.

3 No night shall be in heaven—no sorrows
reign ;

No secret anguish—no corporeal pain ;
No shivering limbs—no burning fever there ;
No soul's eclipse—no winter of despair.

No night shall be in heaven.

4 No night shall be in heaven, but endless
noon ;

No fast declining sun, no waning moon ;
But there the Lamb shall yield perpetual
light,

'Mid pastures green and waters ever bright.

No night shall be in heaven.

97

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

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

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

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

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

98

Music—FRESH LAURELS, page 128.

JOY, joy, joy, there is joy in heaven with
the angels,
Joy, joy, joy, for the prodigal's returned;
He has come, he has come
To his Father's house at last;

He was lost, he is found,
And the night of gloom is past.
Blessed hour of joy and communion sweet
For his heart is full and his love complete ;
His Father sees and hastes to meet,
And bid him welcome home.

CHO—Joy, joy, joy, &c.

2 Joy, joy, joy, in the courts of heaven re-
sounding ;
Joy, joy, joy o'er the prodigal's return ;
Hark ! the song ! hark ! the song,
'Tis a joyful, joyful strain,
Welcome home, welcome home
To thy Father's house again ;
While his eye is dim with the falling tears
Of repentant grief over wasted years,
The pardoning voice of his Father cheers
And bids him welcome home.

CHO—Joy, joy, joy, &c.

3 Joy, joy, joy in the radiant fields of glory,
Joy, joy, joy when a wandering soul returns ;
Let us haste, let us haste
While the morning sun is bright,
Jesus calls, Jesus calls
To a land of love and light ;
We will journey on till our pilgrim feet
Shall be found at last in the golden street,
Our glorious Saviour will smile to greet,
And bid us welcome home.

CHO—Joy, joy, joy, &c.

99

ANGRY words! O let them never
From the tongue unbridled slip;
May the heart's best impulse ever
Check them ere they soil the lip.

CHO—"Love one another," thus saith the Sa-
viour,
Children, obey thy Father's blest
command.

"Love one another," thus saith the Sa-
viour,
Children, obey His blest command.
"Love each other, love each other,"
'Tis thy Father's blest command;
"Love each other, love each other,"
'Tis His blest command.

2 Love is much too pure and holy,
Friendship is too sacred far,
For a moment's reckless folly
Thus to desolate and mar.

CHO—Love one another, &c.

3 Angry words are lightly spoken;
Bitterest thoughts are rashly stirred,
Brightest links of life are broken,
By a single angry word.

CHO—Love one another, &c.

100

O H, could I speak the matchless worth,
Oh, could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine;
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel, while he sings,
In notes almost divine.

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

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

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

101

LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace:
Let us each, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
O refresh us,
Trav'ling through this wilderness.

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

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

P. L. Coughlin

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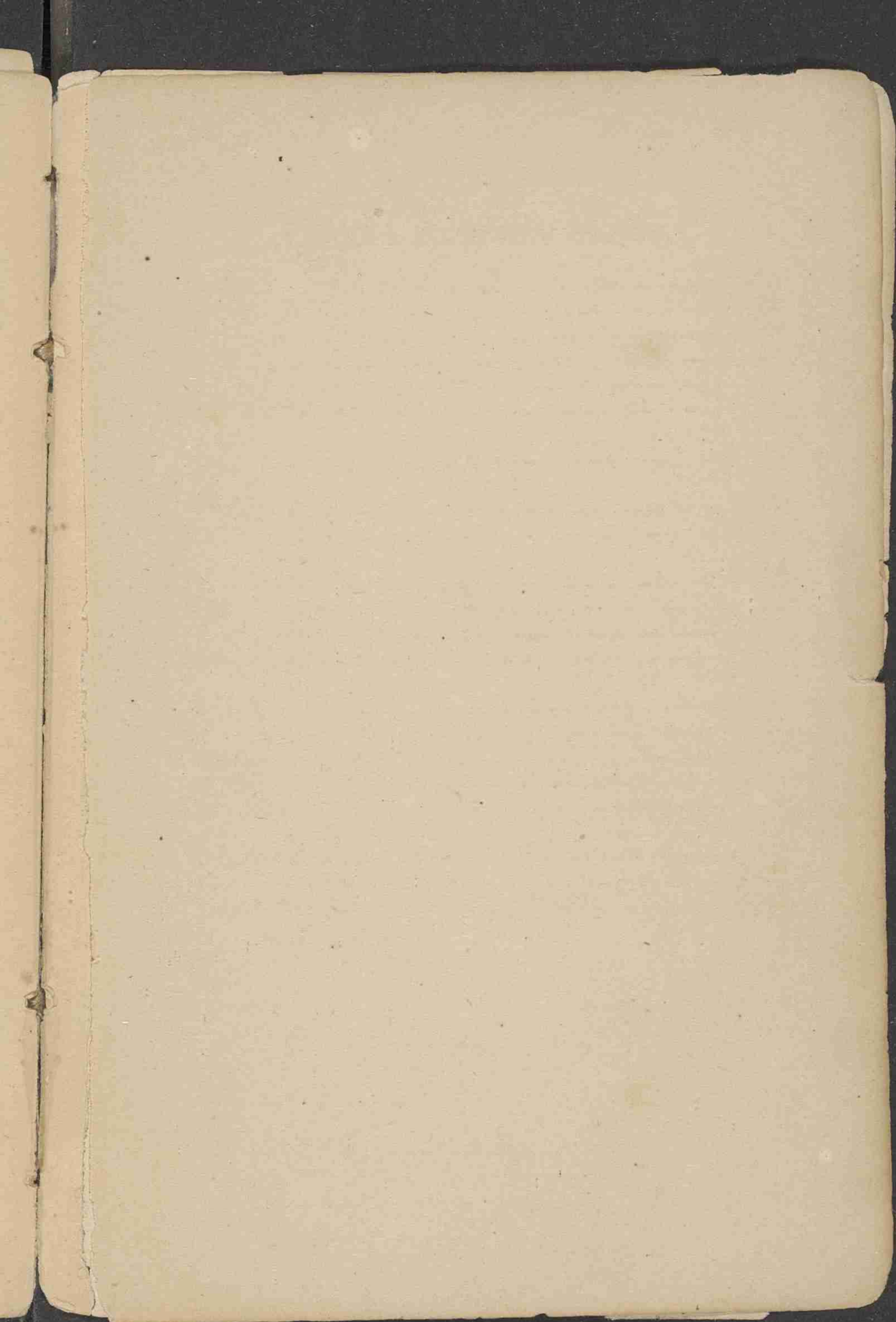
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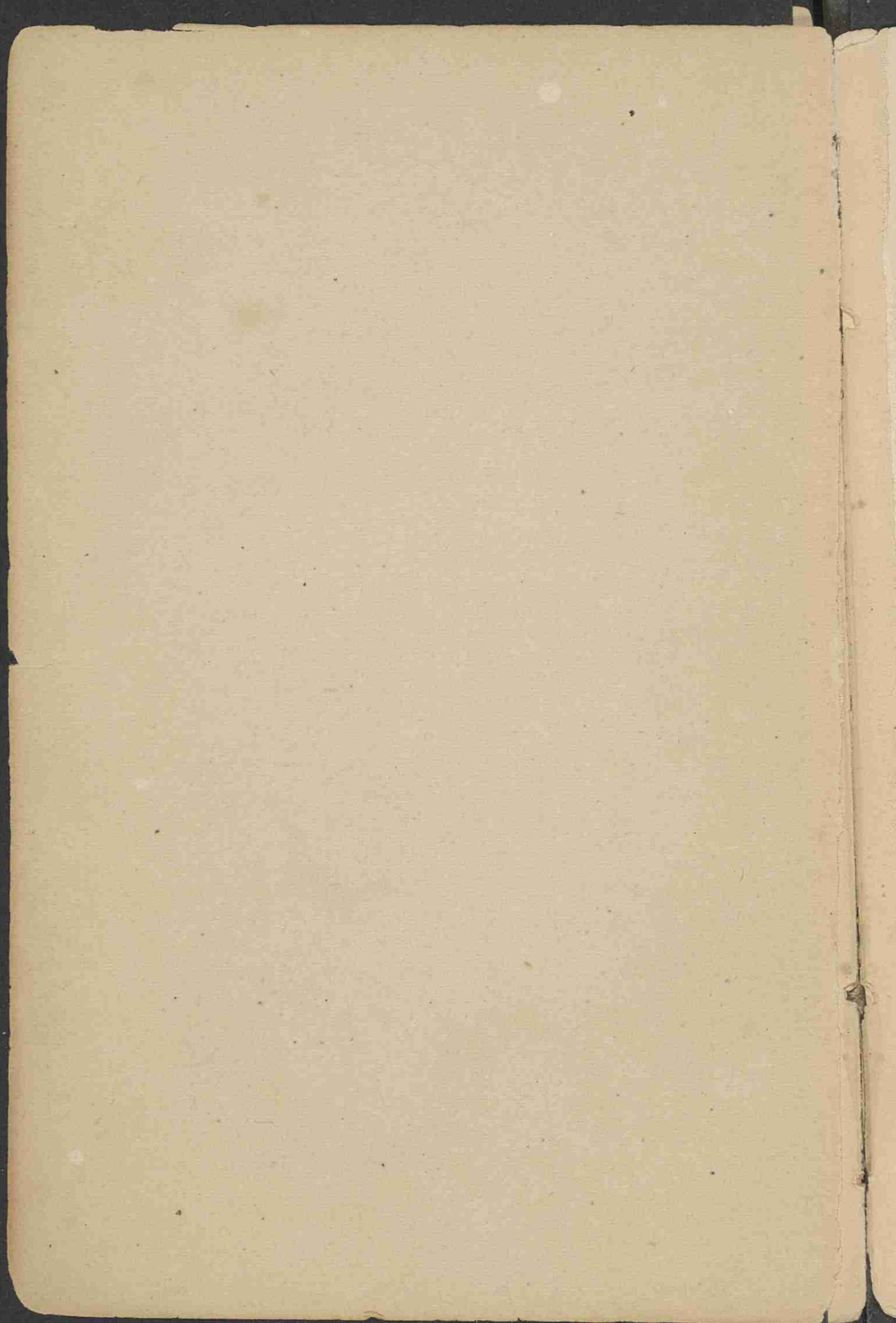
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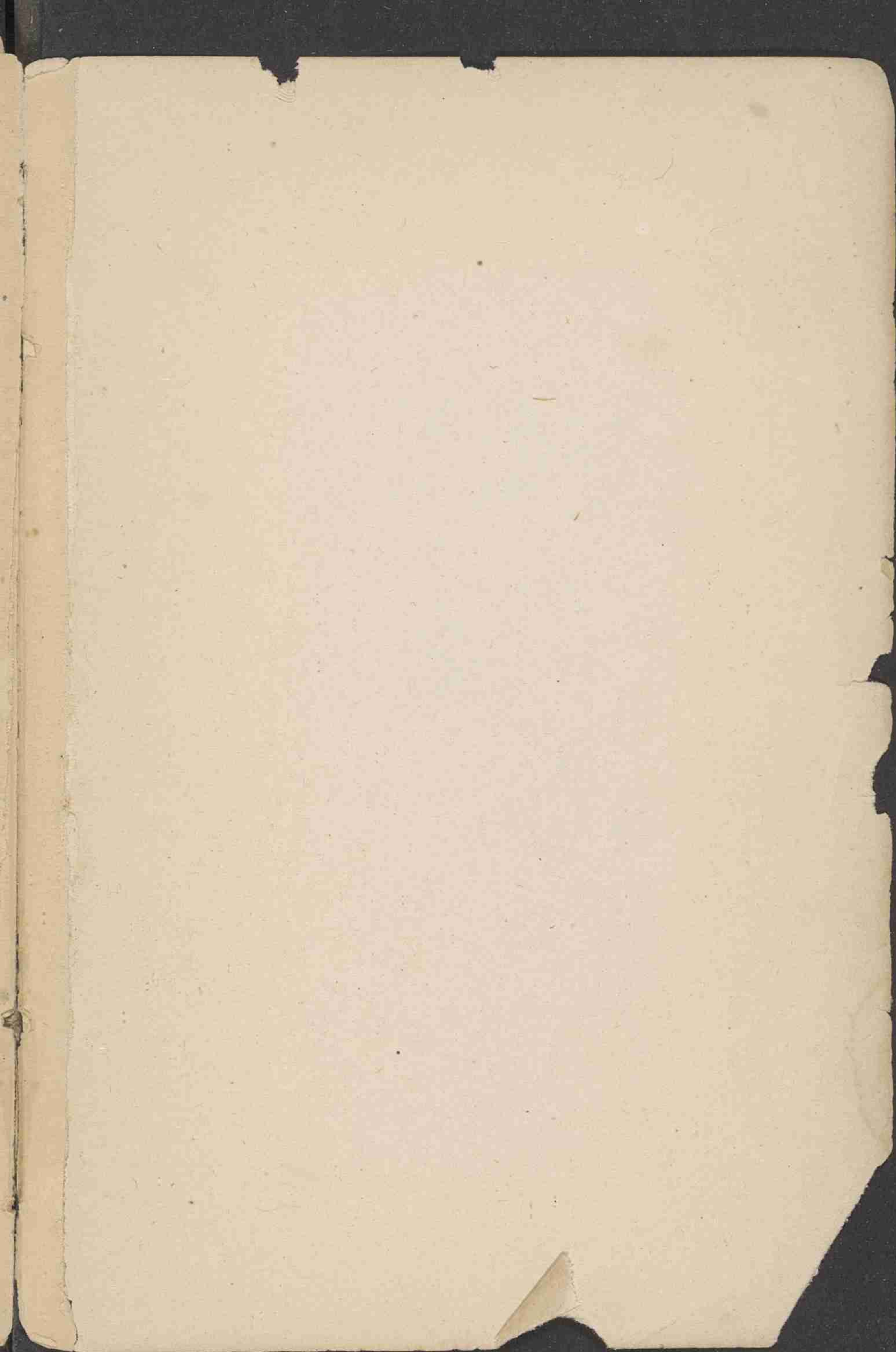
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