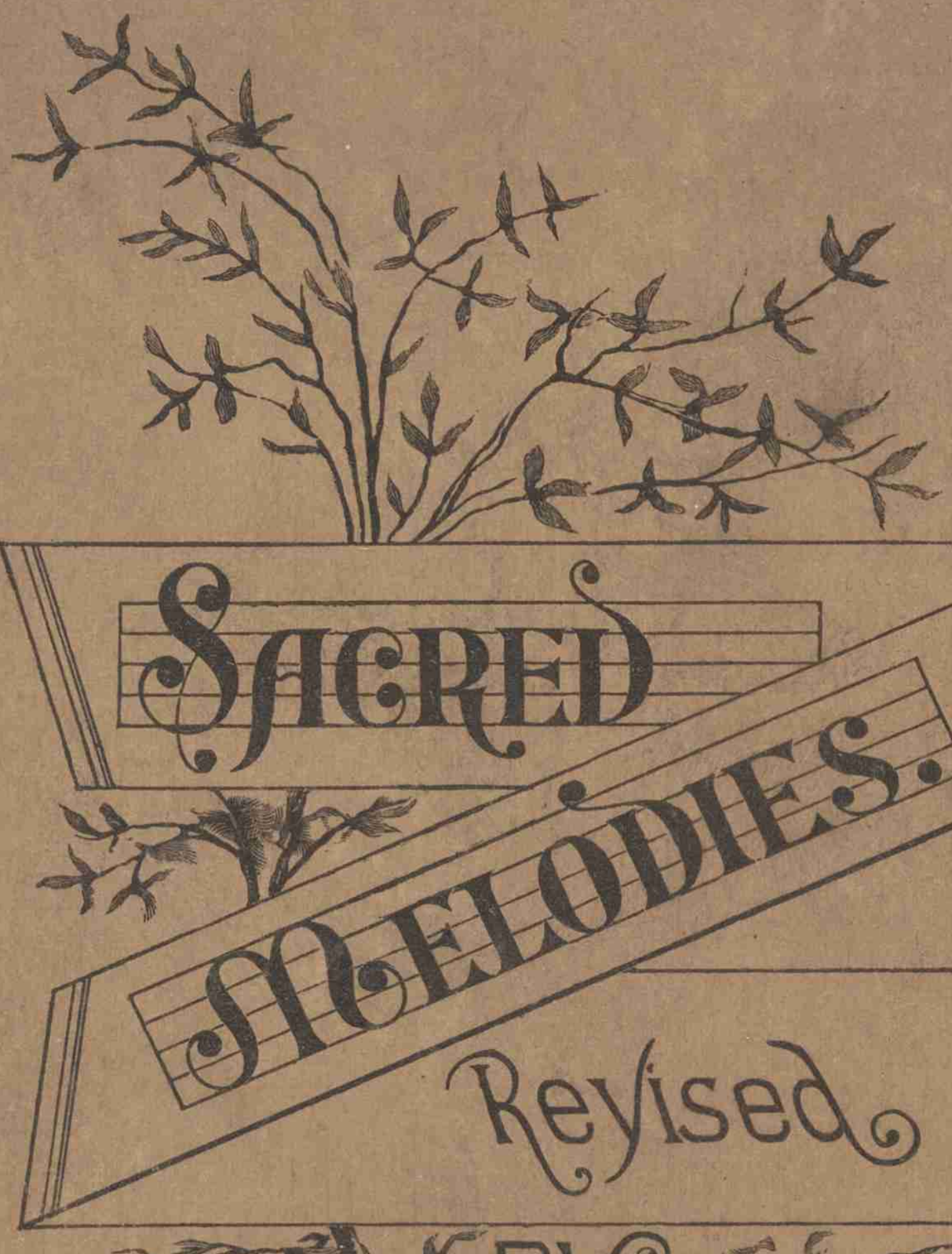
"Making melody in your heart to the Lord."

—Eph. v. 19.



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ERENCES.

RERS.

i. 12–14. Hesea xiv. 1–4.

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Isa. lv. 6. Acts xxiv. 25.

s of others.

Isa. lxiv. 6. Jer. xvii. 9.
10.

o.

il. iii. 7, 8.

ns but without success.

Those who are too great sinners.

Isa. i. 18, xliii. 25, lv. 7. Luke v. 32. John iii. 16, vi. 37. 1 Tim. i. 15. 1 John i. 7.

Those who feel their unworthiness.

Isa. xlii. 3, lv. 1. Luke xv. 20.

Those who are afraid they wont hold out.

Zech. ii. 8. Luke xxii. 32. John x. 27, 28. Phil. i. 6. 2 Tim. i. 12 1 Peter i. 5.

Those who are ashamed to confess Christ.

Matt. x. 32, 33. Luke ix. 26. Rom. x. 9, 10.

Those who claim faith without works.

Jas. ii. 14–26. 1 John i. 6, ii. 3, 4, 6, 9, 11, iii. 3–10.

How may I know that I am saved ?

John iii. 26. Rom. viii. 15, 16. Gal. iv. 6. 1 John v. 13, iii. 14, v. 9–13.

Prepared by Rev. W. H. PORTER, London, Ont., and E. C. AVIS.

BISHOP ROBERT WESTLY PEACH

COLLECTION OF CHURCH MUSIC
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1939

Making melody in your heart to the Lord. — Eph. 5 : 19.

SACRED MELODIES,

REVISED.

BY

E. C. AVIS.

WITH

GEMS AND STANDARD SELECTIONS FROM OVER FIFTY AUTHORS, FOR USE IN GOSPEL MEETINGS, SUNDAY SCHOOLS, AND OTHER RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

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Hymn
1889
Avis
27
Av56

PREFACE.

"Sacred Melodies Revised," for use in Gospel Meetings, Sunday Schools, and other religious services, has been carefully selected and arranged. It contains some of the best and most popular hymns, new and old, now in use.

We do not doubt the success of this book. We believe it will not only have an extensive sale, but, what is infinitely better, it will be an important means of communicating truth, of arousing religious interest, of leading men to Christ, and of perfecting the saints.

E. C. AVIS,

Publisher.

L. C. Duplicate.
Exchanged, AUG 12 1919

SACRED MELODIES.

REVISED.

1 Closer to Thee.

Words arr. by E. C. Avis. (Ps. 73: 28.) E. C. Avis.



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2

Let me steal away to Jesus.

E. C. Avis. E. C. Avis.

Slow, with Expression.

1. Let me steal a - way to Je - sus, Let me lean up - on his breast;
2. Let me steal a - way to Je - sus, For I've found in him a Friend;
3. Let me steal a - way to Je - sus, For he knows my ev - 'ry care;
4. Let me steal a - way to Je - sus, When o'ercome by Satan's pow'r;
5. Let me steal a - way to Je - sus, When lov'd ones from us de - part;

There with him in sweet communion, Find a full and per-fect rest.
And if I but on - ly trust him, He will keep me to the end.
And when weak, and worn, and weary, He will all my bur-dens bear.
For his grace is all - suf-fi-cient To withstand the try - ing hour.
In the deep - est gloom and sor-row He a - lone can cheer my heart.

CHORUS. With Spirit.

Let me steal a - way to Je - sus, Let me live and cling to him:
There, with all my cares and crosses, I'll tell Je - sus ev - 'ry thing.

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The Child of a King.

Words by HATTIE E. BUELL. Arr. from a Melody by Rev. JOHN B. SUMNER.

1. My Fa-ther is rich in houses and lands, He holdeth the wealth of the
2. My Father's own Son, the Saviour of men, Once wander'd o'er earth as the
3. I once was an out-cast stranger on earth, A sin-ner by choice, an
4. A tent or a cot-tage, why should I care? They're building a palace for

world in his hands! Of rubies and diamonds, of sil - ver and gold, His
poor-est of men; But now he is reigning for-ev - er on high, And will
al - ien by birth! But I've been a-dopt-ed, my name's written down,—An
me o - ver there! Tho' exiled from home, yet still I may sing: All

CHORUS.

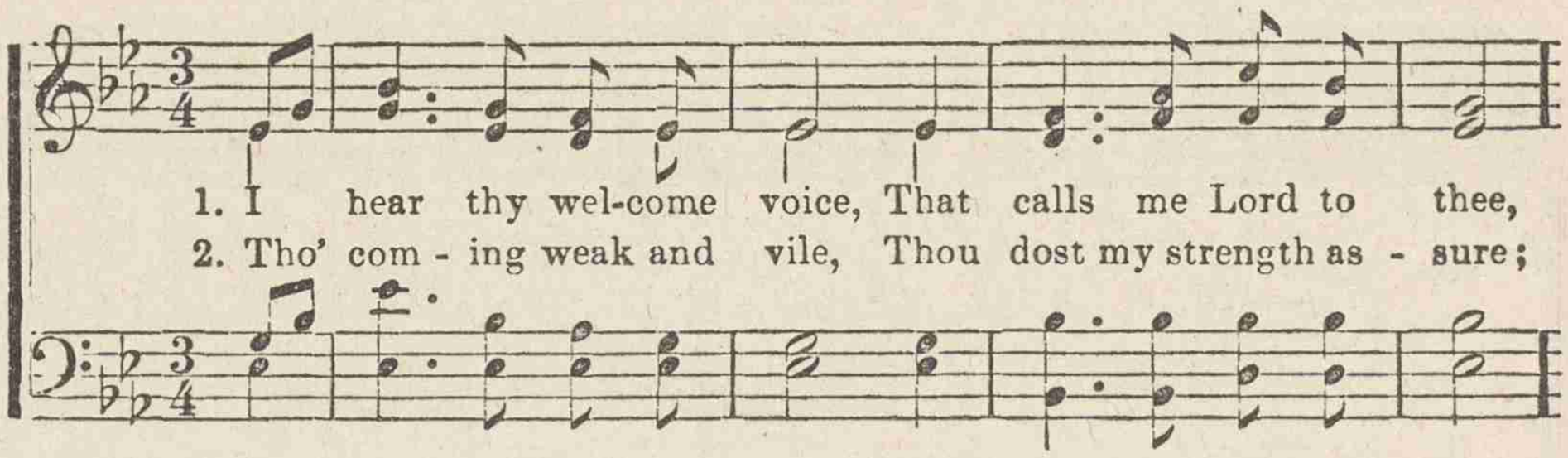
cof - fers are full,—he has rich-es un-told. I'm the child of a King, The
give me a home with himself by and by.
heir to a man-sion, a robe, and a crown.
glo - ry to God, I'm the child of a King!

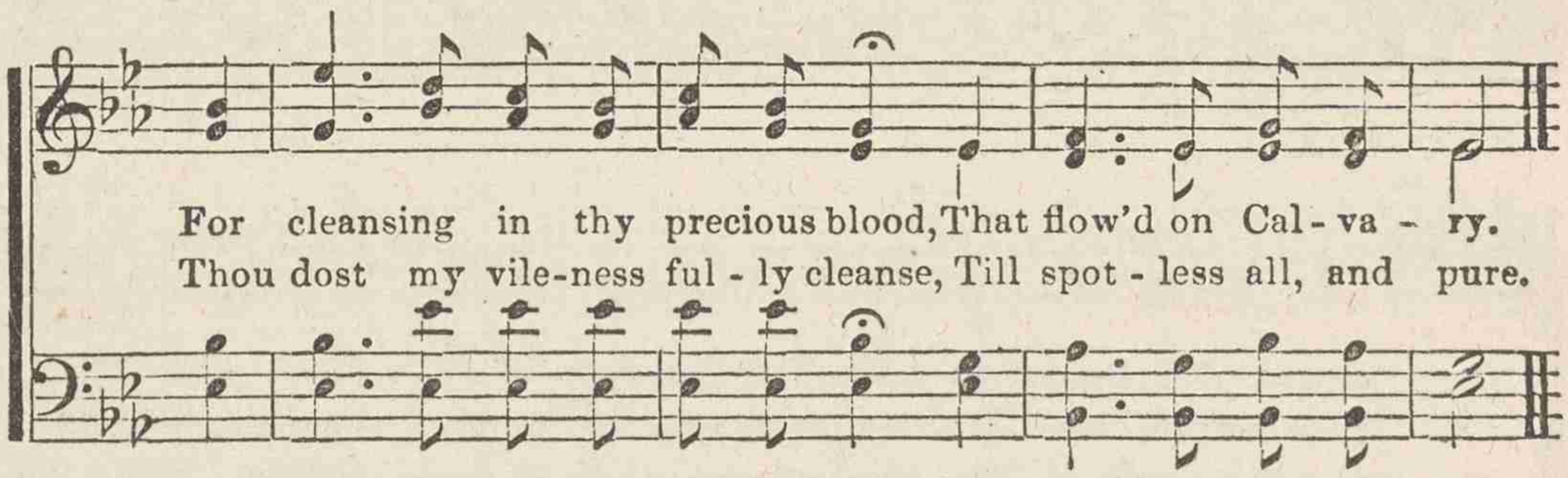
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child of a King! With Je - sus, my Saviour, I'm the child of a King!

I hear Thy welcome Voice.

Words and Music by Rev. L. HARTSOUGH.







3

'Tis Jesus calls me on
To Perfect Faith and Love,
To Perfect Hope, and Peace, and Trust,
For Earth and Heaven above.

4

'Tis Jesus who confirms
The blessed work within,
By adding grace to welcomed grace,
Where reigned the power of sin.

5

And he the witness gives,
To loyal hearts and free,
That every promise is fulfilled,
If faith but brings the plea.

6

All hail! atoning blood!
All hail! redeeming grace!
All hail! the gift of Christ, our Lord,
Our strength and righteousness.

From "Song Sermons."—Used by permission of Philip Phillips.

5

"I'll be with thee all the way."

"I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."—Heb. 13: 5.

E. C. A. E. C. Avis.



1. Sin-ner, canst thou trust the Saviour, And his gra - cious call o - bey?
2. In Geth-sem - a - ne he suffer'd, On the cross he died for thee;
3. When in sor - row and in anguish, Weak and blind we go a - stray,
4. When the storms are round us raging, And dark clouds o'erspread our way,





"Come who-ev - er will, and en-ter: I'll be with thee all the way."
From the grave he came forth, saying, "I'll be with thee all the way."
Hear the voice of Je - sus saying, "I'll be with thee all the way."
Midst the gloom from heav'n he whispers, "I'll be with thee all the way."



CHORUS.



"I'll be with thee, 'I'll be with thee, 'I'll be with thee all the way."



"I'll be with thee, 'I'll be with thee, 'I'll be with thee all the way."

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Coming to Thee.

Arranged by Rev. W. McDONALD.

1. With my faint wea - ry soul to be made ful - ly whole, And thy
2. O how long I have tried to re - sist na-ture's tide, All in
3. I thy prom-ise be - lieve, that in thee I shall live, Thro' thy
4. All to thee now I give, thine to die, thine to live, Cru - ci -
5. Now I am thine, wholly thine, precious Saviour di - vine, With my

per - fect sal - va - tion to see, With my heart all a - glow, to be
vain have I sigh'd to be free; In my-self all un-done, 'neath the
blood shed so free - ly for me; To ob - tain a pure heart, and se -
fied to the world e'en to be, To be dead un - to sin, with a
all con - se - cra - ted to thee, To be kept ev - 'ry hour, by thy

CHORUS.

wash'd white as snow, I am coming, dear Saviour, to thee. Coming to thee,
waves sinking down, I am coming, dear Saviour, to thee.
cure the good part, I am coming, dear Saviour, to thee.
new life with-in, I am coming, dear Saviour, to thee.
love's wondrous pow'r, I am coming. dear Saviour, to thee.

coming to thee, I am coming, dear Sav-iour, to thee; With my

heart all aglow, to be wash'd white as snow, I am coming, dear Saviour, to thee.

Copyright, 1882, by Rev. W. McDONALD.

7

Hark! the Saviour's Voice.

ANON. (Isa. 1 : 18.) E. C. AVIS.



5 Every sin shall be forgiven,
Thou, through grace, a child shalt be;
Child of God, and heir of heaven.
Yes, a mansion waits for thee.
Even thee!

6 Then in love forever dwelling,
Jesus all thy joy shall be;
And thy song shall still be telling
All his mercy did for thee.
Even thee!

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8 The Saviour is My All in All.

"Wherefore He is able to save them to the uttermost."—Heb. vii: 25.

P. B. P. BILHORN. By per.

1. The Sav - iour is my all in all, He is my con - stant theme!
2. His Spir - it gives sweet peace with-in, And bids all care de - part!
3. And what - so - ev - er I may ask, To glo - ri - fy His Name,
4. Oh, praise the Lord, my soul, re - joice, Give thanks un-to thy God!

By sim - ply trust - ing in His word, He keeps me pure and clean.
He fills my soul with righteousness, And pu - ri - fies the heart.
The Fa - ther free - ly gives to me, Since Christ the Sav - iour came.
Who took thee in thy sin - ful - ness, And cleansed thee by His blood!

CHORUS.

Glo - ry! oh, glo - ry! Je - sus hath re - deemed me;

Glo - ry! oh, glo - ry! He washed my sins a - way, a - way!

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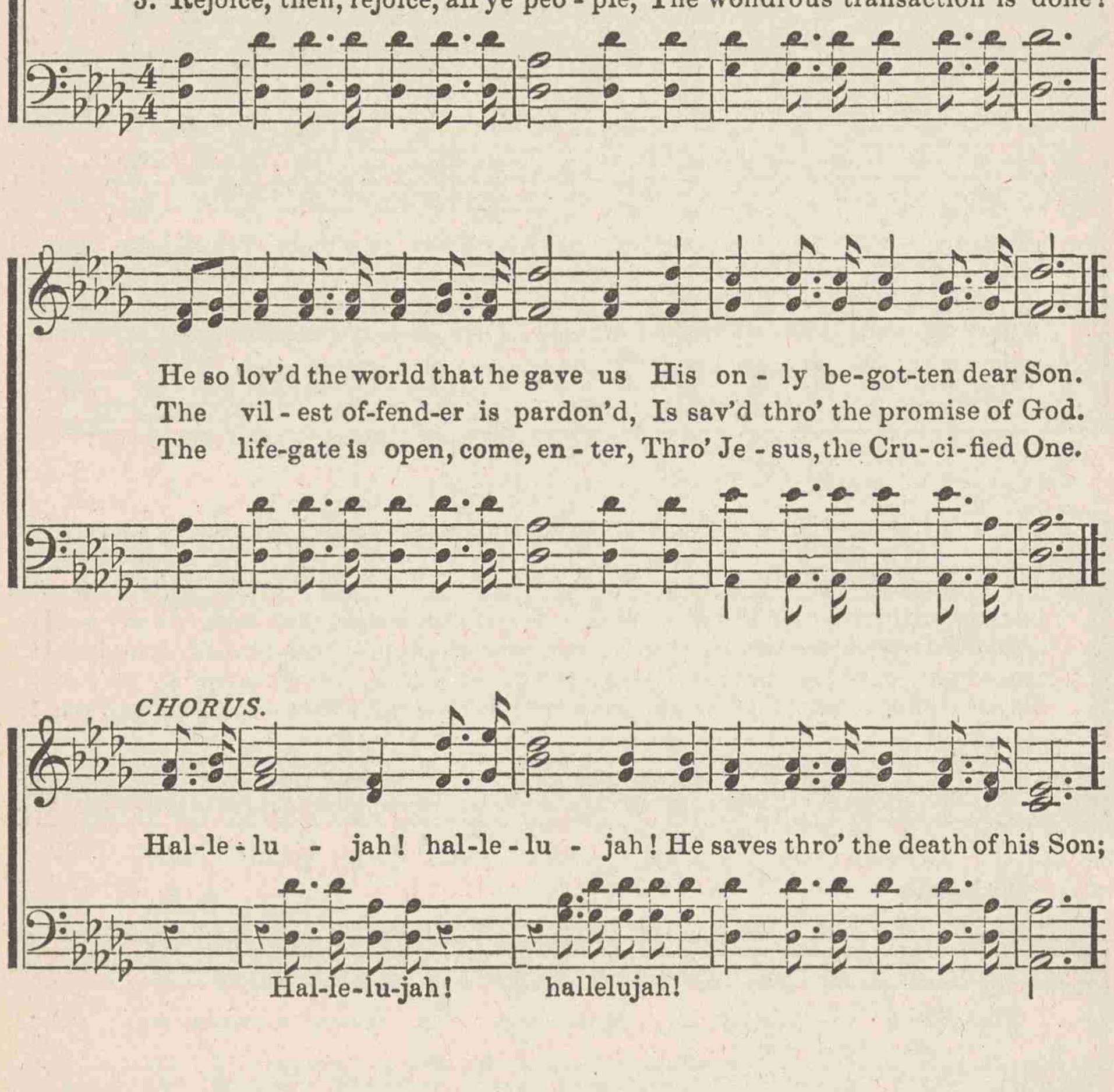
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He Saves.

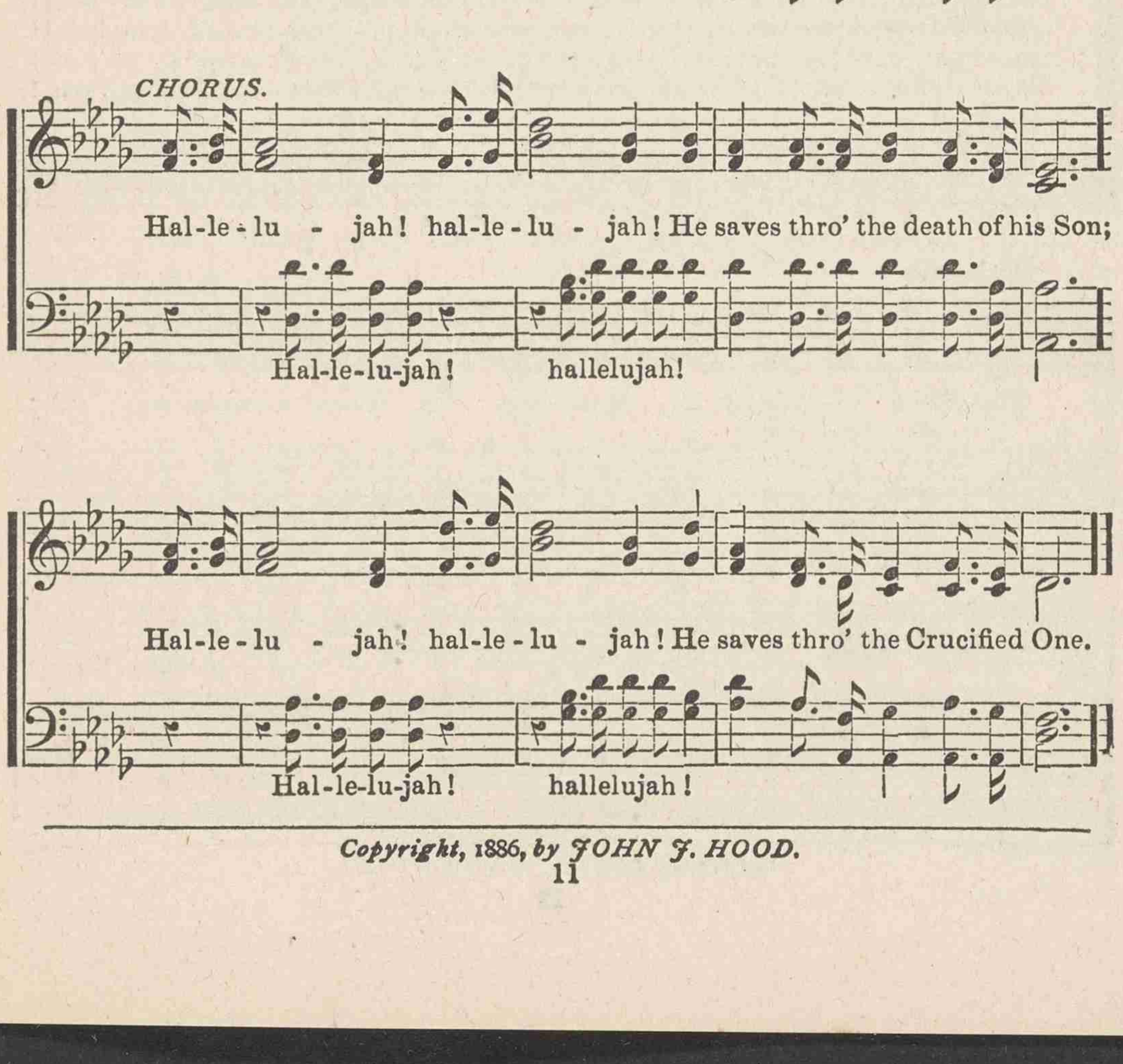
FRANK M. DAVIS. (John 3: 17.) E. C. AVIS.



1. Sing glo-ry to God in the high-est, For wonderful things he hath done;
2. Oh! perfect redemption to sin-ners, The purchase of Je-sus' own blood,
3. Rejoice, then, rejoice, all ye peo-ple, The wondrous transaction is done!



He so lov'd the world that he gave us His on-ly be-got-ten dear Son.
The vil-est of-fend-er is pardon'd, Is sav'd thro' the promise of God.
The life-gate is open, come, en-ter, Thro' Je-sus, the Cru-ci-fied One.



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10 There's Music in my Soul!

Words by Rev. HENRY BURTON. Music by JOSHUA GILL.

1. The world is full of singing, I hear it everywhere; The flow'rs their bells are ring-ing Out on the scented air: And up a-bove, around me, The
2. My heart was fond of sighing, With just some breaks of song, As self was ev-er try-ing To make its weakness strong; But now in him con-fid-ing, His
3. My life was full of sadness, Of overweighting care; But now the "oil of gladness" Has turn'd to praise the prayer: And so I keep pur-su-ing, And
4. And so my heart keeps clinging To the dear Master's Word; And it is al-ways sing-ing, Just like a spring-time bird: I know not what the harps be, Where

si-lent anthems roll: The glorious Lord has found me, There's music in my soul!
Word has made me whole, And e'er in Christ abiding, There's music in my soul!
pressing t'ward the goal; But praying, waiting, doing, There's music in my soul!
heav'nly anthems roll; I know that heav'n is near me, There's music in my soul!

CHORUS.

The blood of Christ is flow-ing, Its waves a-round me roll;
My heart with love is glow-ing, There's mu-sic in my soul!

Copyright, 1884, by JOSHUA GILL.

11 Hallelujah for the Word.

E. C. A. (Jno. 6: 63.) E. C. Avis.

1. Our Fa - ther, we bless thee For thy.... dear Word;
2. No book is more pre - cious Than that thou hast giv'n;
3. The heav - ens may van - ish, The earth may de - cay,
4. In thy Word is prom - is'd, To all who be - lieve,

We thank thee that mil - lions Its won - ders have heard.
It tells of sal - va - tion, Of Je - sus and heav'n.
But thy Word, dear Sav - iour, Shall not pass a - way.
A per - fect sal - va - tion Through Christ we re - ceive.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! To Je - sus, our Lord.

Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! For the gift of thy Word.

Copyright, 1886, *by E. C. AVIS.*

12 Sweet Peace the Gift of God's Love.

P. H. ROBLIN. P. BILHORN. By per.

1. There comes to my heart one sweet strain, (sweet strain,) A
2. By Christ on the cross peace was made, (was made,) My
3. When Je - sus as Lord I had crowned, (had crowned,) My
4. In Je - sus for peace I a - bide, (a - bide,) And

glad and a joy - ous re - frain, (re - frain,) I
debt by His death was all paid, (all paid,) No
heart with this peace did a - bound, (a - bound,) In
as I keep close to His side, (His side,) There's

sing it a - gain, and a - gain, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
oth - er foun - da - tion is laid For peace, the gift of God's love.
Him the rich bless-ing I found, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
noth - ing but peace doth be - tide, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

CHORUS.

Peace, peace, sweet peace, Won - der-ful gift from a bove, (a - bove,)

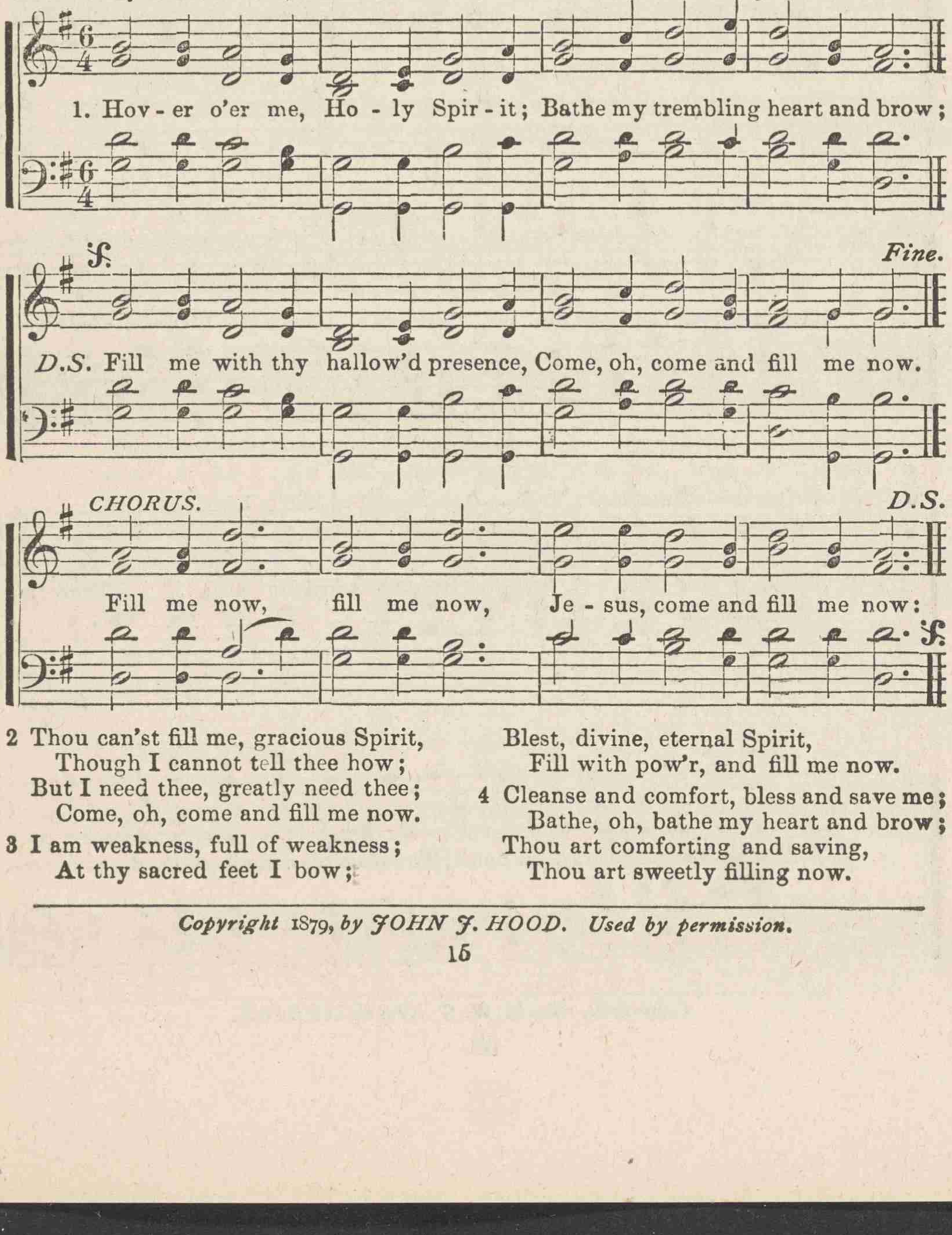
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SWEET PEACE THE GIFT OF GOD'S. Concluded.



13 Fill Me Now.

Words by E. H. STOKES, D. D. Music by JNO. R. SWENEY.



2 Thou can'st fill me, gracious Spirit,
Though I cannot tell thee how;
But I need thee, greatly need thee;
Come, oh, come and fill me now.

3 I am weakness, full of weakness;
At thy sacred feet I bow;
Blest, divine, eternal Spirit,
Fill with pow'r, and fill me now.

4 Cleanse and comfort, bless and save me;
Bathe, oh, bathe my heart and brow;
Thou art comforting and saving,
Thou art sweetly filling now.

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14 There's a Blessing for me.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. W. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.

1. There is per-fect cleansing in the precious blood That flows for all so free, There is full sal - va - tion in its crim - son flood; There's a
2. I am sav'd each moment thro' the cleansing blood That now, by faith, I see; I am sweet - ly rest - ing at the cross I love; There's a
3. Oh, the blood, that keeps me from the pow'r of sin, My constant theme shall be; I have laid my bur - den at the Sav-iour's feet; There's a
4. There is life e - ter-nal in the precious blood That still is flow-ing free, And my soul shall glo - ry in the Sav-iour's cross; There's a

CHORUS.

blessing from the Lord for me. There's a blessing for me, There's a blessing for me, A blessing from the Lord for me: There is full salvation in the crimson flood; There's a blessing from the Lord for me.

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15 Nearer the Cross.

"The cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." — Galatians 6: 14.

F. J. CROSBY. Mrs. J. F. KNAPP. By per.

1. "Near - er the cross!" my heart can say, I am coming near - er; Near - er the
2. Near - er the Christian's mer - cy seat, I am coming near - er; Feast-ing my
3. Near - er in pray'r my hope as-pires, I am coming near - er; Deep - er the

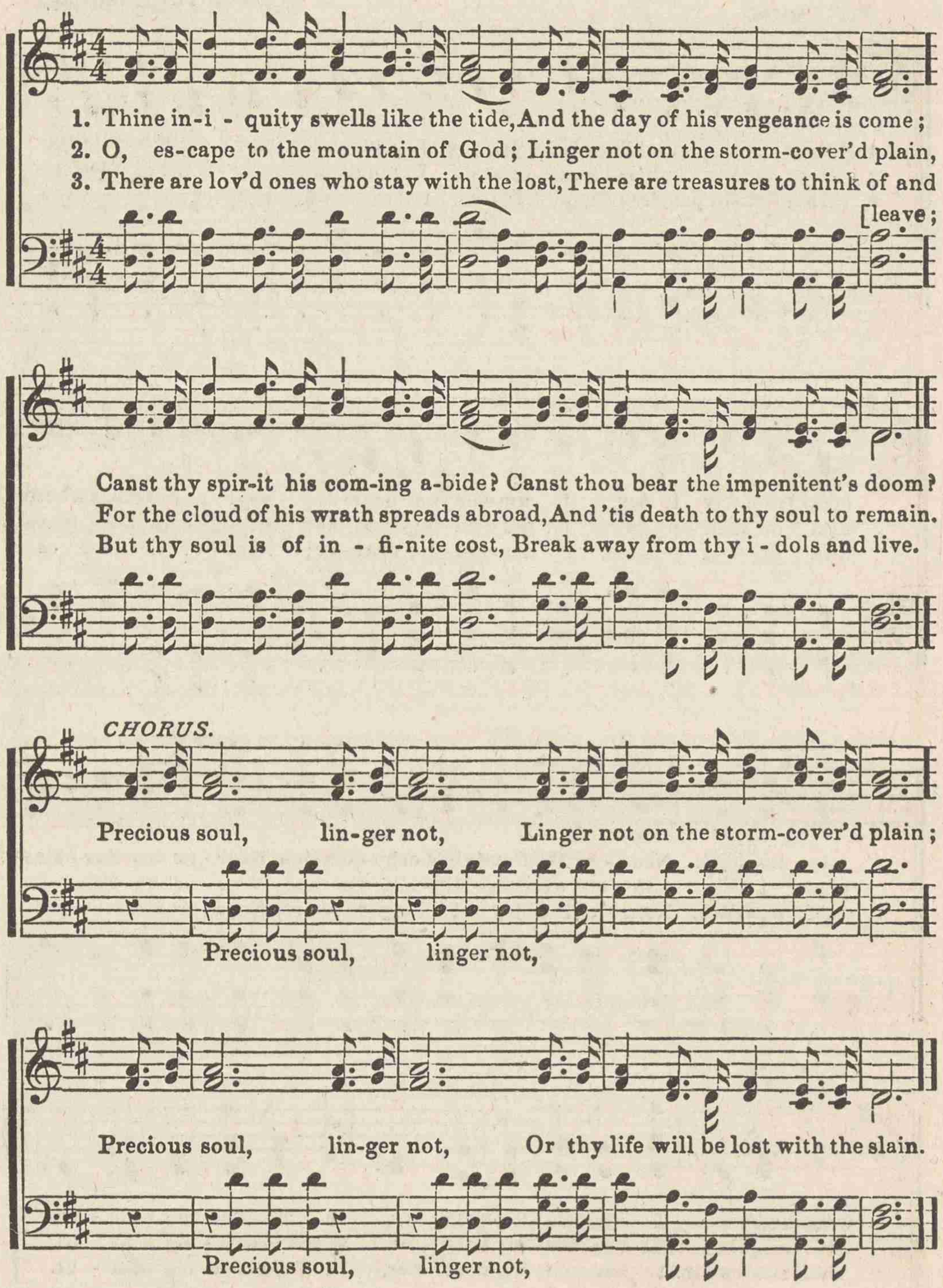
cross from day to day, I am com - ing near - er; Near - er the cross where
soul on man - na sweet, I am com - ing near - er; Strong-er in faith, more
love my soul de-sires, I am com - ing near - er; Near - er the end of

Je - sus died, Near - er the fountain's crim - son tide, Near - er my Sav - iour's
clear I see Je - sus who gave Him-self for me; Near - er to Him I
toil and care, Near - er the joy I long to share, Near - er the crown I

wound-ed side, I am com - ing near - er, I am com - ing near - er.
still would be: Still I'm com - ing near - er, Still I'm com - ing near - er.
soon shall wear: I am com - ing near - er, I am com - ing near - er.

16 Linger Not.

M. P. FERGUSON. (Gen. 19: 17.) E. C. AVIS.



4 O, how gently he taketh thy hand,
To allure thee to safety and joy;
Pleading still, see the blessed one stand,
For he wills not thy life to destroy.

5 Being justified now by his blood, [by;
Sav'd from wrath we shall be by and
Cleans'd from sin in this life-giving flood,
We are ready to live and to die.

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17 The Lily of the Valley.

Arr. by JOSHUA GILL.

1. I've found a friend in Jesus, he's everything to me, He's the fair-est of ten thousand to my soul; The Li-ly of the Valley in him a-lone I see, All I need to cleanse and make me fully whole. In sorrow he's my comfort, in trouble he's my heart, and now he keeps me by his pow'r. Tho' all the world forsake me, and Satan tempts me man - na he my hungry soul shall fill. Then sweeping up to glory we see his blessed

2. He all my griefs has taken, and all my sorrows borne; In temptation he's my strong and mighty tow'r; I've all for him forsaken, I've all my idols torn From my do his blessed will; A wall of fire about me, I've nothing now to fear: With his

3. He'll never, never leave me, nor yet forsake me here, While I live by faith and stay, He tells me ev-'ry care on him to roll. He's the Li-ly of the sore, Through Je-sus I shall safe-ly reach the goal. He's the Li-ly of the face, Where riv-ers of de-light shall ev-er roll. He's the Li-ly of the

Chorus.—In sorrow he's my comfort, in trouble he's my stay, He tells me ev-'ry care on him to roll. He's the Lily of the Valley, the bright and Morning Star, He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.

Hallelujah!

D.S.

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18 When Christ Shall Come.

"When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory." — **Col. iii: 4.**

GEO. COOPER. H. P. DANKS.

SEMI-CHORUS. *Maestoso.*

1. Oh, the days roll on, and we near the hour, When Christ shall come in glo - ry, And the trump shall sound, with a voice of pow'r To call His lov'd ones home! Shall I be there that morn so fair To see my Sav-iour dear? And to sing my song with the an-gel throng, His
2. Have I serv'd my Lord, while I've journey'd here, With purpose true and faith - ful? Have I sown the seed of a kind-ly deed, And sought to do His will? Oh, then with glad-ness shall I rise My bless-ed Lord to meet, And in realms a - bove, 'mid the light of love His
3. There'll be room for you, there'll be room for all, When Christ shall come in glo - ry! Will you seek Him now, will you meek-ly bow, And give your heart to Him? We know not when the Son of Man Shall come His own to claim; But we'll faith - ful be till the Lord we see, And

FULL CHORUS.

words of love to hear? Oh, day of joy o'er earth and sea, I love to sing thy
tri - umph-song re - peat!
praise His ho - ly name!

sto - ry! We'll all go home, no more to roam, When Je - sus comes in glo - ry!

By permission of S. T. GORDON & SON.

19 What Then?

ANON. (Mark 8: 36.) E. C. AVIS.

1. Af - ter the joys of earth, Af - ter its songs of mirth,
2. Af - ter an emp - ty name, Af - ter a wea - ry frame,
3. Af - ter this sad fare - well, To a world loved too well,

Af - ter its hours of light, Af - ter its dreams so bright,
Af - ter this conscious smart, Af - ter an ach - ing heart,
Af - ter this si - lent bed, With the for - got - ten dead,

p With Expression.

What then? On - ly an emp-ty name, On - ly a wea - ry frame,
What then? On - ly a sad fare-well To a world lov'd too well,
What then? Oh! then the judgment throne, Oh! then the last hope gone,

On - ly a conscious smart, On - ly an ach - ing heart.
On - ly a si - lent bed, With the for - got - ten dead.
Then all the woes that dwell In an e - ter - nal hell!

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20 The Coming of the Lord draweth near.

"Watch therefore, for ye know not the day nor the hour wherein the Son of man cometh."
Matthew 25: 13.

E. C. A. E. C. Avis.

1. What a promise God hath giv - en To the faith-ful here below: "Un-to
2. Af - ter tri - als and temptations, We shall see the Son of man: "Un-to
3. He is faith-ful to his promise, Not one word shall pass away: "Un-to
4. When he comes his saints shall know him, For his word hath so declar'd: "Unto
5. Let us wait with joy his coming, For he comes to claim his own: "Un-to

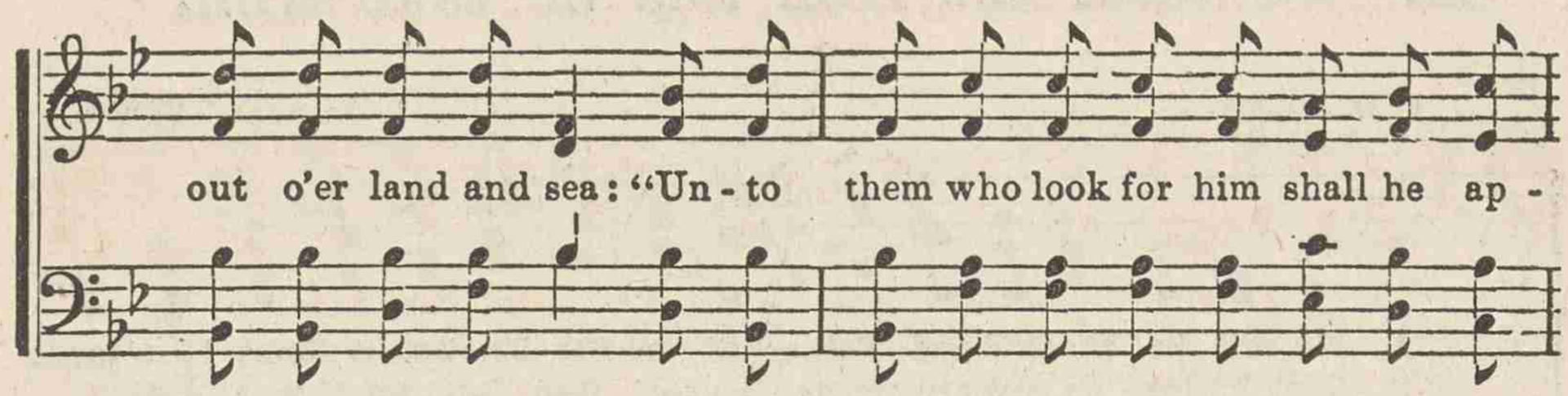
them who look for him shall he ap - pear." Shall he ap-pear, With-out
them who look for him shall he ap - pear." Shall he ap-pear. Oh! the
them who look for him shall he ap - pear." Shall he ap-pear. Then with
them who look for him shall he ap - pear." Shall he ap-pear. He will
them who look for him shall he ap - pear." Shall he ap-pear. He will

sin un - to sal - va-tion, Looking for that bless-ed hope, For the
time is fast approaching, Let us la - bor, watch and pray, For the
lamps all trim'd and burning, Go ye out to meet the King, For the
gath - er all his lov'd ones, In the twink-ling of an eye, For the
sure - ly come, and quickly; Then be ready when he calls, For the

CHORUS.

coming of the Lord draweth near. Let us tell with joy the story, Ring it

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21

7s.

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

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

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

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

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

JOHN CENNICK.

22 WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS.

1 What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Every thing to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Every thing to God in prayer!

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?—
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer:
In his arms he'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

23 We shall See Him and be Like Him.

P. H. ROBLIN. P. BILHORN. By per.

1. Blessed be the God and Father of our Sav- iour Je-sus Christ, Thro' great
2. Think, be-lov - ed, now are we the sons of God by grace di-vine, And it
3. So re-joice with joy un-speak-a - ble and full of glo - ry too, Tho' as

mer-cy He a liv - ing hope has giv'n, Let the ransom'd join and sing Hal - le-
doth not yet appear what we shall be, When our blessed Lord shall come all His
yet we have not seen our blessed Lord; But His Spir-it fills the heart, while the

lu - jah to our King, We shall see Him and be like Him ev - er - more.
ran - som'd to call home, We shall see Him and be like Him ev - er - more.
word doth joy im-part, We shall see Him and be like Him ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

We shall see Him and be like Him, We shall
We shall see Him and be like Him, We shall see Him and be like Him,

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24 Coronation. C. M.

OLIVER HOLDEN.



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

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

25 "For God so Loved the World."

W. S. M. W. S. MARTIN.

1. 'Twas love, the love of God, So boundless, full, and free, That gave me Christ, the
2. The great-ness of his love, No hu-man soul can tell; The love that gave his
3. When lost and dead in sin, A - far from God we lay, Then Je-sus shed his
4. For thy great love, O God, We now would thee adore; And when we see thy

CHORUS.

Lord, To suf - fer on the tree. For God so lov'd the world, For
Son, To save our souls from hell.
blood, To wash our sins a - way.
face, We'll praise thee ev-er - more.

For God, For God so lov'd the world,

God so lov'd the world, That he gave, That he gave, That he gave his only

For God so lov'd the world, He gave, He gave, He gave his

Son..... For God so lov'd the world, That he gave his on - ly

on-ly Son. For God so lov'd the world, He gave his

Son,.. That who-so - e'er be-liev-eth in him E - ter - nal life shall have.

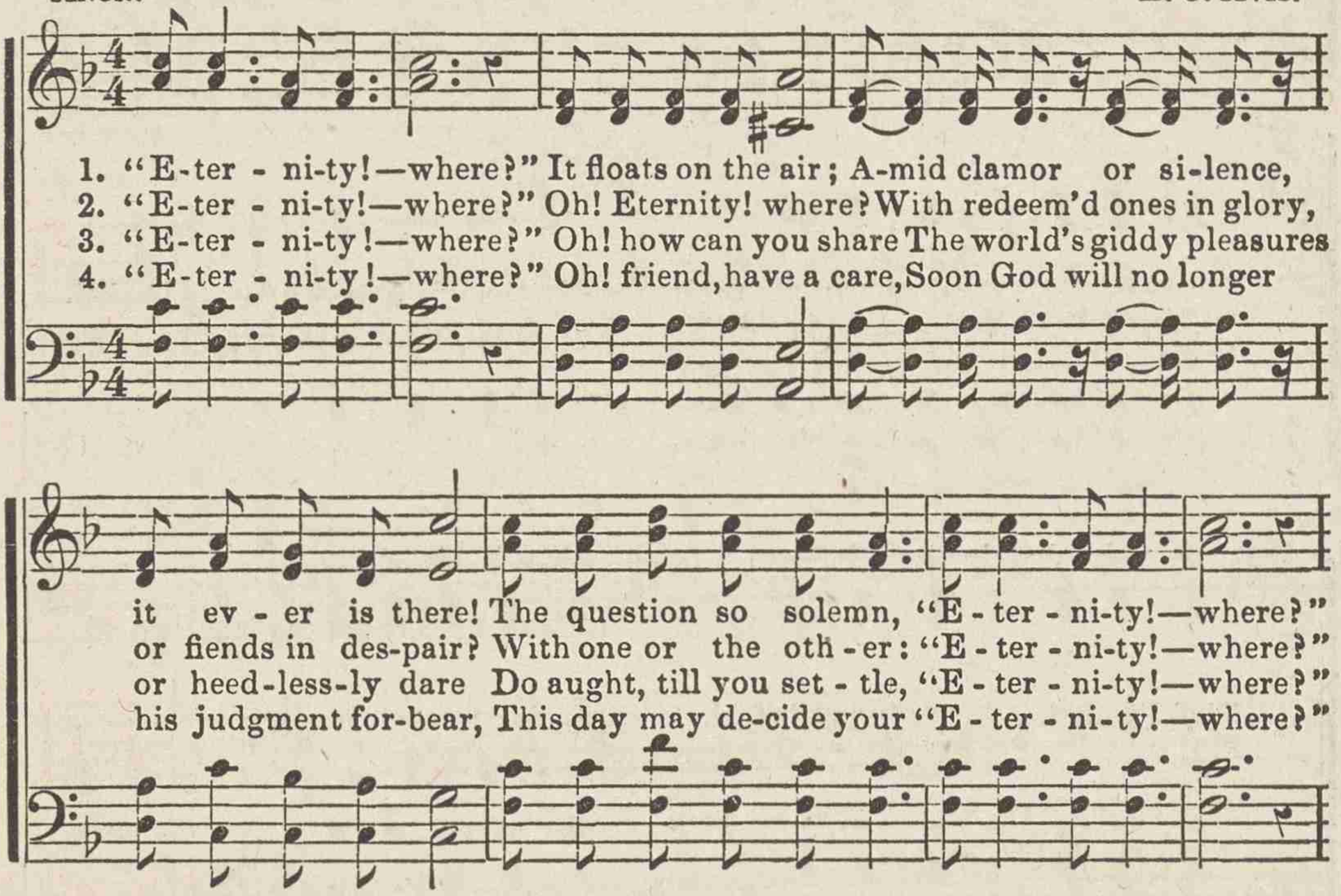
only Son,

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"Eternity!—Where?"

At a recent Gospel Service, in the north of England, an anecdote was told of a young man who was working alone in a large room, in which was a big clock, the loud ticking of which seemed to him to frame itself into the words "Eternity! Where?" Unable to endure any longer the reflections thus awakened, he arose from the stool and stopped the clock; but the question, "Eternity! Where?" still so haunted him, that he threw down his work, and hurried home, determined that he would not allow any thing to engage his thoughts till he could satisfactorily answer that searching question, "Eternity!—Where?"

ANON. E. C. AVIS.





5

"Eternity!—where?"
Oh! "Eternity!—where?"
Friend, sleep not, nor take in the world any share,
Till you answer this question—
‖: "Eternity!—where?" :‖

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27

DENNIS.

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

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

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

4 My soul looks back to see
The burden thou didst bear,
While hanging on the cursed tree,
And knows her guilt was there.

Blessed be the Fountain.

E. R. LATTA. *Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.* — Psalm 51:7. H. S. PERKINS.

Moderato.

1. Bless - ed be the Fountain of blood, To a world of sin - ners revealed;
2. Thorny was the crown that He wore, And the cross His bo - dy o'er-came;
3. Fa - ther, I have wandered from Thee, Often has my heart gone a - stray;

Bless - ed be the dear Son of God: On - ly by His stripes we are healed.
Grie-vous were the sor - rows He bore, But He suf - fered not thus in vain.
Crim - son do my sins seem to me— Wa - ter can - not wash them a - way.

Tho' I've wandered far from His fold, Bring-ing to my heart pain and woe,
May I to that Fountain be led, Made to cleanse my sins here below!
Je - sus, to that Fountain of Thine, Lean - ing on Thy promise, I go;

Wash me in the Blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whit - er than snow!
Wash me in the Blood that He shed, And I shall be whit - er than snow!
Cleanse me by Thy wash-ing di - vine, And I shall be whit - er than snow!

CHORUS.

Whi - - - - - - - ter than the snow! . . . . Whi - - - - - ter

Whi-ter than the snow! Whi-ter than the snow! Whiter than the snow!

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BLESSED BE THE FOUNTAIN. Concluded.





29 COME, YE SINNERS, POOR AND NEEDY.

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

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

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

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

30 HAMBURG.

1 Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidst me come to thee,
O, Lamb of God, I come!

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

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

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

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

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

31 Jesus is Seeking.

W. S. M. W. S. MARTIN.

1. Seeking, so kindly seeking, Out on the mountains so cold, Lost ones 'mid sin and
2. Knocking, so gently knocking, Open and let him come in ; Jesus, the world's Re-
3. Call-ing, so gently calling, Jesus, the Saviour of men, Calls thee to-day, O

darkness Wandering from the fold; .... Je-sus, the ten-der Shepherd,
deem-er, Waits to for-give thy sin..... Do not re-ject his mer-cy,
sin - ner, Say, shall he call in vain? ... Come, and accept sal-va - tion,

Comes in his pity and love, Down from the heights of glory, Down from the
Of - fer'd so full and free, Bid the dear Lord now en-ter, En-ter and
Come wiihout money or price ; Come with thy burden to Jesus, He'll make thy

rit. - - - - - *CHORUS.*

throne of love. Je - - - sus is seek - ing, seek - ing to-
sup with thee.
heart to re - joice. Jesus is seeking, seeking to-day, Jesus is seeking, is

rit. - - - - - - - *pp*

day, ... Seeking 'mid sin and sorrow Lost ones wherever they stray.
seeking to-day,

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32 He Leads me on.

"He leadeth me."—Ps. 23: 2.

E. C. A. E. C. Avis.

1. The promis'd land by faith I see, Where Je-sus lives and reigns above;
2. The way grows brighter all a - long, The blessed path where Je-sus trod;
3. 'Tis sweet to follow where he leads, No sin can harm, no foe affright;
4. Our journey here will soon be o'er, And then the saints who've labor'd long

A land of rest, from sorrow free, Where all is joy and peace and love.
With hope, inspir'd, we journey on, The narrow way that leads to God.
In pastures green, his saints he feeds, And shelters them by day and night.
Will dwell with Christ forevermore, Sing-ing the blest redemption song.

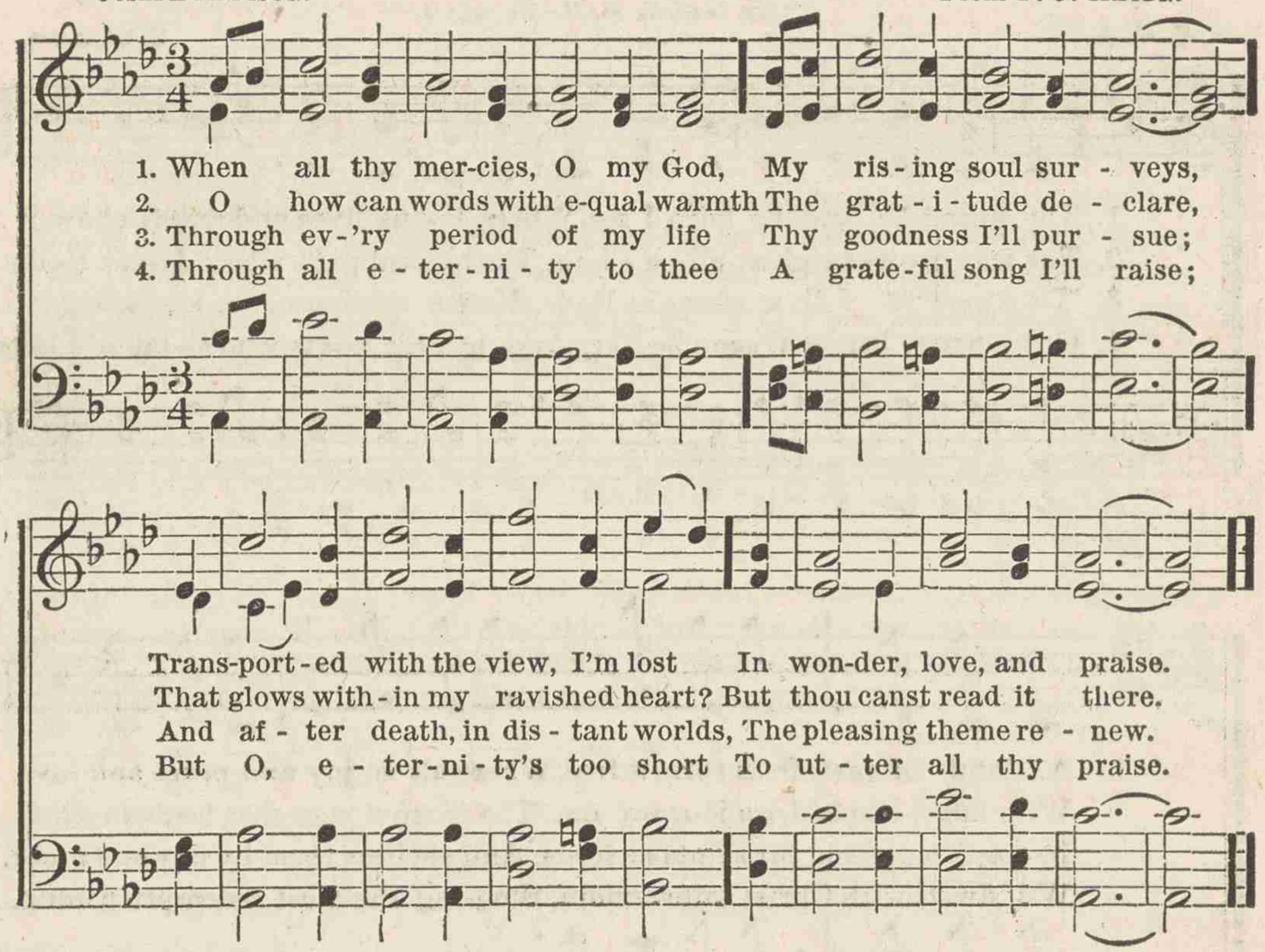
CHORUS.

He leads me on, he leads me on, To that bright land he leads me on;
He leads me, and I fol-low on, He gent-ly leads me all a - long.

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33 Manoah. C. M.

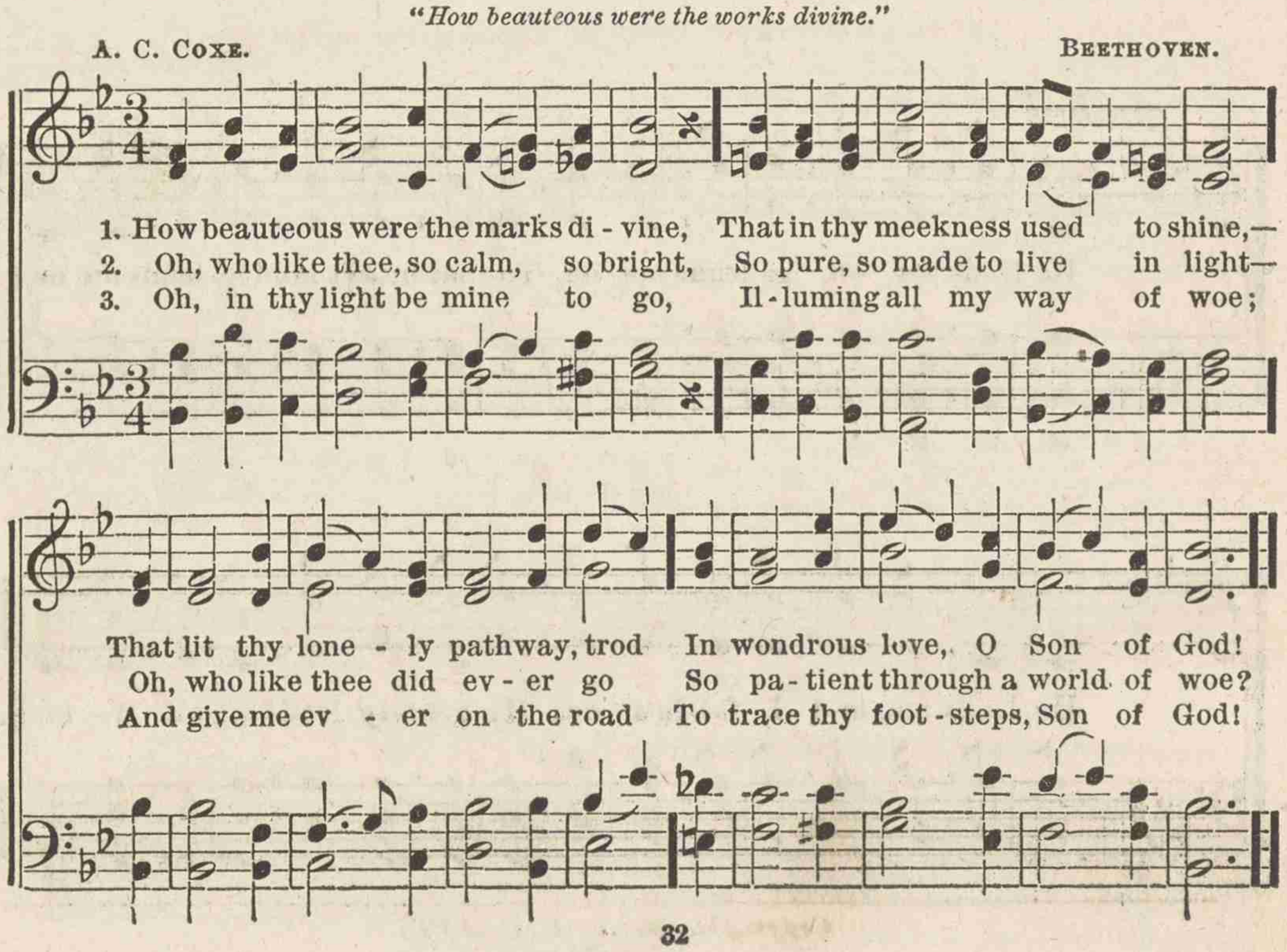
JOSEPH ADDISON. From F. J. HAYDN.



34 Germany.

"How beauteous were the works divine."

A. C. COXE. BEETHOVEN.



35 Where the Living Waters Flow.

Words arr.

EDWARD E. NICKERSON.

1. Rest to the wea - ry soul And ach-ing breast is given, Down where the
2. For thee, my soul, for thee These priceless joys were bought, Down where the
3. Come, with the ransomed train, The Saviour's praises sing, Down where the
4. And soon, be - fore his face, We'll praise in light a - bove, Down where the

living waters flow; Grace makes the wounded whole, Love fills our heart with heav'n,
liv - ing waters flow; Thine is the mercy free, That Christ to earth has brought,
liv - ing waters flow; Re - joice! the Lamb was slain, Adore! he reigns a King,
liv - ing waters flow; Triumphant through his grace, Made perfect by his love,

REFRAIN.

Down where the living waters flow. Down where the living waters flow, ...
living waters flow,

Down where the tree of life doth grow, I'm liv - ing in the light, for

Je-sus and the right, Down where the liv - ing wa - ters flow,
liv - ing wa-ters flow.

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36 More of Thyself, Lord Jesus.

A. E. A. S. (Col. 3: 11.) E. C. Avis.

Slow, with Expression.

1. More of Thy-self, Lord Je - sus; more of Thy - self for me;
2. More of Thy-self, Lord Je - sus; more of Thy - self to know;
3. Sure-ly there's in thy ful - ness e - nough to meet my need;
4. More of Thy-self, the Truth, Lord; more of Thy - self, the Way;

More of thy hid - den beau - ties, dai - ly, I long to see.
More of the love that led thee for us to stoop so low;
Sure - ly to know and love thee, is life, and life in - deed!
More of Thy - self, the Life, Lord, in res - ur - rec - tion sway.

More of thy low - ly spir - it, more of thy pa - tient grace,
More of the grace a - bound - ing, that could o'er sin pre - vail;
Oh, to be with thee, like thee, and see thee as thou art!
All, all a - round is dark - ness, light in thy light I see—

More of the won-drous wis - dom we in thy path - way trace.
More of the calm o - be - dience death's ter - rors could not quail.
Thou on - ly and thou ful - ly canst fill my crav - ing heart.
More of Thy-self, Lord Je - sus; more of Thy - self for me.

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37 On the Pinions of a Dove.

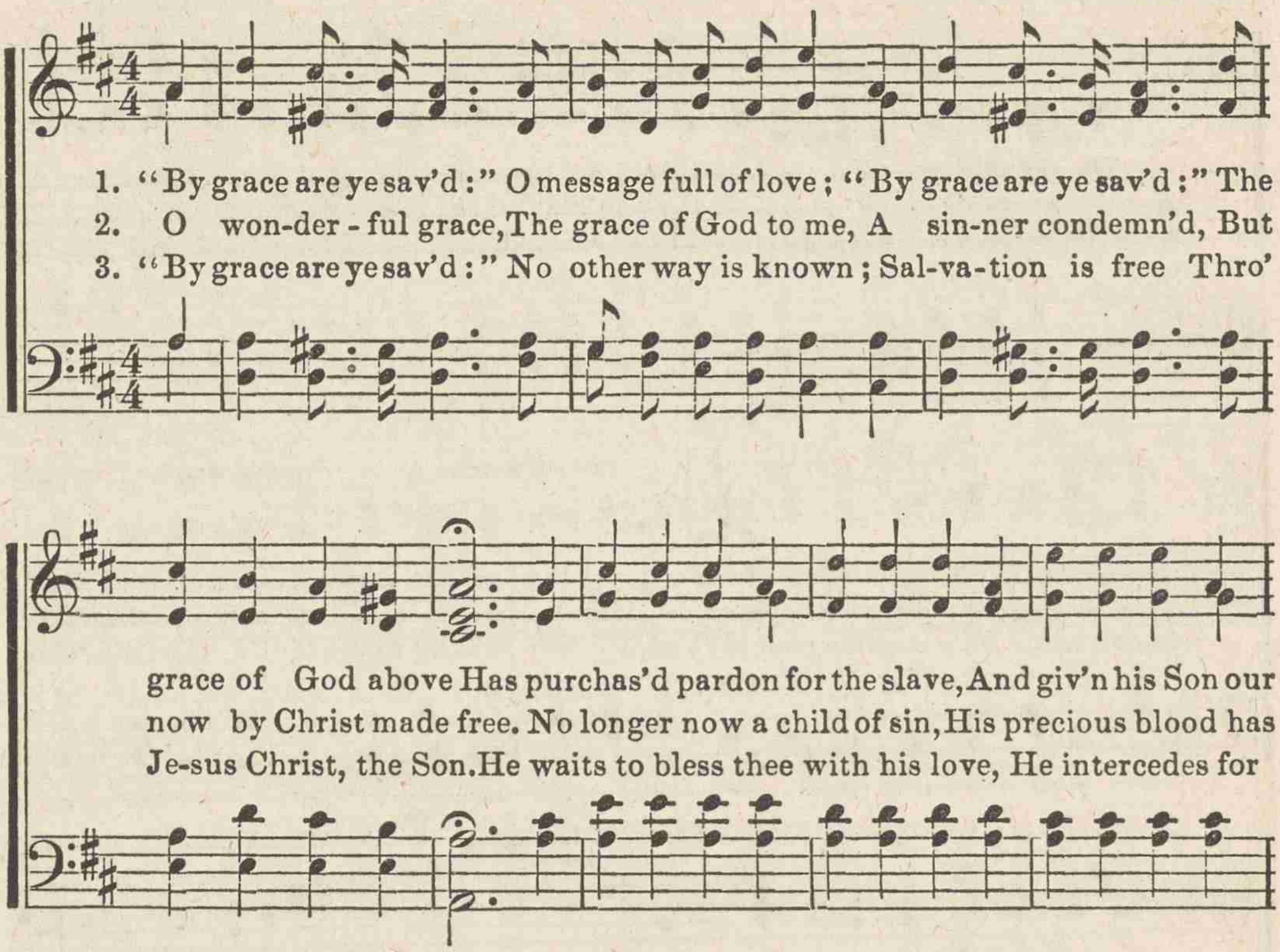
Rev. M. L. HOFFORD. GEO. RANDALL.



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38 "By Grace are ye Saved."

W. S. M. W. S. MARTIN.



CHORUS.



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"BY GRACE ARE YE SAVED." Concluded.



39 "I KNOW WHOM I HAVE BELIEVED."

2 Tim. 1: 12.

1 I know not what may be my lot,
In palace grand or lowly cot;
But humble, though my home may be,
The King of Glory dwells with me.

Chorus. 2 Tim. 1: 12.
For "I know whom I have believed,"
And am persuaded that he is able
To keep that which I've committed
Unto him, against that day.

2 I know not what may be my pain,
My grief, my loss, my joy or gain;
But having him, my soul hath claimed
The Christ of God, I'm not ashamed.

3 I know not what fond friend may go
And leave me, or become my foe;
But having found the Friend I need,
He'll ever be my Friend indeed.

4 I know not what the way may be,
The time, or place, he'll come for me;
But little need I fear or care
How life may close, or when, or where

Rev. W. H. Porter.

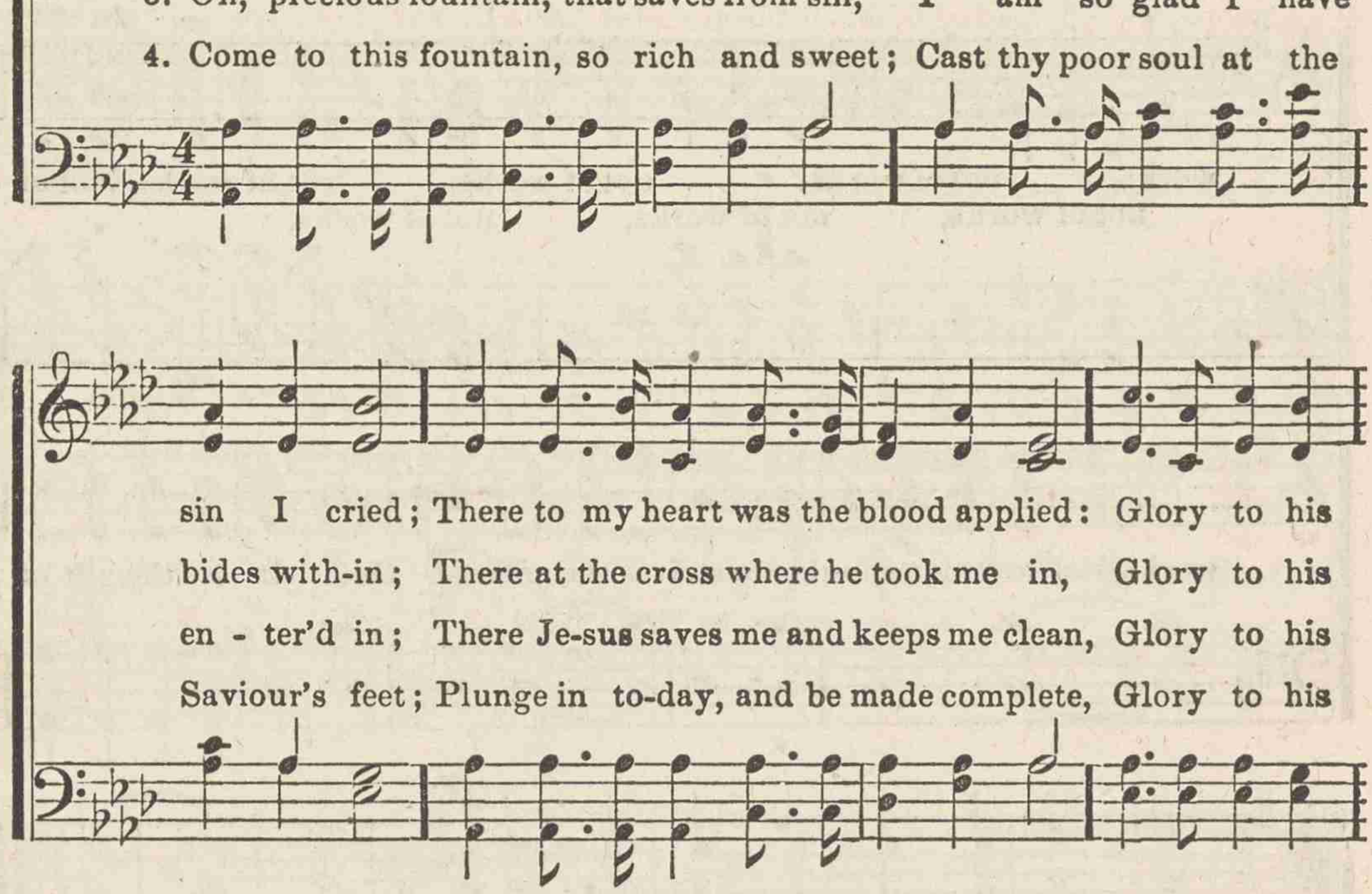
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40 Glory to His Name.

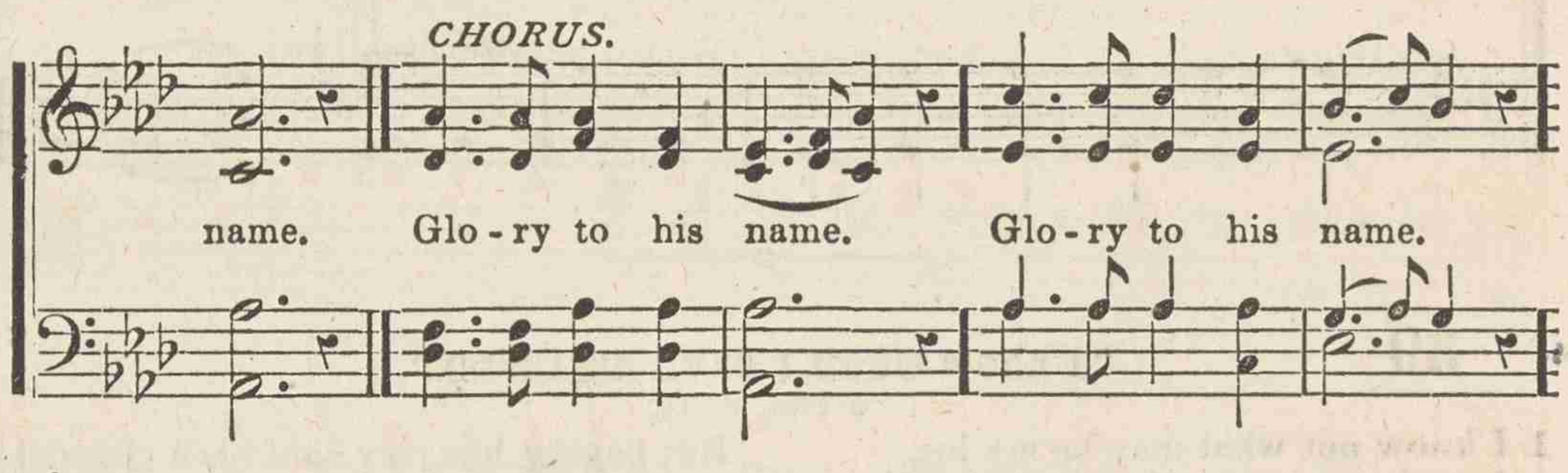
Words by Rev. ELISHA HOFFMAN. Music by Rev. J. H. STOCKTON, by per.



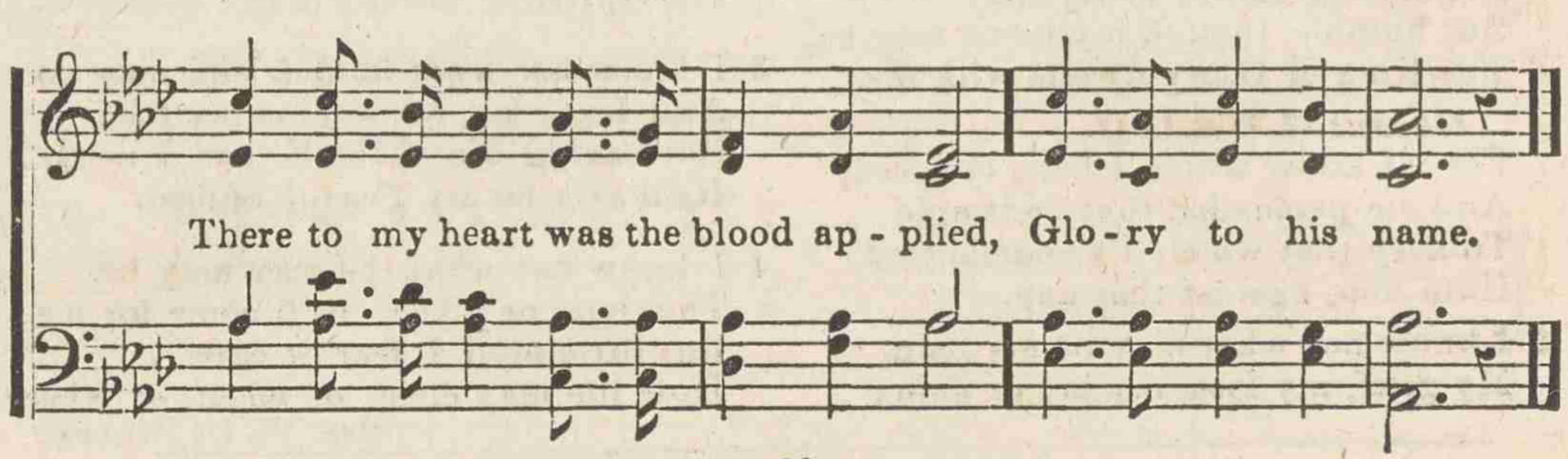
1. Down at the cross where my Saviour died, Down, where for cleansing from sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood applied: Glory to his
2. I am so wondrously sav'd from sin: Je - sus so sweetly a - bides with-in; There at the cross where he took me in, Glory to his
3. Oh, precious fountain, that saves from sin, I am so glad I have en - ter'd in; There Je-sus saves me and keeps me clean, Glory to his
4. Come to this fountain, so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the Saviour's feet; Plunge in to-day, and be made complete, Glory to his



CHORUS.



name. Glo - ry to his name. Glo - ry to his name. There to my heart was the blood ap - plied, Glo - ry to his name.



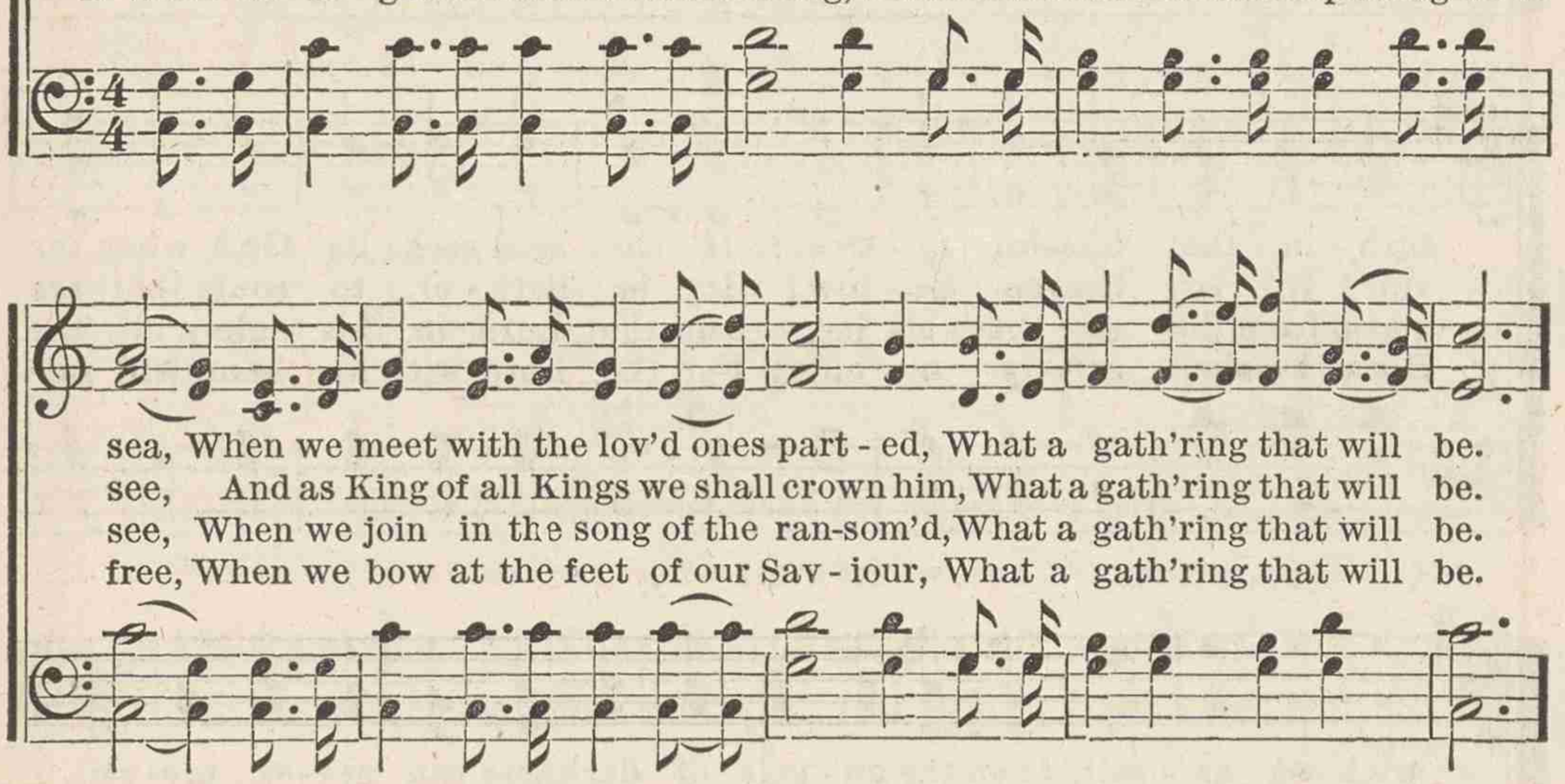
41 What a Gath'ring.

Unto Him shall the gathering of the people be.— Gen. 49: 10.

E. C. A. E. C. Avis.

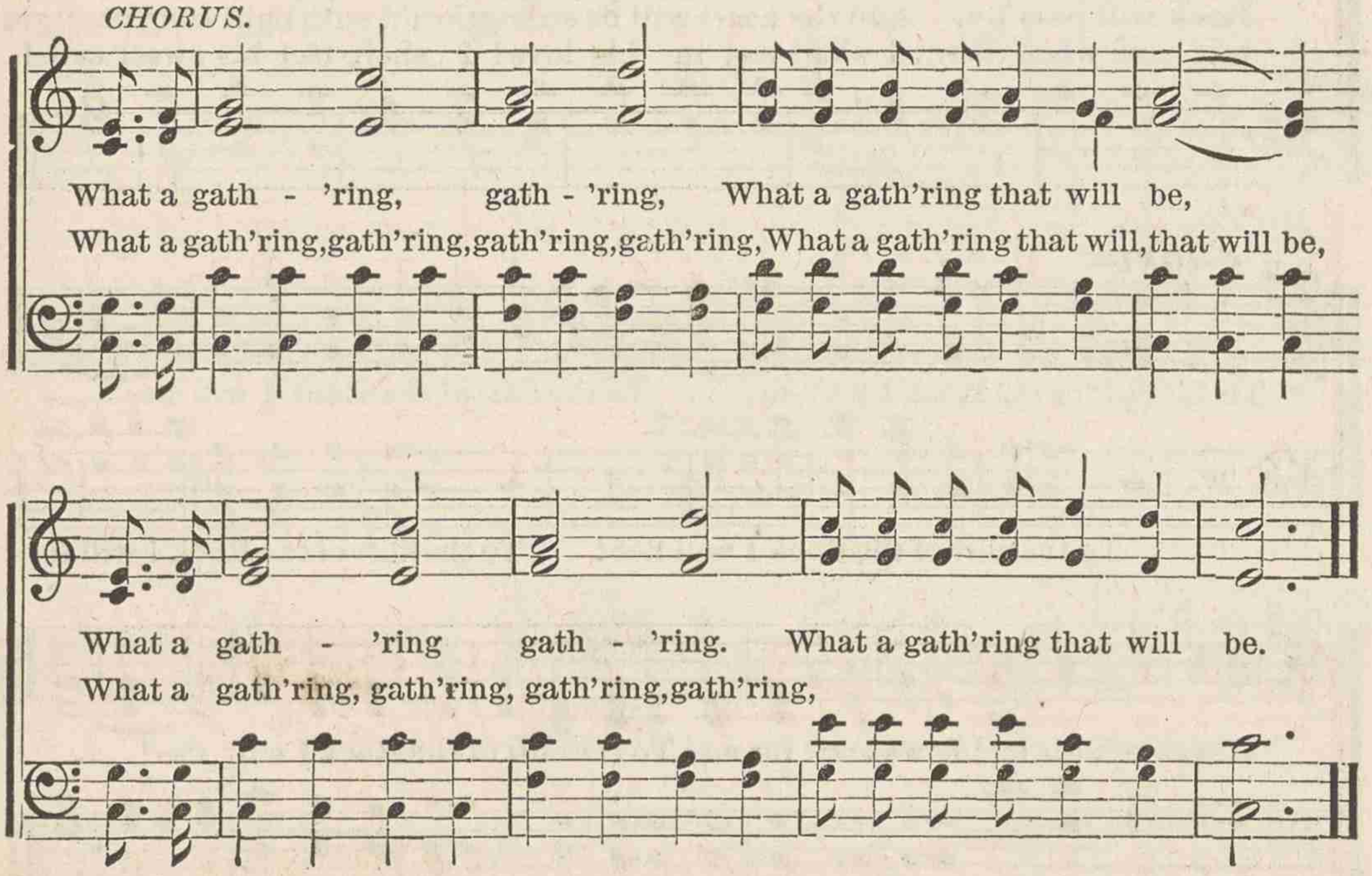


1. When we all gather home in the morn-ing, On the shore of the bright crystal sea,
2. When we all gather home in the morn-ing, And the one who redeemed us we see,
3. When we all gather home in the morn-ing, And the saved of the a - ges we see,
4. When we all gather home in the morning, Where from death and from parting we're free,



When we meet with the lov'd ones part - ed, What a gath'ring that will be.
And as King of all Kings we shall crown him, What a gath'ring that will be.
When we join in the song of the ran-som'd, What a gath'ring that will be.
When we bow at the feet of our Sav - iour, What a gath'ring that will be.

CHORUS.



What a gath - 'ring, gath - 'ring, What a gath'ring that will be,
What a gath'ring, gath'ring, gath'ring, gath'ring, What a gath'ring that will, that will be,

What a gath - 'ring gath - 'ring. What a gath'ring that will be.
What a gath'ring, gath'ring, gath'ring, gath'ring,

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42 The Clift of the Rock.

ELIZA H. MORTON. (EX. 33: 22.) JOSHUA GILL.

1. In the clift of the Rock is a ref - uge complete; Not a foe can dis -
2. In the clift of the Rock the fierce winds never blow! It is shel-ter di -
3. As the sun in his beau-ty is shining a - far, So a brightness will
4. In the clift of the Rock I will hasten to hide; In the clift of the

turb in that blissful re - treat: If the soul seeks its God, when the
vine! it is heaven be - low! It is Beth - el to souls that are
gleam from the gate that's a - jar, And the Lord in his glo - ry the
Rock I shall safe-ly a - bide: For the Lord with his hand will pro -

wick-ed as - sail, Then the an - gels of darkness can nev-er pre-vail.
wea - ry and sad, For the Lord giveth songs that are joy-ful and glad.
Rock will pass by, And the heart will be strengthen'd with light from on high.
tect me when there: I shall rest in his love! I shall feel his sweet care!

CHORUS.

To the clift of the Rock I will flee!.. To the clift of the Rock I will flee!....

To the clift of the Rock I will flee! To the clift of the Rock I will flee!

It was reft for me! It was reft for me! To the clift of the Rock I will flee!....

To the clift, To the clift of the Rock I will flee!

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43 He Saved a Sinner Like Me.

I. Tim. 1: 15.

E. C. A. E. C. Avis.

1. I once was lost in sin, And vile as one could be, But
2. The message I had heard, Of love so full and free, And
3. My sins were washed a - way, My heart from care was free, For
4. The promised now be - lieve God's grace is of - fered thee, The

when to Je - sus Christ I came, He saved a sin - ner like me.
when I on the Lord believed, He saved a sin - ner like me.
Christ had giv'n me peace with - in, And saved a sin - ner like me.
grace that res - cues all man-kind Has saved a sin - ner like me.

Chorus. *With spirit.*

He saved a sin - ner like me, . . He saved a sin - ner like
like me,
me, . I once was lost, but now am found, He saved a sinner like me.
like me,

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44 He is Calling You To-Day.

"To-day if you will hear my voice, harden not your hearts."

P. B. P. BILHORN. By per. Arr. by E. C. AVIS.

1. "The Sav - iour hath said, That no tears shall be shed In the
2. Oh! have you not heard Of that won - der - ful word That
3. In His word we have read, That His blood hath been shed For
4. Yes, the prom - ise is true, That His grace bears us thro' Ev - 'ry

home where He's gone to pre-pare, prepare" "A man - sion so fair; Yes, my
bids the poor wand'rer to come, to come To a feast that is spread, Where we
those who have wander'd from God, from God, So redeemed from their sin, All may
tri - al that comes day by day, by day, If we trust in His word, When the

"Je - sus is there," And He's
all may be fed; And He's
now en - ter in, While He's
prom - ise is heard; And He's
} call-ing for sin - ners to come, (to come,)

CHORUS.

He is call - - - - - - - ing you to - day, ... He is

He is call-ing you to-day, call - ing you to-day;

call - - - - ing you to-day, ... He is call - - - - - ing you to-

calling you to-day, calling you to-day, calling you to-day,

Arrangement copyrighted 1888, by E. C. AVIS.

day; . . . . . .

call - ing you to-day; While He calls, sin - ner, come and be saved, and be saved.

45 He Leadeth Me.

"My sheep hear my voice, . . . and they follow me." —John x: 27.

W. A. OGDEN. W. A. OGDEN.

1. He lead - eth me, He lead - eth me; His light and love a - round me shine,
2. He lead - eth me in past-ures green; By wat - ers still, His face I see,
3. He lead - eth me through trials sore, His lov - ing hand I may not see,
4. He lead - eth me, oh, bless His name, I hear His voice a - long my way,

Tho' all un-wor - thy I may be, I know my Sav - iour lead - eth me.
My head up - on His breast I lean, I know and feel He lead - eth me.
I know His grace will bear me o'er, I know my Sav - iour lead - eth me.
I look and see from whence it came, And know He is my strength and stay.

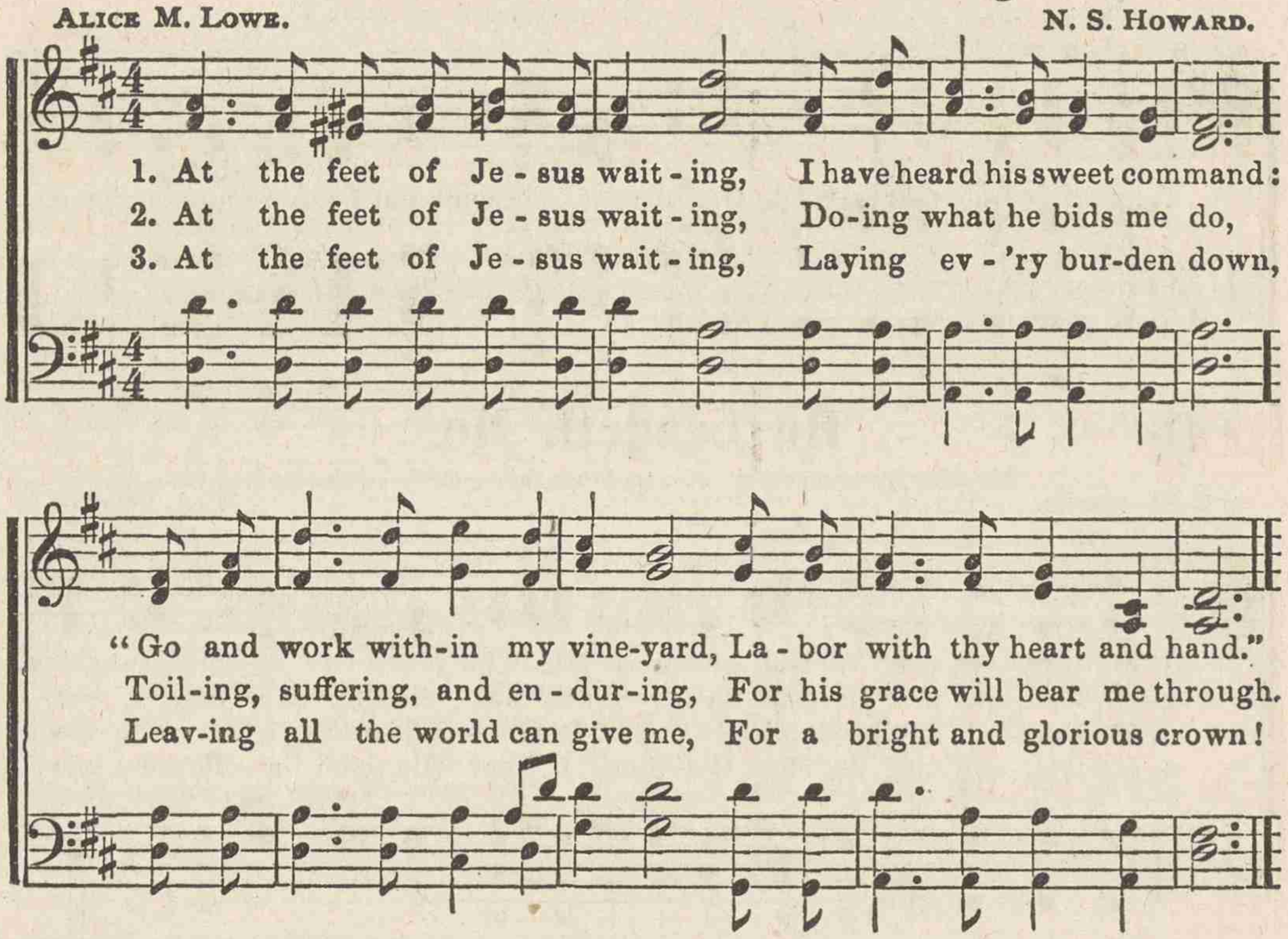
CHORUS.

He lead - eth me, He lead - eth me, A - long my wea - ry pil - grim way,
And though I may un - wor - thy be, Yet bless the Lord, He lead - eth me.

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46 At the feet of Jesus waiting.

ALICE M. LOWE. N. S. HOWARD.



4

At the feet of Jesus waiting,
Just as he would have me be,
Waiting for the home in glory
He's preparing now for me.

5

At the feet of Jesus waiting,
May I ever there be found;
Proving, by my faithful service,
Christ in me to all around.

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47 Thy Love to me.

Mrs. M. E. Gates. (Jer. 31 : 3.) E. C. Avis.

With Expression.



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48 WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

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

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

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

49 Bringing in the Sheaves.

Words from "SONGS OF GLORY." Music by GEO. A. MINOR. By per.

1. Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, Sowing in the noon-tide,
2. Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows, Fearing neither clouds nor
3. Go, then, ev - er weeping, sowing for the Master, Tho' the loss sustain'd our

and the dew - y eves; Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping,
winter's chilling breeze; By and by the harvest, and the la - bor ended,
spir - it oft - en grieves; When our weeping's over, he will bid us welcome,

REFRAIN.

We shall come re - joic-ing, bringing in the sheaves. Bringing in the sheaves,

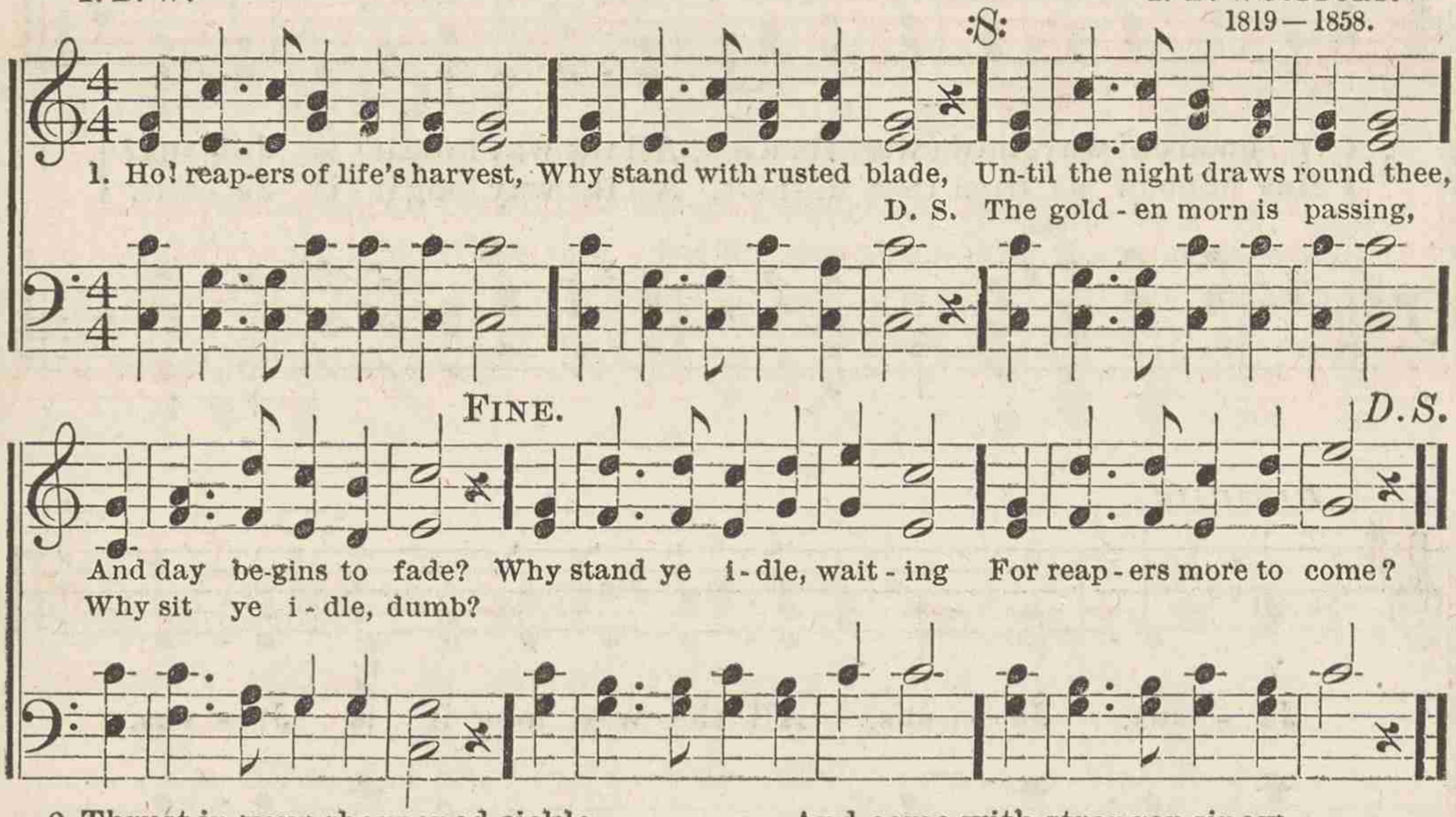
bringing in the sheaves, We shall come re - joic-ing, bringing in the sheaves.

Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come rejoicing,
bringing in the sheaves, [bringing in the sheaves.

50 Ho! Reapers of Life's Harvest!

"The harvest truly is plenteous but the laborers are few."—Math. IX: 37.

I. B. W. I. B. WOODBURY. 1819—1858.



2 Thrust in your sharpened sickle,
And gather in the grain,
The night is fast approaching,
And soon will come again.
The Master calls for reapers,
And shall He call in vain?
Shall sheaves lie there ungathered,
And waste upon the plain?

3 Come down from hill and mountain,
In morning's ruddy glow,
Nor wait until the dial
Points to the noon below;
And come with stronger sinew,
Nor faint in heat or cold,
And pause not till the evening
Draws round its wealth of gold.

4 Mount up the heights of wisdom,
And crush each error low;
Keep back no words of knowledge
That human hearts should know.
Be faithful to thy mission,
In service of thy Lord,
And then a golden chaplet
Shall be thy just reward.

51 THE CHRISTIAN'S HOME. I. M. Key C.

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

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

CHO.—There is rest, etc.

3 Sing, O sing ye, heirs of glory!
Shout your triumphs as you go;
Zion's gates will open for you,
You shall find an entrance through.

CHO.—There is rest, etc.

Rev. SAM'L Y. HARMER, 1856.

52

O Jesus, the crucified, now I am free?
I plunge in the crimson tide opened for me.

CHORUS:—Hallelujah 'tis done, I believe in the Son,
I am saved by the blood of the crucified One!

O Jesus, the crucified! now thou art mine,
No longer in dread condemnation I pine.

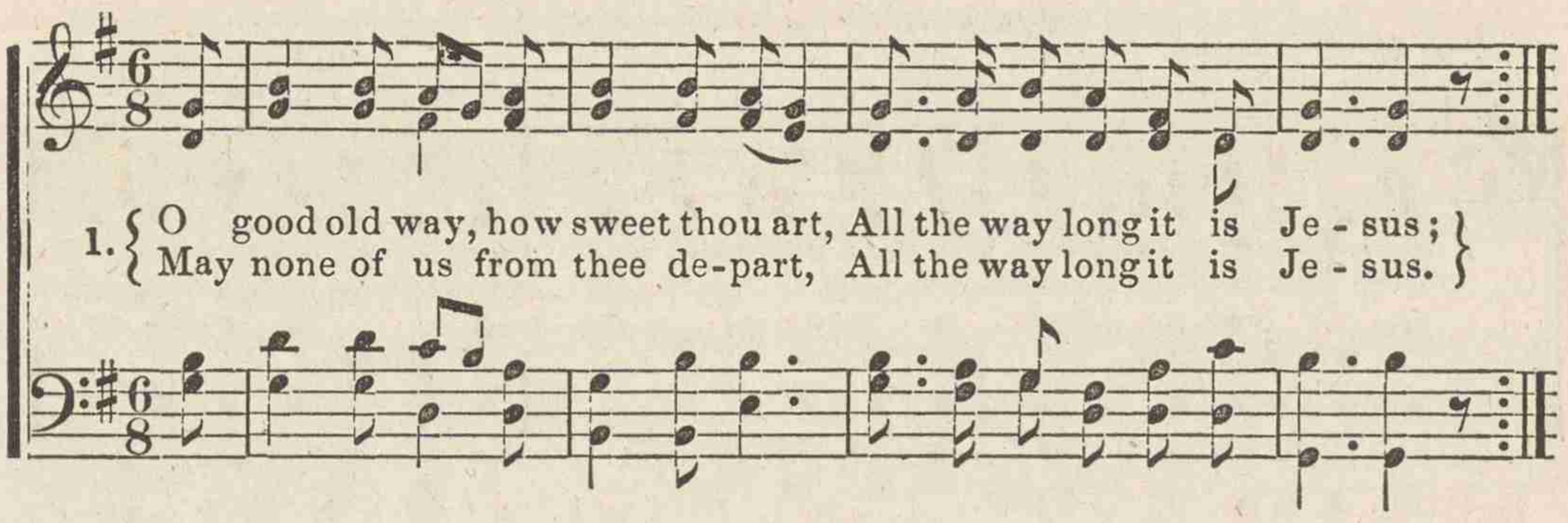
O Jesus, the crucified! holy and pure,
No wound hath my heart that His blood cannot cure.

O'er sin and uncleanness exulting I stand,
And point to the print of the nails on His hand.

O Jesus, the crucified! Thee will I sing,
My blessed Redeemer! my God and my King.

My soul's filled with joy o'er the victory won,
And I'll triumph in death thro' the crucified One.

53 All the way long it is Jesus.





2 But may our actions always say
We're marching in the good old way.

3 This note above the rest shall swell,
That Jesus doeth all things well.

54 THE CLEANSING FOUNTAIN.

1 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 with his blood, his precious blood,
Wash'd all my sins away.

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

3 Thou dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.

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

55 CROSS AND CROWN.

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

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

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

4 Upon the crystal pavement, down
At Jesus' pierced feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown,
And his dear name repeat.

5 O precious cross! O glorious crown!
O resurrection day!
Ye angels, from the stars come down,
And bear my soul away.

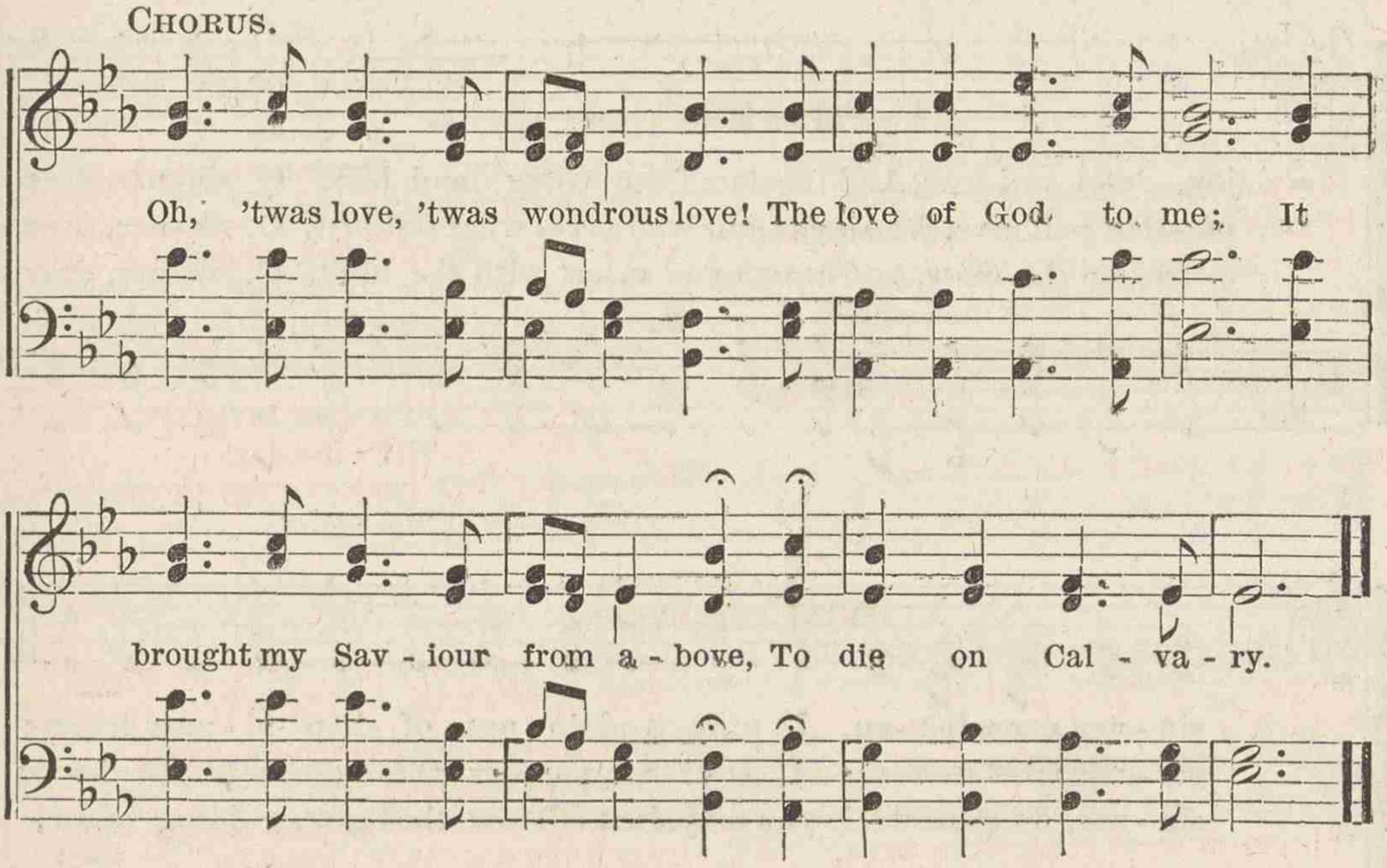
56 Wondrous Love.

"God so loved the world."—JOHN 3: 16.

MRS. M. STOCKTON. WM. G. FISCHER. By per.



CHORUS.

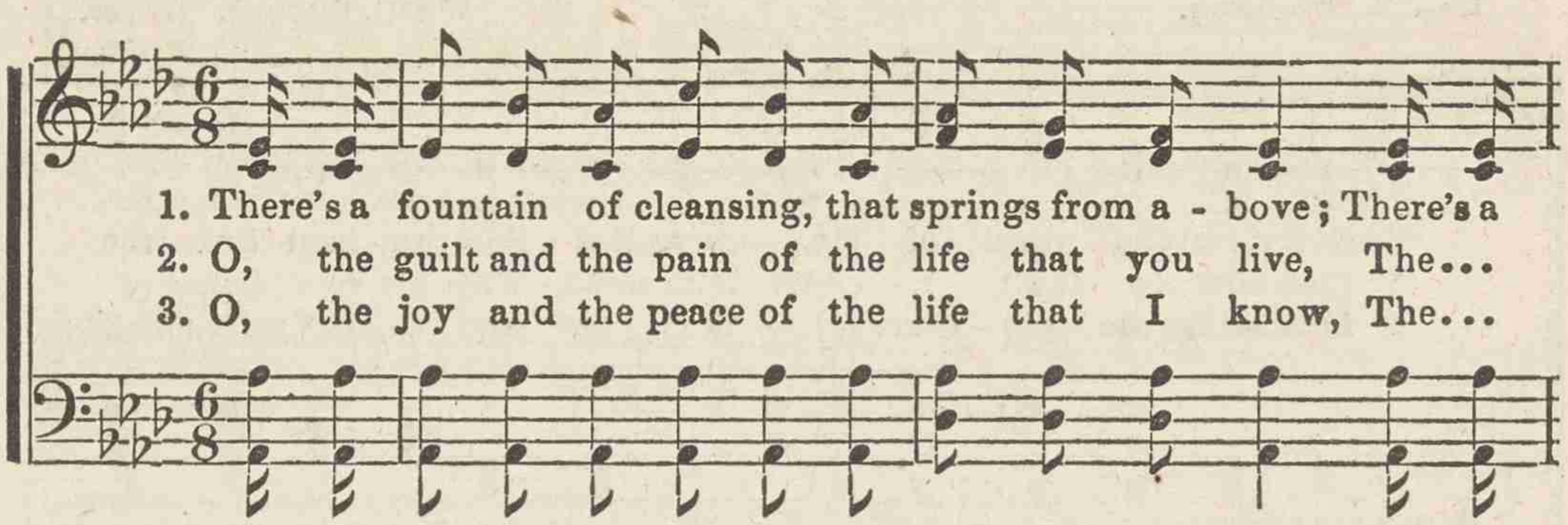


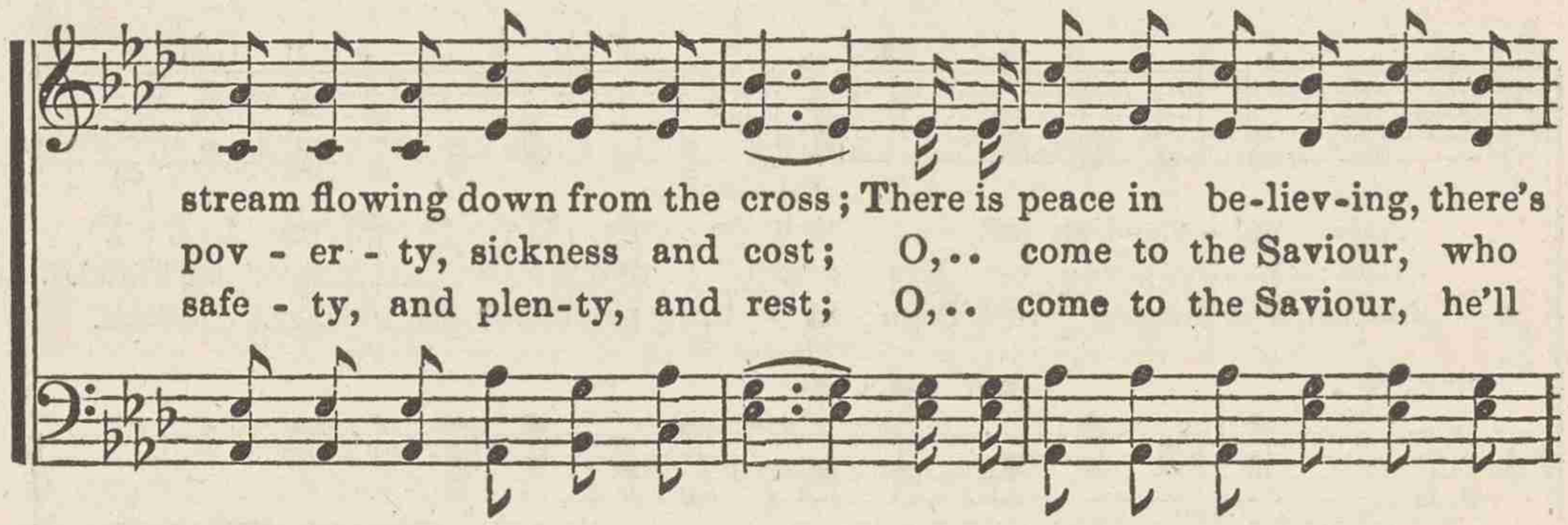
4 Believing souls, rejoicing go;
There shall to you be given
A glorious foretaste, here below,
Of endless life in heaven.

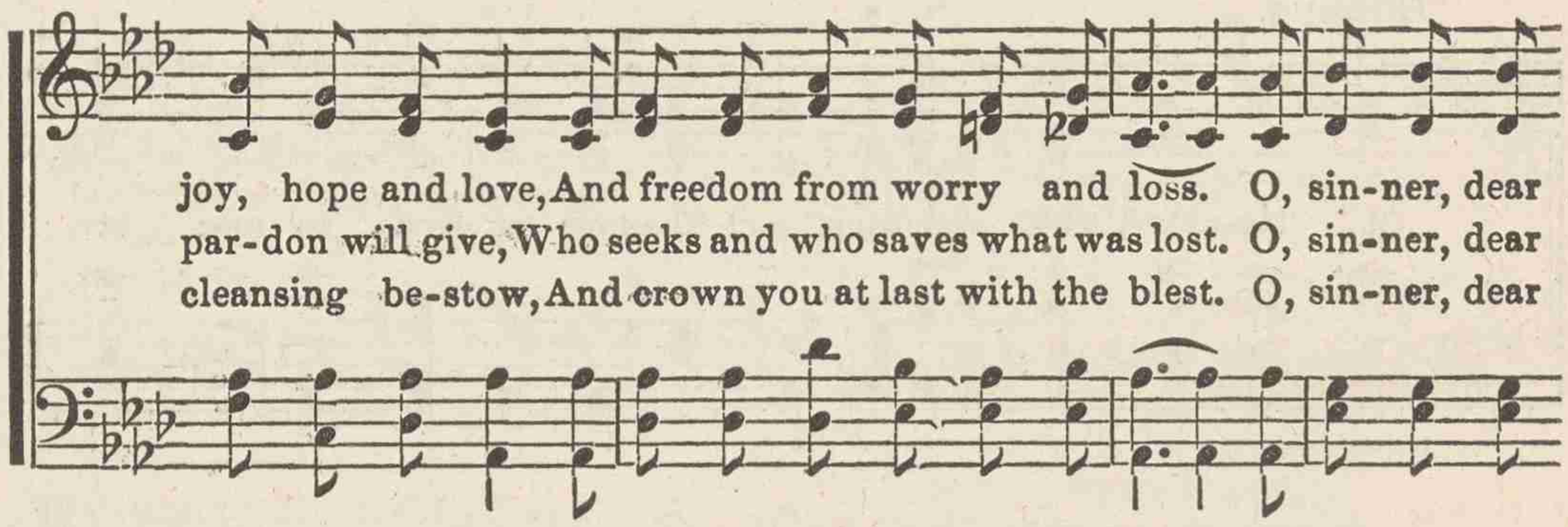
5 Of victory now o'er Satan's power
Let all the ransomed sing,
And triumph in the dying hour
Through Christ the Lord our King.

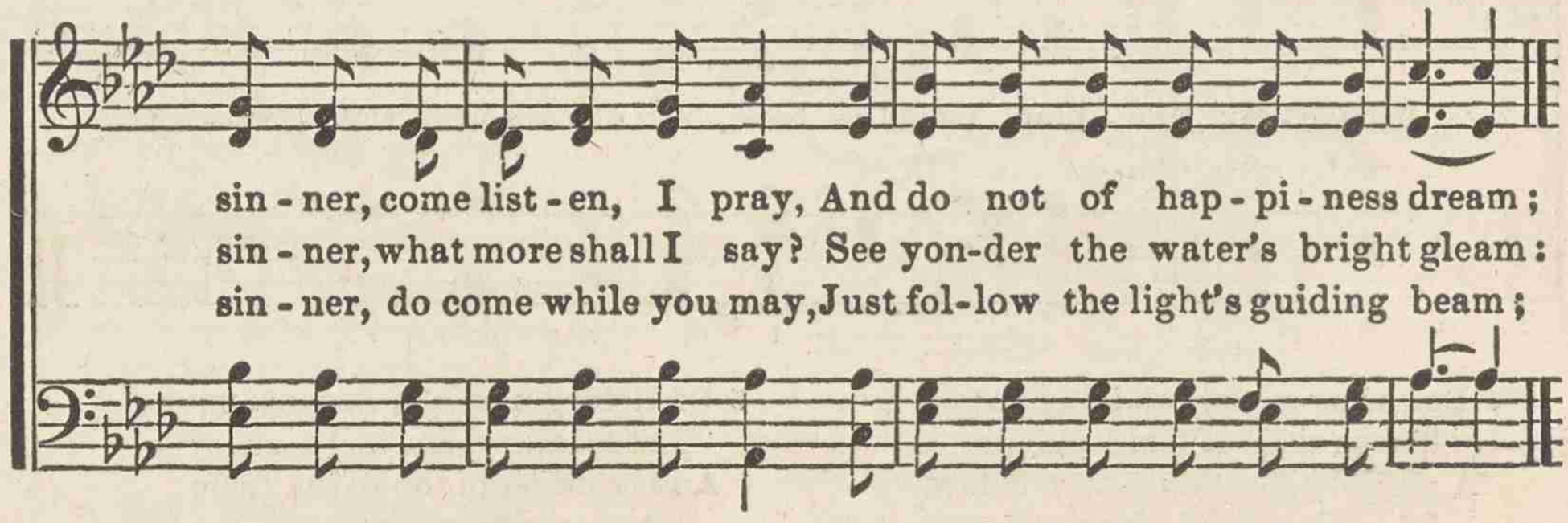
57 Go wash in that beautiful stream.

J. G. G. K. A.





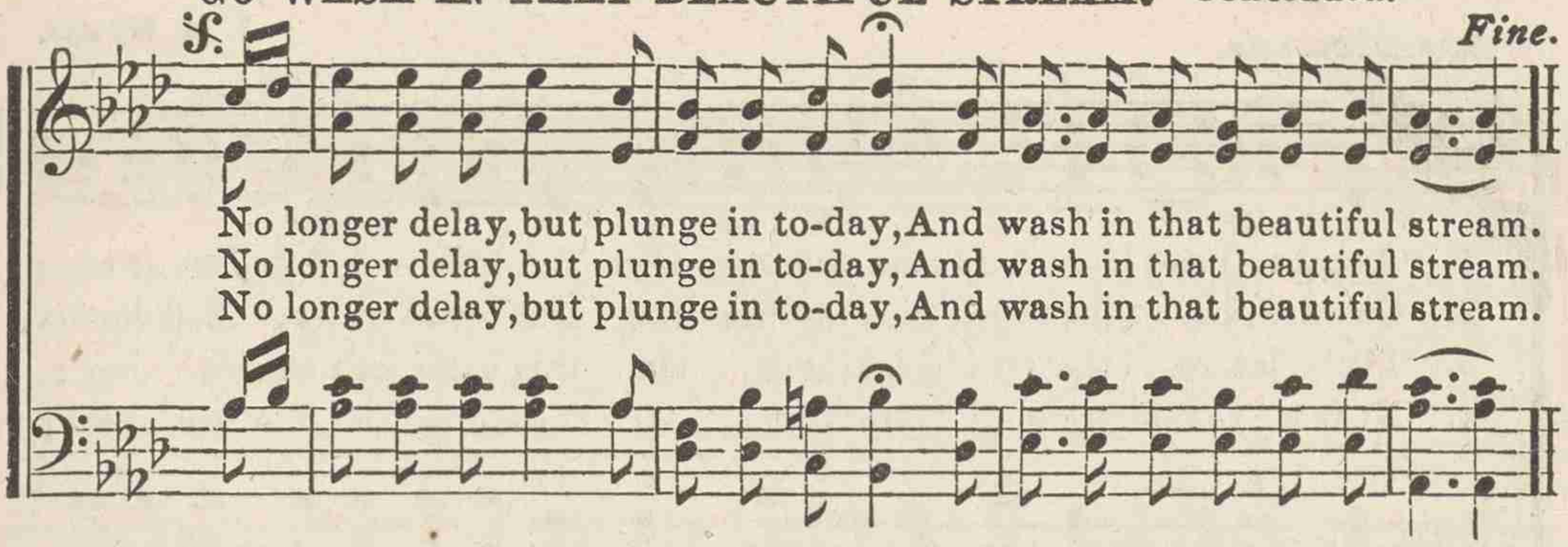




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GO WASH IN THAT BEAUTIFUL STREAM. Concluded.

Fine.



No longer delay, but plunge in to-day, And wash in that beautiful stream.
No longer delay, but plunge in to-day, And wash in that beautiful stream.
No longer delay, but plunge in to-day, And wash in that beautiful stream.

D.S. No longer delay, but plunge in to-day, And wash in that beautiful stream.

CHORUS. *D.S.*

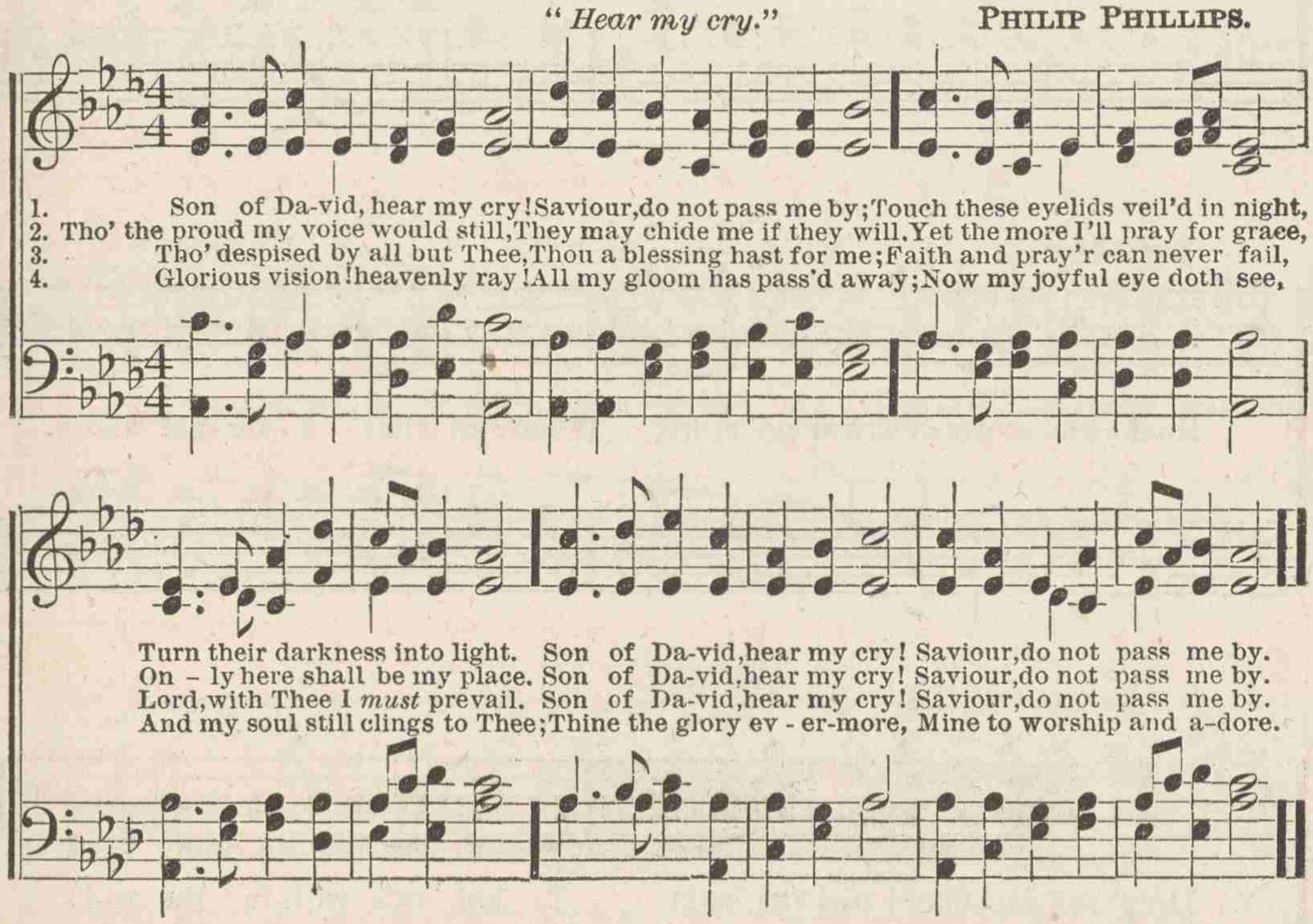


Go wash in that beautiful stream, Go wash in that beautiful stream;
beautiful stream,

58

Hear My Cry.

"*Hear my cry.*" PHILIP PHILLIPS.



1. Son of Da-vid, hear my cry! Saviour, do not pass me by; Touch these eyelids veil'd in night,
2. Tho' the proud my voice would still, They may chide me if they will, Yet the more I'll pray for grace,
3. Tho' despised by all but Thee, Thou a blessing hast for me; Faith and pray'r can never fail,
4. Glorious vision! heavenly ray! All my gloom has pass'd away; Now my joyful eye doth see,

Turn their darkness into light. Son of Da-vid, hear my cry! Saviour, do not pass me by.
On - ly here shall be my place. Son of Da-vid, hear my cry! Saviour, do not pass me by.
Lord, with Thee I *must* prevail. Son of Da-vid, hear my cry! Saviour, do not pass me by.
And my soul still clings to Thee; Thine the glory ev - er-more, Mine to worship and a-dore.

59

LABAN. p. 137.

1 O come and dwell in me,
Spirit of power within,
And bring the glorious liberty
From sorrow, fear, and sin.

2 The seed of sin's disease,
Spirit of health, remove,
Spirit of finished holiness,
Spirit of perfect love.

3 Hasten the joyful day
Which shall my sins consume,
When old things shall be done away,
And all things new become.

60 Safe Within the Vail.

Rev. E. ADAMS. J. M. EVANS.

1. "Land a - head!" its fruits are waving O'er the hills of fade-less green;
2. Onward, bark! the cape I'm rounding; See, the bless-ed wave their hands,
3. There, let go the an-chor, riding On this calm and silvery bay;
4. Now we're safe from all temptation, All the storms of life are past;

And the liv - ing wa-ters lav-ing Shores where heav'nly forms are seen.
Hear the harps of God resounding From the bright im-mor-tal bands.
Sea - ward fast the tide is gliding, Shores in sunlight stretch a - way.
Praise the Rock of our Sal-va-tion, We are safe at home at last.

CHORUS.

Rocks and storms I'll fear no more, When on that e - ter-nal shore.

Drop the an - chor! furl the sail! I am safe with-in the vail!

61 Jesus, take and Save me now.

E. C. A. E. C. Avis.



1. Lord, I come, I wait no long - er, Take me now with all my guilt;
2. I have long withstood the message, Groping on in darkness drear;
3. I have nought to bring be-fore thee, But thy promise, Lord, I plead;
4. Long I've sought for earthly pleasure, But a - las! 'twas empty, vain;





Wretched, lost, is my con-di - tion, Save me, Je - sus, as thou wilt.
But I now ac - cept the of - fer, Light and peace my heart to cheer.
Though my wants are great and many, Thou canst well sup-ply my need.
Now I seek for Je - sus on - ly, Let him on - ly be my gain.

CHORUS.



Now I make a full sur-ren - der, At thy feet I hum-bly bow;
All my sin and guilt confess - ing, Je - sus, take and save me now.

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62 My Jesus, I Love Thee.

"Mine are thine and thine are mine."—John 17: 10.

London Hymn Book, 1864. A. J. GORDON. By per.



63 His Blood Washes Whiter than Snow.

Words by JOSHUA GILL. Music by JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Jesus saves me and keeps me from sin, And in tri-umph I walk here be -
2. It is bless-ed his presence to feel, And his per-fect sal-va - tion to
3. In his care I am hap - py and blest, While the moments in peace ev-er
4. When in glory the Saviour we meet, When the King in his beauty we

low; Thro' his Spir-it and Word I am clean, And his blood washes
show; For his love he delights to re - veal, And his blood washes
flow; And my Spir-it is al - ways at rest, For his blood washes
know; We'll con-fess, as we fall at his feet, That his blood washes

CHORUS.

whit-er than snow. I be-lieve Jesus saves, And his
I be-lieve Je-sus saves,
blood wash-es whit - er than snow. I be-lieve
Yes, whit - er than snow. I be - lieve Je - sus saves,
Je - sus saves, And his blood washes whit - er than snow.
I be - lieve Je - sus saves,

Copyright, 1885, *by Jno. R. SWENEY.* By per.

64 Tell Jesus All.

GEORGIANA M. TAYLOR. (Math. 14: 12.) E. C. AVIS.

1. When thou wakest in the morn-ing, Ere thou tread the unknown way
2. In the calm of sweet com-mun-ion, Let thy dai - ly work be done;
3. Then, as hour by hour glides by thee, Thou wilt blessed guidance know;
4. And if wea - ri - ness creep o'er thee, As the day wears to its close,

Of the lot that lies be-fore thee Thro' the com - ing bu - sy day;
In the peace of soul-out-pour-ing, Care be ban - ish'd, patience won;
Thine own bur-dens be - ing lighten'd, Thou canst bear an - oth-er's woe;
Or if sud - den fierce tempta - tion Bring thee face to face with foes,

Whether sunbeams promise brightness, Whether dim for - bod-ings fall,
And if earth, with its enchantments, Seek thy spir - it to en-thrall,
Thou canst help the weak ones onward, Thou canst raise up those that fall;
In thy weak-ness, in thy per - il, Raise to heav'n a trust-ful call,

Be thy dawn-ing glad or gloom-y, Go to Je - sus—tell him all!
Ere thou list - en—ere thou answer—Turn to Je - sus—tell him all!
But re - mem-ber, while thou servest, Still tell Je - sus—tell him all!
Strength and calm for ev - 'ry tri - al Come—in tell - ing Je - sus all!

Copyright, 1886, by E. C. AVIS.

65 Are You Washed In The Blood?

E. A. H. Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. Have you been to Je - sus for the cleansing pow'r? Are you wash'd in the
2. Are you walk - ing dai - ly by the Sav-iour's side? Are you wash'd in the
3. When the bridegroom cometh will your robes be white, Pure and white in the
4. Lay a - side the gar-ments that are stain'd with sin, And be wash'd in the

blood of the Lamb? Are you ful - ly trusting in His grace this hour? Are you
blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each moment in the cru - ci - fied? Are you
blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be read - y for the mansions bright, And be
blood of the Lamb? There's a foun-tain flowing for the soul un-clean, Oh, be

CHORUS.

washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you washed in the
Are you washed

blood, In the soul - cleansing blood of the Lamb?
in the blood of the Lamb?

Are your garments spotless? Are they white as snow? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

By permission.

66 What a Gath'ring that will be.

J. H. K. Music by J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1. At the sounding of the trumpet, when the saints are gather'd home, We will greet each other by the crystal sea, With the friends and all the lov'd ones there a-
2. When the angel of the Lord proclaims that time shall be no more, We shall gather, and the sav'd and ransom'd see; Then to meet again together, on the
3. At the great and final judgment, when the hidden comes to light, When the Lord in all his glory we shall see; At the bidding of our Saviour, "Come, ye
4. When the golden harps are sounding, and the angel bands proclaim In tri - umphant strains the glorious jubilee; Then to meet and join to sing the song of

crystal sea,

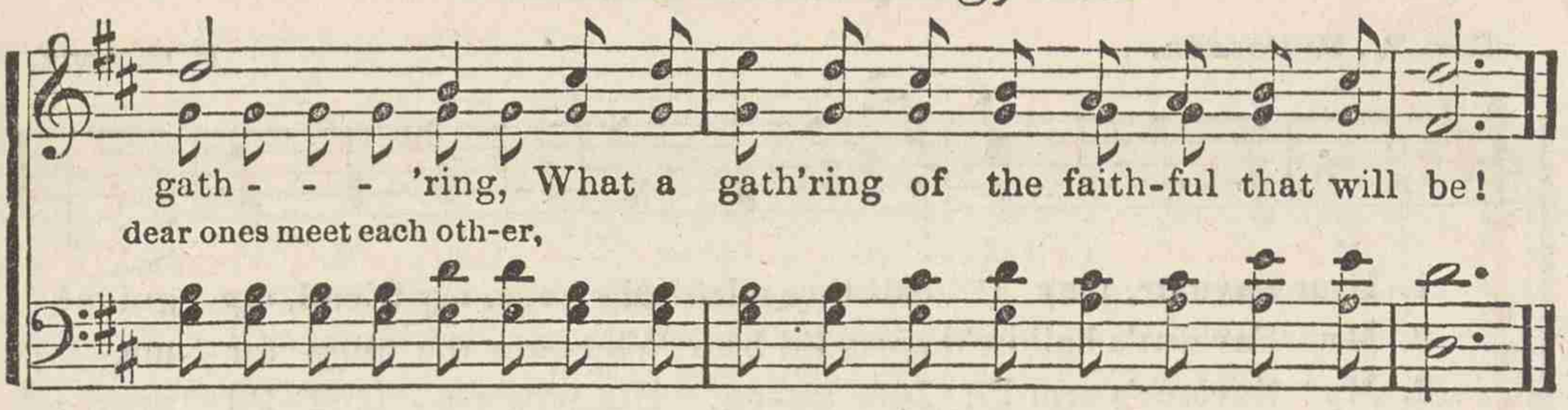
wait-ing us to come, What a gath'ring of the faith-ful that will be!
bright ce - les-tial shore, What a gath'ring of the faith-ful that will be!
bless-ed, to my right," What a gath'ring of the faith-ful that will be!
Mo - ses and the Lamb, What a gath'ring of the faith-ful that will be!

CHORUS.

What a gath - - - - 'ring, gath - - 'ring, At the sounding of the glorious ju - bi - lee!
What a gath-'ring of the lov'd ones when we'll meet with one an - oth-er, What a gath'ring when the friends and all the jubilee! What a gath'ring

By permission of J. H. Kurzenknabe & Sons, Harrisburg, Pa.

What a Gath'ring, etc. Concluded.



67 Come and hear the Grand Old Story.

"Now all this was done, that it might be fulfilled which was spoken of the Lord by the prophet."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.



4 In Gethsemane behold Him,
In the agony of prayer;
Kneeling, pleading, groaning, bleeding,
Soul and body prostrate there.

5 On to Golgotha He hastens,
Yonder stands His cross of woe:
From the hands, and feet, and forehead,
See the precious life-blood flow.

6 It is finished! see His body
Laid alone in Joseph's tomb;
'Tis for us He lieth yonder,
Prince of Life, enwrapped in gloom.

7 But in vain the grave has bound Him,
Death has barred its gates in vain;
See! for us the Saviour rises,
Lo! for us He bursts the chain.

8 Hear we, then, this grand old story,
And, in listening, learn to love;
Flowing through it to the guilty
From a pardoning God above.

By permission.

68

My Saviour.

Rev. W. H. Porter. E. C. Avis.

1. Dear Saviour, may I call thee mine? My hope, my friend, my guide?
2. My Saviour's hallow'd cross I'd bear, Who bore the cross for me,
3. My Saviour's arm I'd lean up-on, His pow'r a - lone I'd prove;

Per - ish in ru - ins all that would With thee my heart di - vide.
And who in shameful ag - o - ny Ex - pir'd up - on the tree.
And knowing on - ly his sweet will, I'd prompt to du - ty move.

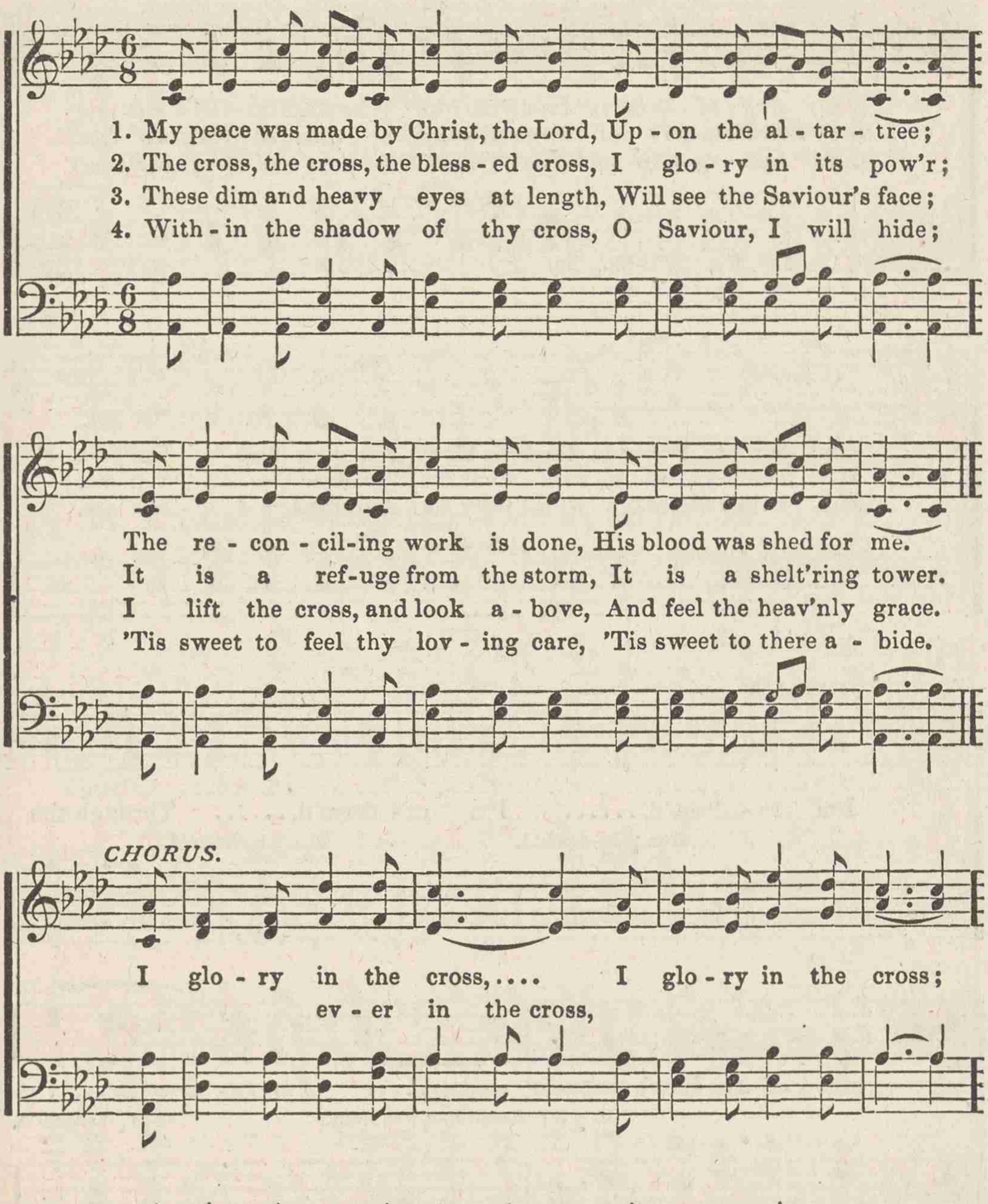
My Saviour's pard'ning voice I'd hear, His sav - ing pow'r a - dore,
My Saviour's low - ly mind I'd have, Am - bi-tious thoughts at rest,
My Saviour's lov - ing words I'd hear, His wondrous works I'd trace,

And have his love and zeal in-spire My own, yet more and more.
And walk-ing in his heav'nly ways, Be with his pres - ence blest.
Till call'd to dwell for - ev - er near And gaze up - on his face.

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69 I Glory in the Cross.

ELIZA H. MORTON. N. S. HOWARD.



Copyright, 1886, *by* JOSHUA GILL.

70 I'm Redeemed.

T. C. O'K. Music by T. C. O'KANE.

1. O, sing of Je-sus, "Lamb of God," Who died on Cal - va - ry,
2. O wondrous pow'r of love di-vine! So pure, so full, so free!
3. All glo - ry now to Christ the Lord, And ev - er - more shall be:

And for a ran-som shed his blood, For you and e - ven me.
It reaches out to all mankind, Em-brac - es e - ven me.
He hath redeem'd a world from sin, And ransom'd e - ven me.

REFRAIN.

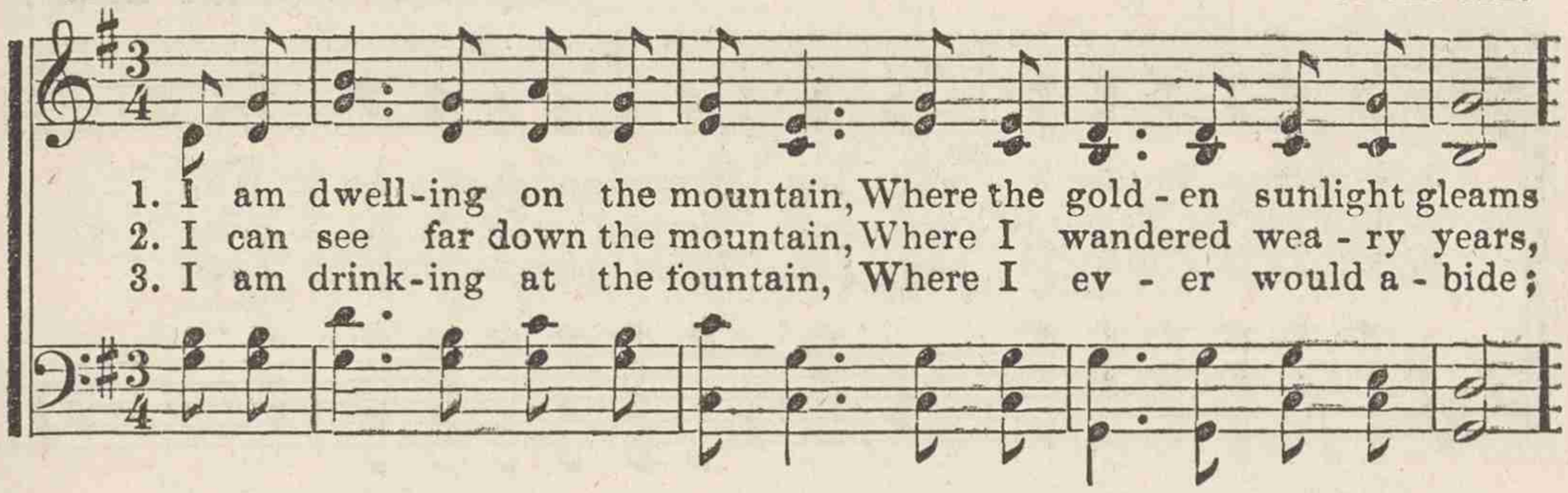
I'm re - deem'd,..... I'm re - deem'd,..... Through the
I'm re-deem'd, I'm re-deem'd,

blood of the Lamb that was slain;..... I'm re - deem'd.....
of the Lamb that was slain. I'm redeem'd,

I'm re - deem'd,.... Hal - le - lu - jah un - to his name.
I'm re-deem'd,

71 Is not this the Land of Beulah?

ANON. ARRANGED.





D. S. Chorus.



4 Tell me not of heavy crosses,
Nor the burdens hard to bear,
For I've found this great salvation
Makes each burden light appear;
And I love to follow Jesus,
Gladly counting all but dross,
Worldly honors all forsaking
For the glory of the Cross.

5 Oh, the Cross has wondrous glory!
Oft I've proved this to be true;
When I'm in the way so narrow,
I can see a pathway through;
And how sweetly Jesus whispers:
Take the Cross, thou need'st not fear.
For I've tried the way before thee,
And the glory lingers near.

72 Jesus is Passing this Way.

Words by E. A. H. Music by J. H. TENNEY. By per.

1. Is there a sin-ner a - wait - ing Mer-cy and pardon to - day?
2. Brother, the Master is wait - ing, Waiting to free-ly for - give;
3. Yes, he is coming to bless you, While in contrition you bow;

Welcome the news that we bring him: "Jesus is passing this way!"
Why not this moment ac - cept him, Trust in his grace and live?
Com-ing from sin to re - deem you, Read-y to save you now;

Coming in love and in mer - cy, Pardon and peace to be - stow,
He is so tender and pre - cious, He is so near you to - day;
Can you refuse the sal - va - tion Je-sus is of - fer-ing here?

Coming to save the poor sin - ner From his heart-anguish and woe.
Open your heart to re - ceive him, While he is passing this way.
Open your heart to ad - mit him, While he is coming so near.

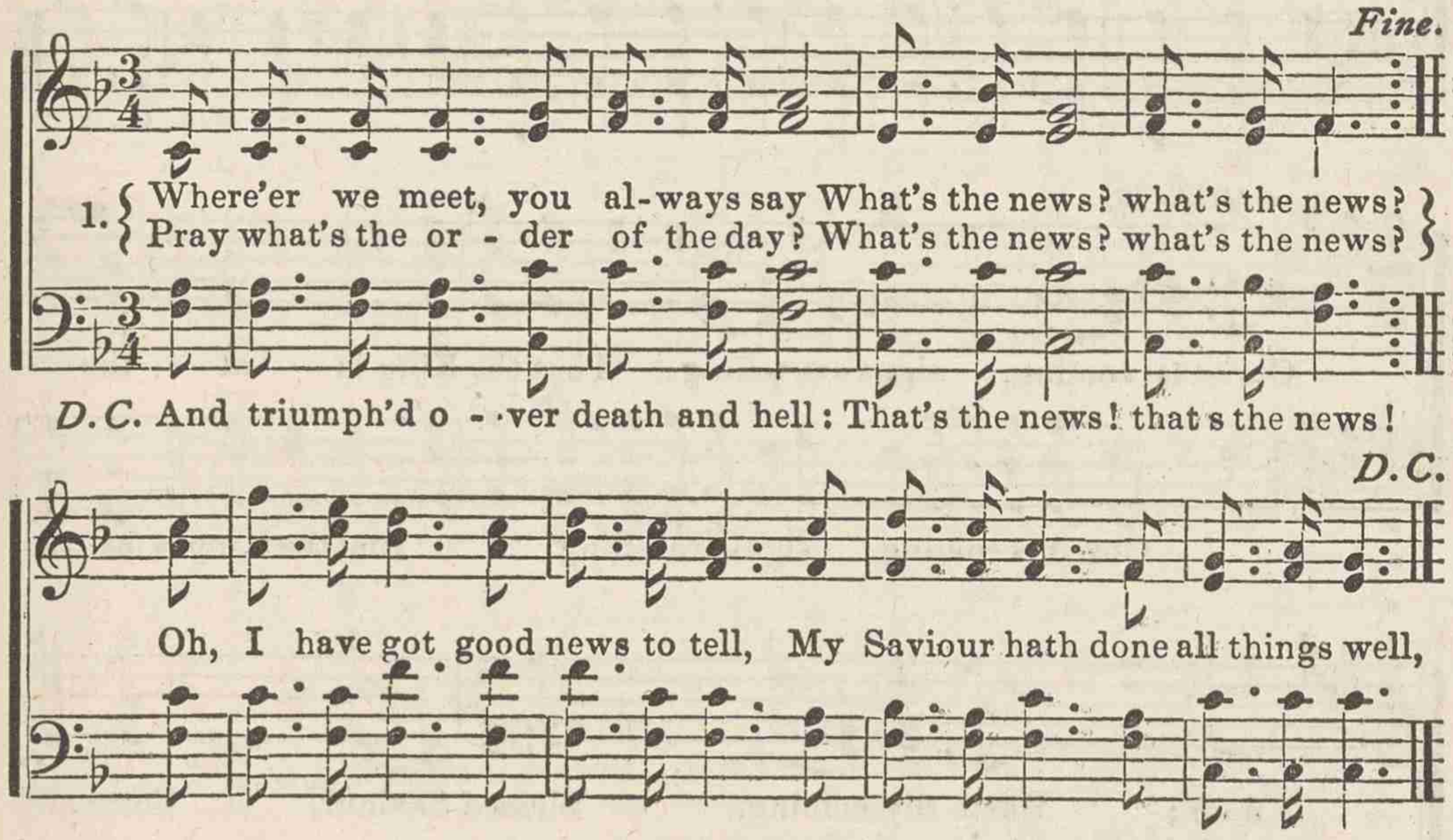
CHORUS.

Je-sus is passing this way, ... To - day, ... to - day, ...
Jesus is passing this way, To-day, is passing to-day!

Jesus is Passing this Way. Concluded.



73 What's the News?



2 His work's reviving all around;
That's the news! that's the news!
His saints are making songs resound;
That's the news! that's the news!
Poor sinners, doomed in sin and woe,
Are now rejoicing as they go,
And shouting glory here below:
That's the news! that's the news!

3 He took my sorrows all away;
That's the news! that's the news!
He turned my darkness into day;
That's the news! that's the news!
Yes, Jesus saves me now, I know,
His blood has wash'd me white as snow,
And now I'm glad his love to show:
That's the news! that's the news!

4 And Christ, the Lord, can save you now;
That's the news! that's the news!
Your sinful heart he can renew;
That's the news! that's the news!
This moment, if for sins you grieve,
This moment, if you now believe,
A full acquittal you'll receive:
That's the news! that's the news!

5 And now if any one should say—
What's the news? what's the news?
Oh, tell them you've begun to pray;
That's the news! that's the news!
That you have join'd the conqu'ring band,
And now, with joy, at God's command,
You're marching to the better land:
That's the news! that's the news

74 Christ is Coming.

THOS. E. WILSON. (Matthew 16: 27.) E. C. AVIS.



3 Christ is coming, sleeping millions,
From the dusty beds shall rise,
To immortal life and glory,
In the joys of paradise.

4 Christ is coming, we shall see him,
Our Redeemer, Priest and King,
And be made forever like him,
His eternal praise to sing.

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75 Bethesda is Open for Thee.

"Wilt thou be made whole?" John 5: 6.

Rev. F. Denison. W. Warren Bentley. By per.

1. Be-thes-da is o-pen, the an-gel has come, The Spir-it is call-ing for thee;
2. Come, press to the wa-ters while mer-cy is here, Ac-cept of a cleans-ing com-plete;
3. The house of Be-thes-da for sin-ners was built, The pool is a fountain of love:
4. Then come to the Foun-tain, ye need-y and lost, Come now while the Sav-iour is nigh;

The wa-ters are troubled, be-hold there is room, Sal-va-tion thro' Je-sus is free.
O, hear the en-trea-ty dismiss-ing your fear, Lo! judg-ment and mer-cy now meet.
The wa-ters are troubled for can-cel-ling guilt, And still for our heal-ing now move.
This grace has been purchased at in-fi-nite cost, And they that re-ject it must die.

Chorus.

Sal-va-tion is free, sal-va-tion is free, sal-va-tion is free, sal-va-tion thro' Je-sus is free;
The wa-ters are troubled, behold there is room, Bethesda is o-pen for thee.

76 I've Washed my Robes.

E. O. E. E. O. Excell.

1. My robes were once all stain'd with sin, I knew not how to make them clean,
2. That promise, "whoso - ev - er will," In - clu-ded me—includes me still;
3. I do not doubt, nor do I say, I hope the stains are wash'd away,
4. O, who will come and wash to-day, Till all their stains are wash'd away?

Un - til a voice said, sweet and low, "Go wash, I'll make them white as snow."
I came, and ev - er since I know, His blood it cleanseth white as snow.
For in his word I read it so; His blood it cleanseth white as snow.
Un - til by faith they see and know Their robes are wash'd as white as snow.

CHORUS.

I've wash'd my robes..... in Je - sus' blood,..... And he has
I've wash'd my robes in Je-sus' blood,
made..... them white as snow.....I've wash'd my robes.... in Jesus'
And he has made them white as snow. I've wash'd my robes
blood.,..... And he has made..... them white as snow.
in Je-sus' blood, And he has made them white as snow.

white as snow.

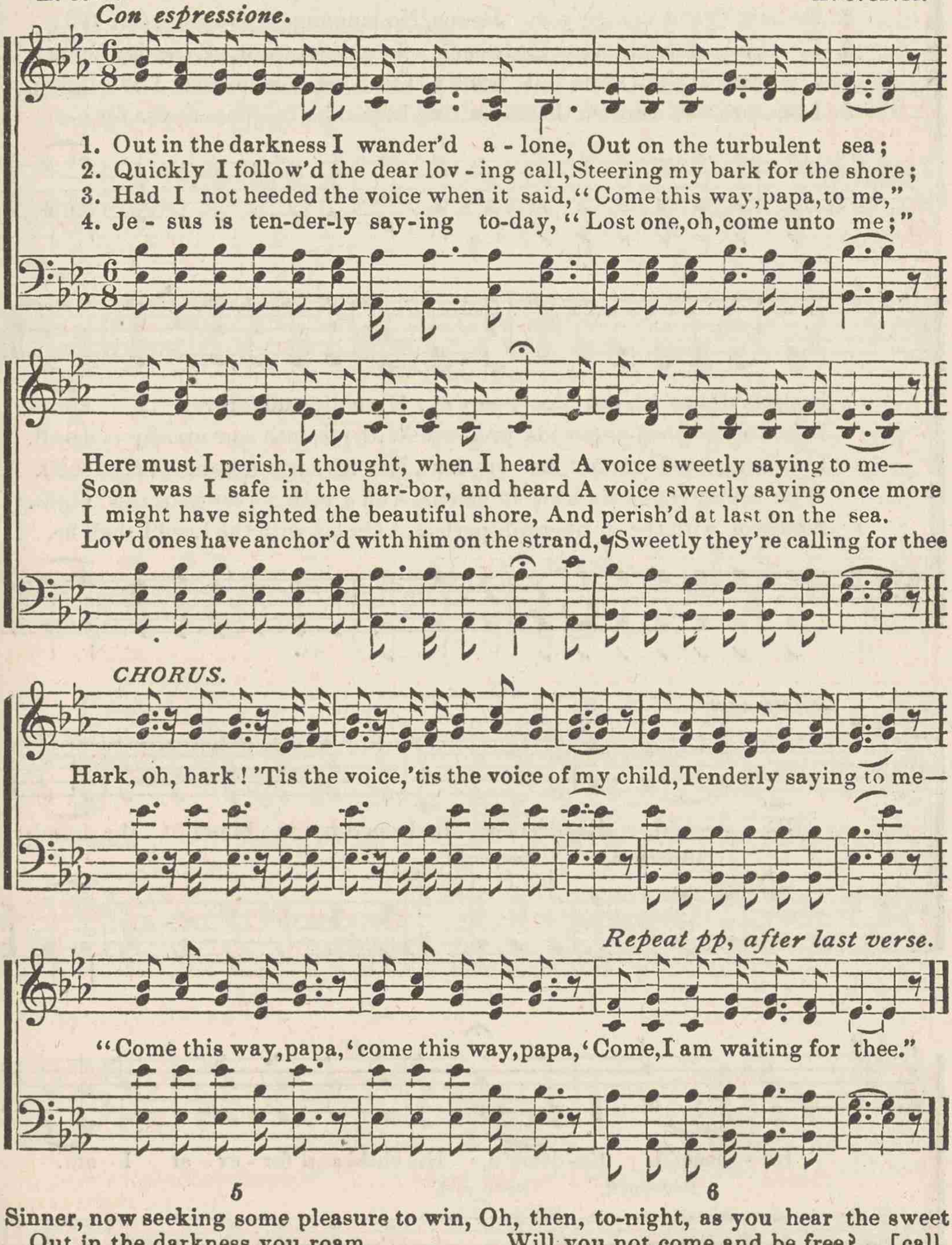
From "Gospel in Song," by permission of E. O Excell.

77 "Come this Way, Papa."

A little child, fearing that her papa might lose his way to the shore through the mist that had come upon the water, said:—"Mamma, I had better run down to the shore, and call papa." The father heard the voice, and following in the direction from whence it came was soon safe on the shore. Oh! sinner, Christ is calling you out of the mists and darkness of sin. May you hear his voice, and come out into the light, and be saved.

E. C. A. E. C. Avis.

Con espressione.



5

Sinner, now seeking some pleasure to win,
Out in the darkness you roam,
Jesus has taken the lambs to himself,
Now they are calling thee home.

6

Oh, then, to-night, as you hear the sweet
Will you not come and be free? [call,
Jesus, the Saviour, will anchor thy bark,
Where lov'd ones are waiting for thee.

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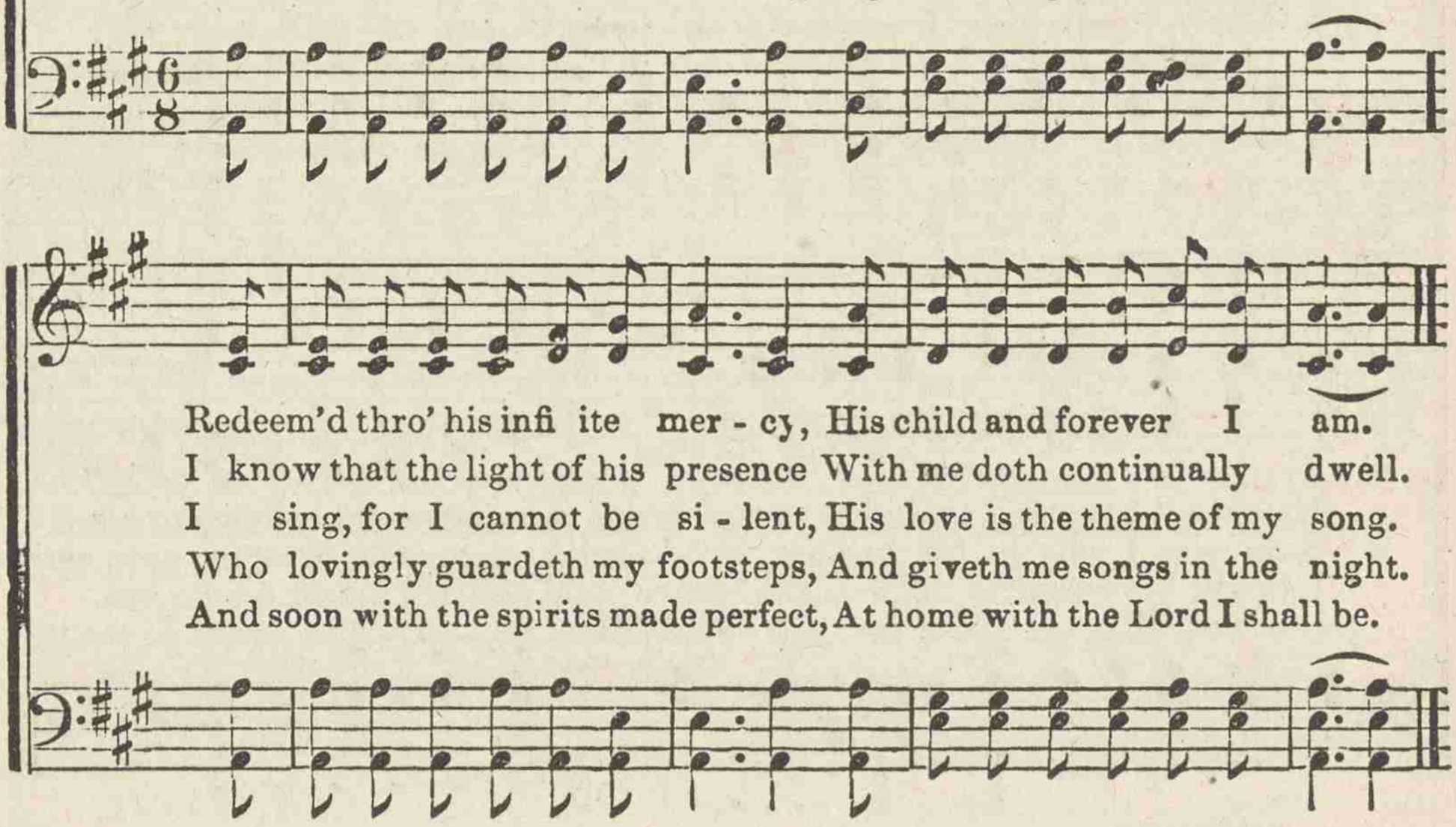
78

Redeemed.

Words by FANNY J. CROSBY. Music by W. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.

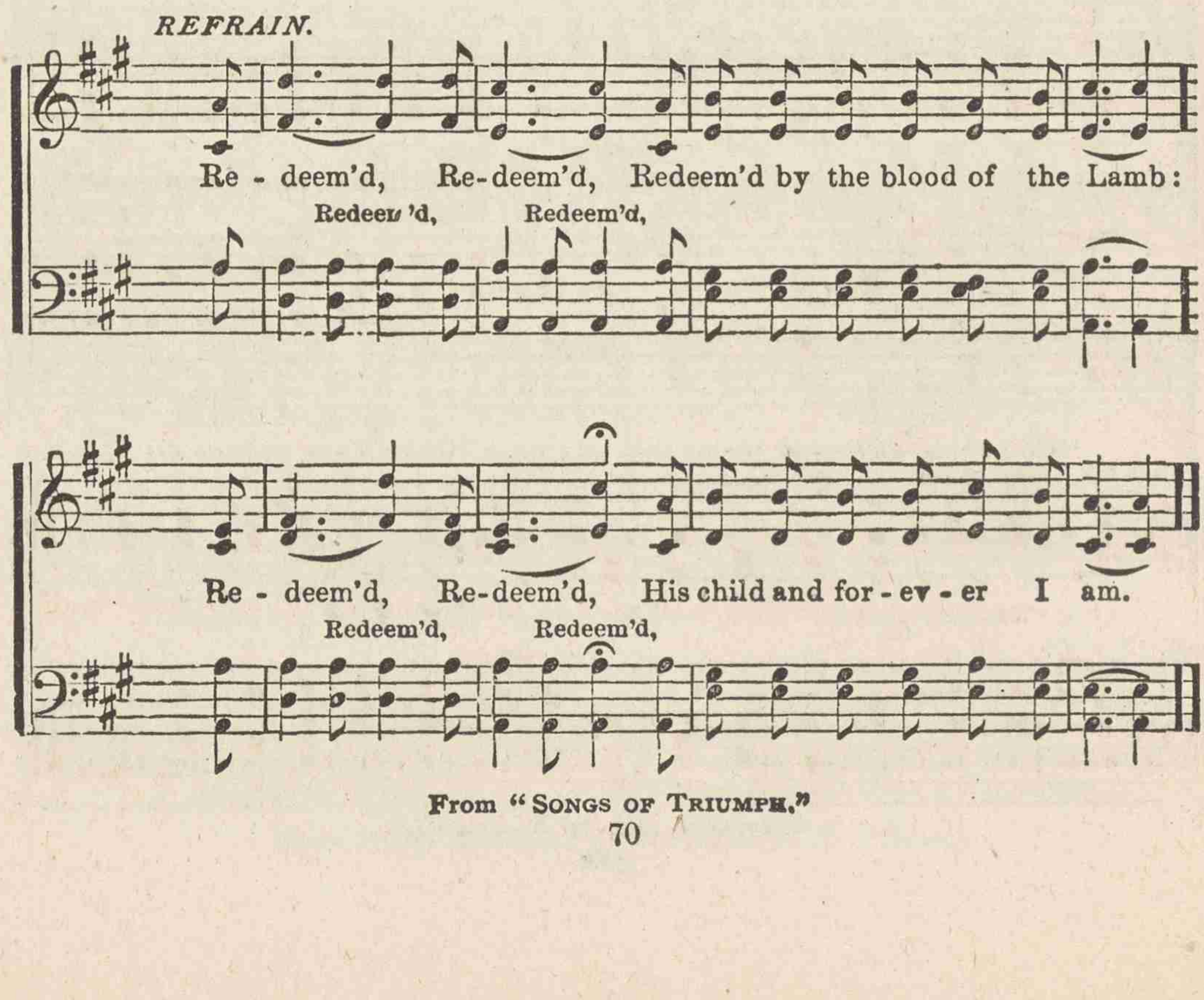


1. Redeem'd, how I love to proclaim it, Redeem'd by the blood of the Lamb;
2. Redeem'd, and so happy in Je-sus, No language my rapture can tell;
3. I think of my blessed Redeemer, I think of him all the day long;
4. I know I shall see in his beauty, The King in whose law I de - light;
5. I know there's a crown that is waiting In yonder bright mansion for me;



Redeem'd thro' his infi ite mer - cy, His child and forever I am.
I know that the light of his presence With me doth continually dwell.
I sing, for I cannot be si - lent, His love is the theme of my song.
Who lovingly guardeth my footsteps, And giveth me songs in the night.
And soon with the spirits made perfect, At home with the Lord I shall be.

REFRAIN.



Re - deem'd, Re-deem'd, Redeem'd by the blood of the Lamb:
Redeem'd, Redeem'd,

Re - deem'd, Re-deem'd, His child and for - ev - er I am.
Redeem'd, Redeem'd,

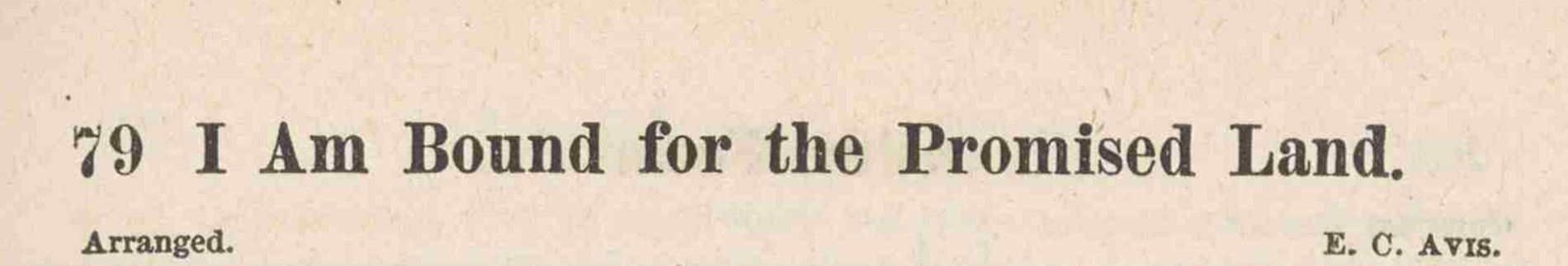
From "SONGS OF TRIUMPH."

79 I Am Bound for the Promised Land.

Arranged. E. C. Avis.



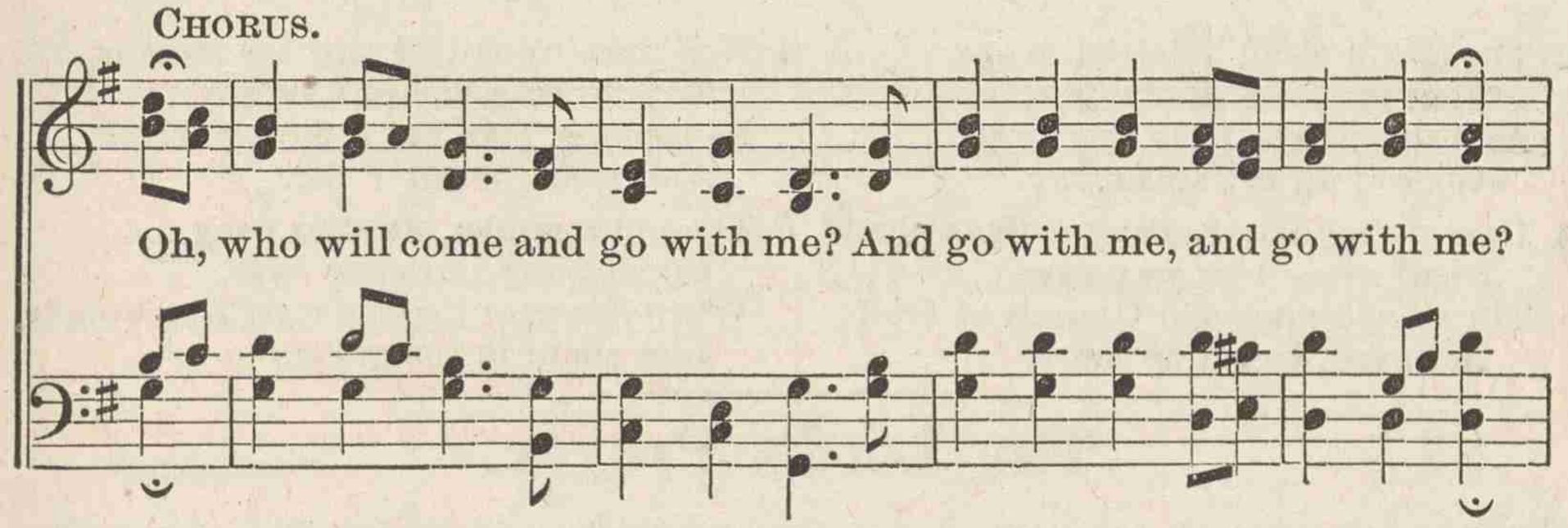
1. There is a land of pure delight, I am bound for the promised land,
2. There ev-er - last-ing springs abide, I am bound for the promised land,
3. Oh, the transporting rapt'rous scene, I am bound for the promised land,
4. Filled with de-light, my raptured soul Is bound for the promised land,



E - ter - nal day excludes the night, I am bound for the promised land.
Death like a nar-row sea di-vides, I am bound for the promised land.
Sweet fields arrayed in liv-ing green, I am bound for the promised land.
Tho' Jordan's waves a-round me roll, I am bound for the promised land.



Chorus.



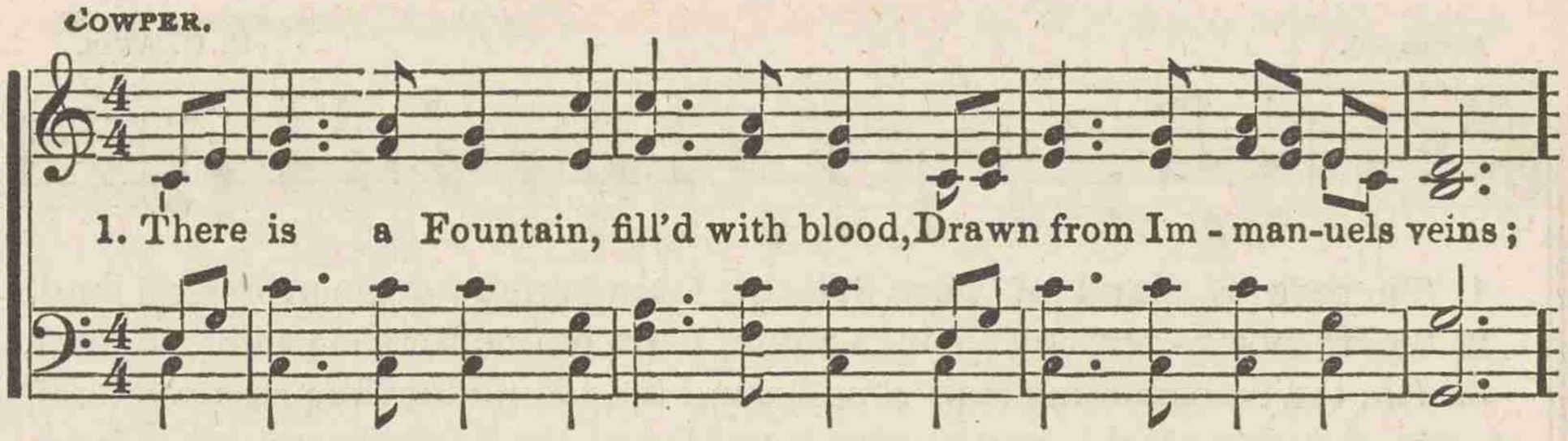
Oh, who will come and go with me? And go with me, and go with me?

Oh, who will come and go with me? I am bound for the promised land.

Copyright, 1888, by E. C. Avis.

80 Cleansing Fountain.

COWPER.



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

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

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

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

81 The Lord's Prayer.

GREGORIAN.



1 Our Father who art in heaven, ¦ Hallowed | be thy | name. ‖
Thy kingdom come: Thy will be done in | earth, ·· as it | is in | heaven,

2 Give us this | day our — | daily | bread: ‖
And forgive us our debts, as | we for- | give our | debtors.

3 Lead us not into temptation, but de- | liver | us from | evil; ‖
For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for | ever. | *A-* — | *men.*

82

I will Follow Thee.

Words and Music by JAS. L. ELGINBURG, C. W.



5 Tho' thou leadest me thro' affliction,
Poor, forsaken though I be,
Thou wast destitute, afflicted,
And I only follow thee.

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

83 What Are You Doing for Jesus?

P. H. ROBLIN. P. BILHORN.



1. Oh, what are you do-ing for Je - sus? He left the bright glo-ries a - bove,
2. Oh, what are you do-ing for Je - sus? Your Sav-iour, Re-deem-er and Friend?
3. Oh, what are you do-ing for Je - sus? All ri-pen'd the har-vest now stands;
4. Oh, what are you do-ing for Je - sus? While you wait, souls are passing a - way;





And laid down His life as a ran - som, Thy soul to re-deem thro' His love.
Are you out in the highway and hedg - es, Going forth where the Mas-ter doth send?
The Lord of the vineyard wants reapers, Are you heeding His ur - gent commands?
When the Master shall ask for His tal - ents, Oh, broth-er, what will you then say?



CHORUS.



Oh, what are you do - ing, my broth - er, As the days and the years roll by?





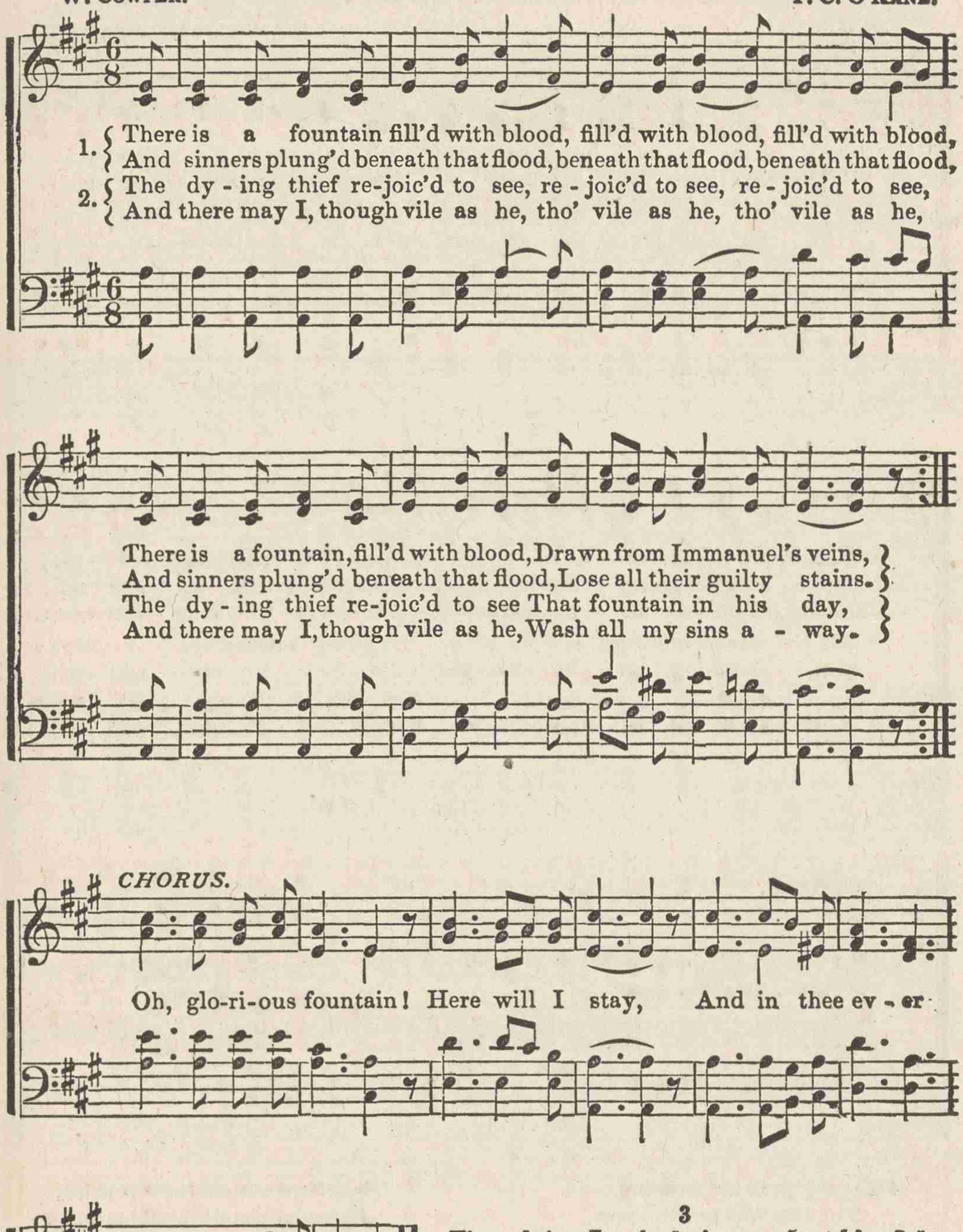
Are you liv - ing for Je - sus who saves you, Are you laying up treasures on high?



Copyright, 1888, by P. BILHORN.

84 Glorious Fountain.

W. COWPER. T: C. O'KANE.



3

Thou dying Lamb, ‖: thy precious blood :‖
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed ‖: Church of God :‖
Are saved, to sin no more.

4

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

From "REDEEMER'S PRAISE," by per.

85 Deliverance will Come.

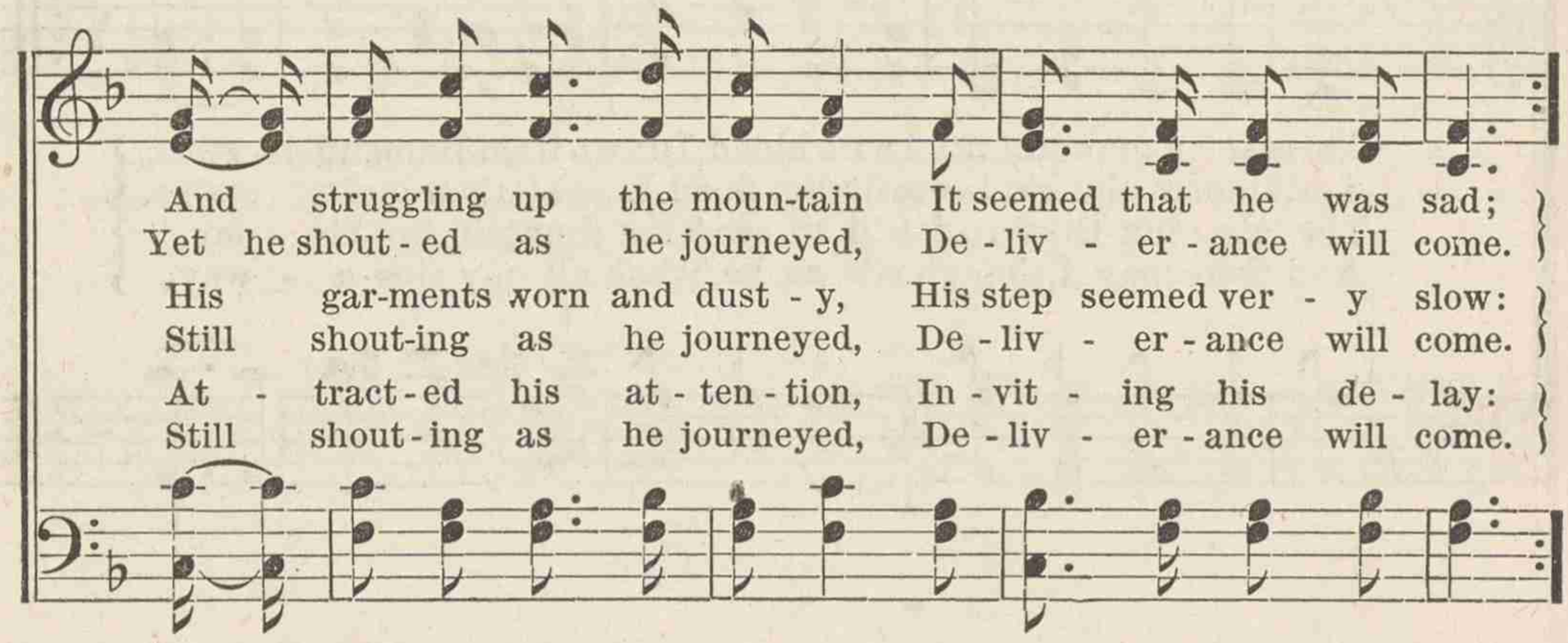
"We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said, I will give it you."—Num. 10: 29.

J. B. M. Rev. Jno. B. Matthias, 1836.



1. I saw a way-worn trav-'ler In tat-ter'd gar-ments clad,
   His back was la-den heav-y His strength was al-most gone,
   The sum-mer sun was shin-ing, The sweat was on his brow,
2. But he kept press-ing on-ward For he was wend-ing home;
3. The song-sters in the ar-bor That stood be-side the way
   His watch-word be-ing "On-ward!" He stopped his ears and ran,





And struggling up the moun-tain It seemed that he was sad;
Yet he shout-ed as he journeyed, De-liv-er-ance will come.
His gar-ments worn and dust-y, His step seemed ver-y slow:
Still shout-ing as he journeyed, De-liv-er-ance will come.
At-tract-ed his at-ten-tion, In-vit-ing his de-lay:
Still shout-ing as he journeyed, De-liv-er-ance will come.

Chorus.



Then palms of vic-to-ry, crowns of glo-ry, Palms of vic-to-ry I shall bear.

4 I saw him in the evening,
The sun was bending low,
He'd overtopped the mountain,
And reached the vale below:
He saw the golden city,—
His everlasting home,—
And shouted loud, Hosanna,
Deliverance will come!

5 While gazing on that city,
Just o'er the narrow flood,
A band of holy angels
Came from the throne of God:
They bore him on their pinions,
Safe o'er the dashing foam;
And joined him in his triumph,—
Deliverance has come!

6 I heard the song of triumph
They sang upon that shore,
Saying, Jesus has redeemed us
To suffer nevermore:
Then, casting his eyes backward
On the race which he had run,
He shouted loud, Hosanna,
Deliverance has come!

Calvary.

"The place which is called Calvary, there they crucified him."—Luke 23: 33.

Rev. W. M'K. DARWOOD. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. On Calv'ry's brow my Sav-iour died, 'Twas there my
2. 'Mid rending rocks and dark'ning skies, My Saviour
3. O, Je-sus, Lord, how can it be, That thou shouldst

Lord was cru-ci-fied; 'Twas on the cross he bled for
bows his head and dies; The opening veil reveals the
give thy life for me, To bear the cross and ag-o-

me, And purchased there my par-don free.
way To heaven's joys and endless day.
ny, In that dread hour on Cal-va-ry!—

mf REFRAIN. *p* *m* *p* *pp*

O Cal-va-ry! dark Cal-va-ry! Where Jesus shed his blood for me, for me.

mf *ff* *mf* *rit. p*

O Cal-va-ry! blest Cal-va-ry! 'Twas there my Saviour died for me.

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87 Christ Is All.

"Unto you therefore which believe he is precious."—1 Pet. ii: 7.

Effective as a Soprano Solo. Ad lib. W. A. WILLIAMS.

1. I en - tered once a home of care, For age and pen - u - ry were there,
2. I stood be-side a dy - ing bed, Where lay a child with ach - ing head,
3. I saw the mar - tyr at the stake, The flames could not his cour-age shake,
4. I saw the gos - pel her - ald go To Afric's sand and Greenland's snow,
5. I dreamed that hoary time had fled, And earth and sea gave up their dead,
6. Then come to Christ, oh! come to-day, The Fa - ther, Son, and Spir - it say;

Yet peace and joy with - al; I asked the lone - ly moth - er
Wait - ing for Je - sus' call; I marked his smile, 'twas sweet as
Nor death his soul ap - pall; I asked him whence his strength was
To save from Sa - tan's thrall; Nor home nor life he count - ed
A fire dis-solved this ball; I saw the church's ran - somed
The Bride re - peats the call; For He will cleanse your guil - ty

whence Her help-less wid - owhood's de-fence, She told me "Christ was all."
May, And as his spir - it passed a - way, He whispered, "Christ is all."
giv'n, He look'd triumph - ant - ly to heaven, And answered, "Christ is all."
dear, 'Midst wants and perils owned no fear, He felt that "Christ is all."
throng, I heard the bur - den of their song, 'Twas "Christ is all in all."
stains, His love will soothe your weary pains, For "Christ is all in all."

CHORUS.

Christ is all, all in all, She told me "Christ was all."
Christ is all, all in all, He whis-pered, "Christ is all."
Christ is all, all in all, And ans-wered, "Christ is all."
Christ is all, all in all, He felt that "Christ is all."
Christ is all, all in all, 'Twas "Christ is all in all."
Christ is all, all in all, For "Christ is all in all."

By permission of S. T. GORDON & SON.

88 Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!

"They rest not day nor night, saying, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come."—Rev. 4: 8.

REGINALD HEBER, D. D. Rev. JOHN B. DYKES.



89 The three-fold Shepherd.

Mrs. G. C. NEEDHAM. E. C. AVIS.



1. On the Cross be-hold him hanging, Thus the Shepherd good must die;
2. From the grave be-hold him ris - ing, Shepherd great, so low - ly laid;
3. See him com - ing back in glo - ry, Chief of shepherds, King of kings—
4. Shepherd good, thy Cross pre-vail-ing, Is the ground of Faith's be - lief;

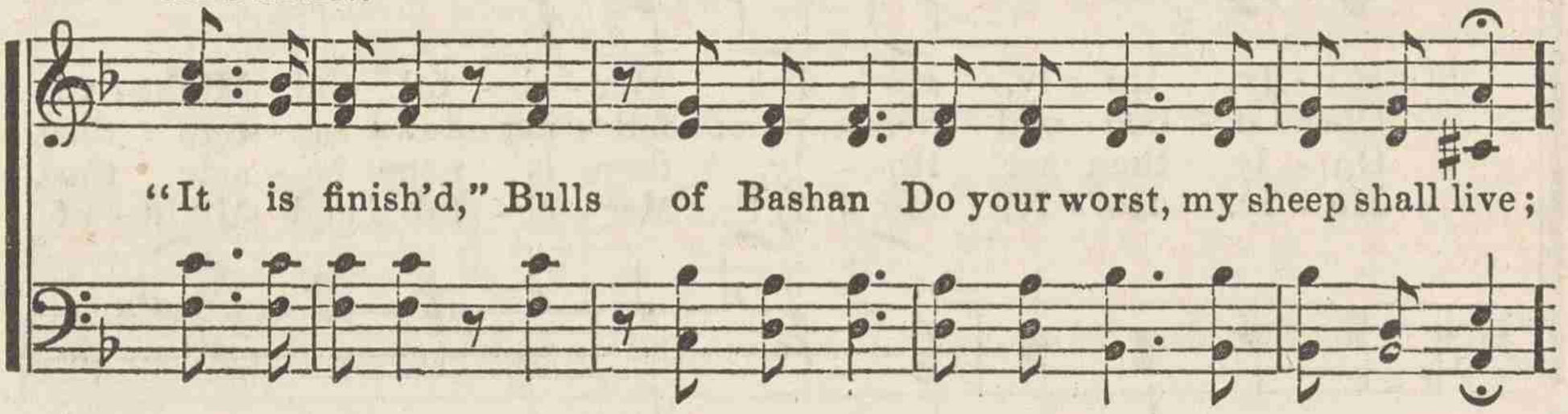




Though the bells of hell are clanging, Strong a - bove them hear his cry:—
Thus does God, with proof sur-pris-ing, Own the Sac - ri - fice he made.
Gar-ments dyed, and sword all go - ry—With the tro - phies that he brings.
And thy Priesthood keeps a - vail-ing, Till thy crowning, Shepherd King.



REFRAIN.



"It is finish'd," Bulls of Bashan Do your worst, my sheep shall live;



Grace performs the great sal - va - tion, No man takes the life I give.

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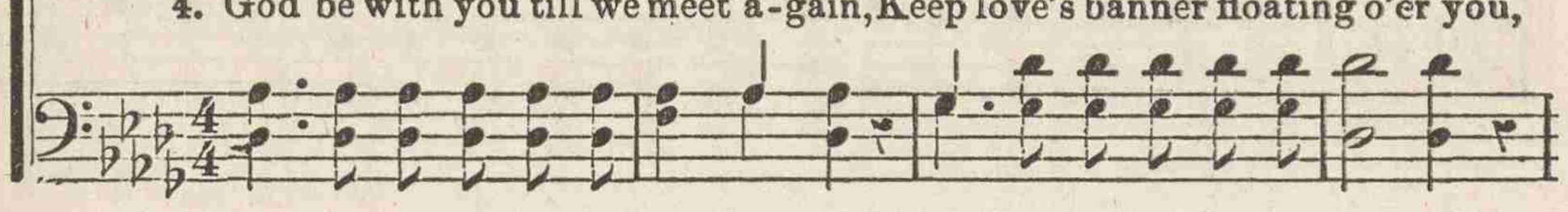
90 God be with you.*

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you."—Rom. 16: 20.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D. W. G. TOMER.



1. God be with you till we meet a-gain, By his counsels guide, uphold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a-gain, 'Neath his wings securely hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet a-gain, When life's perils thick confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet a-gain, Keep love's banner floating o'er you,





With his sheep securely fold you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Dai - ly manna still di - vide you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Put his arms unfailing round you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.

CHORUS.



Till we meet, ... till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet,
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet at Jesus' feet, till we meet



Till we meet, ... till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.

* *Copyright, J. E. RANKIN, D. D., Orange Valley, N. J.*

91 Hallelujah! One More Saved.

"Joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth." — Luke xv: 7.

GEO. COOPER. H. MILLARD.

1. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Sing, oh, sing a song of joy to - day!
2. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Joy! the an-gels in yon heaven sing!
3. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Lo! there's room for many sinners more!

See, a sin-ner, sad and wea-ry, Hum - bly kneels to Thee, no more to stray!
One is rescued, one is ransom'd By the sav - ing blood of Christ our King!
Grace un-bound-ed, mer - cy end-less, Je - sus of - fers to you o'er and o'er!

Lov - ing Sav-iour, Thou hast led him From the toils of sin in - to Thy fold!
Gone the darkness! come the glo - ry! Gain'd the promise of His Crown a-bove!
Will you seek Him? He will welcome, He will take you by the hand to-day!

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Oh, the peace, the love, the joy un - told!
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Oh, the rest with-in a Saviour's love!
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Send on more your lov - ing Lord a - way!

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92 The Angels are Looking on Me!

Rev. JOHN PARKER. Arranged for this Work.



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93 Lay hold on Christ to-night.

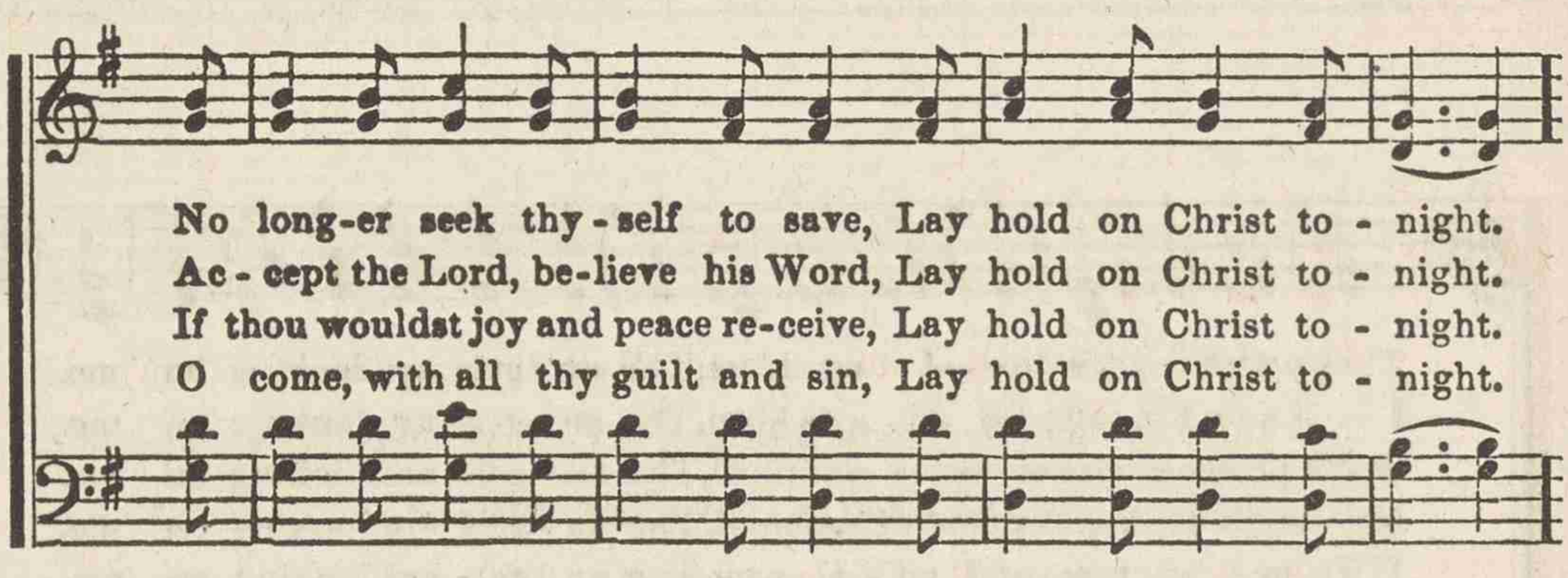
E. C. Avis. (Acts 4: 12.) E. C. Avis.

With Expression. FOR MALE VOICES.



1. O, sinner, would you know God's love, Then dare to trust him quite;
2. Just as thou art, O sin-ner, come, Nought else will e'er suf - fice;
3. If thou wouldst know his pow'r to save, Oh, trust his love and might;
4. By faith the promise now re-ceive, If thou wouldst see the light;

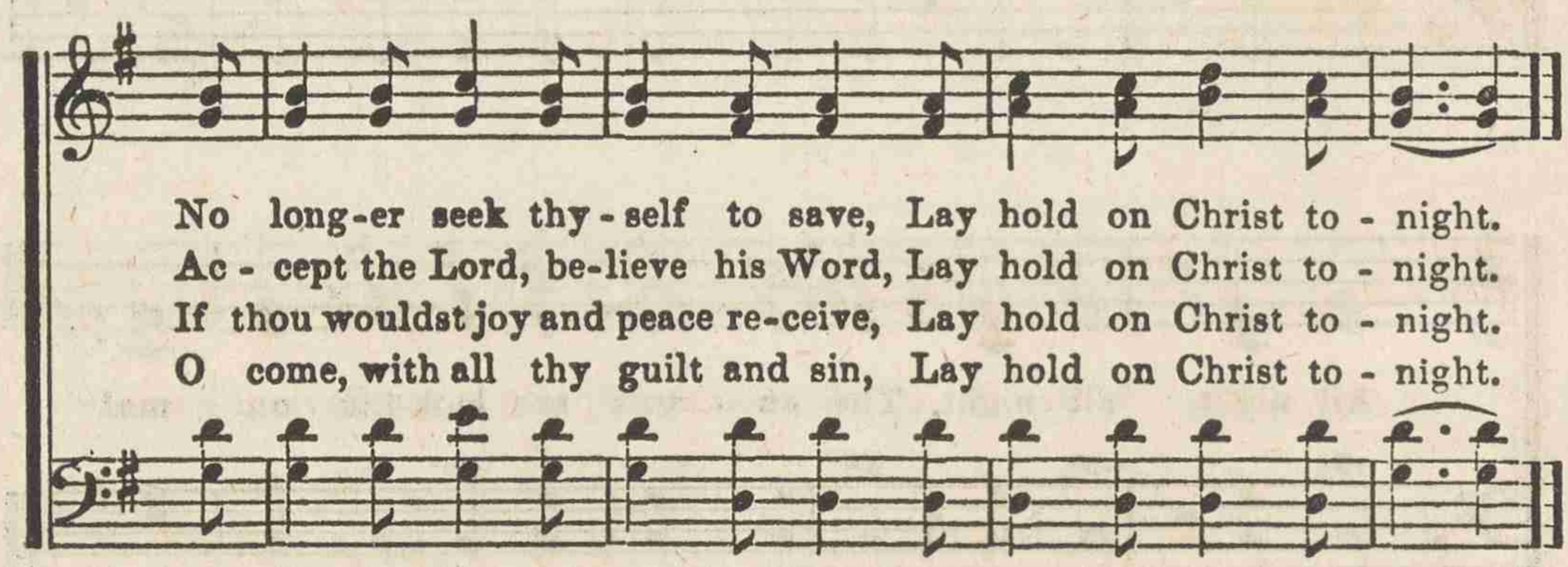




No long-er seek thy-self to save, Lay hold on Christ to - night.
Ac - cept the Lord, be-lieve his Word, Lay hold on Christ to - night.
If thou wouldst joy and peace re-ceive, Lay hold on Christ to - night.
O come, with all thy guilt and sin, Lay hold on Christ to - night.



Lay hold on Christ to - night, Lay hold on Christ to - night:
Lay hold on Christ to - night, Lay hold on Christ to - night:
Lay hold on Christ to - night, Lay hold on Christ to - night:
Lay hold on Christ to - night, Lay hold on Christ to - night:



No long-er seek thy - self to save, Lay hold on Christ to - night.
Ac - cept the Lord, be-lieve his Word, Lay hold on Christ to - night.
If thou wouldst joy and peace re-ceive, Lay hold on Christ to - night.
O come, with all thy guilt and sin, Lay hold on Christ to - night.

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94 I'm Kneeling at the Cross.

Words by Rev. J. PARKER. Music by S. J. VAIL.

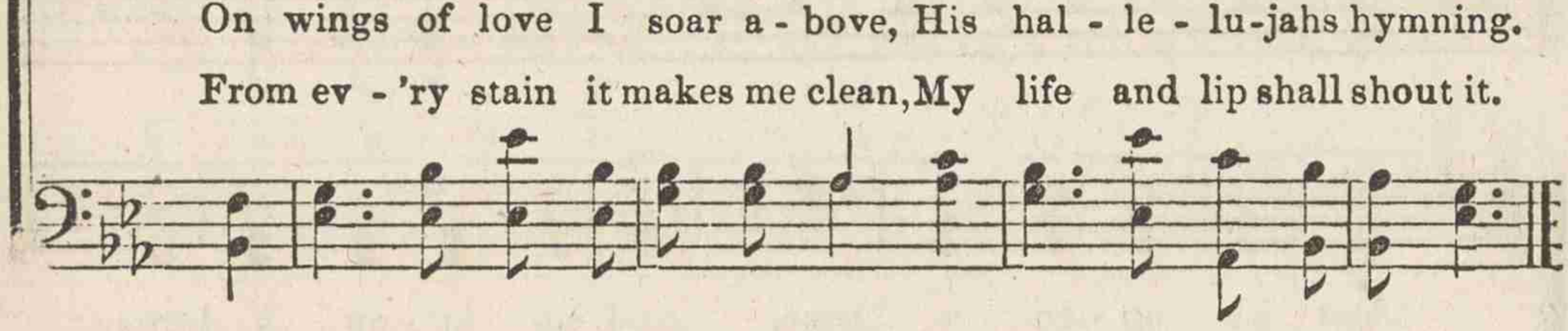


1. The blood, the blood is all my plea, Nor should a sin - ner won-der,
2. I rest, I rest supremely blest, With-out a care to can - ker;
3. My cup, my cup it run-neth o'er, With joy ce - les-tial brimming;
4. The blood, the blood is all my song, I have no bliss without it;

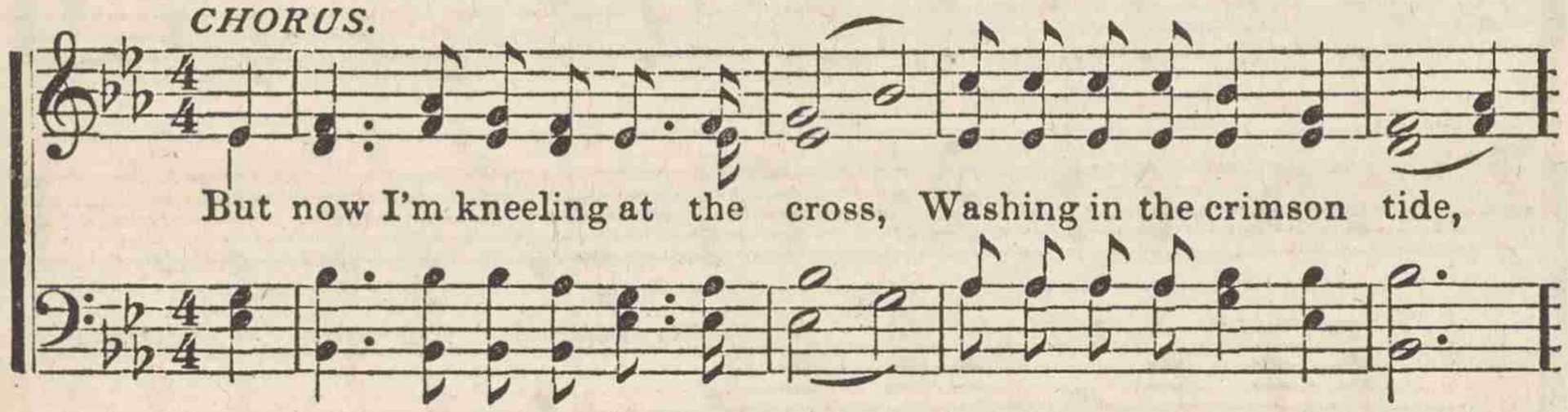




For guil - ty stain and stinging pain Hath tore my heart a - sun-der!
No gloom-y night, my path is bright, My hope holds like an an-chor.
On wings of love I soar a - bove, His hal - le - lu-jahs hymning.
From ev - 'ry stain it makes me clean, My life and lip shall shout it.



CHORUS.



But now I'm kneeling at the cross, Washing in the crimson tide,



And cleans'd, I tar - ry at the fountain Open'd at my Saviour's side.

95 The Pilgrim Company.

Arranged by Rev. W. McDonald.



4

But some of them seem poor, distress'd,
And lacking daily bread:
Ah! they're of boundless wealth possess'd,
With heavenly manna fed.

5

Why do they shun the pleasing path
That worldlings love so well?
Because it is the way to death:
The open road to hell.

6

But why keep they the narrow road,
That rugged thorny maze?
Why, that's the way their Leader trod;
They love and keep his ways.

7

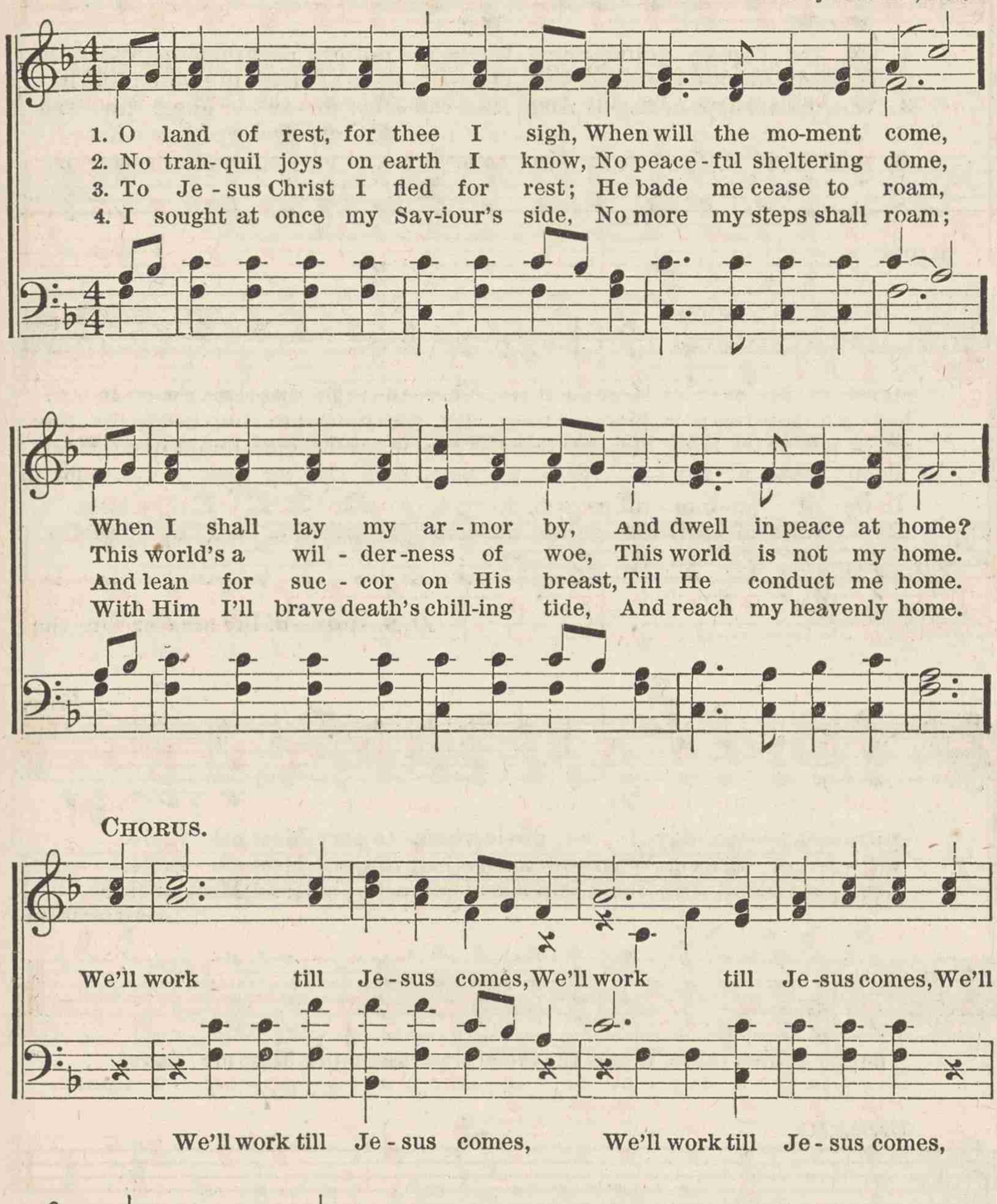
What, is there then no other road
To Salem's happy ground?
Christ is the only way to God:
None other can be found.

96 We'll Work Till Jesus Comes.

"Thy work shall be rewarded."—Jer. 31: 16.

Mrs. Elizabeth Mills

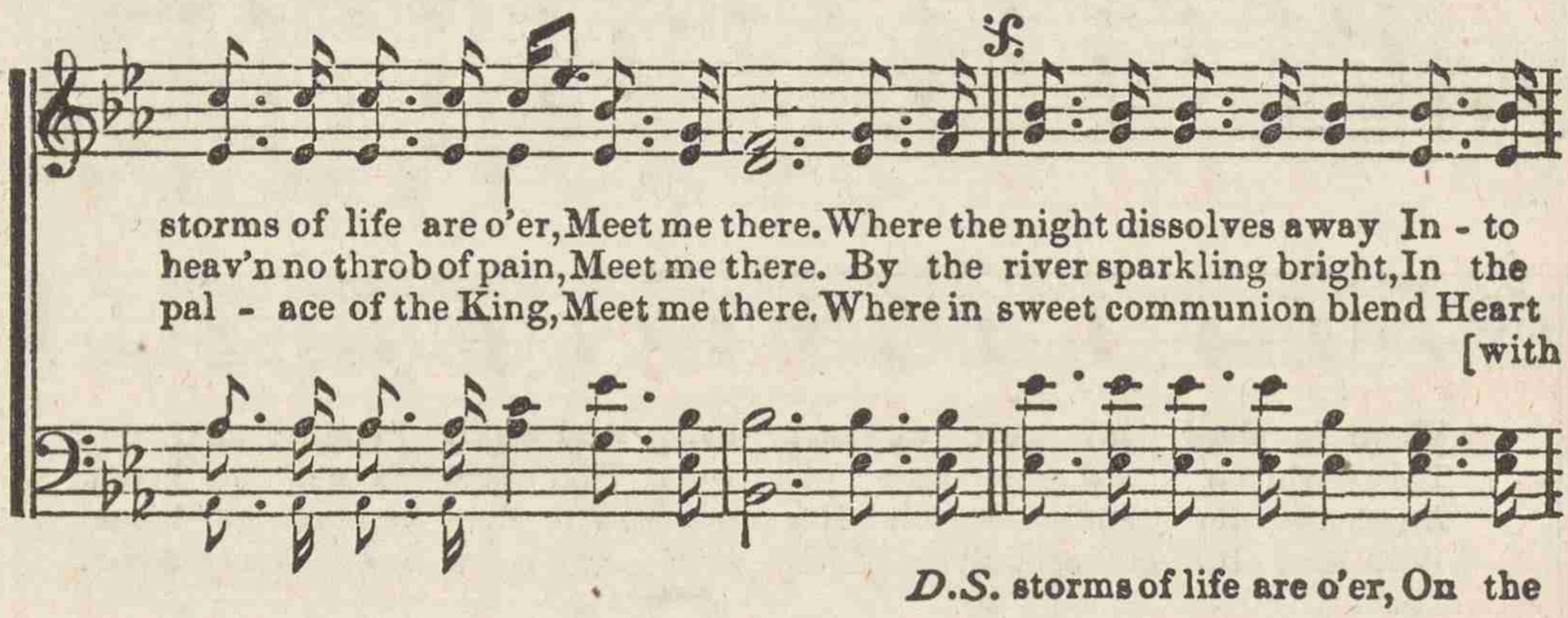
Dr. Wm. Miller.
Arr. by W. J. K., 1859.



97 Meet Me There.

Words by H. E. Blair. Music by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



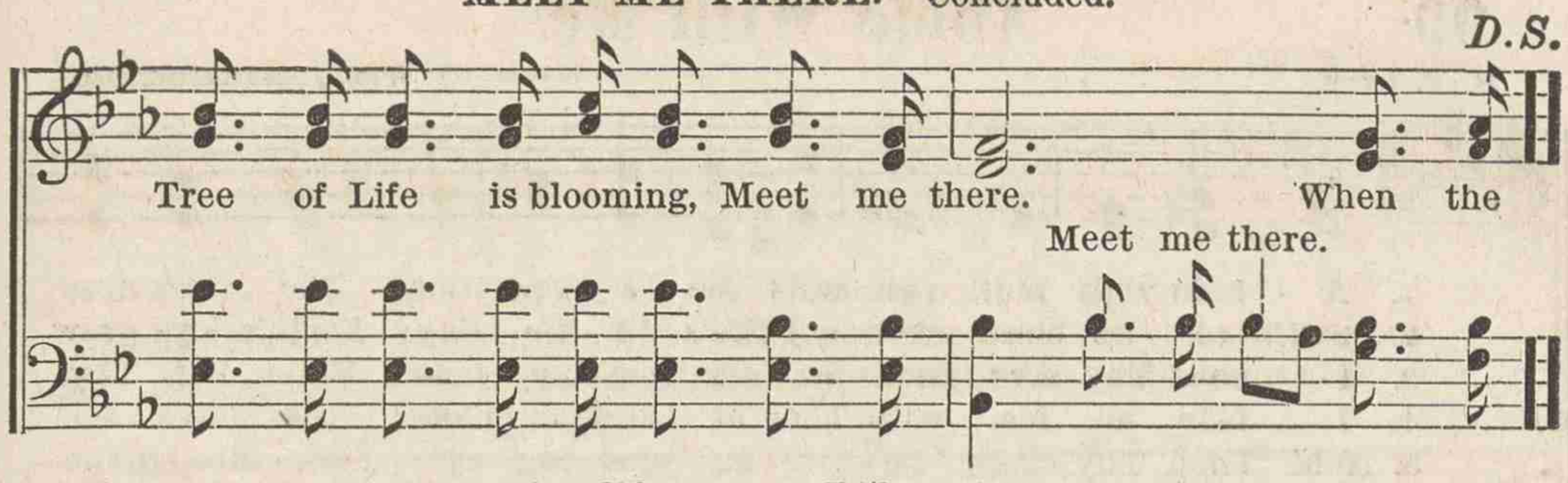






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MEET ME THERE. Concluded.



98 A Sinner like Me!

" Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners. '—1 Tim. 1: 15.

C. J. B. C. J. BUTLER.



4 I listened: and lo! 'twas the Saviour
That was speaking so kindly to me;
I cried, " I'm the chief of sinners,
Thou canst save a poor sinner like me!"

5 I then fully trusted in Jesus;
And oh, what a joy came to me!
My heart was filled with His praises,
For saving a sinner like me.

6 No longer in darkness I'm walking,
For the light is now shining on me;
And now unto others I'm telling
How He saved a poor sinner like me.

7 And when life's journey is over,
And I the dear Saviour shall see,
I'll praise Him for ever and ever,
For saving a sinner like me.

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99 Abide With Me.

H. F. LYTE. Tune, EVENTIDE. 10s.



100

Key C. Tune,—No. 21, G. H.

1 I gave my life for thee,
My precious blood I shed
That thou might'st ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead.
‖: I gave, I gave my life for thee, :‖
What hast thou given for Me?

2 My Father's house of light,
My glory-circled throne
I left, for earthly night,
For wand'rings sad and lone.
‖: I left, I left it all for thee, :‖
Hast thou left aught for Me?

3 I suffered much for thee,
More than thy tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue thee from hell;
‖: I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, :‖
What hast thou borne for Me?

4 And I have brought to thee,
Down from My home above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and My love;
‖: I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, :‖
What hast thou brought to Me?

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

101 Sweet Assurance.

"The Spirit himself beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God." Rom. 8: 16.

W. A. W.

W. A. Williams.
Arr. by E. C. Avis.



1. I am resting in Thee, Thou Re-deemer of men, I am trusting Thy power to save.
   I'm redeemed from my sins, I am saved by Thy grace, And I'll triumph o'er death and the grave.
2. Not content just to wish or to hope I am saved, I have sought my acceptance to know;
   I have found Him at last, whom my soul long hath craved, I am wash'd and made whiter than snow.
3. Oh! what peace when He whispered "Thy sins are forgiven, Come to me, heavy laden, and rest."
   And I'm hap-py to-day, for I'm certain of heaven, And I know I am per-fect-ly blest.
4. Now the Spirit Himself beareth wit-ness with mine, That I'm one of the children of God.
   If a child, then an heir, and a joint heir with Christ, Sealed by grace thro' His own precious blood.



Cho.



Sweet as - sur - - - ance, I have found Him, And I
Sweet as - surance, I have found Him, Sweet assurance, I have found Him,
know that He is mine and I am His; Sweet as - sur - - - - ance, I have
hallelujah! Sweet assurance, I have found Him, sweet as-
found Him, Oh! it fills me with transport-ing bliss.
surance, I have found Him, Oh! it fills me, thrills me with transporting bliss.

102 Tune, ST. THOMAS. p. 216.

1 I love Thy kingdom, Lord,—
The house of Thine abode,—
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With His own precious blood.

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

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

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

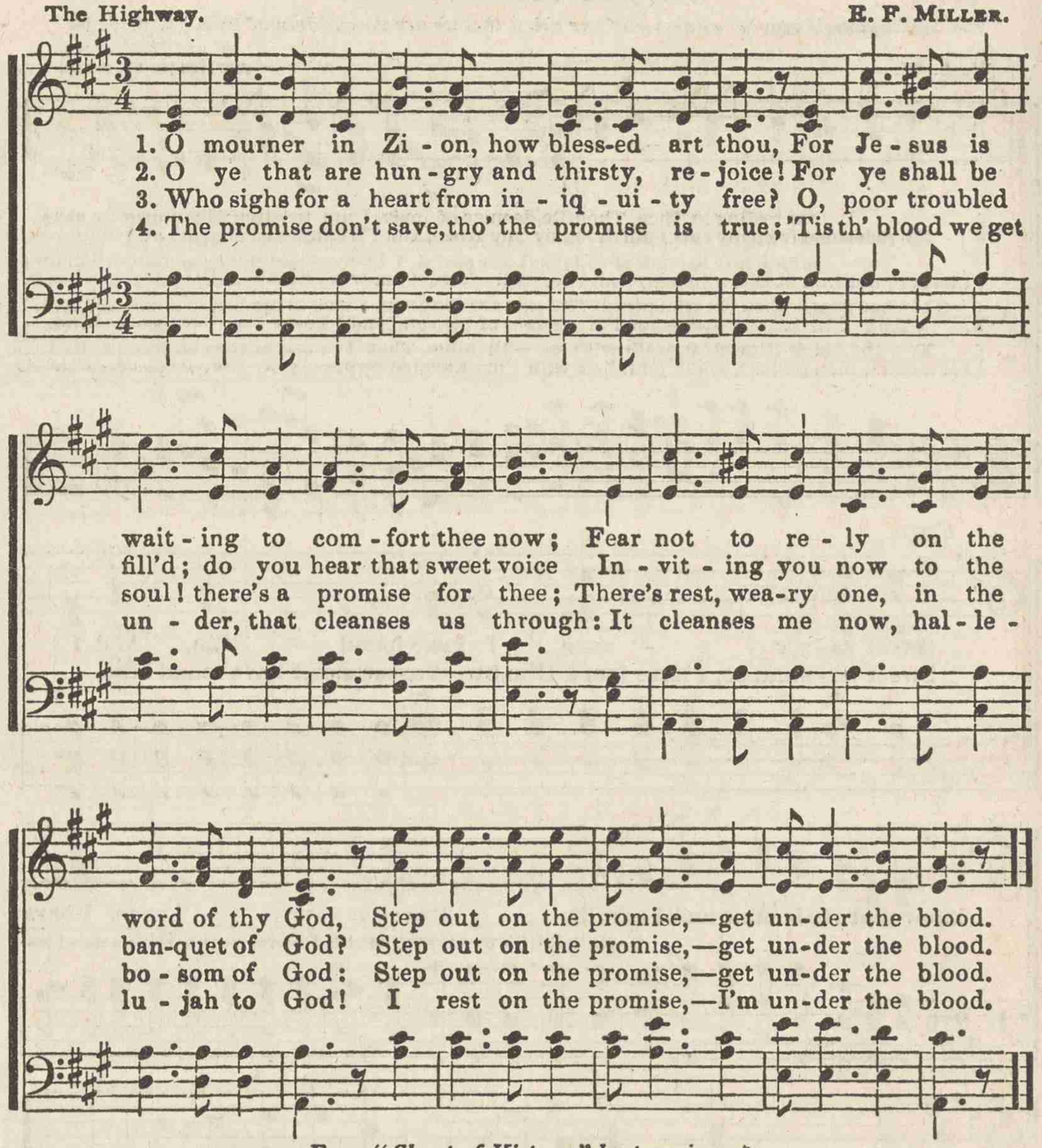
5 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

Rev. Dr. Dwight.

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103 Step out on the Promise.

The Highway. E. F. MILLER.



From "Shout of Victory," by permission.

Copyright, 1884, by E. F. MILLER.

104 BLEST BE THE TIE THAT BINDS.

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

2 Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

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

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

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

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

105 Hallelujah! Jesus Saved Me.

E. C. A. (Isa. 53: 3. Heb. 7: 25.) E. C. Avis.



1. I was once a sin - ner lost; Doom'd to take the bit - ter cost;
2. I be - held him on the tree, Bleeding, dy - ing there for me.
3. Death was once my on - ly claim, But the Sav - iour, Je - sus came,
4. Now the might-y work is done, Grace a - lone hath vic - t'ry won,
5. I am kept by pow'r di-vine, Trust-ing Je - sus all the time;





Love look'd on me from the cross: Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus sav'd me.
But his blood has made me free: Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus sav'd me.
Bear - ing all my guilt and shame: Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus sav'd me.
Thro' God's own be - lov - ed Son. Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus sav'd me.
All for him I do re-sign: Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus sav'd me.

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106 Come to Jesus.



1. Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now: Just



now come to Jesus, Come to Jesus just now.

2 He will save you just now, &c.
3 O believe him just now, &c.
4 He is able, &c.
5 He is willing.
6 He'll receive you.
7 He will hear you.
8 He'll forgive you.
9 He will cleanse you.
10 Jesus loves you.
11 Only trust him.

107 Tune, COME YE DISCONSOLATE. p. 139.

11s, 10s, 9s.

I make peace. Isa. xiv: 7.

1 God the All-terrible! King who ordainest
Thunders thy clarions and lightnings thy sword;
Show forth thy pity on high where thou reignest:
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

2 God the Omnipotent, mighty Avenger,
Watching invisible, judging unheard;
Doom us not now in the hour of our danger;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

3 God the All-merciful, earth hath forsaken
Thy ways of blessedness, slighted thy word;
Bid not thy wrath in its terrors awaken:
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

4 God the All-righteous one, man hath defied thee;
Yet to eternity standeth thy word;
Falsehood and wrong shall not tarry beside thee:
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

5 God the All-pitiful, is it not crying—
Blood of the guiltless, like water outpoured?
Look on the anguish, the sorrow, the sighing;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

108 In the Cross of Christ I glory.

JNO. BOWRING. (Gal. 4: 14.) E. C. AVIS.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Towering 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 beaming Light and love up - on my way,
4. Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure, 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 radiance streaming, Adds new lus - tre to the day.
Peace is there that knows no measure, Joys that through all time a - bide.

CHORUS.

In the cross..... of Christ I glo - ry, Towering
In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, In the cross of Christ I glory, Towering

o'er..... the wrecks of time; Nev - er shall.....
o'er the wrecks of time, Towering o'er the wrecks of time; Never shall the cross forsake

the cross for-sake me; Lo! it glows with peace di-vine.
me, Never shall the cross forsake me; Lo! it glows, lo! it glows with peace divine.

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109 Let Him In.

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON. E. O. EXCELL.







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110 At The Beautiful Gate.

Rev. J. H. MARTIN. R. M. McINTOSH.

1. I think I should mourn o'er my sor - row - ful fate, If sor - row in
   If no one should be at the beau - ti - ful gate, There wait-ing and

2. How sad - ly I'd feel in the heav - en - ly state, If sad-ness in
   If no one should be at the beau - ti - ful gate, Con-duct - ed to

3. O Lord, I be-seech Thee for wis - dom and grace, In win - ing lost
   That ma - ny may be in that beau - ti - ful place, A crown of re -

CHORUS.

heav - en can be,
watch-ing for me.
Yes, wait - - - - - ing and watch-ing for

heav - en can be,
glo - ry by me.

souls un - to Thee,
joic - ing to me.
Yes, wait - ing and watch-ing for me, for

me, Yes, wait - - - - - ing and watch-ing for me; May ma - ny of
me, Yes, wait-ing and watching for me, for me;

those at the beau - ti - ful gate Be wait-ing and watching for me.

By permission R. M. McINTOSH.

111 The Valley Of Blessing.

Mrs. Annie Wittenmeyer. Wm. G. Fischer.

1. I have entered the val - ley of bless-ing so sweet, And Je - sus a - bides with me there;
2. There is peace in the val - ley of bless-ing so sweet, And plen - ty the land doth im - part,
3. There is love in the val - ley of bless-ing so sweet, Such as none but the blood wash'd may feel,
4. There's a song in the val - ley of bless-ing so sweet, That angels would fain join the strain,

And His spir - it and blood make my cleansing complete,
And there's rest for the wea - ry-worn tra - vel-er's feet,
When heaven comes down redeemed spir - its to greet,
As with rap - tur-ous prais-es we bow at His feet,

Refrain.

And His per-fect love cast-eth out fear.
And there's joy for the sor-row-ing heart.
And Christ sets His cov - e-nant seal.
Cry-ing, "Worthy the Lamb that was slain."

Oh come to this val - ley of bless-ing so sweet, Where Je - sus will ful - ness be - stow -- And be - lieve, and receive, and con-fess Him, That all His sal - va-tion may know.

112 Rejoice and be Glad.

Words by Rev. HORATIUS BONAR, 1874. ENGLISH MELODY.



4 Rejoice and be glad!
Now the pardon is free!
The Just for the unjust
Hath died on the tree.—*Chorus.*

5 Rejoice and be glad!
For the Lamb, that was slain,
O'er death is triumphant,
And liveth again.— *Chorus.*

6 Rejoice and be glad!
For our King is on high;
He pleadeth for us on
His throne in the sky.—*Chorus.*

7 Rejoice and be glad!
For he cometh again;
He cometh in glory,
The Lamb that was slain.—*Chorus.*

113 REVIVE US AGAIN.

1 We praise thee, O God! for the Son of thy love,
For Jesus, who died, and is now gone above.

Chorus.— Hallelujah! Thine the glory, Hallelujah! Amen.
Hallelujah! Thine the glory; revive us again.

2 We praise thee, O God! for thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night.—*Chorus.*

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.—*Chorus.*

4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.—*Chorus.*

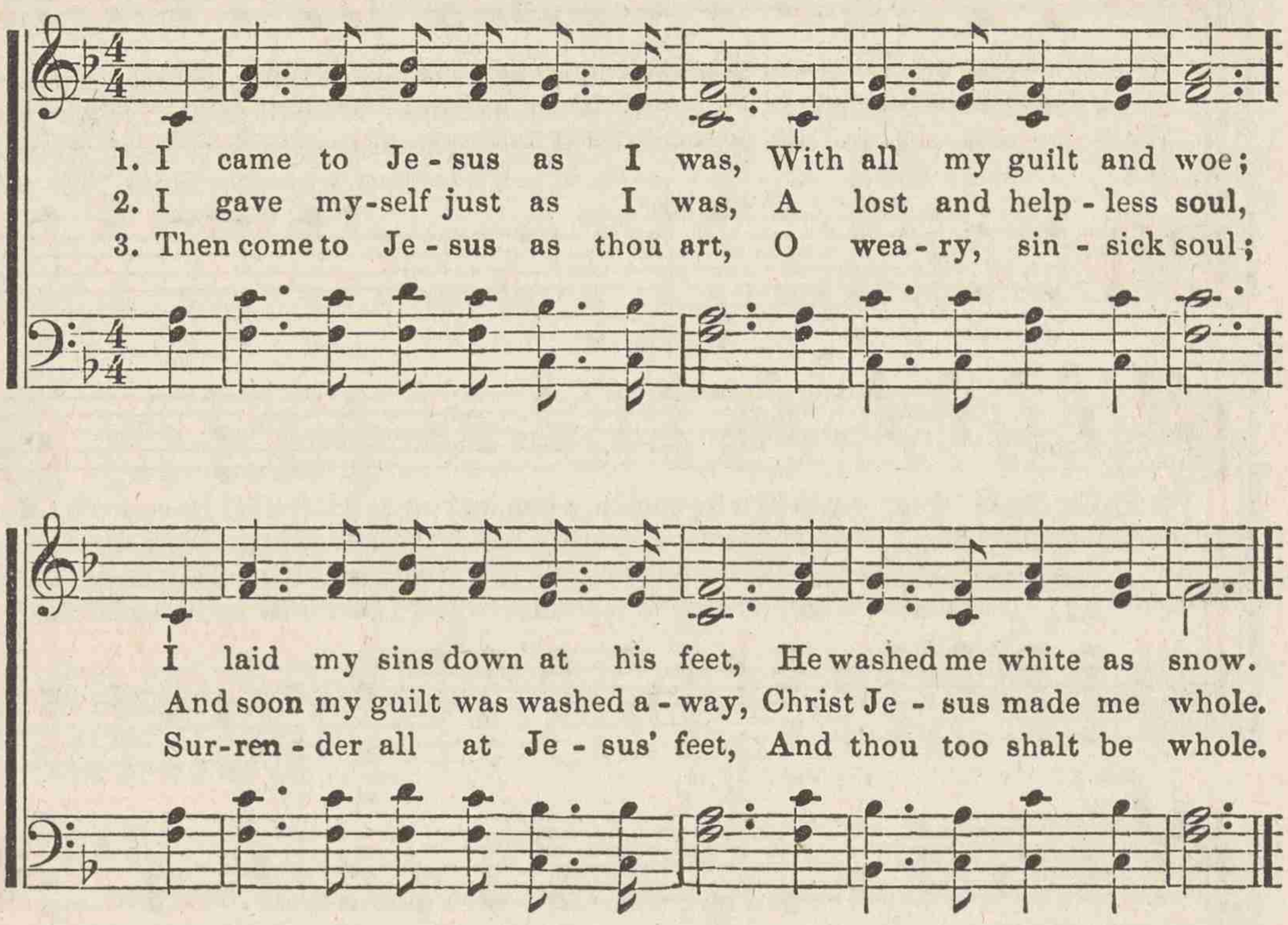
5 Revive us again, fill each heart with thy love,
May each soul be kindled with fire from above.—*Chorus.*

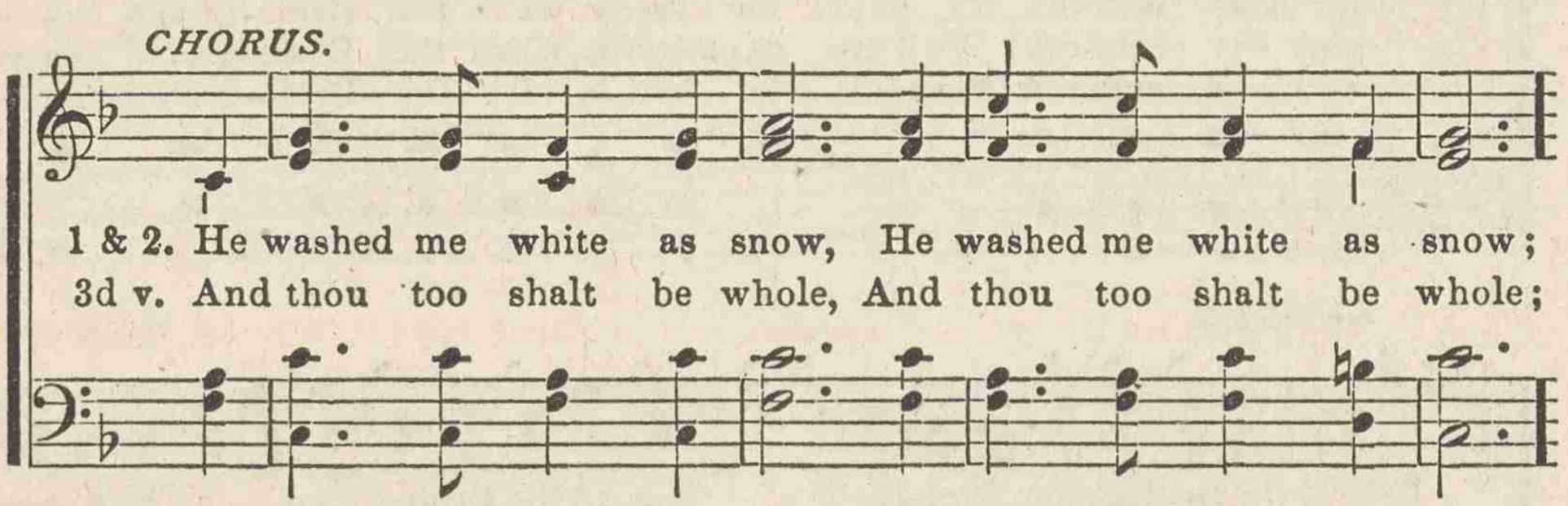
Rev. WM. PATON MACKEY, 1866.

114 He Washed me White as Snow.

"Come now and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."—Isa. 1 : 18.

E. C. A. E. C. Avis.





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115 Behold the Bridegroom!

Words and Music by R. E. HUDSON. By per.

1. Are you ready for the Bridegroom when he comes, when he comes? Are you ready for the Bridegroom When he comes, when he comes? Behold! he cometh! Be-
2. Have your lamps trimm'd and burning When he comes, when he comes; Have your lamps trimm'd and burning When he comes, when he comes: He quickly cometh, he
3. We will all go out to meet him When he comes, when he comes; We will all go out to meet him When he comes, when he comes; He surely cometh! he
4. We will chant al - le - lu-ias When he comes, when he comes; We will chant alleluias When he comes, when he comes; Lo! now he cometh! Lo!

hold! he com-eth! Be rob'd and ready, for the Bride-groom comes.
quick-ly com-eth, O, soul! be ready when the Bride-groom comes.
sure - ly com-eth! We'll go to meet him, when the Bride-groom comes.
now he com-eth! Sing al - le - lu - ia! for the Bride-groom comes.

CHORUS.

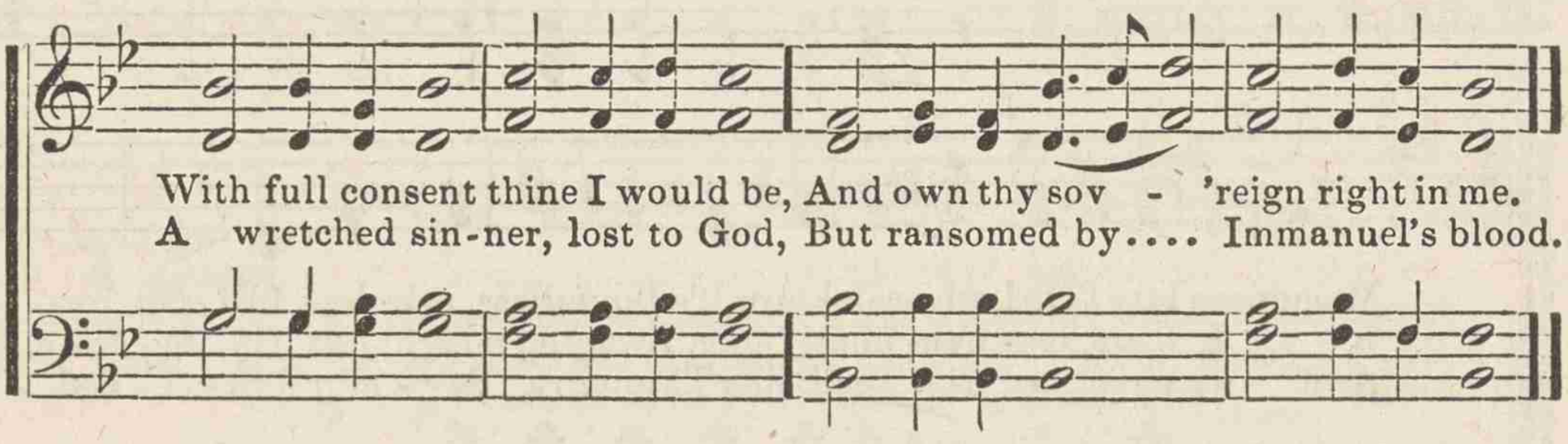
Behold the Bridegroom, for he comes, Behold the Bridegroom, for he comes!
for he comes! for he comes,
Behold! he cometh! behold! he cometh! Be rob'd and ready, for the Bridegroom comes!

From "GEMS OF GOSPEL SONG."

116 Sessions. L. M.

L. O. Emerson,





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

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

117

1 I thirst, thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in thy cleansing blood;
To dwell within thy wounds; then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
Forever closed to all but thee;
Seal thou my breast and let me wear
That pledge of love forever there.

3 How blest are they who still abide
Close sheltered in thy bleeding side!
Who thence their life and strength derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live.

4 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,
Our words are lost, nor will we know
Nor will we think of aught beside;
"My Lord, my Love is crucified."

118

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

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

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

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

119

1 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.

120 On the Cross the Saviour Hanging!

E. C. A. (Isa. 55: 3.) E. C. Avis.

1. On the cross the Saviour hanging, Bled and died for you and me;
2. O, the blood-stain'd cross of Je - sus, How it fills my soul with peace,
3. 'Tis in-deed a truth most precious, That for sin - ners Je - sus died,

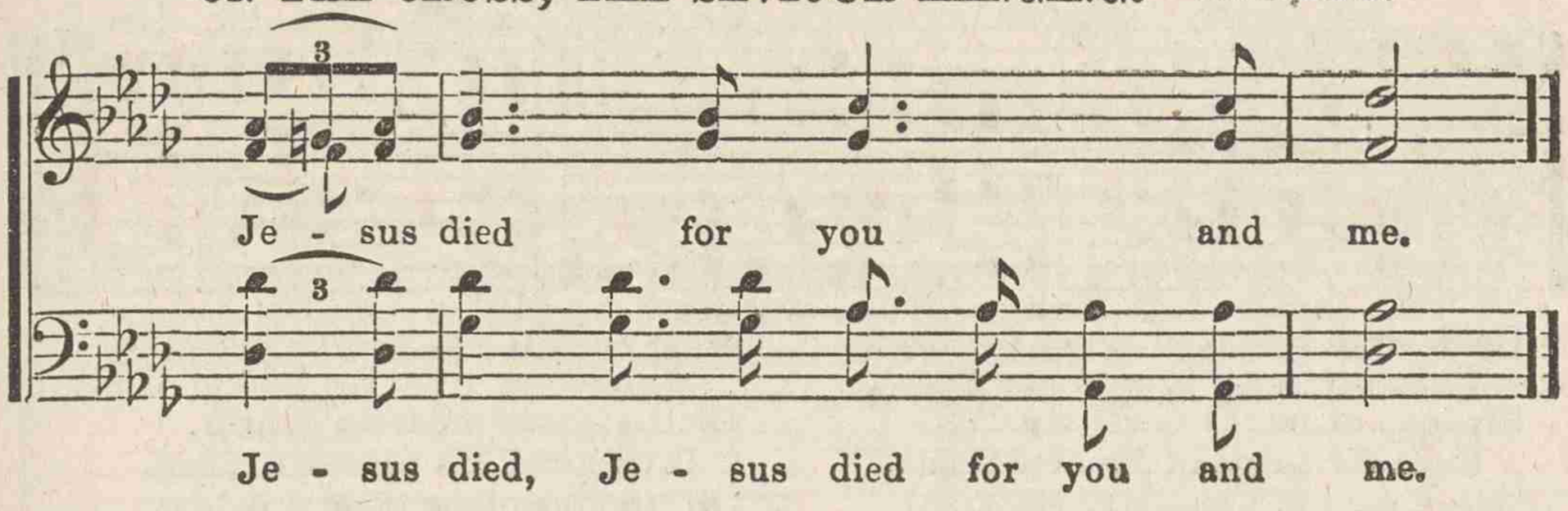
Wondrous love! Oh! who can know it's Boundless, priceless, full and free.
As I there be - hold him dy-ing, Bringing nought but my re - lease.
And we have a full remission Through a Sav - iour cru - ci - fied.

CHORUS

On the cross,..... be-hold him hang - - - ing,
On the cross, be-hold him hanging, On the cross, behold him hanging,
On the blood - - - - stain'd cross for me;.....
On the cross, the blood-stain'd cross, On the cross, the blood-stain'd cross.
Je - sus died..... to bring sal - va - - - - tion,
Je - sus died to bring sal - va - tion, Je - sus died to bring sal-va-tion,

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ON THE CROSS, THE SAVIOUR HANGING. Concluded.

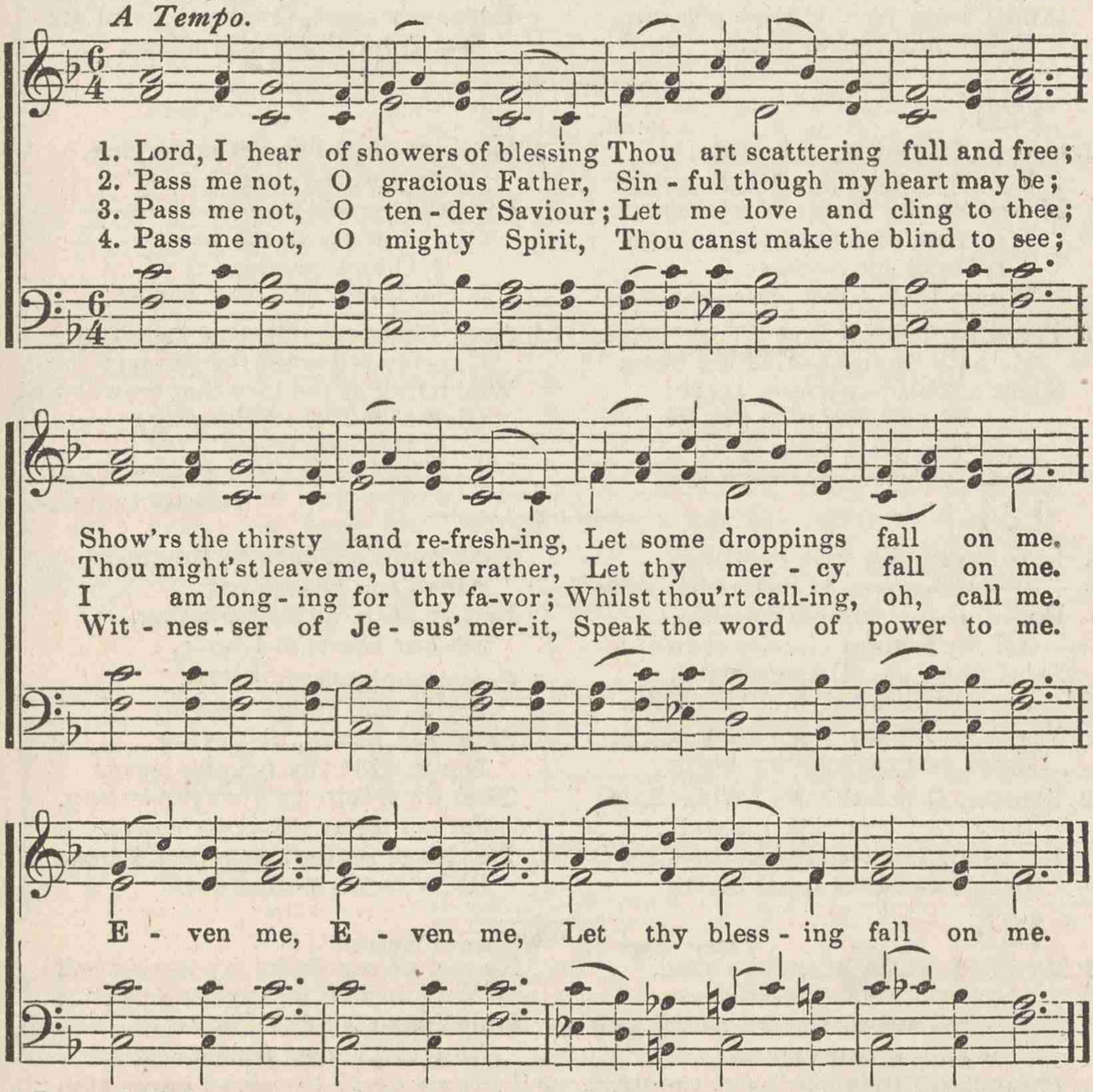


121 Even Me.

"Bless me, even me, O my Father."—Gen. 27: 38.

ELIZABETH CODNER. E. C. AVIS.

A Tempo.



5 Love of God, so pure and changeless,
Blood of Christ, so rich and free,
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
Magnify them all in me.—

6 Pass me not, thy lost one bringing,
Bind my heart, O Lord, to thee;
While the streams of life are springing,
Blessing others, O bless me.

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122 Nettleton.



1 Come thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Calls for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it—
Mount of thy redeeming love.

2 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.
Jesus sought me, when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

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

123

1 O thou God of my salvation,
My Redeemer from all sin;
Moved by thy divine compassion,
Who hast died my heart to win,
‖: I will praise thee; :‖
Where shall I thy praise begin?

2 Though unseen, I love the Saviour;
He hath brought salvation near;
Manifests his pardoning favor;
And when Jesus doth appear,
‖: Soul and body :‖
Shall his glorious image bear.

3 While the angel choirs are crying,
"Glory to the great I AM,"
I with them will still be vying—
Glory! glory to the Lamb!
‖: O how precious :‖
Is the sound of Jesus' name!

4 Angels now are hovering round us,
Unperceived amid the throng;
Wondering at the love that crowned us,
Glad to join the holy song:
‖: Hallelujah, :‖
Love and praise to Christ belong!

THOMAS OLIVERS.

124

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

2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find that second rest.
Take away our bent to sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never
Never more thy temples leave:
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

125

Tune,—Page 22, "Winnowed Hymns."

1 My life flows on in endless song,
Above earth's lamentation;
I catch the sweet, though far-off hymn,
That hails a new creation;
Through all the tumult and the strife,
I hear the music ringing,
It finds an echo in my soul—
How can I keep from singing.

2 What though my joys and comfort die?
The Lord, my Saviour, liveth;
What though the darkness gather round?
Songs in the night he giveth.
No storms can shake my inmost calm,
While to that refuge clinging;
Since Christ is Lord of heaven and earth,
How can I keep from singing?

3 I lift my eyes; the cloud grows thin;
I see the blue above it;
And day by day this pathway smooths,
Since first I learned to love it.
The peace of Christ makes fresh my heart,
A fountain ever springing;
All things are mine since I am his—
How can I keep from singing?

126 There is Life for a Look.

"Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all ye ends of the earth."—Isa. 14 : 22.

AMELIA M. HULL. E C. AVIS.

1. There is life for a look at the cru - ci - fied one, There is
2. Oh,.. why was he there as the Bear - er of Sin, If on
3. It.... is not thy tears of re - pentance and prayers, But the
4. Then.. doubt not thy wel-come, since God has declared There re -
5. Then.. take with re - joic - ing from Je - sus at once The..

life at this mo-ment for thee; Then look, sin-ner, look un - to
Je - sus thy guilt was not laid; Oh! why from his side flow'd the
blood that a - tones for the soul; On.. him then, who shed it, thou
main - eth no more to be done; That once in the end of the
life ev - er-last - ing he gives, And know with as-sur-ance thou
him and be saved, Un - to him who was nailed to the tree.
sin - cleans-ing blood, If his dy - ing thy debt has not paid?
may - est, at once, Thy.. weight of i - ni - qui-ties roll.
world he ap-peared, And com - ple - ted the work he be - gun.
nev - er canst die, Since Je - sus thy righteousness lives.

REFRAIN.

Then look un-to him, Then look unto him and be sav'd, and be sav'd.
sinner, look, and be sav'd,
There's life for a look at the crucified one, There is life at this moment for thee.

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127 I Will Follow Jesus.

As sung by Maud Scoti. E. E. NICKERSON.

1. Down in the val - ley with my Sav-iour I would go, Where the flow'rs are bloom-ing, and the sweet wa - ters flow; Ev-'ry-where He leads me, I would fol - low, fol - low on, Walk-ing in His footsteps till the crown be won.
2. Down in the val - ley with my Sav-iour I would go, Where the storms are sweeping, and the dark wa - ters flow; With His hand to lead me, I will nev - er, nev - er fear: Dan-gers can-not fright me if my Lord be near.
3. Down in the val - ley, or up - on the mountain steep, Close be - side my Sav - iour would my soul ev - er keep; He will lead me safe - ly in the path that He has trod, Up to where they gath-er on the hills of God.

REFRAIN.

Fol-low, fol - low, I will follow Je - sus; Anywhere, everywhere, I will follow on:
Fol-low, fol - low, I will follow Jesus; Ev'rywhere He leads me I will follow on.

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128 Only let the work be done.

"*Go work to-day in My vineyard.*"—Matt. 21 : 28.

E. C. A. E.. C. Avis.



1. Go work in the Master's vineyard, While the days go swift-ly by;
2. There is work for all, and plen-ty, Stand not i - dle on the plain;
3. Speak a word to some one, say-ing, "Christ for sin-ners came to die!"
4. Go spread the joy - ful ti-dings Un - to lost and dy - ing souls;





There are pre - cious souls to res - cue, For the glorious home on high.
Thrust forth the sickle glad - ly, And save the fall-ing grain.
Tell them what a mighty Sav - iour Did for such as you and I.
Tell them that the blood of Je - sus Makes the vi - lest sin - ner whole.



CHORUS.



O, soul, be up and do - ing, There is work for ev - 'ry one;



Then sow, or reap, or gath-er, On - ly let the work be done.

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129 At the Cross.

"*Look unto me, and be ye saved.*"—Isa. 45 : 22.

I. WATTS. R. E. HUDSON. By per.

1. A - las! and did my Saviour bleed, And did my Sovereign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groan'd upon the tree?
3. 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 unknown, And love be-yond de - gree!
Here, Lord, I give my-self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do!

CHORUS.

At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the burden of my heart rolled a - way, It was there by faith rolled a-way,
I re-ceived my sight, And now I am hap-py all the day.

Copyright, 1885, *by R. E. Hudson, Alliance, O.*

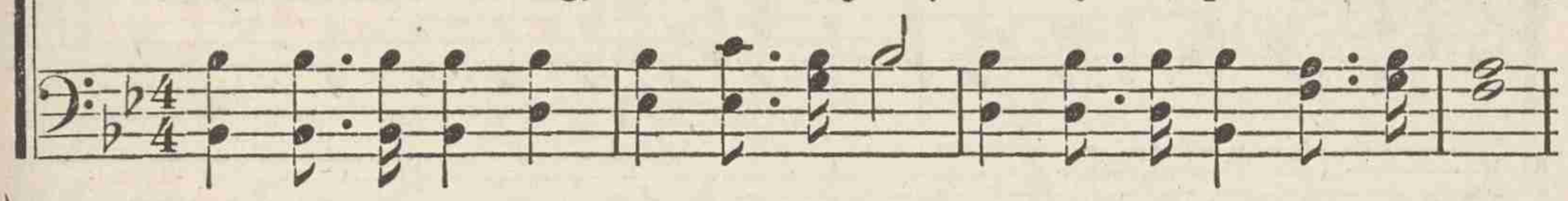
130 Jesus is Coming Again.

"The Lord Himself shall descend from Heaven."—1 Thes. 4: 16.

E. C. A. E. C. Avis.



1. Je - sus is com-ing, tell the glad news, Sound it o'er hill-top and plain,
2. Je - sus is com-ing, christian a-wake, No more in slumber re - main;
3. Je - sus is com-ing, we will re-joice, Glo - ry and praise to his name;





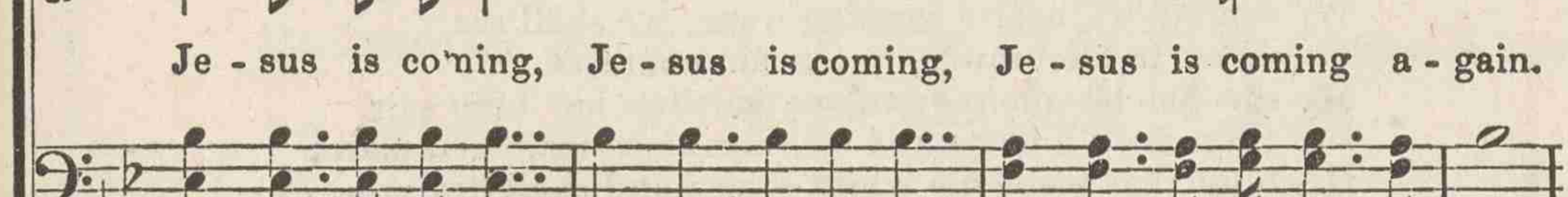
Till all shall know of the promise foretold, Je - sus is com-ing a - gain.
Ev - er be read-y, both ear - ly and late, Je - sus is com-ing a - gain.
Having redeem'd us from death and the grave, Je - sus is com-ing a - gain.



f *REFRAIN.* *m*



Je - sus is co'ning, Je - sus is coming, Je - sus is coming a - gain.



p *ad lib.*



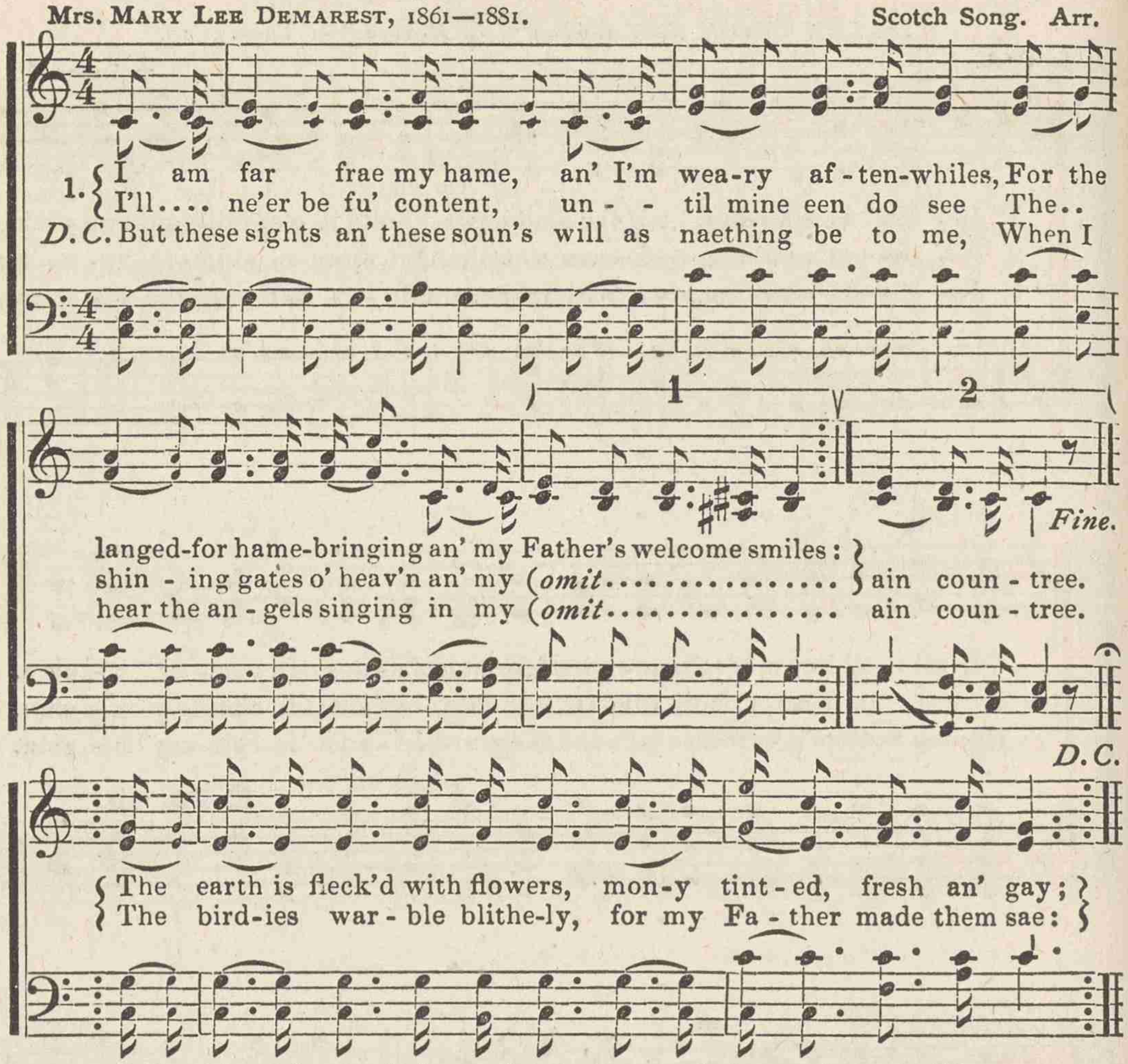
Je - sus is coming, Je - sus is coming, Je - sus is coming a-gain.



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131 My ain Countree.

Mrs. Mary Lee Demarest, 1861—1881. Scotch Song. Arr.



2 I've his gude word o' promise that some gladsome day, the King
To his ain royal palace his banished hame will bring;
Wi' een an' wi' hearts running owre, we shall see
The King in his beauty, in our ain countree.
My sins hae been mony, an' my sorrows hae been sair,
But there they'll never vex me, nor be remembered mair;
His bluid has made me white,—his hand shall dry mine e'e,
When he brings me hame at last, to mine ain countree.

3 Sae little noo I ken, o' yon blessed bonnie place,
I ainly ken its hame, whaur we shall see his face;
It wad surely be eneuch for ever mair to be
In the glory o' his presence in our ain countree.
Like a bairn to its mither, a wee birdie to its nest,
I wad fain be ganging noo, unto my Saviour's breast,
For he gathers in his bosom witless, worthless lambs like me,
An' carries them himsel', to his ain countree.

4 He's faithfu' that hath promised, he'll surely come again,
He'll keep his tryst wi' me, at what hour I dinna ken;
But he bids me still to wait, an' ready aye to be,
To gang at ony moment to my ain countree.
So I'm watching aye, and singing o' my hame as I wait,
For the soun'ing o' his footfa' this side the gowden gate;
God gie his grace to ilk ane wha' listens noo to me,
That we a' may gang in gladness to our ain countree.

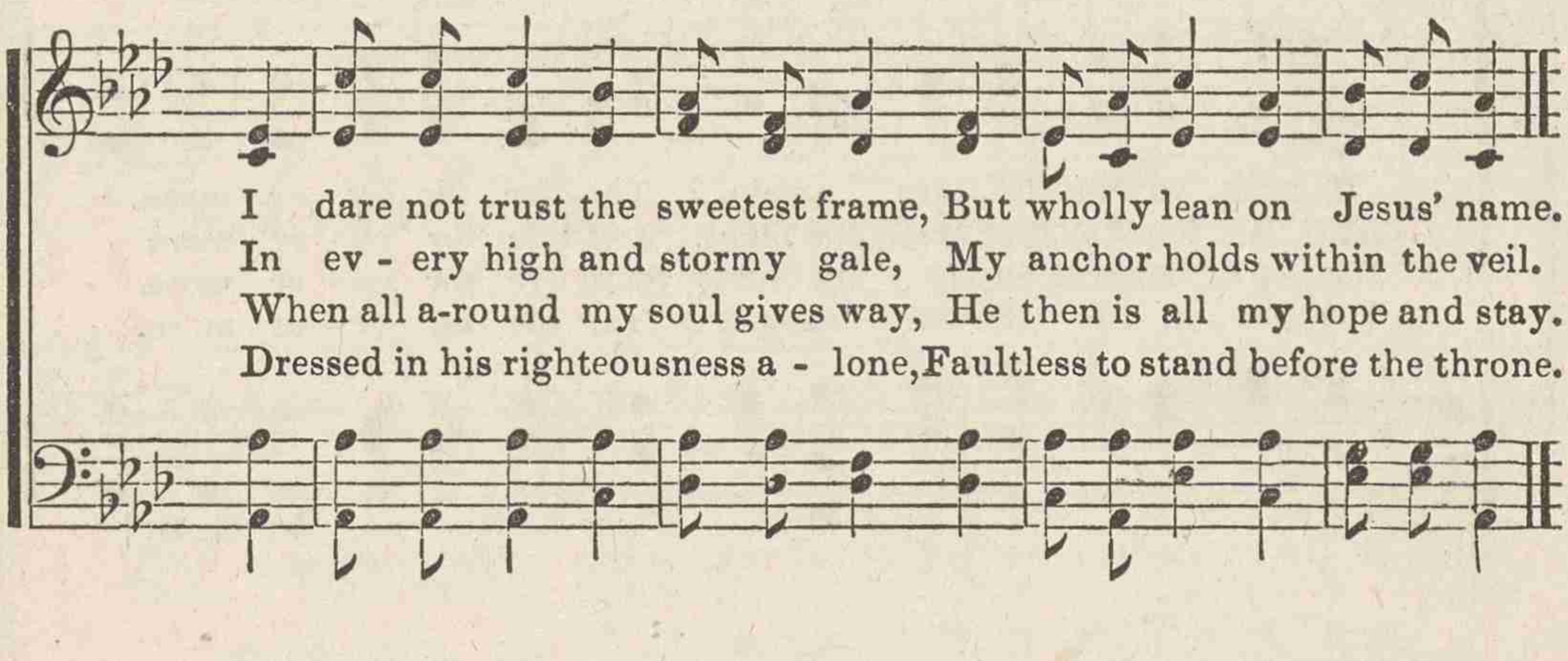
132 The Solid Rock.

Rev. Edward Mate, 1825. (Ps. 94: 22.) E. C. Avis.



1. My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
2. When darkness veils his love-ly face, I rest on his unchanging grace;
3. His oath,—his cov - e - nant, his blood, Support me in the sinking flood;
4. When he shall come with trumpet's sound, Oh, may I then with him be found,





I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But wholly lean on Jesus' name.
In ev - ery high and stormy gale, My anchor holds within the veil.
When all a-round my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.
Dressed in his righteousness a - lone, Faultless to stand before the throne.

CHORUS.



On Christ, the sol - id Rock, I stand, All other ground is sinking sand;



On Christ, the sol - id Rock, I stand, All other ground is sinking sand.

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133 Ye Must be Born Again.

John iii: 7.

E. W. OAKES. P. BILHORN.

1. Oh, let the words of Je - sus ring From east to west, from shore to shore;
2. No works of thine can give the right To en - ter heav - en's o - pen door;
3. 'Tis all of grace, a - bun-dant grace, His word declares it o'er and o'er,
4. He's read - y now to cleanse thy heart, If you His Spir - it's pow'r implore;

Ye must, ye must be born a-gain, To live for ev - er - more.
Christ is the Way, the Truth, the Light, And Life for ev - er - more.
Who - e'er believes on Je - sus Christ Shall live for ev - er - more.
The gift of life He will im-part, Yea, life for ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

Ye must be born a - gain, a - gain, Ye must be born a - gain, a - gain;
To live with Christ for ev - er - more, ye must be born a - gain.

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134 Tell it Again.

Mrs. M. B. C. Slade. R. M. McIntosh.

1. In - to the tent where a gyp - sy boy lay, Dy - ing a - lone, at the
2. "Did He so love me, a poor lit - tle boy? Send un - to me the good
3. Bend - ing, we caught the last words of his breath, Just as he en-tered the
4. Smil - ing, he said, as his last sigh was spent, "I am so glad that for

close of the day, News of sal - va - tion we car - ried,—said he,
ti - dings of joy? Need I not per - ish? my hand will He hold?
val - ley of death; "God sent His Son!—who-so - ev - er!" said he;
me He was sent!" Whispered, while low sank the sun in the west:

Refrain.

"No-bod - y ev - er has told it to me!" Tell it a-gain! tell it a-gain!
No-bod - y ev - er the sto-ry has told!" Tell it a-gain! tell it a-gain!
"Then I am sure that He has sent for me!" Tell it a-gain! tell it a-gain!
"Lord, I believe! tell it now to the rest!" Tell it a-gain! tell it a-gain!

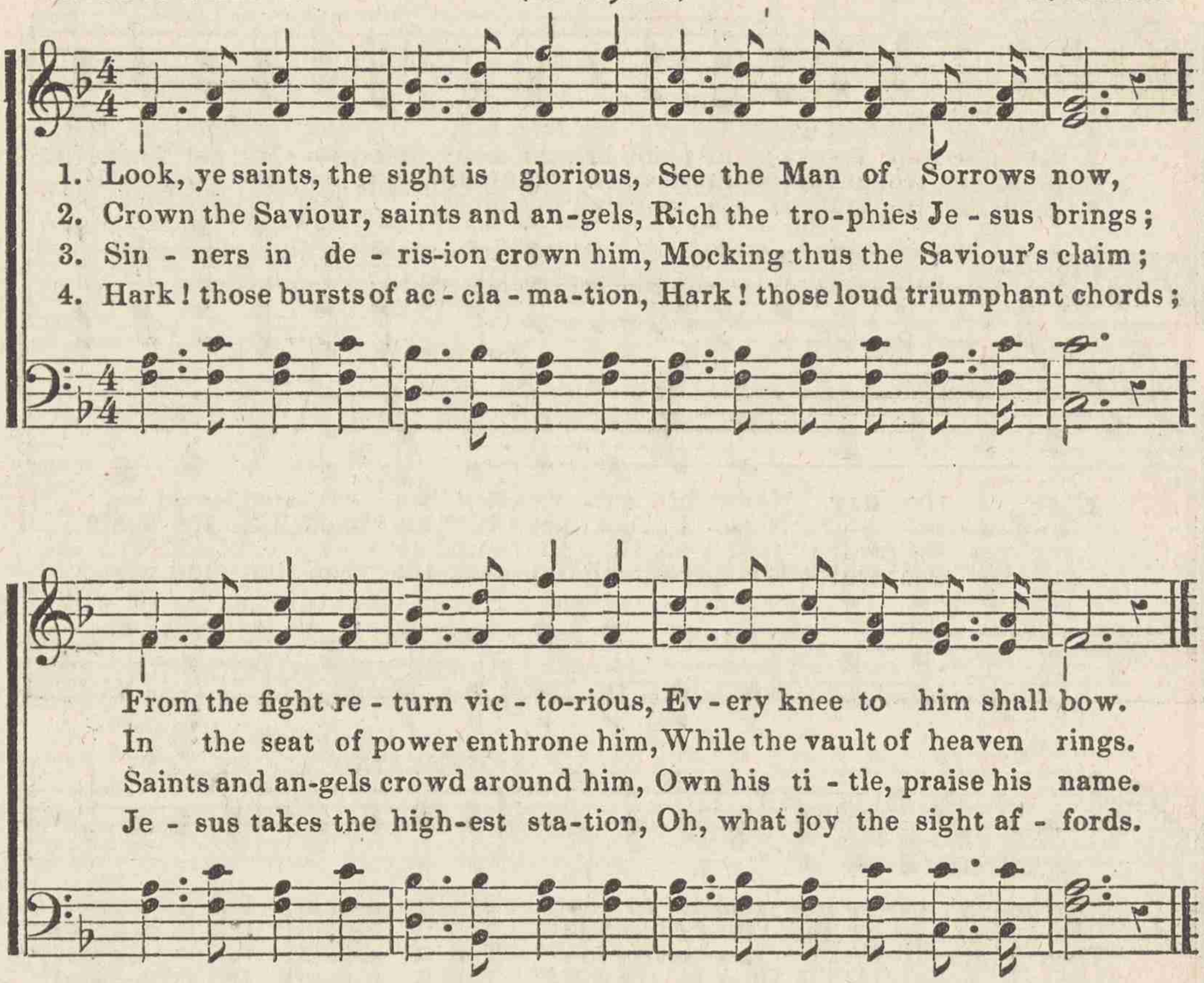
Sal - va-tion's sto - ry re - peat o'er and o'er, Till none can say of the

children of men, "No - bod - y ev - er has told me be - fore."

By per. of R. M. McIntosh.

135 Crown the Saviour.

Rev. THO'S. KELLY. (Rev. 19: 12.) E. C. AVIS.



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136 God is Calling Yet.

GERHARD TERSTEEGEN. E. O. EXCELL.

1. God calling yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
2. God calling yet! shall I not rise? Can I his lov-ing voice de - spise,
3. God calling yet! and shall he knock, And I my heart the clos-er lock?
4. God calling yet! and shall I give No heed, but still in bondage live?
5. God calling yet! I can-not stay; My heart I yield without de - lay:

Shall life's swift passing years all fly, And still my soul in slumber lie?
And base - ly his kind care re-pay? He calls me still; can I de - lay?
He still is waiting to re-ceive, And shall I dare his spir-it grieve?
I wait, but he does not forsake; He calls me still; my heart, a - wake!
Vain world, farewell, from thee I part; The voice of God has reached my heart.

CHORUS.

Call - - - ing, oh, hear Him Call - - - ing, oh, hear Him, God is
God is calling yet, God is calling yet,

calling yet, oh hear Him calling, calling, Call - - - ing, oh, hear Him
God is calling yet,

Call - - - ing, oh, hear Him, God is calling yet, oh hear Him calling yet.
God is calling yet,

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137 Time's Sun is fast setting.

H. BONAR. (Jno. 9: 4.) E. C. AVIS.

1. Time's sun is fast setting, its twilight is nigh, Its evening is falling in
2. Rides forth the fierce tempest on th' wing of the cloud; The moan of the night-blast is
3. The vision is nearing, the Judge and the throne, The voice of the an-gel pro-
4. With clouds he is coming, his people shall sing, With gladness they hail him Re-

clouds o'er the sky; Its shadows are stretching in om-i-nous gloom, Its
fit-ful and loud; The mountains are heaving, the for-ests are bowed, The
claims it is done; On the whirl of the tempest its Ru-ler shall come, And the
deem-er and King; The i-ron rod wielding, the rod of his ire, He

midnight approaches—the midnight of doom. Then haste, sinner haste, there is
o-cean is surging, earth gathers its shroud.
blaze of its glo-ry flash out from its gloom.
com-eth to kindle earth's last fa-tal fire.

REFRAIN.

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TIME'S SUN IS FAST SETTING. Concluded.



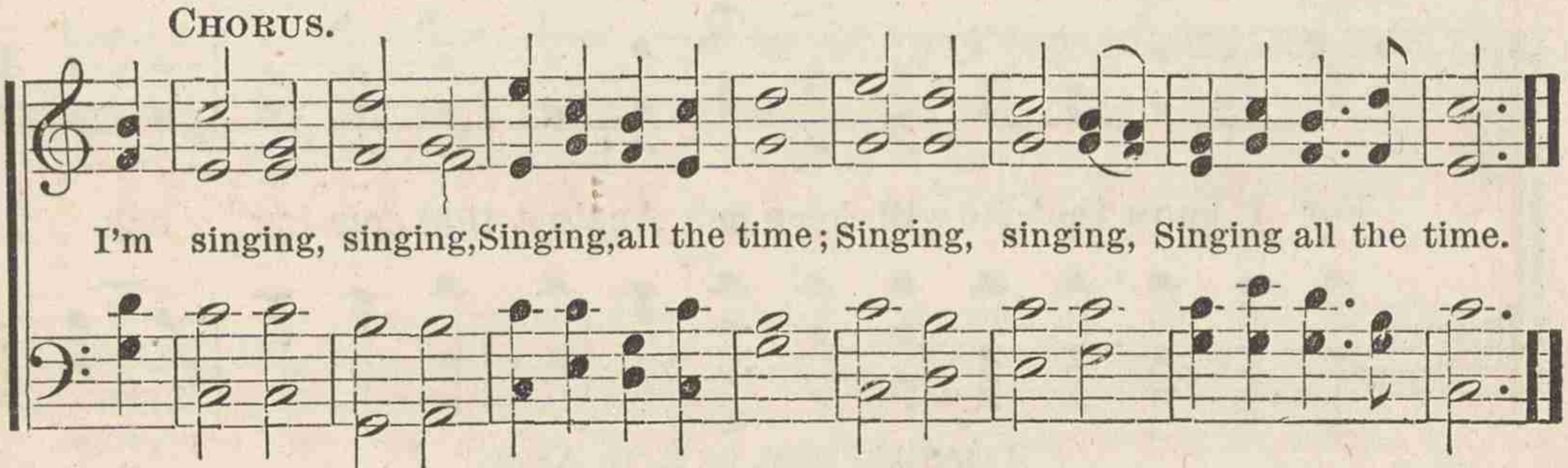
138 Singing All The Time.

"Then was our mouth filled with singing." —Ps. 126: 2.

Rev. E. P. HAMMOND. Geo. C. STEBBINS. By per.



CHORUS.



J. H. REVELL, owner of copyright.

139 I Know that He will Keep Me.

E. C. A. Phil. i: 6. Jude 24. E. C. AVIS.

Not too fast.



1. My Saviour hath redeemed me, And saved me from all sin,
2. My Saviour ev - er keeps me, I dare not trust my own;
3. Tho' friends forsake and leave me, I'll trust in Christ a - lone.
4. My on - ly hope is Je - sus, I know no oth - er way,





And all things I have ful - ly Com - mit - ted un - to Him.
And what to me He promised, He's a - ble to per - form.
And He'll pre-sent me fault - less, Be - fore my Fa-ther's throne.
And He will sure-ly keep me, A - gainst that coming day.



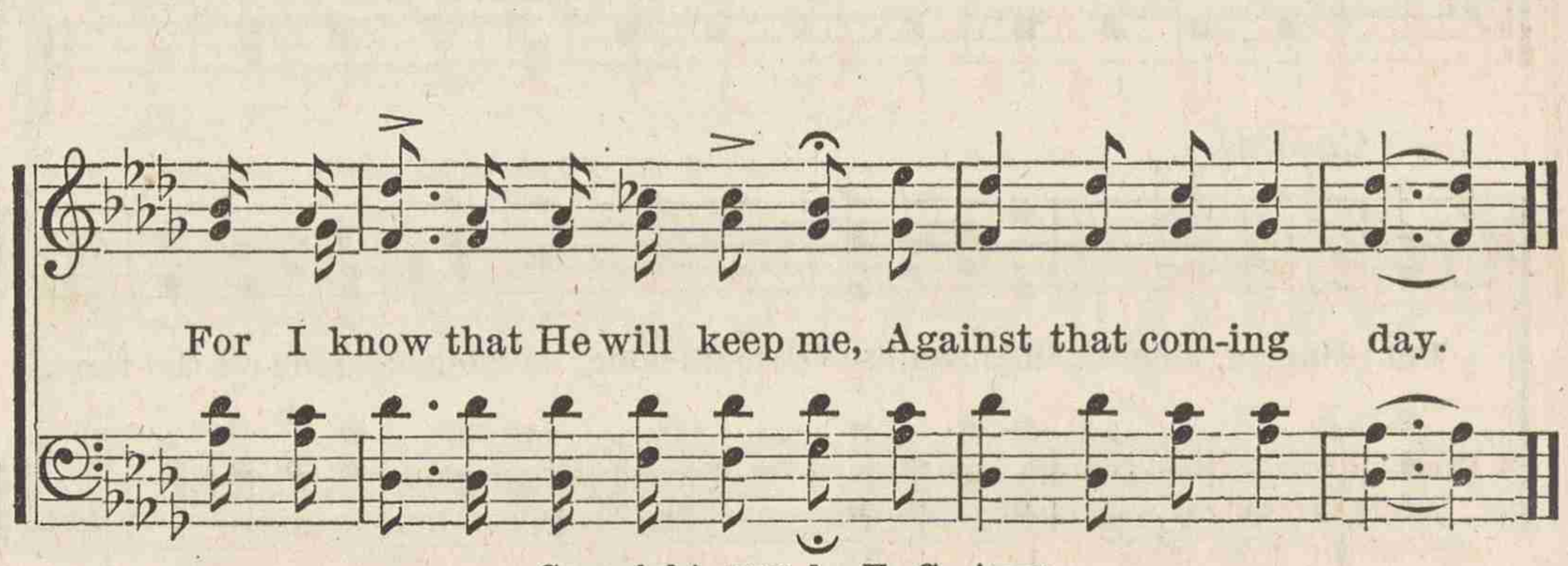
CHORUS.



For I know that He will keep me, For I know that He will keep me,



For I know that He will keep me, Against that com-ing day.



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140 The Open Gate for Me.

"The gates of it shall not be shut at all by day; for there shall be no night there."—Rev. 21: 25.

Mrs. Lydia Baxter. Philip Phillips. By per.



1. There is a gate stands o - pen wide, And through its por - tals gleam - ing,
2. That o - pen gate stands free for all Who seek through it sal - va - tion;



A ra-diance from the Cross a - far, The Sav - iour's love re - veal - ing.
The rich and poor, the great and small, Of ev - ery tribe and na - tion.



Refrain.



Oh, depth of mer - cy! can it be That gate stands o - pen wide for me?



For me, ... for me? . . .. Stands o - pen wide for me?



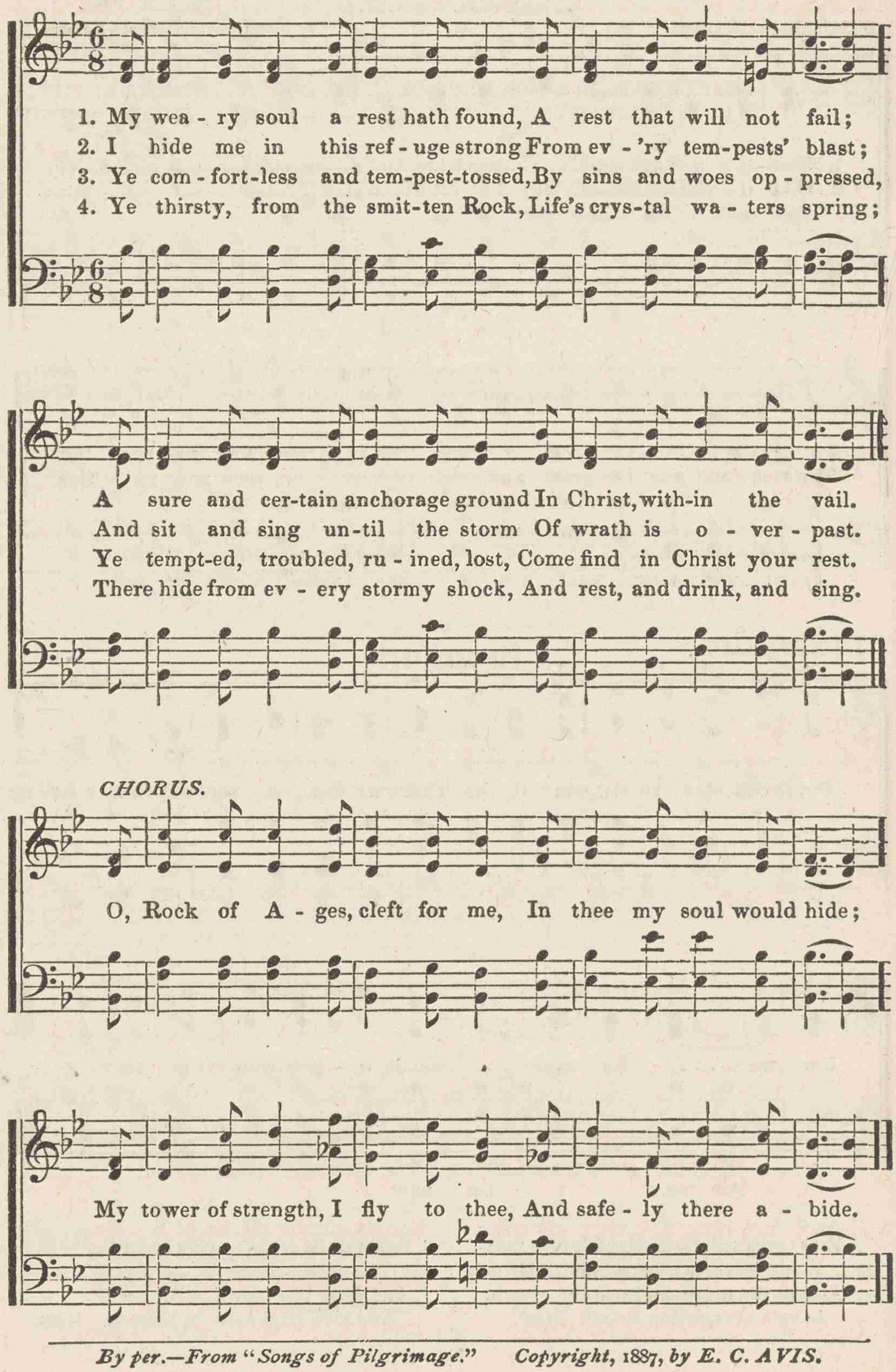
For me, for me?

3 Press onward, then, though foes may frown,
While mercy's gate is open;
Accept the cross, and win the crown,
Love's everlasting token. Ref.

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. Ref.

141 My weary soul a rest hath found.

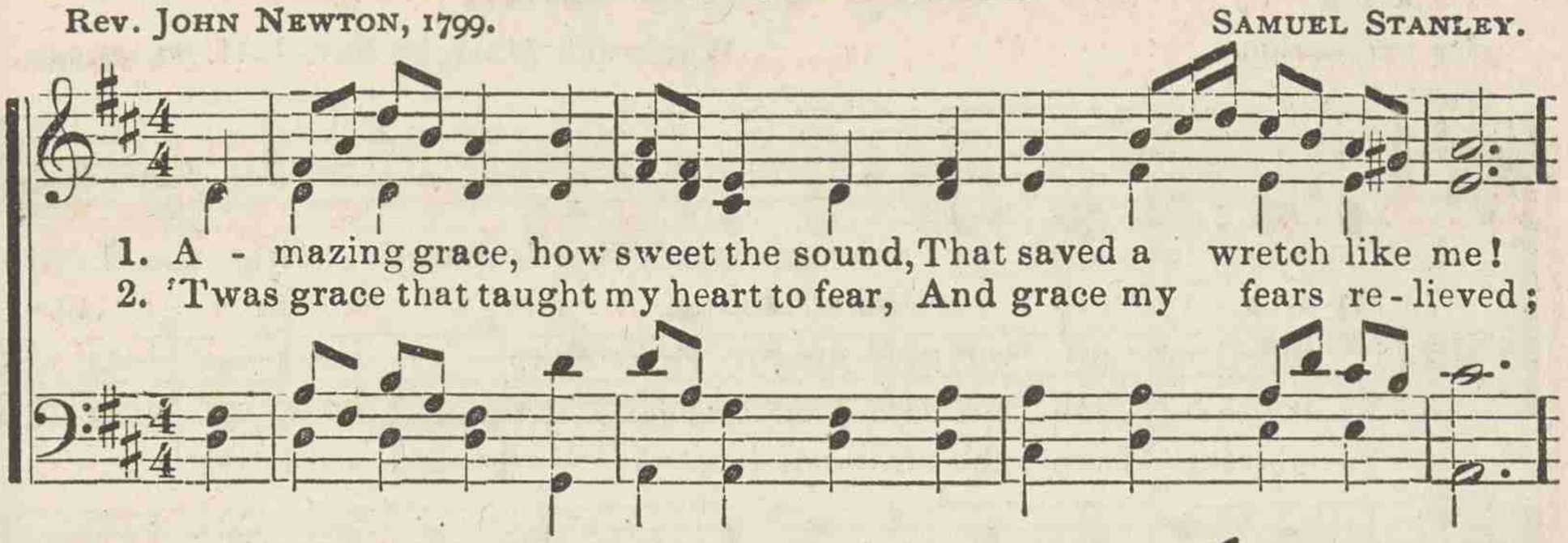
H. L. HASTINGS. (Isa. 32: 2.) E. C. AVIS.

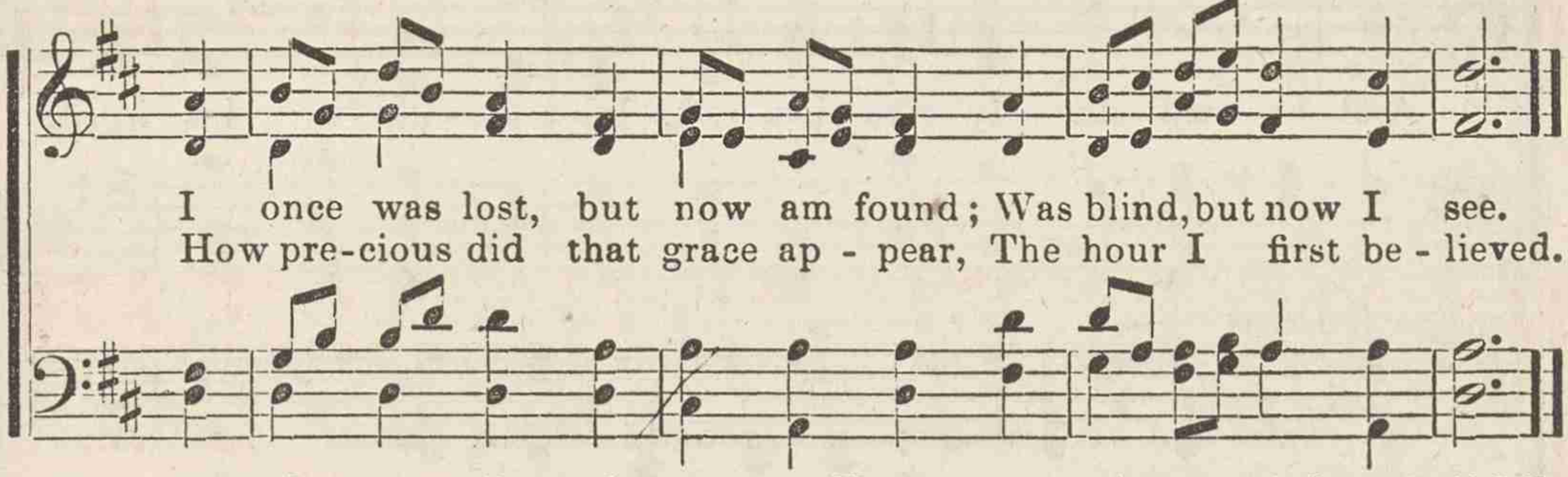


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142 Warwick. C. M.

Rev. JOHN NEWTON, 1799. SAMUEL STANLEY.



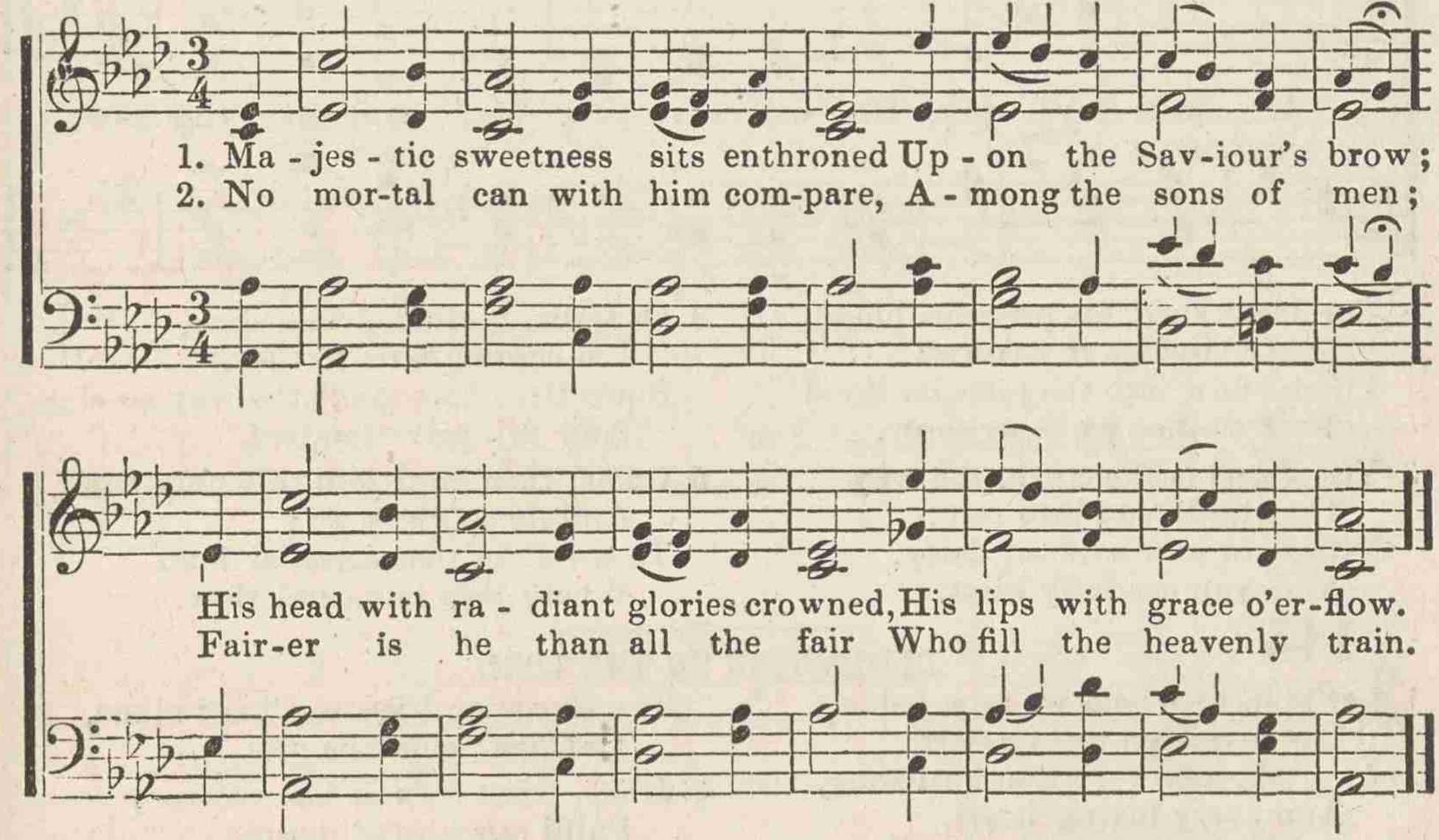


3 Thro' many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace that brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

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

143 Belmont.

Rev. SAMUEL STENNETT. From MOZART.



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

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

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

144 Only Trust Him.

By permission. Words and Music by Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.



2 For Jesus shed his precious blood,
Rich blessings to bestow;
Plunge now into the crimson flood
That washes white as snow.

3 Yes, Jesus is the truth, the way
That leads you into rest;
Believe in him without delay,
And you are fully blest.

4 O Jesus, blessed Jesus, dear,
I'm coming now to thee,
Since thou hast made the way so clear,
And full salvation free.

5 Come, then, and join this holy band,
And on to glory go;
To dwell in that celestial land
Where joys immortal flow.

145 DEDICATION TO THE LORD.

1 Let him, to whom we now belong,
His sovereign right assert,
And take up every thankful song,
And every loving heart.

Cho.—Here with Jesus, here with Jesus,
Only Jesus now;
For he saves us, sweetly saves us,
Jesus saves us now.

2 He justly claims us for his own,
Who bought us with a price;
The Christian lives to Christ alone,
To Christ alone he dies.

3 Jesus, thine own at last receive;
Fulfil our hearts' desire,
And let us to thy glory live,
And in thy cause expire.

4 Our souls and bodies we resign;
With joy we render thee
Our all,—no longer ours, but thine
To all Eternity. C. WESLEY

146. Near the Cross.

E. C. A. E. C. Avis.

1. Near the cross, O bless - ed Sav - iour, Keep me ev - ery
2. Near the cross, O bless - ed Sav - iour, Bring the scenes of
3. Near the cross O keep me ev - er, Near the cross where
4. Near to thee, O bless - ed Sav - iour, When from toil and

day and hour; Help me learn from wis - dom's les - sons
by - gone years, Where thou, Lord, in bit - ter sor - row
thou hast died; Cru - ci - fied to earth's vain pleas-ure,
care I'm free, I shall rest be - yond the riv - er,

Refrain.

More a - bout thy love and power. Near the cross,
Min -gled grief with blood and tears.
Let me there in peace a - bide.
Safe at home, dear Lord with thee.

Near the cross,

near the cross, Je - sus, keep me near the cross.

near the cross,

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147 Rock of Ages.

"The Lord is my defence, and my God is the Rock of my refuge."—Ps. 94: 22.

Rev. A. M. Toplady, 1776. Dr. Thos. Hastings, 1830.

Fine.

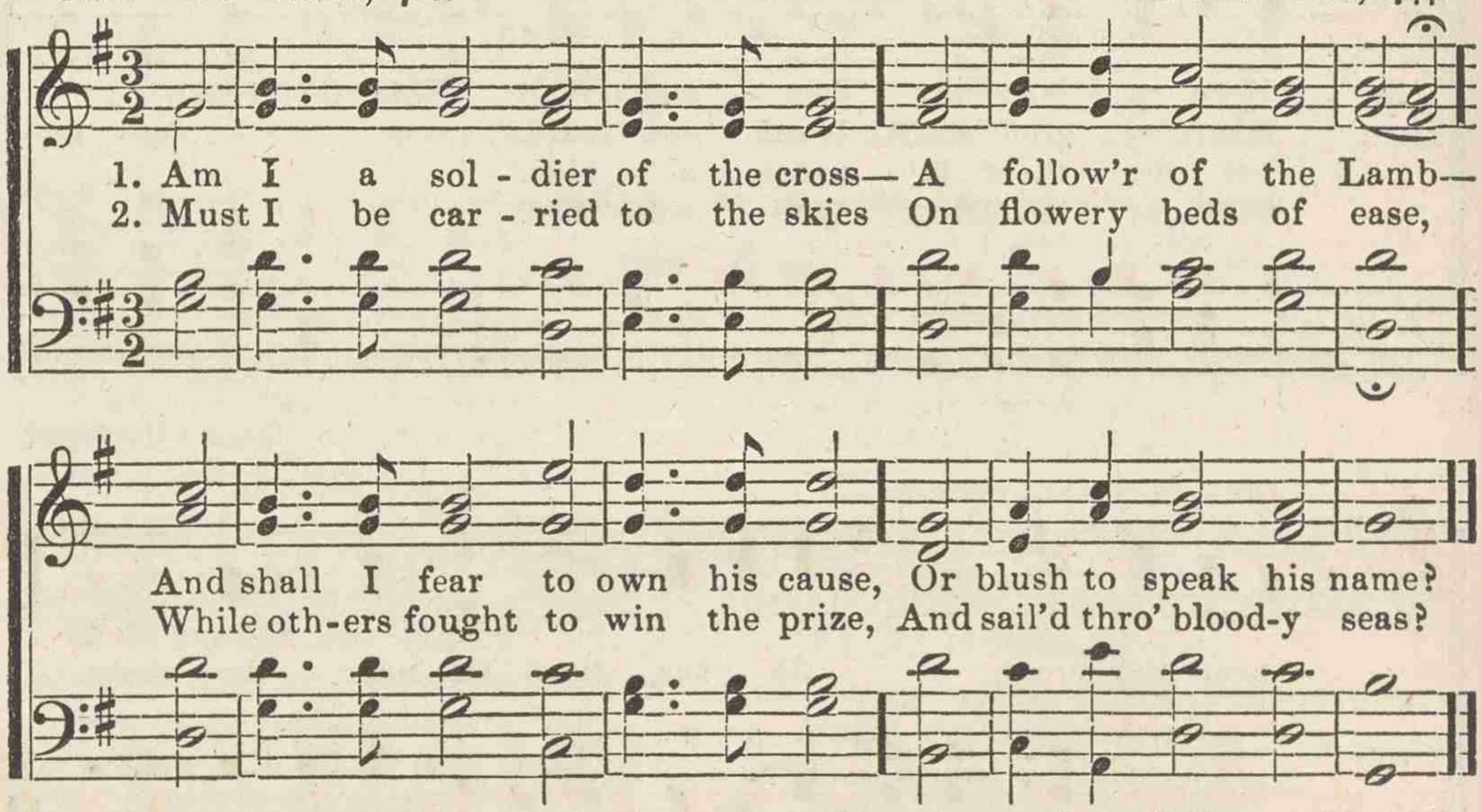


3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress,
Helpless, look to thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

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

148 Arlington. C. M.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1720. Thos. A. Arne, 1744.



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

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

149 One More Witness.

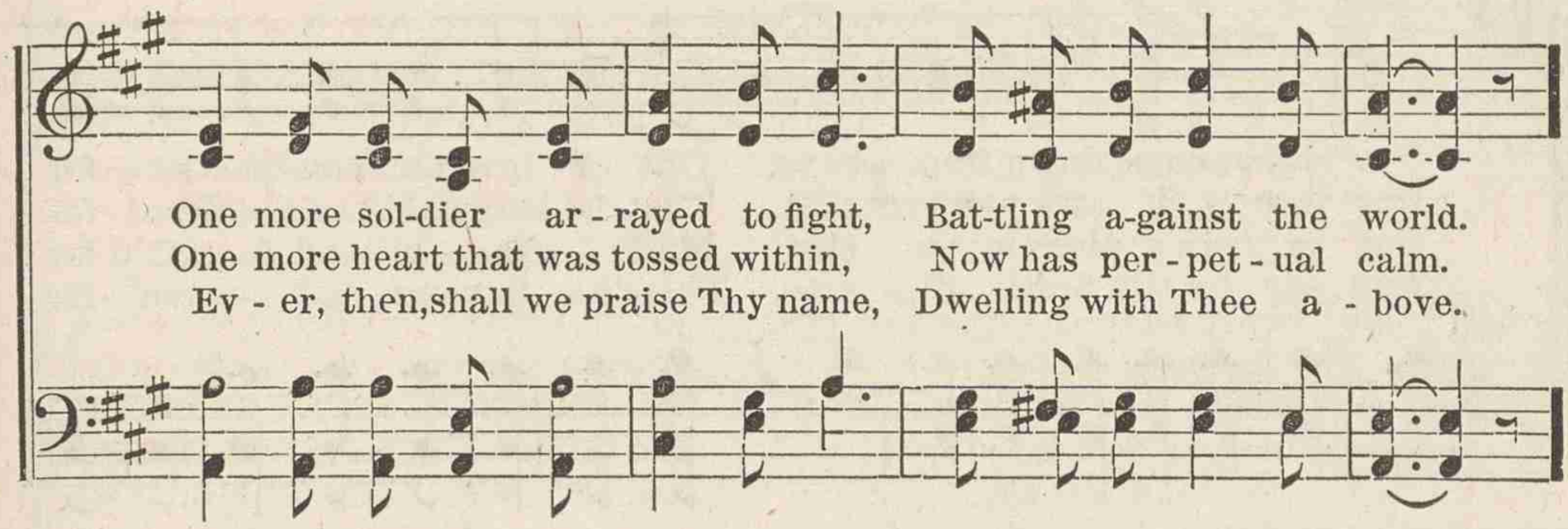
"For thou shalt be his witness unto all men." Acts xxii: 15.

J. M. HUNT. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. One more witness for Christ to-night, Hold-ing His ban-ner un - furled;
2. One more soul is redeemed from sin, Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb;
3. Help us, Sav-iour, the vic - t'ry gain, Un - der Thy ban-ner of love;





One more sol-dier ar - rayed to fight, Bat-tling a-gainst the world.
One more heart that was tossed within, Now has per - pet - ual calm.
Ev - er, then, shall we praise Thy name, Dwelling with Thee a - bove.



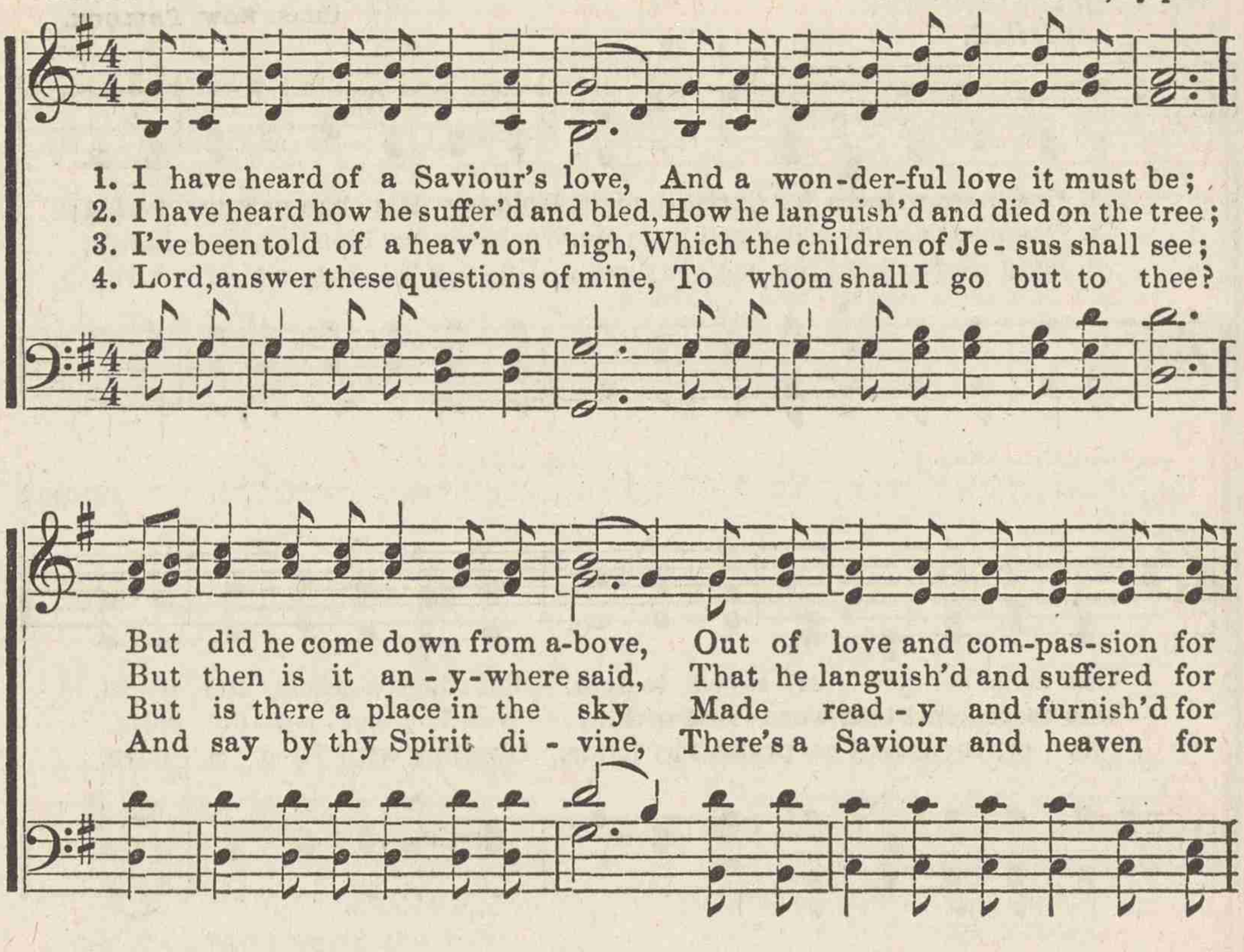
Bless - - - - ed Re - deem - er, Bless - - - - - ed Re -
Bless-ed Re-deem - er, by Thee will we stand, Marching, if on - ward shall
deem - er, Bless - - - ed Redeem - er, We'll give the praise to Thee.
be the command, Ever unfurled shall Thy banner be,

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150 Song of Salvation.

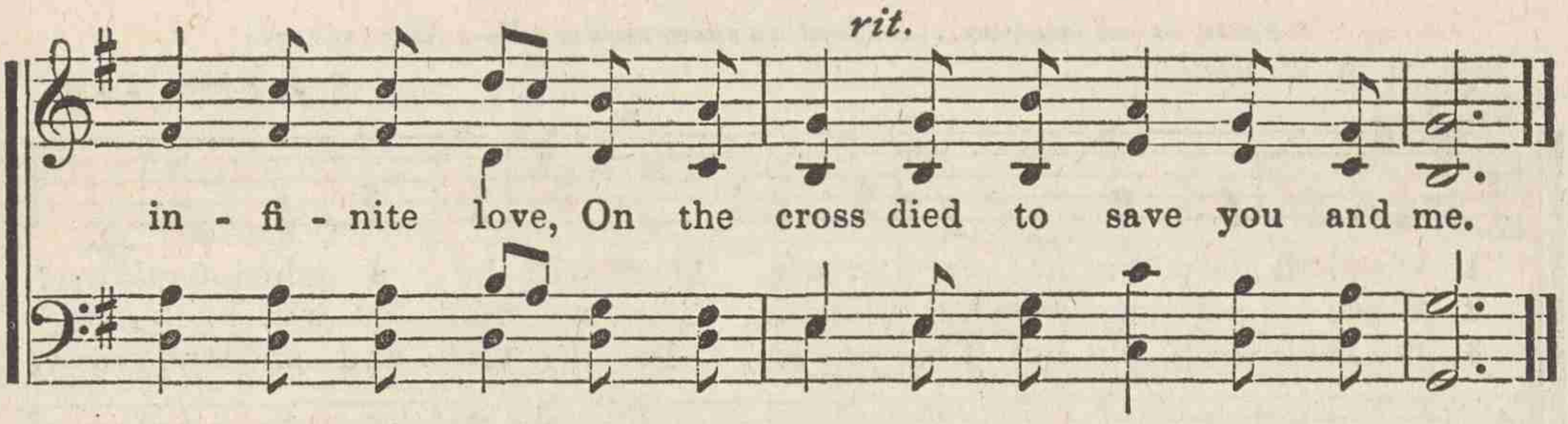
"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—Matt. 11 : 28.

ANON. PHILIP PHILLIPS, by per.

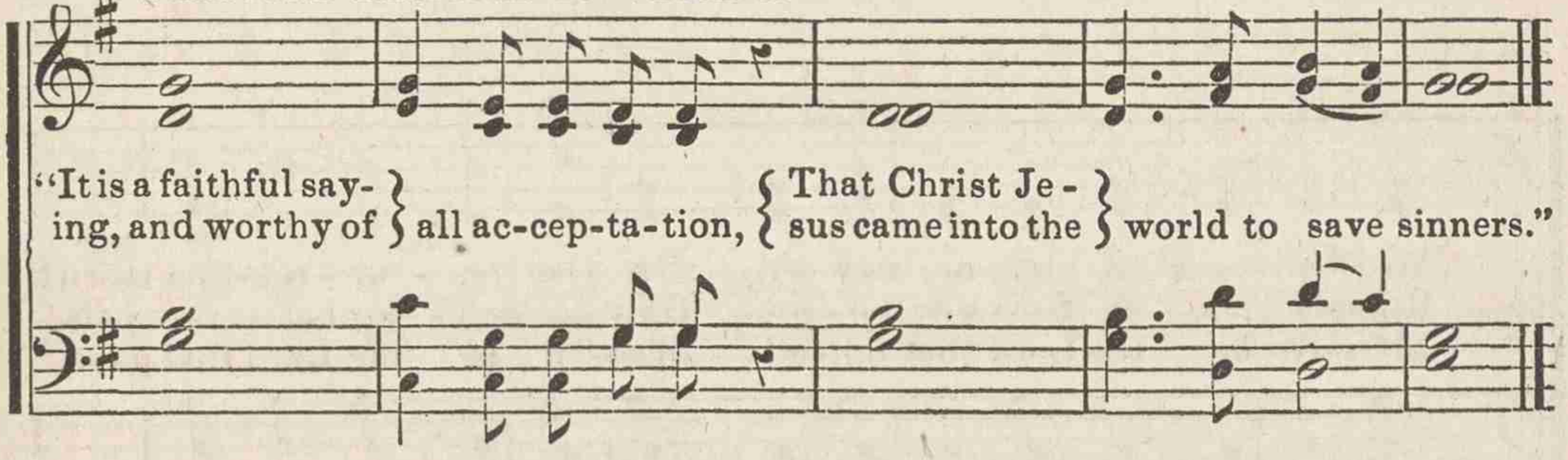


* The Response, or Scripture text, to be read for each verse, before singing the Chorus.

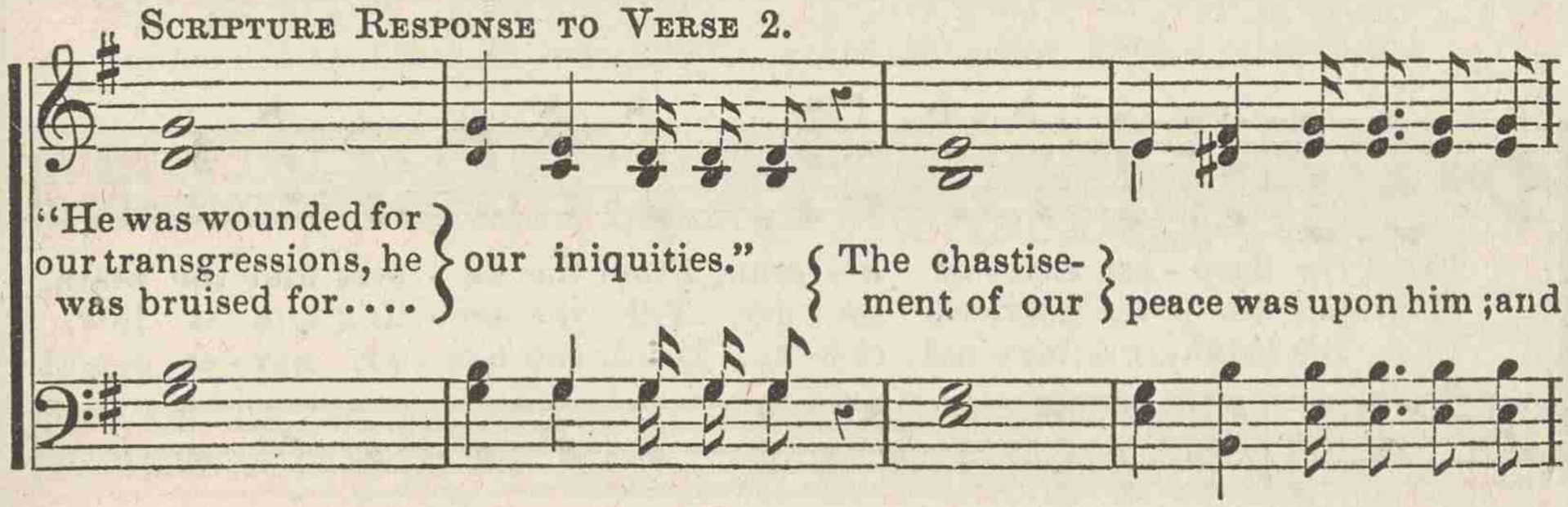
SONG OF SALVATION. Concluded.



SCRIPTURE RESPONSE TO VERSE 1.



SCRIPTURE RESPONSE TO VERSE 2.



SCRIPTURE RESPONSE TO VERSE 3.

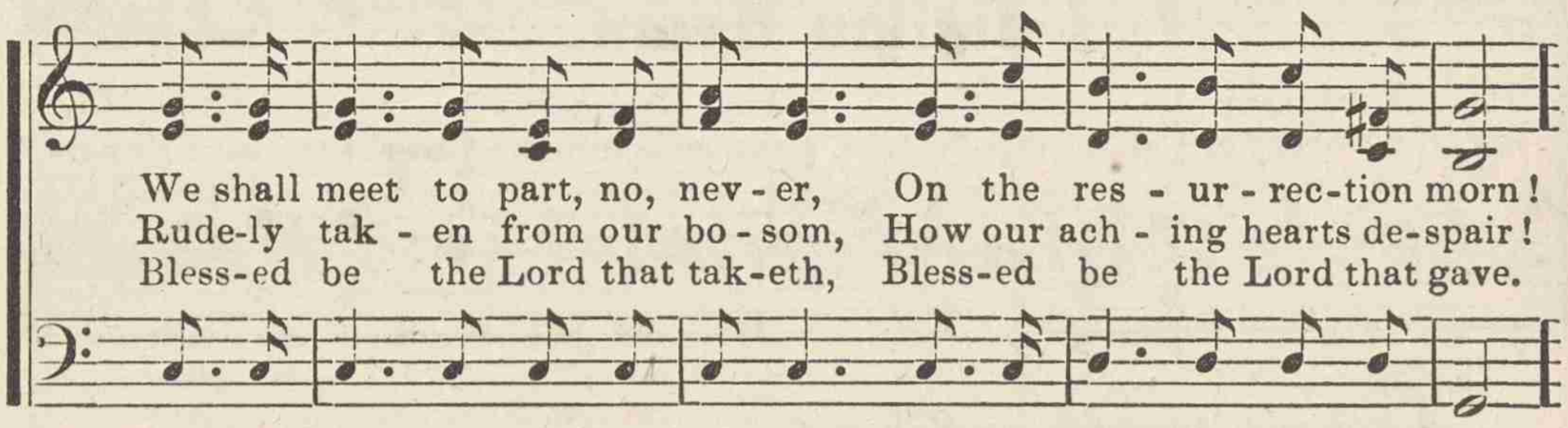


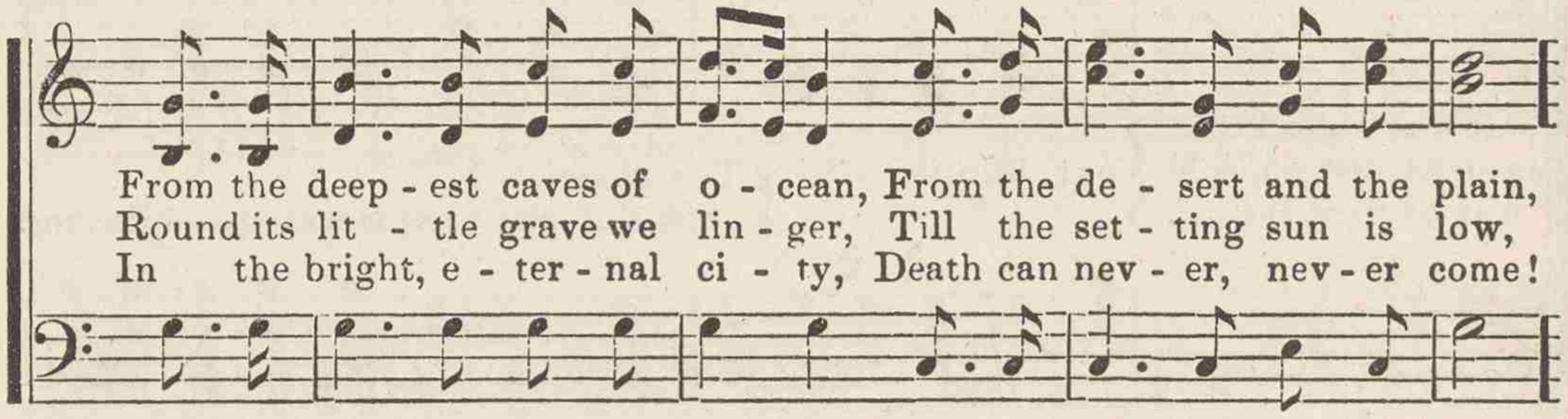
151 We shall Sleep, but not Forever.

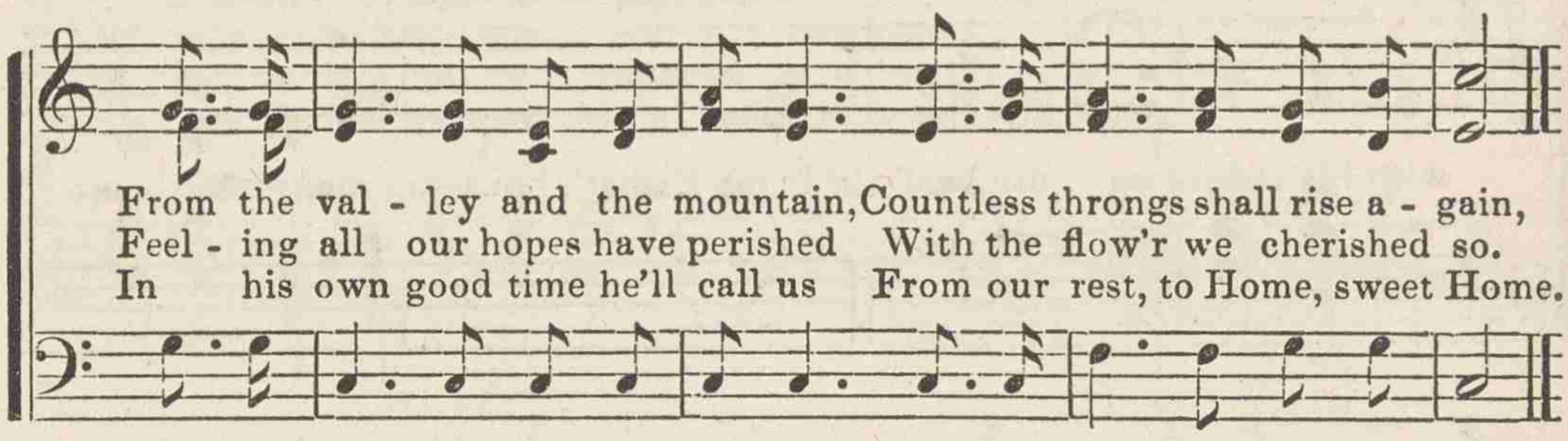
"Sown in corruption....raised in incorruption."—1 Cor. 15: 42.

Mrs. M. A. KIDDER. S. J. VAIL, by per.



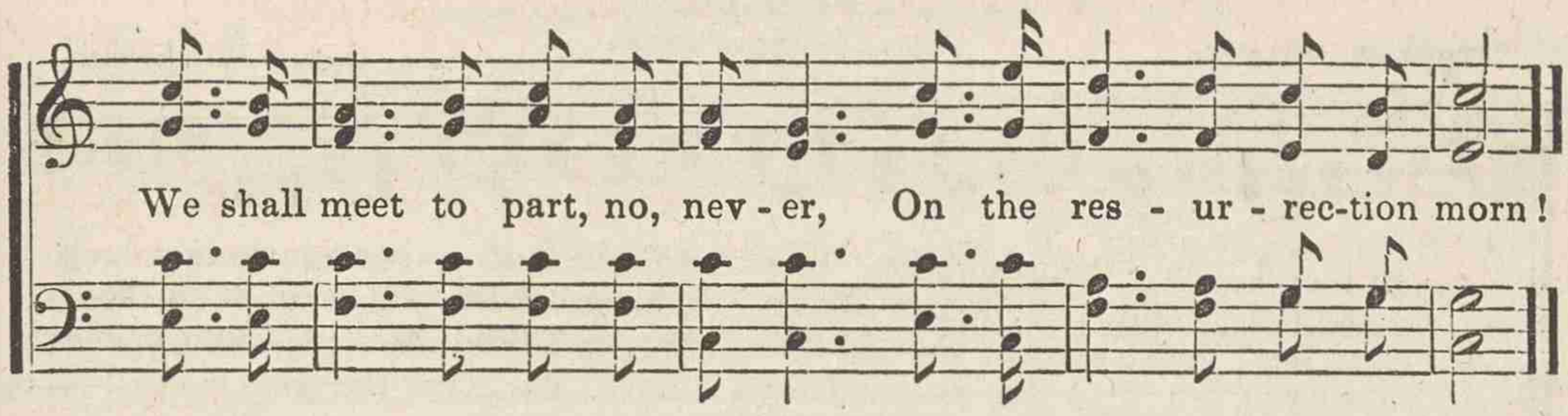








WE SHALL SLEEP. Concluded.



152

Italian Hymn.

CHARLES WESLEY. F. GIARDINI, 1769.



153 Seeking the Lost.

Luke 15: 3-7.

THOS. E. WILSON. To be sung as a Solo. E. C. AVIS.

1. Out on the mountains bleak and cold, And o - ver the wa-ters deep,
2. The night is dark and dan-ger is near, The way is rugged and steep;
3. His locks are wet with the dews of night, His hands are bleeding and torn:
4. And up in the shining courts a-bove, Be - fore the great white throne,

Far from the peaceful, and hap-py fold, The shepherd is seeking His sheep—
But still in the des - ert wild and drear The shepherd is seeking His sheep—
But lo! He comes in the morning light, And the sheep in His arms is borne;
The an - gels rejoice with joy and love, For the Lord hath saved His own.

Seek - ing the one that has gone astray, And wandered out on the hills a - way,
Seek - ing the lost with lov-ing care, Seek-ing His own with many a prayer,
Home from the mountains bleak and cold He bears the lost one back to the fold,
Re - joice! rejoice! there is joy in heav'n: The lost is found, the sinner forgiv'n!

Seeking the one that has gone astray And wandered out on the hills a - way.
Seek-ing the lost with lov-ing care, Seek - ing His own with many a prayer.
Home from the mountains bleak and cold, He bears the lost one back to the fold.
Re - joice! rejoice! there is joy in heav'n; The lost is found, the sinner forgiv'n.

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154 I'm Sheltered in Thee.

"My God is the Rock of my refuge."—Ps. 94: 22.

E. C. A. E. C. Avis.

1. The Lord is my rock and my refuge complete, I fear not the storms, tho' a -
2. Thou sure Rock of Ages, I'm trusting in thee; Tho' sorrows may sad-den, and
3. O rock, blessed rock, ·· in thee I'm se-cure; A - bid-ing for - ev - er in

round me they beat; With Je - sus my safe-ty, from dan-ger I'm free, 'Mid
com - forts may flee, My trust yet un - sha - ken in thee still shall be; Thou
thee I'll endure; When tempted by Sa - tan, to thee will I flee, And

ad lib. *REFRAIN.*

billow and tempest I'm shelter'd in thee. Shelter'd in thee, I'm shelter'd in thee;
firm Rock of Ages, I'm shelter'd in thee.
sing 'mid the conflict, I'm shelter'd in thee.

Shelter'd in thee, shelter'd in thee, Thou sure Rock of A - ges, I'm

ad lib.

shel-ter'd in thee; Thou sure Rock of A - ges, I'm shel-ter'd in thee.

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155 Soon Will the Mist Roll Away.

"For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face."—1 Cor. 13: 12.

GEO. COOPER. H. MILLARD.

1. Yonder's the land where the lov'd ones are, Soon will the mist roll a - way!
2. Dark looms the path, but the promise heed, Soon will the mist roll a - way!
3. Bear thou the Cross till the Crown is won, Soon will the mist roll a - way!

Joy soon to rest in that realm a - far, Soon will the mist roll a - way!
Je - sus a-lone can re-lieve thy need, Soon will the mist roll a - way!
Work till the will of the Lord be done, Soon will the mist roll a - way!

There in the lov-ing smile of Je - sus to bide, Vi-sions of glory day by day!
Clear will the purpose of the Lord be to thee, Hasten the Master to o - bey;
All will be re-con-ciled to thee by and by, Faith guideth on to perfect day;

Faith fond-ly whispers, while in shadows we hide, Soon will the mist roll away!
Blissful the vision that beyond we shall see, Soon will the mist roll away!
Soon shall the glory dawn upon ev - ery eye, Soon will the mist roll away!

H. MILLARD, owner of copyright, 1884; by permission of S. T. GORDON & SON.

SOON WILL THE MIST ROLL AWAY.



156 Mason.

From the German.



157 Jesus is Able to Save.

Wherefore He is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him. Heb. 7: 25.

E. C. A. E. C. Avis.

1. Glo -rious message to all who will come, Jesus is a -ble to save:
2. On- ly believe, the command is to you, Jesus is a -ble to save,
3. Glo-ry, O glo -ry, the promise is true, Jesus is a -ble to save,
4. Doubt then no longer, but sinner, believe, Jesus is a -ble to save,

Sal-vation free, tho' the cru -ci-fied one, Je-sus is a - ble to save.
On-ly receive, it is all you can do, Je-sus is a - ble to save.
Once and for all He hath suffered for you, Jesus is a - ble to save.
Come un - to Him and sal - vation receive, Jesus is a - ble to save.

Chorus.

I know He is a - ble to save, I know He is a - ble to save.
He's able to save, He's a -ble to save.

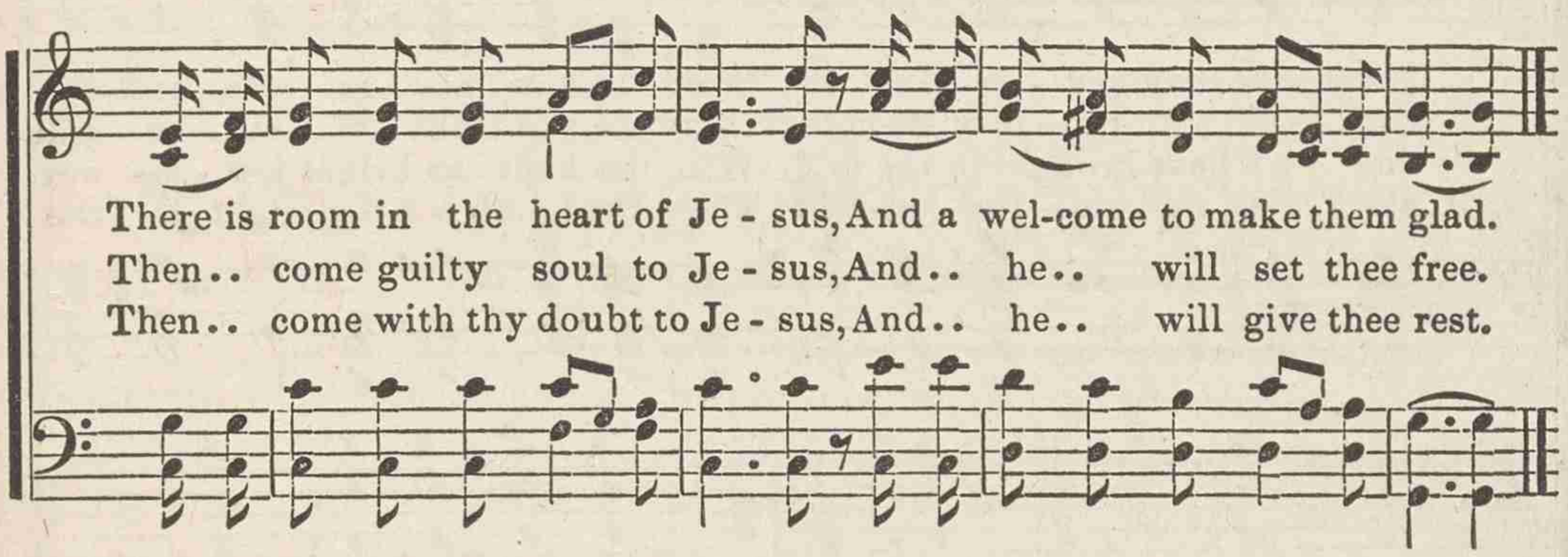
He died on the cross to redeem you, I know He is a -ble to save.

Copyright, 1888, by E. C. Avis.

158 Room in the Heart of Jesus.

W. S. M. W. S. MARTIN.







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159 The City of Gold.

ANON. (Rev. 21 : 18.) E. C. AVIS.

1. There's a ci - ty that looks o'er the val - ley of death, And its
2. There the King our Re-deem - er, the Lord whom we love, Will the
3. Ev - ery soul we have led to the foot of the cross, Every
4. There all sick - ness and sor - row and death are un-known, There..

glo - ries may nev - er be told; There the sun nev - er sets, and the
faith - ful with rap - ture be-hold; There the righteous for - ev - er will
one we have brought to the fold, Will be kept as bright jew - els our
glo - ries on glo - ries un-fold; There the Lamb is the light in the

leaves nev - er fade, In that beau - ti - ful ci - ty of gold.
shine like the stars, In that beau - ti - ful ci - ty of gold.
crown to a - dorn, In that beau - ti - ful ci - ty of gold.
midst of the throne, In that beau - ti - ful ci - ty of gold.

CHORUS.

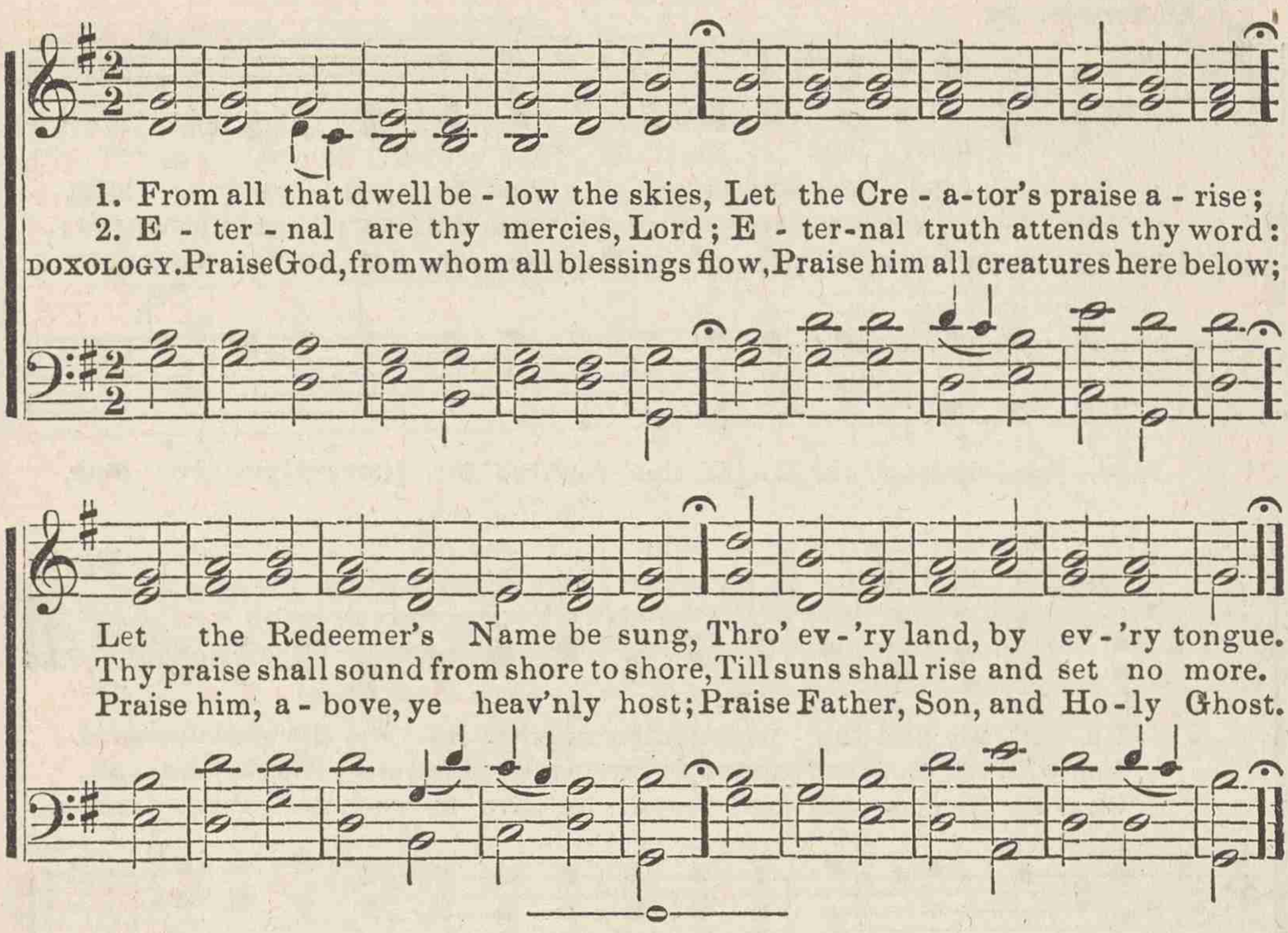
There the sun nev-er sets, And the leaves nev - er fade,
There the sun never sets, And the leaves nev - er fade,
There the righteous forever Shall shine like the stars, In that beautiful city of gold.

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160 Old Hundred. L. M.

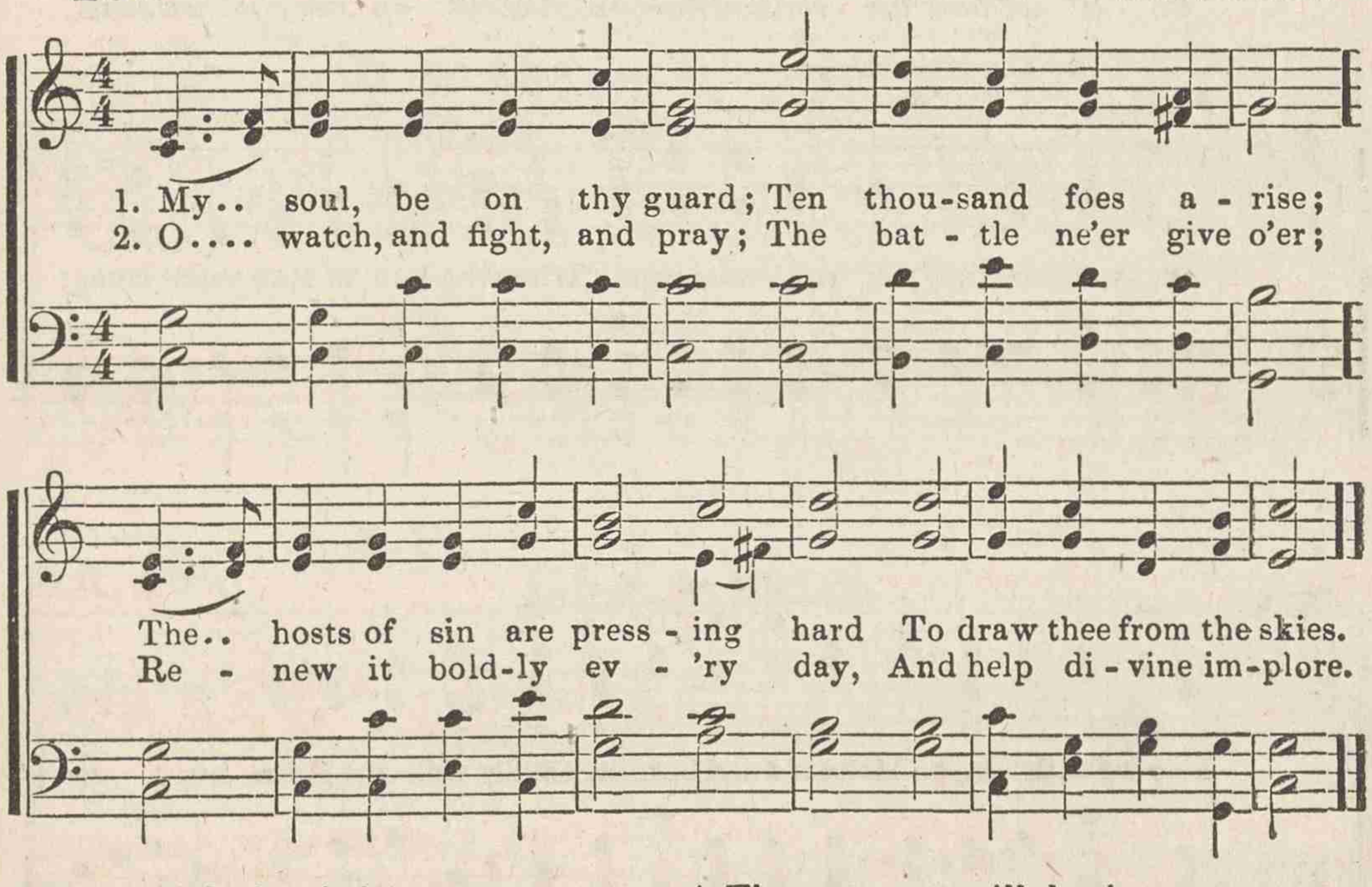
"Come before his presence with singing."—Ps. 100: 2.

ISAAC WATTS. G. FRANC, 1545.



161 Laban. S. M.

Dr. L. MASON.



3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor lay thine armor down:
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.

4 Then persevere till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To his divine abode.

162 The King is Coming.

"Behold, I come quickly."—Revelation xxii: 12.

RIAN A. DYKES. IRA D. SANKEY. By per.

Moderato. :S:

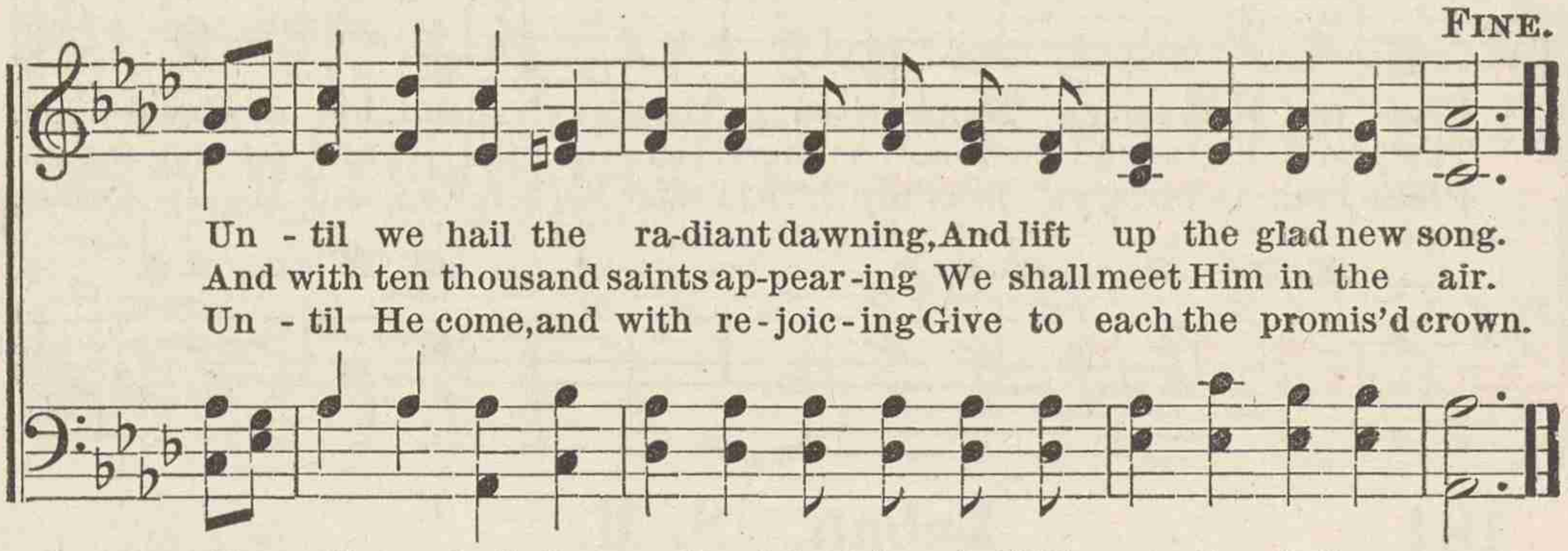


1. Re-joice! rejoice! our King is com-ing! And the time will not be long,
2. With joy we wait our King's return-ing From His heav'n-ly man-sions fair;
3. Oh, may we nev-er wea-ry, watching, Nev-er lay our ar-mour down



D.S.— joice! re-joice! our King is com-ing! And the time will not be long,

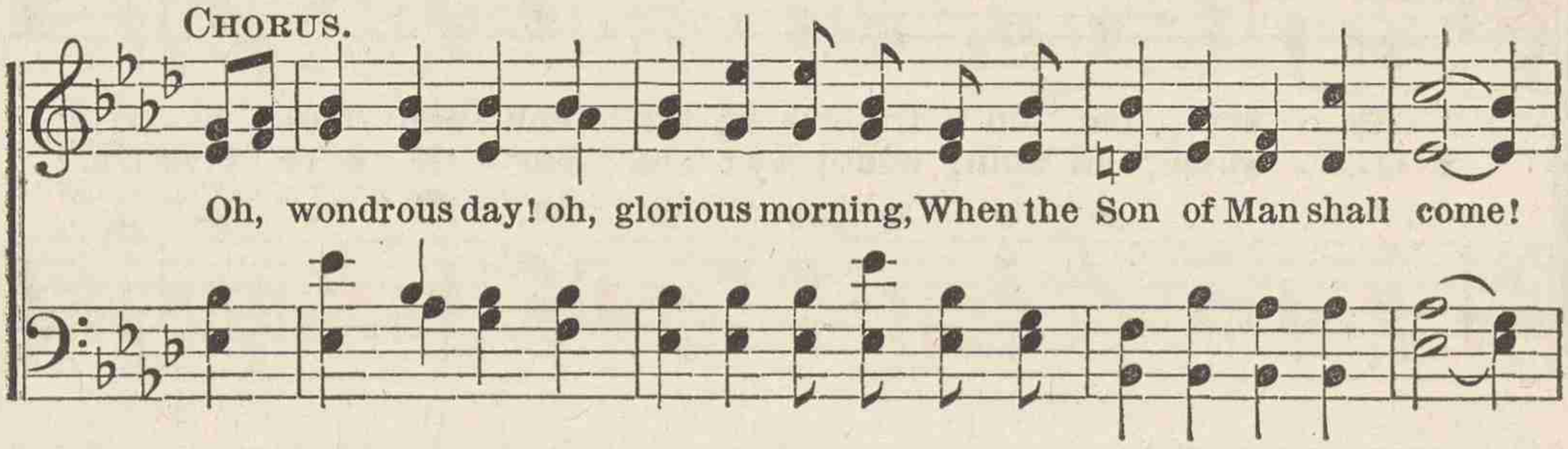
FINE.



Un-til we hail the ra-diant dawning, And lift up the glad new song.
And with ten thousand saints ap-pear-ing We shall meet Him in the air.
Un-til He come, and with re-joic-ing Give to each the promis'd crown.

Un-til we hail the radiant dawning, And lift up the glad new song.

CHORUS.



Oh, wondrous day! oh, glorious morning, When the Son of Man shall come!

D.S.

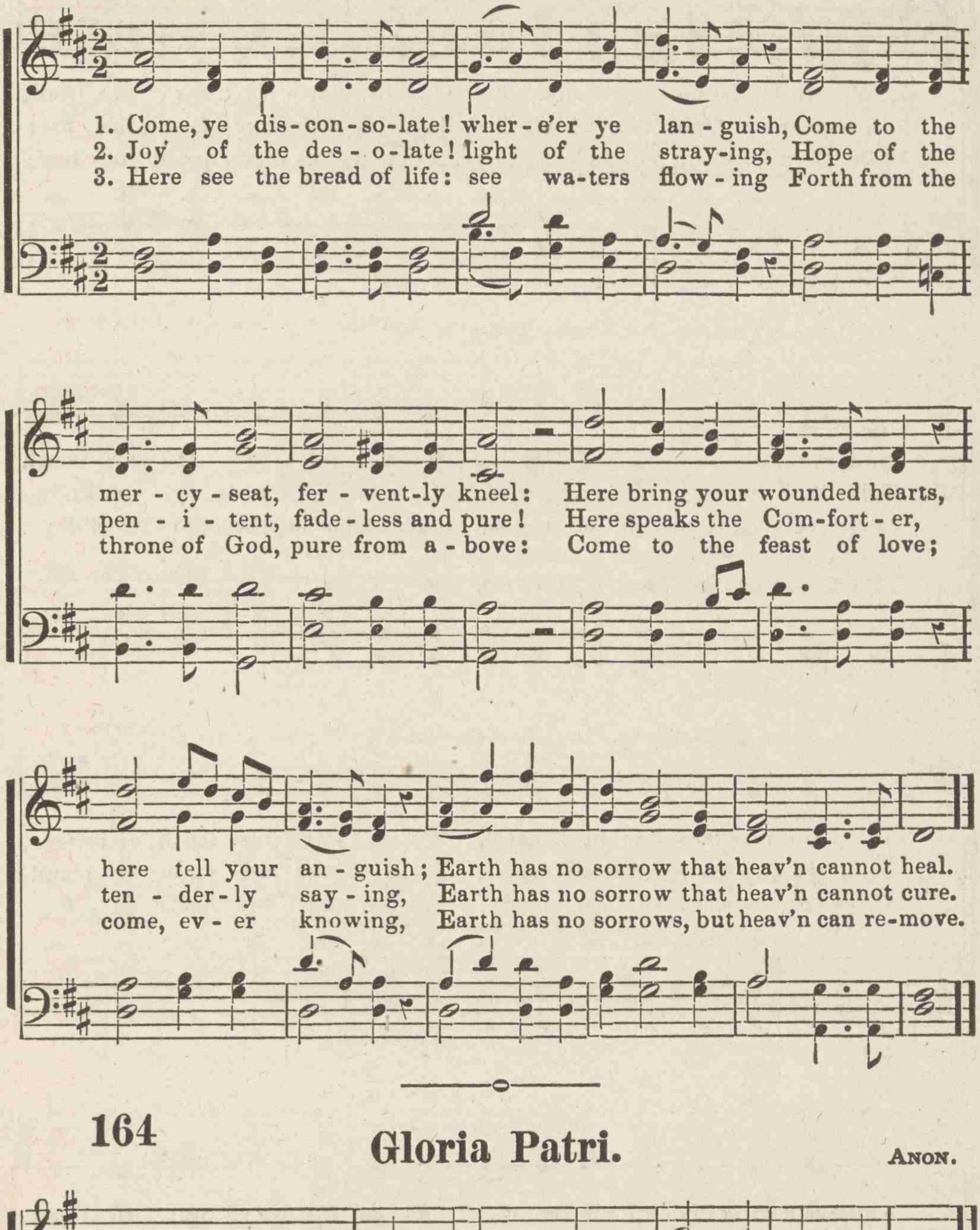
May we with lamps all trimm'd and burning Gladly welcome His re-turn! *Re* -

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163 Come, ye Disconsolate.

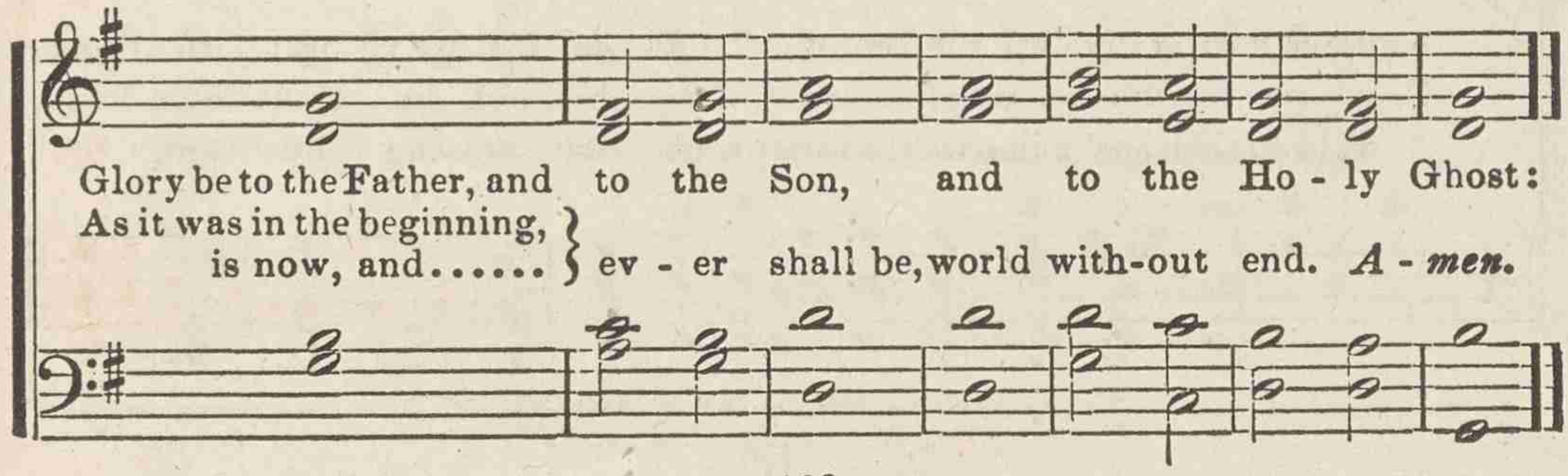
"Come unto me, and I will give you rest."—Matt. 11: 28.

THO'S. MOORE and THO'S. HASTINGS. SAMUEL WEBBE.



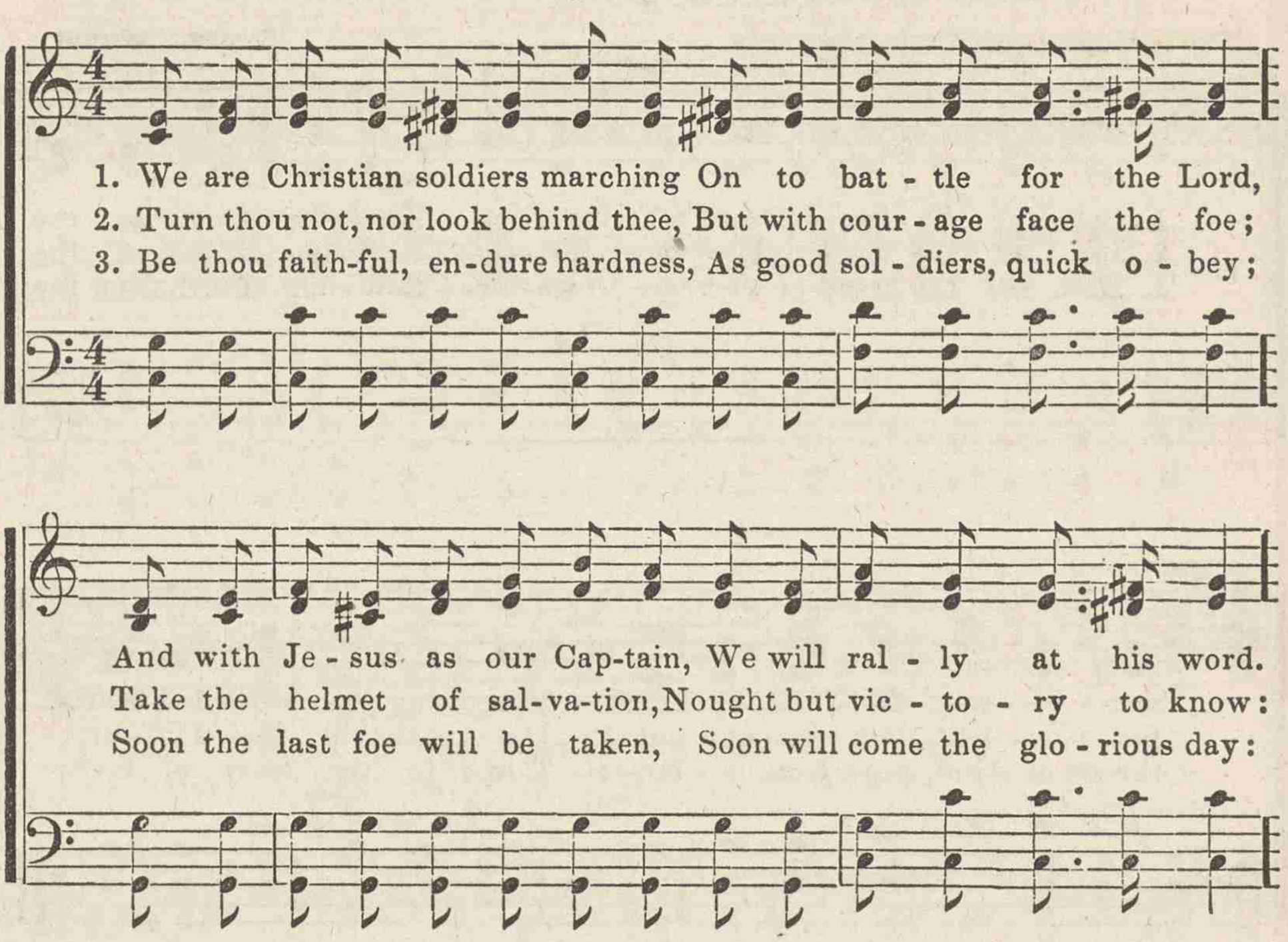
164 Gloria Patri.

ANON.



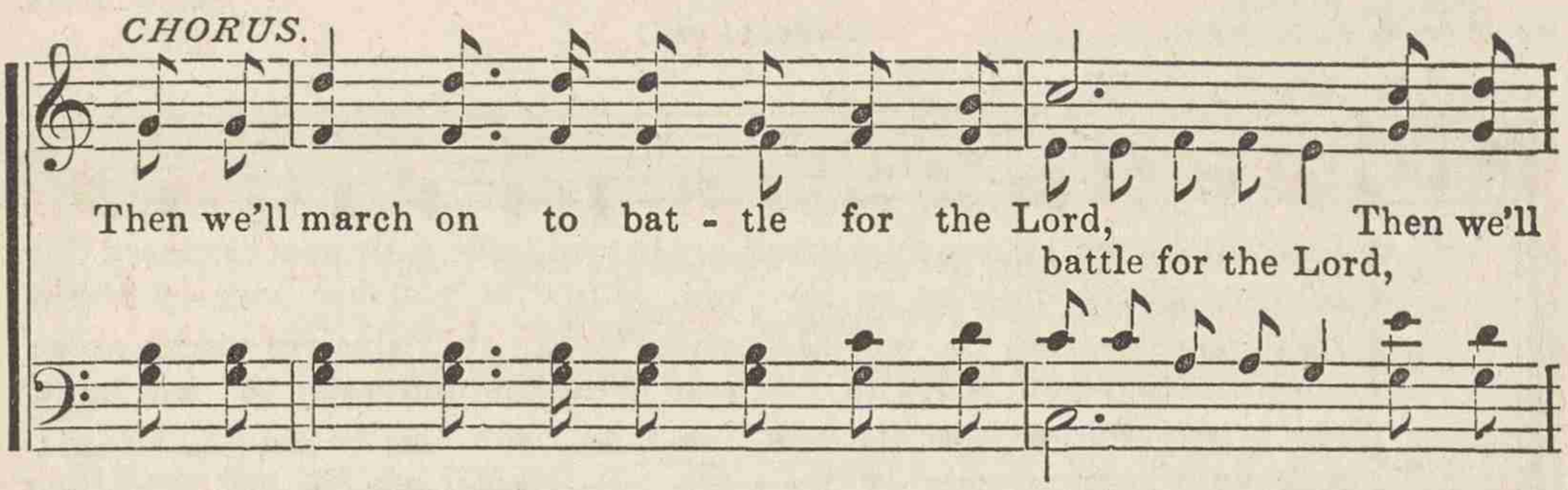
165 We are Christian Soldiers Marching.

E. C. A. (Eph. 6: 10—17.) E. C. Avis.



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WE ARE CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS MARCHING. Concluded.





166

I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

1 I love to tell the story
Of unseen things above;
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love!
I love to tell the story!
Because I know its true;
It satisfies my longings
As nothing else would do.

Chorus.

I love to tell the story,
'Twill be my theme in glory
To tell the old, old story
Of Jesus and his love.

2 I love to tell the story!
More wonderful it seems
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.
I love to tell the story!
It did so much for me!
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.

3 I love to tell the story!
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the story!
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own Holy Word.

4 I love to tell the story!
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when in scenes of glory
I sing the *New, New Song*,
'Twill be the *Old, Old Story*,
That I have loved so long.

Miss Kate Hankey.

167 Jesus Knocking.

Mrs. L. E. Cox.
Arr. by E. C. Avis.

(Rev. 3: 20.)

E. C. Avis.

With feeling.

1. Je - sus knocking, see him standing Just outside your heart's closed door;
   Do not grieve him, one so lov - ing, How can you his mer-cy slight?

2. He'll re-ceive you, he will bless you, Though your sins are scarlet now;
   Shall he leave you, will you o - pen Wide the por-tals to his sight?

3. He is call-ing, gen-tly call - ing, As he nev-er called be-fore;
   Ask your heart to calm-ly lis - ten To that voice so soft and light,

rit.

Knocking, knocking for ad-mis-sion, As he knocked so oft be-fore.
He is ask - ing for your heart's-love, Will you take one step to-night?

He will cleanse you in the fountain, Wash you till your white as snow.
If he goes a - gain he'll come not, Will you take one step to-night?

Ask - ing, pleading O so soft - ly For the love you gave of yore.
As it pleads with you so lov - ing, Will you take one step to-night.

REFRAIN.

One step near-er, one step on - ly, This is all he asks for quite;

rit.

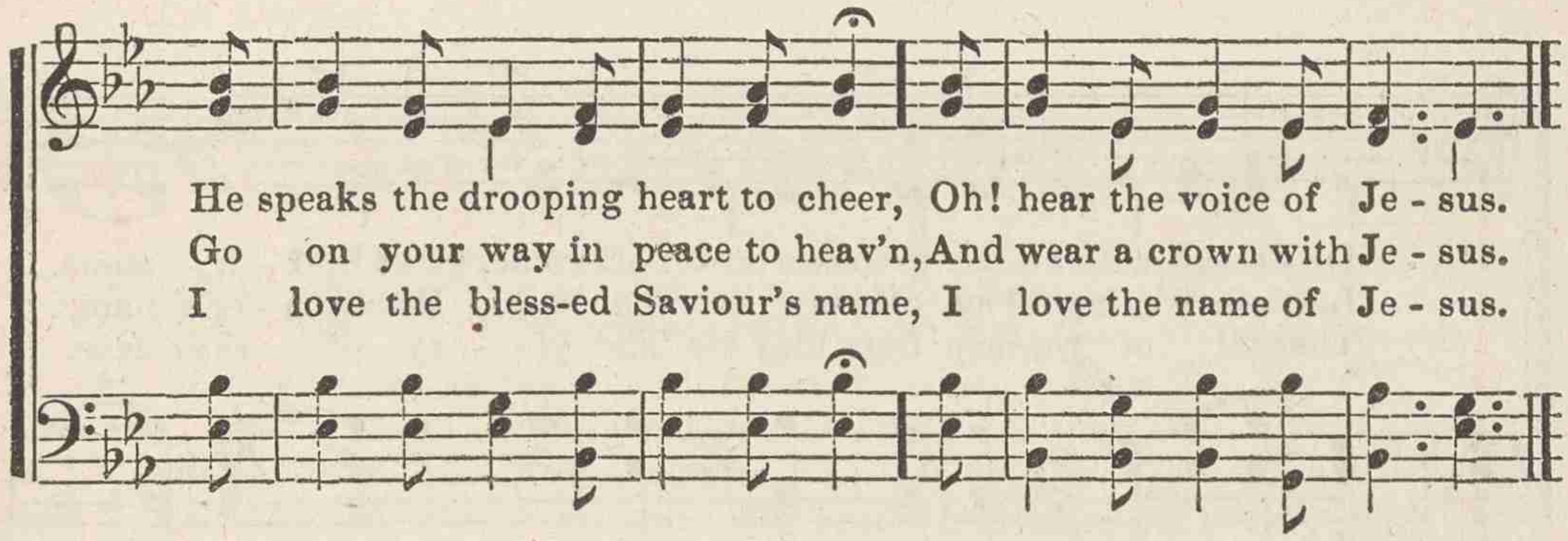
Will you heed the call of Je - sus, Wilt thou take that step to-night?

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168 The Great Physician.

Arranged by Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.









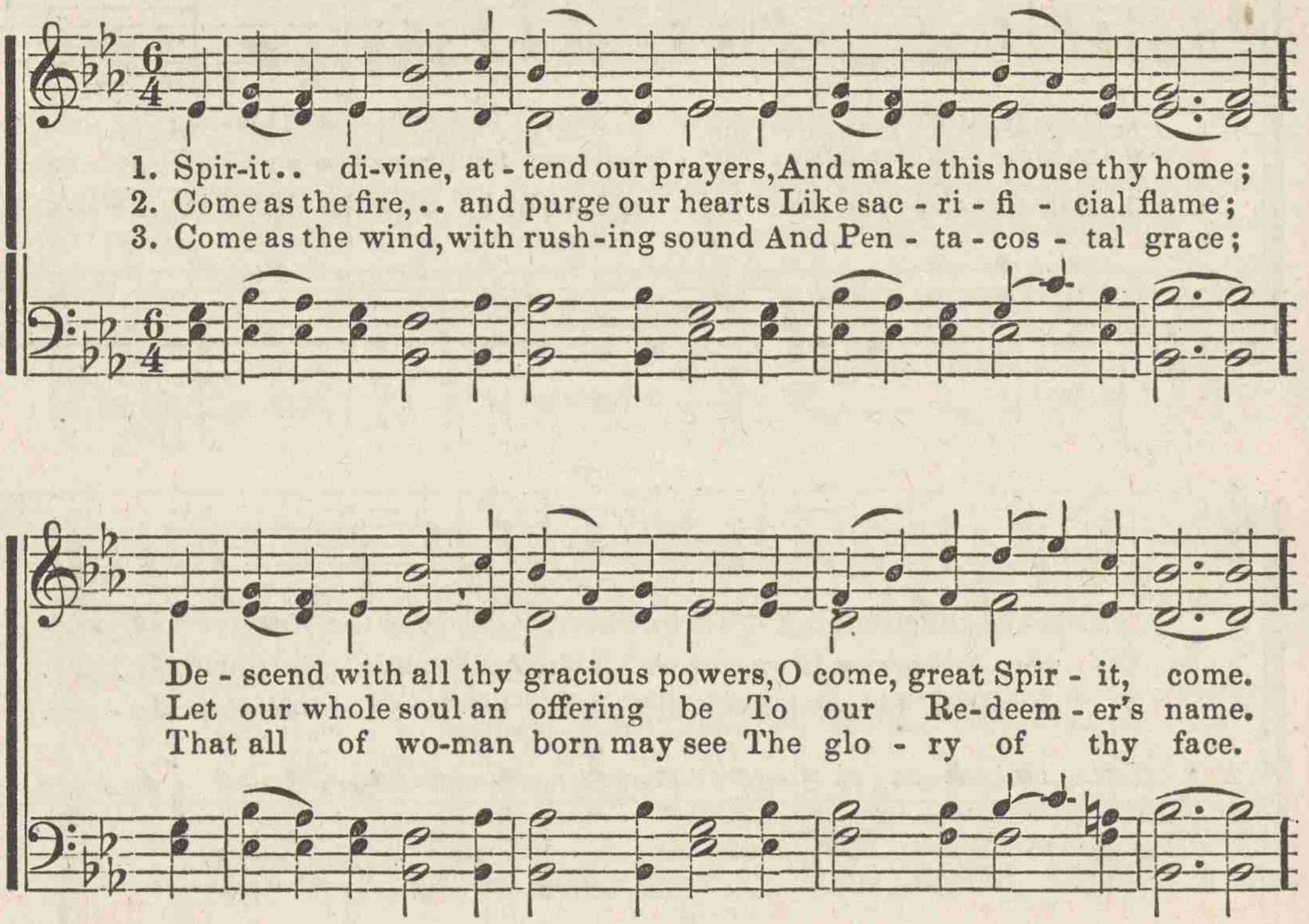
4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus:
Oh! how my soul delights to hear
The charming name of Jesus.

5 And when to that bright world above
We rise to see our Jesus,
We'll sing around the throne of love
The name, the name of Jesus.

169 The Holy Spirit.

"God giveth not the Spirit by measure."—John 3: 34.

ANDREW REED. E. C. AVIS.



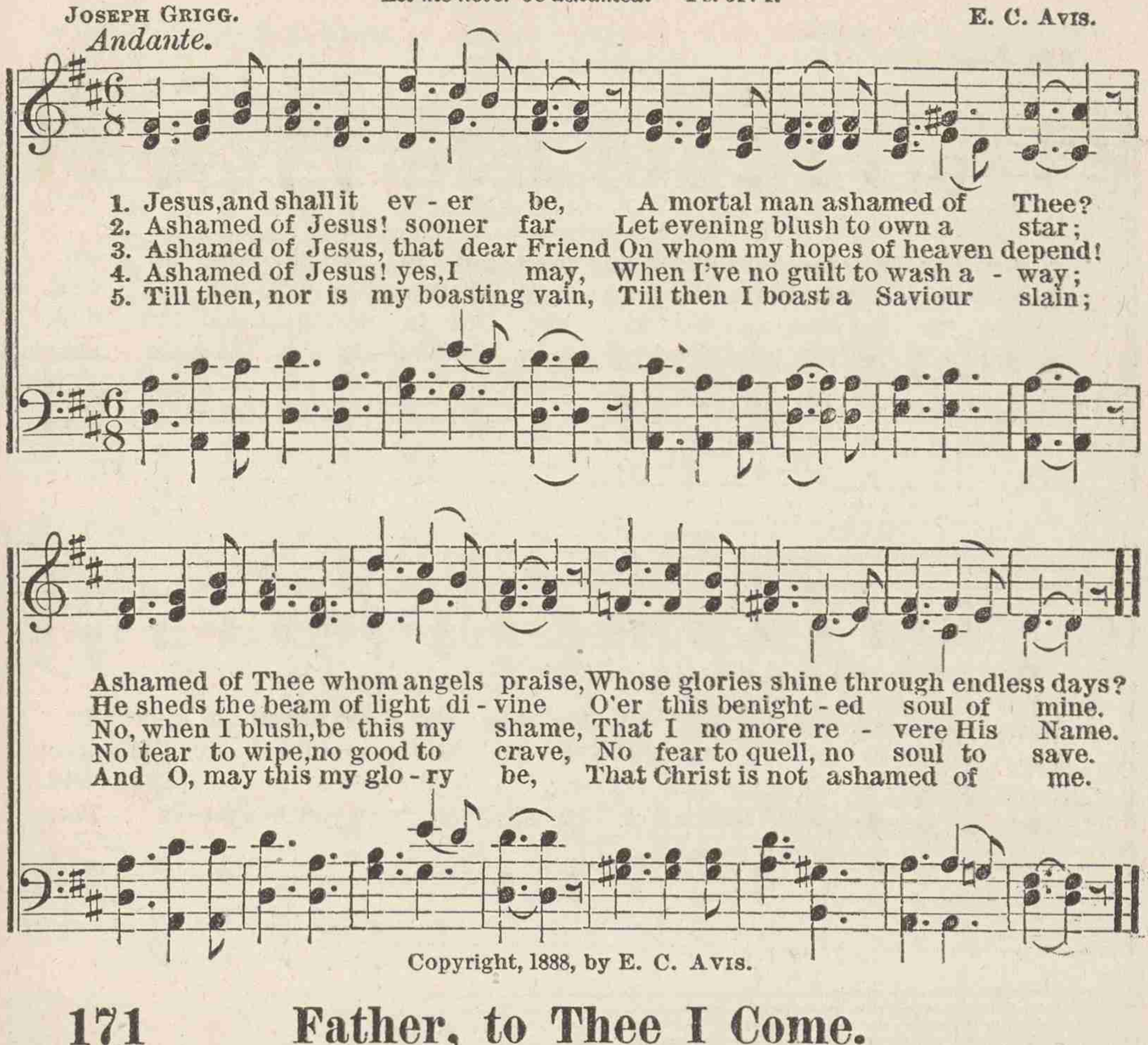
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170 Ontario. L. M.

"Let me never be ashamed." Ps. 31:1.

JOSEPH GRIGG. E. C. AVIS.

Andante.



Copyright, 1888, by E. C. Avis.

171 Father, to Thee I Come.

"Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out."—Jno. 6:37.

With feeling. Arr. by E. C. AVIS.



Coypright, 1887, by E. C. Avis.

172 Not Far from the Kingdom.

Andante. To be sung as a Solo.

Arranged from an unknown tract. E. C. Avis.

1. Not far, not far from the king - dom, Yet in the shad-ow of sin,
2. Not far, not far from the gate - way, Where voic-es whis-per and wait,
3. Out in the dark and the dan - ger, Out in the night and the cold,
4. Not far, not far from the king - dom, 'Tis on - ly a lit - tle space,

How many are com-ing and go - ing How few there are en-ter - ing in.
Too tim-id to en - ter in bold - ly, So lin - ger still out-side the gate.
There Je-sus is wait-ing. still wait-ing, To lead you in - to the fold.
But oh! you may still be for - ev - er Shut out from yon heaven- ly place.

REFRAIN.

1 & 2. How few there are en - ter - ing in, How few there are
3 & 4. Then has - ten and en - ter in, Then has - ten and

Grave.

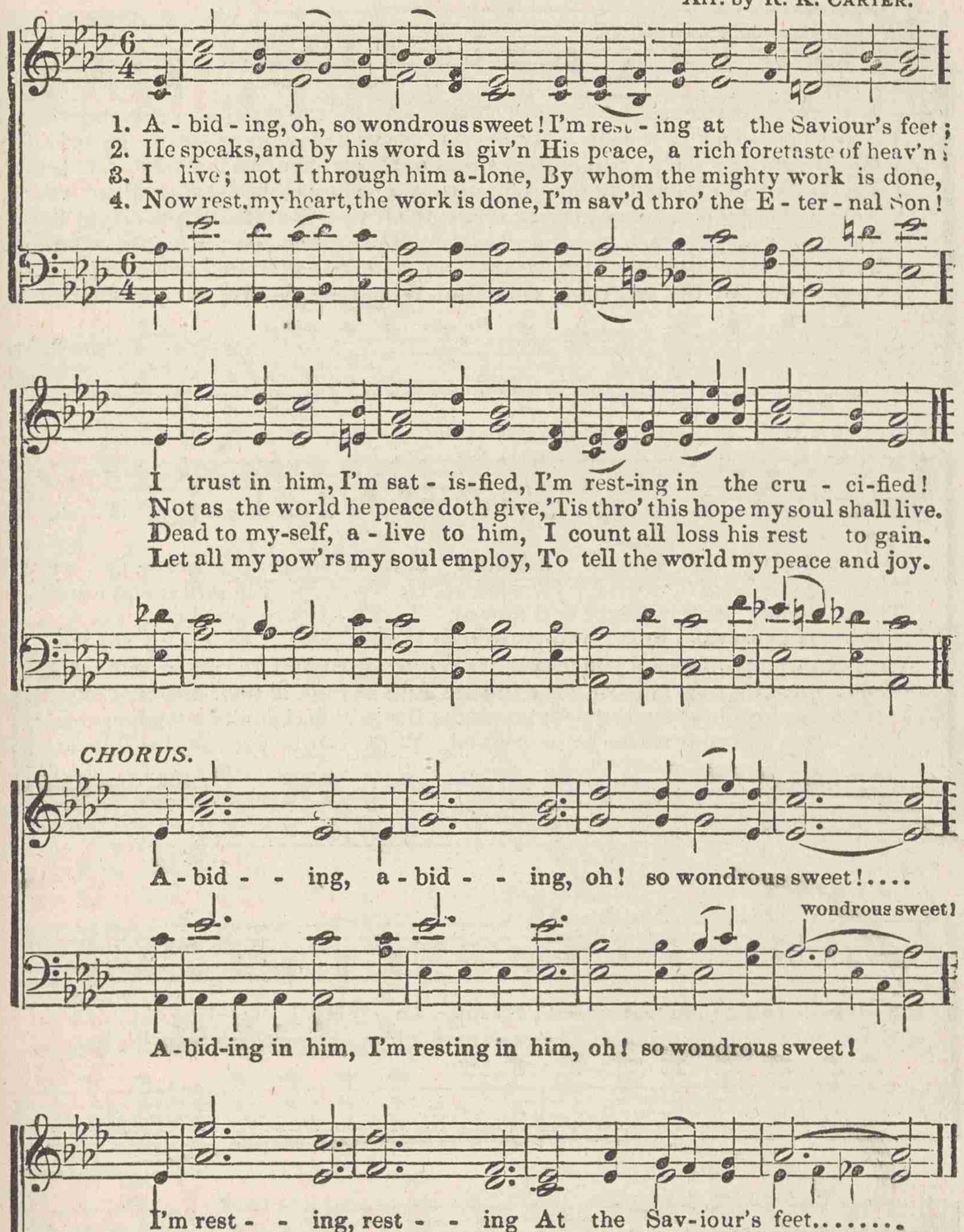
en - ter - ing in, How few there are en - ter - ing in.
en - ter in, O has - ten and en - ter in.

Copyright, 1888, by E. C. Avis.

173 Abiding.

Words by CHAS. B. J. ROOT.

Melody by D. C. WRIGHT.
Arr. by R. K. CARTER.



Copyright, 1885, *by Chas. B. J. ROOT.*

By Permission.

174 "One thing thou Lackest."

Mrs. L. S. HOWELL. (Mark 10: 21.) E. C. AVIS.



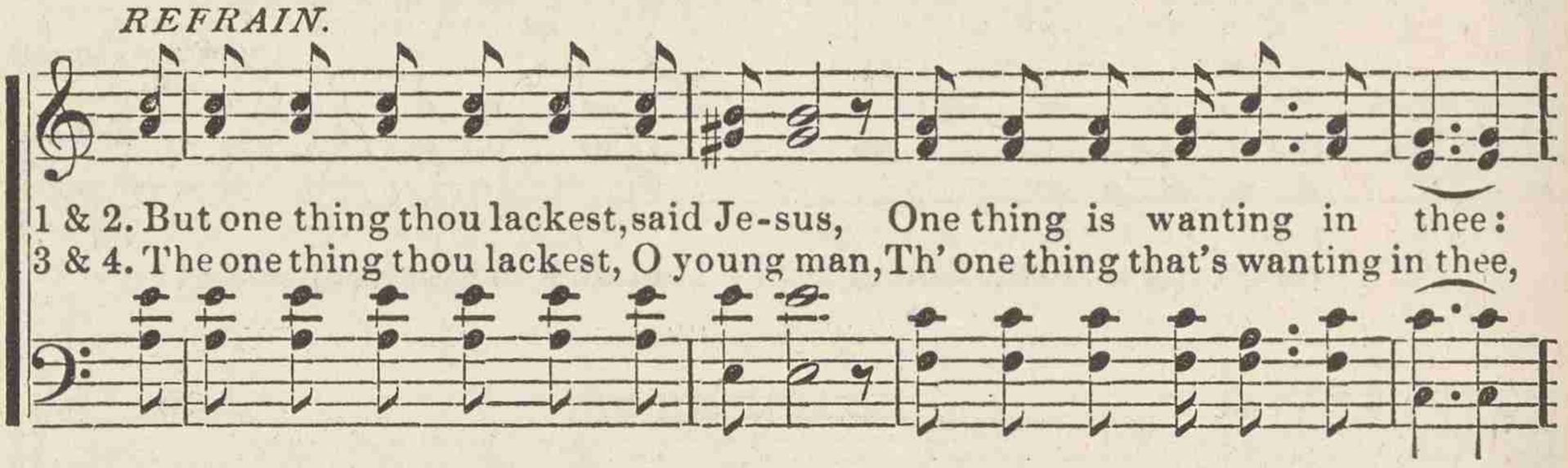
1. A young man came running to Je-sus, As he taught the people one day,
He was per-fect in man ly beauty, He was glowing with life and health;
2. He was guilty of no.. great sinning, He had kept all the writ-ten law;
Yet the Saviour looked on him with sorrow, For he so loved the excellent youth,
3. Young man, who to-day may be boasting Of your moral and up-right life,
There are some of the low-est and vilest, To.. God and their manhood untrue,
4. You may make your own plan of salvation, And the Saviour a-side may cast;
O....leave not the one thing so needful, Which the blood of our Lord hath cost,



To in-quire of the bless-ed Master How to en-ter the heavenly way.
He was gift-ed in world-ly wisdom, He was mighty in power and wealth.
He was honest and upright and mor-al, In his life you could find no flaw,
And he saw that the one.. thing wanting Was a real be-lief in the truth.
You..know not how soon you may falter When you come in the midst of the strife;
Who.. once were as sure of their fu-ture And as loud in their boasting as you.
You may rest quite se-cure in your goodness, But will find you're mistaken at last.
With.. this will your works be ac-cept-ed, With-out it your soul will be lost!

D.S.

REFRAIN.



1 & 2. But one thing thou lackest, said Je-sus, One thing is wanting in thee:
3 & 4. The one thing thou lackest, O young man, Th' one thing that's wanting in thee,



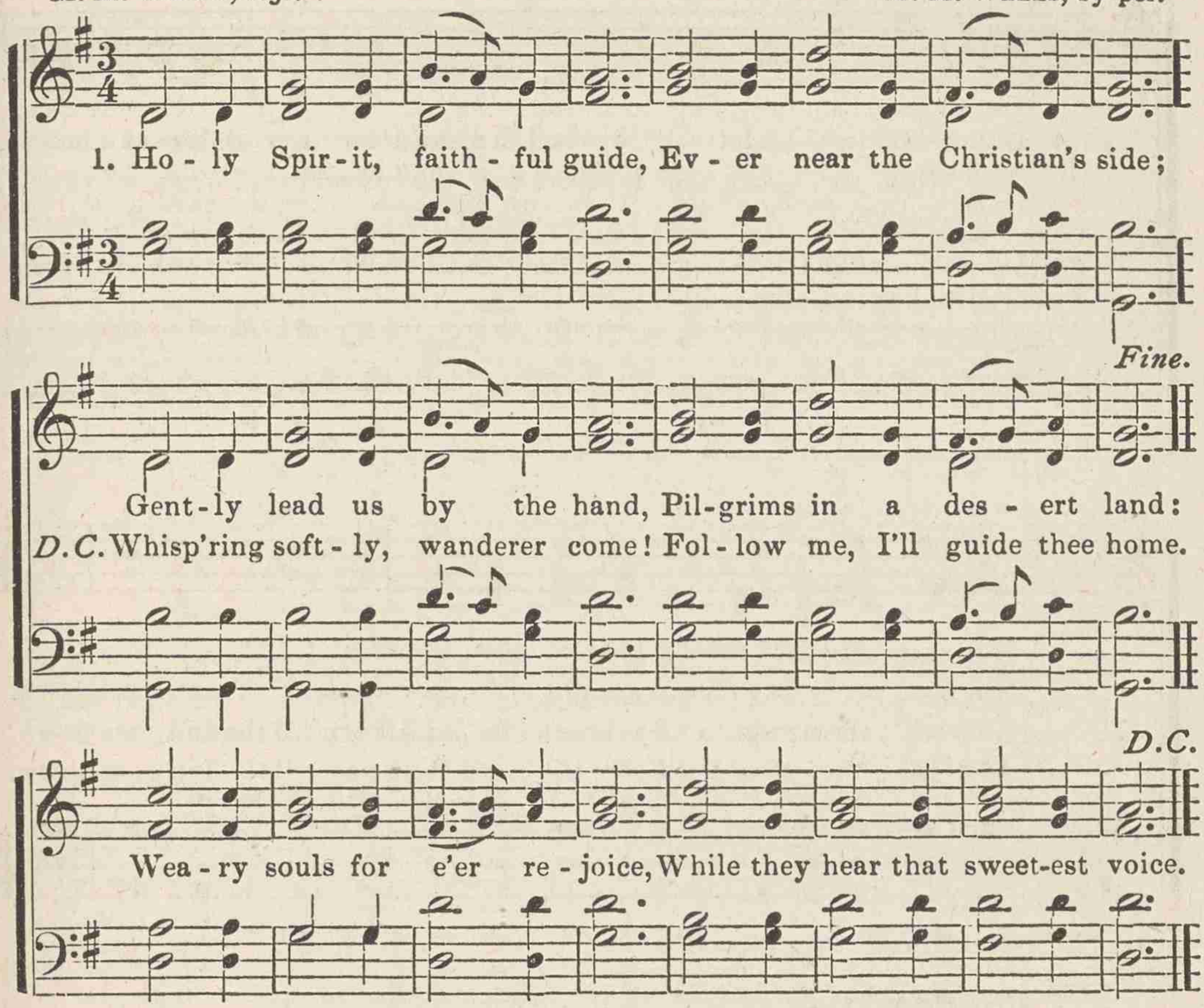
Go part with that which may hin-der, Then come thou and follow me.
Is acceptance of Christ the Saviour, For he says come follow me.

Copyright, 1887, *by E. C. AVIS.*

175 Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

"I will guide thee with mine eye."—Ps. 32: 8.

M. M. Wells, 1858. M. M. Wells, by per.



2 Ever present, truest Friend,
Ever near thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear.
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Whispering softly, wanderer come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wond'ring if our names were there:
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading nought but Jesus' blood;
Whispering softly, wanderer come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home!

176 He Leadeth Me.

1

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

Refrain.

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

2

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

3

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

4

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

Rev. Jos. H. Gilmore.

177 Work till the Sun goes down.

E. C. A. (Luke 10: 2.) E. C. Avis.



1. Go work in the har-vest of the Lord, And let thy sheaves a - bound,
2. The work is.. great, the laborers few, Go spread the.. news a - round;
3. When souls are dy - ing all a-round, Why sit ye.. i - dle, dumb?
4. Go work, while the daylight lingers, work; Toil on till the crown is won,





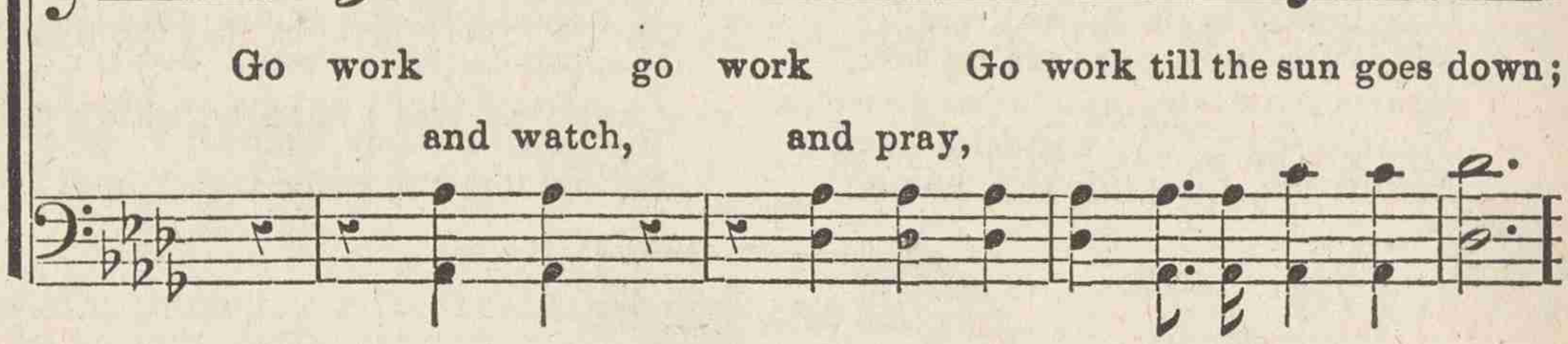
Nor stop 'mid the burning heat to rest, But work till the sun goes down.
No long - er.. say there's nought to do, But work till the sun goes down.
Go tell them of a Saviour's love, And work till the sun goes down.
And in the vine-yard of the Lord Rest not till the sun goes down.



CHORUS.



Go work go work Go work till the sun goes down;
and watch, and pray,





Go forth and work, and watch, and pray, Go work till the sun goes down.

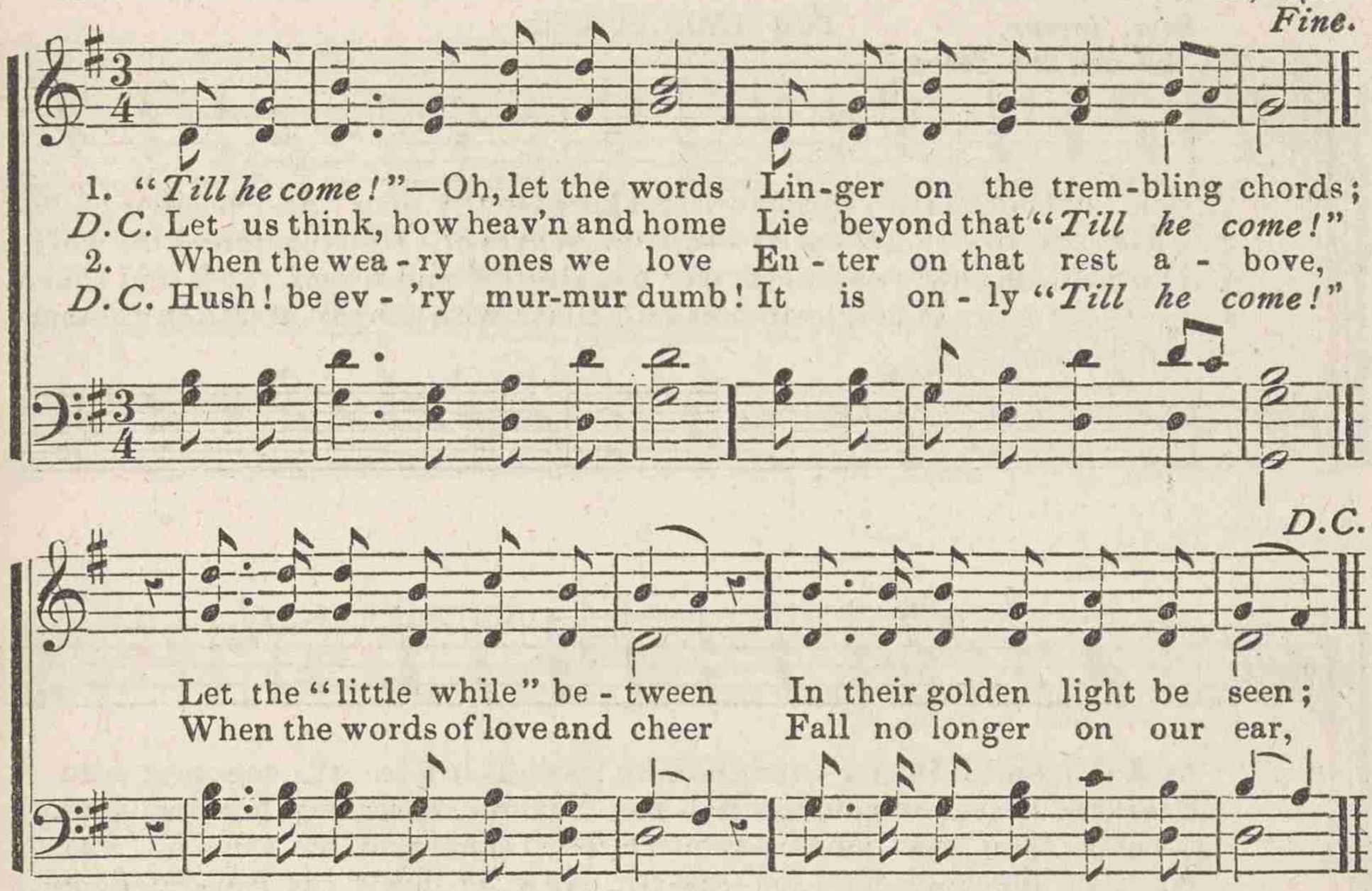


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178 Till He Come.

"For yet a little while and He that shall come will come, and will not tarry."—Heb. 10: 37.

Rev. Ed. H. Bickersteth. Dr. Lowell Mason, 1840.



1. "*Till he come!*"—Oh, let the words Lin-ger on the trem-bling chords;
D.C. Let us think, how heav'n and home Lie beyond that "*Till he come!*"
2. When the wea-ry ones we love En-ter on that rest a-bove,
D.C. Hush! be ev-'ry mur-mur dumb! It is on-ly "*Till he come!*"

Let the "little while" be-tween In their golden light be seen;
When the words of love and cheer Fall no longer on our ear,

3 Clouds and darkness round us press;
Would we have one sorrow less?
All the sharpness of the cross,
All that tells the world is loss,
Death, and darkness, and the tomb,
Pain us only "*Till he come!*"

4 See, the feast of love is spread,
Drink the wine and eat the bread;
Sweet memorials, till the Lord
Call us round his heavenly board,
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only "*Till he come!*"

---

179 DEAR JESUS, I LONG TO BE PERFECTLY WHOLE.

1

Dear Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole;
I want thee forever to live in my soul:
Break down every idol, cast out every foe;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

Chorus.

Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow,
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

2

Dear Jesus, let nothing unholy remain;
Apply thine own blood, and remove every stain;
To have this blest cleansing, I all things forego:
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

3

Dear Jesus, come down from thy throne in the skies,
And help me to make a complete sacrifice;
I give up myself, and whatever I know:
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

4

Dear Jesus, thou seest I patiently wait,
Come now and within me a clean heart create;
To those who have sought thee thou never saidst no,
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

5

Dear Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat;
I wait, blessed Lord, at thy crucified feet;
By faith, for my cleansing, I see thy blood flow:
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

6

The blessing, by faith, I receive from above;
O glory! my soul is made perfect in love;
My prayer has prevailed, and this moment I know
The blood is applied: I am whiter than snow.

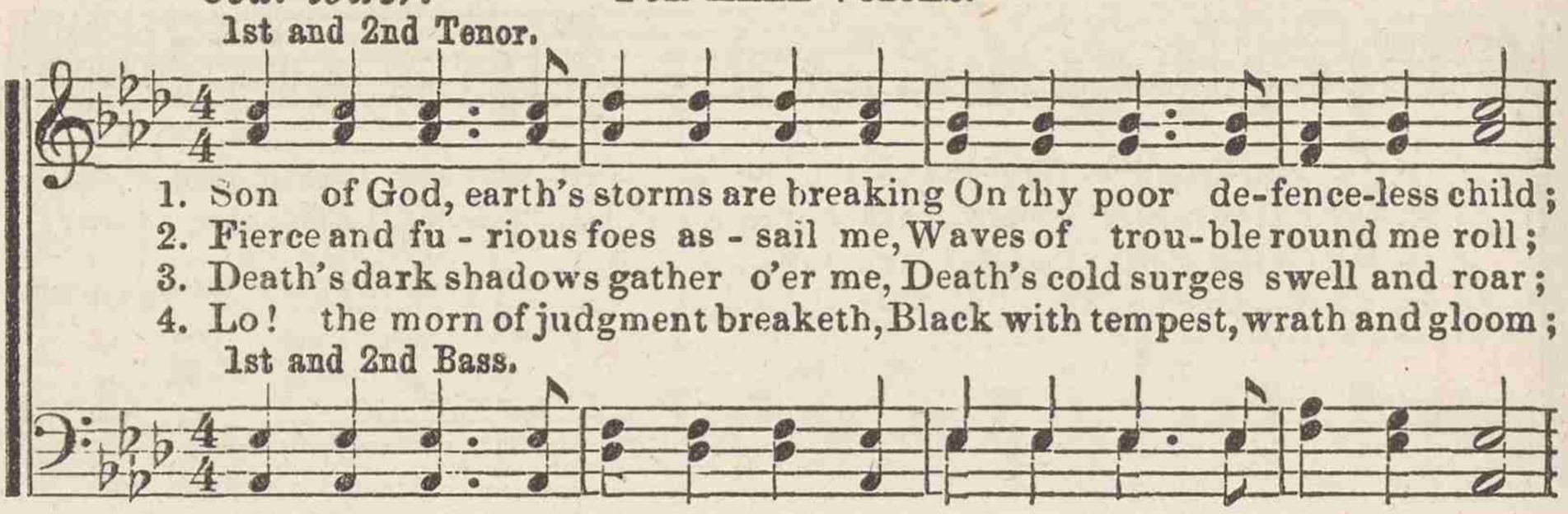
J. Nicholson.

180 In the Shadow of Thy Wing.

H. L. HASTINGS. (Isa. 1; 2.) E. C. AVIS.

8va. lower. FOR MALE VOICES.

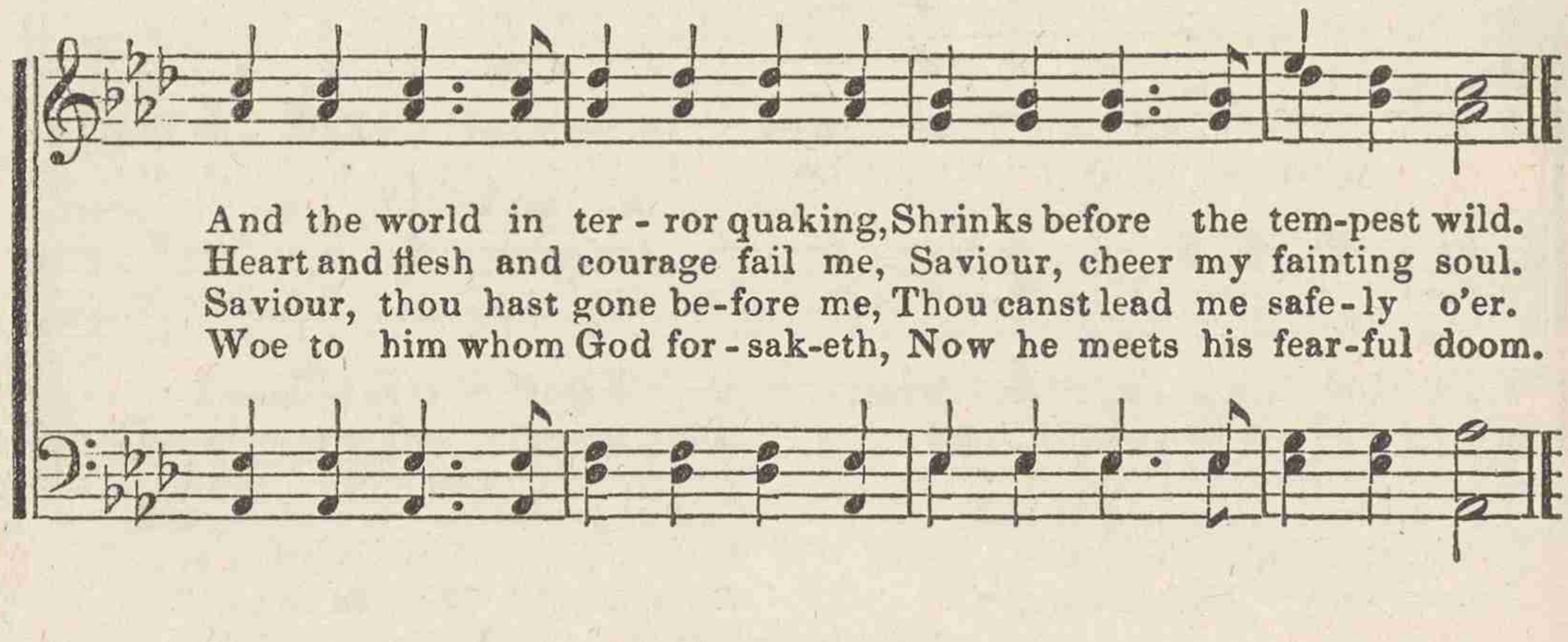
1st and 2nd Tenor.



1. Son of God, earth's storms are breaking On thy poor de-fence-less child;
2. Fierce and fu - rious foes as - sail me, Waves of trou-ble round me roll;
3. Death's dark shadows gather o'er me, Death's cold surges swell and roar;
4. Lo! the morn of judgment breaketh, Black with tempest, wrath and gloom;

1st and 2nd Bass.





And the world in ter - ror quaking, Shrinks before the tem-pest wild.
Heart and flesh and courage fail me, Saviour, cheer my fainting soul.
Saviour, thou hast gone be-fore me, Thou canst lead me safe-ly o'er.
Woe to him whom God for - sak-eth, Now he meets his fear-ful doom.

REFRAIN.



Saviour, comfort me and guide me, 'Mid the tempest, bid me sing;

rit. ad lib.



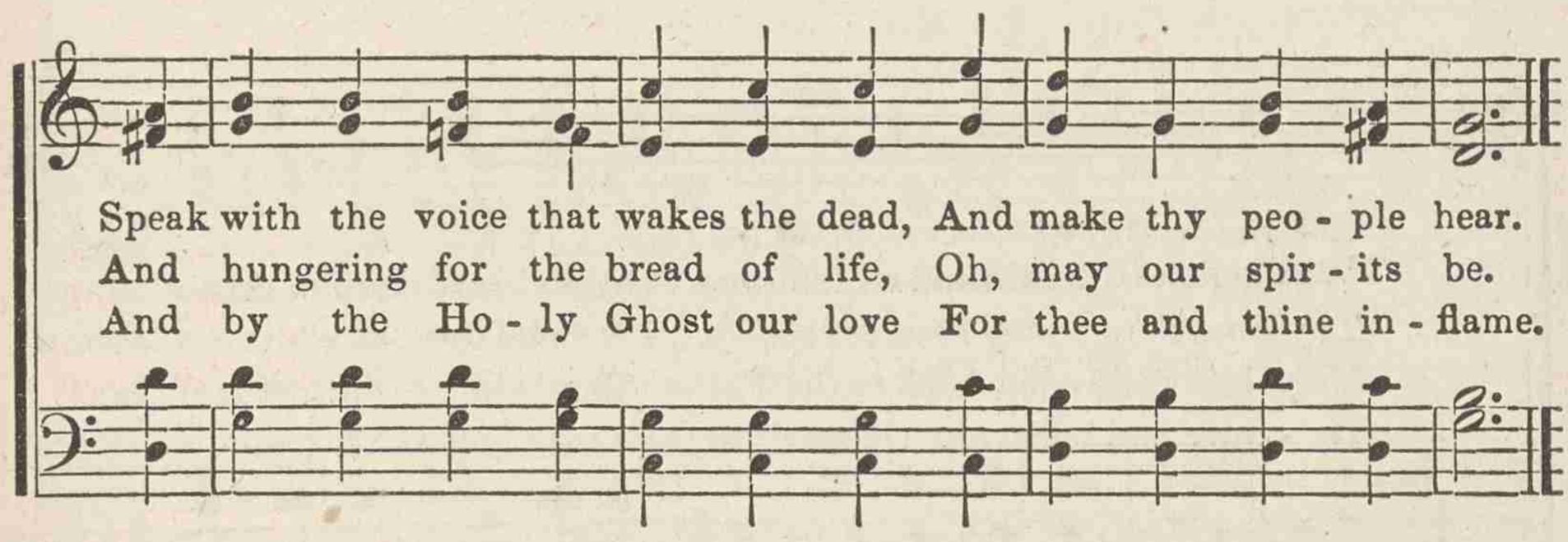
Saviour, hide me, safely hide me In the shadow of thy wing.

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181 Revive Thy Work.

ALBERT MIDLANE, 1861. (Hab. 3: 2.) E. C. AVIS.







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182

The Prodigal Child.

"I will arise and go to my Father."—Luke 15: 18.

E. C. A. E. C. Avis.

Not too fast.

1. O, prod-i-gal, come, I am waiting, Why tar-ry on mountains so bare?
2. O, prod-i-gal, come, I am waiting, The Saviour said sweetly and low:
3. O, prod-i-gal, come, I am waiting, From pleasures of sin turn a - way;
4. O, prod-i-gal, still I am waiting, E - ter - ni - ty now draweth nigh;

Why perish with cold and with hunger? There's bread enough yet and to spare.
Thy sins, though they be as the scar-let, I'll make them as white as the snow.
Make haste and come back to thy Father, Thy soul may be lost in de-lay!
Re - turn and believe on the Saviour, And thou shalt have treasures on high.

come home, ...

REFRAIN.

Come home, Come home, O prodigal child, come home, O come home,

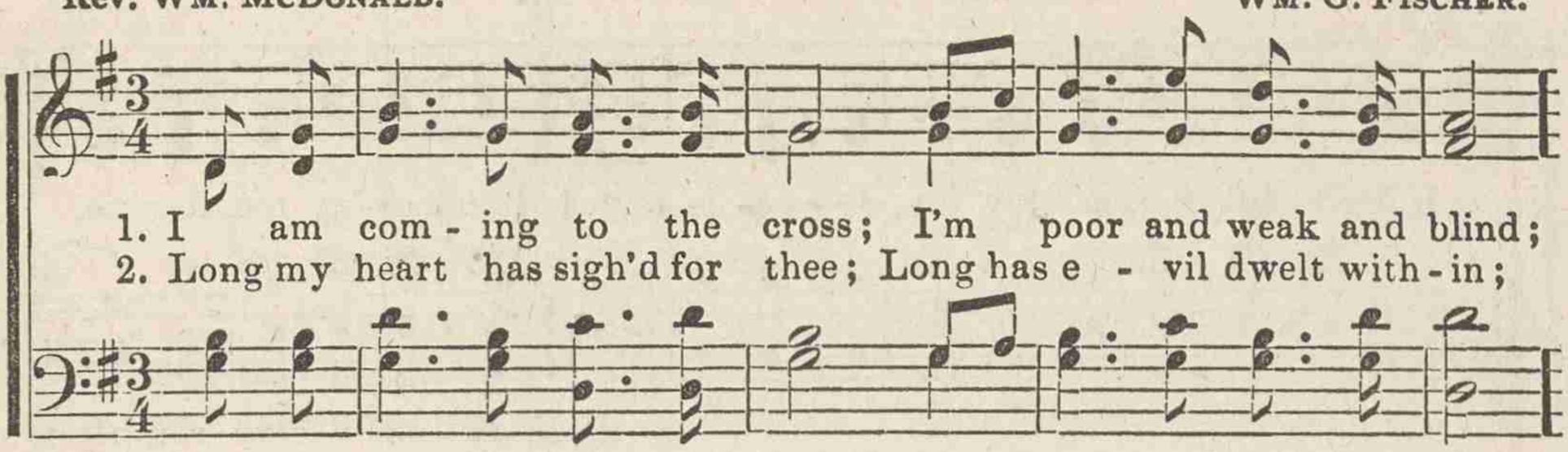
Come home, Come home,

And squander thy substance no longer; O prod-i - gal child, come home.

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183 I am Trusting, Lord, in Thee.

Rev. WM. McDONALD. WM. G. FISCHER.



3 Here, I give my all to thee,—
Friends, and time, and earthly store,
Soul and body thine to be—
Wholly thine—forevermore.

4 In the promises I trust;
In the cleansing blood confide;
I am prostrate in the dust;
I with Christ am crucified.

5 Jesus comes! he fills my soul!
Perfected in love I am;
I am every whit made whole;
Glory, glory to the Lamb;
(Chorus to 5th verse.)
Still I'm trusting, Lord, in thee,
Dear Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at thy cross I bow—
Jesus saves me! saves me now.

184 BETHANY. 6s & 4s. (Key of G.)

1 Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,—
Nearer, my God, to thee!
Nearer to thee!

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

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

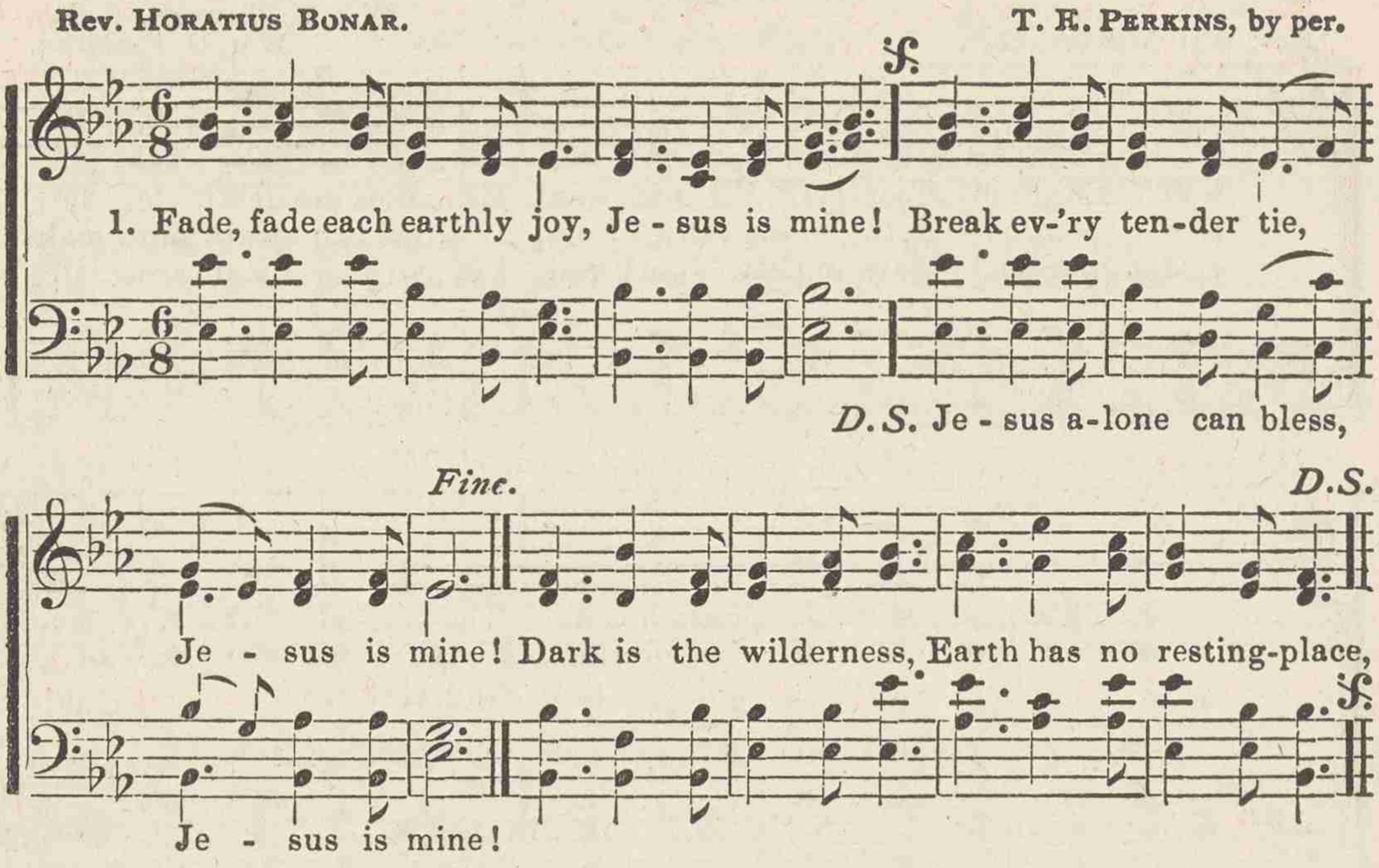
4 Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee!
Nearer to thee!

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 F. ADAMS, 1840.

185 Jesus is Mine.

Rev. HORATIUS BONAR. T. E. PERKINS, by per.



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!

186

1 From the cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What melodious sounds we hear
Bursting on the ravished ear!
"Love's redeeming work is done,
Come and welcome, sinner, come!

2 "Sprinkled now with blood the throne,
Why beneath thy burdens groan?
On his pierced body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid;
Bow the knee, embrace the Son,
Come and welcome, sinner, come!

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

THOMYS HAWEIS.

187 Tune,—MEAR. C. M. Key of F.

1 Spirit of truth, oh let me know
The love of Christ to me;
Its conquering, quick'ning pow'r bestow,
To set me wholly free.

2 I long to know its depth and height,
To scan its breadth and length;
Drink in its ocean of delight,
And triumph in its strength.

3 It is thine office to reveal
My Saviour's wondrous love;
Oh, deepen on my heart thy seal,
And bless me from above.

4 Thy quickening power to me impart,
And be my constant Guide;
With richer gladness fill my heart;
Be Jesus glorified.

188 Evan. C. M.

"Rouse's Version," 1643. (Ps. 23.) Wm. H. Havergal, 1847.



4 My table thou hast furnished,
In presence of my foes;
My head thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

5 Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house forevermore,
My dwelling place shall be.

189 Evan.

1 O for a faith that will not shrink,
Though press'd by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe;

2 That will not murmur or complain
Beneath the chast'ning rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;—

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;—

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

Rev. Wm. H. Bathurst, 1831.

190 Sweet Hour of Prayer.

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

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

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

Wm. W. Walford.

191 While The Years Are Rolling On.

HARRIET B. MCKEEVER. JNO. R. SWENEY. By per.

Recitante.

1. In a world so full of weeping, While the years are roll-ing on; Chris-tian
2. There's no time to waste in sighing, While the years are roll-ing on; Time is
3. Let us strengthen one an-oth-er, While the years are roll-ing on; Seek to
4. Friends we love are quickly fly-ing, While the years are roll-ing on; No more

souls the watch are keeping, While the years are roll-ing on. While our jour-ney we pur -
fly - ing, souls are dy - ing, While the years are roll-ing on. Lov-ing words a soul may
raise a fal - len broth-er, While the years are roll-ing on. This is work for ev - ery
part-ing, no more dy-ing, While the years are roll-ing on. In the world be-yond the

sue, With the ha-ven still in view, There is work for us to do, While the
win From the wretched paths of sin; We may bring the wand'rers in, While the
hand, Till, throughout cre - a-tion's land, Arm-ies for the Lord shall stand, While the
tomb Sor - row nev - er more can come, When we meet in that blest home, While the

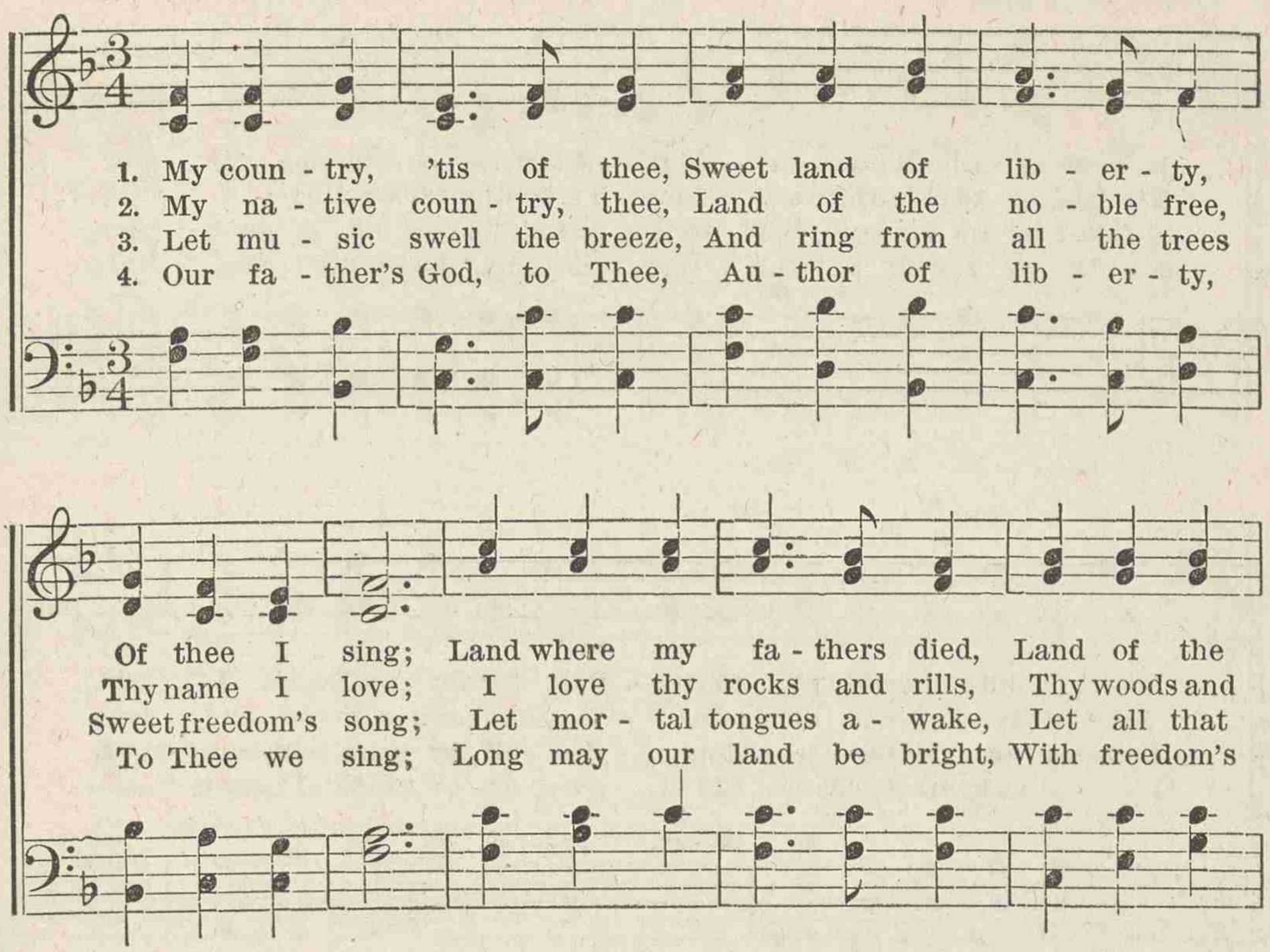
CHORUS.

years are roll - ing on. Are roll - ing on, are roll - ing on, Are roll - ing

on, are roll-ing on, O, the good we may be doing, While the years are rolling on.

192 America. (National Hymn.)

S. F. SMITH.



193 GOD BLESS 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 prayers shall be,
Our fathers' God, to Thee,
On Thee we wait;
Be her walls holiness,
Her rulers righteousness,
Her officers be peace;
God save the state.

3 Lord of all truth and right,
In whom alone is might,
On Thee we call;
Give us prosperity,
Give us true liberty,
May all the oppressed go free,
God save us all.

194 Leaning on Jesus.

Rev. W. F. Crafts. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Wea - ry with walking a - lone, Long heav - y - la - den with sin;
2. Fear - ing to stand for my Lord, Trembling for weakness in prayer;
3. Anx - ious no lon - ger, for self, Shrinking no lon - ger from pain;
4. Lean - ing, I walk in "The Way," Leaning, "The Truth" I shall know;

Toil - ing all night without Christ,— Rest for my soul shall I win.
Yet on the bos - om di - vine Los - ing each sor - row and fear.
Lean - ing on Je - sus a - lone, He all my care will sus - tain.
Lean - ing on heart-throbs of Christ, Safe in - to "Life" I may go.

Chorus.

Lean - ing on Je - sus, I walk . . at His side;
Leaning on Je - sus, in Him I abide, Leaning on Je - sus, I walk at His side.

Lean - ing on Je - sus, I trust Him, my Shepherd and Guide.
Leaning on Jesus, whatev - er be - tide,

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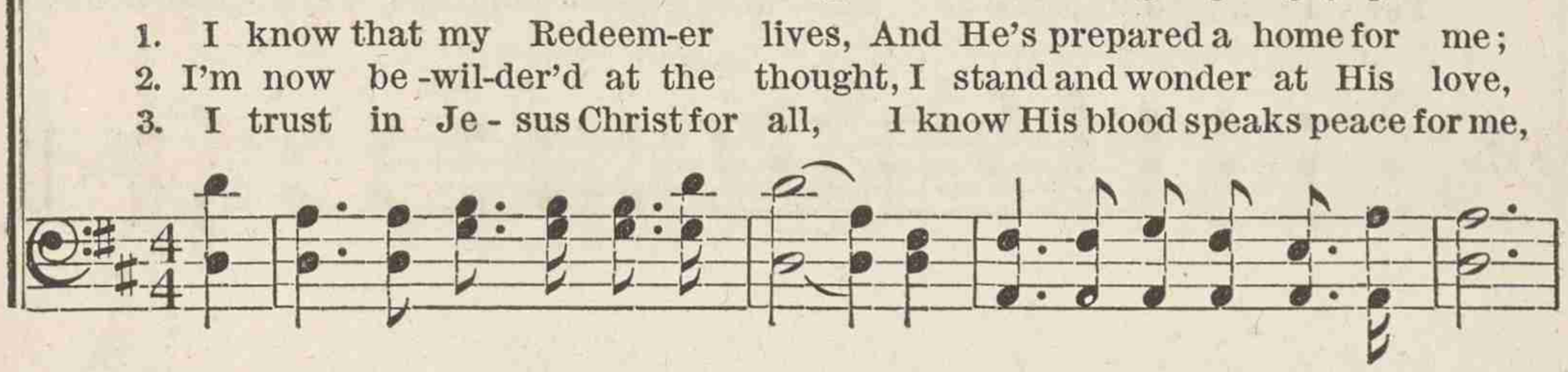
195 I know that My Redeemer Lives.

Job, 19: 25.

Words arranged by E. C. AVIS. Music arranged by JOSHUA GILL. 1886



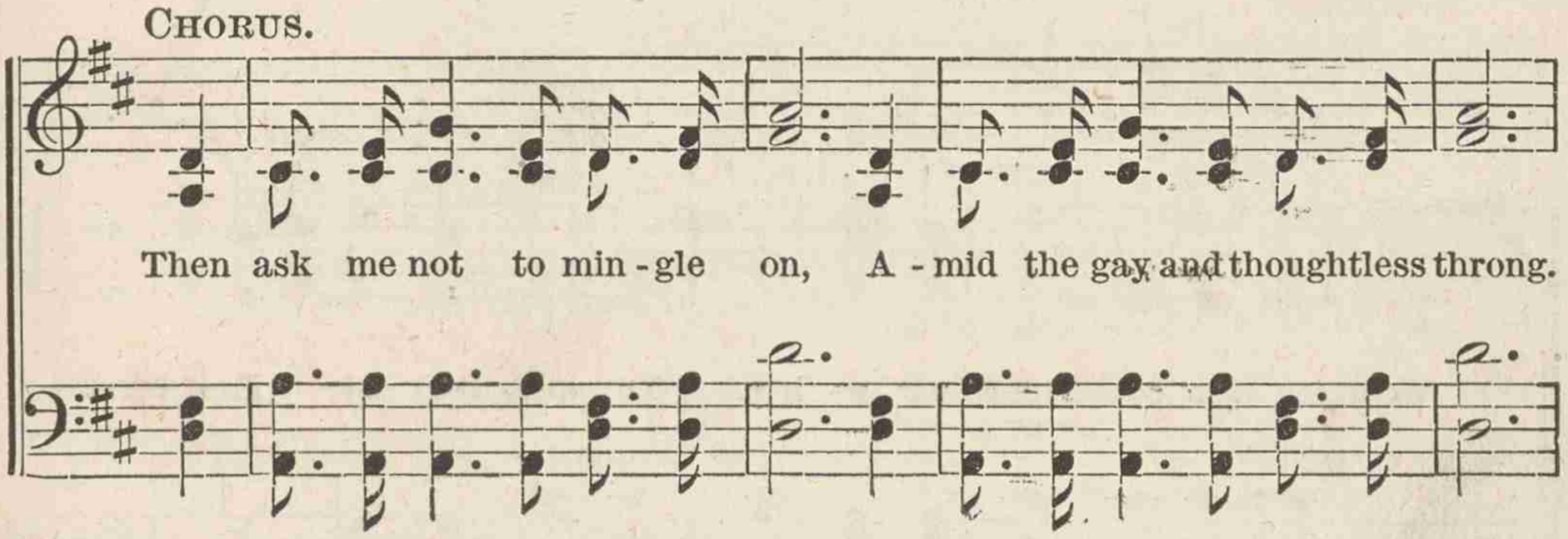
1. I know that my Redeem-er lives, And He's prepared a home for me;
2. I'm now be-wil-der'd at the thought, I stand and wonder at His love,
3. I trust in Je-sus Christ for all, I know His blood speaks peace for me,



A crown of vic-to-ry He gives To those who would His children be.
How He from heav'n to earth was brought, To die that I might live a-bove.
I'm list-'ning for the gen-tle voice That says, "The Master call-eth thee."



CHORUS.



Then ask me not to min-gle on, A-mid the gay and thoughtless throng.
For I am wait-ing now to hear, The bless-ed summons, "Child, come home."

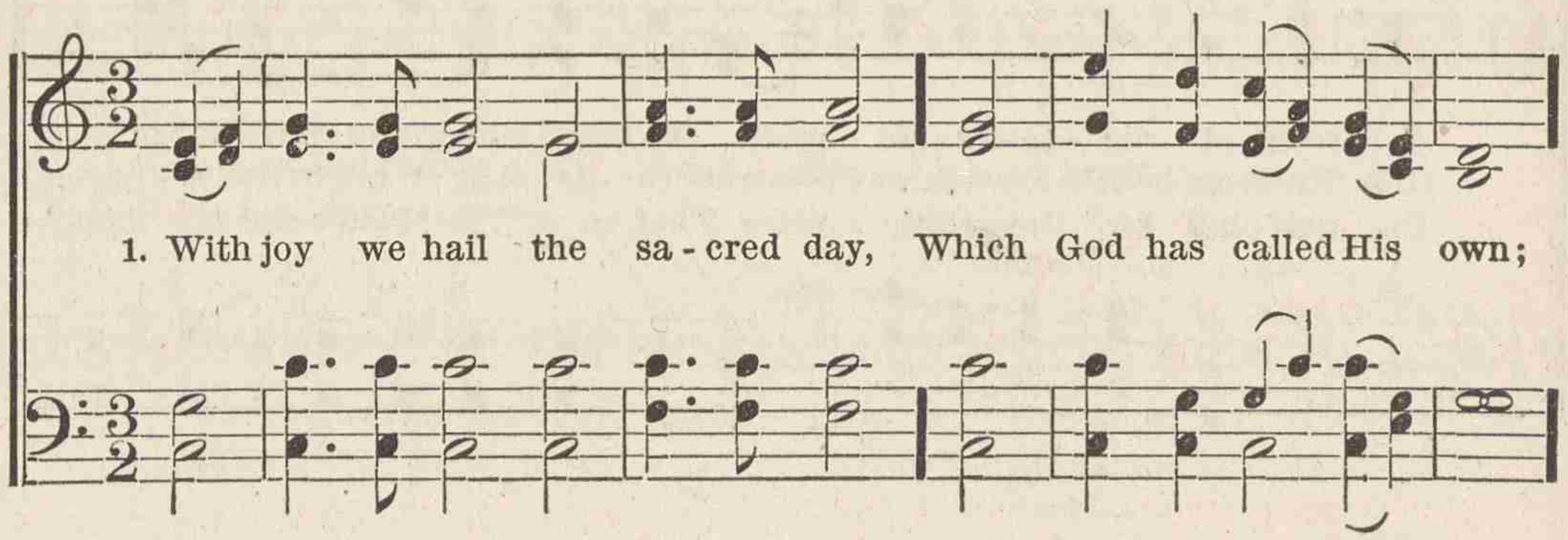
Copyright, 1888, by E. C. AVIS.

I know that My Redeemer Lives. Concluded.



196 Heber. C. M.

GEORGE KINGSLEY.





2 Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair!
As here Thy servants throng
To breathe the humble, fervent prayer,
And pour the grateful song.

3 Spirit of grace! O deign to dwell
Within Thy Church below;
Make her in holiness excel,
With pure devotion glow.

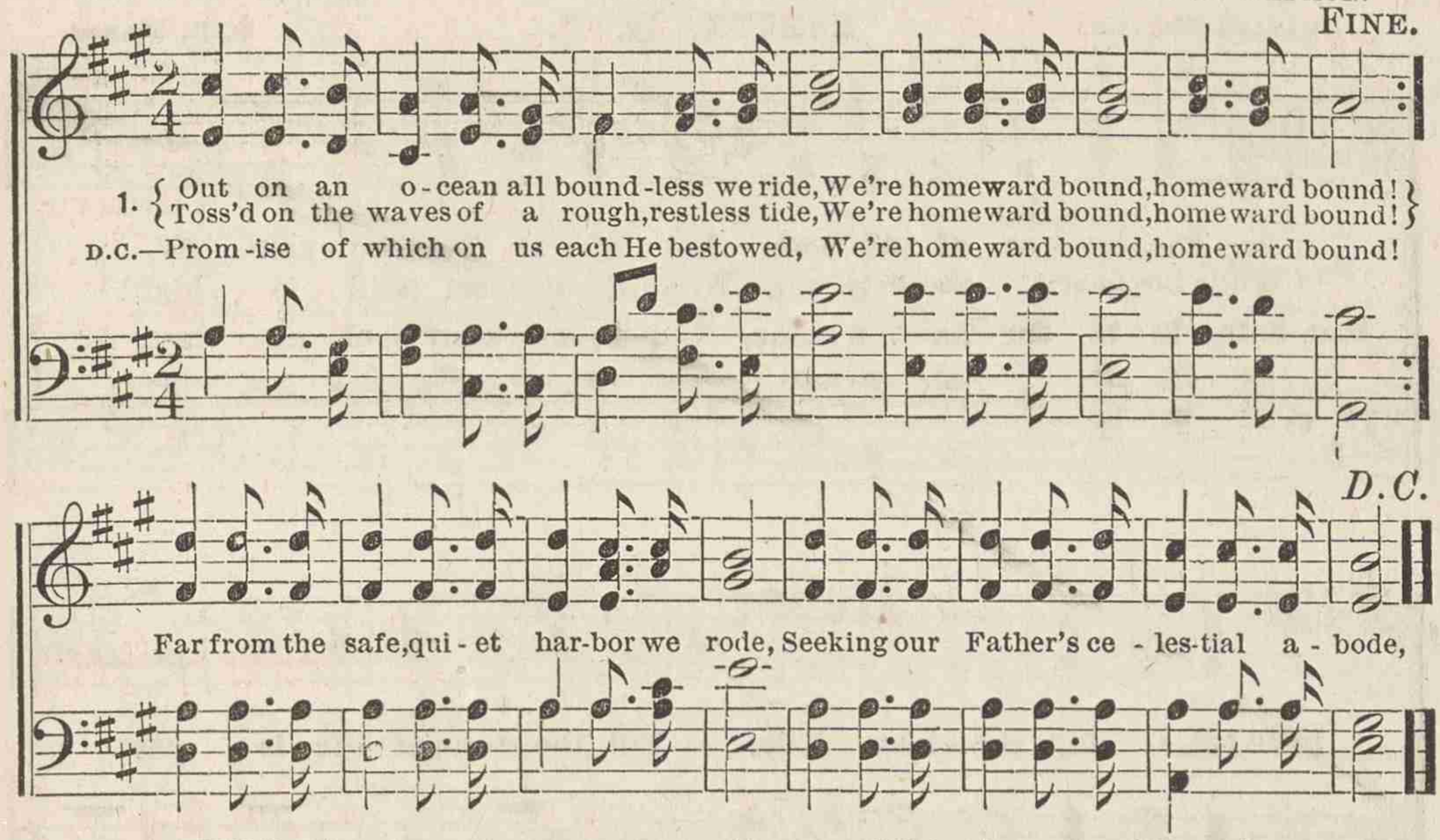
4 Let peace within her walls be found;
Let all her sons unite;
To spread with holy zeal around
Her clear and shining light.

5 Great God, we hail the sacred day
Which Thou hast called Thine own;
With joy the summons we obey
To worship at Thy throne.

HARRIET AUBER.

197 Homeward Bound.

Rev. W. F. WARREN. *"Homeward bound."* J. W. DADMUN.



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

3 We'll tell the world as we journey along, We're homeward bound;
Try to pursuade them to enter our throng, We're 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.

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

198 HOMEWARD BOUND.

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

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

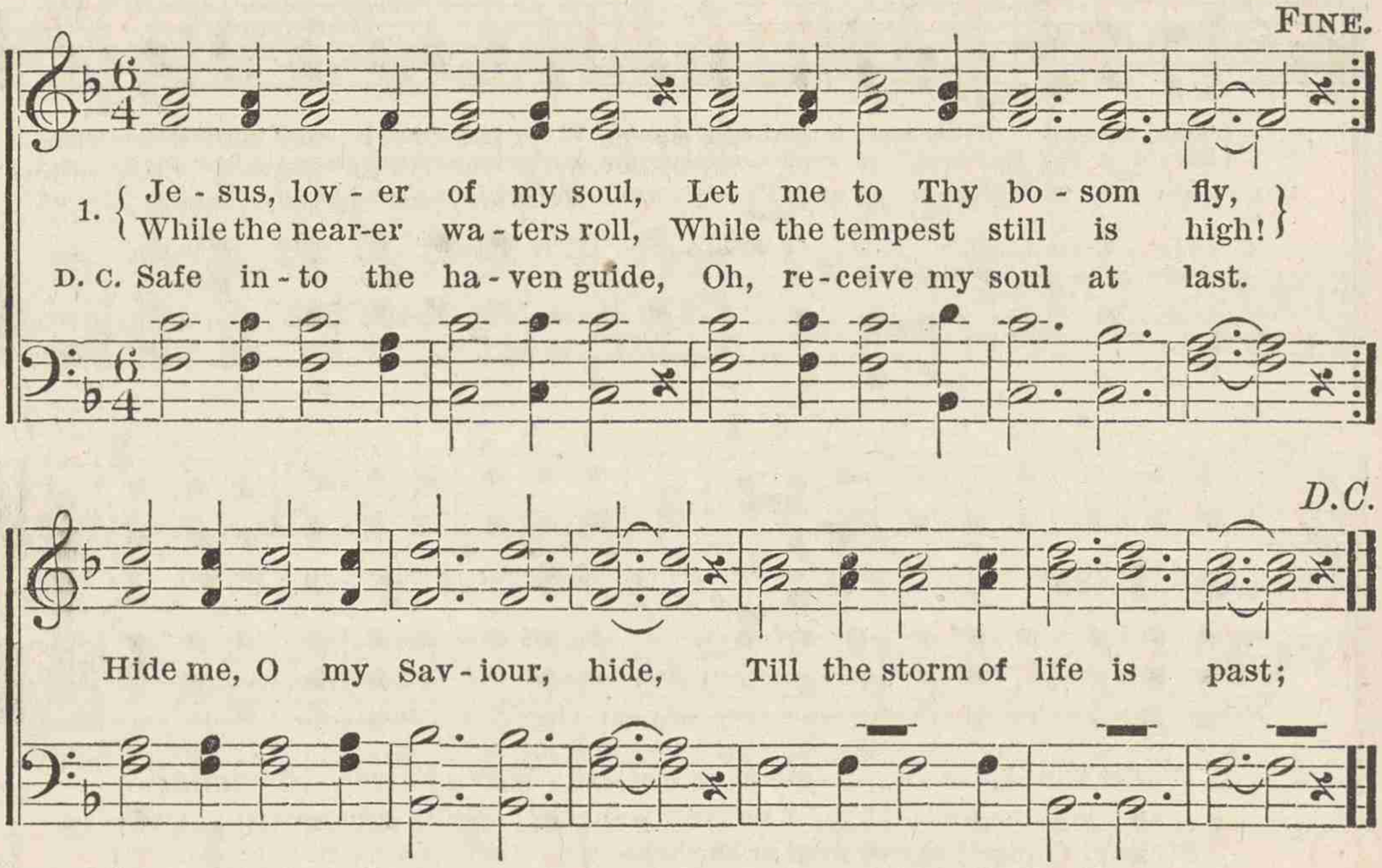
3 We'll tell the world, as we journey along,
We're homeward bound;
Try to persuade them to enter our throng,
We're homeward bound.
Come, trembling sinner, forlorn and oppress,
Join in our number, O come and be blest,
Journey with us to the mansions of rest,
We're homeward bound.

4 Soon we'll be singing, if faithful we prove,
We're home at last!
Sounding in triumph, in mansions above,
We're home at last.
Soon as our toils and temptations are o'er,
Up to our home with the blest we shall soar,
O how we'll shout as we enter the door,
We're home at last.

199 Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

"The Lord will be a refuge . . . . in times of trouble."—Psalm x: 9.

CHARLES WESLEY. **MARTYN. 7s. D.** S. B. MARSH.



2 Other refuge have I none
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, oh, 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:
Vile 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.

200

MARTYN. 7s. D.

1 Sinners, turn! why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you "Why?"
God, who did your being give,
Made you with Himself to live;
He the fatal cause demands;
Asks the work of His own hands!
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross His love, and die?

2 Sinners, turn! why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you "Why?"
He, who did your soul retrieve,
Died Himself, that ye might live.
Will you let Him die in vain?—
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
Will ye slight His grace, and die?

3 Sinners, turn! why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you "Why?"—
He, who all your lives hath strove,
Urged you to embrace His love.
Will you not His grace receive?
Will you still refuse to live?
O ye dying sinners, why?—
Why will ye forever die?

CHARLES WESLEY.

201

MARTYN. 7s. D.

1 We are waiting, blessed Lord,
In Thy courts with one accord;
At Thine altars bending low,
Kindred souls together flow;
Yearning love and strong desire
To Thy throne of grace aspire,
And with kindling faith we pray—
Holy Spirit, come to-day.

2 In the closet all alone,
Help us, Christ, to touch Thy throne!
As we walk, and talk, and sigh,
Hear, oh, hear Thy people's cry;
Bring us nearer to Thy heart—
We would dwell no more apart;
Sweep the barriers all away—
Holy Spirit, come to-day.

UNKNOWN.

202 Wilmot.

Sir JOHN BOWRING. C. M. VON WEBER.



1. God is love, His mer - cy brightens All the path in which we rove;
2. Time and change are bus - y ev - er; Man de - cays, and a - ges move;
3. E'en the hour that dark-est seem-eth Will His changeless goodness prove;
4. He with earthly 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 brightness streameth; God is wis-dom, God is love.
Ev - ery-where His glo- ry shin-eth; God is wis-dom, God is love.



203 WILMOT.

1 Jesus only, when the morning
Beams upon the path I tread;
Jesus only, when the darkness
Gathers round my weary head.

2 Jesus only, when the billows
Cold and sullen o'er me roll;
Jesus only, when the trumpet
Rends the tomb and wakes the soul.

3 Jesus only, when in judgment
Boding fears my heart appall:
Jesus only, when the wretched
On the rocks and mountains call.

204 WILMOT. 8s, & 7s.

1 Hark! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly warbling in the skies?
Sure, th'angelic host rejoices;
Loudest hallelujahs rise.

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

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

4 Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth His praises sing!
Oh, receive whom God appointed
For your prophet, priest, and king!

5 "Hasten, mortals, to adore Him;
Learn His name and taste His joy;
Till at last you sing before Him,
Glory be to God most high."

6 Let us learn the wondrous story
Of our great Redeemer's birth;
Spread the brightness of His glory,
Till it cover all the earth.

JOHN CAWOOD, 1825.

205 Tune MANOAH. p-32.

1 Jerusalem, my happy home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy and peace in thee?

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

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

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

F.B., 1616. ECKINGTON COLLECTION, ab. 1790?

206 God is Coming.

"Prepare ye the way of the Lord."—Is. xl: 3.

E. D. MUND. E. S. LORENZ. By per.

1. Go ye out to meet Him, God is drawing near; Soon His pow'r and glo-ry
2. Put a-side the sin that keeps the pow'r away; Cleanse your hearts from evil,
3. He will love you free - ly, your backslidings heal, Fill your soul with pow - er,
4. God is com-ing near - er, God is here to-day, Bringing His salva - tion

in us will appear; Hear the message sound - ing, "O prepare the way;"
hum - bly bow and pray; Seek His face and fa - vor, claim the prom-ise true,
all His grace re-veal; He will give you peace, your heart with gladness fill:
for the souls that stray; On-ward rolls His cha - riot, bring-ing life and cheer,

CHORUS.

God is com-ing near - er, God will come to-day. God is com-ing, ...
He with needed strength and power will en-due.
Oh, prepare the way, ac - cept His ho - ly will!
God has come in pow - er, vic - to - ry is here. prepare the way!

God is com-ing (prepare the way!) God is com-ing, prepare the way of the

Lord! (of the Lord!) God is com - ing, (pre-pare the way!) God is

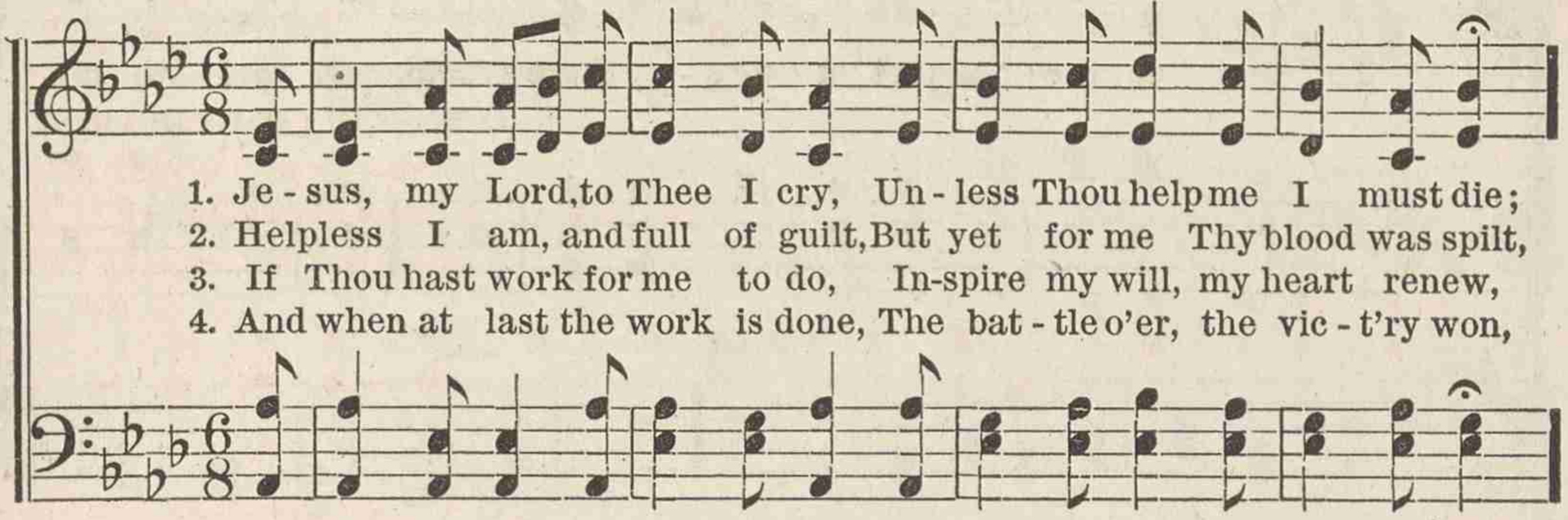
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God is Coming. Concluded.



207 Take me as I am.

ANON. Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

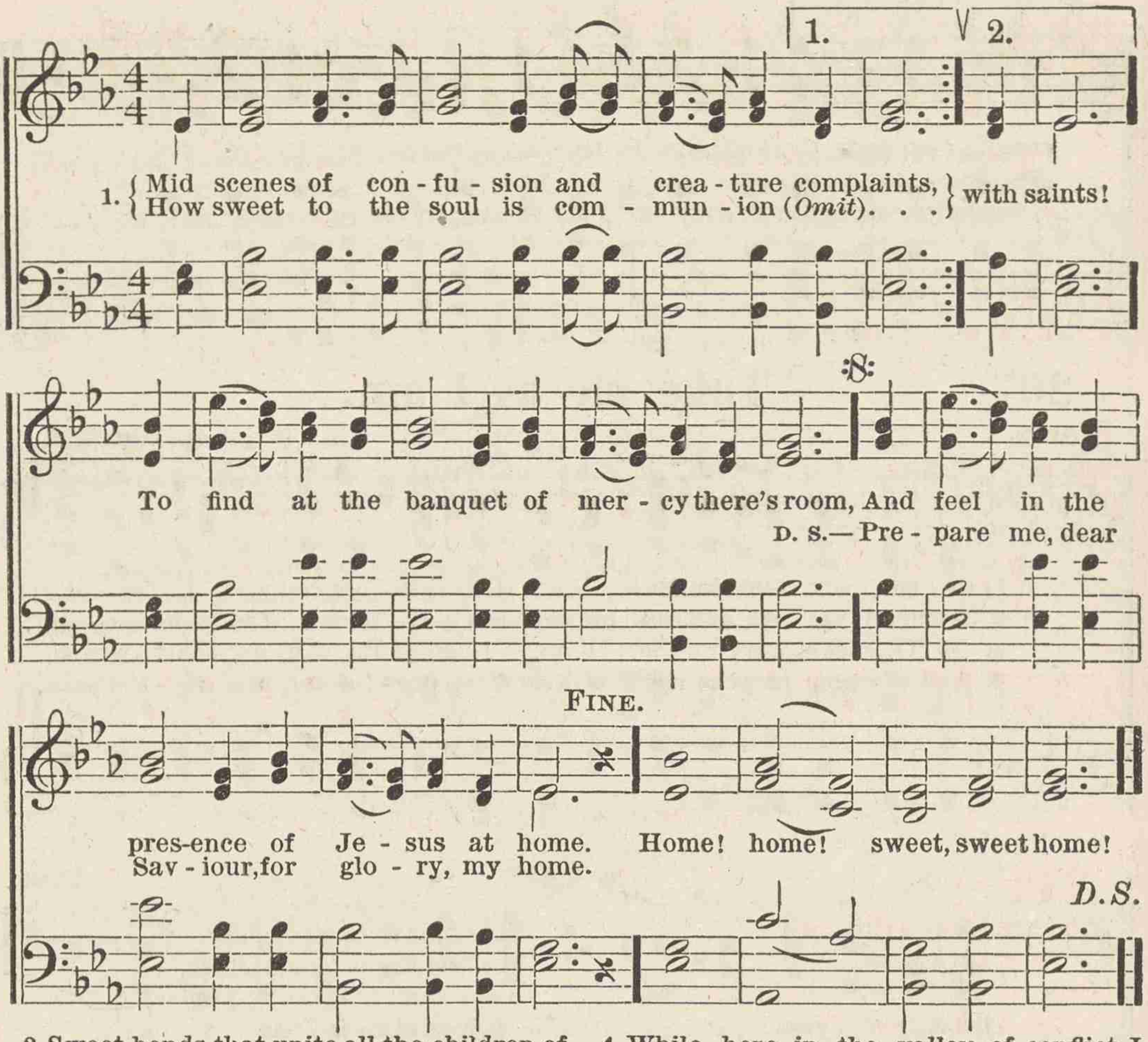




Copyright, 1878, by JOHN J. HOOD.

208 Home, Sweet Home.

HENRY ROWLEY BISHOP.



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

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

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

5 I long, dearest Lord, in Thy beauties to shine;
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine;
And in Thy dear image arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise the at home.

DAVID DEDHAM.

209

Tune ARLINGTON. p—124.

1 Awake, my soul, strech every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

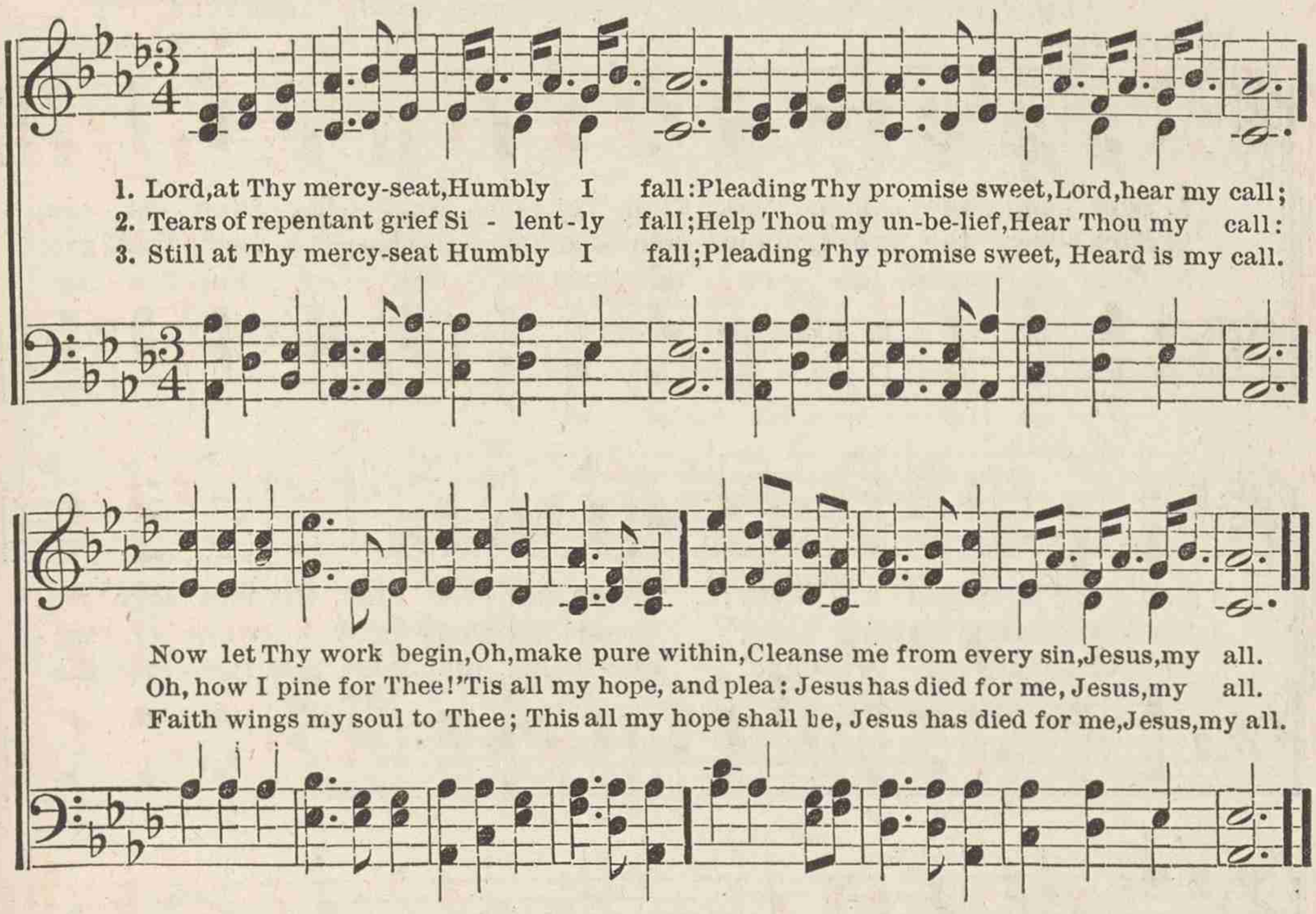
3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high,
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

4 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

P. DODDRIDGE.

210 Jesus, My All.

FANNY J. CROSBY. SCOTCH AIR.



"The love of Christ constraineth us."
2 Cor. v: 14.

211

6s & 4s.

1 Saviour! Thy dying love
Thou gavest me,
Nor should I aught withhold,
Dear Lord, from Thee.
In love my soul would bow,
My heart fulfil its vow,
Some off'ring bring Thee now,
Something for Thee.

2 O'er the blest mercy-seat,
Pleading for me,
My feeble faith looks up,
Jesus, to Thee.
Help me the cross to bear,
Thy wondrous love declare,
Some song to raise, or prayer,
Something for Thee.

3 Give me a faithful heart—
Likeness to Thee,
That each departing day
Henceforth may see
Some work of love begun,
Some deed of kindness done,
Some sinful wand'rer won,
Something for Thee.

S. DRYDEN PHELPS, ab. cir. 1860.

212

6, 4, 6.

1 More love to Thee, O Christ,
More love to Thee!
Hear Thou the prayer I make,
On bended knee;
This is my earnest plea,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!

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

3 Then shall my latest breath
Whisper Thy praise;
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise,
This still its prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!

213 Seeking the Lost.

"Rejoice with me; for I have found my sheep which was lost."—Luke xv: 6.

W. A. OGDEN. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Seek - ing the lost, yes, kind - ly en - treat - ing Wan - der - ers
2. Seek - ing the lost, and point-ing to Je - sus, Souls that are
3. Thus I would go on mis-sions of mer - cy, Fol - low - ing

on the mountain a - stray; "Come un - to me," His mes - sage re -
weak, and hearts that are sore; Lead - ing them forth in ways of sal -
Christ from day un - to day; Cheer - ing the faint, and rais - ing the

peat - ing, Words of the Mas - ter speak-ing to - day.
va - tion, Show - ing the path of life ev - er - more.
fal - len; Point - ing the lost to Je - sus the way.

CHORUS, WITH BASS SOLO.

Go-ing a- far up - on the mountain,

Going a - far . . . . . up-on the moun - tain, Bringing the

Bring - ing the wan - d'rer back a - gain, back a - gain.

wan - - - - - - - - - - - - d'rer back a - gain. . . . . .

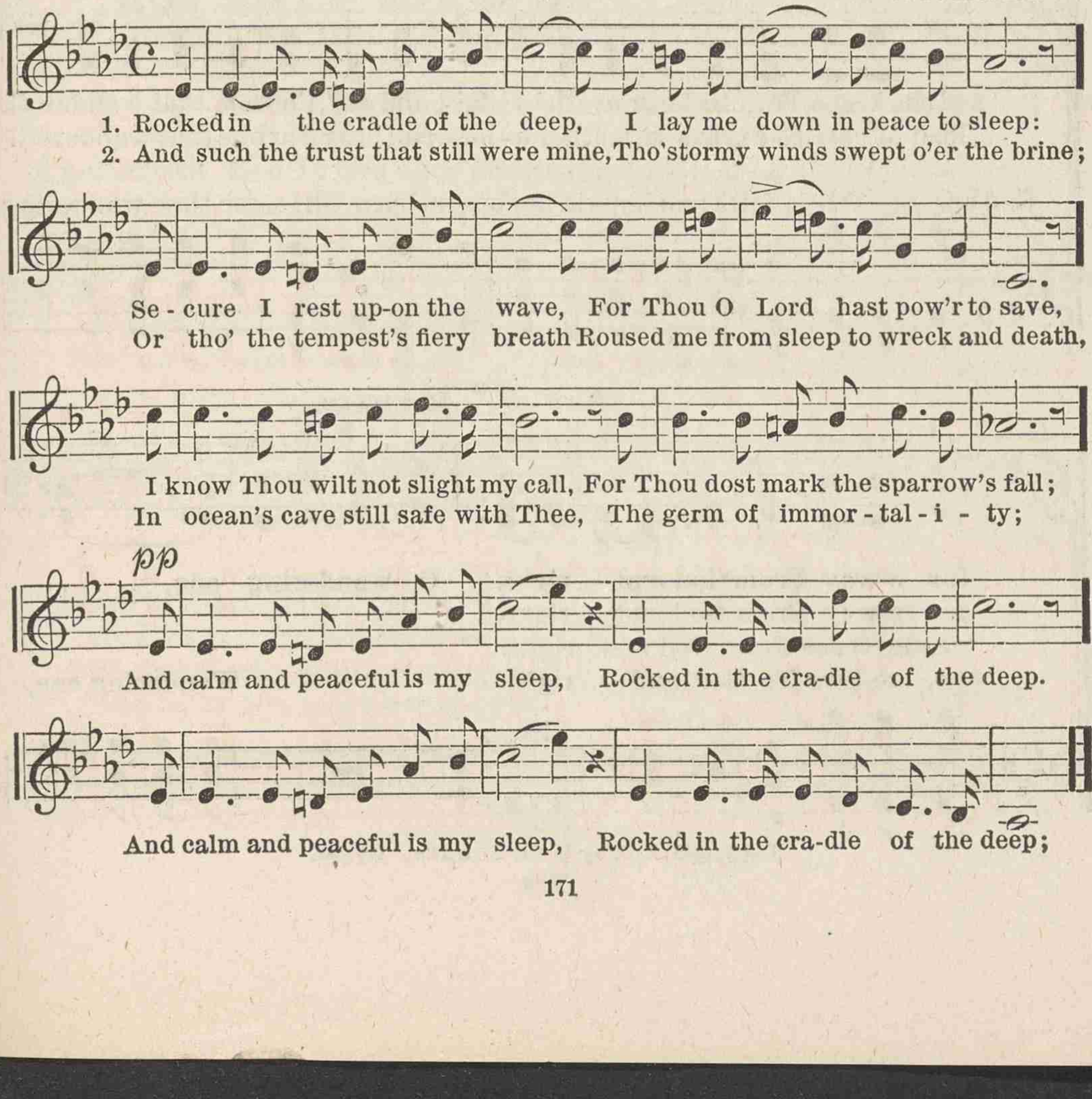
Copyright, 1884, by S. T. GORDON & SON.



214 Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep.

"Then He arose, and rebuked the wind and the raging of the water."

J. P. KNIGHT.



215 Somewhere To-night.

Rev. R. M. OFFORD. Prov. 23: 22. D. B. TOWNER.

1. A mother dear is weep-ing, Somewhere to-night, Somewhere to-night,
2. A mother's lowly bend-ing, Somewhere to-night, Somewhere to-night,
3. A mother's heart is breaking, Somewhere to-night, Somewhere to-night,
4. A mother still is pleading, Somewhere to-night, Somewhere to-night,

Man - y and bit - ter the tears she weeps, Weary the vig - il and
Bow-ing and pleading with God in prayer, Bringing to Je - sus her
Breaking with sor - row with shame and grief. When shall she find for her
Pleading, still plead-ing for one a - stray, Making the prom-ise of

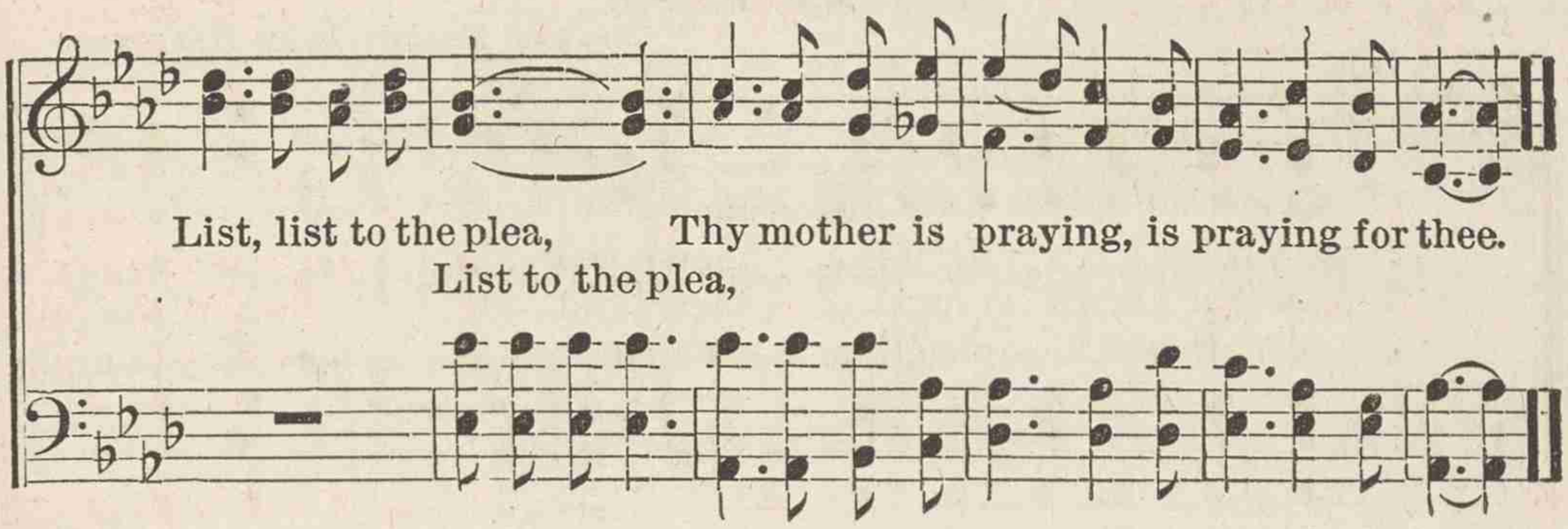
sad she keeps, For, oh, she grieveth by night and day, For one that wandereth
load of care. She prays as mother a - lone can pray For one that wandereth
soul re-lief! A - las! for her there can be no peace Un-til her darling to
God her stay, While faith and hope in her bosom burn. Oh! come, thou wandering

REFRAIN.

far a-way From God and right. O wandering one, . . .
far a-way From God and right.
wander cease From God and right.
one, re-turn To God and right. Wandering one,

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SOMEWHERE TO-NIGHT. Concluded.

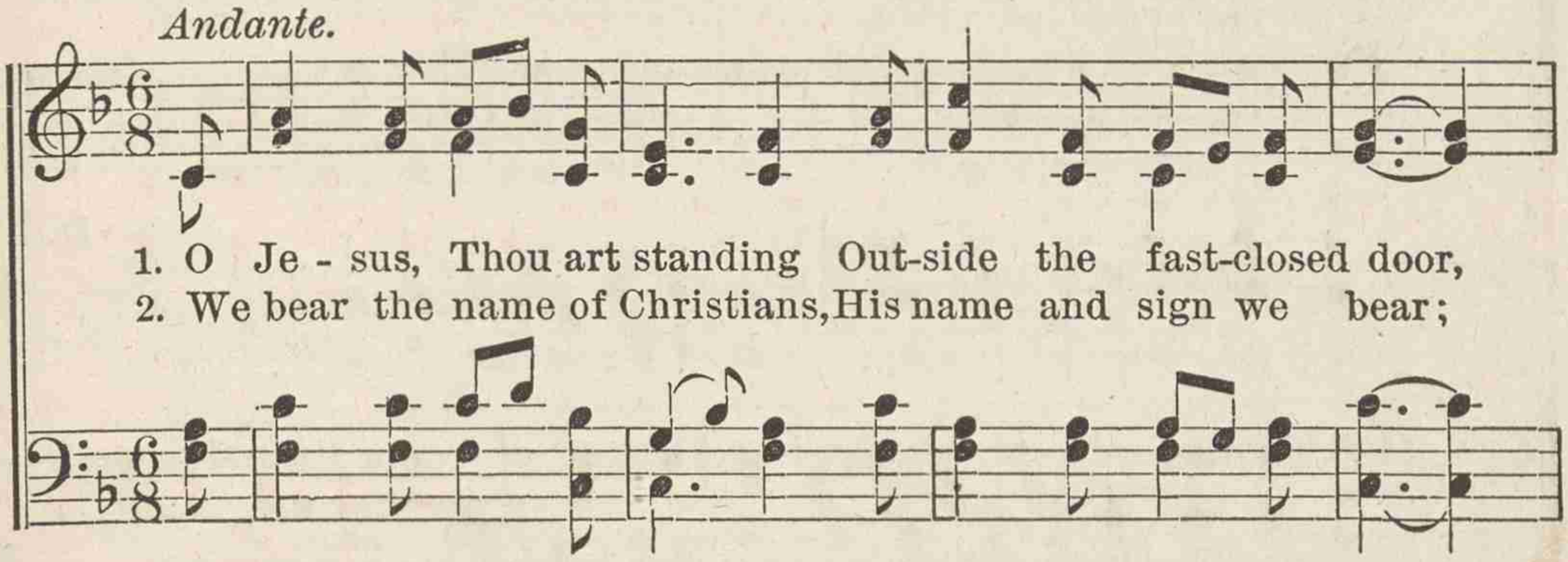


216 Leamington. C. M.

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock." Rev. 3: 20.

Arranged E. C. Avis.

Andante.





3 O Jesus, Thou art knocking,
And lo! that hand is scarr'd
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marr'd.

4 O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait;
O sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate.

5 O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door:
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us never more.

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217 Hail, Thou Once Despised Jesus.

AUTUMN. 8, 7. D.

SPANISH MELODY, FROM MARECHIO.



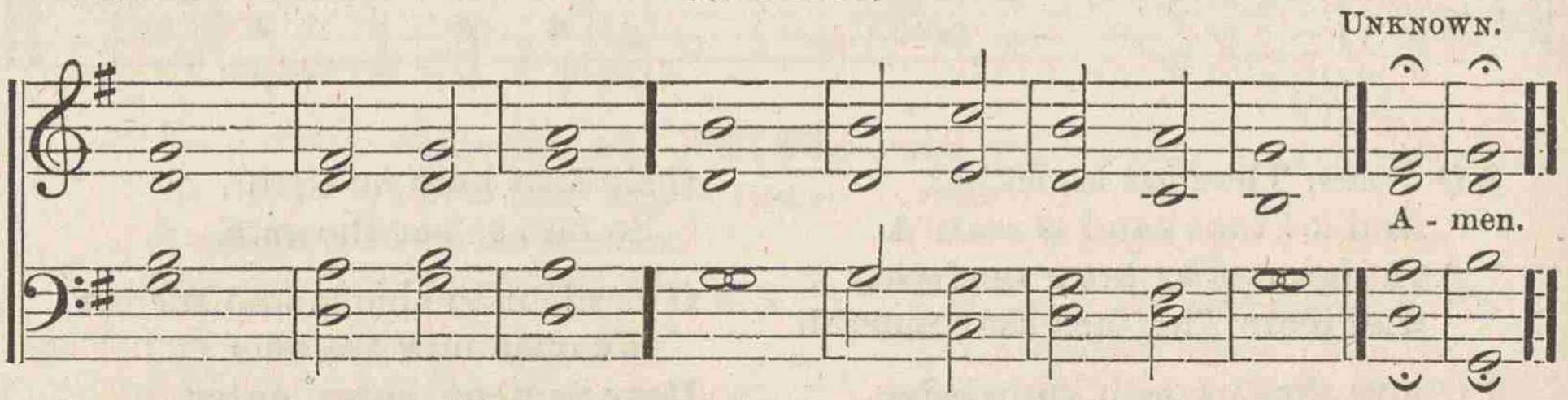
2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on Thee were laid:
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.
All Thy people are forgiven,
Through the virtue of Thy blood;
Opened is the gate of heaven;
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There forever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side;
There for sinners Thou art pleading,
There Thou dost our place prepare:
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

JOHN BAKEWELL.

218 Gloria.

UNKNOWN.



219 Tune, AUTUMN. 8s, 7s. D.

1 In the secret of His presence
How my soul delights to hide!
O how precious are the lessons
Which I learn at Jesus' side!
Earthly cares can never vex me,
Neither trials lay me low;
For when Satan comes to tempt me,
To the secret place I go.

2 When my soul is faint and thirsty,
'Neath the shadow of His wing
There is cool and pleasant shelter,
And a fresh and crystal spring;
And my Saviour rests beside me,
As we hold communion sweet;
If I tried I could not utter
What He says when thus we meet.

3 Only this I know: I tell Him
All my doubts, and griefs, and fears;
O how patiently He listens!
And my drooping soul He cheers.
Do you think He ne'er reproves me?
What a false friend He would be,
If He never, never told me
Of the sins which He must see.

4 Would you like to know the sweetness
Of the secret of the Lord?
Go and hide beneath His shadow:
This shall then be your reward.
And whene'er you leave the silence
Of that happy meeting-place,
You must mind and bear the image
Of the Master in your face.

By Ellen Lakshmi Gorch, A Native of India.

220 Tune, AUTUMN. 8s, 7s.

1 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

221 Tune, AUTUMN. 8s, 7s.

1 There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea:
There's a kindness in His justice,
Which is more than liberty.

2 There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour;
There is healing in His blood.

3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

4 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.

F. W. Faber.

222 Tune, AUTUMN. 8s, 7s, D.

1 Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for His own abode;
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

2 See the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Still supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows our thirst to assuage?
Grace, which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near!
He who gives us daily manna,
He who listens when we cry,
Let Him hear the loud hosanna
Rising to His throne on high.

223 Tune, AUTUMN. 8s, 7s.

Cast thy bread upon the waters. Eccl. xi: 1.

1 Cast thy bread upon the waters,
Thinking not 'tis thrown away;
God Himself saith, thou shalt gather
It again some future day.

2 Cast thy bread upon the waters,
Wildly though the billows roll;
They but aid thee as thou toilest
Truth to spread from pole to pole.

3 As the seed, by billows floated,
To some distant island lone,
So to human souls benighted,
That thou flingest may be borne.

4 Cast thy bread upon the waters;
Why wilt thou still doubting stand?
Bounteous shall God send the harvest,
If thou sow'st with liberal hand.

Mrs. J. H. Hanaford, ab. 1852.

224 I'm Thine, Forever Thine.

"My beloved is mine and I am his." Cant. ii: 16.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. WARREN W. BENTLEY. By per.



1. No more my own, Lord Je - sus, Bought with Thy precious blood;
2. I give the life Thou gav-est, My pres - ent, fu-ture, past,
3. I give the love, the sweet-est Thy goodness grants to me;
4. No more my own, Lord Je - sus, Since Thou hast purchased me,





I give Thee but Thine own, Lord, That long Thy love withstood.
My joys, my fears, my sor-rows, My first hope and my last.
Oh, take and make it meet, Lord, For of - fer - ing to Thee.
Oh, seal me with Thy Spir - it, For time, e - ter - ni - ty.



CHORUS.



Now fash-ion, form, and fill me With light and love di - vine;



So, one with Thee, Lord Je-sus, I'm Thine, for-ev - er Thine.



Copyright, 1886, by WARREN W. BENTLEY.

225 I WILL TRUST THEE. Tune, Thine Forever.

1 Blessed Jesus I will trust Thee,
All thro' life I'll follow Thee,
And 'mid danger, toil, and conflict,
Thou my all in all shalt be.

CHORUS.
I will trust Thee, ever trust Thee,
Thou from hence my all shalt be,
Take me, use me for Thy glory,
Let my life be hid with Thee.

2 Blessed Saviour, Thou didst love me,
Left Thine all to rescue me;
Lived a life of self-denial,
Bore my curse upon the tree.

3 Blessed Saviour, Thou shalt lead me
All along the narrow way;
When the winds and waves are raging
I will trust Thee, come what may.

4 Now my all I lay before Thee,
Soul and body, mind and will,
Every action, every moment,
Joy or pain, I'll trust Thee still.

Arranged by E. C. AVIS.

226 Tune, I HAVE A SAVIOUR.

1 I have a Saviour, He's pleading in glory,
A dear, loving Saviour, tho' earth friends be few;
And now He is watching in tenderness o'er me,
And oh, that my Saviour were your Saviour too.

CHO. For you I am praying, for you I am praying,
For y ou I am praying, I am praying for you.

2 I have a Father: to me He has given
A hope for eternity, blessed and true;
And soon will He call me to meet Him in heaven,
But oh, that He'd let me bring you with me too!

3 I have a robe: 'tis resplendent in whiteness,
Awaiting in glory my wondering view;
Oh, when I receive it all shining in brightness,
Dear friends, could I see you receiving one too!

4 I have a peace: it is calm as a river,—
A peace that the friends of this world never knew;
My Saviour alone is its Author and Giver,
And oh, could I know it was given to you!

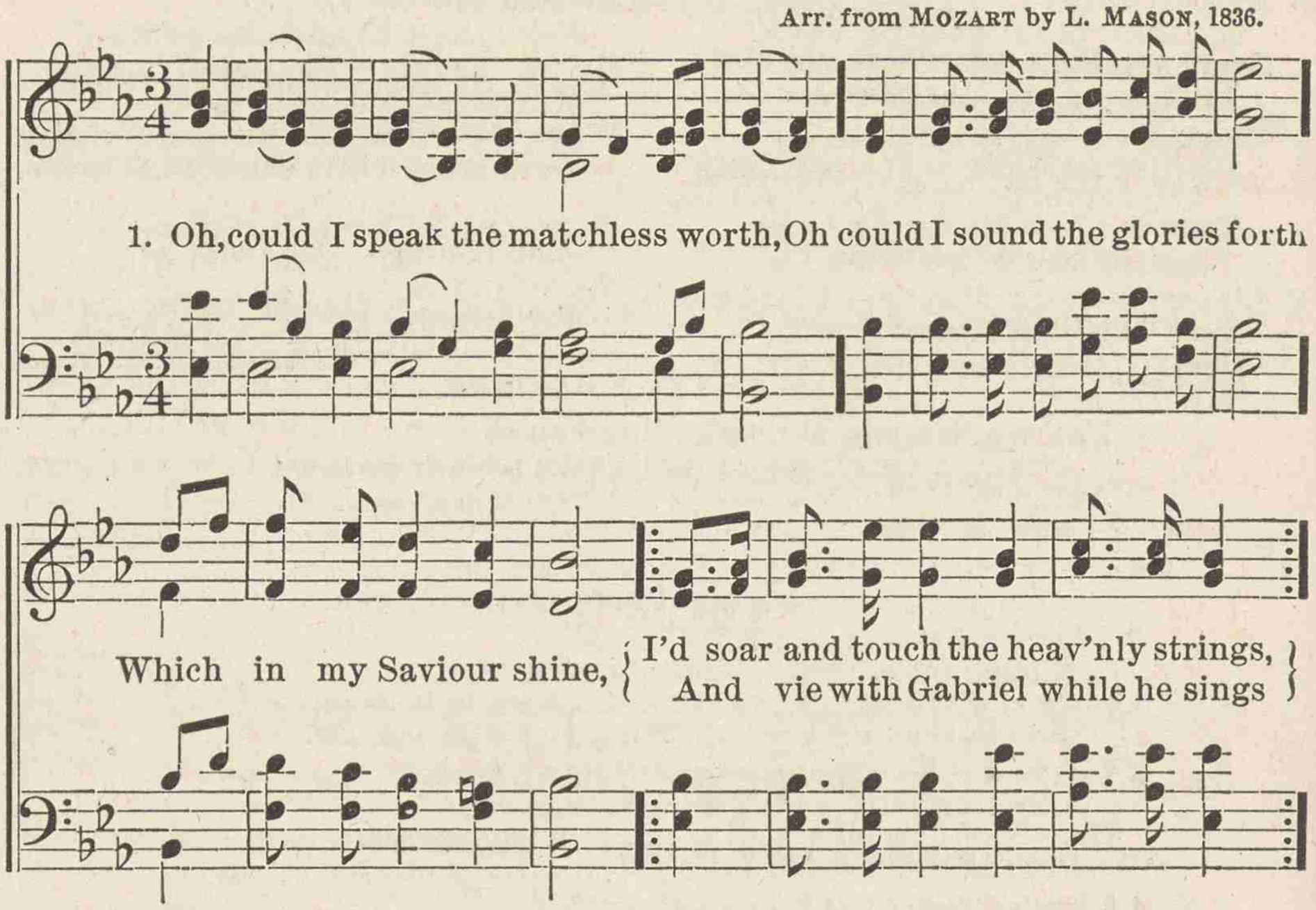
5 When Jesus has found you, tell others the story,
That my loving Saviour is your Saviour too;
Then pray that your Saviour may bring them to glory,
And prayer will be answered, 'twas answered for you!

227 Asleep In Jesus.

MRS. G. W. MACKAY. *"Them which sleep in Jesus."* W. B. BRADBURY, 1843.

228 Ariel. C. P. M.

Arr. from MOZART by L. MASON, 1836.



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

SAMUEL MEDLEY, ab. 1789.

229

Tune, ARIEL. C. P. M.

"Rejoicing in hope."—Rom. xii: 12.

1 Oh, glorious hope of heavenly love!
It lifts me up to things above:
It bears on eagles' wings;
It gives my ravished soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments feast
With Jesus' priests and kings.

2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
I stand, and from the mountain top
See all the land below;
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of Paradise
In endless plenty grow.

3 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favored with God's peculiar smile;
With every blessing blest;
There dwells the Lord, our righteousness,
And keeps His own in perfect peace
And everlasting rest.

4 Oh that I might at once go up;
No more on this side Jordan stop,
But now the land possess!
This moment end my toilsome years,
Sorrows, and sins, and doubts, and fears,
A howling wilderness!

CHARLES WESLEY, ab. 1742.

230

Tune, ARIEL. C. P. M.

"*He is not here, for he is risen.*" Matt. xxviii: 6.

1 Come, see the place where Jesus lay,
And hear angelic watchers say
"He lives who once was slain:
Why seek the living 'midst the dead?
Remember how the Saviour said
That He would rise again."

2 O joyful sound! O glorious hour,
When by His own almighty power
He rose and left the grave!
Now let our songs His triumph tell,
Who burst the bands of death and hell,
And ever lives to save.

3 The first be-gotten from the dead,
For us He rose, our glorious Head,
Immortal life to bring;
What tho' the saints like Him shall die,
They share their Leader's victory,
And triumph with their King.

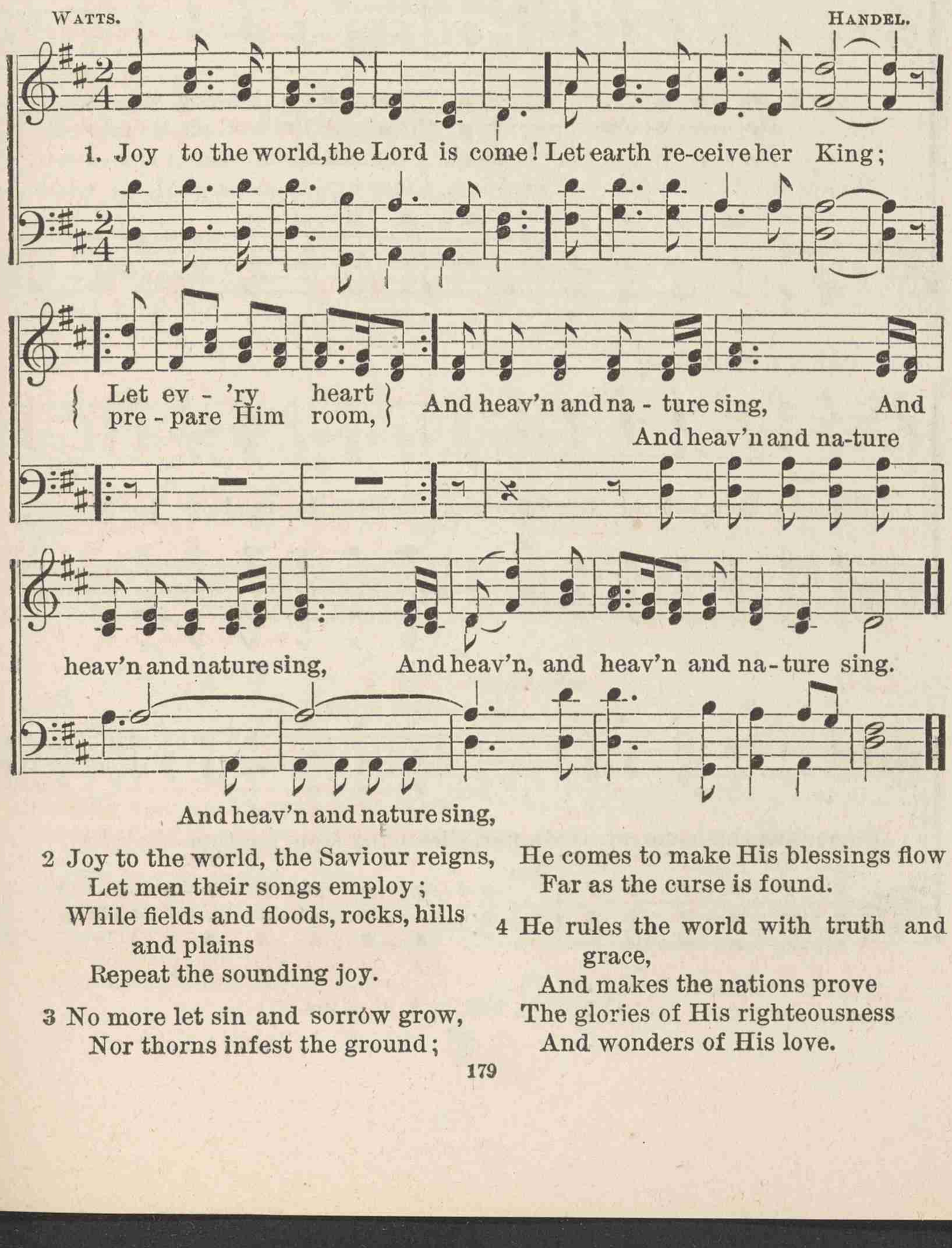
4 No more they tremble at the grave,
For Jesus will their spirits save,
And raise their slumbering dust:
O risen Lord, in Thee we live,
To Thee our ransomed souls we give,
To Thee our bodies trust.

TAOMAS KELLY. ab. 1806.

231

Antioch.

WATTS. HANDEL.



2 Joy to the world, 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.

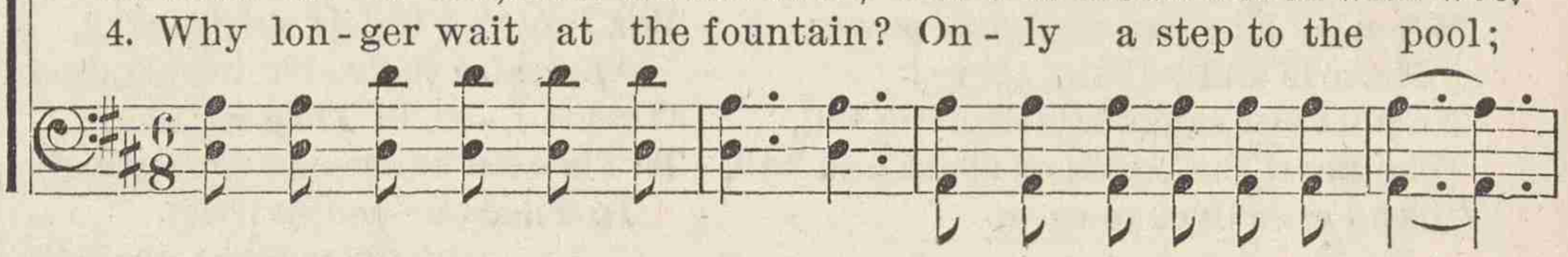
4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness
And wonders of His love.

232 Come with thy Sins to the Fountain.

E. C. A. E. C. AVIS. from "ESTHER."

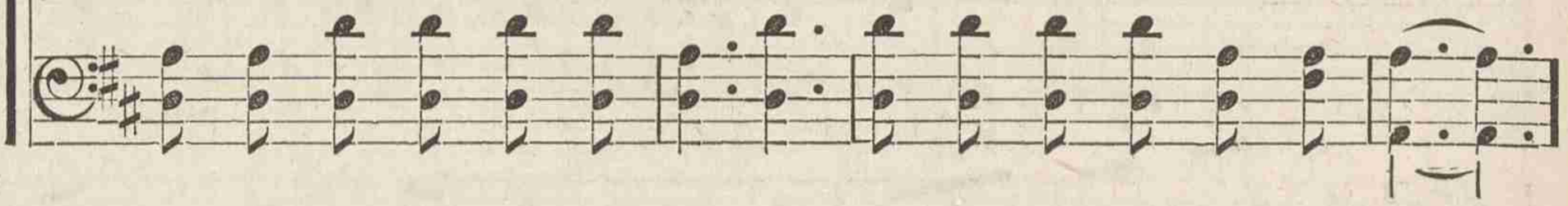


1. Come with thy sins to the fount-ain, O guil - ty sinner, to - day,
2. Come to the fountain for cleans-ing, Wea-ry, and worn, and oppressed,
3. Come un - to me, saith the Sav-iour; All who are burdened with woe,
4. Why lon - ger wait at the fountain? On - ly a step to the pool;





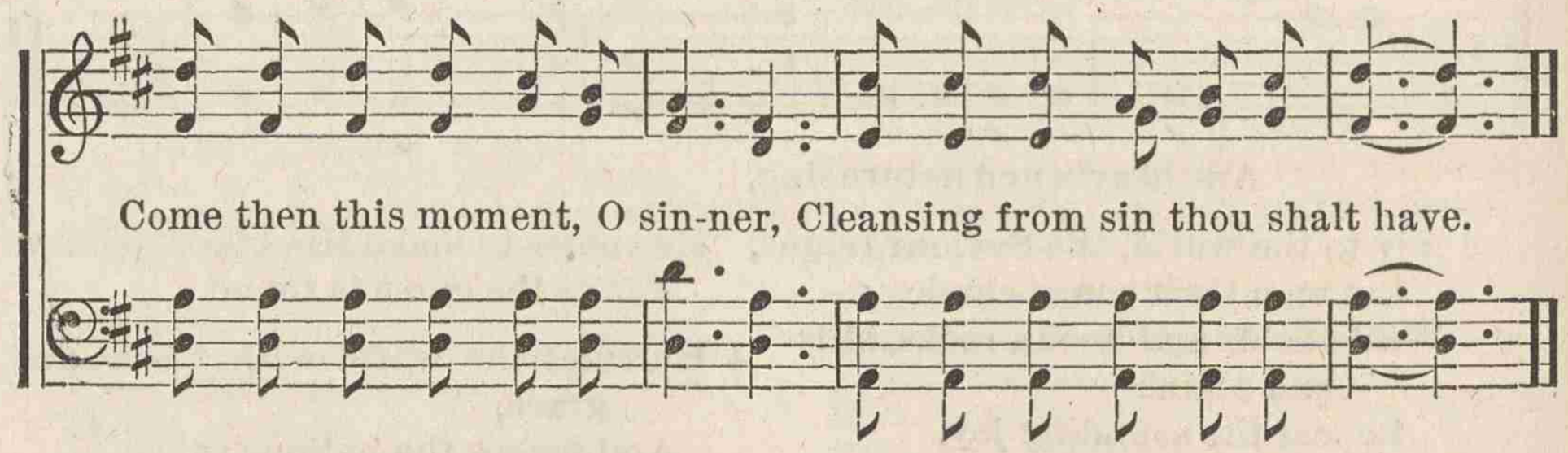
While there is mer-cy and par-don, Come, and no lon-ger de - lay.
Come with thy grief and thy sor-row, Come, and thy soul shall find rest.
Though thy sins be as the scar-let, I'll make them whit-er than snow.
Plunge in to - day for a heal-ing, Come, and thou too shalt be whole.



CHORUS. *With spirit.*



Come as thou art to the fountain, Je - sus is read - y to save.

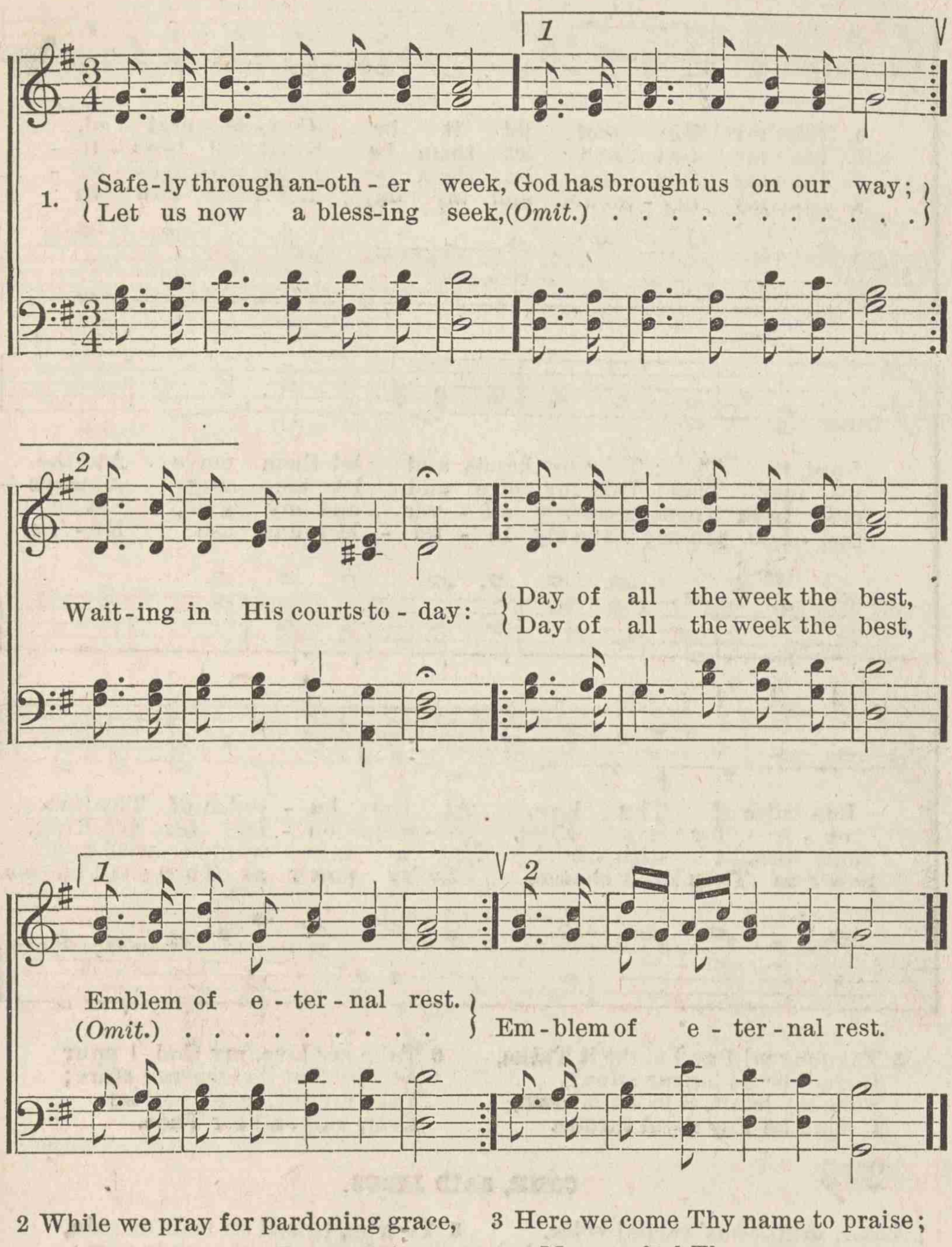


Come then this moment, O sin-ner, Cleansing from sin thou shalt have.

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233 Safely Through Another Week. 7s. 6 l.

LOWELL MASON.



2 While we pray for pardoning grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show Thy reconciling face,
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in Thee.

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

JOHN NEWTON.

234 Take my Life and let it Be.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. (HENDON. 7s.) C. H. A. MALAN.



5 Take my will and make it Thine,
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart, it is Thine own,
It shall be Thy royal throne.

6 Take my love, my God, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store;
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee.

235 COME, SAID JESUS.

1 Come, said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my path your choice;
I will guide you to your home,
Weary pilgrim, hither come!

2 Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste.

3 Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn;—

4 Hither come! for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound,
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest, eternal, sacred, sure.

ANN L. BARBAULD.

236

Tune, HENDON. 7s.

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

2 Lord, on Thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.

3 In Thine own appointed way
Now we seek Thee, here we stay;
Lord, we know not how to go
Till a blessing Thou bestow.

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

5 Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return;
Those that are cast down lift up,
Make them strong in faith and hope.

6 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a gracious God and kind:
Heal the sick, the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in Thee.

237

Tune, HENDON. 7s.

1 Gracious Spirit, Love divine,
Let Thy light within me shine!
All my guilty fears remove;
Fill me with Thy heavenly love.

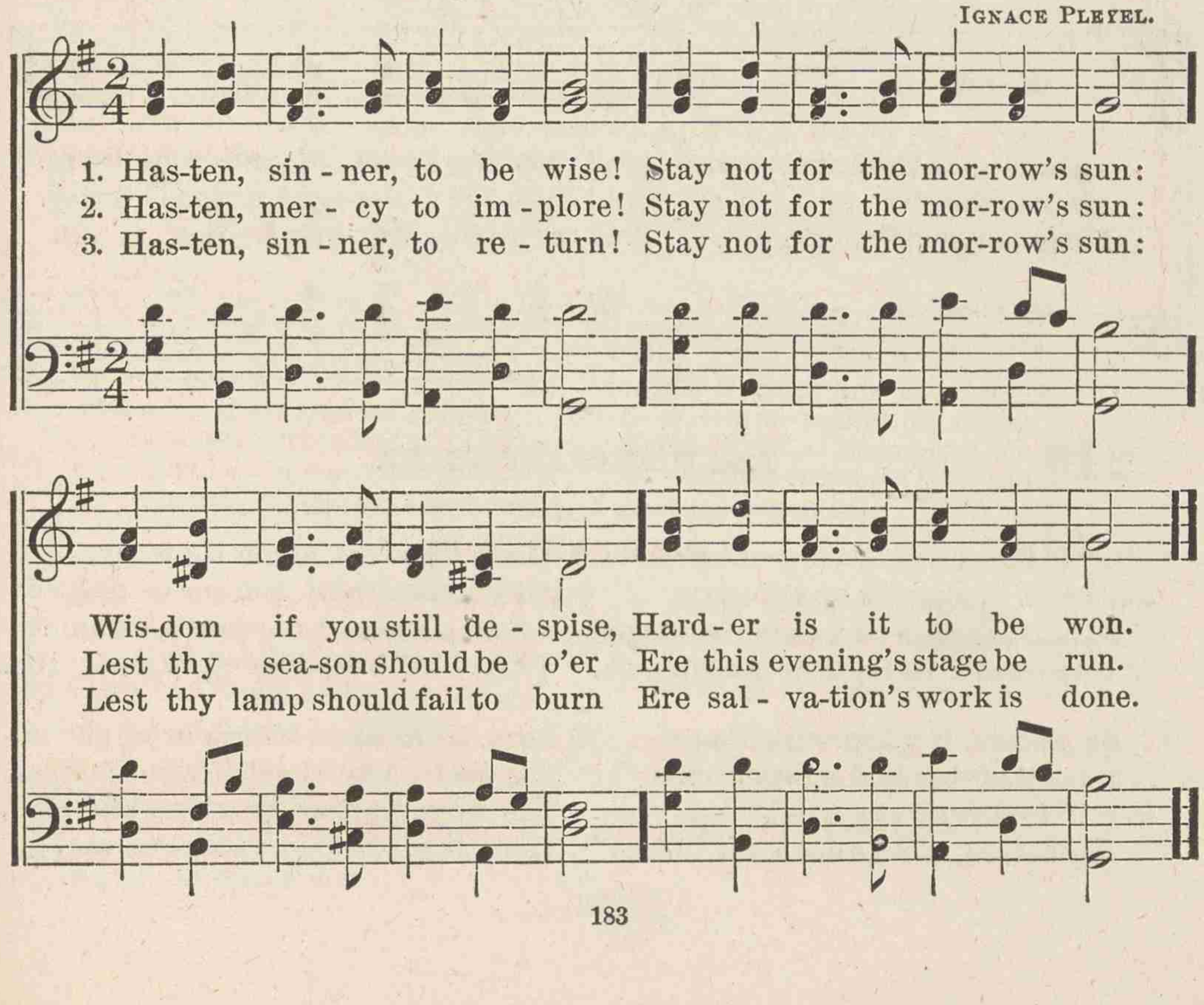
2 Speak Thy pardoning grace to me;
Set the burdened sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God;
Wash me in His precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart;
Seal salvation on my heart;
Breathe Thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from Thee stray;
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine;
Keep me, Lord, forever Thine.

238 Pleyel's Hymn. 7s.

IGNACE PLEYEL.



239 Missionary Chant. L. M.

Mark 16: 15.

CHARLES ZEUNER, 1832.







240 Tune MISSIONARY CHANT.

And being in an agony, he prayed. Luke xxii: 44.

1 Within the garden's whispering shade,
He knelt in anguish and alone;
And mid the gathering gloom he prayed
While crushed by burdens not His own.

2 "My Father, if Thou wilt, remove
This cup of woe and wrath divine;
But if I must its anguish prove,
Then not my will be done, but Thine."

3 Alone He knelt, alone He wept;
Our cup He drank and for us prayed;
My soul, awake! for thou hast slept
While Christ thy Master was betrayed.

4 Lord, think upon that hour of gloom,
Thy tears, Thy blood, Thine agony;
The cross, the darkness, and the tomb,
Then, O my Saviour, think on me!

H. L. HASTINGS. By per.

241 Tune, MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.

My soul is exceeding sorrowful. Matt. xxvi: 38.

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

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

3 'Tis midnight; and, for others' guilt,
The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet he, who hath in anguish knelt,
Is not forsaken by his God.

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

WILLIAM BINGHAM TAPPAN, 1829.

242 Tune, ST THOMAS. S. M. p. 216.

And the song of the Lamb. Rev. xv: 3.

1 Awake, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb!
Wake, every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name!

2 Sing of His dying love;
Sing of His rising power;
Sing how He intercedes above,
For those whose sins He bore.

3 Ye pilgrims, on the road
To Zion's city, sing;
Rejoice ye in the Lamb of God,—
In Christ, th'eternal King.

4 Soon shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim,
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

WILLIAM HAMMOND, ab. 1745, MARTIN MADAN, 1760.

243 Tune, ARIEL. C. P. M. p. 178.

Holy, holy, holy is the Lord. Isa. vi: 3.

1 Thou God of power, thou God of love,
Whose glory fills the realms above,
Whose praises angels sing,
And veil their faces while they cry,
"Thrice holy," to their God most high,
"Thrice holy," to their King.

2 Thee as our God we too would claim,
And bless the Saviour's precious name,
Through whom this grace is given:
He bore the cross to sinners due,
He forms their ruined souls anew,
And makes them heirs of heaven.

3 The veil that hides Thy glory, rend,
And here in saving power descend
And fix Thy blest abode;
Here to our hearts Thyself reveal,
And let each waiting spirit feel
The presence of our God.

JOHN WALKER, 1769–1833.

244 Tune, AUTUMN. 8s & 7s. p. 174.

Unto Him be glory in the church. Eph. iii: 21.

1 Mighty God, while angels bless Thee,
May a mortal lisp Thy name?
Lord of men as well as angels,
Thou art every creature's theme:
Lord of every land and nation,
Ancient of eternal days,
Sounded through the wide creation
Be Thy just and lawful praise.

2 For Thy rich, Thy free redemption,—
Dark through brightness all along!—
Thought is poor, and poor expression;
Who can sing that wondrous song?
Brightness of the Father's glory,
Shall Thy praise unuttered lie?
Break, my tongue, such guilty silence;
Sing the Lord who came to die;—

3 From the highest throne of glory,
To the cross of deepest woe,
Came to ransom guilty captives;—
Flow, my praise, forever flow!
Re-ascend, immortal Saviour;
Leave Thy footstool, take Thy throne;
Thence return and reign forever;
Be the kingdom all Thy own.

ROBERT ROBINSON, 1774.

245 Tune, ARLINGTON. C. M. p. 124.

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

2 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
For evermore adored,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord!

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

BERNARD.

246 Row Me Over the Tide.

Dedicated to my little son, Carroll.

Suggested from an incident that occurred several years ago in one of the Southern States, during a siege of yellow fever.

Words and Music by E. C. Avis.

Thoughtfully.



Copyright, 1888, by E. C. Avis.

Row Me Over the Tide. Concluded.



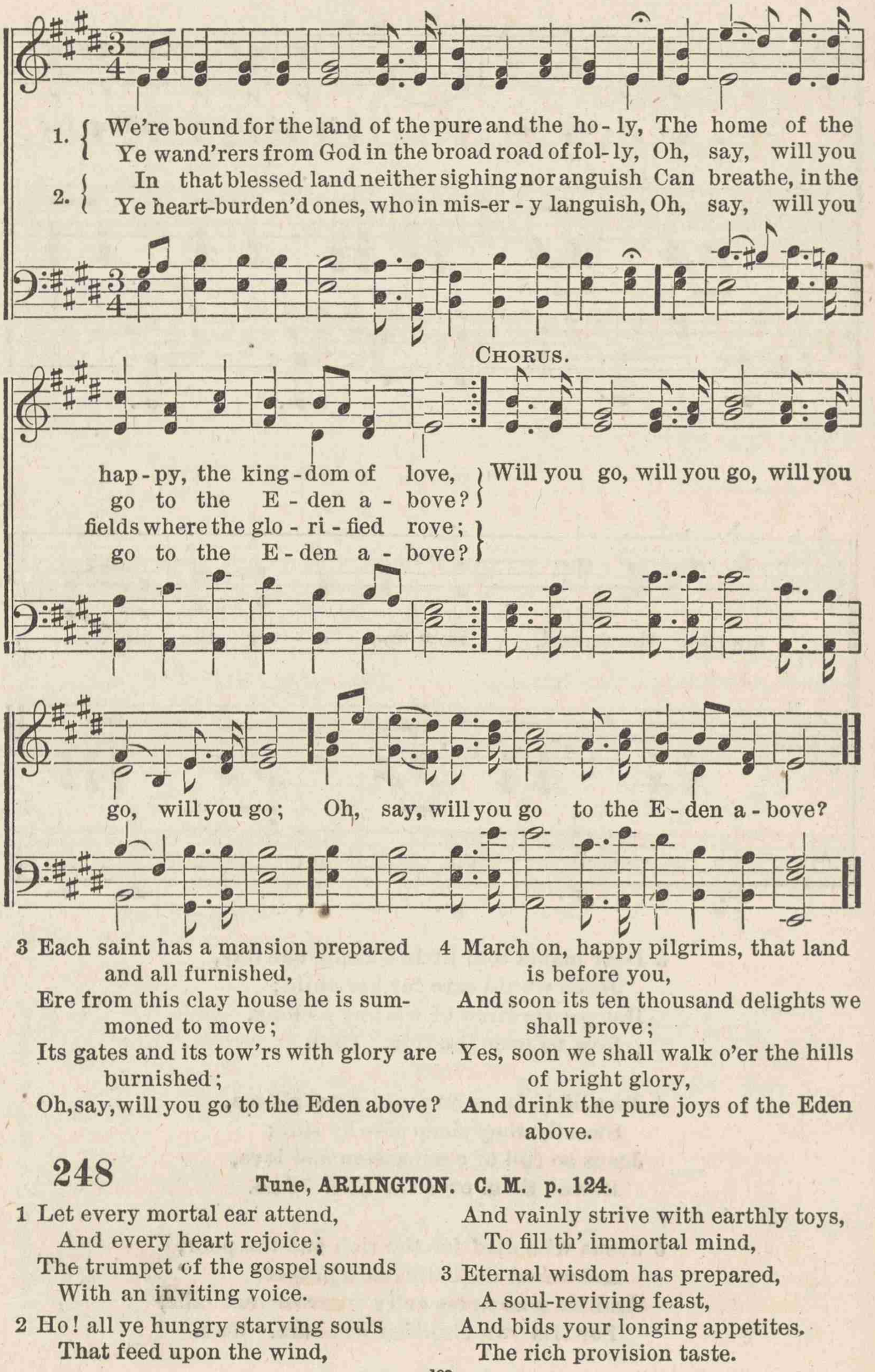
3 Dear mama told little Charlie one day,
Jesus would care for her child;
But we are tired of waiting so long,
Row us over the tide. CHO.

4 Two little faces no more we shall see,
Sweetly they sleep side by side;
Jesus so full of compassion and love,
Rowed them over the tide. CHO.

5 Jesus who died for the rich and the poor,
Answered the little one's prayer;
And He who notes ev'ry sparrow that falls,
For His own children will care. CHO.

247 The Eden Above.

REVIVAL MELODIES.



3 Each saint has a mansion prepared and all furnished,
Ere from this clay house he is summoned to move;
Its gates and its tow'rs with glory are burnished;
Oh, say, will you go to the Eden above?

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

248

Tune, **ARLINGTON. C. M. p. 124.**

1 Let every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.

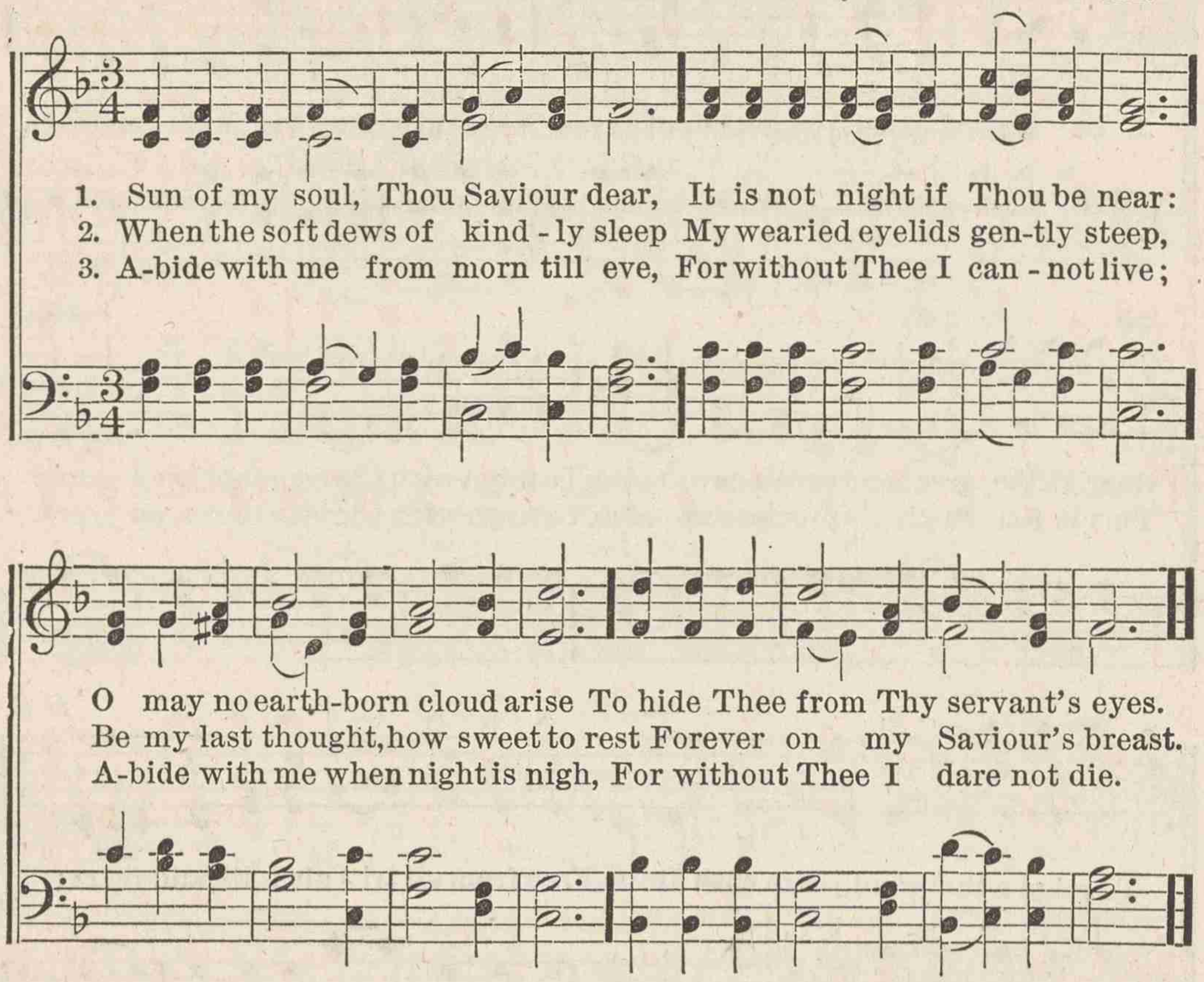
2 Ho! all ye hungry starving souls
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys,
To fill th' immortal mind,

3 Eternal wisdom has prepared,
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites.
The rich provision taste.

249 Sun of My Soul.

HURSLEY. L. M.

Arr. by WILLIAM HENRY MONK.



1. Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear, It is not night if Thou be near:
2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wearied eyelids gen-tly steep,
3. A-bide with me from morn till eve, For without Thee I can - not live;

O may no earth-born cloud arise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest Forever on my Saviour's breast.
A-bide with me when night is nigh, For without Thee I dare not die.

4 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.

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.

JOHN KEBLE.

250

HURSLEY. L. M.

1 Oh, that my load of sin were gone;
Oh, that I could at last submit
At Jesus' feet to lay it down—
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet.

2 Rest for my soul I long to find;
Saviour of all, if mine Thou art,
Give me Thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp Thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in Thee.

4 Fain would I learn of Thee, my God,
Thy light and easy burden prove,
The cross all stained with hallowed blood,
The labor of Thy dying love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

251 A Thousand Years.

"They reigned with Christ."

L. H. JAMESON. HENRY C. WORK.



2 Be of good cheer, earth's night of sorrow
Shortly will close, with all its fears;
Then shall arise the glorious morrow,
The reign with Christ a thousand years!
To reign a thousand years with Jesus
More than requites for all our tears;
This is the sure and gracious promise,
To reign with Christ a thousand years!

3 Be of good cheer; time's painful conflicts
All will be done when Christ appears;
Then will begin the glorious era,
The reign with Christ a thousand years!
To reign a thousand years with Jesus,
Far from the tempter's lures and snares;
With the redeemed of every nation,
To reign with Christ a thousand years!

4 Be of good cheer; ten thousand ages,
Perfect in bliss, and free from tears,
Soon will begin their glorious cycle,
Reigning with Christ a thousand years!
Ten thousand times ten thousand ages,
Freedom from sin, and death, and tears,
What an eternal weight of glory
To reign with Christ a thousand years!

252 Tune, A THOUSAND YEARS.

1 Oh, do not let the word depart,
And close thine eyes against the light,
Poor sinner, harden not thine heart;
Thou would'st be saved; why not to-night?

CHO.*
Why not to-night, why not to-night?
Thou would'st be saved; why not to-night?
This is the time the Master calleth;
Thou would'st be saved; why not to-night?

2 To-morrow's sun may never rise
To bless thy long deluded sight,—
This is the time, oh, then be wise;
Thou would'st be saved; why not to-night?
CHO.

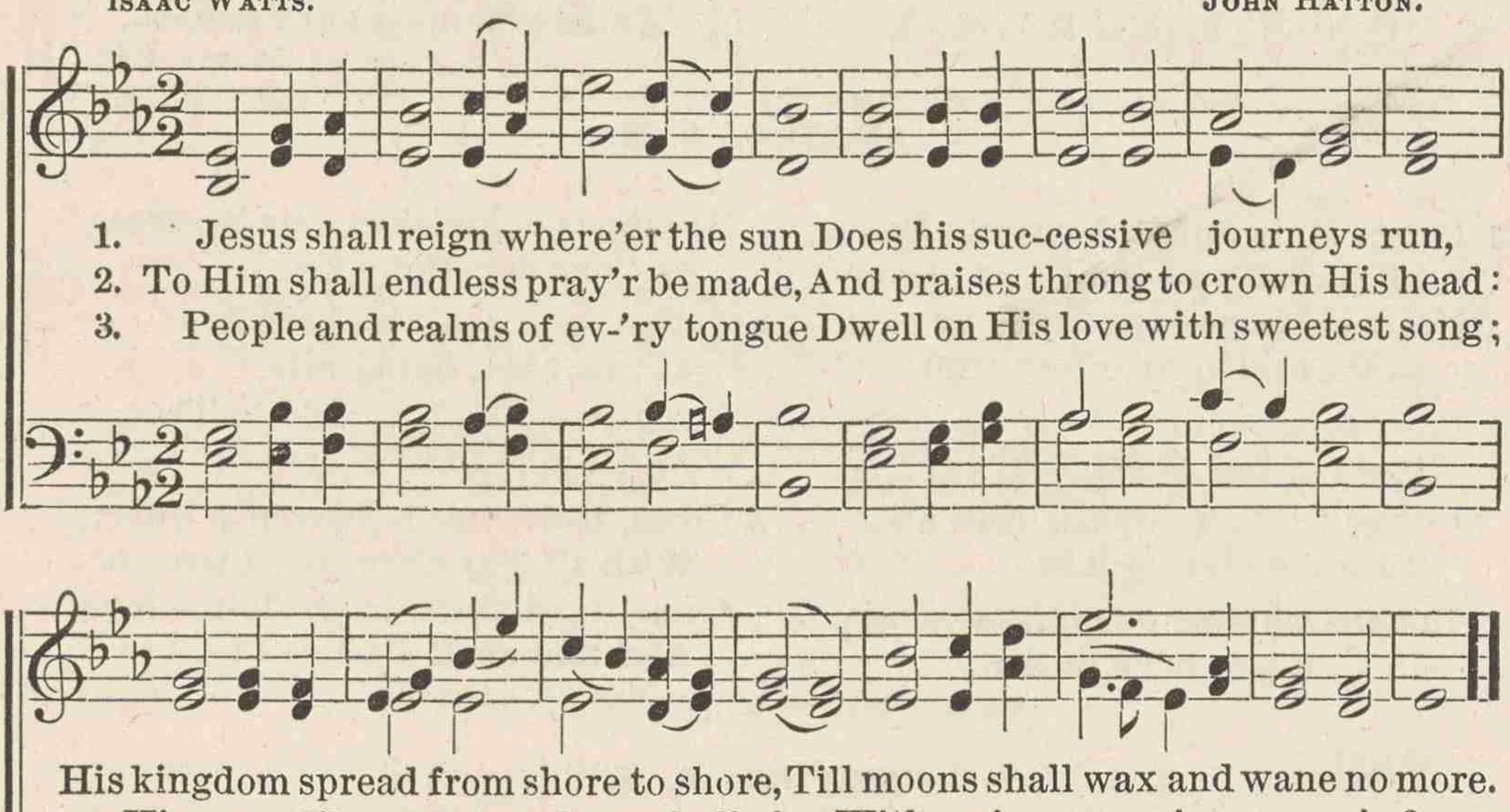
3 Our God in pity lingers still,
And wilt thou thus His love requite?
Renounce at once thy stubborn will;
Thou would'st be saved; why not to-night?
CHO.

4 Our blessed Lord refuses none
Who would to Him their soul unite;
Believe in Him, the work is done;
Thou would'st be saved; why not to-night?
CHO.

253 Jesus Shall Reign.

DUKE STREET. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS. JOHN HATTON.



4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns,
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

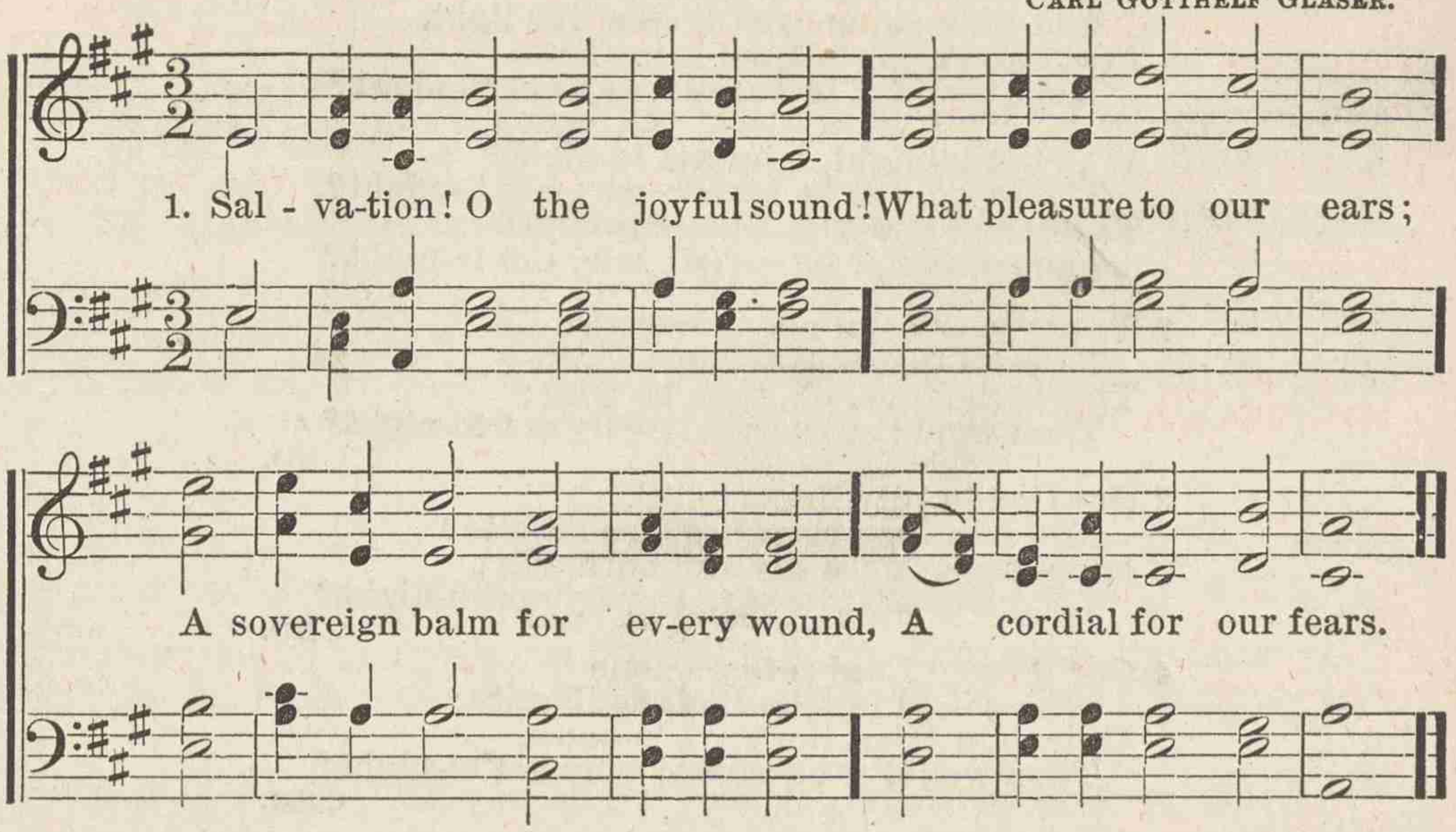
5 Let every creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honors to our King:
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long amen.

* Chorus to be sung as last half of each verse.

254 Salvation! O the Joyful Sound!

AMAZON. C. M.

CARL GOTTHELF GLASER.



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

3 Salvation! O Thou bleeding Lamb!
To Thee the praise belongs:
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

Rev. I. WATTS, 1709.

255

AMAZON. C. M.

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

2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys;
Our souls, how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys.

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

4 Father, 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.

256

AMAZON. C. M.

1 Jesus! the name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky;
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.

2 Jesus! the name to sinners dear,
The name to sinners given;
It scatters all their guilty fear;
It turns their hell to heaven.

3 Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head;
Power into strengthless souls He speaks,
And life into the dead.

4 O that the world might taste and see
The riches of His grace!
The arms of love that compass me
Would all mankind embrace.

5 His only righteousness I show,
His saving truth proclaim:
'Tis all my business here below,
To cry, "Behold the Lamb!"

257 AMAZON. C. M.

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

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

3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasure filled
With boundless stores of grace!

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring!

5 I would Thy boundless love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
So shall the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

258 Happy Day.



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

3 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart:
With Him of every good possessed.

WESLEY.

259 Tune, LAND OF BEULAH. p. 63.

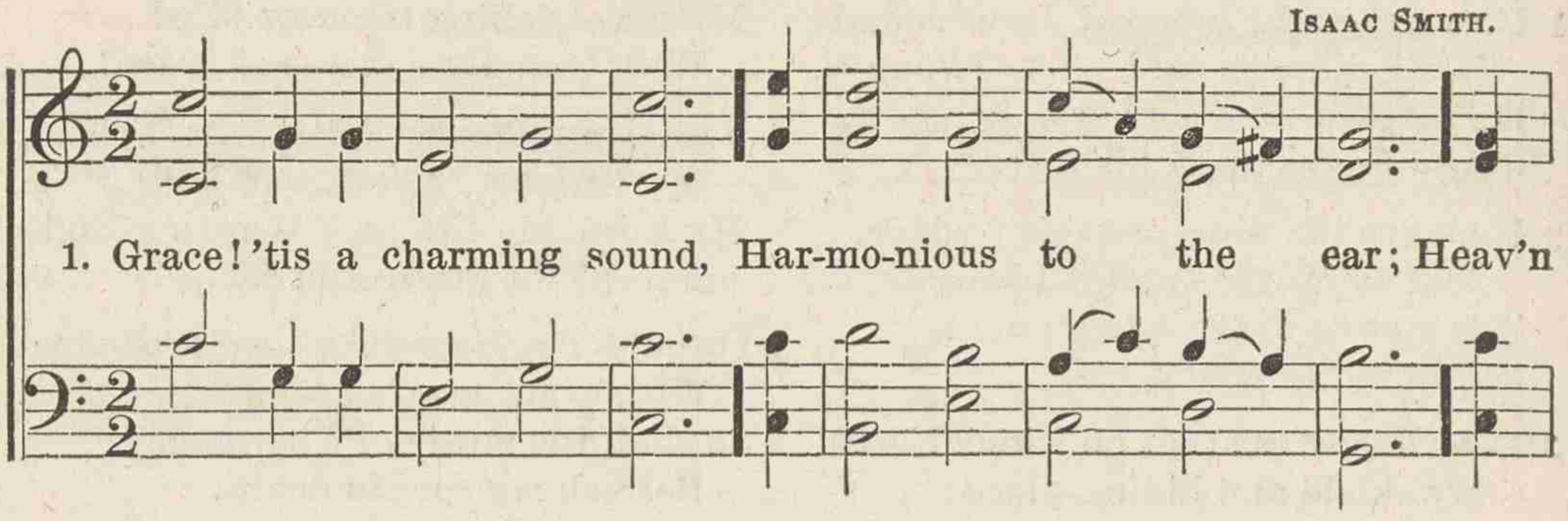
1 Watchman, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.
Traveller, o'er yon mountain's height
See that glory-beaming star!
Watchman, does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Traveller, yes; it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.

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

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

260 Silver St. S. M.

ISAAC SMITH.





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

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

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

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

261 SILVER ST. S. M.

"Put on the whole armor of God."—Eph. vi: 11.

1 Soldiers of Christ, arise,
And put your armor on! [plies,
Strong in the strength that God sup-
Through His eternal Son.

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 passed,
Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

262 HEBRON. L. M. p. 221.

"Led by the Spirit of God."—Rom. viii: 14.

1 Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be Thou our guardian, Thou our guide;
O'er every thought and step preside.

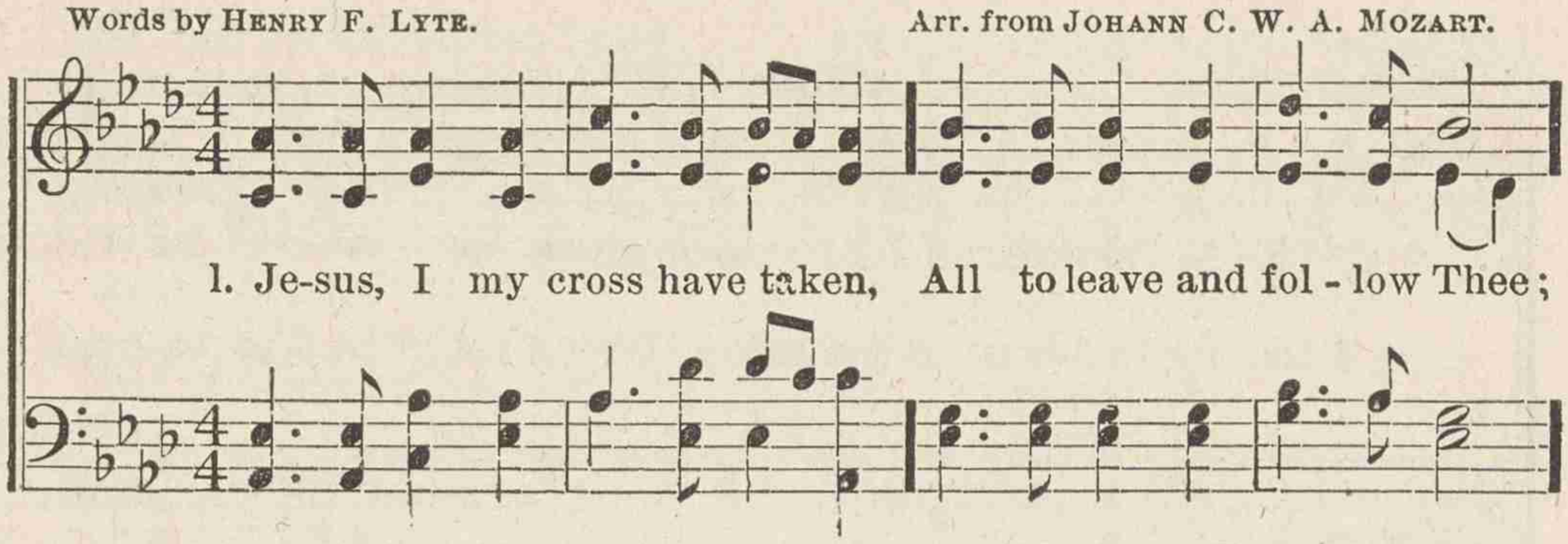
2 To us the light of truth display,
And make us know and choose the way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

3 Lead us to holiness—the road
Which we must take to live with God;
Lead us to Christ—the living way;
Nor let us from His pastures stray.

SIMON BROWNE, 1720.

263 Jesus, I my Cross have taken. 8. 7. D.

Words by HENRY F. LYTE. Arr. from JOHANN C. W. A. MOZART.







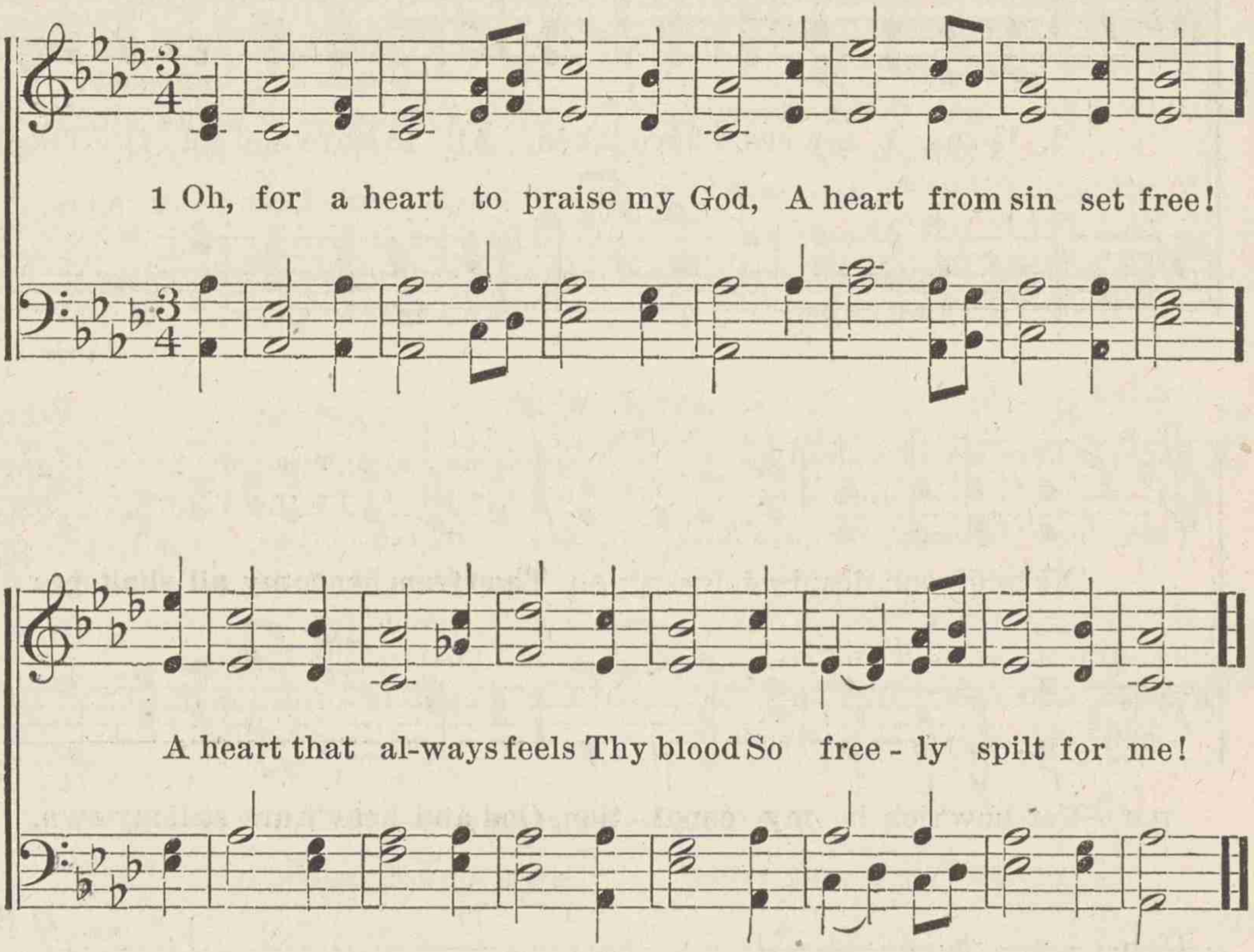
2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not, like man, untrue:
And, while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me;
Show Thy face, and all is bright.

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

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

264 Oh, For a Heart to Praise My God.

CHARLES WESLEY. **AVON. C. M.** HUGH WILSON.



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

3 Oh, for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him who dwells within.

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

265 AVON. C. M.

1 Oh, 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 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their mem'ry still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

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

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

COWPER.

266

AVON. C. M.

1 Alas! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sov'reign die?
Would He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I have done
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

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

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

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

ISAAC WATTS.

267

AVON. C. M.

1 Forever here my rest shall be,
Close to Thy bleeding side;
This all my hope, and all my plea,
"For me the Saviour died."

2 My dying Saviour, and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with Thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus Thine own;
Wash me, and mine Thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.

4 The atonement of Thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

268

MISSIONARY HYMN.

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

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

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

269

Tune, PRECIOUS PROMISE.

1 Precious promise God hath given
To the weary passer by,
On the way from earth to heaven,
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."

REF.—
I will guide thee, I will guide thee,
I will guide thee with Mine eye;
On the way from earth to heaven
I will guide thee with Mine eye.

2 When temptations almost win thee,
And thy trusted watchers fly;
Let this promise ring within thee,
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."

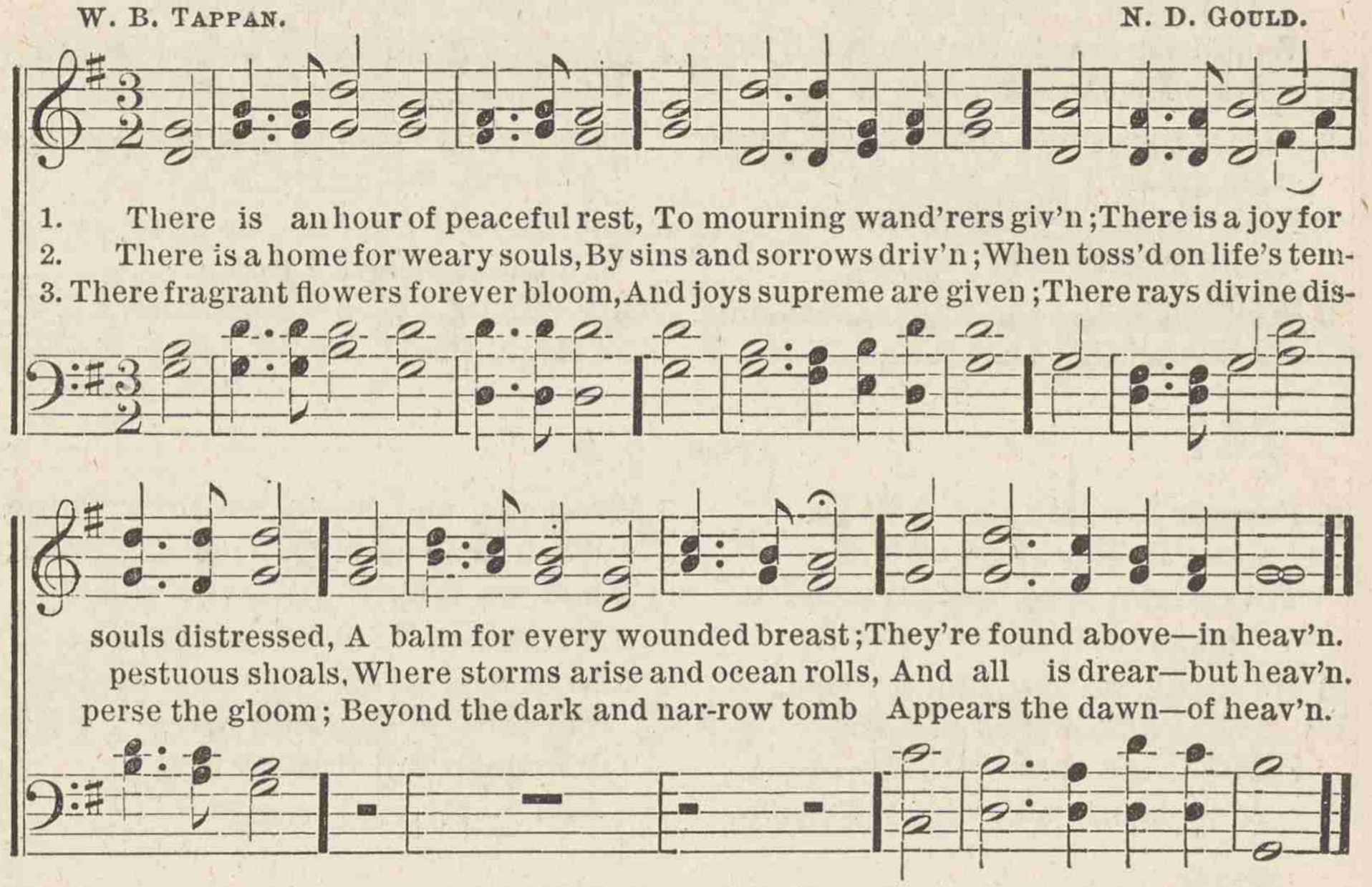
3 When thy secret hopes have perished,
In the grave of years gone by;
Let this promise still be cherished,
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."

4 When the shades of life are falling,
And the hour has come to die:
Hear thy trusty pilot calling,
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."

270 Woodland. P. M.

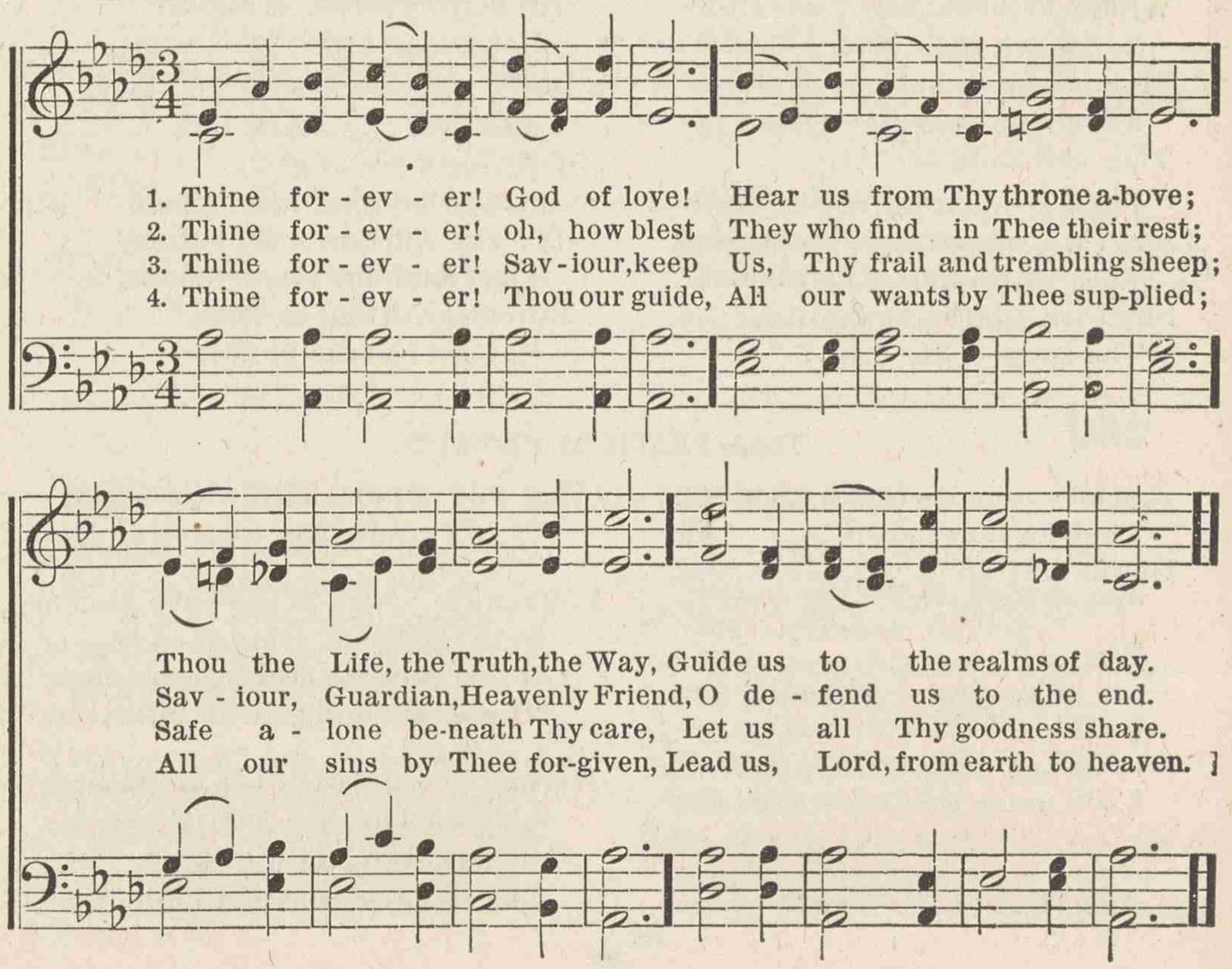
"Let not your hearts be troubled."

W. B. TAPPAN. N. D. GOULD.



271 Thine Forever, God of Love.

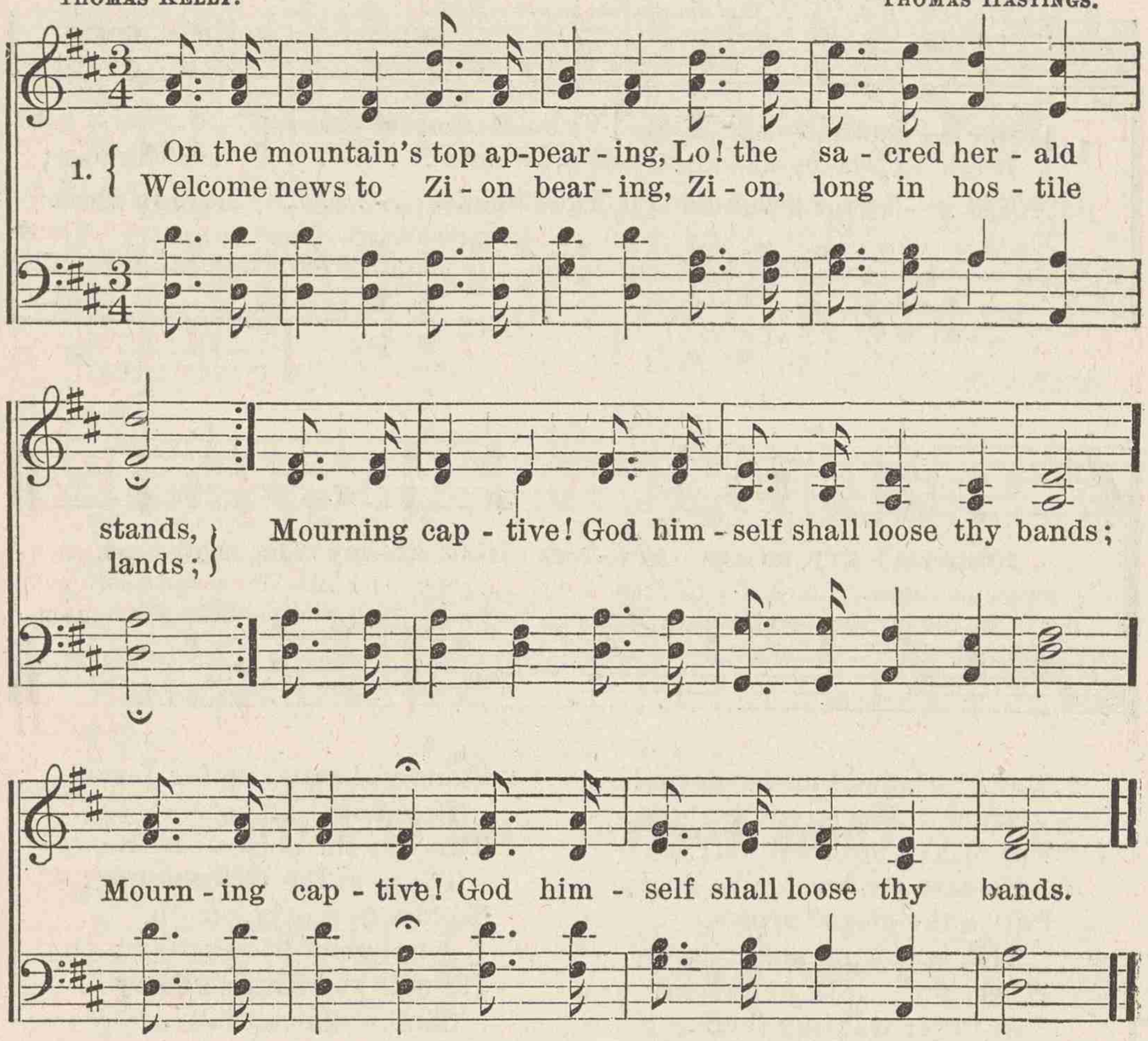
MARY FAWLER MAUDE. CHARLES THIRTLE.



272 On the Mountain's Top Appearing.

ZION. 8, 7, 4.

THOMAS KELLY. THOMAS HASTINGS.



2 God, thy God, will soon restore thee;
He himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end;
‖:Great deliverance
Zion's King shall surely send.:‖

3 Peace and joy shall now attend thee;
All thy warfare now is past;
God thy Saviour will defend thee;
Victory is thine at last;
‖:All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.:‖

273

Tune, ON THE MOUNTAIN'S TOP APPEARING.

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

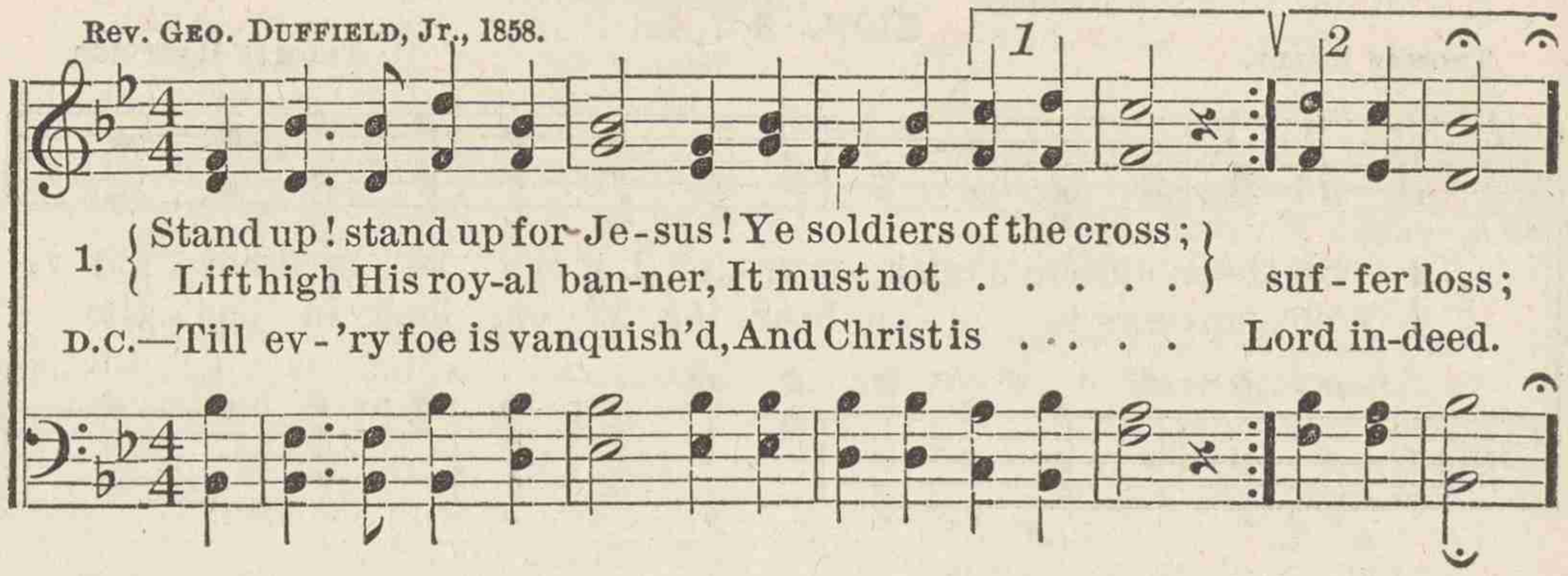
2 Every human tie may perish;
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
Mothers cease their own to cherish;
Heaven and earth at last remove;
‖:But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.:‖

3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
But can never cease to love thee;
Thou art precious in His sight;
‖:God is with thee,
God, thine everlasting light.:‖

THOMAS KELLY.

274 Webb. 7s & 6s.

Rev. Geo. Duffield, Jr., 1858.





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

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

275

Tune, WEBB. 7s & 6s.

"The Saviour Crucified."

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

2 O noblest brow and dearest,
In other days the world
All feared when Thou appearedst,
What shame on Thee is hurled!
How art Thou pale with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn;
How does that visage languish
Which once was bright as morn.

3 What language shall I borrow
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
For this Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
O make me Thine for ever;
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never
Outlive my love to Thee.

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

276

Tune, WEBB. 7s & 6s.

1 Sometimes a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord who rises
With healing in His wings:
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation
And find it ever new:
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
Let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may.

3 It can bring with it nothing,
But He will bring us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe His people too:
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed;
And He who feeds the ravens,
Will give His children bread.

4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither,
Their wonted fruit should bear,
Though all the fields should wither,
Nor flocks, nor herds be there;
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice,
For while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

W. COWPER.

277

Tune, WEBB. 7s & 6s.

My light and my salvation. Psalm xxvii. 1.

1 God is my strong salvation;
What foe have I to fear?
In darkness and temptation,
My Light, my Help is near:
Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm in the fight I stand;
What terror can confound me
With God at my right hand!

2 Place on the Lord reliance;
My soul, with courage wait:
His truth be thine affiance,
When faint and desolate:
His might thine heart shall strengthen,
His love thy joy increase;
Mercy thy day shall lengthen;
The Lord will give thee peace!

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1771–1854.

278

Tune, WEBB. 7s & 6s.

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 blessed Jesus
Drink endless pleasures in?

2 But now I am a soldier,
My Captain's gone before;
He's given me my orders,
And 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.

279

Tune, WEBB. 7s & 6s.

Like unto men that wait for their Lord. Luke xii. 36.

1 How long, O gracious Master,
Wilt Thou Thy household leave?
So long hast Thou now tarried,
Few Thy return believe.
Immersed in sloth and folly,
Thy servants, Lord, we see;
And few of us stand ready
With joy to welcome Thee.

2 How long, O Heavenly Bridegroom!
How long wilt Thou delay?
And yet how few are grieving
That Thou dost absent stay!
The very Bride her portion
And calling hath forgot,
And seeks for ease and glory
Where Thou, her Lord, art not.

3 Oh, wake Thy slumb'ring virgins!
Send forth the solemn cry,
Let all Thy saints repeat it,
"The Bridegroom draweth nigh!"
May all our lamps be burning,
Our loins well girded be,
Each longing heart preparing
With joy Thy face to see.

GEORGE JAMES DECK, 1837.

280

Tune, WEBB. 7s & 6s.

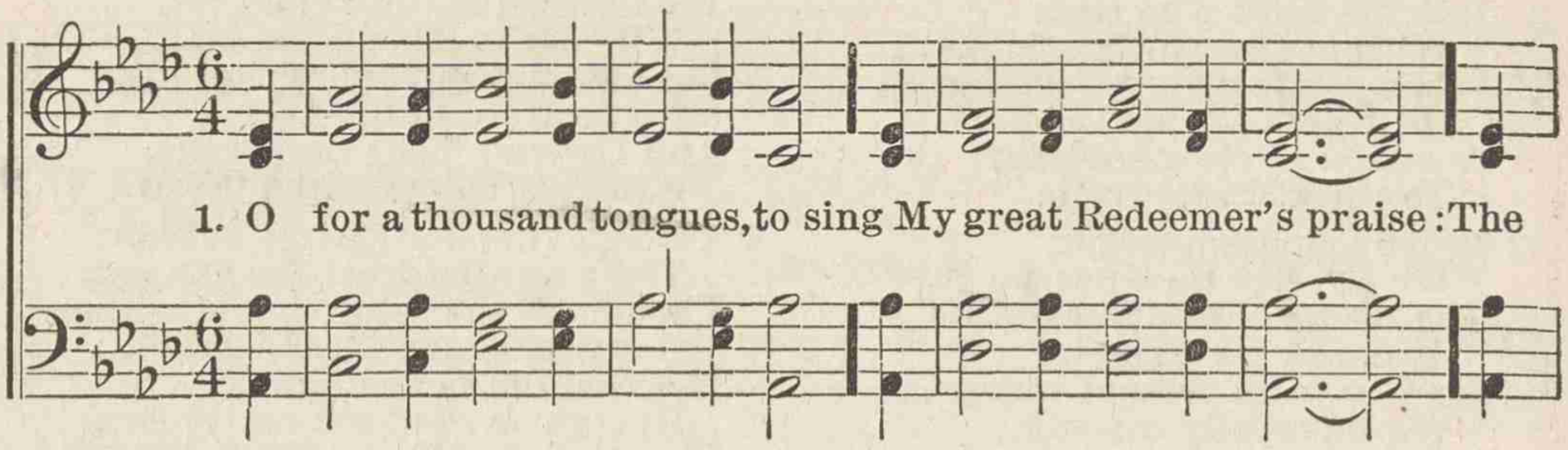
1 The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

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

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

281 O for a Thousand Tongues to Sing.

ORTONVILLE. C. M.





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

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

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

5 Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

282

ORTONVILLE. C. M.

1 Oh, could I find, from day to day,
A nearness to my God,
Then would my hours glide sweet away,
While leaning on His word.

2 Lord, I desire with Thee to live,
Anew from day to day,
In joys the world can never give,
Nor ever take away.

3 Blest Jesus, come and rule my heart,
And make me wholly Thine,
That I may 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.

283

AMAZON. p. 192.

1 Jesus, Thine all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad:
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fixed in God,

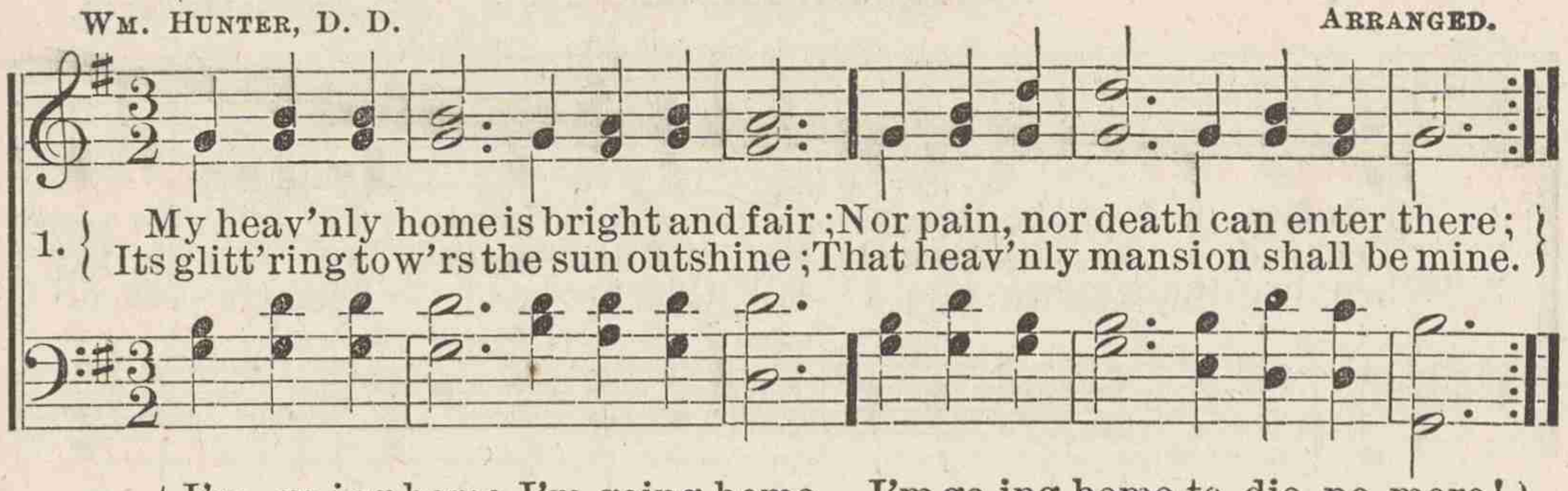
2 O that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow,
Burn up the dross of base desire,
And make the mountains flow!

3 O that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume!
Come, Holy Ghost, for Thee I call;
Spirit of burning, come!

4 Refining fire, go through my heart;
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter Thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.

284 I'm Going Home to Die no More.

WM. HUNTER, D. D. ARRANGED.



1. My heav'nly home is bright and fair; Nor pain, nor death can enter there;
   Its glitt'ring tow'rs the sun outshine; That heav'nly mansion shall be mine.

CHO. I'm go-ing home, I'm going home, I'm go-ing home to die no more!
To die no more, to die no more; I'm go-ing 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.

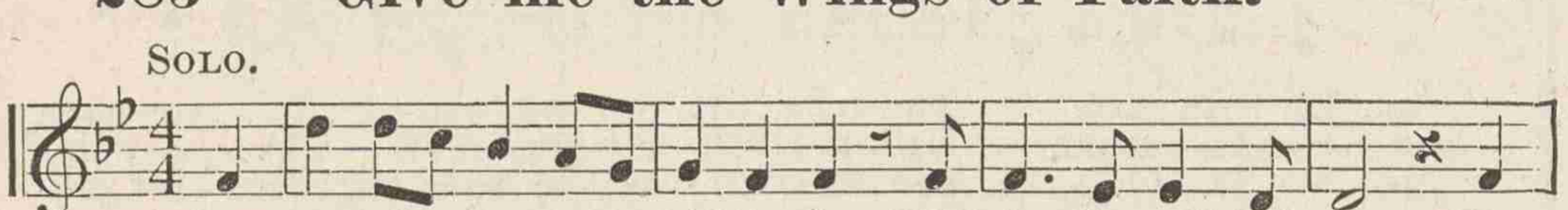
3 While here, a stranger far from home,
Affliction's waves may round me foam;
Although like Lazarus, sick and poor,
My heavenly mansion is secure.

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

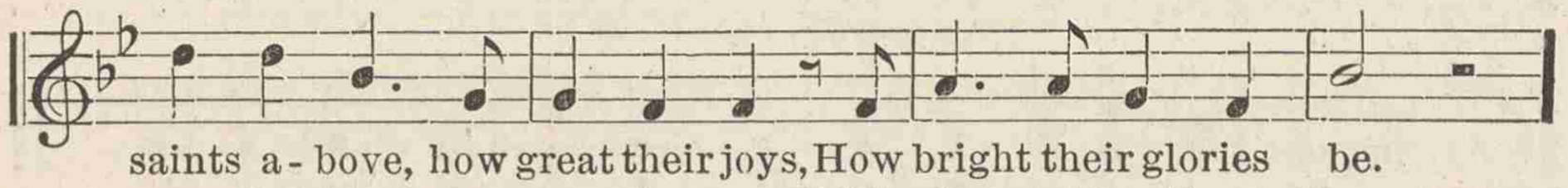
5 Then fail this earth, let stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine,
All nature sink and cease to be,
That heavenly mansion stands for me.

285 Give me the Wings of Faith.

SOLO.



1. Give me the wings of faith to rise, With-in the vail and see The
2. Once they were mourners here below, And poured out cries and tears; They
3. I ask them whence their victory came: They, with unit - ed breath, As-



saints a - bove, how great their joys, How bright their glories be.
wres-tled hard, as we do now, With sins, and doubts, and fears.
cribe their conquest to the Lamb, Their tri-umph to His death.

CHORUS.



Many are the friends who are waiting today, Happy on the golden strand,



Man-y are the voic-es call-ing us a-way To join the glorious band,

Repeat pp



Calling us away, Calling us away, Calling to the bet-ter land.

286 How Firm A Foundation.

PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11. MARCOS PORTOGALLO.



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

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

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

GEORGE KEITH.

287 **Tune, PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11s.**

1 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 open, how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in His pardoning blood?

3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,
For Mercy still lingers and calls thee to-day:
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb;
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.

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

5 Delay not, delay not, the hour is at hand,
The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens shall fade,
The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall stand;
What power, then, O sinner, will lend thee its aid?

288 I would not live alway.

Tune, PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11 or 13, 11, 12.

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

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 bids me arise,
To hail Him in triumph descending the skies.

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 noon-tide of glory eternally reigns?

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.

289 **Tune, AMERICA. 6s & 4s. p. 159.**

"The Lord . . . forsaketh not his saints." Psalm xxxvii. 28.

1 Now I have found a Friend
Whose love shall never end;
Jesus is mine.
Though earthly joys decrease,
Though human friendships cease,
Now I have lasting peace;
Jesus is mine.

2 Though I grow poor and old,
He will my faith uphold;
Jesus is mine.
He shall my wants supply;
His precious blood is nigh,
Naught can my hope destroy;
Jesus is mine.

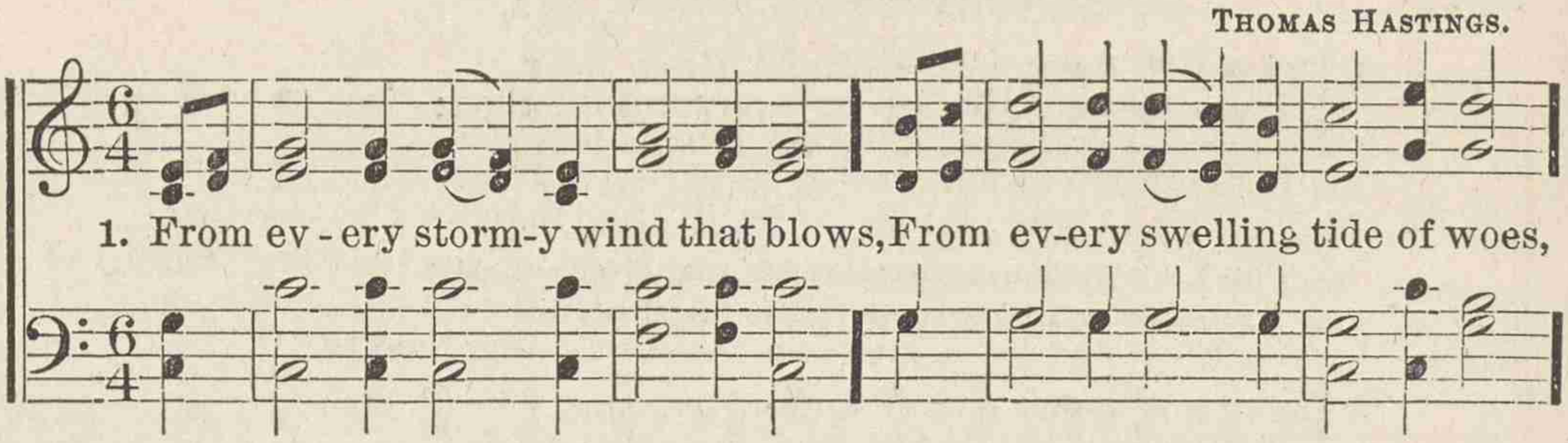
3 When earth shall pass away,
In the great judgment day,
Jesus is mine.
Oh, what a glorious thing
Then to behold my King,
On tuneful harps to sing,
Jesus is mine.

4 Father! Thy name I bless;
Thine was the sovereign grace;
Praise shall be Thine.
Spirit of holiness!
Sealing the Father's grace,
Thou mad'st my soul embrace
Jesus as mine.

HENRY JOY MCC. HOPE, 1852.

290 Retreat. L. M.

THOMAS HASTINGS.



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.

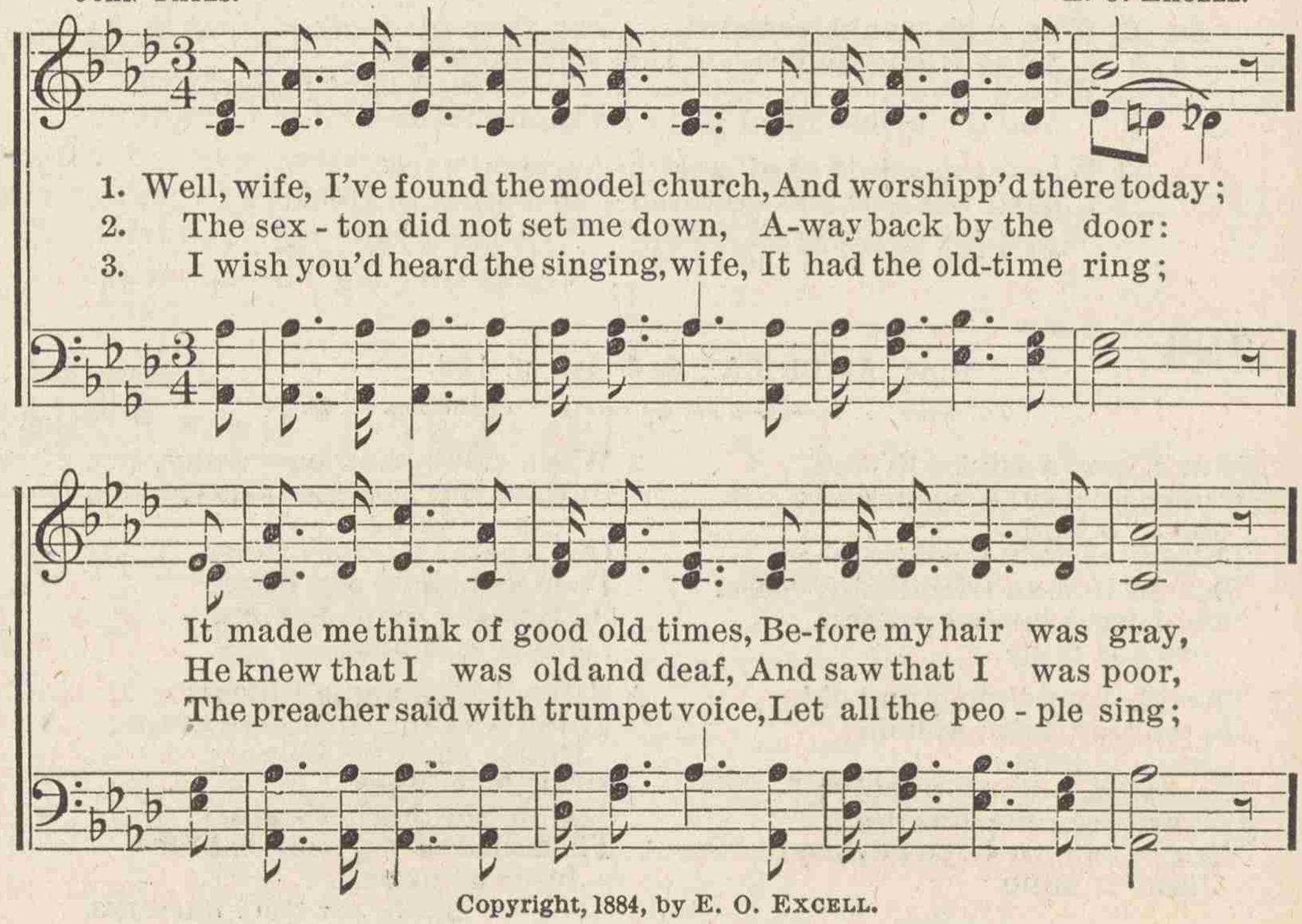
3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend:
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

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.

HUGH STOWELL.

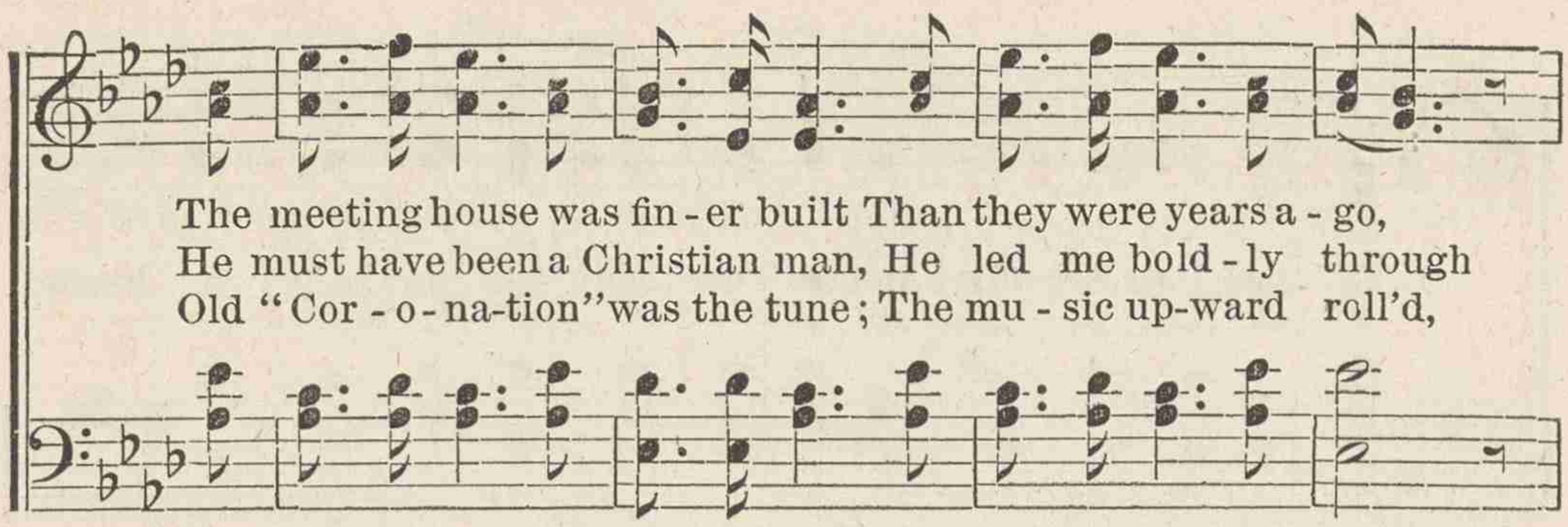
291 The Model Church.

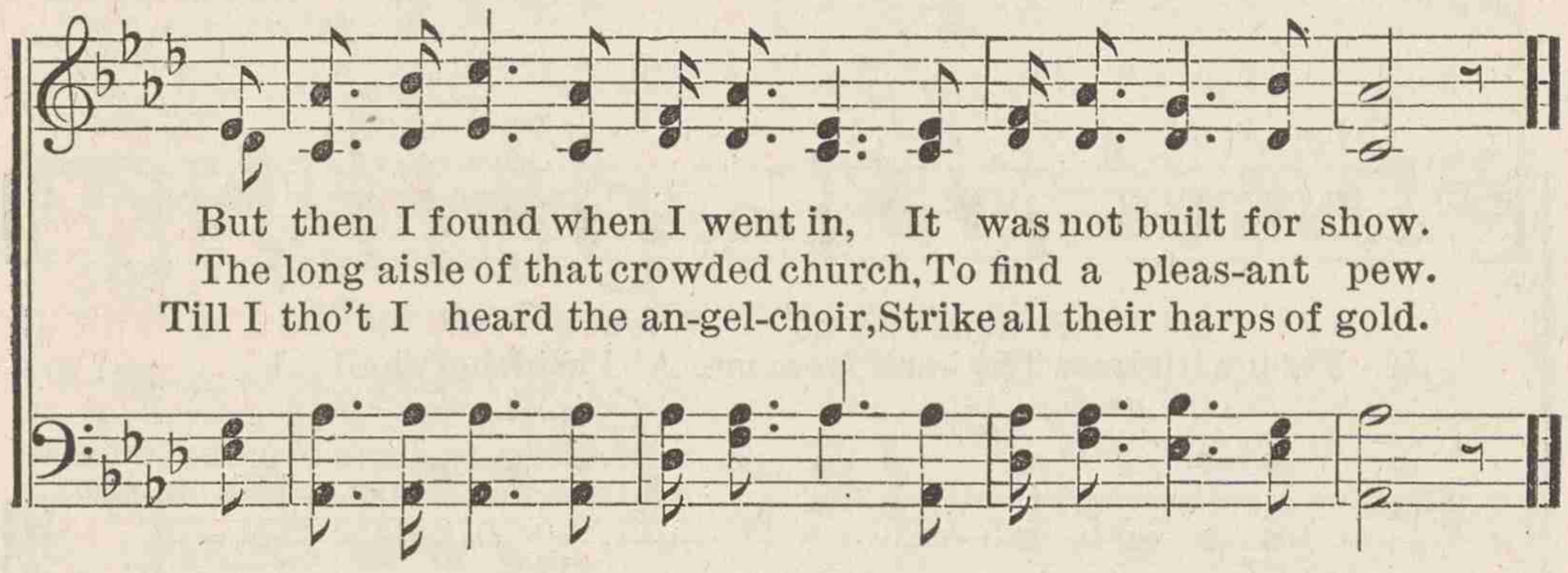
JOHN YATES. E. O. EXCELL.



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The Model Church.— Concluded.





4 My deafness seemed to melt away,
My spirit caught the fire;
I joined my feeble, trembling voice,
With that melodious choir;
And sang, as in my youthful days,
"Let angels prostrate fall;



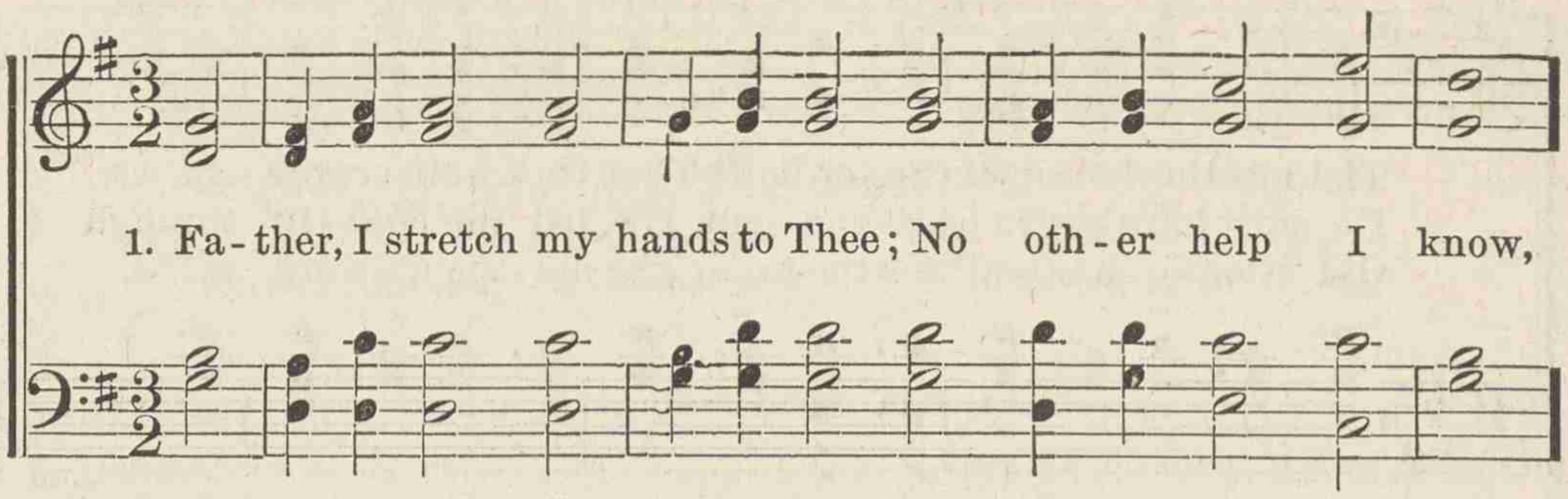
5 I tell you, wife, it did me good
To sing that hymn once more;
I felt like some wrecked mariner
Who gets a glimpse of shore.
I almost want to lay aside
This weather-beaten form,
And anchor in the blessed port,
Forever from the storm.

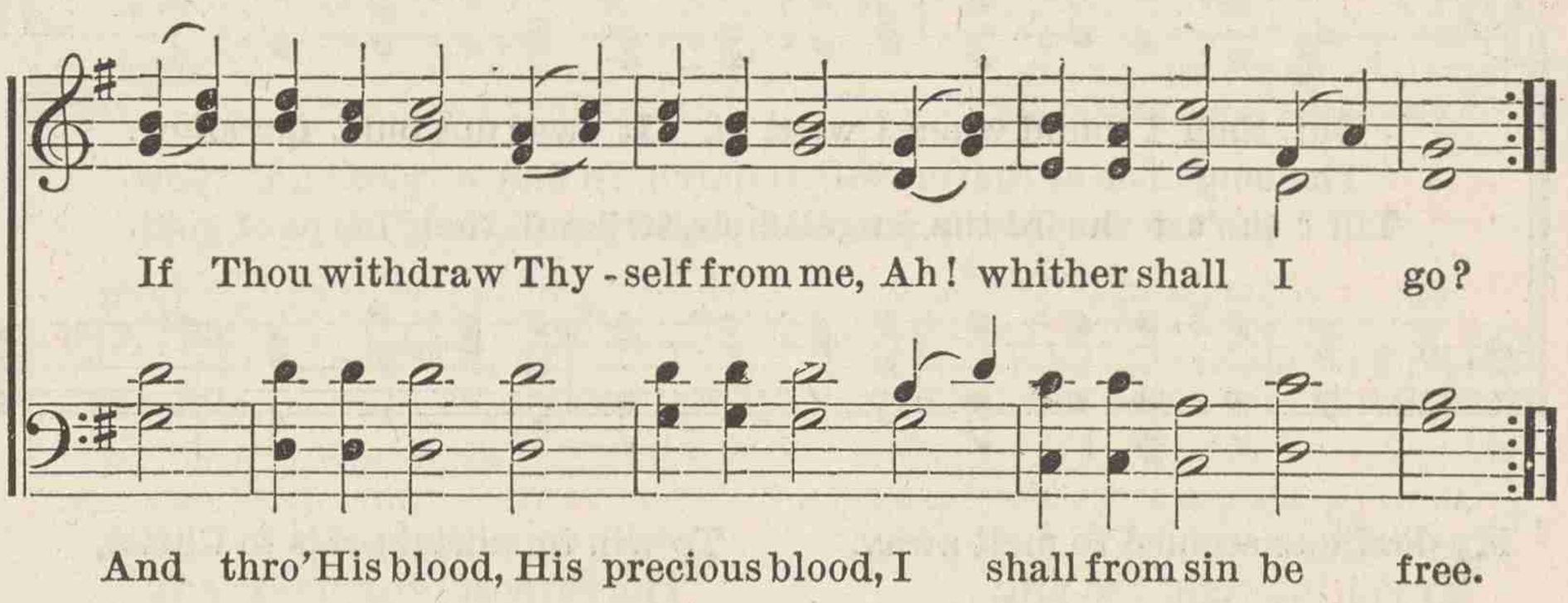
6 'Twas not a flowery sermon, wife,
But simple gospel truth;
It fitted humble men like me;
It suited hopeful youth.
To win immortal souls to Christ,
The earnest preacher tried;
He talked not of himself, or creed,
But Jesus crucified.

7 Dear wife, the toil will soon be o'er,
The victory soon be won;
The shining land is just ahead,
Our race is nearly run;
We're nearing Canaan's happy shore;
Our home so bright and fair:
Thank God, we'll never sin again;



292 I Do Believe. C. M.





2 What did Thine only Son endure,
Before I drew my breath?
What pain, what labor, to secure
My soul from endless death!
I do believe, etc.

3 O Jesus, could I Thee believe,
I now should feel Thy power;
And all my wants Thou wouldst relieve
In this accepted hour.
I do believe, etc.

4 Author of faith! to Thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes:
O, let me now receive that gift,—
My soul without it dies.
I do believe, etc.

CHARLES WESLEY.

293

Tune, I DO BELIEVE. C. M.

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

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

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

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

ISAAC WATTS.

294

ORTONVILLE. C. M. p. 202.

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

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall,
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

295

Tune, I DO BELIEVE. C. M.

1 O what amazing words of grace
Are in the gospel found!
Suited to every sinner's case,
Who knows the joyful sound.

2 Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls
Are freely welcome here;
Salvation like a river rolls,
Abundant, free, and clear.

3 Come, then, with all your wants and wounds;
Your every burden bring:
Here love, unchanging love, abounds,
A deep, celestial spring.

4 Whoever will — O gracious word!
May of this stream partake:
Come, thirsty souls, and bless the Lord,
And drink, for Jesus' sake.

296

Tune and Chorus, IN THE SWEET BY AND BY.

1 We speak of the land of the blest,
A 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,
Its walls decked with jewels so rare,
Its wonders aad pleasures untold,
But what must it be to be there?

3 We speak of its peace and its love,
The robes which the glorified wear,
The songs of the blessed above,
But what must it be to be there?

4 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?

297

Tune, ON THE MOUNTAIN TOP APPEARING. p. 199.

1 O'er the gloomy hills of darkness,
Cheered by no celestial ray,
Sun of righteousness! arising,
Bring the bright, the glorious day;
‖: Send the gospel
To the earth's remotest bound. :‖

2 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,—
Grant them, Lord! the glorious light;
And, from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night,
‖: And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day. :‖

3 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel!
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting, wide dominion
Multiply and still increase;
‖: Sway the sceptre,
Saviour! all the world around. :‖

WILLIAMS.

298

Tune, WEBB. 7s & 6s. p. 200.

The precious Story.

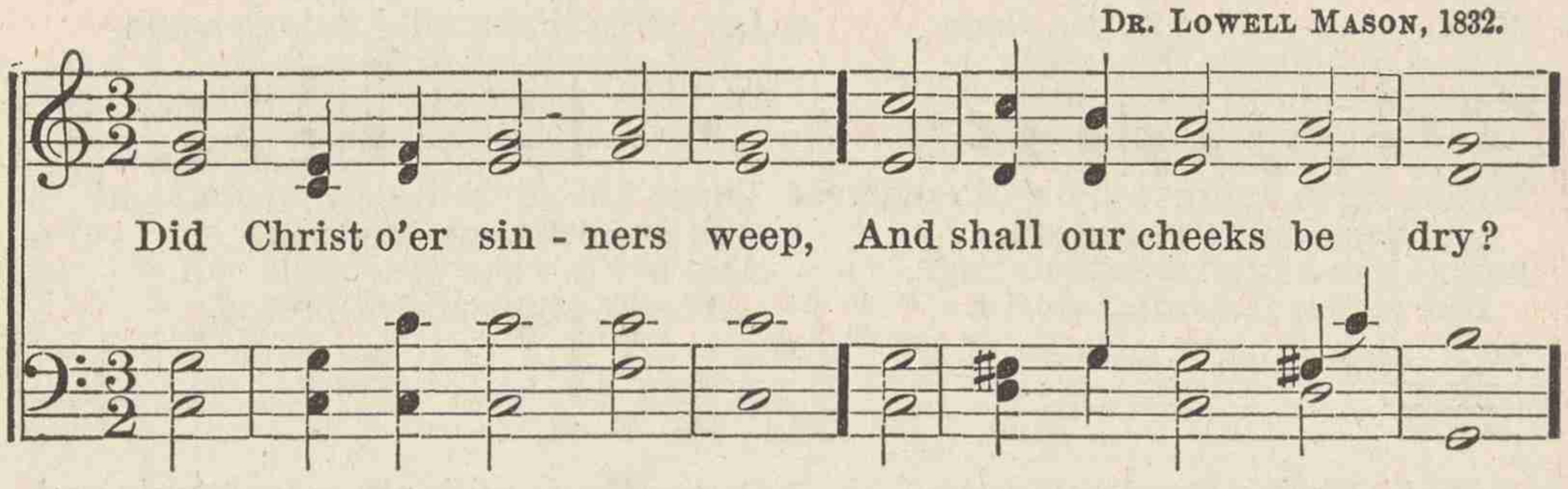
1 How precious is the story
Of our Redeemer's birth,
Who left the realms of glory,
And came to dwell on earth:
He saw our sad condition,
Our guilt and sin and shame;
To save us from perdition
The blessed Jesus came.

2 He came to earth from heaven,
To weep, and bleed, and die,
That we might be forgiven,
And raised to God on high.
His kindness and compassion
To children then were shown,
The heirs of His salvation,
He claimed them for His own.

3 Oh may I love this Saviour,
So good, so kind, so mild,
And may I find His favor,
A young, though sinful child;
And in His blessed heaven
May I at last appear,
With all my sins forgiven,
To know and praise Him there.

299 Boylston. S. M.

Dr. Lowell Mason, 1832.





2 The Son of God in tears
The wondering angels see;
Be thou astonished, O my soul!
He shed those tears for thee.

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

Rev. Benj. Beddome, 1787.

300 BOYLSTON. S. M.

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

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

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

4 So, when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

301 BOYLSTON. S. M.

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 Thou know'st not which shall thrive
The late, or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germ alive
When and wherever strewn.

3 Thou canst not toil in vain:
Cold, heat, and moist and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

302 Geneva. C. M.

COLE.



2 Unnumbered comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

3 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy.

4 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

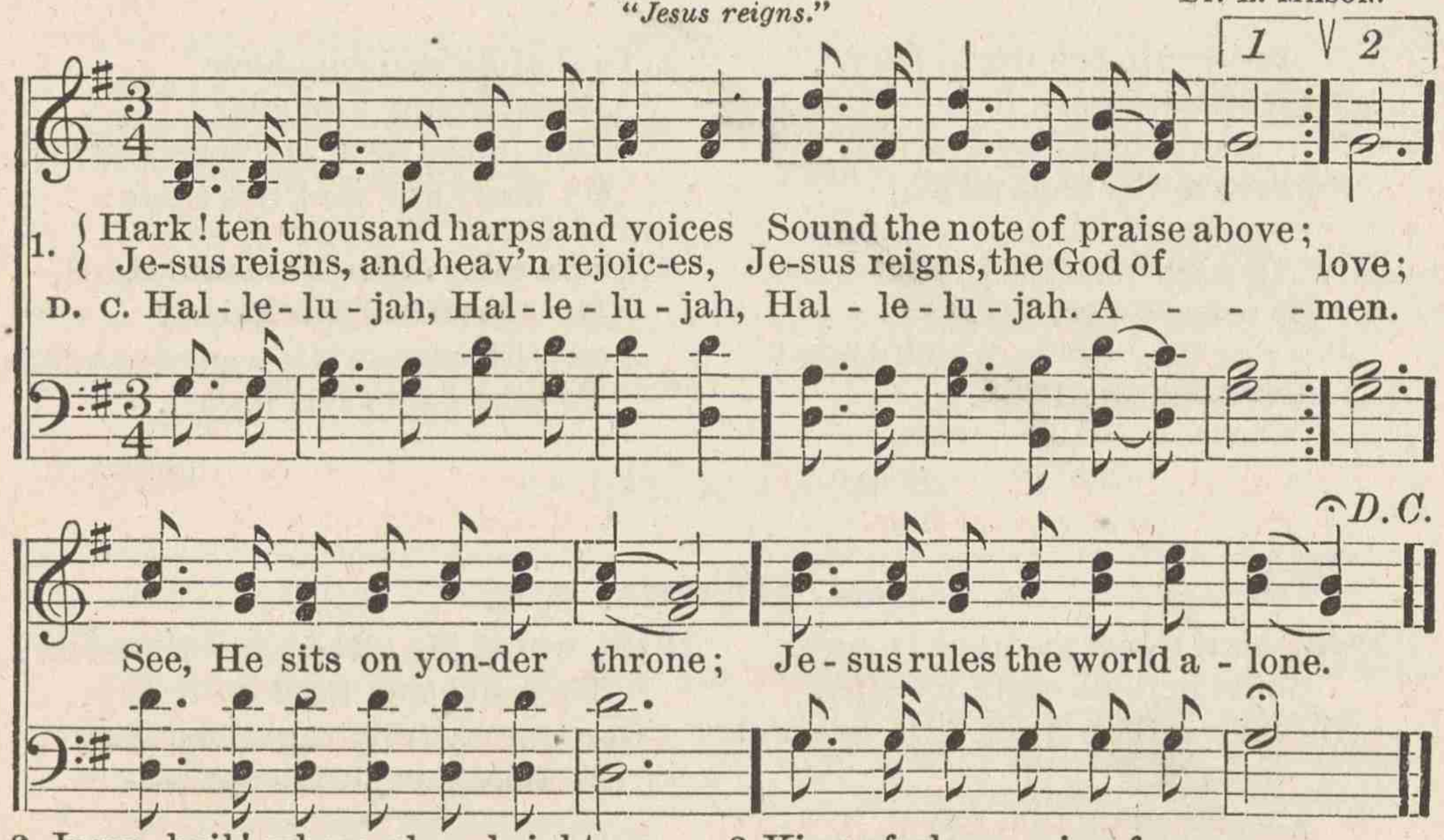
5 Through all eternity, to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
But oh! eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise!

J. ADDISON.

303 HARWELL. 8s & 7s.

"Jesus reigns."

DR. L. MASON.

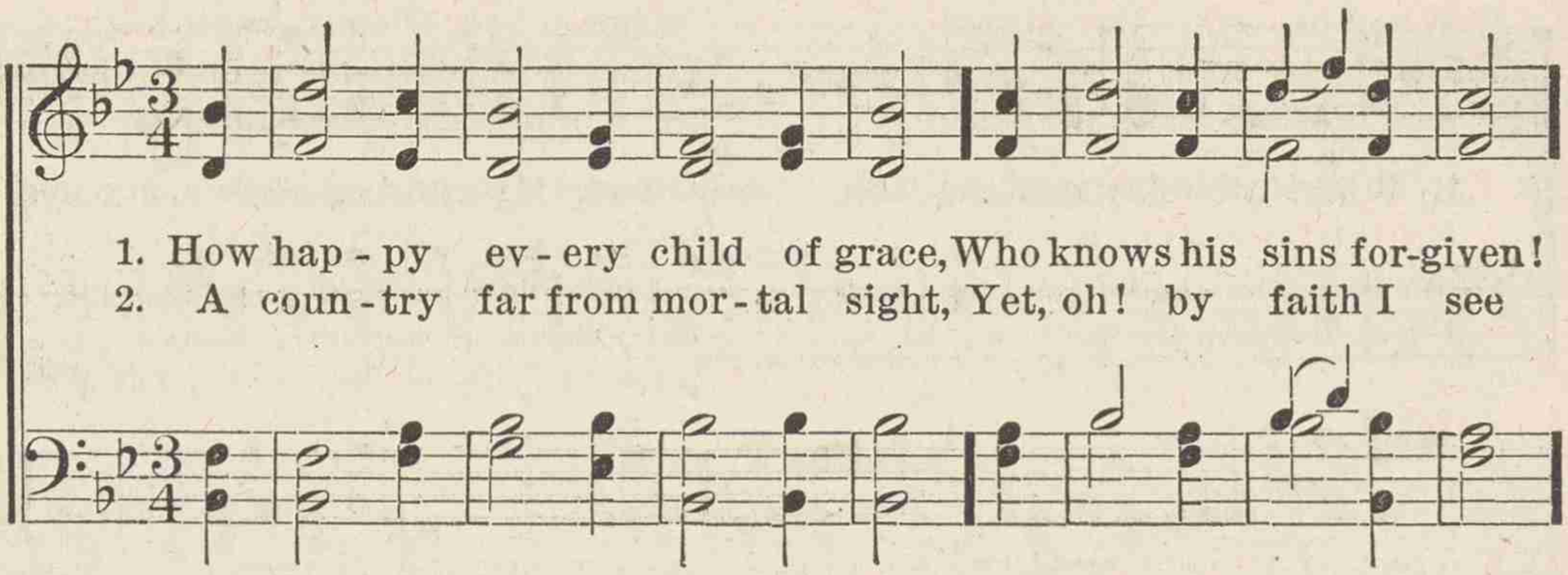


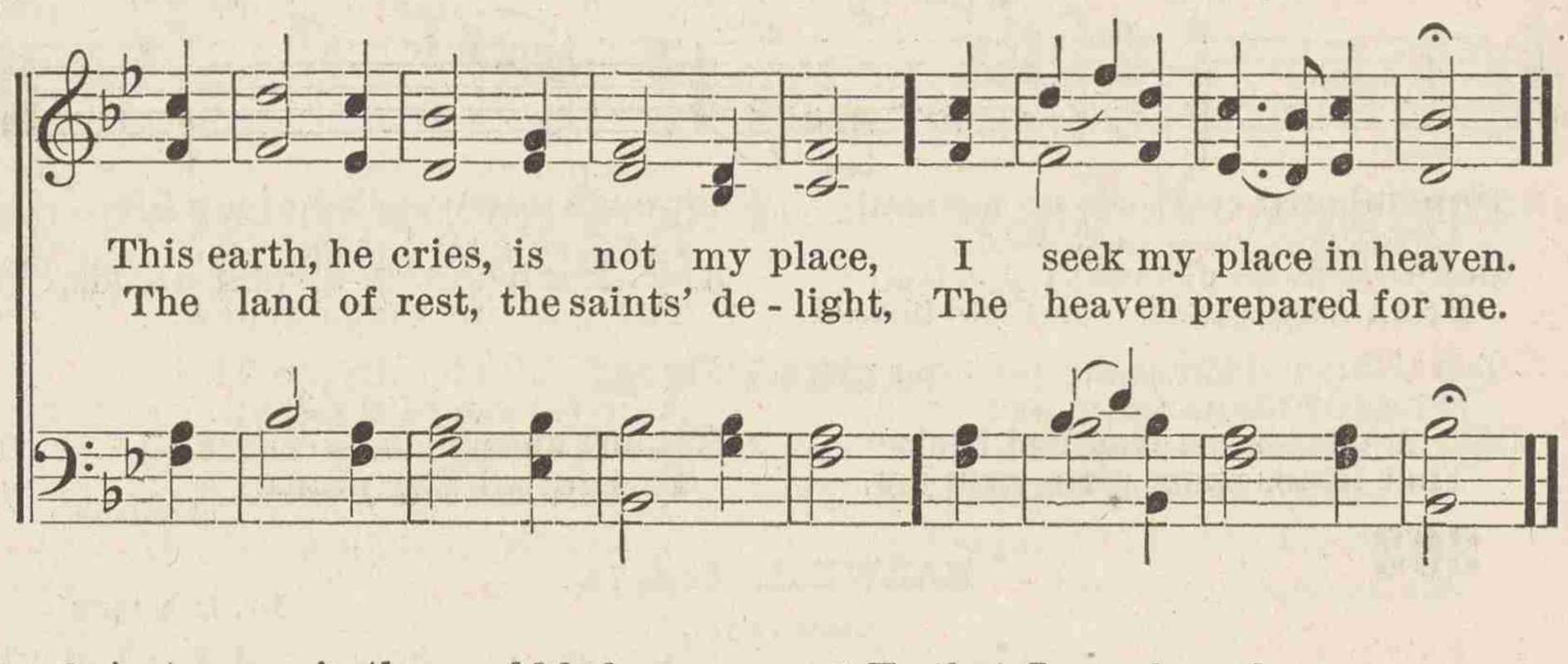
2 Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens
All above, and gives it worth;
Lord of life, Thy smile enlightens,
Cheers and charms the saints on earth;
When we think of love like Thine,
Lord, we own it love divine.

3 King of glory, reign forever;
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing from Thy love shall sever
Those whom Thou hast made Thine own,
Happy objects of Thy grace,
Destined to behold Thy face.

T. KELLY.

304 Balerma. C. M.





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

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

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

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

305

Tune, **BALERMA. C. M.**

1 Oh, what a blessed hope is ours!
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And antedate that day;

2 We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ concealed,
And with His glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels filled.

3 Oh, would He all of heaven bestow!
Then like our Lord we'll rise;
Our bodies, fully ransomed, go
To take the glorious prize.

4 In rapturous awe on Him to gaze,
Who bought the bliss for me,
And shout and wonder at His grace
Through all eternity.

CHARLES WESLEY, ab. 1759.

306

BALERMA. C. M.

1 As pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So pants my soul, O God, for Thee,
And Thy refreshing grace.

2 For Thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
Oh, when shall I behold Thy face,
Thou Majesty divine!

3 I sigh to think of happier days,
When Thou, O Lord, wert nigh;
When every heart was tuned to praise,
And none more blest than I.

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.

NAHUM TATE, ab. 1696. H. F. LYTE, 1834.

307

BALERMA. C. M.

For Dedication. W. C. BRYANT.

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 erring minds that worship here,
Be taught the better way;
And they who mourn, and they who fear,
Be strengthened as they pray.

4 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And pure devotion rise,
While round these hallowed walls the storm
Of earth-born passion dies.

308

BALERMA. C. M.

1 While shepherds watched their flocks
All seated on the ground, [by night,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

2 "Fear not," said he—for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind—
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
To you and all mankind.

3 "To you, in David's town, this day,
Is born, of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ, the Lord,
And this shall be the sign:

4 "The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

5 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:

5 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace; [men
Good will henceforth from heaven to
Begin, and never cease!"

NAHUM TATE, 1696.

309

MY DAYS ARE GLIDING.

1 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.—

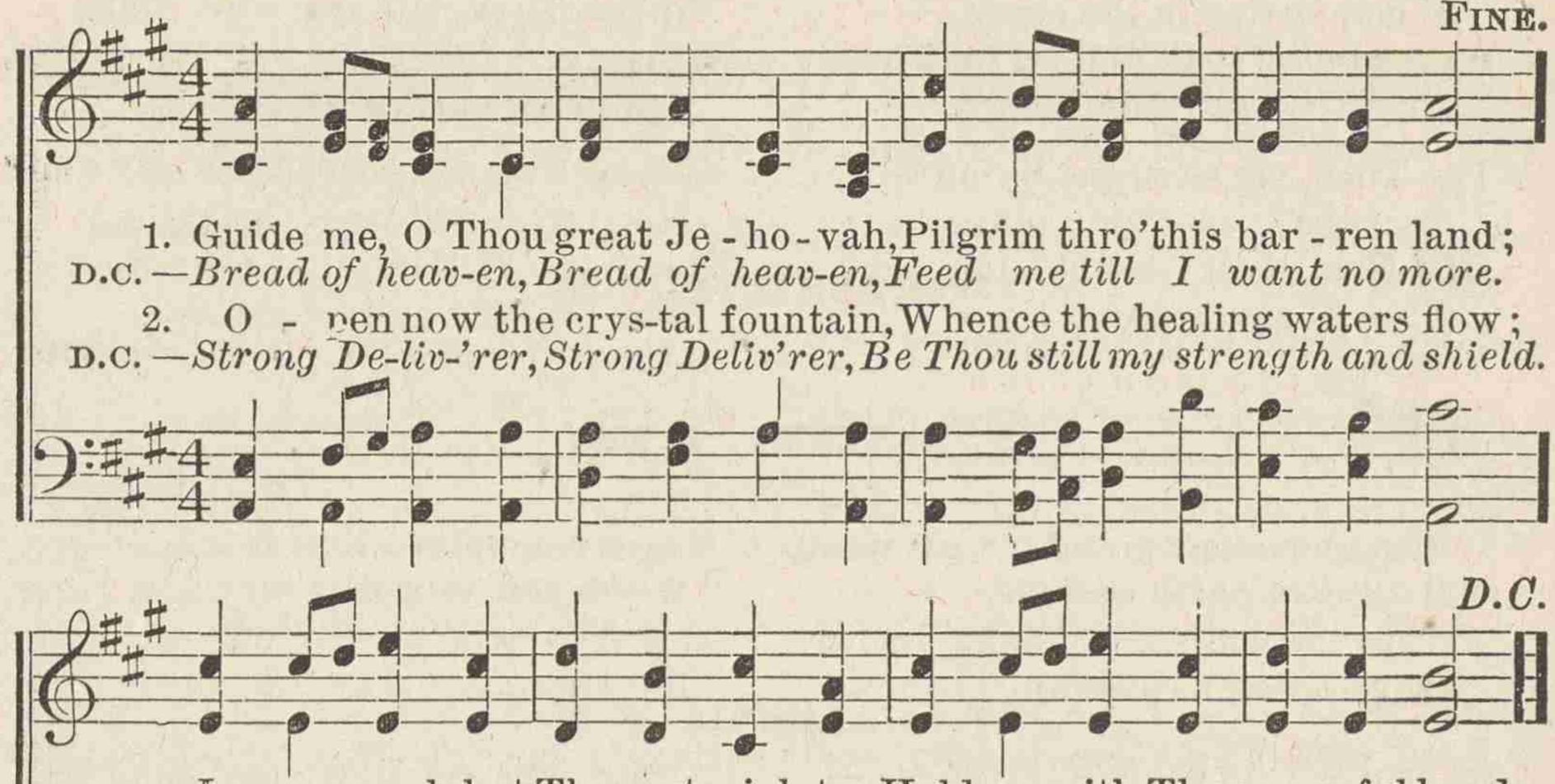
3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest naught can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempests blow,
Each chord on earth to sever,
Our King says, come, and there's our home,
Forever, oh, forever!

310 Guide Me.

"For thy name's sake, lead me, and guide me."— **Psalm 31 : 3.**

W. WILLIAMS. WM. L. VINER.



1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pilgrim thro' this bar - ren land;
D.C. —*Bread of heav-en, Bread of heav-en, Feed me till I want no more.*

2. O - pen now the crys-tal fountain, Whence the healing waters flow;
D.C. —*Strong De-liv-'rer, Strong Deliv'rer, Be Thou still my strength and shield.*

I am weak, but Thou art migh-ty, Hold me with Thy powerful hand:
Let the fie - ry cloud-y pil - lar Lead me all my journey thro':

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, Songs of praises,
I will ever give to Thee.

311 Armenia. C. M.

JOHN FAWCETT. SYLVANUS BILLINGS POND.

1. How pre - cious is the book di - vine, By in - spi - ra-tion given!
2. It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts, In this dark vale of tears;
3. This lamp, thro' all the te-dious night Of life, shall guide our way;

Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine, To guide our souls to heaven.
Life, light, and joy it still im-parts, And quells our rising fears.
Till we be - hold the clear-er light Of an e - ter-nal day.

312

Tune, ARMENIA. C. M.

1 Spirit Divine, who from above
Didst come with heavenly fire;
With flaming zeal, and fervent love,
Our hearts and souls inspire.

2 Great Spirit, by Thy heavenly breath,
New life create within;
Quicken lost sinners from the death
Of trespasses and sin.

3 The things of God, great Spirit, take,
And to Thy saints reveal;
Our bodies Thine own temple make,
And our redemption seal.

H. arr. 1883.

313

Tune, ARMENIA. C. M.

1 Come, ye that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known,
The Sovereign of your hearts proclaim,
And bow before His throne.

2 Behold your Lord, your Master,
With glories all divine;
And tell the wondering nations round
How bright those glories shine.

3 When, in His earthly courts, we view
The glories of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.

4 And shall we long and wish in vain?
Lord, teach our songs to rise:
Thy love can animate the strain,
And bid it reach the skies.

314

Tune, ARMENIA. C. M.

1 Jesus, the very thought of Thee,
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

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

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

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

5 Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
In Thee be all our glory now,
And through eternity.

315

Tune, ARMENIA. C. M.

1 Light of the lonely pilgrim's heart!
Star of the coming day!
Arise, and with Thy morning beams
Chase all our griefs away.

2 Come, blessed Lord! let every shore
And answering island sing
The praises of Thy royal name,
And own Thee as their King.

3 Jesus! Thy fair creation groans,—
The air, the earth, the sea,—
In unison with all our hearts,
And calls aloud for Thee.

4 Thine was the cross, with all its fruits
Of grace and peace divine;
Be Thine the crown of glory now,
The palm of victory Thine.

SIR EDWARD DENN.

316

Tune, COME, YE DISCONSOLATE. 11s & 10s. p. 139.

"Let us therefore come boldly."—Heb. iv: 16.

1 Jesus, the Comforter, bruised and heart-broken,
Helpless we come to the throne of Thy grace;
Give in Thy tenderness some gracious token;
Grant us Thy blessing while seeking Thy face.

2 Thou who on Calvary, pierced and bleeding,
In Thine own body our burdens didst bear,
Thou who at God's right hand art interceding,
Help us to cast upon Thee all our care.

3 Troubled and tempest-tossed, stricken and wounded,
Ruined and helpless, we lie at Thy feet.
Saviour compassionate, in love unbounded,
Let Thy rich mercies our miseries meet.

4 Helper of helplessness, low in contrition,
We would before Thee in penitence bend,
Hear while we supplicate, grant our petition,
Bless us and guide us in peace to the end.

H. L. HASTINGS. By per

317 Come, We Who Love the Lord.

WATTS. **ST. THOMAS. S. M.** HANDEL.



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 through Immanuel's [ground
To fairer worlds on high.

318

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

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

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

3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim;
And guides me in His own right way,
For His most holy name.

4 While He affords His aid,
I cannot yield to fear; [shade,
Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark
My Shepherd's with me there.

5 In spite of all my foes,
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

6 The bounties of Thy love
Shall crown my future days;
Nor from Thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak Thy praise.

WATTS.

319

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

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

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil;
Oh, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

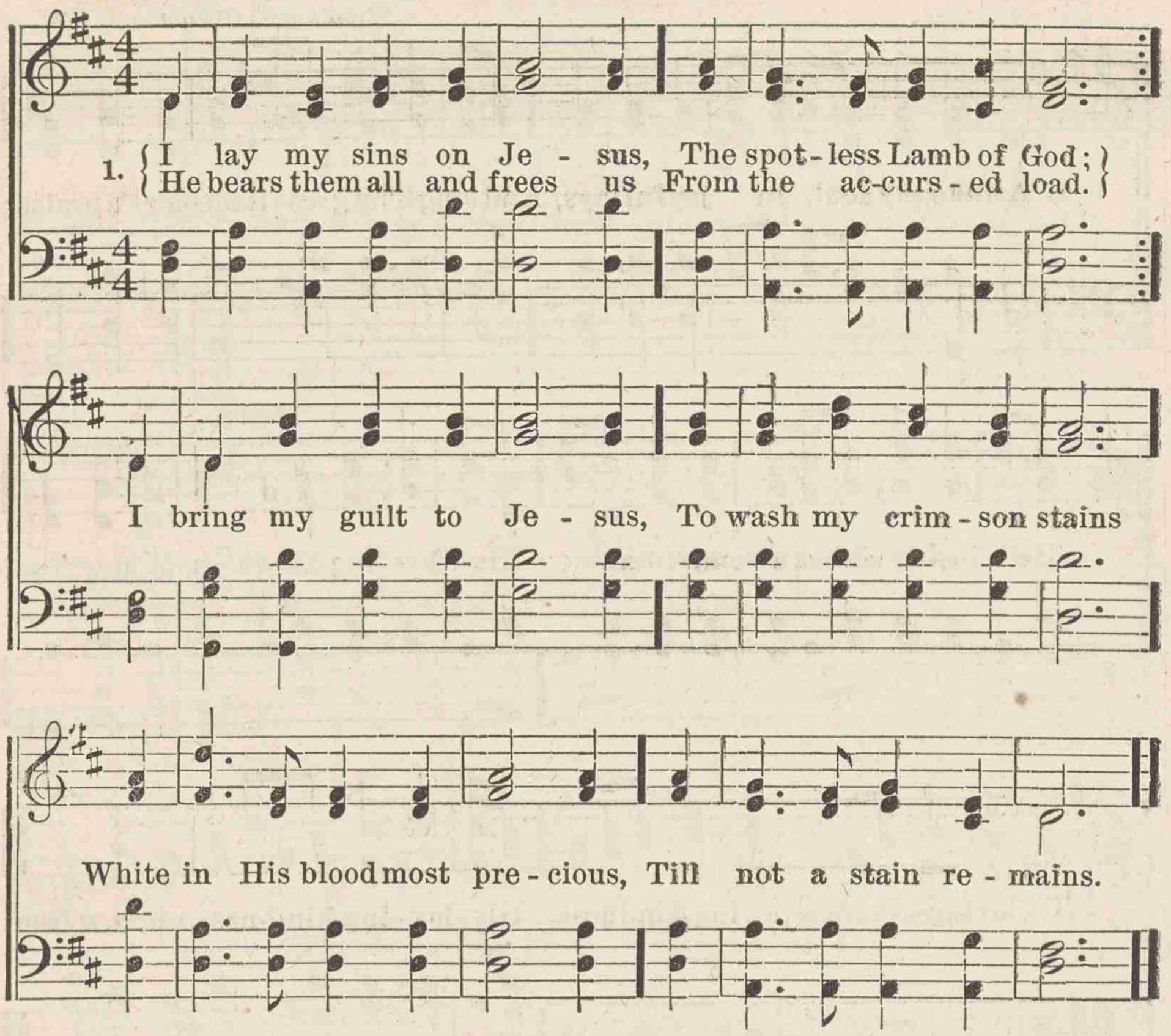
3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live;
And oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

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

CHARLES WESLEY.

320 I Lay my Sins on Jesus.

Tune, ANGELUS. 7s & 6s.



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

3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline.
I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ the Lord;
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name abroad is poured.

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

321

Tune, ANGELUS, 7s & 6s.

1 I could not do without Thee,
O Saviour of the lost!
Whose precious blood redeemed me
At such tremendous cost.
Thy righteousness, Thy pardon,
Thy precious blood must be
My only hope and comfort,
My glory and my plea.

2 I could not do without Thee,
I cannot stand alone;
I have no strength or goodness,
No wisdom of my own;
But Thou, beloved Saviour,
Art all in all to me.
And weakness will be power,
If leaning hard on Thee.

3 I could not do without Thee,
For oh! the way is long,
And I am often weary,
And sigh replaces song.
How could I do without Thee?
I do not know the way:
Thou knowest and Thou leadest,
And wilt not let me stray.

322 Loving-Kindness. L. M.

"How excellent is Thy loving-kindness." Psalm xxxvi: 7.

WILLIAM CALDWELL, cir. 1830.



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

3 Through mighty hosts of cruel foes,
Where earth and hell my way oppose;
He safely leads my soul along:
His loving-kindness, oh, how strong!

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

5 So when I pass death's gloomy vale,
And life and mortal powers shall fail;
Oh, may my last, expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death.

323 Tune, LOVING-KINDNESS. L. M.

"The loving-kindness of the Lord." Isa. lxiii: 7.

1 Thy loving-kindness, Lord, I sing,
Of grace and life the sacred spring;—
In blood o'erflowing, rich and free,
In loving-kindness shed for me.

2 I to Thy mercy-seat repair,
And find Thy loving-kindness there;
And when to Thy sweet word I go,
Thy loving-kindness there I know.

3 Lord, from the moment of my birth,
I've nothing known but love on earth;
By day, by night, where'er I be,
Thy loving-kindness follows me.

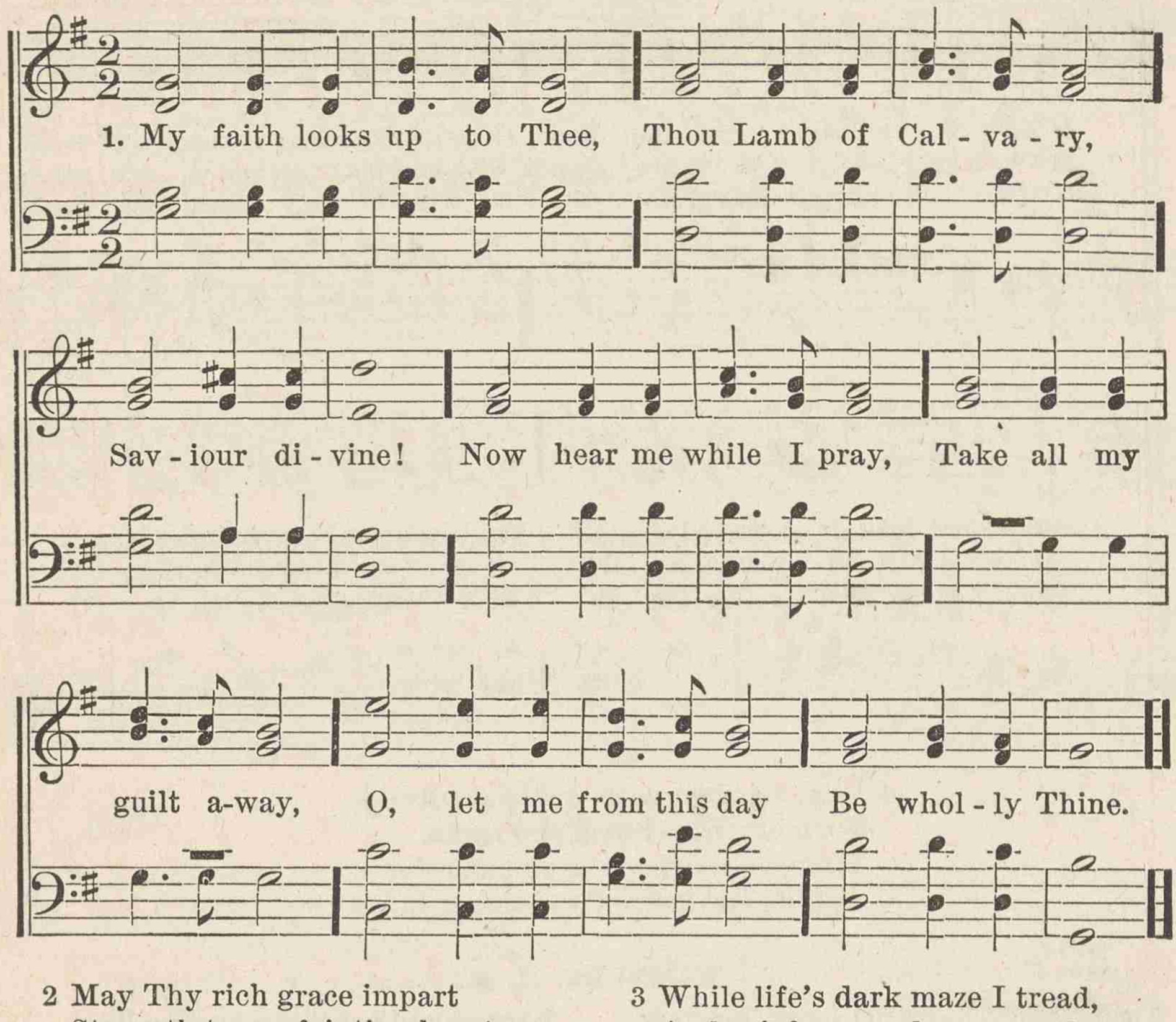
4 From daily sin and daily woe,
Thy loving-kindness saves me now;
And I will praise, for sins forgiven,
Thy loving-kindness, all, in heaven.

GEORGE BARELL CHEEVER. 1845.

324 New Haven. 6s & 4s.

"Have faith in God"

RAY PALMER. DR. T. HASTINGS.



2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire:
As Thou hast died for me,
O, may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be—
A living fire.

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

325

Tune, WILMOT. p. 165. 8s & 7s.

"That sticketh closer than a brother." Prov. xviii: 24.

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.

2 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.

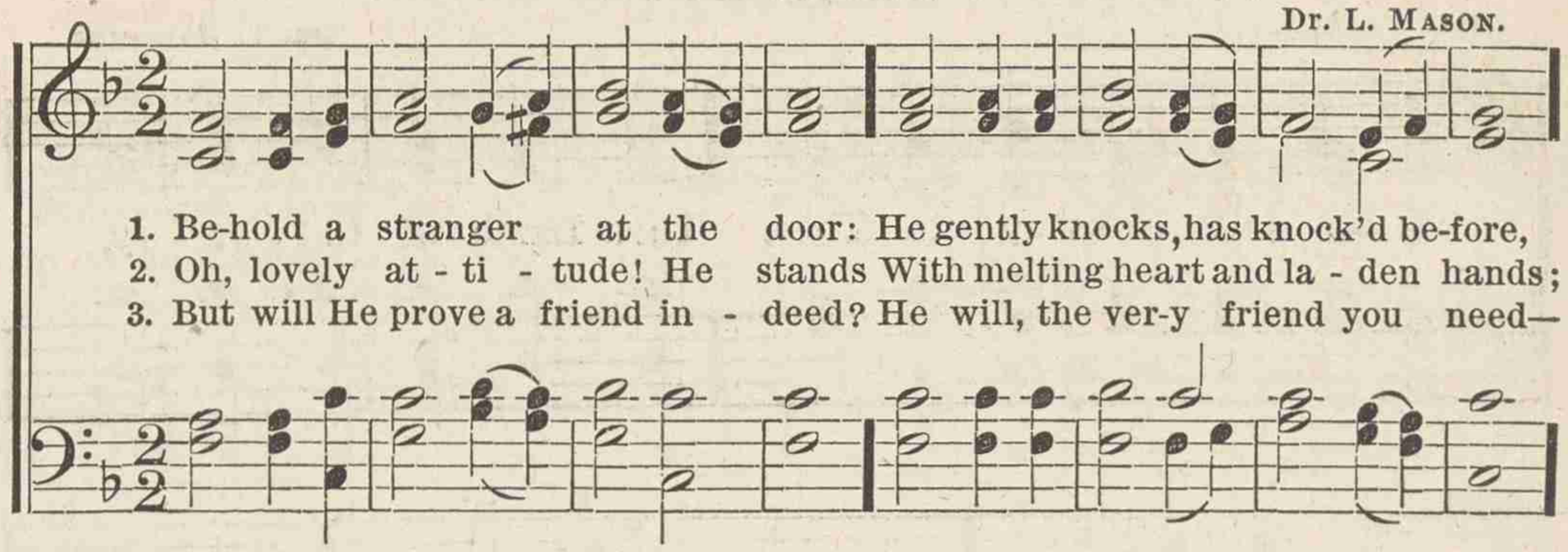
3 Oh, for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above.

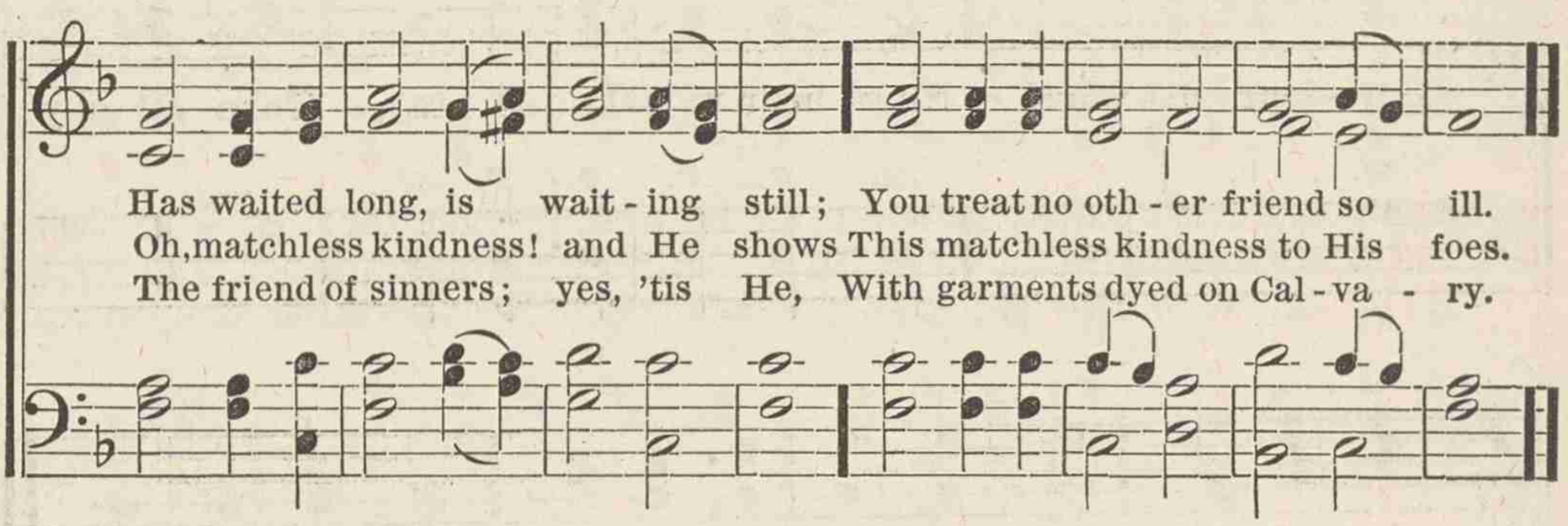
JOHN NEWTON, ab. 1779.

326 Hamburg. L. M.

"I will cry unto God most high: unto God that performeth all things for me."

Dr. L. Mason.





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

327 HAMBURG. L. M.

1 Show pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live:
Are nor Thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in Thee?

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

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 my eyes.

4 My lips with shame my sins confess
Against Thy law, against Thy grace;
Lord, should Thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemned, but Thou art clear.

5 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.

328 HAMBURG. L. M.

1 Come, sinners, to the gospel feast;
Let every soul be Jesus' guest:
Ye need not one be left behind,
For God hath bidden all mankind.

2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;
The invitation is to all:
Come, all the world! come, sinner, thou!
All things in Christ are ready now.

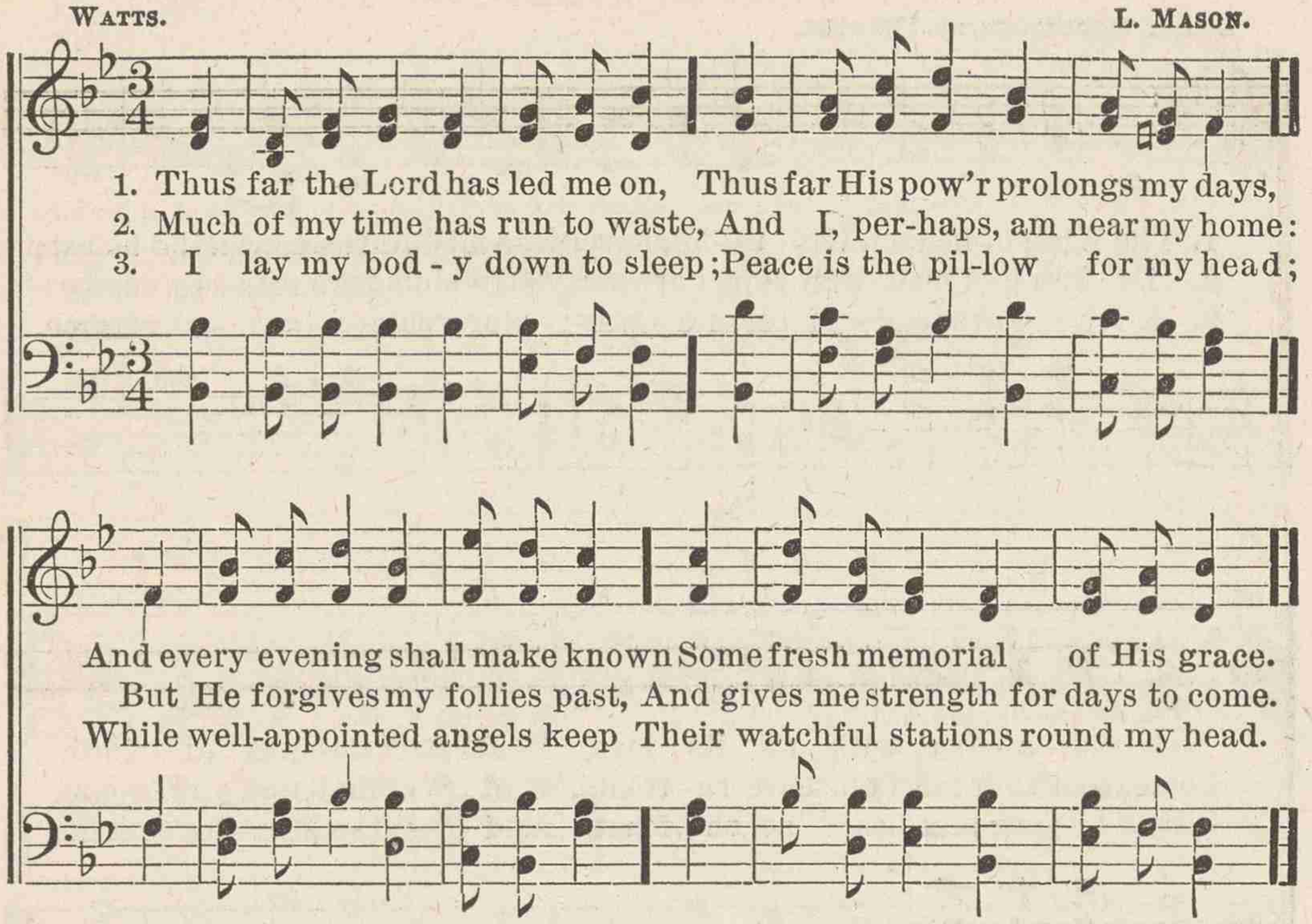
3 Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed,
Ye restless wanderers after rest;
Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

4 My message as from God receive;
Ye all may come to Christ and live;
O let His love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer Him to die in vain.

5 See Him set forth before your eyes,
That precious, bleeding sacrifice:
His offered benefits embrace,
And freely now be saved by grace.

329 Hebron. L. M.

WATTS. L. MASON.



330 Tune, HEBRON. L. M.

1 Who shall the Lord's elect condemn;
'Tis God who justifies their souls;
And mercy, like a mighty stream,
O'er all their sins divinely rolls.

2 Who shall adjudge the saints to hell?
'Tis Christ who suffered in their stead,
And their salvation to fulfil;
Behold Him rising from the dead!

3 He lives! He lives! and sits above,
For ever interceding there;
Who shall divide us from His love,
Or what shall tempt us to despair?

4 Shall persecution or distress,
Famine, or sword, or nakedness?
He who hath loved us bears through,
And makes us more than conquerors too.

5 Not all that men on earth can do,
Nor powers on high, nor powers below,
Shall cause His mercy to remove,
Or wean our hearts from Christ, our love.

331 HAMBURG. L. M.

1 When I survey the wond'rous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

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

332 Marlow. C. M.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, ab. 1702–1754.



1. The King of heaven His ta - ble spreads, And dainties crown the board;
2. Ye hun-gry poor, that long have stray'd In sin's dark maz - es, come;
3. All things are read - y; come a - way; Nor weak ex - cus - es frame.





Not par - a - dise, with all its joys, Could such de-light af - ford.
Come from your most ob-scure re - treats, And grace shall find you room.
Crowd to your plac - es at the feast, And bless the Mas - ter's name.



333

Tune, MARLOW. C. M.

1 Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek thy Father's face;
Those new desires which in Thee burn
Were kindled by His grace.

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

3 Return, O wanderer, return,
Thy Saviour bids thee live:
Come to His cross, and, grateful, learn
How freely He'll forgive.

4 Return, O wanderer, return,
And wipe the falling tear:
Thy Father calls,—no longer mourn;
'T is love invites thee near.

334

Tune, MARLOW. C. M.

1 Lord, I have made Thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage:
These shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.

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

3 'T is 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.

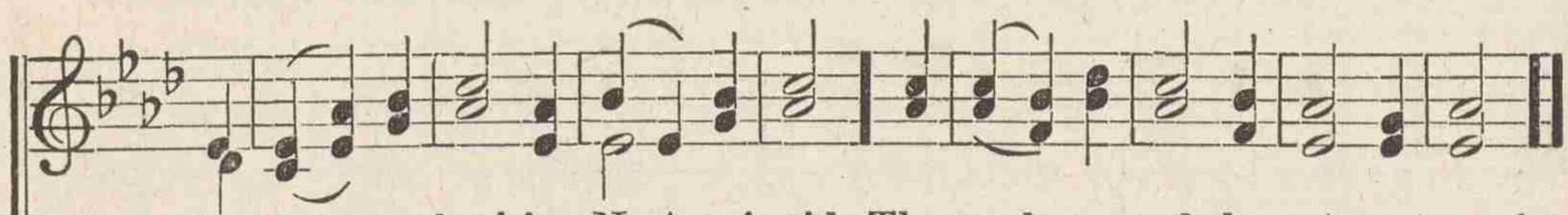
335 Louvan. L. M.

ANNE STEELE. VIRGIL CORYDON TAYLOR.



1. Deep are the wounds which sin has made; Where shall the sinner find a cure?
2. But can no sovereign balm be found, And is no kind phy-si-cian nigh,
3. There is a great Physi-cian near; Look up, O fainting soul, and live;
4. See, in the Saviour's dying blood, Life, health, and bliss abundant flow;





In vain, a-las! is Na-ture's aid; The work exceeds her utmost pow'r.
To ease the pain and heal the wound, Ere life and hope forev-er fly?
See, in His heavenly smiles appear Such help as Nature can-not give.
And in that sac-ri-fi-cial flood A balm for all thy grief and woe.



336 DENNIS. S. M.

1 How gentle God's commands!
How kind His precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust His constant care.

2 Beneath His watchful eye
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears all nature up
Shall guard His children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

4 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day:
I'll drop my burden at His feet,
And bear a song away.

337 DENNIS. S. M.

1 O Lord, Thy work revive,
In Zion's gloomy hour,
And let our dying graces live
By Thy restoring power.

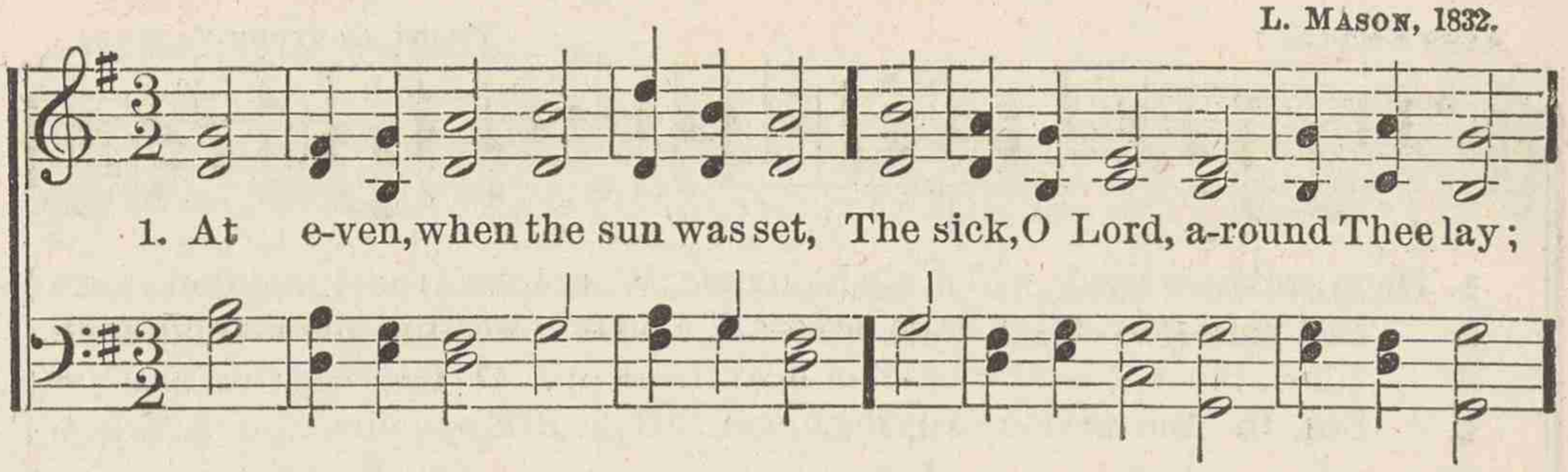
3 O let Thy chosen few.
Awake to earnest prayer;
Their covenant again renew,
And walk in filial fear.

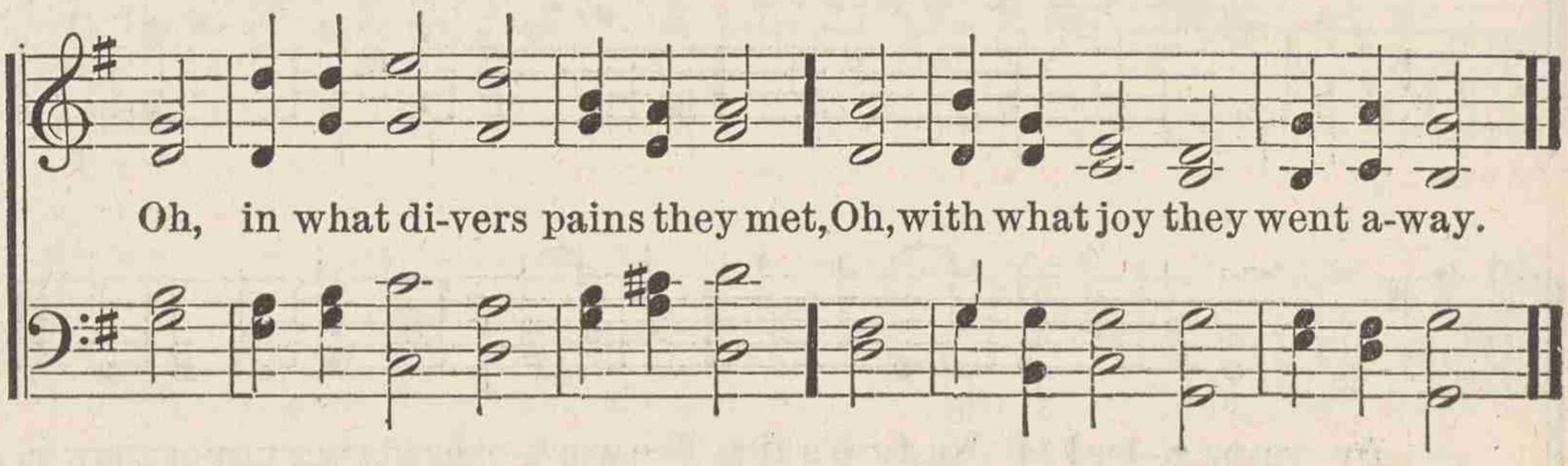
3 Thy Spirit then will speak
Through lips of humble clay,
Till hearts of adamant shall break,
Till rebels shall obey.

4 Now lend Thy gracious ear;
Now listen to our cry:
O come, and bring salvation near;
Our souls on Thee rely.

338 Rockingham. L. M.

L. Mason, 1832.





2 Once more 'tis eventide, and we
Oppressed with various ills, draw near:
What if Thy form we cannot see?
We know and feel that Thou art here.

3 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel,
For some are sick and some are sad,
And some have never loved thee well,
And some have lost the love they had.

4 O Saviour Christ, thou too art Man,
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide;

5 Thy touch has still its ancient power,
No word from Thee can fruitless fall;
Hear in this solemn evening hour,
And in Thy mercy heal us all.

Henry Twells, ab. 1868.

339

Tune, ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

"God be merciful to me." Luke xviii: 13.

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 Nor alms nor deeds that I have done
Can for a single sin atone;
To Calvary alone I flee:
O God! be merciful to me!

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

Cornelius Elven, 1852.

340 The Lion of Judah.

ENGLISH MELODY.



1. 'T was Jesus my Saviour, who died on the tree, To open a fountain for sinners like me.
2. And when I was willing with all things to part, He gave me my bounty, His love in my heart;
3. And when with the ransomed by Jesus, my head, From fountain to fountain I then shall be led.
4. Come, sinners, to Je-sus, no longer de-lay, A full, free salvation He offers to-day;



His blood is that fountain which pardon bestows, And cleanses the foulest wherever it flows.
So now I am joined with the conquering band, Who are marching to glory at Jesus' command.
I'll fall at His feet and His mercy adore, And sing of the blood of the cross evermore.
Arouse your dark spirits, awake from your dream, And Christ will support you in coming to Him.

REFRAIN.



For the Lion of Judah shall break ev'ry chain, And give us the vict'ry again and again.

341 Amoy. 6s & 7s.

"To-day, if ye will hear His voice."

S. F. SMITH. Dr. L. MASON.



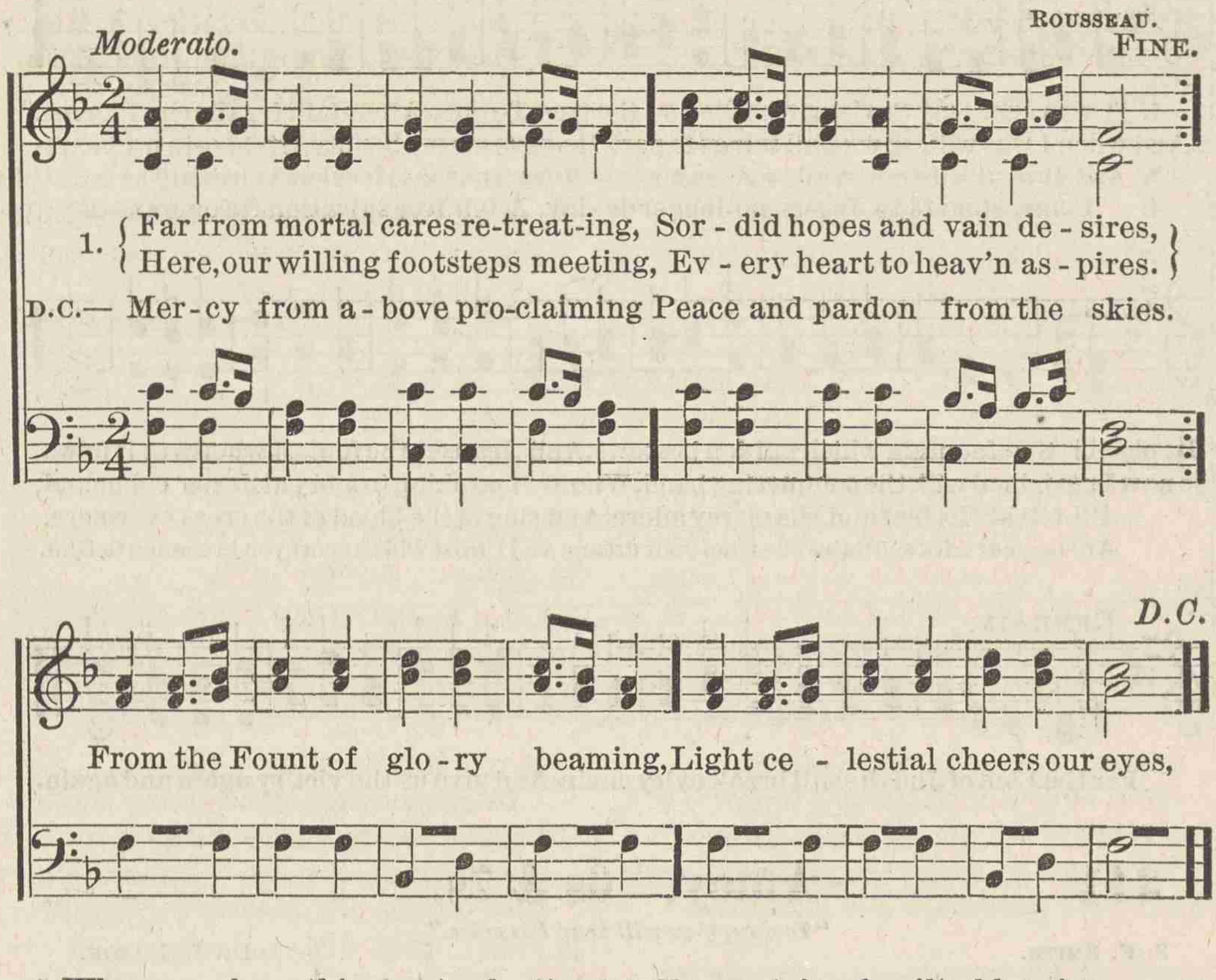
1. To - day the Sav - iour calls! Ye wand'rers, come;
2. To - day the Sav - iour calls! Oh, hear Him now;
Oh, ye be - night - ed souls, Why lon - ger roam?
With - in these sa - cred walls To Je - sus bow.

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

4 The Spirit calls to-day;
Yield to His power;
Oh, grieve Him not away;
'Tis mercy's hour.

342 Greenville. 8s, 7s & 4s, or 8s & 7s. Double.

ROUSSEAU.



2 Who may share this great salvation?
Every pure and humble mind,
Every kindred, tongue and nation,
From the dross of guilt refined.
Blessings all around bestowing,
God withholds His care from none,
Grace and mercy ever flowing
From the fountain of His throne.

3 Every stain of guilt abhorring,
Firm and bold in virtue's cause,
Still Thy providence adoring,
Faithful subjects to Thy laws;
Lord, with favor still attend us,
Bless us with Thy wondrous love;
Thou our Sun and Shield defend us,
All our hope is from above.

JOHN TAYLOR, 1760.

343

Tune, GREENVILLE.

1 Saviour, like a shepherd lead us,
Much we need Thy tenderest care;
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use Thy folds prepare:
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.

2 We are Thine, do Thou befriend us,
Be the Guardian of our way;
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray:
Blessed Jesus,
Hear, oh, hear us when we pray.

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

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

344

Tune, GREENVILLE. 8s & 7s.

"Under the shadow of the Almighty."—Psalm xci: 1.

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

2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow past us fly,
Angel guards from Thee surround us;
We are safe if Thou art nigh.

3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
Thou art He, who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.

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

JAMES EDMESTON, 1820.

345

Tune, GREENVILLE. 8s & 7s.

"Looking unto Jesus." Heb. xii: 2.

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.
Here I'll sit forever viewing
Mercy's streams, in streams of blood;
Precious drops! my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

2 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before His cross to lie;
While I see divine compassion
Floating in His languid eye.
Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the cross I gaze:
Love I much? I've much forgiven;
I'm a miracle of grace.

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.
May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go,
Prove His wounds each day more heal-
And Himself more fully know. [ing,

JAMES ALLEN, 1757. WALTER SHIRLEY, 1774.

346

FLEE AS A BIRD. 8s & 7s.

1 Flee as a bird to your mountain,
Thou who art weary of sin;
Go to the clear flowing fountain,
Where you may wash and be clean;
Fly, for th'avenger is near thee,
Call, and the Saviour will hear thee,
He on His bosom will bear thee,
‖: Oh thou who art weary of sin. :‖

2 He will protect thee forever,
Wipe every falling tear;
He will forsake thee, oh, never,
Sheltered so tenderly there;
Haste then, the hours are flying,
Spend not the moments in sighing,
Cease from your sorrow and crying,
‖: The Saviour will wipe every tear. :‖

MARY S. B. DANA SHINDLER, 1844.

347

COME LORD! Tune, ST. THOMAS, p. 216.

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 their cry?

3 Come, for creation groans,
Impatient of Thy stay,
Worn out with these long years of ill,
These ages of delay.

4 Come, for Thy Israel pines,
An exile from Thy fold;
Oh, call to mind Thy faithful word,
And bless them as of old.

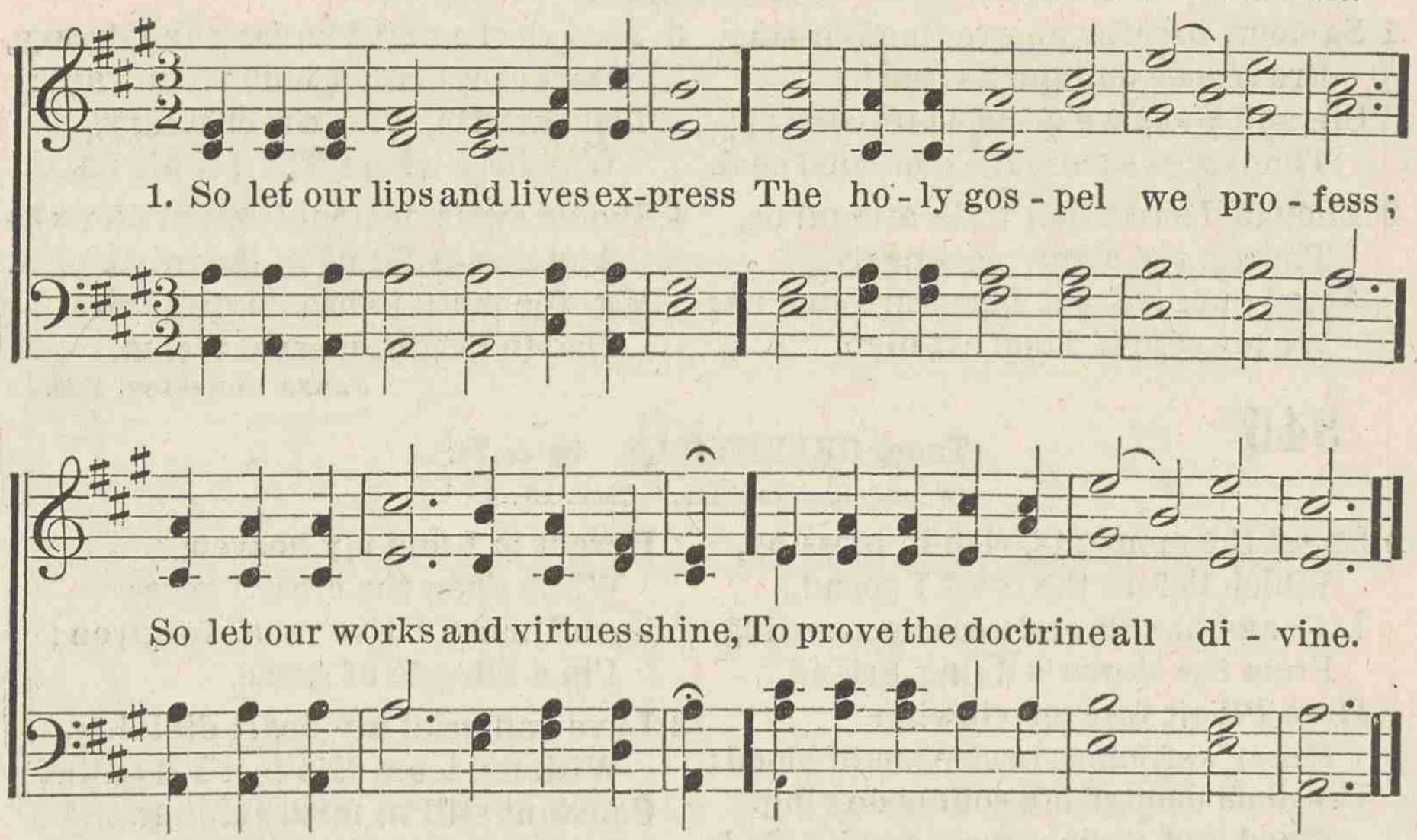
5 Come, in Thy glorious might,
Come, with the iron rod,
Scattering Thy foes before Thy face,
Most mighty Son of God.

6 Come, and make all things new,
Build up this ruined earth,
Restore our faded Paradise,
Creation's second birth.

HORATIUS BONAR. D. D.

348 Ware. L. M.

GEORGE KINGSLEY. 1838.



2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God;
When His salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,—
The bright appearance of the Lord:
And faith stands leaning on His word.

Rev. I. WATTS, 1709.

349

Tune, WARE. L. M.

"I am the way." John xiv: 6.

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;
My grief a burden long has been
Because I could not cease from sin.

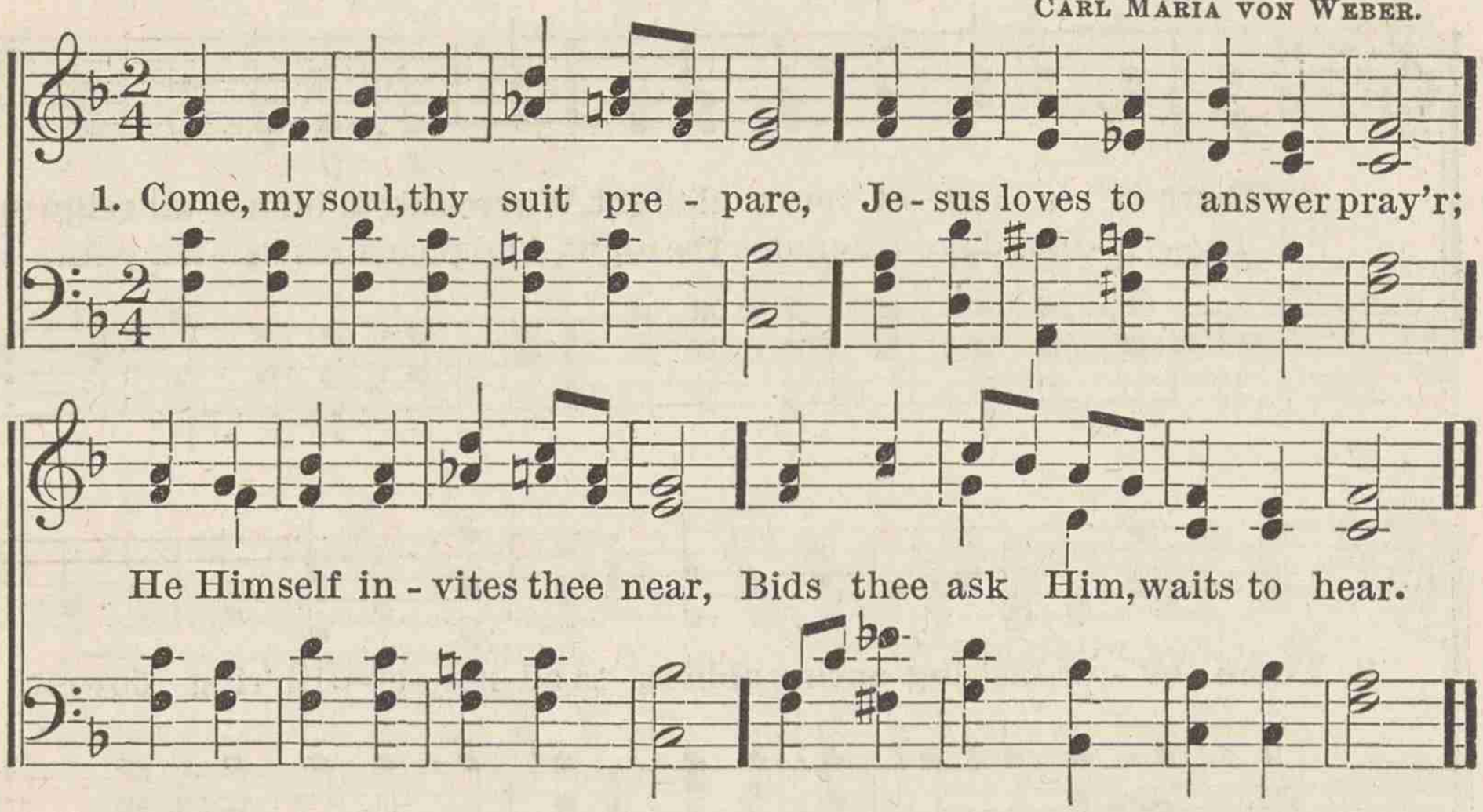
4 The more I strove against its power
I sinned and stumbled but the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul, I am the Way."

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

350 Come, My Soul.

SEYMOUR. 7.

CARL MARIA VON WEBER.



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

3 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
As 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.

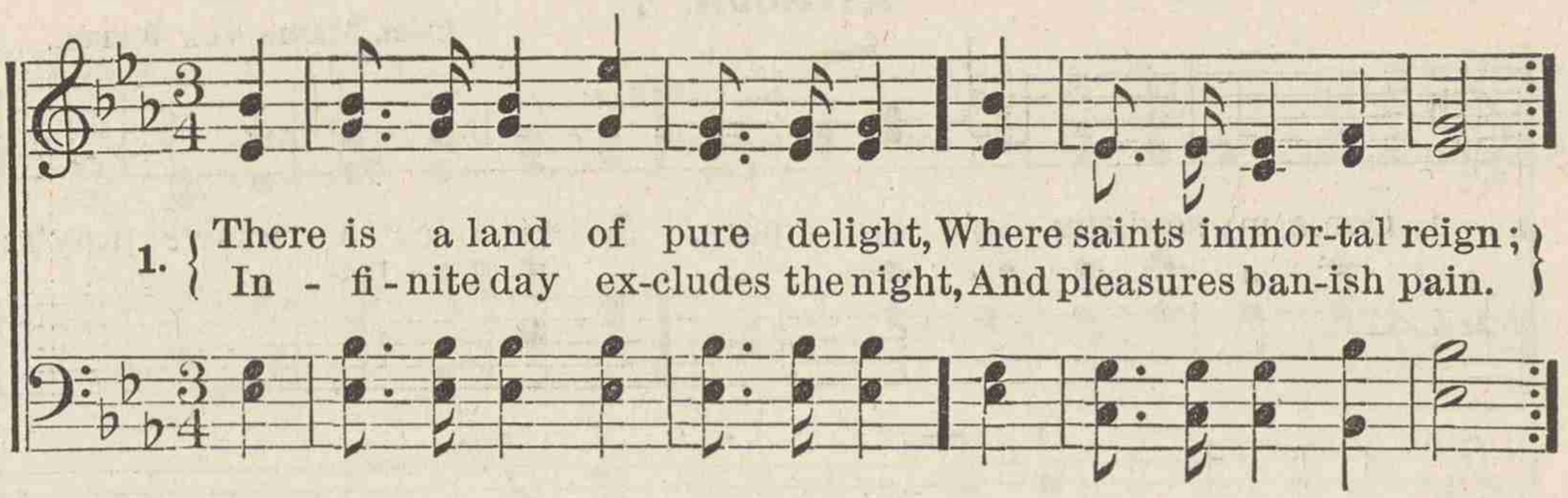
JOHN NEWTON.

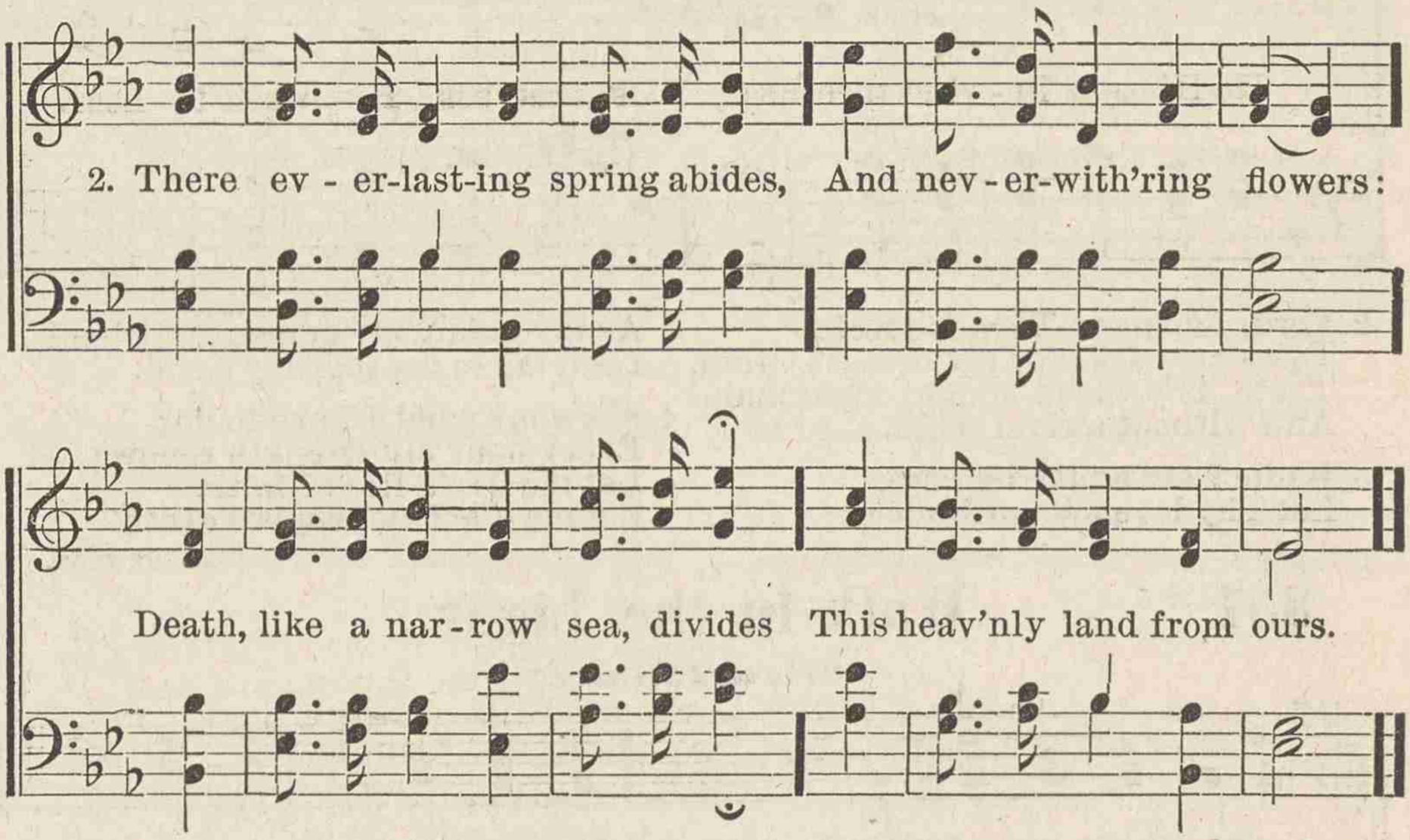
351 Walk in the Light.

"Thy word is a lamp."



352 Varina. C. M.





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

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

ISAAC WATTS.

353 VARINA. C. M.

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

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

3 O'er all those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

4 No chilling winds, or poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

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

6 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay:
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

354

Tune, VARINA. C. M

1 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto Me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast."

2 I came to Jesus as I was—
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold I freely give
The living water—thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live."

4 I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quench'd, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

5 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."

6 I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that Light of Life I'll walk
Till travelling days are done.

HORATIUS BONAR.

355

Tune, BOYLSTON. p. 210.

1 The Church has waited long
Her absent Lord to see;
And still in loneliness she waits
A friendless stranger she.

2 How long, O Lord our God,
Holy and true and good,
Wilt Thou not judge Thy suffering Church,
Her sighs and tears and blood?

3 Saint after saint on earth,
Has lived and loved and died;
And as they left us, one by one,
We laid them side by side.

4 We laid them down to sleep,
But not in hope forlorn;
We laid them but to ripen there,
Till the last glorious morn.

5 We long to hear Thy voice,
To see Thee face to face,
To share Thy crown and glory then,
As now we share Thy grace.

6 Come, Lord, and wipe away
The curse, the sin, the stain,
And make this blighted world of ours
Thine own fair world again.

REV. HORATIUS BONAR. D.D.

356

Tune, WEBB. 7s & 6s p. 200.

"Behold, the Bridegroom cometh!" Matt. xxv: 6.

1 Rejoice, all ye believers,
And let your lights appear;
The evening is advancing,
And darker night is near:
The Bridegroom is arising,
And soon He draweth nigh:
Up, up, and watch and wrestle;
At midnight comes the cry.

2 See that your lamps are burning;
Replenish them with oil,
And wait for your salvation,—
The end of earthly toil.
The watchers on the mountain
Proclaim the Bridegroom near;
Go meet Him, as He cometh,
With hallelujahs clear.

3 Our Hope and Expectation,
O Jesus! now appear;
Arise, thou Sun, so longed for,
O'er this benighted sphere!
With hearts and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord, to see
The day of earth's redemption,
That brings us unto Thee!

LAURENTIUS LAURENTI, b. 1660. Tr. JANE BORTHWICK, 1853.

357

Tune, WEBB. p. 200.

1 O day of sacred meeting!
O cross our meeting place!
We saints in joyful greeting
Exalt redeeming grace.
With prospects hourly brightening
Since He, our hope is near,
From fields of service whitening,
We come to worship here.

2 O God! the source of blessing,
Whose grace devised the plan
By which, new life possessing,
Salvation comes to man:
To Thee, the Father glorious,
Who sent His Son to die
And raised Him up victorious,
We lift our worship high.

3 O Christ! with light surrounded,
The joy of world's above,
For us, accursed and wounded,
Constrained unsought by love,
In Thee, our Lord believing,
Who bore sin's guilt and shame,
Atonement full receiving,
We worship in Thy name.

4 O Spirit! truth revealing,
Thou Comforter Divine;
The saints of Jesus sealing,
Their holy keeping Thine;
Within the Church abiding,
Her bond of unity,
In Thy strong help confiding,
We worship God through Thee.

MRS. GEO. C. NEEDHAM.

358 Come, Holy Ghost.

ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.

WILLIAM TANSUR.





2 Come, Holy Ghost, for moved by Thee
The prophets wrote and spoke,
Unlock the truth, Thyself the key;
Unseal the sacred book.

3 Expand Thy wings, celestial Dove,
Brood o'er our nature's night;
On our disordered spirits move,
And let there now be light.

4 God, through Himself, we then shall know,
If Thou within us shine;
And sound, with all Thy saints below,
The depths of love divine.

CHAS. WESLEY.

359 SOON SHALL WE SEE. 8s & 6s.

1 Soon shall we see the glorious morning,
Saints arise! saints arise!
Sinners, attend the notes of warning,
Saints arise! saints arise!
The resurrection day draws near,
The King of saints shall soon appear,
And high His royal standard rear,
Saints arise! saints arise!

2 Hear ye the trump of God resounding,
Saints arise! saints arise!
Through all the vault of death rebounding,
Saints arise! saints arise!
To meet the Bridegroom, haste, prepare,
Put on your bridal garments fair,
And hail your Saviour in the air,
Saints arise! saints arise!

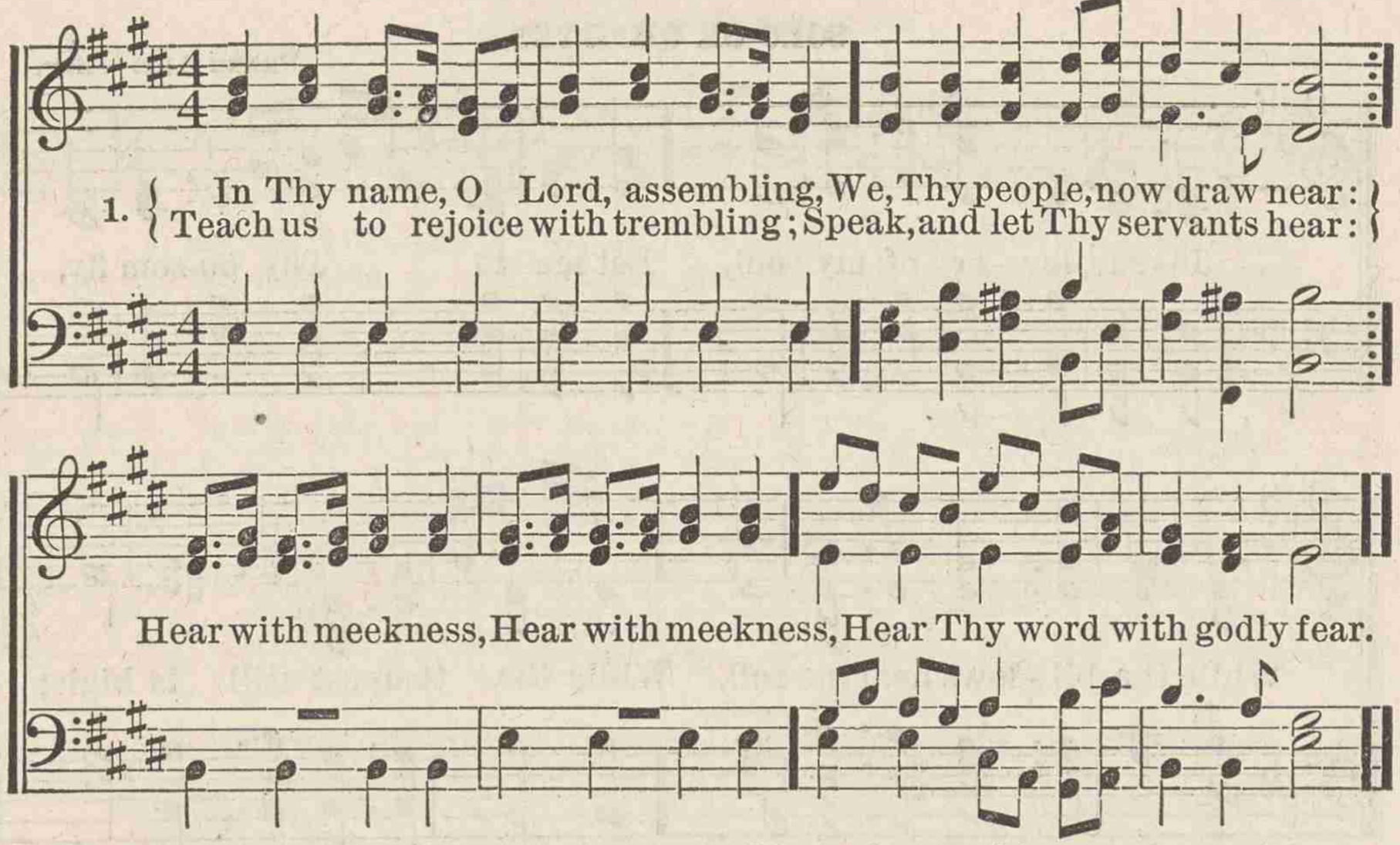
3 The saints who sleep, with joy awaken,
All arise! all arise!
Their beds of death are quick forsaken,
All arise! all arise!
Not one of all the faithful few
Who here on earth the Saviour knew,
But starts with bliss his Lord to view,
All arise! all arise!

4 Fast by the throne of God behold them,
Crowned with bliss! crowned with bliss!
See in His arms the Saviour fold them,
Crowned with bliss! crowned with bliss!
With wreaths of glory round their head,
No tears of sorrow now are shed,
To joy's full fountain all are led,
Crowned with bliss! crowned with bliss!

WM. HUNTER, 1838.

360 Sicilian Hymn. 8. 7. 4.

MOZART.



2 While our days on earth are lengthened,
May we give them, Lord, to Thee:
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,
May we run, nor weary be,
Till Thy glory
Without cloud in heaven we see.

3 There, in worship purer, sweeter,
All Thy people shall adore;
Sharing then in rapture greater
Than they could conceive before:
Full enjoyment,
Full and pure, for evermore.

THOMAS KELLY.

361 Tune, SICILIAN HYMN. 8. 7. 4.

1 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,
Travelling 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 the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

JOHN FAWCETT.

362 Tune, SICILIAN HYMN.

1 Lead us, Heavenly Father, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but Thee,
Yet possessing every blessing,
If our God our Father be.

2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;
All our weakness Thou must know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us;
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

3 Spirit of our God descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy;
Thus provided, pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

363 Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

SOLO OR QUARTET.

FRANZ ABT.—*Arr.*

Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo-som fly,

While the bil - lows near me roll, While the tempest still is high;

Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the storm of life is past

CHORUS.

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, receive my

soul at last, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.

364 Fully Trusting.

"I trust in thy word."—Psa. 119: 42.

Arr. from ENGLISH. E. C. AVIS.

1. All my doubts I give to Je - sus, I've His gracious promise heard;
2. All my sins I lay on Je - sus, He doth wash me in His blood;
3. All my fears I give to Je - sus, Rest my wea - ry soul on Him;
4. All in all I have in Je - sus, I am now a child, a king;

I shall nev - er be confound-ed, I am trusting in His word.
He will keep me pure and ho - ly, He will bring me home to God.
Though my way be hid in darkness, Nev-er can His light grow dim.
And tho' poor in earthly riches, Heav'n's own store I find in Him.

CHORUS.

I am trust - - - - ing, ev - er trust - - - ing,

I am trust - ing, ev - er trust - ing, I am trusting, ev - er trusting, I am

Ful - ly trusting in His word; I am trust - - -

trusting, ful - ly trusting, I am trust - ing in His word: I am trust - ing ev - er

ing, ev - er trust - ing, Ful - ly trust - ing in His word.

trusting, I am trusting, ever trusting, I am trusting, ful - ly trusting in His word.

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365 **Tune, COME, YE DISCONSOLATE. p. 139.**

"We have seen His star." Matt. ii: 2.

1 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

2 Cold on His cradle the dewdrops are shining;
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.

3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

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

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

REGINALD HEBER, 1811.

366

PARTING HYMN.

Tune, SWEET HOME. p. 168.

1 'Mid anguish of grief which is breaking the heart,
When dear saints of Jesus from fellowship part,
How sweet is the comfort our spirits sustain,
To part in the hope of His coming again.
Come, come, Lord, come reign,
Yes, hasten, Lord Jesus, Thy coming again.

2 The memory so precious of hallowed delight,
Shall strengthen our faith and equip for the fight.
When severed in presence, there still doth remain,
Our oneness in hope of His coming again.
Come, come, etc.

3 We go to the fields where our lot has been thrown,
Where soil must be turned and where seed must be sown,
That sinners may hear of the Lamb who was slain,
And saints be prepared for His coming again.
Come, come, etc.

4 We go in our weakness, but strong in His might,
We go in deep awe of the gathering night;
We go to be spent, and esteeming it gain,
Constrained by this hope of His coming again.
Come, come, etc.

5 We part in assurance, undaunted and strong,
The vision we know can not now tarry long.
We'll labor and suffer, and strive to attain,
Upheld by this gladness, His coming again.
Come, come, etc.

6 Once more let us mingle this hope with our tears,
Sweet bond of our union, outlasting all years.
Then hasten away lest such bliss should restrain
Our zeal for His work, till His coming again.
Come, come, etc.

7 Farewell! soon we gather to meet in the air;
No sorrow of parting can follow us there;
The bands of this mortal shall hold us in vain,
Our triumph is sure of His coming again.
Come, come, etc.

MRS. GEO. C. NEEDHAM.

367

Tune, G. H. 79.

1 Sowing the seed by the daylight fair,
Sowing the seed by the noonday glare,
Sowing the seed by the fading light,
Sowing the seed in the solemn night,
Oh, what shall the harvest be?
Oh, what shall the harvest be?

CHORUS.

‖: Sown in the darkness or sown in the light,
‖: Sown in our weakness or sown in our might:
Gathered in time or eternity,
Sure, ah, sure will the harvest be.

2 Sowing the seed by the wayside high,
Sowing the seed on the rocks to die,
Sowing the seed where the thorns will spoil,
Sowing the seed in the fertile soil;
Oh, what shall the harvest be?
Oh, what shall the harvest be?

3 Sowing the seed of a lingering pain,
Sowing the seed of a maddened brain,
Sowing the seed of a tarnished name,
Sowing the seed of eternal shame;
Oh, what shall the harvest be?
Oh, what shall the harvest be?

4 Sowing the seed with an aching heart,
Sowing the seed while the tear-drops start,
Sowing in hope till the reapers come,
Gladly to gather the harvest home;
Oh, what shall the harvest be?
Oh, what shall the harvest be?

368 One Sweetly Solemn Thought.

"Now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly."—Heb. ii: 16.

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

CHORUS.

Nearer my home,
Nearer my home,
Nearer my home to-day, to-day,
Than I have been before.

2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne to-day,
Nearer the crystal sea.

3 Nearer the bound of life,
Where burdens are laid down;
Nearer to leave the cross to-day,
And nearer to the crown.

4 Be near me when my feet
Are slipping o'er the brink;
For I am nearer home to-day,
Perhaps, than now I think.

369

Tune, MARLOW. p. 222.

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

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

3 I've seen Thy glory and Thy power
Through all Thy temple shine:
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine.

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

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

370 Venite ad me.

UNKNOWN.



1 Come unto me all ye that labor and are | heavy- | laden, ‖ and | I will | give you | rest.
2 Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me: for I am meek and | lowly · · in | heart: ‖ and ye shall find | rest · · unto | your— | souls.
3 For my yoke is easy, and my | burden · · is | light, ‖ for my yoke is easy, | and my | burden · · is | light.
4 And the Spirit and the Bride say, Come. And let him that | heareth, · · say, | Come. ‖ And let him that is athirst come; and whosoever will, let him take the | water · · of | life— | freely. A— | men.

371 Depth of Mercy.

CHARLES WESLEY. J. STEVENSON.



372 YOUR MISSION.

1 Hark! the voice of Jesus crying,
"Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white and harvest waiting,
Who will bear the sheaves away?"
Loud and strong the Master calleth,
Rich reward He offers thee:
Who will answer, gladly saying,
"Here am I, send me, send me."

2 If you cannot cross the ocean,
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door.
If you cannot give your thousands,
You can give the widow's mite;
And the least you do for Jesus,
Will be precious in His sight.

3 If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say "He died for all."
If you cannot rouse the wicked,
With the judgment's dread alarms,
You can lead the little children
To the Saviour's waiting arms.

4 Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do,"
While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you.
Take the task He gives you gladly,
Let His work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when He calleth,
"Here I am, send me, send me!"

REV. DANIEL MARCH.

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Suggestions for Workers.

Inquiry Room.

Listen to what the inquirer has to say.

If anxious and troubled about earthly things, impress upon him the immediate and supreme importance of heavenly things. Read to him from your own Bible, or have him read aloud, Mark viii, 38; Luke xii. 16–21, 25–31.

Do not be drawn into debate. Use only God's Word, the sword of the Spirit.

When not conversing lift your heart in prayer.

Do not depend on your own tact, ability, or wisdom. "It is not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord." See John vi. 63. Present clearly the truth of God's Word; selecting only such passages as may seem suited to each particular case. A physician does not give to his patient remedies for every disease, but just such medicine as may be suited to the complaint. Seek to understand the inquirer's special difficulty, and trusting the Divine power, apply the Divine remedy. Do not confuse the mind with too many passages; deal with the inquirer quietly and alone. See Ecc. ix. 17.

Do not allow doctrines or creeds to occupy the attention that should be given at once to salvation and Christ. See John iv. 9–14.

Do not let the soul rest in feelings or in future hopes, but in a present surrender to, acceptance of, trust in, the Lord Jesus Christ.

Do not tell an inquirer that he is saved. Let the holy Spirit do that. See John iii. 33; 1 John v. 10.

Give the young convert Isa. xl. 29–31; Col. ii. 6, and his motto for life (with Peter walking on the water as an illustration), "WE WALK BY FAITH."

LOOKING UNTO JESUS (Heb. xii. 2).

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