

BIBLE-SCHOOL SONGS,

For the Use of Sunday-Schools.

PREPARED BY

Mrs. J. F. KNAPP, Author of "The Notes of Joy,"

AND

J. H. VINCENT, Editor of "The Sunday-School Journal."

NEW YORK:

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Music

A BEAUTIFUL ORGANIZATION

For the Promotion of Singing in a Sunday-School.

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL CHORAL UNION.

OUR OBJECT.—To study the principles of music, and acquire the art of singing with ease, spirit, and effect.

OUR OFFICERS.—Our Pastor, who shall be the President of our Circle; a Secretary, who shall record our names and minute our proceedings; a Treasurer, who shall keep a correct account of our finances; a Chorister, who shall instruct and direct us in our lessons; an Organist, who shall preside at the melodeon; and five Advisers, three ladies and two gentlemen, who, with the other officers, shall form the Board of Managers for our Circle. These officers (the President and Chorister excepted) shall be elected semi-annually at the Teachers' Meeting on the first Wednesday evening of November and the first Tuesday evening in May.

OUR ORDER.—1. The Circle shall meet at such times as the Board of Managers, through the President, shall appoint.

2. Our watchwords shall be "Order," "Obedience," "Harmony," and "Earnestness."
3. The Board of Managers, with the consent of the Chorister, shall select such of our number to sing in the Choir of the Church as they deem competent.
4. In our meetings for practicing Church music the members of the Church and congregation are cordially invited to attend and join with us.

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P R E F A C E .

THIS is designed to be a cheap book of precious hymns and songs for the use of Sunday-schools. It cannot, nor is it intended to, displace larger and more complete works. We expect, indeed, that it will promote the circulation of more elaborate "Sunday-School Singing Books." The compilers of "Bible-School Songs" desire to encourage the children, youth, and adults of our modern Sunday-schools to commit to memory and to sing with intelligent heartiness *the glorious old hymns of Zion*. They believe it to be quite possible to awaken enthusiasm in any Sunday-school by the proper singing of the substantial standard and immortal hymns of the Church. It is certainly desirable so to do.

With the very old hymns we present a number of familiar songs, the use of which has been kindly granted for this work by the authors and publishers.*

The new pieces have been prepared expressly for "Bible-School Songs" by Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp, of Brooklyn, author of "Notes of Joy;" by P. P. Bliss, of Chicago; W. H. Doane, Rev. Alfred Taylor, W. F. Sherwin, and Otto Fox.

It will be proper in this place to offer a few hints upon the manner of conducting singing in the Sunday-schools.

The spirit and success of a Sunday-school depend very largely upon the manner and spirit in which its singing is conducted; and, again, the manner of the singing depends chiefly upon the spirit of it. How to get the true spirit of singing is the problem.

1. It is hard to catch this spirit when the atmosphere of the school-room is close, hot, and heavy. Such air smothers the genius of song. Pure air for good music!

2. If from any other cause, known or unknown, the school is out of tune on any given day, and, as is sometimes the case, the prevailing spirit is "averse to song," you may quicken it by well-timed remarks, a well-told story, or by a solo or duet well rendered. If these fail, abandon the attempt for that day.

3. When the singing is to be done, however, see that all are ready before you begin. Let the leader be ready. Let the organist be ready. Let the books be in the hands of the school. Let all other services be suspended. One thing at a time in Sunday-school.

* Our thanks are due to John Church of Cincinnati, to Geo. F. Root of Chicago, to W. F. Fischer of Philadelphia, to T. C. O'Kane of Delaware, O., to Philip Phillips, to S. J. Vail, to Juan Alzamora, and to J. R. Sweeney.

Music
K 673b
Harris

12, Dec, 1933
H 71214
PREFACE.

4. Have perfect silence before you begin. Call for it and secure it. Wait until you have it. Let it be *worshipful* silence, not enforced by disciplinary drill-signals alone, but by the purpose and spirit of devotion. Singing is worship. Impress the school with this fact, and seek to beget in them the same reverential mood and order which you so easily command when the school engages in prayer.

5. Now for the sentiment of the song or hymn. If it has no sentiment it is not worth singing. If it has, bring it out by an emphatic reading, and by illustrative and practical remarks—all of which should be of the tersest and briefest character. Long comments on a verse to be sung are ill-timed and injurious. Call the attention of the school to the thought embodied in the verse. This will be enough.

6. Occasionally (and especially if the hymn be new to the school) let all read it in concert before they attempt to sing it.

7. The organist may now play the air, (if the piece be new,) avoiding all "variations"—the organ-follies, fixings, and furbelows, which in Sunday-school are so provoking to people of good sense and true taste. Give them the *plain tune*.

8. A new song should be sung over by the leader so that the school may hear it. Let him say, "Now I will sing this first line or first verse *three* times before you join with me. Give close attention. See how many of you will then be able to accompany me."

9. See that all commence at once—on the very first syllable, at the same instant—heartily and distinctly. Don't even finish the first line until this is secured. Be firm and good-humored about this and the school will readily fall in with your plan.

10. Don't scold those who *wont* sing. Scolding doesn't pay. It never made a horse drink, a bird sing, or a child good-natured. Don't notice the mouths that are shut. Commend the singing that is done, and the affectionate spirit of the leader will unite with the sentiment of the hymn to warm all hearts into voiceful sympathy.

11. Know when to stop. Don't keep the school too long on one piece, and don't devote too much of the Sunday-school session to music.

12. Use frequently the good old hymns, and train the scholars to sing them "with a will." "Duke Street" may be sung in a doleful, dying way, or it may be sung till every heart is thrilled with the spirit of praise. So of the "Portuguese Hymn," "Nearer, my God, to Thee," "Coronation," "Rock of Ages," etc., etc. Teach your Sunday-schools the hymns of the Church.

13. Hold special "Praise Meetings," or "Services of Song," during the week. Invite old and young to attend. Then make every such service a means of grace.

NEW YORK, Sept. 1, 1873.

RAY.

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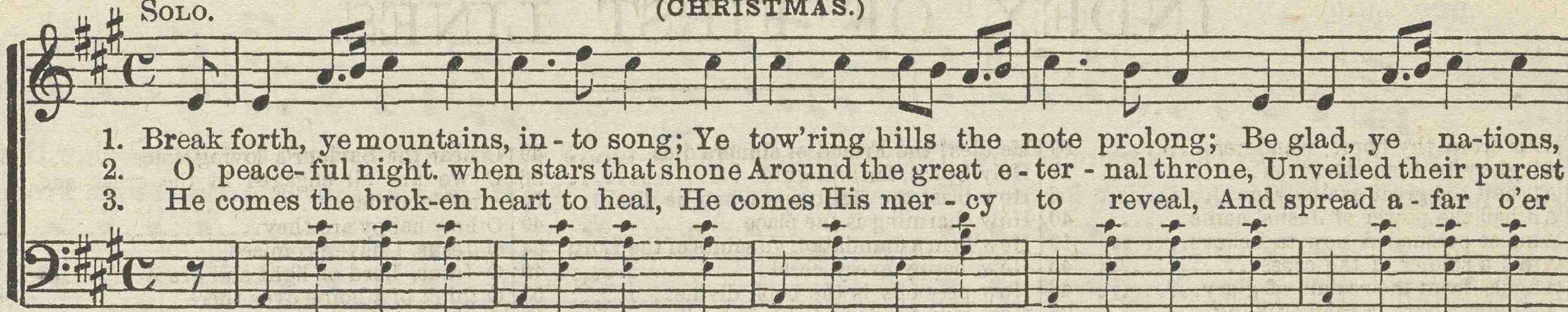
Words written for this Work by T. V. **BREAK FORTH INTO SONG.**

Arranged by Otto Fox.

5

SOLO.

(CHRISTMAS.)

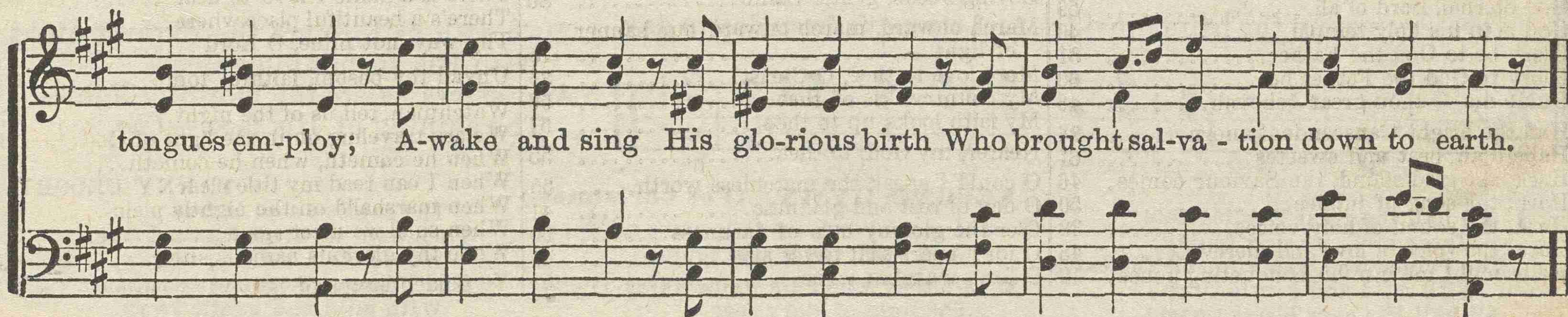


1. Break forth, ye mountains, in - to song; Ye tow'ring hills the note prolong; Be glad, ye na-tions,
2. O peace-ful night. when stars that shone Around the great e - ter - nal throne, Unveiled their purest
3. He comes the brok-en heart to heal, He comes His mer - cy to reveal, And spread a - far o'er

CHORUS.



hail the morn When He, your dearest Friend was born. With grateful hearts and holy joy, Let heav'nly strains our
light and smiled With rapture on the Holy Child.
every clime The beams of life and love divine.



tongues em-ploy; A-wake and sing His glo-rious birth Who brought sal-va - tion down to earth.

FROM DAY TO DAY.

Music by OTTO FOX.

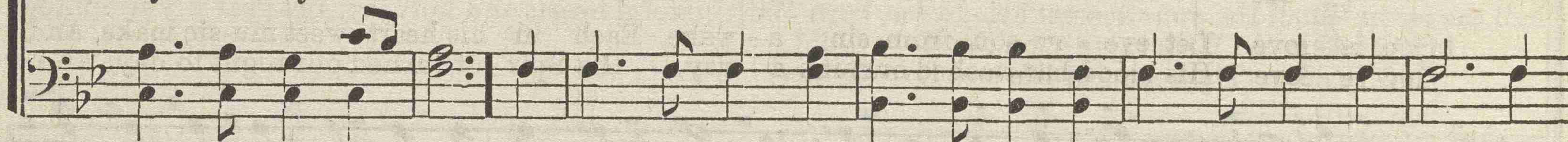
With spirit.

1. From day to day God's mercies flow, Thro' channels He has made, From heights above to depths below His

2. The changing tides—the fading flowers—The march of time proclaim, But He who measures earthly hours From



CHORUS.

power is still dis-played. From day to day the Sav-iour guides, A-long the nar-row way, For
day to day's the same.

eve-ry wound the balm provides And strength from day to day.

3. He gives us joy in place of grief,
Our daily wants supplies;
And hastens to the soul's relief
That in the darkness lies.—*Cho.*4. He's with us through the darkest night
With His sustaining grace,
And shows us ere the morning light—
The shining of His face.—*Cho.*1. All hail the great Exalted One
Whose birth we sing to-day;
The Prince who comes to rule the earth
With mild and gentle sway.
All hail His ever blessed name,
With life eternal crowned

SECOND HYMN. (For Christmas.)

Let mortal tongues that name adore;
And swell the joyful sound.
2. Lo! they who long in darkness dwelt,
The light of glory see;
The prison doors are opened wide,

FANNY CROSBY.

The captive soul is free.
Then hail the great Exalted One
Whose birth we sing to-day,
The Prince who comes to rule the earth
With mild and gentle sway.

GOD IS LOVE.

7

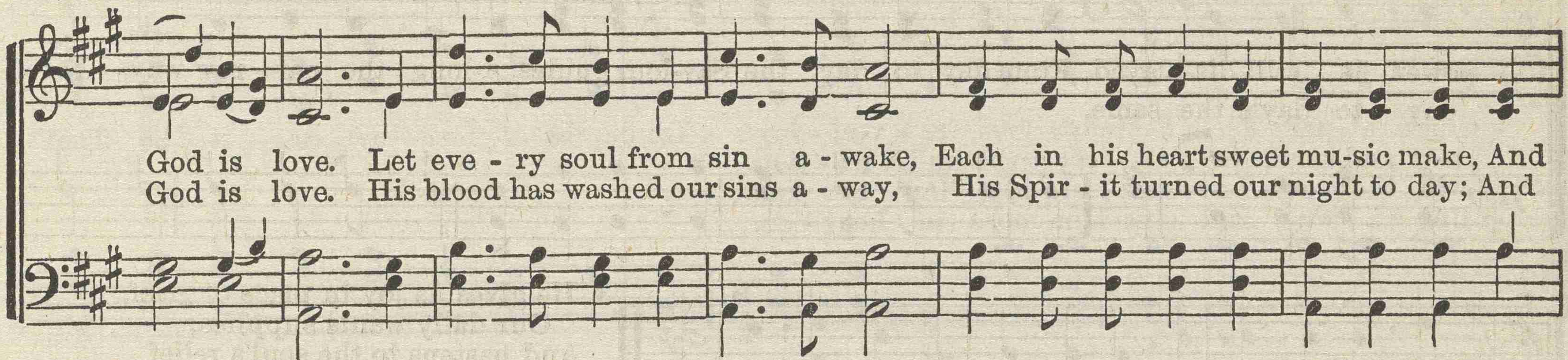
"Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us." 1 John 3:1.

From "Songs of Salvation." by per.

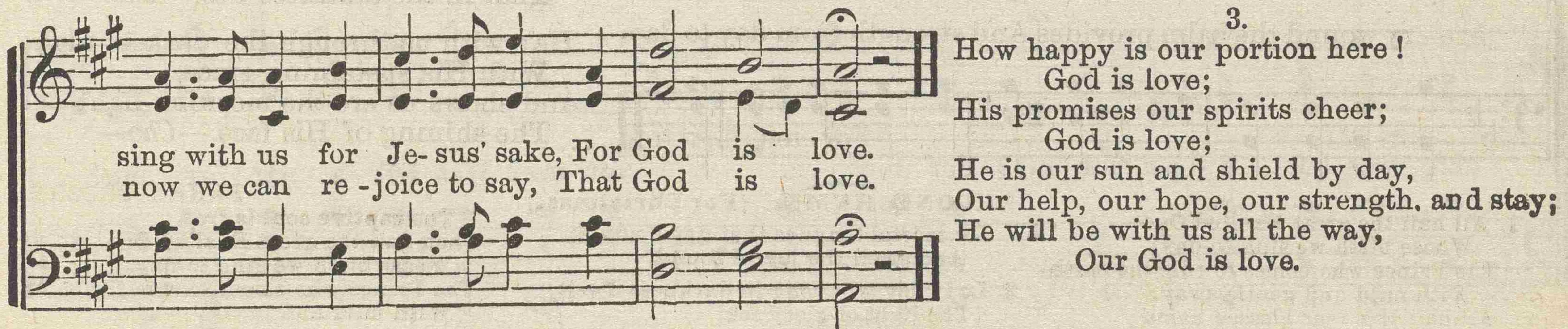
Music by Mrs. Jos. F. KNAPP.



1. Come, let us all u-nite to sing, God is love; Let heav'n and earth their praises bring,
2. Oh! tell to earth's re-mot - est bounds, God is love; In Christ we have re-demp-tion found,



God is love. Let eve - ry soul from sin a - wake, Each in his heart sweet mu-sic make, And
God is love. His blood has washed our sins a - way, His Spir - it turned our night to day; And



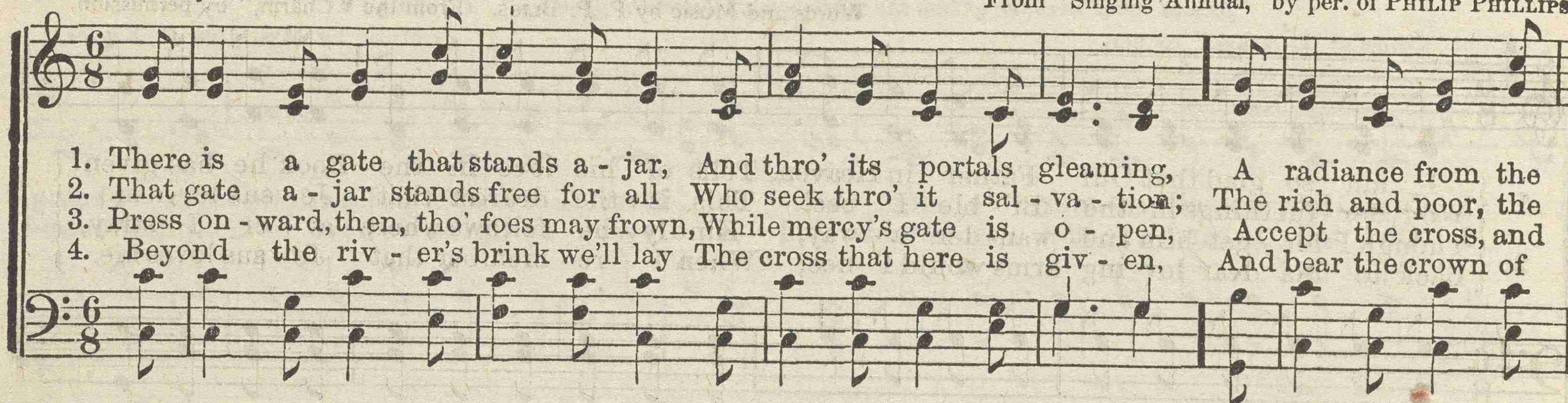
3.
How happy is our portion here!
God is love;
His promises our spirits cheer;
God is love;
He is our sun and shield by day,
Our help, our hope, our strength, and stay;
He will be with us all the way,
Our God is love.

THE GATE AJAR FOR ME.

SILAS J. VAIL.

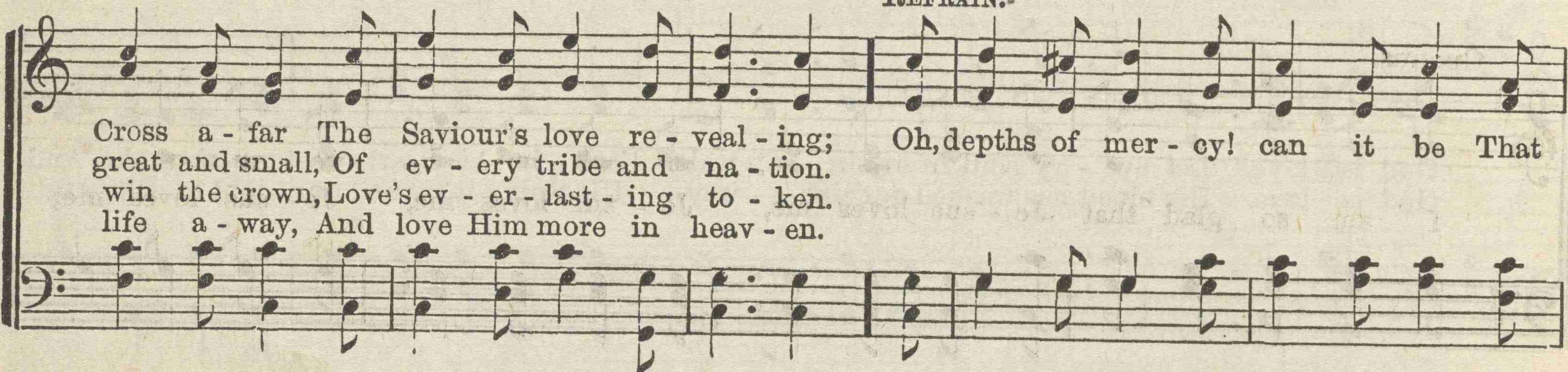
Words by MRS. LYDIA BAXTER.

From "Singing Annual," by per. of PHILIP PHILLIPS.



1. There is a gate that stands a - jar, And thro' its portals gleaming, A radiance from the
 2. That gate a - jar stands free for all Who seek thro' it sal - va - tion; The rich and poor, the
 3. Press on - ward, then, tho' foes may frown, While mercy's gate is o - pen, Accept the cross, and
 4. Beyond the riv - er's brink we'll lay The cross that here is giv - en, And bear the crown of

REFRAIN.



Cross a - far The Saviour's love re - veal - ing; Oh, depths of mer - cy! can it be That
 great and small, Of ev - ery tribe and na - tion.
 win the crown, Love's ev - er - last - ing to - ken.
 life a - way, And love Him more in heav - en.



gate was left a - jar for me? For me, For me, for me, for me? Was left a - jar for me?

JESUS LOVES EVEN ME.

9

Words and Music by P. P. BLISS. From the "Charm," by permission.



1. { I am so glad that Our Father in Heaven, Tells of his love in the Book he has given;
2. { Won-der-ful things in the Bi-ble I see, This is the dearest that Je-sus loves me.
Though I for-get him and wan-der a-way, Kindly he follows where-ev-er I stray,
Back to his dear lov-ing arms would I flee; When I re-member that Je-sus loves me.

CHORUS.



I am so glad that Je-sus loves me, Je-sus loves me, Je-sus loves me;



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

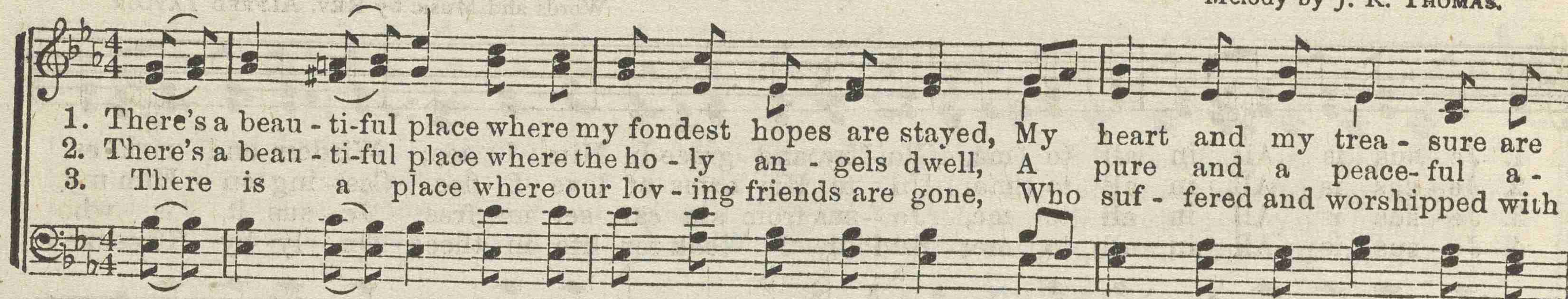
3.

Oh, if there's only one song you can sing,
When in his beauty I see the great King;
This shall my song in eternity be,
Oh, what a wonder that Jesus loves me.
I am so glad, &c.

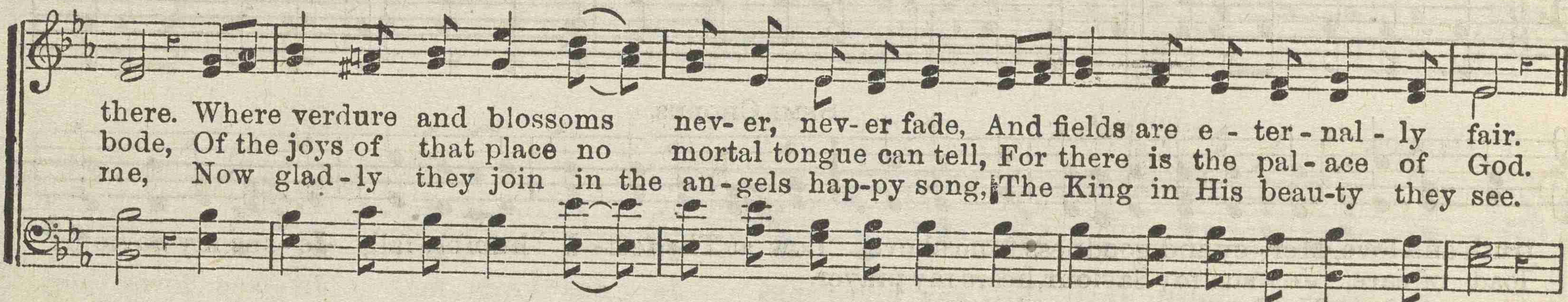
MY FATHERLAND.

From "Notes of Joy," by permission.

Melody by J. R. THOMAS.



1. There's a beau - ti - ful place where my fondest hopes are stayed, My heart and my trea - sure are
 2. There's a beau - ti - ful place where the ho - ly an - gels dwell, A pure and a peace - ful a -
 3. There is a place where our lov - ing friends are gone, Who suf - fered and worshipped with

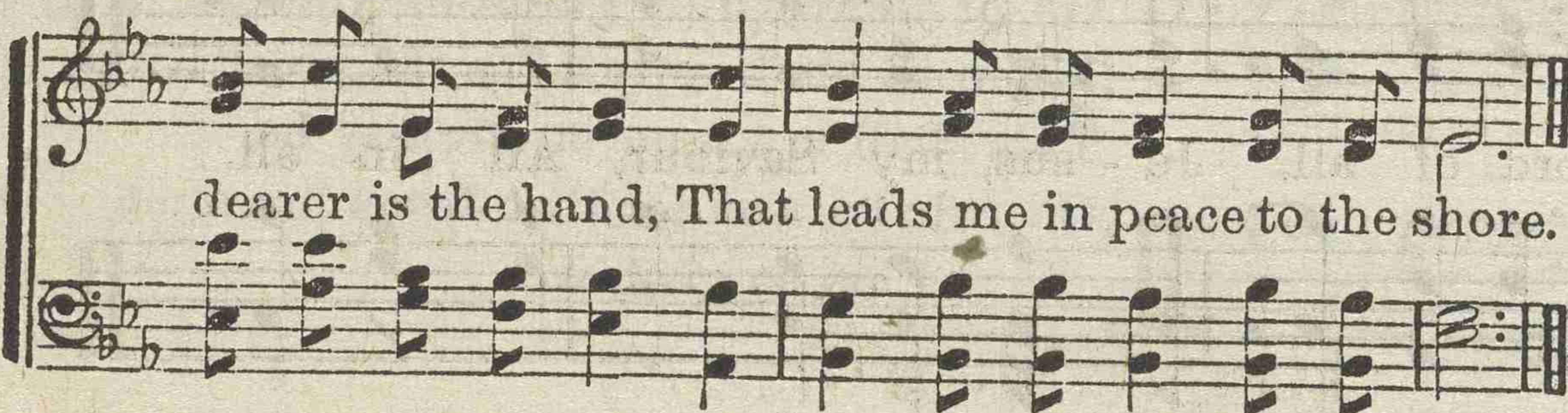


there. Where verdure and blossoms nev - er, nev - er fade, And fields are e - ter - nal - ly fair.
 bode, Of the joys of that place no mortal tongue can tell, For there is the pal - ace of God.
 me, Now glad - ly they join in the an - gels hap - py song, The King in His beau - ty they see.

CHORUS.



That blissful place is my dear father - land ; By faith its delights I explore ; But sweeter, dearer,



dearer is the hand, That leads me in peace to the shore.

4 There is a place where I trust I may live,
 When life and its labors are o'er,
 A place which our Lord to the faithful will give,
 And then I shall sorrow no more.
 That blissful place, &c.

"JESUS, MY SAVIOUR, ALL IN ALL!"

11

Words and Music by REV. ALFRED TAYLOR.

1. Je - sus is All in all to me, Glo - ry and grace in Him I see; Wisdom and rich - es,
2. Je - sus is All in all to me, Un - to His arms of love I flee: Cast - ing on Him my
3. Je - sus is All in all to me, Je - sus from sin can set me free; Je - sus it is who
4. Je - sus is All in all to me; Saviour, I look for life in thee; On - ly by Thee the


SEMI-CHORUS.

truth and love, Mer - cy and goodness from above. Low at Thy feet I humbly fall, Je - sus, my Saviour,
load of care, Je - sus, my Saviour, hears my prayer.
calms my fears, Hushes my sorrows, dries my tears.
work is done: On - ly by Thee the victory won.

FULL CHORUS.

All in all. Glo - ry to Thee, O Lord of all, Je - sus, my Saviour, All in all.

HIS BANQUETING HOUSE.

Words and Music by
Rev. ALFRED TAYLOR.*"He brought me to the banqueting house, and his banner over me was love."*—Solomon's Song, 2; 4.


1. He brought me in - to his ban - quet - ing house, And his ban - ner of love was



o'er me; And matchless rich was the boun - ti - ful feast, That in mer - cy he spread be -

CHORUS.



- fore me. O, Je - sus, in love, Look down from a - bove, And bring me in - to thy



banqueting house, With thy banner of vict'ry o'er me.

2.

He brought me into his banqueting house,
With the robe of his glory on me;
And bright were the beams of his mercy and grace,
When the light of his face shone on me.

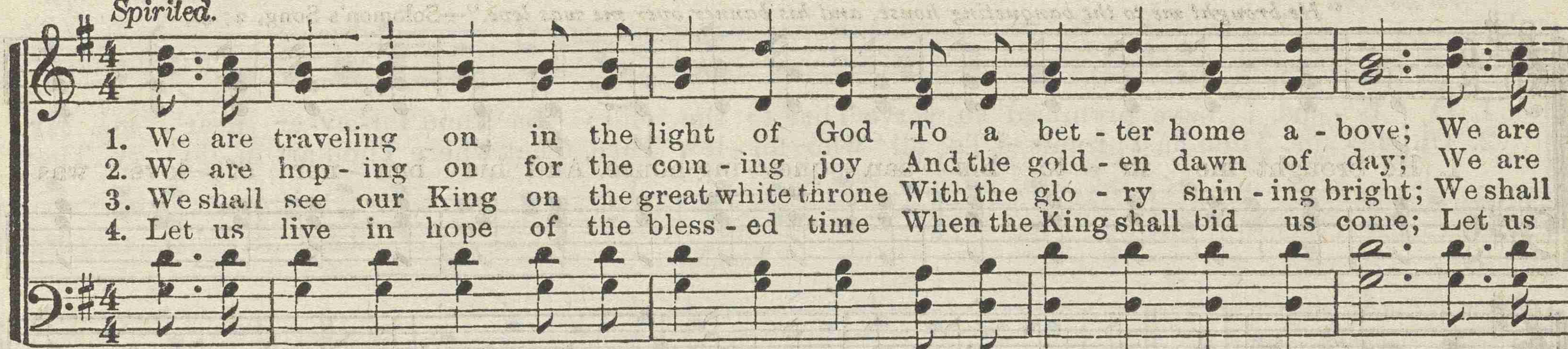
Cho.—O! Jesus! in love, etc.

TRAVELING ON.

13

Words and Music by Rev. ALFRED TAYLOR.

Spirited.



1. We are traveling on in the light of God To a bet - ter home a - bove; We are
 2. We are hop - ing on for the com - ing joy And the gold - en dawn of day; We are
 3. We shall see our King on the great white throne With the glo - ry shin - ing bright; We shall
 4. Let us live in hope of the bless - ed time When the Kings shall bid us come; Let us

CHORUS.



guid - ed safe on our pil - grim way, By our Father's hand of love. Sing! sing! sing! As we
 look - ing up to the brighter world Where our Lord hath led the way.
 dwell in the house not made with hands, Where there is no sin nor night.
 serve our Lord with a gladsome heart, Till we reign with Him at home.

UNISON.

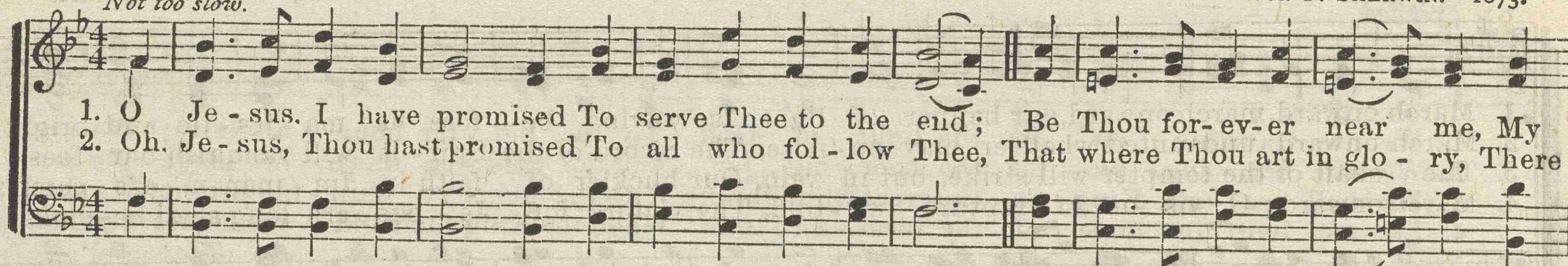


journey toward our home, We're marching on in the light of God; And we soon shall reach our home.

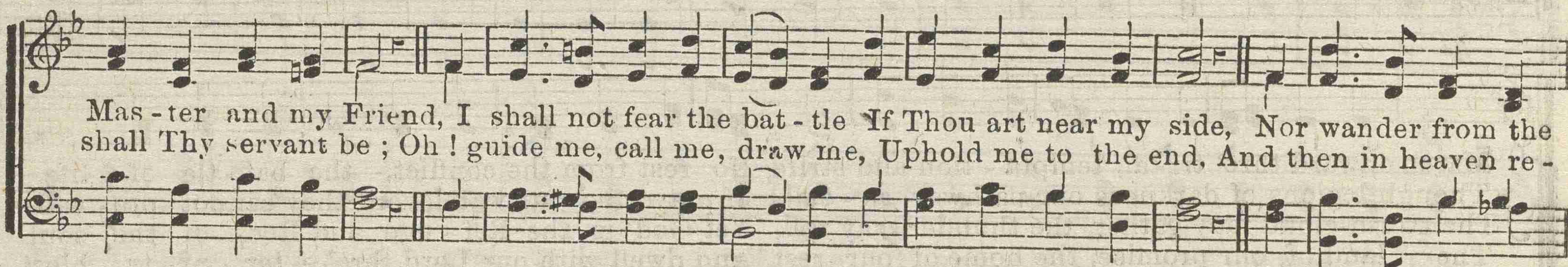
LEAD ME SAVIOUR.

Words by JOHN ERNEST BODE.
Not too slow.

WM. F. SHERWIN. 1873.



1. O Je - sus. I have promised To serve Thee to the end; Be Thou for-ev-er near me, My
2. Oh. Je - sus, Thou hast promised To all who fol-low Thee, That where Thou art in glo-ry, There



Mas-ter and my Friend, I shall not fear the bat-tle If Thou art near my side, Nor wander from the
shall Thy servant be; Oh! guide me, call me, draw me, Uphold me to the end, And then in heaven re-

REFRAIN.



path-way, If Thou wilt be. my Guide. Tender-ly lead me, Sav - iour! Ten-der-ly lead me,
ceive me, My Saviour and my Friend! Ten-der-ly lead me, Sav - iour!



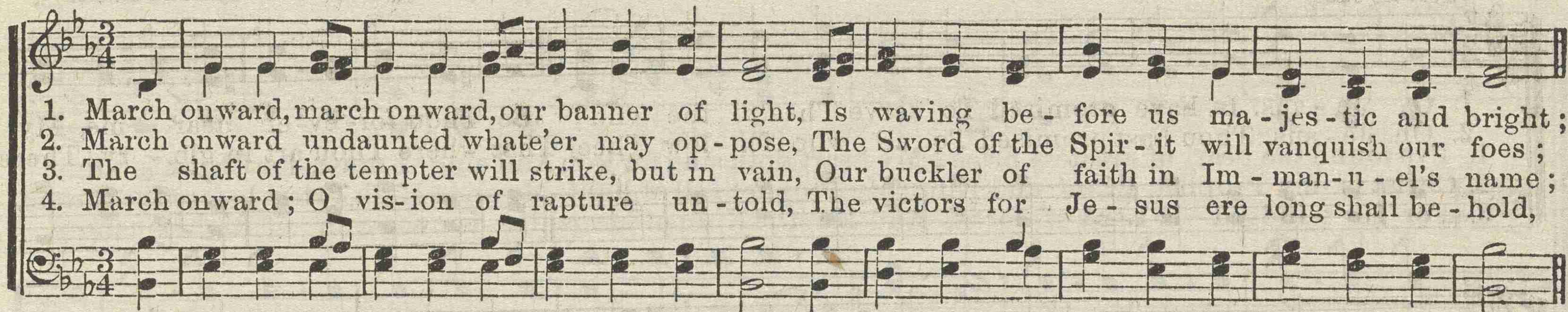
Sav - iour! Je - sus save me, guide me, feed me, Keep me to the end.
Ten - der - ly lead me.

MARCH ONWARD.

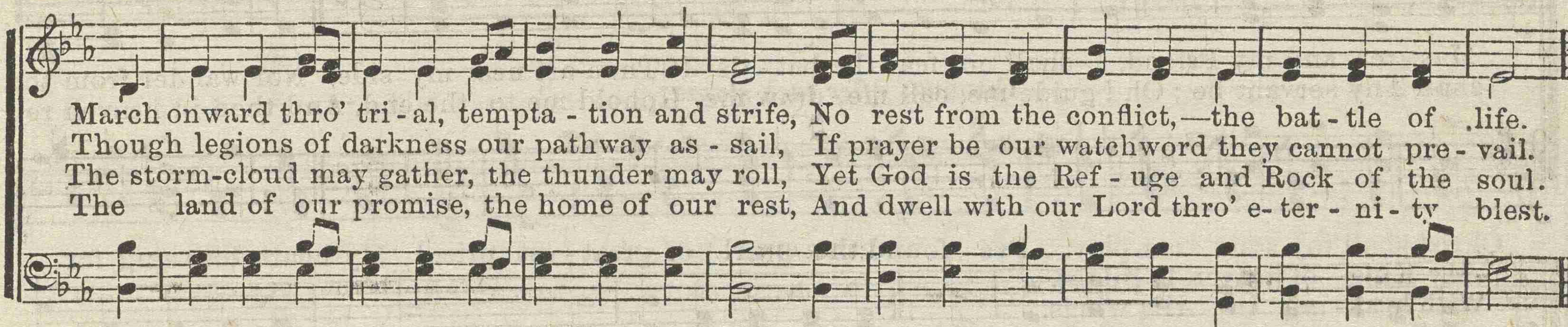
15

Words written for this work by Mrs. V.

Music by Mrs. Jos. F. KNAPP.



1. March onward, march onward, our banner of light, Is waving be - fore us ma - jes - tic and bright;
2. March onward undaunted whate'er may op - pose, The Sword of the Spir - it will vanquish our foes;
3. The shaft of the tempter will strike, but in vain, Our buckler of faith in Im - man - u - el's name;
4. March onward; O vis - ion of rapture un - told, The victors for Je - sus ere long shall be - hold,



March onward thro' tri - al, tempta - tion and strife, No rest from the conflict,—the bat - tle of life.
Though legions of darkness our pathway as - sail, If prayer be our watchword they cannot pre - vail.
The storm-cloud may gather, the thunder may roll, Yet God is the Ref - uge and Rock of the soul.
The land of our promise, the home of our rest, And dwell with our Lord thro' e - ter - ni - ty blest.

CHORUS.



Press forward, look upward, be strong in the Lord, Our hope in His mercy, our trust in His word. Press



forward, look upward, march homeward and sing, All glo - ry to Je - sus, to Je - sus our King.

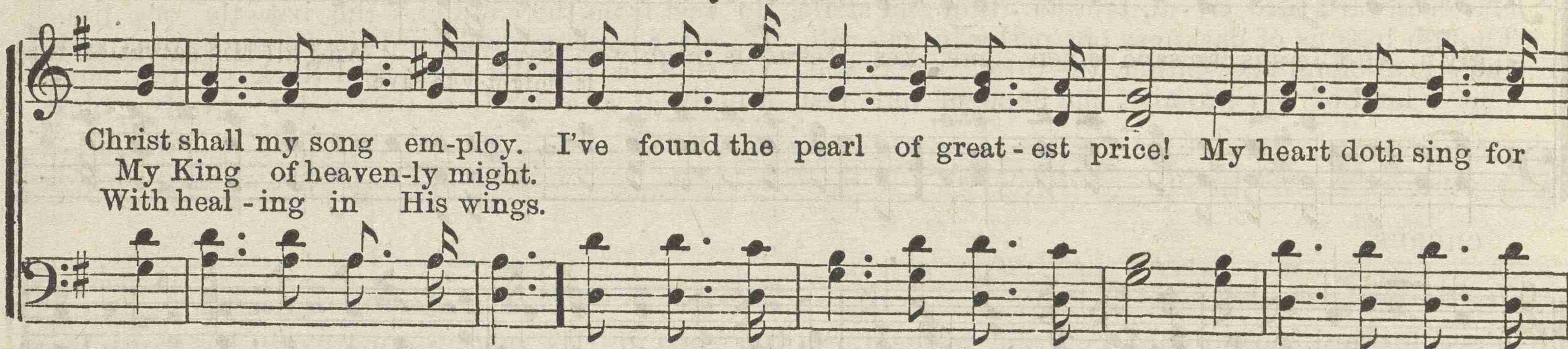
THE PEARL OF GREATEST PRICE.

Written expressly for this Work by P. P. BLISS.

SOLO OR CHORUS.



1. I've found the pearl of greatest price ! My heart doth sing for joy; And sing I must, for Christ is mine!
 2. Christ is my Prophet, Priest, and King; My Prophet full of light, My great High Priest before the throne,
 3. For He indeed is Lord of lords, And He the King of kings; He is the Sun of Righteousness,

CHORUS: *after each stanza.*


Christ shall my song em-ploy. I've found the pearl of great-est price! My heart doth sing for
 My King of heaven-ly might.
 With heal-ing in His wings.



joy; And sing I must, for Christ is mine! Christ shall my song employ.

4. Christ is my peace; He died for me,
 For me He gave His blood;
 And as my wondrous Sacrifice,
 Offered Himself to God.

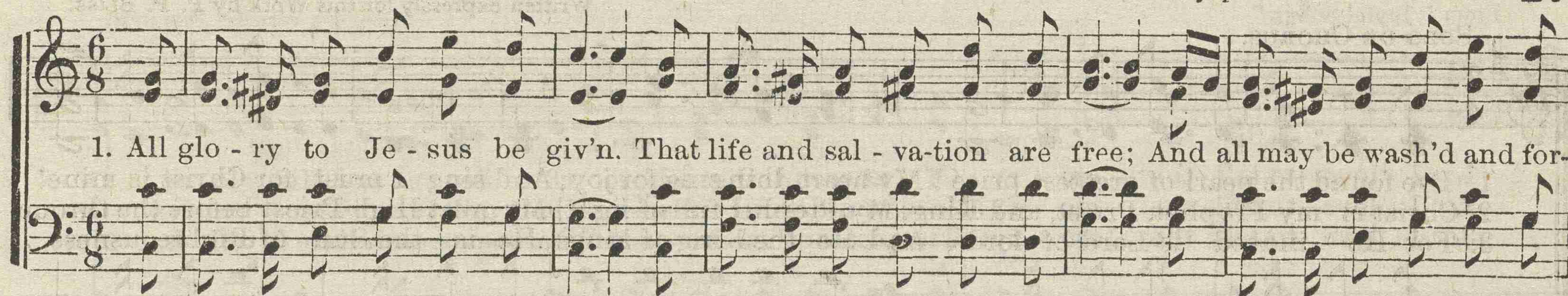
5. Christ Jesus is my All in all,
 My comfort and my love;
 My life below, and He shall be
 My joy and crown above.

Words by
MRS. ANNIE WITTENMEYER.

JESUS IS MIGHTY TO SAVE.

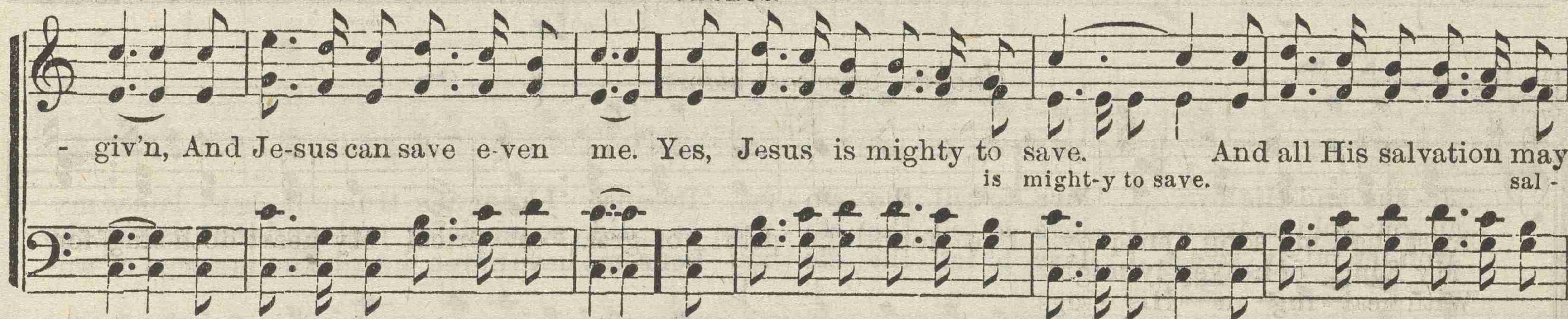
By per. Wm. G. FISCHER.

17

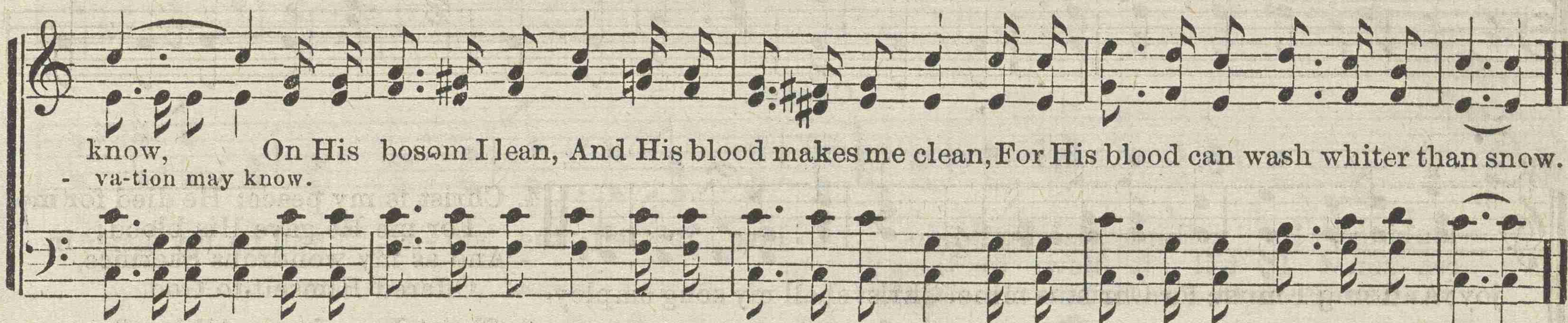


1. All glo - ry to Je - sus be giv'n. That life and sal - va - tion are free; And all may be wash'd and for-

CHORUS.



- giv'n, And Je - sus can save e - ven me. Yes, Jesus is mighty to save. And all His salvation may
is might-y to save. sal -



know, On His bosom I lean, And His blood makes me clean, For His blood can wash whiter than snow.
- va - tion may know.

2. From the darkness of sin and despair,
Out into the light of His love,
He has brought me and made me an heir.
To kingdoms and mansions above. *Cho.*

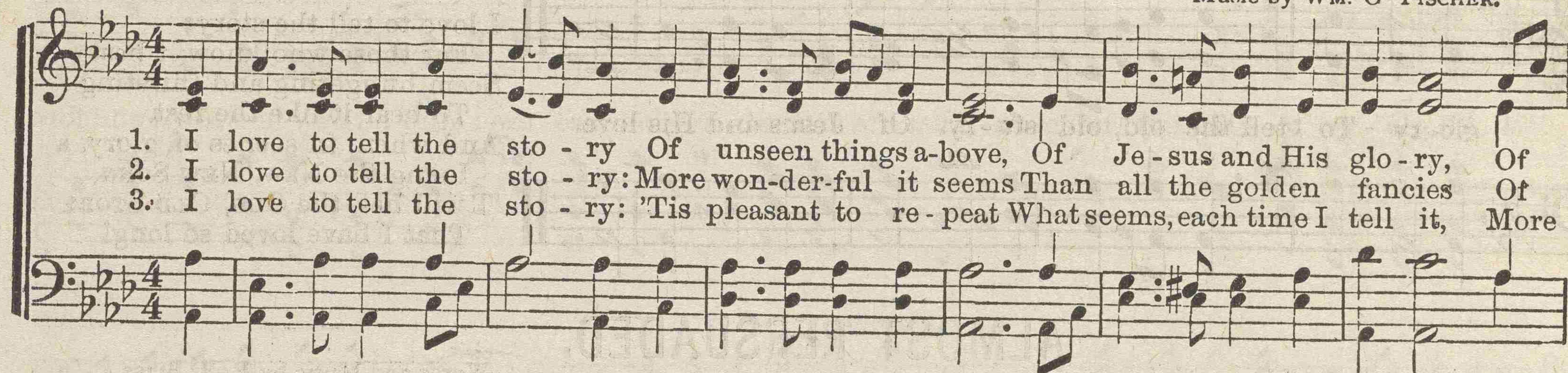
3. Oh, the rapturous heights of His love,
The measureless depths of His grace,
My soul all His fullness would prove,
And live in His loving embrace. *Cho*

4. In Him all my wants are supplied,
His love makes my heaven below,
And freely His blood is applied,
His blood that makes whiter than snow
Cho.

I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

From "Joyful Songs."

Music by WM. G. FISCHER.

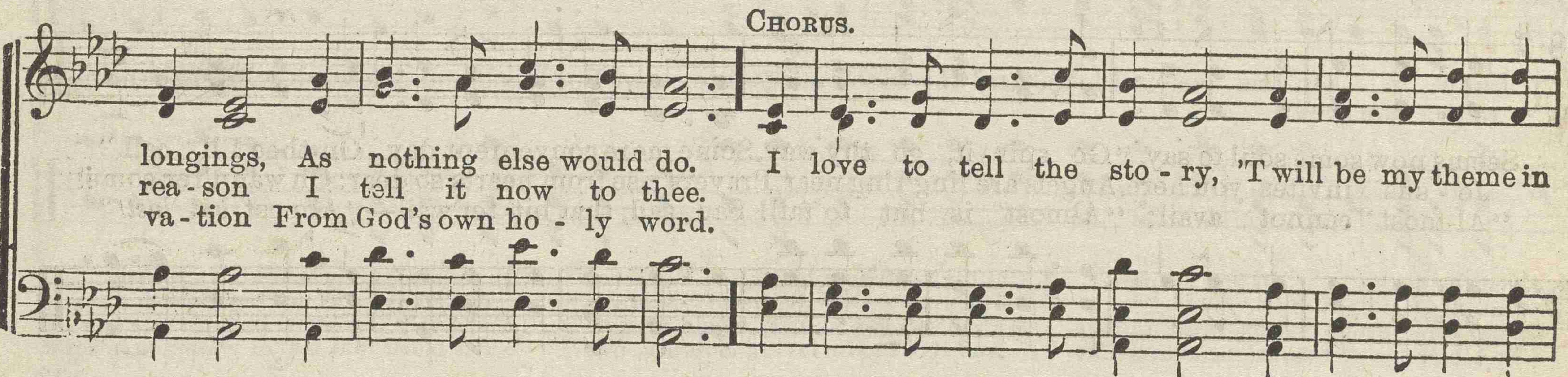


1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of unseen things a - bove, Of Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of
2. I love to tell the sto - ry: More won - der - ful it seems Than all the golden fancies Of
3. I love to tell the sto - ry: 'Tis pleasant to re - peat What seems, each time I tell it, More



Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the sto - ry, Because I know it's true; It sat - is - fies my
all our golden dreams. I love to tell the sto - ry: It did so much for me! And that is just the
won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the sto - ry: For some have never heard The message of sal -

CHORUS.



longings, As nothing else would do. I love to tell the sto - ry, 'T will be my theme in
rea - son I tell it now to thee.
va - tion From God's own ho - ly word.

I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY. Concluded.

19

4.

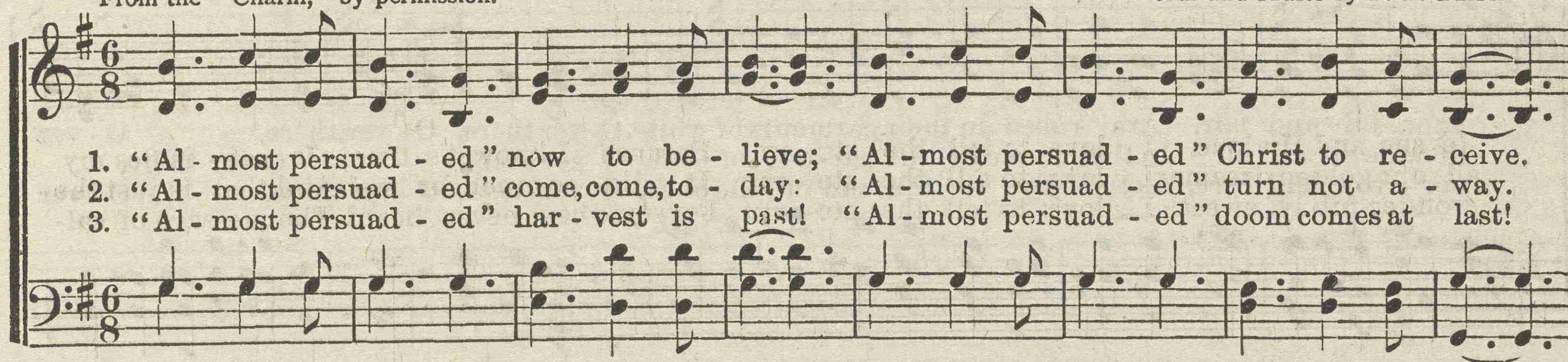


I love to tell the story;
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the NEW, NEW SONG,
'T will be—the OLD, OLD STORY
That I have loved so long!

ALMOST PERSUADED.

From the "Charm," by permission.

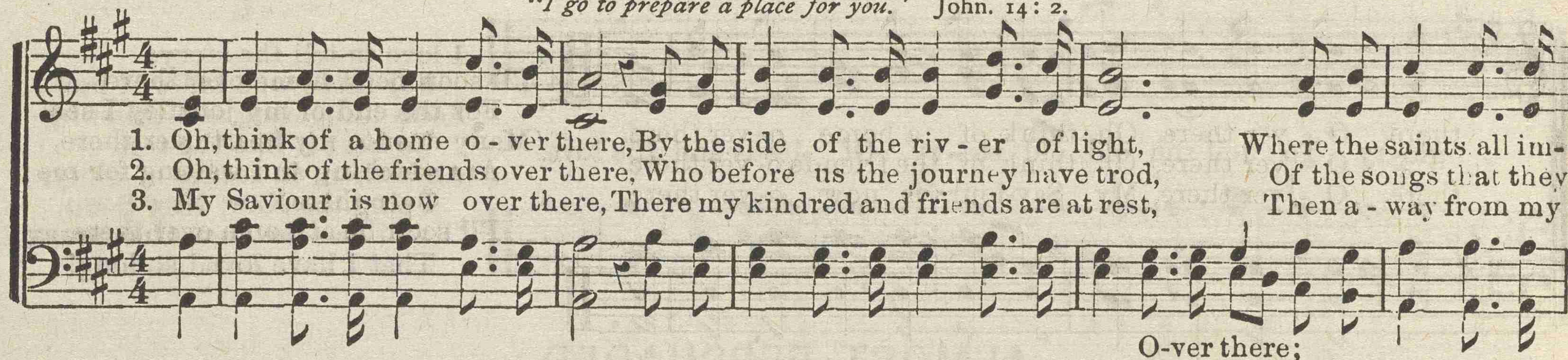
Words and Music by P. P. BLISS.



OVER THERE.

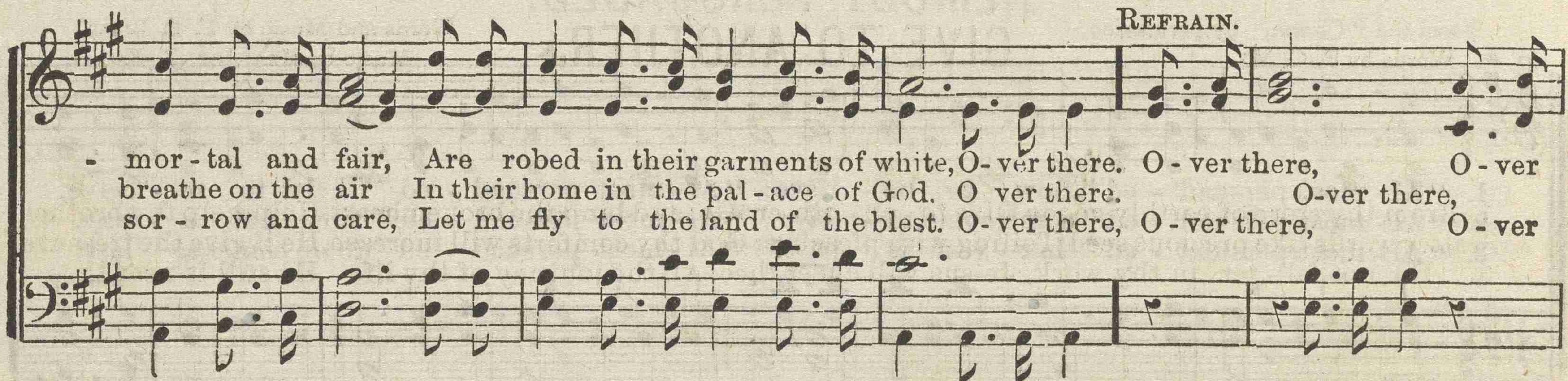
T. C. O'KANE.

From "Hallowed Songs," by per. of PHILIP PHILLIPS.

"I go to prepare a place for you." John. 14: 2.


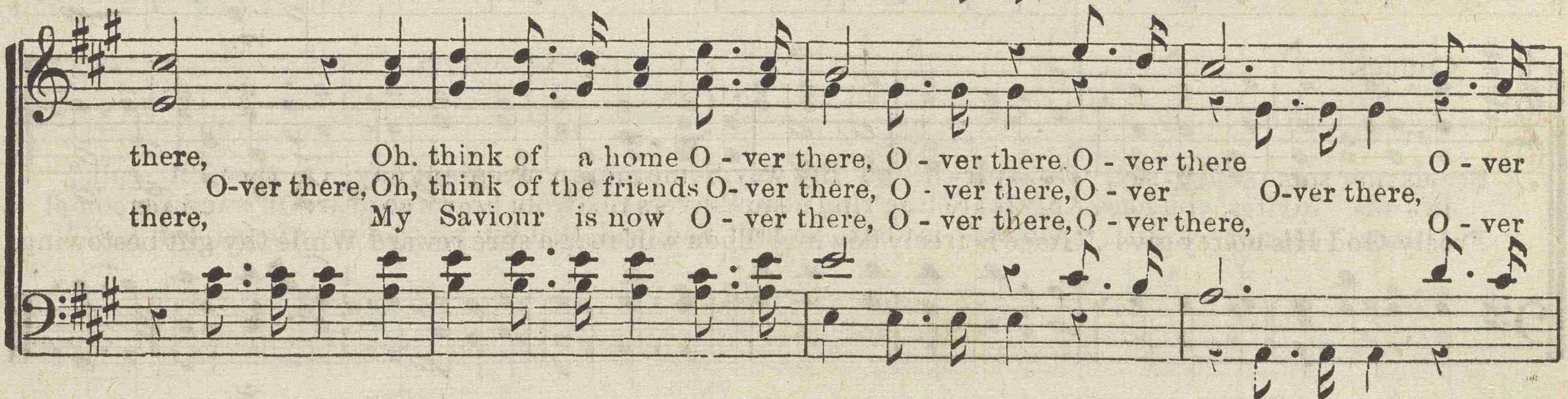
1. Oh, think of a home o - ver there, By the side of the riv - er of light, Where the saints all im-
 2. Oh, think of the friends over there, Who before us the journey have trod, Of the songs that they
 3. My Saviour is now over there, There my kindred and friends are at rest, Then a - way from my

O-ver there;



REFRAIN.

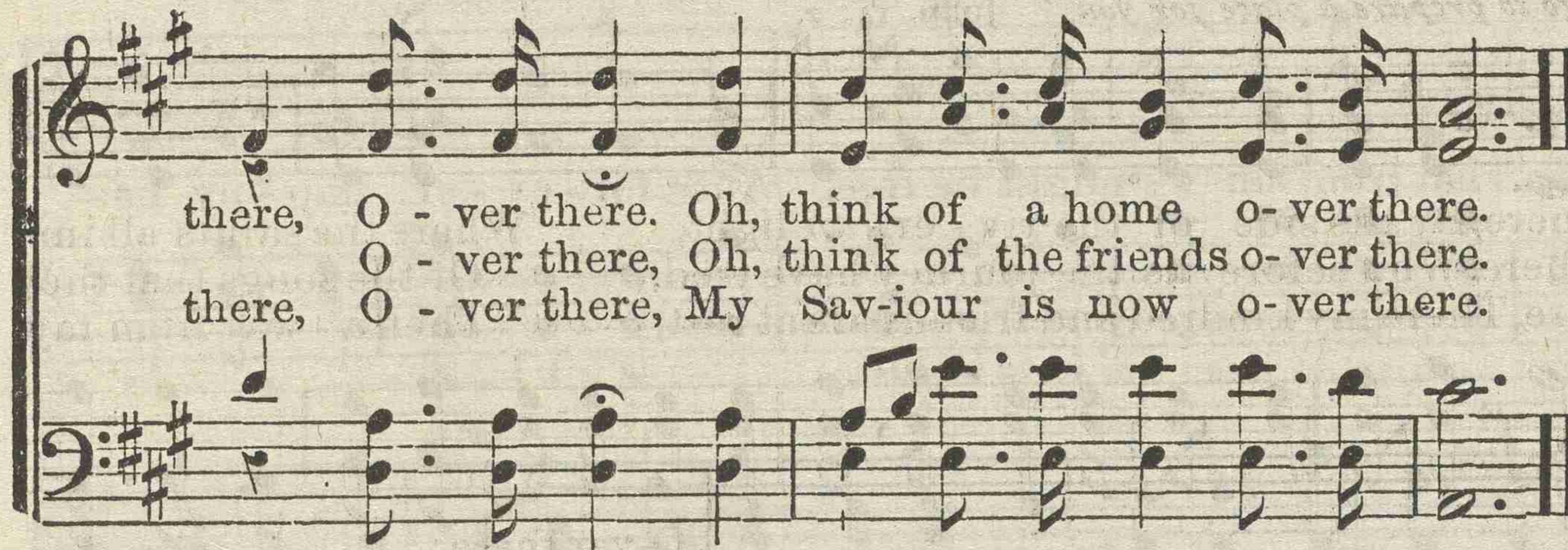
- mor - tal and fair, Are robed in their garments of white, O - ver there. O - ver there, O - ver
 breathe on the air In their home in the pal - ace of God. O ver there. O-ver there,
 sor - row and care, Let me fly to the land of the blest. O - ver there, O - ver there, O - ver



there, Oh. think of a home O - ver there, O - ver there O - ver there O - ver
 O-ver there, Oh, think of the friends O-ver there, O - ver there, O - ver O-ver there,
 there, My Saviour is now O - ver there, O - ver there, O - ver there, O - ver

OVER THERE. Concluded.

21



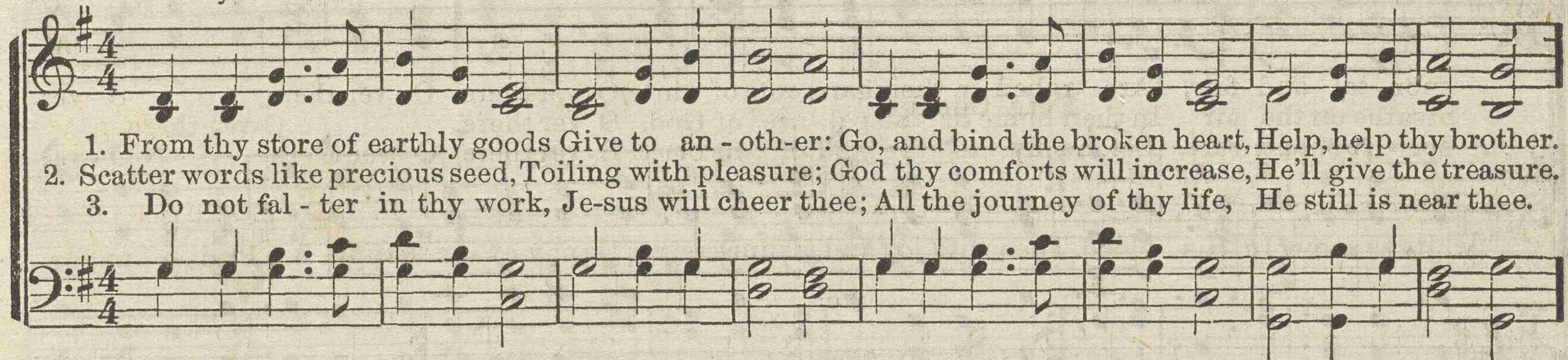
there, O - ver there. Oh, think of a home o-ver there.
 O - ver there, Oh, think of the friends o-ver there.
 there, O - ver there, My Sav-iour is now o-ver there.

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

Words by F. C. V.

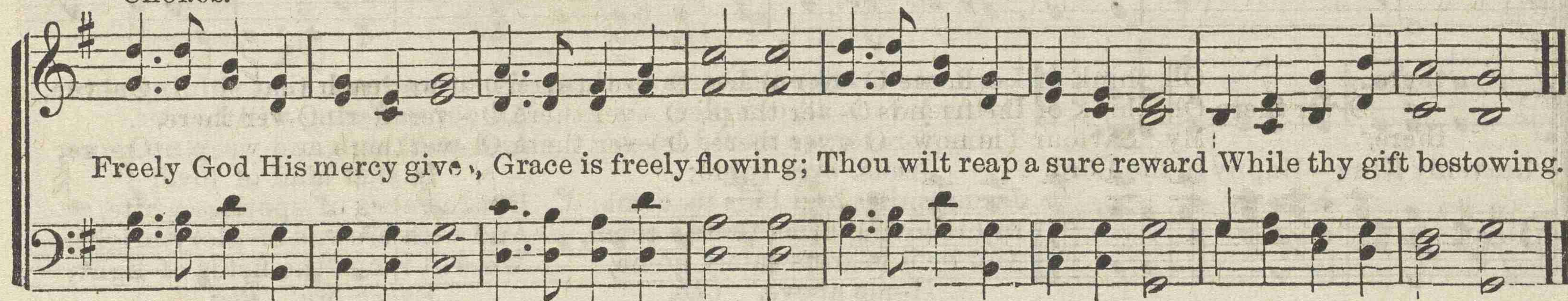
GIVE TO ANOTHER.

Music by MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP.



1. From thy store of earthly goods Give to an - oth-er: Go, and bind the broken heart, Help, help thy brother.
2. Scatter words like precious seed, Toiling with pleasure; God thy comforts will increase, He'll give the treasure.
3. Do not fal - ter in thy work, Je-sus will cheer thee; All the journey of thy life, He still is near thee.


CHORUS.



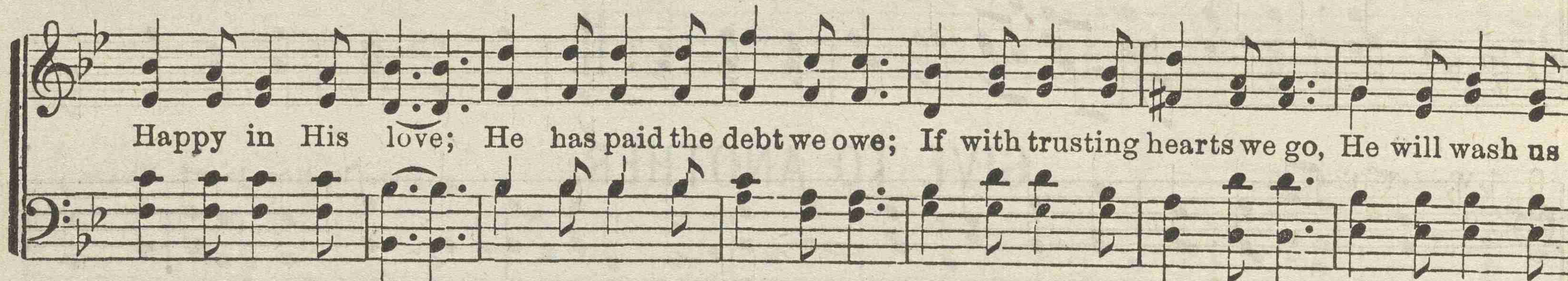
Freely God His mercy give, Grace is freely flowing; Thou wilt reap a sure reward While thy gift bestowing.

HAPPY, EVER HAPPY.

Music by WM. G. FISCHER, by per.

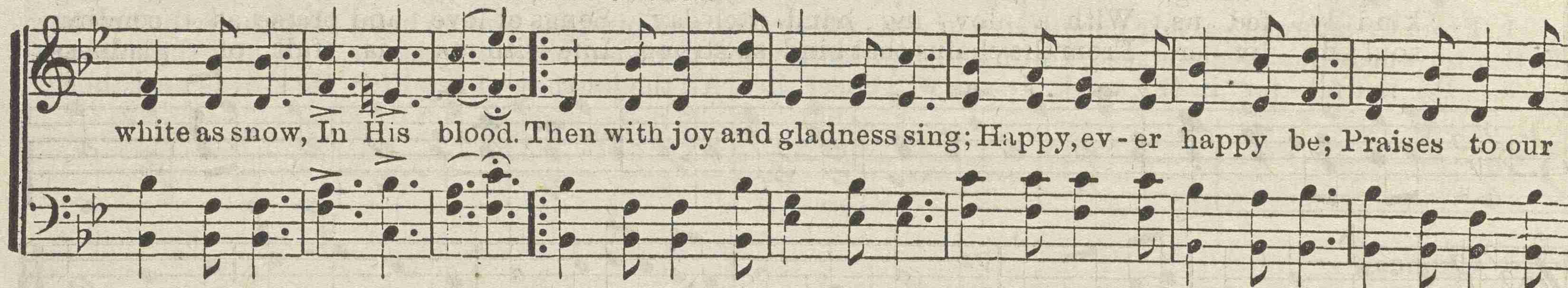


1. Je - sus died up - on the tree, That from sin we might be free, And for - ev - er hap - py be—



Happy in His love; He has paid the debt we owe; If with trusting hearts we go, He will wash us

FULL CHORUS.



white as snow, In His blood. Then with joy and gladness sing; Happy, ev - er happy be; Praises to our



heavenly King—Happy in the Lord.

2.
Lord, we bring our hearts to thee;
Dying love is all our plea;
Thine forever we would be—
Jesus, ever thine;
Jesus smiles and bids us come;
In his loving arms there's room,
And he'll bear us safely home,
Home above. *Cho.*

3.
When we reach that shining shore,
All our suffering will be o'er,
And we'll sigh and weep no more,
In that land of love;
But in robes of spotless white,
And with crowns of glory bright,
We will range the fields of light,
Evermore. *Cho.*

ANNIVERSARY HYMN.

23

Words by JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

"For lo the winter is past." Solomon's Song. 2: 11.

Music by Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP.

1. See the earth from bond-age breaking, Wears no more an i - cy chain; See the fields from
 2. Safe - ly has the Fa - ther led us All a - long our pilgrim way; From His bounty
 3. Thou who bid'st the rill and riv - er Sing their glad tri - umphant song, Come, and ev - 'ry

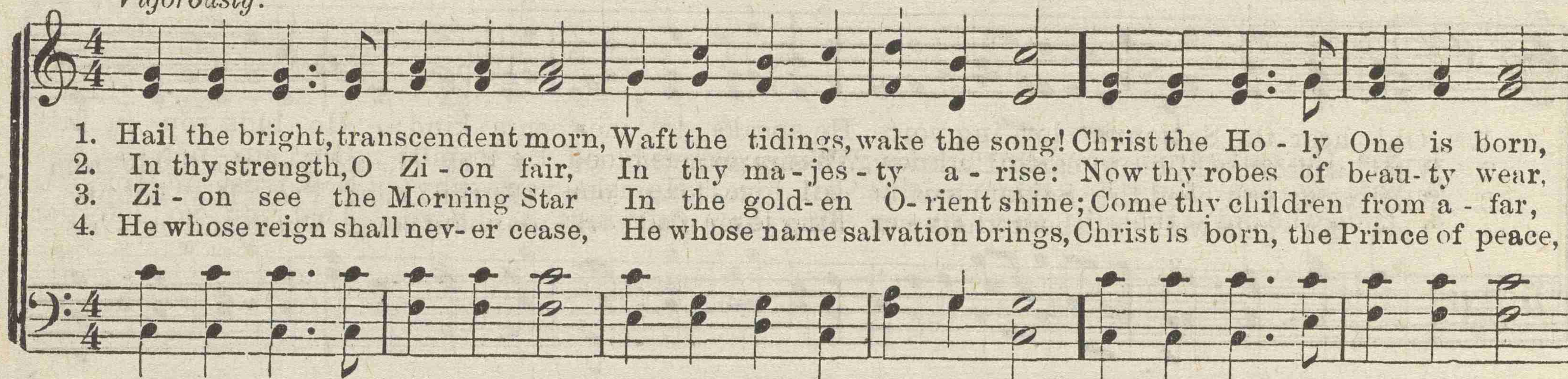
sleep a - waking, All the love - ly hues re - gain. Valleys, hills, and moun-tains glowing,
 kind - ly fed us, With a lov - ing hand each day. Songs of love and praise as - cending,
 soul de - liv - er, From the chains that bind so strong. Life with us is full of gladness,

In the sunshine of God's love, Rivers to the o - cean flowing. Tell of One who rules a - bove.
 From these grateful hearts of ours, Brighter hues to earth are lending, Sweeter incense to the flowers.
 Faith and love il - lume our days, Songs can have no touch of sadness, When the heart is full of praise.

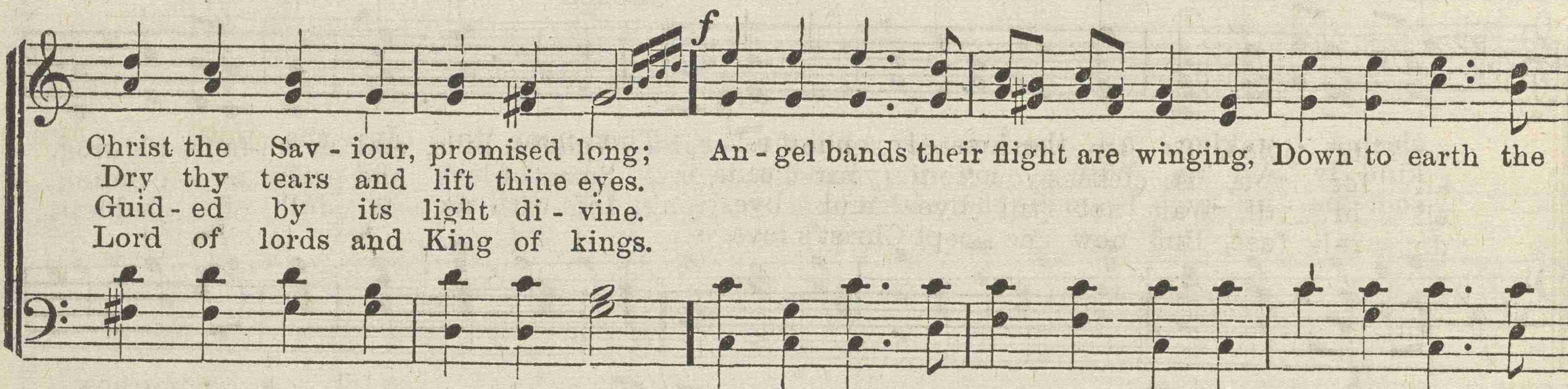
HAIL TO THE MORN!

Words by F. C.
Vigorously.

WM. F. SHERWIN.



1. Hail the bright, transcendent morn, Waft the tidings, wake the song! Christ the Ho - ly One is born,
 2. In thy strength, O Zi - on fair, In thy ma - jes - ty a - rise: Now thy robes of beau - ty wear,
 3. Zi - on see the Morning Star In the gold - en O - rient shine; Come thy children from a - far,
 4. He whose reign shall nev - er cease, He whose name salvation brings, Christ is born, the Prince of peace,



Christ the Sav - iour, promised long; An - gel bands their flight are winging, Down to earth the
 Dry thy tears and lift thine eyes.
 Guid - ed by its light di - vine.
 Lord of lords and King of kings.

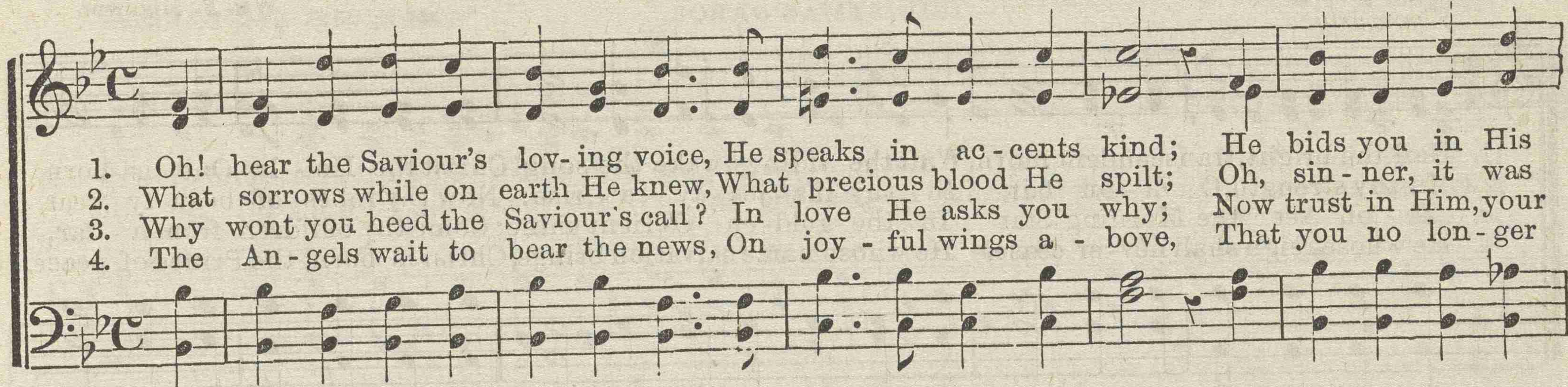


An - them sing - ing, "Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry be to God on high!"

COME NOW.

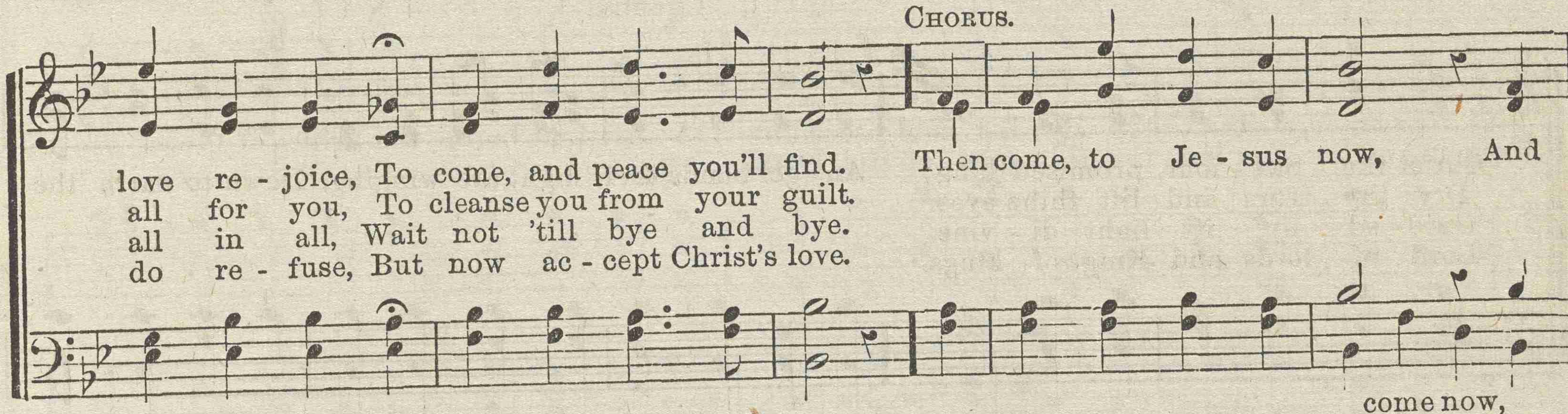
25

Words and Music by JUAN ALZAMORA, by per.



1. Oh! hear the Saviour's lov-ing voice, He speaks in ac-cents kind; He bids you in His
 2. What sorrows while on earth He knew, What precious blood He spilt; Oh, sin-ner, it was
 3. Why wont you heed the Saviour's call? In love He asks you why; Now trust in Him, your
 4. The An-gels wait to bear the news, On joy-ful wings a-bove, That you no lon-ger

CHORUS.



love re-joice, To come, and peace you'll find. Then come, to Je-sus now, And
 all for you, To cleanse you from your guilt.
 all in all, Wait not 'till bye and bye.
 do re-fuse, But now ac-cept Christ's love.

come now,



make this solemn vow, That you to Him your heart will give, And in His ser-vice live.

this vow,

GLORY TO GOD.

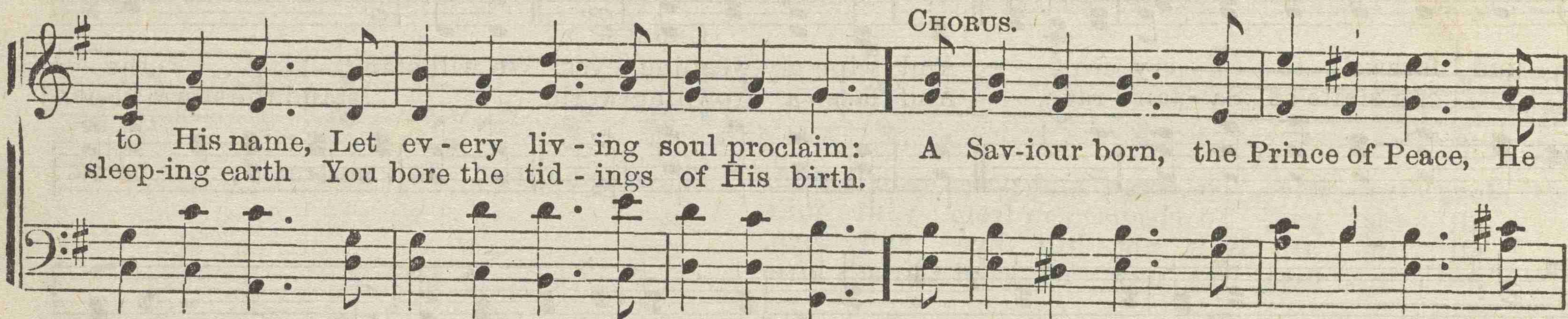
Words by F. V.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Music by MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP.



1. A Saviour born, a might-y King! Let mor-tal tongues with rapture sing All praise and glo-ry
2. Oh, strike your harps, ye an-gel-throng, Re-peat the sto-ry in your song; How joy-ful to the



CHORUS.
to His name, Let ev-ery liv-ing soul proclaim: A Sav-iour born, the Prince of Peace, He
sleep-ing earth You bore the tid-ings of His birth.



comes the cap-tive to release; He comes to give the weary rest, In Him shall all the world be blest.

3 In Him the beams of light divine,
The Father's radiant glories shine;
Through Him, salvation pure and free,
The deaf shall hear, the blind shall see. *Cho.*

4 A Saviour born, ye isles afar,
Behold the bright and morning star!
The Son of David reigns above—
His sceptre peace; His kingdom love. *Cho.*

"TITLE CLEAR."

27

From "Additional Fresh Leaves."

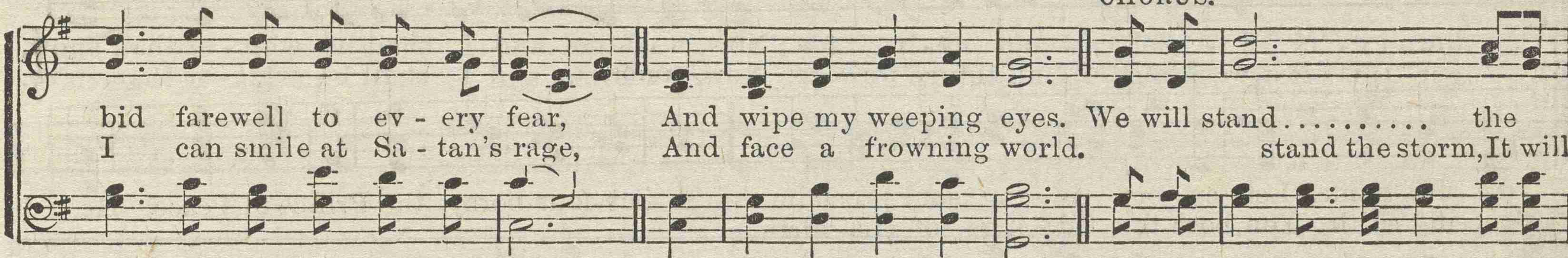
Rearranged, with Chorus, by T. C. O'KANE.

By per. of PHILIP PHILLIPS.

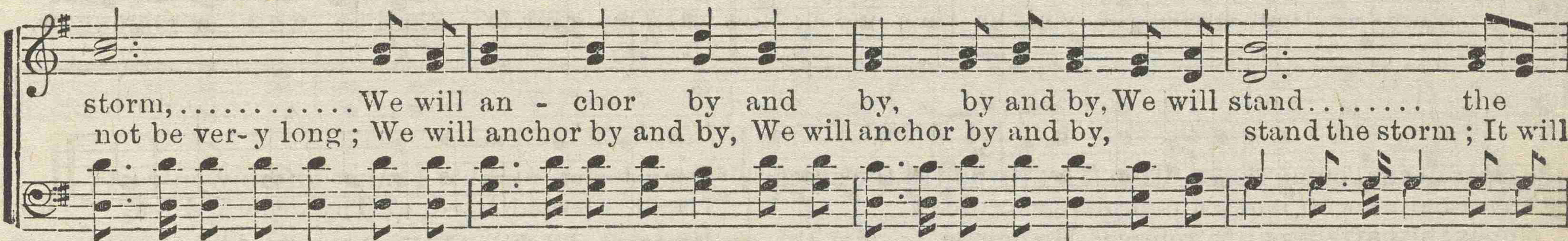


1. When I can read my ti - tle clear, ti - tle clear To mansions in the skies, in the skies, I'll
2. Should earth against my soul en - gage, soul engage, And fie - ry darts be hurl'd, darts be hurl'd, Then

CHORUS.



bid farewell to ev - ery fear, And wipe my weeping eyes. We will stand..... the
I can smile at Sa - tan's rage, And face a frowning world. stand the storm, It will



storm,..... We will an - chor by and by, by and by, We will stand..... the
not be ver - y long; We will anchor by and by, We will anchor by and by, stand the storm; It will



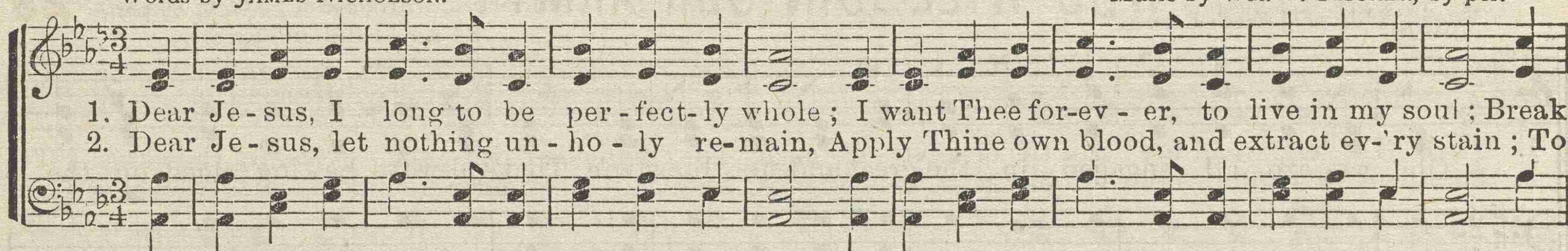
storm..... We will an - chor by and by, by and by.
not be ver - y long,

- 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.

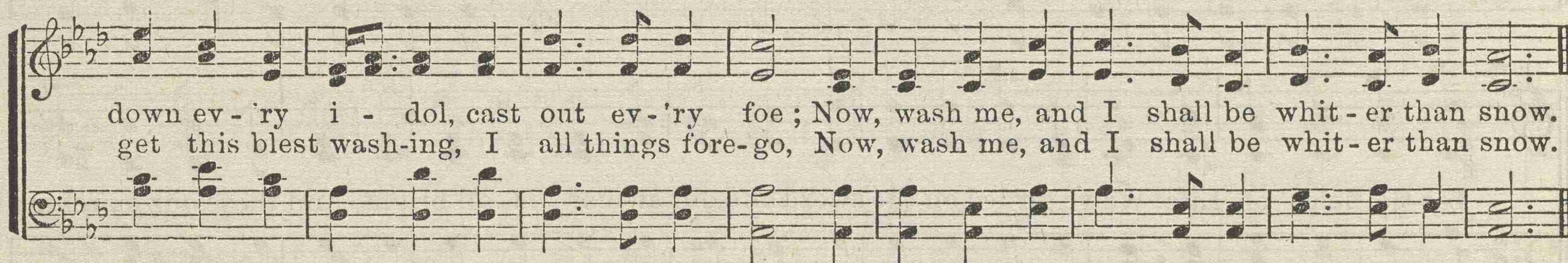
WHITER THAN SNOW.

Words by JAMES NICHOLSON.

Music by WM. G. FISCHER, by per.



1. Dear Je-sus, I long to be per-fect-ly whole ; I want Thee for-ev - er, to live in my soul ; Break
2. Dear Je-sus, let nothing un - ho - ly re-main, Apply Thine own blood, and extract ev-'ry stain ; To



down ev - 'ry i - dol, cast out ev-'ry foe ; Now, wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.
get this blest wash-ing, I all things fore-go, Now, wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

CHORUS.



Whit - er than snow, yes, whit-er than snow ; Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er 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.

Cho.—Whiter than snow, &c.

4 Dear Jesus, Thou see'st I patiently writ :
Come now, and within me, a new heart create,
To those who have sought Thee, Thou never saidst no—
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow

Cho.—Whiter than snow, &c.

5 Dear Jesus, for this I must 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. *Cho.*

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.

Cho.—Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow,
Dear Jesus, Thy blood makes me whiter than snow.

Words by KATE CAMERON.

WHO WILL JOIN OUR ARMY?

HUBERT P. MAIN, by per.

29

Lively.

1. Oh! we are all engaged in the great and no - ble strife, That's al-ways be - ing waged on the

bat-tle field of Life: We've girded on the sword and our ar-mor is all bright, And these our marching

CHORUS.

words "For the Truth and for the Right." O come and join our ar - my, O come and join our ar-my, O

come and join our army, And fight for Truth and Right.

2 Our leader is the Lord, in the greatness of His might,
The Spirit is the sword that shall conquer in the fight,
No weapons could avail us that were of earthly power
When hosts of sin assail us, and trying is the hour. *Cho.*

3 Then let us look to Jesus whose arm is strong to save,
And who alone can free us from death and from the grave
And when the strife is ended our glory then shall be
By angel bands attended, dear Lord, to rise to Thee. *Cho.*

NEAR THE CROSS.

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE, hy per.

1. Je - sus, keep me near the cross, There a precious fountain, Free to all, a healing stream,
 2. Near the Cross, a trembling soul, Love and mer - cy found me; There the bright and morning star

CHORUS.

Flows from Calvary's mountain. In the Cross, In the Cross, Be my glo - ry ev - er; Till my raptured
 Shed its beams around me.

soul shall find Rest be - yond the riv - er.

3 Near the Cross! oh, Lamb of God,
 Bring its scenes before me;
 Help me walk from day to day
 With its shadow o'er me.—CHO.

4 Near the Cross I'll watch and wait
 Hoping, trusting ever;
 Till I reach the golden strand,
 Just beyond the river.—CHO.

GLORY TO JEHOVAH.

31

Composed for this Work by WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. Glo - ry be to God the Fa - ther! Glo - ry be to God the Son! Glo - ry
2. Glo - ry be to Him that loved us, Washed us from each spot and stain! Glo - ry

The first system of music consists of a treble and bass staff in 4/4 time. The treble staff contains two melodic lines, and the bass staff contains two bass lines. The lyrics are written below the staves, with the first line of music corresponding to the first line of lyrics and the second line of music corresponding to the second line of lyrics.

be to God the Spir - it! Great Je - ho - vah, three in one! Glo - ry! glo - ry!
be to Him who bought us, Made us kings with Him to reign! Glo - ry! glo - ry!

The second system of music continues the melody from the first system. It features a treble and bass staff with two melodic lines each. The lyrics are written below the staves, with the first line of music corresponding to the first line of lyrics and the second line of music corresponding to the second line of lyrics.

While e - ter - nal a - ges run, Glo - ry! glo - ry! While e - ter - nal a - ges run!
To the Lamb that once was slain, Glo - ry! glo - ry! To the Lamb that once was slain!

The third system of music concludes the piece. It features a treble and bass staff with two melodic lines each. The lyrics are written below the staves, with the first line of music corresponding to the first line of lyrics and the second line of music corresponding to the second line of lyrics. The music ends with a double bar line.

BLESSED ASSURANCE.

Music by MRS. J. F. KNAPP.

1. Blessed as - surance, Jesus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal -

CHORUS.

- va - tion, purchased of God, Born of His Spir - it, washed in His blood. This is my sto - ry, this is my

song, Praising my Sav - iour all the day long; This is my sto - ry, this is my

song, Praising my Saviour all the day long.

2 Perfect submission, perfect delight,
Visions of rapture burst on my sight,
Angels descending, bring from above,
Echoes of mercy, whispers of love. *Cho.*

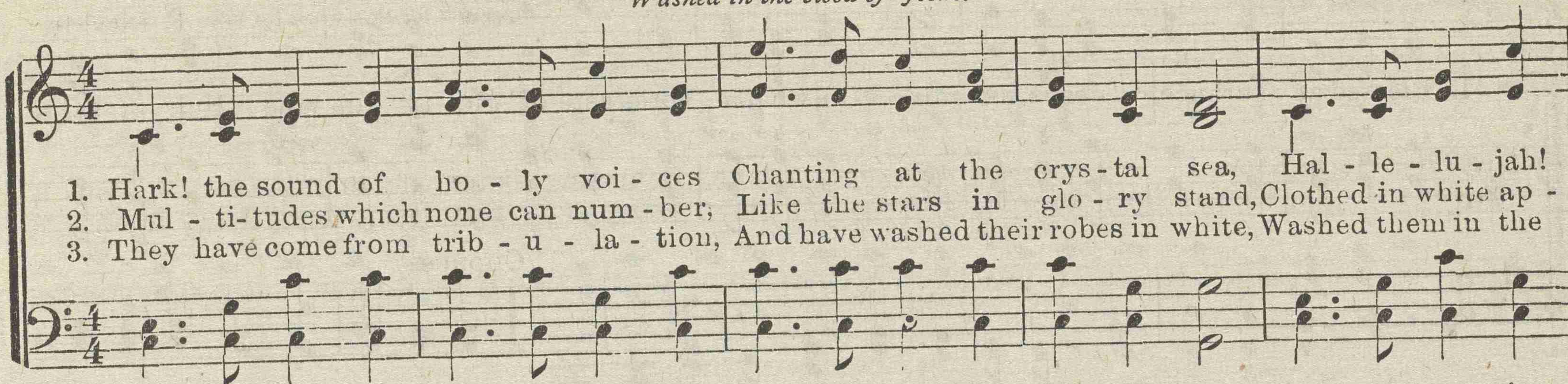
3 Perfect submission, all is at rest,
I in my Saviour am happy and blest,
Watching and waiting, looking above,
Filled with His goodness, lost in His love. *Cho.*

SONG OF REDEMPTION.

33

"Washed in the blood of Jesus."

W. H. DOANE.



1. Hark! the sound of ho - ly voi - ces Chanting at the crys - tal sea, Hal - le - lu - jah!
2. Mul - ti - tudes which none can num - ber, Like the stars in glo - ry stand, Clothed in white ap -
3. They have come from trib - u - la - tion, And have washed their robes in white, Washed them in the

CHORUS.



Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Lord, to Thee. Ev - er chanting Hal - le - lu - jah!
par - el, standing, Vic - tor's palms in ev - ery hand.
blood of Je - sus, Tried they were and firm they stood.



Hal - le - lu - jah! Lord, to Thee, Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Lord, to Thee.

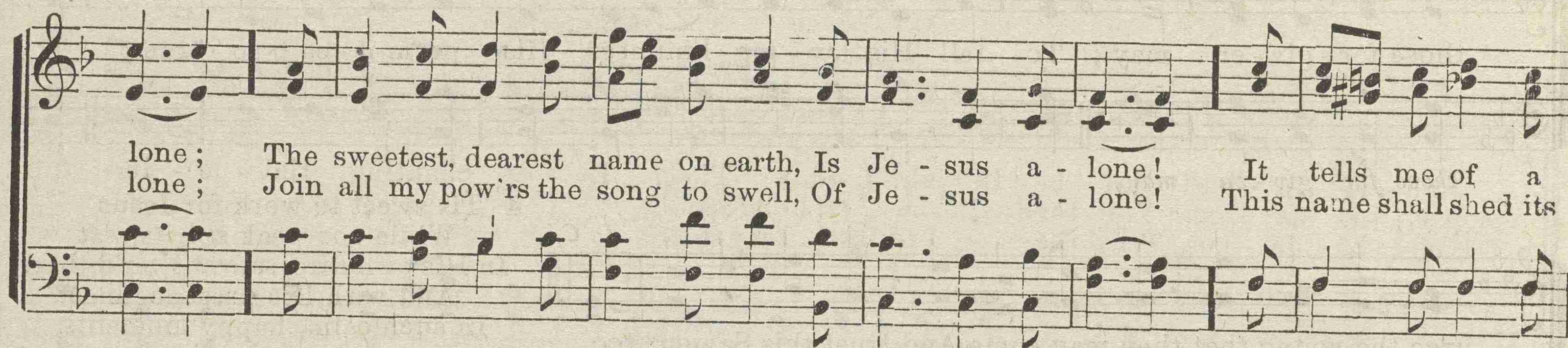
JESUS ALONE.

Altered from Whitfield.

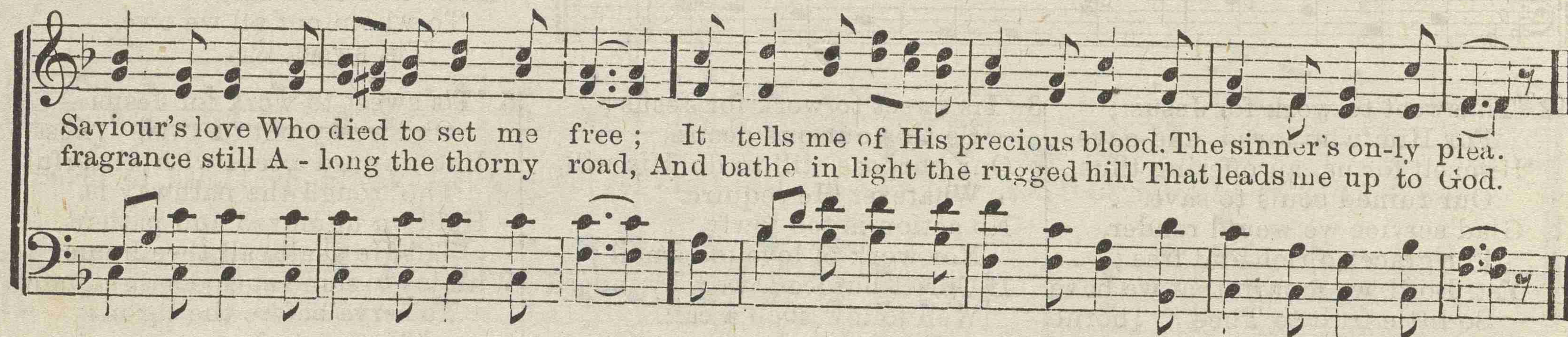
Composed for this work by WM. F. SHERWIN.



1. There is a name I love to hear, Je - sus a - lone. Sounding like music to mine ear; Je - sus a -
 2. Je - sus, the name I love so well, Je - sus a - lone; Long as I live His praise I'll tell. Je - sus a -



lone; The sweetest, dearest name on earth, Is Je - sus a - lone! It tells me of a
 lone; Join all my pow'rs the song to swell, Of Je - sus a - lone! This name shall shed its

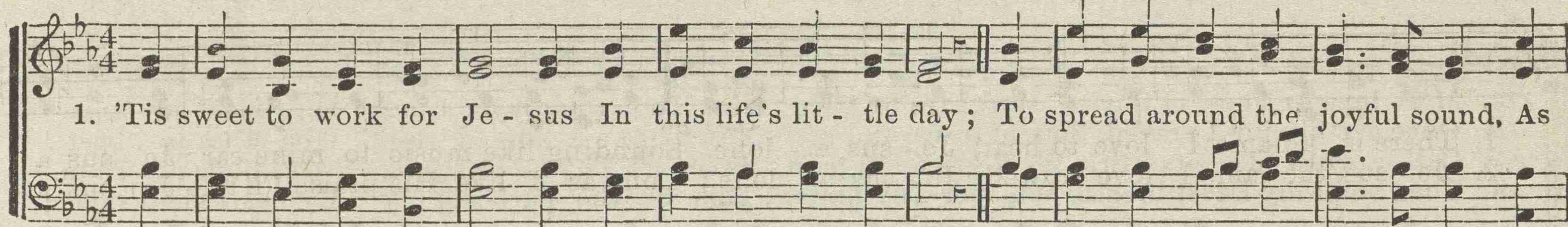


Saviour's love Who died to set me free; It tells me of His precious blood. The sinner's on-ly plea.
 fragrance still A - long the thorny road, And bathe in light the rugged hill That leads me up to God.

'TIS SWEET TO WORK FOR JESUS."

35

By per. WM. F. SHERWIN. 1873.



1. 'Tis sweet to work for Je - sus In this life's lit - tle day ; To spread around the joyful sound, As

1. 'Tis sweet to work for Je - sus In this life's lit - tle day ; To spread a - round the joy - ful sound, As



those for - giv - en may ; To tell His lov - ing - kindness, His prom - is - es so true ; To

those for - giv - en may.



urge the young that they may come And trust this Saviour too.

4 'Tis sweet to work for Jesus
While our weak spirits rest
In His own care, safe shelter'd there,
And with His presence blest.
In such calm, happy moments,
No greater joy we know :
Redeemed from sin, we live for Him
To whom our all we owe.
'Tis sweet, &c.

2 'Tis sweet to work for Jesus ;
For Him who loved, and gave
Himself for us, an offering thus,
Our ruined souls to save.
Glad service we would render,
For grace so rich and free ;
Yet, Lord, we mourn that we have
So little fruit to Thee. [borne
'Tis sweet, &c.

3 'Tis sweet to work for Jesus ;
Be this our one desire,
Our purpose still to do His will,
Whatever He require.
No action is too lowly,
Nor work of love too small ;
If Christ but lead, we may indeed
Well follow such a call.
'Tis sweet, &c.

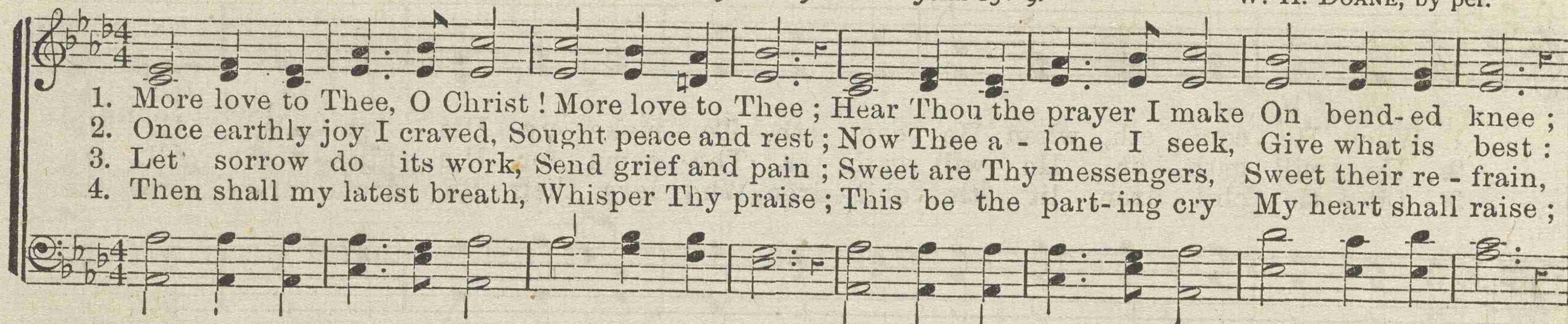
5 'Tis sweet to work for Jesus—
Oh ! weary not of this, [ness ;
But onward press with cheerful-
Tho' rough the pathway is.
Hold on unmoved and patient,
Till He shall call thee home,
With joy to stand at God's right hand
To serve before the throne.
'Tis sweet, &c.

MORE LOVE TO THEE, O CHRIST.

Words by Mrs. E. PRENTISS.

"Continue ye in my love." John 15: 9.

W. H. DOANE, by per.



1. More love to Thee, O Christ! More love to Thee; Hear 'Thou the prayer I make On bend-ed knee;
2. Once earthly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a-lone I seek, Give what is best:
3. Let sorrow do its work, Send grief and pain; Sweet are Thy messengers, Sweet their re-frain,
4. Then shall my latest breath, Whisper Thy praise; This be the part-ing cry My heart shall raise;



This is my earnest plea, More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee! More love to Thee!
 This all my prayer shall be, More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee! More love to Thee!
 When they can sing with me,—More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee! More love to Thee!
 This still its prayer shall be: More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee! More love to Thee!

LOVING JESUS. (Sentence.)

Words by C. WESLEY.

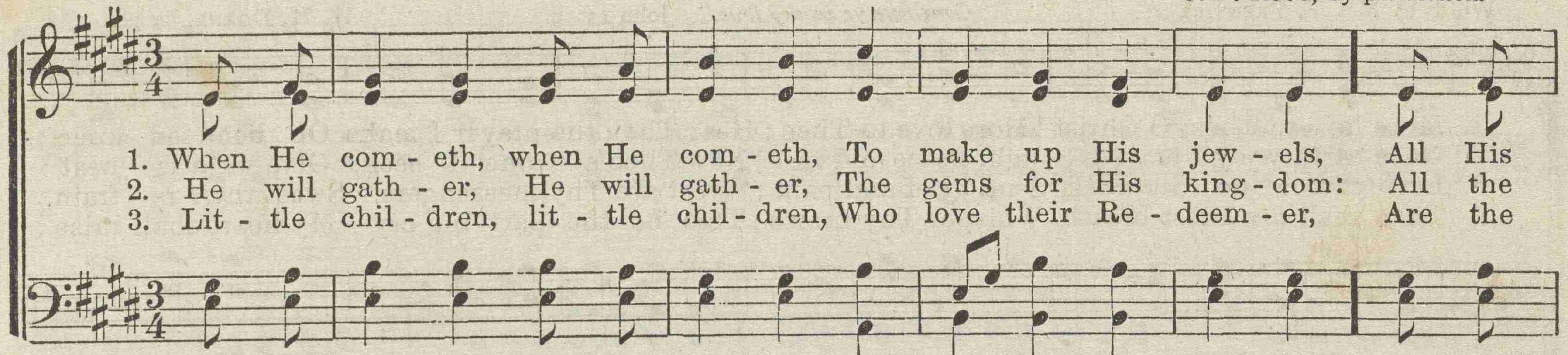
Music by Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP.
ritard.


1. Loving Je-sus, gentle Lamb, In Thy gracious hands I am; Make me, Saviour, what Thou art, Live Thyself within my heart.
2. I shall then show forth Thy praise, Serve Thee all my happy days; Then the world shall always see, Christ the holy child in me.

JEWELS.

37

G. F. Root, by permission.



1. When He com - eth, when He com - eth, To make up His jew - els, All His
 2. He will gath - er, He will gath - er, The gems for His king - dom: All the
 3. Lit - tle chil - dren, lit - tle chil - dren, Who love their Re - deem - er, Are the

CHORUS.



jew - els, precious jew - els, His lov'd and His own. Like the stars of the morning, His
 pure ones, all the brightones, His lov'd and His own.
 jew - els, precious jew - els, His lov'd and His own.



bright crown a - dorn - ing, They shall shine in their beau - ty, Bright gems for His crown.

38

"SHALL WE GATHER AT THE RIVER?"

Words on page 54 Hymn 52.

Rev. R. LOWRY, by per.

The musical score for "Shall We Gather at the River?" is written for two staves. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is primarily composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests. The accompaniment consists of chords and single notes, often beamed together. A dynamic marking of *p* (piano) is present in the second system.

PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11s.

Words on page 54, Hymn 58.

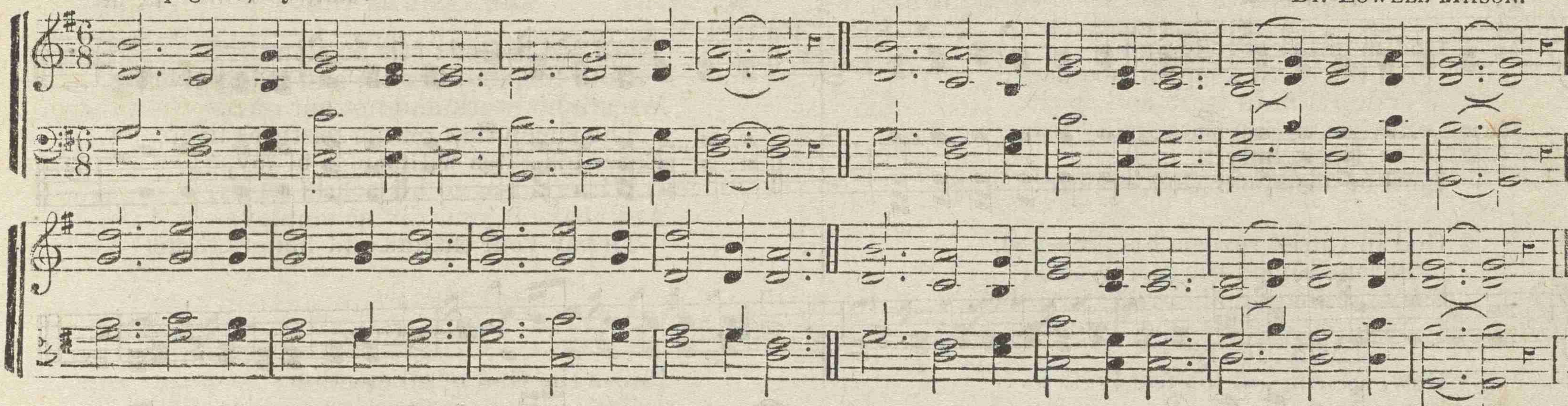
The musical score for "Portuguese Hymn. 11s." is written for two staves. The key signature is one sharp (F-sharp) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests. The accompaniment consists of chords and single notes, often beamed together.

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE. (Bethany.) 6s & 4s.

39

Words on page 55, Hymn 54.

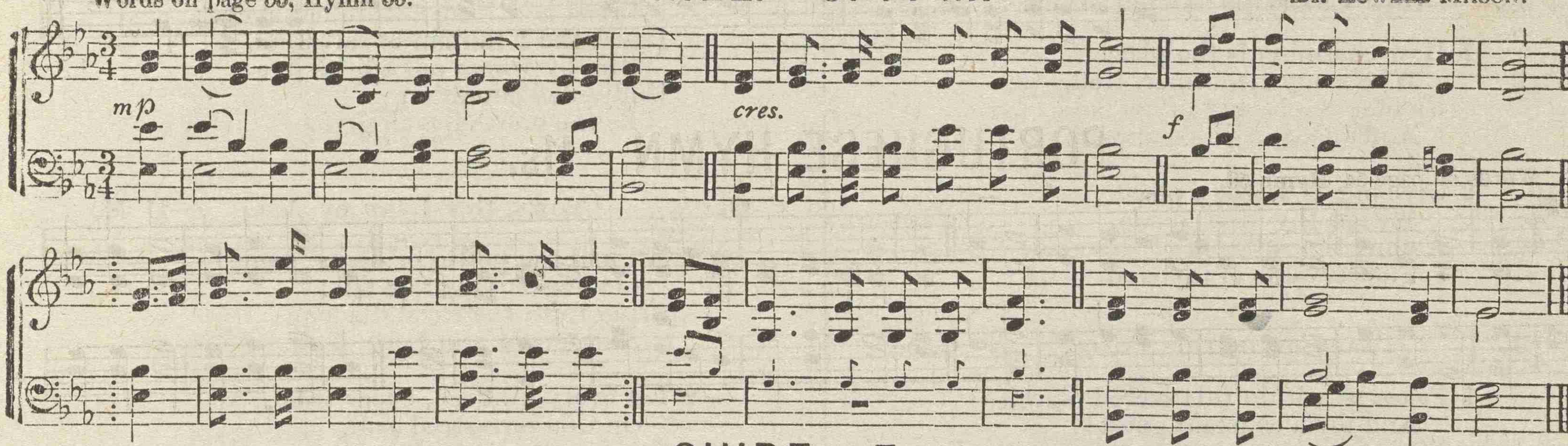
Dr. LOWELL MASON.



ARIEL. C. P. M.

Words on page 55, Hymn 55.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.



GUIDE. 7s.

Words on page 56, Hymn 56.

M. M. WELLS.

D. C.



1. GOD IN HIS TEMPLE. 8s, 7s, & 4s.

- 1 God is in his holy temple;
All the earth keep silence here;
Worship him in truth and spirit;
Rev'ence him with godly fear;
Holy, holy
Lord of hosts, our God, appear!
- 2 God in Christ reveals his presence,
Throned upon the mercy-seat;
Saints, rejoice, and sinners, tremble;
Each prepare his God to meet;
Lowly, lowly
Bow, adoring, at his feet!

2. HOW CHARMING IS THE PLACE. S. M.

- 1 How charming is the place
Where my Redeemer, God,
Unveils the beauty of his face,
And sheds his love abroad.
- 2 Give me, O Lord, a place
Within thy blest abode,
Among the children of thy grace
The servants of my God.

3. PEACE BE IN THIS PLACE. C. M.

- 1 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest!
With holy gifts and heavenly grace
Be her attendants blest!
- 2 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains;
There my best friends, my kindred, dwell;
There God, my Saviour, reigns.

4. THE LORD IS GOD. L. M.

The Lord is God: 'tis he alone
Doth life, and breath, and being give;
We are his work and not our own,
The sheep that on his pastures live.
Enter his gates with songs of joy,
With praises to his courts repair,
And make it your divine employ
To pay your thanks and honors there.

5. PRAISE GOD. 8s & 7a

Praise the God of all creation;
Praise the Father's boundless love;
Praise the Lamb, our expiation,
Priest and King enthroned above:
Praise the Fountain of salvation,
Him by whom our spirits live;
Undivided adoration
To the one Jehovah give.

6. CROWN HIM LORD OF ALL. C. M.

- 1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

7. WORDS OF LONGING. C. M.

O for a heart that never sins!
 O for a soul washed white!
 O for a voice to praise our King,
 Nor weary, day nor night!

8. TO JESUS. L. M.

O Jesus, Lord of light and grace,
 Thou Brightness of the Father's face,
 Thou Fountain of eternal light,
 Whose beams disperse the shades of night
 Come, Holy Sun of heavenly love,
 Come in thy radiance from above,
 And to our inward hearts convey
 The Holy Spirit's cloudless ray.

9. PRAISE. 7s.

- 1 Praise on thee in Zion's gates
 Daily, O Jehovah, waits:
 Unto thee, O God, belong
 Grateful words and holy song.
- 2 Thou dost visit earth, and rain
 Blessings on the thirsty plain,
 From the copious founts on high,
 From the rivers of the sky.
- 3 Thus the clouds thy power confess,
 And thy paths drop fruitfulness,
 And the voice of song and mirth
 Rises from the tribes of earth.

10. JESUS. C. M.

- 1 Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
 My Prophet, Priest, and King,
 My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End
 Accept the praise I bring.

- 2 I would thy boundless love proclaim
 With every fleeting breath;
 So shall the music of thy name
 Refresh my soul in death.

11. PART IN PEACE. 7s.

Part in peace, Christ's life was peace;
 Let us live our life in him:
 Part in peace, Christ's death was peace;
 Let us die our death in him:
 Part in peace, Christ promise gave
 Of a life beyond the grave,
 Where all mortal partings cease:
 Brethren, sisters, part in peace!

12. GREAT THREE IN ONE. 7s & 6s.

- 1 O day of rest and gladness,
 O day of joy and light,
 O balm of care and sadness,
 Most beautiful, most bright;
 On thee, the high and lowly,
 Bending before the throne,
 Sing, Holy, holy, holy,
 To the Great Three in One.
- 2 New graces ever gaining
 From this, our day of rest,
 We reach the rest remaining
 To spirits of the blest.
 To Holy Ghost be praises,
 To Father and to Son;
 The Church her voice upraises
 To thee, blest Three in One.

13. THE ARK. 7s.

- 1 In the ark the weary dove
 Found a welcome resting-place;
 Thus my spirit longs to prove
 Rest in Christ, the Ark of grace:

Tempest-tossed I long have been,
And the flood increases fast;
Open, Lord, and take me in,
Till the storm be overpast!

14. THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS. 7s.

1 While thy glorious name is sung,
Tune our lips—unloose our tongue;
Then our joyful souls shall bless
Thee, the Lord our Righteousness.

2 While to thee our prayers ascend,
Let thine ear in love attend;
Hear us, for thy Spirit pleads—
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

15. THE CREATOR'S PRAISE. L. M.

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

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

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

4 In every land begin the song;
To every land the strains belong:
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise.

16. GRATEFUL ADORATION. L. M.

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

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

3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs;
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise

4 Wide as the world is thy command;
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move

17. OMNIPOTENCE AND WISDOM. L. M.

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

2 Enthroned amid the radiant spheres,
He glory like a garment wears;
To form a robe of light divine,
Ten thousand suns around him shine.

3 In all our Maker's grand designs,
Omnipotence, with wisdom, shines:
His works, through all this wondrous frame,
Declare the glory of his name

- 4 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
Do thou, my soul, his glories sing;
And let his praise employ thy tongue
Till list'ning worlds shall join the song.

18. **TO THE TRINITY.** 6s & 4s.

- 1 Come, thou Almighty King,
Help us thy Name to sing.

Help us to praise:

Father all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of days.

- 2 Jesus, our Lord, arise,
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall;
Let thine almighty aid
Our sure defense be made;
Our souls on thee be stayed;
Lord, hear our call.

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

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

- 5 To the great One and Three,
Eternal praises be
Hence, evermore.
His sov'reign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

19. **CLINGING TO THE CROSS.** 7s.

- 1 Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,—
Save from wrath and make me pure.

- 2 Could my tears forever flow,—
Could my zeal no languor know,—
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save and thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to the cross I cling.

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

20. **LOVER OF MY SOUL.** 7s.

- 1 Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;

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

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

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

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.

21.

JUST AS I AM.

L. M.

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

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

22.

JOY OF THE YOUNG CONVERT.

15th P. M

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

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

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

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

5 O the rapturous height
Of that holy delight
Which I felt in the life-giving blood;
Of my Saviour possess'd,
I was perfectly blest,
As if fill'd with the fullness of God.

23. FAITH SEES THE FINAL TRIUMPH. C. M.

1 Am I a soldier of the cross,—
A foll'wer of the Lamb,—
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

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

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.

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

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of vict'ry through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

24.

LOVE FOR ZION.

S. M.

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.

25. THE PILGRIM'S GUIDE AND GUARDIAN. 87, 87, 47.

- 1 Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land:
I am weak—but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliv'rer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside:
Bear me through the swelling current;
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

26.

COME AND WORSHIP.

8, 7, & 4.

- 1 Angels, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth:
Come and worship,—
Worship Christ, the new-born king.

- 2 Shepherds in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing;
Yonder shines the infant light:
Come and worship,—
Worship Christ, the new-born king.

- 3 Sages, leave your contemplations,—
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of nations;
Ye have seen his natal star:
Come and worship,—
Worship Christ, the new-born king.

- 4 Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In his temple shall appear:
Come and worship,—
Worship Christ, the new-born king.

- 5 Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
Doom'd for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now revokes the sentence,—
Mercy calls you,—break your chains:
Come and worship,—
Worship Christ, the new-born king.

27.

HE COMES.

C. M.

- 1 Hark, the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour, promised long,
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.
- 2 He comes, the pris'ner to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyes oppressed with night
To pour celestial day.

4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The wounded soul to cure,
And, with the treasures of his grace,
T' enrich the humble poor.

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

28. THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.* I. M.

1 When marshaled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone of all the train
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

2 Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.
Deep horror then my vitals froze:
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the star of Bethlehem.

* This beautiful hymn, written by HENRY KIRKE WHITE, is supposed to be descriptive of his own personal experience, first as a skeptic, and subsequently as a Christian believer.

3 It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark foreboding cease;
And through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.
Now safely moored—my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The Star! the Star of Bethlehem.

29. CHRIST IS BORN. 8s & 7s.

1 Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth his praises sing;
O receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

2 Hasten mortals to adore him;
Learn his name, and taste his joy;
Till in heaven ye sing before him,—
Glory be to God most high!

30. THE ANGELS' SONG. C. M.

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold:
"Peace to the earth, good-will to man,
From heaven's all-gracious King:"
The earth in solemn stillness lay,
To hear the angels sing.

31. THE DIVINE TEACHER. L. M.

1 How sweetly flow'd the gospel's sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
While listening thousands gather'd round,
And joy and rev'rence fill'd the place.

- 2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his foll'wers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.
- 3 Come, wand'ers, to my Father's home;
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest.
Yes, sacred Teacher! we will come,
Obey and be forever blest.
- 4 Decay, then, tenements of dust!
Pillars of earthly pride decay!
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

32. WHERE IS HE?

- 1 O where is He that trod the sea;
O where is He that spake,
And demons from their victims flee,
The dead from slumber wake!
- 2 Here, here art Thou, Almighty Lord.
O speak to us once more,
And let Thy healing, quickening word,
Our ruined souls restore!

33. IT IS FINISHED. 8th P. M. 87, 87, 47.

- 1 Hark! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See! it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky;
It is finish'd:—
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

- 2 It is finish'd! O what pleasure
Do these precious words afford!
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord:
It is finish'd:—
Saints, the dying words record.
- 3 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join to Praise Immanuel's name;
It is finished:—
Glory to the bleeding lamb.

34. ON THE CROSS.

- 1 Behold! behold! the Lamb of God,
On the cross, on the cross!
For you he shed his precious blood,
On the cross, on the cross!
Now hear his all-important cry,
"Eloi lama sabacthani!"
Draw near and see your Saviour die,
On the cross, on the cross!
- 2 Come, sinners, see him lifted up,
On the cross, on the cross!
He drinks for you the bitter cup,
On the cross, on the cross!
To heaven he turns his languid eyes;
"'Tis finished!" now the conqueror cries,
Then bows his sacred head and died,
On the cross, on the cross!
- 3 Let every mourner come and cling
To the cross, to the cross!
Let ev'ry Christian come and sing,
Round the cross, round the cross.

Here let the preacher take his stand,
And with the Bible in his hand,
Proclaim the triumphs of the Lamb,
On the cross, on the cross!

35. DYING, RISING, REIGNING. L. M.

- 1 He dies! the Friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
A solemn darkness fills the skies,
A sudden trembling shakes the ground:
Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
For him who groan'd beneath your load;
He shed a thousand drops for you,—
A thousand drops of richer blood.
- 2 Here's love and grief beyond degree:
The Lord of glory dies for man!
But lo! what sudden joys we see:
Jesus, the dead, revives again.
The rising God forsakes the tomb;
(In vain the tomb forbids his rise;)
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.
- 3 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high your great Deliv'rer reigns;
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the monster death in chains:
Say, Live forever, wondrous King!
Born to redeem, and strong to save;
Then ask the monster, Where's thy sting?
And, Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?

36. EASTER. 4 lines 7s.

- 1 Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Our triumphant holy-day;
He endured the cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save.

- 2 Lo, he rises, mighty King!
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
Lo, he claims his native sky!
Grave, where is thy victory?

- 3 Sinners, see your ransom paid,
Peace with God forever made;
With your risen Saviour rise,
Claim with him the purchased skies.

- 4 Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Our triumphant holy-day;
Loud the song of victory raise;
Shout the great Redeemer's praise.

37. KING OF KINGS AND LORD OF LORDS. C. M.

- 1 The head that once was crowned with thorns
Is crowned with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.
- 2 The highest place that heaven affords
Is to our Jesus given;
The King of kings and Lord of lords,
He reigns o'er earth and heaven,
- 3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom he manifests his love,
And grants his name to know.

38. THE FULL ASSURANCE OF HOPE. C. M.

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

A country far from mortal sight,
Yet, O, by faith I see;
The land of rest, the saints' delight,—
The heaven prepared for me.

2 O what a blessed hope is ours;
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And antedate that day:
We feel the resurrection near,—
Our life in Christ conceal'd,—
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels fill'd.

3 O would he more of heaven bestow!
And when the vessels break,
Let our triumphant spirits go
To grasp the God we seek;
In rapturous awe on Him to gaze,
Who bought the sight for me;
And shout and wonder at his grace
To all eternity.

39. THE SONG OF JUBILEE. 8 lines 7s.

1 Hark! the song of jubilee;
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fullness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore:
Hallelujah! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign;
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

2 Hallelujah! hark! the sound,
From the center to the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies:

See Jehovah's banners furled;
Sheathed his sword: he speaks—'tis done,
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of his Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have pass'd away:
Then the end;—beneath his rod
Man's last enemy shall fall;
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all.

40.

SEND THE GOSPEL.

8, 7, 4.

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 shore 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 thy scepter,
Saviour, all the world around.

41.

THE JUBILEE TRUMPET. 4 6s & 2 8s.

- 1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made:
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 3 Extol the Lamb of God,—
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in his blood
Throughout the world proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live.
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 5 Ye who have sold for naught
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 6 The gospel trumpet hear—
The news of heavenly grace;

And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

42.

THE CRY OF THE HEATHEN. 76, 76, 76, 76.

- 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 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.
- 3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation!—O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.
- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:

Till o'er our ransom'd nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

43. CHRIST'S UNIVERSAL AND EVERLASTING KINGDOM. L. M.

- 1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run;
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moon shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 From north to south the princes meet,
To pay their homage at his feet;
While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend his word.
- 3 To him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.
- 4 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

44. EXTENSION OF THE GOSPEL. L. M.

- 1 Exert thy power, thy rights maintain,
Almighty, everlasting King!
The influence of thy crown increase,
And strangers to thy footstool bring.
- 2 In one vast symphony of praise
Gentile and Jew shall then unite,
And unbelief no longer reign,
But sink in shades of endless night.

- 3 Then Afric's liberated sons
Shall chant to Asia's rapturous song
Europe resound her Saviour's fame,
And western climes the notes prolong

- 4 To every land beneath the sun
Immanuel's kingdom shall extend;
And every man in every clime
Shall meet a brother and a friend.

45. A PRAYER.

O for a trumpet voice,
On all the world to call,
To bid their hearts rejoice
In Him who died for all:
For all, my Lord was crucified;
For all, for all, my Saviour died.

46. KING OF KINGS. L. M.

- 1 Kingdoms and thrones to God belong;
Crown him, ye nations, in your song;
His wondrous names and powers rehearse:
His honors shall enrich your verse.
- 2 Proclaim him King, pronounce him blest;
He's your defense, your joy, your rest;
When terrors rise, and nations faint,
God is the strength of every saint.

47. HEAVEN.

- 1 Ten thousand times ten thousand,
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the steeps of light:

'Tis finished, all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin:
Fling open wide the golden gates
And let the victors in.

2 What rush of hallelujahs
Fills all the earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
O day for which creation
And all its tribes were made!
O joy, for all its former woes
A thousand fold repaid!

3 O, then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore,
What knitting severed friendships up,
Where partings are no more!
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle,
That brimmed with tears of late;
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

48. JERUSALEM, MY HAPPY HOME. C. M.

1 Jerusalem, my happy home,
O how I long for thee!
When will my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

2 Thy walls are all of precious stone,
Most glorious to behold;
Thy gates are richly set with pearl,
Thy streets are paved with gold.

3 Reach down, O Lord, thine arm of grace,
And cause me to ascend
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths never end.

4 Jesus, my Lord, to glory's gone;
Him will I go and see,
And all my brethren here below,
Will soon come after me!

5 When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we first begun.

49. REST IN HEAVEN. S. M.

1 Forever blessed they
Whose joyful feet shall stand,
While endless ages fade away,
Amid that glorious land!

2 My soul would thither tend
While toilsome years are given;
Then let me, gracious God, ascend
To sweet repose in heaven!

50. PRECIOUSNESS OF THE BIBLE. C. M.

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

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
In this dark vale of tears;
And life, and light, and joy imparts,
And banishes our fears.

3 This lamp through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

51.

OUR NATIVE LAND.

1 God bless our native land!
 Firm may she ever stand
 Through storm and night:
 When the wild tempests rave,
 Ruler of wind and wave,
 Do thou our country save
 By thy great might!

2 For her our prayer shall rise
 To God, above the skies;
 On him we wait:
 Thou who art ever nigh,
 Guarding with watchful eye,
 To thee aloud we cry,
 God save the State!

52. "SHALL WE GATHER AT THE RIVER?"

(Tune, page 38.)

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

CHORUS.

Yes, we'll gather at the river,
 The beautiful, beautiful river,
 Gather with the saints at the river
 That flows by the throne of God.

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

Chorus.

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

Chorus.

4 At the smiling of the river,
 Mirror of the Saviour's face,
 Saints whom death will never sever
 Lift their songs of saving grace.

Chorus.

5 Soon we'll reach the silver river,
 Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
 Soon our happy hearts will quiver
 With the melody of peace.

Chorus.

53.

PORTUGUESE HYMN.

11s.

(Tune, page 38.)

1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
 Is laid for your faith in his excellent word;
 What more can he say than to you he hath said,—
 To you who for refuge to Jesus have fled?

2 In every condition, in sickness, and health,
 In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,
 At home or abroad, on the land, on the sea,
 "As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be."

3 "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismay'd;
 I now am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
 I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
 Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

- 4 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee o'erflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 5 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
- 6 "Even down to old age, all my people shall prove
Impartial, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall thy temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.
- 7 "The soul that on Jesus doth lean 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."

54. NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE. 6s & 4s.
(Tune, page 39.)

- 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, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.
- 2 Though like a wanderer,
Daylight all gone,
Darkness be over me
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, &c.

- 3 There let the way appear,
Steps up to heaven;
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given,
Angels to beckon me,
Nearer, my God, &c.

- 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, &c.

- 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, &c.

55. THE UNSEARCHABLE RICHES OF CHRIST. C. P. M.
(Tune, page 39.)

- 1 Oh, could I speak the matchless worth,
Oh, could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine!
I'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel, while he sings,
In notes almost divine.
- 2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine:
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

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

4 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.—*Medley.*

56. "HE WILL GUIDE US INTO ALL TRUTH." 7s.
(Tune, page 39.)

- 1 Holy Spirit, faithful Guide,
Ever near the Christian's side;
Gently lead us by the hand,
Pilgrims in a desert land.
Weary souls fore'er rejoice
While they hear that sweetest voice,
Whisp'ring softly, Wand'rer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.
- 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;
Whisper 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,
Wondering if our names are there;

Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading naught but Jesus' blood;
Whisper softly, Wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

57. "FAR, FAR AT SEA."

- 1 Star of peace to wanderers weary!
Bright the beams that smile on me,
Cheer the pilot's vision dreary,
Far, far at sea.
- 2 Star of hope! gleam on the billow;
Bless the soul that sighs for Thee;
Bless the sailor's lonely pillow,
Far, far at sea.
- 3 Star of faith! when winds are mocking
All his toil, he flies to Thee;
Save him on the billows rocking,
Far, far at sea.
- 4 Star Divine! oh, safely guide him,
Bring the wanderer home to Thee;
Sore temptations long have tried him,
Far, far at sea.

58. AMERICA. 6s & 4s.

- 1 My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

2 My native country, thee—
Land of the noble, free—
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break—
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

S. F. SMITH.

59. THE WATCHMAN'S REPORT. 8 lines 7s.

- 1 Watchman, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are;
Trav'ler, o'er yon mountain's height
See the glory beaming star.
Watchman, does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Trav'ler, yes, it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.
- 2 Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Trav'ler, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.

Watchman, will its beams, alone,
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Trav'ler, 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;
Trav'ler, darkness takes its flight;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wand'ring cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Trav'ler, lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! The Son of God is come.

60.

"HAVE FAITH IN GOD."

6s & 4s.

- 1 My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
Oh, let me from this day
Be wholly thine.
- 2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart;
My zeal inspire:
As thou hast died for me
Oh, may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be—
A living fire.
- 3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day;
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

61.

ONWARD.

P. M.

- 1 Breast the wave, Christian,
When it is strongest;
Watch for day, Christian,
When the night's longest.
Onward and onward still
Be thine endeavor,
The rest that remaineth
Shall be forever.
- 2 Fight the fight, Christian,
Jesus is o'er thee,—
Run the race, Christian,
Heaven is before thee.
He that hath promised
Faltereth never—
The love of eternity
Flows on forever.
- 3 Lift the eye, Christian,
Just as it closeth;
Raise the heart, Christian,
Ere it reposeth.
Thee from the love of Christ
Nothing shall sever,
Mount when thy work is done—
Praise him forever!

62.

JESUS IS MINE.

P. M.

- 1 Pass away, earthly joy,
Jesus is mine!
Break, every mortal tie,
Jesus is mine!
Dark is the wilderness;
Distant the resting place;
Jesus alone can bless:
Jesus is mine!

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

- 3 Fare ye well, dreams of night,
Jesus is mine!
Mine is a dawning bright,
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, a Saviour's breast,
Welcome, ye scenes of rest,
Welcome, ye mansions blest:
Jesus is mine!

63.

AT THE GRAVE.

L. M.

- 1 Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb,
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room
To seek a slumber in the dust.
- 2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
Invade thy bounds: no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here
While angels watch the soft repose.

64.

ONE IN CHRIST JESUS.

S. M.

- 1 Let party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their Head.
- 2 Among the saints on earth
Let mutual love be found;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crown'd.
- 3 Thus will the Church below
Resemble that above,
Where streams of bliss forever flow,
And every heart is love.

65.

GOD ETERNAL.

4 lines 7s

- 1 God eternal, Lord of all!
Lowly at thy feet we fall;
All the world doth worship thee;
We amidst the throng would be.
- 2 All the holy angels cry,
"Hail, thrice holy, God most high!"
Lord of all the heavenly powers,
Be the same loud anthem ours.
- 3 Glorified apostles raise,
Night and day, continual praise;
With thy prophets' goodly line
We in mystic bond combine.
- 4 Martyrs, in a noble host,
Of thy cross are heard to boast;
Since so bright the crown they wear,
We with them thy cross would bear.

- 5 All thy church, in heaven and earth,
Jesus! hail thy spotless birth;
Seated on the judgment-throne,
Number us among thine own.

66.

SWEET HOME.

- 1 Afar from thy home, wanderer, why dost thou stay,
Forgetting the dangers that brood o'er thy way?
O speed thee in haste from a dark ocean grave,
And bid an adieu to the deep rolling wave.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
- 2 In the love of the Saviour, thy haven of rest,
There is gladness and hope for the grief-riven breast.
O, why from that shelter alone shouldst thou roam?
Thy sorrowing spirit needs comfort at home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
- 3 Come, loosen thy anchor, and spread wide thy sail,
Like the wind-flower waving the soft-swelling gale;
In the home of thy spirit a refuge is near,
To assuage every sorrow, sad child of despair.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!

67.

THE DEAD BABES.

C. M

- 1 'Tis Jesus speaks: I fold, says he,
These lambs within my breast;
Protection they shall find in me,
In me be ever blest.
- 2 Death may the bands of life unloose,
But can't dissolve my love;
Millions of infant souls compose
The family above.

68.

THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

- 1 In some way or other the Lord will provide:
 It may not be my way,
 It may not be thy way;
 And yet, in his own way,
 "The Lord will provide."

CHORUS.

Then we'll trust in the Lord,
 And he will provide;
 Yes, we'll trust in the Lord,
 And he will provide.

- 2 At some time or other the Lord will provide:
 It may not be my time,
 It may not be thy time,
 And yet, in his own time,
 "The Lord will provide."

Chorus.

- 3 Despond, then, no longer; the Lord will provide:
 And this be the token—
 No word he hath spoken
 Was ever yet broken—
 "The Lord will provide."

Chorus.

- 4 March on, then, right boldly; the sea shall divide;
 The pathway made glorious,
 With shoutings victorious,
 We'll join in the chorus,
 "The Lord will provide."

Chorus.

69.

DOXOLOGY.

C. M.

Glory to God the Father be,
 Glory to God the Son,
 Glory to God the Holy Ghost,
 Glory to God alone.

70.

I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY. 4 lines 11s.

- 1 I would not live alway: I ask not to stay
 Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
 The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here
 Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.
- 2 I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin—
 Temptation without and corruption within:
 Ev'n the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
 And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.
- 3 I would not live alway; no, welcome the tomb,
 Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom;
 There sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise
 To hail him in triumph descending the skies.
- 4 Who, who would live alway, away from his God,
 Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
 Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
 And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?—
- 5 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.

71.

DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

L. M.

- 1 How blest the righteous when he dies!
 When sinks a weary soul to rest!
 How mildly beam the closing eyes!
 How gently heaves the' expiring breast?
- 2 So fades a summer cloud away;
 So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
 So gently shuts the eye of day;
 So dies a wave along the shore.

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

4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell!
How bright the unchanging morn appears!
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!

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

72. EMMANUEL'S NAME. 4 lines 7s.

1 Sweeter sounds than music knows
Charm me in Emmanuel's name;
All her hopes my spirit owes
To his birth, and cross, and shame.

2 When he came the angels sung,
"Glory be to God on high!"
Lord, unloose my stamm'ring tongue,
Who shall louder sing than I?

3 Did the Lord a man become
That he might the law fulfill,
Bleed and suffer in my room,
Canst thou, then, my soul, be still?

4 No, I must my praises bring,
Though they worthless are and weak;
For, should I refuse to sing,
Sure the very stones would speak.

5 O my Saviour, Shield, and Sun,
Shepherd, Brother, glorious Friend!
Every precious name in one,
I will love thee without end.

73. HOLD ME UP. 4 lines 7s.

1 Lord, the case is now with me
As with Peter on the sea;
Ah, reach out thy mighty hand,
Hold me up, and bring to land.

2 Thou didst call me: now call I,
O my Saviour, come thou nigh!
Sin doth bind me, fear distress,
Save me with thy righteousness.

3 Make my weakness strong in thee,
Let thy strength my power be;
I'll follow, till my latest breath,
Through flood and fire, grief and death.

74. HALLELUJAH. 87, 87, 47.

1 Hallelujah! best and sweetest
Of the hymns of praise above;
Hallelujah! thou repeatest,
Angel host, these notes of love;
This ye utter,
While your golden harps ye move.

2 Hallelujah! church victorious,
Join the concert of the sky;
Hallelujah! bright and glorious,
Lift, ye saints, this strain on high;
We, poor exiles,
Join not yet your melody.

3 Hallelujah! strains of gladness,
Suit not souls with anguish torn;
Hallelujah! sounds of sadness
Best become the heart forlorn;
Our offenses
We with bitter tears must mourn.

- 4 But our earnest supplication,
 Holy God, we raise to thee;
 Visit us with thy salvation,
 Make us all thy joys to see.
 Hallelujah!
 Ours at length this strain shall be.

75.

JERUSALEM.

C. M.

- 1 Jerusalem! my happy home!
 Name ever dear to me!
 When shall my labors have an end,
 In joy, and peace, in thee?
- 2 O when, thou city of my God,
 Shall I thy courts ascend,
 Where congregations ne'er break up,
 And Sabbaths have no end?
- 3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
 Nor sin nor sorrow know:
 Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes,
 I onward press to you.
- 4 Why should I shrink at pain and woe?
 Or feel, at death, dismay?
 I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
 And realms of endless day.
- 5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,
 Around my Saviour stand;
 And soon my friends in Christ below
 Will join the glorious band.
- 6 Jerusalem! my happy home!
 My soul still pants for thee;
 Then shall my labors have an end
 When I thy joys shall see.

76.

THE CHRISTIAN'S FAREWELL. C. M.

- 1 Ye golden lamps of heaven, farewell,
 With all your feeble light;
 Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,
 Pale empress of the night.
- 2 And thou, refulgent orb of day,
 In brighter flames arrayed,
 My soul that springs beyond thy sphere,
 No more demands thy aid.
- 3 Ye stars are but the shining dust
 Of my divine abode;
 The pavement of those heavenly courts
 Where I shall see my God.
- 4 There all the millions of his saints
 Shall in one song unite,
 And each the bliss of all shall view
 With infinite delight.

77.

THE LITANY. 8 lines 7s.

- 1 Saviour, when in dust, to thee
 Low we bow the adoring knee;
 When, repentant, to the skies
 Scarce we lift our streaming eyes:
 Oh! by all thy pain and woe,
 Suffered once for man below,
 Bending from thy throne on high,
 Hear thy people while they cry.
- 2 By thy birth and early years,
 By thy human griefs and fears,
 By thy fasting and distress
 In the lonely wilderness:
 By thy victory in the hour
 Of the subtle tempter's power;
 Jesus, look with pitying eye;
 Hear thy people while they cry

3 By thine hour of dark despair,
By thine agony of prayer,
By the purple robe of scorn,
By thy wounds—thy crown of thorns;
By thy cross—thy pangs and cries;
By thy perfect sacrifice;
Jesus, look with pitying eye;
Hear thy people while they cry.

4 By thy deep expiring groan,
By the sealed sepulchral stone,
By thy triumph o'er the grave,
By thy power from death to save;
Mighty God, ascended Lord,
To thy throne in heaven restored,
Saviour, Prince, exalted high,
Hear thy people while they cry.

78.

PARTING HYMN.

6s & 5s.

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

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

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

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

79.

I WILL FEAR NO EVIL.

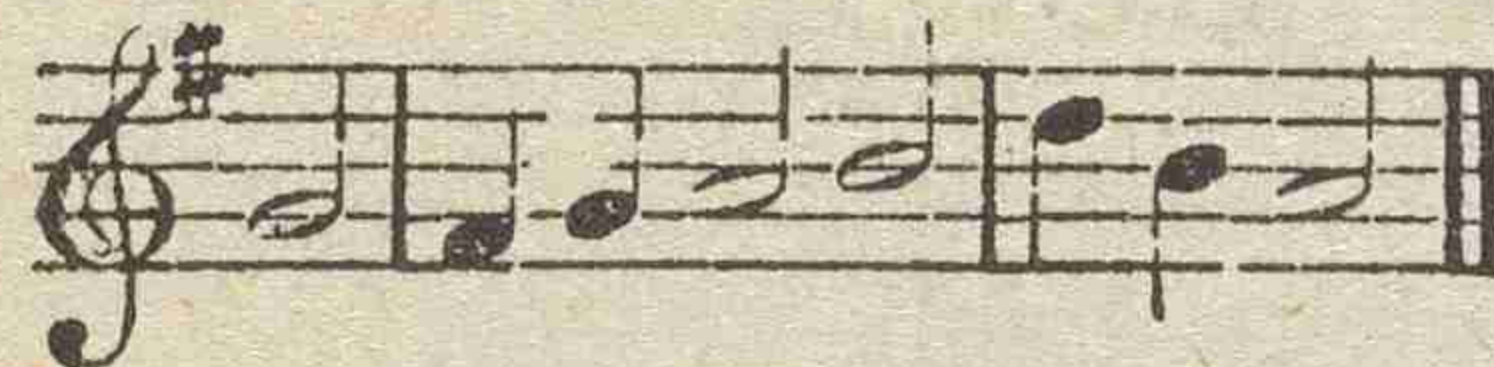
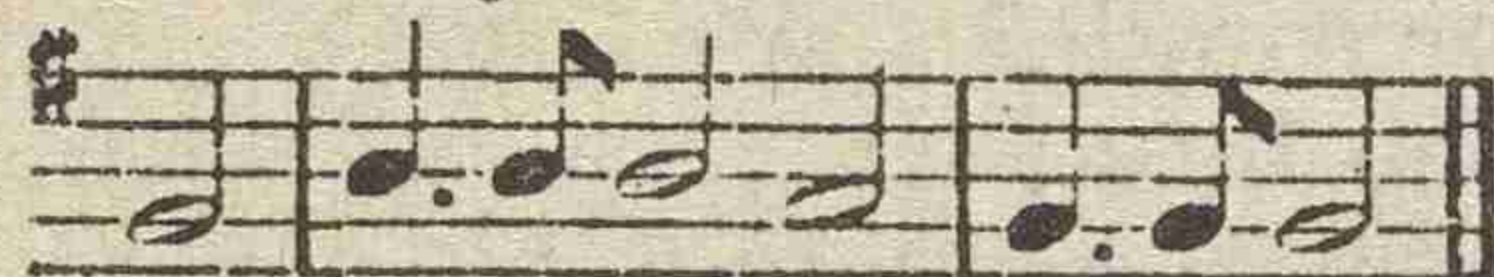
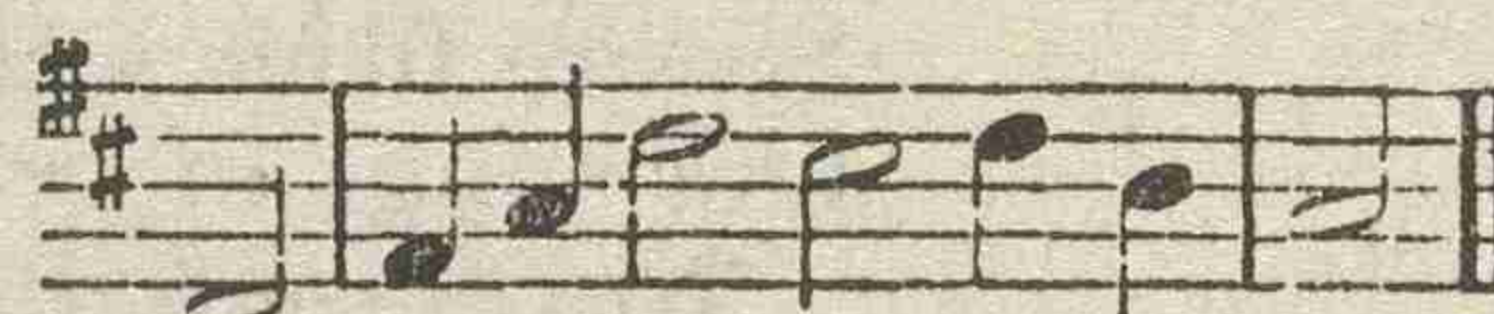
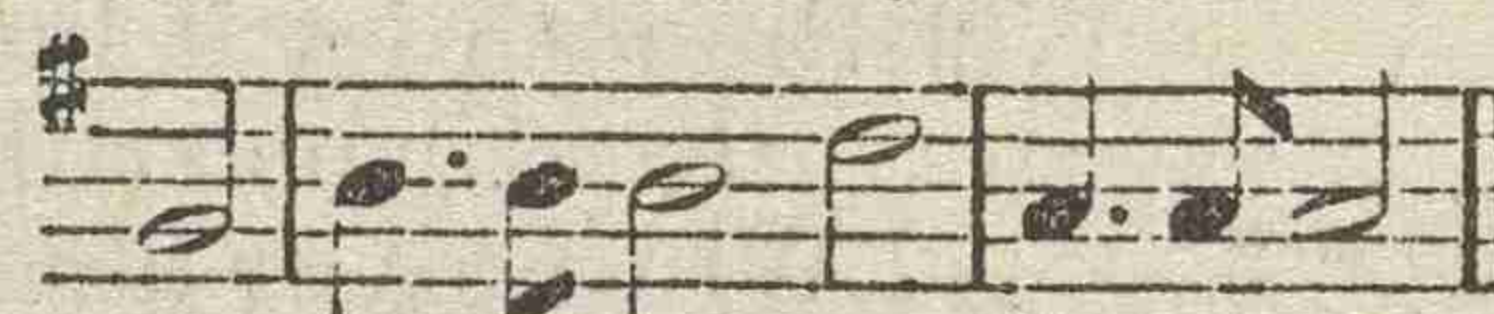
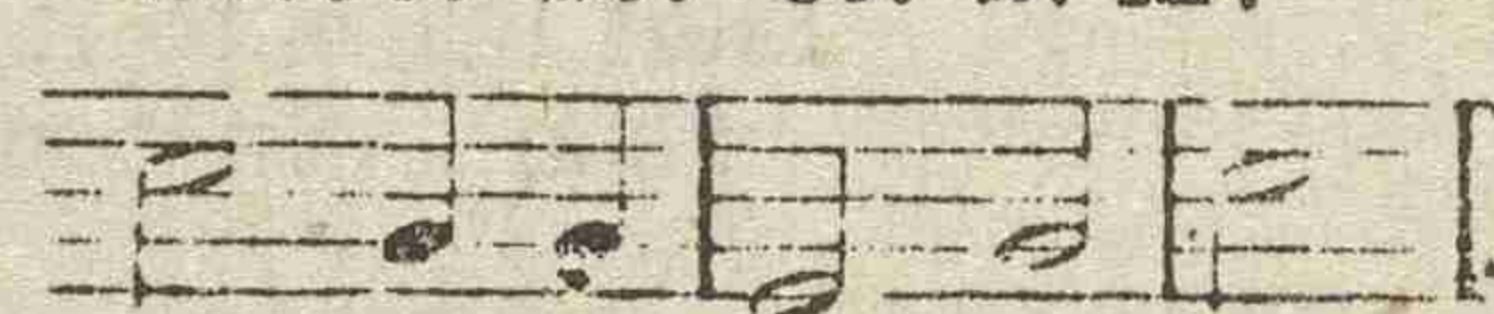
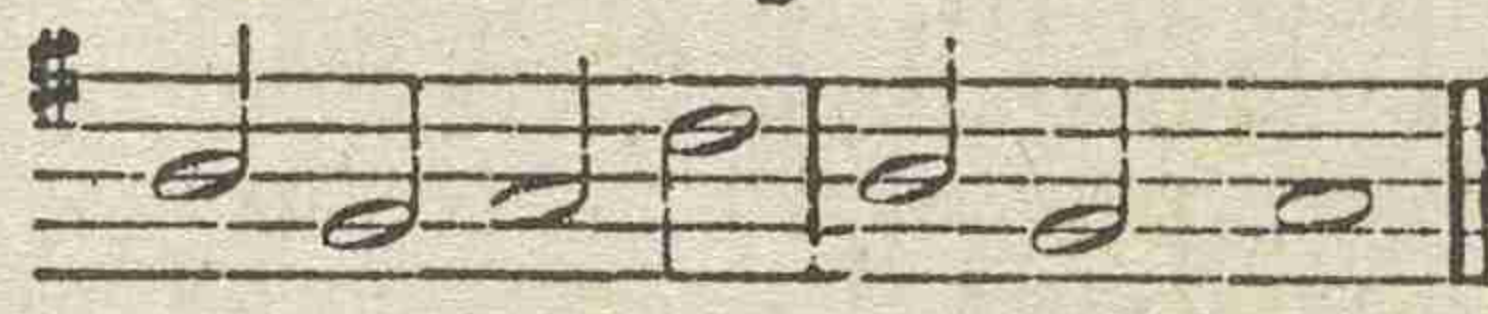
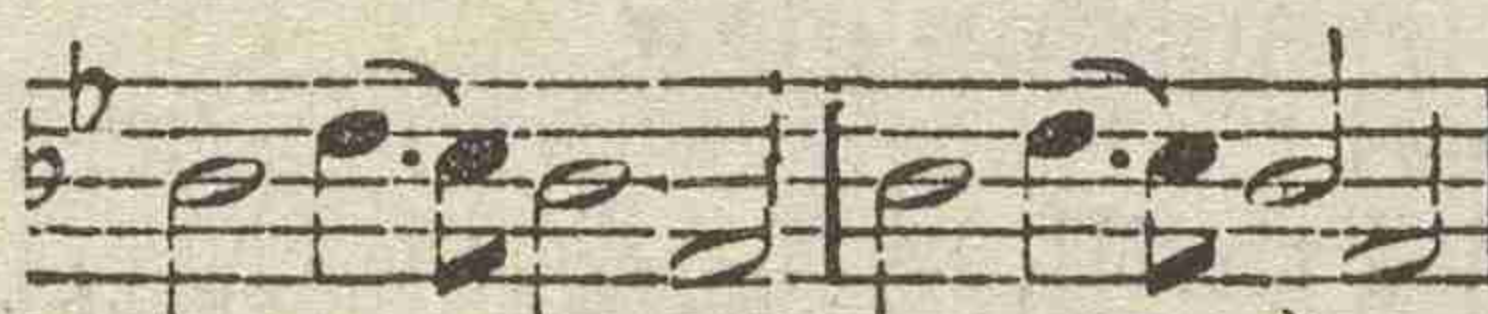
S. M.

1 Thy way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be;
Lead me by thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.

2 Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it matters not,
It leads me to thy rest.

3 I dare not choose my lot,
I would not, if I might;
Choose thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.

4 The kingdom that I seek
Is thine, so let the way
That leads to it be thine.
Else I must surely stray

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